

DRUMMER

ISSUE 134 / \$5.95

THE PASSING OF A
GENTLE WARRIOR

GEOFF
MAINS

JACK FRITSCHER
LOOKS BACK AT

CHUCK
ARNETT

AND THE TOOLBOX

JOE
MANCINI

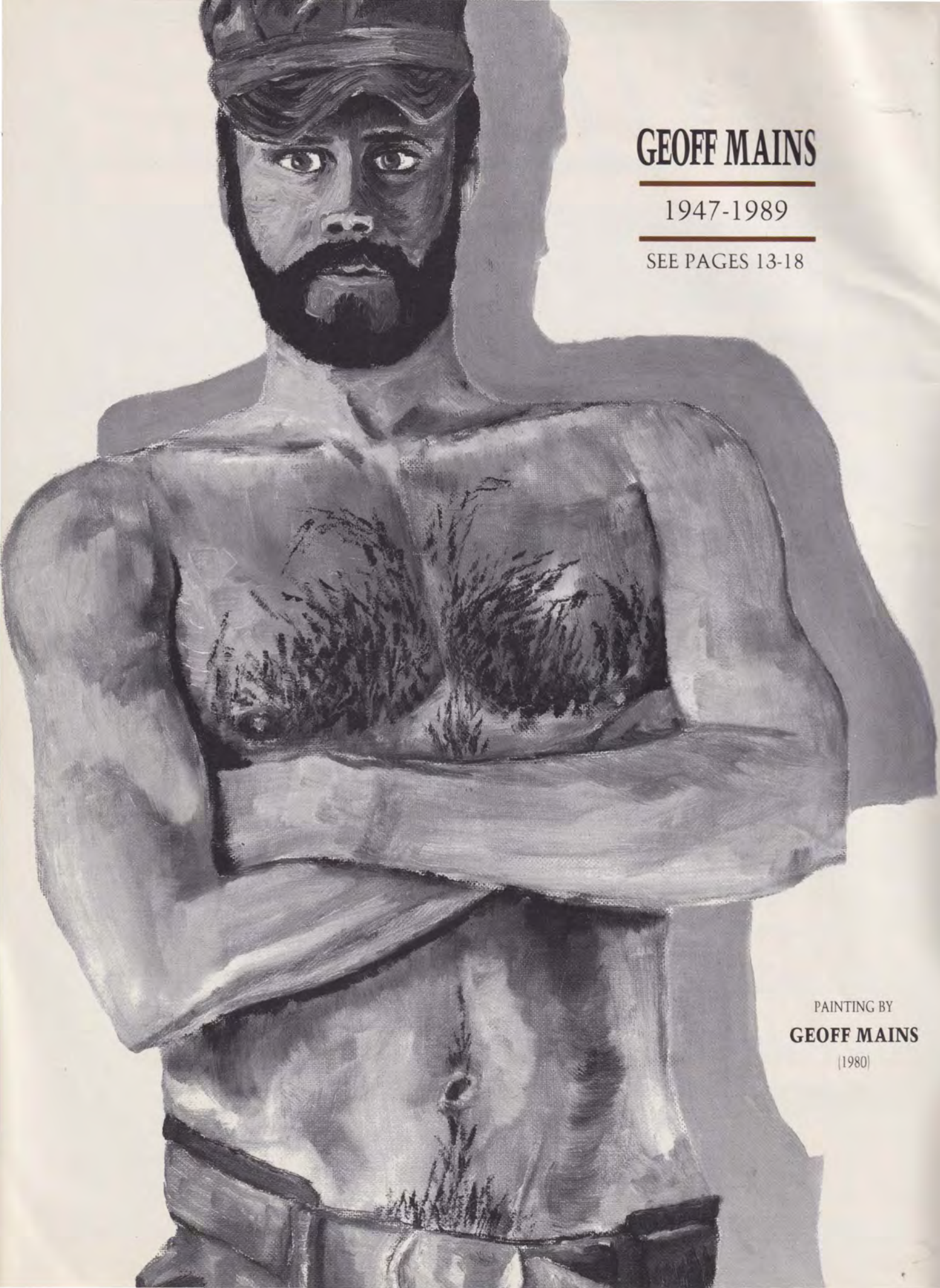
BOSTON BEAR
IN A SLING

LEATHER ISN'T
ALWAYS BLACK

SHADES OF
BROWN

DISTRIBUTION TO MINORS PROHIBITED





GEOFF MAINS

1947-1989

SEE PAGES 13-18

PAINTING BY
GEOFF MAINS
(1980)

//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 Satyr

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OFF THE TOP

AN OLD DISEASE IN A MORE VIRULENT FORM

by Joseph W. Bean



Leathermen beware: A new variety of homophobia is being nurtured in the minds of gay men and women today. That's right, it's a fresh crop of homo-hatred among homosexuals, and it aims its irrational, accusing fingers especially at leathermen, SM people, butch women and drag queens. The creators of this new wonder are also gay. They are Marshall Kirk and Hunter Madsen, two distressingly warped men with educations, positions, and—worst of all—access to a big-budget, “mainstream” publisher.

Kirk and Madsen have written a book with a deliciously seductive title: *After the Ball—How America Will Conquer Its Fear and Hatred of Gays in the 90s*. We'll call the book “Hatred” for short.

What Kirk and Madsen propose, in brief, is that we all put away our visible differences for a while. That while is not clearly defined in the book, but it amounts to at least 20 years. Meantime, with you and me and our leather carefully sealed in our closets, they'll launch a polite public relations campaign. The campaign will be a resounding success, so they suppose, and everyone will accept everyone. Voila! The end of homophobia. Then, some-

where around the year 2010, we can maybe get out our chaps and caps, have leather bars, SM parties, drag queens, diversity and un-falsified lifestyles. That's if the campaign is successful and if we remember the way we were... if we remember who we were, for that matter.

It would be comforting to think that a plan of this sort would be laughed at or ignored, but that's not what is happening. “Hatred,” the book, is being discussed and quoted. It is being referred to as though it were revealed scripture in some circles. It's rather unique twists of language are cropping up in political meetings and on street corners, at cocktail parties and cock worship services.

A friend told me two weeks ago he couldn't go to sex parties any more because “just being seen going in a place where—you know—well, it's bad for the image, you know.” My friend wasn't worried about his own image. He has nothing to lose in that way. He was worried about the image of all gay people. And he was directly basing his concern on the thesis of “Hatred” as he understands it.

Let me trust that you will go to a library and check out a copy of “Hatred.” Of course you'll have to ask for it by its drag name, *After the Ball*. Or, maybe you can borrow a copy, read it in a

bookstore, or...no, I can't suggest that you steal it. Anyway, don't buy it. That would send a \$20.00 message to the publisher saying *this* is what we want to read. We don't want to read this stuff, but now we have to become familiar with it.

Until you get to look at a live copy of this deadly treatise, let me share a few tidbits with you.

Here's “Hatred” on the subject of gay pride parades and rallies: “. . . what do we do? We call out of the woodwork as our ambassadors of bad will all the screamers, stompers, gender-benders, sadomasochists, and pederasts, and confirm America's worst fears and hates. You can call it gay liberation if you like: we say it's spinach, and we say the hell with it!”

And here's the alternative proposed by “Hatred” for all occasions: “. . . first you get your foot in the door, by being as *similar* as possible.” I asked Hunter Madsen how long this ruse about being similar to my homophobic neighbors might have to go on. That's when he estimated, “twenty years, maybe.”

In one of the print ads “Hatred” proposes for the new *similar-er than thou* campaign, the words “silly costumes” appear in the copy. Above, there is a picture of a military man in camouflage and a Ku Klux Klansman in the usual pointy-topped white sheet. In context, though, the ad promises America that, while homophobes wear wierd clothes, they won't be seeing gay men in “silly costumes.” No, Sir. No men in dresses or leather, latex, spandex, or scanties. No women butched up or in leather, latex, etc.

The reasoning of “Hatred” has any number of faults, but the individual faults don't matter in the least. The important, underlying idiocy of the book is its prescription for curing the ills of our homophobic world. It's simple: Just take the great majority of homosexuals who really are proud of themselves, the ones who have discovered and learned to celebrate their differences, and herd them back into the closet. Then have them stay apologetically out of the way. To pretend that I am *like* my gay vanilla brothers and sisters would be a form of bondage for me. I don't relish that, and won't play that game. To pretend that anything about myself is like straight homophobes—from my leather-loving heart to the skill with which I close the fiftieth clothespin—would be a form of non-consensual sadomasochism, with me playing bottom to a cowardly side of myself. No way!

You and I have earned our leathers by the struggle to discover and accept ourselves. We have the right to wear them when and where we want because we are Americans, born to all the rights not specifically withheld by the U. S. Constitution. Charles Pierce and his uncountable male sisters also have the right to their sequins and wigs. All of us, however different we are from the ideals of “Hatred,” have every right, maybe even a responsibility to be ourselves and express ourselves. It's a liberty no government can abridge with impunity, and one that no book-bound creed can talk me out of.

Let me offset the effects of “Hatred” a step or two for you before you even expose yourself to its full-strength poison by opening the book.

The way to do that is to have a few good answers for its pernicious philosophy of dishonesty as the best policy.

First, a lesson from history. In Germany, in 1938, Pastor Niemoller wrote these words: "First they came for the Jews, and I did not speak out because I was not a Jew. Then they came for the communists, and I did not speak out because I was not a communist. Then they came for the trade unionists, and I did not speak out because I was not a trade unionist. Then they came for me, and there was no one left to speak out for me." Pastor Niemoller didn't notice they had also already come for the gypsies and the homosexuals, but without becoming overly dramatic, we can apply his discovery to our present situation. In fact, we can reach across time and take the cue for our current application of this thinking from a leatherman, the late Geoff Mains.

In 1987, nearly 50 years after Niemoller's arrest by Nazis, Geoff warned the people at the Second Annual Conference on Sexual Liberty

and Social Repression that, if we let "them" cut off the people who make up the fringe of society, "they" will come back to cut off the social edges that fray into fringe over and over. Eventually, this way, there are no people left with any diversity at all. If it is drag queens and leathermen today, who is it tomorrow?

If we let it be ourselves today, who will there be to forgive us as the circle of human difference tightens through acts of closeting, self-censorship, failure to react to bigotry, legally imposed censorship, and other measures, some too ghastly to think about.

Here. When you are verbally assaulted for wearing your leathers on the street, have this next story on hand to send your gay attacker back (to his closet!) to rethink his acceptance of "Hatred." At one of the Gay Games ceremonies—sorry, I don't remember which, and it doesn't matter anyway—Rita Mae Brown told a story about a lesbian who had been censured by her boss, and was in danger of losing her job for having a photograph of herself with her lover

on her desk. The boss, smiling over the pictures of his family that cluttered his desk, called it "flaunting" her lesbianism. Her only possible answer was that if the family pictures in his office were to be taken as a sign of pride, hers could only possibly be understood the same way. Pride is pride. Any self-limitation for the sake of gaining acceptance is nothing less than lying. The best result is that others will accept your lie. What else could they do? You, yourself, remain out of the picture if you accept that straight flaunting is pride and gay pride is flaunting.

The beginnings of the Gay Liberation Front were haunted by the same ghost that "Hatred" is attempting to resurrect. I won't go over it in any detail, but the argument was the same: If every gay man or woman who looks different than straights, dresses differently, or behaves in ways recognized as gay would just "straighten up" his or her act, straight people would surely accept all homosexuals and be glad to share the bounty of America with them. (Records of bits of this argument are to be found in the first issues of *Come Out!*, a publication begun by Gay Liberation Front members soon after the Stonewall riots.)

The argument against diversity, personal liberty, and plain old freedom is apparently always going to be with us. It will apparently often come from gay sources. And it will always attack leathermen and drags of both sexes first. In the words of the early GLFers, we're always "old line queers." The danger this time is that this thinking is spreading fast and taking deep root among a lot of young gays. With no revolution of their own, feeling cut off from the Stonewall pride, they are ready to accept "Hatred" and its campaign as their own. To the "Hatred" spouting young gays seduced by this thinking this time around...we are the disposable fringe, regardless of our age.

Prepare for the battles you will be called upon to fight at cocktail parties, in bars and wherever else you go. Remember, if you let "Hatred" get a good, strong foothold, there's no guessing where the trimming of the fringe may stop. If it ever does. Resist the onslaughts by retaining your pride, your dignity and your leathers, but don't bother to hate the ignoramuses. Keep showering them with the cold and chilling truth of what follows naturally from their misguided thinking. Take a cue from Napoleon I: "A real man hates no one." And one from Shakespeare: "To thine own self be true." Be a real man, be true to yourself. Tell them that they may think their clever campaign is an antidote for what ails our world, but that we leathermen say it's spinach and we say the hell with it. □



Photos by Satvr

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 recognized safe-sex and safe-and-sane play activities.

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MALE CALL

STONEWALL + 20

Re: article in Issue 132 on "Stonewall + 20," where do you get your lousy reporting on the Leather representation in the Los Angeles Gay Pride Parade? The City of Angels has had Leather represented for many years among the marching units. This year, the Leather Coalition of Southern California had the largest representation of Leather in the history of the parade. We were the only such organization which has consistently grown in the Parade. We actually had to limit those who wished to march, among them being your Ms Leather from SF, due to space limitations. The clubs represented in the marching units were Avatar, Leather and Lace, Somandros, Threshold (formerly Janus L.A.) and Trident International Los Angeles. In all, there were over fifty marchers carrying black and red flags following behind a fully decorated van with the Leather Coalition of Southern California banner. Many clubs also had their own banners. Much Leather was represented on Santa Monica Blvd. that day, as ours is always Leather Weather here in the Southland. By audience reactions, we were among the favorites and the most highly cheered of all the numerous entries. Those of us who worked hard to make a good impression take exception to your limited and biased reporting. You speak without knowing what you say. Even if your local coverage stinks, please read about it in your competition, *The Leather Journal*, which was out a full month prior to your rag, with a complete history.

No wonder your opinions are so limited—you read and believe your own stuff only. The subject of your (lack of) reporting on events in the Southland has long been an irritant here, being as this is the CITY which gave birth to your publication, but since *Drummer* has become the laughing stock it is today, so much the better. If you would get your head out of your ass (and the fog,) like the rest of civilization, you would know where the center of Leather is. As has happened to San Francisco, you are in your death throes, and the end is in sight.

—RJ / Glendale, CA

As for our coverage of the J.A. parade RJ has every right to be irate. We goofed. My information was incorrect and I passed it on without further checking. I had intended to publish a correction and apology in this issue as soon as I saw the *Leather Journal's* coverage and realized how far off I had been in my comments. I do apologize to the Los Angeles area leather community and I cheer along with the rest of the crowd. I should also point out that neither Dave Rhodes, publisher and editor of the *Leather Journal*, nor I

consider our publications competitors. We think we complement each other very nicely in serving the leather community.

As for the second paragraph, RJ obviously has a bug up his ass about San Francisco. I have no wish to try to identify any REAL "center of Leather" because there is no such thing in LA, SF, NYC, Berlin, or anywhere else. I am a midwesterner who only recently relocated to San Francisco because this is where the magazine I purchased was located. I'm not here to toot SF's horn. I'm here to toot LEATHER's. However, neither the *Leather Journal* nor *Drummer* have budgets to send reporters into the field all over the place. We have to rely on information readers send to us and on our local contacts. If you want your events covered in *Drummer* tell us about them. If our "lack of reporting on the Southland has long been an irritant" correct it by sending us the overlooked information! The regional snobism RJ expresses is not reflected by this publication, but I can state unequivocally that neither San Francisco, nor *Drummer* is in its death throes.

—AFD

OUR FUTURE IN LEATHER

Got issue 130, read it through, and felt I had to add my bit or two on the topic of "old guard and new guard."

Notice I didn't say "vs." That, in a small nut, is how I feel about the way our leather family is working and enlightening each other together. No point in bringing up old arguments and/or revelations on the topic. I feel strongly that your own editorial and Andy Mangels' "Rough Stuff" column covered the area very well.

I only wish to add that I am pissed off with myself (mixed with a voluminous amount of jealousy,) for not realizing my own potential in leather when I came out of my 'second closet' over 15 years ago! Now nearing forty, I don't regret what has become of my leather life up to this time. But I sure wish that I had become more bold and upfront with the "old command" in my town, in the leather scene at the time. So, because of this "loss," I find myself working more and more all the time to be a part of a family that I wish I had helped nurture earlier on.

So bravo to the young pups—who aren't really pups at all, when it comes down to it in a lot of cases—who are forging ahead with new energy, high SM ideals, and hot minds, when adding to the everexpanding "neighborhood" of our community. They are to be both commended and admired for their tenacity and fierce diligence in living out what they believe in and want to be a part of.

And we should all help wherever we can, should they ever need our advice, opinion, anecdotes, and above all, love. They are our future in leather.

—BH / Vancouver, BC

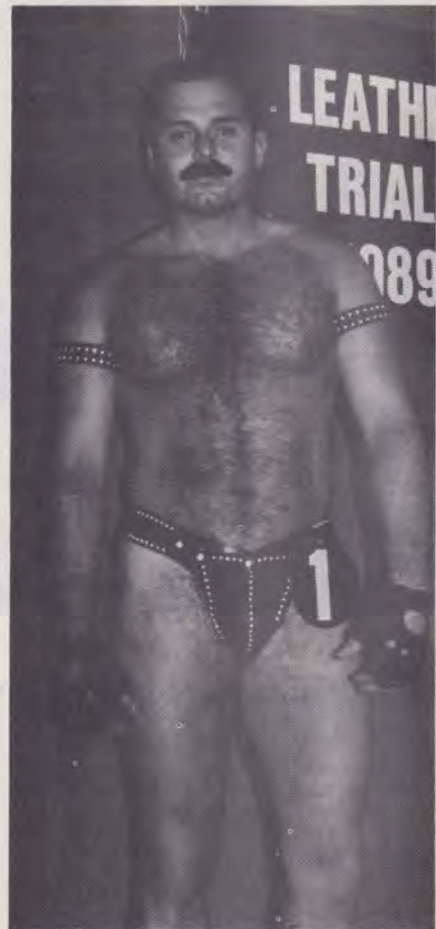
GETTING IT UP DOWN UNDER

I must say that only occasionally, for me, does a man stand out from your pages. Not a criticism of *Drummer*, but more a realization that tastes in men do vary, and perhaps we from Down Under look for somewhat different criteria, at least so far as the printed page allows. Your report on Boston Leather (Issue 131,) has tucked away on page 26, (bottom, left corner,) a Mr. Bill Forbes. Positively the cutest (I know you Yanks prefer HOTTEST,) man to grace your pages this year. Can we have some more of him? *Drummer* seems to have unearthed a bit more of Boston than I did last visit, in 1988. If *Drummer* can't supply more of Mr. Forbes, he should consider that all leather men are welcome Down Under and in fact the trade is increasing. In Sydney the local leather club is S.P.M.C. (South Pacific Motor Club,) Box 823 G.P.O. Sydney N.S.W. Australia 2001.

—KB & RC / Neutral Bay, New South Wales

We here at *Drummer* all agree that Mr. Forbes is very photogenic, and we hope to feature more of him soon. Here's another view of him at the Mr. Boston Leather contest, in a photo by Vern Stewart.

—PM



GENDERFUCK LIVES

In your latest issue of *Drummer*, I saw a listing for Fantasia Fair Provincetown listed in the "Leather Calendar." For your information, "Fantasia Fair" is a national convention for transvestites; far from a leather event. Better do some more checking into what you list as "leather events."

—BL / Provincetown, MA

We did, in fact, know what "Fantasia Fair" was, and the calendar listing was meant to be included in one of our other publications, *The Sandmutopia Guardian* and *Dungeon Journal*, whose readership might be more likely to find it interesting than *Drummer* readers. The genderfuck was unintentional (this time.)

—AFD

GM REPLIES

Hm. For pointing out a disturbing trend of bias in the IML contest, I'm to be considered an "asshole" who is "full of shit." Obviously, I've overestimated *Drummer's* editorial standards. While I concede that my previous letter on the IML contest was undeniably tart in tone, I did not swoop to this kind of childish namecalling, nor did I actually claim the contest was intentionally "rigged" what I said was, that if it ISN'T rigged, you can't tell it from the results.

That said, I wish to address some of the issues Mr. DeBlase brings up in his response. He refers to David Kloff, Patrick Brooks, Marty Kiker, Scott Tucker and "particularly" Michael Pereyra as being other than "quite smooth." If you refer to the photographs I mentioned in my previous letter (*Drummer* 116, pp. 1921,) no hair is visible on Mr. Kloff or Mr. Tucker, with a smattering visible on Mr. Kiker and a moderate amount on Mr. Brooks. Mr. Pereyra is also possessed of a moderate amount of chest hair.

As far as Mr. Baldwin, the current IML titleholder goes "fur" is in the eye of the beholder and if he shaves, it doesn't MATTER what he would look like if he didn't. He IS smooth. However, all of the above is really deviating from the main point I was trying to make, which is not so much that any given type has been excluded; it is the fact that there is an incredible similarity between the men who have won IML, to the exclusion of ALL other types of man. All (except Patrick Brooks) are moustached; all (except Ron Moore) are white, and all are apparently within a certain age range (except Guy Baldwin.) When one is looking at the pictures in issue 116, supplemented by photos of Michael Pereyra and Guy Baldwin from recent issues, the SAMENESS is quite striking.

As for the assertion that Tom Karasch had a "beard" when he was selected, I don't think anyone in their right minds would say that Don Johnson on "Miami Vice" had a "beard" and Karasch had as much of a "beard" as Johnson. While for some dilettantes a beard may indeed be "ephemeral," for many (leather)men their beard is as permanent a part of their body as their arms or legs.

To repeat, I am not "bitching" about IML because "what I want" isn't being selected—I am pointing out that the winners of this contest display an amazing degree of similarity, far more, in fact, than any reasonable person would accept in a supposedly "fair" contest. If all the winners of IML had been in the mold of Michel Rousse or Steven Reiswig—big, burly, bearded and hairy—the leather community would doubtless have been screaming "Bias!" or "FIX!" years ago.

Your explanation of the judging of IML simply lends credence to my position. One judge has served every year of the contest, and he alone selects all the other judges. The scoring system of throwing out high and low scores insures that a judge who isn't inclined to vote for the "IML Clone Look" will have his votes cancelled out.

You claim that IML is not scored on looks alone then can you please explain why, in 12 years of the contest, ALL the winners look so VERY much alike?? Particularly when a contest of similar intent, namely the Mr. Drummer contest, has come up with widely divergent winners, as I noted in my first letter.

I don't think I'm the one who has to pull his head out of his ass; in fact, it seems like I'm the only one who can smell what's rotten in Chicago. I invite the readers of *Drummer* to peruse the photos in issue 116, and express for themselves whether they feel there is an undue degree of similarity among the winners of the contest. I have a feeling that for anyone who looks at the results dispassionately, they will see that there is definitely something amiss.

—GM / Glendale CA

I've had my say on this, and so has GM. He stands by his contention that the contest is rigged, I stand by mine that he is full of fecal material.

—AFD

BOOKS TO WATCH (OUT) FOR

I am writing, first of all, to let you know how much I enjoy Guy Baldwin's column in *Drummer*. I find his insight very perceptive, and his advice usually right on the mark.

Specifically, I am writing in reference to his current column, which gives several "book reviews." I want to make you aware of a very recent book which I feel you should probably warn *Drummer* readers to avoid. The book is *Gay Relationships*, by Tina Tessina. In her chapter on sexuality, she discusses "B&D Bondage and Domination." She notes that B&D is a "harmless cousin" to SM, which, in her opinion, places an "unhealthy emphasis on pain." B&D, however, is "just for fun." She also includes several "tips" for healthy play, in order to keep B&D from "slipping into SM."

After reading this chapter, I was furious, and seriously questioned her veracity on every other topic discussed. Please warn your readers to steer clear of this book. I wish I had.

—MF / Atlanta GA

Not every book that we find distressing or disagree with should be avoided. SM people would do well to keep our eyes, ears, and minds open to what other people are saying about us, if nothing else so that we are able to informedly educate people who express uninformed opinions about us. Read Joseph W. Bean's editorial on the subject of *After the Ball* in this issue's "Off the Top" column, and also look for Guy Baldwin's review of *Gay Relationships* in an upcoming issue.

—PM

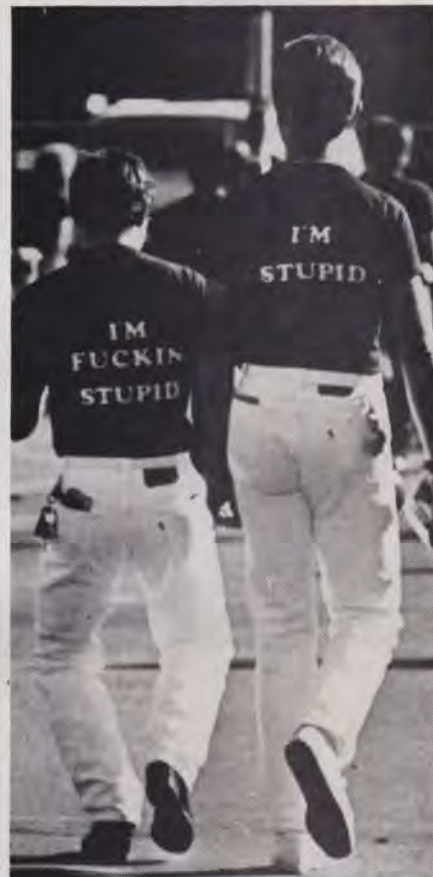


Photo by Satyr

GUY BALDWIN ON WORKING VACATION

"Ties that Bind" columnist Guy Baldwin is currently Mr. NLA and International Mr. Leather, and, as you may imagine, he is in demand. During the period between June 15 and September 5 of this year, he visited 15 cities to represent the Leather Community at various events, and the press of his duties as a multiple titleholder and therapist has not let up a bit. "Ties that Bind," at least for now, will therefore not appear in every issue of *Drummer*, including this issue. Guy will be in our pages as often as possible.

ERRATUM

In issue 133, Droux Photo was not credited for the photos of Chris Minor, appearing on pages 63-66. Anyone who has been reading *Drummer* for the last year or two has seen Droux Photo's work, and we are proud to have their photos in our pages often. Our apologies to Droux. □



ILLUSTRATION BY JIM

Mike stepped onto the porch and stood in the shaft of morning sun slicing through the mist around the cabin. His open bathrobe let the sunlight warm his shaved chest and crotch. He took a deep breath and listened to the birds twittering and leaves rustling, but he could still hear the rhythmic bump, bump, bumping from inside the house, each beat a compound thump/thump, first the bed against the wall and then the new boy's feet. The banging had awakened Mike, forcing him out into the solitude of the forest.

Three years ago he'd left the city with Steve and headed north. Sometimes he wondered if he'd made the right decision, and this was one of those times. He always slept with Steve; last night had been the first time he'd been relegated to the living room couch. Steve had said it was so he could get to know John better, get a feel for his body. But sharing Steve was going to take getting used to. Mike didn't think he was jealous, or resentful, or even disappointed. He didn't know how he felt exactly, except for an irritability gnawing in his craw. They'd woken him twice during the night with their banging; Mike couldn't remember how long it'd been since Steve had fucked him in the middle of the night.

He took a deep breath and savored the woodland smells. A squirrel scampered by, pausing long enough to check out the man standing on the porch. The racket inside subsided. Mike slipped off the robe, ready for a run in the woods, but John appeared in the doorway, naked and bashful. The blond had a strong build, like Mike. He looked a lot like Mike, right down to hair color; that's probably why Steve took up with the kid. Of course, he was scarcely a kid, Steve would point out, being only three years younger than Mike.

"Steve says you should get me ready," John said tentatively. "He's gone to finish the cage." He smiled sheepishly.

Mike's rancor softened; he actually like the guy. "Sure," he smiled. It wasn't the kid's fault Steve had a hankering for someone new. "Wash up while I get the stuff." John turned to go back inside. "No, out here," Mike pointed to the outdoor pump beside the porch. John nodded and headed down the stairs.

When Mike returned, John was splashing water from the bucket onto his chest and arms. The freshly scraped dirt beside the azalea bush meant he'd covered up his shit like a cat. Mike smiled. The kid was a fast learner. He watched John bathe, remembering the awkward maneuverings that had led up to the young man's adventure with the two refugees from civilization, as the folk hereabout called anyplace south of the county line.

John lived by himself a few miles up the road and had passed their house every day on his way to the country store, but they'd finally met at the town's only gas station after a year of noddings as he drove by.

THE NEW BOY

by

DAVID STEVENSON



After another year of random encounters and occasional dinners, Steve had suggested he stop by one Saturday to share their hot tub. That was the first time John had seen welts on Mike's back. "Looks like you fell into a briar patch," he joked. "Not exactly," Mike smiled. "It's hard to explain." He hesitated, but John was curious, so he continued, partly to see how shocked the kid would be, but also because he sensed a kindred spirit. "Steve and I have this arrangement," Mike started. "Sometimes he'll tie me up and whip me."

Mike smiled as he watched John washing up, shivering slightly in the breeze. Water beaded on his skin and his fine blond hair was plastered into dark rivulets on his chest. Something in him responded to John's boyishness, delighted in the way his puppy-eyes lit up with wonder with each new discovery. . . as they had that day in the hot tub.

"He whips you? 'Cause you're bad?" John had asked, incredulously. Mike had grinned. "No, because I want it. It hurts, but it's a special kind of hurt. Steve's careful, and soon something happens and the pain becomes mystical and I'm soaring—it's more intense than an orgasm." John had scoffed, "Aw, come on," but he kept probing, questioning, exploring this mystery. And finally he had asked if Steve would show him.

John finished washing and shook himself like a puppy, showering silver droplets into the dust. He stood patiently waiting for whatever came next.

"Stand in the sun," Mike suggested. "We'll start with the armpits."

John raised his arms obediently and Mike scraped off the hair with a straight razor. John giggled. "Hold still," Mike said. "Your balls had better not be this ticklish." John sobered quickly.

Mike swept the razor over John's muscular chest, working down the flat abdomen, pausing when he reached the pubic hair. He stopped the razor again and set in on the thick tangle.

"Is he going to brand me, too?" John eyed Steve's initials scarred on Mike's crotch.

"Don't know," Mike said. "He branded me because I needed a reminder that I was his property." John's eyes widened and Mike squeezed his thigh reassuringly. "It's uncanny how Steve knows what you need. He'll do it only if you need it." Mike rubbed John's freshly shaved skin, checking the smoothness, grazing the back of his hand along John's cock.

"Turn around and spread your ass-cheeks," he ordered. "It's time to clean out your asshole." John bent over and Mike swept the razor around the roseate opening, watching it pucker with every stroke. "Feel good?" he asked.

"Yeah, but it still aches from..." John paused. "...This morning."

"Mike knew the teasing was over."

"Funny how something can hurt and feel good at the same time," Mike scraped the razor over John's generous buttocks and then slapped one, hard, just to see his handprint outlined in red on the pale, smooth skin. "Isn't it?" John only moaned as Mike began rubbing oil over his now silky-smooth skin, stroking and massaging the sinewy muscles and lingering teasingly over the nipples. The sexy electricity of his touch milked the tension from John's body. Mike poured another palmful of oil and grabbed John's cock, caressing and slicking the shaft and balls, then massaging the oil into the crack between his legs and pushing up into the asscrack.

John rose up on his tiptoes, steadying himself on Mike's shoulders, moaning and shaking his head. He pinched Mike's tits and grabbed Mike's cock and worked the shaft, slicking his own hand with oil from his chest.

"If Steve catches us there'll be hell to pay," Mike grinned.

"Yeah," John stroked faster.

Mike felt John's nuts drawing up toward his body, and knew he was close to cum-

ming himself. He stopped playing with the kid's cock and pushed John's hands away from his own. "We mustn't come," he warned. "Save that for Steve."

John scowled but understood. He followed Mike to the whipping arena in the secluded glen.

The air, fresh with the thick blend of humus and daffodils, was just clearing from the morning fog. Two posts stood in the hard packed clay, with fetters hanging from chains in a crossbeam. Mike fastened leather cuffs around John's ankles and wrists, then pulled enough slack from the chains so John stood firmly stretched but not uncomfortable. Fear sweat beaded on John's shaved torso.

"I know how you feel," Mike told him. "You always want to back out at the last minute because you're afraid of what's coming." He squeezed John's hand, offering reassurance and at the same time checking his circulation. "It's going to be a trip you'll never forget. I know. I've been there."

Mike extracted a wooden sphere from the lock-box beside the posts, turning the smooth ball in his hands, feeling the solid weight as he ran his fingers along the grooves crisscrossing the surface. Holding the wing nut protruding from the surface, he gently inserted the ball into John's mouth. John accepted it cautiously. Mike twisted the screw and the sphere expanded, stretching and pressing against John's tongue and cheeks, filling his mouth and rendering him mute to protest any action about to be inflicted upon his body.

Next Mike cinched a whipping belt around John's waist and fastened a leather collar around his neck. He left the hood for Steve, and the decision whether to use a ballsack or pouch to protect the kid's manhood. He took the cat from its peg on the upright and dropped it into the bucket of brine. Everything was ready for Steve.

John's cock bobbed stiff with anticipation. Mike remembered the first time Steve had sucked his cock during a whipping. Stretched spreadeagle, he hadn't been able to move when Steve had taken the shaft in his mouth, sucking and gnawing the flesh, exciting him to orgasms. He'd been surprised, then ashamed, but intense gratification had quickly swept away the guilt and added to his pleasure during the subsequent whipping.

Mike knelt before John, relishing the opportunity to prep the kid's cock for Steve. He tongued the bulbous head until John shuddered with delight, then probed his finger into John's fuckhole, stroking the opening while the kid shook in delicious agony, groaning against the gag, straining against the fetters. Mike chewed and stretched the succulent cock skin, licking the head and sucking the balls. Every time John tensed toward orgasm Mike backed off until the cock softened, then he started in again.

Steve gripped Mike's shoulder, and Mike knew the teasing was over. "You need to be

punished for this," Steve said quietly.

Mike retreated to the edge of the clearing to await his turn. This was the first time he would witness Steve in action, whipping another man.

Steve laid his palm against John's bare back and stroked him reassuringly. Even so John shied at the touch. "Easy, boy," Steve said. "We'll take it real slow, so that you can appreciate each level. Trust me, and relax." He reached into the lockbox, removed the leather ball sack and laced John's balls into it.

Mike's heart raced as he anticipated the black strips of the cat whistling through the air, clawing the smooth skin for the first time, ripping into the kid's psyche like an angry panther mauling the first victim of its hunt. His cock was hard.

Steve leaned over and sucked John's tit into a tight little peak. John quivered in sweet ecstasy. Steve moved to the other nipple and twisted the first in his fingers. John's trembling grew more pronounced and he rolled his head from side to side, eyes closed in abandon.

Mike synched with the scene: fingering his tits, imagining the pleasure John was experiencing. His rigid cock strained forward.

Steve reached into the tote bag he'd brought from the cabin and extracted a fistful of black clothespins. He dried John's tits and attached a pin to each. John stiffened at the grip on his nipples, arching his back and clenching his fists. Steve grabbed John's cock and pulled the skin back tight, applying a pin to the underside of the shaft, just behind the swollen head. John groaned against the gag and Steve clipped another pin to the top of the shaft, then two more on the sides, and another four just up from the first circle, but offset, so the ring of eight formed a halo at the tip of the cock. John shook his head wildly, moaning loudly, jerking to break free, but Steve methodically continued to ring John's shaft with black pins until three groups encircled the cock.

Steve picked a willow branch from the stand of whips and flexed it in a delicate arc, slicing through the air and smoothly biting into the waiting ass. John lurched away from the razor-sting across his butt, and the wood pins clacked vigorously. Another slash and John jumped again, pins tugging his cock skin as they jiggled in the air. His long, muffled scream hung in the air as Steve whipped the reed against the exposed butt. Angry red welts streaked John's ass, seven, eight, nine strokes.

Suddenly Steve spun around and glared at Mike's hand pumping his cock. Mike froze; his cock quivered, then pulsed out of control, spewing forth cum despite Steve's forbidding glare. Mike dumbly watched his twitching cock, raw and red with illicit pleasure, gaily bobbing in the still morning. He wanted to squeeze it and stroke it and milk the last squirt of cum from the swollen shaft, but he didn't dare. He shouldn't have

been playing with himself. His face burned, his nuts ached. He wanted to turn around and hide his disobedience but his body was frozen in shame; he wanted to grab the cat and whip John but his humiliation held him still. He wanted to take John's place between the uprights so Steve could punish his insolence. He wanted Steve to shove the butt of the whip up his ass and fuck him with the dildo, ram him until he screamed for release, until his brains curdled and the wave of euphoria swept over his body and sent him soaring.

Steve carried his leather bag over to Mike, holding it open and shaking it. Mike looked at the remaining clothespins and knew what he had to do. Gingerly he took a few pins and clipped them tentatively onto his cock, just as Steve had done to John. The wooden clips bit into the sensitive flesh with fierce determination, each bite painful and unforgiving.

Tears welled in Mike's eyes, but he obediently continued to install the clips on his cock until the entire length was ringed with wooden fingers. Steve forced him back against a tree, its bark still cool and moist from the morning fog. He obediently raised his hands for Steve to tie to an overhead branch and keep him from caressing his throbbing cock.

Then Steve returned his attention to John, swaying gently in his chains. His ass, blistering red, glowed in the dappled light filtering through the leaves. Steve took the cat and flung the strips through the air. The leather thongs bunched smartly and landed on John's back with a sharp, steady sting. John jumped, and the the pins clapped. Another toss of the whip and the lashes arrayed themselves in a graceful arc to bite into John's back, adding another blush of color beneath the swatch glowing from the last caress. John's steady, incoherent groan was punctuated by grunts each time the whip stroked his back and ass and legs. Steve worked methodically up and down the torso, rhythmically casting the leather in a slow, measured cadence, listening to John's stifled cries, and slowing as the pitch grew higher.

Suddenly John grew quiet, his body stopped shaking as he tensed, no longer straining against the restraints but pushing out, grasping at infinity. Steve stopped. It was done. John had crossed over.

Steve dropped the cat into the bucket and slumped against the upright, to watch John tense and relax, then stretch out and shake violently, as in a dream or a meditative frenzy, alternatively rigid and supple as he drifted from ecstasy to agony in the waves of pleasure washing over his pain-wracked body, pushing, pulling, caressing, scraping a staccato of agony in the sweep of euphoria.

Steve nodded at Mike and Mike grinned back. The kid had experienced his moment of transcendence, his first taste of ecstasy-pain. Mike remembered his first time, how frightened he'd been as the pain mounted



"John was swaying
gently in his chains.
It was done."

with every stroke until he knew he couldn't take any more, but Steve had pressed on and then suddenly there had been a sweet nothingness as the floor fell away and he'd drifted in a chasm of bliss. It had been beautiful and scary, as though he'd died but continued to exist outside his body.

A sharp pain shot through his cock as Steve removed the first pin, a brilliant sting shooting up the shaft and into his balls. The sudden absence of the bite was more painful than the initial shock of the clip's pinch. Another clothespin was removed and Mike winced at the excruciating pain. Steve worked slowly, occasionally thumping the stiff shaft so the remaining pins bounced and clicked together, reducing Mike to tears by the time the last pin was removed.

Steve snapped a leather cockring onto Mike, a snug band with a D-ring on top.

The encircling constraint felt reassuring, a familiar grip on his manhood, strong and firm.

A low, guttural moan drifted from John as he stiffened and twisted awkwardly. He was coming down.

Steve unfastened Mike's hands and together they went over to John. The kid's moaning deepened into a mellow hum of satisfaction. Steve removed one of the pins from his cock and John jumped, eyes open wide, staring wildly. Another pin was removed and John twitched violently, a scream fighting the gag. The kid started crying, pleading with grunts and groans for the hurt to stop, but Steve continued, methodically unfastening each pin and dropping it back into the bag, then another, carefully, deliberately, as John wrenched and shuddered and whimpered.

When he'd removed all the rings, Steve put a cockring on John, a twin to Mike's, then gripped the shaft and began stroking. The kid danced in agony, twisting and writhing as Steve rubbed.

**"Is he
going to
brand me,
too?"**

Mike's cock was hard. He grabbed it in concert with Steve's scene, but the intense pain that shot through the shaft made him stop.

Steve unfastened John's fetters. The kid slumped exhausted, barely able to stand. Tears filled his eyes. Steve unscrewed the gag's wing nut, shrinking the sphere and removing it from John's mouth. The kid rubbed his sore jaw, shaking it back and forth to relieve the numbness. He grinned at Steve and Mike. Steve gently wiped the tears from his cheeks.

They walked John back behind the house, his arms over their shoulders, back to the cage, a six foot square enclosure three feet high with a heavy plank top. John crawled through the small opening, aching and dazed, but elated.

"Put your hands through the bars," Steve ordered, and the kid obeyed, his broad grin alternating with grimaces as pain echoed through his back and shoulders and ass. Steve locked the wrists in a wood stock, a

thick plank with four wrist holes. The boards, too large to fit through the cage's bars, would prevent John from jerking off.

"Now you," Steve nodded to Mike, who crawled into the cage and lay next to John. "Tie your cockrings together." Steve handed Mike a leather thong to knot the rings, binding their crotches close. John moaned at the pressure against his throbbing shaft, but Mike shushed him. "It's going to be all right," he whispered, and John grew still.

"Hands out," Steve barked and Mike extended his hands, keeping them on top of John's, and Steve locked them in the stock.

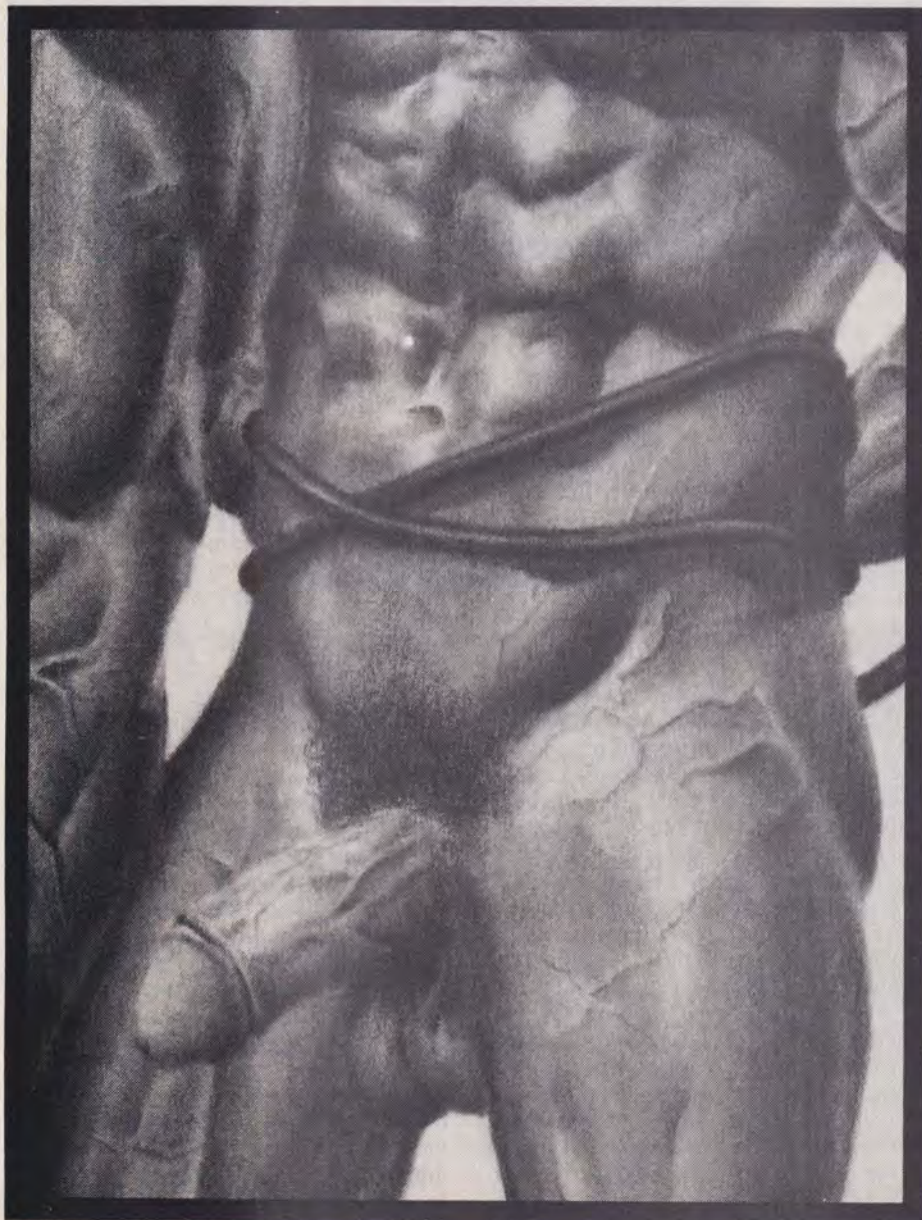
The two were set for the day. Steve was tired; his back ached and his arms twitched as he headed for the house. He'd let Mike and John spend the afternoon in the cage, nursing their pains. He knew Mike would be a good guide for the kid.

Back in the kitchen, Steve poured himself a bourbon. It was too early, but he was exhausted. He must be getting old for his arm to go out so soon; he hadn't used the whip that much. He massaged his biceps and gingerly rotated his wrist. Maybe it was time to teach Mike to use the whip, to read a man's body to know when to ease up, when to quicken the pace, when to linger over one spot, working the flesh into a frenzy of pleasure-pain, and when a quick snap to a virgin region would push on to a higher plateau. But it was too soon. With the new boy, Mike could relive his own discoveries in tandem with John's exploration of the mysteries and joys of discipline. Mike needed the challenge. The boys would make a good pair, pacing each other, competing for the lash and for Steve's cock. And a little variety would add some adventure to the house.

Steve looked out the window. In the sparkling clear morning the leaves shone with individual clarity, each distinct, brilliant greens and tender yellows and silvery verdure, twisting and shimmering in the spring breeze. The boys had flipped around so Mike was on the bottom and John, on top, was sliding back and forth, rubbing his cock against Mike's belly. Steve chuckled; he'd known when he'd left that they'd hump each other to get off, but he was surprised they'd started so soon. He gulped his drink, poured another, and headed for the bedroom. His back and arm still ached; a touch of arthritis, he mused, glancing one last time at the two cavorting in the cage.

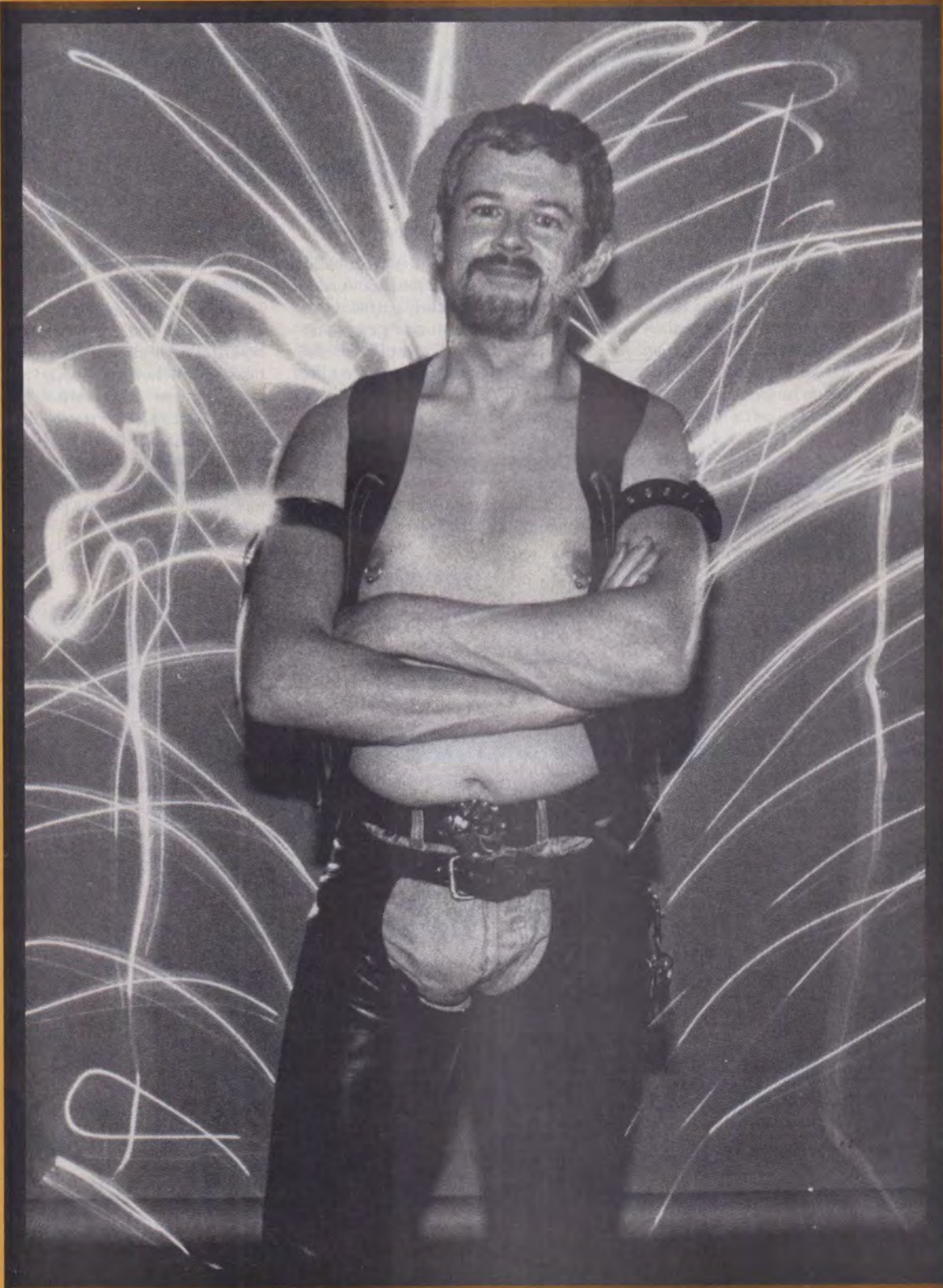
He was horny. The leather pants massaging his cock as he'd whipped John had left a lust gnawing in his crotch, but he was exhausted from the night before. He stripped off the pants and tugged at his tired dick. It didn't respond, but he kept on stroking. He needed to get off despite the empty protest in his nuts, despite the ache in his arms. □

For more of the story of Mike and Steve, and to find out why they moved to the country, read The Prisoner in Mach 19.



DRUMMER: MEN

*T*HE
PASSING
OF A
GENTLE
WARRIOR
—
GEOFF
MAINS



Mark L. Chester

Joseph W. Bean

Joseph W. Bean is the newly appointed Managing Editor of *Desmodus, Inc.* His *Leathersex* Fairy column appears regularly in several local papers around the country. His obituary for Geoff was published in *The San Francisco Sentinel* in its June 29, 1989 issue and is reprinted with the author's permission.

Geoff Mains died on June 21 at Kaiser Hospital in San Francisco. Although he was born in England (May 29, 1947), and lived a good part of his life in Canada, Geoff loved San Francisco with a deeply respectful passion. "This city," he told me just a few weeks ago, "has always been the place where outsiders could find a place for themselves." If nothing else, that has to mean that Geoff Mains felt at home here.

Geoff's struggle with AIDS, like many, started long before he was diagnosed. The disease was taking his friends and loved ones, and he knew that it already had a stranglehold on him before a doctor confirmed the fact in late 1986. After that, he became even more deeply involved in the work he was already doing so well. He wrote

more and faster, spoke in public more forcefully, and carried into private conversations more conviction about his ideas and opinions than people were used to hearing from him.

Urban Aborigines, Geoff's already-classic anthropological and sociological study of gay leather culture in America, his various articles and speeches, and particularly his new book, *Gentle Warriors*, are really all the same message: Be your most loving, most fulfilled, most vibrant self, apologizing to no one, making room for no bigotry to impinge on your being. For him that meant being a gay leatherman, promoting not leather but liberation, not homosexuality but self expression.

Geoff was a doctor of biochemistry, an environmental engineer, a writer, and a champion of gay sexuality. The communities that will miss Geoff first and most will be the men in black leather in San Francisco, Seattle, and Vancouver, but all gay people everywhere are poorer for his early death. Perhaps, among Geoff's files and manuscripts, there will yet be found more of his stories, articles, and memoirs in publishable forms. We can only hope so. Every piece that sees the light of publication will

move the memory of Geoff Mains a step closer to the broad appreciation it deserves.

Donations in Geoff's memory should be sent to Theatre Rhinoceros, the San Francisco AIDS Foundation or the National Lesbian/Gay Task Force.

Cynthia Ann Slater

I met Geoff during his first visit to San Francisco, which included his first visit to the Catacombs. My unofficial role was that of "Hostess/Earth Mother," and in that capacity I tended to keep an eye on newcomers.

Geoff had an elfin, playful, child-like curiosity and sense of wonderment. It was this attitude that moved him through new, sometimes intimidating situations and one's first Catacombs visit was (for most folks) somewhat intimidating. So there was Geoff, sitting in the front room taking it all in and internally dancing between nervousness, overwhelm, excitement, sizzling turnon, and awe. At this point one of the party participants

decided that he was interested in Geoff and proceeded to come on to him. The problem was that Geoff didn't return the interest and the pursuing individual did not know how to graciously accept a "No." Instead he began to berate Geoff for wearing a collar that Geoff had placed on himself.

It was time for me to step in and give a lesson in manners and our group commitment to each person's right to self expression. The lesson worked: the unwelcome suitor moved off, and Geoff and I spent some time chatting. Since this incident occurred during a single Catacombs visit, which was part of a brief visit to San Francisco, Geoff and I did not see each other again at least not for several years.

Our next meeting took place at his book signing for *Urban Aborigines* at Walt Whitman bookstore. I walked in, Geoff spotted me and immediately came up to say "Hello." He presented me with a copy of the book, and wrote a beautiful inscription, all the while talking about how much what I had done for him years earlier had meant. As this conversation continued I realized that I was dealing with someone who was truly a part of our community in an individual way; someone who valued personal interactions.



Mark I. Chester



Photo by Satyr

Although Geoff was now living in San Francisco, for the next several years our paths tended to only cross at community functions. Our relationship was based on the brotherhood/sisterhood of Leather and radical sex. Then I was diagnosed with AIDS and hospitalized. Geoff was one of my first, and most constant visitors. He remained in touch after I came home. As someone who had been living with AIDS for a while he was an inspiration, a source of hope, and helped to dispel much of my fear.

Many people in our community think of, and remember Geoff as, an activist, writer, organizer, and sexually hot man. And he was indeed all of these things. But to me, and I suspect to many others, he was something more. He was a person who understood that a community is a group of individuals that is only as viable as the support we all give each other. And even beyond that knowing, he lived it walking his talk.

Mark Thompson

Mark Thompson is Senior Editor of The Advocate. He is also the editor-author of the Gay Spirit.

Aspects of human sexuality regarded as aberrant or even dangerous in this society, could be more accurately understood through the lens of a different tradition or culture. Geoff really learned how to *see*, I think, through his complete love and immersion in the world as it

really is a world of water, sky, and earth, and all of it growing things rather than abiding by a world defined through moral sanction and prejudice. Informed by simple truths and possessing a keenly educated mind, Geoff could never compromise the principles of knowing that shot through him and bound him like steely roots.

Gayle Rubin

Gayle Rubin is an anthropologist writing about the history of the gay male leather and South of Market communities and a friend of Geoff.

Geoff was a man of many interests and multiple talents. He had a Ph.D. in biochemistry. He was a dedicated environmentalist and worked as an environmental consultant. He was passionate about opera and was a fabulous cook. He painted a little and even wrote some music. He was a fine writer of both fiction and nonfiction. He wrote many articles and short stories. His three books reflected his intellectual diversity. *The Oxygen Revolution* was scientific; *Urban Aborigines* was a study of the leather community; *Gentle Warriors*, just published, is a novel about AIDS, politics, San Francisco, and the leather community.

I first met Geoff in the early 80s, and got to know him much better after he moved to San Francisco in 1983. He came here because San Francisco was one of the world

capitals of gay male leather. He was so excited about living in San Francisco and being part of the local scene. He could not know then that important parts of the community he had come to join were already beginning to disintegrate. AIDS was already a presence, but in those days not many could grasp the scope of its impact upon the gay community and its institutions. As the implications of AIDS became increasingly clear to him, Geoff began to memorialize the institutions he loved and the people who meant so much to him in his writing.

Among these, the Catacombs was perhaps the most central. The Catacombs played a unique role in the San Francisco scene. It was primarily a gay male fisting club, but it also was home to a diverse collection of kinky men and women of various persuasions. The straight (and even the gay) press often depicts the baths and sex clubs as horrid places, full of hostile, alienated, depersonalized interactions. Many people who never went to the Catacombs thought of it as a totally frightening place. On the contrary, the Catacombs was a very friendly, warm, and positively cozy environment. It was a place to make friends and see friends, a place of warm camaraderie and intimate connection. It was a place where casual pleasures and intense commitments could easily coexist. Geoff treasured the Catacombs. It was a home to him, and he grieved its passing.

Geoff also loved the mixed gender parties, which grew out of the Catacombs milieu and have sur-

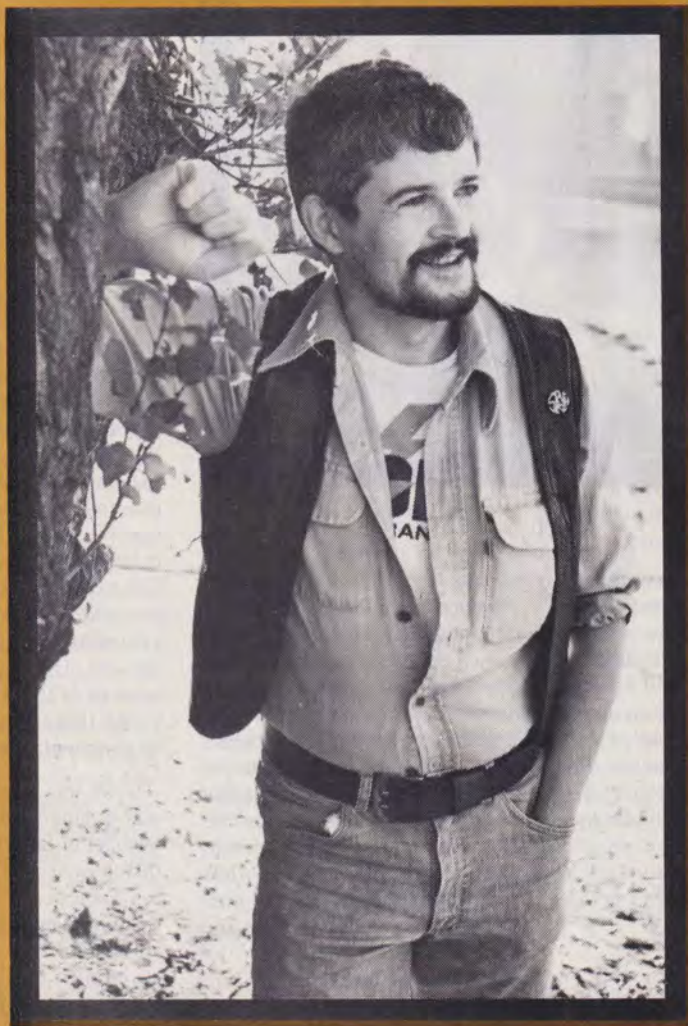
vived it. The mixed parties extended the Catacombs spirit to a more heterogeneous, multigendered group. Geoff appreciated the emergence of a multigendered, multi-orientation leather community in the Bay Area, and was working on an article on its history when he died.

Geoff spent a lot of time at the Ambush, Febe's and the Eagle. He cared passionately about South of Market, its bars, and its future as a gay neighborhood. It has been clear since at least the late 1970s that massive redevelopment in the area threatened the ongoing viability of the leather bars there. Nevertheless, the leather community has for the most part neglected to participate in bureaucratic maneuvering over the fate of the neighborhood. In 1984, Geoff drafted me to go with him to make presentations on the gay community South of Market to a committee of architects studying the area. Their subsequent report was one of the few documents on SOMA that addressed the needs of its gay population.

Geoff was a dedicated biker. He was a proud rider, and a proud member of two clubs, the Zodiacs in Vancouver and the Warlocks in San Francisco. He often spoke of the importance of the leather/levi clubs and was working on an article on their history when he died. Last year at the Living in Leather conference of the National Leather Association, he spoke about the historic significance of the leather/levi clubs for the growth of the gay male leather community.

Geoff faced his death with grace and courage. He knew he was dying and arranged his affairs carefully and well. But he never gave into his illness. He stubbornly forced his body to do difficult things so that he could live a reasonably normal existence. He fought to stay alive, and did not succumb until he had held his new novel in his hands.

The last time I saw him, he began talking in a long and rambling way of his feelings about his history and his many dead and dying friends. He reaffirmed the rightness of what they had done and the importance of what they had achieved. He spoke of how much he wanted it all remembered, as a precious accomplishment and not as some hideous mistake. I promised him that he, his friends, and the institutions they built and treasured will be remembered and appreciated.



The Catacombs is gone, as are many of the wonderful men who played there. The Ambush is gone. Febe's is gone. The Brig is gone. South of Market is full of straight teenagers and yuppies who have no idea of what has gone before them. They are uneasy about the area's past, and they fear the old denizens who remain. They do not comprehend the blackleather ghosts who prowl those streets. They do not understand that there is still a leather community and that South of Market is still a leather capital, albeit a more hidden and quieter one. In spite of economic pressures, police harassment, and this hideous tidal wave of mortality, the leather community has survived and will flower again. And as the

subculture revives, those who rebuild it will rediscover and celebrate the achievements of those who went before.

Geoff loved the leather community. He did many things to take care of it. He wrote, he spoke, and he was always an active member of his local community, both in Vancouver and San Francisco. He also understood the need for national organizing and was very supportive of the National Leather Association. Geoff was a quiet leader, a brave and gentle warrior like the characters in his new book. He was a sweet man, an intelligent man, an articulate and committed defender of his lifestyle and his community. He was a good friend, and I will miss him.

Elizabeth Gershman

Gershman's publishing house, Knights Press, published Geoff's novel, Gentle Warriors, released a few days after Geoff died. She wrote this tribute the day she learned of his death "because I had to do something and it was all I could do."

Geoff Mains died this week. He died of complications from AIDS. It was a senseless death, but not a wasted life. He was a contributing member of society, a giver, a person who should have had the opportunity to continue serving, but that opportunity was not to be his.

He was an environmentalist, with a Ph.D. to prove it; he was a writer with three books to his credit. The last one, "Gentle Warriors," Knights Press had the privilege to publish. One thing that kept Geoff fighting his disease these last few weeks was to see this book in print, to know that his ideas, beliefs and philosophies would live after him. Twenty-four hours before his final unconsciousness, his copy arrived and he knew the pride of accomplishing what he had set out to do.

Geoff, himself, was one of those gentle warriors, part of the leather community in San Francisco. He was a warrior to the end, fighting for his beliefs. And just what was it this warrior believed in? Love, for one thing. The touching, caring kind of love that everyone needs. And men being men—masculine, tough, funny, all the things a man, a human being, can be. He believed in natural beauty, undisturbed as it grew, full of jagged mountains, giant trees, white water and layers of ancient rock.

He believed in a good, cold beer, a happy chat with friends, a smooth ride on his motorcycle, and a quick bear-hug from someone he'd just met. He looked forward to his work and his fun—big pleasures like camping and small pleasures like reading. He hurt when the AIDS nightmare spread, whether to friends, casual acquaintances or just names on a list. He hurt when he knew that he would follow them. He battled for what he believed was good, whether it was against homophobia, for honest politics, preserving the environment. And he battled to live. He didn't win all those battles, but he kept on fighting.

Geoff didn't give in. He wanted to see his book; he refused to stay in a hospital if he could come home; he worked part time when full time wasn't possible. He didn't give up. This warrior was conquered by an enemy who had all the odds. It was an unfair battle, but it always is with AIDS.

I never met Geoff personally. I talked to him by phone and knew him through his writing. His friends said when he finally held "Gentle Warriors" in his hands he was happy with it, the people he had written about, the philosophies he had entwined in it: another of the good things he had accomplished in his life.

Geoff Mains fought to the last day because he was one of the warriors, a loving, caring, gentle warrior.

George Whiting

George Whiting is a Founding Member and Past President of VASM, Vancouver Area Sado Masochists.

Geoff's presence in the Vancouver leather community, as well as his involvement in many gay projects during the late 70[?]s and early 80s, gave him wide recognition in this city. I first came to know him when he was President of the Zodiacs, Vancouver's leather/levi fraternal society. He was a man of intelligence and gave unsparingly of his organizational talents. In short, I perceived him as a "mover and shaker."

When we founded VASM in 1982, Geoff exhibited a sense of interest and understanding towards our policies and goals. One of the last things he did before moving to San Francisco was to discuss his forthcoming book, *Urban Aborigines*, at a VASM meeting on August 8, 1983. In retrospect, I believe that Geoff was sensitive to the risks of misunderstanding and division within the wider gay and leather community, and he attempted to play a positive role within that context.

There is no doubt that Geoff was a major player in moving leather and S/M further out of the closet. At least, in opening the door and letting in a little light and fresh air. For those who did not have the chance to meet or know him, he has left his writings and books; and I comment these to all who seek more insight into the relationships of love, discipline and pain.

Robert Chesley

Geoff was a good man. It was his intention in life to do what he could to improve the world. Motivated by his deep love of the gay communities, and motivated equally by his allegiance to the truths he discovered within himself through leathersex and, yes, in the sling Geoff used his abilities as a researcher and a writer to combat the ignorance and lies which keep issues of human sexuality in the dark. Geoff spread light. He claimed territory for the human spirit. In this demoralized age, his passionate and impatient idealism stands as a lesson in hope for all of us. For Geoff succeeded. The world is a better place for his alltoo short sojourn here.

Barbara Mains

Geoff's sister, Barbara, visited San Francisco several times and made friends with many of Geoff's friends. Her cover note said, "I hope that the tone's appropriate (it's pretty light!). . . As I read her piece, I thought, "Only a loving sister would dare this tone and could hope to get away with it." -C.T.

Geoff called from the hospital on a morning in March to put in his lunch order. Ham and Swiss on rye—"light rye," he specified—and marinated anti-pasto salad: "but not just artichokes: make sure they put in some mushrooms;" and a piece of cake. "Not chocolate. Maybe mocha? Or praline. Praline would be good." I would find the hot mustard, he told me, on the second shelf inside the fridge door, behind the Dijon, next to the red raspberry vinegar. A small bottle, with a blue cap.

This conversation—ten minutes in all, on a sunny spring morning—included an analysis of the California constitution (vis-a-vis a *Chronicle* headline), and a lecture on the habits of the eucalyptus beetle.

Most vivid in my mind these days, in the aftermath of Geoff's death, are such images of the multiplicity of Geoff's interests: the way human beings make rules, the way lichen grows on rock, how to listen to Wagner, how to separate the leaves of filo pastry. My earliest memories of Geoff are of this exceptionally high index of curiosity: he may not have been more curious than anyone else, but I think Geoff was more curious about more things than most of us.

I never took a walk with Geoff without learning something. I never had an argument with Geoff without learning something.

My brother Geoff was an impatient man. He swore at a volume and with an intensity that stopped rivers in their courses, wobbled parking meters on their posts. (Parking meters had particular reason to fear him.) He also loved to laugh. He loved satire in any form. He loved to read menus. He loved, with good reason, his many wonderful friends. And he was hopelessly, irretrievably, meaninglessly in love with hot mustard. □



GEOFF. GENTLE MAINS. WARRIOR

Remembered by
CAROL TRUSCOTT

Carol Truscott is editor of The Sandmutopia Guardian and Dungeon Journal.

I am a brains queen. If found injured or ill, never mind the doctor: just fetch me an intellectual giant. For me, Geoff Mains would have done just fine, thank you.

The part of Geoff I particularly want to talk about has to do with sadomasochism as an expression of spirituality. This issue is tremendously complex, and very difficult to put into words. Geoff referred to it several times in *Urban Aboriginals*. Here's an example: a friend of mine told me she likes to be present when people have permanent piercings done. She considers these events part of her religious experience. Another example: receiving intelli-

gently applied pain in a consensual relationship is part of my own religious experience. The pain produces something that feels like separation of part of my self from where the pain is being inflicted, an experience that lends itself to description only in such terms as "cosmic," "transcendence," "oneness with the universe." And at those times, I experience an absolutely overwhelming sense of peace and joy.

This is the language of religious experience. Many SM people use the same terms. And when we try to talk about this experience, we know instinctively that we're talking about the same thing. This is an important bond among SM people, regardless of our gender and orientation combinations. It joins all people who have participated in SM activities. Perhaps it has to do with shared participation in what some might call a cult, or membership in what Geoff called a tribe. Clearly it

has to do, at least in part, with each of us having participated in this spiritual event, and with communicating, to the extent possible, about that experience, with sharing the power of that experience. Perhaps it has to do with the fact that we are all outcasts in the eyes of the wider society.

In *Urban Aboriginals* Geoff sketched the outlines of that bond for us, focusing his analysis on his brothers in leather. But look around you, and think about yourself and about those you know in our leather and SM culture. Clearly we have gone beyond simple fraternity and beyond mere cult. We have begun to identify ourselves as a community, with shared values and a shared heritage.

Our task, our responsibility to ourselves and to our brothers and sisters in leather is to continue to build, to support the best we are so we become the best we can be, to clarify and refine our heritage, and to strengthen and broaden our community, our culture, for ourselves and for those who come after us. By doing that we honor and repay the debt we owe to Geoff. □



S H A D O W

A C R O S S T I M E



WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY

Joseph Bean



Shipman W Reid III had everything. He was young and handsome, intelligent and sensitive. His family had a bit of money so he didn't have to earn a living. But, to live with his father, he had to have a job. So, he became a museum docent. He led guided tours of the early American art collection mostly. What he wanted to do was art work, not paintings or sculpture, but papercuttings. He had a collection of papercuttings from all over the world, everywhere he had traveled with his parents.

Collecting papercuttings and making them had always been just about the only things that gave Shipman any happiness. But, as his father had said so many times, collecting 'paper dolls' is not a career. Neither, in Mr Reid's view, was the making of cut paper art anything more than a pastime. He was satisfied, but only barely satisfied, when Shipman began volunteering his time at the art museum.

Shipman, though, was not satisfied. In fact, he often felt that he was a mistake. When he was working out at the health club, he thought his muscles—already impressive after less than a year of weight training—should have been developed doing productive labor. In fact, he often wondered if he belonged in some other world, some place or time where artists were appreciated more, and where he would be allowed to spend his time the way he wanted: alone, doing for himself whatever needed to be done and, of course, designing and cutting pictures in silhouette.

One day, while Shipman was examining for the millionth time the only papercutting in the museum's art collection, he was approached by a museum patron. He hated the camel colored blazer that identified him as a museum staff member. It didn't hang on his newly muscular frame all that well, but it did, as he often thought, "attract idiots." People were constantly asking him where the Picassos were kept ("There are none here, Madame.

Unfortunately, Picasso was a Spanish-born painter in Paris, not an American."), or where the little boys' rooms or the powder rooms were ("The comfort stations are located next to the elevators on every floor. You'll know them by the big brown signs over the doors.")

As he turned to the gentleman who was trying to get his attention, Shipman thought, "I am going to say 'I don't know' no matter what the question is." He put on his official smile. "May I help you, sir?" But then, looking into the man's rugged face, he felt a tug. It was more than duty, not just a matter of doing his job. This man, whatever he wanted, was not one of Shipman's usual idiots.

"Sure can. I think that painting is mighty nice, but I can't help wondering why it's all just black and white."

He couldn't mean the papercutting, Shipman thought, no one notices that. No one but me. There was an uncomfortable pause during which the man's deep brown eyes seemed to flash, throwing strangely comforting little pains into the pit of Shipman's belly. Shaking himself free of the unusual feeling, he asked, "This?" He felt as if the way he pointed at the papercutting suggested that he thought little of it.

The gentleman nodded. Shipman noticed then that the man was dressed in what seemed to be real, rather than "drug-store" variety cowboy clothes. Neat and clean as he was, he seemed a little out of place in an art museum. His brown leather chaps were shiny with wear, his vest darkened down the sides where sweat had been rubbed in by the man's heavy arms. The huge tan felt hat in his hands had a smooth, dark patch around his fingers, showing that it had been taken off many times with dirty hands, although the hands and were well-scrubbed at the moment.

"This," Shipman said as he stepped back to let the cowboy move in closer, "is not a painting. You're looking at a single sheet of black silhouette paper, cut into this expressive

and intricate pattern by an unknown artist. Using tiny, pointed scissors and sometimes a knife, paper has been carved into pictures like this for more than 1,500 years."

"I'll be," was all the cowboy could say.

"This particular cutting was apparently done from life, or, at least, sketched from life, possibly cut later. But, probably, it was actually cut on the spot, in Promontory, Utah, on May 10, 1869. The artist was obviously south of the railway tracks when he observed the driving of the famous Golden Spike that completed the transcontinental railroad line."

"South," the cowboy whispered, turning his face from the paper-cutting. They were standing so close that Shipman could feel the man's hot breath on his face. He wanted to step back, but something from deep inside himself wouldn't let him move. "How'd you know that?" the cowboy asked.

"Because he's put Central Pacific Railroad's engine on the left. It was coming east from Sacramento, and the Union Pacific engine, which was coming west from Omaha, is on the right."

"Makes sense 'nough, I guess," the cowboy said. "But you are a sharpie to notice that!"

"I enjoy this cutting," Shipman said, trying to shrug off the dizzy feeling that was sloshing around in his head. "I like most of our Western Americana collection, especially the cowboy stuff, the big-sky paintings with nothing taller than a saguaro cactus breaking the horizon line. . . ." Shipman trailed off. He was certainly not in the habit of speaking about his own preferences, or saying anything that might be called revealing, to the museum's patrons.

"Don't say?" The cowboy seemed amused, and his free hand reached toward Shipman's forearm. The attention was embarrassing, but Shipman liked the nervous warmth it caused. "Y'know," the man went on, lightly touching Shipman's arm as he spoke, "that's where I live." He put a very strange accent on the last word.

"Promontory, Utah?"

"No, under the sky, out away from all this buildings and cars... and, no offense intended, but away from people, too."

Shipman was really feeling uncomfortable having this personal conversation in the middle of the museum floor, but he was hooked. He felt deserted when the cowboy withdrew the hand that had been resting on his arm. He wanted very much to hear about life out under the big sky, as he let himself call it for the first time (except in the official phrase "big-sky paintings"). "Too bad you don't like being around people," he said, "I was just about to ask if you wanted to go across the street for a cup of coffee." Then a little more emphatically than he intended, he added, "To talk."

"First things first," the cowboy said. "I don't mind people all that much, I just enjoy the solitude, the peace that soaks into a body deeper and deeper as he gets out farther into the desert. Then, I suppose, we'd ought to meet before we go making appointments. I'm Richard Skinner," he said, offering his hand, "but 'cause of my summer job—leading tourist mule trains—most of my friends call me Muleskinner, or just Mule."

"I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Skinner," Shipman started.

"Mule, please. It's summer now."

Shipman checked an impulse to remind the man in front of him of the date: May second, still spring, not summer. "Glad to meet you, uh, Mule. My name is Shipman Reid."

As they shook hands, Mule asked, "Folks call you Ship, maybe Chip, do they?"

"No, I'm afraid I'm not the sort of person who gets nicknamed," Shipman answered, adding hurriedly, "but, sure, you can call me Chip. I'd like that. Now, what about that cup of coffee?"

"I'd like to, Chip. I would, but I got to get myself on into Mr. Boseman's office now."

"Boseman? The museum director?"

"Yep." As he spoke, Mule broke out in a broad smile. When he spoke again, it was in a lighter voice, without the appealing cowboy twang. "I'm working for the museum this summer, leading six different groups on pack-train vacations around Colorado."

Shipman laughed. "What do you do with the other three seasons, teach school?"

"You guessed it. I teach speech and drama at Union High School, but I never teach summer classes."

Chip and Mule arranged to get together for lunch after Mule's meeting with Mr. Boseman. At lunch, Chip said next to nothing. He spoke, mostly in questions, only to keep Mule rambling on about the joys of the wild, wide open spaces of the Utah desert. And all the while, Chip was fascinated with the man sitting across from him. Even though the bodies he worked out with at the health club wore less and often had more massive muscles, he had never felt much like looking at them. Now, every gesture Mule made sent ripples cross the muscles of Chip's chest and tightened the knots in Chip's gut. If he breathed deeply, Chip could smell the rich, warm scent of Mule's leather. If he watched closely he could see, along the edge of Mule's vest, one pec thicken as he lifted his coffee.

Of course, the Colorado State Museum of American Art didn't send its members to the Great Salt Lake Desert. Mule's pack trains on the museum program would start and end at Wild Horse, Colorado, on the Big Sandy Creek. But, after the third excursion, he'd be taking a nine-day break. Of those nine days, he planned to spend seven riding from Wendover, Utah, through the base of the Silver Island Mountains, then northeast around the Great Salt Lake. He even said that, at the place where his trip turned around, he wouldn't be more than an hour's ride from Promontory Point.

Mule's eyes were closed and his head had dropped to one side. Chip was entranced. He'd never wanted anything as much as he wanted, just then, to pack up and go west with Mule. He wanted to feel the desert "rush up and sit on ye and not move for an hour," the way Mule said it did. He wanted to hear the Indians singing, and to know just how it felt to have that peace "soakin' deeper 'n' deeper" in him as he went farther into the desert.

The rudest thing the world could possibly do to Chip and Mule when they woke from their daydreams was just to still be there. And, it was. Reality came knocking in the form of the waitress sloshing coffee into their cups and dropping the bill right into a coffee puddle on the table.

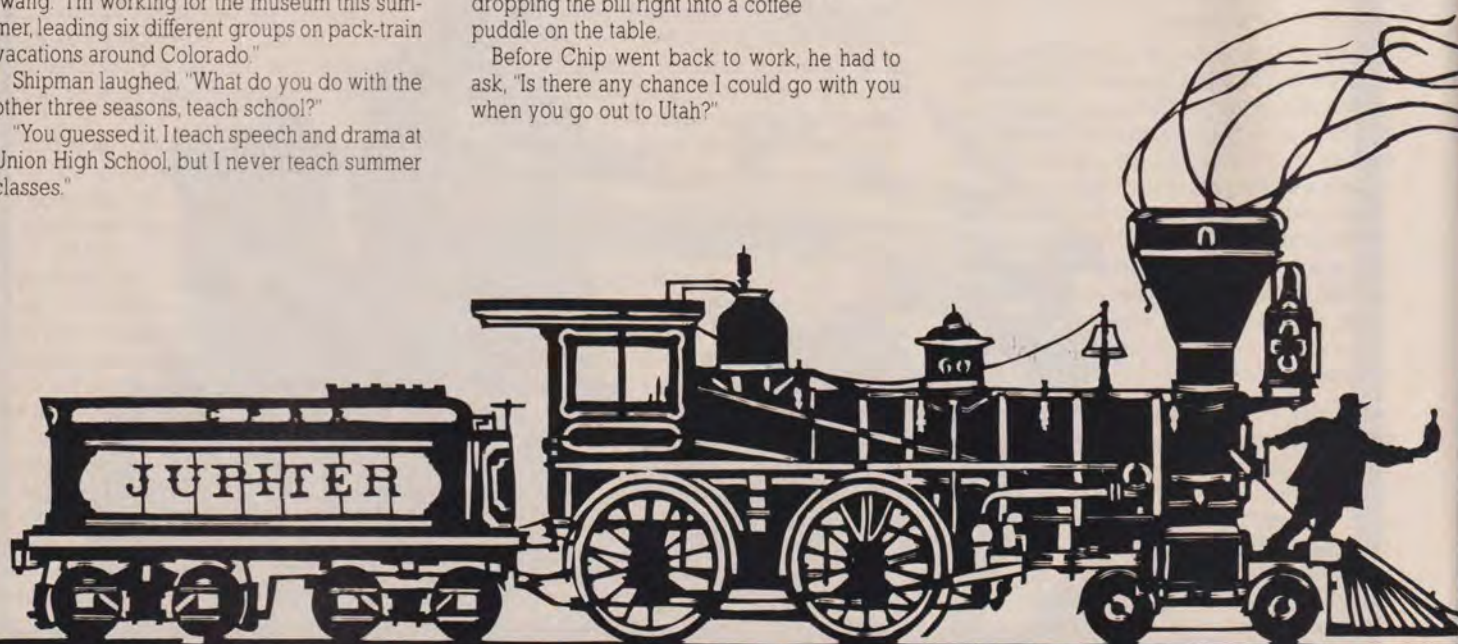
Before Chip went back to work, he had to ask, "Is there any chance I could go with you when you go out to Utah?"

"Heck, Chip," Mule said in full Western character, "I swear ye'd never like it a bit. I know I make it sound sweeter'n a blonde whore on a Saturday night, but it wouldn't be... not for you." Chip thought of his own blond hair, and he wished he could be there on Mule's mythical Saturday night.

As they walked back to the museum where Mule's car was parked, Chip felt he had to somehow get through to Mule. He absolutely *had* to be allowed to go along on the desert ride. "I know how to ride a horse," he said, recognizing the sound of a little boy begging Dad for a favor in his voice. "I took lessons for two summers when I was 10 and 11. And..." He was stumped to come up with any other arguments against his being left out, but he wasn't going to give up easily.

Mule suddenly seemed far away. Chip thought he might have blown it, whining wasn't going to get him invited along. At the bottom of the museum stairs, the two men stopped and turned to look at one another. Suddenly, like a loose fence post blown by the wind, Chip felt something in himself lean toward Mule. It was all he could do to stop his body from following through as this inner weight strained toward the other man.

After a long, tense moment during which Chip was sure he felt something also straining toward himself, something from inside Mule, the silence between them was broken. Mule sighed deeply, gave a taut grin, then looked down at the ground as he spoke, still sticking to his cowboy voice. "A few fancy, city-boy lessons in arena riding are not the same thing. Won't do, you know. Out on the trail, it's all different. Ye need ropin' an' knot-tyin', the right kind o' habits about food 'n' water. Ye need to be able to saddle up, take care of your own horse an' a pack horse. Ye need to know how to pack a horse and pace a horse... pace y'self, too."



Chip wasn't sure what he was hearing. Was he being told to learn all of this in the next several weeks, or was this really an argument to prove he couldn't possibly go? "I could learn," he said very tentatively. "I could enrol in a survival course. No, a riding school. . . whatever it takes. Believe me, Mule, I can be ready. I learn fast."

Mule looked into Chip's eyes, and screwed his face into a look of complete disbelief which slowly faded into a rather condescending smile. Then, taking a deep breath, he spoke in a very serious tone, completely free of the simple, cowboy twang. "Maybe you can learn it all, the basics at least, but you won't find it in any survival school or riding classes," he said. "I have a friend who used to ride with me when I did the bigger vacation groups. He knows everything." Mule had put an odd twist on the word "everything" as he said it, then he repeated it two more times. "Every *thing*," he said, "everything."

Chip was relieved and frightened. That "everything" made it all sound impossible. Then Mule stepped closer. He reached out and patted Chip on the chest, sort of cupping one pec in his hand and giving it a bit of a squeeze. "Be home tonight at six," he said in a sharp, commanding tone, "and I'll have my friend—Dick's his name—give you a call. You're listed?" he asked, to which Chip only nodded, shocked by the tone Mule was taking. "If he'll take the time to work with you, and you'll pay him whatever it is he's asking for. . . well, maybe things'll work out after all." Mule's voice had slowly switched into the cowboy register again, and he had put that strange spin on the word "whatever." Whatever Dick asked, though, Chip would pay.

Three times over the next seven weeks, Chip and Mule met for lunch. Each time Mule grilled the younger man about what he had learned. Each time Chip was sure that he would impress Mule, but each time Mule seemed disturbed about something in Chip's description of his progress. At their last meeting, Mule seemed on the verge of finally saying that Chip could not go on the ride. This brought Chip's reserve plan into play: "Let me come with you," he said, "and let me show you how ready I am. You'll never know any other way, really you won't. And. . ." Chip swallowed hard as he prepared to say the last bit of his speech. "And, if I can't keep up or can't do all my own chores—in fact, if I'm anything less than a *help* to you—just say so, and I'll turn back on my own." After a couple of long deep breaths he added, "I'll turn back with no hard feelings."

For a moment Mule's face looked hard, and Chip knew that his own face must be showing the fear he was feeling. He closed his eyes and tried to brace himself for what Mule was going to say. He heard nothing, but he felt both of Mule's hands close around his own hand which had been lying on the table between them. This, being touched, not pulling away had even become a part of Chip's training. Suddenly he knew that, and he realized he now felt none of the discomfort he had felt when Mule

had touched his chest on the day they met or when Dick touched him, time after time, in the training sessions. Trembling, unable to be sure whether the trembling showed, he waited.

Eventually, in a calm, low voice, Mule said, "I know y'been doing real good with Dick. There's a thing or two, though, he doesn't think yer ready to learn. Do you have any idea what I'm talkin' about, Chip?"

Looking at his own freshly-calloused hand wrapped in Mule's weathered grip, Chip nodded. Then, very tentatively, he cupped his other hand over the three on the table. "I think I know," he said without looking up. "I think it's something Dick wanted to teach me, but I'd rather have it from you. Sir."

Mule whispered, "That's Mule, Chip, always will be. Has to be."

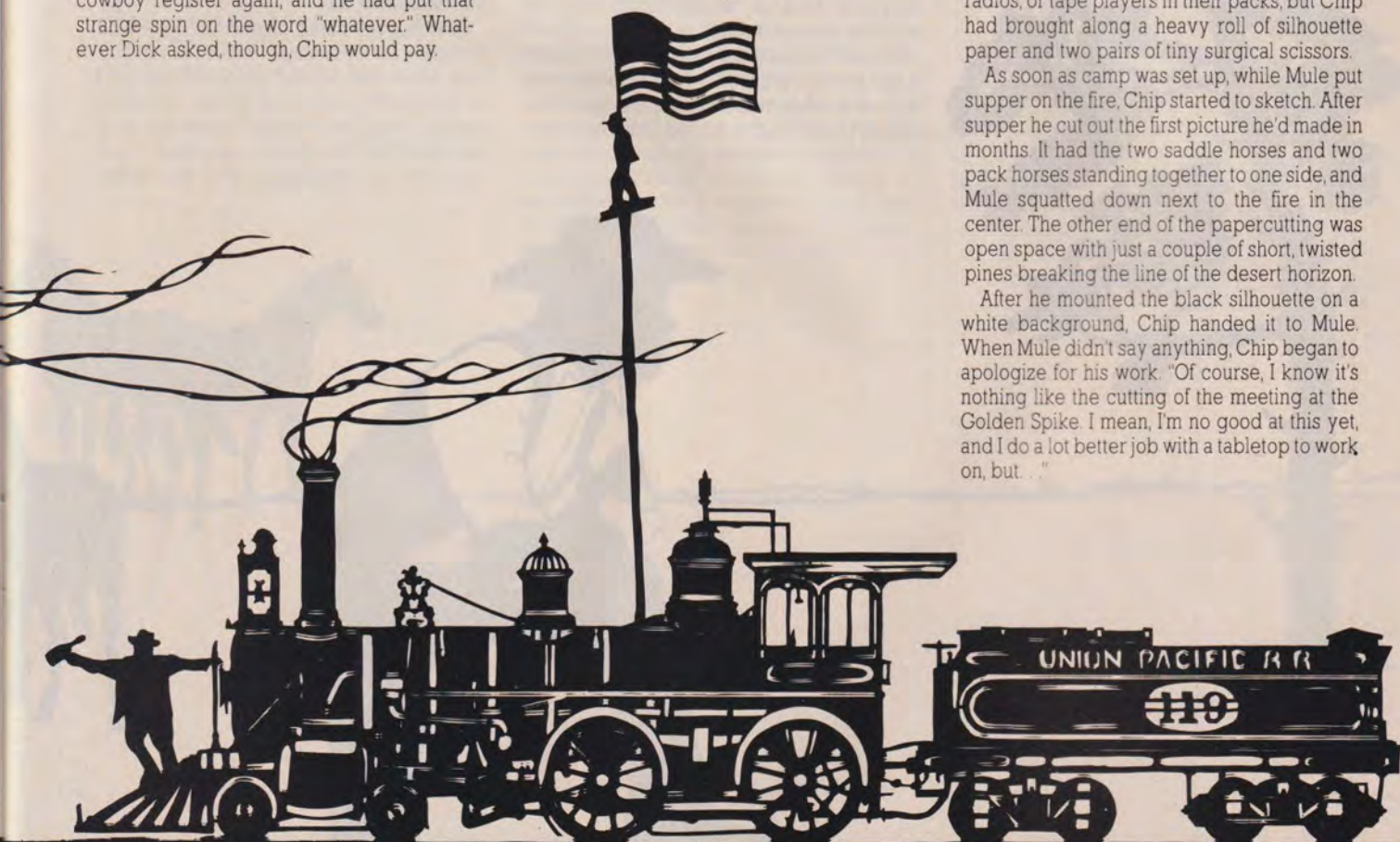
On June 21, the day Mule and Chip flew out of Denver to Salt Lake City, Chip felt he had as good a cowboy act as Mule did, and he knew he had learned everything Mule said he needed to know to make the trip easy. The one big lesson, the one he wouldn't let Dick teach him, was haunting him, though. He wondered if he had really understood what it was. Mule was a little less sure of Chip's newfound trail skills, but he knew they'd be all right.

In Salt Lake, a friend of Mule's met them and flew them to a ranch near Wendover. Chip found it "darned funny" to hear Mule's friend calling him Ricky.

By sunset Chip and Mule were ready to go, and they took advantage of the full moon to ride almost 20 miles in the night before they made camp. There were no books, cameras, radios, or tape players in their packs, but Chip had brought along a heavy roll of silhouette paper and two pairs of tiny surgical scissors.

As soon as camp was set up, while Mule put supper on the fire, Chip started to sketch. After supper he cut out the first picture he'd made in months. It had the two saddle horses and two pack horses standing together to one side, and Mule squatted down next to the fire in the center. The other end of the papercutting was open space with just a couple of short, twisted pines breaking the line of the desert horizon.

After he mounted the black silhouette on a white background, Chip handed it to Mule. When Mule didn't say anything, Chip began to apologize for his work. "Of course, I know it's nothing like the cutting of the meeting at the Golden Spike. I mean, I'm no good at this yet, and I do a lot better job with a tabletop to work on, but. . ."



Mule looked up, his eyes were wet, and he was smiling a tough but radiant smile. "Dammit, Chip, shut up! This is the most beautiful piece of paper in the world, and I won't have you talkin' against it."

Chip was shocked. Without thinking for a moment of what he was doing, he stood up and just about fell in Mule's lap. Mule whipped the cutting out of the way, dropping it safely on the ground to his right, and caught Chip in his powerful arms.

Chip's legs ended up stretched out on the ground behind him, his arms were pinned to his sides in Mule's embrace. "Mule," he said.

"Shut up," was all Chip heard as Mule rolled to the left. The stars spun and shimmered as Chip, feeling almost paralyzed, just lay there gazing up. Mule pulled his arms out from under Chip and gripped both Chip's biceps in his hands. He leaned forward, putting all his weight into his hands and lowered himself onto Chip's body.

A moment later the stars were blotted out by Mule's face hovering over Chip's. Mule pushed Chip's vest back off his shoulders. Although he could have shrugged the stiff, new leather back into place, Chip let the folded cowhide prevent him from moving his arms. He felt the cool night air rush through the light brush of hair on his chest as Mule peeled back his shirt. And he felt a searing heat as Mule's mouth clamped over his right nipple.

Chip began bucking wildly. He didn't know, he didn't think, he didn't care what was happening. He just wanted to press every inch of his body against Mule. Suddenly Mule pulled away and stood up. "Simmer down, boy," he said, "just simmer down."

Chip sat up, and the stiff edge of his too-new chaps seemed practically to cut through his hard cock. Mule reached over, grabbed the neck of Chip's vest, and lifted him to his feet,

twisting him around as he did. Chip felt he must have done something wrong as he straightened up, trying to get his balance.

He stood for a second facing away from Mule, feeling lost and lonely. Mule took Chip's vest and shirt off him with one easy motion.

Chip heard Mule step away from him, but he still didn't move. Then, a moment later, Mule was back. He wrapped a rope loosely around both of Chip's wrists eight or ten times, looping the end of the rope back up between the wrists. Then he tied all the bands of rope around Chip's wrists together, tightening the cowboy handcuffs.

"March," was all Mule said, and Chip started walking. He was confused, but he was not resisting. As the toes of his boots ran into a saddle on the ground, Chip stopped. Mule moved around him, picked up a pack saddle and stacked it atop the riding saddle at Chip's feet. "Sit there," Mule said in a deep, threatening voice, "and get out of your clothes."

Chip turned, sat, and wondered how, with his hands tied behind his back, he could do what Mule said. He found that he could slide his bound hands down over his ass and legs, and get them in front of himself. A minute later he had stripped off his boots, socks, chaps, jeans, and underwear. He stood still for a moment, knowing Mule's eyes were examining his body. For the first time in his life, he felt proud of himself. He knew every muscle was well defined and beautifully developed, that the symmetry of his bodybuilding had been perfectly supervised. Even his cock, stretching nine inches out into the night air, was looking fine. He knew it was.

"Pretty soggy bunch of muscles," Mule said, "with nary a trace of honest work in any of 'em." Then he moved toward Chip, picking up a six-foot length of rope from the sand. He folded the rope in half and stepped nearer still, off to one side. Slam. The rope bit into Chip's chest. Crack. The second stinging blow was harder,



but somehow it was easier to take. Again and again the rope snapped against Chip's chest and across his thighs until he knew he was going to start screaming with the next blow. No, the next... the next, but then it stopped. Chip felt free, light.

relieved, then lonely, aching again for Mule's intense attention. Nothing happened for a long, long minute, and Chip couldn't see where Mule had moved to.

"Get your hands behind you," Mule ordered, "and kneel by those saddles." Chip found that the boiling pain on his chest and legs turned to an unbearable, raging fire as he bent to step over his wrists, but he did as he was told. Mule pushed Chip's face down against the pack saddle. The mixed smells of the pine frame, the thick leather, and the horse sweat rushed into Chip's lungs. He breathed deeply, eagerly stretching his senses in the direction of The West.

Again the rope began to tear at Chip's body. Up and down his back, across his ass, even on his bent legs, the rope was raising welts. He could feel each stripe rise, heat up, and then disappear in the wake of new welts.

Chip was lost in the pain, thrilling to a pleasure he didn't even try to understand when he saw Mule's stark, moon-made shadow shoot across the sand and bend up the stack of saddles beneath his face. It seemed the shadow itself added a musky odor to the hot smells he was already breathing. He turned his face up to find Mule—his levis unbuttoned, his cock and balls sticking out, huge, just inches away.

"They say if y'piss in a dog's water, y' make him loyal t'the death," Mule snarled. "You my dog now? Are y'boy?" Chip nodded and felt something new pressing at him from inside his

head. Fear. That was it. His eyes were stretched open with fear, and just then Mule's piss began splashing against his face. Slowly, his mouth drooped open, and Mule directed the foaming stream against his teeth before he stepped up and stuck his still-pissing cock into the waiting mouth.

The piss stopped. Chip needed more, he needed to please and serve Mule, so he started sucking. Mule stiffened, grabbed Chip roughly by the hair and ears and shot his load down Chip's throat. Then, without a word, he reached down Chip's back and gave the rope around his wrists a sharp tug before he walked away.

Chip soon realized that he could just shake off the rope from his wrists. He picked up the rope and rolled it into a neat, tied-in coil the way Dick had taught him. Then he looked around. His clothes were already stacked next to his pack. Mule was stripping down for the night. He had spread both bedrolls out into one. Then, without looking Chip's direction, he walked away from the bedrolls, further away from Chip. He looked magnificent in the moonlight. His broad, square shoulders stayed level as a table until he sat down on a rounded boulder at the edge of the flat-topped rise they were camped on.

Chip was suddenly quite shocked. It wasn't what had just happened with the ropes, and saddles, and Mule's cock. Even though he had never before touched a man's cock, that all seemed perfectly natural. The thing was, he remembered what Mule had said earlier. Mule felt about his cutting the way he himself felt. It was perfect, completely different than anything he'd ever done before. He wanted to give the cutting to Mule, but, on the other hand, he didn't want to break the silence that stretched across the open space and connected the two of them. A little later, just after Chip slipped in among the blankets to wait for Mule, he saw the powerfully beautiful silhouette of the man he wanted to be with as it moved still further away from the camp. At the very brink of the mesa, Mule stood and sang a couple of bittersweet cowboy songs to the moon.

Each of the next two nights Chip made another new sketch before supper, and cut it afterwards. He knew they were even better than the one he made the first night out. He also noticed that Mule sang better and better each night as the desert got into him. And the interludes between Chip's art work and Mule's songs got hotter and hotter, too.

Every night Mule tied Chip's hands. Every night the lashings with the rope were longer, harder, and sweeter. Every night Chip got a faceful of salty, smelly piss, a belly-full of hot, delicious piss, and a mouthful of Mule's sharp, thick cum. Through the days, he felt his clothes riding against the rope marks, and twice in one day he came. Just riding along, feeling the weight of his leather and denim against the red creases in his skin, his cock pushed down into the tight space between his chaps and his leg. It lay there being squeezed with every step his horse took. Then, slow and easy, his aching nuts would drain into his jeans.

On the fourth evening, shortly before sunset, the short-term cowboys came around the north end of the Great Salt Lake. Almost immediately after they had turned south again, they came to a railroad line. The tracks were gravel-banked, about eight feet up from ground level. To make the crossing easier on the horses, the men decided to ride east to a road where, fortunately, there were no cars.

"Down there a piece," Mule said, "is the Promontory Point you were talkin' 'bout. I guess at's where the east meets the west... once anyways." Chip looked down the track. It was a remarkable sight, barley fields showing bright green on either side of the railroad's right-of-way. Promontory Point, Mule guessed, was about six miles out, northeast.

"Let's ride over to the Golden Spike National Monument, Mule. I'd love to see it." Chip was excited enough to forget his cowboy voice.

Mule's answer was sharp. "You're fergettin' y'SELF now, boy!" He went on, more calmly. "They'd be crowds and cars and all such stuff as belongs to a time yet-to-be over there t'the monument, member, we're here... out in the West, on our own. Got that, boy?"



Chip understood and, after a moment's embarrassment, accepted what Mule said completely. This close brush with the 20th Century chastened him. He found himself actually disgusted by the thought of what he might have seen just over the next rise, at the monument and in the park. Symbols of everything he was escaping on this trip would be there. Families, reminding him of his discomfort with his own family, would be poking around the site of the Golden Spike. He didn't want to be reminded of families. He loved his parents well enough, and he got along with them most of the time. Still, the simple life he wanted and the *successful* world they wanted him to live in just weren't a match. Nothing clicked. And, it wasn't just his parents. Schools, museums, hurrying, frozen food, noise, and even people he didn't know, it all just fit together in a pattern that was inescapable back in Chip's real life. The pattern - whatever it might mean to anyone else - was a dreary round of necessities and requirements, nothing in it made sense to him.

The men rode on in silence, easing eastward with the terrain. They must have rode about four miles beyond the railroad tracks by the time they stopped for the night. As he built the fire, Chip heard a car horn. He looked up and caught Mule's eye. "Kiowa, I'd say What d'ye think?" Mule didn't wait for an answer. "I do wonder what brought 'em this far north. Kiowas usually stay down about the Oklahoma Territory."

Mule was not making a joke. He was dead serious. Chip had to help him patch the atmosphere and erase the car horn, or they'd have to pitch in and move before they even had

supper. "Well," Chip said after a moment, "dunno, Mule, but they been tryin' to round up 'n' trap six bands of the Kiowa an' put 'em together on one reservation down there."

"So I hear. Like as not, one band is up here, just hidin' away from the Cavalry."

"Yep," Chip said, "like as not."

They made it through supper all right, but with the extra effort to keep their minds back in the middle of the Nineteenth Century, Mule didn't feel like singing, and Chip couldn't work up any sketch to cut out that night. So, silently aware that it was mostly to be sure they were out of reach of the next noise from the highway, they turned in early.

On the three previous nights Chip had stayed pretty much on his side of the sleeping spread, always being sure an arm or leg was out far enough to touch Mule, but just touch him. Tonight, with no lashing or cocksucking, he felt almost as though he had been sent to bed without his dinner. He hesitated. He couldn't reach over to touch Mule, no matter how much he wanted to. So he lay there, holding his own cock in one hand and keeping the other floating a bare inch away from Mule's tight stomach muscles.

Mule was awake too. "Dammit, boy, get down there and suck my cock," he said in a easy, even-toned drawl. Chip started crawling under the blankets, feeling that his arms and

legs had somehow gotten tangled and were slowing him down. Then Mule kicked the covers off and, in one powerful move, rose to his feet, bringing Chip half-way up at the same time.

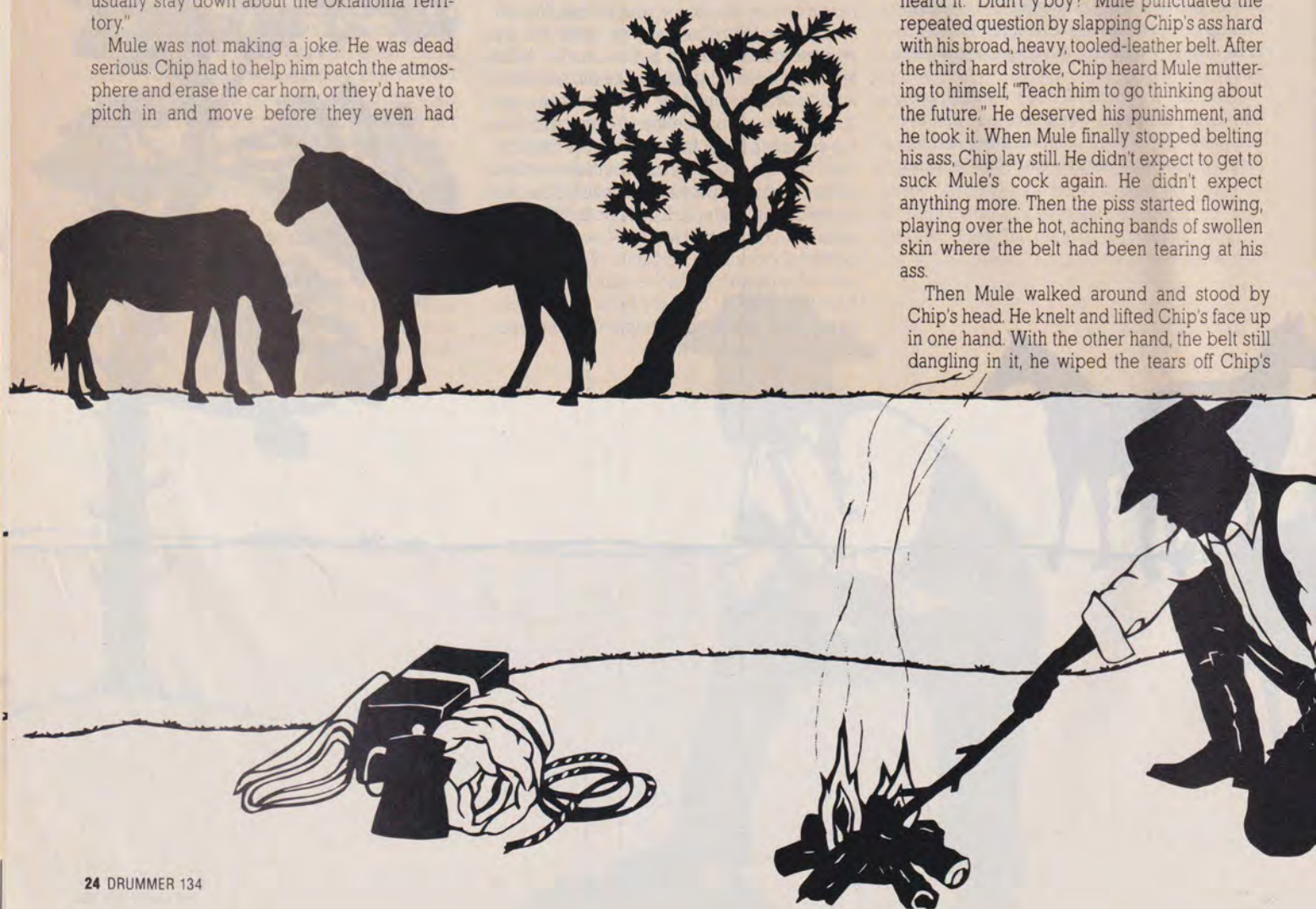
As Mule's thick, hard cock began plunging into Chip's throat, he fell onto all fours, stretching his neck and mouth to reach and accommodate the welcome assault. It seemed to go on for hours. Mule would plug away at Chip's mouth for a while, then stop. He'd fuck the upturned face again, and stop. Mule's cock stayed rock hard, but Chip knew something was wrong.

"Spread out there, boy," Mule growled. Chip wanted to do as he was told, but he didn't know what Mule wanted. After a moment's confusion, he flattened out, face down on the blankets, spreading his arms and legs out, making a taut X of his body.

"Good form," Mule said, almost chuckling, "but get over in the sand, we don't need to fuck up our blankets." The sand felt rough on the still-red stripes all over the front of Chip's body, but it was also cool. Chip could almost feel himself melting into the sand, but as he relaxed that way, the soothing cool was replaced by a grating pain.

Chip heard some rustling noises, then nothing—a long, deep, silent nothing. "Just about tore it all down today, didn't y'boy?" Mule's voice was harder than Chip had ever heard it. "Didn't y'boy?" Mule punctuated the repeated question by slapping Chip's ass hard with his broad, heavy, tooled-leather belt. After the third hard stroke, Chip heard Mule muttering to himself, "Teach him to go thinking about the future." He deserved his punishment, and he took it. When Mule finally stopped belting his ass, Chip lay still. He didn't expect to get to suck Mule's cock again. He didn't expect anything more. Then the piss started flowing, playing over the hot, aching bands of swollen skin where the belt had been tearing at his ass.

Then Mule walked around and stood by Chip's head. He knelt and lifted Chip's face up in one hand. With the other hand, the belt still dangling in it, he wiped the tears off Chip's



face. And he leaned down and kissed Chip. The kiss was long and hard, it left Chip's lips feeling as bruised as his ass, but it let him know he had not ruined everything, that the punishment was over, that he was forgiven... and loved.

Some time in the early hours of the morning, Chip woke up. From over the ridge north of the camp he heard a lot of noise. It sounded like a lot of people, including a lot of children. Then he remembered: The Promontory Point, the Golden Spike Park... it must be that close.

He pulled up out of the bedding and walked to the top of the ridge to look in spite of an inner voice that kept saying "don't." He stood for several minutes at the very brink of the ridge not looking north, but breathing in the peaceful view of the campsite. Mule was still sleeping.

At last, Chip turned around.

What he saw below was amazing. There, on the tracks at the bottom of the slope, were the Central Pacific and Union Pacific engines and their coal cars. Between them were a dozen men. Some of the men were in suits, some were laborers with hammers. All of them and everyone else in sight were dressed in the clothing of the Nineteenth Century. There was a band standing by, and a huge crowd.

It took Chip several seconds to work out what he was looking at. It was a celebration of some sort, a re-enactment of the meeting of the rails. He would surely have understood much more quickly if he hadn't just spent three days and four nights acting out a life for himself in just about the same historic period. "Why," he whispered to himself, "is the day of May 10, 1869, being celebrated on..." He couldn't remember the actual date right away. He knew that

it was the summer of nineteen-eighty something. It didn't matter.

He ran back to the camp and woke Mule. "Hey, look alive! There's a big party down in the park right now and everyone's dressed up like it's 1869 and they've got replicas of the trains there and everything."

"Whazzat? Hold yer horses." Mule sat up, rubbing his eyes, then he squinted hard and raised one eyebrow. "I don't care if they're fightin' the injun wars down there, or diggin' the transcontinental canal. Fer Pete's sake, I'm not goin' anywhere's near *them*."

Chip saw there was no hope of budging Mule, but he had to try one more time. Calmly, he said, "Don't you see, Mule? They're kinda doin' the same thing as we are."

"No. No, they ain't!" Mule sounded at least a little bit angry. "Having a party about Yee Oldie West is not the same thing as being there." Chip gave up on Mule, but he was going down the slope anyway. As he stood up to go, Mule slipped back down under the blankets saying, "Wake me up in 'bout 'nother 30 minutes... when the light's clear, boy."

"Sure, Mule, I'll do it," Chip said. Then he saddled a horse, picked up his canvas bag, and rode over the ridge.

When Mule woke up, the sun was high and Chip was no where to be found. After an hour or two of searching around the mesa where they were camped, Mule went over the ridge to the tourist information office in the park. He asked about the celebration, whether the festivities had been carried into town or over to the lake front. No one there knew anything about any reenactment, any party. No one had seen any young man fitting Chip's description, or, for that matter, anyone at all on horseback besides Mule. All they had seen were tourists.

Eventually, Mule decided Chip had taken their little disagreement too hard and gone back to Denver. They had agreed he'd do that if things didn't work out. Mule had insisted on that agreement being perfectly clear before he'd let Chip come along. So, he put it out of his mind - except he did realize that a missing saddle horse would be hard to explain if Chip

hadn't found a way to return it.

Still, the ride back without Chip didn't have the magic of the rideout. Mule sat in the evenings staring at one after another of the three papercuttings Chip had made. There was magic enough in them, almost, to make Mule feel like Chip was there, somewhere just out of sight.

Back in Denver, Mule went to Chip's house right away. There was no one home. So, with the papercuttings rolled up, ready to be handed over when he found Chip, Mule went to the museum. He stopped at the desk. "Where'll I find Shipman Reid?" he asked, almost laughing at himself remembering to use Chip's whole name.

"Second floor, north gallery, Western Americana," the receptionist said, as if there were no other place Chip would ever be.

Mule looked around the gallery. There was Chip, dressed in his docent's jacket, standing in front of the papercutting of the meeting at the Golden Spike. "Chip," Mule shouted as he crossed the room. Chip turned around, but he wasn't Chip. It was some other docent, hushing Mule with a finger to his lips.

"Sorry. Do you know where Shipman Reid is?" Mule asked in a whisper.

"Right here," said the docent, pointing to the papercutting and stepping aside.


Mule looked at the cutting, back at the docent, then back to the cutting again before he noticed that, snipped out in neat letters along the bottom edge of the silhouette, were the words, "For Mule, By Chip Reid."

A few minutes or two and a lot of long, slow breaths, Mule turned to the docent. "Amazing, isn't it?"

"Did you know," the docent volunteered, "that this picture is a single sheet of silhouette paper cut into this expressive and intricate pattern by Shipman 'Chip' Reid?" Mule just stared at the cutting. "Using tiny pointed scissors and sometimes a knife," the docent went on, "paper has been carved into pictures like this for more than 1,500 years."

Mule smiled. "I'll be," was all he could say. □





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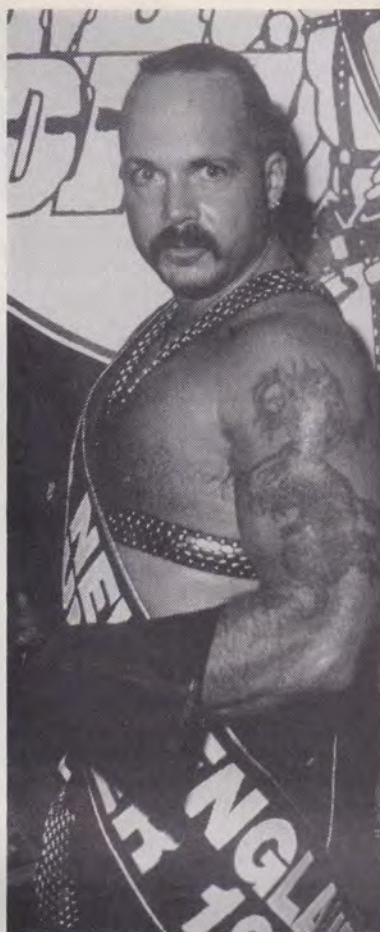
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CONTESTANTS FOR THE TITLE OF MR. DRUMMER 1989



This year there are 15 hot Leathermen from all over North America competing for the honor and responsibility of becoming Mr. Drummer 1989. All of them have won regional contests; many of them also hold other gay- or leather-related titles at state or regional levels. Regardless of which of these men wins, we expect to hear more from all of them as they continue the activism and community involvement that have brought them this far.



BARONE

MR. NEW ENGLAND DRUMMER

is sponsored by the Riders MC He's 5-10, weighs in at 192 pounds, and is 36 years old. He is single, and says he wants to be Mr. Drummer "to make one of my fantasies come alive, and prove it can be done." Barone, a motorcyclist and weight lifter, lives in Boston and has been in the leather/SM scene since the mid-1970s. He has tattoos on both arms.



DAVE NICHOLSON

MR. ROCKY MOUNTAIN DRUMMER

is sponsored by Galerie Leon and Triangle of Denver. He's 5-10, weighs 155, and is 30 years old. Dave says that, "contrary to popular belief," he's "very single." He is a bartender at the Triangle (Denver) who first discovered his interest in leather sexuality when "I first jacked off while riding horseback." He has a pierced left nipple.



BILL KANOUFF

MR. FLORIDA DRUMMER

is sponsored by Parliament House in Orlando, Florida. He is 6-2, 185 pounds, and 31 years old. He describes his eyes as "starburst green," and he says he is definitely "attached." He wants to help people see that the effort toward free and full sexual expression is not just a question for leathermen, but a concern for everyone. Bill volunteers at Tampa AIDS Network.



DAVID ARMSTRONG

MR. SOUTHEAST DRUMMER

is sponsored by The Eagle in Atlanta. He is 6-1, weighs 197, and has blue eyes. He has tattoos on his right hip and left shoulder, and a piercing in his left nipple. He got his first (brown) leather jacket 20 years ago and has been in the scene ever since.

David says he is "enGAYed" with a boy in training. He is a counselor for disturbed adolescents.



DUSTIN LOGAN

MR. GREAT PLAINS DRUMMER

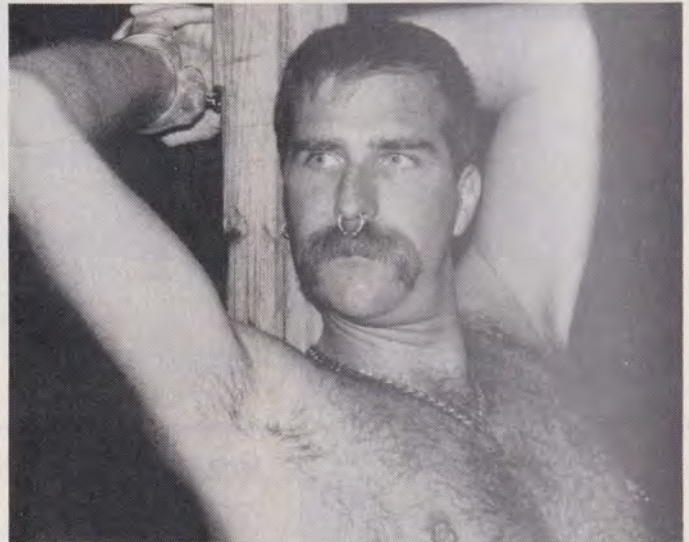
is sponsored by Windjammer. He has a moustache, a hairy chest, a hairy ass, and a lover of three years. He's 5-9, 150 pounds, and has green eyes. Dustin is an accountant in Omaha, and he is Mr. Gay Nebraska 88/89. Dustin wants to "be a positive image for the leather community, to continue to promote safe sex, and work against prejudice."



CRAIG LAKOTA

MR. MIDWEST DRUMMER

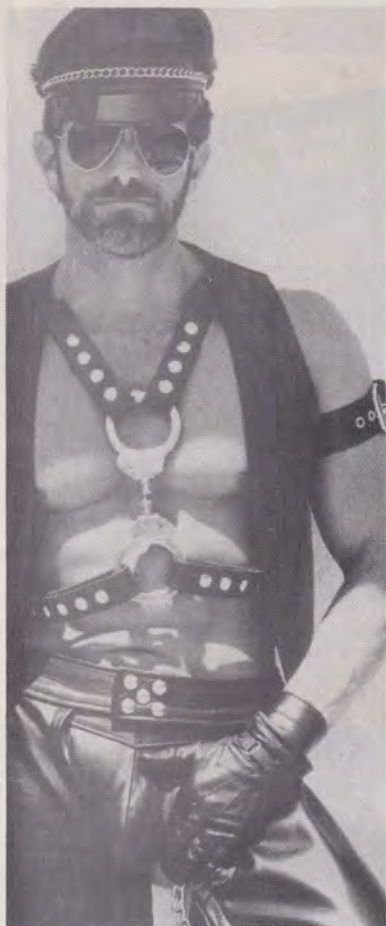
is sponsored by The Dock. He stands tall at 6-1 in his size 11 boots. He's 38 years old. Besides holding this regional Mr. Drummer title, Craig is also Mr. Gay Cleveland, and is active in several leather and uniform clubs. Craig's appreciation of leather and uniforms began in the late '70s. His left nipple has a double-ring piercing.



STEVE PATTEN

MR. NORTHERN CALIFORNIA DRUMMER

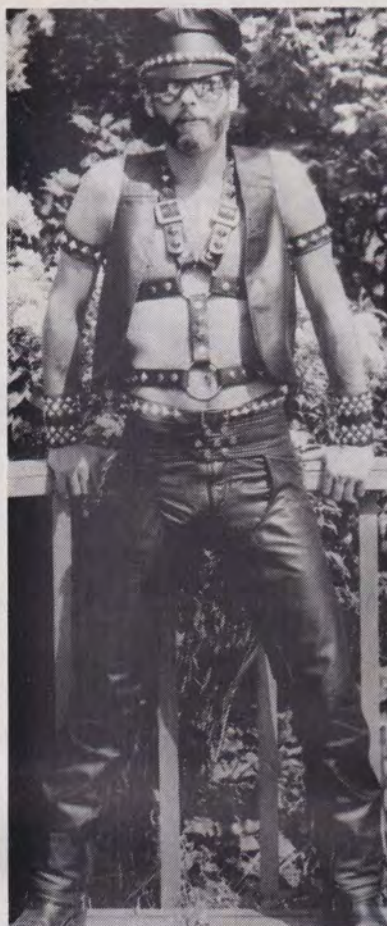
is sponsored by Up Your Alley Productions. He is 6-2, 197 pounds, and 36 years old. Steve has "sculptured body hair," one tattoo and 9 permanent piercings. He is among the founding members of the NLA San Francisco chapter (in formation), and has been active in many community and lifestyle organizations including New World Rubbermen. Steve's number one hobby is motorcycling.



BRIAN DAWSON

**MR. SOUTHERN
CALIFORNIA
DRUMMER**

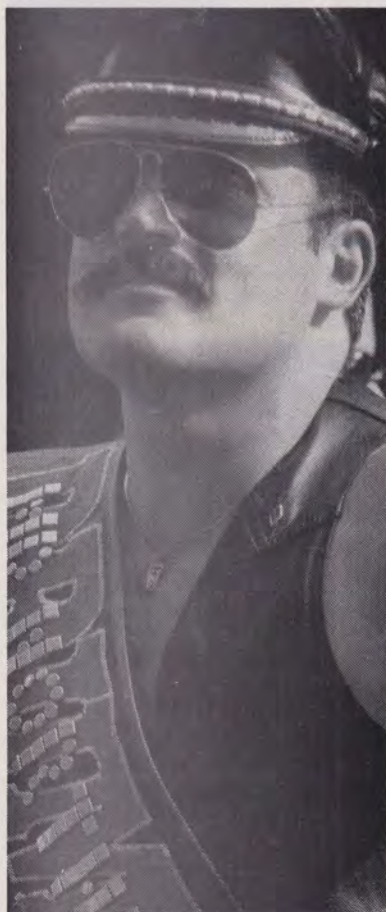
is sponsored by Probe in Los Angeles. Brian, who is 5-10 and weighs 175, says he has been into leather since he was 9 years old. He's 41 now, so that's 32 years of practice. Brian is an architect with his own firm, and his own lover, too. He believes his "drive, patience, and commitment" are the qualities needed in a Mr. Drummer.



GREGG T. SYLVESTER

**MR. NORTHWEST
DRUMMER**

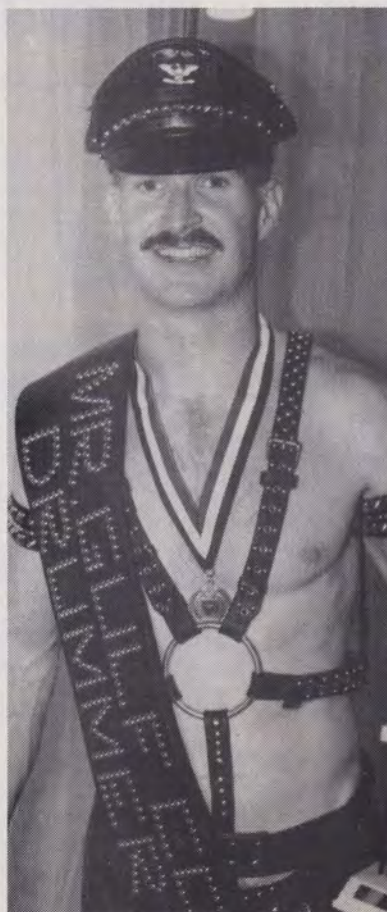
is sponsored by The Seattle Dungeon Guild. He has gray eyes, is 5-10, and weighs 145. Gregg was Mr. Oregon Leather 1984 and Mr. Gay Oregon XVII (1985) before being chosen Mr. Oregon State Drummer on his way through the area and regional contests to appear here tonight. He is a member of NLA and of O.R.G.A.S.M. He is an attorney, and has "permanent lover/boy; proteges."



ANTHONY CITRO

**MR. NORTHEAST
DRUMMER**

is sponsored by Shaftway Productions of New York City. His cap is 5-6 above his size 9½ boots. He weighs 165 pounds, and has brown hair and brown eyes. In New York's Puerto Rico Day Parade, Anthony marched proudly as an openly gay man. He is an architect.



LARRY RIGSBY

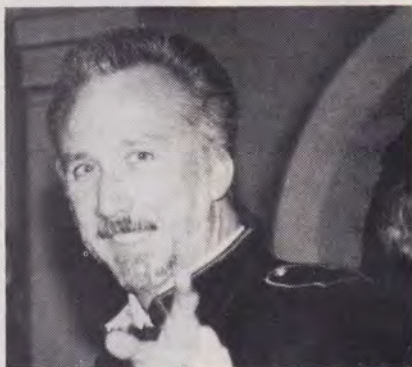
**MR. GULF COAST
DRUMMER**

is sponsored by Shades of Grey in Dallas. One of Larry's projects as an exercise physiologist is the development of exercise programs as treatment for PWAs. You'll find him—6 feet tall, 195, 31, blue-green eyes—at Ripcord in his free time. And he's single. Larry is into light SM and lots of leather.

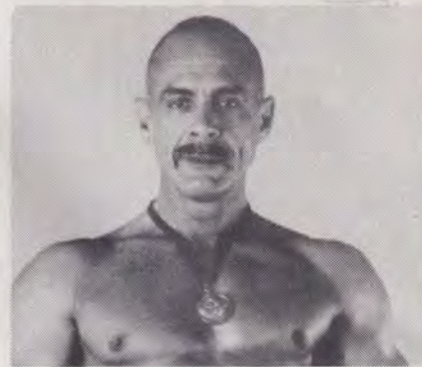
OUR JUDGES



DOM OREJUDOS, internationally renowned as the erotic artist Etienne, is back to judge Mr. Drummer for the third consecutive year. Dom has been associated with the International Mr. Leather contest since its inception, serving as the dean of judges. (El Dorado Springs, CO)



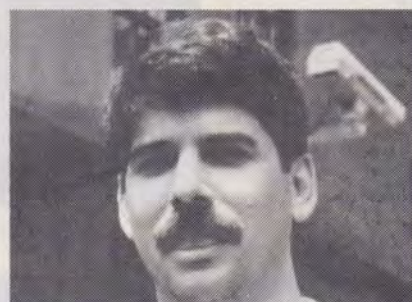
MIKAL BALES, affectionately known as "Daddy Tightropes," is serving as a judge of the Mr. Drummer contest for the second time. Along with his partner, Jim Hawkins, Mikal is the genius behind Zeus Studios. He is also the author of the classic *Sado Island*. (Los Angeles)



GUY BALDWIN, the reigning International Mr. Leather and Mr. NLA, is a psychotherapist in private practice in Los Angeles, and a regular columnist in *Drummer* magazine. He also contributed an important article to the recent landmark "leather issue" of Los Angeles' *Frontiers*. (Los Angeles)



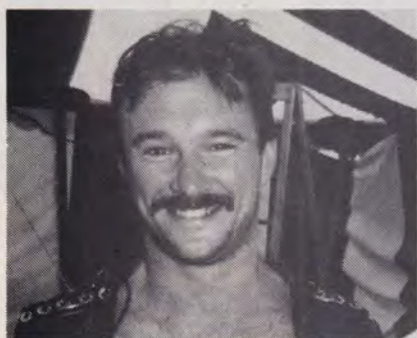
RON ZHEL, the current Mr. Drummer, inspired these remarks from Ken Lackey in *Drummer*: "smooth, sweet-assed and self-assured. . . shy, soft-spoken, dedicated. . . oh, and HUNG." And this: "We are extremely proud of our young Mr. Drummer, our symbol of leather manhood, and its masculine beauty and vitality, and its bright future." (Columbus, OH)



BARRY DOUGLAS, chairman of Gay Male SM Activists, was co-chair of the SM/Leather Contingent for the October, 1987, March on Washington, and, along with other members of the Community Involvement Committee of GMSMA, he was instrumental in the organization of the large SM/leather contingent in this year's Stonewall 20 gay pride parade in New York City. (New York)



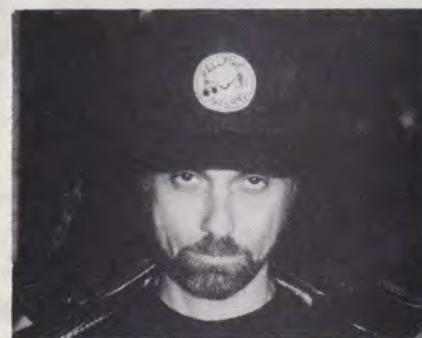
HAVEN SANBORN, the hard-working "magician" behind Hawk Metals, has been called the North American King of Chrome, thanks to the quality and quantity of gleaming, perfect ass eggs, clothes pins, cockrings and other shiny toys he makes. Last year's alternate judge, Haven is a practiced judge of leather masculinity. . . ask anyone. In fact, ask Haven. (Glenhaven, CA)



HENRY ROMANOWSKY, Mr. Leather New York 1985, has been active in the production of that New York contest ever since he held the title. He is also a popular model in *Drummer* and Zeus publications, and is returning this year to judge Mr. Drummer finals for the third time. (New York)



ALTERNATE JUDGE: ALAN SELBY, the Mr. S of Mr. S Leather, is a legendary figure in leather circles across the country, and a major force in AIDS fundraising. He is especially involved in raising funds for the AIDS Emergency Fund, one of the beneficiaries of tonight's Mr. Drummer finals. (San Francisco)



TALLYMASTER: FRED KATZ, a frequent *DungeonMaster* coverman, is the other (better??) half of judge Henry Romanowsky. For a recent *DungeonMaster* cover, Fred wore a T-shirt imprinted "I give great fantasy." Inside, the editor added: "And owners of many whip-marked backs will agree that he DOES!" (New York)



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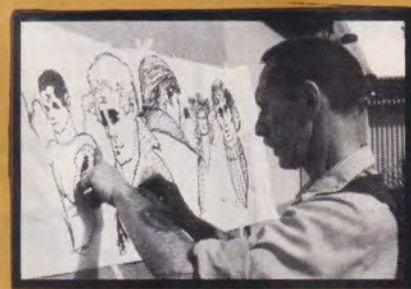
artist

Chuck Arnett

His life and times

by

JACK FRITSCHER



HOMOSEXUALITY IN AMERICA

A secret world grows open and bolder. Society is forced to look at it—and try to understand it

LIFE

Three brawny young men in their leather cape, shirts, jackets and pants are practicing homosexuals, men who turn to their men for affection and sexual satisfaction. They are part of what they call the "gay world," which is actually a sad and often sordid world. On these pages, LIFE reports on homosexuality in America, its its locale and habits (pp. 66-74) and sums up (pp. 75-80) what science knows and seeks to know about it.

Homosexuality, therefore, forces the spectrum of American life—the professions, the arts, business and labor, it always has. But today, especially in big cities, homosexuals are discarding their furtive ways and openly asserting, even flaunting, their deviation. Homosexuals have their own drinking places, their special assignment streets, even their own organizations. And for every obvious homosexual, there are probably nine nearly impossible to detect. This social disorder, which society tries to suppress, has forced itself into the public eye because it does present a problem—and persons especially are concerned. The myth and misconception with which homosexuality has so long been clothed must be stripped away, not to condemn it but to cope with it.

Photographed for LIFE by BILL EPPRIDGE



A San Francisco bar not for and by homosexuals is crowded with patrons who wear leather jackets, make a show of masculinity and voice effeminate meanderings of their world. Moral critics may be shocked.

Who can forget the famous Red Star Saloon poster of one man fisting another on a toilet?

Over their heads, written like graffiti in the sky with diamonds, hangs the purposely misspelled challenge: "IF YOUR MAN ENOUGH!" The Red Star was the bar fronting the Barracks on Folsom at Hallam. Men, who were man enough, drank 25-cent beer, kicked sawdust, cracked peanuts from barrels, and cruised waiting for their acid to come on. The back door of the Red Star led straight into the Barracks. The year was 1972 and the Golden Age of Gay Liberation was screaming sex, drugs, and rock'n'roll!

Tourists to SFO, one summer, were residents by the next. Golden Age sex put many a midwestern career in law, medicine, teaching, and business on hold. Man-to-man sex was a siren call. Scott McKenzie singing "If You're Goin' to San Francisco, Be Sure to Wear Some Flowers in Your Hair" was the mild side. Chuck Arnett, with the seductive agit-prop art of his "recruiting" posters, was the wild side. He inked, chalked, and painted men's wildest fantasies. He gave men the raw images of their lds at play.

POSTERS OF REVOLUTION

No one knew that the Golden Age would last hardly longer than a decade. Few living the golden life asked questions. "Be here now" was the philosophy: seizing the day and inventing the nights of sportfucking, handballing, and leather-fetish SM. Sexual revolution gave permission for everything; and every revolution has its graphic art and artists. The reclusive Tom of Finland fine-lined idealized dream images of polite romance. Sex-activist Chuck Arnett posterized a militant edge to hardballing sleaze. Arnett, though less prolific than the venerable Tom, called sex-warriors to the fisted front lines of masculine liberation. His action-art, the propaganda of *Do It*, was the raw stuff usually scrawled with anonymous honesty on toilet walls.

ART VERSUS PREJUDICE

Arnett was a noble savage set on destroying prejudicial stereotypes of homosexuals. Born in Louisiana, February 15, 1928, Arnett experienced a world far different than the world after Stonewall. When he painted on the stonewall of The Tool Box the mural that was a shot heard round the world, he liberated homosexuals into a new image. LIFE magazine could neither ignore nor resist the butch gauntlet Arnett threw down.

THAT WATERSHED ISSUE OF LIFE

Arnett threw a party and LIFE sent out the invitations. On June 21, 1964, LIFE magazine published an historical watershed issue that was read across the nation like an invitation to come to San Francisco and be a man. Thousands of queers in small towns, who thought they were the only faggots in the world, and, worse, thought that the only way faggots were was queenly - having taken into their souls the stereotype straights had crammed down their throats—suddenly saw, compliments of LIFE, that there was an alternative homomascuine style. Non-nelly faggots breathed a sigh of relief. In that one issue of LIFE was an "Emancipation Proclamation" for the genuinely butch homosexual. "For every obvious homosexual," LIFE drooled, "There are probably nine nearly impossible to detect."

LIFE had discovered the grassroots swell that something butch this way comes. What a shock to an American world as the respectable LIFE tried to clear away myths and misconceptions about homosexuality. "San Francisco," LIFE proclaimed, "is the gay capitol." The article gushed on about the at least 30 bars, cruising bars and cocktail lounges, each with a life expectancy of 18 months. Some bars were built around the cult of personality such as Jose Sarria, an operatic drag, who was the self-styled Dowager Queen; Sarria ran for supervisor in 1961 and polled 6,000 votes. Without naming Arnett as a singular personality, LIFE panted on about Arnett's personal environmental sculpture, The Tool Box.

LIFE LEVITATES ART

"On another far-out fringe of the 'gay' world are the so-called S&M

bars. . . One of the most dramatic examples (The Tool Box) is in the warehouse district of San Francisco. Outside the entrance stand a few brightly polished motorcycles, including an occasional lavender (sic!) model. Inside the bar, the accent is on leather and sadistic symbolism. The walls are covered with murals of masculine-looking men in black leather jackets. A metal collage of motorcycle parts hangs on one wall. A cluster of tennis shoes—favorite footwear for many homosexuals with feminine traits - dangles from the ceiling. Behind it a derisive sign reads: 'Down with sneakers!'

" 'This is the antifeminine side of homosexuality,' says Bill Ruquy, part owner of the bar. 'We throw out anybody who is too swishy. If one is going to be homosexual, why have anything to do with women of either sex? We don't go for giddy kids.'





"Metal is much in evidence in the room: chains on the wall, the bunches of keys hanging from the customers' leather belts. 'That's part of the sadistic business,' Ruquy explains. 'We used to wear chains on our shoulders. Now the keys are in.'

"The effort of these homosexuals to appear manly is obsessive—in the rakish angle of the caps, in the thumbs boldly hooked in belts. Ruquy says, 'This is a place for men, a place without all those screaming faggots, fuzzy sweaters, and sneakers. Those guys—the ones you see in the other bars—are afraid of us. They're afraid to come here because everything looks tough. But we're probably the most genteel bar in town.'

"The hostility of the minority 'leather' crowd toward the rest of the 'gay' world is exceeded by the bitterness of individual homosexuals toward the 'straight' public."

Arnett, the former New York stage designer, had done something right creating the set of *The Tool Box*. The *LIFE* article, for all its rectitude, sensing something politically fresh and correct, virtually seethes with as much approving lust as it thinks its readers will tolerate.

THE TIMES MADE ARNETT REACTIONARY

When Chuck Arnett was 20 years old, the anti-Freudian *Kinsey Report* (1948) shocked the US: 50 percent of boys engage in homosexual activity, and the more masculine and aggressive the boy the more likely he is to experiment with homosexuality. When Arnett was 25, and already a dancer and choreographer in New York, President Eisenhower signed an executive order (1953) legislating that homosexuality was an absolute bar to any federal security clearance. The Department of Defense rejected homosexuals "because of a weakness of moral fiber." The American Civil Liberties Union said the DOD was "acting like Big Brother." The ACLU had been called in to defend the Mattachine Society which, founded in 1950, was the first homosexual group in America to seek gay rights in federal agencies. One Incorporated, founded in 1952, published *One Magazine*, the first periodical of the modern gay press.

The situation comedy was not lost on Arnett who knew Theater of the Absurd when he saw it.

In 1957, many legal and religious groups sought tolerance for homosexuals based on the findings of the British *Wolfenden Report*. In 1963, a pamphlet called "Toward a Quaker View of Sex" said that society "should no more deplore homosexuality than

left-handedness. . . Homosexual affection can be as selfless as heterosexual affection and therefore we cannot see that it is in some way morally worse." Catholics, of course, in the book, *Counseling the Catholic*, said, along with the American Psychiatric Association (which changed its view in 1972,) that homosexuals are sick.

Arnett, frolicking about in the Beatnik Bongo Years, knew homosexuals were "sick" and he celebrated "sickness" in an era when to be "sick" was to be clever, brash, and insulting. In 1959, the first of the "sick" greeting cards appeared, shocking America with their insults and "sick" jokes; they sold like hotcakes. Until 1964, when Dade County, Florida (where else?) passed laws against homosexuality, there were no laws in the US against being homosexual *per se*. What sex laws there were proscribed only specific acts which do not result in procreating. (Can you say, "procreational chauvinism," boys and girls?) Dade County justified its laws because "homosexuals are hungry for youth." In fact, in 1961, Illinois took a major stand, legislating that private acts between consenting adults were legal.

Against such social and moral debate, Chuck Arnett, mature enough to be among the first of the Founding Daddies, bridled at the absurdity of homosexuals being convicted as sex offenders the same as rapists. In 1963, undercover LA cops in neo-Keystone tight pants, sneakers and sweaters entrapped and arrested 3,069 men who were, according to LA Police Inspector James Fisk, only a "token number" of deviates. (In 1975, these same LA cops, under Police Chief Ed Davis, busted the *Drummer* "Slave Auction," a fund-raising charity event they believed was a ring of white slavery. Go figure!)

The law thought all homosexuals were swishes in sweaters. Arnett, mad in the way all artists are mad with vision, he set out to liberate the homomale image. When he created *The Tool Box*, he was a man ahead of his time. Hippies were yet to come into flower in the Haight-Ashbury, from which neighborhood, shortly, the smell of incense and pot would be blowin' in the 60s wind down toward Folsom Street where peace, love, and granola would mix with hard leather, hard drugs, and hard sex.

BYE-BYE, BIRDIE

Chuck Arnett was a true eclectic. In his life, he absorbed with a voracious sexual-aesthetic appetite everything he had seen and everyone he had met. He had the artist's visionary ability to give what-for to straight and sissy

prejudices. His art, celebratory of raw mansex, is, like the Theater of Cruelty which flourished in the early 60s, Art of Assault. (After all, if art doesn't liberate and change you, it isn't art; it's entertainment.) Arnett is to leather nightlife on Folsom what Harvey Milk is to politics: one of those men who generously sums up everything for nearly everyone in the free expression of his own stunning identity.

In 1962, Arnett arrived in San Francisco as the lead dancer in the touring company of *Bye-Bye, Birdie*. He saw San Francisco for what it is: a wide-open fishing village with an opera. Like Harvey Milk, Arnett was an attuned New Yorker blown out West like Dofly to Oz. Both men took hold of the laid-back California "far-out, man" evolution of things and kicked them in Manhattanized high gear—something some native San Franciscans can never forgive either of them. But kick-ass visionaries don't ask for, or need, forgiveness when, visionary and obsessed, they decide to put the pedal to the metal.

Arnett, dancer and choreographer, stage designer, and painter was foremost a creature of the night. A born exhibitionist, his nights at the baths, where he was the man you parents warned you about, were performance art. Chuck Arnett was a personage, a star, an icon. Fame-Fuckers sought him out. He was the Candy Man. One informant alleges that "Arnett was the man who introduced the needle to Folsom Street." Moralizing aside, the Golden Age of Liberation was a time when recreational, mind-expanding drugs were *de rigueur*. He was what he was: a revolutionary character. His lifelines, like the lines of his art, were jagged, speedy, hallucinatorily impressionistic, yet awash with a sensuality of masculine form and sweaty color.

PIONEER SOMA ARTIST

Arnett, as performance artist, thrived on the seduction of eager players into his performances. Born in the rebel South, he came from the New York of Broadway, Warhol, the Velvet Underground, and the experimental films of the Kuchar brothers and Kenneth Anger, by way of the Hollywood imprint of the wild one, Marlon Brando. Arnett was a master manipulator of media: incoming and outgoing. He was the master sex performer in person. He was What-Was-Happening in the drop-out / turn-on / be-in happenings staged nightly at the baths.

At a heated point in male erotic history, Arnett brought, through his art and personality, what was simmering in the sexual-aesthetic of the mascu-

line American homosexual up to boil. When Brando pulled on a leather jacket and when Arnett created his sexually outrageous art, men suddenly saw the way they had to be, because in their secret hearts they recognized they already were that way.

Theatrical through and through, Arnett made South of Market his studio back lot. He was the Pioneer Artist, the first to exhibit his art, in the then-rough SOMA. With a social consciousness honed in the 1930s, and sophisticated in the 1950s, he was, by the 1960s, ready, willing, and able to turn the high beam of his talent on his Archetypal Leather Bar project with as much intensity as C. B. de Biblical contemplating any Pharaoh contemplating a pyramid. If an artist can objectify his own personality within his creation, then *The Tool Box* was, in fact, Chuck Arnett, not himself singly, but himself as an amalgam of many men thinking and feeling similarly but less able to express themselves graphically. If gay men are their own best creation, then, without Arnett's leading the way, and opening the doors of *The Tool Box*, they may have wandered, guideless, all dressed up with no place to go.

MURAL AS POLITICS

Muralists tend to be political, and muralist Arnett was political before his time. His painting was a radical act created before anyone ever dared imagine gays as a political force. Masculine homosexuals? Arnett's *Nouveau Icons* broke the prejudicial stereotype. With paint brush in hand, he powered his fist up against homophobia. In that one grand sweep, he set the radical, rebellious tone South of Market. He changed the way faggots looked at themselves. He changed Marlon Brando and James Dean into archetypal black silhouettes, new Rorschach images of bikers and musclemen and athletes and construction workers, against which men, standing, cruising, beer bottle in hand, measured themselves and their tricks. Arnett's clarion mural, double-trucked across two LIFE pages, signaled across America a new image of homosexuals. That classic *Tool Box* issue of LIFE started the migration to San Francisco that caused both South of Market and Castro to happen. Arnett, like some lusty Moses, parted the Red Sea and wandering, isolated homosexual refugees from all across the US came in from the cold diaspora to the warmth of a community being born.

That's pop culture. A movie today. A lifestyle tomorrow.





LEGEND AND LEGACY

Chuck Arnett lived lowlife to the hilt. Once he had set his Folsom universe in motion, he turned his awesome primitive talent to sketching gutwrenching sex scenes. His disciplined genius, more inspired than impaired by drugs, evinced immediate response with each new creation. He was in demand as a commercial artist for new bars and baths. His poster work was immediately collectible. Magazines, particularly *Drummer*, sought his illustrations. His acid-abstract style suggested worlds of wonder. The man knew sex. The artist illustrated it. Arnett was a celebrity on the set of the Folsom movie he had storyboarded on the wall of the Tool Box.

Where the private Arnett fuses into the public Arnett, reality converges with myth. Arnett, personally, was quiet, unassuming, anonymous. In his later

years, he was a grizzled man of stark flesh and bone, who sat oftentimes alone in the nonworking sauna at the Barracks. To a new generation, to whom he had given a new world, he was no longer a famous face. His fabled reputation grew ironically larger as he shrunk physically with time. His fame had turned his name into an institution larger than any human person could maintain. His art was the stuff of glorious graffiti—timeless as the sketches on Pompeian ruins. He suffered the fate of all great artists who don't share with Byron, Shelley, Keats, Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix, Jim Morrison, James Dean, and Marilyn, the romantic luxury of death at an early age. His legend and legacy, even in his life, much the same as Presley, were larger than he was himself. His wired scrawls had prompted and caught the high-wire life of the Golden Age. He was the artist

and iconographer extraordinaire of holy shrines: *The Tool Box* (1964), *the Stud* (1968), *the Red Star Saloon* (1972), *the No Name* (1973), and *the Ambush* (1974).

LET IT BE

There's a miniseries in Chuck Arnett just as there is in the rise and decline of the Golden Age. The man who had thrilled Broadway show audiences retired to relative personal obscurity, haunting nightspots, seeking new visions for his pen and brush, searching for the tough men who populated his art. He was a teacher of homomascularity. His vision was of the ideal raw-sex moment, of sweaty penetration, of attitude, of submission / domination fixed forever in the single frame of his drawings. That vision, what he drew, was the single, golden orgasmic moment. His work aches with the hard-

core romance of the ironically existential searcher who wishes to transcend time so that the orgasmic moment can last forever.

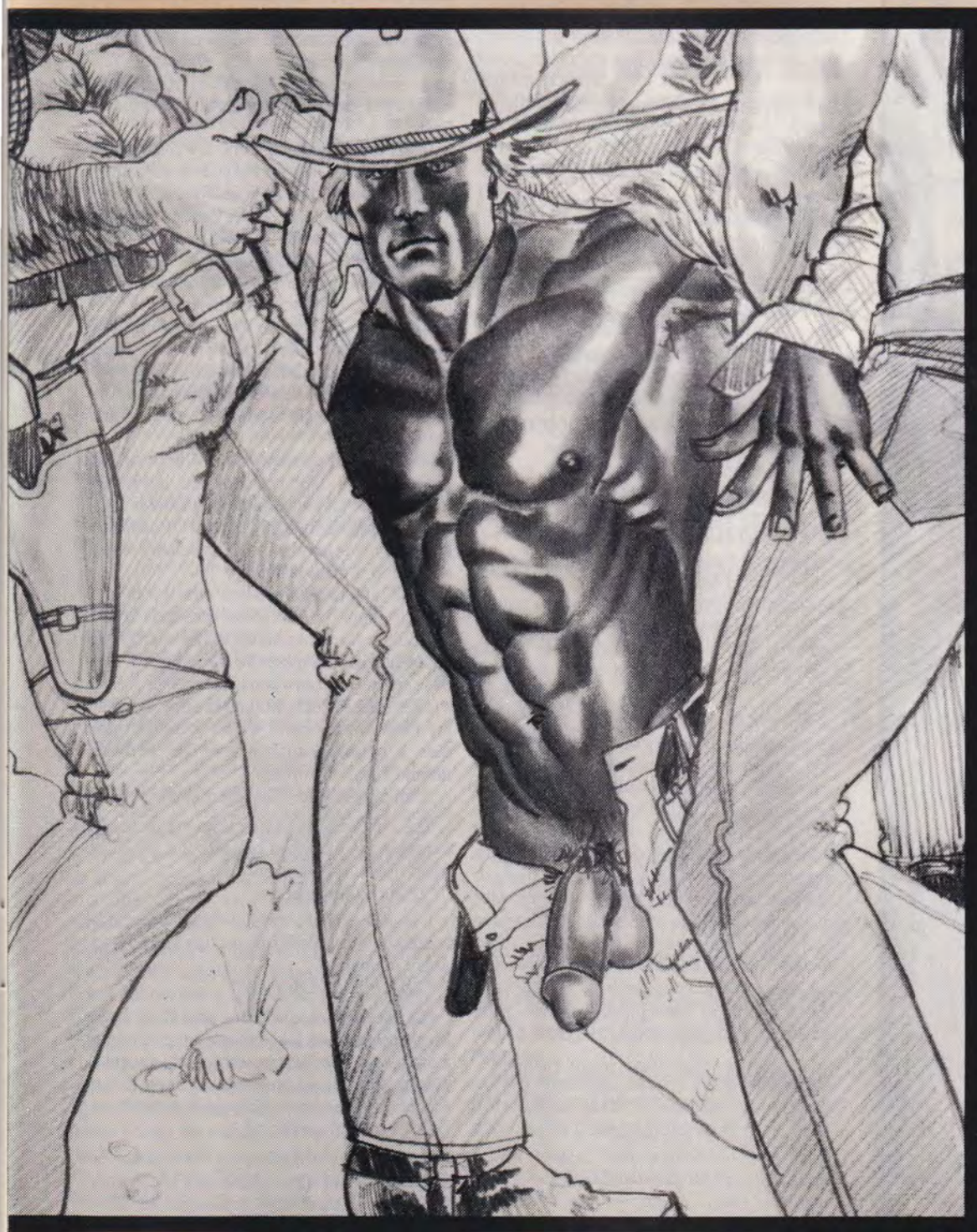
In the late 70s, *The Tool Box*, long deserted, was torn down by the City to make room for urban renewal. Somehow, though, the wrecker's ball failed to knock down the stonewall with Arnett's mural of men in leather made famous by LIFE. For two years, at the corner of 4th and Harrison, drivers coming down the offramp from the freeway were greeted by Arnett's somber, dark shadows, those Lascaux cave drawings of Neanderthal, primal, kick-ass leathersmen. *Vita brevis, Ars longa*. Life is short. Art is forever. On March 2, 1988, at 12:45 pm, Chuck Arnett, artist, peacefully transcended sixty years of his visionary life. (Researched by Jack Fritscher.) Copyright 1989 Jack Fritscher. □

INCIDENT AT **A**NTLER **C**REEK

BY
DALE W.
REES



ILLUSTRATION BY
CAVELO





The new moon hung high and swollen over the El Mureto Valley as I watched the rider cross the clearing before me. When he faded into the strip of pines bordering Antler Creek I followed. Beneath the trees the ground was black and trackless. I slipped from the back of my pinto and tossed the reins over a broken branch. A twig snapped behind me. As I turned, a fist shot out of the darkness.

I woke to find myself lying face down in the dirt. My hands had been tied behind me and a bitter-tasting bandanna stuffed in my mouth.

It seemed that someone in Tomahawk had gotten the word out that Johnny Juarez, the youngest member of Buck Dryer's bunch, was going to be followed.

The muffled sounds of voices drifted to me on the cool night air. As the men came closer, their words grew more distinct.

"What ya think we oughta do with him?"

The answer was a short burst of laughter.

"Shut up, both of you!"

"But Buck, we—"

"Nobody gives a fuck what you think, boy. And until I say different it stays that way."

Strong murmurs of discontent came to me along with the sound of an approaching rider. Someone grabbed my shoulder from behind and pulled me over onto my side.

"You awake, lawman?"

A boot slammed into my back.

"Yeah, you're awake. And listenin'." The words spilled through the pain left in the boot's wake.

"Stanton! Get your ass over here. Branstead wants to see you." The gravelly voice calling my unseen attacker was that of Buck Dryer.

Four men stood near the fire. Juarez was nearest Dryer. The young Mexican's dark skin glistened in the glow of the burning logs. An old sombrero topped a head of thick, tousled black hair, and he'd slung a cartridge belt over his bare chest. The one Dryer must have called Stanton was older than Juarez, but still youthful when seen alongside Branstead and Dryer. His hand moved across his crotch before he placed it on his holster and glanced in my direction. And Alex Branstead, Tomahawk's banker and leading citizen—well, he looked like one of those bankers they're puttin' in the dime novels back East.

Dryer and Branstead came toward me.

"I don't give a damn what you do with him," Branstead said. "Just do it and get out."

"We'll move closer to the border. Get our beef there for a while," Dryer told him.

Branstead looked down at me. "And make sure Hawkins doesn't talk!" He mounted his horse and rode off toward town.

Dryer stood over me for a moment, then crouched down. The rustler was wide shouldered and thick chested. A deep scar ran along the left side of his face. His short red hair was mostly hidden beneath a worn Stetson.

His fingers cupped my chin. "Our business in these parts don't concern you, lawman." He rose. "Boys, I want him on his knees."

I was pulled roughly up and forced to kneel, my face level with his crotch. My eyes shifted up toward his face.

Dryer stood between me and the moon. Orange light peered from around broad shoulders, throwing his face into shadow. A calloused hand slipped to his crotch. From the dark depths between his chaps he pulled a thick, flaccid cock. Aiming the cockhead at my chest he let loose with a torrent of hot piss. It splashed against my chest and ran down to soak my crotch.

"Pull out the gag," Dryer ordered.

The bandanna fell away from my face. My curses were drowned beneath the scalding flood that filled my mouth.

"Drink it, lawman!"

I fought against swallowing. The acrid-tasting liquid spilled from my lips and flowed down my chin.

"Bastard! I said drink it!"

His fist connected with the side of my face. My throat opened. Like the spring rains down a parched arroyo his piss swept into my guts. The spewing meat was shoved deep down my throat as he buried his groin against my face. The flood continued.

I choked, my body fighting the violation of its insides. Then as suddenly as it had begun the stream slowed to a trickle as his cock started fucking my face.

My own cock hardened. I found myself opening my mouth wider to take in more of that fat cock. My piss-drenched lips wrapped around the shaft.

"Looks like the lawman likes cock, boys," Dryer taunted. His hand gripped my hair. Spit and piss ran down my chin each time the still limp cock was partially withdrawn from my mouth. "That right, Hawkins? You like suckin' dick?"

I was liking it. My own hardening meat attested to that.

Dryer wrenched my head from his crotch. "I asked you a question!"

Confusion flooded my brain. My guts churned at the thought of what he'd forced me to do. And my swelling cock grew as those same thoughts stampeded through my mind. I licked at the drops of bitter liquid which clung to my lips.

His fingers dug into my neck, forcing my head down. "You got my boots wet, boy."

My face brushed against his boot. At first I didn't know what he wanted. Then I understood. Lick a man's boots? Too many new feelings swirled through me.

Soft flesh caressed hard leather as my tongue touched the boot's toe. I tasted the dust stirred up by a thousand head of stolen cattle from Clay Springs to The Three Sisters. My silver star dragged along the ground as I bent lower and lapped at the dust and piss. My cock strained for release.

"That's it, lawman. You do that real good." Dryer's voice was low, so low it startled me at first. He was coaxing now rather than ordering. He shifted his weight. "Yeah. Now the other one."

The rawness of the man filled my nostrils. Shudders of newfound excitement ran through me.

"You please me, boy, and I'll see to it you ain't killed." So soft I barely heard it, but the words went right through me. I was pleasing him. I was pleasing myself.

No! There should be no pleasure in what I was doing!

And still my cock was rigid, sent to its fullness by his strength and power. I bolted upright, spat in his face.

"You fuckin' pig!" Dryer bellowed as the back of his hand came down across my face. The force of the blow knocked me into Stanton's legs. "String 'im up!"

Dryer drew his .45 and aimed it at my chest as Stanton pulled me to my feet. "You try anything," Dryer said, "and I'll drop you where you stand."

Juarez tossed a rope over a high limb. As I watched the rope's slack being taken up, I could almost feel it tighten around my neck. How wrong I was!

Stanton cut the rope around my wrists. "Put your hands in front of you," he ordered. I did as he said and he quickly retied them. Juarez tossed him the rope and he tied it to the one which bound my wrists. The Mexican pulled on his end and my arms were stretched above my head. Then he stuffed the bandanna, sopping now with piss, back into my mouth and tied it behind my head.

Stanton moved around to face me. There was a wildness in his eyes that burned hot as prairie fire. He ripped my shirt open and ran his hard fingers over my stomach.

Dryer said something and I looked up. He was standing over Juarez. The youth was on his knees, Dryer's thick cock fucking his throat.

Stanton's fist slammed into my stomach. He paused for a moment, then hit me again. Each thrust came harder. Each blow brought a new thickness of my cock, a new wave of awareness.

"That's enough, asshole!" Dryer suddenly came up behind Stanton and grabbed his arm. He jerked the shorter man around and pushed. Stanton lost his balance and fell. The redhead's eyes burned into Stanton. The fallen man rose and dusted himself off, but remained silent.

"Johnny, make us something to eat. We'll let our guest ponder his fate for a spell." Dryer turned to me. "You hang there, lawman, and wonder how long it'll be before I cut your throat."

The three of them sat around the warmth of the fire, filling their bellies with the beans and tortillas Juarez had fixed. My stomach growled its disapproval as the meal's scent filled my nostrils. Laughter and boisterous threats were tossed in my direction, though few found their mark. My mind and body were too busy registering the new-found feelings which confronted me.

The rope around my wrists slowly, almost without my noticing, began to cut into my skin as my legs weakened from having to support my weight for so long. I stiffened, but I knew I couldn't stand forever. I tried to grip the rope with my fingers, but failed. How much did Dryer figure he had to gain by forcing this on me? It seemed certain that sooner or later they would tire of their cat and mouse game and leave my body behind to be picked clean by the buzzards and coyotes. But what would happen between now and then?

I thought of Dryer's hand on my neck, forcing my head down to lap at his boots. There was humiliation in the act for me, but there'd also been something else. Hadn't my stiff cock been proof of that? I remembered the taste of trail dust on my tongue, felt the strength of his big hands. And again my cock strained against my Levis. My emotions seemed to be riding atop a sandstone slab, balanced on the granite pinnacle which was Dryer. His actions, like the wind, rocked that sandstone slab back and forth. And when the wind had worn the stone away, grain by grain, those feelings would tumble to earth, lost in the great spreading shadow of the pinnacle.

"Hey, Hawkins." Dryer's voice yanked me from my thoughts. "You fuckin' rested long enough. We gotta be ridin' South soon."

The three of them walked slowly toward me. I saw three men who lived by their rules and didn't give a tinker's damn whether others liked it or not.





"Gimme one of your spurs," Dryer said to Juarez. "One of them nice pointy Spanish ones you wear."

Dryer held the spur in the palm of his hand, making sure I could see it. Cold eyes met mine. "You ever watch a horse whip through the air, as a rider digs in the spurs?"

He ran the metal lightly over my flesh, its touch was cold against my skin.

"A good horseman knows not to sink 'em in too deep." With each pass he pressed harder. "But a man who don't care about his animal, who don't understand their relationship, well, he's pure loco." The spur sank into my flesh.

I bit into the bandanna, vainly trying to dull the stinging pain. Back and forth the spur went, its trail of blood and arousal growing stronger.

"Yeah, a spur's a powerful tool. But you gotta know how to use it. Think about that horse. An animal with spirit naturally tries fightin' a thing like that. But it don't do him no good. The man on top ain't gonna let a beast get the better of him."

Dryer never took his eyes off mine. He used his words and the contact of the spur as the bridge between us. His voice had dropped to become that low, soothing tone again. The pain lessened as the sound of his voice sank deeper into me than the spur ever could. I found myself relaxing, the thing cutting into my flesh becoming just an extension of him, like his arm, or leg—or cock!

"The animal learns to trust its master,"

Dryer continued. "Trust him with its life."

The spur stopped. Dryer let it fall to the ground.

I listened for his words. Wanted to hear that soothing voice. Needed to hear it!

When he finally spoke again it was with a sharpness that showed how easily he could change.

"Johnny. Get over here."

Juarez hesitated.

"Move!"

Dryer ripped the shirt from my back with a violent wrench and pulled my pants down. "Now you got a clear shot at it."

Juarez knew what Dryer wanted. This animal and his rider had long ago reached the point of understanding.

Juarez fingered my stiff shaft. He squeezed it. His fingers milked its length. He went to his knees and flicked his tongue at the pre-cum which formed at the piss slit. His lips parted and my whole cock disappeared down his greedy throat. His muscles worked the full, hard meat. Slowly, steadily, I began to fuck his face. I slammed into him. Harder and harder I shoved my cock down into his guts.

I was lost in the pleasure that surrounded my flesh.

The snap of Dryer's bullwhip slit the air. Pain dug talons into my back. Blood ran a crimson tongue over torn flesh.

Juarez had worked me so expertly to the point of no return that I knew I couldn't keep from exploding my boiling jism down his throat.

The whip flicked its way down my back, then up again. Juarez had my cock buried down his starving throat. My balls tightened. Thick streams of cum shot into his mouth. His lips stroked my meat as Dryer continued his abuse.

I screamed in tortured relief, the piss-soaked bandanna muffling my cries.

My heart pounded. I tried to suck fresh air into my lungs. My legs gave out and I went limp, drained of any desire to be free. I had found pleasure where I'd never thought it could exist.

Stanton moved up behind Juarez. "Come on, boy. I got me an ache in my balls." He pulled the young Mexican after him.

Stanton ordered Juarez to strip, then pushed him to the ground. He lowered himself onto the upturned ass Juarez offered. In one violent thrust he entered the dry fuck-hole.

I watched the men thrashing in the dirt as Dryer's hand slid along my ass. He rammed a finger into me.

"You ever been fucked, lawman?"

His torrid breath washed over my shoulders. A rough hand moved around to my cock. He stroked it, pulling the last drops of cum from the shaft. "We'll use your own juice to grease you up with."

His voice was mesmerizing. "Think about it. Think about my cock slidin' in and out of your tight, virgin ass." He spoke softly, directly into my ear. "Think about my thick meat rammin' against the insides of your burnin' guts."

As his fingers kneaded and probed I WAS thinking about it. Wanting it! Then it was no longer his finger inside me, but the head of his cock. He gripped my hips and shoved.

All the heat of July exploded in me. Deeper and deeper he drove the inches I'd watched him shove down Juarez's throat. The taut rope dug into my wrists. Stanton and Juarez were fucking like animals in the dirt. And Dryer's cock sent waves of uncontrollable desire raging through me.

Stanton pounded into Juarez with a fierceness which caused him to scream. And each time a cry broke from Juarez's lips, Stanton rammed his savage rod deeper.

Dryer's breath behind me quickened. My ravaged ass tightened around the penetrating meat. Each thrust brought me closer to spilling a second white-hot load.

Stanton let loose with a deep-throated growl as he emptied himself into Juarez. "Take it, pig! Suck my scum up your ass like you took the lawman's fucking jism down your throat!"

Dryer blasted in me. With his flaming cock-juice splashing into my guts, my balls went off. My cock jerked. Streams of milky jism shot into the night air. Dryer's softening cock slipped from my bloodied ass.

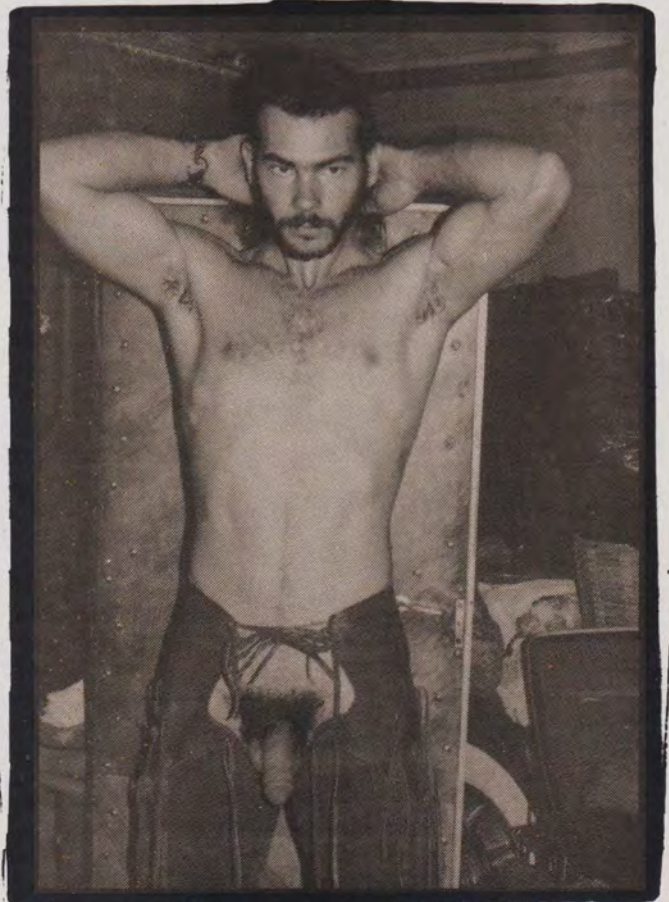
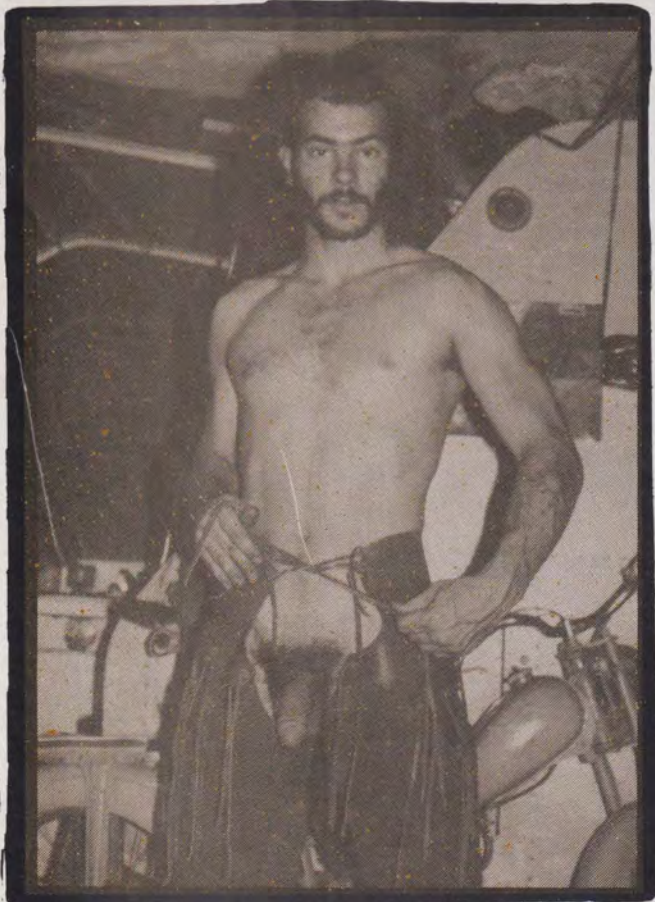
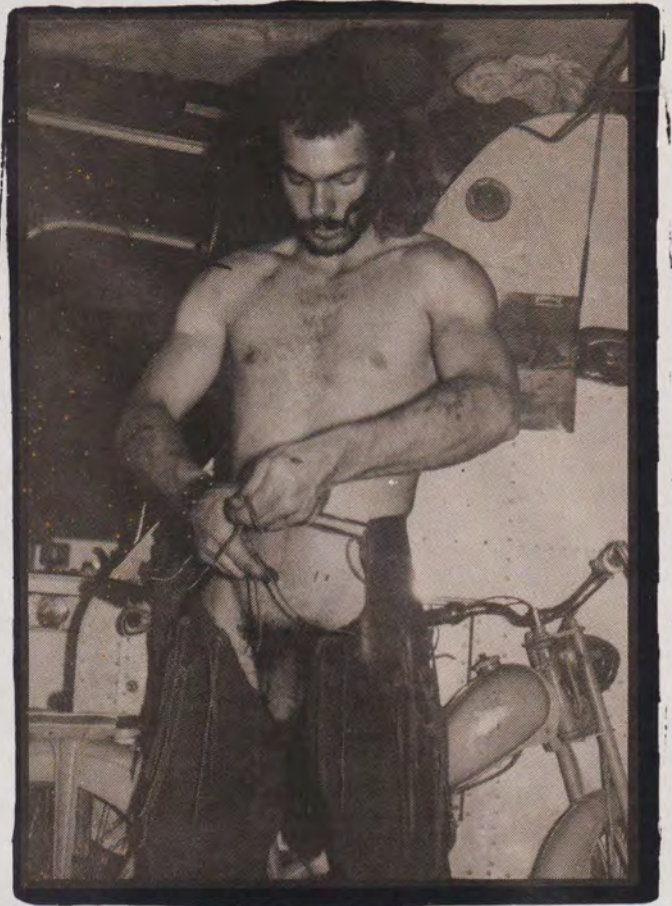
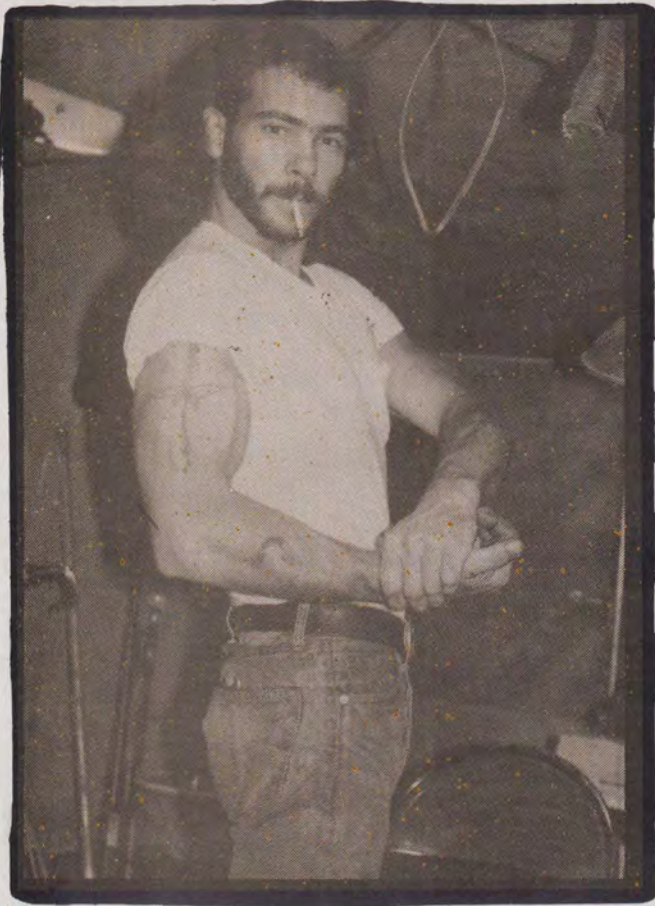
My head sank to my chest. I saw my shirt lying in the dirt where Dryer had tossed it, silver star still attached.

And I knew that when he cut me down I would be leaving it behind. □



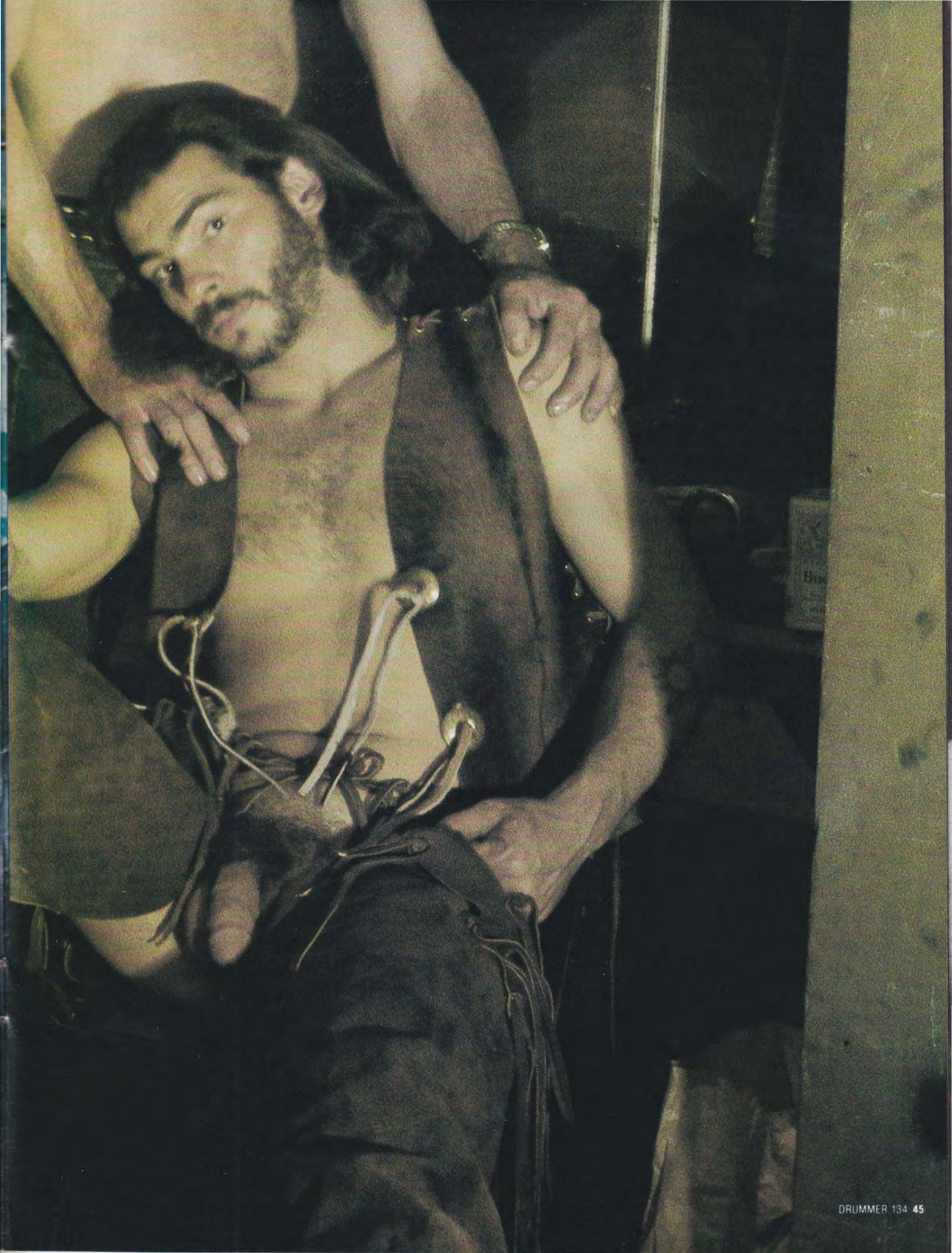
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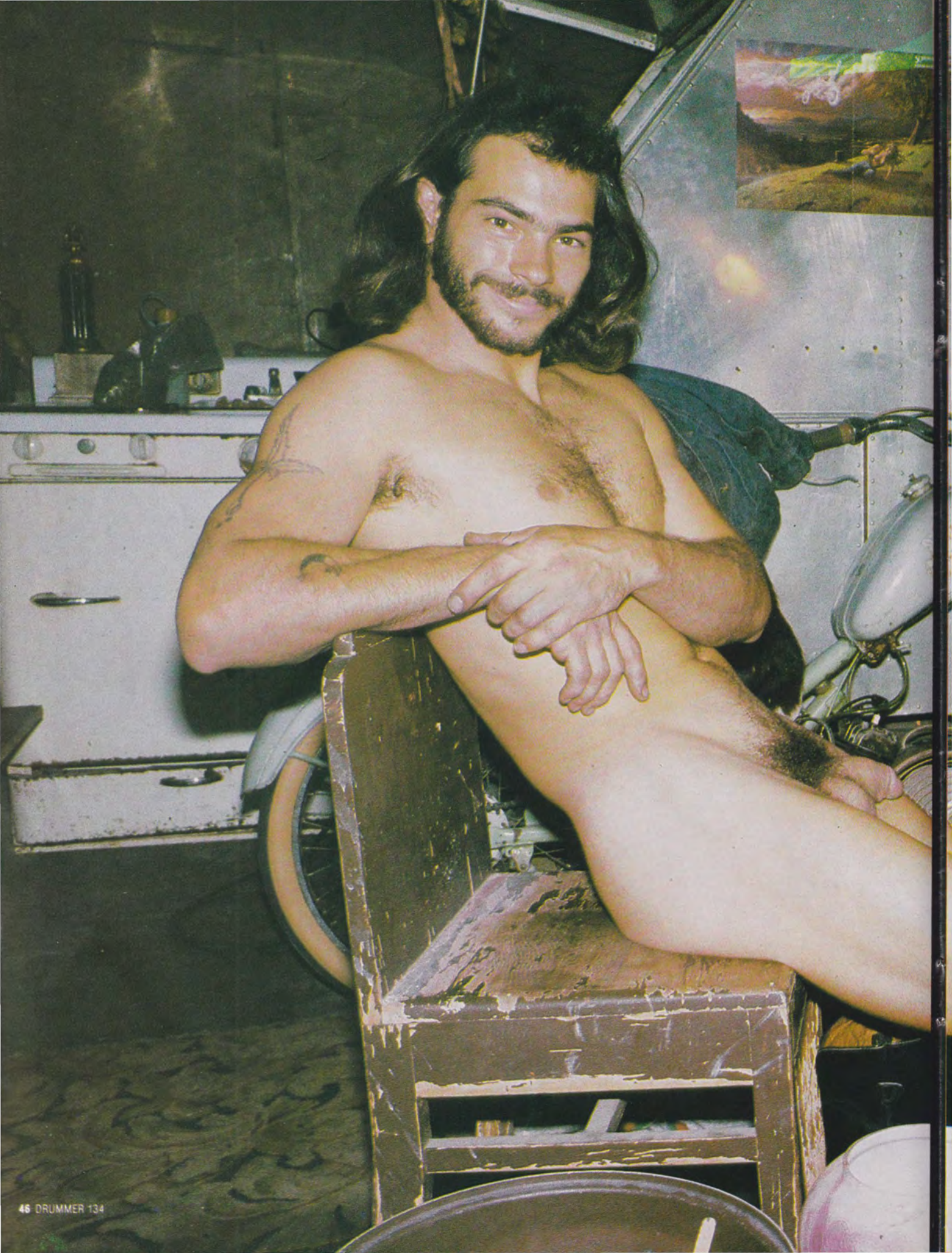
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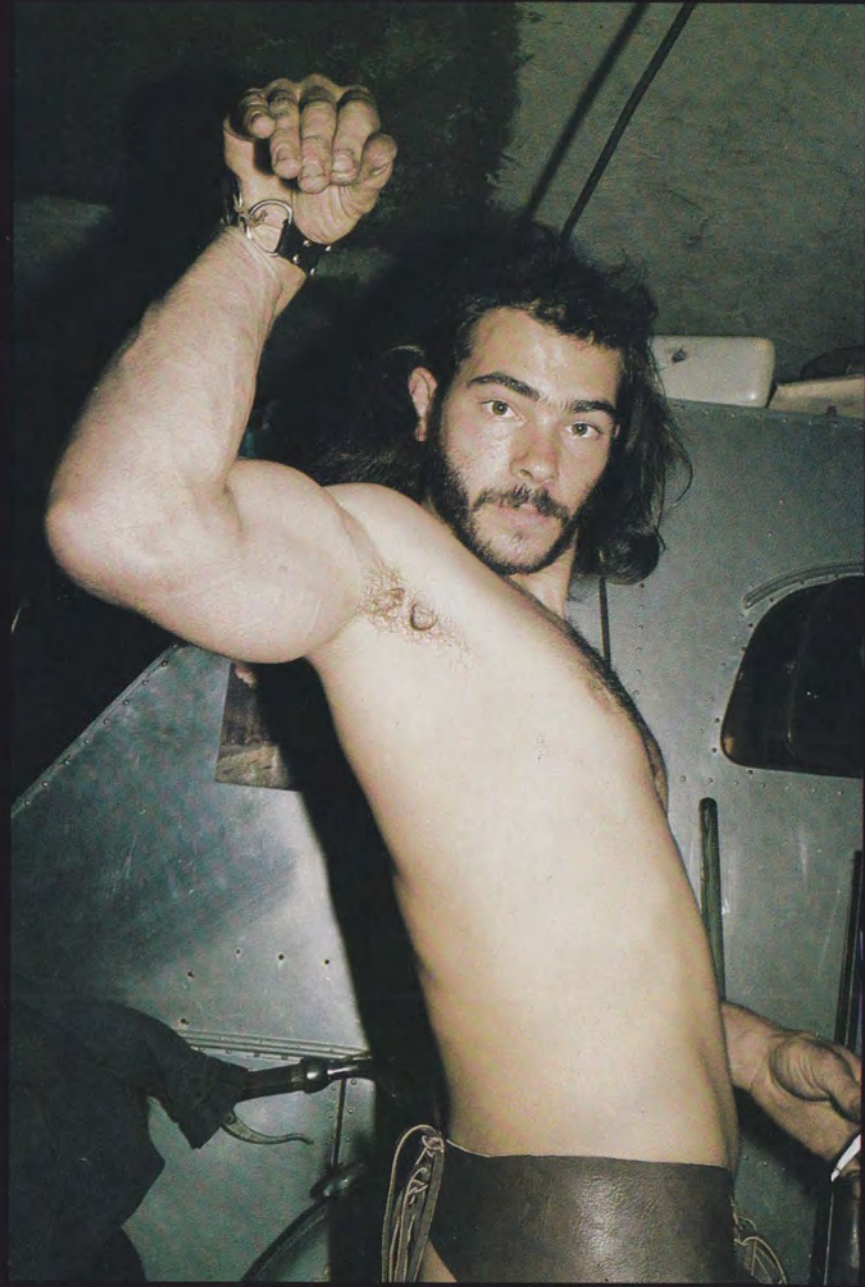
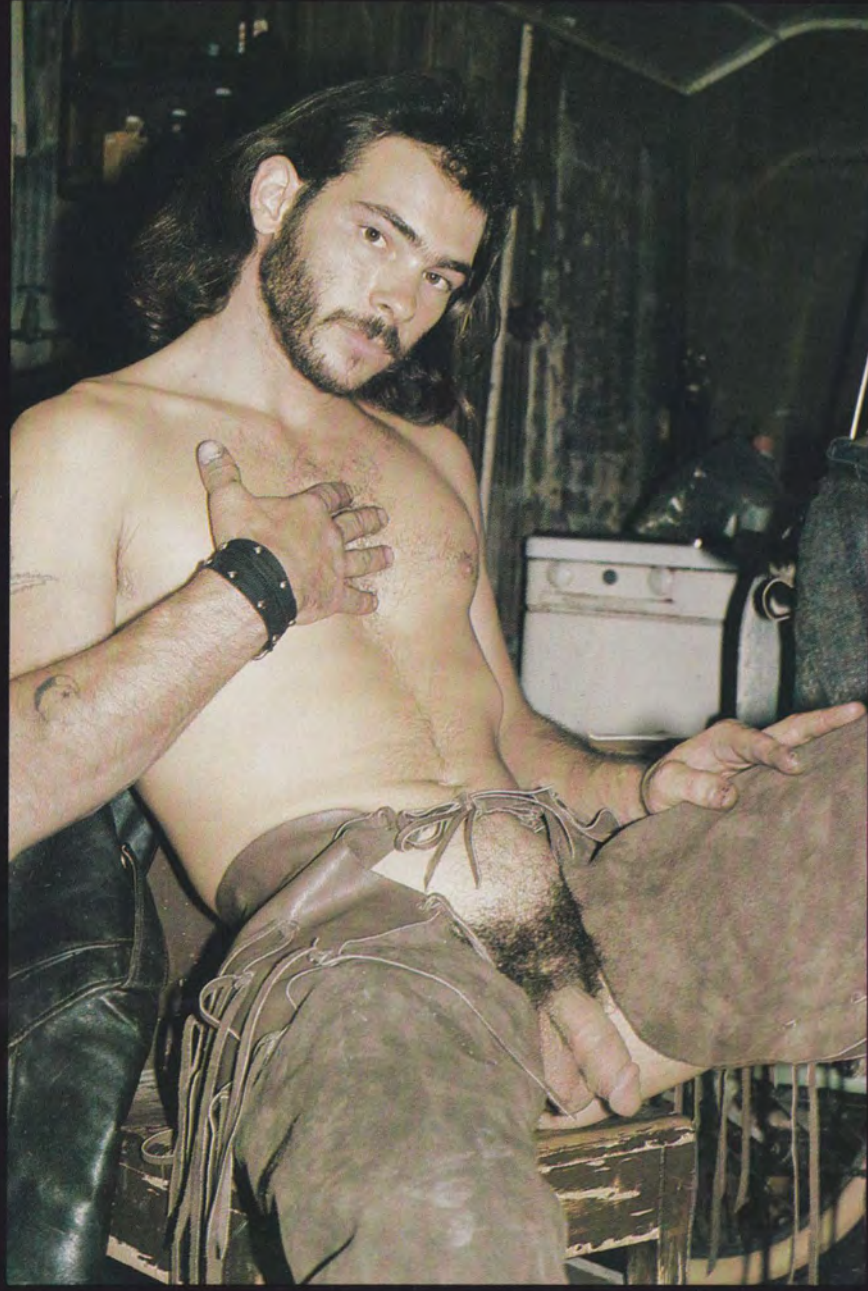


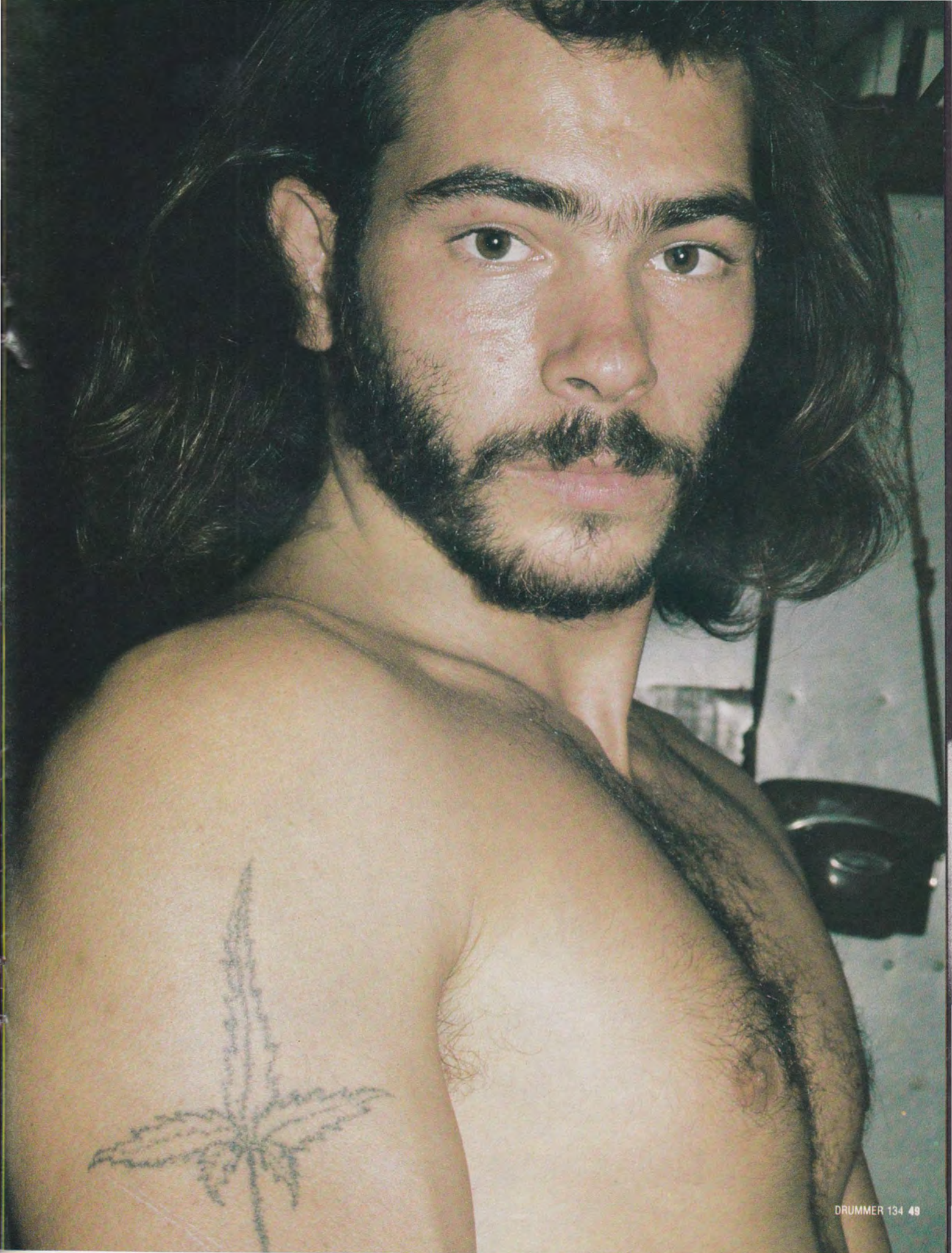








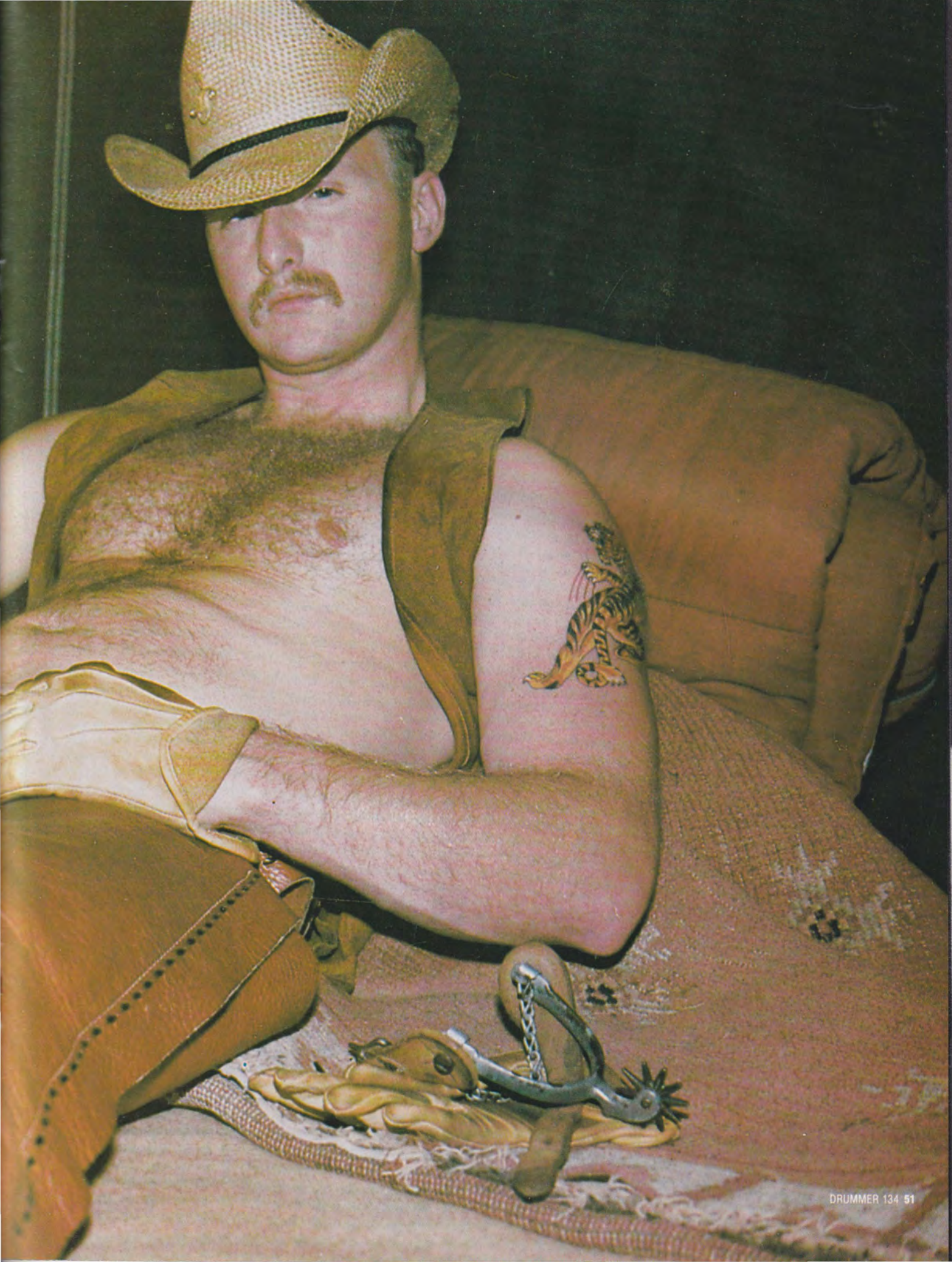




BOBBY STUMPS

PHOTOS BY PALM DRIVE VIDEO













B OBBY STUMPS
WHIPS IT OUT
AND WHOOPS IT
UP IN PDV'S
"BLOND
SADDLETRAMP:
SIX-SHOOTER
BLUES."



JOE MANCINI

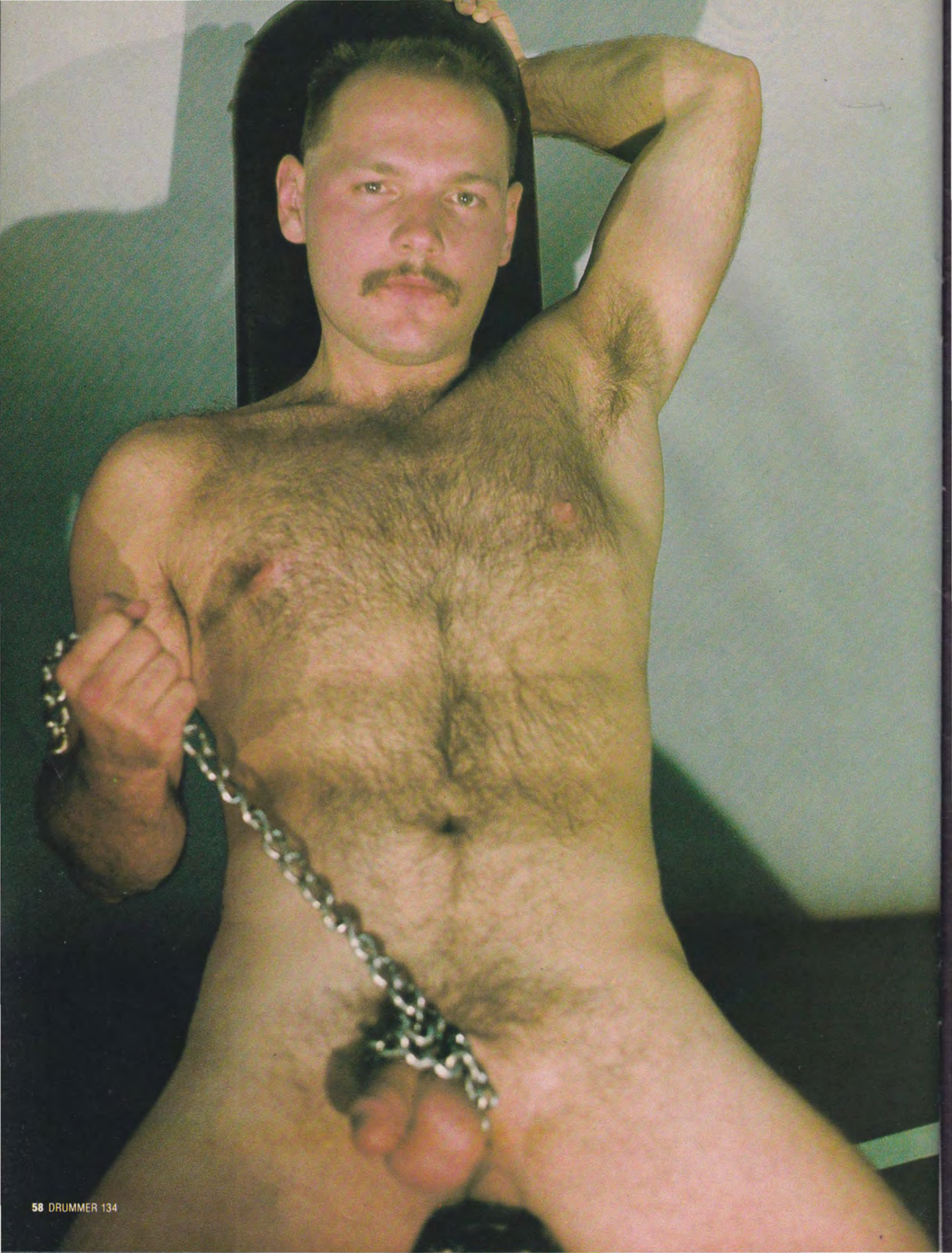
MR. NEW ENGLAND DRUMMER 1988-89

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY DROUX PHOTO

BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPHY BY TIM COLLINS

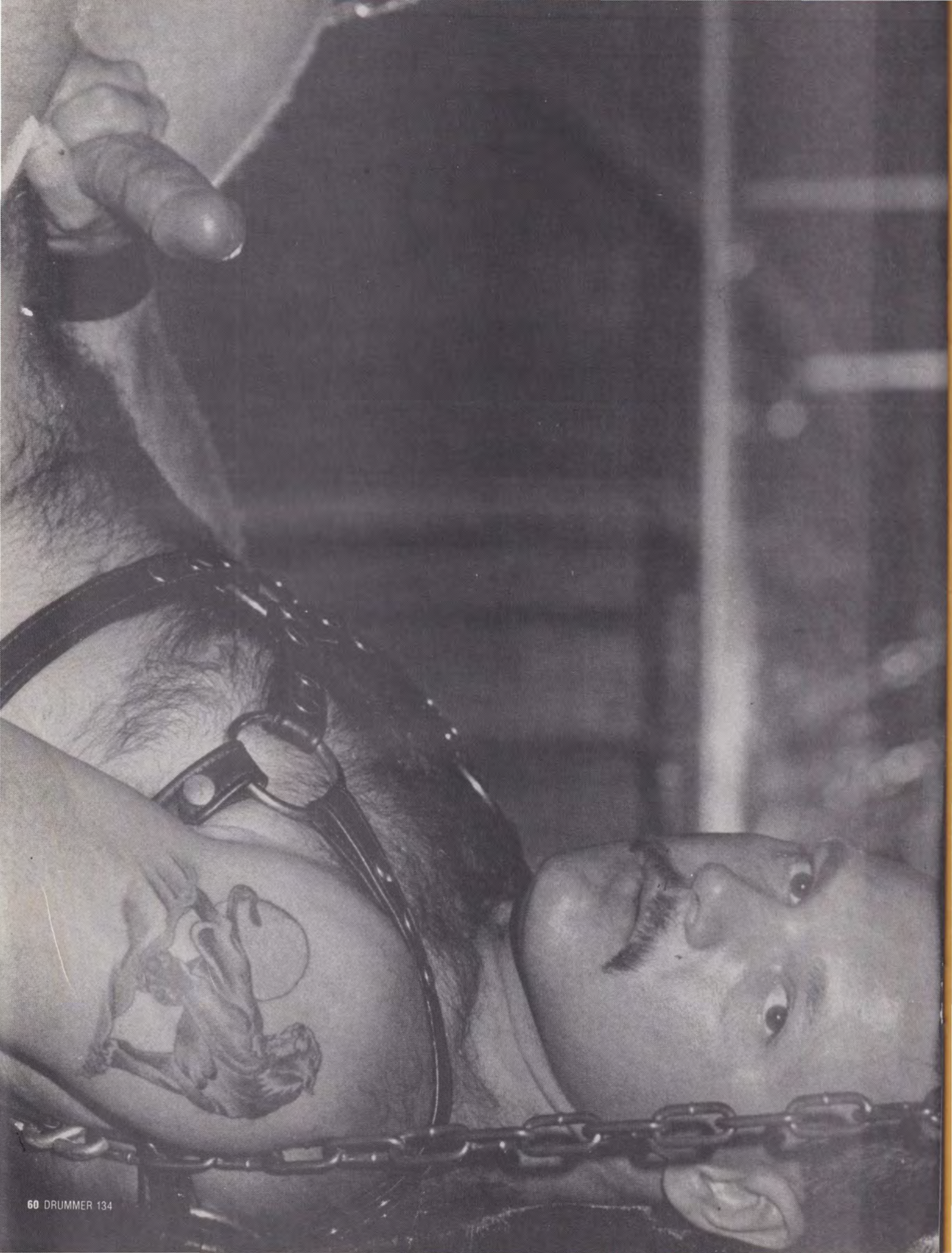




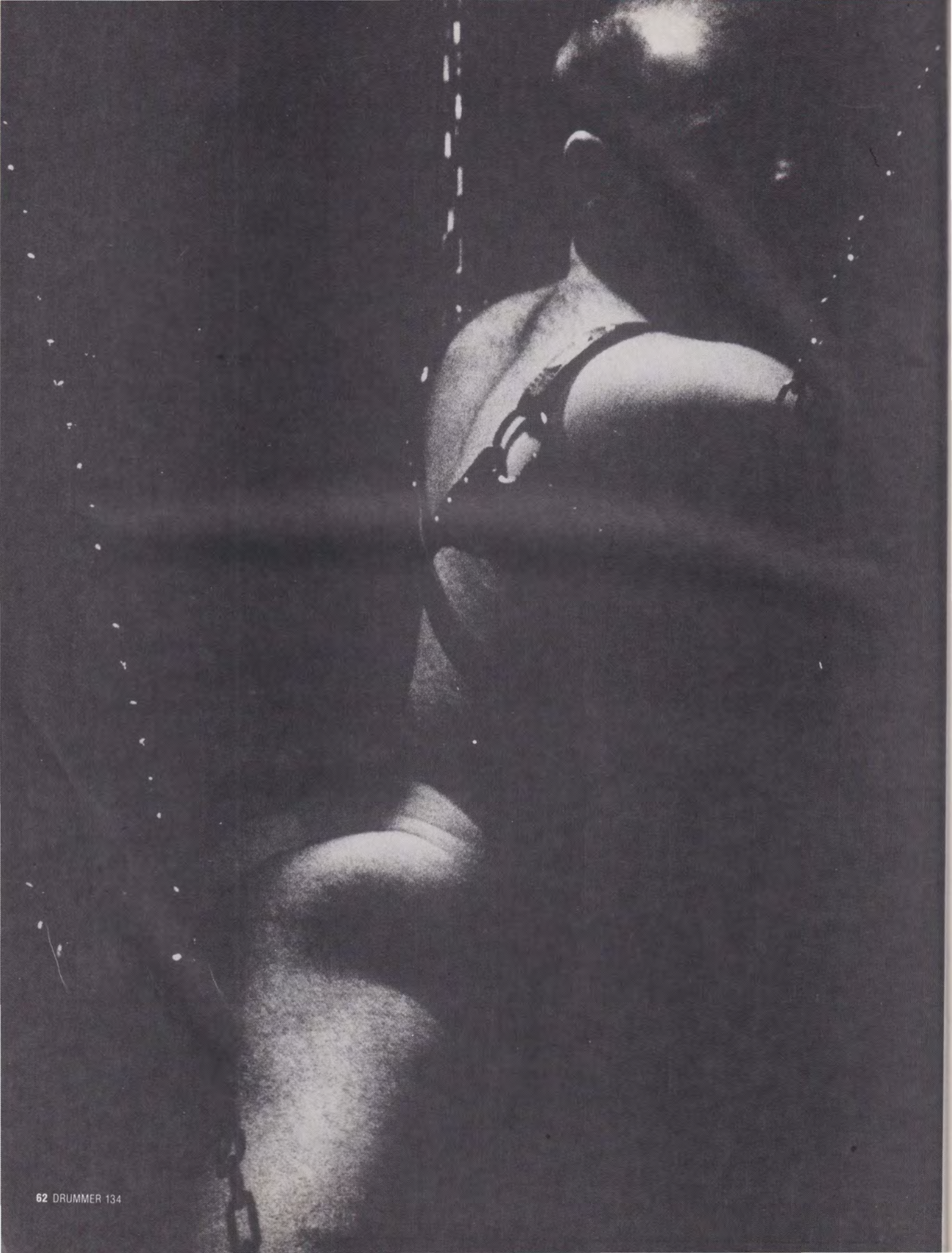


A black and white photograph of a man with a mustache, wearing a dark leather harness with large circular buckles and a matching leather headband or goggles. He is looking off to the side with a serious expression. The background is dark and out of focus.

I had the pleasure of watching Joe go under the needle at a San Francisco tattoo parlor earlier this year, while Joe was in town visiting. Since then Joe has moved to San Francisco and dived into its leather scene. PM









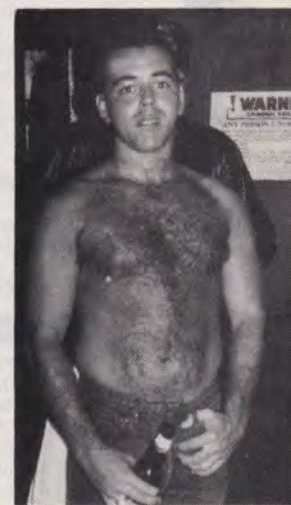
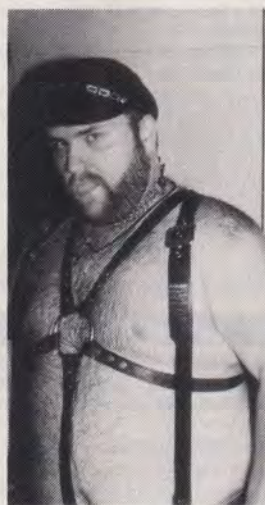
BOSTON PRODUCES NEW TITLES

Boston is fast becoming the Leather Contest City of the East Coast. On August 13, the Mr. American Leatherman Contest packed over 400 observers and 11 contestants into 119 Merrimac. It was a hot night (literally—it was over a hundred degrees in the bar.)

The object of the contest, conceived by Mike Miller of Mike's Leather in Boston, was not to be a leather fashion contest or a beauty pageant, but rather to select a man to represent Leather as a lifestyle. Out of a very varied field, the panel of judges selected 32 year old Kyle Petersen, a horse trainer, as the first Mr. American Leatherman.

First runner-up honors went to Joe Shore, who walked away with the title of Mr. East Coast Leather 1989. Joe also signed the event for the deaf, and works with the deaf in the Boston area. He is a member of the National Leather Association.

—Vern Stewart



HEAVY METAL

Harley Stokers, a national gay Harley-Davidson owners' group, met for Rendezvous '89 at Eagle Lake, near Susanville, California. These are only some of the less bashful attendees.



IF YOU'D LIKE YOUR ORGANIZATION'S EVENTS LISTED HERE, SEND US THE APPROPRIATE INFORMATION AT LEAST TWO MONTHS IN ADVANCE.

NOVEMBER

- 1 ■ SMU: Piercing—Chicago Hellfire Club—Touche, Chicago
- 3-5 ■ Associate Applicant Weekend—Chicago Hellfire Club—Chicago
- Fox Hunt—The Rurals—Roermond, Netherlands
- 4 ■ Rubber Party—SLM Copenhagen—Denmark
- Leather Swap & Shop—T Bolts—Brook Cafe, Westport, CT
- 8 ■ Mtg—Dreizehn—The Paradise—Cambridge, MA
- Los Angeles Wrestling Club/Avatar—LA
- Bikers and Their Bikes—GMSMA—NYC
- Bondage Buddies—Info/Demo meeting
- 8-10 ■ East Mercia Christmas Show—East Mercia MSC—Leicester, England
- 10 ■ Mr. Leather New York Contest, NYC
- 11 ■ Piercing Party—Chicago Hellfire Club—Chicago
- 10-12 ■ Prowl I—Panther/L—Atlanta
- Pocono Warriors Leather Weekend, NYC
- 7th Anniversary—Harbor Masters—Portland, ME
- 13 ■ Program Meeting—SigMa—Washington, DC
- 14 ■ Party—New York Bondage Club—New York City
- 15 ■ Getting Knotted—SM Gays—London
- 17 ■ Memorial Mass—Defenders of Dignity—St. John's in the Village, 11th St. at Waverly, NYC
- 17-19 ■ 6th Annual Texas Gay Rodeo—TGRA—Fort Worth
- 2nd Anniversary In-Town Run—Trident International—LA
- 18 ■ Mad Doctor Party—The 15—SF, CA
- 13th Anniversary—Companions MC—Philadelphia
- Tattooed & Pierced Party—SafeSex LeatherSluts—SF
- Mr/Ms Puget Sound Leather Contest—Leather Star—Tacoma, WA
- Leatherfest—GMSMA—The Spike, NY
- HELLRAISER—Brotherhood of Pain—Houston
- 19 ■ Leather & Lace Brotherhood Feast—119 Merrimac, Boston
- 22 ■ Pilgrim Punishment and Holiday Social—GMSMA—NYC
- 23-26 ■ Arizona Fellowship Run
- 24-26 ■ 2nd Annual Fall Roundup—Texas Riders, Houston, TX
- 25 ■ Santa Saturday—Bucks MC—New Hope, PA

DECEMBER

- 1-3 ■ Polynesian Rodeo—Rodeo Riders—Chicago
- 2 ■ Oregon Leather Daddy's Contest—Portland
- Christmas Party—Thunderbolts MC—Westport, CT
- Gloggfest—SMC Copenhagen—Denmark
- Bondage Buddies—Info/Demo meeting
- 6 ■ SMU: Potpourri—Chicago Hellfire Club—Touche, UK
- 8-10 ■ Christmas Show—MSC East Mercia, Leicester, UK
- 9 ■ Christmas Dinner & Party—Chicago Hellfire Club—Chicago
- Tit Torture Party—Brotherhood of Pain—Houston, TX
- 10 ■ Toyland Express—NLA:Seattle—Seattle, WA
- 11 ■ Program Meeting—SigMa—Washington, DC
- 13 ■ Program Meeting—Dreizehn—Boston, MA
- SM on \$5 a Scene—GMSMA—NYC
- Christmas Shop Meet—Avatar, LA
- 15 ■ Christmas Party—Rocky Mountaineers—Denver
- 16 ■ Christmas Party—City Bikers—Denver
- Christmas Party—MSC Viking Cologne
- Leather Boot Party—SafeSex LeatherSluts—SF
- 20 ■ SM Gays' Christmas Quiz—SM Gays—London

JANUARY, 1990

- 10 ■ Bondage Buddies—Info/Demo meeting
- 12-14 ■ Mid-Atlantic Leather Weekend—Centaur MC—Washington, DC
- 17 ■ SM Around the World—SM Gays—London

FEBRUARY

- 7 ■ Bondage Buddies—Info/Demo meeting
- 16-18 ■ Florida Brotherhood of Clubs 9th Anniv. Orlando,

US/Canada Club Listings A-L

Clubs 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.

(SM) indicates a men's club with a primary interest in SM; (W) indicates a women's leather-SM club; (Mixed SM) indicates an SM club that includes men and women, hetero-homo- and bisexual; (JO) indicates men's jerk off or masturbation clubs; (F) indicates a special interest (or fetish) club, such as ones specializing in fisting, uniforms, bondage, wrestling, mud, etc.; (FN) is used for clubs that are primarily national, or international, whose main activity is publishing ads or a roster, they may or may not have periodic meetings; (FL) is used for clubs that primarily meet locally for active sessions, even though they may have a national, or international, membership. The nature of the special interest is usually evident in the name. No special indication is placed beside 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 which do not fit into any of the above categories. If any club wishes to change the way it is listed please let us know.

Clublist M-Z will appear in the next issue of *Drummer*. Listings for Europe, Australia, and other areas outside of North America will appear in the issue following that. Send new listings or changes to Club Lists, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101.

Ace (W)
PO Box 261 Annex Sta
Providence, RI 02901

Adventurers Suncoast MC
PO Box 8043
St. Petersburg, FL 33738

Affirmation Leathermen
PO Box 1021
Evanston, IL 60204

American Leather Federation
PO Box 5079
Phoenix, AZ 85010-5079

American Uniform Association (FN)
PO Box 1037
Bowling Green Station
New York, NY 10274

American Uniform Association (FL)
Chicago Brigade
PO Box 804675
Chicago, IL 60680

American Uniform Association (FL)
PO Box 86086
N. Vancouver, BC V7L 4J5

Aquila MC
PO Box 4097 Agnews Sta.
Santa Clara, CA 95054

Argonauts of Wisconsin
PO Box 1285
Green Bay, WI 54305

Arizona Power Exchange (Mixed SM)
5821 N. 67th Ave. Suite
103-276
Glendale, AZ 85301
(602) 848-8737

Arizona Rangers MC
PO Box 13074
Phoenix, AZ 85002

***Association des Adeptes S-M Montreal (SM)**
c/o A.D.S.M.
PO Box 278 N.D.G. Stn.
Montreal QC H4A 3P6
Canada

Atlanta S&M Solidarity (A.S.S.) (SM)
PO Box 56074
Atlanta, GA 30343-0074

Atlantic Motorcycle Coordinating Council
160 Overlook Ave
The Devonshire, #3A
Hackensack, NJ 07601

Atlantis MC
PO Box 54748
Atlanta, GA 30308

Atoms of Minneapolis
PO Box 2032
Dodge Center, MN 55402

Avatar (SM)
7869 Santa Monica Blvd.
#316
Los Angeles, CA 90046
213/669-3302

Ball Club (FN)
PO Box 1501
Pomona, CA 91769

Barbary Coasters MC
PO Box 14251 Station G
San Francisco, CA 94114

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

Battalion Motorcycle Corps
PO Box 191227
Dallas, TX 75219

Beer Town Badgers
PO Box 166
Milwaukee, WI 53201

B. G. Wrestling Club (FN)
B.G. Enterprises
PO Box 5291
Huntington Beach, CA
92615-5291

Black Fire (SM)
PO Box 354 University Sta.
Syracuse, NY 13210

Black Guard
PO Box 8989
Minneapolis, MN 55418

Blackhawk MC
313 20th St.
Rock Island, IL 61201

***The Black Rose (Mixed SM)**
(Formerly People Exchanging Power)
PO Box 11161
Arlington, VA 22210

Black Star MC
5026 Karl Lane
Orlando, FL 32808

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

Blue Max Cycle Club
PO Box 233 Main Station
St. Louis, MO 63166

- Blue Max MC**
PO Box 39522
Los Angeles, CA 90039
- *Bondage Buddies (FL)**
PO Box 42501
San Francisco, CA 94101
- Boots (FN)**
PO Box 48577
Bentall #3
595 Burrard St
Vancouver, BC
V7X 1A3 Canada
- Border Riders MC**
PO Box 21152
Seattle WA 98111
- Bound & Determined (W)**
PO Box 602
Hadley MA 01035
- Branding Iron Club**
PO Box 190471
Dallas, TX 75219
- *Briar Rose (W)**
PO Box 16235
Columbus OH 43216
- Brotherhood of Man MC**
PO Box 57
Hollywood, FL 33022
- Brotherhood of Pain (SM)**
PO Box 66183
Houston, TX 77266-6183
- Buccaneers MC**
1901 Waters Edge Dr.
Cartier, MS 39553
- Bucks MC**
PO Box 99
Buckingham PA 18912
- Button Up (FN)**
(501 Levis Club)
PO Box 65643
Los Angeles, CA 90065
- California B&B (FL)**
(Uniforms)
3455 Garden Ave
Los Angeles, CA 90039
- California Cyclemen MC**
PO Box 86969
San Diego, CA 92138
- California Eagles MC**
PO Box 14665
San Francisco, CA
94114-0665
- California Motor Club**
Box 981
San Francisco CA 94101
- Capitol Leathermen**
113 San Jacinto
Austin, TX 78701
- Castaways MC**
PO Box 1697
Milwaukee, WI 53202-1697
- *Celestial Krewe de Cuir**
Eddie Cunningham,
Secretary
172 Haight St, #4
San Francisco, CA
94102-5728
- Centaur MC**
PO Box 53174
Washington, DC 20009
- Centurions LL MC**
c/o Tradewinds
717 Franklin Rd.
Roanoke, VA 24061
- Centurions of Columbus**
PO Box 09208
Columbus, OH 43209
- Cheaters MC**
130 Hancock St.
San Francisco, CA 94114
- Chicago Cossacks**
PO Box 2512
Chicago, IL 60690
- Chicago Hellfire Club (SM)**
(Windy City Hellfire Club,
Inc.)
PO Box 5426
Chicago IL 60680
- Chicagoland Discussion
Group (Mixed SM)**
PO Box 25009
Chicago, IL 60625
- Cigar Studs (FN)**
PO Box 12151
San Antonio, TX 78212
- Cincinnati Chaps**
PO Box 3104
Cincinnati, OH 45201
- Cin City Cycle Club**
PO Box 1151
Cincinnati, OH 45202
- City Bikers MC**
PO Box 9816
Denver, CO 80209
- The Club (SM)**
PO Box 1292
Omaha NE 68101-1292
- Club Mud (FN)**
PO Box 277
Rio Nido, CA 95471
- C.M.S.**
2635 Collier
San Diego, CA 92116
- Cocksuckers Club of
America (FN)**
PO Box 723
Sun Valley, CA 91353-0723
- Cogent Warriors (W)**
2261 Market, #250
San Francisco, CA 94114
- Colorado MC**
441 Knox Ct.
Denver, CO 80204
- Colorado Gay Rodeo
Association (X)**
PO Box 2558
Denver, CO 80201
- Colt 45s**
PO Box 66804
Houston TX 77006
- Committee to Preserve our
Sexual & Civil Liberties (X)**
PO Box 1592
San Francisco CA 94101
- Companions Club**
PO Box 2301
Philadelphia, PA 19103
- Conductors Leather Levi**
PO Box 40261
Nashville, TN 37204
- Conquistadors MC Inc.**
PO Box 5591
Orlando FL 32805
- Constantines MC**
PO Box 4964
San Francisco, CA 94101
- Copperstate Leathermen's
Association**
PO Box 44051
Phoenix, AZ 85064
- Cornhauers**
416 1 / 2 E. 5th St.
Des Moines, IA 50309
- Corps of Rangers**
PO Box 1952
Los Angeles, CA 90028
- Corpus Christi MC**
PO Box 3532
Corpus Christi, TX
78463-3532
- Corpus Christi Rebels**
PO Box 3921
Corpus Christi, TX
78463-0921
- Cosmic Order of KA**
1907 Elm St #1811
Dallas, TX 75201
- Country Men**
PO Box 1362
Dearborn, MI 48126
- Cowtown Leathermen**
PO Box 3494
Fort Worth, TX 75219
- C. S. C. M. C.**
1320 N. Stanley,
Los Angeles, CA 90046
- D.A.D.S. (FN)**
PO Box 573
Winfield, IL 60190
- D.A.L.L.A.S.**
(Dallas Area Leather Levi
Association)
- 5303 Fleetwood Oaks, #177
Dallas, TX 75235
- DC Wrestling Club (FL)**
PO Box 1205
Washington, DC 20013
- Deaf Leather Outreach (X)**
231 S. Branciforte Ave.
Santa Cruz, CA 95062
- Defenders of Mithra**
2605 SE Woodward
Portland, OR 97202
- de Sade and Men**
PO Box 71426
New Orleans, LA 70172
- Desert Leathermen**
PO Box 1586
Tucson AZ 85702
- Diaper Pail Fraternity (FN)**
Suite 164
3020 Bridgeway
Sausalito, CA 94965
- Disciples of de Sade (SM)**
3920 Cedar Springs
Dallas, TX 75219
- Disciples of De Sade**
3121 Hamilton Way
Los Angeles, CA 90026
- Dreizehn (SM)**
PO Box 1486
Boston MA 02117
- Dukes MC**
PO Box 3111
Durham, NC 27705
- Eagle MC**
3311 Liddy Ave
West Palm Beach FL 33316
- Empire City MC**
PO Box 2543
New York, NY 10001
- Entre Nous MC**
PO Box 984
Boston MA 02103
- E. N. I. G. M. A. (FN)**
2329 N. Leavitt
Chicago, IL 60647
- The Esoterica Society (TES)**
(Mixed SM)
PO Box 37
Randolph, MA 02368
- The Eulenspiegel Society**
(Mixed SM)
PO Box 2783
Grand Central Station
New York NY 10163
- *Excalibur**
c/o The Leather Stallion
Saloon
2203 St. Clair Ave
Cleveland, OH 44114
- Excelsior MC**
PO Box 1386
New York, NY 10274-1130
- EXCops (former law
enforcement officers)**
PO 16813
San Diego, CA 92116
- Falcons MC**
PO Box 23023
Kansas City MO 64141
- Fall Festival Association,
Miami Chapter (FL)**
PO Box 500
Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33302
- FFA, Tampa Bay (FL)**
1230 East Mohawk Ave
Tampa FL 33604
- FFA, Washington DC (FL)**
PO Box 461
Washington, DC 20044
- Faucon MC**
C.P. 5089 Station C
Montreal, PQ
H2X 3M2 Canada
- The 15 Association (SM)**
PO Box 421302
San Francisco, CA
94142-1302
(415) 863-2197
- Firedancers LCC**
PO Box 190712
Dallas, TX 75219-0712
- Florida Brotherhood of
Clubs**
c/o Behr Tucker
51 Flamingo Rd.
Venice, FL 34293
- Flying W's (W)**
PO Box 345485
Dallas, TX 75234-5485
- The Foot Fraternity (FN)**
PO Box 24102
Cleveland OH 44124
- Footmates (FN)**
c/o RS Enterprises
496A Hudson #H24
New York, NY 10014
- 4-Players (F)**
(4 wheel drive truck club)
PO Box 300204
Denver, CO 80203
- Gateway MC**
PO Box 14055
St. Louis, MO 63178
- Gauche MC**
3219 W Obispo St. #B
Tampa, FL 33609
- Gay Games III (X)**
Metropolitan Vancouver
Athletic & Arts Association
1170 Bute St.
Vancouver, BC V6E 1Z6
(604) 684-3303
- GMSMA (SM)**
Mail: 496A Hudson Street,
Suite D23
New York, NY 10014
Meetings: 208 W. 13th St.
- GMSMC (Gay Male SM
Cooperative)**
PO Box 58694
Philadelphia, PA 19102
- GFMC/DC**
c/o DC Eagle
639 New York Ave. NY
Washington, DC 20001
- Gladiator MC**
PO Box 2194
Toluca Lake, CA 91602
- Golden Gate Guards**
PO Box 421915
San Francisco, CA 94142
- Golden Gate Wrestling Club**
(FL)
63 Whitney St.
San Francisco, CA
94131-2742
- Golden State Gay Rodeo
Association, Inc. (X)**
PO Box 90873
Long Beach, CA 90809
- Griffins MC**
PO Box 7566
Newark, DE 19714-7566
- Gryphons**
PO Box 181 Mid City Sta.
Dayton, OH 45402
- GSA (Golden Showers
Association) (FL)**
132 W 24th St. Box
112-DMS
New York, NY 10011
- Handballers of the Rockies**
(FL)
PO Box 9086
Denver, CO 80209
- Harbor Masters, Inc.**
PO Box 4044
Portland, ME 04101
- Harley-Strokers MC (FN)**
(Harley-Davidson Owners)
c/o Barry's
PO Box 06706
Portland, OR 97206
- Hartford Colts MC**
PO Box 12201
Blue Hills Station
- Heart of Texas MC**
PO Box 13
Rosebud, TX 76570
- Hearts of the West MC**
PO Box 674
Santa Fe, NM 87504-0674
- Highwaymen MC**
c/o John Sebastian
4673 Pender St.
North Burnaby, BC V5C
2N2
- Highwaymen T.N.T. (SM)**
PO Box 545
Washington, DC 20044
- Hijos del Sol**
3014 Truman N6
Albuquerque, NM 87110
- Hirsute Fraternity (FN)**
26 Church St. #3
San Francisco, CA 94114
- Hot Ash (FN)**
AWS
PO Box 20147
London Terrace Station
New York, NY 10011
- Houston MC**
c/o Mary's Lounge
1022 Westheimer Rd
Houston, TX 77006
- Illustrated Men (FL)**
PO Box 492
Sun Valley, CA 91352-0492
(818) 764-5848
- Inn Men**
1428 Riverside Dr.
Akron, OH 44310
- Interchain (FN)**
PO Box 410
132 W 24th St.
New York, NY 10011
- International Gay Rodeo
Association (X)**
c/o Gerald Ford
PO Box 8337
Fort Worth, TX 76124
- International Mr. Leather,
Inc. (X)**
5025 N. Clark St
Chicago IL 60640
- International Ms Leather,
Inc. (X)**
PO Box 460504
San Francisco, CA 94146
(415) 863-1386
- International Roadmasters**
3146 Grayson
Ferndale, MI 48220
- Iron Cross MC**
PO Box 1721, Sta. A
Montreal, PQ H3C 3A5
Canada
- Iron Guard NYC**
PO Box 291 Village Station
New York, NY 10014
- Iron Tigers MC (FN)**
(Harley-Davidson Owners)
International Headquarters
California Chapter
PO Box 7091
Burbank, CA 91510
- Iron Tigers MC (FL)**
Ohio Chapter
PO Box 572
Worthington, OH 43085
- Iron Tigers MC (FL)**
Arizona Chapter
1406 E. Brill
Phoenix, AZ 85006
- It's 'Bout Time**
616 N. 4th Ave
Tucson AZ 85702
- Joint Venture (FN)**
(Prisoner Contacts)
PO Box 26-8680
Chicago, IL 60626
- Kansas City Pioneers**
PO Box 413025
Kansas City, MO 64141
- KJO (JO)**
PO Box 42501
San Francisco, CA 94101
(415) 621-6294
- Knights D'Orleans**
PO Box 50812
New Orleans, LA 70150
- Knights of Leather (W)**
PO Box 10601
Minneapolis, MN 55458
- Knights of Malta MC**
737 N. Edinburgh Ave
Los Angeles CA 90046
- *Knights of Malta MC**
Sun Chapter
(Formerly Central Valley
Chapter)
PO Box 4162
Fresno CA 93744
- Knights of Malta MC**
Pony Express
1818 P St. #12
Sacramento, CA 95814
- Knights of Malta MC**
Stockmen Chapter
PO Box 9386
Denver, CO 80209
- Knights of Malta MC**
PO Box 7726
Reno, NV 89502
- Knights of Malta MC**
Cascade Chapter
PO Box 8375
Portland, OR 97205
- Knights of Malta MC**
3620 London Lane
Richland Hills, TX 76118
- Knights of Malta MC**
Jet Chapter
PO Box 21052
Seattle, WA 98111
- Knights Wrestling Club**
(FL)
PO Box 161
Jackson Heights, NY 11372
- *LA Janus (SM)**
see "Threshold"
- Lake Ontario Leather
Association**
PO Box 465MPO
Niagara Falls, NY 14302
- L & L Society (Mixed SM)**
PO Box 2145
Bay City, MI 48707
- Lashmates (FN)**
c/o RS Enterprises
496A Hudson #H24
New York, NY 10014
- Leather and Lace (W)**
PO Box 54646
Los Angeles, CA 90054
- Leather and Lace (W)**
2554 Taft St.
Sacramento, CA 95815
- The Leather Fraternity (FN)**
Desmodus Inc.
PO Box 11314
San Francisco, CA 94101
- The Leathermen**
PO Box 8595
Atlanta, GA 30306
- Links (mixed SM)**
Box 989
San Francisco, CA 94101
- Lion Regiment**
PO Box 323
Boise, ID 83701
- *Lion's Roar**
426 Lux
South San Francisco, CA
94080
- LL Steelworkers**
PO Box 40065
Nashville TN 37204
- Loboc MC**
PO Box 833
Long Beach, CA
90801-0833
- Long Island Spuds MC**
PO Box 26
Massapequa Park, NY
11762
- Lost Angels**
c/o DC Eagle
639 New York Ave, NW
Washington, DC 20001
- LSM (Lesbian Sex Mafia)**
(W)
PO Box 993, Murray Hill
Station
New York, NY 10156

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HOUSE

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Woodstock, NY

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Touche

Chicago



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DC EAGLE

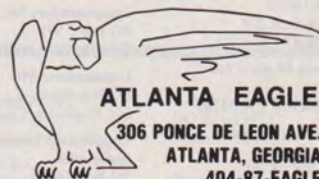
CELLBLOCK 28

Men's Leather S & M Club

28 9th Ave. At 14th St.

Sun Thru. Thurs.

(212) 733-3144

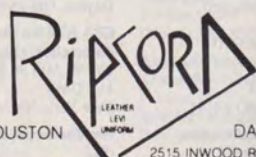


ATLANTA EAGLE

306 PONCE DE LEON AVE.
ATLANTA, GEORGIA
404-87-EAGLE



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Milwaukee, WI 53204



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BACK ISSUES

If you're of a leather mindstyle, move on to the past—back issues of **DRUMMER** never go out of date. Backs, fronts, insides, outsides. . . we've got 'em all. So **you** can get 'em all!



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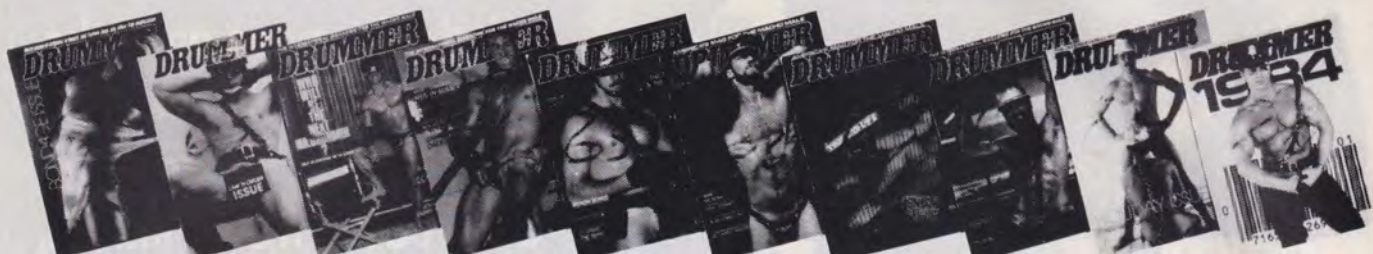
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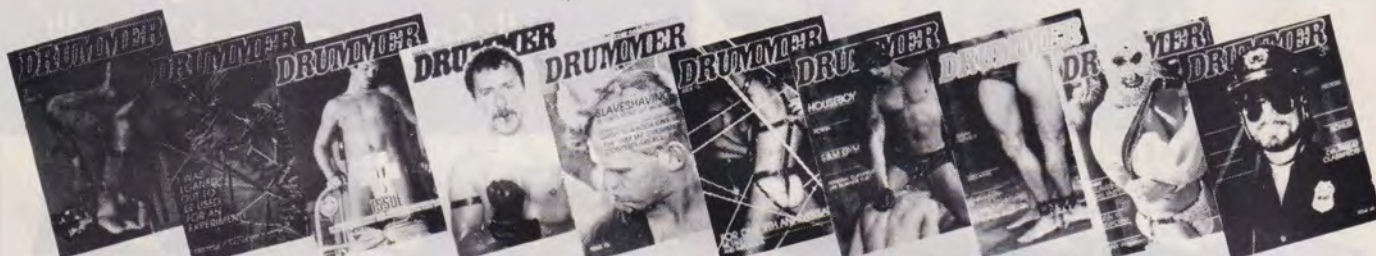
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DRUMMER

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These magazines are out of print. However, we often have clean used copies available at the prices indicated. Phone to check availability. Prepaid orders are placed on a waiting list and filled when possible. If you have copies of these issues to sell, call or write for prices.

Please send me:

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Best & Worst (\$6.50) | <input type="checkbox"/> Drummer Daddies III (\$6) |
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PLACE MY AD IN THE FOLLOWING CATEGORY:

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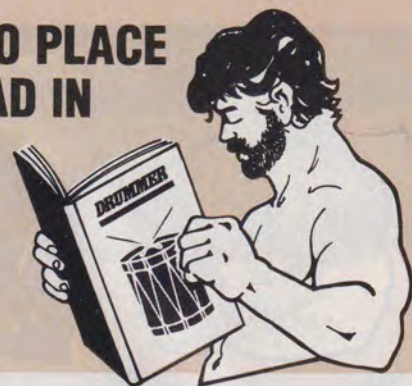
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(I am 21 years of age or older • Signature required on ALL ads)

I declare that I am 21 years of age or older and that the data in my ad is true and correct. I understand that no proofs of my ad will be supplied to me for approval and I waive all claims regarding accurate reproduction due to mistakes or technical failure. I understand that Desmodus, Inc. is in no way responsible for any transactions between myself and any persons I contact through their publications.

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!

THE DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

DEAR SIR:



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 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

BORN SECOND CLASS TO YOU

I'm naturally submissive, 5-9, 165, 30, moustache, hairy, gdik Italian, healthy, discreet and good personality. I have a life long need to serve and please (both in and out of bed) a naturally butch and dominant man, who believes he has every right to own someone. Naturally attracted to beefy stocky legged men, short or heavy also a plus. Fred, PO 265 Long Island NY 11002.

SEEK MENTAL DOMINATION

Healthy, mature, secure, 5-11, 160, trained bootlicking dogs slave existing to serve. Seeking a MASTER into mental domination and mindfucking until my only thoughts focus on MASTER'S wishes. I am ready to surrender complete control of my life in humble submission and exist as MASTER's property. 7331LF

LIVE-IN SLAVE

wanted by cowboy Master with well-equipped playroom. Master is WM, 43, 6-3, 210, Bl/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

TRAVELING TOP

I am a damned good traveling Top - and a true sadist with all that it implies. I will cause you pain - but I will never harm you. I will earn your trust and friendship - submit to Box 1102, Great Neck, NY 11027. 4255LF

SON COME HOME

Successful hot mid-30s Dad wants younger uncut son for abuse and TLC in Pacific Northwest. Send nude photo (faceless OK.) Box 7362.

WORLDCLASS MUSCLE GOD

Handsome studhung blond bodybuilder Top: rockhard pecs, huge pierced pussyriper, pulsating manhole enlarger encased in bulging codpiece. Tan/shaved for exhibition. My ripped/vascular manhandler body deserves a mature well positioned, financially successful, spiritually solid, hungry fuckmouth, bootlicker, muscleslave pisspig to suck worship-juice. Tough heavyduty action! Letter, phone, photo required. 6835LF

TOP ONLY TOPS ANY LOOKS

Demanding total surrender. One or two in either role. Minimal or no outside contact. Gratitude for fingersnap lifestyle. Am retired, 55, trim, test healthy, substance free, emotionally addictive to mean protectiveness. 7350

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

WICCAN MASTER

Metaphysical, 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.

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, moustache, have play room. No drugs, FF, scat. San Francisco. Planning visit? (415) 469-0955 or Box 6993

BEAR TOP

Hairy, hunky Sicilian stud, 35, 6-2, 210 lbs, football players build, big and thick. Hunting for BARE BOTTOM, butch, hunk, stocky, muscular pussy-ass, male cunt for hibernating assplay. Photo, phone a must for reply DADDY BEAR. Box 7405

BALL-LESS BUDDY WANTED

GWM 39 wants to meet hot man for permanent relationship. Into SM, TT, piercing, CBT, shaving, tattooing, with castration as part of a scene. Send letter with photo to Terry PO Box 46353, Los Angeles, CA 90046.

ATTN WRESTLERS, BRAWLERS!

Tough Stud Wrestlers are waiting to take you on in a NHB match. Experienced wrestlers, topten only. No wimps, fakes, fats or old men. 165 - 210 lbs only. All expenses paid to California ++. Photos, phone, experience, stats. Got the balls to try? Box 7406

FART IN MY MOUTH

Hot Dallas boy (rim slave). Robert (214) 320-2785.

HARDFUCKING BIKERS,

Leathermen: 36, WM 5-11, visiting SF, LA, Chicago, Dayton and NYC during November. Need to be forced to serve masculine Tops, especially bikers and leathermen, who respect limits. Into light SM, CBT, hot wax, enemas, small gloved fists, etc. Really turned on by groups, dungeons, aroma, smoke, slings, chains. Safe sex only Phone, photo, please, to: Richard, Box 9457, Newmarket, Auckland, New Zealand. (International Postage Required.)

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

BONDAGE BOTTOM SEEKS

Experienced, responsible Top(s) for serious Bondage, humiliation, training & servitude. GWM, 36, short, moustache, Illinois / Wisconsin / Indiana / Iowa area. Into hoods, boots, leather, rubber, CBT work, cigars, immobilization, mummification, confinement, duct tape, & lots more! Interested in all sorts of intense, creative, & kinky bondage scenes. Safe sex only! Box 6841LF

BELLY BUTTON FETISH

Love innies and outies. What's your fetish? Let's share. Box 7456

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 import-

ant. 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. 7039LF

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 ballwork, being shaved. My clippers and razors are sharp and ready. Let's shear off some furl Photo and letter to Box 7052LF

REPORTING FOR DUTY, SIR!

Me: recruit, 38, 5-8, 155, blond, blue, trim beard, gym body, into safe ass work, FF, spanking, bondage, deepthroat, clothespins, can travel or host. You: Sarge, mature Top, dominant, aggressive, hairy Satisfaction guaranteed. Bud, PO Box 14084, Cincinnati, OH 45250.

THANK YOU

Gitchie Manitou/Great Spirit. Sir, Thank You Master Tony, Sir, Sirs of Drummer, Thank You, For Through My Ad I Found my Spiritual and Sexual Master/Teacher/Lover. May All You, my Brothers, Find Your Path In Balance Upon The Earth Mother, As I Have, Sirs, Blessed Be.

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

TOP WANTS TOP

Name your stakes: whoever endures (largest enema, most weights on balls, holds piss/cum longest, etc) wins loser for pre-specified activities/duration. Enjoy topping guy who'd rather top me; giving myself to man who's earned me. I'm 28, 5-7, 135, br/gr, muscular. You keep fit, look good. Photo, fantasies to 9737 NW 41st St. #19, Miami FL 33178. I travel.

MAN-HUNGRY FOR MEN

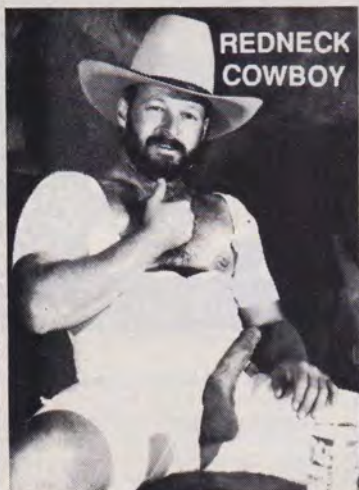
specs: 5-11, 160, 44 inch chest, 32 inch waist, 9 inches uncult, seeks same - esp. uncult - large or larger size. Age group 30-47. Needs to exchange cocksucking & cheesy foreskins, pictures and getting off - send letters and pictures showing me what's up! 7457

TRAINING

Top WM, experienced, with specific drives: handguns, gun leather, physical control, SM, Nazi SS/SA, police, uniforms, tall black boots, being in command. I want to meet all serious real men for action. Secluded meetings together are possible after exploring our similar interests. Box 7423LF

ASS-WIPE SEEKS MASTER

GWM, 35, goodlooking, very masculine, 5-6, 135, expert ass licker/sniffer, seeks masculine Master for long periods of face-sitting, ass worship. Will take any amount of heavy verbal abuse, humiliation, to ensure pro-



**REDNECK
COWBOY**

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**BUY 3!
SAVE 20%!**

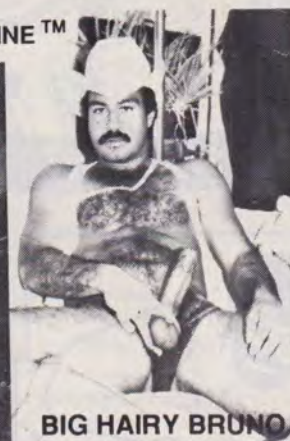
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PRESENTS PRESENTS WORTH PRESENTING:
MASCULINE VIDEOS FOR MEN WHO LIKE MEN MASCULINE™



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NOW IN OUR 4TH YEAR, PALM DRIVE VIDEO OFFERS, IN OUR UNIQUE STYLE, OVER 50 EROTIC VIDEOS, AND MORE THAN A DOZEN BODYBUILDING VIDEOS (INCLUDING THE ASTOUNDING 7 VIDEOS--OVER 600 MINUTES--OF POLICE OLYMPICS WRESTLING, POWERLIFTING, AND BODYBUILDING).

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SEE REAL GUYS (NOT "MODELLES") WITH REAL FETISHES AND REAL PASSION PERFORM FOR YOU AND TALK DIRECTLY TO YOU!

*** **FREE BROCHURES!** ***

HURRY FOR XXXMAS DELIVERY! F-A-S-T TURNAROUND TO YOU AS SOON AS PDV RECEIVES YOUR REQUEST. HOT PHOTOS AND PRECISE DESCRIPTIONS OF OUR REASONABLY PRICED VIDEOS! FOR ACCURATE RESPONSE, PLEASE PRINT YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS. BE SURE TO WRITE THAT YOU ARE "OVER 21" AND S-I-G-N YOUR NAME. (PDV lists are confidential and never shared.)

**IF YOU ALREADY HAVE A PDV ORDER BLANK, AND WISH TO TAKE OPPORTUNITY OF THIS 20% OFFER, WRITE THE WORD "DRUMMER" ON IT AND DEDUCT 20% AFTER LISTING THE 3 TITLES YOU WANT (VHS OR BETA). BE SURE TO SIGN YOU ARE "OVER 21." Offer void where prohibited.

PALM DRIVE VIDEO
PO BOX 3653
SAN FRANCISCO CA 94119



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HUSKY**



CIGAR SARGE



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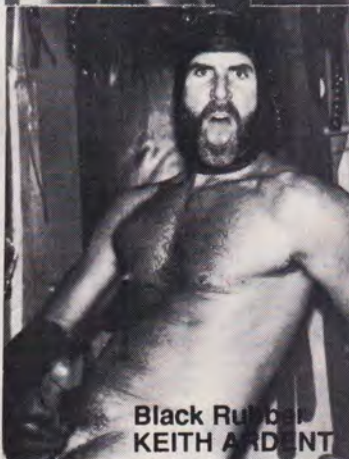
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**BUY 3!
SAVE 20%!**

20% OFF SALE!
BUY 3 VIDEOS
IN 1 ORDER &
GET 20% OFF
BY WRITING
THE NAME,
DRUMMER,
ON YOUR ORDER.
(This offer ends,
in case you want
to buy yourself a
gift AFTER Xmas,
January 31, 1990)

DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

longed ass/face contact. Age, weight, not as important as masculinity. PO Box 6362, Chicago IL 60614-6362. 7058LF

COACH NEEDED

35-45 coach, athletic Dad, workout buddy wanted for sports/military discipline, sharing, service: your 'best boy'. I'm versatile, nice looking young 36, 6ft, 170, brn, hairy, must, professional, healthy, into police, military, outdoors, underwear, leather. Texan but will travel, relationship possible. Box 7407

YOU AND YOUR PLAYROOM

wanted by two hot horny and very hung NY guys, one Top one bottom, both versatile into most scenes including groups. Will travel, send photo. Box 7425

PASSIVE SLEAZY SMOKER

this 26 yo Aust filth and sleaze lover smokes Marlboro / Camel / cigars, digs grimy leather, denim, seeks Top into same. Slimy ass cruddy cock a plus. Into VA WS filth BD SM, anything you want to force me to do. Visit USA frequently. Incl Aust postage. All letters answered. Visitors to Sydney welcome. Box 7426

SO. CAL VIRGIN BUTT

Handsome, 27 yr old WM, br/br, HIV-neg, 6-2, 175 lbs, 8 inch cock, half inch nipples, seeks passive introduction to anal sex. Safe anal play and fucking is what I'm in need of. I will submit as you see fit. I'll travel within the 48 contiguous states. Photo and phoen get my immediate obedience. Box 7448

MEN 45 OVER +

GWM, 6ft, 190, 30s, 8 inches, 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

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 SM. Live in California. Relocation possible. Box 7059LF

WANTED: TOTAL SLAVE

For permanent ownership as this man's prized possession. You: no limit masochist, into real slavery not fantasy role. Ready to surrender your life, accepting total mind-body discipline, torture, permanent bondage, kink, boot-foot worship, public-private humiliation. Master: dark Italian Scorpion, 35, 6ft, 155 hard, hairy lbs., 8 inch uncut-thick, experienced sadist. Send mandatory biographical application, photos to Box 7262LF

BIG BOY SEEKS MUSC DAD

Handsome, masc, hunky, All-American boy, 25, bl/bl 6-2, 185#, looking for muscular, masc, moustached, well-hung daddy (30+) to help me explore/expand my limits in hot, SAFE, sane LEATHERSEX. Am eager to learn. No Drugs. Send photo/phone for reply. PO Box 10005, Chicago IL 60610

WILD BOTTOM

WM, 43, assussy needs assplowing from hung, inshape Tops, 28-40 yrs. Into domination, VA, spanking, TT, CBT, 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

BIG BODYBUILDER

over 200 lbs wanted for permanent leather slave. Looking for competition showpiece with loyalty, obedience and endurance. Background in boxing, karate, pro ball, cop a plus. Looking for tough dudes, hairy OK, tattoos OK. Photos, phone. Box 7017

HOT PUP

30 year old, blond/blue, 5-7, 150 lbs. hand-

some masculine cleancut 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

LEATHER TOP

seeks serious bondage slave for intense, prolonged scenes. If you are into immobilization, CB&TT, WS, 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. Box 4883LF

SERIOUS B&D BOTTOM WANTED

Submission scenes, bondage, verbal abuse, frat hazing, military discipline, light SM. 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. Box 6971LF

LEATHERSON WANTED

Leatherdadd, 56, 5-9, 170lbs, 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 plus, to be dad's naked sextoy and to complete family. Les, Box 511265, SLC, UT 84151-1265. Box 4733LF

GERMAN LEATHER TOP

German, 6-3, 180, uncut, is turned on by leather and SM. Want to get in touch with interested and interesting leathersmen Top/bottom. Into CBT, TT, BD, shaving, breath control and most other forms of the leather scene. Will be in the states in summer 89. Send detailed letter with photo to Box 5755LF

LEATHER TOP NEEDED

Horny & hot looking bottom / slave / son. Novice. 28, 5-7, 139lbs, brown hair & eyes (dark complexion) hairy, uncut. Needs Top / Master / Daddy. Special need: full leather uniform. Can travel. Open to most possibilities. PO B 527, Lenox Hill Station, New York, NY, 10021.

SM REALITY

Dominant sane Sadist wanted by hot masochist for control of mind and body. No fantasy. M is 5'7"10, muscular 170, bl/bl, beard and exceptional pain level. Into bondage, heavy torture of [?] inch protruding tits, bare ass and back floggings and other tortures desired by S. Based in NYC, but travel frequently to Chicago and No. and So. Calif. Also will travel USA for right Topman. Send description of yourself and desires. 5444LF

SLAVE WITH EXPERIENCE

desired by 42 yr old W Master w/lover. If you know how to service a stocky, hairy, sadistic Master, then send letter, photo and phone now to Master Robert, Box 26412, Dallas, TX 75226. All letters answered, only one slave will be accepted. 7436LF

HEAVY CBT

Masochist, 37, uncut, needs brutal genitality from Sadists into electricity, medical experiments, pyrotechniques. 919-723-9882 10 pm - midnight eastern.

SPECIAL OPPORTUNITY

Well-educated, versatile hunky bottom from mid-30s who is eager to service all sexual scenes wanted by 6-4 well-endowed Santa Claus 65. Will become Man-Friday in creative business. Must be straight appearing/acting during daytime. After on-job training, salary possible, computer knowledge helpful. For interview write explaining specific qualifications with home address and telephone number. Box 7440

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, DC home. Box 6972LF

LET'S TRADE

Hot bodybuilder student (Black) 26 yrs seeks professional medical doctor/Master to help turn boy into living breathing beefcake playing slaveboy. I'll pump all day, you'll pump all night! Black professionals encouraged - How about it Sir? Box 7442

HOT LEATHER FRIENDS

Goodlooking young GWM couple looking for hot leather friends, singles or couples, Nationwide. Need good buddies to share good times and explore this country of ours. Write PO Box 300534 Denver CO 80203 with interests, etc.

HOT AND VERSATILE

Well built GWM 6-2, 175 lbs, working man into hot intense sex: CBT, TT, Leather, Levi, SM, 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

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. 6232LF

DOMINANT DADDY NEEDED

I'm 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

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.

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, goodlooking bottoms who are into rimming and raunch or scat. Have just started to videotape some scenes. In-shape brownosers contact: Box 7117LF

BONDAGE FREAK/COLLECTOR

Anyone else into helpless guys in spreadeagle bondage? Let's share from our collections. Ticking a plus. Box 7217

ATHLETIC, PROFESSIONAL

handsome, 36 year old nonsmoker, 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

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.

MILITARY GUY

32, 6 ft, 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

LET'S KICK BALLS!

Le's punch balls, knee balls, smash balls, grind balls, grab balls. Prefer deep-inside pain rather than surface skin pain. No drugs. Public scenes (backrooms, alleys,) or private. Who can take more? Bearded ballman, 32, 5-8, 160, always in leather. I travel everywhere. POB 791443, Dallas, TX, 75379. 7449LF

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH?

Very masculine, country guy, 46, 6-5, 200. Loves outdoors, riding horses, working cattle. Hairy, uncut, 6 inches plus will fuck your brains out and more! Looking for younger, straight acting, masculine man. If you're not country, don't waste my time! Send photo and more. (Northwest of Houston, TX.) Box 7122LF

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, footkisser, asslicker, serving boy. No wimps, queens, pigs, drunks, fats. Send details/pic. Box 6224LF

SLAVE SEARCH

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

WANTED MASSIVE CHESTED MEN

6ft, 210 pound hairy weightlifter, 48 inch chest seeks massive chested weightlifters, bodybuilders, wrestlers, offensive / defensive football players. I will travel anywhere to meet. Send shirtless photo, phone, letter to: Occupant, 1801 Restful Drive, N- 24, Bradenton, Florida 34207.

DEAR SIR

i need and want a Master/sadist who can give intense pain and is skilled in hurting his slave/masochist without injuring him. i have some experience, but need a sadist to take me further, for our pleasure. You must be caring, but at the same time be mean. Gary Richards, phone (707)544-1347. 7386LF

SADISTIC LEATHERMASTER WNTD

Tall trim goodlooking healthy (HIV-) masochist, 37, seeking intense safe scenes. BD, TT, CBT, ass work, VA, WS, discipline and control Your way! Leather and boots, rubber a plus. Age and looks not important! Boxholder, PO Box 307, Tacoma WA 98401-030. 7157LF

GERMAN MILITARY MASTER

Looking for Big b dicks and/or older queens that can be submissive. Feems & fatties are fine. MS, BD, WS, BP, toys, rimming, potty seat, piercing. All replies w/hot photos. KWS, 1710 Independence Parkway, Plano TX 75075.

HUNKY, HOT DADDY

Handsome WM, 40s, 6-3, hot hairy TOP seeks masculine bottom/son to discipline, caress your body and explore our sexual fantasies. Into creative BD, CBT, WS, light SM. Submit detailed letter with photo to Box 6063LF

PIERCED BOY WNTS PIERCED TOP

Very hot, goodlooking, HIV+, college guy, 26, 6 ft, 165, 30 waist with 8 - 1 / 2 inch ringed urethra and cock with hot pierced boy-nipples. Muscular, slim, lean body, and shaved crotch. Seeking butch, intelligent, muscular, very goodlooking Top-man with Dad image (39-45) for heavy duty fantasy, kink games, torture, roles and above all else, an enduring bond in friendship. All letters with photo included will be

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DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

answered. Canadian Postage Required. Box 6900LF

TORONTO GUY

5-8, 150lbs, 34 years old, bearded, versatile, seeks man-to-man sex, raunchy and rough with the right guy. Like beards, jockstraps, wrestling, leather, JO, verbal, spit, tit-slapping and ass-belting - big bearded men especially welcome to write. Box 6830LF

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. 6899LF

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

COPPER

WM, 6-1, brown hair, blue eyes, moustache, 28 yrs, nice build, above average looks. Former DC Leather winner. Interests: motorcycles, 4x4 trucks, sports, men my age and older 6 ft and shorter, moustache required. Dislikes: drugs and chain smokers. This copper's for real, leather and photo gets same. Write Box 7156LF

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, bodypunishing. 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 fern. Texas. Box 6896LF

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. 7149LF

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, CBT, hot wax, electrotorture, piercing, BD, branding, stretching, etc. Well- designed and equipped dungeon available. Send picture to seek Master's pleasure. Box 4240LF

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.

CUM SHOW

Hot guy videotapes hot sessions in Pacific Northwest. Disguises acceptable. Send Photo. Box 7361

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Only for those who want to see big dildoes and greasy fists! Rosebud assholes suck in all sizes of dildoes and every available fist in a tape that's fast, fun and furious. Chris Burns, James Silver and Lee Baldwin fuck with their hunky wolf (Jake Corbin). You'll also find out about what a dick-pump can do to a fat ugly cock.....\$59



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'THE ART OF EROTICISM'

DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

TORTURE

W/M, 30s, lean, hard, masculine, imaginative, seeks other hard bodied, adventurous young jocks for classic torture scenes! Fiendish villain probes, defies, challenges your manhood in steamy, movie-type scenes of erotic, exquisite torture! Safe, sane, FUN, no brutality. Truly nice guy respects your body, mind, limits. Man enough, dude? 7330LF

BODYBUILDERS

I've got a big dick. So what! I'm into servicing you, and mutual titwork, ballstretching, and assplay. 6-2, 170, 37, tight gym body, stash, hairy chest (sometimes), nice nipples (like having two extra dicks!) Flight attendant, travel nationwide. Canada and Europe. Photo gets same (promptly). Rick, Box 6704LF

HELP!! I'M SHRINKING!!!

Like to imagine you're a towering giant?? Or that you could shrink someone down to doll-size? I like to fantasize I've been shrunk to only a few inches tall. Humiliated by my size, I look up in awe at colossal hairy legs, towering over me like skyscrapers!! Box 7367LF

N. E. FISTER

Healthy, trim, WM, 50, 5-10, 145 lbs, hot, hooded male pussy into VA, enemas, piss, dildoes, TT, uniforms, leather, jocks, needs FF Top/Master with experienced hands for expansion and exploration of hungry asshole. Service-minded bottom willingly submits to dominant Black/White/Latin as commanded. L. I. based, can travel NY, NJ, CT, PA on weekends. Sir, please send orders and info to: Dixon, PO Box 443, Hewlett, NY 11557. All answered.

HUNKY FOOT MAN

tattooed weightlifter. Box 3338LF

LIFETIME SLAVE WANTED

Master/daddy, trim, 32, professional, wants youthful, energetic slave/son for permanent, lifetime, monogamous service. Slaveboy/houseboy to be at my side at all times as constant companion. I'm very demanding, into total domination and behavior control. A disciplinarian who knows who's Boss, in and out of bed. I'm a stern but sane disciplinarian. I demand a totally obedient slave who desires to serve, be completely submissive to my will with absolute mental and physical control. You will be my sex toy, a slave to worship me, to use and abuse. But with love. I'm a tough action Master who is also man enough to love his boy. You will be permanent property and know that you are owned. Your goal in life will be earning your Master's approval. Attitude and desire are most important. You must be submissive, totally passive and exclusively bottom. Interested in various forms of safe S/M. If you want a lifetime opportunity to serve and please a Master in everything in life and are dedicated to a life of service, submit your application (photos required.) No wimps, queens, fats, drunks, Novice, inexperienced welcome. Must relocate to suburb of Detroit. Must test HIV negative. BOXHOLDER, 1409 W. 14MILE #309, MADISON HEIGHTS, MI, 48071.

EAST COAST LEATHER TOP

GWM, 38, 6 ft, 190, brown/blue, hairy pecs with hard nipples, seeks similar Tops/bottoms to 45. Am into titwork, JO, and hot, safe workouts. Educated, stable, professional. Uncuts and Asians a plus. Send photo/phone to Box 7199LF

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 snivelling cocksuckers. Send photo, details and desires to Occupant, PO Box 16532, San Diego, CA 92116. 6836LF

FIRST TIME AD

WM, 23, blue eyes, 6 ft, 180, wholesome

masculine young man needs a man who is by nature masculine and knows what he wants. My partner appreciates the respect, sincerity, and security attainable through a monogamous relationship. GP, FA, enjoys BD, outdoors, unbridled passion, and relaxed romantic moments. I need a balanced relationship outside of the bedroom. In the bedroom it's up to You, Sir. C.J. Box 7198LF

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 worthwhile piece of shit. No close family, put this slave in permanent slavery, please, SIR. Box 6839LF

DOG/PIG/SLAVE

craves humiliating boot licking existence. Foot worshipping bottom would like to be on call by demanding arrogant boot Master who expects and demands total worship of boots and feet. Uniforms, rituals, punishments, instructions on care of boots, socks and feet for your pleasure and amusement. 54, 6 ft, 180. Box 7195LF

PWA SEEKS PWA

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

ENEMA BOY WANTED

GWM nonleather daddy, 46, 6 ft, 195, big, bearish, balding, broad-shouldered, muscular, hairy, moustache, 8 in. cut, healthy. Seeks submissive, obedient boy, good physique (preferably smooth,) needing frequent, serious, belly-bulging, gut-cramping, SOAPY enemas - plus ??? No scat. Must travel. Revealing photo required. Rob, PO Box 53, Georgetown TX 78627 (near Austin.) 7201LF

MICHAEL WARREN

of Greensburg, KY. Anyone with information leading to the location, arrest and conviction of this man for theft of a briefcase containing jewelry, credit cards and US passport should contact the Columbus, OH Police, case #278614 or write Box 6440LF

WILD AND DEPRAVED

Very sane, responsible, decent WM, 34, 5'7", 140, br/br, must., masc., average good looks. Have wild evil side into skintight leathers, gloves, hoods, heavy SM, cat, BD, breath control, whips, punching, and more. Turned on by intense depraved head trips/scenes: Nazis, brutal biker rape, Satanism (want to learn more,) interrogation, brainwashing, and beyond. Seek adventurous masochists. Mostly sadist but versatile if situation right. Also want to meet other similar sadists. Live NYC area. Can travel. Serious letter and phone. Photo if possible. Box 7334

BIKE FLARICO PROTUX DEFENDER

Those names make you stiff? Me too! Lover of jockstraps, leather, boots, uniforms, and military (especially USMC) seeks like-minded men. I'm 39, 5-8, 158, trim hair, health careful, usually bottom but versatile. Travel widely. Photo appreciated. Murray, Box 33831, Station D, Vancouver, Canada V6J 4L6 (Canadian Postage Required.) 7266LF

COWBOYS/RANCHERS

GWM, 35, natural, simple, sexy, affectionate, looking for committed relationship with man who's into horses and country life, like me. Raised and worked on ranches, it's time to get back to love and live out there. Let's ride together! No geldings. Box 6840LF

SLAVE WANTED

Masculine Master demands no bullshit slave, GWM, 25-35, masculine. This is not a "scene". Master Thom, WM, 44, 6-1, 210, demands slave totally submit for pleasure service, houseboy, buddy, etc. Send for job description,

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DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

application to Master Thom's agent, Mr. Wayne Peters, 8033 Sunset Boulevard, #624, Los Angeles, CA 90046. Serious slaves only. 6560LF

MOTORCYCLE COP

I have a very good life, would like to find one man to share it with. I'm 5-9, 185, solid muscle, very goodlooking, honest, hardworking, compassionate, strong, caring, confident. Goals: have farm in the country, own my own bodybuilding gym. Fantasy: make hot movie with another bodybuilder. Box 7222LF

VERSATILE LEATHER SLAVE

sought by two hot, horny, successful GW men (39, 6 ft, beard; 46, 5-9, moustache). You're hung, trim, masculine, intelligent, motivated, 25-50, seeking wild, safe scenes. Short term OK, but chief interest is in long-term live in. Your photo gets ours. PO Box 428, East Hampton, NY 11937. 7215LF

HOT BIKER SOUGHT

30 year old Harley biker looking for a tough, wild cycle slut into heavy SM scene and Harley lifestyle. Into cigars, sweat, beards, smells, leather, boots, beer, tattoos, dirt, dicks, spit and heavy SM mansex. Send letter and photo to PO Box 2456, New Westminster, BC, Canada V3L 5B6 (Canadian Postage Required.) 6619LF

PACIFIC NW PISS BUDDY

Bearded, 33, brown/blue, pierced tit, Vancouver/Seattle area. Looking for safe mutual raunch action with masculine moustached or bearded buddies into tit play, piss, aroma, feet, indoors, outdoors, one-on-one or groups. Box 7265LF

YOUNG SLAVEBOY WANTED

Muscle exec, 5-6, 168, who travels extensively, seeks tight-bodied young men who are good cocksuckers and ball lickers. You must be clean cut, muscled, attractive, and submissive to your Daddy. Live in for the right person. No heavy duty SM but light fantasy play. I travel to eleven Western states and would like to hear from you. Box 7306

LEATHERSON WANTED

by tall goodlooking, professional Dad (WM, 44). Son's qualifications: 21 - mid 30s, proportional build, preferably muscular; GR/p FR/a/p; explore tit, cock and ball work and BD in monogamous relationship; must be nonsmoker. Son must be able to relocate. If you qualify, write with detailed info including education, work experience, and outside interests. Sam Leatherman, PO Box 1189, Amherst MA 01002. 7263LF

HERE'S THE DEAL

GWM, 43, searching for intense, extended forced captivity. You're able to dominate me mentally and physically and possess a facility for long-term confinement and sufficient skill and patience to develop me at a pace that's meaningful to us both. Mark, 1530 Locust, #22, Philadelphia PA 19102. 7269LF

TRAVEL THE USA

GWM, 34, Leatherman, quitting work December 1989, packing truck and travel trailer for year or more roaming country. Desire nonsmoking travel companion who is adventurous and flexible for all or part. Hike, bike, see the USA, leaving when ready and arriving when we get there. Join me! Box 7274LF

SHORT TOP STUD

BB wrestler, VA TT 7 inches hot seeks same for fuck buddy SM dominance battle. Box 7401

YOUNG, GOODLOOKING

Anyone else with a lover who is not into bondage or SM? Let's exchange notes. Looking for friendship, NOT SEX. South and Mid-Atlantic. Box 7261LF

LEATHERSON WANTED

by tall goodlooking, professional Dad (WM, 44). Son's qualifications: 21 - mid 30s, proportional

build, preferably muscular; GR/p FR/a/p; explore tit, cock & ball work and BD in monogamous relationship; must be nonsmoker. Son must be able to relocate. If you qualify, write with detailed info including education, work experience, and outside interests. Sam Leatherman, PO Box 1189, Amherst MA 01004. 7263LF

CUM PLAY WITH DAD-SON

You take charge. Create safe, imaginative "Hot Games" for us to enjoy, like basketball, watersports, basic training, follow orders, ripe jockstraps, love leather, beg and eat, exhibitionism, pain and pleasure, Top/bottom. Make Dad your plaything. Ideas/photo/phone to: Al, Box 1356, Madison Square Station, NYC, NY 10159.

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 to make my twat quiver and my ruby lips to tremble. Photo a must. Box 6376LF

HANDSOME WHITE SLAVE

Looking for Black or Latin Master who knows how to treat a prime piece of White meat. Need to be dominated and owned by masculine, handsome Master. My limits only exist to be broken and expanded. Slave: 6-2, 210, healthy, muscular, football player's build. Willing to relocate. Box 7320LF

MEXICAN MASTER WANTED

Slave, 33 yrs. Small bear type looking to serve Mexican or dark skinned Asian Master. I have excellent skills as a slave and need to serve, Sir. Write: Ron PO Box 3866, Alhambra CA 90803

LEATHER AND LACE

Sensitive, imaginative, demanding, bi leather Master seeks trim, thoughtful, submissive, passable, sissy slut TV/TS, 20-40, under 5-9, for friendship, devoted service as slave. Rewards may include leather bondage, public displays, shaving, heavier training. Formidable mail training available. Photo, VHS returned. BD, Box 9066, Portland OR 97207.

WANTED: BODYGUARD

FIGHT/FITNESS TRAINER, by Honest 32 year old gay executive. Live on new Southern California estate overlooking city with pool, spa, gym, library and video rooms. Responsibilities: fight and fitness training including full contact sparring, weights, massage, food preparation and service; unarmed personnel protection during travels; light household and groundskeeping duties. Good salary plus all expenses; private room; board; worker's compensation; pool, spa, and gym privileges; uniforms provided; career advancement possible. MUST HAVE: valid driver's license. MUST BE: tough, aggressive; white; clean cut; willing to demonstrate fighting skills against opponent. Send resume, photo and phone. 7345

MUSCLELEATHER

Leatherman serious about bodybuilding, posing, body worship wants to exchange photos and possibly meet other men who are proud enough to show it. Will also consider BB training for a slave with potential to be huge. Box 6237LF

OBEDIENT BODYBUILDER

6-3, blond/blue, moustache, 30. Handsome and smart. Looking for long-term relationship with MAN who knows who's Boss - in and out of bed. Need overprotective, possessive, genuine man to call the shots. Enforced chastity, control and trust. Photo available. PO 16813, San Diego CA 92116. 5077LF

READY FOR THE REAL THING?

Creative Master, rugged attractive early fifties. Offers trim slaves under 45 weekend training in erotic facility. SM 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

BOY WANTED

GWM, 40, tall, lean, No B.S. Dad, into weight workouts, wrestling, heavy bondage scenes, seeks boy 18-30 to take full charge of. Letter with photo to Box 6831LF

NOVICE SEEKS YOUNG MASTER

Sir, I am a young man (27) who is well-built, 5-9, 150 lbs, clean shaven, with a hairy chest, dark hair and dark eyes. Although I am totally inexperienced in serving another man, I have always fantasized about submitting to a dominant Master. I get a hard-on whenever I think about a young, handsome, well-built white/hispanic man forcing me to satisfy his every (safe-sex) desire by worshipping his thick, throbbing cock. Please, Sir, I will respond to your letter, especially if you enclose your picture and phone, describing in detail how you will make me your collared, bootlicking, cocksucking fucktoy. I currently go to school in Boston and will move to L.A. during the summer of 1990. If you live in either city, please make me submit to your cock! Box 7372

HUNGRY HOLE

Hot bottom, 34, 6 ft, 155, has insatiable ass. Seeking hot TopMen into heavy assplay, FF, dildoes, GR, FR, shaving, tits, Leather, toys, mirrors and slings. Write PW, Box 930622, Norcross, GA 30093. 6942LF

MASTER TRAVELS NATIONWIDE

Big dick GWM, commercial pilot, 32, 6-3, 210 lbs of muscle wants hungry puckered asshole to fuck/beat and fist. Also into assplay, F/rp, CBT, TT. I travel free. NYC based. Visitors welcome, any age/race. Correspondence OK but a tight asshole preferred. Send nude photo/phone. Box 7392LF

GUT PUNCHING/WORK OVER

Central Ohio man, bodybuilder, very handsome, 6 ft, 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? Phone/phone, Drummer Box 6944 LF or (614) 755-9520.

YOUNG PROFESSIONAL MAN

considered hot and fun, versatile, creative. Plow my throat with your horsecock, stretch my ass with your hands and toys, bondage, groups, leather, TT, FF, whatever your kinky mind desires. No scat or heavy pain but you can expand my other limits. Can I work on yours? Will travel. (Want a travel buddy?) Want to move to California. Write Sailor, PO Box 452503, Miami FL 33245. 7218LF

BIG CIGARS - REAL MEN

Muscular, 'stached WM 28 5-8 160lbs wants a cigar-smoking Top with a "take no shit" attitude. If you're lookin' for a real man - not a limpwristed queen, you've found one. Work me over. If you're into punching and pulling and pile driving face/butt fucking call (818) 889-5475 or write POB 9661 Canoga Park, CA 91309. 6777LF

AUSSIE LEATHERMAN

Handsome, hung, 34 yo, 6-2, 180 lb, country boy with very creative mind. Visits US often, desires contact with others into military or prison induction scenes with head and body shaving, torture and rape. Written fantasy leading to real scenes during visit, top or bottom. Box 6732LF

SHEAR TORTURE

Goodlooking 30s guy in Pacific NW will shave you and more. Body photo? Box 7335

REALITY NOT FANTASY!!

Learn from the Master's illustrated 80-page *Making of a Slave* training manual. Also 80-pg illustrated companion *Slave's Tales*, plus my

videos of slaves in training situations. State you are 21 and send large SASE for details. Xerographic process. Tom, Box 28852, St. Louis MO 63123. 5760LF

DAD SEEKS BB SON

Successful WM, 38, 5-10, 155, 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.

CIGAR SMOKING DADDY BEAR

37 seeks similar 25-40 to use and play with horny cub, 32. Into safe sex, rubbers, cigars, asswork, TT, BD, WS, toys and games. Smoke and aroma OK. Leather, uniforms and beards a plus. Mpls area. 7343LF

SENSITIVE TOP

seeks sincere bottom for father/son relationship. Should be 18-35, average weight, interested in all safe aspects of SM, 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

HOT AND HORNY COUPLE

Wants to be your fucking mirror image, matching you and your lover / partner / slave / son, stroke for stroke, position for position, side by side at the same time in our playroom. Voyeur couple seeks visiting COUPLES for fun times. Join us. Occupants, PO Box 41-1175, Chicago 60641. 6846LF.

DISABLED?

See: Organizations heading

DADDY

GWM, 5-11, 170lbs goodlooking, healthy, intelligent, sensitive, a Daddy image. Am supportive, professional, an up personality. Travel continuously throughout the country for my position and would be looking for a counterpart son for companionship and mutual satisfaction in various locations. AIDS conscious, no booze, drugs, smokers. Send photo and phone to Box 7371LF

FUCK MY HAIRY PUSSY

Force me to my knees and wrap my cunt lips around your dick. Spread my legs and fuck my hairy pussy. David (714) 539-9551.

ALABAMA

LOOKING FOR BUDDY/LOVER

Hot, horny, 32 yr old WM, 200 lb, black hair, beard, pierced, looking for big butch buddy who likes to pitch and catch. Into most scenes, open to exploration. No one nighters, smokers, drugs. Long hair, piercings, face and body hair, and tattoos real turn-ons. Your pic gets mine. Let's get together! Box 7397LF

ARIZONA

FURRY BEARS!

33 year old man looking for furry bear to manhandle him! (The more body hair, the better!) Send letter and picture to: "ART" PO Box 62611, Phoenix, AZ 85082-2611.

ARKANSAS

CAMP SLAVE WANTED

I'm looking for a slave mule with tits, balls, dick, & ass to play with on those long Ozark nights under the stars. Tote my pack pulled by a ball leash. Cook & clean in tit and ball weights. Take your punishment tied to a tree. Photo gets an inspection. Box 7441

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

BB LEATHER MASTER

Intelligent BB with Leather titles, Leather Highway Patrol Control, nightstick and cuffs, glint of mirrored glasses, police violence/

DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

abuse, complete boot service, body service - respect the Law! Box 7458

FACESITTERS, PISS & JO

Gdkg WM 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

UNCUT BOTTOM

seeks sadistic cock-centered natural dominant. Prefer Middle-Eastern, Hispanic, white. Me: 6 ft, 190, eager, intelligent white guy. Green eyes, smooth, worshipful dog-boy, sex slave. Safe. G. M., Box 973, SF CA 94101.

SF LEATHERMASTER

38, accepting applications for slave/dog bootlicker; nonsmoker to 35. Training will include prolonged leather & steel bondage, hood & gag, shaving, whipping, and cigar branding. Replies must include photo and phone. Box 7439LF

BOTTOM DADDY NEEDED

Hot boy, 31, seeks Daddy 40 plus to be appreciated by, in return may expect abuse (VA, WS, CP and more.) Safe/sane. Send photo and phone to Box 7403

TIT PLAY

GWM 42, 6-2, 165 lbs, bald with light brown short beard and blond moustache, hairy except around nipples and balls, into tit torture, ball play, cock sucking. Seeks same for mutual play. Larry - 2419 15th St., San Francisco, CA 94114.

NIPPLE TORTURE

Cone-shaped nipples on a smooth, pumped, lean chest. I have them. Do you? GWM, early 40s, tall, educated, defined, moustache. White-hot safe sex. Mutual pain/pleasure. No fats or heavy body hair. Boxholder, Suite 406, 3315 Sacramento St., SF CA 94118.

BUTCH JOCK BOTTOM

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

PLAYROOM FOR RENT

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

KING SHIT-ON SUPER STUD

will shit on your head, in your face, and all over you. He might even let you lick his ass. Inquiries to PO Box 26631, San Francisco 94126.

RIVER AREA

Looking for same. Wrestling, bondage, muscle builder, 215#, sweat, pits. No fakes, fems, phonies. Adventurist, all round, rugged, straight acting and appearing. Steve PO Box 600, Guerneville, CA 95446. Send picture and sincere letter. 7224LF

BONDAGE PARTIES

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

EASTBAY SHITHOLE SNIFFER

GWM, 44, asshole lover eager to meet men who turn on to having their holes sniffed, slurped, and fingered. Forget the Dial soap and smell like a human male. A fat uncut cock is great, but hell, I'll enjoy whatever you have. Hot note & phone to Box 6371LF

MASTER SEEKS TOTAL SLAVE

Finally decided to dedicate yourself to a Master? Good! Master is into spanking, CBT, TT, VA, foot worship and total obedience. Me: 39, 6-4, 240, very masculine, dominant and nasty. You: 25-40, in good shape and a true slave mind. Write now! Box 7203LF

HOT TOP/COUPLES WANTED

Goodlooking leather Dad has boy to share with other masculine, well built, hung guys. Daddy, 31, 6-2, 185, moustache. Boy, 26, 5-11, 160, smooth. Both with good builds, healthy, HIV+. Into domination, WS, leather, raunch, video, long sessions. Photo/phone: Box 7437

LEATHER CROTCH/HARLEY IRON

MAVERICK Motorcycle Man needs Hungry crotch-cannibal: My leather-cock demands to be sucked into your leather-head. Reveal yourself: obsessed with Lust, Plug into power flowing from a throbbing Harley under leather crotches. The hunt is for sex-slaves and to meet other like minded dudes leading to scenes of abandon and surrender. You are bottom, masochist, submissive, younger, firm bod, healthy and self-sufficient. I am 50, tall, firm bod, healthy (HIV-neg.), bearded leatherman. A Harley rooted Master, Sadist, obsessed w/FETISH-SEX and bondage in cod-piece leather pants, hoods, high boots (also indulge in Black Rubber!) Rush the senses with Devil-Gas, drill my thick cock into your hooded head! I live in SF. Don't need "medical students" (no tubes or piercings.) You're malleable. I'm firm and friendly. Apply w/ photo to: WIZARD, PO Box 640033, San Francisco 94164-0033. 6897LF

SMALL MASTER WANTED

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

CHOKO ON IT, FUCKFACE!

ROUGH facelocking with dick (condoms if requested) and/or dildos. Think you've mastered your gag reflex? Think again. Box 7326

WANTED: MASOCHIST SLAVE

Tall goodlooking WM, 38, leather sadist seeks part time masochist/slave. Interests: leather, safe ass/face fucking, CBT, bondage, SM, whips, chains, dildoes, bootlickers, VA, piss, hoods, grovelers, slapping around, sharing slaves with other Masters, motorcycles, weeknite scenes. Photo, phone, specs to: Box 7053LF

BONDAGE BOTTOM

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

VIDEOGRAPHER

GWM, 28, bearded professional, with 5 years of references in archival and related community projects, available for creative and discreet projects. Possess Betacam SP electronic field production package and broadcast studio editing equipment. Very reasonable. All projects considered. R. A., PO Box 28904, San Jose, CA 95159.

WELL-DEFINED SLAVE

seeks slim Master. Ready for SM, Bondage, TT, CB Torture, slave/dog training, complete toilet service. But your trip, your way. Am 46, 5-10, 150, lean and muscular. Desire long and repeated scenes. Travel. Photo, phone, descriptive letter to: PO Box 5906, SF, CA 94101.

HUSKY WM TOP

in 40s, looking for trainable bottom. I'm mature, independent, demanding but affectionate, professional, nonsmoker, not into bikes. Bottom should be eager to please, willing to have limits explored, ready to open

up, emotionally and sexually. No drugs. Novices/bi/older OK. Candid letter/photo to Box 7225

ATTENTION BAD BOYS

Young delinquents needing strict disciplinarian for humiliating, bare butt sessions. Get it with hand, hairbrush, paddle and/or strap. Not into wrestling, take it like a man. GWM, 40, 160, 5-8. Box 7317

SAN JOSE TV SLAVE-MAID

Special white male SJSU 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, earrings, chains, cages or cells, discipline, for Life. Licensed as a realtor and beautician. Experienced as a waitress. Box 6976LF

UNIFORM/LEATHER TOP WNTD

WM, 33, 6 ft, 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. BD, verbal abuse, hoods, gags. Meeting preferred. Photo/letter exchange possible. Box 3711LF

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

MOUSTACHED FACESITTERS

Wanted by WM, 48, 140 lbs. No age or race hangups. Telephone Horst (415) 821-7762 between 9:00 am and midnight.

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. Box 6946

HOT, HORNY

32 year old WM, bottom or mutual, seeks others into fucking, sucking, spanking, dildoes, WS, FF and more. Am 160 lbs, 6 ft, short blond hair, blue eyes, moustache. Photo/phone. Box 7365

HUMILIATE ME!

Relish my degradation as you tie me up, spank me, shave me, piss on me, torture my tits and balls. Make me your dog, your slave. Goodlooking 28 year old WM needs severe discipline from cruel but sane Master who really enjoys my humiliation. Safe sex only. Box 7202LF

DOG SLAVE AVAILABLE

Ugly 34 year old WM dog needs total humiliation. WS, BD, FF OK. (415) 334-7659

SILICON VALLEY SM SLUT

WBIM, youthful trim 40s, HIV-neg, hot and horny professional, an experienced, sensitive Top/bottom with insatiable nipples, into leather, bondage and SM seeks playful, articulate, reasonably fit buddy for hot, safe SM play and sex. SF Bay area. Photo appreciated, exchanged. Box 7435LF

HOT KINKY DADDY

who is caring and sensitive would like to explore your mentality as well as your sexuality. My interests range from consciousness and spirituality to leather, and pits to piss and tits to toes, etc. I am GWM, 45, 6-1, 165, moustache and hairy chested. If you are aware and honest and can relate to the above, write with photo and phone. Box 7196LF

HOT HORNY LIBIDO SEEKS MEN

GWM, 39, 6-2, 175 lbs of horny man, lit. brown hair/beard, 7 in. cut. I please the man I'm with. Looking for GWM, 30-45, who likes fucking, sucking, dildoes, (FFA, bondage Top,) 3 or

more plus whatever our horny minds cum up with. My body awaits to please men. Box 7298LF

OW! THAT HURTS!

Do it some more! Box 7344

HOT MIND-HOT BODY

Professional GWM of 38, 5-10, 170 lbs, trim healthy Top seeks cautious first-time bottoms for fantasy fulfillment or similar Tops for heavy stud-to-stud action. Especially enjoy titwork, beefy men, mental and physical challenges. Applicants must be disease-free, inshape and bright. Send detailed description of self/fantasy to: Ken, PO Box 70952, Plaza Station, Sunnyvale, CA 94086.

SHARED OWNERSHIP

Intelligent, pushy, tastefully restored/maintained classic, plush exterior, must be seen to be appreciated, high mileage (but wears it well,) tread like new, power steering, automatic antenna, handles well, high compression manual injection engine, magnificent headers, does require some grease/oil occasionally, overall a wonderful way to go. Box 7461

PIERCING EYES

Partner wanted by WM, 40, balding, stache, incredible eyes. I'm muscular, severely good-looking, passionate and fun. Into boots, leather, and imaginative play. I'm usually Top yet have the willingness to trust a man who can accept and return the above. Partial to tall, very muscular men. I'm exceptional; you be too. Photo with honest letter. Serious only. Box 7284LF

YOUNG MAN WANTED

I am an HIV- 49 year old professional who wants and needs a young man, 18 to 26, for a long-term monogamous relationship. You should be fit, submissive, obedient and genuinely attracted to older men. I want an ambitious HIV- boy who can be either top or bottom and needs someone to control, guide, and assist him with his life. Explicit letter and photo to Box 7451

ARROGANT SON NEEDED

Seeking arrogant, foul mouthed son who needs a bottom Daddy to deliver hot butt and oral service his way! Give serious corporal punishment, verbal abuse. Taunt, tease and abuse this butt hole. Amuse yourself while teaching lesson in humiliation and service. GWM, 40, 160, 5-8, no drugs. Box 7324LF

I WANT YOUR MIND SLAVE!

You must seriously have a compelling need to serve, want to relinquish decisions and have a desire to focus on the wishes of your Master. Also, you must be naturally submissive, docile, have an affectionate nature, and be open and communicative. Persons with these qualifications have permission to call (916) 391-9755. 7410LF

FILTH STUD

Goodlooking, inshape toilet, 31, 5-11, 160, HIV-neg, needs arrogant foul-mouthed raunch dude with rank stud hole to use my hot bearded face as an ass wipe. Into armpit stench, cigars, leather, boots, feet, piss, sick verbal trips. No drugs, assfucking. Boxholder, 2215-R Market #161, SF 94114.

YOUNG TOP WANTED

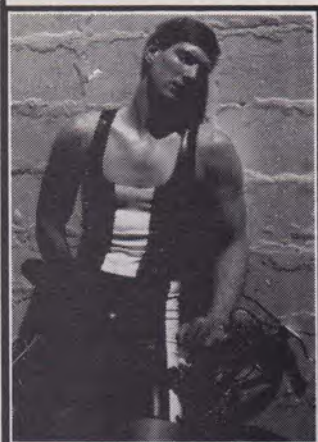
Me: 37, 5-6, 150, WM, hairy, goodlooking professional. You, 25-35, smooth, creative into BD, CBT, hoods, light SM in bedroom, friend/lover out. Photo & letter gets mine. Box 6933

FACE SITTER WANTED

by submissive WM, 41, 5-9, 180. HIV neg. Interests: men in uniform, big boots, BD, WS, VA, body worship, gangbangs, exhibitionism. Not into scat or fisting. Any age or race. Beer belly or overweights very welcome. Also fr/a,

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Only the Finest Quality Clothing and Toys



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CATALOG FINALLY
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Seattle, WA 98198
[206] 878-7632



DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

gr/p. PO Box 4065, San Francisco, CA
94101.

RELENTLESS FISTING

Versatile Top seeks same for ceaseless ses-
sions of mutual hedonism. I offer major league
intensity, endurance, talent, looks, heat and
ability, and I expect the same. If you're up to
the challenge, get in touch, let's see how we
fit. SF WM, 40, 6-2, 195, hot. Photo/phone to
Box 7277

WANTED: SUBMISSIVE DAD

GWM, 43, 5-8, 200, brown hair, blue eyes,
looking for men my age or older. Beer gut and
beefy butt a+. Must be willing to take orders. If
you are an older man that needs to be
submissive to a young man, write me and tell
me what you want. Anything goes. Your
picture gets mine. Box 7281

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

HUNG BLACK TOP WANTED

by goodlooking 32 year old, 5-6 white muscu-
lar hairy bottom. Let me please you in
prolonged suck-fuck session. My throat is as
hot as my ass. Bondage, WS, titplay. Box
7443

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), SM,
BD, WS, toys, titplay. Sincere only. Sir, send
orders & info to: Jay, PO Box 67E06, Los
Angeles, CA 90067. 5349LF

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 moti-
vation. I've got the abilities and aggressive-
ness, 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

MILITARY

Navy Man 30 great shape looking for older/
same age Marines to work me out. I'm hot as
they come but feel the need to give respect
etc to those on top of me. Photo a must. Rick,
6201 Sunset Blvd #237, Los Angeles CA
90028.

MUSCL CUB SKS MUSCL POP

I'm a very handsome, well-built, 6ft, 190 lbs,
bodybuilt cub looking for a well-built, very
masculine, muscular pop between 28-36. He
should have my size build or bigger, prefer
dark hair, moustache, and body hair. I'm not
into mainstream gay scene, or bar scene;
seeking same. (213) 960-5572, Mitch.

SUBMISSIVE BOTTOM

Hot goodlooking masculine WM 36, 6ft, 165,
novice to submission, seeks hot dominant
handsome Top WM to 35 only for progressive
training into bondage, discipline, SM, obedi-
ence, verbal abuse and humiliation. Limits to
be explored and expanded. Master/slave rela-
tionship possible. Reply Box 7438

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 inches, 190, stache, brown,
hazel, HIV+/good health, ringed, some earned

L-gear.) change worthy. 175 Monroe, Pomona
91767.

DOCTOR NEEDED

WM, 5-11, 165, 41, slender, needs Good
Doctor to give me a nude physical examina-
tion. Especially my genital and rectal areas.
Must be as realistic and complete as possible.
Box 6741

PISS SLAVES

Goodlooking Top 5-9 150 lbs br/bl wants to
meet slim and sexy bottoms into beer piss,
smoke, underwear, BD, leather, lingerie, toys,
shaving, spanking, porn, dog collar, other
fantasies, safe sex (rubbers). Write Bill, Box
7366

VERSATILE ASS PLAY

Toys, cbt, tit work, new scenes - let's get
greasy together. GWM, 6-2, 225, husky teddy
bear, goodlooking, bearded, 7 inches cut.
Likes mutual scenes or Tops also experienced
bottoms considered - send descriptive, expo-
sitional reply with phone number. Relation-
ship desirable with right man. Intelligent,
creative, tall a plus. Rick, Box 7342

LEATHER SEX

Me G/p, F/a and more for right man. 32, 5-6,
140, masculine, into outdoors and country
life. Very hot man looking for another to share
good time with. You: 5-10+, 35-45, masculine,
hung, very hot and total Top. Box 7197LF

PROFESSIONAL

salt & pepper haired with short beard, hairy,
6-1 tall, 170 lbs, blue eyes seeks similar
versatile men with vivid imaginations. F a/p, G
a/p or jo sessions outdoors, especially enjoy
mutual milking and ploughing and expanding
limits. If you desire discipline, submit your
needs, expand your curiosities. (714) 758-
1522; JAK POB 4382, Anaheim, CA 92803-
4382. 7346LF

CALIF NIPPLES/LEATHERSEX

Handsome muscular GWM 40. Six feet. 170
pounds. Moustache. Insatiable nipples. Top/
bottom. Seeks well-built versatile men for
extended nipple work, body worship, leather/
uniforms, SM, BD. Smoke/aroma. Your hot
body, moustache/beard, and kinky imagina-
tion are pluses. Photo and letter to Box
7447LF

ORANGE COUNTY BOTTOM MAN

WM, 5-11, 175, 50, younger looking, average
build and looks, 6-1/2 in 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

WHIPMASTER

Seeks slaves and prisoners 21-35. Am white,
33, 5-11, shaved head, moustache, hairy body,
sadist. Moderate to very heavy scenes in
private playroom. Into whips, belts, bondage,
cock & ball torture, tit torture, full hoods and
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. 5903LF

LEATHER MAN READY

Experienced bottom, 48, into serious BD
(mummification, immobilization, sensory
deprivation,) SM (CBT, TT, whipping, candles,
shaving.) Have a fully equipped playroom
that's waiting for those special Tops with
imaginative and creative minds for kinky
action. No drugs. Safe sex only. Call between
9AM-11PM. (818) 843-5428. 7393LF

MUTUAL SHIT BUDDY WANTED

On regular basis. Heavy into the scene. By
bl/bl, 38, 5-8, 160 lb, hairy, goodlooking pig.
Not into fantasy or JO calls. Action only!
Serious, experienced S. California scatmen
reply: 1234 N. Laurel Ave, #18, Los Angeles,
CA 90046.

DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

BODY WORSHIP

Bottom, 42, GWM, into smelling, licking, servicing your sweaty body, WS, titplay, fore-skins a plus. Call 213-654-2741, 5-10 PM PST.

UNCUT WHITE LAWMAN

Muscular, 6 ft, 180 lb, big balls, guaranteed HIV negative. Hunting slim, masculine fugitive, 21-32, wanted for cocksucking. Will whip his ass, eat and fuck his hungry hole, break him of all addictions. With no escape from monogamous prison. Lawman pays shipping, handles gently, has no vices. Send wherea-bouts & photo to: PO Box 3834, San Diego, CA 92103

BIKE CUB: RED/GRAY RIGHT

seeks happy Leather Bear to trust, grow, build, laugh and hibernate with. Phil is bright, solvent, organized, affectionate, teachable, non-closeted, HIV+ and healthy, doesn't smoke/drugs, lite drinker. Commitments: friends, our community, pers. spir. understanding, music and empathy. 42, 72 inches tall, 185, br/hzl, moustache, pierced. 86 Virago 700. P/P to 175 Monroe St., Pomona CA 91767. 5412LF

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

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

BOTTOM FOR 2 TOPS

2 Top lovers seek hot bottom/slave for action. 18+. 51 yrs, 6-1, 175, gray. 25 yrs, 6ft, 170, brown. Safe/sane action. 21300 Dumetz Road, #B, Woodland Hills, 91364.

MUTUAL SHITBUDDY WANTED

on regular basis. Heavy into the scene. By bl/bl 38 5-8 160lb, hairy goodlooking pig. Not into fantasy or J/O calls. Action only! Serious, experienced S. California scatmen reply: 1234 N. Laurel Ave., #18, Los Angeles, CA 90046.

NOVICE NEEDS INITIATION

Novice: WM, 23, 5-10, 160, blond/brown mostly smooth, healthy, intelligent, variety of interests in/out of bed. You: healthy, nonsmoking, Leather Daddy, 30-45 to teach me about, but not limited to: SM, BD, CBT and the Leather Lifestyle. Moustache, muscles a +. Sir, please reply to Drummer Box 7278LF

BODY WORSHIP

Bottom, 42, GWM, into smelling, licking, servicing your sweaty body, WS, titplay, fore-skins a plus. Call 213-654-2741, 5-10 pm PST.

FF MANHUNT

Los Angeles - climb on top and slide inside of this handsome, healthy, versatile ponyboy - 30, 5-9, 160lb, moustache, trim body with hot receptive butt and talented hands. Seeking 100% masculine Top/versatile, big brother/mentor for regular good times, flexible roles, expanding limits to doublwide proportion. Photo/details. Box 7242LF

SCAT EATER

needs feeders. (619) 235-8538. No JO calls.

BOTTOM SEEKS FF TOP

WM, 44, 6ft, 170, deep/wide asshole needs hot fist fucker Tops for control and long session insertion. No JO. Palm Springs. (619) 321-2819

COCKY MASTER/SON SOUGHT

by successful, trim-bearded, hunky San Diego WM 42, masculine, loner, 5-10, 165, 8 in. Son: to 5-11, slim, 7 - 1 / 2 plus, 22-37. Levi/Leather w/boots to bring Dad to his knees for discipline/humiliation, heavy cock/ball/body/boot service. WS, dog training possible! Should like cuddling, affection, smoke, aroma. Write w/pic if possible & phone. Box 6932LF

2 HOLES IN 1

Masculine, in-shape total bottom, 38, 6-2, 173 has hot mouth and ass for hot cock(s). Toys. Small groups. Box 7462

INTERESTED?

Top looking for bottoms/slaves to serve himself and his bottom. Me: 33, 5-9 and a half, 9 inches cut, 140 lbs, aggressive, experienced. Bottom: 40, 165 lbs, 6-1 and a half, 7 inches cut. You should be 5-7 to 6-2, 140 to 180 lbs, 22 50 35, ready to submit to shaving, wax, TT, CBT, FF, spanking, BD, sensory deprivation, training. Inexperienced but willing okay. Write for further instructions: Jim, Box 7463

ESCAPED PRISONER NDS CAP-TURING

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. 6838LF

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

SLAVE NEEDED

A relationship between two men: one obeys and takes orders; is always naked; he should enjoy tit play; bondage, spanking; shaving if needed; leather; we must have respect for each other, you as a bottom, myself the Top. Together we shall build a haven for our needs. I'm 5-11, 150, brown hair, blue eyes, 35 yrs old. If you are seeking this then call Jack at 213-874-4856 after 6 pm.

COLORADO

DENVER TOPS 28 & 30

Seeking goodlooking bottoms for fun and friendship. Prefer boyish and under 5-9. Into motorcycles, leather and weightlifting. Write with picture or description and attitude to PO Box 300534 Denver CO 80203.

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BLUE COLLAR CONSTRUCTION

Bear, trucker type, 37, 5-4, bearded, hairy, self-employed, blue collar tradesman desires to meet same, 25-35, Drive 4x4, bike. Sex: vanilla to kink. PO Box 2402, New Preston, CT 06777. 6677LF

BOTTOM NEEDS TOP

Strictly bottom seeks strictly Top. Beerbelly, uncut, bear a plus. Masculine only, also affectionate, sincere and mature (not necessarily agewise.) I am 59, like motorcycles, leather, and mansex. No drugs or grass. Only beer and whatever else turns you on. Your phone-photo gets mine. I'm waiting. Box 7415

DC-METRO

YELLOW HANKIE

Left, right or in the middle. Seeks other watersportsmen for fun and games. Age 25-40 compatible. Box 7455

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DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

FRIENDS/TOPMEN NEEDED

GWM, 31, 5-10, 160, good build, novice, nonsmoker, seeks experienced, masculine, muscular white men 18-40 for friendship, workouts, and hard sex. Prefer to be bottom or mutual. Cleanshaven, military a plus. No smoking, drugs; aroma OK. Photo/phone to Box 7434

BODYBUILDER SLAVE

WM, 42, 5-11, 175, 45 chest, 30 waist, well built, together, loner, erotic. Lean/muscular, nonsmoker; use/abuse, whipping, safesex. Ex-military special warfare. Relate to Lawrence of Arabia, Mishima, "Story of O", 9 - 1 / 2 Weeks, "Image," "Beauty" Trilogy. JW. PO Box 44029, Ft. Washington, MD 20744. 5030LF

DEDICATED LEATHERMAN

GWM, 40, 5-10, bl/bl, 150 lbs, moustache, 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. 4696LF

SLAVES WANTED

Master, white, 43, 6ft, solid 185lbs, moustache, accepting slaves/boys 21 to 40, white, good builds (no fats, feds, drugs,) for training including humiliation, shaving, enemas, spankings, etc. Long term relationship possible. Apply with letter and photo to Box 7409

SM TOPMAN

Well-built, quality Topman into hot, heavy but safe and sane kink-sex, 40, 5-10, 44 ch, 33 waist, seeking submissive levelheaded bottom men for play times in SM, BD, CBT, etc. No raunch, am into responsible hot sex based on

trust and man-to-man respect. Photo & Phone to Box 6100LF

FLORIDA

RUGGED MASCULINE TOP DAD

seeks hot son. Obedient, submissive, BD, drug free, healthy, clean, permanent live in for right son. Dad is a Nordic Blond, blue eyed pirate. Into Levis, boots, uniforms, 6-4, 190 lbs, muscular, hung, hairy, healthy, athletic, 44 yo, handsome, affectionate, caring and rough. Report for inspection with detailed letter, photo, PO Box 6532, Key West FL 33040.

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, BD, leather, service, worship and whatever you demand. Photo/phone to PO Box 16135, Tampa FL.

BALL ACTION/BALL FIGHTS

Bisexual bodybuilder, 6 ft, 195lbs, great looks, looking for other dudes into ball contests, ball tug-of-wars, cock fights, ball wrestling, and hot ball action. Also bisexual scenes, leather, oil, sex outdoors, sex marathon contests, kink, spit and mangames. Health conscious sex. Attitude and action more important than age and race. But fats need not apply. Write with photos to: Jack Gunther, PO Box 7213, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33338. 7327LF

RUGGED MASCULINE TOP DAD

seeks hot son. Obedient, submissive, BD, drug free, healthy, clean, permanent live in for right son. Dad is a Nordic Blond, blue eyed pirate. Into Levis, boots, uniforms, 6-4, 190 lbs, muscular, hung, hairy, healthy, athletic, 44 yo, handsome, affectionate, caring and rough.

Report for inspection with detailed letter, photo, PO Box 6532, Key West FL 33040.

BLACK MASTER

30, 5-9, 162, very stern, safety oriented, seeks clean drug free, nondrinking, nonsmoking 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

MASTER/LOVER WANTED

36 yr old wants older leather man for Master, possible relationship. I'm 5-7, 165, br/blue, moustache. Into extended bondage scenes, whipping, tit work, ass play. Need lots of TLC as well as discipline. David, 1640 E. Livingston, Orlando FL 32803.

CIGAR CHOMPIN' TOPS WANTED

Central Florida area cigar boy is looking for boot-wearing, foul-mouthed, beer-bellied, ass-kicking, butt-fucking truckers, Leathermen and uniformed Topmen who know what they want and know how to get it from this 29 year old, 6 foot, 160 lb cigar boy. Tattoos and beards a plus. Box 7271LF

FF BUTTHOLE STRETCHING

wanted by goodlooking WM, 25, 6-1, 190 lb, shaved hole. Into leather, TT, dildoes, FF, videos. Want goodlooking Top/mutual buddy for assplay. S.W. Florida. Send letter/photo to Box 7416

MAN AGAINST MAN

Tests of strength, endurance, between real men, the winner chooses the torture scene: Roman Medieval, inquisition, Indian, using rope, chains, imagination. Short or long term. WM, 43, bodybuilder, 145, 5-6, br/br, seeks muscular men into sweat, endurance, com-

petitive scenes. Winner takes what he wants. Box 7055LF

SLAVE WANTED

by hot 35, 5-11, 180, 9 - 1 / 2 Daddy into BD, light SM, TT, assplay, spanking. For man-to-man relationship and friendship. I'm HIV+. Send phone number, photo. Box 7399

INTERNATIONAL TRAVELERS

Two Orlando leathermen interested in meeting leathermen from all over the world who plan to visit the Orlando area. Will provide information on places to stay, Bars to visit, Leather events and local attractions. Write for more information: PO Box 7674, Orlando, FL 32804.

PASSIVE DAD/DOMINANT SON

Submissive White Dad (49), slim, well-built, desires either a Dominant Black or Oriental son, 18-35. Dad into hot, versatile sex, BD, VA, tits, ass play, armpits, police uniforms, leather, tall boots, toys, and your desires. No SM or FF. Possible long term relationship. Photo appreciated. Box 7272LF

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, nonsmoker, no drugs, straight appearing, any color or race. Photo/letter to Sir, Boxholder, PO Box 211, Cape Coral, FL 33910. 7047LF

DADDY DRINKS PISS

No limits for handsome, healthy, sadistic white "sons," Tampa area. Face photo. Box 7432

PETER'S PHONE ACTION



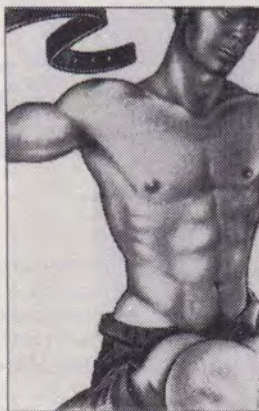
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DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

GEORGIA

ATLANTA LEATHERMAN

GWM, 37, 5-8, 145, goodlooking, pierced, bearded, professional. Experience limited. Prefer to be Top, but versatile. Into light SM, TT, BD, porn, leather, cockrings, chaps, harnesses, uniforms, dildos. Safe only. Let's get together in my playroom. Photo appreciated. Box 6901

SEMI-EXPERIENCED

GWM, 38, 5-10, 155, moustache, attractive, professional, stable, mature, funloving, anti-bar seeks singles, couples or groups for expansion of mutually agreed upon top and/or bottom safe scenes (leather, BD, TT, photos, SM, etc.) Inexperienced OK, visitors welcome. Monogamous relationship with right person. PO Box 7 6125, Atlanta, GA 30358-1125. (404) 636-1688. 6894LF

SURRENDER, BOY!

Man seeks slaveboy, 20-32, anxious to unquestioningly serve hairy, husky, dominant, demanding Dad, 5-8, 155, boy must have a good body, preferably smooth, and desire to be kept naked, receive abuse, training, humiliation, WS, face fucking, safe rear workouts, affection if earned. Photo, application to: Manservant, PO Box 52946, Atlanta, GA 30355. 6727LF

GEORGIA COUNTRY BOY

GWM, 25, 5-7, 170 lbs, brown hair, moustache. Seeking manly versatile men into hot sex sessions. Leathermen are turn-ons. Light SM only. No drugs. Box 7450

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

SLAVE SEEKS TRAINING

WM 22, 6 ft, 175 lbs, br/br and moustache. Into BD, SM, WS, some raunch and all safe and hot, also into camcorders. Like Men over 30 with moustache, also like beer belly and rape fantasies. But most of all, to be himself. Write to Box 7148LF

HAWAII

BONDAGE BUDDY

"Batman seeks Robin" (or Alfred) to be butler, manservant, chauffeur, companion, workout partner, servant. 24-hr discipline as needed. You will be seen, not heard. Lots of rope, tape, metal & Leather to work with. Write resume with phone and photo to: J Hunter, PO Box 89364, Honolulu HI 96830. 7325LF

MEDICAL EXAM

36 - 5-6, 135. In perfect health, need full medical examination with use of medical instruments. Reply with photo if possible. Box 7424

ILLINOIS

SEEK MAN/PUSSY & KEVHEN

Attractive GWM, 25, 5-6, 140, smooth, clean-cut, w/ shaved balls, big dick seeks brother or Dad to 35. You are attractive and in shape with hot asshole/pussy and desire hours/days of heavy assplay, dildoes, FF, more. Your limits respected, your desires fulfilled. This man/boy can take care of your pussy regularly. Send photo/phone and detailed letter of desires to: Dan Ross, 3023 N. Clark St. #109, Chicago IL 60657.

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. 6898LF

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. Boxholders, PO Box 41-1175, Chicago, 60641. 6846LF

DOG SLAVE WANTED

Master, 38, experienced, attractive, 6-2, blond, 190 lbs, bearded, seeking collared, bootlicking dogslave, 18 to 30. Humiliation, long term bondage, caged confinement, wax, shaving, tit work, CBT, whippings assured. Affection, social activities provided if earned. Photo, phone, letter to: PO Box 148434, Chicago, IL 60614. 6935LF

LEATHER SEX

WM, 5-6, muscular, 34, seeks tall, clean-cut/military for TT, spanking, Top or bottom. Description, scenes, to: Box 6681, Chicago, IL 60680.

HOT, SAFE ENCOUNTERS

Light bondage, spank and some kink; getting you off is my purpose. I'm 25, brn/bl, 6ft, 160. Good looks and discreet. Seek MEN under 30, straight or bi OK. Latino a plus. Chicago. Photo/phone preferred. Box 7446

STRAIGHT GUY TYPE WANTED

Nice looking 36, 6 ft, straight appearing

bottom seeks a Topman, 38-45 who's just a regular guy, but knows how to be the real thing. Sincere only. Write: Box 185, 3712 N. Broadway, Chicago IL 60613.

MASTERS NEEDED

GWM slave, 26, 180 lbs, 6 ft, 7 - 1 / 2 inch cut, seeking muscled, hung, cigar smoking Masters 25-40 for initiation into SM, BD, TT, CBT, 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

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

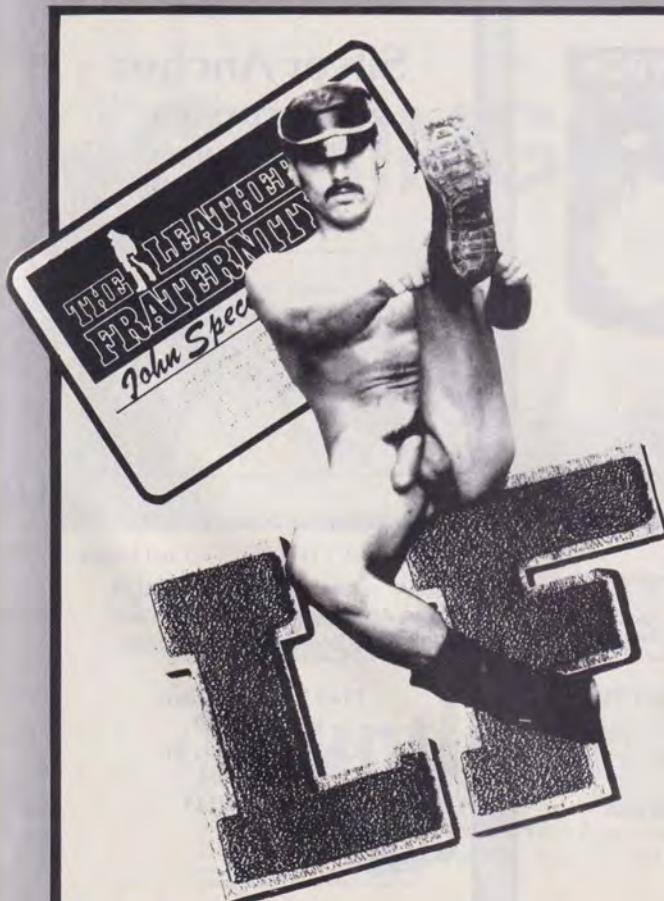
HORSE WANTED

6 ft one and a half, 205, 61, engineer, Master, wants any age, 220 lbs + BB or muscular, heavysset slave to carry me piggyback and on shoulders and back for strongman stunts. Mutually pump iron, Nautilus, swim, ride bikes, watch videos, safe sex with me. Reward is my good pec, tit, nipple play, kisses. PO Box 1395, Melrose Park, IL 60160. 5901LF

IOWA

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2 Des Moines, Iowa Leathermen, 30-180, 40-190; both 6ft, into tit, cock, and ball torture, hirsute muscular Leathermen, uniforms, and bondage; welcome other Leathermen with similar interests traveling through Iowa and the Midwest. Reply with photo, address, and your own interests. Box 7413



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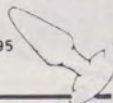


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DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

ATTENTION: TRUCKERS/BIKERS

Leather sex slave, 32, 6-3, 180, a real dick pleaser, offers fantastic face fucking (head) and ass. Leather, cigars, beer, piss, sweat, aroma, semis and bikes a turn-on for a gang of macho bikers, truckers or for that one-on-one action (safe sex only) Lee, PO Box 7223, Grand Station, Des Moines, 50309. 7285LF

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 13,73, Manhattan, KS, 66502.

KENTUCKY

SHIT EATER AVAILABLE

GWM 29 into shit and piss, seeks same for live in. Write Steve, 1206 Garvin Place, Louisville KY 40203. Serious only reply.

LOUISIANA

BELT, PADDLE, STRAP

GWM submits to Master, Dad, Disciplinary for corporal punishment. Bondage, role-playing, leather, uniforms, all help get the point across. New Orleans. Box 7433

MAINE

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.

SADIST

Sane experienced gay white male Master, 45, seeks masochistic gay male slaves for medium to heavy SM, BD, torture sessions, tit torture, cock & ball torture, anal work, fist-fucking, 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

MASSACHUSETTS

BIG RIG TRUCKERS

With heavy loads wanted by WM 30, 5-10, hot and handsome. Prefer Bisexual WM 25-55 rugged and Irish, cleanshaven. Reply PO Box 519, Boston MA, 02258.

HOT MUTUAL ASS GAMES

Healthy, ultra-hairy, pierced, 35, trim, 5-10, brown/blue seeks versatile partners 25-45 for long ass sessions. Dildoes! Pumps! Plugs! FF. Let's get our asses sore - then let's really play! Visiting Northern Europe Feb - April 90. PO Box 1615, Provincetown MA 02657. 7377LF

MASTER SEEKS MUSCULAR SLAVE

Master, 39, tall, well-built, construction workers body, hairy, cleancut, successful, educated seeks slave, 18-26, smooth, hard, well defined bodybuilder needing a demanding man to guide your life. HS and college jocks a plus. I will develop your mind and mold your body to perfection. I am a protective and caring Master. Will train inexperienced with proper attitudes, complete obedience, and superior physiques. Work/school or pro BB as I determine is best for you. HIV NEGATIVE ONLY. Relocation for top quality applicant. Physique photos, telephone to Master, Suite 296, 105 Charles St., Boston, MA 02114. (617) 437-1821. 5304LF

MATURE LEATHERMAN

GWM 35 yrs, 5-10, bld hair and bearded, very hairy, seeks bottoms to expand with long sessions and to explore and experiment. Send detailed letter with photo for response only. Box 7396LF

SM CLUBHOUSE

Private, members only, 24-hr clubhouse with equipment NOW OPEN! (617) 282-7196.

BLACK LEATHER AND BONDAGE

WM, 31, 6-1, 190 needs booted, gloved, arrogant Leather Master for dog training, heavy bondage (hoods, gags, immobilization) and forced safe sex. Thank You, Sir, for your consideration. Box 4576LF

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

SLAVE - PET - SON

wanted fulltime by hot hairy uncut 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

SPANK ME

Long, hard, and firmly over your knee. Apply corporal punishment to my upturned butt. Use your hand, paddle, strap or switch to correct bad attitude. WM, 37, 5-8, 148lbs, 39in chest, 30in waist, br/blue, great ass. Nick, PO Box 275, Medford MA 02155

WANTED: MASTER

Sir, would like to be a male sex slave. Would like intense, indepth, and thorough training sessions. Keep me naked, in bondage, and shaved of all hair. My loyalty and obedience will be given. I'm 36, 5-2, 125 lbs and have a muscular build. Please write with instructions. Box 7429

HORNY IN THE HUB

WM - 42 - hot cocksucker, 5-10, 155 lbs. Master cocksuckers need only apply. Same age or close. If you don't make me beg, you will. Reply Box 7445

DOWN AND DIRTY

Need hot, sweaty, safe sex from aggressive Topman. WM, 26, 6-3, 180, 7 and a half cut, seeks big dick dominant Tops 18-45 to use me. Turn-ons: Blacks, Latins, leather, muscles, uncuts, piss, dildoes, groups, SM, BD, ballwork, shaving, aroma, sucking, getting fucked. Send letter telling me what's in store, maybe photo. Box 7118LF

MICHIGAN

SON SEEKS DADDY

24 yr old WM, 145 lbs, 5-8, attractive, seeks the guidance, discipline, and affection of his daddy. Son's interests include light to heavy bondage, TT, CBT, toys w/lots of assplay safe sex, spankings, shaving?, rubber? Son needs muscular dad who is under 45 and has same interests. Box 6832LF

SEEKING MASTER TOP

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

BUTCH LEATHER SEEKS SAME

WM, 34, 6ft, 160, bearded, healthy, safe, stable seeks tall, butch, healthy buddies 7-40 into cocksucking, JO, rimming, sweat, pits, titwork, leather, levis, jockstraps, boots and

??? Smoke/drink OK. No fats, fems, drugs, or pain. (Detroit area.) Penpals welcome. Reply with letter/photo. Box 7275LF

SEEKING KINKY TOP

WM mid 30s seeks training & discipline. Bottom loves wax, TT, dog service, feet, cigars, and leather. Also seeking chance to earn my red hanky (right). Please, Sir, tie and train me. Travel Midwest. PO Box 2965, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. 7299LF

MINNESOTA

TIT TORTURE

Bearded, hairy chested slave needed by demanding bearded, hairy chested 36 year old Master for TT, CBT, SM, BD scenes in my dungeon. Slave must be under 6 ft tall and under 35 years old. Call (612) 559-1062 before 11:00 PM for interview or write PO Box 22602 Mpls., MN 55422. No JO calls. 7112LF

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, 6ft, 175, bearded and hairy. (612) 559-1062 (No JO calls after 11 pm) PO Box 22602, Minneapolis, MN 55422. 7112LF

MISSISSIPPI

MANHUGGING LEATHERS FOR US

Balding, bearded, booted professional lives and sleeps the leathery life. Looking for a mature, sensitive man who's also sensually attuned to balls, bikes, jockstraps, bodybuilding. Harold: mid-40s, enjoys classical music, leather-bikined yardwork, home and crafts-related hobbies. Join me for a smoke/drug free beginning of leathery togetherness. POB 5172, Biloxi, MS 39534- 0172. 6386LF

NEBRASKA

BOOT BUDDY WANTED

41, 5-11, 160 clean cut WM seeking someone who is turned on by cop motorcycle boots and cowboy boots for mutual gratification and friendship, safe, sane, versatile, and discreet. Box 7357

NEW HAMPSHIRE

LEATHER & UNIFORM DADDY

5-6, BB, bearded, very hairy uncut Daddy into Leather, uniforms, boot service looking for submissive slaves. Willing to share my slave lover to right man. Box 7412

SLAVE WANTS LEATHER!

5-11, 160lbs, blond slave wants men into full leathers. Am slave looking for leather bondage and discipline. Have lover (Top) who is willing to share and experience w/me. Box 7414

NEW JERSEY

TORTURE TURN YOU ON?

Experienced sadist seeks young (18-30) well built captives man enough to endure imaginative and heavy bondage, pain and torture in my extraordinarily equipped dungeon. Limits explored and expanded. More interested in classic torture scenes than leather sex. (201) 874-6725, after 8 PM. 4769LF

MASTER

Looking for slaves or bottoms who are into getting fucked, CBT, sucking, hot wax, getting shaved, hoods, fist fucking, dildos and especially long assplay. Novice welcome. Letter, photos, and phone number to Mr. Ron Apple, PO Box 160022, Nashville, TN, 37216. 6977LF

NEW JERSEY LEATHERMAN

GWM, 29, 5-10, 200, stashed, 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

HOT TIMES

South Jersey/Philadelphia GWM, 5-10, 28, br/bl, beard, looking for bottom or mutual partners. I'm into almost anything. Prefer hairy bodies. Age and looks not the most important things. Travel nationwide. Will answer all responses. Box 7230LF

DAD/MASTER SEEKS SON

Goodlooking Italian, leather Dad/Master, 46, 5-8, 150, good build, dark hair, moustache, dominant, affectionate, firm but caring, not into games and Exclusively Top seeks a one-to-one no bullshit relationship with a goodlooking masculine WM dad's son/slave, 21-34, who is self-reliant, obedient, submissive, into more than fantasy-fulfillment and is exclusively bottom. You want to serve Dad/Master in SM, BD, spankings, enemas, etc. Safe sex only. Send photo, phone, letter to Box 1342, Bloomfield, NJ 07003.

SILVER FOX DAD NEEDS BOY

Masculine, safe, sensible, patient Master (53, 6-2, 190) requires young attractive slave, houseboy, loyal cocksucker. Cut, clean, trim, submissive sons top consideration. Spankings, titwork, VA, control, permanent home possible for right hunky boy meeting my qualifications. Send respectful letter for application orders. Inexperienced fine, photo essential. All areas, apply. Box 7355

NEW MEXICO

FORMER SLAVE BB

now proud Ledermeister wants to meet his match. Seeks company of others who have come up the hard way or will train other hardbodies who aspire to middle/Top management positions. Equal opportunity boss, 44, 5-11, 175 pounds of perfect proportions, Texas tits, massive 8 in. cut. Apply with photo and stats to Box 6683LF

NEW YORK

BLACK SEEKS WHITE

"brother"/love, for lusty lifemate! Sibling's 30, 6-3, 165, smooth bronze swimmer's build body. Moustache, quiet, educated, professional. My "older/big brother" is submissive, total bottom cocksucker, masculine, reliable, gentleman, makes me horny for pumping (safely) his hot white buns, feeling his warmth when sucking big black dick. SERIOUS about relationship / commitment / monogamy, togetherness, levelheaded. Clean healthy living. NO drugs, brutality, pain, FF, macho bullshit, but man enough for love, masculine intimacy, sensitivity, romance, caring, special bond only two men can share. Feels so good! Guess that's what "big brothers" are for. Box 7454

RAUNCH MAN

Hot WM, 34, 5-10, 160 looking for a great time. Partner must be hot pig looking for action. Safe long assplay and ass worship. Send photo/number. Box 7453

WANTED: HOT LEATHER STEEL

Must be turned on by the smell, feel, and look of black leather. Handsome, masculine, blond, 35, 6ft, 165, good build, needs safe leather sex with hot men in full leather. Let's gear up and explore leather, SM, BD fantasies. Kingston area. Letter, photo, phone. Box 7452LF

CNY WORKOUT BUDDY

Wanted by hot GWM BB 32 - 6-2, 190. Let's keep each other pumped up with long, hard, sweaty workouts. Answer if you're serious and have the body to prove it. Letter and phone to Box 3823 Syracuse NY 13220.

CAVERNOUS SHAVED MAN HOLE

Gym workouts keep my body in shape and

DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

daily bike riding keeps my melon ass cheeks molded hard. But this healthy 41 WM Scorpio pig's ass has a deep hungry hole that craves attention. Man is 5-7, 135 lbs, bearded, pierced tits-cock-balls, shaved chest, ass-c-b. Into mutual heavy ass work, ass toys, ball and foot fucking, L/L, mouth and tongue drool to extra special turn-on of feet, boots, socks, and jocks. Absolute turn-off to overweights, unexperienced, and men who only have fantasies but are unable to live them. Communicate by phoning (212) 255-3138, 7-12pm EST or write Box 1440 Madison Square Station, NYC NY 10159 with photo, phone, description. Experience a real MAN! 5575LF

UPSTATE LEATHERMAN

Hot, leatherclad, booted man into the smell, taste, and feel of black leather, seeks same. Masculine, handsome, white, 36, 6ft, 165, blond, moustache, 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 +. 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, 6ft, 190 lbs, NYC & upstate. Non-live-in, on-call or scheduled to start. Box 6842LF

MUSCLE BOY/POWERLIFTER WTD
by NYC hairy Dad with good build. 45, 6-0, 190, br/bl. Son must have big powerful legs, live in, be into bodybuilding or powerlifting, need endless pec-nipple work, CBT, and guidance. Photo/phone to Box 4717LF

PART TIME URINAL

needs a Master in Western NY area to expand my limits and make me your toilet, Train me, Sir, to feed out of Your hole or dog bowl. Would like to be kept in diapers and collar, etc. Need to be Your toilet and pet. I'm 38, 6ft, average looks. Used rubbers appreciated and enjoyed. Box 6699LF

CHALLENGE TO A REAL MASTER
Bottom/passive is seeking to serve, expand and learn from knowledgeable Master(s). Young acting and thinking 45, educated, it, blond hair and blue eyed. Wishes to continue previous training in the leather and SM 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, cleanshaven, 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

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 CBT, 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

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 need 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 PG CAN'T GET 'NUFF

of hot, wet men, groups or single, juicy assholes and foreskins, L/L, TT, deep rim, vacuum, dildoes, Top, bottom, mutual; FF 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 moustache, into leather, TT, CBT, shaving, piercing, BD, watersports, needs nonsmoking Master/lover who can show me the ropes but who won't mind have the tables turned now and then. Box 7045LF

LEATHER MASTER

6-1, 200, handsome, 38, seeks obedient slaves interested in giving pleasure/taking orders. Photo/phone required. AL, PO Box 20004, LD-TR-Sta, NYC, NY 10011

CONSTRUCTION WORKERS

Hot Master and handsome slave, 39 and 30, both construction workers, 6ft, 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

DOMINANT MAN SOUGHT

GWM seeks friendly leather. No drugs, pot, heavy drinkers, hustlers. S. Westchester vicinity/parking. LSA, 147 West 42 St., Room 603, NYC 10036.

DADDY WANTED

Latin boy, White, healthy, cleanshaven, submissive, 5-4, 130, 40, in-shape, hairy, uncut, seeks Top bearded Daddy, caring, for relationship, domination, leather, spanking, VA, safe kink. No cigarettes. Box 7151LF

THE CELLBLOCK ANNEX

Hosted 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 St., NYC 10014. Telephone: (212) 627-1140. Call or write for information.

SPANKER JUSTIFIED

GWM will rub dominant man's fly. You give me a firm, barehanded spanking as punishment for groping you without permission. Safe sex only. No drugs, pot, heavy drinkers, hustlers. S. Westchester vicinity/parking. LSA, 147 West 42 Street, Room 603, NYC 10036.

DOMINANT SADISTIC MASTER

wants young, trim, submissive, masochistic slaveboy, into all scenes, no limits, experienced/novice OK. Fantasies become reality. You: into pain, total servitude, anything! Serious only! Master: 45, 6ft, 180, lives NY, Miami, travels. Supply detailed experiences, desires, photo, phone. Box 345, 70-A Greenwich Ave., NYC 10011, 7200LF

MAN TO MAN

Wet and horny ass hole into FF looking for versatile huge dick to use me 24 hours, if it is your fantasy call me, I am good looking 39 5-9 150 lbs. No overweights and unexperienced. 212-315-5859 432 W 56 St. # 5W, NY NY 10019, 7231LF

40 PLUS

Mature gent seeks in-shape 40 plus gent to share SM sex. Top or bottom including affection and maybe more. Box 7251

DOG PIG NEEDS TO SERVICE

a hot raunchy man to collar me, make me lick and service boots, feet, armpits, balls, chew raunchy, sweaty jockstrap, sweatsox, I will eat and drink from dog dish. Also WS, verbal abuse, tit and ball work. Sir, please send orders & photo if you can. Box 7232LF

RUBBERMAN

in Western NY needs a Master or playmate for regular fun and games or phone sex. Heavy into rubber and latex, leather, sports gear and jocks. I like bondage, boot licking, water sports, heavy verbal abuse, etc. Sir, I'll take care of all Your needs. I'm 38, 6ft, 175, bearded, pierced tits and dick. Sir, I need to serve You, please. Box 6699LF

MARRIED COCKSUCKER

Handsome, 31, 6ft, 155, with a real tight pussyass, needs to service horny, hung, Topmen/Daddies weekday mornings in NYC. (Preferably Chelsea/West Village.) Dark complexions (Italian/Latino/Black,) hairy, and big uncult cocks are all turn-ons. 70A Greenwich Ave., #467, NYC 10011, 7295LF

TALL/BROAD MEN

Do you need really exciting service (especially those big feet?) by a hot WM, 33, 6-1, 185, very attractive, masculine, works out, and sincere? Then Top or bottom, please call Burt, between 8pm-12mid at (212) 675-7352, to meet in NYC. No phone JO. For your regular locker room pleasure, total explosive action and more. 7292LF

HOLESOME

Bottoms wants to serve endowed Topmen. Open my holes wide to dominating use. I am a hungry fuckmouth, a pissface who needs his ass plumped. VA, beer, grease/grime, bondage, aroma, safesex, NY area. Photo, action, Box 6427LF

BEER BELLY MASTER

Italian, 38, 5-9, 215, cigar smoker, seeks chunky dog/pig into heavy whippings, torture, CBT, TT, WS, FF, bondage, scat, dog food, leather, complete humiliation, degradation. Shit that wants to be treated like shit. Photo, detailed letter, qualifications to Box 7322LF

FISTFUCKING BUDDIES WANTED
In good shape, 160, 32, 5-9, smooth body seeks horny hands. David, Box 7402

BLACK OR LATIN TOP WANTED

Attractive, submissive, obedient GWM, 35, 6-2, 165 wants to serve a black or latin Master. I will follow orders, take your abuse and endure whatever humiliation you are pleased to give. Your satisfaction is my only concern. I'm an ardent lover, a skilled cocksucker, an experienced asshole, an eager bootlicker, spittoon, toilet or whatever else you want me to be. Manhattan - East Village. Box 7340

NORTHEAST BARBER

Tall WM thirties interested in giving haircuts from trims to very short cuts. Also into bodyshaving. Thinking of getting that military look? Taking off that moustache or beard? Want the feeling of a baby smooth chest or crotch? Then write and let's discuss it. Box 6768LF

NYC STUD SEEKS PUSSYBOY

GBM, dominant, handsome, and hung heavy needs devoted male pussy to use at will. I'm 24, 6-1, 175 lbs. Pussyboy is any age/race, Gr/p, Fr/a. Stud also enjoys spanking, CBT, TT, assplay and body worship. Safe only. NYC area. Send photo/phone. Box 7376LF

HOT YUPPY TOP

Very handsome, blond, 30, 6ft, 160, dominant, (bottom to select few) with all-American looks and firm hand seeks masculine kid brother/slave to slap around, service me, cigar in hone hand, your hot butt in another. We'll take things from there. (Also bottom buddy avail-

able for 3rd.) Photo/phone. POB 1955, NYC 10025, 7374LF

POLICE OFFICER

Police Officer sought in order to act out arrest scenes. And possibly more. No heavy drinkers. Easy car parking here (NYC outskirts.) Box 7404

CLASSICAL SM

Leather muscle man exp in all forms of BD WS raunch JO and fantasy 30 yrs old handsome hung hunk. Fully equipped. Rock Box 7383

NOVICE WANTS HUNG TOP

Bottom looking for caring, hung Top to play with my ass and tits. I want to expand my limits. Me 35, 5-8, 155, you send photo and letter with personal desires and telephone number. Box 7411

BLACK BOTTOM

6 feet, 170 lbs, hazel eyes. Totally into fisting - loves to pig out - punch fucking to the elbow. you can't change hands fast enough. Have I got the Hole for you. "BEC" PO Box 966, Bklyn NY 11240-0966.

TORTURE

my cock balls tits. GWM, 37, 5-6, 175. Make them purple and swollen. Also into mutual torture, imagination more important than looks. Box 725, 132 W 24 St., NYC NY 10011.

IRISH TOP SKS BOTTOMS

Attractive, dominant WM, 34, 6-2, 160 lbs, seeks young men, 20 to 40, to use and abuse. Kneel before me, worship my body, take whatever torture and humiliation I want to give. SM, BD, TT, CBT, WS. Limits respected. Manhattan. Box 7420

SCAT W/S

bottom or mutual heavy scenes assplay. WM 50s, 5-10, 155 lbs, hairy in NYC. BB, hard hat, military, 35+, tall, musc., +. Need reg. feeders. Photo phone Box 7422

SPANKED RAW!

your ripe, full, and bare ass is long overdue for a good hand spanking, then your already tender glowing cheeks are positioned for a hot strapping. Ow! You might seek revenge on this 48 WM bearded hairy chested disciplinarian and blister my naked behind. PO Box 123, Midland Park, NJ 07432.

TIRED OF SEARCHING?

Interested in forming a meaningful relationship that is free of all pretense? I offer friendship and acknowledgement of your true self. Not interested in games of any kind. If all you want is quick sex, please look elsewhere. But if you are ready for the real thing, this is it. As one gay male to another, I will be your friend and brother. Walk with me and you will know happiness and joy. Me: 34, 5-10, 175 lbs, HIV-, nonsmoker, drug free. You: 25-40, same. Binghamton area, but can travel within reason. I'm lonely and waiting for you. Bill, Box 7384

BIG DICK BLACK STALLION

wants obedient polite whiteboy all my OWN! Stud's 29, 6-3, 175, moustache. Sensible, educated. Not into pain. Quiet, dominant, horny for white pussy, caring monogamous relationship with affectionate cocksucker to love, horsefuck (safely) Honesty with our needs, feelings. You: attractive, understanding, satisfy a black man. No drugs, bullshit. KNOW what you want! PO Box 1555, NYC 10011.

SEEKING SATAN

Blond Nordic God, massive muscles and cock, experienced SM Master/Mutual, considers Satanic Contract for total fulfillment. Is seeking true agents of the Devil for eternal satanic sex, to obtain complete life-gratification and to establish my dark divinity. Photo/phone a must. PO Box 141, NYC NY 10469.

DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

USE THIS WHITE FAGGOT

Hot healthy submissive GWM, 33, 5-9, 145, goodlooking masculine needs dominant verbal tough dude(s) any race to humiliate me and use me as a cocksucker bootlicker asseater urinal. Bondage makes me helpless and ready to be used and fucked. Box 7389

PRIVATE LEATHERMEN'S CLUB

CELL BLOCK 28, 28 Ninth Ave., New York City, NY 10014 (downstairs.) Meets every Sunday from 3PM to 3AM. Also meets every Monday through Thursday from 8PM to 3AM and parties on till ??? FREE CLOTHES CHECK AND SODA BAR. BYOB. Bring in this ad for a FREE MEMBERSHIP. For more information, stop by, write, or phone (212) 733-3144

NORTH CAROLINA

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

LEATHERSLAVE WANTED

Any race. Age? Limits accepted AND expanded. Tell me how you'll serve me. Nude photo. Box 7421

OHIO

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, electrocution, 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. 6837LF

DADDY/MASTERS NEEDED

GWM, 35, 185, 5-11, beard, brown hair, green eyes, 7 inches cut, Fr/A, Gr/P, submissive. Seeking hot, hung, muscled, 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 US 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. 6895LF

CINCINNATI BOTTOM

Handsome, muscular GWM, bottom, 6-1, 175#, healthy, 33. Into bondage, CBT, gags, blindfolds, discipline. Seeks Tops, especially blacks, into expanding slave's experience. All letters with photo answered. Box 7236LF

TICKLE-TORTURE & LEATHER

Slim, 35, GWM, 6-1, needs to exchange massages, tickles, torture, bear hugs, playing with a LeatherMan. I'm a nonsmoking, educated professional. I stay limber & in shape through casual exercise. Would like to expand both the Top and bottom within me. PO Box 12650, Toledo, OH 43606. 7299LF

NUDE HOUSEBOY/SLAVE

wanted part time, 21-30, slim, short. Some

exhibitionism, SM. Cleveland. Photo and phone to Box 7329

HAIL SATAN

Black man, 37, 5-6, 145lbs seeks pussy boy / toilet to worship and abuse. We will celebrate Satan, Sodomy, and Shit. You are over 30, 5-8 or under, sober and healthy. Box 7419

UNDERWEAR/BONDAGE/SM

Stripped to my white jockey shorts. Tied spreadeagle. GWM 35 wants you to send the shorts you'll use as a gag. Also a pic and letter. Spanking, JO, shaving, hot wax. R. P., PO Box 133, Tallmadge OH 44278.

OREGON

MATURE M.C. LEATHERMAN

Harley-riding bootmaster seeks safe sex relationship with bottom into ongoing leather experiences. No pain or far-out kink, just healthy leather sex, bootlicking 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

LEATHER DADDY/DADDY BEAR

35 y.o. bearded attractive WM wants leather Daddy or Daddy Bear for morning or afternoon sessions of mainly safe sex, playing with tits, ass, balls, and mind. Box 6937LF

PENNSYLVANIA

ASS-EATING ADDICT

Goodlooking expert ass-eater, seeks Tops, bottoms for regular weekend action & possible evenings. Pluses - shaved & stretched holes, uncut and live in Philadelphia area. Into armpits, VA, WS, FF. Race not important. Serious minded answered first. Photo helpful. No scat. Relationship possible for the right man. Box 6902LF

DADDIES, BEARS, TRUCKERS

27, 6 ft, 185, bl/bl, moustache and hairy. Hot bottom likes to service dominant Tops. Slap my ass. Fuck my tight hole. Make me drink your piss. Please enclose a descriptive letter along with photo(s) and phone number. Box 7347

BOY WANTS LEATHER DADDY

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

BLACK OR HAIRY WHITE TOP

wanted for ass belonging to a 36, 6ft, 160 White bottom. Looking for a dominant, cocky, hung fuck buddy. Good ass for good dick. tourists, truckers, transients welcome. Bottom is attractive, professional and hot and sleazy for the right guy. Box 53113, Philadelphia PA 19105.

STRICT DADDY

Novice looking for hairy, strict Daddy for TT, CBT, GS and shave. Horse fuck your new boy. Spank my ass hard. Relocation considered with right Daddy. You: 30 or older, no fats or feds. Me: 30, 5-11, 210 lbs. Write D. Chubb 124-B Emerald St. Harrisburg PA 17110. Photo/phone. 7348LF

LEHIGH VALLEY MASTER

is looking for a new slave. After four satisfying years, the latest one's career has taken him out of the area. I'm forty-two, almost six feet tall, and weight about one hundred sixty; all in all I'm pretty average. You must live in the Lehigh Valley and have your own place where we can get together. Other than that you can be anything, provided you're willing to be molded to my needs. If interested, please write. I will quickly answer all. Mailing address preferred; photograph desirable but not

required. J. A. Dvorshak, PO Box 341, Emmaus, PA 18049-0341

RHODE ISLAND

MASTER/DAD NEEDED

Master/Top needed by WM submissive. Need training in SM. Please. Sir, use my hot, masculine, muscular body for your pleasure. 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

SC SLAVE NEEDS HUNG TOPS

25 yr old slave needs horny, hung Topmen to fill my hot holes. I am obedient, healthy and love using my lips and tongue anywhere you say. Also have tight asshole that needs hard, juicy cocks inside. I would enjoy submitting to WS, dildoes, BD and have large collection of BD and Leather videos you could enjoy while I service your Topman needs. Top couples, also groups welcomed. Write to K.M., PO Box 6947, Columbia, SC 29260. 6698LF

BY YOUR BALLS

Cigar-chewing redneck Daddy, 43, 6ft, lean and mean, will take ownership of family jewels of healthy young buck needing ass turned into cunt/hole for heavy horse cock. Discipline, shaving, TT, WS, VA Give Daddy your balls and be his pussyboy junk. Hot photo & letter. Box 7050LF

WM 40S WANTS LIVE-IN

Clean, employable, healthy (!! check!) obsessively oversexed, manly, s-t-r-a-i-g-h-t WM (Ital-PR-Lat, 25-34, muscles, hung t-h-i-c-k, bullnut lowhangers, hairy, dominant, verbal, rough, thuggish, exhibitionistic, arrogant) to suck worship. Handwrite complete details, your expectations, several nude pix (a must!) Box 7237LF

MASTER BARBER

wants willing subjects/slaves for haircutting/barbershop scenes. Me - Top, bald, 36, belly, beard. You - clean, full head hair, into receiving disciplinary haircuts and body shaving. VA, BD, WS, HIV-neg, you same. Interested in group scenes / rituals / initiation / induction. Contact Box 7417LF

TENNESSEE

WEEKEND TRAINING

GWM 40, 6ft, 195 novice to serve muscular leather Master as saie bootlicking, cocksucking collared slave. Moderate BD, SM, WS. Boy is healthy nonsmoker. Available in southern Kentucky and middle Tennessee. (502) 843-2376 after 10pm.

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, six and a half 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, WS, domination and much more. Only REAL MEN call. No JO, bullshit. Travelers welcome. Have place to park big rigs. Call (615) 528-5128. John (Perm Master/slave possible.) 6943LF

TEXAS

WANTED: BONDAGE MASTER

Hot muscular jock WM 5-8, 160, 34 yrs enjoys heavy restraint, bondage, wrestling, forcing

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

INTENSE LUBBOCK STUD

GWM, 38, 5-9, 160, good build, hung, masculine, into CBT, TT, bondage and lots of hot but safe action. I'm mainly Top, but am looking for the Man who can tame and train me. Looks unimportant; brain, build and attitude are. Letter, photo, and phone to Box 6269LF

KINKY LEATHER BOOTMASTER

Sweaty, stinky Latino, 6-3, 200, 45, seeks slave(s), Corpus Christi. Texas area only. Pigout on my 16 inch 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

SENSITIVE TOP MAN WANTED

Deal man wants workouts and bondage scenes. Sign language or notes. No drugs. Safe sex only. Piercing optional. Box 7321

TEXAS TOP

38 year old Daddy, 5-10, 140, brown hair/eyes, moustache, hairy, cut, wants self-assured nonsmoker who keeps fit, has dark hair and is a moderately hairy anglo. You should like LIGHT: SM, bondage, spanking, and cock, ball, and tit manipulation. I want a guy around my age who can deal with dominance and tenderness. Send photo and description to PO Box 70792, Houston TX 77270-0792.

ARROGANT MAN WANTED

Blonde, 25 yr old, All American seeks extremely arrogant, foul mouthed, dark haired, hairy Master to use, abuse and humiliate me at your pleasure. I am 5-9, 145 lbs, goodlooking. You are safe, sane and believe that you truly deserve to be serviced. Box 7431

VIRGINIA

DOG SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

27 year old needs a Master to train him. Into all scenes, including FF, WS, shaving, branding, piercing, heavy bondage and making videos. Please Sir I beg to hear from you - 12638-28 Jefferson Ave, Suite 249, Newport News VA 23602

TOUCH MY HAIR

lightly. Feel my hard shoulders, then the biceps. Smell my ripe farmer armpits. Tongue both big tits. Hold my tight, warm, leathery butt. Then descend down - down - and unlace my tall logger boots - smell the musky sweat - lick the dusty leather. You're mine, bootlicker. I'll be yours too - swapping favor for favor. But only one will wear the massive iron collar. Only one will sleep hooded, gagged, immobilized. Box 33, Riner VA 24149. 7352LF

DOMINANT LONGDONG DADDY

Bi white married 6-1 185 lb uncut 9 inch 51, seek asslickers, piss drinkers, cum eaters. Photo phone SASE, Randy PO Box 7651 Richmond VA 23231 or phone 804-257-9599 recorder.

WASHINGTON

NORTHWEST BUDDY NEEDED

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

HIV-

Cute 37 (looks 25) 5-9, cleanhaven, 150, nice body, seeks confident, stable, mature Caucasian or Black Master/Daddy into owner-

ship, training, sex, domination of virgin slave boy. Please, Sir, use mouth as urinal, tongue toilet paper. Am lonely and hungry for serious, lasting SM relationship. Box 7264LF

HOT, HORNY LEATHERMAN

34, 5-10, 177, hairy, bearded, versatile, with good build seeks b uddies into leather, Levis, boots, uniforms, fu cking, fistfucking, SM, BD, and more. Ich Kann auf Deutsch. Jeg taler norsk. Hablo español. Photo to Bridwell, 3318 Lincoln Way, Unit A, Lynnwood, WA 98036.

UNCLE

37, seeks brother with son for family reunion, family fun. Please contact. Jegar Kirsebaer-brister. Box 7364

SEATTLE IN JAN 90

GWM, 28, 6-2, 195 lbs, blond/blue, moustache. Interests: football, basketball, bicycling, nights in town pal-ing around. Turn-ons: mature masculine men 28-40, old fashioned safe sex. Turn- offs: obesity, TV's, femmes, smokers, drugs. Mainly interested in finding good friends, but maybe more! Box 7400

LEATHER BUDDY WANTED

44, 6-5, 225, blond, blue, moustache, muscular, healthy, tattooed, attractive, stable. New to scene seeks other novice or levelheaded masculine guy to explore and expand safe imaginative scenes. Maybe develop permanent one on one relationship. Box 7444

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, ph one and photo a must. Gets mine. Box 7152LF

GENTLE MASTER NEEDED

Am 30, but look younger. Looking for construction worker, biker, trucker, pro wrestler types. Into leather, worn Levis, tall boots, pecs, muscles, armpits and tattoos. Need limits expanded to getting fucked for the first time by a real macho stud. Any age. Novice to scene. Not into torture scenes. Send photo. Box 7240LF

MOVING TO PARKERSBURG

WM, 35, very masculine, decent looking Top. I dispense woodshed discipline followed by long hot fuck sessions. My thick cock never gets soft. Box 7408

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

BOY WANTED

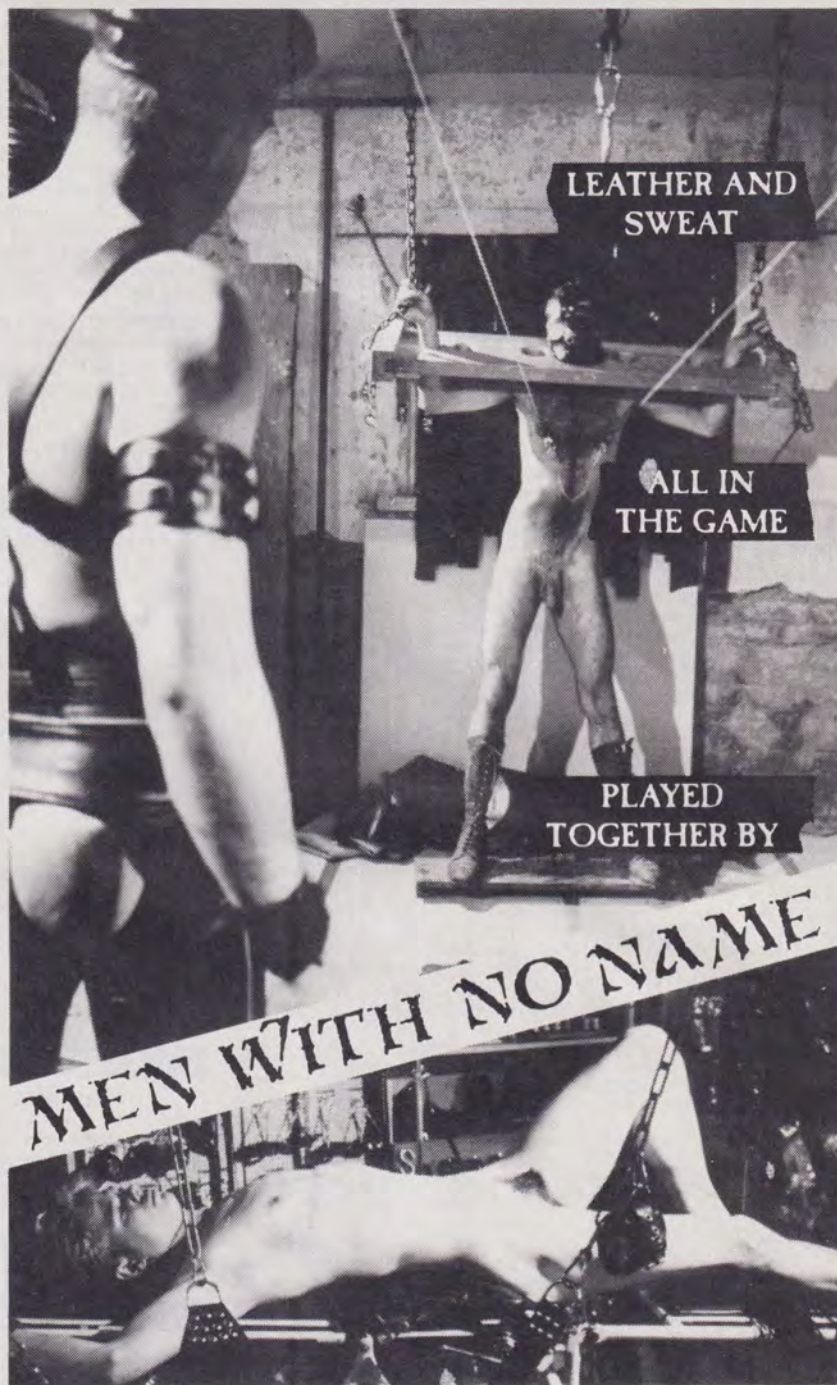
40 year old tall, lean, no BS Dad wants boy to take full charge of. Into cars, working out, wrestling, athletics, leather and bondage sex. Send pix and spec sheet to Box 6831LF

BONDAGE BOTTOM

seeks experienced Top into mummification and total immobilization, loves to have tits and cock worked on. Me: GWM, 6-2, 200 lbs. 45. You: 30-45 GWM 5-6 to 6ft. Central Wisc area. Write Box 7430

INTERNATIONAL

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YOU TWO DO SEX

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MASTERS

Swedish slave (blond, 29) is looking for hard Masters to meet with in US or Europe. Slave likes: dildoes, TT CBT, whips, hoods, humiliation, piss. Smoke OK. Also like to correspond with prisoners both black and white. C. Nilsson, Mossebergsv. 17, 16134 Bromma, Sweden. 6492LF

SWISS TOPMAN COMING TO US

all June, 1989. Muscular, darkhaired, bearded, early 50s, 5-11, 160, good shape, perfect health (HIVneg) this leatherman wants to meet masculine, hairy, kinky leathermen, 28 to 50 for extensive assplay, ti work, optional FF, scat and mainly raunchy long rimming sessions. Write with photo also if visiting Switzerland. Boris Rahm, Hardstr. 58, Basle Switzerland. 5048LF

COPS, UNIFORM, L/L, BB, HUNG?

Two proud masculine ranchers, moustache, hung BIG, hung thick, toned, tight, aggressive, want to hear from above men. Grab a beer, lay back, legs open, tell me what you want in hot explosive letter. Big meat needs same, so outline it with pencil on paper. Body and cock worship, pumping, face straddling, big balls, foreskin, Italian, beard, bald, very verbal are pluses, not necessary. We are friendly, safe, expect same. West Coast, British Columbia, USA. Box 7363

ORLANDO - TRAVELERS?

Two Orlando leathermen interested in greeting leathermen from all over the world who plan to visit the central Florida area. Will provide information on places to stay, Bars, attractions and leather events. Write and let us know if we can assist you. PO Box 7674, Orlando, FL 32804.

BLACK SADIST/MASTER

cruel and uncompromising, demands total obedience and submission within a framework of safety and healthy SM. I am 30-5, 8, 163, highly intelligent, not interested in bull-shit or Eurocentric stereotypes of Black people. You are meek, healthy and ready to serve. Photo & phone. Box 7049LF

HELL AND BACK

USA/Northern Europe: Wanted: Correction or Police Officer/MP/SS into heavy SM indoors and outdoors. Bedroom games out. Only interested in hard action within limits. I'm 34, 180, 5-11, white, goodlooking, crewcut, healthy, muscular, not submissive. Need one partner, 30-40, no beard, moustache, fat, healthy caucasian male, real sadist, strong body and head, tough, wearing police or military gear. Must have well-equipped, private, soundproof facilities. Motivation and scene important. I'm into resisting persuasion, testing and increasing endurance through progressive training over 2/3 days. You get off on initiation, rough contact, verbal abuse, controlled brutality, interrogation, whipping. You would like your partner bare chested wearing jungle fatigues and boots. If you're the man I should face, send challenge with picture c/o Drummer Box 7208

W-18LKS, SMTH141, LG HRYVGN

Jon, R3, 845 NormanLn93108Px?

SON ON THE RUN

25 yrs goodlooking bodybuilder, 6 ft tall 7 inch cock, looking for wellbuilt cop, military, biker, leather daddy type to take care of me. I am dark, smooth, hairless body, blue eyes and all yours. Will travel. Write to Johan Tor, Brevia Box 377, 11421 Stockholm, Sweden. Photo of you a must.

DADDY WANTS 10 INCHES

International executive, exceptionally hand-

some, 53, 5-10, 165lbs. Seeks hung son (18-23) to love who is submissive and obedient. Travel the world with me and take care of all of my needs. Photo and explicit letter essential. Airline tickets provided from anywhere. J. Edelen, Herengracht 568, 1017CH Amsterdam, Netherlands.

CANADA

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

EXPERIENCES WANTED

2 lovers eager to learn, afraid to make mistakes, looking for teachers in the finer points of SM lifestyle. Box 7460

BOOTS & BALLS

White BB 6ft, 200, needs muscle coach to gutpunch and ball-stomp him during power workout/wrestling match. No mercy shown/expected. Send ph/ph to B.M., Box 141, Station P, Toronto Canada, M5S 2S7.

TRAINING NEEDED

boy, 28, 6-1, seeks training by sane, experienced leather Top. I'm willing and eager to learn from the right man who can extend my horizons. Interests include leather, boots, bondage, uncut men, light SM. You: 35+, fit, uncut and hairy a plus. Photo appreciated. Box 6978LF

DR SOUGHT

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

BOOTS, SPURS, HI-TOP SNEAKERS

Locker room valet for football, basketball, hockey teams, licking, sucking, eating dirty, sweaty sneakers, socks, feet clean! Bootboy in bunkhouse full of cowboys with grimy socks, boots and spurs! Bootblack for squads of motorcycle cops! This is my wish for 1989. Box 7057LF

BOOT FANTASIES

WM lives in a world of booted and leather fantasies; 37, 6-4, hot, goodlooking. Enjoys mutual action in leather and booted scene with men in tall highly shined boots. Have large collection of boots and leather. A descriptive letter stating scene with leather booted photo gets response. Box 7427

BOOTS - TORONTO

Early 30s GWM boot boy turned on by the feel, smell and taste of tall shiny black boots and leather. Wants to hear from BOOTED leather clad guys with same interests to share fantasies. Box 7428

MANBOY

29, 5-11, 135, brown/blue, moustache, 8 inches cut, into shaving, leather, underwear, piss, sweat, tits, ripe crotches, boots, dirt, looking for Daddy or Big Brother to share life experiences and fantasies: head to toe shaving, bondage, short-term slavery. All answered. Box 7300LF

ENGLAND

BUSINESS TRAVELER SKS MATES

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

MASOCHIST DAD

62, excellent physical condition, 5-10, 180, short silver hair, moustache, super tits, masculine, full leather, deep throat expert, TT, dildoes and more, welcomes hot BB/

musclemen Tops. Visit NY often. Box 7240LF

SOCIAL SLAVE

I like heavy scenes, but like to be social too. Visitors get shown around, I get used. Bearded 36 bottom likes being roughfucked by Cops, Bikers, and generally rough Tops, one or more, who are into Bondage, SM or other ideas. I also like Vanilla. Crazy? No, English, 36, and 6 ft tall. UK Rope/Leather Master needed for regular scenes. Photos and action details please. Box 6230LF

WEST GERMANY

HELLBENT FOR LEATHER

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

K-TOWN AMERICAN

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

MASTER WITH SLAVE

Experienced German Master, 40, (Interchain 445), with slave, 42, wishes to meet other Masters and/or slaves from all over. Into leather, uniforms, bondage, CBT, discipline scenes, equestrian training. Has well equipped playground. Write: Postfach 74 21, D-4400 Munster, West Germany or call 0251 / 55 77 3.

MASOCHISTS SOUGHT

Non-leather bearded Topman (43, 6-4, 220) looking for submissive masochists/bottoms minimum 35 yrs/bearded. Must be into TT, CBT, anal dilations, catheters; some needles, piss, etc. No dirty! Blacks/Latinos welcome. Can host. Photo welcome. Write Box 7418

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tions, 2554 Lincoln Blvd, #634-D, Venice CA 90291. Visa/MC (213) 550-1303 or (213) 202-4342

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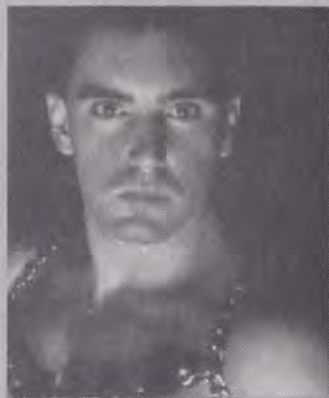
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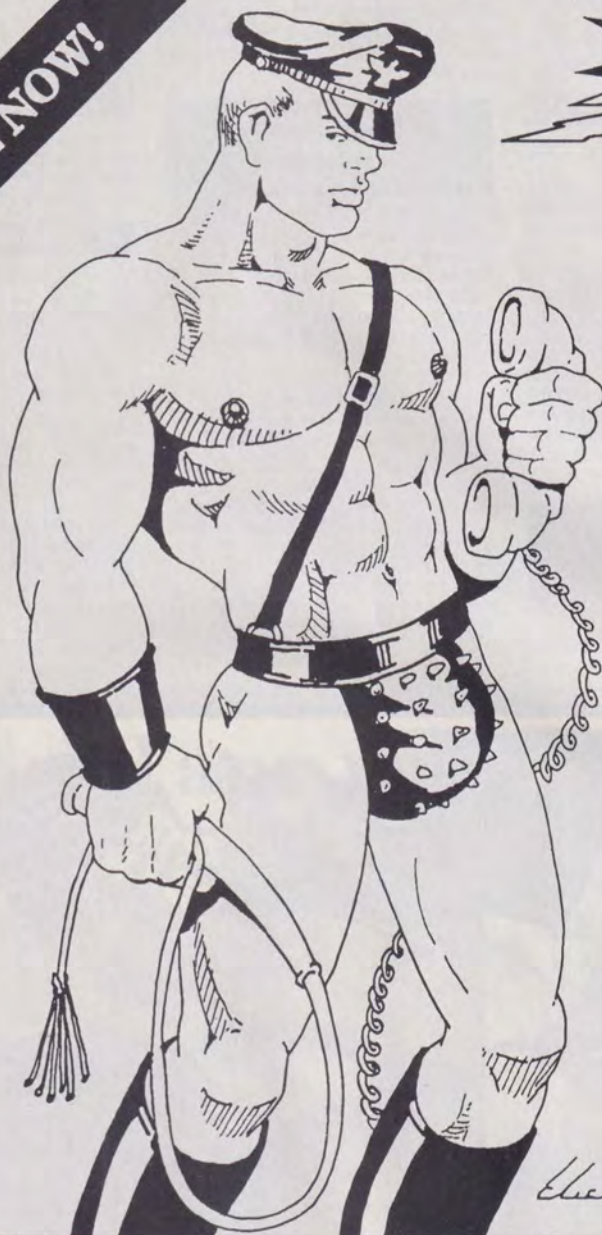


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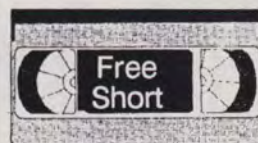
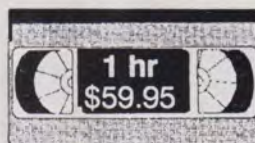
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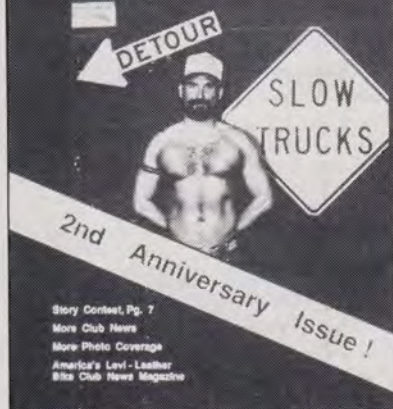
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LEATHER THERAPISTS

Guy Baldwin, writer of *Drummer's* "Ties that Bind" column, is a psychotherapist in private practice in Los Angeles. He is now compiling a directory of Leather/SM-positive therapists and counselors. If you work in this field and wish to be in touch with others who share these interests, please write to Guy Baldwin, MS, c/o *Drummer*, PO Box 11314, San Francisco CA 94101-1314. Please describe your licenses, degrees, special training, and areas of expertise. Also indicate whether you work with men and/or women, homosexual and/or heterosexual clients.

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LEATHER NOTEBOOK

LARRY TOWNSEND

Dear Larry,

I have always liked big nipples on other guys and recently started working on my own—nothing serious, just clothespins and snakebite suction cups. However, one of my nipples seemed to blister a bit almost immediately and consequently I stopped working on them. I can handle a little blood, but this was a real turn-off. My questions: 1.) is this normal? 2.) Does blistering mean an infection is present? 3.) Could I resume working on them, and do you recommend any different techniques?

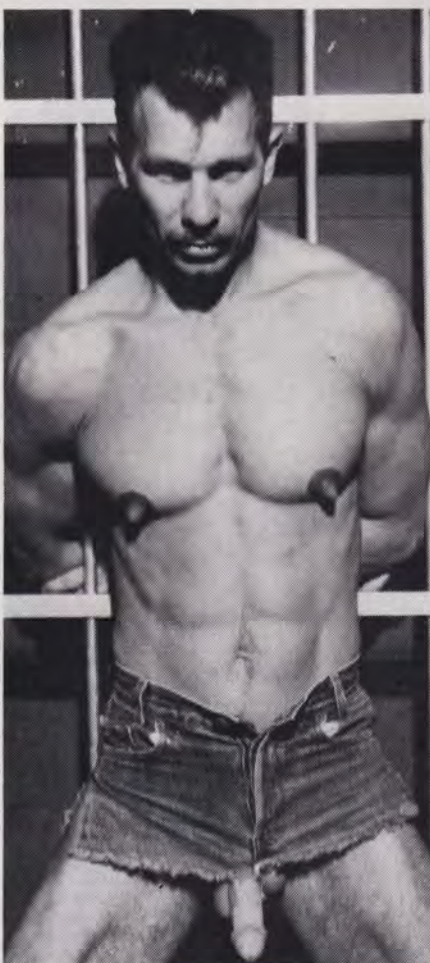
—Confused / Los Angeles, CA

Dear Confused,

I get so many questions about enlarging tits and replacing fore-skins, I'm afraid my regular readers are going to get tired of hearing about them. There is no way to enlarge your nipples quickly, and because of individual differences there is no one method that is going to be best for everyone. Blistering as a result of the mild methods you describe is unusual, so you probably have a more sensitive skin than most—maybe an allergy. Only a doctor's examination is going to tell you for sure. A blister usually becomes infected only if the skin is broken. I recently received a long, detailed letter from a guy who claims to use a vacuum pump on his nipples, then tied them after they were greatly enlarged. Over a long period of time (probably a couple of years,) he produced permanently enlarged nipples. However, compared to you, he probably had the skin of an elephant. I know of other guys who have fucked around with their tits until it required surgery to repair the damage. If your skin is as delicate as you indicate, you are probably better off admiring the big nipples on other guys and leaving yours alone.

Dear Larry,

I was in prison for three years, and because I was so young when I went in (22), I became a "punk" in order to survive. The guy who became my "protector" was rough as hell, and he used to do things with me (or to me) that would certainly qualify as SM. He tied me down, whipped my ass, threatened to castrate me if I didn't do whatever he wanted. Now, when I first went into the joint I had never made it with a man, although I had thought about it. Now that I'm on the outs, I've only done it with men, and



Radical Nipples: watch for an article on radical nipple modification in an upcoming issue of *Drummer*, featuring Zeus model Peter Case. Revelers at San Francisco's Folsom Street Fair this year were treated to up close and personal views of his huge, tattooed and pumped-up nipples. (Photo by Zeus)

the few women I know I could get just don't interest me. I've lately started to go for some "Drummer-type" action, which I enjoy if the other guy is rough enough with me. Although I hated what was happening to me int he joint when it was actually going on, I now think back on it and if I don't have a sex partner available I jack off to the memories. My question is whether you think I was this way all along and didn't know it, or did my experiences in prison change me?

—Ex-con / Kansas City, MO

Dear Ex,

According to the most currently accepted psychological theories, a person's sexual personality is formed in the early stages of his life. Thus the seeds were sown, so to speak, before you ever knew what your pecker was there to do. However, the experiences one has later in life will often open windows for us that would otherwise remain closed. I would guess that you carried the latent abilities to enjoy SM sex long before you entered prison. Your experiences there simply gave you the opportunity to realize them. Now, you have to decide if this is the route you wish to follow. I might note, though, that however much you may have enjoyed being forced to have sex, that is not the real essence of SM.

Dear Larry,

My biggest turn-on is getting into a hot scene with a serviceman, especially a Marine, or maybe a sailor. It's even hotter if the guy seems to be hustling. I thought this would be safer, too, because I understood that everyone was tested for the AIDS virus when he was inducted. Now, I hear about the disease being a problem in the service. Are there statistics on this? Is a serviceman just as apt to be infected as anyone else?

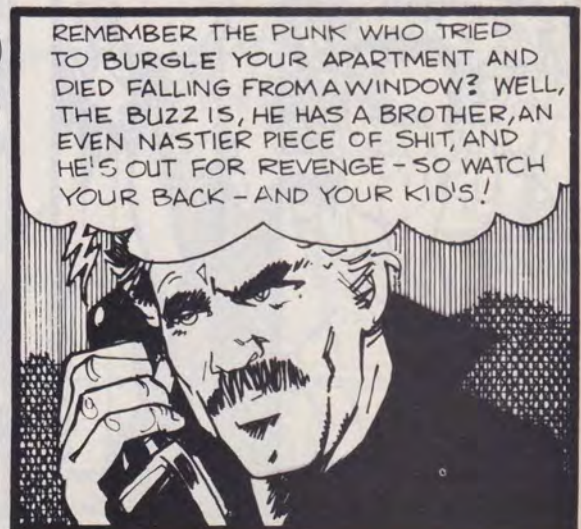
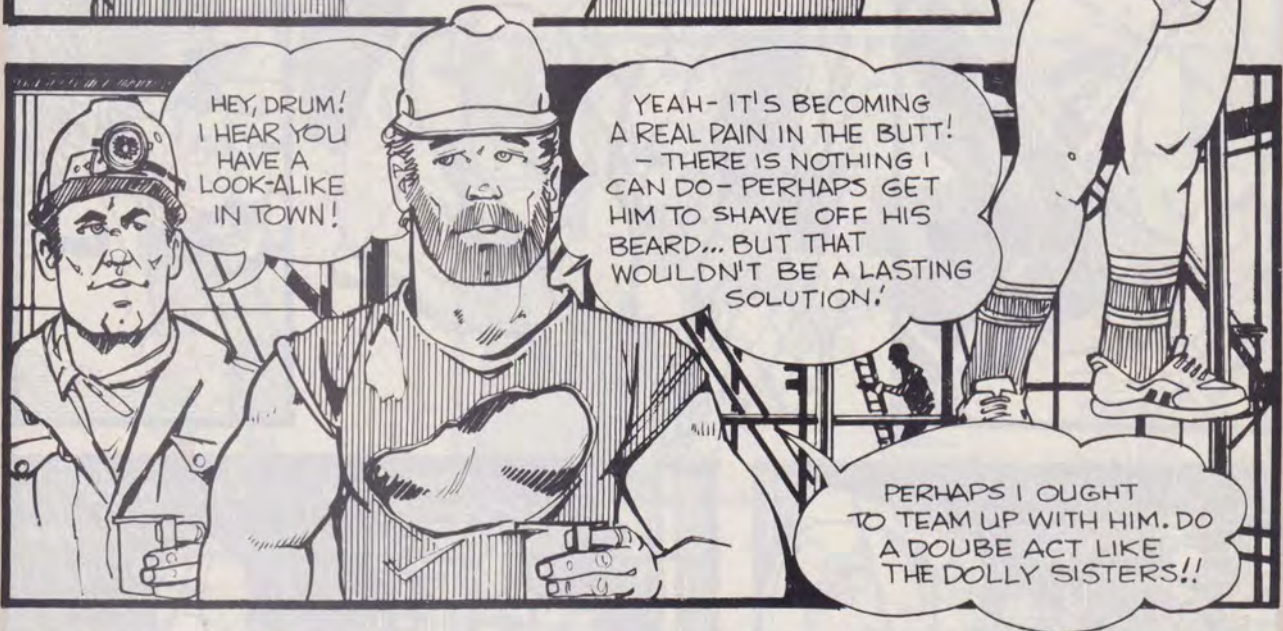
—Jock / New Orleans, LA

Dear Jock,

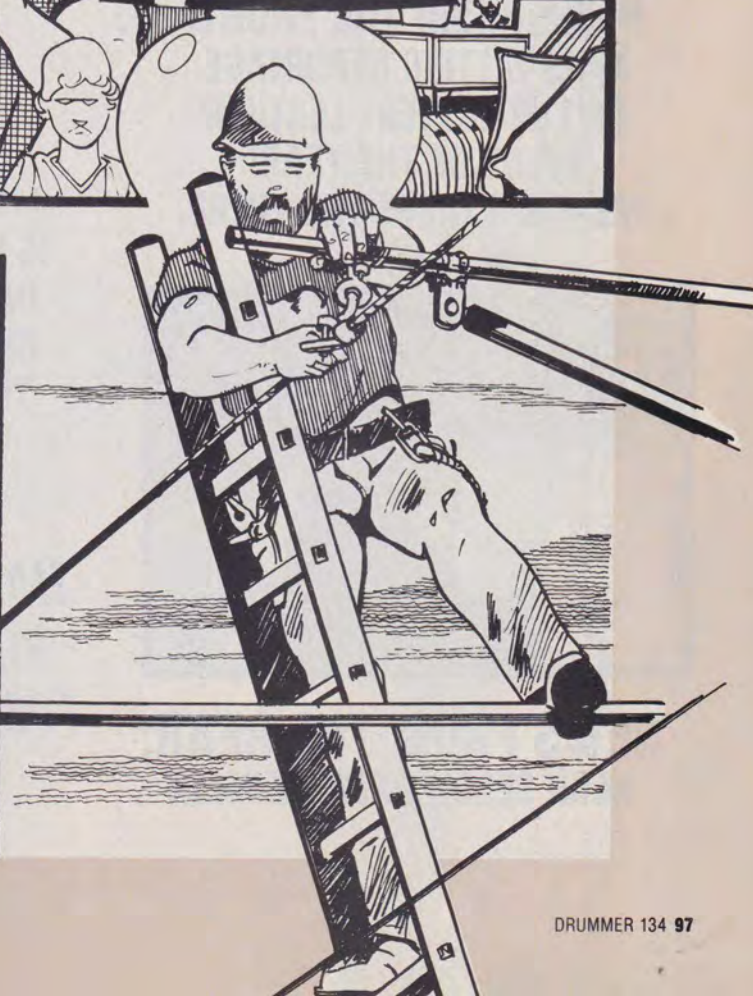
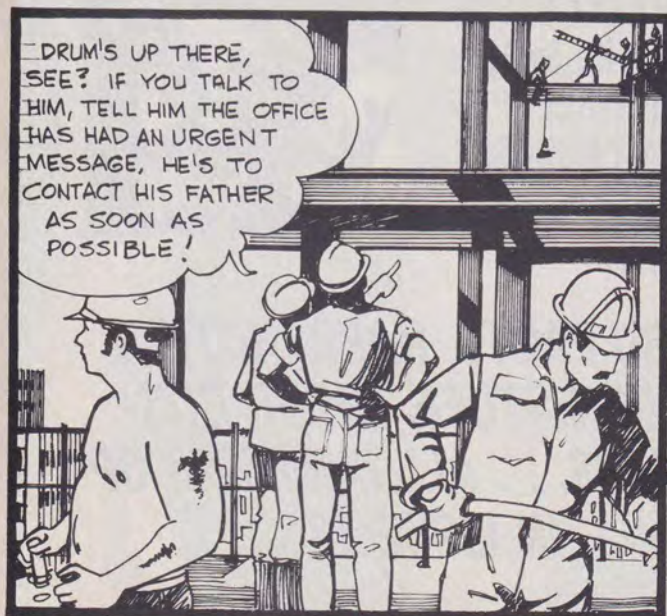
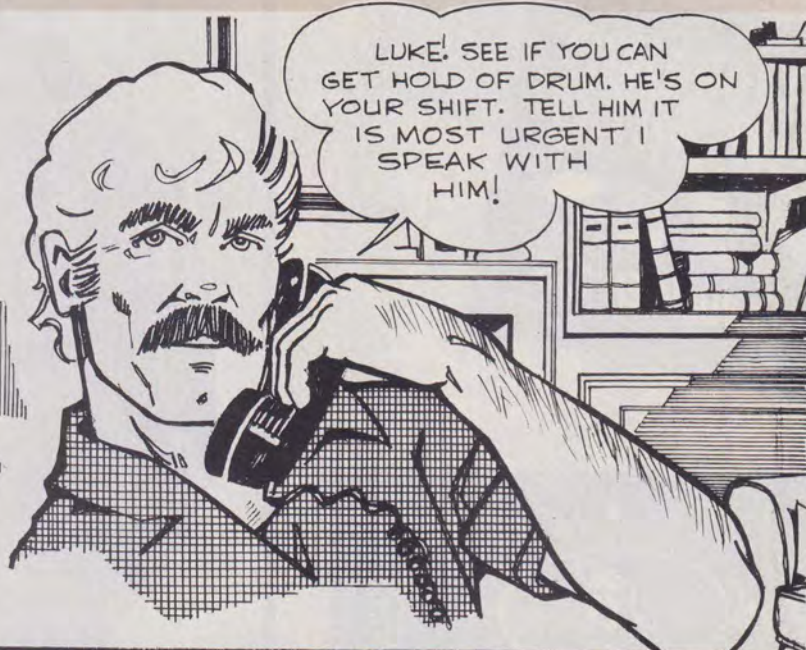
Because most guys in the service are, also in the most statistically vulnerable age group, you have no guarantees. After all, if he plays games with you—and especially if he does not observe the rules of safe sex—you can figure he is doing it with other guys as well. After all, how does he know you aren't a carrier? Are you playing by the rules? You might be a greater danger to him than he is to you. Remember, a negative HIV test today does not preclude your picking up the virus tomorrow.

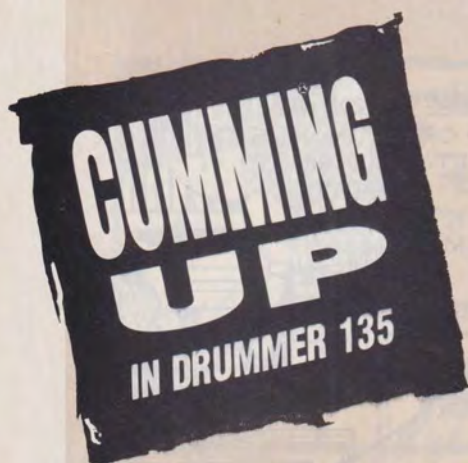
If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him c/o Leather Notebook, *Drummer*, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.

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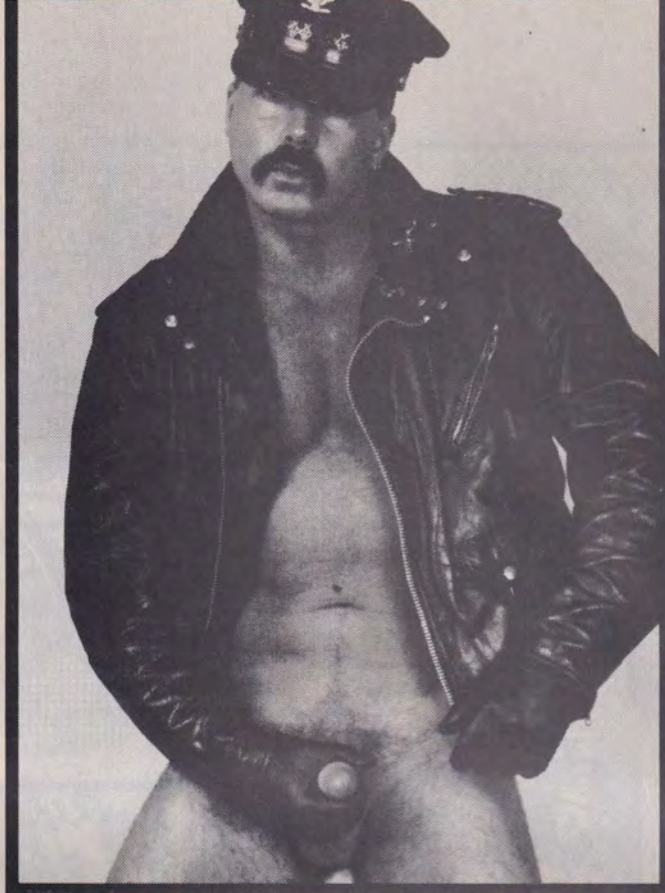




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ON THE BEAT WITH BARONE,
HARD-HITTING MR. NEW
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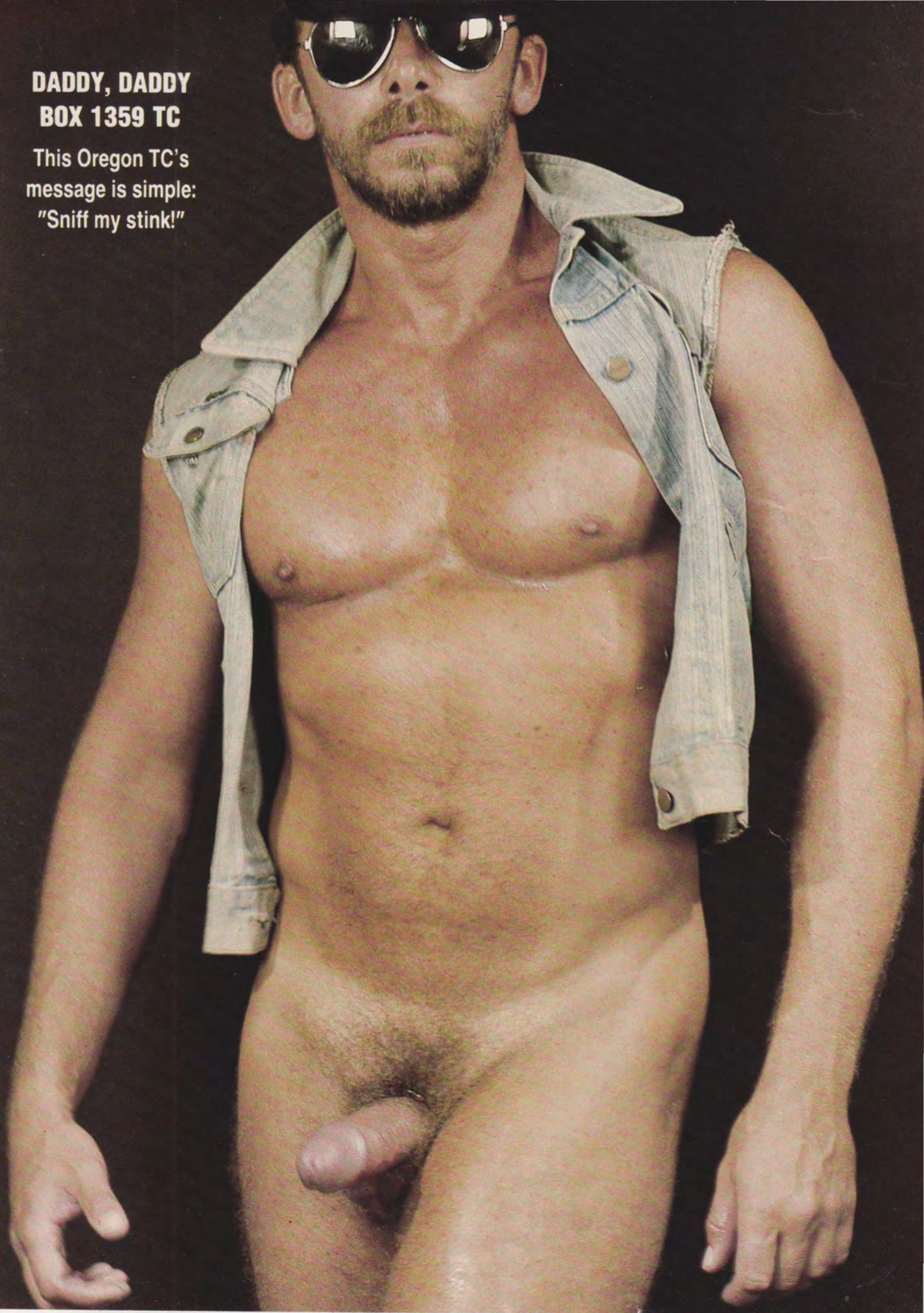
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