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Volume 2, Number 4

International Mr. Leather 1998, Tony Mills

JUNE - AUGUST 1998

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Contents

Letter to the Editor	6
Story: "Homo Nest Raided, Queen Bees are Stinging Mad!"	6
Interview: Stan Harrell, Mr. Texas Drummer 1998.	10
From Boot Level "International Mr Leather"	16
From the Publisher	20

Coming Next Issue!

The fantasy stories will return, a personals section, and more news and pictures for your reading and viewing enjoyment.

PUBLIC NOTICE

Leather Alternatives has moved.

During the move several of our files were either lost or misplaced.

If you missed your last issue please call us and let us know!

Thank you for your understanding.

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Views expressed in this magazine are those of the author and not necessarily those of the Publisher and Staff.

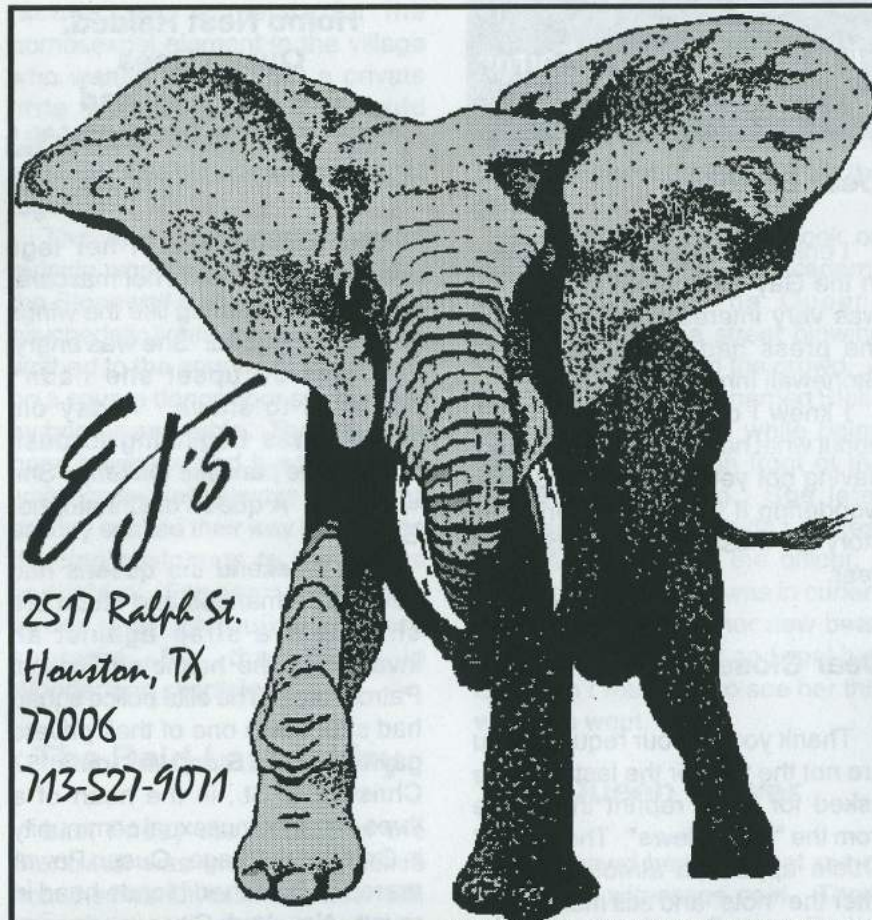
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*Mondays
Male Strip Contest
at 11 pm with Paivi Lee Love*

*Thursdays
Amateur Night
at 11 pm with Roxanne Lee Love*

*Tuesdays
Amateur Night
at 11 pm with Dyan Michaels*

*Fridays
Super Male Strip Show
at 11 pm with Paivi Lee Love*

*Wednesdays
Coming Soon!
Leather & Levi Hump Night*

*Saturdays
Super Show
at 11 pm with Roxanne Lee Love*

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

I enjoyed the article you printed in the Gay Pride issue in 1997. It was very interesting to read what the press had to say about the Stonewall Inn riots back in 1969.

I knew I didn't know that much about what happened that long ago, having not yet been born, but was wondering if you could reprint the story for those who missed it last year.

Just out of the closet.

Dear Closet:

Thank you for your request. You are not the first, or the last, to have asked for us to reprint the article from the "Daily News". The original article appeared almost a week after the "riots" and still make good reading for those who were not around at the time.

The article gives everyone a feel for what we have been striving for. We know it won't change attitudes over night, but all the information we can pass on will be worth the effort.

So without further comment, here is the original article, without edits, that appeared in the **New York Daily News**.

Editor

Homo Nest Raided, Queen Bees Are Stinging Mad

Reprinted from "The New York Daily News," July 6,
1969

By JERRY LISKER

She sat there with her legs crossed, the lashes of her mascara-coated eyes beating like the wings of a hummingbird. She was angry. She was so upset she hadn't bothered to shave. A day old stubble was beginning to push through the pancake makeup. She was a he. A queen of Christopher Street.

Last weekend the queens had turned commandos and stood bra strap to bra strap against an invasion of the helmeted Tactical Patrol Force. The elite police squad had shut down one of their private gay clubs, the Stonewall Inn at 57 Christopher St., in the heart of a three-block homosexual community in Greenwich Village. Queen Power reared its bleached blonde head in revolt. New York City experienced its first homosexual riot. "We may have lost the battle, sweets, but the war is far from over," lisped an unofficial lady-in-waiting from the court of the Queens.

"We've had all we can take from the Gestapo," the spokesman, or spokeswoman, continued. "We're putting our foot down once and for all." The foot wore a spiked heel. According to reports, the Stonewall Inn, a two-story structure with a sandpained brick and opaque glass

facade, was a mecca for the homosexual element in the village who wanted nothing but a private little place where they could congregate, drink, dance and do whatever little girls do when they get together.

The thick glass shut out the outside world of the street. Inside, the Stonewall bathed in wild, bright psychedelic lights, while the patrons writhed to the sounds of a juke box on a square dance floor surrounded by booths and table. The bar did a good business and the waiters, or waitresses, were always kept busy, as they snaked their way around the dancing customers to the booths and tables. For nearly two years, peace and tranquility reigned supreme for the Alice in Wonderland clientele.

The Raid Last Friday

Last Friday the privacy of the Stonewall was invaded by police from the First Division. It was a raid. They had a warrant. After two years, police said they had been informed that liquor was being served on the premises. Since the Stonewall was without a license, the place was being closed. It was the law.

All hell broke loose when the police entered the Stonewall. The girls instinctively reached for each other. Others stood frozen, locked in an embrace of fear.

Only a handful of police were on hand for the initial landing in the homosexual beachhead. They

ushered the patrons out onto Christopher Street, just off Sheridan Square. A crowd had formed in front of the Stonewall and the customers were greeted with cheers of encouragement from the gallery.

The whole proceeding took on the aura of a homosexual Academy Awards Night. The Queens pranced out to the street blowing kisses and waving to the crowd. A beauty of a specimen named Stella wailed uncontrollably while being led to the sidewalk in front of the Stonewall by a cop. She later confessed that she didn't protest the manhandling by the officer, it was just that her hair was in curlers and she was afraid her new beau might be in the crowd and spot her. She didn't want him to see her this way, she wept.

Queen Power

The crowd began to get out of hand, eye witnesses said. Then, without warning, Queen Power exploded with all the fury of a gay atomic bomb. Queens, princesses and ladies-in-waiting began hurling anything they could get their polished, manicured fingernails on. Bobby pins, compacts, curlers, lipstick tubes and other femme fatale missiles were flying in the direction of the cops. The war was on. The lilies of the valley had become carnivorous jungle plants.

Urged on by cries of "C'mon girls, lets go get'em," the defenders of

Stonewall launched an attack. The cops called for assistance. To the rescue came the Tactical Patrol Force.

Flushed with the excitement of battle, a fellow called Gloria pranced around like Wonder Woman, while several Florence Nightingales administered first aid to the fallen warriors. There were some assorted scratches and bruises, but nothing serious was suffered by the honeys turned Madwoman of Chaillot.

Official reports listed four injured policemen with 13 arrests. The War of the Roses lasted about 2 hours from about midnight to 2 a.m. There was a return bout Wednesday night.

Two veterans recently recalled the battle and issued a warning to the cops. "If they close up all the gay joints in this area, there is going to be all out war."

Bruce and Nan

Both said they were refugees from Indiana and had come to New York where they could live together happily ever after. They were in their early 20's. They preferred to be called by their married names, Bruce and Nan.

"I don't like your paper," Nan lisped matter-of-factly. "It's anti-fag and pro-cop."

"I'll bet you didn't see what they did to the Stonewall. Did the pigs tell you that they smashed everything in sight? Did you ask them why they stole money out of

the cash register and then smashed it with a sledge hammer? Did you ask them why it took them two years to discover that the Stonewall didn't have a liquor license."

Bruce nodded in agreement and reached over for Nan's trembling hands.

"Calm down, doll," he said. "Your face is getting all flushed."

Nan wiped her face with a tissue. "This would have to happen right before the wedding. The reception was going to be held at the Stonewall, too," Nan said, tossing her ashen-tinted hair over her shoulder.

"What wedding?," the bystander asked.

Nan frowned with a how-could-anybody-be-so-stupid look. "Eric and Jack's wedding, of course. They're finally tying the knot. I thought they'd never get together."

Meet Shirley

"We'll have to find another place, that's all there is to it," Bruce sighed. "But every time we start a place, the cops break it up sooner or later."

"They let us operate just as long as the payoff is regular," Nan said bitterly. "I believe they closed up the Stonewall because there was some trouble with the payoff to the cops. I think that's the real reason. It's a shame. It was such a lovely place. We never bothered anybody. Why couldn't they leave us alone?"

Shirley Evans, a neighbor with two children, agrees that the

Stonewall was not a rowdy place and the persons who frequented the club were never troublesome. She lives at 45 Christopher St.

"Up until the night of the police raid there was never any trouble there," she said. "The homosexuals minded their own business and never bothered a soul. There were never any fights or hollering, or anything like that. They just wanted to be left alone. I don't know what they did inside, but that's their business. I was never in there myself. It was just awful when the police came. It was like a swarm of hornets attacking a bunch of butterflies."

A reporter visited the now closed Stonewall and it indeed looked like a cyclone had struck the premises.

Police said there were over 200 people in the Stonewall when they entered with a warrant. The crowd outside was estimated at 500 to 1,000. According to police, the Stonewall had been under observation for some time. Being a private club, plain clothesmen were refused entrance to the inside when they periodically tried to check the place. "They had the tightest security in the Village," a First Division officer said, "We could never get near the place without a

warrant."

Police Talk

The men of the First Division were unable to find any humor in the situation, despite the comical overtones of the raid.

"They were throwing more than lace hankies," one inspector said. "I was almost decapitated by a slab of thick glass. It was thrown like a discus and just missed my throat by inches. The beer can didn't miss, though, it hit me right above the temple."

Police also believe the club was operated by Mafia connected owners. The police did confiscate the Stonewall's cash register as proceeds from an illegal operation. The receipts were counted and are on file at the division headquarters. The warrant was served and the establishment closed on the grounds it was an illegal membership club with no license, and no license to serve liquor.

The police are sure of one thing. They haven't heard the last from the Girls of Christopher Street.

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An Interview with Mr. Texas Drummer '98

Mr. Texas Drummer is none other than **Stan Harrell**, a single, 33 year old, Leo, bottom and/or top depending on the other guy.

LA: Who is **Mr. Texas Drummer '98**?

SH: Monday through Friday I'm a mild mannered office manager at Dale Enqlefield Farmers Insurance, on the weekends I am the Bootblack at Night Hawks. I also run a janitorial company on the side. I am a practicing Druid Wizard, and try to lead a somewhat quiet personal life.

LA: How long have you been in the leather community?

SH: I have been living a leather life for about 10 years now. I discovered leather when I went to Atlanta, Georgia for an Act-Up demonstration. I fell in love with a wonderful leather man, had an intellectual and physically stimulating encounter and have been in leather and very happy with my life ever since.

LA: What was it like coming out of your leather closet?

SH: For me it was very had. I had been politically active in Syracuse, New York and always in the public spotlight. Everyone saw me as a conservative type of person in a tie. On Gay Pride Day, ten years ago, I stepped from the public spotlight and embraced my leather life. One year later I stepped back into the spotlight as a loud and

proud leather man.

LA: What is your idea of the "Leather Lifestyle?"

SH: The leather lifestyle, to me, is the way that you see and live your life. Yes, I know that it sounds very politically correct to say that, but I see life very differently since I've come out of my "leather closet." I see and react to people differently. To me, the leather life has become a brand new life to relearn.

LA: What are your goals and hopes for the leather community?

SH: What I am working on is to form a stronger united bond with our leather heterosexual sisters and brothers. In my speech during the Drummer contest I spoke of building unity and trying to work together to build a stronger bond based on trust, love and understanding. Things like the "Leather Fashion Show & Beefcake Auction" are one way. I invited Dare Ware, a very hetero leather company, to join in and everyone was very excited to get together and work on this project as a team.

LA: What things do you plan to do with your title to promote the leather lifestyle?

SH: I think that with this title it offers me a chance to talk to people on a larger scale and increases the opportunity to open doors and eyes of others about the leather life. One thing is being visible, it promotes our lifestyle and allows me to get involved with and build bridges with others that I would not normally have a chance to even talk to. Fund-

raisers are of course on the list of things to be done. They are a much needed service within our community.

LA: What in the leather community do you like and why?

SH: I like the fact that a bond is being formed between the Old Guard and New Guard and that ideas and traditions of the leather life are being passed down to a new generation and that the new generation is forming new ideas and traditions and still keeping the ideas of the Old Guard alive, a little changed maybe but alive.

LA: What in the leather community do you not like and why?

SH: The one thing that just gets under my skin and rubs me raw is the internal fighting and back stabbing between groups and individuals. We need to stop worrying about the small stuff and start working on the big picture. When two groups fight or refuse to offer assistance to another we all suffer. When we understand that we may have a difference in opinions or lifestyle but can work together it makes life much easier to deal with. United, we can change the world. Alone we are but a small voice in the crowd.

LA: Are you a Top or a bottom?

SH: YES! I have always been both and feel that by being versatile it increases my chances of getting laid by fifty percent. It also allows me to be more open and aware of what my sexual partner/s may want,

how it may feel, and it increases my respect of boundaries and limits.

LA: What color/s handkerchief do you wear, if any?

SH: I don't normally wear colors, but if I do I may wear gray, yellow, olive drab, red, and if I'm feeling wild I might try orange. I am very diverse and don't find a solid connection to any one color, I will only wear colors when I am looking for that one interest on that one night, I may not wear it again for quite a while.

LA: What groups are you a member of and why?

SH: As of right now I am a member of the Houston Area Dears, and C.H.A.D.D. I am a bear and find the Houston Area Bears to be a lot of fun and some truly wonderful men that have very big hearts for the community. C.H.A.D.D. (Children and Adults with Attention Deficit Disorder) is another group that I am a member of. I have attention deficit disorder and it is something I live with on a daily basis, just like being gay, it is a part of me, I was born with ADD and there is no cure, only medication can control the effects it has on my life.

LA: What do you feel strongest about in the leather life?

SH: The one thing that I have found out about the leather life is that the people are true in most part about themselves and are more willing to open their hearts to others. Because we are such a diverse culture we tend to be more willing to accept others. Not for what they

are be for who.

LA: What other titles are you going after and why?

SH: During the period of May 22-25, I was in Chicago for the International Mr Leather Bootblack '98 contest. I am a bootblack and work hard at being the best, and it is another title to help me continue my efforts of working within the community. Then in December, I plan to enter the "Bear of the Year." I love bear events.

LA: Who is your beneficiary when you raise money and why?

SH: Houston Buyers Club and Program for Wellness Restoration (PoWeR). These groups are trying to make a difference for people that are terminally ill and/or are trying to

live a more quality enhanced life. They deal in nutrition, nutritional supplements, weight loss prevention, and building the body into a wonderful working machine buy increasing the quality of life for people dealing with wasting syndrome. I want to make sure that if any of my friends or even myself need groups like these that they will be there and able to offer help. If we don't support them now then when we need them they will not be there.

LA: Stan can be found every weekend at his bootblack stand located just inside Night Hawks.



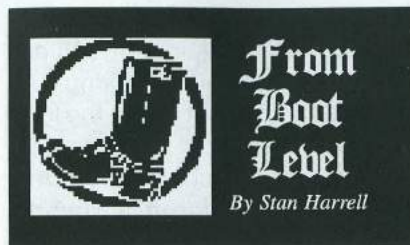
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Happy Gay Pride!!
From the stars and managers

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International Mr. Leather

as seen through the eyes of a bootblack

First, I would like to say, that if you have never gone to an International Mr. Leather (IML) contest and weekend event then you must go just to see and feel the leather love and life that it offers. I was able to not only attend, but I also participated in the bootblack contest and tried to bring back a title for Houston.

The first night of IML is very much like the first night of LUEY weekend, people are out and about with friends and mixing with other contestants, and the energy level is very high. When I walked into the Congress Hotel it was like walking into a leather shop with live models, the sights and sounds would have caused any little old blue hair to take off running, so much leather and love (makes parts of me tingle) everywhere. The one philosophy that holds true to IML is that you either learn a lot and get no sex, or you have lots of sex and don't learn a thing. I learned.

The people of IML work hard to make sure that everyone is able to express themselves and not feel

threatened in doing so, some people even went as far as to wander around the lobby, main gathering spot, in outfits that one would only see in an SM movie, one person was propped in the corner in a full leather mummy bag with drink tube for most of the night. The vendors that were on the second and third floor hawking their wares seemed to offer almost everything one could ask for from leather cloths, to rubber items created for the more adventurous.

The IML contest was very simple, you have judges ask you a lot of questions and you tell them what you feel is the correct answer, sit through a photo session, then you go on stage and strut your stuff for the world to see (sounds simple).

The truth is that you must look and act the part of a representative for your community and the leather world the entire time, both on and off stage, because the judges are always watching and grading, and one small OPPS and you are IML history.

The Bootblacks contest is just as easy, no one gets away without a little pain, because as a bootblack contestant you must shine boots for tickets and the one that collects the most wins (sounds simple).

The truth is that you start shining boots on Friday at 4pm and you don't stop until Sunday 4pm, so for 48 hours it's boots and polish. For me it was more than this body could take. By the fifth hour I lost all feeling in my legs and caused nerve

damage to the top of both feet.

Some of the bootblacks stopped and could not move because of the amount of energy and pain they had to endure, and a lot of people forget that their tickets was what helped you win, so they paid for the shine. Nice, but not a winner!

So you now know what it takes to be an IML and IML Bootblack contestant and you have only just begun.

The rest of the weekend if full of things that happen during the day that you should enjoy, like the Vendors Display (if you want they have), the Leather Archives Display, the Parade, the Bear Pride Gathering, and about 10 other things per day. Then there are the night life parties you must and/or should attend, The Canadians, The Onyx Club, The Medallion (past IML winners) Party, The Black and Blue Ball, and about 10 others that were held at some of the bars around the city, IML has shuttles running to and from.

Don't forget the sex. It was everywhere, from the lobby, to the bathroom in the lobby. After 1:00am, boots were a must. From the bars to the bedrooms, if you could do it, it was done.

Many thanks to the two guys for the fisting demo at 2:30am from their room, the others on the fire escape and the ones that wanted to show how to enjoy good old SM. Less we forget the others that wanted to share with the world how great sex was between men

(voyeurs on display).

I learned a lot about myself and my leather community during IML. The most important is that the local support from the leather community can not be out done by any other leather community in the world. They were there to encourage, support, and assist me and the other Texas people when it was needed. Many of the other contestants, both IML and IML Bootblack, had very little to no support from their leather community.

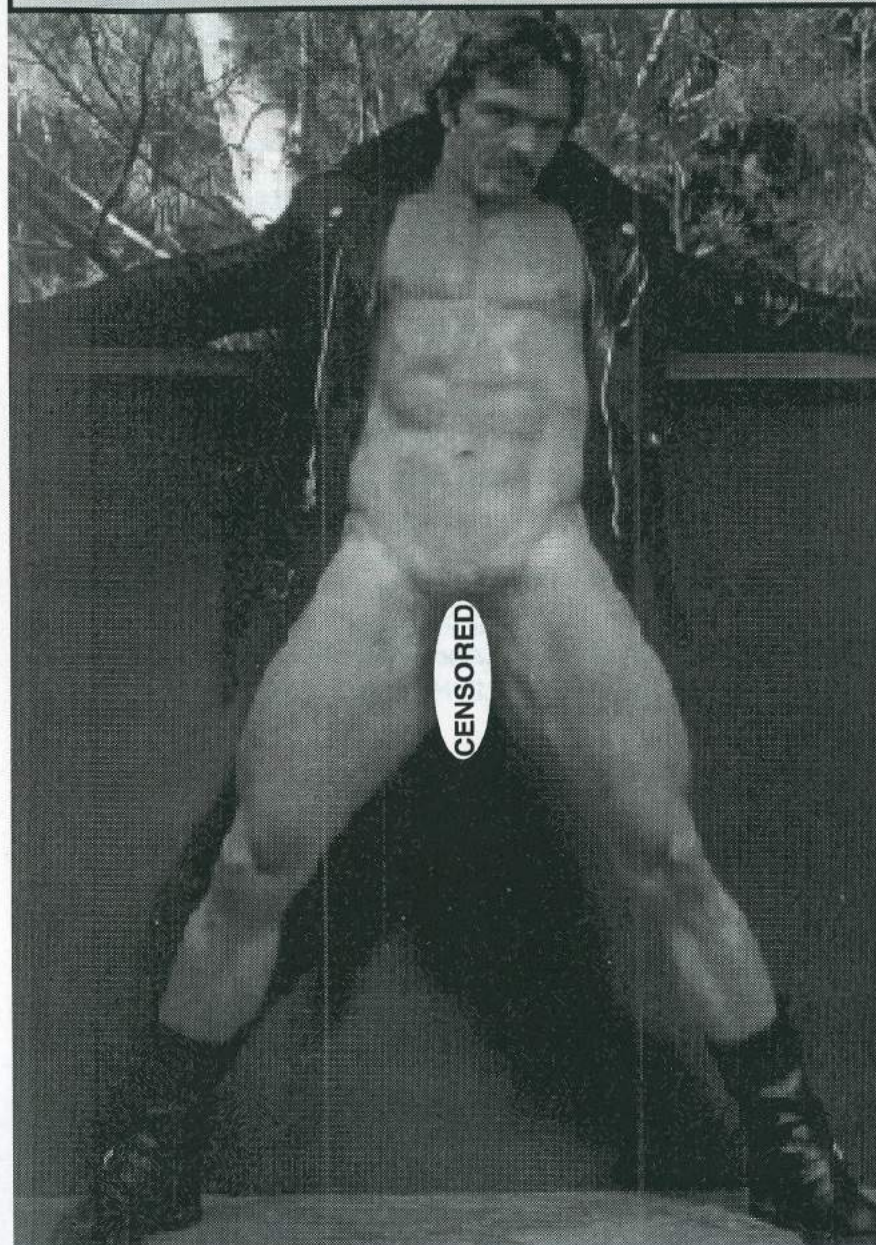
One thing that angered and empowered me was when I learned from the other Bootblacks that most of them had gotten very little if any assistance from any groups or members of their local community. How lucky I am to have been helped by so many within the leather community of Houston.

One thing that really touched me was when I found out from my bootblack peers that, because of Houston's great leather community, I have earned a national reputation as one of the best bootblacks in this country, due to LUEY Weekend and other events around the city.

IML is an event everyone should experience within their life, so if you can, go to Chicago and see what Leather Live is like.

Yours in Leather
Stan Harrell
Mr. Texas Drummer 98/99
Mr. Gulf Coast Bootblack

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From the Publisher

Well, we have successfully managed to maintain our sanity over the past 2 months.

The community has had quite a few *Leather* events, which if you were not there you missed some real good action and quite a lot of friendly leathermen.

Our congratulations to Mr. Stan Harrell, for winning Mr. Texas Drummer 98. An interview with Mr. Harrell is in this issue, so we can all get to know him a bit better and what he hopes to achieve in this new role within the leather community. For those who missed the contest it was full of surprises.

We were unable to attend the Mr. Gulf Coast Drummer contest in Dallas, but have reports that it was better than ever.

We did manage to have a few members of the Houston community in attendance at the International Mr. Leather contest in Chicago. None of the staff had the time to make it to Chicago, so we spent most of our time in front of our computer screens watching the direct Internet feed. We won't go into what we saw, just that if you didn't watch the live feed you missed quite a bit of entertainment.

For at least the next week we will all be busy in preparation for next weekend's Gay Pride Parade, as

well as all the activities that are planned during the week. This year appears to be even more activity filled than before. We hope everyone can attend as many of the events as possible and that we see all of you on the parade route.

We would also like to have you at Night Hawks on Friday, July 3, for our benefit show to raise funds for the Colt 45's Trouble Fund and PWA Holiday Charities. The show will be *Leather Bitches On Bikes*, a campy comedy show. We hope to see all of you there.

On the business side, *Leather Alternatives* has two positions open. We are currently looking for and advertising/marketing manager to contact the various businesses in the community and market the benefits of our magazine and the available advertising space., and a part time copy editor to edit the magazine prior to printing. Interested parties can contact *Leather Alternatives* at 713-538-3128 or 281-536-3602, after 6pm.

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Volume 3, Number 4

JUNE - AUGUST 1999

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Fridays
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talent nights
Tuesdays
at 11 pm

Contents

News:	5
Charles Pierce Passes Mercury Stamp "Vulgar"	
Original Stonewall	6
Homo Nest Raided	
Leather Users Manual	9
Flogging	
Fantasy Story (Part 1)	17
The Leather Den	

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Charles Pierce, Female Impersonator Dies

LOS ANGELES—Charles Pierce, an actor and female impersonator famous for characterizations of Hollywood stars including Bette Davis, Mae West and Joan Crawford, died Monday of cancer. He was 73.

Pierce did monologues and stand-up comedy in 1952 at the Cabaret Concert on Sunset Boulevard. He first got paid for his impressions while performing at the Club LaVie in Altadena.

He added women's clothing to his act in the 1960s, quickly gaining admiration for his uncanny ability to conjure up images of female celebrities by using subtle facial expressions and vocal inflections.

Later, he took his show to San Francisco's Gilded Cage and to Miami, where he got around laws barring cross-dressing by using props or wearing trousers under his gowns.

In 1990, he returned to the stage after the death of Davis, his most famous character, revamping his one-man nightclub act of "legendary ladies of the silver screen."

Freddie Mercury Stamp Called "Vulgar"

LONDON—A commemorative stamp depicting Freddie Mercury has drawn objections from critics who call it inappropriate for the Royal Mail to feature the flamboyant singer.

The stamps honoring Mercury, the late lead singer of Queen, are part of a series noting Britain's various achievements during the last millennium. But some people have objected to the inclusion of a bisexual who died of AIDS.

"The queen we would rather see on our postage stamps is not stripped to the waist and wearing spray-on red trousers," columnist Simon Heffer wrote last week in the tabloid Daily Mail.

Heffer attacked the stamp as a "vulgar" commemoration of a star "whose degenerate lifestyle caused him to die of AIDS at an unfortunately early age."

Others objected because a tiny portion of the stamp also shows Queen



Freddie Mercury

drummer Roger Taylor, which violates the Royal Mail's rule that only members of the royal family are depicted on stamps during their lifetimes.

The Royal Mail issued a statement standing by the stamp, which went on sale Tuesday, saying the organization was proud to have Mercury depicted.

"Every stamp is approved by the queen, including this one, which was also given the consent of Freddie Mercury's family and by Mr. Taylor," the statement said.

Homo Nest Raided, Queen Bees Are Stinging Mad

Reprinted from "The New York Daily News,"
July 6, 1969

By JERRY LISKER

She sat there with her legs crossed, the lashes of her mascara-coated eyes beating like the wings of a hummingbird. She was angry. She was so upset she hadn't bothered to shave. A day old stubble was beginning to push through the pancake makeup. She was a he. A queen of Christopher Street.

Last weekend the queens had turned commandos and stood bra strap to bra strap against an invasion of the helmeted Tactical Patrol Force. The elite police squad had shut down one of their private gay clubs, the Stonewall Inn at 57 Christopher St., in the heart of a three-block homosexual community in Greenwich Village. Queen Power reared its bleached blonde head in revolt. New York City experienced its first homosexual riot. "We may have lost the battle, sweets, but the war is far from over," lisped an unofficial lady-in-waiting from the court of the Queens.

"We've had all we can take from the Gestapo," the spokesman, or spokeswoman, continued. "We're putting our foot down once and for all." The foot wore a spiked heel. According to reports, the Stonewall Inn, a two-story structure with a

sand paved brick and opaque glass facade, was a mecca for the homosexual element in the village who wanted nothing but a private little place where they could congregate, drink, dance and do whatever little girls do when they get together.

The thick glass shut out the outside world of the street. Inside, the Stonewall bathed in wild, bright psychedelic lights, while the patrons writhed to the sounds of a juke box on a square dance floor surrounded by booths and table. The bar did a good business and the waiters, or waitresses, were always kept busy, as they snaked their way around the dancing customers to the booths and tables. For nearly two years, peace and tranquility reigned supreme for the Alice in Wonderland clientele.

The Raid Last Friday

Last Friday the privacy of the Stonewall was invaded by police from the First Division. It was a raid. They had a warrant. After two years, police said they had been informed that liquor was being served on the premises. Since the Stonewall was without a license, the place was being closed. It was the law.

All hell broke loose when the police entered the Stonewall. The girls instinctively reached for each other. Others stood frozen, locked in an embrace of fear.

Only a handful of police were on hand for the initial landing in the homosexual beachhead. They

ushered the patrons out onto Christopher Street, just off Sheridan Square. A crowd had formed in front of the Stonewall and the customers were greeted with cheers of encouragement from the gallery.

The whole proceeding took on the aura of a homosexual Academy Awards Night. The Queens pranced out to the street blowing kisses and waving to the crowd. A beauty of a specimen named Stella wailed uncontrollably while being led to the sidewalk in front of the Stonewall by a cop. She later confessed that she didn't protest the manhandling by the officer, it was just that her hair was in curlers and she was afraid her new beau might be in the crowd and spot her. She didn't want him to see her this way, she wept.

Queen Power

The crowd began to get out of hand, eye witnesses said. Then, without warning, Queen Power exploded with all the fury of a gay atomic bomb. Queens, princesses and ladies-in-waiting began hurling anything they could get their polished, manicured fingernails on. Bobby pins, compacts, curlers, lipstick tubes and other femme fatale missiles were flying in the direction of the cops. The war was on. The lilies of the valley had become carnivorous jungle plants.

Urged on by cries of "C'mon girls, lets go get'em," the defenders of Stonewall launched an attack. The cops called for assistance. To the

rescue came the Tactical Patrol Force.

Flushed with the excitement of battle, a fellow called Gloria pranced around like Wonder Woman, while several Florence Nightingales administered first aid to the fallen warriors. There were some assorted scratches and bruises, but nothing serious was suffered by the honeys turned Madwoman of Chaillot.

Official reports listed four injured policemen with 13 arrests. The War of the Roses lasted about 2 hours from about midnight to 2 a.m. There was a return bout Wednesday night.

Two veterans recently recalled the battle and issued a warning to the cops. "If they close up all the gay joints in this area, there is going to be all out war."

Bruce and Nan

Both said they were refugees from Indiana and had come to New York where they could live together happily ever after. They were in their early 20's. They preferred to be called by their married names, Bruce and Nan.

"I don't like your paper," Nan lisped matter-of-factly. "It's anti-fag and pro-cop."

"I'll bet you didn't see what they did to the Stonewall. Did the pigs tell you that they smashed everything in sight? Did you ask them why they stole money out of the cash register and then smashed it with a sledge hammer? Did you ask them why it took them two years to discover that the Stonewall didn't

have a liquor license."

Bruce nodded in agreement and reached over for Nan's trembling hands.

"Calm down, doll," he said. "Your face is getting all flushed."

Nan wiped her face with a tissue.

"This would have to happen right before the wedding. The reception was going to be held at the Stonewall, too," Nan said, tossing her ashen-tinted hair over her shoulder.

"What wedding?," the bystander asked.

Nan frowned with a how-could-anybody-be-so-stupid look. "Eric and Jack's wedding, of course. They're finally tying the knot. I thought they'd never get together."

Meet Shirley

"We'll have to find another place, that's all there is to it," Bruce sighed. "But every time we start a place, the cops break it up sooner or later."

"They let us operate just as long as the payoff is regular," Nan said bitterly. "I believe they closed up the Stonewall because there was some trouble with the payoff to the cops. I think that's the real reason. It's a shame. It was such a lovely place. We never bothered anybody. Why couldn't they leave us alone?"

Shirley Evans, a neighbor with two children, agrees that the Stonewall was not a rowdy place and the persons who frequented the club were never troublesome. She lives at 45 Christopher St.

"Up until the night of the police raid there was never any trouble

there," she said. "The homosexuals minded their own business and never bothered a soul. There were never any fights or hollering, or anything like that. They just wanted to be left alone. I don't know what they did inside, but that's their business. I was never in there myself. It was just awful when the police came. It was like a swarm of hornets attacking a bunch of butterflies."

A reporter visited the now closed Stonewall and it indeed looked like a cyclone had struck the premises.

Police said there were over 200 people in the Stonewall when they entered with a warrant. The crowd outside was estimated at 500 to 1,000. According to police, the Stonewall had been under observation for some time. Being a private club, plain clothesmen were refused entrance to the inside when they periodically tried to check the place. "They had the tightest security in the Village," a First Division officer said, "We could never get near the place without a warrant."

Police Talk

The men of the First Division were unable to find any humor in the situation, despite the comical overtones of the raid.

"They were throwing more than lace hankies," one inspector said. "I was almost decapitated by a slab of thick glass. It was thrown like a discus and just missed my throat by inches. The beer can didn't miss, though, it hit me right above

the temple."

Police also believe the club was operated by Mafia connected owners. The police did confiscate the Stonewall's cash register as proceeds from an illegal operation. The receipts were counted and are on file at the division headquarters. The warrant was served and the establishment closed on the grounds it was an illegal membership club with no license, and no license to serve liquor.

The police are sure of one thing. They haven't heard the last from the Girls of Christopher Street.

Flogging

Striking the human body must be considered dangerous. The following is offered as an opinion only, not a recommendation for any activity. Nothing can possibly replace personal experience and learning directly from those who have been there before. There are now workshops and demonstrations available in larger cities, avail yourself of one. Use of this information at your own risk. And as ever, proceed with caring.

WITH WHAT?

A 'flogger' shall remain for the moment 'any flexible many-tailed striking tool where the tails are simple strips of leather or similar substances, designed for use on the human body'. In short, not bullwhips, braided cat-o-nines, crops, scourges, thudtoys and such, simply floggers. A braided cat

is similar to a flogger in many respects, yet has a distinct 'feel', both these and floggers with knotted ends are left for another discussion.

As floggers were less available in former days, many people made their own in various styles and weights. Even if you are not doing so, some basic principles of design might help you select a superior one from the regrettably large supply of the other sort. I shall not include specific designs, the subject has been done to death before, and they are readily available elsewhere. As Janet Heartwood has provided excellent information in her 'Heartwood Catalog', I have used a similar format in my materials listing below. Although I have not ordered from her and can give no opinion, her wares seem well received among posters here.

Design notes-

For any given force, the smaller the contact area that force is concentrated in, the greater the potential for damage. Think of a knife edge as the extreme case. This is why quality flogger tails have rounded edges and tips; although sharp edges require less work and are less expensive, rounded edges are preferable.

The wider the tail, the more surface area to be forced through the air, and again, the more lands at once on the skin. As a general rule for the same material, thin tails 'sting', wide tails 'thud'. Thin, rounded thong tails sting much more than 5/8 inch wide flat tails,

for example.

If all things are equal, the more tails a flogger has, the slower it travels, and the longer the tails are, the more leverage is gained. Both of the above make a flogger heavier, but the longer tails can make it disproportionately more difficult to control, therefore many of the 'standard' floggers have tail lengths between 15 and 22 inches. It is possible to do quite interesting things with a long flogger, such as laying it down an entire back at once, but this is not recommended for beginners as it can take serious practise to do well. Very short floggers have special uses for close work, one nipple at a time, that sort of thing. Floggers with perhaps 15 to 25 tails are average, twice that makes a heavier version of the same design.

For safety, flogger tails must remain fixed to the end of the handle; this region is where the most stress occurs in use. A good covering knot will help reduce this strain, and keep the tails together. The handle must work with your hand, not against it, neither too large nor small for a proper grip, and a knot or swelling near the end of the flogger serves to prevent slippage. Short handles are better for control, longer handles provide more leverage. The weight of the handle must feel 'right' with the tails [something one must feel, not read about. If the sellers will not allow a cautious swing of prospective purchases, find another shop].

Beyond weight, width and length, the materials matter most. I have personal experience only with the following, perhaps others may share their knowledge as well. A selection from the below provides a range of severity and feelings from 'did you start yet?' to 'Omigod!'. Again in general, the softer and lighter the material, the safer it is [the harder/longer it may be used without risk], and the softer it feels. As ever, *the RESPONSIBLE TOP TESTS each implement on himself before it touches a bottom, and checks for breakage or other safety problems before each use.*

Material List-

An ounce or two of loosely twisted cotton wool in a pillowcase folded lengthwise- this and the next two have been useful for those with no experience with flogging, yet much interest. Quite safe, I originally tested mine by repeated strikes to my own face with no effect.

Chamois- a more permanent version of the above, a 3/8 inch tail width 20-tail is a specialized tool for flogging either a complete novice or one who prefers nearly no sensation. Noise, a very light skin-level sensation, and nothing else, tested as above. Of course it may also cause him to look back at you and ask if that is all you plan on doing....

Fabric- silk and other softer fabrics can be made into floggers. Avoid fraying of edges by sewing

the fabric into closed tubes, ironing each tube flat, then sewing the flat sides together along the long axis. Similar to chamois, more decorative colors available, and many fabrics are washable.

Deerskin- soft and caressing, a tiny bit of sting, a bit of thud, and little else. Unless one is hitting exceptionally hard, a deerskin flogger can be used for a very long time without any notable skin reactions beyond a light flush. My personal favorite for light play or the less experienced.

Light Nylon Cordage [1/8 inch diameter for a start]- Take 15 loops 34 inches long [circumference], tying them together in a knot at one end. Cut the other end [tail length now perhaps 15 inches], fray the cut ends and attach to a handle. Two sensations, a very light one from brushing with the tips alone, and a heavier one from the non-frayed section. Simple to clean, quite inexpensive, and different weights of cord are readily available.

Elkhide- heavier than Deerskin, yet soft and compressible, almost entirely thud. A lovely flogger for a slow building scene, very easy to relax into, and can be used with astonishing force with little risk of harm.

The next three are varieties of cowhide, the 'standard' leather. These are not specific cuts or tanning terms, but are classes of weight and type.

Suede- in the lighter varieties,

slightly harder than Elk, in the heaviest, just below the thick Topgrain below. Many floggers are made from various suede 'splits', these are inexpensive and simple to work. More thud and more sting than those above, may mark if swung sharply.

Topgrain leather- smooth leathers create less friction than suedes, yet usually feel more 'stingy' on the skin. Available in many weights, from light garment leathers to heavy saddle leathers, the more flexible varieties are recommended.

Oil tanned thick leather- thick, heavy, and spongy leather, less flexible than thinner skins. Feels rather like an extremely heavy Elk as it compresses, yet a far more 'serious' thud.

Bison- Interesting rough grain, heavy, rather inflexible, unless careful attention is taken the edges may cut the skin. Not a material for the beginner, but certainly something to use if desired.

Rubber-flexible, yet quite 'harsh' feeling, stings rather like a thong flogger, leaves immediate marks. Different weight to air resistance ratio than any leather I am aware of. Exceptionally simple to clean.

Horsehair- Extreme sting with no thud, entirely skin-level sensation of a very intense and itching sort. It is possible to break skin with horsehair, and it creates deceptively intense stinging at a very light touch. Cleanliness and body fluid precautions are required here.

Additionally, most of these have

tactile and scent qualities that may attract some, with the exception of the pillowcase, fabric, nylon, and the oil-tanned leather [much of which smells rather nasty]. All except the pillowcase may be made into floggers that look rather nice, and all of the above are now available ready-made through shops and catalogues.

TECHNIQUE-

Much has been discussed, experienced, debated, and counter-debated here and elsewhere on this personal topic, but as this is intended as a generic suggestion for the beginner, perhaps there is a possibility we might avoid the usual flamewar-of-the-moment? Of course it would be wonderful if others would add their own ideas to this basic outline [subtle hint].

WHERE?

Where to flog? Where not?-

As 'flogging' is something that covers much by way of different activities, I have taken the liberty of separating it into 'light' [entirely stinging, no deep tissue effects], and 'heavy' [stinging and/or thudding, reaching and jarring deep tissue]. *Hint* it is impossible to do 'heavy' flogging with a 20-tail chamois flogger, and quite difficult to do 'light' flogging with anything over deerskin in the materials progression cited above [with the exception of horsehair, again a sting-only material].

Of course all of these are merely physical *possibilities* rated solely on my own opinions of [relative] safety, all limits and preferences of

top and bottom must also be considered.

Where not to flog *under any circumstances* [obvious safety reasons]-

The face, head, neck, the fingers and toes, over healing skin [if you want it to ever heal].

Where to flog *extremely* lightly and carefully if at all [Really a gentle brushing motion rather than a striking one, tips of a *light* stinging instrument only, such as the chamois or horsehair above]-

The palms and back of the hands, over any joint, the lower front and back and sides between the top of the pelvis and the lower ribs [kidneys and other internal organs], the spine, the tops and bottoms of the feet.

N.B. Both feet and hands contain many tiny bones, once broken, these rarely heal well. Joints do not respond well to stress internal or external. Crippling is neither safe nor sane, and unless one has an X-ray machine at call one cannot tell. Internal organs are more fragile than one might think, avoid thudding entirely in their area. Many people have particular problems with body areas as well, do attempt the above *very* lightly indeed if at all!

Where to flog lightly-

Lower legs, arms, inner arms, breasts, genitals [skin is more fragile there], upper shoulders [accuracy], top of buttocks near spine, the muscular ridge on both sides of the spine [accuracy], the ribs where not protected by

muscle.

N.B. There is some evidence that 'thud' on the female breast is not advisable for reasons of health, nipples are far better suited to strong stimulation. The top of the buttocks protect the coccyx, a small and fragile triangular bone at the base of the spine, avoid striking between the upper buttocks.

Where to flog 'heavily'-

Buttocks, upper back on each side of the spine, thighs, lower shoulders. These areas are principally composed of strong bones protected by muscle tissue and a fatty layer, any other organs present are reasonably protected. There are reasons for these traditional areas being so traditional, they reduce the likelihood of major damage, making an extended safer session possible.

Position considerations-

Body position affects the position of both skin and muscles. If someone is bent over, the muscles of the rear lengthen and are not as thick, so the muscles themselves no longer protect in the same way. If the skin is stretched as well, it will feel more than it would if relaxed. Flogging someone who is standing unsupported may lead to falling, and seems foolish given the known physiological and psychological effects ['going away']. Standing bondage changes without warning to partial suspension if someone faints, plan for that possibility.

Technique repertoire-

The more ways one knows to do

an action, the more effects may be created, and the less one's arm aches afterwards. Varying the motions has a good effect for top and bottom. Practise the following until you can do them from various directions and speeds, they all feel and work differently. Knowing the techniques is only one part, knowing which to use and when is beyond my ability to suggest in a post.

Swinging styles-

I know of five basic ways to end a stroke of any force:

The tails land 'flat', with all of the force hitting at once [the tails either bounce off or drop almost vertically after this].

The tails swing 'through', with the some part of the tips hitting and moving past the target area. From there, you may stop them [see 'Accuracy-' below], or use some elliptical pattern to bring them round again, such as vertical or horizontal figure-8, circle, and the like.

The tail tips strike, go past, then immediately return via a swift spinning motion. If fast enough, this can seem continuous and the light, sharp touch has some sensational advantages.

The tails are snapped or 'whipped' for a smaller point of stimulation that is more discrete and feels 'sharper'.

The tails land all at once on the body in a strongly forward motion resembling a punch or push more than a swing. Difficult to describe, and not as common, a hard thud

stroke.

Each of these and all their variations may be primarily accomplished by wrist motion alone, or with arm and wrist moving together, this depends on your strength and the effect you seek. A properly balanced flogger requires less effort, and may be used for a longer time with less fatigue.

Skill-

I would like to add my voice to [I believe] Mauser's previous post on this, bad technique is simply inexcusable; although we are all fallible, misplacing a stroke is not something to be taken lightly. There is indeed an art to the physical act of flogging This may be learned as any other physical art, by observation, thought, and practise.

Practise in the air will teach you the balance of a flogger, but there is no substitute for actual impact. I believe it was Stella who suggested a velvet pillow, and another person suggested suspending it in a way that allowed for movement. This works nicely, a safe and useful simulation.

If you rarely find velvet pillows strewn about, a towel wrapped round a pillow will serve the same purpose, you will see the path of the flogger tails quite nicely in the nap of the fabric. When you are able to land all the tails in one area on the pillow, practise moving that aiming point about until you know exactly where it will land each time. Now practise varying the speed, pace and strength of the blows without

sacrificing that accuracy. When you have that in balance, try these variations on your own leg, get the feel of that specific instrument, *then* consider using it on the willing form of another.

Accuracy-

A flogger [as opposed to a crop or whip] 'flops around more', it naturally covers a wider area and is more difficult to control. If one avoids any spin on the handle, the first stroke may be accurate with the tails close together. Unfortunately the next ones tend to be less so unless some care is taken with the tails between strokes. The tails may be caught in the free hand between strokes, allowed to wrap gently on the top's torso or leg to gather them together, or hang straight down between strokes. Any of these options will make the next stroke more accurate as the tails will at least start together. It is possible to stop them in mid-air as well, but more difficult to cause them to swing together. With practise, a well-made flogger that is 2 inches in diameter with the tails gathered together may be precisely placed within a 3 to 4 inch target path.

As a suggestion for beginners, start with the bottom reclining face down and the top kneeling or standing a-straddle, thus allowing gravity to assist in the guidance of the tails.

Swinging at a body part that protrudes ensures accuracy. The buttocks of a standing bottom whose entire front is pressed

against a rigid support are a classic example of this, a straight side-to-side swing with the tips of a flogger can strike only the intended area, leaving the lower back and upper thighs untouched. Costuming may help as well, certain corsets may provide some protection for the kidneys, and may act as a sort of armor against mishap.

Wrapping-

If the middle section of tails strikes first on a rounded 'edge' of the body, and the tips 'wrap' following the curve, the tips actually accelerate far more than the original swing [physics, try it on something inanimate and see]. This is 'wraparound', and is usually a bad thing, causing inadvertent hard blows to areas one did not intend to touch at all, or ruining the controlled stroke one did intend. Keeping the flogger handle the same distance away from the skin as you did in practise will help here, as will being very careful to plan where the tips will fall at each stroke, avoiding curved edges to wrap around.

Being 'tip conscious' is the best way to avoid wraparound, but placing a pillow to protect the side of a reclining bottom works as a temporary solution for those who have this problem [works neatly with 'whippy' canes and crops as well].

How often?-

An average of one stroke every few seconds often proves best, with the exception of the spinning technique above, a fast version of which will seem constant. This

'blow-rest-blow' allows processing time to feel each sensation, and this rhythm once established may easily be changed for effect. No doubt some people will differ with me on this, but I maintain that it is a suitable pace to maintain in many cases. Increased speed near the end is also popular, and pacing oneself early on will allow for that.

Scene Structure-

Different people seek to give and receive different experiences. I offer two quite diverse scenarios to begin the discussion, perhaps others might volunteer their own favorite experiences or methods.

The slowly building endorphin encouragement-

Start slowly and lightly, begin by placing the flogger on the skin, holding the tail tips in one hand and the handle in the other, moving slowly to and fro on the skin. Then a slow caress with the tips for a bit, using more and more of the tails in a soft motion, building the movement into a partial swing, then a full swing. Vary placement gradually, work up and down the body in a methodical pattern with few surprises. When changing to a 'harder' flogger, repeat the above 'accustomization' process in miniature, the ideal being that although the actual force applied increases markedly, the 'feeling' remains much the same, matching the growing ability of the bottom to enjoy the increasing sensations. In a person looking for this, it is often possible to cause a 'flying'

sensation of complete relaxation, buoyed by trust and natural reactions of the body to slowly increasing stimulation, with little or no feeling of actual 'pain'.

The overwhelming sensation-

More of a 'hard' style than the above, to take a bottom past the 'comfortable' area into one more likely to push him strongly. Useful for 'sensation overload' and for those who seek a more 'painful' feeling. Beginning as above, vary the speed and intensity of the blows much more, pushing more, being less predictable. Work upper body and lower at seemingly random times, not allowing the bottom to grow used to the sensation before moving on. When changing instruments, do so with less subtlety, let him feel the change as an increase in intensity. Should he enjoy both sting and thud, use these interchangeably as well, surprise is often more effective than merely increasing the power of blows.

Emotional and other considerations-

A few suggestions in this admittedly most subjective area. A flogging of even the gentlest sort may have exceptionally strong

effects on both participants; leaving time and energy to 'wind down' at the end of the session is, in my view, a requirement. Reassurance, a caress, or a simple touch during the flogging may do wonders also. Do not expect verbal responses if the flogging takes the bottom into new areas, he may not be possible to speak readily, and it may be that he will not be hearing well either. I find that flogging the front of the body, use of ear plugs and blindfolds, stringent bondage to open up delicate body areas, and making the bottom look at himself being flogged all are more 'serious' and have more emotional impact than a 'simple' flogging. Bruises may appear immediately, not appear at all, or suddenly appear after as much as a day or two, depending on the body concerned, and most people have some reaction to such marks, whether positive or not.

Philosophy-

Flogging can be a powerful and loving act, top and bottom not separated by the flogger, but connected through it. While basic competence and sensitivity will increase the chances of this, caring does help a bit too.



OUTPOST
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THE LEATHER DEN

by Glenn Laws

It was especially dark in the Leather Den this particular Friday night. Scott was dressed in just his Levi's, no shoes, shirt, or anything else. He sat down at his favorite chair in the darkest corner of the main bar room. Master G. was new to the Den, he just flew in from Boston, and was in the mood for some hot New York style leather sex! Master G.'s favorite pastime was teaching some hot young piece of ass his place, and as he glanced around, he saw the perfect victim. Scott just smiled as the hot, hairy dude walked toward him. Master G. approached his victim, "What's your name boy?" "Scott", he answered with an anticipating smile. "Wipe that smile off your face, or I'll knock it off you little piece of shit!" Scott hesitated, so Master G., noting Scott's bare feet, stepped down on one of them with the full force of his boot. "You are gonna do anything I say tonight, right boy?!?" "Yes Sir", Scott whimpered. "You address me as 'Master' boy!", Master G. ground his boot into Scott's toes to stress the point. "Yes Master", he responded, with a hint of fear in his voice.

Scott sat still as the leatherman walked around him, inspecting his nights catch. Grabbing a handful of hair, Master G. pulled the boy up and proceeded to drag him into one of the empty back rooms. Scott felt himself being thrown onto the dirty

tile floor, and held by a boot, firmly placed between his shoulder blades. "Lick the Floor!!! NOW!; Show your master you worship the ground he walks on." Scott hesitated, but was soon convinced to obey when the pressure on his back increased.

Weakly, he extended his tongue till it met with the cold, filthy tile and he slid his tongue over the gritty surface. "Clean that floor, and do it good, or you won't be able to sit for a month." The boot left his back, and he was instructed to get on hands and knees and crawl to his master, who was now on the other side of the room. "Keep that head down, and your tongue on the floor boy!" Scott crawled as instructed, leaving a long, thin trail of saliva on the floor.

"Good, very good!", The tough looking leather clad stud exclaimed as he walked behind the kid, grabbed him by the ankles and dragged Scott out of the room, and down the hall to a Restraining Room. Master G. fastened his victim's wrists to two leather restraints suspended by chains from the ceiling, and his ankles to two other restraints fastened to some metal rings which were embedded in the floor. Next, he took a plastic bucket, and tied a leather thong around its handle. He fastened the other end to Scott's balls, so that the bucket was suspended about a foot and a half off the ground. Master G. gathered some clothespins, and proceeded



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to apply them, one by one, to Scotts scrotum. Master G. continued to apply them to other strategic points, the nipples, the sensitive skin under the arms, and some to the lips of Scotts anus. Alone, the pain of a clothespin is minimal, but many of them, inflicting pain on different parts of the body at the same time can turn your senses on fire.

Scott began to protest, the tinges of pain seemed to be coming from everywhere. "You dare object to your masters skillful work! You don't know what pain is like boy! And, I think its my job to teach you!" Master G. left the room for a few moments, giving Scott time to conjure up all sorts tortures that he might be subject to this night. His cock became hard, and pre-sum started to dribble. "Okay little shit, You asked for it by your disrespect, and I'm gonna teach you a few lessons in humility.

Beg for your punishment boy!" "Please Sir, the pain is too much, don't hurt me..Umph.....". "You dirty little bastard!", Master G. yelled, as he hit Scott in the stomach, knocking the wind out of the kid. Scott gasped, trying to catch his breath from the unexpected blow. He needed no further prompting from his master, and began to beg.

"I am sorry Master, I need to be punished for my disrespect. Please punish me Sir." Master G. picked up some metal alligator clips, and replaced the cloths pins on the kids nipples with them. The teeth dug deep into the skin, causing the most

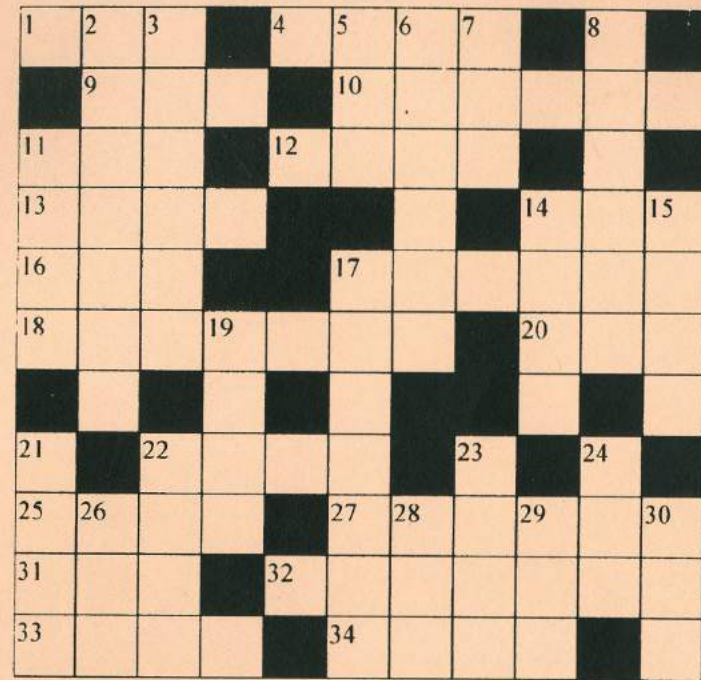
excruciating pain. Then he got some thin thread, and proceeded to wrap the thread around one nipple as he pulled it out with the alligator clip. He did the same with the other nipple. Then two weights were fastened, one to each piece of thread. The alligator clips were then removed, and the weights hung, suspended by the thread from each nipple. The pain was so bad, he felt his nipples would be torn off any minute, by the weight. Scott didn't think it could get much worse. He was wrong.

Master G. proceeded to apply his devices of torture. Next, he tied lengths of thread to patches of Scott's pubic hair, and to some hair of the kids armpits, and finally to the hair around his asshole. He fastened a weight to each thread, and made dropped the weight, to make sure it was firmly secured before moving on to the next.

"I think that will do it, what do you think Slave, have I missed anything?" "N-n-no Master", Scott grunted, in an shaky tone. "You seem unsure boy...let me see here, Ah Yes, we have to take care of your dribbling cock, don't we? Lets see, how can we stop that cum from dribbling all over the floor? I know!" Master G. pulled out one of his alligator clips, and clamped it over the head of Scott's dick. The metal teeth sank into the tender flesh. Scott started to scream, and writhe in his bonds.

To be continued in next issue

Crossword



ACROSS

- 1 Lair
- 4 Rooster
- 9 Exclamation of surprise
- 10 From what place
- 11 Illustrative craft
- 12 Blood vessel
- 13 Individual facts
- 14 Color
- 16 Frozen water
- 17 Illuminate
- 18 Fibrous
- 20 Bleat of a sheep
- 22 Conclusion
- 25 Irland
- 27 Encampment
- 31 Long period of time
- 32 So soon
- 33 Feat
- 34 365 Days

DOWN

- 2 Otagia
- 3 Chatter
- 5 Be in debt
- 6 Feeling cold
- 7 Understanding
- 8 Inflammatory skin condition
- 11 Entrance
- 14 Flick
- 15 No longer living
- 17 Perfectly
- 19 Ebony
- 21 Have regard
- 22 Motion picture
- 23 Greek goddess of the Earth
- 24 Used for resting
- 26 Fish eggs
- 28 Part of verb "to be"
- 29 Needlefish
- 30 Scandinavian Rug

BOTT'S ARCHIVE
 DATE ACQUIRED 8-14
 DONOR'S Name
 LOCATION