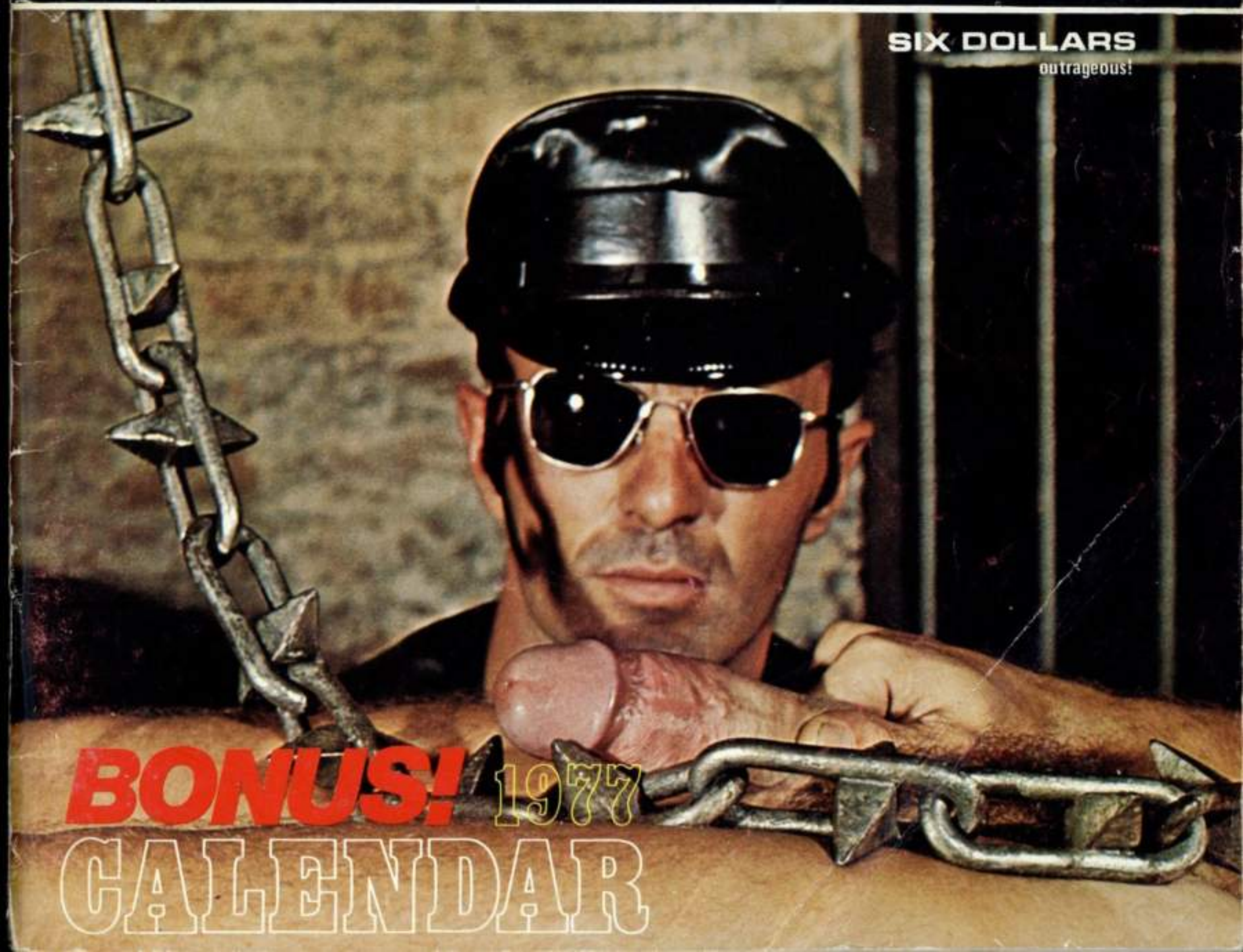


# The **BEST** of *and the **WORST** of* **DRUMMER**

SIX DOLLARS  
outrageous!

**BONUS!** 1977  
CALENDAR





# The BEST of and the WORST of DRUMMER



"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 which he hears, however measured or far away." — Henry David Thoreau

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# HEAVY HANDED MOVIE MACHISMO

"MOVIE MAYHEM" has been a popular feature of DRUMMER since its first issue. It grew into series, which is to be published in book form, by Allen Eagles. Many of the stills are collector's items and many have seldom before, if ever, been published. It is a serious commentary in this area of the cinema. Here is a fairly representative sampling.

- A. *REVOLT OF THE SLAVES* with Lang Jeffries (1961)
- B. *DUEL AT DIABLO* Dennis Weaver (1966)
- C. *MY SON THE HERO* (1963)
- D. *WHITE WARRIOR* Steve Reeves (1961)
- E. *BUSTER & BILLIE* Jan Michael Vincent (1974)
- F. *REVENGE OF THE GLADIATORS* (1964)
- G. *FLASH GORDON* Larry Buster Crabbe (1936)
- H. *NEWS PHOTO* Elvis Presley
- I. *GOLIATH AND THE BARBARIANS* Steve Reeves (1960)



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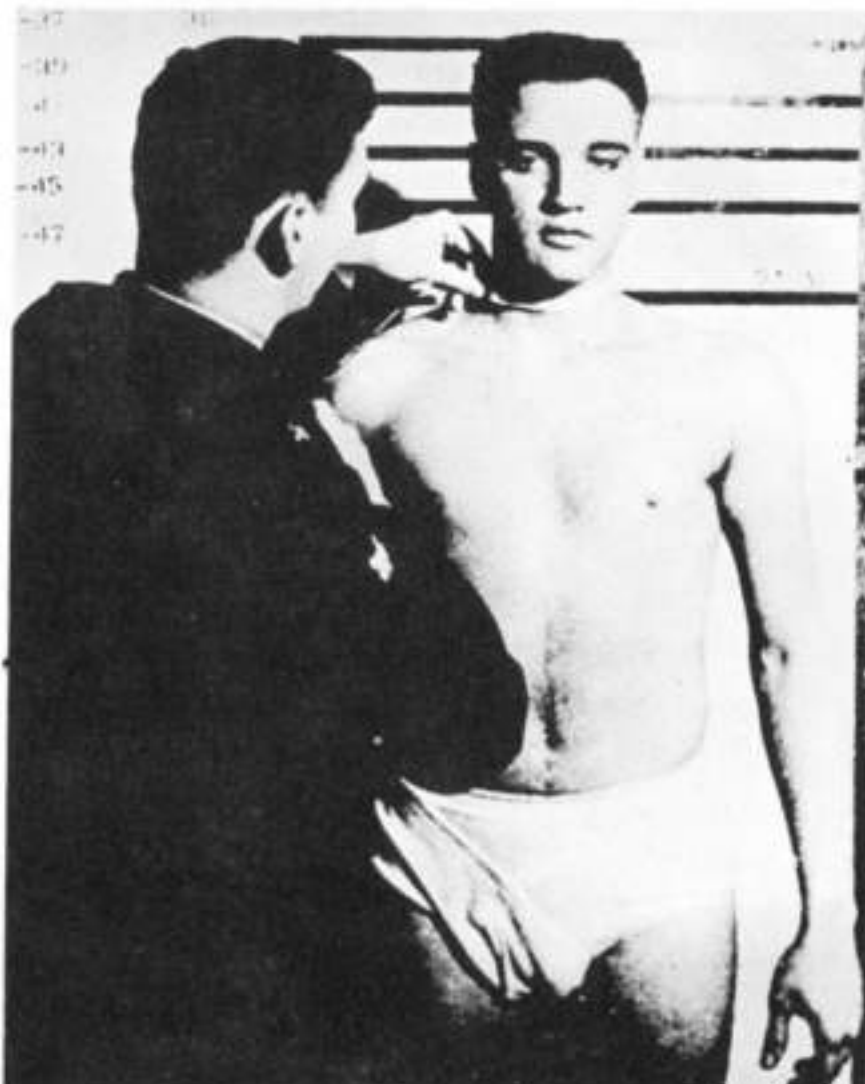
*BUSTER & BILLIE* Jan Michael Vincent (1974)



*REVENGE OF THE GLADIATORS* (1964)



*FLASH GORDON* Larry Buster Crabbe (1936)



H. NEWS PHOTO  
Elvis Presley



*GOLIATH AND THE BARBARIANS*  
Steve Reeves (1960)

# PRISON SLAVERY

**Sex** in today's prison has little to do with being gay, per se. It has much to do with human sexuality and man's need for contact. In prisons, an inmate is not necessarily burdened with the homosexual label if he participates in a homosexual act. Indeed, statistics have shown that most non-gay prisoners who participate in same-sex activities while behind bars and deprived of their usual outlets will revert, upon release, to heterosex. Still, as we know, there are many gays who, for some reason or another, may find themselves behind bars. Chet is one example as he reflects upon his own initiation into the steel and stone fraternity.

RP: If I remember correctly, Chet, weren't you first incarcerated several years ago?

CHET: Yeah, yeah, this guy met me the first time I got there. "Don't screw up and don't say a word. A nigger like me can kill you 'cause there's only three kinds here: either you're owned, public property, or dead. These cells is where it's at for us, where you get a hold on and you brab. 'Cause I love ya, I love you younger guys coming up. You younger guys are what makes these stinking cells such a pleasure for me."

That's a speech I never will forget, or the events that followed. I began to get nervous, taking another hit off the joint he'd given me and passing it to him. At the last minute, he snuffed it, saving the roach, putting this last bit in his sock, and smiled: "Strip," he demanded. "No, man, I don't like it,"

was my response.

He dropped his eyes and began to swing his foot back and forth. He told me I had an altar boy look and I should offer repentance, raising one big black finger in the air as if to pass judgment from the top bunk, his throne as I later learned to call it.

I knew I'd made a mistake in refusing to obey his command. "I think I'm gonna shit on you," he said as he went for his pants button. I didn't know any better at that time, so I called for help from the bulls. Three of them came over to the runway and stood gazing at me and this powerful master.

You've got to understand that prison officials use sex as a weapon, to control and to punish. Sure, it's publicly condemned, but it's still used internally to pacify and contain the inmate population. And I was about to become a pacifier.

"Hey, the King's got a good kid, a good kid. Can we watch, King?"

Those were the last words I heard then, but when King bent me over I could see one bull foaming at the fly. Then there were bodies and more bodies, everybody around, everybody standing there as King rolled down his pants to reveal a tattoo of an American flag with his long, round, black dick as the flagpole. Then I was thrown around and the flagpole tore at my ass without mercy.

All the bulls were high, everyone of them happy at what was happening. I was King's new kid.

RP: Chet, you once mentioned an inmate who spat on a guard.

CHET: Oh, yeah, wow. That poor kid's face was a swollen mass of bruises and stitched wounds when they brought him back to his cell from the hole. The only way he could be identified was by his beautiful red hair, and even that was bloodstained.

RP: Do you remember Joey? Whatever happened to him?

CHET: Yeah, Joey, the Jewish boy. He had a real kid for an "old man." When the bulls found out that he was fucking around on someone else's slave, they warned him... and he knew if he broke the rules he would have a tough go. It was on a Sunday... Easter, I think... and we could all tell that something was wrong. Joey was rolling waste tobacco. The bulls called him up and I heard him shout, "If I don't make it back, tell 'em I said the bulls could go fuck themselves." As the bulls came to take him, he screamed for them not to, shouting, "Fuck you! Fuck!"

The bulls grabbed him, and his own piss ran down his legs. Later I saw Joey and his eyes screamed with desperation and horror. After lockup, we could hear something going on in Joey's cell, but we all figured it was him being upset and all. Then we saw the blaze coming from the cell. The asshole pigs opened all our cell bars and told us to get the hell down because smoke was filling all our cells. They didn't open Joey's until they'd sprayed him and his cell with acostic soda. Finally, naked and in shock, he was allowed to come out of the cell. He walked and he looked, but he was just barely keeping himself together without the aid of the bulls, who wouldn't touch him anyhow. I heard one of the bulls say, "I thought about pissing on you to put the fire out," and then I heard Joey's last words, "I love you." The entire place was like a steam bath and he fell dead, his pubic hairs still smoking. One of the bulls said, "Well, he's no prime rib but put a few onions on him, and he might not be so bad."

RP: What were the reactions to this? Any repercussions?

CHET: I understand that Joey's old

as told to  
ROBERT PAYNE



man, the tough kid, punctured the bladder of the pig who said the thing about the onions.

RP: Chet, tell us about the Mexican trustee and his roomie.

CHET: Yeah, I was one of the lucky ones. At least I had someone on the outside to bring me money and books. This black dude had no one but the Mexican, who was about 23, was our inside trustee. He was the head of the module and responsible for such things as food distribution, deciding who could make phone calls or have clean bedding or clean clothing. You know, in a place like that, these things become very important; there's nothing else to worry about as the long days and night pass, and the trustee becomes a very important part of your life.

Because I *did* have somebody on the outside, I was able to afford the better things in there by paying for them. We used to barter and then get whatever or whomever we wanted. The black guy, "The Dude," we used to call him, had had a pretty rough life. By the time he was ten, he'd already spent too much time on the other side of somebody's studio couch, waiting for whoever it was going to be that night. He'd never had anybody, really, that he could turn to or count on. He once commented on how many people's wet dreams he'd been a part of. He confessed that the Mexican allowed him favors even though he couldn't pay. It seems that during a riot at one of the prisons, guards held him down on his back while one of the pigs crushed his

penis and nuts with the heel of his boot. Funny thing is, the Mexican used The Dude for his own pleasure, fucking him in front of pictures of his wife and kids. Yeah, the Mexican was straight.

RP: You told me about your initiation as a kid. Did you ever have a kid?

CHET: Yeah, of course I did, eventually. One day the bulls came in and shouted, "Okay, guys, oil up your zippers. There's a new one coming in and he's up for the most you can pay. What will bidding be today?" There hadn't been a new one in for some time, so excitement was high. The bull made the kid walk first in one direction, then in the other. The big bull brought him up... he was blond... and made him drop his pants. He had one solid gold ass. I'd never seen an ass that was so tight and so shiny. As the two other bulls were staring the big bull shouted, "Here is a good-looking stud," and ordered him to lick the boots on his mule-like feet. Then the bidding began.

You know, before I was in the joint, I always thought that other people made up stories like this. But if you don't believe me, you can go and check it out for yourself; all you have



Art by  
Steve Masters

to do is commit a crime that will get you time there in the pen.

RP: Now I'm really curious. Who won the kid?

CHET: Well, me. I had the stuff to buy 'im. His name was Bruce and he reminded me of a captain I once knew, the captain of the football team, you know? As the hot hand of fate would have it, my friend had been to see me the day before and I had plenty to pay. I felt this new one was worth everything I had. Besides, I no longer wanted to be a kid for anyone and had won the right to bid myself.

His reaction was like all the rest I'd seen but not experienced. That is, I'd not experienced any but my own. "It's nuts, you in the sack with me," was his first response after he learned that I owned him body and soul. He actually thought we'd all been kidding! Then it hit me that I *did* own him, and I couldn't control myself any longer. I reached over and grabbed him, pulling him down to my cock by his long and silky golden hair. All I could think of was sliding it down past his tonsils. I threw him down on the hard iron bed, forcing it into his face and telling him to kiss it, to suck it. I jammed it into him and, when his mouth became full of that screaming and pulsating prick, he tried to pull away. Just as I had once done. I hit him and he screamed. I hit

him again, knowing that the bulls would do nothing for I had won the right to do with him whatever I wanted to do. I told him that if I really wanted to hurt him I could and went for his throat like a vampire coming off a three-month fast. I dictated to him that I would teach him to dig it, just as I had been taught.

It hurts me now to realize what one can become when thrown into such a demeaning environment. I can still remember the kid's eyes pleading, the tears running down his face, his mouth... when it wasn't full of me... crying "I don't wanna, I don't wanna." But I was hungry for him and the sound of my laughter against the cries of this golden blond with the golden ass made me wild; wilder and higher than I'd ever been.

I can still see his balls when he showered, those balls that shimmied a little to the left, then a little to the right.

One day in the shower the bulls decided they wanted to see themselves a show. And in there, you know, you can't very well refuse. It was either give hem their show or lose the kid to them. I was forced to stuff my still-soft cock into his mouth while the bulls yelled, "Stuff it in his

ear, stuff it up his nose!" After a while, you know, you manage to stop all sight, all sound; you know they're out there, you can feel them watching. They were out there on the other side of the bars, loving every minute of it. I made him run his hands over my tender tits while the bulls hollered out, "Is that some piece? Is it worth the price you paid?" And some other bull, watching the golden ass, got himself off on a fantasy while he screamed, "I'd like to crawl between there!" Still another, hot from watching the show, grabbed the cheeks of a sleek beauty in a nearby cell and forced his throbbing organ into the tiny crack between them.

RP: My God, Chet! Some of what you have to say is horrifying, and some is tantalizing! I'll bet that you could write a book about your experiences in prison!

CHET: Yeah, well, I hope to have one out soon, with some pretty graphic illustrations to go with the narrative. Jeez! There're lots of stories. Like the trustee who was Mr. Super Stud, the Mafia man who had five slaves sent in at his request. Or the kid from the South who was in for literally crucifying a member of his bike club. But, Hell! If I tell you everything now, there won't be anything left for a book!



Robert Opel

# Requiem for a toolbox



They say it weighs 5,000 pounds, and when it arcs through the air it seems to hesitate briefly before unleashing its wrath. At the point of contact, clouds of dust burst around it. Suddenly it's raining pieces of brick, metal, concrete, and plaster; the eye of the hurricane of destruction; a whirlpool of wooden splinters; shards of glass spun off into the sun.

There he sits, astride a leather seat bolted to a cab that strains and jars and jolts as the man and his machine absorb the shocks of that giant ball tethered to the tip of this metal crane. It shoots from the cab, a towering erection silhouetted against the San Francisco skyline. The seat accommodates his body easily. The leather strains against its rawhide stitching as he manipulates his body in time with the machine. Two indentations comfortably fit his ass. He's wearing a tank top, the sweat of his body melding the material to his chest. He spits on his glove, grappling with the controls, fingers fondling the gears. His boots push against the glass shield, where Cat's Paw is temporarily tattooed in the dusty window. On the side of the cab, scratched and pitted by tons of flying debris, is lettered "Demolition Jockey."

The other men on the crew sort through the wreckage, piling up bricks and salvaging doors. They wear Levis and hard hats, their bare chests and arms covered with white dust, the fallout from the silver ball

pounding unrelentingly against the yielding structure.

The sun moves lower in the sky. The building is reduced to its components, save one wall. The dudes stare down impassively on the destruction. Aloof, sensuous, half-closed eyes peer through the dust at a monument of frozen sexuality. Sailors, bikers, businessmen, construction workers; lots of trips have come down where they gaze.

On Saturday nights, the bikes would be parked along the street for a whole block, lined up one against the next, a row of chrome and steel gleaming in the moonlight. The strains of "Stand By Your Man" filtered out from the jukebox... "It's hard givin' all your love to just one man..." Over the door was spelled "The Tool Box." The "T" was a wrench topped with a screwdriver, the "OO" formed in the shape of a pair of nuts leaning expectantly against the bolt that was the "L."

It was the only leather bar in a city named after a dude who talked to the birds, down there south of Market among the warehouses, the trucks and the loading platforms, an island apart from the social machinations of the rest of the city. The bikers would hang out there at the end of their runs; some of the men from the Financial District would wander in, thin ties and eyelid collars; the crew-cut boys from Cal, wearing their denim jackets and sweatsocks, could be found there. They stared at

each other, wondering about it all. And they stared at the wall, painted men frozen in time, and the wall stared back.

Some nights you could push your way to the back and press your crotch next to the ass of a French sailor who'd wandered up from the Embarcadero ... or watch the cum drip down the john wall, smearing over a layer of messages: "Man needs tight ass to fuck." or "Cocks sucked here nightly." Everybody drank beer; it caused you to piss a lot. Sometimes you could wait an hour to get into the john. The place smelled of sweat and leather and grease and beer; smoke hung in tattered patches licking the ceiling. Across the chests of the painted men who stared so intently were the words, "Marlboro Country."

The Demolition Jockey's rig stood motionless. The wind was picking up, blowing in from the Bay, swirling in little circles poking around in the grit. Particles of fog were absorbed in the dust; beads of moisture formed on the bricks.

Pieces of lath shatter beneath the boots of a guy wearing a cowboy hat as he walks through the wreckage. Time seems oddly fused; tenses coalesce; the cool dudes survey the scene; somewhere in the distance a jukebox is playing.



**BORN  
TO  
RAISE  
HELL**



What can you say about a movie that's so hot it's being handled with asbestos gloves?

For openers, we can say that it makes "Sextool" look like "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Even the Sire of "Sextool," Fred Halsted, has commented that "Born to Raise Hell" is the best S&M film he's ever seen. No small praise, that, coming from the Stud who is the acknowledged Master of the S&M film genre.

Prior to the start of the film is a disclaimer stating, in part, that "This theatre is not responsible for any psychological effects to the viewer." There seems to be a considerable willingness, however, to accept responsibility for the psysiological effects... and there will be many a throbbing organ in the "Born" audience. It must be noted here that an occasional writer has pointed out the obvious lack of throbbing organs in the film itself, also pointing out his own ignorance about this specialized area of sensuality. As S&M devotees will attest, it's the scene and not the sex that counts.

Be that as it may, there's plenty of scene and sex for even the most jaded viewer or doer. Every act that

can possibly be committed on, in, or to a human body is, including some that I would have bet against. Early on I was tempted to add to "Born to Raise Hell" the subtitle, "Forced to Drink Piss." (Mercy! I've not seen so much urine outside of a hospital in years; it's a wonder that poor child wasn't permanently jaundiced!) Then I revised my thinking to "Live to Sniff Amyl," for it sometimes seemed as though that were the only thing that kept some of the Ms alive and breathing. (I do wish I had a piece of the popper profit from this picture!)

Over and above the ingenious and seemingly endless methods of sucking, fucking, stripping, whipping, shaving, slaving, eating, beating, and so forth and so on, there are some truly marvelous touches. The cast is introduced not by the conventional credit lines, but by means of names tattooed on various parts of the anatomy. Val Martin never, ever removes his symbolic black hat, not even when he tenderly kisses a battered M. The use of road signs provides amusing punctuation to the action. We're warned about the amyl, for example, by DANGER/GETTING BLASTED AREA, CAUTION

/WIDE AND LONG LOAD alerts us to yet another peril, while CAUTION/DEPT. OF WATER AND SPORTS speaks for itself.

The camera work is excellent, particularly in such shots as a close-up of a confined cock and balls which makes us realize better than *Gray's Anatomy* how mighty like a street map is the human circulatory system.

My major technical complaints have to do with some bad miking and

Still and all, "Born to Raise Hell" has something for everyone, including offense: its detractors are legion, alas, and in some circles it's the film you love to hate. It is worth seeing, but you're going to have to check your local paper carefully for play dates. Although it showed without incident in San Francisco, and a print has gone to New York's Museum of Modern Art, the film has already been cancelled once in both Los Angeles and Atlanta. It's been tentatively rescheduled for the latter city in February, but the political climate seems to be dictating the L.A. opening. So far as I know, there's been no problem to date with Chicago or New York.



## Born to Raise Hell

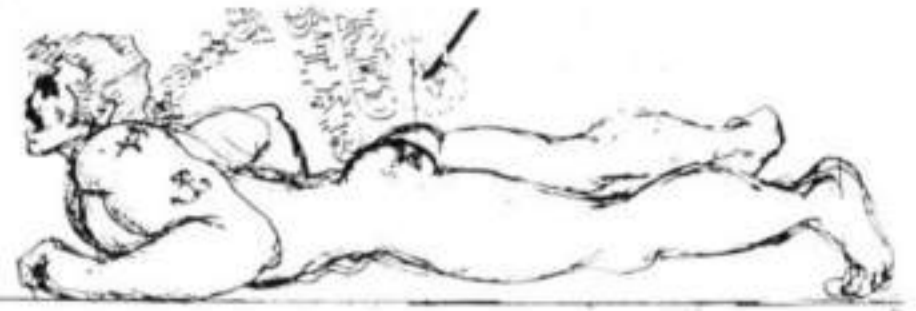
MARATHON FILMS RELEASE OF A PSYCHO FILMS production. Conceived and directed by Roger Earl. Director of Photography: Ray Tamargo. Editor: Robert Shaw. Sound: Buddy Holloway of Holloway Studios. Featuring Val Martin, Quave Dalton, John Detour, Steve Richards, Eric Lansing, Tiger John, David Andrews, Paul Joseph and Craig Roberts.

Remember some years back when "A Man and A Woman" was being touted as the movie to see "-with someone you love"? Well, "Born to Raise Hell" is the movie to see with someone you love to beat. Or be beaten by.

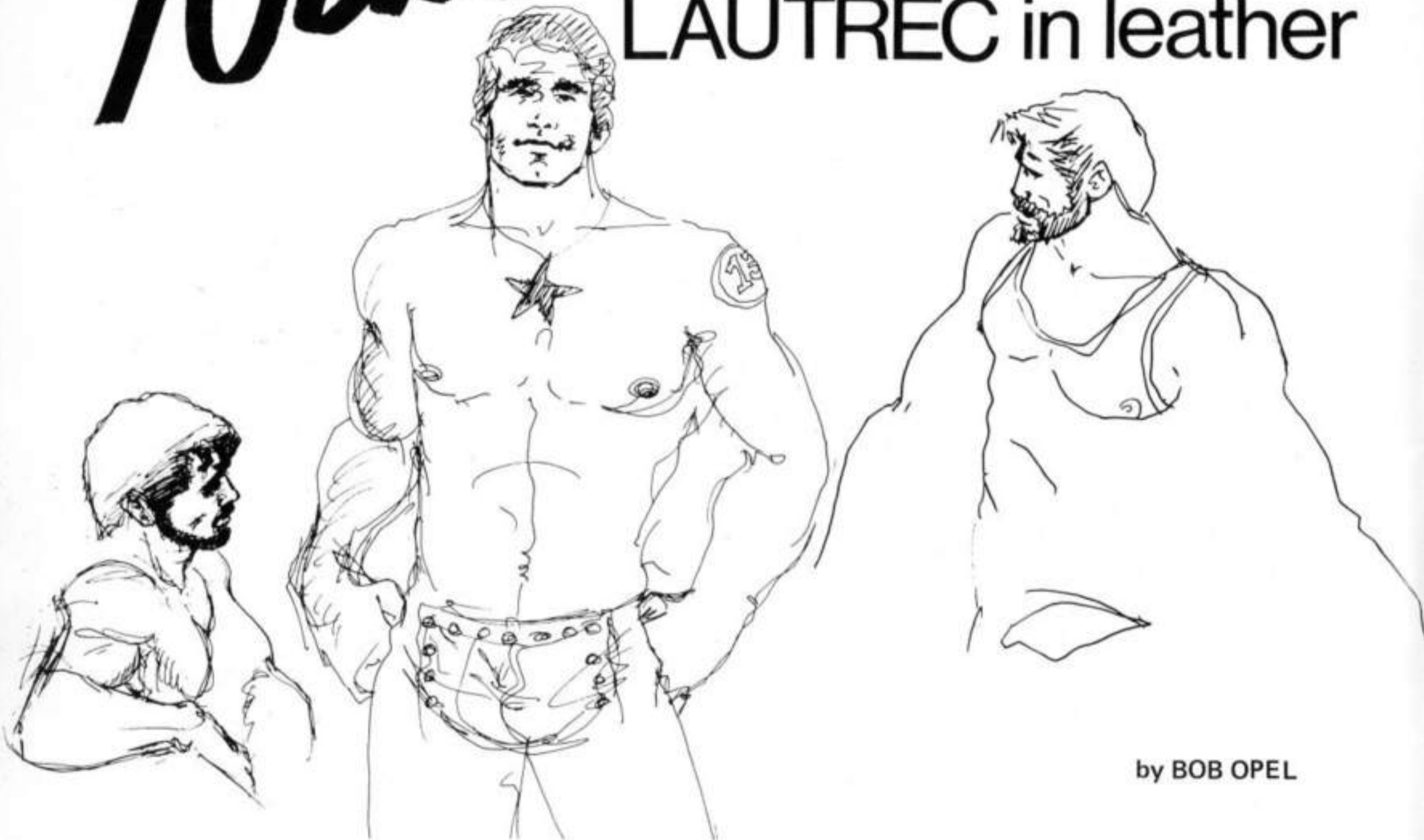
—Sidney Charles



# Arnett



## LAUTREC in leather



by BOB OPEL

"The goal of the city is to make men happy and free" . . . Aristotle on San Francisco. It is printed neatly and pasted up on a piece of shiny white paper tacked to the door, up the stairs over a bar that isn't called anything.

A man in leather shorts passes by on the landing. His legs are cinched into his trunks with pieces of rawhide that run crisscross along his thighs. The binding impresses rectangular striations that bulge white and retreat with geometric precision into the innermost confines of skin covering skin. He disappears through another door. I flash for a moment on a magic theatre where such men are included among the players, conniving in continual performances of freeform sexual repertory before the most appreciative audiences.

The door swings open. Chuck Arnett is standing there explaining that he is in the middle of washing his clothes. He is back-lit by the sun streaming in a window through which I can see a motorcycle tire

looped over a light fixture which illuminates a perfectly blank piece of tin. From a few old holes dripping rust, the neon buzzings of previous designations spark briefly and cloud into my vitreous humor. "It's called the No Name, you know."

We walk into his studio. He writes down some graffiti he's read somewhere . . . "muscular stud" . . . "large cock" . . . "piss trips" . . . "need domination." He's been drawing, sketching, painting, some-times sculpting since he came to San Francisco some 15-or-so years ago.

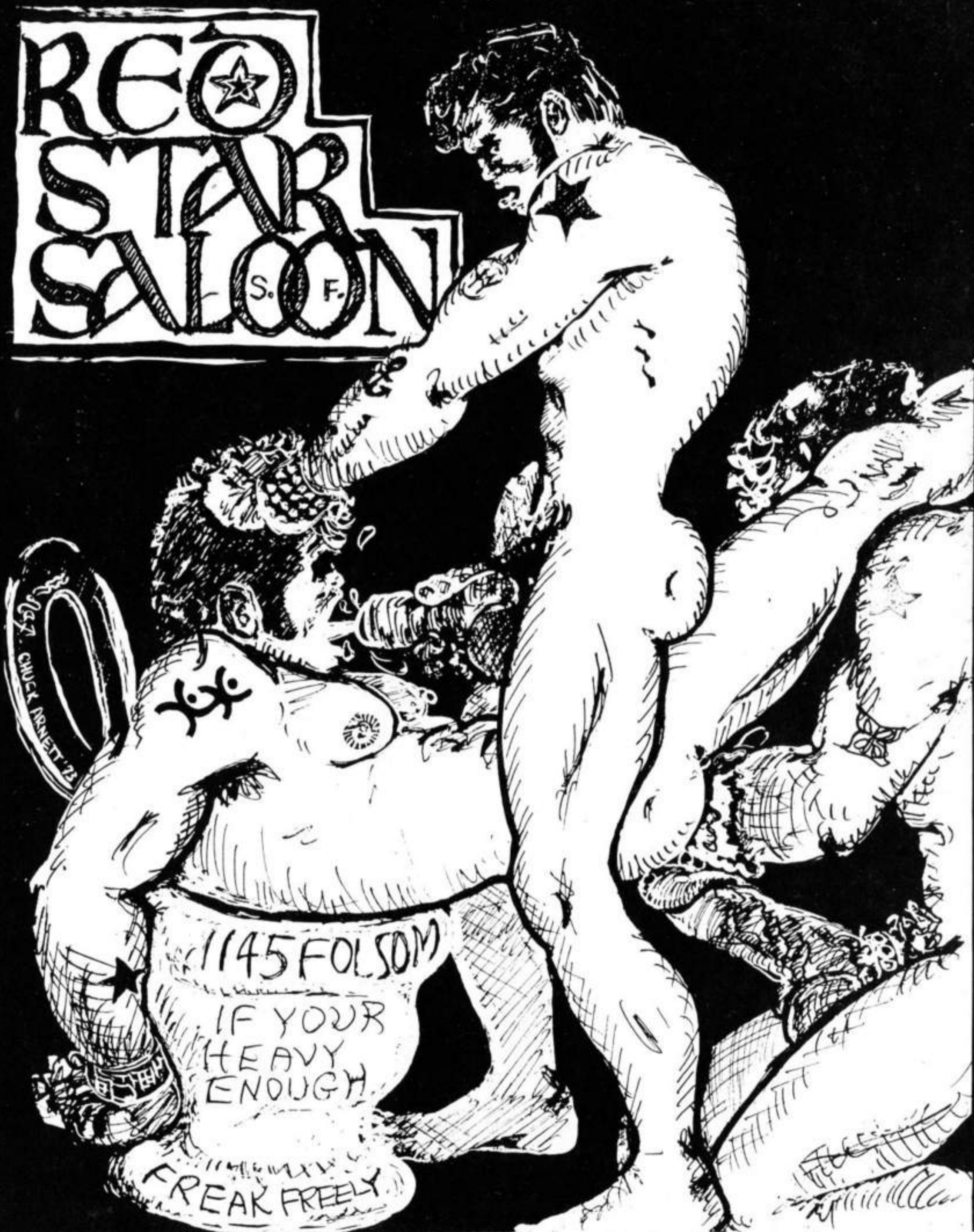
"Shaw's, that was a leather bar in New York in the '50s before any place was called a leather bar or anybody even knew what one was." Chuck remembers it very well. He hung out there a lot. Black jackets, motorcycle boots, snap-brim hats shielding the searching eyes: hulking shadows undulating in chains and leather strayed accomodatingly into his vision.

"Brando started it. 'The Wild One' became a cult film. It played for

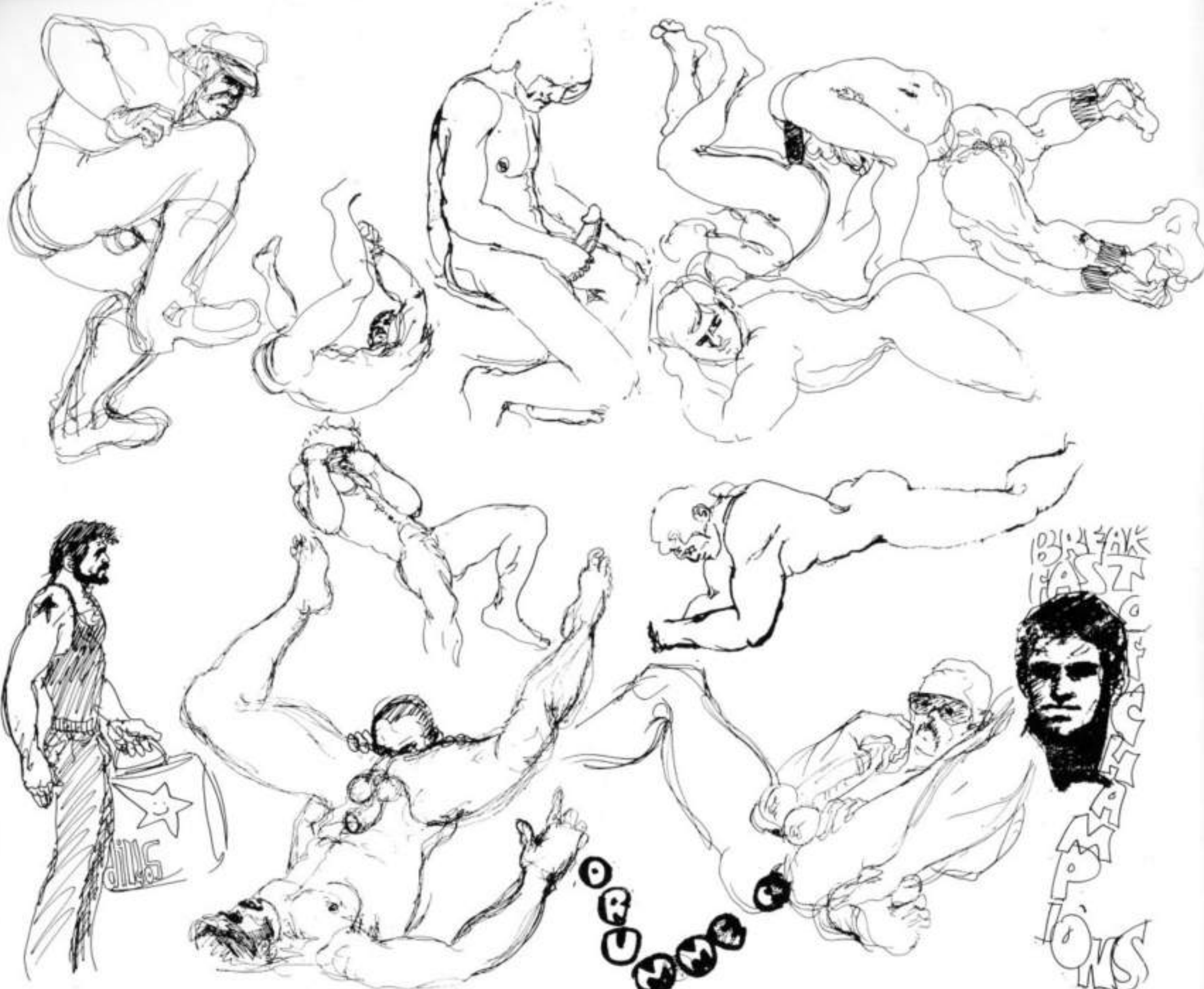
nearly a year in some theatre over on the West Side. I saw it 20 times maybe."

Sprockets snapped into position, meshing with the whirling gears of a luminous projector. The pavement receded into the dust, the rate of its departure coincident with the visual life of the gasoline vapor that trailed after it. The Leader of the Pack, alienated as hell, archetypical American loner, the cool dude, fucking Mary Murphy, Mom and Apple Pie in one deft, terrorizing stroke. An orgasm on celluloid, specks of silver nitrate ejaculating into the countryside siring a new cult.

On a dark corner at the edge of the Warehouse District, away from the cashmere sweaters, buckle-backed jeans and the steps of The Madison, the progeny came together, gliding off their gleaming machines and regarding themselves in their sleek dark costumes in the parallax of chrome bars and steel pedals. This was the Tool Box. Sometimes they



ARNETT'S famous poster for the RED STAR SALOON is brutal, powerful and not without a sense of humor.



called it "Marlboro Country." Chuck came to town with them. He brought his tools, and one afternoon he used them to impress into the walls of the clubhouse the faces of those who carved out the western territory.

A leather strip snakes down Folsom Street. For a short time it coiled around the Red Star Saloon, "a very hot bar." Along with Chuck, most fanciers of life along Folsom remember. The posters that touted the delights of that rare establishment found their way onto the john walls of leather maniacs everywhere. They stand tribute to a man who captured the mystique of another time zone with a few scratches of his pen: the Arnett touch, loosed in the land. It's visible these days in another bar, a block over from the strip.

The Ambush enjoys a reputation as a mellow bar: not too crowded, sleazy, frequently heavy. It stands alone on Harrison Street asserting its independence, fashioning its allure by looking around the corner for some new head space. The hard core

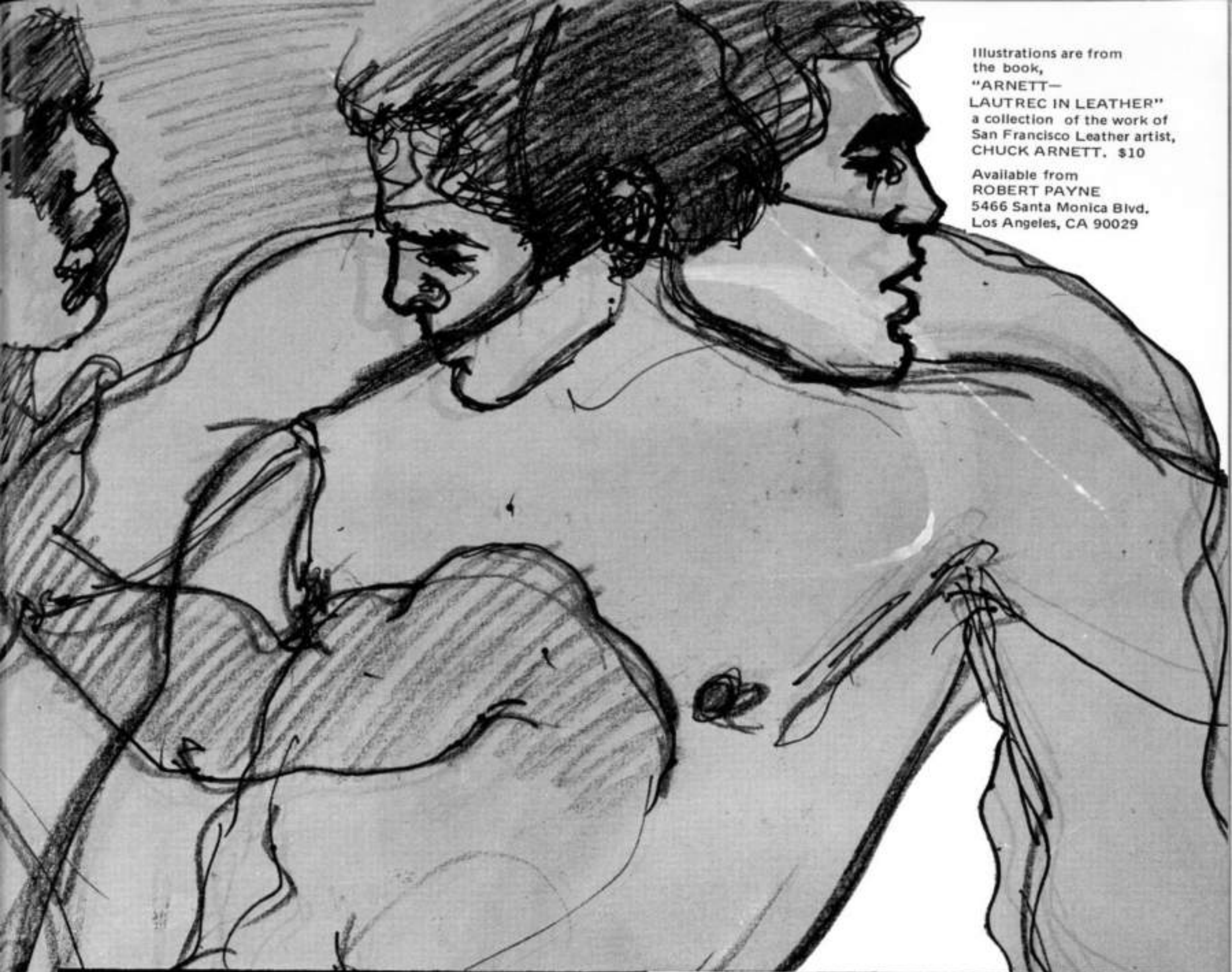
from the No Name and the Ramrod don't all come around. Some wander in from time to time to freak on Salsa, drink another beer, play a little pool, fuck around and cruise the drawings on the walls. Arnett's men dominate the place. Transmogrified from their gig at the Tool Box, they have their pants down and their crewnecks off and they're spreading their asses and fist fucking the hell out of each other. Marlon into S&M.

"Galleries are funeral parlors for art work." He's drawing a dude twisting a leather thong around his cock. His pen hits the paper hard. "I show my work in the bar because that's where the people who know me go and can get off on what I do and sometimes even buy something." In the bar, the original art work for the Red Star posters is framed over the door leading to the john. A price tag next to it reads \$200. Behind the door, a drawing dangles over the urinal and sometimes provides inspiration for the more hang-loose among the Ambush clientele. Black

scratches ply the pressed pulp into yielding up a fierce man wearing a leather hat, handcuffed to a chair, his ass being fingered by the dude who was trapping his cock with the leather thong. New members of the troupe freaking freely, continuous erotic performances courtesy of the magic markers wielded by the master mind-fucker.

The dryer drones expectantly into the final moments of the permanent press cycle. We move toward the door. My eyes scout the landing for a pair of blond thighs bound in leather. Downstairs, under a sign proclaiming only anonymity, a gloved hand formed into a tight fist pulls firmly on a large studded dog collar which encircles the neck of a dude wearing a checkered shirt. The glove melds into a jacket, the focus of a leather outfit designed to fit firmly over a well-muscled body. He glowers under the hat forced low over his eyes, a hint of trips to come. They disappear down the alley, walking a perpendicular to Folsom Street.





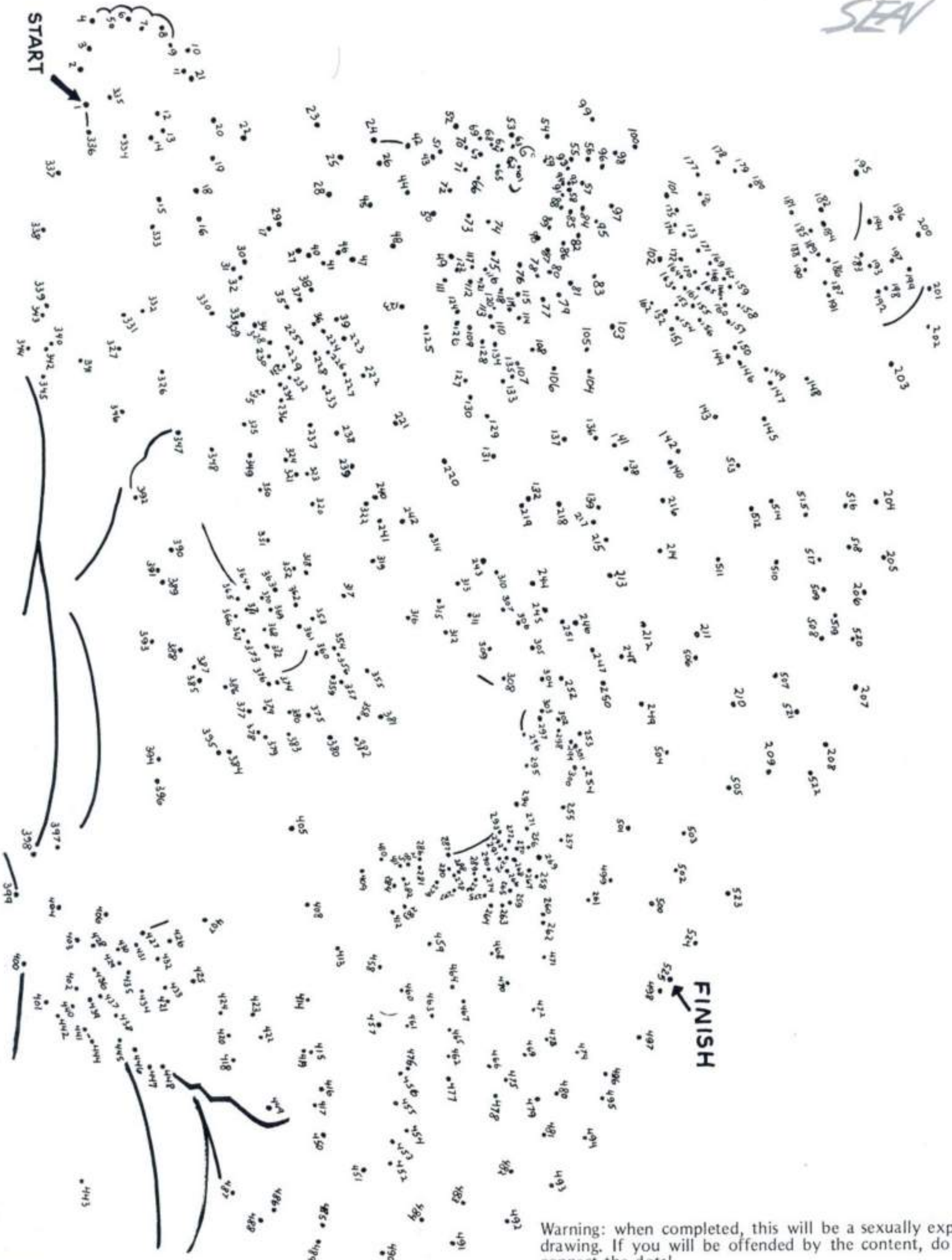
Illustrations are from  
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a collection of the work of  
San Francisco Leather artist,  
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# EROTIC DOTS

SEA



Warning: when completed, this will be a sexually explicit drawing. If you will be offended by the content, do *not* connect the dots!



# BESTIALITY



Cheetah Finds Tarzan



Another New Friend



Tarzan Removes a Thorn



Old Pals



(Ed Note: DRUMMER recognizes that bestiality is still highly illegal in most, if not all, of the United States. As such, we are not endorsing the practice. We are simply presenting this article to illustrate further that there are many forms of sexual release, each one a natural act to its practitioners.)

Bestiality: sex involving humans and animals, with or without regard for the animals' interest. It is against the law. As with all human behavior, the conditions in the individual mind determine the range and intensity of experiences; as with all sexual behavior, other minds judge and speculate through their own ignorance and frustrations. The outraged

cries against sex with "defenseless creatures" are pushed through tense throats of constipated, girdled, neurotic, prudent Americans everywhere — determined to save us all from everyone else. Should they follow the horror of a single beef cow or frying chicken on its way to their tables, their concern for a few supposedly "sexually misused" animals could be seen as nothing short of ridiculous.

My investigation of bestiality for DRUMMER exposed me to what must be a common and grinding problem for animal-lovers: Those who were not involved in the scene thought me perverted, taking unnecessary risks to my health and freedom, while those already involved were terrified of exposure, bad press, or just another rip-off thrill-seeker.

I believe those who did give me time

and confide in me were pleased by my acceptance of them and their stories; I was pleased by their acceptance. The one thing which kept recurring through all the histories and fantasies and present involvements was the GRADUAL transference of trust and sexual gratification to the various animals, not surprisingly an important point in the development of commitment to all relationships.

What follows is distilled from hours of interviews. Most of it happened to one man, now in his 40s, living east of L.A. on a few acres and quietly sharing life with his non-human lovers. In rewriting his story, I have changed various details to protect his identity and make it readable, entertaining and informative enough to provide an insight into him and his scene.

I was 13 when my parents were killed and the ranch was bought at auction by my uncle. Grudgingly, he let me stay on, providing a severe list of rules and chores to be kept. His soft, punkish kid, Paul, was given my room, and I was given a cot within a small shed back of the chicken coop. I enjoyed the privacy and gladly spent what time I could alone there. Another advantage was that the privy was in the chickenyard, too, so on cold, wet nights I hadn't far to walk. I was taken out of school and spent 10 to 12 hours a day learning the care of the stock and yard animals, gradually assuming all the feeding and slopping. They all became my pets and friends — Paul was off at school most days and seldom even talked to me whenever he was around. The stove I fixed up in my room was cozy. I had five of mom's quilts for color and warmth and a little lamp I'd use on the sly 'cuz Uncle didn't want me wastin' the kerosene. I found black cloth to pull over the tiny shed's windows and kept with the readin' my mom had done with me.

One night as spring came in and I neared 14, I turned off my light, climbed in bed and was startled by a ruckus in the chickenyard. Jumping up to the window, I peeked out and saw Paul. The moonlight showed his teen-age body, baby fat dissolving and tightening here and there into a man's sculptured muscle. The pale body was naked, and fuzzy light brown hair ranged lightly along the nipples and chest dropped in a thin line to his belly-button then grandly spread down over his abdomen to his cock. He held a chicken between his legs and was violently flexing his legs and stomach. The chicken struggled madly, Paul jerked and shuddered, then dropped the hen to the ground. I saw his dick, dark with what was blood or chicken shit, fat and about eight inches long with a foreskin that began to swallow the softening shaft. He slipped on his trousers, took away the dead chicken, and I laid back in wonder. The next three nights in a row the boy did the same thing, and each night I watched. On the third night he killed three chickens, and as he left I began worrying about the effects of these raids on the hen population! If he kept on like this, his dad would soon begin to notice something, and I would be blamed unless evidence of a predator was found. For much less reason I had been severely beaten by Uncle, and I didn't need any schooling to predict the hiding this would bring. The next night I waited for Paul to catch his hen, then I cleared my throat and hoarsely whispered to him from where I stood in the shadow of the outhouse.

He sat the bird down and strolled casually over to me without bothering to pick up his pants. My knees began to quiver, so to stall the confrontation I asked him into my shed to talk. He came in, sat for a minute, then abruptly got up and peered out the window. It was obvious what I had been able to see. He gave a long whistle, then turned to me with a glare of anger and suspicion. The look paralyzed me with fear, and I sat staring as he walked over to where I sat dressed only in jeans; my eyes dropped with the movement of his hand, as it cupped the

tat, unwashed prick, and piss gushed out in a strong acrid yellow stream and filled my mouth before I could close it and oiled my face and hair and body as I fell to the floor and tried to roll away. He laughed and pinned me to the floor, grabbed some rope, threw me bound onto the bed, and fastened me face up with hands tied to the headboard, legs hobbled. He took a dirty sock from my boot and shoved it in my mouth and left. When he came back in he knelt over my chest, rubbed that smelly cheesy cock in my face, then shoved the chicken he held onto his hard meat with a snapping and loud "thomp." He edged up on my face and I watched his snug balls whack against the chicken's ass while the terrified bird scratched my cheeks into a stinging pain. My blood mixed with its blood. I wanted to see Paul suffer like that. He tired of the bird, so he threw it down and lifted my legs over my head. It was my turn to feel the chicken's terror, and the battering began on my sensitive dry butt. Soon he had busted his way inside, the sock muffled my screams, and he pumped like he wanted to tear me inside out. I couldn't breathe, my heart felt like it would burst, my back ached, and my hands and feet were numbed by the ropes that cut off circulation. Paul groaned and gasped, turned my feet down to the left side of the bed, adjusted his thrust position, leaned down and took my right nipple in his mouth and set his teeth deeper into my tender flesh with every bucking and heightening jab of his long, complete orgasm. I felt him flood my butt. Then I passed out.

The next morning I woke with sore, aching muscles and a burning on my face and chest. My ass felt packed with broken bottles. A soft knock on my door and Paul came in. He carried some breakfast, set it on the bedstand, and poured hot water into a basin. He left without a word. I washed the wounds, ate, and did my chores; the family was gone for the day, so no questions were asked, and for the moment I relaxed into routine.

Over the next year, until Paul was 17 and killed by lightning on a pack trip, my daily routine changed little, but my nights became a hell of Paul's constant abuses and tortures. He branded me "C/S" for "cocksucker" on the left side of my chest. He would take horse shit and hay and roll me in the mixture, my skin burning from the acids. He would stuff me in the outhouse hole then piss and shit on me in my horror of that dark and spidery place. He would tie me down and beat me with fists, belts, sticks, and occasionally a branch of poison oak or stinging nettles. As I turned 14, my cock had lengthened drastically. Soft hairs had sprouted in my armpits and along the crevice of my ass and around the base of the 9-inch shaft. Paul would tie it and beat it and pour Red-Hot over it, telling me what a freak I was and how no girl could get fucked by it if it grew anymore. Once he put honey under the foreskin and watched as ants crawled excitedly over my crotch in their delirium of discovery. I was not sorry when he was killed.

With Paul dead, Uncle became more dependent on me; there were no other

children and the ranch couldn't support a hired hand. I was more than happy with his offer of a small salary and a fixing up of my shed. I wanted nothing to do with anyone. I'd had enough of Paul to last forever, and most folks in town or who came to visit seemed just as mean as he'd been, so who needs 'em?

I got myself a Labrador-Shepherd puppy and he was a good enough friend. Uncle gave me a horse, an Appaloosa mare I named Rye, and I settled into age 15 with a grown-up lifestyle unfettered with any responsibilities except to myself and my chores. My dick slid up to 11 inches, and I got to enjoying the private stroking off when I was alone in the barn or on the range or under covers at night. The wet cum dried sticky and smelled like clean soap; I liked it matted in my crack and pubic hairs, gummy along my thighs and slick balls, and I'd rub it all over my chest as fertilizer in the design I'd hoped the hair would grow. (It didn't work . . .) I cleverly called my puppy "Dog," and the name fit him pretty nicely. He loved to pile into my bed, and he thought that jism was specially whipped for him, 'cuz he'd lick it off and then tongue my cock and ass for more. His pink, hot cock would stretch along his black belly, and he'd place his paws on my chest and lick me if I'd jerk him off. His cum was thick and plentiful and he'd lap it all up, too. One night I got real hot (I'd helped the bull mount cows all week, plunging my fist up others' cunts with handfuls of his sperm). As we settled into bed, Dog straddled my face and began licking my cock. Playfully, I opened my mouth and licked his dick. The hooked head began its push out of the folded skin, the balls swung in their taut little bag, and I filled my mouth with dog dick and tongued and sucked until the hardon and knot were really swelling. I reached over for my Butch wax and rubbed my asshole with it (stretching the now hairy buttocks with my fingers and hands). I lifted my legs and laid back in ecstasy as the rough tongue dug deeper into my bowels, his wet, cold nose teasing my heavy balls. He brought the tongue up my sweating crotch, along the stiff cock, nuzzled and lapped at the sweat along the abdomen and to my chest and then he started in. I was totally uncomfortable so I eased him back, flipped to my knees and stuck my ass out. He climbed on my back and began the rapid punching entry. Even so, he was not as rough as Paul had liked to be, and I had an ass bulging with a hot humping dog that made love to my writhing twat, strong strokes of masterful manipulation that caused all my thoughts to turn to colors while he shot a hot fast injection that instantly filled, calmed and lubricated my hungry hole. Suddenly Dog began withdrawing, pulling the knot through my clamped muscles. I pushed and contracted involuntarily, my head reeling with more brilliant flashes of color. Incredible gaps appeared between breaths and heartbeats. My head dropped with dizziness. My balls burst within, and from the base of the asshole a slow heavy electric pain rose to the swollen head of my 11 inches. I screamed silently while watching spurt after spurt of slow motion





juice splash on the sheet and form beautiful thick white pools under me. As his cock pulled free I arched my ass high in the air, stretched my legs and neck, then folded down into the cum I had thrown over my bed. I came down so that the right side of my face would rest in the largest pool and opened my mouth and stuck my tongue in the bitter stuff while Dog happily licked it from all around, including his own from my sore ass. The long scraping tongue seemed to be gently pushing my flesh back into shape, and I fell asleep to the rhythmic lapping and rimming.

Dog and I were inseparable. When I turned 16, Uncle gave me a rugged pack saddle and outfitted me for the range. At the end of the summer I was to round up the herd and be in charge of the rounders for the drive home! I got so keyed up by the prospect of all that, that I became impatient to get out and use the new gear and ride the mountains alone. I asked if I could take my mare, Rye, and ride out a few days just to spend some time by myself looking and wonderin'. I was surprised and proud when the old man agreed.

Dog and Rye and I looked back on the tiny house and outbuildings from the top of Miner's Ridge, then I yelled wildly and rode Rye hard across the ridge and up into the grand meadows. Poor Dog about ran his legs off that first few miles through the wilderness, but I soon got some sense and took pity on the poor guy and slowed Rye to an easy walk northeast into Colorado's San Juan mountains. We traveled two days before I came on a place I wanted to sit and stare at a few days: a cold waterfall crashed into a deep pool from a narrow black rock canyon, then the river roared down a wooded valley and cascaded onto a plain way below.

We settled there: a rubdown and grazing for Rye, a squirrel for Dog, a fire and supper for me. Uncle had gave me some Pall Malls in my vittles, so I cupped my hands around the tin coffee cup and inhaled the dizzying cigarette while Dog and I watched the blue blackness overtake the unspoiled grandeur. We sat quietly to the rising of a nearly full moon, the oranges of the fire playing on the firs and browns of the earth, trees and Rye. Her grey became an orange background for large freckled bursts of browns and spot-shadows. I fed the fire, stripped and stretched on top of the bedroll with Dog. My cock was now almost 13 inches long, and my legs were thick and fuzzy with hair. So were my balls, and I had almost as much pubic hair as Paul had boasted, although the hair on my chest only ringed my large dark tits and patched above the breastbone. We began our sexual ritual with my tonguing his cock and balls and ass, and he licked my ass and face. Getting fucked by Dog out here in the woods seemed even more erotic and special, and the cum poured out of me. I felt like an empty canvas water bag when we had finished the passionate love-making, and I laid there relaxing to the familiar licking and nuzzling.

Suddenly, Dog turned and growled, baring his teeth and snarling at some-

thing across the fire. I grabbed at my pants and gun and yelled, "Who's there?" It struck me as a dumb question if the WHO was an IT . . . Both Dog and I were frozen with fear. A tall, relaxed figure became visible over the flames — cigarette in mouth and eyes that bounced the firelight back into me with a confident stare. He casually strolled closer, leading his horse, and gently reproached Dog for his cowardly growling. He looked at me and said, "Son, if that pistol's loaded, put 'er away. They can make some bad holes, and the noise might scare me." He winked, told me he'd seen the fire and asked if he could set a spell.

I put the revolver down, jerkily put on my jeans and tried all the while to think of what to say. I started to introduce myself, but he cut in that names weren't much use on the trail, so he'd just call me "Son," and I could just call him. He laughed at my confusion, then asked for a cup of coffee. I poured some, but he tossed it with a spit and a loud laugh. He got water from the stream, then showed me how to use the cold water to settle grounds and explained that stones would keep the pot warm without boiling it down to paste. His coffee was a lot better. He led me into a long, drawn out conversation about his amblings, and as the fire died I fell asleep forgetting to find out if the cowboy had seen our sex.

Morning pried into my bedroll along with the steams of coffee and bacon in the air. My visitor had fixed me breakfast, and I sat in awe as I ate: it was delicious! My cooking had provided cremated beans, various solid states of coffee, and biscuits consisting of melted goo surrounded by white hot concrete! We had easy conversation, and he proved a real drifter. I couldn't see his horse, so he explained my mare *estaba berraca*, so he had tied his stallion back in the trees to avoid trouble. A long, awkward silence followed as I wondered if he was thinking about me and Dog. He started to speak several times, then shuffled and averted his gaze. Finally, he blurted out in his clumsy deep baritone: "I seen you and your dog by the fire last night, and I felt real bad about comin' in on ya jest then, but it weren't a purpose — so's anyhow, I liked what I saw and you kin jes' relax — okay, kid?"

I was relieved, but wanted to change the subject *fast*, so I asked what he was goin' to do today? He wondered what I had planned, and we discussed the chances of us doin' something together since neither had any special destination. The cowboy laid back and stretched in the morning sun with the remark that he was "takin' no medicines" so he would stay a spell if it was okay with me . . . It was. He was a real character: coarse, clumsy, easy, free.

We hiked over to check on his horse, a handsome Appaloosa stud. He was a magnificent animal: strong, beautiful grey dapplings over white and muddy backgrounds. I could only rave about the glorious beast, brushing him and caressing his beautiful mane, back, shoulders and flanks. His noble face was classic. Then the idea hit me: could he put his stallion to stud with Rye? I promised not to sell the colt, but to raise it and personally

care for it: it would be a perfect beauty!

He reached under the stud's belly and rolled the balls forward so I could see them better. I'd never closely examined horse balls, and they were unbelievably handsome and huge! I wondered how much cum *they* must make. He rolled the cock into his hands and pulled hard wax from a few folds, talking to the horse: "Ya got a big dong, don't ya boy? Don't know if I should call you 'balls' or 'cock,' ya got lots of both. Here, Mister, let me pull some of the wax offa there. Better? Ah, a little shy in front of my buddy, today, boy. C'mon. Cock, no need to get jealous; let's see that pretty cockhead, stick it out there. Need your ass scratched? How about some rubbin' along that belly? Fatso! Nice cock, huh, son?"

I had been staring at the lengthening meat and reached out and hefted the great balls in my hands. My own cock got rock hard along my leg, and I could see a formidable bulge in the other man's jeans, too. He took out his bandana and walked over to Rye and rubbed her, neck to cunt. She got real jittery as he wiped his handkerchief around her hole. Then he quit and walked the stallion over, covering his face with the sticky juice on the bandana. The horse dick dropped practically to the ground in a raging bright pink hardon. The initial nuzzling and biting and kicking terrified me, but the cowboy took his clothes off (revealing a stringy, hairy, efficient body with a wang that swung heavily in days of sweat and trail dust), and he worked his forearm into the mare while coaxing the stud into a good position and then helped guide the long pole in. When they began to fuck, he came over to my bedroll and we watched the handsome stallion flex his muscles over the passive female — I wondered aloud how she could be so calm while taking all that! After the cowboy pointed out how hard his stud was biting her neck, I figured I'd have been still too! Within a few minutes the cowboy yelled for me to strip down and come help. We clamored over just as the shaft pulled free with a loud POP. The stud romped a few feet away; the cowboy took me behind Rye, talking quietly to her, and he had me insert my hand — the suction was intense, but not so intense as the HEAT! All the juices and smells got me hot. I pulled my hand out, then the cowboy ordered me to rub my dick with the slime. I hesitated, so he laughed and plunged his arm in for a few seconds then pulled it out, sticky and shiny, and smeared his huge tool, his balls and his chest. He rubbed his fingers lightly under my nose and across my lips, his body hair matted and shiny with juice and sweat. He calmed Rye again and I stuck my hand in again and shyly rubbed it against my softening cock, wanting to imitate my new buddy but a little unsure. Next the man asked me if I'd ever seen up a horse's pussy? I said "No," of course. (I hadn't.) "Could you?" (I doubted this very much.) He winked at me, then assured me that anything that could take a cock the size that had screwed her would be a pretty big opening, so it stood to reason, didn't it, that you'd be able to look up it, 'specially after it'd just been cracked



open by a good fuck. I carefully looked under the tail of the horse, but other than the usual surface back there, there wasn't any special view up her, but the cowboy told me "It ain't quite THAT easy." "First," he said, "you need a light, 'cuz there ain't no natural light inside, and second, you need the horse tied up so's she can't kick the Bee-Jesus outta ya." I had to admit he really was an expert!

Carefully we lashed some logs in an "L" around a close trio of Aspen, then he tied Rye so that her tail stuck above the low logs behind her. The morning sun was getting pretty high in the sky and shone squarely on her ass. Then, the cowboy lifted the tail away and showed me where to look. There was the lips, he said, you just put two fingers from each hand in there and gently pull it apart and lean up for an inspection of her insides. Cautiously, I put my fingers in and pulled her open and stepped closer. Still couldn't see, so the cowboy urged me closer, as the sun would soon be out of position. Now, just a few inches from it — I was going to say, "Nope, still nothin'," when the cowboy's hand gripped the back of my head and buried my face in the sweet sticky hole between my hands. I tried to pull away, Rye tried to buck and kick at the surprise; the cowboy and the makeshift corral held us together. Before I panicked for air, he let my face back, pulled me to his salty, dusty, juice-matted body and held me tight. My hardon hit his leg and he ran his fingers through my hair. When I looked up at his thin, rough face he smiled and kissed me full on the mouth. I felt his rod push hard against my belly, and I floated as he held me in that deep wet kiss. He asked if it would be okay with me if *he* fucked her?

We made a pile of stones, and he mounted her ass while I calmed her from the side. She stood easy while he slammed an incredibly thick 11-incher in and out. He got down, dripping and rock hard, and told me to try her. I was crazy with excitement from the smells and tastes and jumped into position. Slowly the head of my prick entered the hot, juicy lips and the hole seemed to suck it right in, balls and all! I'd pull out hard, then let her pull me in. WHOOPEE! Then the stranger told me to stop short of shooting; he wanted to show me more. I pulled out and stood behind Rye. The cowboy stood in front and asked me to eat her pussy and treat her to a good time for a while. I put my fingers in, some liquid ran down, and my cowboy talked to me saying to tongue it real nice and feel her up with my mouth. I shut my eyes tight then pressed my face into the hot crevice. The slime smothered my skin and my tongue darted out along the smooth runny membrane. I came up for air; the cowboy ambled behind me and shoved his roarin' stiff pole up my ass — and while he fucked, he kept urging softly, "Eat that pussy, son, eat all that Cock's load, drink it, boy, c'mon, swallow. . ." My balls and cock rocked with a flash of pain, and the man pumped a full load of his cum up my butt while mine streamed over the logs and ground under me. I pulled back and blinked; my eyes stung and scared me and I tried

frantically to wipe them clear; I cried out in fear. Instantly, the cowboy grabbed me, ran over to the pool and threw me in. He got his hanky and waded in where I splashed the cold in my face; he took hold of me and pinned my arms. He rinsed the bandana and washed my face and eyes, soothing me with his voice. After he was sure I was okay, he playfully moved the knee that was supporting me and dunked me, causing me to lose my balance. I grabbed him for support and my hand found his giant cock, withered by the freezing water to a shriveled handful. I laughed at the joke of it, so he barked the wisecrack that he couldn't even *find* mine, it had probably turned inside out, then grabbed me and carried me to the bank and over to his bedroll. There he tossed me down and began "lookin' for" my peter, tickling the shit out of me in the pretend search. The more I kicked and hollered, the more he lay over me to stop my wriggling defense. His chest was still dusty and matted with horse secretions, and as he continued pressing it in my face I wanted more and more to lick and taste it. Suddenly he wrapped his arm around my neck and closed my face into his smelly wet hairy armpit and promised he would quit tickling if I would lick him all over, starting there. The salty dank smells and taste brought an instant hard to me, and he milked my long meat as I lapped sweat and dirt from his entire body ending with the sweat on his back down to the hairy patch above his hips and crack. He rolled me onto my back. As Dog watched, the cowboy sat on my chicken face and pulled the cheeks apart, telling me to rim it just like I had the horse. There was sweat and cheese, and in the line of hair framing the hole were little hard trapped pieces of shit the cowboy wanted scraped off by my teeth. I tongued and pulled and sucked. The build-up in my groin started again, and as I moaned the cowboy suddenly stood up, turned and pissed in my face! I sat right up, shocked and hurt. We sat down together, naked on the bedroll, and he lit us cigarettes. The stallion gamboled over and the cowboy stood to pet him. I walked over, trying to act nonchalant as this super-hung naked man nimbly moved around preparing "something." His eyes sparkled.

He gently stroked the stud, rubbed his flanks, belly, balls and withdrawn cock. He asked me to come closer, then pulled his skin over his own hard hanging meat and told me to suck it. I kneeled, but could just get a few inches into my mouth, so he ordered me to stick my tongue out and he curled the cheesy foreskin onto the tongue, pulling it on and off my tongue while his other hand worked the horse cock. The smell of his crotch along with the sight of his wiry hairy body made me crazy. He stood spread-legged, balls swinging hairy and smelly in their thick fleshy bag, and slowly turned while I sucked the skin and dripping end of his massive sex, until I found myself under the stallion. The strong hands transferred my mouth to the stud. The wax and drying female juices and oozing cockhead were electrifying. As he softly encouraged me, I filled my hands and mouth with the horse flesh,

balls and sack. The 18 inches I had begun licking grew to what seemed 3 or 4 feet. . . I was guided behind the horse and could see his balls hanging huge in front of his short-haired, giantly muscled ass. The cowboy lifted my mouth to the hole and I greedily put my tongue into the crater of the ass and licked. The muscles flexed, the membranes loosened, and into my opened mouth dumped a faceful of green straw-tasting pungent horse shit!

The cowboy wiped my face with his bandana, then pushed me to the ass again. I cleaned the mess around the rim, but inside there was just a sweet taste, nothing solid, so I relaxed and sucked. Meantime, behind me the drifter worked the horse manure into my butthole and then started inserting his cock again. I thought he would split my head open before he stopped pushing in, but then he carefully bounced it out an inch or so and then back in, swinging the balls against mine, telling me to open my shit tube and push the dick back out if I could. He began piling into my bowels like a crazy man, bucking like he would kill me! I pulled off the horse's ass and screamed, trying to get away, but the more I fought the harder he threw it to me and the tighter he held on. He yelled an agonizing whoop, shoved it up into what felt like my chest cavity, then slowed down until we stood quietly, breathing like we would pass out, and me stuck between his legs on his cock.

He pulled it out and told me to get Cock to cum, now that we'd got him excited, so he stood there advising as I worked my ass off pulling on that long rod. Finally I was too exhausted to continue, so the cowboy took over. I laid on the dirt under the horse and his owner quietly mumbled and cooed to the handsome stallion until he tried to jump and kick, splattering a bucket of wax-hot bitter sperm all over me, my face and chest and belly and cock. My hair was soaked and the cowboy said "keep licking as it pours," then he wiped his hand over my tool, kneeled down and worked his mouth on my genitals, cock *and* balls. I screamed and fought as he went on sucking through my climax, dragging me all the while from under the horse. I lay rolling on my back in the dust, the stranger continued to pull at me with his mouth. I was totally delirious, saturated with horse shit and cum and juice and hair and raw, earthy smells unlike anything anywhere.

The rest of that week sped by: We spent it relaxing in the hot sex of the studding of my mare, the drifter's introduction to Dog and my ritual, and confiding in one another our mutual disappointment with folks and their crap. We parted in full knowledge of what joys we shared in love with our animals, and we were assured of its rightness.

When he didn't show up for the appointed roundup job I'd offered, I had to smile in understanding. We were both loners, drifters digging our own style and content to be that way. When it gets down to it, he gave me the balls to think for myself, and the years that have followed have been proof that that is the only way to find yourself and your happiness.



# DRUMMER GOES TO A BODY PAINTING

TAKE THE COUNTRY'S FINEST TATTOO ARTIST PLUS ONE BODY BELONGING TO LEATHER SUPERSTAR VAL MARTIN. APPLY BODY PAINT AS ON AN EXQUISITE CANVAS. OUR SESSION LASTED SIX HOURS!

## THE TRUE TATTOO

by Cliff Raven and Peter Mitchell

Take a good look at those images rippling across the muscles of Val Martin. O.K., got it?

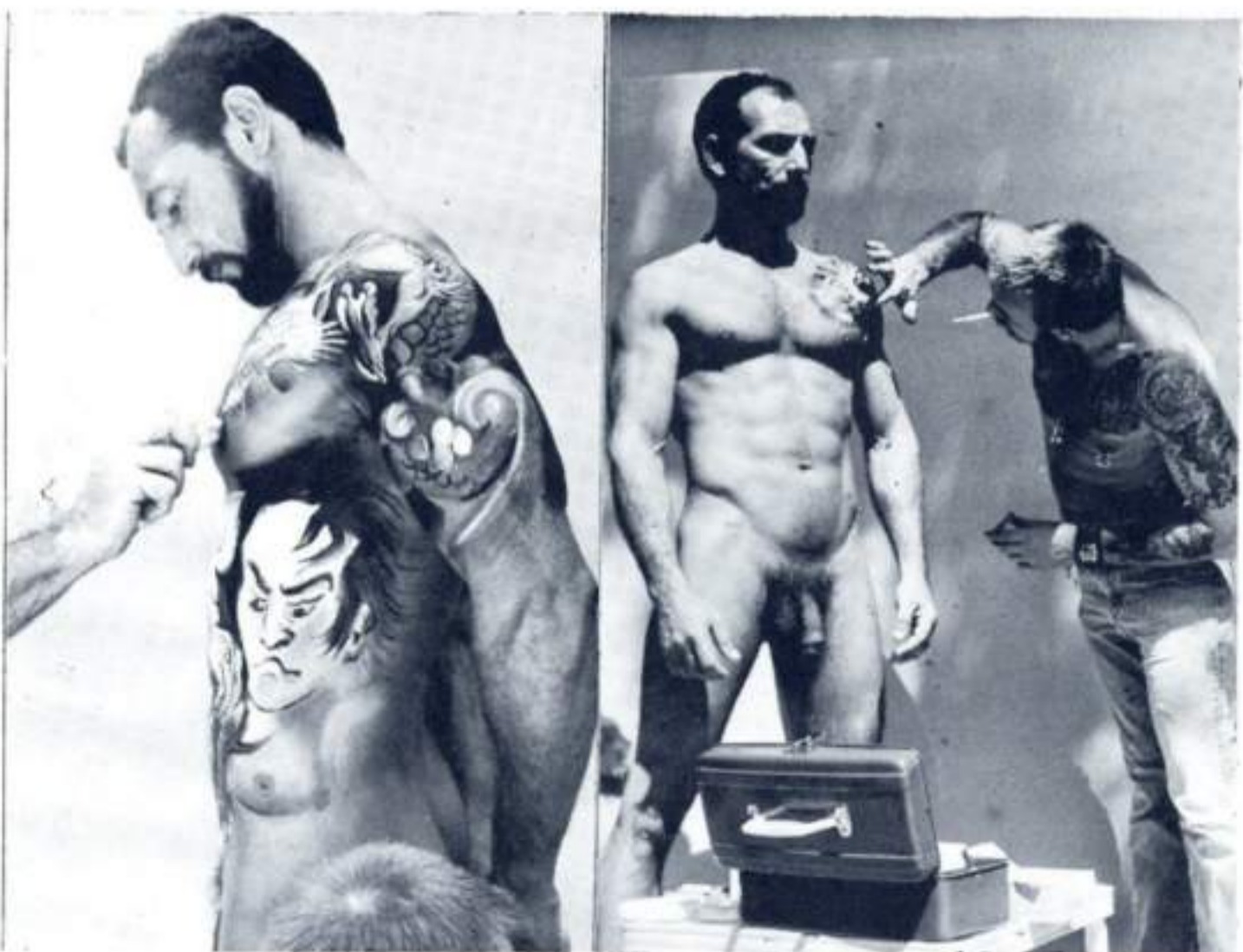
Now remember that bluish blob you saw on the hairy forearm of that Dodgers fan last week.

Quick! Which one is the real tattoo? Well, Val's isn't; that's just painted on. But neither was that blue blob. Sure, such smears are done with tattoo machines by dockside "professors" of the art, but they are no more truly tattoos than a smear of paint on canvas by a trained chimp is an oil painting.

Tattooing is just another medium. It can be abused and misused by mere exploiters, or its full potential as an art form can be realized by the creation of design on skin, either using the body as a blank canvas on which to create masterpieces or enhancing the body and its own beauty through the creation of optical illusions that add breadth to the shoulders, slim down the hips and waist and add definition to any muscle group. Now look at Val's body . . . see how the dragon follows and defines the muscles of his chest and arm . . . watch the warrior and snake sweep around from armpit to crotch.

Of course, Val looks super with or without his pictures, but most of us need all the help we can get. Today, in the United States, Japan and Europe, there is a handful of artists who are finally beginning to approach tattooing as the art medium it must become. Using it at levels previously unreached throughout the long history of what is now considered by most anthropologists to be mankind's oldest art form. It is a fact that tattooing began in the Stone Age with flint instruments and charcoal as pigment. Today's renaissance stems from the confluence of many forces, ranging from the bodypainting fad of the late sixties to the application of modern technology to the art.

Tattoos are a great way of saying what you want to say about yourself, whether it's something true or something you'd like to make true . . . or maybe just something you'd like people to *think* is true. You can do anything you want with it. You can turn yourself into a macho samurai number or become as light as a fairy and float to the ceiling. So what's your scene, heavy armour plating or gossamer butterfly wings? You name it, kid; the magic is there. It's yours for the asking.



# WAY OUT WEST

TWO GUYS IN THE WILDERNESS SHOW US THE INS AND OUTS OF ROUGHING IT

As part of this outdoors fantasy, Jerry shows Terry how to carry two packs instead of just his one, how to never be without something to drink, no matter how far from a hydrant and how to sleep without needing a bedroll to keep warm. Of course, Terry's clothes are returned to him when the trip is over and we're sure everything other than the brand itself heals over. It's a happy ending with our two desperados riding off into the sunset. And on a White Horse.



*Photography by Gary King*







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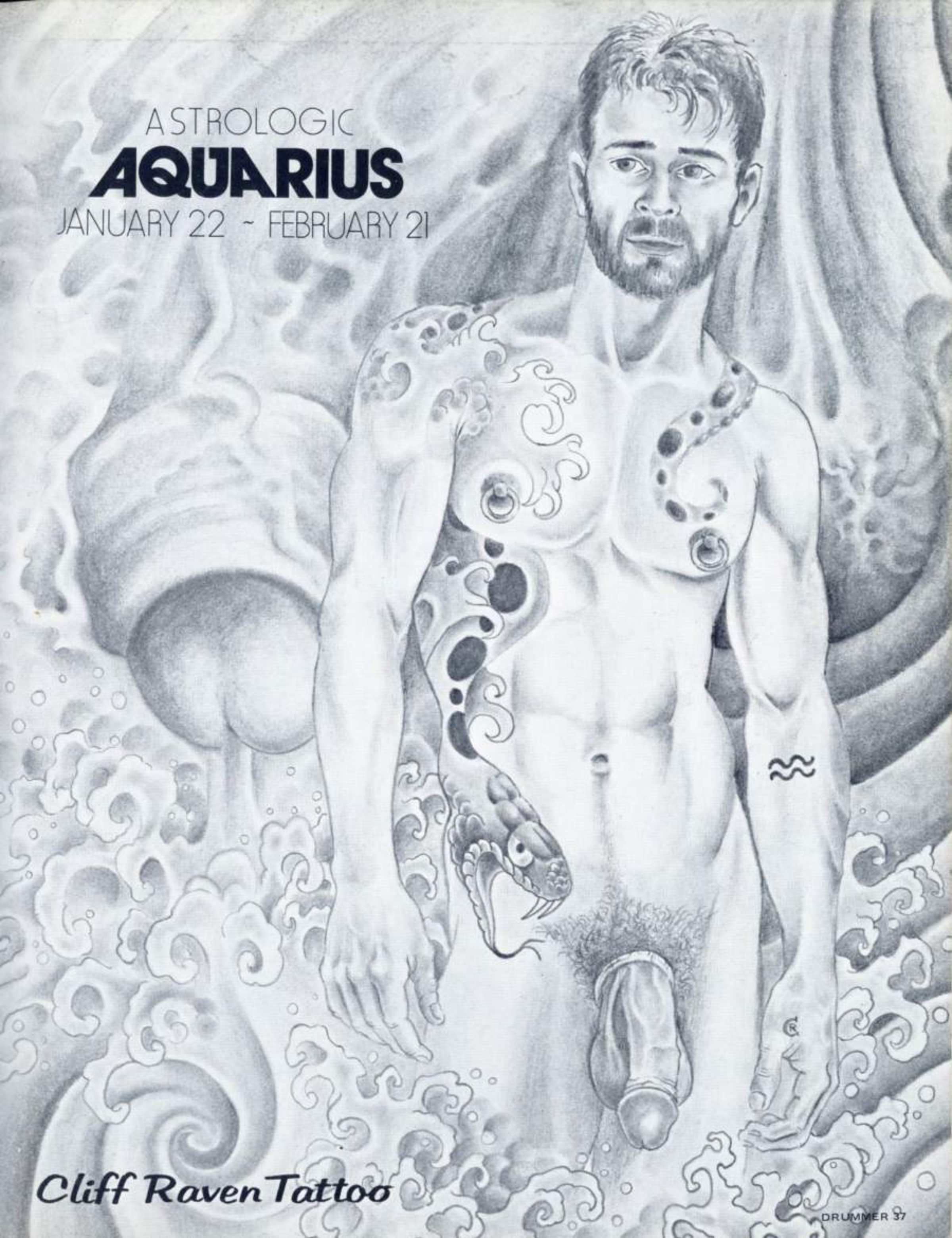
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ASTROLOGIC

# AQUARIUS

JANUARY 22 ~ FEBRUARY 21



*Cliff Raven Tattoo*



"For PETESAKE, don't anyone move!"

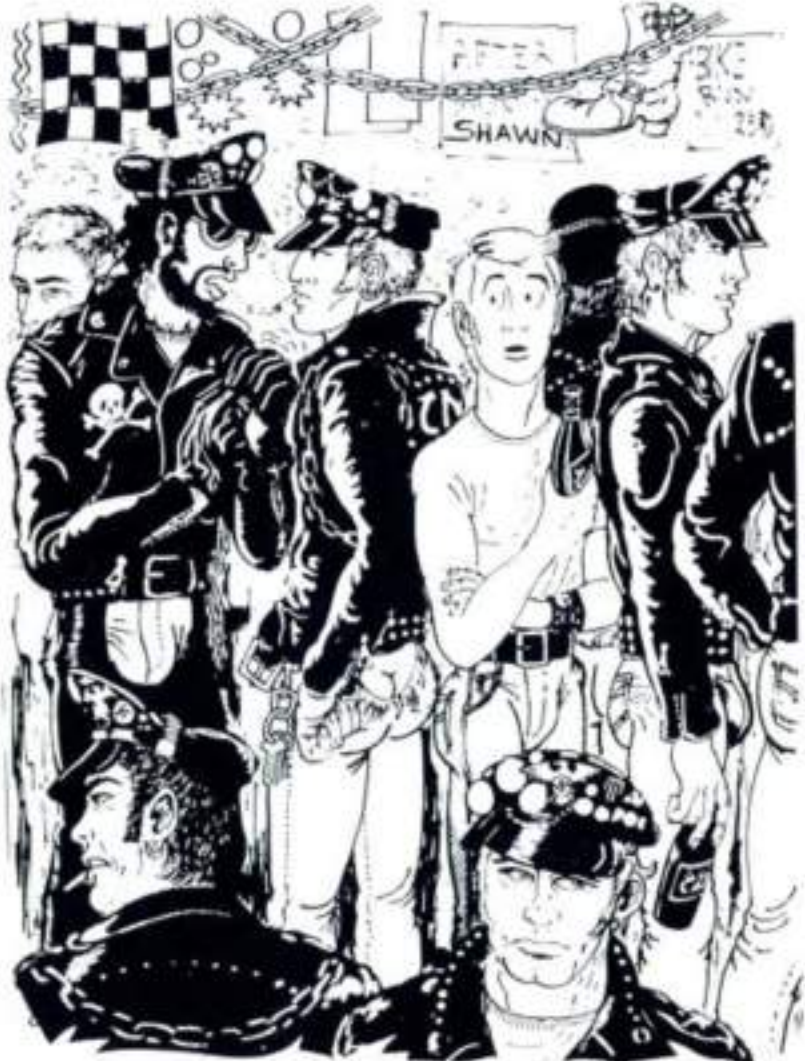


"N-No, Sir, we're not auctioning off any of the slaves from 'Ben-Hur'."

# DRUM BEATS



# SHAWN



"Tried to get here sooner, but I got stuck with two last minute comb-outs and a rinse!"

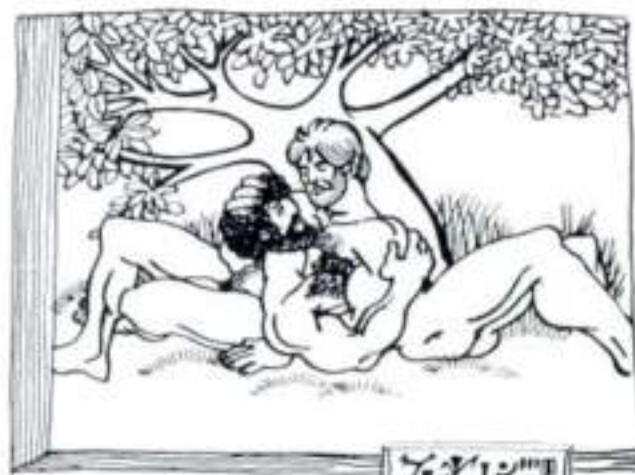


"Sure, I'm into warm beer with you, Butch. Just as soon as I heat some up."



"You two still arguing over who's going to be the 'S' tonight?"





"There's a lot of activity in this cage — but so far, no offspring."

"Bitch, bitch, bitch! You distinctly said, 'Big, dark, butch, muscular and hairy—with VERY BIG HANDS!'"

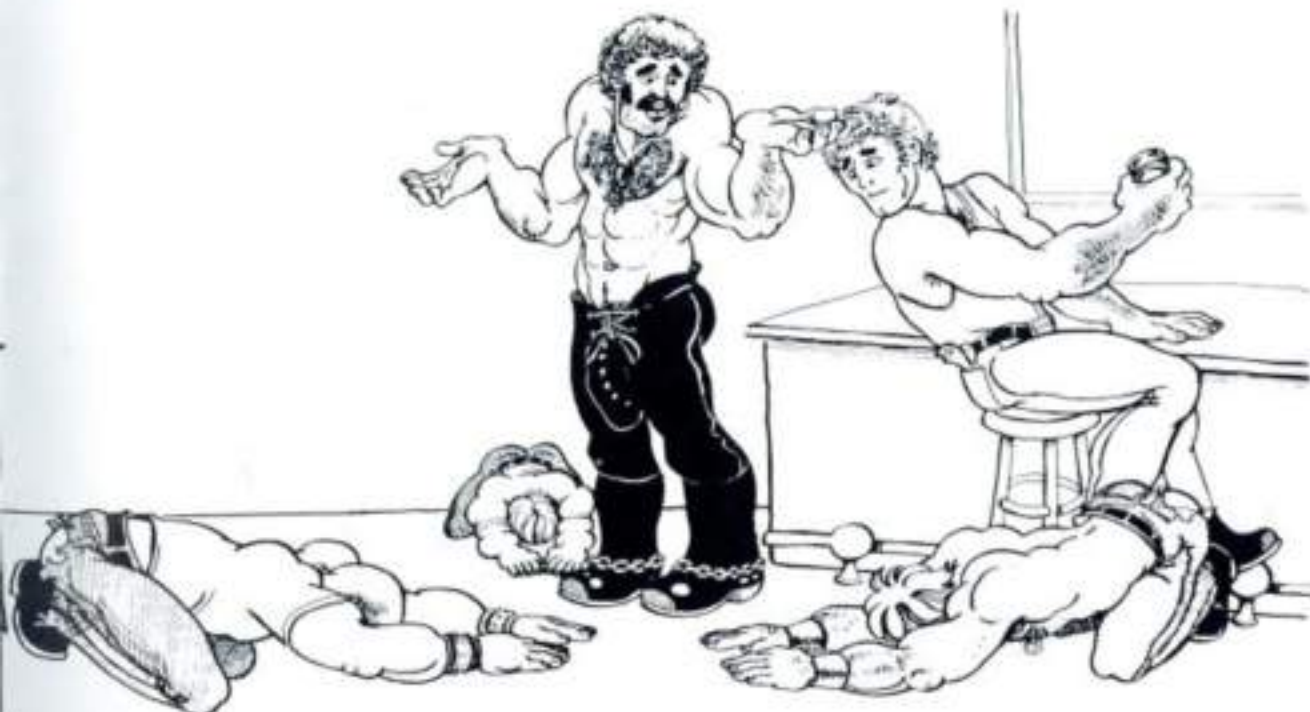


# BUD'S PEOPLE

"Don't forget to shut that door when you're finished."



DRUMMER



"Honest, all I said was 'That's no cod-piece. That's just me.'"

"Not a bad year, all things considered . . ."

# THE DRUMMERS



There have been many "Drummers" since the magazine first took shape. When DRUMMER was a newspaper years ago, a drummer by Pat Rocco graced its editorial page. Much more recently, sex superstar Jack Wrangler posed, wearing nothing but a drum. Ken grabbed up the drum at the Pleasure Chest in our Anniversary Issue. Chuck Quinlan, winner of "Mr. Groovey Guy" and "Mr. CMC Carnival" posed for us as well. Then Mr. USA marched to the beat for us during a session with Roy Dean.



photos by (clockwise)  
 PAT ROCCO  
 ROB CLAYTON  
 HY CHASE  
 (left and center)  
 DAVE SANDS  
 (right)  
 ROY DEAN

(Continued on page 53)





## on the set of *Kansas City Trucking Co.*

*Kansas City Trucking Co.*, set for fall release in theatres across the country, has been called the "Gone With the Wind of gay porno movies" by Jack Wrangler, one of the film's co-stars. Indeed, early reports indicate that *KCTC* was made with a professionalism generally lacking in gay male porn. Director Joe Gage and Pro-

ducer Sam Gage further added that the film, shot on the road throughout the Southwest, was made on one of the largest budgets ever allotted a hardcore feature.

When one thinks of making a fuck flick, one considers all sorts of problems which might arise . . . or NOT arise, as

the case may be: Will there be enough cum shots? Will the star go soft in front of the camera? Will he even be able to get it UP in front of the camera? Will there be too much penetration? Not *enough* penetration? All of the above, none of the above, or one from Column A and one from Column B?





(Above) DUFF PAXTON in the light shirt and BUD JASPER in the dark one, do a little equipment checking themselves before starting out on the road. All systems seem to be GO and they head for the desert.

It is to the credit, and professionalism, of the filmmakers that such problems were non-existent. (In fact, if the success of a gay porn pic is measured by the number of cum shots, *KCTC* is a smash... all, hands down.) The greatest problem encountered was the heat (yeah, it's a hot flick, but we're talking about the temperature). When they were shooting on the Mojave, it got up to 120° and the film melted in the cameras. One of the actors passed out and had to be revived with cold water . . . which, incidentally, did nothing to dampen his ardor.

Nor were the rest of the cast let-downs. According to the Gages, "Jack (Wrangler) is a new kind of film actor. He's up to the demands of playing a part and, at the same time, he can handle the sex, a real pro. There were a couple of dozen guys working on this, and Jack was right in there getting things stirred up. Everybody on the set was into making this movie good and hot."

Also helping to make the movie "good and hot" is a new process called *SurrounduSound*. The utilization in *KCTC* added considerably to the time and money expended on the film, but it gets the viewer into the on-screen action in a way that regular sound does not.

All in all, everything seems to be up-to-date in *Kansas City Trucking Co.!*

(Facing page) Well-equipped STEVE BOYD strikes somewhat the same pose on two different locations. Below is the bunkhouse set and above is the business end of the truck — where Steve checks out his equipment.

(Below) Cameraman NICK ELLIOT and soundman GLENN NATHAN strip to the waist in the 120° heat on location. PAXTON and JASPER stay clothed and swelter, at least for the moment.











# the Winner's Circle

## THE LINEUP

- \*10. Glen Norris • Free Safety  
6', 160 lbs. Provincetown, Mass.
- \*40. Steve McCormick • Linebacker  
6'1", 174 lbs. Buckhorn, Montana
- \*44. Jack Hardman • Flanker  
6'2", 170 lbs. Fort Lauderdale, Fla.
- \*52. Jim Laird • Quarterback  
6'4", 175 lbs. Montgomery, Alabama
- \*68. Rod Furman • Tight End  
6'2", 172 lbs. Fort Bragg, California
- \*77. Tom Kline • Center  
6'1", 166 lbs. Newport Beach, California
- Dick Bateman • Head Coach  
6'5", 170 lbs. Colorado Springs, Colorado
- Rick Logan • Asst. Coach  
5'10", 150 lbs. Dayton, Ohio

For as long as I can remember, I've always had a passion for football and a big admiration for the men who played the game. I don't know if I've grown to my full size yet, but at 20 years old, I'm not quite heavy enough to get on a team. Of course, this was a big disappointment for me. I've often dreamed of the day when I could play and use all my strength in football's hard fast physical contact. So it was only natural that I would do just about anything to be around the game. I studied every play and the players closely as they went through their strategic movements. I knew that football was a rough game and required strong physical development. To



keep my own body in top notch shape, I would work out with my home town team while I was their waterboy. This gave me a chance to learn even more about the sport and the guys on the team. I showed a lot of interest in each one's progress and they all liked me. It wasn't too long before I was asked to be the coach's assistant. I was happy as a pig in shit. Later I was chosen to go along to help Dick Bateman develop his college all-stars with practice sessions in California. I had to pinch myself to make sure that I wasn't still dreaming. Little did I know that this trip would bring me more excitement and happiness than I ever hoped for. When we all met in California for the first time, there were all kinds of good vibes. Everyone got along just great and everybody seemed to like

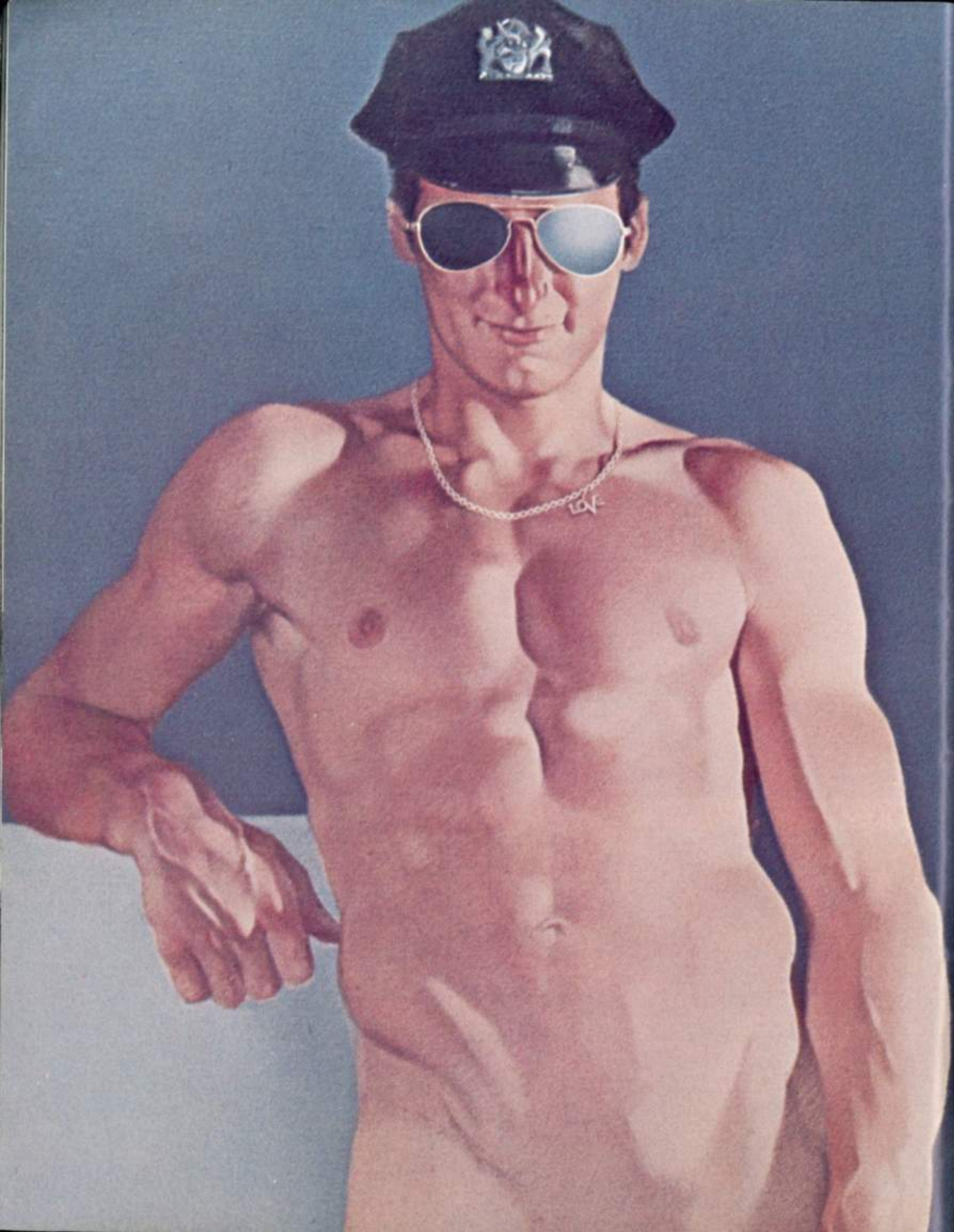


each other. Coach Bateman was determined to get down to business with practice. I admired him for his leadership and his concern for the members of the team.

Practice was tough. The weather was cold and wet and the field was a sea of mud. But the team worked hard. They really wanted to win and their unity and loyalty to one another grew daily. Spirits remained high through all the running, tackling, and exercises. As I grew closer to each of the guys, I began to watch them more intently during workouts. I found myself strangely excited as I watched my new friends clash their bodies together and develop their muscles during the rigorous exercises. I imagined the guys naked and noticed the erotic positions they would be in as they grappled together in the mud. After a few hours of practice, they'd be covered with the mud and soaking wet from both the water on the field and the sweat pouring from their strained bodies.

One cold rainy afternoon the locker room seemed pleasantly warm and inviting after a heavy workout. As the guys pulled off their gear, they talked about their need for some good hot sex. None had gotten their rocks off in days; what with daily practice and all, there just wasn't time. Then, too, the only people we knew in California were each other.

(Continued on page 53)





[This article should not be interpreted as editorial judgment, pro or con, of necrophilia. We are discussing it because it is a progression beyond the usual S&M relationship in which there is limited control of another. In

the necrophiliac romance, the control is total. The active partner can, and often does, carve up his subject ~~with~~ will, and he need not relate at all. He doesn't even have to say, "I love you!"]

# NECROPHILIA

At my mother's funeral five years ago, I discovered how deep my feelings against undertakers are. I suppose we are taught subliminally from youth to distrust the mortician, not only because of the dubious business practices of a large segment of that industry, but because we are positive that they must

have ulterior motives for entering the profession. My mother had died in a boating accident, still young and good-looking. I was convinced that the morticians, being inured to death, could not possibly be sincere in their pious attitudes, and I had a sneaking suspicion that they were carrying on with Ma in the backrooms after hours.

Two days after returning to Los Angeles from the funeral, suspicions intact, I was coincidentally cast in a horror film about necrophilia. We were to shoot for a couple of weeks in a working mortuary, and I was going to be murdered for film in the prep room on a porcelain table, the one with the gutters.

After I had adjusted to my feelings about the atmosphere, my dispassionate observations were fascinating. You must realize that to us filmmakers, the practice of undertaking was some kind of fantasy. To the morticians, undertaking was the reality and "Hollywood" was the dream. The facts met smack in the halls. I remember a cute little dress extra coming in for one day's work and burbling to *their* make-up man at work on a customer, "Oh, what a great prop!" "No, dear," I said, "that one *is* real." I was immediately sorry because I had to hold her head over a basket, but oddly enough she didn't leave the shoot.

My observations of the people actually working in the mortuary did much to modify my original views. The fact that staff and cli-

entele were all black had no bearing, except to provide additional color. At all times they were careful and considerate, both of the deceased and the family. After several weeks of close contact, I could be sure that they weren't acting around me. Knowing as I do that man's every strange impulse can be socially rechanneled, as when the urge to cut or destroy assumes social benefits in the form of surgery or sculpture, I concluded that a fondness for the dead could likewise be put to good use. Undertakers certainly do take a big mess off our hands at a time when we are unable to handle it ourselves, incapacitated as we are by strong emotion.

I actually developed a great admiration for the little cosmetician whose client outweighed him by 140 pounds. Getting a face from our make-up man, I watched him struggle to get a woman into the jacket of a blue suit while a fat, black preacher ignored his difficulties by busying himself at catching flies. Finally the little man asked him to help hold her up in a sitting position. The preacher jumped back a foot and explained, "Ah don't touch no dead bodies!" Disgusted, I pushed away the eyebrow pencil and walked over to put her coat on.

There was one washed-out blond around the premises who didn't seem to have too much to do. When I asked him his function, he told me that he was an assistant director and

technical advisor with our company, that he'd been hired because he was a mortician.

I couldn't help it. I asked him, "And are you a necrophiliac, too?"

He didn't answer the question, but his ears turned bright red. Later, near the end of the shoot and after I had spent two days nude painted white as a corpse, he began asking me for dates. I declined the invitations.

It must be mentioned that, in researching my role, I talked to a resident shrink at USC. My respect for the screenplay was enhanced, because all of his comments were portrayed.

Dr. Mike said, "This aberration usually occurs at an early age and results from the trauma of the death of the opposite-sex parent."

I asked what the actual sex act was and he replied, "We know that mutilation is often involved, but we really don't have too much information about it."

"Why?"

"Because we don't see too many necrophiliacs in clinical practice. Most of them go quietly into the embalming business. But the theory is that this severely traumatized individual is incapable of any kind of emotional involvement and, obviously, necrophilia requires no conversation at all. And perhaps the mutilation is a form of revenge on the dead parent for his or her early departure."

As we all know, though often bound and gagged during sex, Ms require some dealing with both before and after!

Several months later, when the picture came out, Robert Payne showed me a letter from an undertaker in Santa Barbara. I sent a note back, telling him about the picture. I was hoping he would come on so I could satisfy my curiosity about necrophilia and, perhaps, find out what Dr. Mike couldn't tell me.

The reply was an invitation to his place of business, so I drove up to Santa Barbara. He wasn't bad-looking and he seemed to have no difficulty in talking to me, at least in social superficialities.

We went into his prep room where, on the table, lay an exceptionally good-looking blond youth of about twenty-two. He was nude and in the conventional repose of death, hands clasped on chest. His legs, however, were spread, hanging down over the gutters from the knees. His cock was shrunken, flaccid, and his balls looked as though they had fled back up into his abdomen.

I learned that he had drowned in a surfing accident, and the similar circumstances to my mother's death made me absolutely certain that I did not want to touch him. My host asked if I wanted just to suck cock conventionally in the Sample Room, the "samples" being coffins, not corpses. That I also declined and I left the man—both of us, I'm sure, confused and perplexed.

I drove back down the Coast in a rather numb state until I saw the prettiest backpacker hitchhiking. His conversation was gleeful and joyous, and his cock was alive and hot when I touched it.

—William Wulfwine

FETISH FETISH FETISH FETISH FETIS

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# Two scenes from 'GEORGIE PORGY' by GEORGE BIRIMISA

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George Birimisa's two act play, "POGEY BAIT" is being run in its entirety in issues #12 and #13 of DRUMMER. "Pogey Bait" is Navy jargon for gifts, usually sweets or cigarettes, that one sailor might give another to win his sexual favors. It is a powerful play, and is right up DRUMMER's alley. However, because of space limitations, we have chosen two scenes from an earlier Birimisa play. While this play has been published in book form, it has never appeared before on the pages of DRUMMER.

The following is SCENE TWO and SCENE FOUR of George Birimisa's play "GEORGIE PORGY." It was originally produced at Eugenia's Cooper Square Arts Theatre in New York, and is presented here by permission of The Bobbs-Merrill Company, publishers, and the author.

## SCENE 4

(The MAN stays onstage. All the other ACTORS go back to their seats. The STROLLER moves slowly up the aisle lighting a cigarette. The MAN leans against the wall. He is wearing very tight blue jeans and he is obviously well-educated. The STROLLER looks him up and down, his eyes concentrating on the bulge in his pants. Finally he moves onstage.)

STROLLER  
Hiya! How's it going?  
MAN  
Okay, I guess. You got an extra cigarette on you?  
STROLLER  
Ah . . . they're Virginia Slims!  
MAN  
That's all right!  
STROLLER  
I'll bet you smoke Camels.  
MAN  
Yeah.  
STROLLER  
Mmmmm.  
MAN  
Damned hot, huh?  
STROLLER  
Me?  
MAN  
I was talking about the weather!  
STROLLER  
Oh? Stoned, I guess . . . a little fuzzy right now!  
MAN  
Grass?  
STROLLER  
Scotch!  
MAN  
Oh?  
STROLLER  
So what are you doing?

MAN  
I've got a couple of hours to kill  
STROLLER  
Oh . . . really?  
MAN  
What time you got?  
STROLLER  
All the time in the world.  
(He looks at cock on 42nd Street)  
Ah — it's two.  
MAN  
A stinking hour and a half to wait on the goddamned bus.  
STROLLER  
Port Authority, huh?  
MAN  
Yeah, four ten.  
STROLLER  
You've got two hours and ten minutes to kill!  
MAN  
That's about it.  
STROLLER  
You in the service?  
MAN  
Stationed in Norfolk!  
STROLLER  
Oh, yeah? I was down there a few years back. They call it the *asshole* of the Navy!  
MAN  
Still is!  
STROLLER  
Where you from?  
MAN  
The Bronx.  
STROLLER  
Oh . . . you really must know the city, huh?  
MAN  
Things change damned fast!  
STROLLER  
Ah . . . did you make out this weekend?  
MAN  
Didn't try. Spent my time with the family.  
STROLLER  
Oh, I see . . . you're a married man?  
MAN  
Not that stupid. With my parents.  
STROLLER  
Oh . . .  
MAN  
You pimping?  
STROLLER  
What?  
MAN  
Maybe you got a couple of Harlem hookers?  
STROLLER  
You're kidding!  
MAN  
It's either that or the other!  
STROLLER  
Well . . . ah . . .

MAN  
You a little gay, huh?  
STROLLER  
I guess that's the general idea.  
MAN  
So?  
STROLLER  
My apartment's not far from here and — I've got plenty of liquor.  
MAN  
You got any grass?  
STROLLER  
I didn't know servicemen turned on.  
I —  
MAN  
Are you kidding? Half the guys in Vietnam turn on.  
STROLLER  
I — ah — i —  
MAN  
I'd love to turn on right now.  
STROLLER  
I don't have any.  
MAN  
Don't you have a buddy who has some?  
STROLLER  
Well . . . yeah . . . but he's out of town!  
MAN  
That's the end of that, huh? You got any beer?  
STROLLER  
We can stop at the deli.  
MAN  
I really wanted to turn on and I only have a couple of hours.  
STROLLER  
We can grab a cab — only about twenty blocks!  
MAN  
Naw . . . forget it!  
STROLLER  
We're wasting all this time talking!  
MAN  
But — shit, man, I'm not queer!  
STROLLER  
That's why I'm talking to you. I could have all the fags I want!  
MAN  
So what do you dig?  
STROLLER  
Ah . . .  
MAN  
What do you dig?  
STROLLER  
*Real men!*  
MAN  
Ah . . . what do you — you know . . .  
STROLLER  
Well . . . I . . . ah . . . I'd like you to be top man!  
MAN  
That could mean a lot of things!  
STROLLER  
So come down and have a drink!  
MAN  
(Starts to walk away)

Forget it!  
**STROLLER**  
 You don't have to do anything!  
**MAN**  
 Then what the hell do you want me to come down there for?  
**STROLLER**  
 You know what I mean!  
**MAN**  
 I *don't* know what you mean!  
**STROLLER**  
 You want a blueprint?  
**MAN**  
*(Really walks away)*  
 Forget it. I'll see you around!  
**STROLLER**  
 Hell, all you have to do is lie back and I'll do the rest!  
**MAN**  
 On my stomach or on my back?  
**STROLLER**  
 Come on! This is damned stupid, you know? Hell, you're a real rugged-looking guy and I wouldn't want you to be queer. Hell, I'm sure a lot of your buddies get a blow job when they're hard up!  
**MAN**  
 You want to suck my cock?  
**STROLLER**  
 That's the general idea.  
*(From his coat the MAN pulls out a wallet. He opens it up. There is a badge in it. He shows it to STROLLER.)*  
**MAN**  
 All right, let's go!  
**STROLLER**  
*(Pulls away in shock)*  
 I — ah — —  
**MAN**  
 Let's go!  
*(STROLLER pulls away further. MAN kicks him in balls. STROLLER doubles over and MAN gives him a karate chop to the back of his neck. STROLLER falls. MAN gets on top of him and begins to beat his head against the floor. Lights out on stage and then up on audience.)*

## SCENE 2

*(An apartment on Sutton Place. MR. FINLEY is seated. He sips a martini. We hear a flushing toilet. JIM enters. He is wearing blue jeans. He looks at FINLEY and buttons his fly.)*  
**MR. FINLEY**  
 Would you care for a drink, ah — ah —  
**JIM**  
*(Reaches in FINLEY'S shirt pocket and takes a cigarette. He lights it and throws the pack on coffee table.)*  
 Jim! Jim Kelly!  
**MR. FINLEY**  
 Irish, huh?  
**JIM**  
*(Throws match on floor. MR. FINLEY eyes it.)*  
 Part.  
**MR. FINLEY**  
 Scotch?  
*(Picks up match and puts it in ashtray.)*  
 Vodka? Bourbon?  
**JIM**  
 No, thanks.  
**MR. FINLEY**  
 How about a cool gin and tonic?  
**JIM**  
*(Puts his feet on the coffee table and begins to shake it slowly.)*  
 You got any Bud?

**FINLEY**  
 Any *what*?  
**JIM**  
 Budweiser — you know, *beer*?  
*(He is shaking the table very hard. A wine bottle is shaking. MR. FINLEY takes the wine bottle and moves it to another table.)*  
**FINLEY**  
 I'll call the delicatessen. They'll deliver it right away.  
**JIM**  
 Forget it!  
**FINLEY**  
 No bother at all . . . just a phone call!  
**JIM**  
 Fuck it!  
*(He is still shaking the table.)*  
**FINLEY**  
*(Trying at humor)*  
 That would be a neat trick — if you could do it.  
*(JIM just looks at him.)*  
 Ah . . . why did you ask for it if you didn't want it?  
**JIM**  
 Better than nothing!  
**FINLEY**  
 I'm sorry, you've lost me!  
**JIM**  
 It figures. I'm a head, man!  
**FINLEY**  
*(Places his martini on the other table.)*  
 Oooh? Ahead of what?  
**JIM**  
 H-E-A-D! Head. I don't drink. I turn on.  
**FINLEY**  
 Marijuana?  
**JIM**  
 Acapulco gold, THC, pure sunshine acid, STP. You name it!  
**FINLEY**  
 Well, it's rather obvious that I'm from another generation!  
**JIM**  
 Yeah, great, man, great. My generation calls it straight!  
**FINLEY**  
 Me straight? Hardly!  
**JIM**  
 You've got status quo written all over you. You got anything to eat?  
**FINLEY**  
 I presume you're talking about regular food?  
**JIM**  
*(Slaps his leg.)*  
 You're right with it, man! Right here in the twentieth century. As Mel Allen would say, how about that?  
**FINLEY**  
*(Stands up and moves stage left.)*  
 I'll have a look-see!  
*(He goes off stage.)*  
 Caviar? Artichoke hearts?  
**JIM**  
 How about a sandwich?  
**FINLEY**  
 There is some Genoa salami!  
**JIM**  
 Forget it. That's for the greasy dagos!  
**FINLEY**  
 Well . . . ah . . . a chicken leg? Will that do, *Mister Kelly*?  
**JIM**  
 That's okay!  
**FINLEY**  
 Let's see . . . a knife and a fork and . . .  
**JIM**  
 Just hand it to me!

*(MR. FINLEY enters. He has the chicken leg on two napkins. He places it on coffee table next to JIM. JIM picks up chicken leg in bare hand.)*  
**FINLEY**  
 Tom Jones, huh?  
**JIM**  
 Yeah, I may be Tom Jones but you ain't the sexy bitch!  
*(He takes a bite of the chicken. He spits some of it on the floor. FINLEY picks up a piece of it and deposits it in the ashtray.)*  
 What do you think of Nietzsche?  
**FINLEY**  
 Ah . . .  
**JIM**  
 Huh?  
**FINLEY**  
 I beg your pardon?  
**JIM**  
 The German philosopher.  
**FINLEY**  
 Oh! Ah  
*(JIM grinds his cigarette out on the floor and holds his foot on it for a moment. Then he takes it off. FINLEY picks up the butt.)*  
 Well . . . his theory of the innate superiority of man over women is quite interesting.  
**JIM**  
 That's an oversimplification. Leave it to you to latch onto that!  
**FINLEY**  
 I'm not quite sure that I —  
**JIM**  
 You dig him?  
**FINLEY**  
 Well, ah — actually I don't consider him my favorite philosopher.  
**JIM**  
 Who the fuck do you dig?  
**FINLEY**  
 I must say — I'm not particularly in the mood to discuss philosophy — to put it mildly!  
**JIM**  
 You groove on Spinoza?  
**FINLEY**  
 Really!  
**JIM**  
*(Imitating him)*  
 Really! Answer me!  
**FINLEY**  
 Well — ah — to be quite honest about it, young man, I don't remember too much about him — a rather vague memory from college!  
**JIM**  
 You don't remember much about anything, do you?  
*(Now JIM is sitting on the back of the chair with his feet on the seat.)*  
**FINLEY**  
 Now, look, young man, I —  
**JIM**  
 Okay, relax. What about Ginsberg?  
**FINLEY**  
 Allen Ginsberg? Ugh . . . rather untidy!  
**JIM**  
 Did you read *Howl*?  
**FINLEY**  
 I'm afraid not!  
**JIM**  
 What 'bout Gourdjieff?  
**FINLEY**  
 What is this, the Inquisition?  
**JIM**  
 Just wondering where you're at, that's all.

FINLEY  
Ah . . . where did you go to college?  
JIM  
I didn't. That's Establishment bullshit!  
FINLEY  
Oh! A diamond in the rough. A Jack London! How fascinating!  
JIM  
You're a condescending motherfucker!  
FINLEY  
I don't mean to insult you but you just don't quite strike me as the type of young man who would be interested in the aesthetic side of life . . . you look quite elemental!  
(Jim moves in on FINLEY. He is behind FINLEY, who is seated.)  
JIM  
You want to know something, Mr. Finley?  
FINLEY  
Let's say that at the moment I'm not interested in a learned discussion on the relative merits of Nietzsche and/or Spinoza.  
(JIM grabs FINLEY by the hair and jerks his head backwards, holding it.)  
JIM  
You want to know something, Mr. Finley?  
FINLEY  
(Finally pulls away and runs to other side of room.)  
You're repeating yourself, young man!  
JIM  
I've got something else to say!  
FINLEY  
Bravo!  
JIM  
All you faggots are alike!  
(He is following FINLEY around room. FINLEY finally sits in chair.)  
FINLEY  
That's very profound.  
JIM  
You're a fucking drag!  
FINLEY  
Sorry to disappoint you, young man, but I've never been in drag. I don't particularly go for that fantasy!  
JIM  
But there's alot of others you go for, right?  
FINLEY  
I don't quite . . .  
JIM  
(Moves in on FINLEY)  
Fantasies, Mr. Finley! Like the real ultimate. Did you ever blow a guy in a subway john, huh?  
FINLEY  
That's enough, young man. I —  
JIM  
You've dreamt about doing it, haven't you? Come on — and the fuzz catch you while you're doing it. The ultimate in degradation and humiliation. Right, Mr. Finley?  
FINLEY  
All right, that's it! That's it. Out! Out! This has gone beyond reason! Out!  
JIM  
(Now he takes off his jacket. He is grinning.)  
Goddamn! You really are something! Yeah! A fucking sniveling faggot standing up to me! It's simple and very uncomplicated, Mr. Finley. Jim here ain't fitting into Mr. Finley's fantasy world.  
(FINLEY is back in chair. JIM is next to him.)

Does Jim know too much? Okay, you want the animal, right? Ah . . .  
(He shoves his rear end in FINLEY'S face. He strains.)  
Goddamn I can't let go with one right now! We got to build up to that fantasy — animal, man, animal. Oh . . .  
(He outlines his penis in his blue jeans.)  
. . . that turn you on, Mr. Finley?  
FINLEY  
Believe me, you're only a small variation of Stanley Kowalski!  
JIM  
I'll bet you really grooved when Brando did it, huh? Those old fantasies really took over, didn't they, huh?  
FINLEY  
I do realize it's rather difficult for a Neanderthal man like you to comprehend a civilized human being, but if you'll just walk to the door and turn the knob you'll find yourself on Sutton Place. I'll be more than glad to give you the cab fare so you can go to your little furnished hovel. Just ask Henderson, the doorman, to blow his little whistle. Do you think you can do that?  
JIM  
Goddamn!  
(He slaps FINLEY across the face.)  
It's all coming out . . . all the shit! I never yet met a faggot who didn't try to deball me. You're jealous, baby, because you can't groove — because you're not a man. Wow!  
FINLEY  
You better leave right now or — or —  
JIM  
Or what, fag?  
FINLEY  
Or I'll call the police!  
JIM  
You fruit square — you really think they're on your side? You really want the nails in your hands, don't you? Hey, let's crucify the faggot — groove, huh?  
FINLEY  
I can't quite believe what I'm seeing and hearing!  
JIM  
(Slaps him hard.)  
You better believe it, faggot. I haven't even started yet!  
FINLEY  
The ape thinks he's a higher form!  
JIM  
Where's the fucking phone?  
FINLEY  
You better leave if you know what's good for you!  
(JIM dials a number.)  
JIM  
(Into phone)  
Sue, baby? How's it going? Yeah, I'm coming right over. I got a hard on!  
FINLEY  
Get out of my apartment — you're disgusting!  
JIM  
Throw on a steak . . .  
FINLEY  
Disgusting! Disgusting!  
JIM  
What, Sue? No . . . no . . . just some middle-aged faggot who's dying to have his face smashed in. You ought to see him, Sue. A miserable-looking cocksucker. Losing his hair . . . frightened to death of dying. Are you kidding, Sue? Shit, baby, I wouldn't let him lick the

sweat off my balls. Yeah . . . and heavy on the onions . . . yeah . . . be right over!  
(He hangs up.)  
FINLEY  
You — you are the typical American male — absolutely — ab — completely prejudiced against the homosexual because you are terrified — terrified of what's in you!  
JIM  
You've got the platitudes up your ass, man. Okay . . . I see . . . you're a homosexual!  
(Now he lets him have it.)  
I thought you were a fucking faggot cocksucker!  
FINLEY  
(He is beginning to cry.)  
How dare you talk to me like this? Do you know who I am? I made a hundred thousand a year!  
JIM  
Great, just great! But I don't give a shit if you're Mao Tse-tung — you're a miserable queer, Mr. Finley. Your life is just plain shitty and I ain't speaking figuratively. What's this bit of licking assholes and sucking cock? Just look at you! Goddamned hungry eyes . . .  
(He is holding FINLEY by the jaw, making him look at himself.)  
. . . sick eyes — fantasy eyes — seeking a constant faggot fantasy!  
FINLEY  
(He is crying.)  
Please stop . . . please . . .  
JIM  
I haven't even started, motherfucker. Hey, how about that! How about your mother? You ever thought of screwing her? You think maybe that's where it's at? Or maybe you think you are your mother . . . wowie!  
(He is laughing.)  
FINLEY  
I'm warning you, you hate-filled man — you — you —  
JIM  
You're warning me? Hey, why don't you try being a man for a change? Come on, come on . . .  
(He slaps FINLEY a couple of times and then he stands, waiting.)  
FINLEY  
(Jumps up and runs to phone)  
I'm going to call them — I'm going to call them!  
(JIM grabs him and hits him, knocking him across the room. FINLEY falls to the floor, sobbing.)  
JIM  
Motherfucking French phone!  
(He takes it and throws it upstage. He turns to FINLEY and moves center stage.)  
Come on! Come on! Stand up and fight like a man!  
FINLEY  
I'll kill you — you monster!  
(He attacks JIM, throwing punches wildly. JIM grabs his arm and then slaps him hard until FINLEY is on the floor at his feet. JIM is on top of him, hitting him, slapping him harder and harder. FINLEY is screaming and crying.)  
JIM  
Hey, Mr. Powder Puff! Did you play jacks with the girls?  
FINLEY  
Oh, Jimmy, don't . . . don't . . .

JIM  
*(Hits him harder and harder.)*  
Cry, you miserable faggot, and maybe you'll find out where it's at with you!  
*(He continues to hit FINLEY.)*

FINLEY  
Oh, Jimmy, Jimmy!

JIM  
*(Now he is standing over FINLEY.)*  
You think you're worthy to touch this? You know what this is for? It's for a real woman — Sue.

FINLEY  
Oh, Jimmy, please . . . don't . . .

JIM  
You sniveling fucking crybaby!

FINLEY  
Oh, Jimmy, Jimmy!  
*(Now FINLEY is pressing his body against JIM'S boot. He is moaning and groaning wildly.)*

JIM  
The name is Jim.

FINLEY  
Oh, Jim! Jim! Jim!

JIM  
*(He grabs FINLEY'S face. Then very deliberately he spits in his face.)*

I wouldn't piss on you!  
*(He spits on his face again.)*

I wouldn't piss on you! I wouldn't piss on you! I wouldn't piss on you!

FINLEY  
Oh, Jim, Jim, Jim! My God —  
*(He is gyrating his body wildly against JIM'S boot. Finally he has his orgasm and collapses as JIM moves calmly away and sits in the chair. Finally MR. FINLEY sits up. His hand goes to his face. He feels the spittle on his face. He touches it almost lovingly. Slowly he gets up. He sees a cigarette butt that JIM has dropped. He picks it up and puts it in ashtray. He has checkbook on table. He writes out a check. He moves over to JIM. He kisses him on head and hands him the check.)*  
Here we go, son!

JIM  
Thanks, Mr. Finley!  
*(JIM stands up. FINLEY helps him into his jacket and then holds him close, very close.)*

FINLEY  
You're absolutely incredible, Jim. Oh, by the way, the wife and I are flying to London in the morning. I'll be back at the end of the month. I'd like to see you then.

JIM  
Fine, Mr. Finley.

FINLEY  
And give my best to Sue!

JIM  
What?

FINLEY  
Your girl friend!

JIM  
Yeah. You taking the kids with you?

FINLEY  
No . . . they're in summer camp!

JIM  
Well . . . I'll see you at the end of the month.

FINLEY  
And . . . thank you . . . I feel great . . .  
*(Lights out onstage and up on audience)*

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## THE WINNER'S CIRCLE

Continued from page 45

As I watched the muscular naked bodies and smelled the sweat from the uniforms, socks and jockstraps, I felt myself getting a hard-on. I wanted to stop it but I just couldn't. They kept talking about how horny they were and as they stripped off their dirty uniforms, I saw several of

the guys were semi-hard.

We hit the showers. With the warm water streaming over our aching bodies, we talked about the upcoming game. . . Somehow I felt that after this session in the locker-room, the game had already been played!

WE WERE ALL WINNERS.



on the  
make




the **LION PUB**  
san francisco

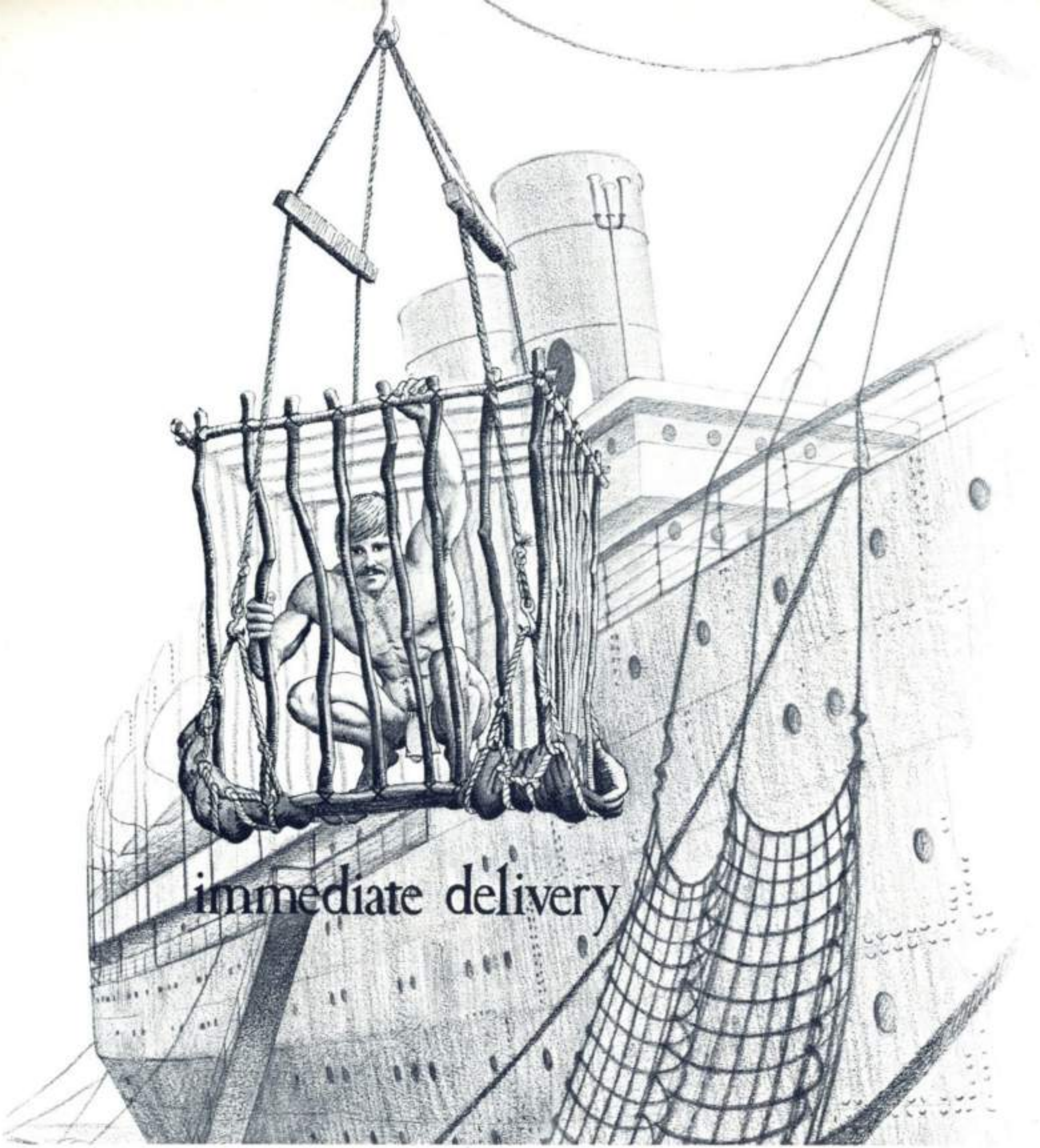
animals love maneaters







THE LION PUB in San Francisco has run a series of advertising depicting a man and a lion who become quite good buddies. A couple of the drawings were rejected by some publications for their own reasons. Here they are, intact, for DRUMMER readers. Artwork is by D. Hall, who is affiliated with the popular bar.



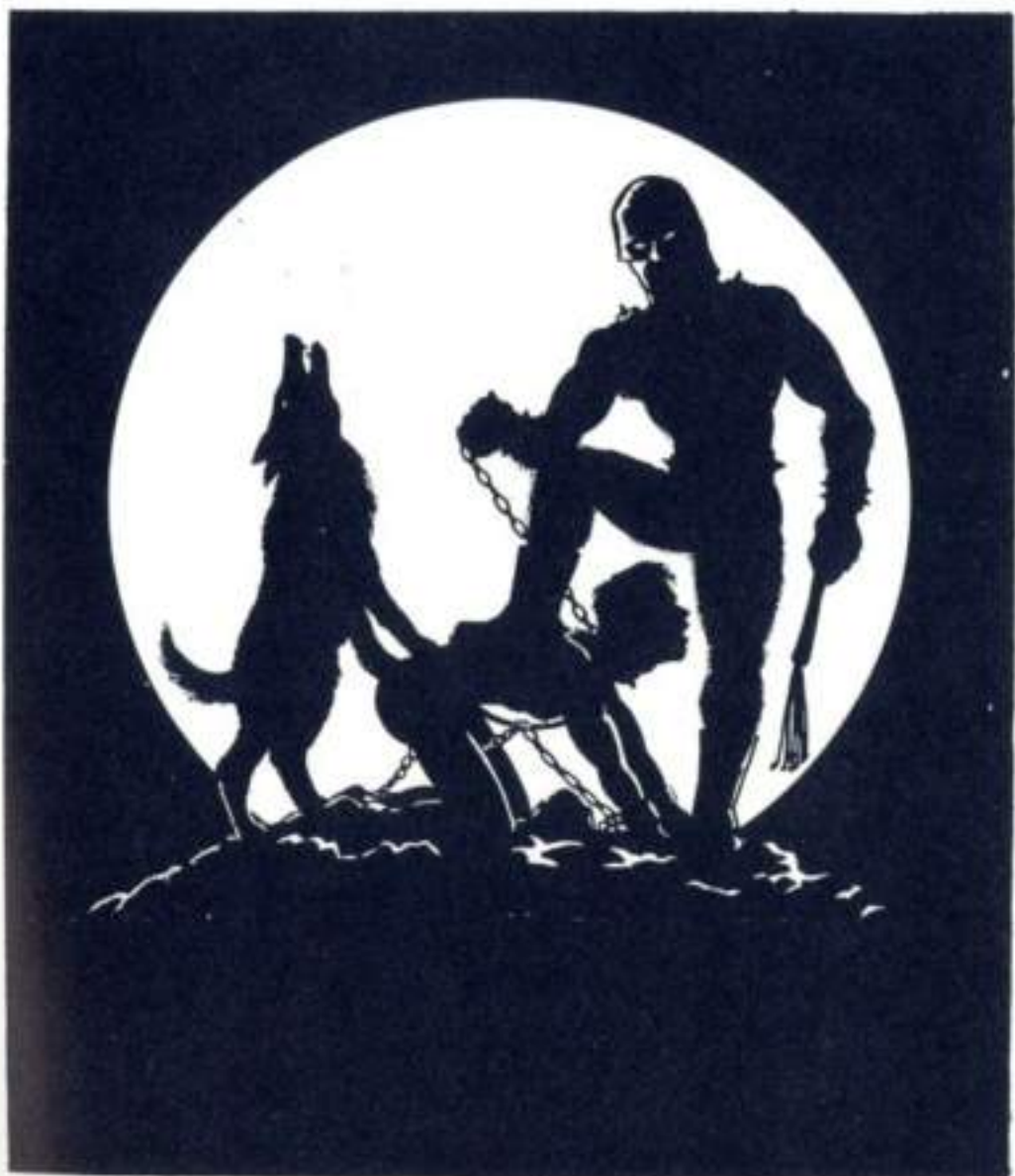
immediate delivery

MAN CRAZY





Larry's Bar in Los Angeles was covered extensively in issue No. 4. However, just as interesting perhaps, was their series of silhouette artwork by DRUMMER cartoonist Shawn, published in other periodicals as ads for the monthly "Full Moon Night." Here are our favorites. The final drawing is a plaque given to prizewinners on each of the Nights of the Full Moon.



# THE PATIENT DIED BUT THE OPERATION WAS A SUCCESS

It was a sunny Sunday afternoon in late August, 1972. H.E.L.P., the Homophile Effort for Legal Protection, was holding its monthly fundraiser at one of its Tavern Guild Association bars, the Black Pipe on La Cienega near Venice in West Los Angeles. Inasmuch as it was the community's leading Leather bar, and was owned by the Chairman of the Tavern Guild besides, the Pipe was a logical choice.

H.E.L.P. was planning to open a Community Center in Hollywood, and monies from the various fundraisers were earmarked for that cause. The Center was an ambitious project, and this Sunday event was the largest H.E.L.P. had thrown so far. The Pipe's patio and parking lot were given over to booths, some with games of skill and some selling various items dear to the hearts of Gays...Leathermen in particular... including one stocked with used Levis. A card table was set up to register voters for an upcoming city election.

The turnout was good. In fact, for a non-drag gay event, it was great. The guests contributed their \$2 at the door and, because the Pipe had no liquor license, beer flowed over its two bars. The La Cienega-Venice area is largely commercial and industrial so, aside from this oasis of activity, the neighborhood was deserted on Sunday.

Among those paying their \$2 were Police Sgt. Jim Nelson and five fellow plainclothes officers from the Wilshire Division Vice Detail. Sgt. Nelson didn't exactly blend into the scene unnoticed. Witnesses described Nelson's plainclothes as "blue jeans and a tank shirt — a maximum of chest and a minimum of clothes." Another said that he was "— extremely well-built. He had one of the largest pair of biceps I've ever seen on a human male. On one bicep was tattooed a full-fledged U.S. Marine Corps insignia."

Still another described Nelson's tank top as having "— cleavage down to here. Marilyn Monroe would have been embarrassed to appear in public in the same get-up. There were tight jeans, with a considerable amount of plumbing...and that was deliberate." Sgt. Nelson was a crowd-pleaser.

One man said later that he found the scene at the bar "— boring. There was nothing happening at that party." He left. Perhaps he should

have stuck around, for the afternoon was to liven up considerably. Around 6 p.m., the scheduled end of the affair, Sgt. Nelson's group was joined by an army of uniformed cops. Twenty officers appeared in ten police cars.

It was one of those "you and you and you" raids. Singled out were twenty persons, coincidentally including the President and most of the Board of H.E.L.P., plus the President and Vice President of Kingmasters. Then someone noticed there was still room in the cars and went back to pick out two more victims. One officer was quoted as saying "Where's the son-of-a-bitch that was signing up voters?" "The son-of-a-bitch" was Jerry Howard, H.E.L.P. Secretary-Treasurer, who got away to live to fight another day. He made it to a telephone and began to get things organized.

*The Advocate* called it the largest raid in these parts since Prohibition. The straight press didn't call it anything. In those days, the *Los Angeles Times* had a gentleman's agreement with the police concerning gay news. The *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner* still does.

The raid had other distinctions. More police manpower was deployed than was on duty to protect the entire Los Angeles International Airport, a transient "city" of over 100,000. After a shooting there, many months later, it was revealed that a maximum of only six police officers are on duty there at any given time. The caper also had the possibility of costing Los Angeles taxpayers more than a quarter-of-a-million dollars in the courts. Later it would be debated as to whether or not the LAPD were out to get H.E.L.P., but the events of the day had all the earmarks of something that could sink the organization for sure.

H.E.L.P. had been set up three years before, after another bar raid, and had grown to be the second largest organization of its kind in the United States. Only S.I.R. in San Francisco was larger. It was following a raid on The Patch in Wilmington that Gays got together and created H.E.L.P., Inc. and P.R.I.D.E., whose newsletter was to become *The Advocate*. H.E.L.P. was established for the purpose of bailing out its members who were arrested on morals charges involving homosexuality and providing them with a choice of attorneys to fight the charges. The days of having to choose between a couple of celebrated Sunset Strip gay attorneys and paying them thousands of dollars to cop to a lesser charge were over. In fact, copping out was becoming less

and less fashionable. H.E.L.P.'s attorneys were becoming known for making the fuzz try to prove their cases, and the majority of times there simply was no proof. The cops had merely been playing the numbers game with easy marks. Numbers of arrests look good on the balance sheets when budget time rolls around. In Los Angeles, the police don't have to show what they plan to do with the money; they just have to show tickets and arrests.

On this particular afternoon, as the ten police cars drove off with their payload, the party adjourned to another Tavern Guild member bar across the street, where a command post had been set up. There, H.E.L.P. attorneys summoned from Sunday afternoon leisure took affidavits from volunteer witnesses who had been among the 300 or so present during the raid.

By the time the parade reached Los Angeles' ugly "Glass House" downtown, H.E.L.P. had arranged a surprise of its own. Bail bondsmen and four more H.E.L.P. attorneys were waiting. The group in the lobby was joined by the Rev. Troy Perry, Morris Kight of the Gay Community Services Center, and other gay warhorses. As the victims were released one by one through the paper shuffling of the H.E.L.P. bail bondsmen, each was cheered, hugged and kissed. This mini-demonstration finally upset the officers in the lobby to the extent that they asked the group to move outside. It did.

We've asked some of the people who were there for their observations. Kight commented afterward, "Seeing defiant people coming out of jail, not smiling at them, and seeing their happy supporters there was a new level of consciousness for the police. I think it was very helpful. It was an education they needed."

Another, who asked not to be named, stated: "I've been in raids before. It's funny how the drags go off to the Black Maria kicking and screaming, even biting the cops. They fight all the way. But the big, butch Leather people march off like sheep to the ovens."

Maybe so, but the support from their contemporaries certainly raised the spirits of those caught up in Sgt. Nelson's little drama. Back to La Cienega and Venice they went in the provided cars, where they were served food from the second bar's kitchen and talked with H.E.L.P.'s referral panel of lawyers. H.E.L.P. had posted \$15,000 in bail bonds, picked up the ten percent bondsmen's fees, and agreed to pay incidental court costs. A demurrer appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court to

test the constitutionality of the law would cost over \$2,000, even though most of the work would be contributed.

In Municipal Court on August 23, attorneys appeared on behalf of the defendants and were granted a week's continuance to enter pleas. At that proceeding, the Deputy City Attorney "—surrendered, for the first time, the city's 'evidence' against those arrested—," copies of the written police report. Most of it read like science fiction, but attorneys for Gays were used to that.

According to the police spokesman, the massive attack on a licensed business and a charity affair "—was really no raid. We got information and complaints from 'a lot of people' (all unnamed) that a lot of noise, loud noise, a lot of lewd conduct, a lot of drunks were hanging around or going in and out of the Black Pipe bar—on Sunday afternoons."

At this point, the men began to separate from the boys. The obvious answer to the critic who compared the ability to resist of drag queens to these arrestees (who became known as the "Black Pipe 21") was that some have more to lose than others.

The battle lines were drawn and the fight was on, with H.E.L.P. and its resources backing the cause to the hilt. A large segment of the community rallied behind the persons involved. The attorneys approached the problems, each in his own style, as the defendants reacted in theirs. Some copped out. Some had state licenses to worry about, or home situations, or job situations. One, a deputy from the State Attorney's office, chose to go his own route and paid almost \$4,000 to a non-H.E.L.P. attorney, predictably losing his \$40,000 a year job. He was the only defendant not eventually exonerated.

The battle lasted over a year-and-a-half, with the ultimate victory going to the defendants. The cases against H.E.L.P. President Larry Townsend and the Kingmaster President were dropped. The Kingmaster Vice President had already pleaded to a lesser charge. One by one the charges against the defendants were dismissed, and even those who had pled had their cases expunged. The city had no case and organized Gays were becoming politically powerful.

For the first time in anyone's memory, a gay organization had lived up to its promise. It had performed in the manner in which it was designed. It had fulfilled its destiny. Although a few made contributions, no money was required of any of the "Black Pipe 21." All bail

and legal fees were paid by H.E.L.P., over and above the requirements of the rules of the organization.

Finally, on June 21, 1974, the last defendant was cleared. Duane Mueller, Chairman of H.E.L.P.'s Tavern Guild, had held out so that there would be a defendant for an appeal to the Supreme Court. It was a



THE ADVOCATE never particularly advocated H.E.L.P. but always gave wide coverage to that organization's problems. Above is a more sympathetic heralding of the BIG RAID.

strong and brave attempt to change California's archaic sex laws, something which has recently come about in the California legislature through a dramatic single vote majority. Duane's case was dismissed. The police had been roused, made to look ridiculous and extremely wasteful. All they had to show for their huge expenditure of manpower and money were a few damaged careers. There were those Gays whose shaky faith, both in themselves and in their institutions, had disintegrated beyond repair, but the main damage by the police to the individual had been kept to a minimum. H.E.L.P. and most of the "Black Pipe 21" had won and won big. Beautiful, delicious victory was theirs, and those involved could be proud.

In the world of 90-minute television, this is what would be called "The Epilogue." What were the aftereffects of Sgt. Nelson's expensive afternoon? After the smoke had cleared, what was the damage?

The word was out: to have anything to do with H.E.L.P. was to invite disaster. One bar owner in the Valley perpetuated this myth to other bar owners in an attempt to create his own Tavern Guild. His "Forsooth, the Dragon!" died of natural causes, without help from the police he so feared. An ally and bar throwaway, *Action Magazine*, printed page after page of attacks on the H.E.L.P. effort. It, too, has passed into memory. The Kingmasters, who had

seven members involved in the Black Pipe incident, voted not to renew their H.E.L.P. membership this year. One critic, whose case had successfully been won by H.E.L.P. attorney Albert Gordon, voiced concern that "—most of the bike clubs are anti-H.E.L.P., and nobody wants to be part of an unpopular group."

And what of the Black Pipe? Here was Los Angeles' leading Leather bar. Almost anyone could tell you where it was and who had been picked up there. Yet the Leather community abandoned the Pipe. The police had done their job. Some years before, at the even more successful, non-leather Red Raven, they had managed to close the bar by merely parking in front, red lights flashing. Illegal, but effective, and with Los Angeles law enforcement, effectiveness is what counts.

Duane struggled on, taking a job to support the bar and using volunteer bartenders to cut costs. But the crowd had been scared away, moving on to the Outcast and Falcon's Lair. Finally the artifacts were auctioned off. The Black Pipe became a parking lot for the tire dealer next door.

H.E.L.P. created its own social club, the HAWKS, which this year held the first bar function for H.E.L.P. since the Black Pipe raid. The 1170, a Leather beer bar in another part of town which had once belonged to H.E.L.P.'s Tavern Guild, was full for the event. Many of the people there had never heard of the Black Pipe.

Duane Mueller works at the Stud now. When told about this article, he said he had all of the clippings from the time of the raid and would be happy to produce them. Despite repeated requests, however, he never did. Perhaps he would just rather forget the whole thing.

One would think that, more than the Stonewall incident which happened 3,000 miles away and still spawned Christopher Street West, the Black Pipe raid would be the rallying point for the Southern California gay community. H.E.L.P. did what it was set up to do. The Tavern Guild Association had protected its member-bar's customers. It bailed them out, paid for the bail fees, the attorneys, the appeal...and it won. It backed the police down and reminded them that we still do things according to the Bill of Rights. The H.E.L.P. Board worked late into the night. The H.E.L.P. attorneys donated time and effort. And the system worked.

On Sundays these days, the parking lot is closed, fenced off. There are no motorcycles, no music, no laughter. There are also no neighbors to be offended. But, then, there never were.



KING, NOW RELIEVED MOVED OFF UNAWARE OF THE DARK

FORCES THAT HE HAD DISTURBED...



# DRUMMER GOES TO A *Leather Wedding*



WORDS & PICTURES by  
**BOB OPEL**

Weddings always seem to be the same. Shoes and rice; wedding cake and champagne; the vows and the rings. The ritual itself has held so fast that any "variations" have merely been alterations in the setting. People have been married in the nude; while sky diving; on back-packs in the Grand Tetons; and surely some wonderful couple has been "hitched" at MacDonald's — Mayor McCheese officiating, reception in the Hamburger Room. Men have been married to each other: such ceremonies are fairly routine in the "Gay" Church where it is professed that Jesus loves cocksuckers (though not expressed in exactly that terminology) and wants to extend His sacraments to them. Nobody has been married to an animal yet only, I suspect, because it is a hot ticket to Leavenworth (the honeymoon would be a bust), but shortly it will happen and someone will be fumbling for a set of engraved gold bands — "Wild thing, You make my heart sing! Raaaaah!"

If you want to go the monogamous route, who needs permission? Weddings these days seem irrelevant; the peasants

don't have to be compelled to produce enough children to glean the harvest while being persuaded that their lives are being ennobled by their actions. The institution survives like a giant brontosaurus which, while visiting Manhattan, accidentally sits on the Empire State Building. (He came to destroy yet stayed for Love.) But Tom Bertman and Fred Schultz don't think so. They just got married in a Leather Bar.

"We met at *Griff's*," Tom says. "Since I also work there, we decided to have our wedding ceremony there." A white crepe paper, fan-out wedding bell is suspended between a poster touting the hospitality of the D.C. Eagle and an ad for the Cycle Sluts in concert at the Whiskey, as all of the trappings of a wedding suddenly materialize in the middle of a clubhouse frequented by aficionados of leather dress and motorcycle riding who fairly frequently also fuck each other. The Reverend Bud Bunce, who is wearing a leather vest for the occasion, is wringing his hands and pacing nervously, contemplating the choreography of one of his first marriage gigs. Finally all the best men take their places and the ceremony begins.





"We were so thrilled with our relationship, we wanted to make it a formal union — you know, do it openly and in front of our friends. It was never meant to be a joke," says Fred.

The ritual survives intact. The parties pledge their troth while outside in the parking lot about 20 bikes glide into place for a Bike Christening. Griff, the owner and proprietor of *Griff's*, lovingly lays a bottle of champagne wrapped in a white towel right next to the front tire of each of the bikes. A bartender slips through the crowd balancing a three-tiered wedding cake. At last the vows are exchanged, and the Reverend raises his hands in blessing. Tom, dressed in the ceremonial garb of the Iron Cross Motorcycle Club, embraces Fred, who is wearing a white tuxedo with a frilly formal shirt and a white tie; they sip from the same glass, feed each other

wedding cake, hug their friends and depart for a honeymoon in the Sequoia National Forest.

Before leaving Tom says, "We feel we are now married in the eyes of God; we're just as married as our mothers and fathers are."

After their honeymoon, I again talked to Fred and Tom. Fred told me they had had a wonderful time and would remember their wedding for the rest of their lives. Tom said he was glad to be married. "All that cruising, it's so sad; there are so many other things to do than look for bodies," he said as he remembered seeing some of his friends saunter into *Griff's* to spend the evening at the site of their leather wedding only a week earlier.

— Robert Opel



# IN PASSING



The BEST of  
and the WORST of  
DRUMMER

"They" had said that such a relationship couldn't survive. One of the foremost authorities on S&M had personally informed us at the beginning that it had the seeds of its own destruction in its fabric. And he should know; he introduced us. That advice and the introduction were the sum total of his contribution.

One other: he did call to remind me that my new slave would arrive that night. I had forgotten. The guy was just a name I couldn't remember, and my last referral had been a creep. Then someone else dropped by that evening, so the one stranger went with me to the hotel where the airport "limousine" terminates. There were three of us driving back up the hill, but the first fellow soon cut out and I never heard from nor saw him again.

The other stranger stood there smiling, a bit full of the airline's liquid hospitality. He later admitted he was a bit afraid. I was to learn that there were many things he feared. Certainly me, but even more, himself.

At home, still smiling somewhat, he stripped at my order and stood waiting for me to look him over. He had made a reservation at the hotel, just in case. He needn't have bothered.

His apprehension vanished along with the weekend. And he cut his stay at the neighboring convention short to fly back for more before the next week was out. I don't think we ever got out of bed, though I do remember our walking and talking and laughing together along Sunset Boulevard one evening when we ran out of gas, so we must have. I also remember that both times I put him on his plane, he never looked back. Perhaps of the two, only I am the sentimentalist.

Another month went by and he returned for his vacation. It was then that we decided to make it permanent, that he was to pack up and move in. He was my slave [or was I his?], and I was to have papers of ownership. I even agreed that we were to be married. Now it was I who was apprehensive. He wanted it all so badly, was quitting his job and home back east, and I felt guilty for not being completely caught up, too. He wrote every day, and called practically every other one. Finally, summer passed and he arrived, bag and baggage.

That's how it began.

Will there ever be a time again that all will be as happy or fulfilled? Now, instead of being two self-contained individuals, together we were complete. I whipped him and loved him. He knelt and he begged for more of both. He cooked and served; I looked down at him while we ate [he wasn't allowed on the furniture]. His nude body became darker and his blond hair lightened from the California sun. He continued to smile; in fact, we laughed a lot. Private jokes, little things that are funny only to lovers. Occasionally there were tears, but not from any punishment I inflicted. There were devils to eradicate and fears to dispel. He told tales of other lovers, carried away in their wrath and anger to beat him far beyond the realm of pain and pleasure. I dismissed the

thought. How could anyone ever harm or dismiss this golden boy who licked my hand and worshipped at my feet?

We went on bike runs in the mountains. I showed him off proudly and even forced him to serve a few good friends. Never completely, that part was private stock. But his standing there, semi-nude in the forest, beautiful and loving, made my heart [among other things] swell with pride and now with love.

I wanted him to know my part of the country. On New Year's Day we bought a van for weekend traveling. We made a trip back to his part of the country so that I could meet his family as he had met mine. The year became a kaleidoscope of shows and parties and service organizations and mutual friends, even the people we mutually disliked. I had threatened to keep him barefoot and pregnant in the beginning and I kept my promise. There was an anniversary of the night of our vows and of the sun-filled day he came to stay forever.

Then came the sickness. It was there all along, but with my head in the clouds and my cock continually out of my pants, how was I to know? And what was I to do? Other authorities were called in. Other voices heard, all well-meaning, most telling me what I already knew. As I look back, the best I can say is that whatever was done, however futile or inadequate, was the best I could summon at the time.

Love had run its course. Mine, which had heightened since the beginning, was no replacement for his, which had seemingly evaporated. What could have been is no more, to a point that one wonders if it ever really was.

It is inevitable to want to turn back the clock and envision driving down the hill to the hotel to find that smiling cock-sucker waiting again. I think in the dead of night about the sight, the sound, the smell of him, and I wonder if things will ever be that good again anywhere—with anyone else. Could his chains, his leather, ever be put on another's body, no matter how beautiful?

Everywhere I go, everything I see and touch is filled with him. The small chain he wore around his neck, proudly and without interruption, lies carelessly thrown in a forgotten drawer. His letters have ceased and of the constant flow of voices on the phone, his is absent. He warms other beds and his laugh illuminates other rooms. Somehow he has, in his neglect, become the sadist and I the masochist. The tables are turned and the score is even.

Life, like love, is fleeting. The death of a love consumes both the master and the slave. What was is no more, to a point that one wonders if it ever really existed. The resulting stillness is deafening.

If an S&M relationship is more intense than, like Edna St. Vincent Millay's candle that burns at both ends, it will not last the night. . . . But ah, my friends and oh, my foes, it gives a wondrous light.

*The "In Passing" above was written for issue No. 1 of DRUMMER as an obituary to a relationship. When, at press time, it appeared that the subject of the piece might indeed have a terminal illness, the page was immediately pulled, and another substituted. Later, it was rewritten and used in issue No. 2.*

*This writing turned out to be the most commented upon to appear on the "In Passing" page of DRUMMER, and even more happily, the subject himself proved the doctors' diagnosis to be wrong.*

*Later these paragraphs were used as the opening to "EPILOGUE," a novel by Robert Payne. Amazingly, the L.A. deputy District Attorney quoted a couple of sentences out of context from it in court. We were even accused by a couple of readers of repeating ourselves, when the first chapter of "EPILOGUE" was published in our Book Section.*

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