

"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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Cover: Joe Altman went out and found his own candidate for Mr. Drummer '86, photographed wearing little more than a cap and a Honda Gold Wing.  
Opposite Page: Audience at the Mr. Drummer show, too numerous to give individual credit to. We can't even determine who took it.



Ten years ago this past month, the LEATHER FRATERNITY threw a charity slave auction on a Saturday night in Los Angeles. An ever-watchful snoop at the post office intercepted an invitation, tipped off the LAPD Vice Squad and the little event made considerable history. At that time, it seemed that Edward M. Davis, police chief, was preparing to run for governor and this was his chance at the soft underbelly of the gay community—leathermen, whom he equated with child molesters and axe murderers. A real attention getter, a SLAVE AUCTION!

He was at least partially right. When he sent one hundred and seven troops, accompanied by helicopters and local television news cameras (which just happened to be in the neighborhood at one in the morning), it hit the front pages of newspapers all across the nation. Mostly because there wasn't much of anything else happening that particular weekend.

When the big bust turned out to be a falsie, ol' Ed lied a little and said there were "only" sixty-some cops involved and that he wasn't directly involved.

The Fuzz also raided the homes of DRUMMER's publisher and its editor, their automobiles, offices and printing plant. Everything collected by the raid's mastermind, Lt. Lloyd Martin, was thrown out by a pre-trial judge but, motivated mostly by a fear of Davis, the prosecution marched on under the auspices of District Attorney John Van de Kamp, now California Attorney General. L.A. City Attorney Burt Pine, refused to prosecute any of the forty people arrested that night.

Telephones were illegally tapped for some time, defendants followed and the printing offices were graced with clandestine visits at night in hopes of finding some kind of evidence of anything. There was another raid one morning when printing plant employees were herded into offices and the entire place gone over, looking for who-knows-what. A half-dozen TV and radio news crews rushed over and Martin and his squad suddenly became very polite, storming off with more "evidence" which was quietly returned after we received a postcard to come down and retrieve our property.

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