

DRUMMER FEATURE ARTICLE

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L.A. Plays HARD With Itself...

BASIC PLUMBING UNPLUGGED **New Wonder-Pit May Be** **Mine Shaft West** **by Jack Fritscher**

- This entire feature article "Basic Plumbing Unplugged" is also available in Acrobat pdf.
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AUTHOR'S HISTORICAL CONTEXT INTRODUCTION



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Remember when *gloryholes* meant something forbidden, something taboo and illegal, something only found in the degenerate restrooms of parks and department stores? Things have changed. The gloryhole has been institutionalized. Yippee!

At Basic Plumbing in L.A., men find new meaning to the words, *prurient interests*. Libertinism lives. The men packing in nightly are an eclectic fraternity of pleasure-

seekers and cock-worshippers. They want to max out. And Basic Plumbing gives them space. At this wonderpit, a man's immediate needs are catered to more seductively and decadently than anywhere else in metropolitan Los Angeles.

LAY IT AS IT PLAYS: SEXUAL VAGRANCY

Basic Plumbing is a men's club for men. Men who take care of themselves and their bodies. Men who like their sex raw, animal, primitive. Men who dig men. A night at Basic Plumbing is a sexual vagrancy, a detour by way of the darker and kinkier fetishes.

Unlike routine sex at the baths, Basic Plumbing fosters secret, sensual mystery in the turn-on of half-dressed studs, ripped teeshirts, stand-up sex. It's the sex "straight" trade gets. Not every guy into dick needs to take off his clothes and jump in bed to get off. Some men get it where they find it: in a car, at a gas station, up an alley way. Basic Plumbing is sex out of the bedroom and onto the street, the toilet, the backroom. It's a salute to the lascivious nature of the predatory male.

HARD KNOCKS: 70's STYLE

Basic Plumbing offers hard-core masculinity: traditional male images interpreted for late 1970's erotica. The door opens to a wall hung with construction helmets, used jock straps, and chains. An army poster reads: "Handling Of Prisoners Of War."

A guy in a military haircut walks by stripped to a jock strap and boots. Male heat presses in. Jackets slip off. Then shirts. Bare chests and jeans. A couple guys flip cocks from flies. They hang: heavy, waiting, impatient. The music: loud.

The action focuses along the rows of stalls and gloryholes. This is the prime meat of L.A. playing itself. Muscular arms and chests gleam with sweat in the acid red light. Bodies prowl down the halls. Doors of stalls open and shut. Bodies walk in. Moans. Bodies walk out.

PRIVATES

Inside, with the door locked, jeans fall to ankles, spit greases palms, hands tightly grip rigid cocks. There is a large, round hole on each of the three walls, and through every hole is a different turn-on, a sex show as hot and horny as the best fuck-flick. But this movie is real. The ten-inch cock filling the hole below you is real. The hunk in the next stall, jacking off in a black leather jacket and chaps is real. In the stall behind you, a fat, black cock pushes up against a white ass and ploughs inside, right in front of you, eye level, inches away. That's real too.

ACTUALITIES: THE MIRACLE OF ANONYMOUS SEX

Basic Plumbing is a place where men do not hesitate to expand their fantasies. In the anonymous safety of hot shadows concealed in smoky red lights, sexual hunger growls. These are carnal, omnivorous appetites, bent upon debauchery.

A faceless voice whispers from a hole, "Stick your dick in my mouth."

A hot, wet mouth swallows your cock as your hands grip the handles above, supporting your body as you pump and ride into a soft, sucking mouth. You reach in your pants for amy. Your right hand brushes a stiff cock. So does your left. You hit the amy. Both your hands close around two bulging handfuls of dick, both greased and moving on their own, fucking your tightly clenched fists.

BATHTUB SEX: SLINGING IN THE DRAIN

As Basic Plumbing fills up, the temperature rises, crotches bulge, inhibitions break down. It is 4AM. Sweat pours off rock-hard chests. Across the room from the gloryholes, the sling bangs against the wall. In it is shackled a guy whose legs stick straight up in the air. A dude plants an arm half way up his ass.

Behind the sling, the bunkbeds are full of guys' butt-fucking, stomachs and balls slapping ass.

Across from the beds is a tub. A slave with a leather-studded collar around his neck kneels obediently inside, his mouth catching the jets of piss aimed from a half dozen swollen cocks.

MENS SANA...

Everywhere rise the hypnotic odors of smoking, sweat, and cum. The smell of fucking and the smell of dick penetrate and fuse the air with lust. A deep, male groan often rises in ecstasy above the music—hoarse, breathless, guttural.

Stoned and sweating, a boner in your hand, there is another level you can cross over to. A bolder, Dionysian flame burns in the blood, and in the crotch. The trash vision of dudes jacking-off together emerges from the shadows, cum pouring onto other cocks, shooting up onto hairy chests, white cum shooting into black space.

...IN CORPORE INSANO: MINE SHAFT WEST

The men of Basic Plumbing have tapped the most primal, libidinal desires west of Manhattan's Mine Shaft. Their hunt for gratification is uncompromising, completely shameless. There is a total eclipse of restraint. Nocturnal sleaze unleashed upon male flesh. The sweet defilement of men by men.

The energy at Basic Plumbing is intense, physical, and kinetic. The images are blatant, and startling in their severity. A compulsion towards the salacious captures you: the slide is ever downward, because the only thing that slides up is a fist.

This midnight underworld magnetizes the animals in men and draws them out. It's a lurid dream-world, saturated in sweat: inheritance of the urban cowboy, the redneck, the trucker, the sex which is male celebration and nothing but.

Basic Plumbing is witness to that celebratory heritage of male creatures of the night.

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