

DRUMMER

ISSUE 119

WILD & WOOLLY MEN
IN THE GREAT OUTDOORS

HOUNDED

BY JAY SHAFFER

MOUNTAIN GRIZZLY

BY FURR

WATERMELON SHOTGUN

BY BART WASHINGTON

NORTHWEST PASSAGE

PHOTOS FROM ADAM & CO.

FETISH FEATURE

BEARS
& MOUNTAIN MEN

DRUMMER



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"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, however measured or far away." **Henry David Thoreau**

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HOW TO HUNT BUCKSKIN LEATHER MOUNTAIN MEN AND LIVE AMONG THE BEARS!

FETISH FETISH FETISH FETISH

just yourself, sans candelabra on your camp table, and the buffalo chips of sexual preference fall where they may. Buckskinners, each an individualist, couldn't really give a shit anyway when your overall true self is like them in almost every way but what gender you take to your bedroll. Best of all, every rendezvous has its full supply of single men and male couples buddying around together with no explanation, and no apology for bonding.

The point is, don't be afraid to pass into a straight group of men. That's the ADVENTURE! You only have to be able to rough it in the heat of a noonday shoot or the cold night of a mountain camp without screaming when you jump into a

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ETERNAL FETTERED FEATURE



thoroughly they'd be a hit at any disco, are so authentic, they usually win the Saturday night "Best Costume" prize for Native American gear. The skill they put in creating their Look deserves the notice.

SATURDAY NIGHT MOUNTAIN FEVER

Those Saturday night costume contests include, besides the "Best Primitive Campsite" award, the "Ugliest Mountain Man" (and the best-outfitted winner is never the "ugliest"), "Best Young Buck" (hubba-hubba!), and distaff heats for "Best Indian Maiden," "Best Frontier Gal," plus a prize for the "Best papoose." Rendezvous weekends are fantasy trips

freezing stream or waltzing when you walk. Queens often call butch, homomasculine men who can pass without making an issue of sexuality, good little Uncle Toms. Piss on them. I came out to hang out with masculine men, gay and straight, not queens, who—I respect in their pivot—can do whatever they want where they want, except in my bearded face.

CAMP TRAMPS

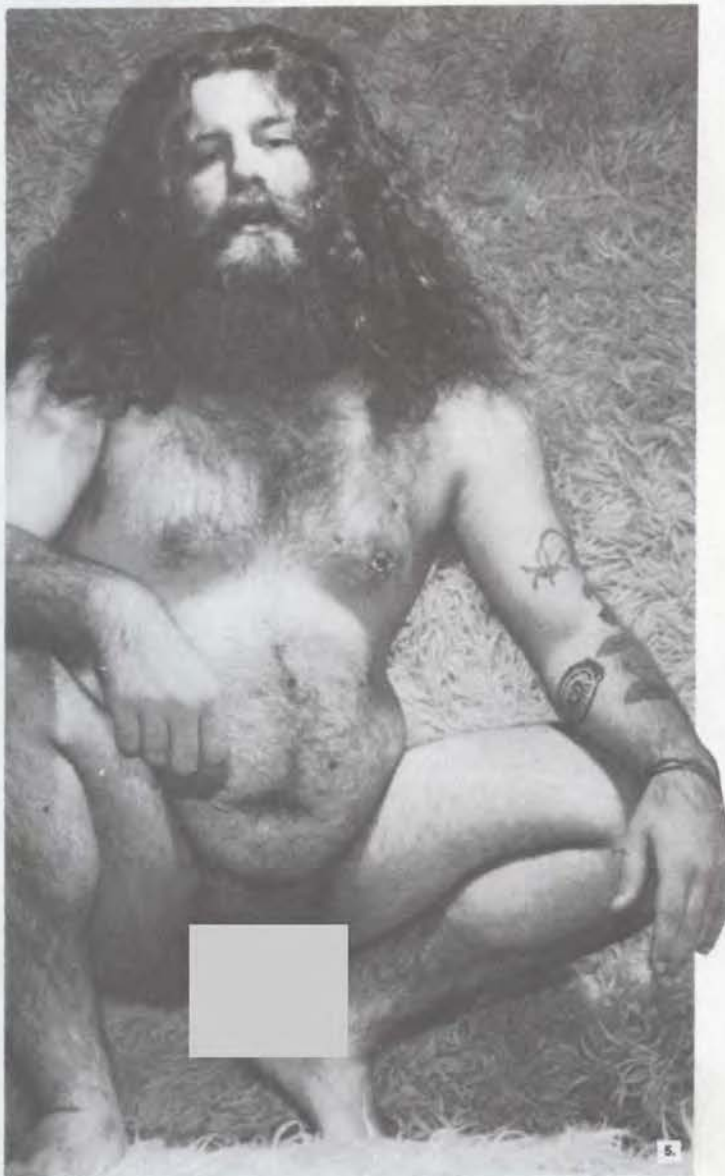
In all the mountain man camaraderie, which Walt Whitman loved, a rendezvous is a very sensual experience of male ritual. Sure, there's sex. Married stuff; families; kids. But there's night cruising too, nearly all male-female, with the lady "camp tramps" making most of the moves, because mountain men tend to sublimate sex, being more into their buckskins, camp gear and guns than they are into a good "poke."

After all, in the 80's age of universal erotic malaise, the mating dance is often no more than an audition for a show that gets rotten reviews and closes on opening night.

These mountain dudes seem genuinely sexually shy for all the fantasies we have about Blue-Collar Sex. Besides, they're surprisingly AIDS-aware. Just like us, they're wary of the toxic hickey. So the whole trip, like an affirmative exercise in burning abstinence, stays very heated and underventilated. You can talk sex. You can touch and hug. "Normal" stuff guys do. Then go back to your teepee or nylon tent and snort the wild musk smell of them on your hands. In three years of buckskinning, having heard about 12 million jokes about whores, I've only heard two gay jokes, and neither was a real putdown. The closest any comment came to "attitude" was about a handsome group of white male "Indians" who, the riff ran, liked to wear loincloths because it made fudgepacking easier.

Lots of mountain men, both muscular and bear-bellied, wear only loincloths and chest beads during the heat of the day, so they were joking about the potential fudgepacker side of themselves as well. There is something about a deerskin loincloth, flapped front and back, that, like us wearing only a jockstrap and boots in public, makes a hail mountain man well met turn into a joking flasher.

The "Indians," by the way, whether or not they're gay, have my total respect. Their costumes, even though designed up so



for laboring men, for their women who work the adding machines in building supply offices, and for their kids who carry anachronistic skateboards under their arms. At the Saturday night dance, when one of the inevitably costumed "Western Saloon Floozies" comes up to you and asks you to cut a rug, something latent on the straight side of your heart goes *boom* and you figure that maybe, thank God, you don't look like a Castronaut after all.

LET'S DO THE TIMEWARP AGAIN!

If you've got a nostalgic ache in your groin to do something different some weekend than stand in a bar, then, go ahead, Pilgrim, dare to mix with another American male subculture beside ours. If you're tired of city life, head for a country



rendezvous. If you're sick of the 20th century, timewarp back to the 18th and 19th. If you're bored with urban cowboys, try the Mountain Man Alternative.

I guarantee you'll trip your circuitry sitting around a campfire under a full moon watching a blond Harley biker (they're big in the scene) lift a golden trumpet to his big-moustached lips tooting in some wailing horn above the guitars and banjos. Sometimes, some nights, my whole body, kicked up on Pie and a tokeless Toklas brownie, explodes in a mind-body orgasm of male camaraderie and glory that transcends the mere ejaculation of my dick.

What can I say? Times being what they are, we seek our kicks in hot alternatives. When retro-viruses cause us to cross our legs or cross our fingers, the clever man finds new, safe releases.

MOUNTAIN-MAN MUSCLE WORKOUT

One dazzling Sunday morning, tripping around with my video camera, I caught a pair of mountain men, straight as sticks, working out together in a male bonding older than dirt. The senior buckskinner I recognized almost instantly as Mr. America 1961/Mr. Universe 1962. He was a perfectly muscled bearded buckskin daddy. His workout partner was a tall, lean-muscled young trapper with long blond hair. Both were stripped to the waist, sweating in their buckskin trousers.

Gunshots echoed through the spring air from the firing range where local deputy sheriffs (some in their workday uniforms, some in blue nylon SHERIFF jackets) were shooting their pistols alongside the black-powder mountain riflemen.

Mr. Universe and the blond traded back and forth a two-foot piece of black rubber with a steel stirrup at either end. Alternately, each hooked one stirrup under his buckskin boot and held the other in alternating hands, building more muscle pump, doing bicep curls. They switched exercises. Each in turn took the stirrups in both hands, raised their arms high, and stretched the tense rubber down and straight out at arms' length in perfect crucifixion, pumping up their chests. Sweat from the hot mountain sun ran down their armpits, wet their buckskins, dripped in the dust. Finally, they sat on the ground outside a teepee, the soles of their boots flat together, holding opposite ends of an old towel,



Photo by Robbie

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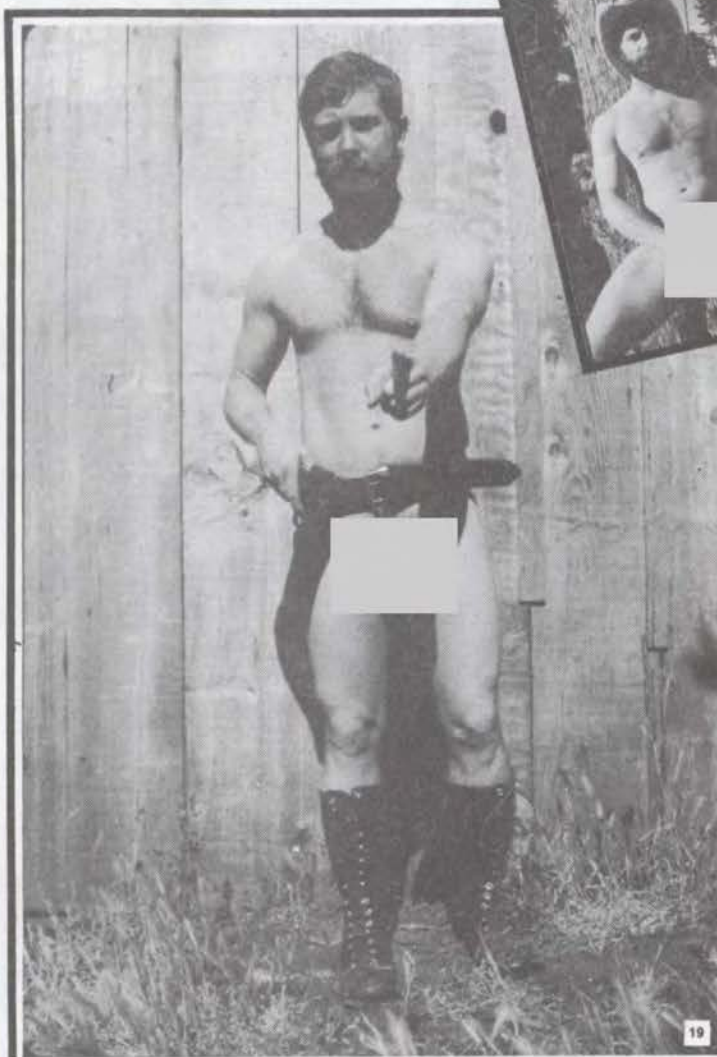
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