WILD & WOOLLY MEN IN THE GREAT OUTDOORS

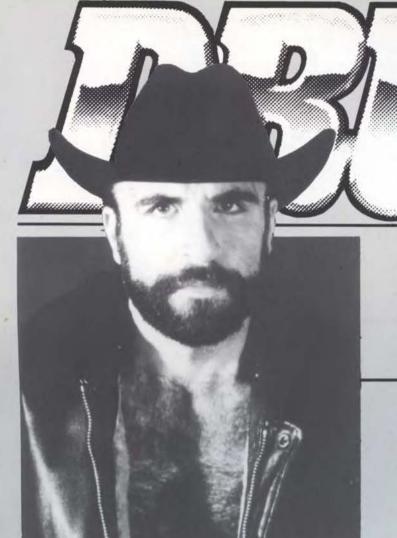
BY JAY SHAFFER

MOUNTAIN GRIZZLY
BY FURR

VATERMELON SHOTGUN Y BART WASHINGTON

NORTHWEST PASSAGE TOS FROM ADAM & CO.

ETISH FEATURE



SPECIAL FEATURES

- 12 Jack Martin A Bear Hunter's Dream photos by Adam & Co.
- 50 Leatherman Poster Mural, part 3 by Leon
- **83** Northwest Passage Cruising Mountain Men from the video *Northwest Passage* by Adam & Co.

FICTION

- 27 Mountain Grizzly A man to be mauled by! by Furr
- **32** Watermelon Shotgun "Just ripe." He flicked his finger against my ass—the way to thump a melon. by Bart Washington
- **40** Hounded A man and his best friends . . . Drummer pushes the limits of obedience. by Jay Shaffer



BEARS AND MOUNTAIN MEN FETISH FEATURE

- Intro: Beefy Men and Erotica . . . by Tim Barrus
- 20 Grizzly Daddy Ready for Teddy: Poetry and Art by David L. Newton
- 22 How to Hunt Buckskin Leather Mountain Men and Live Among the Bears by Jack Fritscher

COVER

Daddybear Jack Martin photo by Adam & Co.

LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD

- 90 Mr. Drummer 1988
- 93 Crossroads: Where Leathermen meet
- 94 Organization News and Events
- 95 Clublists: USA & Canada A-L
- 97 Leather Calendar





BACK COVER

Mike Rock photo from Northwest Passage by Adam & Co.

REGULAR FEATURES

- 4 Off the Top by Fledermaus
- 5 Male Call
- 8 Drummedia

36 Dear Sir

- 77
- Ties that Bind by Guy Baldwin, MS
- 79 DRUM by Bill Ward
- 82 Leather Notebook by Larry Townsend



"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

11)34/1/1/133

Published 12 times a year by Desmodus, Inc. PO Box 11314 San Francisco, CA 94101-1314 (415) 978-5377

PRESIDENT: Andrew V. Charles
PUBLISHER: Anthony F. DeBlase

EDITOR: Fledermaus

ASSOCIATE EDITOR: Tim Barrus
EDITORIAL ASSISTANT: Ken Lackey
ART DIRECTOR: Jameo Saunders
PRODUCTION ARTIST: John Wood
TYPOGRAPHY: Arthur Kaplan

CLASSIFIED AD SERVICES: Ken Lackey
SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RETAIL SALES: Everett Stoan

FEATURED CONTRIBUTORS:

Guy Baldwin Bill Ward Larry Townsend

FREQUENT CONTRIBUTORS:

Writers

Tim Barrus Jack Fritscher Aaron Travis Steve Evans John Preston Scott Tucker Fledermaus Jay Schaffer Richard A. White

Photographers:

Albert Old Reliable Jim Wigler Scott Martin Palm Drive Video Jim Moss Robert Pruzan Zeus Studios

Artists:

Boss The Hun Olaf Cavelo Leon R.A.W. Cirby K. Mann Rex

Copylight 6 1988 by Desmodus, Inc. Published July, 1988. All rights reserved. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without prior written permission from the publisher.

Sean

Tallwing

Drummer is published monthly by Deamodus, Inc. PO Box 11314, Son Francisco, CA 94101. DRUMMER, DRUMMER DADDIES, DRUM-STICKS, DEAR SIR, DRUM, TOUGH CUSTOMERS, DRUMMEDIA, LEATHER NOTEBOOK, MALECALL, GETTING OFF, CUMMING UP, TOUGH SHIT, DRUMMERMEN and SANDMUTOPIA are registered trademorks of Deamodus, Inc.

Any similarity between characters appearing in Drummer and actual persons, living or dead, is purely ocinicidential. The representation or appearance of any person in Drummer's not to be taken as an indication of his or her sexual preference.

12-Issue subscription: \$50 in the US, \$70 (US funds) in Conada and \$110 eisewhere, including airmail postage (US funds). Orders accepted for MasterCald, Visa and American Express at (415) 978-5377.

Unsolicited manuscripts, photos and art that are to be returned must be accompanied by a stramped, self-addressed envelope. Make certain that your name and address are on the manuscript itself and on the reverse of each photo or piece of art. All rights in letters and/or snaps, at sent to Drummer will be freated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and are subject to Desmodus, inc.'s right to edit and comment editorially. Desmodus, inc. can assume no responsibility for unsolicited materials.

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

Story and photos by Jack Fritscher

ISH FEATUREFETISH FEATUREFETISH

Run, as in "Bike Run," is Anglo-Saxon short-speak for Rendezvous. Get the picture? Current manhunting rendezvous don't take place in cozy French cafes. "RendeVOO!" That campfire shout, in the American West these days, means a shit-kicking 3-day weekend in the woods with bearded guys in full leather buckskins, wearing fur animals on their heads, and shooting black powder rifles. So, if you dig tenting something besides your pants, whether in authentic teepees or "tin teepees" (aluminum campers on the bed of a 4WD pickup truck), listen up!

This info is as real as bear shit in the woods.

WHERE THE MOUNTAIN MEN ARE

More than 250,000 mountain men roam the US wilds from Colorado west to the coast. Every weekend, from early spring, when the mountain streams are icey cold enough to shrink the balls of the hardiest buckskinner, to late autumn when campfire smoke hangs soft in the air, mountain men gather in rendez-vous to live out a lost past in the lost present.

Robert Redford's Jeremiah Johnson is brother to the gay mountain men in the classic novel and film, Song of the Loon, and, subtextually, in the new gay video, Northwest Passage, shot entirely on location in the Cascade Mountains of Washington State. (Write: Adam and Company, 8210 Lankershim Blvd., #11, N. Hollywood, 91605, \$59 + \$3 postage; say you're 21.)

Mountain men, traditionally, were classic loners, except maybe for a "special pardner," spending their intense winters out trapping skins and furs. Come the spring thaw, "YEE-HAW!"—these American bear-trappers came down from the high country to "rendezvous" with French traders, cash in their pelts, kick some shit, pass the jug, and play some mountain-skills games with black-powder rifle contests, hatchet throws, and "fastest time" knicking a spark from flint-to-tinder without setting their beards on fire.

In the True West, these mountain men flourished between 1780 and 1820, before the advancing choo-choo of civilization made their hard kind an endangered species. The good news is: contemporary mountain men, basically blue-collar guys, are the revivalists of hyper-male rugged individualism.

LEATHER FETISH ORIGINS

You can join 'em, if you can find 'em, and this info is how you can blaze your trail to initiation into their tight circle where you can bust your britches at the sight of guys who, if modern bikers had ancestors, are the prototypical leather men of American male culture.

Since I was a kid, I always figured that in the wide circle of masculinity, there were ever tighter inner circles of men. My aim was always to penetrate further into the mysterious rites and rituals of the most secret of fraternities.

Cracking into the posse of mountain men took some investigation and some doing. I always heard about rendezvous too late to find them. It took nearly four years of this

Pages 22-23: Photos \$1, 4, and 5 from Palm Drive Video's Super Bears: Photos \$2 and 3 from a Mountain Man RendeVOO documented in Palm Drive Video's Mountain

Photos #6, 9, 11, and 12 (category B) from a Mountain Man RendeVOO in Palm Drive Video's Mountain Men. Photos #7 and 13, Jack Husky from Palm Drive Video's The Carpenter. Photos #8 and 10 from Bear Magazine's Beard Contest.

Page 26: Photo #14 from Bear Magazine's Beard COntest. Photos #15, 16, and 17 (category 8) from a Mountain Man RandeVOO documented in Palm Drive Video's Man RendeVOO documented in Palm Drive Video's Mountain Men. Photos #18, 19, and 20, Mike Kloubec from Palm Drive Video's Super Bears.



enqueering-mind-wanting-to-know to stake out my first Mountain Man Rendezvous.

The hunt was worth the hardy company that embraces "Pilgrims," as newcomers are called. This Pilgrim made it to full mountain man in one summer: buckskin boots, buckskin trousers and shirt over red longjohns, capote (heavy wool overcoat cut from traditional Hudson Bay blankets), covote head-dress, and black-powder rifle.

This may be drag, fella, but it's male drag!

Stick your Nautilus-or-not bod in tight, soft buckskin leathers and pull your pud in your teepee, its white canvas walls dancing with the shadows of rough, tough, big-bearded dudes carousing around a campfire, playing harmonica, fiddle, and guitar, passing the jugs of "Pie," and you'll become more of an initiate than a man called Horse!

"Pie," you should be warned, is whatever wild-ass alcohol lightning mix each buckskinner pours into his secret-recipe jug. Sitting around a campfire, hot from the flames on your chest and crotch, cold on your back from the bracing night air, you handle Piejug after Piejug—finger through the small hole of the handle with the jug itself lifted on the outside of your forearm with your elbow hoisted to the stars—as the clay bottles pass around the circle.

Pilgrim, beware!

Before you can shout "Rende VOO!", you'll be up doing the doe-see-doe with some bearded, long-haired buckskinner who works cement construction during the 40-hour week! This ain't disco bunny stuff! Especially, when on the last doe of your doe-see, the sight the revelers around the campfire get is your mountain man coaching you how to drop your buckskin pants, pull open the crack of your longjohns, and, in duet, double-moon the blazing campfire to a roar of cheers and uplifted fists!

NEITHER CHARADE NOR PARADE

Buckskinning is real buddy-buddy stuff for homomasculine men who like horseplay with heteromasculine men. If you've never been a gay separatist, and, if, in your sexual politics, you've always believed in a deserved mainstream place for us queers who define ourselves by more than our queerness, you don't have to deny anything. You can take your lover or your fuckbuddy. But you don't have to take an ad out in the paper either. Without charade or parade, you're 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



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.

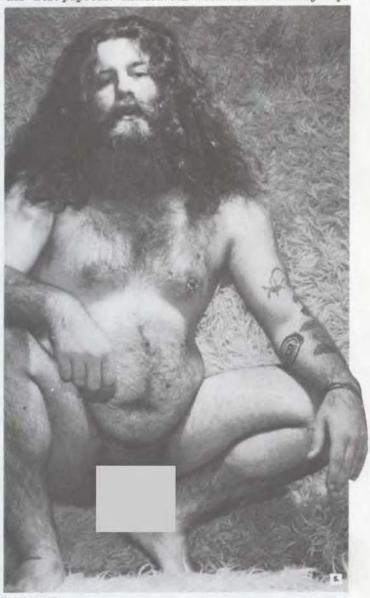
The "Indians," by the way, whether or not they're gay, have my total respect. Their costumes, even though designed up so



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-hubbal), and distaff heats for "Best Indian Maiden," "Best Frontier Gal," plus a prize for the "Best papoose." Rendezvous weekends are fantasy trips



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 campfile under a full moon watching a blond Harley biker (they're big in the scene) lift a golden trumpet to his big-moustached lips tootling 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,

UNIVERSE 1961





