

DR

Jack Fritcher,
Scott O'Hara
and other experts on

SOLO SEX

Nobody Does It Better!

Contests! Contests!

Match the Member contest:
pair up the beef and the sausage

Rex Story Contest:
your last chance

VOER

ISSUE 123

MR.
DRUMMER
1988
RON
ZEHEL

DRUMMER

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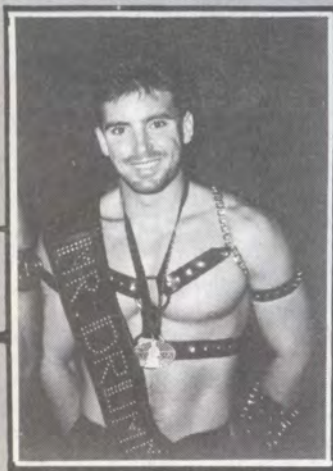
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"If a man does not keep pace with his companions,
perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer.
Let him step to the music he hears, however measured
or far away."
Henry David Thoreau

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the morning, has some degree of risk associated with it. We strongly believe that each
competent adult must set for themselves the level of risk he or she is willing to accept.
Some avoid crossing streets in heavy traffic—others stunt-ride motorcycles without a
helmet. However, to intelligently confront and accept risk, a person must understand
the dangers.

While Drummer hopes to educate its readers on a wide variety of topics, its main
purpose is to entertain! Works of fiction presented in this magazine are just that—
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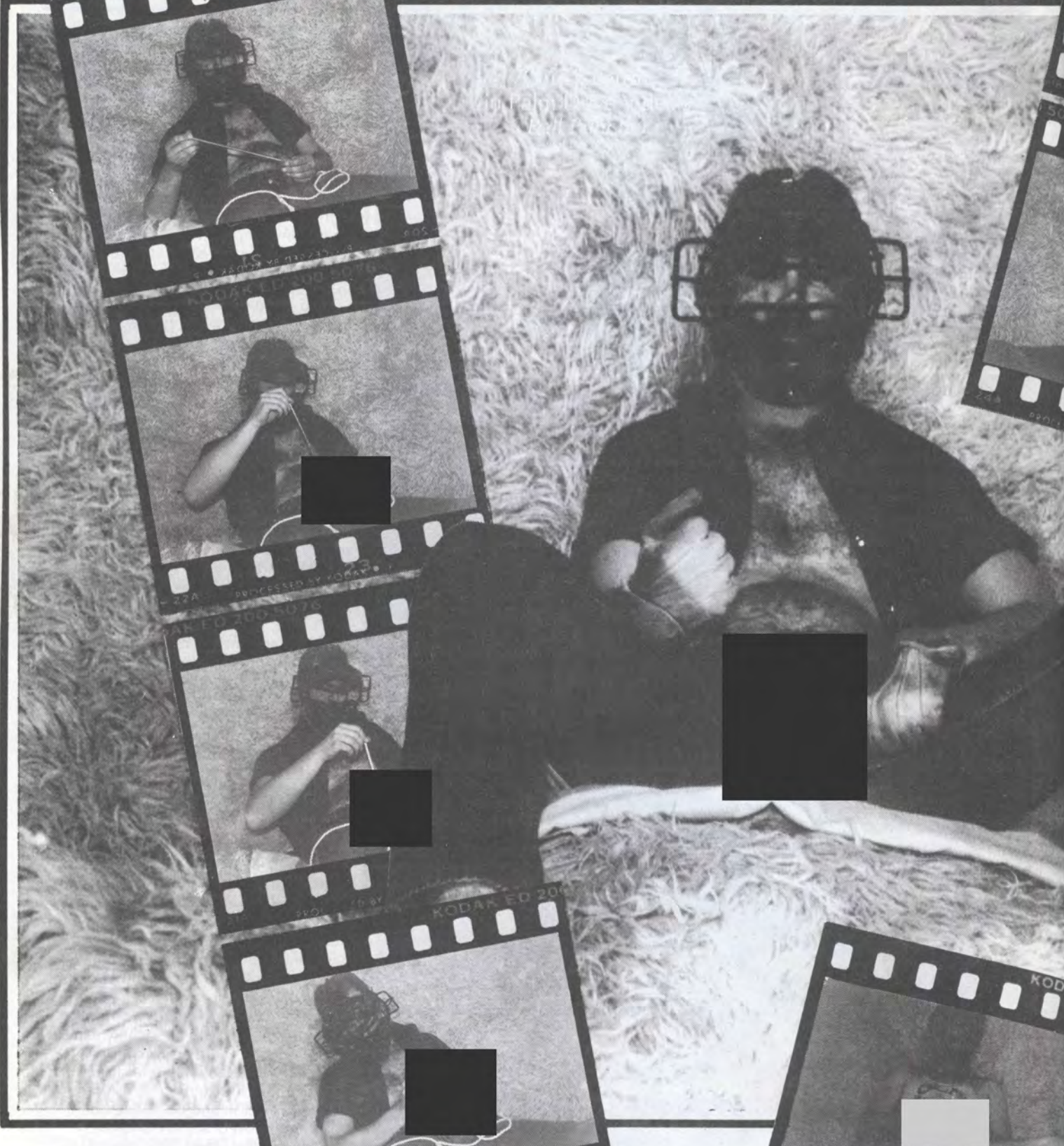
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NOBODY DOES IT BETTER... **SOLO-SEX:** (A MAN'S



EDITOR'S NOTE: Former *DRUMMER* editor and frequent PhD from Loyola University of Chicago, specializing in "and Popular Culture." He is a founding member of the Bowling Green University, Ohio, and a card-carrying member of the

GUIDE TO SOLO-SEX FETISH VIDEO) by JACK FRITSCHER, PhD



ADAM, IN-A-GADDA-DA-VIDA, BABY, WAS THE FIRST SOLO SEX, I-o-n-g before Eve, the original Iron Butterfly, kicked out his rib, bit the apple, and ate us out of house and home. Eve, she say, "YO! Adam! No man is an island!" But Adam—before Eve—was an Island, and he had a great Penisula! Big enough to have its own zip code. So, long before Adam became the First Daddy, he manhandled it. Solo. So low! So slow! And never was a day he rested.

Sex with the entire bass section of the Moronic Tabernaked Choir might be *Kama Sutra* fun, but Group Sex, including interpersonal, repetitive love with a, forgive the term, "Significant Other," can never quite satisfy that soulful, organic Itch that lies at the Center of a man's own Existential Being.

Case in point?

Remember coming home very late from twenty tricks at the baths, and you were still horny in a way that only your own hand could satisfy, stroking strokes and pounding pud e-x-a-c-t-l-y the way you liked. One Procreational Chauvinist songwriter was wrong: "One Is the Loneliest Number." One Recreational Solo Sex songwriter was right: "Nobody Does It Better." *Hair*, you Broadway Babies know, was absolutely right: "Masturbation can be fun!"

We're talking Solo Sex here.

Masturbation.

Jerking Off.

Strangling the Chicken.

"Don't worry. Be happy." Not only will you not go blind, you'll not catch anything else either. Solo Sex is Safe Sex, unless you're a split-Gemini schizo-sleazoid scummy enough to turn on yourself. (And you know who you are....) Some sex, say, matrimonial sex for straight Breeders, is procreational; some more progressive sex with others is recreational; sex with yourself is, quite often, meditational and inspirational, and always is periodically necessary. Solo sex, unlike Other-Directed sex, centers a man's very private psyche. Go figure the nerve some guys have of trying to make love to someone else when they've rarely made passionate existential love to themselves!

MIRRORFUCKING: SELF-EMPOWERMENT

Gone with the wind are the days of frantic cruising. Here, for the duration, is the "Golden Age of Solo Sex." Never underestimate the Self-Empowerment of taking your dick, like your life, into your hands, and using it. Be independent. Why shouldn't you be? After all, you've got the musical group, JOHNNY PALM AND THE 5 FINGERS, hanging at the end of your wrist. You don't need to be Arnold Schwarzenet to know that even irregular iron-pumping builds strength, drive, and, best of all, endurance and a good grip. In addition, Solo Sex can be done anywhere. You don't have to waste time in bars; and, as Mart Crowley wrote in *THE BOYS IN THE BAND*, At least, with masturbation, you don't have to look your best."

Acerbic Crowley may be wrong. Sometimes in Solo Sex, especially when you Mirror-Trip on your inner/other selves, because you enjoy the transformation of your Visual Self in uniforms, leather, or "just givin' fuckin' attitude, man, puffin' on a big Seegar," you make sure if you're going to *transdrag*—There's a new word, boys and guys; can you say, "Transdrag?"—yourself up as Johnny Hubcap, the Grease Monkey, that you look the Fetish-Gear Best the part calls for, be it Captain O'Malley, Monsignor Linotti, the Witchita Lineman, or whatever private perverted Alter Ego you harbor in your Solo Fetish Image of Yourself.

Mirrorfucking yourself is a most wonderful way not only to visualize your other inner selves, but also gives you a clue as to the other ways your face and body would look if you were leading the life of a soldier/cop/priest/construction worker/trucker. The life you lead forms your face, the face, T. S. Eliot says, the all-too-often false face, we offer to others to meet. Start your engines, gentlemen! Peel off your masks and reveal all the faces, as the Arbus-in-bondage photographer Mark I. Chester might say, angelic to demonic, that you so soulfully closet from others.

ELECTRONIC MIRRORFUCKING

When you party Solo, it's just one small step from fucking yourself in the mirror to fucking the Ultimate Mirror of the video screen where other men, performing Solo, become your Electronic-Mirror Fuckbuddies, coaching you to visualize, to actualize both your latent, blatant, secret images of yourself and your Ideal Otherness.

Confess! You may have cum with 5,000 other guys, but, mainly, you've cum a million times by yourself. (Didn't your mother, not knowing what you were doing, ask you to stop blowing your nose in your bedsheets?)

The time for your own Solo Sex to get a kick-n-boost out of the instructional companionship of a hot Solo Sex Video is Now!

SCREENING THE SCREEN

Among the video-best of Solo Sex Mirrorfucking is Colt Studios' *PUMPING OIL*, starring the 80's greatest erotic icon, Frank Vickers. Unfortunately, Colt doesn't really shoot videos. Colt shoots film and then transfers to video, dubbing in generic soundtrack music only a disco-dentist could love. Consequently, Colt denies you the audio-erotica of hearing the dropdead BB Bombshell Frank *really* groaning while slipsiding away on his beautiful blond dick. The audio on a video is very important esthetically. Dubbed music sucks when compared to the sex sounds of what's actually happening onscreen.

Catch up, Colt! We love you, but you ruined your incredible *HOT COP* video by making it a duo. Re-cut it; drop the twink; keep the Hot Cop onscreen alone; and re-release it! Plus, your latest "Minute Man" series—each video a mere 12 minute Solo—not only lacks passion, it also looks like it was edited with a Cuisinart. Not to down the classic Colt Studio, so faultlessly controlled in superbly art-directed photos and mags, but Colt's videos in no way look like Colt-founder, perfectionist Jim French, is himself in control of the editing chainsaw-massacre of good footage and great models.

contributor, Jack Fritscher received his criticism of American Literature, Media, American Popular Culture Association, member of the ACLU.

FALLING THROUGH THE VIDEO MIRROR

Your video monitor is more than a screen. It's a mirror. It reflects YOU and your LUST. Everytime you zap a channel, everytime you rent *PRICK UP YOUR EARS*, and especially when you rent or buy adult male videos, you are what you view! You learn some new twist! You grow! You become! Who says you can't teach an old dog new tricks? ARF! ART!

The point is, precisely, video is a nakedly personal medium. You yourself can create at home with a Camcorder and a candle what in the heyday of Hollywood took a crew of 200 to manhandle. High Tech has put Solo Sex erotic-video into the hand of Everyman. That's why so many new video artists, with their intensely personal sexual/fetish visions, have sprung up in the past couple of years to rival the generic studios that for far too long have dictated the "received taste" of what a man onscreen should look like.

Whoever mandated that you had to be a Colt bodybuilder or a William Higgins surfer-modelle to be a Video Stud? The new video artists feature normal, homomascuine guys you actually cruise, catch, and ball with: real people. The New Solo Video gives you access to regular guys, eroticizes the Normal Look, reveals secret fetishes, and lets you identify man-to-man with guys who actually exist on the street where you live.

SOLO NUTS

One guy recently sent two tapes of his self-recorded Solo Sex. He's a traveling salesman and spends every night alone, but not lonely, in a different hotel room, videotaping himself, surrounded by decor that ranges from Motel 6 to Hyatt-Regency. His Solo Sex trip is *BALLBUSTING*. Nightly, he thumps his nuts, hung over everchanging bathroom sinks, with rubber mallets, wooden clubs, and Everlast fast-bag boxing gloves, until he shoots from his sizeable 9-inch cock.

Amazing, Grace!

On the two videos, he must cum 50 times. He's an artist of Solo Sex with the fillip of dropping 18-inch surgical-steel sounds down the head of his dick to the base of his balls, punching them til he shoots. That's a Solo Act hard to follow!

Talk about an audition tape! He got signed up immediately by Palm Drive Video to star Solo in the not-yet-released *BALL PUNCHER*! That's the glory of video. Otherwise-secret Solo Sex can be shared with other men using their video screens as windows, to be coached by the Solo studs onscreen, into pushing out even farther their own envelope of Solo Sex, learning new Solo Sex trips, that, through their High-Tech video partner, become an electronic duo: two guys solo-ing together. If you wanna be a Solo pervert, watch what the master Solo perverts are exhibiting onscreen, sharing their Solo Sex with you.

Is Solo Sex lonely?

Does Baryshnikov need a partner?

OLD RELIABLE'S SOLO SCUM

Video maven, Old Reliable, aka David Hurles, whose career was launched by *DRUMMER*, which was the only magazine at the time daring enough to publish and publicize OR's tough, young, street hustlers performing Solo Sex, creates his videos like a symphony in three movements. First, the always-muscular young thugs strip off their clothes, oil up their naked bodies, and grind out tough muscle poses. Second, because they all inevitably know boxing and karate, they flex and shadow-box with the camera, freestyling into kicks and punches and hot licks, *inter-actively*, right into the camera lens, which means, right into your face, fucker! Third, they lay back on Old Reliable's trademark couches on Old Reliable's trademark towels for an Old Reliable trademark moneyshot. (Video fans can carbon-date Old Reliable's videos—and his success—as his couches change from early SFO Salvation Army to post-modern LAX Furnishings 2000!)

Depending on the verbal ability of the "talent," OR's Solo Studs talk real mean-and-nasty verbal abuse to the camera. Hurles' formula works. Even though he makes the same video over and over—his idea of "going on location" is moving his camera from the living room to the dining room—each new shoot is singularly refreshed by the New Meat the streets of Hollywood offer up singing, "Love for Sale."

If you dig young, tough, tattooed, hyper-urban street trash, recently graduated, magna cum speed, from the best juvenile halls in Republicanamericana, you'll cream over Old Reliable's Solo Sex videos. His Ultimate Personal Best Solo Video is the exquisite, *I, RICK*, followed by *FIVE DAYS WITH PHIL*, and his recent *SOMEONE'S SONS*, an anthology video featuring five youngstuds each Solo.

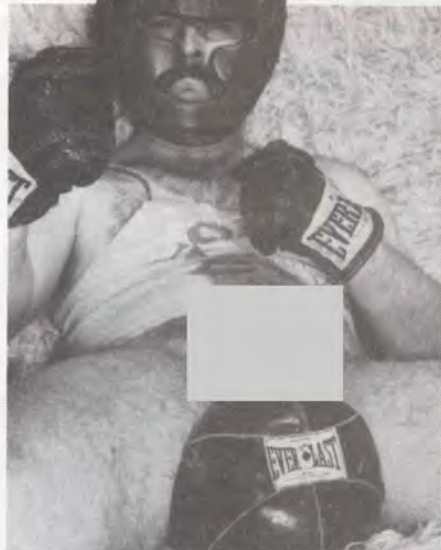
As critic-writer Boyd MacDonald has observed, Old Reliable gives you access on video to types "you'd never dare invite into your lovely home." But caged behind the video screen, these Solo Performance Artists, directed by the ever-chatty onscreen voice of Hurles, who bills himself in the LA-Land of Queens as "The Prince of Hollywood," are totally safe and wondrously satisfying examples of classic Solo Sex videos.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE

However, Old Reliable's appeal can also, for some, be his drawback: his models, all of whom claim to be "straight," and, well, maybe, "bi," are statistically about 21 to 25 years old. If you prefer grown-up men with some mileage on their tits and some experience in their face, you'll need to balance OR's offerings with tapes from other video studios. But, thank your stars, Hurles shoots, with all the cool of a tenured university anthropologist, a stratum of Solo Sex Street Studs no one tapes better. (Some of his stars sleep homeless in crates beneath freeway interchanges.)

In the matter of "balance," you'll find the trade of talent between studios quite interesting. For instance, one of Old Reliable's blonds becomes a Palm Drive Video stud, just as J. D. Slater performs for Chris Rage and Wakefield Poole (Solo in "1" in Wake's 1-2-3), which is great, because you get a Star Stud interpreted by a variety of video "arteests."

In fact, these new studios—ZEUS, for instance, working with B.G. Enterprises—often trade talent behind the camera as well. Old Reliable's duo Solo, the classic hillbilly video, *THE ADAMS BROTHERS*, (real cigar-smoking half-brothers both hung with 10 hard Appalachian inches in their boxer shorts), was actually shot by Palm Drive Video who released the video through Old



CHUCK BALZAC

Ball Puncher

(not-yet-released)

Palm Drive Video



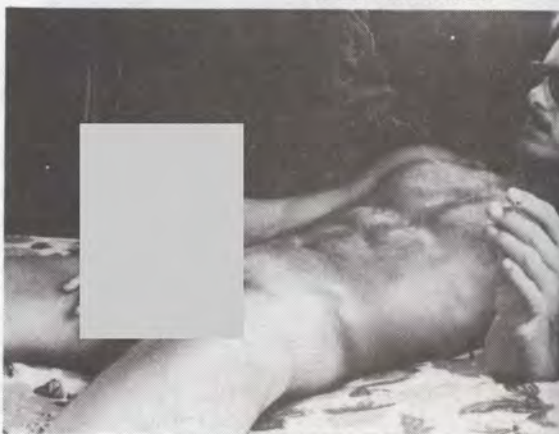
JOSE DEL NORTE

Photo Old Reliable

(also star of)

Palm Drive Video

OLD RELIABLE





SCOTT ANSWER
Tightropes 3
Zeus Studios



TONY MYKOS
Tightropes 3
Zeus Studios



Reliable. The revelation here is that, yes, two guys on camera can perform Solo, side-by-side, when directed to pay more inter-active attention to you than to each other: sort of a 3-way Solo Circle Jerk.

BONDAGE SOLOS: ZEUS IS LOOSE!

When it comes to Solo Sex video, ZEUS Studios, a longtime pro in mags and photo packs, has in the last year positively bloomed into Solo Heroic Bondage videos. *TIGHTROPES 1*, *TIGHTROPES 2*, *TIGHTROPES 3*, and *TIGHTROPES 4* are all masterful marriages of B-O-N-D-A-G-E-&-M-U-S-C-L-E posing. If you get off on handsome fuckers like juicy Buddy Justice and hunky Scott Answer tied to a wooden post, straining, steaming, dripping sweat, cursing, and popping veins and muscle, in jockstrap and then naked, before your very eyes, you may have to reset your Pacemaker to keep from meeting your Maker.

ZEUS harkens back to the Hollywood movies where the hero, from Alan Ladd and Victor Mature to Steve Reeves and, most recently, Blond-Bear John (*Dukes of Hazard*) Schneider, always spend half the last reel, stripped half-naked, straining in bondage. Marrying that Solo Bondage concept to the Solo-Posing of a competitive Bodybuilder-on-Stage, ZEUS's chemistry is Triple A-Bomb shit!

In a physique contest, fans go crazy as the muscle hunk, glistening Solo, oiled on the posing dais, strains, like some Prometheus Bound, against invisible restraints. When ZEUS's Mikal Bales, not nicknamed "Daddy Tightropes" for nothing, invites well-built, muscle hunks into his Bondage Video Studio, you get to see the essence—no, the *quintessence*—of a whole new phenom: **HEROIC MUSCLE-BONDAGE PERFORMANCE ART.**

Bales knows less is more. And he feasts on it!

The fantasies that cross your mind while you watch his Solo Bodybuilders, bound hand and foot, panting, breathing, sweating, straining to full pump and vascularity against the bondage, are probably best not mentioned to your shrink. Plus, ZEUS's type of man, unlike Old Reliable's appealing low-rent street trash, is more genuinely, as it should be for a studio daring to call itself *ZEUS*, more near to the classical Greek Ideal.

Can we talk?

If you've ever wanted to, *consensually, of course*, kidnap a college jock, capture a muscular soldier, or abduct the hunk of your dreams, ZEUS's Solo Sex Bondage videos will make your Solo Sex seance in the privacy of your video room a Pasolini Festival of Sensual Delights. ZEUS's Solo videos, centered on muscle-bondage, are not centered, as much as Old Reliable's are, around the model's own cuming.

ZEUS provides the set-up for the only cuming that matters: *YOURS!*

The ZEUS formula—hot bods in "Designer" (interpret that word in its best sense) Bondage works—even with variation. Occasionally, disconnected hands stroke the pecs, abs, thighs, butts, balls, and dicks of the bound muscle heroes. Believe me, you are *THERE!* Those disconnected hands become your hands! ZEUS knows how to focus its material precisely, and, for those viewers who absolutely need "moneyshots," ZEUS provides enough onscreen jerking off and cumming to satisfy the dick-centered viewer without getting in the way of the "purist rope-n-muscle" viewer who is especially hot and hungry for Solo Heroic Muscle Bondage *ala carte!*

What a genre! It's genuinely original, fresh, and new!

Everything that rises must converge, and ZEUS's mix of rope-and-muscle-resistance is a most harmonic convergence! Actually, as Erotic Performance Art, ZEUS exhibits Solo Sex video genius!

WARHOL AND THE ATHLETIC MODEL GUILD

The legendary Athletic Model Guild, started in El Lay during WWII, by Bob Mizer, whom *DRUMMER* hereby dubs "The Father of Solo Sex Entertainment," created the art form of the Solo-Stud-on-Screen on his then state-of-the-art 8mm film loops. (Not that Muybridge and Edison didn't try it first!) Mizer is still going strong on video with Solos, although he varies the form, as does Old Reliable, whose mentor Mizer is, with his duo wrestling videos.

For you art lovers and gay historians, as well as for you fundamentalists reading this publication, these Solo videos are not obscene according to current Supreme Court rulings, precisely because they are, using the legal lingo, of "serious artistic and political value, chronicling, as they do, the real, historical lifestyle, and sexstyle, of a legitimate American subculture.

What an American citizen does with his body is the Ultimate Political Act.

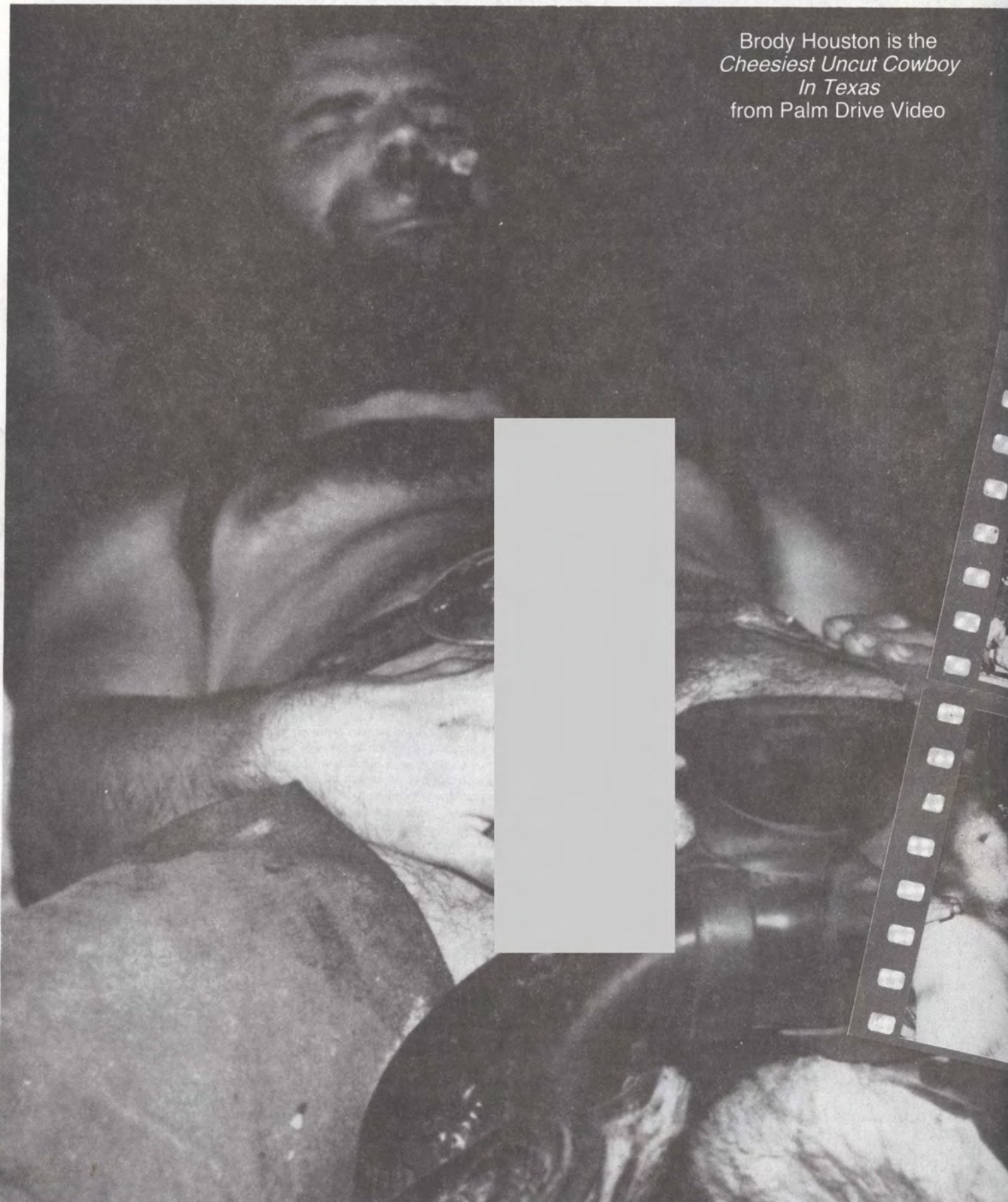
We're talking First Amendment Constitutional Rights here. Rights that have been already infringed upon in 15 states. By the time you read this article, you may not be able to buy or rent any of these videos, because Congress, as of the day of this writing, sent to Reagan for signing, an obscene bill that, despite its unConstitutionality, will try to knock erotic art in America on its butt.

SO GET POLITICALLY ACTIVE if you want to protect, for the present and the future, magazines and videos that reflect and record who you are, and who we all are, as a select group of American citizens. Our Homosexual Identity is Constitutionally at stake here. All printed and recorded traces of our God-given lifestyle are at more risk than our bodies are from Unsafe Sex.

Anyway, before I was so rudely interrupted by this day's terrible censorship newsflash, the artistic lineage from Bob Mizer to Andy Warhol's underground movies is clearly evident in Warhol's unforgettable "Solo" film, *BLOW-JOB* (1964), where all you see onscreen is the upper torso and face of the NYC stud who is obviously being serviced below camera range. Mizer is probably best known for his one-handed mag, *Physique Pictorial*, basically a hot I/O catalog of AMG's Solo video studs.

PETER BERLIN

Through the world's greatest leather-rubber fetish photographer, who was also once one of the great loves of my life, the wicked, wicked Robert Mapplethorpe, I met and interviewed Peter Berlin, who, if ever there was a Narcissus of Solo Sex, is the winner. For years, the reclusive, blond, sylphlike Berlin has sold Solo Sex movies and videos of himself, shot by himself, oftentimes featuring himself jerking off with/against himself on screen. As far as I know, Berlin has rarely shot another model, and has turned his own image, with his own camera, into an esthetically, and one trusts, financially successful, cottage industry of Solo Sex. Peter Berlin, in—Move over, Marlo Thomas!— *THAT BOY* and his tour-de-force, *NIGHTS IN BLACK LEATHER* is total symbol of the high-flying Solo Sex Act of Man Alone, of Man as Island, of Man Totally Sexually Self-Absorbed.



Brody Houston is the
Cheesiest Uncut Cowboy
In Texas
from Palm Drive Video

CHRIS RAGE AND FRANK VICKERS

Opposite to Berlin's two-ply self-absorbancy, foursquare stand Christopher Rage's videos starring Frank Vickers. Vickers, frequent Colt Model and Cover Stud of the solo J/O stories in the book, *STAND BY YOUR MAN, AND OTHER ONE-HANDED, TWO-FISTED STORIES*, (available mail-order through Desmodus), is direct contrast to Peter Berlin.

While Peter, the Black Leather Narcissus, gives no screen indication that any other peter exists but his, Vickers, as created more huge than life by the outrageous Rage (himself named after Kenneth Anger), performs his Solo Sex on himself, but yet he always seems to be strutting his stuff *inter-actively* for you. In some of the *WORSHIP!* video episodes, he is entirely self-absorbed by his own muscle and beauty. In others, he watches construction workers from behind Venetian blinds, and pounds his pud. But, always, the truly altruistic exhibitionist Frank Vickers, whose blond muscle ZEUS should tie up as only ZEUS can do, acknowledges real recognition of you watching him knock off his Solo nut. (Couldn't you just get, like, totally lost, boys, in that Bermuda Triangle Trade of Talent: Vickers as Colt model; Vickers as Rage model; Vickers as ZEUS model!)

Frank Vickers is not only a handsome, blond, NYC bodybuilder; he's a nasty all-of-the-above, and the perfect Solo Sex Archetype for any and every Leatherman with sense enough to worship what Gods he finds before himself—including himself. Small wonder that the canny Rage titles Vicker's best Solo Sex video, simply, *WORSHIP!*. (Buy it! Rent it! And worship you will!) Frank Vickers is the kind of guy who makes you crawl on your knees to lick the screen.

SOLO SEX IS NOW

The roster of erotic stars who participated, quite innocently, in orgiastic sex videos—before any of us knew better—reads, unfortunately like the Tibetan *Book of the Dead*. Today's erotic stars, like Superstud Keith Ardent in *9-INCH PEC STUD IN BLACK RUBBER (DRUMMER 118 Coverman and lead feature)*, much prefer Solo Sex onscreen appearances. So concerned with safe, but extreme, performance is the ardent Mr. Ardent that he approached Palm Drive Video, a 3-year-old studio that specializes in Solo Sex almost exclusively. Something like PDV's boxing video hit, *GUT PUNCHERS*, because a *puncher* needs a *punchee*, features the consensual duo of El Lay's Dan DuFort and Gino Deddino (aka B.G.'s "Gino Gentry"), yet, at least half the video is the dropead handsome Gino working himself over with Solo Sex self-inflicted Everlast punches! Gino, like Keith, is one of those oh-so-talented Solo Sex artists who can, within the infinity of Solo Video, do a "Figure 8" on an ice cube!

Palm Drive's roster of videos, in fact, is a veritable catalog of Solo Sex. As inter-active as are the videos of Old Reliable, PDV takes INTER-ACTION to new depths. (*Inter-active* means that the Solo Stud onscreen looks directly into the camera lens which means he looks directly out of the screen into your face; *inter-active* means he talks all kinds of verbal trash directly into your ears, as in PDV's *THRASHER, NASTY BLOND CARPENTER J/O*, or *REDNECK COWBOY HELLBENT FOR LEATHER*; or, in another style, seductively whispers you in to lick and worship his hairy muscles as does *DRUMMER DADDY*, Dave Gold, in *DAVE GOLD'S GYM WORKOUT*. (See *DRUMMER 117, A Daddies Issue*.)

Palm Drive's Solo Sex videos recently became a "hot item," in these Safe-Sex days, when San Francisco's syndicated CBS-TV talkshow, the ever-titillating *People Are Talking*, came calling. Dave Gold was invited by co-host Ann Fraser to appear as a Solo Sex, therefore, Safe-Sex, Video Star who, working with this new concept, was both proud of his erotic art videos and articulate enough to talk live to a studio audience about the joy and common sense of Solo Sex.

SOLO VIDEO'S WAR ON UNSAFE SEX

The efforts of the new videographers, like ZEUS, Old Reliable, and Palm Drive, are much like Gable and Lombard, stars who stumped the USA selling bonds to help the war effort. Solo Sex videos truly, creatively, help the war effort on AIDS, precisely because they entertainingly keep the viewers off the streets away from unsafe temptation while they offer both instructional and dramatic introduction as to how other guys inventively perform Solo Sex by themselves as healthy HOME VIDEO ALTERNATIVE to taking unnecessary chances on love in the bushes. Who says erotic art video, same as all the informational Desmodus publications, can't also raise public consciousness on medical and political issues?

SOLO VIDEO NO WAY CENSORS MULTIPLE VIDEO

Hold it! We're not talking "Sexual Autism" here. We're not saying don't have Safe Sex with others, and we're definitely not negating videos that feature multiple sex partners (even those shot before Safe Sex became a fact of life). The point here is that the subject at hand is creative, self-affirming Solo Sex, emerging, empowered by Solo Sex videos, from the Old-Wives' closet where masturbation was supposed to grow hair on your hands, blind your sight, and make you go crazy.

Solo Sex videos are, as a matter of High Concept, *Safe-Sex Primers*: "See Dick. See Dick pump. See Dick cum." Just as James Joyce, in his once-banned *ULYSSES*, introduced the shocking Molly Bloom in the world's best-written Solo Sex scene, so do today's videos and mags carry the banner for continually surprising viewers and readers by celebrating the joys of Solo Sex. Joyce's Molly keeps repeating "Yes, Yes! YES!" as she takes Solo flight to Solo orgasm. Masturbation is, among whatever else it is, a self-proclamation of independence to the world, shouting, YES, giving sexual, existential proclamation that, goddammit, pay attention, I AM HERE!

THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT TONIGHT!

When the video model inter-actively relates to you, the viewer, you get yourself a High-Tech Safe-Sex, very intense partner for the nights when you might otherwise be tempted to cruise out high-risk. Solo Sex videos are, to be clinical, a comfortable, creative, alternative sex-trip absolutely correct for both the duration of this Viral War as well as for the duty each of us has to ourselves for sexual/sensual self-reintegration when drained by the madding crowd.

When you're fed up with the baggage of too much inter-personal sex, sometimes too often with sexual vampires, who suck your soul and give you nothing, or when you're just plain horny, a good session with a Solo Sex video can keep you happy at home, and let your hand satisfy you—body and soul—safely, and, as with all masturbation, better than any one else.

If that isn't a psycho-social High-Tech service of Constitutional value provided by video artists and models to help you make it through the dark night of the A-Word, nothing is. These Solo Sex studios are responding fast to answer a definite need in the homomascuine psyche that ranges from Solo Vanilla J/O to Solo S&M. Do yourself a favor. Get current. GET REAL! Write to *all* your representatives in Washington, and then, if you live in a "Free," not "Outlaw" state, write to all these video studios for their free catalogs.

SOLO SEX AS SELF-WORTH

Frankly, I grew tired of watching gorgeously untouchable models fuck each other paying no mind to me jerking my meat on the couch. I grew even more bored viewing those 3 million cliched videos of two 19-year-old blond "Marines" fucking each other around El Lay pools. After multi-hours of viewing, I realized that one's self-esteem seems actually diminished when you are reduced merely to voyeur whom the super-hot actors completely ignore, as if you're not hot, handsome, and hung enough for them to pay you the same sexual respect you pay them in worshipping their bodies.

This way, faster than you can say, "Fassbinder," lies despair.

Besides, more than a few videophiles have reported that watching old videos from before this Safe-Sex Era, does two things to the viewer: 1) tempts you to, what-the-hell, fatalistically, go ahead and continue doing in tonight's life what is being done onscreen in a 10-year-old video; 2) causes you to torture yourself with nostalgia by watching what you can't any longer do, agonizing over the lost past and lost friends, and wondering why, with all the wild shit you did do, you're still alive. We who yet survive don't deserve such dilemma.

Who but a clinically masochistic fool would subject himself to such a twisted, sad, gone-with-the-wind headtrip? Many viewers, understandably, not wanting to be bummed out, refuse to watch old pre-Safe-Sex videos, just as the new erotic stars refuse to make them. The new Safe-Sex programming in our heads more often than not causes, not a hardon, but a revulsion that churns in one's guts. Not to be a downer, but who wants to watch the wonderful Casey Donovan performing the passionate acts that allegedly killed him? It's like living at the scene of an accident.

Solo Sex, while it turns its creative back on the Past Imperfect, both looks to the inventive Future, and is very NOW! Solo Sex video provides an emotional and sexual alternative release for all us former night-crawling manimals who are overheated and underventilated during, this, our hard day's night of abstinence and condoms.

That's why Solo Sex Video is currently enjoying a rage of popularity. The man on screen looks at you, talks to you, spits at you, drinks beer and smokes cigars with you, pals around with you, teases you with his cock/tits/buttocks/muscle, invites you to try his whips and chains, and shoots his load directly at you.

Rewind.

At you.

Freeze Frame.

At you!

Inter-active Solo-Sex video actors are hot pardners, pal, ordering you to crawl on your knees across the floor and kiss the video screen, because the Solo Sex star knows his purpose is *TO BE THERE FOR YOU*, as a person, as a man, when you need a Bear-hug, joining him in Solo Sex. No longer do you have to be a left-out dweeb, hiding in the bushes, watching two sex-gods gobble each other, leaving you feeling like a dirty old man, like a voyeur in the video bushes.

SPECIALTY FETISHES

Solo Sex video, infinitely inventive, enhancing the Solo theme, tends to get heavier into fetishes than do the multiple pre-Safe-Sex videos that succeeded simply by employing fucking casts of thousands: so many guys onscreen, you lost track of whose dick was in whose butt.

And talk about fetishes!

When veteran—16 years on the circuit—Professional Wrestler Chris Colt, 36 and 210 pounds, decided to "come out," for instance, he called Palm Drive, because, he has always, as a performer in the squared circle, considered himself a Solo act even when tag-teaming! What Chris Colt Solo does in PDV's *UNCUT 8-INCH PRO-WRESTLER* is turbo-charge into High Sex J/O the cliched shouting and macho-bravado (the theatre verite) that so many of us love to watch wrestlers, like Billy Jack, Rick Rude, and the Road Warriors, engage in, attacking the camera, between bouts.

You want the real thing? Whether the video man of your fantasies is a real professional wrestler like Chris Colt, a real Old Reliable hustler, a real ZEUS-roped muscle stud, or just a real ordinary night-time sex-maniac, a guy, Solo, jerking off onscreen, uncircumscribed by some video queen's queenly script, improvising with the New Breed of homomascuine video director, and talking nasty—this guy will peel away all his masks and give you his real self, his real soul, and a real stroke and hug, making your Solo video evening a titanic night to remember!

VIDEO ART EXPOSES LIFE

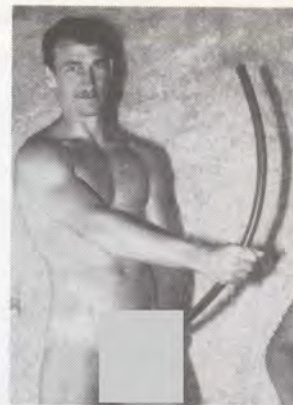
One very quotable line from Old Reliable about his Street Stars, who are the run-away/throw-away "children" of America, comes to mind: "In my juvenile-delinquent models' lives, every one of them has been ordered by abusive parents, Bible-thumping teachers, and insensitive parole officers to 'shut-the-fuck-up.' On camera, I give them permission to spill their guts." Talk about dramatic, violent, passionate intensity! Talk also about the pressure cooker in which Ozzie and Harriet fundamentally try to boil their kids into de-individualized sterility! Old Reliable doesn't create his models' rebellious mindsets; they come to him, someone else's already abused sons.

FETISHES, THE CONSTITUTION, AND THE CONSUMER

Solo Sex can get very Fetish-Specific. Try COA Enterprises' hairy BEAR videos, especially the multiple Solos in *LIVE BEAR*. Try ZEUS's ropes. Try Old Reliable's or Palm Drive's Cigar Fetish videos.

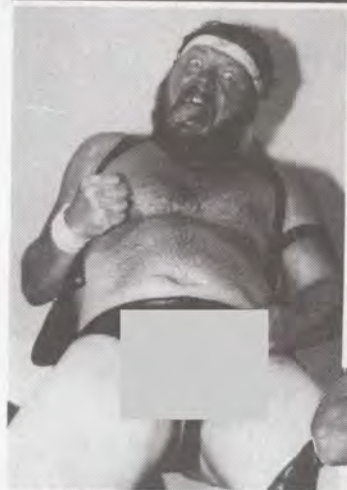
However, caveat emptor; buyer, beware! If you're into Fetish Cigars and/or uniforms—and this is a professional critic/private consumer's point-of-view—forget Florida's Bicoastal Enterprises cigar/uniform videos. Bicoastal's only virtue is one incredible Bodybuilder/Cop/Trucker Solo model whom they grossly underemploy. Bicoastal, from a dozen viewers on the word-of-mouth grapevine, embarrasses itself with the worst camera-work and wieniest editing ever foisted onto a video-hungry public.

Bicoastal could redeem itself by hiring a camera person and an editor. Nobody expects, or wants, a



MIKE WELDER

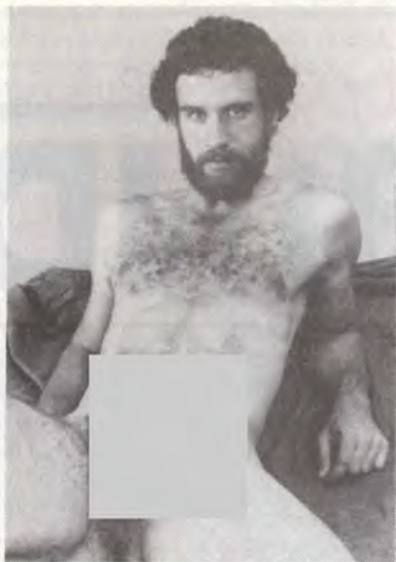
9-Inch Uncut
Muscle Mechanic
Palm Drive Video



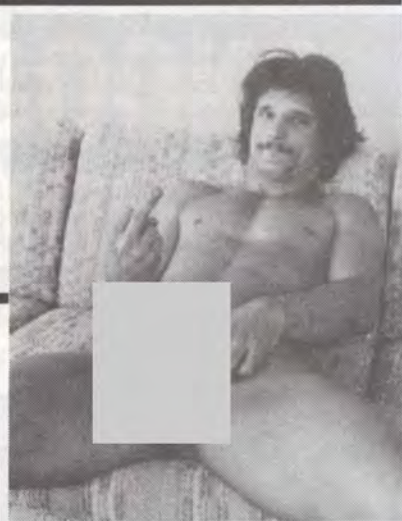
**JACK HUSKY
and CHRIS COLT**

210 Pounds of Uncut
8-Inch Pro-Wrestler
Palm Drive Video

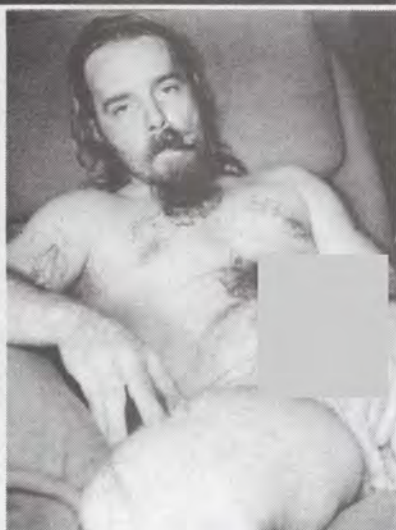




KEITH BRYANT
Bear Shots



OLD RELIABLE



BUTCH
Tattooed Ex-Con Biker
Palm Drive Video

"big-budget" production from the new Solo Fetish video studios, and no one cares if sometimes the work is very underground, as with Katsam Videos, which, for all their homespun quality, have at least the heat of heart in their substance. Bicoastal videos look like the first Camcorder shoot of a kid's birthday party by a father who didn't have time to read the instruction book.

Bicoastal, to be truthful, has wonderful potential in its models, but the studio knows less than an aborigine about camera-angles, dramatic pace, and editing. Plus the "dialog" is totally comic: "Oh, look, here comes a cigar-smoking cop. Isn't he hot?"). This, fellas, is what happens when guys who live in the "outback" of an "Outlaw State" like Florida, where adult videos and mags are illegal (despite the Constitution) try to make an erotic video. Have they ever seen one?

The message to Bicoastal from the West Coast fraternity of Solo Videographers is, first, move from the repressive state of Florida (why pay taxes to a state that illegally outlaws your First Amendment rights?), and, second, learn some S-T-Y-L-E from the Solo videos already so popular worldwide among video hounds. In five minutes with the right "video brothers," Bicoastal could learn how to turn its one dynamite bodybuilder model into a hot commodity through the use of camera angles and editing.

DUO SOLOS, BONDAGE, AND UNCUT MEAT

If, as in the case of PDV's pro-wrestler Chris Colt, you're into Solo wrestlers, or even Solo turns by grapplers in pairs, who then Solo-strut their stuff and beat their meat, try B.G. Enterprises' and Old Reliable's wrestling videos. B.G.'s new Solo series, *MUSCLE SHOWCASE*, is to masturbation what nitro is to glycerine. For bondage and muscle: pray to ZEUS. For the widest range of fetishes from tits and cigars to grease and leather/rubber, try Palm Drive. For *uncut* meat Solos, check out The Daddy of the Uncut, Joe Tiffenbach's, *FORESKIN STROKERS*. Every studio has a Solo Sex fetish-specific video for someone. All you have to do is find your match in this new Solo Sex genre which, because necessity is the Father of Invention, has been spawned politically by the Meese Commission; medically, by Safe-Sex guidelines; and psychologically by a man's own need, and self-centering obligation, to do it Solo himself every once in awhile.

Nostalgic Suck-Fuck duo-videos have melted away under the new tropical heat wave of Solo Sex videos that are, by their very *intense, personal* nature, of much greater fetish interest to DRUMMER-MEN than filmmakers William Higgins and J. Brian, each brilliant in their own summer-blond twinkoid way. (Don't misunderstand. Higgins and Brian are/were experts at their chicken-lickin' product, but they wouldn't allow either a fetish, or a grown-up mature Fetish Manbear Leatherman onscreen if he sat on them and farted "Dixie.")

BEST SOLO SEX VIDEOS

Fuck Ebert and Siskel, and, please, assassinate the wimpy Leonard Maltin. You always have to be your own best critic of anything: what you hear, what you view, and even what you read here. Don't trust nobody, bud, in a country where the government practices dispensing "disinformation" to its taxpayers.

However, if you're a DRUMMERMAN yourself, as much as the super-delicious, new-style, non-barily MR. DRUMMER 1988, Ron Zehel, you may find the rhythms of your drum-beat-offs best reflected in the following very subjective list, which is an addendum to the titles already mentioned above. At least, if you've never viewed a Solo Sex video, you'll have here, complements of DRUMMER, a guide to begin the Solo Beguine.

THE HOT SOLO VIDEO HIT LIST

1. Chris Rage's *WORSHIP!*, starring Frank Vickers
2. ZEUS's *TIGHTROPES 1*, starring Tyler Stetson and Brian Baxter; *TIGHTROPES 2*, starring Buddy Justice and Black Buck Gibson; and *TIGHTROPES 3*, starring "The Golden Greek," Tony Mykos and the Super-Tit Blond, Scott Answer.
3. Palm Drive Video's, *TIT ANIMAL* (highly recommended in DRUMMER 121), starring Jason Steele; *CIGAR BLUES 1* (5 guys/5 Solo J/O cigars) and the all-new *CIGAR BLUES 2: GIGANTES; BIG HAIRY BRUNO*; and Blond Bomber Bodybuilder, Sonny Butts, in both *MUSCLE HEAT* and *9-INCH MUSCLE HARDON*.
4. Old Reliable's masterwork, *I, RICK*, plus, at least 30 more infinite-variety anthology Solo videos, like *SOMEONE'S SONS*, *THE GUY NEXT DOOR*, or *HAIRY GUYS*.
5. B.G. Enterprises hot, new Solo series, *MUSCLE SHOWCASE*, plus any B.G. title starring Wrestler Kid Leopard, who, like a star ballet dancer, usually manages to steal a Star-Turn Solo no matter who else is onscreen.
6. Terry Photo Musclebodyvideo (not X-rated, but very Solo bodybuilders exhibiting themselves.) Also Video Action, Muscle Contest Video, (again, not X-rated, but 200-lb bodybuilders stuffed into 2-ounce nylon posing briefs).
7. Colt Studio's, *PUMPING OIL*, starring Frank Vickers.
8. Peter Berlin, the artsy *THAT BOY* and *NIGHTS IN BLACK LEATHER*.
9. COA Enterprises, featuring very HAIRY, BEARDED guys in *LIVE BEAR* (10 Solos), as well as in the continuing series *BEARSHOT SOLOS*.
10. Joe Tiffenbach/Bud Berkeley's Solo *FORESKIN STROKERS*.
11. Michael Goodwin's *GOODJAC* series, which, in among multiple dudes onscreen, manages frequently enough to feature some excellent Solo-Action sequences.

For addresses for these studios' free brochures, read the display ads and video classifieds in DRUMMER.

A PARTY OF ONE

When you wanna party Solo, the above very subjective list is a real Dirty Less-Than-A-Dozen: a one-handed fistful of Solo Sex video. So get out your leather hood, your tit clamps, your butt plug, your handcuffs, and alls-your-alls for getting off, and don't forget to put a towel between your can of grease and your remote control for your VCR.

"Don't worry. Be happy." Bullshit! You better worry if you wanna be happy a year from now when all H-Word erotica is *verboten*! Don't just jerk yourself off. Get active! If you want to preserve your right as an American citizen to use your body any way you want, in the privacy of your own home, which is your castle, you better join the ACLU, among other things you do.

This is Ground Control to Major Dick Solo, checking out! Maybe for good! Which would be bad.