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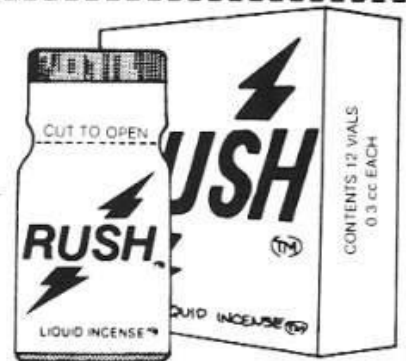
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DRUMMER

A man with a beard and sunglasses, wearing white briefs, stands in the center of the cover. Behind him is a stylized illustration of a group of men in suits and sunglasses, some wearing hats. The overall aesthetic is reminiscent of classic pulp magazines.

350
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**DRUMMER
DADDIES**

**CHRISTMAS
IN THE DUNGEON**

ISSUE 42
DECEMBER 1980

DRUMMER

"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



AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE VOLUME 5 42

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The setting: Houston, the fast-growing leather capitol of the South. The place: A Different Drum, definitely a different kind of watering hole. The occasional Drummer comes to Texas in the first of a guaranteed long line of repeat visits. The outcome: Southern macho meets hard corp attitude. Get ready for fireworks!

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The Great Wrestling Match continues, only the stakes get a bit higher, and the sweat really starts to pour in Hank Trout's account of what happened to the out-of-town challenger when he discovered he had been beaten by the home town champion.

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So much is going on that the Club now needs its own organ, newsletter that is . . .

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Maybe the ultimate Christmas gift.

COVER: Rene, who stands out in any crowd. Photo by Jim Moss.

DRUMMER

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF POPULAR GAY CULTURE

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S/M IN THE NEW WEST



HOUSTON

BY JOHN PRESTON

PHOTOS BY YANK

One by one they walk up to the newcomer and smile, "How d'ya like Houston?" It's a refrain that's repeated endlessly to anyone who's known to be visiting the sprawling, oil-rich mecca of the Southwest.

That impression can be misleading. Most outsiders forget that Houston isn't just a wild west town that fits their stereotypes of the cowboy heaven that Dallas swishes it was. It's better to think of Houston as a border town, riding the cusp between the West and the South. The polite greetings are part of the Southern heritage of the city. There's plenty of the West, too. The Houston gay man can switch from Magnolia Sweetness into cowboy hot with the flick of a finger. It's when he's in this second mode that the other refrain of gay Houston is

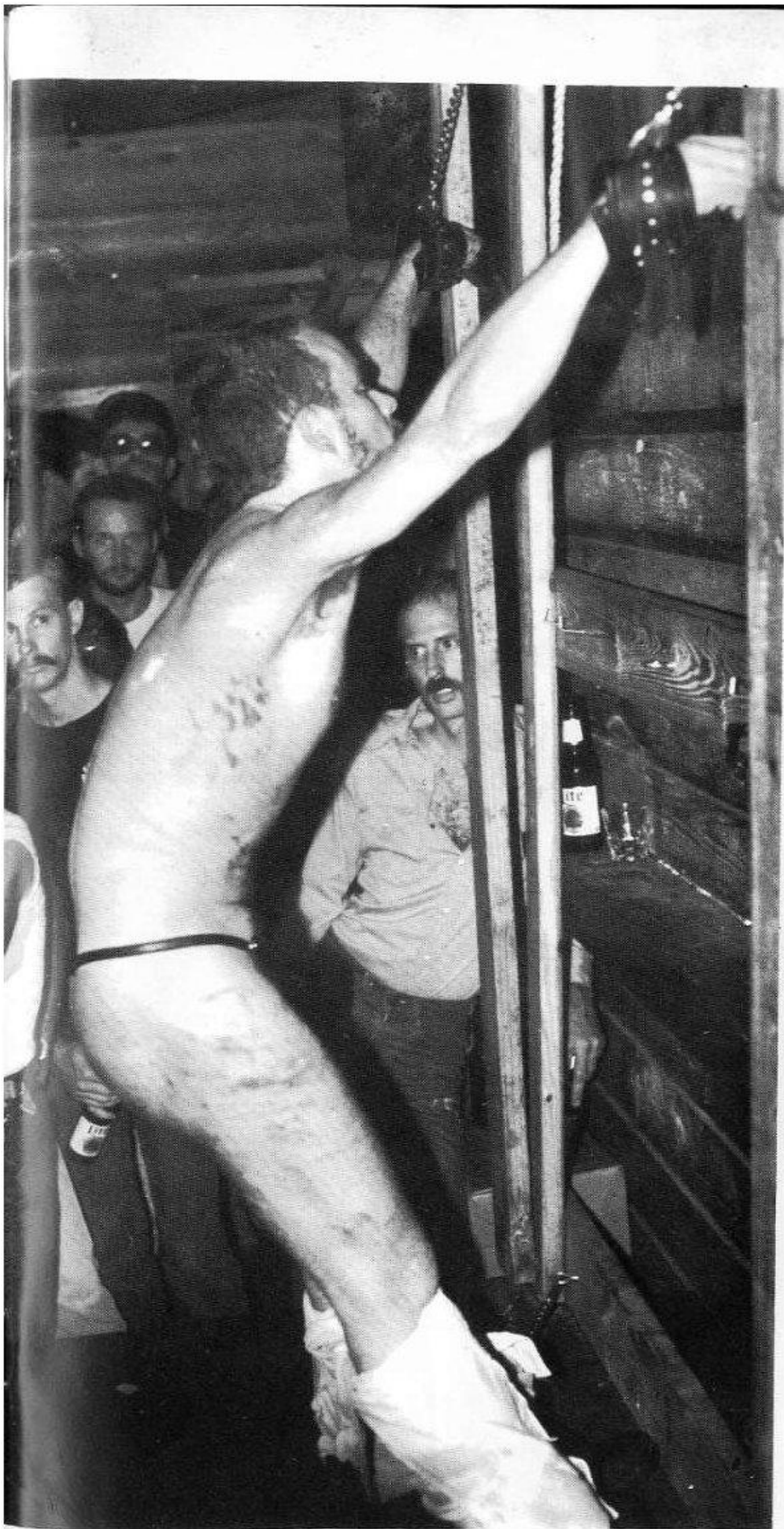
pronounced, hard and heavy: "Get hot or get out!"

The Southern component of Houston's gay life showed itself proud when word came out that *Drummer* was coming to town. The men of the city pulled together the single hottest *Drummer* party ever to take place between the two coasts. They had all the sizzle, all the sex, all the men that any one could hope to come up with. But they added a touch of Southern showmanship to the event, turning it into a happening, a multimedia display, not just a suck and fuck party.

I had been to Houston before and expected much of the enthusiasm that the Texans were going to throw into the weekend. No one, *no one*, loves attention more than a Texas man. Tell them a

writer and a photographer are coming to town and they go wild. Enthusiasm I expected, but were they going to be that hot? It had been years since my last visit. I remembered good cruising bars, I remembered lots of vanilla sex — lots of it. But what about the new sex? That post-Stonewall brand of sex that's being celebrated in New York, San Francisco and Chicago? Were they there?

There were no doubts about my host. Big Mac is a legend. The sweetest-talking Southern man to walk down the pike in a long, long time. He could talk the skin off a peach if he had to. He and I had, uh, "shared a few experiences" so to speak. I had seen what could happen when the sweet-talking man ripped that belt out of its loops and started singing songs of the wild, wild west. If I had a fear it was that



he and I couldn't find the necessary instruments to allow our belts to sing their intricate duets with one another as they played their music.

You always have to understand that Houston is one of the fastest growing cities in the country. No one, almost no one, is a native. The people just pour into town at an amazing rate, drawn by the excitement of the boom-town atmosphere, anxious for the jobs that are continually coming open in the bursting oil industry. Once they arrive, though, they're trapped in boosterism. Houston's a city that becomes "home" more quickly than any other place, except maybe San Francisco. One thing that happens to the emigrant is that he begins taking on the speech and dress of his adopted environment. Even Big Mac fell into that



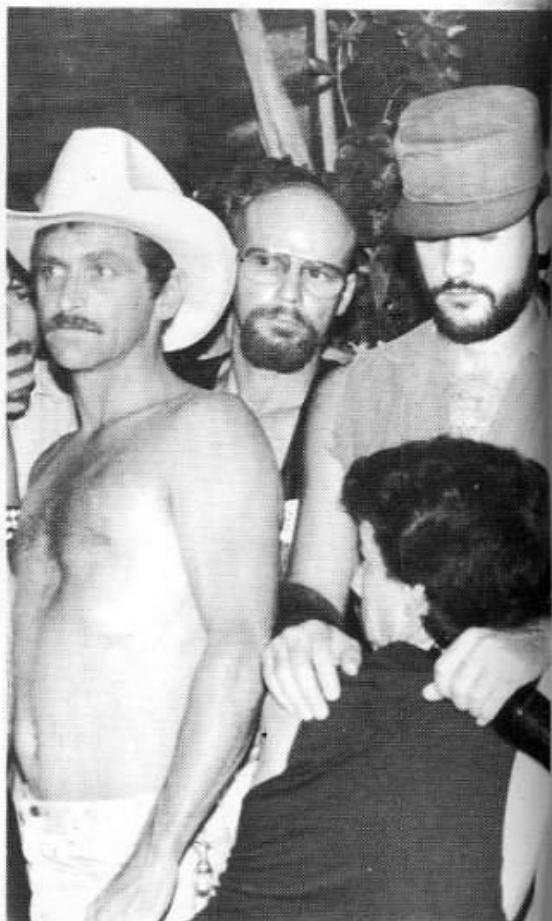
syndrome. There he was greeting me at the futuristic Houston airport, complete with cowboy boots and a western shirt.

Big Mac a cowboy?

Well, there have been stranger sights. As we drove into town I shared some of my reservations with him, could Houston come up with a party that would do *Drummer* readers justice? Well, cowboy clothes weren't the only thing that Big Mac had taken on. All of a sudden he answered with a cowboy drawl, "Well, y'all'll just have to wait and see, now, won't you?" Whenever he smiles that way, you know you're in for a treat.

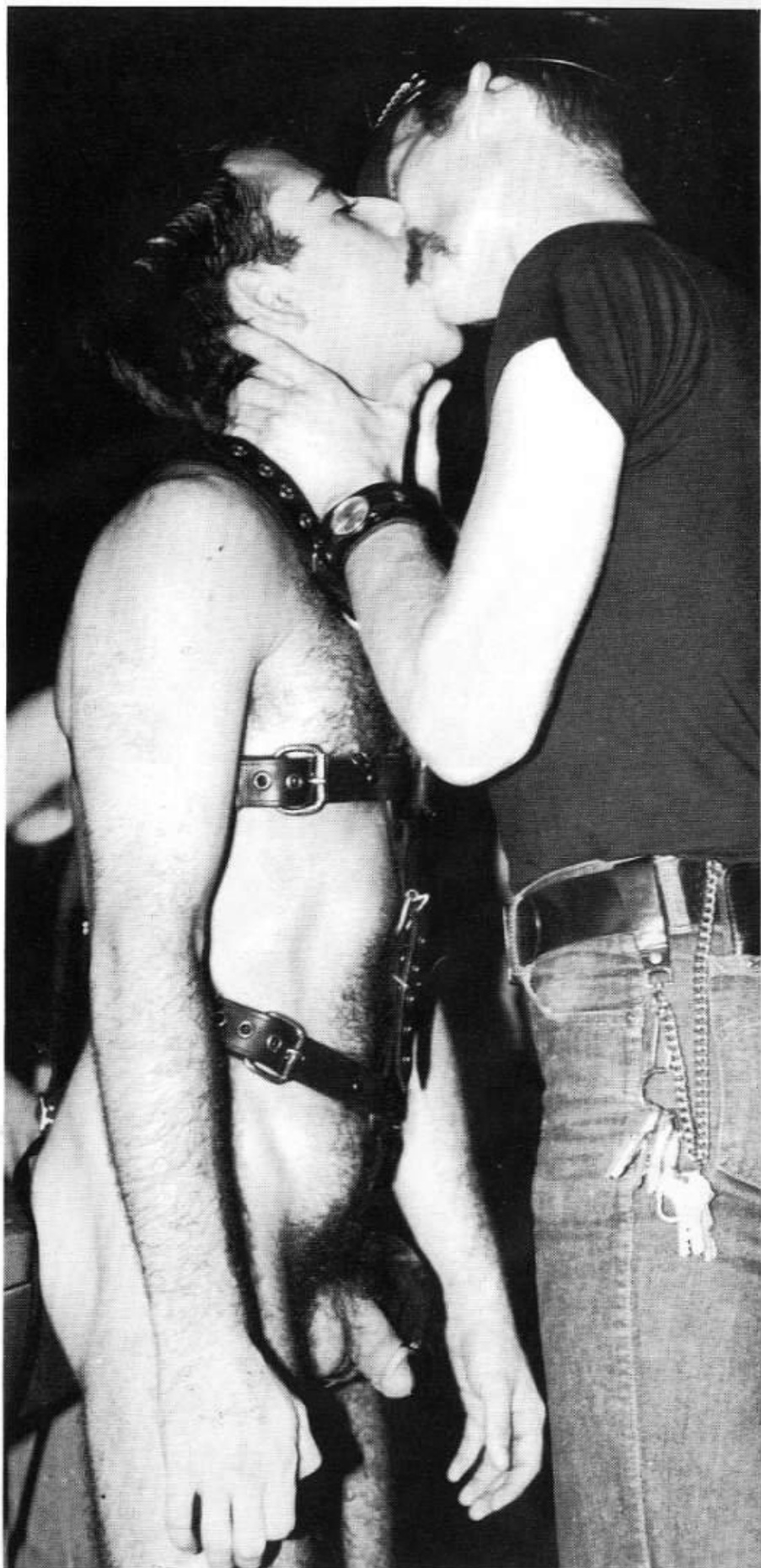
The party was scheduled for Saturday. I arrived a day early. Time for Mac and his buddies to show me around. The first stop was the Brazos River Bottom, probably the premiere cowboy bar in the country. And, that does not mean they just wear cowboy hats. When you're in Houston the cowboys are as real as they're ever going to get. You can smell it when you walk in the doors of the place, the clothes are authentic, and so are a surprising number of the men. Stetson hats, really used blue jeans, cowboy shirts with collar points, big, brassy buckles, worn out boots, and hot and ready bodies. The live country and western music isn't the pabulum pap that FM stations like to carry, it's down home and true.

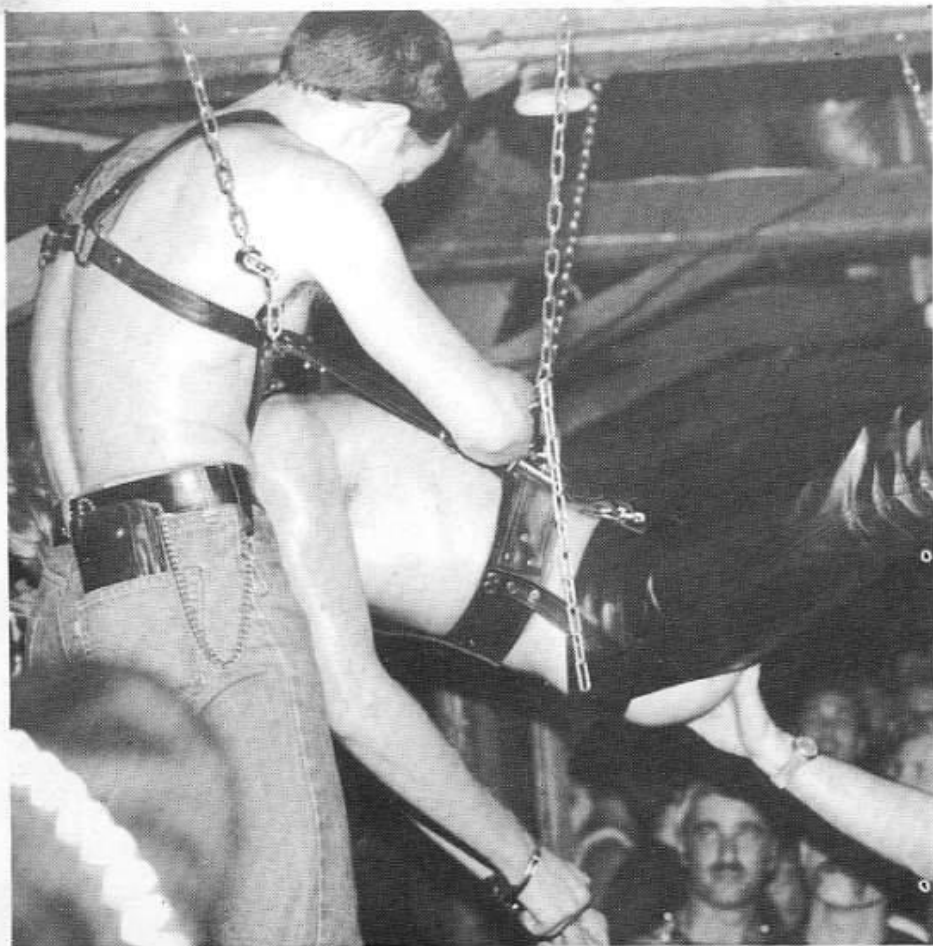
There's obviously plenty of action at the BRB, as the locals call it, but the hosts weren't about to let me linger too long at the first stop. A shot of Tequila and a few minutes' driving and we were in the Saddle Club, Houston's other main cowboy bar.



Now, you may never know how much I hate disco. I understand that there are some leather men out there who like to go shake their asses off in places like New York's Flamingo or DC's Eagle-In-Exile. And in those kind of sleezy, manly, raunchy places it might be OK. But basically disco in particular and dancing in general is a symbol of everything I hate in gay life. That is, until I got to the Saddle Club. Houstonians have this thing called the "Texas Two-Step." If you haven't seen it, I can't describe it. It appears to be a throw back to folk dancing that might have taken place in Colonial times. It is the damnest thing I ever saw. But those boys just loved it. They'd get out on the big dance floor of the Saddle Club and hoot and holler and have a good time! I felt like I was thrown back to the real wild west days. I could just picture the same men doing the same dances around a campfire, drinking their moonshine and getting off on the manly companionship of the range . . .

Before I got too far into that fantasy, the boys were pulling at my sleeve and trying to take me on to the next spot, Mary's. Mary's is one of the classic leather bars in the country. It's been there on Westheimer, the great gay way of Houston, for years. Every travelling salesman who longs for a stud in a leather jacket has it written down in his little book. It was a mandatory stop, and we made it. Hot men, hot, hot men. A couple more beers and some friendly discussion. Now, I bet all of you out there wonder just what does go on when a group of tops stand around and talk in a bar. Your





worst fear is that the whole crew is a bunch of hair dressers chatting about today's gossip. Your best hope? Well, Mac and his side-kicks and I spent a good hour talking about the fine points of semantics. Seems the fellas in Houston have decided that "Sir" is no longer an appropriate term for a bottom to use when addressing a top. Too many little naugahyde fairies have caught onto it and watered down its meaning. Then what better word than "Lord?" Good ole "Lord Mac!" I knew he'd have an answer to that one!

So "Lord Mac" decided that it was time for us all to go on to the last stop. The Different Drum, right down the way on Westheimer. It's the newest leather bar in town, and the one that would be holding the *Drummer* party.

Now, we New Yorkers are always being ridiculed for our "attitude" but you have to admit that when your choice of a watering hole is between the Mine Shaft and the Spike a guy's got a right to have some attitude. And, who expected to find the Different Drum in Houston, Texas?

It's dark, real dark at first. The music's heavy. The men are leather and the keys aren't for play. There's not a handkerchief or a pierced tit or a pair of dangling handcuffs in the place that the owner's not willing to prove is for real. You know that when you walk insdie. You just know that you haven't walked into a tourist attraction, you've walked into a pit where the men are playing for keeps.

We wandered around, conversation was much more subdued now. The sexual tension's sweat producing. Lord Mac turned to me, "I think you'all'll enjoy the little party we have planned for you tomorrow night."

Yeah, "Lord," I just bet I will.

The place was packed, absolutely packed to the top of the ceiling. You couldn't move through the solid wall of black leather. The lights were low, even lower than last night. If Houston has mottos like the ones I mentioned earlier, it also has a civic anthem, the entire score of *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*. At first it seems to be incongruous that this *Drummer* party's going to begin with musical entertainment. But it seems that the boys just can't get going without a playing of the anthem. It's the Southern part of them coming out. So, relax and enjoy. And they were good, three platforms, each with a singer (no lip-sync, thank God!). They belt it out, the songs work, they put everyone in the mood.

And it's over. The lights go down to blackness. There's movement, but what's going on? No one knows. Suddenly a deep, animal, primitive beat comes over the system. Boom, boom, boom, BAAM!

A sharp spot light suddenly illuminates a new stage. A naked man is trussed in a sling, a Master, a Lord, stands leatherclad beside him.

The music again, Boom, boom, boom, BAAM! Another pair, another platform, a hooded figure beside them looking like

something out of the Inquisition. One has his wrists attached to a yoke suspended from the ceiling. The other is standing arms across his chest, only a body harness and a leather pouch around his groin highlight his masculine nakedness.

Boom, boom, boom, BAAM! A human cry . . . real fear . . . reflections of light from the spotlight are caught on a metal cage as it's passed through the crowd, its inhabitant yelling with honest terror as he's delivered in his package to the third stage, and released, into the heavy arms of Lord Mac.

Drummer night's begun in earnest.

"Posing" and "planning" aren't things that usually come to mind when you think of a *Drummer* party. But they sure as hell worked this time.

The Afro-Cuban chant kept going, you could feel the Houston men pick it's primeval tones with their bodies. You could see, smell, touch the sweat on their skin as the three ringed circus of hell came to life before their very eyes.

The first stage: The Master, The Lord, reaches over, pulsing his body to the beat of the music. A gasp went up from the crowd when the glint of metal caught the spotlight and his hand swiftly, expertly thrust the sharp needle into the tit of his willing (?) victim. Again, and then there were two pins stuck in the chest flesh of the suspended body. Candles were lifted over the figure and hot wax dripped slowly down over the split torso. The Lord's pleased. He stands up straight beside his sobbing victim and stares into a crowd that's so in awe they can't even applaud.

The lights shift to the second stage. The leather jocked man begins his performance, the second act. Shaving cream is spread over the trussed slave. A straight edge razor comes out. The body is shorn of any semblance of masculine hair in a slow, tantalizing, series of scrappings. When the razor slips (did it?) the Lord doesn't mind, he licks off the offending drops of blood.

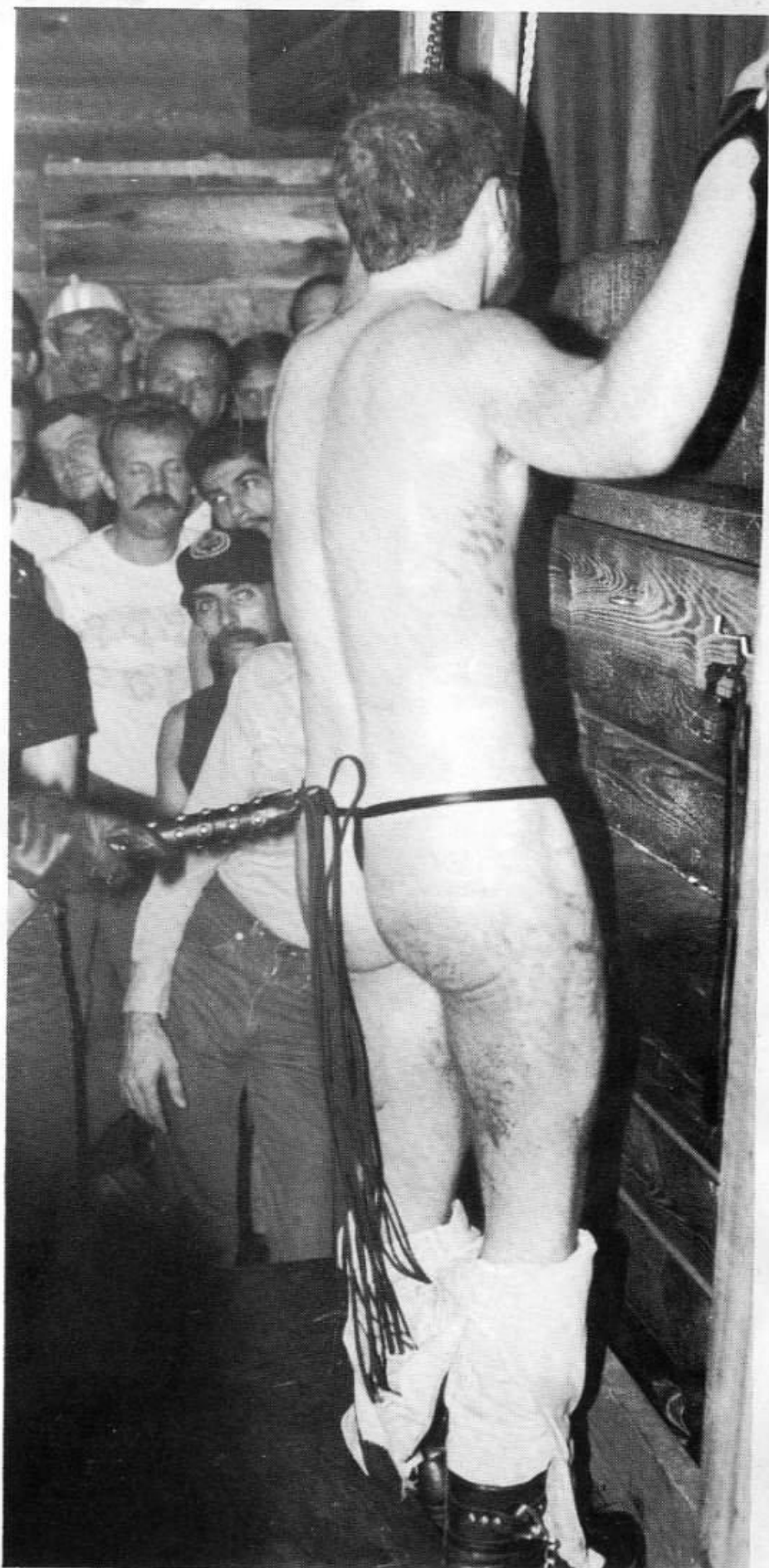
And then Lord Mac and his boy, who's now securely fastened to a cross bar arrangement, his back to the audience and to Lord Mack's whip. The music beats on, and the whip begins to play its own song as welt after welt appears on the helpless object's back and ass.

Later — much later — Lord Mac and I are standing in the back yard of the Different Drum, a place for outdoors drinking and . . .

"Well, JP, seems to me we pulled off something your readers might want to know about." At his feet a boy is licking the black leather boots. Lord Mac takes a hit off his cigar and exhales the heavy smoke. "Seems to me, you might even find some of those hot men of yours up in New York and tell'em where they might learn a thing or two."

Texans have never been known for their humility. Houston gives them few reasons to learn that lesson in life.

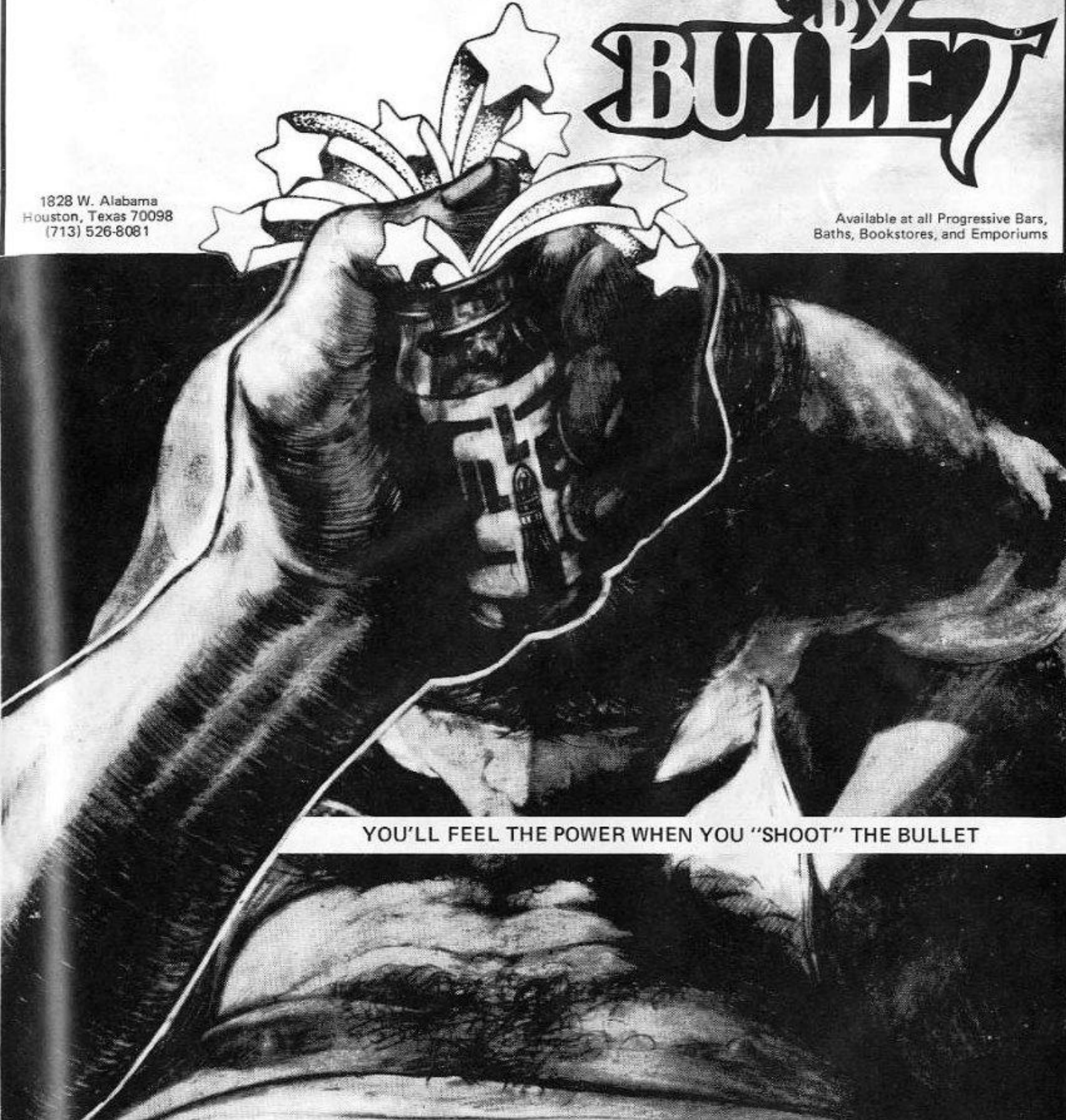
— John Preston



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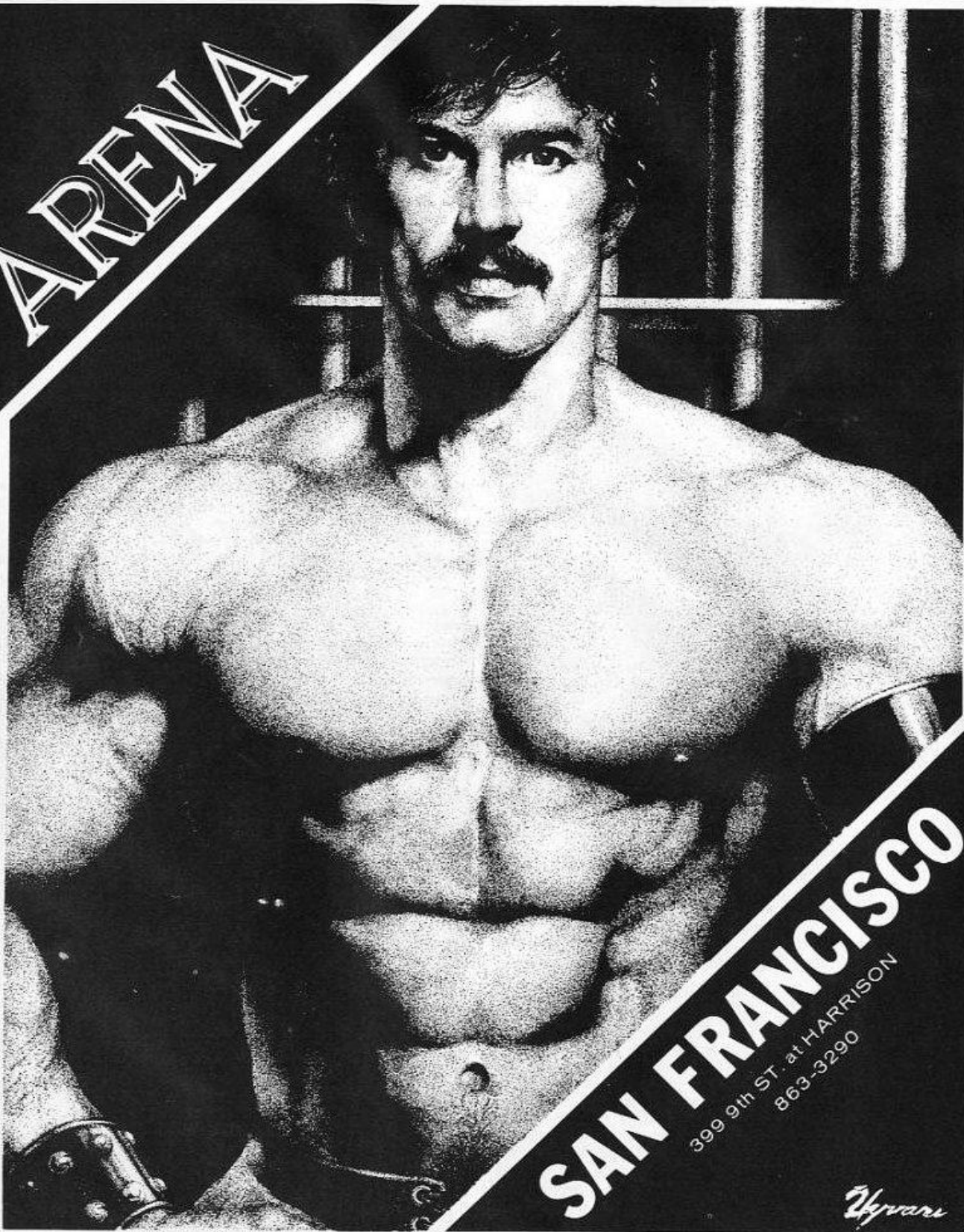
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AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

DRUMMER

3⁹⁵

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LUKE DANIEL
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ISSUE 58

"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



DRUMMER

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In which the publisher of Drummer takes you by the hand and leads you down the not-so-primrose path of owning and operating your very own hangout for the leatherworld.
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This month's crop of ass-spanking dads and their ass-upended sons; every son gets what he deserves in the end.
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- 41 THE DRUMMER FETISH SURVEY**
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- 44 DRUMSTICKS** *Just kidding.*
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- 88 EPILOGUE ON FORESKINS**
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- 94 IN PASSING** *Warming up at the Gay Olympic Games*
Cover and page four photos: Luke Daniel, Mr. Leather International '82 opens up for Drummer readers. Photos by S.C. Maier.

GETTING OFF



Although always very supportive of the Chicago MR. LEATHER INTERNATIONAL contest and the exciting Leatherman convention it creates each spring, DRUMMER made some critical statements some time back about some past winners of the contests, more in the form of a question: Whatever became of them?

This year our contestant LUKE DANIEL won the grand prize, with JOHN PONCE, who was our MR. DRUMMER Northern California, coming in as second runner up. We ran coverage of the contest itself and a spread on our winners.

We know what became of John. He moved to Chicago. And Luke? Between his whirlwind tours on behalf of his titles, he has rescinded his own rule of not doing full nudes and has given us an exclusive with his first nudes since his baby pictures.

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VOLUME 6/NUMBER 58/NOVEMBER 1982



HOUSTON PICKS MR. LEATHER

Photos by Gregory Havlan

Thirteen men, each one a prime example of the kind of stud a city like Houston produces, entered the first *Mr. Houston Leatherman* contest. While that is enough in itself to generate interest for those of us who like to see men in leather, it's only the tip of the iceberg.

While Houston has a constantly growing leather community, it has, like the rest of the gay community in the vibrant city, only emerged in the last couple of years as a mecca to rival the bastions of New York and San Francisco. The low-key good ol' boy attitude most people equate with the South can be deceptive— while geographically on the same Gulf Coast that also houses cities like New Orleans, Mobile, and Ft.

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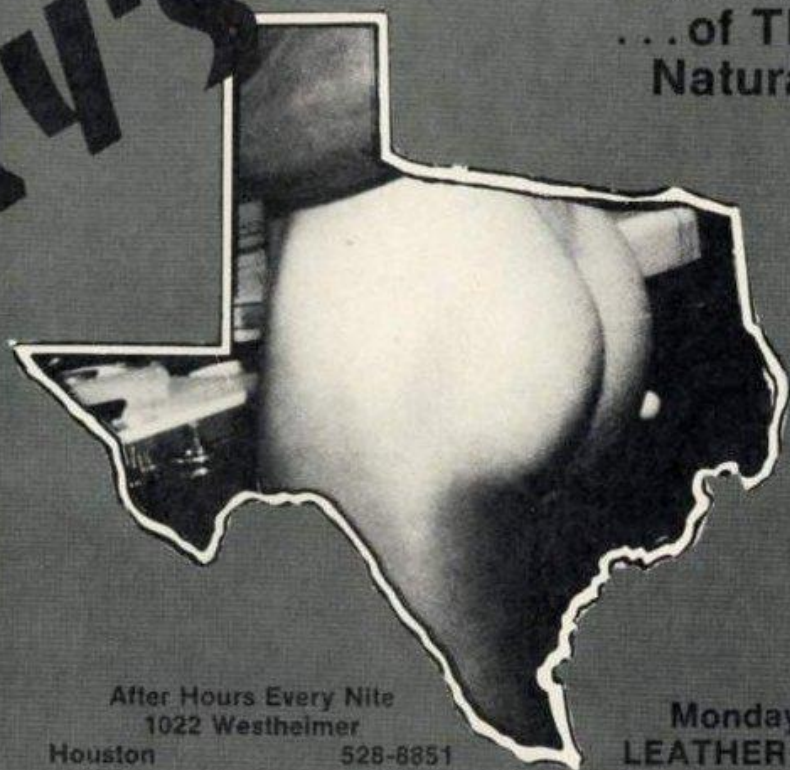
Lauderdale, Houston has always been best described as a 'growing town.' And like most pioneer places, somewhat more liberal than the older, set-in-their-ways metropolitan areas. Behind those

fetching smiles and off-handed manners, Houston men are very serious about creating a social environment that provides for them and visitors the same sense of place the big East and West

Coast cities already enjoy. And having come a little later to community organizing and spirit, Houston has been able to learn from other's mistakes and bypass a lot of dead-end routes in get-



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CLUB SCENE
MAGAZINE

ting it all together. That makes for some surprises.

The Loading Dock, the leather bar that organized and hosted the Mr. Houston Leatherman contest, is owned by two lesbians, Denise and Mary, who had *considered* opening a women's bar before they purchased the one-year-old Loading Dock, though a men's leather bar would be more... of a challenge. And if they had any concerns that the men of Houston might not cotton to a leather bar owned by lesbians, those fears proved to be totally unfounded. The Loading Dock is the most popular leather bar in Houston.

The whole shebang began with a reception for the judges, sponsors and contestants at The Officer's Club, a section of the former Houston Country Club that has become one of the most active and popular gathering places for Houston's gay population. Besides giving the judges their first look at the contestants, the rules were gone over, everyone got informally introduced (Texans are very fond of introducing people) and Houston got its first look at Gunner Robinson, *Drummer's* center-fold and representative, who would be one of the judges.

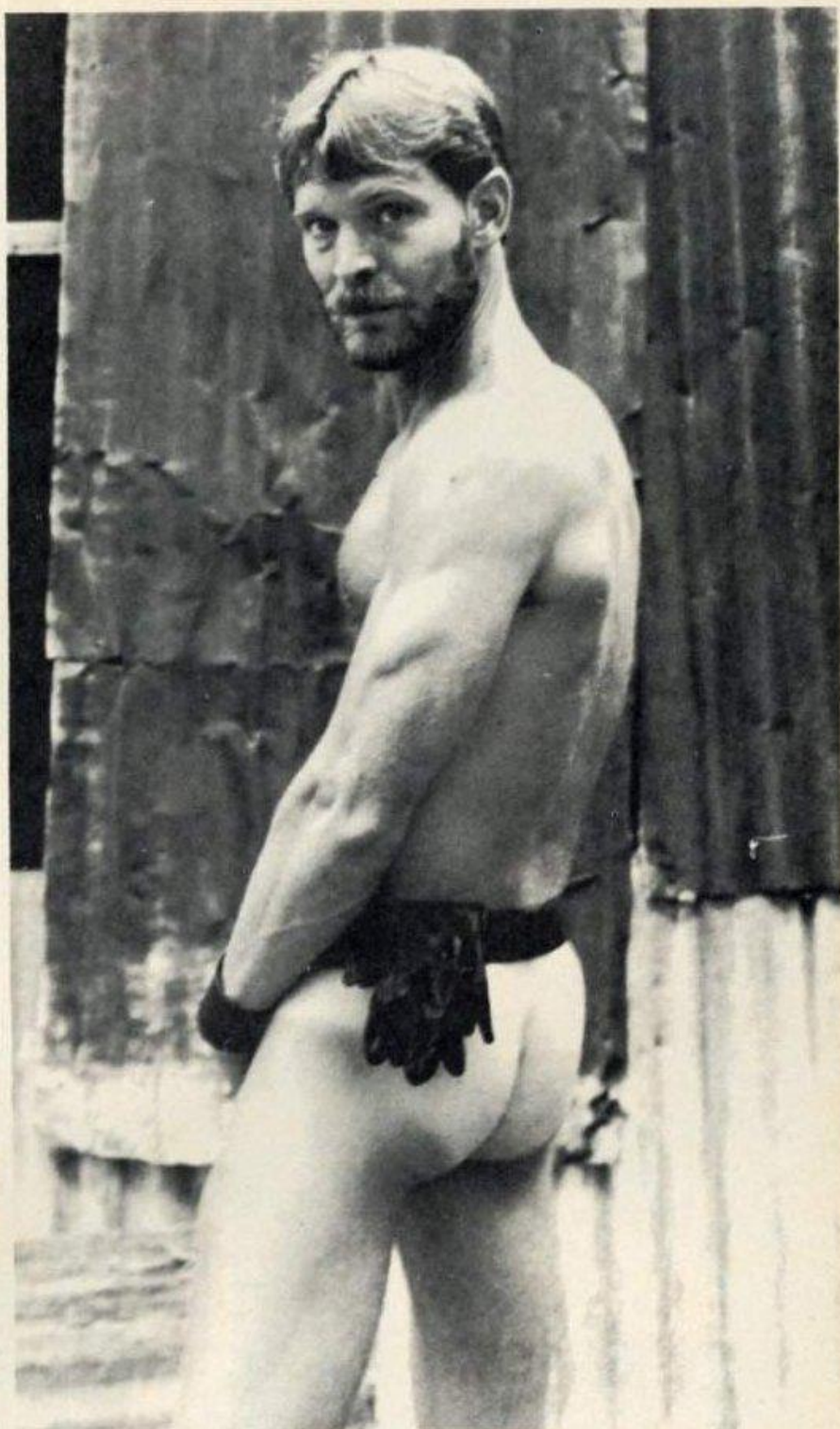
Another surprise, and a good example of where Houston keeps its head, was the announcement that the proceeds from the contest would go to two Houston organizations: The Kaposi Sarcoma Committee and the Houston Gay Political Caucus.

Then the affair shifted to Mary's, the oldest leather bar in Houston—and a place the likes of which could probably not exist elsewhere. If there is a gay utopia, Mary's is it. While it was the first bar in Houston in which the words "leather" and "SM" were ever spoken aloud, it is, at the same time, the hang-out of every possible sexual preference on earth. That night the bar was hosting its own *Mr & Ms Mary's Contest* in the patio, a scene somewhere between Kraft-Ebbing and Hieronymus Bosch.

The next night was going to be the main event, the big roll of the dice for the first official Mr. Leatherman who would go on to represent Houston in the other big leather contests.

The Loading Dock is a warehouse. No flashing lights, no mylar banners, nothing but the words "Loading Dock" stenciled in white paint on the door. And it's still a warehouse when you get inside; huge twenty-foot concrete pillars hold up the ceiling.

The place was packed as the thirteen men went through their paces. Using Olympic scoring, each was judged for Overall Look, Physique, and Personality. While the judges were tallying their votes, the crowd, already hyped by the



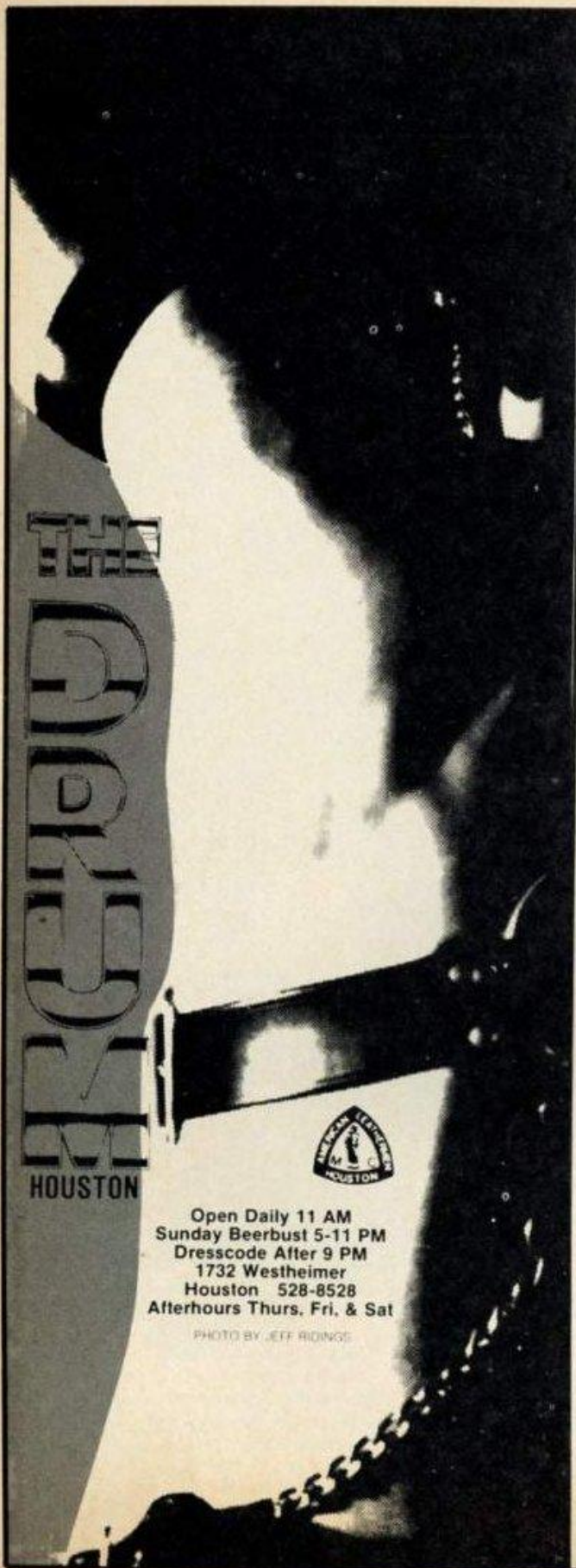
Steven Meert, winner of the Mr. Houston Leatherman contest, sponsored by The Loading Dock. Photo by Gregory Havican.

contest and the contestants, got a leather accessory demonstration from Eagle Leathers.

Then the big announcements: Second Runner-up, John Chiasson, sponsored by The Drum; First Runner-up, Tom Cunningham, sponsored by The Box Office; and the winner, Steven Meert, sponsored by the half-amazed, half-teary-eyed owners of The Loading

Dock. Steven really got a round of the crowd's approval, as the blonde-haired, blue-eyed leatherman made his final walk down the runway.

When Steven was asked about his feeling as a leatherman, he said, "When we decide to put on the skin of another animal, it should look and feel as natural as our own skin." The audience and the judges agreed. So do we.



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DRUMMER

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4⁹⁵

MOTORCYCLE MEN

3 leathermen
bikes
hard rods

The Denim Raiders
fiction by Jack Ricardo

COLT THOMAS

The Fifth International Mr. Leather
finally shows it!

A Leathermans Legacy:
A Hero's Welcome
by Hoddy Allen

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on The Dungeons of Europe.
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DRUM

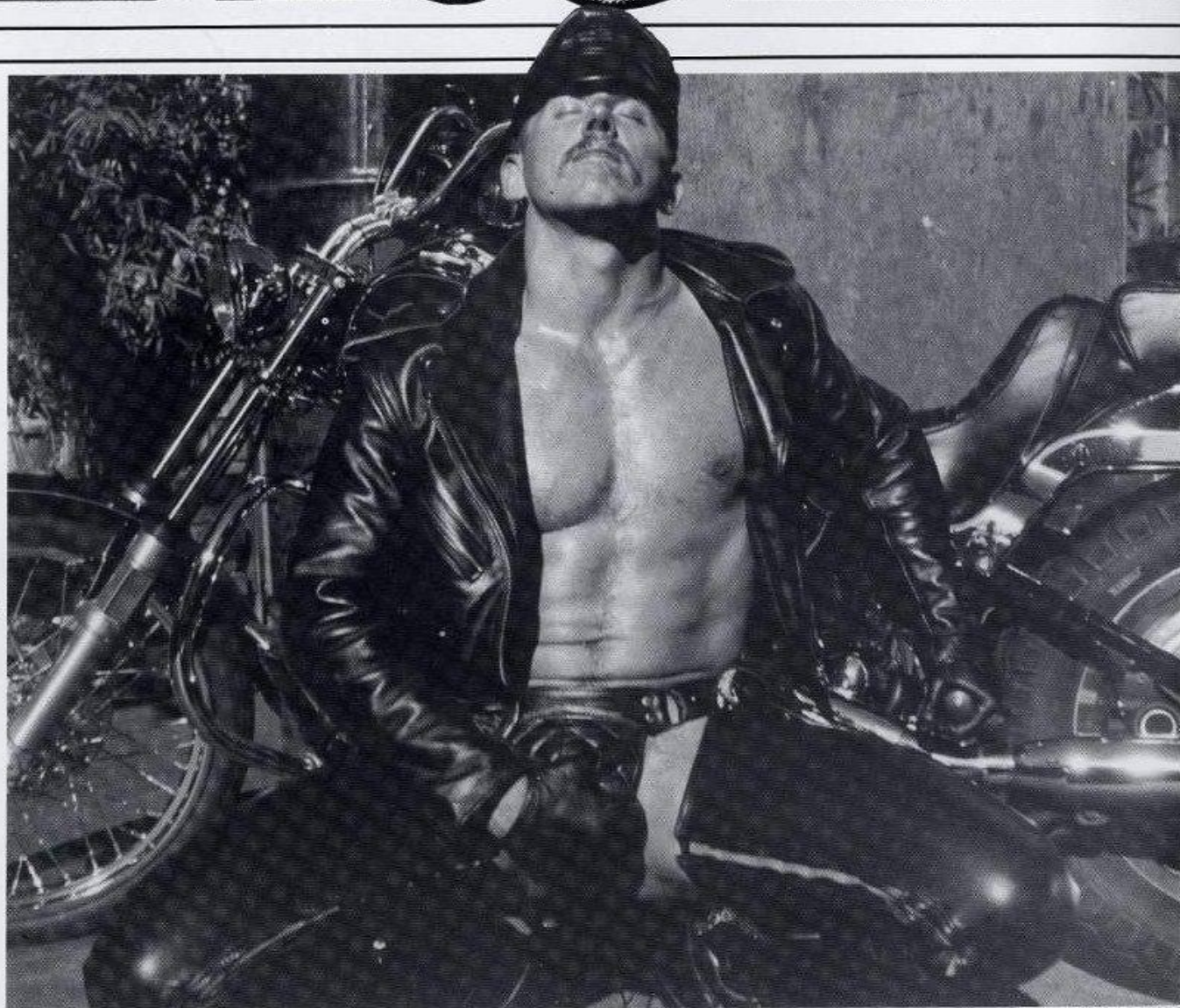


photo by Jim Wigler

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COLT THOMAS,
photo by Jim Wigler

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MARK KLEIN and a hungry friend in his 1988 Mr. Drummer Finals fantasy presentation.
photo by Droux Studio

"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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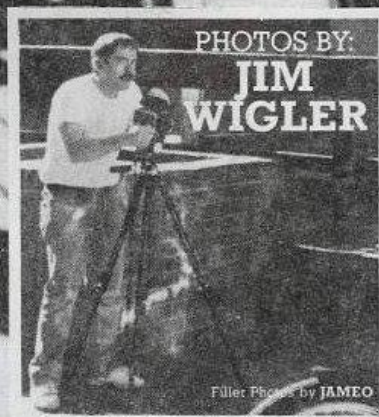
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Custom SOFTAIL



The bike? Harley-Davidson FSXTC. The blond? IML '83 Coulter Thomas. Both state of the art and captured on film by Jim Wigler, the best leather photographer in the business. No need for a "fluffer" on this photo shoot. Coulter spread his sweet soft tail across the Harley, and the sweat, the blondflesh and black leather combined to create motorcycle magic. Finally, when we were all ready to pop, Colt whipped it out and gave us a good long look at the throbbing engine between his legs.

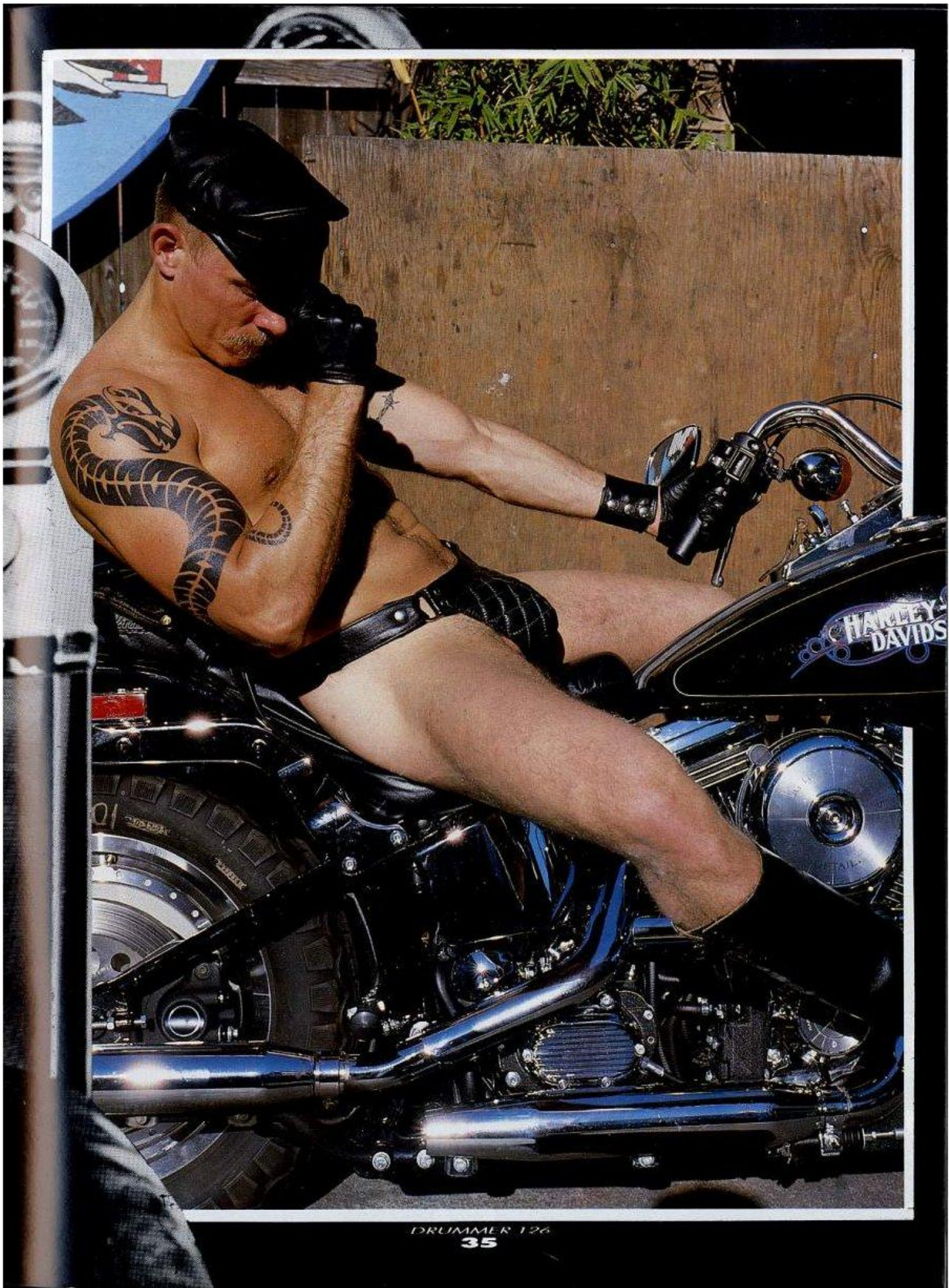
—KJL



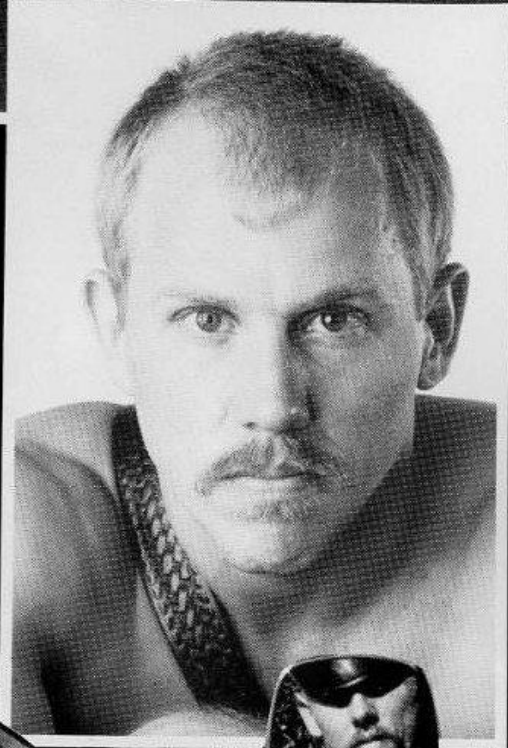
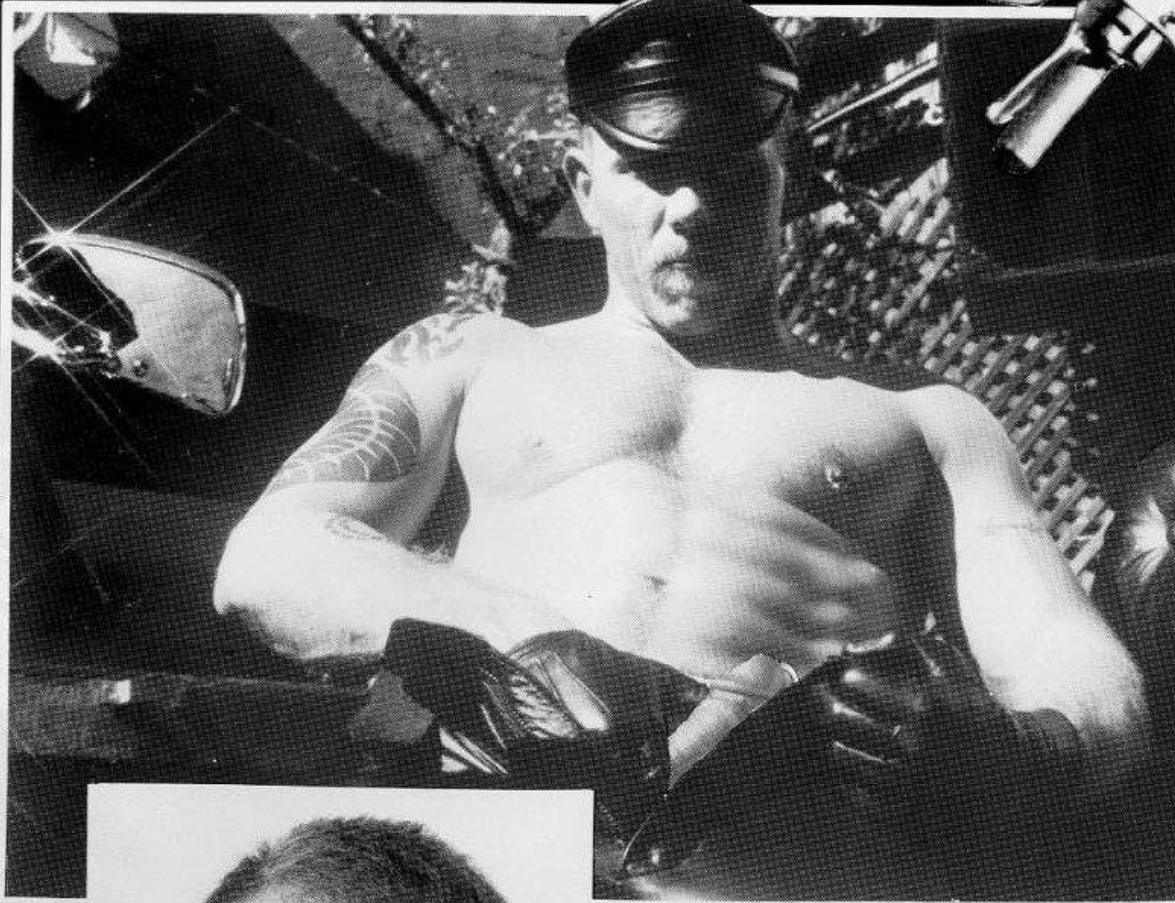
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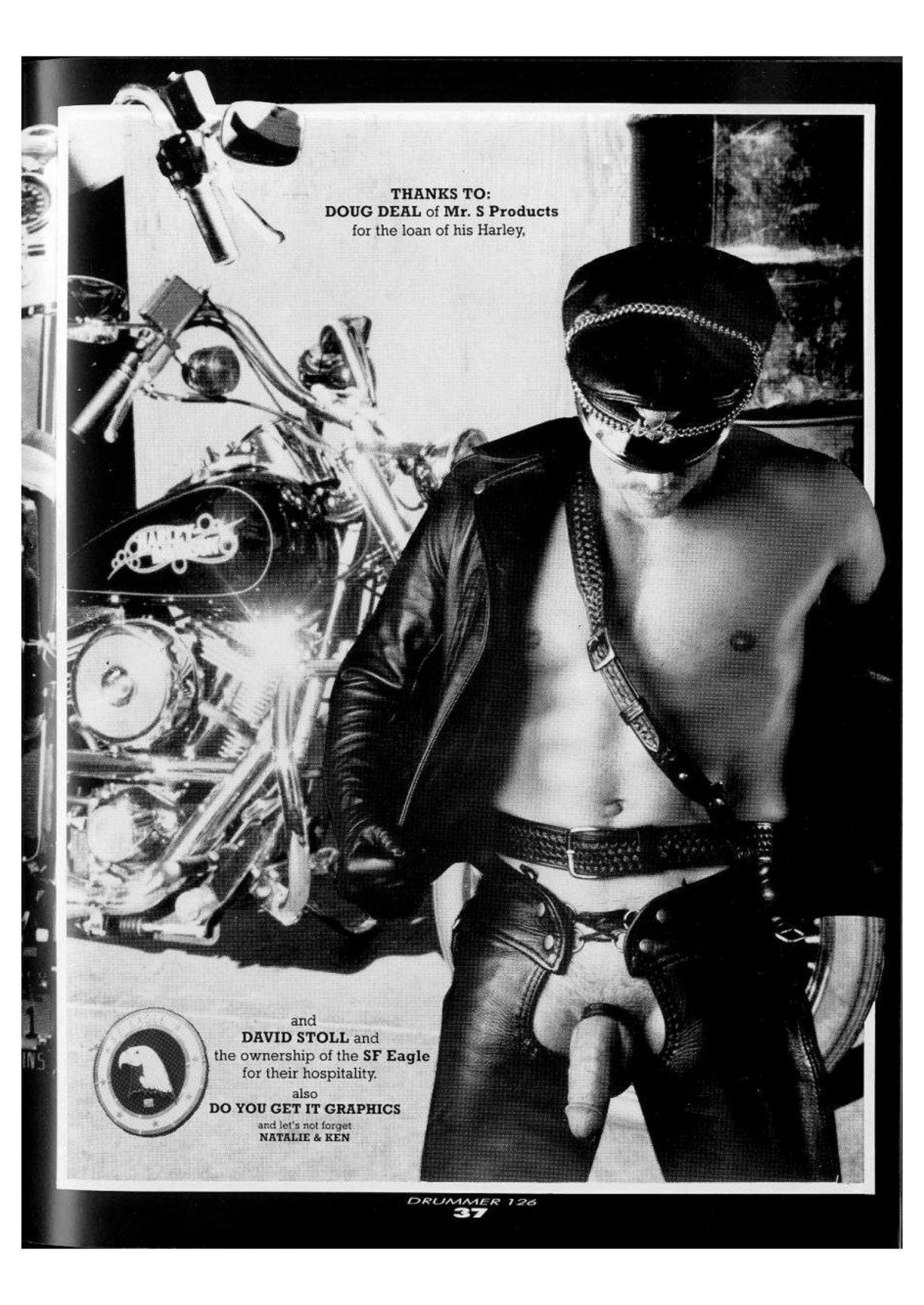
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35



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DAVID STOLL and
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