



BOXING AND WRESTLING FETISH FEATURE

Boxing has generally been considered more "macho" than wrestling, and more respectable. Two pro wrestlers going after one another were, in sophisticated society, a subject of ridicule; whereas a pair of boxers slugging away at each other were great sport. I have never understood this difference in perception. How much of it was based upon the contributions of pompous asses like the Marquis of Queensbury, who was, you will remember, the father of Lord Alfred Douglas, and Oscar Wilde's nemesis? One of my favorite photos of all time is in an early issue of the "men's magazine," *M*. It shows an annual event held by a prestigious London men's club. In the photo a very hunky, sweaty, heavily tattooed boxer is standing in the middle of a ring surrounded by banquet tables exclusively occupied by a male audience in black tie. Modern-day gladiatorial combat for the aristocracy depicted at its best!

Boxing is similar to wrestling in its intense combat between two muscular men, each striving to make the other give in, to submit, or to be beaten senseless in his attempt to resist. But it lacks one of the features that, to many, makes wrestling most appealing. In boxing there is virtually no flesh-on-flesh contact. Those near-naked hunks touch each other only with their leather gloves. I strongly suspect that one of the reasons wrestling is considered so much more "lower class" than boxing is that it necessitates embarrassingly intimate male contact.

But what it lacks in contact, boxing makes up for in wallop! Some men find the clenched fist a powerful erotic symbol, and not all of those want it shoved up their ass! As a Top I can say that punching is a hell of a lot of fun. One bottom I have frequently played with at Inferno taught me the joy of punching thick male muscle masses, particularly the pecs, and the abs. And I have fallen in love with the gloves used for martial arts that give good padding and protection to the knuckles, but leave the fingers and thumb free for tit play, picking up a rubber hose, etc. (Need a source for these? Sandmutopia Supply Co. has them. See ad page . . .)

Gino Deddino is another guy who loves a fist in the gut. He is a muscular stud with hairy pecs and massive thighs, and in Palm Drive Video's *Gut Punchers!* his washboard abs absorb a LOT. Dan Du Fort, a big-fisted competition bodybuilder who won second place in Gay Games II, provides the punches.

There are some aspects of this video that I didn't like: In the first two-thirds of the tape Deddino gets his gut punched by Du Fort, all too frequently the action breaks for Du Fort to go into body building poses—pretty, but completely out of place for this kind of action. I found them a real turn-off. When the trunks come off Deddino keeps playing with his cock while



Photos by PALM DRIVE VIDEO

he gets slugged. Hot—except that the camera angle only gives you a view of his elbow! I wanted to see that fist plant into his gut, see his cock and balls flop with the impact, but his damned arm was constantly in the way! I kept screaming for Du Fort to tie the fucker's hands up so I could see (and of course, to my estimation he would have been a lot prettier tied up even if I *could* see.) My third gripe was what appeared to be a silly game of "Let me wear your hat and you can wear mine." Deddino always wears some kind of head gear (even though none of the punches are ever directed anywhere near this face) but I do not understand why the headgear is always changing, often exchanged with Du Fort!

I know, we could always make someone else's tapes better than they could. I've heard enough "if only you had . . ." comments about *Unfriendly Persuasion* to be very sympathetic with video production problems. And, in spite of my above complaints, I think that *Gut Punchers!* is a damned HOT tape. The final third is particularly good. In it Du Fort has disappeared and Deddino is left to dirty-talk to the camera. He challenges the viewer to slug it to him and repeatedly slugs it to himself (and he somehow even gets tied up for a while.) Do-it-yourself gut-punching sounds pretty silly, but it is not silly to watch. The way Deddino challenges himself to ten punches then makes himself deliver them (harder than Du Fort had been) even though you can see his body wants to curl up into a fetal position after 7 or 8, is amazing. And those last few punches are delivered with as much, or more, force than the first ones! This video gives self-abuse a whole new meaning! BUY IT!

Palm Drive Video has a fast-growing line of very unusual videos that will be of particular appeal to *Drummer* readers. Some of the titles include *Man's Man* (starring Mike Kloubec who was featured in *Drummer 113*), *Woodshed Whipping*, *Thrasher: If Looks Could Kill*, *Cigar Blues*, etc. *Gut Punchers!* runs for 78 minutes and is \$39.95 + \$3 S&H from Palm Drive Video, PO Box 3653, San Francisco, CA 94119. You will be seeing more from this unique company in coming issues of *Drummer*.

Old Reliable has started a series of Boxing tapes that are quite similar to his wrestling videos. The boxers usually start with shorts on, but always do at least one round in the altogether and follow the match with a jerk-off session. *Boxing I: VT-82* has three matches. The first pairs Mike M. and Jerald followed by Mike and Kermit, a pair of novices who seem to really enjoy the new kind of action. The final bout is between two heavyweights, Stavros and Jimbo, who are experienced boxers. More boxing tapes are in the works. See Old Reliable's ad on page 71 for order information.

—Fledermaus