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**INSIDE THOSE
MALE FANTASY
FACTORIES**

**MR.
DRUMMER
LINEUP!**

**JAILHOUSE
TOUR JUNKIES**

**WORLD WIDE WET
DISCOVERIES!**

**BOYTOY
TRAINING CAMP**

AMERICA'S MAGAZINE FOR THE MAGNO MALE! ISSUE 6



SUPER MR

INTERNATIONAL
MR. DRUMMER
FESTIVIES 2000

1999 Mr.
Drummer
FRAZIER PICKARD
and
Drummer boy
WOODY BARNES



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I will be bold and unafraid,
and great with high endeavor,
And all the trumpets
men have made
And all the drums
that men have played,
They shall be mine forever.

There'll be a noise,
a mighty noise
Of bugling and drumming,
When I go out to Jericho,
Across the plains to Jericho,
In the good time that's coming.

Radclyffe Hall

Now that I am no longer involved with the MR. DRUMMER contest, I am getting my first invitations to be a judge. Year before last, Robert Davolt invited me to join that august group in San Francisco, and now I have been honored by another invitation to judge at its new quarters in St. Petersburg, Florida. Among the judges will be Ray Perera, the first elected Mr. Drummer. Although Drummer magazine at this point would seem to be defunct, the contest is alive and well and we are pleased to support it in print.

It was inevitable. MANIFEST READER will be back, starting with issue 40 coming out near the end of the year. We have a bounty of great writing that SuperMR can't possibly keep up with in this amount of space. SMR will continue with the same super new photography, classifieds and innovations, while MANIFEST READER will be your down & dirty fiction 'zine.

Like biting down on an irresistible sore tooth we couldn't resist taking an occasional peek at the Republican convention. With the whitewash still

wet, they crowded the stage with any minority as long as they weren't gays. But now its over and the real Texas crowd, accompanied by Falwell, Robertson et.al., can crawl out of their closet to show us who was really in charge. Dick Arney got in at least one more Barney Fag joke. And Colin Powell continues to make the world safe for heterosexual youth.

We were saddened to hear that Tony DeBlase passed away at 58 in Portland, Oregon. Mr. DeBlase wrote under the name "Fledermaus" and published Sandmutopia Guardian and DungeonMaster. He and Andrew Charles, through their company Desmodus, purchased the Drummer, FQ and Mach titles from Alternate publishing in 1986. The Desmodus company was then sold to Rob of Amsterdam in 1992. Mr. DeBlase is perhaps best known as the designer of the Leather pride flag.

See you in St. Petersburg, Florida for the 19th INTERNATIONAL MR. DRUMMER contest. Should be a great experience. Join us at SMR's hospital-ity suite.

John H. Embry



Art / EROS

**EXECUTIVE
PRIVILEGE,
EXECUTIVE
PAIN**

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CONFESSIONS OF A JAILHOUSE-TOUR JUNKIE!

JACKFRITSCHER

Photo / BI COASTAL

In the main gym at San Quentin most of the cement floor is as wax smooth. The work of thousands of bare male feet. In the showers at Auschwitz, the cement is scored with the long fingernail scratches of humans clawing their way futilely out of small places. Here, at the Big Bastille on the Bay, the pad of sweaty feet, heel and ball pivoting, running, jumping to score a basket, falling, kicked-and-rolled by a dozen jockers turning out some little punk in the course of good clean fun while the guard shines it on (*turns his face away*), has smoothed some of the roughness.

GYMS SMELL LIKE MEN

The San Quentin gym smells like con-jock sweat. Dirty football uniforms and pads hang just out of my reach under row upon row of Hustler and Playboy color centerfolds boldly unfolded: Stapled beavers, one of which some pissed-off anonymous smoker burned right through the twat with the hot end of a Lucky Strike. At the far end of the huge room stand the heavy barbells and weight benches on wood platforms raised two inches above the smooth cement. To the right, three red steps lead up to an empty boxing ring canvassed in a shiny dark blue right out of *Rocky*. The ceiling girders are eighty feet high above us. An ache runs through me, a longing.

A dozen cons tend to us. This is their space, a place of caged men. For real. The gym bleachers are initialed and soaked with porous sweat. The panic of being an outsider overtakes me. Covertly I pop 10 mg of cool blue Valium to quiet the rising panic and to still the longing ache, to sit obedient in this gym lockup, listening to the glib patter, sniffing out more than the uniforms, sniffing out the violence and murders that give these men life.

At San Quentin, claustrophobic terror hardens my dick. Prison tours are my hobby.

I go to jail every chance I get. To visit. Fanatic subcultures fascinate me. I get off on the cons harboring secret contempt for the giggling public come for the Saturday night "fun" of the dinner tour, getting their goddamn double knits frisked at the Big Q entrance so they can walk cell to cell with a stick poking at the inmates. Always my mind-camera is running, recording the extremes that life offers.

"These men," the officer of the day told

us, "have volunteered to be your guides. No instructions have been given as to what they can or cannot say. You cannot tip them or give them anything. You give them anything and they'll be in trouble and if they get in trouble, then you'll get in trouble. We just ask you not to light up when you're in the woodworking shop. Otherwise, enjoy your walk. Ask the men whatever you like. They're pretty thick-skinned and not too sensitive. If they don't want to answer, they don't have to. Okay. As I say, enjoy your walk."

Our guide for a group of ten wears scrubbed pressed blue levis.

Visitors are forbidden to wear levis. "No jeans or illicit drugs," the guide sheet warned when the tour was arranged. Also: "Hostages will not be recognized." Terrific! When you walk into another world, you walk into its terms.

I listened to our con-guide. You the fuck think he ever tells the truth? It's his levis, man. Laundry is cause for war in the Joint. According to law every dude wears the same shit stenciled with his own number: shoes, shirts, and shorts. But Inside is like Outside on the Street. Distinctions this doubleknit tour will never see make all the difference Inside. Dudes in starched, pressed shirts and razor-sharp creased levis or black Chelsea boots, or, *hooboy*, a stud in goldrimmed shades, are all mothers working some scam: dealer, connection, locksmith, forger, hit man, armbreaker, enforcer, snitch, whatever. What's sure is that the dude's a specialist with something going. He's uppercrust prison-shit.

Our guide's scam: he's some kind of in-House arbitrator. He's the King Rat in the movies who plays both ends against the

[JAILHOUSE continued on page 51]

PRISON IS THE PLACE where, when you go there, they have to take you in. Prison in America is the maximum security, life on the installment plan. Prison is where men who can't make it in the mean streets go to have their needs met.

(Continued from page 42)

Our guide had been hit before too. He was a man who had been strip-searched, manhandled from his shackled bare feet, up the outside of his big thighs, rubber-fingered up the butt, foreskin rolled back for short-arm inspection, hands frisking up to his hips, his waist, his muscled 'pits, his heavy chest and shoulders, his bull neck--all of him shook down all the way in the Lock.

He was from the Deep South where they leave meat blind and uncut. Cheese. He has, I bet, a cheese problem. Under his foreskin. That's why he traded cigarettes for extra showers. Sometimes, he admitted, he sneaked an extra wash-off with a firehose to clean up during the week.

He was 27 and hot and his hair was blow-dried with a hand-held dryer. He spied about the warden who made the men choose whether they wanted to shower or attend college-credit classes. One or the other. Not both. Men have to learn, the warden said, how to make decisions. No wonder the newspapers carry stories that start: "The warden of San Quentin Prison was belted in the jaw by a convict yesterday while trying to cool things down after a stabbing melee. Warden George Sumner--a rugged, 6-foot, 2-inch former football player who weighs more than 200 pounds--instantly took what a prison spokesman called 'reflex defensive action,' and belted the con right back.

Despite a sore jaw, Sumner shrugged off the incident. "It's just part of my job," he said, "and I've been hit before."

STRIP SEARCH

Our guide had been hit before too. He was a man who had been strip-searched, manhandled from his shackled bare feet, up the outside of his big thighs, rubber-fingered up the butt, foreskin rolled back for short-arm inspection, hands frisking up to his hips, his waist, his muscled 'pits, his heavy chest and shoulders, his big bull neck--all of him shook down all the way in the Lock, a high echoing snot-green chamber between the walls, filled with smoke, milling cons, and shouting guards. "Line up, come on, goddamnit."

Thirty minutes before, we had stood like good-citizen cattle in the Lock between two gigantic steel-bar doors. One goes inside the wall; the other, out. In the rafters, covered with the unreachable grease of grey cottage cheese dust, sparrows twittered, flying in and out whenever one door or the other opened. The doors were fixed so only one opened at a time.

What was it like for him to be "Processed in?" Strip-ping off his clothes, standing naked in a sweaty line of multi-racial cons, surrendering his effects while three beefy guards armed with shotguns paced the gunwalk inches above his shaved head, getting sprayed with anti-lice disinfectant, standing first on one foot, then the other, listening to a bored bass voice shout out, thick with years of whiskey and cigar smoke: "Swearing, cursing, fighting, disrespect to officers, arguments, sodomy, masturbation, homosexuality, drugs, unnatural acts, and political agitation will not be tolerated."

Jesus! He was beautiful no matter what scam had gotten him from new-fish con with scalped head to full-blown, blow-dried tour-guide. Shit! Pinned to his black turtleneck sweater was an ID card: BILL. Bill directed us to look one way. I looked the other. He remarked about a building dated 1842 on the right. I looked left, up through the broken glass and bars of a mean six-tier block.

On the third tier up, a young blond biker, long hair combed wet and straight back, stood stripped to the waist, heavy tattoos on heavier arms, muscled, white cotton pants, beltless and barefoot, staring down at

the action on the main floor below him, action I could not see, but he could, looking down between his tattooed forearms resting easy on the iron railing.

No one else noticed him. No one else on the tour, that is, except my buddy, O'Riley, whom everybody I know calls "Old Reliable." He never misses a trick. Especially a con trick. Old Reliable always sees everything. He always has. That's how he got reliable. That's how he got old at 33. We exchanged knowing looks and turned back to Bill, away from the third tier.

"I'd pay him a hundred bucks to sit on my face," Old Reliable whispered.

"And blow 'Dixie' out his ass," I said.

Bill was pulling our tour-group along. "This is the spot," he said, "where the yellow fire hydrant is now, of the old whipping post. The heaviest sentence to come down was a man getting 190 lashes administered over a two-day period. The original infirmary is right nearby. I'm glad the state has done away with corporal punishment."

My knees grew weak. Old Reliable dragged me from the hydrant. The energy remained of that whipped man's agony. The broiling sun. The silence in the brick-walled plaza. Silence except for the sound of the whip whistling through the sun and cutting across his back. Silence except for his bit-lip hiss breaking finally beyond scream into full-racked roar slumping to half-conscious moan. Silence except for the panting of the guard in full uniform, heaving with sweat, laying the leather strap again and again, according to the warden's strictly counted cadence, across the naked man's back. Silence now with the moon rising cool over the Bay. Silence like an unsettling dream remembered too clearly on waking.

DREAM MOVIE SEQUENCE: Two horsemen break the flat horizon. Their heads rise in the distance against the blue. They rock easy in their ancient saddles. Their horses surge against the reins. The men are warriors, dark and bearded. Their helmets catch the sun. The men and horses are armed with fur and leather. They rise proudly against the full line of the horizon.

The camera catches behind them a trail of dust as they move in long lens slow-motion. A rope stretches taut behind the second horseman. Gradually, the camera makes out the rope's burden: first the bound wrists, then the stretched arms dislocated from the bleeding shoulders of the man who is naked and dying but not dead.

Silent above the sad procession a great bird hangs motionless, following the horsemen trawling the side of human flesh. The bird catches an updraft and circles timeless above the horsemen. They ride evenly onward, across a ridge above a still lake. Wavy in the noontime sun shimmer they double in the placid lake reflection. The descending hooves of the upright horses meet precisely the rising hooves of the inverted water horses. Below them and above them the carrion bird circles noiselessly. In the mouth of the bound man, thin wires roll his tongue into a cylinder swelling purple from his mouth. His cock is wired the same.

The horsemen, proud and straight drag the man off into the blinding noon brightness.

Where is George Raft when you really need him?

(Continued on page 54)

Some men in prison gain solitude in solitary.
Some cut off their penises and hand them out in atonement in a tin cup to a guard passing by. Prisons are all different and all the same. The Quentin population isn't punk kids maturing their street images inside the big house. These are full grown men doing a dark time in a narrow place.

"Come on" Old Reliable said. "You're lagging behind."

"I'm not lagging."

"You're standing on your tongue." Old Reliable dragged me away from the whipping post.

Often I perceive the aura of a place long after the event has receded.

PRISON JERK-OFF

Once at the historical prison at Yuma I pulled my jeep into the rocky parking lot late enough in the hot August afternoon to miss the crowded tours. David who was my lover then, threw some coins into the turnstile. We nodded to the bored Ranger in charge and wandered alone through the lengthening shadows of the roofless cellblocks. Bronze plaques described the Zane Gray macho conditions. At the far end of the compound, twenty minutes before the 5 PM closing, I pulled open a heavy iron door and headed down a dark ten-foot adobe corridor to another iron door latticed in a welded gesture of ventilation by some thick armed smithy a century before.

"You better not go in there," David said.

"Chickenshit," I said. "Go out and stand guard."

He cut back quick to the fading Arizona sunset. I pushed through the second iron door into a twelve-by-twelve windowless adobe room in whose center had stood a nine-by-nine foot cage averaging a dozen desperadoes in the tight kiln space of group solitary confinement.

Sartre said, "Hell is other people." And in that breathless darkness, alone behind two iron doors, the accumulated rage and energy of all the men ever confined within that airless room in that cold cage, bumping and grinding one grizzled body against the other, made in that privacy my privates hard, and once hard, came the involuntary unbuttoning of my fly, the lick of my hand, and the stroked salute to all the men locked in once-and-future cages.

Old Reliable was embarrassed the others might notice. But hardly anybody notices anything. That's why most of the time anyone can do anything. As long as you don't rattle the cage they're protecting themselves in. As long as you don't scare their horses.

Part of me wanted out of the Big Q fast. Another part wanted to stay forever.

Absolute ground control of my head is to realize fantasies, to know how far to take them, to clutch the brink of danger close, and then to thrust it safely away: approaching a pair of cops in a squad car to ask their opinion of the Consenting Adult Law; then asking them to please stop arresting me, I've come.

Our con led us on with his gallows rap. He walked flawlessly backwards in the way patented by tour guides from Mount Vernon to Disneyland.

"On the left is the original cellblock. If a prisoner gave the guards a bad time, they chained him to the wall or strapped him into a leather restraining jacket. For hours, days, weeks." He laughed. "I'm glad California has done away with heavy-duty punishment. In those old days, before teargas, when trouble came down, the guards spread lye on the block floor and turned a hose on it. The fumes handled the problem."

BELT A BROAD

A woman in an I. Magnin coat, suitable for a prison-

chic evening in Marin, raised her hand like some for crissakes perennial Mills College undergrad.

"What are you in for," she asked.

Our little group stopped dead in its tracks. *And Old Reliable had been fearful I'd embarrass everybody.*

Bill smiled. "I got sick of everyday doing 9 to 5, 9 to 5. So now I'm doing 20 to life."

"Try to outcon a con," Old Reliable whispered.

Reliable ought to know: he's fucked with enough ex-cons to have the climax-after-the-climax be a gun to his head while his flat was shook down for cash. He kept thinking, if that gun goes off, it will hurt. But he found enough money to satisfy the tattooed nineteen-year-old who, Reliable said, could have had the bread just for the asking he was so good in bed with his thick thighs. Other times, a guy emptied his closet of all his clothes, another took a camera which a third guy said he could ransom back for forty dollars. Reliable's no fool, but it was worth a try. Turned out to be another learning experience. Never saw the third one again either. The con-game was his trip. He set it up. He liked primary encounters. He could read people faster than Evelyn Wood could read the Gettysburg Address. "This guy's in for murder," he said.

Bill tooled our tour neatly around a corner. "Up in that loft, which next year will get torn down, was the gallows. A double gallows." He counted out his pause, using the time to continue the force field of eye contact with the I. Magnin coat. "Fall-partners. That's what they called guys hanged two at a time. They shackled their hands behind their backs, walked them up the stairs, tied their ankles together, put the nooses tight around their necks, pulled black hoods down over their faces, dropped the double-trap, and kissed their asses good-bye."

The doubleknit group chuckled appreciatively: this good-natured con was sure what they had hoped for.

"Executions strike me as, well, rather messy," the I. Magnin coat said.

"Messy?" Bill laid on her his best Mr. Goodbar stare.

"Definitely in for murder," Old Reliable whispered.

"He's gonna hit her with both barrels."

"Death, ma'am," Bill said, "is always messy." He stepped toward her. "When a hanged man hits the end of his rope, he dumps, yeah, dumps in his drawers and pisses, excuse the human biology, down his leg."

He had her full attention.

He had mine.

He had everybody's.

She was coming in her coat. "I've read," she said, "that hanged men die with erections." This cunt would not stop. She stepped toward him. He picked up on her lust and led the dance she had begun. The group was more enthralled than embarrassed by their upfront rutting. Tension hung heavy in the evening air.

Old Reliable rode to the rescue: "Dying with a hardon beats dying with your boots on."

Laughter broke the spell of the heated pas de deux of the con with the coat.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

Reliable was good at that: adapting, making people adapt. His halfway house was his practice. He had long been cynical, but was far from jaded. Jaded is

when you do it, but don't enjoy it, whatever it is. He was cynical. He was frank. You adapt or you get out. You adapt or you die. He adapted continually. He handled alternate realities well. All the time, I thought.

Except one night, late, a bit drunk and a lot ripped, he told me, confessed actually, embarrassed the way a woman is embarrassed after a rape. No fault of hers nor in this case his, but the embarrassment acute all the same.

Old Reliable is reliable, but not old. He is, in fact, at 33, boyishly attractive. That was part of what makes him an easy touch for so many ex-cons. Anyway, one of his San Quentin graduates warned him that to a con, a gay man is automatically considered an easy mark. That was no news to Old Reliable, who's been taken to the cleaners more often than a clean-queen's jockey shorts.

Three years before this drunken night, for instance, he was vacationing in Beirut, pushing the edge of danger that so thrills him. The Hilton was under fire. The city was an armed camp. In two months the American ambassador would be murdered.

But this night, Reliable was traveling through the Moslem section in the early evening to ball a friend who was a gold merchant. The driver of his car cursed their luck as the car immediately ahead rear-ended the auto closest to the intersection. The trunk of the car in front of Reliable popped open.

"Omigod," he said. Bulging from inside the sprung trunk of the small car was a fully clothed bullet-riddled body. Within seconds a mob careened around all three cars. Veiled women ululated a high-pitched wail. The driver of the middle car was dragged into the street shouting above the din, "It is only the body of a Christian."

Two dozen or more Moslem men inspected, milled about, pushed, conferred more loudly, and then surrounded him completely, stalled in the traffic in their section. They smashed the glass of the locked doors. His driver was silenced by a gunbutt to the mouth. He fell unconscious, bleeding across the steering wheel.

The men pulled Old Reliable from the car and dragged him past the body of the dead Christian, doused with gasoline and burning in a heap on the street. The crowd had no patience with a foreigner who might be a Christian, or worse, a Jew. They punched at him without question. They lifted him bodily and carried him into a shop whose corrugated storefront a dark moustached man pulled down from its roll in the ceiling and locked to a ring in the floor.

In the semidarkness, Old Reliable could see very little. Hands held him, pushed and punched him. A thick-veined fist tore the sleeve off his jacket. A frenzy of ripping and

shredding followed. Buttons popped as his shirt tore away. His zipper fly split apart at the bottom as his slacks were dropped like shackles around his ankles. For a moment, the men held him, fair skinned in the olive darkness, stripped to his white undershorts.

No one moved. The silence was absolute.

Then a short thick man punched him hard in the stomach and his shorts were ripped away. For two hours they beat him with their fists and, holding him firmly with many hands in the stifling room, took an electric cattle prod to his eyelids, gums, penis, testicles, and anus. He expected to be raped. He wasn't.

He thought they wanted information. They didn't and besides he knew none.

He thought there was some purpose to his torture, but they wanted no more than to vent some release through his pain.

At last, allowed to fall to the floor, he lay flat on his back. He remembered three streams, exactly three, of piss rained down from the darkness on his face and genitals. Then they lifted him, pulled up his torn slacks, rolled up the corrugated steel door, and shoved him into the street alone. The door rolled down closed behind him.

He tried to pull what was left of his clothes together around him to avoid attention, to pretend nothing had happened so that no more would happen. No one seemed to notice his appearance.

In the distance, the shelling of the hotels continued. Gunfire crackled through the night. They had hurt him anonymously, for no reason, for nothing he did. They had just hurt him for some kicks and he felt dirty enough to be sick in the street, next to the burnt-out body, dirty and sick and embarrassed enough to mention nothing of the incident until this one night of confidences. And even at that, he seemed to hold something back.

People who are tortured, for whatever reason, seem always to gain a reserve, a mistrust, a modesty, born of an astonished, well-grounded fear of their own kind.

Bill, our Quentin guide had that restraint. Only his modesty handled the predatory assault of the lady with her hands buried deep in the side pockets of her coat. More men go to prison because of women than any other reasons. He had been decorated in 'Nam and looking at her San Francisco face, he knew a mine field when he saw one.

Some men in prison gain solitude in solitary. Some cut off their penises and hand them out in atonement in a tin cup to a guard passing by. Prisons are all different and all the same. The Quentin population isn't punk kids maturing their street images inside the big house.

These are full-grown men doing a dark time in a narrow place.

MAXIMUM "SECURITY"

Prison is the place where, when you go there, they have to take you in. Prison in America is the maximum security. Prison is where men who can't make it in the mean streets go to have their needs met. The prison security syndrome is Life-on-the-Installment-Plan three years in the Joint; three months on parole; then back to start all over again. Some gays, when arrested, instead of freaking out, find a strange sense of peace, security, and relief from the constant cruising tension of the gay lifestyle. Prison is the place where guards fire a couple shots to break up a fight where one inmate suffers a deep laceration above his right eye and another stab wounds in the face, back, and buttocks. Prison is the reality where society permits sadists to backflush toilets on men locked down in solitary confinement, where pharmaceutical companies make deals to perform medical experiments on inmates who submit to almost anything for the extra bread. If you don't have money in prison, you bargain one way or another with your body. Prisons are where men are sentenced, no matter if they were Tops or Bottoms when they were on the streets to a life of obedient masochism. The American prison system takes, more often than not, the truly aggressive macho male, who cannot be corralled by the usual middle-class obedience-training, and separates his overheated flesh by means of cold bars from the rest of 'polite' society. Prison is the Ultimate Sadism: society's topping of a Top. Prison is a rite of passage. On American streets, you're not a man until you've done some time.'

TATTOOS

Like the mark of Cain, prison marks its men. The forbidden art of prison tattooing gives blatant signal Inside and Outside that here is a man who has paid his ritual dues. Tattoos range from the most primitive pin-and-India-ink markings to truly sophisticated, but contraband, three-needle professional artistry. They are always one color: blue. A star on the face tells that the con has done at least five years. A cross on the hand with radiating marks indicates the number of reform-school stretches. A rose means either you like cunt or are one. A swastika shows membership in a prison gang like the Aryan Brotherhood. A web on the elbow signifies time done in a particular prison; in this case, Soledad.

[PRISON JUNKIE CONCLUDES NEXT ISSUE]

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