

**Fetish Feature** is a special section that will be found in most issues of *Drummer*. Each issue will focus on a special turn-on, including news and information, fiction, photos, art, etc. for each fetish. A special feature will be the Fetish Tough Customers section. Send in your special photos for the Fetish TCs and send in your letters, stories, likes, dislikes, etc. for these upcoming fetishes:

<b>Drummer</b>	<b>Fetish Feature</b>	<b>Deadline</b>
#118	Rubber	Too Late
#119	Bears & Mountain Men	June 1
#120	Mud, Oil, Grease & Grunge	July 1
#121	Tits	August 1

Have you missed getting into the Fetish Feature that is your particular turn-on? You don't have to wait until the subject rolls around again. Send us your photos, letters, club news, etc. There are regular columns in *Drummer* that carry these every month and we'll be happy to include yours for tattoos, boots, shaving, wrestling, or whatever you have missed! □

## I didn't get much sleep last night thinking about underwear.

—Lawrence Ferlinghetti

### IN PRAISE OF UNDERWEAR

Some men experience their first sexual turn-on to the male image when as "innocents" they take the Sears Catalogue with them out to the outhouse. The end of innocence. In that magazine bastion of middle-class decency, the Sears Catalogue, that place where every household owns a new washer and a new dryer because respectability at the very least implies that you are deodorized and clean, we find—gasp (!)—men dressed in nothing but underwear. Certainly, standing around in front of your brothers in your underwear was not a very "respectable" or a very "clean" thing to do, and doing it—everyone wearing their underwear like that as you wrestled with your brothers—frequently made your dick hard.

And there they were—HUNKS—doing it (sort of: it was more like the suggestion of sexuality) on the pages of the Sears Catalogue. Not your average place to look for erotica. Men lounging around half-nekked. It was the most decadent thing your inexperienced consciousness had ever seen. Innocence lost. You sat in the john, you played with your meat, you flipped through the underwear pages;

# UNDERWEAR FETISH FEATURE

you came in waves of disrupted agonized orgasm.

Sears advertising is often the first image many boys jerk off to. And those sort of stiff (everything is stiff in these photographs except what should be stiff) images of those somewhat uncomfortable-looking men tend to stay with you the way your first not-so-innocent fuck stays with you. You remember how surprised you were to see male models dressed in underwear. You wondered if the Sears models got it on. Dressed in underwear, of course. You thought, probably. You thought, NO! You thought, oh, probably. You looked for bulges. You found nada. You remember how you *wanted* those men in their underwear. You wanted to touch them. You wanted to feel the softness of the underwear.

You liked the way the model's balls seemed encased by all that cotton. You wanted to smell. Taste. You wanted to rub your face into the model's crotch. The Sears Catalogue became required reading. And from that point forward you began to secretly notice—underwear.

Beasty BVDs, Beguiling Bikinis, Spectacular Speedos, Gyromagnetic G-strings, Skimpy Skivvies, Nylon Naughties, Bwana Boxers, Lecherous Longjohns, Jazzy Jockies, and Bargain Basement Briefs—*underwear!* It comes in all sizes, all designs, all colors, and it made Frederick's of Hollywood disgusting filthy rich. Underwear goes

way back. It has a history. It has an anthropology. We do not live during the only period in time where the human animal has bound his genitals.

Greek runners carrying messages between generals wore jockstrap-like affairs which kept their cock and balls from being pulverized during long-distance marathons. Early Greek soldiers during Alexander's reign wore skirts and no underwear. Persian soldiers wore pants and no underwear—Mediterranean cultures were too warm and too busy slaughtering each other to invent underwear. Nordic cultures traditionally wore layers of clothing and every Viking wore clean underwear because the Viking mothers were big on it and if you went to the hospital you wanted to have clean Viking underwear because in the Viking hospitals they always made you take your clothes off. Ironically, during the Bourbon rule in France, a period very much concerned with elaborate costume, many men and many women did not wear underwear. Which explains why the French have exceptionally dirty minds and why extraordinarily tight silk pants were a favorite among the male of the species. You could see every French vein on every French cock.

Where Americans on the average change their underwear with frightening frequency, the average German pair of panties gets somewhat ripe with age—about a week's worth of



2004 © SPORTS ILLUSTRATED BY ARTIST LARRY WITZ From a pattern by Long Overland, Inc.

# UNDERWEAR

## TOUGH CUSTOMER



**MAN OF TASTE AND DISTINCTION:** This longjohn has a thing for Colorado tops into underwear—the bigger and burlier the top the better. Contact TC 1273.



sweat—before they get tossed into the wash.

The French Foreign Legion used to wear underwear designed with deep side pockets and a drawstring. They looked like very serious boxer shorts. It was assumed that at some time or another a situation might present itself to a legionnaire where he might find himself sans trousers. And you never know when pockets in your shorts will come in handy. Australian troops used to wear underwear with a certain amount of wool in it. Australian troops were famous for the fact that they were always scratching their ass and they were always in ill temper. English troops now wear a design of boxer-type undershorts that has over the years seen fit to enlarge the hole one opens to put one's cock through so that one may pee. It seems that the average size of the average Brit cock has increased and the size of the hole used in WWI simply will not accommodate a recruit's piece of meat today.

Smell it. Shine Daddy's boots with it. Have it cut off your ass slowly with a knife. Put the tip of your tongue on the one curled black pubic hair you find in your boy's jockies. Inhale Daddy's sweat smell mixed with the aroma of lascivious nylon. Run around the roof in your panties. Impregnate your face into your Master's cotton covered buns. Close your eyes, let loose, and piss into them . . .

Underwear.

—TPB