

Daddies

FETISH FEATURE

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:

Drummer	Fetish Feature	Deadline
#118	Rubber	Too Late
#119	Bears & Mountain Men	Too Late
#120	Mud, Oil, Grease & Grunge	July 1
#121	Tits	August 1
#122	Cigars	September 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!

**They shall love me. . . I will be their father, and I will show them what pain is.
They will hate me. At the sight of their torment
I shall remain unmoved. . . Increasingly, I shall be filled with a sense of absolute power.**

—Jean Genet, *Querelle*

IRREVOCABLY CONNECTED—DADDY!

I am irrevocably connected to a man I call Daddy who is not my father. Personally, the whole issue of dominating or being dominated is where it all begins. My own "Daddy" is much more of a "father" than my other—father—has ever been. Or ever could be. "Daddy" is at this point over sixty, hard as ever, handsome to a fault, and possessed with an inner peace that I can only admire. I am no longer his boy. Although I will always be his boy. People grow. People change. People come together and they part. While I no longer live with Daddy, indeed, I have now reached a stage where I feel more like a man than a boy, the profound influence this older man has had on my life will remain with me because—Daddy—is an intertwined part of the person I ultimately became.

It was the spring of 1970 and I had just been discharged (honorably and thankfully) from the Army; from Vietnam. From the green Laotian hills which surround Khe Sahn. I was 19 years old and arrogant. I had just seen many of my friends and buddies get blown away or blown up—dead—and I was in Key West, a free man, now, to recover, to forget. And to drink. I was lost although I did not know I was lost.

The old Sloppy Joe's Bar in Key West is now known as Captain Tony's and Captain Tony is a fisherman. The men who frequented his bar at the time were rough no-fucking-nonsense men and they lived on boats. Mostly they were men who minded their own business. I found Daddy's name written on a piece of paper tacked to the wall of the bar—Daddy was looking for a Firstmate. Well, he found one.

"Not a bad job," Captain Tony said, pouring me another beer. "For a boy. A boy could do worse."

Daddy lived onboard a boat called the *Ann Marie* in the Navy complex, now mostly abandoned by the Navy. The *Ann Marie* had at one time been a shrimper. She was not clean. Nor was she elegant. What she was was seaworthy. The *Ann Marie* smelled like fish. I learned everything there is to know about boats and fishing and the sea and—more—than I wanted to know. More than I wanted to learn. Daddy kept pushing me. And I had to earn the right to sleep with my head on his Daddy chest at night listening to the sound of the waves and the sound of Daddy breathing.

I called him my Sun Dragon. And we were calypso extravaganza dancing on the edge. Healing wounds . . .

If this was a man who was about anything, this man was about expanding limitations, horizons; creating new visions. I got my limits stretched to the breaking point and he broke me and then he broke me again. And again. Two men, one young, one bearded and mature, spending most of their time out in the middle of the Gulf of Mexico, fishing, surviving, the boy learning to trust in the strength and tempered gentleness of the man. I was tired of war. In Daddy I found—life. And storms of fuck. And storms of domination. And my knees were raw because when you go down on your knees in a boat you become naked and raw in your giving.

Vietnam beat the fuck out of me. I respected nothing. I loved nothing. I cared about no one—nada—I was numb. I still have the scars—lots of scars and 47 pieces of lead embedded into me all over me—this was the man who taught me to accept the scars. They're mine and I earned them. Because of this man they are healed and stronger than simple muscle could ever be. This wonderful, silent, caring older man took me in, correcting my arrogance, my indifference, my frozen numbness, teaching me something called respect. Respect for the sea which was our universe. Respect for Daddy, the man I loved. And finally, after three years of living onboard the *Ann Marie*, respect for myself.

Today Daddy has a new wet-behind-the-ears blondboy—an island buck—as his Firstmate. Daddy and his blondboy live onboard the *Ann Marie II*, which is new; does not yet smell of fish nor does she leak. Daddy's new boy and I have a special celebration set up for Daddy when Father's Day comes in June. Gifts from boy-to-man. Of course, Daddy's gift to us is one that can hardly be fathomed, let alone ever repaid. The open sea at midnight, the air, our nakedness, epilogues of burned magnetized male witchery at sunset. Calypso extravaganza. Storms of summer. Storms of fuck. Ravished storms of sexual stamina. This is the man who filled my soul with sustenance.

I am no longer lost.

I have found my center; scarred and toughened, it could not be broken although it could be challenged, it remains my center. This is the man who taught me how to give and then give again. My Sun Dragon.

Daddy . . .