

Is Masturbation Self-Empowerment,
or Are You Just Jerking Yourself Off?

SOLO SEX
Who's Who in J/O Video
A Guide to Surviving
a Hard Day's Night
in the Age of Abstinence

ADAM, *IN-A-GADDA-DA-VIDA*, BABY, WAS THE FIRST SOLO SEX, l-o-n-g before Eve, the original Iron Butterfly, kicked out his rib, bit the apple, and ate us out of house and home. Eve, she say, “YO! Adam! No man is an island!” But Adam—before Eve—was an Island, and he had a great Peninsula! Big enough to have its own zip code. So, long before Adam became the First Daddy, he manhandled it. Solo. So low! So slow! And never was a day he rested.

Sex with the entire bass section of the Moronic Tabernaked Choir might be *Kama Sutra* fun, but Group Sex, including interpersonal, repetitive love with a, forgive the term, “Significant Other,” can never quite satisfy that soulful, organic Itch that lies at the Center of a man’s own Existential Being.

Case in point?

Remember coming home very late from twenty tricks at the baths, and you were still horny in a way that only your own hand could satisfy, stroking strokes and pounding pud e-x-a-c-t-l-y the way you liked. One songwriter was wrong: “One Is the Loneliest Number.” One songwriter was right: “Nobody Does It Better.” *Hair*, you Broadway Babies know, was absolutely right: “Masturbation can be fun. Join the holy orgy Kama Sutra, everyone!”

We’re talking Solo Sex here.

Masturbation. Jerking Off. Strangling the Chicken. Spanking

the Monkey.

“Don’t worry. Be happy.” Not only will you not go blind, you’ll not catch anything else either. Solo Sex is safe sex, unless you’re a split-Gemini schizo-sleazoid scummy enough to turn on yourself. (And you know who you are....) Some sex, say, matrimonial sex for straight Breeders, is procreational; some more progressive sex with others is recreational; sex with yourself is, quite often, meditational and inspirational, and always is periodically necessary. Solo sex, unlike other-directed sex, centers a man’s very private psyche. Go figure the nerve some guys have of trying to make love to someone else when they’ve rarely made passionate existential love to themselves.

MIRROR-FUCKING: THE MATTER AT HAND

Gone with the wind are the days of frantic cruising. Here, for the duration, is the “Golden Age of Solo Sex.” Never underestimate the self-empowerment of taking your dick, like your life, into your hands, and using it. Be independent. Why shouldn’t you be? After all, you’ve got the musical group, JOHNNY PALM AND THE 5 FINGERS, hanging at the end of your wrist. You don’t need to be Arnold Schwarzeneger to know that even irregular iron-pumping builds strength, drive, and, best of all, endurance and a good grip. In addition, Solo Sex can be done anywhere. You don’t have to waste time in bars; and, as Mort Crowley wrote in *The Boys in the Band*, “At least, with masturbation, you don’t have to look your best.”

Acerbic Crowley may be wrong. Sometimes in Solo Sex, especially when you Mirror Trip on your inner/other selves, because you enjoy the transformation of your Visual Self in uniforms, leather, or “just givin’ fuckin’ attitude, man, puffin’ on a big *Seegar*,” you make sure if you’re going to *transdrag*—There’s a new word, boys and guys; can you say, “Transdrag?”—yourself up as Johnny Hubcap, the Grease Monkey, that you look the best the part calls for, be it Captain O’Malley, Monsignor Linotti, the Wichita Lineman, or whatever private perverted Alter Ego you

harbor in your Fetish Image of Yourself.

Mirror-fucking yourself is a most wonderful way not only to visualize your other inner selves, but also gives you clue as to the other ways your face and body would look if you were leading the life of a soldier/cop/priest/construction worker/trucker. Peel off your masks, gentlemen, and reveal all the faces, angelic to demonic, you so soulfully conceal from others.

ELECTRONIC MIRROR-FUCKING

When you party Solo, it's just one small step from fucking yourself in the mirror to fucking the Ultimate Mirror of the video screen where other men, performing Solo, become your Electronic Mirror Fuckbuddies, coaching you to visualize, actualize both your latent, blatant, secret images of yourself and your Ideal Other.

Confess! You may have cum with 5,000 other guys, but, mainly, you've cum a million times by yourself. (Didn't your mother, not knowing what you were doing, ask you to stop blowing your nose in your bedsheets?)

Among the video-best of Solo Sex Mirror-fucking is Colt Studios' *Pumping Oil*, starring the 80's greatest erotic icon, Frank Vickers. Unfortunately, Colt doesn't really shoot videos. Colt shoots silent film and then transfers to video, dubbing in generic soundtrack music only a dentist could love, so you can't hear the drop-dead BB Bombshell Frank *really* groaning while slip-sliding away on his beautiful blond dick. The audio on a video is very important erotically. Dubbed music sucks when compared to the sex sounds of what's actually happening on-screen.

Catch up, Colt! We love you, but you ruined your incredible *Hot Cop* video by making it a duo. Re-cut it; drop the twink; keep the Hot Cop, Brutus, on-screen alone; and re-release it! Plus, your latest "Minute Man" series—each video a mere 12-minute Solo—not only lacks passion, it also looks like it was edited with an MTV Cuisinart. Not to down the classic Colt Studio, so tightly controlled in superbly art-directed photos and mags, but Colt's

videos in no way look like Colt-founder, muscle-meister Jim French, is himself in control of the editing chainsaw-massacre of good footage and great models.

FALLING THROUGH THE VIDEO MIRROR

Your video monitor is more than a screen. It's a mirror. It reflects YOU and your LUST: every time you zap a channel, every time you rent *Prick Up Your Ears*, and especially when you rent or buy adult male videos. You are what you view!

The point is, precisely, video is a nakedly personal medium. You yourself can create at home with a Camcorder and a candle what in the heyday of Hollywood took a crew of 200 to manhandle. High Tech has put Solo Sex erotic-video into the hand of Everyman. That's why so many new video artists, with their intensely personal sexual/fetish visions, have sprung up in the past couple of years to rival the generic studios that for far too long have dictated the "received taste" of what a man on-screen should look like.

Whoever mandated that you had to be a Colt bodybuilder or a William Higgins surfer-modelle to be a Video Stud? The new video artists feature normal, homomasculine guys you actually cruise, catch, and ball with: real people. The New Solo Video gives you access to regular guys, eroticizes the normal Look, and lets you identify man-to-man with guys who actually exist on the street where you live.

SOLO NUTS: BALL BUSTERS

One guy recently sent two tapes of his self-recorded Solo Sex. He's a traveling salesman and spends every night alone, but not lonely, in a different hotel room, videotaping himself, surrounded by decor that ranges from Motel 6 to Hyatt-Regency. His Solo Sex trip is Ball Busting. Nightly, he thumps his nuts, hung over ever-changing bathroom sinks, with rubber mallets, wooden clubs, and Everlast fast-bag boxing gloves, until he shoots from

his sizeable 9-inch cock.

Amazing, Grace!

On the two videos, he must cum 50 times. He's an artist of Solo Sex with the fillip of dropping 18-inch surgical-steel sounds down the head of his dick to the base of his balls, punching them til he shoots. That's a Solo Act hard to follow!

Talk about an audition tape! He got signed up immediately by Palm Drive Video to star solo in the not-yet-released *Ball Puncher!* That's the glory of video. Otherwise-secret Solo Sex can be shared with other men using their video screens as windows, to be coached by the Solo studs on-screen, into pushing out even farther their own envelope of Solo Sex, learning new Solo Sex trips, that, through their High-Tech video partner, become an electronic duo: two guys solo-ing together. If you wanna be a Solo pervert, watch what the master Solo perverts are exhibiting on-screen, sharing Solo Sex with you.

Is Solo Sex lonely?

Does Baryshnikov need a partner?

OLD RELIABLE'S SOLO CUM SCUM

Video genius, Old Reliable, *aka* David Hurles, whose career was launched in *Drummer* which was the only magazine during the Titanic 70's daring enough to publish and publicize OR's tough, young, street hustlers performing Solo Sex, creates his videos like a symphony in three movements. First, the always-muscular young thugs strip off their clothes, oil up their naked bodies, and grind out tough muscle poses. Second, because they all inevitably know boxing and karate, they flex and shadow-box with the camera, free-styling into kicks and punches and hot licks, inter-actively right into the camera lens, which means, right into your face, fucker! Third, they lay back on Old Reliable's trademark couches on Old Reliable's trademark towels for an Old Reliable trademark cumshot. (Video fans can carbon-date Old Reliable's videos—and his success—as his couches change from early Salvation Army to post-modern Furnishings 2000!)

Depending on the verbal ability of the “talent,” OR’s Solo Studs talk real mean-and-nasty verbal abuse to the camera. Hurles’ formula works. Even though he makes the same video over and over--his idea of “going on location” is moving his camera from the living room to the dining room, each new shoot is refreshed by the New Meat the streets of Hollywood offer up singing, “Love for Sale.”

If you dig young, tough, tattooed, hyper-urban street trash, recently graduated from the best juvenile halls in Republicanamericana, you’ll cream over Old Reliable’s Solo Sex videos. His Ultimate Personal Best Solo Video is the exquisite, *I, Rick*, followed by *Five Days with Phil*, and his recent *Someone’s Sons*, an anthology video featuring five young studs each Solo.

As critic-writer Boyd MacDonald has observed, Old Reliable gives you access on video to types “you’d never dare invite into your lovely home.” But caged behind the video screen, these Solo Performance Artists, directed by the ever-seductive on-screen voice of the personable artist Hurles, are totally safe and wondrously satisfying examples of classic Solo Sex videos.

However, Old Reliable’s appeal can also, for some, be his drawback: his models, all of whom claim to be “straight,” and, well, maybe, “bi,” are statistically about 21 to 25 years old. If you prefer grown-up men with some mileage on their tits and some experience in their face, you’ll need to balance OR’s offerings from other video studios. But, thank your stars, Hurles shoots, with all the cool of a tenured university anthropologist, a stratum of Solo Sex no one tapes better.

In the matter of “balance,” you’ll find the trade of talent between studios quite interesting. For instance, one of Old Reliable’s blonds becomes a Palm Drive Video stud, just as J. D. Slater performs for Chris Rage and Wakefield Poole (Solo in Wake’s *1-2-3*), which is great, because you get a Star Stud interpreted by a variety of video directors.

In fact, these new studios—Zeus, for instance, working with B. G. Enterprises—often trade talent behind the camera as well. Old Reliable’s duo Solo, the classic hillbilly-sex video, *The Adams*

Brothers, (real Adams-Family half-brothers both hung with 10 Appalachian inches), was actually shot by Palm Drive Video who released the video through Old Reliable. The revelation here is that, yes, two guys on camera *can* perform Solo, side-by-side, when directed to pay more inter-active attention to you than to each other: sort of a 3-way Solo Circle Jerk.

BONDAGE SOLOS: ZEUS IS LOOSE!

When it comes to Solo Sex video, Zeus Studios, a longtime pro in mags and photo packs, has in the last year positively bloomed into Solo Heroic Bondage videos. *The Tightropes Series* tapes are all masterful marriages of B-O-N-D-A-G-E-&-M-U-S-C-L-E posing. If you get off on handsome fuckers like juicy Buddy Justice and hunky Scott Answer tied to a wooden post, straining, steaming, dripping sweat, cursing, and popping veins and muscle, in jockstrap and then naked, before your very eyes, you may have to reset your Pacemaker.

Zeus harkens back to the Hollywood movies where the hero, from Alan Ladd and Victor Mature to Steve Reeves and, most recently, Blond-Bear John (*Dukes of Hazard*) Schneider, always spend half the last reel, stripped half-naked, straining in bondage. Marrying that Solo Bondage concept to the Solo-Posing of a competitive Bodybuilder-on-Stage, Zeus's chemistry is Triple A-Bomb shit!

In a physique contest, fans go crazy as the muscle hunk, glistening Solo, oiled on the posing dais, strains, like some Prometheus Bound, against invisible restraints. When Zeus's Mikal Bales, not nicknamed "Daddy Tightropes" for nothing, invites well-built, muscle hunks into his Bondage Video Studio, you get to see the essence—no, the *quintessence*—of a whole new phenom: HEROIC MUSCLE-BONDAGE PERFORMANCE ART.

Bales knows less is more. And he feasts on it!

The fantasies that cross your mind while you watch his Solo Bodybuilders, bound hand and foot, panting, breathing, sweating,

straining to full pump and vascularity against the bondage, are probably best not mentioned to your shrink. Plus, Zeus's type of man, unlike Old Reliable's low-rent street trash, is more genuinely, as it should be for a studio daring to call itself *Zeus*, more near to the classical Greek Ideal—if Greece is in the wild WEHO of West Hollywood.

Can we talk?

If you've ever wanted to, consensually, of course, kidnap a college jock, capture a muscular soldier, or abduct the hunk of your dreams, Zeus's Solo Sex Bondage videos will make your Solo Sex seance in the privacy of your video room a Pasolini Festival of Sensual Delights. Zeus's Solo videos, centered on muscle-bondage, are not centered, as much as Old Reliable's are, around the model's own cuming.

Zeus provides the set-up for the only cuming that matters: *yours!*

The Zeus formula—hot bods in “Designer” (interpret that word in its best sense) Bondage works—even with variation. Occasionally, disconnected hands stroke the pecs, abs, thighs, butts, balls, and dicks of the bound muscle heroes. Believe me, you are *there!* Those disconnected hands become your hands! Zeus knows how to focus its material precisely, and, for those viewers who absolutely need cum shots, Zeus provides enough on-screen jerking off and cuming to satisfy the dick-centered viewer without getting in the way of the “purist rope-n-muscle” viewer who is especially hot and hungry for Solo Heroic Muscle Bondage.

What a genre! It's genuinely original, fresh, and new!

Everything that rises must converge, and Zeus's mix of rope-and-muscle-resistance is a most harmonic convergence! Actually, as Erotic Performance Art, Zeus exhibits Solo Sex video genius!

WARHOL, ATHLETIC MODEL GUILD, & *PHYSIQUE*
PICTORIAL

The legendary Athletic Model Guild, started in El Lay during

WWII, by the Father of Solo Sex Entertainment. Bob Mizer, who created the art form of the Solo-Stud-on-Screen on his then state-of-the-art 8mm film loops, and finally Super-8. (Not that Muybridge and Thomas Edison didn't try it first!) Mizer is still going strong on video with solos, although he varies the Solo form, as does Old Reliable, whose mentor Mizer is, with his duo wrestling videos.

For you art lovers and gay historians, the lineage from Bob Mizer to Andy Warhol's underground movies is clearly evident in Warhol's unforgettable "Solo" film, *Blow Job* (1964), where all you see on-screen is the upper torso and face of the NYC stud who is obviously being serviced below camera range. Always a politically active crusader for free speech, pioneer Mizer is probably best known for his one-handed art 'zine, *Physique Pictorial*, basically a hot J/O catalog of AMG's Solo video studs.

PETER BERLIN

Through the world's greatest leather-rubber fetish photographer, who was also once one of the great loves of my life, the wicked, wicked Robert Mapplethorpe, I met and interviewed Peter Berlin, who, if ever there was a Narcissus of Solo Sex, is the winner. For years, the reclusive, blond, sylphlike Berlin has sold Solo Sex movies and videos of himself, shot by himself, oftentimes featuring himself jerking off with/against himself on screen. As far as I know, Berlin has rarely shot another model, and has turned his own image, with his own camera, into an esthetically, and one trusts, financially successful cottage industry of Solo Sex. Peter Berlin, in—Move over, Marlo Thomas!—*That Boy* and his tour-de-force, *Night in Black Leather*, is total symbol of the high-flying Solo Sex Act of Man Alone, of Man as Island, of Man Totally Sexually Self-Absorbed.

CHRIS RAGE AND FRANK VICKERS

Opposite to Berlin's two-ply self-absorbancy, foursquare

stands Christopher Rage's videos starring Frank Vickers. New Yorker Vickers, frequent Colt Model, is direct contrast to the German Peter Berlin. While Peter, the Black Leather Narcissus, gives no screen indication that any other peter exists but his, Vickers, as created more huge than life by the outrageous Rage (himself named in homage to Kenneth Anger), performs his Solo Sex on himself, but yet he always seems to be strutting his stuff inter-actively for you.

In some of the *Worship!* video episodes, Vickers is entirely self-absorbed by his own muscle and beauty. In others, he watches construction workers from behind Venetian blinds, and pounds his pud. But, always, the truly altruistic exhibitionist Frank Vickers, whose blond muscle Zeus should tie up as only Zeus can do, acknowledges real recognition of you watching him knock off his Solo nut. Now that would be a triangular trade of talent: Vickers as Colt model; Vickers as Rage model; Vickers as Zeus model!

God knows I'd shoot him formally at Palm Drive, because very early on I actually did photograph him on video in 1982 when he at age 19, way before porno stardom, appeared in the line-up of a physique contest at Dolores High School in San Francisco. He was so hot I couldn't take my camera off him. Later, after he posed for my lover Robert Mapplethorpe, whom he hated, he gave me one of his own personal photos of himself to publish on the cover of my fiction anthology, *Stand by Your Man & Other One-Handed, Two-Fisted Stories* (Amazon.com).

Frank Vickers is not only a handsome, blond, NYC bodybuilder; he's a *nasty* all-of-the-above, and the perfect Solo Sex Archetype for any and every leatherman with sense enough to worship what Gods he finds before himself--including himself. Small wonder, the canny Rage titles Vicker's best Solo Sex video, simply, *Worship!* (Buy it! Rent it! And worship you will!) Frank Vickers is the kind of guy who makes you crawl on your knees to lick the screen.

SOLO SEX IS NOW: STARS LOOK IN YOUR EYES

The roster of erotic stars who participated, quite innocently, in orgiastic sex videos—before any of us knew better—reads, unfortunately like the Tibetan *Book of the Dead*. Today’s erotic stars, like Superstud Keith Ardent in *9-Inch Pec Stud in Black Rubber* (Drummer 118 cover-man and lead feature), much prefer Solo Sex on-screen appearances. So concerned with safe, but *extreme*, performance is the ardent Mr. Ardent that he approached Palm Drive Video, a 3-year-old studio that specializes in Solo Sex almost exclusively.

In variations on the Solo theme, duos sometimes rule. For instance in PDV’s boxing hit, *Gut Punchers*—because a *puncher* needs a *punchee*—the duo of El Lay’s Dan DuFort and Gino Deddino collide. Even so, at least half the video is the drop-dead handsome Gino gut-punching himself over with Solo Sex self-inflicted Everlast punches! Gino, like Keith, is one of those oh-so-talented Solo Sex artists who can, within the infinity of Solo Video, do a “Figure 8” on an ice cube!) The best-selling *Gut Punchers* was the world’s first gut-punching video, and did much to popularize abdominal/gut punching as a safe-sex alternative off-screen. Gay video is often a teaching tool.

Palm Drive’s roster of videos, in fact, is a veritable catalog of Solo Sex. As inter-active as are the videos of Old Reliable, PDV takes Inter-Action to new depths. *Inter-active* means that the solo stud on-screen looks directly into the camera lens which means he looks directly out of the screen into your face. *Inter-active* means he talks all kinds of verbal trash directly into your ears, as in PDV’s *Thrasher*, *Nasty Blond Carpenter J/O*, or *Redneck Cowboy Hellbent for Leather*; or, in another style, he seductively whispers you in to lick and worship his hairy muscles as does Drummer Daddy, Dave Gold, in *Dave Gold’s Gym Workout*. (For Fritscher photos of Dave Gold, see Drummer 117, June 1988, “The Daddies Issue,” as well as Drummer 204, June 1997.)

Palm Drive’s Solo Sex videos recently became a “hot item,” in these safe-sex days, when San Francisco’s syndicated CBS-TV talkshow, the ever-titillating *People Are Talking*, came calling.

Dave Gold was invited by co-host Ann Fraser to appear as a Solo Sex, therefore, Safe-Sex, Video Star who, working with this new concept, was both proud of his erotic art videos and articulate enough to talk live to a studio audience about the joy and common sense of Solo Sex.

The efforts of Palm Drive Video, like Zeus and Old Reliable, are much like Gable and Lombard, stars who stumped the USA selling bonds to help the war effort. Solo Sex videos truly, creatively, help the war effort on AIDS, precisely because they entertainingly keep the viewers off the streets away from unsafe temptation while they offer both instructional and dramatic introduction as to how other guys inventively perform Solo Sex by themselves as healthy Home Video Alternative to taking unnecessary chances on love in the bushes. Who says erotic art video, same as all the informational Desmondus publications, can't also raise public consciousness on medical and political issues?

Solo Sex videos are, as a manner of High Concept, safe-sex primers. Just as James Joyce in the once-banned *Ulysses* introduced the shocking Molly Bloom in the world's best-written Solo Sex scene, so do today's videos and mags carry the banner for continually surprising viewers and readers by celebrating the joys of Solo Sex.

THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT TONIGHT!

When the video model inter-actively relates to you, the viewer, you get yourself a High-Tech safe-sex, very intense partner for the nights when you might otherwise be tempted to cruise out high-risk. Solo Sex videos are, to be clinical, a nice alternative-psychological sex-trip absolutely correct for both the duration of this Viral War as well as for the duty each of us has to ourselves for sexual/sensual self-reintegration.

When you're fed up with too much inter-personal sex, sometimes too often with the madding crowd of sexual vampires, who suck your soul and give you nothing, or when you're just plain horny, a good session with a Solo Sex video can keep you

happy at home, and let your hand satisfy you—body and soul—safely, and, as with all masturbation, better than any one else. If that isn't a psycho-social High-Tech service provided by video artists and models to help you make it through the dark night of AIDS, nothing is. These Solo Sex studios are responding fast to answer a definite need in the homomale psyche that ranges from Solo Vanilla J/O to Solo S&M. Do yourself a favor. Get current. Write to all these studios for their free catalogs.

SOLO SEX AS SELF-WORTH: GUILTLESS PLEASURE

Frankly, I grew tired of watching gorgeously untouchable models fuck each other paying no mind to me jerking my meat on the couch. I grew even more bored viewing those 3 million cliched videos of two 19-year-old blonds fucking each other around El Lay pools. After multi-hours of viewing, I realized that one's self-esteem seems actually diminished when you are reduced merely to voyeur whom the super-hot actors completely ignore, as if you're not hot, handsome, and hung enough for them to pay you the same sexual respect you pay them in worshipping their bodies.

This way, faster than you can say, "Fassbinder," lies despair.

Besides, watching old videos from before this Safe-Sex Era, does two things to the viewer: 1) tempts you to go ahead and continue doing in tonight's life what is being done on-screen in a 10-year-old video; 2) causes you to torture yourself with nostalgia by watching what you can't any longer do, agonizing over the lost past and lost friends, and wondering why, with all the wild shit you did do, you're still alive.

Who but a clinically masochistic fool would subject himself to such a twisted, sad, gone-with-the-wind headtrip? Many viewers, understandably, not wanting to be bummed out, refuse to watch old pre-safe-sex videos, just as the new erotic stars refuse to make them. The new safe-sex programming in our heads more often than not causes, not a hardon, but a revulsion that churns in one's guts. Not to be a downer, but who wants to watch the wonderful

Casey Donovan performing the viral acts that killed him? It's like living at the scene of an accident.

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT OF ABSTINENCE

Solo Sex, while it turns its creative back on the past, both looks to the inventive Future, and is very *now*! Solo Sex video provides an emotional and sexual alternative release for all us former night-crawling manimals who are overheated and under-ventilated during, this, our hard day's night of abstinence and celibacy.

That's why Solo Sex is currently at the apex of popularity. The man on screen looks at you, talks to you, spits at you, drinks beer and smokes cigars with you, pals around with you, teases you with his cock/fist/tits/butthole/muscle, invites you to try his whips and chains, and shoots his load directly at you.

Rewind.

At you.

Freeze Frame.

At you.

Inter-active Solo-Sex video actors are hot pardners, pal, ordering you to crawl on your knees across the floor and lick the video screen, because the Solo Sex star knows his purpose is *to be there for YOU*, as a person, as a man, joining him in Solo Sex. No longer do you have to be a left-out dweeb, hiding in the bushes, watching two sex-gods gobble each other, leaving you feeling like a dirty old man, like a voyeur in the video bushes.

SPECIALTY FETISHES: BEARS

Solo Sex video, infinitely inventive, tends to get heavier into fetishes than do the multiple pre-safe-sex videos that succeeded simply by employing casts of thousands: so many guys on-screen, you lost track of whose dick was in whose butt. And talk about fetishes! When Professional Wrestler Chris Colt decided to "come out," for instance, he called Palm Drive, because, he has always,

as a performer in the squared circle, considered himself a Solo act. What Chris Colt does in PDV's *Uncut 8-Inch Pro-Wrestler* is turbo-charge into High Sex J/O with the crowd-baiting shouting and macho-bravado that so many of us love to watch wrestlers, like Billy Jack, Rick Rude, and the Road Warriors, engage in, attacking the camera, between bouts.

When you want men, do you want the real thing? Whether he's a real professional wrestler like Chris Colt, or a real carpenter, or just a real ordinary night-time sex-maniac, a guy, Solo, jerking off on-screen, talking nasty will peel away all his masks and give you his real guts, his real soul, and a titanic night to remember!

Solo Sex can get very fetish-specific. Try COA Enterprises' hairy bear videos, especially the multiple Solos in *Live Bear*. Try Old Reliable's or Palm Drive's cigar-fetish videos. If you're into cigars, sample carefully Florida's Bicoastal Enterprises cigar videos. Bicoastal, while it has the worst camera-work and editing this side of Bob Jones' videos, nevertheless has access to some very hot and authentic men.

If, as in the case of PDV's pro-wrestler Chris Colt, you're into Solo wrestlers, or even Solo turns by grapplers in pairs, who then Solo-strut their stuff and beat their meat, try B.G. Enterprises' and Old Reliable's wrestling videos. B.G.'s new Solo series, *Muscle Showcase*, is to masturbation what nitro is to glycerine. For bondage and muscle: pray to Zeus. For the widest range of fetishes from tits and cigars to grease and leather/rubber, try Palm Drive. For *uncut* meat Solos, check out The Daddy of the Uncut, Joe Tiffenbach's, *Foreskin Stokers*. Every studio has a Solo Sex fetish-specific video for someone. All you have to do is find your match in this new Solo Sex genre which, because necessity is the father of invention, has been spawned politically by the Meese Commission, medically, by safe-sex guidelines, and psychologically by a man's own need to do it Solo himself.

Suck-Fuck duo-videos have melted away under the new tropical heat wave of Solo Sex Fetish videos that are, by their very *intense, personal* nature, of much greater fetish interest to

Drummer men than William Higgins and J. Brian, each brilliant in their own summer-blond twinkoid way. (Don't misunderstand. Higgins and Brian are/were experts at their chicken-lickin' product, but they wouldn't allow either a fetish, or a grown-up mature Fetish Manbear Leatherman, on-screen if he sat on them and farted "Dixie.")

BEST SOLO SEX VIDEOS

Fuck Ebert and Siskel, and, please, assassinate the wimpy Leonard Maltin. You always have to be your own best critic of anything: what you hear, what you view, and even what you read here. Don't trust nobody, bud, in a country where the government practices dispensing disinformation to its taxpayers.

However, if you're a *Drummer* man yourself, as much as the super-delicious new Mr. *Drummer*, 1989, Ron Zehel, you may find the rhythms of your drum-beat-offs best reflected in the following very subjective list, which is an addendum to the titles already mentioned above. At least, if you've never viewed a Solo Sex video, you'll have here, complements of *Drummer*, a guide to begin the Solo Beguine.

THE HOT SOLO VIDEO HIT LIST 1988

1. Chris Rage's *Worship!*, starring Frank Vickers
2. Zeus's *Tightropes 1*, starring Tyler Stetson and Brian Baxter; *Tightropes 2*, starring Buddy Justice and Black Buck Gibson; and *Tightropes 3*, starring "The Golden Greek," Tony Mykos and the Super-Tit Blond, Scott Answer
3. Palm Drive Video's, *Tit Animal: Sex My Father Taught Me* (*Drummer* 121), starring Jason Steele; *Cigar Blues 1* (5 guys/5 Solo J/O cigars) and *Cigar Blues 3: Tony Shenton and the Hot Ash Club Men*; *Big Hairly Bruno*; and Blond Bomber Bodybuilder, Sonny Butts, in both *Muscle Heat* and *9-Inch Muscle Hardon*
4. Old Reliable's masterwork, *I, Rick*, plus, at least 30 more

anthology Solo videos, like *Someone's Sons*, *The Guy Next Door*, or *Hairy Guys*

5. B.G. Enterprises hot, *new* Solo series, *Muscle Showcase*, plus any B.G. title starring Wrestler Kid Leopard, who, like a star ballet dancer, usually manages to steal a Star-Turn Solo no matter who else is on-screen
6. Terry Photo Muscle Body Video (not X-rated, but very Solo bodybuilders exhibiting themselves.) Also the studio, Video Action, Muscle Contest Video, (again, not X-rated, but tons of 220-pound bodybuilders stuffed into 2-ounce nylon posing briefs)
7. Colt Studio's, *Pumping Oil*, starring Frank Vickers
9. Peter Berlin, the artsy *That Boy* and *Night in Black Leather*
10. Richard Bulger's *Bear Magazine*, COA Enterprises, featuring very hairy, bearded guys in *Live Bear* (10 Solos), as well as in the continuing series *Bearshot Solos*
11. Joe Tiffenbach/Bud Berkeley's Solo *Foreskin Stokers*
12. Michael Goodwin's Goodjac series, which, in among multiple dudes on-screen, manages frequently enough to feature some excellent Solo-Action sequences.

For addresses for these studios' free brochures, read the display ads and video classifieds in *Drummer*. Support your gay artists!

A PARTY OF ONE

When you wanna party *solo*, the above very subjective list is a real Dirty Dozen: a one-handed fistful of Solo Sex video. So get out your leather hood, your tit clamps, your butt plug, your handcuffs, and alls-your-alls for getting off, and don't forget to put a towel between your can of grease and your remote control for your VCR.

"Don't worry. Be happy."

This is Ground Control to Major Dick Solo, checking out!

DESMODUS FOR SOLO-SEX

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