

AN ALTERNATE PUBLICATION FOR MEN

MANHOOD RITUALS

NOW
MORE
THAN EVER
A BARGAIN
AT ONLY

6⁹⁵

JACK FRITSCHER
EXPLODING
CIGAR BLUES

Ralf Konig
KONRAD &
PAUL COMICS

Christopher Rosalie
THE ULTIMATE RIDE

Olmo Jones
HOT RODS

Cavello
CENTERSPREAD

Robert Payne
INTERVIEW FROM HELL

Jeff Kincaid's OFFICER DICK
and the Mechanical Bull

STRIP DOWN
AND GET
WITH IT!



ISSUE 3

An ALTERNATE Publication for MEN

MANHOOD RITUALS



EVEN VERSACE SUPER MODELS TAKE TO CIGARS PAGE 4

IT'S LIKE DEJA VU ALL OVER AGAIN.

WE HAVE BEEN POURING THROUGH the first 100 issues of *Drummer*, not so much to lift, or re-live, but to check what to seek out, what worked and what to avoid duplicating. It is not a simple task but one pleasantly filled with powerful memories of other times and people and circumstances.

We even looked up our third issue of *Drummer* which might have been no great shakes by today's publishing standards but, considering that there was no one else doing it, issue #3 wasn't so bad. A new film "*Born To Raise Hell*" had just come out and because of it we met **Val Martin**. **Bob Opel** was alive and well as one of our featured writers. His *Fey Way art gallery* and tragic death was far away. We included a center spread by **Bud** along with a first fold out poster from **Target Studio**. **Robert Payne** reported on the **L.A.P.D.'s celebrated Black Pipe Bar** raid, a harbinger of things to come. **Jeannie Barney** answered our problems in her "*Smoke From Jeannie's Lamp*." **Larry's** on Melrose was the hot bar in L.A. and the ground-breaking **Pleasure Chest** had opened on La Brea. In issue three we began our first blood-curdling serial called "*Five in the*



Trainer's Room" by **Scott Masters**.

Yet to appear were our first four-color cover, **Val Martin** as the first **Mr. Drummer**, **John Preston's Mr. Benson**, **George Birimisa's S&M Gym**, our own **L.A.P.D. Great Slave Auction raid**, the move to San Francisco, a half dozen other titles like *Alternate*, *Mach*, *Care & Training of the Male Slave*, *Manifest*, *FQ*, long prior to the present day **MRs**.

There has been a lot of water under any number of bridges, and for furthering the leather scene as we now know it inestimable cattle et al. have given up their hides since. There have also been a lot of planning, writing, illustrating, photographing, flesh and soul-baring to that end.

Who would have thought we'd be pasting another issue #3 together so many years and so many people later. There are too many of those wonderful people we'd like to send a copy of this one to, were they still around.

John H. Embry

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BOOTS and the Man!

PAGE 75

*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!*

Roadcylffe Hall

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A woman is only a woman but a good cigar is a smoke. It can be more.

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What this country needs is a good 5c fetish!

JACK FRITSCHER

PHOTOGRAPHS / PALM DRIVE VIDEO

President Clinton knows the answer to the question: "What's longer than a man's dick and thicker than a Texas finger?"

Answer: Cigars! Coronas, Panatellas, Maduros. Advertising, and movie villains, dictate that a man doesn't smoke his cigar—he uses it...for sex appeal and torturous threats! Oval Office Politics teaches that for added zest you shove your stogie up a pussy or up a butthole. Question: So, along with boots, a down-filled vest, and a CAT ballcap, what goes best with an open beer can in the cab of your Arkansas buddy's new 4-wheel pickup? Answer: a good-tasting, aggressive cigar bit down hard between a hard-driving man's teeth. Stick an unlit stogie in your mouth while you read and see what happens to your dick.

Some guys, pre-Clinton, never thought of cigars as erotic. They ought to think again while they whistle "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes." Some guys say, "Cigars? Never." Today's never is next Saturday night's fetish. When you think about it, what besides cock better fits a leather/western/uniform man's face? Cigars, as symbols and for real, are pleasures the sensual hardass man can use for a very good olfactory time.

NONSMOKERS' SURPRISE

In their first cigar encounter, even guys who smoke nothing but grass end up surprised that their nose has a sensuality beyond sweat, smegma, and poppers. A cigar, experienced from inside a scene, is a totally differ-



The exploding CIGAR Blues!

ent trip from the cigar your dad smoked in your family's old Studebaker with the windows rolled up. (Depending on your particular fetish: maybe not totally.) When you're a man, you put away the attitudes of a child. You're not afraid to sophisticate your head.

VERSACE KNEW
NAKED YOUNG MEN,
SMOKING CIGARS,
SELLS UNDERWEAR!

Cigars actually taste and smell terrific when the right man seduces you into their pleasures. Give a cigar a go once. Forever after you'll get hard fast at the sight of a young, blond trucker stopped at a traffic light with a butt clamped in his perfect white redneck teeth. You'll feel a deeper urge when you watch fresh USMC meatloaves strutting down the boulevards of Oceanside celebrating their first leave by treating each other to some hot-buddy cigars. And then there's those locker-room jocks jawin' down on an **A & C Grenadier**.

QUARTERBACK'S BUTT IN GEAR

Once upon a time, Oakland Raiders quarterback **Kenny Stabler** said: "Cigars are for victories. At least that's how it seems to me. Because I've never felt like smoking a cigar after losing a game. No matter how far ahead we were at half time, I could never light a cigar up before the game was over. That would be too cocky [Stabler's word] even for me. Since I've been playing pro ball, I've smoked a lot. I'll tell you true, a cigar's one beautiful smoke."

Stabler, like **Arnold Schwarzenegger**, could sell his cigar butts mail-order. Actually, these millennial days when the mag *Cigar Aficionado*, with color covers of actual cigar smokers smoking cigars (everyone from **JFK** to **Linda Evangelista** to the ever-lovely Chuck Norris), is in every NFL locker room, American athletes don't find their uniforms complete without a good supply of illegal Cuban cigars. You can even meet pro-athletes in San Diego at one of the many cigar shops where Cuban emigres sit and hand-roll some of the most delicious seegars you're ever gonna smoke. These hand-rolled cigar shops, appearing now in cities across the U.S., are a beneficent sign of the Hispanicizing of American culture. Blow that smoke out your ass!

COP CIGARS: MATT DAMON + BEN AFFLECK

One cop-freak in Minnesota Governor Jesse Ventura's Minneapolis, which has the most handsome young foot patrol in the USA, hangs out in coffee shops frequented by the best blue knights. Despite the Nursie White Orthopedic Shoes of the Politically Correct Faddists, hard young cops are as partial as homosensualists to cigars these days. Some of them swing out of their squad cars with half-smoked butts in their faces. They drop into a diner, order some coffee, lay their cigars in their ashtray when the food arrives, eat, and half the time, leave with their butts abandoned.

The cop-freak eases past their booth and scoops up the genuine, authentic cop-butts. Authenticity, before all, is the essence of any true fetish.

At home, he bags the butts in his *Seal-a-Meal*, storing the baggies for a good night's fetish jerk-off: rubbing the cigars on his cock and balls, shoving them up his ass, wetting them





into his dark and hairy chest.

Perhaps, the cop, somewhere off in the night, feels an energy charge rush down his spine. He is, after all, the backup receiver of the fetish communication.

"Cigars," one man says, "are my main turn-on. I've been smoking cigars off and on since I was 14. The first hard-on and jackoff session I ever had was from watching a good-looking actor on a TV program smoke a cigar. The sight of a straight guy, like **Chuck Norris** or **Nick Nolte**, or especially, **Matt Damon** or **Ben Affleck**, with a cigar in his mouth and several more big ones sticking out of his shirt pocket never fails to get my cock stiff. I can get turned on just standing in front of a cigar counter watching what kind of guy buys what kind of cigar. Cigars are a whole expressive attitude. Sometimes I light up a cigar and stand in front of the mirror and jerk off."

The man smiles a grin of bone-deep satisfaction. "I like big, thick, long cigars: maduros, emperors, coronas, and magnates. My cigar-smoking sex is with a partner who also turns on this way: rolling a cigar in my mouth that's been up his ass and vice versa; licking the spit off his cigar after he's rolled it in his mouth; transferring a cigar back and forth from his mouth to mine while we smoke it, inhale, and kiss each other man-to-man with mouths full of smoke. Get the drift?"

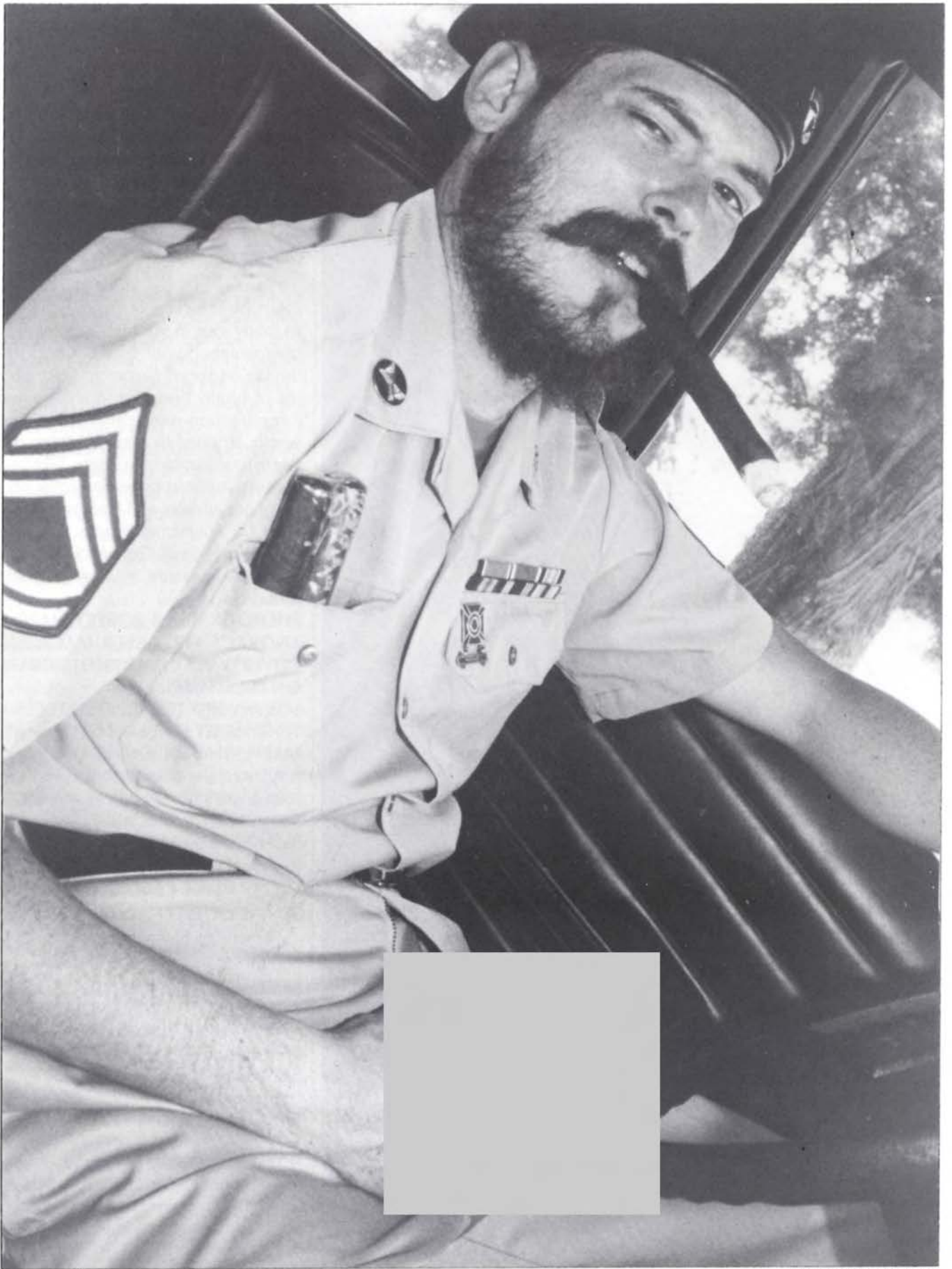
MEAN TOKERS

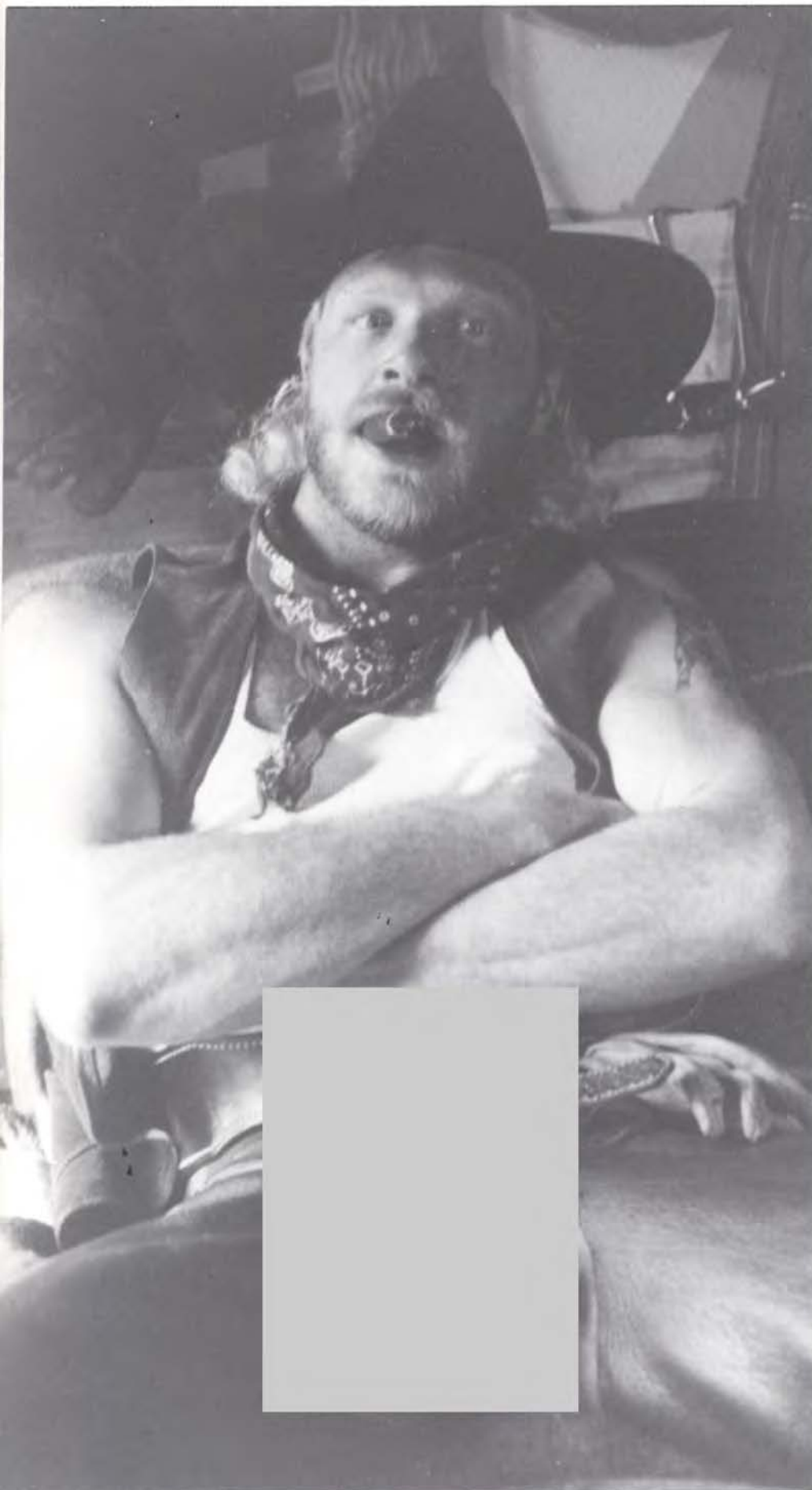
Any scene you can think of, you can bet some guy somewhere is beating off to it. All you gotta do is find him. Some tokers are natural takers. Smoking is, after all, the last taboo. Smoking is essentially an aggressive act by people pushy enough to light up little fires, and blow breathy smoke, in public places. Try it in the bars, restaurants, and hotels of California, and you'll get arrested, most likely by two cigar-smoking cops. Go figure.

You can place a Cigar Classified in *Mach* or *Manhood Rituals* or read Tony Shenton's *Hot Ash Cigar Club Newsletter*. You'll definitely get lucky. Check this out: Two cigar-buddies wrote wanton ads and the best filth of the homomacho world beat a path to their doors.

#W/M jock, 27, good-looking cigar smoker, wants submissive males 25-50 to light my fire, lick my grimy boots, pig







out on my sweaty asshole. Into uniforms, with stogie, with heavy humiliation. Beg for my sweaty pits. Suck my cum-filled jock. Eat my butts. Be my ash-tray.

#Oiled bodybuilder seeks mutual macho cigar lover to puff away while I pose for you as I smoke a big, fat cigar. Into mutual oil, cigar, and muscle scene. Not usually heavy SM, but will stub butt out on willing butt of very willing depraved muscle slave.

Is this why **Newman** and **Redford** once smoked cigars in *The Sting* and why many 90s gay video stars smoke cigars while fucking or fisting? Is this why so many men in 90s media prefer to be photographed with cigars? Check out the fabled *Sports Illustrated* color photos of blond beefcake football player turned action-movie star, **Brian Bosworth**, stripped to a towel, sitting in a steam room, smoking a stogie. Take your scissors and start collecting color photos of pro athletes and Hollywood stars from *US Magazine*, *People*, *Entertainment Weekly*, and *Cigar Aficionado*. Cigars are a measure of image. Attitude. And dick!

PHOTOGRAPHER ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE'S FIRST-EVER MAGAZINE COVER WAS A CIGAR PHOTOGRAPH ON DRUMMER...

SO WHY DID TOBACCO STATE SENATOR JESSE HELMS SO HATE MAPPLETHORPE AND LEATHER?

Any erotically adventurous homo-sensualist will say: "If you can name anything I haven't done, it's only because I haven't had the time—yet!" So get thee to a cigar shop!

**CIGARS LIKE CHAMPAGNE:
AN ACQUIRED TASTE**

Sometimes having a secret fetish is a lot like being a closet case. For a long, lonely time you're the only freak in the world. Then comes the night you discover a buddy who, in the deep of the dark and the heat of his passion, confesses to a kink as closeted as yours. And there you are: Instant Brothers. No longer alone and feeling weird.

Sometimes a guy has a great story on why a certain fetish intrigues the hell out of him. One of the most honest is a California biker who does a cigar "take" worthy of a man who has the courage of his perversion.

"I'm a totally dedicated cigar freak. Right now I'm smoking my favorite—Garcia y Vega Gran Premio. It's the biggest, best-tasting cigar I've found yet, but I keep looking for bigger ones that have as good or better flavor. I can smoke these motherfuckers all day long, and frequently do.

"I was into cigars before I was out of grammar school. My folks owned a drug store in San Jose then, so getting them was no problem. I used to have a couple of buddies who smoked with me, but for some reason I had sense enough to now that it was just a teenage kick for them while I was getting sexually turned on. By the time I was a senior in high school, I was shoving them up my ass and smoking them while I jacked off.

"Then I moved to Vacaville, got my first Harley, and used to get my kicks by having a few beers and riding the Harley through town with a big cigar in my mouth and pissing in my Levi's as I went along. In case you haven't guessed, I'm also a piss freak!

"I have a friend who is also into smoking Gran Premios and when we get together, he usually wears only boots, chaps, and a leather vest. He likes to smoke cigars and drink beer while I play with him. He's a real professional cigar smoker—really digs it and does it well. I love to watch him smoke, and he knows it and loves to be watched. (He also has a bike and likes to ride around with a big cigar in his mouth to attract attention.) By the time he has finished three half-pints of beer (I get it second-hand), he is usually pretty far down in his second cigar, and he likes to fuck me in the ass while he finishes the second cigar. He chews the ends, rolls the cigars around in his mouth, inhales—really turns my ass inside out just watching him. He also likes to flick the hot ashes on me, spit tobacco juice on me, belch while I'm kissing him, and fart while I'm rimming him.

"Then we switch roles and I do the same thing to him. We have talked about getting into pinches of snuff but haven't done it yet. Have to leave something to look forward to, like, maybe when we ride up to Elko, Nevada, in January for the snuff-sucking cowboys at the Cowboy Poetry Festival.

(CIGARS continued on page 58)

Opposite: Redneck cigar enthusiast with a similar size rod to match smiles for PALM DRIVE'S JACK FRITSCHER.

Above: An assembled collection of cigar smoking VERSACE super-models light up for some bare-chested puffs.

Continued from page 8

I know a few other guys who are into smoking cigars that have been up someone's ass, but not too many.

"I can turn on to any kind of sex with a guy into cigars, whether he is smoking them, I am, or both of us are. I dig being fucked while smoking a cigar, especially if the guy doing the fucking is smoking one, too. And the other way around is just as good. I like to suck off a cigar smoker, and dig getting sucked off while smoking.

MY FANTASY IS

A MAN SMOKING 2 OR 3 CIGARS ALL AT THE SAME TIME.

"I have met some guys who are into smoking two or more cigars at a time. This can be a fuckin' turn-on too, like in the S&M cigar video, *Buck's Bunkhouse*.

"In addition to big, fat cigars, I like the really long, slender ones. I also personally prefer the dark ones to the lighter ones, but I'm not that particular. Any cigar smoker turns me on. Age, race, build, whatever are all immaterial if the dude is into cigars. I have to admit it's a fuckin' turn-on to see a young dude puffin' on a stogie, though!"

Typically, for a homosensualist, the fetish item itself is preferred to actual flesh. In actuality some men do not hold up too well when pressed. Very often they cannot, or will not, deliver in action what they promise in fetish attitude.

BISEXUAL BLOWS GAYS SMOKE

When I asked my oiled bodybuilder for some leads on a mutual cigar smoker, he recommended a hot and free-swinging bi-guy in Southern California. We met in Hermosa Beach at that seaside restaurant where supposedly in prehistoric times Leonard Cohen saw Suzanne take his hand. In that mixed crowd, alone in a corner booth, Macanudo Mac told how cigars were his only connection to gay activity.

"I suppose I can be honest in saying I am a little frustrated in trying to satisfy my fantasies and sometimes I feel like I'm the only guy in town with my little secret fetish.

"Cigars and cigar smoke get me hot. Whenever I see a guy smoking a cigar or with one hanging out of his mouth, I go crazy. Especially if the guy is in leather or is a super-macho type.

"As far as my experience into my trip,

I've met a lot of men. For example, a guy in Palm Springs. He was 42, attractive, balding, and heavily tattooed. He was about 6'5" and 280 pounds. He had a big gut. He was more on the straight side than gay, but the two of us got on fine until he moved back to Wyoming.

"I guess our scene was pretty much of a role-playing situation. He liked to sit on the toilet and have me suck his cock for hours. He would hang his cigar out of his mouth while I went down on him. When he took a drag, he liked to wet-kiss me and exhale his hot smoke into my mouth. What turned me on the most was while I was on my knees servicing him with his fingers. And he would talk to me and tell me it took a real man to smoke a cigar, and I agree.

"He liked to fuck me with a cigar in his mouth, and when he sucked on my nipples, he held his cigar between his fingers and played with my other nipple. We liked to sleep together. We had a good time and he was a good trip. I sure miss him.

"Some other 'smoking adventures' I've had are just macho trade types who would hang cigarettes out of their mouth while I sucked them off, usually at rest stops.

"I want to emphasize that I am bisexual. I do not turn on to the gay lifestyle. I like very macho men who don't look or act gay. Believe it or not, I've taken a lot of straight guys to bed. Most of my sex is with married or bisexual men.

"I am completely french active. I have, at times, had fantasies of having a cigar-smoking man go down on me and me perhaps fucking him. But the situation has never happened where this could have occurred.

"I do have one re-occurring fantasy. At my place of employment, the president of my company, who is a very naturally elegant and tailored gentleman, always has a long, expensive cigar in his mouth. He is very refined-looking and very much a real man. Whenever I see him, I fantasize on what it would be like to be with him alone while he smoked his cigar.

"Another thing: on occasion I go to redneck bars and watch truckers and cowboy types with cigars standing out on the patio. Being shy in a bar, I don't

make out a whole lot. But sometimes, when it's late enough and some cigar smoker is high enough, I get to get it on with what a lot of times I just have to be content looking at.

"Sometimes, too, I offer a guy in a straight bar a cigar. I always carry two or three in my shirt pocket. I get hard holding the match up close to his face, watching him puff and pull on that big cigar. He has no idea, at that seemingly innocent moment, what he's doing for my sex life. That really and truly could be termed a CIGAR RAPE."

CIGAR CHAIN LETTERS

Some guys trade cigars like good Scouts trade comic books. Before a butt is completely burnt out, six or seven men may have smoked up to an inch apiece of it before they mail it on to the next guy. The cigar itself usually arrives in a well wrapped box. Rolled around the long brown cylinder that grows shorter as it makes the cigar-chain rounds is a letter of erotic instructions.

A lineman for CILCO (Central Illinois Light Company) sent along the following directions with a cigar burnt half-down on one end and well chewed on the other. He likes to drive his panel truck while he holds his burnt-out butt in his teeth:

"Hey Stoker:

The enclosed cigar has been lovingly prepared for your jerk-off by a generously endowed guy who, like you, loves to stroke and cum while smoking a cigar. So take out your cock. Put on your cock ring. Grease up. Light the cigar. Doesn't it smell great? Take a couple of long drags as you start stroking yourself. Then, think of me and how I got off on that same cigar. From my mouth to yours. The hands that I jerked off with touched that cigar and now you're touching it too."

I love guys who smoke cigars, all kinds, including the fuckers who stick their meat in assholes. But I like big meat, regardless: thick, huge pricks with nice, long, uncut heads and a deep-set rim around the head. I love to wrap my lips around the head and twist and twist and drive the guy horny mad. Then I piston him till he creams in my throat and I taste his delicious cum mixing with the taste of our cigars. Cum and cigars—

ain't that a double dip!

Hope you're enjoying your stroking and smoking. Putting a cigar in your mouth is like having a prick there. Fuck it in and out a bit, holding that cigar like a he-man stud. Try putting your fingers around it as you slip it in your mouth and let the lit part be toward the palm of your hand. Then take it out of your mouth and watch the prick-end smoke by itself.

Wish we could be together! I'd like to suck you while you smoke. Hope you enjoy smoking the same cigar with a guy who's sucking you—it's great. Between sucks, when you're getting hot, hold the cigar out to him and let him take a couple of drags and blow on your cock as he goes back to work. Then you can kiss while mutually smoking the same cigar and smell and taste each other's cigar breath and moisture.

Are you creaming yet? If not, keep going and come! Now, take out a fresh cigar when you're hard again and stroke and smoke some more. Finish about a third of it, then shoot. Then mail the cigar to me and tell me how you enjoyed it. I'll smoke another third and send it on to another cigar buddy and that way we'll complete the mutual jerk-off round.

By the way, I'm eight inches uncut. I'm medium thick with low-slung balls. I like to stroke and j/o and smoke a cigar on the phone. We could really get each other not. Do it once a week. You can call me collect any evening or week-ends. Keep trying if you can't get me the first time. Have it greased and hard and horny and tell me all about your technique. We'll shoot together over cigars. How about it? Do it soon. Send me your cigars and cum. Here's to a lot of mutual cigar jerk-offs.

Yours in thick blue stogie smoke,
Eddie."

VICTIM/CELEBRANT OF BLOODLUST

On Ringold Alley, south of Market Street in San Francisco, behind The Powerhouse bar, is a loft set up for heavy scenes by a guy who came to The City as a refuge from the redneck South where he loved the good ol' boys but they didn't like his kind, despite the blowjobs he gave the cops back in Marietta, Georgia.. He worked his way from Castro to Folsom and he brought

his astrology and his New Age reincarnational feeling with him.

He's into cigars.

He's into knives and needles.

He's into cosmic endurance.

"I'll tell you why I need, want and prefer trips," he says. "In my last existence, I was tortured."

"To death?" I ask.

"By men with cigars. By men with knives."

"Where?" (*I get told a lot of shit.*)
"When?"

"Germany. I'm sure. The late 1930s."

"Romantic. Sounds like a drug fantasy."

"This is reincarnational memory. I remember the looks on my executioners' faces. They held cigars right in their teeth. I wasn't more than about nineteen. Their hands seemed gigantic to me. Hard. Disciplined. Cold. They held me down on a cement floor. One by one each solder took his cigar from his mouth. I was naked. One man burned me with his cigar. I refused to scream. Another took a puff. His cigar glowed very hot. He too burned me. I would not scream. I could tell them nothing."

He massaged his crotch.

"They smiled and laughed. They liked what they were doing to me. The smoke around their faces and hair was blue and thick. They tied me stretched to iron rings in the floor. They made a contest of torturing me. They called the game "Der Cigar des Funf-Minuten" or "The 5-Minute Cigar." They were young soldiers. Gaming. Every five minutes the whole night long, every five minutes they burned me, then cut me. Burned and sliced me. Every five minutes. Before dawn they ground out their butts on my body and stabbed me to death. Finally I screamed. I died that time looking into their smiling faces."

"This sounds," I say, "interesting."

"My actions," he replies, "speak louder than my words."

He leads me to the rear of his loft, built into a special workroom he has built. The cubicle is small, dark, and cold: not unlike the room he described in his story. He motions me to a stool in the corner. He positions himself before a large mirror. He stares straight into his own image, conjuring his other self stripping himself slowly as his intensity in-

creases.

A man torturing himself is an incredible sight.

I sit silent, an observer at his private blood ritual. From the sight of his muscular torso, he must work on himself at least once a week. He is a beautiful man: marked, burned, and cut with intricate designs. His self-imposed disfiguration has become part of his integral beauty. Something about him separates him from the purple-haired Mohawk boys with rings in their noses.

In remembrance of his old blood spilled in that cellar, he takes deep pleasure in the slow lighting of his cigar, holding it, thick, brown, and smoking, in his mouth, rolling it side to side, tasting it on his tongue, hot, spit-thick, and heavy. He breathes the smoke deep into his throat. His cock hardens.

He takes iron pleasure in pushing multiple needles through the skin of his belly and chest, nipples and foreskin. He holds the glowing red cigar tip, hot with his passionate puffs, against the needles through his flesh, conducting the heat from the cigar down the steel needles into his skin, cauterizing the pierced meat of his body. His cock, pierced and warmed, grows large in his endurance of the pain.

He lies back, puffs, inhales the smoke deeper, like a blue fist down his throat, smoking now as they had smoked then, until, with one final glowing red puff, he holds the smoldering cigar quickly against the shaft of his cock. He shoots, his spilling load sanctifying, making bearable his remembered agony. In this way, his head copes. He joins what of the reincarnated past he cannot change. Only in the energy of his present lust is he strong enough to match the energy-drain of his last, past agonized death by cigars and knives. "I am, he explains to me later," a victim and a celebrant of bloodlust."

SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES: FETISH ESSENCE

Someday smoking, like jerking-off, may be completely illegal in public. One good consolation: prohibition improves mystique. Fetishes, offbeat by essence, are always better as a low-profile outlaw trip. (Where would the fun of, for instance, rubber be if everybody wore rubber in public instead of under

their three-piece suits like they're supposed to?) Smoking, after all, is a National American Fetish (becoming Taboo). I mean, where the fuck is Marlboro Country? Inside that best of all sex organs: our heads. That's where the fetish connections happen. Smoking in and of itself has nothing to do with sex, but advertising tells us different. Ad programs in the connections in our heads. Smoking, males learn is what Real Men do. On the internet, type in "cigars" and see what a dot.com feast you get!

GET OUT YOUR CIGARS

WHEN 1999 BECOMES Y2K!

The essence of a sexual fetish is that the fetish is not a mindless habit. A fetish demands full erotic attention. Habitual cigar smoking is too mindless to be a fetish, although cigars can be a habit with the man who then becomes, precisely because of his habit, the object of the cigar fetishist's full sexual attention. In the following pas de deux, the cigar-smoking bodybuilder has a

straightforward cigar habit; my erotically attuned friend, Dan Dufort, a homomuscular bodybuilder, who placed Second in the Gay Games Physique Contest, has a cigar fetish.

After a recent straight physique contest in LA, iron-pumped Dan, who works out with The Big Boys at Gold's, pointed to one of the runner-up contestants meeting his girl on the steps outside the auditorium. Standing with her on his hip while talking to his body-buddies, Mr. Muscles pulled out a cigar, fired it up, and gave attitude like the winner he very nearly was that night. His group lingered for almost twenty minutes.

Dan moved downwind to inhale the cigar smoke blown carelessly away by the bodybuilder.

Fetishists thrive on the fact that you can do almost anything you want in public because, when you come right down to it, everybody else is so wrapped up in their own trip they have little time to really notice what you're doing anyway.

When the physique star and his girl broke away from their group, we followed them to the vicinity of his car. When he unlocked her door, he wanted one more hit off his cigar, now burned down to a short butt. His huge bicep pumped up big as he curled his cigar up to his lips for the last drag. He inhaled deep, then dropped the butt to the concrete.

Dan said under his breath: "God! Please don't let him grind it out with his boot." God heard his prayer.

Mr. Muscles drove off. Dan closed in on the butt like Galahad on the Grail. He took his prize home and did unspeakably worshipful things in the dark. Love is, after all, where you find it. At this Millennium, the wonderful joyboy toy is, that cigars are once again as popular with men as they were when 1899 turned into 1900, and all the cowboys, workmen, bankers, and studs shouted "Ya-Hoo!" like you're gonna do, probably at some great Hot Ash Cigar Bash cheering Y2K! □