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## DEFENDING YOUR ATTITUDE

### A Masculine Declaration of Independence

Written December 23, 1977, this feature essay was published in *Drummer* 21, March 1978.

- I. Author's Eyewitness Historical-Context Introduction written April 19, 2002
- II. The feature essay as published in *Drummer* 21, March 1978

#### **I. Author's Eyewitness Historical-Context Introduction written April 19, 2002**

Written December 23, 1977, and published in *Drummer* 21, March 1978, this op-ed call to arms was a Homomale Declaration of Independence. In this very "San Francisco" issue, I made a point that the 1970s were marching to a close and the 1980s would soon begin. I thought that masculine gay men should prepare for the evolving wave of Gay Lib that was only eight years old.

After Anita Bryant going "Christianist" all over us in Florida and the anti-gay Briggs Initiative going Republican in California, the future seemed a dangerous mystery: were we like Jews in 1930s Germany needing to listen to know when to escape? Plans needed to be made.

I have a theory that most decades don't reveal themselves until after 24-36 months. As the Titanic 70s cruised to a full-speed collision with the iceberg of the 80s, who knew Ronald Reagan would soon begin his eight anti-gay years, or that within 36 months, the headlines would scream "Gay Cancer," or that politically correct gays would turn into LGBT Fundamentalists going "Gayist" in the cultural war with the Funda-and-very-mental Christianists.

The strength of this particular issue remains amazing in philosophy and in talent. This op-ed was a clarion call that *Drummer* was itself "born again" with a new intent to reflect the actual readers. Inside the issue, some incredible writers and photographers answered my "call to a theme" to dramatize cops and cons and prisons, as well as male superstars such as Wakefield Poole's Roger perfectly parodied as "one of us" which he was.

It was in this issue, *Drummer* 21, that I introduced the concept of a "theme issue" to a formerly helter-skelter magazine.

Probably the most important debut in this issue was my introducing my friend, Old Reliable/David Hurles, the shocking photographer and recording artist. David Hurles was one of the true geniuses who touched *Drummer* and jerked off its readers.

Also, like a message in a bottle, when this significant "manifesto" issue was on the stands, Robert Mapplethorpe, picked it up in Manhattan and headed, with it and his photo portfolio in his carry-on luggage, to my desk in the *Drummer* office.

Once upon a time, we were all friends together; in the *Drummer* salon at that time there were virtually no degrees of separation.

I could have been very declarative and simply gathered these eyewitness historical

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magazine pieces together, but I'm too enthusiastic—about the glorious incest of gay history—to be that cynical. Mark Henry, who was present then as now, is as editor and publisher profoundly dedicated to this *Rashomon* of fact and memory.

## II. The feature article as published in *Drummer* 21, March 1978

### GETTING OFF

New Editorial Policy: A Magazine Reflecting You, the Reader...

### DEFENDING YOUR ATTITUDE

A Homomasculine Declaration of Independence

### DRUMMER IS MACHO ENTERTAINMENT

*Drummer* caters to your attitude from hiking boots and cords through sports to traditional western-leather lifestyles. *Drummer* entertains men who happen to be gay, men who don't pussy-foot around their definite taste and passion. *Drummer* is an issue-by-issue celebration of man-to-man contact.

### ROGEROTICA, ET CETERA

Our center feature is a day-in-the-life-of WAKEFIELD POOLE'S incredible Bodystar ROGER. Inside are more pictures well worth the 1000 or so words devoted to an erotic profile of this year's most magnificent man. Our fiction continues with DEREK's extraordinary "Soldier" and G.B. MISA's immensely popular "S&M Gym." Of special interest is the prolific SAM STEWARD aka PHIL ANDROS, author of more than 100 novels, and intimate friend of The Famous: Gertrude Stein, Alice B. Toklas, Thornton Wilder, James Purdy, Kenneth Anger. Phil's police story, "In a Pig's Ass," highlights *Drummer's* prison theme: jail tours, cons, and how gay men of authentic macho interest deal with certain harsh realities. OLD RELIABLE's "Heavy Rap with An Ex-Con" is an interview-monologue so absolutely real that some talented actor could adapt it into a one-man show

### DRUMMER RECRUITS: REFLECTING YOU, THE READERS

*Drummer* [here's the first announcement], now San Francisco-based, is your magazine. *Drummer* has a new editorial philosophy: *Drummer* is about you, the reader. We recruit your input ideas, non-fiction articles, fantasy fiction, heavy poetry, glossy black-and-white photos (single pix and multiples for photo spreads), and erotic art in any medium. (Just in case: include return self-addressed, stamped envelope.)

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*Drummer* has a new Attitude keeping the best of the specialties we've always featured while widening our interests to head cocksure toward the 1980s lifestyle already becoming visible in the streets.

MOUNTAIN TO MOHAMMED

In answer to any man who has trouble finding *Drummer* monthly and who needs his *Drummer* fix, we offer the Final Solution:

*There was a young man (quite a plumber)*

*Who found news stands truly a bummer.*

*The issues he sought had already been bought*

*So he sent in a subscription to Drummer.*

If you want it, here it is. Come and get it.

Virtual *Drummer*: *California Action Guide* (July 1982) published what the *Drummer* black list of writers would not.

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*California Action Guide*,  
San Francisco, July 1982  
Editorial

Flippin' the Bird...

Homomascularity:  
Why We're Not Gay Anymore...

by Jack Fritscher

AUTHOR'S HISTORICAL CONTEXT INTRODUCTION

written November 9, 2000

Original editorial written June 1982  
and published in the first issue of  
the *California Action Guide*, July 1982.

Straight publisher, Michael Redman, looking for an editor for his new tabloid 'zine the *California Action Guide*, ran an ad in the *San Francisco Chronicle* which I answered. He wanted

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to begin a gay magazine to accompany his straight tabloid, the *San Francisco Pleasure Guide*. We met at a café on 24<sup>th</sup> Street just west of Castro Street and during our three-hour conversation came to an accord based on our liking one another, and on the drawers full of writing and photography I had ready to go. Michael Redman was a highly successful and honest entrepreneur who, unlike gay publishers, actually paid salaries and paid them in full on time. He did “real business” not “gay business.” Mark Henry was also hired as a producer to help create the publication.

I wrote this editorial as a kind of actual “Masculinist Manifesto” to be analog to what I was writing regarding the fictional “Masculinist Manifesto” in *Some Dance to Remember* which I was in the last stages of writing. (I completed the novel in 1984.) The editorial was illustrated with a photograph by David Hurles, Old Reliable.

The *California Action Guide*, which was sold in bookstores and in street-corner racks, was successful, but because of the sudden shocking advent of death caused by the plague of GRID, the first name for AIDS, publication ceased. Advertising dropped like a rock—and no sex publication can survive without the hustlers and masseurs who keep gay rags alive with their expensive display ads. I was not unhappy to stop, not because the tabloid was based not on politics like the *Bay Area Reporter*, but because it was deeply rooted in unsafe commercial urban sexual activity which I—far from being a Puritan preferring the abstract safety of sex on page and screen—thought was no longer safe, unless, foolhardy, one wanted to join in and become part of the experiment of what was safe and what was not.

Sometime after this half-militant and half-satirical editorial, *Drummer* editorial assistant Ken Lackey received a “Letter to the *Drummer* editor” based on a similar article I had written for *Drummer*, “Solosex.” The writer was commenting on, ultimately, the on-going political trouble of writing erotica against the rise of politically-correct lesbigay fascists who were rather brand-new (like HIV itself) in 1982. In *Drummer* 128, Lackey titled the letter, written by “GC, Portland, OR,” the “Good Jack Chronicles.” The letter read: “I’ve been enjoying Jack Fritscher’s contributions to *Drummer*—the article in issue 123 on solosex/fetish videos was about as comprehensive as one could wish for...and without a hint of self-congratulation for being about the best of the bunch!...As a fellow Loyola U. (Los Angeles, though) graduate, let me express the wish that he’ll be able to continue his work without the interference of the new neo-fascists and their rapidly assembling storm-troopers, the new American (!??!) Neo-Nazis [the politically correct].”

Ken Lackey answered with the comment: “I’ll bet Jack could lick ten neo-fascists with one hand tied behind his back!”

And to this day, I resent how much time and energy has been taken out of my life and my writing fighting the Marxist-Leninist attempt by the politically correct to take over gay male homosexuality. They may work as convenient dramatic antagonists in *Some Dance to Remember*, but, as God is my Scarlett-O’Hara witness, I will never ever forgive any one of them for the in-fighting and intra-mural weakening they have done to harm the homosexual liberation movement. Gay lib could better have spent its energies doing outreach to the straight world to

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effect change in laws and perceptions of homosexuality for gay women and gay men. For the politically correct, their hateful goal is the (failed) system of Marx and Lenin—not gay liberation. The politically correct? I spit on their graves. –Jack Fritscher, November 9, 2000

This is the editorial as published in  
*California Action Guide*, Issue 1, July 1982

Flippin' the Bird...

Homomascularity:  
Why We're Not Gay Anymore...

by Jack Fritscher

San Francisco. This first issue of the *California Action Guide* celebrates *homomascularity*! What's that, you ask? Graffiti sprayed at 10<sup>th</sup> and Harrison says: "QUEERS AGAINST GAYS." *California Action Guide* is not against anyone or anything. Our only "philosophy" is *to each his own*.

However, we do understand men who don't like to be called gay. *Homosexual* once was the word, but these days that sounds too genitally oriented; it seems to exclude our whole-body sensuality as well as our main sex organ: the head.

Outside of this special first-issue editorial to clue you into where *CAG* is coming from, you'll not find us on any soapbox. But we would like to make some observations, because we know there are men, like you, out there who have no problem with being homosexual or queer. The *California Action Guide* prefers the word *homomasculine*.

Homomasculine men are mainly men who prefer other men who act like men.

The trouble homomasculine men have is not with their own preference, but with something none of us bargained for: the commercialized, politicized so-called "Gay Lifestyle." Who needs it? Certainly not a man secure in his own male identity. We came out to bond with other masculine men, not to be part of a pack of clones, gay activists, and lesbians. All these folks have their rights and pleasures, which a man can respect without putdown, but they hardly concern homomasculinists who don't give a fuck how many greeting card shops and ice cream parlors cater to the Castroids.

The *California Action Guide* is a homomasculinist-sensualist tabloid 'zine created to entertain men wanting to read about, and, especially, contact other masculinist men whose style ranges from easy loving to hardballing. It's a simple approach to a group of men no other erotic rag is making. *CAG* is middle-of-the-road sucking and fucking with a click to the left into what might too quickly be called *kink*. We're only raunchy and S&M in the sense that in the 1980s sensibility of sanitized deodorants and urban terror, men who prefer other men as their release, assert their down-right upright homomascularity not only through TLC, but also through some

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natural-juiced hard-balling Sensuality and Mutuality.

Gay may have been the word for the 1970s. For the 80s, we need *homomascularity* to pull our non-commercial male hearts and minds and dicks back on the true course of our sexual preference: to make love with men and not be hassled, because we handle manlove the way men, not gays, handle it. When we homomasculinists are turned off to the bar-bath-boutique street-flaunting of “The Gay Lifestyle,” figure how much more turned off straights are.

Not that straights are by any means our judges; but straights, we know from experience, can handle homomasculine men. They like the dignity of our braving out our preference. Straight daddies who want to experiment will for sure have sex with a homomasculine man while they wouldn’t be caught dead with a gay. Straights and homomasculinists have this in common: what, if anything, does the commercialization, corporatization, and exploitation known as “The Gay Lifestyle” have to do with men loving other men?

So some stuff is fucked up. So what? Let it be. What is, is. What the *California Action Guide* has for you are monthly issues of stories, interviews, letters, and very hot personal classified ads for all kinds of “KICKS AND TRICKS,” whether you prefer your men as chicken, veal, or full-grown beef. CAG is not vegetarian! And is chock full of men you can contact!

This is your paper. Send us your stories, your letters, your photos, your drawings, your ads. Put some energy out and get some energy back.

If you’re truly a man hunting other men, then right here in the homomasculinist pages of the *California Action Guide*, you’ll find that what you are looking for is looking for you!© 1982, 2004 Jack Fritscher

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