

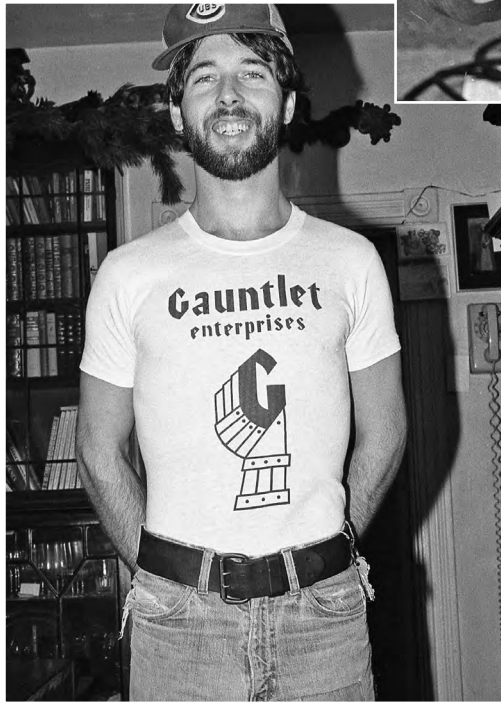
IN THE BEGINNING THERE WAS GAUNTLET

JIM WARD

Yes, humans have been piercing their bodies for millenia, so this title is not literally true. But in 1975 when Gauntlet was born, except for a handful of fetishists, the western world had largely forgotten this part of its history. That year marked the beginning of a revival that has taken the planet by storm. Thanks to Gauntlet, piercing shops have become a staple of the urban landscape.

Many of you have read my book *Running the Gauntlet* and are familiar with so many of the photos it contains. For this issue of *The Point*, I've dug back into my personal archives and chosen a number of mostly unpublished photos from Gauntlet's early years to share.

For the first three years of its existence, I conducted business from my dilapidated old home. The shop opened in 1978. I hope you enjoy this stroll down memory lane.



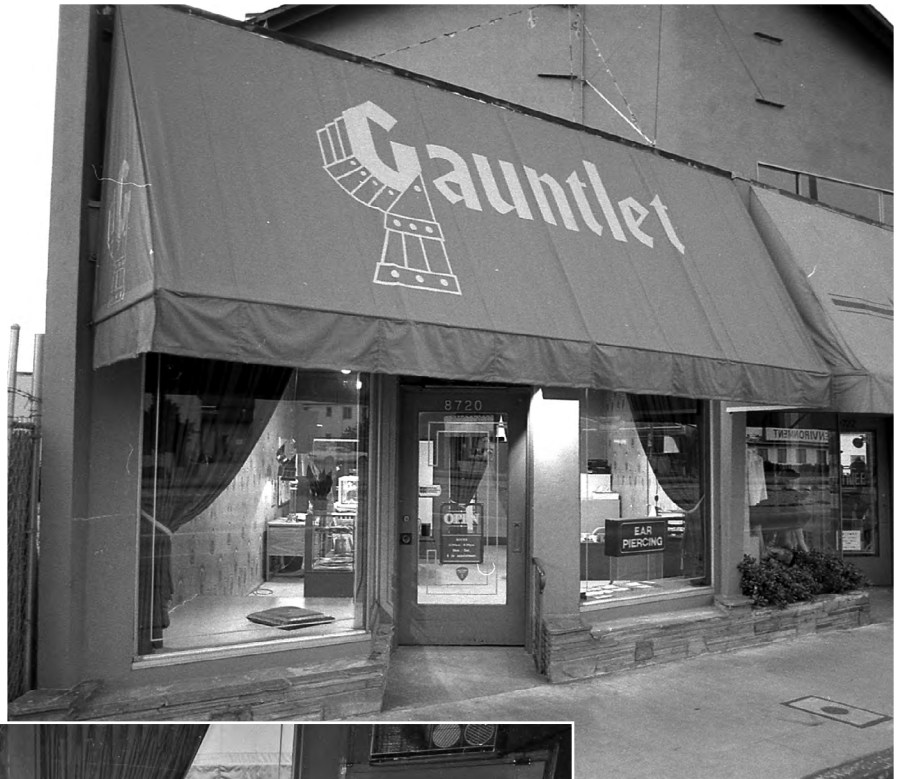
Top to bottom, Doug Malloy in a candid moment; a young chap modeling the first incarnation of a Gauntlet t-shirt. I silk screened the design myself. At one point I attempted to dye some of them purple, but the widely available Rit dye faded rapidly to lavender; poet, performance artist, and out masochist Bob Flanagan in a 1982 [video](#) getting a Prince Albert and guiche piercing from Jim Ward. Shot by his mistress Sheree Rose, the video may be seen on the [APPTThePoint YouTube Channel](#). It should be viewed as an historical document and in no way considered instructional.





My home on San Vicente Boulevard in West Hollywood where Gauntlet was born and from which I conducted business for three years prior to the opening of the studio.





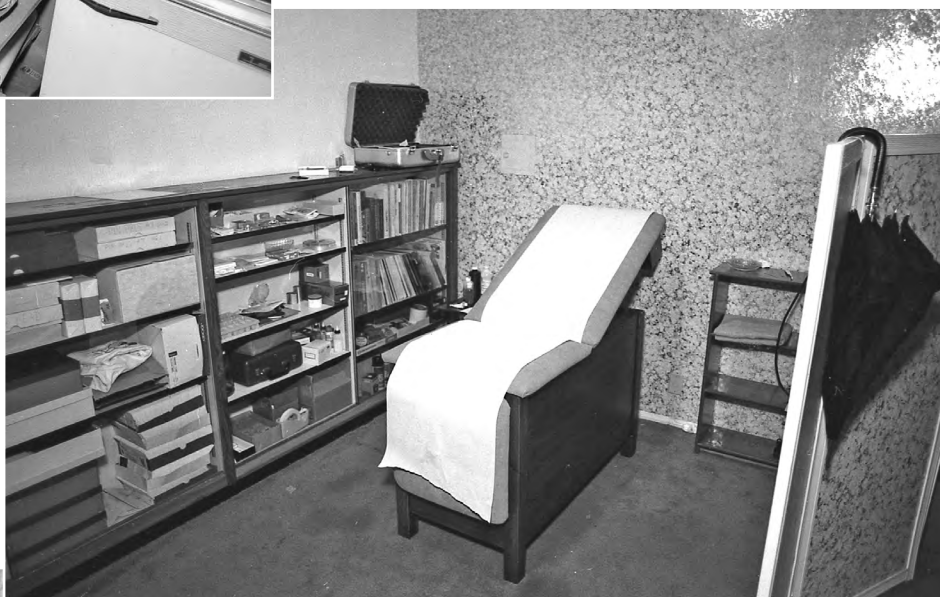
IN THE BEGINNING

*Top to bottom, exterior view of the shop front; my secretary's desk and work area. On the stool bottom left is visible a layout board for an issue of **PFIO**; the showcase and my desk and work area. Through the opening at the far right is the jewelry making area. Seeing the ash tray on the display counter, we forget that smoking was acceptable in those days.*





Top to bottom, my friend Diane at the jeweler's bench; in the opposite corner of the room is the piercing area shielded by a folding screen on the right. This studio would not meet today's APP standards, but was acceptable at that particular time; me wearing a second generation Gauntlet T-shirt. It was purple with a glittery gold design. The peacock wall-paper raised a number of eyebrows, but finding anything featuring our signature purple at that time was a challenge.



THERE WAS GAUNTLET

