

INCHES®

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN WHO THINK BIG

MARCH 1987

FDC 51380



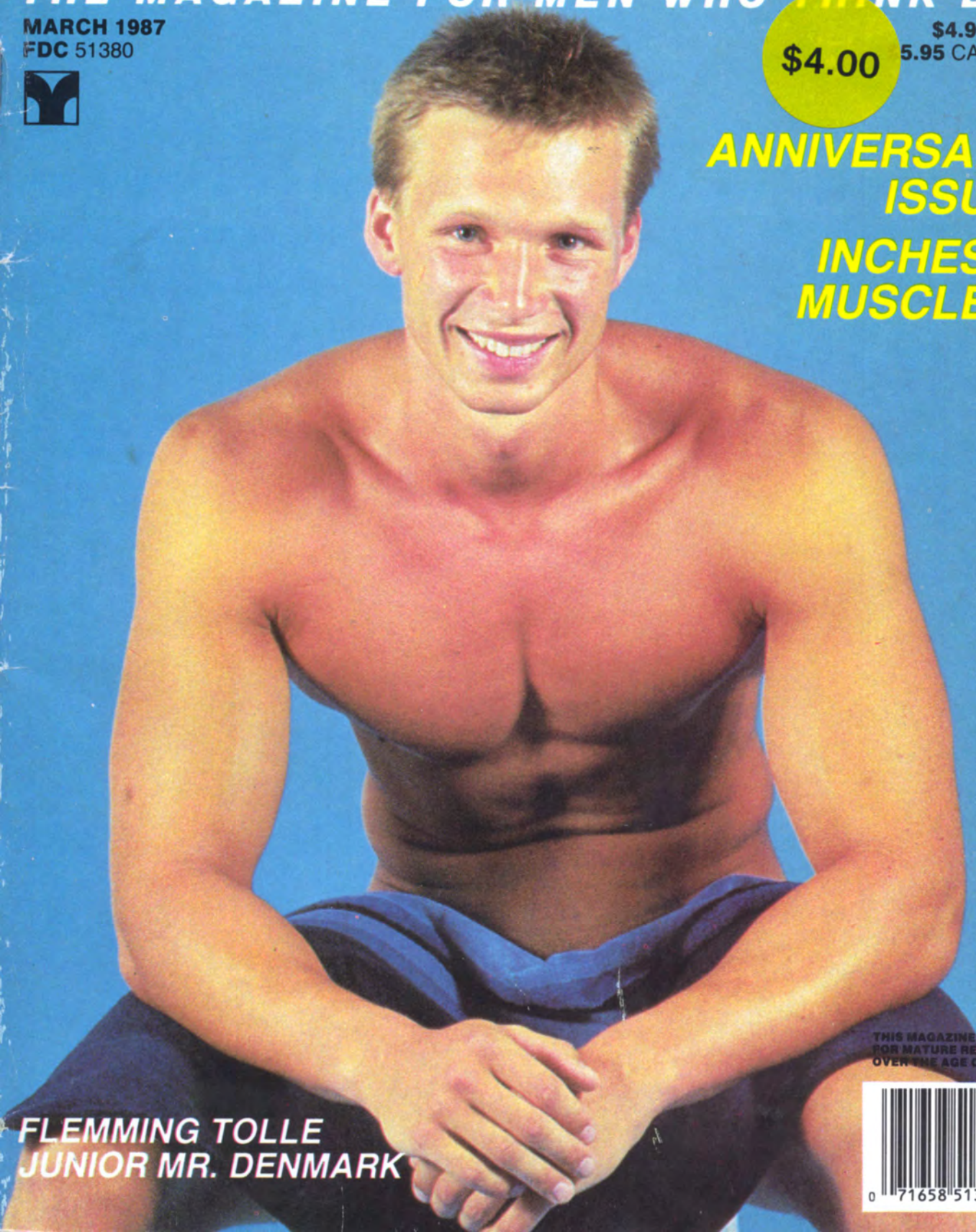
\$4.95 USA

\$5.95 CANADA

\$4.00

**ANNIVERSARY
ISSUE:**

**INCHES &
MUSCLES!**



THIS MAGAZINE IS INTENDED
FOR MATURE READERS
OVER THE AGE OF 18

**FLEMMING TOLLE
JUNIOR MR. DENMARK**

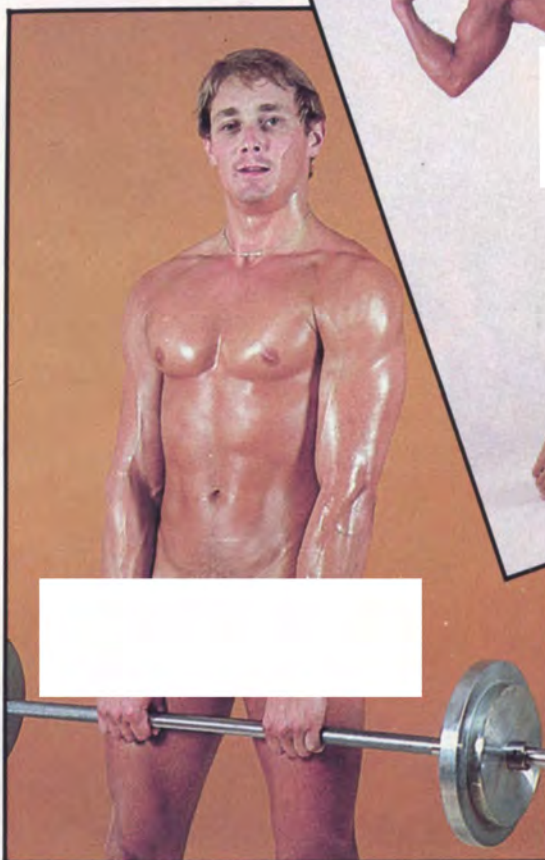


INSIDE INCHES

VOLUME 3/NUMBER 1
MARCH 1987

- 9 Justin Cade:**
Gay Games II
Photos by Jim Weston
- 13 Special Delivery**
Fiction by Rick York
- 17 Teddy Baer**
Photos by Schwarzenwald
- 21 True Tales**
Glory Hole Meet
- 25 Flemming Tolle:**
Junior Mr. Denmark
Photos by David
- 33 Andrew Alders**
Photos by David
- 40 Bodybuilders Aren't Born,
They're Built!**
By Jack Fritscher
- 47 Centerfold**
TYRONE WASHINGTON
Photos by Greg Lenzman
- 63 Joe Tolbe**
Photos by Backstair Studio
- 73 Owen**
Photos by CMM Studio
- 81 Christopher Todd**
Photos by Studios Clavelle
- 86 Merek Flint:**
Mr. Canada 1982
Photos by Zeus

Cover:
Flemming Tolle
photo by David
Right:
Joe Tolbe
Backstair Studio
Below:
Andrew Alders
photo by David



Departments:
5 Measuring Up
69 Dear Inches
77 Legends
78 Historic Inches
84 Mystery Meat
86 Reader's Meat
93 Meat Market
98 The Last Inch

Publisher
Inches Inc.
Associate Publisher
Joseph Greco
Editor
John W. Rowberry

Associate Editor
Aaron Travis
Art Director
Dan Marx
Sales Manager
Robert de la Haba

Circulation Manager
Carolyn Dederick
Don Beavers Advertising
7985 Santa Monica Blvd. #104
West Hollywood, CA 90046
(213) 969-8034

INCHES MAGAZINE (ISSN 8756-6338) March 1987, Volume 3, Number 1. Published monthly by Inches Inc.

Copyright © 1987 by Mavety Media Group Ltd. This publication is published under license from Mavety Group Ltd. Distributed worldwide by Flynt Distributing Co., 2029 Century Park East, Ste. 3000, Los Angeles, CA 90067. EDITORIAL OFFICES: Inches Inc., 1156 Howard Street, San Francisco, CA 94103 (415) 621-6069. Return postage must accompany all unsolicited manuscripts, photographs, artwork, etc., if they are to be returned. No responsibility can be assumed for materials sent through the mails. All rights in letters sent to INCHES will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and are subject to INCHES' right to edit and comment editorially. Any similarity between real places, persons and organizations, and those people, places and organizations appearing in fiction published in INCHES is purely coincidental. All photos, except those noted otherwise, are posed by professional models. Neither said photos, nor words used to describe them, are to be construed as indicative of that person's sexual orientation, conduct, or personality. Nothing appearing in INCHES magazine may be reprinted either wholly or in part without the prior written permission of the publisher. Subscriptions: U.S., Possessions, APO and FPO: \$32.00 for one year. Canada and Foreign: \$41.00 for one year. Canadian and Foreign subscriptions should be remitted by International Money Order in U.S. Funds. Single copies: \$4.95 (add \$1.05 for postage and handling). Notify subscription department of change of address at least 6 weeks in advance. Please include new address and mailing label from most recent issue. INCHES is a Registered Trademark of Mavety Media Group Ltd. Printed in the USA. All Rights Reserved. (Note: Subscriber list is never rented or sold.) Inches, Inc. assumes no responsibility for the advertisements, nor any representations made therein, nor the quality or deliverability of the products themselves. All models appearing in this magazine are over 18 years of age.

BODY BUILDERS AREN'T BORN, THEY'RE BUILT



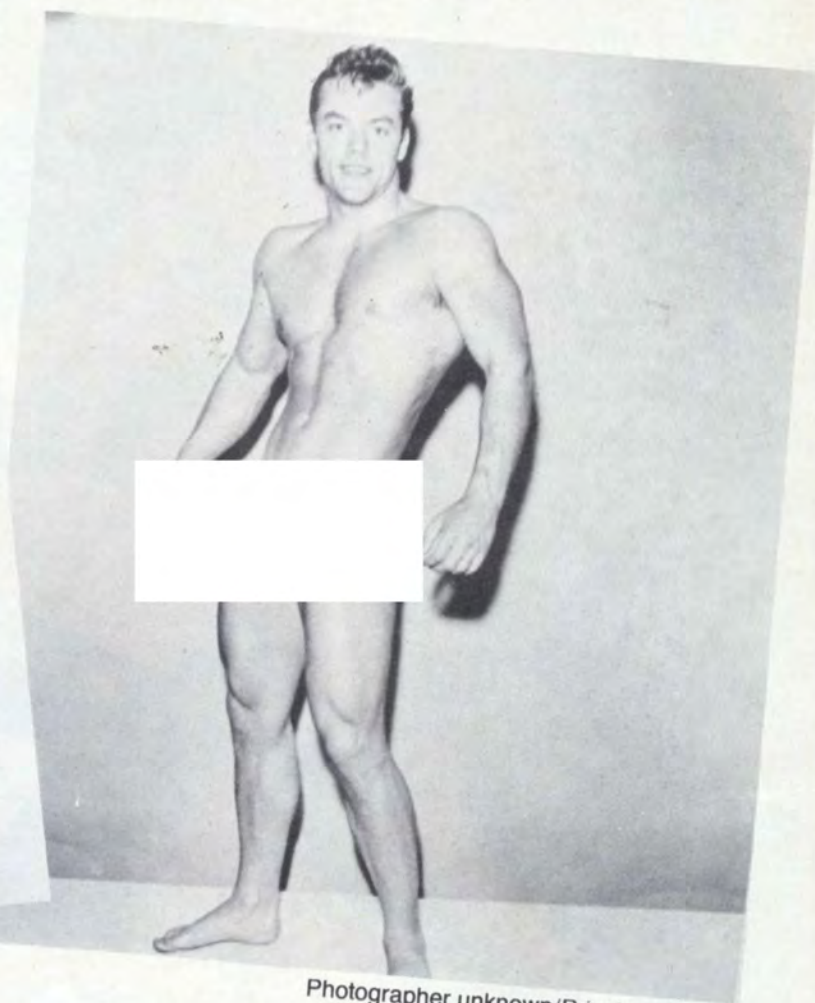
BY JACK FRITSCHER

40 INCHES

Photographer unknown/Private collection



Photographer unknown (circa 1960)



Photographer unknown/Private collection

Bodybuilders aren't born, they're built by Boeing. (I know. I bought one.) Cameras do not simply love bodybuilders. Cameras grow weak with desire when competition bodybuilders flash their tanned pecs and oiled biceps, thrusting out the display of their powerful thighs behind the slingshot of their nylon posing trunks. I am a camera, or, at least, I shoot my videocam, from BB Lust's #1 position, kneeling, focusing up the hills, valleys, and mountains, shooting up the geography of the body, the only geography that matters when it comes to tripping on bodybuilders' muscle.

For men who love men with broad shoulders, sculpted arms, washboard abs, and jet-wing *Top Gun* lats, a bronzed bodybuilder is the ultimate incarnation of male-for-male lust. He's the ultimate hero, the

All-American jock, a real California Cooler, body endowed by Dow, shaped from the sands of Muscle Beach. See Venice, and it's to die, fucker.

You want to talk "inches"?

Let's talk Dropdead Blond Southern California Bodybuilder.

Roll your tongue around the Adam's apple of his 21-inch neck. Lick under his shaved armpits and around his 20-inch baseball biceps. Kiss your lips across his bulked and ripped 52-inch chest slabbed with pecs tipped with responsive nipples. Nose down those ripped abs. Wrap your hands around his 32-inch waist.

Kneel down.

Wrap your arms around a pair of 29-inch thighs that can kick the muscle-flare-and-fetish into CHP motorcycle breeches like Zeus

intended. Run your hands over his big bubblebutt and slide them down his olive-oiled thighs to his 18-inch calves, shaped into a pair of inverted hearts. (Yours and his, if you're lucky!)

Fall back on your heels and look up at his tanned predatory American jaw, his straight white teeth, his clipped moustache, his hair contest-groomed precisely for that v-e-r-y s-e-x-y one-arm pose when he touches his fingers to his forehead and fingercombs his Brylcremed hair straight back, turning his handsome right profile into his huge bicep next to his face, almost daring to kiss on stage, as he will lick in private, his own massive arm.

Those on whom the gods smile, they positively grin.

Check him out

Chant the words of incantation.

Turn him on with the words he wants to hear. Not: "Let me suck your cock." Rather: "Let me feel your arms."

Be ready.

What you're looking for is looking for you.

Worship him.

You know what I mean.

Strange gods before you.

This is primitive, primordial, primal stuff. Primal? Shit! It's Neanderthal by way of the artistry of Marvel's Stan Lee, Frazetta, Boris, the Hun, Cavalo, and Rex.

Jerk your dick at what's real, standing a dick-length from you, posing over you.

Conjured with your cock as surely as Aleister Crowley conjured the muscular rebel angel, Lucifer, who had been the most powerful angel of all.

Big, bulked, huge, fucking, **MUSCLE BEAST** hooking his iron-calloused thumbs in the waist of his red posing trunks, peeling the breathe-through nylon down his massive, veined thighs, flopping out a long, nine-inch uncut hose, hard and veined and vascular from his total body pump.

(That crap about bodybuilders compensating with hypermuscle-for-short-meat is crap. They're hung no better or worse than any other group of men.)

Stripped muscle-cock naked, the bodybuilder is the stuff of classic fantasy. "This could be heaven." Play the Eagles. "This could be hell." He is the answer to prayer. He is the stuff of blasphemy. He is the multiple-choice of your id, kid. He is the tall/short, dark/blond big man, with Command Presence, for whom every man in every bar almost every night has kept vigil until 2am hoping he'd show, striding into the bar grinding out his patented bodybuilder hip-and-butt-roll Attitude Walk, the most romantic of heroes, to sweep you up in his Big Guns (his Big Arms) and top you every which way your perverted little heart wanted, because no matter what your sextrip is, it's always better with a bodybuilder who truly understands his own muscle.

By now, you either got it or you don't. So if you got it, a moment's indulgence please. There will be a quiz at the end.

American sports tend to be objective and subjective. In objective



Roy S. Hilligan (circa 1952)/photographer unknown

sports, the basketball drops or does not drop through the hoop. The Tight End either catches the football or he doesn't. The tennis pro makes his serve or he misses. Objective sports may have referees and umpires, but they are mostly yes-or-no athletics. Everyone basically sees the same results.

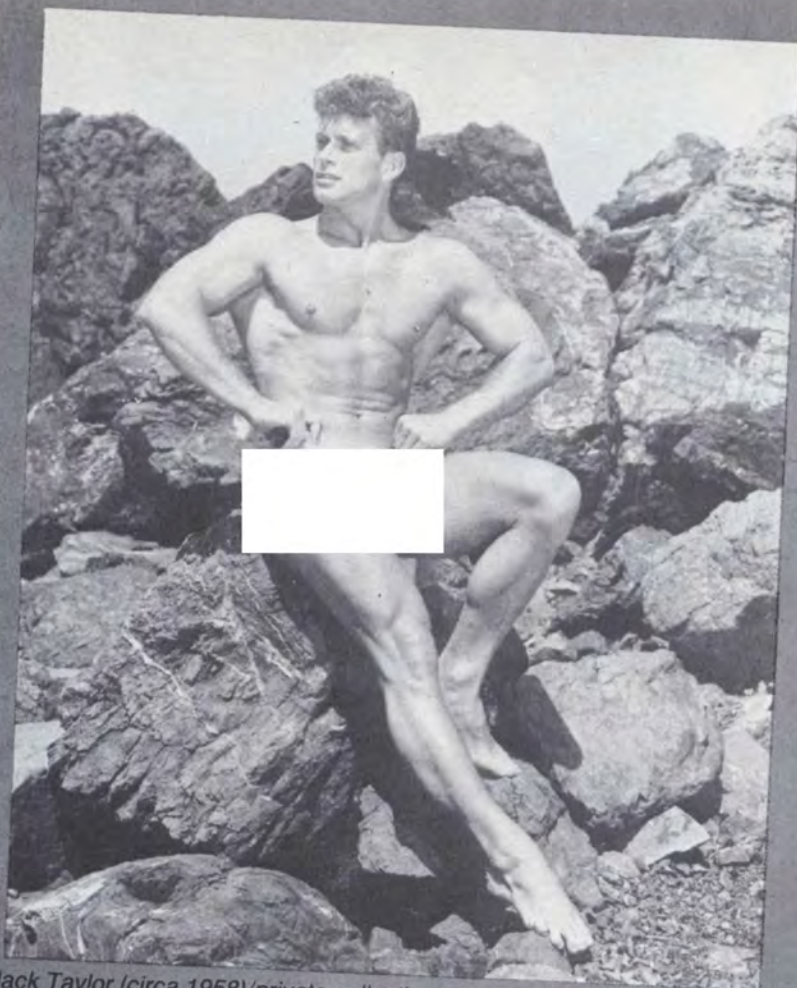
Subjective sports, all of which have special appeal to gay men, like gymnastics, skating, fencing, and bodybuilding, determine winners and losers not by definitive touch-downs, but by judges' opinions. Of all sports, bodybuilding is the least understood in America because it is the most subjective. If gymnastics has a right way to move on the flying rings, bodybuilding has several right ways to execute the mandatory poses that display the bodybuilder's various muscle groups separately and together.

Who wins a physique contest is often as much a trick question as which is the best art form: literature,

painting or music? The results depend on subjective values and sexual enthusiasms. Most Americans like their sports cut and dried. For that reason, bodybuilding has been slow in coming to national acceptance as more than a cult sport. Someday it will, perhaps when Calvinism dies, and when it does, men's bodybuilding (if it survives the burly-cue advent of women's bodybuilding) will finally become an Olympic event.

Physique presentation is a sporting objectification of self that is art and science, logic and feeling. A bodybuilder, like a gay man, needs to know his body. He is dancer, actor, salesman. He is a contradiction in terms: a romantic existentialist. (What courage! He spends his whole life sculpting flesh that time itself will certainly undo.)

Sometimes he strides barefoot across the stage with a dozen other world-class professional bodybuilders with famous straight names



Jack Taylor (circa 1958)/private collection



Photographer unknown (circa 1960)

like Pete Grymkowski, Matt Mendenhall, Dave Draper, Bill Pearl, and the Mentzer brothers, Ray and Mike. Amen. Or, on the way up, he must muscle past other young *regional* bodybuilders, nameless, hungry and hot for their place in the Pantheon of Muscle where all bodybuilders admit what we mere mortals believe they really are: gods incarnate.

Pro or amateur, the bodybuilder, competing in teens' or men's or masters' divisions, takes his place in a line-up more existential than even *A Chorus Line*. He stands pumped and oiled and almost naked, nearly 200 pounds, in his tiny 3-ounce posing briefs. Under the judges' initial scrutiny, he poses without movement. A perfectly sculpted statue. He radiates victory. He asserts his Command Presence under the hot lights. He calls the eyes of the judges and the audience to the quality edge of his muscle. Size. Symmetry. Power. Proportion. Bulk. Definition. Striation. Vascularity. Grooming. Look. His Command Attitude reduces the other highly competitive muscle to beefcake. His posture, the hyper-masculine, but nonantagonistic, antidote to *La Cage*, states HERE I AM WHAT I AM.

Winners know how to peak for the contest day. Three weeks before competition they cut carbohydrates from their high-protein diet to remove the last micropinch of body-fat that might obscure muscle display. Workouts intensify to carve out the lean definition of each separate muscle in the bulked muscle groups. A week before, for the first time, the entire body is strip-shaved, down to near the dick, to allow any cuts of shaving rash to heal. In the last forty-eight hours, diuretics drain the minute layer of water between the muscle and the skin. The skin, paper-thin, formfits the striae of each muscle, showing the minutest furrow like tiny grooves on granite. The vascularity of the veins snakes around the muscle almost on top of nearly invisible skin. The tan, by contest day, must be perfect and body smoothed to a final shave before it is oiled backstage.

Contests are grueling twelve-hour affairs. The Pre-Judging, where the contest is actually won or lost, begins at nine or ten in the morning, and, depending on the classes, Teenage,

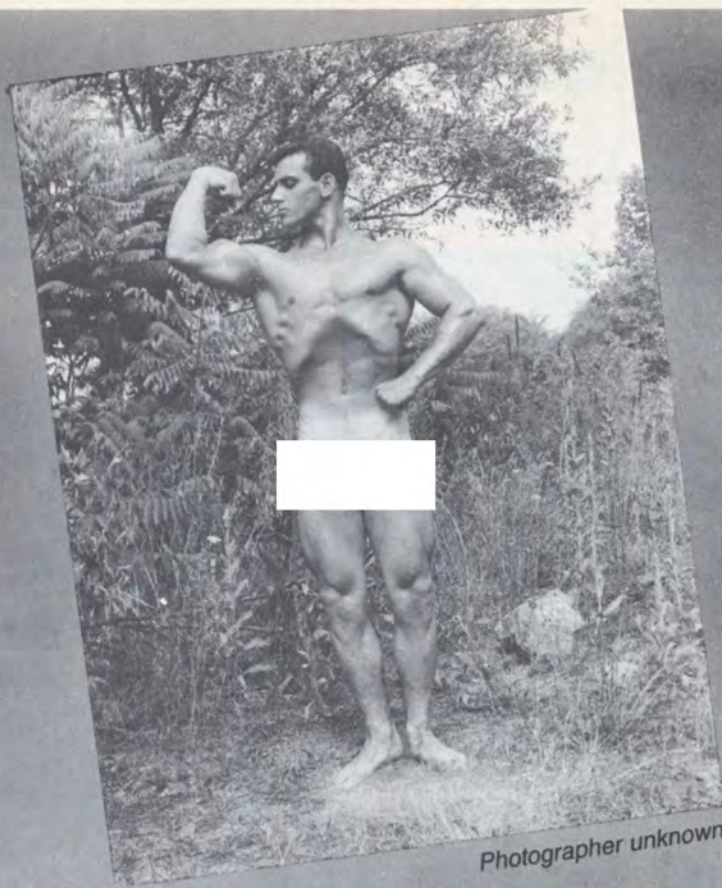
Men, and Weight Divisions, can actually last until the early afternoon. By the evening show at eight, the judges, of whom there must be a least five, have tallied their votes. The Pre-Judging audience, smaller and more hardcore than the evening's crowd, can only have guessed at the winner. The audience for the evening show is larger, fans and friends and family, hot to party and cheer the parade of muscle bodies and wait eagerly for the names of the four finalists and the winner.

But in the morning, ah, the morning, the physique contestants arrive early. They saunter into the Green Room. They check in. Their muscle is disguised in thick jogging suits and bulky nylon athletic jackets. They carry enormous gym bags and sweatstained leather lifting belts. Some arrive alone. Some have the company of their training partners or their coaches who wait on them attentive as adoring lovers.

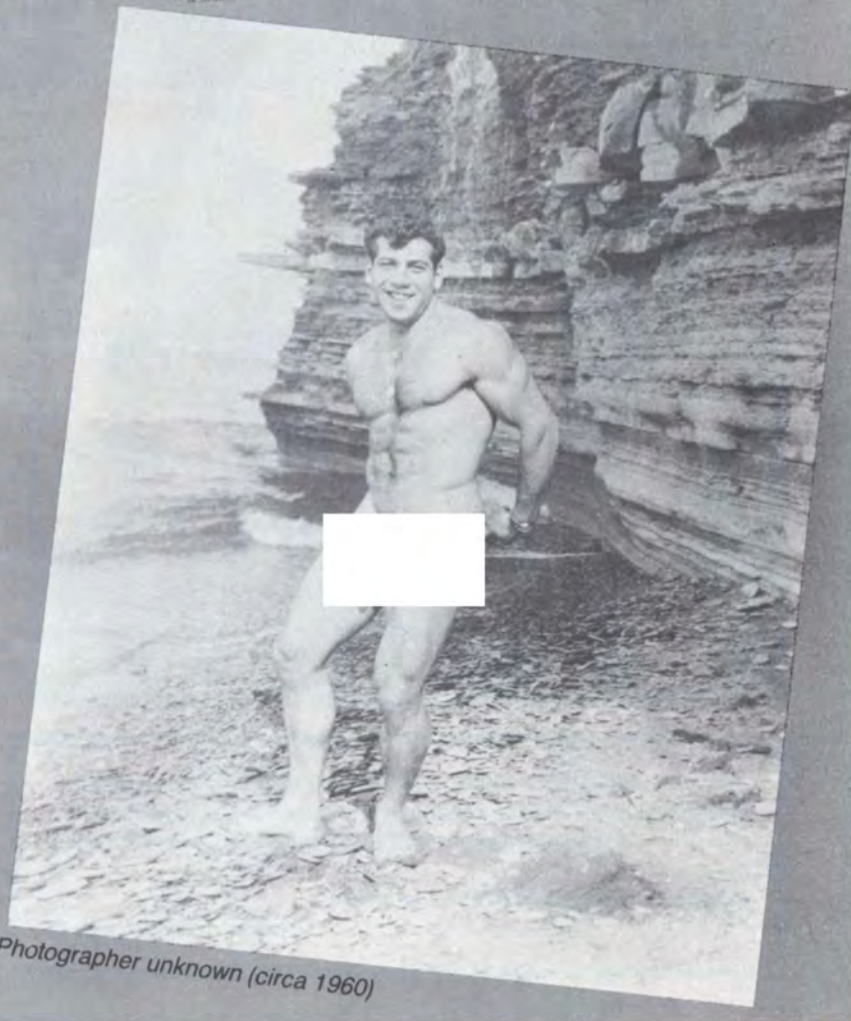
The room is silent. Voices whisper. Iron weights drop. Brows furrow with concentration. Tension runs high. They psych each other out. One by one they begin the slow strip of their jackets and gym shoes and sweatshirts and teeshirts and sweatpants. Each reveals his stuff slowly. Each man takes measure of the other men. The *offstage* competition posing has begun!

Arms, Big Guns, appear. Broad shoulders. Huge pecs. Washboard abs. Thunder thighs. Big, naked, edible bubblebutts. Always in a room of naked musclemen runs an undercurrent of musclesexuality. In unshaven groins, penises, sprung from undershorts, sprout straight-out, tight with tension, or hang long and thick with languorous confidence. One young bodybuilder, pulling a number, tugs half-discreetly, and half-in-challenge, on his dick, skinning back his thick foreskin, baby-oiling the head of his cock; knowing everyone is sideswiping their eyeballs, because, even though it's not a muscle, a big dick never lost as bodybuilder a contest; and it's even won a few, but we don't want to talk about the judges.

Attentive buddies fold the contestants' gear into the gymbags. They pool their hands with baby oil and begin the even slicking slather of the huge muscle bodies. The bodybuilders slide into their nylon posing
(continued on page 55)



Photographer unknown



Photographer unknown (circa 1960)

BODYBUILDERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

briefs. Most pull their penises straight up toward their navel and let their balls hang low in the pouch. They pin the small white paper with their contest number over the front left hip of their briefs.

This is ancient display of warrior muscle, of body armor.

Bodybuilders are the last gladiators of postmodern America.

In their sexual arena, if you can pay the price, you can play Christian or Nero.

To achieve admittance into this pre-contest bodybuilding ritual with any bodybuilder, much more your own lover, is as indescribable as, well, orgasm. Surrogately, the closest most men can come to this ritual is the combustible Frank Vickers in *Pumping Oil*. (Vickers deserves an Oscar. His is the most honest revelation of a bodybuilder's psyche ever put on film—and fairly close to what a man can expect in a bodyworship sex scene.)

In the Green Room, to warm up for the Pre-Judging, some contestants play tug-of-war with their coaches or training partners, pulling white towels back and forth to bring up the day's glossy pump on their years of hard muscle building. Others move to the ton of iron delivered for the day to polish their muscle, most often their arms, one last set, one last rep, before marching out on stage for the competition of group comparison, flexing in unison mandatory poses, then individually, each one mounting the dias alone to pose to music of his own selection.

Once upon a time, I penetrated into the heart of bodybuilding as far as a nonbodybuilder can go.

In California, you have to be careful what you wish for or you'll find yourself, as I did, driving with a dropdead blond bodybuilder in a red Corvette laying down tread to a physique competition in San Diego. I could only guess what lay in store.

That first morning of his first contest, when Kick Sorensen and I entered the Green Room, I thought I had died and gone to heaven. I was surrounded by more than twenty naked major-league, but refreshingly non-pro, bodybuilders. I tried to keep custody of my eyes. I folded Kick's clothes.



Andy Dempsey/photo by Colart

(He was nicknamed *Kick* in his high school shower room when his wrestling coach sidled through and said, "That ain't no dick, boy. That's a kickstand!")

I knelt at his feet, oiling up his legs to his shoulders, shying away from his big cock I had oiled up every night for a year. Once, during a scene of musclesex, we replaced baby oil with olive oil, because its sheen was more lustrous on his blond body and its essence more classic. So we stuck with it.

"Whatever you say, coach."

He always called me *coach*. I loved him for his being a generous man as much as I was berserk for his muscles.

Anyway, Kick was really up. He thought it was a good omen that his assigned contest number was *One*.

The morning Pre-Judging ran nearly three hours. I sat beaming in the audience, listening to the crowd fall in love with Kick. I wanted to shout to everyone that I had worshipped and adored and licked and sucked and fucked and, yes, sexually coached after a hell of a lot of

sundowns, every flexing, bulging inch of his top-to-toe muscle. Onstage, Kick had "It!" He glowed. We met during a break backstage.

"You look great out here," I said. "I feel great out there." He motioned for me to move in closer. "Spread some oil on my chest." Kick put his huge arm on my shoulder. "I want you to know how much fun it is to be inside this body." He chuckled me under the chin like a slow-motion punch meant to coldcock me. "But then you *have* been inside this body."

"Every man on that stage would like to be in your body. They might as well go home. You're going to win."

"I know."

After the Pre-Judging, I drove Kick in the Corvette to a coffee shop so

retro-Fifties, you could forget the *retro*. Kick ordered an orange juice with four raw eggs. They served the eggs raw, as a side, in a dish on a saucer. I turned into Jack Nicholson in *Five Easy Pieces*: "Forgodsakes, blend them into the fucking orange juice!" I was too excited to eat. I was consumed by high-grade muscle lust. This was our first contest. He called it that: *our, ours*. We were going public. He was going up, to stand on X-marks-the-spot, to show off for the first time in public the commanding muscle display, the Look of the Complete Bodybuilder, he had worked out before our mirror and my eyes and nose and tongue and hands and dick.

"Keep your strength up," Kick said. "You want to shoot a terrific

video tonight." He stroked his high-top Reebok up and down my leg. "Our own MTV," he said. "MUSCLE TV."

Kick was triumphant in his evening posing routine. Through my video monitor, I caught every graceful nuance. I knew the choreography I had coached by heart. Kick had even let me select his music. He was bored with uninspired muscleheads posing one after the other to the clichéd themes from *Exodus*, *Rocky*, *Star Wars* and *Superman*. I chose Tchaikovsky's *Marche Slav*. It's thunderous power matched Kick's smooth and commanding posing routine. The music, unexpected, jolted the crowd, cued them quick into the classic number Kick was going to lay on them in 90 electrifying seconds.

Under the downshining cone of hot white light, he flexed. He shined. They cheered. He was pure, hard, blond muscle. His hair and face and jaw accented the blond brush of his moustache, groomed trooper sharp. His physique flowed from his head. He hit each pose hard, and locked it down. Unnnh! Everyone loved him! He had Universal Appeal. There was no quiver from the muscle exertion of posing. He displayed every body part, always alternating with the dozen ways he powered out his arms for show.

The crowd called out for more.

He hit the Most Muscular pose three times and threw his arms up over his head in victorious salute. He bowed. The muscle crowd rose cheering to their feet.

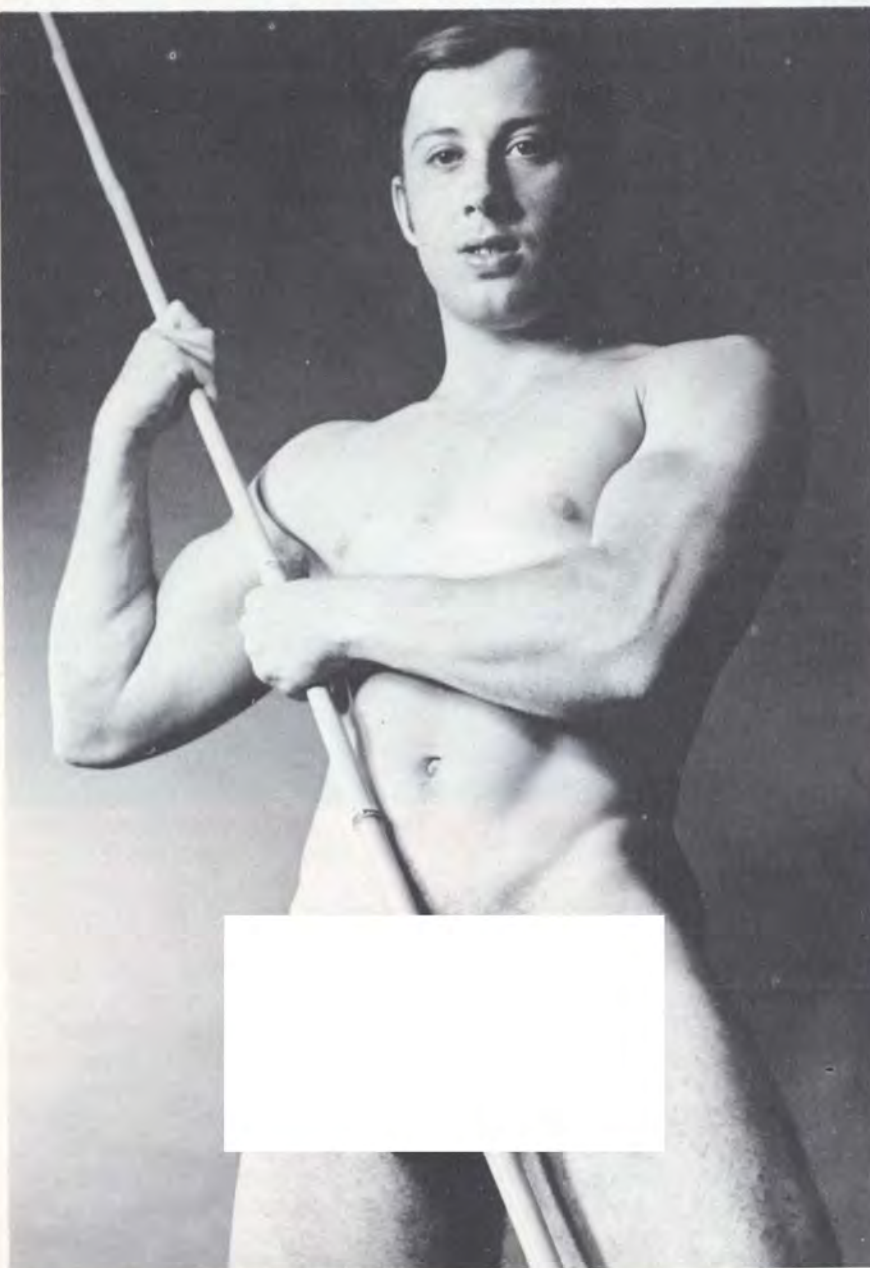
Here was a man!

Honest manliness is never half-revealed. When it's there, it's all right there in front of you.

To understand man's sexual worship of bodybuilders, start from the beginning. Start from before that innocent prehistory in those Druidic eons when men consorted with the gods. Consider those ancient fables celebrated by the classical Greeks. Consider, not Michelangelo's *David*, but his magnificently oversized marble *Hercules*. Consider the naked bruising statue of Vulcan, Forger of Steel. Then you can better understand men's heroic sexual passion for men's heroically muscular bodies. (Consider Mishima.)

When I first saw Kick Sorensen, I dare say, my fantasy spanned a million years.

Photographer unknown (circa 1960)



"Alright, gentlemen," the head judge said over the loudspeaker. "We're calling the five finalists out on stage for a posedown. This is the final comparison, man for man, to determine the winner. Ladies and gentlemen, there are five finalists. Number One, Kick Sorensen..."

I heard no other names.

The five finalists strolled, as any bodybuilders can strut, out on stage. Each picked a spot and hit a pose, playing to the cheering audience. Kick owned stage center. He threw a double biceps shot and then crunched down into the popular Most Muscular crab shot. The crowd went wild.

"Give yourself some room, fellas. Spread out. Make sure you're in the light."

The finalists sought their places. Kick held center stage with two musclemen moving to each side. That all stood heels close together, toes pointed out, elbows extended, arms hanging down.

"Alright. Let's do a double biceps pose on 3. I want you all to hit exactly the same pose at the same time. On 3. 1-2-3. Hit your pose."

Kick raised both arms. His biceps peaked under the hot light. He was arms and more than arms. He worked his pecs. He tightened his abs. Always he was working his massive legs. Contests are won or lost on legs.

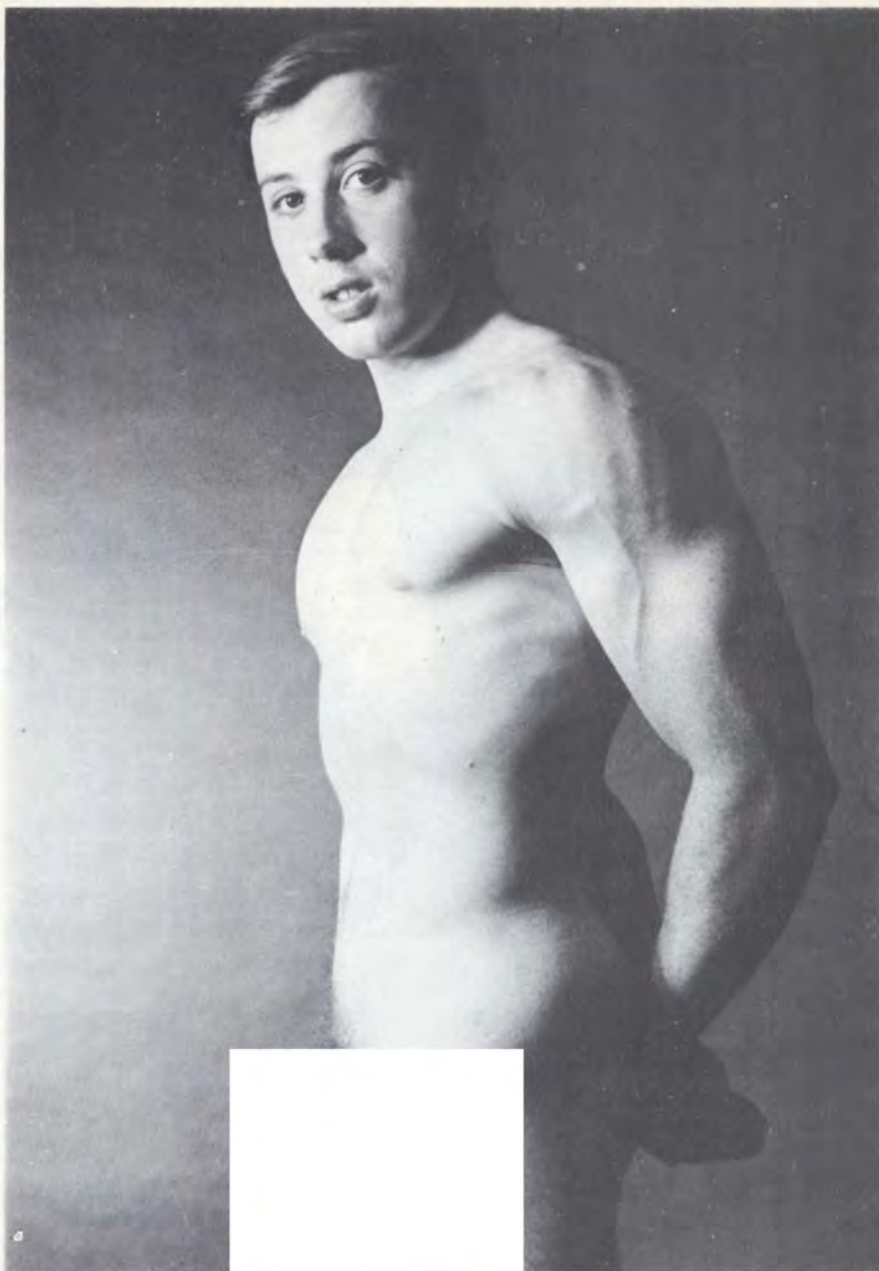
"Okay. A lat spread from the front. On 3. 1-2-3."

Kick positioned his thumbs behind his waist and his fingers front pointing down his hips. He swung his elbows out, lifted his chest, spread his shoulders, and opened wide his lats, holding the pose, then twisting slightly from the waist, left to right, catching the best play of the light.

"Now a side chest pose. Your favorite side. Take your positions. One. Quiet, please. We want a side chest shot. Rotate the sides. 1-2-3."

Kick stood on his left foot and the ball of his right with his knee bent to display his right calf development. He turned his head right to face the judges head on. He clasped his hands above his right hip and pulled his left shoulder toward the audience. His arms read like an awesome frame around his massive pecs.

"Now a side tricep. Your favorite side. Take your positions. On 3. 1-2-



3. Hit it."

Again, standing sideways, yet facing the judges, Kick rested on his left foot. He placed the ball of his right foot behind him, flexing his calf. He shot his right arm down his outside thigh, displaying the horse-shoe definition of his triceps. Then reaching his left hand behind his butt, he shifted the pose, taking hold of the hand facing the crowd to pop his triceps even more. He always found the extra flourish to show off the fine detail of each muscle to its best advantage.

"And relax. Turn toward the curtain, please. Give yourselves room, fellas. Spread out. Okay. Double biceps from the rear. On 3. 1-2-3. Hit it."

Kick was born to show arms.

From the backside, his biceps mounded like twin baseballs on the girth of his huge arms. He powered into the biceps shot, spread his shoulders, and kicked in a rearview of his left calf.

"Gentlemen, let's have a back lat spread. On 3. 1-2-3. Hit it."

Kick thrust his butt out towards the crowd. His perfect glutes caught the light. A woman behind me screamed. Kick tucked his thumbs behind his waist and opened his elbows wide, spreading his back, slightly at first, and then opening the left side to its full plane, and then the right, both wings from his wrist to his shoulders in perfect symmetry. The back of his blond head glowed atop the phallic column of his thick neck.

"Relax. Face front, please."



Dave Draper/photographer unknown

The crowd had settled on a favorite. Someone set up a chant of "Number One! Number One!" The number 1 had pinned on Kick's red nylon briefs.

"May we have some quiet, please. Face front, please. May I remind you, Number Three, that these are mandatory poses. If you're not sure which way to turn, look at the man next to you."

The crowd cheered and hooted. "Alright now, fellas. Flexing the legs, display the thighs. 1-2-3."

Kick locked his hands behind his head, elbows wide, armpits rampant. He flashed his washboard abs and thrust one leg and then the other out for judgment. The thickness of his thighs broke up into distinctly displayed muscle groups. The con-

testant on his right moved his own leg towards Kick's, daring closer comparison.

A challenger.

The crowd went wild. Kick lowered his hands to his waist, thrust his leg toward his competitor, flexed it, looked at the other bodybuilder, then pointed, grinning, to his own thigh, bulked, carved, cut, vascular, and tanned. He looked up from his leg and threw the crowd a devastating so-what-do-you-think smile.

"And relax. Fellas, we're going for your favorite ab shot on 3. 1-2-3. Hit it."

And Kick locked his hands behind his head, the crowd was with him. He kicked out his right leg, resting his foot on the heel, working his leg length, giving more than required,

expelling air, locking his abs into the tight ridges my tongue knew by heart. He pumped his abs tight, then tighter.

The crowd chanted "Number One!"

Kick's whole posture, arms up, leg extended, belly displayed, seemed to focus the light on the full pouch of his red posing briefs. Funny, at the last minute in the single toilet off the Green Room, "For luck," I said, I had slipped Kick's balls and cock through his brass cock ring to accentuate his big package in his red posing trunks. "I want them to see everything you've got," I had said. We wondered how much a big cock and balls registered even subliminally with the judges. On stage, Kick radiated pure sex. Women in the crowd were shouting, "We want Number One!"

I shouted into the din. "You can't have him!"

"And relax. Catch your breath, fellas. We're going to do the Most Muscular now. Your favorite Most Muscular. On 3. 1-2-3. Hit it."

Kick raised his arms wide, elbows above his shoulders, then slowly hunched, leaned over, powered down into the Most Muscular crab pose. His right leg led his left. His arms were Most Muscular. His chest pumped like a barrel. His head was up. His face back. His chin out. The cords in his neck spoke power. The crowd loved him. He broke the pose and hit it again. Then again. This last time in a full lockdown, adding in a killer move, he revolved his fists one around the other to emphasize the writhing brute force of his upper body and massive arms.

"And relax. Now there will be sixty seconds of free posing. Remember, fellas, this is a posedown. This is your final chance to show why you should be Mr. Western Pacific Coast. Take your sixty seconds. Use it, please."

The disco music came up over the cheers of the crowd. Each contestant tried to outpose the other. They moved, freestyle, pose against pose, topping each other: arms, chest, backs, abs, and legs. They moved sideways. They turned front and back. They knelt. They stood on their hands.

Kick stayed confidently in place. He had found the best light. He was center to the group. They were good.

But he was Power.

They were bodybuilders.

But he was a blond muscle beast, his hairy blond body hair shaved down to pure bulk, definition, vascularity, symmetry.

Symmetry.

They were competitors, but he was brooking no competition. He ignored them jockeying into him, imitating his poses, trying to lure him into following their competitive routines. Instead, he grinned, thrust out his chin, and floored his Corvette body. His blond hair and his moustache glowed. He played straight to the audience, straight to the judges, straight to me behind my video camera in the front row. Kick was surrounded by bodybuilders, but he was more than a bodybuilder.

He was a Lord of Light.

The crowd turned to near riot. Fans with cameras rushed the lip of the stage. Applause. Whistles. "Number One!"

The minute of blasting music stopped. The crowd rose cheering louder. The head judge called for quiet. The auditorium soothed down expectantly. Finally, he named the fifth and fourth and third runners-up. The three men moved off to the side. Kick flexed his pecs and ran his fingers down his rippled belly, flicking away sweat and oil that made me hungry for his sweet juices. The hall grew tense. Expectant. Kick stood next to Number Nine. He reached out to shake Nine's hand. "Number One!" flared here and there from the orchestra and balcony. What you get is what you see. "Number One!" Time stood still.

I knew there was no God if we came this close and lost.

In the pause, Number Nine hit his Most Muscular. Kick raised both arms into his best double biceps shot of the night and killed the guy with his arms.

"Number One! Number One! Number One!"

"Quiet, please." The judge was a sadist. "We have three trophies to award before we announce the winner of the Mr. Western Pacific Coast Contest."

I knew the way you always know about your own lover. I knew the verdict.

"The trophy for Best Legs goes to Number One, Kick Sorensen!"

Kick hit a severe leg pose, then threw his arms up in salute. Number

Nine reached to shake his hand. A young blond woman carried the Best Legs trophy to Kick. She leaned forward to give the winner his customary kiss. I watched Kick deftly turn his mouth away. The blond bussed his cheek. Nick set the trophy down at his feet.

"The trophy for Best Arms," the trophy Kick coveted most, "Number One, Kick Sorensen."

Kick hit a single side-biceps pose. The crowd cheered. He was sweeping the competition. Number Nine realized he was going to place second. Kick received the second trophy from the blond girl and placed it near the first.

"Number One! Number One!"

Kick was a generous poser. He obliged the cheers, rolling a double bicep shot down into one last Most Muscular pose. Number Nine, a sport to the end, followed suit. The

killer poses. He raised his prize-winning arms high over his head. The cheering rose as he accepted his First Place trophy and headed toward the posing platform. He mounted the dais and placed the four trophies at his feet. The four other finalists grouped themselves on the platform's lower levels with Kick in top place. Photographers crowded to the foot of the stage to shoot the winners with cameras and flashguns.

I toyed with my own anonymity. "Wasn't that Number One somewhere?" I said to a small group of three huge powerlifters.

"Yeah," they said.

"I heard this is his first contest." I cast bread on the water. I wanted to hear what they thought.

"You're shittin' me." The guy unraveled his big arms off his powerlifter gut and curled his twenty-inch

THE MUSCLE YOU'RE LOOKING FOR IS LOOKING FOR YOU

Feel them: thick, BIG ARMS, muscle bulked, heavy from sweaty workouts, their huge girth sported in a teeshirt, or subtly concealed by skin-tight shirt sleeves of well-washed flannel stretched to ripping across their mass, now stripped to reveal mounds of baseball biceps cabled with vascularity, and thick horseshoe triceps, growing bigger before your eyes, the pump of each successive flex further expressing the disciplined power of the life force that built them.

With those BIG ARMS lifted high in full frontal display of arm muscle, feel them again. Feel the density of each striation as it's gathered down into the depths of muscle armpits rich with the heavy male scent of bodybuilder muscle sweat. If you can take that big muscular arm in one hand and your dick in the other and discover that between the stroking of the two you're cumming, then we're both gonna have fun. I'm on my way to the gym now. If BIG ARMS and I mean REALLY BIG ARMS, with a rap-n-jackoff make you break into a sweat you can't cool off by yourself, drop me a line.

—Armstrong

(Editor's note: This is the personal ad written by a champion bodybuilder who was looking not for another bodybuilder, but for a sex partner who worshipped competition muscle. Let's say they both found their match.)

audience screamed.

Under the roar, the judge's words were lost as he named the second runner-up. Number Nine heard. He raised his arms in valedictory and turned to shake Kick's hand.

The audience rose screaming to their feet.

"The winner of the Most Muscular trophy and the Mr. Western Pacific Coast title is... Number One! Kick Sorensen!"

I nearly died. I felt like Jackie Kennedy on election night. All I could think of was *West Side Story*: "I love him. I'm his. And everything he is... I am too!" Didn't I just wish!

Kick pumped off a succession of

bicep up to stroke his thick moustache.

"Me? Shit you?" I said.

"Then the guy's even more of an okay dude." He turned to his partner. "Hey, Doyle. This is the Sarge's first contest." (Jeez! They'd nicknamed him *Sarge*.)

That night I drove Mr. Western Pacific Coast, himself, in the red Corvette, cammed with the three enormous trophies, back to the Hotel California where you can check in, but if you're lucky you can never leave.

Laughing and exhausted, I stripped and lay back on the bed.

"Lay still, coach." Kick arranged



Ed Fury/photo by Bruce of Los Angeles

the four muscle trophies carefully on the sheets around me.

"Uh-oh," I said. "Now I know," I was hot with anticipation, "what Oscar winners do when they get home."

Kick, smiling, moved back from the bed. In motion slower then slow motion, he sensually stripped himself out of his green Adidas warm-up suit. His tanned body still glistened with the olive oil and sweat of the competition. With his thumbs, he pulled his tailored red posing briefs down from his waist, down past the brass cock ring circling the root of his big blond uncut dick and balls, down his Best Legs in Ten Western States.

He was Mr. Western Pacific Coast.

He had become very serious. For a moment, he stood, in all his pumped muscle, totally naked, and studied me, like he was thanking me, like I had something really to do with his winning, with his looking like this. His big, uncut dick was hardening, no hands, until it was top mast. I was awestruck at his physical endurance, at his offering this heavy-duty intimacy following so quickly his public physique presentation. The applause was nothing compared to the triumph we saw, really saw, in each other's eyes. In all our private nights of making muscle-love, no night had begun with such a wide-open celebration of Kick's exquisite manliness. The world for the first time had acknowledged what we had privately known and pursued and rehearsed so intensely for so long together. The victory belonged to him, but he was about to give it to me.

Naked, in his All-American prize-winning glory, Kick moved toward the bed. He lowered himself slowly down the length of my naked body.

"I've wanted all my life to do this," Kick said. "This way. This time. On a night like this. A first contest. A first win. Tonight's a special one. Tonight's on me."

For the first time, we didn't have bodybuilder sex with his body and my sextalk. Instead, he made love to me. The man inside all that muscle, who was all that muscle, made love to me and buried me tender in the oiled bulk of his muscular embrace, our hard cocks stroking together between his carved abs and mine (uncarved).

"It's you," he said to me. "This is my personal best. From me to you. There's no other man."

At the start, the only promise we had made was never to become ordinary to each other.

"I want to lay it all on you, coach."

The energy bonding was stronger than ever.

Hours later, exhausted in each other's arms, in the quiet before the San Diego dawn, Kick whispered to me.

"You won't laugh," he said. His calloused palm rubbed my belly frosted with the dried glaze of our cum. "I mean it seriously."

He moved his golden face in close to mine and announced it like a mandate to me with my cheek resting in the fragrant undercove of his sweaty 'pit where all the muscles of his arm and shoulder joined his powerful chest.

"Someday," Kick said, "I want us to be a story told at night in beds around the world."

My hungry heart came running. So...

Just so you know what's bull and what's not, after telling you to hit the bodybuilding contests or the gyms, the best tip I can give a man interested in muscle worship or flex-sex with bodybuilders is, if you don't know one, rent one through the classified ads. Otherwise, the chances of bonding with one are rare, and (this is not cynical) renting is much more cost-effective.

Remember, if you pay the current going-rate for a competition bodybuilder, your money may seem like a *chunk* to you for an hour of bliss; but it will seem a pittance if you realize he spent maybe twelve hours a week, every week, for six months to twelve years to sculpt the muscle that turns you on. Consider yourself a patron of the arts at a private showing.

On the other hand, sometimes bodybuilders like Kick find it necessary to advertise for noncommercial relationships with nonbodybuilders because "other bodybuilders are too competitive." Lucky me. I was in the right place at the right time for once, when a medium-range bodybuilder friend showed me the "personal" ad (see insert), saying he knew the guy who called himself "Armstrong" and he figured we'd be perfect.

We were.

Until we weren't.

Those three years Inside Muscle were the best and worst years of my life. (But that's another story.)

And I owe it all to muscle.

So let Ronnie Raygun test my piss for addiction. I'm a Muscle Junkie. At least I found heaven, or what passes for heaven. I hope you find yours. Kick, or some young bodybuilder like him, is out there, right now, growing up in Kansas, or in Wyoming, or on the planet Krypton, dream-

He was a man.

He had a man's strength and fragility, a man's grace and intensity, a man's joy, and a man's passion. Touching his magnificent muscles, I recognized a chance to say yes without qualification to a man who was so classically, and personally, a man, that he was an Angel of Light.

His muscle was metaphor for every ideal ever in my head.

To him I could say nothing but yes.

One thing, you see, I know for

MUSCLES ON TELEVISION

Want to see both muscles and boners popping on your television? Unfortunately, you can't always have a boner show up with every pair of biceps, but you can have packed posing straps (in most instances) and other ocular exercises. Below is a quickly-gathered, obviously incomplete guide to muscle on video tape. Nudity is noted.

ED FURY & others appear in and out of posing straps and trunks in two collections of short films dating from the '50s and '60s. In **Because of Him & Other Films** you can see the likes of Fury in as little as a posing strap and Bob Del Monte in less. In **Found in Space & Other Films** you can see the first gay bodybuilder film ever made ("Days of the Greek Gods") plus other items made in color and B&W. Information available from: R.A. Enterprises, Box 10423, Phoenix, AZ 85064. *Some nudity.*

Early **ARNOLD** shows up in an anthology video by AMG, as does quite a number of other hunks who posed in trunks, briefs and straps for the granddaddy studio. You're not going to see Conan naked, but you can catch him in his early 20s in **AMG VTR 4**, a two-hour collection of posing strap and nude shorts. Only a handful of bodybuilders, but what beauties! Information available from: AMG, 1834 W. 11th St., Los Angeles, CA 90006. *Some nudity.*

FRANK VICKERS can keep you wide-eyed for an hour, easy, as proved by *Frank Vickers, Volume One* from Christopher Rage. This is the man a lot of gay bodybuilders think they are—but there's obviously only one Frank Vickers and this is the ultimate look at him. Information from: Live Video Inc., Box 1791, New York, NY 10116. *Nude and nasty!*

GAY GAMES II had a number of great moments, but the night of the Physique Competition was the greatest (and the most attended event)—with some of the best bodies you've ever seen come out of a gym. The Official Video, produced by M.E.N., is nothing less than dazzling, an hour of muscle to make the heart race. Information from: M.E.N., 1 United Nations Plaza, San Francisco, CA 94102.

MUSCLE VIDEO JOURNAL covers everything interesting to the world of professional bodybuilding and compresses it into a one-hour tape every three months. High tech, low price, the perfect place to see the likes of Bob Paris, Matt Mendenhall, Dave Hawk and the other blockbusters. The same company issues videos of specific contests (pre-judging and evening shows). Information from: Video Action, 237 Ogden Ave., Jersey City, NJ 07307.

IRON BODIES is 60 per cent talking torsos, strange for a video about *bodybuilders* and is too co-sexual to give you much of a hard-on. Worth checking out if you'd like a look at Kay Baxter... without having to look at just Kay Baxter. Active Home Video.

ing of Muscle Beach, waiting, waiting, waiting, as all exhibitionists must wait, until we *Now, Voyeurs* match up with them and give those big-armed, big-chested, big-peced, big-shouldered, big-legged, goodlookin' bodybuilders the chance to strut their big-dicked stuff smack into our big-hearted souls!

The first night when I saw Kick, I recognized one of life's long shots at the Perfect Affirmation.

sure. Nature very rarely puts it all together: looks, bearing, voice, appeal, smile, intelligence, strength, kindness, and physique. That's what I look for in bodybuilders: the chance to say yes to a man whose muscle promises everything.

Honest manliness is never half-revealed. When it's there, it's all right there in front of you. The hardest thing to be in the world today is a man. ■