

# SKIN

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VOLUME 2 NUMBER 5

THE HARDON MAGAZINE

**16 X-RATED COLOR PAGES!**

EROTIC ART BY LEO

**unpublished shots:  
AMG'S DUOS!**

in never-seen photos &  
words by Jack Fritscher:  
OLD RELIABLE'S HOTTEST STUDS!

**paying for sex:  
HUSTLER BARS**



ADULTS ONLY



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#### COVER PHOTO:

For the very first time outside its own brochures, the Old Reliable Tape Company opens its files to prove there's more than words to "The Company Dirty Talk Built." An exclusive, never-published-before spread of the outfit's hottest studs appears in this issue.

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# OLD RELIABLE

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# THE COMPANY DIRTY TALK BUILT

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By JACK FRITSCHER

"Streetboys, ex-cons, and hustlers are my only hardon," Old Reliable says. "Nothing beats looking up at a tough young streetwise punk straddling my chest, flexing his muscles, and talking nasty to me. Sure it's dangerous. Nobody in his right mind should bring roughtrade into his house and put himself in a compromising situation. I've been raped at knifepoint and robbed at gunpoint. I've been stripped naked by a 19-year-old blond ex-con who fucked me till he got off and then marched me around my apartment with the palms of my hands on my shoulders prisonstyle while he made me rifle my drawers for cash."

Old Reliable is in his early thirties. He's a cherubic brown-blond, blue-

eyed junkfood addict who rarely ventures out of his L.A. apartment. He hardly needs to. In 1975 he invented the better mousetrap, and the World began beating a path to his door. "Judy Garland and me," he says. "This is the apartment-hotel where she used to bring the roughtrade she liked to have fuck her senseless. Ain't Hollywood grand? L.A. may not be the center of the universe, but it sure is center ring of the circus."

Reliable rises to pour more Coca-

Cola. The Coke always goes in the glass before the ice; it foams less.

"I must be crazy to be in the business I'm in. If the Moral Majority, which is neither, doesn't get me, then the hustlers will. But then my business is my pleasure. How many guys can honestly say that? To be perfectly real with you, in a world that grows increasingly unreal, I must tell you: Terror is my only hardon. I used to think this was weird, but lately the headlines and movies prove that terror sells. And what sells in America is always what excites people the most. America's into terror. Think of the hostages, movies like "Jaws" and "Halloween," the election of any Republican. It's an axiom of art: the mix of beauty and

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***"What they confess to and brag about is the stuff wet dreams are made of."***



terror."

Attractive danger is Old Reliable's product. He recruits tough street-males to make audio tapes for mail-order sale to an international clientele of men who prefer, in their wise concern for the safety of their persons and possessions, not to hit the bricks themselves to pick up a piece of lower-class trash who will do anything they want—or he wants—for fifteen bucks on up. Enter Old Reliable and reality. Old Reliable refuses to script his authentic tapes. He turns his boys loose with a blank cassette. What they confess to and brag about is the stuff wet dreams are made of. Lots of men, with a yen for nasty talk, enjoy beating off listening to Old Reliable's men admitting, in slow Southern drawls and heavy streetlingo, that they're fuckin' righteously into abusing fuckin' fags.

Once a man discovers the performance-reality that Old Reliable produces, he becomes a sucker for these hot "social documentaries" that ivory-tower sociologists would give their right not for. Reliable realizes the socially redeeming value of his work. But that's accidental to his purpose. His reason for being, he realizes, happens when a guy listens to these tapes on his car stereo, on his cassette next to his pillow, or on his Walkman while sitting in a sleazy neighborhood on a bus bench watching the danger-boys cruise temptingly by. Sex, Old Reliable figures, ought to have a verbal soundtrack.

"I'm an outlaw," he admits, "artistically, politically, even philosophically." Reliable is attractive enough to make a pickup in any gay bar in the world, but he frankly eschews sex with gays. He prefers sex with men. Not that he feels superior to gays. "It's ironic. Just as the media accepts the word *gay*, homosexuals realize that *gay* has reduced itself to mean no more than the lifestyles of the disco clone and the political activist. That does not, by any stretch, represent the extraordinary range of queerness." He

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smiles. "I think it was better before we divided ourselves into rich gays, poor gays, city gays, female gays, etc. I think it was better when we were all just outlaws."

Knowing the danger of Old Reliable's lifestyle, the very lifestyle that gives him access to a reality that is heart of the contemporary young urban male American experience, one wonders about the chances of his longevity. Are his forays into the hustling demi-monde a kind of living by the sword?

"I'm homosexual," he says. "But like many queer men these days, I find homosexuality is more than designer jeans and LaCoste. Maybe I'm reactionary."

Actually his erotic tapes are an art form reminding men of the kind of men they originally came out for—before the top photo studios laundered masculinity into a spruced-up parody of mannequins and models.

"No man alive, I dare say, ever came out to go to bed with gays. Men come out to bed other men. Heterosexual is not better than homosexual. Yet if you check out, and really listen to, the so-called gay values of who's so-called *hot*, you see that the straighter the guy's appearance, the bigger the throb. That says everything about what guys deepdown want. That says everything about the deepdown levels at which I mine my work. Sometimes guys buy my tapes and get scared."

Old Reliable believes in being careful what you wish for, because he finds you usually get it.

"When I was a kid in Cincinnatti, I wrestled with tough kids and didn't get hurt. They respected my brains; I respected their strength. I could watch fights without taking sides. Boys told me their secrets. Today they still do. I was free back then to not be one-of-the-boys while enjoying all the protection and privilege of

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being with the tough guys. Sounds like my situation now. I used to get my pals to wrestle. Crotch-to-crotch. Stripped to shorts. Twelve-year-old cocks curiously against each other. One guy, when we weren't wrestling, was always strutting and telling me how tough he was and how he could really whip me if he wanted to. When I think about it, those experiences were like a dry-run for the way my sexlife and my artlife are today. Maybe that's the point and secret of my tapes: L.A. reality isn't too far from Cincinnati fantasy."

Old Reliable is generous to his boys. Sometimes to a fault. They call him "Dear Old Dad" and he melts. A hustler gets fifteen to twenty-five bucks for sex, another ten or fifteen for the half-hour tape, another twenty or so for photographs. That's sort of the standard package. It varies greatly with the look and talent of the toughie. Some guys return for free. Some, for bigger bucks.

"These young men serve themselves up *ala carte*." Old Reliable spreads some of his distinctive-style camera-verite pix across his blond veneer coffee table. His eye sports a small mouse. His lower lip is slightly puffy. "Kenny, last night, for instance, came over for twenty bucks' worth of fun. Let me say that Kenny was my type and cheap at twice the price. I offered him during the scene another ten for some attitude-posing. Another five for his fancy presentation of his butt for some fancier rimming. And so on." Old Reliable smiles like a cat accustomed to eating canaries. "By this morning, Kenny had earned himself \$85."

Old Reliable hardly minds paying for it. His auditions of these boys assures Old Reliable Cassette Company's customers that they're getting The Real Thing. No wonder Old Reliable himself has a refrigerator stacked full of litre bottles of nothing but Coca-Cola. For every true artist, his work must also be his life.

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"Hollywood," Reliable says, "is the city of performances. Everybody here is paid to perform. I pay to go to a play where actors strut their stuff for a group. So what's different about paying my little streetactor Kenny for a one-on-one performance? It pays his rent. It keeps him from robbing somebody." He looks around his apartment. Outside, a Southern-California fountain, reminiscent of grander times, babbles under a motionless palm. "Of course, they always sooner or later rob me. That's one of the reasons I rarely go out. Everything in my apartment turns over, through burglary, at least once a year. Am I complaining? Hardly."

Old Reliable's third-floor apartment is early St. Vincent de Paul. Fans of his photography can watch the possessions change as they study the backgrounds of the pix of his young studs. The lamps, the chairs, the sheets, are all familiar.

"This place is not exactly my choice of style," Reliable says with no apology in his voice. He's not a faggot living the designer life. "Most of my customers live in very nice middle-class homes. I had," he asides, "three address changes from Washington, D.C., for instance, just as Carter left office. Anyway, if a man lives in a comfortable home, he can't bring back a street hustler where everything they see is temptation. This Salvation Army junk hardly tempts anybody. This illusion keeps me safer, although there is the constant problem of the camera, the tape recorders, the tape duplicator, the color TV, and the video camera and recorder. My work requires electronic equipment and, of course, that's high on the burglary-robbery hit list. So far, I haven't gone down in a hail of hot lead."

One wonders if Old Reliable's customers realize the extent of the dangers he faces to produce his erotic art. That knowledge that the danger is as real as the tapes, that

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none of his work is scripted, might add to the erotic, exotic intensity of smoking a jay, greasing up the palm, and turning on the tape cassette.

Old Reliable founded his cassette mail-order trade in the middle of the night. This was before home video. Erotica was silent and he thought to give sex a voice. He sat up in bed, sort of Jizz Slinger, thinking, "You ain't heard nothin' yet!"

"Actually," he says between answering the constantly ringing phone, "I always got turned on at the baths back then listening to men fuck and moan in the next room. I jerked off hearing my roommate getting into S&M and fistfucking. I loved the panting crunching sound of myself and my partner wrestling. And I could, and can, cum listening to a hustler or straight man tell about his exploits: fighting, doing sex, roughhousing, keeping cool in the slammer. Sex isn't silent. Sex involves all the senses. I like the sight, taste and smell of action. So why not the fucking sound of it?"

Old Reliable's style is the style of men he recruits: a direct drive to real, painful, penetrating, curled-toe orgasm. The men he photographs and tapes are from the lower class: outlaws, young men from broken families, reform school, prison, drug addicts, bikers, all of them living day to day, often on the street, or with whoever will take care of them, male or female. Most identify themselves as straight.

Old Reliable's style is also the style of the men who patronize his tapes: men reacting, perhaps subconsciously, to their upbringing. Like Old Reliable, who dares to extend himself out into the mean streets to front for them, they have, if their purchase-power is any statement, similar tastes. "I like," Old Reliable confesses, and the truth of all this is in his work as much as in his present shared confidence, "the smell of sweat, armpits, cock, asshole, and balls. I like muscular, hard bodies. I

like men doing things that our middle-class parents always thought of as dirty: spitting, cussing, even fucking women. Sex is beautiful and compelling, but I prefer it on the seamy side. I would rather sniff the armpits of a tough young Mexican boxer after a fight than climb between clean sheets with a Colt model.

"For my tapes, I basically use men who haven't grown up with middle-class restrictions. I encourage them to be as honest as they can. I let them say whatever spills out of them—from nice to nasty. They tend to tell secrets and spill their guts all over the tape. Most of it is what some people regard as seamy, not just sexual. Some talk of violence and hate and prejudice, of sins venial and mortal, of omission and commission. Most of them are pretty worldly whether they're 18 or 38. What is dirty changes a lot and keeps changing."

What Old Reliable ends up with on his erotic tapes is something really important and unique in contemporary American popular culture.

"What you hear on my tapes is more than suck and fuck and rim. It's also sweat, piss, hardcore masculinity, strength, attitude, lack of pretension. These men haven't been conditioned the same way as their listeners. Most of them love the chance to say anything they want, and for money, and they come off with a seething intensity that can't fail to move the listener." Old Reliable hits down neat the last of his glass of Coke. "How often," he says with all the passion of an artist with a vision, "do we get to hear someone say what he really thinks and feels? The men of these tapes can do just that—because I release them from any judgment on what they say. After they leave my apartment, after I get a little ripped and listen to the tape, I just share the streetgifts life sends to me."

He smiles his deceptively boyish smile.

"I'm sharing people who don't always wear clean underwear," he says, "with those who do." □