

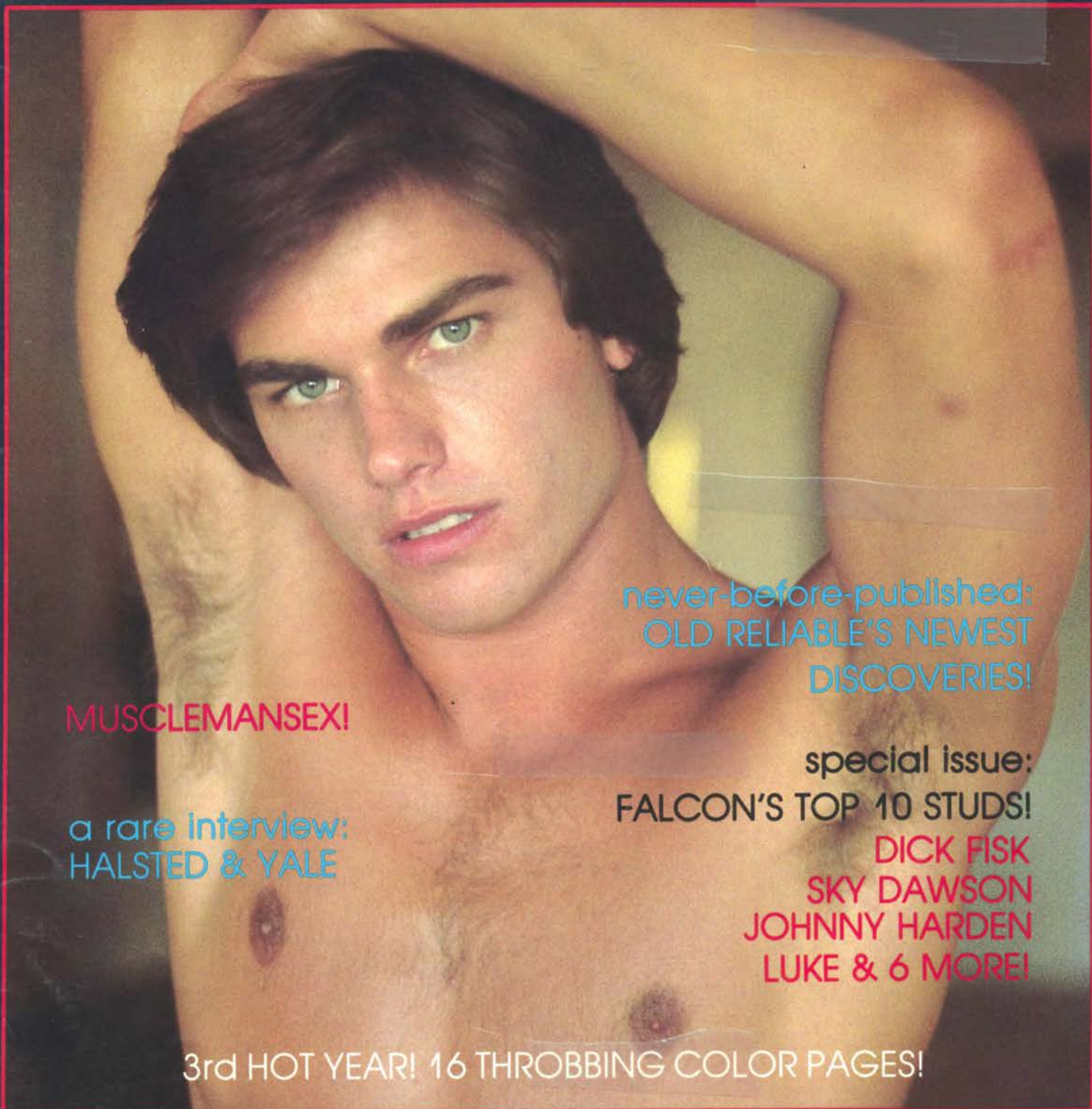
# SKIN

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VOLUME 3 NUMBER 1

THE HARDON MAGAZINE



never-before-published:  
OLD RELIABLE'S NEWEST  
DISCOVERIES!

MUSCLEMANSEXI

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### COVER PHOTO:

For the first time since *SKIN*'s premiere issue two years ago, Falcon is back with six of its top stars from the past and four of its hopefuls for the future. The top-dog in the film biz for several years now, it seems only fitting that the studio that helped launch *SKIN* should help launch our third big year with an exclusive many-paged hardon spread you'll see only here.

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# MUSCLEMAN SEX

By JACK FRITSCHER

When I figured out I didn't quite have one myself, I started my search for the Perfect Body. *Perfect* means *muscles*. So I quit my job, sold everything that wouldn't fit into my old '65 Mustang convertible, and headed for Southern California. The Midwest was not big on bodies. California, word had it, was where the Big Boys with the Big Biceps pumped their hard tanned physiques to a well-oiled turn. I drove straight from Chicago to Venice Beach, California.

My first afternoon, I spied Arnold Schwarzenegger and Ken Waller working out in the Muscle Bull Pen next to the strand. Sun. Sand. Sweat. Muscle Strut. Good Moves. Good Looks. Other bodybuilders coming down to the Bull Pen, slowly stripping off their sweatsuits, tugging at torn cotton teeshirts ringed with heavy sweat in their deep armpits, till finally exhibited fullflash in their workout trunks. Who knows what any man's sexual preference is. Who cares. I know mine. And I prefer guys with muscles. I like bodybuilders. And I figure any man who builds his muscles up to a showy exhibition quality states something about the way his head acts for him.

My main conclusion is that bodybuilders are no more or less "gay" than any other group of men, but what bodybuilders often are, if not genitally homosexual, is homomuscular. By that I mean to clarify that while many of these guys might not choose or prefer to get off on another guy homogenitally, they all do—to greater and lesser extents depending on their degree of intellectual sophis-

tication and gender security—get off on other men's muscles. Bodybuilders don't "cruise" each other. Bodybuilders "check each other out." That extent of muscle-to-muscle appreciation man-to-man is the essence of homomuscularity. If bodybuilders act that out sexually, then it becomes something else: *musclemansex!*

The bodybuilder I eventually found was more than something else. He was a man. Male to the core. And more. He was a competition physique champion who had won every contest he entered. He was muscled. Yeah. And still more. He knew what to do with his bulk, definition, vascularity, and posing. Muscle was all connected together between his head and his dick. He knew how to play with his muscle and share it with another man who could dig it all for the real Male Celebration muscle is.

I read his ad in one of those offbeat tabloids. He wasn't a Muscle Hustler earning \$200 for an hour's display to a John. He was an honest-to-God homomuscular bodybuilder who worked out so hard at the gym that he liked to play with his build in the privacy of his own bedroom. He had mirrors, spotlights on dimmers, and olive oil close by. All he needed, I figured from his ad, was an appreciative playmate who wouldn't get in the way of the muscle trip.

I read his ad repeatedly, jerking off to it for nearly ten days before I finally wrote to him. I can almost recite his ad from memory: "**BIG GUNS. Feel them: thick, BIG ARMS, muscle-bulked heavily from sweaty workouts, their huge girth sported in**

*a teeshirt, or subtly concealed by shirt sleeves of well-washed flannel stretched 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 Guns 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. After a bit of smoke and a hit of popper, if you find your nose exploring the heights of those pits, 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 that you're cumming, then we're both gonna have fun! I'm on my way to the gym now. If Big Guns rap-n-jackoff make you break into a sweat you can't cool off by yourself, drop me a line."*

Hot Muscle! This guy read muscle the way I *wanted* muscle. Suck/fuck sex is okay; it has its place and should be kept there; sometimes homogenital suck/fuck gets in the way of some straightforward homomuscular jerkoff. His pitch was my catch: our common ground was respect for, reverence of, and even—yeah—*worship* of competition bodybuilder physique muscle.

I sent him my phone number. He called. I said: "I want to stroke your

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## DEAR SKIN

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The cockhead behind him abraded against his prostate which made his task more difficult. It was only with the greatest effort that he didn't come.

The pace of the thrusts behind him quickened and Kurt felt the shaft swell in his rectum as his ass fucker poured spurt after spurt into his hungry ass. Tightening the muscles, Kurt milked the cock of every bit of cum.

His attention switched to the urgent drives of the cock in his mouth. He knew that he was about to be fed a mouthful of cum. Pulling back, so as to enjoy the taste of his assailant's load, Kurt felt the first eruption enter his mouth. He swallowed as quickly as he could while savoring the bittersweet taste of the thick load.

Kurt had not moved when the butt-fucker had pulled out of him. He was surprised by a wet feeling around his stretched bunghole, and realized that the man who had unloaded up his ass was trying to recoup the cum by sucking it out of his hole. Being rimmed with such urgency caused the hair on the back of his head to rise while every nerve in his body responded. Pushing back, he tried to force his ass through the hole behind him, urging the tongue and lips to more and more lust.

A whisper came through the crack in the door, "Let me in, please." Unwilling to discourage the man behind him, Kurt stretched to reach the hook which kept the door locked. As it sprung loose, a slender, young lad with a shock of blond hair entered the room quickly, relocking the door behind him.

Without any prelude, the young man knelt before Kurt and took his cock into his hot mouth. He pulled off of Kurt's prick and began running his tongue over Kurt's balls. Kurt was unwilling to allow him that luxury and grasped his cock and thrust it back into the young mouth.

Unable to drive his hips, Kurt grabbed the blond by the back of his head and started face-fucking him. He discovered the lad lacked the experience of deep-throating him, so he measured his drives to take the greatest advantage of this fuck-hole.

He didn't know if the man behind him was aware of the new dimension the scene had taken, but the loosening and tightening of his hole did not deter the practiced tongue. Kurt felt that the top of his head was about to explode with all of the sensations that coursed through his body.

His balls tightened and boiled in their sac, demanding release. Kurt could no longer hold off. He let out a wild scream as his load emptied itself in the lad's mouth. It was too much for the young man; cum seeped out of the corners of his mouth, but he gallantly kept on sucking, not needing Kurt's demanding hands.

When he finished, he quickly dressed, patted the lad on his butt, whispered a thanks, and left the booth to walk around and regain his strength for another bout. □

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## MUSCLEMANSEX

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bicep and beat off." He liked that. Later, he told me that he liked that approach, because too many guys devalue the muscle trip by reducing it to a come-on like: "I want to suck your dick, muscleman." Dick is terrific—but as a source of back-up to the muscle presentation itself. The Bodybuilder Look is what causes the hardon. The Bodybuilder's dick is part of that Look. A Big Bulge in the posing trunks doesn't hurt, but it's on a par with an excellent butt, great cabled legs, washboard abs, thick chest and back, full pex, broad shoulders, massive arms, thick neck, and well-groomed hair and moustache.

Now I know all this is a matter of personal taste. To each his own. I can only recommend men who are bodybuilders as THE MOST FUN I'VE EVER HAD man-to-man sensu-

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## MUSCLEMANSEX

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ally and sexually. Ball-busting women and feminist-sympathizing men often have a hard time just looking at Bodybuilders, because Bodybuilders inevitably display by reason of their very Look the most turned-out, assertive and aggressive qualities of the secondary male sex characteristics. Ball-busters object to men looking the classic way that men are, my dick says, s'posed to look: big, powerful, commanding in presence. They say things like: "That guy's gross. His shoulders are too big." Straight physique champ Bill Pearl has made bottomline retort: "No man's shoulders can ever be too big."

Taking the wisdom from Pearl to the level of male sex is to say that, if a man likes playing with men in general, then any sex activity he enjoys, he will enjoy that much more with a bodybuilder. Bodybuilders tend to flesh out what is the essence of masculinity. That's *precisely*, by the way, what makes bodybuilding so controversial in America where definitions of masculinity come and go and are at best, for the population at large, a mystery. Few Americans are willing to say, even if they have a hint these days, what American Masculinity is all about. Silence and fear on the subject are clouded by the fact that Americans might have to admit (as Europeans long have done) that any definition of masculinity is going to necessarily have to include homosexuality—that brand of male-to-male sport that celebrates the essence of masculinity without taking anything away from straights who want to celebrate the essence of heterosexuality.

If a man is into men, then a manly bodybuilder is a cause for celebration. Of course, not every bodybuilder—just because he's building his body—is a universal turn-on. There are types of bodybuilders who turn your Id loose, and types who don't. Arnold Schwarzenetc claims to be straight, and I don't care, even if he is

the all-time champion bodybuilder, because Arnold lacks erotic heat. On a desert island with Arnold, I frankly would rather jerk off thinking about other bodybuilders who have the intensity and sex-heat that you see if you attend local, small bodybuilding contests rather than the big commercial extravaganzas sponsored by gym-and-supplement pushers who own some of the Big Name Bodybuilders the way Emperors owned Gladiators.

Relating to a bodybuilder is, despite first appearance, always a matter of quality over quantity. The biggest, by sheer bigness, is not necessarily the biggest turn-on. Symmetry and proportion count as much as size. And while sheer bulk can be as much fun as competition, some bodybuilders steer clear of the competitive aspects in the bedroom and get more into communicative muscle-to-muscle enjoyment that hits its fevered intensity without the chafing edge of competitiveness. In fact, some bodybuilders prefer to play "muscle" with men who, while not bodybuilders themselves, truly appreciate muscle and, in turn, keep themselves in shape suitable to their own body structure and look. (Thank you, Hercules!)

That "keeping in shape" is important. A man who is a bodybuilder after all doesn't want to fuck with a man who feels like a Baggie full of mashed potatoes. And whether bodybuilder, or whether just a man in shape who really gets off on muscle, the advice of a seasoned Muscle Champ applies to men who tread that delicate line of trying to remain homomasculine in an increasingly sissy-clone-gay world: "A man either works out, and begins to look like a nice hot Daddy; or he doesn't work out and just turns into everybody's Auntie."

Frankly, you can't trust a line of this bullshit, because I'm writing all this with my dick. But then, again, maybe dick in this world these days is much more trustworthy than head.

At any rate, mansex goes better with muscle! □