

SKIN

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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**unpublished shots: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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DIRTY THOUGHTS

PAYING FOR SEX

By JACK FRITSCHER

A Hustler Bar is a strange place for a gay man, because a Hustler Bar is not "gay." There are hustlers. There are Johns. Neither leads a particularly All-Americanned-Gayboy lifestyle. Both are essentially straight-livers. The Johns prefer men who don't fuck up sex with sentiment. Or with "gayness." The hustlers prefer, not necessarily men, but money. Sex with men is an easy, and sometimes not-so-easy, means to that end of cold, hard cash for hot, hard cock.

In a gay bar the reciprocity is sex for sex. In a Hustler Bar, it's sex for money. The old adage of KISS applies: Keep It Simple, Stupid! I had to remember that the Johns, many of whom were more attractive to me than were some of the hustlers, aren't looking for reciprocal sex. They're looking for a guy who will ball them the specific way they like it. With no accommodation, really, for what the hustler might like. The hustler's pleasure is not the point. Keeping-it-simple means remembering that some guys have a need for money and some guys have a Need-to-Pay. Don't ask me why. Probably everything that goes down in life has to do with our toilet training. Or something.

So there I stood/leaned/sat/paced/leaned/smiled/watched/cruised with fifty bucks hot in my jeans begging to pay for it, so I'd know what the fuck it felt like to buy my way into a specific section of "street-trash lowlife sex" that without cash no man has any access to.

I felt like an asshole in a candy store. Talk about tough young stuff and good-looking young stuff and nasty young stuff! *Young* seemed to be the common commodity. I felt like a hawk in a chicken coop. No matter what sex trip Johns want—S&M, rough trade, suck/fuck, dirty feet, you-name-it—anything goes best in a Hustler Bar with youth. Basically, if a man isn't somehow sort of into basic chicken, he's not gonna relate

"... old hustlers never die, they just start buying it back."

"... cold, hard cash for hot, hard cock."

"... some guys have a need for money and some guys have a need-to-pay."

to the Hustler Bar menu. (Hustlers who advertise through personal classifieds usually are older, more experienced, definitely gay men who usually are offering dominance trips; these guys are not to be confused with the Hustler Bar kids.)

One former bar hustler, now a Hustler Bar fly, proved the adage that old hustlers never die, they just start buying it back. "I hustled till I was 35," he confesses into his vodka tonic. "Now I clean people's houses."

"Man," a medium-age blond hustler horns in, "you're not gonna catch me doing that, or standing down in front of that place in the morning where contractors drive up and pay you three bucks an hour to haul ass for them. Some guys will work at painting for as low as a buck."

"You gonna tell me," the retired hustler says, "there's something you wouldn't do for a buck?"

Sucker that I am, I stand and watch these two hustlers get down and spar.

"When was the last time you had your dick sucked?" the older one asks.

"None of your business."

"When was the last time you had your butt rimmed?"

"None of your business."

"When was the last time you ate pussy?"

Bullseye! (Next to *youth*, being into "straight sex" is the next most commercial commodity.)

"This morning."

"Let's smell your breath."

"I use Ultra-Brite. It brushes away the bloodstains."

"I call you sick."

"I'll call you shit and push you in it."

"I just want to suck your dick."

"Fat chance."

"Nobody will know."

"Fat chance."

"I'll swallow the evidence."

Surely, they jest. It's Friday evening becoming Friday night on a fullmoon weekend in L.A., and the two camps of hustlers and Johns

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sport with each other like friendly Montagues and Capulets. If, in America, money can rent you what you want, then a Hustler Bar is almost as close as a man can get to sex-with-satisfaction practically guaranteed. Hustlers, in fact, invariably "can guarantee you, man, we'll have a good time."

Twenty-five bucks, average, gets a John a hustler for the first time: no frills, just some laidback trade getting his dick sucked until the John cums. A return bout costs less. Prices vary depending on the time of night, the night of the week, the proportion of Johns to hustlers, and the specifics of the sex trip that the John wants out of the hustler. Frequently, there's cab fare or a tip of about ten bucks tacked on when the boy has done his best at turning out a good performance. The essence of hustling, after all, is show biz.

A tattooed wellbuilt bearded hustler eyes my table and heads to the jukebox. He plays Manilow's "I Don't Want To Walk Without You." I stand up and move in near to him, a quarter in my sweaty hand, and scan the selections for a musical reply. My choice: "Hit Me with Your Best Shot." We listen to the music, eyeing each other with peripheral vision worthy of a pair of shy carp. He's more wary than I am. "You wanna beer?" I say. "Yeah," he says. "Bud."

At the bar service station, a John leans over to me. "That one," he says, pointing at the guy leaning his butt against the jukebox, "will do it for twenty bucks. He's raunchy. Likes to get blown and have his ass eaten. He's quiet. Believe me, I know. He's a bit player in movies. Biker pictures. I've licked all those tattoos on his arms. I wrapped my dick in his beard and jerked myself off till he pushed me back, sat on my face, and twisted my tits till I came. Yeah. Twenty bucks is worth the price for the trip he puts out behind

closed doors. He's just shy in here."

I buy two Buds. I bring them back to this hunky streetversion of Kris Kristofferson. His eyes are electric skyblue. With the cold beers in my hands, I never felt more like a straight guy off at a convention in a strange town buying a drink for some B-Girl. I can tell I'm going to have a moral dilemma. I have no trouble with sex-guilt trips. I have no hassle with money. But to mix sex-and-money, migod, seems like I ought to be old and ugly and degenerate. Well, I'm not old or ugly. But the degeneracy of paying for sex doesn't sit well on my head this night in the Hustler Bar. I laugh to myself that it's much ado about nothing, but I find I really have an "attitude" about going through with this pay-for-play trip. Even with good old Blue Eyes.

I remember the words my buddy Old Reliable, who lives to love hustlers, said to me earlier in the evening: "Hustlers are actors. You're the producer. You got the money. You're also the director. Hustlers are Minimalist Artists. They'll do as little as they can. Unless you direct them. Pose. Flex. Beat your meat. Let me suck your pits/dick/ass. Sit on my face. The price can go up. Don't come off cheap. Offer \$25 for openers. If you hit it off, if you want more than some trade, if you want him to rough you up a little bit, add ten bucks. You want him to pose for some Polaroids, add another fifteen. You want him to sleep over, add ten. You want him to cuddle, add five and breakfast."

Hiring a hustler is like ordering ala carte.

"This is Hollywood," Old Reliable said. "It's a circus. But at least it's the Big Top. All the movie and TV people use hustler services. They pay for performances because they themselves are paid for performances. Hollywood is where America brings its dreams. Some survive. Some die. But the world's great performances take place, not on soundstages or legitimate stages. The

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world's great performances take place right here in the sack."

I hand Blue Eyes his Bud. I want to ask him. I want to do it. But I can't. And he's so shy, he's not helping. Why do I have to pull the quiet type? I came out tonight to be nasty. Prepared with cold cash to be nasty. To fucking BUY SEX! How un-American! I'm suddenly a reluctant consumer. Shit, I tell myself, Bought-Sex is no different from tickets bought for a performance of any kind. Hustling is a performance art directed by the Johns. Its romance is it's one on one, not one actor performing for an audience that fills an SRO theater.

Besides, the power is in my pocket: the cash.

God! Blue Eyes is hot! Short. Muscular. Tattooed. Roughly handsome. Rugged. The kind of sweaty/dirty based on the kind of clean you can maintain when you're living out of a knapsack. He's my speed. In a min-

ute, I'd take him straight to bed—if only coins weren't changing hands.

Then, like cavalry riding over the ridge in the last reel, lust develops its own logic. I stare into his incredible eyes. "Hustling," I reason, "is the world's oldest profession. It's got to be the biggest moral-religious trip in the world to think that you can reject thousands of years of theatrical history." I am disbelieving the rationale rolling out of my hard dick, watching him take a swig off his beer. "You have to build on the past. When you're with a hustler in bed, he's still very much a person, but he's a person who knows he's been hired to please you."

Finding no exploitation in that, I say, nervous as a virgin-bidder at a white-slave auction, "Ya wanna mess around at my place for fifty bucks?"

Fifty? Why did I say fifty? My subconscious is worried whether or not he'll like me. I forget it doesn't matter. He's hustling not for his pleasure, but for my pleasure and my

money that will become his, because he's good at his sex performance.

His blue eyes pierce into my face. "You ain't a cop, are you?" he asks.

Flattered, I say *no*.

His face lights up. Hustlers are able to work out deals with a John in a heartbeat. "Let's go," he says, and we stroll out together, with the bar full of Johns and hustlers watching-but-not-watching our dual exit.

Before all, for a hustler, business is business.

After all, for a John, performance is theatrical art.

That night, Blue Eyes was what he has long been: a terrific piece of ass. That night, I became, at least for once, what I had long had attitude about: a John.

It was okay. It was alright. It was more. It was hot! It was a perfect relationship. Pleasurable. Easy cum. Easy go. No hassles.

That night of my initiation into L.A. Hustler Bars proved, I guess, there's no business like show business. □