

VOLUME 10

NUMBER 4

THRUST

...this is
not your
daddy's
pussy
magazine!

\$10.95

MAGCORP

Chris Duffy
Mr AMERICA
Palm Drive Video's
"SUNSET BULL"

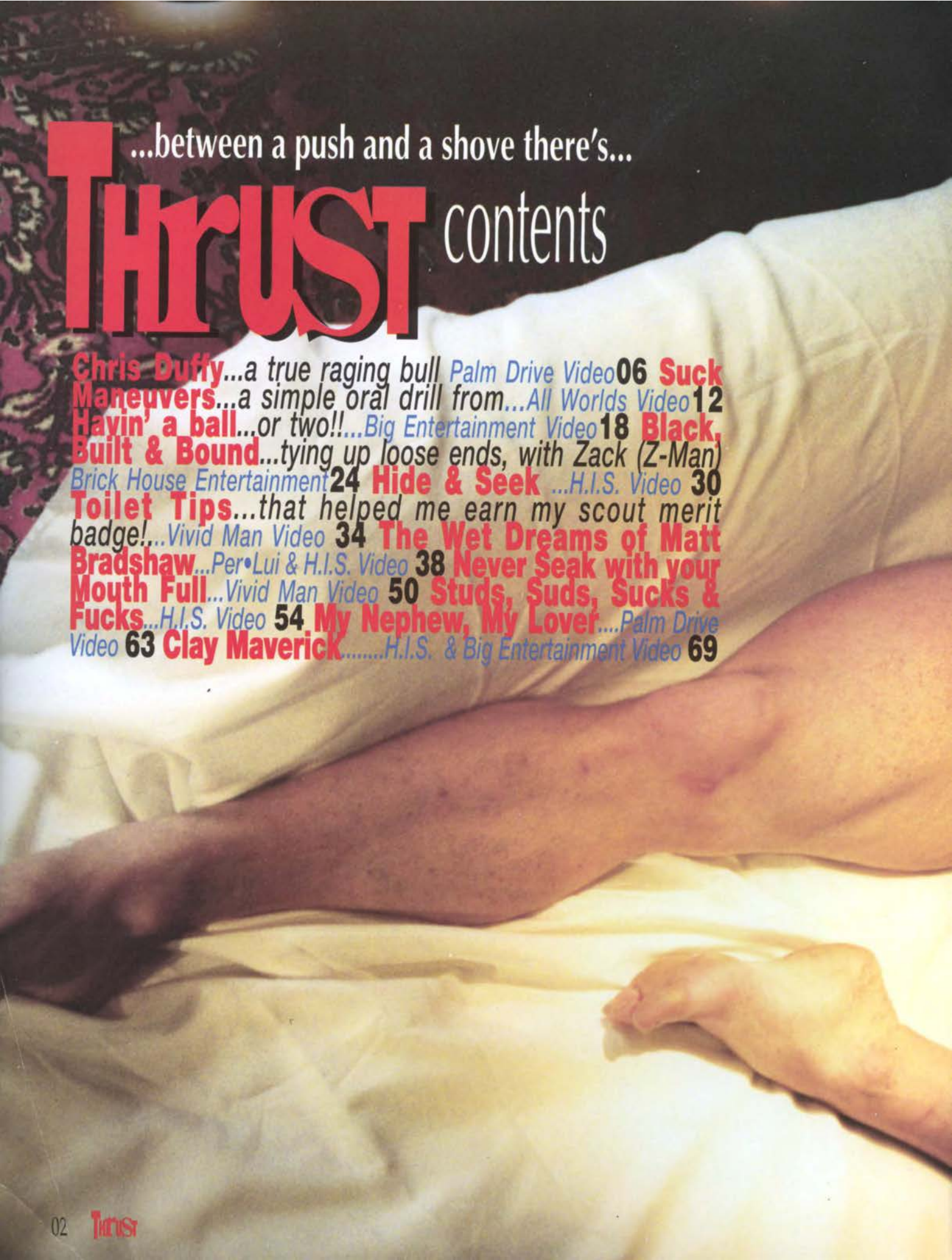
80 square
inches of thrust
...and *that's*
no bull

Hide
Seed
...Seek



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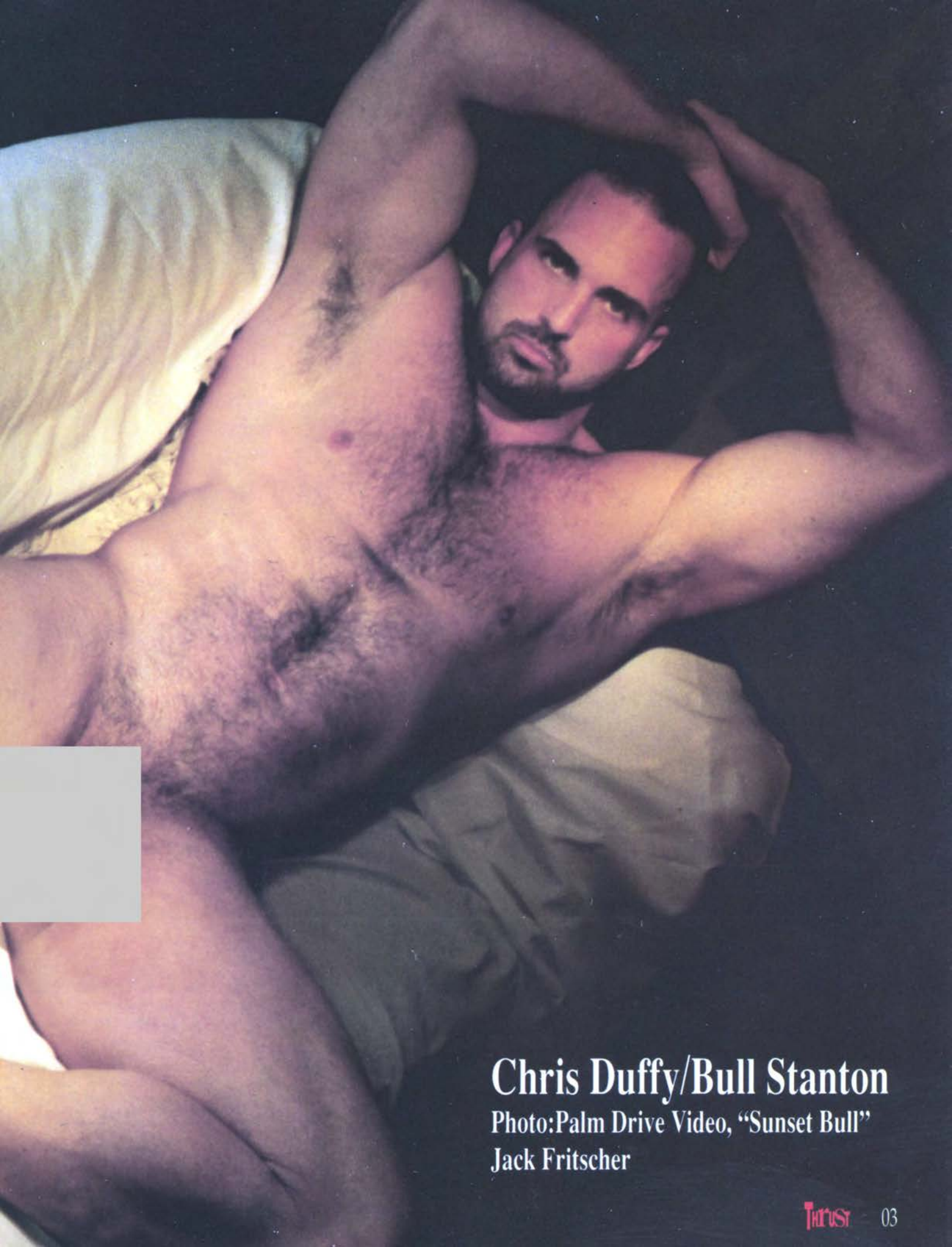
adults only



...between a push and a shove there's...

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Chris Duffy/Bull Stanton

Photo: Palm Drive Video, "Sunset Bull"

Jack Fritscher

Chris Duffy a true...

Raging Bull

"I want to know what makes your eyes roll back. First-timers, let me introduce you to my concept of *'Home Entertainment Center.'*"

-Chris Duffy

*A feature & photo combo plate
by Jack Fritscher
who is Palm Drive Video*

"TANGO! Time for your tango lessons," he said.

"Cut it out!" I said.

Chris Duffy, the famous bodybuilder, age 31, stood laughing between my knees, coming on naked, wearing nothing but an Ivy League Gap shirt with a tartan tie. Suddenly that summer, the "nastiest" Mr. America ever, had called in long distance, and life became just like the movies. *Again!* I had my video camera trained on Chris' famous thighs massive as the Farnese Hercules. His huge calloused hands, made way bigger by pumping iron, rubbed unvirgined olive oil on his tight, muscular, hairy abdominals. He was dropdead gorgeous, with a voice on video that makes men want to *carry out his garbage, lick his butthole, and wash his sweaty posing trunks in their mouths.* Chris Duffy aka Bull Stanton has Command Presence.

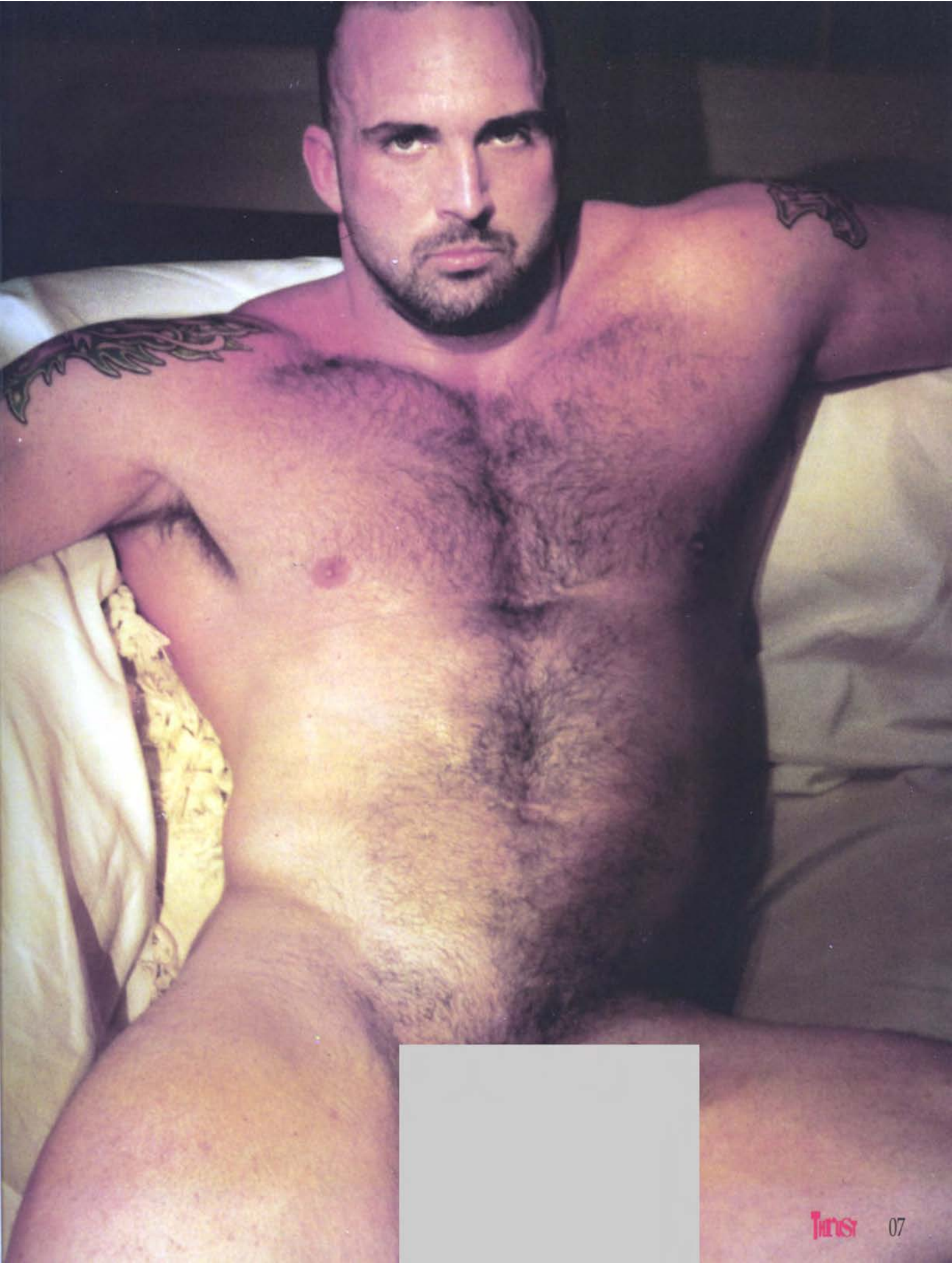
The First Equation:

His 10 inch cock measuring 8 inches circumference = 80 square inches of thrust.

Tall at 6-2, with 22-inch biceps, and built at a manly 260#, Chris, all football-hero shoulders, suckable pectorals, and big-man bubble-butt, walks astride his pile-driving thighs. In twenty-seven countries of the western world, those thighs, as seen on ESPN, make **Breeder Women** swoon and



Photo courtesy of Jack Fritscher/Palm Drive Video



Straight Men forget they're married, because those thighs pack the wallop that people recognize is the wallop that gets the fucking job done when seed needs planting for the next crop of superbabies. When Chris Duffy played college football in Florida, well, fundamentalist fans fundamentally wanted Chris to fundamentalize their fundamentals.

Chris has created himself. He is the architect of his physique. That summer his eyes burned with intensity that *attracted* as much as it *intimidated*. He was determined to become master of his destiny. Actually, he was the real professional Mr. America, but that title was not enough. He wanted to go higher farther and shockingly faster!

Bored with having reached the top of the sport of bodybuilding, he was determined to turn the Mr. America Icon inside out and take all that flexhibition, sexhibition of bodybuilding to its logical study conclusion which most bodybuilders and most owners of bodybuilders deny.



The Second Equation:

Muscle = Sex

Chris, as *IRONMAN* magazine Gossip Genius Lonnie Teper repeatedly reports, defied the Men and Magazines who "Own" Bodybuilders. Chris Duffy yanked his pro-BB dick out of his posing strap and became **PORN STAR BULL STANTON**. The Dude knew what he was doing. Thank the Herculean Gods, Chris made me his accomplice. That summer, everywhere we went it was Chris and Jack, Jack and Chris. We were, as the waiters at the Cabeza de WeHo cooed at us, *fabou, muy fabou, tres fabou!*





They called Chris "El Toro," and me, "El Toreador."

They whispered sweet nothings at Bull nee Chris and said, "You're the kind of man I want to have come home to me, beat me, slap me, fuck me, and make me cook and clean for you!" We looked at each other and laughed and ran from the chifony phoniness, and those waiters who cruised Chris up and down the bone-white street drag of Santa Monica Bull-e-Vard at noon.



Out at Venice Beach, the public beach, the beach where the young hold out their wares and hit up the tourists for spare change, Chris Bull made his first public sexhibition.

His penis, that hot summer, I had tucked into the sheerest lisle posing trunks that became obscenely opaque with wet as the ooze of sweat ran rivers down from his armpits, from his nipped pecs, from the tributaries of

his six-pack abdominals, from the deep dark mysterious and fragrant canyon of his butt crack, from the curly pubic hair downing his navel to inside the white lisle trunks.

The opaqueness, under-slung by the sweat of his bull balls, made him seem stastingly naked--as if his penis were suddenly rising up veiled, but not veiled, from the surf.

People, ordinary sunbathers, soaking up the violet rays, slathered so chic in *Oil de Sebastiane*, lying on the beach would all rise up in wonder on their elbows, while a small group...of dedi-

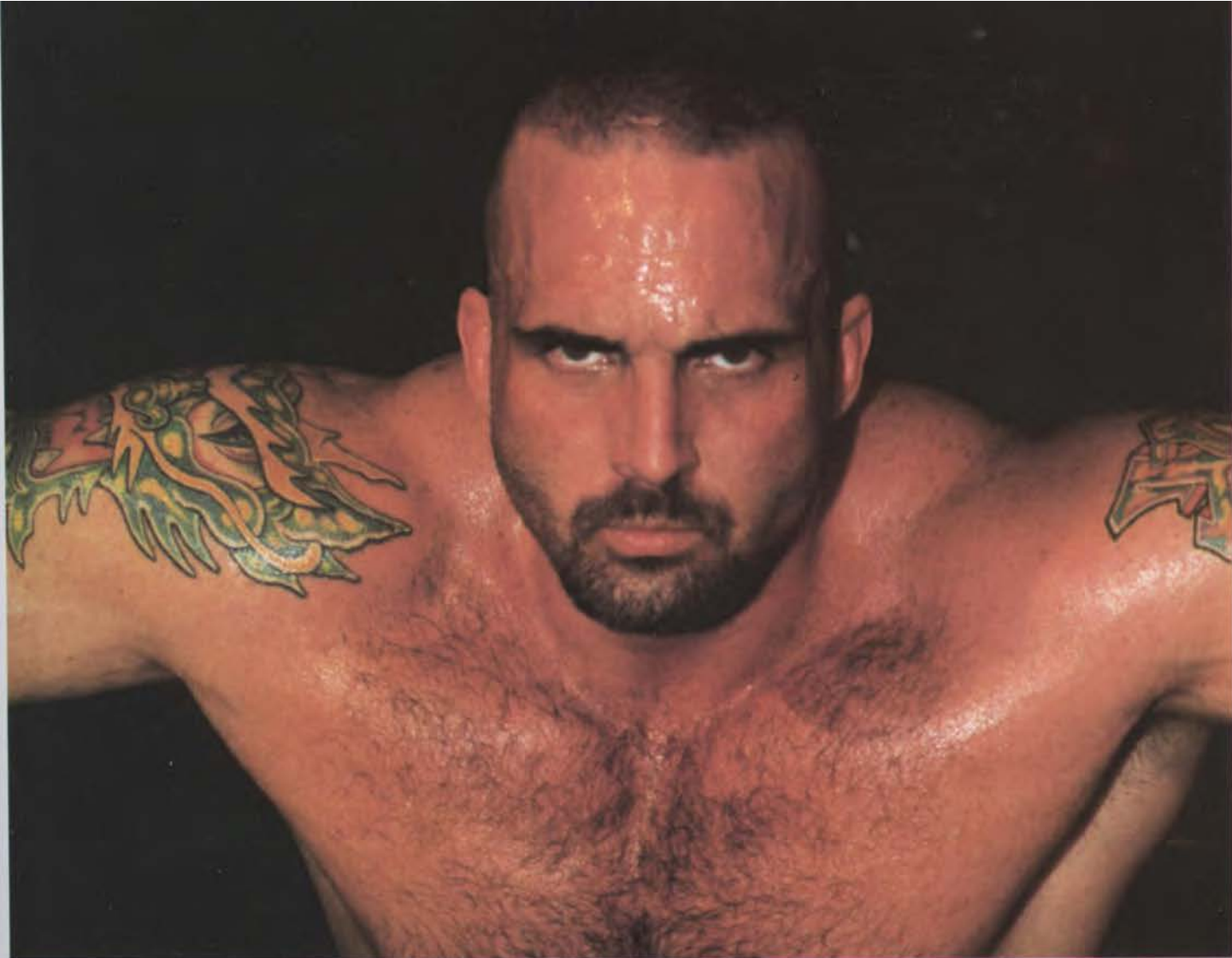


cated...body worshippers, praying...for just such a...a...miracle, began to make wild..yes...wild bird cries of his name. Chris! Chris! Duffy! Duffeeee! Like, as if, he were the Man from Ipanema.

Actually, I wasn't El Toreador so much as Father Confessor to Chris Duffy. Bodybuilding fans have long read about Chris in muscle magazines like *Muscle & Fitness*, *Flex*, and *IRONMAN*. I first saw him on ESPN where he hosted his own muscle and fitness

show. In fact, Chris has starred in muscle videos for *IRONMAN* magazine with names like *IRONMAN's Critical Chest & Delts*. On televised bodybuilding contest, Chris shocked the nation by bending over and mooning the audience with a reveaking butt pose that would have made an orangutang jealous. The crowd loved it.

"That was a test," Chris said. "I'd won every bodybuilding goal I ever wanted. The only way I could top that success



was to take actual male sexiness--so closeted in bodybuilding--out into men's erotica. I'm not gay, but I have no objection to playing a gay man on screen, even when the script calls for having sex with other men."

"That's why it's called 'acting,'" I said. "You're an actor, not a model, and definitely not a porn model. But you are a porn star, a star of male erotica, because your erotic videos are as much favorites with women as with men."

"My aim," Chris Duffy says, "on screen, at least, is to put men, especially straight men, especially bodybuilders, in touch with their untouched, undiscovered masculine sensibilities. I think it's time to uncloset the fact that straight men need to discover the pleasure of their butts. Hey, if your wife or girlfriend is playing with your butt hole, that's heterosexuality."

Chris performed major butthole and dildo action for the video **SUNSET BULL** which I shot of him. And the video was nominated as "Best Video of the Year" by Adult Video News magazine.

As a serious director, I usually don't let anyone superfluous on the set during a sex shoot; but to keep Chris erotically involved, I admitted his women, a very attractive lady, whose name, "Joanie," is tattooed on Chris' shoulder. I hooked Joanie's belt to my belt, so when Chris/Bull is pumping iron, wearing leather, driving dildo, or talking nasty, the appearance, while he's actually tripping on

Joanie, is that he's doing it into the camera just for you.

Chris Duffy is a gentleman. He's now Florida, training at a funky old-style non-glitz gym, making ready for a bodybuilding comeback tour. He's up to 290 gorgeous pounds.

Columnist Lonnie Teper should not worry. Chris played safe when he went where no bodybuilder had gone before. If anyone wonders if the Bodybuilding Associations will take Chris back in, all I can say is that in America nothing plays better than repentance and forgiveness. People love to welcome back to the fold "The Fallen Sinner."

The Third Equation: One video is worth a 1000 words.

If these photographs of the Amazing Mr. America, Chris Duffy, turn you on, then the 80-minute Palm Drive Video, **SUNSET BULL** might give you a heart attack, jack! And, oh yeah, tell Mr. Lonnie Teper to take a peek at the Chris Duffy peep show. (Trust me, and Thrust you, Bud!)

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