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SKINFLICKS

THE MALE MOVIE MAGAZINE

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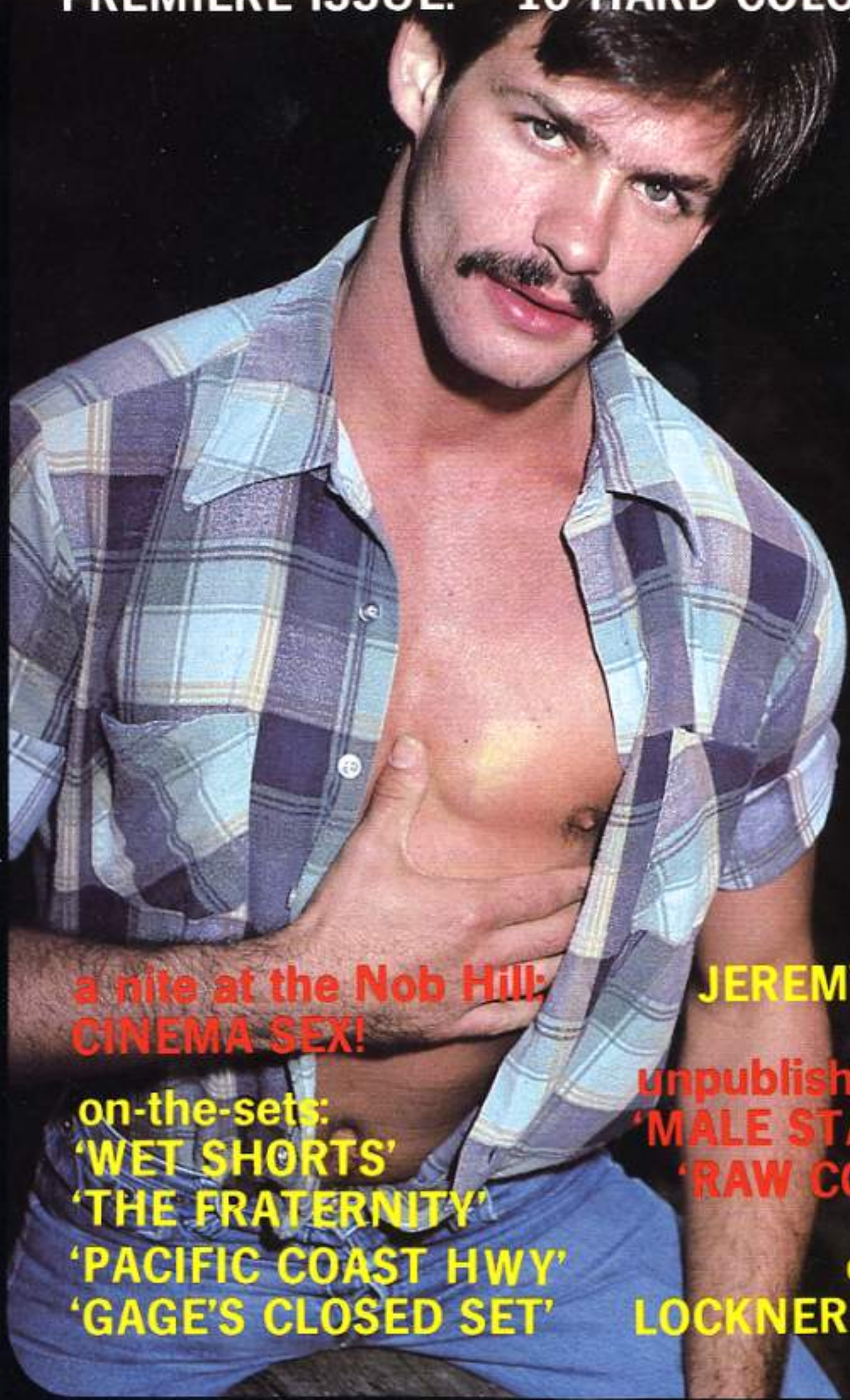

a nite at the Nob Hill:
CINEMA SEX!

on-the-sets:
'WET SHORTS'
'THE FRATERNITY'
'PACIFIC COAST HWY'
'GAGE'S CLOSED SET'

JEREMY SCOTT

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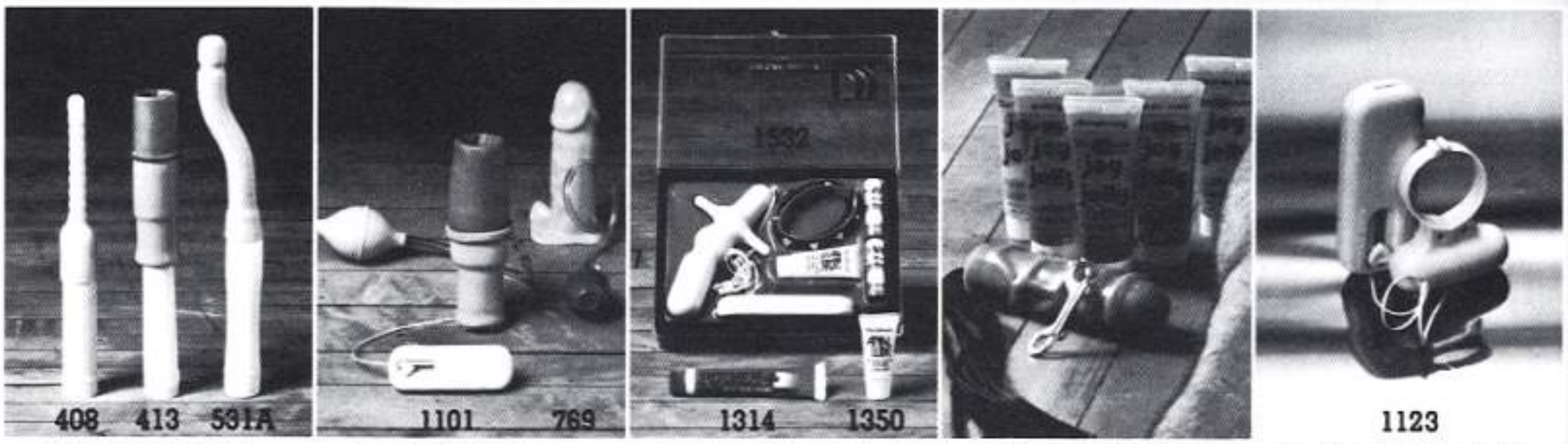

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NOW PLAYING

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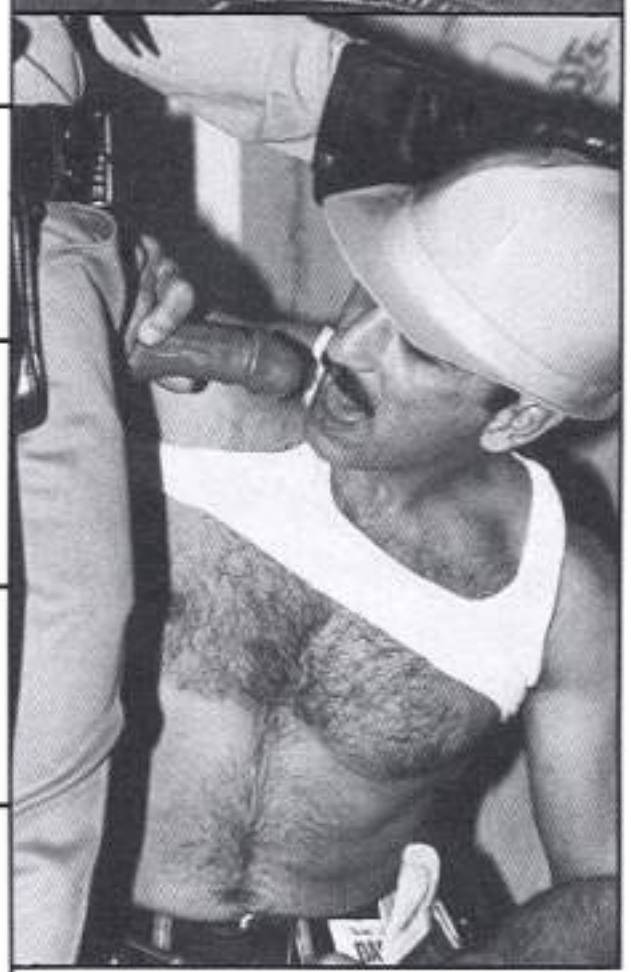

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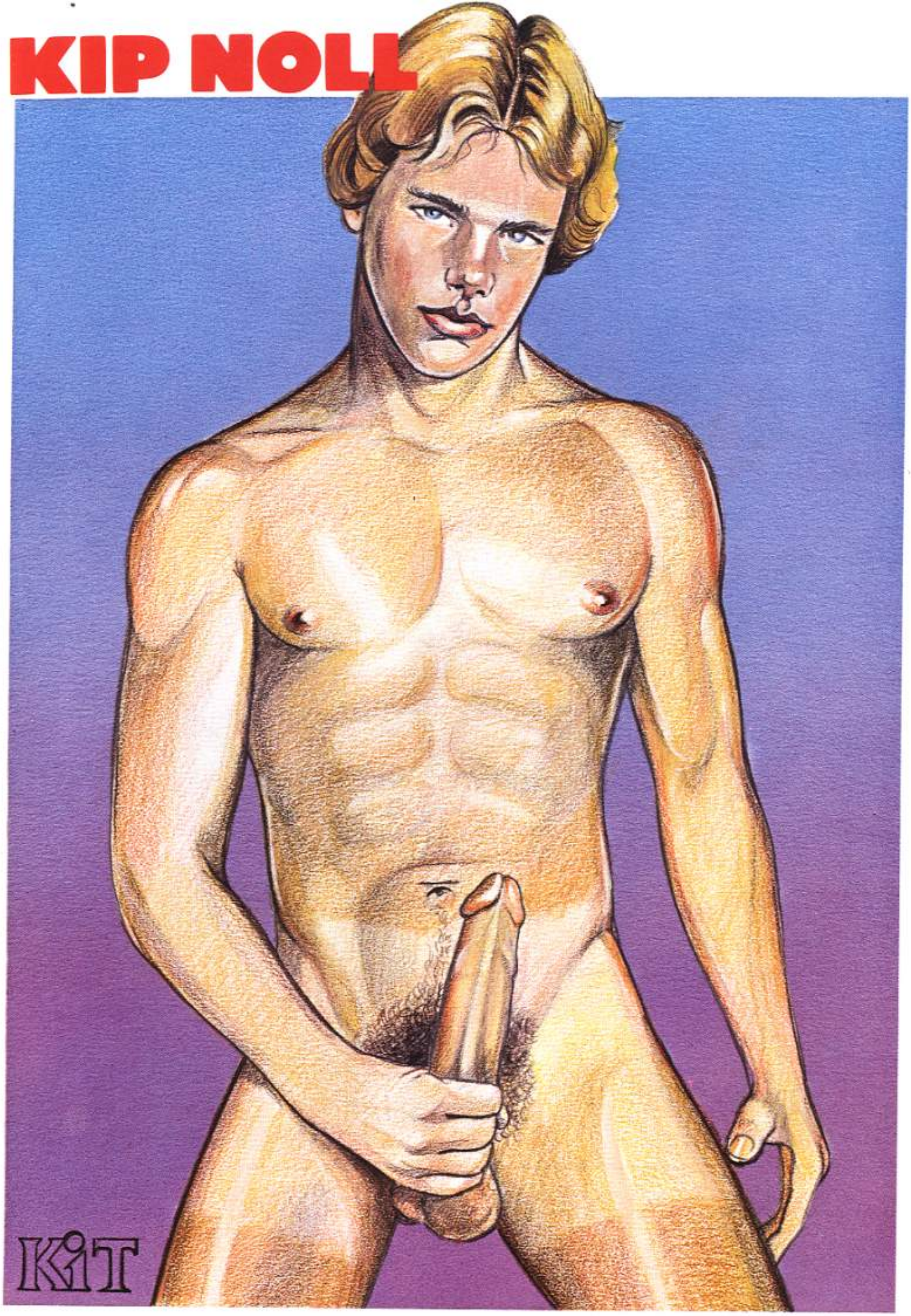
COVER PHOTO:

Getting the royal SKINFLICKS treatment this issue is William Higgins' newest sexpic "Pacific Coast Highway." It's all about the sexual conquests of two horny brothers on the road along California's scenic coastal route. In a several-page exclusive spread, it just goes to prove California guys really do have more fun!

KIP NOLL



REEL LIFE

Photo courtesy of Trademark

It's been a long time coming, but it's here at last—the first all-male movie magazine.

Each and every issue of SKINFLICKS will focus in on what's happening on and off the sets of the blue movie world for men only. In words and pictures . . .

You'll discover who's hot in front of and behind the cameras and on stage; cinema-inspired fantasies and true-life adventures on the no-holes-barred sets and in the balconies of our favorite porn palaces. You'll find out where everyone goes to see the latest sexpix unspool and for whatever they do when the lights go down. You'll share in the on-the-set shenanigans with exclusive, uncensored photo spreads, and you'll relive past moviegoing memories with never-before-published stills from the X-rated classics of bygone days. You'll find out all about what's on the marketplace for home video and 8mm viewing and about the latest movie-inspired products for film buffs. If it has to do with the all-male movie world, you'll find it here.

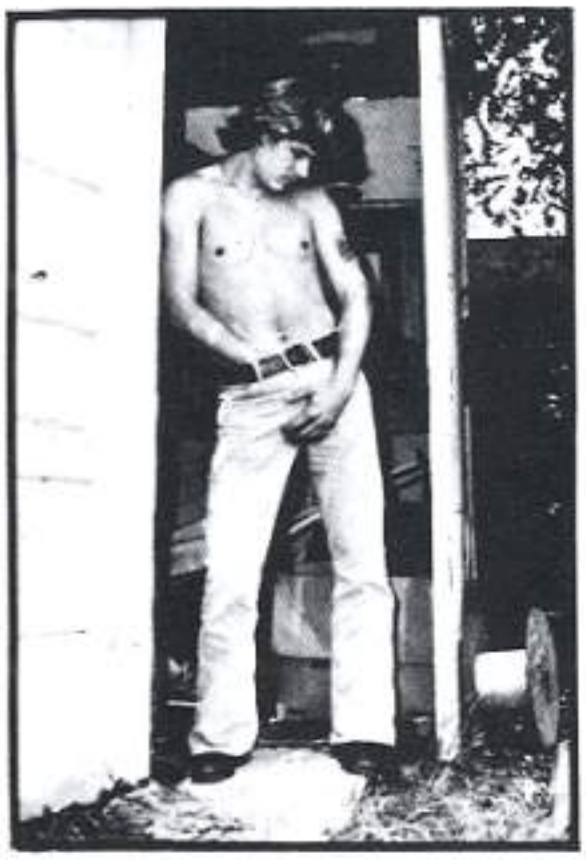
This premiere issue is a good idea of what you can look forward to in every bi-monthly issue: First, there's hot stills (as hot as we can print them!) from the film sets of this season's newest X-rated fare—like William Higgins' "Pacific Coast Highway," Tom DeSimone's "Wet Shorts," Joe Gage's "Closed Set," and the first feature ever filmed directly on video tape, "The Fraternity."

Next, SKINFLICKS dug into the vaults and this time came up with some rare stills from J. Brian's classics "Raw Country" and "Male Stampede," and from Trademark's hit 8mm loop "Flick Trick," which proves once and for all, cinema sex doesn't just happen on the screen!

There's good reading too, like Jack Fritscher's hot recounting of a night at San Francisco's famed Nob Hill Theatre; a thought-provoking review of a live stage show just now making the circuit starring muscleman Dan Pace and former real-life cop Clint Lockner (with an eye-popping peek at what goes on right before the audience!); and an exclusive interview with pornstar newcomer Jeremy Scott.

It may have been a long time coming, but the blue movie world for men is just too hot not to have its own magazine. That's why SKINFLICKS is an overnight sensation! And you should see what's coming up next issue—plenty to keep your other hand warm before the winter fire!

MEN WANTED?



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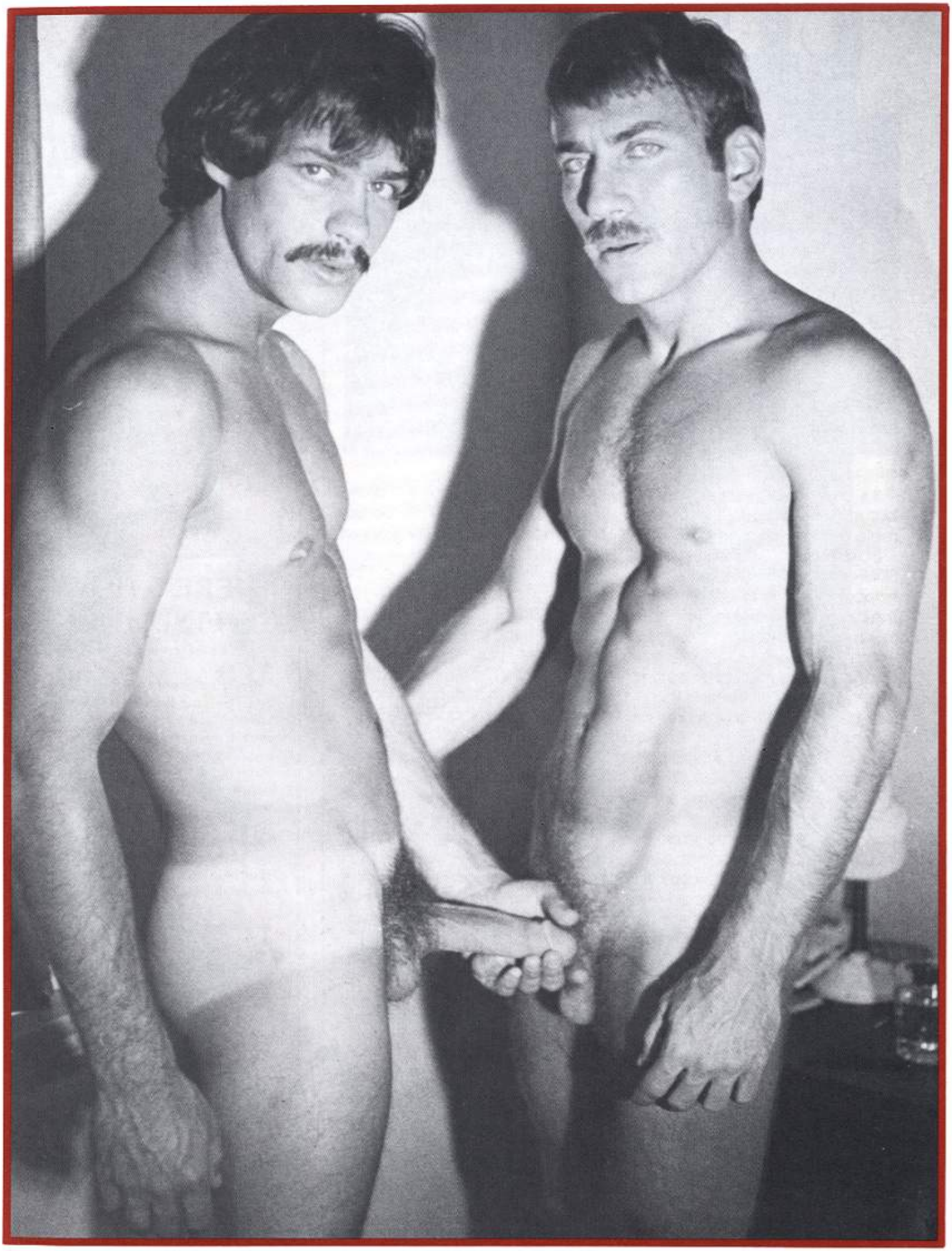


THE HARDON STILLS 'THE FRATERNITY'

NOVICE FILMMAKER JASON SATO'S STORY OF "THE SPIRIT OF LOVE, AMONG BROTHERS" IS THE FIRST GAY FEATURE SHOT EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE VIDEO MARKET ON VIDEO CASSETTE, SO YOU WON'T SEE IT IN ANY THEATRE. BUT *SKINFLICKS* OFFERS AN EXCLUSIVE SNEAK PREVIEW OF VIDEOVISION'S "BIG MEN ON CAMPUS" WITH SETSIDE STILLS AND PAGES FROM THE ACTUAL SHOOTING SCRIPT.

JIM

Let's see it, Bobby. Let's see that cock.

BOB

I can't do it tonight, Jim. I just can't.

JIM

That's too bad, 'cause I want it tonight. I want it real bad. And you know what happens when I don't get what I want. Letters get written, guys lose things, like their scholarships maybe. You wouldn't want that to happen, Bobby. Now would you?

Bob shakes his head.

JIM

So you're going to do exactly what I say.

Bob nods his head.

JIM

Good boy. So why don't you start by rubbing that hot crotch of yours. I want a good show tonight. I want you to get me real hot.

Painfully, Bob begins to rub his crotch.

JIM

That's it. I want you to be dripping that slick cum before I see that cock. I want you begging for it. Rub those pecs for me. Pinch those nipples man. Drive yourself crazy, you fucking hot stud.

Bob rubs his chest. Slowly he begins to get into it.

JIM

That's it. That's it. Get into it, man. Get into that body of yours. You ever feel this way with a chick, man? You ever enjoy your own body as much?

Bob shakes his head.

JIM

That's right, you fucking jock. So turn around and show off that ass. That fucking hot virgin ass. Feel those tight muscles, man. Run your hand down that crack.

CS ASS

JIM

I've been saving that ass, babe. I was going to wait until I had to have it . . . drop those jeans. Let me see that ass, that cherry ass.

The pants are slowly dropped revealing the ass.

JIM

I've been watching that piece at every swim meet, man. I've been watching that ass of yours working out in the water. Move it, stud. Move that ass . . . .

Bend over, spread those cheeks, let me see that untouched hole. That's it, baby. I'm getting hot now. Yeah, that looks real good. You're mine, baby. You know that, don't you? You're all mine.

He sits at the desk, his legs spread, rubbing his crotch.

JIM

Goddamn that looks hot. You got me going, stud. You got me going real good.

Jim takes out his meat and begins to work on it.

JIM

I want you, Bobby. I want you. Stand up. Come on over here.

His pants around his thighs. Bob enters the frame. Jim looks him over. He reaches up and grabs his genitals.

JIM

Suck me, you goddamn jock. Suck my goddamn cock.

Bob kneels. PULL IN ON JIM'S cock.

JIM

That's it, baby. Use that hot mouth of yours. I want to feel it all over my dick. I want to feel that tongue of yours all over it. Licking my balls, my ass. I want your face in my fucking crotch. You going to do it, man? You going to suck a man's cock? Huh, cock-sucker? You never had a cock in your mouth till you had mine. Did you? Did you?! That's right. But you suck my cock, don't you? You suck my cock any-time I want you to. Right? Well, come on, cock-sucker. Get started. Get me hot, so I can take that cherry ass.

Bob goes down on Jim.

JIM

Oh, yeah. Do it, baby. Jesus, you're getting to be a good cocksucker. Suck it, baby, suck it.

Bob gets more and more into the sucking. He licks Jim's balls, plays with him, etc.

JIM

Stand up.

Bob stands.

JIM

Strip.

Bob takes off his clothes and stands naked before Jim.

JIM

Turn around.

Jim feels Bob's ass. Jim stands, rubs up against his ass. Feels Bob's body roughly.

JIM

I'm going to fuck you, baby.

BOB

No, please, Jim. No.

JIM

I'm going to take that cherry ass.

Jim throws Bob on the bed, takes off his clothes and straddles Bob's face, rubbing his crotch and ass on the kid. After Bob sucks Jim for a while, Jim turns Bob over. Bob struggles for a while, but Jim gets Bob on his stomach and greases Bob's ass.

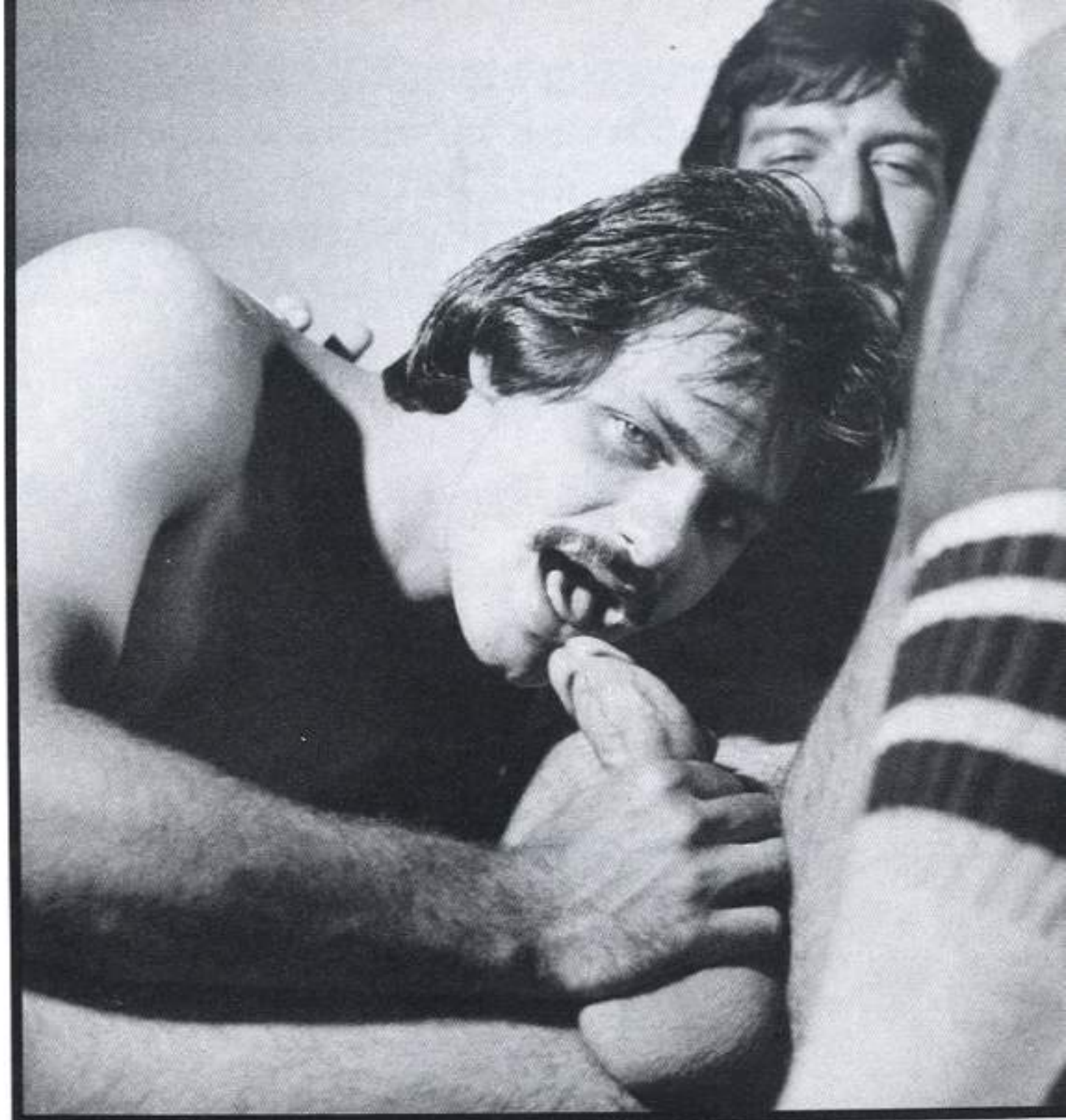
CS BOB'S ASS

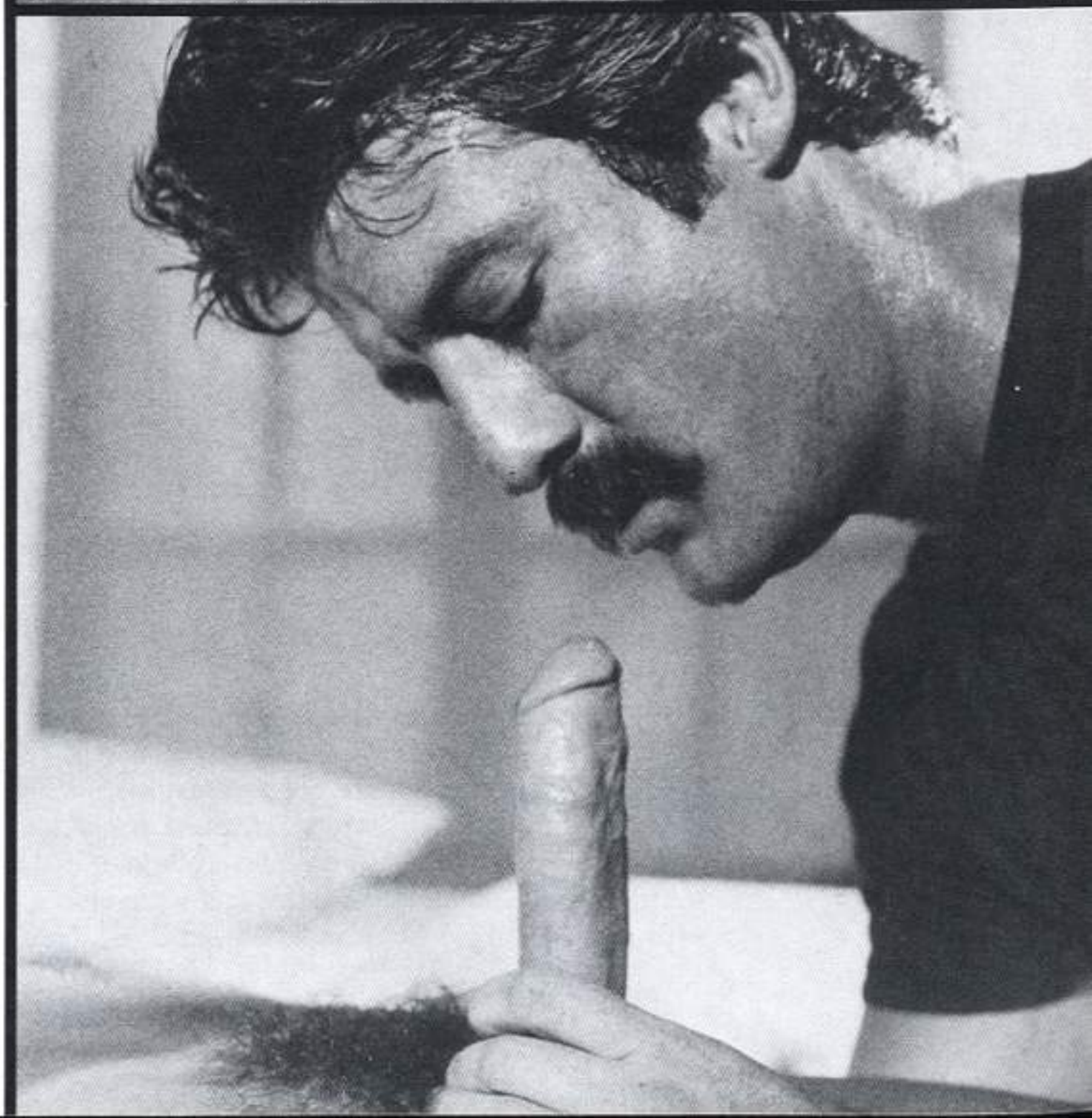
Jim's fingers, stretching, probing.

JIM

Here it comes, baby. Here comes that big cock, into your cherry hole.

He thrusts forward. Bob yells. Jim covers his mouth and begins to fuck savagely.





JOE GAGE'S CLOSED SET

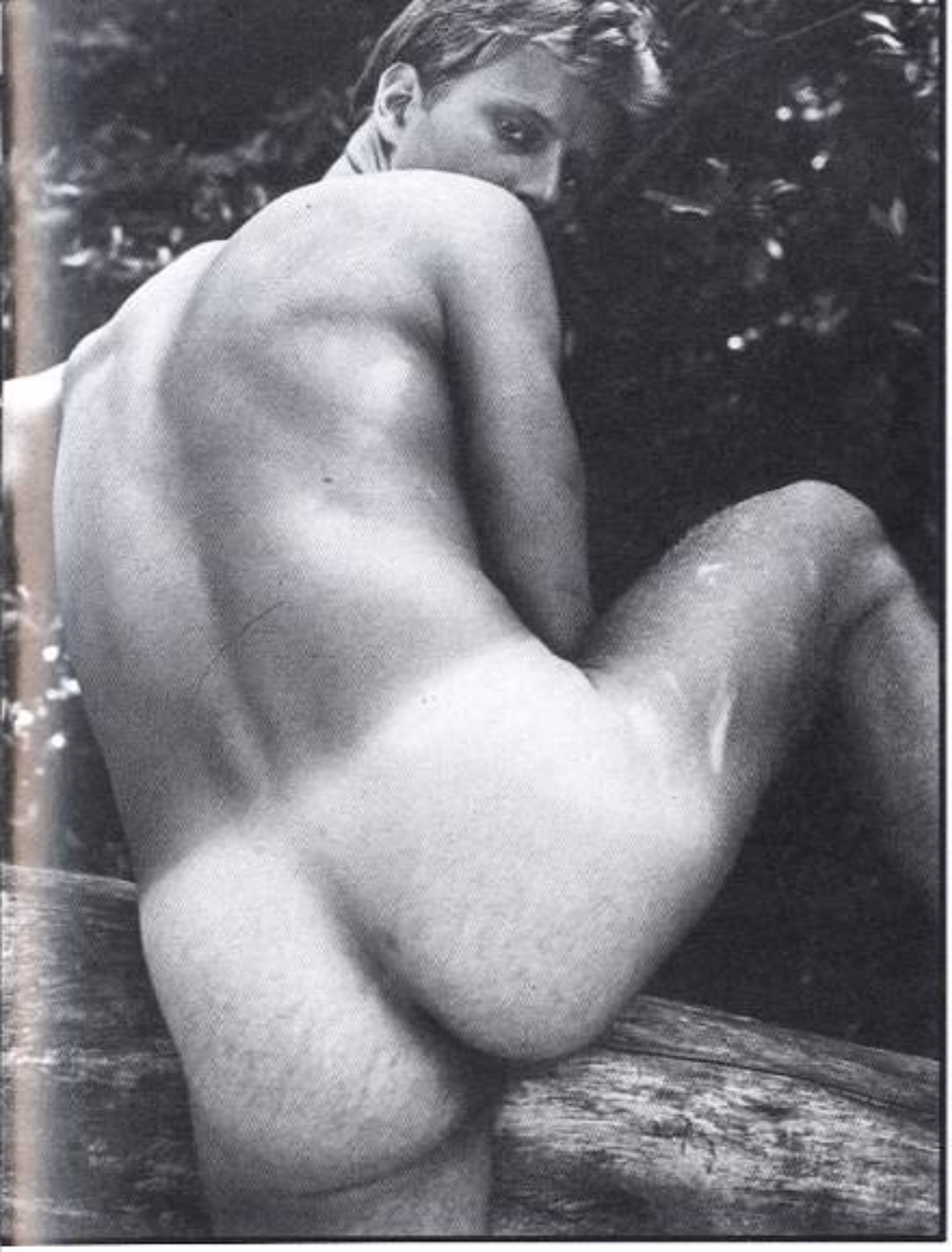
They tell us that famed blue moviemaker Joe Gage (the "Kansas City Trucking Co." trilogy) always shoots test film on his cast before another pornpic classic rolls. But one hot Saturday night the test shooting got out of hand when some 32 "actors" stripped down to show their technique before the camera. The results sizzled celluloid, as these exclusive hardon outtakes show, so Joe Gage called it a wrap after a very long night. He calls the result "Joe Gage's Closed Set," and we see why.

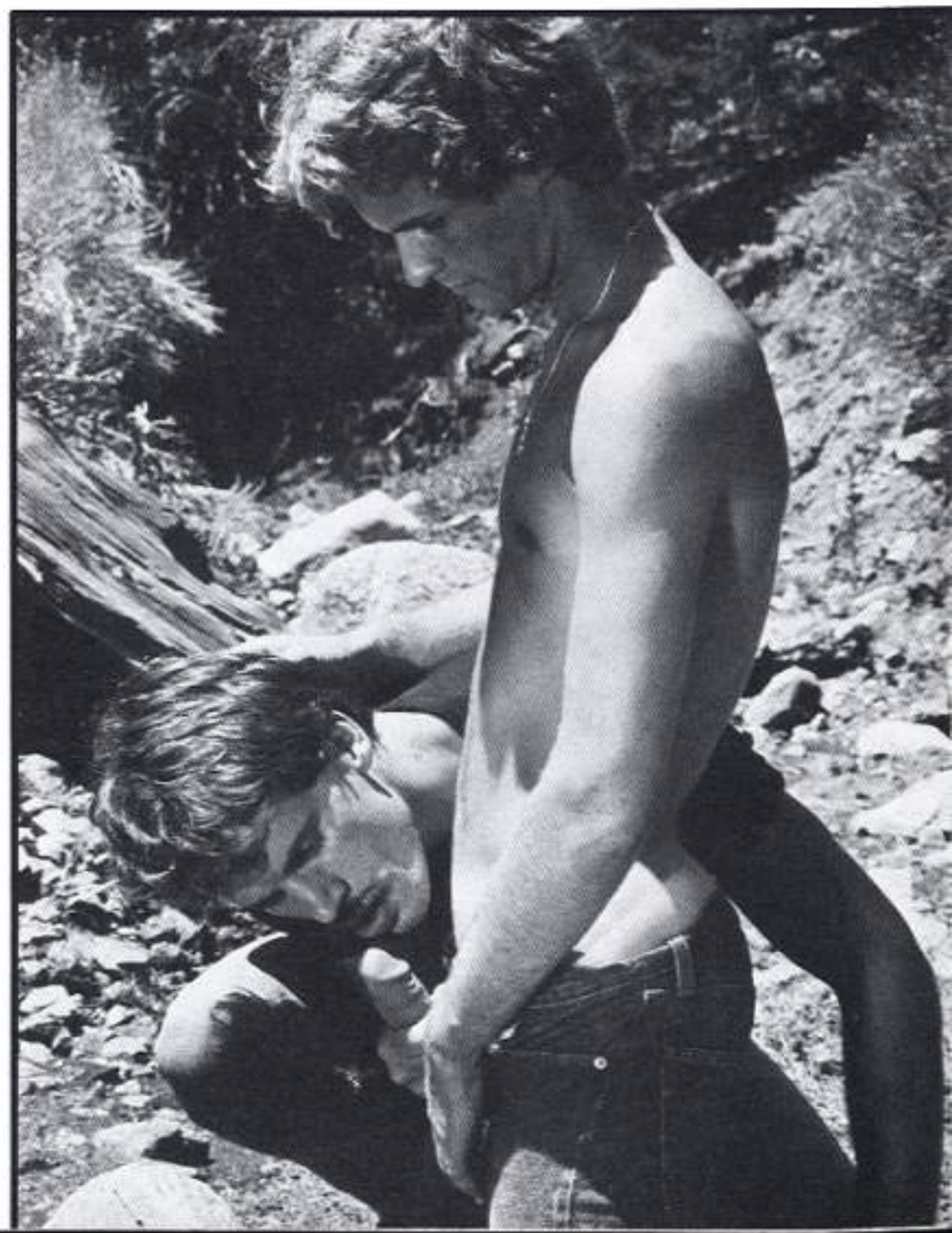
Kenmore

'PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY'

location shots

Blue moviemaker William Higgins, who quickly made an everlasting niche for himself in the skinpix business with hits like "Boys of Venice" and "Class of '84," has a sure-fire winner (if these exclusive hardon stills are any indication) in his latest pornpic, "Pacific Coast Highway." It's the first of a two-parter about the travels of two sexed-up brothers along California's breathtaking Pacific Coast Highway. Higgins has recruited a hot and talented cast, including Kip Noll, to prove without a doubt that sex out in the open can be hotter than any fuck-and-suck session in bed. The second part will follow around the end of the year. These on-the-set shots are published in SKINFLICKS for the very first time in any magazine.





J. BRIAN'S RAW-COUNTRY

During J. Brian's filmmaking heyday, he took several hunks into the forests of Northern California and created a blue movie classic that's still talked about today. How could he miss with a "Golden Boys" cast of hung, handsome studs (including a young and unknown Steve Boyd) fucking and sucking under incredibly blue skies and beside bubbling brooks? He didn't miss, of course, and the full-length feature became one of Brian's most successful pornpics. The hardon stills have never been published before in any magazine. It may have taken a decade, but SKINFLICKS got Brian to dig them out of the dusty files and okay their publication in this premiere issue.

THE THEATRES

By JACK FRITSCHER

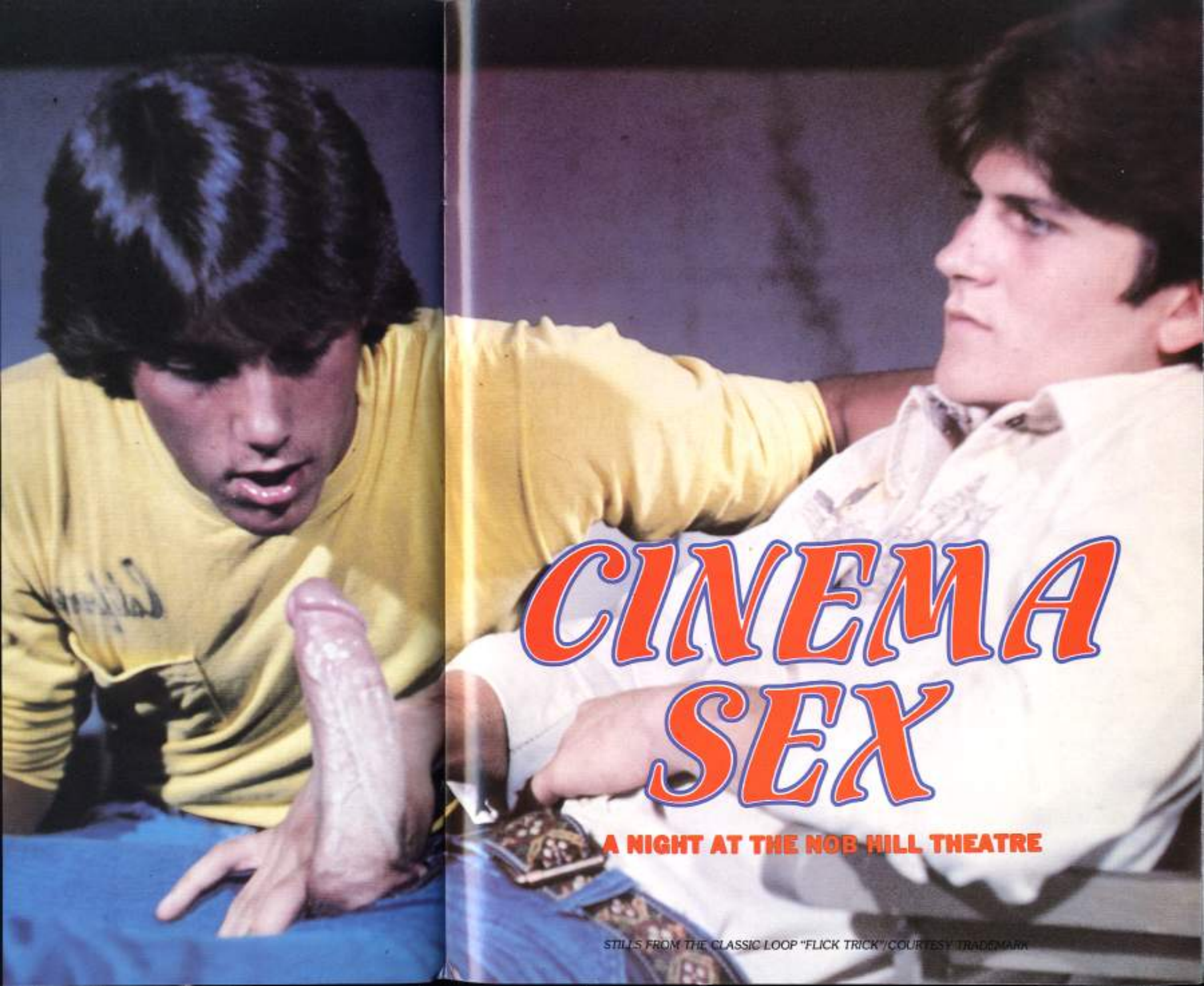
Probably nine outta ten guys found their first sex at the movies. You remember: the way the bright screen made your teenage eyes half-blind to the dark stranger who sat down in the next seat. His leg pressed against yours. You looked straight ahead. His leg pressed a little harder. You stared like an Eagle Scout at the screen. You could feel the muscle in his leg flexing against your corduroys. Your breath started to accelerate. He picked up on the cue you hardly knew you gave.

He worked his hand under his arm, through the side of your theater seat, and laid his warm, big palm easy into your crotch. You wondered if he could feel your almost-cherry rod inching hardon down your leg. Deep inside, you were kinda glad your buddies had warned you why you shouldn't sit so far back up in the balcony. Their warning clicked with the information you needed to find what you secretly wanted.

INVISIBLE HANDJOBS

His hand stroked your dick. Other movie-goers, eating their popcorn, watched the screen like life was going on up there in Technicolor and Cinemascope.

Your guts knew that real life was here and now, unzipping your fly with insistent fingers digging in for your hard, fresh cock, making you almost half-jump your butt up out of the plush seat when his hand forcibly bent your hard dick to spring it free of the fold of your white jockey shorts, and up out



CINEMA SEX

A NIGHT AT THE NOB HILL THEATRE

STILLS FROM THE CLASSIC LOOP "FLICK TRICK"/COURTESY TRADEMARK

of your cords, into the dark cool of the air conditioning.

Shit! His hand was warm and wet in the old up-'n-down of the now lost art of the Invisible Handjob!

From the corner of your eye, you could see he was a good-looking man, not too much older than you, but lots more skilled. You kept your face straight toward the screen, but your eyes kind of crossed unfocussed in mid-space in the almost empty moviehouse.

You knew your cock had found what you had really paid your admission for.

At that age, you mostly kept your dick to yourself; but, somehow, at the movies, it was okay to wait for the dark stranger with the warm hand that could take your cock out of your shorts and make you sit stone-still from the start to the finish of his slick stroke-job. You fast became master of coming without shouting. You had to invent, right there in the balcony, the Art of Silent Coming—when his wet hand, working your ripe-veined shaft, root-to-head, popped your teenage nuts like the on-screen cavalry riding to the rescue.

Who the fuck were all those handy masked-men who once so wordlessly gifted us with such special handshakes deep in the cinema dark?

Who cares?

We shot our silver bullets. They rode off. And we moved on.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED

Down from the oldtime balconies and into the upfront rows of San Francisco's Nob Hill Theater is about the same distance as Kansas is from Oz.

Sex between consenting adults in private is legal in California, and the Nob Hill ain't some flea-pit where your feet stick to the floor. The Nob Hill Theater is a high-button, private club. A man can't just walk in off the street, ask what time the next feature is, plunk down his money, and feel his way on into the darkness.

Membership, however, is easy and formal. Private-club status means showing your ID and signing a pro-forma agreement to abide by the rules of the club.

Once inside, you can sit undisturbed watching the fuckfilms unreel. You're surrounded only by other hot and consenting adult males. The Nob Hill Theater is in perfect balance. Celluloid men fuck on screen to titles like "Boys in the Sand," "L.A. Tool & Die," and "Jockstrap." J/O men sit rhythmically stroking themselves along with the men on screen. Other men, dressed in suits and jeans and leather, lean up against the aisle walls. They keep one eye on the bright screen. They keep the other eye on the men who rise up out of the comfortably dark seats to cruise on back, with bulging crotches and hungry mouths, to the gloryhole booths that wend like a maze behind the Nob Hill screen.

"You fast became master of cuming without shouting."

The Nob Hill not only knows how to protect legally the privacy of its members; it knows how to cater luxuriously to men who like Cinema Sex on the screen, in the seats, and in the flesh!

ULTIMATE BIJOU

Once inside the Nob Hill Theater, you feel the same erotic anticipation that well-hung actor, Bill Harrison, felt entering the "moviehouse" in "Bijou." That film is certainly the most erotic flick made by gay-cinema pioneer, Wakefield Poole, who is to Male Movies what John Ford was to the Western. The celluloid fantasies that come down off the "Bijou" screen to fuck and suck and stroke Harrison into ecstasy aren't too far afield from the way the Nob Hill's "actors" who know how to stand, kneel, bend, suck, fuck, rim, fist, and roll with whatever "script" seems consensually right.

CELLULOID J/O JUNKIES

Celluloid jerk-off junkies are always good buddies. We recognize each other in the front rows, in the red-lighted toilets, and in the amazing mazes where strangers in the night exchange be-do-be-do-me glances.

Exhibit A is one hunk who ought to have a lifetime membership to the Nob Hill. When interviewed, he revealed that he is totally blissed out with the kind of "celluloid fuck" that a moviehouse permits with all its dark anonymity.

"I get fed up," he said, "at work, and at home, sometimes, with my lover, and with close friends. Too much interpersonal relating. I want to go out hassle-free and fuck around with completely anonymous guys."

This dude is twenty-eight, six feet with nine inches, built like a Mack, and graced with a face no man would kick out of bed.

"Some prissy sissies say anonymous sex is demeaning. Fuck them and their OD on Dear Abby. Anonymous sex is fun as a variation on a theme of a lot of real personal sex. Both have their place." He rubs his hand across the light stubble on his chin. "And some gay guys have an attitude," he says, "that only dirty old men hang out in porn

continued on page 41

POP CORN
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POP CORN

KODAK SAFET
2A
2

the no-holes-barred set: 'WET SHORTS'

Producer-director Tom DeSimone calls his latest effort "Wet Shorts," and the double meaning title is appropriate. There are six shorts in all, loosely strung together as only DeSimone could do it, and each guaranteed to get your own shorts wet. If you've ever thought the short was better than the feature, you're gonna love this one. Or these six. The exclusive hardon outtakes are ours alone to share with you.

Photo/William Higgins' Productions

SCOTT'S HOT!

Looking more like a truant from a rural eigth grade field trip than the hottest new star on the porn horizon, Jeremy Scott is at my door to offer himself shyly for this exclusive SKINFLICKS interview. It is his virgin exposure to the press, and his Newman-blue eyes brighten at the suggestion of an extra dry vodka martini.

"I was born and raised in Southern California, mostly Orange County," he offers in the way of general background. "I have two marvelous parents. They know I've done nude modeling, but that's the extent that they know. They'll know about my porn film the day it premieres, because my mom knows everyone that I know in Orange County. They call her about everything that I do. I think she'll take it well. My dad will be shaky at first." (The "porno film" referred to is William Higgins' "Class Of '84," about which there's more below.)

Well, then, I muse aloud, his parents must know he's gay? "Oh, yes," the teenaged stud replies, "they found out *that* very badly. I had a lover, Brian, which lasted nine months, and the day after we broke up he decided, for his revenge, he was gonna call my parents.

"Eleven-thirty at night he calls and wakes my mom and he says, 'Guess what your son is!' This was about two years ago. My mom then woke up my dad, told him, and he just rolled over and went back to sleep. He didn't want to talk about it. He didn't say a word about it for two weeks. When I finally discussed it with them, they said it came as a complete shock, 'cause all through high school I had zillions of girlfriends—they didn't know I had zillions of boyfriends, too. Anyhow, we're all totally open about it, now."

And Jeremy Scott, too, seems totally open, in the tow-headed late 19th century tradition of Whittier's barefoot boy. His introduction to nude modeling is a case in point: "I was living at Laguna Beach with Brian—it was about halfway through the relationship—and I was driving by the Laguna Beach School of Art one day, and I went in, out of curiosity, thinking I could learn to do some sculpture or something.

"While I was talking to one counselor, I could hear somebody in the background being interviewed to be a model. So I walked over to that desk and asked, 'What do you have to do and what does it pay?' And they told me and I said 'Sure!' I mean, what could it be, taking off your clothes? And after all, I was supporting a lover.

"When it came to the day of doing it, two weeks later, I took a long walk on the beach and finally got up enough nerve. I got there early, and when the teacher arrived, he said to go behind a curtain and take off my clothes and put on one of those little towels that snap. So, after five or ten minutes of getting off my clothes, slowly, I came out with this towel.

"And he says, 'Okay, when you are *off* the platform, you always have your towel on. When you are *on* the platform, you never have the towel on.' So I got up on the platform, got my towel off, and all that came into my mind was, what if I get hard? All through the whole night, four hours of being on that platform, that's all I thought of. But I didn't, and they said I was the best model they ever had and scheduled me for 14 more sessions!"

Some eight months later, with his second lover and again going through rough times financially, Jeremy answered an ad in a gay paper that promised "Fifty dollars an hour for nude modeling." Naively, he went to the interview, was snapped up, did two posing sessions, and both the checks bounced. "I called the guy to complain and while I was talking to him, Bill Higgins walked into his apartment looking for a model to do a scene in his new movie. I could hear him in the background, over the phone.

"And the guy said, 'Well, I have a model here on the

continued on page 46

By JEREMY HUGHES

DAN PACE & CLINT LOCKNER TOGETHER!

By JACK FRITSCHER

In these last days of the American Empire, the Coliseum is open and the gladiators are on exhibition. The mindfuck of Clint Lockner and Dan Pace together, live, onstage, hardens your dick and melts your eyeballs. Muscle-man Dan is an established Star for Paean and Zeus Studios. He has the husky, dark, Mediterranean look of an American man who knows his way around men, money, power and influence. Clint is the latest national throb shot by the unsurpassable Jim French for Colt Studios. Together, Dan and Clint, are the Best Butch and Sundance yet exhibited onstage.

A COP'S COP

Clint, until a few months ago, was for seven years a real bonafide policeman. He has the Look, the moves, the body, and the commanding cock you fantasize are standard police issue. (The cops should be so lucky!) Clint resigned from the Force, not because he was "gay," but because of all the redneck-fundamentalist-suburban-tract-wife-rightwing attitude his fellow officers carried heavy on their shoulders like the True Cross.

Clint's leaving the Force behind was a major shock to the cops: he had been much respected, honored and decorated as a Cop's Cop. The police know and acknowledge, as much as does any man who prefers men, when one of their finest happens to have both Command Presence and Goodlooking Authority. To the police, Clint Lockner was both a Cop's Cop and a Man's Man.

Now in these months after leaving the Force, Clint has the police rather freaked. Suddenly, any cop who ever patrolled with Clint in a squad car, who ever said that Clint was a great cop and a good guy, is sort of "under suspicion." It's a superjoke on the cops that their self-induced

paranoia about homosexuality turns so sour so fast that so many of them, by the very fact that they awarded Clint accolades as a good cop, has made them all scared shitless that "if HE could be quiet and queer for so long, then ANY officer on the Force could be—maybe even ME!"

Interesting. Homophobia turns back on itself, and is eventually at least semi-destructive of the fearful men who don't grow up and out of it by resolving their own definite sexual-preference identity. Lockner is not without a certain sympathy for his former police-brothers. Just think: never to know if you are, or you aren't, because you're so fucking afraid and uptight, shoulder-to-shoulder in uniformed "brotherhood," that your feelings for your buddies sometimes make you figure maybe you ARE!

Clint Lockner and Dan Pace are prime examples of Homomasculine Men. Both could be very believable recruiting poster material for any group of Men in Authority. Neither fits the stereotype that rookie cops have drummed into their heads. Again interesting: in certain police stations, heteromasculine men are forced now by Lockner's honesty of career change to question their own definition of manhood and cophood. To be a cop is to choose to live an ultra-macho lifestyle. Clint's shocking move is all to the good: both heteromasculine men and homomasculine men are rethinking the qualities of what essential masculinity is.

What we know, and what the Force now may be learning, is that, except for sexual preference, the value systems of heteromasculine men and homomasculine men are almost the same.

MUSCLE MAN DAN

Dan conceived and directed "Construction Fantasy." He has kept the presentation straightforward and h-o-t! Together with Clint, Dan offers to the awed audience an exhibition of manhood rarely found in so pure a display. Too often, Live Male Performances degrade themselves into show-biz burlesque, striptease, or, worse, pseudo-macho posturing. From Dan's opening appearance as a Knockout Construction Worker, to the final flashlight search of both men's stripped and wellhung bodies, these guys give a noble and highly erotic glimpse of the personal regard these two men—who are real-life partners—have for each other, and for the concept of manhood.

What's especially hot is that Dan and Clint act not so much to the audience as they interact with each other. Perfect. That

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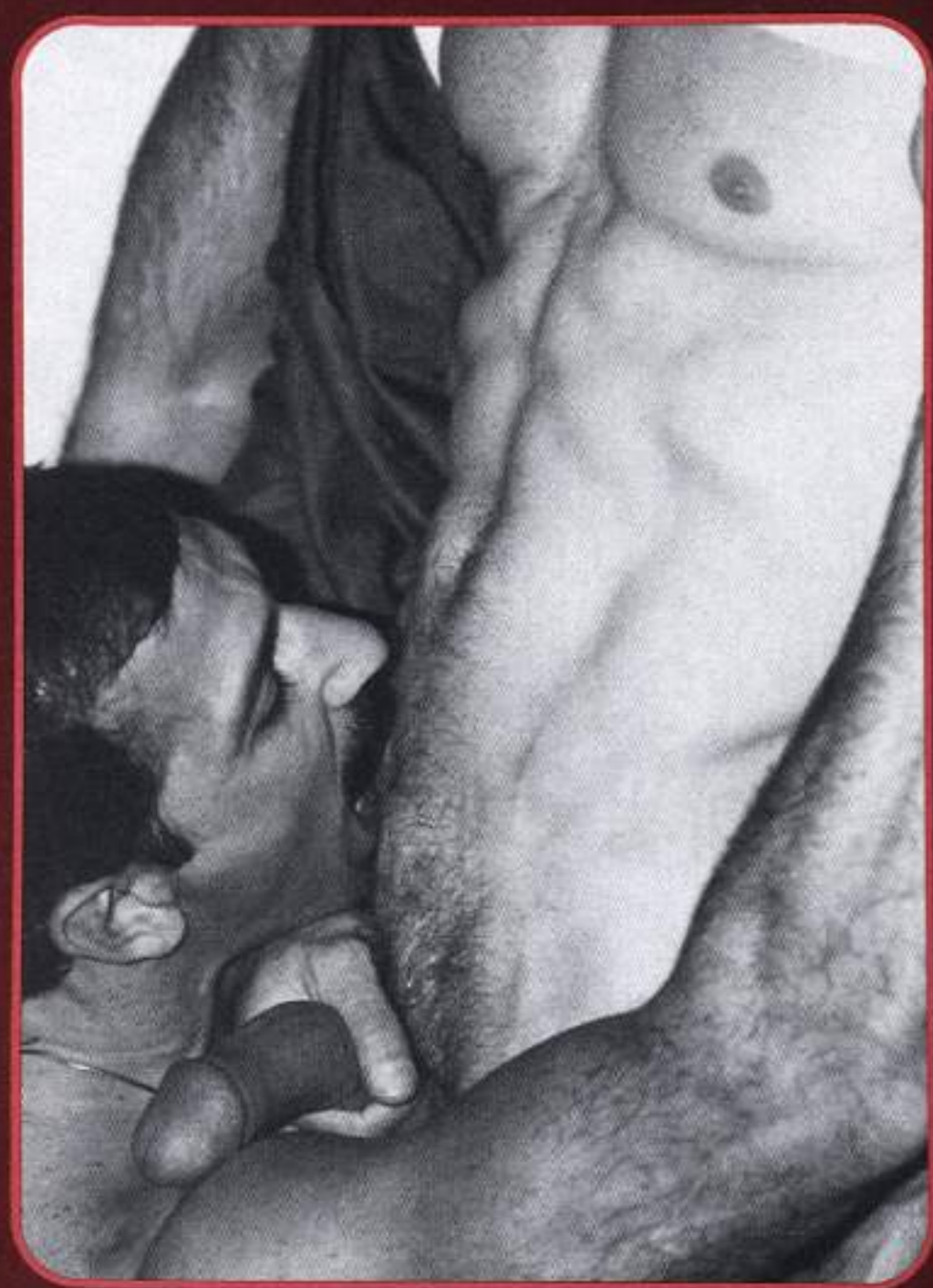

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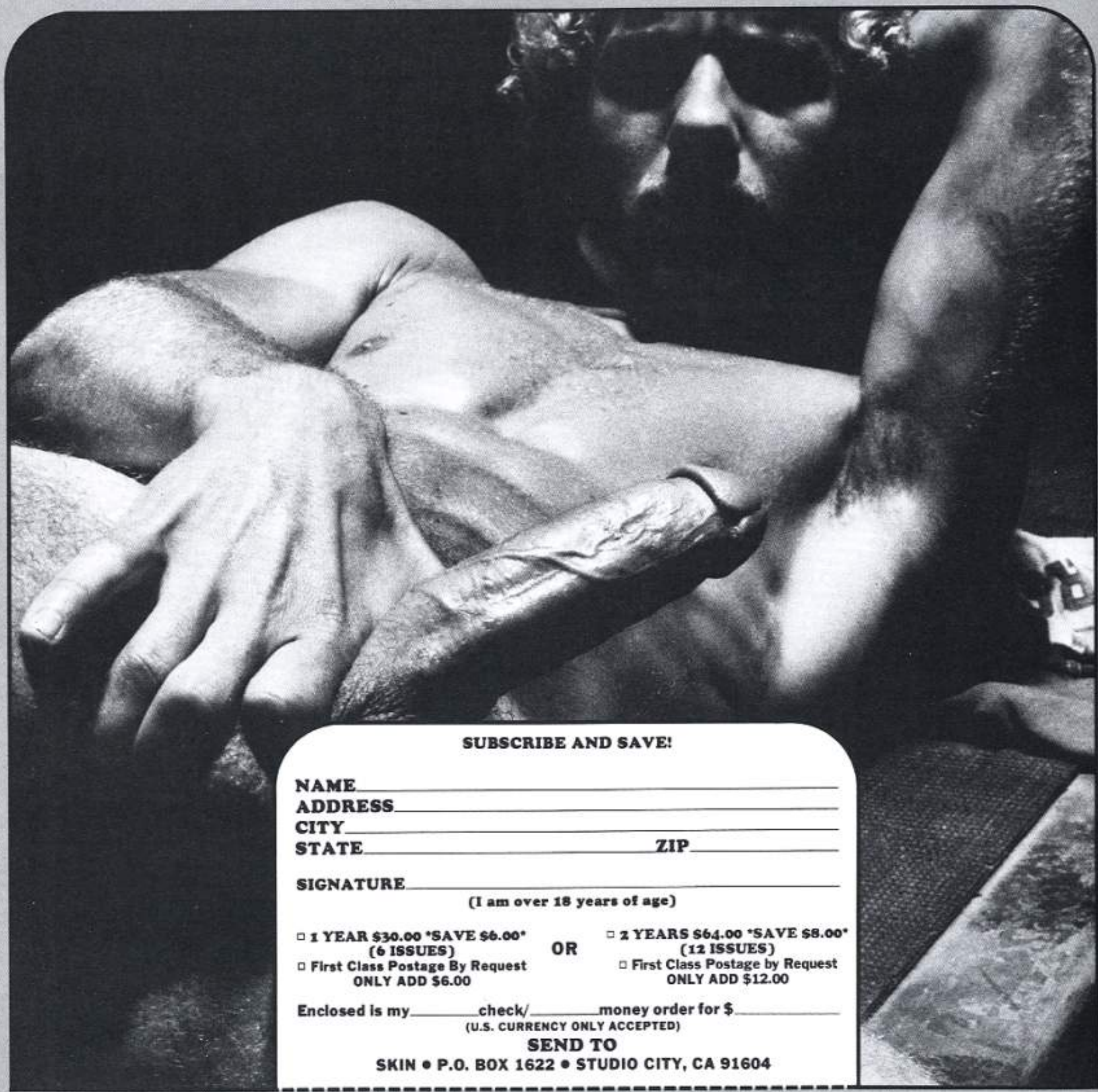

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palaces." He smiles a great big grin in the light of the swank Nob Hill lobby. "The men I meet here are a good cross-section of the type of man I prefer. No hangups about some of their friends catching them on their knees blowing a merchant seaman behind the movie screen."

"Merchant seaman?"

"Sailors. Seafood. Yeah. That's no fantasy bullshit. I read that the latest census states there's over four-thousand merchant seamen berthed in San Francisco. Now if you figure at least every sixth one prefers men, that's a lot of guys on a ship who have no place to go except to places like this moviehouse."

He gropes his big crotch and a look like he's remembering a couple thousand nice hefty blowjobs crosses his face.

"You never know who you'll meet here. The rich. The famous. The almost totally straight. There's not too many of your average street-disco gay."

He's got nothing against the Castro Style, but he carries a definite hardon for the kind of men who when they're not fucking with men, can pass for staight in the street and on the job. "Not that 'straight' is better. Just that I like that edge in a man. Those are the kind who come to an erotic picture show like the Nob Hill," he says. "They feel a bit more secure in the half-dark. They know that nobody's gonna see them unless that somebody is in this little old private club for the same reason."

IS IT SOCIALLY REDEEMING?

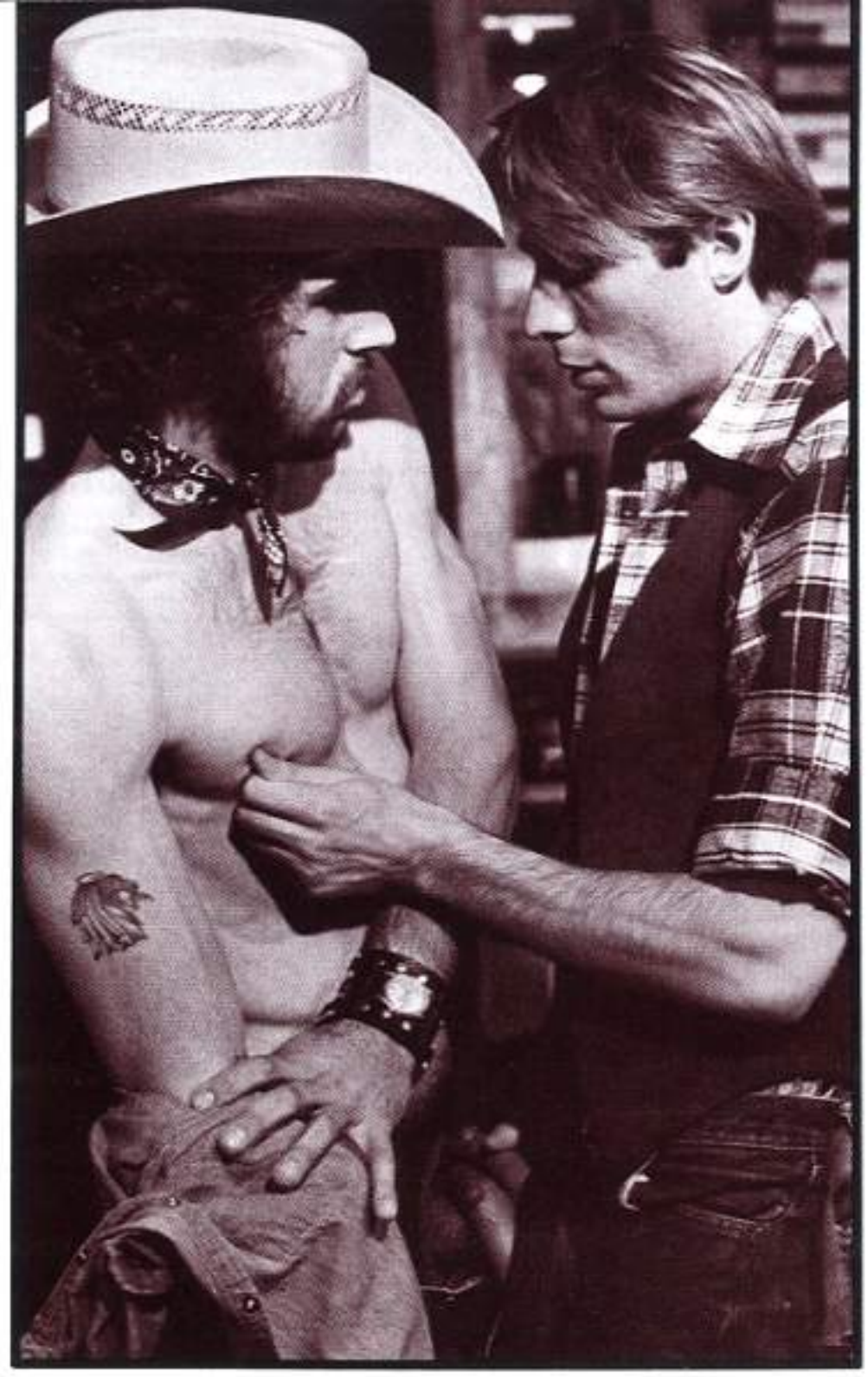
The theater fulfills a special function for men who, although they're hardly closeted, prefer not to run their number in a show-'n-tell parade down Market Street. Not just merchant seamen, but men of all kinds, even the endangered species of good ol' straight trade, frequent the lobby, the seats, the drinking fountain, and the ever-changing cast in the maze behind the screen. Names are rarely exchanged. But after a few years of living in San Francisco, a man can tell at a glance who's fresh meat in town. And there's nothing San Francisco men like better than out-of-towners!

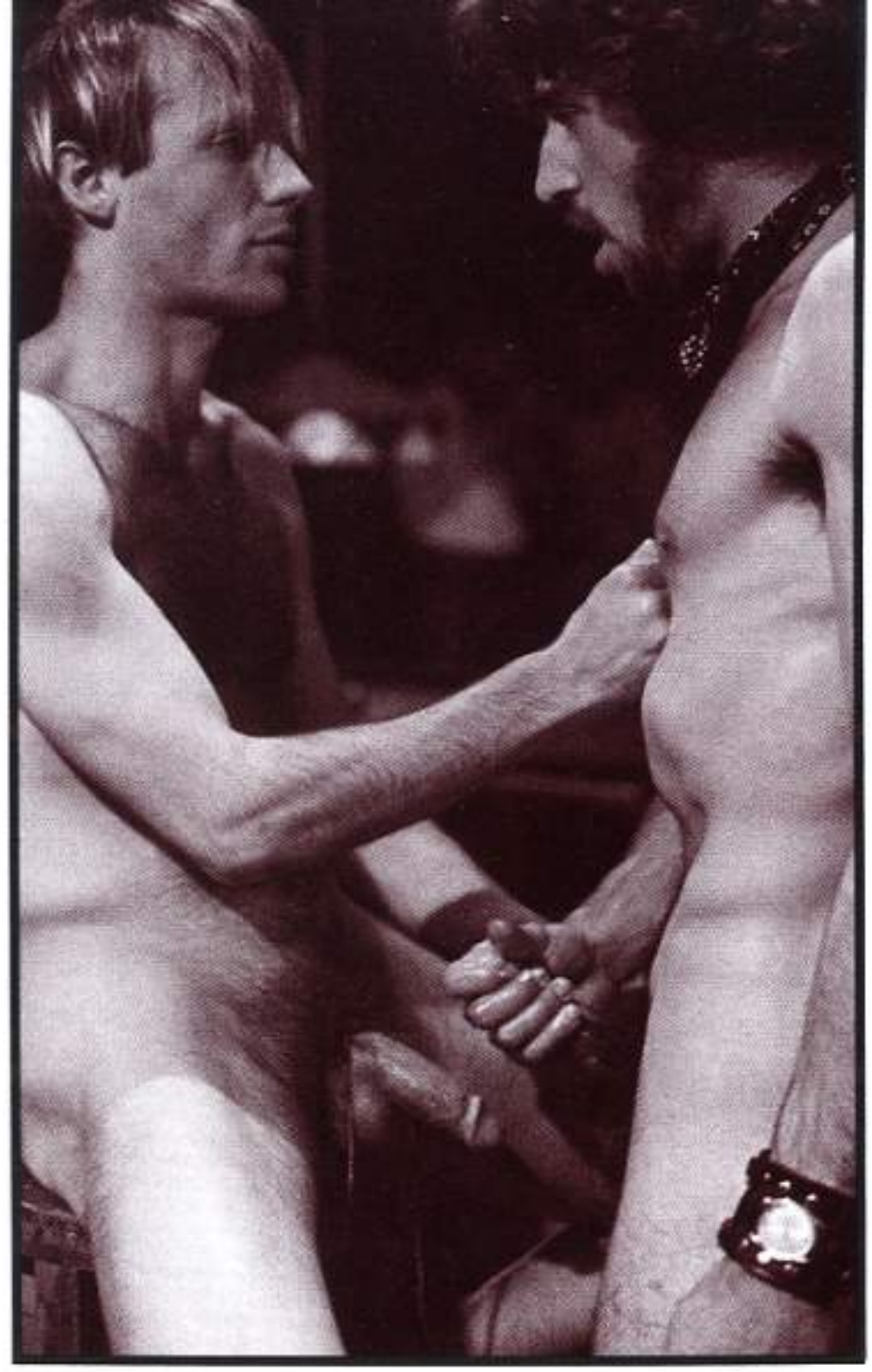
THE NOB HILL FOUR-STARS

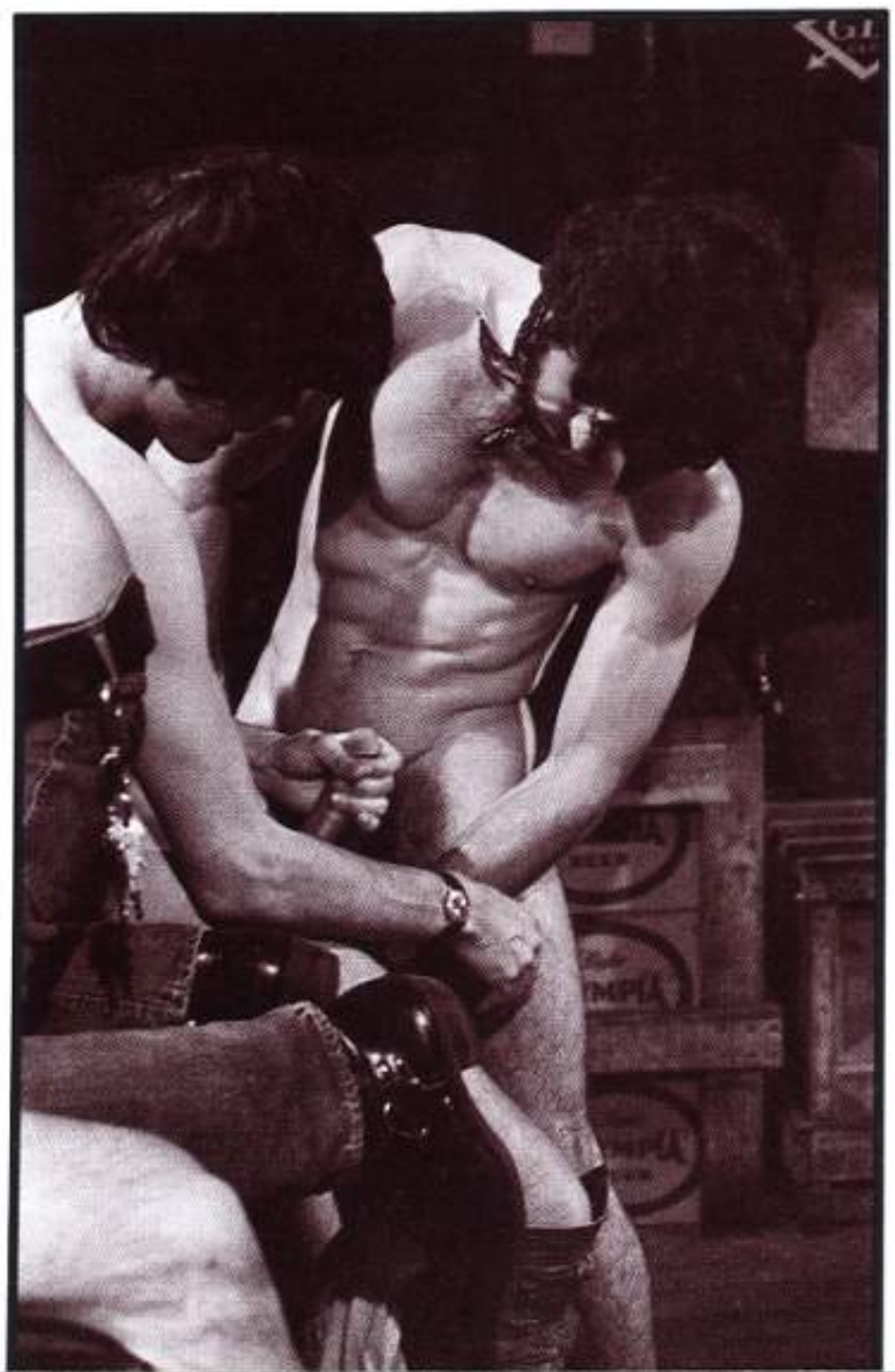
Located right in the heart of the city, just off Union Square and near all the hotels, the Nob Hill matches the best of the visitors with the best of the SF Welcome Wagon Brigade. The double feature changes frequently. Sometimes there is a live onstage male show. But always there is the changing audience: men who know what they want. Men who want it here and now!

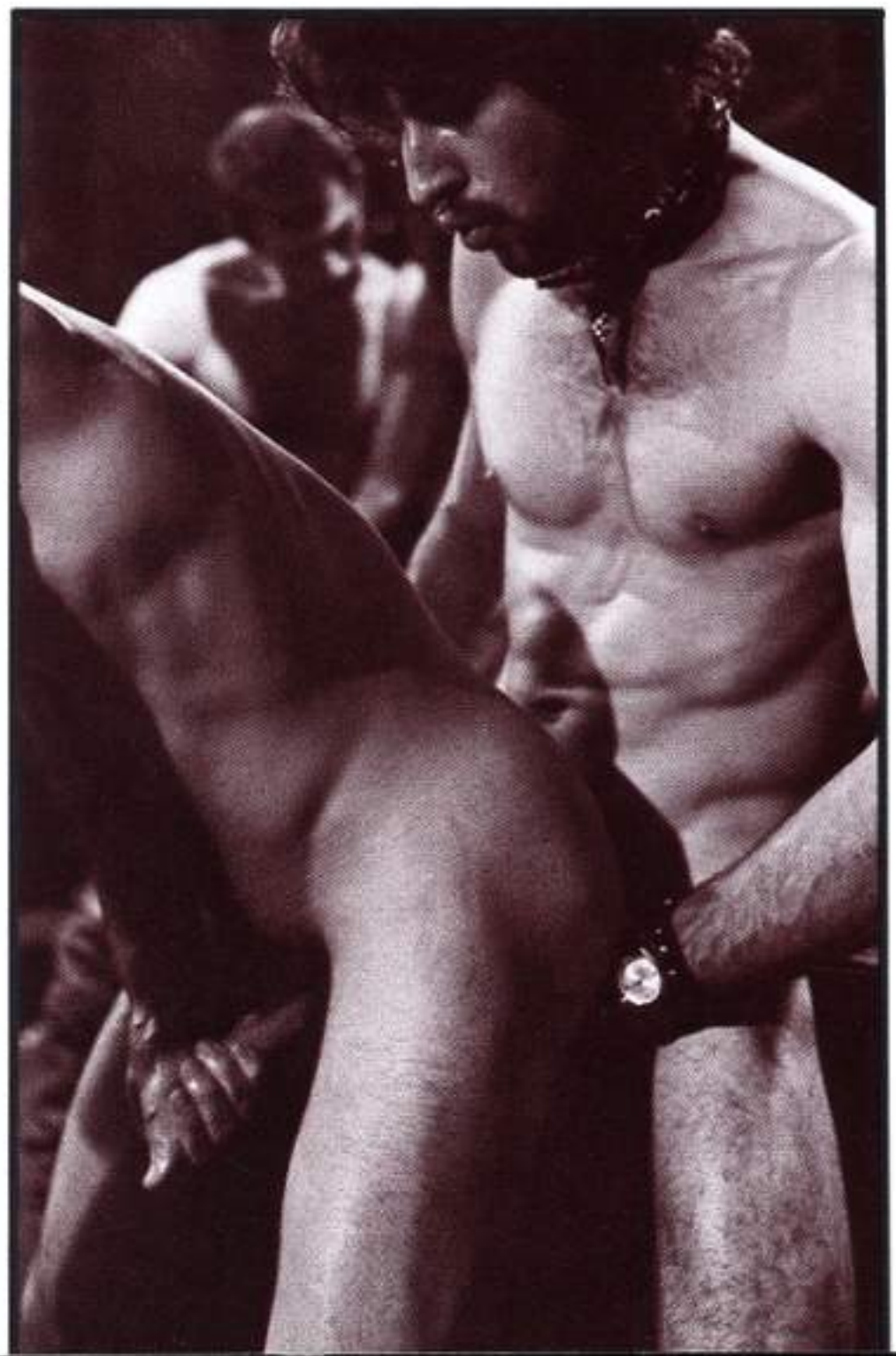
The Nob Hill Theater, under excellent management, is proof-positive that adult men in private can behave themselves in the ways they prefer, without offending anybody's sense of propriety. The Nob Hill is not a porn theater. It is, in one sense, a quiet, private, erotic preserve. In another sense, the Nob Hill offers to our certain subculture a sensitizing "training film" experience; if you haven't got the hang of what IT is all about when you open the doors to the dark auditorium, a couple reels later you'll have IT all in hand!

When you finish, just you try to keep repeating "It's only a movie, it's only a movie," as you crawl back out on the Bush Street sidewalk on all fours! □









never-published stills: 'MALE STAMPEDE'

More than 10 years ago the most popular cruise bar in L.A. was a western-themed bar on Santa Monica called The Stampede. We don't know if J. Brian's fuckfilm "Male Stampede" has any connection with the popular watering hole or not, but we do know the film's as hot as a Saturday nite in the bar if the black and white stills we discovered are any indication. The film's one of Brian's all-time classics now. It lives on celluloid and in these exclusive, on-the-set hardon photos that have never been previously published. Until now . . .

LOCKNER & PACE
continued from page 39

gives the audience the wonderful voyeur's space to sit back and jerk off, or simply sit in reverential awe, at the two wellbuilt and handsome men in hardhat gear and highway patrolman uniform. To watch Dan and Clint flow over, under, around, and through each other in the glow of the stagelight, and in the close-up heat of their mutual flashlights, is a hardon discovery of an almost necessary New Kind of Male Relating for our times in the 80s which have gone beyond sheer onstage cock-flashing into an energy-connection both more basic and more sophisticated.

REAL GUYS

Their presentation is not genitally focused, although between them they share at lease a foot-and-a-half of dick that comes unstuffed from jeans and uniform and bulging jockstraps. At the opening, Dan exhibits a righteous hardon that satisfies audience curiosity about "how big is it" and lets the crowd move on to something in addition. The focus of Dan's direction makes their pas de deux the kind of man-to-man skirmish that two guys, working as totally secure homomasculine men—who could just as easily pass for heteromasculine, use to cruise each other. They square off at ten paces. Each man studies the other man visually. Very hot. They look, but do not yet touch. They study muscle, face, stance, gear, moves, and gestures exactly right for men who work the jobs they work. Their muscles are built on the hard side of natural. Their attitude is no "attitude." Their attitude is the real confidence exuded by two men who, through the medium of themselves as—well, yeah—art objects, present without even a trace of narcissism two prime examples of the way men can ideally be. They are not just onstage extensions of "statue-bar" posing.

Actually, the audience gets the feel these guys are awfully good in both bed and playroom!

FETISH

Dan and Clint in "Construction Fantasy" communicate through fetish: the cop sniffing the construction worker's sweaty white cotton teeshirt; the hardhat honoring the cop's kneehigh motorcycle boots. They play fetish subtly, because not all the audience is ready for this 80s sex-style; but for those men who are, they lay out exactly—because they personally and really know—how to play with some fairly sophisticated fetish fantasies and realities.

After all, Clint is, remember, a man who, despite his formal resignation of badged credential, will remain in his head and mannerisms a real cop. Dan, for his part, knows how to handle himself among contractors and construction workers. They are real people living real lives. They don't perform on stage for a living. They do it for fun. "If the fun ever stops," Dan says, "we'll stop."

". . . between them they share at least a foot-and-a-half of dick that comes unstuffed from jeans and uniform and bulging jockstraps."

In fetish-play, clothes make the man. With Clint and Dan, their gear only adds to the dominant physical presence of the two men who, when finally stripped down, perform, with the best of all lighting, a posing exhibition of Pure Male Sensuality that usually, in its limited exposure at physique contests and/or sporting events, often gets lost in all the excuses the heteromasculine world tosses up when it really wants nothing more than to study, look at, honor, worship, and get off on a totally male body.

MEN LIKE AUTHENTICITY

When Clint shines his energy and his light on Dan, thoughts occur: Thank God men like Dan exist. When Clint, stripped out of his patrolman uniform, lays lightly into several bodybuilding poses over Dan's laidback body, reality steps in: this man, no more than a few months ago, was a real creamjeans cop—the kind you purposely speed for, the kind you hope will pull you over, the kind you'd like to have heart-arrest by.

Dan and Clint both transcend the untouchable quality of certain model-types. They exude the reality of authentic men whom you could, and can, meet in a restaurant, on a street, in a gym, or in any male encounter. They are not so much performers as they are sharers of the new true male mystique that skips suck-fuck/dickbutt for the wider aura of men daringly presented in public the way men are supposed to be.

NOW PLAYING

If you have a true voyeur's eye for manhood and for the subtlety of fetish, don't miss Dan Pace and Clint Lockner, wherever in America these two gladiators appear. They played to an SRO house at San Francisco's Screening Room Theatre and a national tour ought to be put together by sheer pressure—and pleasure—of popular demand.

They do on stage precisely what you would want them to do were they at home in your playroom! Better than that you can't get.

"Construction Fantasy" runs 20 minutes, and lasts at least one cum, or two, if you recover fast. Dan and Clint? Frankly, they're worth seeing. Especially if you're the kind of man who likes to study other men's visions and versions of manliness, and learn from them.

(ED.'S NOTE: At presstime, Lockner and Pace were headed to Washington, D.C.'s Follies Theatre.)

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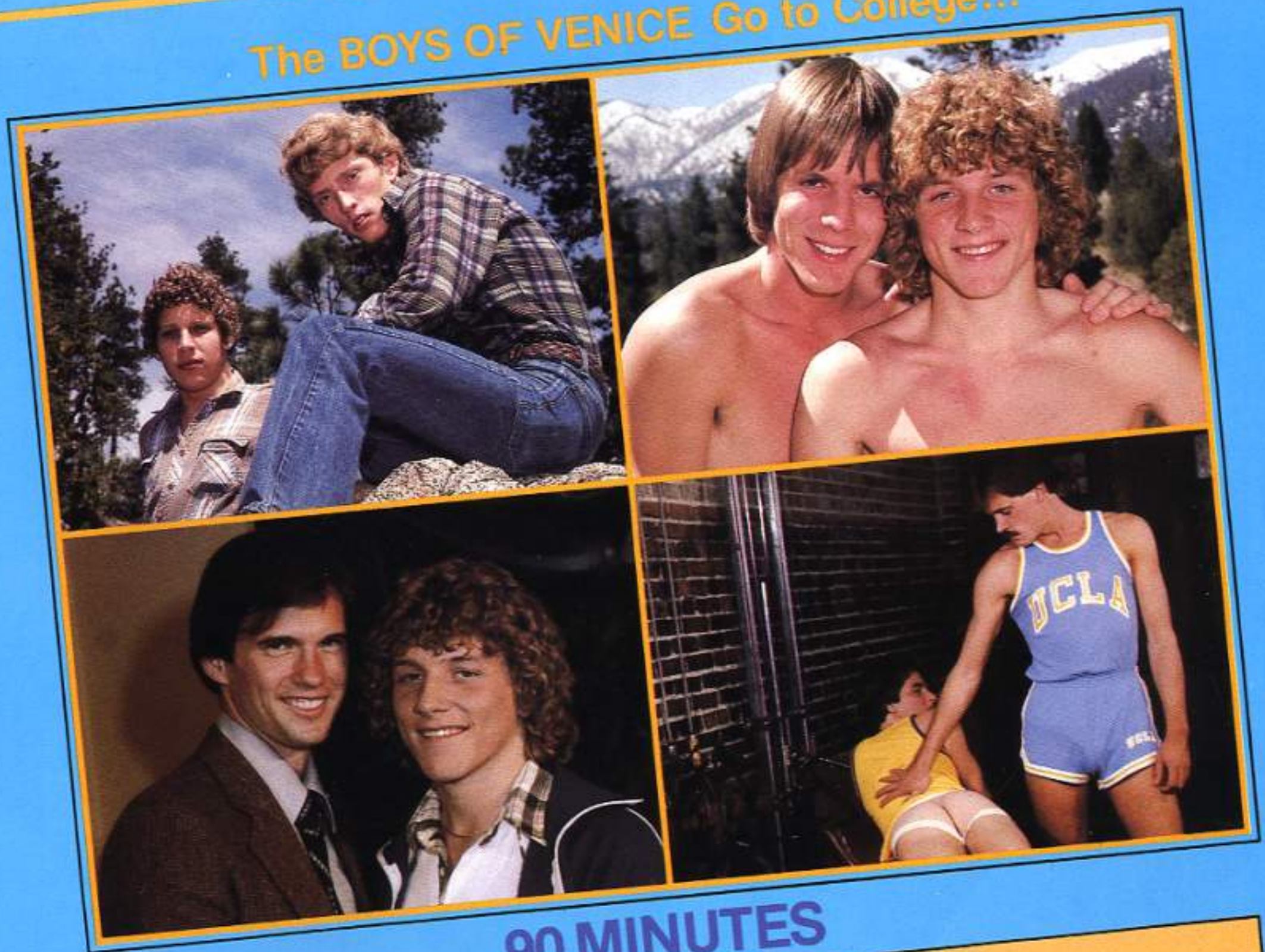

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phone that might do it' and came back to the phone and said, 'There's a producer here who wants to do a film. He'll pay $150 a day, do you want to do it? You'll have to be here tonight, so that you can get up and do it at five o'clock tomorrow morning.' So I drove up to Hollywood that night, because I needed the money.

"My partner in the scene was a guy named 'Jim,' and come to find out he was almost my type. Now, when I say 'my type,' I mean personality-wise. It could be somebody ninety-years-old who looks like they have been put through a sawmill, or it could be somebody who's thirteen, who looks like chicken delight. But I go totally on personality."

Brightly, and accurately, anticipating my next question, Jeremy smiles and continues: "But I was nervous all the way through it. I'd never had sex in front of anybody before. The scene will be in "Class Of '84," where I come to this guy for private drafting lessons and get seduced by him. It goes into various positions of sucking on the drafting table, and around the drafting table, then we cut and go into the bedroom where we do the fucking.

"And all Bill Higgins said at that point was, 'Which one of you is going to get fucked?' So it came out that I got fucked and Jim did the fucking, with Bill calling out things like, 'pull it out here' and 'stick it in there.' The whole thing took about six hours. Then Jim had to leave, and Bill took me to the French Market and told me he'd like to use me as the star of the movie, that I did really well, and he liked my look. He made me a proposition to work in his office when I wasn't shooting, so that I could support myself and live up in Hollywood."

Of course, Jeremy accepted, but this next experience was in direct contrast to the pleasures of the first. He calls it the "flower boy scene," and it is also in part one of "Class Of '84." As he describes it, "It's where I get a job selling flowers on a street corner, and a guy drives up and says he doesn't want flowers, he wants me, and flashes four $100 bills and gives me one, and I hop in and we go home and have sex. That's how the story was *supposed* to be.

"However, when we got to the sex scene, the other model couldn't get screwed and couldn't get hard enough to screw me. Turns out he didn't like blonds. It took two days to do the scene—three hours alone to get him hard enough. I mean I did *everything* to get him hard! Sucking, jacking him off, letting him be alone to try and get it hard, looking at dirty magazines, everything you could imagine! But he could not get it up for nothing!

"I'm very selective in who I'll go to bed with. I don't like to be called a whore."

"Most models would agree that whenever you're doing a sex scene, it is non-erotic. I guess you would call it 'interrupted sex.' I mean, you just about get it in and the director says, 'pull it out . . . push it in . . . pull it out . . . push in it . . .' It's all directed. He tells you how to move throughout the whole thing. But I rarely have any trouble getting it up on cue. It's all psychological.

"I experimented a couple of times, and there is no way I'm going to get it up just by saying, 'Okay, I'm gonna get it up.' I do say that, but then I just relax, take it easy, lay back and think about whatever fantasy or something that comes to mind. It varies. I could think about the model that's actually there, or think about something I've done with somebody in the past, or somebody I've seen that I'd've liked to do something with."

To conclude our on-the-record part of the evening, I asked Jeremy if he had any advice to young, hung readers who might be considering a 'modeling' career. After considerable thought and one long 'hmmmmmmmmm,' he answered, very distinctly and directly, "Probably first, to really ask yourself if you can handle the criticism you're going to get from your peer group.

"Nobody knows yet that I'm doing films, but I've gotten flack from just doing nude modeling. That's the thing I'm worried about the most, right now. Well, I'm not really *worried* about it, but it's in the back of my mind. It's gonna happen pretty soon, and they're gonna find out. Yes, that's probably the first piece of advice: make sure you can handle *that*. But I know my parents will stand behind me. They're really neat."

Regarding his personal life, Jeremy would only say, "I'm very selective in who I'll go to bed with. I don't like to be called a whore. Of course, on camera, it's different. That's a *job*. My ideal male would be dark-haired, would be somewhat muscular, but not overly muscular, and a very hard worker. But it goes ninety percent on personality. You know, I always turn my head for a blond, but what I'm attracted to is dark hair." Scott's co-star in his upcoming "Palace of Pleasures" is, you guessed it, dark-haired. □

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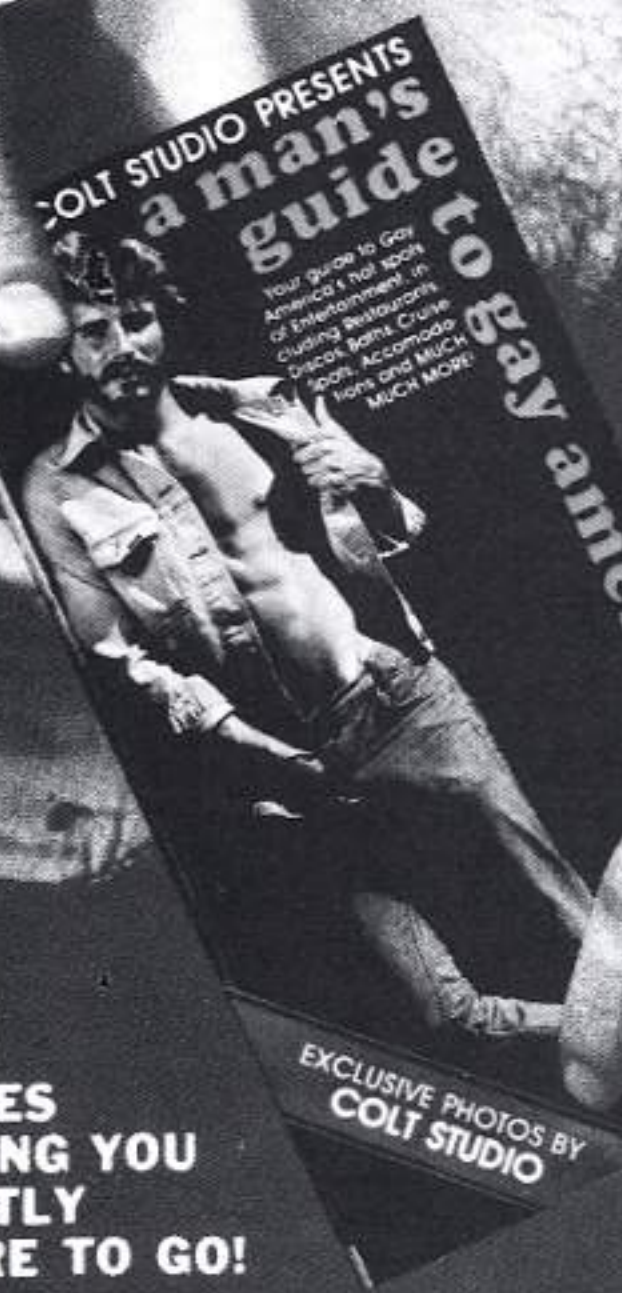

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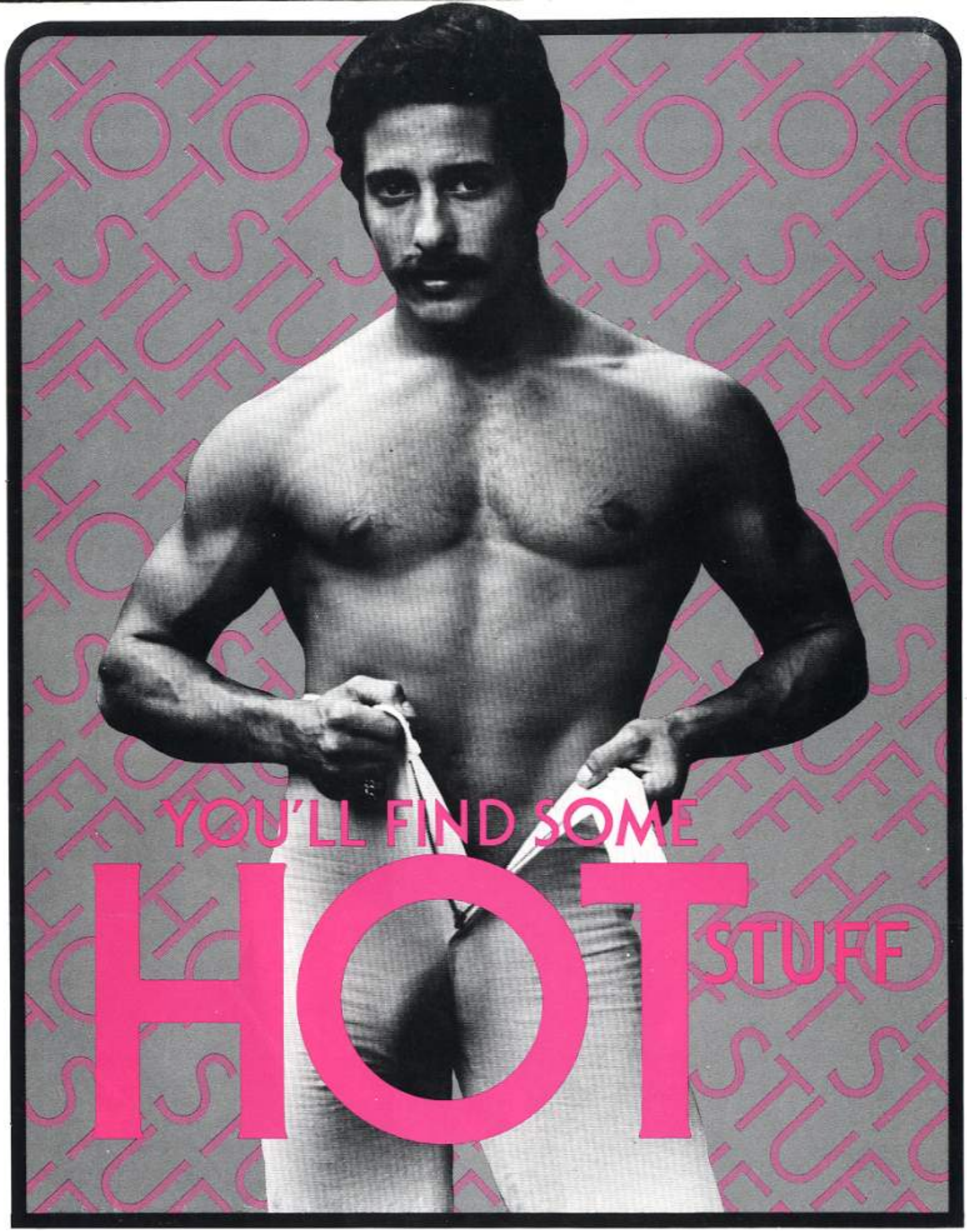

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