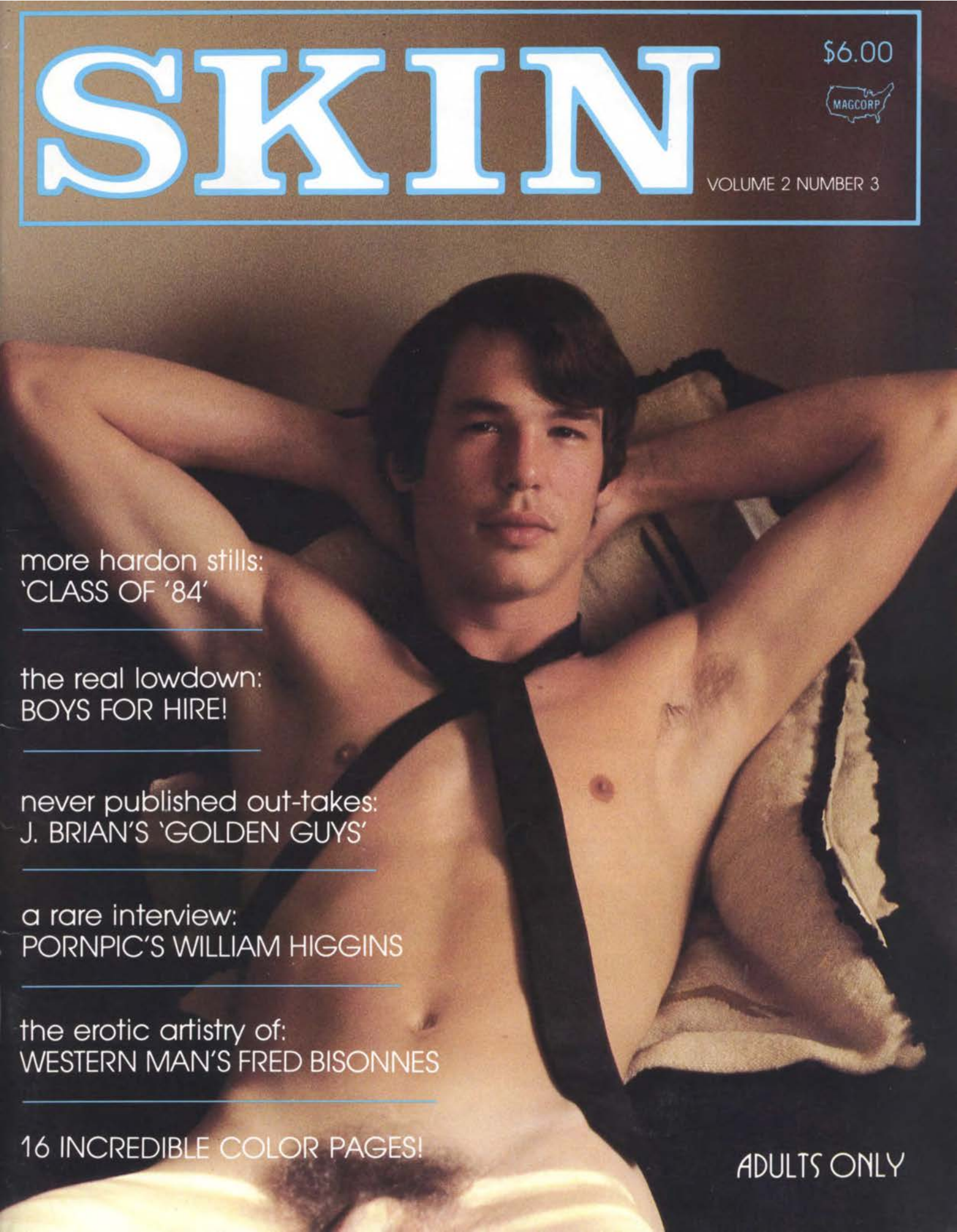


SKIN



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VOLUME 2 NUMBER 3

more hardon stills:
'CLASS OF '84'

the real lowdown:
BOYS FOR HIRE!

never published out-takes:
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a rare interview:
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the erotic artistry of:
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COVER PHOTO:

Loco Jones, one of J. Brian's latest discoveries, shows plenty inside this issue's tribute to the photographer's new "Golden Guys" series. Brian, one of the '60s top male nude lensers, had returned to the skin business he helped create, and high time, too . . .

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BOYS FOR HIRE!

the real lowdown

HE WAS INDEED THE GOLDEN BOYS' GOLDEN DADDY, AND IN THIS EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW, J. BRIAN CONFESSES EVERYTHING ABOUT A GAY MALE WHOREHOUSE!

By JACK FRITSCHER

BRIAN: Let me tell you one thing first about running a gay male whorehouse—the week I made the most money was when some shrinks met in San Francisco. For that convention I had to call on extra help. Rich men want big dick on hot men.

SKIN: You get right to the point.

BRIAN: Nobody ever hired a virgin. In my three years, '69 to '72, when I was set up by the cops and busted, nobody—not even my clients who were cops—ever asked for a virgin. So I'm not about to pull punches answering questions.

SKIN: You've shrunk out the shrinks.

BRIAN: The psychological services required of a Male Madam would fry Freud. You have to profile your house-studs. You have to screen the clients. You have to look after the boys' blood tests. You have to keep the kooks away from the kids.

SKIN: Kids?

BRIAN: Young men. Altogether my stable ranged from 30 to 40 guys. Hot. Hung. Horny. And most often very smart. About 30% were college grads. The rest had a couple years of college under their belts. A third of them were working their way

through college. You know: supplementing their income and veteran's benefits. A couple hours to make a few bucks. Most of them could handle at least one other language. Enough to order from a French menu. Enough to understand an escorted date to the San Francisco Opera.

SKIN: Smart fuckers.

BRIAN: Smart recruitment. I spent 200 bucks a week advertising for new models in the *Berkeley Barb*. These boys could read. I averaged five to ten phone inquiries a day. The ones I served as agent for—and that really was my role: I was the agent-intermediary for the models and for the clients—were hung, horny, bright, All-American types.

SKIN: Agent, huh?

BRIAN: With my agency, nobody ever got stung or hurt. I screened the boys. I screened the men. If you pick up a kid on the street, you don't know what you're getting, and the kids may end up, sooner or later, dead.

SKIN: So everybody concerned was fairly well adjusted.

BRIAN: Come on. A well-adjusted person doesn't become a male whore . . . or a male madam!

SKIN: You laugh easily.

BRIAN: Life is for fun. Actually, most of the boys only stayed about six months. That's a healthy length of time to hustle. I worried about guys who wanted to stay longer. You can't fuck-for-cash seven days a week. I closed the place down every Sunday.

SKIN: Never on Sunday.

BRIAN: Sundays I'd drive the best of the current bunch out to the beach at San Gregorio or Devil's Slide. You gotta get yourself away from business. When you whore, you put your mind in blank while you do it. It doesn't seem serious. It doesn't seem real, although they don't blank out their interpersonal relationships with each other and with me.

SKIN: The boys got along okay?

BRIAN: They hung out together like a fraternity. They were all using male hustling as a Rite of Passage in a nation that has lost its sense of definite transition into adulthood.

SKIN: What makes healthy boys of mid-American parents want to sell their flesh?

BRIAN: In America, money is a way of keeping score. Of how well you're doing. Of how acceptable you are.

Five years after my agency closed, one of my boys told me I had turned his life around. All during high school he had been a fat boy. He felt very unattractive, so he dieted, took up weightlifting, and got himself into good shape which, apparently, I verified through hiring him as a model and featuring him in one of my films. Through hustling he gained a self-confidence mommy and daddy never gave him. Through professional sex he became a person.

SKIN: Just like the Marine Corps builds men.

BRIAN: I agented for 800 young men in three years, so I guess there were at least 800 motives for the boy-next-door to enter the skingame. They do it for ego and for money.

SKIN: Your clients. What kind of men pay for sex?

BRIAN: Let me be very clear: nearly all my clients could put on Levis and a teeshirt and cruise for anything they wanted. The kind of man who hires his sex is a man who's so into his career that he doesn't have time for hit-and-probably-miss cruising. His life is on a tight schedule. Why shouldn't his timeframe for sex be the same?

SKIN: Profile, if you will, your average client.

BRIAN: Our typical client was a professional—doctor, lawyer, corporate type, good-looking, well-built, worked, say, out-of-town, sent to San Francisco from the East Coast every six weeks, staying at the Hilton, sexually active; his business day started with 6 AM calls back to New York, meetings all day, late dinner with client and client wife, leaves them after 10 PM. What's he going to do? Go out and cruise? He has to be up at 5 AM. He calls us. We go on his expense account.

SKIN: Can we ask who got what money?

BRIAN: Average kid earned \$300 a week. One stud was regularly clearing nearly \$1500 a week which he put in stocks and bonds. He's now a very wealthy 35-year-old man. 40% of the fee went to the house. 60% the kids kept. They also got to keep

any tips or gifts. But on the subject of gifts, if a young man came back with a diamond ring, the next day I myself would call the client and ask if he really meant to be so generous. If he seemed reluctant, I had the boy return the gift. Nothing worse than a client, generously tipsy the night before, deciding in the cold sober light of dawn that he somehow had been "robbed." That's the kind of stuff I kept close tabs on.

SKIN: So you never really asked lurid details of what went on?

BRIAN: Very little was lurid. I always considered my agenting a business. I never asked anymore than "Did it all go all right?" I only wanted to know if a client was potentially dangerous to my boys. In three years, out of 1800 calls, we only had one certifiable sicko who wanted a callboy to slash him with razor blades. We didn't do razor blades. Some light spanking from time to time, but no sick stuff. One client liked to shoot Gillette shaving bombs up my kid's ass. When he switched to menthol, I got rid of him.

SKIN: Where were you located?

BRIAN: San Francisco's Nob Hill across from the Mark Hopkins Hotel. We weren't "elegant," but with that neighborhood and a professional and celebrity clientele, we had to look good. Celebrities would stop by, discreetly, and thumb through my photo books to pick out the young men they liked. Most famous people handled themselves very well. They *have* to have a service such as my agency. Can you imagine some of the famous names you know out-on-the-town and trying to have a privately good time?

SKIN: Discreetly tell us some dirt.

BRIAN: Most celebs were very warm. One TV actor with his own series called me, wanting specifically some young stud who would not know who he was. So I sent him Carl, who had been studying in India for two years and knew nothing about American pop culture. Carl was hot and well hung. He came back from

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BOYS FOR HIRE

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the appointment and asked, "Who was that guy?" The actor seemed to want to have Carl guess his identity. "We showered and he kept asking, 'Who am I?'" A few minutes later, the phone rang. It was the actor. "Hey," he said, "you know that guy you sent up. He was great sex, but he didn't know who I was." I said, "Isn't that what you wanted?" I guess it wasn't. He wanted someone to adore him.

SKIN: You were right about having to be a good psychologist.

BRIAN: I always tried to match the boys' private personal preferences with their public advertised specialties. The boys, talking with each other at our Thursday night suppers, compared notes, recommending to each other clients whose tastes best matched another boy's talents.

SKIN: Do you see any of your graduates today?

BRIAN: A lot of my close friends are

people I've used. I hate that word *used*. There's nothing wrong with mutual use. I never abused any of them. A lot of my friends are people I've employed.

SKIN: Any tragedies? Any successes? I mean, with all the runaways in America today, you probably have the best followup profile of what happens to kids who early on go out on their own working their big cocks, tight holes, and fuckable faces.

BRIAN: Most of the sex was cocksucking, fucking, rimming, snowballing, filching, shrimping (foot sucking). A whole Barnum and Bailey of sex acts. Lots of kissing and cuddling. Obviously, it felt good to everybody. But to answer your question, yes.

SKIN: Tragedies?

BRIAN: None directly related to my business. A couple of heroin OD's and a suicide. Terrible. But these boys had problems no one could solve. Hustling didn't cause their problems. I never allowed any drugs.

No boy of mine ever went out on a modeling call stoned.

SKIN: Successes?

BRIAN: Wow! Yes! One owns three men's clothing stores; another a gift shop. One works real estate quite successfully. Another just opened his own computer software shop. One is a recognizable actor on a TV soap opera. Another is now dancing in a hit musical on Broadway. One young stunner has a flourishing landscaping business.

SKIN: You taught them business sense.

BRIAN: I never sent a boy out unless I had rehearsed him through everything from the proper way to knock on a door to the way to handle himself as a young gentleman for hire.

SKIN: We're just skimming the top of your experience. You ought to do a book, what with your modeling agency and filmmaking background.

BRIAN: Maybe. I did make an American First. I wrote and shot the first hardcore talkie film, "Seven in a Barn," in 1969. Altogether I made 10 films.

SKIN: They're on videotape now, right? I saw an ad recently: Astronics, 90 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco, 94102.

BRIAN: I like you.

SKIN: Where were you when we needed you with your hot-and-cold running boys?

BRIAN: Believe it or not, my business made a lot of men happy.

SKIN: Very happy.

BRIAN: One of those shrinks from that big convention? Well, he called me from Iowa. He had used my service and liked it. He had a 50-year-old patient whom he prescribed be fixed up at my agency. This man was an attractive owner of his own trucking company. Very masculine. Had a wife. Six kids. He flew out from Iowa to San Francisco every weekend for six months. We met him every time at the airport. That's how he came out. He left his wife. He found a lover. He wrote me recently that he's happy now.

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