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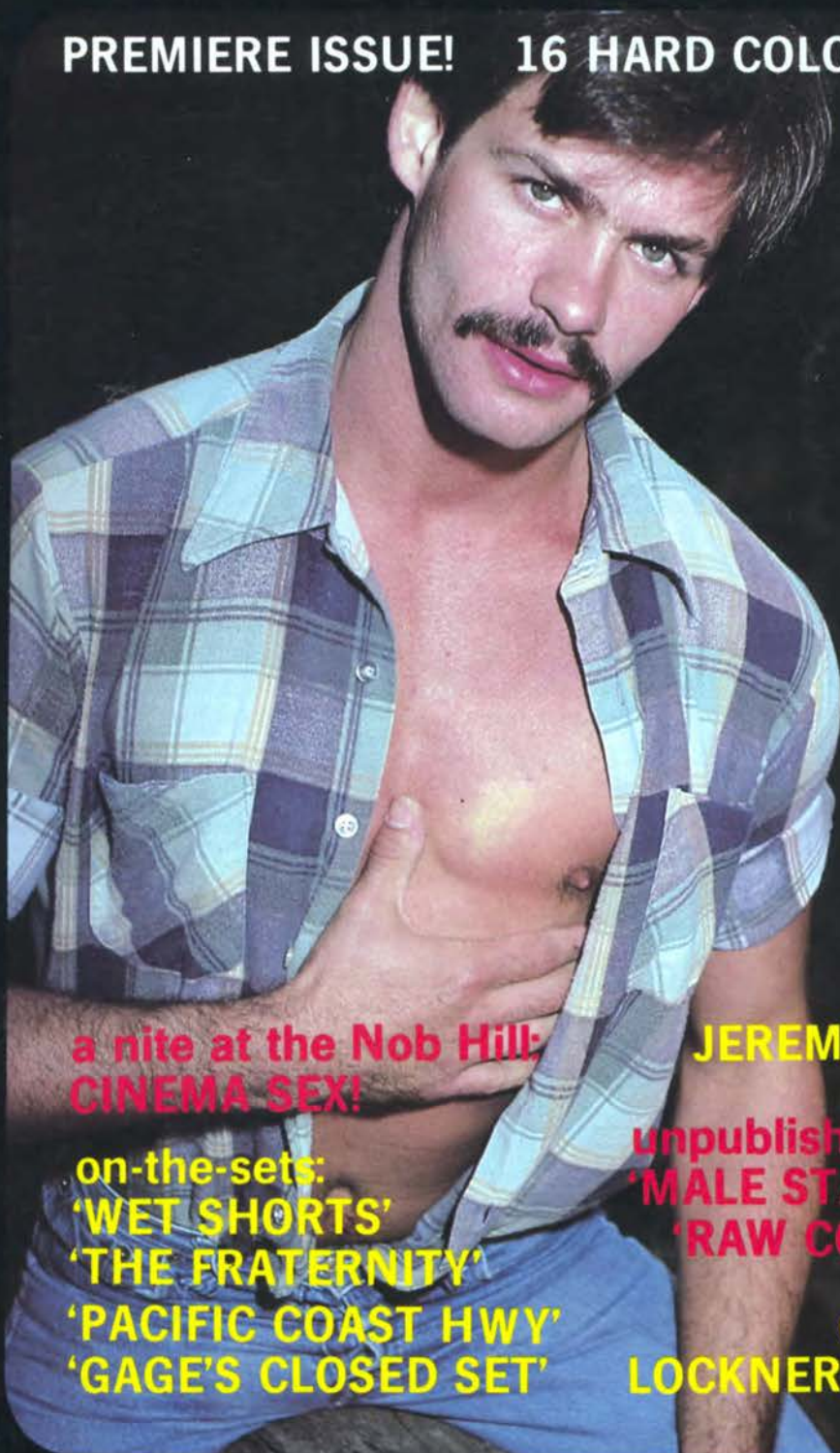
SKINFLICKS



THE MALE MOVIE MAGAZINE



PREMIERE ISSUE! 16 HARD COLOR PAGES!



a nite at the Nob Hill:
CINEMA SEX!

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

JEREMY SCOTT

unpublished stills:
'MALE STAMPEDE'
'RAW COUNTRY'

on stage!
LOCKNER & PACE!

ADULTS ONLY

NOW PLAYING

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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!

LIVE! ON STAGE!

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. Muscleman Dan is an established Star for Paeon 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 Homomascu-

line 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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LOCKNER & PACE

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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 least 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 homomale men—who could just as easily pass for heteromale, 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

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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."

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 heteromale 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.)