

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 1

\$6.00

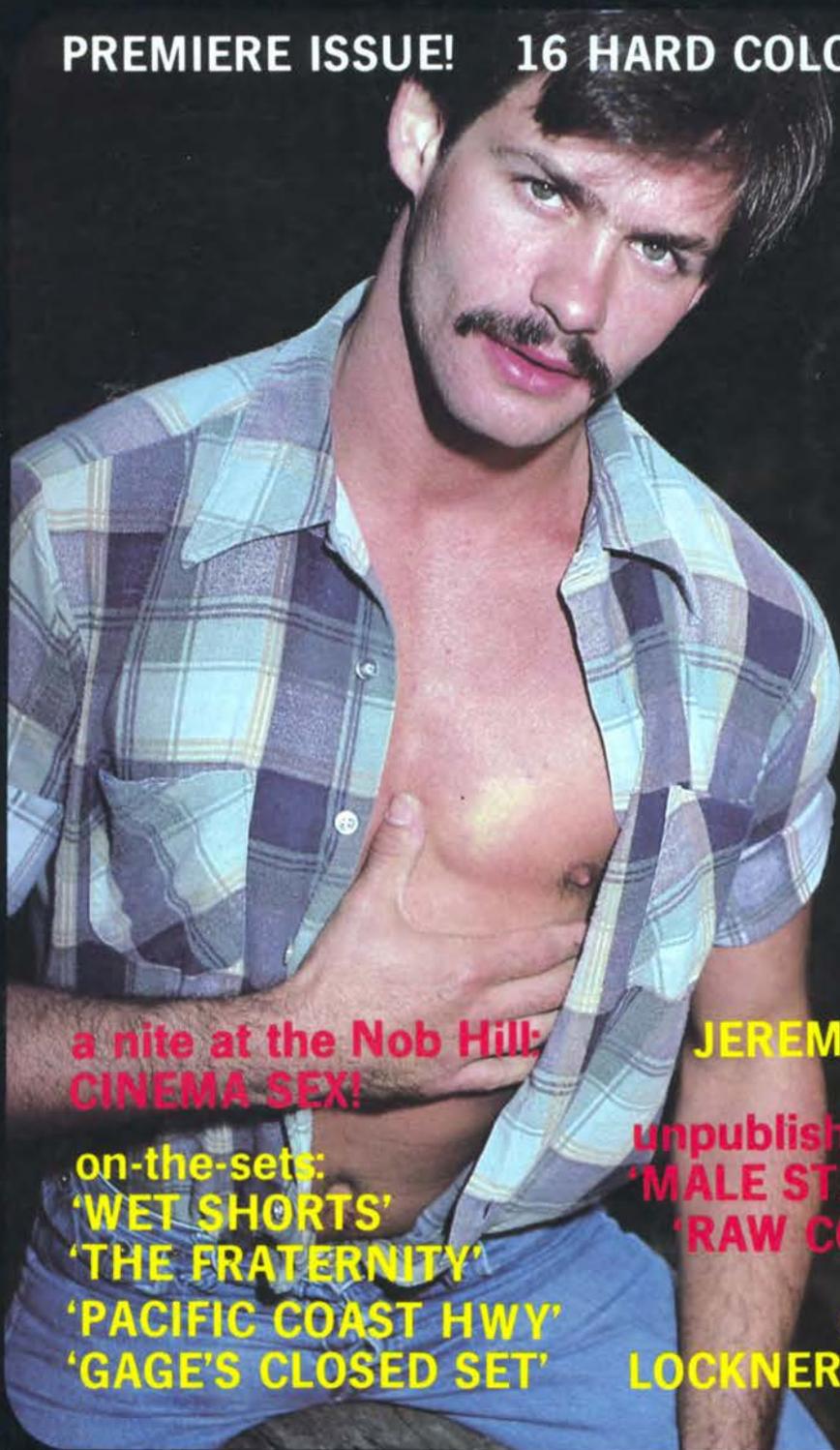
SKINFLICKS



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unpublished stills: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

C O N T E N T S

"THE FRATERNITY" 6
The video-taped blue movie

"JOE GAGE'S CLOSED SET" 12
Sizzling screen tests

"PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY" 14
Higgins' hottest yet

"RAW COUNTRY" 26
J. Brian's classic sexpic

CINEMA SEX 28
A nite at the Nob Hill

"WET SHORTS" 32
Tom DeSimone's latest turn-on

SCOTT'S HOT! 36
The newest pornstar

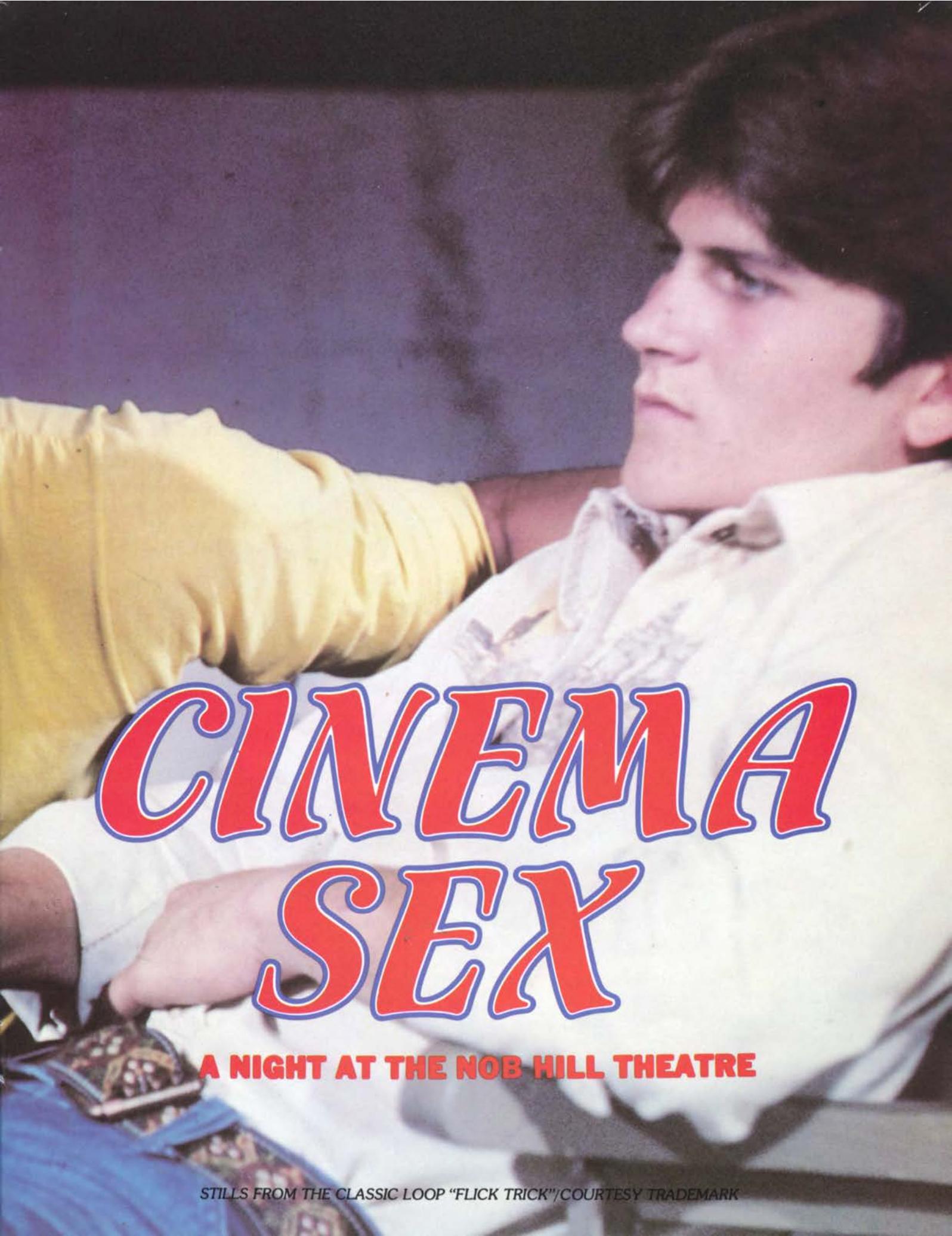
LOCKNER & PACE TOGETHER! 38
Live! On stage!

"MALE STAMPEDE" 42
The lost stills

SKINFLICKS, Vol. 1 No. 1, is published bi-monthly by Janus Publishing Company, Inc., Wilmington Delaware. Copyright © 1980 by Janus Publishing Company, Inc. All rights reserved on entire contents. Nothing may be reproduced, in whole or in part, without written permission from the publisher. The publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited materials. Editorial offices: SKINFLICKS, c/o Unique Imports, P.O. Box 1622, Studio City, CA. 91604. All manuscripts, photos and artwork must be accompanied by return postage. All photos in this publication were posed by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photos, nor words used to describe them, are meant to depict the actual conduct or personality of the models. All models are 18 years of age or older. No data on models will be released. Any similarity between real persons and characters depicted in fiction or semi-fiction herein is purely coincidental. Exclusive distribution by MAGCORP, The Magazine Corporation of America. Printed in the U.S.A.

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!



CINEMA SEX

A NIGHT AT THE NOB HILL THEATRE

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



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

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

**"You fast became
master of cuming
without shouting."**

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.

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-dome 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

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 straight 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! □