

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 4

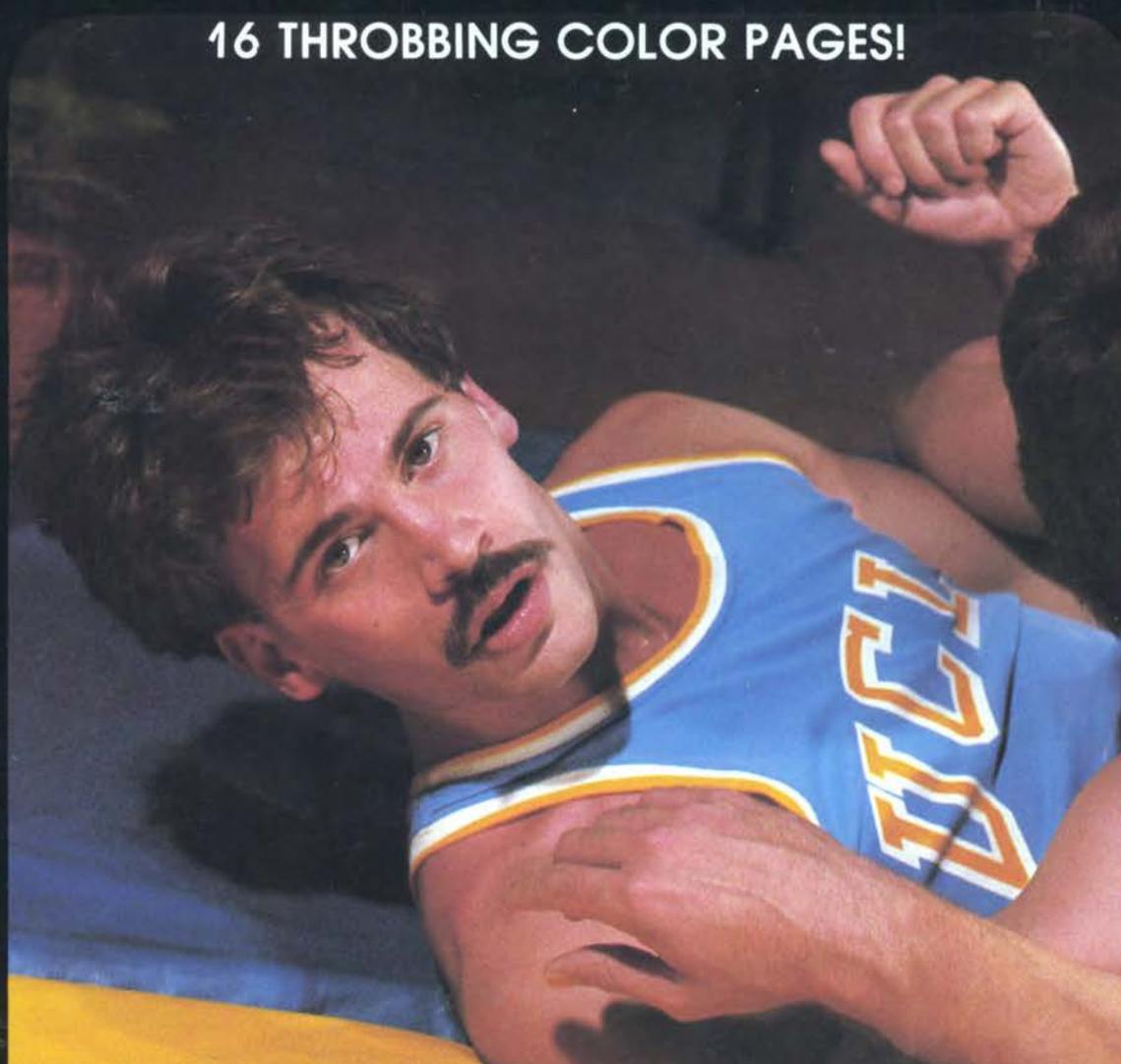
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# SKINFLICKS



THE MALE MOVIE MAGAZINE

16 THROBING COLOR PAGES!



revealing photos:  
ARCH BROWN'S  
NEWEST DISCOVERIES!

what really goes on in  
THOSE RAINCOAT-  
CROWD THEATRES!

never-seen stills:  
'REAR DELIVERIES'

'CLASS OF '84'

'SCHOOLMATES'

'GAGE'S CLOSED SET'

ADULTS ONLY

# NOW PLAYING

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**COVER PHOTO:**

With faces like those on the cover and back cover of this issue of SKINFLICKS, it's no wonder William Higgins' pornpics are among the most successful in the blue movie business we cover exclusively—from every conceivable angle! The wrestling match featured here from "Class of '84" is, as you'll see, unmatchable!

# THE GET-'EM-UP-BOY

By JACK FRITSCHER

"Famous dick." This juicy young guy laughs. Real easy. "Yeah. Famous dick. That's my job." He sensuously wets his forefinger on his hot tongue, holds it up victoriously, and scores a ONE-and-a-TWO-and-a-THREE in midair. The way a sharpshooting gunslinger totes up notches on his pistol.

"I've blown nearly all the gay film stars." He's obviously on a first-name basis with Richard, Clint, Jack, Fred, Dan, Al, Casey and Kip. When he ticks off these screen heroes' last names they sound like an erotic law firm: Locke, Lockner, Wrangler, Halsted, Pace, Parker, Donovan, and Noll. The ones he knows intimately he won't exactly reveal.

The man talking is Denny Sargent. He's so goodlooking I wonder why he works off camera.

"I'm what's called in the skinflick biz," he laughs, "one of the Get-Em-Up-Guys."

Nice work if you can get it. Obviously, Denny's got it.

"When the show must go on, us Get-Em-Up-Guys make sure the sex superstars walk on to the set as hard as they come." He smiles his killer smile: All-American hot stuff. Denny Sargent has Universal Appeal. He's every man's type. And he likes to rap. "When a producer

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**"My job is to service the  
porn stars."**

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pulls together a director, cast, and crew for an erotic film, a lot of bucks ride on big dicks. Yeah. But they got to be erect, hard, throbbing rods. Audiences dig sitting in their seats beating their meat watching screen hunks jerking, sucking, and fucking with hard dicks that never go down. Nothing's worse on screen than a limp prick."

Denny absently strokes at his own meat resting fullpacked in his faded jeans. "Wakefield Poole's 'Bijou' succeeds because of Bill Harrison's huge hardon. The Gage Brothers' trilogy makes it with enormous hardon after enormous hardon. In fact, Joe Gage's 'Closed Set' has more hard cock per frame than any gay film ever made. In a sort of docufantasy way, 'Closed Set' is a kind of behind-the-scenes look at what Get-Em-Up-Guys like me are hired to do. Except in 'Closed Set' all thirty guys are sexstars in the sense they're all doing each other as-is. 'Closed Set' is the world's first perfect orgy documentary!"

Denny Sargent smiles like a man who knows how to take a job and shove it—down his throat!

"Get-Em-Up-Guys have been around movie sets since Edison filmed 'The Kiss' which was the first porno film. Film historians

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argue that kissing was all Alva had in mind. Maybe. But he needed money and he knew sex would sell his movieola invention. His original film, legend has it, started with a kiss. The rest, the nude fucking has been suppressed."

Denny stands up, stretches his well-developed arms, and pops open his fly. "You don't mind?" he asks. "I really get off on playing with myself. I feel real hot about what I do for a living." He hauls out a long, thick piece of uncut meat. The pink head and soft tracery of blue veins look perfect for Technicolor and a close-up lens.

"My job is to service the porn stars. Right before the call for lights-camera-action, I move in and 'ready-up' the dicks. Not that any of these guys has any trouble getting roaring hardons. They wouldn't be the huge popular successes they are if they were camera-shy. But on a long day's shoot, the leading actor may have to get his dick up twenty times. In between takes, remember, he's sitting around waiting for the crew to get set: lights, props, costumes, make-up, and all that jazz. So when the director wants him ready on the set, he's got to be worked up, hard and hot to trot, because every minute on a soundstage costs dinero plenty!"

Denny has nothing but admiration for these guys he finds are nearly all every inch men's men. "Male sexstars are the greatest actors in the world. When the script calls for a hardon, they walk on to the set, stripped naked, big balls and dick and goodlooks, ready to hit their marks, say their lines, not fall over the lights, and keep roaring hard enough to suck, fuck, rim, and wrestle man-to-man." Denny strokes his meat. A

faraway look in his eyes. A slight grin. He's remembering "scenes" before the scenes.

Denny is, in fact, the Get-Em-Up-Guy most in demand on the hottest gay porn sets these days.

"It would be unprofessional of me to name names, but Get-Em-Up-Guys know the secrets of what turns on the big sexstars. A little tit-play often gets many of the big-chested ones really hot. Audiences just see them hard. You don't know all the little tricks that get 'em that way. Us guys do. It's our stock in trade."

The long shaft of Denny's cock, rises an extra handful-and-a-half out of his big grip. Obviously, Get-Em-Up-Guys have to possess an appeal that turns on these supermen starfuckers whose faces, bods, and butts we screenwatchers all lay out our cash for at the boxoffice and our charge cards for at the home video center.

"I get a kick watching some of these movies. Five hundred years from now, media scholars will be studying shit like 'The Esthetic of the Male Erotic Film in the 20th Century.' What they'll be checking out will be hardons that I handled, teased, tongued, sucked, and blew up to their full throbbing, glistening glory. Now THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT! At least for a professional cocksucker like me!"

Denny strokes comfortably. A clear pearl of pre-cum lube catches the light and magnifies the drama of the photogenic head of his cock. He touches the droplet gingerly with his index finger, half-jokingly waves it, kind of offering a taste, and then licks it again, the way he did the first time. He smiles with that face that should grace the NOW PLAYING poster case in an adult movie theater lobby.

"The supersexstars' secrets are safe with me. Let me just say that any fantasy any audience has about their favorite adult male

star is probably true. These guys are very versatile. Look at their faces on screen. Halsted and Locke get hotter as they get older. D-A-D-D-I-E-S! Faces actually reveal more than dicks and balls and buttholes. I can jerk off just staring at a man's face. Yeah. Just that certain look."

Denny lifts out his ample balls. They're proportioned to his rod.

"Currently," he confides, "I have a fairly decent straight job. That's why I only work off camera. I like erotic film-making. But right now isn't the right time for my face to hit the screen. So I'm having their cock and eating it too. Besides, I'm training a couple of other guys who have Get-Em-Up looks. All they need is the technique."

He's stroking his meat harder. "There's only one frustration to being a Get-Em-Up-Guy. What's called the 'money shot,' or the cumshot, always occurs on camera. So us Get-Em-Up-Guys never get to eat the superstars' loads. At least," he drawls slyly, "not on screen."

Denny kind of bites his lower lip through a full smile, toying with me, almost tempting me. "You've got," he says, "a boner on, don't you."

"You really are a Get-Em-Up-Guy," I say. "I'm up."

"Take it out," he says. "If I get it up, I get to get it off."

Terrific. This handsome, butch cocksucker, who makes a pleasure of his business, is no prick tease. And I'm no fool. He wants to demonstrate his technique on my dick.

"You know," I say, "you really ought to be in pictures."

"Yeah." He laughs like the good-natured hunk he is. He kneels down between my legs. He looks up with that Get-Em-Up face directly into my eyes. What a pro! "Are you ready," he asks, "for your close-up?"

Oh. Yeah!

□