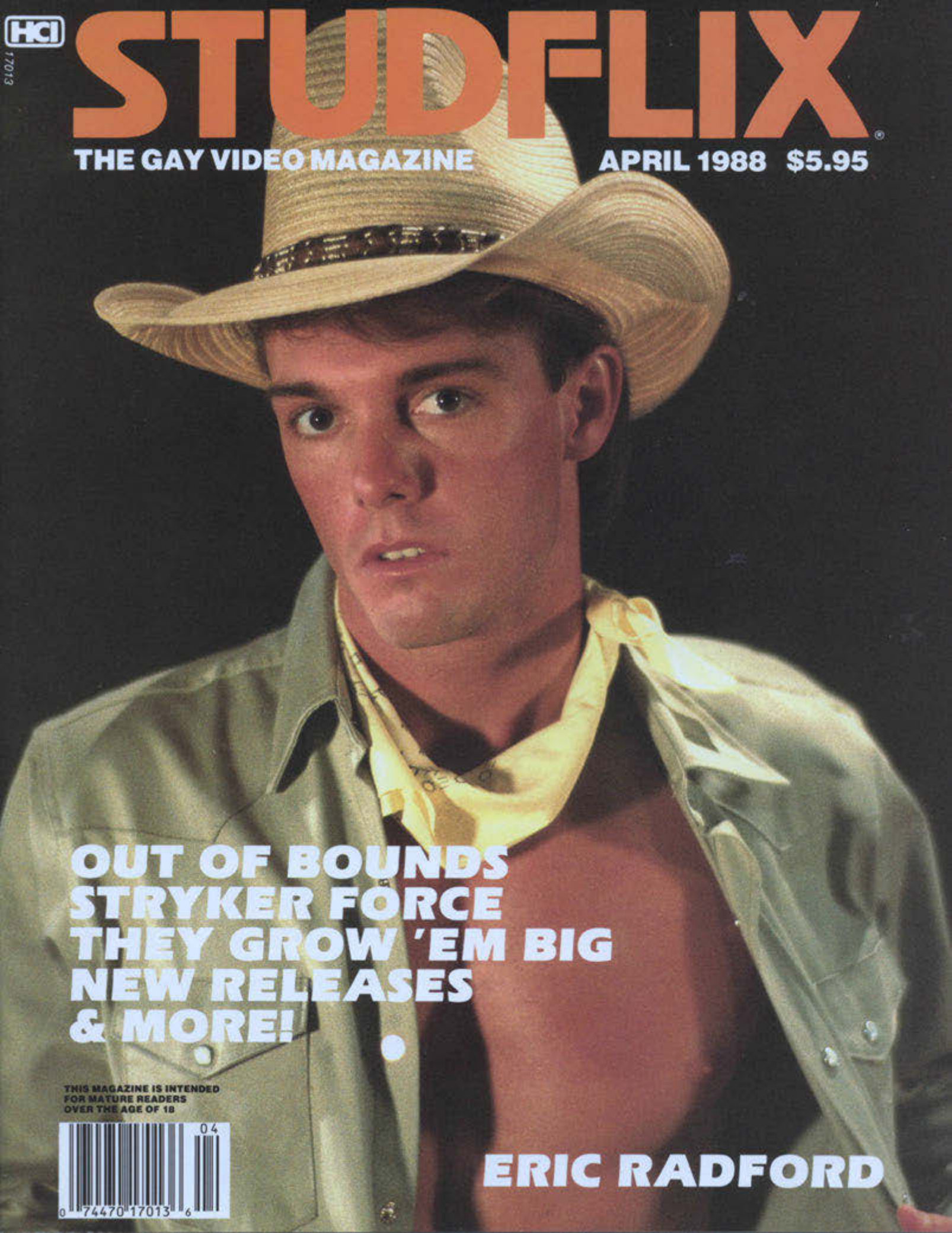




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STUDFLIX

THE GAY VIDEO MAGAZINE

APRIL 1988 \$5.95

**OUT OF BOUNDS
STRYKER FORCE
THEY GROW 'EM BIG
NEW RELEASES
& MORE!**

THIS MAGAZINE IS INTENDED
FOR MATURE READERS
OVER THE AGE OF 18



ERIC RADFORD

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The range of sexual activity is equally broad, but the emphasis is on the kinky.

The partners of the principal players are both under 40 and 40-ish. At least I think Keith Ardent is under 40, where his partner probably is about 40. Age becomes rather unimportant once you get into this tape.

It's unclear who is responsible for what, but the videography is extremely clean and sharp, even when it is asked to illuminate some rather dark, damp locations...

Equally, the sex ranges from kinky to extremely raunchy. Sometimes you sense a little of that special chemistry that happens when two strangers meet and are transfixed and become hungry for each other. Most pairings in this work seem to be of people already extremely familiar with each other's

needs and limits.

This video is well suited to a number of audiences: those who like "daddy" types, those who like sexually experienced hands, those who miss the Mineshaft (New York) and the Hot House (San Francisco), and those viewers who could care less who's doing it as long as what they are doing is intense!

—JWR

GUT PUNCHERS!

Jack Fritscher (director, videographer), Palm Drive Video (producer); 1987, 80 minutes; stars: Dan Dufort, Gino Deddino. Released by Palm Drive Video.

This certainly isn't for everyone! Two guys spend almost an hour and a half exploring the sexual ramifications of getting punched in the stomach. Granted, to be visually interesting this requires that the stomach in question be worth view-

ing—it is. In fact, Gino Deddino is flawless. He looks like he's about 5'9", weighs maybe 145 pounds of lean, ripped muscles, is hung (amen), appears to be in his late 20s.

I know this video is about punching guys in the stomach. But I still wanted to see his ass 'cause I can imagine he just might possess the most beautiful cheeks in recorded history.

He wears a headguard (regulation boxing issue) and I'm not sure why. Or rather, I'm not sure why he wears it for the entire time. At the end of the video, He issues a challenge to all the "so-called tough guys" in the audience—it's pure, unadulterated, crotch-stirring sex appeal. Had he ripped off his headgear, let the sweat pour down from his brow and drip off the end of his nose as he barked his declarations—time would have stood still.

He *does* spit out his mouth guard in a moment of passion during his monologue, "I don't need this, I'm not afraid of your punches!"

I have nothing against the trapping of a fetish, and the opening section, with background noise of a real boxing match while young Deddino abuses himself, sets up the situation and the fantasy perfectly. But everything comes off *except* the headgear and it's irritating. I know there was a classic Italian-American face under that gear and I kept wanting to see it.

Deddino's buddy, who comes in and punches him in the stomach for about an hour, just wasn't my cup of tea. He may have had a good punch, he may have even been Gino's real-life fuckbuddy; the promo says he won second place in the physique competition of Gay Games II; he probably has a great soul...

Suprisingly, the camera work is very static. Palm Drive usually moves around the action more than this. And some perspectives I would have expected are not evident—why no three-quarter shots from behind Deddino so that we could see the coming fist in a more immediate and threatening manner? Even *Kid Galahad* let the camera trade places with the poor saps about to get a face full of Wayne Morris' fist.

Or some profiles that let us see the stomach muscles rebound the blows?

Palm Drive is probably reading this and thinking, "Can you figure? Make

him!

If you love Latinos, you're going to watch this tape over and over and over. And if you don't like Latinos . . . you probably didn't read this far.

—JWR

LET ME BE YOUR LOVERBOY

Enriko Golden (director, producer), *In Hand Video*, 1987, 70 minutes, 1987; stars: David Diamani, Tom Katt, Christopher Mann, Jon Stranton, Brandon Wilde, Vanessa (no last name), Ritchie V. Released by *In Hand Distributing*.

In the early days of hardcore porn, you could sell just about anything. A market hungry for explicit sexual expression in books, photos and films would put up with a lot of crap as long as you gave them the few square inches that separated erotica from pornography. And as long as hardcore porn came from the backroom of the schlock publishing houses it was pretty crude, rather overpriced and entirely exploitive of the market it served.

All that changed when porn became acceptable, respectable (to a certain degree) and extremely lucrative. Quality material became the rule and cheaply-produced garbage the exception to the rule.

Let Me Be Your Loverboy could easily have come from the early days of porn. In fact, it's rather amazing to consider that someone would even think of releasing something this poor in today's market. This is actually a notch below Peter Demetri, and rests somewhere around the level of *New Cummers* or *Confidential Case Histories*. The idea seems to have been to get something on tape . . . anything. Just so long as it was in color. It didn't have to be in focus, even.

Enriko Golden is a gayporn director using a pseudonym. Not all of his past videos, under his other name, were clunkers. In fact, I wondered if he didn't change his name because he was ashamed of this little piece of shit.

Basically, this video takes place in an office. David Diamani is behind a desk, pumping his biceps, when Ritchie V comes in. They talk about lunch. Ritchie V leaves and David pulls his dick out and starts jacking off.

But I'm getting ahead of myself.

Best Wishes (Le Salon)

a specific fetish video unlike any other on the market and *this* guy wants it to be even *more* specific!"

The real electricity in *Gut Punchers!* comes at the very beginning and at the very end, when Gino is alone. He is, after all, the main event.

—JWR

LATIN MEN

No technical credits, *Wall To Wall Video*, 1987, 60 minutes; stars: Rod Garetto, Carlo de Barde, David Burrill, Ray Perez. Released by *Hombre Productions*.

If you like watching Latinos with big dicks amuse themselves, then you can not do yourself an injustice with *Latin Men*. What you see on the box is what you get on the tape.

Although *Wall To Wall Video* is known for getting into the action fast and staying there until it's over, with nothing in between the sex scenes

but other sex scenes—this video sticks to that premise like precum sticks to your fingers. Open the box and Rod Garetto is pulling his half-hard staff to a completely upright position the moment the titles vanish from the screen.

What a nice little quartet: two uncut (De Barde and Perez) and two circumcised Latinos (Burrill looks to be Italian), two truly enormous cocks (Garetto and De Barde); two standard "big" cocks; four different JO techniques; lots of *musica salsa*.

Although there are no tech credits, direction was most likely Johnny Seven, the score came from a cantina in Tijuana, and no clue as to the videography—although the camera man has a decided fondness for two particular shots: facial close-ups and crotch close-ups. But with these faces and these cocks, you certainly can't hold *that* against

think he may already know too much for his own good. Rusty Thomas and Mark Anthony are relative newcomers. Call them freshmen.

The action's pretty choppy and haphazard, as if *SB Too* was shot during a long weekend at a private home, with the crew capturing the sex whenever it happened to pop up. There's nothing particularly memorable, though a long scene of Vlad and Rusty rough-housing and playing strip-tag on the lawn is languidly erotic, and perfectly capped by Cory's appearance on the balcony, from which vantage he shameless moons his leering, lip-smacking buddies.

Bonus points to all concerned for using rubbers during the butt-banging. Next video, please.

—AT

THRASHER!

Jack Fritscher (director, videographer), *Palm Drive Video* (producer); 1987, 90 minutes; stars: Thrasher. Released by Palm Drive Video.

I adore cute guys that try to act tough, although I think there's nothing "cute" about being a thug. Thrasher would like you to believe he's a lot tougher than he actually is... but it's an act and he's not really very threatening.

This is one of those solo performances like Old Reliable's *I, Rick* in which a single character verbally assaults the viewer while tempting with physical revelations. Thrasher, as was the case with Rick, reveals a lot about himself—accidentally.

If you like the look of young rural non-gays, you're going to love the look of this young colt. Still in his early 20s, Thrasher has a sleek body with light hair but a body that has known hard labor. The natural muscles ripple just under the surface of the skin, but nowhere are there the etching of a high-tech gym. These muscles look like they might have come from operating a back-hoe or loading hay bales.

For well over an hour you are alone with Thrasher in a room somewhere and he talks to you about how much you want him, how little of him you can have, how he likes to slap guys like you around... all the while giving you a show: pumping his muscles, showing off his physique, finally showing you his cock, good-sized like the rest of him, uncut and untamed.

When he strokes himself to the entertainment's conclusion, it is a obviously a heterosexual jacking off—completely without any perception of his own genitals.

While I like these solo video experiments and think a number of them (*I, Rick, Inside Eric Ryan, Frank Vickers*) are extraordinary examples of how creative and satisfying this format can be, there are a number of pitfalls around and Thrasher slips into a couple.

It's too long. An hour would have been more than perfect. Thrasher is interesting for an hour, the extra thirty minutes allows places to drag here and there. Thrasher has too many fetish items for a straight boy.

If he's into wrestling, fine. But I never believed he was—and his threats to the viewer are empty. An early, longish cigar-smoking sequence is interesting, but there's too much of it. The pumping up is exciting, it could be shorter. The only time you feel the camera is on as long as it should be is during the final monologue, when Thrasher goes after you with an outpouring of verbal abuse that is original, sexy, not as scary as he might like—but solid and good. He only jacks off once and it's at the end. Until then, you have to get off on his personality. Like I said, he's a sweet kid playing bad ass—and it's a good act.

—JWR