THE ALL-MALE VIDEO REVIEW MAGAZINE

SKINFLICKS

VOL. 19, NO. 1
FEBRUARY 1999

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contents

DEPARTMENTS

5 **EDITOR'S PIECE**

7 **FAN MALE**

10 **NEWSFLICKS**

20 **HERE COMES TROUBLE BY WILL CLARK**
Where SKINFLICKS columnist Will Clark goes, you-know-what always follows.

46 **CENTERPIECE**
He's ba-a-a-ck! Megastar Kevin Williams returns to the blue screen, and we've got him first! Photos by Falcon Studios.

60 **VIRTUAL SEX WITH JIM BUCK**
From the sleazy recesses of the 'Net, stud Jim Buck shows you where to get off!

86 **CYBERGUIDE**
Our handy bimonthly listing of porn star e-mail addresses and Web sites!

87 **VIDEOGUIDE**
Now you have no excuse not to buy the videos you like!

ON THE COVER
HAIRY SUPERSTUD COREY JAY IN *LINK 2 LINK* FROM ALL WORLDS VIDEO.

ook at all the nasty stuff we've crammed in here! (We didn't use any lube, either!)

VIDEO REVIEWS

SHOWCASE

12 *Link 2 Link* by All Worlds Video

FLICKS REVIEWS

22 *A Body to Die For 2* by Studio 2000

28 *Hot Times in Little Havana* by Kristen Bjorn Productions

34 *Fever* by Falcon Studios

40 *Something Very Big* by Odyssey Men Video

54 *Ryker's Revenge* by Men of Odyssey

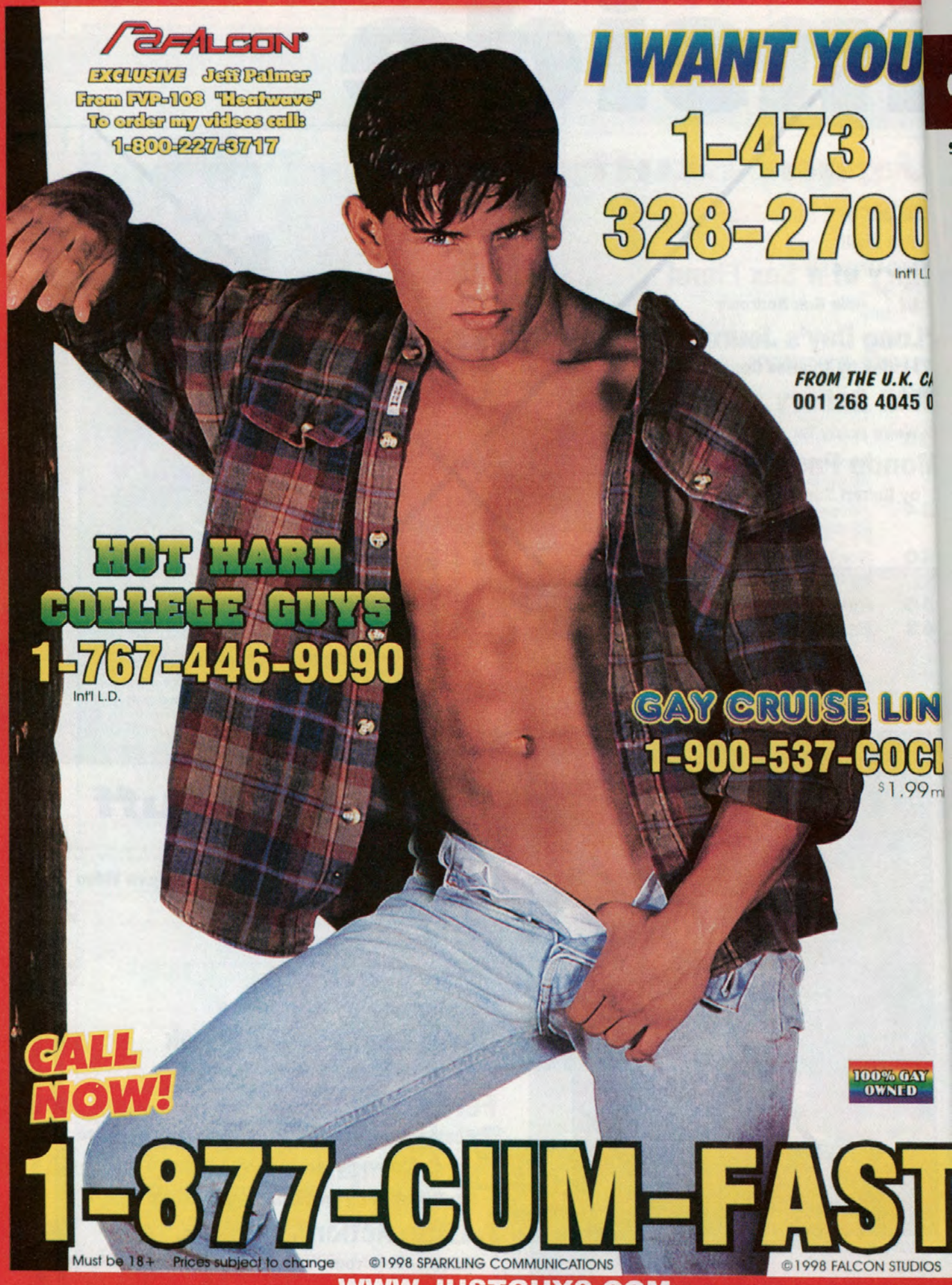
62 *Basic Plumbing 2* by Falcon Studios

78 **QUICKFLICKS**
Soaked (Falcon); *Authentic Adventure* (Cazzo Films); *Black Patrol* (All Worlds); *Erotowrestling Vol. 1* (Vivid); *Fortune Nookie* (Catalina); *Hispanic Monuments 4* (All Worlds); *Hotel Montreal* (Youngblood Productions); *Hung Heroes 1 & 2* (Jet Set); *Killer Looks* (US Male); *Mantasy Island* (All Worlds); *Phi Kappa Sucka* (Blade Productions); *Throttled* (Mustang); *Logan's Journey* (Man 2 Man Erotica); *Wet Daddy* (Catalina); *F-Train to Castro* (Hollywood Sales); *In Touch Auditions, Vol. 1* (In Touch); *The Complexxx* (All Worlds); *HUNGarians* (Sarava Productions)

SPECIAL STUFF

68 **THE REAL DISH**
Director Chi Chi LaRue tells all in a frank discussion of the making of *Link 2 Link* and other sexy epics.

72 **BEFORE THERE WAS LATEX...**
Come with us as we revisit some classic videos from Kristen Bjorn Productions.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editor's piece

Here's what's on your editor's filthy mind!

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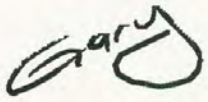
Literally moments before we go to press, I have just returned from my month-long trip to Europe, an event I have come to call the Great *SKINFLICKS* European tour. A mere 30 days ago, I was catapulted across the Atlantic Ocean to land in Italy, Austria, Slovakia, and the Czech Republic, where your dutiful editor-in-chief scoured the Continent for all the smut he could find — loving every moment of it, I might add! Although there isn't enough time or space here to let you in on each and every detail — besides, I am planning quite the splash for our next issue! — let me at least tell you a few exciting tidbits, just to keep your juices flowing.

Upon landing in Italy, I was picked up by a handsome Italian gentleman whom I instantly recognized as Michel Siciliano, one of the performers from Lukas Kazan's 1997 video, *Journey to Italy*. From the get-go, I knew this was going to be a fun trip. You see, the first segment of my tour had me on the set of Lukas's newest Italian extravaganza, *Desire*, an adaptation of Thomas Mann's classic novella, *Death in Venice*. I say an adaptation, since I don't remember the original story being filled with so many handsome Italian hunks! Surrounded by a bevy of toothsome Italians, I was interviewing, watching, and putting in my own two cents as Lukas created his new epic.

I should pause here to say that it was my belief that the plane had somehow taken a wrong turn and landed me in heaven. Everywhere I looked, the streets were filled with gorgeous dark-haired studs who just oozed sexuality! Add to that the fact I spent 12 days immersed in the filming of an enormous porn project filled with such men, and I think you can see that even my limits were tested! Next month I plan on publishing my production diary, which features lots of pictures and tons of juicy tidbits, including sitting in on casting calls for Kazan's upcoming third movie! Furthermore, look in an upcoming issue of *HMR*, where we will present layouts of many of the hot studs that were featured in the video. Oh yeah, and I got to share a hotel room with the hottest stud of all. There will be plenty of pictures of him, too!

Well, despite my being totally drained by the filming of the movie, my duties called me on to Bratislava, where I was the guest of legendary Bel Ami director George Duroy and those too-good-to-be-true young men of his for a week. Yes, your beloved editor ventured into the very heart of Bel Ami land, where he found himself surrounded by every breathing man's favorite boys! Again, with pen in hand, I brought back interviews and loads of pictures of some of the best-looking men in Eastern Europe. Believe me, there are stories to be told here too, but I'll just leave you with a few quickies: dinner with Lukas Ridgeston and a personal tour of Vienna by Johan Paulik. And, oh yeah, Kristen Jensen succeeded in getting me shit-faced drunk on Czech beer — quite a lot more potent than American beer, I later learned! Again, look for the story in an upcoming issue of *SKINFLICKS*. I will bare all for you.

Coming back home again has me feeling a little like Dorothy returning from Oz. I lived out an experience that many of my friends would have killed for, but at least I brought back plenty of pictures and even more stories, and I'm willing to share them with you. It was a long, exhausting month, but there's nothing we won't do to bring you the best (and, while we're at it, take a much-deserved vacation with the world's best looking men!). So, stay tuned to the next few issues of *SKINFLICKS* and *HMR*, and you'll see what I did for my summer vacation!



Daryl Brock beckons you to join him for an evening with him and issue of SKINFLIVCKS

PHOTO BY ALL WORLDS VIDEO

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fan male

We love getting your mail! We read everything, but due to the volume we receive, we can't promise to respond personally! Keep those letters coming!

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A FEW OF MY FAVORTITE MEN

I am writing this letter to let you know who two of my favorite stars are. First, I would love to meet Ken Ryker in person. His huge cock just beckons me to suck on it or better yet, sit on it. Oh yeah, he's very handsome, too! Then, there's Clay Maverick. I just love his body and face and he has a very nice cock. Don't worry, I would only perform safe sex with them.

Anyway, I just had to let you know, since I fell in love with them both after I saw them in your magazine. Keep up the good work!

P.S. I shouldn't forget Tom Chase. I think I fell in love with him, too!

S.E., Los Angeles, California

[*Oh, it just warms our jaded little hearts to hear love stories like yours. Maybe we should start a dating service. On the other hand, let's just forget about that. We'll just keep all of the men for ourselves!* — Ed.]

STUDIO 2000

NOW, WHICH ONE IS IT?

SKINFLICKS 18.5 just showed up at the corner newstand the other day and suddenly, another ordinary hot day became a day of ecstacy!

In your review of Satyr's video, *Focal Length*, the central role of the photographer is played by Joshua Scott. Joshua has appeared in about twenty pictures since 1990 including *Redwood Ranger* (Jocks 43), *On the Lookout* (Jocks 46) as well as many other ones. He only took on the name of Josh Perez when he appeared in *Focal Length*. Don't get me wrong, my gripe is not with SKINFLICKS' captions. It's with Titan trying to pass off a long-established performer by another name.

J.M., Los Angeles, CA

ODYSSEY MEN VIDEO

TITAN MEDIA

[*Unfortunately, this is a practice that has become a bit too common. Usually, we try to point out the name discrepancies when we see them, but ever so often one slips through. As your list indicated, Mr. Scott has indeed performed in a large number of videos under that name. Interestingly, when we bumped into Josh recently, he told us he preferred the name Joshua Scott. Thanks for pointing it out for us!* — Ed.]

more fan male

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SATYR PRODUCTIONS

MY TWO CENTS WORTH...

By now you have probably received at least ten thousand letters regarding the dates in the obituary for Scott O'Hara (SKINFLICKS 18.4). I was in correspondence with Scott when he was the editor of Steam and have letters signed by him in 1995. So, unless he could sign them postmortem, in which case it would make him an even more outstanding man, I must have a "ghost" signature.

Your announcement that you were going to publish in tandem with HMR was very interesting and caused me to go back in my gay porn magazine files. I found that I have Volume 1, numbers 3,4,5 and 6. I wish I had kept more of them. It sure caused a wave of nostalgia and I spent most of the day just going through them.Still, we have to move on, but I want you and your publisher to know that you are doing a great job with SKINFLICKS.

I do have one very small suggestion in regard to your photo layouts and their accompanying captions. Following them is often very confusing. Would it possible to insert tiny numbers in the photos and captions for easier reference.

Thanks and I hope I haven't overspent my two cents worth.

K.M., Canada

[*Would you believe that you were the first? Well, anyway, here we are caught with our pants down again. We try, but sometimes we make mistakes. Thanks for the kind words, and thanks for the suggestion. We're certainly looking into ways of making reading our magazine easier for everyone.* — Ed.]

DOWN MEMORY LANE...

I buy your magazine in this country when it becomes available. Recently, I received the August issue — very enjoyable — and I noticed on one of the adver tising pages the reissue of a Falcon video called *Biker's Liberty*.That took me back. I used to buy many Gay mags during the late 70s and 80s. I did keep some which I found enjoyable and in one of the mags I kept were stills from *Biker's Liberty*. Thanks for a trip down memory lane.

M.P., England

[*Well, I'm glad we could help. For those of you who weren't fortunate enough to see it the first time around and don't have a magazine such as the one mentioned, we remind you that all of Falcon's videos are still available for purchase. Take a peek at our last issue (SKINFLICKS 18.6) where we list some of the early Falcon releases you can still buy today!* — Ed.]

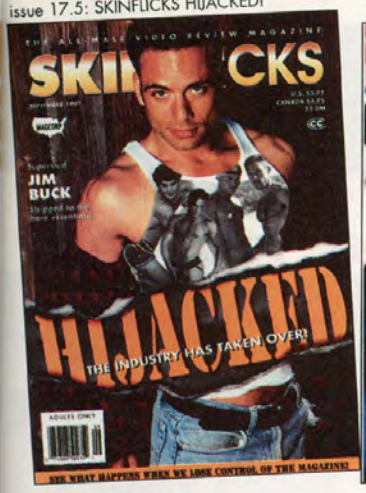
I WANT TO KNOW...

I would like some information on Jeff Palmer. Could you give me his birthday, the city and state in which he lives, what his real name is...

W.B., Cincinnati, OH

[*Sorry to interrupt, but despite the fact we get many such requests for a model's personal information, we need to remind you that we cannot provide such information. I think the reasons are pretty obvious. Even models are entitled to privacy. So, please do not ask. We won't answer.* — Ed.]

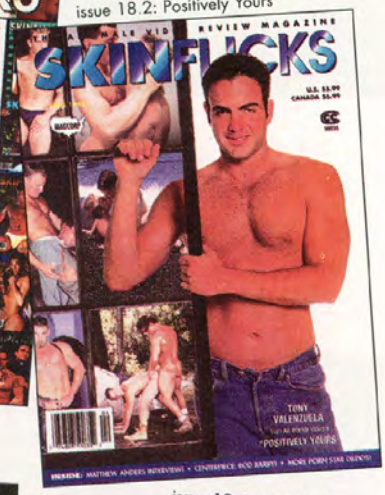
issue 17.5: SKINFLICKS HIJACKED!



issue 17.6: Hot House Special Issue

issue 18.1: 18th Anniversary Issue

issue 18.2: Positively Yours



Your favorite kind of leftovers!

issue 18.3: Fluid

issue 18.4: ManWatcher

issue 18.5: Frisky Summer 3

Issue 18.6: Fallen Angel 2

ALSO AVAILABLE!

Issue 17.4: White Hot, Derrick Stanton Interview, Ty Fox
Issue 17.3: One Hot Summer, John Travis Interview, Matt Bradshaw
Issue 17.2: Cat Men Do, Jerry Douglas Interview, Ryan Idol
Issue 17.1: Lost in Vegas, Alec Danes interview, Falcon 25th Anniversary
Issue 16.6: Our Trespasses, Cat Men Do! preview, Michel D'Amours interview
Issue 16.5: Night Walk, Kyle Brandon interview, Leather & Fetish special
Issue 16.4: River Patrol, Gianfranco interview, Best of All Worlds special
Issue 16.3: Mavericks, Jordan Young interview
Issue 16.2: WhiteFire, Chris Green Interview
Issue 16.1: Falcon special issue, Chad Donovan interview
Issue 15.6: Toby Ross Special, Beau Saxon and Max Grand interview
Issue 15.5: All About Steve, Casey Williams interview
Issue 15.4: Chi Chi LaRue special, Steve Marks interview
Issue 15.3: Flashpoint, Hunter Scott interview
Issue 15.2: Jim Steel Special, Devyn Foster interview
Issue 15.1: Working Stiff, J.T. Sloan interview

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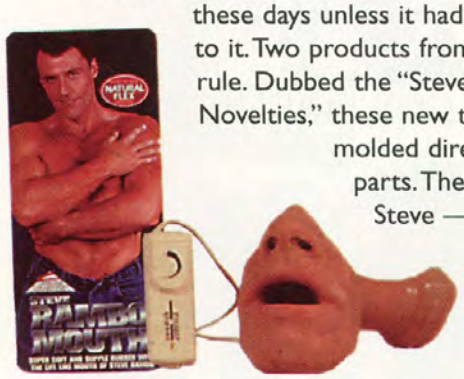
Valentine's Day gifts that keep on giving...and taking it too!



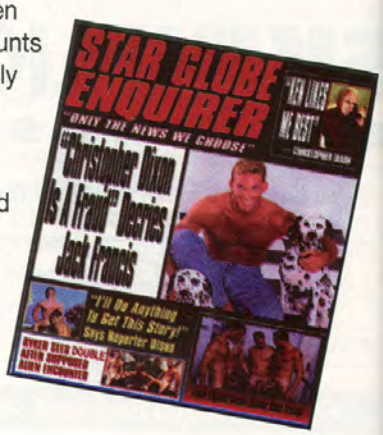
It seems no decent rubber adult novelty would dare show its latex face these days unless it had a famous porn star's name attached to it. Two products from Catalina are no exception to the rule. Dubbed the "Steve Rambo Signature Collection of Novelties," these new toys for nasty, grown-up boys were molded directly from the Catalina exclusive's legendary body parts. The "Steve Rambo Butt and Dong" ($75) allows you to top your rubber piece of Steve — or bottom for him, if you're so inclined. For those who prefer to keep things strictly oral, the "Steve Rambo Mouth" ($35) offers fans the chance to simulate the experience of face-fucking the popular star of *Catalinaville* and other videos too numerous to mention. Hey, why send your honey a box of chocolates when you can send him a box of Steve instead?

To order the Steve Rambo Signature Collection of Novelties, call (800) 562-1891. To order online, visit the Catalina Website at www.CatalinaVideo.com.

Porn imitates life

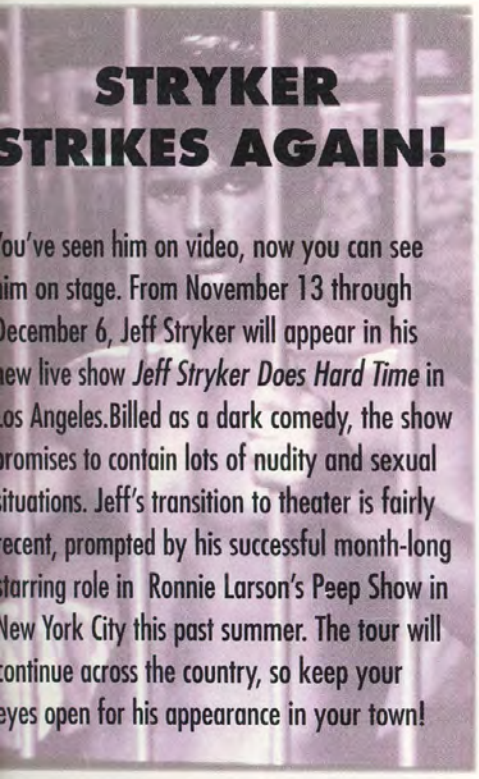
as Men of Odyssey launches media blitz for new video

Odyssey promotions honcho Bob East, known for his innovative, razzle-dazzle press campaigns, has pulled out all the stops in publicizing the new Ken Ryker "comeback" video, *Ryker's Revenge* {reviewed on p. 54). The video, directed by Jim Steel, offers a fictionalized explanation of the star's abrupt departure from — and subsequent return to — the porn biz. To lampoon the frenzy of "tabloid" journalism that erupted over Ryker's whereabouts during his hiatus, Steel wrote a script in which one yellow journalist claimed the star was abducted by aliens. East, never one to miss out on a good joke, created issues of a mock supermarket tabloid to include in each press kit, personalizing every issue with a front-page headline pertaining to a particular reviewer. Inside the "newspaper" are bogus eyewitness accounts of people who claim to have been abducted by the same aliens who snatched Ryker. Accompanying these accounts are photos of the aliens' anal probe (suspiciously like a dildo) and the hilariously mutant offspring resulting from the mating of extraterrestrials with, apparently, every member of the cast of *Ryker's Revenge.*



As if that weren't enough to generate a buzz, Odyssey has, for only the second time in the history of gay porn, rented a huge billboard advertising the film. A mammoth, seminude Ken Ryker looms in the skyline above Santa Monica Boulevard in West Hollywood, the words *Ryker's Revenge* emblazoned upon the background in red and black. The only other film to be advertised in such a manner was the 1996 Ryan Idol starrer, *Idol in the Sky,* also from Odyssey.

Steve for sale: Here's some Rambo you can call your own, just in time for Valentine's Day! **Everybody's talking:** Odyssey plugs the new Ken Ryker flick. **Full house:** Studio 2000 welcomes guest director Jerry Douglas. **Prague-tically speaking:** Centaur to film in the Czech Republic… **and more!**



STRYKER STRIKES AGAIN!

You've seen him on video, now you can see him on stage. From November 13 through December 6, Jeff Stryker will appear in his new live show *Jeff Stryker Does Hard Time* in Los Angeles.Billed as a dark comedy, the show promises to contain lots of nudity and sexual situations. Jeff's transition to theater is fairly recent, prompted by his successful month-long starring role in Ronnie Larson's Peep Show in New York City this past summer. The tour will continue across the country, so keep your eyes open for his appearance in your town!

SKINFLICKS GOES CONTINENTAL

Our trusty editor-in-chief spent a month roving about the porn capitals of Europe, and now we can't do a thing with him! Catch the next issue of *SKINFLICKS* for the low-down on Gary's action-packed, wildly romantic get-away…and then you'll understand why he just keeps sighing and looking so wistful!

what's new?

Studio news you might find interesting…

CENTAUR'S ROVING EYE

Chip Daniels and the Centaur gang have caught Eastern-bloc fever. The studio's new release, the tentatively titled *Foreign Affair*, stars Zachery Scott (at press time the only American cast member) as "a Yankee war hero searching for his lost Eastern European love amid the chaos of the fall of the Berlin Wall." After an extensive casting session in Berlin, the Centaur cast and crew will retire to a villa in Prague for filming. *Foreign Affair* is planned for a February release. Upon their return to the States, Daniels et al. begin production of *Man Hunter*, a sexual thriller starring Centaur exclusive Brock Masters (*Time Cops*) as an FBI agent scouring the seedy underworld of backroom bars and sex clubs to nab a dangerous sexual predator. No word yet of a release date for *Man Hunter*.

STUDIO 2000: ROLL 'EM!

Studio 2000 has announced a line-up of high profile projects that will carry them through to spring 1999. First up is director Derek Kent's *Getting Straight*, set for a January release and starring Tony Donovan (on loan from Odyssey), Kristian Brooks, Dean O'Connor, and several other youthful cast members. Due in February is *West Hollywood Hope*, a doctor yarn from director John Travis, with a large cast including Mark Slade, Clay Maverick, and Jeff White (in his first video appearance since a serious car accident sidelined him more than a year ago). Set for a March release is *Jerry Douglas' Dream Team* (another "guest director" release), a plot-oriented film with a youthful spin starring Rick Chase and Tony Donovan and a yet-to-be-cast performer who will be, to quote producer Scott Masters, "a virgin to the gay-porn industry."

A NEW CHAPTER FOR SATYR

Titan's Satyr Productions announced its second release, *Chapters*, directed by David Wexler. The high-concept video, featuring Satyr discovery Blake Harper (Focal Length), concerns a coffee table book — shot in black amd white by art photographer Brian Mills — whose images come to life. Sounds like a fun read!

TOYING WITH FALCON…

Never one to rest on its rubber laurels, Falcon Studios has introduced a new toy sure to please even the pickiest bottom: the new Kevin Williams butt balls. This new addition to the Falcon toy line (a gift idea that says "Be my Valentine" and then some) brings to four the number of ball sizes available. How big are the Kevin Williams balls? A Falcon spokesman puts them in between the medium and large sizes. We say, if they can make Kevin happy, they must be big enough!

…AND ALL WORLDS TOO!

Have a craving to get your pucker packed by the likes of Rod Barry, Adam Hart, Dean Phoenix, or J.J. Bond? All Worlds is offering up dildoes molded from the actual momeymakers of these popular studs. If rubber cocks aren't your idea of fun, how about a game of strip poker using the new Dirk Yates Private Collection playing cards? Featuring the Marine studs that have made Dirk Yates the envy of millions, the DYPC playing cards offer such studs as Axel Garrett, Luke Savage, Sgt. Swann, and Tom Adams. Hey, no dealing from the bottom!

link 2 link

reviewed by
freddie bob andrews

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summary: Two doze
work out all the poss
combinations for a v
sweaty orgy in a Sa
Francisco sex club.

Produced by: *All Worlds Video*
Directed by: *Chi Chi LaRue*
Starring: *Corey Jay, Jared Wright, Tom Katt, Cole Tucker, Daryl Brock, Trenton Comeaux, Kyle McKenna, Jacob Scott, Tyson Cane, Peter Wilder, Zachery Scott, Paul Carrigan, Alex Stone, Maverick Reynolds, J.T. Sloan, Mitchell Stack, H.J. Rogers, Mitch Sander, Billy Dare, Frank Parker, Mason Jarr, Jack Steele, Christian Knight, and Jake Andrews*
Approximate Running Time: *135 minutes*
1998

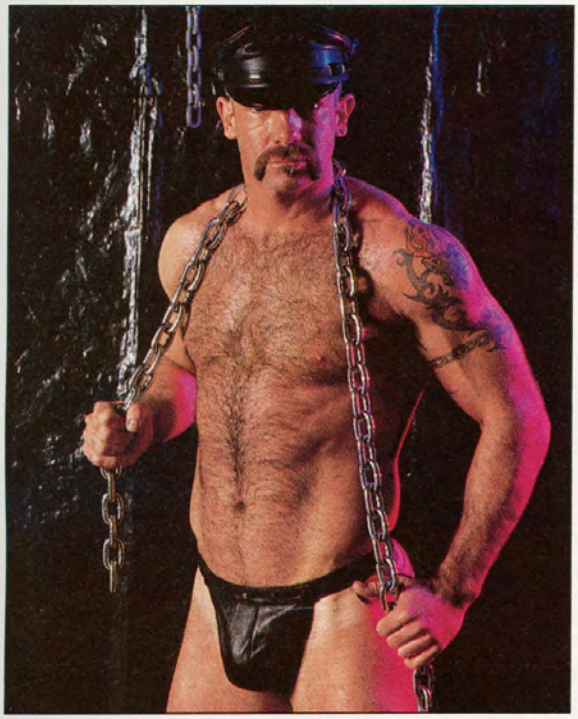
Who needs Viagra when you've got *Link 2 Link*? Chi Chi LaRue's masterfully directed, brilliantly conceived and executed ode to the myriad possibilities of sex between men is just about perfect, and a greater turn-on I'm hard-pressed to recall. It's taken me weeks to get this review done because (and pardon me if this statement is too revealing), *I couldn't stop myself from jacking off every single time I tried to watch it!* One day's viewing amounted to a scant three minutes, thanks to some highly emotional bottoming on the part of young Billy Dare (a Billy Dare, I hasten to add, that *I've* certainly never seen before!)

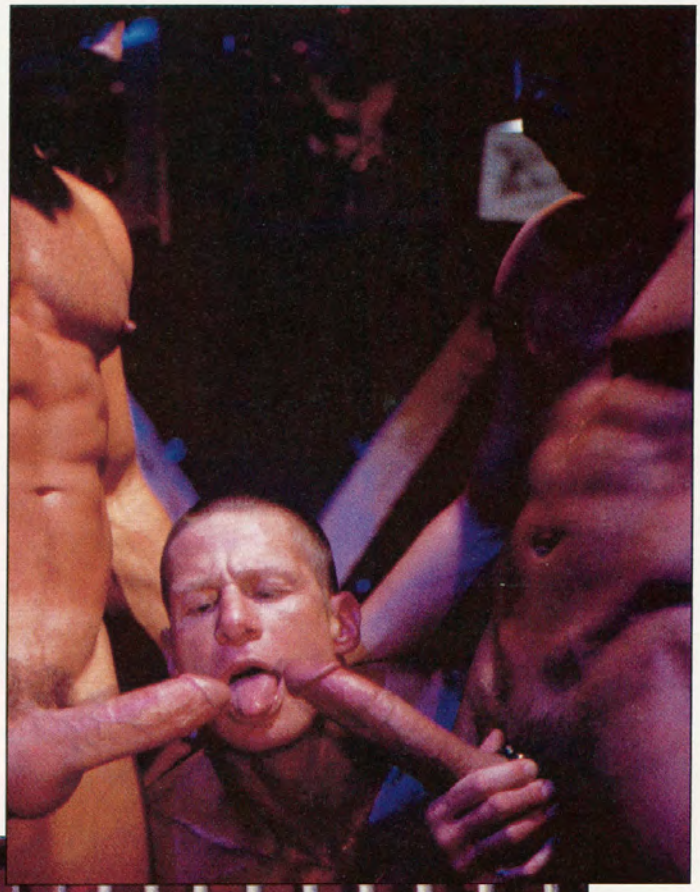
From the opening credits (a tour de force by the award-winning editor Dan-O-Rama) to the last fade-out, *Link 2 Link* promises to deliver a sexual high of towering proportions, and it simply *never* breaks a promise. How many times can you say that in today's bogus, hyped-up world? Not many, if you ask me.

Although I enjoy doing an occasional nonsexual performance (as my thespian alter ego, Jack Francis), I must admit to everyone here and now that I really couldn't care less if a video ever had another story line. I'm in it for the sex (unless, sadly, I'm in front of the camera). Well, guys, sex is precisely what *Link 2 Link* has — in an almost unbelievable, hotter-than-hell abundance. An embarrassment of riches, you might say.

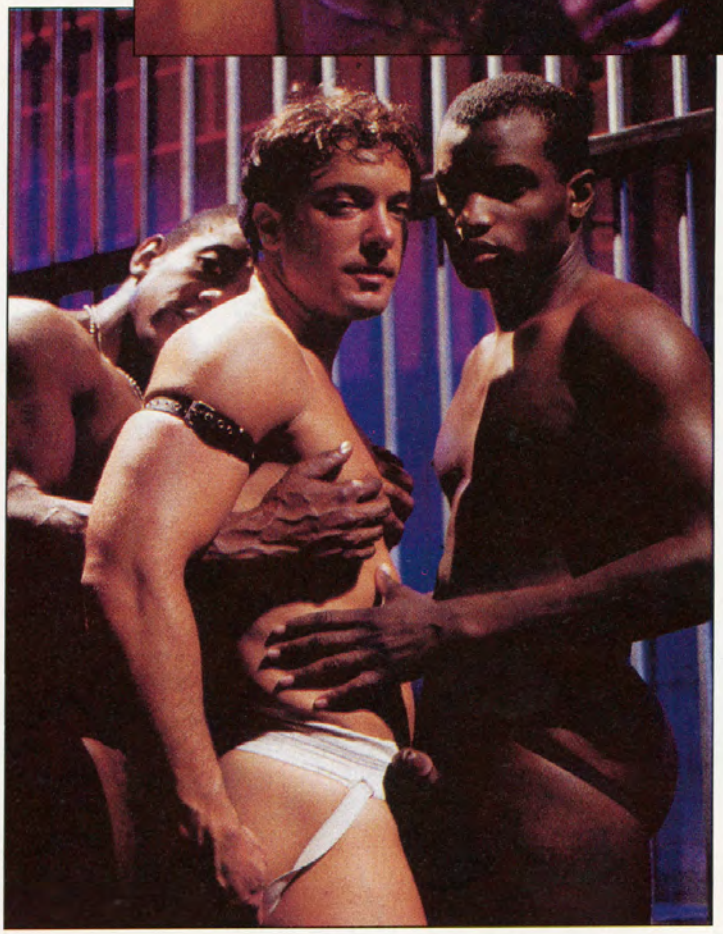
With a totally sexy cast of 24 of the most accomplished performers working today, *Link 2 Link* grabs you by the balls from the start and never lets go. The action begins deceptively simply: Tom Katt, Zachery Scott, and someone I bellieve to be Christian Knight are walking through the dim corridors of Blow Buddies, the San Francisco sex club, carrying huge black Maglites. Their beams crisscross one another in the otherwise shadowy light. Suddenly you zero in on Trenton Comeaux as he lovingly nurses away (I can think of no other way to put it) at Tom Katt's raging boner. Watching this scene, it's impossible not to identify equally with both performers, and it's a pleasure that somehow goes beyond being merely a vicarious thrill.

As all the scenes do, this one builds and builds and





*Opposite page: **Jared Wright** and **Daryl Brock** linked at the hip. This page, clockwise from above: **Corey Jay**, all tied up; **Cole Tucker**, torn between two lovers; **Peter Wilder** in a tender moment with Tyson Cane; **Corey Jay**, **Jared Wright**, **Cole Tucker** and **Jack Steele** for a group photo.*



breaks off into different pairings and groupings that change and coalesce with a liquid smoothness that is a testament to the razor-sharp skills of Andrew Rosen, who edited the body of the film. When Trenton Comeaux takes it up the ass from, first, Jared Wright (possessed of, truly, the cock of the year), and then Zachery Scott (no tiny meat there, either), watch out. And when Billy Dare takes his own pounding from Zachery Scott… well, I already told you what happened to me there.

The capper to this sequence is a truly memorable one. Imagine, if you will, the already thoroughly fucked Dare, Wright, and Comeaux going bottoms up in the air once more — this time to hold those great big Maglites erect, clenched tightly in their butt holes. Now *that's* talent! (It reminds me of that old Sophie Tucker joke Bette Midler used to tell, the one with the punchline, "What's the matter, ain't you got a vase?")

Fans of serious butt play can further rejoice, because asshole connoisseurs Corey Jay and Cole Tucker are on hand to direct activities in the rumpular zone. For once we get to see the endlessly sexy Corey Jay live up to his full potential as a well-rounded, start-to-finish performer. He even tops! And comes too! As for Cole Tucker — well, have you *ever* known him to hold back? He may be the Maria Callas of porn, so ferociously does he throw himself into every performance.

Oh, gee, then there's the pissing-in-the-pants sequence, featuring three studs who could come wet my bed any night of the week: Mason Jarr, looking impossibly gorgeous in a forest of facial stubble; Mitch Sander, so wonderfully reminiscent of Zak Spears in his prime; and Paul Carrigan, who is…well, let's just say I'd gladly eat a live bullfrog if it meant I could spend one hour naked with him.

The joys of black-on-white sex are vividly \displayed as pretty, piggy Peter Wilder goes berserk for Tyson Cane, Mitchell Stack, and K.J. Rogers. (This is *serious* meat hanging here, folks.) Oh, and I should mention that this trio of gorgeous black studs goes ga-ga for Mr. Wilder as well. I wouldn't want you to think it was a one-sided thing. Oh, no. Not here, baby.

Oh, and I mustn't neglect the beer enemas. If there's one ass in the biz that can stand up to Corey Jay's magnificent haunch, it's Kyle McKenna's, and here he's such a brave little soldier doing everything he can to please…well, *everybody*. You just want to take him home and pet him (before you fuck his brains out). With Mitch Sander, Jacob Scott, Daryl Brock, Maverick Reynolds, and J.T. Sloan joining these two stellar bottoms, this scene is *anything* but a novelty act.

Hey, do you smell an orgy coming on? Right you are, my dear sirs. And, great sex glutton that he is, director LaRue outdoes himself (and every other director I can think of at the moment), serving up a deep-dish helping — a *heaping* helping — of some of the most spontaneous, delectable, mouthwatering free-for-all sex that I can remember seeing. And yes, this stands up to every comparison I can make to that Holy Grail of all-sex videos, Joe Gage's *Closed Set* (with the exception that this video of course features safe sex). Two great highlights: Jake Andrews pogoing up and down on Jared Wright's monster meat, and Daryl Brock bottoming for the first time on film — and taking three different men in a row in a mad frenzy of pole-in-the-hole hunger. My pulse races just to write about that scene. And then all the cum shots… Well, I could faint thinking aboout them.

THE FINAL VERDICT

This film is as good as it gets, as far as I'm concerned. I'm guessing you've gotten the point by now that I'm deliriously happy to have this video to add to my collection of boner helpers. As I said at the outset, with *Link 2 Link*, you can fuck Pfizer and just leave the Viagra in the medicine cabinet.

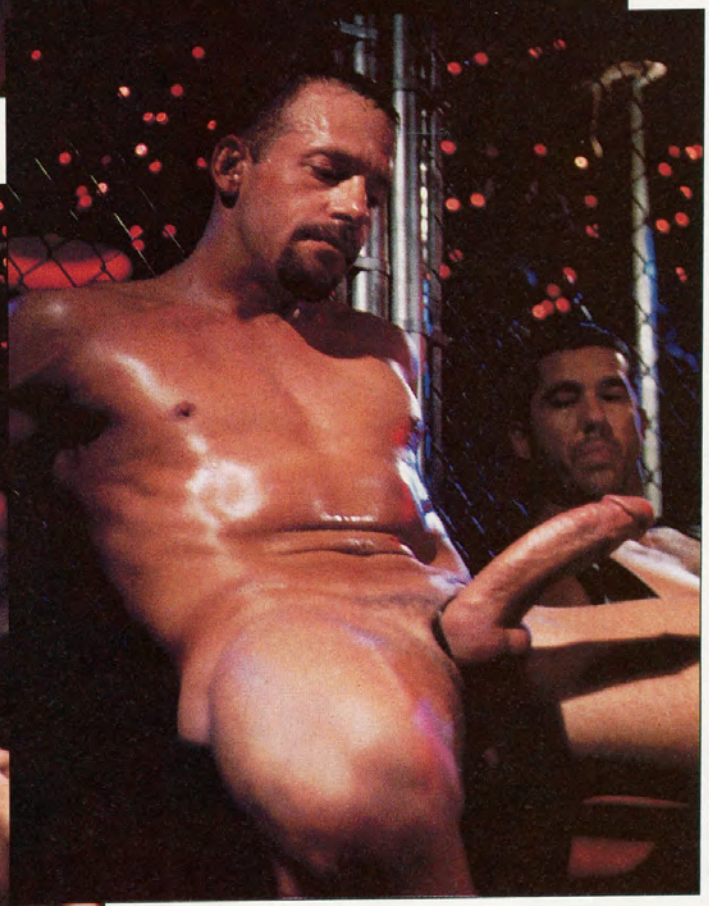
LINK 2 LINK

Scene Synopsis:
Scene 1: Jarr/Katt/Z. Scott/Knight/Wright/Comeaux/Dare
Scene 2: Rogers/Stack/Cane/Wilder
Scene 3: Tucker/Steele/Jay/Wright
Scene 4: Carrigan/Jarr/Sander
Scene 5: Sloan/J. Scott/Brock/Jay/Reynolds/Sander/McKenna
Scene 6: Andrews/Brock/Wright/Tucker/Parker/Carrigan/Steele/Jarr/Sander/Stone/J. Scott/Reynolds/Wilder

Themes: backroom sex, butt play, water sports

SKINFLICKS Rating:
Sex/Entertainment: ●●●●●
Production Quality: ■■■■■

Opposite page: ***Jake Andrews*** *and his money shot; This page, L to R:* ***H.J. Rogers, Mitchell Stack, Tyson Cane*** *and* ***Peter Wilder****, before the action begins; No one said leather didn't have its tender moments!*



This page, T to B: One ass that's ready and willing; ***Jared Wright*** *gives you his all; So much action even we can't figure out what's going on;*
Opposite page, T to B: A group photo; ***Cole Tucker*** *braces himself for the thrill of his life.*

Top to Bottom: One night in heaven for this man; ***Zachary Scott*** *gies you his all;* ***Mason Jarr,*** *hard and ready!*

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HERE COMES TROUBLE!

by WILL CLARK

Hey, guys, I'm on the run — as always! But I'm never too busy to bring you all up-to-date on the exciting events of a very frisky weekend...

The weekend: The "Bad Boys Weekend," so called in honor of Mickey Skee's new book *Bad Boys on Video* (Companion Press), featuring 20 porn star interviews — including yours truly! The date: September 17–19. So many folks took time to help promote the party, which is why we sold a bunch of tickets and had a great turnout at the actual pool party itself. It's also why the party grossed over $8,300 for Aid for AIDS!

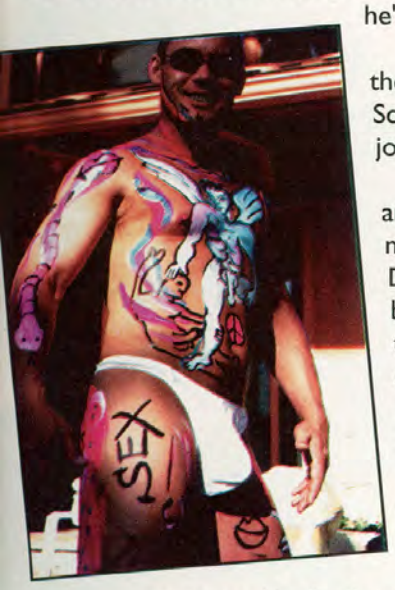
The first event was a "Cocktails with the Stars" at Micky's (a club here in West Hollywood). I was the host for this "booze and schmooze" for the "Bad Boys" event. The porn stars and industry folk poured into Micky's: Mickey Skee, Jamoo, John Erich from *Unzipped*, Alan Mills from *In Touch*, Lex Kyler, Jack Simmons, John Rex, James Perry, Eric Evans, Joey Hart, Pete Dixon, Seth Black, Kip Kasey, agent Giorgio Falconi, and director Kevin Clarke. And who should that be in the shadows trying to pretend he wasn't one of the hottest stars of us all, but that stud Todd Stevens in his "9 to 5" drag...no, just nice clothes to indicate that he was a day job working boy now. Is it possible for him to be any more yummy?

Newcomer Thomas Lloyd showed up; check him out in Titan's *Fallen Angel 2*... Eric Evans signed pictures, as did Pete and I, but Eric had them lined up to get his shots... Any of the Micky's patrons were thrilled to get the huge amount of things we were giving away: copies of *Bad Boys on Video*, copies of the *Sticky Remote Pocket Gay Video Guide*, *SKINFLICKS*, videos (of course), most notably brand spanking newly minted copies of Odyssey's *Ryker's Revenge*! Mickey Skee was overheard complaining, "Hey, I'm a reviewer, and even *I* don't have a copy yet!" The first-ever copy of *Ryker's Revenge* went out to a very happy fan!

The second night of the weekend was a signing of the book at the WeHo branch of A Different Light bookstore. The place was full of industry and non-industry folk who came out to hear the porn stars speak... Dino Phillips (who is writing a book himself), Marc Hamilton (who flew in from Minneapolis to be at the event), Joey Hart (*Ryker's Revenge*), Pete Dixon (*Sleeping Booty*), and Steve Rambo (*Catalinaville*), who arrived all sweaty and made my pulse run way fast! Also noted: Vince Harrington (who told great stories of how a big-dicked porn star became the luscious Lana Luster and how Lana fucked my new pal James Perry in the upcoming *Genderella*), the aforementioned James Perry (*Bitanic! — The Ship Where Everyone Goes Down*), Jason Miller (who told us that the flick *Pleasure Principle* was based on his real life), and newcomer Dean O'Connor (who stars in *Something Very Big* and has a great scene in *Ryker's Revenge*). Director Gino Colbert (*Three Brothers, Men in Blue*) was also on hand to

lend his support.

The party itself was a good mix of porn industry folk, hot muscle guys who *should* be porn industry folk and fans and friends of the porn industry. A few of the notable events of the day (I'm sure there are more that I'll never know about...but I sure would like to. This means you, Marc Hamilton!): Bad Boy Derrick Stanton brought his lovely self to the party... Absolut Vodka artist John Paulus showed up and painted James Perry with a beautiful one-of-a-kind mural!... Jeff Palmer showed up looking fabulous and tweaked my nipples every time I passed him... Dino Phillips charmed the pants off of nearly everyone (so to speak!)... Jack Simmons arrived bounding with energy and brought boyfriend John Ross... Mason Flynt brought then-beau Alex Stone, and the two of them got into all sorts of hijinks, both on camera and off... Joshua Scott brought his beautiful musclebound self to the party and shared a cocksucking moment in the room under the pool with someone who wished to remain anonymous... And, of course, Thomas Lloyd came. And came and came. In fact, his coming was captured on video! As was the spoogefilled antics of Pete Dixon, Mark Kroner, and yes — you guessed it, the ubiquitous Marc Hamilton... Geoffrey Karen Dior arrived straight from a meeting for a record contract and treated the party with tracks of his newest music — he also brought with him his new car, a fabulous pearl-blue Mercedes Roadster!...Vince Harrington, sans his Lana alter ego, gave the crowd a taste, uh, so to speak, of why he's lasted in the business so...uh...long. Gulp...



Companion Press donated about 20 copies of the book to the event, and we sold them for $10 each — making a quick $200 for AFA! And, oh, Marc Hamilton and Josh Scott stripped each other on the diving board and gave each other a very public blow job before jumping into the pool!

Dean O'Connor was the first of many porn stars who were asked to strip naked and jump into the pool in return for a donation to AFA. Daddy Will (that would be me) showed the novice how to slow strip for the camera. (What I'll do for charity!) Dean was down to his underwear and facing a crowd along one side of the pool, but clearly what they wanted to see was this kid's ass. He was a little unclear how to present his butt properly to the cameras, so I wrapped my arms around him and stood him squarely with butt facing his now adoring public. They cheered! And why not — it's a fresh 19-year-old butt, hardly been touched and smooth as a baby's. After rubbing my hand across his underwear-clad fanny for a minute (hey, I gotta have *some* fun!) I pulled those whitey-tightey's down to the ankles, slapped the butt a couple of times, and gave the now giggling boy a little shove into the pool. He loved it — as did I. I love my job.

Who else was there? Richard Settles of *Genre*, Bob East of Odyssey (who gave us a *big* check to support the event as well as copies of *Ryker's Revenge* to auction off and tons of other videos), John Erich of *Unzipped* (who filmed portions of the party for their upcoming video), *Indulge* editor Alan Mills (who donated many magazines for the event), Billy and Bruce Kolber-Stuart (donating copies of *Out & About* and *Sticky Remote*), *Biker Pigs From Hell* director Thor Stephens (who thought that the party would be a great place to have filmed a video. I agree!), agents Johnny Johnson and Giorgio Falconi, *Things To Cum* costars Mark Kroner and Ren Adams, Shane Nelson from I-D Lube, Jamoo (*Superstars* author), and probably a dozen more that I can't remember. (It was an open bar, after all!)

Soon thereafter Webmaster John of the A-Men Network showed up with Joey Hart and Seth Black in tow to check out the party. Joey looked noticeably startled. I knew he had done a video earlier in the day, his first-ever bi movie. In his nearly exact words, he told me, "You'd be startled too, if you had a pussy *thisclose* to your face for hours on end!" The wry smile on that beautiful face gave the comment a little humor, but he was still a little wild-eyed!

Geez... I've hardly gotten started on the antics of the day, and yet I'm out of room. No time to talk about Steve Pierce becoming the new Southern California Mr. Drummer; sharing a hot hour-and-a-half-long makeout session with Chris Rock at the Hot House booth at the Folsom Street Fair in San Francisco; or even to talk about being pounded up the ass by J.T. Sloan in my first Zeus fuck flick! Oh, well — maybe next time!

Keep having great sex...but keep it hot, and keep it safe!

Will

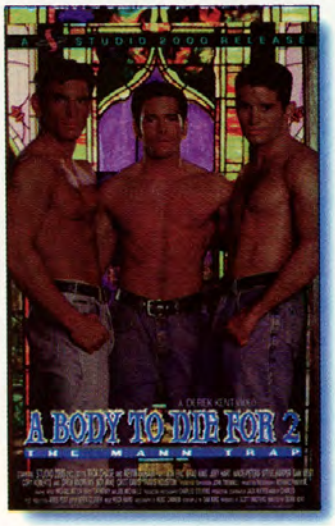
www.willclarkusa.com

a body to die for 2

reviewed by eddie doug

Studio 2000
7510 Sunset Blvd., Suite
Hollywood, CA 90046
1-800-435-2445
www.studio2004men.co

summary: A detecti
searches for clues t
solve a murder mys
tery and finds hot s
along the way.



Produced by: *Studio 2000*
Directed by: *Derek Kent*
Starring: *Rick Chase, Brad King, Jon Eric, Joey Hart, Wade Peters, Steve Harper, Sam West, Cory Roberts and Kevin Cobain; in nonsexual roles: Drew Andrews, Boy Mike, Critt Davis, and Travis Houston.*
Approximate running time: *85 minutes*
1998

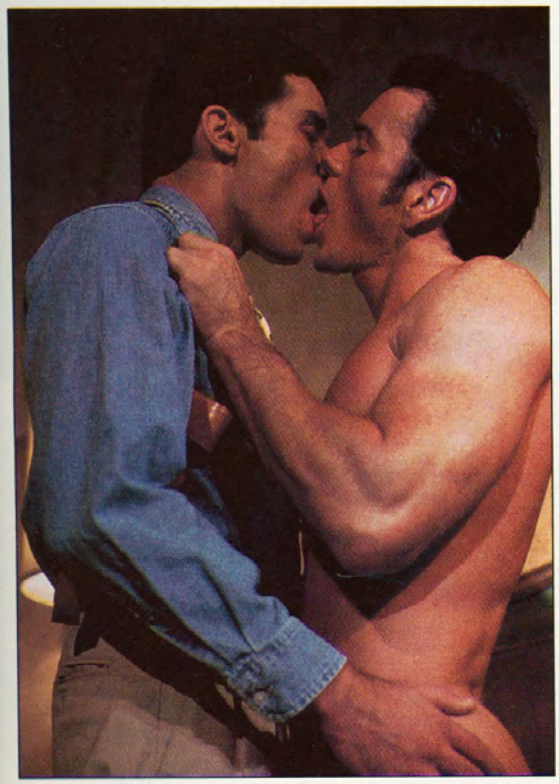
Last year, Studio 2000 released *A Body to Die For,* a murder mystery/sex romp that proved the studio could attain its lofty porn-with-plot goals. Full of pounding sex and some of the industry's best performers (including Rick Chase as Detective Mann), it kept viewers interested even between cum shots, during the studio's drawn-out and usually boring (but not in that instance) dialog sequences.

Studio 2000 must've expected a hit, because a built-in plot device begged for a sequel. *A Body to Die For 2: The Mann Trap* picks up the story 12 months later. Sexy Brad King is celebrating his one-year anniversary with Rick Chase, coming all over Rick's ass in the first minutes of the video. Rick's mind is elsewhere, however, plagued with visions of the unsolved murder. The apparent suicide of one of last year's party guests prompts Rick to reopen the old case and dig for new clues. He's aided by little notes that appear out of nowhere and guide him to various locations.

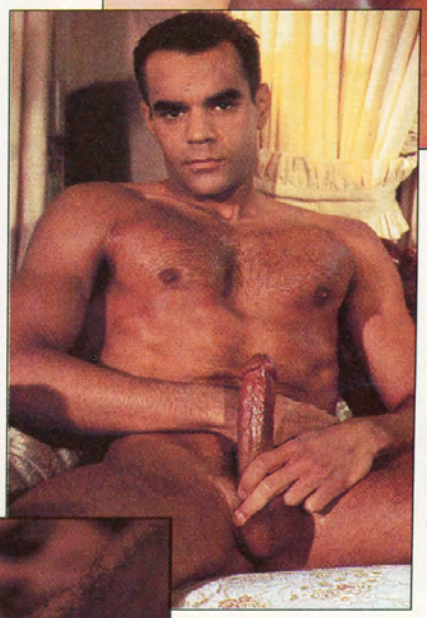
Rick pokes around first in the suicide victim's apartment. Neighbor Wade Peters lets himself past the police line — wearing only a towel! (I wish *I* had such friendly, sexy neighbors!) Blond stud Wade quickly puts the make on the sleuth, mouthing Rick's swelling cock through his khakis, and soon both men are naked.

The pair exchange blow jobs (Rick's oral skills have improved 100 percent in the past year) before Rick bends Wade over and probes the blond's ass with fingers and tongue — still looking for clues? By then Rick is stiff as a rock and easily slides his turgid tool into Wade's furry ass for one of the hottest, clearest fuck sequences ever from Studio 2000. The pace is a bit mechanical, but the camera views are juicy and revealing! After a few positions, Rick turns butt-up, and Wade pumps him with a fuck that has the cop squirming for more. (Rick even comes while Wade rams into him.) Then Wade yanks out and coats Rick's back with a spray of jizz. Before they can catch their breath, another note is slipped under the door.

skinflicks rating
sex/entertainment: ••••
production values: ••••



*Clockwise from above left: Sexy **Wade Peters** shows off his stuff for you; **Rick Chase** and **Joey Hart** engaged in flagrante delicto; **Sam West** and **Corey Roberts** get oral; **Kevin Cobain** searches for evidence in **Steve Harper**'s behind.*



Clockwise from above left: ***Brad King*** *braces for* ***Jon Eric's*** *impact; Nothing like a thorough investigation; Studly* ***Brad King*** *hold the evidence;* ***Corey Roberts*** *and* ***Robert West*** *getting anal.*

This jolts Rick back to the task of solving the murder.

At each stop along the way, Detective Mann uncovers a little more to the mystery — and even more hot sex! In a deserted warehouse, he stumbles on beefy Sam West and lithe Cory Roberts going at it (Sam's cum shot here is one of the movie's best), which leads him to a seedy piano bar where blonds Steve Harper and Kevin Cobain explore their libidos after last call. All of these encounters point to the inevitable: a trip back to the mansion — the scene of the crime — and still more great sex!

THE FINAL VERDICT

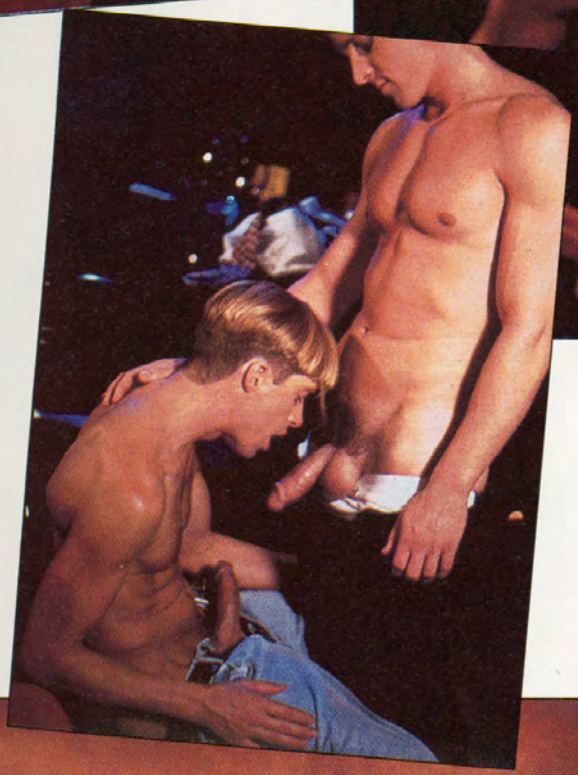
A Body to Die For 2 is a worthy successor to the first video — in fact, I almost like it more. While the plot is a bit thinner and sometimes seems more like a random scavenger hunt, it does move the action along — and what action it is! The sex is much hotter, definitely superior to that in the first video, as are the camerawork, music, editing, and most other production aspects. What you get here is very hot men having nasty, crystal-clear sex in what feels like a feature film. Get this video and ditch your remote control. You won't want to miss a minute of *A Body to Die For 2*!

A BODY TO DIE FOR 2

Scene Synopsis:
Scene 1: Chase/Peters
Scene 2: Roberts/West
Scene 3: Cobain/Harper
Scene 4: Chase/Hart
Scene 5: Eric/King

Themes: mystery

SKINFLICKS Rating:
Sex/Entertainment: ●●●●○
Production Quality: ■■■■❑



Above: ***Steve Harper*** *and* ***Kevin Cobain*** *explore the many facets of man-to-man love; Detective Mann* ***(Rick Chase)*** *doing what he does best.*

*This page: Handsome **Rick Chase** sultry **Wade Peters** seem to be w ing on the case very well together!*

LEASE SEND ME ____ VHS COPY(S) of
A BODY TO DIE FOR 2 at $69.00 each, plus
4.00 shipping and handling. California Residents add 8.25% sales tax.
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h o

reviewed by gary phil

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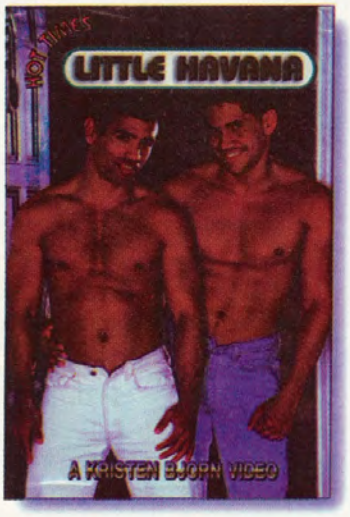
summary: A hands
Cuban stud searc
for his long-lost lo
across the sea in
Havana (Miami).



Produced by: *Sarava Productions*
Directed by: *Kristen Bjorn*
Starring: *Julio Durán, Jorge Martinez, Bruno Diaz, Buddy Jones, Antonio di Marco, João Pauzão, Jadson Pirocão, Fermin Ortega, Arpad Banfalvi, Pietro Rosselli, Jean Le Beau, Louis Chanceur, Marquinhos Duarte, Andriano Sabroso, Victor Garañon, Enrique Rodriquez, Marcio da Costa, Lajos Czene, Gyorgy Toth*
Approximate Running Time: *131 minutes*
1998

Whenever it's time to decide who reviews what video, I always grab for the Kristen Bjorn tapes. In this case, as always, I was treated to a stunningly beautiful video filled to the brim with handsome men, enough cum to drown in, and a delightfully romantic story. Director Bjorn proves once again that he can consistently pump out superior product that puts most of the rest of the industry to shame with its eroticism and high production values.

The story centers on a strapping young Cuban by the name of Julio. His lover, Jorge, left for Miami (also known as Little Havana) and promised to send for Julio one day. It's been over a year now, and Julio has heard nothing from the stud, not even a letter. As Julio relates this to us, we're treated to a flashback featuring the two lovers in hot-and-heavy lovemaking. Deciding that he doesn't want to spend another day alone, Julio throws himself on the mercy of sea and sets out for Miami in a small, makeshift raft.

His first adventure upon reaching America has him rescued by two handsome coast guardsmen. In a scene that could easily be one of the most erotic of the year, the two guardsmen have their way with their "fresh catch" before releasing him. True to Bjorn tradition, the men spew copious amounts of cum from their beautiful uncut cocks in trademark hands-free manner. I've always found Cubans to have more than their share of sexual energy, and this scene proves it! This trio pushes the boundaries of mortal man with their sexual prowess. Once finished and spent, Julio is released to go in search of Jorge.

The video then departs from the plot line to give us a gratuitous sex scene. Don't take that as a complaint, however — this scene is sensational, featuring two Cuban studs following a third one home. A sizzling three-way ensues that leaves all involved, including this reviewer, quite drained.

We are then reunited with Julio, who finds

This Page: ***Julio Durán*** *asks these five musclestuds if they know where to find his lover, Jorge.*
Opposite page: ***Julio Durán*** *and* ***Jorge Martinez*** *together again!*

A KRISTEN BJORN VIDEO

skinflicks rating
sex/entertainment: ••••
production values: ••••

All picture except below: ***Julio Durán*** *and his two Coast Guard captor* ***Bruno Diaz*** *and* ***Buddy Jones****, performing an inquiry; Handsome Havanan studs at play.*

his way to a residence where his lover once lived. Julio learns that Jorge has since moved on, but we linger behind as a satisfying five-way takes place. (One of the participants, Fermin Ortega, appears in Issue 15-1 of *HMR*, our sister magazine.)

Finally we find Jorge, who apparently is ensconced with another man, though it does not appear to be a terribly happy relationship. The two pick up another man for some afternoon entertainment, and a captivating three-way follows. After this comes another five-way featuring some serious beefcake material. If you think bodybuilders have small cocks, then take a look at this scene. The yards of cocks and gallons of cum will have you running for the gym in search of your next trick!

The final scene is, of course, the pivotal one. Julio finally finds Jorge, although he is unhappy when he learns his lover has taken another since their parting. As Julio prepares to leave, Jorge stops him, saying that there was never another in his heart and that he always loved Julio. Turning around, Julio faces Jorge and tells him to prove it. What follows is a beautifully orchestrated scene that has the two lovers exploring every facet of their sexuality, including flip-flopping for each other.

THE FINAL VERDICT

Few movies capture me with every scene, but each moment of *Hot Times in Little Havana* sizzles. I was completely drained and extremely satisfied; I guess that's the highest compliment I can pay a porn director. Add in exceptionally high production quality, a handsome cast in which everyone is outstanding, and even a worthwhile story that adds to, not detracts from, the overall experience. We are treated to over two hours of unrelenting cum shots in seven scenes, each one longer than the average. *Hot Times in Little Havna* takes us to the brink over and over again and definitely comes with my recommendation!

HOT TIMES IN LITTLE HAVANA

Scene Synopsis:
Scene 1: Durán/Martinez
Scene 2: Diaz/Durán/Jones
Scene 3: di Marco/Pauzão/Pirocão
Scene 4: Banfalvi/Le Beau/Chanceur/Ortega/Rosselli
Scene 5: Duarte/Martinez/Sabroso
Scene 6: Costa/Czene/Garañon/Rodriquez/Toth
Scene 7: Durán/Martinez

Themes: Ethnic, romance

SKINFLICKS Rating:
Sex/Entertainment: ●●●●○
Production Quality: ■■■■❑

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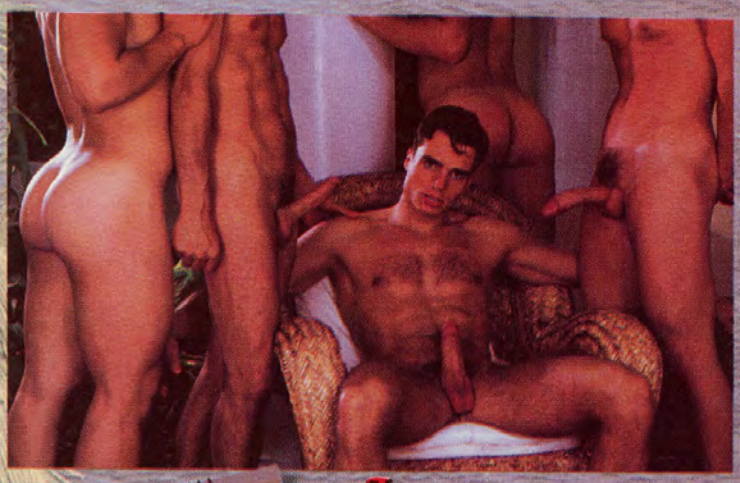

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Inches

fever

reviewed by eric a. kar

Falcon Studios
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San Francisco, CA 941
1-800-227-3717
www.falconstudios.com

summary: A young couple overcomes communication, in fering "other men," and drugged cock to find true love.

Produced by: *Falcon Studios*
Directed by: *John Rutherford*
Starring: *Jeff Palmer, Tristan Paris, Thom Barron, Tom Chase, Drew Damon, Derek Cameron, and Kristian Brooks*
Approximate Running Time: *84 minutes*
1998

Falcon Studios' *Fever* tries to weave a dark tale of drug-induced betrayal, revenge fucking, and eventual reconciliation between a lovely young male couple. It succeeds at the "lovely young male" part.

Jeff Palmer arrives at boyfriend Tristan Paris's house bag in hand and sneaks in for a joyous surprise reunion. They spend the next ten minutes giggling and playing kissy-face nude in various rooms around the house. You think you know where this is going, right? *Wrong!* Cut to a bar where Jeff and Tristan are, you guessed it, playing kissy-face and giggling! Clue #1 that this relationship is in trouble: If my lover came home after a long separation, I would *not* plan to go out!

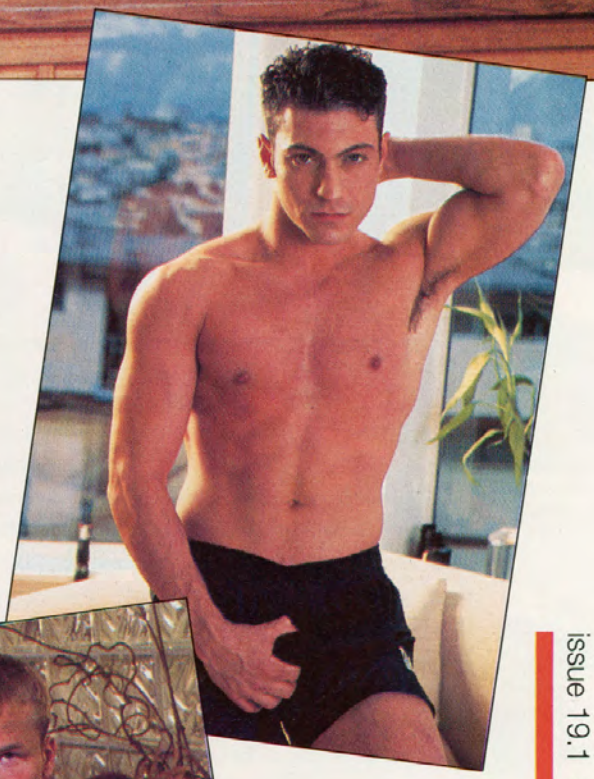
Teutonic stud Thom Barron plops onto the next stool and offers to buy them drinks. They accept. He goes to the far end of the otherwise empty bar where two drinks await. Somehow the boys don't see Thom empty a vial of white powder into the drinks. (Thom Barron has to drug guys for sex? And *hello,* where is the bartender?) They literally gulp the drinks down. Tristan feels the drug instantly and retreats to the men's room. As Jeff gets woozy, Thom excuses himself as well.

In the john, Tristan is dry-heaving as Thom follows him into the stall to ask him to suck his dick. Nice timing! Meanwhile, the ever-woozier Jeff makes his way to the bathroom doorway. In his druggy haze (underscored by his close-up going all wavy), he sees a guy dressed like Tristan blowing a guy dressed like Thom and believes they *are* Thom and Tristan. As Jeff rushes away (in a fit that would make Susan Hayward proud), the real Thom escorts the ailing Tristan out and home. Jeff staggers back to the bar, and guess who shows up — the bartender, Kristian Brooks! Jeff grabs him, kissing and pushing him through a side door.

Fever's first sex scene finally hits when we go back to the tearoom to get current with the Thom and Tristan dress-alikes, Drew Damon and Derek Cameron. No, it wasn't a hallucination, and I suspect this fashion faux pas is the real reason Thom and Tristan left. A pretty tame fuck ensues, but it's enough to get Derek to shoot without touching

This page: ***Tristan Paris*** *and* ***Jeff Palmer*** *come clean together;*
Opposite page, T to B: ***Thom Barron*** *slips a little something (like* ***Tristan Paris****) on;* ***Tristan Paris*** *on display;* ***Jeff Palmer*** *gets a little rough with* ***Tristan Paris****; then, a tender moment between* ***Jeff Palmer*** *and* ***Tristan Paris****.*

skinflicks rating
sex/entertainment: ••
production values: ••••



Opposite, clockwise from top left: ***Derek Cameron*** *tries out hot new falcon model* ***Drew Damon****;* ***Kristian Brooks*** *takes all* ***Tom Chase*** *and* ***Jeff Palmer*** *have to offer;* ***Derek Cameron*** *readies himself for* ***Drew Damon****'s massive cock;* ***Kristian Brooks*** *proves he can handle* ***Jeff Palmer*** *and* ***Tom Chase****; Center:* ***Jeff Palmer****; This page, clockwise from top left:* ***Jeff Palmer*** *and* ***Tristan Paris****;* ***Drew Damon****: hot new stuff from Falcon; underwear-clad* ***Tom Barron****;* ***Tom Barron****'s morning exercises*

***Tom Barron** and **Tristan Paris** in the throes of passion*

himself! Drew keeps working till he glazes Derek's buns like fresh-baked Krispy Kremes.

Meanwhile, that side door Jeff and Kristian backed through leads to a basement playroom where Tom Chase and a sling await. Tom lifts Kristian into the sling. Fans will be glad to hear that Tom is his usual nasty, verbal self here. He takes the helm at Kristian's man-pussy and blasts to Warp 7 while Kristian struggles to keep his mouth locked on Jeff's meat. Things only get hotter as both Tom and Jeff take turns strapping on the latex gloves, *if* you know what I mean. Finally, Tom and Kristian pop disappointing loads. Jeff's money shot was probably impressive, but a bad camera angle has Kristian's thigh obscuring the goo spew.

Tristan, however, has been faithful as Thom hands over his number "In case you change your mind." The next morning, Jeff stumbles in hurling heavily accented accusations while Tristan volleys back heavily accented denials. He leaves Jeff to another unfortunate acting moment and shows up, you guessed it, at Thom's door.

Is Thom Barron capable of bad sex? I doubt it! He wrestles Tristan onto the couch, but Tristan turns the tables for some foreskin play and a valiant attempt at deep-throating Thom's big dick. Thom straddles Tristan to sink that torpedo down his hungry gullet, then slides forward to get a good rimming. Next he swallows Tristan's cock while receiving some two-fingered butt play. Thom puts a large butt plug into Tristan, who then plows his *thang* into Thom's incredible ass! Thom proves to be the definition of *versatile,* replacing the plug in Tristan with the real thing — and I mean *real! Fever's* best scene explodes in a huge, simultaneous cum-a-rama.

Back home, Jeff (awfully indignant on the heels of having a three-way as revenge for something he only *thought* he saw) says that he's returning to Argentina. Tristan briefly pleads with him to stay. Jeff says OK. Boy, has this couple got issues! What does it say that the sex they have with others is so much better than the lame fuck Jeff gives Tristan here? This is a happy ending? I say, let Jeff go back to Argentina, and let Tristan go back to Thom!

THE FINAL VERDICT

Lovers being drugged in a club, cheating on each other in revenge, and then having boring sex at home: *Fever's* plot is clearly a cry for love from the writer! Other than the combustible Thom Barron and the ever-reliable Tom Chase, the cast just isn't up to Falcon's well-known standards. Jeff Palmer simply can't carry a whole movie, especially one with a plot. While produced with Falcon's usual technical excellence, the sum total of *Fever's* parts doesn't rise far above 98.6!

FEVER

Scene Synopsis:
Scene 1: Damon/Cameron
Scene 2: Palmer/Chase/Brooks
Scene 3: Paris/Barron
Scene 4: Palmer/Paris

Themes: Relationships, revenge fucks, heavy accents

SKINFLICKS Rating:
Sex/Entertainment: ●●○○○
Production Quality: ■■■■❑

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something very big

reviewed by zack fleming

Odyssey Men Video
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summary: horny skatepunks are a yo man's coming-out fantasy

Produced by: *Odyssey Men Video*
Directed by: *Kevin Clarke*
Starring: *Dean OConnor, Tony Donovan, Jason Nikas, Tony Cummings, Jason Miller, Cody Matthews, Jonnie Perrino, Noah Walker, and mystery appearances by David Bird and Thorn Rock.*
Approximate running time: *105 minutes*
1998

The notable list of talented individuals on the production side of *Something Very Big* deserve credit for the care and thought that they put into this video, but none of their work could overcome two very simple facts: (a) there is virtually no story line here; and (b) the filmmakers' attempts to prove otherwise to us were painfully evident and, ultimately, unsuccessful.

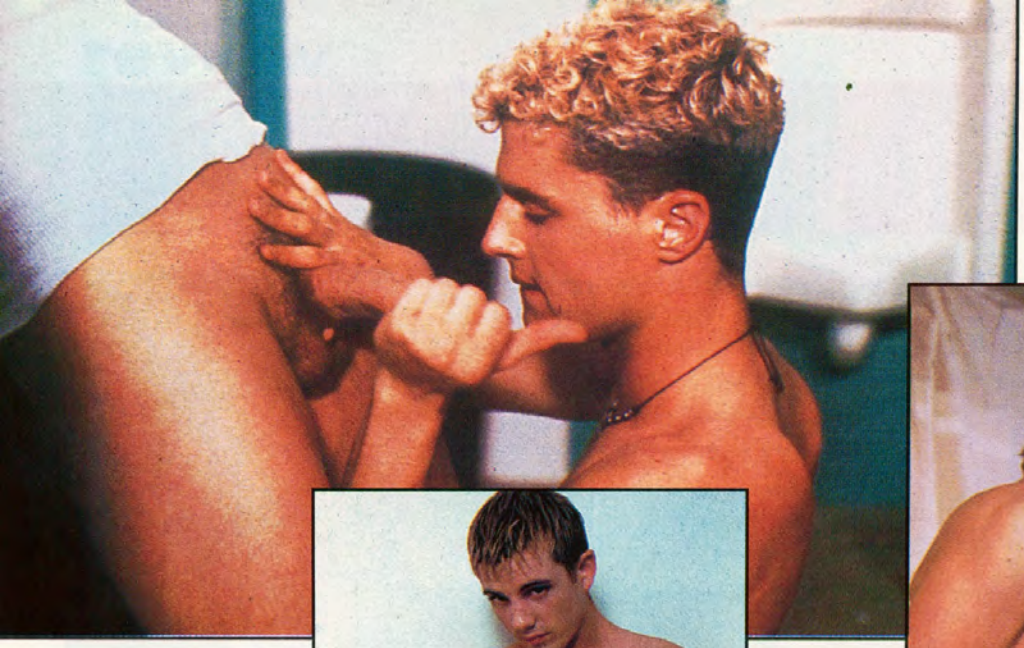
We get seven scenes — even if some of them are incomplete. Among the other pluses are the hot sexual performances of the cast, the squelchy-music soundtrack (appealing to an early twenty-something audience), and the obvious attempt to break out of the same traditional suck/fuck routines in every scene, even if most of the settings were very porn-routine. Sex definitely sustains this video, as does its youth orientation throughout. Much more could have been made of this effort with a little beef in the story line and some better editing decisions — the choppy way in which the sex scenes are strung together only emphasizes the lack of a real story line (that is, a beginning, a middle, and an ending). Add to this a trite and goofy dream sequence, and you can readily see how *Something Very Big* easily became something very messy.

It's hard to provide a descriptive blow job–by–blow job narrative of this movie, but I can sum up the plot and mention some of the juicier pairings. Newcomer Dean O'Connor is the lead character, a just-turned-eighteen and recently out young man who comes to Hollywood to pursue his artistic talent (yawn) and his newfound lifestyle. He has an obsession with other young skatepunks, whom he immediately hangs out with on the beach.

The beach men's room, it turns out, is a hotbed of activity, and the first four scenes of *Something Very Big* either take place there entirely or — at least — begin there. Jason Nikas services one mystery stud through the glory hole, spewing his load on the man's boot while taking a splashing cum blast over his face and chest! There follows a continual flow of skatepunks pairing off in the men's room,

*This page: Big-dicked **Tony Donovan** prepares to pleasure **Tony Cummings** while **Dean O'Connor** looks on. Opposite: **Tony Cummings** poses for you; **Dean O'Connor** grabs a hold of **Tony Donovan**; **Noah Walker** feeds a mouthful to his friend; group protrait: **Cody Matthews**, **Dean O'Connor**, **Noah Walker**, **Jason Miller**, **Tony Donovan** and **Jonnie Perrino**.*

skinflicks rating
sex/entertainment: ••
production values: ••



before our yopung hero, O'Connor, finally gets to try two things: watching another mystery stud jack off, and providing oral service to brunet stud Tony Cummings.

Tony Donovan, another barely legal newcomer, plays the object of O'Connor's deepest obsession, appearing in a fantasy sequence in which O'Connor himself doesn't even appear. Instead, Donovan is joined by Nikas and ultra-cute, ultra-blond stud pup Noah Walker. In seven full minutes of uninterrupted cocksucking, Walker and Nikas have a deep-throating contest on Donovan's very sizable uncut cock. I'm disappointed to report to you here that the scene lacks a conclusory cum shot, but the deep-throat victory goes to Walker by far. I, for one, would like to see much more of this talented young performer!

As O'Connor lapses in and out of surreal fantasy, he is paired with Tony Cummings. The two of them indulge in an energetic session of flip-flop fucking, which leads to a big splattering finish.

The last sequence defies description here, but it features several of the performers wandering in and out of the scene without any explanation to the viewers of what is supposed to be going on. This is an unconventional scene — complete with the usual fucking, cocksucking, and the ever-popular use of a mirror as a spooge target — and it really seems chaotic. The movie draws to a lackluster close with O'Connor wondering about his future and wandering off in search of more fun and games among the skatepunks.

THE FINAL VERDICT

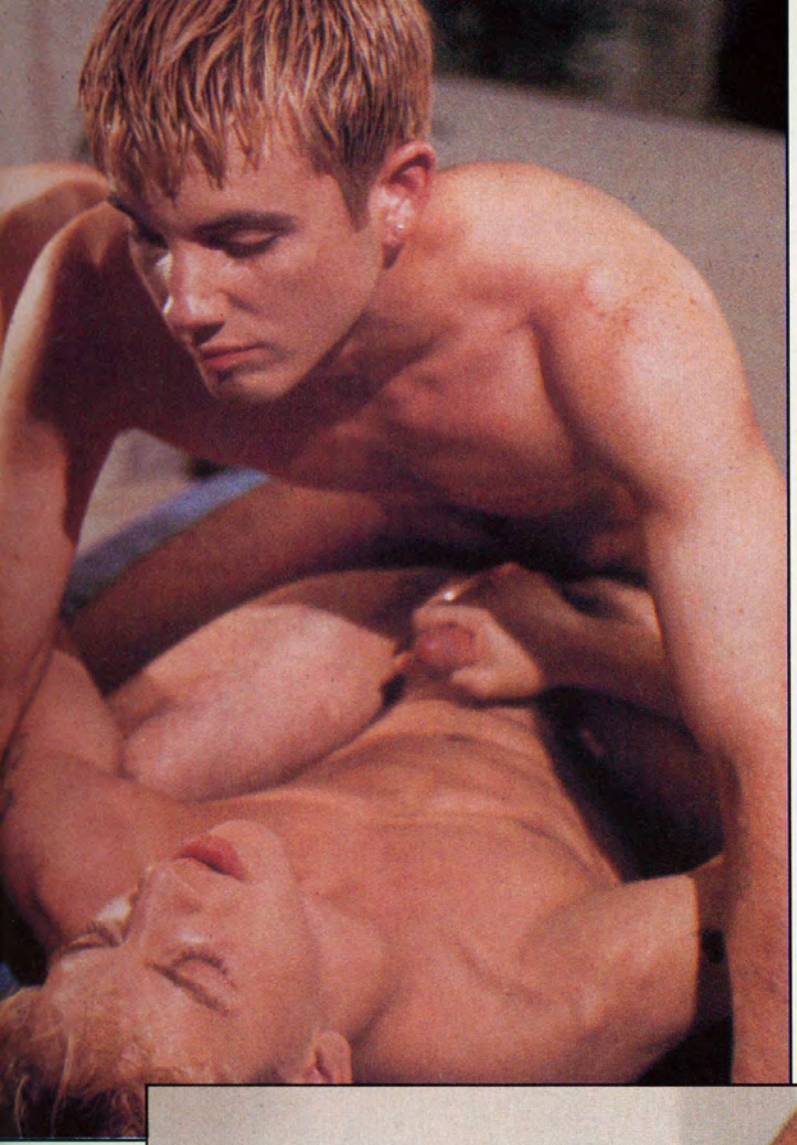
I just couldn't help wondering why the makers of this movie didn't approach the subject matter differently. The choppy way in which the sex scenes appeared and the ultra-thin story line (barely held together with a voice-over narration and contemplative shots of waves rolling over sandy beaches) really aren't enough to add up to a good movie. The sex scenes were fine, actually, but they could have been much better if only they had been conceived as complete pieces. More edgy, MTV-style hand-held camerawork focussing on the beach and a silly *Real World* kind of narration would have fit the skatepunk content and the youthful cast much better than this botched effort of trying to tell us a story when the filmmakers really didn't have much of a story to tell.

SOMETHING VERY BIG

Scene Synopsis:
Scene 1: Mystery Man #1/Nikas
Scene 2: Miller/Perrino
Scene 3: Matthews/Walker
Scene 4: Cummings/Mystery Man #2/OConnor
Scene 5: Donovan/Nikas/Walker
Scene 6: Cummings/OConnor
Scene 7: Cummings/Donovan/Matthews/Miller/OConnor

Themes: youth, glory holes

SKINFLICKS Rating:
Sex/Entertainment: ●●○○○
Production Quality: ■■□□□



Opposite page: For your approval: ***Cody Matthews; Dean O'Connor; Tony Donovan;***
This page: ***Dean O'Connor*** *and* ***Cody Matthews; Tony Cummings*** *and* ***Dean O'Connor.***

Top to bottom: ***Tony Cummings*** *and* ***Dean O'Connor*** *take a brief respite;* ***Tony Donovan*** *planning his next move;* ***Jason Miller*** *on the receiving end of* ***Jonnie Perrino****;* ***Tony Cummings*** *doing what he loves to do — and it shows!*

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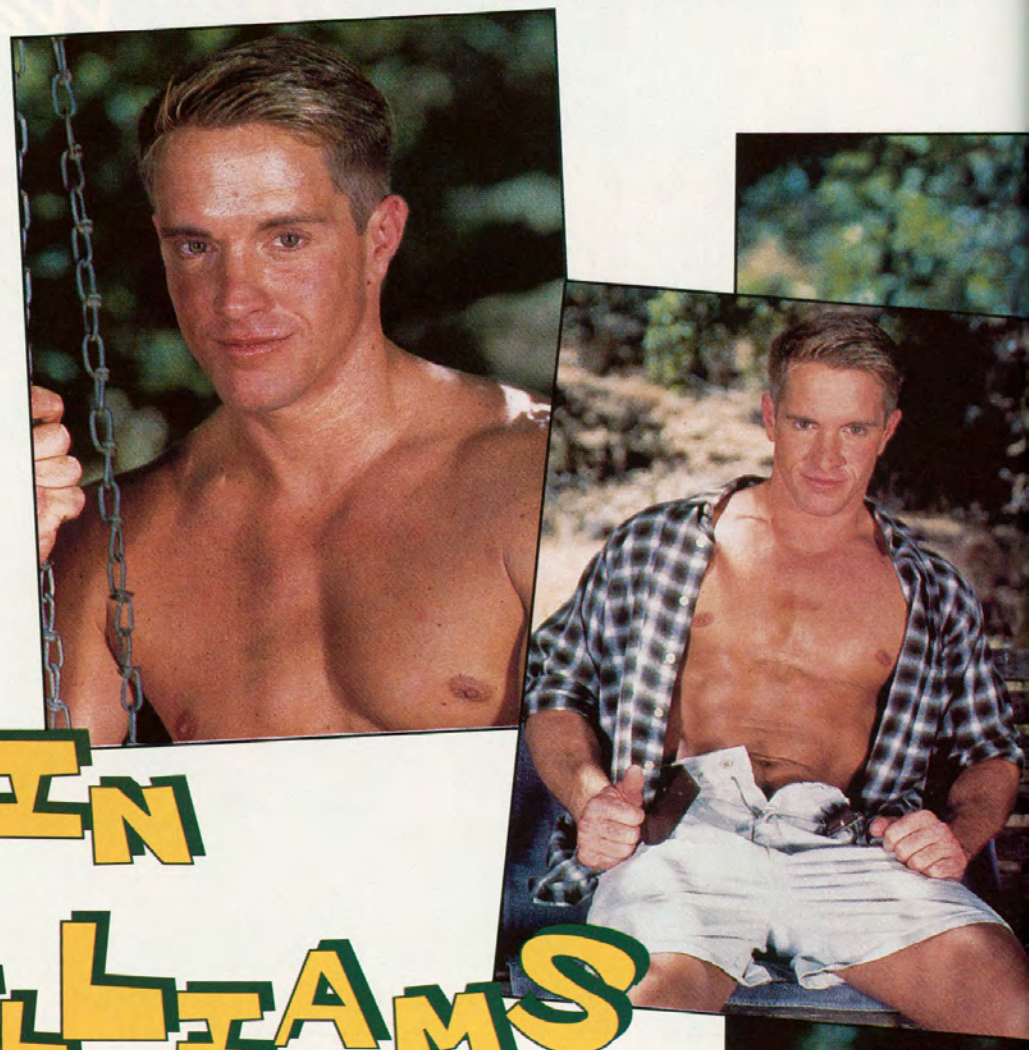

KEVIN WILLIAMS

Did you ever jerk off to that scene in *Stryker Force* where Steve Hammond pulled a blond twinkie from a pool of quicksand and then fucked him silly? Rejoice, then, as we here at *SKINFLICKS* are doing: The twinkie — Kevin Williams, of course — has returned! And that *former* twinkie has grown up since we last saw him in action. His boyish charms are still abundantly evident, but cute little Kevin has become a great big man — and not just your ordinary guy. This dude is pure gold! If this exclusive layout doesn't convince you, Kevin's performance in Falcon Studios' upcoming *Betrayed* definitely will. Hello, Kevin! Promise you'll never go away again!

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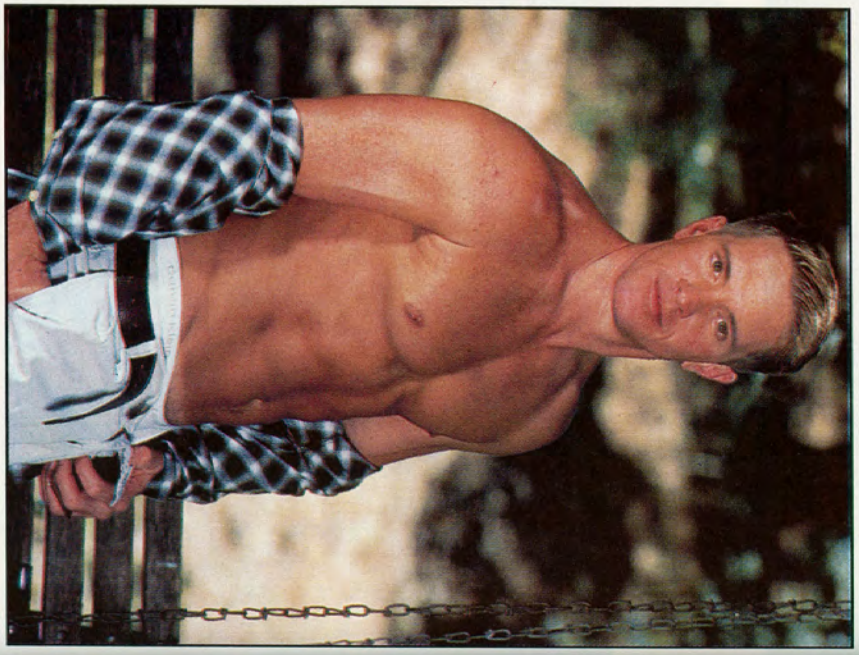

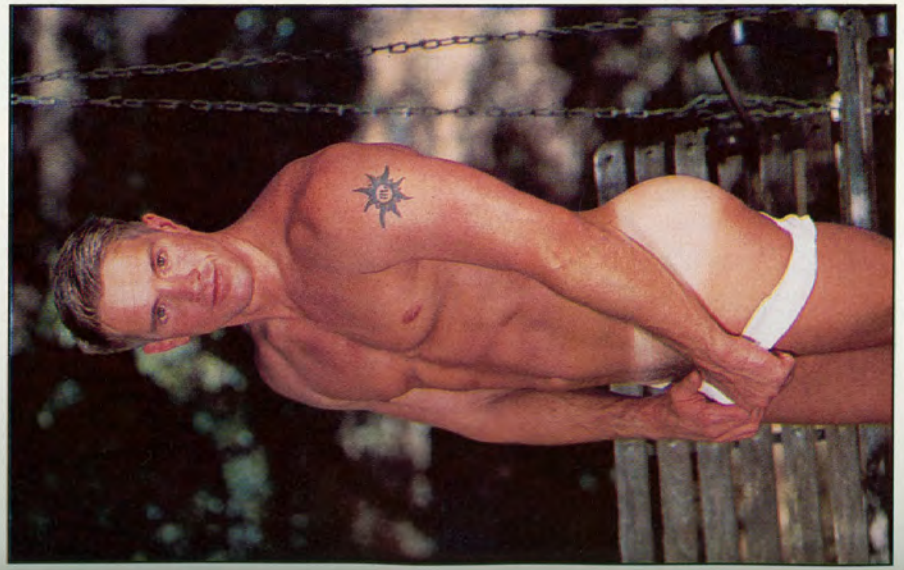

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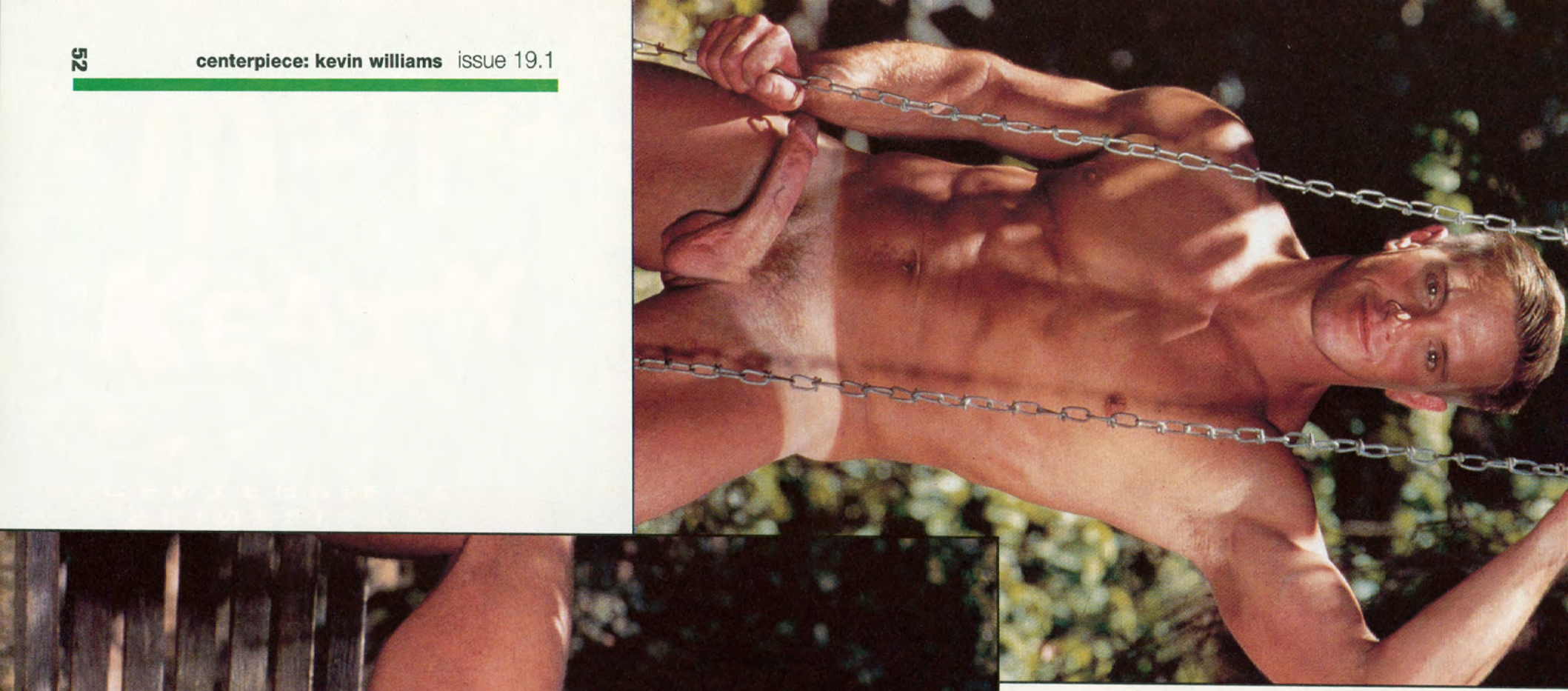

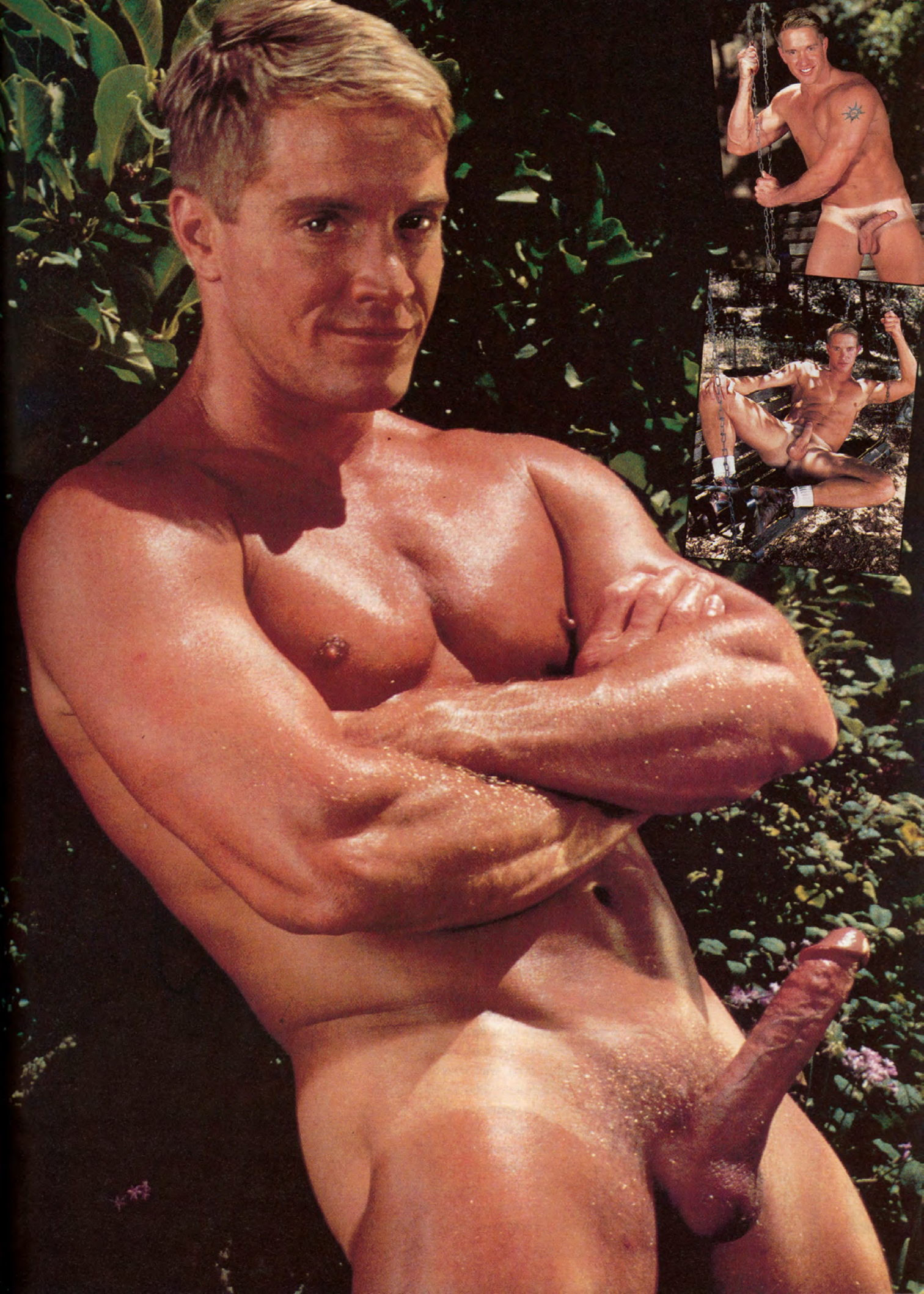

review

ryker's revenge

reviewed by eddie dougla

Odyssey Men Video
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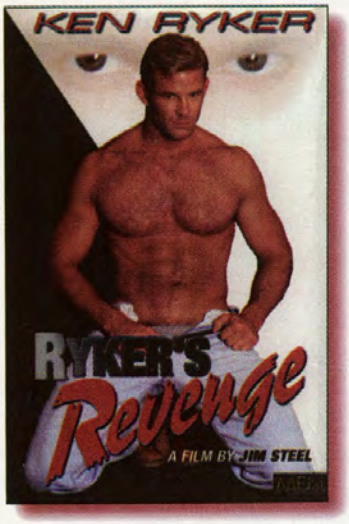
summary: An eager young reporter gets t real story on a big s "disappearance" fro the gay-porn industry



Directed by: *Jim Steel*
Produced by: *Odyssey Men Video*
Starring: *Ken Ryker, Joey Hart, Logan Reed, Steve Harper, the Odyssey Twins: Gabriel and Oscar, Brett Ford, Ricky Starr, Dean O'Connor, Chad Donovan, Zachery Scott, and Tony Donovan; in nonsexual roles: Dak and Jack Francis.*
Approximate Running Time: *90 minutes*
1998

Ken Ryker made only seven videos before he suddenly vanished from the business. His small body of work — OK, and his enormous cock — propelled him to instant superstardom, and fans and the porn world alike lamented his absence. It took three long years, but somebody finally wooed Ken back to the blue screen. It was definitely worth the wait!

Director Jim Steel previously had worked with Ryker in the stud's last — and arguably worst — film, *The Ryker Files.* Taking the helm again, this time for Odyssey Men Video, Steel vowed the new film would combine the best aspects of every previous Ken Ryker video, plus that we'd "see Ken as we've never seen him before." Given Steel's recent erotic track record, I didn't hold my breath. But after taking a look at *Ryker's Revenge,* I believe him.

This video attempts to humorously dispel the myths behind Ken's abrupt departure from porn. Joey Hart is a smut-mag reporter who seeks out Ken for "the scoop" — and uncovers some scorching sexual interludes along the way. After a series of dead-end tips, Joey's roommate (Brett Ford) mentions that Ken is one of his workout partners and sets up an interview between the pair. That's when we finally get to hear "the story." (I could've saved Joey the trouble, because everyone knows that if you want to find porn stars, just head over to 24-Hour Fitness in West Hollywood.)

Unfortunately, the story Joey hears isn't very interesting, so it's probably true. Nowhere are any of the juicy rumors porn fans thrived on during Ken's absence (such as that Ken dropped out of the business because he had turned fundie-Christian...or that Ken was whacked out on drugs...or — my favorite — that Ken was a hardcore fisting bottom in some sugar daddy's dungeon). But to be fair, the story may have been kept minimal so the action could stand out — and that's where this video definitely shines!

Six full sex scenes (three featuring Ken) provide virtually nonstop cock-tugging fodder. And for the most part, Steel's assertion that Ken has

skinflicks rating
sex/entertainment: ••••
production values: ••••

Opposite page, top to bottom: ***Steve Harper*** *and* ***Ken Ryker*** *share a quality moment;* ***Ken Ryker*** *shares his treats with twins* ***Oscar*** *and* ***Gabriel****;*
This page: ***Ricki Starr*** *and* ***Dean O'Connor*** *embroiled in all sorts of sexual shenanigans.*

This page: L at R: ***Chad Donovan*** *and* ***Brett Ford*** *compare their wee-wees.* ***Ken Ryker*** *posing with twins* ***Oscar*** *and* ***Gabriel;***
Opposite page: the massive cockster himself: ***Ken Ryker.***

shed some of the inhibitions that held him back in earlier films certainly proves true. In the past three years, Ken has vastly improved his cocksucking, can maintain his huge erection (quite impressive, as it must be a massive feat to get all that blood to stay in his organ), and even isn't averse to sticking his face in a hot ass to tongue-flick costar Steve Harper's pooter. Surrounded by a cast of big-dicked studs, Ken Ryker demonstrates why he is a superstar: a hot body, extra-large cock, and screen presence to work it all to the hilt.

As Ken does, Joey Hart delivers the best performance of his career. Aside from adept acting and line delivery, Joey's a flaming package of lust; he performs well in both of his nasty scenes. In the first, paired poolside with Logan Reed, Joey (usually a bottom), proves himself an able top — but with Logan's delectable rump pointing in the air before him, how could he resist? Joey even turns butt-up himself to take a pounding from Logan's thick tool. Joey is also paired with Ken in the final scene of *Ryker's Revenge*, a pseudo-leather encounter on a porn set, staged so Joey could get in-tune with Ken's career. Ken's performance as a top in this scene is probably the weakest of the movie — check him out in his earlier scenes, butt-fucking sexy blond Steve Harper and each of the Odyssey Twins, to see Ken make much better use of his big dick. But Joey takes Ken's meat like a pro and unloads the hugest glob of cum I've seen in a long time! Get your umbrellas ready for this one!

It's difficult not to rehash the video scene by scene, since each sexual grouping has its own nasty appeal. But you'll want to watch some scenes a few times over: Steve Harper rims Ryker's furry hole — delicious! — before Ken rolls him over and spears him with his rock-hard tool; and Ricky Starr plays up his "sleazy agent" role in an audition with bright-eyed newcomer Dean O'Connor. (It amused me to see Ricky spread his legs for Dean's hard-on — isn't it the agent who usually fucks the client?) And I couldn't help but dub the all-oral shower-room foursome the "donkey scene," because each guy in there is hung like a mule! (And the way these studs swing their meat around, it's a wonder they didn't give Brett Ford a black eye while they were whacking off over his face!)

THE FINAL VERDICT

Ken is back — and am I ever glad! *Ryker's Revenge* is the perfect comeback vehicle for the enigmatic stud. In addition to one scorching scene after another, the video pokes fun at the porn industry (including us haughty magazine types), something that adds lighthearted appeal without being overly bitchy. The video's strong production values, excellent, sexually charged cast, and solid nasty action will allow *Ryker's Revenge* to stand up to any of the major studios' big-budget releases this year. But in the end, the credit goes to Ken Ryker himself. Some of us were hesitant to fully embrace his return to porn, especially if it had turned out to be nonbusiness as usual for the once-reluctant star. But this time around Ken proves himself to be an eager performer, displaying an energy that never seemed present in his earlier work. I was impressed, and I know his fans won't be disappointed!

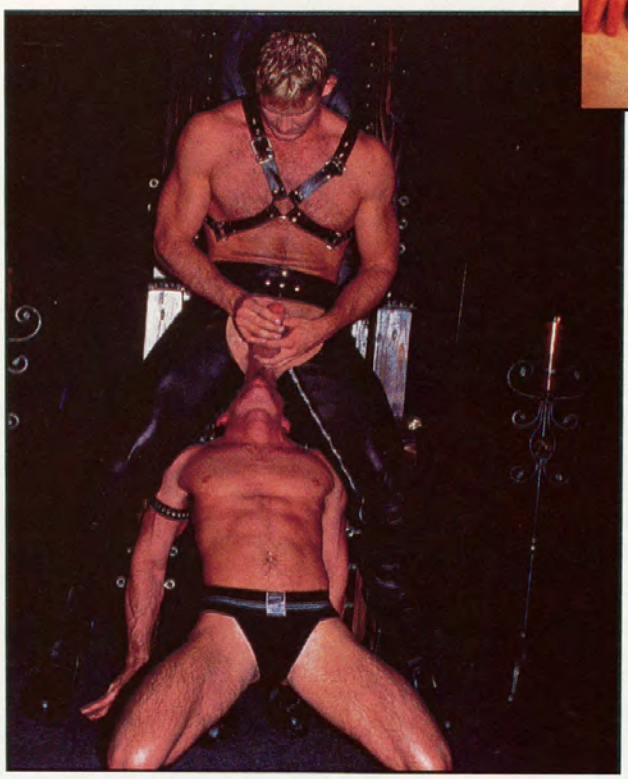
RYKER'S REVENGE

Scene Synopsis:
Scene 1: Harper/Ryker
Scene 2: Hart/Reed
Scene 3: O'Connor/Starr
Scene 4: C. Donovan/T. Donovan/Ford/Scott
Scene 5: Gabriel/Oscar/Ryker
Scene 6: Hart/Ryker

Themes: huge cocks, leather, twins

SKINFLICKS Rating:
Sex/Entertainment: ●●●●○
Production Quality: ■■■■❑

Clockwise from above: ***Logan Reed*** *readies himself for* ***Joey Hart****'s bunghole; a momen of indecision: can* ***Joey Hart*** *take* ***Ryker****'s massive tool?* ***Joey Hart*** *returns the favor to* ***Logan Reed****;* ***Joey Hart*** *is ready, willing and able to conque mount* ***Ryker****.*
Center: The incomparable ***Jack Francis****.*



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VIRTUAL SEX

with

JIM BUCK

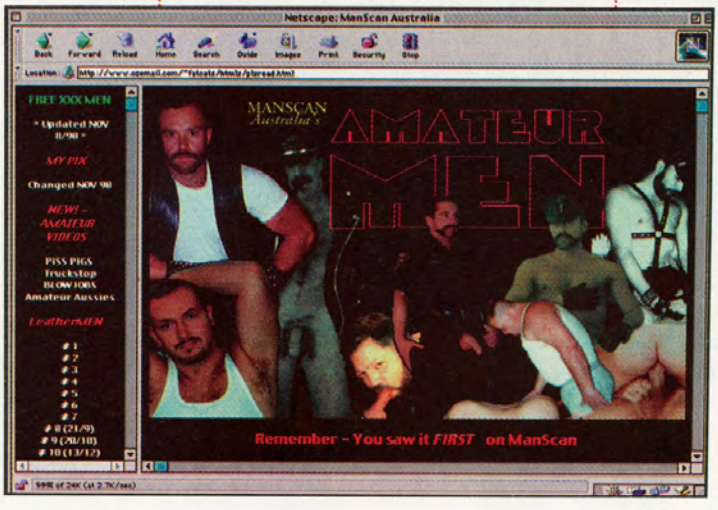
Well, guys...

Summer's long gone, and in New Orleans even the pleasant days of autumn are being relegated to the latest chapter of our memoirs. Quickly fading are thoughts of sultry days spent splashing by the pool; of sexy, underwear-less men in white linen prowling the business district; of fleeting, forgettable tête-à-têtes among the dunes of Pensacola, Provincetown, and Pismo Beach. Another decadent year, just tepid water under the proverbial bridge...

As we all know, of course, it's now time for the really good stuff: reveling in winter-wear that'll seem new to friends and acquaintances alike since no one's seen those frayed Gaultier sweaters for months; picking up sexy, wool-suited businessmen at happy hour; and, of course, snuggling up by the floor vent (or fireplace, if you're so lucky) with the one you love/lust for/went home with.

"But wait," you say, "I've no one in my life with whom to share the coming frosty months! No one to make me hot cups of tea! No one to dash halfway across town to the video store moments before closing to retrieve *Ben-Hur, The Tree of Wooden Clogs,* and the limited-edition boxed set of *Mapp and Lucia*! However will I survive?" Easy, that's how. Snugglebunnies are only as far away as your computer keyboard, and I'm gonna show you how to score.

Now, as everyone knows, the best bedmates for winter are bears, because: (1) bears are traditionally big and furry, so they'll keep you warm on the coldest nights; (2) they're very, very sexy and able to satisfy carnal cravings quicker than you can say "Lycanthropy!"; and (3) I submit for your consideration the fact that I've never met a bear who couldn't cook. What's not to love? I ask. Now you understand why I keep mine year-round...



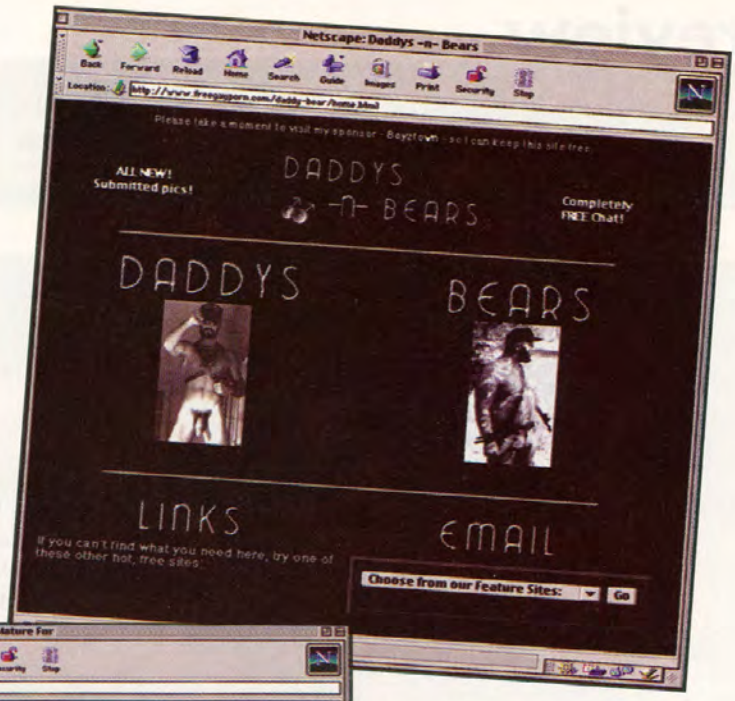
In previous articles, I've mentioned ManScan Australia (www.ozemail.com/~fatcats/htmls/plsread.html) as well as Nekedbear's Homepage (www.zzapp.org/davefinn/nekedbear.html), both of which have scads of pics of sexy bear types and the e-mail addresses you need to reach out and touch 'em. If that creams your twinkie, you should also take a gander at the Apollo Network (www.apollonet work.com/main.html), a site designed specifically for older men and their admirers. It offers a large number of personals, broken down into age categories; from Orion men

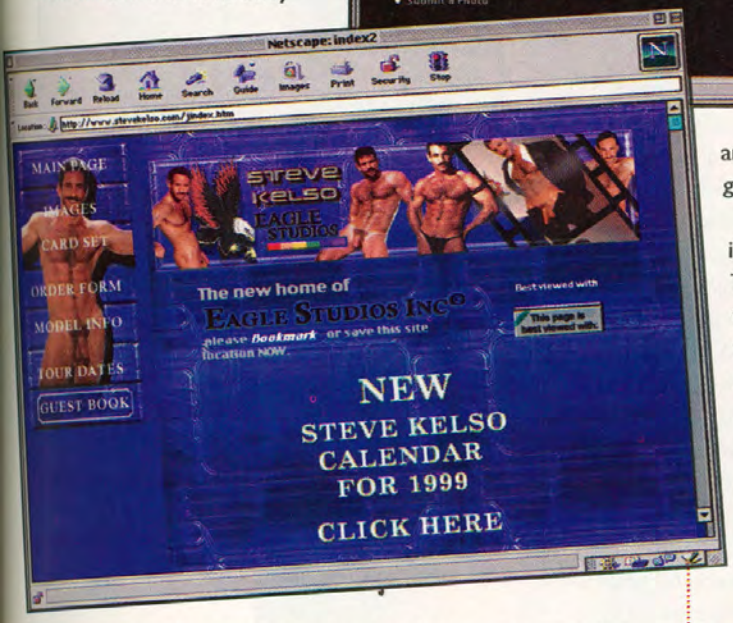
(20-somethings) to Jupiter men (50+), you'll have lots to choose from. And if your fingers start to cramp from sending salacious missives to prospective daddies, browse the "lustful" art galleries, containing work both serious and hilarious.

Another site I thoroughly enjoy is Silver Fox (www.teleport.com/~haggerty/ SilverFox.shtml). With more than 25 galleries of cubs, bears, and generally sexy, available guys to peruse, you shouldn't have any problems finding a date for New Year's Eve and beyond. Sure, the design could be better, but you'll get the hang of navigation in no time. Once you find your Jack Frost, be sure to click on his pic — you might get more than you bargained for!

Best of all is my favorite new bear site: Mature Fur (www.nasser.net/mature fur/maturefur.html). This slick, well-designed page is an outstanding resource for older bears and the ones who love them. There are several galleries of photos — many with e-mail addresses; erotic stories; bear merchandise; and even a chat area (though that, for the moment, is for members only). Send 'em a pic and watch the dirty messages pour in!

But perhaps you're not the cuddly type... Maybe you just want a little casual lovin' on your own damn time, no strings attached. Never fear: I have a couple of sites for you aloof-types, too. Months ago, I mentioned Hairway to Steven (www. stevekelso.com), the shrine to proto-daddy Steve Kelso, but if you're looking for two-dimensional love away from the Circuit Party, might I also suggest Daddys -n- Bears (http://www.freegayporn. mcom/daddybear/home.html)? A relatively straightforward site, it's divided into two sections: daddies (i.e., leathermen) and bears (i.e., bears). Go figure. The clean design wins good marks, but the galleries earn an un-thumbnailed thumbs-down.





Nevertheless, the images are hot enough to provide quite a bit of grist for your mill...

A better example of the looking-but-not-touching furry-man website would be Cybears (home.t-online.de/home/cybear/index.htm). German mantoy Rainer Boos has set up a doozie of a site, featuring not only four sexy galleries of naked furry flesh but also an homage to everyone's favorite opera diva, Erna Berger... Er, I guess you can't lose. Right, Erna?

Finally, for those who'd rather play out bearish scenarios in their mind's eye rather than muss the sheets, might I suggest The Naked Trucker's Homepage (members.tripod.com/~NakedTrucker/)? There aren't any pics to be found here (as he says, that's what the newsgroups are for), but if you're up for loads of hot trucker tales told by a bona fide he-man trucker, you'll leave thoroughly sated. This eloquent nomad of America's highways-cum-webmaster even provides a glossary so you can familiarize yourself with trucking lingo; next time you're at the rest area, at least you'll be able to chat them up...

If you have questions about Internet-related issues, or if you know of a site that should be reviewed, e-mail Jim: akajimbuck@aol.com! Keep the Internet free of censorship!

basic plumbing 2

reviewed by
eric a. kane

Falcon Studios
P.O. Box 880906
San Francisco, CA 9418
1-800-227-3717
www.falconstudios.com

summary:
Young men fake plumb
ing emergencies to ge
sex.

Produced by: *Falcon Studios*
Directed by: *John Rutherford*
Starring: *Chase Hunter, Christopher Scott, Mike Branson, Michel Lucas, Brennan Foster, Logan Cox, Randy Foreman, and Tony Dancer*
Approximate Running Time: *82 minutes*
1998

Basic Plumbing 2: No Job Too Big (FVP 118) provides two rules of thumb that should cover most of the gay male population. For the tops, the plumbers' local is the one to join. For the bottoms, calling a plumber is never too expensive when you get service like this!

Tall, dark, and handsome Mike Branson is just the kind of plumber you always hope will be at the door but never is. As he works on cutie Christopher Scott's kitchen pipes, they empty themselves all over him. (Hmmm...foreshadowing!) Johnny-on-the-spot Christopher offers to dry Mike's shirt while Mike continues working. Christopher smuggles it off to the bedroom for a little sniff and jerk. In search of his shirt, Mike catches him , and the party begins!

Christopher launches onto Mike's gargantuan rod for a truly heroic blow job. Moving into the sixty-nine position, Christopher continues vacuuming while Mike makes lunch out of his hole. They switch positions and chores as Mike's butt gets tongue-snaked. Finally, Christopher gets flipped on his back for one hell of a fuck. The empassioned mouth and eye contact between these two crank this scene way up! Mike turns him around to drive it home doggy-style, both standing and lying down. Christopher, toes curled and everything, blows his wad mid-pounding. Then Mike lets fly with a load that Christopher rubs all over himself — hot, hot, hot!

Fade to black, and Christopher's already calling dispatcher Chase Hunter for a return visit from Mike. Mike's been fired, though, so blond, mustachioed (retro, but in a good way!) Chase gives the job to Logan Cox. He also sends Randy Foreman and Tony Dancer out on their last call of the day.

Chase closes up shop and finds stalker, uh, admirer Brennan Foster outside, ass to heaven over his "dead" car engine. Chase offers the use of his phone — the one in his apartment next door! Will success spoil Brennan Foster?

We have to wait to find out, because brunet beef-boys Randy and Tony are busy slurping on lanky Michel Lucas's ample shaft. The action moves to the sofa, where the boys form a train with Michel plowing Randy eating Tony's ass. Then Tony and Randy switch so Michel can sail up Tony's love canal while Randy's hole gets a spit bath. We come full circle as Randy and

skinflicks rating
sex/entertainment: ••••
production values: ••••

Opposite page: ***Mike Branson*** *coaxes* ***Christopher Scott*** *downward;*
This page, top three pictures: ***Christopher Scott*** *and* ***Logan Cox*** *in various stages of sexual discovery;*
This page, bottom picture: Even mega-bottom ***Christopher Scott*** *finds* ***Mike Branson*** *to be a challenge!*

Tony go back to work on Michel's tool until he pops, and they each cream their crotches.

Back at Chase's apartment, he busts blond, twinkie Brennan making a phony call to AAA. Chase pulls Brennan's pole out of his shorts and gets busy. Brennan's expression and body melt as the highly skilled Chase moves up to perform the same magic on Brennan's mouth. Then Brennan goes south to get face-fucked by daddy Chase's thick manmeat. Hearing Chase growl his approval is almost enough to send you right over, know what I mean? Brennan straddles Chase's face for some hole lube, then turns around to fuck Chase's face but good! Brennan slides down and takes a seat on Chase's fat slab. Chase strains his beautifully muscled hairy legs to the limit to ram Brennan's sweet ass. In an unbelievably smooth move, Brennan rotates on Chase's cock and goes down onto his back to receive more of the incredible same. Chase pulls out, muscles practically bursting, to shoot a stream of hot lovejuice that covers Brennan's face and chest. Brennan screams relief as he unloads, staring into Chase's eyes all the while!

Around this time Logan Cox shows up at Christopher Scott's. Unlike Mike, he doesn't even give the kitchen sink a second look before pulling Christopher's face into his crotch — not that Christopher resists. Remember, this is a man horny enough to pay for two plumbers' visits to get laid! He gives Logan's cock a thorough going-over before turning him around for a tongue fuck. Then it's Christopher's turn on the kitchen table as his hole gets on intimate terms with each of Logan's fingers, alone and in combination. Logan's extremely capable cock takes over for his digits, as he makes Christopher's sweet round cheeks dance. First from behind, then on his back, Christopher's hungry hole takes every inch, the agonizing ecstacy all over his face. Finally, they both jack off to explosive orgasm!

Basic Plumbing 2's erotica is enhanced a hundredfold by including constant, furtive kissing and eye contact as part of the sex. The intense passion these elements send crackling through the screen completely convinces us that these men, especially Chase and Brennan, truly want each other.

Technically speaking, the cast is shot and lit wonderfully. Every angle is a good on for this bunch! In addition, let us thank th porn gods and director John Rutherford fo letting the natural verbal (and nonverbal reactions fly.

THE FINAL VERDICT

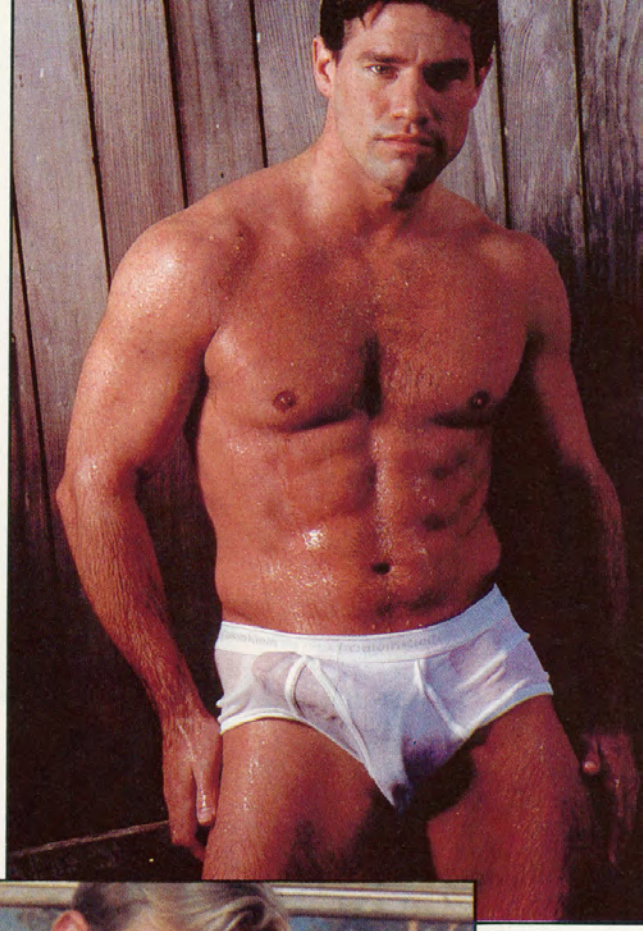
Basic Plumbing 2: No Job Too Big bursts forth from the first scene and gushes ever upward from there. With nary a clog in sight, thi plumber's helper will keep your pipes drained for many nights to come!

BASIC PLUMBING 2

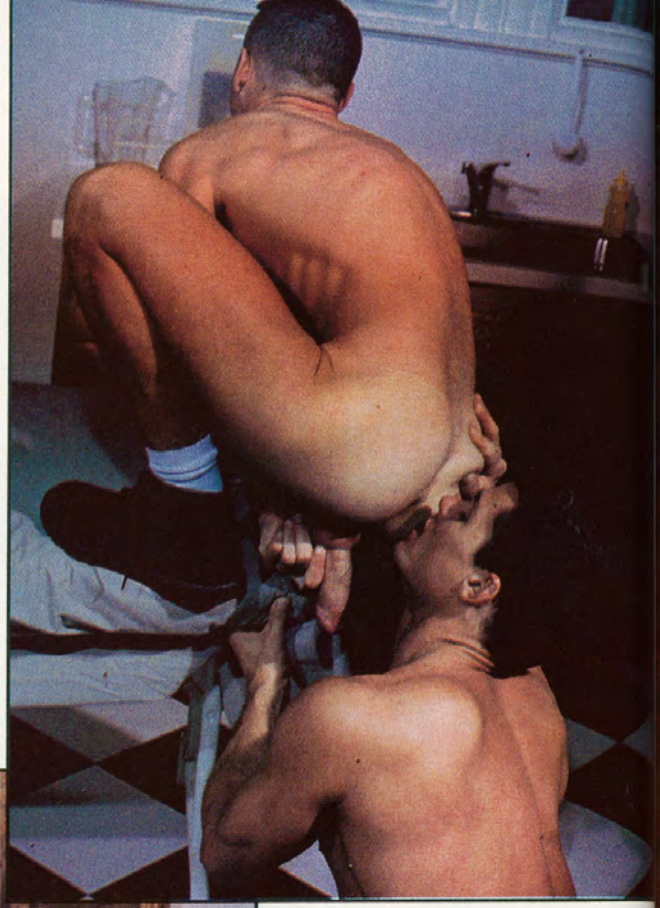
Scene Synopsis:
Scene 1: Branson/Scott
Scene 2: Hunter/Foster
Scene 3: Foreman/Lucas/Dancer
Scene 4: Cox/Scott

Themes: feigned helplessness, blue-collar sex

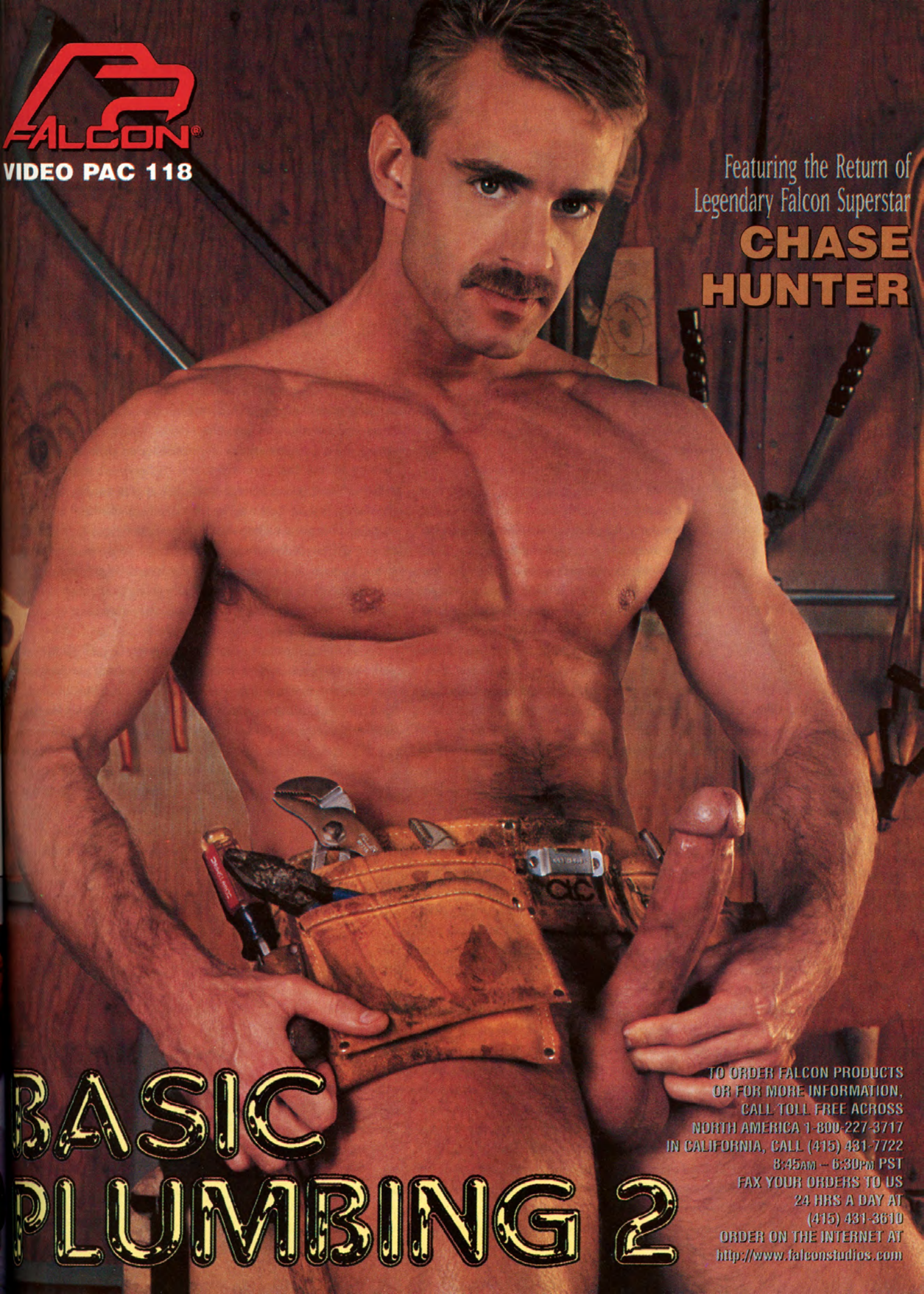
SKINFLICKS Rating:
Sex/Entertainment: ●●●●○
Production Quality: ■■■■❑



*Opposite page: Is that **Brennan Foster** hesitating a moment before descending on **Chase Hunter**'s legendary cock? This page, clockwise from top left: Lucky **Michel Lucas** has both **Randy Foreman** and **Tony Dancer** to keep him up; **Mike Branson**; **Brennan Foster** going for the big one: **Chase Hunter**!*



Top to Bottom: The incredibly handsome Ra **Foreman; Christopher Scott** *and* **Logan** *(* **Chase Hunter** *and* **Brennan Foster; Mic Lucas, Tony Dancer** *and* **Randy Forema**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Queen ~~King~~ of Sex

Join *SKINFLICKS'* Freddie Bob Andrews in a raunchy, no-holds-barred chat with director Chi Chi LaRue on the success of *Link 2 Link,* the value of body hair, and the true meaning of spit!

Chi Chi: The success of Link 2 Link definitely has to do with Bruce Cam and Brian Mills, and the time they took to make it look so beautiful. And I really think that 50 percent of the success of Link 2 Link was the enthusiasm of the cast who totally gave themselves to me and weren't afraid to do anything "weird." Mason Jarr, who is so vanilla in his true life, let his body hair grow, which he hates, and he pissed in his pants when I told him to.

And when you have someone on a set like Cole Tucker, who was *not* going to let me keep him from getting fucked by Jared Wright... We were finishing up, and he just said, "OK, get the camera over here. I'm getting fucked by Jared Wright, there's no way I'm not, and it's going to be on film." I went to get a soda and came back, and they were setting up to have him fucked, and I said, "All right, you fuckin' bitch! All right, *fuck* him!" And Jared Wright fucked him really hard. At one point, Cole Tucker even screams, "Oooh, you're payin' me back!" It's enthusiasm like that, which you don't find a lot of times in these actors. They'd often rather be done in 15 minutes than go the extra mile to make it special. This was from beginning to end a dream cast.

Freddie Bob: Why were they so enthusiastic?

CC: I don't know. People flew themselves in to be in the movie. People worked for less than their normal rate...not by my suggestion, just because they wanted to be in the movie. And I was full up with cast members and people were calling and begging, "Please let me be in this movie," and I said, "I have no budget to fly you in" and they said, "Just pay my rate, and I'll fly myself in."

And I had people doing things for me like jumping into scenes and not being paid for it. Coming back the next day and saying. "Oh, I want to be in the orgy. You don't have to give me anything...I just want to be in it!" I think that is amazing. OK?

FB: Absolutely.

CC: It's unheard of. These people are true sex pigs — wonderful, wonderful performers — and they gave their all to make this movie a success. If I didn't have that from the performers, I wouldn't have had a successful movie. I mean, the same thing happened in *Link*. Kevin Miles and Mark Porter and Doug Jeffries — they all did extra scenes for nothing, because they were all so turned on to the project. I always say "The porn goddess is shining down on us" when something's going really good..

On *Link 2 Link* I said, "The porn goddess is shining down on us, and we're all going to jail." I screamed that during the Cole Tucker/Cory Jay scene with all the dildoes and stuff.

FB: What in your mind makes a good leather sex movie?

CC: Y'know what? I can't sit here and even really answer that question because I don't really know what makes a good leather movie. I'm not into the leather scene... I know what fetishes I like...water sports. Even dildo stuff doesn't really do anything for me, but I know that it's... I know what looks good on film. Also, I relied, again, on the cast. I cast people like Cory Jay, who is king of butt-play as far as I'm concerned. He knows what he's doing, and he knows his limits, what he can do. The chain link and the big dildoes and all the stuff...he knew what he could do, and I let him and the other guys like Jared Wright, Cole Tucker, and Jack Steele in that scene specifically take me through it. I told them what I wanted to see, and they took me through it.

FB: So you were the ultimate voyeur.

CC: Right! That's why I said, "We're going to jail." Those guys really worked each other over. I mean, for real, for two hours, in that little tiny room, and it was *fabulous*. It also helps when you don't have anybody that's afraid to touch anything or feels like they need to be wrapped in a full rubber body suit to do these scenes.

FB: Right. You got Cory Jay to do more than he's ever done on film before. How do you explain that?

CC: I talked to him about what I wanted him to do, things that he had never done before. He had never topped. He had never even done a cum shot on film, and I definitely wanted to see that 'cause I wanted to bring him into the mainstream a little bit. He's never been in a mainstream film. Cory has a look, and a lot of people know who he is and want to see him do more than just lie back and take big things up his butt and not ever show his dick. I think he is so sexy and just incredible. He

did everything for me. He topped. He did a cum shot. He did it all! And he was great.

FB: Is he the focal point of the movie? He's featured on the box cover.

CC: There really is no focal point of the movie. Y'know what the focal point of the movie is? The club. [Blow Buddies in San Francisco] The star of the movie is the club, and...everybody in the movie is a star. There is not just one star. They're all stars. I think one of the highlights, for me, was seeing Daryl Brock bottom for the first time on film.

FB: Amen!

CC: It was fantastic. I'll tell you a funny thing. When he was getting it, and he was —

FB: It was Jared Wright.

CC: First it was Jake Andrews.

FB: Oh, that's right.

CC: And then it was Jacob Scott. *Then* it was Jared Wright. Jacob Scott's another fabulous alternative-looking guy that I would never be able to use for Falcon, so to speak, because of the tattoos and things like that. It was a pleasure being able to use the kind of people I wanted to use in this movie.

So — at one point Daryl Brock was getting fucked by Jared Wright, and he was feelin' it! He clenched his butt, and Jared's dick came flying out of his butt hole like a giant mackerel jumping out of the water. I just started to laugh hysterically. I couldn't control it. And Daryl Brock is screaming at me, "You bitch, you love this! I hate you!" I had to stop everything because I was in hysterics. It was was funny, but not because he was getting hurt...

FB: Right.

CC: It was just because...he looked *great*. I think Daryl Brock looks the best in this film that he's looked in a long time. He did a great job for me. And then the other highlight was having Tom Katt be a big juicy top and line up those boys and do them.

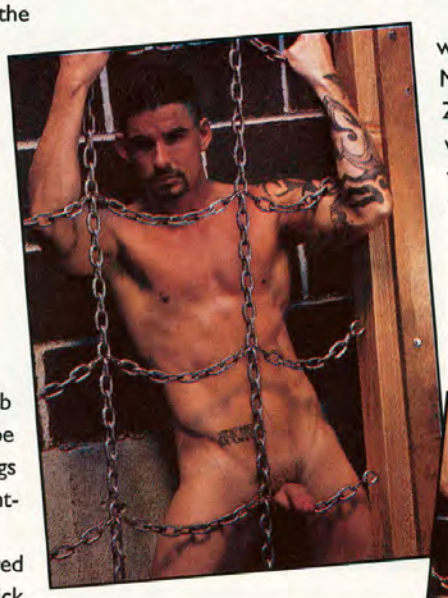
FB: That was a great scene, Tom doing them, because he is *so* built now. He's been that way for a long time, but to see him pumpin' away on those guys...

CC: He was really good. And I love the beer-enema scene. I feel like it's something I started, and now other people want to do them in their movies. I think I had a great, a *perfect* butt to do that with Kyle McKenna, and it was all just magic from beginning to end. There was nothing bad about it at all. When we were doing the black gang-bang scene, Cole Tucker, Jack Steele, all those guys were into these beautiful black men that I had there. They were all fluffing each other. Peter Wilder, the ultimate sex pig, was the lucky one that got to have them all, but they were all fluffing each other behind the scenes...

FB: Peter Wilder, who looks really vanilla.

CC: Well, Tyson Cane was really into this new guy that I found, Jack Steele. He was really into him. He was all about this big, mustached daddy that I'd found in Boston through Doug Jeffries. I was introduced to this very wealthy man who doesn't need to do movies, but he did it for fun. I showed him *Link*, and he liked it so much that I said, "Do you want to be in part 2?" And he said yeah.

FB: *Link 2 Link* has real men in there, not just "porn stars."



CC: I like to use boys that would be mainstream, like Mason Jarr, Billy Dare, and Zachery Scott, who I love. It was my first time working with Trenton Comeaux, who I is so —

FB: He's amazing! Talk about a pig!

CC: Totally. I don't think I utilized him well enough. I think in *Link 3* I'm going to have him back and be real piggy with him, because he can take whatever you can dish out.

FB: Gettin' piggy with it!

CC: Yeah! And Jake Andrews is... I've made him a staple of all my...*Boot Black, Boot Black 2, Link, Link 2 Link*... He's moving to Australia, and I hope he's around for *Link 3*.

FB: I hope he doesn't disappear into the outback. I have to say that I think *Link 2 Link* is one of those instances where the sequel is better than the original.

CC: I think so too.

FB: How did that happen? Did you have the idea that you wanted to top yourself?

CC: With the cast and with...the content and having Bruce on camera and all the elements that went along with it, it just made it a better movie.

FB: Oh, that's right, Dave Kinnick shot *Link*.

CC: Yes. And he did a great job. And I think also the editor, Andrew Rosen, has gotten better. He did this one and really put a lot of time and effort into making sure that everything that we wanted in the movie was in there. I shot so much footage...you know, it's two and a half hours long, and I didn't want to cut anything out. But I had to go back in and trim it down a little bit.

FB: How many days did you shoot?

CC: Five.

FB: All five at Blow Buddies?

CC: Yes.

FB: Talk about the famous flashlight scene.

CC: Well, I got inspired by a lot of the stuff from the leather movie that I did, the leather thing we worked on together [*Men of Your Dreams*, a subscription-premium video for *MEN* magazine]. It's funny, because Tom Katt and Zachery Scott were both in that flashlight scene in the [*MEN* magazine] thing, and they were both in the flashlight scene

in *Link 2 Llink*. It's funny, I go to Builder's Emporium or Orchard Supply, and I go through the aisles and find weird things to stick up people's butts, weird phallic things. I thought a flashlight... If these boys can hold them up in the air like they did — and they did!

FB: Did they have to practice?

CC: No. That was a one-take thing.

FB: Those are Maglites; they're pretty heavy!

CC: We were running late that day, and we had to get that shot. Blow Buddies was ready to open, and we had to be out of there. We had to get that shot. We got it, so that was part of the magic. Everything was working perfectly. People ask me why I put condoms on the end of those Maglites, but I did it just for protection, because they had been on the floor, and they had been in people's hands all day, so I just did it to...for protection.

FB: And the pissing sequence in the pants, were those guys... Well, you said that Mason Jarr —

CC: Paul Carrigan, who is to me probably one of the hottest men in the world, whether he's chubby, skinny, whatever... I just think he is like a real man who is just the hottest. And how hot is it to see Paul Carrigan peeing? I mean, it's like a real truck driver that you see pull over to a truck stop and...oh, God. Well, it was like, OK I had, uh...Paul Carrigan and, uh...

FB: Mason Jarr...

CC: ...and Mitch Sander, who likes water sports, so he was *really* into it. But Mason Jarr had never done anything like that in his life and probably thought I was the craziest bitch in the world to tell him that he was going to be peeing in his jeans and then peeing on the floor. It was like he thought, *What the hell is that about, and why is that a turn-on?* But they all did it so well, and they all peed with hard-ons and everything. So it was fabulous!

FB: It was *very* fabulous...

CC: I remember an old loop I saw from the '70s where a guy did it in his pants. I even asked some guys in San Francisco when I was filming up there, guys who were into water sports, "Is it hot to see somebody pee in their jeans?" And they said, "Yeah, it's really hot!" So, again I'm...y'know, I'm learning all this stuff...

FB: You mentioned the loops from the '70s. Wouldn't you consider them part of your education? They were so...for piggy sex, it was really great!

CC: Oh, totally. I'd like to have done more. But you can't do certain things. I mean, I would've liked to have them pee on each other, but I can't do that.

FB: How do you explain the fact that the sex in your movies is always so consistently excellent?

CC: Well, I think maybe it has to do with the fact that I completely talk through and say what I want. The editors hate me for that, but sometimes I have to fight people on it. They tell me to shut up. Well. if I didn't talk as much, I wouldn't get such hot sex. I also think that I had a cast that knew what they were doing and they... I'm really good at putting people together, so I knew who would be really hot together. This cast was red hot for each other.

FB: Do they have a say about whom they work with?

CC: Sometimes. I can pretty much tell who people are going to like. Now, one surprise — or actually, *not* a surprise, but Cole Tucker was totally into Paul Carrigan, and in the orgy scene, that's what started the... I don't know if you remember, but I had allotted myself an hour and a half to get all the cum shots. The cum shots took about 14 minutes.

FB: From start to finish?

CC: From start to finish, because Paul Carrigan sat on Cole Tucker's face, and it started a chain reaction.

FB: I love that!

CC: Yes. What's great about that is...people were really turned on! They were ready to go. It was *real!* So, I had a lot of spontaneous people who were like sparks to each other, like Daryl Brock and Peter Wilder...Jared Wright and Jake Andrews...Cole Tucker and...

FB: Jared Wright just went mad for Jake Andrews.

CC: Jake walked in the door and was down on his knees the second Jared walked in. That's very Jake, though. If Jake doesn't know somebody and walks onto a set, he has to see it and put it in his mouth before we start. He did the same thing with Kevin Miles in *Link* — took him in the bathroom and looked over the goods before we started.

I really want to do a third one and pull out all the stops and make it just crazy.

FB: How will you top yourself?

CC: I don't know. I can't even begin to imagine what I would do, but I'd like to have some of the people from the first one and some from the second one, then a bunch of new ones. Get a huge cast and do lots of wild stuff, as wild as I can get without going to jail.

FB: How big was the cast of *Link*?

CC: Fifteen, I think, or 16? This was 24. I love group scenes. They're hard to direct, but I find myself being very creative when I'm

in that kind of freak-out situation, where all this stuff's happening and it's like I'm freaking out. And if I've got a Bruce Cam or a Brian Mills working camera, they stick right with me and know the way to go.

FB: *Boot Black, Boot Black 2, Link, Link 2 Link*...to me, those are all highlights.

CC: *Boot Black* was good; *Boot Black 2* was better. *Link* was good; *Link 2 Link* is better. I think I go into these movies, start with a concept, and then build on it each time. I think of *Link* as *Boot Black 3*; *Link 2 Link* is *Boot Black 4*.

But I basically call it a "leatherette" kind of thing, because it's not like caps and full garnished leather. I'm not into that set.

FB: It's just sex-club wear, which tends to be leather.

CC: Yeah, leather-*ish*. I just hope, if I do another one, that I'm blessed with a great cast again, and I can count on them to give me their all like they did in the last two.

FB: Was Brian Mills responsible for all the lighting?

CC: Yes, and he amazed me. He did things with an old plastic fan that was sitting in the corner that I don't think anybody else would have...I mean, he really worked it and...succeeded.

FB: He and Bruce are a great team.

CC: Yes, and Bruce doesn't like to sit around, he likes to work. So this was really good, because we were in San Francisco, and when we were ready for Bruce, we'd call and he'd come in and we'd shoot. Bruce could tend to his own stuff and then, y'know, come on the set. I had a great production. I had Chris Green, Jordan Young, and this new production assistant named Mark, and we worked our butts off. And we had Domini on makeup. He is amazing. He had to make up, at one point I think, 20 guys. At the orgy, how many men were in the orgy, 15? He doesn't just do makeup and sit down. He does everything else, so I had a great team of people. We had this shot of Chris Green mopping up the pee, singing, "I'm so glad we had this time together..." and pulling on his ear. It was funny, but we couldn't leave it in.

FB: Billy Dare was a revelation to me. You got something out of him that I hadn't seen before. He was carrying on, and it felt real!

CC: He's a squealer. He liked it.

FB: Who was the biggest surprise?

CC: I'd never really worked with Cole Tucker, so I guess...well, it's no surprise that he was such a great performer. God, the biggest surprise was... maybe Tom Katt as such an aggressive top, because he can be such a Bambi. You know who really rocked my world? Jared Wright. There's a man with a giant dick, an incredible top who can turn around and take the world up his butt.

FB: That's my idea of a party!

CC: He's absolutely amazing. And Frank Parker is another underrated man who does a great job in front of the camera.

FB: How did you cast the orgy out of 24 performers?

CC: Well, Peter Wilder didn't want to leave. He wanted to be in the orgy, so he stayed. I took people from different parts of the movie and then put other people in the orgy. Jacob Scott wasn't supposed to be in the enema scene, but he and Maverick Reynolds hit it off, and Jacob did the enema scene for me because he knew that Maverick was really into him, and that made Maverick's performance better.

FB: Well, you get a certain degree of credit, too, for being flexible. Some directors would've had a set plan and want to stick to it.

CC: If Peter Wilder jumps into the orgy to suck all the dicks and eat all the butts, am I gonna say no? Or Jacob Scott...come on!

FB: Who gave you the best cum shot?

CC: Oh, jeez... Cole Tucker's was pretty amazing, in the orgy. Paul Carrigan did two in the pee scene, one after another. Mason Jarr always has eruption cum shots; they're delicious. He's the kind of boy you want to come on your face. Those lips, and with hair on his face...

Recently a lot of people have been saying that I'm the queen that shaves everybody. It's hilarious. I'm the one person that *doesn't* want to shave people. This person recently said to some guy who had been shaved, "Oh, I see you've been LaRued." Doug Jeffries stuck up for me and said, "Chi Chi doesn't want to shave people, but sometimes the people she works for make her." Some companies do not want hairy butt holes on their bottoms.

And I love spitting. In my real life, spit grosses me out, unless I'm doing a movie, and then I'm all about spit. I think it's hot!

FB: Is spitting symbolic of...

CC: Cum?

FB: Yes, the forbidden fruit?

CC: When two guys are really hot for each other and spit in each other's mouths... those guys are really turned on. They're spitting in each other's mouths and loving it! OK? I'd love to do a big cum shot right in the mouth and let it goo out, but we can't. We have a responsibility, and sometimes responsibility *sucks*. But I'm not gonna be the one that gets accused of someone catching something on my set because I let some guy come in someone's mouth. Hell, I *love* watching people come in each other's mouths. I'd love to watch somebody pee up somebody's butt too, but, you know, we just can't do it. ●

before there was latex...
classics

written by gary philipp

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One of the advantages of hiring an editor was to have him make calls on what would be the most entertaining content for our readers. So, when our beloved Freddie Bob suggested reviewing the early Kristen Bjorn videos in our *Before There Was Latex* column, I whole-heartedly approved. However, after reviewing the material when it arrived, I discovered that only the first three videos qualified for the *before there was latex* appellation. When confronted, Freddie Bob admitted that he so desperately wanted to acquire copies of the early Kristen Bjorn videos that he was prepared to misrepresent his intentions to me. Well, a sex fiend that is so much into his work that he was willing to twist the truth a bit is still all right by me. Unfortunately, he couldn't keep his pants up long enough to write the actual column before he took off for a week's stay at York Power's house on the Kona coast of Hawaii! So, here I am, trying to decide what to do. The first three videos are certainly pre-condom, but while the remaining seven are not, they are still very much an ode to the joys of the foreskin — a particular favorite of mine! So, I invoked my editorial privilege here and bent the rules just this once and bring you the first eleven Kristen Bjorn videos just for the hell of it. Trust me, you'll thank me for this! (But I certainly wouldn't mind you cursing the name of Freddie Bob for just a few minutes for sticking me with this column to write for him!)

Carnaval In Rio

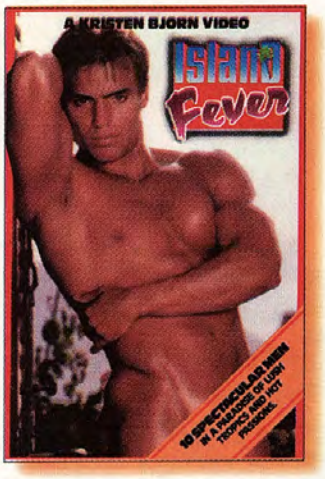
(1989)

Starring: Sergio Callucci, Luciano Perreira, Braulio Duarte, Erico Ventania, Renato Soares, Caio Amaral, Gilvan Couto, Reginaldo Prado, Guto Nacimento and Rogerio Proenca

120 minutes

Shot in Brazil

Carnival In Rio is Kristen Bjorn's first all action video. (This video was preceded by *Tropical Heatwave* and *Champs*, both solo action videos). The video takes place during the famous Carnaval in Rio de Janeiro and features no speaking other than background sounds. Although certainly not as polished as later releases — in fact, the dubbing in this and the next few videos is downright awful — all the trimmings which made Bjorn's style of videography famous are here. The video is filled with gorgeous Brazilian men, all beautiful with their dark complexions, huge uncircumcised cocks and copious amounts of cum. What we don't get yet, however, are the hands-free cum shots that will appear in later videos. That aside, *Carnaval in Rio* features some amazing sex and is definitely worth seeing. Especially worth seeing is handsome young Gilvan taking Caio's amazingly large 14" cock up his ass and in his mouth. This is the stuff dreams are made of!



Island Fever

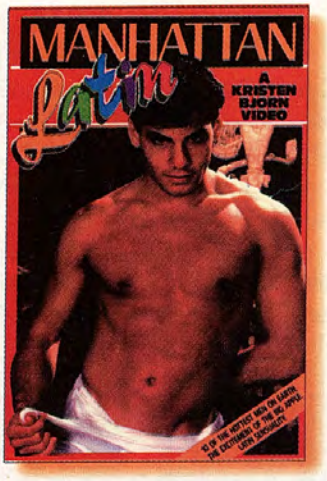
(1989)

Starring: Braulio Duarte, Gilson Monteiro, Renaldo Medeiros, Dario Senna, Adriano Peixoto, Pretão Grandão, Erico Ventania, Diago Lobos, Jair Marinho and Claudio Mattos

90 minutes

Shot in Brazil

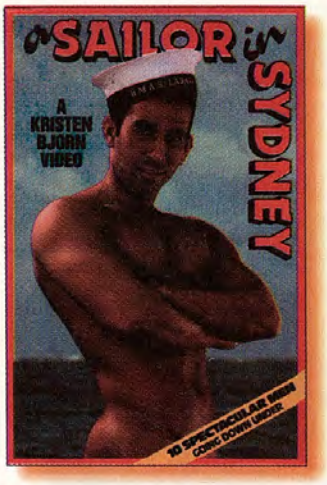
Taking place on one of the many beautiful islands just off the coast of Brazil, *Island Fever* focuses on Braulio, a handsome stud who is leaving behind his island home. As he travels away on his boat, he remembers back to his many adventures on the island, which in turn provides us with an hour-and-a-half of sexual pleasure! It is in this video that we begin to see more polish in the videography (including some striking rain scenes) and the beginning of the hands-free cumshots, a trademark of Bjorn that has survived even to his most current videos. The video is stilled with gorgeous solo scenes, sizzling duos and ball-draining group sex. Although there are a few scenes in which the performer uses a condom, the bulk of the sex is without such precautions. The video features some amazingly handsome men as well as stunningly well-hung ones. Once again, this is a video that is not to be missed!



Manhattan Latin

(1990)
Starring: Domino, Pedro Cardoso, Lamartim Ribeiro, Enrique Rodriguez, Victor Lopez, Joey Mastrianni, Javier Rivera, Angel Cruz, Jorge Gonzalez and Alejandro Santiago
80 minutes
Shot in Manhattan

Moving from Brazil to Manhattan, *Manhattan Latin* marks Bjorn's first shoot in the U.S.. Still, the cast is filled with Bjorn's Latin men — most of whom are Puerto Rican and Cuban, all stunningly handsome and uncut. From Domino's scorching solo to the sizzling three-way that completes the video, the action is non-stop and ball-draining. These ten men have cocks like baseball bats and shoot enough cum to drown in. Bjorn shows his versatility by demonstrating that he doesn't need the stunning scenery of Brazil. Even with the urban backdrop of NYC, the cinematography is outstanding. My favorite scene is the final one, in which massively-hung Colombian businessman, Alejandro Santiago, picks up leather-clad street hustler Angel Cruz. Together with their hunky and well-hung driver, the ensuing three-way is legendary. After watching this video, it became clear to me that this was my favorite of the first three videos, and another must-see!



Sailor in Sydney

(1990)

Starring: Skip Simmons, Arturo Ramirez, Wayne Maestri, Ian Layman, Trevor Mills, Geoffrey Cox, Alex Konos, Petros Mostaki, Boy Dickson and Ned McCabe

85 minutes

Shot in Australia

A Sailor in Sydney marks the first of the Australian trilogy productions to follow. Filled with a cast of ten native Aussie hunks, the video is shot against the picturesque backdrop of Sydney. Now well ensconced in safer sex practices, *A Sailor in Sydney* nonetheless brings us those never-before-seen handsome hunks from down under. We also get a healthy share of stunning blonds, an extremely rare sight in most of Bjorn's videos thus far, as they were filmed in South America where there is a definite shortage of that particular commodity. While much simpler in format than some of Bjorn's earlier videos, the sex is scorching with its cast of masculine hung studs, copious hands-free cum shots, and tons of creamy man juice! Although a change in Bjorn's formula from Brazilian men, this is a video that is most certainly worth seeing and will leave you searching for the remaining entries in the Aussie trilogy.

Caribbean Heat

(1990)

Starring: Franco Baptista, Luis Carlos Mendez, Carlos Luis Mendez, Arturo Ramirez, Pedro Contreras, Roman Garcia, Jorge Reyes, Rafael Sanchez, Enrique Rodriguez, Jose Carrera and Flavio Ortiz

90 minutes

Shot in the Dominican Republic

Moving southward once again, we find ourselves in the Caribbean in the Dominican Republic with *Caribbean Heat*. Featuring eleven very hot studs, the two that clearly stand out are the incredible Mendez twins. Two towering muscle-bound black studs that perform in a dazzling three-way, these twins will drain you dry. The format for this video is different from previous ones, in that an unseen narrator gives a tour of his country in five segments named for the country's natural resources (and we're not taking about the men here!): "Coffee," "Bananas," "The Well," "Cocoa" and "Sugarcane." Each of these segments features strong, handsome studs give ample proof that this country must be populated with nothing but uncut, hugely-hung studs, all muscle-packed and gushing gallons of cum. This video has all the earmarks of what makes a Bjorn movie so popular!

Jackaroos

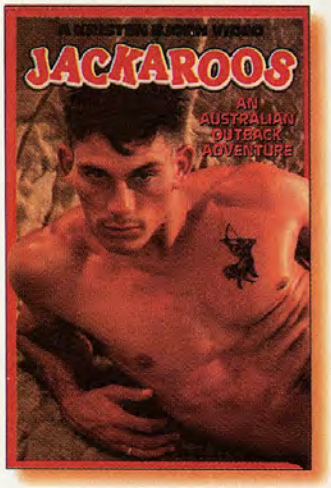
(1991)

Starring: Hogan Maloney, Blue Vainer, Josh Sherwood, Arturo Ramirez, Sean, Boy Dickson, Dingo McGee, Brumby Jack and Geoffrey Cox

90 minutes

Shot in Australia

The second in the Australian series (and, in fact, featuring many of the same faces as the first), this video brings us to the men of the rugged outback, known as *Jackaroos* (hence the title). Like their homeland, these man are also very rugged and also extremely handsome. Some of the models even went on to become popular American models, like Foot-Long Sean. Like the other two videos in this series, these are Aussie men at their finest, handsome, hung and full of cum!



Manly Beach

(1991)

Starring: Sean, Dex Brown, Root Calahan, Ian Layman, Blue Vainer, Ned McCabe, Hogan Maloney and Demetrios Xenos

85 minutes

Shot in Australia

"*Manly Beach*", the third and last of the series features those handsome lifeguards of Sydney's Manly Beach. More of a vignette in nature than other of Bjorn's videos, the video is a sort of a "day at the beach" broken up into five separate scenes. There is very little connectivity and the video seems a little random, but the case and their action make this a video to see. Seeing Australia's most-endowed cocks and the talented cocksuckers that go along with them give us just what we want to see. The men are awesome and well-endowed, and the production quality is equally outstanding. Check out a day on this beach as soon as you can!

Call of the Wild

(1992)

Starring: Dominique Casier, Patrique Bouchard, Michel D'Amours, Pierre LaBranche, Jaques LaVoie, Sylvain Racine, Yves LaTour, Lucien Fortier, Herve Beaudry, Guy Trembley and Serge Pereault

90 minutes

Shot in Canada

Bjorn takes us up to the scenic wilderness of French Canada in *Call of the Wild*. Here we are given no less than eleven stunning French Canadian hunks — including a couple of Canadian Mounties — in four sensational scenes. Beautiful bodies, ball-draining sex and picturesque settings add up to a video that exceeds expectations. Keeping true to his formula, Bjorn delivers yet another winner by using virtual unknowns and filming them in the most beautiful of locations.

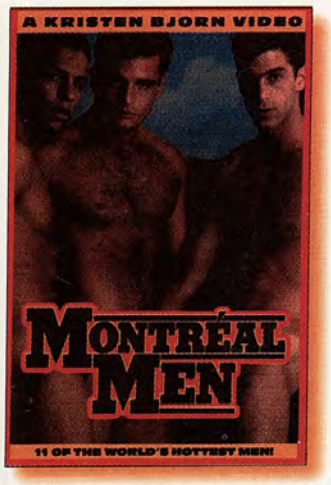
Montreal Men

(1992)

Starring: Pierre LaBranche, Lucien Fortier, Luc Cote, Phil Bradley, Jean-Pierre Dumont, Gerard Bruneau, Michel D'Amours, Andre Silva, Eric Perot, Abdul Hajjouri, Dominique Casier

90 minutes

Shot in Canada



Continuing his work in Canada (this time in Montreal), Bjorn continues to give us amazing performances in *Montreal Men*. Showcasing the rough and wild underworld of Montreal, we see eleven hunky French Canadian men roam the darkstreets in search of all sorts of naughty shenanigans. Considered one of the best of his videos at this point in time, Bjorn reaches new heights in eroticism by casting these handsome studs.

Jungle Heat

(1993)

Starring: Renaldo Medeiros, Fernando Leite, Renato Soares, Luiz Rego, Romalio Teixeira, Airton Silveira, Ruben Omar, Marcos Teixeira, Alair Souza and Gustavo Franco

90 minutes

Shot in Brazil

Bringing us back once again in Brazil, Bjorn takes us to the Amazon where we find twelve Brazilian hunks dress ing in military gear, and scouring the jungle, searching for unknown enemies. Filmed amid the wilds of the tropical rain forest, we are drawn deeply into Bjorn's world through the use of four erotically-charged vignettes. Hunks of pure prime beef, hands-free money shots, natural lighting and stunning cinematography culminate in one of Bjorn's finest releases. Similar in flavor to the later production, *Amazon Adventure*, *Jungle Heat* is hot enough to burn you alive.

Paradise Plantation

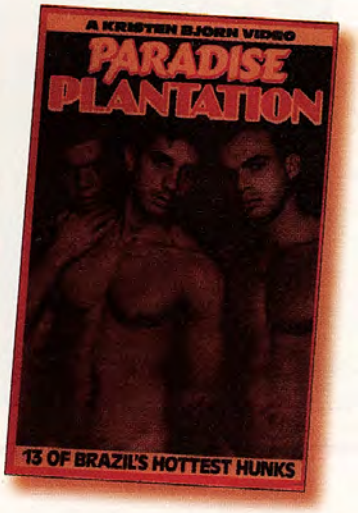
(1994)

Starring: Fustavo Franco, Armando Vargas, Marcos Teixeira, Romalio Teixeira, Antonio Morais (aka Anthony Gallo), Renaldo Medeiros, Alfonzo Ribeiro, Sylvio Ferreira, Alair Souza, Paulo Marques, Luiz Rego, Roberto Machado and Valerio Fernandez

90 minutes

Shot in Brazil

Paradise Plantation centers on a tropical romance in North Brazilian coffee plantation. Filled with gorgeous South American locations and thirteen flawless Latin men with huge, uncut appendages, the video is stupendous. Non-stop sex and exquisite photography and endless flows of cum round out this production. The romantic flair to the video is exceptionally well-down and makes an already outstanding video that much more irresistible. The final scene in which the two studs finally culminate their passions is one not to be missed. Similarly, an earlier scene in which one stud indulging himself in the wilds and becomes easy prey for two of the plantation workers is also stunningly performed. This is one trip to a plantation you won't want to miss.



Soaked (JVP 85)

Chi Chi LaRue/Jocks Studios, 1998
Starring: Tony Zerega, Drew Peters, Peter Wilder, Logan Reed, Matthew Anders, Noel Hardwick, Michael Crawford, Johnny Rahm, Kevin Miles, and Brett Ford
Rating: *SEX/ENTERTAINMENT:* ●●●●○
PRODUCTION QUALITY: ■■■■❑

Soaked from Chi Chi LaRue and Jocks Studios: Now, *this* is gay porn! It's beautifully built men with incredible faces and big cocks having hot sex and enjoying it. This video has it all plus something extra — no stupid plot, just sex, sex, sex!

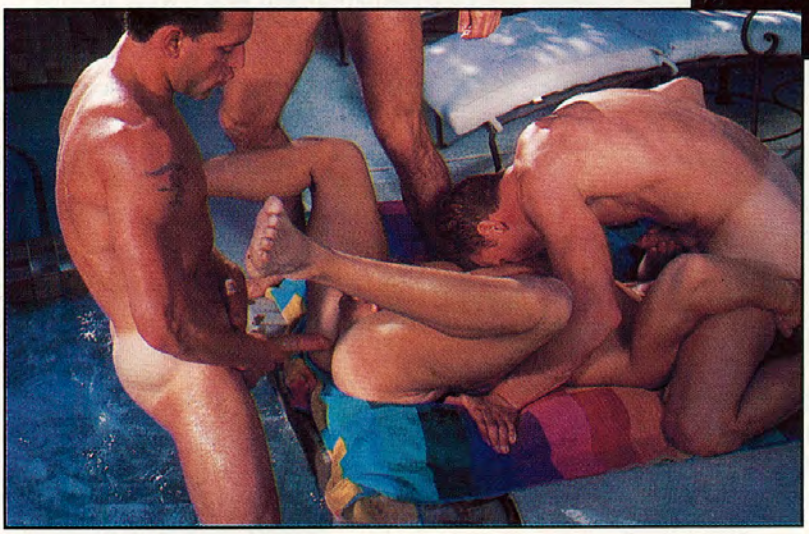
The theme implied by the title is twofold. First, all of the scenes somehow involve water. Noel Hardwick, Michael Crawford, Brett Ford, and Kevin Miles team up in every imaginable combination and position poolside. Logan Reed, Matthew Anders, and Noel pound out a three-way by a fountain. In an otherwise great scene, Tony Zerega takes a garden-hose enema from Drew Peters and Peter Wilder and shoots it into the camera lens — in closeup… TMI, Chi Chi, TMI!

The second implied theme? Each and every last one of the men here is a *shooter*!

Let me, right here and now, send off an early Valentine to Kevin Miles. This is truly a man for all seasons. He kisses, he tops, he bottoms, he sucks himself — all like there's no tomorrow! Did I mention his massive wanger, sweet ass, and no cock ring? My oh my oh my…

Technical credits are superlative. The men are shot with just enough filter to make them look even better. Their "Glamour Shot" closeups, which transition the scenes, could be published in book form. The original music heightens the mood of every scene without obscuring the action. Even the models' credit graphics look sharp!

Rent *Soaked* and keep it an extra few days — you'll need them. Better still, buy it. I guarantee you won't get through the first viewing without soaking yourself! **[EAK]**



You won't get through the first viewing without soaking yourself!

Authentic Adventure

Hans Peter Hagen/Cazzo Films, 1997
Starring: Thom Barron, Jens Hammer, Leroy Lellek, Andre, Marc, Renning Pink, Rainer Wagner
Rating: *SEX/ENTERTAINMENT:* ●●●○○
PRODUCTION QUALITY: ■■■■❑

A paintball war game goes horribly awry in *Authentic Adventure*. This German import from All Worlds International is a well-produced, almost surreal fantasy of domination, submission, and revenge.

The players get real serious real fast. The *über*-butch captain of one team and his weaselly sadistic second take POWs and give them the grand tour of a grimy abandoned warehouse with stops along the way for scenes of over-the-top raunch. Gas masks, rubber gloves, cock manacles — it's all here. Finally the POWs hit their limit. In a final showdown, they give the weasel's butt hole what-for in a mud pit (I said it was over the top)!

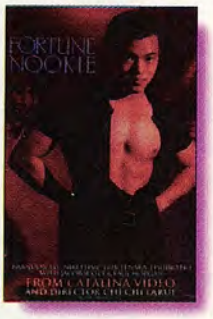
The skinhead POWs come complete with fat, veiny cocks, and multiple body piercings. There's no dialogue other than "*Ah, ja!*" which roughly translates to "Oh, yeah!" But the ever-changing role-play and mind games are clearly portrayed through eye contact and body language.

The flick's grim tone owes a lot to the well-scouted location. The editing moves the story along efficiently. These guys may actually have taken a film class!

Director Hans Peter Hagen (any relation to Nina?) has crafted one solidly twisted little movie. If there was an art-house circuit for porn, this would be on it. *Authentic Adventure* is just that! **[EAK]**

Fortune Nookie

ChiChi LaRue/Catalina, 1998
Starring: Brandon Lee, Niko Time, Erik Tenaka, Tshiro Ho, Paul Morgan, Jacob Scott, and Vida deVille (nonsex role)
Rating: *SEX/ENTERTAINMENT:* ●●●○○
PRODUCTION QUALITY: ■■■❑❑



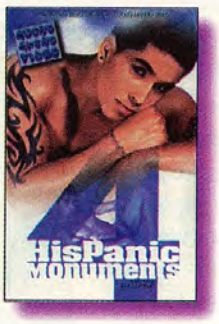
In Chi Chi LaRue's *Fortune Nookie*, Brandon Lee is bequeathed an Asian brothel, one that is currently being (mis)managed by Vida deVille. Brandon must rescue the place — by using more than just his business skills.

Brandon is the standout here, especially in the first scene with the jizz-spouting Paul Morgan, who has the movie's best line when he responds to Brandon's "Lawyers suck" with "Yes, we do." Niko and Jacob, as a client, then do their thing. Eric and Tishiro Ho (aptly named, given the location) share a private moment. In the last scene, with Vida out of the way, Brandon shows off his management technique to Niko.

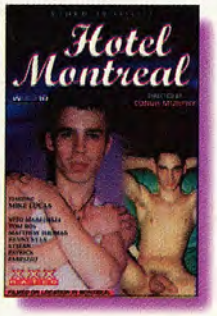
While not one of LaRue's often standout productions, the film offers the Asian admirer much. The sex is above average, but the production has a done-by-numbers feel. The story could have been much campier, especially with Ms. DeVille on hand. Nevertheless, for fans of Brandon Lee, this is a must-have. **[JEP]**

Hispanic Monuments 4

D.C. LaRue/All Worlds Video, 1998
Starring: Chino C-Note, Tony, Ozzie, Roberto, and Chris K.O.
Rating: *SEX/ENTERTAINMENT:* ●●●○○
PRODUCTION QUALITY: ■■■❑❑



The *Hispanic Monuments* series has always been rather strong. Although they are exclusively solo jack-off scenes, LaRue has somehow managed to collect some of the most handsome Hispanic models I've seen. In an industry that regards ethnic videos as being third-rate, it's a pleasure to see that there are a few directors who want to do the best job they can. The formula here is very simple. Each scene has a handsome young man perform for you in a variety of styles, some romantic, some more erotic, some more innocent. My favorite models in the bunch are the first, Chino C-Note, the third, Tony, and the last, Chris K.O. They are all exceptionally handsome and know how to work the viewers. A strong, simple formula with very handsome men in erotically charged solo action, *Hispanic Monuments 4* represents a higher quality ethnic production that was a treat to watch. **[GP]**



Hotel Montreal

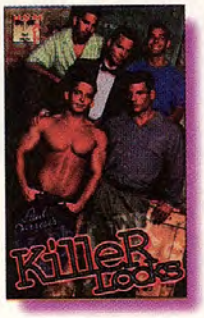
Conor Murphy/Youngblood Productions, 1998
Starring: Mike Lucas, Vito Marchelli, Tomy Roy, Matthew Thomas, Kenny Ryan, Stefan, Patrick, and Fabritzeo
Rating: *SEX/ENTERTAINMENT:* ●●●○○
PRODUCTION QUALITY: ■■■❑❑

Only the second release for director Conor Murphy — the first one was *Male Call* — *Hotel Montreal* has a style and eroticism here that were refreshingly enjoyable. Filmed entirely in Montreal with an entirely Canadian cast, *Hotel Montreal* starts out with a pleasant change of scenery. Filled to the brim with lanky, big-dicked young men, the video is sexually charged while retaining a touch of youthful innocence. The video is narrated by a handsome, strapping young man by the name of Mike Lucas who is part of the cleaning crew at the aforementioned hotel. Quite the prize himself and apparently quite the voyeur, he describes and gets involved with the nasty shenanigans that he sees taking place. The video's production values are nothing exceptional, but there aren't any glaring errors either. The video is simple and clean, and the cast is certainly enough to attract lovers of young men by the droves. A well-done production that is very worthy of seeing. **[GP]**

Killer Looks

Paul Barresi/US Male Video, 1998
Starring: KC Hart, JT Sloan, Grant Wood, Jim Bentley, Michael Vista, Leo Masters, Sam Dixon, and Damien Ford
Rating: *SEX/ENTERTAINMENT:* ●●●●○
PRODUCTION QUALITY: ■■■❑❑

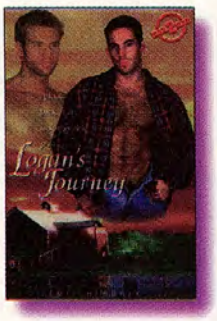
Paul Barresi's *Killer Looks* answers the prayers of those pining for a video that's



all about sex. No story line. No fancy production. No exotic locations. Just Paul himself, introducing each of the four scenes. He builds expectations early by promising "Just great-looking guys and hot sex."

The sex has a somewhat familiar feel to it at times, but the actors are great-looking, and the matches are inspired. The pairing of the ageless Jim Bentley and J.T. Sloan is a standout. Grant Wood and Sam Dixon also have sparks flying in their scene. None fall too flat, and the performers, for the most part, seem to be enjoying themselves. The production, however, is a bit threadbare, and the camerawork is sometimes uninspired.

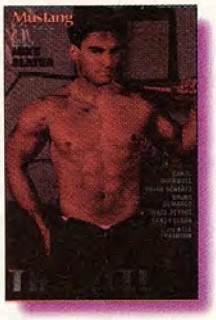
However, if hot mansex is your thing, as opposed to overly fast MTV-style cutting, big production numbers, or smoke and mirrors, then the lengthy shots have much to recommend them. When I look at porn, I'm not looking for fancy, which I guess means I'm in Barresi's target audience of "meat and-potatoes" men. By the end of *Killer Looks*, you just might agree with me that Paul has come close to keeping the promises made at the beginning of the film. **[JEP]**



Logan's Journey

Jamie Hendrix/Man 2 Man Erotica, 1998
Starring: Logan Reed, Cole Tucker, Chris Rock, Wade Peters, Cutter West, Brad King, Drew Andrews, Paul Morgan, and Duncan Milles
Rating:
SEX/ENTERTAINMENT: ●●●○○
PRODUCTION QUALITY: ■■■□□

I don't even know why this was called *Logan's Journey*, since the story was mostly about Cutter West and his shitty life in the sticks with a heavy-handed preacher father. It should have been called *Cutter's Journey*. At any rate, this new vid from Jamie Hendrix deals with a guy's journey from backwater town to the big city and all the sex he encounters along the way. (I've never been able to figure out why, when this trite subject gets rehashed again and again, anyone would want to leave the sticks...these videos make it seem like fags in rural America get as much sex as their big-city counterparts, only out in barns and forests instead of alleys and sex clubs...) *Logan's Journey* is nothing more than average, with four standard fuck-and-suck scenes — some of which go on endlessly, while others get cut short just when you start to get into it. The three-way with Cole Tucker, Chris Rock, and Wade Peters is probably the highlight here, with nasty top-stud Cole getting into some awesome butt-play with eager blond bottom Wade. (If Cole had shoved any more fingers up Wade's rear end, he'd have been encroaching into Falcon fist territory...) The "journey" leads up to the big finale scene that reunites two long-lost friends, but it falls flat, due mostly to Cutter West's lack of screen presence and straight-boy refusal to reciprocate to hunky sex-god Logan Reed. Well, at least Cutter's consistent — I can't remember ever seeing a cock in that guy's mouth — and he does blow a nice, gooey load at the end. With the exception of a few inspired moments of debauchery — including a usual dynamite cum-blast by Paul Morgan — *Logan's Journey* is one you'll want to take only on two-for-one night at the video store. **[ED]**



Throttled

Chi Chi LaRue/Mustang, 1998
Starring: Mike Slater, Gregg Rockwell, Brian Roberts, Bruno DeMarco, Wade Peters, Sandy Sloan, and Kyle Reardon
Rating:
SEX/ENTERTAINMENT: ●●●●○
PRODUCTION QUALITY: ■■■□□

Three crazy young blonds break into a garage after dark to drink some beer. They're caught by the big, dark mechanics and get *throttled!*

That's the plot; here's the sex. Once drunk, Brian Roberts uses the old "My dick is bigger" trick to get Sandy Sloan and Wade Peters slobbering all over it. FYI — Brian speaks the truth! All roads lead to Wade bottoming for both Sandy and Brian until they all shoot and pass out.

Enter the A.M. shift mechanics to divide and conquer. Humpy, hairy Gregg Rockwell drags Brian into an office to check his fluids. Stallone-ish Bruno DeMarco takes charge of Wade. A conversation about Wade's need to pee turns to him sucking Bruno's fat rod. Bruno's legs do the hydraulic lift, and Wade gives his furry hole a full detailing. But, in a last-minute twist, it's Bruno pounding Wade's man-pussy (and we never find out if Wade gets to pee).

Lastly, Kyle Reardon and beefy Mike Slater tag-team Sandy. Much sucking and hole-fingering lead to Sandy getting plowed by Mike, then Kyle. Note to Mike — you need to be over 30 for "Who's your daddy?" to work! Then

all three choose self-service and pump jizz all over the floor.

Throttled's photography is sharp. The audio mix is perfect. You hear the music and the slurping. But take a tip, Mustang — repeating shots within a scene is older than "My dick is bigger." And we're way onto it! Still, if you're into boyish blonds or beefy brunets (or better yet the two together), get *Throttled!* **[EAK]**

The Complexxx

Chi Chi LaRue/All Worlds Video, 1998
Starring: Mason Jarr, Dean Phoenix, Vince Rockland, Nick Yeager, Doug Jeffries, Lucas James, Ethan Starr, and Chip Hardy
Rating: *SEX/ENTERTAINMENT:* ●●●●○
PRODUCTION QUALITY: ■■■■❑

Every now and again you come across a video and you think, *Oh, well, this one will be harmless enough, probably no big deal any way you look at it.* Then you pop it into your VCR, and you discover you were quite incorrect in your smug assumptions — you're watching a video that not only surprises you, it ultimately knocks your socks off.

I approached Chi Chi LaRue's *The Complexxx* with just that sort of contempt prior to investigation. I figured LaRue had shot his wad with the magnificent *Link 2 Link,* and this was going to be one of the director's occasional phoned-in jobs.

Wron-n-n-g! The Complexxx is that rare gem, an unassuming little all-sex video that hews closely to the model for all such efforts, Joe Gage's legendary *Closed Set,* and it succeeds on all counts. Those who know me can tell you that when I trot out the *Closed Set* references, I'm talking big-time happy talk.

Shot entirely inside the San Diego nightclub Montage with a cast of sincerely horny young dudes, *The Complexxx* is an object lesson in making fabulous porn with limited resources — i.e., budget. There's *nothing* limited about the cast here — including All Worlds exclusives Mason Jarr (slurp!) and Dean Phoenix; industry veterans Rod Barry, Vince Rockland (in an outstandingly erotic JO scene on an elevator that keeps opening on different floors of the club), and Doug Jeffries (at his most wonderfully nasty plowing the living daylights out of then-newcomer Nick Yeager, probably scaring the poor dear to death); and sex-pig o' my heart, Chip Hardy, a young man who — when it comes to sex — truly knows the meaning of the word *enjoy!*

So, what's your particular pleasure? Gobbling, slobbering, ravenous blow job scenes? Got 'em! Butt-munching pig-outs? Them too. Ass-ramming power-fuck sequences? Check. Cum eating? (One's own, that is.) Right this way. It's an all-you-can-eat smorgasbord, but the only offering on the menu is prime cuts of man. But who's complaining about this kind of a restricted menu? Not me, no how, no sir.

Even if it is a genuine feast for sex hogs, *The Complexxx* still feels a little bit like *Diet Link 2 Link.* To be fair, though, that's only by virtue of an unfair comparison. *L2L,* after all, had what — 24 stars? — and God only knows what for a budget, while *The Complexx* features a mere nine guys in a shoot that probably cost way less than LaRue's annual birthday bash.

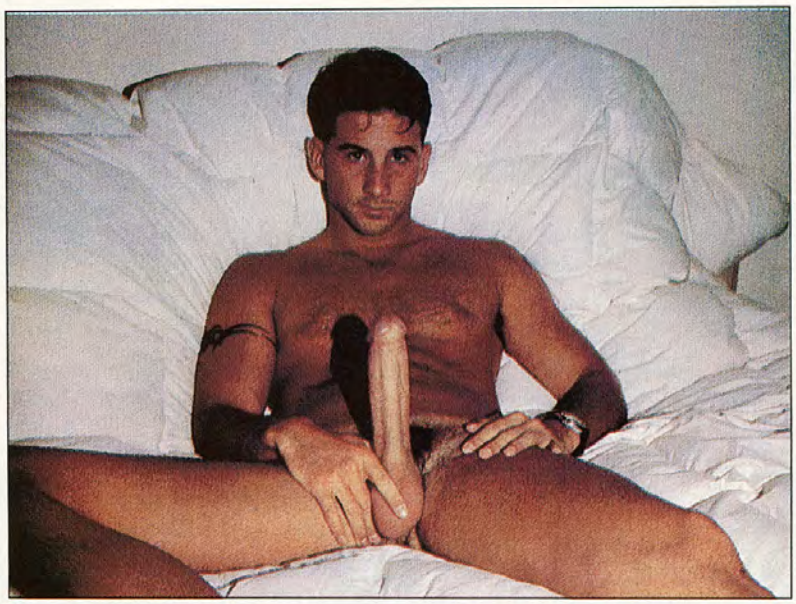
You know, it's like something Mae West once said: "Oh-h-h, *well,* uh, one and one make two, and two and two make four, and four and four make ten, if you know how to work it right." That's a lesson that everyone involved in the making of this terribly satisfying little fuckfest have learned hands-down. Meanwhile, here's a great big thumbs-up for *The Complexxx.* **[FBA]**

Mantasy Island

Mike Donner/All Worlds Video International, 1998
Starring: Dean Phoenix, Javier Duran, El Greco, Rod Barry, J.J. Bond, Pavel Dubcek, Drew Peters, Cameron Smyth
Rating: *SEX/ENTERTAINMENT:* ●●○○○
PRODUCTION QUALITY: ■■■❑❑

The island of St. Croix couldn't ask for a better infomercial than All Worlds' *Mantasy Island.* Viewers, however, could ask for better porn.

Eight cute guys with big dicks at the gorgeous Cormorant Hotel on St. Croix — you're thinking wild, sweaty,



passionate mansex. Forget it. This flick features some of the tamest, most staged and unenthusiastic sex on tape. The boys don't seem to be into each other or what they're doing. They're quiet as church mice — you could meditate during the final orgy even if you were there! Maybe that's why the pastoral steel drum music drowns out every scene.

Hottie Rod Barry gets honorable mention for being the only member of the cast who seems to enjoy himself.

The filler shots of the guys roaming the island tourist spots are fun. St. Croix looks incredible here. You could rent *Mantasy Island* to get the Cormorant's 800 number, which is given at the end, to plan your next vacation. On second thought, save three bucks and call your travel agent. **[EAK]**

Hung Heroes 1 & 2

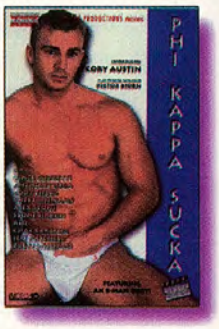
Jet Set, 1998
Starring: (HH1) Brian Griswold, Jerry Gilbert, Jay Dalton; (HH2) Jordan Rivers, Jason Durand, and Mike Hanson
Rating: *SEX/ENTERTAINMENT:* ●●●○○
PRODUCTION QUALITY: ■■■■❑

Hung Heroes 1 & 2 travel the well-worn trail blazed by the Dirk Yates Private Collections for All Worlds. In each video we watch three supposedly straight military guys do solo jackoffs after brief interviews. This genre is taste specific — you'll either be bored silly (not stiff!) or spellbound.

HH1 features Brian, a butch jarhead who obviously loves his dick and shoots a huge load. Next is Jay. He's cute, has a great ass, and gives us a thorough look at his hairy hole in a lengthy shower scene. Staged as a standard porn solo with no interview, his segment has less voyeuristic appeal. Finally there's Jerry — young, dumb, and full o' cum! He's just beefy enough, and you've got to see him make his balls dance!

HH2 saves the best for first (?) — Jordan "Hunter" Rivers. He's gorgeous, has a thick slab of meat, and shoots himself in the face! This doesn't seem to be his virgin video voyage, though, and for a straight guy, he sure flirts with the interviewer. Next up is Jason. One word — *trade.* Last, and least, is Mike. Just skip it. There's no interview; he doesn't seem to want to be there, and could use some extra PT. Rent this one for Jordan!

The lighting and photography here are better and more consistent than in the Dirk Yates videos. But the music accompanying the JO's needs to go. It obscures the guys' vocal reactions, which are part of this genre's appeal. Also, we can tell the guys are being directed — let us hear it! Again, that's part of the experience the Yates videos share more effectively. **[EAK]**



Phi Kappa Sucka

Blade Thompson/Blade Productions, 1998
Starring: Cory Austin, Victor Bjorn, Vince Cobretti, Anthony Vega, Cody Fields, Sweet Williams, Alex Stone, Stone Harris, Reo, Chaz Carlton, Jeff Mitchell, and Brett Williams
Rating: *SEX/ENTERTAINMENT:* ●●●○○
PRODUCTION QUALITY: ■■■❑❑

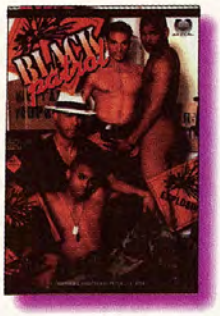
Phi Kappa Sucka, directed by Blade Thompson, tells the classic tale of a wild frat house where boys will do boys...uh, *be* boys!

We open with newcomer Victor Biorn pinching his Fabio-sized nipples and cranking his enormous cock. No sooner does he wonder what frat brother Cory Austin is doing than voilà! Cory shows up in white Calvins offering his help. After a mutual suck-fest, Cory turns out to be one loud bottom as Victor plows him with that 13-inch rod.

We move to another room where Stone Harris offers Vince Cobretti (a.k.a. Co-hottie!) a study break by literally throwing his legs in the air! What happened to pizza and beer? Anyway, as Vince fucks Stone, he asks, "What are you thinking about?" Answer: the orgy next door, of course!

The hall crawl continues with an 8-man throwdown including two students on the 23-year plan — Alex Stone and Jeff Mitchell. It's your average nipple-biting, cocksucking, hole-ramming all-nighter until Brett Williams (another "delayed degree") hauls out Luke Skywalker's light saber in latex. He stabs Sweet Williams's rosebud while Sweet fucks Cody Fields while Cody sucks Chaz Carlton — *yowzah!* Then party boy Brett's hole devours a string of the biggest black pearls this reviewer's ever seen. The study session ends with all present taking a turn at Sweet's mangina before blowing various amounts of man-juice on his back.

Technically, *Phi Kappa Sucka* is standard fare. The cheesy music distracts. The lighting varies from flattering to floodlit. At least nobody tries to act! But, by sheer variety of participants, the orgy makes this epic worth the rental price. **[EAK]**



Black Patrol

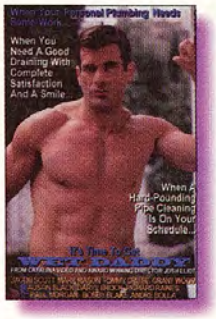
All Worlds Video/Peter Goesinya, 1998
Starring: Kevin Kemp, J.C. Carter, K.J. Rodgers, Chris Johnson, Richard Reyes, Winston Love, Corey Cox and Treshawn
Rating:
SEX/ENTERTAINMENT: ●●●○○
PRODUCTION QUALITY: ■■■❑❑

Director Peter Goesinya has always put together some very enjoyable all-black videos, and *Black Patrol* is no exception. Collecting a simple but interesting plot along with a bevy of handsome black men, Goesinya has created this simple little number, which was a pleasure to watch. The film deals with espionage and double-crossing, all wrapped up with a military theme, and its all-black cast includes some of the best performers available. My only complaint is the poor sound quality that surfaced at various points throughout the video, making it very difficult to understand what was being said. One might say that the dialogue isn't important, but when there is a story, it helps a bit to be able to hear it. That aside, we see stellar performances by our favorite performers: Kevin Kemp, J.C. Carter, and Chris Johnson. Handsome, hung, and very adept at their craft, the cast (and the video, as a result) bristles with solid sexual energy. *Black Patrol* is an enjoyable flick, especially for those who enjoy black performers. **[GP]**

Wet Daddy

Josh Eliot/Catalina Video, 1998
Starring: Tommy Cruise, Paul Morgan, Jacob Scott, Mark Mason, Daryl Brock, Bobby Blake, Austin Black, Andre Bolla, Richard Raines, and Grant Wood
Rating:
SEX/ENTERTAINMENT: ●●●○○
PRODUCTION QUALITY: ■■■❑❑

Wet Daddy is a plumbing service run by Mark Mason, who dispatches his workers to fix leaky "pipes" all over town, leaving a trail of spooge and satisfied customers. This is a simple, if not overused, plot, but it's carried out effectively. There's hardly any filler between the sex scenes, and none of it is of the distractingly stupid kind you often see with videos that are thin on story line. All the camerawork is bright and clear, and the sound quality and music-tracking are quite good. If there's any disappointment, it's the lack of fucking. This is an all-oral video, so if cocks plunging into butts is a requirement, be warned.



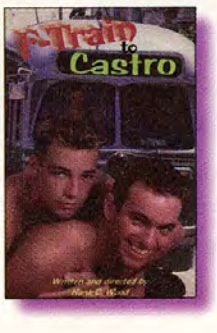
Paul Morgan once again shows he's up for almost any role and makes it clear why this guy is in so many videos. If there's an "old relaible" in gay porn, it's Paul Morgan, who brings real intensity to his scenes. His pairing with Jacob Scott is the strongest and most appealing scene in the video. Tommy Cruise also stands out, playing a customer who feels ripped off by his plumbing bill until nasty and butch Austin Black, who plays the "plumber," whips out his thick meat for cute Tommy to slurp on! Then, Cruise gets his smooth little starfish licked and fingered while he jerks off. Another satisfied customer! Black studs Andrea Bolla and Bobby Blake also trade oral favors in an exceptionally well-shot scene.

The lack of fucking does seem to matter in the final analysis, even though for oral scenes, three were strong and the other two were mediocre. I love to see Tommy Cruise getting plowed, and I was left feeling slightly cheated by his scene. Paul Morgan definitely performs well as a bottom, but again we don't get to see it here. As a result, *Wet Daddy* seems a bit incomplete even if it is fun to watch. **[ZF]**

F-Train To Castro

Hank S. Wood/Hollywood Sales, 1998
Starring: K.C. Hart, Brad Phillips, Jeremy Cooper, Frank Parker, Austin Black, Josh Perez, Billy Dare, Swanson, and Ben Damon
Rating: *SEX/ENTERTAINMENT:* ●●●○○
PRODUCTION QUALITY: ■■■❑❑

If you didn't already know that the Castro neighborhood in San Francisco is a virtual mecca for gay men everywhere, you wouldn't learn it from this video. Although the two skimpy and tentatively connected plot lines take place in the Castro, and there are lots of panoramic views of the city and filler shots of street signs and antique streetcars (the F-Train in the title), we don't see one rainbow flag, gay bar, drag queen, or even a same-sex couple holding hands on a stroll down Castro Street. This could have been any picturesque neighborhood anywhere, and it sure looked a helluva lot cleaner and more sanitized than it's ever appeared from my personal experiences. But the performers mostly fit Castro-cliché as we've come to know it in gay porn, so the title isn't a complete misnomer.



K.C. Hart plays a hustler and turns in another solid, credible performance where there's little to work with. In one scene he fools a naive midwestern boy into coming over to apply for a room to rent, and he soon has the young man kneeling and sucking his cock. Hart then introduces him to some serious fucking and a drenching climax, only to tell him afterward, "Thanks for applying, I still need to interview five other applicants." Welome to the Castro, kid! Hart next hooks up with a trick in a motel room, and we get another nasty scene with a juicy ending.

The other plot line involves the shaky relationship of two very Castro-ish lovers, who get a visit from a supposedly straight friend. This complicates domestic matters as much as the infidelity that both practice. One of their Castro buddies has a quick trick with a bike courier, telling him to "Get out, I'm through with you" after he splats his load on the courier's face. Maybe that's what passes for a tip in the Castro! Predictably, the straight guy turns out not-so-straight, and he ends up with one dick in his mouth and one up his ass, as the two lovers mend their relationship with three-way sex.

This is one of those movies where the characters and the scenes are introduced and connected together through phone conversations, which is always a sign of a lack of plot, budget, and originality. It's done more effectively than usual, however, and the sex scenes themselves aren't lacking. Even if the street scenes provide no Castro flavor, there's plenty of raw mansex going on indoors, and after all, that's what it's all about, isn't it? **[ZF]**

In Touch Auditions, Volume 1

Jett Blakk/In Touch, 1998
Starring: Jacob Steele, Steven Brook, Calhoun Ross, Rod Martinez, Rob, and Chris Michaels
Rating: *SEX/ENTERTAINMENT:* ●●●○○
PRODUCTION QUALITY: ■■■❑❑

From the pages of *In Touch* magazine, six models appear in screen-test interviews and solo jerk-off sessions. These are all young slacker-generation guys of white and latino variety. There's an "aw shucks" atmosphere and degree of innocence as each young man answers the mundane interview questions with stilted shyness, which ultimately gives way to nasty boyish mischief, as they pull out their dicks and jerk off for the camera. Because of the limitations inherent in such videos, it's difficult to apply the same standards by which I judge full-action porn. I can say that some of these young studs definitely have a winning quality and may be

destined for nastier work in porn, while others may not. If the idea of scouting out young talent appeals to you, check out these auditions and figure out which ones have a future in porn. [ZF]

HUNGarians

Steve Cadro/Sarava Productions, 1998
Starring: Zsolt Kopasz, Zoltan Korda, Attila Magyar, Istvan Zombat, Layos Bognar, Ivan Toth, Adam Szendi, Andra Garotni, Gabor Szabo, Tamas Konya, Arpad Czene, Csapa Nagyfosz, Kristian Paal, Rezso Farkas, Szolbolcs Valaczka, Gyorgy Turani, and Tibor Furst
Rating: *SEX/ENTERTAINMENT:* ●●●●○
PRODUCTION QUALITY: ■■■■❑

HUNGarians features four video short stories filled with gorgeous, meaty studs, fat uncut cocks, and gallons of cum. If these men were straight, the Gabor sisters would have never left home!

In "Escape from Bosnia,' four hot villagers flee machine-gun fire into watery caverns. They strip, and, bearing torches, wade through waist deep water to a spacious grotto. What better place for a hard-driving four-way? They escape the tunnels through a storm drain and make their dash to freedom!

"East Side Story" gives us a train-riding new kid in the city who dreams a hot three-way with two humpy mechanics who turn out to be his fellow passengers.

"Hungarian Rhapsody" presents an incredible farmhand who comes in from a hard day in the fields to bathe from a bowl and pitcher of water (tastily primitive!). In walks an angelic vision of a man. As they engage in the only order of business, another fine farmhand spies them through the window. After blowing big loads, they drag him in for a good hard three-way; then they all fall asleep. In the morning, the angelic one is gone, and in his place is a feather. Cut to a close-up of a lovely blue bird. You get the idea.

Finally, "The Magician" reverses the fortunes of three impoverished soldiers who survive the vignette-title character's sexual boot camp. Translation: a seven-man orgy! However, what does it say about these poor guys that when the magic stones they're paid turn into gold coins, they splurge on ...ice cream sundaes! As a side note, this story includes one scene that can only be called "Goldilocks and the Three Butt Holes!"

There's a good deal of apparently spontaneous load-blowing going on in *HUNGarians,* which gives the very erotic impression that these bottoms really needed to get fucked! As opposed to many of these Eastern European import flicks, the guys here truly seem to enjoy full-on, no holds-barred man to man contact.

You'd think indescribably hot men and awesome sex would be enough. But this flick also incorporates beautifully shot location footage — especially in the first story as the four men run from an actual burning town. The viewer is truly transported by the authenticity that the cleverly captured local color gives the entire production. The original music also effectively underscores the tone of each tale. [EAK]

Erotowrestling Vol. 1

Paul Carrigan/Vivid, 1997
Starring: Mark Mason, Drew Andrews, Rick Estephan, Dax Kelly, Alex Carrington, and Christian Blair
Rating: *SEX/ENTERTAINMENT:* ●●●○○
PRODUCTION QUALITY: ■■■❑❑

As the first match opens (Mason and Andrews), you see a muscular, military type who will remain clearly in charge of the match toying masterfully yet seductively with his opponent. (I can't tell you which wrestler is which by name, as this was not made clear at any point throughout the video.) This competitor valiantly — yet unsuccessfully — strives to gain the upper hand only to submit to painful humiliation after humiliation. Resolute yet continuously struck down and overpowered, the "loser" is "forced" to sexually accommodate the "winner." Although the concept is old, this match is guaranteed to keep you on the edge of your erection...which is good because, for balance (I must assume), the second match is designed to make you lose it (your erection, that is). Don't ask me why, but obviously somebody thought — well, maybe *thought* is too strong of a word — that immediately following some hot, sweaty action you would be in the mood to watch two bitchy queens (Estephan and Kelly) push and tear at each other because one of them entered the ring wearing the same "outfit" as the other. It was as sexually titillating as watching Lucy and Ethel ripping each other's dresses apart while singing the song "Friendship" at one of Ricky's benefits — yet infinitely less memorable. This fiasco will undoubtedly end up in the *Sex Wrestling Video Producer's Manual* under the heading "Don't Let This Happen to You." (Gratuitous kissing and sex scenes follow.) The third and final match (Carrington and Blair) does redeem the video. No one will mind watching these two fairly hunky young college-types roll around on the mat with each other. (You'll hardly even notice that the wrestling trunks were recycled from the first match.) Believe me, there's a lot to be said for half-naked (soon to be completely naked) college-age jocks writhing on the floor...but I'm a little too busy enjoying this one right now to say it.

Praiseworthy point: Gone is that horrible music most video productions feel compelled to inflict upon us — except at the end during the previews of upcoming matches, which help take some of the guesswork out of ordering. [TR]

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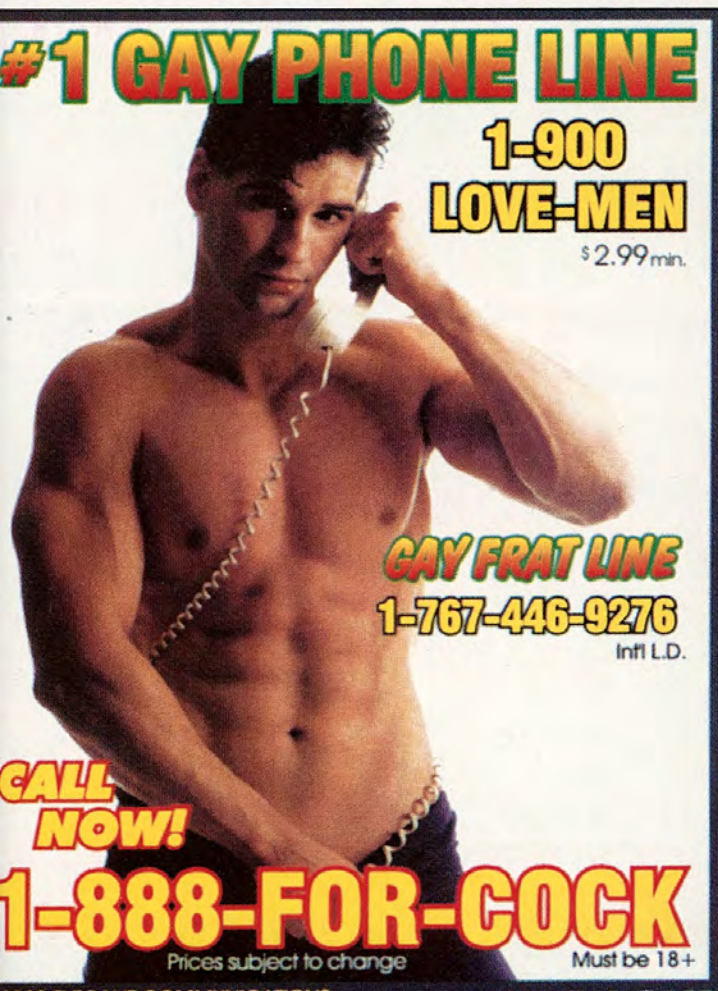

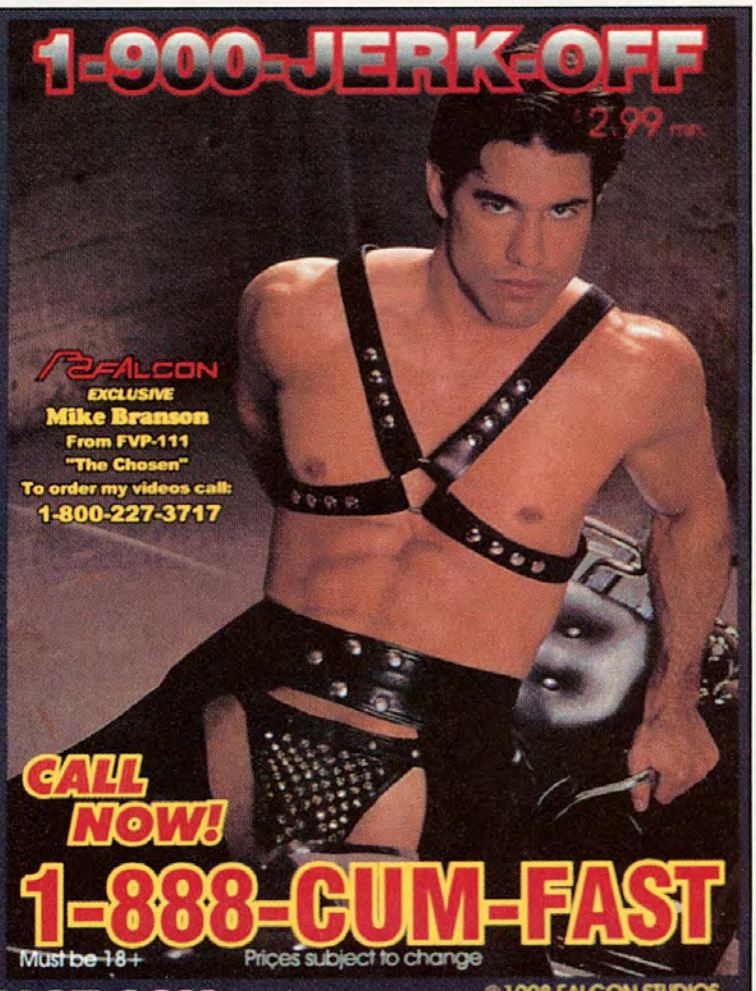

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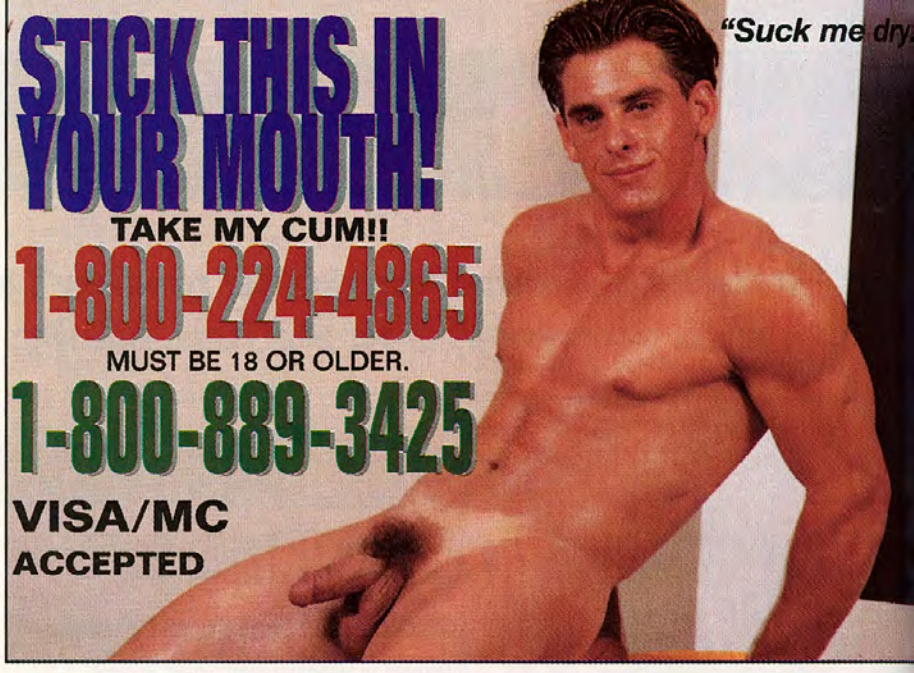
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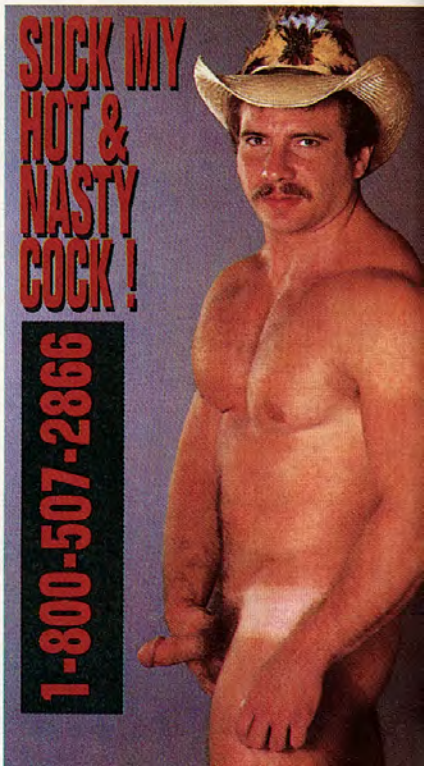
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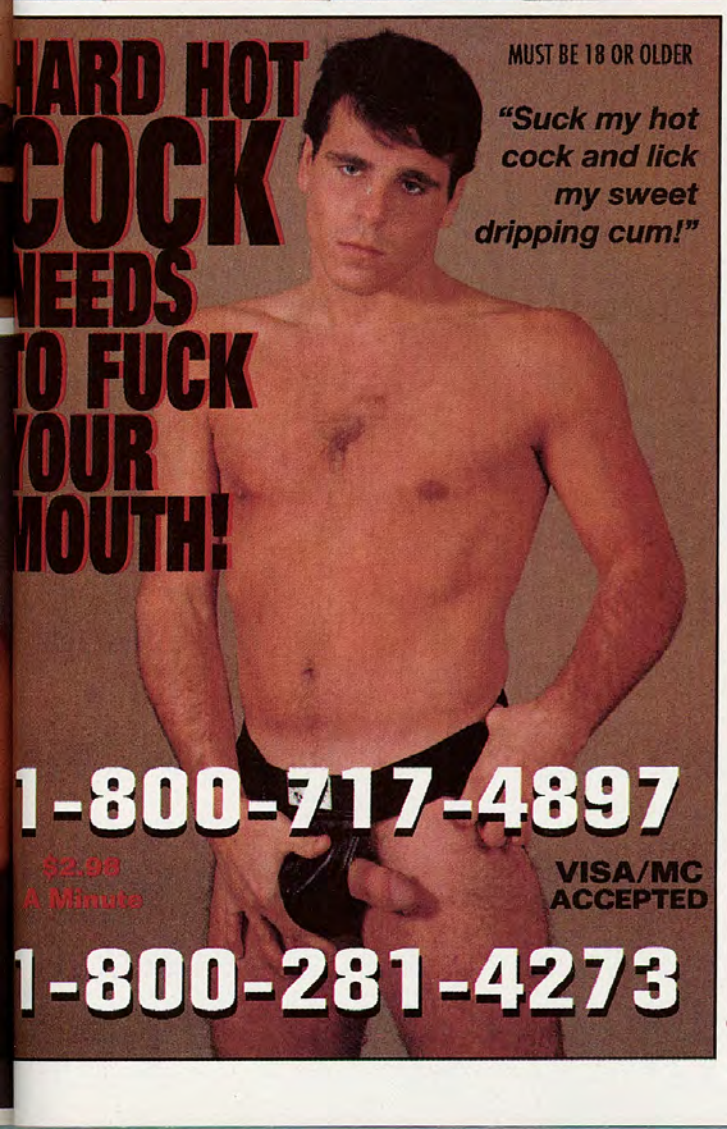
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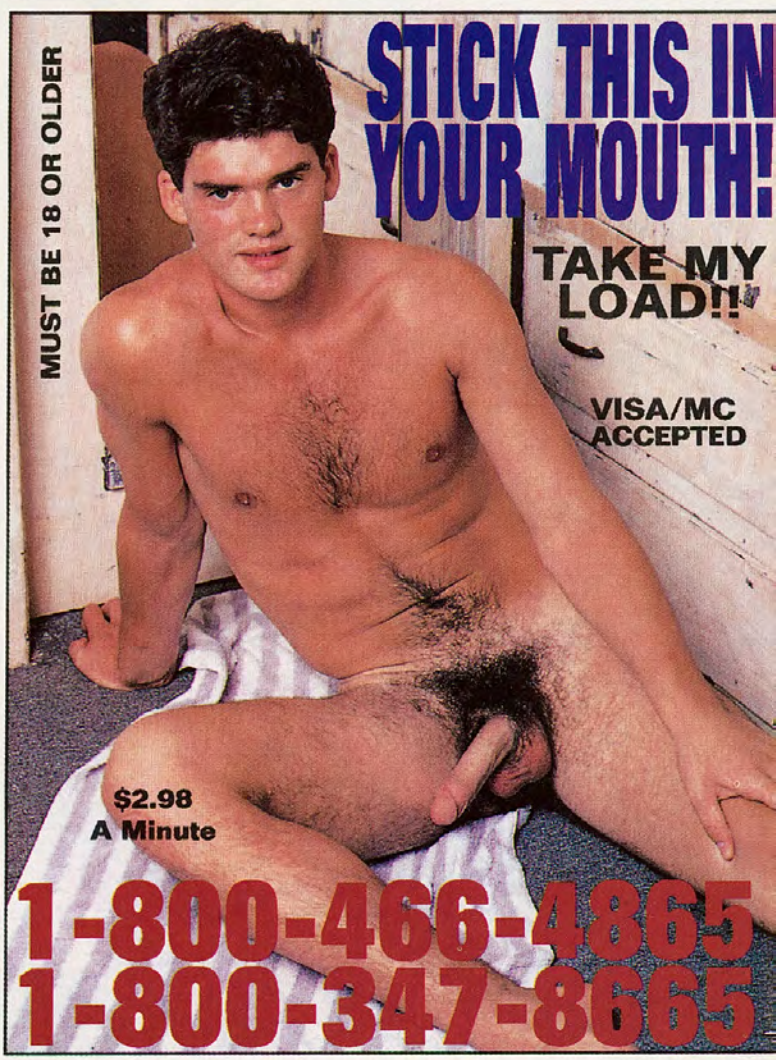
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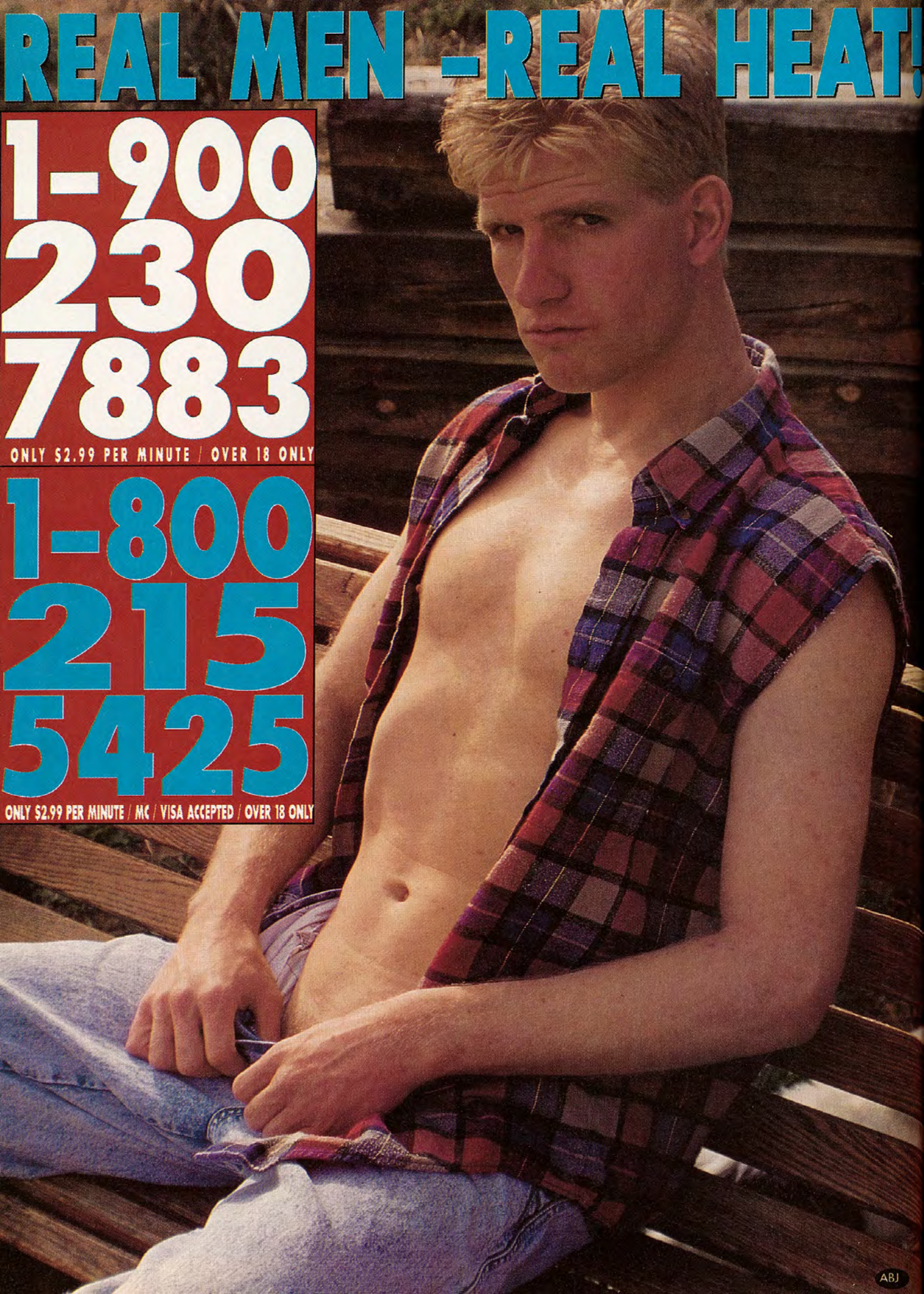
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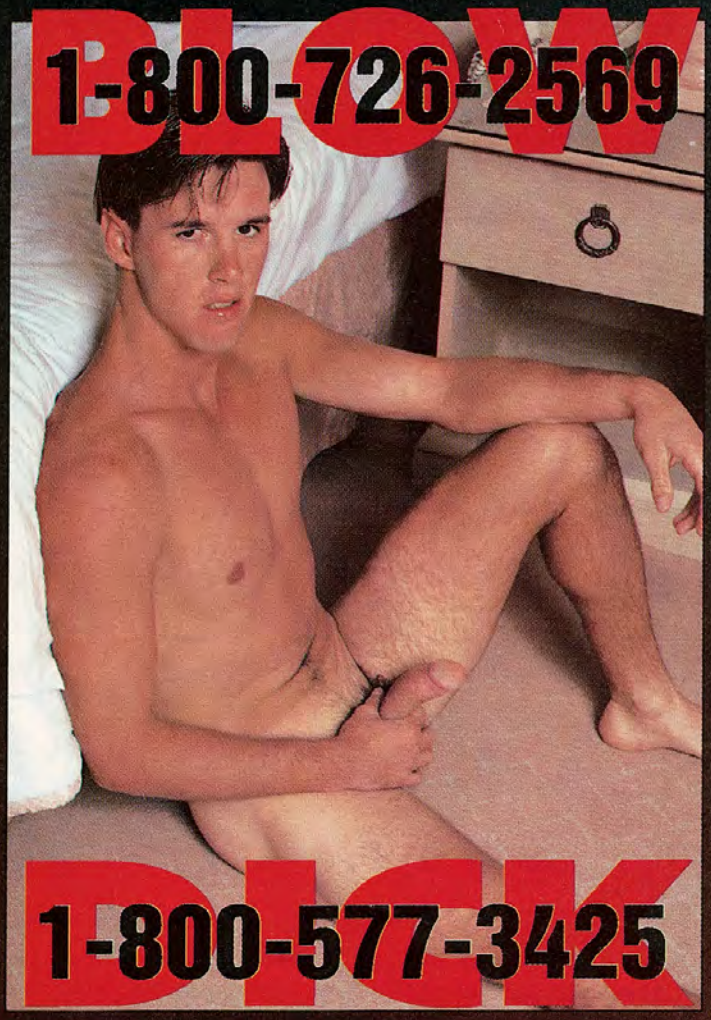

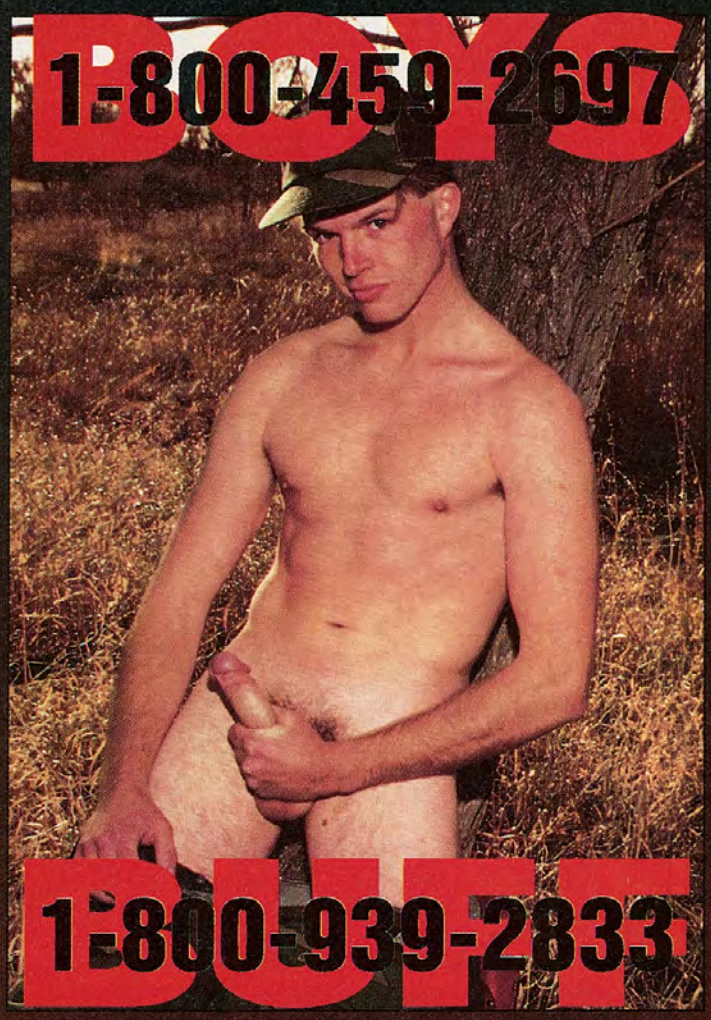

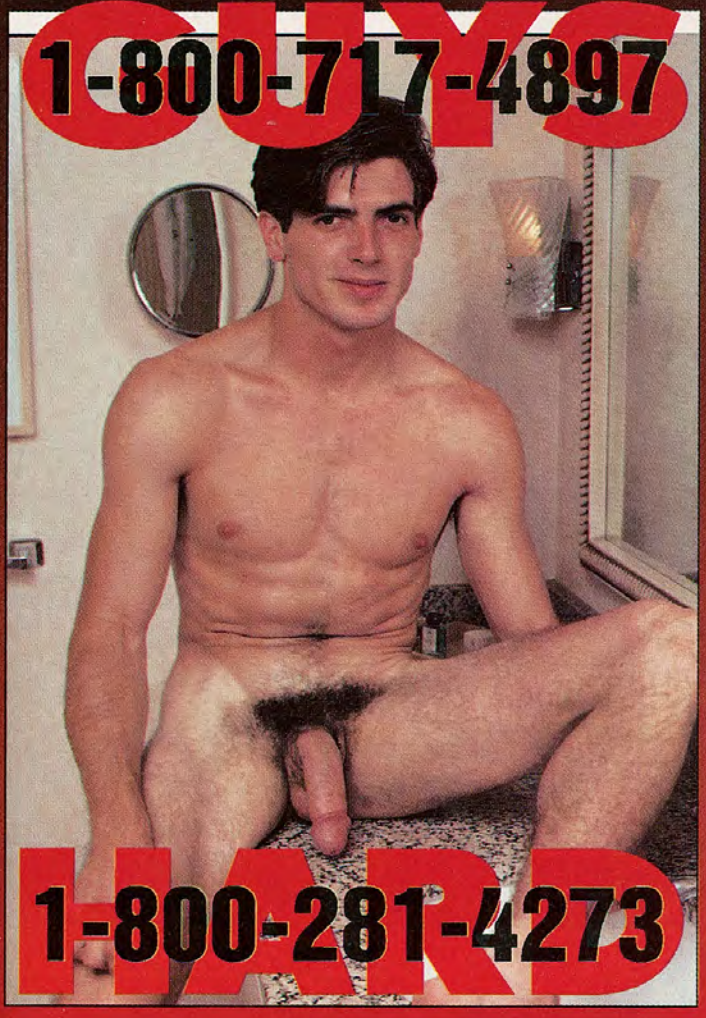

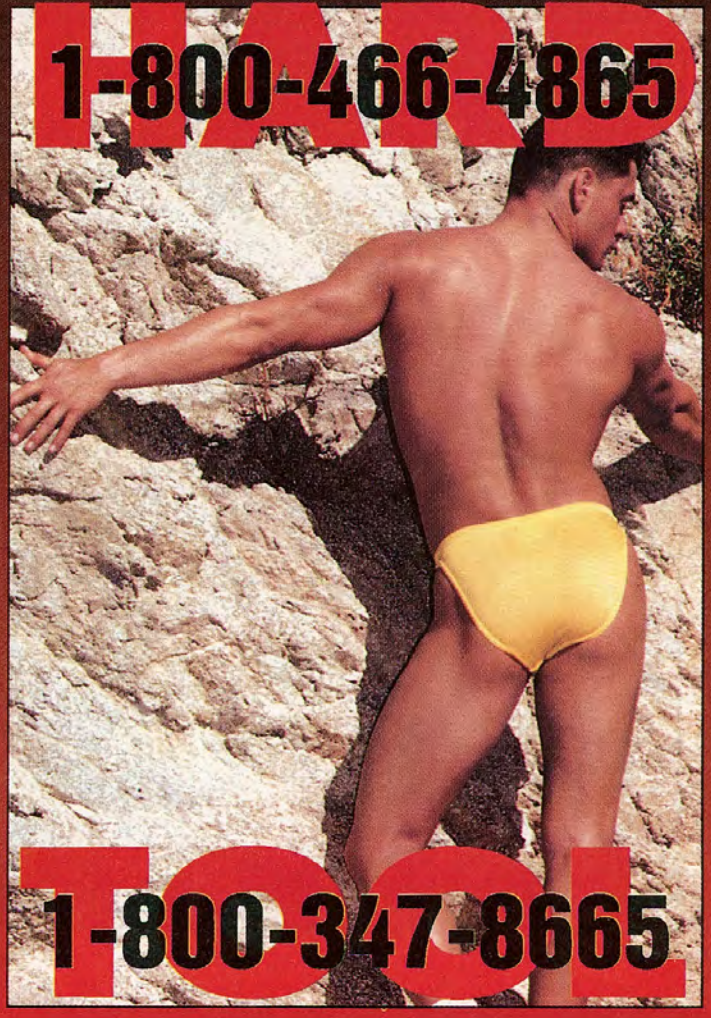

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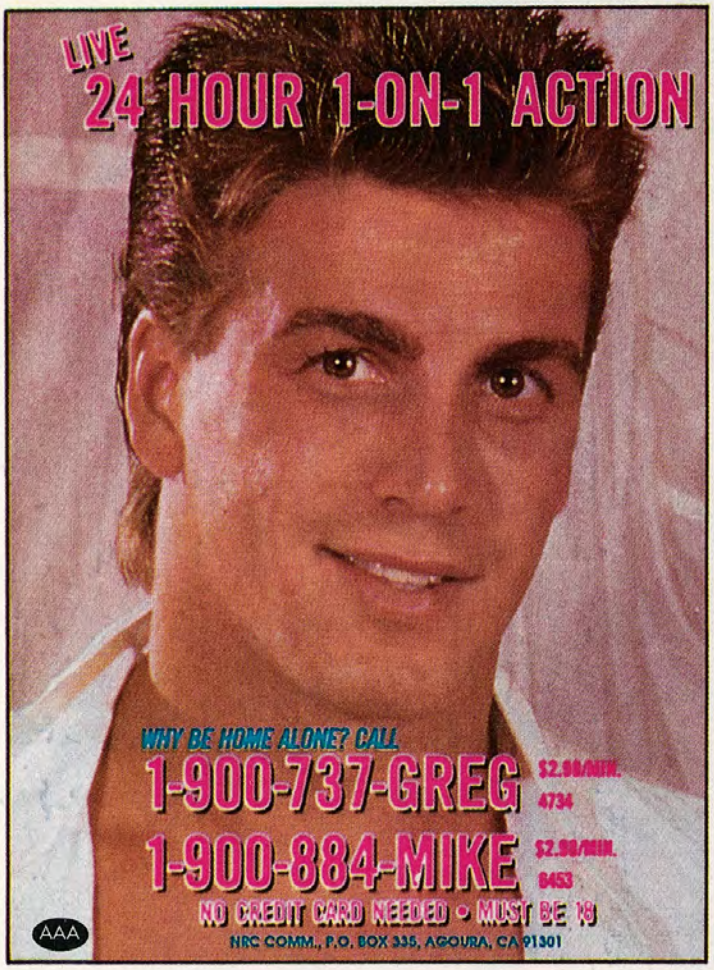
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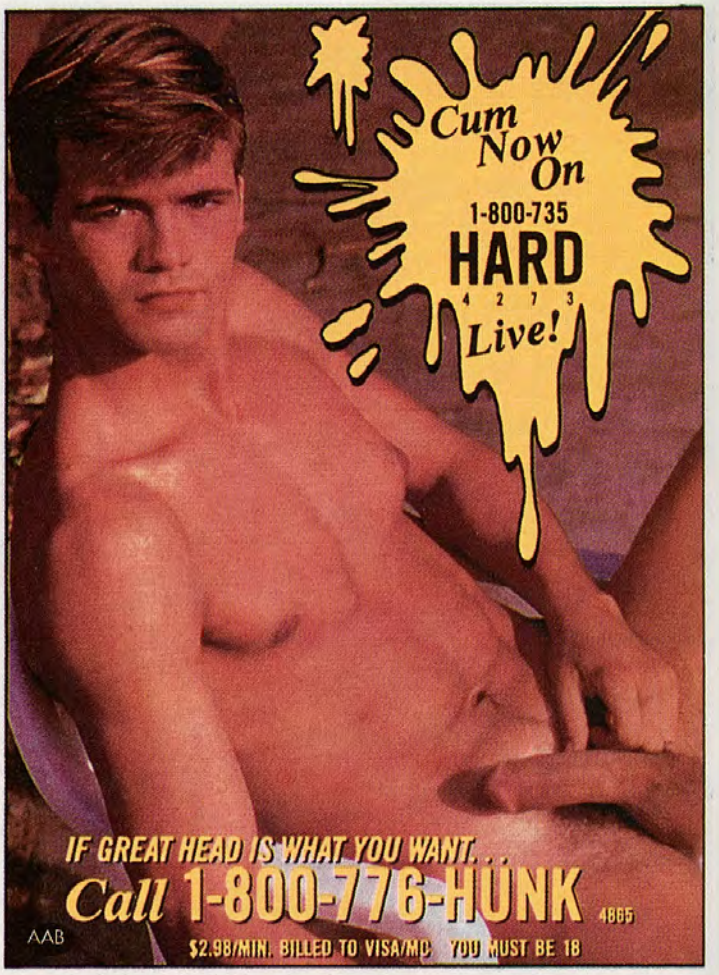
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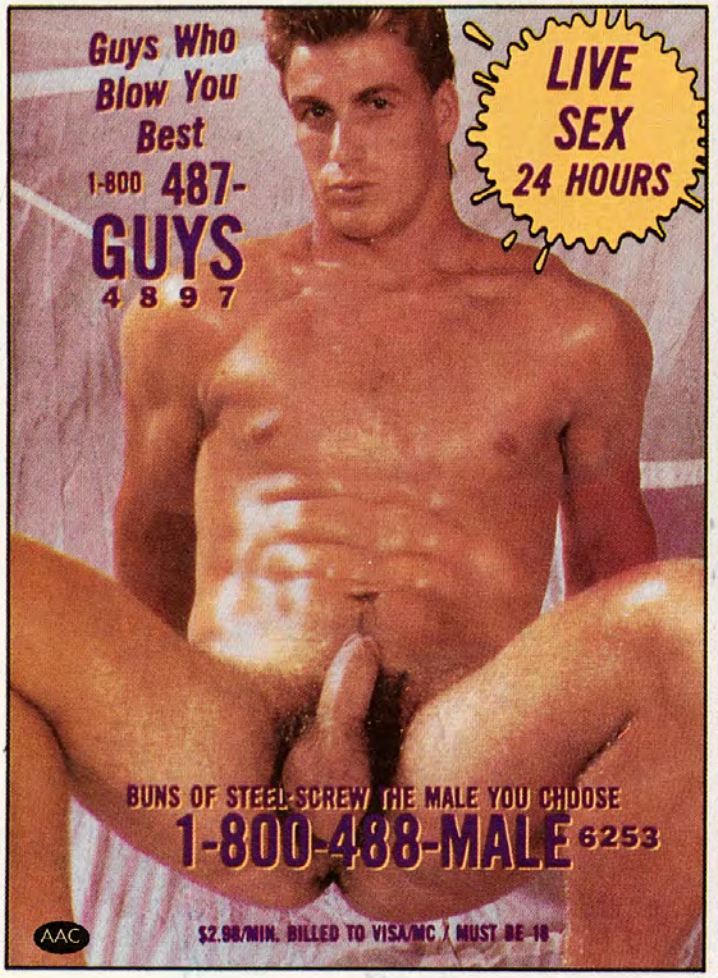
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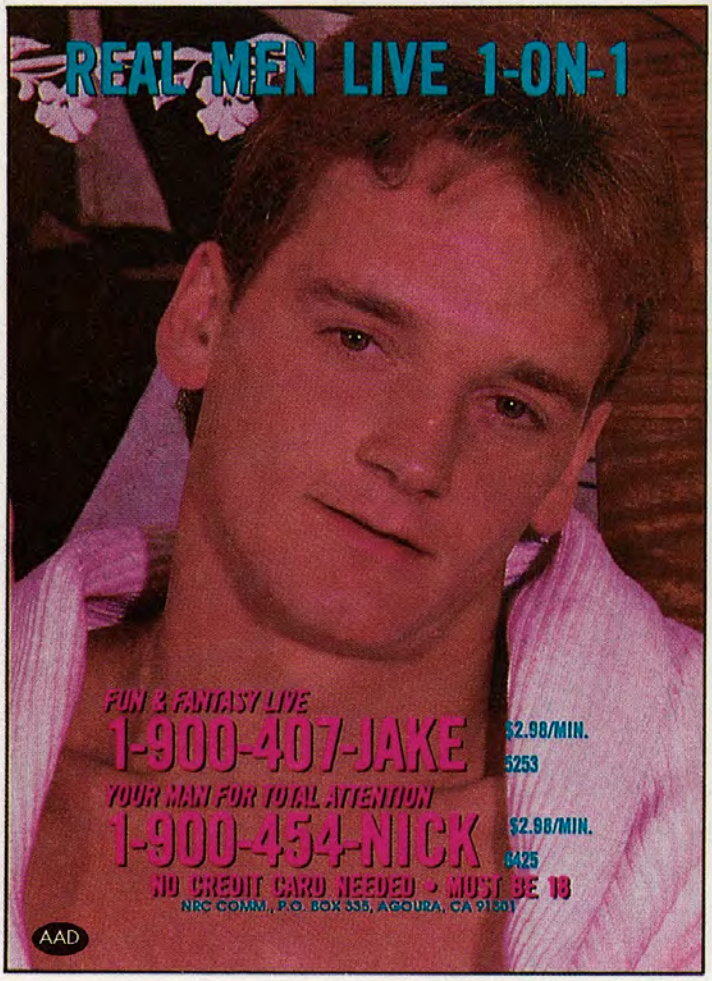
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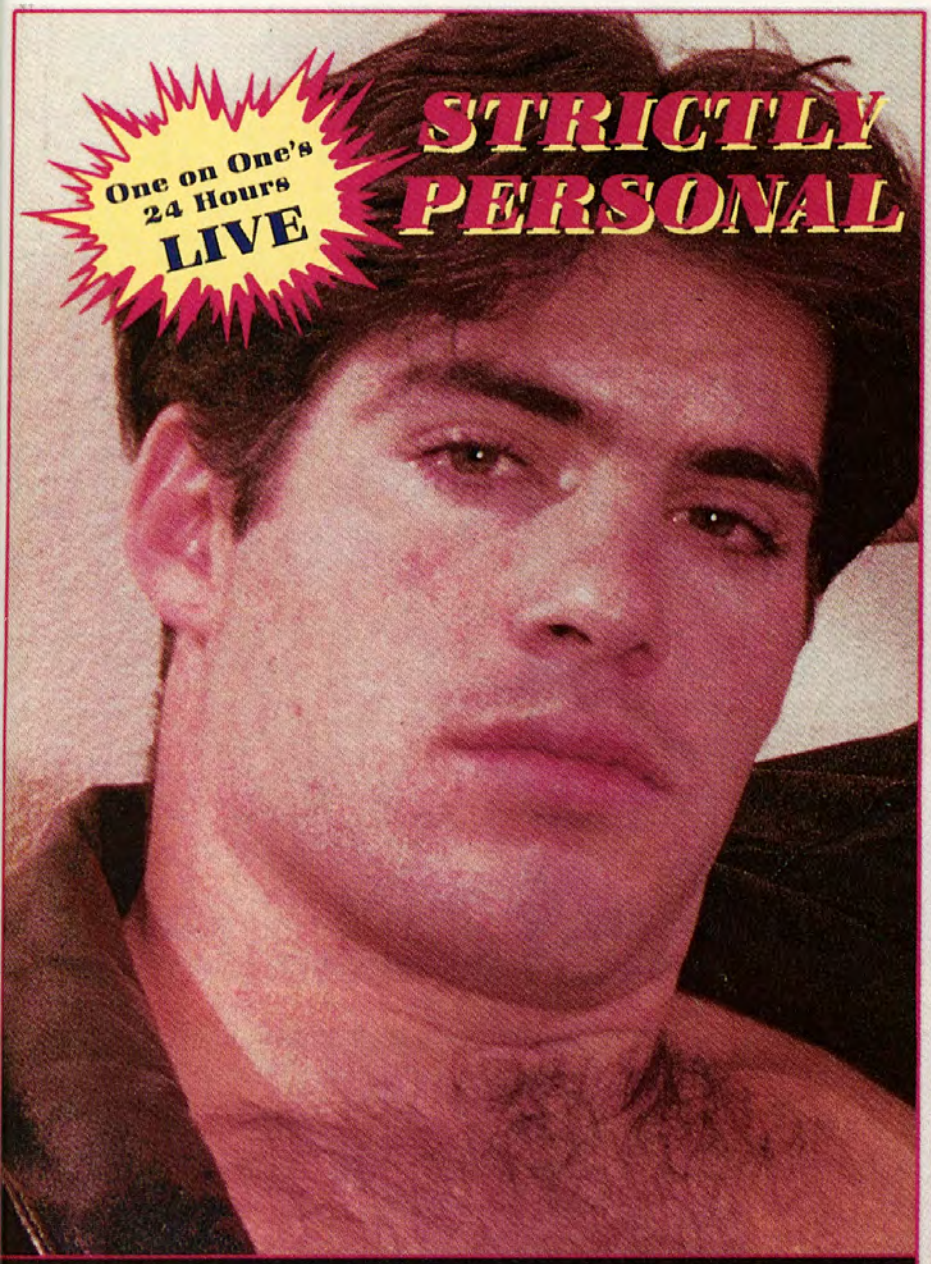

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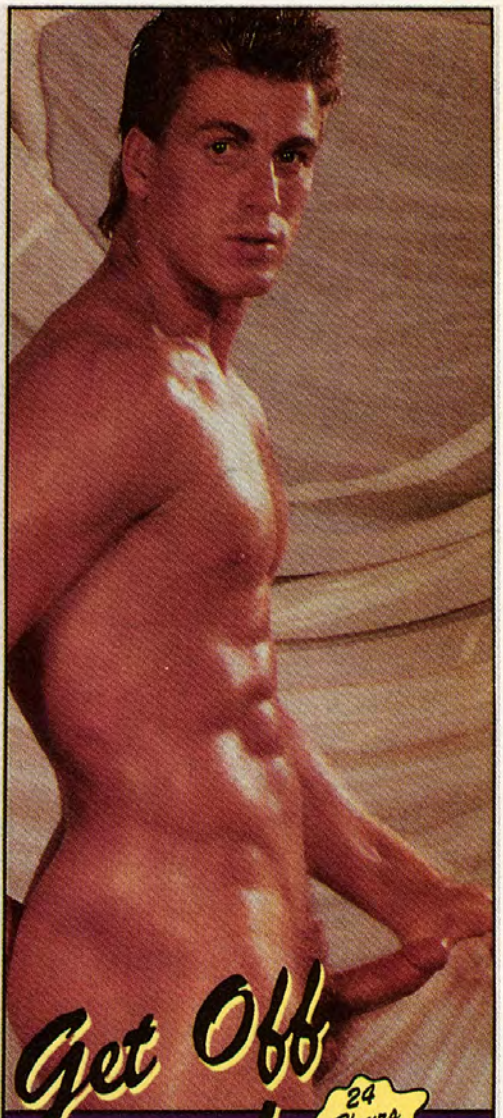

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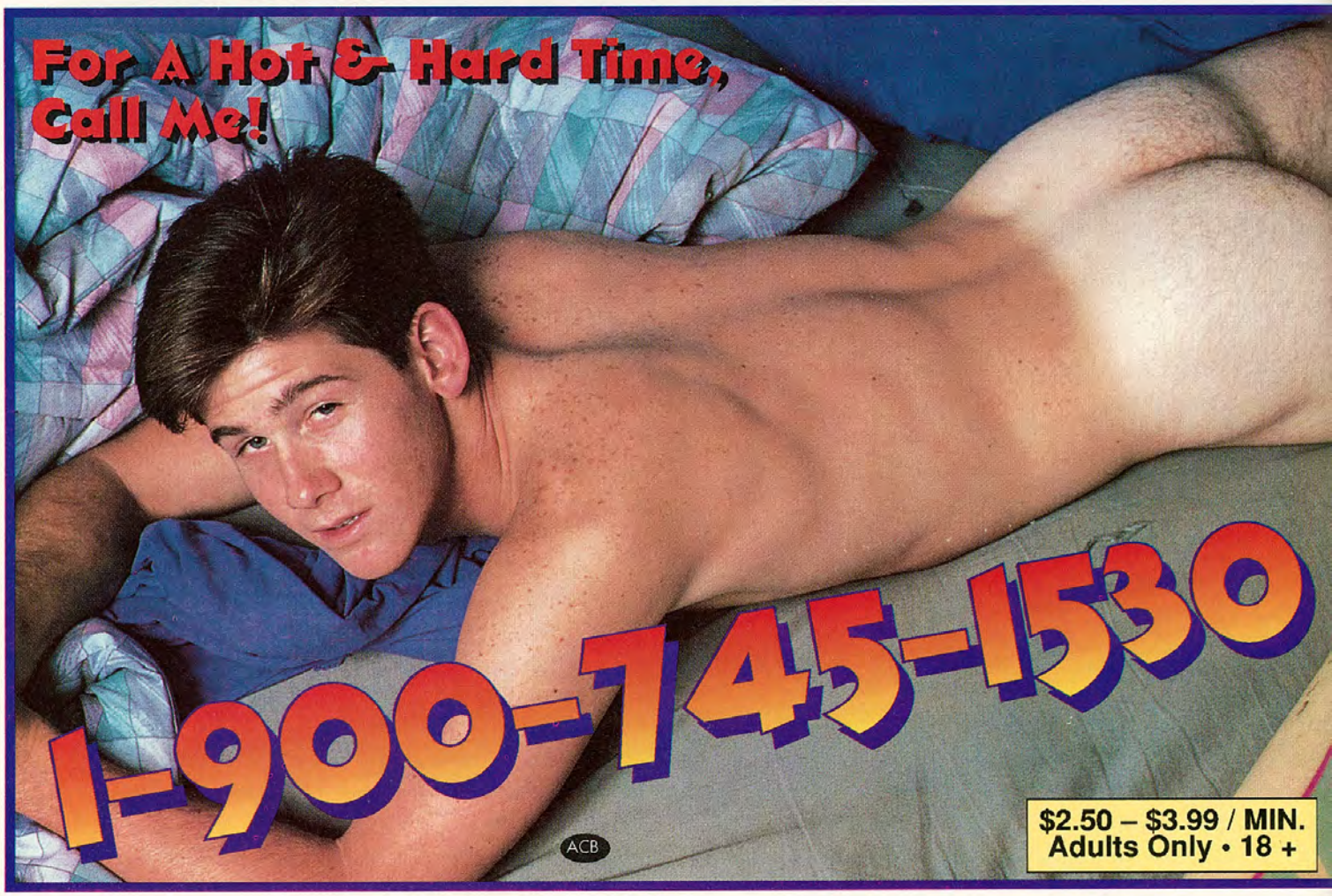

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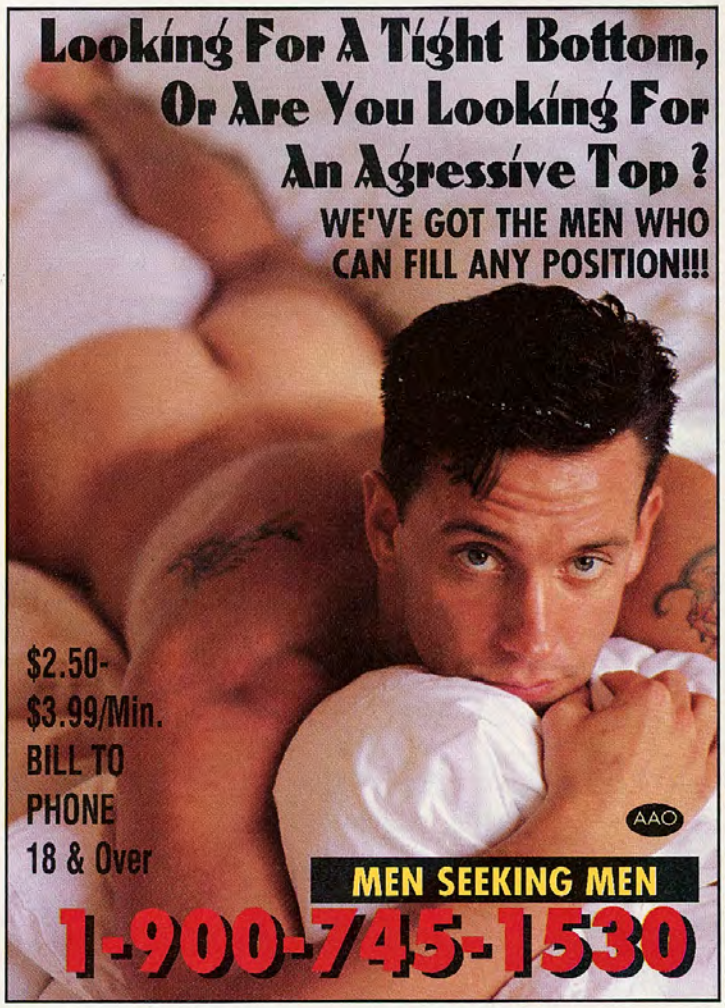

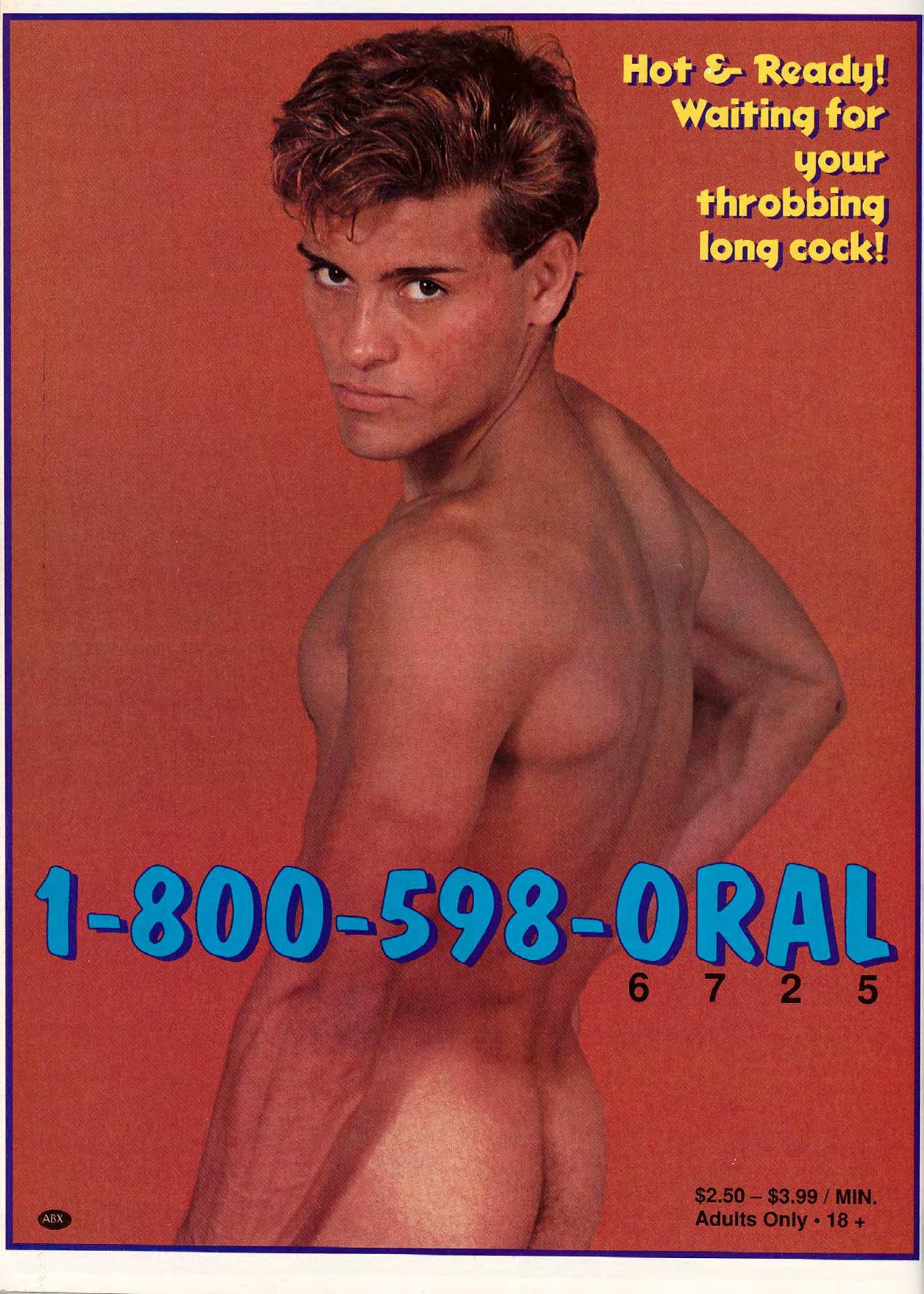
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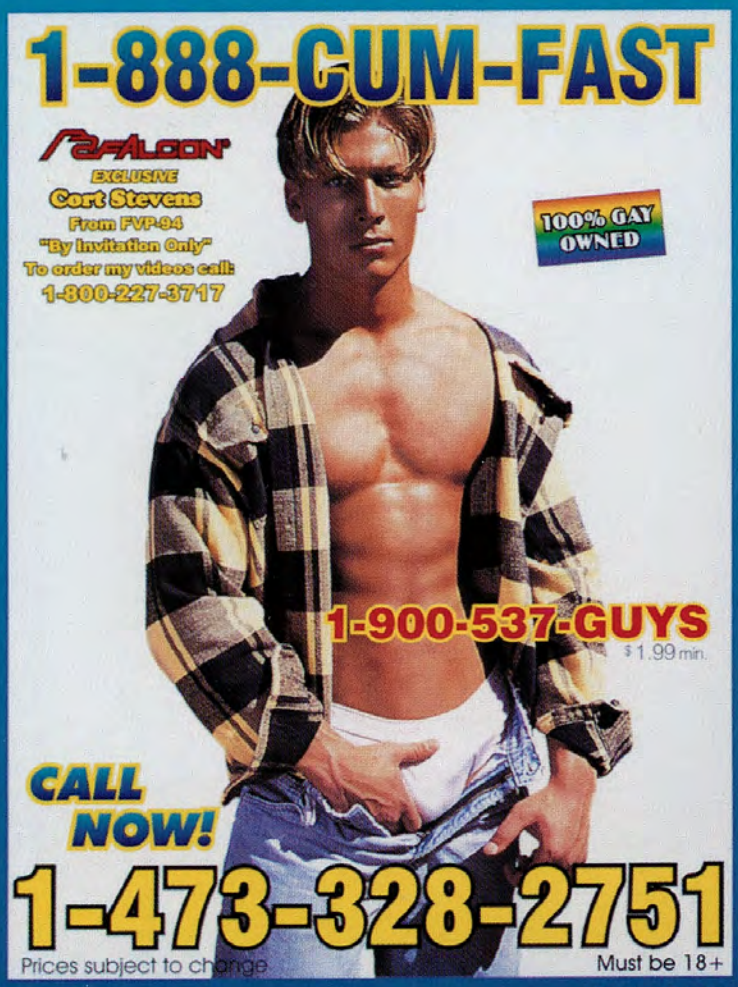
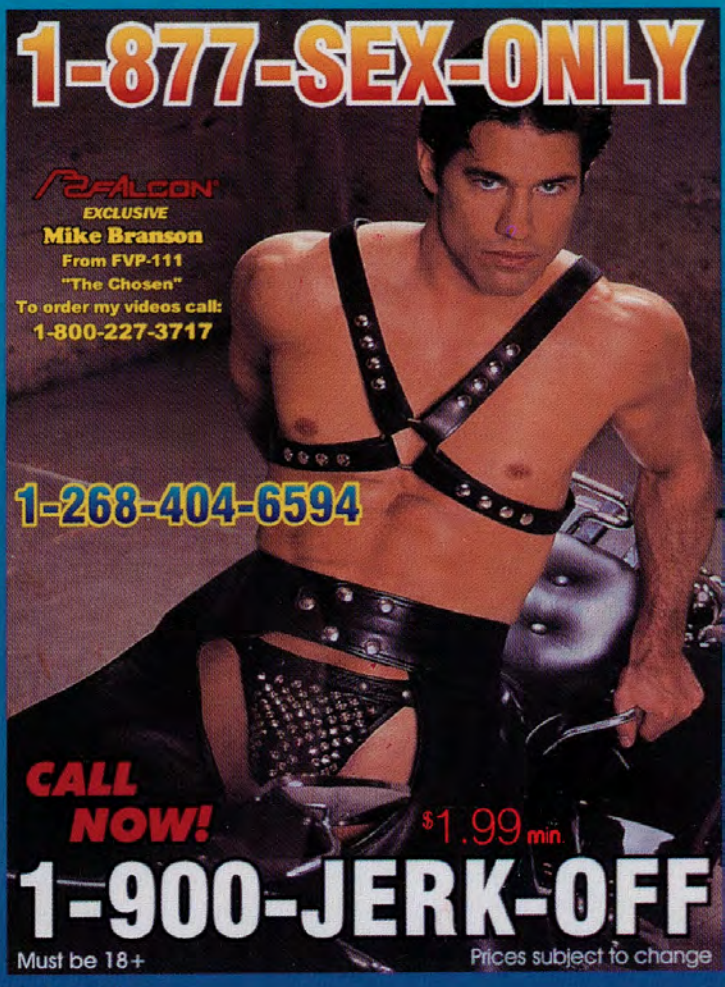
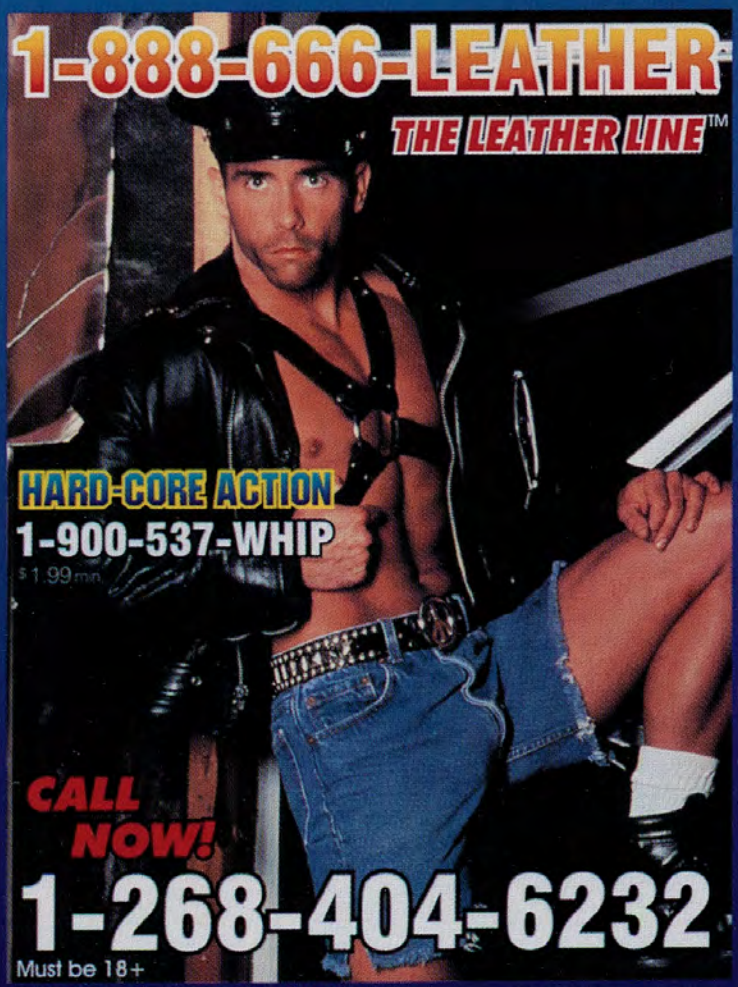
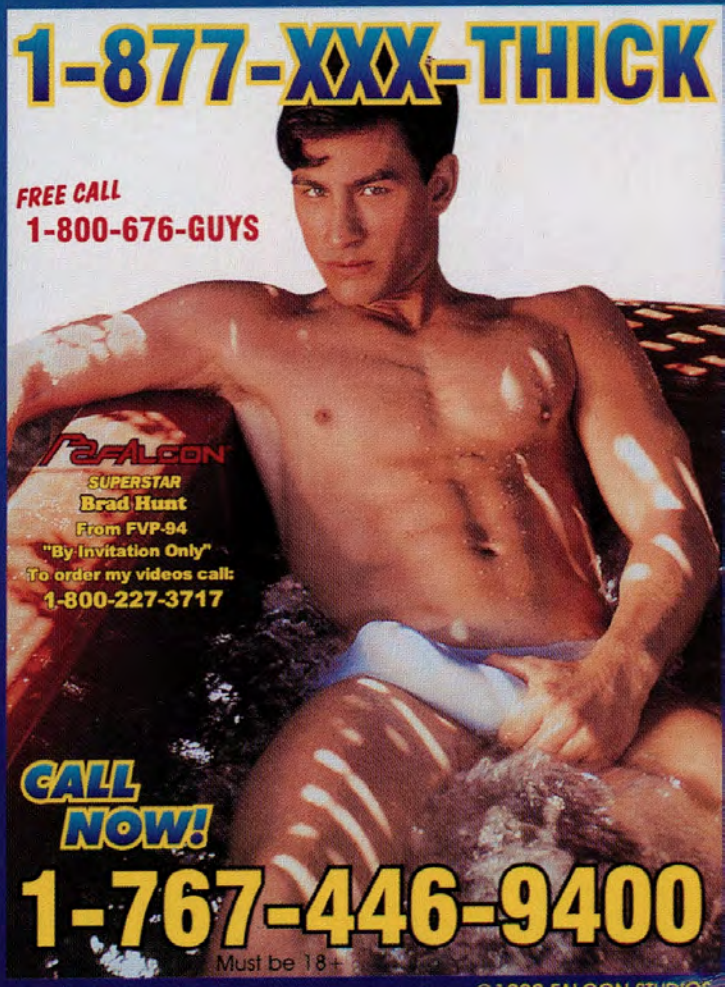




268/473/767 - Int'l L.D. applies





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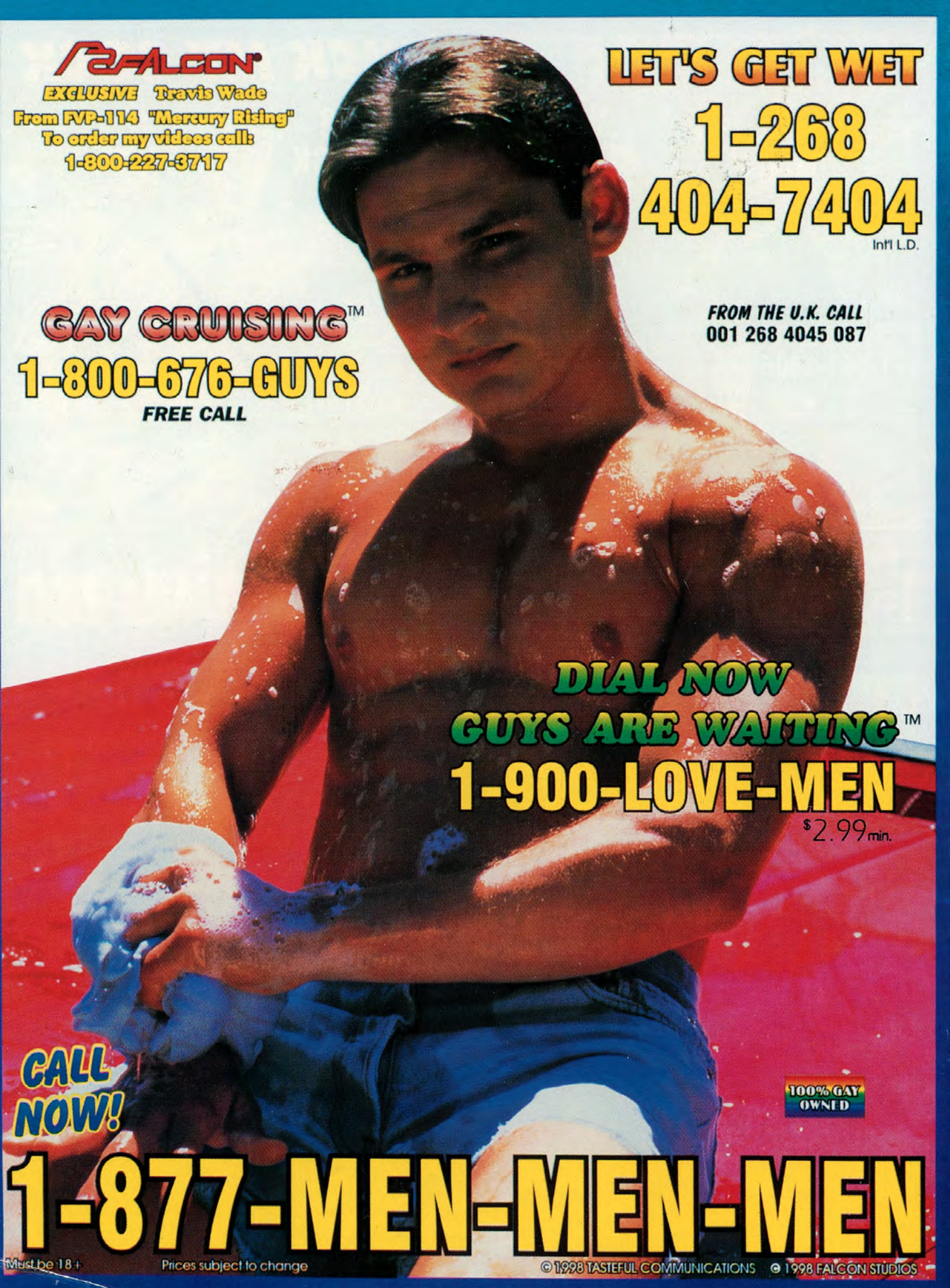
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