

FO

ISSUE 13 \$4.95

**Cowboys
Mountain Men
Hard Hats
Leather Men
...they've all got it!**

**New Fiction by
Jack Fritscher**

...w feel, my new ...
...vity. Ah, yes, the ser ...
...My mutilation has been ...
...God meant me to be. I a ...
...I wear no shorts at all and ...
...but foreskin. I am comple ...
...I now have achieved tota ...
...RECALL!! I am still stretch ...
...on the quest for a two-inch ove ...
...a hard-on and piercings and go ...
...around the outer edge of my for ...
...rich will jangle when I walk, keeping ...
...a state of perpetual, rubbery erection. ...
...big fat cockhead looks even larger with



ISSUE THIRTEEN



Foreskin Quarterly

published by
Desmodus, Inc.,
P.O. Box 11314, San
Francisco, CA 94101-1314
415 252-1195

PUBLISHER

Anthony F. DeBlase

MANAGING EDITOR

Joseph W. Bean

EDITOR

Robert Anthony

GRAPHIC DESIGN & TYPE

Buzz Bense Design

CLASSIFIED ADS

Chris Whipp

ADVERTISING & CIRCULATION

John Ferrari

Copyright © 1990 by Desmodus, Inc. Published March 1990. All rights reserved. No part of the magazine may be reproduced without prior written permission from the publisher.

Unsolicited manuscripts, photos and those that are to be returned must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Make certain that your name and address is on the manuscript itself, and on the reverse of each photo or piece of art. All right in letters and/or snapshots sent to FQ will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes, and subject to Desmodus, Inc.'s right to edit and comment editorially. Desmodus, Inc. can assume no responsibility for unsolicited materials.

Any similarity between characters appearing in FQ and actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental. The representation or appearance of any person in FQ, or in any other Desmodus, Inc. publication, is not to be taken as an indication of his or her sexual preference or lifestyle. All persons appearing in this publication are of legal age.

4 **Publisher's Note**
On pins and needles again

4 **Dear FQ**

5 **News**
Condoms, A Miracle, AIDS

6 **Buckskin Foreskin**
By Jack Fritscher
Fiction with a Western twang.

11 **Memoir. A Foreskin Odyssey:**
Fetish, Fantasy, Restoration
By Jay Norman

18 **Ridin' Through Kansas**
Fiction by Jack Ricardo
Stretch it...from Missouri to Utah

22 **Uncut Cowboy**
Photographs by Satyr

28 **Friends in Need**
Fiction by Lori Mims
Two men and a lady.

32 **Circumcision Variations**
Article by Ron Redmond
Six ways to cut it.

34 **Anthony Citro**
Mr. Northeast Drummer
Photographs by Jim Wigler

40 **Taking It to The Limit**
A Video Review
By Joseph W. Bean

41 **FQ Classifieds**

Cover Photo by Satyr



PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Dear FQ:

Well, after a long hiatus we got *FQ* 12 off with a bang and thought we had the situation well in hand. But best laid plans and all of that. The Editor of #12 loved doing this magazine, but he was unhappy with some other arrangements with the publishers and terminated his relationship.

Thus we are again without an editor for *FQ* who shares a particular love of foreskins with its readers. The position is open and we welcome applications from among the readers. The job is to accumulate, compile, and edit material for each issue and prepare it for us on an appropriate word processing disc. Those interested are welcome to send letters and resumes to: Desmodus, Inc. PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101.

We can promise no further *FQ*'s until we locate an appropriate editor. We are not ceasing publication, but we are putting it on hold for a while. If you have a subscription and do not want to wait for further *FQ*'s you may write and request that the balance of your *FQ* subscription be filled out with an appropriate number of any of our other titles. If you have prepaid further insertions of a classified ad, you may wait for further *FQ*'s or write and request that the ad be inserted in another of our publications.



Dear Sir:

We have just finished watching one of your spanking videos and I love your light SM. However, would like to see a little imagination like:

A big hairy tightly circumcised master disciplines with a young uncut slave who is blessed with a long, thick, tapered foreskin.

Maybe a weighted tit clamp attached to his tender manmeat, so each time the paddle hit he would be made aware of his unclipped status.

Or having the slave stretch his skin out while his master ties a rawhide shoelace around it, then jerking on it for any back talk.

How about having the slave skin back his skin, to let the Master check for headcheese. If any found, threaten the dirty bastard with circumcision, cold turkey, while a group of young women watch.

Jerry & John

Dear Sirs:

For foreskin lovers, Europe can still be considered as heaven on earth. When you know your way around and you know which countries to visit, up to 70% of the people you'll meet will still have their foreskin. Having traveled a lot in and outside Europe and having pen friends in all European countries and in many countries outside Europe I know what I am talking about.

Your readers can write to me to obtain information about where to go if you are a foreskin lover, where not to go, the gay scene in general, etc. Should they come to Belgium, I can even arrange to show them this little but beautiful country.

Please enclose a photo of themselves so I can know who I am writing to, and include 5 I.R.C. stamps to cover postage. I am also looking for pen friends in the States, preferably older men.

Yours Truly, Boni Cool
Box 54, 1710 Dilbeek, Belgium

Dear FQ:

We are a couple, 40 year old Australian and 20 year old Indonesian men, uncircumcised. We are looking for contact with gay singles/couples in Oakland/San Francisco area, aiming to visit each other. Write to GPO Box 2461, Darwin, NT 0801, Australia.

Yours faithfully,
Dr. Gabor Conrad



KING KONG KONDOMS: For Men Who Think BIG

A lot of the mail we receive...concerns penis size. Basically, a lot of guys out there wonder just how big their fellow man really is.

Well, if you can trust the famed Kinsey report, something like 25 percent of us are exactly six inches long when erect, measured from tip to base. Most other men are somewhere within an inch of that in either direction.

But some 10 percent are bigger than the average bear. So big, says David P. Mayer, that they can't fit comfortably inside the standard seven-inch-long condom. And that's why his company, Mayer Laboratories, decided to make MAXX.

MAXX is longer. In serving men who truly *are* longer (as well as those who just want to leave the box sitting out where everyone



will see it), Mayer feels that extra length means extra protection against infection. "If a condom isn't long enough, the skin at the base of the penis may not be adequately protected against the organisms that cause diseases such as herpes, syphilis and genital warts."

In addition, his company's research has shown reluctance on the part of men to use condoms if they are uncomfortable. And length, he tells *Men's Health*, is not the only factor to consider when it comes to condom comfort.

"Our MAXX condoms are also wider than the standard variety, and they have 25 percent greater, ah, 'head room' for lack of a better descriptive phrase," he explains. "Some men have a thicker-than-average penis, and the MAXX shape takes this into account. *In addition, uncircumcised men frequently complain that regular condoms don't allow enough room for their foreskin, and they were another group we considered when we were designing MAXX*" [Italics ours: Ed.]

Mayer also markets a sleek, form-fitting condom under the brand name Kimono. Slightly bigger than the average condom, but smaller than MAXX, Kimono's tight shape is designed to increase blood flow, thus increasing sensitivity, while preventing slippage at the same time.

Now, these "designer condoms" are not your regular ol' rubbers. They're a little more expensive than the average American version, they're *very* attractively packaged, and the instructions that come inside are very thorough (with illustrations that leave *nothing* to the imagination).

Both brands are made in Japan by Sagami, said to be that nation's oldest condom-maker (and we're talking about a country

where 75 percent of the population uses condoms). Mayer tells us that Sagami's are the most popular condom in Europe, and that much of that success has to do with the fact that an uncircumcised penis is much more common than in America.

Mayer is quick to point out, however, that the trend toward circumcision is on the decline here in the States, and he expects increasingly larger demand in the future for a more accommodating condom as uncircumcised men make up a larger portion of the population.

Men's Health, Vol. 5, No. 3

Want more information about MAXX or Kimono? FQ was told that real or would-be MAXX men may obtain a free sample by writing with a SASE to Mayer Laboratories, 1611 Telegraph Ave., Suite 830, Oakland, CA 94612.

AFTER LAWN MOWER ACCIDENT: A Medical Marvel

MILWAUKEE—A man who lost part of his penis in a lawn mower accident was in satisfactory condition Tuesday after the organ was grafted temporarily to his forearm until it can be reattached, hospital officials said.

The man, in his 30s and a resident of the Milwaukee area, was injured Saturday while repairing the tractor-type mower, according to James King, spokesman for Froedtert Memorial Lutheran Hospital in Wauwatosa.

At the time of the accident, the man was beneath the mower, which had been placed on blocks, King said. The machine's motor was not running, but the cutting blade turned when the mower tipped off the blocks, he said.

Attaching the organ to the forearm allows it to receive blood so the tissue will not die, King said. A reattachment operation is likely to take place in a few days, a nursing official said.

Chicago Tribune Wire Service

Circumcision vs. AIDS

Recent news reports have linked the lack of circumcision with AIDS. That hypothesis came from one study of 357 men in Kenya and it contradicts other studies. It is questionable to even suggest that circumcision will reduce the rate of AIDS in America.

Consider the undisputed fact that in the United States, where the majority of adult males are circumcised, the AIDS rate is much higher than in Europe, where circumcision is rare.

A hundred years ago, some surgeons promoted circumcision to cure insanity, tuberculosis and many other diseases. Later, a series of doctors tried to show that circumcision protects from cancer and venereal disease. These theories all have been disproven.

When a doctor grabs headlines for associating AIDS with lack of circumcision, we have to ask questions. The experimental methods and data must be studied by expert researchers. Is the good doctor using scare tactics to generate grants for pet projects at his university? We also have to question personal motives because some people actually delight in having permanent genital surgery performed on helpless babies.

Warren F. Smith
The Cleveland Plain Dealer

BUCKSKIN FORESKIN

BY JACK FRITSCHER

Photography by Palm Drive Video

His buckskin loincloth hung soft an' long between his powerful thighs. He was a blond warrior, young, no more 'n nineteen, with perfect white teeth when he finally smiled. He stood in the prairie clearin' sizin' up my encampment. His bow an' quiver hung from one broad shoulder. He was a good hunter. Two large rabbits, both bucks, hung at his belt. Blood from the kill trickled down through the blond hairs on the inside a his tanned thigh.

He watched me watchin' him. I sat stock still on a stump, my legs spread, my own chamois loincloth danglin' halfway down to my ankles. His eyes, blue as cornflowers, moved slow up an' down my body. I weren't afraid a him an' he weren't afraid a me. We danced a cautious dance. Some tribes the Soldier Blues hadn't made peaceable yet. A man could get killed.

I picked up my knife. His bright blue eyes darted to the sharp blade at his belt, met mine, an' relaxed when I no-never-mind started in again whittlin' an old stick. Whittlin's good. A man puts a strong chunk a wood between his legs an' starts workin' it an' thoughts come into his head somethin' like when he reaches down an' takes his own fat cock in his hand, pulls down the shaft nice an' easy an' never quite lets his stroke peel his foreskin way back from the head a his cock 'til his head pops the 'skin an' blows his white hot flume. Thinkin' those thoughts raised my lodgepole, tentin' out my loincloth.

The warrior's keen eyes measured my barely covered hardon. Slowly he moved his hand over the soft buckskin a his own loincloth. He wanted what I

Horse balls.
Horse cock.
Horse 'skin.

wanted. I surveyed him once more from his roughout moccasin boots, laced up tight aroun' his hard calves, to his washboard belly an' hard chest. His smooth blond skin was tanner 'n berry juice. A thin leather lace banded his head a flowin' blond hair. His cock hung big an' bent, tryin' to jut up an' out through the buckskin that pouched his nakedness in the front an' gathered into the crack runnin' up his rear. I figgered he'd been stole as a blond child an' raised by Indians, a not uncommon adventure, an' he was just old enough a brave to be wonderin' what white men

was all about.

I hoped his real pa'd had the sense not to let his ma cut him an' ruin him, takin' his foreskin from him. Folks like that go an' call Indians heathens. Ain't nothin' like a good foreskin—redskin or whiteskin, blackskin or brownskin—when the right brave is brave enough an' goodlookin' enoug to tickle my fancy, which is located for ticklin' at the back a my throat. I always been a sucker for a noble savage.

What I had standin' before me was a genuine wild-child, blond-child, man-child whose strong, sinewy hand touched first one dark nipple an' then the bear-claw necklace hangin' across his pectorals, an' then stroked down his belly, jumpin' the waistband a his breechelout 'til it rested cupped aroun' what looked to me to be a goodsized piece a uncut blond prairie chicken.

He was uncut. I knew for certain: my dick always hardens near hidden uncut meat the way a dowsin' rod twitches over hidden water runnin' under a parched prairie.

Ogallala Sioux, I figgered, had raised him. So I suspected he spoke some trader English, even if he didn't much remember how he talked before



he was carried off, but I wasn't interested in palaver. I was interested in siphonin' out his foreskin with my tongue to get some prairie cheese to eat with my prairie meat.

Folks call me a trapper not necessarily knowin' what I really trap. They buy skins from me, but there ain't no cash money in the territory can buy the kind a 'skins I hunt down an' trap. I'm a buckskinner chasin' foreskin.

Sometimes a man hunts best just sittin' on a stump in the middle a his own camp, stripped down to breechclout an' boots, a jug a strong applejack at his side, rollin' his own smoke, whittlin' pieces a wood into what some call "widows' comforters" an' I call woodcocks, carved in medicine shapes, with uncut heads an' smooth enough for a man to slide up inside himself when the plains night is clear an' starry bright an' lonelier 'n the frozen face a the moon.

The blond brave was bold.

Before I could motion him into camp, he came stridin' toward me, his heels kickin' up little clouds a dust. He was a handsome warrior brave. He could be dangerous, but so could I. We both were chancin' it. I been a trader for twelve years, since I was almost sixteen. I seen men at their best an' at their worst an' generally like 'em somewhere in between, which is where we were when he came an' stood four foot in front a me, dropped his rabbits, like he was tradin' with me, an' lifted the flap on his breechclout, tuckin' it up in his belt, exposin'

the warm chamois skin pouched aroun' his big balls an' uncut horsecock.

The skin a his breech was worn so smooth over his goods, my own cockhead slid like a one-eyed snake through my foreskin. I could see the outline a his uncut horse 'skin shieldin' his cock. I humored my fancy that his Indian name was Horse 'Skin. I reckoned he hadn't come to powwow. He had one

even than the Dakotas.

He snorted air from his nostrils. Like a horse.

I reached out an' touched the big pouch a his breechclout. He took a step closer. He put his head on my naked shoulder. I looked up at him an' he squinted his skyblue eyes, then he smiled, but his lips never parted. He put his hand on the back a my head, a

move that in these parts can give a white man with a full scalp a red hair somethin' a palpitation. Kind a nervous, I sniffed through his buckskin the rich smell a unwashed cock that's so healthy it makes a man like me remember why he left civilization in the first place.

I turned my face an' rubbed my red beard on the back a his hand. He touched my cheek with his palm. I figgered he was curious about how he might grow up, like a white man, different from the Indians. For a young blond, he was still as smooth skinned as the Indians who adopted him. But I could tell by his cheeks, his armpits, an' especially the light line a hair arrowin' down his chest to his navel, that he

was gonna be furred heavy when he grew up. Probably never leave his wild Indian ways behind. Never be civilized neither. Be halfway round-eye an' halfway Indian. An' neither a both. The best kind. Most likely grow up to be one a them lone wanderin' mountain men, like I become, trappin' skins.

The way he looked at me made me



thing on his mind. No big blond boy, raised so bold an' wild, was gonna walk right up an' stand almost between my legs just so we could flap our jaws, not when we could jaw our flaps. Sure as shootin' he weren't no Indian. He looked like he might a been out a some a that strong blond German stock that settled up a long ways north an' east, farther

feel my mouth was the answer to the question his dick was askin'.

I reached for the cinch on the belt a his breechclout. I hesitated. I looked up at the kid an' my mouth must a fell open starin'. He smiled, curlin' his lip, with just that edge a meanness I find excitin' when it ain't no cowtown brawl. Then he let drip with the longest, whitest, sweetest tastin', droolin' spit I could a ever asked for. He moved in over my open mouth an' I swear the spit a his honey was no thicker than those white webs that float through the air in Indian summer. The long flow from his mouth to mine juiced my skinner's cock up harder. I sucked his spit into my mouth an' we both smiled, 'cause without so much as a word we'd figured out who was gonna play chief.

He raised his lean muscled arms in the air, bow in one hand, medicine pouch in the other. He raised his face to the sky. His long blond hair hung down his back. Sweat from his pits ran down his dusty tanned body. He sang out three times the name a the Great Spirit. I pulled the cinch at his tight waist, an' his breechclout drifted away down his powerful runner's legs.

He was buck naked, starin' at the blue sky hummin' over the bone-white plains. Rabbit blood ran red down his

inner thigh, pinkin' with his sweat, evaporatin' in the heat. I licked it away with my tongue.

His young horse cock hung between my eyes. His meat was half hard, but the shaft a it, untouched by him or me, was arollin' side to side, growin', stretchin' through the long corridor a the biggest flag a foreskin I ever did see a man run up his pole.

I touched its iris eye with my fingers. It was softer 'n doeskin. I raised his thickenin' dick toward my nose, breathin' in the wild smell a his young cock. I pulled the big nipple a 'skin through my moustache. His body arched back like a bow. I kissed his foreskin. I sniffed it, tongued it, nipped it, sucked it. His risin' cock aimed straight-arrow up his belly. Indians maybe raised him, but in the big bow a his crotch his meat was big, fat, blond German sausage. His balls climbed over each other beggin' to blow like a horse soldier's ammo dump stashed too near a red-hot cannon.

He sucked in a deep breath. His body was a natural wonder. I've heard a Indian rock climbers who could a scaled his torso pullin' theirselves up with nothin' but their fingertips clawin' up in the tight crevasses a his chiseled belly.

He put his arms behind his head an' untied the thin leather thong a his headband. He craned his head forward an' looked about to dive mouth-first down on his own hard cock pointin' straight up his belly. My hand cupped his balls at the base a his cock. He reached down an' braided his fingers into mine, workin' me an' his fingertips together in a slow tease up his shaft.

Our twenty fingers met at the tip a his foreskin. His growin' cock was still hardenin'. He guided my fingers, both thumbs an' both forefingers, to grip the top a his foreskin the way a man grips a boot before shovin' his foot into it. He wanted me to stare down into the



openin' iris a meaty darkness. He had everythin'.

Horse balls.

Horse cock.

Horse 'skin.

I held his big flap a palomino foreskin tight in my fingers, stretchin' his cock out real easy from his groin, while he cinched the brown thong a his headband tight as a wampum pouch between the tip a his foreskin an' the head a his cock. Expert, he tied off the eye to his foreskin. All the time his cock was advancin' up from its roots, slidin' up the inside tube a buckskin teepee. He held the long laces a his headband

TEMPORARY FORESKIN

Intensify your sexual gratification by bringing back the sensitivity of a 16-year-old. Now it's easy with the time tested **SENSITIZER!**

The **SENSITIZER** is designed as an artificial foreskin for the circumcised man. Each specially created sheath will enhance sensitivity to touch and stimulation. The **SENSITIZER** also helps to overcome impotence, poor circulation and the effects of drugs or other inhibitors of sensual response.

Bring greater confidence and intensity to your lovemaking. Give yourself that youthful vigorous arousal and heighten your erotic experience...

Do it with the SENSITIZER!

*Not for bathroom sex.

T.M. (Travel Mate)

P.O. Box 66414

Houston, Texas 77006

Full refund for unused product (less postage) if not fully satisfied by returning to distributor.

Four applications per package.

\$10.00 per package. We pay postage.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

\$ _____ Enclosed for _____ packages

2404 Yoakum Suite 1, Houston, Texas 77006

in his hands like they was reins to the wild horsecock he moved left an' right, guidin' his tied rawhide raw hide toward my mouth.

Nothin' slides down a grown man's throat like uncut dick.

He rode my face, guidin' his huge cock down my throat, chokin' me with the flapped tip a foreskin. He tasted young an' wild churnin' into my face lettin' me go loco wolfin' on the saltlick taste a his sweaty blond meat. The rawhide rasped my throat, cut the corners a my mouth, an' kept his dick hooded.

He worked me hard. The sun beat down on us. I fell back on my elbows an' he followed me down. I ripped my own uncut cock free a my breech. With one hand I stripped my tight foreskin back farther, exposin' my cockhead to the hot sun. I rubbed my hands over the smooth hard haunches a his oily blond butt, wettin' my fingers, an' slicked my palm down my shaft. He reached back an' ran his finger smooth aroun' the inside a my foreskin. His finger pulled up clotted with my fresh churnin' cheese. He studied the white clots with his blue eyes, posed almost for a tintype, then shoved his finger in his mouth an' sucked it clean.

Always trust a blond Indian.

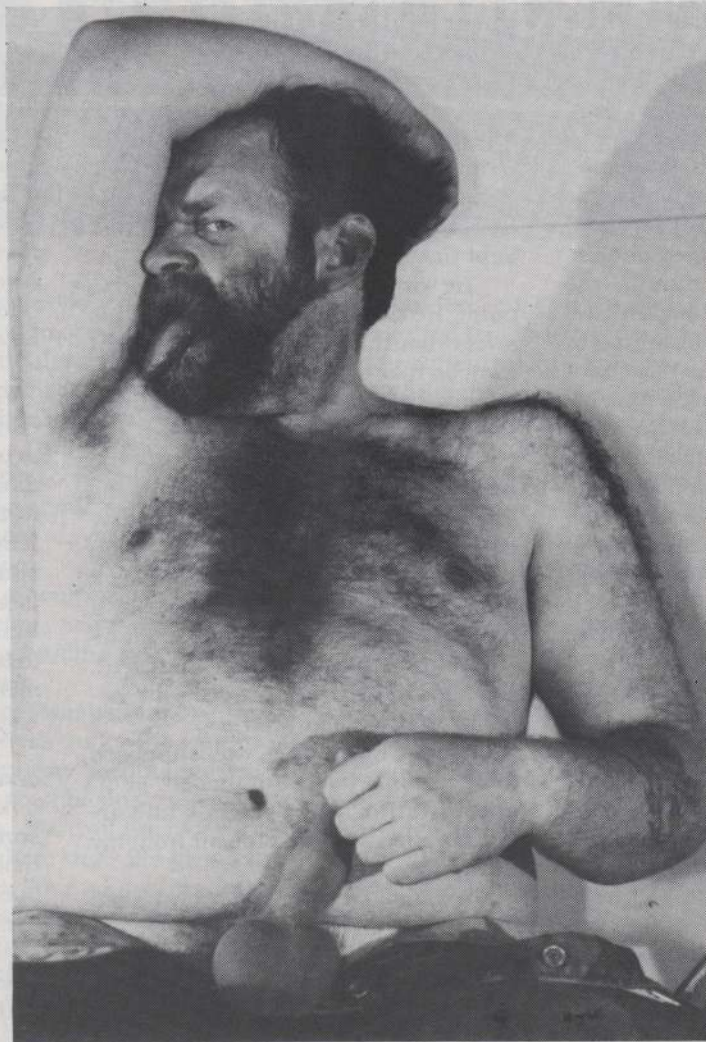
He slowly withdrew his dick from my mouth. He leaned over me an' smilin', drooled down the long web mixed out a my 'skin cheese an' his spit. I squished the nectar through my teeth. I stored it in my cheeks. He knelt up over me, lean an' wild against the noon sky, his knees straddlin' my chest, his big cock, still tied off blind, risin' hardon. No stoppin' us. Whoever he was, he was "Horse 'Skin" to me now. Takin' the reins a his headband, he aimed his cock past my lips, across my teeth, an' rode on in. We was different nations but we had the same notions. Whatever sun-dance foreskin-ritual this young man called Horse 'Skin had endured as a boy called Pony 'Skin, he had emerged a warrior, an' his sturdy cock was his lance.

He was hung so big my backdoor

wanted him to slam me a good poke, but he had other ideas. He rode me, his knees astraddle my chest, gaggin' me with his dick, gettin' a might forceful, jammin' the thick nipple a his foreskin deep down my throat. My eyes watered. Without missin' a slam he looked down at me, bared his teeth, smilin', an' grunted.

He gritted his teeth. He was drillin' for the kill. He looked down at me through the long blond hair fallin' straight down aroun' his chiseled face. Deep in his blue eyes I saw the ancient sacred bows cock, each armed with the fierce arrows a bloodlust. His eyes aimed straight into mine. He drove his savage cock, its blind eye tied shut, hard into me. The blond German boy had disappeared. The warrior Horse 'Skin had taken his place.

I raised my hands to touch his face,



to call him back. His hands, savage, grasped my wrists to stop me. He bucked up, his dick keepin' me impaled on my back. He dived forward over my

face, still holdin' my hands, stretchin' them out spreadeagle in the hot dust. He was strong with the strength a hard cock. He was strong with the strength a combat born a endless naked wrestlin' matches with the young bucks a his tribe. He was unstoppable, but I made a show a strugglin' against him, to show him I was no squawman, to show him I knew how to wrestle a strong brave in the games a love. My resistance excited him. He drove deeper, harder. I opened wider, breathin' gasps, suckin' in his drivin' cock, his hard belly slammin' down into my face, sweat from his crotch drippin' down into my eyes an' beard, his balls bangin' against the outside a my throat filled on the inside with his cock.

My head lay back in the dirt. My eyes were runnin' tears from the burnin' a his sweatin' drippin' on me, an' from my chokin'. I couldn't even touch my own dick afraid I'd shoot before him an' then what would I do, so I opened my throat further an' I received his big horse-skinned dick, acceptin' him inside my insides, where I wanted him an' his wild seed. I fell back under his weight, rememberin' how a Kiowa medicine man once told me I had powerful medicine if I only knew how to find it. The Kiowa 'd taught me my Inner Eye, so I took my Eye inside my throat, to watch the brave's big, long, thick-veined cock slidin' hard down the sleeve a my gullet, back past my choke-flap, back past my breathin', back where his horse cock could bury his fore-skinned head deep inside my body.

Sand stuck in my hair an' to my back an' butt. Horse 'Skin, stud-fuckin' me, glowed. His sweat caught the comin' noon light a the prairie like a crest. His hair, yellow as the sun, an' his body, bl-

ondbrown, rose weightless over me. This was good medicine. This is what the Kiowa holy man had meant.

Horse 'Skin plunged his cock down deep inside me. I felt its hard head, wrapped in tied 'skin, burrow past the cave a my mouth down the long tunnel a my throat. I was the earth an' he was the sky. My dark recesses opened to his penetratin' blond light. He could a killed me. I could a died a happy man. But he weren't no renegade, an' I knew I was gonna live happy on the memory a this all my days forever.

I opened wider. He drove deeper. He made small gruntin' sounds, then blew faster puffs a air, fuckin' faster. I felt his 'skin-covered cockhead grow bigger inside his tied-off foreskin like some huge mushroom ram. My own cock bobbed an' weaved at hard attention, an' a run a clear gleat ran from the teardrop eyehole a my own foreskin down my cock. I ached to touch it, but his strong hands still pinioned me under all the weight a his buckkin' body. His grunts grew louder, risin' over the quiet early noon a the hummin' prairie, till he was whoopin', strainin', yawpin', an' cumin' inside the tied sheath a his 'skin. I wanted the explosion a his manseed chokin' my throat, floodin' my mouth, me gulpin' an' burblin' an' suckin' the white clots across my tongue an' teeth, tastin' him the way a wine merchant nips his lips over his wares, but instead his foreskin stayed thick as buckskin between me an' his seed. All I tasted was a trickle a blood from my nose he hadn't meant to bump so hard, he was so young, slammin' into the dirt my head impaled on his cock.

Still quiverin', Horse 'Skin knelt upright over me straddlin' my chest, with his cock drippin' spit all over my face. His long shaft, topped off with his foreskin balloonin' out with cream, hung over me like a club. He looked down at me, both a us pantin', my hands tryin' to find my cock aroun' his sinewy legs, an' suddenly with both hands he grabbed the rawhide reins a his headband wrapped aroun' the very tip a his foreskin, an' gave 'em a yank.

The splat a his cum splurged through the hot air, splungin', burnin' across my face, fillin' my eyes an' nose an' gaspin' mouth, my tongue wagglin' up into the tasty rain drenchin' me in hot fire. I gurgled an' tasted, not just cum from his horse cock, but cum fucked up an' stored in his horse 'skin. He leaned forward, put his hands

Nothin' slides down a grown man's throat like uncut dick.

He rode my face, guidin' his huge cock down my throat, chokin' me with the flapped tip o foreskin. He tasted young an' wild, churnin' into my face lettin' me go loco wolfin' on the saltlick taste a his sweaty blond meat.

aroun' my throat, an' stared down into my eyes, wantin' me to swallow, with his hands on the outside squeezin' the throat he 'd so carefully fucked open.

His was the noblesse oblige a foreskin.

I swallowed down my throat with his hands ringin'—if not quite wringin'—my neck. He was terrible excitin'. His thighs kept my hands from my cock the way his hands had kept my arms pinioned.

He wanted me to cum. I wanted to cum. He dribbled fresh spit from his sweet mouth. He turned to sunlight as noon rose true above us. His hands left my throat an' his blond silhouette rose lean an' erect between me an' the sun. In his shadow, I watched the head a his cock retreat inside his big foreskin the way the sun is eclipsed by the moon. He lowered the three-inch tip a his 'skin at the end a his long cock to my lips an' I suckled him the way a man suckles another man, tonguin' out his cum juices, drinkin' his sweat, swallowin' the deep rivers flowin' beneath the parched prairie.

I knew how things was supposed to be, an' my dick, untouched, shot, shootin' straight up. Light white arrows arched into the blue air from my throbbin' cock.

We smoked his pipe an' lay naked next to one another on a blanket in the shade a my tent, me holdin' his big blond foreskin in my hand, not wantin' him to go, till come dusk, with his bow over his shoulder an' one rabbit on his belt, he strode off, blond as all getout, into the prairie darkness, gifin' me with one buck rabbit for my supper. ■

Mountain men were different critters. This country had never seen their likes before. Distinguished by their buckskin clothing, Indian beads, and long hair often plaited with feathers, the mountain men lived out their wild lifestyle on the Great Plains and high in the Rockies. These men were hearty souls keeping always one jump ahead of the civilization that followed them. They left society and females behind in their pursuit of the rugged romance of a male life dedicated to partnering with another man in a bond that could be cut by whiskey or greed or lust or death.

President Jefferson's Louisiana Purchase of 1804 and the subsequent expedition of Lewis and Clark were what started the American movement to the Far West. By 1806 the tales brought back by Lewis and Clark had sparked erotic imaginations everywhere. Adventurers who answered the call of a rich, magnificent land were to become what we now call mountain men.

Their rugged buckskin breed is not dead and gone. Mountain men still live among us in 1990: a couple of thousand or so fulltime, a couple of hundred thousand on weekends, sharing the buckskin life on encampments all over the West and Northwest, keeping alive the mountain man tradition of teepees, smoky fires, leather, beards, and black powder rifles in much the same way that other groups of hearty American men gather together in their uniforms to re-enact our Revolutionary and Civil Wars.

--J.F.

m e m o i r

A FORESKIN ODYSSEY

Fetish, Fantasy, Restoration

BY JAY NORMAN

My fascination with doorknobs developed only recently. What led up to this fetish was my preoccupation with my own and other men's cocks, particularly when uncut, an interest that started at a very early age.

Living with my parents in a house-trailer, I spent my formative years in and around a trailer court. It was sheltered from the relentless sun in a secluded old-timbered pine grove situated on the edge of a small, sleepy Southern town. Few mobile homes in those days had their own bathrooms. Ours was no exception.

I remember being awakened on summer mornings by the chatter of birds, mostly bluejays scraping in the tall pines. I'd wait until I heard Dad shuffling down the hall, calling me, before I opened my eyes.

"Come on, boy, it's time to go get washed up."

We'd walk in the morning coolness under the canopy of sheltering trees to the men's community bathhouse, which had several showers, toilets, and washbasins. I loved the smell of those pines and their sap. Many of the older trees had deep scars in their trunks, where their life-giving sap had once been drained into buckets for making turpentine. Beneath the trees the ground was covered with the soft carpet of fallen, matted and decaying needles, which had a peculiar scent of its own. We walked through patches of grass wet with dew. My bare feet delighted in experiencing the different terrain along the path.

"Did you bring your shoes, son?" Dad asked.

"No, sir."

"Well, you'd better run back and get them. Your mom to take you into town with us today."

"Yes, sir!"

I shot like a deer back in the direction of the trailer. An unexpected trip to town was a treat not to be missed. Dad waited patiently until I returned.

In the communal men's room we undressed. Dad would adjust the temperature of the water in the shower stall before we got in together. Dad let me get wet first. He stood with his back to the showerhead and soaped me up. Even in those days my penis would stiffen at the sight of a naked male, especially of his cock. I was captivated by my father's penis, although I never touched it outright. His genitals were different from mine, apart from the fact that mine were still immature and undeveloped.

When my Pa saw my cock, hardly as big as his little finger, standing straight up showing its shorn head up at him, he laughed. Then he flung his washcloth on it. After that, whenever I showered by myself, I always played with my penis to stiffen it and then hung my washcloth on it. It seemed a perfectly natural thing to do—an ingenious idea for using such an otherwise worrisome appendage!

My dad's penis never hardened when I showered with him. I was nonetheless spellbound by its sheer size and length. Its beauty. I was curious about his ample foreskin, which hung over the tip of his penis. I thought if his penis did get hard it would be big enough to hand our bathtowel on. Then it occurred to me that hanging up a towel in the shower would be silly. Dummy! It would get all wet. I giggled.

"Come on, son," my dad would say, "let's stop playing and get rinsed off. Your mother's got breakfast waiting for us. Besides, we want to get to town and back before it gets too hot."

I watched him as he pulled back his foreskin. Holding it gently with the thumb and forefinger of one hand, he reached for the washcloth with the other. There was always dirt under his fingernails. No matter how hard or well he washed, his fingers appeared gray, blackened at times by dirt and grime embedded in his rough and cracked skin. An auto mechanic by trade, he was usually up to his elbows in oil and grease every day except Sunday.

When Dad pulled his skin back, the head of his penis, glistening pink and shaped like my button-sized cockhead, popped out. Taking the washcloth from where it was hanging on my pecker, he'd rub some soap on his cock and lather it up, all the while holding the skin back. Flinging the washcloth back on its hanger, he'd turn toward the shower and with both hands work his foreskin up and down, rinsing the soap underneath it and from his penis, balls, and the thicket surrounding black, curly pubic hair.

I wanted to be just like him. I washed my penis in the same way, which was not quite the same because, after all, I had been circumcised as an infant. I wondered if my cock would ever have thick curly hair and if my balls would someday be as large as my dad's dad's and hang like his did. When I looked down at my undeveloped genitals, straining under the weight of the washcloth, it seemed inconceivable.

Stealing into Mom and Dad's bedroom one day, I found one of Dad's condoms lying under the bed. I didn't know what it was but I knew it belonged to Dad because—despite a peculiar odor all its own—it smelled faintly like him.

I quickly stuffed it in my pocket. Slipping out of our trailer home, I ran as fast as I could to the men's community restroom. Once safe and secure inside a toilet stall, I took the rubber out of my pocket and smelled it. I slipped my penis into it. My young cock stiffened. I pretended that with the condom on, I had a foreskin just like my dad's. I worked it back and forth as I had seen him do with his foreskin so many times in the shower. I tried blowing it up like a balloon. Then I pissed in it and flushed it down the toilet.

My next adventures with cockskin happened after Jerry and his dad moved into the trailer court. His dad and mine became good friends and avid fishing buddies. The four of us went on numerous fishing trips in the summer, before school started.

I took an instant liking to Jerry. Although we were the same age, he was a little more developed than I. He was taller; his boyhood chubbiness had gone and he had turned into a slender, muscular youth. Sometimes he had a musky smell about him; other times he smelled sticky like bubble gum, or sweaty, sweet-and-sour. He had curly dark brown hair, sparse sideburns, and the wispy beginnings of a beard. He was proud of his Italian heritage. His voice deepened the first summer we spent together.

On extended fishing trips, which required overnight camping, Jerry and I had our own pup tent. We our bed with his sleeping bag opened on the bottom and mine covering us. After stripping down we jumped in. We giggled and snuggled for a minute; then I felt Jerry's hard cock jabbing me in the butt.

"There's a mouse in here," I whispered, gnawing at Jerry's ear. It tickled him and his laughter pealed. I turned on my flashlight and dove under the covers to investigate.

I ran the flashlight over his body. Budding clumps of hair grew in his armpits; soft down gathered on his chest, thickened around his nipples, and extended in a faint line down to the base of his cock. Nestled in tufts of curling black hair, his cock tapered and lengthened gracefully to a small but shapely glans that peeked through the thick folds of foreskin encasing it.

Coming out from under the covers, I whispered to Jerry, "You don't have a pecker, you have a peeker!"

Jerry squealed with laughter. He turned on his flashlight and dove under to take a look at me. He spread my legs and jabbed his "pecker" between them. It tickled. I squirmed away from him in fits of giggles.

"You boys pipe down over there!" I heard my dad's voice echo from across the campsite. "We're trying to get some sleep!"

After a fishing trip our dads would send us off to the trailer-court men's room to clean up. Jerry and I usually showered together. Whenever I looked at his soft-haired, muscular body, my cock got hard. I hung my washcloth on it to hide it.

"What's this?" Jerry said, yanking the cover off my stiffened penis.

"It's where I like to hang my washrag," I said. My face flushed. I was embarrassed about the small size of my

cock.

"If you want to see a real hanger," he said, "take a look at Peeker."

I did. I could have sworn it had grown at least two inches during the summer. It curved strongly upward, stridently holding its head erect. Engorged veins stood out prominently along the shaft, which thickened at the base. Jerry's balls had grown noticeably larger, too, and dangled well below his crotch. His pubic hair had filled in, growing thickly around the base of his cock and lightly covering his balls.

I drooled at the sight of him, coveting the skin that covered the tip of his penis, from which his cockhead peeked. I stuck my forefinger in my mouth, wet it, and slid it underneath his foreskin. His cockhead felt smooth and glassy, and his skin clung to my finger.

Moaning in pleasure, Jerry took short, deep breaths. His cock grew turgid, flaring its head. His whole body pumped and pulsated. I closed my hands around his cock, forming a loosely fitting fist. Thrusting with his pelvis, Jerry drove Peeker through my double-handed fist, skinning his foreskin back. Exposed, his cockhead and its sensitive underside slid into my caressing fingers. When he pulled back, I held his cockskin firmly. His cock slid out of my fist, encasing his cockhead in his foreskin. I could tell Jerry got as much pleasure from having his foreskin stretched and pulled as he did from rubbing his cockhead through my slippery fingers.

Sometimes when we showered, he'd soap the space between my legs and insert his cock. Squeezing it tightly between my thighs, I could feel his cock sliding in and out of his skin. As he feverishly worked to reach a climax, I enjoyed the feeling of his warm breath down the back of my neck. Once he tried to penetrate me but my sphincter was too tight and it hurt too much. He was satisfied shoving his cock between my legs to make himself come.

During the ensuing school year we were like a couple of frolicking freshwater otters, constantly playing with each other. We'd tease and torment the other kids simply for our amusement. Our antics were often disruptive of the classes we were in together, and we were the bane of many of our teachers. We spent a great deal of time that year in the principal's office, being reprimanded.

We were inseparable—or so we thought—until our sixth-period civics





teacher, Mr. Stone, made Jerry sit behind me in his class. That didn't stop our playfulness. It wasn't long before Jerry invented a new game. When Mr. Stone turned his back to the class to write our assignment on the blackboard, Jerry reached inside his Levis; sticking his finger in his foreskin, he removed a smidgen of cockcheese.

Unsuspecting, I was writing down the assignment from the blackboard as Mr. Stone wrote it. Stealthily reaching from behind, Jerry wiped his smelly finger under my nose. Usually when Jerry did that to me—transmitting a smell that both attracted and repelled me—it was a signal that he was horny. Hummer would stiffen in my pants. After school we'd then go to the men's facility in the trailer court and I'd masturbate him.

This time, however, Jerry succeeded in startling me. Getting the strong whiff of his cock's pungent odor, I gagged. Kids in the class who had seen what Jerry did, snickered. Mr. Stone turned and glared at us suspiciously over the glasses that had slipped part-way down his nose. I pretended to sniffle a sneeze; Jerry was feverishly writing down the assignment. Our innocent look was too obvious to fool Mr. Stone.

"This is a very important assignment, class," he said. "That is, if you would like to pass this course." He looked stonily at Jerry and me. "I want Jay and Jerry to write an additional three pages on why it is important for city governments to take this measure seriously."

On another afternoon in Mr. Stone's class I slipped Jerry a note: *I have something I need to show you after school.*

When Mr. Stone turned to the blackboard, Jerry reached from behind and grabbed my crotch. In a sarcastic tone conveying the fact that he wasn't about to fall for that old gag, he said in my ear, "I've already seen that ol' thing."

"No, you haven't," I whispered back. "It's not my cock. I have something really important to show you. After school let's go to the men's room in the trailer court."

Once we were safe inside one of the toilet stalls, I withdrew a condom from my pocket. "What do you think it is?" I asked.

"Where did you get that?"

"I found it in Mom and Dad's bedroom."

"It's a rubber, you dummy!"

"Huh?"

"A guy puts one of those on when he wants to fuck a girl. Here, let me see it."

Jerry unbuttoned his pants, pulled down his undershorts, and took out his stiffened cock. He put his cockhead in the condom and unrolled it down the length of his pecker, pulling back his foreskin as he did.

"See?" he said, letting me feel him inside the rubber.

"Why would you want to put it on?"

"Don't you know anything? It's for fucking a girl, so she won't get pregnant."

Jerry stroked his cock, folding his rubber-encased foreskin over its tip.

I had never thought about that; in fact, I wasn't much interested in girls to begin with. Jerry's having—or wanting to have—sex with a girl had never occurred to me, either.

"Does it feel like a foreskin?" I asked.

"Not exactly. Here, you try it."

I unzipped my pants and pulled down my Jockey shorts. I took out my cock. Jerry pulled the rubber off his cock and pushed it onto mine. It didn't stretch out and tighten the way it had on his cock; as soon as he let go, it slipped off and fell in the toilet. I flushed it.

"Aw, what'd you go and do that for?" Jerry whined. "I wanted to jerk off in it."

"It didn't feel like much of anything anyway. Certainly not like your foreskin must feel to you," I said, disappointed.

"You want to know what a foreskin feels like?"

"Yeah," I said, my disappointment turning to excitement. "I've always wanted to know what that's like."

"Let me see your hummer." Jerry reached for my cock. "Press the head of your dick up against mine."

I touched the head of my cock to his exposed cockhead. He butted his forehead up against mine.

"That's it. Now hold them together, just like that."

He pulled his foreskin up and over my cock, holding it in place with his fist.

"How does that feel?" he asked.

"Great!"

It was warm inside his skin. I could feel it tightening around my cock.

He began masturbating, stroking my cock and his, with his foreskin held tightly extended over my cockhead. Soon I felt his cock grow turgid and his cockhead flare. He breathed heavily,

thrusting his pelvis so hard that my cock jabbed him, stretching his foreskin as I slipped first to one side of his cock and then the other. He moaned in pleasure and then shot all over my cock.

That was the beginning of our private ritual. It also became Jerry's favorite way of masturbating. He loved stretching his foreskin over my cock and jacking himself off. It was also the first time he called my cock "hummer," a name that has stuck ever since.

Once when we were showering together after a fishing trip, Jerry stretched his foreskin over my penis as usual but then asked me to piss in it. When I obliged, his foreskin ballooned out. He squeezed his skin tightly around my cock, trying to hold in my piss—in vain. But the stretching felt so good that he peaked. He stroked his cock, retracting his foreskin. His cockhead enlarged, and he instantly came.

Toward the end of our second summer together I began to mature sexually. My hormonal secretions fired my growth rate; I had shot up two inches by the beginning of the school year. My body became slender and muscular. My voice deepened, rivaling Jerry's. The peach fuzz on my face bristled and darkened. My balls enlarged; my scrotum stretched and sprouted soft hairs. Tufts of hair burgeoned under my arms and at the base of my cock. My cock increased in length, its head nearly doubling in size.

I went around with a continual erection. My balls ached. Hummer was aroused at the slightest provocation. Riding on the schoolbus I couldn't control him. The jiggling and swaying of the bus as it lumbered down the streets, constantly stopping and starting, kept him rock hard.

Jerry was well aware of my maturation and my predicament. Walking down the school hallway, I sometimes had to hold my books in front of me to conceal my roaring hard-on. Jerry would push my books aside when he saw a couple of girls coming toward us. They'd look with shocked expressions at what they saw, then quickly look away. Then they'd look at each other with embarrassment as they passed down the hallway. My cheeks would flush crimson red and Jerry would howl with laughter.

Sexually mature by the end of the summer, Jerry was ejaculating regularly. His interest in girls accelerated. He came across a playing card pictur-

ing a girl with her open pussy. He kept it in his wallet. He would take it out and look at it while I masturbated him in one way or another, nearly every day after school.

Now that I was maturing, he had to work at getting his foreskin to cover my steadily enlarging cockhead; but once he did get it covered, it gave him a stretch much more pleasurable than in the days when it had jabbed into one side of his skin and then the other.

In the spring of our second school year together, I came for the first time. After Jerry had stretched his foreskin over my cockhead, I noticed that his skin felt better to me than ever before. He was stroking both our penises together, when suddenly my cockhead was flooded with intense sensation that spread down my cockshaft, deep into my groin. I wanted Jerry to rip Hummer from me!

My cock swelled, my whole body tensed. I concentrated on Jerry's stroking of my cock and wanted to explode! All my muscles went into spasm, my balls tightened, my whole body shook, something rose in my cock. I let out a moan. An orgasm ripped through me; sperm spewed out of my cock, filling Jerry's foreskin! I went limp.

Jerry was excited and happy for me. My semen sloshed around in his foreskin, lubricating his cockhead, driving him wild. After a couple of strokes, he peaked and exploded. My cum mingled with his for the first time.

By the last day of school, Mr. Stone had had it with students. He dismissed us all early. Jerry had been teasing me in class, as usual, with his smelly finger.

We raced home to my trailer house. My mom was nowhere in sight. I dashed down the hall. Jerry followed, pinching my ass as we went into my room and slammed the door behind us. He threw his books on my unmade bed. Peeker was already out of his pants. I threw my books down on my desk. Jerry grabbed me by the pants and quickly undid them, letting my cock and balls tumble out of my Jockey shorts.

He growled, tackling me around the waist. We slammed into the closet door. The trailer shook.

"Hey, take it easy!" I whispered. Jerry growled again. He stamped his feet, prancing like a sparring stag. He held his foreskin open, ready for me to enter. Hummer was hard as a rock and drooling. I butted up against Jerry and steadied myself. He stretched his fore-

skin up over the head of my cock and yowled with pleasure.

"Not so loud!" I gasped. He shoved into me. Again we hit the closet door and the trailer trembled.

Suddenly the door opened. Jerry leaped across my bed, pulling the covers over his bare ass. I turned and fell into my desk chair, grabbing as many books from the desk as I could to clutch in my lap, covering my exposed genitals.

"Oh, it's you, Jay," I heard my mom say, in a startled voice. "And you, too, Jerry? What are you doing home from school?"

"Mr. Stone let us go early today, that's all," I said.

"What are you up to?" She looked around the room, her eyes narrowed, her lips drawn together in a thin line.

"Nothing, Ma."

"Well, I don't like the looks of it," she said to me tersely. "My nerves are bothering me today. I think you'd better ask Jerry to go home." Her voice was cutting. "Is that understood?"

"Yes, ma'm."

She left, closing the door behind her.

I knew we'd been caught. I looked at Jerry, fear welling up in my eyes. Jerry looked at me. He shrugged his shoulders, his face stiffened, and his eyes went blank. He scrambled out of bed, tucked his shirt in his pants, and buttoned them up. Looking in the mirror hanging above my desk, he brushed his hair with his fingers, with that same blank, preoccupied expression. Then he turned and opened the door. Without looking at me or saying a word, he left.

I slipped out of the trailer and went for a long walk. I breathed convulsively, holding back my tears. I wondered what my father would do when he found out. Why hadn't Jerry and I gone to the communal men's room as we usually did? How could we have been so careless!

Dusk was gathering when I returned home. Dad was sitting in his rocker on the porch. He had finished reading the evening paper and was listening to the radio.

"You're awfully late for supper, boy." He paused to strike a match and light his pipe. Taking a long draw on it, he exhaled blue smoke that curled upward in the still evening air. "Where have you been?"

"Nowhere, Pa, just out walking."

"Your mother's mighty worried

about you, son." He looked directly into my eyes. "She told me about what happened this afternoon. What she had seen. What were you boys doing in your room?"

"Nothing, Pa." I wanted to cry out, 'Please, daddy, don't be angry with me!' but I didn't. My father was always in control of his emotions and I was expected to control mine as well. Instead, I hung my head.

"Well, boys will be boys," he said, taking another draw on his pipe. "I've put something on the desk in your room for you to read. After you've eaten your supper, son, I want you to go and read it." He looked into my eyes again. "Your mother has put a plate of food in the over for you, so's it wouldn't get

When Dad pulled his skin back, the head of his cock, glistening pink and shaped like my button-sized cockhead, popped out. He'd rub some soap on his cock and lather it up, all the while holding the skin back. With both hands work his foreskin up and down, rinsing the soap from his cock, balls, and the thicket surrounding black, curly pubic hair. I wanted to be just like him.

cold. Now, be a good boy and go on inside."

I poured myself a glass of milk, took my dinner out of the oven, and sat down at the kitchen table, but I didn't feel much like eating. I stuffed food into my mouth, hardly chewing or tasting it. I wondered what Jerry would do in such a situation. On camping trips with our dads, when Jerry was confronted with something to eat that he didn't like, he would surreptitiously pitch it by spoonfuls into the bushes or hide it in his paper napkin and slip it under the table to one of the camp dogs. I smiled thinking of him.

I put my half-eaten plate of food back in the refrigerator and drew a sink full of hot water to do my evening chore of washing the dishes. My mother had already gone to bed. She often went to bed early, complaining of exhaustion

or her nerves.

By the time I finished the dishes, it was dark. I went to my room and turned on my desk lamp to sit down and read what my dad had left there for me. It was a book opened to an article entitled "Homosexuality and Adolescent Sexual Behavior: Is It Part of Boyhood?"

All I remember of the article is that I hardly understood any words in it, including the title. Homosexuality had something to do with being queer, I thought; but I knew I wasn't queer. I was perplexed. I didn't understand why my father wanted me to read it.

What I did understand was that somehow it had something to do with Jerry, because I never saw him again. Soon after that evening he and his dad hitched up their trailer and moved from The Sheltering Pines Trailer Court.

That article I was given to read was the only sex education I ever received from my parents. Nothing more was ever said at home about homosexuality or Jerry.

Dad and I went fishing some that summer but it wasn't the same without Jerry and his dad. I helped my dad around the garage a lot, but nothing really interested me or took away my heartache. I would have given anything to be with Jerry.

At night I'd lie awake in bed thinking about him and fantasize about his hooded cock. How I longed to be in his foreskin. I'd masturbate and drift off to sleep. For the first time in my life I realized what it was to be lonely.

I was glad when summer ended and school started. Burying myself in my schoolwork and a frenzy of activities, I told myself I didn't have time to think about Jerry. After all, he deserved my not thinking about him. He had left without telling me goodbye or where he was going; he never once wrote to me. Whenever I did think about him, I cried. I had fallen in love with him but didn't realize it.

I was in my third year of college before I had a sexual relationship with anyone else. When Linda came along, I had already begun seriously dating the girls in my class. Linda was small and soft; I loved touching her. I loved her scent and the silkiness of her hair. She fit in the crook of my arm. Her body contoured into mine filling all the empty spaces, as though she were an extension of me. I felt both protecting and protected, sheltering her in my arms.

Her mouth was as hungry for mine as mine for hers. I kissed the softness of her breasts. When she moaned and let my fingers slip inside her, Hummer went wild. He stiffened to the point of climax and shot before he even touched her.

While Hummer enjoyed having sex with her I was usually thinking of Jerry. It was crazy! In my imagination I became Linda and my cock became Jerry. I imagined what it must be like for my labia, Linda's vulva, to be impassioned by Jerry's cock. I longed to be taken by him. In turn I felt Jerry's urgency to penetrate Linda. Lust flared my own penis and I pushed to get inside her, feeling her as he would have felt her.

In my mind's eye I saw Jerry's foreskin being shoved back by her lips, fully exposing his pink glans to the tenderness of her recesses.

I became Linda. I pictured his cockhead in me.

Fully roused, I shoved Hummer into Linda.

She pulled away slightly to adjust to my size. When she moved forward, I penetrated her to the hilt.

Jerry's cock swelled. As he pulled back, I could picture Linda tightening around him, trying to hold him inside her, trying to keep him from pulling out. When he did pull back, the skin slid forward on his shaft. His foreskin capped the head of his cock inside her.

My mind exploded. —He's in her with his foreskin closed!—I thought.

The thought was excruciatingly exciting. My temperature soared to feverish heights. I envisioned Jerry trying with each thrust to skin himself back.

Linda bucked.

Jerry frantically fingered the skin at the base of his cock, pulling his foreskin back. Once again his tender glans was bared inside her. Linda moaned. She rode up and down the shaft of my cock. My cockhead rubbed the silky folds of her vagina.

"God, it feels so good!" she sighed.

—Oh, Jerry—my mind said—You feel so good!—

Linda reached the heights of orgasm. I heard her moan and felt her tighten around my cock.

—Oh, God—said Jerry—I'm coming!— I envisioned him swelling in me. I felt Linda's soft insides. I imagined her contracting around Jerry's cock, pulling his foreskin deeper inside her. I groaned. I came.

I remember another time. Linda was lying with her back arched and legs thrown widely apart. Her vulva was swollen, ready for my penetration. Its lips parted slightly, revealing the bright pink interior. She was breathing slowly and deeply. I touched my cock to her slit, breaching its opening.

Pulling back before entering her, I took hold of the skin gathered in folds at the base of her labia, and with my thumbs and forefingers gently pulled it over my cockhead. In my mind's eye, as my cock slipped between the folds of her skin, I saw Jerry's foreskin being pulled over my cockhead. I flushed, stiffening my cock.

"Oh God, Jerry," I blurted, "I'm coming!" Linda moved her pelvis and began wildly fucking me. Taking the full length of my cock, she drained it dry. In gulps I caught my breath. Pulling my cock out of her, I lurched over beside her on the bed. She snuggled up against me.

"What do you fantasize about," she asked, "when we're having sex and you get so excited?" In a deeper, quieter tone she added, "And who's Jerry?"

I wasn't surprised by the question. Linda knew that I wasn't always fully there for her. There was something in me that she couldn't satisfy or fulfill. I told her about Jerry, how we had grown up together, matured in each other's arms. I told her how we had had sex together and how much I missed him; I even told her about how I thought about his cock and foreskin when I was fucking her.

Linda confided in me. She had suspected that our relationship, although physically satisfying, wasn't enough for me. She said she would introduce me to a gay friend of hers who had the same obsession as mine: a fascination for foreskin.

Dave, an outspoken gay man, active in many campus organizations, was a senior in the class ahead of Linda and me. Although he shared my interest in cockskin, he was also circumcised. He encouraged me to join a national organization based in San Francisco, called the Uncircumcised Society of America.

"Although it's an organization for uncut men," he explained, "it also has friendly cuts like me for members.

Foreskin Quarterly espouses the virtues of the male penis cut or uncut! You'll definitely want to subscribe."

I joined and waited impatiently for

my first issue of *FQ*. It came. I hadn't realized how exciting a magazine dedicated to foreskin could be. Sure, I'd seen pictures of naked men in magazines before, but my first question had always been, Is he cut or uncut? Sometimes it was difficult to tell whether or not had a foreskin, especially if he'd skinned it back in order to appear cut in the photograph. With the men in *FQ* there wasn't any guesswork. The close-up pictures of hooded rods sent me into ecstasy! I had Hummer in hand stroking him over nearly every page. He drooled!

As exciting as the *FQ* men were, the real clincher came on the back pages of the magazine in an article about foreskin restoration. I'd had no idea reconstruction was even possible. The article suggested that with steady, diligent, and patient stretching I could lengthen my shaft skin, to cover my cockhead like a foreskin. I couldn't wait to get started.

That night I pulled my shaft skin up and over the head of my cock, stuffed in three or four cotton balls, and taped it shut with a couple of Band-Aids. The next day I again taped my shaft skin over the head of my cock, in such a way that the skin could be retracted for urination.

By the end of the year I had enough skin to cover my cockhead easily when my cock was soft. I had increased the number of nightly cotton balls to ten or twelve. It felt so damn good waking up in the middle of the night with a nocturnal hard-on and feeling my skin being stretched as it strained to keep my erection capped.

I decided to keep stretching until I have enough skin to cover my cockhead fully when I'm fully erect. That's my goal. I fantasize about waking up in the morning with a roaring hard-on that's fighting to get its skin rolled back, exposing a purplish, glassy-smooth, tender cockhead glistening with moisture and smelling all the more ardently *au naturel*. I want to be able to come in my own skin.

During my second year of stretching I realized that if I were going to make any further progress, I would have to figure out a way of stretching the skin to extend beyond my cockhead in the flaccid state. One day I was rummaging around for some tools in one of Dad's old toolboxes and found a large 1-1/4-inch socket that he used in his socket wrench when he worked on cars. I got an idea.

I took the socket into the house and scrubbed it clean. Dropping my pants, I discovered that my cockhead fit perfectly through the opening of the socket and that I could piss through the hole. I pulled my shaft skin up over the socket and secured it with some elastic adhesive tape.

I had found a stretching method that extended my skin beyond my cockhead and in time would lengthen it. The weight of the socket hanging down my trouser leg and pulling on my skin felt great.

By the end of the year I could stretch an inch of foreskin between my thumbs and forefingers all the way around my cock. What a delight the new skin was! Its looseness as it rode up and down my shaft gave me wonderful new sensations during my sexual activities.

The following year I discovered I could increase the weight of my cock-socket by putting it in a condom and from time to time adding washers.

I also discovered a new stretching method. I found to my delight that my cockskin would slip over my bathroom doorknob. It's considerably smaller than most doorknobs but just the right size for me to dock and get a good morning stretch. While I'm shaving, brushing my teeth, and getting ready for work, my skin is getting a good workout! That's how my fascination with doorknobs—my doorknob fetish—began.

Sometime during my third year of stretching, a band of pink and extremely sensitive skin appeared just underneath the corona of my cockhead. It has heightened my cock's sensitivity. If a guy handles my restored foreskin just right, and tongues that pink band of skin, I quickly reach the point of climax. I can come just from his playing with my cockhead!

I've just completed my fourth year of stretching. I've found that on days when I'm not wearing my cock-socket, my cockskin will slip over the doorknob of my inside office door. The knob itself is quite a bit larger than the one on my bathroom door that I use for my morning exercises. The sensation I experience from this method of foreskin stretching is nothing less than ecstatic. The underside of my cockskin gets a good stretch unattainable by any other methods I use.

On those rare occasions when I'm not wearing a device, I can pull my cock out at the urinal, look down, and discover to my delight that my cockhead is

completely nestled in folds of soft skin. I stick my forefinger inside the cap. It's often delightfully moist and tender there. I brush my fingers under my nose. Reaping the faint smell of fresh smegma, I think: God, I'm there!

In the semi-privacy of the men's washroom in my office building, I'll leave my pants unzipped and my cock hanging out of my underwear while I'm washing my hands. I enjoy seeing the reflection of my cock in the mirror behind the washbasins. I think to myself: If Jerry saw me right now, he'd think for sure I'm uncut. It looks so natural peeking out from its folds of skin—like Pecker!

o o o

The author does not recommend, advocate, or encourage anyone to try the methods of foreskin stretching described in the story. Anyone using these methods does so at his own risk. They are simply methods that have worked for the author.

Anyone seriously interested in foreskin restoration who would like to receive the author's progress reports for 1987- 1989 may write a letter in earnest to Jay Norman, 1605 12th Avenue, Studio 30, Seattle, WA 98122, enclosing SASE and 45 cents postage.

PHYSICAL INTERROGATION TECHNIQUES

by Richard W. Krousher

*"One of the most
terrifying and gruesome
books ever printed!"*

The book that tells you what no other book will: how to torture information out of an unwilling subject. Most people will not have the stomach to read it, but those who do will learn more about torture and torment than they dreamed possible.

In step-by-step chilling detail, *Physical Interrogation Techniques* tells you how to evaluate a subject to determine what kinds of torture will be most effective, and then goes into grisly detail on actual methods of torture. The author covers humiliation, confinement and restraint, sensory deprivation/overload, intrusion into body orifices, abrasion, beating, burning, electricity, and much more, including a heavy-duty chapter on mutilation.

It is the best book ever written on torture and interrogation techniques. You may not "enjoy" this material, but you will never forget it!

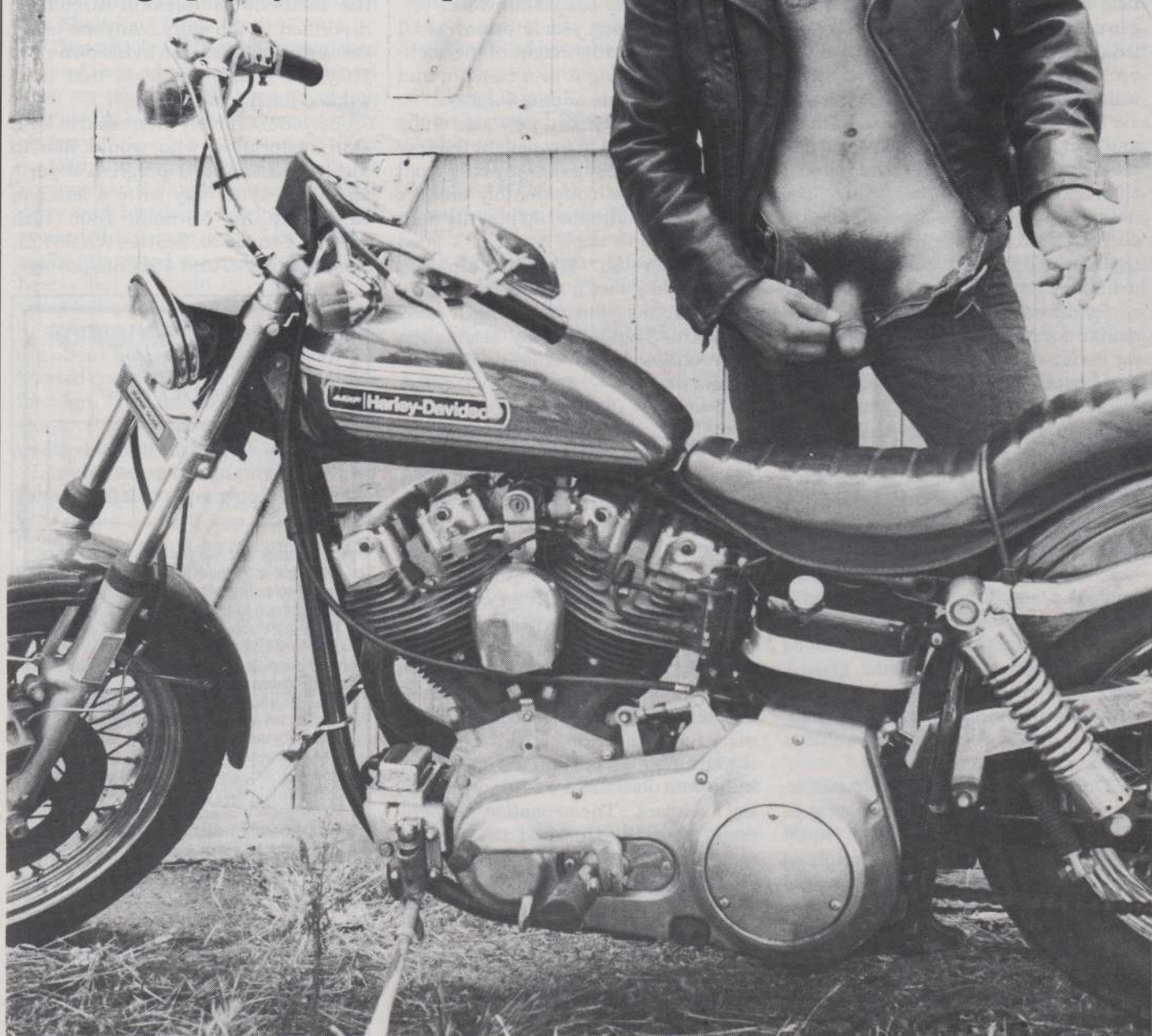
Sold for informational
purposes only!

\$12 + 2.50 p&h
Sandmutopia Supply Co.
PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101

Ridin' Through Kansas

By JACK RICARDO

Photography by Robert Opel



I started out from Missouri, heading to Utah. Why Utah? Why not? I needed a vacation, and I've never been to Utah. I talked my daddy into letting me have two weeks off. He owns the soybean farm, and someday it'll be mine. But he wouldn't let me take the pickup. So I overhauled the Harley that I picked up at an auction four months ago, and headed west.

The machine behaved like a well-bred bloodhound, doing what it was told and eager for the chase. In three hours I was out of Missouri. After I hit Kansas I stayed off the main highway, taking my time and cruising down side roads that plowed through cornfields as high as a garage. I enjoyed the warm air breezing over my arms, the wind lacing my face. I let my mind wander. Naturally it wandered to Hector.

Hector hired on at the farm for two weeks at the beginning of the summer. By now he's long gone. But he did something to me that no other man had ever done. One day out in the field, Hector blew me. That sounds mighty crude to say but that's just what he did. And that was the first and only time a guy sucked my dick. I loved it. Damn, he was good! His lips felt like two pieces of slimy raw steak pressing my dick between them. And I know how that feels 'cause once I jerked off with a piece of raw steak.

I revved the engine; my Harley kicked over the hill. My nuts were resting on the gas tank and my dick was starting to twitch just thinking about Hector's lips. I kept one hand gunning the engine and dropped my other hand into my lap. Hell, the road was empty, the day was clear, and there were only the cornfields on both sides of me.

I unbuttoned three buttons of my jeans, pushed my hand inside the fly, grabbed ahold of my pecker and flipped it out. The fucker was prime and hard just thinking about Hector. And through the sloppy foreskin that hung down over the head a little drop of juice was spilling out. When Hector first saw my dick, he told me he hadn't ever seen a cock with so much foreskin. Hell, even with the damn thing hard, a good inch of skin toppled over its head. I was proud of my fucker. Now I pressed the stiff piece of meat down against the gas tank, feeling the warmth of the metal against it, oh so smooth. I rubbed that hard fucker into the metal with the palm of my hand. The head was outlined under the skin like an onion in its sheath of silk. I smiled wide and

dreamed of Hector's lips holding my dick in his mouth, his tongue poking itself into that skin.

My jackoff dream broke when my eye hit the right rearview mirror. Behind me and coming up fast was another cycle. I almost panicked and swerved off the road, trying to push my dick back inside my jeans. But damn, I was riding along at fifty miles an hour, and tuckin' that fucker away wasn't easy.

When the other biker passed, all I could do was keep my hand in my crotch trying to hide my boner. I don't know if the guy saw my dick or not. I didn't even look at him. That is, not until he passed. Then I stopped struggling with my dick and let it flipflop in the wind.

I didn't know what kind of bike the guy had been riding. It was a big machine and black, but I hadn't seen any markings. I hadn't seen the guy's face. But I'd seen that he wasn't wearing any shirt. I'd got a glimpse of his boots on the stirrups, of his bare back and jeans.

I lost my enthusiasm for jacking off. Being almost caught with my dick out on the road knocked the fantasy right out of my head. I pushed the soft fucker back inside my jeans but didn't bother to button up, getting off on the rush of air breezing through.

It must have been about two hours later—I was still riding through the never-ending cornfields—when I saw another biker in the distance up ahead, stopped at the side of the road. When I got closer I could see it was the biker who had passed me. I recognized his big unmarked machine. He was still shirtless, sitting at the side of the road, his helmet off, smoking a cigarette.

There's a rule of courtesy among bikers on the road. If you see another biker in trouble, help him out. I pulled up and parked behind the unmarked machine. Balancing my Harley with both legs, I asked, "Need a hand?"

The guy looked up at me. He didn't smile. "Naw, just resting. Needed a break. Where you heading?"

I kicked the stand down, unbuckled my helmet, took out my pack of weeds, and lit up. "Utah. How about you?"

"Just ridin'."

I sat down on the ground next to him, offered my hand, and said, "My name's Sam."

"I'm Ellie." He took my hand, gave it a strong warm shake.

"It's terrific driving through this country, ain't it? Nobody around but you and the sun and the cornfields."

"Nothing like it in the world."

Neither of us talked much after that. We just sat there enjoying our cigarettes and quiet company, the corn stalks waving in the fields, the sun going down.

Ellie wasn't what you'd call handsome. Rugged, I'd say, like some ranchers I knew back home. Ellie wasn't that tall, either. Even sitting down, I towered over him a good foot. His hair was short and kind of dirty blond or maybe light brown. He had a small patch of hair in the middle of his chest. I always notice that about a guy, I guess 'cause I hardly have any hair on my own chest. Ellie's chest hair was thick and dribbled down into the waistband of his jeans. I felt a shiver in my nuts.

I crushed my cigarette out under the heel of my boot. As I did, I realized that my dick was hard again and about to pop out of the unbuttoned fly of my jeans. I tried to hide the damn thing under my hand.

Ellie looked at me and smiled. "More than once," he said, "I've pulled out my cock and whacked off when I was ridin' through Kansas." He leaned back on both elbows. Damn, I wasn't the only man with a hardon sitting there on the side of the road. The outline of a hard dick was showing through the denim of Ellie's jeans, pressing against his leg. He sure as hell wasn't wearing any shorts. That was okay, neither was I.

Ellie's dick standing out against the denim like that struck me kind of funny and I laughed. "Me too," I said, and lifted my hand away. My dick was just as hard as his, and part of the shaft was showing in my open fly. With a couple of fingers I plucked at it. The piece sprung out like a dragon and I grabbed it with my fist.

Ellie grinned and gave out a soft whistle. "You sure aren't shy, are you!"

"Hell, no," I said. "Me and the other boys on the farm circle jerk off all the time. Don't you?"

Ellie sat back up. He unbuttoned the top button of his jeans. "I'm not from a farm," he said. He popped the rest of his buttons, spread his jeans, and pushed them down just enough that both his nuts and his dick could lay there on his stomach in a thick patch of coarse brown hair. He leaned back on his elbows again and looked at his hard piece. It wasn't much different than mine. Well, maybe it was a little smaller, and there wasn't as much skin hanging over its head. But still it was a fine-looking piece. Ellie looked up at

me. "Ever suck a cock?" he asked.

"Hell, no," I said. With my finger I swirled a little drop of pre-cum that was stringing out of my skin. I poked the finger inside the skin and rubbed the head of my cock. "Me and the boys don't jerk each other off. We just watch each other beating off."

Ellie wasn't jerking on his cock, but every once in a while it gave a twitch and bounced on his stomach. I was enjoying talking about jerking off. It made my nuts tingle.

"That's no fun," Ellie said.

"Sure it is."

Ellie sat up. He hesitated for a moment, looking me in the eye. Then he reached over and put his hand around my meat. I took away my fingers and let him handle it.

"It feels a helluva lot better when another guy jerks you off," he said.

His hand was goddamn hot on my dick. I didn't push it away because he was right. His burly fist around my dick felt a lot better than my own fist. I stretched out my legs. Ellie aimed my cock at my feet. It hurt a little because of the metal buttons on my jeans. But only a little. He swung my dick around, watching it. With his other hand he unbuttoned the top button of my fly.

I had as much hair on my crotch as Ellie, and he began to run his fingers through the bush, pulling, teasing. His two hands were making me feel mighty fine. I leaned back and let him play. He grabbed my nuts, pulled them out and flipped them around. I threw my head back and kind of moaned, almost creaming right there. My nuts are very sensitive and love to be fondled.

We both heard it at the same time, the roar of an eighteen-wheeler coming up fast.

"Come on," Ellie said, jumping up and hitching his jeans. I did the same and followed him into the cornfield. We heard the truck rush past. Its wake made the stalks rustle all around us.

We were standing between rows of fully grown corn, the stalks taller than we were. Ellie pushed his opened jeans down to his knees. So did I. Our dicks stood up staring at each other. Ellie grabbed the smooth shaft of his cock and pulled it back until its head peeped through the skin. It was shiny, and pointed like a spear. And it was a beaut. Ellie hadn't seen my cockhead yet, but I thought it was a beaut, too, round as a kernel of corn and with a thick vein running down the shaft.

Ellie spit in his hand and then circled his fingers around my dick. I groaned as he slid his wet fist up and down, beginning to jerk me. Each time he pulled, I watched my cock reaching for air through the foreskin hole but not quite making it. Ellie cupped my nuts in his other hand. I spread my legs and moaned louder, having to struggle to catch my breath.

Ellie's face was only a foot from mine. Sweat was forming beads on his forehead. His eyes were bright, his cheeks flushed, his tongue almost hanging out of his mouth. His fist on my dick and his fingers around my nuts were bringing me close to shooting my wad.

"Hold it," I said, grabbing his wrist. "This is feeling too good. Let's make it last."

Ellie stopped fine-tuning my dick. He smiled and stepped back to take a look at his own hardon. The head was clear out of the foreskin, which was wrapped close up around it like a muffler in winter. Ellie was making it twitch without touching it, and there was a thin string of juice dangling off the end. I stared. I guess my tongue was nearly hanging out, too. His nuts were heavy, almost as big as mine but covered with even more wiry hair.

"Go on," Ellie said. "Grab it. You want to."

He was right. I did want to. I'd never felt another guy's cock before. But Ellie's looked so damn beautiful and tempting. I reached out. But just before touching it, I chickened out. Instead I reached under and wrapped my hand around his balls.

"Atta boy, guy," he whispered. "That'll do just fine."

He was right again. I'd never before touched anything so fine. His nuts were smooth, they were rough; they were soft, they were hard—all rolled into two! I felt my skin getting hot and cold all over. Ellie didn't seem to mind that I'd chickened out on his dick. He placed his feet farther apart—stretching his pulled-down jeans—to give me room to play, and began moving his hips. I felt my hand brush the insides of his thighs, adding to the hot chill I was experiencing.

Ellie reached between my legs and grabbed my balls, multiplying all my sensations a million and one times. I began to knead his nuts, wanting to feel every single pore, every single hair, letting the folds of skin leak through

my fingers. I watched his dick twitter and drool. One of my fingers slipped up behind his balls. When it hit his asshole, he kind of crooned, "Yeah."

He wanted me to play with his asshole. I was sure of it, strange as it seemed to me. So I did. I kept his nuts tight in the palm of my hand while reaching my finger up there and tickling around the hole. Ellie pushed his hips down, trying to sit on my finger. When the tip of my finger poked inside him, it was my turn to croon.

I had only the tip of my finger up his ass but it was like pushing into new-grown cotton in the fields of August. Ellie pressed down farther and my finger slid in farther. I couldn't hold back; I shoved my finger deep into his ass.

Ellie was pushing and pulling my nuts, rubbing his wrist against my dick. Our bodies were sweating. My whole finger was now inside him, right up to the knuckle. I wiggled it, trying to feel every hot point inside him, while my palm crushed his nuts. Ellie loved it. He shoved his ass down, he tugged at my nuts.

I was almost ready to cream, what with my dick being rubbed by Ellie's hairy wrist and my balls pawed by his fingers, my own finger deep in his warm hole. He was almost there, too. He leaned over, his mouth against my ear, and whispered, almost choking, "Did you ever cornhole another guy?"

My breath was coming hard. "No," I managed to gasp.

"Do it to me," he said. He sounded like a starving hound that needed a bone, bad.

"Yeah," I said. "Yeah. I want to stick my porker up your ass. Yeah." I was just as hungry.

Ellie let go of my nuts and backed away. My finger slipped out of him. When he bent down to his jeans, I lifted to my nose the finger that had just been inside his warm ass. I inhaled, and my dick bounced at the smell. Ellie stood up smiling. "Let's go, buddy," he panted. He was holding a rubber in his hand.

He ripped open the packet and slipped the circle of the rubber over the head of my cock. Just the slight touch of it made my dick twitch. I'd whacked off in rubbers before but had always put them on myself. Now here I was standing in a cornfield while a guy played with my dick and put a rubber on it.

I watched the rubber passing over the tip. It pulled my foreskin with it,

exposing that fine dickhead of mine for all the world to see. The clump of skin around the collar made a bulge in the rubber—a mighty tempting bulge. Ellie leaned over and licked all around that collar of foresking, gnawing on it lightly. He unrolled the rubber down my shaft with both hands, until my cock was entirely covered by that fine new layer. And my cockhead was inside Ellie's mouth, being slobbered over by his tongue. Even through the rubber, the thick vein going up the side of my cock was clearly visible, throbbing. Ellie squeezed my cock like he would the udder of a cow. He stood up and backed away. "Ready," he said. Then he turned around.

The firm cheeks of his fine ass were almost white compared to his arms and chest. Yeah, I was ready to cornhole that baby white fucker, if my dick was going to feel as good inside him as my finger had. But I felt like a damn fool. My dick was eager to plug him and so was my mind, but I'd never cornholed a man before.

Ellie bent over a little. His jeans were crumpled up around his ankles, just like the foreskin around his cock. He turned and said over his shoulder, "Come on, farm boy, mount me."

Hell, that was all the instruction I needed. I grabbed the sides of his hips, the tip of my cock aimed straight between his cheeks. I poked it in between those beauties, but I didn't hit pay dirt. Ellie reached a hand behind, grabbed my dick and set it straight. I pushed and almost blew my top. My cockhead edged inside Ellie's asshole and stayed there. If I'd thought my finger felt good up there, it was nothing compared to the bare head of my dick, piping hot in the warm oven.

Ellie put both hands on his knees. "You got it." I did have it. I was inside Ellie and I felt like singing to the stars for old glory. I held on tight and pressed some more. I could feel every inch sliding into him, his asshole hugging my dick, sucking my dick, caressing my dick, loving my dick.

He groaned and began to shimmy his ass. I couldn't stop and Ellie didn't want me to. I held onto his hips and watched as my dick continued to feed itself into his ass. When there was no more to feed, I grabbed Ellie around the waist with both hands and bent him over, hugging my crotch to his, my dick swelling up inside him, my balls resting between those baby white cheeks,

my crotch hairs rubbing against that warm clean ass. I was feeling so mighty fine I could have lived like that forever, with my dick cornholing Ellie.

But it wasn't enough, or it was too much. Ellie pulled his ass away a bit, letting my dick ease out, sending chills down to my toenails, because I could feel my dick being clutched by his ass muscles. I plunged back in. That only increased the wild sensations. I pulled out again, plunged back in.

Ellie began to meet my every plug with one of his own. My balls were slapping his ass. I held on tight and began fucking that biker for all I was worth and he was worth, plowing him. Ellie grunted like a pig and twisted his ass to make sure I'd touch every tender loving spot inside him.

Sweat was pouring off my chest and dripping onto Ellie's ass. I was singing, shouting, moaning, crooning as I fucked that man like there was no tomorrow. Ellie was pressing right back, his asshole performing muscular miracles with my dick.

I couldn't let him go. I'd never let him go. My balls were burning, my cock was about to burst. I released my hands from Ellie's waist and, grabbing him around his chest, pulled him up to a standing position. My chest was wet and salty and sticking to his bare back, making us one solid man. Me inside Ellie. I held him there, hanging on my dick. I lowered my hands till my fingers touched Ellie's dick. He groaned. I clutched his dick like it was my own, playing with that fine skin of his that was wrapped around the head. The shaft was solid as a flagpole, a hot, steaming, breathing flagpole. My own dick was just as hard and just as hot, plugged up Ellie's ass. As I squeezed and milked his cock, I spouted, I shouted. My dick was shooting off inside Ellie's ass. At the same time his dick shot off in my hand. He leaned back into me, groaning and moaning. I chewed on his neck, keeping my dick buried in his gut, spitting out its juices into my man Ellie.

I held him like that until I could barely stand any more. My knees were weak, the muscles of my arms ached wonderfully. My fist was slimy with Ellie's cum. The only sound we heard was our own breathing, satisfied.

"Okay, farm boy," Ellie finally said. "Easy." I let go of his dick and lowered his feet back to the ground. My dick was still firmly cornholed up his ass.

He reached back and put his fingers around the base of my cock. Slowly he pulled off, making sure the rubber pulled off with my dick.

When my dick flipped out, I was surprised to see it still hard. I smiled a satisfied smile. Ellie eased the rubber off. The foreskin now covered its delicate head, a little juice dripping out.

We sat down in the aisle between the rows of cornstalks, in the dirt, on our bare asses. But it didn't matter that we were getting dirty. We were feeling too damn good. Ellie's dick was still half hard, the foreskin again keeping the head warm. Ellie slipped the wet rubber into the pocket of his jeans and brought out a crumpled pack of cigarettes. He gave me one. We both lit up.

"If that was the first time you ever cornholed a man," Ellie said, "you learn fast."

I laughed. "Yeah, it was my first," I said. I even blushed. Which was foolish, considering I'd just had my dick up this man's ass.

We got up and brushed off. There was still no traffic on the road. But the sun had set long ago, it was almost dark.

"How long you gonna ride yet?" Ellie asked, revving his engine.

"I'm flat worn out," I said. "There should be a motel up ahead at Otis, about twenty miles. Probably spend the night there." I kickstarted my Harley.

"Follow me," Ellie said. He took off on his unmarked machine. I followed.

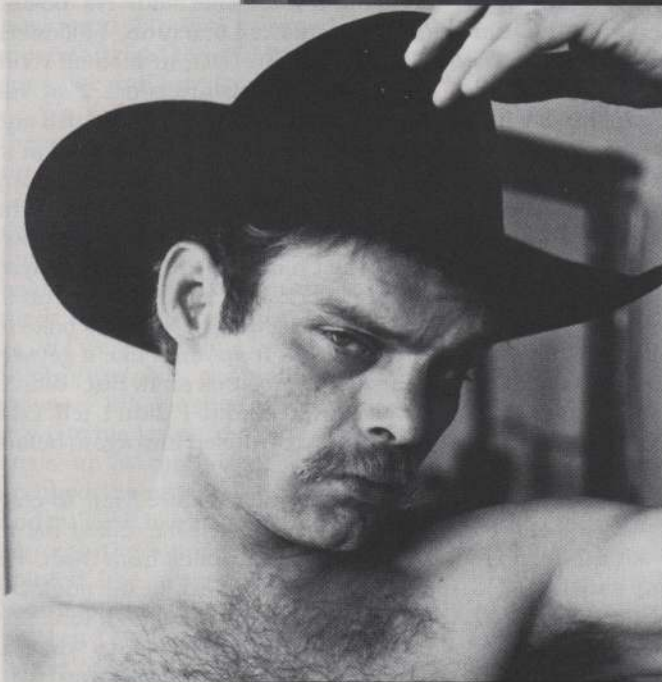
Ellie lived in Otis, in a small room behind the hardware store that his father owned. He had only one bed and it was a small one, but we both slept in it anyway. Ellie loved to play with my dick, liked to put his fingers inside the skin and rub them around my arrowhead. I let him enjoy himself. I played with his cock a little, jerked him off in fact, watching that head of his poke in and out until it spouted like a geyser. He asked me to suck on it, but I didn't. I was tempted, but I didn't tell Ellie that. And I cornholed him again before the night was over.

Next morning, before I left to continue my vacation, Ellie asked me to stop by on my way back from Utah. He said that if I did, he'd let me suck his dick. He laughed. I laughed, too. But I bet when I come back, that's what I'll do. And I'm kinda looking forward to it.

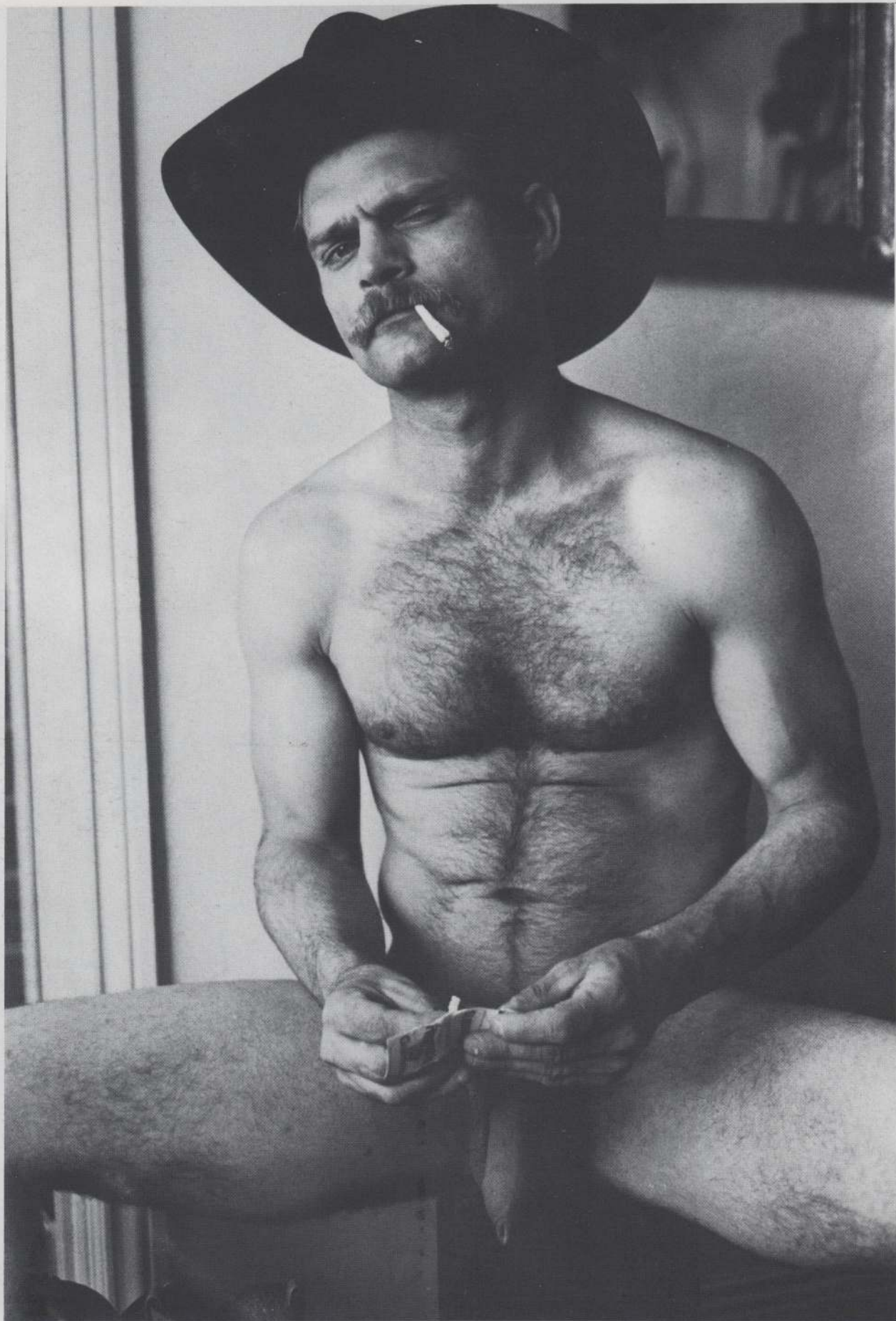


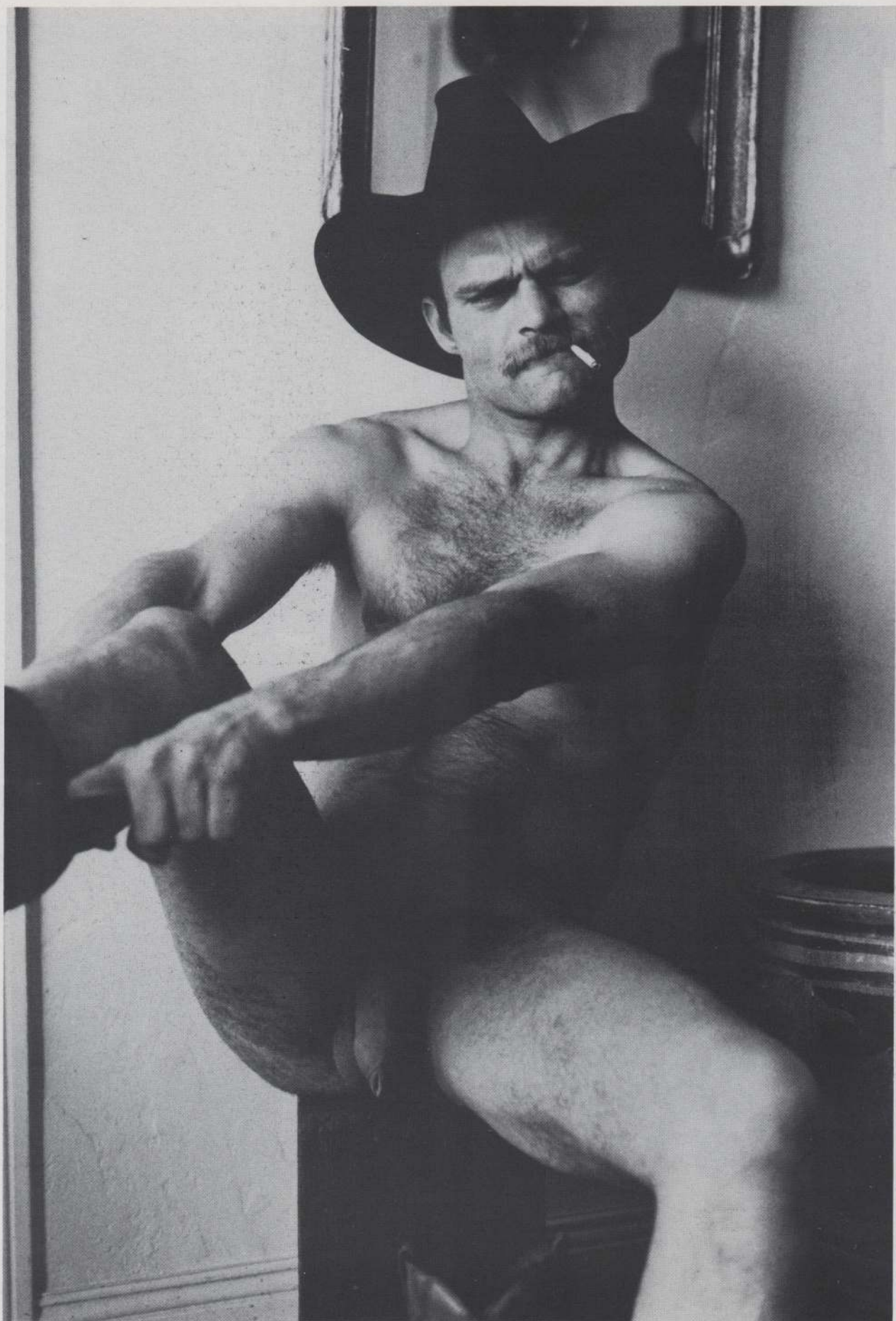
**UNCUT
COWBOY**

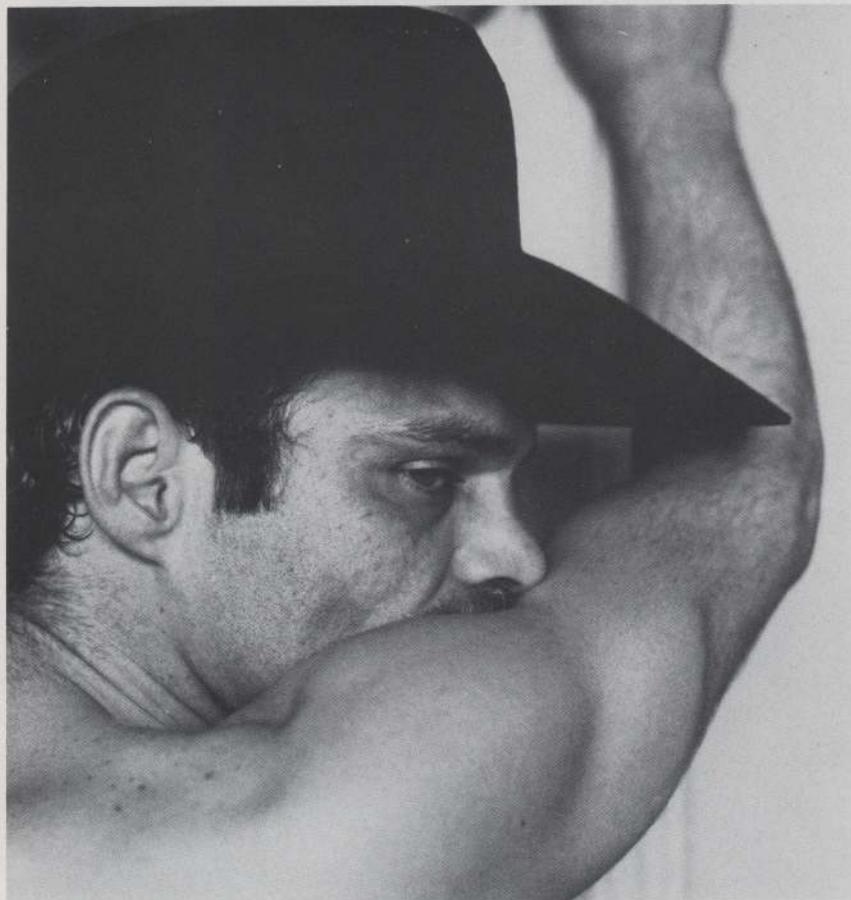
Photography by Satyr

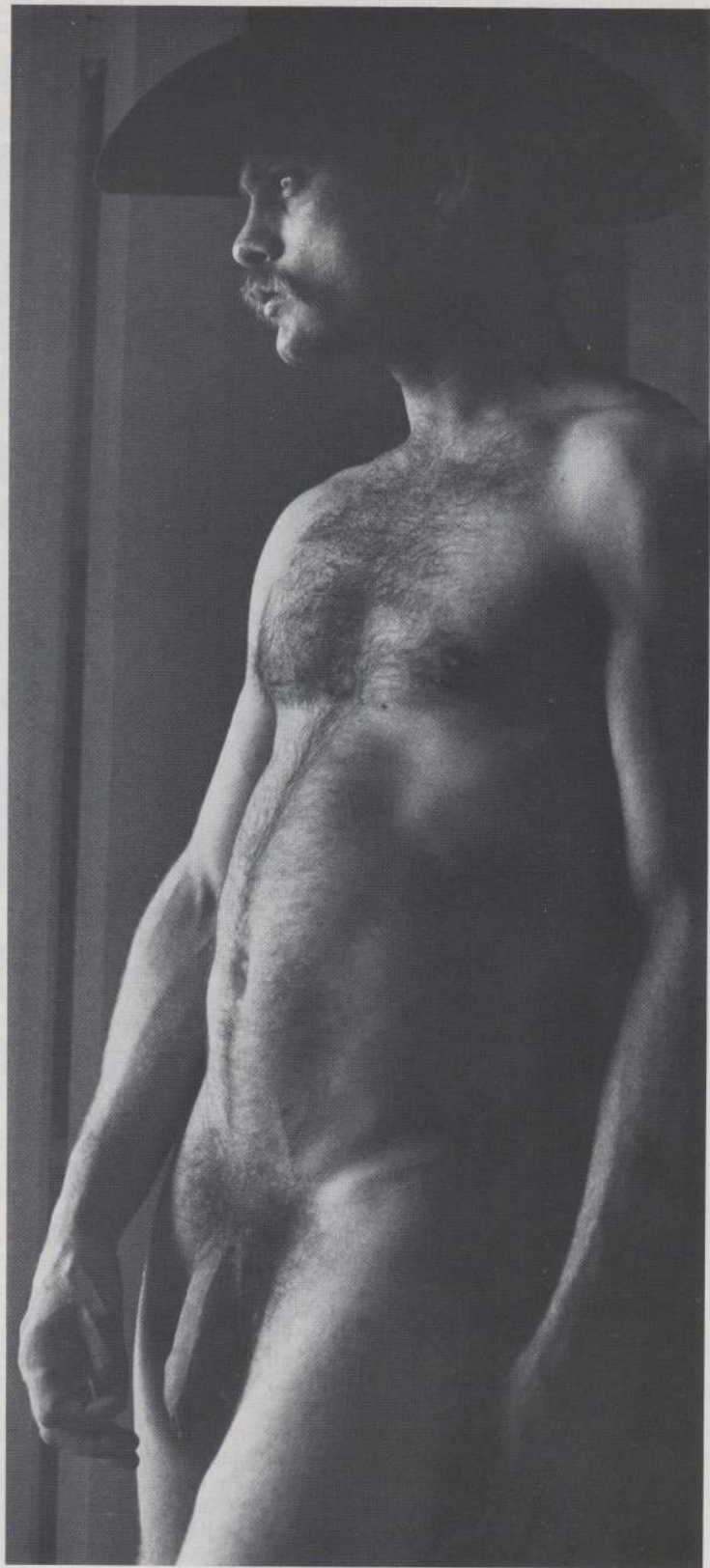
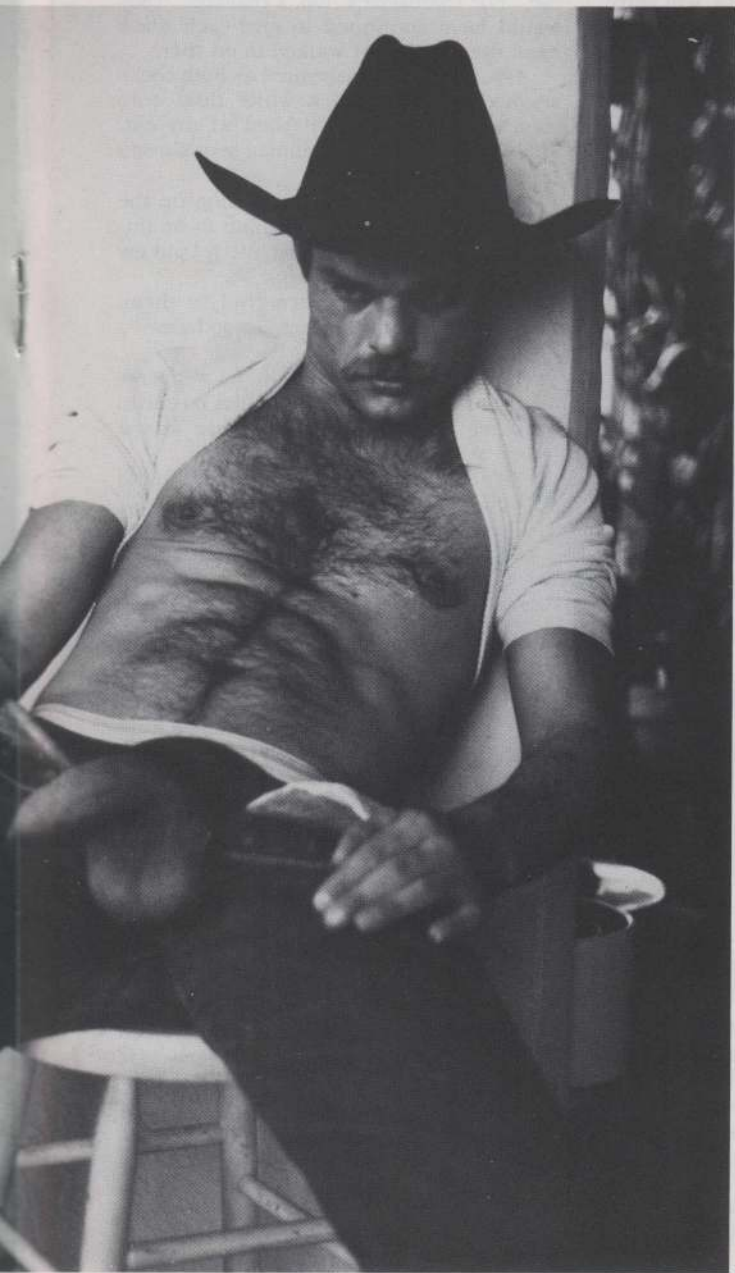












If I had bothered to ask any of my friends, I suppose that they would have said that they envied me. Not because that as a widow in my early thirties I had a trim figure and good looks. No, they would have envied me because I worked at a construction company as the receptionist and girl Friday and was surrounded by sexy men of every possible description.

But I hadn't been a widow long enough to forget Marty, or to be over the changes in my life that his death had caused. So I didn't pay that much attention to the hunks who wandered in every day. I was still too shaken up and confused by my new life

going to put the note on the desk. "You won't have me fired for asking, will you?"

"Have you fired?" Craig questioned. He was beginning to grin. "Hell, what do you think would happen to us if you spread it around that we were—"

"I wouldn't," I broke in. "Please. Let me stay. I won't interrupt or anything. I'll just sit over here and be quiet."

Warren was grinning, too. "Yeah? And what else?"

I looked away, embarrassed, then met his eyes again. "Okay. You made me horny. All right? I'll sit over here and—finger myself."

and with the show they were putting on for me. For themselves, too, I realized. They would have continued to give each other head even had I not walked in on them.

I looked on in amazement as both cocks erupted, spewing thick white fluid onto each man's chest. I rubbed at my clit, stifling a cry as my own climax sent shivers through me.

Craig and Warren were licking up the globs of spunk, almost seeming to be unaware that I was still there. Quietly I put my pantyhose and panties back on.

"Hey, thanks," I murmured to them, and slipped out of the room to go home.

Friends in Need

BY LORI MIMS

alone to care if they were handsome or not.

At least I didn't care until one day when I was preparing to leave for home. A message came in for my boss, who had already gone, so I took the note into his office to leave it on his desk.

I didn't knock. No one was supposed to be there. But as I entered, I couldn't help seeing Craig and Warren, two foremen, locked in a hot sixty-nine on the couch. Naked, they were sucking each other's cocks noisily, moving their buttocks as though fucking each other's mouths.

Stunned by such a startling scene, I eased the door closed and kept watching. Craig's blond head was bobbing up and down over Warren's large dick, and Warren was letting Craig screw his mouth as though the prick disappearing into his throat was no more than a peppermint stick.

Then, as though by plan, they began to just lick at each other's cocks. I gasped, more surprised. Both of them had foreskins covering the heads of their cocks. I had never seen anything so beautiful.

They heard my quiet cry, and looked at me. For a minute none of us moved or spoke. Then I attempted to smile, hoping that my pussy wouldn't leak so much that it ran down my leg.

"Could I watch?" I asked, blushing because I hadn't meant to say that.

"Watch?" Warren repeated.

"If you wouldn't mind," I stammered,

"By all means, take your panties off and have a chair," Craig offered. "Just be sure your skirt's up enough that we can see what you're doing. Fair's fair, right?"

Licking my lips, I nodded and reached up under my skirt to peel down my pantyhose and underwear. I was shivering all over as I sat down and bared my pussy to their eyes. They seemed to be waiting for proof that I was going to go through with it, so I put my fingers in my slit and began to rub them around.

"Hot damn," Warren muttered.

"I'll second that," Craig added. "Hey. We did say that she could watch us."

That was all it took for them to get back to sucking each other off. But they kept looking over at me, maybe to see if I was still playing with my cunt. Hell, I was burning up watching them. I would have loved to get hold of either of their pricks, even just once. Marty had been circumcised, and had been my only lover. So to see not one but two men with those loose flaps of skin on their cocks, well, it aroused me!

As though they knew how entranced I was by their foreskins, Warren and Craig did a lot of licking and nibbling at each other's cockheads, pushing and pulling the excess skin around so that I could see what I had been missing. If one of them had so much as crooked a finger at me, I would have joined them without a second thought.

But I had to be satisfied with my fingers

I had just finished with my supper—another frozen dinner, since I had no one to cook for but myself—when there was a knock at the door.

"Who is it?" I asked without offering to take off either the lock or the chain.

"Us," a man said. "Warren and Craig." My fingers trembled as I tried to unlock the door. When I had it open, I stared at them dumbly. "What are you doing here?"

They gently pushed their way inside. "We came to see you," Craig answered.

"You're angry, aren't you," I said, nervous. "About earlier."

"No," Warren said softly. "No, we were talking, and thought you might like some company."

"Oh." Still flustered, I asked, "Would you like some coffee? A Pepsi?"

Craig stepped up to me and stroked my hair. "We're trying to tell you that if you want some cock, we'll give you some. Now do you understand?"

My face felt scorched. "You what? Aren't you—I mean, don't you only screw each other?"

"We've been lovers for years," Warren agreed. "Since we were in high school." He touched my face. "Most women don't respect our feelings for each other, so we just don't bother with them. But yeah, we'd like to fuck a woman who wanted us. One who could fit into our lifestyle."

"And one who wasn't going to fuck around on us," Craig added. "There's too much going around out there."

I nodded. "I know. Sometimes I think that I might like to date, but I'm afraid to. My late husband and I got married when I was eighteen, and it was a monogamous relationship. It must be hard to tell who's safe and who isn't."

"Well, we are, and you are," Warren said. I felt a hand go up my back under my blouse, but I couldn't tell whose it was. "How about it, Pamela? Want to see if the three of us are compatible?"

"I'm scared as hell," I admitted, looking from one to the other of them. "But when I saw your cocks, the foreskins—I wanted to come over to you, join you." I took a deep breath. "So yes. I do want to fuck you. Both of you." Since I was being so brave, I added, "And I'd like to watch you together, too, see you fuck each other. If it's all right with you."

"Like you did in Harrison's office?" Craig asked.



DOMINO

"Yes," I whispered. Two hands were under my blouse, rubbing my back. "I wouldn't bother you. Unless you asked me to join you. I promise I wouldn't be in your way—"

Warren was kissing me, and I ran my fingers through his dark hair as I responded. I was still hot from seeing them suck each other off. To think that they wanted to fuck me was enough to make my pussy sizzle.

Then Craig kissed me, and my head began to spin. Somehow we made it to the bedroom. I don't know how I would have been able to walk if they hadn't kept their arms around me.

"One question," Warren said, pulling something out of his pocket. "Do you want us to use these?"

I looked at the flat square packages. "What are those?"

"Condoms. We bought them because, well, we didn't know."

Craig turned my head toward him. "We knew you were a widow but not if you'd been with other men." He smiled gently. "They're for birth control, too."

That gave me reason to blush all over again. "But I want to feel you, feel your foreskins rub me. I need that." Then I shook my head and let out a nervous laugh. "God, it's been so long since I've had to even think about this. I can't get pregnant."

"Are you sure?" Warren asked softly. "Maybe it was your husband."

"No. We went to doctors. It was me." Craig was the closest, so I hugged him. "Look, I need you. Let's not talk. Let's fuck."

That seemed to be what they were waiting to hear. Together they stripped me, then lay me on the bed. Then they undressed and I was again able to see their lovely pricks. Even though they weren't hard yet, their foreskins hung in an inviting way.

Warren was the first to move onto the bed, so I caught his shaft in my hand and looked at it. It began to pulsate and grow, and I had to get my mouth on it.

Putting out my tongue, I ran it over that loose skin around the knob. It was soft and silky, moving under my lips as I sucked it into my mouth. I found that I could push it forward and back over the big cockhead, slide it somewhat side to side.

"Play with it," Warren murmured, caressing my head. "Yeah. Suck it all you want."

"Spread your legs," Craig told me. "I want to find out what a pussy tastes

like."

I obeyed as I kept sucking on Warren's knob. My tongue was swirling around it, delighting in the feel of that loose fold of skin.

But Craig was giving me another reason to feel delight, and I groped to give his head a loving caress. I didn't care that he didn't seem to know where my clit was. With two men wanting to fuck me, I knew that I would cum at least once before they left.

"How is it?" Warren asked.

"Have a taste for yourself."

I looked up to see them kissing, and momentarily stopped sucking that gorgeous cock. I almost felt I was intruding, they seemed so contented.

Then I saw Craig's prick and I moved to get my lips around its head. I heard his groan as I gave his foreskin and slit the same treatment I'd given Warren's.

"You try her cunt first," Craig told his lover. "I want some more of her mouth."

"She tastes good," Warren commented. The bed moved as he positioned himself. "All right, Pamela. Show me what fucking a woman's supposed to be like!"

His cock began to slide into me and I could feel the extra skin on the knob move. Although it had been almost two years since I had had a dick in me, I hadn't forgotten what to do. I met each shove with an upward thrust of my hips, taking that beautiful uncircumcised shaft to the hilt with each stroke.

"How does it feel?" Craig wanted to know.

"Wet and hot," the man fucking me answered. "Tight, but not like your ass."

"Good?"

"Shit, yes. Real good."

"Let me try it, okay?"

They switched places without asking me what I thought about it, but that was fine with me. I was getting to suck on a beautiful knob again, and I didn't even care that my cunt juices were slicking it.

And I was being fucked. God damn, was I ever being fucked. Warren and Craig were like two kids with one toy, each demanding a turn. But they didn't neglect to let me have whichever cock wasn't shoved in my pussy shoved in my mouth. I could taste my cream and their drops of juice, and feel that soft, velvety foreskin rub the insides of my mouth. And pussy.

I came, all right. So did they. But we didn't stop. They were intrigued with my pussy and loved the way I sucked their cocks. So I kept them hard and they kept fucking me, until we all fell asleep in an exhausted tangle on the bed.

It was fortunate that the next day was Saturday, because I awoke to find a tongue up my ass and two hard cocks attached to two horny men.

"What are you doing?" I mumbled, not yet able to focus too well.

"You said you'd like to watch us fuck," Craig said. "Wouldn't you like to feel what we do?"

I shuddered, tensing as I felt fingers enter my buttock. "Marty and I never did it that way."

"Just relax," Craig murmured, stroking my back. "We'll make it easy for you."

I almost believed him. Then I felt something big and hard pushing at my sphincter and I opened my mouth to cry out. A stiff prick slid between my lips, and all I could do was groan loudly and lick that fleshy knob. Someone began to finger my cunt, and my ass suddenly didn't hurt so much.

While I couldn't say that I enjoyed being screwed in the butt, it was a different sensation. So was feeling Warren shoot off in my rectum. But it wasn't unpleasant, once the stinging had stopped. In fact, I decided that I could get to like that kind of fucking.

However, I didn't think that my ass could take any more at the moment, and told Craig so when he pulled away from my mouth. "Fuck my cunt if you fuck anything. My butt's stinging."

He grinned. "Get Warren's asshole ready for me, then."

I blinked. "Huh?"

"Like he did yours." He pushed me toward his partner's butt. "Go ahead."

I wasn't too sure about that, either, but then Craig began gently fingering my pussy. Damn them. They already knew my weakness.

So I parted Warren's buttocks and tentatively began to lick his salty crack. He smelled musky from all our screwing the night before. But he didn't taste bad at all. With those tickling fingers at my slit, I was soon rimming that butt for all I was worth.

"Okay," Craig said. "Now use your fingers."

I did, marveling at how easily the sphincter opened up my probing. Just as I was beginning to like what I was

doing, I was pushed aside.

"Sit right here and watch," Craig told me.

They would have had to lock me out of the room to keep me from watching. Craig's uncut cock was slick with my spit, and he positioned it at the snug opening of Warren's behind. One pushed forward and the other back, and I watched in awe as the knob strained to make entry. The foreskin wrinkled up, and I thought it might tear. But Craig gave a jerking thrust and it popped inside.

My hand went to my pussy as I continued to watch. Craig wasn't fucking Warren, he was making love to him. God, it was beautiful. Even the fact that it was two men together didn't detract from how wonderful it was.

It didn't take me long to cum and I didn't try to hide my rapture as I had the evening before. They both glanced at me and smiled, but I could tell that they were more concerned with what they were doing than with my climax.

Craig soon shot off in Warren's ass, then they held each other and kissed. I sat quietly, watching something that appeared right and natural. And so sweet.

They seemed to become aware of my presence again, and I was drawn into their embrace. We kissed and softly caressed each other.

"Well, Pamela," Warren asked, "think it'll work, the three of us together?"

"Are you sure you have room for me?" I had to know. "You two seem so happy together. I wouldn't want to—well, impose."

"She thinks she won't get enough cock," Craig said.

"No, it's not that," I protested. "It's—you act like you're in love with each other. I wouldn't want to spoil that. Or make you think you had to love me. Something like that."

Craig gave me a lingering kiss, then it was Warren's turn. I felt silly having admitted that I felt like an outsider, but I wanted them to be certain of what they wanted.

"You won't split us up," Warren assured me. "We promise."

"But you haven't said that you'd want us to be your lovers," Craig reminded me with a soft smile. "What about it? Are we good enough for you?"

"Good enough?" I gasped. "Oh, God, you nearly fucked me to death last night. And those gorgeous uncut cocks. I could suck them all day,

feeling those lovely foreskins sliding against my tongue and lips."

"That wasn't what I meant," Craig quietly interrupted. "We'll want to fuck each other, like we did just now. What will you think when we do?"

I touched his face; it bristled with a new growth of beard. "What I thought while I watched you. That it's beautiful, and how nice it is that you care so much about each other. I really would hate to cause any problems for either of you."

"Pamela," Warren said, taking me in his arms, "stop thinking about 'normal' relationships and start thinking about the three of us belonging together. It'll take some getting used to, for all of us. But if you want it, we do, too."

I nodded, tears coming to my eyes. "Yes," I murmured. "I do. I want both of you, just the way you are."

We began to kiss again, sometimes our three tongues touching. I felt their flaccid pricks begin to lurch and harden and my hands moved to fondle those appealing shafts and foreskins.

Breakfast would just have to wait.

Silver Anchor Enterprises, Inc.

Makers of
Exotic Body Jewelry



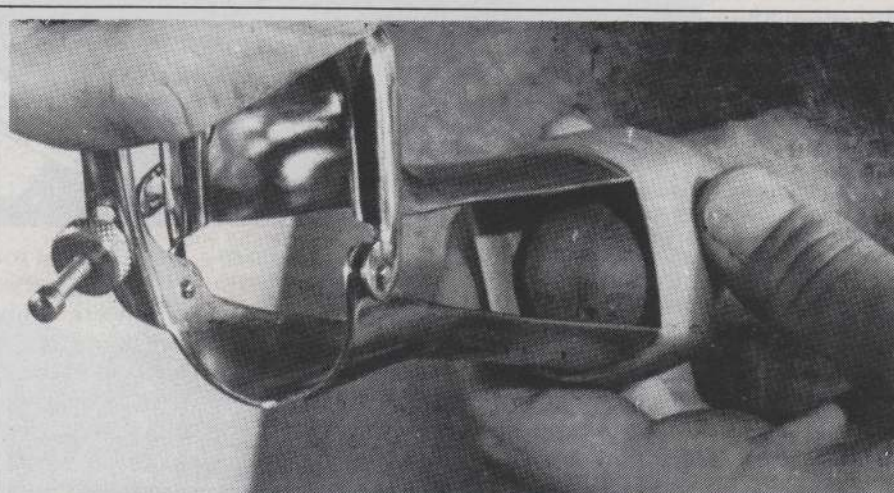
Specializing in custom crafted 16G (3/64") to 00G (3/8") and Larger surgical stainless steel piercing jewelry

Catalogue - \$2.00

Silver Anchor Ent., Inc.
1743 Partridge Blvd.
P.O. Box 760
Crystal Springs, FL
33524-0760
(813) 788-0147



EST. 1980



FORESKIN STRETCHER

Stainless Steel • Adjustable • \$19.95 + shipping & handling

\$2.50 in US/Canada; \$14.00 all other countries

Desmodus, Inc., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Charge it to my Visa MasterCard American Express

Credit card holders may order by phone: 415 252-1195

Card # _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

I am over 21 years of age • Signature required on all orders

CIRCUMCISION VARIATIONS

by Ron Redmond, drawings by Joseph W. Bean

A study of the medical literature on circumcision over the last hundred years reveals some odd facts about motives and lets us draw some conclusions about why there are so many variations in both methods and results.

Originally doctors saw circumcision as both a preventative and a cure for masturbation. The beliefs of the Victorian era held masturbation in disrepute. It was sinful, therefore it must be harmful. We need not dwell on the variety of illnesses attributed to masturbation during the late nineteenth century.

Since the instinctive way to masturbate is to fist the foreskin back and forth on the penis, one obvious way of stamping out masturbation was to remove the foreskin. Once this practice was started among people for whom circumcision was not a religious injunction, there were soon many other "reasons" found for it. A tight foreskin was the "cause" of venereal disease, of irritation leading to masturbation, bedwetting, nervousness, and a long list of other disorders. The practice of circumcision evolved until today we find a wide variety of motives among the doctors who perform it, which accounts for the differences in surgical techniques and amounts of tissue removed.

We can put these motives—and doctors—in categories ranging from the altruistic to the sadistic. The pain inflicted by the operation varies, as does the nature of the ensuing complications. Let's look at these categories, in the awareness that some of them overlap and that doctors often have more than one motive.

THE ANTI-SEX MORALIST

This type of doctor sees himself as a crusader against masturbation and immorality, and his purpose is to suppress the sensitivity of the penis. He not only tries to make masturbation as difficult as possible for his patient; he believes that a radical circumcision will prevent what he sees as excessive sexual sensitivity.

He removes as much shaft skin as he can, and all of the sensitive inner lining, to attain a very tight cut. He also removes the frenulum, the sensitive band on the underside of the head, to suppress sensitivity further. The result is a glans that is totally bareheaded, exposed to urine from the diaper and to friction from clothing.

Often this doctor cuts off so much that when the baby has an erection, the edges of the wound pull apart and bleed. There is also danger of bleeding from the frenular artery,

which is cut when the frenulum is removed. In extreme cases, with too much shaft skin removed, the ring of the circumcision lies well back of the rim; since there is no inner lining, the space fills with granulation tissue and looks like the scarring that results from a bad burn.

As the boy grows, there isn't enough skin left on his shaft to accommodate the increasing size of his penis, so the skin is pulled tightly all the time. Upon erection there isn't enough skin to move freely and the boy must resort to a lubricant to aid his masturbation. Some men have reported

that the size of their erection has been slightly reduced by so tight a circumcision.

THE HYGIENIST

This doctor is concerned with retraction of the foreskin for cleaning, which is unnecessary for a baby. The foreskin and glans are still fused together, which often makes retraction impossible. The foreskin protects an infant from diaper ammonia and other irritations.

The doctor doesn't remove the entire foreskin if he feels that removing only the forward part will al-

low sufficient room for retraction. He instructs the mother to be sure and wash the penis every day, for "hygiene." If he is concerned about penile odor, he may excise the entire foreskin, paying special attention to the inner lining and removal of the Tyson's glands, which produce one component of smegma. He doesn't necessarily remove the frenulum.

Not removing the entire foreskin can cause one complication: adhesion of the cut edges to the glans; these may be cut apart later by the pediatrician, but with further pain to the baby.

THE SCULPTOR

This doctor simply likes the look of the bareheaded penis and lovingly tailors the baby's organ to suit his own idea of masculine beauty. He is probably circumcised himself and thinks that the bare look is "normal" and that a flaring corona is the symbol of such beauty. He may believe that the size of the glans and flare of the corona are determined not by heredity but by the tightness of the foreskin. Hence he removes enough foreskin to expose the glans to the corona, to allow unhampered growth. The frenulum being unimportant to this purpose, he may leave it on. He also will not cut



too tightly, just enough to denude the glans, leaving enough slack for masturbatory efforts by the boy.

The doctor does as esthetic a job as he can, and the result is usually a neat-looking circumcision ring, not the jagged line resulting from other types of operation.

THE CUT-FOR-PROFIT TYPE

This doctor sees circumcision simply as a way to earn an extra fee and uses whatever method he has been taught in medical school. He wants to get the operation over with as soon as possible, to present the mother with her son's bandaged penis as proof that he's earned his fee. He may cut a lot, or only a little. The odds are overwhelming that he uses one of the clamp techniques, which are quick and don't result in the radical circumcision of the freehand method.

This profiteer type runs a mass-production business and usually waits until he has several babies for a quick session of assembly-line circumcisions. He goes down the line hurriedly, with results that vary from one penis to another. Some babies escape with relatively minor mutilation; others are skinned back severely. This doctor is antagonistic to the use of anesthesia because it entails an extra step. He doesn't care about the baby's screams, knowing that

the anesthetic to take effect, injecting more as necessary to prevent any pain for the baby.

THE SADIST

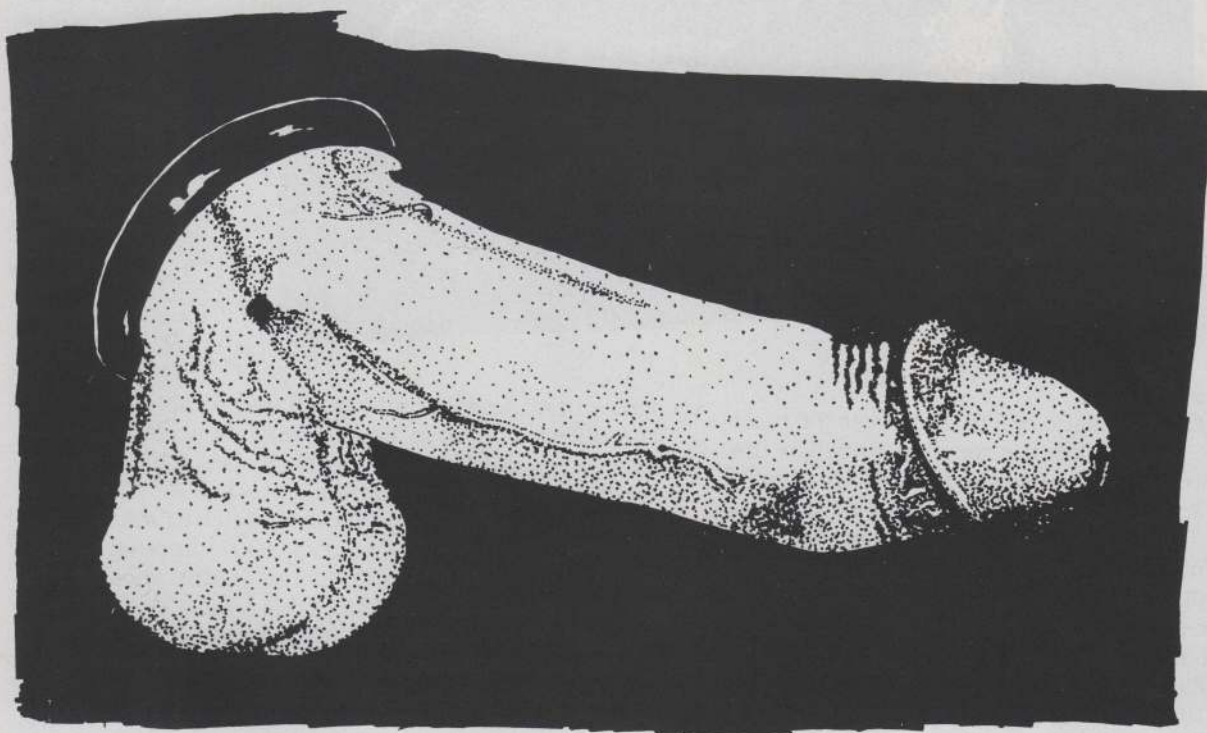
This type is rarely documented in medical literature, but unofficial reports by medical personnel opposed to circumcision reveal that some doctors enjoy performing this surgery, laughing and making lewd remarks while doing so.

The sadistic doctor derives a clearly sexual pleasure from cutting a baby's penis, sometimes getting an erection during the operation. He enjoys the baby's pain and takes his time doing his job. He never uses any sort of anesthetic; that would spoil it for him. He may lie to the mother, telling her that the baby is too young to feel any pain. In some instances he will fondle the baby's penis before operating, producing an erection. This helps the doctor determine how much skin to leave on, but he has an ulterior motive as well.

The amount of skin he removes varies according to his personal whim. He proceeds slowly and carefully, prolonging the operation for as much time as possible. Sometimes the baby gets an erection during or after the surgery, as reflex reaction to the intense pain, which the doctor enjoys.

We may note that there also exist sadistic nurses who enjoy assisting at circumcisions. Their job includes jabbing the baby with a syringe—injecting a dose of vitamin K to aid blood clotting—and strapping the baby down for the surgery. Such nurses enjoy watching the operation and bandaging the bloody penis afterward. When changing the bandage, they may rip it loose forcefully, causing more bleeding and pain.

Following circumcision, the baby cries whenever he urinates, as the hot, acid urine contacts the raw tissue of the cut. The sadistic nurse may take her time changing the diaper or leave the baby crying in his wet diaper for many minutes while she busies herself with something else nearby. Some of these nurses are man haters who enjoy seeing a helpless male being sexually mutilated and suffering the pain of sexual surgery without anesthesia.



they're an ineffective complaint.

THE COMPASSIONATE DOCTOR

This doctor removes the foreskin reluctantly and only because the parents want it done. He takes care in cutting, doesn't remove too much—perhaps performing a minimal circumcision that leaves the head mostly covered—and almost always spares the frenulum. He is the type most deeply concerned about the baby's pain and most likely to use local anesthesia. Before operating, he'll allow time for

INSTRUMENTS

The freehand method, involving scissors or scalpel, leads to wide variation in results. If the doctor uses the guillotine technique, pulling the foreskin forward and cutting off the part extending beyond the glans, the amount of skin removed depends on the tension he exerts. If he uses the dorsal-slit-and-side-cuts technique, the amount depends on his arbitrary choice of a line. The penis may be left totally bareheaded or partially covered. Working freehand, the doctor may or may not remove the frenulum and will leave a varying amount of the mucous inner lining.

The GOMCO clamp is a bell-shaped metal device that fits over the head of the penis. Because the infant's foreskin is tight, the doctor usually has to slit it along the top to work in the bell. The Gomco has a ring that clamps down on the foreskin after the doctor pulls the latter over the bell. The amount of skin removed varies, but never totals the amount possible in a free-hand operation.

The PLASTIBELL is a plastic bell that fits over the head of the penis. The doctor slits the foreskin to widen the opening, inserts the bell, and pulls the foreskin up over it. There is a groove in the Plastibell for a cord that cuts off circulation. Once the doctor has tied the cord in place, he removes the skin forward of the cord, leaving the bell on the penis. The bell falls off in about a week. Because of the approximately one-quarter-inch section of bell behind the cord groove, there is always slack when the bell falls off, leaving a cuff of skin behind the head.

In cases where the doctor tries for a very tight cut, the bell exerts a lot of pressure on the glans and surrounding tissue, causing indentations which may be permanent or even loss of blood circulation in the glans.

Whatever his method, the doctor has to tear loose the foreskin of some babies, those whose inner lining and glans have not yet separated. The tearing and the slitting are more painful—because they take more time—than the clamping and cutting. If the lining has to be torn loose, patches of the delicate mucous membrane of the glans often come with it. This is the cause of the pockmarks sometimes seen on the glans of an older male. Tearing patches from the surface of the glans further deadens sensitivity.

SUMMARY

We have seen changes in techniques and results over the years. Forty or fifty years ago, when masturbation hysteria was still prevalent, the favored style of circumcision was the streamlined, clean-cut look, with very little shaft skin left. The skin was very tight, even in the immature penis, and the glans stood out prominently. The frenulum was often partly or totally cut away.

With the advent of clamps and the accumulation of experience in their use—and the abatement of the masturbation phobia—we began to see circumcised penises with their glans denuded but a generous cuff of skin left in the groove behind the head. The streamlined look was out, and there was concern to leave enough skin to allow for erections and for growth. Today we see more partial circumcisions—with enough hood left to cover the head at least half-way—because most of the doctors who push circumcision

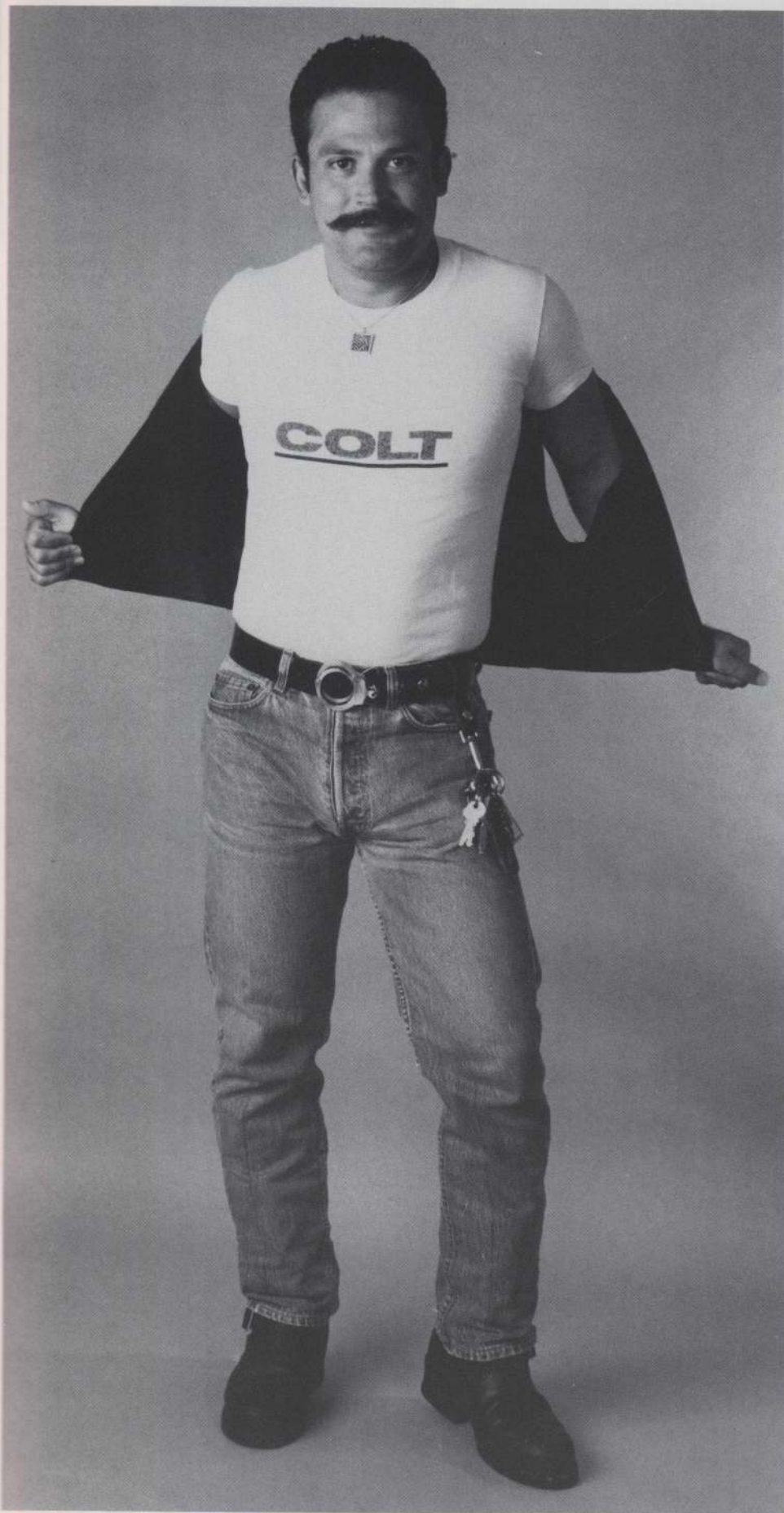


recognize that radical mutilation is undesirable.

The different motives and techniques account for the differences we see in circumcised penises. Even among circumcised boys in the same family, we can see differences if the boys were delivered by different obstetricians, or if one was circumcised by the obstetrician and another by the family doctor. One will be cut tightly, another loosely, and a third may have most of his foreskin left.

Parental preference affects the results. Some mothers want their son to match their husband. If the latter was cut tightly, the mother may feel cheated if the boy isn't, and may complain or demand a re-circumcision. The same demand may be made by a mother who is an avid crotch-watcher and likes to view the compound curves of a glans unshrouded by any skin. Sometimes parents express their preferences to the doctor in advance.

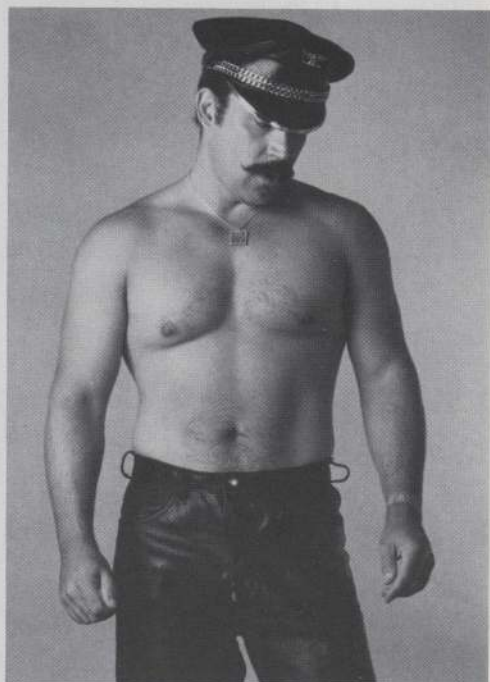
There is no standard method and no agreement on what constitutes a "good" circumcision. The result of all this is a greater range of differences among remodeled organs than among natural, intact ones. ■



Anthony CITRO

PHOTOS BY
JIM WIGLER

Anthony is active in gay, leather and charity causes. His special outreach is an effort to encourage cooperation between the Hispanic and Anglo communities. And obviously, he is a hot man with a feature any *FQ* reader will relate to.













VIDEO REVIEW

Taking It to the Limit

Video review by
Joseph W. Bean

Imagine a strong, healthily exercised foreskin. Nice, isn't it? Imagine that this foreskin is pierced with two silvery rings, and that—even at rest—it is stretched over both a Prince Albert piercing and a frenum ring. Hold that thought.

Other people might see it differently, but this carefully imagined foreskin is our (FQ writers and readers') view of the starting point of *Piercing, Part I*. And that leads us right into the action.

Don't be misled. *Piercing, Part I* from the new Sate Video "direct from Germany" series, is not a how-to-pierce tape. It has no discussion of piercing. In fact, for all the pierced dicks, tits, belly buttons, and such, not one new piercing is done in the whole tape.

In fact this video is about **using** the jewelry in body piercings to inflict torture. The torture is primarily accomplished by tying cords to the jewelry, running them through pulleys, and attaching very heavy weights to their loose ends. Well, that's one way, the **pedestrian** way to look at it. The FQ way to see it is...

First, from the very beginning, these guys are uncut. Even if the traction stretches their dicks so far out you can't really see the foreskins, **you know**. You know by the piercings, if nothing else.

Second, you can sit back and enjoy the intense tit torture and the exquisite ball torture knowing (because I'm telling you here and now) that some really

Wait until you see the things they do with their two foreskins harnessed together in a cat's cradle of cords, again threading the nipple rings into the web to give themselves something to slam, pull, twang, and yank.

More. There's more: one guy stretches his foreskin up, out, and away, forming a tight skin slit. Put a dickhead in such close proximity to a skin-lined slit and it naturally starts pumping in and out. This is the calmest of calms before the storm of skinworking that is the climax of *Piercing, Part I*.

The picture here is a fair hint of what the video leads up to, but only a hint. The biggest weights are yet to be added to that stre-e-e-tched foreskin. then there's the moving about, swinging the weights, and...when it



lovely skin games eventually ensue.

Then the games begin: one guy's two foreskin piercings get hooked into the weighted traction with the cords running up by way of his nipple rings. Another guy starts pulling at the cords and stretching that foreskin....further and further. But! When the scene ends, don't rewind right away. In just a few minutes they're going to be playing another, even better skin game.

comes to 'skin stretching, if Sate Video doesn't reach the limit, no one ever will

But I have a feeling some of us will just keep on trying.

Piercing Part I and three other German videos are sold in the USA by Mail Marketing, PO Box 923398, Sylmar, CA 91392-3398.

HOW TO REPLY TO AN FQ BOX

If an ad has an FQ Box number, send your reply sealed in an envelope and write the FQ Box number on the rear flap in pencil. BE SURE TO PUT THE PROPER POSTAGE ON THE ENVELOPE. (Domestic postage: 25¢ first ounce, 20¢ each additional ounce. Canadian postage: 30¢ first ounce. Overseas postage: 45¢ per half-ounce.) Enclose your sealed letter(s) in another envelope along with \$1.00 forwarding fee and send it to: **FQ/Desmodus, Inc., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.**

Letters not properly prepared will be destroyed.

ALABAMA

DWAYNE

GWM, 25, uncut, blond/blue. Write or call 3420 Clairmont Ave. #9, Birmingham, AL 35222. (205) 251-0414.

ARIZONA

DISCREET BI U/C

MWM, 43, 6', 165. Enjoy correspondence, photo, VHS exchange, nudity outdoors, safe sex. Need one friend—mine moved. Dave, PO Box 4456, Yuma, AZ 85364.

KINKY COUPLE

Top, 5'11", uncut; bottom, 5'5", cut; both hung, seek attractive masculine hung uncut daddy or slave-boy. Anything goes but scat. Write: G&J, 2623 W. Capitol, Little Rock, AR 72205.

CALIFORNIA

ATTRACTIVE YWM 25

Uncut 6', 165#, 7", would like to meet or hear from other uncut guys from 20s to 40s for fun and friendship. Photos welcome. Please reply to: Colt, PO Box 38845, L.A., CA 90038.

LATIN MALE

29, 5'6-1/2", dark hair and eyes, & 5-1/2 uncut inches. Seeking correspondence, photo exchange, and possible encounters. Turn-ons include men 25 and over, solid builds, hirsute bodies with smooth cocks, and leather. The bigger the arms,

pecks, thighs, and balls, the better. All others welcome to surprise me. Barragan, 23 Liberty, Box #3, San Fran., CA 94110.

THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM

GBM, cut, late 20s, seeks U/C friends. Tell me how you like it. Occupant, PO Box 4250, Berkeley, CA 94704.

CIGAR SMOKERS

This 42, 5'9", 158, U/C, br/br guy, healthy, fit with athletic body, wants to meet Fr/A guys who enjoy smoking cigars. Only smokers with deep throats need reply. LA area. FQ Box 147

CUT BOTTOM NEEDS UNCUT TOP

GWM, 41, 5'8", 140 lbs, 6-1/2" cut, thinks uncut men are the ultimate in masculinity. I need an Uncut Top Man that needs his cock worshipped verbally and a hot mouth and ass to put it in. "Ideal" man is younger, taller, larger endowed, hairy chested, and an attitude that his uncut cock is the center of the universe. Latin men are a big plus. Photo and phone number please. FQ Box 146

HOT ATHLETE

Handsome All-Amer. 29, 6'3", 180#, 8-1/2" uncut, brown/brown, lean hard man needs hot man with 9"+ uncut cock. Will sit between legs and worship your cock. Deep deep throat, will stay on your cock for hours. Sit on your boy's face and shove your uncut hose down my throat. Incredible ass—needs opened, stretched, fisted. 162 Clifford Terrace, San Fran., CA 94117.

EST BAY/SF

GWM, 34, 5'10", 160, cut. Looking for top, big uncut meat and safe ass play. Call after 6 pm or all day weekends. Scott (415) 547-8476. No J/O calls.

SERIOUS PHOTO COLLECTOR

wants to trade quality photos of guys and their uncut cocks, especially Latins. Tony B., 7530 Fountain Ave. #10, L.A., CA 90046 or (213) 876-2089.

28 UNCUT

Am 28, uncut, quite avg. looking, would like photo of young uncut guy. Would travel with reply letter. For friendship and good time. G. Iniguez, PO Box 569, Bell, CA 90201

FORESKIN FUN!

Long, short, circumcised! I have it all. Let's trade our foremost foreskinned fotos! Alan Hood, 4576 Appian Way, El Sobrante, CA 94803. [SEE PHOTO]



W/S A PLUS

WM, 46, 5'10", 155. Wants men that like their hot bods/ cocks/ ass sucked. W/S a plus. Cock size/age not important. John Stuart, 6114 LaSalle Ave. #335, Oakland, CA 94611.

STRETCHING TECH. WANTED

Would like to correspond with cut men who have successfully stretched or who are presently successfully stretching. Would also like to exchange my photos with stretchers, and anyone else interested in photo exchange. Rob, PO Box 31350, San Fran., CA 94131-0350.

GWM, 6' 175

Late 20s, above average cock, cut, seeks big thick uncut cock to worship. Paul (213) 660-9633.

ANAHEIM/ORANGE COUNTY

Uncut 7" welcomes others in person or phone, hung or docking a plus. Any age/race/color. Days or late OK. Gene (714) 637-6955.

FRENCH PASSIVE ONLY

WM 43 uncut. "Andy," PO Box 5309, Torrance, CA 90510

FRESNO-CENTRAL VALLEY

What will I find behind your zipper, briefs, or boxers? Will it be uncut or cut? I'm curious. E.A.D., 3999 N. Chestnut, Suite 314, Fresno, CA 93726.

HANDSOME BLOND ARTIST

Uncut 8 inches, 5'9", 140, clean-cut, 33, well built and top seeks uncut boyfriend for romance and sex. Write Mike, Box 325, San Fran., CA 94117.

WARM, SINCERE, UNCUT 32 Y/O

Seeks same for correspondence, friendship, and good times. Not into S/M, drugs, fats. Let me fulfill your fantasy. Write: Jim Wyatt, Box 4032, Lancaster, CA 93539-4032.

M. HANCOCK

871 Villa Terrace, Brentwood, CA 94513. 44 GWM Professional. Uncut. Like big, thick, uncut cocks to play with.

GWM, 34, 5'7" 160 MUSCULAR

Masculine, "semi-cut" 7", seeks thick uncut man 20-45 for fun. Prefer furry, but not necessary. Versatile. LA area. FQ Box 155

AIRLINE EXECUTIVE 4U

Handsome all-American G/W travel exec. 34, 5'10", 150#, blond/blue, moustache, uncut 9", healthy, looking for good times and hot action. Can travel or entertain visitors. Enjoy desert, beach, nudity, smoke, and video. Alan Dale, 8721 Santa Monica Blvd., Suite 160, L.A., CA 90069. No photo—no reply. [SEE PHOTO]



BRAWNY BULL

WM, 40, 5'11", tough guy with bull-neck, cut smooth, husky with beer gut, ex-Army sarge. PO Box 11582, San Fran., CA 94101-7582.

TAKE MY COCK PLEASE

GWM, 26, 6'6", 190, 9", 1" hang looking for ENIGMA Dad to either take it all away or modify it to your exact specifications. Interested in stretching, sounds, piercing, abuse, cutting, cooking, butterflying, filleting, scat, FF, W/S. Also looking for underground videos and exchanging stories on above topics. FQ Box 157

FUNLOVING WM, 43, 5'9" 170

7", uncut, shaved, into FR a/p, GR a/p, safe sex threesomes or more. Fantasies are fun, too. East Bay call after 5 pm (415) 933-2178. FQ Box 158

HUSKY UNCUT BEARS WANTED

W/M, 41, uncut, hairy 5'11", 185 lbs, wants to meet husky guys for fun. Send photo if possible. Tom, 495 Ellis St., #563, San Fran., CA 94102.

HEAD GAMES

Thick 8" uncut with balls, Scotsman, tall 6'+, slim 150 lbs, 38, seeks all real hung uncuts for mutual cock worship, VA, and SKIN. Photo/letter/phone, PO Box 842, Guerneville, CA 95446.

UNCUT BLACK & LATIN TOPS who are macho and not fat, into verbal abuse, heavy raunch, head cheese, sweat, WS, sweaty jocks, and ? wanted by WM, bottom, 45, 6'1", 150 lbs. FQ Box 130

CHUCK—OAKLAND

1438 7th Ave., Oakland, CA 94606, (415) 763-2981. Gay WM uncut, 50+, grey hair, 5'11", 160 lbs. Passive Greek, active French. Love either cut or uncut. Like to put tongue into foreskin. Like to feel your hard cockhead in my foreskin. I will suck deep throat, and sit on it clear to balls. No reciprocation needed or required.

WANT TO MEET U/C CUT MEN

Bi and married OK, for safe sex, 21-50 yrs., especially West SF Valley. Also stretching and photos. I'm 40, 5'10", 175, workout, good shape. Write w/ phone or address to A.E., 13324 Hawthorne Blvd. #129, Hawthorne, CA 90250.

UNCUT BULLDOG DADDIES

wanted by Blk mature exhibitionist. Tit-play a plus. Your photo gets mine. PO Box 883162, San Fran., CA 94118.

L.A.

5'6" GWM, br/br, 115 lbs, 39, into exhibitionism/voyeurism, J/O, photos, groups/singles, safevideo. B.A., 529 Westmount Dr., L.A., CA 90048.

A FORESKIN TO FONDLE

Am hot hairy handsome man, 37, looking for a foreskin to fondle. Call Derek at (415) 673-7884, 441 Austin St., San Fran., CA 94109.

GWM, 40, 5'10"

160 lbs, uncut versatile—attracted to men 30-45. Love hot photos—show me yours and I'll show you mine. Gerd, 2034 Scott St. #2, San Fran., CA 94115.

HEALTHY SPORTS

YWM would like to hear from friends I haven't met yet! Healthy sports and other interests. Travel (professional work), friendly, helpful. Don Peterson, PO Box 2425-199, Anaheim, CA 92804.

UNCUT GWM

Mature, average hung wants J/O buddies to get together with. Both uncut and cut welcome. Darold, (415) 897-1221, 769 Sun Lane, Novato, CA 94947.

HOT FOXY STUDENT

Young blond surfer, smooth body, seeks special friends. Send SASE to RDM, 11301 6th Ave., Suite 140-F, San Diego, CA 92101.

FORESKIN WORSHIPPER

WM, 42, 6', 165, beard. Likes big uncut man-meat. Outdoors, have horses, love backpacking, tents, sexual fantasy, scenes & sessions, older men, imaginations, tits & balls, dick. Howard, PO Box 161, Fulton, CA 95439, (707) 525-8168.

CREATIVE, ATTRACTIVE

Articulate and healthy, uncut GLM 43. Seeks GM over 40 who is uncut and well hung and loves oral sex only. A long-term loving constructive relationship would be nice. Call or write: R. Mendes, 6029 California St., San Fran., CA 94121, (415) 221-5978.

GDLKNG UNCUT LATIN

8" 26 yrs, looking for other uncut white, Latins, or skin lovers in San Jose-Monterey area for safe fun. Write: Box 2286, King City, CA 93930.

EX FOREST RANGER

Professional UGWM, 39, seeks white uncut straight-acting gay or bi 30-40 for relationship. No smoke, bars, or drugs. Involvement in aviation or nature a plus. Hall, Box 6901, San Fran., CA 94101.

SAN DIEGO AREA ONLY

I am a 40-yr. married dude, athletic and attractive with big low-hanging balls and with a 6-3/4 UNCUT cock with lots and lots of overhang. I like to have an EXPERT uncut specialist to play with it, looong and slooow. If you love to suck, chew, slurp, lick, stretch, polish, etc. etc. etc. a hot UNCUT cock on a regular basis, don't wait. You must have your own clean comfortable place. Let me fuck your mouth. F. Martin, PO Box 2551, Chula Vista, CA 92012. No hang-ups please. I am a fucker, not a psychologist. Age not important, experience is.

SAFE SEX/DIRTY TALK

GWM, 41, 5'10", 180, cut, hairy, bald, seeks U/Cs w/good imaginations for correspondence, phone calls, close encounters. Ed, Box 5028, Stanford, CA 94309.

LA SUCKER

GWM, 45, 6', crew-cut, wants to feast between your thighs. Uncut/cut. Experienced. G.C., 2272 Colorado Blvd., #1108, L.A., CA 96041.

YOUNG 59, AVERAGE SIZE CUT

wants to discuss pros/cons with anyone. Prefer large uncuts but will answer all. Let's compare advantages or disadvantages. [FQ Box 165]

SMALL UNCUT WANTED

Want small endowed uncut for oral sex and the pleasure not the pain in my virgin ass. GWM, 51, 6'1", 250. Letters with photos answered first, but all answered. FQ Box 166

HANDSOME, 32, CUT WM

Friendly, trim, 5'5", moustache wants to meet uncut friends under 35 for J/O. Long, nipped, or tight foreskin a plus. Your photo and phone get mine. Tim Sally, 3753 22nd St., San Fran., CA 94114.

WANT TO SUCK UNCUT DICK

Love foreskin and long sessions. Any age, race. Blacks and Latins are a plus. Art, 1946 N. Kenmore, L.A., CA 90027. (213) 662-9521.

UNCUT TOP HIV NEG

6', well built, 180, br/br, moustache, seeks masculine, hungry bottom to work over and love. You are 22-32, slender, and not into drugs, alcohol, or cigarettes. (619) 298-3060.

33 YEAR OLD MALE

is seeking white uncut/cut males for mutual satisfaction. I'm 5'10", 145, slim build, brown hair/eyes, moderately hairy and easygoing. Send letter, phone, and recent photo to PO Box 921837, Sylmar, CA 91342.

2 HOT COUNTRY MEN

Both mdl 40s, uncut, into cheese, W/S, raunchy jocks, Fr & Gr A/P, FF, safe sex. Seek uncuts into any or all of same. Enjoy nude outings, camping, water skiing. Have video camera. Will trade tapes. No photo, no reply. Live in secluded foothills, work in Sacramento. D.N., PO Box 493, Shingle Springs, CA 95682. SEE PHOTOS



SO. CAL MD NEEDED

GWM, 41, 180 lbs, 5'11". Am stretching to regain my foreskin. I need an MD to advise/monitor my progress & to tighten prepuce when ready. Discretion assured. Come on, Doc, drop me a line! Tom, PO Box 5901, Riverside, CA 92517.

WHAT'S YOUR PLEASURE?

**FS
J/O
L/L
T/T
CB/T
TATS
HAIRY
PIERCED
DADDIES
DOCKING**



**ALL OF THE ABOVE
ALTOMAR VIDEO . . .
ALWAYS THE UNIQUE!!!**

HOT NEW PREVIEW TAPE - \$25 + \$3 Shipping
45 MINUTES and a \$5 discount on first purchase;
COMPLETE INFO PAK and future mailings included.
MONEY ORDER payments shipped immediately!
CHECKS allow 2 - 3 weeks delivery.
CA residents add 6½% tax

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

VHS _____ BETA _____

SIGNATURE _____

I am over 21 years of age.

ALTOMAR

7985 SANTA MONICA BL. SUITE 109 / 255D
WEST HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA 90046

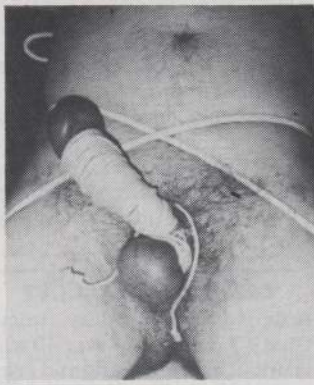
ALTOMAR . . . where fantasy lives!

ASSLICHER-TOILET PASSIVE
GWM, 45, HIV negative, ex-military, P.O.W., D.S.C. Smooth, neat, slim. No marks, tattoos. 9" uncut. Self-suck, piss, & scat freak. In prison for reaction to bashers. Write: R. Joe Kidd, Box W-B72191, Represa, CA 95671.

OVER 30? HAIRY? UNCUT?
SF deep-throater offers superior head only to hairy virile uncuts who lie back and enjoy fully without reciprocation. Alan (415) 648-5875.

UNCUT, THICK 8+ INCHES
Italian stud boy, 38, 5'8", 160#, muscular, moustache, body hair chest and legs, cut thick 7", HIV-pos, healthy. Deep throat seeking physically fit uncut man with fat 8 to 10 inches and smooth, clean white skin. Prefer little or no body hair, non-smoker, discreet hot action. Call and describe yourself honestly. No jack-off calls. Sit back if you like. Weekdays 6pm-10pm, weekends 7am-10pm. (415) 647-4504.

REDWOOD CITY UNCUT
WM, 48, trim build Australian. Seeks foreskin-circumcision related correspondence with dominant top. Also bondage, J/O, skin stretching games. Prefer safe sex. Anything with rubbers. Have thick headed uncut cock for your use/abuse. Considering circumcision soon. FQ Box 175



CALIFORNIA
W/M, 5'10", cut, mature, tattooed, pierced. Seeking exchange of information and ideas on unusual piercings, modifications, etc. from person who has them or can do them. Correspondence and/or meeting. Reply RL, PO Box 31782, San Fran., CA 94131.

FORESKIN LOVER
Mature man wants uncut cocks for head and worship. Blacks

and Latins a plus. Write with photo: AJM, 4391 Sunset Blvd., #437, L.A., CA 90029.

CALIFORNIA
W/M, 5'10", cut, mature, tattooed, pierced. Seeking exchange of information and ideas on unusual piercings, modifications, etc. from person who has them or can do them. Correspondence and/or meeting. Reply RL, PO Box 31782, San Fran., CA 94131.

FORESKIN LOVER
Mature man wants uncut cocks for head and worship. Blacks and Latins a plus. Write with photo: AJM, 4391 Sunset Blvd., #437, L.A., CA 90029.

HOT HUNG EXHIBITIONISTS
Pose for my 35mm & video camera. Have swimwear, jocks, straps, briefs for creative J/O posing. Huge porn collection for inspiration. Also cockrings, vibrators, dildoes, vacuum pump, condoms, vinyl briefs and sheets for more kinky pix. Emphasis—safe sex. Young, smooth to hunky, hairy—especially uncut & big balled! I'm GWM, 5'11", 170 lbs, 48, 6-3/4" thick U/C, personable, clean & sober. Also picture & video exchange. Warren Richards, PO Box 69761, West Hollywood, CA SEE PHOTO



DIRTY TALK
GWM, early 40s, hairy, cut bald seeks U/Cs w/good imaginations for philly phone encounters. Send phone # and hot ideas. Ed, 140 University #163, Palo Alto, CA 94301.

FORESKIN & FOOT SLAVE
GWM, 44, handsome, hairy, chunky, cut but thick, masculine guy looking for other masculine guys who want their foreskin or big feet worked on or both. Photo exchange possible. Steve, PO Box 11822, San Fran., CA 94101-7822.

MALE SEEKS MALES

with hairy chest and hairy balls, uncut, for service or J/O. Into CHP, cop, business suits, fantasies. Any age. Discreet. Photos returned. Into outdoor sex also. Boxholder, PO Box 410116, San Fran., CA 94144. Can travel.

ONE INCH FORESKIN

'56, 5'7", 150 lbs, small with flexible one-inch-long foreskin. Like to hear from mature cut men. Larry Berthelson, PO Box 90935, Santa Barbara, CA 93190-0935. SEE PHOTO



SMELLY SKIN WORSHIPPED

by GWM, early 40s. Call Marshall, (213) 654-2741, 5-10 pm PST.

GLWM—U/C

30 year-old, 5'10, 160, hairy with overhand. Looking for 30-38 hung and uncut, hairy, Latino are A+. Send explicit picture to "shopping" PO Box 1029 #407, Van Nuys, CA 91408

UNCUT, UNDER 40

GWM, 57, 6'2" 198# with unusual circumcision wishes to meet you for friendship, hopefully more. Pls write Box 78006, SF, CA 94107

COLORADO

HOT 8"

of uncut throb wants other big cocks in Northern Colorado area for hot pecker scenes. GWM, young 49, 6', 180. (303) 221-5331.

CONNECTICUT

CLEAN CUT 6" COCKSUCKER

Worships long clean overhangs. Stretch, chew, lick, cum, piss, ball. Bondage, TT etc. Ed G., 308 Maple Ave., Hartford, CT 06114. (203) 547-0074.

GWM, UNCUT 7-8" G/F-A/P

140 lbs, 5'8", nice foreskin and enjoy same, into enemas g/r and shaving and licking. Masculine, but affectionate, desire same 30-50, no fats, fems, safe sex. (203) 233-6971.

DC METRO

SLAVE DADDY NDS MASTER SON

Cut trim slave daddy, 42, 6'1", 165 lbs, looking for a young muscular butch son to service with his mouth and ass. Would like son/Master to be uncut and into fucking, fisting, piercing, and tattooing his slave daddy. Son should be a tough hombre who'll treat his daddy like the pig slave he is. Son should be hot to have his daddy tattooed with raunchy tattoos, and into piercing and ringing his daddy's cock and big balls. Contact with photo to: Steve, PO Box 28556, Washington, DC 20038.

UNCUT PERVERT

Into foreskin stretching, piercing, tattoos, wants to meet others who enjoy a good chew on thick, long skin. Robert—PO Box 70132, Washington, DC 20024-0132.

DELAWARE

THIN 18+ NON-HAIRY NATURAL

Uncut or cut. Consentuals and first timers sought by non-smoking mature white non-racist. PO Box 251, Wilmington, DE 19899.

FLORIDA

HANDSOME UNCUT MACHO

Wants Only Uncut. 34, 165 lbs, 6', 32" waist, red hair, green eyes, hairy chest, good shape & long foreskin on 8". I'm a R/E appraiser who enjoys tennis, boating, biking, restaurants, concerts, movies, & safe sex with responsible 25-45 established uncut butch bottom man for possible relationship & friendship. Willing to relocate. (305) 665-3360. FQ BOX 144

UNCUT AND HAIRY

You are an uncut sadist and I am an uncut masochist looking for permanent kink, torture, in a monogamous relationship. I am 6'2", 170, goodlooking, 46, secure, can relocate for honesty and anything goes. (305) 564-0217 after 5:30 pm.

DON'T CUT YOURSELF SHORT

FQ has more to offer in fiction, fact, discussions, personal experiences, art, photography and contact ads than any magazine in its field. Don't pass up this chance to collect all the issues.

ORDER NOW!



COMPLETE FQ YOUR COLLECTION!

Issue 3 is tabloid size, other issues are magazine size.

US SHIPPING & HANDLING CHARGES
1 magazine: \$2.00

2-6 magazines: \$3.50
7-13 magazines: \$5.00
14-16 magazines: \$7.00

FOREIGN SHIPPING & HANDLING CHARGES
Canada/Mexico: Add \$5 to above prices

South America & Europe: Add \$14 to above prices
All other countries: Add \$20 to above prices

I want it all. Send me:

FQ 3 4.95 FQ 5 4.95 FQ 5 5.50 FQ 6 4.95
FQ 7 4.95 FQ 8 4.95 FQ 9 4.95 FQ 10 4.95
FQ 11 4.95 FQ 12 4.95 FQ 13 4.95

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Signature _____

(I am over 21 years of age)

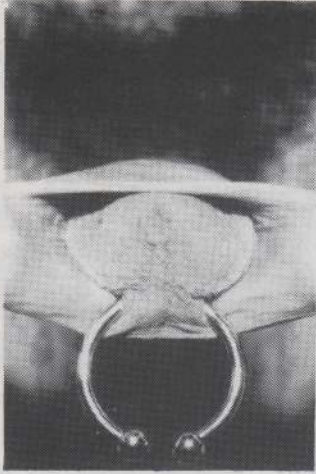
Charge it to my VISA MASTERCARD AMERICAN EXPRESS

_____ EXP. DATE _____

DESMODUS, INC. PO Box 11314 San Francisco, CA 94101

PIERCING & SHAVING

by versatile WM, 36, 5'10", br/br, 6+ cut pierced. Enjoy docking stretching chewing tying. Safe sex only. Mitchell, PO Box 432320, S. Miami, FL 33243.



FORESKIN FAN

WM, 48, 170, 5'11", 7" uncut, loves uncut men for fun and safe sex. Let's see if our gears mesh. Miami area. Gene (305) 665-5770.

CUT OLDER SKS CONTACT

Young U/C Orientals, Latinos, and USA for mutual "show me" and play. Swimmer's bodies w/ little or no body/facial hair and

in my area a plus. Photo nice. FQ Box 159

GREAT NUDE PHOTOGRAPHY

Picture your foreskin! Write Jeff Pace, PO Box 5822, Sarasota, FL 34277.

LUV + BELT

I like either. I'll take both. 2XL non-hairy teddybear lonesome. Wants safe hot men. Warmly hospitable. Restricted home life. 238 Robin Dr., Sarasota, FL 34236.

BRITISH UNCUT GUY

30, 155, bl/br, 7", 6'1", smooth, seeks uncut dark haired GWM under 30. Brains and sense of humor a plus. Photo please. FQ Box 156

CIRCUMCISION ADVOCATE

Tight cut as young adult, wants to hear ideas or experiences from men and women into social or religious circumcisions for infants and adolescents. Will reply! FQ 710, PO Box 6797, Seffner, FL 33584.

SEEKING MAN-HUNGRY FOR MEN

Build: 5'11" 160 brick shit-house. 9 1/2" uncut. Age 30-47. Needs exchange: cock sucking,

cheesy foreskins, raunch. Let's hear from you—pictures, phone sex. FQ Box 176

GEORGIA

WM 21 5'11"

7" cut looking for older uncut w/ man over 35 who is a man who loves boys. Arthur Graves, 713 Oak Dr., Atlanta, GA 30354. (404) 767-3426. Leather is OK.

HAWAII

BLOND SOUTHERNERS/ COWBOYS

If you're young, virile, and uncut, I will worship you. I am 22 and good looking. I need a punk to correspond with. Send photo or description. Straight or gay. FQ Box 140

W/M, 45, HUNG BIG, UNCUT

Like to hear from uncut/cut hung big males. Write R. Aguiar, 1335 Makaha Valley Towers, Waiānae, HI 96792. (808) 695-5457.

ILLINOIS

BIG UNCUT DICK

J/O and group safe sex. Late 30s, 6', 160 lbs. Daniel Wen-

dell, 1918 W. Leland, Chicago, IL 60640. Photo gets same.

INDIANA

THICK DICK

w/overhang when hard, big balls, wants same or bigger. CB play, 69, j/o letters, pix, uncut actors, videos. Anthony L. Duke IN24, RI BX 129, Marengo, IN 4 7 1 4 0 - 9 6 3 1 .



Free Tape with '89 IML Video!



International Mr. Leather '89

Once again MEN have captured the excitement of this world famous event for Leather Men, including the incredible performance by Bronski Beat! In this fast paced hour you'll see Guy Baldwin climb to the top of 46 sweaty hot leather contestants! And if you order this *Limited Edition* now, you receive a 2nd tape free, the "IML 10th Anniversary Short". Add \$3 UPS & 6.5% tax for CA. Also available in PAL VHS from Euro-MEN, Postbus10923, 1001EX Amsterdam.

MEN

One UN Plaza, SF, CA 94102

Name _____ VHS Beta/\$2
 Address _____
 City/St/Zip _____
 MC/Visa# _____ Exp _____
 Signature (I'm over 21) _____ Dr.

ZEUS VIDEO



"NIPPLE SLAVE/BODY SLAVE"
Nipple icon Peter Case's suction-engorged throb-knobs suffer heavily. Plus Scott Answer works over muscle-boy Gordon Royce. Two separate sessions/same tape. Hot stuff!
ZV-1012/NIPPLE SLAVE/BODY SLAVE.....\$50.00



"LEATHER BOYS IN BONDAGE"
Fresh-out-of-the-Marines grunt-fuck Mike White trades fatigues for leathers & his first ride in a sling. Plus incredibly muscled mucho macho leatherboy Bobby Vega!
ZV-1014/LEATHER BOYS IN BONDAGE.....\$50.00



"HEADLIGHTS & HARDBODY" plus **"NIPPLE P.O.W."** Zeus "sons" Peter Case & John Panther work each other over in Ft Lauderdale. Plus "Corporal" Case is captured and nipple interrogated.
ZV-1015/HEADLIGHTS & HARDBODY plus NIPPLE P.O.W. (same tape).....\$69.00

PLUS over 70 muscle bondage fotosets (8 5x7 B&W/\$10.00 ea). Join the thousands of hot, hunky men on the confidential Zeus Studios brochure mailing list/\$3.00.

ZEUS VIDEO ORDER COUPON

- NIPPLE SLAVE/BODY SLAVE/ZV-1012/\$50.00
 - LEATHER BOYS IN BONDAGE/ZV-1014/\$50.00
 - HEADLIGHTS & HARDBODY plus NIPPLE P.O.W./ZV-1015/\$69.00
 - VHS BETA
 - ZEUS VIDEO/MAG/FOTOSET BROCHURES/\$3.00
- \$2.50 S/H 1ST TAPE/\$1.00 EA ADD TAPE
CALIFORNIA RESIDENTS ADD 6½% SALES TAX
VOID IN FL, GA, NC, TN, TX, UT, AZ, NE

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

SIGNATURE _____

(YOU MUST BE OVER 21)

CHARGE TO MY VISA MASTERCARD

_____ EXP DATE _____ / _____

ZEUS/BOX 64250/LOS ANGELES CA 90064

SLIM BLACK MASTER
seeks dogslave for intense but safe sessions. Me: 39; you: younger. Send letter and SASE to PO Box 122, Terre Haute, IN 47808.

IOWA

UNCUT 7" AMES

GWM, 40. For safe sex with other uncuts. No smoke, drugs. Photo please, if possible. Tony, Box 1714, Ames, IA 50010. (515) 232-4565.

IOWAN LKG FOR BIG UNCUTS

Looking for Large Uncuts to lick, chew, and deep-throat to the bottom; cuts okay; no recip. necessary; Iowa and surrounding states; travel California a lot also; I'm white young 36, 140 lbs. Will answer all with photos, and others. PO Box 531, Wellsburg, IA 50680. Hurry! My throat is shrinking!

WANT TO HEAR FROM MEN

who have had foreskin restoration or contemplating one. Sincere only. Don Greene, 1600 Washington Ave., SE, Cedar Rapids, IA 50112.

STRETCHING & PIERCING

Would like to correspond with others who have done foreskin stretching & piercing. Charles Darnell, PO Box 563, Grinnell, IA 50112.

PHOTOGRAPHER

wants to take photos of Uncut cocks and goodlooking guys in my area. PO Box 5144, Cedar Rapids, IA 52406-5144.

KENTUCKY

CUM AGAIN?

Attractive, boyish, jock-bodied, cut 7-1/2, 31, smooth, developed pecs, hard nipples, smooth balls, beefy buns, hairy crotch, pits, legs, smooth balls. Let me worship your body, cut and especially uncut, head to toes. Lay back and let me have it—again. G/Bi/Mar guys call (502) 634-7892 or write PO Box 3572, Louisville, KY 40201.

LOUISIANA

TWO GWM

Both 47, trim. He's 6', 150#, 8" uncut, brn eyes, brn/gray hair/stache. I'm 5'9", 140#, 6" cut,

balding, brn eyes, brn/gray hair/full neat beard. Sane, sensible, healthy, and horny seek similar for friends in or out of the sack. Like jocks, old Levis, T-shirts and the lifestyle that goes with 'em. [FQ Box 149]

VISITING N.O.? CALL FIRST

Skin freak (some say pig) into uncut perverts. I have big cut dick, so shaft size less important than overhang! Need to service (some say worship) 4-skin on men who know the power of an uncut dick. (504) 522-9950.

SEEKS RESTORATION INFO

WM, 6" cut, 170, desires fore-skin restoration information. Will reply immediately. Please write soon. FQ Box 162

MAINE

GWM, 46 Y/O CIRCUMCISED

Enjoys Fr A/P, Gr A. Enjoys simple life, love, and sex. Write: Mike, PO Box 8217, Bangor, ME 04401

SEEKING WM LOVER PARTNER

Looking for straight acting, honest WM. Love all kinds of love making. Whatever partner enjoys. Write: E. Thibodeau, Box 73, Coopers Mills, ME 04341. (207) 549-5121.

MARYLAND

NOVICE SLAVE

Baltimore area. GWM bottom, 45, wishes to become a slave to one or two Greek active, French passive Masters. Owner(s) will have to train this first-time slave to perform his duties the way they like, especially in drinking his Master's piss. FQ Box 143

WM 5'8", 158 UNCUT

Need physical affection. If you are trim and neat, C or UC, M or F, Baltimore metro area, send ltr—descr. or photo. Every response answered. FQ Box 150

GOTTA HAVE IT, WANTA GET IT

New USA member hungry for skin, cut 28 GWM looking for serious safe skin scenes 25-40. Don Baines, 1022 N. Calvert St., Baltimore, MD 21202.

GBM 28

5'10", 180 lbs, 6-1/2" uncut wants to tongue cheesy, unwashed cocks while getting his ass tongued by attractive, well-built butch guy. Also interested in exchanging piss/cum-stained jockstraps/briefs. FQ Box 168

MASSACHUSETTS**ARE YOU RIPE?**

Slim GWM 37, 6', 165 lbs, small uncut cheeser seeks same. Looking for a steady relationship with someone whose cock stinks as much as mine, 20-46 yrs. Into TT, J/O, cheese eating, pit licking, ripe balls, toe sucking, asshole sniffing. Lots of ripe cheese and smelly feet a plus. Will consider other scenes. FQ Box 151

BIG COCK AU NATURAL

Uncut seeks same to please each other as only we can. WM, young 40s, attractive, clean, well hung (8-1/2") and thick with huge, shaved balls. Pen pals, photo swap also. PO Box 1733, Lynn, MA 01903 (Johnny).

UNCUT GWM

38, seeks uncut men for correspondence, friendship, good times. 5'8", dark hair/eyes, professional. All letters answered. Like to hear from all. Drop a note to DG, PO Box 4260, Springfield, MA 01101.

CUT GWM 50s WANTS FORESKINS

Wish to meet, correspond, photos. Xchange cum filled jocks, bikinis, briefs, seeks uncuts 18 to 65. PO Box 450, Boston, MA 02123-0450.

MINNESOTA**UNCUT MAN**

Very much into uncut men. Exchange photos, letters, &c. Bill, Box 275, Northfield, MN 55057

MISSOURI**GWM, 29**

Into long, sweaty J/O; nude photo exchange; foreskin; huge balls; hairy bodies & asses; & scents. Chuck, PO Box 414394, Kansas City, MO 64141-4394. (816) 333-1695

NEBRASKA**OMAHA AREA**

Cut, into skin pulling for overhang, wish to comp. with guys uncut or restored. No B/D or drugs. Bob Hoeman, Box 34751, Omaha, NE 68134.

**NEW HAMPSHIRE****INFO ON RESTORATION**

wanted by 28 yr old WM. I was railroaded into a clip job years ago. Had regrets ever since. Was tight phimotic, want to be at least slightly phimotic again. Any suggestions?? Mike Landry, 445 Kennard Rd., #23, Manchester, NH 03104.

NEW JERSEY**UNCUT GWM, YOUTHFUL 38**

5'8", nice body, hung, in long-term relationship looking for hot men for photo exchange, safe duo hot sex, or more than two. Love porno & long hot sessions. Princeton, NJ area. Send hot letter, address, photo (optional) to Sean Nelson, PO Box 154, Skillman, NJ 08558.

TATTOOED UNCUT

WM, 5'10", 153, dark hair, stache, tattooed uncut, low hangers, large pierced nipples. HOT & raunchy. Bill, PO Box 17, TCB, West Orange, NJ 07052. (201) 674-6078. Early evenings only.

IRISH/SCANDANAVIAN

37 years old, 5'9". Uncut, family man, discretion a must. 150 lbs and muscular. Like to meet someone similar for friendship and uncut fun. Greater Princeton area only. PO Box 6242, Lawrenceville, NJ 08648.

MUTUAL U/C ORAL

Hillside, NJ. U/C Hisp. 32 years. 7". Sks: Hard-Thick- Uncut buddie for discreet early afternoon get-together, to get HIGH, uninhibited, and spend a couple of hours sensually and slowly sucking cock and chewing foreskins and fondling, dark meat too. No pigs or fems, cock pix a +. Hillside, Newark, Elizabeth area. Dave, POB 5863, 1146 Liberty Ave., Hillside, NJ 07205.

SEX TEACHER WANTED

All-Greek, 24, hairy, uncut, inexperienced seeks top for friendship and more. Photo, detailed letter to: PO Box 231, Hazlet, NJ 07730.

NEW YORK**BI BLACK MALE**

40, 5'10", 167#, uncut 7" with overhang seeks Bi white males my age or older who are heavy hung and uncut. Love mutual J/O, foreplay, kissing, fantasies and fondling. Am recently divorced and would like to meet those in NY/NJ/CT/PA area. Please be discreet. FQ Box 142

BBS

Call the MULTICOM-III BBS system with your computer! (716) 442-1669. 1200/300 Baud with special USA areal Call today!

VERY SINCERE FANTASY

in the removal of part or all of my cock and balls. Looking for the right person into this procedure, who would get as much out of it as I will. Please send experience as well as ideas as to how you would approach this necessary operation to: Michael Block, 54-06 Skillman Ave., Apt. 38, New York, NY 11377.

28 YR OLD CHEESE HOUND

Wants to tongue your raunchy knob clean. Can travel. Sam (607) 587-9421. PO Box 487, Alfred, NY 14802.

WM UNCUT—LIKES SAME

54, 5'11", S/P hair, bl eyes, 6-1/2". Likes oral—J/O—phone calls. Give a call and see. No fats—ages 35-60. NYC (212) 942-4126.

IF YOU OWN A PC

with a modem, call my BBS at (716) 442-1669, 24 hours a day. Freel Leave a message to me, SYSOP Chuck, for access to Multicom III's Foreskin Forum! (300/1200 Baud.)

DICKNESS

Total phallic awareness, thick, well-hung partially cut hot black top to share stretching techniques. Box 30010, Port Authority Sta., NYC, NY 10011.

GWM 45, UNCUT, LARGE

Seeks same who knows how to give & receive pleasure. (212) 206-0026

DISCREET PROFESSIONAL

GWM, trim, very hung, uncut, seeks correspondence/photo exchange with guys considering circumcision or cut as adults. FQ Box 160

HUNG JOCK

Heavy-hung, super-handsome jock, 28, wants to sniff, chew, and lick smelly skin. Jeff, POB 8309, NYC, NY 10116-8309.

MANHATTAN MIDTOWN GWM

46, 6', 186, nudist, seeks FQ on hairy dudes from NYC or travellers. Must be in-shape. No fats, fems, or drugs, not over 50. FQ Box 167

J/O BUDDY

WM, 28, 5'9", hairy, masculine, uncut, looking for tall good-looking masculine, muscular, hairy, well-hung (8" plus) uncut Black male for J/O play/foreskin stretching and clean safe fun action only! Please send detailed letter with phone number. Photo if possible (will return). FQ Box 148

AGGRESSIVE SKIN SOUGHT

Skin worshipper wants aggressive men into rough sex, bondage, WS, VA, rape fantasies. Cut, goodlooking WM, 5'9", has hot holes to use, abuse, stretch, and gag. Will service all your friends, gang, group. Hung, uncut, low-hangers, docking a plus. FQ Box 154

BINGHAMTON, NY

Hot gay couple (ages 35 and 29) with hard 8" cocks seek cut and uncut dick under 45. Call (607) 967-3513. Weekends only.

TOTAL SLUT

Rugged biker type turns into total pussy boy, slut, cunt, whore in bed. Loves being forced to suck cock, drink piss, service huge BLACK cocks. Love physical exams & related fantasies. Have nice tight pussy ass, hot wet mouth, and big tits. Please reply with photo if possible. Lennie, Suite F4, 496A Hudson St., NYC, NY 10014.

COCK WITH CHEESE

Uncut Eastern-European cock with imported cheese to suck and smell is ready for you. Healthy, well-educated 46 years old, 6', 200 lbs. Like to meet and smell pissy, uncut, cheesy cocks, W/S and stained with piss jockstraps too. No other scenes. Husky, chubby, stocky guys a plus. FQ Box 169

FOOTBALL CAPTAIN

Hot WM, 33, 6'1", 185, very handsome, masculine, and works out. Seeks tall, horny guy who was or wishes he were a TEAM CAPTAIN—to act out sweaty locker room, frat hazing, foot, and more explosive fantasies. Call Ron between 8pm-12, to meet in NYC (no phone J/O) at (212) 675-7352. FQ Box 174.

NYC RESTORING MY 4-SKIN

Self-cut, restoring my 4-skin, GWM, 45, blond/blue, 6', 175 lbs, likes to meet guys cut and uncut. PO Box 647, Maspeth, NY 11378. (718) 424-1064.

FREAK URINAL EATS

Loose butter filled hangs, siliconed puds, cheese rags, stale pit hair, shoe tread sludge, crusty socks, blackheads, snot ropes, tied up ball bags, lungies, your ideas. FQ Box 170

OHIO

SEMI-RESTORED FORESKIN LOVER

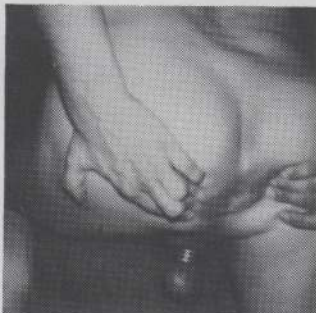
Slim, hung, BiWM seeks erotic photo/VHS video exchange w/ all types/ages (mature, uncut +). Also, trade stretching, enlarging, auto-french and auto-erotic techniques. Dave E., PO Box 477, Fairfield, OH 45014.

COLUMBUS

GWM, 34, 5'7", 135, beard & moustache wants some w/ plenty of foreskin. Hippie type w/long hair a plus. Tom, PO Box 14374, Columbus, OH 43214. (614) 267-4762.

CLEVE COCKWORSHIPPER

Cut 30 year old WM, 5'8", 150, west suburbs. Enjoy servicing nicely built, hung dudes (cut/uncut) 19-35 with my very clean and well-trained tight ass. Have videos and special room set up. Enjoy docking, too. "J.R.", PO Box 93852, Cleveland, OH 44101. (216) 572-1914 SEE PHOTO



SHY UNCUT ITALIAN FAERIE

40, 5'6", 115, into nature, camping, dancing, music & videos. Seeks playmates &/or relationship. G.M., Box 19744, Cincinnati, OH 45219.

WANT BIG MEAT & SKIN

WM 39 wants from WM: big uncut cock; massage; wealthy generous friend. Box 091025, Columbus, OH 43209.

PENNSYLVANIA

PHILADELPHIA

GWM, 30, 185#, 6'2", beard & mustache into leather & uniforms, light S/M, pierced tits, loves uncut cocks & knows how to treat them. A&P in F&G. G.S.F., 4213 Chester Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19104.

FORESKIN DELIGHT

GWM, 31, 5'10", 160 lbs, uncut, hot. Needs skin service. Also likes mushroom head cocks. Bill, Box 1903, Media, PA 19063.

PGH/SW PA

Attractive, professional GWM seeks U/C friend, lover. Nothing ventured, nothing gained. Send letter, photo, phone number. FQ Box 161

PHILA/NY/SO. JERSEY

GWM, 44, 5'9", 280# & flabby, w/double belly & enormous tits, huge balls, uncut w/long overhang & thick end. Into C&B bondage, dildoes, tit play, & J/O sessions. Prefer other uncut. Jim (215) 336-4123.

SURRENDER

You who are very serious about transcending yourself or wish to recommend someone who has the desire to commit to complete, total, whole surrender of their will! Send "night letter" (Western Union) with your telephone number. O.J., Box 623, Chester, PA 19013

NW PA IN THE WOODS

GWM retired trucker, 56, 6'2", 240#, 7" cut. Fr A/P, Gr P. Wants masculine male for monogamous relationship good old fashion roll in the hay sex. You healthy husky horny hairy hung with 4skin. No dope or way-out kink. Must like country living and be self-supporting. Foto if poss. FQ Box 177

ATTRACTIVE GWM

26, blond, blue, 5'10-1/2", 155 lbs, 7", thick-cut. I'm looking for a goodlooking, personable,

affectionate, safe, clean man (age 21-35). I would prefer someone who is in fair to excellent physical condition, uncut, very well hung w/nice long overhang (Western Pa., S.W. N.Y., East Ohio area). I know you're out there. If you fit this description write, or better yet give me a call. I need a hot, hung, fore-skinned man to show me what makes uncut men feel good. Ask for Curt. If not home leave message. Please be discreet. (814) 459-2074.

SOUTH CAROLINA

U/C INTO EXPERIMENTING

Want to exchange ideas for fore-skin games. Have many stretching methods using balls and air. Get hot rolling my skin over another guy's glans. Hung 7" large glans. Pres, 924 Marsh Dunes Rd., Fripp Island, SC. (803) 838-4752.

TEXAS

KINKY COUPLE

Adult circumcisions, meatotomies, frenum removal, genital alterations, piercing, mutilation, stretching and punishment or humiliation. Don, PO Box 47771, San Antonio, TX 78265-7771.

TRINITY

I would enjoy very much to receive letters or telephone calls from individuals of like appreciation. My interests include computers and country living. Photograph exchanged with receipt of yours. Cauc/36 yrs. Winston Roberts, PO Drawer 950, Trinity, TX 75862. (409) 594-2757

MARRIED BWM HOUSTON

6'4", 50, loves to exchange jocks/briefs. Discrete—Massage—Religious. Phil, PO Box 27701-381, Houston, TX 77227-7701.

HAIRY CHESTED & HORNY PWA

Mature attractive blond, muscular, uncut & intelligent but sexy/even kinky (but safe) wants to meet PWAs & ARCs in Dallas area. Bob (214) 357-3236.

STRAIGHT PROFESSIONAL MAN

Cut, curious about foreskin. Seeks discreet uncut friend for learning experience. Will Shumacker, Box 66973, Suite 1200, Houston, TX 77006.

PROFESSIONAL GWM

50, cut, seeks straight-acting gay or bi white male, 30-60, uncut, for sincere relationship. AIDS conscious, clean, homebody. Larry B. (214) 937-7789.

ATTRACTIVE GWM

Late 40s, 190, 6', seeks younger, nice looking, intelligent, hot Topman with well-endowed uncut cock that needs to be worshipped, etc. Dallas (214) 526-6646. Chuck.

UTAH

SUBMISSIVES SOUGHT

for CP, CBTT, WS, and kinky activities. Sincere only. Correspondence welcomed. Dominant is WM, 59, 5'11", 230, 5-1/2 uncut. K.W., PO Box 1618, Ogden, UT 84402.

SLAVES WANTED

White Master, 60, 5'11", 230 5-1/2" uncut, into everything, seeks pain loving sincere submissives, preferably uncut. CBTT, CP, W/S, AT, and other kink. FQ Box 164

VERMONT

ATTENTION: YOUNG GWM

would like to hear from caring, sensitive, industrious 20 to 35 year old for eventual live-in relationship. Petite, smooth, well endowed a plus. Me: GWM, 50s, 6', 160, goodlooking, self-employed, caring, sensitive, loving, desire to share my life. Cray, RR2, Box 2477, Brandon, VT 05733. (802) 247-6684.

VIRGINIA

HOT ONE-ON-ONE

Want cocks, hot one-on-one. Enjoy Fr A/P, Gr A/P, J/O. Photo exchange. Hot letters, audio cassettes, and more. Steve J. Manyak, Jr., PO Box 7573, Fredericksburg, VA 22404.

THROAT PUMPING U/C TOP STUD

wanted by WM, 30s, to help me swallow it all. No SM. All colors welcome to reply. Penpals also. L.P., Box 3321, Arlington, VA 22203-0321.

SON WANTED

GWM, 36, Daddy-type looking for son. Live-in possibilities. Roanoke-Martinsville-Danville area. Write for details. FQ Box 172

WASHINGTON

UNCUT HAIRY

Hunky GWM, 5'7", 43, 160#, trim beard, daddy type, uncut thick 7", big balls, like mutual foreskin games, docking, or if you're cut and like skin, I'm your man. Oral action, J/O, video. Big dicks welcome. Dan, PO Box 20603, Seattle, WA 98102.

SEATTLE AREA

Husky, lusty GWM, 42, 5'10", 180 lbs, brown hair/eyes, 'stache needs local man to help with my foreskin restoration. My finger full of new skin craves stretching over parts of your anatomy. Let's exchange methods. FQ Box 178

UNCUT HAIRY

Horny, hunky, 5'7", 160#, 41, trim beard, mutual foreskin games, J/O, or nuts for hung cuts willing to worship a good (7+" thick) thing. Box 20603, Seattle, WA 98102.

NATIONWIDE

5'9" TALL SLIM SWIMMER BODY

healthy mature masculine shy hairy super hung very well endowed 8"+ clean cut warm attractive sexy vergine. Regular looks. Seek 18-40 very hairy bearded very tall very hairy super hung super endowment uncut lots of long loose foreskin. No drugs or alcohol. Serious only please. Face looks not important, nice personality counts. Send nude picture. The right person will relocate to develop a down to earth relationship. All letters will be answered. FQ Box 173

AUSTRALIA

PHOTOS/CORRES WANTED

by GWM, 36, cut. Likes W/S, CBT, TT, nudity. Loves U/C cock, but not necessary. Has shaved body. ALA. Peter, 4/15 Cassel's Rd., Brunswick, Victoria, 3056 Australia.

PENPAL REQUEST

Correspondence wanted by GWM, 58, 6', 180 lbs, uncut, from guys of any race or creed; on subjects in this magazine. Also exchange photos, magazines, clippings, ALA. Write to: Don E. Ross, 40 Young St., Albert Park, U.C., 3206 Australia.

CANADA

I HAVE A VERY LONG THICK

foreskin which I love very much and it just loves to be sucked, docked, chewed, and licked. I would like to hear from guys or ladies who like to play with foreskin. Call and we will have a fun talk or write and we will exchange photos. Suite 110, 27 Patterson Cres., Red Deer, Alberta T4N 6H7. (403) 343-6465.

OVERHANG?

Handsome WM, 26, searching for heavy hung guys, thick, with grotesquely exaggerated overhang. The more 4 skin, the better. Have special techniques. All races. Al, PO Box 612, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 2K3.

WOMEN

24-year-old male, uncut Canadian wishes to meet woman/lady who enjoys uncut guys for encounter. Am able to travel the US Northeast, central Canada. Whoever & wherever you are, I'm all yours, ladies. J. Ramacieri, PO Box 532, AMF, Dornal, Quebec H4Y 1B3.

ITALY

UNCUT AMERICAN BEAR

living in Rome, 33, 5'11" 185#, furry, seeks playmates. Interests include all sorts of fun & fantasy. Contact Box ENI-OS005.

TRAVEL TRANS USA

GWM, 6', 174, 50, HIV-neg, beard, hot deep throat, seeks uncut Tops, any race, size, age. Charles Shuts, 53010 Frosini (SI), Italy.

JAMAICA

ISLAND GUY

Goodlooking guy (26) seeks goodlooking international connections for friendship, visits. Possibly more. Write Skip, PO Box 316, Kingston 10, Jamaica.

NORWAY

UNCUT VIKING

Norwegian bottom, 34, 6', 170, blond hair, blue eyes, seeks Tops anywhere who like good butt and long sessions. Leather, uniforms, military welcome. Per-Arne Larsen, Ovrefoss 2A, 0555 Oslo, Norway.

SCOTLAND

SHORT-ARM INSPECTION

Former British soldier wishes to exchange reminiscences of short-arm inspections with US or Canadian servicemen. Full details appreciated. FQ Box 141

MAIL ORDER

CELEBRITY CIRCUMCISION

Fourteen-year study lists cut/uncut status of 1200 celebrities. Newsletters also available. Send \$5.00 to Chuck Thompson, Box 691024, Hollywood, CA 90069.

ULTIMATE IN FORESKIN VIDEOS

FORESKIN 1, 2, 3, and 4 plus Grandpa Finds a Dildo and a dirty dozen other titles in color/sound, VHS/BETA, @59.95 each, \$2 P&H. See more foreskin than any proctologist or urologist ever dreamed of! SIRCO, PO Box 14425, San Fran., CA 94114.

JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT IT WAS SAFE

to go near the phone again...five foul 60-minute cassettes make it risky. Phone phucks 1 thru 5. Nothing scripted or faked. Hot juicy action just \$12.50 each or \$50 for all five! Leather triple snap cock ring, \$5. Piss soaked used jock with J/O letter or smelly scat smeared briefs, \$12.50 each. Slim Jim dildo, \$15. Video catalog with order. \$2 P&H. SIRCO, PO Box 14425, San Fran., CA 94114.

DRAWINGS BY REX

DRAWINGS BY REX

Hot, horny, unrelenting front-line stud action captured in explosive drawings by one of the top erotic artists of our time. Send \$10.00 for five 8-1/2 by 11 black and white samples plus full information on how to receive more. Send check or money order made payable to DRAWINGS BY REX to 731 Larkin St., San Francisco, CA 94109. State that you are over 21 years of age and wish to receive this material.

READ ALL ABOUT

the best foreskin videos in Gay Fetish Times & Video Review \$10 yearly. Gay Audiotape Guide \$3. Computer disk with both just \$10 (5-1/4", 3"). PO Box 14425, San Fran., CA 94114. (415) 431-7186.

FORESKIN CLAMPS

The leading maker of tit clamps has come up with something new!

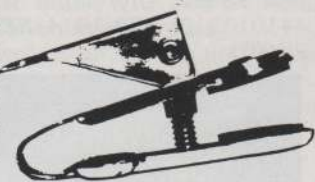


The **Black Fork** foreskin clamp is solid brass with a mat-black finish, black vinyl tips on the four prongs, and strong, rugged spring action. It is about 1 1/4" long.

\$17.00 each

The **Double-Adjustable** foreskin clamp is zinc plated, adjustable to the appropriate gap and then locked into place to give a firm grip and even pressure.

\$17.95 each



Both clamps have holes for attaching chain, thong, etc. for weights or whatever you wish.

ORDER NOW FROM: SANDMUTOPIA SUPPLY CO.

PO Box 11314 San Francisco, CA 94101-1314
Credit Card Holders may order direct (415) 252-1195

ship & hand \$2.50 for first item, \$1 for each add'l item.



Tiger Media Presents

I ♥ FORESKIN

An Entirely
Uncut Feature...

• starring
**Chris Stone,
Kevin Young,
Robert Larkins**
and many more!

introducing
**Brian
Williams**

— **YES!** Please send me **I ♥ FORESKIN** for only \$59.95. (Available In VHS Format Only.) Add \$3 shipping each. Calif. Res. add 7¼% Sales Tax. All videos sent via UPS. Sorry NO Post Office Boxes. Offer void where prohibited.

VISA MASTERCARD CHECK/MONEY ORDER

Acc't No. _____ Exp. Date _____

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____ STATE: _____ ZIP: _____

— Please send brochures only. I'm enclosing \$5.

I warrant that I am 21 years of age and desire to receive sexually oriented material for my own personal use.

SIGNATURE: _____

MAIL TO: **TIGER MEDIA**, 3808 Rosecrans Street, Suite 4000,
San Diego, CA 92110. Or call **TOLL FREE (800) 462-1799**
(Nationwide) (619) 296-2465 (in California)

THE ELECTRONIC GLORYHOLE

a phone service that allows you to meet
or talk to men in your own area
for **ONLY 45¢ a minute** or
less—including all toll charges
(plus .35 to .50 a day.)

MEET OR
TALK TO
**HORNY
LOCAL
MEN**

Exclusive from
The Connector,

**One call
does it all!**

- One-on-one
- Circle jerk/gang bang
- J/O
- S&M, leather and
other kinky things
- Bisexual & straight men
- 24 hr message center



 **the
CONNECTER, Inc.**

1-800-666-0690

50¢ minimum per call

Photo: Bob Munillo

Must be 18 or older