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FORESKIN QUARTERLY



ISSUE 14

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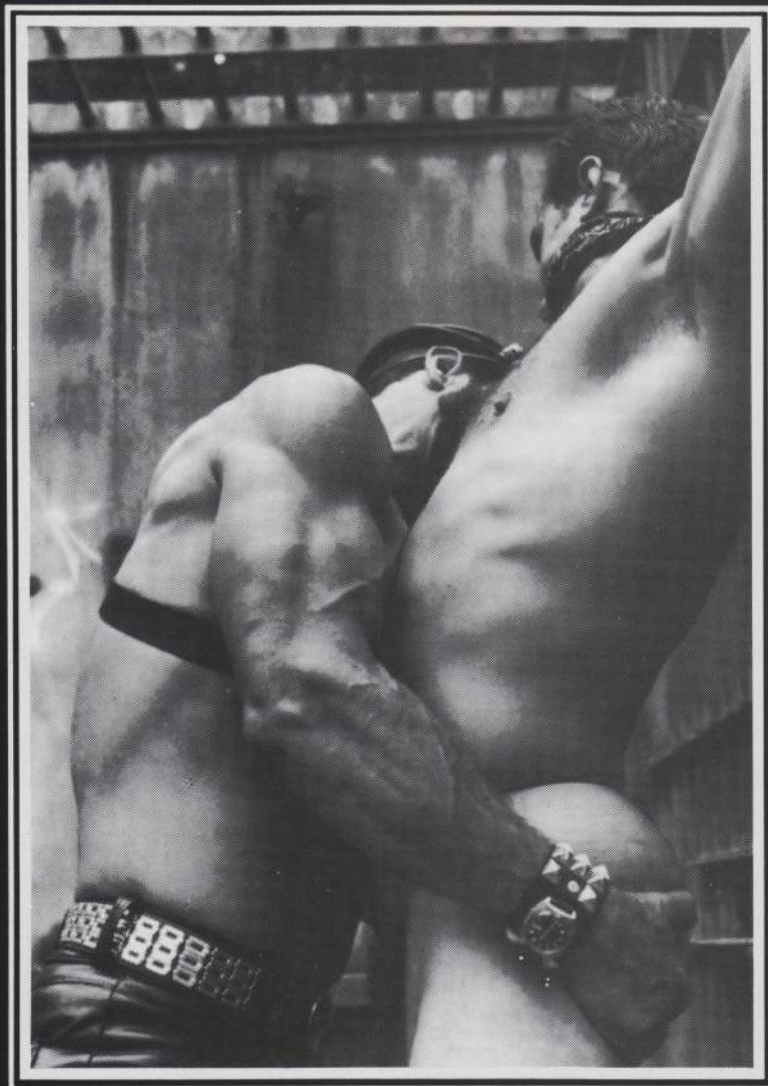


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FQ supports the need to practice safe, sane and consensual sex. We urge our readers to adhere to current safe sex guidelines and common sense.



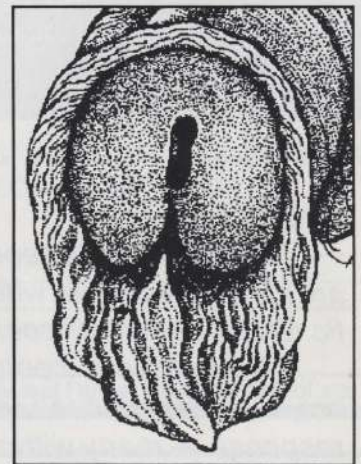
SPRING '93

FORESKIN  
QUARTERLY

Issue 14

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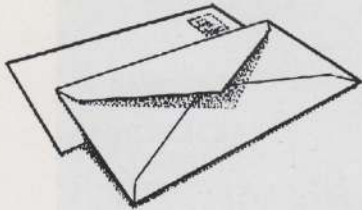


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### CALIFORNIA

**UNCUT BEAR SEEKS FOX**  
"Bear" type, chunky but active, with cheerful disposition, keen mind, warm fuzzy heart and nice long foreskin. Partnered, but horny and available, mid-40s. Wants to meet "fox" type (slim or toned, medium frame) with compatible, playful atti-

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# DEAR FQ



Dear FQ,

Wonderful to have *FQ* back! To show my support, I am sending you my new subscription now.

Best of luck - and keep *FQ* rolling off the press!!

D.F.  
Bangall, N.Y.

Dear D.F.,

Thanks for the encouragement! Frankly, we are just a little bit overwhelmed by the enthusiastic response we've received.

We've tried to contact all former subscribers, such as yourself, and have had a terrific response — many with a personal note wishing us luck. Thanks to all of you for your best wishes.

As you can see, we've made a number of changes. We're expanded the number of pages, upgraded the paper and dropped the leather emphasis. On the other hand, we're committed to stay an entertaining and informative magazine with a touch of sleaze. Hope you like it!

Ed.

Dear FQ,

Glad to see you trying to make a go of it! Enclosed are two recent news items. (One is an advertisement from the *New York Post*.)

Frankly, if I ever have "rectal disorders", I think I will forgo a visit to Laser Medical Associates and stick to Preparation H!

A.D.  
Palmyra, N.J.

Dear A.D.,

Thanks for your submissions. Unfortunately we don't have room to reproduce them here.

Laser surgery is becoming more popular and Laser Medical Associates of New York of-

fers a number of procedures including warts, hemorrhoids, fissures and fistulas. What I find interesting is that they also advertise circumcision. The visual image: Darth Vader's light saber aimed at my privates!

A.D.'s second enclosure is from page 60 of the September 1992 issue of *McCall's*. It reports that The American Academy of Pediatrics (AAP) concluded about 20 years ago that there is insufficient evidence to recommend routine circumcision for medical reasons. It currently advises parents to discuss the potential risks and medical benefits with a doctor.

The article notes that neonatal circumcision seems to offer some protection from cancer of the penis later in life (an extremely rare condition easily prevented by practicing good hygiene), and that no convincing scientific evidence has linked circumcision status to sexually transmitted diseases.

It also points out that circumcision, like any surgery, has its risks: hemorrhage, infection, surgical error and dissatisfaction with the appearance after healing.

And circumcision is painful. Research indicates some infants may be distressed for the next few days.

The article ends on a hopeful note: Today nearly 40 percent of male infants remain uncircumcised.

Ed.

*FQ* welcomes your correspondence.

Send your letters to:

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Attn: Dear *FQ*

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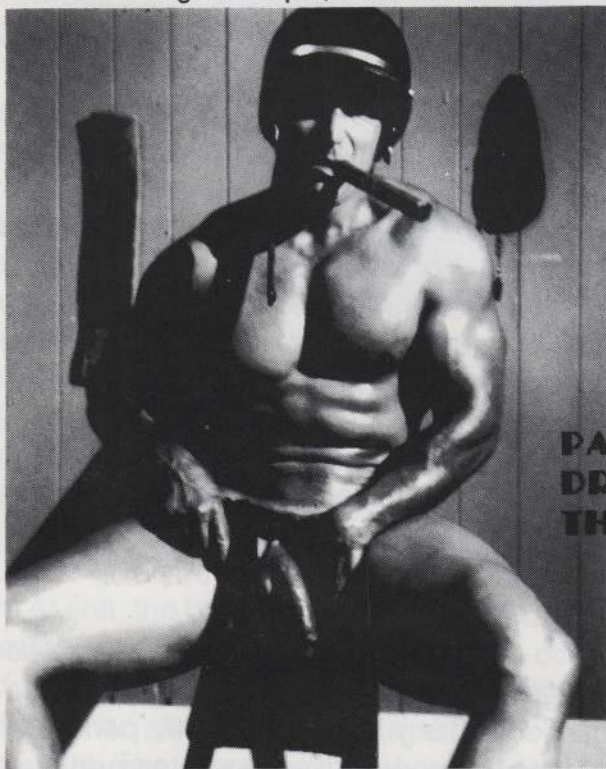
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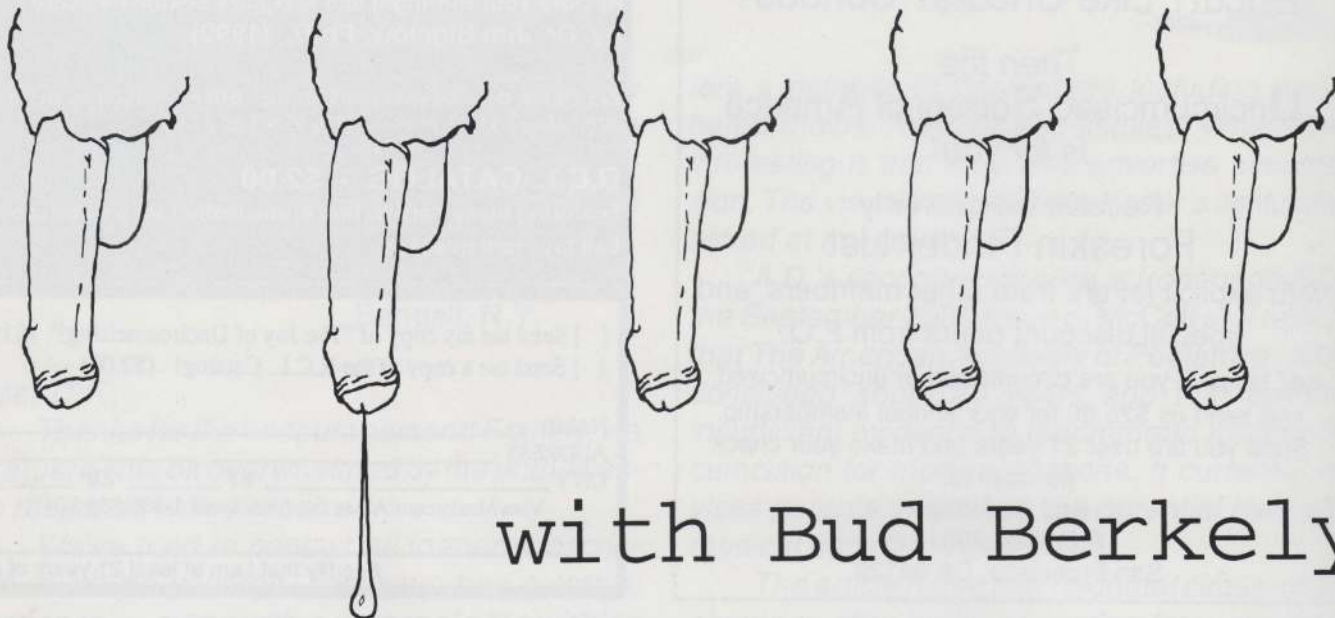
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# Hey Bud!



with Bud Berkely

Hey Bud,

I wag my tail at least once a day. It is my way of keeping my machinery well lubricated during the health crisis. I pump on my long, slithery foreskin for hours. I have learned how to control my orgasm by how fast the skin rolls over my sensitive cock-head. A slow pump adds up to a gut-wrenching orgasm and if I want to get it over with I just speed up the pump. I love my uncut dick!

Sometimes I get into it with a buddy. He also has an uncut dick, but he wags it with a very different style. Instead of simply rolling his foreskin up and down his long shaft, he pulls his skin back and fists directly over his exposed cockhead. He really tenderizes his steak.

He tells me I am really missing the best of being uncircumcised. He claims he gets the best out of his dick by exposing the sensitive nerve-endings of his cock-head and his inner-foreskin to direct-action. He sure keeps his dick rock-hard for hours and his exposed glans spreads

itself out to huge proportions. When he's decided enough is enough: he brings his thick foreskin up and over his red-hot cock-head and gives it a few pumps. I've never seen him shoot it off with his foreskin retracted.

Now, Bud, here is my problem: I'd really like more variety in my pump-sessions. I would like to get off on pulling my skin back and feeling my raw steak get worked over, but I can't stand it! I have no problem retracting my skin off the head, but my glans is so dammed sensitive I jump when it gets a direct touch. Am I missing the best of foreskin ownership? How do I toughen up my tender meat?

Dear Tender Meat,

Ah yes, a long, slithery foreskin is certainly a good thing to have during these days when jack/off is king. You own nature's perfect pumper, Meat. It sounds as if you have learned how to use it! Masturbation, as with all sex, gets stale with-

out variety. I am sure you have a hot repertoire of fantasies that help keep the dick standing up tall. You have a buddy with a hot dick to liven things up on occasion. But I do think your overly-sensitive glans is keeping you from new heights of j/o heaven. Despite all the claims that a circumcised dick is better (cleaner, sleeker, problem-free, stylish all debatable), your uncircumcised peter is by far the more versatile. Meat, start experimenting!

First we must tame your glans: That's a piece of cake since, as you state, you can fully retract your foreskin. Since your cock-head seldom sees the light of day, it is probably very warm and moist. Such a cock-head is the seemingly impossible dream of many a circumcised man, but for now we must dry yours out a little. Give it some air.

Pull back that skin and keep it back just long enough to give your cock-head some breathing room. At first, the best time to keep it retracted is just after an orgasm — that's when the cock-head is flaring. You could also do it after a shower when your skin is pushed back and soaped out. There are cock rings, rubber washers, etc., that can do the job. There are some



Photo: MSP Video

guys who schooled in the art of temporarily sewing back the foreskin. (Not recommended as an experiment.) Wide rubber bands can be used while the cock is on bone. (Take them off before you shoot!) The best method is just holding it back with one hand. Meat, I am not advocating permanent retraction (a permanently dried cock-head is no fun at all!), just occasional retraction training. That makes it, easier to J/O with your skin back.

Now that your glans has dried-out a little, pull back your long, slithery foreskin as far

Bud Berkely, founder and director of the Uncircumcised Society of America (USA), draws from his extensive files of correspondence to give us some insight into the art and practice of living with the uncircumcised penis, the pros and cons of circumcision, its history, and the possibilities of reconstructing foreskin on a circumcised penis.

Please send your questions, opinions and experiences to: Bud Berkely, PO Box 26011, San Francisco, CA 94126. We will not reveal your identity.

back to the balls as it can get. Hold the skin back with one hand, dab a tiny bit of oil on the other hand, and start a slow churn over your newly exposed glans and down your shaft where your inner foreskin is stretched out inside-out. Feel those previously hidden nerves come to attention as your churning speeds up. You might be fascinated to watch yourself pop through an exposed cockhead for the first time, but you will be happier by letting your foreskin roll back over your entire cock and give it a final few pumps for the orgasm of your life (so far). You and your J/O buddy have some exciting times ahead — and it's safe.

Now, before I get into trouble with the foreskin restoration bunch: Stretching foreskin over a previously permanently exposed glans does moisten and sensitize it — even on the most severely clipped dick! True, circumcised men who have regained an overhang find it difficult to keep the skin forward during erection, but the important thing is to keep it forward when the penis is flaccid. Ah, what price a happy cockhead?

\* \* \* \* \*

Hey Bud,

How did Europe luck out? As a circumcised American kid, I thought all men were clipped — or should be. I had no doubt that I was the normal one. Those few uncut fellows I spotted in the school showers were the freaks. Then I went to college in Europe. Man, did I get an education! Uncut dick was hanging on almost every dude. I would have felt like the freak if it wasn't for some great fellow who made me feel welcome despite my skinned peter. Needless to say, I got hooked on foreskin watching; long foreskin, half-mast foreskin, blind foreskin — comparative foreskin, I called it. Has Europe always been a continent chucked-full of foreskin?

Dear Circumcised American Kid,

Yes, for the most part, Europe has always been a foreskin Valhalla. Early in Europe's history, there were tribes of Barbarians in the northern woods who practiced circumcision. The Belgae, who gave the name to modern Belgium,

circumcised their penises. The Visigoths circumcised the penises of their upper classes (Military leaders and their sons) as a signature of their privilege. Alaric, the first Visigoth general to sack Rome in 410 AD, was circumcised. Many of the people who colonized seaports in southern Europe were circumcised, especially those who migrated from Phoenicia. Most certainly, the Islamic Moors who ruled Spain for seven hundred years were circumcised, as were their subjected native populations. Today, the only area of Europe where circumcision is routinely practiced is in the Balkans, where scattered remnants of the Ottoman-Islamic influence remain.

That Europe has foreskin today is attributed mainly to two events: St. Paul's conversion of Greece to Christianity in the first century and Austria's repulsion of the invading Ottoman armies in 1683. If St. Paul hadn't found it necessary to tell the foreskin-loving Greeks circumcision wasn't necessary to be to be Christian and if Vienna had fallen to the invading Moslems, all those penises in the Amsterdam baths would be well circumcised today. (Kid, your college course would have been "Comparative Circumcisions" rather than foreskin variety.) Europe, in other words, has had to fight to remain uncircumcised.

The most shocking episode in the foreskin struggle occurred in the period when the Ottoman Empire extended to the gates of Christian Austria. Marauding Islamic warriors conducted the "Boy Harvest"; they swooped down on unsuspecting villages and peasants in the field and carried away the most desirable youths. These boys were taken to a special "academy", circumcised and, thereafter, intensely trained to be Moslem warriors. They could not marry, become civilians or go into professions. They were the Janissaries; fierce infantrymen who were the defenders of the faith, Allah and the Ottoman Empire. They were also among those warriors who preyed upon the Christian, uncircumcised youths of central Europe to select who amongst them were to be "harvested", circumcised and become the next generation of Janissaries.

Kid, if you think it has been easy for us to hold onto our foreskins through history, read my

forthcoming book *Foreskin: A Second Look* to understand how lucky we are to have a few of them hanging around today.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hey Bud,

I have a foreskin experience to share with your readers. This one's no fantasy, although it seems like it in retrospect. I am still wondering how I could have been so lucky.

After an hour of the wildest sex I undoubtedly ever had with a guy in — where else but San Francisco — who also had the biggest cock (at least the longest) I had ever seen. After he had naturally slumped into a comfortable soft cock of still some ponderable length, I — lying on my back — began to experience something I have never known before: he was stretching that beautiful foreskin over my nose. There I lay, no doubt cross-eyed, not wanting to miss a move. It aroused a very deep, inner-self feeling of sexuality. I thought he was just playing around with his foreskin.

We lay motionless for a few moments. His cock was right at my nostrils — my nose was completely covered by foreskin. My mouth was open and I was breathing calmly but excitedly. All of a sudden coming down my throat was a

warm gush of recycled beer — his piss entering either one nostril or the other, or maybe both. It was a feeling not to be imagined — a feeling of comfort, of connections, of some strange depth and meaning. I could only talk to him with my

eyes, which I did as he asked me teasing questions: whether or not I liked it. I never wanted it to end. I am not even sure I ever wanted it to happen again, but that's only because I suspect no one else can do it with the same expertise. Not a drop — not one — spilled or splattered.

Dear Unsplattered,

Thanks for the foreskin-action testimonial. Your "non-fantasy" is in the realm of "what will they think of next?" Well, I report them as they come to me. I am not sure I would suggest my readers re-live your wonderful experience of "connection" (is urine considered safe-sex?), but your story con-

firms my contention about the superior versatility of the uncircumcised penis.

Breathing with a foreskin draped over my nose? Hmmmmm. Oh hell, why not give it a try? The scents and the senses would provide a safer high than drugs although probably just as addictive. Anyone got a foreskin for my nose?

Ahhhh!



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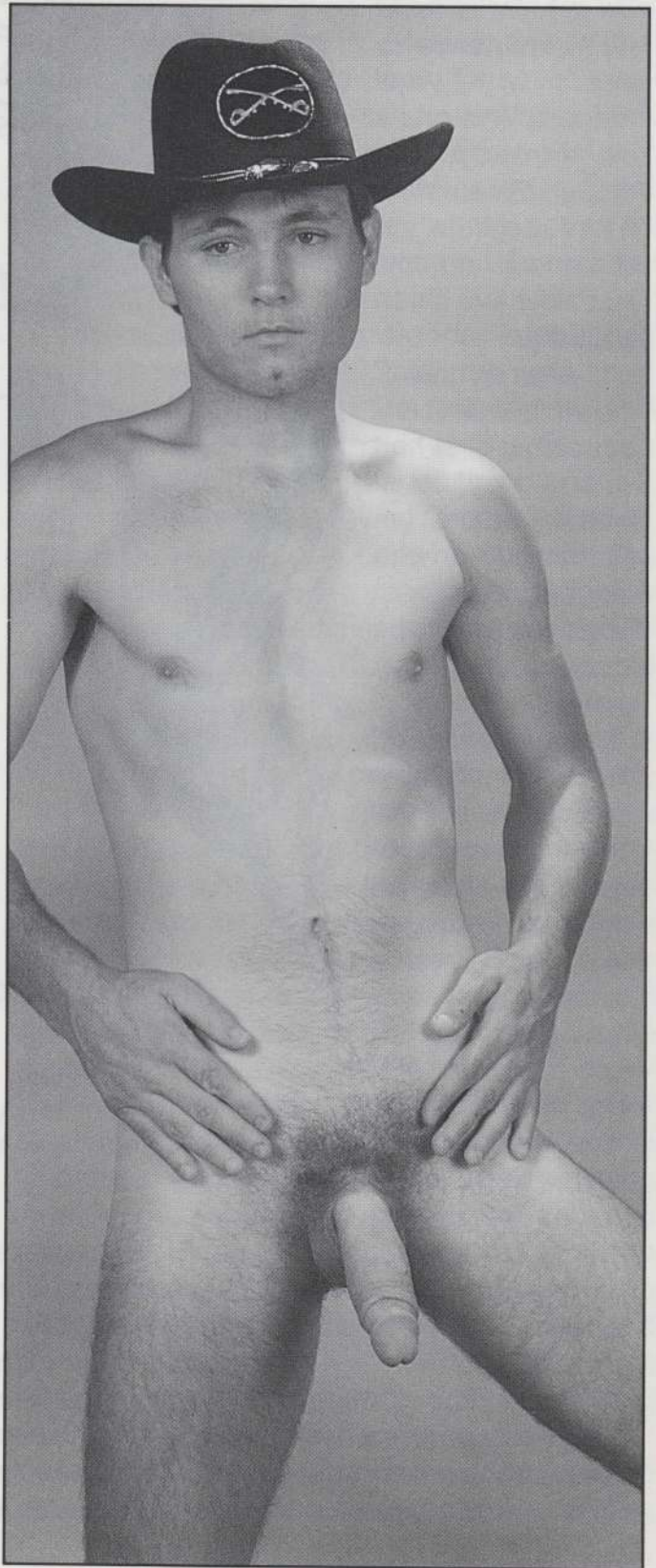
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### The Teenager and the Fugitive

Jake escapes from a California prison. His lover Mike tries to get Jake's friends Fred and Bill to hide him till the heat is off. He is brutally raped on the kitchen floor by these two sadists and locked up with their personal slave Dave.

### Love Match

After an invigorating tennis practice, three well hung jocks relax as they recall the visit of a tennis player (John Holmes), who displays his oversized tool and uses it in every hole available.

### Trap and Trick

While hiking through the woods, three young studs set up camp for the night and share their huge assets with each other. The next morning, one of them is trapped by a horny neighbor who ties him up and rapes him.

### Hollywood Cowboy

A blond young texan comes to Hollywood to make his fortune in the movies. He ends up working in All Male X Rated films and using his body to make a living.

### Space Stud

Because of overpopulation, the inhabitants of an all homosexual planet resource to colonization on Earth. They seek and conquer the most masculine specimens of the male population.

### House of Sir

A house in Hollywood where anything goes. It includes kinky sex with chains, leather harnesses and masks, foot worshipping and auto-fellatio.

### Rooms

Three short stories about sex in different rooms. The first one shows a black man raping a young guy in a storage room. In the second story, two men break into a straight couple's house and rape the man of the house at knife point. The third one is a wild scene between two well hung lovers in their bedroom.

### Two days in a hot place

Luke leaves home for bigger and better things in L.A. His problems begin while lost in the desert after running out of gas. He is picked up by a tall and dark stranger for some wild hole plugging.

### Cruising San Francisco

A wealthy black stud has interracial orgies with innocent young men at his San Francisco mansion.

### Truck It

A hairy-chested office clerk strips naked while driving a delivery truck. He picks up hitchhikers and lets them have wild sex in the back of the truck while driving around town looking for more tricks.

### My Uncle and I

After a hot encounter with two humpy construction workers, while returning home from a vacation trip in San Francisco, a young stud gets caught in the act by his visiting uncle from Palms Springs. Him and a group of hot men show his uncle how much fun group sex can be.

### Finger Licking Good

The devil explains, through flashbacks, how your g boys come to be his disciples.

### Too Hot To Handle

Light whipping and dildo action are featured in this film.

### Peter the Peeker

A private detective in Los Angeles is hired to spy into private bedrooms and find out what homosexuals do behind closed doors.

### Click Click

Young models in a photographer's studio. Some are shy and need coaxing, some are all too eager - but in the end they all get so excited they pop like flashbulbs. Good closeups of oral and anal intercourse.

### Rodeo Cowboys

Well built and hung cowboys spend some time c - ing each other before they get ready for Buck's birthday party - "the big orgy".

### The Double Dealers

Terry pimps young men and steals valuable items from his clients home. When two paintings end up missing from an art collector's house, our hero, detective Tilson goes underground as one of the boys and cracks the case open.

### Mod De Sade

Satanic master drugs and violates unassuming young women. Hot oil, enemas, biting, dildos, etc.

### Sunday, Hot Sunday

A quiet sunday afternoon spent with horny, lusty friends can turn into a wild sexual orgy.

### Young And Restless

Peter is fed up with being used by every hustler in town. When he finds his lover tricking , he kicks them both out of his house for good. After some hot encounters with some well hung hunks, he finally finds true love.

### Lust In The Afternoon

Two teenagers cut school one afternoon to visit a haunted house searching for ghosts. What they found was a rapist who taught them a lesson they would not soon forget.

### Aphrodisiacs And The Male Animal

Aphrodisiacs meaning food or medicine for exciting sexual desires. This film is based on findings on the kama sutra.

### Confessions Of A Male Groupie

After dropping out of school and travelling throughout America, Larry ends up in Hollywood where he meets the local group the electric bananas for some heavy group sexual activities.

### Fun Buns Contest

A fun buns contest at a local bar in San Francisco ends up in a hot sexual orgy when the contestants get hard and horny.

### Gay Divorcee

A marriage counselor is shocked when gay couples start seeking his advice. His involvement with his new clients goes way beyond counselling.

### Gay Guide On Campus

College is the hunting grounds for gays looking for a piece of ass. This is the guide for sex on any college campus.

### Mantrap

A young, rich, guy from Pacific Heights is abducted in front of his mansion by two dudes in leather jackets wearing stockings to disguise their faces. He is brought into a sleazy apartment, where he is stripped, tied up and gang-raped.

### Romeo And Jules

Two well hung lovers experience love and lust with each other and share it with their horny friends.

### Swap Meat

Bill, a 22 year old British stud, and Ken, a college student in LA, enjoy a quiet married life together until they meet Joe and Tom at a party and decide to swap their huge meat.

### The Boy And Other Strangers

While laying on a sofa fantasizing about having sex with different strangers, an unexpected visitor arrives, turning a boring afternoon into a climatic sexual orgy.

### Wonderful World Of Gay

Gordon Hall is a filmmaker. After explaining how to make a hot, all male, sex loop and the best way to watch it, he takes us on a hot tour of several young male couples engaged in sexual intercourse.

### West Hollywood At Large

A day in the gay life in West Hollywood. Hot young men doing what comes natural in a gay community offering all kinds of fun and games.

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# AFTERNOON

My cock greeted me with my usual morning erection as I awoke from a deep and contented sleep. Halfway to my toes the sheet that covered us lifted up like a tent with my hard-on for a tent-pole, swaying gently with my pulse. With each beat of my heart the edge of the sheet slid a little farther off the still sleeping form beside me.

Ted Newhouse, that sleeping form, was just as beautiful as he was the day I fell in love with him, in the shower of an army barracks where we both had been assigned to a reconnaissance outfit scheduled for a training mission out in the Pacific islands. He was about 5-8 to my 5-11, golden blond instead of brunet like me, solidly built but sleek rather than beefy, smooth and hairless except for his armpits and the bush of honey colored hair in his crotch, and a sprinkling of fine, pale down on forearms, legs and ass. In other words, Adonis incarnate.

But his cock! Ted's cock was the most beautiful I'd ever seen—and like every guy who has done a hitch in the army, I've seen a helluva lot of cocks. It wasn't one of those oversized schlongs that's so heavy it never gets stiff and rigidly erect even with a full-fledged hard-on. No, Ted's penis was neat, thick, a good six inches hard, and when it got hard 'erection' was the operative word. It was *erect*. Then and there I knew that I wanted to feel my penis close to his, to feel his erection throbbing against mine. I didn't think it could ever happen. But there he was, sleeping beside me. For once, I was glad that I'd been wrong.

While we were out there in the tropics working our asses off, we finally realized that we were in love. We both had been living in maddening

# DELIGHT

## A Love Story

*Story and Artwork by: Peter Leko*

sexual frustration, jacking off every night alone until we both realized that we wanted to do it together. And more. Then, late one night after we'd both been on a tour of guard duty, we gave our virginity to one another in the tent we shared. From that moment on, we were inseparable jack-off buddies and made love every time we got the chance. At last we were lovers, like I'd always hoped.

Since then, a lot of water had gone under the bridge. We were civilians again. We both had finished college and gone on for higher degrees, not—as I'd vainly hoped—together, but poles apart. I had my Ph.D. in biology, and now Ted was—get this—an ordained priest. We hadn't seen one another for five years, so that summer we decided to get together at vacation time. And here he was, snuggled close beside me, for two wonderful weeks. Ted had been here hardly forty-eight hours, and even though we'd spent most of it in bed we hadn't begun to make up for

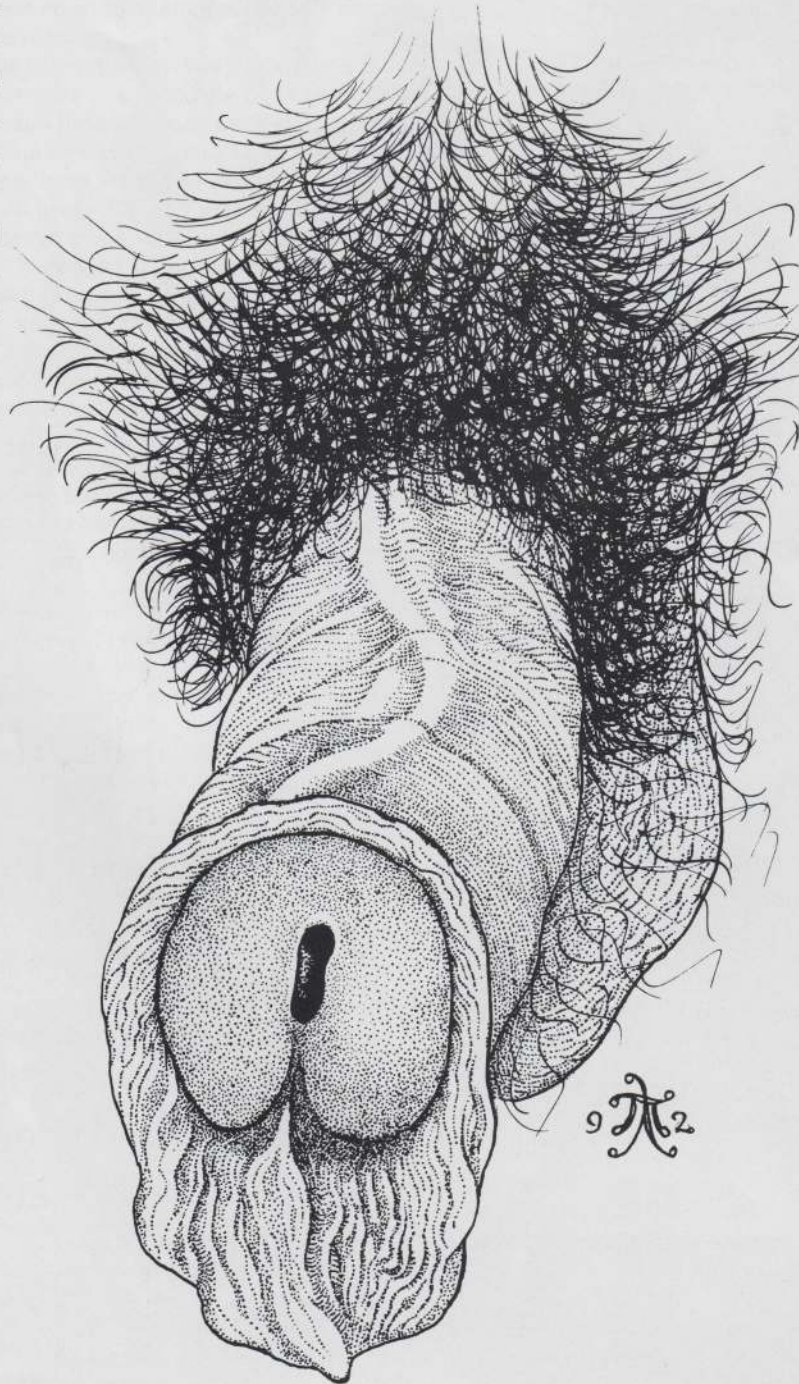
lost time.

For me early morning is the most sensual part of the day. I'm at my horniest when I wake up to the caress of satiny sheets against my naked skin, feeling my rigid cock throbbing in my crotch, balls bursting with sperm eager for release, the hairs on my scrotum tickling the insides of my thighs.

I couldn't stand it anymore so I gently pulled the sheet off Ted's naked form and flipped it down below my knees. My throbbing dick swayed free, foreskin pulled back, glans bare and glistening redly in full arousal. I ached for the sensation of his lips surrounding my cockhead, the feel of his tongue dancing along my frenum and probing the tender lips of my cockslit.

Morning sunlight streamed through the window and touched the twin mounds of Ted's lovely ass with gold as he lay prone beside me, left arm under his body and right across the pillow that he'd pushed aside in sleep. His mop of blond hair shone like burnished gold in the soft morning light that suffused our bedroom. I reached over and gently caressed the twin hemispheres of Ted's gorgeous ass. He murmured softly as my hand swept lightly over

the fine golden down covering the satiny skin of his cheeks. My fingers traced along the cleft between his buns and slowly inched down his crack where a fringe of silky hair surrounded warm, hidden asslips.



Ted stirred and his asscheeks clenched on my fingers as they gently caressed the moist pucker between his buttocks. His asslips twitched against my fingertips and I could feel the root of his penis hardening as his erection quickly swelled in full arousal. His eyelids fluttered and he murmured happily at my intimate caress.

I pulled Ted over to lie full length on top of me, his crotch crushed against mine. As I rocked his hips from side to side his erection slid back and forth across my own hard penis, almost sending me over the edge. Then he rolled us over so I was on top of Ted, with his arms around me hugging us close as he

caressed my buttocks and his exploring fingers probed the cleft between my buns. Then with one hand he reached down between us and cupped my balls in his hand. He gave them a gentle squeeze and let his middle finger trace back along my raphe to find my asslips.



Ted's finger prodded my pucker and slowly slid inside me, deeper and deeper until he reached my prostate, sending shivers up my spine. His fingertip danced across my pleasure button and suddenly a flood of sperm welled up from my cockslit and spilled out between us. I raised up and braced my torso with one arm and with the other hand feverishly stroked my penis to full orgasm. My cock leaped wildly as it squirted the rest of my load in spurt after spurt to spatter over Ted's torso and trickle across his hard nipples.

As my climax ebbed I rolled off of Ted's body and lay snuggled by his side. He turned so he faced me and I saw that he was clutching his cock and balls between us. Ted let go of his throbbing penis to pull me toward him, and as he raised up on one elbow he kissed me, long, hard and deep.

Well, being a celibate priest hadn't made his balls quit making sperm, so his testosterone level was normal. No, maybe higher than normal. He wasn't supposed to exercise his balls! My cock had quickly revived and as we lay there side by side, his erection stuck up even stiffer than mine. It reared up eagerly from the cluster of honey-colored curls that covered his mons, and his scrotum had pulled his balls completely out of sight and stretched tight across the base of his shaft so it looked like he didn't have any balls. A pale blue vein circled around the edge of his foreskin and ran along the top of his shaft, getting bigger and bigger toward the base where it disappeared in pubic hair. The skin had slipped halfway back along his glans and his cockslit gaped widely like a pink keyhole that looked right at me in invitation.

Of course I couldn't resist. I reached down and slid Ted's foreskin back as far as it would go. I loved to see that glorious glans, Nature's loveliest creation—bell-shaped, its flared rim gracefully curving around each side and then up along the underside to meet at the slit on top, making a cleft between soft little cheeks. The sprinkling of tiny pale bumps that ran along behind the smooth curve of its trigger rim just begged to be caressed, so I circled Ted's cock with my forefinger and thumb and slowly stripped his glans through the circle. He murmured softly as I gently squeezed his cockhead, and a crystal drop of pre-cum popped from his slit. It stood trembling like a sparkling dewdrop on the top of a rosebud. Ted quivered in ecstasy as I caught that salty-sweet passion tear with the tip of my tongue and slowly spread it down the cleft under his cockslit and then around the rim of his tender crown.

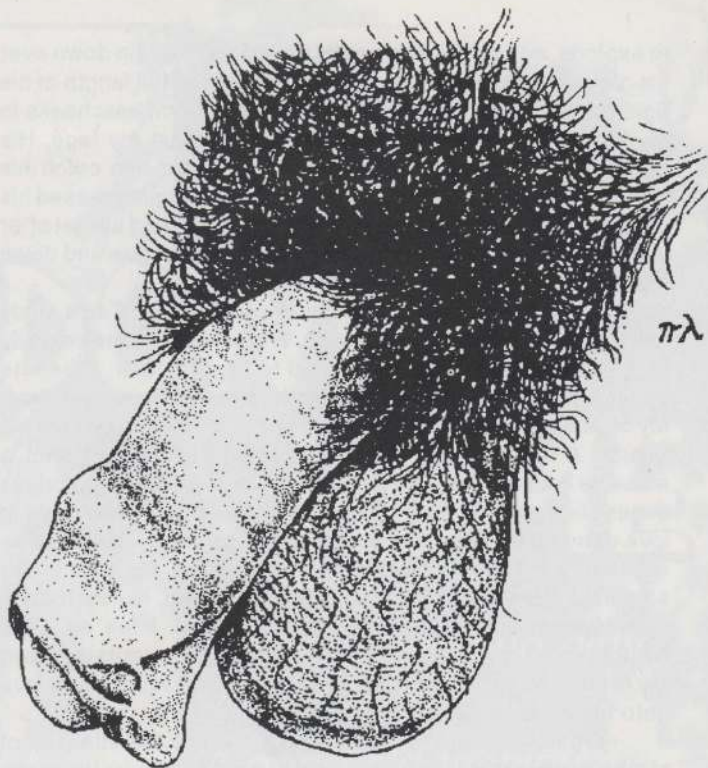
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## **...I gently squeezed his cockhead, and a crystal drop of pre-cum popped from his slit.**

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My own cockhead was already skinned back and aching with desire, and Ted moved to get us in our favorite 69 position on our sides. I hugged his hips tight in my arms and buried my face in the musky fragrance of his crotch. Ted's pubic hair felt like silk against my cheek as I pushed his hard-on from side to side with my nose. I teased the base of his shaft with my lips and tongue and slid his balls back down into his sack so I could hold them in the palm of my hand.

I felt his tongue tickling my frenum at the same time as his lips slid across the trigger rim of my glans. I was horny as hell but I didn't want to come this soon, so I moved my hips back until my cock slid back out between Ted's lips. He took the hint and sucked both of my balls into his mouth instead. I gave his hips a little squeeze to show that I approved, and nuzzled his



balls gently before taking them both in my mouth.

"I want you on top," Ted murmured softly so I turned him on his back and straddled him on all fours, with my face in his crotch and my balls on his forehead. Then we began the little game of sexual follow-the-leader that we'd invented when we first explored the joys of boysex. We had learned to make this kind of mutual foreplay go on as long as we wanted it to—almost. That morning we both wanted it to last forever, so we were specially slow and gentle with everything we did.

First I massaged Ted's balls with my tongue and tickled the pucker between his asscheeks with the fingers of one hand while the other squeezed one of his buns. Then he rolled my balls around with his tongue and tickled the fringe of hair around my pucker as he squeezed my buns. I traced the whole length of the soft underside of his cock from his balls to his frenum with just the very tip of my tongue, and then kissed his belly button. Ted did the same to me, and my penis gave a leap of pleasure. Then my tongue traced damp lines up between his pecs and I kissed both of his hard little nipples. I shivered as he did the same to me, and then moved so our mouths met in a long, passionate kiss.

When we had to come up for air, we moved so we could get at each other's dick again and I spread my thighs a bit so my belly just brushed against Ted's chest. Suddenly his tongue was rimming my asslips fit to set me on fire. I spread his thighs wide and locked his legs under my arms so I could bury my face in the cleft of his ass. I squeezed the twin mounds of flesh against my cheeks and his tight little asshole twitched against my lips as the tip of my tongue followed the fringe of fine hairs around its rim.

When I felt Ted's lips nibbling the base of my shaft I nuzzled his pubic hair and pushed his erection upright with my nose. He tugged locks of my bush with his lips and slurped noisily up my cockshaft from balls to cockhead. He was so hot that his cocklips were swollen and gaping as his slit dribbled passion tears. I caught the bright drops with a fingertip and drew them out into crystal strands that glistened in the morning light. When I tickled his cockslit with the slippery wetness I could feel Ted's body beginning to quiver. He was almost ready

to explode, so I slowly and gently pulled his foreskin down over his glans a couple of times before slipping the full length of his rigid hard-on between my lips. I cupped his firm asscheeks in my hands and pushed his crotch hard against my face. His penis slid deeper into my mouth and I heard him catch his breath as he went over the edge. When my tongue pressed his glans to the roof of my mouth his buttocks clenched and jet after jet of warm, musky sperm squirted along my tongue and down my welcoming throat.

If you think I was calm and collected as Ted's body shuddered in climax, you're wrong. We were so in tune sexually that Ted's ejaculation never failed to trigger mine. When he began coming he grabbed my asscheeks and squeezed hard. My orgasm rammed my cockhead all the way to the back of his mouth. A fraction of a second after his first spurt I shot a massive load down his throat as we shared life's most glorious experience as only two males can share it. Only two guys in love can know the incomparable joy of giving one another an orgasm. As Teddy's bucking penis squirted hot jets of his semen splashing against the roof of my mouth, I knew that he was feeling exactly the same ecstasy that I felt as each contraction of my orgasm sent a surge of sperm coursing down my urethra to spill a vital part of my body as a liquid gift of love onto his eager tongue.

We clung together face to crotch while the intensity of climax drained away. My cheek didn't want to give up the warm sensation of snuggling against Ted's precious genitals, but I wanted to wrap my arms around him and hold him close as I kissed him. I turned so we were again head to head and crotch to crotch. My relaxing penis pressed Ted's lingering hard-on against his mons and our lips locked together as our tongues met to exchange our living sperm. Once again our bodies became one.

Ted's eyelids drooped and I kissed him tenderly. "Let's sleep a little longer before we go sightseeing" I suggested, but he'd already drifted off.

Teddy was still sound asleep as I awoke. I had a piss-hard on so I quietly got up and went to the bathroom to relieve it. I knew he was tired, because we'd shared a lot of sex in the last couple of days. I wanted to let him sleep, so I softly crept back in bed beside him. He was on his back, arms thrown up over his head so the patches of silky hair in his armpits were like tufts of spun gold. That delicious cock of his lay relaxed atop the plump cushion of his balls. Eros couldn't have been more beautiful. Smooth ivory skin, golden hair only where it should be, penis so beautiful it would melt your heart, balls overflowing with sperm just waiting for release. To me, Ted was my living Eros.

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## My own cockhead was already skinned back and aching with desire...

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Just looking at him made my cock begin to stir and I knew I'd have to hurry if my plan was to work out that morning. I reached over to the nightstand and got two golden rings from the drawer. Cockrings.

While I was still soft I slid one of them over my penis and quickly pulled the loose skin of my scrotum through under it. Then I eased first one testicle through the ring, then the other. The second was a tight squeeze because my shaft had almost reached full tumescence before I slid it through the ring. But it

was on right, and fit perfectly. Just enough pressure to make my erection even firmer, as if that were necessary.

I tucked the second ring under my pillow and lay back to watch my cock slowly relax as Ted still gently snored beside me. I guess I must have dozed off again, because the next thing I knew was a gentle kiss as Ted put his arm across my chest.

"Know what?" he asked.

"No, what?" I said.

"I love you, Peter," he responded.

"Surprise! I love you back! And I've got another surprise."

"What, what?" he panted.

"Well, considering how we feel, considering where we are right now, considering that we are in love with each other—" I continued...

"Well what?" he interrupted. "Well, I think we should exchange rings," I said.

"Shit!" he exclaimed. "You know I can't wear a ring. Not even the ring you gave me back on our island! The Church won't let me!"

I took the gold cockring I'd bought for him from under my pillow and said "Yes you can. I'll show you. But we'll have to be quick." Ted looked surprised. I suppose he'd never seen a cockring during his sheltered life in the seminary.

Ted still hadn't gotten aroused so his cock was still relaxed when I slipped the ring over it. But he was quick to respond to my touch, so I had to work fast. I pushed his balls up into his groin so I could pull his scrotum through the ring under his swelling penis. His balls were another matter. Like I've told you, they were *big*. I got the first one through o.k., but his penis was fully erect before I could manage the other. He let out a yelp when I tried to get it through, so I said "We'll just have to wait for you to relax a bit."

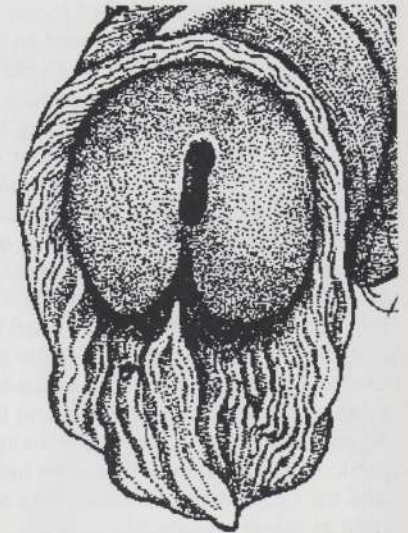
Ted looked down in amazement at his hard-on ringed with gold, one testicle properly through the ring, the other trapped outside it. I reassured him. "Just ignore it. I'll go make some breakfast, and then if we talk about what we'll do today, you'll begin to relax and I'll sneak up on it."

I went to the kitchen and poured big glasses of cold orange juice. When I got back to the bedroom Ted was sitting on the bed with his arms around his knees. I could see his cock and one ball behind his ankles, and I think he was already softening. I handed him his glass and sat down by him.

"Well, what would you like to do today?" I began. "We still haven't done the zoo or the aquarium, and there's still the natural history museum. And that special Mapplethorpe exhibit at the art gallery sounds exciting. His photographs are terrific."

"Yeah, I really want to see that exhibit. I hear that in some places the shit hit the fan when it was scheduled."

"It sure did here," I said. "One gallery canceled it, but another one picked it up. Most popular show it ever had." Just about then I peeked down between Ted's legs and saw that his cock was almost soft. While I kept on talking I pushed Ted's knee down so I could get at his crotch. Just a gentle push and his other ball slid through the ring to join its twin. It was done





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# DOWN HOME

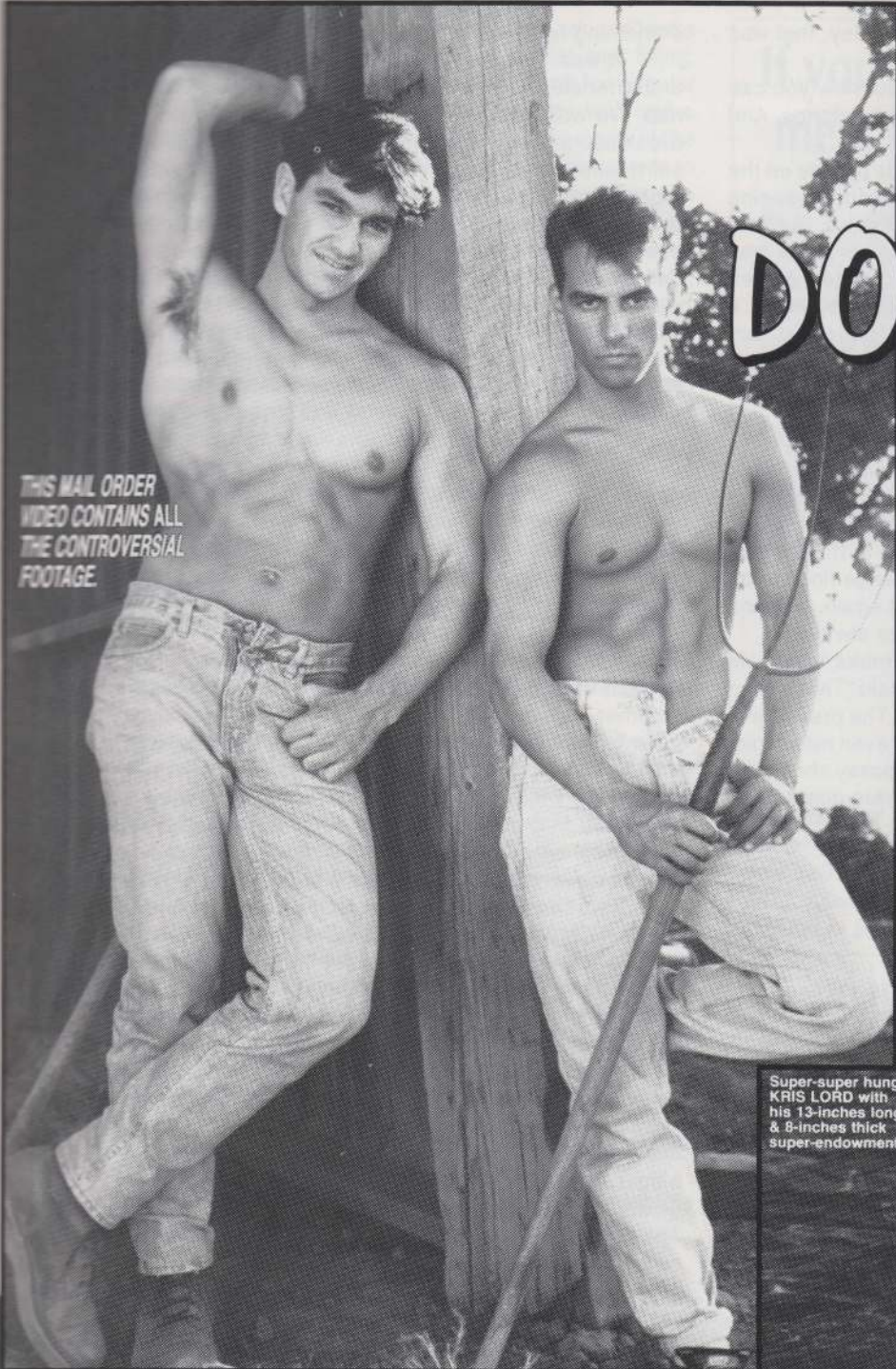
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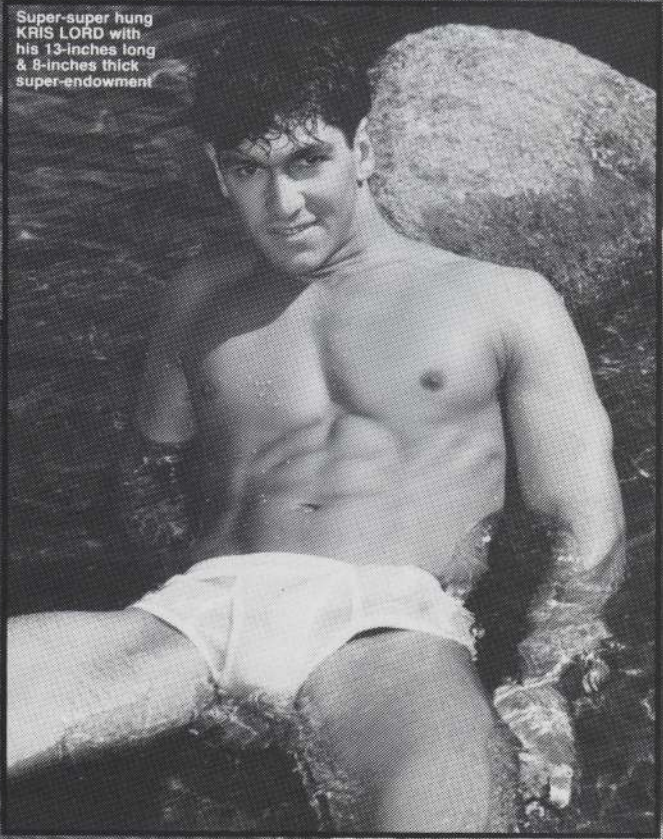
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before he knew what happened. I was tickled. "Hey, that was sneaky," he grinned.

"I know," I responded. "I meant to be. But now you can see the wedding ring I bought you, just where it belongs. And the Church will never know."

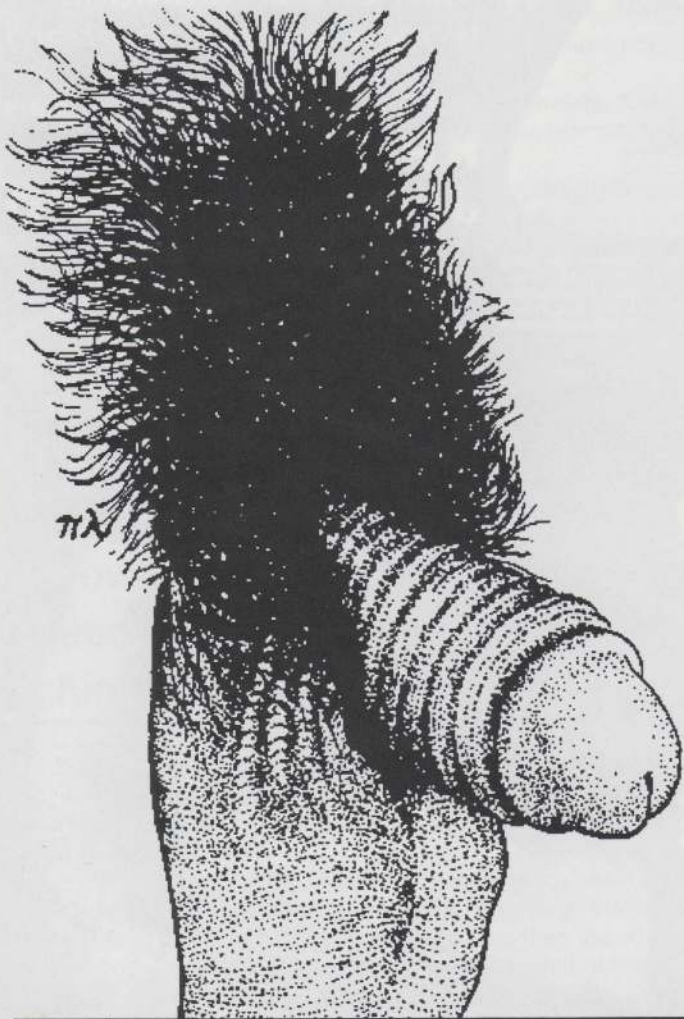
"Fantastic," Ted exclaimed as we sat side by side on the bed with our legs stretched out. My cock was already beginning to raise, lifting a little higher with each beat of my pulse. But Ted, now: he could get an erection in seconds and his penis was already sticking straight up from his crotch, no hands, golden ring surrounding the base of his shaft and bulging scrotum, a perfect complement to his beautiful penis and blond pubic hair.

"I love the way it shines through your hair," I said as I ruffled the curls in his crotch. "Gold on gold. I wish *everybody* could see what a gorgeous cock you have!"

"Thanks for my ring, Peter," Ted exclaimed happily. "It's beautiful! But how did you know what size to get?"

"Hey, man, if there's one thing I know better than anything else, it's your cock! Better even than mine! I had to measure that to be sure. But I'm glad you like it. It says how much I love you," I said, "but we should exchange rings to be really married. I'll take mine off when I'm soft again, and you can put it back on for me. *Then* we'll be lovers always."

"Maybe later" he said, "but now let's make love!" He squeezed the base of my shaft. With a grin I said "That's what I had in mind all along—as if you didn't know." The pressure of the cockring was just right to make my erection even more rigid. My cockhead was fatter than ever and had a glossy sheen like red satin. I was certain that our lovemaking was going to be



something really special.

It was. But then, our sex together was *always* special, and afterwards we took a shower and a delicious *apres sex* nap. We woke up ravenous after nothing but orange juice for breakfast, so we made sandwiches and ate a leisurely lunch, still naked. It was such a rare and precious luxury to be naked together without any fear of being discovered, that we only got dressed to go out. Just to see Ted's gorgeous body nude, in every light and shadow, as we did everyday things was pure delight. His penis did a little dance above his fat balls when he walked, and even though it was soft and his cockhead was hidden by foreskin, the sight of its natural elegance never failed to make my dick lengthen with love and anticipation.

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## But Ted, now: he could get an erection in seconds...

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That afternoon we took the subway from the station nearest my apartment uptown to the zoo. It was a warm summer day but, being mid-week, there wasn't much of a crowd. We ambled through the open-air exhibits, where even the tigers were stretched out in the shade for a nap. That kind of walking makes you tired in a hurry, so pretty soon we wandered into the air-conditioned primate house where we could cool off and rest a bit. As luck had it we were the only visitors as we sat down on a bench opposite the chimpanzees.

Two female chimps, one with a baby, were back in the shadows, but the two big males were near the front of the cage in plain view. They were sitting with thighs spread, knees up, masturbating. They weren't very well hung for an animal that size. Their dicks seemed to be three or four inches long and no thicker than a pencil, tipped with a little button-shaped glans.

I nudged Ted in the ribs. "Look, they're both beating off!"

"Yeah. I see. Remind you of anyone?" He looked around to be sure that no one else was in the room and then reached over and gave my basket a squeeze. "I'm glad your dick is bigger than his!" I was hard, of course, and could feel the pleasant pressure of the cockring circling the base of my shaft. The bulge in my lap was pretty obvious. "You better quit that, or there'll be a big wet spot on my pants!"

Ted gave my crotch another mischievous squeeze. "I'll bet you picked this house on purpose," he said with an impish grin. He left his hand where it was, cupping my basket, so I reached over to his crotch and held the firm bulge I found there. Already there was a wet spot spreading out on his pants right at the end of his dick. The two chimps kept on enjoying themselves, and I wondered if they were doing it to show off. I guess the females weren't in the mood so the males did the next best thing. Somehow it struck me funny. Two guys inside the cage contentedly beating off, and two guys outside the cage who wanted to.

All of a sudden one of the chimps gave his penis a couple of quick, hard jerks and a blob of semen shot out of its little button of a glans and landed, splat! on the floor in front of him. He seemed pleased, and kept on stroking his erection. We didn't stay to see if the other chimp got his rocks off. Instead, we started back home where we could get *ours* off.

On the way we stopped at a modest little French restaurant frequented by students and emigres who appreciate

French country cooking at a ridiculously low price. Odette made a *ragout de mouton* served over rice that was filling, delicious, and cheap. The room was too small for regular tables, so it had a row of banquettes along one wall and a counter with high stools along the other. We chose one of the banquettes and instead of facing each other sat side by side to eat our stew. Odette imperceptibly raised an eyebrow as she served us our supper. Maybe she saw that we were holding hands.

It was still twilight when we got back to my apartment, pleasantly tired and our stomachs full. We quickly shucked our clothes off and headed naked for the shower. There really isn't anything quite like taking a shower together. Warm water, billowing suds, two naked bodies enjoying the most intimate contact. As we soaped one another from head to toe the new cockrings circling our cock and balls gleamed brightly through our wet pubic hair.

My hands roamed over Ted's buttocks and down the cleft in between. Then I held one firm asscheek in one hand as the other wandered down to his crotch and back between his legs. I cupped his balls in my hand and lifted them up so his hard cock stood up tight against his belly. Beautiful! When the water sluicing over us had rinsed all the suds away, I knelt in front of Ted and took his whole upturned erection into my mouth. He reached down and pinched my nipples gently and said "Peter, I'd rather be in bed."

As I let his penis slip from between my lips I turned off the water and said "What are we waiting for?" We towed each other dry, our erections impatiently nudging one another's groin. We stood for a moment in a tight embrace, our cocks crushed between us and our hearts thumping in unison in our chests. I kissed Ted tenderly and then led him to bed with a tug at his hard-on.

I flung the top sheet aside and we collapsed together happily in a tangle of arms, legs, cocks, balls, and probing tongues. "Let's jack off together," Ted suggested when we tired of our erotic tussle. He swung a leg across my thighs so he was sitting on my outstretched legs, facing me. I grabbed him around the waist and pulled until his crotch and mine met. Our erections jutted almost straight up and I clutched both shafts with their soft undersides tightly together. His dick was shorter than mine, but Ted was sitting on my thighs so his cockhead and mine caressed frenum to frenum.

## As I let his penis slip from between my lips I turned off the water and said "What are we waiting for?"

"The ring sure makes you stiff," Ted said as I slid the skin along our shafts so both our cockheads slipped out of our foreskins at the same time. Ted pressed the tender little cheeks of his glans against mine and rubbed them together until shivers of delight raced down my shaft and pulled my scrotum up so tight that our balls pressed together.

I reached down between us and cradled our balls in my palm. Our paired cockshafts thrust up from their tender cushion, cock-heads naked and slick with the flood of pre-cum that had dripped from our cockslits. Four balls and two penises that gave each other incomparable pleasure, that belonged together always.

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Teddy sighed as I gazed wistfully at our united sex. "We waited so long for this," he murmured. "I wish it could last forever." I let our balls droop and hugged his body to mine. As we clung together I kissed his ear, his cheek, his eyes, his mouth.

"Me too," I breathed in his ear, and then I kissed the tip of my Teddy's nose. "Remember the first time we made love together?" I asked him as those blue, blue eyes looked into mine. "How could I ever forget the most wonderful thing that ever happened to me? I never even guessed that you wanted me."

"I didn't know you wanted me, either," I said as I brushed my fingers across his lips. "If my dick hadn't given me away that afternoon before we went on guard duty, we might not be together right now!"

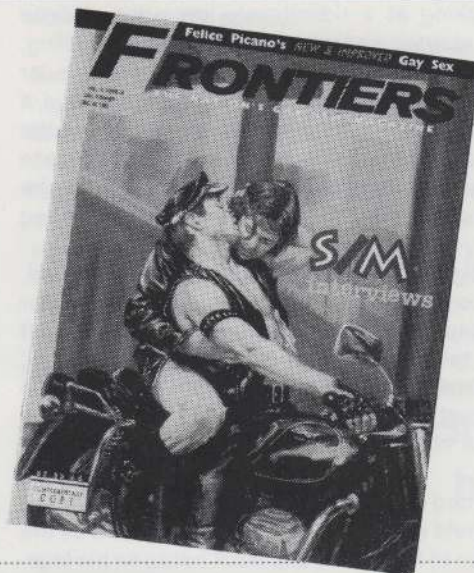
"Lucky for me that you had shorts on so your hard-on could slip out where I could see it," Ted said as he gave my penis a gentle little squeeze.

"Lucky for both of us," I whispered in his ear. There we were, lying side by side in one another's arms, just as on that magical night long ago when we first held each other's eager manhood and felt our sperm spill out in the most intimate gift of love. It was almost as if the years had melted away, as if it were our first time. But now we weren't two virgins on a narrow army cot, giving our bodies and our hearts to one another in the darkness of a tropical night far from home. This was a warm summer evening and we were home in my big double bed—the bed I still sleep on, alone.

As my hand reached down to Ted's crotch and ruffled the

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silky blond curls around the base of his penis, he playfully tugged a lock of my pubic hair and traced around the golden cockring that circled my cock and balls. More than anything else in the world, I wanted to feel his hand slide the foreskin back from my glans and spread my slippery passion tears over its waiting smoothness. He skinned me back and then bent over to caress my cockhead with his tongue before he kissed its dripping tip.

My fingers and thumb couldn't quite meet where his cockring surrounded his cock and balls, and when I squeezed a little harder his penis stood straight up above his crinkled scrotum and a big drop of pre-cum welled gleaming from his cockslit. Never had I seen anything as beautiful as that alabaster shaft with its rosy cap, begging for my lips to enclose it. Then I leaned down to Teddy's crotch and my lips ever so slowly encircled his cock-head and slid sensuously down the whole length of his gently throbbing shaft.

## I reached down to his crotch and cupped his cock and balls in my palm.

For a long, delicious moment I enjoyed the feel of his manhood deep in my mouth, his silky curls against my cheek. But he gently pulled me up from his crotch and smothered my mouth in kisses.

"Let's do it just the way we did our first time," Ted murmured softly as he began slowly stroking the full length of

my cock, each time sliding my skin back so far that my glans tipped downward. Our arms crossed as I began jacking him in rhythm with his strokes.

By that time we had dripped puddles of pre-cum so our cocks were slick with our natural lubricant and both of us were close to climax. I gripped Ted's penis firmly and stripped the shaft hard from base to glans—once, twice, maybe three times—before his cockslit gaped to let a cloudy stream of semen spill out over my fingers. I tenderly caressed his cocklips with a fingertip and quickly circled his glans with my fingers and rapidly excited his trigger ridge with quick strokes. His cock instantly responded with wild contractions of orgasm that flung creamy ribbons of his gleaming white sperm high in the air. The sight of his ejaculating penis triggered my orgasm as it always did. My body tensed as my climax peaked, and then the miracle of orgasm was sweeping over us both. We held one another tight as our cocks squirted liquid maleness, spattering our bodies with warm, creamy wetness.

With our energy spent and our balls drained, we needed some rest to recharge our batteries. Teddy cuddled up close and put his arms around me. He was asleep in moments, but I was so keyed up just having him with me that sleep was elusive. My cock had wilted after our passionate sex, and I slipped my cockring off so Ted could put it back on me himself in the morning.

Outside, grey dawn was beginning to light the sky as I woke. Ted had snuggled up close to me as he slept, his back against my chest, buttocks sensuously pressing my crotch. I gently slid my arms around his waist so our bodies fit together like two spoons, my relaxed penis nestled in the cleft of his firm bubble-butt. With one hand I reached down to his crotch and

cupped his cock and balls in my palm. He made a little murmuring sound as he put one hand on mine and pressed it even harder against his relaxed genitals. He snuggled closer and I could feel his penis beginning to swell in my hand.

When Ted turned his face to mine to exchange morning kisses, I said "Why don't you put my ring back on for me? But I'm not going to stay soft very long." I handed him the ring and turned on my back so he could get at my crotch.

I willed myself to think of something else to keep from raising an instant hard-on. It wasn't easy. Especially since my jack-off buddy's hands were seductively holding my penis as they slipped the ring over it and pulled the loose skin of my sack through. Well, you can probably guess that my dick lost no time in responding. By the time Ted had all of my scrotum through the ring, I was getting harder with each heartbeat, so I pressed beside my cock on one side to push my right ball through while Ted coaxed the other one through. It was a tight squeeze that made my balls ache all the way up in my groin. But they both were through, Ted had put my ring back on my cock, and I was more than ready.

We contentedly lay side by side full length, arm in arm in intimate proximity, enjoying the sight of each other's manhood without embarrassment, sharing our bodies without the guilt and fear that had haunted us while we were in the army. Almost shyly Ted held my erection in his hand, his fingers circling both cock and balls along with my ring. My penis stood straight up, ramrod hard, as he drew the skin down my shaft so my foreskin slid back and my cockhead bloomed like a rosy flower. He squeezed firmly and my glans swelled like never before. He gave my dick a little shake and said "That's my favorite part of you! But I love everything that goes with it." He turned his face to mine and our mouths met in a torrid kiss that left us breathless. My body was non-stop goosebumps.

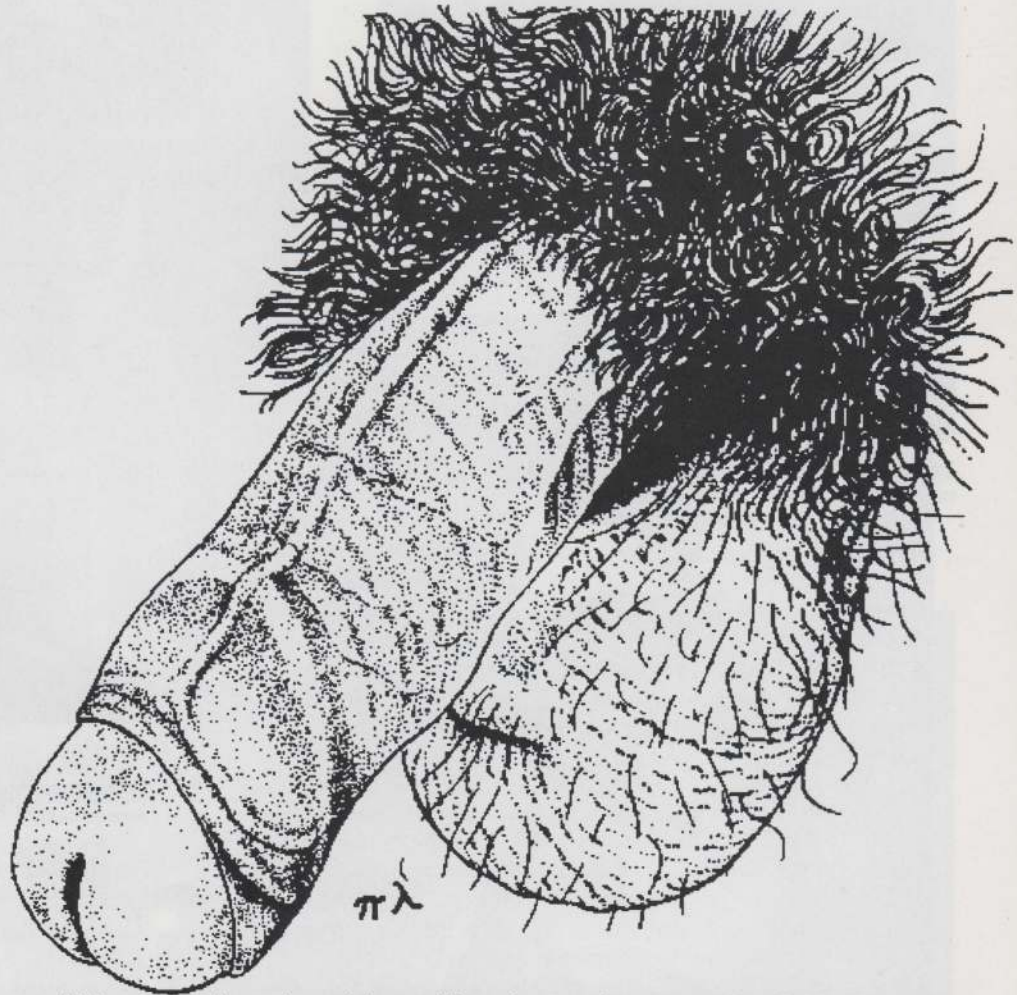
I teased first one and then the other of his neat little nipples till they made pretty pink points atop his pecs. Then I let my hand wander down his smooth chest to the fine pale fringe around his navel and on to the thatch of spun gold that covered his mons. I slipped my fingers down his groin and past his balls until I could feel the ridge that led to his tender pucker. Slowly and gently I let one finger probe deeper and part his asslips to let me inside his warm, innermost depths. When my finger was up his ass as far as it would go I could feel the soft bulge of his prostate. When I massaged his tender pleasure button with my fingertip his cock twitched and I heard him catch his breath. I kissed a nipple and probed his prostate again. Each time I pressed, his cockslit gaped and a big milky drop of man-juice flooded out and dripped down into his pubic hair even before he reached climax.

I bent down and teased his cockslit with the tip of my tongue just as I massaged his prostate with firm, quick strokes. That's all it took to put him over the edge. Suddenly Ted's whole body bucked in the spasms of orgasm and his cock squirted jets

of his musky sperm all over my face and into my half-open mouth. I'd never experienced anything like it.

But the marvel was not so much Ted's orgasm as it was mine. Ted was so overwhelmed by erotic sensations that he wasn't touching my cock at all. But like I said, our sex responses seemed to be so intimately mated that when one of us climaxed it usually triggered the other's orgasm. As I was making love to him my own sexual tension had built up to boiling point, and even before his orgasm had begun to subside my balls unloaded spontaneously. My cock ejaculated a river of cum that splattered across my belly and chest to trickle down onto Ted's torso.

Both of us were momentarily stunned and collapsed in one another's arms. Almost dreamily Ted leaned over and



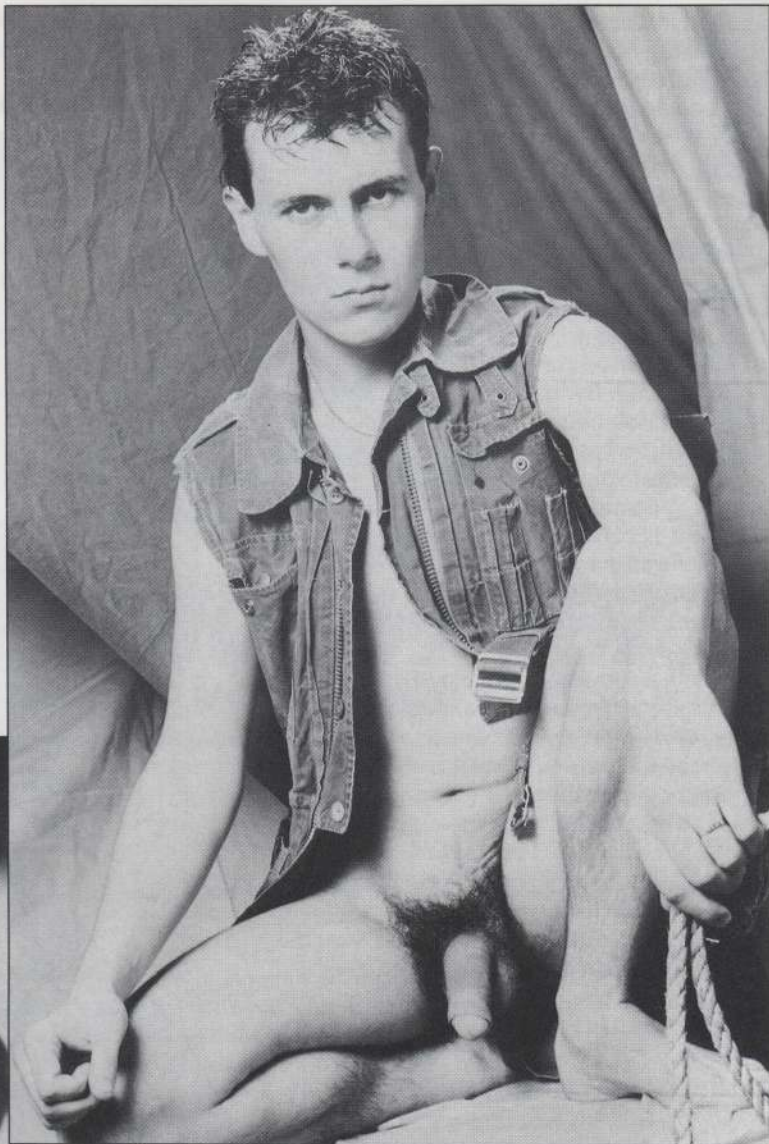
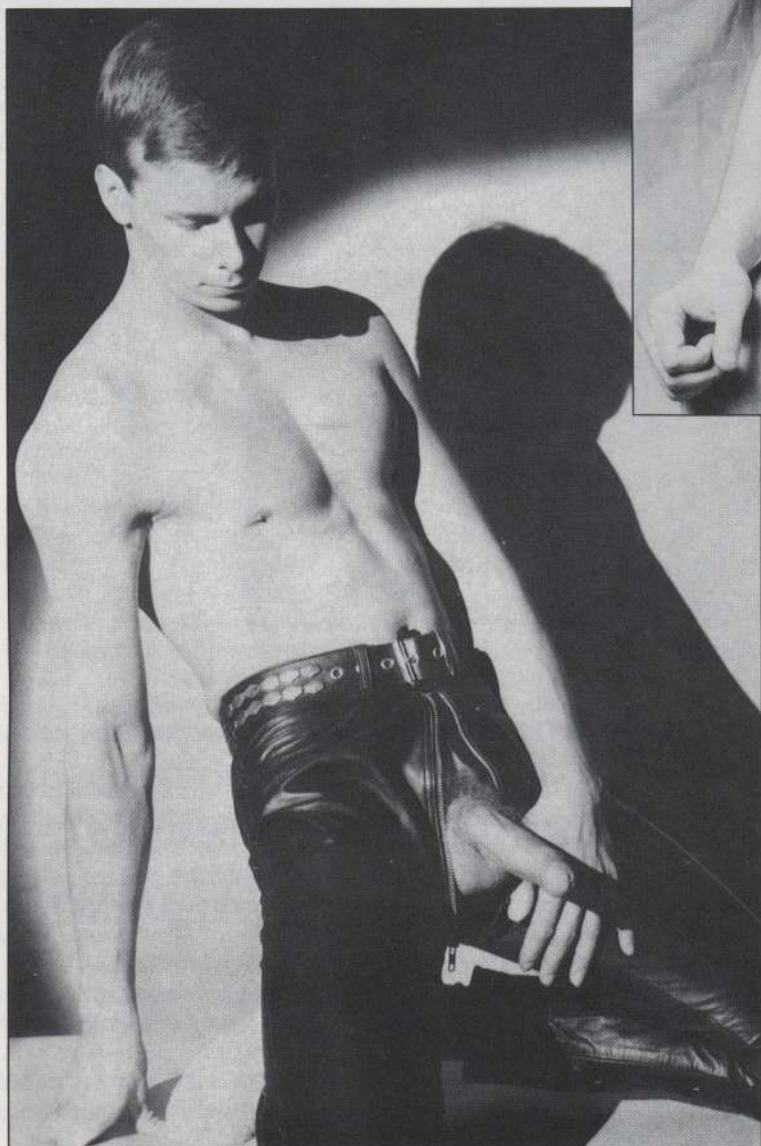
slurped the puddles of sperm that covered my belly. Then still dripping with his semen my lips sought his and again our sperm met to make our bodies one.

The days of Ted's visit flew by, filled with sex but also with things we both loved—art, music, books, walks in the park, movies. But sex was the best. I wish I could tell you about all the tender, passionate, intense sex that we shared, all the pleasure we gave one another. But you'd probably be bored. After all, you've shared moments like ours with someone you love.

But now the last day of his visit was dawning. Our last night together was almost over. One last moment of love before I took Ted to the station and watched as he boarded the train. Tears streamed down my face as the 11:30 express pulled away from the platform. I didn't know that I'd never see my Teddy again.



# Babilonia

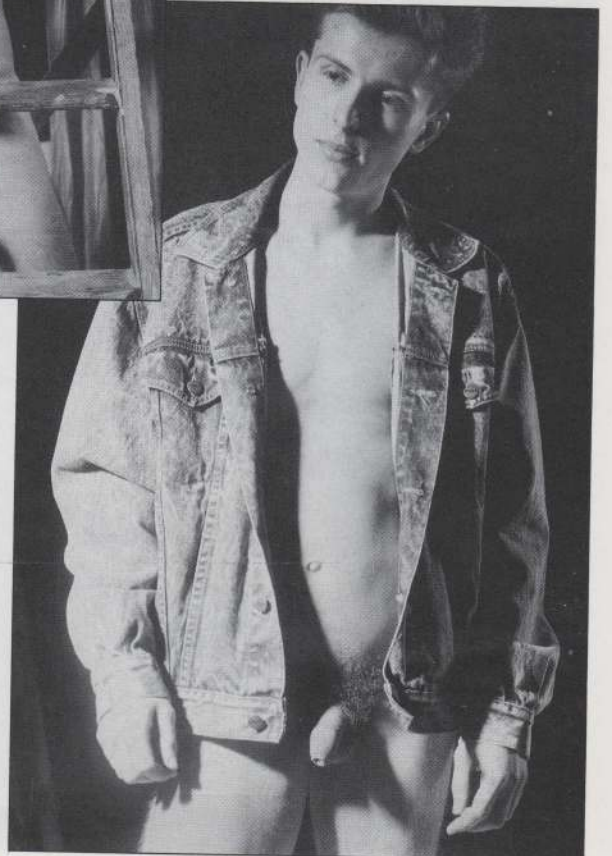
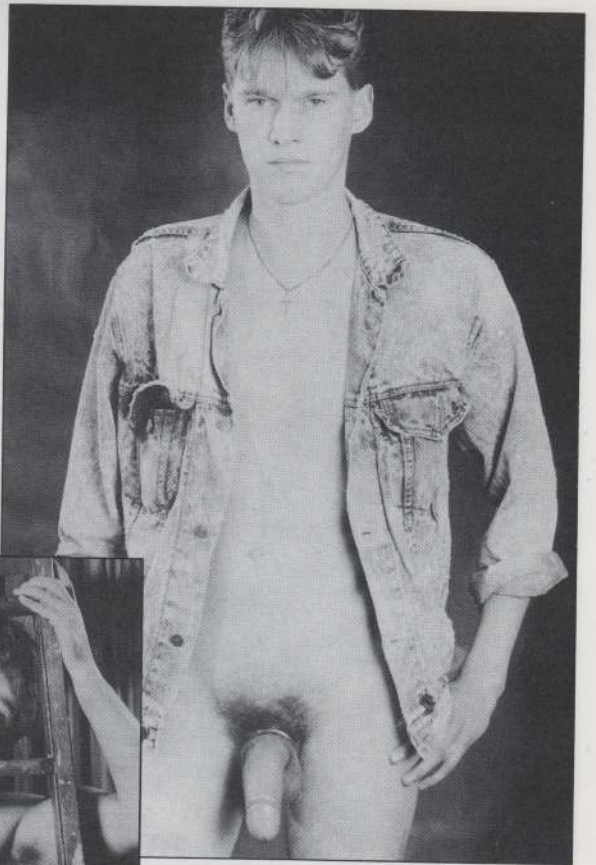


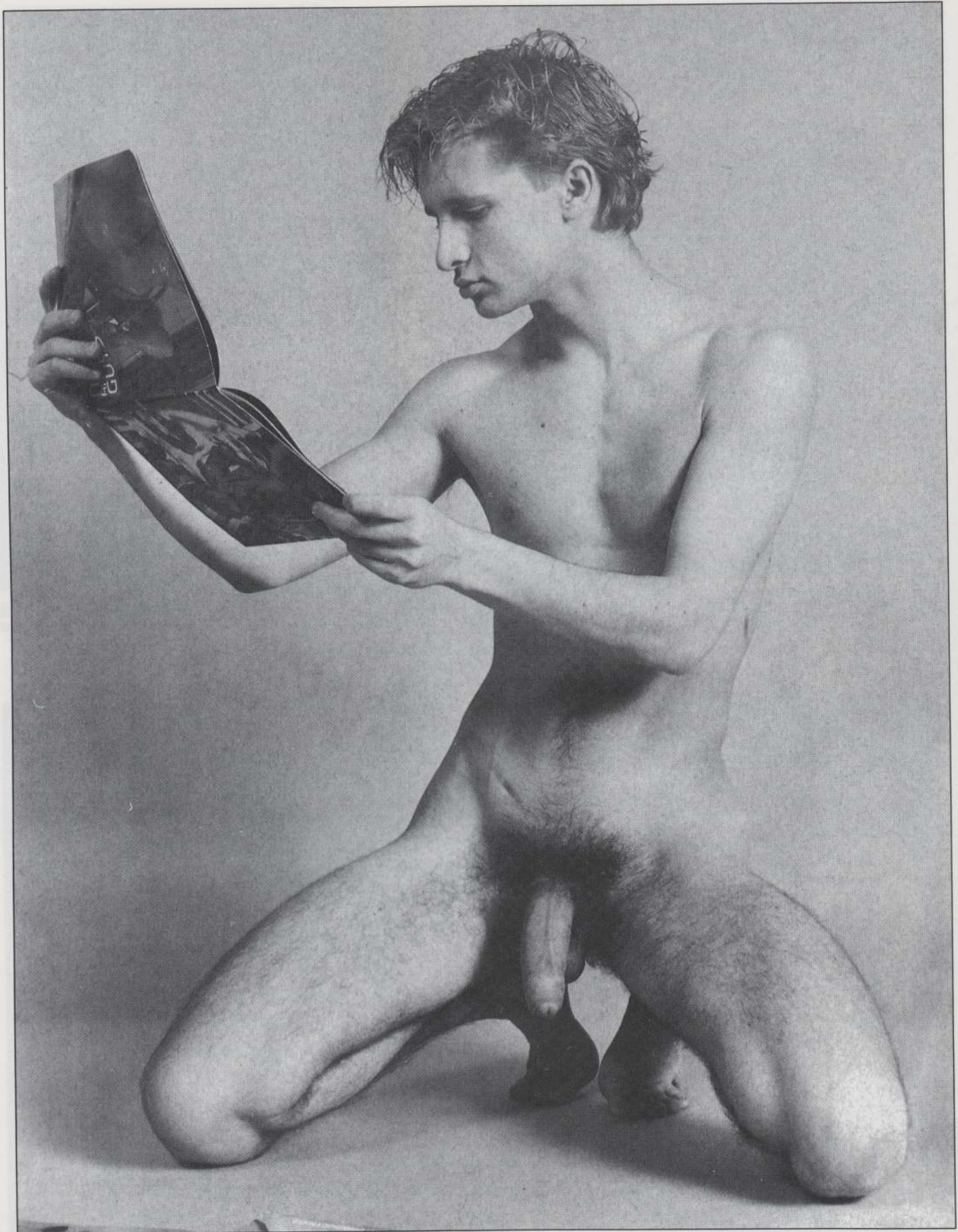
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It's called Babilonia. When this artistic collection arrived at the office, it was an instant sensation. The publication includes a varied mix of cut, uncut, front, rear, nude and jock-strap photos.

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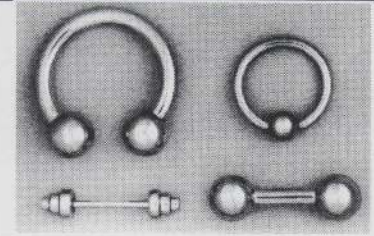
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# Clean Cut/Uncut

FROM  
MSP/Video

**Director:** Kenneth Holloway

**Cast:** Joe Cade, Chris Stone, Hans Muelelr, Steve Kennedy, Grant King, Terry Long, Tony Davis, Bobbie Davis and forty other uncut models.

**Running Time:** 4 hours, compilation.

**Rating:** FFFF

Usually I approach compilations with a sense of dread, but this time I was eager to see director Holloway strut his stuff in this 26 sequence, four-hour, orgy of uncut dicks. I was not disappointed.

Holloway puts on display the full range of his talent: from hard hitting action ("Low Blows"

featuring 6 foot, huge, uncut dicked Joe Cade), to romantic ("Texas Size 12" with uncut cowboy hunk Jim Cox being lovingly seduced and then gored in the ass by super hung Blake McDonald), to full production special effects spectacle ("Spirit Is Willing" — the 'Dracula' sequence).

Holloway's productions consistently offer high technical quality and lots of loving close up footage of those beautiful uncut dicks. Those standards are not compromised in this production. Interspersed between Holloway's big star, studio-shot sequences are home video sequences featuring non-professional, uncut models.

Overall the technical quality of these amateur scenes is quite good. There is every type of guy imaginable presented in these scenes — from young, crew cut surfer types to rugged marines with jar-head hair cuts — all with uncut dicks and all splashing forth with load after load of hot, white cum.

The primitive vidography accents the raw, unvarnished sexuality of these non-professional performers.

There are no story lines in these scenes, but lots of sexual heat is generated as these unpretentious, clean shaven, studs make love to their uncut cocks. Some of their dicks are ordinary in size, some are hugmongsous, but each one is rock hard and shoots a rewarding load. There is no teasing here. They get right to it.

Holloway has wisely chosen not to add music or sound effects to these amateur scenes. You hear real moans, real heavy breathing and you feel the real sexuality of these men. It is impossible to fairly compare



MODEL: TERRY LONG

the home/amateur footage to the in studio, high tech. professional sequences. Each is a category unto itself with its own criteria and standards.

After watching these home video scenes, the viewer is made keenly aware of the enormous amount of work required to produce a full length. professional, feature picture.

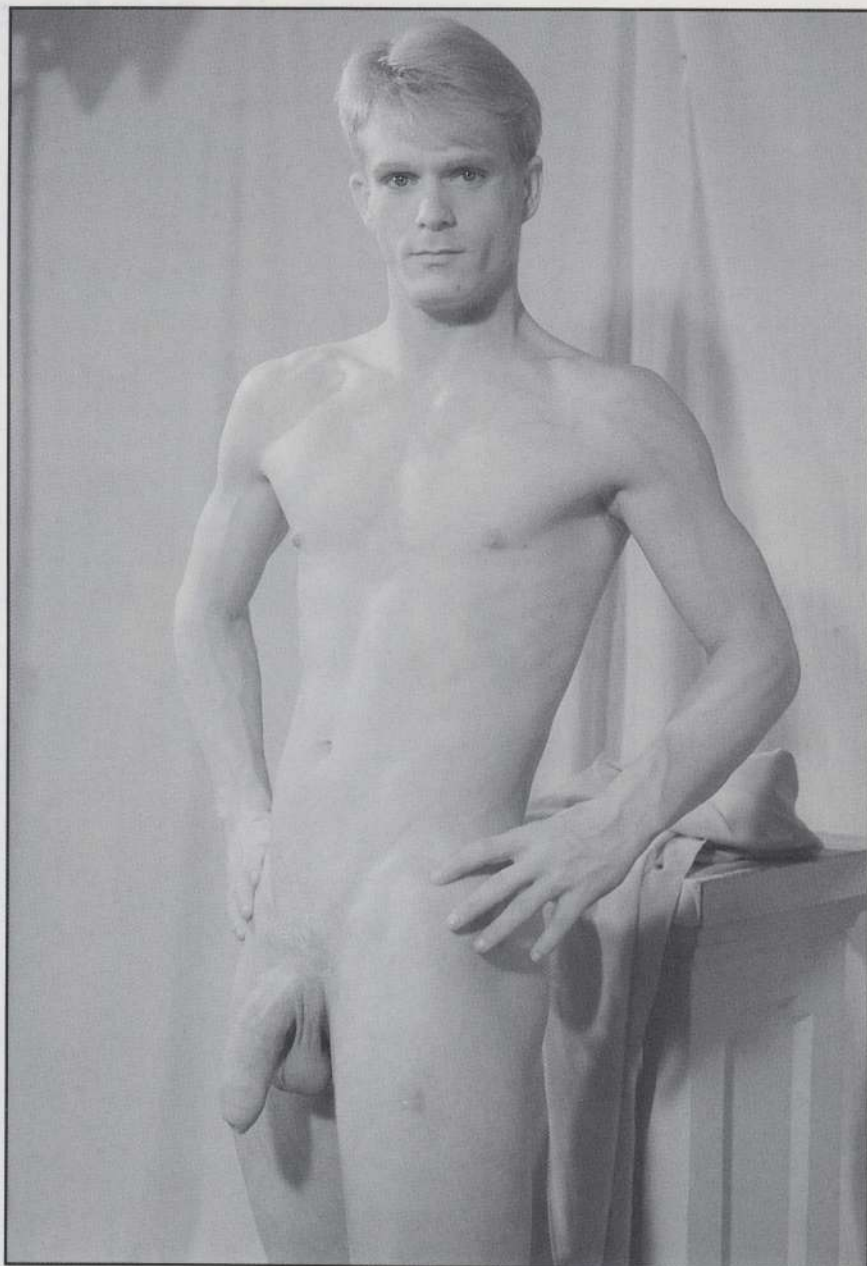
Holloway has chosen several such sequences from his most successful feature pictures. They present some of the biggest uncut stars in porndom.

There are too many sequences to comment on here, but one deserves special comment.

The night park scene from "Texas Size 12" features two, husky cowboys (Jim Cox and Blake McDonald) discovering each other among the bushes and trees.

The night photography is beautiful. The passion filled action is controlled with a deliberate, intentionally slow building to a wild, uninhibited fuck scene.

The erotic close-up of Blake's huge cock thrusting in and out of Jim's ass as we see Jim's uncut cock in the scene dripping pre-cum is a total turn on.



MODEL: BOBBIE DAVIS

The variance in sexual intensity between these professional sequences becomes apparent when viewed back to back. Each sequence is good, although some sequences are better than others.

Nevertheless this four hour, foreskin orgy will please the lover of the uncut cock. With twenty-six sequences, over fifty-five uncut dicks to enjoy, and presented with Kenneth Holloway's technical expertise, what's not to like?

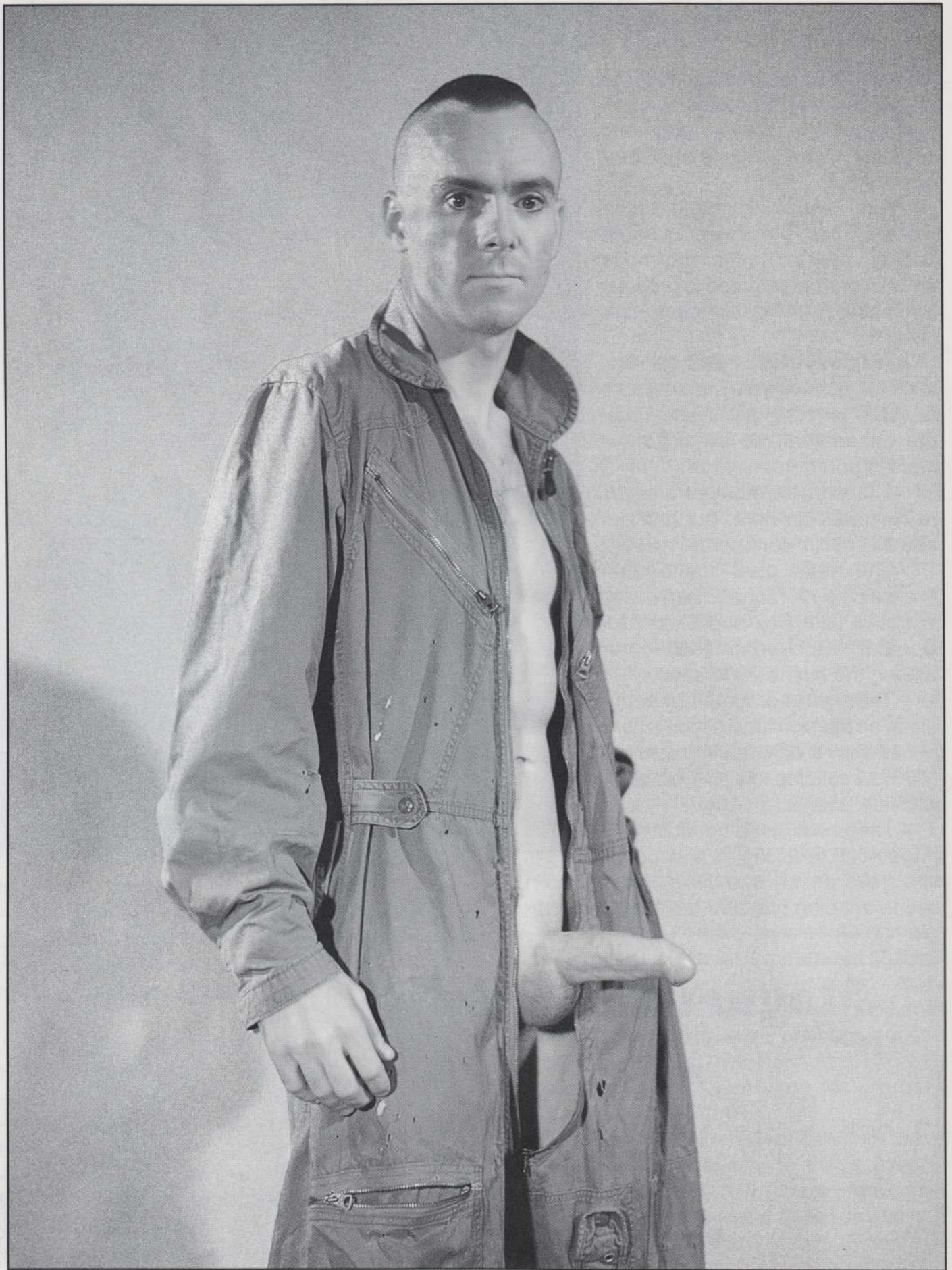
This movie is an instant uncut classic.

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### Video Ratings:

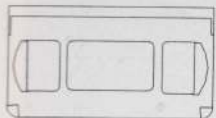
FFFF ..... Foreskin Classic  
 FFF ..... First Rate  
 FF ..... Flawed/Has Moments  
 F ..... Forget It

Reviews by  
**Don Lockwood**



MODEL: JIM COX

28 FQ  
Spring '93



# Foreskin Forum

FROM

## Scorpion Productions

Director/Cast: No Listing

Running Time: 94 Minutes

Rating: F

This *new* solo j.o. tape (copyrighted 1987) features three distinctive models. Recognizable is a very young Chris Onases flashing his buffed up body and his small, ever soft dick. Totally unrecognizable is a buffed up model in his early forties sporting a hairy chest and, for disguise purposes, a towel over his head and face. The third model is a rugged cowboy with a beard, mustache, straw hat and hairy chest who appears to be the real thing.

The movie starts with all three models sitting and talking around a claustrophobically small kitchen table. As the director speaks to the three, they look at him and listen very intently waiting to be told what to do. Upon direction, Mr. Cowboy and Mr. Incognito walk from the scene leaving Chris Onases alone.

For 19 minutes, count 'em, Chris stands, flexes and works up a sweat. His eyes are constantly glued to a monitor just off camera. Occasionally he glances over to the director, pauses, listens, then continues to flex and buff and gaze at his own image in the off screen monitor. You get the idea. *Twenty two* minutes into the movie we see our first flash of dick — Chris' small, limp cock.

What follows has got to be the longest j.o. scene in the history of porndom — eleven minutes of continuous jacking-off. During this time Chris does show some excellent uncut action as he stretches and pulls and twists his long foreskin. Finally Chris shoots a load. It is a good wet shot; almost worth the wait.

Filmed in medium close-up we see spurt after spurt of hot cum gushing forth. The unnamed director utilizes an exciting filmic technique with each of his three models' wet shots by lingering in loving close-up on their cocks *after* they have shot their loads. This erotic bit of film making allows for the models to "milk down" their cocks showing us drops of white cum being squeezed out between the folds of the foreskin.

Chris leaves the set and is replaced by Mr. Incognito. His body is handsomely mature, hairy and buffed up. However, standing there with a towel over his head and face, he looks ridiculous. Any sex appeal he may have had is totally lost.

Again, a lengthy (nine minutes) j.o. shows this guy working his ample cock to climax. His wet shot is handsomely presented as he turns his body profile to the camera and very slowly strokes his large cock. Uncut cock lovers will relish seeing his silky foreskin slowly gliding over his large cock-head and slowly sliding back again until he cums.

Enter the good 'ol boy cowboy. The video does come alive somewhat during this final solo scene. This rugged, mature cowboy feels himself up inside his jeans, takes out a short but *very* big around, uncut, cock and jacks off to a satisfying, cum splashing climax. All done in less than five minutes.

It is extremely erotic watching him enjoying his natural, unforced, sexuality. His genuine arousal is in sharp contrast to the previous two models who jack off with a paint by the numbers, give me the money so I can go home attitude.

The "on the tripod" camera work throughout this movie has only four movements: zoom in; zoom out; jerky pan left; very jerky pan right. Editing on the movie is virtually nonexistent. The lighting is adequate, but uninspiring. There is no sync sound. The only sounds heard are an effective "music" featuring an electronically enhanced male voice being manipulated by an audio-computer.

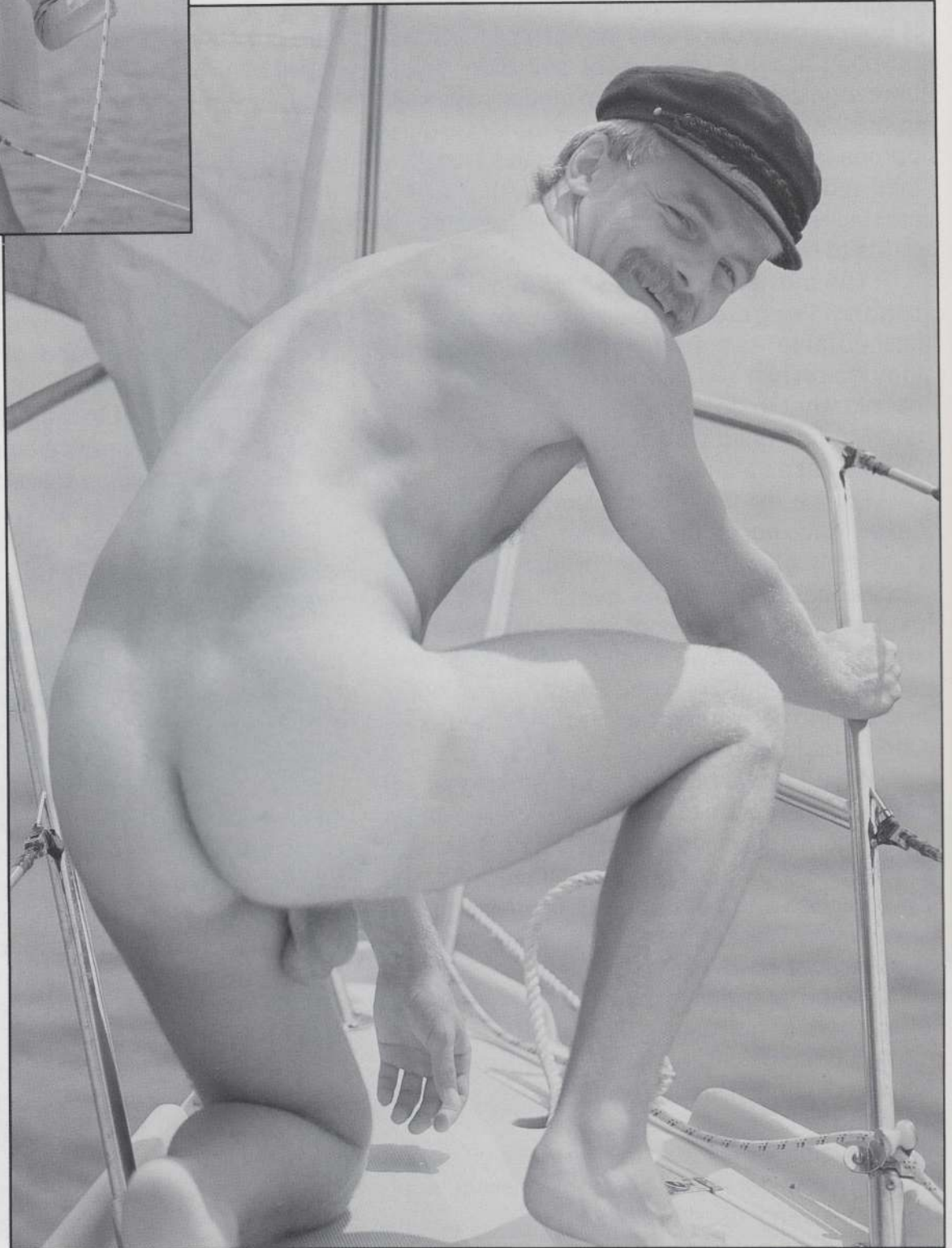
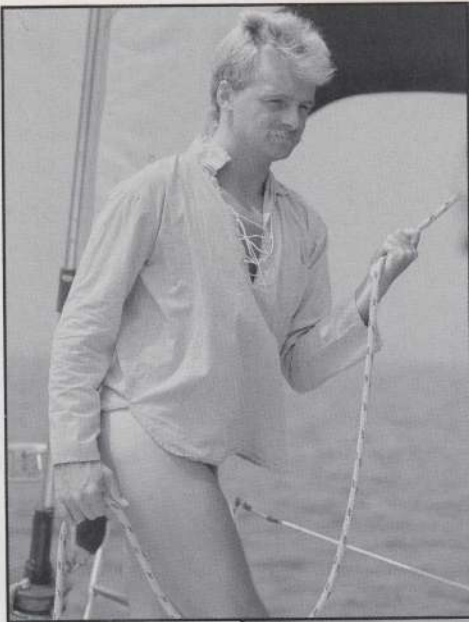
Tight editing and imaginative camera work could have help to disguise the boring, lackluster performances of the two featured jack-off sequences.

Unfortunately, this tape offers neither.

*Scorpion Productions, 1801 Lincoln #106, Venice, CA 90291.*

# GARETH MACKENZIE

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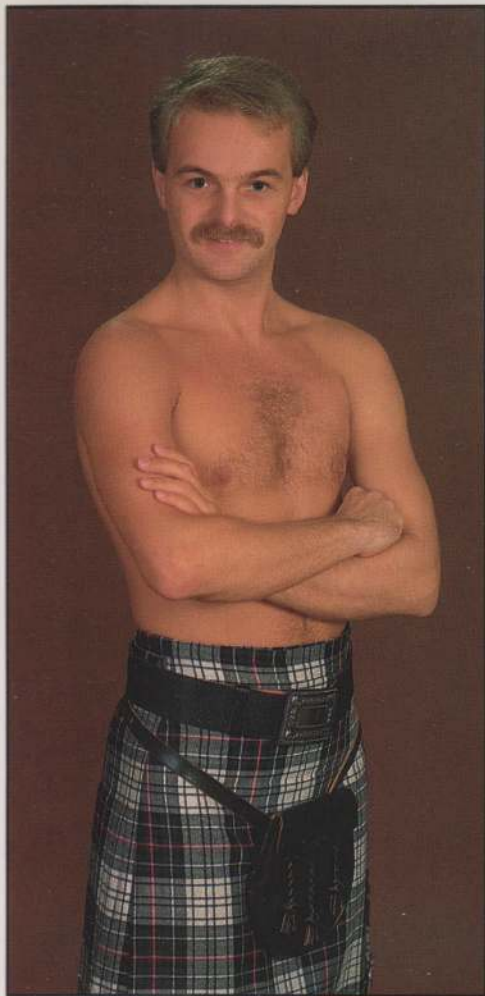
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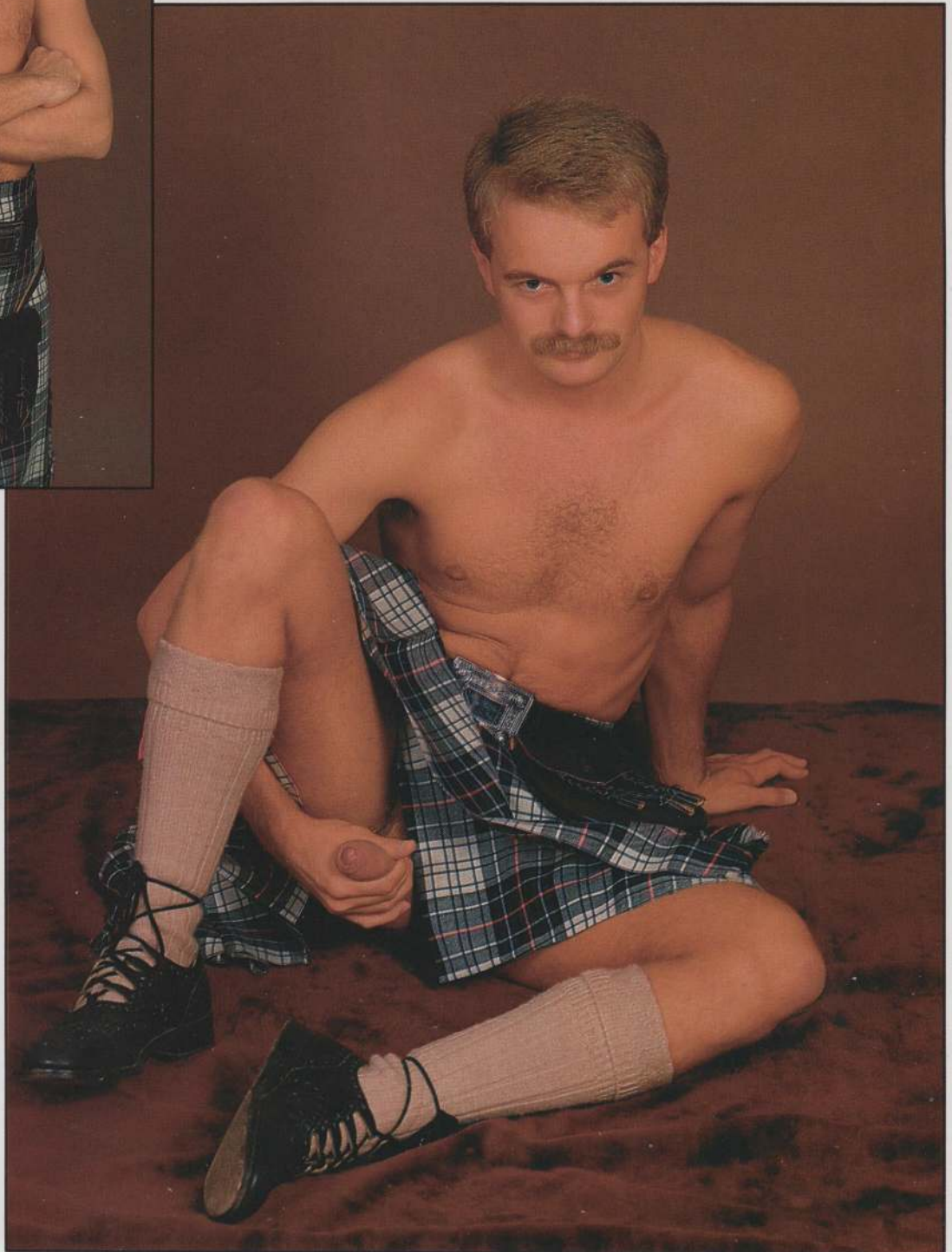


What's under the kilt?

Clansmen used to walk over a highly polished brass plate for inspection...

## ...Playing Indoors...

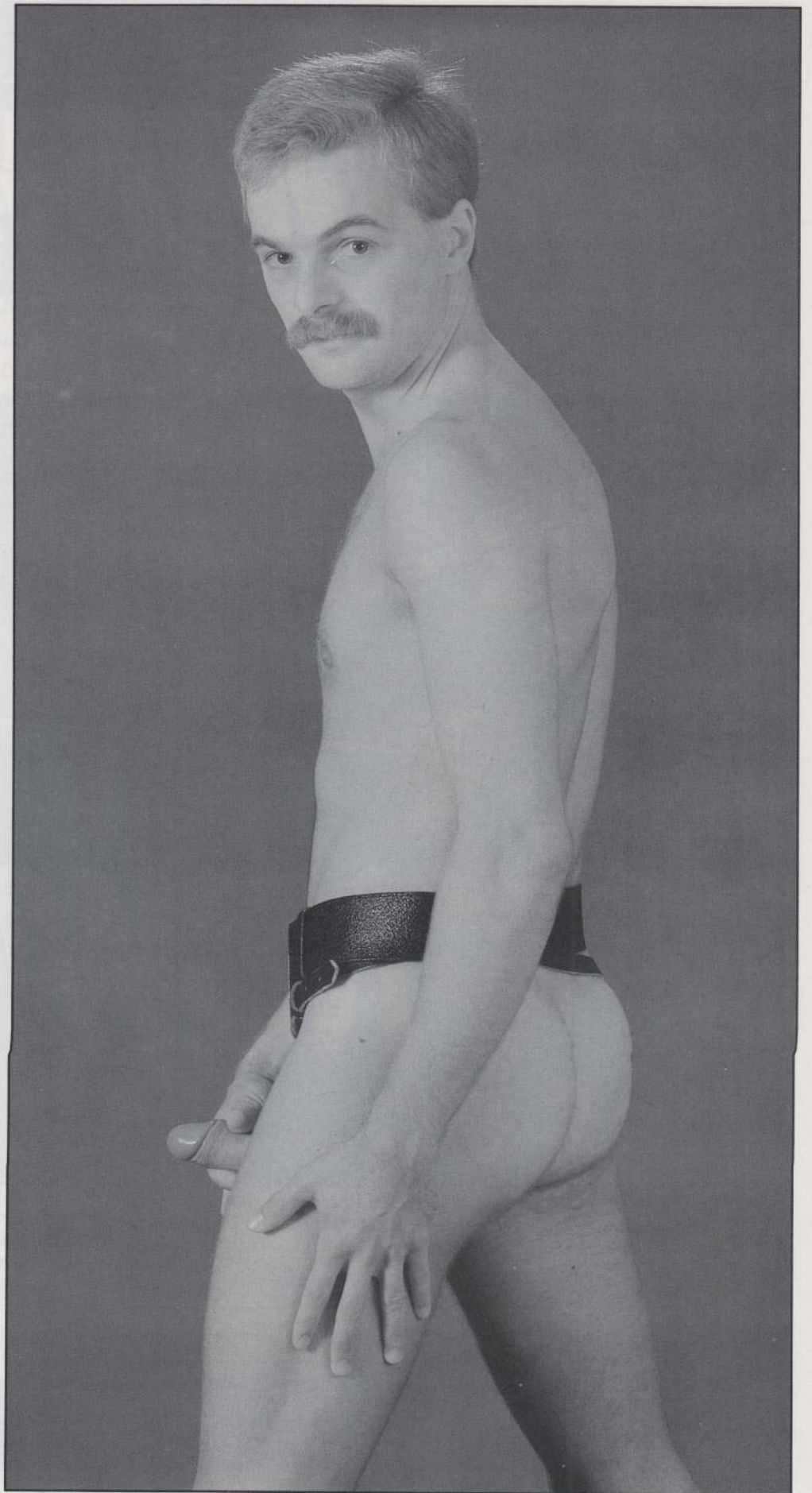
...but Gareth doesn't mind showing us what he's (not) wearing.





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...Wan'na  
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# Ask DR. SKINNON



Dear Readers,

It has been too long since I have been able to answer your questions. All of us are very happy that FQ is up and cumming again. No question is inappropriate, only the answers maybe. I will answer your letters directly, if you enclose a SASE. We will try to publish everyone's questions and my answers, but that will depend on space for the column.

There has been much discussion about "to have or to have not." It has been called a debate. However, there is no debate about infant circumcision. Removing healthy functioning tissue from a non-consenting human is a violation of their human rights. As men we need to speak out and educate others about the serious emotional and physical consequences of infant circumcision, male or female.

I have nothing against an adult consenting to becoming an Acorn, because that is his choice. As researchers continue to collect data and do studies, we find more and more correlation between crime/child abuse/and physical mutilation (circumcision) and the emotional damage done to the individual.

*R. Wayne Griffiths, M.S., M.Ed., a sociologist/criminologist receiving his M.S. at BYU. He received his M.Ed. in education of the disadvantaged at Oregon State University and did post-graduate work in public administration at the University of Southern California (USC) in Los Angeles. He was an Assistant Professor of Sociology/ Criminology at Armstrong State College in Savannah, Georgia. He is one of the founders of RECAP (RECover A Penis), the first organized support group for men who have been circumcised and are recovering emotionally and physically by undergoing foreskin restoration. He has had articles published in Social Biology and in the Atlanta Journal, as well as having been the subject of articles in the San Jose Mercury News, The Contra Costa Times and in articles by Dave Barry and A.J. Jacobs. He has appeared on TV and radio from San Francisco to Philadelphia, and Toronto, PBS to Dallas. He presented a paper with Jim Bigelow on the effects of circumcision and the techniques of restoration at the Second International Symposium on Circumcision held in San Francisco on the 30 April 1991.*

The medical community is (in the U.S.) still taught in their schools that the foreskin, the most treasured part of the penis, is redundant (to them defined as: "superfluous and unnecessary"), but to those that are intact its meaning is as also defined in the dictionary: "a lavish supply." Doesn't that sound more like what it really feels like?

Doctors still pound on innocent and uninformed parents to cut it off! They keep parents uninformed of the consequences because they themselves have absolutely no idea nor knowledge of what the purpose and function of a foreskin is.

They obviously have not read John Taylor's study of the foreskin structure. He found that the foreskin has more nerve endings in it than the glans, and that "the glans is a dumb organ compared to the foreskin." He concluded that the foreskin undoubtedly contributes more to the sensuous feelings that arouse a man and also contributes more to the ejaculatory trigger than does the glans. No wonder many men are restoring their's as best as they can, and it is possible.

Thanks to all of those that are trying to educate and stop others from harming baby boys. One current pamphlet is called "Respect Your Boy's Body" That says it in a nutshell, or is that "in an acorn cover"?

I am looking forward to hearing from you soon.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Dr. Skinnon".

Dr. Skinnon

Send your questions to:  
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## Italian Sausage

I sat next to this hunk on the subway. He was going home from his construction job with lunch box in hand and wedding band on his finger. He had dark twinkling eyes that seemed to constantly smile. He seemed so friendly I couldn't help but speak to him and I got a huge grin in return. He looked Italian and my mind was trying to conjure up his cock. It just had to be uncut!

"How far you going?", I asked just to be neighborly and he said, "Wherever you going?"

Wait a minute! Is he putting me on? Sure enough, I got off and he followed briskly under foot.

"Wife working late tonight," he said as he smiled.

I didn't know what to say next.

"Any place around here I can get some head?"

Wow! "My place," I couldn't resist.

"Thought you would never ask!" he laughed.

Well, I pulled his huge piece of meat out of his pants and it wasn't easy because he had a roaring hard-on even before we got to my place. Hot dude! Big fucking slab of salami, but there

was no skin covering it. Too bad.

But as I started to work on it I realized there was skin creeping forward. I stopped dead in my tracks and studied his cock up close, and then grabbed the foreskin and pulled it forward. Quickly he shoved me away and pulled his foreskin back out of sight.

He wasn't smiling either. He turned all red in the cheeks. He was embarrassed about being uncut I figured.

I chewed and nibbled and pulled at that foreskin until I thought he was going to go crazy. He squirmed like hell until he shot.

The *next* time he came around his foreskin was drooping all over his cock head. His twinkling eyes were telling me, "Chew, man, chew."

## Cut As A Man

I was 21 years old when I finally got my foreskin clipped off, and I've always sort of regretted it. I was supposed to be "circ'ed" when I was about two weeks old, but I came down with a cold and my parents never got around to it again.

My father is circumcised, and always wanted me to be circumcised like him. He was cut really

tight, and has a scar halfway up the shaft of his penis where he was cut "tight".

I had a long foreskin, about one half inch overhang, with a very thick frenulum. The head of my penis, the glans, is about 1 1/2" in diameter, and swells to 2" with erection. I didn't have any trouble pulling the foreskin back when the penis was soft, but the foreskin was rather tight when I had an erection.

Almost all my friends were "cut", and I was asked more than once when I was going to get my penis "cleaned up". I kept my penis very clean during adolescence and up to the age of 21. My parents never told me anything about keeping my penis clean, and sort of ignored the whole matter. I know that, if I had to have surgery as a child or adolescent, that my parents would have arranged for me to wake up without my foreskin, but I was very healthy during that period and was never hospitalized.

---

### **It was six months before it lost enough sensitivity for me to let the glans ride "bare" in my jockey shorts.**

---

I noticed that the frenulum was the most sensitive part of my penis. My parents never told me that I could easily have stretched the foreskin opening to accommodate my glans more easily during erection. I felt sort of deformed anyway by having this huge head sheathed in a rather thick, heavily veined foreskin with a frenulum 1/4" broad.

I had great sex with my penis during those years, though, with my girlfriends appreciating my large glans with its attendant foreskin bunched behind it, rubbing the vagina.

I was 21 years old when I broke my nose during college football practice. The bone was in several fragments, and I was told by the health service doctor that it could only be repaired under general anesthesia. I asked him if he could "clip my foreskin at the same time." He grinned, and said he would be glad to.

I still remember coming out of the anesthe-

sia. My nose and my penis were bandaged. It was three more days before I got to see my penis during the daily dressing changes. The frenulum had been severed where it attached to the glans, and the small fragment left hanging is still the most sensitive part of my penis. The foreskin was completely gone, but I was not cut as tightly as my father.

The surgeon told me later that he had removed the frenulum purposely to decrease the sensitivity of my penis, as was recommended during his residency training. There were still plenty of nerves left in the glans to bring me easily to erection and it was nearly three months before the head changed color from the deep, shiny purple that it was when I had a foreskin to the dull, red color it is now. It was six months before it lost enough sensitivity for me to let the glans ride "bare" in my jockey shorts.

I am not sure that I did the right thing, but at least I don't feel self-conscious in the dressing room or around my father. My wife is satisfied with me sexually.

By the way, I didn't want my two sons to be circumcised, but my wife, being Jewish, insisted on it. I wish that society didn't insist on so much conformity, and that I was more self determined. I really don't think that very many people would choose to be circumcised if they really had a free choice in the matter.

#### **Forced Circumcision**

I have followed with interest the letters from your readers that you have printed. My personal experience might add to the store of knowledge recorded by Foreskin Quarterly. If it helps to prevent one unnecessary mutilation of a male child, it will be worth it. Mutilation might sound extreme to some of your readers when used concerning infant circumcision, but that is what it is, no more and no less. An informed decision made by a consenting adult for cosmetic surgery is another matter entirely.

While I was circumcised at birth, the doctor did not remove the entire foreskin from my penis. My parents were divorced when I was six and my mother remarried when I was eleven. My stepfather was a much older man than she, a retired army officer who had grown children of his own.

In short order I was shipped off to a military boarding school to "make a man out of me," and was able to visit home only on limited school holidays and during the summer break.

When I was fourteen, my step dad decided to take an active interest in my "development." That summer, he planned an extensive education for me — I was to become an expert swimmer, learn to drive a car like a pro, learn golf and become a good skeet shooter. During our drives to these lessons, my step dad lectured me extensively on sex education and warned me repeatedly about the dangers of masturbation and how it would prevent me from becoming a "real man."

Well, one day it happened. On a Saturday afternoon when I was sure that my mother and step dad were at the golf course, he returned to the house, supposedly for his prized clubs, and walked in on me while I was jacking off.

The next week, when I thought we were driving to a golf lesson, he told me how disappointed he and my mother were in me, and that we had a special appointment to keep that afternoon.

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## **...he returned to the house... and walked in on me while I was jacking off.**

---

I was rather surprised when he drove me to the office of a doctor who had been at our house on several social occasions, but I prepared for another long, and this time medical, lecture on the evils of masturbation. How wrong I was! It was obvious that the doctor was waiting for me.

We were immediately admitted to the doctor's private office, where it was explained to me that I was to be re-circumcised because my original circumcision had not removed enough of the foreskin. My step dad told the doctor that he wanted me cut high, so that there would be no foreskin left. He also wanted my frenulum completely stripped off. I was told to strip, and after a brief examination the doctor said he would do sufficient cutting to please my step dad.

Over my protests, I was sent to an examination room to be "prepped," amid a lot of crude jokes among the nurses. Soon the doctor, accompanied by my step dad, came into the room and indicated that I should lie down on the table. Again I protested, but in vain. My step dad had his way and I was cut according to his directions.

After five days, my step dad brought me back to the doctor's office to have the sutures removed. He continued to "inspect" me each week that entire summer to insure that, as he said, "We've cut enough of your meat off."

Since I've been on my own as an adult, I've refused to have anything to do with the bastard. I now know that he was just getting his jollies off at my expense — in the same way that service officers do with young recruits! Don't tell me that they have all those young recruits cut for "health reasons" — I know better.

I hope this letter helps someone, as I recently learned that my much older stepbrother had undergone a very similar experience at the insistence of his father, my step dad. Oh my, I hope he gets his one of these days! Even with this experience I'm neither pro nor con on circumcision for anyone else. Each male should have the option of making this decision for himself — it should not be decided for him by anyone else.

### **Jason's Revenge**

My brother Jason was the only kid in the neighborhood with uncut dick. My other brother and I were cut and so were all our friends. Jason loved to show off his dick and sometimes wagged it at us saying, "Want some skin, fella?"

---

## **They yelled out for other students to come in and take a look.**

---

Some of the guys were jealous and once at school he was pissing at the urinal when two boys came from behind and grabbed his dick and quickly tied his skin shut so that the piss couldn't escape. His foreskin looked like a balloon. They tied his cock to a door handle so he couldn't get out and held his hands behind.

They yelled out for other students to come in and take a look. Jason's poor dick skin was really being stretched and all the guys stood there and laughed like hell. Jason realized he couldn't fight back so he joined them and laughed too.

A few days later he showed up in the showers with his skin all full of piss again and a string around the tip. He wagged it at all the fellows as if to say, "See what I can do and you can't, you fuckers!"

### **Baseball Cheese**

I got my first dose of cheese a few years ago and it was a double dose. At the time I thought I would puke, but now I recall it as being my initiation into heaven.

I picked up two hitchhikers who were dressed in baseball player uniforms and mitts. They turned out to be brothers in their twenties. This was very rural territory and we had to drive for an hour at least to get to where we were going. Suddenly a violent storm showed up and we took cover in an abandoned farm house.

Well, it wasn't too long before I realized I had two horny farm boys on my hand. They decided that if they had to sit out the tornado they might as well relax and crack their nuts.

Long uncut dick sticking out of baseball uniforms was too much for me. I came up to one and he was ready to stick it in my mouth, but I stopped. . . phew! Trying to be polite I gradually went to the other brother. . . phewee!

There was no escape, it looked awful outside. So, I had no choice but to clean up the boys of what must have been several months of cheese each.

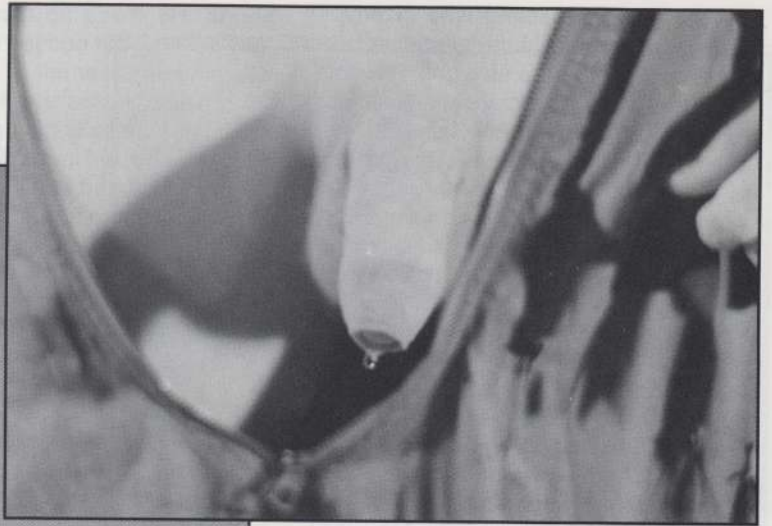
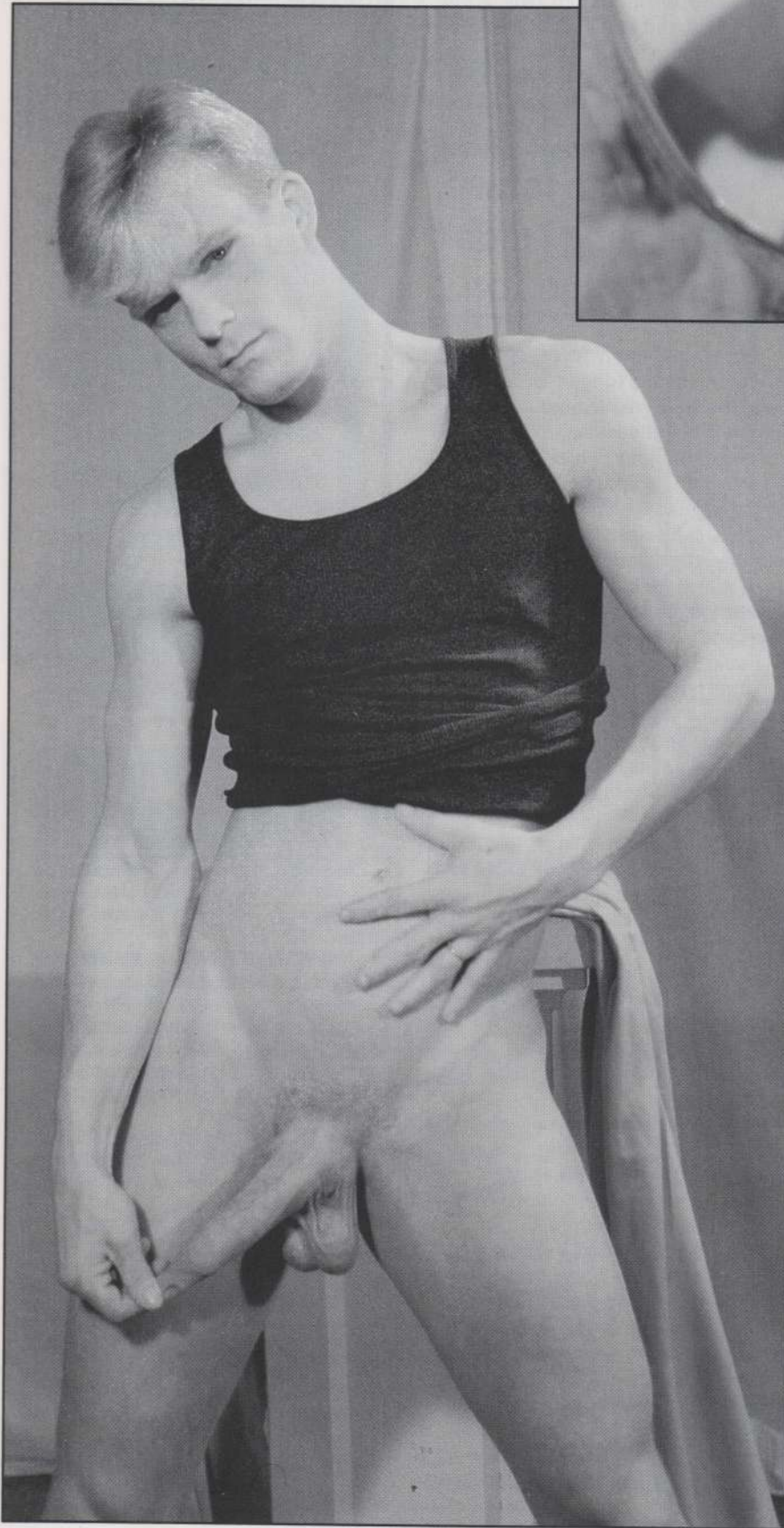
Well, you know what they say, whenever Limburger cheese crosses your palate, no milder cheese will suffice.

### **Red Sea Expedition**

With our group of dedicated underwater adventures, who were mostly teachers of marine biology in Munich, we drove our beat-up VW to Suez where we stopped for coffee and a roll early on our first morning.

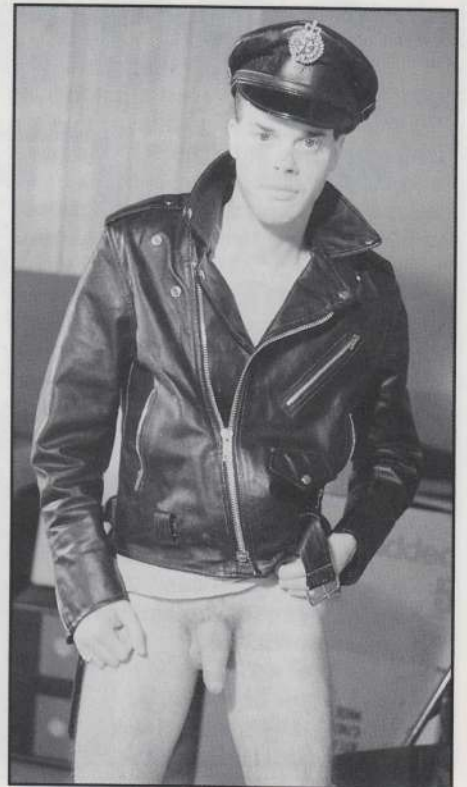
Everyone in any size town or village stops in the middle of the morning for coffee. In Cairo, it was Groppe's, of course, but in Suez, it was a roadside cafe with many tiny tables in front of the place so that everyone could see anyone who walked by, drove by on a camel or in a car or truck.

There were seven of us on the expedition. We were planning on collecting marine specimens for the little museum at their school. My job was photographing the underwater activities.



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It was my second time in Egypt. Three years before, I had made a documentary about Cairo at night. The first week there was uncanny because it was the first city that I actually felt like I was a real foreigner. I couldn't even read any of the Arabic numerals or the signs on simple shops like store or pharmacy. It didn't take long, however, to begin to learn. And, it also helped to have an Egyptian friend that I met at the Hilton Hotel sauna. After each of us got our massage we went for a coffee and began talking. First thing I knew, I was invited to meet his mother and then the members of his Cinema Club. Egyptian movies leave a lot to the imagination, especially when both the hero and heroine race across countless miles of sand in every reel. Anyway, meeting Mamoud made a great difference to my thirty days or so in Cairo working on the film.

## And, it was simpler to go naked into the water than put on salt-encrusted swim shorts.

It was in a hot-spring resort just south of Suez that I met the Germans and arranged with them that I'd meet them two years later in Athens for this adventure. I planned on filming it for a travel adventure story.

So, while sitting in that small outdoor cafe in Suez I faced a hot looking Egyptian wearing a galabaya, that's a long robe open at the neck to the navel and down to his ankles. He had a beard and some face fuzz. The more I glanced at him the more I saw a tent pole rising between his legs. As I continued to glance at him, he would pull the hem of his robe until finally, in a position that only I could see, he revealed the main attraction, his immense cock — completely cut. I won't say it was a foot long, but you've heard of the "home wrecker" size, no doubt. This was the model for it.

I didn't speak any Arabic and he didn't speak any English, except he knew how to say in a stage whisper, "Five dollars, Mister American." At that moment a waiter came by and the discussion was terminated.

As the waiter took my order, I spread my legs under the table — in full view of this big-dicked Sheik. I let my cock and balls slip out of the leg of my

shorts. He made no more mention of "five dollars", but nodded toward a small door as the waiter left.

A few minutes after he went through the door, I casually got up and followed him. The door led into a dim alley. A pair of hands grabbed at my shorts before I even had time to turn around. In a second they were down around my ankles and my Arab friend was slurping my semi-hard cock down his throat!

## I tried to refuse, indicating I didn't have any clothes on...

He tugged at my foreskin with his teeth, then slid his tongue under it and around the knob, moaning quietly as he gave me a royal sucking. When I was hard and throbbing (which took about five seconds!) he spat on his hand, and pulling the galabaya up around his neck, he slicked up his ass, turned and backed it onto my engorged meat.

It slid in with some difficulty - he was pretty tight. He would not allow me to stop and kept grunting "Fuck, American, Fuck!"

It all happened quickly. I became real nervous in case someone discovered us, so I pounded my dick up his ass as hard and fast as I could. I grabbed for his huge dick and jerked on it as I fucked his ass.

He suddenly let out a groan and his asshole clamped on my cock as he shot his load all over the wall and my hand.

I felt my knees buckle as I also squirted my load deep in his ass.

I slowly pulled out and stuffed my cum-slicked dick into my shorts. My friend rearranged his galabaya, grinned and said something in Arabic, playfully squeezed my balls, then headed back into the cafe.

I had just seated myself when the waiter arrived with my order. The members of my group joined me shortly thereafter, so I could make no more contact with my "chance encounter".

Our party took off in the old VW. We drove along the coast and camped along side the Red Sea every night. Between the small towns we never saw a soul, not even a wandering camel. However, almost as soon as we set up our camp, an Army patrol would appear out of no place.

The captain, who always rode in a Jeep, would demand to see our pass-

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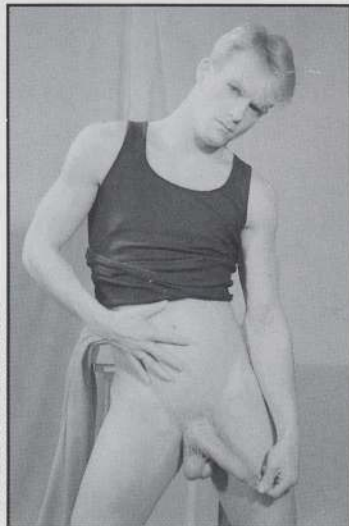


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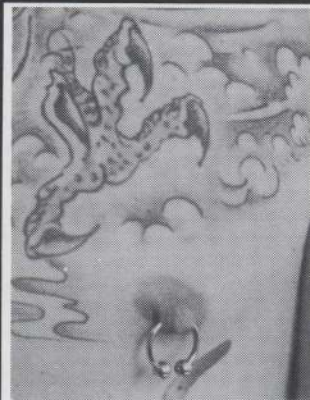
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ports. Then, after a lot of examination and his soldiers poking around, he would have a small card table set up and do his thing. This consisted of stamping our passports. As we learned, the one great thing in an Egyptians' Army life is to know how to stamp papers and documents. It doesn't matter so much about what he's stamping as long as he can use his stamp pad and official stamp.

What we eventually learned was that Nassar, who was the head man in those days, was waging a small war, or supplying arms and soldiers to South Yemen south of Egypt. It was all very unofficial and hush-hush, but when a line of trucks passed us three times a day heading south you know they weren't out for a joy ride. Besides, the official Army people stopped us from going any further than Mersa Alam, about a thousand or so kilometers below Suez.

It is the soldiers that bring about this story, however. Every twenty or so miles we saw a camel corps installation along the seashore. At each campsite was a small hill and at night, after it got dark a fire was built on these hills and signals were passed up and down the shoreline. During the day, a single rider would pass us each day from either direction. Usually, if it was near lunch time or we were about to barbecue a fish we'd speared they were happy to stop and join in with us eating whatever.

As we got used to seeing these soldiers riding their mean tempered camels a couple of us never put on our shorts as they approached. We swam naked all the time because the air temperature was in the low 100's and the water was almost 90 degrees. And, it was simpler to go naked into the water than put on salt-encrusted swim shorts. Fresh water was very short and we had to get five-gallon cans filled in the town when we passed through to the next campsite. I noticed the soldier would always stare at us but he didn't say anything. Maybe he couldn't speak too much English.

After a couple of weeks I was swimming a mile or more up and down the shoreline filming small fish and coral reefs. My underwater camera housing had enough space inside to carry two extra rolls of film so I would shoot, come ashore and reload my camera.

On one occasion I had a small silk hood over my head to keep out as much light as I could when changing my film when I noticed several pairs of Army shoes surrounding me.

I finished loading and locked the camera housing and looked up. There were five or six soldiers standing around all grinning at me. I stood up and tried to explain by pointing to the camera, the ocean, and my flippers and face plate that I was swimming and taking pictures.

Nothing was said for a moment and I thought, "Oh Christ, how am I going to explain to them," one said, "You like Cairo?"

I nodded. I liked anything at this point. "Yes, it's a very nice city." They were all grinning and finally one younger soldier said, "You come have coffee."

I tried to refuse indicating I didn't have any clothes on and I wanted to get back into the water.

"It's okay," he said, and he took my arm and led me to the top of their small hill where a piece of canvas had been strung into a sunshade. Beneath it was the captain and an orderly making a pot of Egyptian coffee (read: Arabic coffee).

A cup was handed to me and we all drank in silence staring at one another. However, I could see it wasn't the coffee they wanted me for, but that small flap of skin no Arab has after his tenth birthday, my foreskin.

With what little English they knew and what few expressions of greetings we managed to discover that they all liked

Disneyland, they had heard about Hollywood, New York City, Palm Springs and, of all places, La Jolla. I learned that all of Egypt was to them, Cairo. Then it happened.

One of the older men reached out and pulled on the tip of my cock. The foreskin stretched slightly and I just grinned. "You are not circumcised," he said. "No, we don't do it to everyone in America," I answered. He kept his fingers on it and then a second man reached out and felt it. Then, another and finally, each of them took a good pull on it. By this time it was beginning to get hard and I was thinking, "I wonder if they think I'm going to let them remove it."

---

## The soldier's knob was under my foreskin at that instant and the feeling was incredible!

---

When I was fully erect they all stared at me (or it) and smiled. Standing next to the captain was the youngest man in the group. The captain reached up, pulling down the man's khaki shorts, his white boxer skivvies, and showed me this soldier's cock. It was cleanly cut and it quickly came to full attention. I examined it as closely as they had examined mine.

The soldier (and the other men) seemed to enjoy the spectacle of mutual exploration. By this time both of us were beginning to ooze pre-cum as our dicks were gently squeezed and tugged.

"We are curious whether ejaculation is the same or different between circumcised or uncircumcised men," said the captain, "It would please us if we were to see this demonstrated." As I was totally bare assed, with a roaring erection, horny as hell, and standing cock to cock with a good-looking Arab soldier, who was I to argue?

Thrusting my hips forward slightly — so our erect cock heads were touching — I began to stoke my cock, matching my rhythm to that of the young soldier. A murmur of approval went around the circle of watching men.

Both of us picked up speed. The soldier's cock-head was jammed against mine, causing my foreskin to slip over it and back with each stroke.

Neither of us looked directly at each other, but focused on our hard dicks — they now made liquid sounds as our pre-cum mixed. We both began to moan with the hot sensations we were causing.

Suddenly, we both tensed as our climax exploded. Both of us shot at the exact same time. The soldier's knob was under my foreskin at that instant and the feeling was incredible! His swollen knob spurted hot cum all over mine, only to be squirted onto the sand as my cum blast collided with his.

The military men appeared very impressed with this "demonstration" and offered us some towels to wipe off with as we both sank exhausted onto the ground.

Finally, I stood up and said I had to work. They all thanked me, in broken English, for joining them for coffee.

That night I noticed the fires burning rather late so they must have spread the word, because every day after that when I changed my film I had to join some camel corps for coffee and allow them to see my uncut cock both soft and hard.



# Foreskin As An Identity

## Part 1 of a series

Imagine this: You're driving along a scenic, pastoral road with a couple of buddies. Your emotions are pumped sky high as you anticipate a long weekend filled with skiing, partying, and enjoying the crisp, wintery air with your friends.

The slopes are only an hour away. Your car starts to climb the foothills and the road turns into a series of serpentine switch backs and hairpin curves as you transverse glacial moraines, gurgling mountain streams, and alpine ridges peppered with fragrant Scotch pine. The car climbs higher up the mountainside, and the vista in your rear-view mirror takes your breath away. The snowflakes begin to fall like a gentle dusting of cotton in the Bavarian breeze.

You crank up the car heater, flip on the radio, and tell yourself that the day couldn't be any more perfect.

Scanning the road, you see a small white hut on the right-hand side about a kilometer ahead. A red-and-white striped crossing gate protrudes from the edifice, blocking the road just beyond the next curve.

Dressed in a crisply-starched khaki uniform, a helmeted soldier brandishing an ominous M-14 stands sentry at the open doorway of

the hut. He turns and watches as your car approaches.

"Hold on boys," you alert your companions, "We're coming to a stop. Must be the border crossing."

Slowly applying the brakes, you come to a halt directly in front of the gate and roll down your window. Your face is buffeted by an Arctic gust as the guard approaches.

He is young, tall, and blond, with a boyish Aryan face, whose cheeks and nose have turned an icy scarlet from the frosty nip of the wintry air. Twin snorts of angry vapor emerge from his nostrils with each breath. He leans over, looks in through your window and carefully scans the faces of you and your three passengers. His steely eyes blaze with a frozen angst which pierce like a pair of razor-sharp daggers. A chill runs up your spine.

"Out! All of you into the station quickly!" he orders.

The blood drains from your face and your bowels tighten into a mass of knots. You shut off the engine, roll up the window and exit the car as ordered. The soldier escorts you into the one-room shack.

The furnishings are meager. An ancient table, heavily-nicked and littered with documents, languishes near a double-paned window which is streaked with a greasy accumulation of soot and frost. In the corner, a pot-bellied stove blasts out infernal licks of heat, offering the only vestige of warmth in this spartan shack. Still, you shiver with uncertainty, wondering what sort of infraction could have possibly warranted this draconian treatment. You remind yourself that you're living in a police state, and you don't ask questions.

The guard shuts the door behind him and orders the four of you to line up against the wall. One at a time he inspects your passports, perusing the pages to determine where you've traveled since their issuance. All is apparently in order. With a snap of his wrist, he returns your passports.

You breathe a silent sigh of relief. "I guess we pass muster," you tell yourself. "Soon we'll be back in the automobile—every turn of the wheel bringing us that much closer to our holiday destination."

Not so fast, though. The guard suddenly commands each of you to drop your drawers.

"What's going on here?" you silently ask yourself. As ordered, you dutifully unbuckle your belt and unzip your trousers, letting them drop around your ankles. You have no choice. You're not about to argue with an upstart young buck with an itchy finger on the trigger of an M-14. At least you're glad you put on clean shorts this morning, you muse with twisted humor.

"Drop your shorts, too." he barks at the others.

This is getting just a little too kinky for your tastes, you think to yourself. Without his weapon, you could easily take this soldier-boy out with a quick cold-cock to the left temple. However, you begrudgingly cooperate and coax your undershorts down around your knees. Your buddies hesitantly do the same.

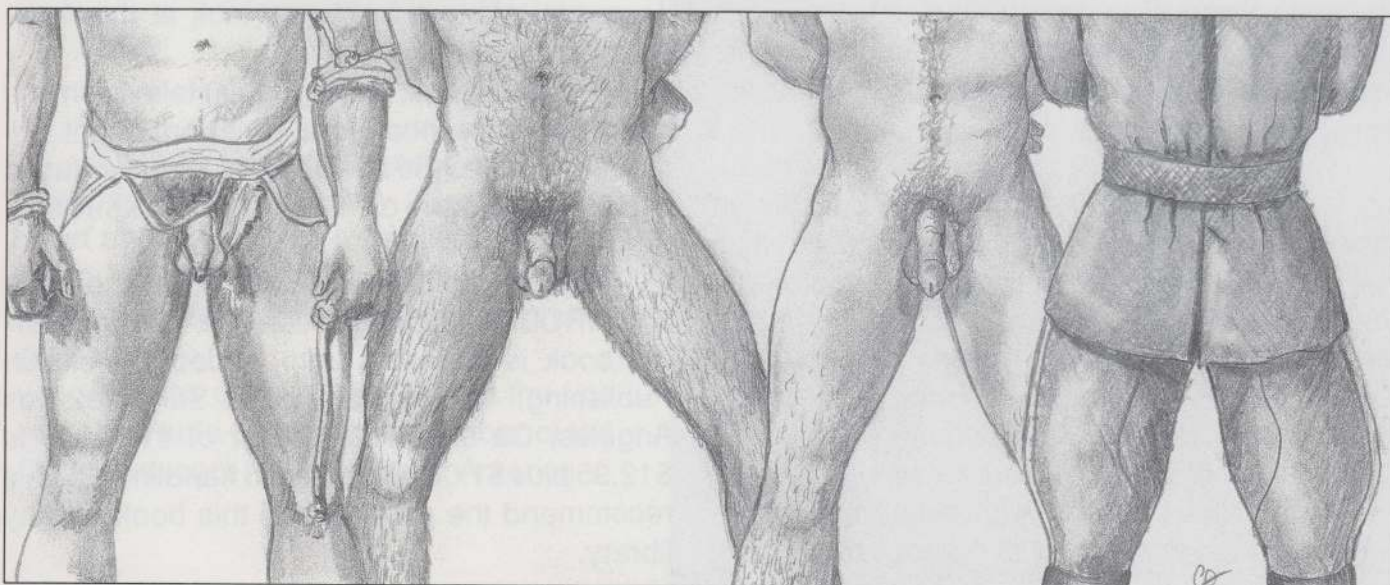
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**As ordered, you dutifully  
unbuckle your belt  
and unzip your trousers,  
letting them drop  
around your ankles.**

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This bizarre and humiliating prank has just about gone too far. Your three companions stoically hide any vestige of trepidation. This is no time to show weakness, but you can tell that they are being pushed close to their limit. Peter, who stands next to you, can feel his anger and resentment seething hotter than the scarlet flames from the pot-belly stove.

The soldier keeps his distance as he scrutinizes your penis. It must not have interested him greatly, for he quickly moves on to Peter. A quick glance tells him what he needs to know, and he moves on to Franz. You still can't figure what he's up to, but Franz doesn't seem to interest him either. Three down, one to go.



When he gets to Josef, however, the guard stops, scowls, and utters a few obscenities under his breath. It is clear that he is interested in genitals, but for whatever reason you do not know.

---

**Whereas documents  
could be falsified  
and  
hair bleached  
to a lighter shade,  
one's circumcision status  
was not easily  
altered.**

---

You clearly see that the first three of you are uncircumcised (as are the vast majority of your fellow countrymen), but then you look at Josef through the corner of your eye and see that he is circumcised.

"Oh my God, I had no idea," you mutter subconsciously. Suddenly you fear greatly for your friend. It all makes sense to you now.

The guard orders you to put your trousers back on. He apologizes for the delay and lets the three of you go, offering his wishes for an enjoyable and safe journey. He detains Josef, however. This is a clear abrogation of justice, but you have no choice but to leave him behind, unless, of course, you want to lose your lives as well.

The three of you get in the car and drive away in stony silence as the handcuffs clank mercilessly around Josef's wrist. Still in shock, not a word is said.

#

This scene and thousands of others like it were repeated in the nightmarish years of Nazi Germany. The Gestapo—that nefarious coterie of uneducated, uniformed thugs—were given carte blanche to stop any citizen suspected of being Jewish and conduct on-the-spot short-arm inspections. Aryan-looking men with blond hair and fair complexions were seldom inspected. However, swarthy men with Semitic features were frequently ordered to "prove" their Teu-

tonic roots.

Considering that virtually 100% of Jewish males were circumcised in adherence to the covenant of Abraham, this drop-your-drawers inspection was the most efficient manner of determining who the *real* Germans were. Whereas documents could be falsified and hair bleached to a lighter shade, one's circumcision status was not easily altered.

If a non-Jewish German had been circumcised for medical reasons he was required to carry notarized proof of the operation. Even so, such a man was in a precarious position. Credence was rarely given to such documentation, as these could also be falsified. More than one innocent German who just happened to be circumcised was carted off to the prison camps with the rest of the Jews.

Needless to say, it became a matter of survival for Jews and circumcised Gentiles alike to take whatever steps were necessary to recreate the foreskin as fully as possible.

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**Aryan-looking men  
with blond hair and fair  
complexions  
were seldom inspected**

---

Some Jews are no longer automatically accepting the necessity of infant circumcision. Armed with statistics which corroborate the complications from circumcision, these pragmatic Jews are taking a bold new look at this "covenant".

Dr. Dean Edell, M.D., popular television and radio talk show host, is a vocal opponent. Although born into the Jewish faith, he has refused to have the last two of his five sons circumcised.

#

Reprinted with permission from the book "DECIRCUMCISION" by Gary M. Griffin, MBA the book is available from Added Dimension Publishing, 4216 Beverly Blvd. Suite 262 Los Angeles, Ca 90004. The cost of the book is \$12.95 plus \$1.00 postage and handling. I highly recommend the purchase of this book for any library.

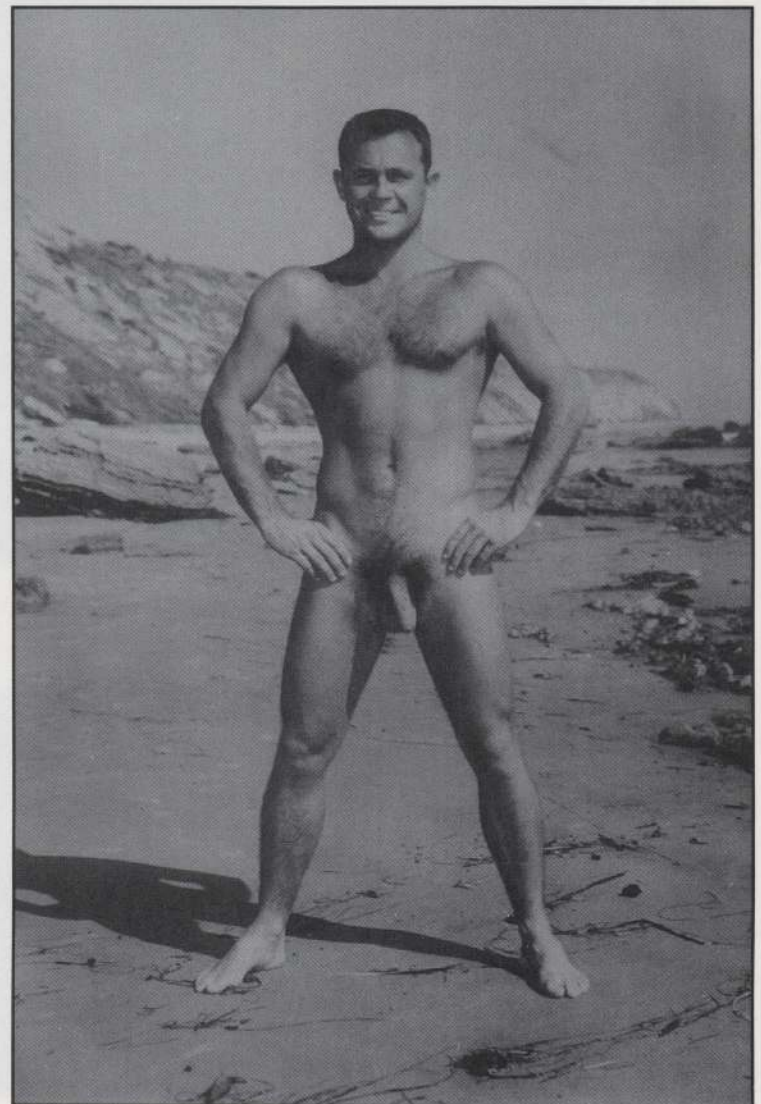


Joe  
Tiffenbach  
1949

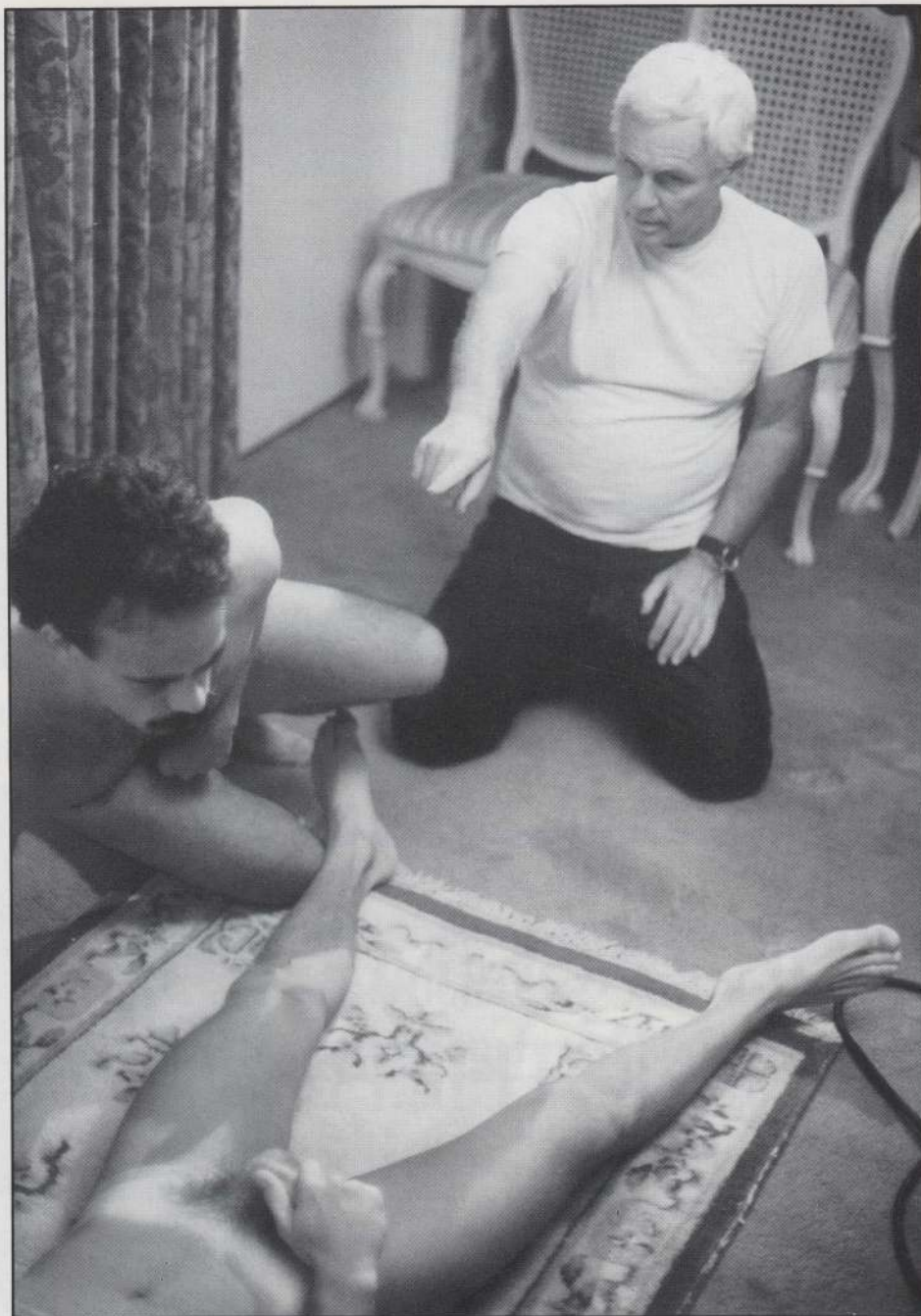
## THE PASSING OF ANOTHER LEGEND

JOE TIFFENBACH passed away quite unexpectedly on January 27, 1992 of a heart attack. Joe was a frequent contributor to FQ and we are presenting a cross section of several of his earlier photographs.

Joe was a founding father of the Los Angeles Nude Guys and a member of the Gay Producers Association of America.



Joe was a pioneer of the Nude Male film. In his twenties, he modeled for most of the top physique photographers of the time, daring to bare all for the camera at a time when it was verboten. He became a close friend of Bruce of Los Angeles and, after graduating from USC film school, shot the film version of Bruce's model settings. In the 60s, Joe came into his own, offering the first frontal-nude film available by mail-order titled "Four Surfers on a Secluded Beach". This had to be done under an "American Nudist" banner to be accepted by the Post Office. He was well known with the nude beach movement of the late 60's.



Joe giving direction on the set.

His film, "The Closet", shown at the legendary Park and Paris theaters, was the first to show nude men kissing and touching.

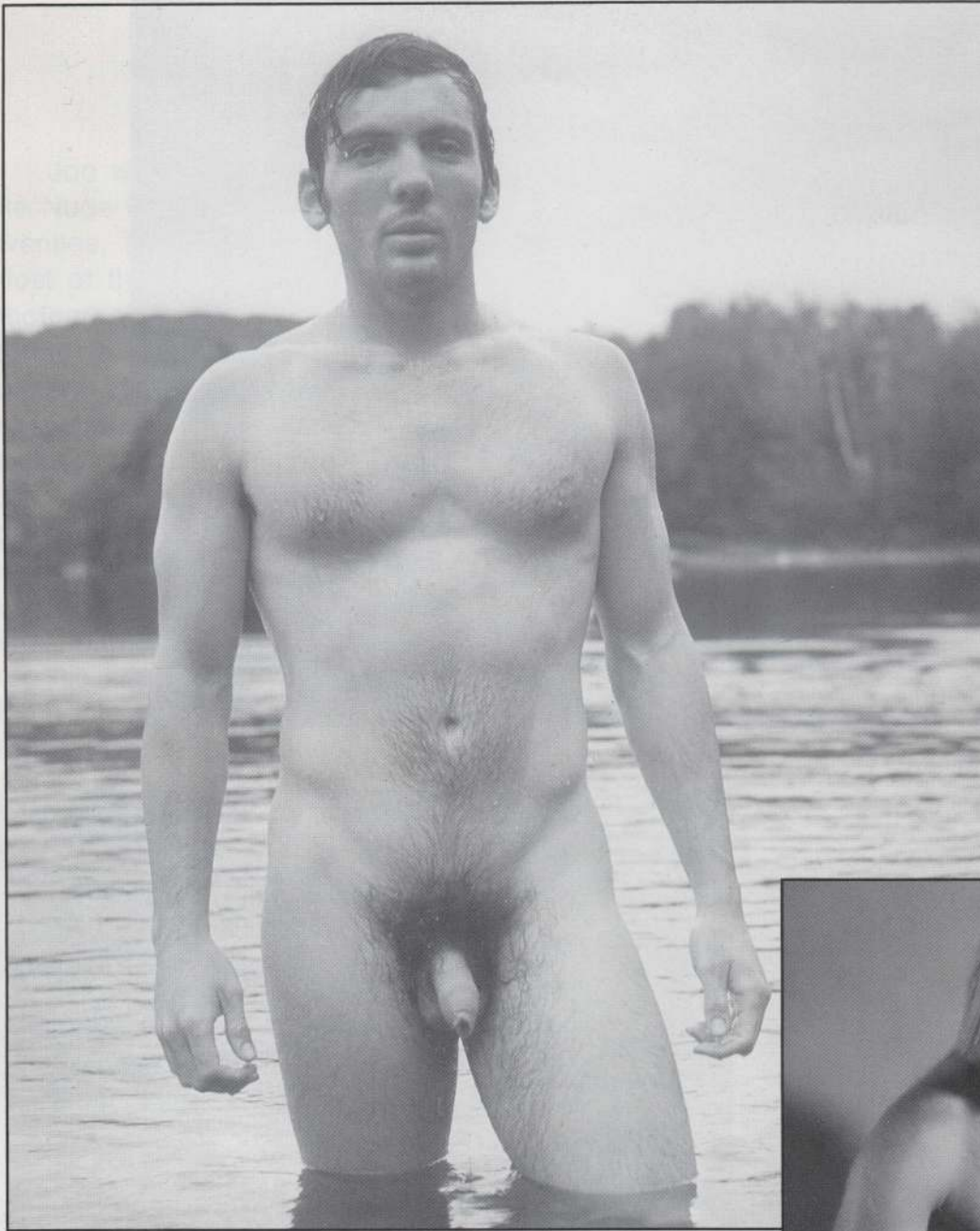
This was followed by the landmark "Song of The Loon", the first all gay feature film, which Joe co-produced with Sean Sayles. Joe while doing these projects still maintained his career as a photographer for a television travel series.

In later years, Joe produced numerous adult titles. "Uncut" the movie is part of the F.Q. archives it is probably the first movie to take a look at foreskinning from the more clinical view. His titles were distributed by several major distributors. An ardent photographer of male nudes, his work has appeared in a variety of publications, including In Touch, Playgirl and, of course, FQ.



Some  
Of  
Those  
Famous  
Tiffenbach  
Close-Ups

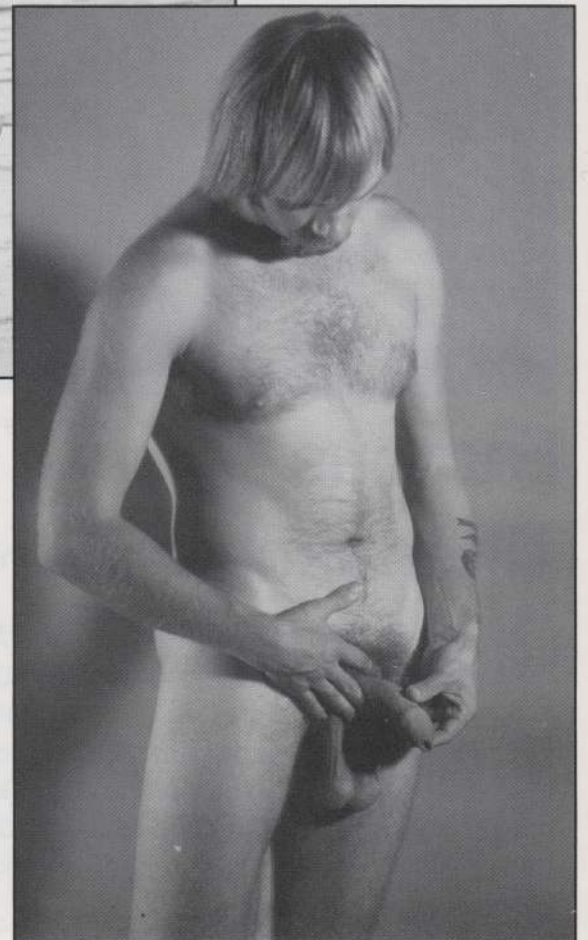




Photos  
From  
Joe's  
Collection

This man, as other giants of his time, will be thoroughly missed, but his work and talent, thank God, have been preserved for generations to come.

Some of his titles will still be handled by his company Gymnos at P.O. Box 41111 Pasadena, Ca 91114-1111. To get on their mailing list write the address above. We recommend two tapes they have of his called "J/O Foreskin #1 and #2." Both of these are available for \$29.95 each and \$3.00 for shipping of 1 tape and \$3.75 shipping for both.







# SKIN SEARCH

## PUBLISHER'S NOTICE

### DON'T BE A VICTIM

While almost all classified ads are submitted by honest and sincere guys, we feel it worth repeating the obvious: That some ads are invitations to financial and/or other scams. Beware of anyone requesting financial favors, especially cashing postal money orders. If you feel that you have been or are being victimized, contact the nearest Postal Inspector or Postmaster. *Parkwood Publications* strongly advises the use of utmost caution and cannot be held responsible for any financial loss or physical injury that may result from such correspondence.

## ARIZONA

### NUDIST

Uncut GWM, nudist, jackoff enthusiast, singles/groups, 5'6", 110 lbs, brown eyes/hair, shaved balls, trimmed chest. Want to do a video and stills. 7", HIV-, bicycling, hiking, travel USA, lite W/S, no drugs, 21-50. Write: Bob Arrollo, 19046 N. 90th Way, Scottsdale, AZ 85225. Photo: FQ1281 [AZ151281]

### FORESKIN PLEASURE/PAIN

Interested in stretching, docking, licking, chewing, piercing (?). Willing to consider any other gerunds at least once. Reply to: P.O. Box 36564, Tucson, AZ 85740-6564. [AZ151263]

## CALIFORNIA

### UNCUT BEAR SEEKS FOX

"Bear" type, chunky but active, with cheerful disposition, keen mind, warm fuzzy heart and nice long foreskin. Partnered, but horny and available, mid-40s. Wants to meet "fox" type (slim or toned, medium frame) with compatible, playful attitude, 18 to med-30s, for fun and friendship. Sexual interests: J/O, oral, lots of foreplay. Possibly open to other things (ask). Also like 3-ways/4-ways. No anal, and no exclusive tops, please. Any race, gay/



ARIZONA

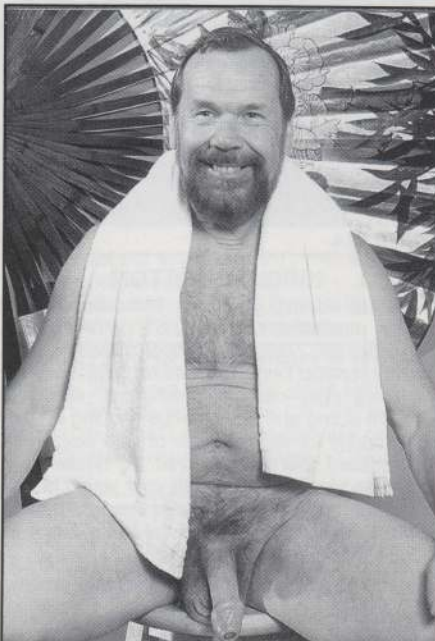
FQ1281

## HOW TO REPLY TO AN FQ BOX

If an ad has an FQ Box number, please follow these simple but important steps:

- 1) Seal your letter in an envelope.
- 2) Write the FQ Box number in pencil on the back flap of the envelope.
- 3) Put proper postage on the envelope.
- 4) Put your return address on the envelope if you want the envelope returned should there be a delivery problem.
- 5) Put the sealed letter(s) and \$1.00 forwarding fee for each letter in another envelope and mail to: Parkwood Productions, Department FQB, P.O. Box 2029, Hollywood, CA 90078.

Letters not properly prepared will be destroyed.



CALIFORNIA

FQ1291

bi/straight, experienced/inexperienced, single/partnered—no problem. Other interests include computers, music, restaurants, square dancing, travel, languages. Write: U.C. Bear, Box 60264, Palo Alto, CA 94306. [CA151292]

### NEED TLC

I am a bearded, moustache, masculine male. I have 8", big fat classic uncut cock: lots of foreskin play and erotic massage. Looking for a mature, discreet, masculine foreskin worshipper. Give me a call at (415) 824-7558 between 8 a.m. and 10 p.m. Photo: FQ1291 [CA151291]

### PEN PALS WANTED

Corresponders wanted for discussion of foreskin — its joys and ecstasies. You: cut or uncut. All letters answered. Tell me about your skin and your fantasies. Write: David C., P.O. Box 36111, San Jose, CA 95158. [CA151118]

### UNCUT SON SOUGHT

By a foreskin loving Daddy who knows exactly how to take an intact boy like you completely into his hands! Are you ready for a Daddy who's ready to control you totally the way you need to be in all ways best for you? Write: FQ Box 1303. [CA151303]

### NUDIST, SINGLE

Theo-Jos. Nudist, single, unusual enc., uncut silver fox, beard & moustache, cigar smoker, N/A, N/D, clean. Like both young and older. Call: (916) 920-5762. [CA181293]

### CAN I TURN YOU ON

Middle-aged gentlemen would like to service your uncut cock. Anything that turns you on. Call (916) 332-2630. No calls after 9:00 p.m. PST. [CA151325]

### MATURE UNCUT GWM

Wants mutual friends, both uncut and cut are welcome. 5'8", 160#, br/hazel eyes. Write: Darold, 769 Sun Lane, Novato, CA 94947. Or call: (415) 897-1221. [CA151268]

### YOU 20-40, UNCUT?

GWM, 59, 200#, bald, hairy chest, thick moustache, and cut. Seeks 20-40 y.o. for good times and, hopefully, much more. Cut is OK, but uncut is extra special. Call: Tom (415) 564-6116. [CA151261]

### CUT, UNCUT, J/O & BONDAGE

Mature guy with big, uncut cock and loose foreskin. Good physical shape. Seeking all into foreskin/circumcision interests. Will consider circumcision in right erotic scene. Interested in bondage with enforced J/O scene. Have hot pics and tapes if you have the place. Prefer mid to south bay. Will write anywhere. Travel over seas. All letters answered. Australian. World travelled. All horny subjects/scenes considered. Tell me your experiences, desires and fantasies. I'll share mine. Write: Brian R., P.O. Box 3512, Redwood City, CA 94064. [CA151240]

### FORESKIN FREAK

Senior oral expert loves fat, uncut cock and will swallow your thick dick for hours without dentures. Any age or race, just so there's lots of heavy foreskin on that big uncut cock of yours. Call Art: (805) 965-6183. [CA151219]

### ASSLICHER & PISS

BGWM, 42, 9" uncut, self suck & auto-urotherapy. Need to cocksuck, lick & suck ass. Cunnilingus OK. Into everything possible. Neat & clean, slim & trim, no beard, smooth body. In prison — self defense — bashers. Outin '93. No gifts needed. No family. No mail. No visit ever. U.S. veteran. Anal/oral rape in jail by 14 for 60 days. Toilet slavery. Pen pals needed. Reply all. Stamps appreciated. R. Joe Kidd, Box 29-B72191, Represa, CA 95671. [CA151022]

### UNCUT HAIRY DADDY

Versatile, blue eyes, full beard—trimmed, 6'1", head-to-toe dark gray hair. Pleasure one another with ploughing and milking in the great outdoors. Write with photo to: JAK, P.O.B. 4382, Anaheim, CA 92803. [CA151031]

### MASCULINE?

U/C, 40's, 5'9", 175, dark hair & eyes, clean cut, in shape. Want to meet masculine men, U/C or cut, 30—60, So. Bay and W. Valley. Write: A.E., 12841 Hawthorne Blvd., #129, Hawthorne, CA 90250. [CA151035]

### LOVE THAT FORESKIN

Foreskin lover — hungry for skin — wants to totally service uncut men. Foreskin worship. (916) 971-9695. [CA151156]

### UNCUTS WANTED

35 year-old GWM with moustache, hairy chest. Seeks uncuts for fun times. Page me at (310) 764-7707. [CA151194]

**TAKE A RIDE — ON MY MUSTACHE!**  
If you're uncut, with pink head and balls (preferably

# SKIN SEARCH

hairless balls), I want to lick you. 20's — 40's OK. Size nice, but not important. Me: Hispanic, 5'5", trim, dark curls, bedroom eyes, 32 y.o. Write: Frank Gallego, 2466 A. Geary, San Francisco, CA 94115. [CA151032]

## HUNGRY CHEESE EATER

Hot, hunky, masculine, bearded, world-class cocksucker, 49, 6', 200 lbs. 8 thick cut inches. I'm hungry for ripe, uncut, very cheesy meat, ready to blast thick creamy loads down my expert deep-throat, and wash it down with re-cycled beer! Would love to prime your pump by working my talented wet tongue into your clean asshole and sweaty pits. Healthy, in-shape dudes, any race, from 30 to 55 give me a call and lets get my mouth and your meat together! G.L.B. (714) 960-1510 or write: P.O. Box 13103, Long Beach, CA 90803. [CA151014]

## COLORADO

### SKIN GAMES!

Hot, good-looking, in-shape Bi/W man with big mushroom head, cut dick wants to play games with your skin! You be: trim, open minded, with lots of skin hangin' off the end of your dick. Kink OK. R.M.B., 624 Pennsylvania #401, Denver, CO 80203. [CO151017]

## CONNECTICUT

### LOOKING FOR COCK CHEESE

Good looking, 40 y.o. with salt and pepper hair, brown eyes, 5'6", 140#. Would like to clean out cheesy cock. I'm HIV-, sincere and would like to hear from you. I'm hard working and you won't be disappointed! Write: Joe H., 1 Thimble Island Rd., Stony Creek, CT 06405. [CT151267]

### LOVE TO MEET GUYS

I love to fuck you guys 18 to 30. I love to go to bed nude with guys only. Fuck, J/O, to suck your cock to... OK, OK, OK. Make love to OK. I love to meet guys with 9 1/2" dicks. I'm 6'2", 195 lbs., brown hair and eyes. My cock is 8". I live and love. You overnight OK, OK. Call (203) 331-1246 or write: John B., 2373 Fairfield Ave., Bridgeport, CT, 06605. [CT151159]

## FLORIDA

### TEEN AND ADULT CUTS

Were you circumcised as a teen or adult? Did you have a ritual circumcision. Would like to hear all details of the procedure and results. Do you have photos or videos? All letters answered! Write: William French, 3726 NW 7th Court, Delray Beach, FL 33445. [FL151190]

### CORRESPOND

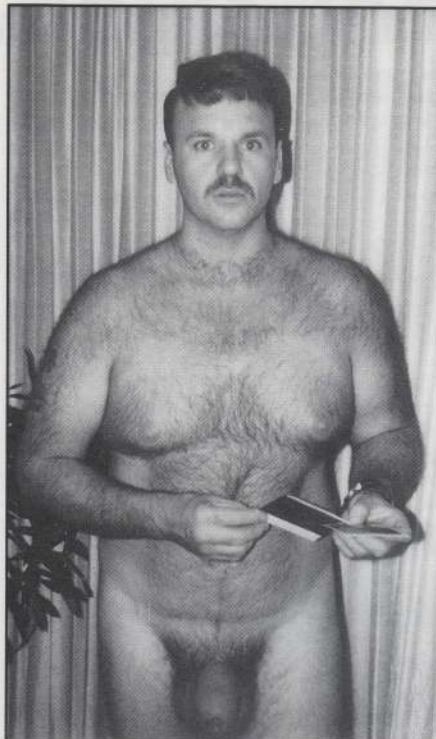
Would like to correspond with guys who were cut in child or adulthood, or who fantasize about it. John Taylor, 304 E. Columbus Drive, Tampa, FL 33602. [FL151027]

### BOOTS AND LEATHER

Boots, bikes, tatt's, W/S, piercings, big nips, man smells. Cut, but stretching. You, too? Let's correspond. Write: D.T. P.O. Box 407, Key West, FL 33040. (HIV-) [FL151212]

### LEATHER / UNCUT / HUNG

Leather Daddy and Son needs the aroma of another Leather man, 40+ with a "Yes, Sir" attitude. Many interests, lots of toys. Both well hung and uncut. Ball play, boots, flat tops, sling, hot insane sex, safe. Both masculine, stash, HIV neg. Need 3rd man for family. Write soon. F.Q. Box 1024.??



FLORIDA

FQ1235

### HIRSUTE BOTTOM

Wants to worship your skin. Masculine, GWM, husky, mustache, brn/hazel, 5'9", HIV-, IS, 38, very hairy and 2 tattoos. I am open to race and age. I do not conduct long interviews and prejudice! I am curiously open-minded, uninhibited, discreetly straight-acting and adventurous. Hoping to meet local buddy for regular visits of safe sex. Photo appreciated. Will respond to all. My house and 2 dogs are nice, but great with your visit. Open to monogamous relationship with the right person. Write: Donald P., 6410 N. Central Ave., Tampa, FL 33604. Photo FQ1235 [FL151235]

### CHEESE FOR DINNER

Couple with uncut cheese-heads looking for other slim, cheesy guys for dinner. Candlelight, wine and Cheese!!! (305) 462-2909. [FL151021]

## GEORGIA

### JUST FRANK

Have skin and love skin and fun. Really get off when getting/giving head. Write: F.J.D., 3724 Rockbridge Rd., Stone Mountain, GA 30083.

### SEEKING 60+

White, youngish 79 male, 150 lbs. Seeking white male, 60 plus for occasional meetings. Write: FQ Box 1227. [GA151227]

### GOOD LOOKING PROF. MID 40'S

Cut. Seeks wholesome, uncut guys in North Georgia for fun. I am average size and seek nice guys 25 to 65 with nice average or large uncut cocks. I am into music, cards, movies, and videos. I have a great porno collection. Love J/O, cuddling and French. Write: Mark, P.O. Box 8891, Atlanta, GA, 30306. [GA151157]

## HAWAII

### LIKES ALL KINDS

Uncut Hawaiian, Portuguese, English. 6 feet, 3 inches tall, 260 pounds, 10 inch thick, hairy. Like all

kind of gays, especially uncut - blacks. Will answer all. Ronald, 84-740 Kili Dr., Apt 1525, Waianae, HI 96792-1512. [HI151007]

## ILLINOIS

### HOT DAD WANTS SON

Uncut, White male, 6'1", brown hair and eyes, mustache, medium body hair and balls. Full foreskin both hard and soft. Into jocks, skin of all types -never too much skin-also like tight skin. Like skin to be worked on by hot mouth, slow and long. Any age from 18 to ... Write Fred, P.O. Box 3961 Mds Mart., Chicago, IL 60654. Call (312) 266-8705, be discrete. [IL161283]

### THICK, UNCUT, ITALIAN 34

Good looking, hairy, daddy type with long, sometimes cheesy foreskin. Looking for relationship with cut or uncut "boy" to age 32. I'm 6', 185 lbs., balding, educated, good job, enjoy performing arts. You should be Greek passive, French active (very), smooth body, enjoy arts, fine dining, travel, and being with your man rather than out at the bars. Write: David, 680 N. Lakeshore Dr. #1220, Chicago, IL 60611. (312) 642-4051 evenings. [IL151238]

### KINKY RITUALS

W/M, 46, 5'9", 150#, beard, cut, kinky. Into all scenes: heavy or light. Rituals and cock worship. My god is covered with skin and yards of overhang. Any age or race. Be appreciated! Write: Karl, 836 Wheeler, Woodstock, IL 60098. Call: (815) 338-9137. [IL151218]

### PHYSICALS

Willing to give or receive genital examinations. Uncut a real plus. Turn your head and cough!! Exchange of stories regarding military, sports, pre-employment physicals encouraged. Share your most embarrassing physicals. Northern Illinois or farmers also a plus. F.Q. Box 1023. [IL151023]

## INDIANA

### YOUNG & WELL HUNG

GWM, 27, incarcerated. Looking for friendship/love or anyone wanting to hear fantasies and dreams of a horny young man. Stan Ingram, #863492, P.O. Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360. [IN151018]

## IOWA

### STRETCH HUNT

White older male, seeking details on contraptions used in foreskin stretching. Corresponding with individuals that have successfully lengthened or enlarged their foreskin. Wishing also to correspond with persons that have pierced their foreskin: the tool used in piercing the foreskin, where on the foreskin is the piercing done for best results. What articles can be safely worn in the foreskin piercing? Curious. Write: FQ Box 1307. [IA151307]

### UNCUT 7 1/2 IN AMES

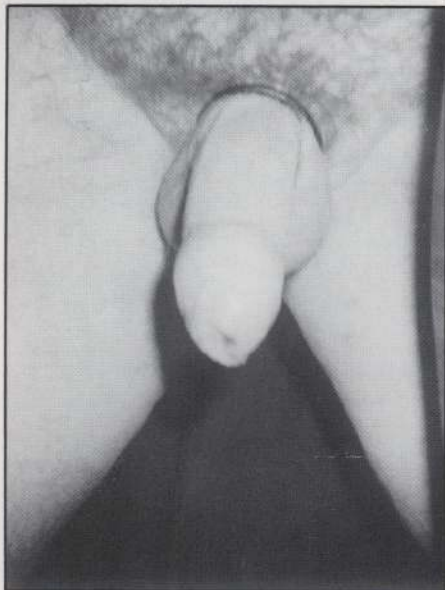
GWM, 40ish. Seeks other uncuts in mid-West for good oral times. Video & photo trade also. Call or write: Tony, PO Box 1714, Ames, Iowa, 50010. (515) 232-4565. [IA171002]

## MARYLAND

### BEARDED, HAIRY, 8" UNCUT

43 years old, 6'2", good looking, HIV-, 215 lbs, masculine, red hair, blue eyes. Write: Glenn G., P.O. Box 61, Pylesville, MD 21132. Photo FQ1335 [MD151335]

# SKIN SEARCH



MARYLAND

FQ1335

## MASSACHUSETTS

### PEN PALS

W/M, 42, 5'11", 170 lbs., uncut. Looking for pen pals and photo exchange with cut/uncut men. Write: Frank S., Box 231, Natick, MA 01760. [MA151305]

## MICHIGAN

### DADDY WANTED

GWM, 35, 5'9", 160 lbs., 7/2" uncut, brown hair, blue eyes. Seeks uncut daddy 35 to 50. Photo a must. I enjoy oral and J/O activities. Balding or retired daddies welcome. Write: Jim, P.O. Box 153, Dearborn Heights, MI, 48127. [MI151154]

### SKINSUCKER

Very discrete, masculine cocksucker needs to service, smell, lick and deep throat a healthy discrete masculine man with an uncut dick. Bear type and tit action a plus. Age unimportant, travel possible. Photo and phone # appreciated. F.O. Box 1036. [MI151036]

## NEBRASKA

### MALE MAIL WANTED

Uncut GWM, 58, welcomes letters and pix from cut or uncut men interested in foreskins, balls, tattoos, piercings, kink, etc. Phone and picture gets mine. Write: Lowell V., Box 80153, Lincoln, NE 68501-0153 [NE151327]

## NEW HAMPSHIRE

### SEACOAST GAY MAN

New Hampshire's largest and oldest support/social organization. Weekly meetings, programs, parties, events, more. All ages. S.G.M., P.O. Box 1394, Portsmouth, NH 03802-1394. [NH151260]

## NEW MEXICO

### SANTA FE-AN NEEDS A PAL

Occasional driver for stroke victim to enjoy nature, craft/antique shows, etc. Write Duke H., 2876 Plaza Blanca, NM 87505. [NM151294]

## NEW YORK

### GOT SOME SKIN TO SHARE?

I've got a hot dick, but it was cut at birth. I would like to share some of your hot foreskin - the longer the better. Time for some stretching, chewing, and some hot docking maneuvers! I'm a good looking GWM, 5'6", 46, 190#, beard and mustache. Your age and size don't matter - just a hot attitude. Even if you're cut, but hot, write with a hot photo, if possible, to: Paul, P.O. Box 628, New York, NY 10185-0045. [NY151321]

### U/C, HAIRY, SEX LOVER

Gives hot parties for hot men, both cut & uncut. If you are uninhibited, in-shape, and under 40, send photo & phone. Also welcome sexy visitors who enjoy hot one-on-one, or group action. Hairy & foreskin a plus! Write: Bill, P.O. Box 1011, New York, NY 10113-0905. [NY151282]

### LONG U/C SKIN

Looking for hot action. GWM, 6 ft., 240 lbs., 36 y/o., straight looking/acting. Seeks in shape young guys who dig skin. P.O. Box 198, Rensselaer, NY 12144. [NY151295]

### UNCUT 5"

49 year old W/M, 1/2 inch overhang, 5'10", 195 lbs. Loves J/O and French. No drugs or pain. Cut or uncut, any age. FQ Box 1242. [NY151242]

### LATIN

Latin GWM, 42 years old, 5'8", 140 lbs, beard, moustache, uncut, versatile, HIV-, safe sex. Smooth, slim body. Reply: S.P., P.O. Box 20067, New York, NY 10025-1510. [NY151262]

### UPSTATE RURAL SERVICE STOP

Big bag, 38. Seeks bud shafts, loose skin, heavy sacks, hairy butts, work clothes, CBT, T/T, weights, sleazy, rough J/O action. Health safe only with other big-balled country boys. Write: FQ Box 1195. [NY151195]

### BUTCH DOG SLAVE

Italian, 5'9", 210 lbs., HIV-, stocky, healthy, humpy, 42. Seeks mature chunky/heavy set, very V/A L/L. Master into having his boy take care of him. I have no hang-ups except no heavy pain or torture. If you are over 35, 210 lbs. and you think you can handle this write: P.O. Box 3058 Church St. PO, New York, NY 10008. Only photo's answered. [NY151193]

### N.Y.C. HUNGRY 4 SKIN

G.W.M., 47, 6'2", 175 lbs, blond/blue, self cut, restoring my 4 skin. Seeks U/C P.R. or European or Arab. Write. P.O. Box 647, Maspeth, N.Y. 11378. Or call 718-424-1064. No collect or J.O. calls. [NY151009]

### MACHO SLUT - USE ME!!

Macho Slut seeks well hung men to use me. Force me to be your pussy cunt whore. Offer hot wet mouth, nice big tits & tight pussy hole for your big fat uncut cock. Love groups, water sports, black men a plus. Your letter & photo gets mine. Lenny Waller, 3021 Briggs Ave. #ST1, Bronx, N.Y. 10458. [NY141010]

### UNCUT MEN & ADMIRERS

Looking to form a group in the N.Y.C. area of uncut men & men who worship them. For monthly parties & get togethers. The idea turn you on? Then whip it out now and start to write. The sooner you write the sooner we begin to party. Len, Suite F4, 496A Hudson St., New York, NY 10014. [NY141011]

## OHIO

### BLACK UNCUT COCK

Needs lots of sucking by stocky to heavy, mature Whites in the northern Ohio area or Ohio turnpike traveler: Stop at exit 8. I am 6'1", 210 pounds, with a big cock with a nice foreskin. If you like to suck uncut Black cock write: John D. Elliott, 220 Lake Avenue, Elyria, OH 44035-4902. [OH151298]

### CUT AS ADULT - SEEKS RECIRC

Seeks recircumcision to subject 6'7/8" rod to all-American tight cut it's hot for. Healthy Cleveland GWM, mid-50s, 5'11", 150#. Wants exchange correspondence, pictures or videos, with high and tight cut for advice, eventual hands-on exam, lengthy mutual J/O, oral sessions. Into military, initiation, med exam circumcision fantasies. (Uncut? Crave docking dry head inside your warm, moist foreskin to recall my uncut days.) Crew cut, short hair, boots are a big plus. Name of expert surgeon needed, any location. Write FQ Box 1191. [OH151191]

### SHAKER SQ/HOODED & HORNY

W/M, mid 50's, 6'2", 190 lbs., 7/2" uncut, big balls needing attention. Seeks: uncut/cut for mutual fun and safe satisfaction. Construction/trucker types and cops a turn on. Reply with photo if possible. Write: FQ Box 1155. [OH151155]

### INTENSE

Me: 44, 5'10", 162, GWM, Br/Br, dominate, sadistic, master, moustache, thinning hair, independent, masculine, hairy. You: gwm, submissive, masochistic, slave, younger, shorter, hot, slim or hunky body, bubble butt, masculine, blond, swimmer, student, jock, bodybuilder, construction, farm, or blue collar punk, but open to others. DRESS: leather, levis, uniforms, cowboy. INTERESTS: SM, CBT, TT, bondage, discipline, hot wax, spanking, ass beating, whipping, flogging, electrocution, constriction, spit, sweat. TOOLS: Whips, belts, paddles, straps, canes, cuffs, restraints, ropes, chains, gags, blindfolds, hoods, clamps, candles, generators, violet wands, cattle prods, rawhide, collars, bruches. CONDITIONS: Me: Drug free. you: non-abuser. Together: safe, sane, consensual, brutal, prolonged, INTENSE. Respond: SIR, P.O. Box 0821, Cincinnati, OH 45201. [OH151012]

## PENNSYLVANIA

### I CAN GET UNDER YOUR SKIN

W/M, 41, 6', 215, cut. Seeks 35-60+?, uncut. Size and physical attributes not as important as being a caring, loving, affectionate person. Red hair or balding are turn ons, but not necessary. Cuddling, fondling, kissing, FrA/P, docking are my interests. As well as sports (baseball), music, gay videos. Not into bar scene, drugs, alcohol, nor should you be. Picture is always appreciated, but not necessary. So let me, literally, get under your skin. FQ Box 1330. [PA151330]

### CUT BUT 3 1/2 YRS. STRETCHING

Ready to share with other uncut men what I now have, love and have always loved. French only, no Greek! Hunter Parker, 2039 E. Moyamensing Ave., #2 Front, Philadelphia, PA 19148-2545. [PA151270]

### WHITE MALE SEEKS TOP

W/M, 52, 6', 160#, French A&P, Greek passive. Come what may social evenings, married males a plus. Joseph Bucci, 499 W. Lancaster Ave., Apt. C-12, Downingtown, PA 19335. [PA151030]

# SKIN SEARCH

## TEXAS

### LATINO LOVES FORESKIN

Uncut Latino into docking, shaving, safe sex. Would like to meet or correspond with others with same desires. Write: P.O. Box 574, Cibolo, TX 78108-0574. [TX151239]

### MEAT IN HOUSTON

50's, 6'5", uncut, married. Needs complete discretion. Outdoors, massage, big nuts, aub hair, religious. Tit, ass, nutwork, loves to get naked & play with other hot, discrete guys. Drop me a line studs. Love other uncuts. HIV negative. Phil, PO Box 27701-381, Houston, TX 27227-7701. [TX161003]

### MESMERIZED BY FORESKIN

GWM, mature, cut, bottom. Fantasizes & dreams of uncut, white, masculine top with large equipment, 35 to 50 y.o. For mutual, creative and versatile encounters. No photo—just you, your big uncut cock and time to do exciting, hot things together. Write: FQ Box 1217. [TX171217]

### SKIN, PHOTOS, VIDEOS & ALL MAN

GWM, age 50, 5'8", 158 pounds, with eight full inches of fat uncut cock. Wanting to exchange photos, videos, hot letters and/or anything else you might find interesting and enjoying. I am into pumping, foreskin stretching, W/S, ball play, toys, man smells, sweat, hairy bodies, light kink and light S&M. Only safe sex in all areas of enjoyment. Prefer men from 30 to 65, but will answer all. All letters with photo answered first with photo in return. Karl Luger, PO Box 950, Trinity, TX 75862-0950. [TX141004]

## VIRGINIA

### FORESKIN WORSHIPER

Does your skin hang long, loose and thick, accompanied by a pair of big, low hangers? Do you have the makings of a zesty cheese factory? Place them in the hands of a man that truly appreciates them. Northern Virginia/D.C. area. Write: F.Q. Box 1284. [VA151284]

## WASHINGTON

### FORE-SKINNED ALIVE

Good looking, 30s, top. Seeks other top or bottom. Nicely hung semi-cut seeking uncuts under 40 who need foreskin abuse. Meeting or hot correspondence. Stretching, inflating, tying, shaving, docking, pumping, possible piercing, videotaping, stills. Write: James L., 506-177 Telegraph Rd #506, Bellingham, WA 98226. [WA151280]



NATIONWIDE

FQ1265

## WASHINGTON, D.C.

### DUPONT CIRCLE AREA

GWM, 5'9", 145 lbs., hairy, 50s, bearded. Seeks uncut, mature, horny men for long sessions of foreskin worship: chewing, licking, tonguing, docking, etc. I have partially restored my foreskin on 7 1/2" x 2" of cock. One-on-one, but my desire is to have a room full of long, juicy foreskins that I can worship for hours. Daytime, nighttime, Saturdays, too. Want to form foreskin lovers group in D.C. Also into J/O, jockstraps, exhibitionism, voyeurism, and dildos. Visitors to D.C. welcome. I live near major hotels in mid-town D.C. Call: Ed (202) 331-8361. [DC151237]

## WISCONSIN

### DOCK WORKER

GWM, mature, red/blonde beard & hair, dock worker. Interested in lean, hairy men. Truckers passing thru on I-94 & I-43 welcome. Spankers a plus. Call: (414) 645-0137 late evenings or write (with photo if possible) to: P.O. Box 75061, Milwaukee, WI 53215. [WI151214]

## NATIONWIDE

### BLACK/WHITE FREAK SCENES

Uncut, black, daddy dick sought by hungry white freak for foreskin stretching, visual and verbal worship, licking and sucking. Freak boy is very handsome, 40, 6'2", 180, hung, cut, thick, very oral, safe (no Greek), and imaginative. Prefer over 30, in-shape, well hung. What's your fantasy? Can travel. Write: Box 15402, Washington, D.C. 20003. [NA151254]

### TRUCKERS

W/M, 36, 6', 200#, versatile, 8" uncut. Wants to meet all men, but especially truckers for hot sex, mutual or 1-way. Parking available. Hairy, uncut, raunchy sex all a plus. Like photo (nude) and letter exchange with pen-pals, too. Write: JQK, 722 W. McDonald, Seymour, IN 47274-2860. [NA151158]

### HUNG, KINKY CUM FREAK

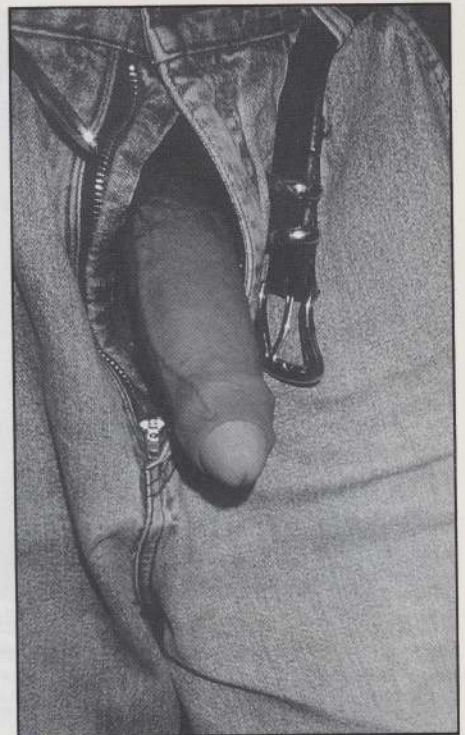
Uncut, BiWM, 8 1/2" x 5 1/2" cock, big balls. Loves all the foreskin games, water sports, golden showers, French A/P, Greek A/P, facial cum showers, J/O, cock/ball/tit pumping, photo and video exchange. Into large gaping cock slits, large mushroom cockheads, long overhang (for docking) and heavy cum loads. I'm 59, 5'11", 170 lbs., beard & mustache. Will meet with uncut/cut dicks in Denver, CO area and Navy base towns, both coasts. HIV- Write L.R., P.O. Box 2041, Boulder, CO 80306. [NA151228]

### LETS CUT THE CRAP!

I want to make it with depraved men with smelly foreskins: the bigger the better. I'll do to your dick what you can't, and do it the way you would if you could. Ideal scenario #1: You, me, toilet, gloryhole, white boxer shorts, and your smelly U/C cock! Ideal scenario #2: Being part of your ideal scenario #1. Your age, appearance, etc., nothing compared to your depravity and attitude. I'm 52 and have been sucking dick since 5 or 6. Coming to New Orleans? Call me: (504) 522-9950. Attention cut-cocked men: re-read ad and omit the words "foreskin" and "U/C". [NA151226]

### SUBMISSIVE FORESKIN...

On Iowa stud that is fortunate to travel coast to coast. CBT and TT are turn-ons. Honesty & openness are essential. Call: (515) 532-3707 or write: FQ Box 1265. Photo: FQ1265 [NA151265]



CLUBS

FQ1006

### OLDER MEN WANTED

By handsome, tall, slim built, 38 y.o., extremely hairy guy. Gr A/P, Fr A/P, plus more. Interest in men 40+ with average to large endowment. Your looks and weight unimportant. So cum on and write to this hairy cajun guy. Let's meet and get it on with some good, old-fashioned man to man sex! Write to: Chuck, P.O. Box 933, Litcher, LA, 70071. Or call 504-869-5807 after 8 p.m. [NA151213]

### MATURE MASTER

Trains slaves by mail who are into pain and willing to open up to interrogation. M.K.W. P.O. Box 1618 Ogden, UT 84402 [NA171013]

### MUTUAL FORESKIN WORSHIP!

GWM, 35, 6 ft., 170#, hairy, 8" uncut, long foreskin, fanatical foreskin fetishist. Seeks uncuts for hot sessions of foreskin worship. Into almost any foreskin scene, including skin master/slave, skin torture, W/S, 69, J/O, exhibitionism, voyeurism, hot skin talk, stretching, and docking. Mainly oral, aural, visual and tactile. Extra-long skins get extra special attention. F.Q. Box 1033. [NA151033]

### EASY STREET

That is what life will be with this prominent entrepreneur, 40 year old, heavyset white male. I am fun to be with, honest, loyal and caring. So, if you enjoy the fine things in life, then don't pass me up. Send exposing photos and descriptive letter with a means of contacting you to: Suite 728, 218 Rockaway Turnpike, Cedarhurst, New York, 11516 [NY 191005]

### STRETCHERS AND EXCHANGERS

GWM, 42, 5'10", 180 lbs. Built to Last! Would like to connect with other guys interested in foreskin restoration. Let's exchange methods. Local man needed to stretch my finger full of new foreskin over parts of your anatomy. Nude photo exchange! Your pix gets mine! All response answered in kind. J. Norman, 1605 - 12th Ave., Studio 30, Seattle, WA 98122-2467. [NA151015]

### COMPULSORY CIRCUMCISION

Uncut researcher (6'1", blue eyes, brown hair/moustache, 41—looks younger) seeks facts on

# SKIN SEARCH



**UNCUT** FQ1311

forced circumcisions in the military, service academies, orphanages, seminaries, boarding schools, etc. (Did a family doctor, step-parent, gym coach push it?) Experiences growing up uncut in America also sought. Also seek uncut friends, 18-50, for fun and good times in Philadelphia area and nationwide. Send your experiences (with phone # and photo if possible) to: Duncan, POB 93, Palmyra, NJ 08065-0093. Or call (609) 829-7865 from 6 p.m. - midnight EST, weekends 9 a.m. to midnight. [NA151025]

## YOUR SKIN & BONES

I'm fat and 52 and lonesome. The more your ribs stick out the more I'm turned on and want to squeeze. Your not too skinny for me. The more I squeeze your skinny body the more I will fall in love. Permanent real love! Please send photo of rib bones and skinny waist to Chuck Jones, PO Box 33336, Coon Rapids, Minn. 55433. Let me squeeze and kiss you today! [NA16-1000]

## INTERNATIONAL

### NATURAL BEAUTY SEARCH

Non-racist Christian GWM, 57, 5'10", 176 lbs., global beach rover. In search of healthy, slender, feminine or masculine young workers, or in college or military (non-smokers) with skin (without optional), under 26 who appreciate a loyal natural skin collector (friend). Write To: W.B., P.O. Box 251, Wilmington, DE 19899-0251, USA. Photo appreciated. All answered. [INT151269]

## PERSONAL

### FORESKIN IN MID-HUDSON VALLEY

Uncut, 6 feet, 180 pounds, hairy, natural build. Looking for other uncuts into hot foreskin action — stretching, docking, J/O, chewing, tonguing, etc. Also cuts into stretching methods to regain foreskin. Prefer hairy bodies, snug to tight foreskins, and heavy cheese. (914) 868-7288 weekday nights. [PR151026]

## RAUNCHY 'LIL DADDY

Booted, pierced nips, hot 35, 5'8", 145#, hairy, cut. Seeks boy or equal with big, cheesy, raunchy uncut to compare with 'Lil Dad's 9" to slobber and chew on. Cheesier the better. WS, cigars, boots, leather, jockstraps and party favors great. Photo, phone and save it for Daddy Neal Justice. FQ Box 1001. [PR161001]

## UNCUT

### CLASSIC UNCUT COCK

Seeking cock worshipping cocksucker who can take my 9" uncut beauty. Nearly 8" at the base when erect, you'll have to open wide and swallow me whole. Nice long foreskin covering whole cock head when erect, too. Write: J.D., Box 590112, San Francisco, CA 94159. Photo FQ1311 [UC151311]

### NO RECIPROCATION NECESSARY

White male, mid 60's, 5'8", 190#. Enjoy cut or uncut. No reciprocation necessary. (518) 374-5403. [UC151034]

## CUT OR UNCUT

### FATHER FIGURE - WISCONSIN

House Boy needed: room and board supplied—some spending money. By mature, stable, understanding man. Looks, age, nationality unimportant. Must be kind, friendly & honest. Write me today. Let's get to know each other. Picture would be nice with letter. Send to: Keith, 924 South 13th St., Manitowoc, WI 54220. [CX151020]

## ORGANIZATIONS

### N.O.C.I.R.C. OF NEW JERSEY

Working to end unchosen circumcision and female genital mutilation; also provides information about foreskin restoration surgery. Very informative newsletter and publications. N.O.C.I.R.C. of New Jersey, P.O. Box 562, Lakehurst, NJ 08773-0562. [OS151192]

## CLUBS

### TRADE PHOTOS

Wanna hear from, and trade with photographers who do erotica of ethnic groups, especially Thai, East Indians, South Americans, Cubans, French, Salvadorians, Puerto Ricans. Close up uncuts and collectors from other countries. Edwardo (213) 876-2089. Photo: FQ1006 [CL141006]

## MAIL ORDER

### MISTER RED (LEATHER)

The original LeatherBear, delux strap slings, portable slings, wrist & ankle shackles, collars, full line of leather gear. Send \$1 for complete list of leather gear & toys to: Mister Red, 2455 18th Ave, San Francisco, CA 94116. [ML151019]

### INCH AND 1/2 OVERHANG

Have and looking for! Please respond to 10", hung & overhang by picture and J.O. letter to a "man" seeking a "man". Send phone number so I can call for a J.O. session. Write: Dale G. 4171 Battersea Rd., Miami, FL 33133. [ML151296]

## MASSAGE

### FULL BODY/CRYSTALHEALING

Me 23, 165, 6'1", Brown Hair, Blue Eyes, Hung Good Looking. Friendly Warm & Sensual. Page Mark at (310) 992-1901 24 Hours. [MAS179999]

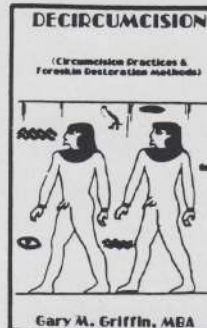
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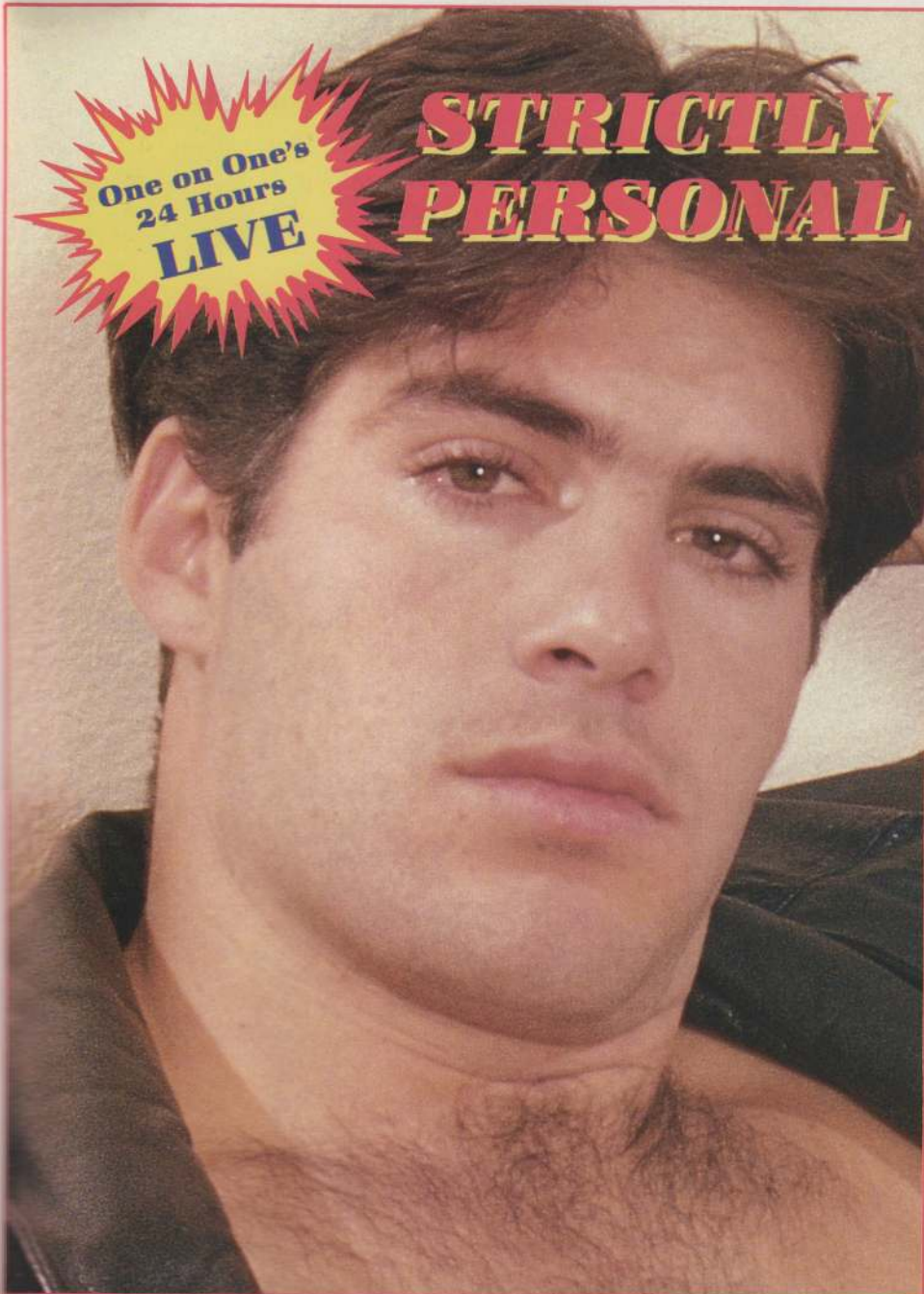
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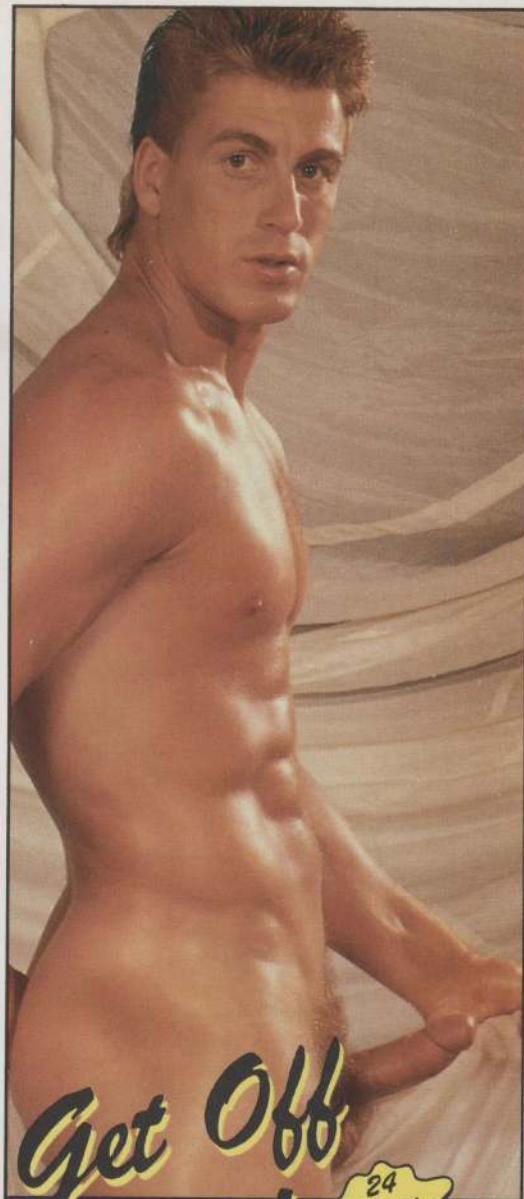
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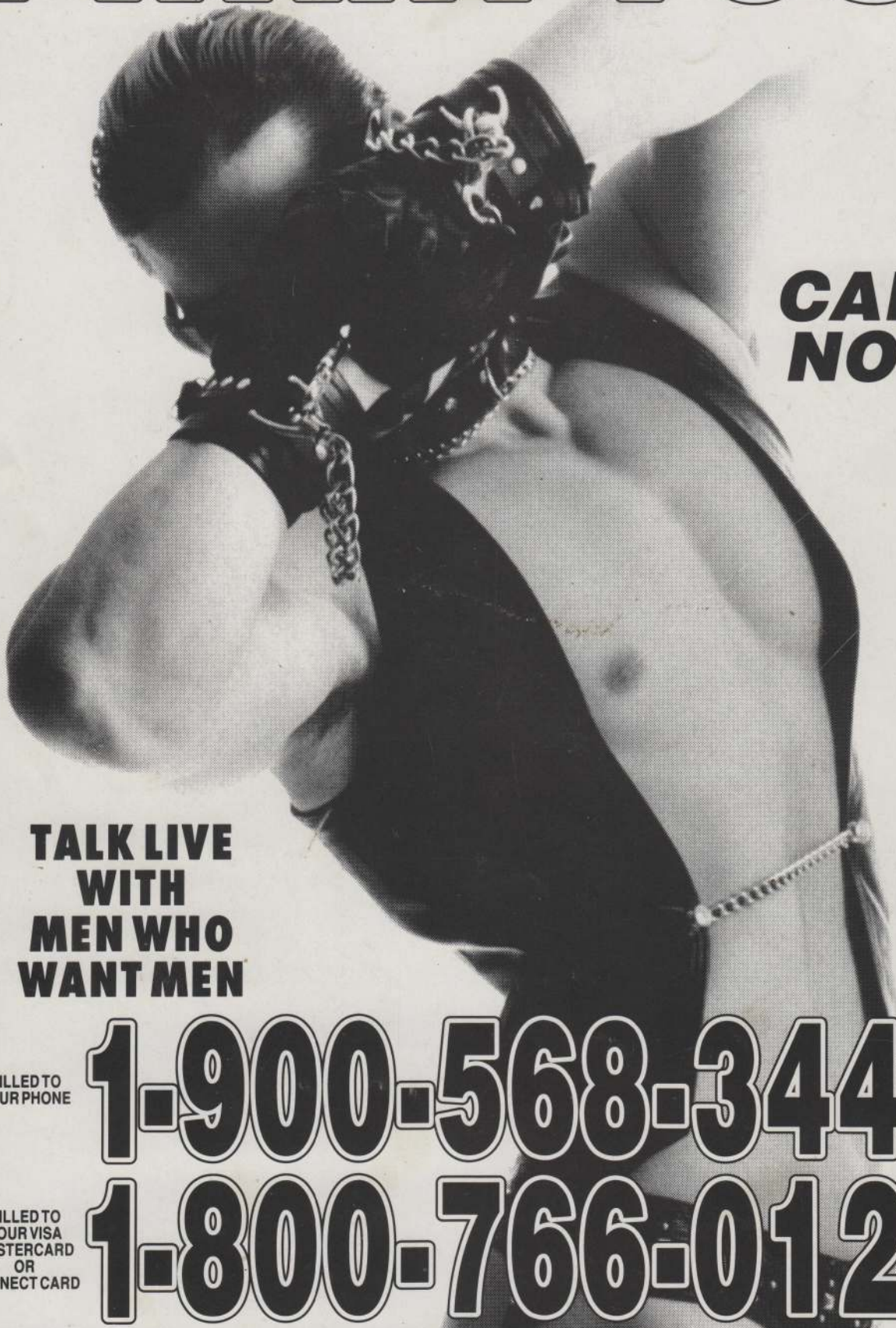
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