

**FORESKIN QUARTERLY #20**

# **FQ**

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Photography by Kristen Bjorn

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR & TO THE READERS OF **FQ**

## LOVES RIPE CHEESE

Dear *Foreskin Quarterly*,

In Issue #18, one of your readers, J.H., asked, "Where's the cheese?" I agree—so in the hope that some of your readers may be encouraged to write in with similar interests, I am writing to express my overwhelming interest in ripe, cheesy foreskin. I'm an avid cheese lover—I get turned on at the mention of the stuff, let alone the sight, taste and smell of uncut cheesy meat! Unfortunately I'm cut, but all my friends/lovers have been uncut, and most have kept me regularly provided with loads of cheese to sniff, lick and chew.

I am enclosing a true account of a regular cheese provider, and others I have known. Also a cheese "fantasy" I wrote, as well as a drawing done informally by a friend of mine. As this is the sort of thing I would like to see and read in *FQ* (and judging from many of the personal ads, so would many of your readers), I hope you may be able to use them sometime.

Signed, Paul, London, England

Thanks, Paul—

I love your enthusiasm—and your stories. Your observation of the fetishes expressed in our personal ads is certainly on track. Look for your true story on page 38. Also, I'm using your fantasy in Issue 21. Hot! Very hot. So, guys—how about sending us more material like Paul's? (Not cheese per se, but whatever excites you.) We want more of your skin experiences!

—LD

## EARLIER MAIL?

Hey, guys,

You keep on getting better. Thanks for getting it all together, and so deliciously well done!

My issue arrives long after the magazine hits the newsstands. Any possibility of earlier mailing to give us diehard foreskin lovers a preview of ecstasy before everyone else has seen it? If we're fortunate enough to be intact and a subscriber, or even cut and a subscriber, give us a perk. Thanks for continuing to be a joy to enjoy.

Signed, WB

Glad you're with us, WB—

Sorry your mags have been arriving late. In the future, we are making sure all subscribers' issues are mailed before the shipments go out to the stores. We can't make promises for the US Postal Service, but here's hoping the problem is solved. Thanks for your letter. Stay with us!

—LD

## MORE BERKELEY LETTERS

Dear Sir,

I have received the last issue of *Foreskin Quarterly*. I think each issue is better than the previous one. Since I am uncut, I enjoy the pictures in your magazine very much.

I read the letter from Joe on page 30 (*FQ18*), and I would like to tell you that I, too, had sent Bud Berkeley \$25, on June 30, 1995, with a letter. I waited until September 15, 1995, and since I had not heard from him, I sent him a follow-up letter. I still, to this date, have not had a word from him.

Signed, JP, Minneapolis, MN

Well, JP—

We have received so many letters regarding Mr. Berkeley that it's impossible to answer them all. However, we want to assure all our readers that the relationship between Bud Berkeley/USA and *FQ*/Brush Creek Media no longer exists. Wish we could help those who lost money.

—LD

## NEW FAN

Dear *FQ*,

Saw my first copy—have had to sign up for more! Subscription enclosed. I've also enclosed my ad. Hope I hear from someone. Ramsford from #17 would be more than welcome to write! (Could you perhaps give him some encouragement?) Anyway, I look forward to my next copy of *FQ* and, with any luck, some response to my ad.

Keep up the work, and I'll keep peeling it back.

Signed, RH, Herferdshire, England

Welcome, RH—

Glad to have you aboard! And, while you're peeling it back, why don't you send in a picture of your dick to include with

your ad? We'd enjoy it, and who knows? You might get more replies!

—LD

## LOYAL LONGTIME FAN

Dear Joseph,

I have been with *FQ* since its tabloid days printed on newsprint. Like many readers have said in "Letters to the Editor," I had found my niche and come home. I felt like *Foreskin Quarterly* is my magazine!

I have always liked the fact that *FQ* seemed to be a step away from the crowd. Even its name signifies that—*Foreskin Quarterly*! Hell, mainstream America en masse finds the subject of foreskin embarrassing, remains reticent on the subject and would like to eliminate it entirely!

But an interest in foreskin cuts through the strata of society and classifications that would separate and define its members.

I not only welcome Joseph Bean back, as the Editor, but I want to welcome him home! I applaud his appeal for reader participation. I think reader participation is a vital key for *FQ*'s successful future. I want to blend my particular interest in foreskin, under his direction, with those of other readers. I think that, together, we can create a tapestry rich in color—like *FQ* was in its formative years!

And I want to do my part. In the 10 years I have been reading *FQ*, I'm sorry to say, I have bought only one initial subscription. I want to change that. So here's my subscription renewal along with the promise that I will send in my stories, articles, ads. And I will share my ideas and opinions with you. I like the magazine's current direction!

Signed, John Breadstill, Seattle, WA

Dear John—

Thank you! Not only for your subscription, but for your loyalty. We look forward to receiving your stories, etc. As a new editor on board, you can rest assured that I am under Joseph's guiding hand, and will do my best to keep *FQ* on its new track. I've passed your personal note on to Joseph. Thanks again!

—LD

## A Letter from the Editor

Welcome to Tomorrow, 'Skin-seekers:

"Tomorrow?" you ask. Yep, *FQ* is moving along into yet another new phase with a new editor, one I know you will approve of completely. Meet LeRoy Dysart. I'm not going away, just moving over a little to give working space to someone who can give the magazine more time and attention than I can. I'll still be Managing Editor and I'll be keeping a close eye on *FQ*, of course.

In fact, one of the benefits of having LeRoy on as Editor of the magazine is that I will be a little more free to write things for it. Get set, the first direct effect of this is coming up in issue 21: I have interviewed Kristen Bjorn. In the interview, we talked a bit about his history and video making—both interesting topics—but Bjorn gave me some even more interesting commentary on the foreskin fetish and how/why it happens to be a American reality.

LeRoy will certainly be doing some interviews in the future. In fact, we're already hoping for a trans-world interview with director Georges DuRoy, and I think Jean Daniel Cadinot would be a subject worth talking to as well. Don't you?

So, what can we all expect of tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow with Mr. Dysart at the helm of *our* magazine? Even in this issue, you will begin to notice a fresh outlook and a tremendous flair for creative approaches to the look of the magazine and its content. What's more, LeRoy is the kind of person who will take *FQ* and its readers seriously and make time to, so to say, do it right.

He doesn't come to us with a hidden agenda or plans of his own, he comes with skills and talents and a willingness (which I hope you also noticed in me) to make the magazine what the readers want it to be.

Give LeRoy a hand when you can by sending in news clippings, true stories, fantasies, pictures, and art work that other *FQ* readers might enjoy. The more material he has to consider, the better magazine he can make, and the more contributors he is able to draw on for the magazine the broader and more inclusive the viewpoint of the magazine will be. In short, sharing is an opportunity for both pleasure and learning, and *FQ* is a place where the sharing can be very important.

Drop LeRoy a line and let him know what you like and don't like about this issue. I'll bet the "don't likes" will be things I made him do.... No, I don't want to think that.... *Enjoy!*

*Joseph W. Bean, Managing Editor*



**FORESKIN  
QUARTERLY**

*Issue #20*  
*Spring 1996*  
Printed in the U. S. A.

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All models appearing in this magazine are 18 years of age or older. Proofs of age and other records required by section 2257 of title 18, United States code, with respect to this magazine are kept by the custodian of records at the following address: Mr. Richard Meyerson, Custodian of Records, Brush Creek Media, Inc., 367 Ninth St., San Francisco, CA 94103. Date of issuance: March 25, 1996.

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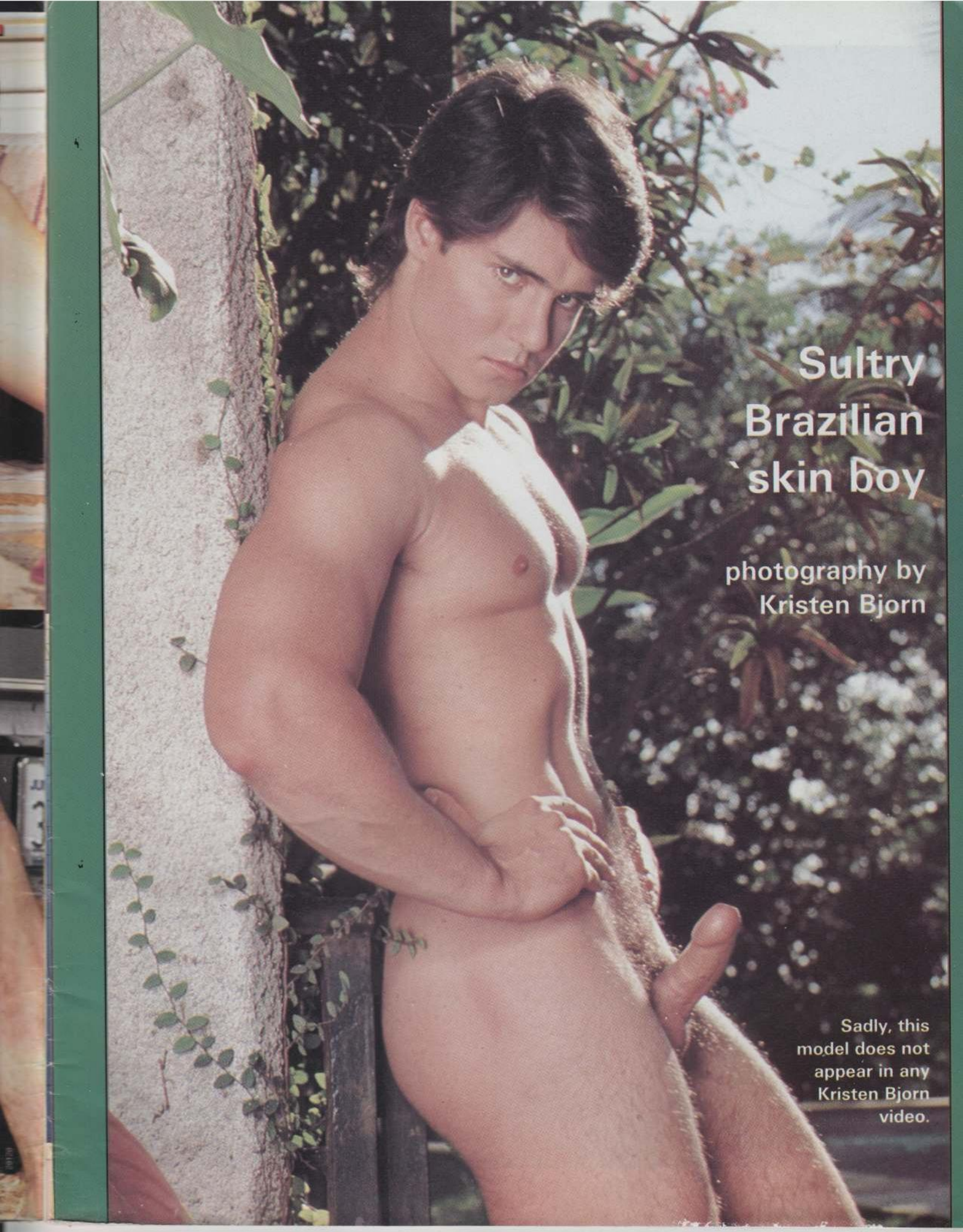
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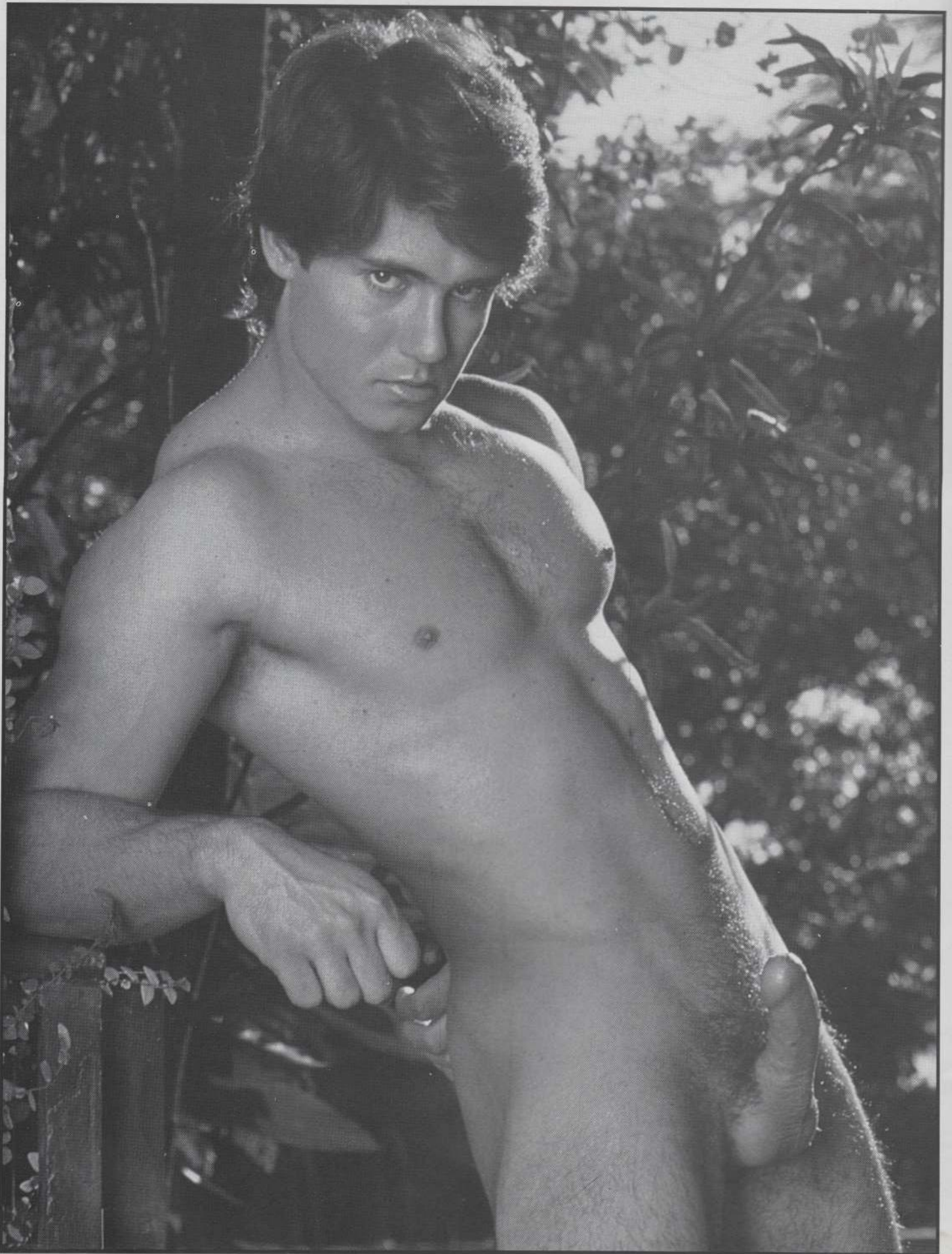
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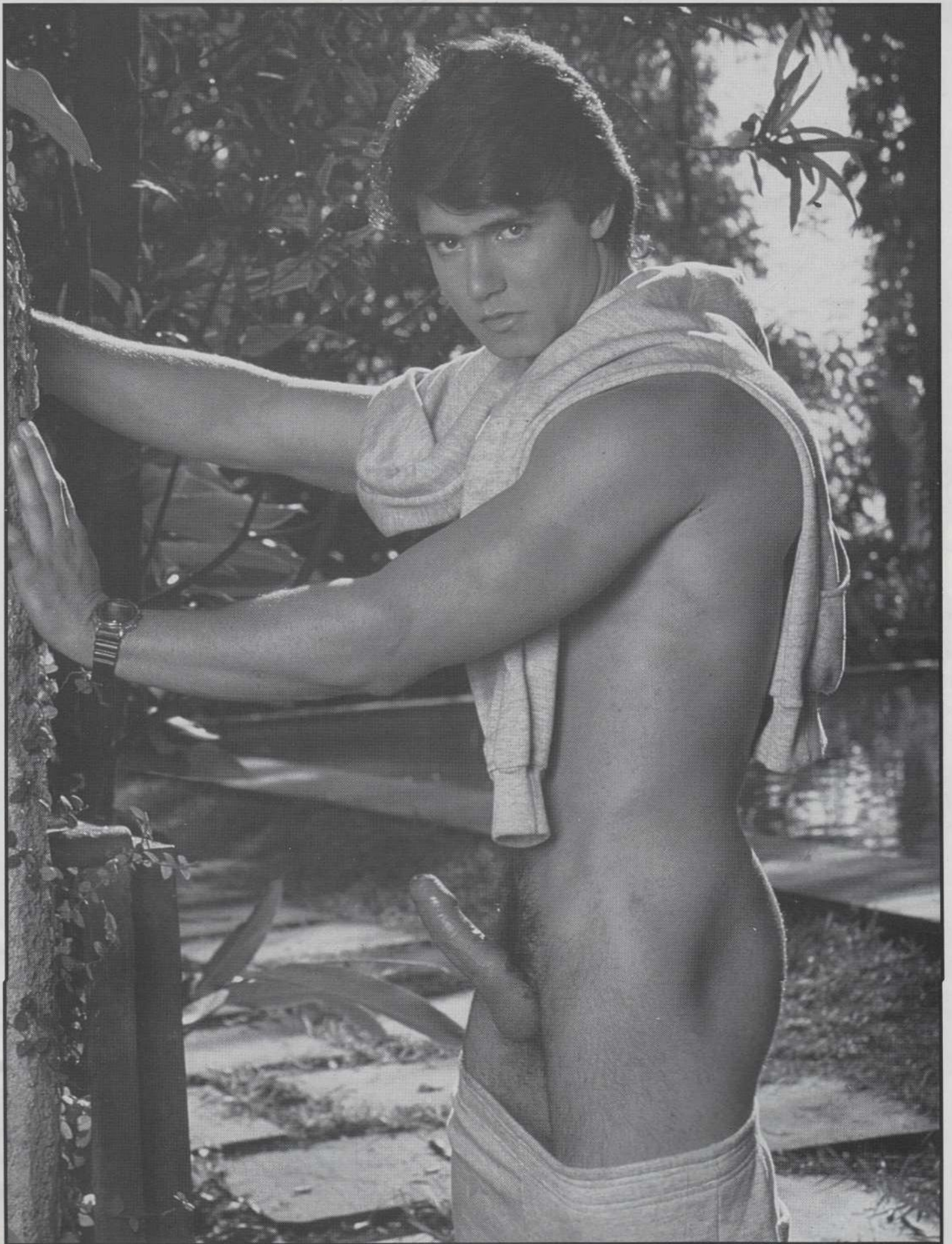
A photograph of a very muscular man with dark hair, shirtless, leaning against a tree trunk. He is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. The background is filled with lush green foliage and trees. The lighting is bright, suggesting an outdoor tropical environment. The man's physique is highly defined, showing his chest, abdominal muscles, and arms. He is holding a small object, possibly a cigarette, in his right hand near his waist.

**Sultry  
Brazilian  
skin boy**

photography by  
Kristen Bjorn

Sadly, this  
model does not  
appear in any  
Kristen Bjorn  
video.







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# LUST AT 40,000 FEET

by J. David Michaels  
illustrated by MATT

**"R**oad Construction Next 10 Miles" flashed on the Department of Transportation sign beside the road. I stared at it, almost hypnotized by the green dots spelling out what I was all too familiar with. The traffic was at a total standstill, the air conditioning in my car was barely keeping me from suffocating in the intense heat and auto exhaust fumes. I was seriously doubting that I would make it to the airport in time to catch my flight to San Francisco. I had even left early so I would be able to get there on time and have a few minutes to relax before boarding.

Finally, the traffic started moving at a snail's pace. Maybe there was yet hope of catching that flight. "Shit!" I exclaimed, slamming the steering wheel with my fist, as the traffic again ground to a slow halt. The massive traffic jam made me wish I could move so far away from people that it would take \$5 to send me a postcard.

After about 30 minutes of creeping forward at what appeared to be only inches at a time, I caught a glimpse of the airport exit. I drove on the shoulder of the road until I was able to take the exit. I had only 20 minutes to get my baggage checked and make it to the departure gate when I finally parked my car in the long-term parking lot.

Racing frantically, I checked my baggage and ran swiftly to the departure area. After passing security, I virtually ran the rest of the way to gate 60. I arrived just before the door to the jetway was closed. Fortunately, I had already reserved my seat when I made reservations for the flight. I ran down the jetway to the waiting aircraft, knowing that I would finally have at least six hours to take it easy during the flight.

I stowed my carry-on bag in the overhead compartment and took my seat just as the door to the aircraft was closed by one of the flight attendants. This was going to be a long flight. It was a dinner flight and a movie was going to be shown as well. I didn't care about any of the frills, I was just happy that I had made it in time to catch the flight. I just wanted to get the hell away from the madhouse city that I reluctantly call my home.

Two flight attendants made a pass down the aisle, checking to see if everyone's seat belt was fastened. My heart practically stopped and jumped into my throat when I looked up and into the face of the flight attendant who was in charge of checking my aisle. He was the most handsome man I have ever had the privilege to lust over.

His uniform displayed his muscular male physique very well. As I glanced down his neat, professional uniform, I saw a bulge that told me he was well-endowed. He had blond hair, a neatly trimmed mustache and the most piercing blue eyes I had ever gazed into. I couldn't help but look him straight in the eyes and swoon like a love-smitten schoolboy.

When our eyes met, I could see that there was an equal spark of interest in his eyes. He paused for a while by my seat, to open and shut the overhead compartment, looking down at me as he did so. I watched his eyes move to my crotch to check out my equipment, a classic sign of "family".

"Hi," he said, causing me to practically melt into my shoes.

I hoped and prayed that he would be my flight attendant all the way to San Francisco. For the first time in all of my traveling career, I watched with intense interest as this handsome stud demonstrated the seat belts and safety features of the airplane.

I watched his body and, as it moved so gracefully, I noticed that he was in almost perfect physical shape. His golden tan told me that he was a man who liked the outdoors.

After we were underway and had reached our cruising altitude, the flight attendants began taking dinner orders. As the requests for dinner were being taken, I noticed that the female flight attendant was on my side of the aisle. The handsome flight attendant peeked back at me and must have noticed the disappointed look on my face. He leaned over and whispered something to the other flight attendant, and they quickly switched aisles.

I waited impatiently as he took orders from the people in front of me. When he stopped at my seat, he noticed that the seat beside me was vacant. "Traveling alone, huh?" he commented.

*As I glanced down his neat uniform, I saw a bulge...  
"Traveling alone, huh?"  
he commented.  
I could feel my cock stiffening in my pants. I was totally intoxicated by this guy...*

I quickly responded, "Yes, just me!"

Handing me a menu, he pointed out the selections to me. I tingled as his knee brushed against my leg. As I pointed out my selection to him, he leaned over and held his face very close to mine as he confirmed my selection. Actually, all I wanted was to order large quantities of time with him—to hell with dinner!

I looked into his eyes again, and he returned my gaze and held it for a while. "Wow!" I mouthed silently. He winked at me, touched my hand gently and then moved on to the next row of seats.

I closed my eyes, trying frantically to maintain my composure. I could feel my cock stiffening in my pants. I was totally intoxicated by this guy's sensual beauty. He tugged at my hormones like I was his sex puppet. I peered over my seat and caught a glance of him looking back at me. He smiled, and I smiled warmly in return.

When he walked by me on his way back to the front of the plane, he looked down at me and winked again. This time I winked back at him. My heart was pounding like a drum in a marching band. I was simply overcome with intense lust for this hunky stud.

About 30 minutes later, dinner was served. As he took the tray off of the cart, I noticed that he took a card out of his blazer pocket and slipped it under the napkin on my tray nonchalantly, then continued down the aisle.

I waited until the other flight attendant had passed by before I reached under the napkin to retrieve the clandestine note that he had slipped to me. As I read it, I could hardly contain my excitement.

It read, "*Hi, I'm Scott. I couldn't help but notice that we both are obviously attracted to each other. Let's get together for a drink in SF. Just give me the OK sign if you will!*"

I felt just like a schoolboy passing notes in class again! I didn't wait for him to pass by my seat; I peeped over my seat again and again until our eyes met. I gave him a high OK sign! He smiled brightly and continued serving dinner to other passengers.

After dinner, the cabin lights were dimmed for the movie. I wasn't the least bit interested in the movie, so I got up to go to the restroom. As I approached the multiple restrooms in the back of the plane, Scott came up to me.

"I see you got my message," Scott said as he reached out and touched my forearm.

"I sure did, and it was certainly welcome!" I responded.

"I was taking quite a chance by writing that note," Scott admitted, "but I just had to find a way to see you after the flight!"

"Are you scheduled to fly somewhere else tonight?" I asked, hoping that the answer would be no.

"No, I live in San Francisco. I'm up for a weekend off after this flight!"

"Yes!" I thought.

"Are you going to San Francisco for business or pleasure?" Scott asked.

"It's for business," I answered, "but I'm not opposed to having some pleasure mixed in with the business. I don't have to be at work until Monday, so I have the weekend free also!"

"Oh," Scott exclaimed, giving me a look that would liquefy solid marble.

Scott motioned for me to follow him. He led me into a tiny room lined with microwaves and coffee machines. He pulled the folding door closed behind us, reached out and drew me close to him. We kissed passionately, tongue-fucking each other's hot, waiting mouths. I could feel my cock becoming rock hard, and as I pushed closer against him, I could feel his throbbing erection pressing against my stomach.

I reached down and gently stroked his powerful cock through his sexy gray uniform pants. He returned the favor by stroking my stiff cock. We may have been flying at 40,000 feet, but that burning, hot, passionate feeling left me flying much higher than that.

"Thanks for the preview!" I said as I left the tiny room.

"I think I'll stay in here for a little while, at least until things get back down to a more manageable size," Scott said, laughing and pointing to the

most beautiful silhouette of a cock I had ever feasted my eyes upon.

I was so drunk on lust, I completely forgot that I had to go to the restroom, or that my cock was roaring-hard and protruding obviously in my pants. I walked back to my seat—drawing some peculiar stares from other passengers—and sat in a daze for several minutes.

The last portion of the flight dragged by slowly. I tried to sleep, but I was so hyped up that I couldn't concentrate on anything but Scott! I was in the highest mode of anticipation after tasting Scott's warm lips and feeling his hot tongue probe my mouth. I remembered the feeling of excitement as I reached down to stroke his hard, throbbing cock through his uniform pants.

I replayed the entire scene of our meeting in the tiny kitchen of the airplane over and over in my mind until we landed. I was trying hard to imagine how Scott would look totally naked. I actually needed to see him naked, to hold him, to be close to him; it was a very real desire as powerful as hunger or thirst.

As everyone else filed off of the airplane, I remained seated impatiently. I waited until everyone else had left the plane before I got up to leave. Scott was standing beside all the other flight attendants at the exit door of the plane. His beautiful eyes met mine as I turned to walk through the door and out of the plane. He winked again. I returned the wink and proceeded up the jetway into the terminal.

I waited for about 10 minutes before I saw Scott enter the airport through a door marked "Employees Only."

"Are you ready for that drink now?" he asked as he approached me.

"I sure am!" I responded. "Lead the way!"

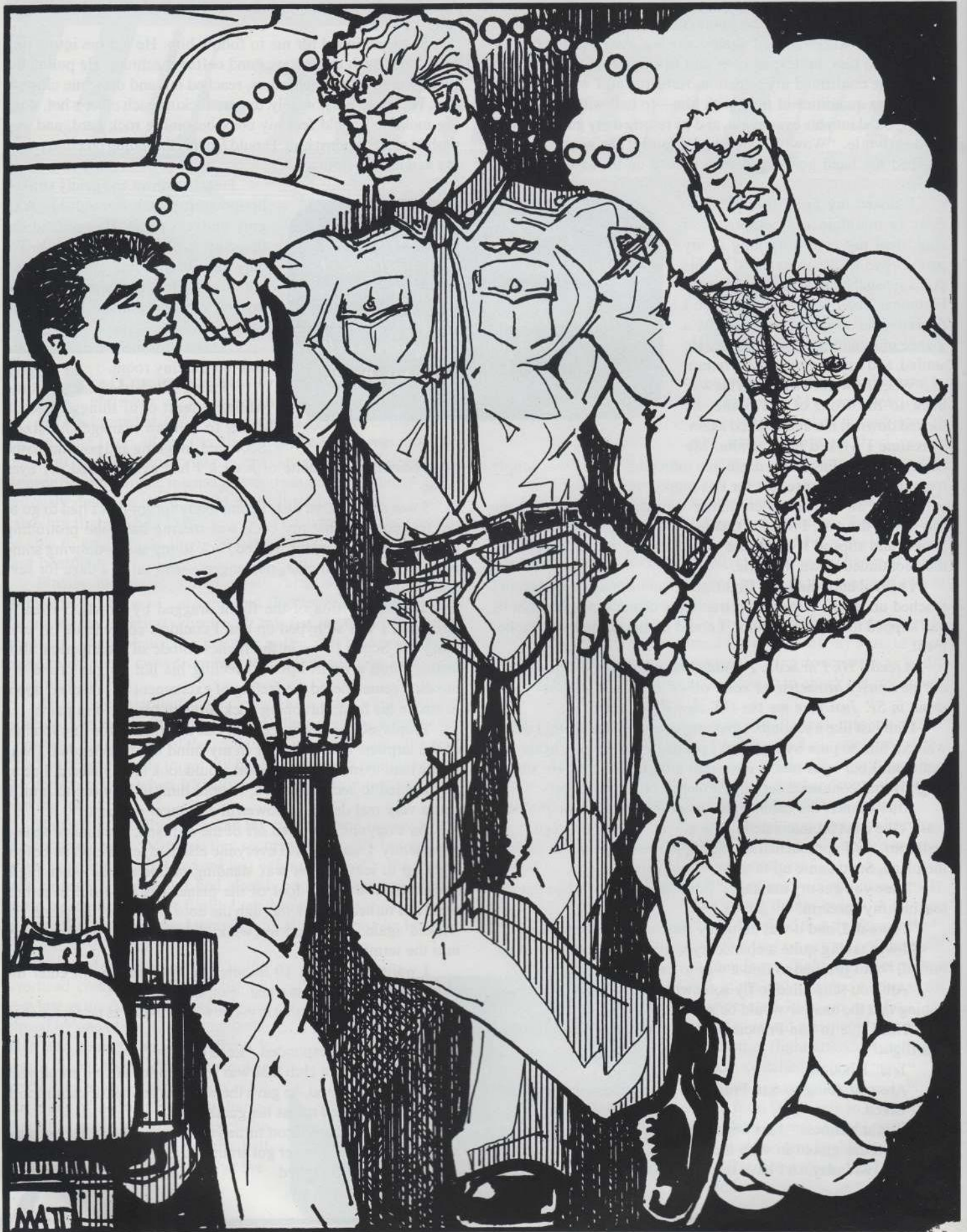
We walked to a club that was reserved for airline employees only. As Scott entered, he gave the waitress an identification card, and then introduced me as his guest.

We sat down, and Scott turned to me and asked, "By the way, what's your name? I never got around to asking you on the plane."

"I'm David," I replied.

*I stroked his powerful cock through his sexy gray uniform. I was so drunk on lust that my cock was roaring-hard and protruding obviously in my pants.*





"I swear to you, David," Scott said, "I took a huge chance by slipping you a note and kissing you in the kitchen. The airline would fire my ass in a heartbeat if they found out!"

"Believe me," I responded, "they will never find out from me. And obviously, it was certainly welcome!"

I looked deep into his beautiful, blue eyes and drank in the very essence of his manly, passionate soul. We talked for about 15 minutes over a drink, then he suggested that I should get my luggage.

Scott walked with me to the baggage area, I claimed my luggage, then felt my heart sink with the thought that I might have to say goodnight to this beautiful man that had swept into my life like a tornado.

"Do you have a room while you're here in San Francisco?" Scott asked.

"Yes, I'm staying at the Plaza right next to the airport," I responded.

"I'll drive you over there," Scott offered.

"That would be just great!" I returned.

Scott helped me carry my luggage to his car, then he drove me to the hotel.

"Do you really want to stay here tonight?" Scott asked as we pulled up to the hotel's entranceway.

"What other choices do I have?" I asked, actually hoping that he would offer something cozier.

"Well," Scott said, "you could stay with me at my place! You won't need to rent a car until Sunday evening. I'll be happy to drive you anywhere you need to go!"

"In that case," I replied, "take me home, baby!" Scott smiled, and we pulled away from the hotel.

On the drive to Scott's house, we talked and got to know each other pretty well. The entire way to his house, Scott kept one hand on my crotch and massaged my throbbing cock. Of course, I kept a hand on his crotch, stroking its length and reaching under it to feel his hot nuts, which were obviously brimming with hot manjuice.

Scott had been a flight attendant for only one year. Before that, he worked in the airport as a ticket agent. When cutbacks came along, he applied for a position as a flight attendant, received training, and moved into the flight attendant program.

Scott was about the same age as me, early 30's. He did not have a lover, but, like me, was looking for one. He was looking for a hot top, and I was looking for a hot bottom. We connected perfectly on all levels. I traveled with my job and often visited San Francisco, which we both agreed would be a positive thing going for us. The drive to his home was like a victory drive for me. Somehow, I couldn't believe it was happening to me.

When we arrived, I was pleased to find a neatly trimmed two-story house, complete with a terra cotta-roof and a neatly manicured lawn. It was dark outside, but I could see enough from the streetlights to tell that he kept his house and yard in immaculate shape. Scott opened the door for me and helped me take my bags into the house.

The living room was beautifully furnished with all types of antique furniture. The hardwood floors were accented by finely woven Oriental rugs. He asked me to make myself at home, so the first thing I did was reach over and pull him up close to me and

kiss him. He responded by holding on tightly and tongue-fucking me passionately.

Our bodies remained pressed together, feeling the warmth from our tight embrace. I could feel his stiff cock against my already rock-hard ramrod. I moved my hips from side to side so that our cocks rubbed together as we remained locked tightly in each other's embrace. The feelings were electric, sending wave after wave of hot pleasure through our bodies.

I reached down and placed my hands on his asscheeks, then gripped them tightly and massaged them. Scott moaned with pleasure as I played with his firm, rounded asscheeks.

We kissed for quite a while, savoring each other's soft sensuous lips, while probing each other's mouths with our tongues. When we finally broke our embrace, I looked down at the front of

Scott's pants to discover that a wet spot of precum was appearing. I bent down and licked the spot, inhaling the musky smell of Scott's clear cock-lube. Scott closed his eyes and moaned with pleasure as I gently nibbled the outline of his cock through his pants.

"Let's continue this upstairs," Scott moaned softly, and reached over to lock the front door.

I regretted having to let him go long enough to get upstairs to his waiting bedroom. I followed him

closely upstairs, admiring his firm, shapely ass and how hot it looked in his gray uniform pants. Scott opened the bedroom door and turned to me. "Take me, I'm yours, David!" he said.

I immediately unbuttoned his shirt, savoring the view as it revealed his hairy chest. Scott had a chest covered with soft, blond hair. His brown nipples were already erect and ready for action.

I licked his left nipple and then moved on to the right, stopping in the middle of his chest to rub my face in his soft chest hair. I peeled his shirt the rest of the way off and let it drop to the floor. At the same time, Scott was helping me out of my shirt. We tongue-fucked some more, pressing our hairy chests together, drinking in each other's loving, hot embrace. I reached down to the front of his pants, unfastened them and let them to drop to his ankles. Scott had trouble getting my belt buckle undone, so I helped him, allowing my pants to fall down around my ankles as well.

Awkwardly, we both removed our shoes and socks and stepped out of our pants. At last, we were pressing our bodies together wearing only our underwear. His hairy legs and chest felt like a soft cushion between us; it was as soft and cozy as a warm blanket on a cold winter night.

Our cocks were throbbing and dripping clear manlube, adding to the ever-increasing wet spots on our underwear. Scott slipped his hand into my underwear and touched the head of my uncut cock. His warm, soft fingers sent shivers of delight through my whole body as he found my hot cumslit and gently rubbed his finger underneath my foreskin, spreading the precum gently over the head of my swollen cock. Scott pulled his hand from my underwear and licked the finger that had been playing with my cock. With a quick motion of his hand, my underwear was down around my ankles.

Scott handled my cock for a moment as we passionately tongue-fucked, then he opened the fly of his underwear, and slid my cock into it. Our cocks were held together by Scott's under-

*Our cocks were throbbing and dripping... Scott slipped his hand into my underwear and touched the head of my uncut cock... then found my hot cumslit and rubbed his finger underneath my foreskin.*

wear, cockhead to cockhead; the feeling was slick, wild and wonderful!

We swayed from side to side. As we swayed, our cocks kissed and rubbed each other sensuously. I just couldn't seem to let Scott go, I felt such an intense need to be in full-body contact with him. We both fell back onto the bed, our cocks still bound by Scott's underwear. I pulled my cock out of Scott's underwear and slid his underwear off, exposing a beautiful column of manmeat.

His dick was long and thick, with a nice foreskin like mine. His foreskin was pulled back from the humping that we had done earlier. I just couldn't stand it any longer. I plunged down on his throbbing manpole and sucked it with a fury. As I moved up and down, Scott moaned and groaned with pleasure. Scott worked his way around to my cock and we did a 69 for a while.

Since we were both uncut, we decided to dock our cocks. We positioned ourselves Indian-style and stretched our foreskins so the we both were docked completely. I reached down and stroked the long, thick manmeat tube that our combined cocks had formed. We kissed long, hot and passionately while our cocks were Frenching each other, connected in a special way that no two circumcised men could ever appreciate.

After a few minutes of this, we both felt the urge to suck each other's hot cock again. Scott's cock tasted so delightful, and the thick column of meat filled my mouth and throat perfectly.

Scott got my attention by pulling his cock out of my mouth, then breathlessly begged me to fuck his ass. Scott reached over and retrieved a bottle of lube and a condom from the nightstand. He put some lube on my first two fingers, then raised his legs so I could have free access to his waiting hole. I played with his hole for a while before sticking my index finger, followed by my middle finger, into his hot pulsating manhole.

I could feel Scott contracting his muscles around my fingers as I probed his tight, hot hole. Scott licked his lips and exclaimed, "Oh, baby, that feels just right!"

Scott tried to focus on getting a condom rolled onto my waiting cock while I continued to toy with his hot ass. After getting the condom on, he applied lube generously to it. Smearing lube gently with his hand, shivers of delight went up and down my spine. Scott then insisted that I fuck him *now!*

I pushed Scott's legs up onto my shoulders and touched my cockhead to his tight, puckered hole. Both of us closed our eyes and savored the heightening excitement that flowed through our bodies. I added pressure and slid almost halfway into his tight, hot ass, feeling the smooth warmth of his fuck muscles gripping my thick, hard tool.

"Fuck me deep, deeper!" Scott yelled. "Ram that big, hot dick all the way up my hole, David!"

I obliged him by ramming my rod all the way in until my nuts slapped against his firm asscheeks. The feeling was simply unbelievable; I had fucked many guys in my lifetime, but this seemed to feel better than the other times. The pleasure level was so high that I didn't know if I could take it.

Scott's eyes were closed and he was muttering, "Oh yeah. Oh fuck yeah!"

I started to fuck him slowly, then as I noticed he wanted more, I increased my intensity until my nuts were slapping hard against

Scott's asscheeks. Scott was anticipating my thrusts and matching them with his own thrusts. The headboard of the bed was slapping against the wall, and Scott was screaming for me to fuck him harder and harder.

I asked him to flip onto his stomach, so he could move his legs, and my cock could stay in his ass. He flipped over and got up on all fours without my cock ever leaving his ass. The spinning motion of my cock inside him gave us both a new and unusual sensation.

"Oooh!" Scott exclaimed with joy as he made the maneuver. When he was in the doggie position, I rammed my fuckrod in and out with a fury. "Oh yeah, fuck me harder, give it to me, I want your fucking hard dick up my ass!" Scott yelled.

I lost track of time, but we must have fucked for 30 minutes, trying every position that we could imagine, ending up with the doggie position, Scott's favorite.

Scott started jerking on his throbbing cock while I pounded his tight ass like there was no tomorrow. I could feel his movements as he beat his manmeat, and his nuts slapped against my nuts as his rhythm matched my thrusts into his dick-impaled ass.

"I'm going to blow my load!" Scott cried loudly.

"Me too!" I exclaimed.

I pulled my cock out of his ass and took off the condom, while Scott rolled onto his back, aimed his meat cannon at me and continued jerking on it. Scott erupted in an explosion of cum,

sending white manjuice hurling toward my chest and stomach. As soon as the first two spurts hit my chest, it put me over the edge, and I started blasting Scott with waves of white hot jism, splattering his chest and neck. We came until we were both totally drained. I laid down on top of Scott. Our combined cum was all over our chests. As our bodies met, I could feel the warm, sticky cum cementing us together.

I looked into Scott's eyes and

managed to say, "Wow!"

Scott smiled and kissed me, ramming his tongue deep into my mouth. We were both enjoying the manly aroma of our combined cum as our body heat caused the scent to waft past our noses. We rolled over and held each other for a couple of hours—speechless, unable to think of words to express the passionate encounter that we had just shared.

We got out of bed and showered together, which aroused us again. I ended up fucking Scott in the shower, and he sucked my cock until I exploded another hot load of cum into his hungry, waiting mouth. I sucked his cock in the shower until he filled my mouth with his hot, sexy manjuice. Exhausted, we crashed into bed and fell asleep in each other's arms and slept soundly through the rest of the night.

We spent the entire weekend together—mostly in the bedroom, exploring each other's most intimate sexual secrets and desires. Monday came too soon, and I had to go to work. However, I spent the next two weeks with Scott before having to return home.

I think of Scott often, and now I volunteer to make trips to San Francisco as often as possible. Every time I visit, I know that I have a place to stay and a hot, sexy stud that will make my stay in San Francisco a stellar event!

*I rammed my fuckrod in and out with a fury. "Oh, yeah. Fuck me harder, give it to me! I want your fucking hard dick up my ass!" Scott yelled. I blasted him with waves of white... hot... jism.*



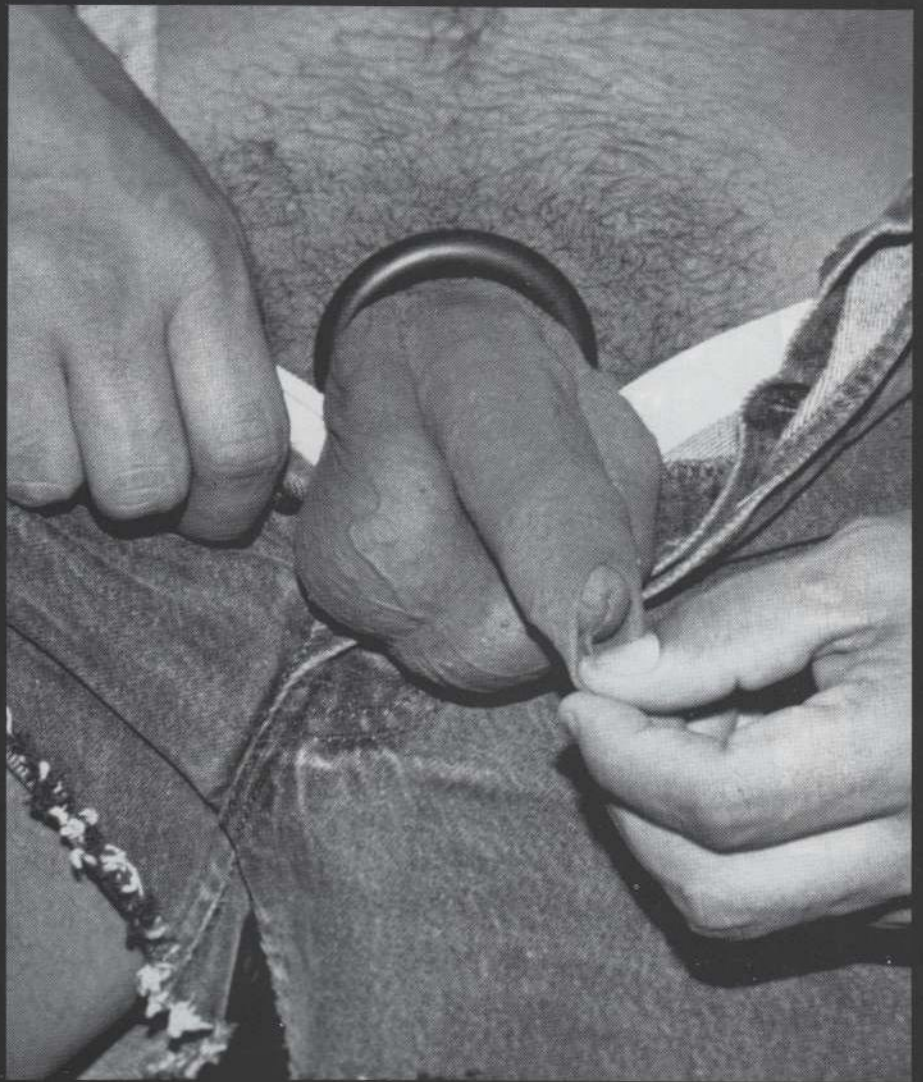
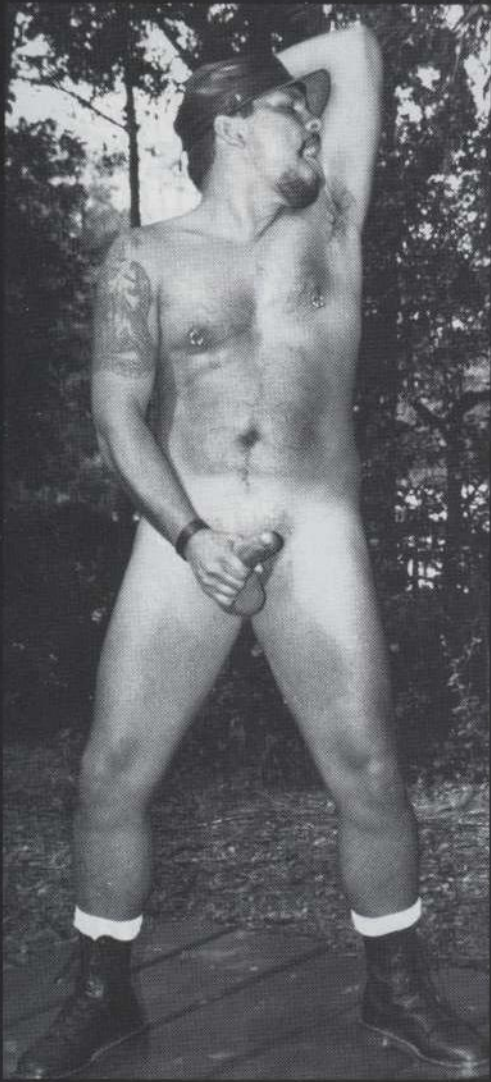
**A  
N  
D  
R  
E  
W**

**Yeah,  
goddamn,  
fuckin' A.**

**...every  
time I get  
my ass  
out here,  
I've just  
got to  
peel it  
back...**

**...and  
smell...**

**Photography by Jim Wigler**





# *My Favorite Foreskin (III)*

## That Graceful Glans

*By Peter Leko*

I'm Ted Newhouse, and I want to tell you more about my favorite foreskin—the foreskin of the penis between the legs of the most important person in my life, my beloved Peter.

The longer I knew Peter and the closer we became—emotionally as well as physically—he gradually opened his heart to me and at last revealed why he was so shy about his body and particularly shy about his genitals.

He told me that he had been punished for getting a hard-on when he was about 12. He thought he was some kind of freak because “that thing” down there swelled up and got stiff. It didn't even have a name. It was just “that thing.” His little brother had one, too, but it was small and never got stiff. Besides, it didn't have skin covering the pink head like Peter's did. His mother laid down the law: His crotch was strictly off limits. No playing around “down there.”

From then on, Peter was convinced that his penis was an ugly, nasty, shameful thing that had to be hidden. So, all through high school and college, and even later in the Army where we met, he was embarrassed when he had to get naked for showers with classmates and other men. Anytime he saw another male naked, an erection invariably sprang up between his legs and he had to hide his crotch behind his towel.

Of course, it was inevitable during junior high that Peter discovered how his penis worked when it got hard. He learned how to masturbate. He thrilled at the intense sensual pleasure that his cock gave him as it responded to manual coaxing. Even though he knew that he really wasn't a freak, that everybody had a penis that got hard, it still embarrassed him to be naked with other guys in the shower.

Until me, that is. The first time we saw each other naked in the shower, I knew that I excited him. He sneaked furtive glances at me—at my crotch—and hoped I hadn't noticed. He tried (in vain) to hide the conspicuous erection that sprang up between his legs when he saw my dick. My dick was smaller than his, but still pretty nice, and it sprang up just as stiff as his when I saw the magnificent uncircumcised penis that thrust up from the thicket of dark pubic hair covering his mons. I'm uncut, too, but my foreskin is so short that it pulls all the way back from my cockhead when I get hard—and I was hard that day, believe me. He couldn't have missed it, but I didn't care. Well, I just played it cool and waited to see what would happen.

And happen it did, in a two-man tent on a tropical island far from home. I showed Peter that his penis wasn't nasty and ugly and shameful. I wanted it. I wanted it in my hand and in my mouth, and suddenly we weren't virgins anymore. Then we both were glad that the sight of each other naked caused two instant hard-ons.

I'll never forget the time I first touched Peter's magnificent maleness. It was a hot morning on that tropical island, and we had just finished our tour of guard

duty as everyone else was beginning the day's work. As usual, we closed the flap of our two-man tent to shut out some of the sunlight so we could sleep a couple of hours before chow call.

We stripped and fell naked on our cots. Peter lay on his back, heartbreakingly beautiful, with his hands behind his head. The sea breeze that wafted under the side of our tent gently ruffled the silky, dusky hair that filled his armpits, and he sighed contentedly as he drifted toward sleep.

The sight was irresistible. I reached across the narrow space between our cots and lightly brushed his thigh with my





fingertips. Peter's penis swelled in response to my touch and slowly slid off the cushion of his balls. As his erection grew, his penis lengthened and rolled across his groin to lie flat against his belly, pointing to his navel. His eyelids fluttered and he moaned almost inaudibly. I was encouraged. Even though we always cruised each other in the shower, neither of us had the courage to make the first move. Now I'd done it.

I grew bolder and my fingertips caressed his thigh. My hand moved toward his crotch and brushed the silky hair in his groin as it wandered up to his flat belly and almost touched his navel. With each beat of his heart, his shaft throbbed, and the pink rosebud of his foreskin slowly began to open.

I slid naked into his cot beside him and snuggled close to his body—a tight fit, but the closer I could be to Peter, the better I liked it. My penis pressed rock-hard against his hip. I ruffled the bush of black pubic curls and gently took his penis in my hand. Peter's body quivered as I held his hard shaft stiffly erect. He moaned again.

Then I slowly slid the skin down his shaft, and the lovely pink rosebud of foreskin at its summit blossomed into full flower as it opened to reveal his slick, crimson glans in all its glory. When the edge of his foreskin slipped across the flared trigger rim of his cockhead, his slit gaped, and a flood of thick, white cum spilled out and streamed down his shaft. Peter gasped in ecstasy as his penis stiffened even more, and instantly his whole body shuddered against mine. His penis

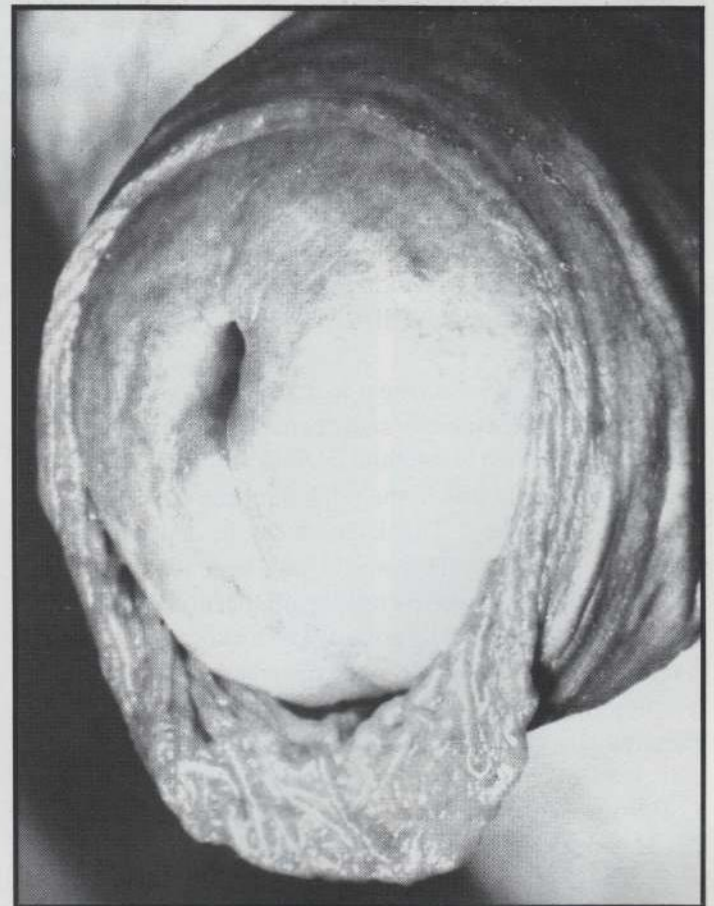
bucked again and again in my hand as spurt after spurt of cum shot straight up.

I was so hot that the sensations of Peter's cock thrusting against my hand with his wet sperm put me over the edge. My cock didn't need any help. I came spontaneously in thick, wet spurts that flooded us both with my warm, sticky cum. We weren't virgins anymore. Peter hugged me as he made room for me beside him. Our lips met in our first tender kiss.

One of the endless delights of Peter's foreskin is the beautiful glans that it encloses. I can't describe the beauty of that glans while its hidden inside its foreskin. To enjoy its elegance, Peter's glans has to be skinned back—skinned back all the way. Mere words can't express the beauty of that satiny foreskin and the tender pink marvel that it encloses. After Peter gave his penis to me, he overcame his modesty enough to let me capture its beauty on film, so that I'd have more than my fallible memory of it when he wasn't near, memories etched in silver.

Since my family was devoutly Catholic as well as blue-collar, I never had much exposure to science or the classics, and sex was strictly for having babies. It wasn't supposed to be fun. We didn't talk about it, and I didn't even know the word "penis," much less "glans" or "corona" or "foreskin"!

By the time I met Peter, I had explored the possibilities of all that stuff between my legs and discovered that sex was fun, after all. In the Army, I learned all the words that GIs used for the parts of male anatomy—all crude. But Peter had studied





biology and Latin, and knew all the right names for everything in my crotch. The ancient anatomists who first named all the parts of the body were pretty smart. He told me that the Latin term “glans penis” just means “the acorn of the penis.” The head of a penis with its foreskin pulled back so it just covers the trigger rim really does look like an acorn still in its cup. Neat. Check it out.

Peter didn't like the vulgar words other guys used for our sex anatomy. Peter usually said “penis” instead of “cock” or “dick” except when he breathed, “Suck my cock,” in my ear after I had aroused him to the brink of climax. He never said “prick” or “pecker.” Thank goodness he did say “balls” instead of “testicles.” That would have been too much.

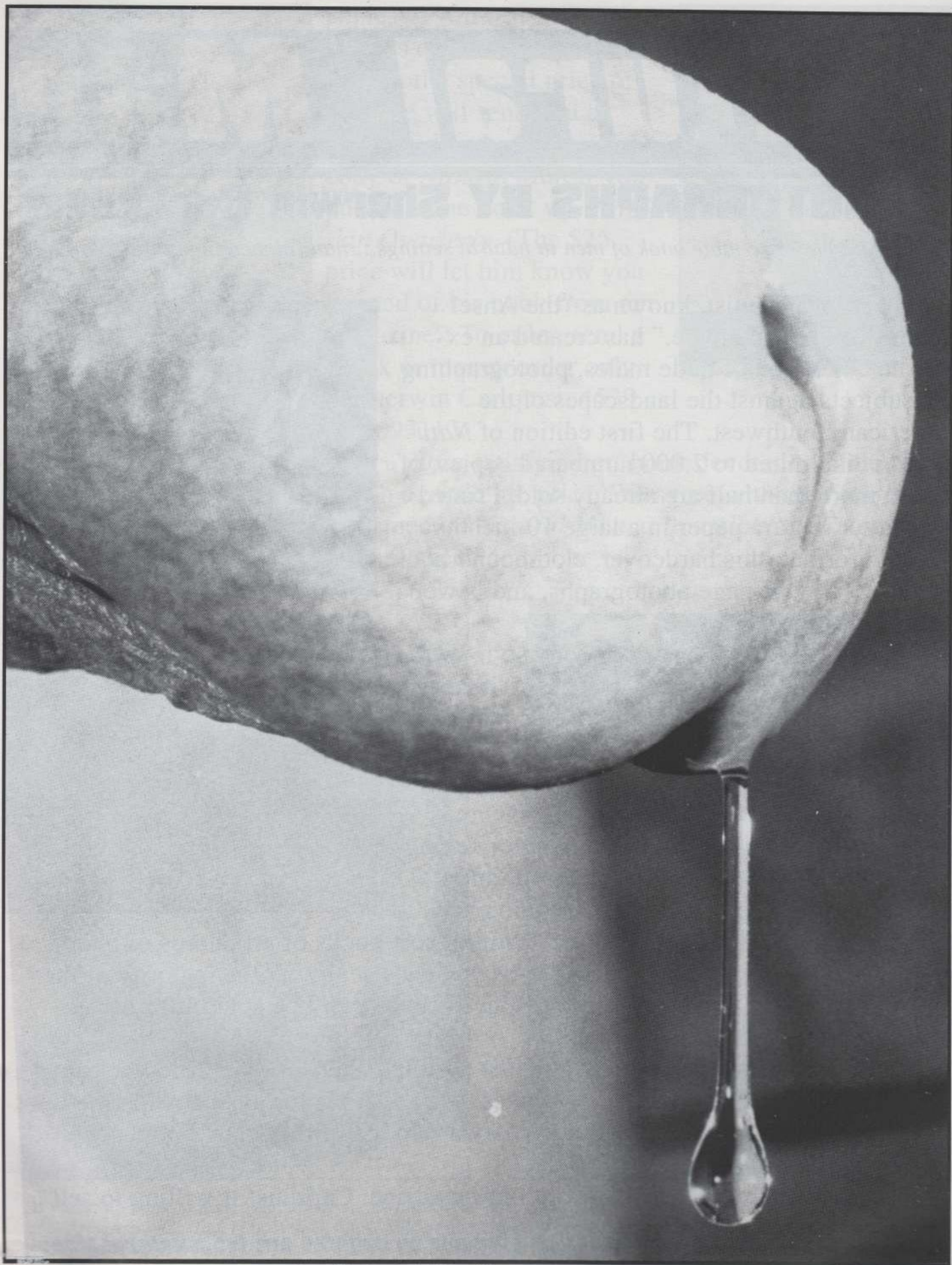
I had already learned by jacking off that my cockhead was the trigger of my sexual responses. The most sensitive parts of that lopsided bell shape are at the tip, where the tender lips of the slit join with the frenum that attaches the foreskin to the glans, and the flared ridge of the corona. The glans penis is a miracle of functional design. Its shape is perfect to produce the most intense erotic sensations in oral sex. When Peter tenderly kissed the tip of my cockhead, my cockslit pushed between his

lips, and the sensations were incredible. When I slid my glans farther between his lips, the tip of his tongue tickled my slit and darted down to caress the tender folds of frenum. Then his lips made electric shocks on my corona as he lovingly masturbated me with his mouth.

After we had aroused each other to the summit of sexual tension in sensuous foreplay, it took only a few strokes of my tongue around his slit to release the flood of semen that had been waiting to squirt down my throat. Then I slid my lips up and down his corona, and his spurts came even faster and stronger.

The sensations of Peter's ejaculating penis squirting his warm, living sperm down my throat would have been enough to push me over the edge without any other coaxing. But sliding my glans between his lips, and having Peter caress my whole glans with his tongue brought me to the heights of glorious ecstasy, while his penis was still ejaculating deep in my mouth. Our simultaneous orgasms shared in love were the most wonderful experiences of my life.

*Look for the fourth and final Favorite Foreskin in Issue 21.*



# Natural Man

## PHOTOGRAPHS BY Sherwin Carlquist

*A beautiful coffee-table book of men in natural settings... natural men in natural settings.*

Sherwin Carlquist, known as “the Ansel Adams of the male nude,” has created an exquisite collection of nude males, photographing his subjects against the landscapes of the American Southwest. The first edition of *Natural Man* is limited to 2,000 numbered copies, of which more than half are already sold. Printed on heavy Centura paper in a large 10-inch by 12-inch format, this hardcover, clothbound book features 124 full-page photographs, and is well worth the moderate price.

With its emphasis on artistry and style, *Natural Man* does not pretend to compete with erotic photography. Carlquist successfully combines the nude male and landscape details into harmonious compositions. “Early along,” Carlquist says, “I decided to photograph only uncut men—I preferred the look in an outdoor setting. I happen to like the uncut look myself, and it’s also in the tradition of Western art going back to ancient Greek sculpture and before. Unlike most books of art photos of nude males, I do not avoid frontal nudity—as you can see, by far the majority of the photos are frontal nudes. For this reason, the book can’t be sold in Barnes & Noble and the like.”

A retired biology professor, Carlquist has published six scientific books and numerous scientific papers; he continues to work at photos also. If you enjoy *Natural Man*, you will no doubt look forward to his forthcoming book, *Man Naturally*.

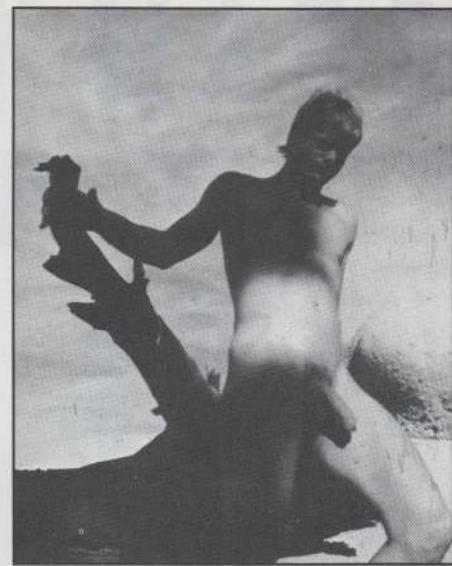
Because of the special interest of our magazine, Carlquist is willing to sell

**All photographs on these pages and the one on page 24 are from *Natural Man*.**



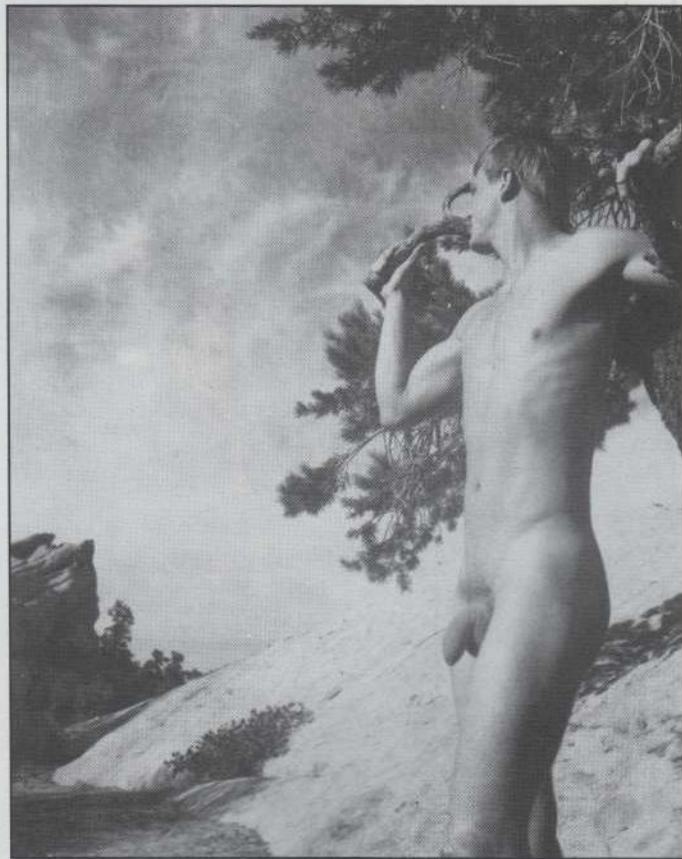
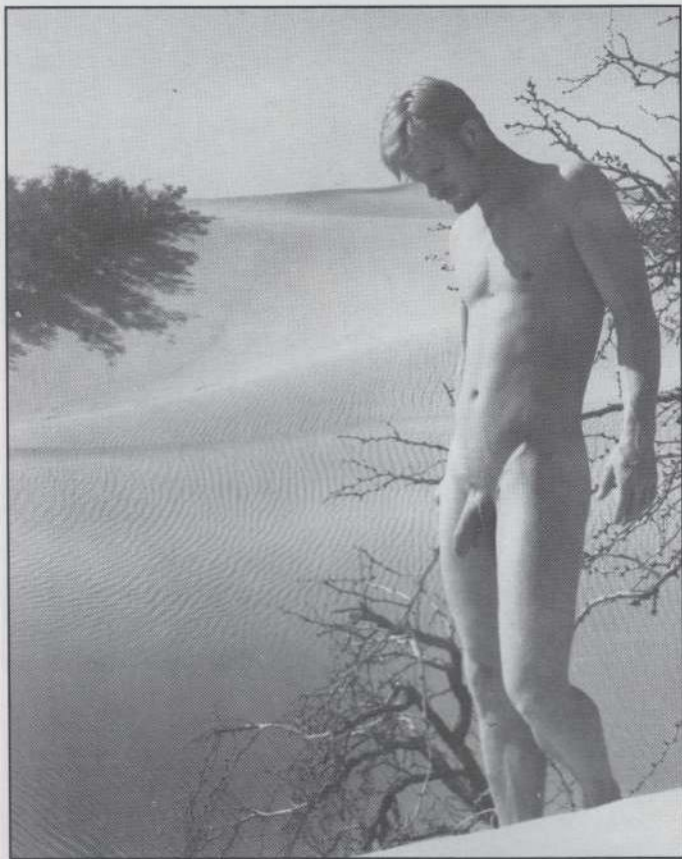


copies of *Natural Man* to readers of *Foreskin Quarterly* at the special price of \$25. He will send you a numbered and autographed copy of *Natural Man* if you purchase the book via *Foreskin Quarterly*. (The \$25 price will let him know you learned of his book from our magazine.) To order, send a check or money order only, to Sherwin Carlquist, 4539

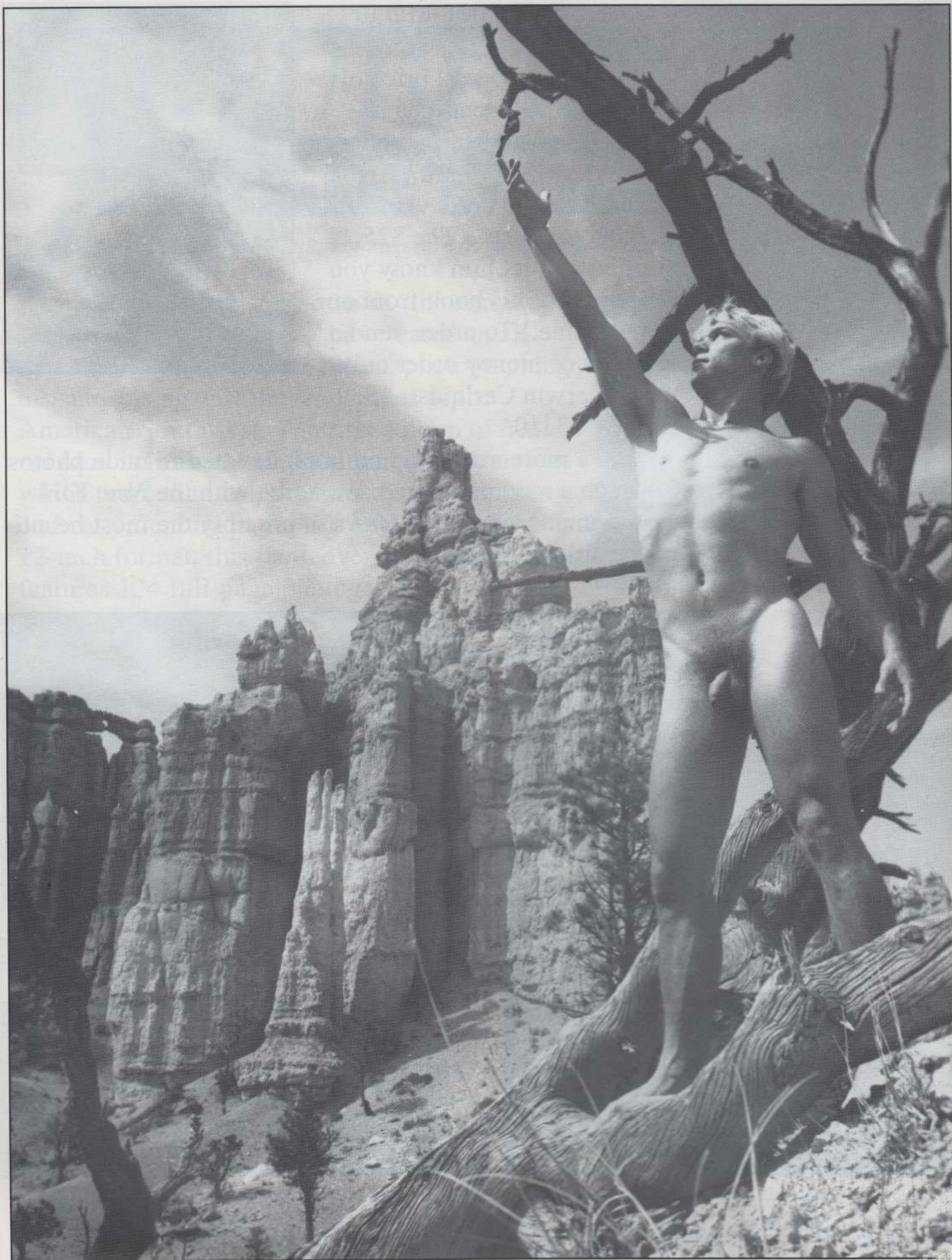


Via Huerto, Santa Barbara, CA 93110.

It would be difficult to find a more satisfying art book devoted to nude photos of uncut men, especially at such a moderate price. We agree with the *New York Native* book reviewer who summed up *Natural Man* as “possibly the most beautiful book of male nudes ever published.”



“If there is a book of male figures anywhere that can be left in the open when Mom visits and also enjoyed in your most *private* moods, this is it. What’s more, I doubt there has been a book of nudes in our lifetimes where every model is uncut. Outstanding! I can’t wait for Carlquist’s new work to be published.” —JWB



# FAST FORESKIN WARD

Video reviews with a 'skin seeker's point of view

## COMRADES IN ARMS

REVIEWS  
BY  
PETER  
LEKO

In recent years, Kristin Bjorn has given admirers of the uncut male much to enjoy. Following a flood of low-budget imports featuring young European foreskin, Bjorn has ventured into Eastern Europe in search of unclipped cocks. He has succeeded.

*Comrades in Arms* begins in the Budapest train station as Alexei Gromoff, a young Russian soldier,

waits for a train to take him home to Russia following the Soviet withdrawal.

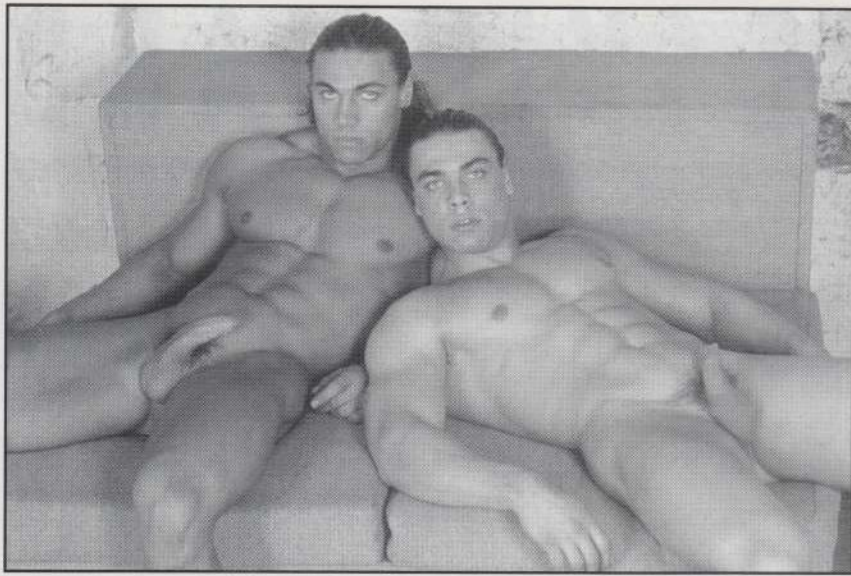
The scene cuts to the countryside where Joska Tenta and Lajos Magyar are stopped by a Russian soldier, Marko Nagy, as they return to their lodge after a day of hunting. They invite him to the lodge for vodka and, of course, he accepts.



Joska Tenta



Lajos Magyar



Above: *The Otov twins, Nicolai and Boris*

In the dining hall of the lodge, hunting trophies of all kinds look down on the trio. Joska spreads his legs wide to take Marko's cock up his ass and Lajos' cock down his throat. Lajos straddles his face as he liberally spatters Joska's chest with cum. Joska gets hard and beats his meat to ejaculate all over his chest in flying spurts just before Marko withdraws to add his semen to the puddles on Joska's torso. Lajos kneels on the sofa and spreads his cheeks for Marko and Joska. Marko pulls out and slides his cock along Lajos's asscrack to spatter his back with a generous load, captured in one of Bjorn's trademark money shots. Then Marko licks his sperm from his partner's ass.

After a brief interlude at the train station, the scene cuts to Sasha Borov as he strolls by Arpad Miklos, a civilian, sitting on a park bench and watching him closely. Arpad approaches Sasha and, after a short conversation, they walk off together. At Arpad's apartment they exchange introductions, and Arpad hands Sasha a hefty stack of bills. Sasha refuses and puts them in Arpad's jacket pocket. Sasha pulls him down by his necktie to meet his kiss and opens Arpad's pants to release his uncut hard-on. Sasha slides Arpad's foreskin back to concentrate on his glans. Arpad soon reaches the peak of arousal, and Sasha takes him to the brink until he squirts his sperm at Sasha's face.

Sasha strips his tunic off to stand naked while Arpad sucks his cock, brilliantly captured in vivid close-up as his tongue probes Arpad's foreskin and his lips caress his wet, rosy cockhead. When Sasha nears climax, Arpad nibbles the base of his erection, and a gleaming river of viscous semen erupts from Sasha's slit to hang from the end of his cock in thick, unbroken white ribbons, portrayed in explicit close-ups that will stay in your memory long after the scene fades. Fantastic! Here Bjorn's camera has portrayed with surpassing beauty two virile young studs enjoying each other's bodies in passionate sex—gentle, tender, loving, graceful, intensely sensual sex—sex the way it should be.

In another brief entr'acte in the train station, Sasha and Attila greet Alexei with kisses on both cheeks in typical Russian style. Alexei remembers the time Attila took him to a notorious underground club frequented by military personnel from all over the Eastern Bloc. In the club, they look on incredulously

as a couple of soldiers get it on. Krisztian Simon sucks Janos Balcsik's cock and chews his shaft as he jacks him off until he ejaculates, and then fucks him doggie style braced against the wall. Akos Matyas, the bartender, and Rezso Farkas, a sailor, make sexual overtures to Alexei and Attila, quickly getting their pants down and their hard cocks into their mouths. Akos sucks Alexei's cock and masturbates to a gushing ejaculation while Rezso sucks Attila and beats his own meat to climax. Then Akos pumps Alexei's erection until it squirts his cum all over Akos' chest. While Reszo fucks his ass, Alexei sucks Krisztian, and Attila fucks Akos as Akos sucks Janos. Rezso repeatedly pulls out of Alexei's ass, balls hugging the base of his cock in their tight scrotum, each time plunging back in for his glans to get the most intense sexual stimulation from Alexei's asslips as he penetrates again and again. The brilliant close-up footage shot underneath the action is graphic sex at its most explicit. Fantastic!

The final episode is introduced by a short interlude at the train station where Alexei wonders if his real life is ending as he leaves Budapest. But when Marko arrives to board the train to Moscow, Alexei thinks it may just be a new beginning.

Back in Moscow, Marko and Alexei are working out in a gym, and Alexei becomes aroused as he remembers a scene in the bathhouse in Budapest. His penis nags him, and he eases it out of the leg of his shorts as he fantasizes about Nicolai and Boris Otov in the bathhouse.

In Alexei's fantasy, the brothers Otov oil each other all over, sensually caressing soft cocks to full erection. Their soft cocks hooded by foreskin are a vivid reminder that penises are beautiful even when they're not up and ready for action. Nicolai and Boris have the most beautiful bodies on view in this video. Boris has a gorgeous all over tan, and get a load of his pecs as Nicolai smears oil over those bronze mounds of masculine loveliness. Nicolai leans over for Boris to oil his back, presenting his flawless, hairless ass to the camera.

Marko's tongue flicks along Alexei's frenum as he sucks his cock in the gym, and Alexei's fantasy continues. The Otov brothers stand side by side stroking their erections, and the camera pans up for breathtaking low-angle portraits that surpass the most sen-

Below: *Attila Sipos*



sual Renaissance portraits. The brothers turn to face each other as they masturbate. Boris cums first as his semen spills from his slit, followed by Nicolai, who ejaculates as he skins his foreskin back from his slippery glans, sperm flooding from his slit and dripping down his fingers.

Alexei and Marko move to a classic 69, with Alexei on top. The images of Alexei as he probes Marko's cockslit with his tongue inside his foreskin are sensational. Alexei jacks him off to another spurting climax as Marko sucks his cock. The episode ends with Alexei on his side on an exercise bench, one ankle on Marko's shoulder and legs spread-eagled to take his cock up his ass. Marko pulls out to spray Alexei's torso with cum, and hungrily slurps up his own cum from Alexei's body.

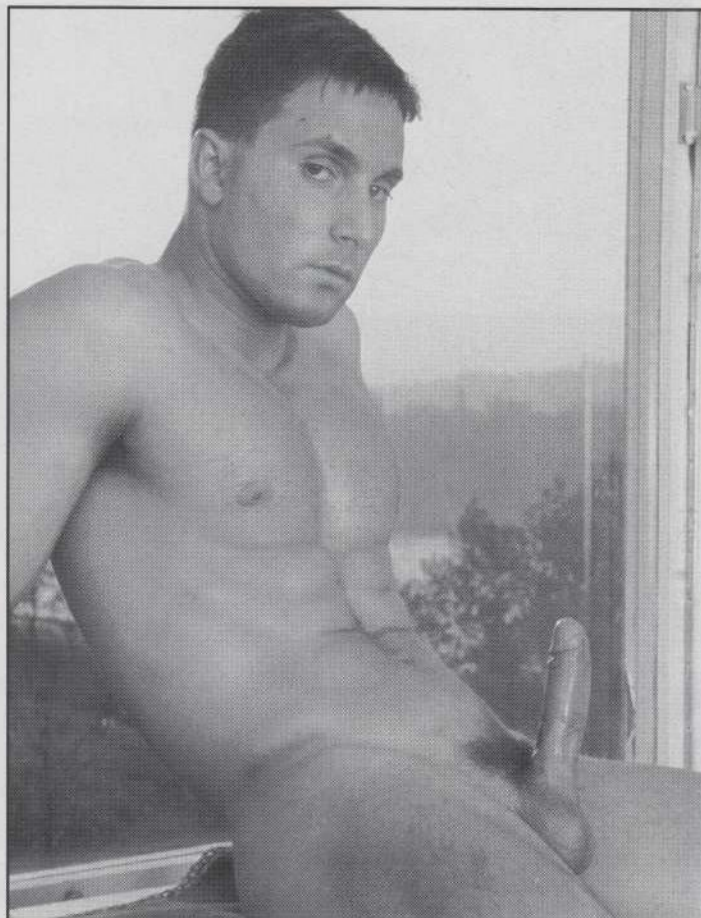
*Comrades in Arms* has Kristen Bjorn's trademark all over it: Every penis is uncircumcised, and foreskins slither deliciously up and down slick, wet cockheads as sexual tension peaks to release rivers of semen.

Crisply recorded voice-over narration introduces the episodes, and a few subtitles translate some of the actors' dialogue. Francois Girard's music track is unobtrusive solo piano in sonata and etude style, an appropriate background for the sex. Editing is clean and seamless, with only an occasional lapse in continuity that doesn't substantially impair the flow of the action. *Comrades in Arms* rates five stars for Bjorn's sublime erotic artistry, superb videography and top-of-the-line production values; four stars for sexual performances; and four-and-a-half stars for foreskin. All in all, this is a must-see and must-have release for the serious foreskin fancier!

*Comrades in Arms*. Direction and videography by Kristen Bjorn. Cast: Alexei Gromoff, Joska Tenta, Lajos Magyar, Marko Nagy, Sasha Borov, Arpad Miklos, Rezo Farkas, Attila Sipos, Krisztian Simon, Janos Balesik, Akos Matyas, Nicolai Otov, Boris Otov. Music by Francois Girard. Sarava Productions. Arrowhead Distributors, 1-(800)-344-5142. Running time: 86 minutes, plus 20 minutes of excerpts from previous Bjorn releases.

***On following pages, we have Marko Nagy, Joska Tenta and Lajos Magyar getting it on at the hunting lodge, followed by Marko Nagy and Alexei Gromoff rubbing cocks in the gym in Moscow. If only we could show what cums just after these pictures!***

*Below: Arpad Miklos and Sasha Borov*



*Below: Krisztian Simon*

*Above: Janos Balesik*



# *Comrades In Arms*



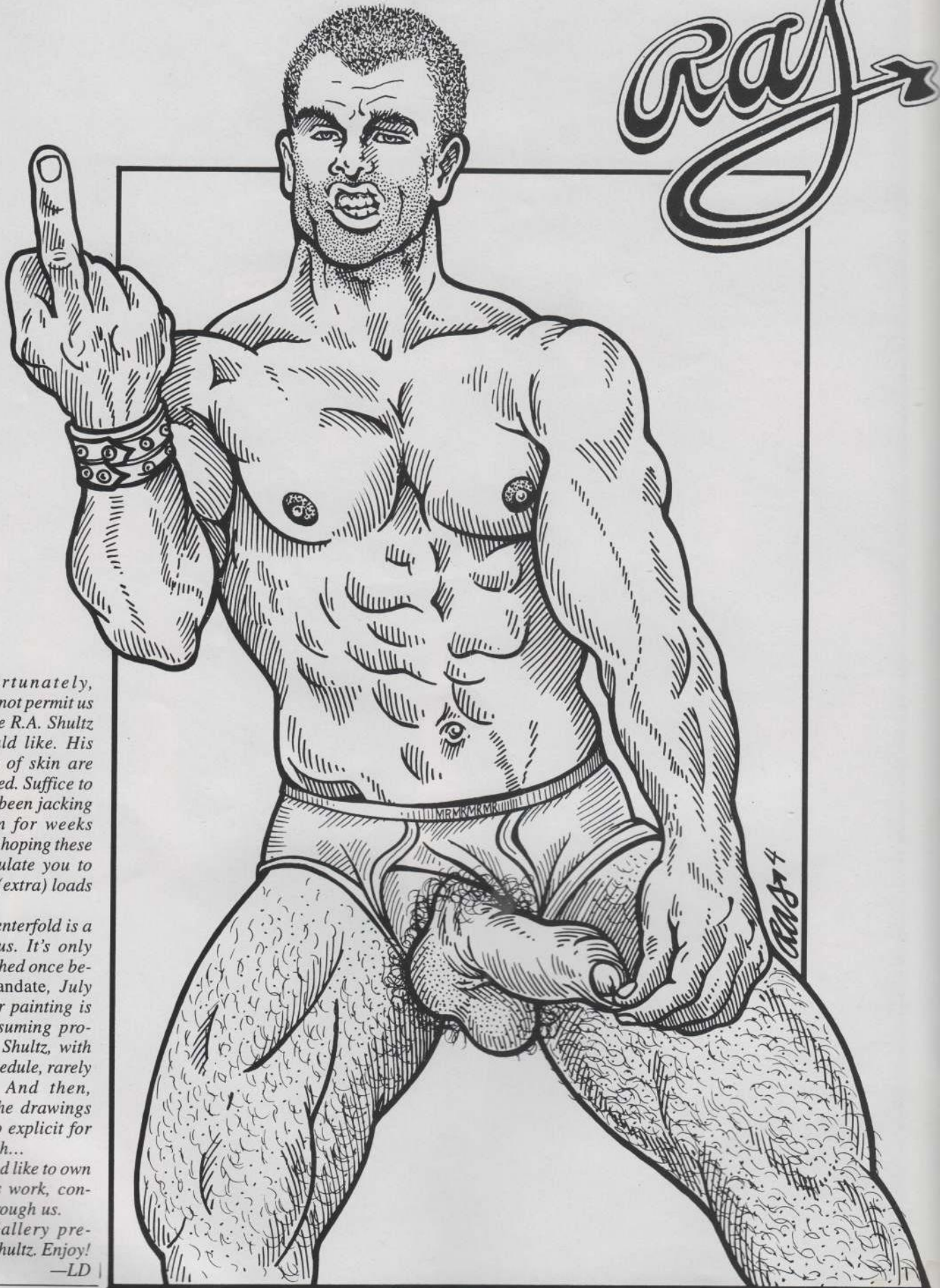
*Marko Nagy, Joska Tenta, Lajos Magyar*



*The latest cumming from Kristen Bjorn*

Marko Nagy, Alexei Gromoff

RAY



Unfortunately, space does not permit us to introduce R.A. Shultz as we would like. His erotic men of skin are truly inspired. Suffice to say, I have been jacking off to them for weeks now. Here's hoping these pages stimulate you to drop a few (extra) loads yourself.

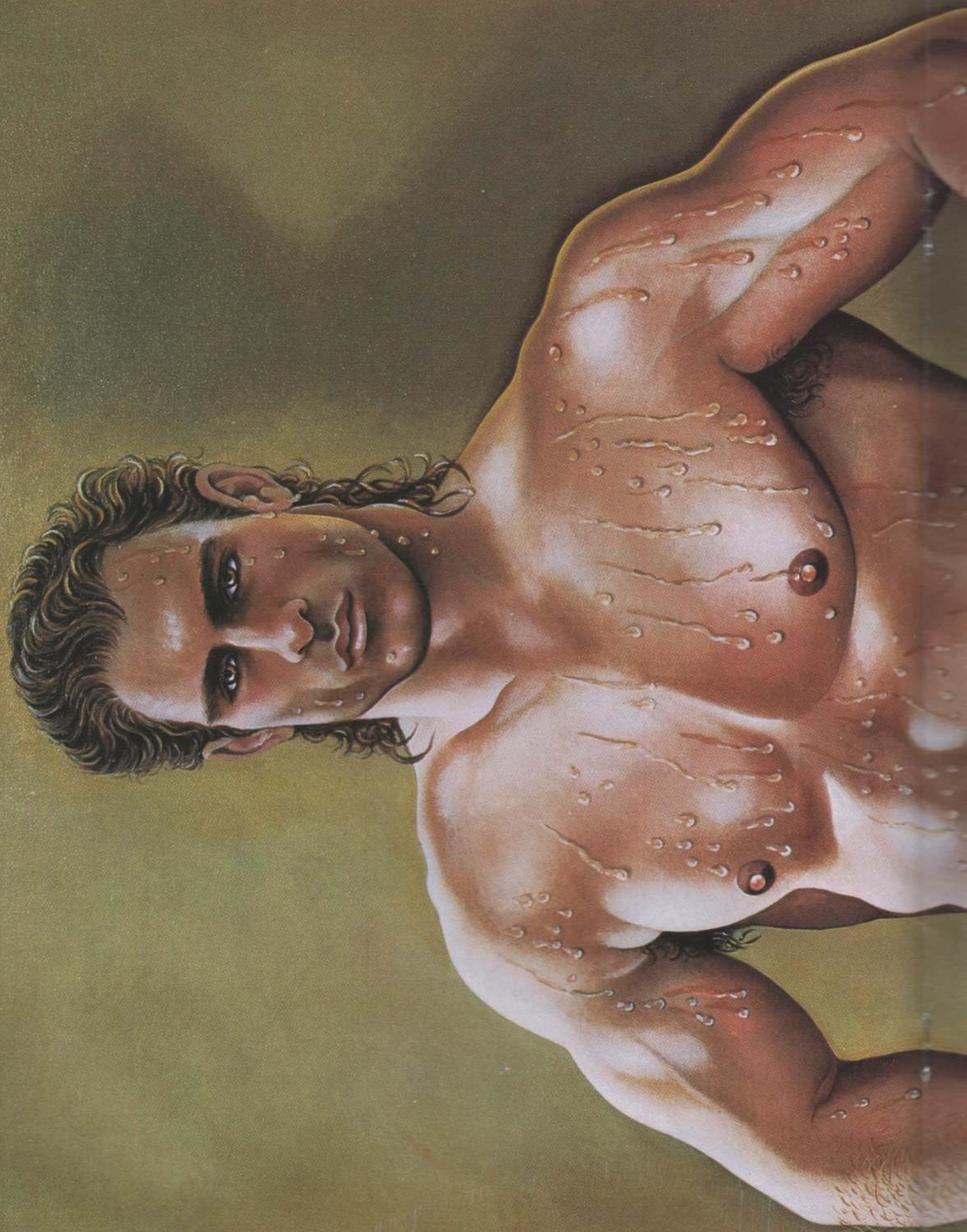
The centerfold is a scoop for us. It's only been published once before, in Mandate, July 1989. Color painting is a time-consuming process which Shultz, with his busy schedule, rarely produces. And then, there are the drawings that are too explicit for us to publish...

If you'd like to own some of his work, contact him through us.

FQ Gallery presents R.A. Shultz. Enjoy!

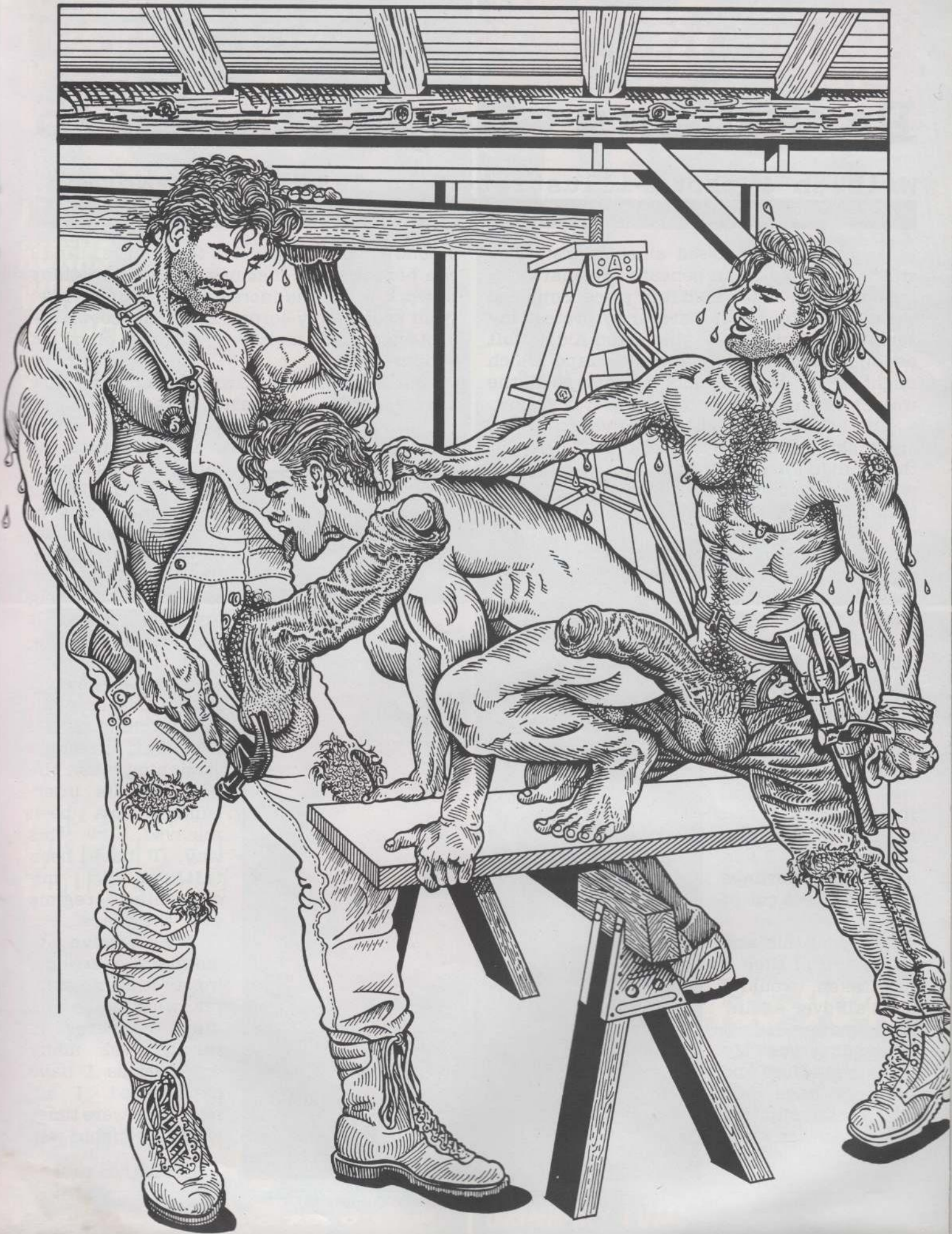
—LD











# FORESKIN RESTORATION

## Progress Report 1995

Written & photo-illustrated in 1995 by Jay Norman.

A decade has passed since I first tried stuffing my cockhead beneath my shaftskin. I used a Band-Aid to hold it in place. Squished though it was, I was careful to protect my sensitive glans with the Band-Aid's soft padding, avoiding the adhesive tape which might tear it. My cockhead wouldn't go all the way under my shaft skin then, as it does now.

Did I think it would take 10 years for my shaft skin to engulf my cockhead? No! But then I didn't realize what a formidable task I had embarked on. When I was circumcised as an infant I had been given "the American cut," i.e., my foreskin was clipped so closely that I had no vestige of skin left.

When I began maturing sexually, as a pubescent boy, a roaring hard-on was actually painful. My erection had nothing to slip into. As an infant, I had experienced perhaps the unkindest cut of all!

Knowing this, and the length of time it has taken, would I do it all over again? My answer is a resounding **yes!** My sustained effort and diligence have paid off. I can slip my forefinger in my foreskin up to the

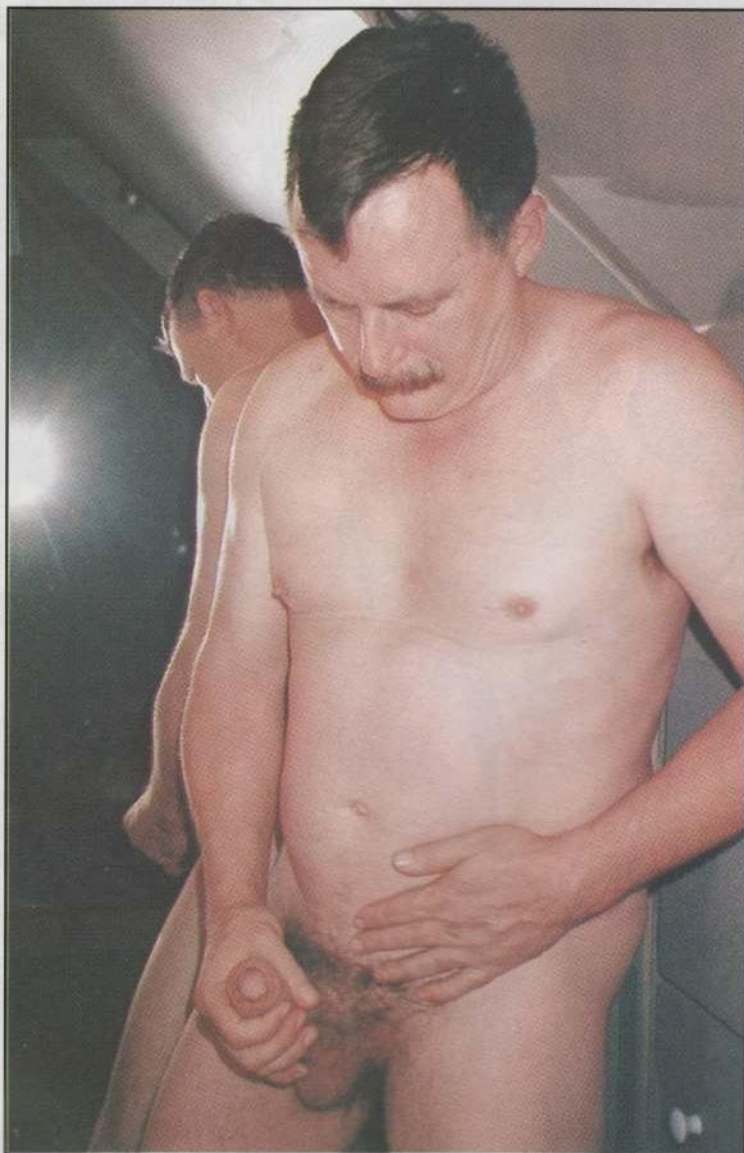
second knuckle (about 1½ to 2 inches). And I can honestly say that now I have something to work with! The increased sensitivity I get from keeping my corona and glans covered—protected and moist—is nothing short of sublime!

But 10 years is an awfully long time. How did I maintain my interest that long?

Rather than checking for results which come incrementally slow and in spurts (as

most restorers know), I made stretching a way of life—it became part of my daily routine, like brushing my teeth and combing my hair. I do it regardless of results. I feel uncomfortable whenever I miss a day or night of stretching. And I can't wait to resume stretching when the need for its interruption has been resolved. In this way, I have been faithful to my stretching regime over the years.

My resolve to maintain a stretching routine no matter what has kept me stretching through the many dry periods I have experienced. I admit, there were times when I thought I was



*Continued on page 59*

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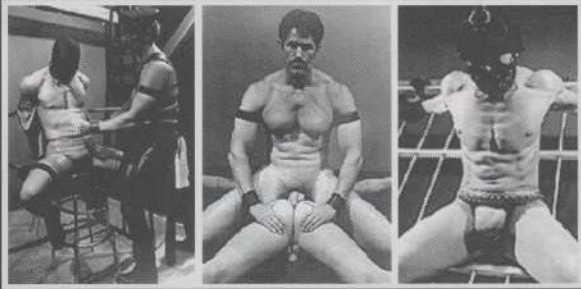
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# True Stories

Reader-submitted tales. Share yours with us all now, won't you? This first story is from W. H., The Bronx, NY.

## STUDYING ANATOMY

It was my 11th grade year, and I was over at my friend Steve's house studying for our history exam, and I asked to use the bathroom because I had to piss like a race horse. I got to the bathroom and pulled out my cock, foreskin and all (1½" overhang I might add). And while I was pissing, his dad busted in, and there I stood with my uncut cock in hand. And he said, "Well, hello."

All he had on was some old pair of shorts, and he stepped in and closed the door behind him and let his shorts drop. He had the biggest uncut cock I'd ever seen.

He said, "The last of a dying breed," and instantly my cock rose to its full 8½". Without a word he, dropped to his knees and sucked me off to a cataclysmic orgasm.

And as I was returning the lovely favor, Steve walked in on us, and his dad said, "I was wondering when you were going to get in here."

Without a word, Steve did just that. Three—count 'em—three foreskins in one room. Needless to say, we didn't get to study but...we did pass the test. I'm 20 now, and I'm still going to Steve's house to study anatomy the right way.

And, this next true story is from Paul of London.

## ENGLISH CHEESE

Here is a *true* account of how I satisfy one of my strongest sexual desires—to sniff and lick dirty, cheesy, uncut cock.

I have four regulars—all are uncut and generally unwashed, which is just the way I want them. Three of them are bi/straight, but they've always responded to gay sex and the tongue baths they've had from me over several years. We get on well. They know what turns me on, so they always try to bring me as much cock cheese as they can accumulate under their dirty foreskins. Whenever one of them gets really ripe, he phones me and says something like, "I've got what you want," "It's good today," or "I've got some stuff for you."

This happens once or twice a week, and I'm assured of enjoying a good, tasty load of smegma on a smelly, pissy knob. They know I prefer them to come 'round to see me only when the accumulated white head-cheese is thick and visible when I pull back their smelly foreskins. It usually is!

To most people, the subject of cheese is taboo—how do you ask a lad you've just met if he has a really cheesy dick? That's why I've cultivated the friendship of these four—because they're used to kinks, and it's completely natural for them not to wash their foreskins—and to cultivate a good rank crop of cheese. For me, the sight, taste and smell of a *ripe foreskin caked in thick white cock cheese* is the ultimate sexual excitement.

One of these lads is heavily tattooed, has sweaty armpits and the funkier smelling asshole I've ever sniffed or tasted.

After I've eaten his cheese, he sucks my stiff prick while watching straight videos and jerking himself off.

While this is going on, I'm sniffing and chewing his filthy rancid white socks, except they're black and stiff from his sweaty, stinking feet. After he's cum, he gets on all fours, and sticks that smelly ass right in my face. Wow! I'm sniffing poppers, and what with the smell of his dirty ass, sweaty armpits, smelly feet, and all that cockhead cheese, I soon shoot my hot load.

He came over here this afternoon, and told me he hadn't washed in a week, and had been fucking a lot (with rubbers). *The load of cheese I found under his long overhanging foreskin was fantastic. I ate it all.*

I'm particularly friendly with a Scottish lad named Jim, who has a great-looking cock and foreskin. Over the years, I tried to instill in him my savory requirements, and now he has found a surefire method of regularly producing a load of cock cheese for me, that is nothing short of mind-blowing.

He tells me that after he's cum, he keeps the load under his foreskin and leaves it to ripen for about three days. As a result, the sheer amount of cheese he can now accumulate is staggering, and he has become the most efficient full-time cheese factory anyone could wish for.

He's something of a loner, and as he has no other sex, it isn't difficult for him to cultivate and provide all that cock cheese just for me. I have two thick loads of white cock cheese delivered from between his legs every three days.

To have someone who is producing such a ripe feast especially for me to enjoy is just great. Cheese and foreskin sex is all I really want these days—sniffing, licking, smearing that steaming mass of smegma all over my nose and lips, after the sight and smell of it has driven me crazy.

Here's what we do together:

Once we're both naked, I usually sit up beside him and lean across his middle, concentrating on that luscious uncut meat. It slowly begins to expand and throb, and even though there's plenty of skin to keep the end completely covered when he's hard, I still get the first whiff of what's in store for me under that unwashed foreskin. Often I can already see some white stuff peeking out at me.

He starts to fondle my cock and balls, as I slowly begin unpeeling his pink skin, getting more and more excited in anticipation of what I'll find under there. And gradually the most erotic sight and smell is revealed. Not just some cock cheese, but a great mass of thick, white smegma everywhere—all over the big, round head, and loads of it caked all around his ridge.

I peel the skin all the way back, and the aroma is a total aphrodisiac. It's almost too much to take in, so I pull the skin forward, once more covering up all that treasure. When the head is fully covered, I start sucking again, getting off on knowing exactly what's lying there under that skin, just waiting to be licked off and chewed.

Again I slowly unpeel him, sniffing and licking all the while, until all is revealed for a second time—a totally cheesy cockhead—my idea of paradise. A lot of it smears onto my lips and around my nose, and I'm starting to get very hungry at the thought of this tasty, masculine meal in front of me.

As my tongue wipes over it, I can feel its texture and that pissy, ripe taste only an uncut cock can produce. Several minutes of this licking and his gentle carressing are bringing

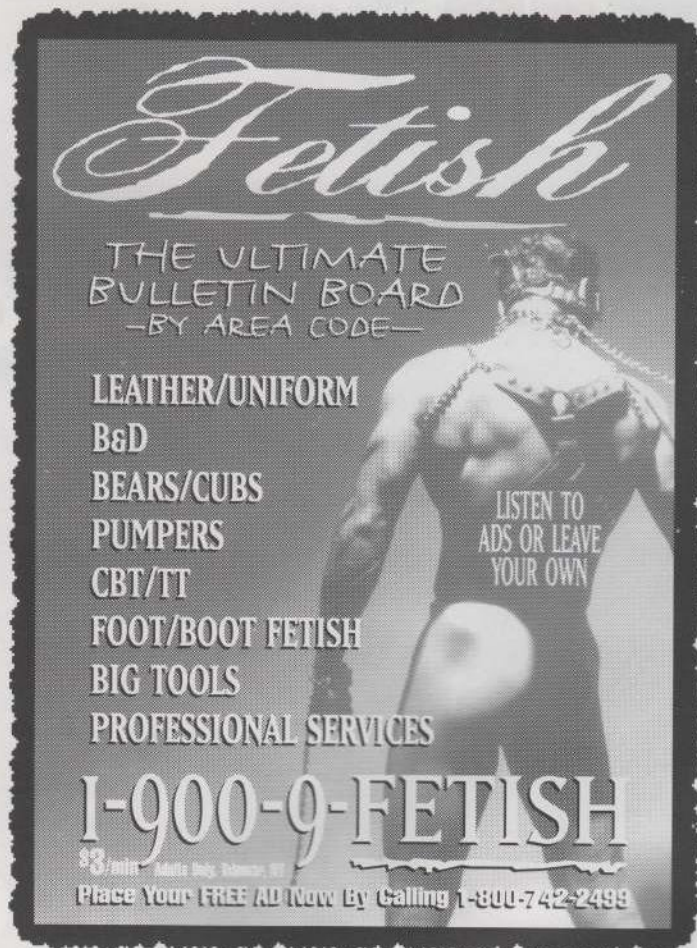
my cock to its bursting point. I nibble the bits of cheese, and start avidly eating it and swallowing. Then when I feel I can't wait much longer, I take the whole filthy knob right into my mouth, and suck and chew, scooping off all the cheese like crazy—my whole being is completely overtaken by the taste and smell of this orgy of thick, white cock-cheese. At this

point, I can no longer hold back, and as he strokes my cock, I unload my hot, pent-up spunk.

Afterward, the remaining thick cheese in my mouth is deposited off onto my dirty jockstrap, for me to enjoy and taste when there's no "provider" on hand.

This is the sort of sex I constantly think about and crave—and, thanks to my personal provider, always get. I'm so grateful for his unwashed dick, his foreskin and its delicious contents. *I'm one hell of a lucky cheese-pig!*

I slowly unpeel him,  
sniffing and licking all the while,  
until all is revealed again  
—a totally cheesy cockhead—  
my idea of  
**PARADISE.**



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# In Search of Ancient Foreskin: The Cholomecs

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By S. Alderete

---

*Not every cut man feels the way this writer does. However, we want his writing, like his dick, intact.- Ed.*

## Cut or Uncut, Who Cares? (Horsemeat or Veal, Who Cares?)

*T\*R\*A\*S\*H readers for the most part seem to know the joys of the natural, un mutilated penis. They know better than to say there is little difference, as some claim. Sour grapes?*

*The feel for both parties is considerably different and more enjoyable. The sensitivity between a dried-out cockhead, sand-papered smooth from years of unnecessary friction by clothing, and one that is sensitive and protected by nature's sheath and bared only for its intended use is obvious. Just watch a video of both jacking-off and you'll get the picture.*

*The poor cut guys seem to be torturing their poor dorks to get any sensation. They twist and squeeze between applications of saliva and grease in an attempt to keep it slippery enough not to cause friction burn. Sometimes it almost looks like agony, giving meaning to the Victorian term "self-abuse."*

*A natural piece of meat rarely needs such nonsense as spit and grease because of its natural lubricants, and often the most gentle contact can bring an orgasm to its owner.*

*Maybe some do think they are all the same, maybe some feel there is little need to look above the belt of anyone willing to open his fly for them, ignoring the rest of his partner's body.*

*Some people are happy eating at McDonald's having greasy fries and hamburgers while others enjoy dining on filet mignon at a gourmet restaurant. Both get your belly filled when you're hungry. There is, however, a difference.*

*A famous San Francisco porn merchant and pre-Columbian scholar sent the article below for the enjoyment of "skin freaks":*

When the Spanish and Portuguese conquistadores Hernán Cortez, Hernando de Soto, Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, Fernando Magellan, Francisco Pizarro and Pedro Valdivia set sail for the Americas aboard their wooden caravels, they sought precious stones, metals and spices to dispatch home to family, crown and church.

They razed literally scores of modern metropolises they encountered, the most prominent being towering Tenochtitlán, now Mexico City, which was far larger than the largest city and cultural center of Europe at the time, Seville.

At its breathtaking altitude, sprawling Tenochtitlán was laid out on a symmetrical grid pattern, unlike Seville with its narrow and winding little streets.

Tenochtitlán with its broad avenues seemed to float upon three islands amidst shimmering Lake Texcoco, now land-filled. This trio of isles was linked to the mainland by several stone causeways, ancestors of the modern freeway.

Texcoco teemed with floating farms; restaurants serving tacos, tostadas and other native foods; with markets, parks and gardens that were a riot of brilliant color with dozens of flowers the Europeans had never seen before including dahlias, marigolds, and poinsettias.

The floating gardens of Xochimilco are but a remnant of the once majestic Lake Texcoco whose bed underlies the heavily quake-damaged areas of the Mexican capital city. Prior to the devastating 1985 tremor, a skyscraper had sunk several floors into the unstable muck beneath it. Perhaps Montezuma's revenge for draining his magnificent lake.

In an act of barbarism the illiterate Spaniards torched thousands of Aztec, Olmec, Mixtec, Zapotec, Maya and Quechua-Aymara codices which in reality were the greatest treasures of the Americas. In one fell swoop, they deprived the world of the highly advanced medicine of the Native Americans. Successful brain surgery had been practiced by Indian doctors a millennium before white men first picked up a scalpel. Mayan obsidian scalpels survive as museum exhibits. Their stone blades are infinitely sharper than the best surgical

steel modern technology can produce. Certainly remedies for many of today's maladies were lost, perhaps even a cure for AIDS.

Centuries of scientific knowledge went up in smoke. We now know that the 52-cycle Aztec calendar is far more precise and accurate than the Christian Gregorian calendar we use today. The Mayans developed the mathematical concept of zero that evaded even the Romans. They invented paper, mirrors, rubber balls, screw-on lids for jars, wheeled toys and many other items. We can only speculate at what else was lost.

A significant loss was poetry and literature. Nahuatl, the language of the Aztecs, was a favored medium for prose. The ignorant Spanish erected their churches over Aztec pyramids they could not dismantle. They made superhuman efforts to eradicate every evidence of the superior cultures they had raped. How else could they justify the conquest?

Soon, however, even these vandals realized their folly. They needed the very codices they had burned to find the lost cities that still defy location. Mist-en-shrouded Macchu Pichu, high atop the Peruvian Andes, was undisturbed by outworlders until 1911. The seven cities of Cibola still prove elusive.

Ponce de León died searching in vain for the fountain of youth in the Floridas. Thousands perished in pursuit of El Dorado, the fabled home of the "Gilded One," an Indian cacique or king who daily had his entire nude body dusted in pulverized gold. El Dorado's riches still await discovery, perhaps buried beneath mounds of snow or overgrown by dense jungle. Many Indians believed that the Spaniards had a physical illness that required gold, such was the greed of these Europeans.

Fortunately for them, hundreds of tribes still have not made contact with Western man, particularly in southern Chile and in the interiors of Brazil, Peru, Colombia, Ecuador, Venezuela and the Guianas.

One legend the Jesuit friars vigorously suppressed is about a race of men with penises a foot long which had foreskin extending several inches beyond

that. Only a precious few drawings on tattered, yellow parchments from a single, singed codex housed at the Archives of the Americas at Asunción, Paraguay, survive as irrefutable proof that the revered and respected Cholomec men really existed.

The Cholomec Codex, still largely untranslated, says in part that, "The Cholomec men are the most prolific, virile and fertile fathers in the world due to their enormous genitals and cult of fertility."

Barren women from scores of distant cities bore offerings of wealth during their pilgrimages to the Cholomec citadel in hope of insemination by the noble Cholomec men. They believed that a Cholomec could impregnate even the most infertile old hag. Women of advanced age are recorded as giving birth to twins and triplets after a single instance of intercourse with a Cholomec.

These contemporary sketches of godlike men reveal that their elongated, membrane-like foreskins were tattooed and pierced. A solid gold ring was inserted into the pierced foreskin. This ring was then fastened to a brilliant quetzal feather belt, keeping the flaccid member flat against the Cholomec's firm, brown body. One drawing depicts a hoselike cock stretching up to one warrior's pierced nipples.

The proud Cholomecs wore no clothing as such, only rubber "sneakers," made by dipping their feet fleetingly into a vat of molten rubber. They wore finely worked gold and jade ornaments including giant ear-spools like those worn by the Chichimecs and by the extinct long-eared people of Easter Island.

A few invaluable specimens of ancient jade ear-spools and gold foreskin-rings were on display at Mexico's famed National Museum of Anthropology in Mexico City until they were recently pilaged.

A solitary 3-inch engraved jade foreskin ring is displayed in the heavily fortified National Bank Museum in Bogotá, Colombia, which is entirely housed within an enormous vault. Any thief fool enough to break into its glass display case would have his hand sliced off in-

stantly by a sophisticated laser defense system.

Church records in the Vatican make but one reference to the Cholomecs. Archbishop De La Cruz of Darién (now Panamá) ordered the extermination of all Cholomecs in his holy see in 1555 after he gave the Supreme Cholomec a Bible and told him to listen to what it said. The Supreme Cholomec held the book to his ear and exclaimed, "It says nothing!"

Imperial records at the Archives of the Indies in Seville reveal that the emperor himself, Carlos V, commanded his viceroy of New Spain to send him a choice young Cholomec warrior to his new capital of Madrid. There is no record as to the reason why Carlos V wanted his own Cholomec, but court gossip implied that the Hapsburg emperor was more of an Empress, so we can draw our own conclusions.

Carlos V did have a collection of men from every corner of his vast realms which encompassed five continents. They came from the nearby Canary and Balearic Islands as well as from the distant Caroline and Marquesas Islands in Polynesia, from New Granada (now Colombia), the Cisplatine Province (Uruguay), La Plata (Argentina), Jamaica, Santo Domingo, the Philippines, Spanish Guinea, the Floridas, the Malvinas, the Perus, California, Guam and from many other exotic territories.

But the imperial "men-agerie" lacked the jewel in the crown: a Cholomec. And the bewigged emperor would be forever stymied in his efforts to secure one, for the Cholomec sent to him jumped off the galleon transporting him to Iberia, preferring drowning to regal slavery.

Oral history relates that the Cholomec came to the west coast of South America from a small island to the west.

Thor Heyerdahl postulates that the Cholomecs sailed along the Gulf Stream current from Chile's isolated South Pacific possession of Easter Island where giant phallic statues have long fascinated researchers and laymen alike.

Erik Von Däniken and another school of scientists insist that the



Cholomec originated much closer to the mainland, probably on lush Santa Isabella in Ecuador's Galápagos Archipelago.

Prehistoric cave etchings of men with dicks as big as horse dicks were, until recently, dismissed as mere erotic fantasies. Historians today, however, no longer scoff at the legend in light of indisputable proof discovered over the last 11 years.

Despite the Spanish attempt at genocide and eradication of the culture, much of what was their lifestyle is known to us because the Cholomecs buried their treasures, sacred possessions and even many everyday objects to keep them from the avaricious conquistadores. Much was dumped down deep lakes like Titicaca perched between Upper Peru (Bolivia) and Lower Peru (Peru), at El Cenote in the Yucatán, and at countless other locales.

These watery preserves saved much of the past for us in what have amounted to time capsules. Only a few of these capsules have been retrieved. Virtually thousands of sites await excavation throughout Mesoamerica.

In Central America, we know that the Maya bred certain characteristics into their race, such as the cherished crossed eyes, the ultimate sign of beauty among the Maya. This was induced by suspending a small bead between the developing eyes of an infant. The baby's eyes would focus on the bead, becoming permanently crossed. The same baby's skull was also likely to have been altered. His soft, pliant cranium would be pressed and bound between two wooden planks to create the highly favored sloped head. These documented precedents lend credence to the possibility that the Cholomecs practiced similar customs.

The huge Cholomec cock could have been the result of selective breeding and/or other techniques lost to science with the burning of the codices.

Unverified accounts claim that the all-male Cholomec society perpetuated itself by keeping only male babies born with abnormally long penises to the women who came to them for impreg-

nation. In effect, they had the pick of the litter.

Newly unearthed burial sites provide proof that Cholomecs were a tall, statuesque race who wore long, flowing hair.

Little is known of their language which was once thought to be a sub-tongue of the Utoaztecan family that stretched from Colorado to Nicaragua. Now, with shards of incised polychrome pottery excavated at scattered digs to work with, linguists tentatively classify Cholomecan as an independent language unrelated to any other known language, living or dead.

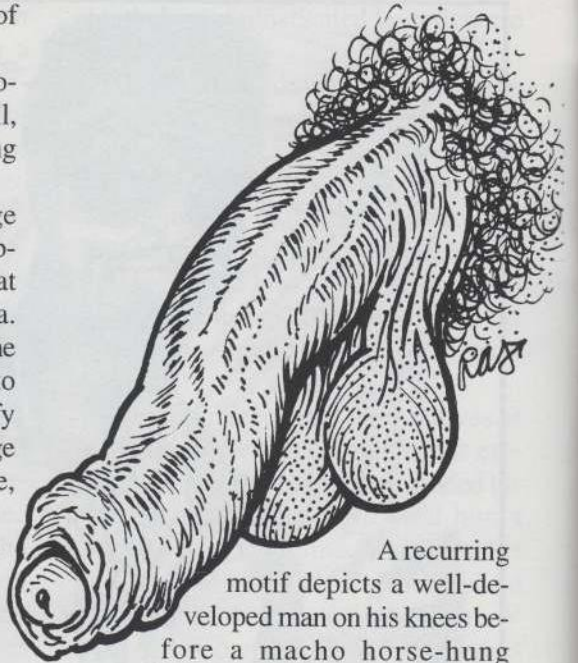
So far, scholars have logged 14 different Cholomecan words for penis. The name Cholomec itself has been translated as meaning either "snake genital men," or "people of the long penis."

Restored frescoes in chambers deep within thousand-year-old pyramids depict the Cholomecs in an orgy of wild sex acts that shocked the conservative and celibate Spanish padres. Half the frescoes were defaced by the Spanish friars, but determined artisans have recreated missing segments of colorful scenes of hyper-macho Cholomecs screwing men and women alike, orally and anally. One fresco shows a well-hung Cholomec's prick sheathed in what must be the world's first condom.

Heterosexuality and homosexuality were concepts unknown to the Cholomecs and other Native Americans. The Cholomecs could engage in sex with anyone regardless of sex, age or race. This was the same philosophy believed in and practiced by the more numerous Aztecs.

One especially kinky mural portrays a masculine Cholomec urinating into the gaping mouth of a reclining youth. The original "piss pig"?

One unusually well-preserved fresco graphically depicts the oldest known portrayal of a drag queen. A slim young man in heavy makeup, wearing obviously false breasts made from seashells and a wide smile is being fucked by a humongously hung, horny Cholomec.



A recurring motif depicts a well-developed man on his knees before a macho horse-hung Cholomec, orally copulating him. Another glyph represents the same pair with the "bottom" splattered with a huge load of cum, while still another glyph shows a less fortunate boy sitting on his life-sized rubber dildo. It would seem there isn't much we are doing today that the Cholomecs didn't do first.

**HEAD STOPS**  
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Edited by John Dagion

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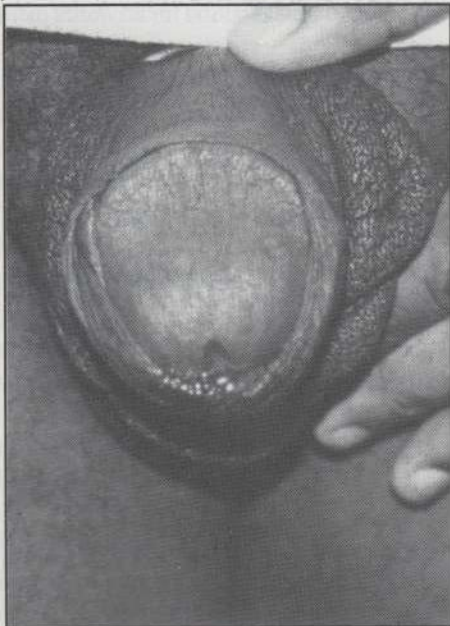
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### UNCUT BLACK TEDDY BEAR

5'11", 8½" uncut black exhibitionist, voyeur into phone sex and jacking off, shaved balls,



want to start local jack off club. Send photo and letter to M.F., 10231 Canby Ave., Box 001, Northridge, CA 91325 #20507 [23]

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1. Seal your letter in an envelope.
2. Write the advertiser's number on the back of the envelope.
3. Put proper postage on the envelope.
4. Put your return address on the envelope if you want it returned should there be a problem with delivery.
5. Put your sealed letter(s) plus \$1 forwarding fee for each letter in another envelope and mail to:  
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San Francisco, CA 94114.

LETTERS NOT PROPERLY PREPARED WILL BE DESTROYED.

### BEAR SEEKS UNCUT

Let this furry bear worship your big uncut cock. Foreskin drives me wild! Kick back while I gobble and stroke your throbbing cock, sucking, teasing your foreskin until you explode. I'm 38, 6', solid 215 lbs, brown hair, beard, balding, green eyes, hairy everywhere, have a talented, wet mouth. If you have a decent body, a big uncut dick, please respond. You won't be sorry! Tom, P.O. Box 14124, San Francisco, CA 94114 #20377 [23]

### CUT/UNCUT WANTED

60 year old. Seeks white males 40 plus with foreskin for good oral sex. HIV-, send phone number, will contact for good foreskin cleaning. Palm Springs area. #20442 [23]

### STALLIONS AND COLTS

Un sliced meat serviced here, by hot, handsome dawg. Europeans and Southern cumforts, smooth handsome horses apply. Outgoing, in-shape and under 40. You be happening or you be history. J. P., 2476½ Lakeview Ave., LA CA 90039. #20370 [22]

### UNCUT STONER BEAR

42, 6/210, hairy, brown eyes and longish hair, big worked tits, 8½"+fat uncut cock, ample skin. Seeking uncut or cut men into foreskin

play, smell, taste. Like me, a passionate kisser. Turn-ons: safe kink, watersports, sweaty pits, porno, outdoors, aroma a plus. I'm a nice, funny guy full life/job. I'm just a pig for hot sex play. #20399 [22]

### UNCUT AND RIPE

If you are ripe and cheesy and like your partner to be the same—If you enjoy sweaty man smells, let's get together for some enjoyable sex made even better by our special smells.



U B any age, all types, beards and bears a plus, but not a must. Hot, horny and uncut with sweaty pits and balls are all that's required. LA area. Paul, 13825 Beaver Street #78, Sylmar CA 91342. #20439 [22]

### ASS LICKING PISS & SHIT PIG

BGWM 44, 9" uncut, self-suck, piss drinker. Anilingus and cunnilingus OK. Uninhibited. Masochistic toilet. Cocksucker, deep throat. No beard. Smooth body. Pass Greek. In prison: self-defense, A. D. W. to 3 bashers. Out in 96 only with help. No family. No mail. No visit/8 years. Anal/oral toilet rape in jail by 14 for 60 days. Care pkg good, but no beggar, no thief or swindler or liar. Psychosexual scat freak. Stamps appreciated. Reply all. Please write. #20371 [22]

### UNCUT PUERTO RICAN/BLACK

Man seeking uncut buddies for fun, fantasy, freindship, foreplay, foreskin. I am 38, 5' 10", 180#, muscular body, hairy chested and adaptable. I am honest, have a good sense of humor, and a great imagination. You have same qualities and be any age or race. I like it natural, sensual and raunchy. Into leather as a statement—not as a life style. Write: MD, P.O. Box 57192, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413. #20413 [22]

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## STALLIONS AND COLTS

unsliced meat serviced here, by hot handsome dawg. europeans and southern cumferts, smooth handsome horses apply—outgoing in shape and under 40. You be happening or you be history JP 2476½ Laveview Ave. LA CA. 90039 #20370 [21]

## COLORADO

### "K.G.B." BUDDY WANTED

(Kinky Gay Boy) GWM, 40, 6', 175#, 6", cut, masculine, bottom, clean shaven, hairy, safe. Envy/worship men with long, uncut dicks.



Any race, Top, 35-45, masculine, average build, cut or uncut for kinky, SM/BD, raunch play. Like my cock & balls tied, tit clamps (have nice nipples). Let's correspond, meet, play? Write or call #20101 [23]

## FLORIDA

### UNCUT BOTTOM BEAR

gwm, 47, 5ft, 11in, 225pds, husky, healthy, lite pelt, hazel eyes, brown/gray hair, s/p beard, mustache, with german foreskin, 1in. overhang. ISO husky, healthy, masculine, uncutbear 40's to 50's seeks a monogamous relationship, one who is laid back, easy going, secure, spend quality time together, quiet evenings, at home plenty of hugs, cuddling, and endless hours of safe bear sex. Lets enjoy the good things in life, not into bars, n/s, n/d, nor drugs no fems. Serious uncut bears only no cuts! Will respond to all, photo is appreciated. Write to: Chuck B. 201 Monroe Ave. 30-d, Maitland, FL 32751 Orlando area #20372 [21]

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## ILLINOIS

### COUPLE SEEKS OTHERS

WGM couple in early 50s seeks other couples or singles for 3-way, friendship and pleasure. Must be sincere and honest. We enjoy cuddling, sucking, and safe-sex. We both are uncut and are free to travel if possible. #20212 [23]

### RESTORING BUDDY WANTED

White male, 33, currently in 4 months of restoration seeks motivating restorers to get together with on a regular basis. Activities would include moral support, comparing of progress, discussing techniques and devices as well as physical and safe pleasure with our own cocks. Hobbies include biking and swimming. Also enjoy men into athletic apparel such as speedos, jocks, bike shorts, etc. Interested in developing a stimulating physical relationship. #20457 [23]

## LOUISIANA

### UNCUT COPS WANTED

GWM, 39, wants to worship foreskin of big, beefy, uncut cops. I love a man in uniform! 6', 195 lbs., love big, lowhangers, or average. Want to roll them around in my mouth. Write my box. Would love to hear from you. Have dinner--you'll be dessert! (New Orleans area) #20206 [20]

## MARYLAND

### SMALL DICKS UNITE!

... against size discrimination. We can always feel good, get hard, cum big loads, make babies. I am a small but handsome and juicy dick with lots of chewable foreskin, attached to a mature 6 foot, 158 lb, trim blond, blue eyed man. We want to exchange letters/photos, J/O calls, and meet other dicks/owners. We live in Maryland. #20205 [20]

### BEARDED, HAIRY, 8" UNCUT

43 year old, 6' 2", good looking, HIV-, 215 lbs., masculine, red hair, blue eyes. Write: Glenn G., P.O. Box 61, Pylesville, MD 21132. #20126 [23]

## MICHIGAN

### CONSIDERING CIRCUMCISION

32 yo Indian male, slim body, mustache, often fantasize about being circumcised, having tough, leathery cockhead, dark, thick scar. Interested in opinions and contact with others. French passive. Write me! Shiva Sookhai, 1411 Capital Ave. NE #6, Battle Creek, MI 49017 #20498 [23]

### CONSIDERING CIRCUMCISION

32 yo Indian male, slim body, mustache, often fantasize about being circumcised, having tough, leathery cockhead, dark, thick scar. Interested in opinions and contact with

Check it out: Has your ad expired? What about your subscription?

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### BEARDED, HAIRY, 8" UNCUT

43 year old, 6' 2", good looking, HIV-, 215 lbs., masculine, red hair, blue eyes. Write: Glenn G., P.O. Box 61, Pylesville, MD 21132. #20126 [23]

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**SMALL DICKS UNITE!** ... against size discrimination. We can always feel good, get hard, cum big loads, make babies. I am a small but handsome and juicy dick with lots of chewable foreskin, attached to a mature 6 foot, 158 lb, trim blond, blue eyed man. We want to exchange letters/photos, J/O calls, and meet other dicks/owners. We live in Maryland. #20205 [20]

For FQ Personals on | 1-800-877-COCK MasterCard or Visa @ \$1.98 a minute  
The FQ Uncut Line... | 1-900-246-COCK Charged to your phone @ \$1.98 a minute

**NO  
OPERATORS**

# SKIN SEARCH

FQ Personals with mail forwarding and voice mail.

others. French passive. Write me! Shiva Sookhai, 1411 Capital Ave. NE #6, Battle Creek, MI 49017 #20498 [23]

## NEW YORK

### FORESKIN WANTED

Good looking GWM, 33, 5' 11" stocky/hairy bear, average cut cock, straight-acting, HIV-, masculine, mustached, professional. Looking for an uncut man with similar qualities, 25-55, any race, no fems or queens, size not important. Must be honest, HIV-, and willing to teach me proper methods in satisfying an uncut man. Relationship minded, but very willing to experiment. All types encouraged to respond. Pen pals also welcome. Your photo gets mine. Also interested in exchanging uncut videos, solo or group, homemade or commercial. Discretion assured and expected. reply to F. Austin, P. O. Box 904, Geneva NY 14456. #20373 [22]

### LOVE TO SLIDE SKIN

Bi white male, 32, 5' 11", 175, red, green, needs regular contact with large uncut cocks to suck on. I shave the base of my cock and up around my asshole to that its smooth when a cock is sliding in and out. I also have

a deep throat that can accommodate even the largest cocks. I would love a couple, be it male-male or male-female. Serious replies only, please. C. D., P. O. Box 194, Waterford, NY 12188 #20199 [20]

### FORESKIN WANTED

Good looking GWM, 33, 5' 11" stocky/hairy bear, average cut cock, straight-acting, HIV neg, masculine, mustached professional. Looking for an uncut man with similar qualities, 25-55, any race, no fems or queens, size not important. Must be honest, HIV-, and willing to teach me proper methods in satisfying an uncut man. Relationship minded, but very willing to experiment. All types encouraged to respond. Pen pals also welcome. Your photo gets mine. Also interested in exchanging uncut videos, solo or group, homemade or commercial. Discretion assured and expected. Reply to F. Austin, P.O. Box 904, Geneva, NY 14456. #20373 [21]

### NIAGARA FALLS SKIN LOVER

Horny, nice looking GWM, 28, 5' 11", 160 lbs. Thick, cut, 7 1/2", straight-acting, honest, athletic, fun loving, down to earth, HIV-, successful. I surf! I love to suck cock and eat ass. Seeking blond/blue 18-21 yrs. for pen

pal, hot times, long term relationship? Prefer uncut, athletic, mature, straight-acting. Hot photo gets mine. Contact Trevor, P. O. Box 128, Cheektowaga, NY 14225. #20216 [20]

## UTAH

### CLOSET VIRGIN

36 year old closet virgin discovered a "nude" world: pumping and foreskins. Seeks someone to help me!! Tattoos: Mickey Mouse/Disneyland, 2 tigers on penis. Don't smoke or drink. I live in a depressed state where being gay is difficult and the outside is hard to reach. Pumping makes me happy and my foreskin grows. Reply: Ben, P. O. Box 732, American Fork, Utah 84003. #20200 [20]

## WASHINGTON

### MUSCULAR-HAIRY-UNCUT

BM, 42, 5' 8", 185#, uncut, bearded, hairy, pierced. Seeking mature beefy uncut men (40-55) w/sensitive head like me for skin pulling and much attention to your thick, low hangers. In the woods, fishing, flea markets, leather, sweat, food, weight-lifting, strong personality, real men, safer sex just a few of my

# PHONE ORGY



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OR JUST EAVESDROP

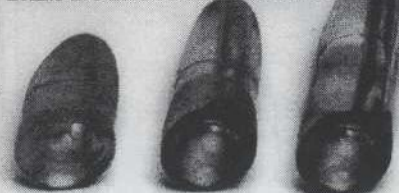
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FROM CANADA 1-900-451-3216

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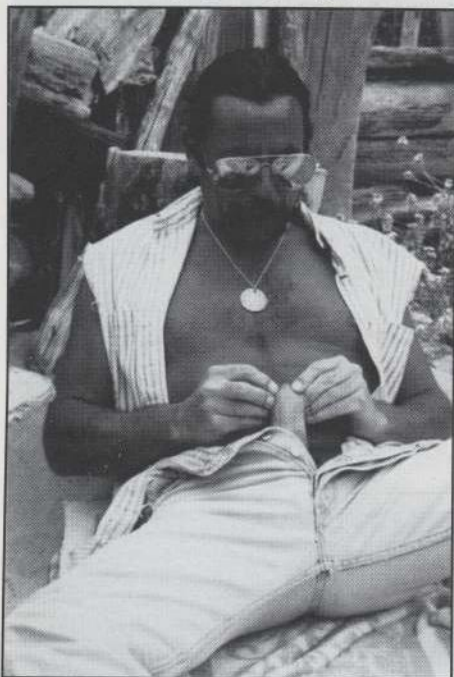
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favorite things. Write me with photo: CW, 1111 E. Madison Street #246, Seattle WA 98122. #20414 [22]

## NATIONWIDE

### IS IT OR ISN'T IT?

Had partial clip job as a teenager. Want to hear about it? Foto exchange with cut and uncut alike. 40, 5'6", HIV-, 183 lbs., bl/br. Prefer W/L dudes my age, or younger, in shape.



Serious cirking talk. Meet same in S.F./Bay Area. Share restoration techniques. Shaverrs and pumpers welcome. Please no drunks, druggies, or HIV+. S.B., 935 Geary, #910, S.F., CA 94109 #20487 [23]

### BIG CHEESY UNCUT COCKS

Italian seeks X-big fat ripe cheesy uncuts to service my hot mouth and rear for hours. No reciprocation necessary. Men of any age or looks with big smelly unwashed foreskins. Love photos of cheesy uncuts. Locals and travelers in Philadelphia PA welcome, including truckers, vacuum pumpers, hardhats, uniformed men, businessmen. Like tattoos, unshowered guys, boxer shorts, jock straps, socks with sock garters, headcheese. Write "Bruno" at P.O. Box 11118, Phila., PA 19136 #20481 [23]

### FARM RAISED

GWM, 35, 5'11", 165 lbs., black/brown, smooth body. Very oral bottom. Honest, hardworking, humorous. Love beefy, hairy, masculine 100% tops. Cut but prefer uncut men. Relationship oriented but can play until

right man comes, so visitors OK. No drugs/tobacco. HIV-. I.E. Box 24541, Indianapolis, IN 46224 #20484 [23]

### HAIRY PEN BEARS WANTED

GWM, 34, 5'8", red/green, hairy, lumberjack build, would like to correspond with other hairy guys, esp. cowboys and truckers, to exchange HOT letters and pix or videotape (Raunchy talk and J/O). Prefer men 35-60. S/P Beard and body hair a plus. All letters answered. What you send me gets same. 11501 Lochwood Dr., #1102, Yukon, OK 73009 #20460 [23]

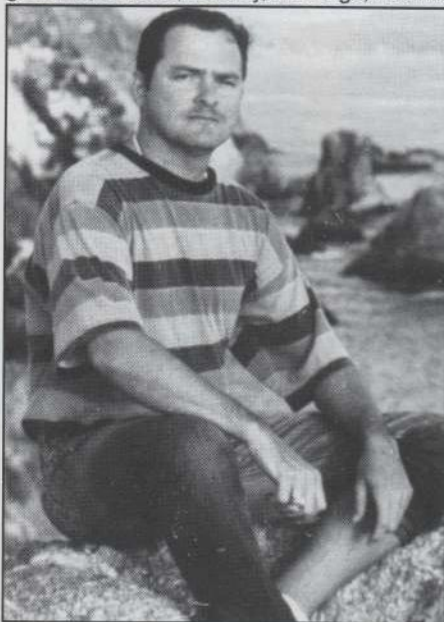
### UNCUT DADDY SEEKS SON

Disciplined son needed to service Daddy's 6½ inch uncut cock and low hanging balls. Daddy is 5'10", 145#, HIV-, brown hair, hazel eyes, caring and ready for action. You are 18+. Son will be disciplined when deserved, loved at all times. If distance is a problem, pen-pals welcomed. Your letter, nude-photo, video and love gets mine in return. Let's get it on. Don Rose, P.O. Box 166, Morris, IL 60450 #20164 [23]

### WANTED:

#### ALL AMERICAN/FOREIGNER

Are you the all-american, boy-next-door type (24-30)—with a "little secret"—you're uncut? Look no further! This very attractive, eccentric Texan (cut, 30's) is waiting for you. I'm genuine, sincere, healthy, no drugs, not into



raunch. Degreed professional. Exhausting search for U/C mate. Be creative, smart, witty, outgoing & cute. Love Italians (none here!), Greek and middle-Eastern. Write! Will answer all. Adventure and romance await. You won't be disappointed! #20445 [23]

### RAUNCHY JOCK STRAPS

Very goodlooking GWM, 35, 6', 162 lbs., dark hair, masculine wants to buy or exchange extremely raunchy, sweat and cum stained "worn for weeks" jock straps/white briefs, but preferably JS used by young, hung, uncut athletes or jocks. Write P O Box 469, 304 Newbury St., Boston MA 02115 #20384 [22]

### LIFEMATE (FUCKBUDDY)

Me: 35, 5'11", 160#, built, smooth, hung, boy vegetarian, non-smoker, performer. Seriously oral and affectionate. You: dominant, masculine, horny, financially secure. Pluses: hung, uncut, spanker, discreet. Some Nat'l travel. Will answer all. C.D.E., 13170-B Central Ave. SE #125, Albuquerque, NM 87123. #20394 [21]

### UNCUT STONER BEAR

42, 6/210, hairy, brown eyes and longish hair, big worked tits, 8½+fat uncut cock, ample skin. Seeking uncut or cut men into foreskin play, smell, taste. Like me, a passionate kisser. Turn-ons: safe kink, watersports, sweaty pits, porno, outdoors, aroma a plus. I'm a nice, funny guy full life/job. I'm just a pig for hot sex play. #20399 [22]

### SLAVE WANTED

GWM, 55, 5'10", 210#, ISO submissive size queen for live-in slave. Duties include light housekeeping, light B&D, and all-night oral worship of uncut 7" long, 7" circumference jawbreaker cock. Age, appearance unimportant. Must be healthy, submissive and willing to relocate. No smokers, drunks, or barflies. No outside job. Write HC, P. O. Box 77270, Tucson AZ 85703. #20369 [23]

### ORAL DADDY BEAR

Sadly, I'm cut, but love to suck, chew, & stretch uncuts. Plusses are, big nips, shaved balls, ink, jewelry smooth. Prefer big boys but all are welcome. Penpals welcome. I'm 55, 5'8" 200 lbs & hairy. D.C. POB 600503 N. Miami Beach Fl 33160. No voicemail. #20366 [21]

### GET EVERYTHING YOU WANT!

Dream of having a hungry mouth to feed your big man meat to whenever you want? Wish you could fuck a tight young ass as long, hard, deep, and often as you like? Like to sit on a rock hard 8 inch cut dick while its owner worships your foreskin? Wish you could find someone to vent these urges who has a brain? Write with interests, qualifications, expectations. Possible relationship for non S/M over 30. #20448 [23]

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# SKIN SEARCH

## NUDE PHOTOS WANTED

I have grown to be the type of man I have always admired, husky, middle aged—still sexy! I'm 5'10" tall and weigh in at 200 lbs. I have brown eyes/hair and a large moustache that sweeps cows off the railroad track and



some men off their feet! I'm an ardent collector of nude photographs. I enjoy looking a naked men, any age, size, race or nationality. Your nude photo(s) gets mine! Please send them to: J. Norman, 919 1/2 E. Thomas Street, Seattle, WA 98102-5423. I will answer all letters in kind. #20509 [23]

## UNCUT BROTHER LOOKING FOR FRIEND

Hello. I am a young Brother looking to meet men of all colors. I'm 5'6", 140 lbs., 39 years old. My cock is 6 1/2 in. with a nice foreskin. I'm into bodybuilding, running and I love to



do nude pictures. I love showing men my body. I wish to meet men who are hairy and

uncut or just cut for HOT SEX and games like hard tit play, fistfucking and sex toys. I welcome all HIV- and +. #20467 [23]

## CUT

### SACRIFICED

White Australian male 37, sacrificed his foreskin at the age of 20. Unfortunately under general anaesthetic. Fantasizes about ritual circumcision. Would like to exchange letters and ideas with American brothers. Perhaps suggest alternatives to a now impossible ritual foreskin sacrifice. Perhaps willing to travel to USA if you are a competent and legal operator. #20374 [21]

## UNCUT

### UNCUT STONER BEAR

42, 6/210, hairy, brown eyes and longish hair, big worked tits, 8 1/2+fat uncut cock, ample skin. Seeking uncut or cut men into foreskin play, smell, taste. Like me, a passionate kisser. Turn-ons: safe kink, watersports, sweaty pits, porno, outdoors, aroma a plus. I'm a nice, funny guy full life/job. I'm just a pig for hot sex play. #20399 [22]

### CHEESE PLEASE

Boyish, 29, 153#, uncut, would love to give blow jobs on thick ripe, cheesy, smelly, unwashed dickhead, especially when there is such a mess of cheese, into force feeding, 501s, stuffed jocks, boots. Photo please. Foreskin only write to L.B. 3601 Ste Famille #1510 Mtl Qc Canada H2X 2L6 #20367 [21]

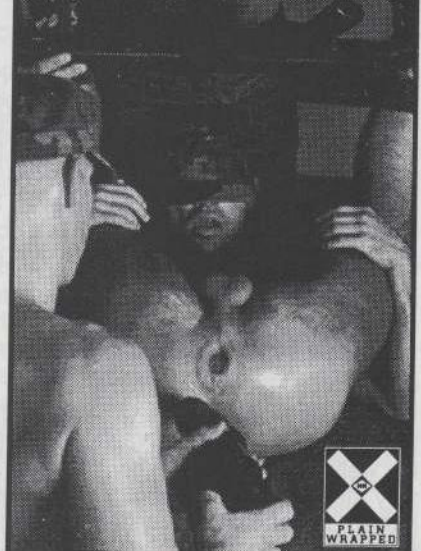
### FELLOW SERVICEMEN

Gay Black male, HIV-, 34, 5' 6 1/2", 140 lbs.; 7 1/2 inch uncut penis seeks other military personnel to share war stories. All races and branches of service welcome. I can be a great pen pal. I know it can get pretty lonely out there. Photo with uniform welcome. You can write my box. #20214 [20]

### UNCUT BOTTOM BEAR

GWM 46 masculine, husky litet pelt bear. 5'10", 220#, brown hair, mustache, beard, HIV- seeks cub or older bear 30s-50s masculine, very husky, hairy, mustache, beard HIV- uncut. Enjoy quiet evenings at home, CW and jazz, hours of hugging, cuddling, spending quality time together. Bear foreskin play and safe sex would like to find the right person for a monogamous relationship. New friends welcome. Uncut only. Not into bars. Non-smoker. No drugs or heavy alcohol use. Photo appreciated. Will respond to all. Write Chuck B, 201 No. Monroe Ave 30-D, Maitland FL 32751 #20372 [22]

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# SKIN SEARCH

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## CUT OR UNCUT

### USE IT, ABUSE IT

Dickhead abuse. Skin it back tightly, chew on the head, attack with sandpaper, make me beg to be cut. Tie me down and rip the foreskin off! Leave a smooth scar where the frenulum was, a deep scar back to the balls on the cockshaft. So tight it aches when I'm hard. No slack skin—anybody have a scalpel? Shiva Sookhai, 1411 Capital Ave. NE #6, Battle Creek, MI 49017 #0494 [23]

## INTERNATIONAL

### CALLING FROM CANADA

Nice Frenchman seeks genuine friendship, anywhere. I am fortysomething, 5'11", 155 lbs, well-hung, masculine, non smoker. I am very affectionate, I love cuddling, kissing (and more). Unfortunately I am single. My interests include the outdoors, nature, fitness, cycling, snorkelling, travelling, music, movie. If you are Black or White, at least in your thirties and appreciate friendship, please reply with recent photo to: Box 222, Station C,

Toronto, Canada M6J 3M9. You will not be disappointed. #20508 [23]

### U.S. DAD/HUSBAND WANTED

GWM—extremely boyish English pussy, 40, 5'8", 168 lbs, c/shaven, 7" uncut—GrP, Fr A/P, needs ltr with huge muscular He-man 30-45, over 200 lbs (bigger the better!), exclusively GrA, 100% gay, protective, romantic nature, relocating OK? Already here? Very tight hairless pussy needs extensive rimming to handle your massive tool. (Moustache/smoker preferred) Photo/details to: R.H. PO Box 27, Abbots Langley, Herts. Wds. Obw. UK (Face/Race unimportant!) #20459 [23]

### HOT PHOTO EXCHANGE

Young guy, 29, smoothly shaved body, naked, but. Seeking others to trade nude photos, action. I'm sincere, answer all sending photos with mine. Rafi, La Maisonnee, 6865, Christophe-Colomb, Montreal, QC, H2S 2H3, Canada. #20387 [22]

### SACRIFICED

White Australian male 37, sacrificed his foreskin at the age of 20. Unfortunately under

general anaesthetic. Fantasizes about ritual circumcision. Would like to exchange letters and ideas with American brothers. Perhaps suggest alternatives to a now impossible ritual foreskin sacrifice. Perhaps willing to travel to USA if you are a competent and legal operator. #20374 [25]

## PERSONAL

### SLAVE WANTED

GWM, 55, 5'10", 210#, iso submissive size queen for live-in slave. Duties include light house keeping, light B&D, and all-night oral worship of uncut 7" long, 7" circumference, jawbreaker breaker cock. Age, appearance unimportant. Must be healthy, submissive, and willing to relocate. No smokers, drunks, or barflies. No outside job. (520) 887-8222 between 8:00 and 10:00 MOUNTAIN time. PO Box 77270, Tucson AZ 85703. #20369 [21]

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# Good Guys Have 'Skins

Classic Characters Mr. Kirke, Drum and Zeke Find a New Home in *The Fantastic World of Bill Ward*.

Remember those old movies where, all the good guys had white hats and you could tell who the bad guys were because they wore black from head to toe? Well, imagine a world where all the good guys have huge cocks sheathed with thick, tempting foreskins. Sound too good to be true? Welcome to *The Fantastic World of Bill Ward, Volume 3*. For years, Englishman Bill Ward has been producing erotic comics and art that exudes a sexy machismo rivaling Tom of Finland. Originally published in *Drummer*, *Manifest Reader* and *Alternate*, some of Ward's best work has been collected and reprinted by Alternate Publishing.

In this volume, you can rediscover the illustrated exploits of Mr. Kirke, the domineering slave trader featured in Robert Payne's best-selling novel, *The Exchange*. From the pages of *Drummer* comes "Drum and the Bear," a tale of the enduring *Drummer* man's wild and woolly adventures with were-bear Ethan Slade. *Alternate's* entire collection of the hysterical "Zeke" is also reprinted here. Rounding out this collection is a handful of never-before-published illustrations and flights of fancy.

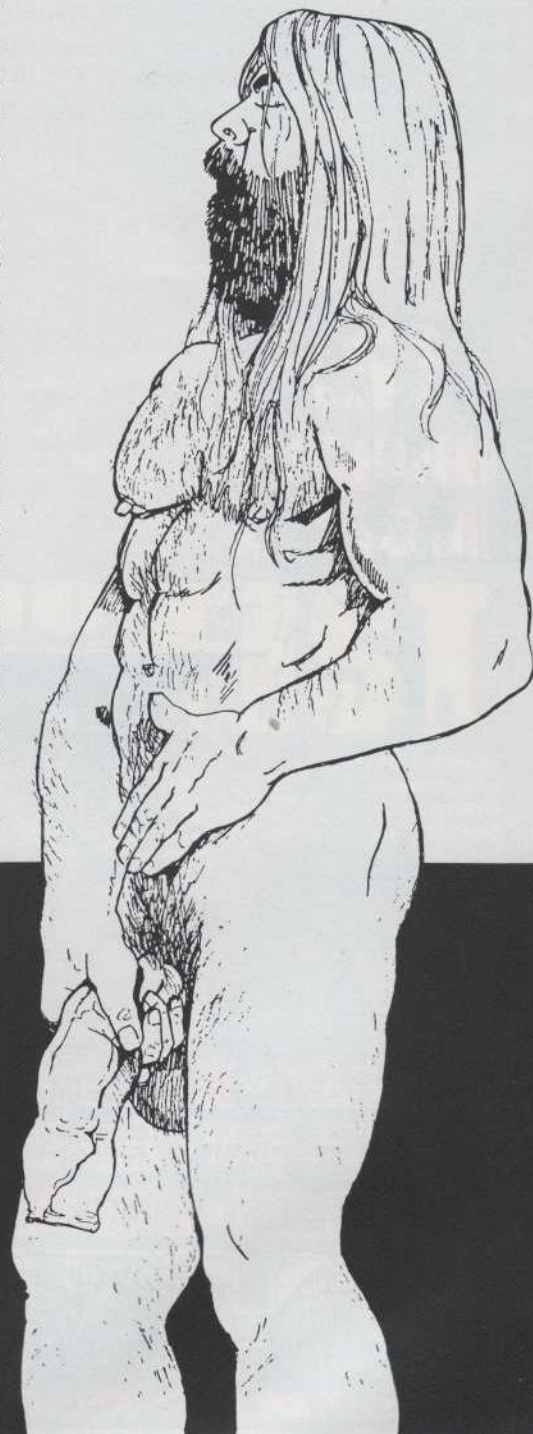
Like all of Ward's work, these comics are filled with cool, cocksure sexual

predators. Although he avoids much of the graphic and explicit details found in the work of many of his peers, Ward brings to life a diverse cast of carnal delights with unsurpassed skill. Some characters are tender and benign, others are rough and carnivorous. There are lumbering, hairy beasts sporting beer guts and enormous dicks. There are smooth, muscular men with washboard stomachs and, well, enormous dicks.

One of the more entertaining and erotic elements in Ward's comics is the fact that all of the good guys have cocks (huge, of course) blunt with thick foreskin. Only once in this collection did I notice a villain with a tasty skin gracing the head of his dick. You'll have to scan the pages of this collection yourself to find which bad guy got so lucky. But, rest assured you'll relish the art and stories presented in traditional comic form. Ward's experience as a commercial artist and comic book fan has obviously trained him in narrative storytelling. His own experiences and preferences (about which he remains frustratingly modest and tight-lipped) have clearly given him the tools he needs to create the singularly sexy and masculine characters which populate his work.

*Continued on page 56.*

*Ethan Slade, Bill Ward's were-bear, gives Drum a chance to sample his thick foreskin.*



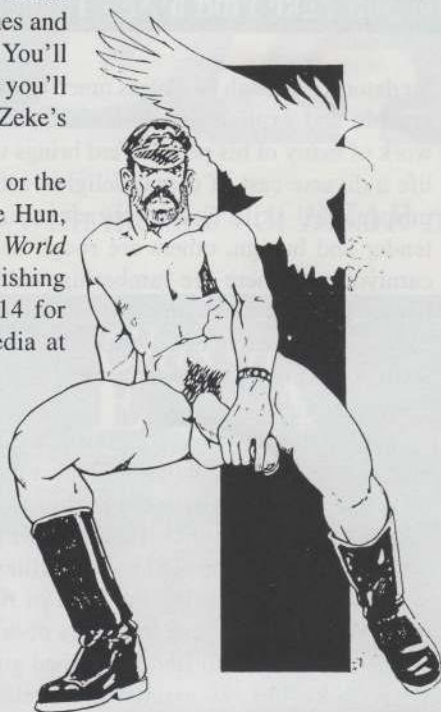
*Mr. Kirke "prepares" a new slave.*

Continued from page 55.

The biggest treat in this collection has to be his wonderfully naive character, Zeke. Originally created for *Manifest Reader*, this irresistible country boy, cursed with an impossibly huge cock, goes to the Wicked City and finds sexual adventure far beyond his modest comprehension. In Zeke, Ward has managed to capture something which has eluded so many other erotic artists and storytellers—a sense of humor which matches and enhances the lumbering sexuality of his hero. You'll find yourself laughing out loud, almost as often as you'll find your own meat hardening as you follow Zeke's adventures.

If you have ever been a fan of erotic comics or the work of artists such as Tom of Finland and the Hun, you owe it to yourself to explore *The Fantastic World of Bill Ward, Volume 3*. Contact Alternate Publishing at 4077 18th Street, San Francisco, CA 94114 for ordering information, or call Brush Creek Media at (415) 552-1506.

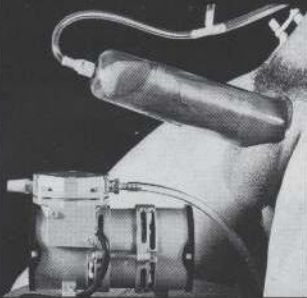
*Never-before-published art and the hysterically naive Zeke are among the highlights of Bill Ward's new collection.*



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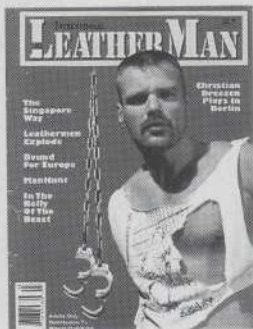
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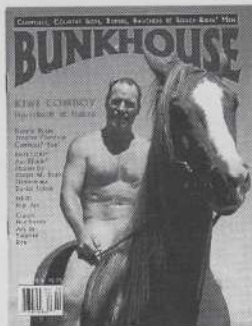


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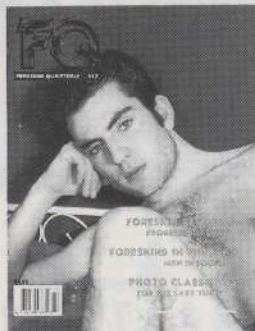
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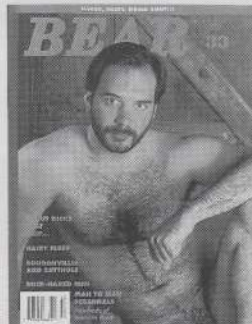
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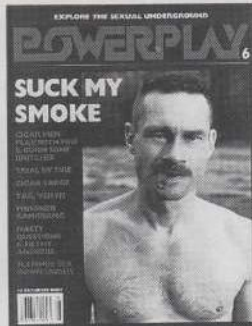
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Continued from page 36

more, and nothing seems to happen.

Still I keep on, knowing that suddenly the skin does give way and it will expand. What joy I feel when this happens! What a surge of accomplishment I have, knowing I can comfortably add another cotton ball, knowing I can increase my foreskin's length by adding more weight.

Occasionally, I exude the faint smell of an intact man when I skin myself back, exposing my glans. It floats gently upward, assailing my nose. The air soon washes it clean, but not before the smell has aroused my libido. The fragrance of an intact penis, even my own, is like an aphrodisiac: Instantly I get an erection!

Although a member of my Recap Support Group reluctantly related that he had once discovered a smidgen of head cheese underneath his newly formed foreskin, I have not—at least to my knowledge—produced any smegma. It must have been a pungent, somewhat repugnant, experience for him and not wholly enjoyable. Me? I would like to reserve judgment until it happens. I would not deny myself any experience available to an intact man!

**METHOD:** I discovered this year that, hey, I really have a lot of loose foreskin to play with! I can easily make the "tape ring" touted in all the foreskin-restoration literature as a good method to start with. I couldn't do it when I started. I also discovered that instead of using tape, I can pull my foreskin through a 1 3/4-inch washer with a 1-inch opening for the same effect.

My Jockey shorts, however, rubbed against the washer and dislodged it, so it slipped off. To prevent this from happening again, I covered the pucker in my foreskin coming through the hole with a piece of elasto-tape. I tucked the corners of the tape under the washer and adhered them. Now, with my foreskin ring secure, I'm ready for a day or night of stretching.

This has been the main method I have used this year to increase my foreskin. As it lengthens, I keep it extended and stretching: I gradually stuff cotton balls, one by one, under it before applying the washer and tape. I do this mostly at night. My foreskin can comfortably accommodate four cotton balls.

Apart from all the devices I use or have used, I still employ a lot of manual stretching. I really enjoy it! Whenever I lie naked on the couch reading or watching television, my hands naturally gravitate to my foreskin. There's nothing like the feeling that a good fingering of my foreskin gives me. And it's a great way to relax!



Continued on page 62

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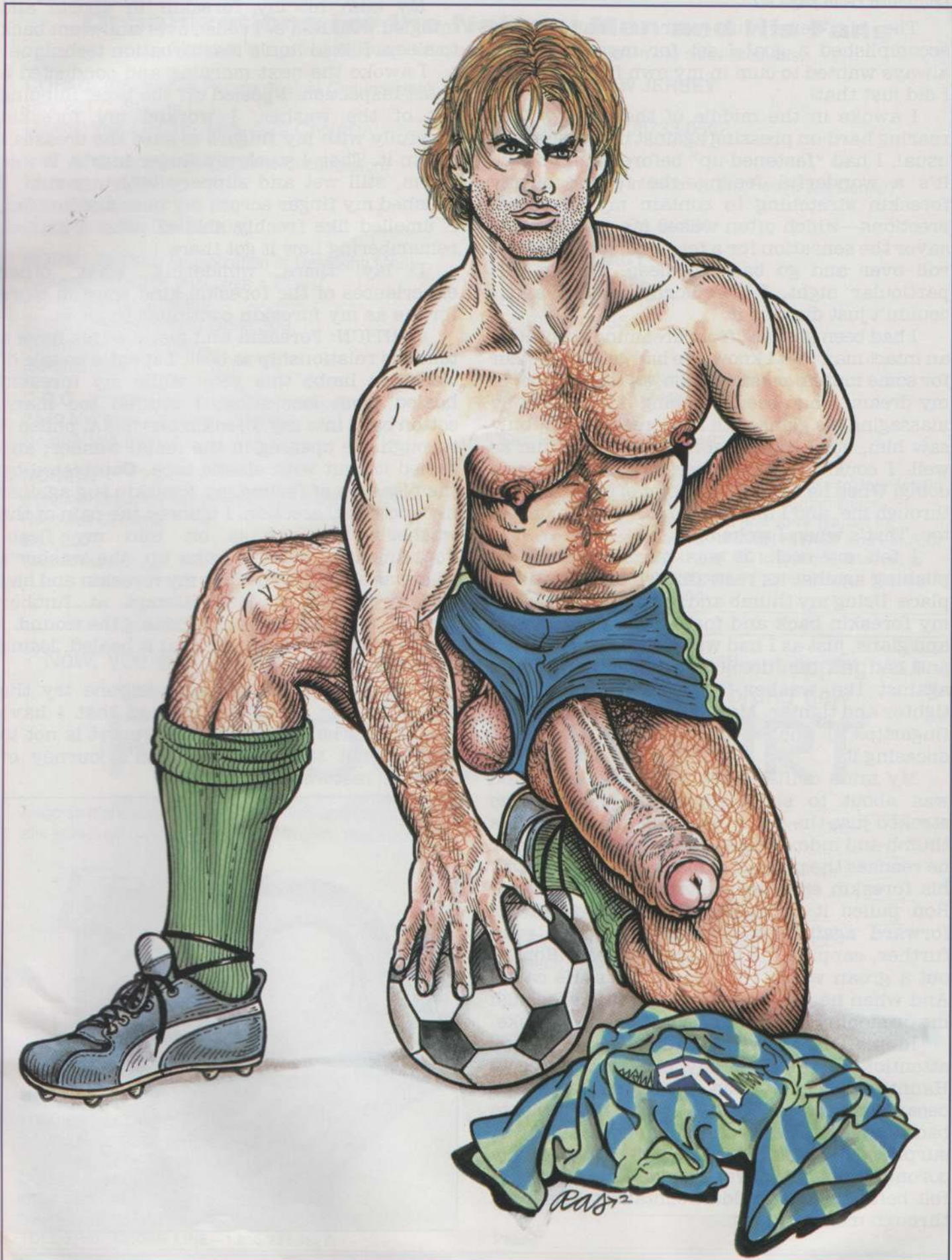
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The big news this year is that I have accomplished a goal I set for myself. I have always wanted to cum in my own foreskin. And I did just that!

I awoke in the middle of the night with a roaring hard-on pressing against my washer. As usual, I had "fastened-up" before going to bed. It's a wonderful feeling—the feeling of my foreskin stretching to contain my nocturnal erections—which often wakes me up. Usually I savor the sensation for a few moments and then roll over and go back to sleep. But on this particular night, I was horny as hell and I couldn't just dismiss it.

I had been aroused from dreaming about Ron, an intact man that I know. We had gotten together for some mutual masturbation, as we often do. In my dream, I had been watching him jack-off by massaging his glans with his foreskin. I not only saw him, but I could feel him and smell him as well. I could actually experience what he was doing! When he reached the point of climax, it ran through me, and I felt as though I would explode, too. That's when I woke up.

I felt my cock. It was harder than ever, pushing against its restraint which was still in place. Using my thumb and forefinger, I worked my foreskin back and forth across my corona and glans, just as I had watched Rod do so often and had felt him doing in my dream. Pushing against the washer, my foreskin stretched tighter and tighter. My cock strained. Using my fingertips, I rubbed its head with the skin encasing it.

My mind drifted back into the dream. Ron was about to shoot. Breathing heavily, he stroked just the tip of his penis using only his thumb and index finger. He does that whenever he reaches the point of climax. Moving forward, his foreskin stretched to engulf his cockhead. Ron pulled it back. His glans flared. Racing forward again, his foreskin stretched even further, capping his swollen cockhead. Ron let out a groan which rang in my ears. He came. And when he did, his climax exploded through me drenching me with his cum. Again, I awoke.

Riding the wave of Ron's climax, my attention centered on my own pulsing cock. Hauntingly, I felt Ron's cock surge, which became my own surging. Working my cockskin back and forth across the tip of my penis, I was surprised. I could feel the hard ridge of my corona through it. It was a sensation I had never felt before. But I couldn't contain it. It surged through me and I shot.

My cum hit my foreskin in spurts and mingled with Ron's. I rolled over and went back to sleep. I liked Ron's masturbation technique.

I awoke the next morning and conducted a short inspection. I peeled off the tape. Slipping out of the washer, I worked my foreskin carefully with my fingers to ease the creases I felt in it. Then I stuck my finger inside. It was warm, still wet and slippery with my cum. I brushed my finger across my nose and sniffed. It smelled like freshly shelled peas. I smiled, remembering how it got there.

I lay there wondering what other experiences of the foreskin-kind were in store for me as my foreskin continued to grow.

CAUTION: Foreskin and metal edges have a tenuous relationship at best. I spent a couple of weeks in limbo this year while my foreskin healed from laceration. I stuffed too many cotton balls into my foreskin one night, pulled it through the opening in the metal washer, and sealed it shut with elastic tape. Captivated by the pleasure of feeling my foreskin tug against my nocturnal erection, I ignored the pain of the washer's edge as it bit into my flesh. Consequently, when I woke up, the washer's edge was embedded deep in my foreskin and had broken the skin. Any attempt at further stretching only resulted in opening the wound. I had to stop all stretching until it healed, losing valuable time.

I do not recommend that anyone try the metal washer stretching method that I have described. The purpose of this report is not to instruct but to relate one man's journey of foreskin restoration.



## Organizations for the Natural Man and His Fans

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(Uncircumcising Information and Resources Center)  
Box 52138  
Pacific Grove, CA 93950

**REMAIN INTACT**  
Route #2, Box 86  
Larchwood, IA 51241  
(712) 477-2256

**NOHARMM**  
(National Organization to Halt the Abuse and  
Routine Mutilation of Males)  
P. O. Box 460795  
San Francisco, CA 94146

D.O.C. is new to the list in this issue. Thanks to Jon Hobein of I.M.A.C. for informing us of this new organization. Thanks also to Jon, once again, and Jerry Warner for updating our information on **REMAIN INTACT** and **I.M.A.C.** Please, all of you, make use of **FQ** to find one another, to organize, and to keep everyone informed of what you and your organization are doing.

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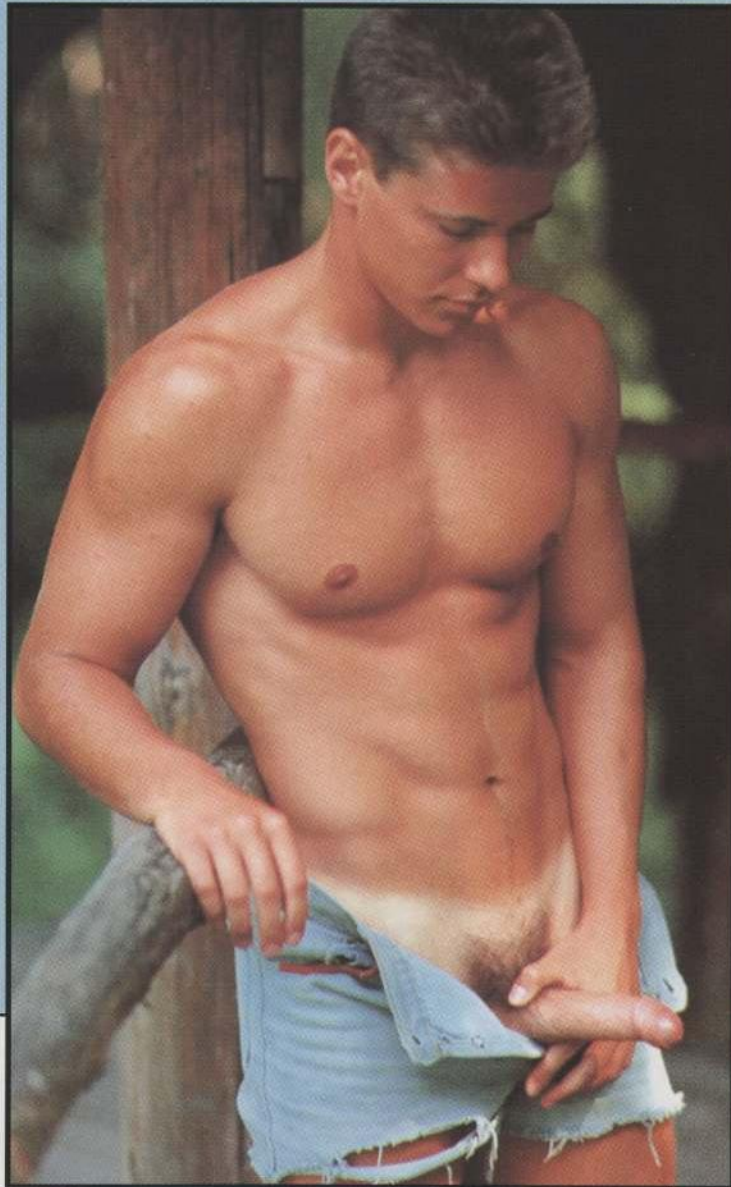
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