

FQ

FORESKIN QUARTERLY #21

**"FQ & A"
Answers
All Your
Foreskin
Questions**

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Duroy
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Lukas I, II, III**

**Exclusive!
Joseph Bean
Interviews
Kristen Bjorn**

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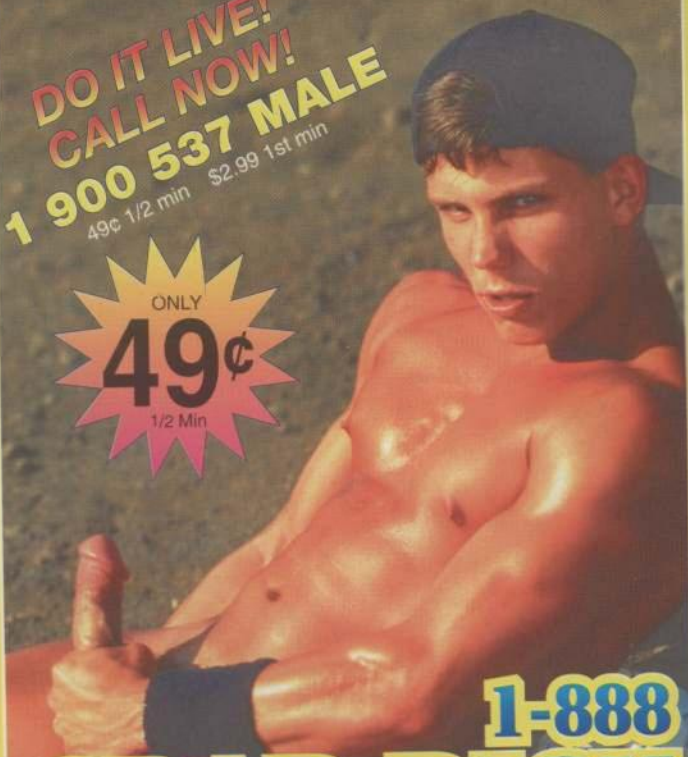


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Lukas photograph courtesy of Bel Ami

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR & TO THE READERS OF FQ

Dear FQ,

I picked up a copy of FQ 19 from my local porn store today to discover my dream daddy... Daddy Bob. I looked throughout the magazine for some clue of who he was and found nothing. Perhaps I overlooked it. But to get to the point of the matter. I would like to write Daddy Bob a letter. Is it possible to get his address, stats, etc.? I really have an itch for this man. Please assist me in corresponding with him, if possible. A devoted fan,

CE, Columbia, SC

Dear CE—

Glad you found your dream daddy. Would that we all could. If you want to write him a letter, send it to us, and we will forward it to him.

—LD

Dear FQ,

Please keep your excellent format concerning the *intact* male.

It is very important that the *intactness* movement have a medium, and FQ is certainly leading the field.

Your timely articles, excellent photos and continued advocacy for what is normal, natural, and one of the most important and beautiful parts of the male sexual apparatus, the foreskin, is outstanding.

JWW, Baton Rouge, LA

Dear FQ,

Man, FQ is the "front-runner" for any/all foreskin possessors. (I don't think that the "naturally intact" penis is popular, not only in the Tri-State area, but a majority of men under the age of 45).

Although FQ hasn't appeared much here, if at all, I have not run across any magazines which offer "true identity" to foreskin as rewarding!

I will renew my subscription and hopefully obtain previous back issues as all of your current staff strive to offer 100 percent-plus satisfaction in each FQ issue (e.g. foreskin fiction/non-fiction, foreskin photos, models, uncut *Skin Search* and more to "cum").

Your *Skin Search* submissions are really "uplifting"?

V.H., OH

Dear Editor :

I just finished reading and looking closely at your latest edition, and it was really an eyeful. Since I love 'skin I can hardly wait to ogle the merchandise and read the hot stories. I especially

like the last article about foreskin restoration, as that is what I have been doing for the past 10 years. Let's have more stories and articles on this as a lot of cut guys buy your magazine to get some personal advice on how to undo the cut above and grow more skin. Here is my story on how I got the "hang of it."

I got interested in trying to stretch my skin 10 years ago by reading *UNCUT* magazine and a few publications that dared to promote the possibility that cut guys can really reverse the circumcision they didn't have a choice about. There was even a 'ff program years ago about men who wanted a foreskin and dared to go public with their most private secret so others could know that it isn't gospel truth anymore that once cut, you forever are doomed to lose extra sensitivity and joy of popping the head to give that rush for maximum excitement. Now I have "grown" what passes for a new foreskin complete with overhang. How was this possible for a clean-cut young guy with barely any extra skin, and not enough to even partially cover the end?

First I determined that what I was going to do would be to fully stretch my skin to whatever lengths I could achieve by gradual but persistent means. I didn't give up or get discouraged for the first four or five years, as the skin just didn't stretch much no matter what I tried. Then I found something that worked for me. No cotton balls, ball bearings, or cotton did anything. I used faithfully Dermicel colorless waterproof surgical tape day and night. Luckily I could sleep with my skin tightly wrapped, even though the tape would come off during the night. I pulled the stretched skin evenly up around the head loosely because, if tight, the tape would not yield to stimulation and I could take a leak without undoing all the tape. What I found was the problem was water loosens the tape and it falls off. So my solution was to pull the skin over the head loosely and then tape the undersides where even a shower wouldn't undo.

Finally, I achieved what passes for me and to casual looks of admiration of others as an uncut rod. I still have to tape the skin day and night, but even fully aroused, the skin stays put and I keep my 1/2-inch overhang fully extended. The downside is that once I remove the tape, the foreskin retracts some and leaves me with part of the head sticking out. I can keep it for hours, but what is missing and always will be, is the band of skin that keeps the foreskin from slipping back. Once retracted I have to redo, but that is a very small price to pay for a really fine example of a

natural-looking skin that always looks uncut.

David Smith, Savannah, GA

Dear David—

Thanks for your letter! Glad you enjoyed the restoration article. In this issue, you will see we are reviving a sex advice column, by Dr. Wayne Griffiths, founder of RECAP. I am sure some advice will be forthcoming from him soon. As for more stories and articles, you can help! It sounds like you've met with great success. Why don't you send us some pictures and write more about your restoration process?

—LD

Dear FQ,

Issue 20 of *Foreskin Quarterly* arrived yesterday and, after reading every word and drooling over every picture, I felt compelled to write and tell you what a good job you and your staff are doing. I only wish the ads for telephone sex (and there are so many of them) featured uncut cocks, but they don't, not one of them!

I hope you continue to do well and I wish you much good luck in the future.

Robert Warren, Key West, FL

Dear Robert—

Thanks! If we can make you drool, we must be doing something right. That's our intent. Yes, it's unfortunate that the dicks in the phone sex ads are cut, I agree. If we could change that, we would! I hope you continue to enjoy FQ for a long time.

—LD



FQ

FORESKIN QUARTERLY

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Above: Foreskin photography by Jim Wigler
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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: July 16, 1996.

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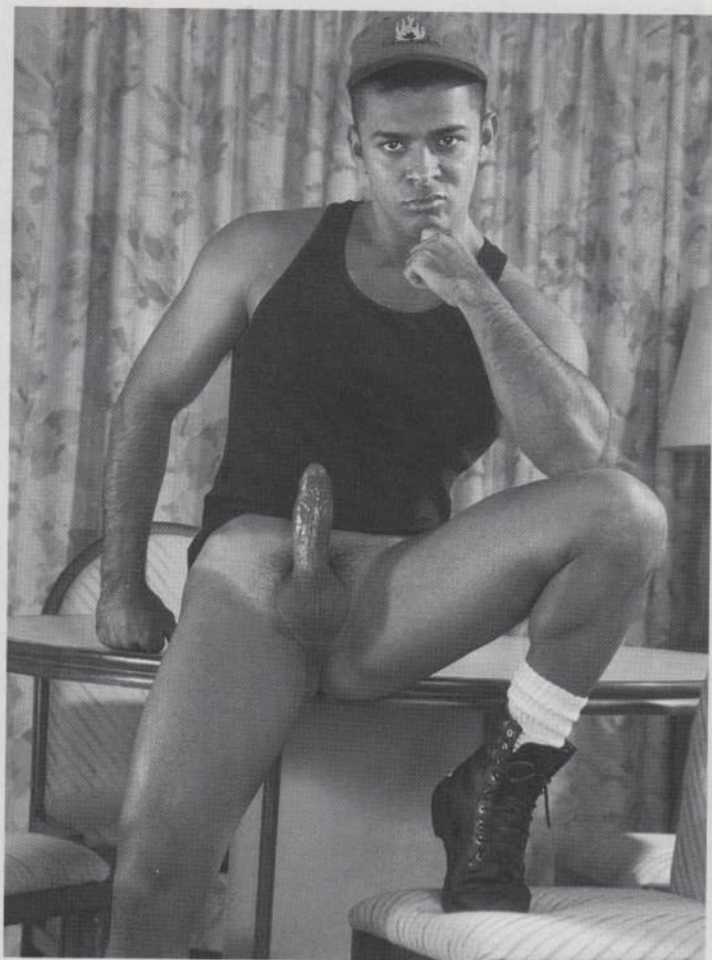
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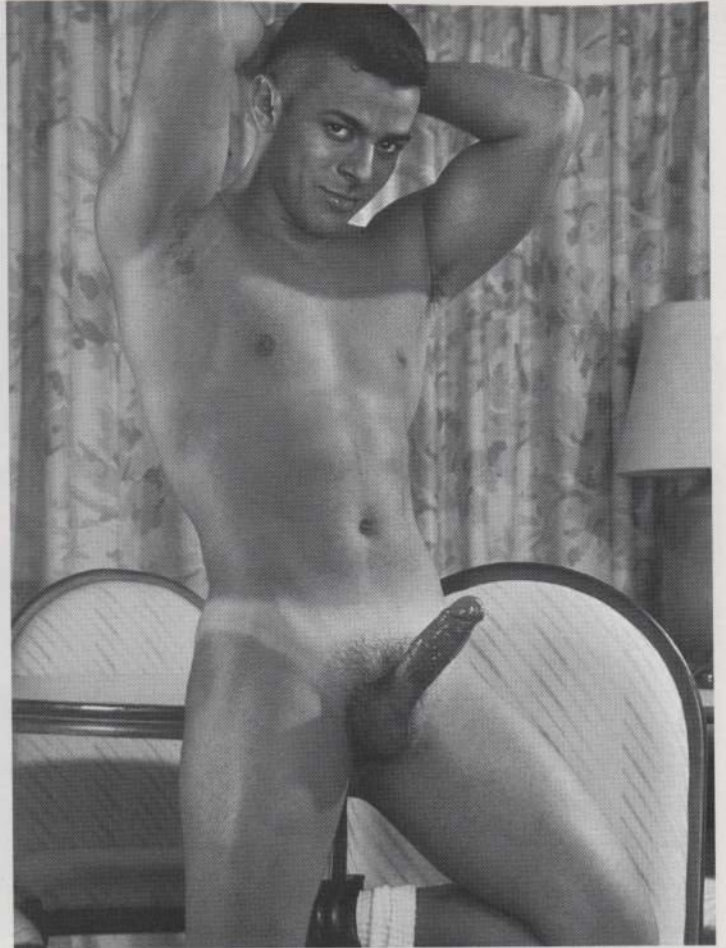
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photography by Kristen Bjorn

FILIFE







The Method of Bjorn's Magic

an interview with Kristen Bjorn

by Joseph W. Bean

What sane gay man wouldn't want to travel the world after seeing Kristen Bjorn's videos? If French Canada, Australia, South America and Eastern Europe are populated with such incredibly beautiful, powerfully masculine, permanently horny and usually uncut guys as the ones in Bjorn films... guys who seem to want nothing more than they want sex... Well, let's go! But, wait, we're overlooking something here. Art. We are not looking at the world itself, nor the ordinary population of the world, when we watch these tapes. We are looking at Bjorn's art, seeing the result of his talents and skills and those of his assistant. So, settle down, sit back. If what you want more of is Bjorn's world—and, who doesn't?—wait for the next video. In fact, join me in considering these tapes postcards from a world we can not travel to.

How does he make the world and the men in it look so delicious? That, more than anything, is what FQ wanted to hear from Bjorn. Broken into simpler and more answerable questions, edited out of more than an hour of interview tape, here is what the video maestro had to say about the past eight years during which he has released about 18 tapes. We started the ball rolling by noticing that so many tapes in so few years seemed an impressive output. Bjorn reminded us it was nothing compared with U.S. studios that "manage to whip out a film every weekend."

FQ: Ah, but there's a big difference between their product and yours.

KB: I'm glad you noticed. I get very discouraged sometimes. I think that many people don't notice the difference.

Of course, readers of *FQ* have noticed, and our attention has not been held *only* by the foreskins of your hunks. So, how do you do it?

The first ingredient is the model. Without the models, you know, there is no possibility of doing a video. The second ingredient is the location. Without the proper locations, you can't really pull off a story. Honestly, starting with a story doesn't work for me. I have to do it the other way around. You have to contain yourself to your given limitations. So, I create stories out of combinations of models and locations. When I have the models and locations, I think, "Well, what can we do with them?" Sort of like going to the refrigerator. You find you have a carrot and celery and a number of ingredients, then you decide what you can make. That's the way it works with my videos.

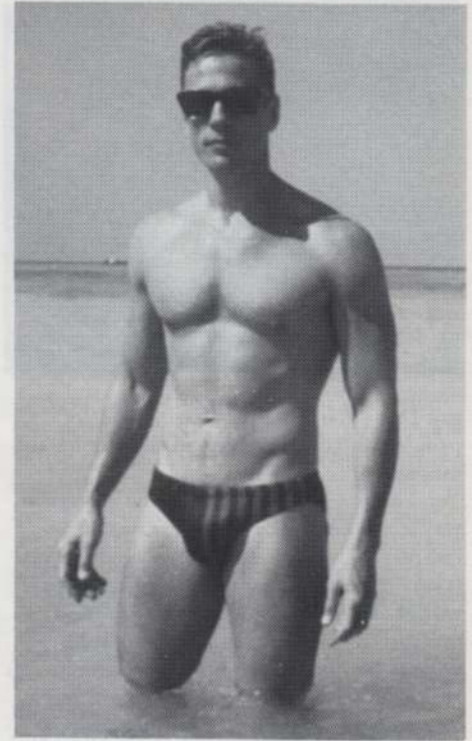
Once a reviewer said that he thought he would like for me to do a sort of sacrilegious video. He thought that, you know, something on an altar in an elaborate cathedral would be very nice. And I said, "Well, yeah, that's fine. Where will we get the cathedral to do it?" He answered that he didn't really think about that, but that's really what you have to think about when creating a story: Do you have the locations to

do it? You know, if what you want is a cathedral, somebody's living room won't work. Of course, one thing that is unmistakable about your videos is that they do have story lines. Do you think an erotic video *has* to have a story?

I can see that people want the story. I think it's good that they like having a story, and yet there is so little story line in most videos. However, sometimes, the story works up to a point where the sex really should take over, and the sex just fizzles out. You know what I mean? This happens a lot. Let's say, for example, the rough-n-tumble leatherman videos where they do a lot of talking, and then the actual sex is just sort of [so-so].

Like when there are a lot of hot threats that no one really delivers on?

Yeah. I think that happens. And, again, I think it takes days to make a good scene. You just can't do it in a short amount of time. Lots of times, when I'm doing a video, I do the sex first rather than the story. This way, the story will come last because, if the models can't carry out the sex, the story has to change. Often, they work up to a point—I've seen this so often in videos!—where, obviously, somebody is set up to be the top and somebody else is set up to be the bottom, and you can see they're filming in

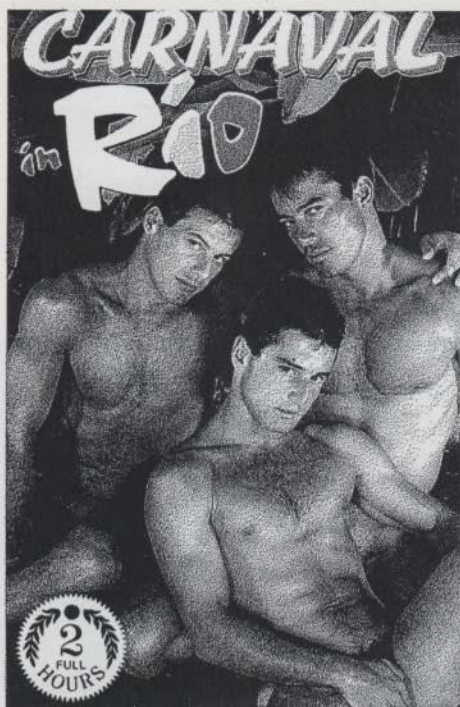


sequence, then all of a sudden something happens and the dildos are whipped out. That's a Falcon favorite. You know, whenever they don't get erections, you get out the dildos. Then you *know* what happened! And, you know, they only have up to four hours to shoot the scene, so they have to do *something* quick.

Which points up something that may be very important. Doesn't taking the time to work things out your way make the video-making process a lot more expensive?

Well, yes and no. I mean, we don't have a crew of 15 like a lot of American studios would. So, even with the smaller crew, my videos are as expensive as others, I would say, but we don't have a lot of the overhead that a studio like Falcon would have with a lot of permanent employees and a crew of 12 to 15 for each video. I think a crew like that would be very comfortable in some ways—for the crew, I mean. Actually, here in Miami, Bruce Weber just did a music video for the Pet Shop Boys, and he had a crew of 180 people. For the life of me, I couldn't understand what 180 people could possibly do. It's really staggering! What could they be doing?

It seems that, for an erotic video, even a crew of 12 could present problems, and all the more so with your guys who are not really



gay. Don't you Wnd that having a lot of people around the set gets in the way for the models?

Yes. This is a problem, and it's why my crew is very small. I mean, basically, just two people, and maybe three if translation is needed. This is very important, I find, because I don't work with seasoned porn stars that may be used to this sort of thing, having a lot of people around. My models are mostly beginners, so it's a very different way of working. Up till about four years ago, I didn't have anybody helping me. I don't know how I did it, to be honest, but I did. Even now, the models help us carry equipment and set it up sometimes.

You certainly wouldn't get that with seasoned porn stars!

Probably not. But, you know, I often set up lights and set up equipment myself, and help to clean up and so forth. I'm sure that many directors wouldn't do that, but it's a sacrifice that I make trying to keep the intimacy in my videos.

I'd say that whatever you're doing is the right thing to do because it's certainly working. I hope so.

Bjorn has taken to a global level the American propensity for moving from place to place. He grew up in the United States, but left 20 years ago when he was 18. Since then, as he puts it, "while most Americans move from street to street or city to city, I've been moving from country to country." Video viewers and fans of male photography have been the direct beneficiaries of Bjorn's globetrotting. Until his recent stay in Hungary, he had never gone anywhere just to make a video. And, even in the case of Hungary (where he made Comrades in Arms, The Vampire of Budapest, and the just-released A World of Men), Bjorn had traveled there earlier and returned to do his video work knowing the men and sites were available.

"I've seen a bit more of the world," Bjorn says, "than I've

been able to capture on video. It's not every place that's ideal for video. Lots of places I've been, I wouldn't dare. In the whole Arab world, for instance, it would be a bit dangerous, particularly right now with all the Islamic fundamentalism. Another place that really crossed my mind was Cuba, but, of course, I didn't want to end up in El Moro." Other places, he explains, might be less dangerous, but still unworkable because they lack ingredient number one: the right models. "I went to Costa Rica, and making a video was in the back of my mind, of course. I thought Costa Rica was beautiful, but I had to admit I was going to be hard-pressed to Wnd models there. I mean, in that country, there was just not a large abundance of the kind of guys I use in my videos. Lots of places have been like that."

Do you have a plan now for what part of the world of men you'll explore for us next? I have a couple of irons in the fire. We'll see what happens. It's not certain at this point. There are a couple of possibilities, but they would be for next year. I'll still be in production here in Miami till the summer, and I'll be going to Montreal to do my post-production work. The post-production will take an additional two or three months. So, that's really it for this year.

Do you ever get a real rest?

Well, it's funny. I mean, right now we're in production, the most difficult time for me, and it's a very hectic time for me as well. There might be times when I take a couple of weeks off where I wouldn't be doing any actual work at all, but usually there's something going on. I'm always either working on some type of future production or on post-production if I'm not actually in production at the time.

You seem to enjoy what you're doing, so maybe it's no tragedy if you don't get away from it very much.

Well, my mother always told me that a dirty mind is a terrible thing to waste.

For most of us—or, at least for me (JWB)—the whole world seems to be a place where there is not, as you say, a large abundance of the kind of men we see in your videos. How do you find these guys?

It's done all sorts of ways, but to begin with, in most countries, most of the guys are not gay identified. In South America, Eastern Europe and so forth, there are different concepts of sexuality, even going from country to country these ideas change. That's the hard part, I guess, just trying to work with that. And, then, basically, the guys have to be athletes. So they'll be found in any place where athletics is going on. In the case of Eastern Europe, they might be gymnasts, for example. In the Communist countries, they didn't do a lot of bodybuilding per se, but they did a lot of sports. So, any place where sports is going on is a potential finding-place for models. Then, they tend to refer each other. So it's really a question of networking, and that takes time. It takes a lot of time. We were in Hungary for six months, and—at six months—I think it went pretty well. It's not possible really just to buzz in somewhere and expect to find people and

locations like that!

A question that has to come up from time to time is this: Do you ever get to have sex with these young, beautiful athletes? After all, part of what makes a sex video work is that the viewers are lead to want or to fantasize about having sex with the guys on the screen, and you're there with them, maybe even for a long time. So...

Do I ever get to have sex with my own models? Well, it's a little hard to say. When do they become my models or stop being my models? I mean... Well, actually, yes, some of them, but not many. It's that I've had boyfriends who ended up doing videos with me. There are a few guys in the videos that were, you could say, my lovers, but they were that before we ever did video work together. It's certainly something that doesn't happen while we're working. If I ever had sex with a model, it would be something personal that happened either before or after we finished our working association. You know, something totally apart from the production itself. So, yeah, it's something that's happened a few times, but it's hard for me to say that they were my models when it actually happened. When we're working on a video, it's really important not to have sex outside the production. I don't allow my models to have sex with anyone while we're actually working. They have to save it all up.

Athletes probably understand that better than other men would.

You would think so, wouldn't you?

Well, yes. The regimes of athletes often spell out how long before a game or competition they ought not to have sex.

Well, I think I've discovered why the Soviets kept their athletes locked up. It wasn't so much a political statement. It was because they didn't want them to go out and get drunk before the competition. You know, when you take models to a strange place, particularly if they're in a strange country, and they're young, they will think they can stay up all night. A 22-year-old guy thinks he knows everything. He thinks that he really can stay up all night and go out and have sex all night, and that, the next day, he'll still be Wne for the video. They really do think that, but then, of course, having done this for years, I know that they can't. But they don't believe it. It's the Wrst time for them, and they think they know. So, a certain amount of discipline is important, and I make up a certain number of rules for the models.

Yes, and to a certain extent the guys follow your rules, I suppose.

Yes, the athletes do understand in a way, particularly after they've worked. The problem, I think, is before they've worked. They really don't understand how hard this work really is. We might talk all day about how beautiful the men in your videos are, but your mention of the hard work they do reminds me of the hard work you must also be doing. You make your videos so rich and lush and visually

appealing that it's almost unimaginable. Well, light is everything. That's why our productions are so slow. I'll tell you, each scene takes us four days to film and that's working 8 or 9 hours a day, which doesn't include the actual setup time and so forth. During the production days, we sometimes work 12 or 13 hours a day.

These extra long days are what you and your crew work?

The crew and I and the models. From the time we wake up, I consider that work on a production day because from then on it's grooming and bathing and shaving and, you know, everything has to be ready, everyone has to be fed. Sometimes it's like that, and the long days are just what we have to do. It's slow. As I said, light is everything. For every camera angle, the lighting has to change, and you notice there are a lot of camera angles. One thing I notice that is a big difference between, say, my videos and a lot of the videos you see out there is that the others don't change the camera angles a lot. You'll have maybe three angles, and that's it. And they'll just keep running the same footage over and over. Oftentimes, they'll even loop it. You'll notice that.

Especially the cum shots?

So they still do that? I remember they used to, and they'd do it in slow motion too, but I haven't seen much of that lately.

In your videos, even though you spend four days on a scene, it always feels like the action is taking place in real time.

Well, that's good.

In many videos, on the other hand, it often feels like 45 minutes of tape represent action that drags on for hours.

Well, I'll tell you why. I mean, there are

probably a few reasons, but one of the big reasons is actually the editing. They probably don't have a lot of footage. This is something I understand from what I read in magazines and so forth—I've been reading a lot of, not really reviews, but production diaries. It really astounds me how, in California productions for instance, they get together in the morning, and by noon the scene is shot. This is not just on occasion, this is almost always the case. That's how long they take. They take three or four hours to shoot a scene.

That wouldn't give you a lot of visual choices when you go to the editing table.

Well, it means the edits are very, very long, and there aren't a lot of visual choices. And what happens is that no matter how exciting the action is, after about 10 seconds, the eye starts getting tired. In music videos, they understand that. That's why the images keep changing every two seconds or so. They know how to keep it very exciting. Now, that goes a step further than erotic video does. That would probably be too fast a pace in erotic video, but for something to stay interesting and exciting, it has to keep changing. Many people making videos don't have enough material to actually do this. So their edits are very, very long, and they become boring pretty fast.

It is interesting to hear how your videos are made, but maybe we could turn now to something very specific. This is a question that interests LeRoy [the new editor of *FQ*] and Peter Millar [the new Assistant Managing Editor at Brush Creek Media]. They wanted to know how you get the models in your videos to shoot without even stroking their dicks.

What?

Haven't you even noticed that this is something your models do a lot more than the men in other videos? It happens a lot. Does it?

It seems to. It doesn't look like just good editing, but I suppose it could be. But, no, I don't think that's it. I think the guys really do cum without touching their own cocks a lot. Well, anybody can do it. I mean, you reach a point where you're going to cum whether you're touching yourself or not. So, it's really done only for the video because very few people really like to do it. It sort of ruins the orgasm, but it looks good. You see, a lot of it is this "strange thing." Right now, I've been working with a lot of gay models which is really unusual for me. It's not the first time, but it's been a really long time since I worked with gay models, and they're really different. They're easier and more difficult to work with in some ways. And one of the strange things about gay models is that they seem to have a harder time getting excited, whereas the guys that all claim they're straight get terribly excited. I suppose that for them it's all something that's new, that's different, that's exciting. It's taboo. You know, if one of them gets his girlfriend to suck his dick once a year, he thinks it's wonderful. So, to

them, it's all very exciting. The gay guys, I notice, need more stimulus. They're a lot more demanding. So I think it might be a lot harder for the gay models to do something like cum without touching themselves than it is for these straight guys.

There's something else. Your readers will like this. It has a lot to do with the foreskin, too. Guys that are uncut are a lot more sensitive, so they're not so intent on rubbing the glans. It's just the movement of the skin. That will get them off.

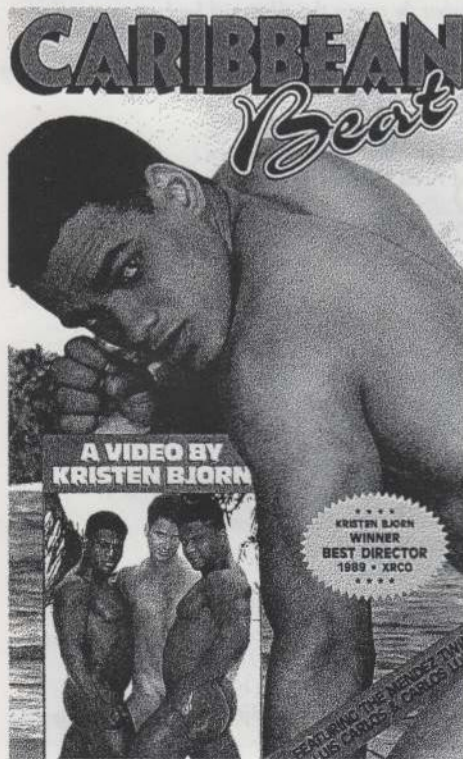
Seeing that most of the guys in your videos are uncut, two other questions came up at the office. First, do your models have foreskins because you prefer them that way, or is it just an accident of geography? And, second, why do your models play with their foreskins so little in the videos?

It's geographical. I have worked with cut models—when I was in Australia, for example, or in French Canada where it was about half and half. It's hard to say "in most of the world," because I'm not really including the Arab world, but most of the civilized world doesn't practice circumcision. Then, why don't they play with their foreskins? Well, don't they? Whoever asked that question, I'd bet, doesn't have a foreskin. But you probably can answer that. Do you sit around all day playing with your foreskin? Well, I try to incorporate a lot of different tastes in the videos. There are people who are into different parts, people who really like feet, for example. Feet are something I've never paid a lot of attention to, but recently I've tried to because a lot of people have asked me to. Apparently this is something that really turns a lot of people on, but I try to go for a lot of different segments of what people find exciting.

Here's something else *FQ* readers will be interested in. At least I think it's really interesting that in countries where circumcision isn't practiced, people don't even refer to their foreskins. I mean, it's not an issue. I remember using the Portuguese word for foreskin, and my Brazilian models not even knowing what it is. You know, I would say, "Well, this is what it is!" and they would say, "We didn't know that had a name." But there's no real fetish about it either. In fact, it goes both ways. I've met people who really hate foreskins, who say they dread them and hate them. And I keep thinking to myself, "But, if you were born in a country where they didn't practice circumcision, you wouldn't even have known." I mean, how could you possibly feel any repulsion? Here, there's a sort of repulsion and an attraction, and they're due to the fact that circumcision is practiced here.

This can bring us back to the question about the guys playing with their foreskins. In fact, I have done some things like that in videos.

There's been docking, tongues under foreskins and even somebody that stuck a candle under his foreskin—things as specific as that. And I have tried to please people who are into foreskin, given that it's something most of my



models have and most American models don't have. And when I've done these things, the models have always found it very, very strange. Docking, for example: I remember having some Brazilian models do that, and they said, "We've never even thought about this. How did you? Did you make this up? Whose idea was this?" So, it's, well, a very American kind of fetish, I think.

Bjorn wanted to be sure that we understood that he has help making the videos which, at long last, are getting attention in the porn industry. He usually speaks of "our projects" and what "we" do, even though this particular interview was rather personal and tended (especially as it was edited) to lose some of the sense of a team or crew at work. However, we did talk about the Bjorn team, which it turns out is not very large.

Do you use the same crew for every video?

Well, there isn't really that much of a crew. There's just myself and my assistant, and we usually have another person to handle some things like cooking or, in the case of Hungary, translating as well. This was actually the first time I'd been unable to communicate with my models directly, the first time I'd encountered a language barrier with the models. So this was something new for me to work around.

You wouldn't find many people speaking English in Hungary, I'm sure.

No, very few.

What was it? Hungarian, of course, then maybe Russian as well?

Well, they were all forced to study Russian in school, but apparently nobody learned it. They resisted it. Everybody told me they didn't want to learn it. A lot of Hungarians speak German, which is actually the international language in Eastern Europe. German, not really Russian, but most of the models I worked with didn't speak German—just a couple actually. Whether they speak German or any foreign language depends on the kind of person, you know. I mean, athletes don't tend to be all that interested in languages. Maybe you'd be willing to tell us a little about Kristen Bjorn, as opposed to the videos of Kristen Bjorn. Were you ever an athlete yourself?

No, not really. I mean, I work out in the gym, but I was never really good at sports.

You've said you grew up in the United States before moving to Brazil and taking off to travel the world, but what is your ethnic background? Is your family from Brazil?

No. My father's British and my mother's Russian.

Do you suppose you inherited your wanderlust from them?

Yes, I suppose so, but my grandparents were the travelers. They had traveled a lot, and they spoke many languages, and I always found them fascinating. I loved to listen to their stories when I was a child. So, maybe I inherited it from them.

Have we ever seen you in any of your own videos?

No, not in one of my own.

But you did do videos earlier, didn't you?

Yes, I was in a couple of Falcon videos back in 1980 or 1981.

There was an interview of you from back then [in *Mandate*] which had a picture or two with it. You were looking pretty good. Athlete or not, you looked pretty well pulled together.

Thanks. I try.

So, we know you looked good in your videos [After all, *Adam Gay Video Review* says, "With his handsome, Nordic features and rock hard erection, Bjorn appeared in just a few of Falcon's filmed titles and obtained a level of fame which endures to this day."], but it would be interesting to know if you liked the tapes you were in. Did you?

At the time, I suppose. The videos that I was in didn't have any story line. There was no sound. It was just three guys in a bedroom, all of a



sudden having sex. So it's hard to judge it at this point. It was so basic, really. I did three scenes for them. Two scenes were used in one video and then one scene in another. I think maybe the first one was... well, it's hard to say it was fun, but it was more... more interesting than anything else. And, I think, after the third time, it was no longer interesting. Finally, it would be interesting to know a little something about your relationship with your fans. You've mentioned how you try to put things into your videos that you hear of people wanting, so you must get letters and things. Do you think your developing a strong market, a good following these days? I think so. This is really the first time I've made myself so accessible to the public in general, now that I've started my own mail order company. Before that, I almost never got any mail. I guess it went somewhere—maybe to the magazines that ran reviews—but I never saw it.

It was very rare for anything to be forwarded to me. So, over the last six months or so, I've read a lot of mail. Of course, I see everyone has his own wants. The other day, I got a letter from a guy, and half the letter just repeated the phrase, "Go back to Brazil, go back to Brazil, go back to Brazil!"

I know what you mean. We get letters about the pictures from your videos, and the message is usually "more of that, more of that, more of that!"

Right. But it was just last year that four Brazilian videos were released. I mean...

Here, Bjorn trailed off, as he had many times during our talk, into a wonderfully warm, light laughter. Obviously, the letters saying "more, more, more" are a pleasure for him. So we asked if we should encourage you to write to him, and where you should send your letters. "Sure, whatever," he said. "I enjoy hearing from people, but sometimes I don't know what to tell them. They'll ask specific questions about a particular model or... well, I don't promise to write back, but if they have something insightful to say, I'd be very interested in hearing it. They can write to me at my mail order company, Arrowhead Distributors, 1445 Alton Road, Miami Beach, FL 33139."

Ask for the catalog when you write, and if you're trying to think what else you should write to Bjorn about, you might try sending a little note of congratulations. After being largely ignored by the established porn video industry until this past year, he finally got nominated and won an Adult Video Association award. The Vampire of Budapest was given the Best International Video award. This apparently doesn't mean a great deal to Bjorn who isn't interested in all the hobnobbing and politics of the industry, but it feels good for us to know that one of our favorite tapes finally caught the attention of the judges.

What is obvious from talking to Kristen Bjorn is that he is having a great time making his videos, and he's very glad we're having a good time watching them. So, chances are pretty good that there'll be plenty more tapes in the future where we can see the athletes and hunks of more and more of the world looking their best. And now we'll all have a better idea of what we're seeing and what went into making it all look so good.

* The videos of Kristen Bjorn :

A World of Men (1996)

Call of the Wild (1995)

The Caracas Adventure (1995)

Caribbean Beat (1990)

Carnaval in Rio (1989)

Champs

Comrades in Arms (1995)

Hungary for Men (1996)

Island Fever (1989)

Jackaroos (1991)

Jungle Heat (1994)

Manhattan Latin (1990)

Manly Beach (1991)

Montreal Men (1993)

Mystery Men (1994)

Paradise Plantation (1994)

A Sailor in Sydney (1990)

Tropical Heatwave (1988)

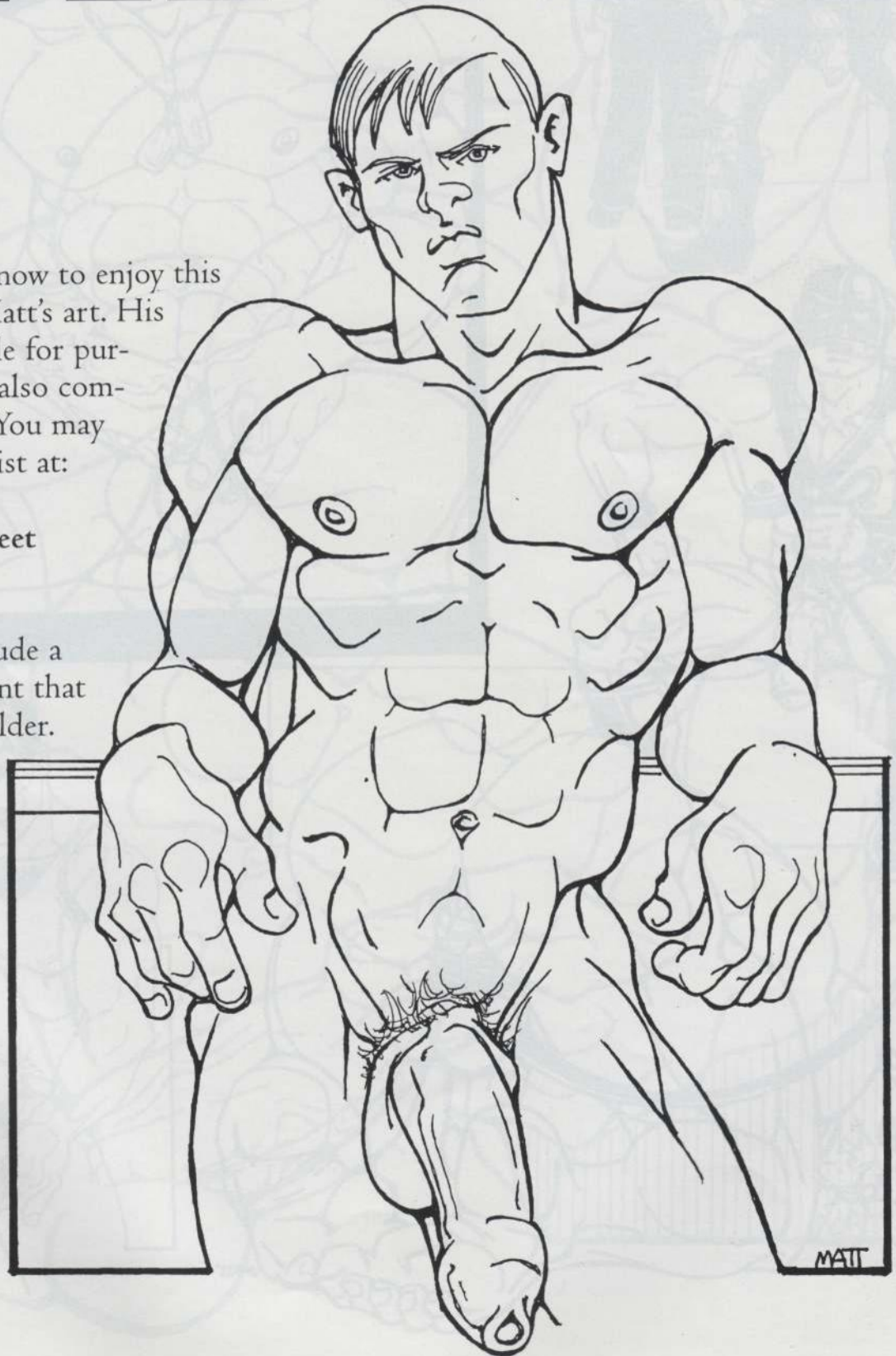
The Vampire of Budapest (1995)

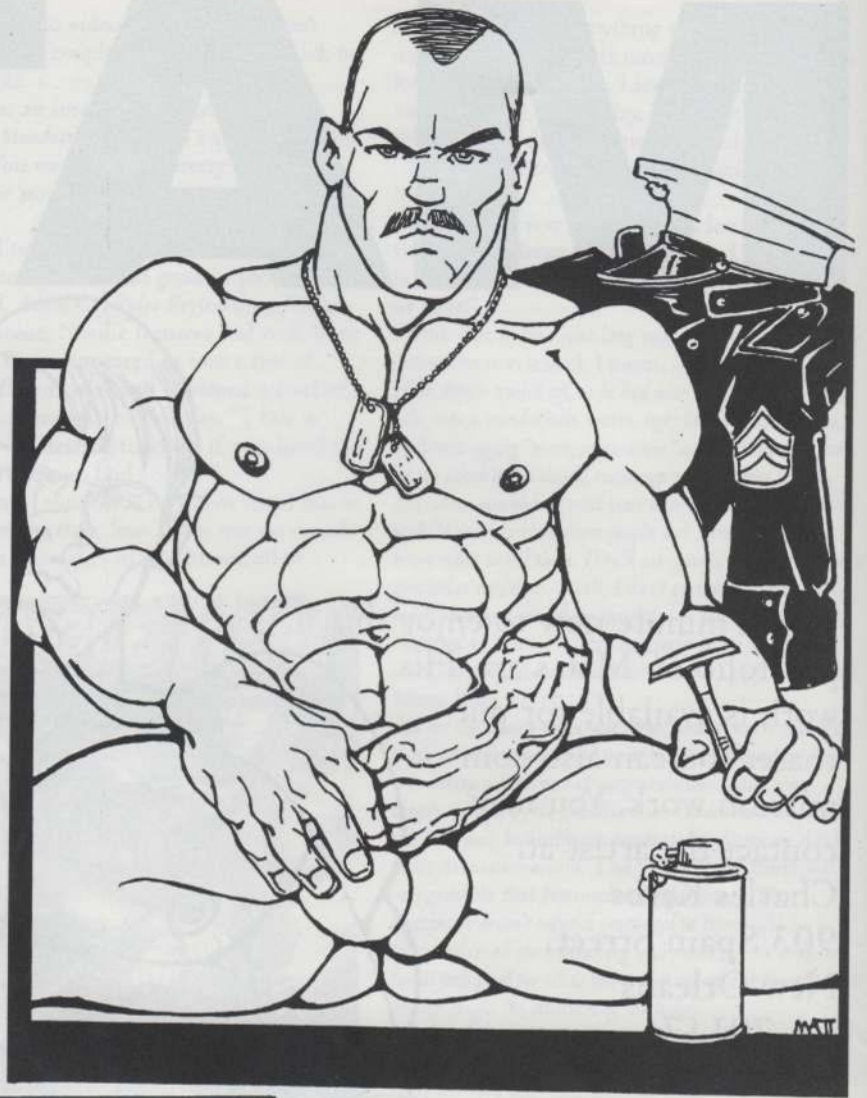
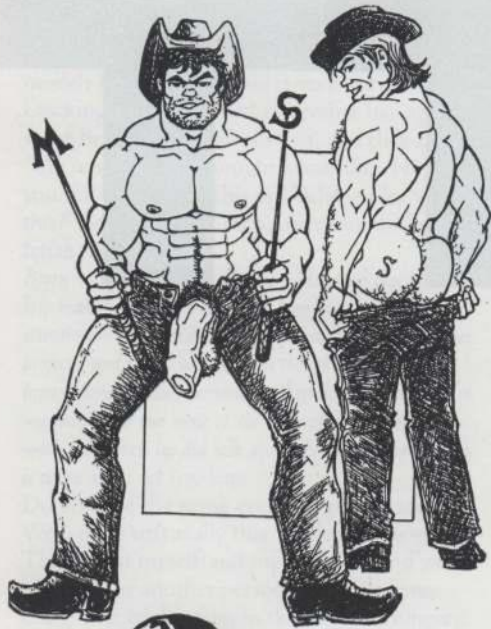
Enjoy more Kristen Bjorn models on pages 44 and 45.

MATT

Take a minute now to enjoy this portfolio of Matt's art. His work is available for purchase. You can also commission work. You may contact the artist at:
Charles Kerbs
903 Spain Street
New Orleans
LA 70117

Be sure to include a signed statement that you are 18 or older.





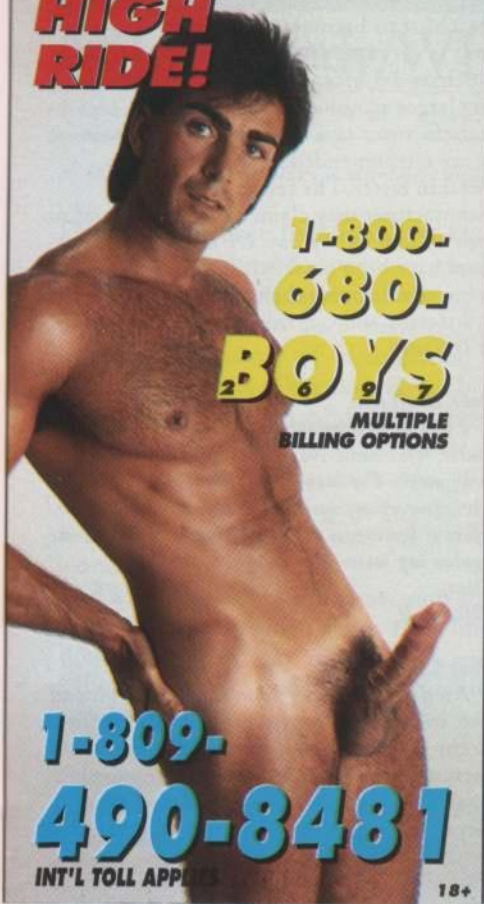




Hey! Check out Matt's hot art in
"The Hesitant Cop" starting on
page 46.



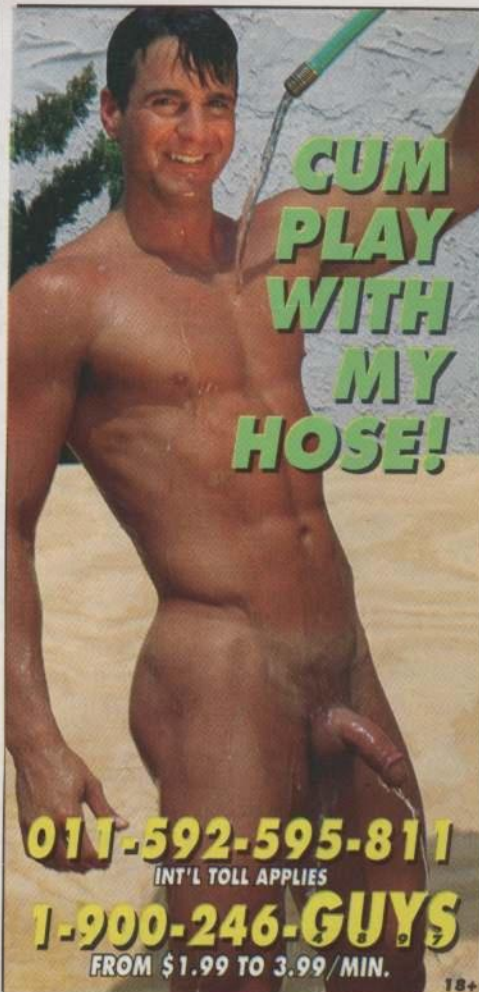
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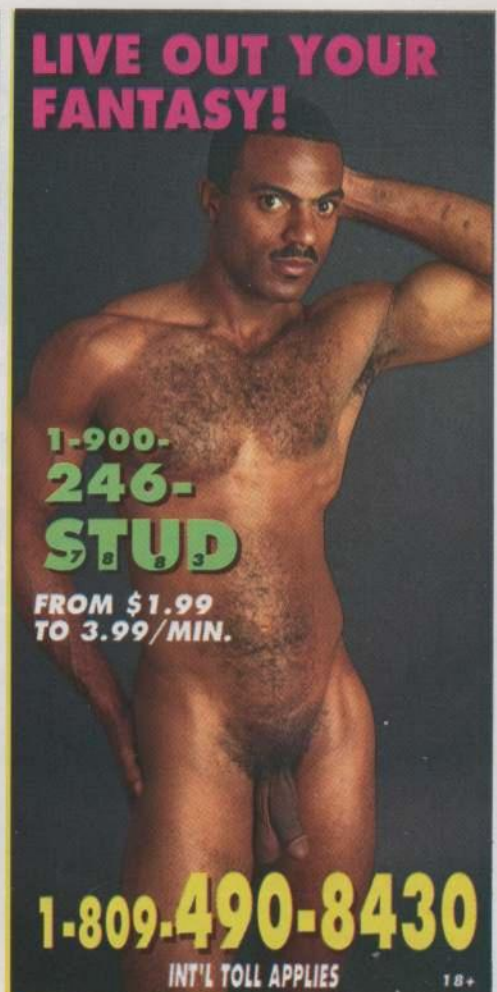
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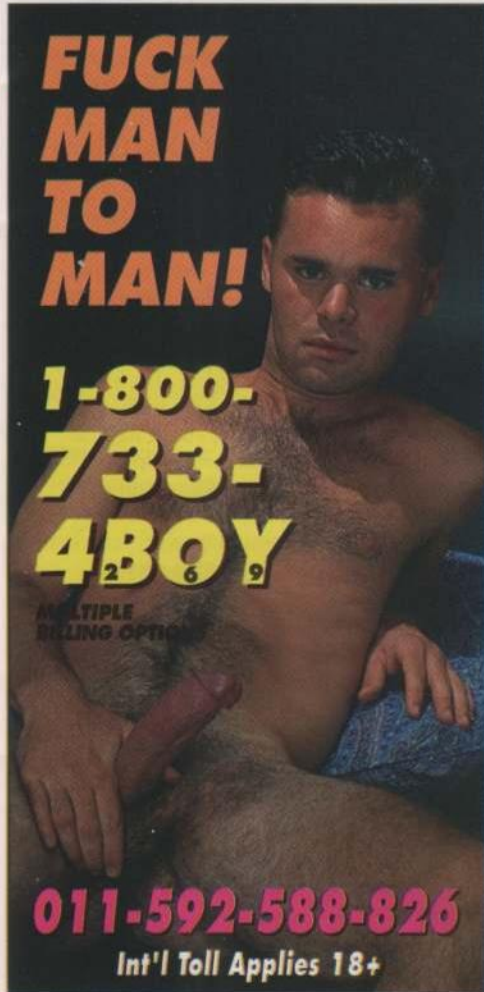
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EQ and A

Dr. Wayne Answers Your Questions

Send your questions to : EQ, 2215-R Market Street
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Dear Dr. Wayne,

Several years ago, I tried stretching. I could not get the cones to work on me. Finally, by accident, I discovered that vacuum pumping actually did stretch my skin somewhat, so now I do have a little more to work with. However, I had to stop pumping. The reason : I'm into SM and like cock torture too much, so I only like to pump really hard for that exquisite pumping pain.

Unfortunately, after a couple of years, I began to get large blisters almost every time I pumped. So, I've had to quit pumping. What else can I do to stretch my skin successfully?

Brian
St. Louis, MO

Dear Brian,

Foreskin restoration has made some great strides in recent years. There are more than 5,000 men worldwide who are stretching. Judging from NORM reports and the sale of *The Joy of Uncircumcising* (the most definitive book on the subject, with 100,000 in print and well into its second edition) that there are many more men following the accepted practices of recovering the glans.

Although there is some distending of the skin with vacuum pumping, as you indicated, it ultimately doesn't do much. Pumping bloats the tissue cells for the time of the vacuum. Vacuum pumping is also dangerous in that it can and does cause internal bleeding, and large blisters as you have described. You have damaged the tissue by pumping and it has not recovered.

You can have fun by manual stretching with a friend. Pulling the skin forward, perhaps in or after a bath for at least 20 minutes every day will start the process. You need to be careful of the condition you have described from your pumping.

Another method is an elastic tension device. It can be homemade or commercially manufactured. The motive : 24-hour-a-day tension for men who sit for long periods of the day, and therefore, find weights relatively ineffective.

The band is generally made from ordinary elastic found in fabric shops or from modified suspenders. The band is typically attached to the penis with a hollow device to which the shaft skin has been taped. It can be worn down one leg with either a loop made to fit around the foot or clipped to the top of the sock; down one leg to a garter worn below the knee; or up over one shoulder or around the neck and down to be clipped to the band of one's underwear or trousers. The up-and-around-the-neck configuration is worn by several men at night and is reported to be quite comfortable in terms of nocturnal erections,

depending on how the band is attached to the penis. This method can be used around the waist also, pulling the penis to the side.

By whatever means the elastic band is attached to its two ends and in whatever configuration the band is worn, it seems likely that the use of such tension devices will continue to increase in popularity, spurred on by the sedentary lifestyle common to so many of us.

Also, there is an uncircumcising device of high-quality stainless steel. It has a funnel-shaped chamber which fits over the glans and is worn inside the developing foreskin and a larger cylinder-shaped body which extends beyond the penis to provide the necessary weight. The device is available in a range of cup sizes for the glans and in weights ranging from 12-22 ounces (although, in my opinion, weights above 10-12 ounces should be worn after some experience with the device). The device is drilled with a generous channel from the bottom of the glans cup out through the tip so that urination through the device is quite easy for most men. The advantages of this device are : the high quality of the materials; the narrow neck which minimizes lateral expansion; and the variety of sizes and weights to meet individual requirements. The disadvantages are : It must be applied and removed daily since it should not be worn during sleep, so the individual must find a tape which he can remove daily without harm to his skin. Also, it is bulky when added to the length of the penis. This fact has led to complaints that the device is quite visible beneath many styles of clothing and that it swings and can hit vulnerable anatomical structures when one moves too quickly or is running. Be that as it may, this device is certainly popular, effective, and of handsome design.

This may be just the thing for you, since you are into SM. Moderate weight devices are more than sufficient to stretch the tissue. It takes time to grow new cells, both of the *dermis*, or *skin*, and the connective tissue, the blood vessels, and the nerves need to be stretched. It does not happen instantly. It is a delightful process that may take two or three years. You only need one type of device. The elastic tension device can be used 24 hours a day. You do not then need the weights. If you use only weights, a 10-12 hour session a day is fine. In either case, you need when not wearing a device to use a tape ring to give closure to the new foreskin. Some recent studies of tissue expansion have shown that the rapid expansion techniques did not produce this condition. It appears that, over time, if no other damage is done by the rapid method, everything turns out ok. The studies seem to indicate that the slower methods are the safer methods, as no more tissue is gained either way.

No matter what program or device is used, most men wish that the opening of their restored foreskin were smaller and tighter against the tip of their glans. One way to do this is to use a device for your

waking hours, and then use a tape ring to keep the skin over the glans at night and "teach" it to become narrower.

It is very important that if you decide to purchase a device, do not be persuaded to buy larger sizes just because the manufacturer says they are the most popular or are recommended or will give you a foreskin faster. The tension device manufacturer may claim so many parts of an inch of new skin a day. Of these claims, there have been no scientific studies done to prove nor disprove them. Every man's body is different and can tolerate different weight or traction.

Dear Dr. Wayne,

I like to be clean when I get fucked, so I always douche beforehand. Now I have a lover, and—lucky me—I've been douching every night. Will this screw up my system? How much can I do before it becomes a problem? Also, is it OK to use regular tap water?

Clint
Chicago, IL

Dear Clint,

Aren't you a lucky fellow! I guess you and your lover fit each other just right. On one of the douches I looked at, had some warnings to not use if you have impaired renal functions, etc. The use of this type enema will cause dehydration and other complications. Please use sparingly. Colonic douches are forcing the body to rid itself at times and places it isn't really ready for. Although some men have used the shower hose with a douche tip on it once in a while, for fun and games, it is not a good practice to do it daily. Since everyone is different there is really no way to answer your question of how much can you do before it becomes a problem. Plain water would be less of a problem, I would imagine, but I would sterilize it first. Tap water is not so totally sterile as we might think. Too much fluid distends the colon and that is not too good either. The same kinds of things can happen to the colon. The colon is a type of mucosal tissue that produces fluids to move waste down and out. The colon also has friendly bacteria present to help with digestion. When you remove those natural fluids and bacteria, you are not helping your colon. Changing this natural environment will allow yeast to rapidly overwhelm the environment. An overabundance of yeast can cause all kinds of havoc in your system.

I would just shower and use your finger to rinse off the sphincter and just inside to check if you really need a cleansing. If not, have fun. I assume your lover is using a condom and that is the only way to protect both of you from problems. He should put some lube inside just at the tip and leave about 1-2 inches of condom in front of his glans so that when he is thrusting, the condom will slip back and forth and give him pleasure, and not break. It is better to dirty the condom than to damage your insides.

Whose Body, Whose Rights?

Examining the Ethics and the Human Rights Issue of Infant Male Circumcision

A well-crafted documentary is ultimately undermined by its own zealotry.

Director Lawrence Dillon and producer Tim Hammond have created an hour-long documentary which explores the tragic reality of circumcision in America and around the world. *Whose Body, Whose Rights* is an ambitious work, delivering credible professionals as it examines the history of circumcision in Western culture. Now available on video, *Whose Body, Whose Rights* is slickly produced and good-looking (albeit graphic). This serious, examination could easily fit into the PBS lineup next to *Frontline* and is sure to be embraced by anti-circumcision advocates. Ultimately, however, this documentary undermines itself and jeopardizes its own chance at making a significant impact on the epidemic of male genital mutilation.

Whose Body, Whose Rights opens with sobering statistics about the prevalence of circumcision in the United States: 3,300 boys are circumcised every day, or one baby every 26 seconds. Next, the Dillonwood production reviews the historical "justifications" of circumcision. Experienced advocates may feel as though they are reviewing well-known material, but will likely appreciate the documentation which accompanies some of the video's early assertions. Newcomers will get a much-needed education that they are not likely to get from their physician. For example, the biological function of the foreskin is explicitly detailed. The method by which the number of nerves determined to be in the foreskin is clearly explained.

As the documentary proceeds, however, *Whose Body, Whose Rights* begins to lose its objectivity. Whereas we initially saw medical professionals detailing methodology, we later hear men offering "repressed memories" of the pain they felt as newborns being circumcised. The historical documentation which created credibility is replaced by statistics collected from "Harm Documentation Forms" distributed to circumcised men in an unscientific study. Herein lies the problem with *Whose Body, Whose Rights*.

When well-intentioned advocates lapse into self-serving "creativity" at the expense of scientific methodology, data becomes unreliable. Ultimately, an entire body of mostly reliable work may be discredited on the basis of a few misguided choices. *Whose Body, Whose Rights* visceral approach will most likely persuade some parents to forgo circumcision. Their passion is admirable, and most likely their "evidence" is well supported, but if filmmakers Dillon and Hammond hope to win the support of the medical community, they will need to do more than attack physicians. Suggesting that a cultural lack of awareness is, in fact, participation in a conspiracy is alienating. Criticizing circumcised men for not being outraged and suggesting that they are sexually lacking is argumentative. The calm voice of a doctor saying circumcision may prevent cancer will sound even more reassuring after Dillon and Hammond's accusations.

Whose Body, Whose Rights is a well-made, well-intentioned and impassioned documentary. Its strengths lie in its intelligent, scientific and educational approach. Unfortunately, the filmmakers trip themselves up. *Whose Body, Whose Rights* may appease the previously converted and frighten expecting parents, but it will not lead a revolution.

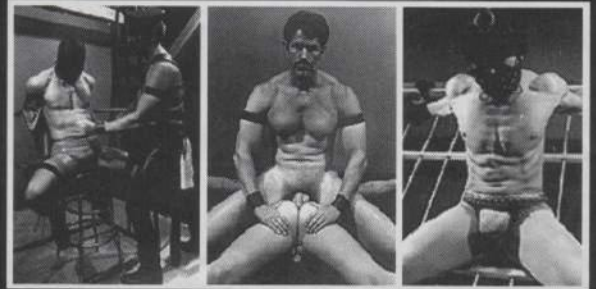
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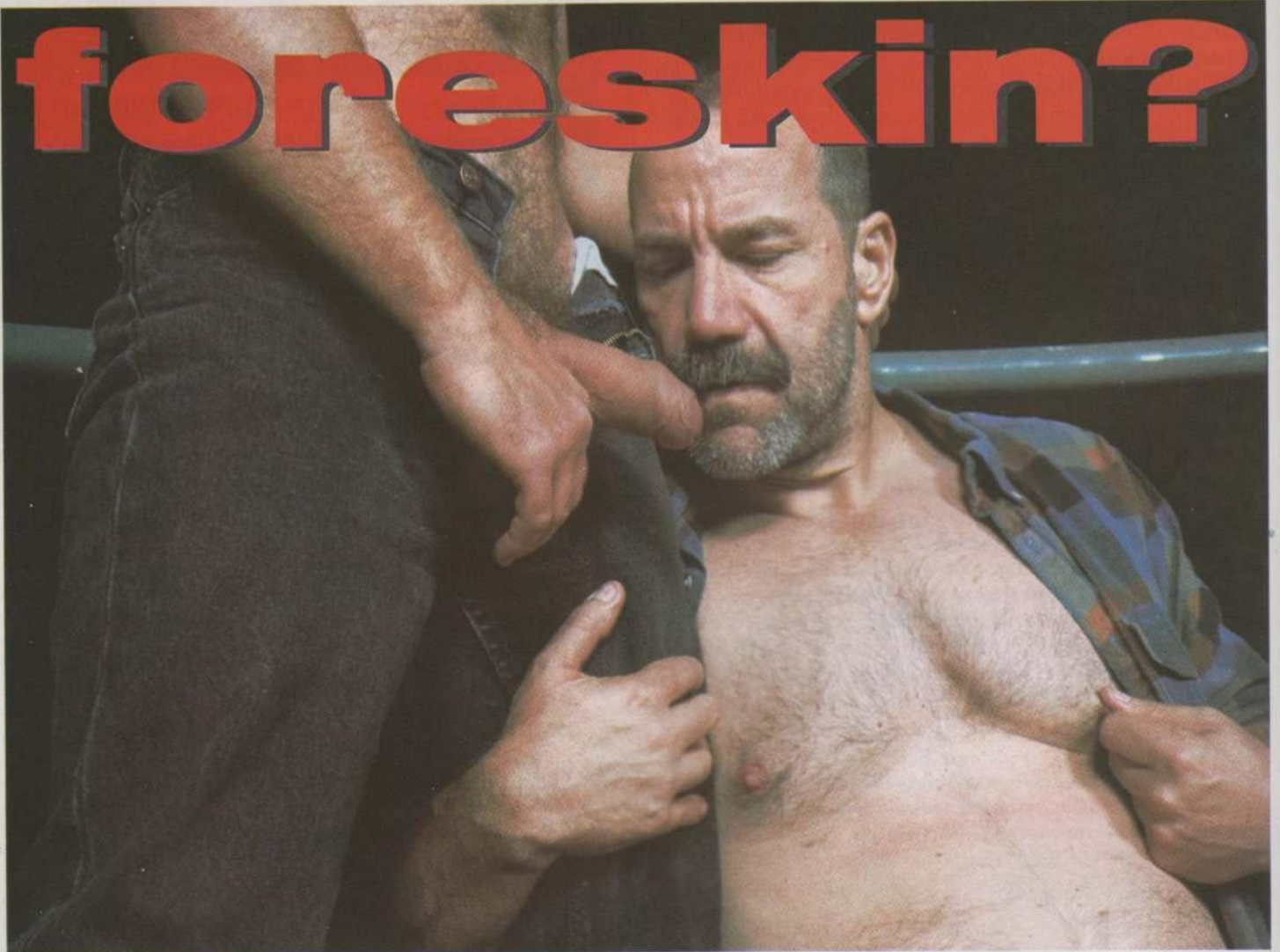
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NAVY CIRCUMCISION

I was born in the Midwest to strict Catholic parents. Sex was never discussed in our house. What little bit I did learn about sex was in biology class in school one year. My father was born on a farm and was uncut. I did manage to see his penis one day while we were at an amusement park and we shared a urinal next to each other. He did not retract the foreskin to urinate.

As a youngster, I was never very active in sports and was not inclined to play sports with the boys in grade school.

During this time, I learned that it was fun to play around with other little boys. We would pull each other's pants down and play with our little boycocks. I noticed right away that I was different the other boys. I had a foreskin covering the head of my cock. I did not like them to pull the skin back because it was difficult for me to get the skin back over the head of my cock after we had finished playing around. When I got old enough to shoot my load of cum, it took awhile before my cock was soft enough to allow the foreskin to creep back over the rim of my cock head. The skin was very sensitive. Therefore, I developed the words of caution to my friends to "not pull the skin back" on my cock. I was not taught how to retract the foreskin to clean it as a child.

One of the first times I had the skin retracted when soft was during a "short arm" inspection in the Navy boot camp in preparation for food service week we all went through. Myself and several other uncut guys were found to have "dirty dicks" and we were sent back to the barracks to clean them and then report back to the corpsman for reinspection. After that, I learned retract the foreskin in the shower at night. I became very faithful about keeping my foreskin clean.

Because I was gay and in the closet while I was in the Navy, I played the straight game and in fact did get to be with some prostitutes while the ship visited ports in the Far East. On one of these occasions, I contracted a minor infection under the foreskin. The corpsman and doctor on the ship treated me for several weeks to get rid of it. At that point in time, the doctor recommended that I think about getting circumcised upon the ship's return to San Diego. I decided that it was time to get it done. I did not enjoy fucking because the foreskin was tight on my cock. I might add at this point that I have the type of cock that is very small when soft, but enlarges about two to three times its size when hard. My cock head is much larger than the shaft. I think that is why the foreskin would not return to cover the head without much difficulty.

When the ship returned to San Diego, I was sent to the Naval hospital, and the doctor there arranged an appointment for me to be circumcised. At the appointed time, I reported to the ward. During that afternoon, the doctor examined each one of us who was there to be cut. He wanted to insure that we were not infected under the foreskin. That evening, a corpsman came around and took each one of us into the head (bathroom) and laid us on a table and shaved all of our pubic hair off. It was difficult not to get a hard-on while the corpsman was handling my cock and balls. After that was done, I did enjoy one



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final jack-off with my foreskin that evening. I knew it was going to be a little while before I was going to be able to jack-off again.

The next morning, a nurse came around and gave each one of us a shot to numb us. It put us on a trip where we were not too caring about what was going on around us. One at a time we were wheeled into a small operating room and placed up on the table. A corpsman was going to be doing the circumcision. He examined my cock and got it just a little bit hard. He then gave me a shot at the very base of my cock. It hurt for a very little bit. In a minute or so, my cock was numb. He then erected a small tent over my chest so I could not watch (I did not want to anyway), and proceeded to cut the foreskin off. He was done in about 20 minutes or so. He showed me my cock and it was puffed and swollen. It was bandaged and taped up toward my stomach to stem the flow of blood. It remained that way all through that evening.

Upon return to the ward, we were encouraged to drink anything we wanted, and I opted for beer. The object was to keep the urethra open and the urine flowing in case of swelling. I passed the piss requirement with flying colors.

The next morning, the doctor came around and took the bandages off and inspected the work. We were discharged and sent back to our ships. I remained in bed for a couple of days to allow the scar to heal up. I guess that was not really necessary, but I opted for the rest. The head of my cock was very sensitive at the time. When I finally put my shorts on, it felt like the incisions were bleeding, but they were not. The head of my cock peeled like a mild case of sunburn after several days. It was difficult to keep it soft and not think about sex. I did manage to jack off about seven days after the operation. It did stretch the skin, but I needed that relief. It took about three or four weeks before I felt comfortable getting a hard-on and not being afraid of busting something open.

Am I sorry I got it done? Yes and no. Yes in the fact that I wish I had met some of the uncut guys that I have met since the operation. I am sure that they could have taught me how to stretch the skin and perhaps I would still have it today. No in the fact that I can enjoy sex much more today and not worry about the tight foreskin and getting those infections under the skin. It is much easier to keep clean now, but I think I miss it in a small way.

I might add that I am even more turned on today by the sight, smell and taste of uncut cock. I feel a certain kinship with an uncut guy. I have been there and I know what it feels like.

I have not tried stretching the skin to regrow my foreskin. I have very sensitive skin and I just don't think that I could stand the stretching of the skin.

L.C., Pennsylvania



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LUKAS

video review by Peter Leko
photographs courtesy Bel Ami Photo & Video

*George Duroy's reputation as the foremost champion of the fresh-faced uncircumcised young male was firmly established by his superb videos released under the **Falcon International** label. Now his videos under the **Bel Ami** banner shine with even greater brilliance and confirm his role as the premier proponent of youthful male sexuality.*

Duroy follows his incandescent star, Lukas Ridgeston, through his awakening to the pleasures of all-male sex in a brilliant trilogy of videos (and we hope that it won't stop at three) featuring the most beautiful uncut boys in Eastern Europe.



Lukas' Story opens as an alarm clock jangles and Lukas begins the day naked, stretching in front of an open window. A tea kettle whistles, water pours into a cup. Lukas pulls his shorts up over a lovely soft cock, glans covered by luscious foreskin. Lukas' brother, Bill, wakes up in bed and reaches under the covers for his erection. An idyllic beginning for an idyllic video.

Brian, Lukas' American friend, narrates for him in



voiceover as Lukas peeks through the keyhole at his brother enjoying his morning jack-off. Lukas goes in and teases Bill about masturbating and pulls his comforter off, revealing a naked young Eros incarnate with an aroused penis arching from his crotch. Bill throws a pillow and Lukas retreats. Bill stretches luxuriously to show tufts of sexy black hair gracing his armpits and a delicious uncut cock gracefully curving down over ripe, young balls.

Bill leans back to jack off. He knows how to enjoy his penis. Holding the edge of his overhang closed with one hand he massages his glans inside his foreskin with the other. He

turns over to hump a pillow with thighs spread, revealing an inviting, hairy asscrack as he teases the tawny folds of his asslips with his fingertips. Then he turns on his back and strokes his rigid shaft until creamy white sperm spits from his cockslit. Balls temporarily drained, Bill turns on his side for another 40 winks. Pretty ass!

One day, when Lukas stays late at school, he sees two guys making out at the bottom of a stairwell. He stops to watch. Timmy Conrad kneels naked between Paul Kalman's legs giving him an expert blowjob. Timmy enjoys Paul's cock as his tongue explores its shaft and the smoothness of its slick red head. The close-up footage of Paul's penis as Timmy's eager lips and tongue explore every sensitive surface is so vivid that you will hope it never ends. Paul looks up and sees Lukas watching just as he slides his foreskin across his trigger rim to squirt a river of sperm on Timmy's shoulder.

Next, Lukas boards a bus where Filip Smirnov, the only other passenger, suggestively gropes the bulge in his shorts. He takes out his monster cock and flops it in the palm of his hand. It's irresistible. In nothing flat, Lukas has it in his mouth. He holds the skin back tight on Filip's shaft, turning his foreskin inside out to enjoy his glans between his lips. Lukas teases Filip's penis with his tongue and pulls his foreskin all the way down over his cockhead to nibble the tender edge. At the boiling point, Filip masturbates to climax, spurting his thick cum all over Lukas' shoulder.

The next episode begins with tranquil scenes of boaters on the placid waters of the river. Axel Petersen and Martin Valko paddle up to the boathouse and stow their canoe in its rack. Axel, a drop-dead beautiful guy with eyebrows that meet over the bridge of his nose, gives Martin the eye, and they lose no time getting down to serious sex. In a torrid clinch, Martin gropes the basket of Axel's shorts as they kiss and begin undressing one another.

As they stand at the foot of the stairs, Martin can't resist the treasure rearing from Axel's crotch. He tenderly holds Axel's upright penis, exploring its full length with his tongue and fondling his balls as he pulls the foreskin down over his glans. He nibbles Axel's foreskin with his lips and his tongue teases the end of his glans within tender folds of prepuce. Martin takes the full length of Axel's shaft so deep in his mouth that his nose is buried in pubic hair.

Martin's tongue dances up Axel's belly from crotch to navel and pecs, tasting his nipples and at last meeting his lips for a steamy kiss. They make love in a scene of unsurpassed beauty. Axel holds Martin's ass while Martin's leg hugs Axel's crotch against his own, as if their genitals could merge as a single embodiment of intense male sexuality. They devour each other with kisses while the camera cuts from wide shots to close-ups as Axel strokes Martin's erection. Then Martin sits on the steps, leaning back with legs spread-eagled so Axel can suck his cock.

Meanwhile, Lukas paddles up to the dock. After he stows his canoe he walks in naked, penis soft between his thighs, and comes upon the couple. He watches wide-eyed as Axel savors the taste of Martin's crotch. Axel's lips and tongue explore

Martin's torso up to his nipples and back down to his navel before taking his rigid erection into his mouth. Axel tenderly caresses Martin's cock as his lips encircle his skinned-back cockhead. The elegant wide shots and intimate close-ups of the couple as Axel worships Martin's genitals manually and orally are visual erotic poetry of breathtaking beauty. Watching his friends make love gets Lukas so hot that he begins masturbating to relieve his own sexual tension.

Martin strokes his cock until he squirts his sperm while Axel nibbles the inside of his thigh and caresses his crotch. When Axel jacks off a generous load on Martin's chest, Martin's lips and tongue follow Axel's belly up to kiss his nipple and then his mouth.

Unaware that Lukas is watching their ecstasy, Axel hangs onto the handrail of the stairs chewing his biceps while Martin rims him. Martin's tongue explores Axel's perineum and his fingers penetrate his anus in vivid close-up footage. Lukas gets hotter and hotter as Martin eases his cock up Axel's ass for a half-standing doggie fuck. As Martin thrusts into Axel in their thrilling pas-de-deux of sex, the muscles of his ass are a joy to behold. Axel's face glows with rapture as Martin nuzzles his neck and licks his ear. When they kiss as their passion approaches climax, their united tongues are as intensely sexual as their genitals.

Their lovemaking gets Lukas so hot that he can't hold back. He strokes his erection until the first cum drips from his slit and then he squirts semen all over the canoe nearby. Lukas strips the last drops of cum from his penis as he leaves, and Martin pulls out of Axel's ass to spill his sperm on his buttocks. In the next episode, Alan Greksa and Denis Jung get together as they pass on a crowded street. They retreat to the seclusion of the attic of an unfinished cottage nearby and quickly go into a clinch. Alan pulls Denis' shorts down to free a rigid erection from confinement. His lips and tongue enjoy the taste of Denis' rock-hard cock flushed almost purple with youthful lust. Alan gets Denis so hot that he ejaculates a fountain of semen after only a couple of strokes on his upright cock.

Then Denis eagerly sucks Alan's cock in return. The close-ups as Denis' lips slide across the trigger rim of Alan's cockhead are vivid. Duroy's use of dramatic side-lighting for several of the wide shots and portraits gives the scene a sense of realism that intensifies the final brightly lit sequence when Alan masturbates to climax as Denis looks up between his thighs.

After they kiss, Denis, legs upraised, takes Alan's cock up the ass in a missionary fuck. Again dramatic lighting gives the shots from above and the close-ups an intensely intimate feeling of reality. Alan pulls out and fertilizes Denis' genitals with his sperm. Alan's penis lies on Denis' cock, revealing the delicious difference of their penises when Alan holds their erections together in his hand. Denis ends the scene with an enviable ejaculation.

In the final and crowning episode of *Lukas' Story*, Lukas and Johan Paulik playfully toss a soccer ball as they frolic along a quiet cobble-stoned alley. As they make their way to a

secluded hideaway, Lukas explains in voiceover that Johan was his first lover and that they make love anywhere they can.

At the entrance to their lair, they tenderly kiss and embrace. Shot in silhouette, at first in stark back-light and then in soft back-light, their profiles are so breathtakingly beautiful as they sensuously kiss that they will evoke memories to stretch your heartstrings almost to breaking.

As they caress one another, Johan licks Lukas' nipple and goes down to take his cock between his lips. His tongue dances over Lukas' glans and tickles his frenum before he pulls his foreskin down with his lips to nibble its edge. He chews Lukas' shaft, caresses his glorious, glossy cockhead with his tongue, pulls his foreskin down for another delicious taste and then skins it back within his mouth. Johan knows how to suck cock and how to enjoy foreskin.

Then Johan sits on a bench, and Lukas kneels between his spread thighs to suck the magnificent erection rearing from the neat bush of black hair covering Johan's mons. Lukas tenderly caresses Johan's fresh young body as he sucks his cock, hands gently stroking the base of his shaft and fondling his pubic hair. Johan fucks Lukas' face as Lukas holds his cock between his lips. As Lukas continues to suck, Johan puts his ankles over Lukas' shoulders and the camera captures the action in close up framed by the angle of Johan's thigh and calf. Johan spreads his legs wide to give us a close-up view of his genitals as Lukas sucks his cockhead and tenderly fondles his balls while Johan tousles his hair.

Then Lukas lies on the bench and Johan covers him in one of the most effective 69 scenes on video. Lukas spreads the cleft of Johan's ass, revealing the exciting tuft of black perineal hair on either side of his anus. Johan sucks Lukas' cock in vivid, bigger-than-life close-up. Johan's boner is so stiff that it escapes Lukas' lips and he has to recapture it. We see Johan sucking Lukas just as Lukas sees him, in intimate footage shot



between their bodies.

Lukas' pointed tongue darts into Johan's pucker and then both index fingers probe deep as Johan quivers in rapture. Johan ejaculates on Lukas' face, intimately captured in close-up. After he cums, Johan smiles happily in a lovely portrait. Lukas looks into the lens and grins in satisfaction with Johan's semen on his cheek and his penis caressing his face.

In the final scene, Lukas sits on the bench, and Johan sits on his crotch with Lukas' cock up his ass. Intimate underneath views, wide shots from front and side, sometimes back-lit, portray their lovemaking in intimate detail. Johan slides up and down Lukas' penis, masturbating him with his asslips. Lukas licks Johan's nipple and they kiss, their tongues exciting one another like second penises.

Johan lifts off so Lukas can masturbate to climax, ejaculating 12 squirts straight up for a spectacular finale. They kiss tenderly and the camera zooms in on Lukas' big sperm-wet upright cock contrasted with Johan's neat penis, now soft and relaxed, foreskin down, for a tender conclusion of an unforgettable video.

Lukas' Story (1994). Directed by George Duroy. Cast: Lukas Ridgeston, Willy Ridgeston, Timmy Conrad, Paul Kalman, Filip Smirnov, Axel Petersen, Martin Valko, Alan Greksa, Denis Jung, Johan Paulik. Running time, 90 minutes plus a short preview. Bel Ami Video, 484-B Washington Street #342, Monterey, California 93940. \$59.95.

2 ♦ The second video, *Lukas' Story 2*, begins as Lukas waits impatiently while his cousin Alex is in the bathroom getting ready to go to the annual rowing club party. Alex is shaving, with the most beautiful penis this side of paradise gracefully curving down over the wash basin, firm and skinned back for action. Then he lies in the bathtub enjoying his penis while Lukas paces the floor outside. Alex looks hardly old enough to be out of junior high until you see the dense thicket of black pubic hair spreading out from his mons to his groin and up to his navel. As Alex jacks off, his glans blooms like a flower when he skins his foreskin back across his corona. After Lukas pounds on the door, Alex drops his load in his navel and yells, "I came!"

When Lukas and Alex arrive, the rowing club party is in full swing on the deck of a large boat. Bare-chested young guys are enjoying good food, wine and beer while others paddle their kayaks alongside. Below decks, guys are sucking cock and fucking everywhere as Lukas wanders around watching the panorama of uninhibited sex. First he happens upon Eugen Kalman and Marty Beavins naked, standing face to face with their genitals pressed between their crotches, arousing one another to heights of passion.

Then Lukas spots Milos Janek sucking an awesome, two-hands-long cock, while Marty lies on a chair with his legs on Eugen's shoulders, taking his cock in a missionary fuck.

Lukas looks for Johan, his regular fuck-buddy, and discovers him naked and intimately entwined with Peter, locked in full-body frottage. The coupled pair look like a sculpture in motion as they roll from shadow into light and



back again inflamed with sexual lust, crotches united in penis-to-penis sex. Visually their bodies become one in a dazzling display of intense eroticism that generates enough heat to melt the polar ice-caps. Every part of their bodies becomes a sensual extension of their genitals. Their tongues are like second penises fucking each other's mouth. Peter spreads Johan's asscheeks as they roll around, revealing a tempting tuft of black perineal hair on each side of his anus.

Shocked and a little jealous, Lukas watches the pair from a doorway as Peter sucks Johan's cock before they crush their crotches together as they cling together united in sexual desire. Johan rolls on top of Peter and fucks him with Peter's legs around his body. As Lukas watches, he wonders what it would be like to have a cock up his ass. Watching Johan and Peter fuck gets Lukas horny and he gropes his cock through his cut-off denims. The portrait close-ups of Lukas are stunning. His dazzling blue eyes are like limpid pools inviting you to dive in and drown in ecstasy. Johan and Peter turn on their sides and Johan continues fucking Peter, now side-saddle. They kiss open-mouthed and Johan's penis-tongue probes Peter's mouth. Johan fucks with increasing intensity, shifting back to missionary as he nears climax. He kneels across Peter to jack

off, and their union ends with a tender kiss.

Back on deck, Danny Clark gives Lukas the eye and invites him below. They find an empty cabin, and Danny promptly gets Lukas' cock out, hard, and in his mouth. Beautiful close-ups of Lukas' cock as Danny sucks it, lips caressing his slippery glans, will make you drool at both ends. Duroy's camera puts you there. You see Lukas' cock just as he sees it, plunging deep into Danny's mouth. Utterly breathtaking.

When he reaches climax, Lukas slides his foreskin down, grabs his penis in his fist, gives his corona a couple of quick jerks inside his foreskin, and ejaculates thick ribbons of semen across Danny's shoulder. Lukas kisses Danny open-mouthed, their tongues meeting end to end.

Then Lukas sucks Danny's cock and again Duroy's camera puts you there with such realism that you can almost feel Lukas' tongue caressing Danny's cockhead. Danny reaches orgasm and squirts four thick ribbons of cum across Lukas' shoulder.

Danny bends over and takes Lukas' cock up his ass in a classic doggie-fuck. Lukas withdraws to ejaculate 10 spurts of thick, hot cum on Danny's fuzzy ass. Again their tongues probe one another's mouths like second penises as they kiss.

As the party ends, Lukas sees a few couples still fucking ass and sucking cock, including Danny with another partner. He investigates sounds coming from a small cabin and finds about 30 of the rowing club members in a frantic orgy. Guys are packed together, sucking, fucking and jacking off in total abandon.

In this scene of wall-to-wall sex, Duroy's camera pans from rigid cock to rigid cock, from asscracks penetrated by probing penises to bubble-butts slamming stiff cocks up receptive asses. One after another, seven rock-hard erections erupt rivers of semen. Lukas says in voiceover that you could smell sperm everywhere. He is so fascinated by this scene of unbridled sex that he gets his hard cock out, pulling his foreskin back so far that his slick, red cockhead swells with each stroke.

In the next episode, Dano Sulik and Oliver Krist retreat to their secret place for sex. Upstairs in an abandoned building (it's real, not just a set) they go into a hot clinch. Dano gets Oliver's pants down and his hard cock in his mouth. Oliver returns the favor, and then the naked pair stand face to face, and Dano clutches their erections together shaft to shaft and glans to glans while they kiss hungrily. They masturbate each other—unfortunately not to climax, which could have been a very hot scene—and Dano sucks Oliver's nipple as they devour one another. The close view as Oliver caresses Dano's lovely, round buns and presses their crotches together is a superb masterpiece of erotic videography. Oliver's erect penis thrusts out between their united bodies as he hugs Dano's crotch against his own.

Dano masturbates as he sucks Oliver's cock, and again Duroy's camera puts you there between them. You see what Oliver sees, and you appreciate what a truly monster cock it is that juts from his smooth, young body. The portrait footage of Oliver's rapturous face as Dano holds his glans between his lips while he rapidly jacks his shaft is unforgettable. Oliver



brings himself to orgasm in a few quick strokes, pausing to let his penis squirt his sperm on Dano's shoulder.

Outside, Lukas meets Jiri Lubov, headed for the party inside. Lukas declines to join them and walks off as Jiri goes to the door. Upstairs, Dano gets his rocks off fucking Oliver's face, shooting seven flying jets of semen all over Oliver's chest.

Jiri comes in and gobbles both their erections. Dano and Oliver kiss passionately while Dano caresses Oliver's firm round buns, portrayed partly in breathtakingly beautiful backlighting. Dano and Oliver kiss Jiri and together suck his rigid cock. Once again the camera puts you right in the action.

Jiri lies on a bench as Oliver and Dano orally enjoy his penis. Jiri lies on his side and Dano fucks him side-saddle as Oliver jacks his shaft while Jiri's lips and tongue caress his cockhead. Dano masturbates Jiri as he fucks him while Jiri sucks Oliver's cock. Jiri jacks himself off as Dano plows his ass. Oliver doggie-fucks Jiri and sucks Dano's cock.

Dano comes on Jiri's shoulder, and Oliver beats his meat to climax. He pauses when orgasm takes over, pulls his foreskin all the way back, and semen gushes from his cockslit in a gleaming river. As their passion subsides, Dano and Oliver cling together over Jiri, and Dano smiles directly into the camera to end this fervent erotic concerto.

The final episode is the crowning jewel of *Lukas' Story 2*, 28 minutes of total eroticism passionately performed by three breathtakingly beautiful, testosterone-fueled sex machines.

Lukas and Martin Valko are jogging with Martin's horny roommate, Kristian. After they cross an overpass, Kristian is so hot that he takes Lukas' cock out and begins sucking him off. When a pedestrian nears they break off and hurry on to Lukas' place where they lose no time in getting down to serious sex.

The trio, naked in Lukas' bed, suck cock in every combination. First Martin and Kristian suck Lukas, and the following footage of Martin's cock as Lukas sucks it would give Jesse Helms a hard-on. Fully aroused by Lukas' lips, Martin jacks off a generous load on Lukas' chest while Kristian keeps on sucking Lukas. Lying in Martin's arms with legs spread and ram-rod penis vertical, Lukas masturbates to a spectacular eleven-spurt orgasm, ejaculating straight up in one of the great cum-shots of all time.

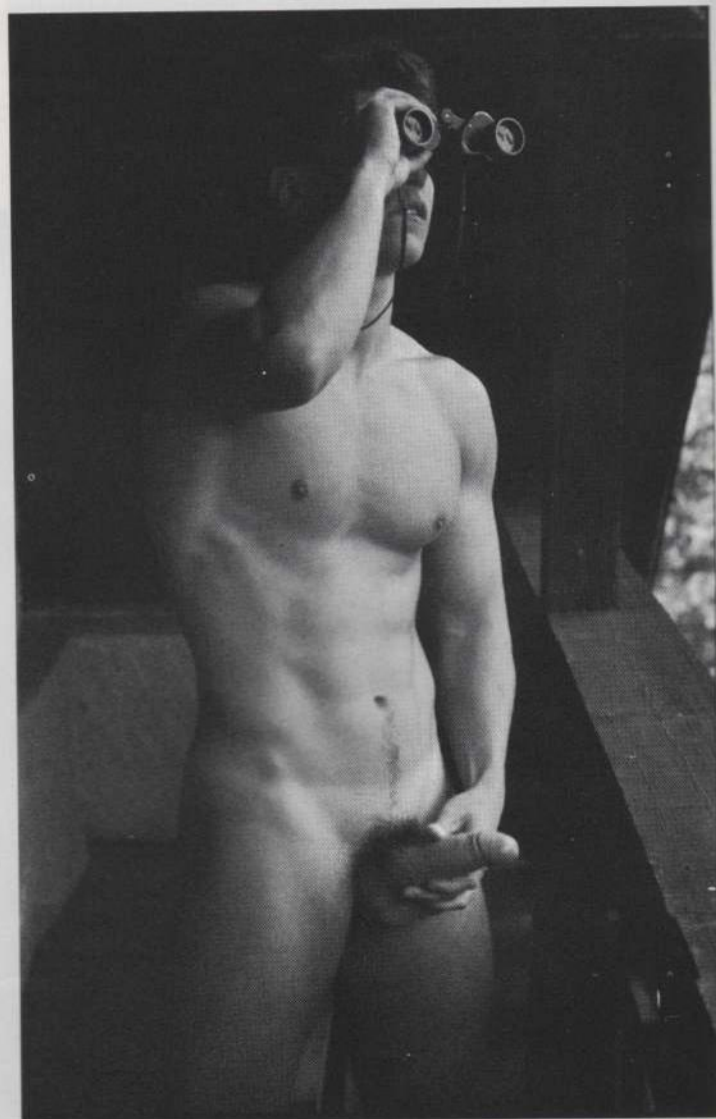
Then Martin and Lukas gang up on Kristian, Lukas at one end sucking his cock while Martin kisses him hungrily at the other. Kristian writhes in rapture as Martin and Lukas tease his penis with lips and tongues, getting him so aroused that he jacks off holding his erection straight up, ejaculating eleven squirts—a couple of them double—that rival Lukas' orgasm.

Martin and Lukas lay Kristian on his back with his ankles on Martin's shoulders, and Martin fucks his ass while Lukas fucks his mouth. The footage of Martin's penis thrusting into Kristian's hairy ass is so intimate that you can almost feel Kristian's asslips sliding across Martin's trigger-rim. In a vivid visual simile of penis and tongue, the camera cuts from a closeup of Martin's and Lukas' tongues probing one another's mouth, to a closeup of Kristian's tongue darting along Lukas' swollen red glans.

After a few final thrusts of his beautiful buttocks, Martin pulls out of Kristian for his semen to stream from his slit, followed by six flying spurts. Then Lukas ejaculates nine rapid-fire squirts on Kristian's torso. Spectacular!

Lying on his back, Lukas puts his legs on Martin's shoulders and Martin slowly pushes his penis up Lukas' ass while Kristian masturbates looking on. Kristian joins in, licking and nibbling Martin's back as he explores his asscrack with his fingers and tongue. Then Martin fucks Lukas side-saddle as Kristian fucks his mouth first with his penis and then with his darting tongue.

Kristian shoots nine quick squirts of sperm on Lukas' chest—you really should run this again in slow playback! Martin holds Lukas in his arms and Kristian kisses him as he jacks off in leaping spurts that spatter his body with cum. Then Martin squirts his sperm on Lukas before Lukas and Kristian gang up on Martin's cock. They play with his foreskin as they lick and suck while Martin squirms in rapture. Lukas and Kristian rim Martin, their tongues exploring his perineum one after the other, and Kristian rims Martin and sucks his balls as he lies under him in soixante-neuf, with Lukas on top of them. In the close-up footage Lukas' long, pointed tongue is like a second penis probing Martin's asslips.



In the final scene, Lukas fucks Martin while Martin kneels over Kristian. Martin's balls swing low in his loose, hairless scrotum with each thrust of Lukas' cock. Kristian and Martin kiss, and Lukas pulls out of Martin's ass to jack off an Olympic-quality, 10-spurt ejaculation that spatters Martin's hair with big, white blobs of cum—repeated in slow motion that captures each spurt as it swirls through the air. You'll see that one in your dreams! If Dano and Oliver's coupling with Jiri is a concerto, this is a sexual symphony alongside which *Carmina Burana* pales in comparison.

The camera pans to Lukas' face as he says that he's just getting started and doesn't know what he wants to do next. He shows us in *Lukas' Story 3*.

Duroy's *Lukas' Story* trilogy fulfills the romantic promise revealed in the pairing of Lukas and Ken Christy in *Tender Strangers*. Even though the sexual encounters in some episodes appear opportunistic, all are consummated with tender affection and loving gentleness.

Duroy's videographic artistry vividly captures the beauty of young male genitals in action with incomparable brilliance. Even if your sex-life is perfect, nowhere else will you see an aroused penis so up-close and intimate, bigger than life. His camera transforms his infallible sense of the erotic into images of transcendent beauty, composed with the eye of a born artist: A tuft of pubic hair just at the corner of the frame enhancing the sensual beauty of a fresh young face; a tight close-up of a glans penis almost filling the frame; tender foreskin pushed back as gentle lips embrace a glistening glans and sensually surround its sensitive trigger rim; the glorious visual climax of a penis squirting leaping jets of semen through the air in the shattering spasms of ejaculation. We all know what a penis looks like when it ejaculates, and we all do it in our own special way. But take my word for it, you have not seen ejaculation until you see Lukas Ridgeston ejaculate. That boy has pure testosterone for blood and reserve tanks on both balls!

Duroy takes full advantage of the dramatic effect of backlighting that enhances rather than obscures the intense sensuality of youthful bodies united in acts of love. He uses brief interludes of local color to separate scenes within episodes—sunlit dustmotes drifting in air, nestling birds begging to be fed, pedestrians on a crowded street, boaters on the tranquil river.

The erotic impact of each episode is intensified by portraits of innocent young faces, glowing with the pleasures of Eros, serene with the raptures après sex. Duroy's camera angles often let the viewer see what one or the other partner sees during sex—a view from above that looks down along the smooth curve of a firm belly to a stiff erection enjoyed full length by eager lips and tongue from foreskin to pubic hair—a view from below, from hairy scrotum and towering penis up to a face transfixed in erotic rapture—close side views so revealing that you almost believe you are there as lips meet cockhead to slide foreskin back over a flaring trigger rim. Anal exploration by lips and tongues and probing fingers is tastefully portrayed. Footage of anal penetration is explicit

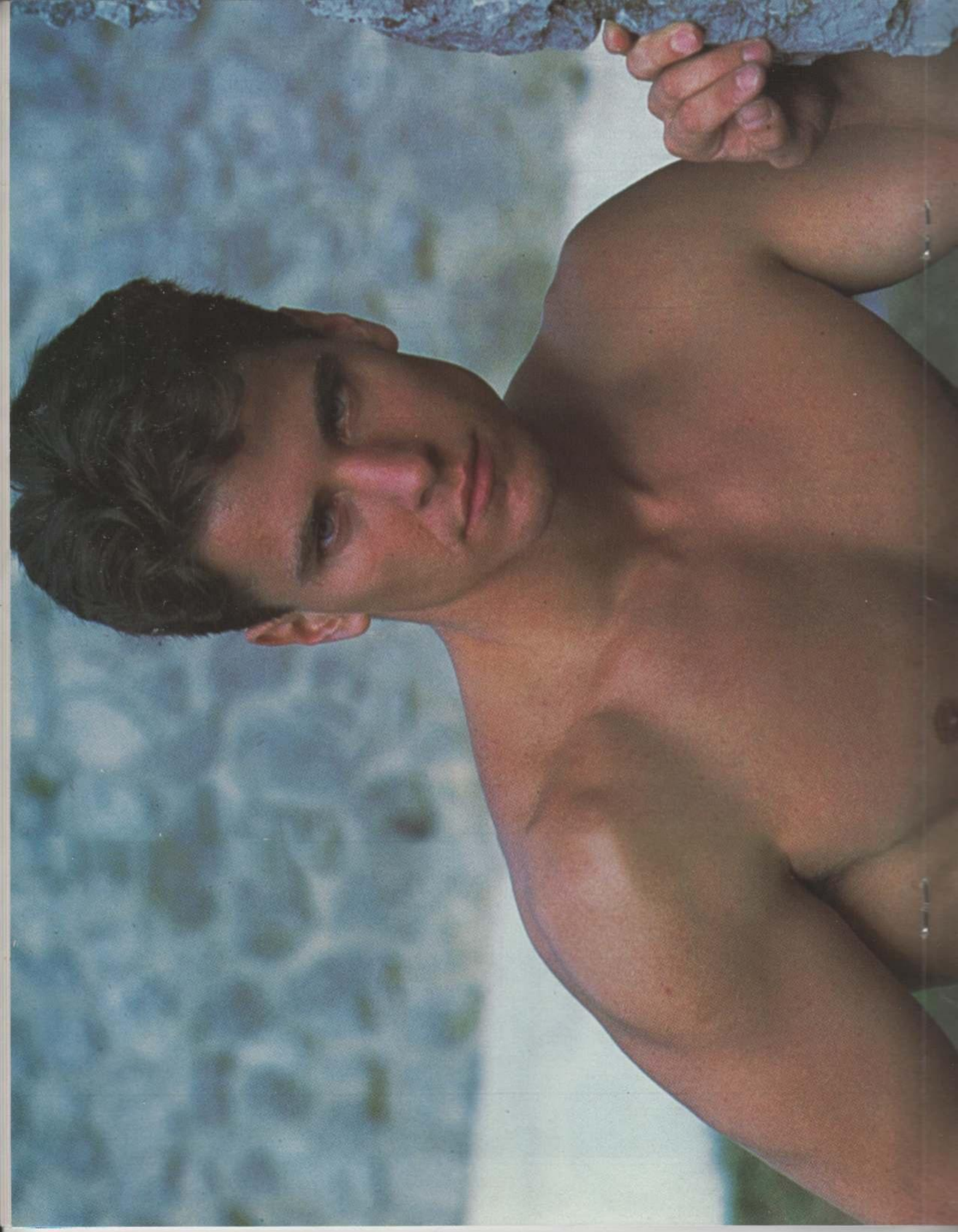
and intensely arousing, but secondary to the oral and manual lovemaking that emphasizes the innate natural beauty of male genitals.

It would take more than the 60 pages of this magazine to describe all the vivid imagery, beautiful bodies, rapt faces, luscious genitals and erotic nuances of sex in the first two volumes of *Lukas' Story*. You have to see them for yourself.

George Duroy takes personal charge of every aspect of production. In the *Lukas' Story* trilogy he has produced videos destined to be all-time classics of romantic male erotica. *Lukas' Story* and *Lukas' Story 2* merit five stars from every aspect: direction, videography, beautiful bodies, foreskin and sexual performance, editing, voiceover and music track, and superb production standards. Outstanding in every respect. Don't miss them.

Lukas' Story 2 (1995). Directed by George Duroy. Cast: Alex Petersen, Lukas Ridgeston, Victor Boyd, Marty Beavins, Eugen Kalman, Milos Janek, Johan Paulik, Peter Sidow, Danny Clark, Dano Sulik, Jiri Lubov, Oliver Krist, Martin Valko, Kristian Jensen. Running time 112 minutes plus 6 minutes of preview. Bel Ami Video, 484-B Washington Street #342, Monterey, California 93940. \$59.95.



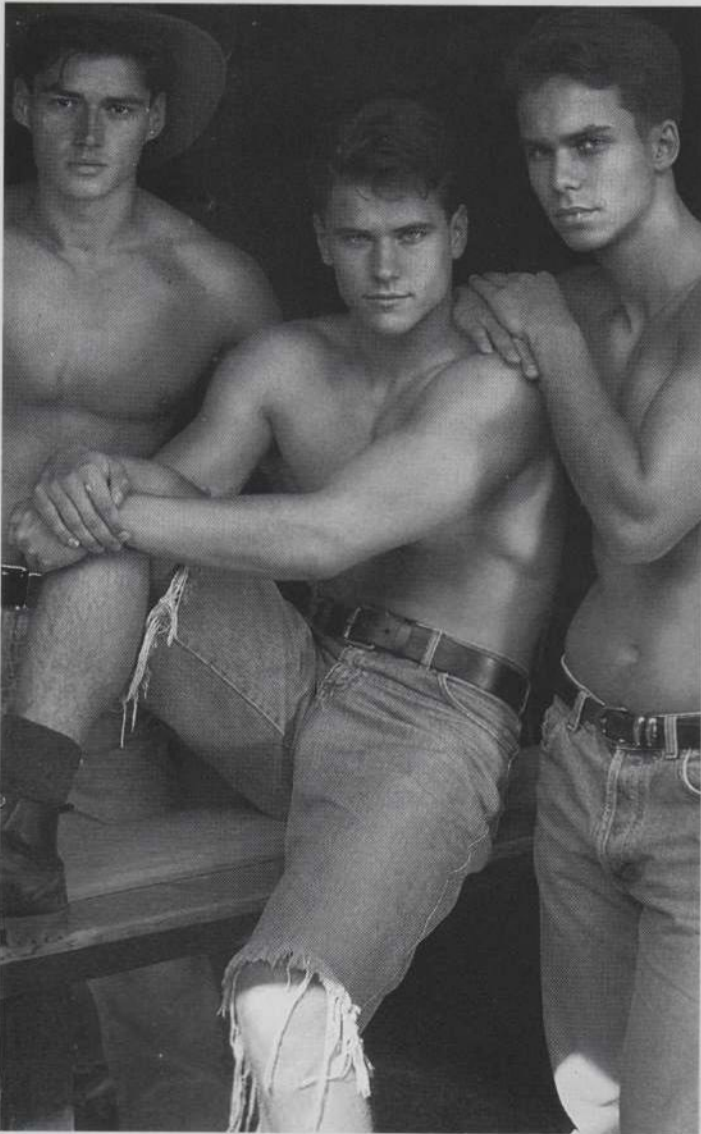




3: As you may have figured out from *Tender Strangers*, *Lukas' Story* and *Lukas' Story 2*, George Duroy unquestionably is the premier champion of the uncircumcised young male in contemporary erotic video, and Lukas Ridgeston is the incandescent star among the horny, uncut youths now sharing their foreskins with video fans. Now, in *Lukas' Story 3*, Lukas continues his exploration of male sexuality.

Lukas' friend Erik has invited him to his family's country chalet in the Tatra Mountains of Slovakia for the last weekend of summer vacation. Thinking he was the only guest, Lukas is surprised to find himself surrounded by unfamiliar faces when he arrives at Erik's chalet. Going inside he at last meets a friend, Martin Valko, who points out Erik's room. Looking in, Lukas discovers Erik with his thick cock deep in Karel Adamec's mouth. Erik and Karel exchange blow-jobs as Lukas retreats, and he decides that he might be in for an interesting weekend.

Later, when Tomas and Ion set out for a walk after a game of darts, Lukas suspects they have more in mind than just walking. Lukas watches as they disappear into a small barn and go into a torrid clinch, revealing the voyeuristic tendency he showed in his previous videos.



After a picnic around a campfire, Ion and Dusan play cards, winner take all. Naked after the game, they devour one another with kisses and Ion gives Dusan a blowjob, getting so hot that he jacks off a big load on Dusan's chest. Outside on the balcony, Lukas gets aroused watching Dusan suck Ion's cock. Just as Ion beats his meat to climax, Erik discovers Lukas peeking in at the horny couple. Erik is as excited as Lukas is and they promptly go into a steamy clinch. Erik holds his erection tight against Lukas' hard-on in a beautiful moment of penis-to-penis sensuality before they exchange blowjobs. As the scene ends they fertilize one another's genitals with cum as they masturbate in unison.

Next morning a beautiful stranger, Stefan, emerges from the woods and wanders into the barn for a leisurely jack-off. At the chalet, Lukas comes out on the balcony naked, cock at full mast, and gets hot watching Stefan masturbate. The sight of Stefan's shapely ass as Lukas watches through binoculars gets him so aroused that he pumps his cock until he ejaculates a volley of high-flying spurts right over the balcony railing. Stefan is aware he's being watched. He winks knowingly after he squirts his load on his chest.

After Lukas goes inside, Martin comes out on the balcony naked just as Mario brings his bedding out to air it. Mario's hot body and sultry come-hither look get Martin's cock up. Martin masturbates to climax as Mario's tongue hungrily slurps his perineum. Still not satisfied, Martin fucks Mario, first doggie against the balcony railing, then missionary with Mario's legs wrapped around him, pulling out to give Mario a sperm shower in return.

That night, as Lukas brushes his teeth and pulls back his foreskin to wash his cockhead in the sink, Dano Sulik and Pavol Zurek are making out upstairs in the attic. Lukas discovers them on the way to his room and pauses to watch. As he furtively watches from the floor below he masturbates as the couple trade blowjobs and fuck. By the time Dano ejaculates on Pavol's ass, Lukas is so hot that he squirts sperm all over the landing.

Then Lukas and Dano get together. Dano takes Lukas' cock up the ass with legs spread wide and one foot on Lukas' shoulder. Dano maintains his erection as Lukas' penis probes his prostate, and pumps a fountain of cum straight up after Lukas pulls out to shoot his semen all the way over Dano's head. Spectacular!

As the weekend draws to a close Lukas still hasn't made out with Ivo Svoboda, the object of his desire. When he gets back to their room late on their last night, he's disappointed because Ivo is already asleep. Lukas strips and gets into bed with Ivo and decides to risk an overture with a gentle caress. At first Ivo sleepily pushes Lukas' hand away, but then responds to his touch. The portrait profiles of Lukas' classic beauty as he makes love with Ivo are unforgettable. When Lukas nears orgasm he withdraws and squirts his sperm over Ivo's body from nipples to crotch. As the scene draws to a close, the drops of Lukas' semen sparkle like diamonds on Ivo's torso in a glorious moment of sexual consummation that will leave you spellbound. This is tender, loving, romantic sex of unparalleled sensuality portrayed with rare sensitivity and erotic artistry.



Suddenly the weekend is over, and the friends head back to a new semester at the university.

Lukas' Story 3 contains all the features that have made George Duroy's videos so exceptional. Apart from Lukas, the undisputed star, the standouts in *Lukas' Story 3* are fresh-faced Tomas Belko, Mario Popovic, who is surrounded by an aura of intense sex, and Ivo Svoboda, whose beauty will haunt your dreams. The close-up portrait as he reads his book in bed will make you wish you could wake up with Ivo beside you every morning—and go to bed with him beside you every night! Stellar!

The sexual situations are entirely believable, natural and spontaneous, set in an obviously genuine summer retreat in spectacular, unspoiled countryside.



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Duroy's effective lighting evokes the mood of the moment. The editing is smooth, the background music pleasant, the voice over narration by Lukas' interpreter clearly recorded. Production values are unexcelled.

My only reservation about *Lukas' Story 3* and other eastern European videos I have seen is the recurrence of what I call the "limp-dick syndrome," when a bottom doesn't maintain an erection during sex. In the first episode, Karel doesn't have an erection while Erik fucks him, and that leaves me limp. But in a later scene Dano maintains a hard-on while being fucked by Lukas and yes, that does give me a hard-on. Obviously, a director can't influence the sexual reactions of his cast so it is a factor beyond his control, but he can avoid taping positions that show a limp, uninterested

penis—unless, of course, it is appropriate for a dick to be soft—as it is when Lukas washes his cockhead after brushing his teeth.

These three videos of Lukas' sexual awakening are without exception the summit of erotic artistry. If you miss them, you will miss the most beautiful video erotica that has been produced so far.

Lukas' Story 3. Directed by George Duroy. Cast: Lukas Ridgeston, Karel Adamec, Stefan Andersen, Dusan Antal, Tomas Belko, Ion Davidov, Erik Kovak, Mario Popovic, Dano Sulik, Ivo Svoboda, Martin Valko, Pavol Zurek. Running time, 90 minutes plus 25 minutes of previews of other releases. Bel Ami Video, 484-B Washington Street #342, Monterey, California 93940. \$59.95.



Lukas Biography

name:	Lukas (lew-KOSH) Ridgston
height:	5'11"
weight:	175 lbs.
hair color:	brown
eye color:	blue
dick size:	8 inches uncut
positions:	versatile (mainly top)
birthplace:	Czechoslovakia
first film:	Tender Strangers (Bel Ami 1993)
videography:	Tender Strangers (Bel Ami 1993)
	Lukas' Story (Bel Ami 1994)
	Lukas' Story 2 (Bel Ami 1995)
	Lukas' Story 3 (Bel Ami 1996)
	Out At Last (Bel Ami July 1996)

Lukas started shooting with premier producer/director George Duroy in 1993 shortly after his 18th birthday. His trail to stardom started when a friend brought him to the Bel Ami offices in Slovakia, where he agreed to let Duroy do a still photo session. Duroy knew a star when he saw one, but even he was amazed when he developed the film from the shoot. Lukas, in Mr. Duroy's words, "is someone that the camera lens loves even more than the eye."

Lukas' first film for Bel Ami was *Tender Strangers*, a romantic "solo" in which he appeared opposite knock-out Ken Christy, in dual soft action that was truly perfection on film. With further persuasion, Lukas agreed to do hardcore with Duroy, and he was thrust into the spotlight in *Lukas' Story*, the first of three films that would bear his name and literally turn him into a film icon.

So who is Lukas... is he really the "boy next door" we see on film? In a word, yes. Quiet and unassuming (without a touch of vanity), he is actually quite shy. Although he admits to being nervous when he first started shooting hardcore, he thinks filming is fun because it is so totally different from the rest of his life. Also, of course, he certainly enjoys the money he makes. He says he never has a problem performing for film and that nudity and sex in front of the camera have never bothered him... a fact that he attributes in large part to his European attitudes about sexuality in general. As a result, this beautiful young man simply comes into his own when the cameras start rolling. But porn as a career? Definitely not.

Currently a university student studying the arts, Lukas spends his leisure time working out and socializing with his friends at their favorite college hangouts. He also loves the outdoors, skiing and hiking in the gorgeous Slovakian countryside. ♣



GLORY HOLE JACKPOT

BY WAYNE DANIELS

ILLUSTRATION BY KEVIN R. TINDALL

THE BEACH MEN'S ROOM WAS EMPTY except for a pile of wadded toilet paper and two used rubbers. The hole between the stall and the urinal was still wet with a long trail of cum ending in a clear puddle on the floor. Someone had been busy only minutes ago. I sat quietly for a few minutes, dragging on a cigarette, hoping someone would come in soon. I didn't have to wait long.

A kid who looked like he must have been captain of his high school football team walked in. He was one of those kids who'd matured early. He was probably shaving at 10, had a thick mat of chest hair at 13—you know the type.

Anyway, all he had on was a pair of running shorts and a tank top. His thick blond hair was buzzed into a flat top and he had a short, close-trimmed goatee. His muscular pecs were covered with swirls of fur and a juicy pink nipple peeked out the armhole of his tank. Stepping up to the urinal, he gave his box a quick squeeze before yanking his trunks down, exposing a piss-stained jock. He ran his hand roughly over the bulge in his splotchy yellow cloth sack, and seemed to be teasing himself. I really wasn't sure he even knew I was there. Using the smaller peephole strategically located above the large, cock-sized hole in the partition, I realized he was staring directly at me. This tease was for both of us.

He gave me an a nasty Billy Idol-sneer and slowly lowered the wide band of his filthy jockstrap, gradually exposing his very thick, curly blondish-brown bush. Eventually, the base and first couple inches of his still-flaccid meat were available for my perusal.

Finally, after what seemed an eternity, his entire organ was exposed, hanging freely over two large egg-shaped balls confined in a tight, hairy sac between his muscular, furry legs. Paydirt. He was uncut. His foreskin drooped down about an inch below the bulbous, mushroom-shaped head, ending in a tight, wrinkled, tapered point. It

looked like it would be hard to stretch it back over the head. He lifted it toward the opening in the partition, stepped forward and suddenly let go a stream of piss that caught me right on target, between the lips. I couldn't tell if he was into watersports or was "pissing on a queer." All I know is I wasn't disappointed. I let him make a mess of me. Just as he was finishing, the door squeaked open, and someone entered the john. My football star's cock instantly disappeared into his shorts. He flushed the urinal and vanished.

A large, beefy number stepped up to the urinal. Reaching into the fly of his baggy work pants, he extracted a hefty piece of prime uncut meat. Noticing the puddle of piss on the floor, he did a sidestep to the right, allowing me a full-on view of his thick, meaty pecker. A wide, hot stream of piss jetted from the head as his large, hairy hand peeled back the foreskin. I moved in for a closer inspection. He quickly finished and moved out of view. Gone. Too bad!

Only a few seconds had passed when what could have been the previous pisser's big brother appeared. This one was ready for action. After pulling his foreskin down, he let go a stream of hot, clear beer-piss. He pinched the foreskin closed, forcing a large amount of piss to create a water balloon, which he released in a great splash into the urinal and onto the floor. Shaking it off, he turned toward the hole where my waiting mouth gaped hungrily.

Feeding his cock slowly through the damp hole, I took it eagerly... but slowly. I wanted to savor this one! I slowly sucked the generous wad of 'skin into my mouth, tasting the remnants of his hot, salty-sweet piss. I then hefted the huge cock in my hand and slowly peeled back the foreskin, raising the head to my nose, inhaling the hot manscent. As I watched, the tumescent organ began pulsing and growing to incredible dimensions. In one gulp, I swallowed the entire length until I made contact with the wet, sticky partition, and my lips pressed into his large tangle of coarse, red pubic hair.

The stud pulled back enough to push his enormous, hairy, engorged balls through the opening as well. I licked hungrily at the bulbous spheres in their large sac of mushy, hair-covered skin. He groaned audibly as his cock sank once again to the back of my throat. It wasn't long before I could tell he was close. I wanted this to last just a bit longer.

I backed my head away from the monster I had been inhaling and slowly stroked the shaft, allowing the 'skin to pile up over the head, then pulling it back, then back down again. Taking a mouthful of foreskin, I sucked the chewy flesh as I swirled my tongue between the folds, digging deep and licking under the head for the thick, clear syrup that was oozing from the gaping mouth in the head of his cock. I repeated this procedure several times, watching as his large, hairy

Feeding his cock
slowly through the damp
hole, I took it eagerly...
but slowly. I wanted to
savor this one!



cum-filled balls drew up tight on each side of the thick shaft in preparation on the powerful ejaculation that I could tell would soon follow.

Peeling the skin back, I licked the glowing blunt knob, swirling my tongue relentlessly under the head, causing it to swell, growing taught, turning a bright purple-red. The mouth gaped open wide and deep. Slowly it began to throb, pulsing with its master's heartbeat. He emitted another agonized groan and the head reared up and began spitting huge gooey clumps of sperm all over my hand and wrist, as well as my beard, shirt and legs. I continued stroking the throbbing meat in my hand slowly until the entire contents of his balls had been drained. Then I took the swollen but shrinking tool into my mouth and caressed it with my tongue until it was completely limp. He sighed and withdrew just as another man approached.

I waited a minute to see if more action was imminent. It wasn't. I walked out into the sunlight in time to see my giant, redheaded stallion hop into a van parked next to my car. He smiled and said hello. I smiled back and told him what a hot piece of work he was. He winked and laughed, motioning for me to follow him. Listening to my crotch, I set out after him.

We headed down the main road away from the beach and turned off onto a small grassy drive I'd never noticed before. About half a mile off the road sat a mobile home hidden in a small, shady clearing. Following him was nearly as exciting as sitting in the john waiting for a hard cock to show up. I didn't know where we were going, or if I would survive the adventure. Part of the excitement in the search was the danger. My head wasn't thrilled with the danger aspect, but my crotch dictated a lot of my actions.

We pulled up to his isolated trailer, parked and got out. He extended a large hairy hand and introduced himself as Ronald. Just as I was feeling secure that I was not in any danger, the door of the trailer swung open, slamming against the aluminum side of the coach.

Believe it or not, Ronald had himself a twin; Donald. He was already buck naked, covered with a thick red pelt front and back and sporting a boner just a big as his brother's, only his stuck straight out from this thick cockbush and curved hard toward the ground. The thick, soft foreskin draped over the head had a long, clear string of salty man juice hanging from it. I didn't bother to ask; I just kneeled at his feet and bent down to catch the end of the string of precum on my tongue, collecting it as I followed it to the drooping foreskin and swallowed the entire thick, hard length of his magnificent appendage...all the way to his frothing bush. Ronald pulled me off long enough to guide me inside where he and I quickly undressed. That was when we heard the sound of a dirt bike.

Pulling back the curtain on the door of the trailer, who should we see but my humpy football star, straddling his rumbling bike at the mouth of the clearing, nervously scanning the area for signs of life. I quickly whispered what had happened in the john, that I didn't know if he was looking for a blow job or a fag to bash. Tugging on shorts, we decided it was time to find out.

Donald brushed past us, opened the door and stepped onto the small porch. The kid, obviously nervous, swiped at his hairy upper lip with the back of his hand. Don asked if there was something he wanted, that this was private property and that violators would be tied up, sucked and fucked. A nervous, dirty smile appeared on our humpy friend's face and he said that since he was obviously in violation of Don's no trespassing rule, he would just have to face the consequences. He killed the rumbling motor, stepped off the bike and headed for the trailer, his hands in the air in mock surrender.

Ron and I joined Don on the porch as the kid approached. His face lit up. He admitted to hiding behind the beach john, listening as I slowly tortured the load out of Ron's heavy dick. He had watched when we stepped outside and decided to follow us. He had never been with a real man before, but had read some stories in his dad's Bear magazines which he kept hidden from his mom in his garage workshop. Looking at each other, Ron, Don and I realized we had a real treat in store for us. Buddy, our football player, started his lessons immediately. I took charge, boldly stepping in front of him, dropping to my knees and yanking at the elastic band of Buddy's shorts. Leaving the jock in place, I inhaled a large mouthful of the stained, salty cock-filled fabric. Buddy let out a groan.

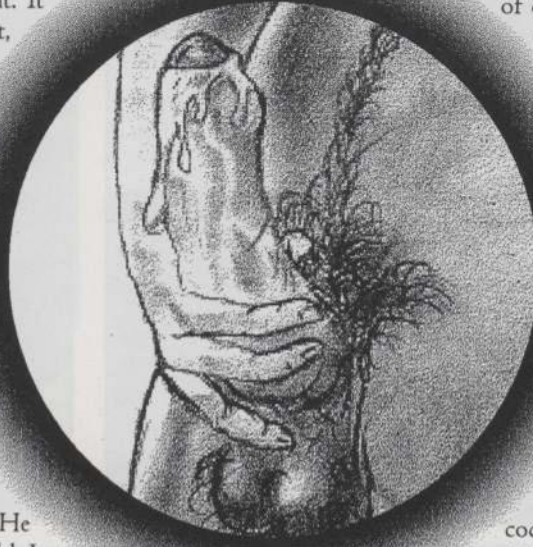
The twins, moving to each side of our student, pulled his tank top over his head, tossing it carelessly toward the couch.

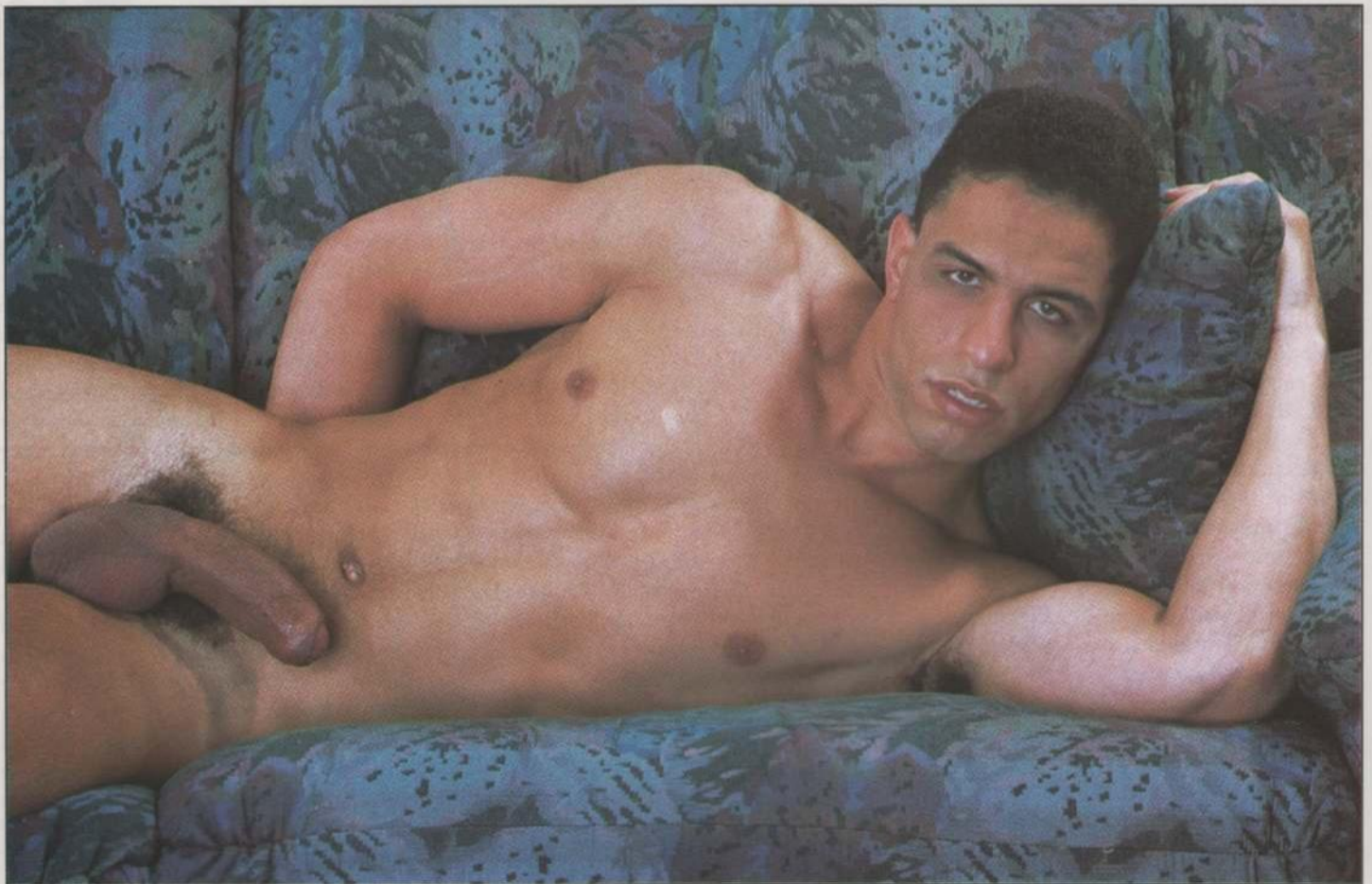
They each bent to take an eraser hard nipple between their lips and teeth, licking, sucking and chewing till he began to shake and break out in goose bumps. As the twins held his hands behind his back, I pulled the jock down to the floor and he stepped out of both it and the shorts puddled around his feet. His cock, already bone hard, stuck straight out, jutting slightly toward the ceiling. The foreskin, still conceal-

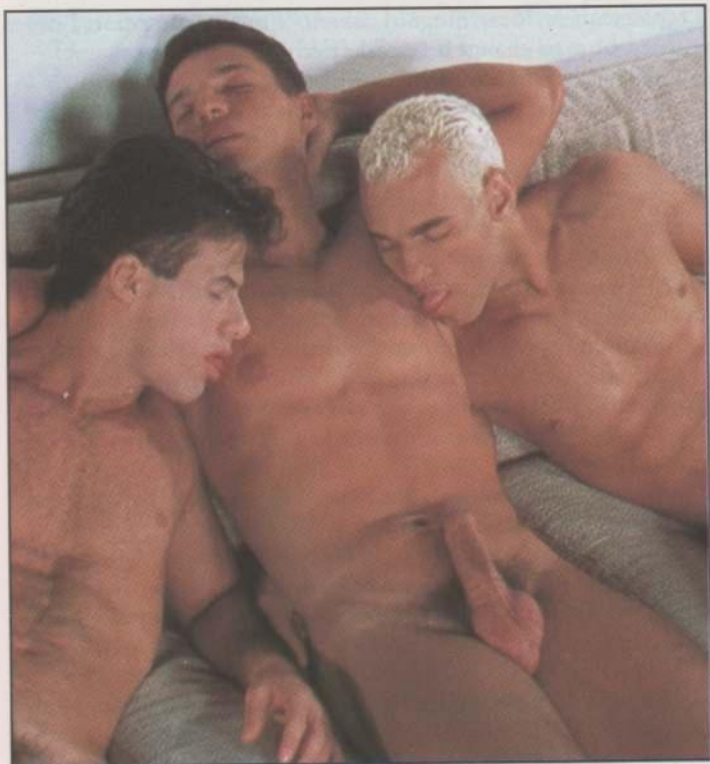
ing the swollen head, stretched tightly over the top, ending in a small wad of skin resembling the knot on a party balloon. Tugging gently on the shaft, the skin peeled back just enough to expose his anxious, oozing piss hole. Clear salty syrup throbbed from the voiceless mouth and I hungrily lapped it up.

It was apparently more than our novice could take. He threw his flat topped head back and whined like a stuck pig, his cock jetting thick ropes of sperm high into the air, over my shoulder and eventually into my face and mouth once I realized what was happening. With our burly, hairy twins continuing to hold him in place, I swallowed his jumping, spitting nozzle to the base, swabbing its length with my slimy, spit and sperm covered tongue, allowing the excess to flow out and drip off his hard, tight, throbbing balls. His body heaved with what was probably the most excruciatingly powerful ejaculation of his young life.

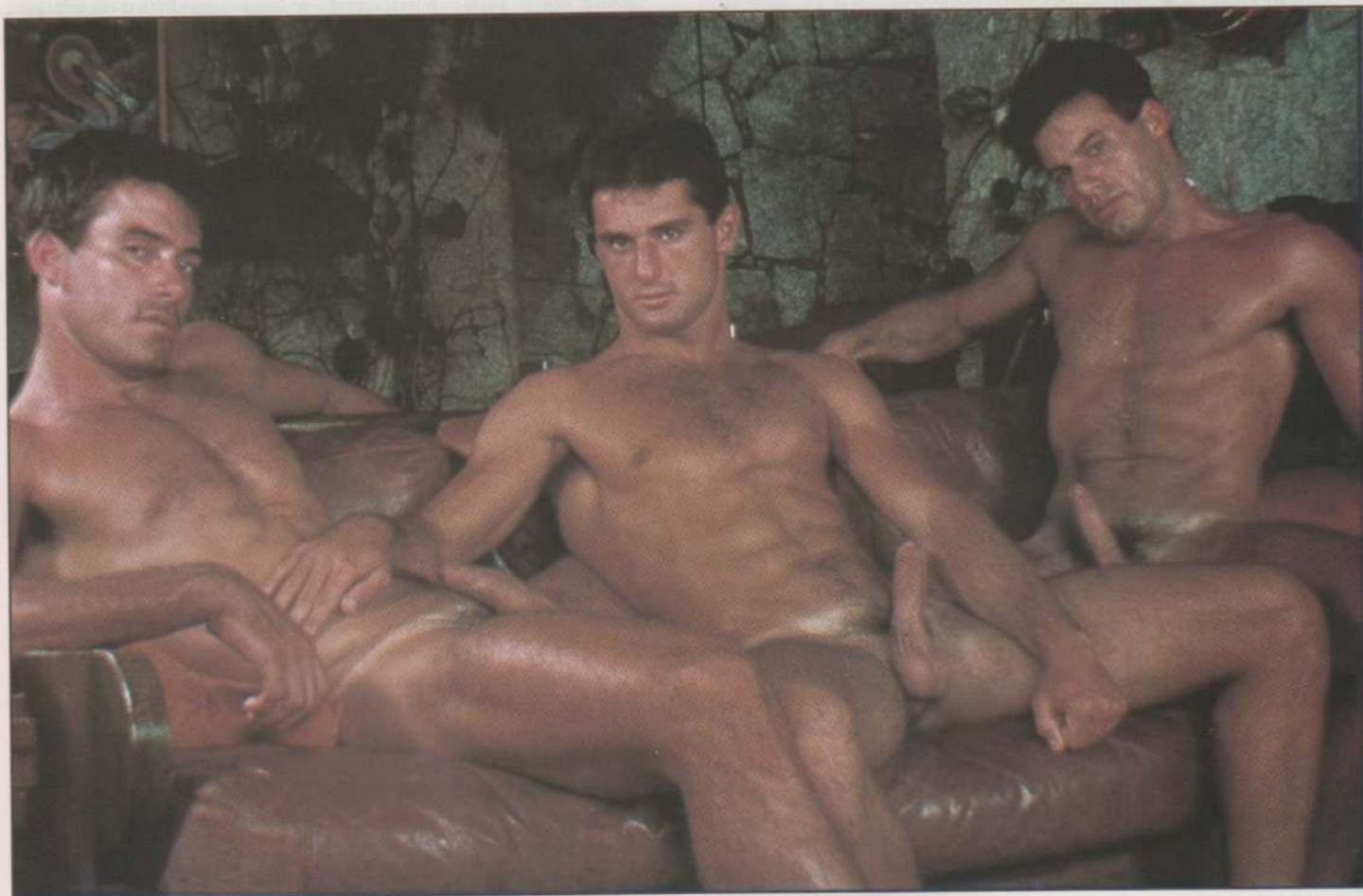
Together, the three of us decided to continue the training of our eager young student. It was a holiday weekend and Buddy's mom was out of town. Buddy called his dad, who happened to own the local truck stop, Jake's Diesel Junction, and asked if he could stay the weekend with friends. His dad wanted to know who and where. Buddy said they were new friends. His dad insisted on meeting these new friends so Buddy gave him directions to the grassy turnoff that leads to the clearing where he could find the trailer where we would be waiting to introduce ourselves. Until Jake arrived, we horsed around, watched videos and passed around back issues of Bear. After Jake arrived, we spent the next three days and nights turning each other upside down and inside out. Needless to say, we've spent many weekends rockin' that old trailer, but then, that's another story. γ







You may recognize these Kristen Bjorn models from previous issues of *FQ* and some of Bjorn's steamier videos. The best is yet to come in Kristen Bjorn's new video, *A World of Men*. Until you have the chance to view the latest from the master, these studs will have to keep you satisfied.



THE HESITANT COP

by Lowell Maxindell

AFTER A DAY OF OGLING UNCUT COCKS AND THONG BIKINIS at South Carolina's Folly Beach, I got lost on some back roads. I wasn't worried, though. I slurped an RC Cola in a cup of ice.

Just then, my car swerved into the ditch. Wham, bam, crunch of flattening cattails! I got out to look. No damage—whew! But I had a flat tire and no spare. *Son of a bitch.*

As I sat wondering what to do, I began to hear things—howls in the dark woods, cracking vegetation, strange noises through the heat and humidity. I figured that, any second, inbred cavemen would come out from shadows with pickaxes and shotguns. Terrible things happen to tourists lost on dark roads in the South if they get too close to somebody's moonshine still.

Worse can happen with the cops. They have a saying, "The police are vicious in any state with five syllables" (the two Carolinas).

Charleston Buffs, a fuck video, talked me into spending my vacation in South Carolina. A big buck named Colonel Beauregard made Mr. America look puny. When he stripped off his stars-n-bars trunks, Colonel Beauregard sported a foreskin so long, it dangled from the end of his cock like a window-drape tassel in an antebellum mansion.

I love uncut cocks, and the South is a real foreskin-o-rama. I saw dozens in South Carolina and had a hard-on all the time—until my car got a flat.

I got pretty flaccid then. I was about to hide in the trunk when I spotted a car approaching, all red and blue flashes.

The police. I gulped. This could be good.

The car stopped behind me, and a man-mountain got out. (Gulp!) This could be bad.

I looked around. Trees lined the road. Bushes and reeds grew right up to the gravel. The place was too secluded. Sweat beaded my forehead.

A 6-foot-7-inch county mountie walked up with his flashlight. "What's wrong here, suh? Y'all drinkin' or somethin'?"

My blood ran cold. He had a face straight out of a wanted poster: blond hair in a crewcut, square jaw bristling with day-old beard, crooked nose, shaggy eyebrows, glittering eyes, and a scar from his temple to his lip.

"Just RC Cola, officer," I squeaked. "I got a flat tire and don't have a spare. God, what a black night, huh?"

The constable told me to get out of the car (the better to fuck me over the hood?) and looked me up and down. I keep myself in shape. Many guys tell me that for 40, I have a great physique. I stand about 6-foot-1, and I'm stocky.

That night, I was near naked—just swimming trunks. I damned myself for not getting dressed. Appreciation flickered in his green bobcat-eyes, and my throat was so dry I couldn't swallow.

"Y'all a pretty big 'un, suh," he muttered. "Y'all got a driver's license?"

I tried not to flex as I reached back to get it, but my muscles stand out in good definition. His flashlight lit up my back, and I felt his eyes wiping over my shoulders and back, then over my ass. I shivered.

The cop, incidentally, was dangerously attractive himself. I sized him up at about half my age and weighing in around 275 pounds. The tough, ugly face fit his body: a buffalo with a badge.

I handed him my license. "Could you radio for a wrecker or

a repairman or something?" I asked. "I'm such an idiot. I never learned how to change a tire." I tried to laugh.

"What y'all do fo' a livin', suh?" Still suspicious.

"I own a men's clothing store in Cincinnati. Down here for a vacation. Just passing through. Be gone soon."

Then he surprised the hell out of me. "Tell you what, suh," he drawled, "I'll help you fix the tire." He took off his blue jacket.

"Why, thank you kindly, officer." Could this be some kind of trick? I looked around, nervous as a virgin in a jailhouse. We were alone.

He placed the jack under the front bumper, then he turned the lug nuts with the tire iron. "Gotta loosen 'em before the tire comes off the ground," he said.

"Were you a mechanic once?" I spoke gently, trying to befriend the brute.

"Yessuh, matter o' fact, I was."

"Why'd you become a policeman?"

"I don' know. Just itchy, I guess. Nothin' ever satisfied me."

In spite of the near-100-degree heat, an erotic electricity crackled in the air. I remembered his eyes licking over my butt, and I got horny. "You married?"

"Naw."

My next line was a match in a gunpowder factory, but I chanced it: "Why not?"

The blond gorilla turned from the tire and looked at me. "Y'all are not from around here, suh, so I'll tell you." His voice was soft. "I never got married 'cause... well... y'all could say... it's like this..."

The policeman with the face of a snarling wolf stammered. The Terminator was shy? Shirley Temple in an Arnold Schwarzenegger suit?

Some sixth sense whispered he was gay. "You don't like women!" I blurted. Oh, shit. That was gasoline on the campfire. I stopped breathing.

He was dead quiet.

Damn, I shot myself in the foot. I braced myself for screaming, a black eye and a jail cell.

"Yep, that's it," he said, each word dropping like a turd. I took a second to realize what he just said.

"A gay cop!" I said, dizzy with relief. "South Carolina is more advanced than I thought."

"Ain't that advanced," he muttered. "They find out about me down at the courthouse, I'll be out on my ass." He looked me in the eye. "And suh, I'd come after anybody tellin' 'em, too."

The hair stood up on the back of my neck, and I smiled a sickly grin. "Don't worry about me, officer. I'm a friend. In all the ways you care about."

I grabbed a copy of *Foreskin Quarterly* from the car and showed him. Surprise (and something else) flickered in those green eyes.

He smiled. "I'll be a son-of-a-bitch. I've arrested gays, even took one or two of 'em to jail. Never met one on friendly terms, though."

I held out my hand, praying this wasn't all some sort of sting operation. "Lowell Maxindell. Friends call me Link." He took my hand in his big paw, and we shook.

Then he looked sheepish again and turned back to the wheel. He worked for a couple minutes, then, still facing away, he said, "Ain't this a sight? All my life I liked men but never met one wouldn't kick shit outta me fo' it. Now I meet a gay man... like me... an' I don' know what to do."

Oh, my God! The hunky steer is a virgin! My cock swelled inside my swimming suit.

"Damn hot night," I said. "Stiffing. I'm glad I've got my shirt

off. You ought to take yours off, too, officer. You're working."

He paused for a second, then stood up smiling. "Yessuh, it's a damn hot night. Nobody ever comes down this road." He unbuttoned his uniform shirt and peeled it off.

I had to swallow the drool when I saw his torso: cement-block chest, ribs like ship's timbers, the whole thing covered with golden hair. A flaxen mastodon.

"I was always the big, dumb one in school," he said, almost to himself. "When I got outta school, I ran with a gang. Got myself into some scrapes," he pointed to the scar, "ended up workin' a bunch o' jobs one after the other."

Yellow body hair grew in contours, accenting his macho angles, swirling round the dark-brown circles tipped with jutting suck-buttons. His belly hair made a horny swirl around his navel.

"One thing always itchin' at me was men. Never liked women. Only men." He lowered his voice. "Loved to look at... cocks." He watched to see if that word shocked me.

Then he went on. "Around here, likin' cocks is nigh onto bein' a demon."

Something stronger than the prickly heat itched at me. I wanted to suck those big nipples. I wanted to run my tongue down that hard belly. "I like cocks, too," I said, "and you're a demon, man. Demon hot."

"Thank you kindly, suh." He lifted the flat tire from the car, biceps surging (with matching reactions from my dick), and rolled it to the trunk. I followed, trying not to pant.

"I read some o' them magazines once," he said in a low voice. "Found 'em in the back of a criminal's car. My sergeant said they were nasty. Perverted. I didn't dare get caught readin' 'em. I had to read 'em on the sly."

He lifted the emergency spare from his car and rolled it to mine. "I'll lend you this so's you can get back to town." He smiled like a razor. "I'll follow you in."

He stared into the distance for several seconds. My barechested Atlas grew up with bigotry. No wonder he was just a little boy inside. "All them big men with their pants down," he murmured, "really upset me, they did."

He mounted the wheel, then turned to me. "Livin' in a small town, ever'body hatin' I feel... I had to hold it in best I could."

"So you jacked off all the time," I said.

My frankness shock him again. "Yeah, I did," he said after a second. "Still do. Matter of fact, I was doin' it—jackin' off—when I saw you." He looked up at me, and that ugly face smiled. Hopefully.

I've heard, of course, of policemen exacting homosexual tolls on drivers they pull over (a quick blowjob instead of a ticket) but I never thought I could score with a policeman. This fuck-puppy was hot for it.

My heart beat like a motorboat. "Show me."

"Show y'all what?"

"How you jack off."

Directness in matters of sex startled him. I could see him blush even in the moonlight. "Relax," I said, "everybody does it." I reached with one hand to my crotch-bulge and pointed at his with the other. "See there? You're ready."

His blue uniform bulged obscenely. I looked him straight in the eye and felt that big knot. The man was hung (all South Carolina boys are).

He tensed and shrank back, though, as if I pulled a .38 on him. "Now, y'all oughtn't to do that, suh," he tried to snap, but his voice didn't have a cutting edge. He turned to work at the wheel again, but I reached down to grope him.

"I said stop that," he repeated, pleading, almost in a whine—but he didn't twist his crotch away from me.

I'd never fondled such a big, hulking rogue, and his badge was icing on the cum-cake. "You don't really want me to stop, do you?"

He said nothing more until he lowered my car from the jack. By then I had his zipper down. "Suh," he muttered, "you're a gentleman, and... no suh, this is perverted! I should put my shirt back on and—Uuuuuuuuh!" His hard cock was out in the South Carolina air, and I milked it to put him in ecstasy.

All my dreams came true: his foreskin was a long sheath, and even at full hardness, it drooped over his cockhead like a stocking cap. "Colonel Beaugard," I hissed.

"I beg yo' pardon?"

"Movie star. You've got the cock of a movie star." I grasped the shaft behind his glans and slid back the skin. Slowly, a curtain at a Broadway show, his foreskin rolled back. When his cockhead showed its drooling snout, I spurted precum into my jockstrap.

His piss-hole was unusual, underneath the nose of his cockhead, not at the tip. Everything about the man was erotic and unusual.

The bouquet of his crotch reached my nose seconds after opening his fly. This Southern boy wasn't given to changing his underwear.

The nearby trees would hide us from any surprise headlights, and the ground was a soft mattress of grass. "Let's move off the road," I croaked in a hoarse whisper.

I led him by the cock, and he followed. My tame grizzly. "It's too hot," I said, "even for pants." I released his cock to shuck down my swimming suit.

When I stood before him in only a jockstrap, my near-nudity broke the back of his resistance. "Yeah," he sighed, "guess I'll do the same." He unbuckled his gunbelt and dropped it on the ground. "I wanna do the same," he added. I wet my lips.

He unbuttoned his pants and lowered them. Ragged white Jockey shorts. I love tight briefs, even stinky ones. They streamline a man's physique, clinging close, emphasizing the curve of his waist and the erotic bulge between his legs.

In the moonlight, the cop was a Greek god with his cock sticking out. His foreskin had unrolled back over his cockhead, the beast back in the natural state.

"Colonel Beaugard," I breathed, "you are something. Would you like a mint julep?"

"Huh? What the fuck you mean? I don't drink on duty—aaaannnnnnh!" With a mouthful of crushed ice from my RC Cola, I sucked that big cop-dick, pushing the foreskin back with my teeth. A quick learner, he grabbed my hair and yanked my head, forcing his big dick all the way down my throat.

He face-fucked me for a few lunges, then pulled part-way out. "Oh, man, oh, man," he moaned, "I prayed, I hoped. How'd y'all know I was hot fo' this?"

My tongue played a tattoo over his cockhead, and I chewed lightly to make his fires burn higher. My own fires grew with every breath of his peppery crotch-odor.

I also played mouth-games with his foreskin, pulling it down with my lips, stripping it back with my tongue, chewing it a little. With one hand, I cupped his balls, pulling a hair or two to give him little twinges of pain-pleasure. "Oh, my Gawd," he moaned, his face flushed, the wicked scar pulsing and throbbing.

With my right hand, I steadied his prick while I bobbed my face up and down on it. I let him probe the depths of my throat from time to time. Nothing beats a velvet throat on the cockhead.

My South Carolina trooper went out of control. Drool dripped from his mouth, and his crotch heat (and stench) were



MATT

off the scale. The rutting bull moaned, rolled his head back, and his nuts contracted in my hand.

A second later, he let out a grunt of masculine pride, and hot, smarmy semen spurted into my mouth from his under-slung cock-hole. I relished his jizz: bitter, a little sour, a smarmy liquid with the headiness of rum and the gut-fire of Southern rotgut whiskey. I could actually smell it even though I was swallowing it all.

He held there for several trembling minutes then pulled out, trailing a big, slippery line of cum down my chin and chest. Sweat streaming down his face, he panted. "Never dreamed... suh... I'd ever find... somebody to... teach me." His voice dropped lower. "I want y'all... to do everything... I want it all... suh."

Then he amazed me: He dropped to his hands and knees in the grass. "C'mon, Yankee, show me what y'all can do. Take me!" When I moved behind him, he elevated his butt.

I guess he expected my dick, but I pressed my face against his ass-crack, mouthing his asshole. "Ohhhh," he groaned, "my Gawd, what're y'all doin'? That feels wonnnnn-derful!"

His ass aroma was a gas chamber that made my pecker brittle-hard. My tongue jabbed into his fuck-tunnel, in and out, in and out, goading him into a frenzy. "Angh, Jee-sus," he grunted, "I'm on fire!"

After diddling his ass-ring for a while, I spit some of his cum over my finger and on his wrinkled rectum. Then I finger-fucked the panting cop.

He choked. "Ungh, I feel it. At last. Oh, yeah, fuck me!"

"Not yet, pal. This isn't my dick. I'm working you up to that."

Once his meaty cornhole stretched around my finger, one finger became two. I smeared more jism into his rectum to grease him for another invasion, and a third finger crammed in. He moaned but took it.

Stretched triple-finger wide, he felt a fourth finger press in, and he clawed at the dirt. When I thrust my thumb inside his unaccustomed backside, he filled his lungs and let out a long, loud howl.

I reached between his legs to check his cock. Still hard, his foreskin covering his dickhead again. Precum drooled from it in a long, thick thread to the grass.

He was hot, stinking with sweat, almost ready. My hand in his ass stuffed him full, but I wanted to make sure when I sank my cock into him, he would be open and panting for it.

Many younger guys don't realize older men don't have little cocks. A man's penis never grows shorter. With age, it often grows thicker. My cock was 9 inches long and thicker than my wrist. Only a fisting would prepare a virgin for me.

I wanted all the pain out of the way beforehand so his first fuck would be unforgettable pleasure. He moaned, saturated with pain, but the preparation didn't end there.

I curled my fingers into a trailblazing fist to stretch the trembling cop to his max. I pumped it in and out, at first in strokes of only a few inches. Then stronger and deeper.

He surprised me. Even during his first fisting, he wailed, "Yeah! Yo' fist! Y'all got yo' fist in my ass! Go on, do it! Fist-fuck me!"

I fisted his bloated ass with fury, and all the while, he let out moaning encouragements: "Oh, yes, ohhhhhhh, yessssssss! More! Do it more! Fuck that fist in me, Yankee man, suh, do it!"

His arms collapsed, and his face plowed into the grass. "I'm gonna cum," he growled in a muffled gargle. "Oh, Lordy, I'm gonna cum!"

I pulled my fist out, almost fainting at the smell, and rolled

him over onto his back. He had grass stains on his face and chest.

"I want you to look in my eyes," I said.

"Yeah," he gasped. "Hurry. All my life I been dreamin' o' this. Now y'all is here. My man. My teacher. My—"

I yanked down my jockstrap, and his eyes grew wide. "Jeeesus," he gulped, "my Gawd in heaven!"

A man admiring your cock is about the highest masculine compliment, but I growled, "I'm gonna fuck you so hard, Southern boy, you'll know why Dixie lost the war." I lifted his feet to my shoulders and nudged my wong at the juicy swirl of his pre-stretched asshole.

"What? Lost the war? Why, you damn Yankee, I'll—" but with a savage punch, I sank into him in one stroke. "AaaaaaaaaAAAAGH!" he screamed.

I popped that cop's cherry with one magnificent lunge. My cockhead bottomed out in his guts; my cockhairs ground into his butt. "I'm hilted in you, Southern boy," I muttered.

Once past the pain of entry, he hissed the time-honored appeal: "Yeah, do it! Harder! Take me, Yankee! Fuck me!"

He was so juicy, in seconds his ass slimed my cock, and I could pitch my hips like a Doberman. I gripped his hairy legs, driving full-length in and out, side to side, up and down.

Each lunge brought yelps and gasps, and the fuck-monster below me was a giant mass of sweat-matted hair. I pulled the blond fur on his thighs to give him pain-tingles.

Fucking that man was pure male-heaven. I didn't want it to end. After several minutes, though, my balls blew. I blasted into the sky, a fucking Roman candle of pleasure.

When he felt the gushes of my sperm, the policeman went off, too. His eyes rolled up in his head, and his mouth sagged open. "Ahhhhh, Gawwwwwwd, yeahhhhhhhh!"

Without manual stimulation, his big prick spurted gobs of jism against his chest. Even during ejaculation, his foreskin covered his cockhead. His prick looked like a giant sea-slug spitting white slime on him.

He moaned in incoherent pleasure. I did the same. The maiden voyage of his butt gave me a sensational orgasm.

Even as I went limp inside him, I'll be damned if his ass-ring didn't clench my cock, trying to keep me hard. I dropped my hands to clutch his hard buttocks and kept my pecker in until it slurped out by itself, followed by a gush of my cum.

His chest was awash with sticky white cop-semen. Its reek burned my nostrils. "Man," I gurgled, "you got anything left in those balls?" I massaged some of it into his nipples.

He panted, "Tell you what, suh. You wanna find out, I'll rent us a motel room in town tonight."

"Yeah."

I never did learn his name. Now every time I pass that way (and I go out of my way to do it), I call his number and ask for Colonel Beauregard. γ



SKIN SEARCH

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ARIZONA

SUBMISSIVE DADDIES

2 GW Submissive daddies 52, 5'10", 160 lb., 7" cut, and 55, 5'8", 130 lb., 8½" semicut. ISO masculine, dominant, hung, uncut/cut son, man enough to satisfy his his needs. Daddies seeking that special guy 18/40, relationship minded to become part of our home and life in Tucson. Photo and letter please. Well answer all. Reply to C.R.C. 3405 N. Romero Rd. #A-4, Tucson, AZ 85705. #20368 [21]

CALIFORNIA

HOT PHOTO EXCHANGE

Two good-looking young guys, 24/29, smoothly shaved bods, clean and naked.



Seeking uninhibited sharing others to trade nude photos. Be tempted! We're sincere and will answer all sending photos with ours. PO Box 41525, LA CA 90041. #20100 [24]

HOW TO RESPOND TO A SKIN SEARCH AD BY MAIL

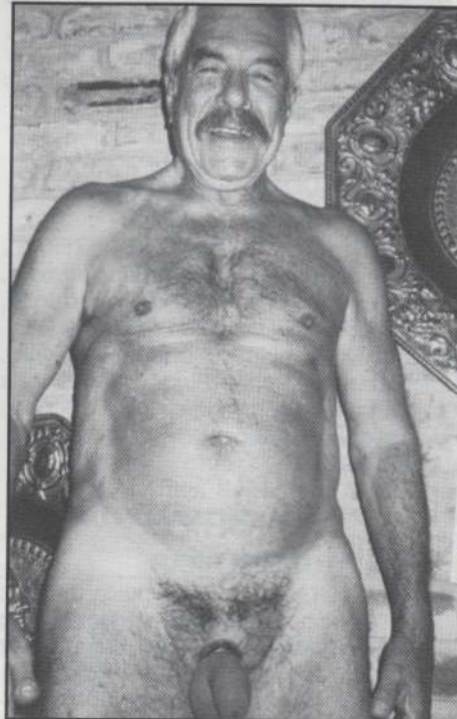
Every *Skin Search* personal ad has a box number, the five-digit number beginning with #2. This is the number that is used in the Voice Mail response system, and it is the number you need to use to respond to an ad by mail.

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: FQ Personals
Brush Creek Media
2215-R Market St. #148
San Francisco, CA 94114.

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NUDIST LOOKING FOR SKIN

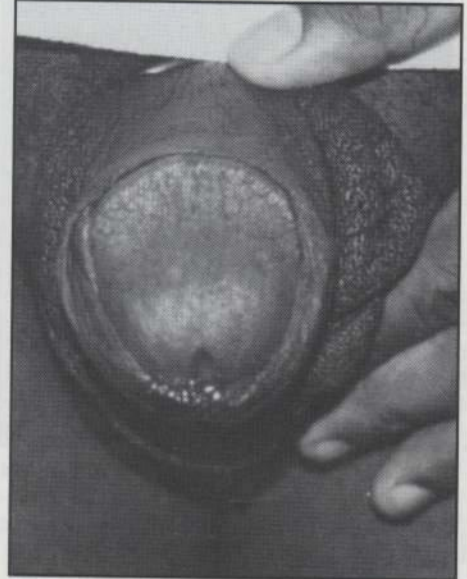
Daddy with 6½" uncut cock. Lots of skin,



low hangers, looking for foreskin lovers into all sorts of foreskin action including docking and hot sex. Gym-toned masseur interested in well-endowed studs, cut OK. Roy E., P.O.Box 30412, Walnut Creek, CA 94578. #20585 [24]

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]

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]

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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]

DO YOU MEASURE UP?

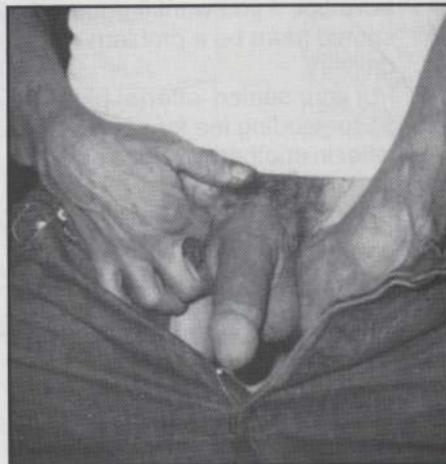
Good-looking, straight-acting white male, cut, mid-40's, HIV-, looking for uncut white males who are hung beer-can thick with lots

of overhang who like being serviced long and slow. Lots of chew and stretch as well as prostate massage. Age is of no consequence but discretion is. Foreign-born Irish or Scots A+. Write me at: DC, 3970 Grandview Blvd, #9, LA, CA 90066. #20210 [24]

COLORADO

ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOYSTER

Local/nationwide friendships and international contacts desired by youthful/nice-looking, SWM, 45, six, 160, brown/blue, smooth/slim, taut seven cut/restoring. Seek normal guys with goals/direction, easy on eye, masculine, healthy, non-promiscuous, trustworthy, safe. Enjoy privacy, travel, nu-



dity, house/gardens, pets, mind, humor, adventure, outdoors. Discretion to photos/phone, please limits on kink/trips, serious only. #20522 [24]

"K.G.B." BUDDY WANTED

photo at right →

(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 monoga-

mous 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]

UNCUT EX-MARINE

SEE IT—TOUCH IT—TASTE IT.

Hot uncut superstud here. 5'9", 175 lbs, 35 yrs old, smooth, muscular body. I have a dirty mind and stretchy foreskin. Into fore-skin play and anything funky. I'm healthy and love to show it off. Send photos and letters to: J.C., 1141 NE 17th Ave #3, Ft Lauderdale, FL 33304. Let's be buddies for life. #20569 [24]

CUT NEEDS UNCUT

Bl, cut, 38 y.o., seeks uncut cocks, the more skin the better. Size unimportant, but under 6½" best. Had only 3 or 4 times with foreskin, loved it. Write to P.U., 2061 NW 47th Terrace #105, Lauderhill, FL 33313. #20570 [24]

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]



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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]

MARYLAND

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]

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]

COCKS BIG OR SMALL

This cock who lives in a suburb of Washington, DC, wants to meet other cocks big or small, old or young, cut or uncut; wants to



rub his supple, soft, sensitive foreskin on your prick - or exchange stories and photos. Reply to PhotoPlus, PO Box 675, Rockville, MD 20848-0675. #20205 [24]

MASSACHUSETTS

UNCUT NEEDED

ME: average looking gay white male 43 years old, 5'11", 190 lbs, salt and pepper hair, mustache, HIV-, discrete with a 6" uncut dick with lots of overhang for chewing on. I need to be forced to suck and be fucked by other uncut dicks with same interest. Should be honest and discrete. Will reply to all. I travel to the New York area, also New England area. Write my box. #20521 [24]

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]

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]

PENNSYLVANIA

UNCUT WITH LOTS OF FORESKIN

Me: 49, hairy, cut, nice looking, HIV-. Seeking you: uncut with lots of foreskin for friendship and possible longterm relationship. I am a commitment type of guy. Hope to hear from you and who knows what will follow. Write George, 116 N Fairfield St rear, Ligonier, PA 15658. #20589 [24]

CUDDLE UP TO ME

Are you uncut? I'm your man! GWM, 44, 6', 215#, honest, caring, easy-going, good sense of humor, seeks uncuts for friendship, companionship, and quality time together. Any age, size or shape; physical characteristics not as important as the person inside. Photo appreciated, but not necessary. discretion guaranteed. Can never have enough uncut friends for hugging, cuddling, and getting under your skin. Additional turn ons: husky, hunky, bald, red hair, but mainly - uncut. #20535 [24]

TEXAS

SLEEPLESS IN DALLAS

Goodlooking GWM 29 yo, seeking young GWM (19-29) for friendship/possible relationship. They should be honest, sincere, truly looking for Mr. Right. He should be healthy, HIV-, non-smoker. I really am attracted to young clean cut, GQ type. Pen pals under 30 only. Also send me letter and photo. Joe, P.O.Box 700656, Dallas, TX 75370. #20561 [24]

UTAH

CLOSET VIRGIN

37 - "nude" world pumping/foreskins. Tattoos: Mickey Mouse/Disneyland, 2 tigers on penis. Don't smoke or drink. Ever since I saw

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my first foreskin, deep burning feeling to restore. Didn't realize—missing something so wonderful, Won't stop—until long overhang. Some success. 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 grow. Reply: Ben, P. O. Box 732, American Fork, Utah 84003. #20200 [24]

UNCUT 9" CUMLOADED COCK

Bi MWM 57 6'1" 195#. Cunt wife unaware I give big cock-cum-piss to ass-rimming cocksuckers. Richmond only. #20533 [24]

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

NATIONWIDE

TRUCKERS

Longhaired, bearded W/M 39, 6', 200#, 8" uncut. Versatile, prefer bottom, looking for truckers, blue collar types for mansex. Mutual or one-way. Uncut, hairy, raunchy a plus. Photo/letter exchange welcomed. Write JQK, 722 W McDonald, Seymour, IN 47274-2860. #20169 [24]

IS IT OR ISN'T IT?

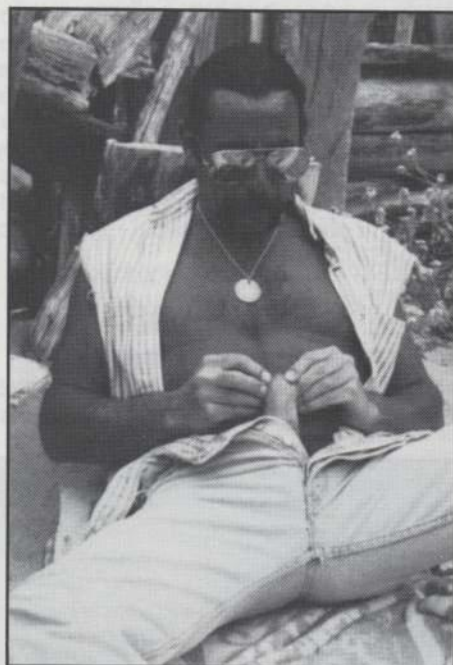
photo at right →

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, uni-



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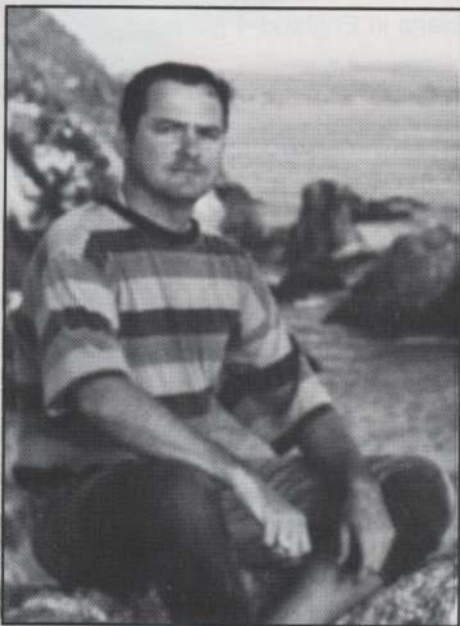
FQ Personals with mail forwarding and voice mail.

formed 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]

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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 profes-



sional. 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]

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]

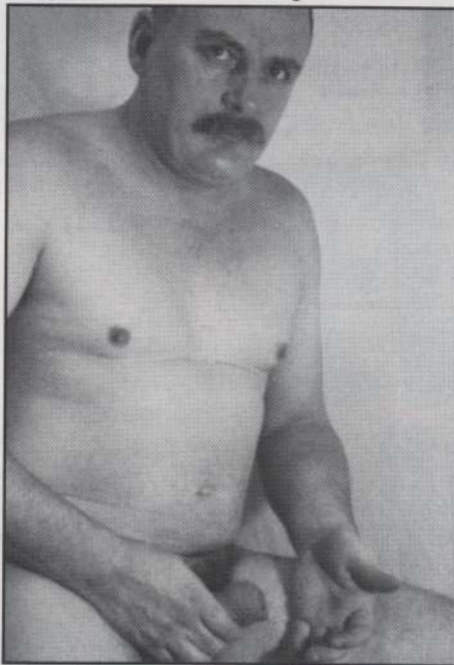
HAIRY PEN BEARS WANTED

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]

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, 919½ E. Thomas Street, Seattle, WA 98102-5423. I will answer all letters in kind. #20509 [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]

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 PO Box 469, 304 Newbury St., Boston MA 02115. #20384 [22]

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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 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 6½ 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]

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, water-sports, 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]

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- This bizarre tribe develops penises up to 18" in length. Discover their secrets (p. 89-91)
- How your facial characteristics reveal your penis size and shape (p.118)
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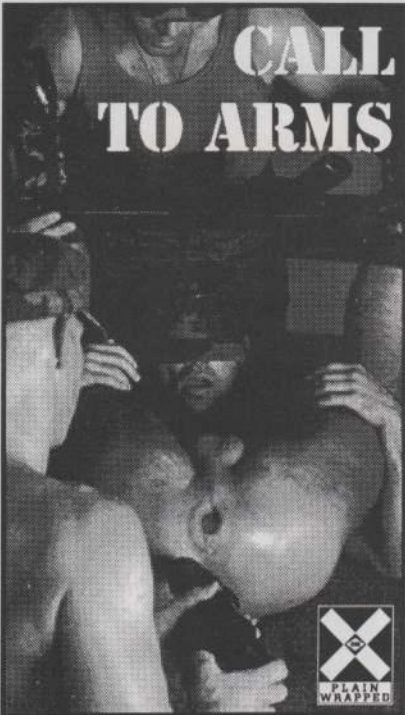
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SKIN SEARCH

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. PO Box 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]

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, 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]

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' 6½", 140 lbs.; 7½ 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]

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

ATTN U/C M

Travel, 27, 166 lb 8.5/U BD, TT, Elect, L/L, S/M. Will make love to your skin and you. RH, PO Box 191, Unadilla, NY 13849. #20593 [24]

PHIMOSIS

Australian guy with surgically restored foreskin would like to correspond with anyone, anywhere with phimosis. I am considering phimosis in next stage of resoration. Would also like to buy any photos or VHS videos of phimosis. Please write to Allan, PO Box 37, Kingscliff, NSW 2487 Australia. #20563 [24]

SKIN LOVER

Goodlooking and athletic Canadian student, 27, cut. Curious and inexperienced with uncut men. I have a strong fetish for thick, uncut meat with long foreskin. Would like to exchange hot letters or photos. Write to A.B. at PO Box 30042 Park Mall Postal Outlet, 2 Quebec Street, Guelph, Ontario, Canada NIH 8J5. #20515 [24]

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]

SKIN SEARCH

FQ Personals with mail forwarding and voice mail.

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 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]

ORGANIZATIONS

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

Working to end unchosen circumcision and female genital mutilation; also pro-

vides information, literature and networking about foreskin restoration surgery, all aspects of infant circumcision and care of intact babies. Very informative newsletter and publications. N.O.C.I.R.C. of New Jersey, P. O. Box 562, Lakehurst, NJ 08773-0562. [99]

CLUBS

Don't feel left out. If your club or organization is not listed here, let us know.

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SF UNCUT JO CLUB

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Organizations for the Natural Man and His Fans

The club listings will be found under a heading of their own in the classified ads.

COPAC (Coalition of People Against Circumcision)
Box 2217, Station C
Downsview, Ontario, M3N 2S9 CANADA

I. M. A. C. (Intact Men Against Circumcision)
Randall Sheridan
P. O. Box 82
Wahpeton, ND 58074-0082

NORM (National Organization of Restoring Men)
FORMERLY RECAP (RECOVER A PENIS)
c/o R. Wayne Griffiths
3205 Norwood Drive, Suite 209
Concord, CA 94520
(510) 827-4077

D.O.C. (Doctors Opposing Circumcision)
2442 NW Market Street, Ste.42
Seattle, WA 98107

NOCIRC
(National Organization of Circumcision Information
Recourse Centers)
Box 2512
San Anselmo, CA 94979

NOCIRC - NEW JERSEY
P. O. Box 562
Lakehurst, NJ 08733-0562

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

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

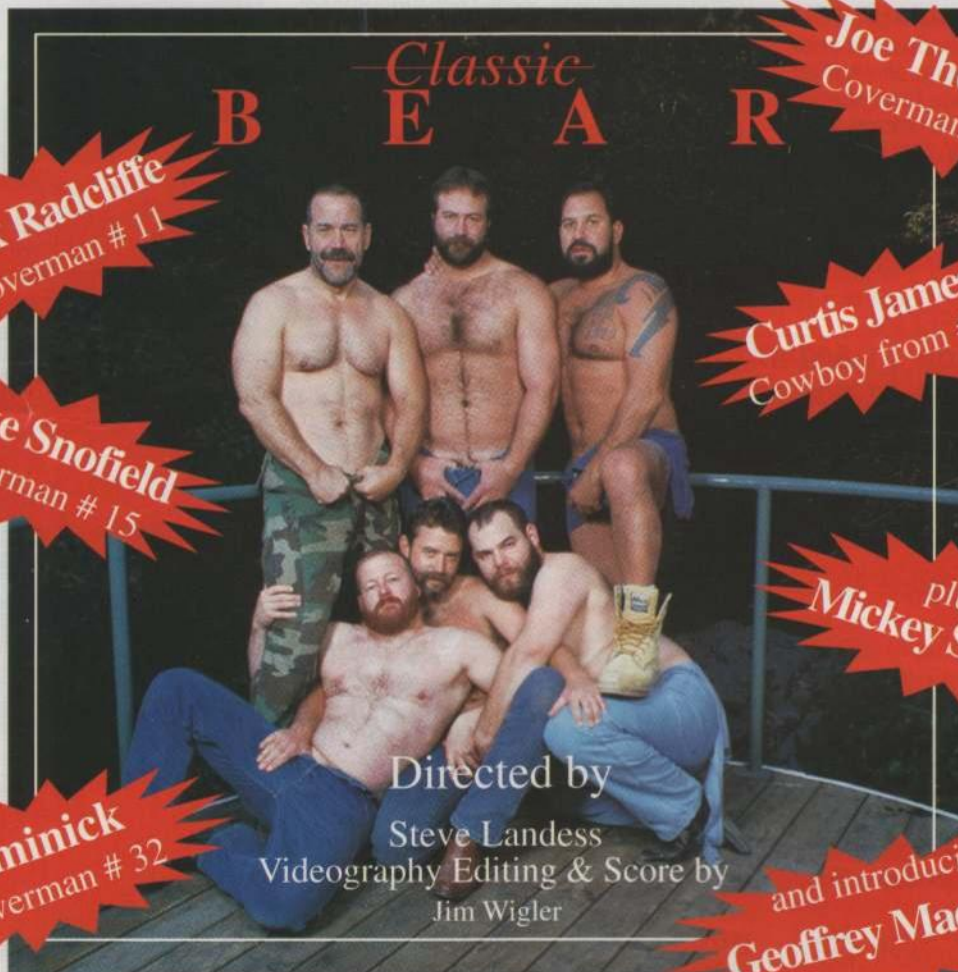
NOHARMM
(National Organization to Halt the Abuse and
Routine Mutilation of Males)
P. O. Box 460795
San Francisco, CA 94146

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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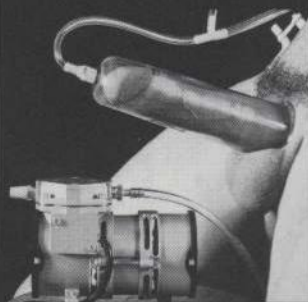
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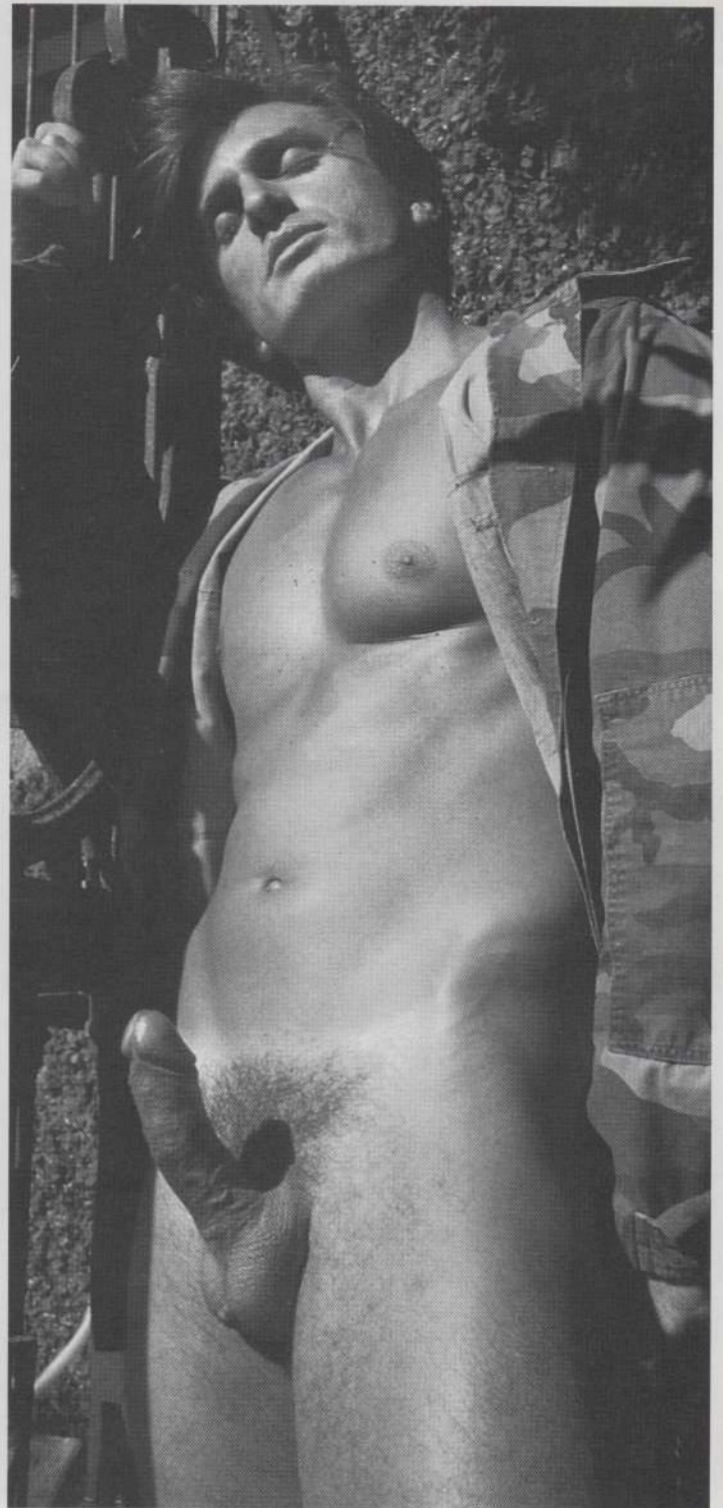
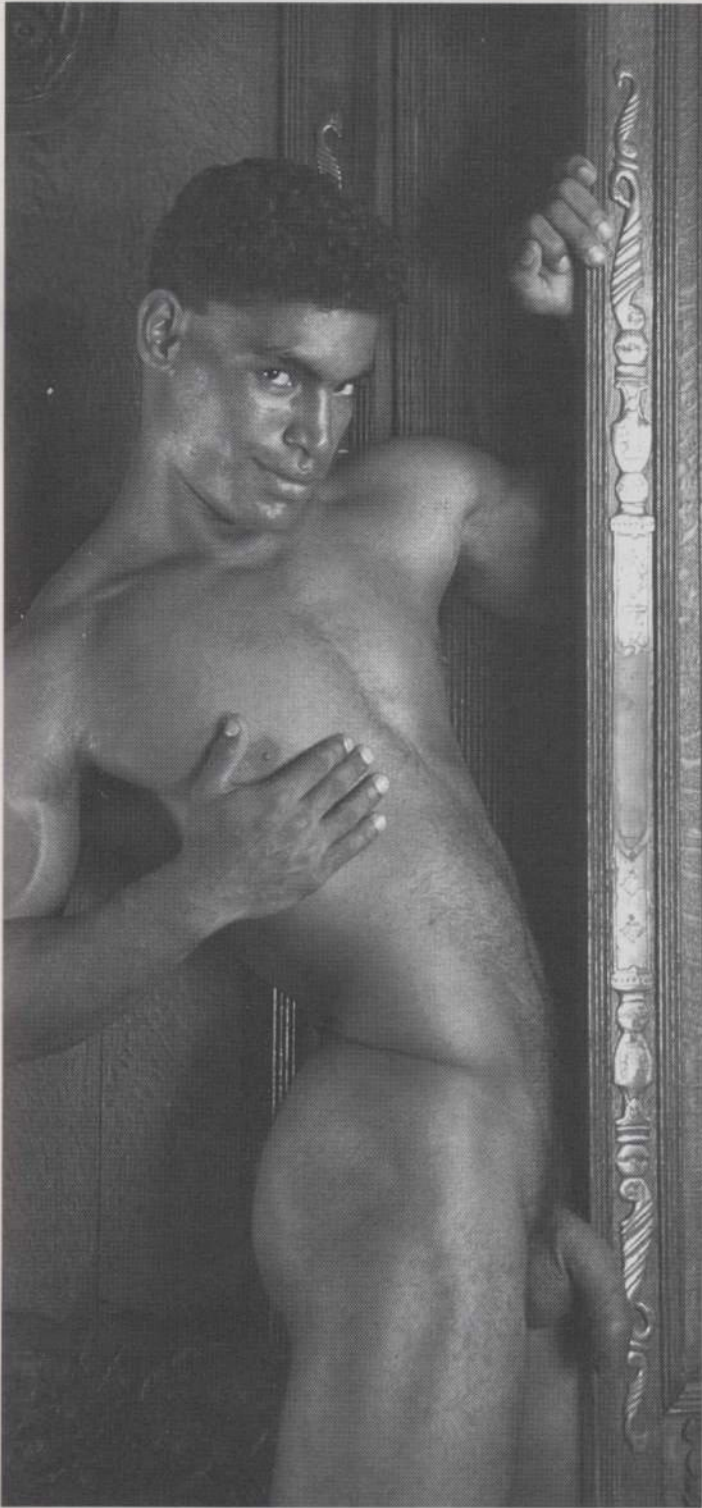
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