

FQ

FORESKIN QUARTERLY #29

Petros Moustaki

Politically Incorrect Fiction
from Cain Berlinger

FQ Asks You

FQ

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Brush Creek Media, Inc. supports the need to practice safer, sane and consensual sex. We urge our readers to adhere to safer-sex guidelines and common sense.



FQ

FORESKIN QUARTERLY
ISSUE 29 • SUMMER 1998

Printed in the U.S.A.

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8" White Hot Probe

Tall Albino Black, good looking, strong, ISO naked hardbody to plunge into. I'll lick your balls and suck your dick if you let me. San Jose, CA ☎ 5501

... South ...

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I Used to Wear Pink Polo

Now I'm not as bad—at dressing. Preppie, white, into autofellatio and other mouth-to-dick exercises. Let me swallow yours. David, 5'10" Red/green, 165. Miami. ☎ 6308

Red

My name is Ken, I'm from Austin, Texas. I'm 6'5", I have red hair. I'm strong and tough. I can ride a horse, I wear boots and drive a truck. Do I fit any stereotypes you need? I don't give blowjobs, I don't make love, but I will fuck your asshole. Austin, TX. ☎ 6771

White Collar Criminal

I love to be naughty and I don't mind getting caught—by you. 26year old sexy, blond/blue, fit GWM ISO older, tougher, GWM any race, must be hung. No LTR—you wouldn't want it. Just fuck me and leave me. Please. Atlanta, GA. ☎ 6309

Who's a Country Boy?

Don't be shy. Do you enjoy country roads, hills, clear sky, lakes, valleys, clean air, acoustic music? Like working with your hands. Atlanta, GA. ☎ 6772

Relax

Very handsome fella. Funny, thoughtful, fun-loving, I'm looking for an easygoing romantic friendship. No stress cases. 27yo, 5'9", thin, angular, music lover. Influences: Smiths, The Cure, Dead Can Dance. Miami, FL. ☎ 6310

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Feel him!**

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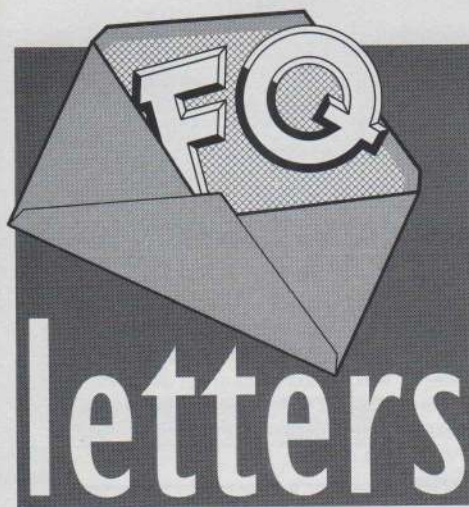
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some 'skin on your mind?

The Canadian Supreme Court recently recognized that same-sex relationships should be treated under the law the same as married heterosexual couples, and hope that Canada will be as equally enlightened when it comes to allowing its citizens to read and view what they want to.

saw Daddy Joe Dixon in *FQ*! What a hunk of a man... and hunk of a dick! Keep up the good work. I'm looking forward to the new web site.

O. A.
via e-mail

letters

Dear *FQ*:

My order of *Uncut Glory* has been refused entry at Canada Customs because it contains depictions of "sex with degradation." Please inform your Canadian customers that this film is not allowed to enter Canada. Also, please give a more detailed synopsis of your films in *FQ* so we would have a better idea of whether it would be prohibited from entering Canada.

M. L.
Vancouver, British Columbia

We were really disappointed when we discovered that we couldn't share Uncut Glory with our Canadian friends. Your editor here (that's me) lived in Canada for two years and knows firsthand the frustrations of having Canadian customs censor your mail. We think that people can choose for themselves what they want to read or view in the privacy of their own homes—without an (unelected, we might add) government official reviewing it first to deem it suitable.

Evidently, Canadian customs considers watersports to be degrading. I'm sure many watersports enthusiasts would disagree. I might also add that watersports is relatively safe sex.

Dear *FQ*:
I've enjoyed *FQ* very much for some time now.

I note from past issues of *FQ* that you like to publish suitable artwork. I've recently had 24 of my erotic drawings of kilted males printed in a book, *Cock of the North*. I love to draw the uncut male.

I've included a couple samples of my foreskinned drawings which you are welcome to publish if you wish. I hope you enjoy them.

Don Jon
London, UK



Thanks for the praise. Folks can't seem to get enough of that Daddy Joe Dixon.

You've also given me the opportunity to shamelessly plug our own Web site (www.brushcreek.com).

Dear *FQ*:

I read with interest in *FQ* 28 that one guy wanted young models and one guy wanted older models. My preference is for older men, but as long as the models are uncut, I'm happy either way.

R.
via e-mail

This is your editor's opinion as well.

Dear *FQ*:

I'm glad you reminded me that I needed to renew. Keep up the good work. I've found *FQ* very informative. The men are great no matter what age.

R. T.
New Mexico

We're always happy to remind folks when it is renewal time. After all, we have to pay the power bill somehow.

Dear *FQ*:

I recently purchased a copy of *FQ* 18 and although it's somewhat out of date, the contents revived the hope that there's yet light at the end of the



Thanks for your great artwork. Your drawings were a big hit here in the office, and we can't wait to see more. Until then,

though, we thought we'd share with the world your drawing on the opposite page entitled "Does this answer your question?" We certainly think it does.

Dear *FQ*:

You're doin' a great job! I regularly pick up both *FQ* and *BEAR*, and my eyes almost popped out of my head when I

tunnel. I write this to acknowledge my sincere appreciation for all the efforts of you and the others involved in this superior publication and for the awareness that it creates about foreskin in the USA and other parts of the world.

I come from India and am Muslim by religion. Sadly, I was circumcised at the age of ten without my consent and though 13 years have passed, the memories of the event refuse to go. I attended a *khatnah* (circumcision) ceremony two years ago and have developed an interest in the subject since.

In rural India, the operation is usually performed traditionally by a barber or a village elder if no barber is available. I was told about the procedure and the pain in gory detail by my relatives and friends who had undergone the operation themselves. From the time I was nine, I was reminded time and again by my elder brother (older by six years) that I'd be meet-

other boys who were to be circumcised that day. We all waited quietly in the same courtyard in the back of the house. After about 20 minutes or so, he came out carrying his tool kit. He asked us to pull down our knickers and called our names in turn. That is when the trouble started. For some strange reason, my zipper got stuck and would not move down. I tried to pull my knickers down forcibly but they were pretty tight around the waist and wouldn't move. I interpreted this as a sign from the heavens and told my brother, who raised a commotion over the matter. Noticing this, the circumcisor came toward me and decided to take things into his own hands. He was not as concerned over losing his five dollar

fee as he was over the idea of leaving a penis escape with its foreskin intact from his very own home. One look at his face told me it was all over. My knickers were pulled down and it would all be over in a few minutes. At this point, I'd given up all hope and wanted to be the first one to be done that morning, but here again I was made to wait while he did nine or ten others before my name was called. They used a stick to probe for the extent of the frenulum and any other preputial adhesion, and

pulled my foreskin as far as possible over the stick. When he had determined the amount of skin he wanted to snip off, he used some sort of clamp and pulled out his razor. I was pinned down to the ground and two others held my legs. The circumcisor made two or

three cuts and held up my severed foreskin for all to see. The crowd went wild and cheered him. He then applied some powder on the area and I was helped up to my feet. The pain of the operation lasted

eight to ten days, but the glans were still sensitive and it hurt to even wear pants for nearly two to three months.

During the last couple of years I have read several articles on the Internet and came across your wonderful publication, but sadly could find only *FQ* 18 on the shelves.

The pictures of all the foreskin-covered cocks are simply fabulous, and a treat to feast my eyes on. How could anyone in their right mind ever part with their foreskin? As for the circumcisors and their sadistic motives, I sincerely hope that publications such as yours will awaken mankind out of its slumber, and one day the world will be rid of this atrocity, and that words like "circumcision," "*khatnah*," and "bris" will fall out of use.

A. J.
Florida

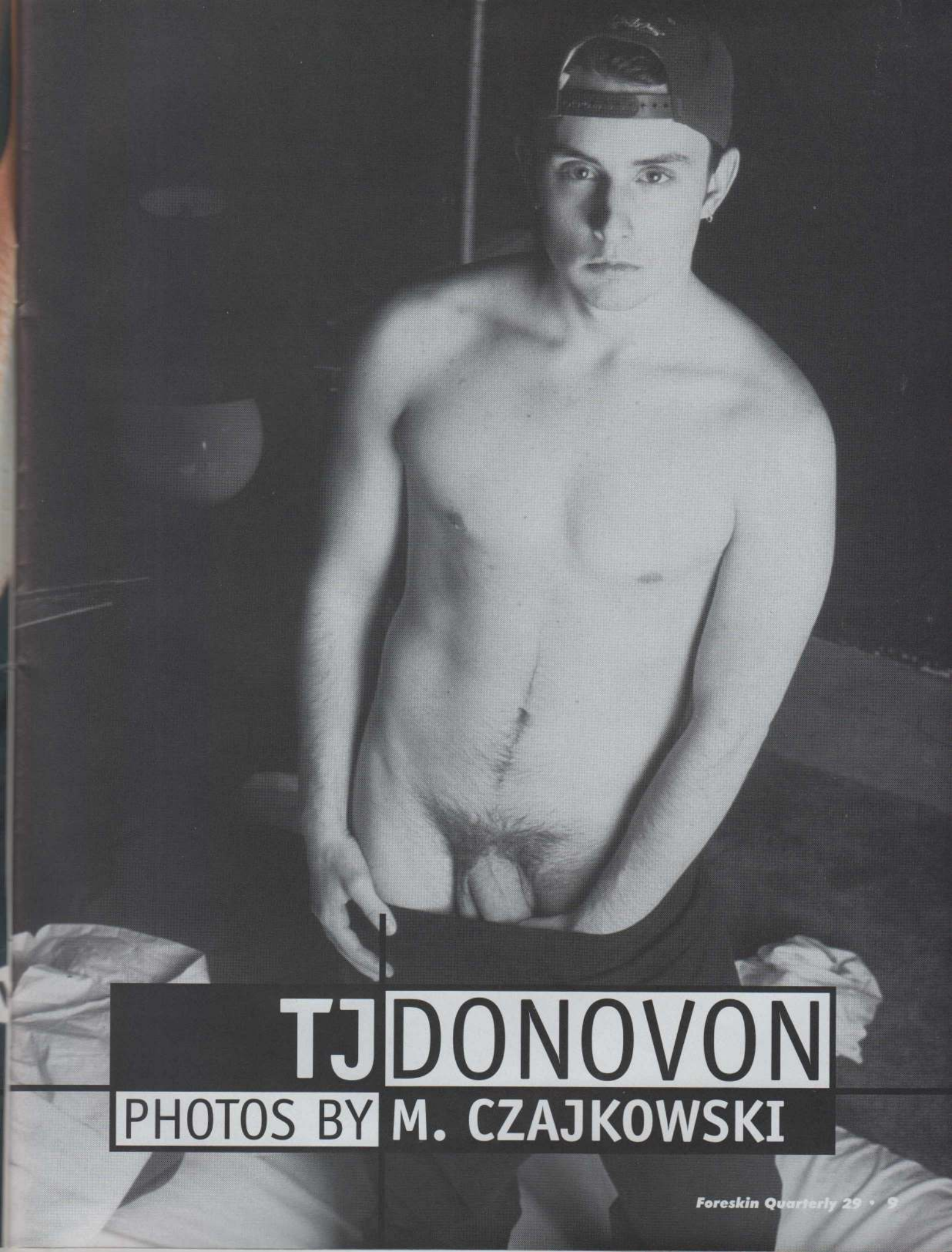
I think this heart-breaking story speaks for itself.



ing my circumcisor soon. When the appointed day came, I was given a severe telling off by my father and taken to the circumcisor's home accompanied by my brother and a few other male relatives. There were at least 16

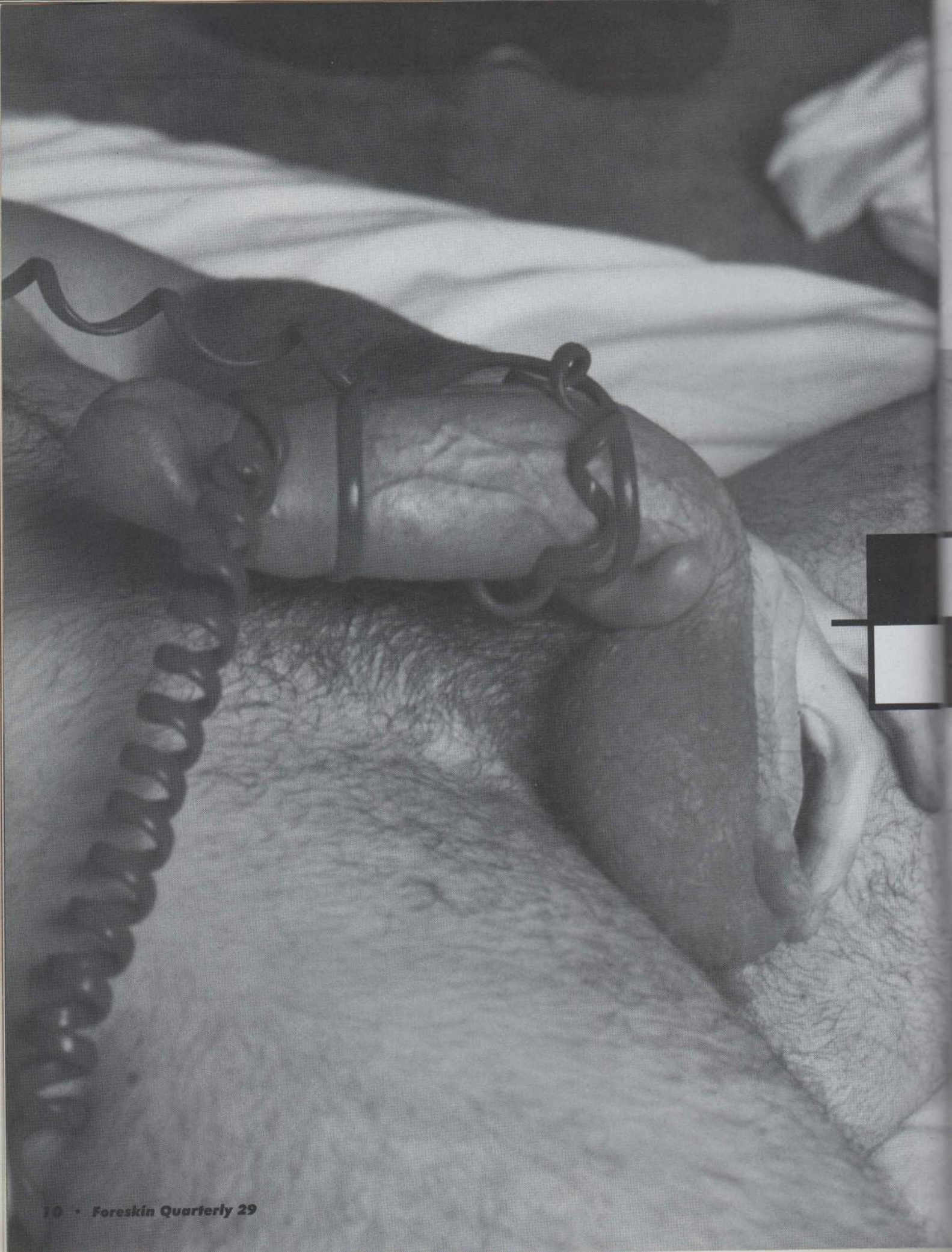




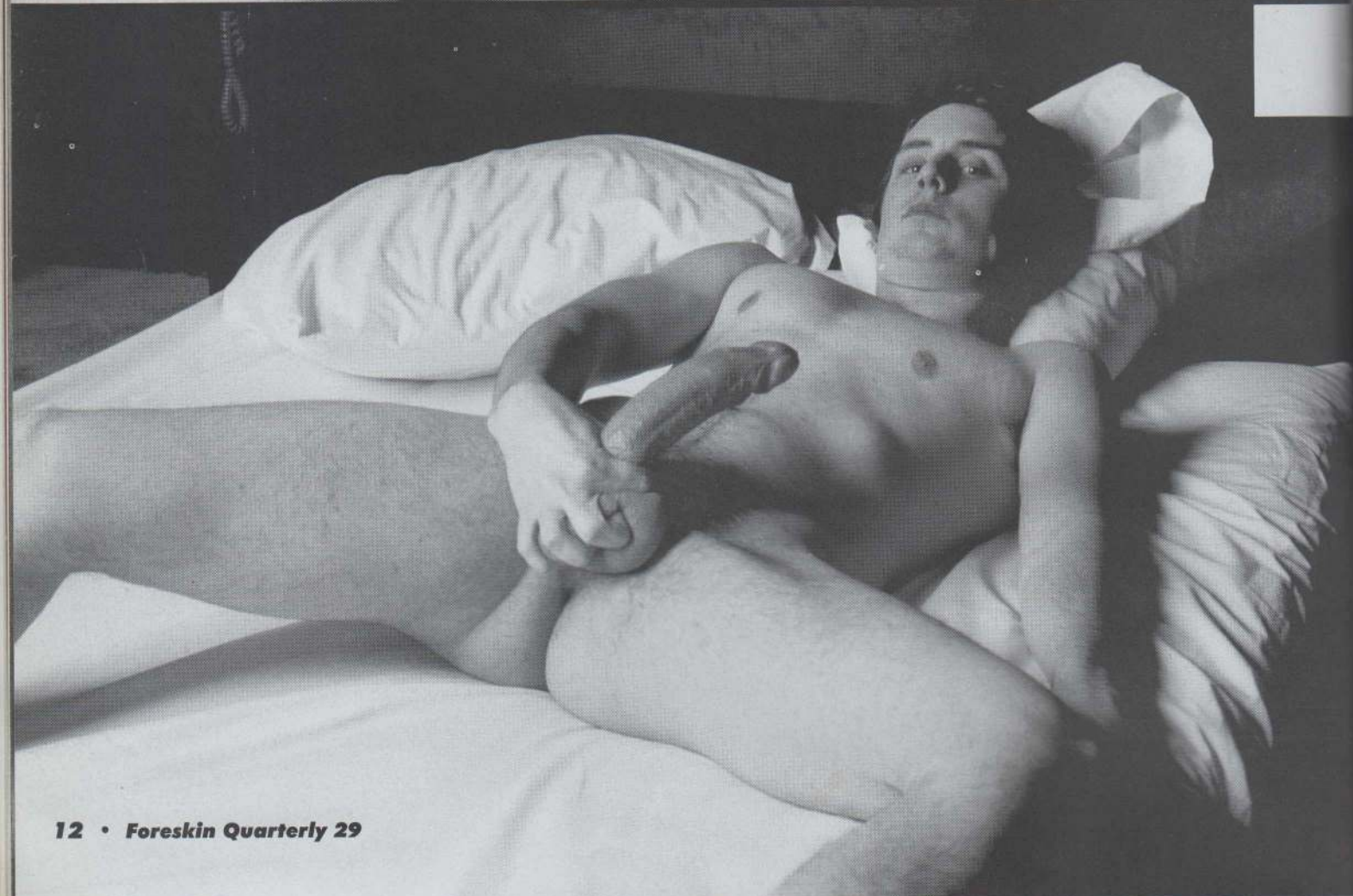


TJ DONOVON

PHOTOS BY M. CZAJKOWSKI













Adam slammed shut the door of the yellow taxi cab, slinging his trench coat over his shoulder. He shoved his briefcase under his arm and walked briskly toward the revolving door of this corporate office building while checking his watch. How the hell had he managed to be an hour late for a board meeting? It was unheard of for the ever-punctual businessman.

"Mr. Locklear! At last you're here! I delayed the meetings as long as I could. Mr. Jamison is furious; you'd better hurry!" Barry, Adam's secretary, took his coat and briefcase while shoving several files into the hands of his boss, along with a freshly brewed cup of coffee.

Once Adam was safely behind the closed boardroom doors, Barry held his boss's coat to his face, inhaling the intoxicating aroma of the man and his cologne. Barry was pretty average looking; medium build, glasses, thick shock of wavy brown hair, fair complexion and shy—very shy when it came to getting Adam's attention. Adam, the extremely capable, handsome, well-built boss of Barry's dreams, hardly knew Barry was alive, only recognizing him as a very capable assistant.

The meeting had been grueling. Jamison loved an audience when he was belittling his executives. Today had been no different. Adam leaned back at his desk and swung around to look over an impressive New York City skyline. He searched his desk for the morning mail, then banged the intercom and barked into it.

"Barry! Where the hell is today's mail?" Information he desperately needed would be in today's mail, and it wasn't there. One more foul up and Jamison would have his ass. He loosened his tie and tossed the jacket onto the leather couch. He unbuttoned the top few buttons of his shirt, revealing a hairy, well-defined chest.

"Sorry, boss. Caesar hasn't gotten up here yet. You want me to call the mailroom?" Barry recognized the irritated tone in his boss's voice; any minute an angry tirade would follow about something he had no control over. Just then, Barry heard the familiar squeak of the mail cart.

"Hola, Barry, my man. Whassup?" Caesar couldn't have been more than 23, but he'd been on this mail run as long as Barry could remember. He had watched the awkward teenager grow into a handsome young man with a beautiful white smile and a body to die for. Unlike other banji boys his age, he had opted to wear form-fitting shirts and tight slacks to work, accentuating his buffed body and bulging basket.

Caesar didn't wear underwear, and the definition between his balls and club-length, uncut cock were obvious to everyone, especially when he wore light colors.

"Jesus Christ, Caesar! My boss is having a hissy fit over the late mail. What kept ya?" Barry quickly helped Caesar sort out Adam's mail while breathing in the raunchy mustiness of the Latino hunk.

"Well, you remember Bob Jones? His last day was yesterday and he came to pick up his check and shit, and everyone got to talking, you know, wishing him well and trading stories and shit. Well, the time just got away. Hey, no big deal," Caesar said as he handed the rest of the mail to Barry. He faded in recognition when he saw Adam standing in the doorway, but it faded when he saw that the executive was red-faced with anger.

"Maybe the mailroom doesn't think my mail is such a big deal, Caesar, but Mr. Jamison and I do. I don't care what you do in your spare time, but you were hired to... get in here, please!" Adam took his mail from Barry and waited while Caesar pushed his cart into Adam's office.

Adam took his seat behind his desk and motioned Caesar to take the chair nearby. Caesar shrugged and took his seat. If he was any later

with the other executives' mail, he could blame the additional delay on this pompous ass. He sat down and stretched out. His cock pressed against his thigh, visible beneath the thin gabardine. Adam glanced at the mail, smiling as he set a large folder aside before turning his attention to the cocky mailboy.

"Look, Caesar, you were here before me, and I don't know how things were before, but... we have a time schedule here and I don't think I should be the one to talk to the mailroom heads about your regular habit of getting up here when you damn well please. I called you in here to issue a warning...." Adam couldn't take his eyes off the man's bulging basket and the way Caesar's shirt clung to his muscled chest and tightened around an obviously washboard stomach.

Caesar held up his hand and stood up. Cupping his crotch, he stood over the edge of the desk, his dark eyes blazing.

"Mr. Locklear, I do appreciate your position here, man, but I do what I gotta do, the way I been doin' it for the few years before you got here. You ain't doin' me no special favor by talking to me and not my immediate boss... especially this way. Who the fuck you think you are, man?" He slammed his fist on the desk, causing Adam to jump. The veins in Caesar's head bulged, and his anger began to match Adam's. Adam found himself getting mildly turned on.

"Maybe you ought to think about working somewhere else, young man." Adam stammered as he stood up and met the man's gaze head on,

neither of them prepared to back off. Caesar threw up his hands.

"You kiss my ass, dude! Do what ya gotta do!" Caesar turned on his heels and grabbed his cart, angrily pushing it out the office door.

Adam fell back into his chair. He had let his anger with Jamison get the best of him. He had unfairly taken his anger out on Caesar, and now the man had called his bluff. He couldn't help but notice the full rounded curves of Caesar's buttocks.

By the end of the day, Caesar's anger had mellowed. He had a wife and a child to support, and couldn't afford to lose his job's salary and the benefits he had worked so hard for. Damn, he would have to apologize to Adam Locklear. He just hoped it wasn't too late.

Barry typed frantically at his computer, rushing to meet impossible deadlines that Adam had set for himself. Barry ordered Chinese food to be sent in for the both of them. He didn't mind working late if it meant having a quiet dinner in Adam's office. Maybe they could talk about something other than business, and Adam could start to see him as a real person with feelings and desires.

"Barry, can you come in here a minute?" Adam's voice always sounded so loud, yet professional, over the intercom. Barry hit the last key of his report and hurried into Barry's office.

"Barry, I want to thank you for working some overtime tonight. You know Jamison; he wants it all done yesterday. Special Request. My shoulders are real tight, could you give me a quick rub? You don't have to if you don't want, I know it's not in your job description, but...." Adam shrugged and quickly removed his shirt. Barry gasped at the man's excellent physique, thinking how long he had wanted to touch Adam in any way possible without the hindrance of cloth between them.

"No problem, Mr. Locklear, my pleasure. I know what pressure you've been under lately, and that thing with the mail today," Barry trailed off as his hands grasped the tightness in Adam's shoulders. He began to rub and knead Adam's shoulders.

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BY CAIN BERLINGER

"Ahhhh... yeah... Thanks, Barry, you're a godsend. Don't know what I'd do without you. Mailroom thing... yeah, that guy must hate my guts now. Shouldn't have been so hard on the boy—man. You know, I thought he was gonna hit me for a minute there. Ohhhh, right there... uh uh... oh, great." Adam felt the tension ease from his shoulders, only to tighten again at his mention of Caesar, who had been on his mind all day, and it wasn't about the mail. Adam stood up suddenly and walked to his closet.

"Hope you don't mind, Barry, but I'm gonna run down to the company gym for a little bit. I've gotta get rid of some of this tension before I get into all this paperwork. Hope you don't mind. I won't be long." Adam quickly got out of his suit clothes and into his workout sweats. Barry's mouth watered at the sight of the man's muscular calves and the casual sway of his cock under the cotton shorts.

"But... but I ordered Chinese," Barry stammered.

"No problem. I'll get back before it gets cold," Adam said as he slammed shut the closet and walked from his office to the bank of elevator doors.

When the doors opened, Caesar stepped out, to the astonishment of them both.

"Mr. Locklear, I was just coming to see you... about this morning." Caesar had prepared a speech, but suddenly seeing Adam had left him speechless.

"You work out?" come with me to the gym for a bit and we'll talk." Barry watched as the two men disappeared into the elevators. His lips tightened in anger. One day, that man would see him for more than just a secretary who gave good back rubs.

"How about a little match?" Adam said as he tossed a pair of boxing gloves at Caesar. Caesar caught them and smiled. He was a street fighter; he would wipe the floor with this guy.

"Sure, Mr. Locklear, whatever you say. But, I gotta tell you I've got an edge," he said smugly.

"Yeah, yeah, kid off the streets; I know. Think you can kick the ass of this ol' white boy? I'm only 29, guy. Strip to your shorts and give it your best shot." He laughed and climbed in after Caesar.

Adam watched as Caesar stripped to his bikini briefs, his clearly uncut cock visible beneath the white nylon. Wisps of pubic hair peeped over the top of the shorts, and his balls were barely contained, almost slipping out to the side of his briefs. Still, Caesar danced into the ring, intent on knocking Adam on his ass.

"So... tell me what you wanna say, boy..." Adam hissed as his fist connected to the side of Caesar's head. Caesar staggered back, surprised by the sudden blow.

"It was my fault I was late. Didn't mean to get steamed this morning." His fist connected with Adam's chest, but Adam stood his ground.

"You're lettin' me off easy, Caesar. I had no right to talk to you the way I did." Adam's breath came hard as he slammed the younger man in his chest, punched his stomach, then followed through with a right to the jaw.

"Fuck, man, you're good. It's OK, man. I had it comin'." The fact is... Caesar retaliated with a slam to Adam's head, first to the left side, then to the right. Adam staggered back against the ropes.

"I got a wife and kid to support..." Adam grabbed Caesar in a clinch and the two men swung around the ring, clutching each other's sweaty torsos as each tried to gain the upper hand. Caesar held up his arms in submission, and the clinch was broken.

"I can't be blowing up every time an asshole—no offense—wants to use me as his personal whipping boy." Caesar backed off as Adam moved in and hammered away at Caesar's stomach. Each punishing blow after blow sent Caesar staggering back against the ropes.

"How long you been in the mailroom, Caesar?" Adam asked as he clipped his opponent beneath the chin.

"Motherfuck..." Caesar stumbled against the ropes and dropped to the mat. He was sweating heavily and his breath came in staccato gasps. As Adam reached to help him up, he sucker punched the executive, once in the kidney, again in the ribs. As he climbed to his feet he delivered punch after punch against Adam's gym-trained physique. Surprisingly, Caesar felt his cock growing hard with each punch that he delivered.

"At least now I know what gets your dick hard," Adam stammered as he clung to the ropes in an attempt to remain standing. The sparring had become more intense than he had expected. Caesar ignored the comment, but his face flushed with embarrassment.

"Yeah... five years, man. Can't lose this gig now. I'll never get a job like this at this salary." He bent over, breathing heavily, his shorts were sweat soaked, almost transparent. Adam was on him in seconds, pounding Caesar's head from side to side until the younger man gasped and fell to the mat, defeated and out of breath. The welling around his eye meant he was going to have a hell of a black eye tomorrow. This was damned embarrassing.

"Shit... sorry. I got carried away. That makes twice today. Look, let me make it up to you. Hey, I know... there's a junior executive trainee program opening. Why don't I get you into it? You've been in that mailroom too long. Come up to my office and we'll get started on it right now." Adam helped Caesar to his feet, proud at having bested this hot stud in physical battle. He wanted him now more than ever.

Barry picked at the remains of his Chinese meal. He looked in astonishment as Adam and Caesar came out of the elevator. A still-dazed Caesar, one hand over his eye, carried his clothes over his arm and Adam was helping him out. Barry stared at the thick uncircumcised prick that bulged visibly through Caesar's briefs. So it *is* real, thought Barry.

"Hey, Barry. I'm gonna be patching up the champ here. Why don't you knock off, if you like. I'll finish up here." Adam said as he went into the office and shut the door.

No, I think I'll hang around, Barry thought to himself as he shoved the rest of the meal into the garbage.

Caesar lay down on the couch while Adam held a towel filled with ice against Caesar's eye. The boy's clothes were crumpled up in a chair. Both men were wet with sweat and the room seemed unusually warm. Adam leaned over and slowly rubbed his hand on Caesar's sweaty, well-defined chest, his washboard abdominals, and finally rested on Caesar's swollen love rod, his finger rubbing against the sheathed piss head.

Caesar grabbed Adam's wrist and held it there, poised over his cock which had grown hard, its full length resting hard against his stomach, held down by the bikini brief waistband.

"Don't do that, man. I ain't cool with it, ya know, so stop." Caesar shoved Adam's hand away and attempted to tuck his cock back into his briefs.

"Shhh... nobody needs to know. To the victor..." Adam pushed Caesar's hand away, this time grabbing aggressively at the swollen man rod beneath his fingers.

"We help each other out, buddy... you let me do what I want and you get a better job, promotion, benefits; your wife and kid never need to know." Adam yanked Caesar's bikini briefs past coffee-colored thighs, letting out an impressive gasp as Caesar's huge, sperm-filled, cum sac hung freely, unencumbered.

"What's her name, man?" Adam asked as he juggled the huge sac in one hand, the other stroking the hot tower of cock in his fist.

"Connie... that's my wife. Man, I can't do this. Cut it out; stop." Caesar gasped as precum oozed from beneath his foreskin.

"Oh, you don't have to do anything... but tell me, does Connie do this?" Adam violently whispered as he licked Caesar's cockhead before swallowing the shaft completely into his mouth and down his throat. Caesar gasped and moaned out loud at the surprise warmth and tightness that caressed his cock. He instinctively arched his pelvis, his hand pressing Adam's head down on him.

"Ohhhh, shit, man!" Ohhhh, God, that feels good. Stop it... stop it, man." Caesar begged but offered little resistance as Adam licked and sucked at the thick vein that traveled down Caesar's cock from his still overhanging foreskin. What a fine man, what a beautiful piece of cock to have in his mouth. Beautiful uncut Latino dick pounding his throat as he kicked off his shorts and climbed onto the couch.

Caesar moaned, groaned, then pulled himself off the couch, nearly tripping over in his own underwear.

"Hey, man, I didn't agree to this. Stop it now... I mean it." Caesar backed against Adam's desk with his fist poised to strike. Adam stood up and removed his sweatshirt. His cock was rock hard in front of him, aimed hungrily toward the cowering Latino.

"You don't wanna try to beat me up again, do you? You haunt me, my friend. For a long time, everywhere I go, you're there. This doesn't have to be a bad thing, or even a regular thing. Just now... just till we get it out of our system... and you get the job you need to pay for that little family you've got." Adam lunged at Caesar, knocking the boy backward against the desk. Paper, pencils, office supplies, phone and intercom hit the floor with a loud clatter as Adam climbed over Caesar.

Despite himself, Caesar felt his arms go around Adam's waist as their cocks rubbed against each other. Adam kissed Caesar's mouth, his face, his neck, his chest. Caesar tried pulling away, but finally relented and returned the bigger man's passionate kisses.

Suddenly drunk with the power he felt he now had over the boy, Adam's cock slipped between Caesar's

thighs and he felt the head of his cock brushing against Caesar's hot sweaty asshole. This excited him even more, and he knew now what he really wanted.

"Get the fuck off me, man. Stop it!" But Caesar's protests were little more than whispers of defiance as Adam pushed Caesar's legs apart.

"C'mon, man, quit dickin' me around. We both want it. You know you do. Look at the fucking hard-on you've got!" Adam reached over Caesar into his desk drawer. It took a few moments to slip the condom over his rock-hard cock. Caesar struggled to push his legs down, but Adam was too strong for him.

Defeated, Caesar lifted his legs over Adam's shoulders. Adam spit onto his hand, rubbing the saliva over his cock and inserted two wet fingers into Caesar's asshole. It was as tight a fit as Adam expected, as Caesar exhaled and attempted to relax.

"If you really want me to stop, just tell me now and I'll stop. But you can kiss any kind of career you had with this company goodbye." I don't need to rape you, boy. I'm ready, but you can stop it or not." Adam sat up, his cock at the ready, positioned at the point of Caesar's tight, hairy butthole. Caesar relaxed and thought hard.

"Go on, man... do what you need to do. I ain't gonna stop you. Go on man... you wanna fuck my ass? Go on. Come on, man, fuck my fuckin' asshole. I can take your shit in the ring, I can certainly take your dick up my butt." Caesar reached around and grabbed hold of Adam's cock and guided it into his hole.

"Start pumpin', motherfucker! I'll give ya what ya want. If I don't, you'll just take it! Bastard!" Caesar grimaced as the thick cockshaft eased into his butthole. The pressure, the tight pull of his butt responded to Adam's deep thrusting of his cock as he filled the virgin Latin butt with all his aggression. He pulled the trembling, upturned cheeks apart and grasped Caesar's shoulders as he pulled back and plunged forward, delighting in Caesar's sudden acceptance of his position.

Despite himself, Caesar enjoyed the ravishing of his butthole. He had never been used as a bitch before, and now he felt it strangely exciting. His cock dripped heavy precum, and he used it as a lubricant to stroke his cock in time to Adam's rhythmic fucking. He tried not to, but moans of pleasure and satisfaction escaped his mouth in gasps as he began to open up more, encouraging Adam to enjoy the seduction.

Caesar gripped his cock hard; the severe jerking of his cock eventually blasted his cum load into the air, falling in hot puddles onto his stomach and dripping heavy down Adam's chest as the increased pounding continued. Adam made no attempt to stifle the yell of victory and unmitigated pleasure as he yanked his cock out of the tight butthole, allowing his load

to spill into the latex condom.

"Holy fuckin' Christ! Ohhhh, shit... ahhhh... ahhhh." He stood over Caesar, holding onto the side of the desk as his cock violently pulsed up and down, still delivering its load.

"What the hell are you talking about? Rape? Sexual harassment?! Mr. Jamison, I swear to you I don't know what this kid is talking about." Adam nervously fingered the papers on his desk. It had been three weeks of constant sexual intimidation since his first night with Caesar.

"The sad fact, Adam, is he would have gotten that appointment without your help. I don't care what you do in your spare time, but this is the company. He's threatening to sue. This could be nasty. I'm sorry, but the board is surely going to ask for your resignation. Frankly, this whole thing disgusts me!" Jamison walked toward the windows, looking out pensively.

"You know, if there were witnesses, it would be different, but it's your word against his. He even claims you gave him the black eye during the assault. I don't think we should have to endure this scandal, do you?" Jamison pulled out and lit a cigar, desperately wanting to wish away this unpleasant situation.

"My word against the mailboy's? Mr. Jamison, this is absurd. Look at me. Do I look like I need to force myself on anyone?" Adam's mind was racing. Of course,

there was Barry. Barry would tell them what he saw. Two guys coming in from the gym, one of them with a black eye. If he could find one inconsistency, that little mailboy would be out on his ass.

"Find me something I can use, Adam. Otherwise, he's in and you're out. Do I make myself clear?" Jamison walked out of the office, passing Barry as he entered with the mail. Barry looked at his handsome boss, before closing the office door. He sat down opposite Adam and waited for Adam to speak.

"You heard? Barry, you've gotta tell them. You were here. You saw the shiner I gave him. There was no physical assault of that nature," Adam pleaded.

"Yes, I did see that he had the black eye when you came up from the gym. That was before you sent me home. I wouldn't know what happened after that." Barry reached into his pocket and unwrapped a stick of gum. The silence in the office was unnerving to Adam.

"Barry... you like it here, don't you?" Adam walked around and sat on the edge of the desk facing Barry.

"More harassment, Mr. Locklear?" Barry stood up and looked Adam in the eye.

"He said 'stop' six times, Mr. Locklear. You struggled, knocked things to the floor, including the intercom. I didn't leave until afterward. But I heard it all." Barry walked away from a stunned Adam. Turning around to face Adam, he looked more confident, more handsome, holding his glasses in his hand.

"Of course, I'll tell Mr. Jamison and the board whatever you want me to tell them. I can save your job and at the same time secure mine... if you know what I mean." Barry's hand was on the door.

"Of course, you'll never see him again or anyone else. I think we'll discuss my raise and our new relationship over dinner at my place—say, around... oh, eight o'clock tonight?" Adam said nothing. He knew Barry had lusted for him since he started. Now Adam had handed him the perfect situation to gain the upper hand.

"I'm sorry, I didn't hear you," Barry smiled as Adam stammered out his acceptance.

"Check your almanac, Adam. I think I hear the tide turning." Barry clenched his fist in victory as he shut the door behind him. ☐

"Go on man... do what you need to do. I ain't gonna stop you. Go on man... you wanna fuck my ass? Go on..."

Raising his hands to the audience, the tenor's rounded, mellow tones rippled over the opening night audience, held enraptured by his majesty of bearing and his rendering of an operatic classic.

In the dressing circle, Franz Mueller shifted uncomfortably in his seat. Although fond of opera, he looked impatiently at his watch and then glanced aside to his beautiful female companion seated beside him. The heiress looked ravishing in diamonds and silk, yet he held no romantic desire for her, even though her occasional glances toward him were filled with adoration.

The aria ended and the appreciative audience leaped to their feet in thunderous applause. Franz and his lady were ecstatic and genuine in their applause. Franz leaned over and whispered quietly into her ear.

"Darling, I'm going to have to beg off drinks with the crowd tonight. I have a splitting headache and I need to get home. You take the car home. I'll catch a cab." He kissed her on both cheeks and pushed his way toward the exit, grateful to be minutes away from freedom.

The cold December night air whipped across his handsome German face as he wrapped his cashmere scarf around his collar and headed across Lincoln Center in search of a cab.

Halfway into the cab, he stopped and glanced around him. It was a cool night, but he decided he would walk the few blocks to his apartment. He held no fear of New York City at night. He welcomed the fresh air and the exercise. He tipped the driver a five note and pulled his collar up high and prepared to walk the distance.

He dated the lovely heiress from time to time, only occasionally pandering to her lustful desires for sex with the handsome young blond aristocrat. With clear blue eyes and shoulder-length blond hair layered to perfection, his classic features and dimpled chin were much sought after by New York hostesses and mothers of errant young heiresses. If they knew of his fondness for blue collar laborers of the male sex they might leave him alone.

"Got any spare change?" The young hustler approached him, breathing alcohol-misted clouds around Franz. Franz sidestepped him and walked rapidly down Broadway and crossed to Sixth Avenue. The young hustler uttered a curse and walked away.

Such a rich country, America, and New York the richest of its cities, yet the streets are crowded with homeless beggars in boxes nestled over subway grates, and in doorways wherever they could find warmth. He remembered his first summer in the city. He was emotionally moved by the shirtless sights of these disenfranchised young and old men, who had sacrificed dignity to live on the streets of New York. He could not help noticing how some of the men managed to maintain such exquisitely chiseled torsos on such a sporadic diet of... of what he didn't know.

One particularly young insane man had spit at him and dropped his pants in protest at Franz's apparent good fortune. The gesture was one of contempt, but Franz was mesmerized by the hard, rounded bubble butt flashing before his eyes. Then the man spun around and shook his big cock at him in mock protest.

Franz went home visibly shaken, but masturbated that night with the naked man's image in his head. Given a shower and good clothes, the homeless man could've been competition for any of the callous beauties that he encountered in the bars.

Franz was rich and cultured, nurtured by a loving, rich family in Germany, and admittedly, he found such poverty foreign and disturbing. He avoided mentioning this to his friends, the wanton yet passionate looks he saw in these men's eyes coupled with such despair and hopelessness, bearing a certain sexual hunger that would never be realized.

"Hey, man, excuse me, sir. I'm cold and hungry, and I don't have a place to sleep. Think you could help me out?" Franz turned abruptly toward the voice. The dialogue was the same, except this time it came in the tone of a beautifully modulated voice that reminded him of the tenor he had heard earlier in the Met. What else was different was that the plea was in German.

Huddled in the doorway of one of Fifth Avenue's fashionable stores, under piles of plastic bags, was a disheveled man with matted blond hair and an extremely dirty face. His clothes were ripped in places that showed bare flesh as dirty as his face. However, like jewels beneath muddy water his eyes shone like aquamarine and quartz. The eyes and the voice transfixed Franz, and he stared back at the man before responding in German.

"*Sind sie ein Deutscher? Warum sind Sie hier?*" Franz stepped toward the doorway to see the man better. Under the layers of clothing and dirt, he could see the man was relatively young.

"Yes, I am German, like yourself, and I'm here because I have nowhere else to sleep. My story is long and common, so I won't bore you. It's cold, and I think it's going to rain. You've got a home to go to and I'm hungry. Got any change?" The young man shifted against the doorway and held out his dirty hand for change.

Franz looked around at the nearly deserted street, feeling the night chill working its dampness through his wool coat. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a few dollars and handed them to the homeless man.

"Where will you eat?" He asked, suddenly curious where this man could go with all his plastic bags and unkempt appearance.

"There's plenty of cheap diners around. Maybe I can even get into a shelter. But it's late, so they might be all filled up, this being the holidays and all." The young man stuffed the bills into his pocket without looking at the amount.

Franz turned again toward the streets, noticing the Christmas lights as if for the first time. He never paid attention to the holiday, and now it was as though it had taken on a whole new significance. Now the holiday came home to him in

an inspirational moment, and he stepped out of character, deciding to make this homeless countryman his Christmas charity.

"You're right. I live a few blocks away. Would you consider coming home with me?" He surprised himself once he had said it, and immediately wished he could take it back. But since it was already said, he was not going to rescind the offer.

"Are you crazy, man? I'm no charity. Find yourself another sucker. You go on now. Leave me alone. Thanks for the cash. Have a nice life. You made your good deed offer, now get the hell out of here and let me sleep." The young man curled back inside his mountain of bags. Franz, suddenly angry, turned and walked away, relieved that his offer had been declined. It started to rain as Franz pulled his coat tighter around him and hurried across the avenue toward his building.

Jack, the doorman, held the door open and smiled benignly at Franz. He pushed the button in the elevator that would take him into the sanctity of his condo. He undressed quickly, eager to get out of the restraining tuxedo. As he stood under the shower, he lathered his muscled body until it was white with foam. He cupped his huge balls in the palm of his hand, comfortable with their weight.

He thought again about the homeless man. The face was clear to him and he mentally washed the soot and grime from the man and dressed

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him in a more revealing costume. Pleased with the fantasy, he rinsed and stepped out of the shower.

Standing in the window, he rubbed the towel through his thick, blond hair and across his back. The city sparkled below him, and he never got over the richness of the city. It was raining hard now, icy drops that coated the streets with a mirror-like shine.

"Damn!" he muttered to himself before grabbing a pair of jeans out the closet. He pulled on his polo shirt and struggled into a pair of boots. Pulling his jacket around him, he grabbed his keys off the hall table and scurried out the door toward the elevator.

It took a few minutes before he was able to find the young man again. He reached angrily past the mountain of plastic bags until he grasped the collar of the homeless man and yanked him through the clutter.

"It's cold, wet and rainy. It's the holidays and I'm alone, and so are you. Why not come over to my place, clean up, and get a good meal? If you wanna leave in the morning, fine." Franz pushed the young man against the wall, barely concealing the disgust he felt at the mild stench of the unwashed man.

"Hey, I got rights! Whose gonna watch my stuff? It's all I got in this fucking world! What guarantees do I have that you aren't some kind of weirdo?" The homeless man shook himself free of Franz and struggled to pull his tattered jacket around him. Rain cascaded down his face, plastering his hair to his forehead.

"Look, I'll give you in cash whatever that junk's worth. Just come home with me."

"Why is it so important to you?"

"Look, we'll discuss it at my place. I'm a few minutes from here, OK?" Franz turned and began to walk rapidly away. The man followed him reluctantly.

The doorman put out his hands to stop the man's entrance.

"It's OK, Jack. He's with me. It is the holidays, you know." Franz ignored the surprised look on the doorman's face, grateful that the elevator was waiting for him.

Once inside the condo, the man dropped his bag of personal possessions and looked around. Impressed by the grandeur of the place, he whistled beneath his breath.

"Wow, you got some pad here. He touched his fingers to the cushions on the sofa and knelt to rub his hands across the plush carpet.

"The bathroom is over there. Take all your things and put them in a pile by the door. By the way—you have a name? My name is Franz." He reached in a closet and pulled out a terry cloth robe and fresh towels.

The man looked around and started to remove his clothes, laying them in the pile by the door. Occasionally he checked the mirror, realizing that it had been a long time since he had seen his own reflection in anything other than a storefront window.

"My name's Erik... Last name's unimportant, I guess. You didn't tell me why you're doing this. Frankly, you don't seem the type. I mean, you know the type to take in someone like me off the streets. I figure you're probably one of those in-depth reporters who wanna get the inside scoop on what it's like to be homeless. Am I at least a little bit right?" Franz stood at the doorway of the bathroom, watching as the man stripped down to a pair of dirty boxer shorts.

Erik turned and gave Franz a wry little wink. With his rear to Franz, he slowly pushed his dirty boxers down around his ankles, revealing a beautifully tight, rounded butt. Turning to toss the soiled boxers onto the dirty clothes pile, his huge uncut cock, crisscrossed with plump purple veins, swinging from side to side over swollen, pendulous balls.

Erik followed Franz's incredulous stare.

"Surprised? Now, don't you get any ideas about getting into the shower with me. Good things come to he who waits." He laughed aloud as he climbed into the stall and pulled the glass partition closed.

Franz gathered Erik's clothes into a plastic bag and dropped them into the incinerator. He and Erik were the same size. It would be no trouble fitting the homeless stud into his own wardrobe.

Erik scrubbed as hard as he could, watching with satisfaction the stream of dirty water as it rushed down the drain. He lathered his hair with fine

shampoo as the dirty water slipped through the drain, gradually becoming clear. He didn't know what Franz's game was, but he was more than grateful to be clean and have a place to sleep, and with such a handsome host as well.

A half hour later, Franz stood outside the shower, fresh towel in his hand while he waited patiently for Erik to emerge. Franz licked his lips as Erik shaved the bristly stubble from his face. Erik was more handsome than he had imagined. Erik was no boy, but a striking young man in his early thirties. Hidden beneath layers of dirt was the most extraordinary man Franz had ever seen. The tight body, wrapped in bone-white, silky skin, added to his outer worldly beauty as his almost platinum white hair cascaded around his shoulders. His cock was semi-erect, and the pink, bulbous head peaked from beneath a layer of chewy foreskin. Erik's turquoise blue eyes flickered in the light.

"Good God, man, when was the last time you bathed? You must have washed away layers of dirt to come out of my shower looking so... so... luminous!" Franz wondered where he had snatched that word from, but realized it was the only word that could describe Erik. The once dirty and homeless man now appeared as a very ethereal-looking boy, and the feelings he aroused in Franz were unlike any he'd experienced before.

"Easy does it. Try to control yourself. It's been a long time since I've been on the receiving end of such kindness and obvious adulation. I appreciate what you've done, and I hope I can think of a way to repay you that won't compromise my... position." Erik rubbed the towel through his wet hair. His torso shimmered under the fluorescent lights.

Franz threw a couple of steaks onto the grill and hurriedly mixed a green salad. After choosing a bottle of wine, he opened it and set the table candles afire, bathing the dining room in an eerie yet romantic, light while the classical strains of Ravel drifted through the apartment.

When Erik came into the dining room, he was wearing a black silk Chinese dressing gown. His white hair and skin contrasted sharply, like a black and white photograph. He did not look as if he could ever have been a homeless man sheltered in the doorways of Madison Avenue.

"I put together a late dinner for us. Please be seated. You must have a great story to tell. I would be interested in hearing it—that is, if you don't mind telling it." Franz pulled out the chair for Erik, who hesitantly took his seat, but within moments he had seized the wine glass and drained it in several gulps before taking the knife and fork and plunging them into the thick cut of sirloin.

"The short version or the long version?" He inquired as he chewed loudly, holding his wine glass toward Franz for a refill.

"Take it easy. This is a vintage wine. Enjoy it. There's more. Give me the short version. If I hunger for more detail, I'll ask." Franz uttered as he refilled Erik's glass.

"OK, short version. In Berlin I was an unemployed architect. A wealthy Florida man saw me, wanted me, bought and paid for me. I'm not a young boy anymore, so I jumped at the chance to make a little cash any way that I could. He brought me here on a visitor's visa. What followed was several months of hard love and cold cash. 'Let's visit New York,' he says. I'm paid for, so I go. We have a few great weeks. I had my own room at the Plaza. He stayed at the Drake. He said it would avoid the look of impropriety. Then, days pass, but he doesn't call. So I call the Drake. He'd checked out a few days earlier and left me a sad goodbye note, a few hundred bucks and a ticket back to Germany." Erik paused while he shoveled a large portion of salad into his mouth. Franz cut up his steak and placed half of his portion onto Erik's plate.

"Thanks, man. As you can guess, I haven't eaten in a while. Anyway, I decided to stay in a cheaper hotel, maybe get work off the books. Eventually the money ran out; I sold the ticket. This all took about a year, then I ended up where you found me: cold, hard, embittered, filthy, and desperate. End of story. Are you moved to tears?" He smiled benignly, his eyes twinkling under the candlelight.

"If it's the truth. Is it?" Franz asked while he removed a pint of sherbet from the freezer and prepared to scoop it onto two saucers. Erik leaned back in his chair and lay his cutlery across his empty plate. He shook his hair out and the silk robe fell open, revealing his tight washboard stomach and the bush of light hair that blossomed around his dangling, well-hung

cock. He got up from the chair and crossed the room until he stood behind Franz. His breath was heavy on Franz's neck.

Franz turned to face Erik, whose eyes were steel hard. Franz was not easily softened by the pitiful tale from this very beautiful young man who claimed to be an architect. He handed the saucer of sherbet to Erik, who pushed it aside as he stepped in closer. This time his face was inches away from Franz's. His hands touched upon the small waist of the blond German, and he pressed forward until the shaft of his cock brushed against Franz's crotch, before he whispered.

"What godly difference would it make if it were the truth or a lie? I told you I would thank you if it meant no compromise for me. I don't know you well enough to lie to you or be extremely truthful, so why talk? I have a better idea." He pressed closer, until Franz could feel the heat of the boy's body through his shirt. He trembled at the rise of his own cock pressed against Erik's hardness. The two sherbet saucers fell from his hands and crashed loudly against the tiled kitchen floor.

Erik leaped quickly to retrieve a small scoop of the sherbet, which he placed onto his tongue and closed his mouth around it.

"Careful! There's probably glass in it now!" Franz shouted as he touched his fingers to Erik's mouth. Erik pushed the fingers away and pressed his lips to Franz's until their mouths parted and they kissed heatedly through the fresh lemon iciness of the sherbet, until it melted on both their tongues and slipped down their throats.

Erik's fingers unbuttoned Franz's shirt and slipped the cotton past

Erik yanked his prick out of Franz's mouth and quickly pulled the condom off his cock just as it blasted its hot, creamy load over Franz's face.

Franz's shoulders and let the shirt drop to the floor. Franz's muscled bare chest was streaked with blond paths of hair, highlighting tiny nipples that grew hard and firm as Erik's cool tongue licked over them, while Franz shuddered with delight. Franz unbuttoned his trousers, and they slid past his hard thighs and settled over his strong, muscled calves.

Erik lifted Franz off the floor, kicking his trousers aside. Franz encircled his legs around the boy's broad back and rested his head against Erik's shoulder while his hands buried themselves inside the platinum blond waves of hair. He whimpered silently while Erik held him tightly and walked into the bedroom.

Franz lay back on the bed with his eyes closed, content to be the passive partner in this erotic seduction. All his life he had been in control, never letting himself go, abandoning himself to the kind of lust that other men felt. Yet now this homeless beauty had lifted him in his arms and carried him like a child, depositing him on the bed as though he were a schoolboy.

Erik's tongue slid over Franz's naked flesh, caressing the firm flesh of his thighs, licking at the underbelly of Franz's swollen balls of desire, darting inches away from Franz's hair-covered butthole. Each stroke brought him closer to the edge. Each time he reached for Erik, the boy slipped out of reach and buried his mouth inside another one of the crevices of Franz's body. The crook of his knee, the space between his toes, his armpits—Erik left no part of the man untouched by his hot, wet mouth.

Erik crawled up Franz's muscled body, licking and kissing his way upwards until his face was poised directly over Franz's. Erik's gaze was intense, and the turquoise in his eyes sparkled like cat's eyes in the dark. The pause was rich with desire as his face rubbed against the smooth cheek of his host. His mouth was warm and wet as his saliva mingled with that of Franz, who immediately joined Erik in the kiss. His arms embraced the smooth, sinewy body, and he held him tightly in his arms until he thought they would ache from want.

Franz gripped Erik's cock in his hand and squeezed, feeling the handful of throbbing flesh that filled his fist. Erik pushed Franz's thighs apart and let Franz guide his cock toward the edge of his butthole. Erik lowered his body on Franz and began to rub his body in a circular motion back and

forth and across the panting, sweaty body of the intensely blond German. Franz clenched his thighs tightly, squeezing Erik's cock between his thighs. He lifted his buttocks upward as Erik's hand slipped beneath him and squeezed Franz's plump buttocks in his hot hands, pulling the man upward until their crotches ground sensually together.

"Enough promise of things to come. You have condoms?" Erik asked as Franz reached into the night table and grabbed a handful of rubbers, tossing them at Erik. With one hand, Erik caught one and ripped it open. Within seconds his hard cock was throbbing beneath a latex shield of red color against his solid cock. With a little spit rubbed on the head he lifted Franz's legs and rubbed his cockhead against the smooth hairline opening of Franz's butthole.

Franz grimaced while he held Erik's waist tightly as thick cock eased inside him, filling him up slowly. His asshole resisted for moments before relaxing and pulling the hot stud deeper inside him. Like a woman giving birth, he breathed in and out rapidly, until the fullness of Erik's length and thickness filled him completely.

Erik rested his weight on top of Franz, rubbing their chest and bellies against each other as Erik slowly pushed deeper inside Franz, pulling his cock out to the rim before easing it gently back inside until his balls rested against Franz's upturned buttocks.

Slowly he pulled his cock out and rubbed it against Franz's crotch as he eased up the length of Franz's torso, his cock rubbing against the flat hairy belly and resting between Franz's pecs, sliding the thickness of his cock back and forth over his nipples.

Franz opened wide and let Erik push his cock into his mouth and nestle deep within his throat. He fought the temptation to gag as Erik leaned against the backboard and began to pump Franz's mouth as earnestly as he had done Franz's butthole earlier.

Franz looked up past

the flat belly and defined chest into Erik's handsome face as the man leaned back, his hands cupping Franz's face as he pumped faster into the gaping hole that was Franz's mouth.

"Ohhh, man, your mouth is so wonderful! Your ass is great, but baby, that throat! I'm gonna shoot, baby! I'm gonna blast it now!" Erik yanked his prick out of Franz's mouth and quickly pulled the condom off his cock just as it blasted its hot, creamy load over Franz's face. Cum covered his cheek with hot white jism that dripped over his face and across his lips.

"Ohhhh, *mein Gott in Himmel!* I'm gonna cum now! Yes, yes, Ohhhhhh..." Franz yanked his prick until it swelled monstrously in his fist before his load jettisoned into the air like a geyser, splattering against his sweaty thighs and dripping over his stomach in tiny rivers of joy juice.

Erik lifted himself off of Franz's chest and collapsed next to him, his breath heavy and labored.

"Man oh man, that's been a long time coming! You're great, man! Really great! I'm gonna like being here with you," Erik smiled, leaning over to kiss Franz's face. Within minutes, Erik was softly snoring. Franz stared up at the ceiling, only slightly content. He hadn't realized it till that moment of orgasm that this had long been one of his fantasies. Now the boy slept and Franz wanted him out of his house as quickly as possible. He dared not close his eyes while this homeless man, no matter how beautiful, slept in his house.

Franz believed in the nineties. And in the nineties no good deed went unpunished. He climbed out of bed without disturbing Erik and went into the living room. He poured himself a glass of wine and sat on the couch by the window that afforded him a great view of the park. He would sit there through the night until morning, and then he would see Erik on his way.

Several weeks later Franz walked along Greenwich Village, oblivious to all the pretty men and boys that gave him the eye. It was cool but not cold,

a rare January day. He turned to go inside Jay's Gift Shop on Seventh Avenue and looked at all the current magazines on the shelf.

Erik hadn't been happy to leave. Franz paid him well and sent him off in some of his used clothes, encouraging him to start anew, but to never come to him again. However, the encounter had given Franz a new outlook on things. These homeless men needed him for everything from shelter to food to the very clothes on their backs. And then there was the sex. Good grief, these men had nothing except their hands to pleasure themselves, because no one else would touch them. Their passion after such denial was electric, and whatever they did was full of passion, and even gratitude.

As always, the following morning Franz paid them off in clothes, cash and a new life. He also extracted a promise from them to never bother him again. He was reluctant to admit that the encounters left him feeling a little godlike, for he did indeed alter these men's lives.

He walked toward Sheridan Square Park and casually studied the small gathering of homeless that slept on the park benches. Catching the eye of a middle-aged but handsome black man, he stared until the man winked back at him. The homeless man, long used to stares, recognized Franz's look. His body strong, he leaned back on the bench and stroked his pole until it was hard and straining against the cheap fabric of his threadbare trousers.

Jack, the doorman barely nodded as he held the door open for Franz and the young, black, homeless man that followed. The doorman by now was used to the parade of homeless men Franz brought to his apartment at all hours of the day. At first Jack assumed Franz was being a philanthropist by taking men off the street and giving them a new lease on life. However, he was beginning to suspect ulterior motives, and his sensibilities were offended, yet he kept silent, for it wasn't his place to comment. A healthy tip always assured Jack's silence.

Once upstairs, the homeless man showered, and then ate at Franz's table. In bed, the black man wrestled his tight muscular body to accommodate Franz. The sex was fast and furious, and drenched them both in a passionate sweat. Once he had collapsed against Franz in exhaustion, Franz waited till the boy slept before retiring to the couch in front of the window.

Unusually spent after his session with the black homeless man and the deep dark richness of the wine, he began to feel tired. He no longer felt particularly threatened by the presence of homeless men in his bed, and his defenses were down. Eventually the dark dawn came and the wine glass fell from his hands onto the carpet while he drifted into sleep.

"Franz, wake up. Wake up, Franz. There is a party in your honor." Franz turned against the sofa cushions and shut out the voices that he was sure had come in a dream, yet the voices continued.

"Franz, wake up and see the joy that has invaded your home." Franz turned and blinked his eyes open. The candles were lit, and standing around the table were the faces of the homeless men he had taken from the streets over the last month or so, and with each one there stood one whom he had not seen. For each man he had used had brought another, and they stood in his home, smiling toothless grins, filling his apartment with foul odors.

"Franz, you have done well by some of us. But there are so many of us that would benefit from your generosity and your lust. Wake up, Franz, for we have come to have an orgy in your honor such as you have never dreamed." A homeless man with a long, dirty beard and tattered suit walked over and bent to his knees reaching his hand out to Franz. The roughness of his hand touched against Franz's cheek, and Franz recoiled in disgust.

The men he had brought to his home were a little cleaner, but were once again dressed in tatters. He turned toward the window and looked out over the park, then slowly back to the thirty or so men that stood waiting for him in his dining room. He sadly realized that these men would not be as easy to dismiss the next day.

He leaned back against the sofa as a young, homeless man swallowed his cockshaft completely into his throat, his filthy hands caressing Franz's bare thigh.



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FQA

DR. WAYNE ANSWERS YOUR 'SKINQUIRIES

Q I am a 28-year-old, Canadian male with some concerns about my penis and foreskin. I have Peyronie's disease (a fibrous build up of collagen and plaque) in the shaft of my penis. It is in the right side, which bows my erect penis to the left.

During masturbation, it is becoming painful, and ejaculation is becoming something I no longer want to do. I need something done. Due to my age, the two urologist I have consulted won't perform surgery, because there is 30% chance of impotency.

One of the two said if he could de-skin my dick. He may consider surgery two years from now, if it becomes worse. If I were circumcised, they could slip my penis out of the shaft skin, and this would make surgery easier. If I remain a natural man, they have to cut from my scrotum to near the frenulum, which complicates the surgery for them.

I informed both that I like my foreskin on my penis. They constantly made me feel dirty about my foreskin, telling me I need to be clean. I am very hygienic, and don't understand the constant reference to my prick needing cleaning, and being told that circumcision would help that.

There seems to be more focus on the little flap of skin overhanging my penis, than a long stiff dick that curves. One urologist said that he wanted to see if my penis, when erect through saline injection, would allow foreskin retraction. He pulled my foreskin out to the end, then shucked it back, then pulled, then stripped it so far back so fast to the middle of my dick, that the frenulum slightly tore and bled, not to mention hurt like hell. Wacking off was out of the question for a week. Masturbating now just adds to my pain. Their attitudes seem anti-foreskin to me. At this point, I've even considered acupuncture.

My doctor told me that if my foreskin wouldn't retract by the surgery date in a couple of years, he would book me to get my prick done. I canceled the appointment and have sought alternative treatment.

I really need information, diagnosis, surgical photos, advice, etc., to see if they are telling the truth. If you can help, it would be greatly appreciated. I love my foreskin three times more than before this ordeal, and want to keep it hanging over the head of my prick for protection and sex, not chopped up in a Petri dish in a lab.

Dirty or clean, it stays on my body.

Michael
Canada



A I am not a medical doctor, so I cannot advise you on medical procedures. I am amazed that from what you say, the doctors you have gone to seem to want to make your body over for their "convenience" and not yours. They sound like they want to make your body over so they won't have to be bothered by what they consider to be useless skin that would get in their way. How sad that the education of North American physicians about the penis and its most precious portion is: "The foreskin is that skin which is in front of the glans. It is that which is removed by circumcision," (a quote from a current medical text at Stanford University).

I was called by a young man back east not too long ago and he said that he had a similar problem and his surgeon went in on the dorsal top side of the shaft to correct the problem. His foreskin was apparently amputated at birth, so he is now trying to restore that part of his penis and there is some problem with stretching the scar. That may take longer to do. I will send you the names and address of some surgeons by snail mail who might be more knowledgeable than the ones you have seen, and might have a better solution for you. As I sit here writing this, I am wondering if you were to use a penile lengthening device or keep a continuous hard-on if it would not stretch the collagen and at least relieve some of the pain (I am not trying to make light of your situation; I feel saddened by the problem that you have).

I can believe the crude disregard of you by the doctor that forcibly retracted your foreskin and tore the frenulum. How gross of him to do so. Several iatrogenic (doctor-caused) problems occur when they retract foreskins and can't get them back forward, causing paraphimosis or strangulation of the glans, in young boys especially, or ripping or cutting the frenulum and causing urinary meatal stenosis, a hardening and closing of the piss hole. I get so angry sometimes, that I would like to string a few doctors up by their balls to see if they like the hurt they cause others.

The following is from "Nuts and Bolts or The Engineers Guide to Genitalia," published in Vol 10, winter, NORMNEWS, (England). I think it is a good comment on this lack of education: "that the 'contact' of both halves (meaning of course the male and female genitalia) of the biological connector spend their separate lives safely sealed away from the world and all its harms.... This is where nature scores hands down and that is where we... failed miserably... take careful note of the 'fully sealed' engagement process. It's a wow!... Why do

some mortals think themselves so superior to nature that they remove her own barriers against infection in the name of that man-made concept 'hygiene'? Are they not inconsistent in the removing eyelids and fingernails at birth also? They may be learned theologians, eminent medicos or even genius sociologists, all honorable men in their own field no doubt, but I will tell you this, they are certainly not engineers!"

Jonathan from South Africa calls the inside of the foreskin the "Penile Sterile Zone," which it most certainly is. He wrote to a women's magazine with a letter comparing the PSZ to the coital sterile zone and laying out the responsibility for hygiene countermeasures to the partner of a circumcised man. The foreskin is an important protection for both.

I and many millions of men are with you completely. Do not let them remove your foreskin. They don't know it, but there are anywhere from 20,000 to 70,000 nerve ending there that give men their pleasure. They need to read Dr. John R. Taylor's study published last year in the British Journal of Urology about the structure of the foreskin. They would also remove the anti-bacterial protection of the glans.

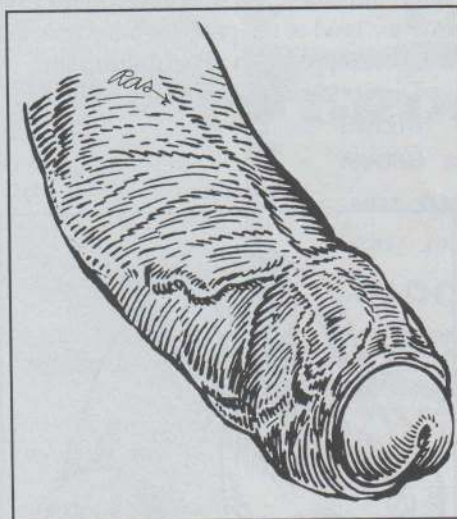
We will have to find another solution for you. We love your foreskin at least as much as you do. I wonder why they can't use an orthoscopic type of surgery, that is, which leaves only a small hole.

I do hope that acupuncture will be able to help. When I can get more information for you, I will send it to you.

Q In FQ 28's FQ&A, in response to the first question about non-surgical foreskin restoration, you state, "Having restored myself, I have overhang and closure...." What do you mean by "closure"? Have you had augmentation surgery or contouring for your restored foreskin? If so, what was done and how? I am very curious about this because I have been restoring for over four years and am approaching that juncture as a next step in foreskin restoration. I have heard mixed results about that surgery. What do you think?

C. D.
Colorado

A I have about four inches of new tissue: two on the outside and two on the inside. The overhang is about an inch. Everything depends on the state of flaccidness and the warmth or coolness of the tissue. With the most variable organ of the male body everything is relative. Closure could be termed phimosis. However, that term is usually applied only to intact men who have a tight foreskin and cannot retract the natural prepuce. So, for those who are restoring, it is called closure, or reduction of the opening, or



finishing touches to keep the glans covered when flaccid. No, I have not had any surgery. I have gotten enough length that it usually stays over the glans when I am soft, so although I thought long ago that I would have the surgery, I have decided not to go under the knife again, period! I have used a tape ring for all the hours that I have not had an extension device on. So I have trained the overhang to essentially stay closed when flaccid. It is a most satisfying and gratifying accomplishment for me.

There is a single layer, smooth muscle, running longitudinally from the base of the scrotum to the tip of the foreskin. This Dartos, or peripenic muscle, starts to turn radially as it becomes the foreskin. This muscle is what tightens down

as the flaccid penis shrinks and "closes" the foreskin over the tip of the glans to protect it, and of course, relaxes so the shaft skin can expand to accommodate the tumescent hard-on.

When a circumcision is done, it is a roulette wheel decision as to how much tissue is removed. One way to guesstimate the extent of tissue loss is the amount of loose or mobile skin you have when you have a hard-on. The looser the skin, the less lost. With a circumcision that has left you a lot of tissue, you probably have some of the radially turned Dartos muscle. If your circumcision was extreme, very tight skin with an erection, you may not have any radially turned muscle.

It appears, however, that you have to not only use tissue expansion to get a longer foreskin, but you need to also train the foremost tissue to close by using a retainer, such as a tape ring, or a short piece of racing inner tube (the correct diameter to fit), or an inch-wide piece of plastic wrap wound around (not too tightly, of course) to "teach" the foreskin to stay closed. I do not personally recommend surgery, because it is another cut and scar added to your already altered penis. There is one fellow who restored about as long as you have, and was going to Germany for a vacation. He contacted a physician there and the doctor said that yes, he knew what to do. After the surgery, the man had been completely circumcised, not given a tuck.

If you should decide to have surgery, I would only recommend a plastic surgeon who is sympathetic to restoration. Many urologists only know one thing, which is to cut off anything they can get their hands on. The several methods are the purse string, the transverse incisions or several short transverse cuts, sewing it up longitudinally. There have been very few men that I know of who have had any tuck surgery done. NORM (National Organization of Restoring Men) does keep a list of physicians and can supply you with it. ☐

HAVE A QUESTION FOR DR. WAYNE?

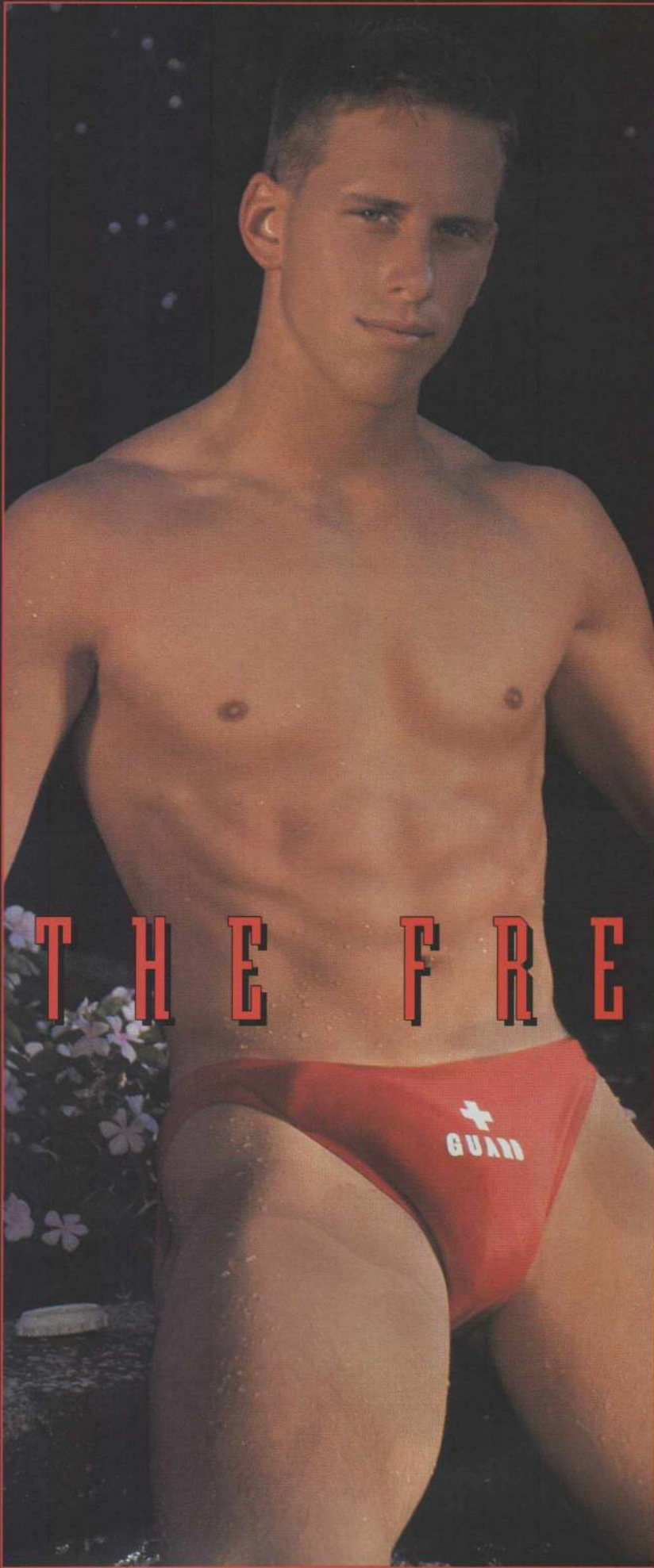
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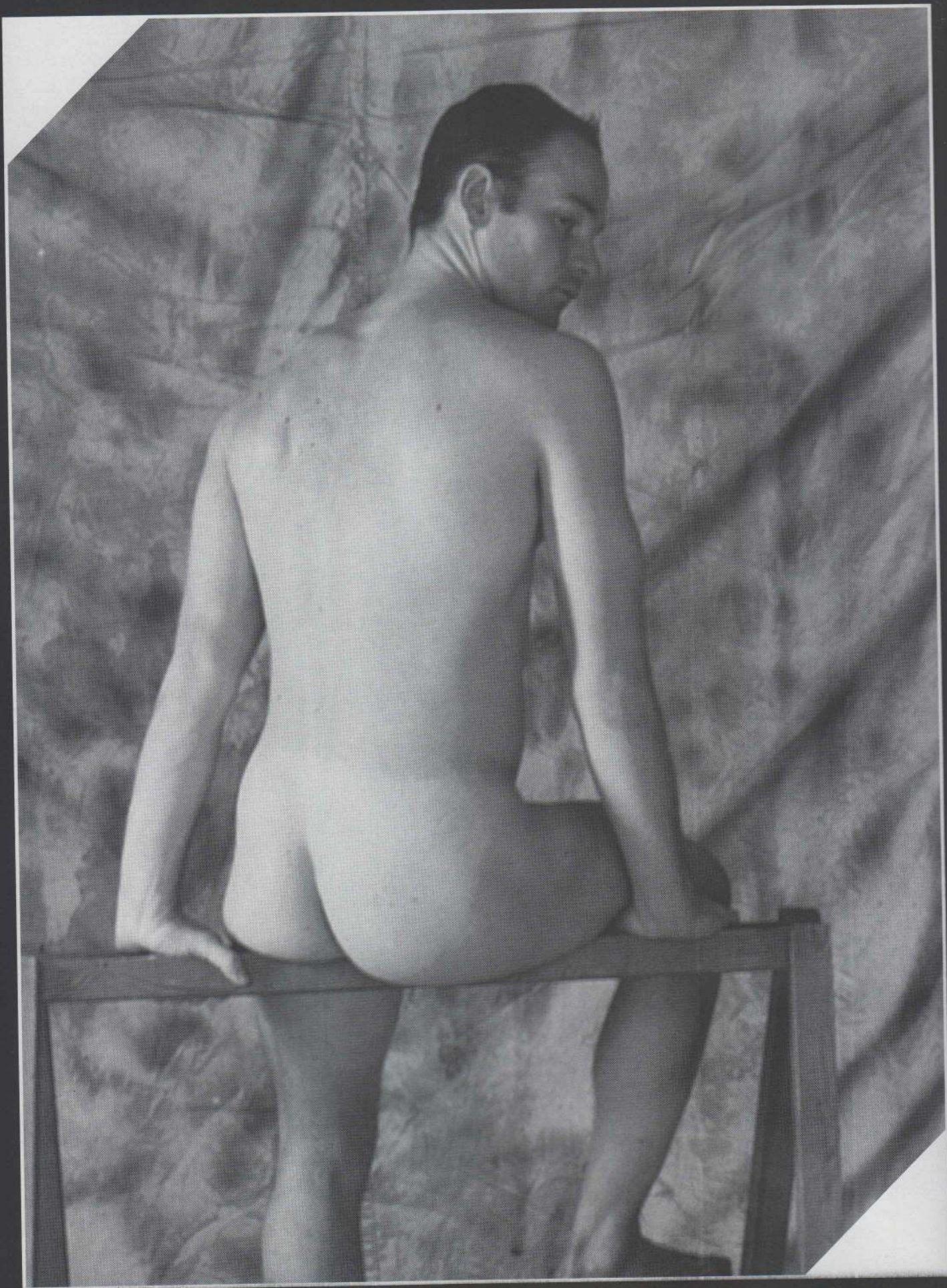
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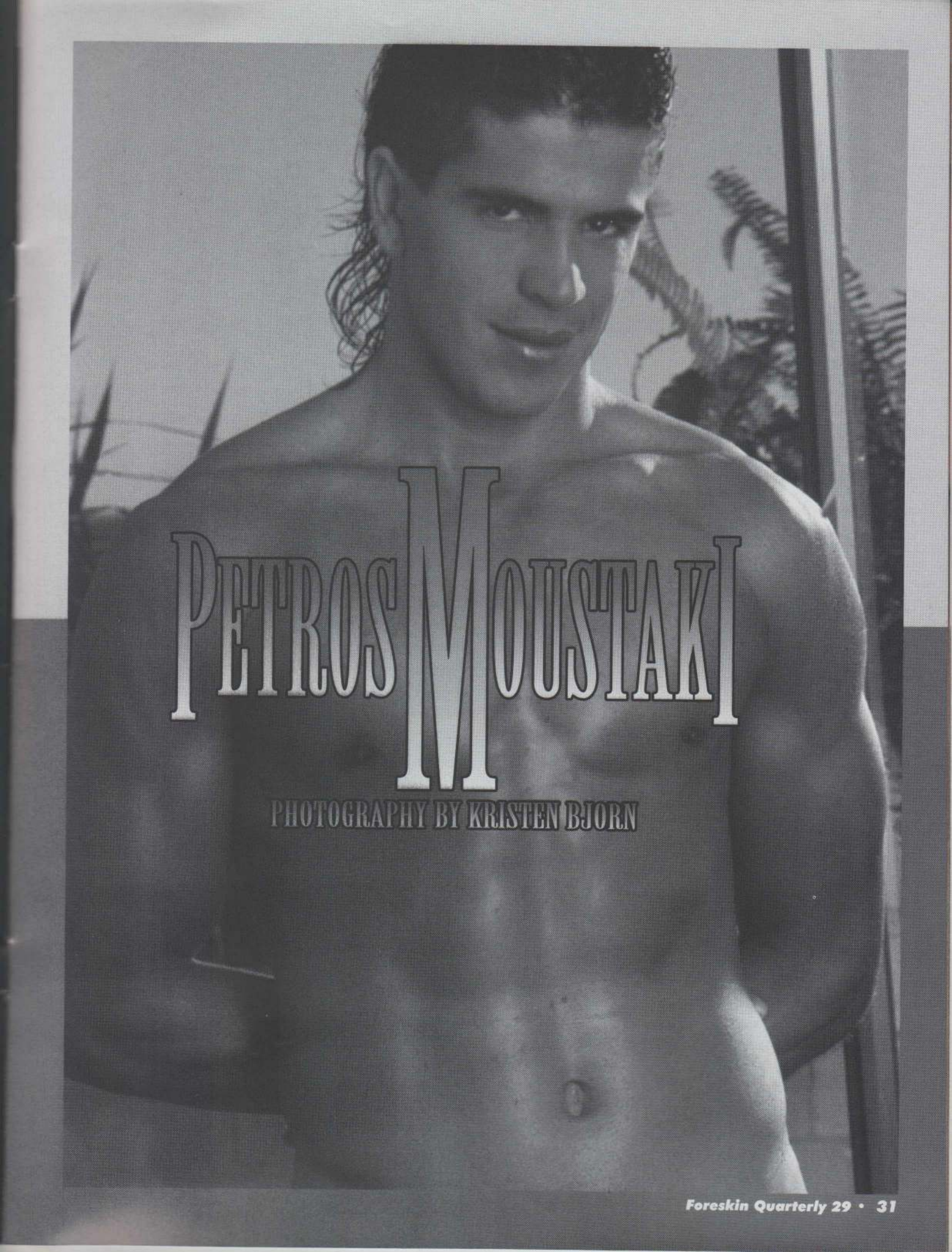
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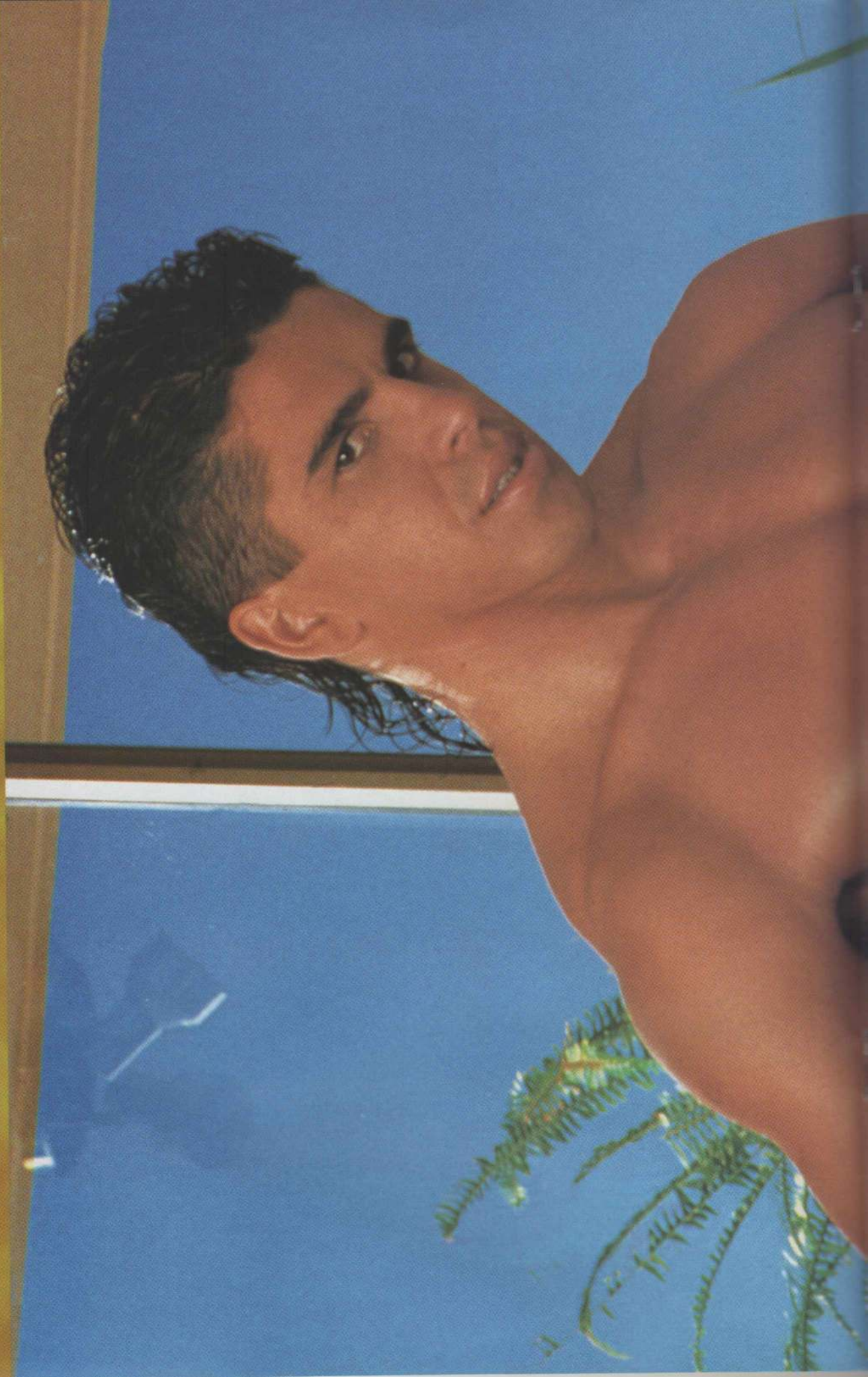


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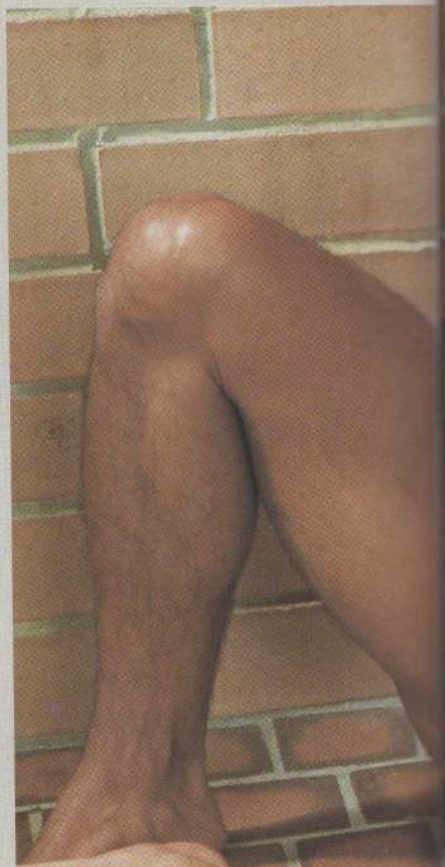
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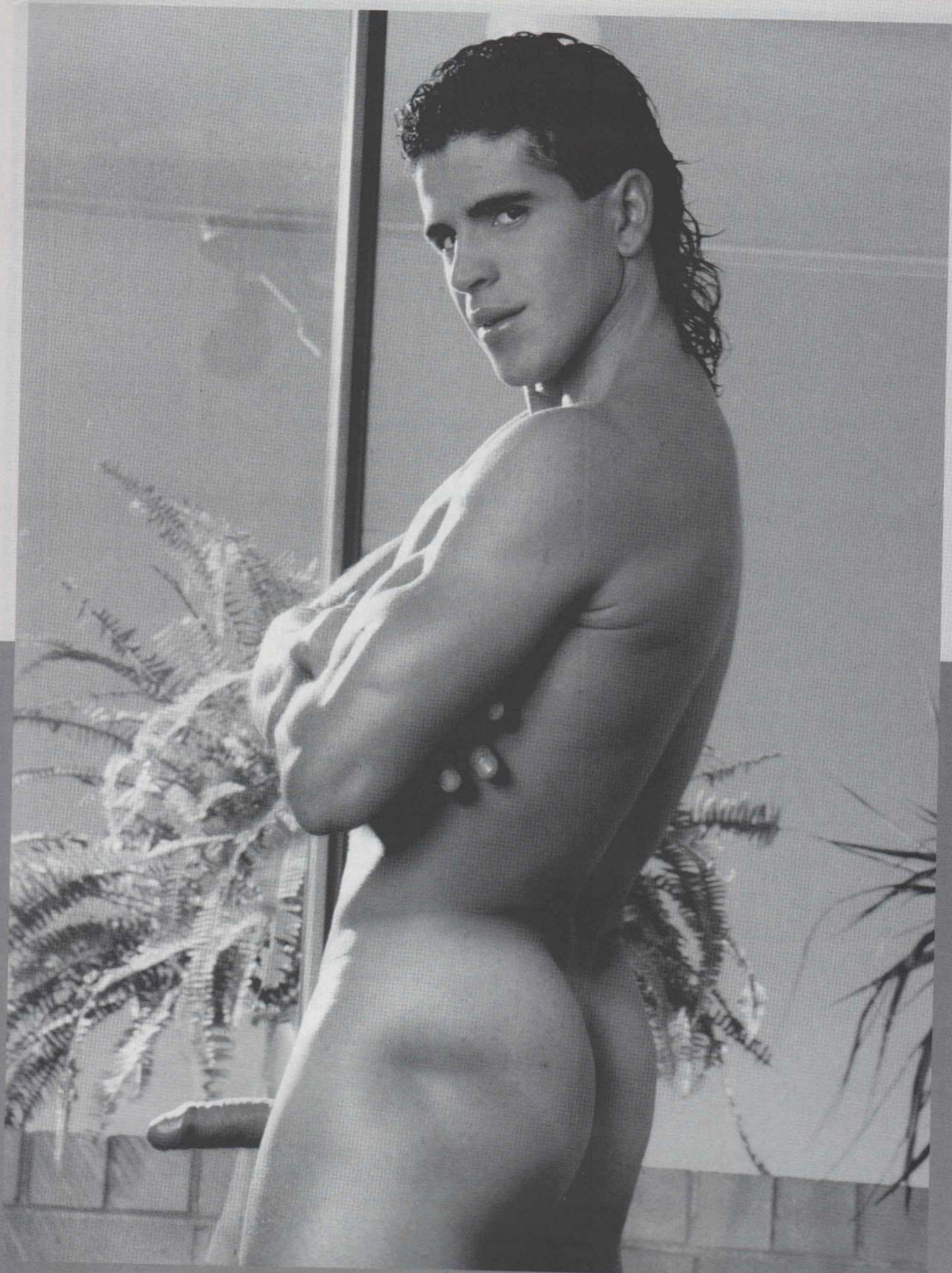






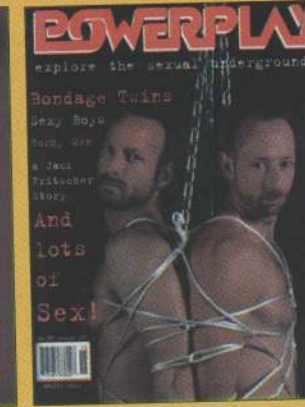
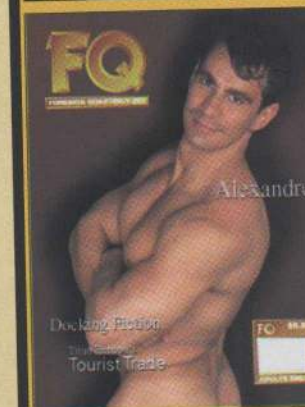
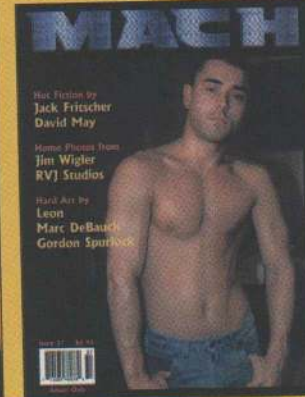
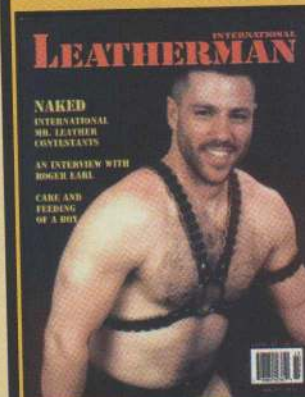
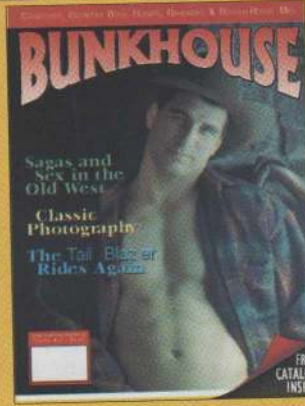
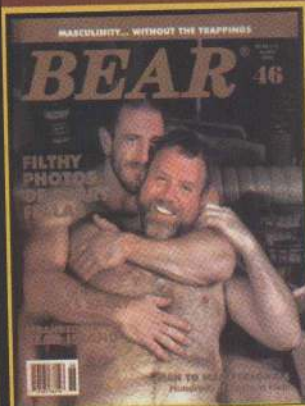






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FQ 'SKIN SEARCH

FQ PERSONALS WITH MAIL FORWARDING AND VOICE MAIL

ALABAMA

NEW TO SCENE

Cut white male, 33, blond/hazel, 6', 175 lbs., clean, very shy and quiet. Seeks someone 25-40, clean, to teach me the ins-and-outs of mansex, or we can learn together. Let's play. No fatties or blacks. Italians, Latinos, uncut, hairy chest, hairy ass all pluses, but not necessary. Love XXX videos. I want to suck cock, eat ass and explore your skin. South-east Alabama and Florida panhandle. #21106 [31]

ARIZONA

CHEESE WORSHIPER

I want to suck your smelly hose, feet, and crotch. I like to eat clean assholes. I'm versatile and open to all scenes. I am 47 years old, 170 lbs., 5'7" with 7" cut cock. I'm always horny, with full loads. Age isn't important. No fats. Will answer all. Write to my FQ box. #21157 [32]

SEEKING FORESKIN RESTORERS

GWM, 135 lbs., 5'6", young 34 seeks correspondence with other foreskin restorers. I'm in shape, masculine, honest, sincere, compassionate, affectionate and fun-loving. Write to M.S., PO Box 6773, Glendale, AZ 85312-6773. #20598 [30]

CALIFORNIA - NORTH

BLACK MAN, UNCUT, 52

5'11", 180 lbs., looking for uncut man with long overhang fo docking. Love hard-on cock fights and much dick-to-dick and balls-to-balls contact. Whites, Hispanics, and Arabs a plus, but all welcome. Write to Bill, Box 207, 1966 Tice Valley Blvd., Walnut Creek, CA 94595. #21128 [31]

SEEKING SMEGMA

Horny GWM wishes to meet uncut GM who's bearing smegma. I'd like to put my hands on this man's body, and rub and stroke him, and tease and massage him—then turn my hand to his cheezy pole—and handle, and toy with him, and play and have my way with him, and work and jerk him till he loses it, and yields himself to my love paw. I'm 51, 5'8", 175 lbs. brown/blue, beard, cut, am moderately hairy, and am HIV-. Reply to Barry, PO Box 426648, San Francisco, CA 94142 #20896 [31]

CALIFORNIA - SOUTH

WHITE, MUSCULAR, 34

HIV-negative, hairiest blond. Natural 10¼ x 6½, floppy pierced skin, worm veins, 7¾ tattooed head, drooler. Extensive meaty overhang. Gaping 3/8 ragged gusher urethra. Knotty eggs. CBTT, wrestling. Real. Hot letter photos, same plus saturated underwear. No Voicemail. BRC, 12828 Victory Blvd., POB 343, N. Hollywood, CA 91606. #21105 [31]

ABUNDANZA!

That is the word to describe all of the skin dangling from the head of my 6¾" cock! Covers the head when erect and forms an appetizing bouquet. Come and worship it, long and slooow. It's beautiful. Big balls. Photo exchange. Married, 49, solid smooth body, no hair, no fat. Must have own place. Prefer uncut or big head. Super skinny and smooth a plus. Philip, Box 1008, Downey, CA 90240 #21005 [29]

LONELY IN SAN DIEGO

I'm Seth. I am a gay white male—29, 5'5", 140, Italian/American. I have buzzed brown hair, brown eyes, long eyelashes, a good sense of humor, I am cut and have 5 whole inches! I am looking for a warm man who is a non-smoker, HIV-

negative, top (not into SM), under 50, and ready for a long-term relationship. I like to cuddle and hold hands. e-mail: lgbtsu@rohan.sdsu.edu #21111 [31]

FRAGRANT BOUQUET

A ripe fragrant bouquet awaits you when you peel back the skin, if you live in the San Fernando Valley, Ventura, or Santa Barbara areas. I have a ripe uncut cock. Please respond with a picture and you'll get the top half of me—blond, blue-eyed attractive, boyish, 40's, smooth, solid body, cute ass, sweet, gentle lover. Bears a plus—having and enjoying mansmells a must. P. Miller, PO Box 22, Oak View, CA 93022-0022. #20439 [31]



CALL US THE "3 COCKATEERS"

We're 3 VGL GW Southern California guys who are out to do battle with uncut Latin cocks! Draft your Latino friends, and form a big-balled brigade of 2 or more who are up for the challenge! If you conquer our cut meat, we're yours in defeat... but if you surrender, our eager lips will be around your uncut bender(s). We are height to weight proportionate, under 30, hot and VGL - UB2. Letter/photo(s). #21024 [29]

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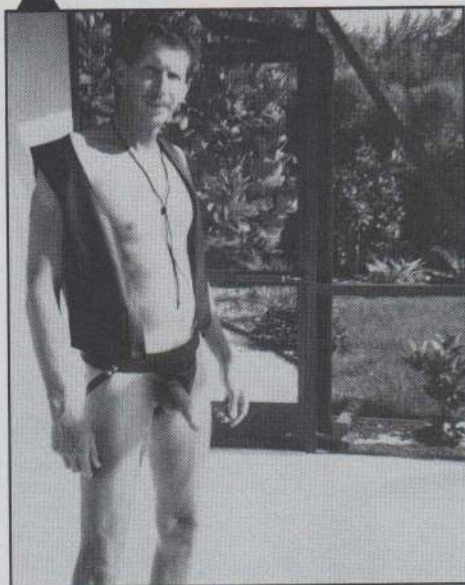
FQ 'SKIN SEARCH

FQ PERSONALS WITH MAIL FORWARDING AND VOICE MAIL

FLORIDA

UNCUT 8 SEEKS UNCUT 2 EAT

36, 170 lbs., 6'1", brown/hazel, smooth, masculine, straight acting, seeking young athletic dude to service long/juicy. Tell me how, kick back, watch TV, and have a beer. Will eat butt, bathe crotch and pits. Smelly pits, watersports, precum are a plus, cut OK. Put it down my throat, hold my head, give a little yeeha! 69 can be loads of fun! No SM, pain. Travellers OK, Kevin F., 3300 N. State Rd. 7 Box A33, Hollywood, FL 33021. #21074 [30]



UNCUT BLOND

31, Clean cut & athletic, seeks clean cut, good looking, athletic top under 35 to service after a sweaty work out. Latin or Italian, A+. PO Box 4038, Clearwater, FL 33758 #20997 [29]

KENTUCKY

EVERY MAN NEEDS EXCITEMENT

Every man needs excitement in his life. Not taking chances can get pretty dull.

That is how to meet this soft, sincere, very kind man. Turn this lonely man's life around. Everyone one should have that opportunity. All letters will be answered. #21118 [31]

MARYLAND

COCK WANTS TO MEET COCK

My uncut penis is always looking for JO or oral action and will liberally reward stimulation. I am 155 lbs., 5'11 1/2", an "older" man who loves photographing cock—old or young, big or small, cut or uncut. For a free erotic picture, come see me in a suburb of Washington, DC. Also trade erotic photos. Let's get together. Head to head/skin to skin. #21040 [29]

BEARDED, HAIRY, 8" UNCUT

Late 40's bear, 6'2", good looking, HIV-neg., 215 lbs., masculine, red hair, blue eyes. Write: Glenn G., PO Box 61, Pylesville, MD 21132. #20126 [30]

MASSACHUSETTS

8" UNCUT DADDY COCK

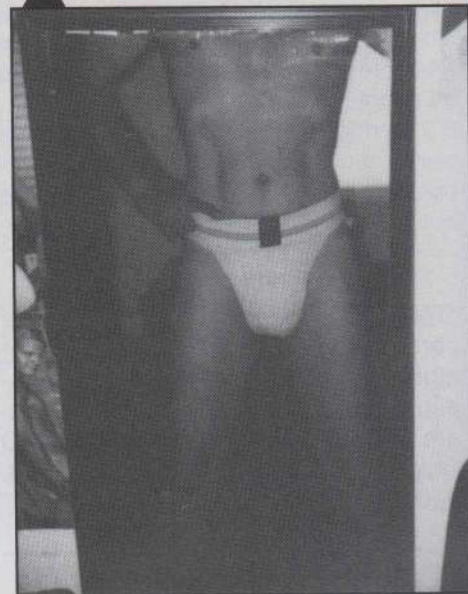
GWM, 65 years old, thick 8" uncut in central Massachusetts. I seek men any age for safe and clean sex. Write with phone and photo for response. Can entertain. Discreet. Frank B., 3222 Arbor Dr., Shrewsbury, MA 01545 #21161 [30]



MICHIGAN

AWESOME HOODED JOCK BOY

Hot-looking, bi, 30's, locker room boy, masculine (not an act), versatile, hooded cock with cheese, dudes with hood or cut under 40 years old into jockstraps, underwear (male bonding), I you're hung, have a small frame, or 100% bottom, that's an A+. You're all raunch, all kink, all fetish pipeline. I bet you can't surprise me! Polaroid, facial pics ready, letters with photos or underwear get same via priority mail. Let's feed each other. R.S., PO Box 981365, Ypsilanti, MI 48198-1365. #21149 [32]



ISO WELL-HUNG UNCUT MALES

WGM, age 50, 7" uncut!! I LOVE TO SUCK, any race that loves to FUCK!! Prefer guys that are under age 40, to sit back and smoke a cigaret and drink a cold beer while I suck cock, balls and asshole!! Reciprocation OK but NOT mandatory! Must be exhibitionistic!! Send a full-length NUDE photo, age,

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name, address and phone number to: Don Dean, 527 Manistique Ave, Detroit, MI 48215. All answered!! #20994 [29]

SEEKING FORESKIN RESTORERS

GWM, 150 lbs., 5'10", young 46; seeks correspondence with foreskin restorers and Prince Albert aficionados. I'm in-shape, masculine, honest, sincere, affectionate, and fun-loving #21100 [31]

NEW JERSEY

UNCUT IN NJ, NYC, or E. PA

GWM, 40+, 175 lbs., 5'10", cut seeks Asian, Middle Eastern, or Latino, 25-45, uncut, for friendship, fun, and possibly more. I'm in central NJ. #21146 [32]

NEW YORK

HOT UNCUT DAD SEEKS JOCK STUD SON

6', 190lbs., brown eyes/hair, hairy chest, body-building trainer/masseur. Late 40's, bi, dominant top. Nude swims, photography, sports, travel, XXX/action films, theatre, musicals, museums, galleries, concerts, opera, books, public TV. Every safe erotic action! Box 1706, 2109 Broadway, NYC, NY 10023 #20628 [31]

UNCUT GWM WANTED

38-year-old GHM, 5'5", 160 lbs., black/brown, clean-shaven, smooth chest, 5½" uncut, work out. Looking for GWM, 30-40, uncut, into watching porn, J/O, sucking and tit-work. Looking for a man about my height with average-size cock. Really enjoy tit play! Must have your own place. Ruben Garcia, 416 West 23rd #48, New York, NY 10011 #21080 [31]

NORTH CAROLINA

UNCUT GUYS AND PUMPERS

WM, 41, 6'0", 185 lbs., 7" uncut, green eyes, brown hair, seeking well-hung, uncut guys and/or vacuum pumpers in western-central North Carolina area for fun times. I enjoy vacuum pumping, licking and sucking on my own foreskin and cockhead. I would like to suck your huge uncut tool and/or pump up. Must be discreet and disease-free. Send letter (with photo, if possible) to Jerry, PO Box 43, Lenoir, NC 28645. #21151 [32]

MASCULINE MATURE ORAL WHITE MALE

Drug- and disease-free, nice full lips, home-owner, home-loving guy. U.S. Navy veteran, 5'10", excellent shape, no belly. In search of masculine, well-hung, laid-back male for possible close friendship. Looks are unimportant. 35 to 69, in good health, cut or uncut. Any and all welcome—married or single. Photo(s) would be nice. I offer visitors intense pleasures. PO Box 7511, Asheville, NC 28802-7511 #21095 [31]

EXPERT ORAL SERVICE

Masculine WM, 5'10", 135 lbs., 59 years old, daily exercise, cleanshaven, home owner, deep throat, drug- and disease-free. I'm extremely discreet and expect the same; satisfaction assured. I prefer masculine, laid-back guys, any age over 40 and mature. Looks are unimportant; any and all welcome, including married, single, bisexuals, construction workers, salesmen and tourists who come to these beautiful mountains. Overnight and weekend visitors welcome. PO Box 7511, Asheville, NC 28802-7511 #21095 [31]

LOOKING 4 LOVE

Attractive PGBM, 34, 5'9", 170 lbs., brown eyes, black hair, seeks healthy, truthful, intelligent, respectful, honest, stocky build, masculine, uncut, sincere

GWM, 34-40, interested in a long-term and healthy monogamous relationship—someone who is not into head games and bar scenes and who knows the difference between safe sex, real love and honesty. Exchange photos. All letters will be answered. #21062 [30]

UNCUT IN WILMINGTON

6'1", 175, 7", Likes all kinds of foreskin play. Moderately hairy. #20980 [29]

OHIO

CLEVELAND AREA

GWM, 40, HIV-, circ'd, seeks Cleveland or Akron area, gay, dark, African or African-American, HIV-, foreskin-equipped male between the ages of 25 and 55, for monogamous, established, sexual relationship. Interests and ambition required. All physique types appreciated except obese. Your needs addressed and fulfilled. Respect given. Your heritage honored. All responses answered. Write to: Julian Severyn, PO Box 41367, Brecksville, OH 44141-0367. #21071 [30]

SEEKING FORESKIN FIRST

GWM, 180 lbs., 6'6", 33 years old seeks first-time experience with GWM 30-45, weight proportionate to height, uncut. Lots of hair a plus. This person should be clean and have a great sense of humor. I like to cuddle, talk and spend quiet evenings together. I am uncut and would like for someone to teach me the pleasures of nature. I am tired of being a minority. Please write or call soon. #21060 [30]

PENNSYLVANIA

FORESKIN/HAIRY CHESTS

I'm masculine, uncut, 50's, 5'6", 123 lbs., 28" waist, brown hair, brown eyes. Hot man needs other uncut hairy-

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ched men for mutual foreskin play. I have numerous toys, videos, and great hands for stroking, and a great mouth for sucking. I'm eager to please. HIV-negative, no fems. Masculine only. Favorite pastime: driving *uncut* hairy chested studs up the wall to ultimate explosion. #21112 [31]

HAIRY MEN NEEDED

Hairy men desperately needed by GWM, 41, 270, 5'10" brown/brown, bottom. Seeking hairy Italians, Latinos, whatever, for dating, friendship, LTR. You are of similar age, sincere, mature, caring, stable, nonsmoker. No voicemail. Try Brad, PO Box 465, New Kingston, PA 17072 or EWitmer@aol.com #20866 [29]

TENNESSEE

ISO BUTCH RIPE UNCUTS

Rape my deep-throat urinal mouth!

This butch, booted, gloved, sweaty, WM's cut pissrod drools heavy for butch, smelly, hooded dick, especially: thick head, cheese, long thick meaty overhang, big pisshole. I'm Memphis, 6'1", 220, neg., 48, hairy bear w/thick bushy 'stache, sucked-out torture tits, dirty mind. Like: heavy boots, leather/Levi/rubber, CBT-T, raunch, mansmells, dirty jockstraps, overly hairy ass. I'm hungry for your 'skin, smeg, piss; I wanna suck you off! Write. #20506 [29]

TEXAS

RESPONSIBLE HANDSOME ORIENTAL MASTER

Responsible handsome oriental master seeks ultra-submissive females, couples, and submissive white male. Seniors are welcome. Can help relocate. You are intelli-

gent, have a sweet nature with uncontrollable masochistic needs. You are open to all but clean. You are seeking an intelligent, fun-loving master who is tough and demanding because he knows what you need, but otherwise a gentleman, because that's who he is. Write with full photo and convince me. PO Box 130063, Houston, TX 77219 #21099 [31]

VIRGINIA

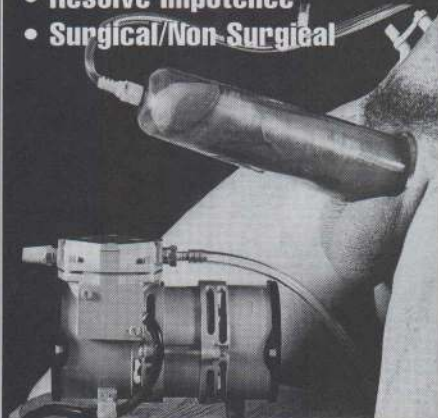
UNCUT DICK WANTED

Wet and loose foreskin wanted by 5'9", 160 lb. biracial male. will clean foreskin inside and out. Have place for daytime fun! Lay back and spread 'em. I also enjoy rimming ass and watersports. Are you hard yet? Then let's get in touch. Also enjoy pictures of uncut meat! See you soon! #21158 [32]

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WEST VIRGINIA

UNCUT NOVICE BOTTOM SEEKS UNCUT TOP
GWM, 36, 5'7" 160 lbs., green eyes, long brown hair, mustache, average looks, HIV-, smoker, social drinker, employed, stable, discreet. Ready & eager to accept S&M, C&BT, TT, B&D, watersports, training. You are 30-50, G/Bi/S Masculine Male, HIV-neg., slim to stocky build, average or better looks, willing to train. Write or call with a description of how you'll train me to serve you. Charleston. #21039 [29]

WYOMING

WYOMING UNCUT COWBOY
GWM, Late 40's, 5'8", 155 lbs., with smooth body, uncut 6" hard. Shaved balls, hot smooth ass. High sex drive. Seeking versatile boy-toy who likes being a top, and enjoys body shaving, nipple play, spanking. Lots of sucking & fucking. HIV- negative. Non-smoker. No drugs, any race, cut or uncut. Detailed letter & photo to: AN Miller, Box 1027, Thermopolis, WY 82443-1027. #21046 [29]

USA - NATIONWIDE

SEEK HUNG LATIN OR BLACK MALE
GWM, 32, seeks hot, hung, Latin or black male. You be 25 to 45, professional, clean-cut, mustache or goatee is cool. Masculine types only—no fems. Me: I like dining out, movies, outdoors, and traveling. Searching for someone to hang with who loves hot sex. Possible long-term commitment if you are Mr. Right. I will be waiting! Your photo, phone gets mine. Nudes especially. JB, PO Box 944, Nicholasville, KY 40340. #21119 [31]

HELP

I'm looking for a copy of the 1994 IML Contest tape. The Leather Archives and Museum does not even have a copy. If you do, please contact Gregory. #21087 [31]

ISO 35+ GREEK ACTIVE

Me: GW masculine bottom, Fr-rim A/P, 6', slender, in-shape, brown hair, blue eyes, beard, 'stache, 7" uncut, low hangers, moderately hairy, nice ass. You: 35+, Greek active top with heat seeking missle, Fr-rim A/P, in-shape, pluses: uncut, hairy, men of color, but not necessary. Both: into cocks, balls, pits, tits, ass, and ? for hot phone, photo, letter, video exchange, possible meeting and ? Smoke, drink, aroma OK. Phone with nude photo(s) and letter or video receives same. #21054 [31]

NICE GUYS HAVE FUN, TOO

Honest, normal guy, American, average height, nice body with a beautiful, thick, cut cock. Always ready to play, especially hot for uncut cocks of all sizes. Love Latin/dark skin guys. Age, physique not important—just enjoy good times. *Me puedes escribir en español, tambien. Honesto, anglosaxon con buen cuerpo. Siempre caliente. Escribe con foto.* Write with photo. 1244 Lake Ave., #2, Metairie, LA 70005-1937. #21077 [30]

HUNGRY—FOR KNOWLEDGE

Oh, man! Just became aware of FQ Magazine with issue #25, and what can I say? My head is spinning. What's depicted and written about is totally awesome. As with most American males, I was cut at birth. Unfortunately, I am without a clue about what's referred to in the magazine as stretching techniques and commercial or homemade devices to acquire an overhang to one's shaft. I think I'd like to get into this activity, but I need information. Please don't ridicule me for being ei-

ther this naive or stupid. Is there a kind-hearted guy out there willing to respond to a letter to advise and inform me about what I don't know how to do myself? Perhaps what the method is that you use, what "tools" you may have used, and to what degree you have been successful and satisfied, if at all. I should tell you up front that there is no possibility for us to meet personally, as much as I'd love "hands on" instruction from you. #21030 [29]

HOT PHOTO/VIDEO EXCHANGE

You show me yours, I'll show you mine! Tall, blond, hung, 30-year-old exhibitionist wishes to trade stories, photos or homemade videos with other hot guys. All scenes welcome. All responses answered. Respond to M.K., P.O. Box 273910, Tampa, FL 33688-3910 #21033 [32]

UNCUT

DOG SLAVE/LIVE-IN WORKER

Seeking full-time, naked position for serving Master. No drugs, smoke, alcohol. Long term. Total confinement, chastity, enslavement, shaving and 24-hour prolonged bondage and discipline. Dog will work, sleep, eat, naked, gagged, and plugged. Dog is pierced in tits, foreskin, guiche, hafada. Into: piss, whipping, ball-stretching, G/S, CBT. Dog is 43 years old, HIV-negative, 79 kg., 8" uncut. Dog must be trained to clean house while collared and plugged, sleep in cage or on floor chained, eat out of bowl. Luc, PO Box 105534, Auckland, NZ [31]

CUT OR UNCUT

GROUP SEX

We can travel with you, supplying lodging, or you can visit us. 44 (young) mature black man, shoulder length hair,

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5'8", 137, uncut, handsome. Nudism, voyeurism, exhibitionism, regularly, all night/all weekend. Good looking, 18 to 90's, no fats, all types. The more diverse the better. Uninhibited. Social drinkers OK. Watch or show your talents. Do only what you like. Need large secluded meeting places. Bring friends, lovers, slaves. Honest only. Kidd, 4022 Albatross, #402, San Diego, CA 92103. #21091 [31]

HOT STUD WANTS TO SEE YOUR COCK AND SKIN

I am 24 years old, have brown hair and brown eyes. I am 6'2", 200 lbs. I have a big love muscle, but am cut, as sad as it may be. I am looking for guys any age to show me their skin. I am also a big ball lover, the droopier the better! I am into nude pix exchange and much more. I would also like to hear from guys who are restoring. Drop me a line, big guy. I have a lot to show you. Everett Michaels, RR 1, Box 4750, Union, NH 03887-9510. #21048 [30]

AFRICA

PHOTO, VIDEO, STORY EXCHANGE

Eurasian, 32, auburn hair, brown eyes, light natural tan, slim, fit, professional, unmarried and gay. Cut cock (7") and reasonable balls. Turned on by slim guys (18-40) with big uncut cocks. Love the smell of uncut cock and balls. Like to correspond with guys of similar tastes. Write to: RL, PO Box 62213, Bishopgate, 4008, South Africa. #21001 [29]

CANADA

PEN PAL WANTED

I am interested in the following: guys who want to help me expand my horizons, sharing fantasies, hunky body-builders who love to shave, short men

who have small uncut cocks and balls, sharing foreskin restoration techniques and foreskin stretching techniques, cocksuckers with deep throats, exotic piercings. First love. Monoamous love: Is it possible? Tell me about your experiences I have not touched on. #21135 [31]

EUROPE

UNCUT CIGAR DADDIES WANTED

English guy living in France, 35, 5'9", brown hair, 9.5" uncut. Seeks homemade NTSC, PAL, or SECAM VHS videos of hairy, uncut, cigar-smoking daddies in cock combat! Close-ups of hot docking, pisshole and glans grinding. Light those stogies, press record, and let those hot cocks fight it out! Send details/videos to: Alan Winslade, La Tuilerie Mathelon, 16360, Baignes Ste. Radegonde, France [30]

GERMAN UNCUT GUY

German Uncut Guy (39/5'11"/150): Hi! Let's worship each other's 4skins or swap our homemade personal videos (NTSC)! W/S A+! Rainer Templin, Duisburger Str. 50, 40477 Duesseldorf, Germany, 101537.445@compuserve.com. #20186 [32]

ORGANIZATIONS

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

Working to end unchosen circumcision and female genital mutilation; also provides 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]

NORM

National Organization of Restoring Men c/o R. Wayne Griffiths, 3205 Northwood Drive, Ste. 209, Concord, CA 94520-4506, (510) 827.4077, FAX: (510) 827.4119 or e-mail: waynerobb@aol.com [99]

CLUBS

UNCUT CLUB OF LA

P. O. Box 2842, Los Angeles, CA 90078 [99]

SF UNCUT JO CLUB

249 Capp Street, San Francisco, CA 94110 [99]

AMICUS

(American Men who are Intact Celebrate Uncut Skins) Tom Witt, 455 Kimberly Ct., Mechanicsville, MD 20659, (301) 884-8252 [99]

WIN A DATE WITH VINNIE

Vinnie Rocko Fan Club, quarterly newsletter, direct live talk, private autographed photo pack. Enter to win one of three dates with Vinnie. Se habla español. Details: send SASE to: VRFC-FQ, PO Box 905, Concord, CA 94522-0905 [31]

RECAP - FORESKIN RESTORERS

Seattle and surrounding area — guys restoring their foreskins. We get together regularly and talk about our progress. Interested? Cal (206) 919-1115 for information. [32]

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August 25, 1998

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PUBLISHER'S NOTICE

DON'T BE A VICTIM

While almost all classified ads are submitted by honest and sincere men, we feel it is worth repeating the obvious: some ads can be invitations to financial scams or other frauds. Beware of anyone requesting financial favors or other "help." Brush Creek Media strongly advises the use of utmost caution and can not be held responsible for any loss or injury that may result from contacts with classified advertisers.

FQ 'SKIN SEARCH ADS GET RESULTS!

PLACING A 'SKIN SEARCH AD

① **For our records.** We need this information in order to send your Voice Mail box # and password and to forward mail to you. (Check here if you want no mail forwarded:)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone (_____) _____

② **Place my PERSONAL AD in the category marked below.** First 75 words free in all non-commercial categories.

- | | | |
|-------------------------------------|------------------------------------|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> MY STATE | <input type="checkbox"/> AFRICA | <input type="checkbox"/> LATIN AMERICA |
| <input type="checkbox"/> NATIONWIDE | <input type="checkbox"/> ASIA | <input type="checkbox"/> UNCUT |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CANADA | <input type="checkbox"/> AUSTRALIA | <input type="checkbox"/> CUT |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MEXICO | <input type="checkbox"/> EUROPE | <input type="checkbox"/> CUT OR UNCUT |

Place my **COMMERCIAL AD** in the category marked.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> SERVICES/INFO | <input type="checkbox"/> MODELS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CLUBS | <input type="checkbox"/> MAIL ORDER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> INTERNATIONAL | <input type="checkbox"/> ORGANIZATIONS |

③ **BOLD HEADING:** 25 letters and spaces maximum

④ **AD COPY:** Print clearly and carefully. Use a separate sheet of paper if necessary.

⑤ **COST OF AD:** Write FREE if no charges apply

Number of words _____

Personal ad, subtract -75

Payable words in ad _____ x 25¢ = _____

Subscribe to *FQ* for four issues:

\$24 in the USA _____

\$31 in Canada/Mexico _____

\$40 in other countries _____

⑥ Commercial Ad phone verification

(Add \$1) _____

⑦ Commercial Ad additional insertions:

Line ⑤ x _____ insertions (minus 10%) _____

Total enclosed: _____

⑧ **PAYMENT OPTION:**

Check payable to Brush Creek Media

MasterCard Visa

American Express

Card #: _____

Expiration Date: _____

⑨ I declare, by placing this ad, that I am 18 or over and that my ad is true and correct, and that I will not attempt to hold Brush Creek Media responsible for any error in the publication of my ad or for any transactions resulting from it.

Signature: _____

MAIL FORWARDING: Properly prepared letters sent to your box number will be forwarded to you unless you check the **no mail** box in the form at left. (See #1)

RESPONDING TO AN AD BY MAIL: Put each response into a regular envelope, mark the box number (starts with #2) on the back of the envelope, pack up your response envelopes plus \$1 each in an outer envelope and mail to: **Brush Creek Media, 2215-R Market Street, #148, San Francisco, CA 94114.** We forward your response directly to the boxholder.

Note: First 75 words of PERSONAL ADS are free.
ABOUT HAVING YOUR PHOTOGRAPH APPEAR WITH YOUR PERSONAL AD: New regulations are making this more complicated. Even if your photo was previously published in *FQ* Personal Ads, we are now required to have on file a release statement, list of your stage names and aliases (if any), and a photocopy of your age-proving ID.

① **FOR OUR RECORDS:** This info is needed so we can send your Voice Mail box # and such to you, and so we can reach you if there is a problem with your ad. Use your legal name and, if possible, a daytime phone. This information is kept confidential.

② **AD PLACEMENT:** Choose your home state unless you travel widely (Nationwide) or are interested only in contacts on the basis of the respondent's circumcision status (Cut, Uncut, or Cut or Uncut).

③ **BOLD HEADING:** Print up to 25 characters including spaces, absolutely no more. When counting the words in a personal or commercial ad, do not count the words in the headline.

④ **AD COPY:** Print it out very clearly. Don't bother using abbreviations—we're counting words, not letters. Tell 'em what you want and what you've got to offer. Every personal ad will automatically be issued a Voice Mail box number for the Brush Creek Media Personals system on which the *FQ* Uncut line is one of five menu options. You may include your address in your ad, but we can no longer publish phone numbers in personal ads. If you wish to have your photograph published along with your ad, you must do the following: 1) write *Released to Brush Creek Media for publication* and your name and signature on the back of the photo or on a piece of paper taped to the back of the photo, 2) write on a separate sheet of paper any aliases or stage names you have also been known by, 3) include a clear photocopy of your driver's license. There is no charge for photos published with personals. You have to be 18 or over to place an ad, and you may not mention or suggest sex with minors or animals. Otherwise, you're on your own. Write what you will and we'll publish exactly what you write (so print clearly). **Deadline?** Whenever your ad arrives, it will go into the next issue of *FQ*.

⑤ **HOW MUCH?** Add up the words, not including the headline, and pay 25¢ for each word in a commercial ad, and for all words over 75 in a personal ad.

⑥ **PHONE NUMBERS:** Sorry, we can not publish phone numbers in personal ads except verified numbers of telephone devices for the deaf. Phone numbers in commercial ads are acceptable, but must be verified. Verification costs \$1.

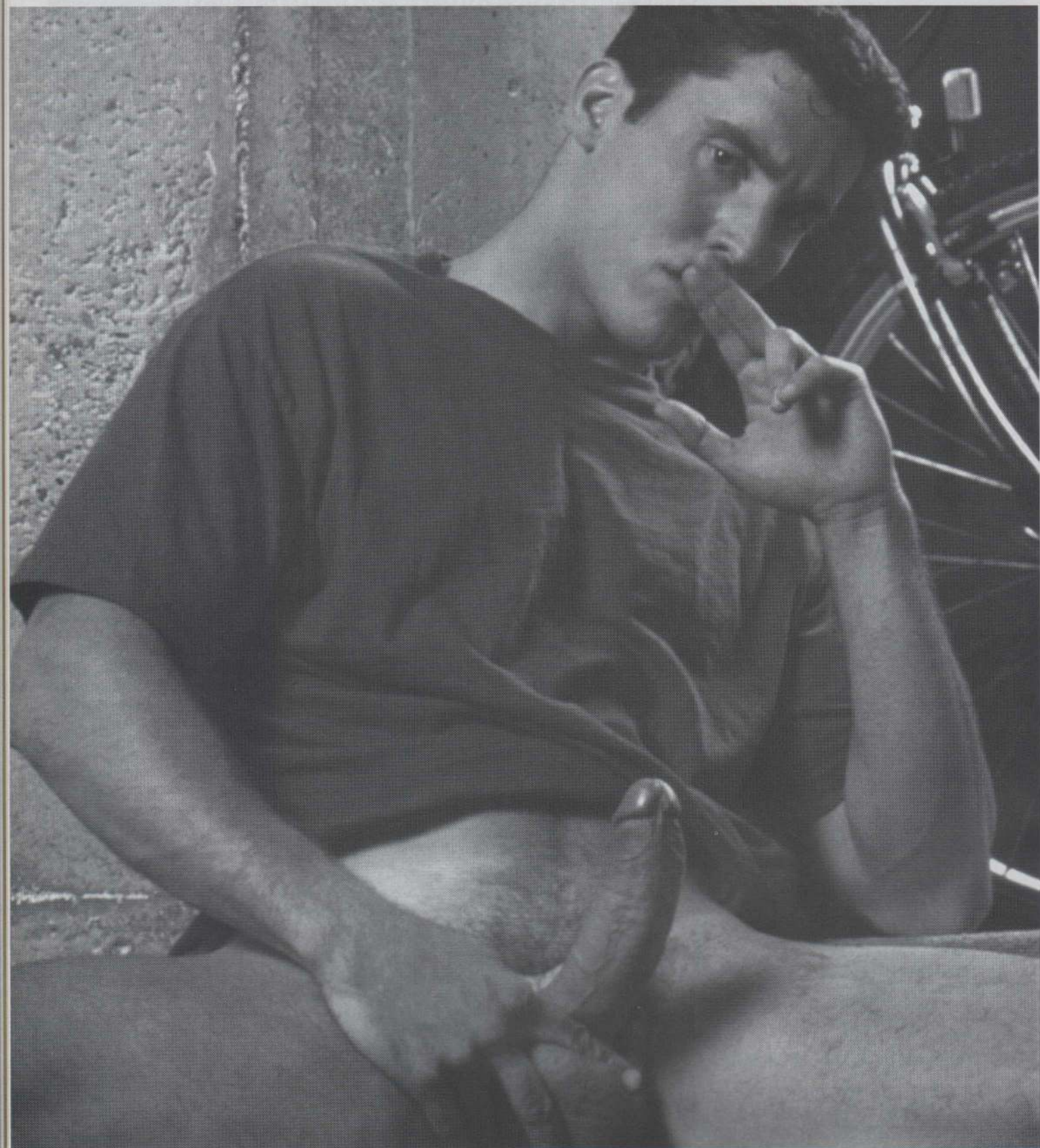
⑦ **RUN IT AGAIN?:** Free personals will run at least four times, concurrent with your subscription. Personal ads over 75 words: Pay for additional insertions of your ad's extra words. Commercial ads: multiple insertion discount as shown on coupon below.

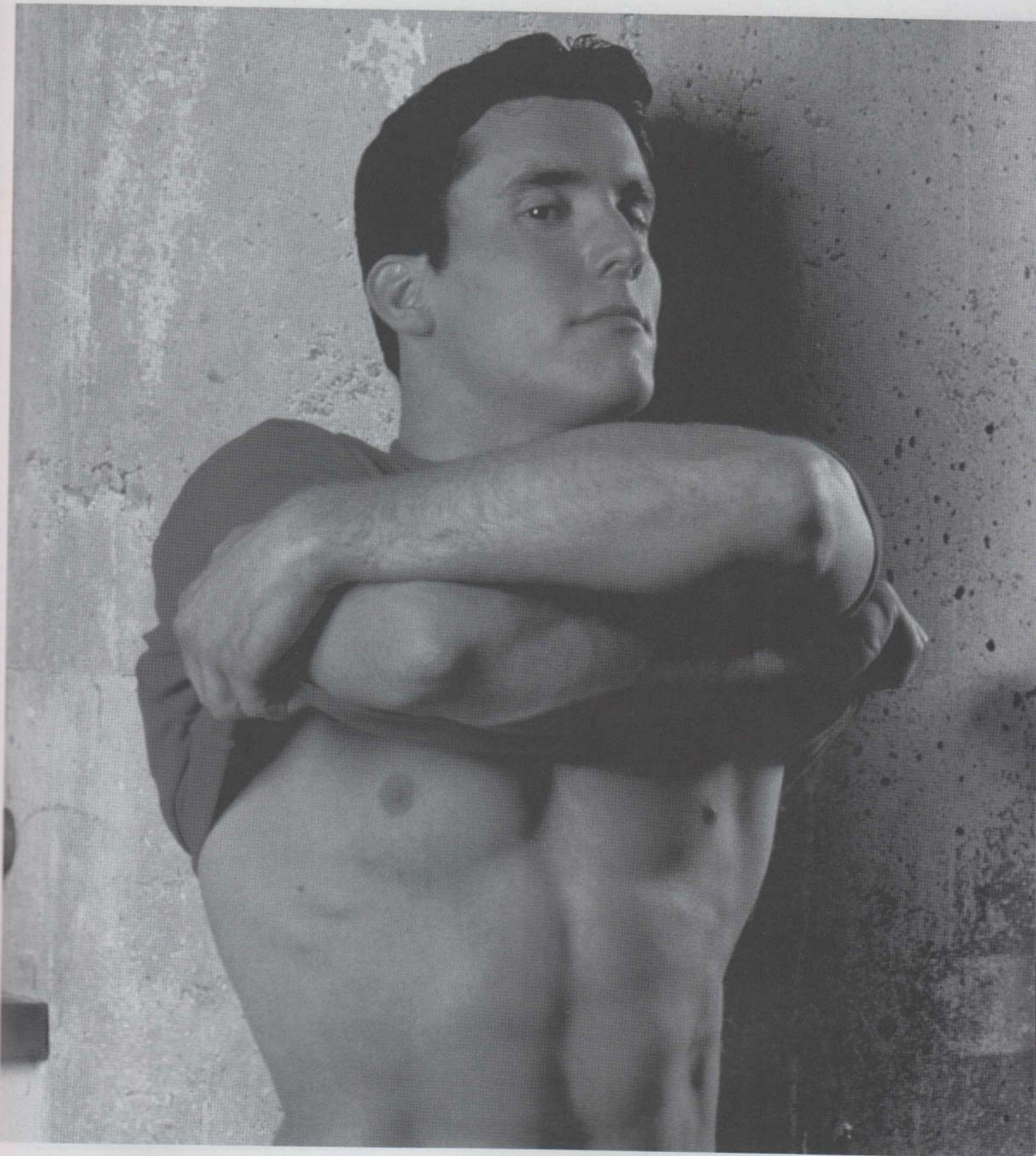
⑧ **PAYMENT:** Check, money order, Visa, MasterCard or American Express.

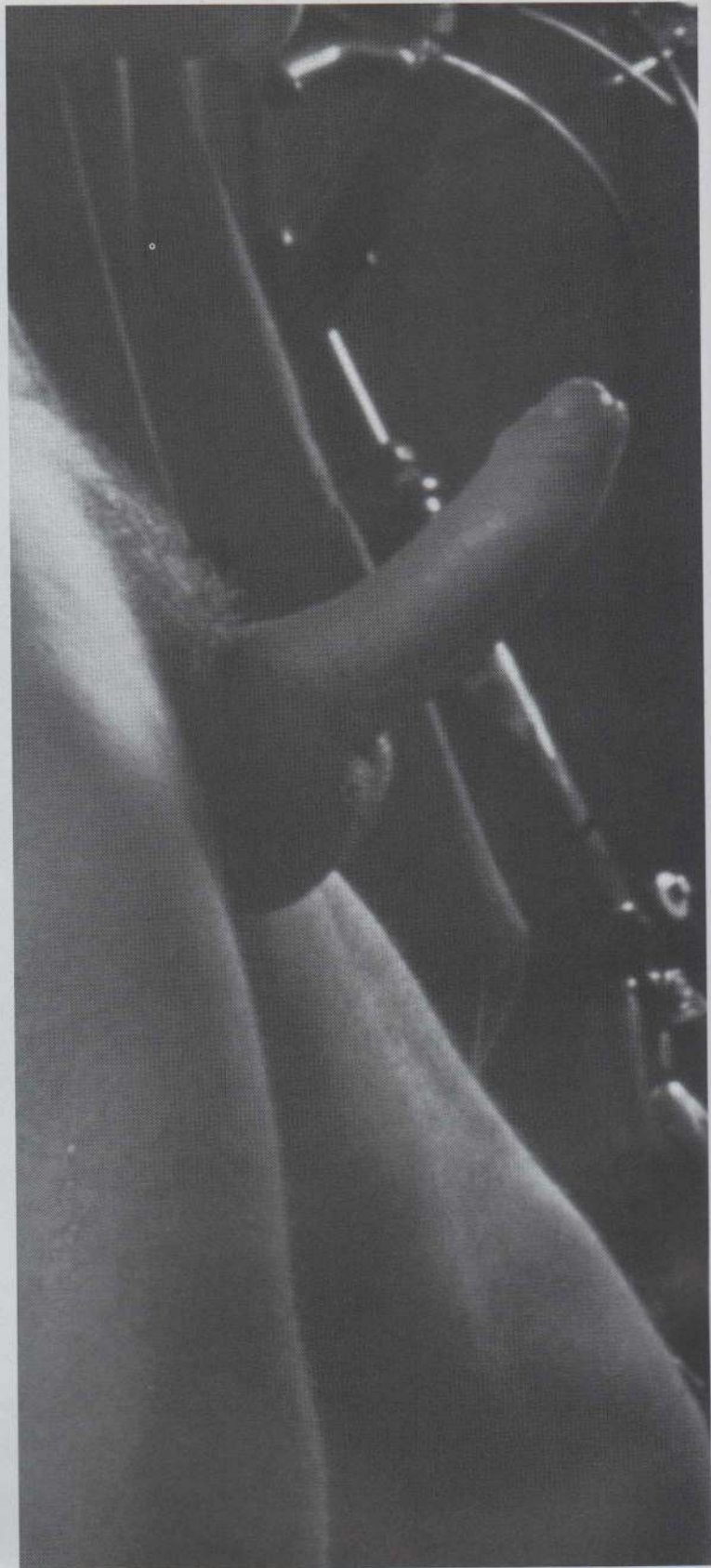
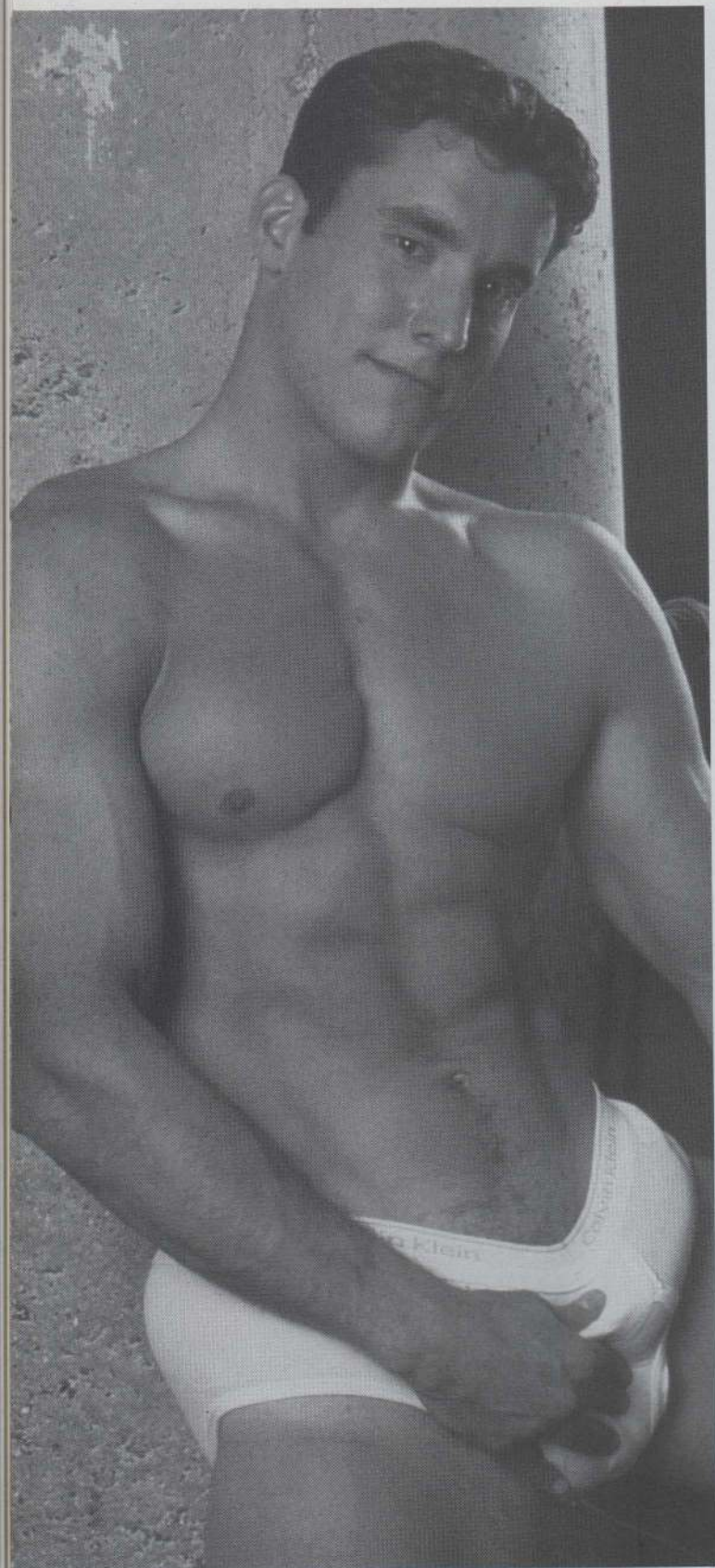
⑨ **SIGNATURE:** Required for all classified ad placements.

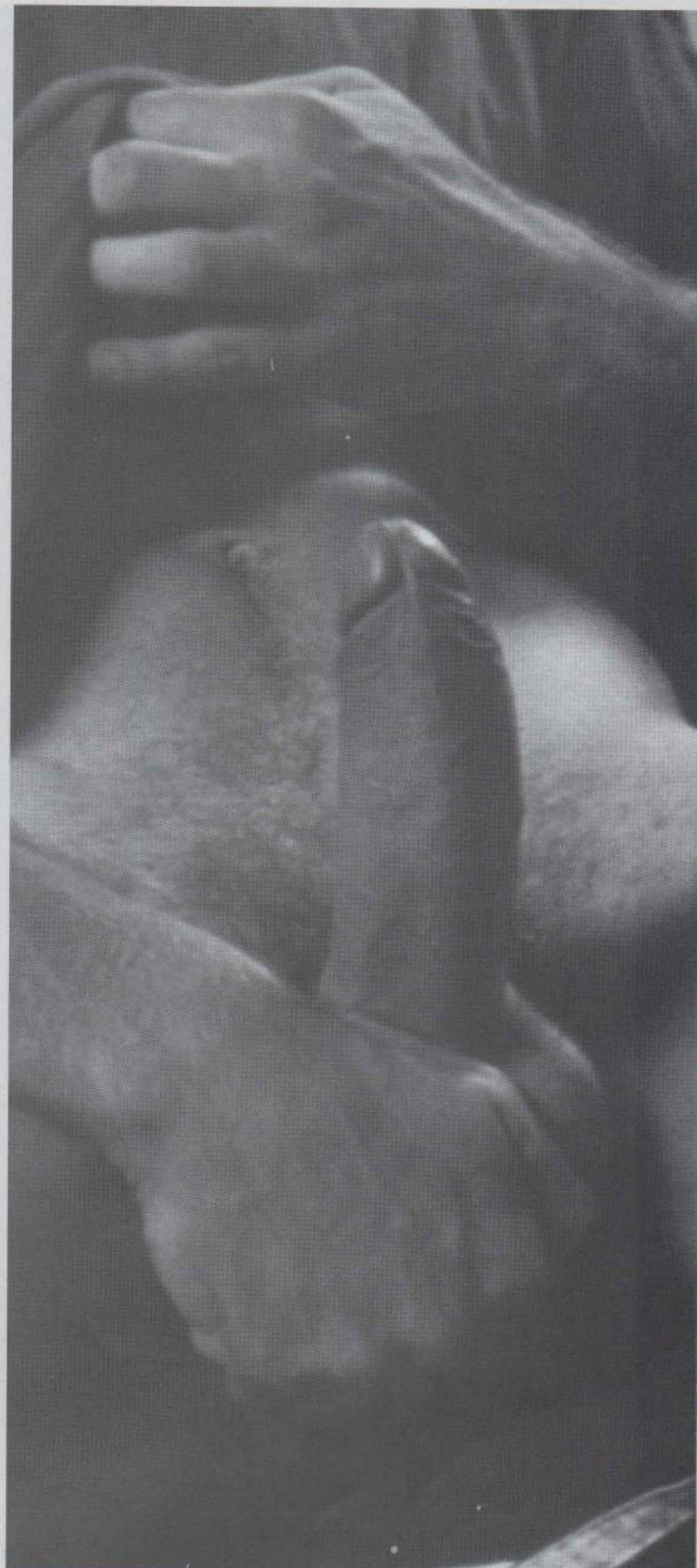
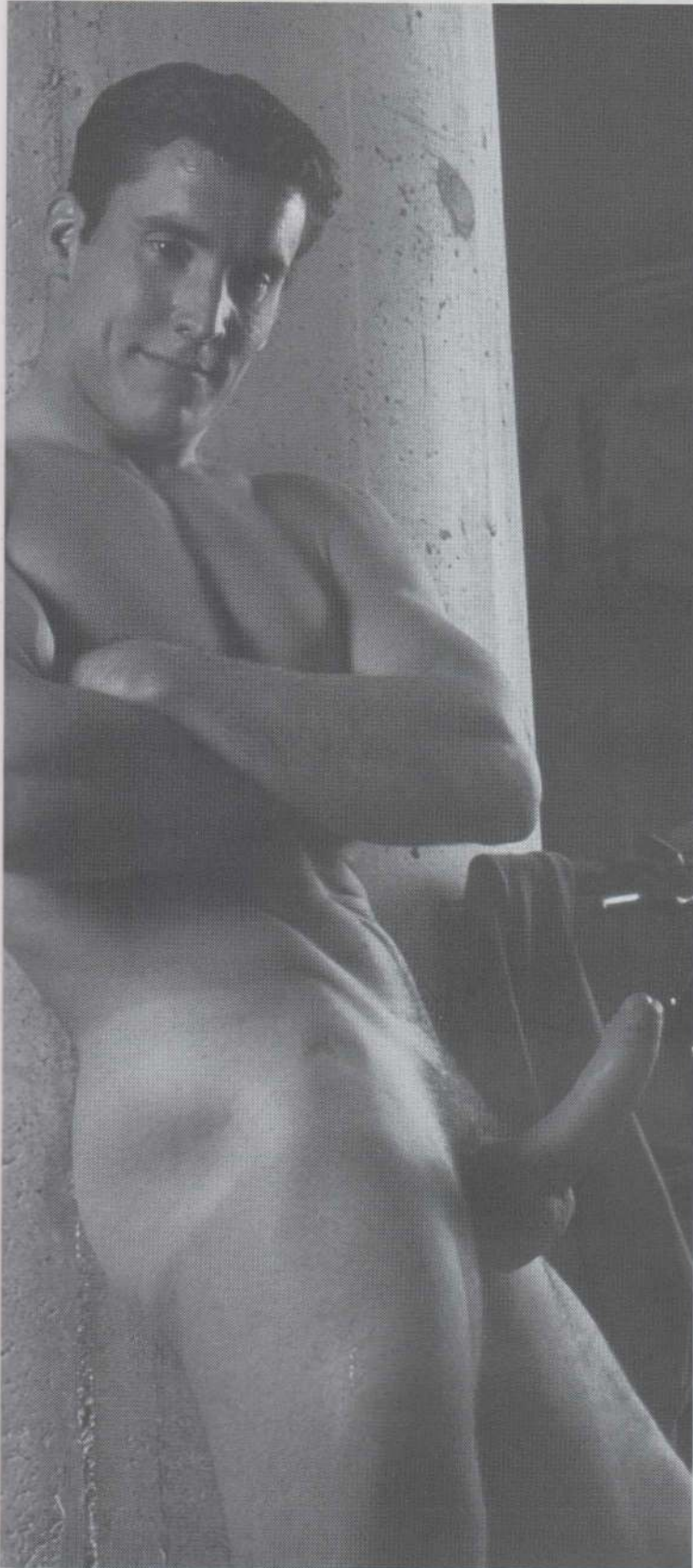
Chris Berrera

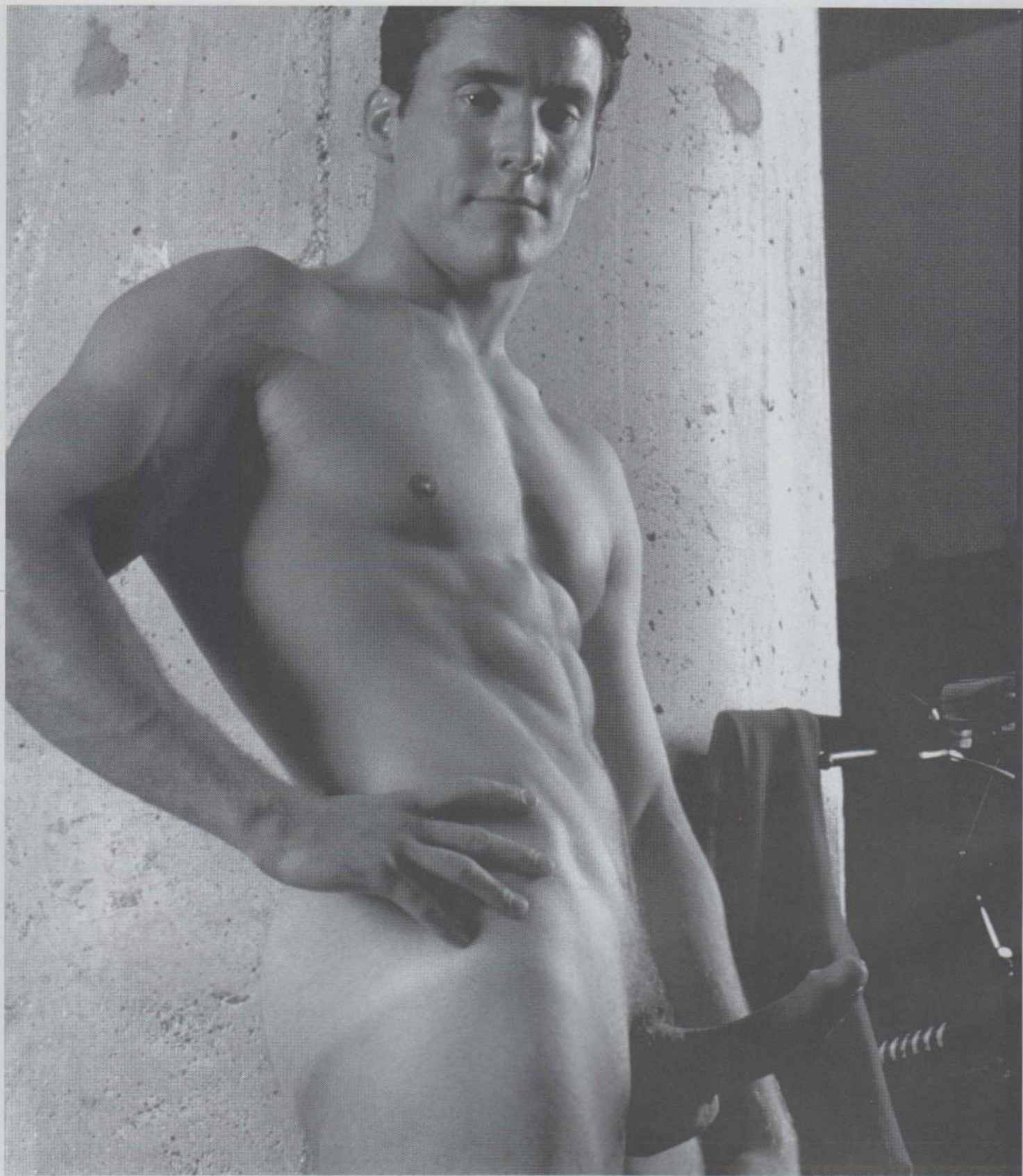
Photography by Falcon Studios





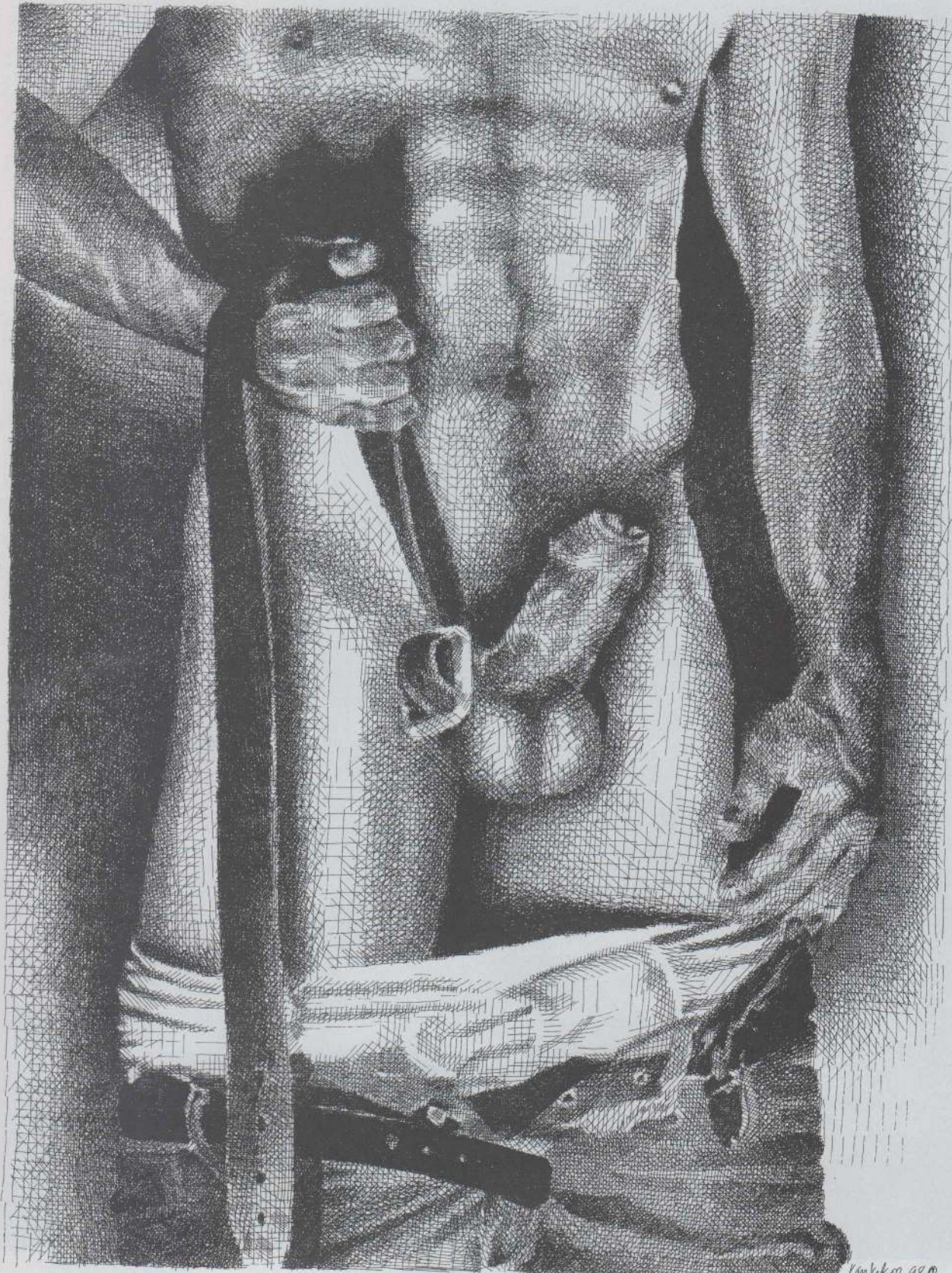






FQ GALLERY

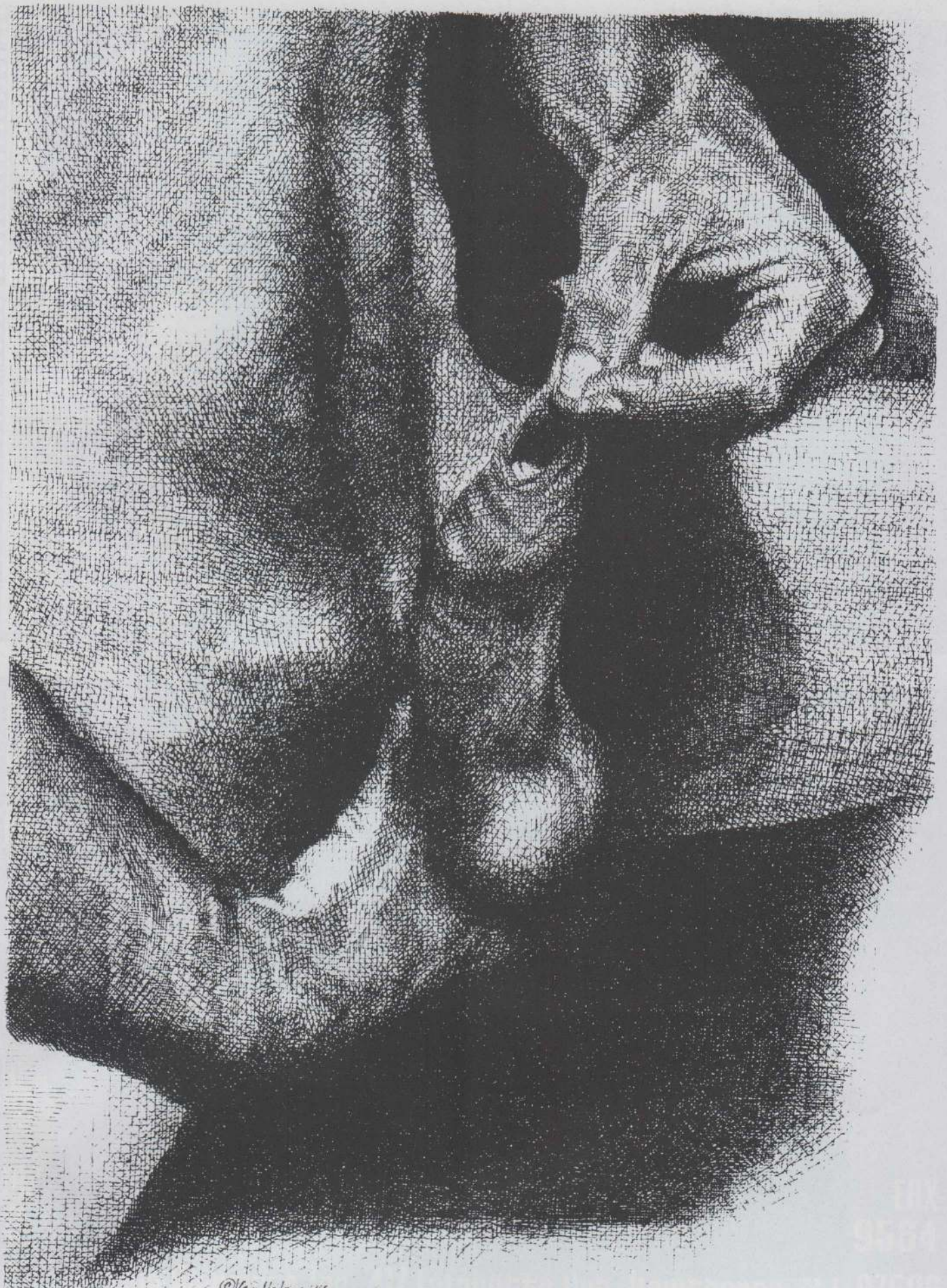
THE ART OF VANN VELSOR



Vann Velsor 98 ©



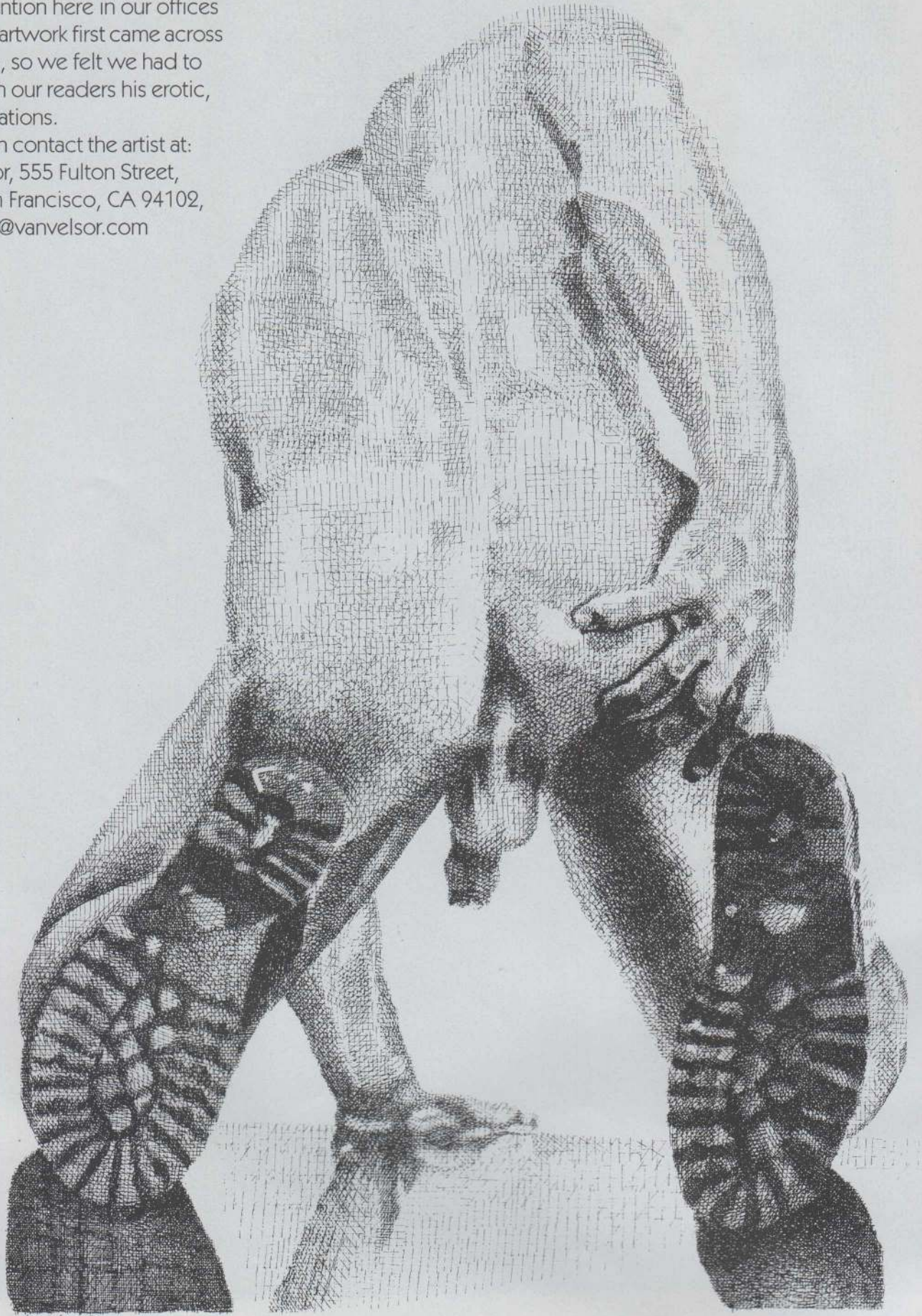
© Van Velsor '97



©Van Velsor 97

Van Velsor's unique style got a lot of attention here in our offices when his artwork first came across our desks, so we felt we had to share with our readers his erotic, uncut creations.

You can contact the artist at: Van Velsor, 555 Fulton Street, #112, San Francisco, CA 94102, or at gare@vanvelsor.com



Van Velsor 98



**HORNY,
18
AND
9 1/2"**

Meet Jake!

Introducing Jake, appearing in his very first video. We interview Jake and he talks about his hot experiences in being such a heavy hung (real 9 1/2") teenager. How everyone he meets tells him he should be a nude model. We are lucky to show you this exceptionally hung good-looking model for the very first time. Watch as he works his huge meat in different places and situations. This BI 18 year old is a real exhibitionist as he shows you how much he loves to cum and cum for the camera. If you like really hung, tight bodied, young, athletes, you don't want to miss "MEET JAKE." Available only thru Info On Tape/L.A. Heat Video.

★MEET JAKE★

60 min - \$28.95 plus \$6 S/H. Charge it on your Visa, MC, Amex or Discover Card

Call 1-800-334-8602

TO ORDER BY MAIL: Send your name, street address, signature (21+) and your check or money order to: Info On Tape/L.A. Heat Video, 100 S. Sunrise Way, Ste. 363, Palm Springs, CA 92262. Offer void where prohibited. All models are over 18.

Check out our website: www.laheat.com

Palm Springs Vacation

Features three uncut bears... order now!

See page 62

PLEASURABLE PIERCINGS

Making America Beautiful Since 1990

The Largest Selection of Body Jewelry Available

14k White & Yellow Gold

316L Surgical Steel

Niobium

Lucite

Order Toll Free Outside NJ

800-PPI-6086

Wholesale Inquires Welcome

Send *\$5.00 for our 32pg. Catalog

(US Funds Only)

*Applied to your purchase

PHONE

(973) 238-0305

FAX

(973) 238-9564

Pleasurable Piercings, Inc. 417 Lafayette Ave. Hawthorne, NJ 07506

The F^Q Questionnaire

We often sit around the office and ask ourselves what it is that our readers really, *really* want. We can be pretty sure y'all like foreskin; that's pretty much a given around here. But, what else are you lookin' for in your smut? What kinds of guys do you like? Hell, who are our readers? Enquiring minds want to know.

Well, here's your opportunity to tell it like it is. You tell us what you like; we'll put it in. Hell, even tell us what you don't like as much. Don't be afraid to pull any punches. We can take it. We just wanna make the best damn porno out there. Everyone wins!

If the idea of ripping these pages out of the mag seems blasphemous to you, feel free to make a photocopy of these pages, or write out your answers on a separate sheet of paper. Heck, we wouldn't mind if you even e-mailed us your answers (bcmsales@brushcreek.com, put "FQ Questionnaire" in the subject line). Those choosing the paper method can mail the processed tree carcass to: FQ Questionnaire, Brush Creek Media, 2215-R Market Street #148, San Francisco, CA 94114.



WHO THE HELL ARE YA?

1. What's your age?

2. What state/country do you live in?

3. Are you cut or uncut?

CUT	UNCUT
-----	-------

4. Have you or are your undergoing foreskin restoration?

YES	NO
-----	----

5. What is your ethnic origin?

6. Do you belong to any uncut social organizations? If so, which one(s)?

7. Do you belong to any uncut political/advocacy groups? If so, which one(s)?

8. Is there any material (artwork, writing, photographs, etc.) you would like to contribute to *FQ*? If so, tell us about it and provide some contact information on a separate sheet of paper (all information will be kept strictly confidential).

YES	NO
-----	----

9. How many of the last four issues of *FQ* have you purchased?

0	1	2	3	4
---	---	---	---	---

10. Did you purchase this copy of *FQ* at a newsstand or through a subscription?

11. Who are some of your favorite uncut models?

12. What are some of your favorite videos featuring uncut men?



WHAT KINDA GUYS MAKE YOU HARD?

Rate the following statements on a scale of 0 to 4 (0 meaning "not at all" and 4 meaning "exclusively").

13. I'm attracted to younger men.
14. I'm attracted to older men.
15. I'm attracted to thinner men.
16. I'm attracted to heavier men.
17. I'm attracted to muscular men.
18. I'm attracted to average-type men ("guy next door" types).
19. I'm attracted to cleanshaven men.
20. I'm attracted to men with facial hair.
21. I'm attracted to African men.
22. I'm attracted to Asian men.
23. I'm attracted to European men.
24. I'm attracted to Hispanic men.
25. I'm attracted to men with smaller dicks.
26. I'm attracted to men with average sized dicks.
27. I'm attracted to men with large dicks.
28. I'm attracted to uncircumcised men.
29. I'm attracted to circumcised men.



WHATCHA THINK ABOUT US?

Rate the following FQ features on a scale of 0 to 4 (0 meaning "not interested at all" and 4 meaning "it is the only thing I'm interested in").

30. FQ Letters (Letters to the Editor)
31. FQ&A (Dr. Wayne)
32. Photo layouts
33. Fiction
34. FQ Gallery (artist feature)
35. Clinical/health articles about foreskin
36. Anti-circumcision advocacy articles
37. Articles about the history of circumcision
38. What other features would you like to see us do?
39. When looking at an uncut model, do you prefer photos that feature a flaccid cock that shows off the foreskin or a completely hard cock that might not show off the foreskin as much?
40. Anything else you'd like to tell us while you have the chance?
41. So... do you like gladiator movies? YES NO

A must for
foreskin lovers

HOT TIMES
in

A NEW KRISTEN
BJORN VIDEO!

LITTLE HAVANA



Julio decides to leave Cuba on a raft heading towards Miami in search of Jorge, his long lost boyfriend. Although he understands the risk of the high seas, he doesn't know that a cauldron of boiling hot sexual delights awaits him with open arms... and legs... and mouths! Come with Julio on an incredible Caribbean adventure to Little Havana, the melting pot of Latin America. Nineteen hot men from Cuba, Puerto Rico, Colombia, Brazil, Argentina, and the world come together just for your pleasure.



The tropics have never been this hot!
2 HOURS • 19 HOT MEN

Check out our web site at www.kristenbjorn.com



HOT TIMES
in

LITTLE HAVANA

A NEW
KRISTEN BJORN
VIDEO!

Available
now for
\$59.95
plus S&H
For a free catalog of
Kristen Bjorn videos dial:
Toll Free
1-800-918-9130

Send to: Bel Ami, Photo Video
484-B Washington St., # 342 Monterey, CA 93940

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Payment: Money order Visa MC Check (must be made payable to BEL AMI)

Credit Card # _____ Expiration date _____

Telephone # (Required for check orders) () _____

Authorized Signature _____

Subtotal _____ Add \$5.00 shipping per video _____ CA residents add 8.5% per card sales tax _____

Total _____

By signing the above, I hereby certify that I am over 21 years of age, and I wish to purchase adult material for my own use. I have not requested the FCC (Fedia) Department, or anyone else to protect me against the receipt of sexually explicit material, nor am I a Postal Inspector or Government employee requesting these materials in an official capacity. Offer not valid in Tennessee, or where prohibited by law.

Signature _____ Date ____/____/____

ORDERS LACKING SIGNATURE WILL BE RETURNED. NO OVERSEAS ORDERS

foreskin

THE BEAR STORE

367 Ninth Street
San Francisco, CA
415 / 552 - 1506

all sorts of
cool stuff

T-shirts

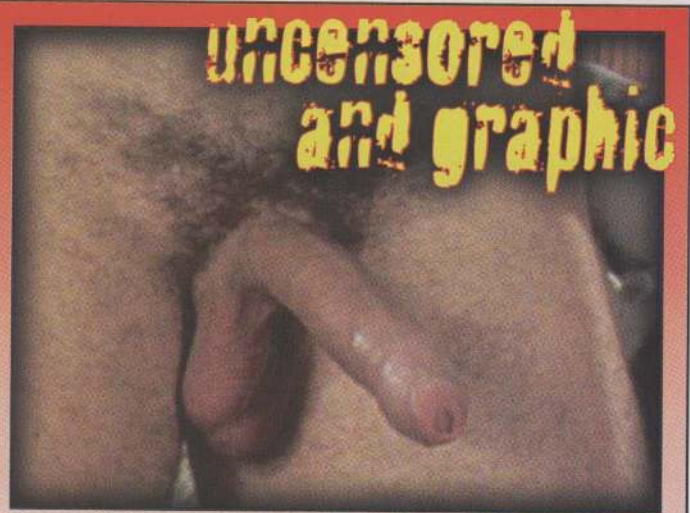
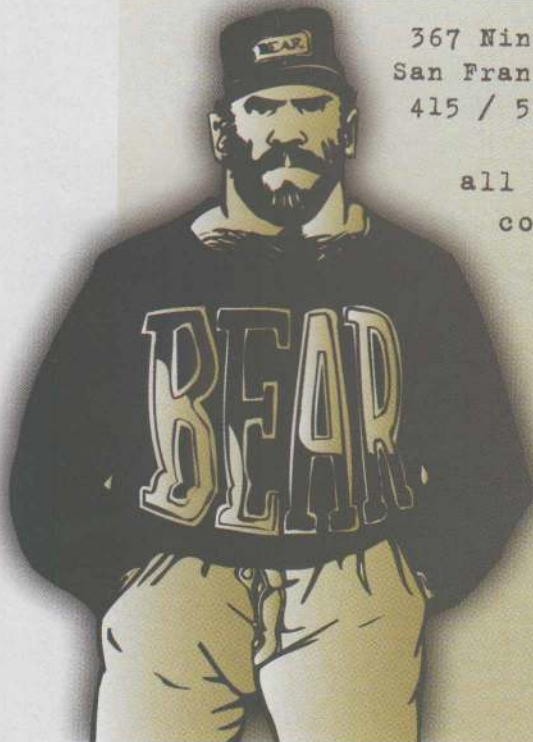
cards

caps

mags

toys

smut



UNCUT CONNECTION

For guys that totally dig u/c and
For u/c guys who want to hook up with guys that definitely can't resist!

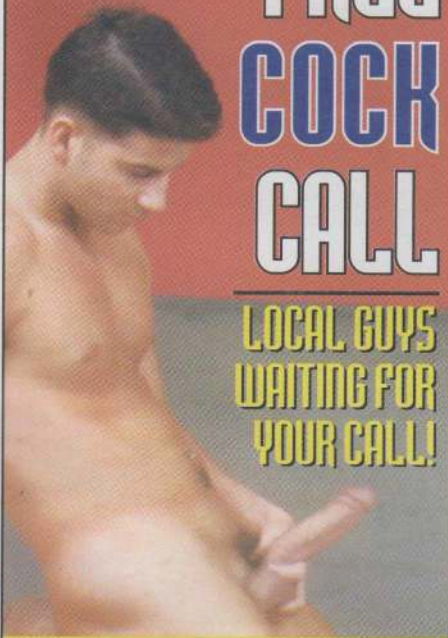
Browse personal ads and respond to ads
plus **LIVE I-on-I DIRECT CONNECT**

1-900-435-0435 charged to your phone
1-888-605-4865 charged to your MasterCard or Visa
18+ / \$1.99 min.

1-888-705-4636 toll free to record your personal ad

FREE COCK CALL

LOCAL GUYS
WAITING FOR
YOUR CALL!



1-473-441-1110
1-212-796-3330
1-702-748-7101
1-435-855-6366

Free of all premium charges 18+
Only Long Distance Rates apply.

The Ultimate Orgasm For Men



Gain Power and Control With This Stroking Machine

Venus II for men is a high-tech, hands-free
masturbation machine with high-powered stroking
action that gives you natural, intense orgasms.

- Adjustable stroke length
- Variable stroke speed
- Orgasm without erection

Built to Last a Lifetime

100% Satisfaction Guaranteed

Send \$3 for material or order our explicit video by
sending \$19.95 (credited with purchase) to: Venus II,
Dept. FQ58, Box 354, Monti, IL 61856-0354.
Include name, address, signed statement of 21
years of age. Visa/MC orders call 1-800-253-6135.

www.sybian.com

VENUS II for men

Getting enough
foreskin?

Subscribe
now.

FQ

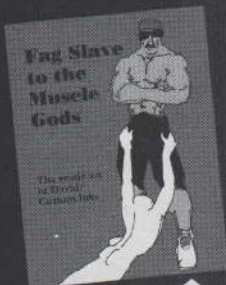
See page 39.

real HOT

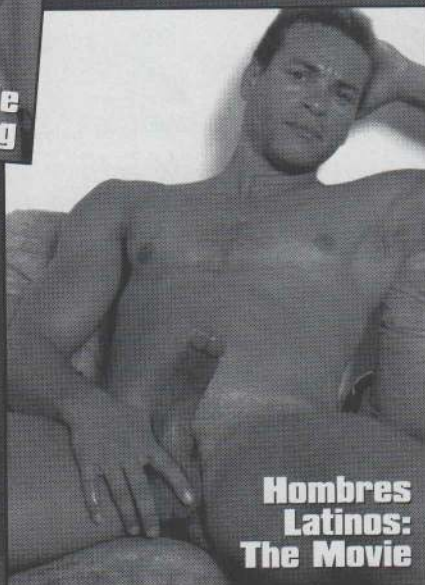


Nude Housekeeping

Superstud Anthony Gallo stars in this sex-filled-tale of an all-male nude housekeeping service whose motto is "Dirty Boys - Clean Houses"



David Grieger's beautifully twisted illustrative art is explored in Volume 2 of our BCM Artists Series.



Hombres Latinos: The Movie



Fuck-hungry frat brothers turn out five unsuspecting pledges during a sex-driven hazing ritual. Starring *GBM* models Austin Black, Dmitri, Cory and *GBM 4* coverman JC Carter. Learn what it really means to go Greek!

Three hot horny Latino men "audition" to be on the cover of *HOMBRES LATINOS* magazine. The winner sucks and fucks his way to the top while tricking (with) his competitors.

Pick:

- 1. **Ambush**
Mansex in the Old West, in a dirty new light.
Price: \$59.95
- 2. **Gamma Beta Mu**
Fraternity hazing never hurt so good.
Price: \$59.95
- 3. **Leather Buddies**
Trenton Comeaux, Anthony Gallo, glory holes, leather... need we say more?
Price: \$59.95
- 4. **Nude Housekeeping**
Clean it up. Get it dirty again. Clean it up...
Price: \$59.95
- 5. **Powerhouse Bears**
Answers the question: What do bears really do in the bars?
Price: \$59.95

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

- 6. **Hombres Latinos: The Movie**
Latino studs compete for the cover of a smut mag.
Price: \$59.95
- 7. **Uncut Glory**
A veritable foreskin feeding frenzy.
Price: \$59.95
- 8. **Fag Slave to the Muscle Gods**
Second in our Brush Creek artist series, the art of David Grieger.
Price: \$17.95
- 9. **BEAR 1998 Calendar**
A Bear-a-month-a-thon.
Price: \$11.95 (plus \$3 Shipping / \$5 Foreign)
- 10. **TROUBLE! International Leatherman 1998 Calendar**
12 Months of hot leathermen.
Price: \$11.95 (plus \$3 Shipping / \$5 Foreign)

Pay:

Check or money order (payable to BCM)

Mastercard Visa AmEx Discover

credit card number _____

Exp. date _____

*Supers: Within USA, \$4.50 for the first item, \$1 for each additional item. Outside USA, include \$15 for the first item, \$2 for each additional item; add an additional \$15 (per tape) for PAL (European orders only). Calendar shipping listed at left.

Products Total: _____

In CA add 8.5% sales tax: _____

*Shipping: _____

Total: _____

FIRST-TIME VIDEO CUSTOMERS MUST SUBMIT THEIR ORDERS IN WRITING.

Signature (required on all orders)

*I am legally old enough to order and own this material. My signature affirms this statement and, if I am ordering by credit card, also authorizes the charge.

Mail to: Brush Creek Media, 2215-R Market Street
#148, San Francisco, CA 94114.
Credit card holders, call toll-free 1-800-234-3877
to order, or fax this form to 1-415-552-3244.

Men • real Sex • real

Brush Creek Media



Powerhouse Bears

BEAR discovery Chris wanders into San Francisco's notorious Powerhouse Bar, and gets caught up in a butt-munching, dick-sucking orgy of bears, bringing the whole scene to a hot sticky climax.

TROUBLE!



INTERNATIONAL LEATHERMAN

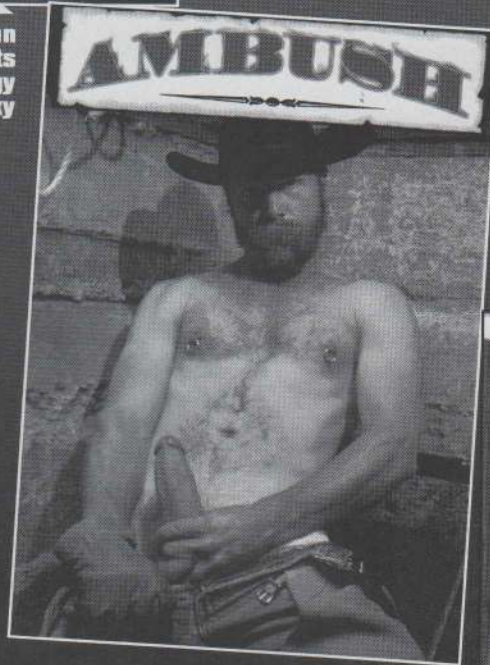
BEAR®



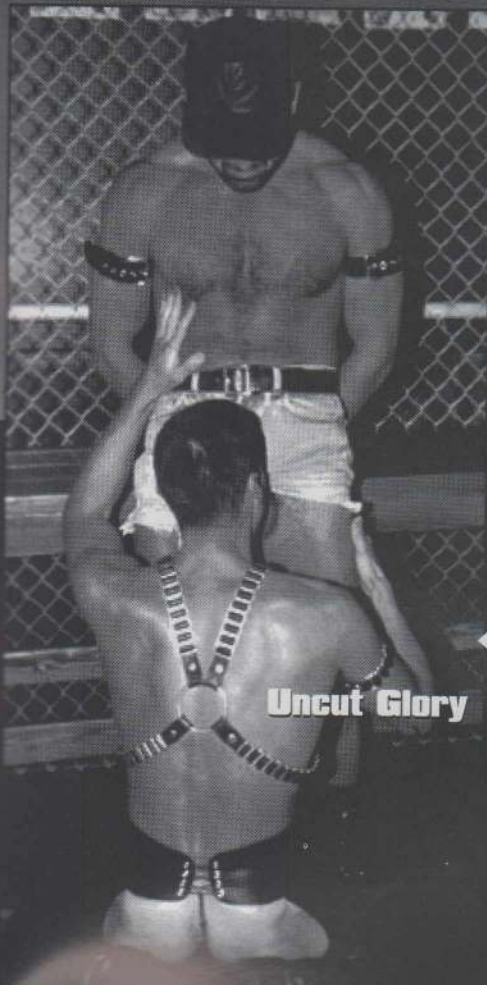
ALL COLOR!

1998 Calendar

BEAR & International Leatherman wall calendars for 1998.



From **BUNKHOUSE**, starring BCM discoveries Buddy Larue, Gus and Greg. A rancher is snagged after leaving the safety of his Western bar. He is forced to submit to the local boys, as his partner watches.



Uncut Glory

From the sticky 'skin-filled pages of Brush Creek Media's *Foreskin Quarterly* magazine comes our own celebration of foreskin in all its drooping, dripping, glory. Uncut studs fill every frame of this foreskin-filled suckfest.

The men from *Uncut Glory* are joined by more leathermen for a more intense session of fucking and sucking. From piss to toys, scenes shot at Blow Buddies, San Francisco's premiere sex club are too naughty to show here!



Leather Buddies

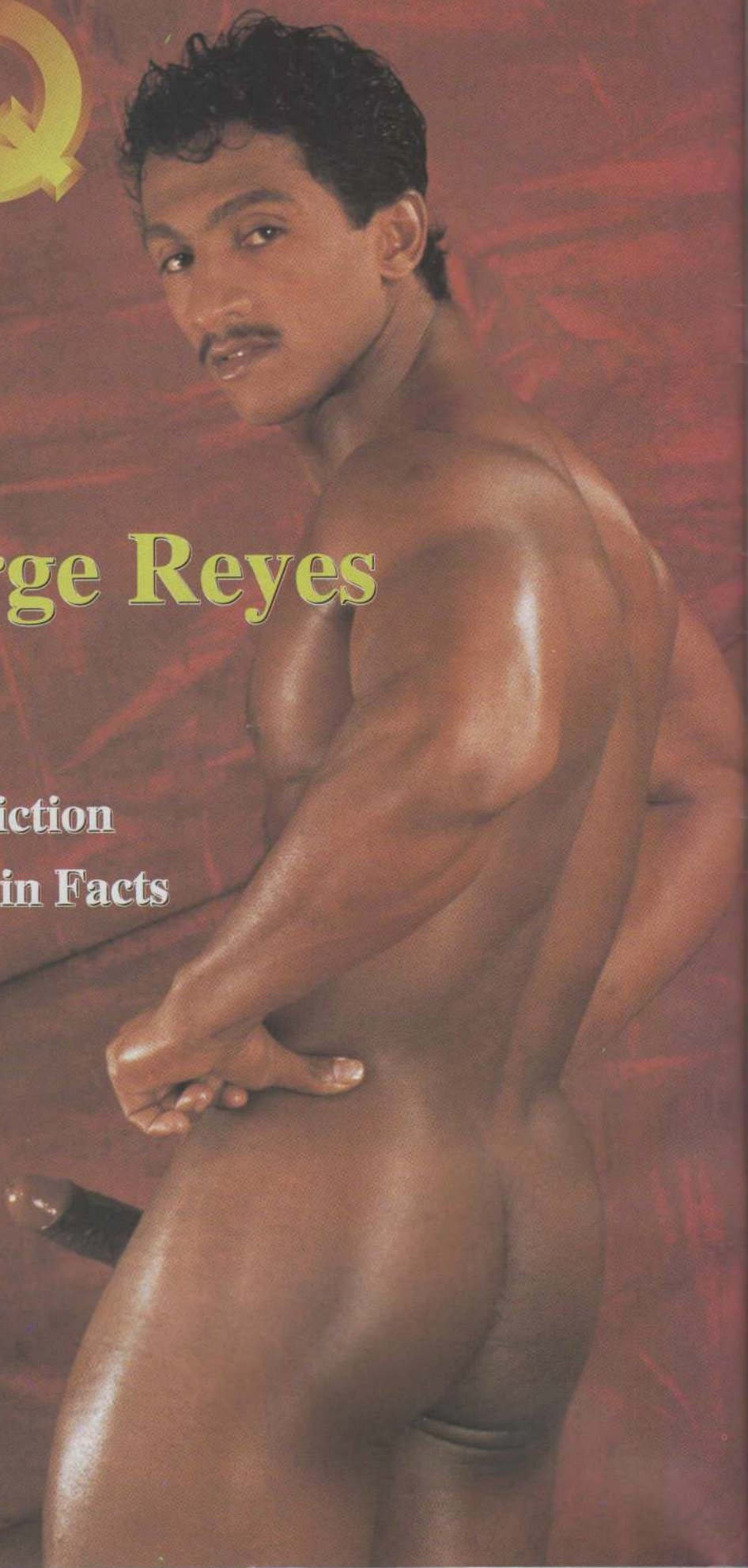
IN THE NEXT FORESKIN QUARTERLY

FQ

Jorge Reyes

More Hot Fiction

Foreskin Facts

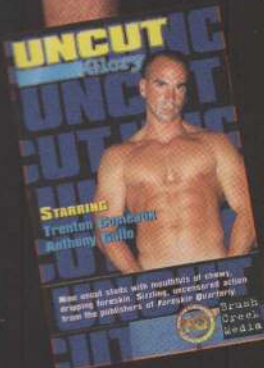
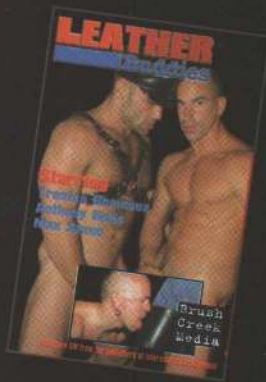


BRUSH CREEK MEDIA

Proudly presents 2 new sizzling, **UNCENSORED** videos—featuring raunchy, over-the-top action—available only from Brush Creek Media mail order!

Order 1 Video and Get the 2nd for 1/2 Price!

LEATHER Buddies



UNCUT Glory

2 NEW Hardcore XXX Videos —Uncut!

UNCUT GLORY Eight horny sex pigs—all hung with thick cocks and mouthfuls of chewy, dripping foreskin—get down and dirty after meeting at the infamous Folsom Street Fair. Shot at San Francisco's premiere sex club, Blow Buddies, *Uncut Glory* lets it all hang out with sexy superstars Trenton Comeaux and Anthony Gallo, just to name a couple. Lots of butt play, dick sucking, and foreskin worship with real men. Plus, "Uncut" means uncut—order *Uncut Glory* by mail and see additional scenes you won't find at your local video store!

LEATHER BUDDIES In the sequel to *Uncut Glory*, our foreskinned friends are joined by an insatiable pack of leathermen for a no-holds-barred fucking and sucking SM session. When hairy, newcomer-stud Frank Parker gives Chris Dano his first taste of real leathersex, the big brute Taurus and pig-bottom Brian-Mark join the fun. Order now and receive our uncensored *Leather Buddies*, featuring additional hardcore scenes. Not for the faint-hearted!

ORDER *Leather Buddies* and *Uncut Glory* NOW for hardcore, XXX, uncensored action! Buy one video and get the second for half price!

Place Your Order

Check the videos you want.

- Uncut Glory** \$59.95
- Leather Buddies** \$59.95
- Uncut Glory & Leather buddies** \$89.92

CA residents add 8.5% sales tax

PAL format: \$15.00 each video

Shipping and handling (1 video \$6.50, 2-3 videos \$9.50, 3 or more \$12.50)

Grand Total

Mailing Information

Name

Address

City, State, Zip

Phone Number

Signature

(required) "I am legally an adult. My signature affirms this statement and, if I am ordering by credit card, authorizes the charge."

Payment Method

- Check or money order enclosed (payable to BCM).
- Charge my Visa, MC, AmEx, or Discover.

Card number and expiration date.

Mail, Fax or Phone Your Order:

Mail to: BCM, 2215-R Market Street #148, San Francisco, CA 94114.

Credit card holders: fax 1-415-552-3244 or call 1-800-234-3877.

Orders for new video customers must be in writing.



FALCON®

EXCLUSIVE Jeff Palmer
From FVP-108 "Heatwave"
To order my videos call:
1-800-227-3717

I WANT YOU!

1-268
404-4908

Int'l L.D.

HOT COLLEGE
FRAT GUYS

1-767-446-9090

Int'l L.D.

GAY CRUISE LINE

1-900-HOT-DUDE

\$2.99 min.

CALL
NOW!

1-888-DICK-LINE

Must be 18+ Prices subject to change

©1998 SPARKLING COMMUNICATIONS

©1998 FALCON STUDIOS

WWW.JUSTGUYS.COM