VOLUME 1 • NUMBER 1

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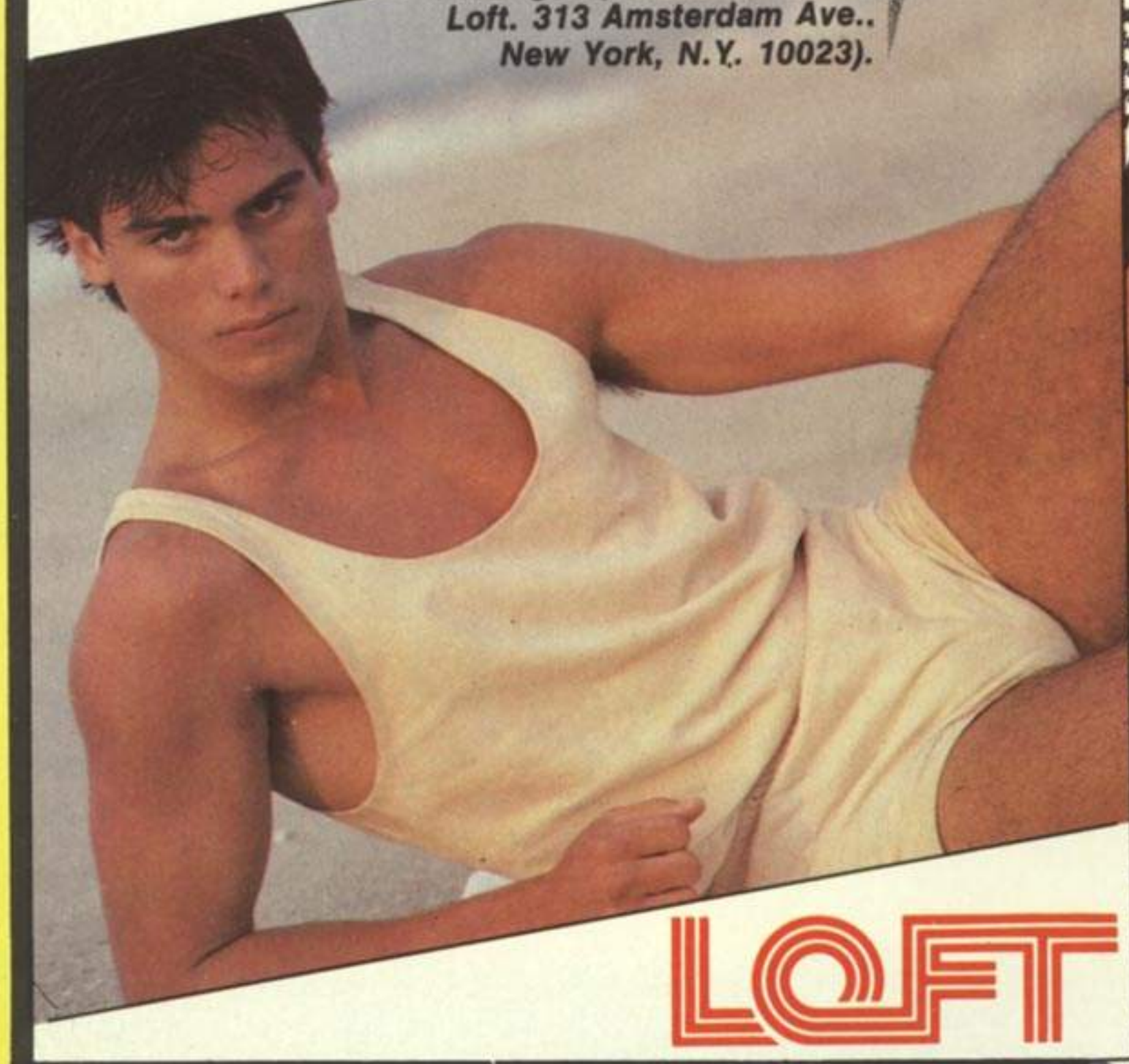

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INSIDE INCHES

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 1 MARCH 1985

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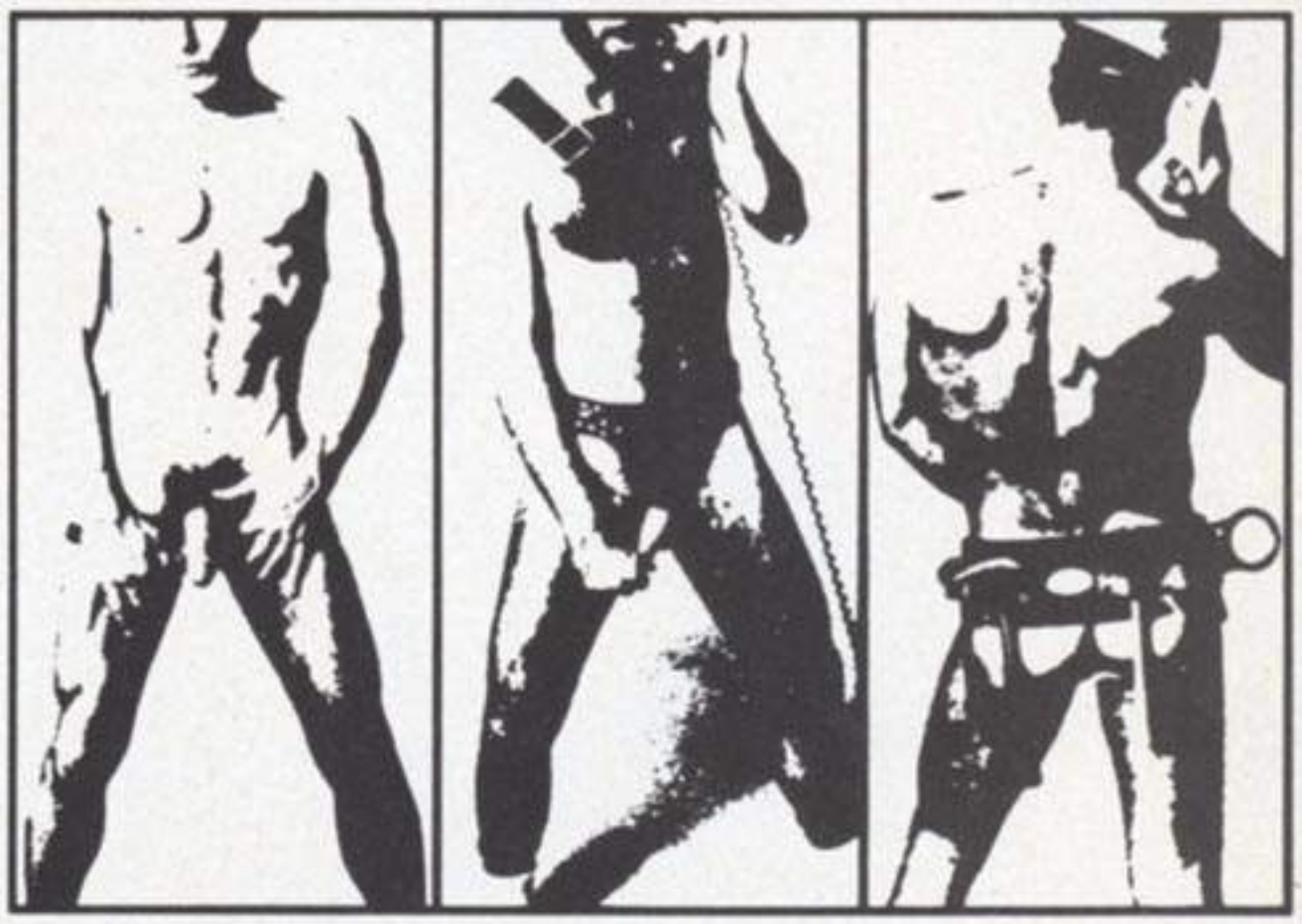

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INCH BY INCH

They're already squawking about the fact that the biggest new male magazine on the stands has "a one track mind," and we could care less! We figured it was about time a magazine for men came along that wasn't afraid to tell it (and show it) like it is, in words and pictures most of the other male newsstand magazines wouldn't dare print. And we don't have to tell you, INCHES is here!

This premiere issue is only a hint of what INCHES plans to lay bare in each and every monthly issue in 1985. This one's tame, compared to what's on the drawing boards for the months of spring and summer!

There's an unwritten code between magazine makers and magazine readers that says the buyers ought to get their money's worth, INCHES believes that for $3.95, its readers ought to get the hottest, wildest, uninhibited magazine made for-men-only on the marketplace today, and that's a pledge INCHES plans to keep. If it isn't hot and if it isn't happening, we won't bother to print it. And whatever the other male mags wouldn't consider printing, we will! Make no mistake about it, you'll get your money's worth in INCHES, and a few cents more!

In the premiere issue of any publication through time, it's proper to make public one's code of ethics. Well, INCHES has no ethics! And it doesn't plan to develop any, either! This magazine has one goal in mind with each issue, and that's entertainment. We believe that customers who buy magazines, gay or straight, dirty or otherwise, are entitled to their money's worth, and we'll leave the politicizing and the socializing to the others. There's only thing on our minds—and that's the pursuit of pleasure. Life's tough enough as it is, and when a reader buys a magazine for entertainment he ought to be spared the toughness of it!

With this first issue of INCHES, we jump dick first into the male magazine mainstream. Our second issue, on the stands March 14, will be even hotter. And our third issue, due April 16, even more so. Stick with us. You ain't seen nothing yet. This is the magazine that wants to have a good time. Make no mistake about it!

The "European Plan" you've heard about, read about, wanted to find out about!

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If you're the type who always "burns" instead of tanning, The Tanning Pill is probably the answer for you. Since it works by actually changing the color of your skin, the beautiful golden tan you get does **not** depend on your body's natural reaction to the sun.

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The active ingredient in The Tanning Pill is canthaxanthin. This substance is used extensively in the foods you eat and is approved by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration as a food coloring. It is widely used by millions in Europe and Canada to get a beautiful tan without the sun, and is approved for that purpose by the European and Canadian equivalents of the U.S. Food and Drug Administration.

But there's more. Read what internationally known life extension specialists Durk Pearson and Sandy Shaw say about canthaxanthin in their book **Life Extension** (Warner Books, 1982):

> What do you do if you want a suntan but don't want UV [Ultra-violet] damage to your skin? One solution we've found is to take canthaxanthin . . . Canthaxanthin, taken over a period of time, will yield a beautiful bronze color to the skin that looks like a suntan. This approach to a "sun" tan is much safer than the use of either the real sun or a UV-A tanning booth (Pgs. 97-98)

And more:

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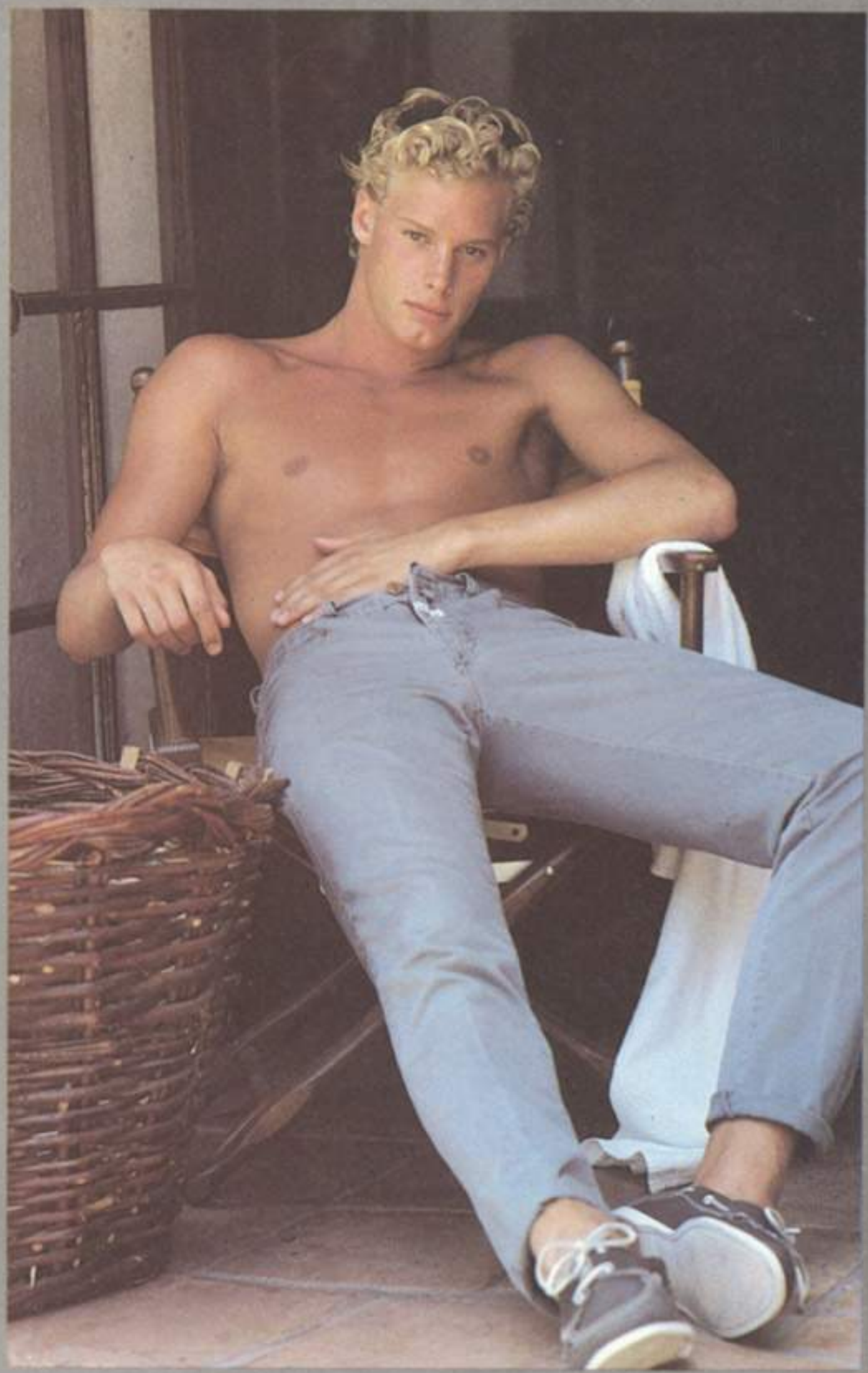
KURT MARSHALL

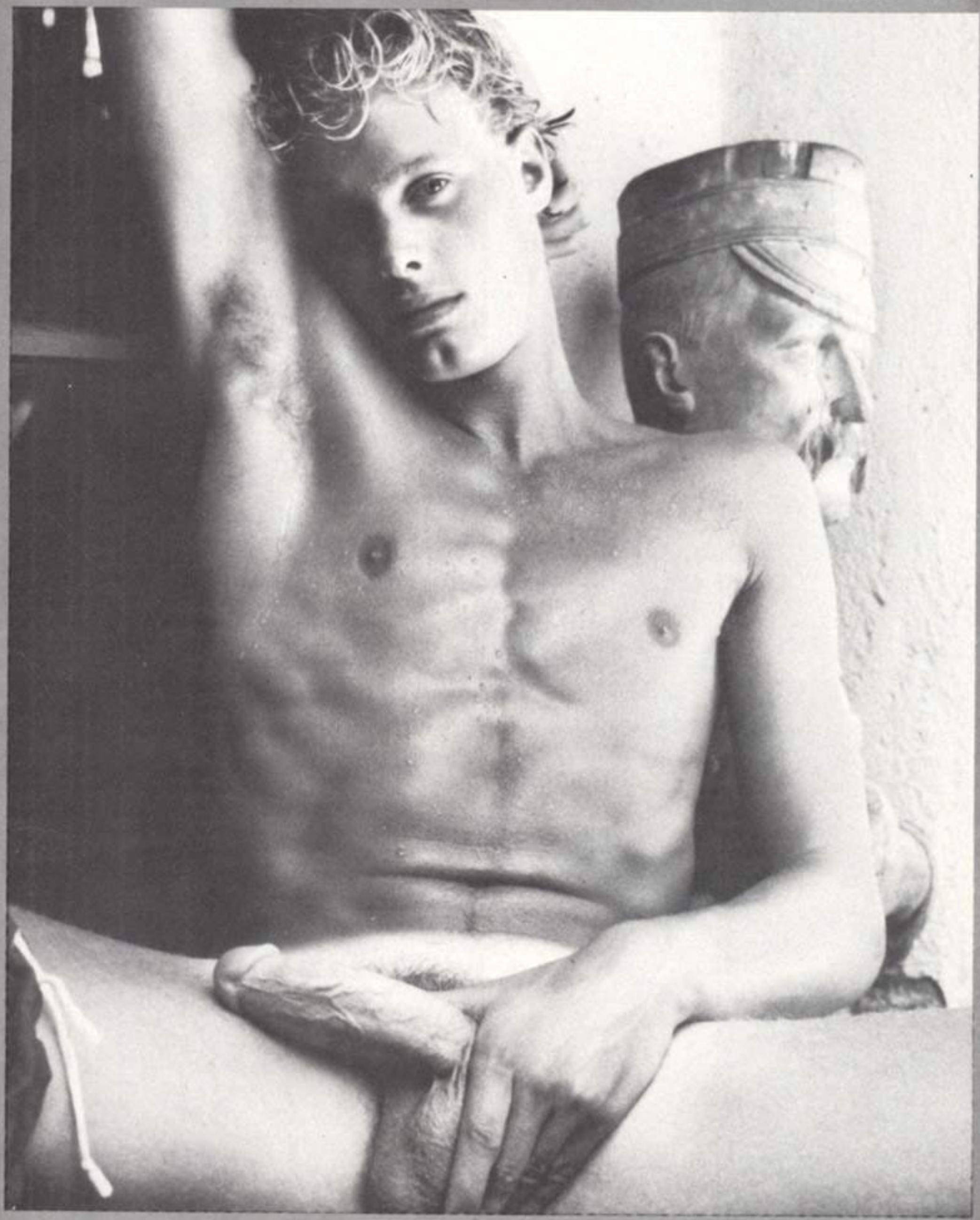
Falcon's blond bombshell

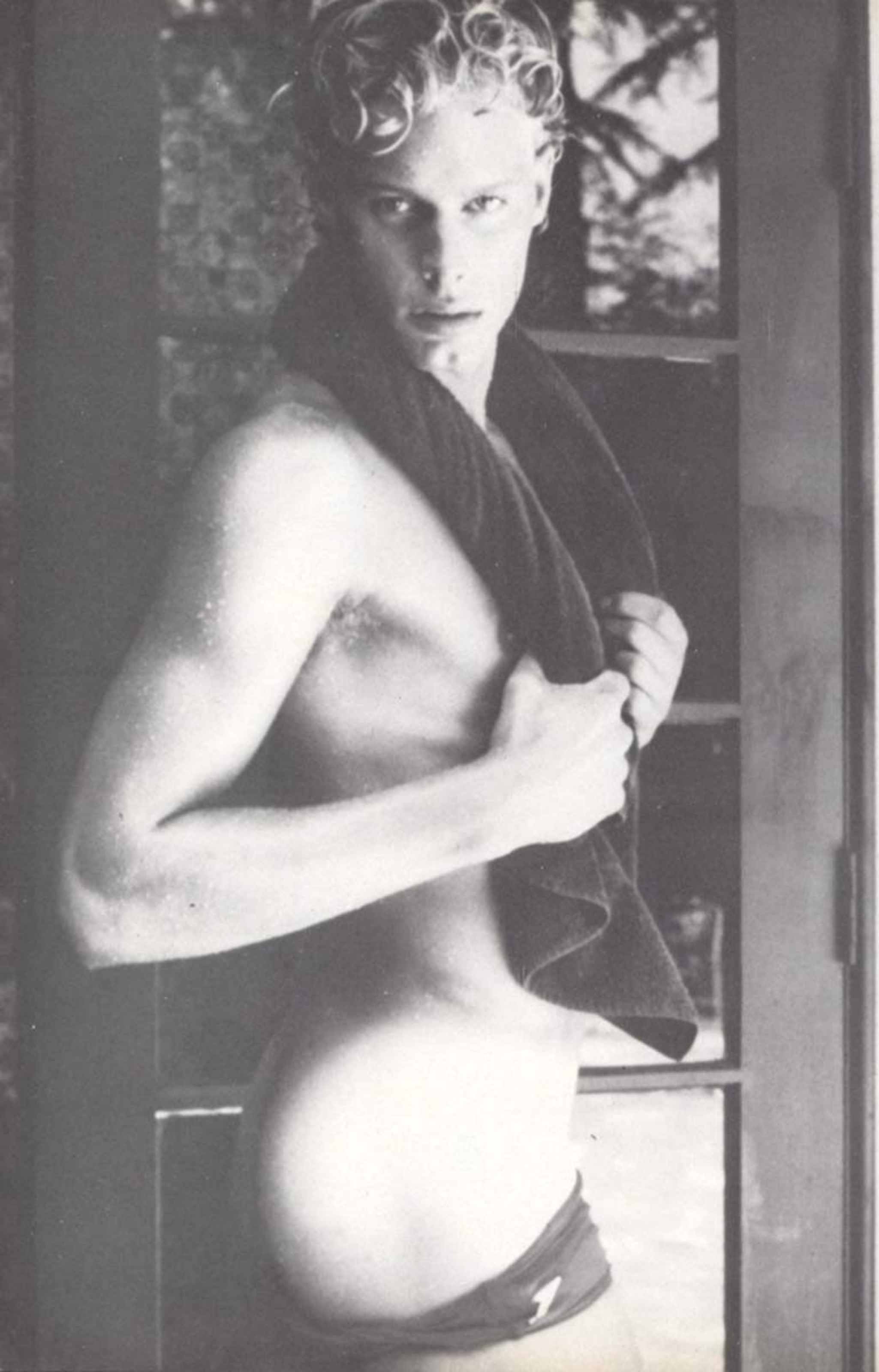


Words cannot do justice to Falcon Studio's newest discovery, as these exclusive pictures prove. Kurt Marshall is 19, blond, blue-eyed, and just about as perfect a find as the perpetually perfect-finding studio has found yet. He follows in the pretty formidable pecker-tracks of such former Falcon stars as Tim Kramer, Ron Pearson, Luke and Lee Ryder. But Falcon has always known where to point its camera and aim its marketing eye! As if picture-proof wasn't enough, Kurt's bio reads like a candidate for Mr. Perfect. This young Californian was an all-state diving champ in high school, and now that he's in college keeps his all-star physique on the tennis, swimming, and track and field squads. When he pole vaults, he often forgets which pole to grab onto!

Photography/FALCON

8½
KURT MARSHALL
INCHES
Photography/FALCON STUDIOS





HAPPY BIRTHDAY, 18 & STILL GROWING

By JACK FRITSCHER

On the morning of his eighteenth birthday, Giles flipped his hot dick out on the formica top of the kitchen table. The house was empty. He was alone. He was stark naked. His balls hung low against the cool table. He ran one hand up his flat belly. He reached down with his other hand and teased the tip of his big cock lying like a white sausage on the red formica.

His soft tube steak rolled like a beached moby dick. It was alive. It had a mind of its own. It rolled to the left. Then the right. It pushed its head snub into the formica, hardened, and marched nose onwards, untouched by human hands. It had a mind of its own.

He touched the tip again. A pearl of clear juice wet his finger. He rolled the juice around the head of his meat that was slithering thick and bulbous across the family dinner table. Blue veins wrapped around under white skin. He felt the blood rushing from all over his strong young body to fill the full width and length of his engorging cock.

It was an experiment.

He placed both hands on the white mounds of his hard butt. He pushed into the table. He wanted to make his cock crawl by itself, unhelped by his hands, across the table.

The experiment was working.

The wet head dribbled its whale's trail of juice, lubing the way for the thick shaft to follow. He was almost fully hard. He pushed his hips into the table. The salt and pepper shakers rocked back and forth. He fucked the table again. His cock took to the pressure and hardened out to its full length.

Within reach, on top of the refrigerator, he had stashed his dad's 16-ft retractable tape measure. It was silver with a yellow circle that read "Stanley. Powerlock II." It was the kind of tape measure you pull out and then push a button to make it retract like sharp lightning.

"He was a teenage boy in heat. Alone at home. Naked in the afternoon. Crazy with lust at the size of his own meat."

His teencock lay big and hard and ripe on the table.

He reached for the tape measure and set its butt against the blond curly hair of his crotch. The case felt cool against the side of his cock.

Carefully, he pulled the ruler from its case.

One inch. Two. Three.

His dick pulsed and surged on further across the table.

Four. Five. Six.

He knew that was as long as his prick-record had been on his twelfth birthday. He ran his tongue across his lips. He pulled another inch out of the tape. Then another. He touched his chin to his chest, looking down the length of his slender body. His cock jumped when he saw the number 9 appear black on the yellow tape. His balls ached for his hand to cup them. His dick begged for a spitwet hand to stroke it. Heat flushed his face. He tossed his head up like a wild young stallion. He sighed and bit his lips. He looked down at the table. He looked down at his dick. He looked down at the tape measure.

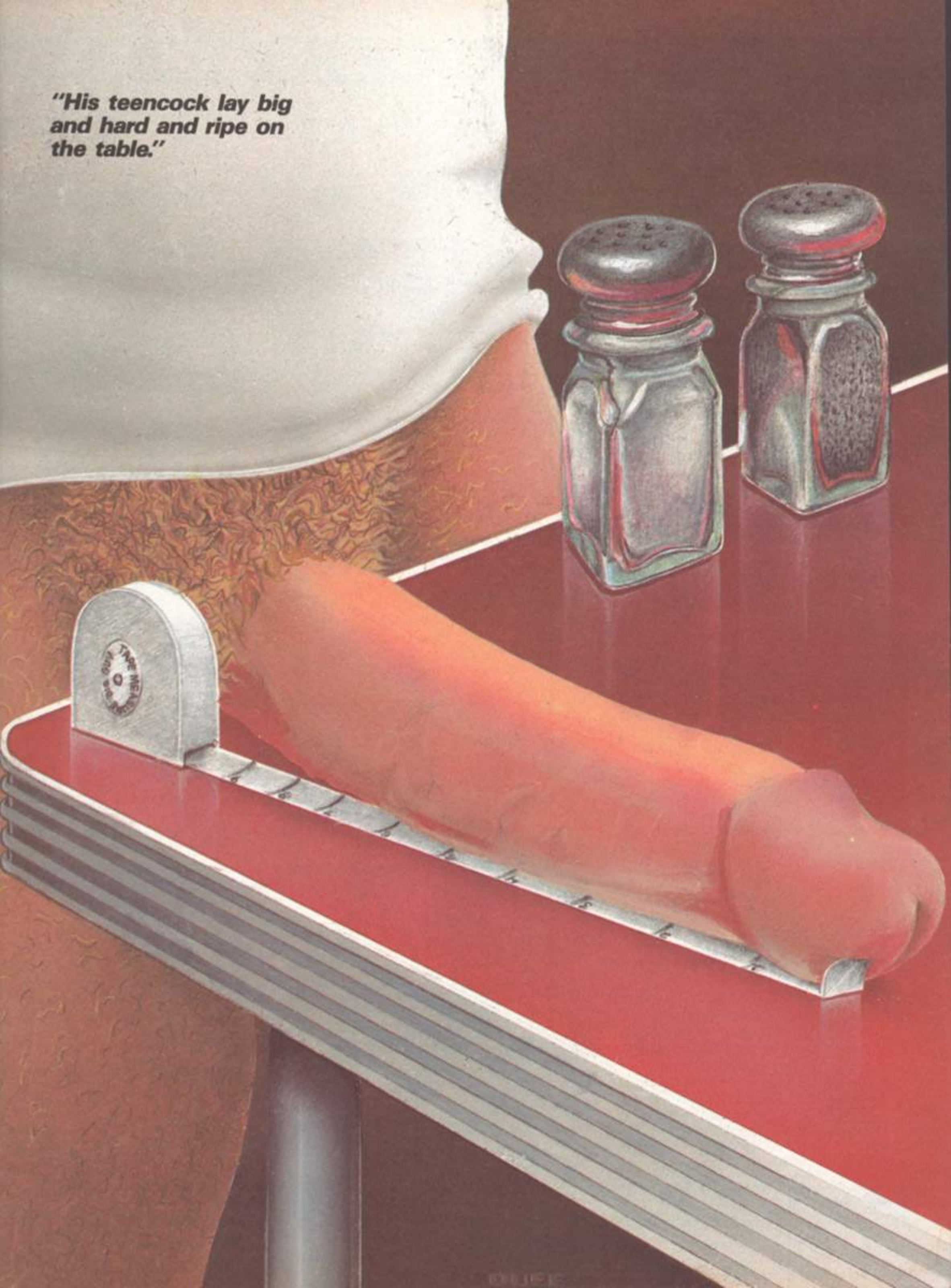
He had more meat to go.

He felt the way he had felt during the Olympics: seeing what it meant to go for the gold. He touched the end of the tape and inched it out slowly, ¼, ½, ⅔, ¾, and then the heavy look of the number 10 riding on the yellow tape moving slowly out from the case. "A perfect 10," he said. And he smiled, pulling the tape just a fraction more, out to the very tip of his rock-hard prick. "A perfect 10 and then some." He was 10-plus inches long and nearly nine inches around.

The sight of his meat made him crazy. He wanted to shout out the news of what he packed away inside his nylon running shorts, inside his red Speedos, inside his jeans. He wanted his dad to know. He wanted his mom to know.

He took his dick in both his hands and worked them up and down the shaft. He marched

continued on page 70


"His teencock lay big and hard and ripe on the table."

SIZING UP

DUDE (LE BEAU MEC)

Boy, those foreigners sure know what they're doing when it comes to malemovie filmmaking! Rollo Productions calls this 75-minute French classic "one of the great homoerotic films of all time" and title-changes it from "Le Beau Mec" to "Dude" for U.S. release. They're right about the "great homoerotic" bit, and time will tell whether title changing was necessary. Whatever, as Cadinot's films have proven, American men like foreign-made X-raters, and they won't be disappointed in this one. Uncut, tattooed, and perfect-bodied Karl Forest (who also scripted and co-produced) shows what happens when a real actor gets in front of the malemovie camera. The story has him "initiated" by horny soldiers in the woods, surviving as a hustler and stripper in Paris, and living as an insatiable loner who's a turnon just smoking a cigarette! The film has an English voice-over, but thankfully you can still hear it in French. Hot, even though Europeans take their time!

ONE SIZE FITS ALL

TCS Studio's muscle-themed sexpic is set in a West Hollywood gym, where the guys who work out on bench presses end up fucking on bench presses. And if you've ever been fucked on a bench press, you know how hot it can be! It's all here—barbells, dumbbells, weight-room orgies, biceps and pecs and all. But this sextale, about a new gym attendant's (Brian Hawks) first day on the job, hits its well-oiled peaks in a final sex scene when Hawks gets fucked by the black night watchman. If there was a malemovie Oscar given for best fuck, blond Hawks would win it hands down for his wordless, prostate-felt lay on the leg bench by the truly street-wise guard. While the film proves the belief men build muscles to make up for lack of one between their legs is false, aforementioned fuck inches it three notches up the *INCHES* ruler.

ALL OF ME

French filmmaker Jean-Daniel Cadinot has another winner for U.S. malemovie fans following his "Sex Bazaar" import, with this Paris-set sextale. While it doesn't have the sleaziness and indiscriminate sex feel of the Casablanca marketplace-set "Bazaar," it has the unmistakable Cadinot touch. Star Pierre Buisson has the darkly handsome looks, the talent, and the honest horny quality that makes the film work, particularly in the bakery-set rape scene with two hot and horny co-workers.

ROUTE 69

William Higgins may not be the best storyteller in the business, but he's the best-known, most-popular malemovie maker in the world, and therefore every one of his X-rated offering are worth noting. His latest, no doubt inspired by the long-ago TV series, follows two fraternity brothers' semester break journey to Las Vegas. Along the way, of course, they encounter all sorts of sexual adventures, climaxing in the motel room for the bluemovie master's longest-running sex scene ever between Mike Ramsey (the "tiger boy" from "Like a Horse") and Mike Gibson. The scene, in which Ramsey gets it up the ass through a hole in his jockey shorts, moves Higgins' sexpic three notches up the *INCHES* scale, and Costello Presley's original music score (in stereo, yet) doesn't hurt either!

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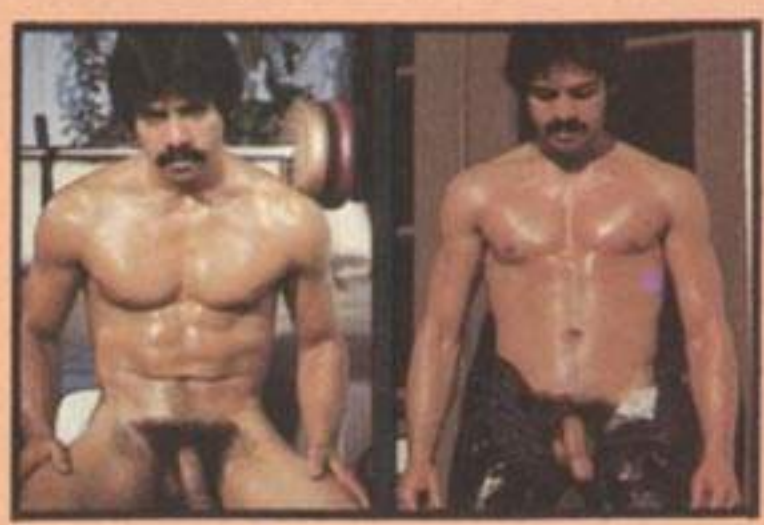

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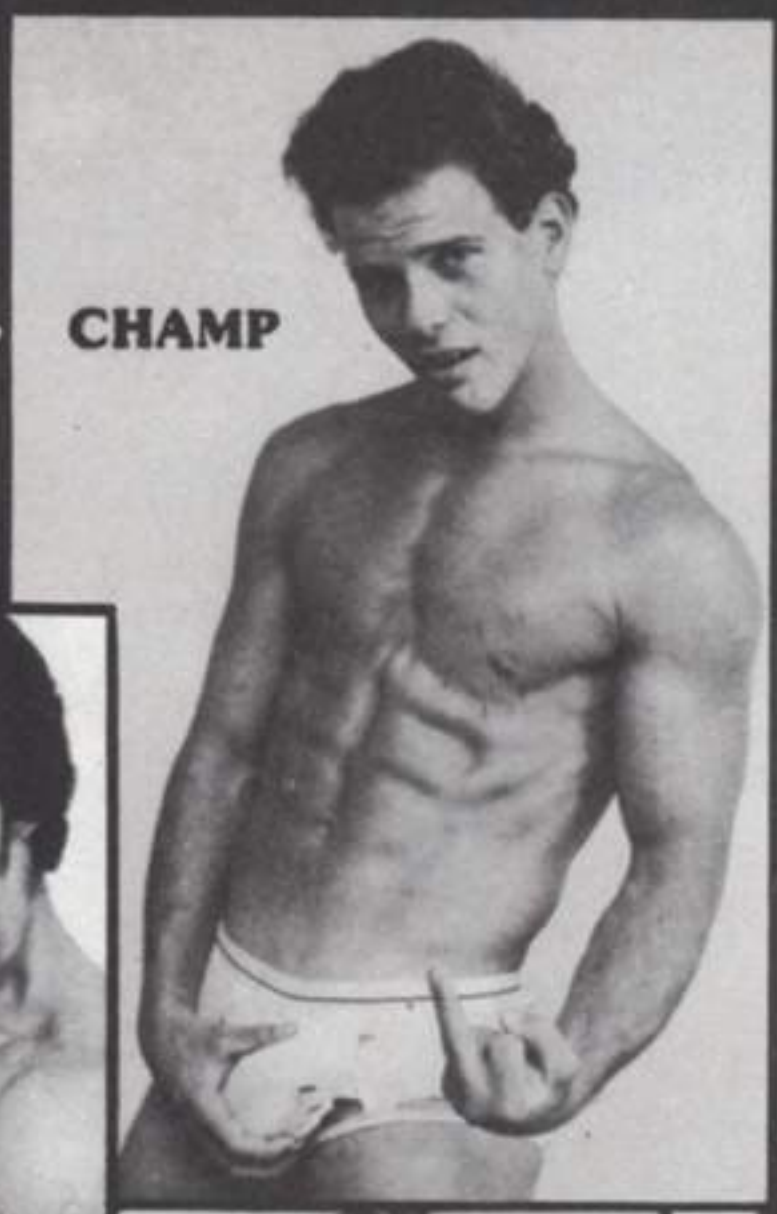

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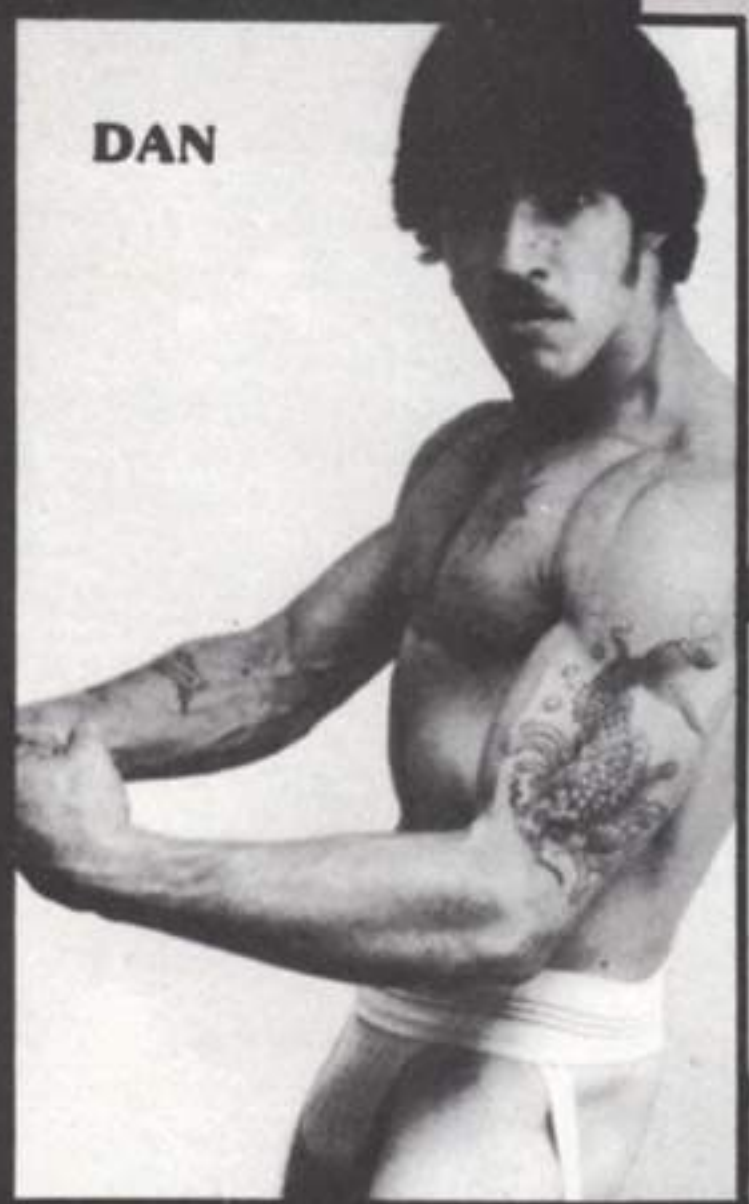

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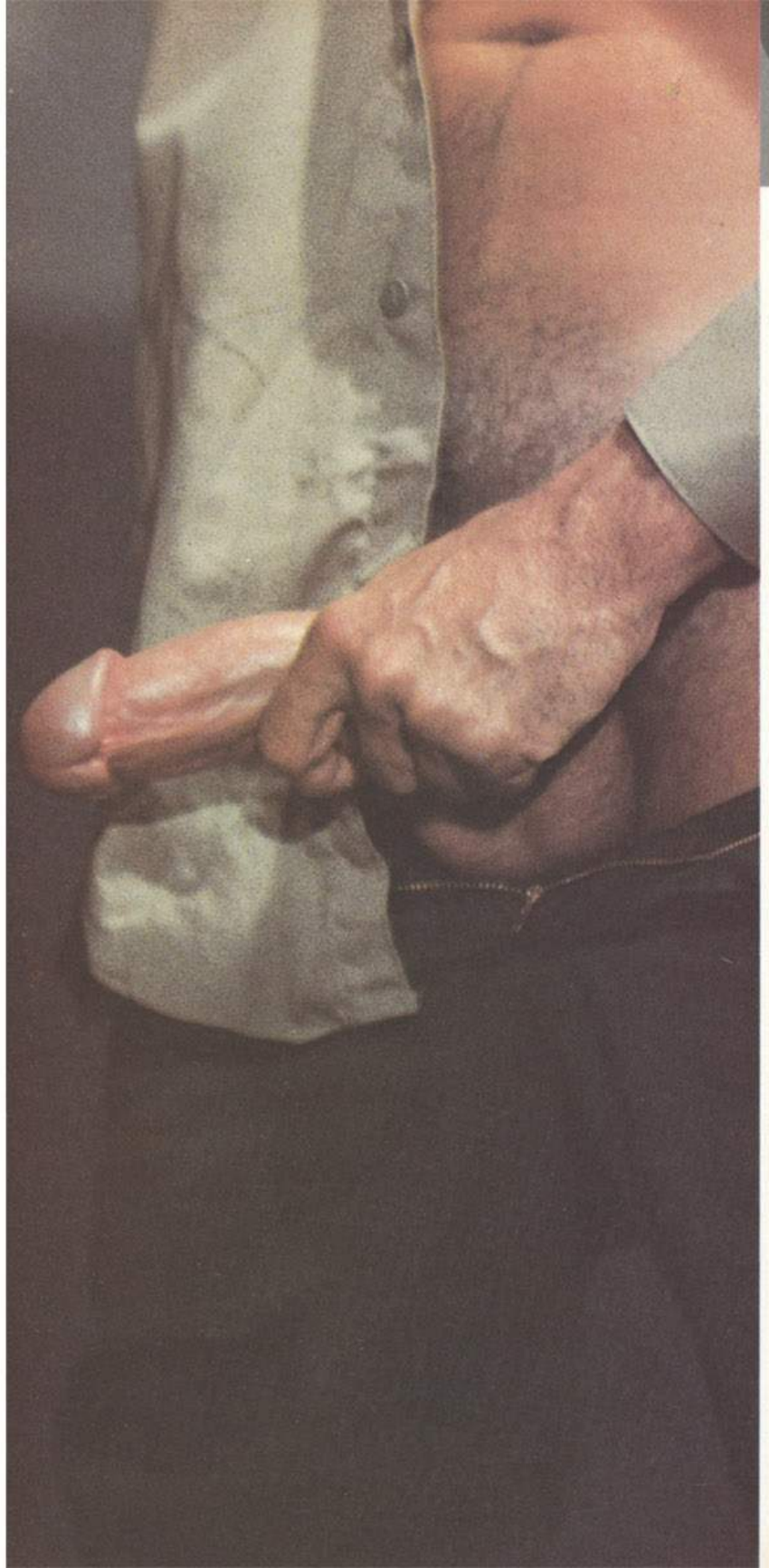
'SGT COX AT FT. DIX'

Rod Phillips had no idea when he entered basic training that he'd run into Cox (Dave Connors) in basic training at infamous Ft. Dix. But, as these exclusive, on-the-spot photos provided to *Inches* magazine at presstime show, Rod was in for plenty more than he bargained for. Including the drill sergeant's deep driller! The scene is from the new Giant Films' release "The Biggest I Ever Saw!", and judging from the expression on new recruit Phillips' face, the title rings true!

Photography/GIANT FILMS



PEEP

SHOW!

By HENRY CARTWRIGHT

Working in a Los Angeles adult book store (call it a porno shop) with an arcade attached (some call them peep shows) is rarely dull, but there are some moments more exciting than others. I worked for a few years at The Blue Fox, which carried some books and magazines, but the biggest money maker was the arcade, which was separated from the brightly lighted store by a heavy canvas curtain. The arcade had only a few discretely placed lights which gave off just enough light so you didn't break your neck. There were two aisles, each of which was lined with 16 booths—eight on each side. And each booth had two projectors, sometimes showing two straight films, but often showing one straight and one gay film.

Roger, the owner, was smart; he didn't divide the arcade into a straight section and a gay section. The macho guys would have avoided the gay section like the plague, but mixing the films up, the super-straights could "accidentally" drop a quarter in the wrong machine—and nary a one walked away before he'd seen his quarter's worth.

The store/arcade was open 24 hours, and we worked in three shifts, with only one clerk to a shift. A few times a shift, we'd close up to run out and get a sandwich or go through the arcade into the office at the back, off of which was the toilet. At such times, you had to make sure no one was in the arcade; you couldn't very well close up leaving someone in there to steal you blind. Especially the week just before a full moon, the arcade business soars. The natives get restless—and horny!

I remember one Friday night—I was working the graveyard shift—11 to 7 in the morning. It started out like most other nights—a few browsers wrinkling the magazines, and one or two guys in the arcade. They'd gotten two or three dollars worth of quarters and locked themselves in booths to watch chicks suck guys' cocks, while they sat there jacking off, wishing it was them getting that lousy blowjob. To those guys, I just muttered a quick thanks as I handed over their quarters.

Then this tall, muscular Latin-type comes in: shimmering black eyes, half-smile on his invitation mouth, and a pretty big bulge in his jeans. He got a dollar's worth of quarters, and I told him, "Some of the machines have been giving us trouble—it's hard to put the quarters in. If you have a problem—if it gets hard—let me know and I'll take care of it for you." I couldn't help but sneak a glance at his crotch as I said this. He obviously wasn't wearing any shorts under his Calvin Klein jeans, and I could see a pretty big rod pushing out against the jeans.

His smile flashed broader, but he just nodded, saying nothing.

Damn! How I wanted to lock up and take care of that one—but there were others in the arcade. About five minutes later, who should walk in but Jack. He's not gay, and I don't think he knows I am. He works the afternoon shift—3 to 11. But he drops in now and then just to see how things are going.

"Man!" I said. "Am I glad to see you. I have to take one helluva piss. Can you cover for me a few minutes?"

No problem. I let him behind the counter and grabbed the keys to the back room. At just that point, the sexy Latin fellow came out through the curtains to the arcade. For a minute I thought he was leaving—taking all that beautiful meat with him. But he came up to me and said, "I have trouble with one machine."

"Okay. I'll handle it for you,"

and I couldn't help but notice that the bulge in his jeans was bigger than ever. "I'll be right back," I mumbled to Jack as I grabbed a handful of quarters and followed the handsome stud into the darkened arcade. Then I asked, "Which booth?"

He led me to the one at the back, right next to the office door. We both squeezed into the booth, closed the door and locked it. One of the films was with John Holmes with his oversized claim to fame that never seemed to get really hard, but my booth-mate pointed to the other quarter-gulper—a William Higgins film featuring Bill Henson. I dropped in a quarter and the picture started without trouble. He just stood there, facing the door which, of course, served as the screen. I crouched down to get out of the way of the light-beam. In the reflected light, I could see the stud running his fingers over the sausage-like bulge in his pants. "It's not hard now," he mumbled.

I reached up to squeeze his lengthening cock through his jeans.

He coughed out an embarrassed laugh, then took his hand away, giving me complete access to his crotch, and I could feel his cock throbbing through the heavy material. Within seconds, I had his belt unbuckled, his pants unzipped, and was pulling them down to his knees.

Beneath that dark patch of soft pubic hair, his naked cock sprang up like a coiled spring. Two massive balls hung down from his crotch, and I could see the thick veins running the length of his huge cock, ending in a velvet-smooth cockhead with the foreskin pulled back to reveal a plum-like knob with a hole so big I could almost bury the tip of my tongue inside. There was a drop of clear, thick juice oozing out of his cockhole, and I darted in on it, licking it off. The sweet, creamy droplet filled my mouth with a taste like honey. The touch of my tongue on the tip of his cockhead made his hard cock lurch up in anticipation, and I heard a low moan from his lips.

I handed him the quarters to feed the machine while I directed my attention at his beautiful hunk of meat. I started licking up the underside of his hard cock, trailing my hot tongue all the way down to his lust-swollen balls, and I sucked one of them into my mouth, giving it a warm bath in my saliva, licking and lapping at it, running the tip of my tongue over his other nut, causing him to moan softly once again, as he put down the quarters and brought his hands up to my head, entwining his fingers gently into my hair.

"I'm so hot! Suck me," he urged in a hoarse whisper, and at the same time, he pulled my face closer to his steaming crotch. I inhaled the rich, musky, male smell which sent a lustful tingle through my cock—already rock-hard in my pants and begging for attention. But there would be time for that later; an arcade booth is not the place for 69ing. I forced my head back, a mere inch from his crotch, and I slowly, tantalizingly, licked my way up the throbbing shaft of his blood-engorged cock, until I reached the tip. More of that thick, sweet pre-cum juice had leaked through his cockhole, and I lapped it up. Then, as I cradled his heavy balls in one hand, caressing them gently, I lifted my other hand, running my fingers through his thick patch of silky pubic hair, then on up over his firm belly, under his tight-fitting shirt, till I found one of his jutting, erect nipples. I squeezed it gently between my forefinger and thumb, urging yet another groan from his half-open mouth. And then I brought my hot, wet mouth down over his throbbing cock, swallowing it entirely in one greedy gulp, until my lips nestled in the wiry softness of his dark pubic hair.

The knob-like head of his inflated cock was halfway down my throat, almost choking me, but I had taken a deep breath before I plunged. I worked the muscles of my throat as if I were swallowing this huge, sausage-like cock, and his

"In the reflected light, I could seed the stud running his fingers over the sausage-like bulge in his pants."

fingers tightened in my hair, pulling at it fiercely, and a gasp escaped his lips, followed by a moan of sheer pleasure. My lips squeezed and relaxed, squeezed and relaxed, around the base of his thick cock, and my tongue darted back and forth, titillating him still further. And all the while, I fingered first one nipple, then the other, as the fingers of my ohter hand drummed gently on his sperm-filled balls, teasing them, pulling at them, coaxing them.

I finally had to come up for air, and I moved back just enough so that I could catch my breath, all the while continuing the working of my fingers, my lips, my tongue—and then I started to suck fiercely on his mouth-skewering shaft, pumping my mouth up and down on it furiously. Then—just as I felt he was ready to explode, I suddenly slowed my up-and-down sucking movement. He didn't know whether to cum or not.

He was whimpering softly now, and I slowly increased my rhythm, driving him toward the climax I knew was already surging its way to my hot mouth. And suddenly he was there. His cock inflated to an even-more enormous size, and a gushing torrent of red-hot fuck-juice splattered against the back of my hungry throat.

I took a quick breath and lunged forward, swallowing the entire length of his exploding cock down deep into my gripping throat. I took spurt after spurt of his sweet fuck juice as it flew down my throat. I swallowed the hot, sticky fluid as fast as I could, but it flooded my mouth so much that I couldn't take it fast enough, and

continued on page 88

MEASURING UP

If you still have your grade school crayons, dig 'em out and get ready to add color to those infamous, filthy drawings by The HUN, the long-overlooked male erotic artist who's been discovered during the last year and a half and has since published his first portfolio and now one of the first X-rated male coloring books ever done.

The Hun, who remained one of the most underrated and undiscovered among a handful of the best homerotic artists in the world until recently, draws incredibly sexy, incredibly hot images of gigantically endowed black studs doing unspeakable, wonderful things to equally endowed overwhelmed white studs. But his eye-popping interracial tableaux were appreciated by a small, but loyal audience until *Just Men* magazine began exposing the artist's works to an estimated 60,000 readers.

The response to The Hun's exaggerated, X-rated color-blind tableaux of incredibly endowed studs prompted him to create a large-sized, gift-perfect softbound coloring book of his wildest images that's without a doubt worth the collector's cover price of $20 to any male erotic lover, even if he doesn't have a box of crayons.!

Studflix Magazine is announcing in its next issue the beginning of the first-ever nationwide search for the next male movie star. The bi-monthly movie mag for men starts its search for the next Kip Noll or Al Parker via a reader mail-in campaign throughout '85, and its readers vote on the porn-star winner. The malemovie magazine says it bemoans the scarcity of promising newcomers and offers the winner of the 12-month contest a chance at bluemovie stardom by pushing the winner's pictures and credentials to more than a dozen major malemovie producers, including William Higgins, Toby Ross, J. Brian, Christopher Rage, Matt Sterling, Falcon, TCS, Firstplace, Cosco, Rollo, Nova, Fox Studios, and Wakefield Poole.

Just because you come out on top in the magazine's year-long search for the next Casey Donovan doesn't mean you'll end up a malemovie star, but *Studflix* promises applicants they'll get a lot of exposure just by winning the magazine's search, and no doubt X-rated!

Just when you thought you'd heard it all, Le Salon tells us about their version of a midnight special—a half-hour, X-rater which is somewhat unique. Never before has a major filmmaking and releasing outfit tried a 30-minute format in the all-male X-rated world. Le Salon thinks malemovie home viewers who can't afford the 80 or 90 dollars retail tag for a full-length (60 min. or more) feature can afford the outfits new, half-hour offerings. Le Salon usually knows what they're doing, of course, so they probably know most of us get off during the first five minutes of X-rated movie-watching too. That leaves 25 minues or five more evenings of fun ahead. Sounds like a winner!

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T.J.

BLACK AS NIGHT AND BUILT TO RULE IT

Photography/OLD RELIABLE

He's black as night and built to rule it. He says he wants to be known only as T.J. from L.A. He doesn't need to put out word he moves softly but carries a big 11-inch stick! People seem to know that instinctively. He got his 150-pound body growing up on football, basketball, tennis, track and lifting weights. Last we heard, he was earning a living doing janitorial work, even though, heaven knows, he could earn, a helluva lot more selling what he sports between his legs on the streetcorners of the big city. But this T.J., this brown-eyed, 23-year-old with the blue-ribbon dick, is in no way like those who sell it to the next buyer instead of blue-collar work. This T.J. is a proud young man who believes in earning his own way . . . who collects stamps as a hobby . . . who admires his father more than anybody else on earth . . . and whose only true goal in life is to be self-employed. Now, if that isn't smart, what the hell is?

T.J.

INCHES

Photography/OLD RELIABLE

"THE BIGGEST ONE I EVER HAD!"

Dear Editor,

I don't usually write to magazines—and I don't usually like to brag—but I heard from a friend that you are coming out with this new magazine called *INCHES*. That can only be a magazine less than 9 or 10 inches. (And don't we all wish that was the national average!)

Anyway, I've just got to write to you about the biggest one I ever had. It was almost three years ago. I was feeling horny, one night (like almost every night), and I decided to go out for a drink at one of the sleazier bars in The Village. It's a kind of a neighborhood bar—mostly straights—or guys pretending to be straight (till you get them in bed—and then who's the one on the bottom?). Anyway, I go into this one bar, and there's hardly anybody there. A couple at the corner table, and three guys at the bar. One was pretty old, and I knew he wasn't for me, but that still left the other two.

One was about 35, husky, big muscles (which doesn't necessarily mean that *his* muscle is big). Still, he looked promising. The other fellow was fairly tall, broad shoulders, big chest—and he was wearing real baggy pants. That could mean he had a big one and was trying to hide it, or, more likely, he didn't have anything, and he was trying to act like he was nothing but meat. He was about 35, too. So I didn't really have much to choose from. But, when you're hungry, they all look good!

I moved in on "Husky," since he was the closest to me. Christ! What a bore. All he wanted to talk about was baseball. I think there's a time and a place for everything too! Baseball's fine, but I wanted to get a taste of his balls—and his bat. No way! I gave him all sorts of hints; nothing. Baseball all the way. He finally went to the men's room, and I nodded to the other guy.

He seemed nice. Kind of shy, but not unfriendly. "Do you like baseball?" I asked.

"Not really," he told me.

Thank God, I said to myself. I don't care if you only have two inches—just as long as you let me swing on it. (I guess you can tell that I was desperate that night.) When "Husky" came back from the men's room, he saw I was busy talking to this other guy. He didn't seem to mind; he just started talking baseball to the bartender.

That left me a clear field with Joe, the other guy. I asked if he was married.

"No."

Girl friends?

"A few. Nothing serious."

A big talker. Well, hell, I told him, you must really get lonely at times.

"Not really."

I could see that he was the type I was going to have to do all the work for—and I don't mind. Sometimes it's more fun when you have to work for it. I finally asked him what he was up to this evening.

"Nothing much." I thought that was the end of it, but then he went on, "Just out to see what I can get into. Maybe find something—you know—a little different." He smiled when he said it.

I couldn't pass that one up! I'm not usually so forward, but, as I said, I was desperate. "Joe," I said, looking him right in the eye, "I'm different. How about getting into me?"

I was all ready to duck, just in case he got pissed off, but he laughed. What a relief that was! He answered, "Man, you don't know what you're getting into."

Well, that's true; but whatever it was, I sure wanted to get into it. In almost no time at all, I had Joe up to my apartment and was trying to get his pants off. He didn't help me one bit; I had to do it all by myself. But I didn't mind; I was really hungry. He was wearing jockey shorts—and they were *stuffed*! Not just bulging, or full—somewhere in his ancestry, somebody got crossed with a horse! (Either that, or he'd stuffed his jock with socks! But that wasn't the case.)

I was trembling as he raised himself up a little and let me pull off his jockies. Let me tell you, that bulge was *real!* No stuffed socks—though, at that point, I almost wished he had. That sucker was HUGE! It wasn't even hard yet when I reached up and tried to get my hand around it. I've got a pretty big hand, but I could only get it around three-quarters of the circumference of that monster.

"I'm sorry, it's so big," he apologized. (That's one for the record! I'll bet that's the first time anyone ever heard that one!) I've heard guys apologize because they only had 11 inches—but this was the first time I heard anybody apologize because it was so big. And was it ever! I wondered what in the hell I was ever going to do with something like that. Well—I was going to try—even though I might die in the attempt. (What a way to go!)

First I decided to try to suck it. One time, a couple of years ago, on a dare from a friend, I stuck my mouth around a doorknob. No problem! But this huge thing—wow! The piss-slit looked as big as an asshole. I really think I could have gotten my cock up in there—and I'm not exactly small! I got my mouth on it, and I stuck almost all of my tongue inside that piss-slit. It was freaky as hell—and Joe was getting hot. He started oozing out some pretty sticky sweet pre-cum juice, and I lapped it up like it was expensive champagne.

Then I tried to open my mouth—wide. I could almost—but not quite—get the whole velvety head of that beautiful cock inside my mouth. I took a deep breath, and stretched wider, and all of a sudden, I had the whole damned head in my mouth. I stretched just a little more, and the thing was jammed against the back of my throat. I only had the first inch or so of it in my mouth, and it was already choking me—almost.

I knew that wasn't going to work. I decided to start over, but, for a couple of minutes, I was stuck. I couldn't get it *out* of my mouth! That really scared me. Believe me, I've had a lot of cocks, and I never had one yet I couldn't handle—in one way or another. But Joe's mammoth piece of meat almost did me in. It took a couple of minutes, but I finally figured a way to get back off of it.

Then I relaxed and lit a joint. This called for some serious planning! Fortunately, Joe was a real gentle guy. He'd probably had a lot of experience, and he'd learned to hold back—not to ram his cock down someone's throat. Maybe he'd even sent a few to the hospital (it wouldn't surprise me). I've had guys slam it in me; they don't give a damn if you can breathe or not, just so they get their kicks. Thank God, Joe wasn't that kind (or I wouldn't be writing this letter now).

We relaxed and had another drink and smoked some dope. I knew I

continued on page 80

Joseph Yale Meets John Holmes

"I ATE THE WHOLE THING!"

By JOSEPH YALE

John C. Holmes handed me a silver flask of 40 year old Scotch and said, "You'd beter take a hit of this before we start. It'll make it easier."

I could hardly believe that this was happening to me. I had not been in front of a camera in five years. My work and play had evolved to the voyeuristic role of director and producer of my own films. I had only been in two movies that were not produced by Cosco Studio or Fred Halsted in my entire erotic career. Then came "The Private Pleasures of John C. Holmes."

One afternoon in a small office off of Melrose Avenue in Los Angeles, I was discussing a new film idea with a business associate. He was in the midst of producing a new film to star John Holmes. He asked me if I would be interested in starring in the movie with Holmes. This was to be Holme's first feature length gay film. My friend, the producer, said I would be the envied recipient of that infamous 13 1/2-inch cock.

If it had been with any star other than Holmes, I would have said "no." I've met *every* name in gay films and have directed and acted with quite a few of them, including two films with Fred Halsted that have become cult classics.

However, I was both flattered and intrigued with the possibilities of starring in a film with John Holmes. After all, he is the most celebrated straight stud in erotic films. It would be an opportunity that I could not pass up. What the producer didn't know at the time was that I would have paid *them* to be in Holmes' film. That didn't prevent me, however, from accepting their very generous salary offer.

". . . I would be the envied recipient of that infamous 13 1/2-inch cock."

On the morning of the shoot I arrived promptly at eight o'clock as instructed by the director. I was surrounded by many familiar faces. Men who I have worked with in the past, make-up, lighting, props, as well as the producer and director, have been friends of mine for many years. I was in very supportive company. I could sense the director's anticipation as he offered me coffee and showed me where I would be dressing. He led me around the back side of the Arabian throne set. There, sitting in the corner, dressed in Levi's and a T-shirt, was John Holmes.

John looked up, smiled, stuck out his hand and said, "Nice to see you, Joey." What I didn't know at the time was that John had requested that I do the movie with him. We had met before, socially, and he knew of my work. He and Fred Halsted had appeared together in Las Vegas for VCA, each promoting their separate films. John's big concern when he had asked the producers to hire me was that Fred Halsted might become jealous. John had been through that many times with the boyfriends of his female co-stars. (Fred and I were living together at the time "Private Pleasures" was made.)

The director left the two of us alone. John Holmes and Joseph Yale, sitting in directors chairs, drinking coffee and becoming excited. This was not a run of the mill film for John either. It meant a great deal to him too.

John Holmes is a very considerate man. Over coffee and a few inside jokes about the business, he asked me which

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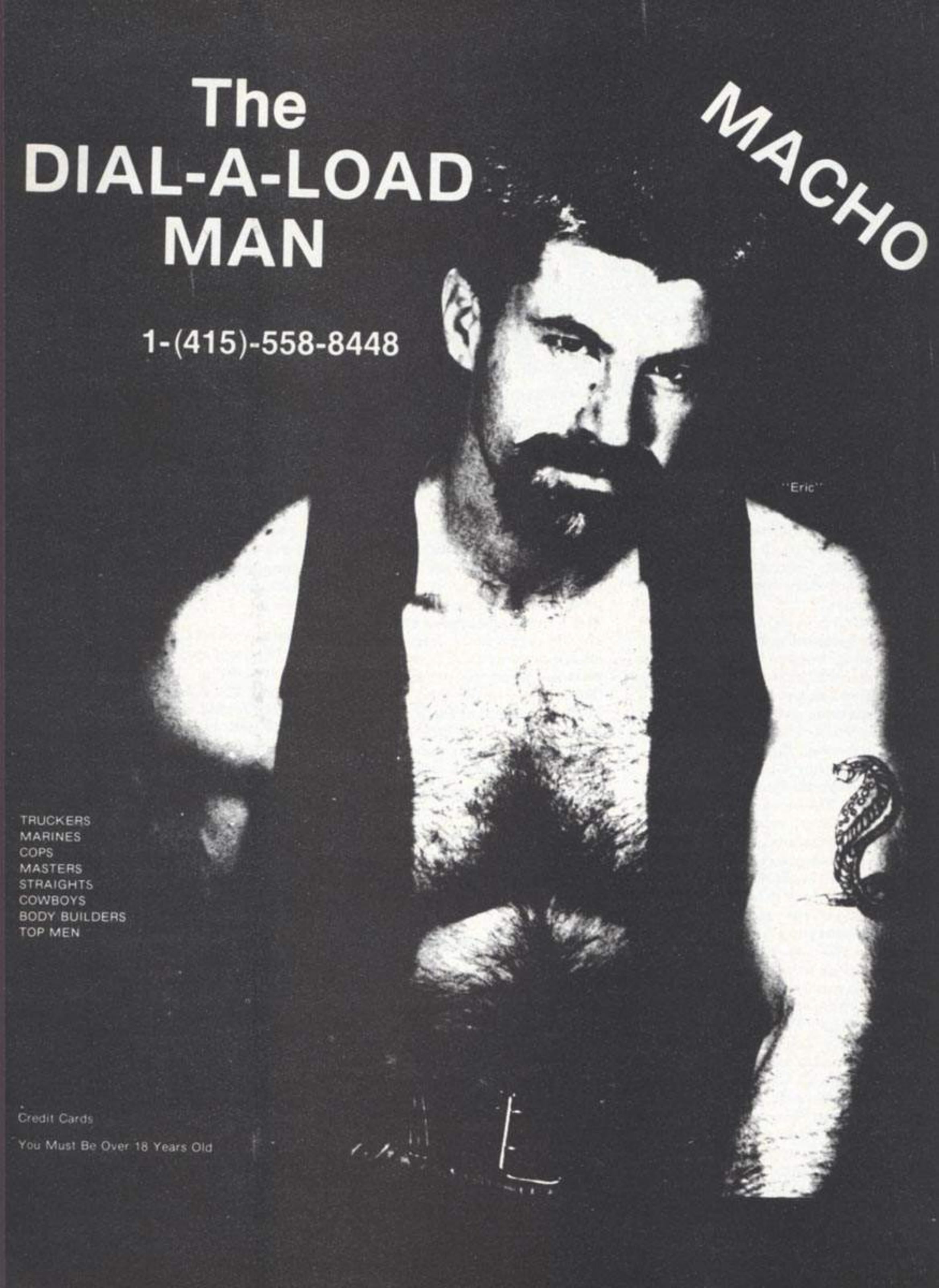

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position that I preferred for intercourse. Most guys in a film or in your bedroom, for that matter, wouldn't dream of finding out your preferences, they would just plow through.

This man knows himself very well. He understands that he has the equipment that can drive you crazy with passion or cause real damage if used arrogantly and cruelly. John Holmes knows how to fill you up and send you crying for more.

The set had not been lighted yet. Only one bare worklamp shown from the ceiling. The heavily insulated sound stage door rolled across its tracks so the crew could bring in the remaining lights.

Several young actors followed them inside. They were all familiar faces to me. Chris Burns, whom I've directed in three pictures, Paul Monroe,

"John Holmes knows how to fill you up and send you crying for more."

who started in erotic films at Cosco Studio, and Johnny Dawes, the fabulously bright and aggressive star who has been in two of my films.

I have to tell you that I had my moments of fear and doubt. Not about John Holmes, but about myself. As I looked around the set, all of the other actors who had been hired were in their early to mid-twenties. Just for one moment I felt I'd made an awful mistake.

Then the magic happened. John and I were getting into our Arabian costumes and joking about the turbans and gold lame pants. We looked into each other's eyes and there was a rare communication. The little kid in each of us couldn't wait for the camera to roll.

John stood back, pulled open his robe and showed me close up what every housewife and size queen has gossiped about for the last 10 years. He has a big cock! And I don't mean big like any other erotic star you've ever seen. Rick Donovan—can't compare. Bill Eld—can't compare. Johnny Harden—doesn't come close. Bill Harrison—can't size up. I'm telling you folks, John C. Holmes is the *biggest!*

As for myself, I'm not known for being shy around a big, fat cock. I reached over and put my hand right in the middle of it and gave a squeeze. I didn't wait for the camera and crew. I wanted to taste it right then. And, so I did. We were alone for 15 minutes and I was in the process of giving John my baseball bat "test" when the director yelled that we were needed on the set.

To perform the baseball bat test you take one hand and place it around the cock at the very base of the shaft. With a firm grip you take your other hand and place it right above the first hand. You keep doing this until you get to the top of the cock. I finished the test before we got up and it takes four and one half hands to get to the top of John Holmes' gigantic dick.

The camera was in place, the lights were set, the actors were all in their positions and the director was ready. The director motioned me over for one last consultation. It seems they were all a bit concerned as to whether I could actually take all of Mr. Holmes up my rear. Although on screen I appear bigger than I am, in reality I'm five feet, two inches tall and weigh 120 pounds. John Holmes is over six feet tall and is *bigger* than I am. I did have a swig of John's Scotch, but other than that I didn't want to chemically alter my mental state. I wanted to *feel* every inch, to *taste* every drop and to remember the entire experience.

I do remember, and so does John. He was recently quoted as saying: "Joey Yale was better sex than 90% of all the women I've had in films in my entire career. He should give lessons."

I think that means he liked it too! ■

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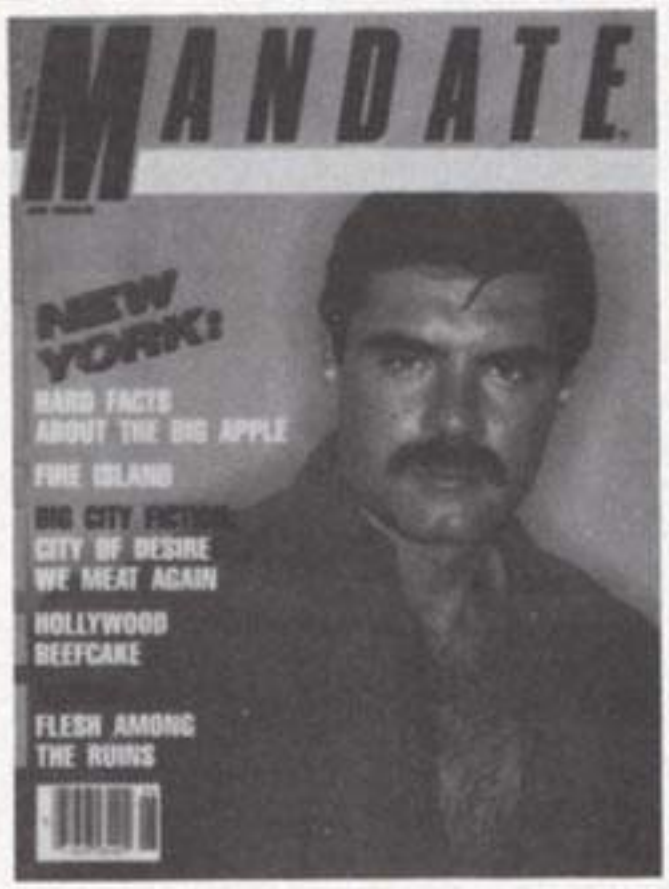

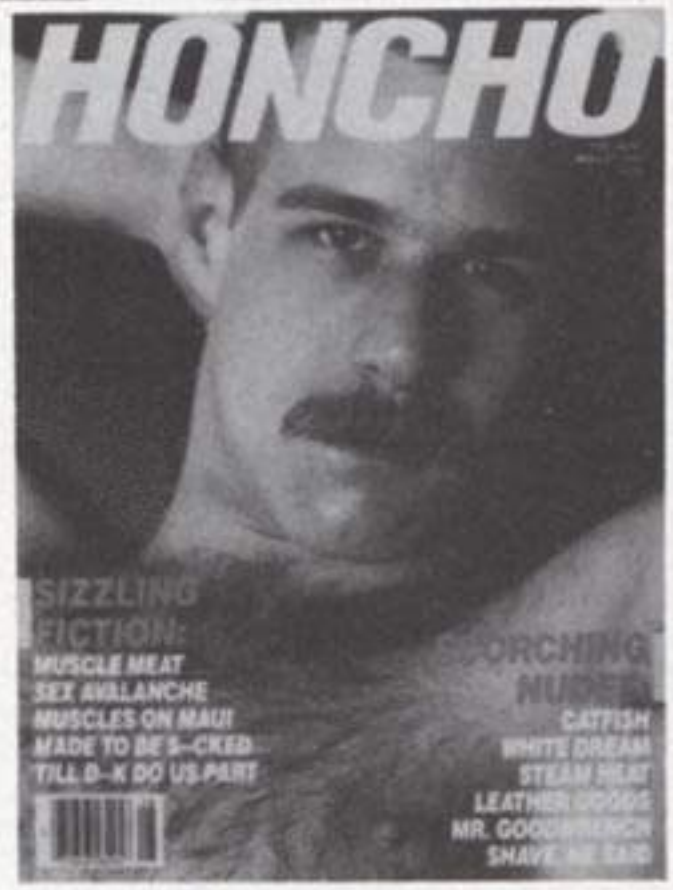

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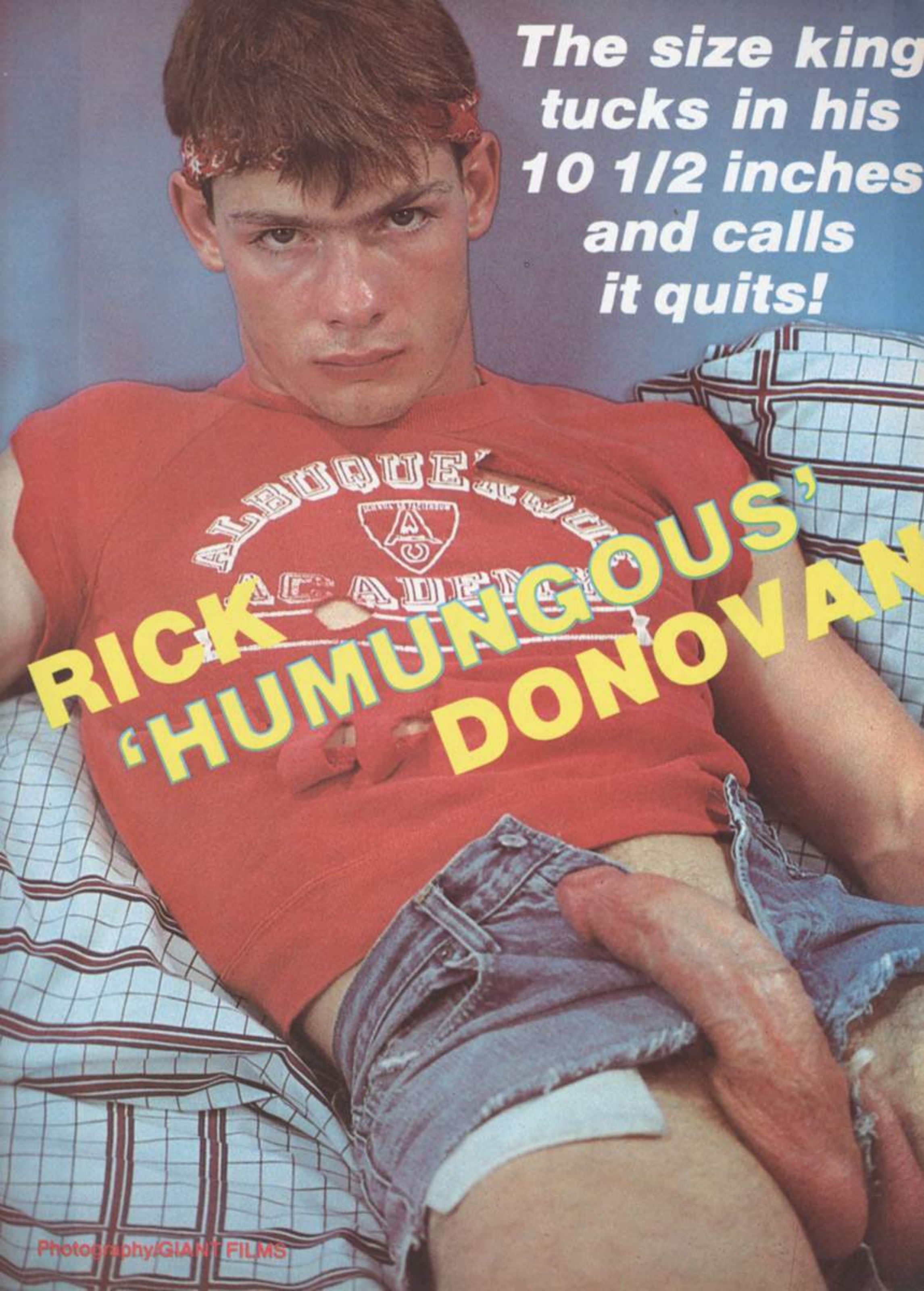
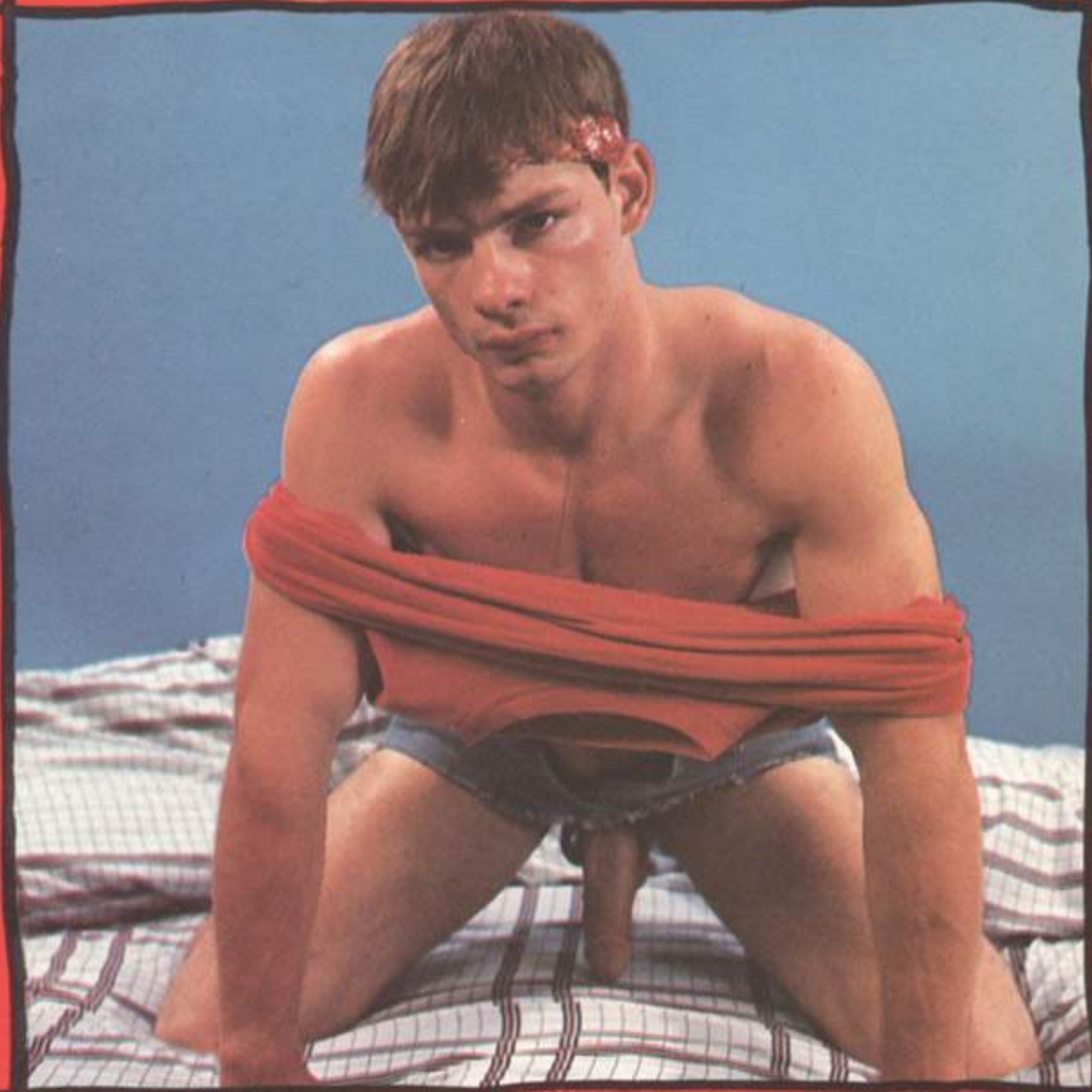

The size king tucks in his 10 1/2 inches and calls it quits!
RICK 'HUMUNGOUS' DONOVAN
Photography/GIANT FILMS



He's the reigning male-movie size king, with a claim to fame 10½ inches long and nearly 6 inches around. "I can't get my hand around it," he says proudly. And proud he should be, because Rick "Humungous" Donovan took the bluemovie inches crown the moment he gagged Leo Ford with it in his film debut in William Higgins' "Sailor in the Wild," and has held it without challenge for two years. But now he has decided to give up his crown, and retire from the X-rated business. "This business is only as good as whatever goals one has in it. I looked at it as a means to an end, and others look at it as an end," he says. Donovan told INCHES in an exlusive interview from his San Diego home that he's accomplished what he wanted to accomplish, and plans to tuck in his claim to porn fame before this issue hits the stands. What he wanted to accomplish was make money, and obviously he's done it. He's paid off his debts, purchased property and become financially solvent. At presstime, Donovan had just finished making Fox Studios' "The Biggest I Ever Saw!" and had other film commitments before retiring. The 22-year old, 6-foot, 167-pound sexstar plans to study international business in college this spring and leave the male sexworld behind. Donovan says he's made as much as $1500 a day during his pornstar days, in such hits as "The Bigger The Better," "Giants" and "King Size," but it's time to call it quits and get on with the rest of his life. Luckily the images we have of him will remain with us, on celluloid and in stills like these exclusive shots taken during the making of "The Biggest I Ever Saw!"

RICK DONOVAN

INCHES

Photography/GIANT FILMS

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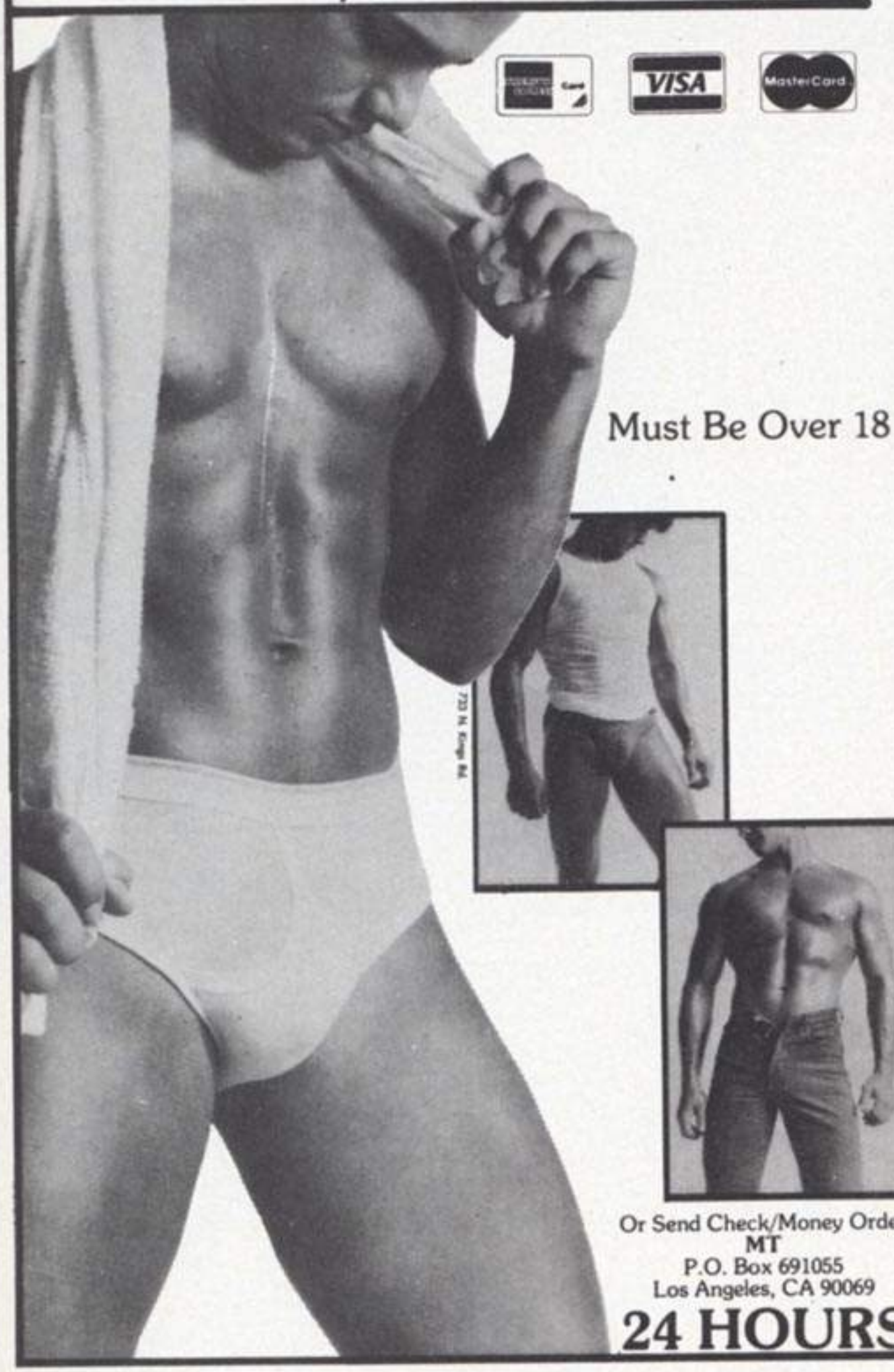

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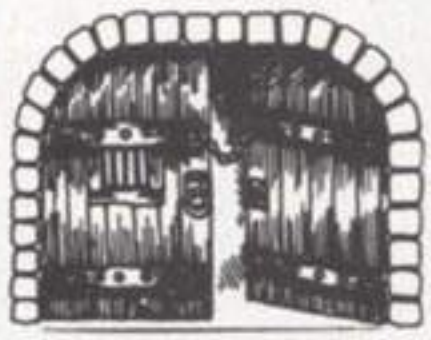

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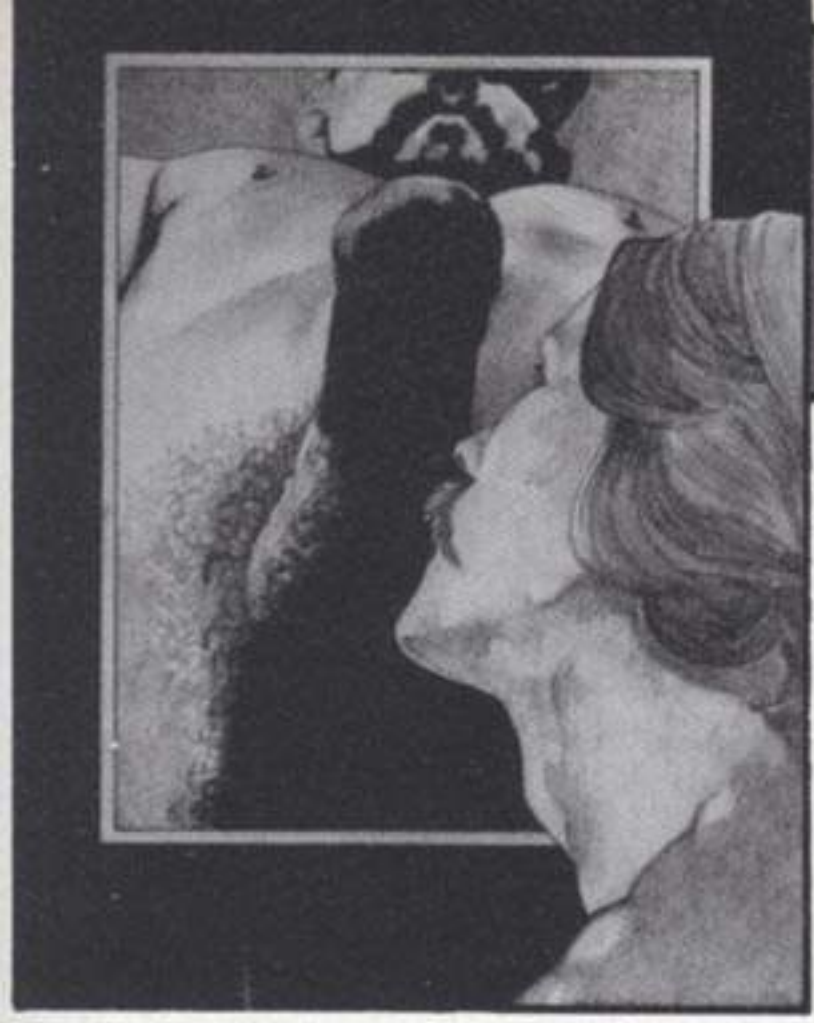

MANTALK

By JACK FRITSCHER

YOUNG MEN BEHIND BARS

"In the prison warehouse of young men lies the essence of what so many of us look for when we cruise mean streets looking for the cool black stud who knows how to thrill us with his big black dick, the blond young Appalachian kid whose lean hard body promises all the pleasures that can be found in his blue-veined cock, and for the tattooed chicano who means business when he flips out the long brown hose of his uncut meat.

Six years have passed since I met Danny Lyon. At that time, he was working on a short color film about young men and their tattoos—logical territory for an award-winning straight photographer whose work features biker boys and prison punks. Lyon's book *Conversations with the Dead,* despite its gloomy title, is a classic documentary of young stuff doing time in a hard place. In this instance, the place is the Texas Department of Corrections and the subjects are insouciant redneck white boys, muscular southern blacks, and young macho Hispanics.

Danny's heteromasculine eye knows how to catch in prison precisely the kind of attitude that Old Reliable's homomasculine eye has been catching on the streets for years: tattoos, muscles, mud, sweat, and tears. From films like *Brubaker* and *Short Eyes* and *Penitentiary* we have learned the Look of young men behind bars. From documentaries like PBS' prison special, *Tattoo Tears,* we all understand that in America punishment is often the crime, even when the objects of its abuse are attractive, dangerous, young men whose comehither looks make you, against your better judgment, want to invite them into your lovely home.

Conversations with the Dead is a peephole into the male life of prison: the most macho environment in the world! Lyon's book contains more than 100 photos shot inside six Texas penitentiaries.

Free to roam the prisons, day or night, Danny moved among the prisoners in groups and in isolation. He photographed seductive young toughies in their cells, in the muddy fields, in the strip-showers, in the iron-pumping muscle-yards. He captures angels with dirty faces, incredible stripped young bodies, and the fucking essence of the drawling redneck guards who have these inmates under their total control .

In the course of his unprecedented journey through the Texas prison system, Danny met Billy McCune, who at age 21, handcuffed and tried in chains for a rape he probably did not commit, was sentenced to die in the Texas electric chair.

Billy was placed in the county courthouse to await execution. One evening, he cut off his penis to the root, and placing it in a cup, passed it between the bars to a guard. So to he heart of sexuality is crime and punishment. McCune lived and was not executed. His paintings and sensitive writings are appended to *Conversations.*

"I never lived in the prisons," Danny told me. "I only visited them, usually arriving in time to ride out to the hot fields with the line crew. I made a point to go where the imprisonment was dramatic. I tried to make a picture in the book of imprisonment as distressing as I knew it to be in reality." And he might have added, as engaging, hot, and sexy as it is in reality.

This book is important for the library of any man who appreciates males.

In the prison warehouse of young men lies the essence of what so many of us look for when we cruise mean streets looking for the cool black stud who knows how to thrill us with his big black dick, for the blond young Appalachian kid whose lean hard body promises all the pleasure that can be found in his blue-veined cock, and for the tattooed chicano who means business when he flips out the long brown hose of his uncut meat.

Conversations with the Dead: Photography of Prison Life with the Letters and Drawings of Billy McCune, Holt Paperback, $6.95.

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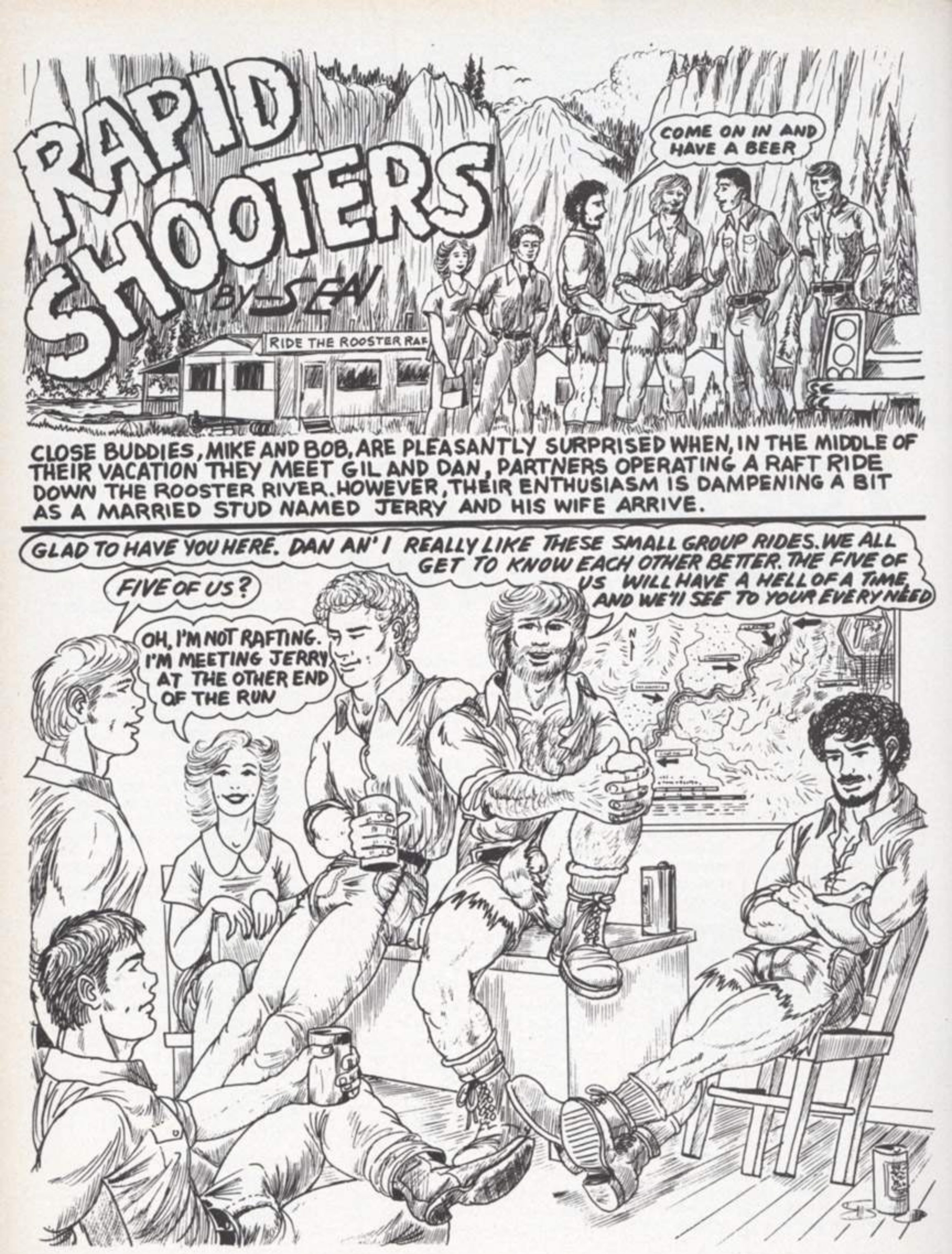
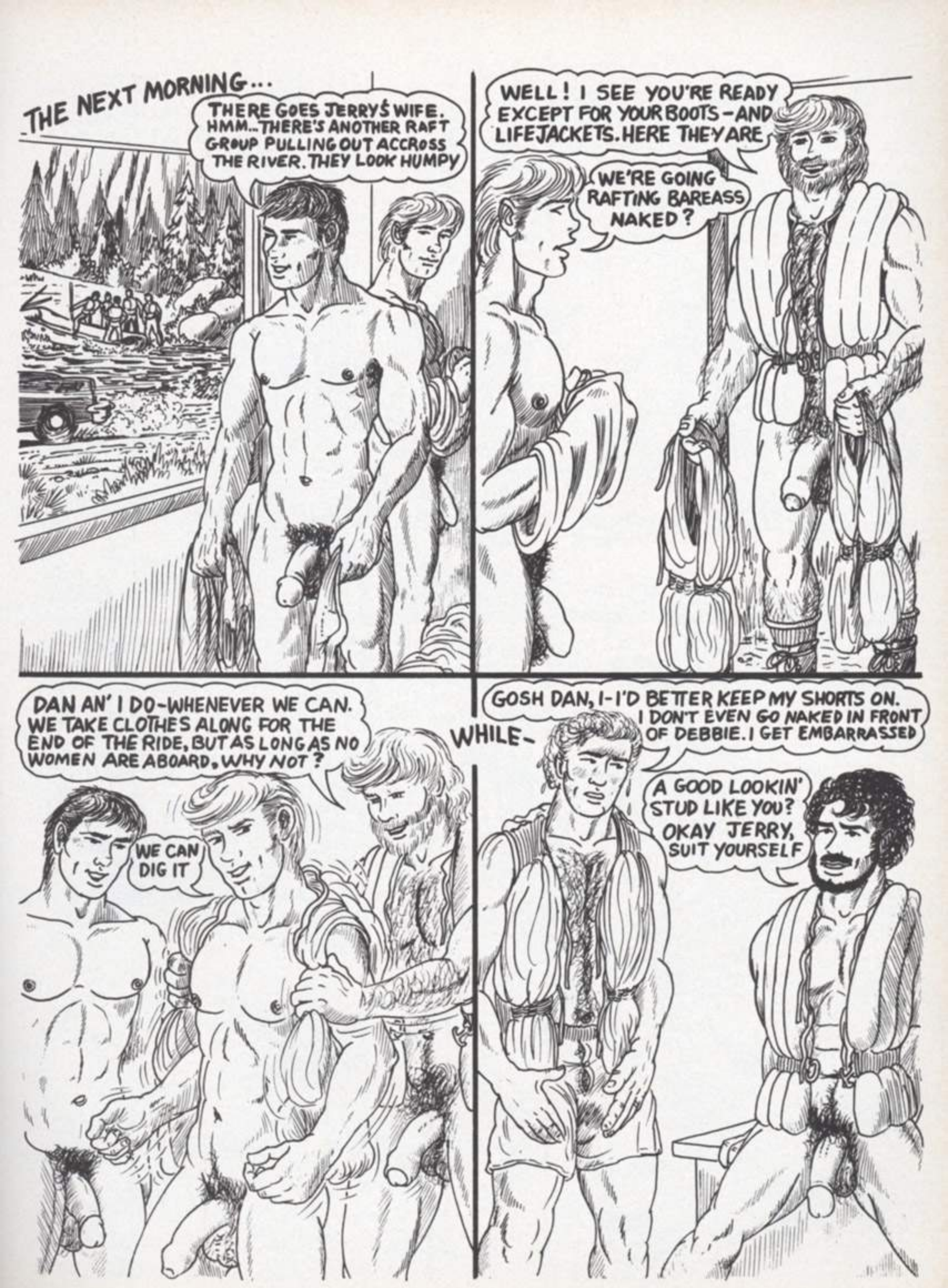
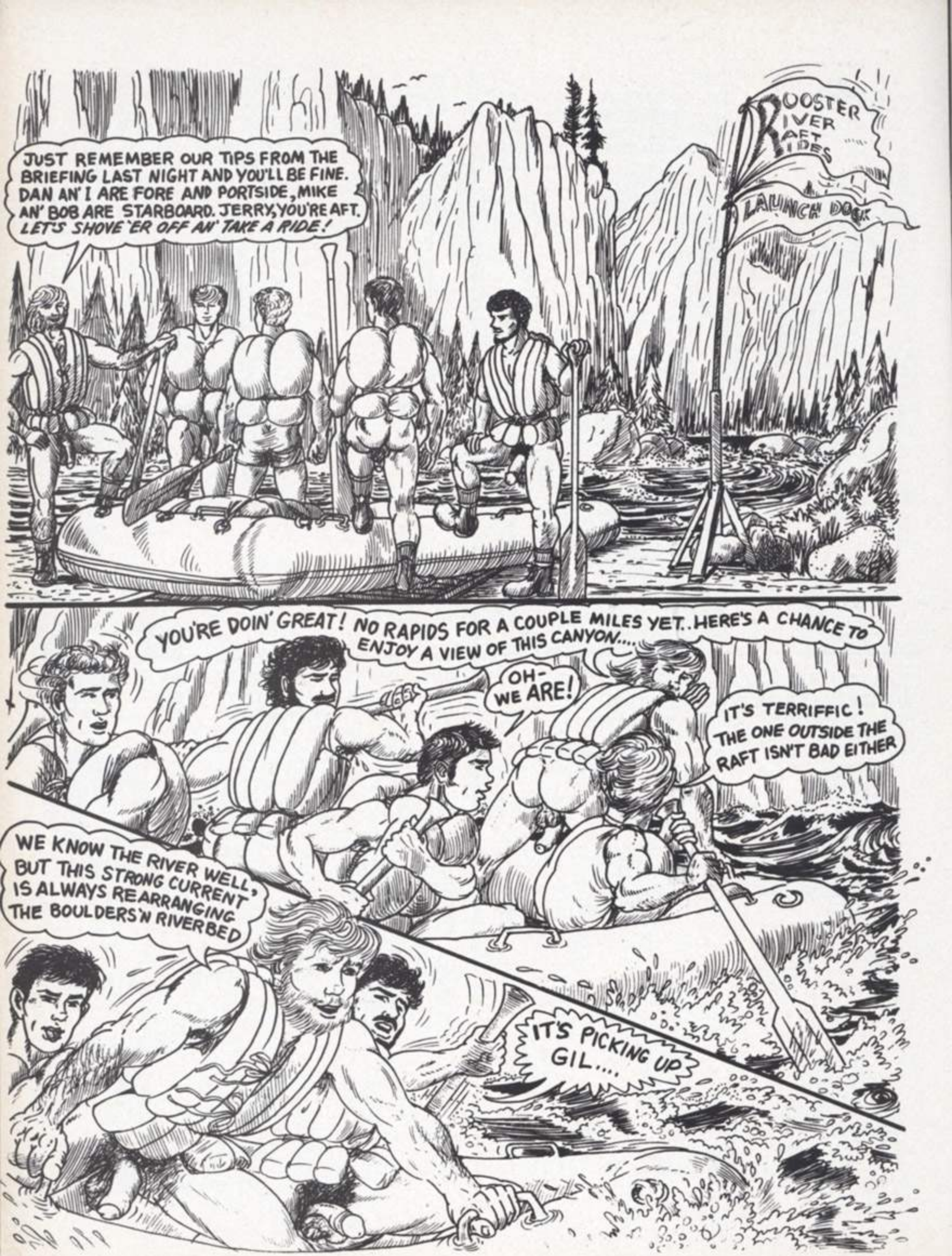
RAPID SHOOTERS

BY SEA



CLOSE BUDDIES, MIKE AND BOB, ARE PLEASANTLY SURPRISED WHEN, IN THE MIDDLE OF THEIR VACATION THEY MEET GIL AND DAN, PARTNERS OPERATING A RAFT RIDE DOWN THE ROOSTER RIVER. HOWEVER, THEIR ENTHUSIASM IS DAMPENING A BIT AS A MARRIED STUD NAMED JERRY AND HIS WIFE ARRIVE.


THE NEXT MORNING...
THERE GOES JERRY'S WIFE. HMM... THERE'S ANOTHER RAFT GROUP PULLING OUT ACCROSS THE RIVER. THEY LOOK HUMPY
WELL! I SEE YOU'RE READY EXCEPT FOR YOUR BOOTS - AND LIFEJACKETS. HERE THEY ARE
WE'RE GOING RAFTING BAREASS NAKED?
DAN AN' I DO - WHENEVER WE CAN. WE TAKE CLOTHES ALONG FOR THE END OF THE RIDE, BUT AS LONG AS NO WOMEN ARE ABOARD, WHY NOT?
WE CAN DIG IT
WHILE -
GOSH DAN, I - I'D BETTER KEEP MY SHORTS ON. I DON'T EVEN GO NAKED IN FRONT OF DEBBIE. I GET EMBARRASSED
A GOOD LOOKIN' STUD LIKE YOU? OKAY JERRY, SUIT YOURSELF


JUST REMEMBER OUR TIPS FROM THE BRIEFING LAST NIGHT AND YOU'LL BE FINE. DAN AN' I ARE FORE AND PORTSIDE, MIKE AN' BOB ARE STARBOARD. JERRY, YOU'RE AFT. LET'S SHOVE 'ER OFF AN' TAKE A RIDE!
ROOSTER RIVER RAFT RIDES
LAUNCH DOCK
YOU'RE DOIN' GREAT! NO RAPIDS FOR A COUPLE MILES YET.. HERE'S A CHANCE TO ENJOY A VIEW OF THIS CANYON....
OH- WE ARE!
IT'S TERRIFFIC! THE ONE OUTSIDE THE RAFT ISN'T BAD EITHER
WE KNOW THE RIVER WELL, BUT THIS STRONG CURRENT IS ALWAYS REARRANGING THE BOULDERS'N RIVERBED
IT'S PICKING UP GIL....

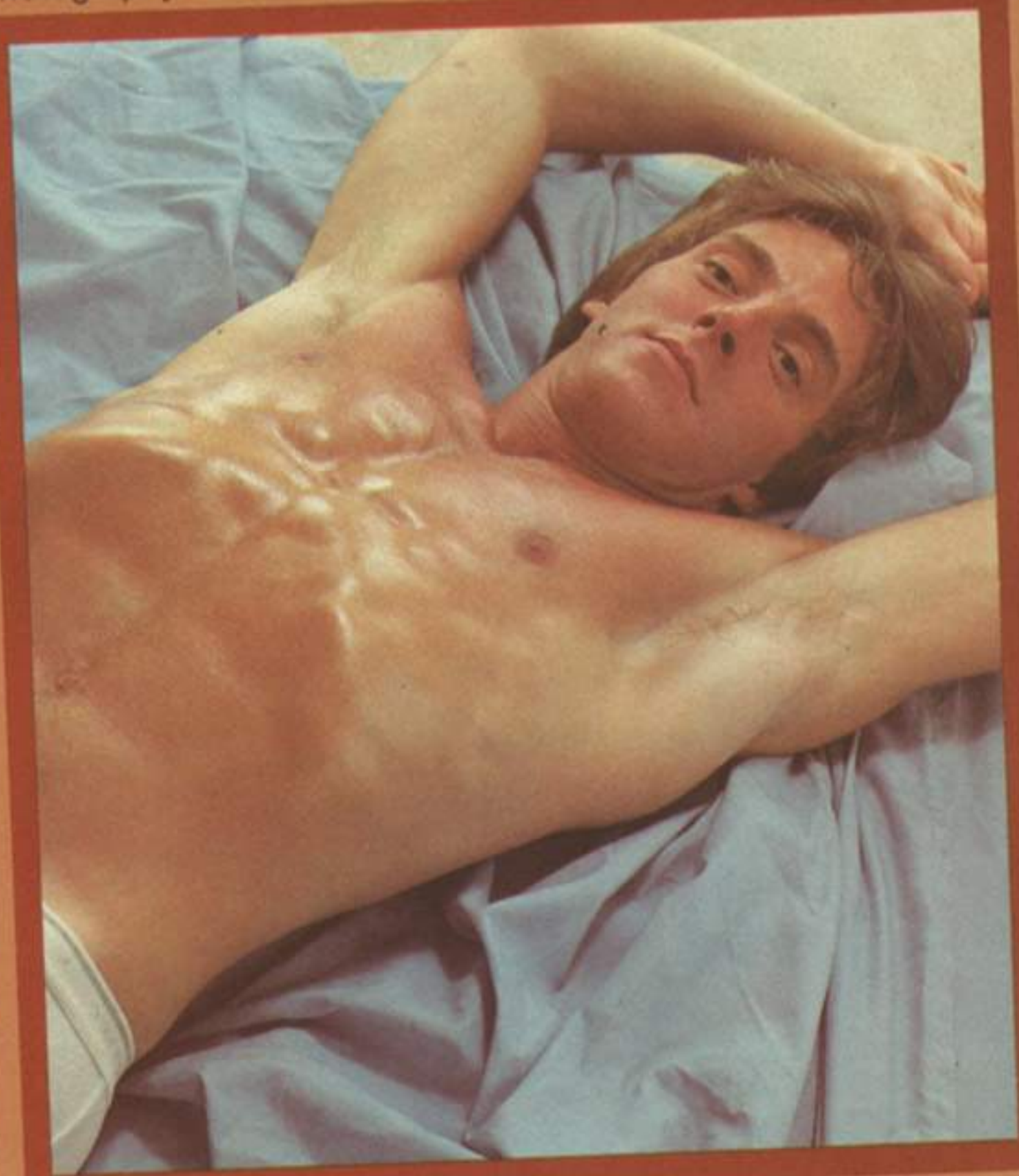
WHOOEEE!... THIS IS A NEW DID! GRAB A HANDLE-QUICK!!
WOOPS!
SPLAT
CALM WATER AGAIN..DON'T HURRY TO GET UP
IT ALREADY IS UP... FEED ME THAT HOT WET COCK!
HOW 'BOUT IT JERRY, WANT ME TO WORK ON YOUR JOINT?
..ER- I DON'T KNOW, GIVE ME A SECOND..

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE . . .

MIKE RAMSEY

Matt's little brother

Photography/WILLIAM HIGGINS



No new stud on the scene has been more noticed and at the same time more overlooked than Mike Ramsey, the "little brother" of bluemovie pornstar Matt. When this darkly handsome hunk with the bedroom eyes and the washboard stomach led a ferocious tiger onto the set in last years, male movie hit "Like A Horse," and proceeded to rip off his loincloth, and spear his perfect 9-inch uncut man-meat into Brian Hawks' blond ass, there was little doubt a new star had been found! He was promptly dubbed "tiger boy" by industry insiders. Then he made "The Bigger the Better," a bedroom duo with blond porn vet Buster. The set was simply a bed. And the dialogue was even simpler. But the scene, in which the darkly handsome and the beautifully blond studs, suck and fuck like they're not doing it for the bucks, was one of the highlights of a plenty highlighted sexpic. Still, no overnight stardom for Mike. Not the kind a Rick "Humungous" Donovan, a Bill Henson or "older brother" Matt received after working "A Matter of Size." But then came "Route 69," in which this perfectly-built, perfectly-hung X-rated hopeful performs what's been described as the longest sex sequence ever filmed by bluemovie master William Higgins. The scene, in which Mike makes it with his fraternity brother in a Las Vegas motel room one night, is everything they say it is. Mike Ramsey's an overlooked star, and the outtakes of him from the "Route 69" set prove it! This stud could be mute and still say "Let's Fuck!" with a look.

MIKE RAMSEY

INCHES

Photography/WILLIAM HIGGINS

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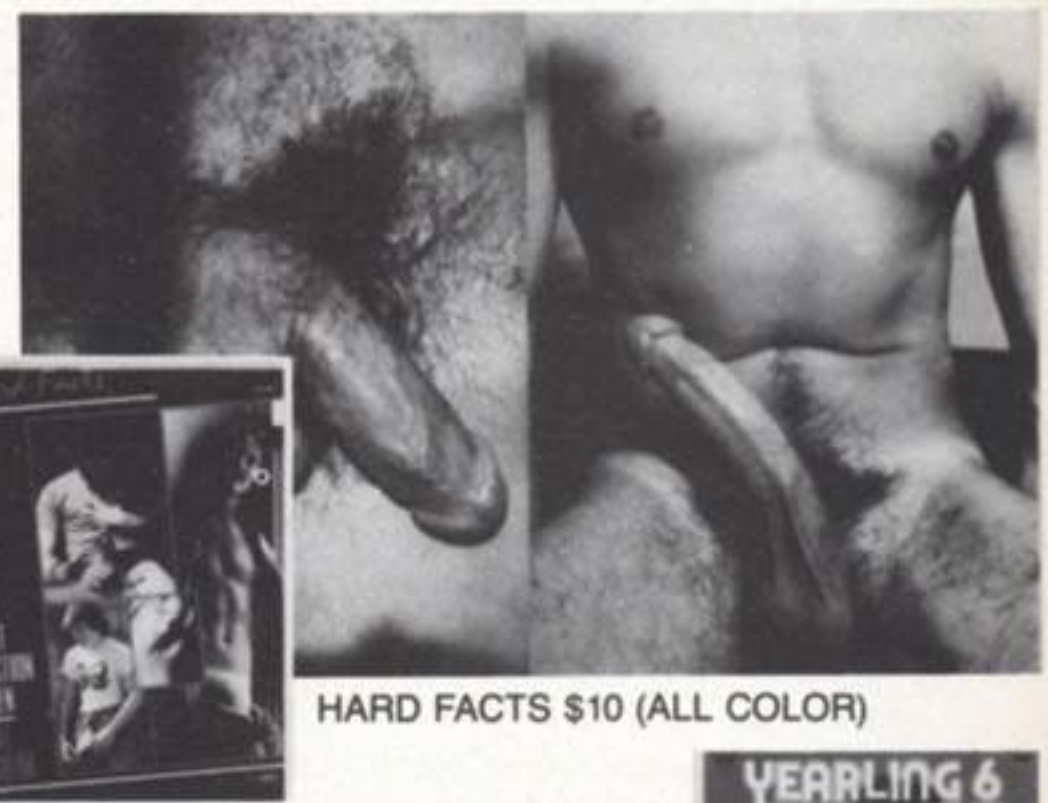

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STILL GROWING!

continued from page 16

around the kitchen. He was a teenage boy in heat. Alone at home. Naked in the afternoon. Crazy with lust at the size of his own meat. Jumping up and down. Making his blood-heavy rod bob up and down and feel so good.

He ran his hands across his tight chest. He rubbed his hard nipples. He flexed his belly and his butt. He gyrated his hips and revolved his big dick in wide circles. He was eighteen and crazy and loving it. He had the biggest dick he had ever seen. Bigger than any dick hanging down all wet and soapy in the highschool showerroom.

He slapped his pud on the table, then harder in his hand. He gritted his teeth and stroked himself up to the edge of shooting his hot load of teenseed all over the kitchen floor.

He fell back against the sink. He turned on the faucet. He filled a glass with water. He drank half of it to slake his thirst, then he plunged his dick deep into the glass.

The water that was left forced its way around his rod and out the neck of the glass. For a moment, he thought he had gone too far. His dick, threequarters deep, looked like pressed meat inside the glass tumbler. A slight panic. A tug. He stuck his finger in between his dick and the edge of the glass. He broke the suction. He twisted his cock. Pure pleasure. He pulled the glass slowly away from his groin.

He spied a butter dish on the kitchen cabinet. He scooped up three fingersfull and shoved the butter into the glass tumbler. He lay back on the cool floor, jacking off his dick into the glass that held the heat of his meat. He fucked his hips up into the glass. He held the base of his dick with one hand and pounded his big pud into the glass with his other hand.

He was a one-man orgy.

Fuckcrazy.

Cumcrazy.

His big balls ached. They bounced up against the cool floor. He breathed deeply, caught his breath, settled back, changed his pace, and slowly, slowly, began the slow fuck of his dick, pulling the slippery, sucking glass, up nearly to the head of his dick, then sliding it back down, till the tender head of his meat pushed against the bottom of the glass, pulling the glass up, Up, UP, then off his dick, teasing his cockhead with the smooth rim of the glass, feeling the butter melt, running down the shaft, through his blond pubes, across his balls, and into the crack of his ass.

He was making a mess and he loved it.

He licked one finger and stuck it up his asshole. He sucktion-pumped the glass up and down his upstanding cock. He writhed on the floor. His hands smeared the butter across his fresh young body.

> *"He . . . stroked himself up to the edge of shooting his hot load of teenseed all over the kitchen floor."*

He felt pinned on his back by wrestlers from the senior varsity team. He closed his eyes and imagined their weight pressing down on his hard dick held tight inside his jockstrap inside his wrestling singlet.

He raised himself up from the kitchen floor to a wrestling bridge position: palms of hands and feet on the floor, small of his back arched up, his head hanging down between his arms, his flat belly curved up toward the ceiling, his erect cock pointing straight up into the cool air.

He held the position that Coach Blue had taught him.

He thrust his dick up higher and higher. The ten inches of his meat vaulted above his pumping arched body. His dick drove ceilingward.

Small pearly of hot juice squeezed out the tight opening in the big tip, and teared down the mushroom corona of the big head, hanging for a moment on the lip of the crown, then sliding fast down the blue-veined tracks of the shaft.

He ached with pleasure hoisting the ten inches high above his body. Sweat broke out under the glaze of butter.

He slid slowly to the floor. He panted. His belly heaved. His balls ached. His dick stretched out, even above the double-grasp of both his hands fisting his meat, hard, up and down, smash-masturbating himself to a frenzy.

He entered his final heat.

Greased and sweating he rose from the floor.

He felt dirty and he loved the feeling. He locked his eyes on some mid-distance point like a jock ready to take the high jump. He felt wild and he liked the feeling. It was his birthday and he liked the feeling of 18 packing a really sweet 10 inches.

He could do what the fuck he wanted. No one would know. No one would ever know.

He felt his fresh load oozing toward the head of his throbbing dick. He felt that mean green trigger in the back of his head begin to click.

He walked to the refrigerator. It was clear now. The vision was in his head. It was his birthday. The birthday boy could do anything. And he knew what he would do.

He felt his load building. He slammed his hard cock against the refrigerator. He opened the door. He pulled out the special meatloaf he knew his mom wanted to surprise him with at his birthday dinner.

He knew he could do it. He knew he would do it.

He put the red meatloaf on the floor.

He bit his lip, grinning at the splendid joke, and slid to his knees.

He straddled the meatloaf between his slick young thighs.

He dragged his balls through the kitchup circle on top the meat.

Then he raised up halfway and with both hands stroked his big ten-incher no more than a

dozen strokes before he came, arching his head back, howling like a banshee, shooting his load across the meatloaf, rising up, falling back, then falling forward on his hands and toes, pumping out pushups, hardon into the hamburger, until every last spasm of his teenaged body drained the seed from his dick, until finally he lay exhausted, spent, drained, and happy across the meatloaf.

He dozed. He slept the dreams of angels. He didn't recall for how long. Finally, he woke with a start.

He knew what he must do.

He cleaned the kitchen floor, washed the glass tumbler, and put away his father's tape measure.

He reconstructed the meatloaf, putting it and its extra ingredient back into the refrigerator.

Then he showered, ready to greet his parents when they came home from work with birthday presents in their hands.

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WATERBOY WANTED!

Words & Art by THE HUN

"Varsity Waterboy Wanted! Apply: Coach Avery, Fieldhouse." The notice was posted on every bulletin board at Shady Nook. Sig read each word with interest. He had been at Shady Nook County Work Farm only two weeks, but he knew the "school" had a winning team and coach.

'Course, even if he made waterboy, it wouldn't be a free ride. Aside from being able to use the decrepit barn they called the fieldhouse and getting the Warden's permission for all team members to bunk in the same one of Shady Nook's half-dozen "dormitory" cabins, the varsity got no special privileges. Shady Nook was, after all, an adjunct to the state chain gang system, and no one was supposed to be having too much fun here, the varsity included! They had to put in the same hours at farm chores, county renovation and improvement projects, and assorted make-work, and *then,* tired and sweaty as they might be, they had to give that extra burst of power and pride for coach and team in daily, grueling practice on the field. They even had a winning streak going in the small "conference" of various penal institutions in that corner of the state.

Sig wanted to be a part of all pride! He had played some football already in high school, when he had been on the "outside." He had good coordination and a strong young body. He knew being waterboy wouldn't be the same as actually playing varsity, but he had arrived at Shady Nook too late to try out for this year's team. That afternoon, when his chores were done, Sig sat down, printed out his crudely spelled application for the waterboy position and walked it over to the field house.

Coach Avery leaned back from his desk, shuffling department paperwork to one side. He cupped his big black hands behind his closely-cropped head, revealing thickly matted armpits glistening with the day's sweat. A light carpet of tight, kinky hair washed across his chest and down the length of his abdomen to the pull cord of his soiled sweatpants. The Coach chewed at one corner of his lower lip as he considered Sig's application, looking the young man up and down. Finally he spoke. "You're that new boy I hear about, over in Cabin 'D', huh?"

"Want you to hunker down here . . . and start cleanin' this here jock with that hot, wet mouth of yours!"

"Yes, Sir! Sig, Cabin 'D', Sir!" Sig flushed and shuffled his bare feet awkwardly, hoping the Coach hadn't heard about . . . or wouldn't hold against his application . . . all that stuff that went on in Cabin 'D' every night after lights out. Hell, he was the new kid there. He was muscular and big for his age, sure, but there was no way he could fight off all twenty-two of them at once. Twenty-three, if you counted the Trusty who was supposed to be there to keep stuff like that from happening, but who always got his piece of that hot new ass too. If the Coach asked, Sig would try to explain how it wasn't his fault he'd been yanked out of his bunk every night he'd been at Shady Nook . . . held down on that wet, funky king-size mattress out there in the middle of the floor . . . stuffed with hard young cock at both ends, as rough as they wanted, as long as they wanted, till every teenage cock there was drained and limp for another night! And with all that tit chewing, and ass plowing, and face fucking, and ass licking, and piss drinking, Sig just naturally couldn't help it if his own young cock got all big and red and drippping and . . .

"And you wanna be varsity waterboy?" the Coach asked, snapping Sig out of his thoughts.

Sig's face brightened immediately, his body bracing to attention in the gray and white stripes of the Shady Nook "uniform." His voice was eager as he answered, "Oh, yes, Sir! Football, Sir! You just tell me what to do, I know I can handle it, Sir!"

"I dont' know, boy. It's a pretty big job. Gotta keep the uniforms clean, the locker room picked up, take care of varsity equipment. You'd help get

continued on page 77

AFTER GAME
ITE - COACH
CAPTAIN
9 DEMO ON
MATTRESS IN
"A"! FIRST
O CUM WILL
TRAIN FOR
TY & VISITING
TILL DAWN!
OCKS WELCOM!
WATER BOY WANTED.
APPLY TO COACH AVERY, FIELD
MUST BE ABLE TO!
- HANDLE BIG LOADS & HEAVY EQUIPMENT!
- FOLLOW SIMPLE ORDERS
- ASK NO QUESTIONS
- SERVE VARSITY NEEDS
- REPORT TO COACH DAILY NITE
- GIVE IT ALL UP FOR FOOT
(WOULDN'T HURT NONE IF YOU WAS YOUNG GOOD-LOOKIN, MUSCULAR, STRONG LIKE A STEER)
COACH WILL CHECK QUALIFICATIONS
SCHEDULED GAMES
SEPT. 10 - STATE REFORMITO
EPT. 17 - CHAIN GANG (T)
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T. 1 - JUVENILE HALL (H)
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ON THE RISE INCHES

coming next issue:

FALCON'S BIGGEST STUDS: We're not talking popularity here. We're talking inches! And in our second issue, one of the world's most popular male studios exposes its most-endowed stars through the years. The total inches in this spread alone could be, to say the least, eye-popping!

DAVE CONNORS: The closest challenger to malemovie supercock Rick "Humungous" Donovan hails from New York and plans to x-pose his below-the-belt claim to porn fame in these pages. Can he take away Donovan's longtime size king crown in 1985? Time, of course, will tell, and INCHES exclusive inch-revealing expose of Connors follows in next month's issue!

LETTERS FROM PRISON: Real-life letters exchanged between a black topstud behind bars and a white bottomstud outside. These letters are the real thing, and when we get down to the hot parts you'll know it!

SLEAZE MASTER: The self-proclaimed "Master of Sleaze," Christopher Rage, tells us in his own words and visions just how he came to crown himself. The malemovie world's "sleaze master!"

PHOTO-FEATURES: Mind-boggling and tape-busting pictures of exposed men guaranteed to add up to more than 50 centerfold inches! Hung newcomer Dave Connors isn't the only man in the next issue of INCHES with the best kind of pornstar credentials!

ALSO: Our continuing search (with pictures yet!) for the man with the world's biggest meat; a bluemovie ratings chart that gives 'em the INCHES ruler test; one-handed reading, erotic art, humor, comment, true confessions from readers who claim they've met "the biggest one I ever had"; a what's new column guaranteed to make tongues wag coast-to-coast, and of course the most personal, printable ads from men who want to **meat** you! And so much more!

WATERBOY WANTED!

continued from page 72

things ready for home games and ride the bus with the team to and from away games. In general, you'd have to do anything your told, to keep the varsity's spirits high and their tensions low. Keep this a winning team! Think you can handle all that?"

"Oh, yes, Sir! I think so, Sir! Why, I'd be might proud . . ." Sig stammered.

" 'Course, that's a lot of hard work when you think about it," the Coach interrupted. "You'll need a lot of firm muscle and a broad back." He gave Sig a steady, calculating look and gave the order softly. "Get rid of that shirt,kid! Show me what you got to work with!"

"Yes, Sir!" Sig replied eagerly, quickly popping the large wooden buttons out of their holes, revealing his well-chiseled, almost hairless teenage torso. Without really posing, he sort of breathed, tensed and flexed to display his potential strength at best advantage.

"Yeah, kid, you might do," the Coach murmured almost to himself. He rose slowly from his chair and paced a full circle around the young man, studying that hard young body as if it were a side of beef or a work of art. "Nice broad back," he commented from behind, grasping the sturdy bronzed shoulders with both his rough hands. He kneaded the smooth skin and firm muscles up and down Sig's back, assessed the ripple of biceps, triceps, deltoids, explored the tautness of the sides from the slender waist up to those wide and flaring lats at the sweaty, blond armpits. Slowly, he turned the young man around to face him and continued his manual exploration on the front side. As methodically as a blind man appreciating a fine sculpture, he rubbed up and down the hairless washboard of Sig's abdominals, gauged the thickness of the hard, rounded pectoral slabs, and began a gentle but insistent tugging and tweaking of the

large, distended nipples. The Coach's voice was raspy, like he was having a little trouble breathing, when he broke the heavy silence in the room. "Yeah, kid, you got a nice, strong body . . . from what I can tell . . . gonna do a lot of good work with all this!" He continued stroking and milking at the tender, hardening nipples. "Don't know exactly how these big, hangin' tits are gonna help win games, but I think my varsity team will find somethin' to do with 'em!"

Sig was breathing a lot harder and blushing a convincing "virgin scarlet" as the Coach spoke. He could feel the effect all this nipple tugging was having below his navel. His striped prison pants were tenting out urgently, a long, broad arc running from his crotch to half-way down his left thigh. An incoherent, "Sir, I . . . Sir! . . . Oh, Sir . . ." was all Sig could murmur.

As abruptly as he had begun, the Coach left off his exploration. "Yeah, kid, you look strong enough for the job . . . from the waist up," he appraised. He sat down in a handy chair right in front of Sig and continued matter-of-factly, "But the team manager has to handle a lot of big loads. Heavy equipment and stuff. Let's have a look at your legs . . . see if you're up to the kind of liftin' you'll be doin'."

Sig was embarassed as hell, because he knew the Coach's titwork had brought his fat teenage sausage up to half-boner . . . maybe dripping already! And he knew the Coach knew they didn't issue underwear at Shady Nook! But, anything for football! "Yes, Sir!" he mumbled with ragged breathing. "Good legs, Sir! Check me out, Sir!" He pulled the soiled drawstring and snapped open the buttons of the flimsy issue. In short order, the young man was buck naked, his large red teenage dick pointing right at the Coach's face!

"Yeah, pretty good thighs, kid," the Coach observed, rubbing his large hands up and down the firm columns. He seemed to ignore the hard young dick that was pulsing and oozing right in front of his face. With one hand he hefted the young man's swollen balls. With the other he probed and tested deeply between the wide-spread thighs, nudging at the firm cock root. "Yeah, they seem to fit together okay . . . no herni or nothin'!" The roving hand explored further back, grasping, assessing the tight fullness of the melon-sized buns, straying lightly but insistently over the puckered asshole. Sig moaned softly and spread his legs wider, hunching his straining pelvis further forward, as one finger . . . then two . . . penetrated his anal ring and slowly, skillfully, worked his prostate into a raging frenzy. Sig's legs seemed to turn to jelly under him. He leaned his weight back onto the desk, propping himself up with his muscular arms.

". . . he knew the coach's titwork had brought his fat teenage sausage up to half-boner . . . maybe dripping already!"

"Damn good legs!" the Coach remarked. His fingers were still working way up inside Sig's ass as he spoke. "I think you're gonna work out just fine, white boy!" Then he added, almost as an afterthought, "But what do you know about takin' care of a whole team? Think you can keep ahead of all them muddy uniforms, stinkin' socks, funky jockstraps? Do your best for football?"

Sig's eyes were glazed from the deep fingering he was still taking up the ass. His hard young cock lurched wildly in front of him, the long foreskin rolling half-way down the pulsing shaft. His breathing was ragged and his voice strangely hoarse as he rasped incoherently, "Yes, Sir! Sir! Football! Socks! Want to do it! Jocks! All of 'em! Football, Sir!"

"Yeah?" the Coach smiled wryly. "All of the jocks, later, maybe. Right now we test you out on this one!" He pulled his long, thick fingers from Sig's ass, wiping them on a handy rag—Sig's pants—and rose from his chair. His eyes didn't leave the sweating young body before him as he slowly kicked off his gym shoes and pulled the cord releasing his baggy sweatpants. Sig was awestruck as Coach Avery stood before him—big, black, hairy and proud—a great bear of a man dressed only in the whistle around his neck and the tattered jockstrap tenuously cupping his enormous manhood!

"Pretty filthy jock, huh, kid?" the Coach asked, directing the young man's gaze to the straining elastic pouch. Sig stared, mesmerized, at the pulsing mound of thick flesh and thin fabric. This jockstrap was beyond filthy. Elastic gave and threads tore even as Sig stared. The waist band was frayed and sagging, a study in gritty grays. The pouch itself was a collage of dried cum, piss and sweat. And it was full-to-bursting with some very potent manmeat! Sig saw the dark spot forming where the broad cockhead pushed urgently against the pouch. He watched, awestruck, as a thick glob of pre-cum oozed right through the worn elastic and drooled slowly, gently to the floor. The Coach flexed his groin muscles as he repeated, more gruffly this time, "I said, pretty filthy jock, huh, kid?"

"Filthy, Sir . . ." Sig murmured. "Jock . . . plenty filthy!

"You wanna work on it for me, white boy? Get it nice and clean again?"

"Yes, Sir!" Sig's voice was tight, raspy, "Clean your funky jock . . . all the way, Sir!"

"Well, step into my laundry room, boy," the Coach chuckled as he turned, "and let's see what you can do!" He took all of three steps to a long, low bench near the far wall of his office. The bench creaked loudly as the big, black athlete lay down on it, belly up, his legs spread wide.

Sig followed on command, as if in a daze. He stood, silent and waiting between the wide-spread thighs of the ebony

giant, staring down at the oozing, swelling triangle of soiled elastic.

Coach Avery clasped his hands under his head. He closed his eyes and growled softly, "This is it, kid! No soap, no water, no brush, no machine! Want you to hunker down here," he spread his muscular thighs even wider, "and start cleanin' this here jock with that hot, wet mouth of yours! Now, white boy! For football!"

Sig's breathing was shallow as he knelt between the widely splayed columns of sweaty thigh and brought his wide, pink tongue down to the thinly covered knot of straining manflesh where the columns met. Slowly, tentatively at first, he began to lick the tattered roughness, the salty funk of the pouch. He could feel the entrapped monster cock responding, swelling, probing from the other side of the thin and straining material.

Sig's own teenage cock was pounding full-staff between his kneeling thighs as he redoubled his efforts to pass this test! He brought up load after load of spit, soaking the jock, making it reveal more and more of the color and contours of the angry fucker it barely contained! He cupped his mouth tightly over each huge nut in turn, slurping and sucking through the elastic! He attacked the pulsing length and head of the giant mancock that was clearly defined as it pressed urgently against the straining fabric! Sig thought the jockstrap surely must be getting cleaner, cause he knew he was swallowing some pretty mean stuff. But, hell! Anything for football!

"I think you got that laundry detail down, boy," the Coach rasped at length. "But your rinse cycle is puttin' a strain on my main muscle!" Bracing his weight on his broad shoulders and widely planted feet, Coach Avery arched his pelvis upward, raising his hard, round ass a few inches off the bench. "Peel down that jock, kid! Let's see what else you know!"

Sig's hands trembled in time with his own throbbing cock as he grasped the frayed waistband and pulled the soggy elastic toward him. It was a little struggle getting the strap past all that swollen equipment, but finally the material popped free of the giant snag! "Giant" was not the word! As the Coach lowered his ass to the bench again, Sig could only stare with his mouth agape, mesmerized by the enormous cock before him. Certainly it had felt and looked real big through the jockstrap, but now freed of all restraints the fucker was humungous! The rock-hard tool had Sig's own studcock outsized by inches. It must have been way over a foot long, and as big around as Sig's forearm! It was all satin black with deep purple sheens, slick with mansweat and Sig's spit, standing straight up out of the thick mat of glistening crotch hair, belching out relays of pre-cum with each throbbing beat! The foreskin pulled back from the crown, revealing a wide and blunt mushroom head, the size and color of a prize-winning eggplant! The Coach's ponderous balls hung way down, draping over the end of the bench, like twin goose eggs in a black, fuzzy bag!

"It must have been way over a foot long, and as big around as Sig's forearm!"

"Jeez, Coach! . . . I mean, Fuck, Sir! I mean . . . " Sig mumbled incoherently as he knelt before the glistening shaft of hot, black beef.

"Now, a waterboy . . . uh, manager . . . is gonna see more than his share of strained, achin' muscles," the Coach interrupted. His voice was matter-of-fact, like he was lecturing the health class. "Big, hard, hurtin' muscles, just like this. Gonna see 'em up real close, just like this. Good waterboy has to make that muscle feel real good . . . relieve all that hurtin'!" The Coach flexed his groin muscles, making the hard black cock snap and quiver, clarifying his next order beyond doubt. "Now, white boy, want you to get down there and lick this big, hard problem!"

Sig studied "the problem" for only a second and then grinned. What the fuck? he reasoned. It might be bigger than anything he'd ever seen, but the Coach had one heli of a slab! Sig wanted to "solve" this problem, bring relief to that big, aching joint with every lesson he'd ever learned!

For the next 20, maybe 30 minutes, Sig licked and sucked and nibbled every square inch of that big, black body he could get his mouth on. He slurped up those huge dangling nuts, working them around and around in his drooling mouth, one at a time. He licked up and down the sweaty length of that stallion prod, swirling cheese and grit out from under the heavy foreskin, swallowing it down. Try as he would, Sig couldn't get more than just the giant mushrooom head of that big, beautiful cock into his mouth. But he poked deeply into the gaping piss slit with his eager tongue and washed the glassy purple globe around and around some more! His own hard young prick bounced and oozed with every effort.

A few times the Coach upended himself, holding his own knees way back to his ears, letting Sig, ordering Sig, to "Eat that black ass, white boy!" And each time the young man's mouth would suction hard over the anal opening, his teeth combing the thick, tangled mat of ass hairs, his eager tongue penetrating the ring, working deeply, hungrily, far up into the welcoming chute!

Sig buried his face in the Coach's deep, sweaty armpits, sloshing the stale funk out of each great clump of tightly matted hair, swallowing it down, going for more!

And how Sig enjoyed the titwork! He knew just how his own nipples had grown so long and tender. He knew the effect all that chewing and sucking could have on his body . . . and on his mind. Now he shared that lore with the coach's erected,

shiny black nipples, 'til the big man was writhing and groaning in pleasure beneath him!

But again and again, Sig came back to that swollen purple cockhead, plugging his face as deeply as all that meat could go, wanting it to erupt with hot, thick ropes of gamy mancum, washing over his yearning tastebuds and down his eager throat!

The Coach was openly enjoying every stroke and slurp of the teenager's considerable talent. The black giant lay back, grunting and moaning in ragged breaths, mouthing barely audible encouragements, orders, profanities, as the kid quickened the pace of hard sucking.

Coach Avery was about to move this interview on to some deep stroke ass fucking, when suddenly it was all over! With an audible gulp, the muscles in the back of the kid's throat relaxed. The hard black cock lurched

". . . Sig came back to that swollen purple cockhead . . . wanting it to erupt with hot, thick ropes of gamy mancum . . ."

more than half its length down the blond's throat. The old wooden bench creaked and groaned as the Coach's powerful body thrashed in ecstasy. With a might roar that didn't stop 'til his cock did, the Coach signalled that he was cumming . . . and cumming . . . and cumming . . . and cumming some more, right down the teenager's throat!

Eventually Sig had to come up for air. There just wasn't room in his throat for both breath and big black dick! But after a few gasps of air, the young man was right back on it! He slurped the softening studcock all the way down, 'til his tender lips were nuzzling balls and crotch hair! For many minutes the room was strangely quiet except for the ragged breathing of both sweaty men. Finally the Coach braced himself up on his elbows. Still panting heavily, he regarded the handsome youth kneeling between his wide-spread thighs, watched with open delight as that hot pink mouth worked back and forth on his ebony cock.

"No doubt about it, kid," he said at length. "You know what your mouth is for around here! I know seventeen big, horny varsity studs who are gonna like what you do for football! Now, unless you're waitin' for me to piss, you better shag your hot pink ass out of here and pack your gear over to Cabin 'A', varsity quarters! Looks like we got ourselves a new waterboy!" ■

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TRUE CONFESSIONS

continued from page 41

was going to need it. All the while, I played with it. I hefted it; it was like five pounds of bologna. I don't know how long it was, but when the head was at the heel of my palm, the tip of my index finger was not yet halfway down the shaft—and, as I said, I've got pretty big hands!

Well, after I'd smoked a little and had another drink, I just had to try it again. And I tried. I did a little better. I got maybe another full inch inside my mouth. But no way was I ever going to deep throat that monster!

Well—I had two other choices. I could jack it off—but that would take both of my hands—and his. (And what a waste!) And then, well, maybe I could take it up the ass. Maybe!

I'm not exactly a virgin. I prefer to suck; I love the taste of that nice white cream. But I've met a lot of guys for whom sucking is merely foreplay. Go ahead and suck it—but when they get hot enough they roll me over and slam it to me. (And I love it!) But I've never been fist-fucked—and this monster was bigger than most fists I've ever seen! I decided I needed another drink—and maybe some more grass. Joe seemed to understand, and he was right there with me.

Then I got out the Lube.

I don't usually use it. A little spit is all I need. Usually. But Joe wasn't the usual case. I got out the Lube. I smeared that huge shaft with it, and I smeared it liberally over that thick cockhead (I stopped to lap up some more of his pre-fuck juice before I greased him up). The rest of the jar went up my asshole. I smeared it around the opening, and as far up as I could reach.

Then, I decided, I was ready. But how do we do it? On my back? Dog-fashion? No—I don't have hospitalization! I decided the best way was for him to sit right where he was and to let me lower myself down on top of him—on *it*—very carefully!

Joe was very understanding. He let me do it my way. I got up over him and squatted. That huge cock-head was rubbing against my asshole. I closed my eyes; I just knew that this was my last day on earth—but this was a challenge I couldn't pass up. I was hungry!

I started lowering myself down on it. That big head started going up into my asshole. I could feel my asshole stretching—and stretching—and stretching. Just when I was about to tell him in no uncertain terms that I couldn't take the least bit more, my asshole snapped around his giant cock-head. It was actually up inside me! I could hardly believe it! The rest should be easy. The shaft wasn't quite as wide as the head. But it sure as hell was long!

I started lowering myself slowly—very slowly. It moved up inside me—and a little more—and a little further. I can't begin to describe the sensation! (Thank God, for all that grease!) It filled my ass like nothing had ever done before (or since). Inch by inch, it moved slowly up into my ass—making it stretch like it had never been stretched before. That cock reached nerve-endings I never knew existed! Amazingly, there was no pain. Only a feeling of being stretched, of being filled up as never before. Like when you stretch your muscles early in the morning after a sluggish sleep. But, man! I *knew* there was a cock up my ass!

I lowered myself a little more, and, all of a sudden, I could feel his pubic hair rasping against my butt. I reached down to feel, and, sure enough, every fucking inch of that huge cock was stuffed up my ass! I almost couldn't believe it—except, I was so stoned, I think I would have believed anything at that point.

And then, I got brave. With that huge cock sticking into my ass like a tent pole, I slowly got down on my hands and knees, pulling Joe along with me. I got down on the floor on all fours, and he was behind me, fucking me dog-style. He still hadn't made a move. His cock jerked a couple of times, but he didn't try to fuck me. He just let it kind of soak in.

But, once I got him down on the floor, he really got going. He started to pull it out—almost all the way. Then he slammed it home! And I mean, he slammed it home! His balls slapped against my butt—reaching all the way to my balls. I mean, he slammed it!

And I loved it! Feeling that huge piece of meat pounding back and forth inside my poor ass was heaven! I was almost ready to come—but I didn't want to—not yet. We'd just started. It took so long to get it in there, now I wanted to really enjoy it! All that meat kept pushing against my prostate, but, somehow, I managed to hold back. He slammed it in all the way; then he pulled it back, until only the huge cock-head was still inside; then he slammed in again—and again!

I've never been fucked by a horse (and I don't ever want to be), but having met Joe, I know what it must be like. He wasn't one of those quick-triggered tyhpes. They get it in—come—pull out; they're finished and you're just getting started. He knew how to make it last—and with intense pleasure. He fucked me—and fucked—and fucked. It probably didn't go on for more than half-an-hour—but it seemed like half the night. I was moaning and groaning. I was even crying at one point, it was so magnificent. On and on and on. You just can't imagine that wonderful feeling—that huge piece of meat slamming into you, pulling back, and slamming once again. Not only did it seem to be going on forever, I never wanted it to stop!

But, as we all know—unfortunately—all good things must eventually come to an end. And he did—come, I mean. And from those huge balls of his, and that horse-cock, what would you expect? He climaxed for what seemed gallons. He'd been pounding into me for hours (or so it seemed that way), when I all at once felt him plumping faster and faster. And that incredible bulk inside my ass got longer and stiffer—and it seemed to expand even more. Then, I could actually feel him pumping out bullets of white-hot cum, deep inside me. I could actually feel every constriction of his huge muscle as it spurted out jet after jet of his fuck-juice. He grabbed my shoulders, and impaled me on his exploding cock.

That's when I came too. All over my rug. I didn't give a damn. Fuck the rug! I collapsed into the pool of my own sperm, and he collapsed on top of me. I could still feel a little jerk, a little spurt of his hot cum shooting upwards into my ass. I squeezed my asshole, and her jerked and spurted again.

We lay like that for a long time before he finally yanked it out. And what a feeling that was. It was like losing an arm—having someone pull it off you—something that belonged *there.*

Well—that's about it. We exchanged addresses—but he left town a few days later, and I lost touch. But, if you ever see him in a bar—about 35 or so, dark brown hair, shy—and baggy pants. Well—good luck!

D.R.
New York, NY

(ED. NOTE: If you have a true-life experience with the biggest dick you ever had, why not share it with your fellow INCHES readers? Send your true confessions to Editor, INCHES, c/o Stewart Communications, 18455 Burbank Blvd., Suite 309, Tarzana, CA 91356.

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ASK INCHES

SELF-SUCKING

Dear *Inches,*
What does it feel like to suck yourself? I've seen pictures of guys in porn films who do it and I have a friend who can suck himself. I just wonder what it feels like.
Signed,
Curious
Dear Curious,
It sounds like you think I know. Well, I do remember when I was about 13 or 14 or maybe 15 when I used to be able to touch the tip of my rock hard dick with my tongue. It was hot then. I can only imagine what it feels like to get the whole cockhead in one's own mouth!

COMFORTABLE SEX

Dear *Inches,*
I brought a guy home the other night and after a drink in the living room we went into the bedroom. I wanted to bring in the stereo speaker so we'd have music and turn off the window fan so we wouldn't have noise, and he got upset, telling me I should be thinking about him and not about other things. Is he right?
Signed,
Scene-setter
Dear Scene-setter,
Yeah, he's right. You should have been thinking about him and nothing else. But since you weren't, you might as well make yourself comfortable.

PLAYING ROLES

Dear *Inches,*
I went home with a guy last weekend who turned out to be the top this bottom was looking for. A nice, hard dick that stayed that way. But right in the middle of the fucking he tells me he'd like to be the coach and me be the athlete. I say okay and he then wants to know what athlete I'd be. The Olympics were on and so I automatically said track and field. He wants to know if I'm into sports and I say I play tennis. Then he wants to know why I didn't choose to be a tennis player. I didn't know what to say. I've got to admit even I was puzzled. Here we were having one helluva hot fuck and it seemed he wasn't. And yet he's called me back for a date about three times since then. I'm confused what to do now.
Signed,
Athlete?
Dear Athlete?
Good sex isn't enough for some people and he's obviously one of them. If you had one helluva hot fuck not doing his trip, just think how hot that fuck will be when he gets to do his trip!

GLASSES LOVER

Dear *Inches,*
I've got a thing for guys who wear glasses. I think they're incredibly hot and am always attracted to them. The only problem is that when most of them get ready to fuck they take off their glasses and end up looking like an entirely different person. What am I gonna do?
Signed,
Four-eyes lover
Dear Four-eyes lover,
When he gets ready to fuck, get on your knees and you won't be able to see what he looks like. Open his fly and blow him still sitting in the living room chair. And don't know it 'til you've tried it!

BAR ETIQUETTE

Dear *Inches,*
I can remember about 1967 when sending a drink to a guy in a bar was a hot thing to do. It just seemed a romantic way to say you were hot for a man. Now if you send a drink to a guy in a bar he looks at you like you were a dirty lecher.
Signed,
Disillusioned
Dear Disillusioned,
You're sending drinks to the wrong guys.

BED PARTNERS

Dear *Inches,*
Why do so many gay guys attach such importance to sleeping together after sex? It's got to be one of the most old-fashioned, conservative ways of thinking still in existence today (and especially prevalent in the gay world) that if you fuck together you should, wake up together. I can't sleep with another person, especially a stranger met the previous night, and I hate sex in the morning. But I think I'm in the minority. I let a guy I'd been fucking with a few times spend the night recently and he snored so bad I had to spend a sleepless night on the living room floor while he sawed logs in my big bed. Am I wrong to think sex and sleep don't necessarily go together?
Signed,
Sleeping Alone
Dear Sleeping Alone,
Don't worry. When the right bed partner comes along, you'll sleep with him!

PAYING FOR IT

Dear *Inches,*
A couple months ago I met a young breakdancer walking home about two blocks from where I live. I invited him to my apartment, we got stoned and he fucked the beejeebies out of me. Since he was basically straight and had women on the mind, I never expected to hear from him again. But lo and behold, he called a week later and came back the next week and did it again. Then, on the third visit, he reluctantly announced he told me, he thought he should get paid for his stud services. He turned me on and I wanted to keep seeing him, so I agreed to a $25 fee each time he plowed me. The sex

Photo/Malexpress Studios

even got better, almost as if the $25 erased whatever last inhibitions he had about making it with another guy. We've seen each other a few times since (once or twice a week) and I was so pleased with the situation I gave him a $5 raise to $30 per visit. I'm not paying because that's part of my sex trip, but because the kid needs the bucks for his junior year in college. I don't feel exploited or guilty about any of it, but I think my friends are upset. They're of the opinion that I'm still fairly young and hot and until I'm a dirty old man I shouldn't have to pay any stud. Am I wrong to pay?

Signed,
Paying For Sex

Dear Paying For Sex,

Not if you're getting your money's worth!

ONE-HANDED STORIES

Dear *Inches,*

I have a couple close friends who get off on reading paperbacks and hot fiction stories in the gay magazines, and yet I kinda scoff at such practices, telling them that the real thing is much better than made-up fiction. Am I wrong?

Signed,
Non-fiction lover

Dear Non-fiction lover,

Obviously you haven't experienced a night with a hot story in one hand and your dick in the other!

NO CONSCIOUS SEX

Dear *Inches,*

I recently talked to a close friend who'd seen the premiere issue of *In Style,* the new fashion mag from the people who make *In Touch,* and he thought it was the greatest thing since sex. A magazine for gay men which didn't have sex on the mind. Since *Inches* is being advertised as "the magazine with a one-track mind," what do you think he'd think of your magazine and our letters?

Signed,
Close friend

Dear Close friend,

First off, he isn't right. Anyone who looks at In Style, *the gay man's* GQ, *and says it doesn't have sex on the mind, has water on the brain. And secondly, thinking as he does, I don't think you need worry about him seeing our correspondence in this publication!*

FASCINATED

Dear *Inches,*

I'm fascinated with a guy who calls me up and asks me what I'm doing that night and when I say nothing he tells me he's going out with friends. Is this what the water-torture-act feels like?

Signed,
Tortured

Dear Tortured,

You tell me. You're the fool who's fascinated with him!

Photo/Malexpress Studios

LIFE'S OVER AT 40

Dear *Inches,*

I just turned 39 and never felt better. I'm in my prime, in every respect. But one of my best friends told me that I only have one more year to be "hot." He told me at 40 it's all over. He's 42 and doesn't seem to have taken to his wheelchair. In fact, he's finally a bachelor and having more fun than he's ever had in his life. Why is he telling me this?

Signed,
Puzzled

Dear Puzzled,

If he's truly having a better time than he's ever had after 40, he's shot his over-40 theory to pieces. He's only gently trying to tell you it's harder to be hotter past 40, physically. Mentally, he's proving to you it's easier. He must truly be a good friend.

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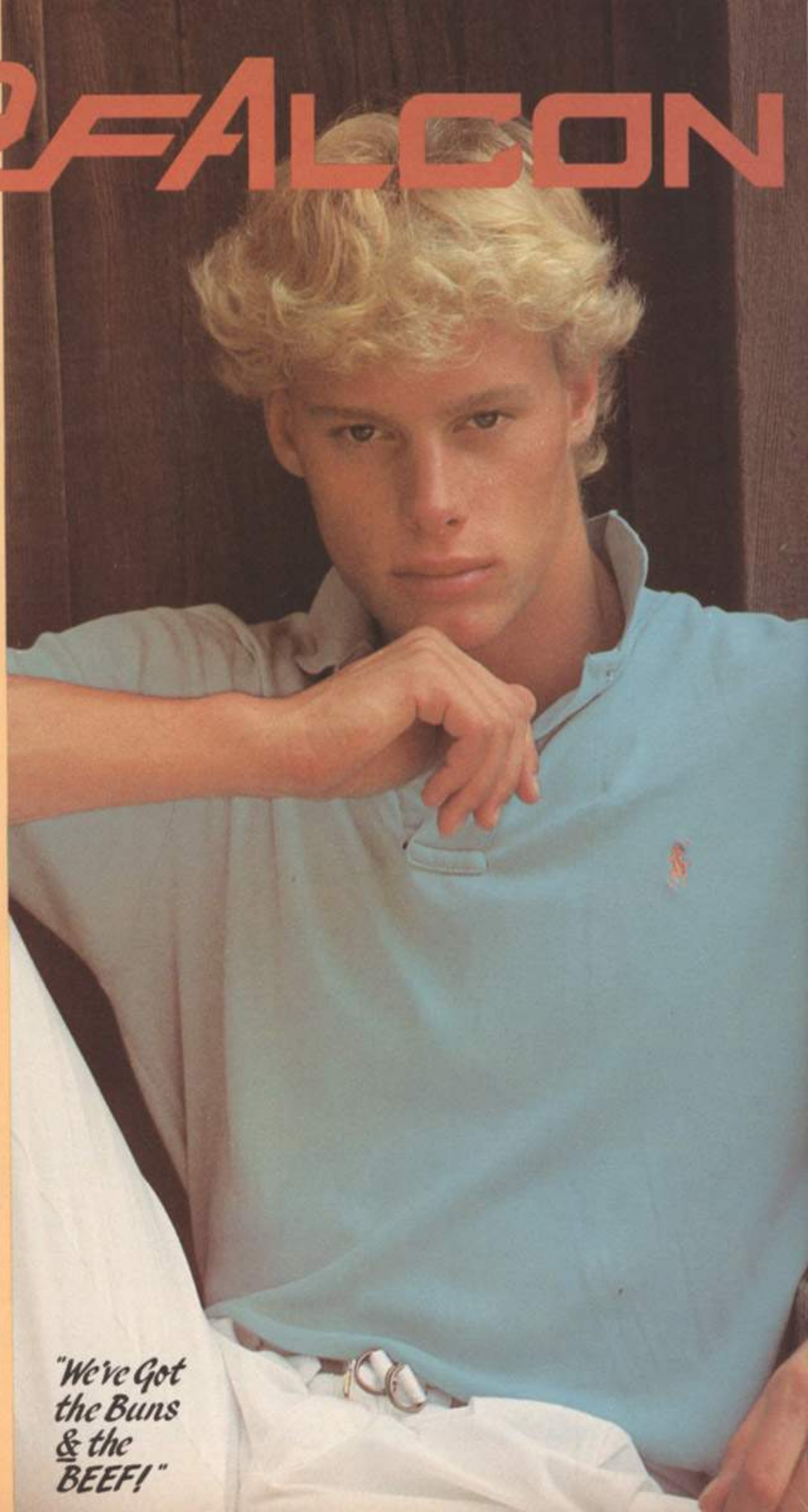

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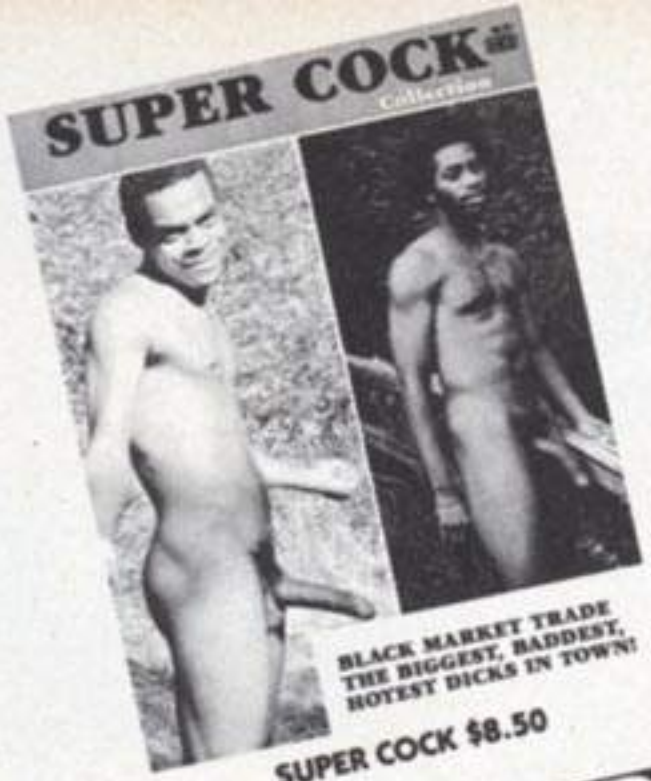

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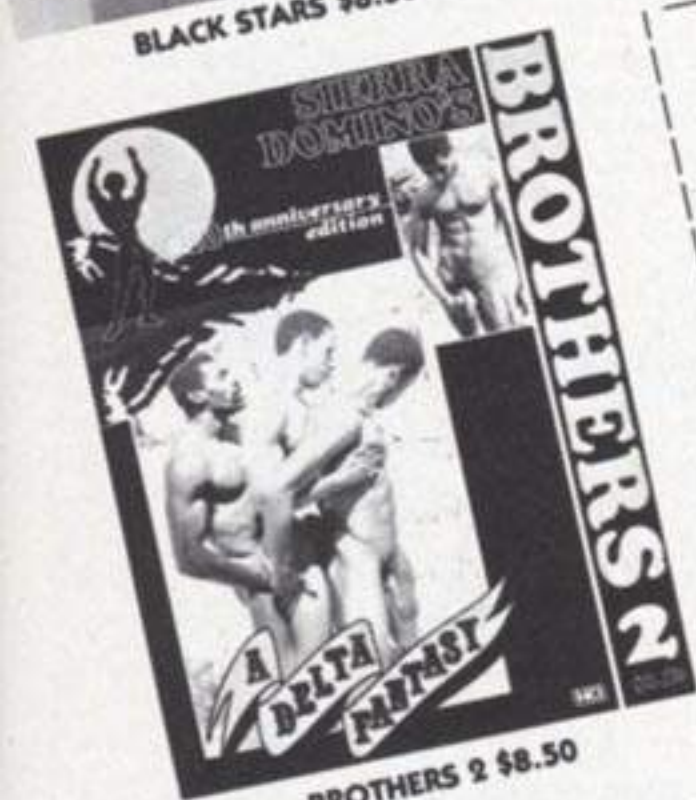

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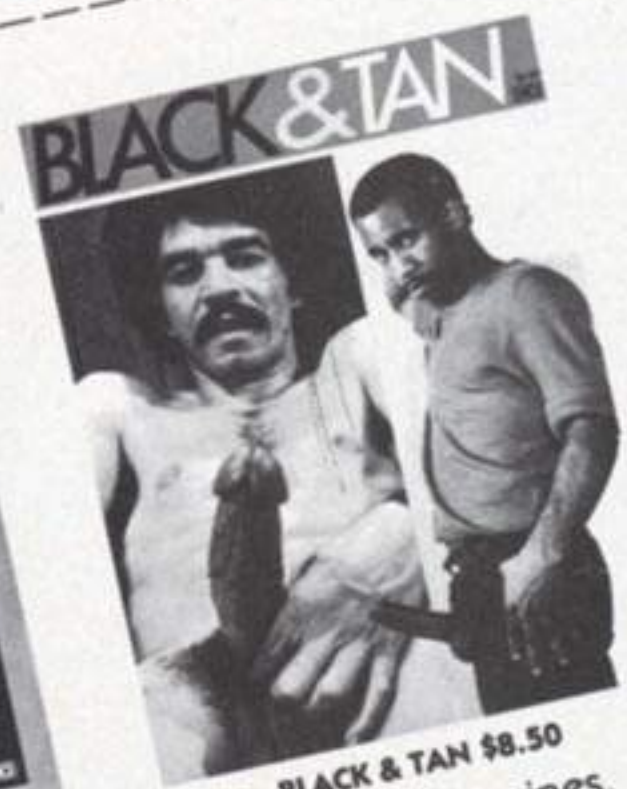

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Dear INCHES

ARE YOU FOR REAL?

Dear Editor,

When I heard news that there was going to be a magazine in 1985 that would tell us the truth and prove it with a tape measure each and every issue, I've got to admit I was ecstatic. That's why I'm writing this note to you even before your first issue goes on sale. I am sick to death of all those gay magazines that call a dick that looks like an air hose a damned fire hose. There is a big difference, to be sure, and make no mistake about it, the readers know it! In my opinion, most of the major gay publications are created regularly with the sme type of thinking that creates the worst of of the straight world's sex mags. And by that I mean that whoever's in charge obviously (and erroneously) genuinely expects us to swallow the words that go along with most centerfold spreads (*In Touch* should be commended for giving up on this practice!) is true. I'm not going to take the time to go into specific examples in the last year in some of the world's top-selling gay magazines nationwide, but most of us readers are a lot smarter than they (the editors) think we are! I sincerely hope your upfront title is a hint of just how honest your magazine plans to be!

P. Woodruff
Philadelphia, PA

We feel exactly as you do and we think other buyers of male magazines nationwide do. That it's time for a magazine that tells it like it is, proves it by measuring it up, and would rather not print if we have to stretch the truth. Sure, Inches *is conceived as "the magazine for men who think big" and "the magazine with a one-track mind," but our way of thinking sure seems a helluva lot better than making a big thing out of a little thing!*

PICTURE PROOF PLEASE!

Dear Editor,

When they told me a new magazine was due out the first part of the year called *Inches*, which planned to pull no punches when it came to telling us the truth about the male centerfolds, I was real happy. I'm sick to death of all the gay mags which would have us believe that Al Parker is a fireman with a big firehose between his hands just because he happens to be wearing a red fireman's hat and grasping a supposedly real firehose between his hot little hands. I didn't swallow it when I saw and read it, and I doubt many magazine buyers like me did. All I'm saying is that if you can't tell the truth about your *Inches* models, then run the pictures bigger and leave out the fiction!

C. Crowley
Seattle, WA

If we can't print the truth, we'll run the pictures bigger!

GIVE US IT ALL!

Dear Editor,

I know this is a premature letter because your first issue isn't even out yet. But I just wanted to drop a note to ask that you give us uncut dick as well as cut, that you give us dark meat as well as white, and that you show us the whole model, and not cut off his feet and hands, making him appear limbless! That's not too much to ask, is it?

K. Longley
St. Louis, MO

You got it, and you'll see it in this issue and in every monthly issue. Cut and uncut, dark and white meat, and for the most part, whole studs instead of individual pieces of them!

—Ed.

ED. NOTE: If you want to voice your opinion about INCHES, don't think about it—do it! We'll print it! Write to: Editor, INCHES, c/o Stewart Communications, 18455 Burbank Blvd., St. 309, Tarzana, CA 91356.

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continued from page 31

"His ass was tight and hot—it felt like hot melted butter washing around the tingling head of my cock."

some of his sperm trickled out of the corner of my mouth and ran down my chin.

With a gasp, halfway between pleasure and pain, he abruptly yanked his still-pulsing prick out of my mouth and stood there, leaning heavily on me, his entire body shaking. I couldn't take my eyes off that beautiful dick, as it throbbed up and down in the spasms from his explosive climax. Each time it jerked, a drop of hot white cum-juice was squeezed out of the tip of his cock, and I leaned forward and stuck out my tongue, lapping it into my mouth, not wanting to miss a single delicious drop of it.

Finally he recovered control of himself, and he pushed me away, reaching down to pull up his pants; he crammed his half-hard cock inside and zipped up. "Thanks," he mumbled.

"Thank *you*," I answered, still trying to catch my breath. Then he unlocked the door and left. I managed to get up off my knees, collect what was left of the quarters, and I stepped somewhat shakily out of the booth. The aisle was empty; I wondered if I should go back to relieve Jack, but I decided I'd better check out my appearance first. I went back into the office, leaving the door wide open—which I almost never do; I usually close it carefully behind me—but I wasn't thinking too clearly at that moment.

When I came out of the washroom, having combed my hair and wiped the contented grin off my face, I was startled to see someone in the office. He was young, well over 6-feet tall, and, from the looks of his well-developed chest and biceps—to say nothing of his sun-bleached blond hair—he was a bonafide surfer.

"How often do you change the films in the arcade?" he wanted to know.

I had the feeling that he didn't really care, but as I glanced down at the well-filled crotch of his cut-offs, I started to roll off the dates and change-times. I finally stopped and added, "But you should find at least a couple of films here to really get you off."

I noticed his eyes drop briefly to my crotch. My cock had relaxed a little, but it was still semi-hard; I had tried to make it less noticeable, but my Levis just weren't baggy enough. "Yeah," I answered. "I know what you mean—I *stay* horny working in this place." I cupped my cock in my fist and squeezed. "I'm always ready for anything, here."

"I can see that," he said. "It looks good!" And he started stroking his crotch.

In a matter of seconds, we were both stripped down to nothing but our sex. I stood there with my cock jutting out from my crotch, fully erect, as my eyes ran over that magnificent body of his. His gorgeous cock was easily as big as that of my Latin partner—and it wasn't completely hard yet.

I was about to reach out and grab his nearly hard cock and guide it to my greedy mouth, but I waited too long. Before I realized what was happening, he bent down and sucked my throbbing cock into his hot mouth, swallowing every inch of it in one gagging gulp, his nose and lips embedded in my pubic hair.

I moaned with pleasure as his oral muscles contracted around the spongy head of my cock, squeezing it in his redhot throat. I could feel the cum-juice churning in my balls, and I was losing all control. I knew I was going to spew out my white-hot load deep in another instant if he kept that up.

Then he pulled back, wrapping his fist tightly around the thick base of my cockshaft, as he gasped for air, his hot breath fluttering across the sensitive head of my cock. "I want to take this baby up my ass," he said.

Oh, yeah! I was all for it. He had me so hot, I was ready for anything. "But we don't have any grease back here," I told him.

"No problem! A little spit'll do it," he replied.

That sounded like an invitation to me—one I couldn't pass up. I pushed him over on his back on the thin, worn rug; then I climbed on top of him in a 69 position, pulled his legs up by the knees, and stared down at his spread asscheeks—looking down at the rosy pucker of his tightly clenched asshole, surrounded by a sparse fuzz of blond fur. I couldn't resist; I stuck out my tongue and started licking at it, letting my spittle drool down onto it, soaking that puckered pink opening—trying to relax it so I could shove my tongue up inside—getting it ready for my eager dick.

Then he began to moan. He lunged for my cock, which was hanging down above his hungry mouth, and crammed it into his vise-like throat, making me moan right along with him. He pushed his asshole up at my mouth—as if begging me to stick my tongue inside.

I couldn't hold out any longer. One more instant of this ball-wrenching action, and I would have been completely out of control. But I wanted to save my boiling load for his hot, sweet ass. Suddenly I jerked my throbbing prick out of his mouth and stood up, crouching down behind him, where I pushed his legs back until his feet were forced over his shoulders. I aimed my rock-hard cock at his asshole, rubbing my bulbous cockhead across the tiny, inviting opening, teasing him and adding more lubrication from the pre-fuck juice seeping steadily out of my piss-slit.

Then I pushed forward, slowly but steadily. At first, his tight asshole resisted, but then he relaxed, and my whole knob-like cockhead slipped inside. Man,

what a feeling! I had to stop, right then, freezing all motion, closing my eyes and fighting with every ounce of willpower to keep from shooting off then and there.

It took me more than a minute to regain control, and then I began to push the full length of my hard cock deep up into his moist, hot cavern. I could tell when I bumped into his prostate, because he let out a loud groan and grabbed his big dick and began to pump his fist up and down on the thick shaft. My cock began to piston in and out of him—slamming in brutally till my heavy balls slapped against his spread asscheeks.

Then, I couldn't hold back any longer, and my cock began hammering up into his tightly clutching ass at a frenzied pace—and suddenly, my cock seemed to explode, pumping all my white-hot fuck juice deep inside him. At the same time, his fist started flying at a furious pace up and down his long cockshaft. I bent my head down and discovered that my mouth could just barely engulf the mushroom of his cock, my lips tightly clasping just under his cockhead, as his pummeling fist banged into my lips and chin.

And then he was there, flooding my mouth with his tangy hot sperm. I sucked as hard as I could, and gulped down spurt after spurt of his hot jism. And, as he came in my mouth, his asshole pulsated, spasming around the thick base of my cockshaft which was still buried deep up inside his ass. I could feel him milking out every last drop from my over-heated balls.

Then I collapsed. We lay for several minutes before I had the energy to stand up, wash myself off, straighten my hair once again, and get dressed. Then I remembered where I was. My new-found blond friend disappeared, and I quickly locked the office and hurried out to relieve Jack—who looked, shall we say, pissed.

All I could do was shrug. "Hey, when you gotta go—you gotta go." ■

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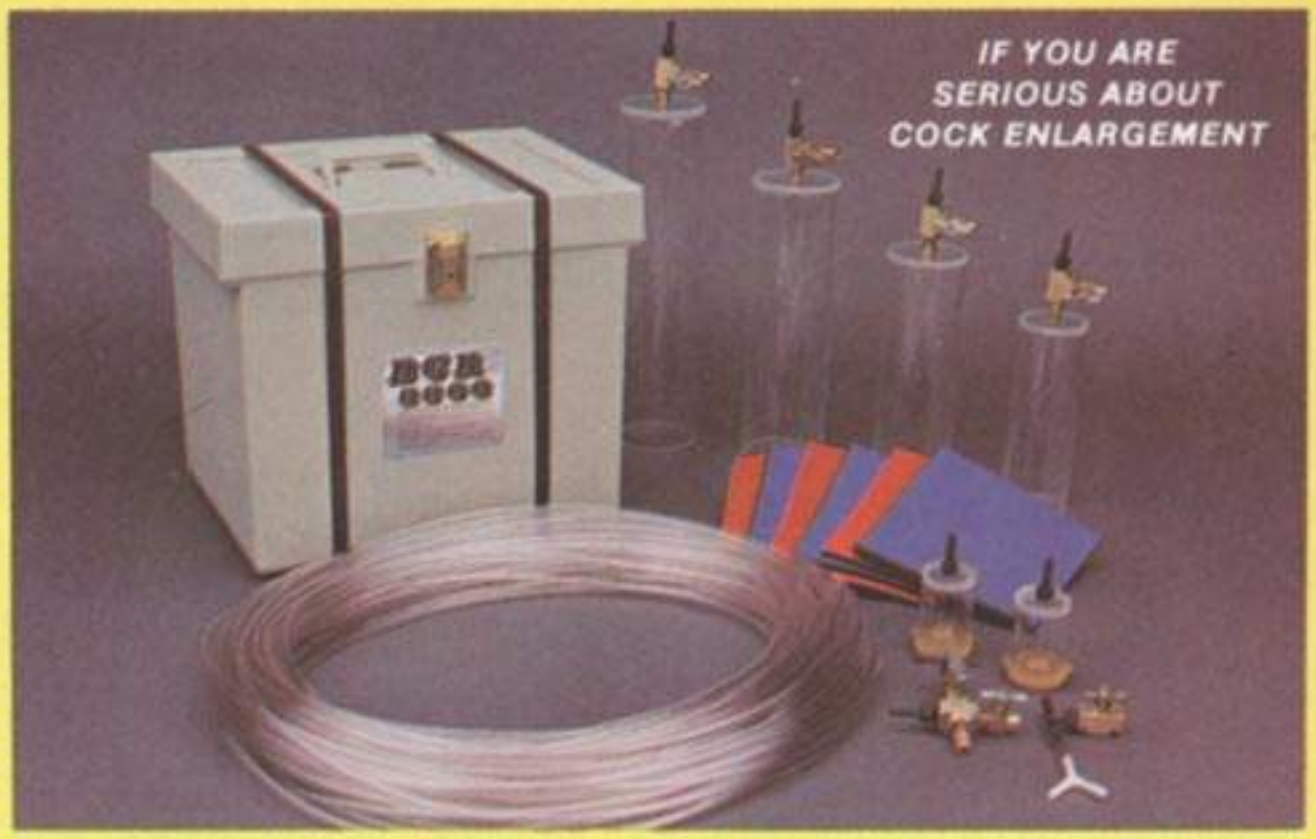

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▪ ▪

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Any questions write or call the Advertising Dept. (212) 691-7700

PRINT CLEARLY all information and sign below.
With my signature I declare that I am over 18 years of age and that the information in my ad is true and correct. I am aware that no proofs of my ad will be submitted to me for my approval and I waive all claims regarding accuracy of reproduction due to mistakes or technical failure. I understand that INCHES is in no way responsible for any contacts or transactions that occur as a result of placing this ad.

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

_____

_____

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ARIZONA

PHOENIX
GWM, 6'6", 30's, 170 lbs., Wants to meet gays in area for friends, fun & sex. Photo please. Write: George, Box 5702, Phoenix, AZ 85010

GWM, 30'S, TALL, SLIM
wants to hear from other leather lovers. No S&M or pain, just hot times in black leather. George, Box 5702, Phoenix, AZ 85010, Photo swap.

CALIFORNIA

GWM, 30, 6', 170 LBS.
Brown hair/eyes, discreet, submissive, seeks honest love any race from 30, not into gay scene. Answer with photo. C.D., 326 Evergreen Ave., Daly City, CA 94014.

VERY HOT DADDIES BOY
WM, 22, 5' 6", 120 smooth well-defined body looking for hot daddy 35-45 with a strong hand for discipline. Write with photo, phone to Boy, 540 Clipper St. #2, San Francisco, CA 94114.

ROPES
Hot, horny, well put-togther Libran, 34, 5'8", 135 lbs., 8" cut, has a lot of rope and a lot of time to explore bondage trips with equally intense, like-minded MEN. Tune in to some real trips with a goodlooking bottom/top. Photo brings a photo. Occupant, 795 Buena Vista West, #4, San Francisco, CA 94117.

PRIDE OF SERVICE
Black man requested. Focus on attitude and gear (leather) with positive presentation. Satisfaction guaranteed by W/M 44, 5' 9", 160#. Mr. Michael 213/384-4949; Box 291-031; LA, CA 90029.

BODYBUILDER
Businessman wants to sponsor Bodybuilder. Photo reply to Boris H., 1214 Polk-A, SF, CA 94109.

CHUBBY
W/M, blnd/blue, 34, 5'7", 180 lbs. likes to get high, get up on my knees and get it up the ass; big dicks, dildoes, small hands, enemas. Open it up and use it. Answer with photo only. Write #165, P.O.B. 15068, S.F., CA 94115.

'84 OLYMPICS ACCOMODATIONS
Bodybuilder offers private room with own entrance, secluded Hollywood Hills home, to masculine hunk. For details, write with photo & phone: Boxholder, P.O. Box 8361, North Hollywood, CA 91608.

GOOD-LOOKING SOUTHERN CALIF. ATHLETE
GWM 21, 6'2", 170 lbs. Smooth, well defined body. Moving to Huntington Beach on 2/21/84. Need someone(s) to show me around. All letters answered. All situations, relationships, propositions and opportunities considered. No fats or fems. S.Z. Lane, 2500 W. 6th, #507, Lawrence, KS 66044. All mail forwarded.

SKI THE ROCKIES
Handsome, muscular skier, thirties, seeks exceptionally handsome, muscular stud for rockies ski trips. Send photo, letter, sex prefences to Box 108, 2215-R Market Street, San Francisco, CA 94114.

HOT, SUBMISSIVE, MARRIED
WM, 34, 5'9", 153, good looking will exquisitely pleasure heavy hung, well built "Bossman." Exclusive discreet liaison to avoid disease. P.O.B. 1278, Solana Beach, CA 92075.

SLAVES!
Y/W/M seeks slaves to worship and serve Him as part of a newly formed "Church" that understands your place. Be prepared to perform as the slave you are and an offering may be taken of those who prove themselves. Send photo, and detailed application letter to: The First Lord of The High Court c/o Box 59146, Norwalk, CA 90650.

Latino 20 GDLKNG
Seeks guys 18-20 in L.A. L.B. area for good times and poss. relationship. All answered with photo. M.R., PO Box 1164, Southgate, CA 90280.

WANTED: HOT STUD INTO GENITAL PAIN
Excellent opportunity for attractive, well-built guy into having his balls worked over. Room, board, frequent vacation travel, other benefits. I'm 27, stable, friendly. Write 2265 Westwood Blvd., Suite B-168, L.A., CA 90064. Photo a must.

HOT MARRIED MAN
38, 6'. 175 Masculine. Seeks other married men, 32-42, French passive, masculine, hung for discreet daytime action. Bronski, 8033 Sunset Blvd., #831, Los Angeles, CA 90046.

SLAVE WANTED
North Hollywood—Los Angeles. Master, 52, 5'10", 152 lbs., br/br. in fair shape for my age. Dig slaves 18-28 only. No beards or Mustaches. Smooth bodies. Have nice assortment of leather & S&M gear. Slave must dig bondage. Verbal abuse, mutual heavy tit work—my tits especially. Must dig raunchy games, but will respect slaves' limits, and any unacceptable sex play. No fats or phonies, however. I am Greek passive, also dig eating hot ass & piss both ways. If the ad fits call Tony at (213) 985-7001, or write with Phone & Pix to: Tony M., Box 1023, Hollywood, CA 90028.

HANDSOME ALL-AMERICAN W/M
26, 5'8", 135 lbs., brown hair/blue eyes, educated professional enjoys swimming and body building seeks well-built masculine, professional, non-smoking topman for relationship. Call Tom (213) 650-5112.

ORIENTALS & LATINS!
Y/W/M located in Orange County looking for hot & creative times with good looking Orientals and Latins (please no fems). Let's explore each other and maybe try some creative things. Write GST c/o Box 59146, Norwalk, CA 90650.

SLAVE WANTED BY HOT SADISTIC TOP
If you're ready for the real thing, send letter and picture to Box 5692, Glendale, CA 91201-5692. I'll try you out.

VERY ATTRACTIVE W/M
seeks Nazi, police & military fantasies. I'm 25 clean-cut jew slave for muscular training master. Phone # and photo (returned) to: LR, P.O. Box 69A04, West Hollywood, California 90069. I'll answer all replies with my photo, too!

PROUD SEXY MAN
34, 5'8", 140 lbs., good body, needs to be totally dominated, bound and used by 1 or 2 very well-built masculine studs or by master who has slave and desires more. Photo, letter to Zack Carter, Box 1152, 6311 Yucca, Hollywood, CA 90028.

MALIBU MEN WANT YOU
Travelling to Malibu? Be our house guest on the beach. We are 26 and 27 blond blue eyes and goodlooking. We enjoy 3, 4 and 5 ways. Send candid photo for immediate reply. Also state age, dimensions (everywhere) and desired travel time to Malibu. No fats, fems, S/M or oldies. Write Gabriel and Justin, PO Box 2167, Malibu, CA 80265. No reply without full candid photo and personal description. Foreign languages spoken.

FROLICING FOR FITNESS
Cute, very attractive man into fitness seeks GQ candidates with defined physique for caressing and giving glorious head. 30, 5'10", 150 lbs., azure eyes, walnut hair, nice thighs! Send photos for reply to Robert Fox, 136 E. Victoria, #190 SB Calif. 93101

VERY HOT DADDY
Dominant Daddy, 38, 5'9", 160, very muscular, goodlooking, seeks Daddy's boy under 28, smooth and slim, in need of discipline and adventure. Write with photo, phone no. to: Daddy, P.O. Box 2512, Beverly Hills, CA 90213.

COLORADO

HEAVY S
32, 195, 6'2", hairy, travels frequently, sadistically sane, wants heavy M (trainees considered) into B&D, C&B/T, TT, Whipping, Enemas, Obedience, etc. Be ready for strict discipline if application accepted. Box 174, Henderson, CO 80640

HOT HUNK
Sexy, gdlkg, hung stud seeks same 18-35. Denver, N. Colo. area. P.O. Box 1371, Longmont, CO 80501

CONNECTICUT

VRY HANDS. SEEK SAME
Top Quality sks same. 6' 170# 42 hry ch, 30w, musc.-defined-trim. Want only vry hnds.-musc hunks-model quality, wh or blk. Photo a must. Occupant, Box 397 New Haven, CT 06502.

CONNECTI-CUTE
GWM, 5'11", 27, 180 lbs., seeks virile connoisseurs of vanilla sex. Likes! Classical music, poetry, modern art, teddy bears. Turnoffs! drugs, S&M, pain. (203) 562-7741. 848 State St. New Haven, CT 06511.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

GWM LOVES TO GET SUCKED IN D.C.
GWM, 27, 6 ft., 170, sandy hair, loves to get sucked and fucked. Love men in jockstraps. Steve, 202-543-2290.

WHITE SON SEEKS BLACK DADDY
Blond, 26, goodlooking. Needs to be disciplined, shaved and spanked. Visiting daddys welcomed. Box 50279, Washington, DC 20004-0279.

FLORIDA

MIAMI BOY
GWM 24, 5'10", 170 lb looking for young guys to age 25 for fun and possible relationship. Photo a plus. Write Gregg, PO Box 163706, Miami, FL 33116-3706.

FERNADINA BEACH
Straight acting, GWM, 24, 6' 1", 165 lbs. Dark skin, blk hair and very hairy. Wish to meet GWM's under 27. Muscles a plus. No fems. No phone JO's. Photo gets mine. CN Lee, Amelia South, 3350 South Fletcher Ave., Fernadina Beach, FL 32034. (904) 261-0328.

TALL EXTREMELY GOOD LOOKING
Carmel black guy would like to meet masculine sincere guys of any race especially Spanish. P.O. Box 1702, Tampa, FL 33601.

FT. LAUDERDALE AREA
6'0", 160 lbs., bi-Italian w/7" wants to meet other married bi-guys for discreet action. 25-45 blonde muscular preferred. Your photo gets mine. Dino, P.O. Box 2035, Boca Raton, FLA 33432

GWM, 28
Burns for friends under 40, all races desired! Brian, P.O. Box 15846, Panama City, FL 32405.

MIAMI
Masculine, handsome, muscular, 29, bottom. Looking for hot top, especially Latino, with Attitude, to worship. Photo, phone, preferred. P.O. Box 330425, Miami, FL 33233-0425.

YOUNG WHITE MALE INMATE
would like to hear from someone honest and sincere. Release soon. Send S.A.S.E. please. Will answer all. John O'Callaghan, P.O. Box 747-078200, Starke, FL 32091.

EX-MARINE
60, slim, fit, potent, seeks friendships, not sex merely. March, 225 Orlando, Belleair, FL 33516.

GEORGIA

HOT ASS
Needs fucking & fisting. Great balls—top me—goodlooking. Rick, PO Box 720153, Atlanta, GA 30328.

NEED GOOD FUCK
Horny WM, 31, 155 lbs., 5'11", blue eyes, brown hair needs good fuck. Light S&M, dildoes, enemas, jocks, aroma, three-ways. Versatile french/greek, rimming, FF, tit & ass play. Seeks like-minded. Photo appreciated. H. Roberts, 98 Peachtree Place, Warner Robins, GA 31093.

HAWAII

Warm, discreet, oriental, 30, wishes 18-35 WM friendships anywhere. I am 5'7", 134 lbs. I work out at a health spa. Write: Box 4191, Honolulu, HI.

IDAHO

LONELY IDAHO FARMER
Love correspondence with guys any age into tight levis. Send photo to: Bill, Box 893, Idaho Falls, ID 83402.

ILLINOIS

WM LOVES TO SUCK COCK.
The bigger the better. 145 N. Weston, Elgin, IL 60120.

LEATHER JACK-OFF?
I sure do! Try it, you'll love it. Hot letter and photo gets mine. KLS, Suite 111-1700, 8280 Janes, Woodridge, IL 60517.

JOSHUA. 22. 5/8 130 lbs.
9½ cut eggballs. Bottom. Dirty talk is what I want to hear. Like daddy type. Nothing under 6 in. If you've got it all, I want it all!!! Joshua O'Sullivan, 8411 Andrea Ln, Woodridge, IL 60517.

CHICAGO LEATHERMASTER
GWM 30, 6'2" 190 lbs. Muscular stud seeks trainees under 25 for obedience training (spanking/whipping). Master wears tight faded Levi 501s and full leather (cycle jacket, chaps, vest, wrist gloves & boots w(spurs). Trainee's must be attractive, have good body, no experience in S&M, wear Levis/leather. No fats, fems, blacks, dopeheads. Send photo & phone w/letter. Chris, P.O. Box 148080, Chicago ILL. 60614

HEAVY? INTO HEAVIES?
23, 6'4", 290, will try anything. Sucking, fucking, enemas, rimming, spanking, piss, dildos, armpits, jocks and socks. Richard Lewis, 408 Oak St., Apt. 1, Danville, IL 61832.

INDIANA

YOUNG MAN, 5'8" 150 LBS., 20'S
Looking for cosmopolitan gents 30-50, in Chicago area. P.O. Box 1352, Cedar Lake, IN 46303.

ELKHART AREA
Good looking 31 yr old guy 5'8" 150 lbs blue-brown moustache. Hot times—HOT ASS. Discretion a must. Witman, 24791 CR 40, Goshen, IN 46526.

DISCREET MAN—6' 3" 170
WM, 40, lives on Lake, Ind, Ill, border seeking other males in area for sex, active and passive. Possible live-in for right guy. Will answer all letters with my telephone number. Write PO Box 151, Blandford, IN 47831.

IOWA

PENPALS
WM, 28, assistant coach needs hot correspondence from masters of all ages. My muscles are totally submissive. Please, sir, write me. Roger N., 409 Greer, Cherokee, IA 51012.

GWM, 21, 6', 195,
interested in having good times! Drake student, in Des Moines over summer, P.O. Box 2470, Des Moines, IA 50311.

INTO ANYTHING
32 6'1" 175 lbs. IA-Minn-Wisc-Illinois-Missouri—into anything but scat. 8" cut. Box 8334, Des Moines, IA 50306.

KANSAS

DUO LOOKING FOR MASTER
29, Topeka Area. Looking for master to train slaves for service. Prefer 20-40, hung. Willing to expand limits for right leatherman who knows limitations. We await replies at Box 4797, Topeka, KS 66604.

JUST BEGINNING
I am 20, 5'7", 175 lbs. and Spanish. Would like someone between 18-30 to show me the ropes. Jason Collinge, 3408 N. Market #4, Wichita, KS 67204.

KENTUCKY

WESTERN KY AREA
White bisexual, masculine, aggressive, like outdoors, age 50, 5'8", 175 lbs., 6" uncut, brown hair, blue eyes, ruddy, Libra. Only want to hear from those who can send photos in first letter. Farmers, loggers, truckers, etc. Prefer hairy white rugged guys, smooth OK. Must be stocky. Photo exchange. Let's get acquainted. Owen Krabson, Box 240, Rt. 4, Hwy 231, Utica, KY 42365.

FRIENDSHIP NEEDED
Early 50's, new to scene, looking for totally masculine kid brother, son or junior partner type for correspondence, meetings and possible lasting relationship. Travel wide area at times. Interests: hunting, fishing, campiing, BB & sincere discreet friends. Race and age unimportant. Facts and photo are essential. Dave, P.O. Box 365, Murry, KY 42071.

DREAM LOVER CUM TO ME
If you're 20-40, bi or GWM, attractive and firm, uncut and hair a plus. I'm seeking a lasting relationship. I'm 26, 5'8, attractive, BR/BR, 150 lbs., 30" waist, 7" cock, smooth developed pecs. Write/photo: Occupant, P.O. Box 804, Louisville, KY 40201.

WANTS LOVER NEAR LOUISVILLE
GWM, very masculine, 25, 6', 190 lbs. Wants a guy for emotional support and love. Like sports and outdoor activity. Must be 25-45 and live within 175 miles from Louisville area. Occupant, P.O. Box 4633, Louisville, KY 40204.

LOUISIANA

LOOKING FOR FRIENDS
18-40. I'm 25, 6'0, 180#, P.O. Box 64, Harvey, LA 70059. Photo please.

MUSCLE MAN
Big muscular studs wanted by New Orleans area bodybuilder to be weight training buddies and partners in hot, heavy duty sex workouts. Mark, P.O. Box 38, Lockport, LA 70374.

HORNY CAJUN SEX MANIAC
Desires daytime action. New Orleans area. (504) 949-0908.

MARYLAND

COUNTRY BOY
GWM, 33, wishes friendhsip anywhere, 140 lbs., 5'11". Will answer all. Photo gets mine. P.O. Box 29, Reisterstown, MD 21136.

MASSACHUSETTS

HOT HUNG JOCK
GWM, 33, 5'11", 170 lbs., brown hair/eyes/trimmed moustache who is hot, hung, into jockstraps. Seeks hungry, horny jocks for sex. Send a detailed description of yourself and sexual needs. All limits respected. Include any fantasies you wish to come true. Discretion assured. Blonds preferred, but all hot welcome. PO Box 312, New Town Branch, Boston, MA 02258.

C&B TORTURE/
Live-in slave GWM 18-26. Call (617) 256-2968 (I495 at R3) L.J. Box 124, North Chelmsford, MA 01863. Leave phone numbers for call back.

MICHIGAN

MARRIED GDLKG WM
31, 175, 6' muscular versatile professional seeks same or gay for discreet mutually exclusive same-time-next-week fun and friendship buddy. PO Box 3131, Grand Rapids, MI 49501.

MINNESOTA

MINNESOTA GUYS
Are you hot? If you're a slender bi or GWM, 18-30, who enjoys getting a good head job and stimulating massage, I can do it! I can prolong your pleasure too. Send letter about yourself and phone # to: P.O. Box 6269, Mpls, MN 55406.

ROCHESTER MASTER
WM, 5'10", 170, 8". Master with well-equipped dungeon seeks obedient slaves. Willing to train submissive novices into S&M, B&D, WS and more. Write Robert, 1030 Adams Road, South Rochester, MN 48063.

TALENTED SLAVE
I enjoy being a guy's slave. I'm talented and versatile, can blow your mind. You should be 30-35, nice body. Box 30163, St. Paul, 55175.

NEBRASKA

ALL AREAS
GWM, 23, 5' 5", Black/Blue, smooth nice build, seeks similar guys under 30 for good times. Write all—Tim, Box 202, Columbus, NE 68601.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

SIMPLE SEX
5' 11", 140, Blk/Br, 23, seeks considerate, straight-acting 18-25; washboard stomach, not hairy, cut, nice eyes. Nothing anal. Ken S., 125 Bow St., Portsmouth, NH 03801.

NEW JERSEY

PEN PALS AND FRIENDS WANTED
by young Black male, 6'1", 200 lbs. My interests are weight lifting, books and movies. Race unimportant but have a liking for Spanish people. Photo, returned if requested. No SM or Fems. Daimon, PO Box 3150, East Orange, NJ 07017.

EXTRAORDINARILY BEAUTIFUL
WM, 29, 5'7", 145, craves leather sex. Complete leather uniform, photo, and letter stating needs and requirements strongly preferred. All replies answered with photo and similar letter. No fucking or heavy S&M. Reply Box 125, Ridgefield, NJ 07657.

MARRIED MAN
WM, 5' 6", 24's, 120 lbs, 7". Seeks discreet daytime action. Indispensable photo, phone. Mike, P.O. Box 296, Elizabeth, NJ 07208.

HOT HUNGRY BOTTOM
Seeks VERSATILE, HUNG Topmen. I'm GWM, very goodlooking, 24, 6', 155 lbs., lt. brown/hazel. Photo/phone and needs. P.O. Box 5310, Plainfield, NJ 07060.

NEVADA

WANTED: PEN-PALFRIEND
23 year old in prison would like to correspond with a mature man. Age doesn't matter, just sincerity. Richard Deeds, PO Box 607, Carson City, NV 89701.

NEW MEXICO

NEW MEXICO
Moving Southeast New Mexico September. Box 41, Weir, Texas 78674. Young. Athletic.

RELOCATABLE SUBMISSIVE
Bi, W/M, 6'2", 200#, 35 straight appearing, oral slave to cock/balls. Lip serves any age, public/private. Into all but R/F, animals or pain. Love TV/TS, deep throat. Impotent OK. Cock/ball photo, list of demands please. Boxholder, P.O. Box 522, Texico, NM 88135.

NEW YORK

ATHLETIC BLOND, 22
Looking for pen pal and photo swap. Letter and nude photo gets mine. Eric, Box 33, Roslyn, NY 11576.

HOT & HANDSOME W/M, 25
Mustache, seeks w/m 18-30 w/smooth, hairless, protruding buns. You won't regret answering. Photo/phone for reply write: Occupant, P.O. Box 3472, New York, N.Y. 10185.

GWM, 22
Seeks well built white male in Brooklyn or Queens area for a possible relationship. Must be straight acting, discreet and between the ages of 23 to 30. No fats, S&M, and kinks. Write letter with photo and phone # to: PO Box 587, Midwood Station, Brooklyn, NY 11230.

WESTCHESTER GWM
Seeks masculine, straight-acting discreet friend, (Muscle A+), 18-45, anywhere, for correspondence/meeting/sharing letter/photo: Box 3492, NYC 10185.

LOOKING FOR PERMANENT FRIEND
NYC. Very attractive bottom GWM 24, 6', 150 lbs, looking for the right person to build life with. Enjoy sports, movies, quiet times. Seek attractive top man with similar interestrs between 25-35. Photo appreciated. Write Mark Haas, 256 Hoyt, Brooklyn, NY 11217.

UPSTATE HUNK
GWM 28, 5'10", 162, well-built, blue-collar worker; interested in corresponding and meeting with sensual, erotic men for passionate romance. P.O. Box 393, East Syracuse, NY 13057.

HOT, VERY MASCULINE
trim, muscular, uncut, 32, wants really hot masculine well build Greek active buddy. Photo to: PO Box 1434, N.Y., N.Y. 10150.

SYRACUSE BODYBUILDER
39 5' 10", 150 lbs., attractive, trim, smooth, defined, hung, versatile desires contacts thoughout entire upstate area. P.O. Box 123, E. Syracuse, NY 13057.

GWM, 27
wants to exchange hot jock photos, jockstraps, nylon underwear, etc. PO Box 140, 4712 Ave. N, Brooklyn, NY 11234.

LOVER OR ROOMMATE
Black male, 40 5' 6", 140, warm, sincere clean and straight appearing. Seeks lover to take care of or just plain roommate (single/couple) 18-30 any race to share upper middle class apartment. P.O. Box 604, Scarsdale, NY 10583-0604.

"LIKE EM YOUNG"
NY-NJ-Conn Exec seeks WM 18-? for friendship or whatever develops. Need big brother or daddy figure, I'm the one for you. No blks, fats-fems or dugs or boozers. Am sincere and honest expect same. Photo and serious letter. M. Jeffers, P.O. Box 711, White Plains, NY 10602.

NORTH CAROLINA

JACKSONVILLE
GWM, 45, I have brown hair, brown eyes, 175 lbs., 5'11", 6" dick and have a short beard. Want someone to make love to while watching porn films in my home. Call (919) 346-4082 before midnight.

OHIO

I TAKE ABUSE
(25-32) Send photo. NE Ohio area. PO Box 1184, Cay Fls, Ohio 44223.

WANTED!
A good man, 25-40, who is ready to maintain a man-to-man relationship. Weekend sex marathons are my fantasy. Call Joe at (216) 529-0283. Cleveland, OH 44107.

SEEK GWM Gr/P LIFEMATE!
ALWAYS HOT Gr/A GWM, 52, 5'8", 150 lbs., 6" cut cock, 32" waist. Responsible, quiet, gentle, loving, caring, needs

MAN ON THE GO
Looking for masculine tenderness, 6' 1", 19, 165 lb, washboard stomach, weightlifter. If looking for a good time call Mike, handsome and ready with a good bone structure. (518) 993-4321. CALL SOON.

ALL RUBBER WEARING TOPMEN
W/M 33 6' 145 bottom seeks introduction into rubber/latex scene. Only serious rubber loving topmen need reply with letter/foto to Rob, P.O. Box 2980, Rockefeller Center Station, NYC, NY 10185.

VERY HOT Gr/P GWM MONOGAMOUS LIFEMATE, ages 45-60, over 6' tall, 220-300 lbs., non-smoker, mature, loyal, MUST WANT GOOD ANAL SEX NIGHTLY! NO PAIN! Looks unimportant. Write frankly to: Don, P.O. Box 556, Cleveland, OH 44107. All answered.

OKLAHOMA

MUSCULAR MEN WANTED
GWM, 21, 6', 169 lbs., 8" cock. Considered cute. Seeks honest, good-looking bodybuilders, jocks, studs and athletic men. You must have well defined chest. No S/M or B/D. Send letter, photo showing face/chest, if possible nude. John C., P.O. Box 19572, Oklahoma City, OK 73144.

LEATHERMASTER
35/140 needs young slim slave. Limits expanded. Rod (918) 665-1885. P.O. Box 54760, Tulsa, OK 74155.

OREGON

YOUNG GAYS PLEASE RESPOND
Two GWM 21 & 25 wanting corresp. with young gays anywhere. No fems, SM or fems—discretion used—sincere—send photo and letter to: Ron & Vince, Box 1512, Albany, OR 97321.

PENNSYLVANIA

HOT BI MALE
Willing to serve trim males. I love taking it in my mouth and ass. Hazleton Apt's, 701 W. 24 St., Apt. 1508, Hazleton, PA 18201. 454-5755 after 5 pm.

LONELY SUBURBANITE
GWM loves correspondence. Guys any age into photos or golf. Occupant, 110 N. Euclid Ave., Pittsburgh, PA 15202.

WELL HUNG MALE
Mid-30s, looking for any male equally endowed. Anything goes! Send letter and photo to: D. Clifford, P.O. Box 340, Hazleton, PA 18201. Please hurry! I'm very horny.

SOUTH CAROLINA

22, 5'8", 130
Brown eyes. Prefer 18-35. Penpals welcome. Enjoy fantasy letters. No fats, fems, or blacks. Send letter/photo to: Box 116, Central, SC 29630

TEXAS

ELECTRONIC TRAINEE
18-26 will provide housing and allowance for training time. PO Box 9281, College Station, Texas 77840. Photo please. Bill Brooks (409) 696-2583.

ALL-AMERICAN BOY/MAN FACE;
semi-rough, safe in bed. 6'5, 195, ex-football co-captain. Self-assured, maverick executive, involved causist; respects privacy/discretion. Most complimented features: smile, brown-gray hair, life. Turn-ons: cleft chins, athletic/leadership success, lovers, 30+, GQ faces. Box 303, Dallas, TX 75221.

VERMONT

RENAISSANCE BI/W/M
6', 150#. 40's. Arts-sports-PO. Box 272, Wilmington, Vermont 05363.

VIRGINIA

ONE-TO-ONE
GWM, 31 5' 8", 185 lbs. Warm, gentle, sensitive. Will give what you let me take. Discretion a must. Photo gets mine and maybe more. P.O. Box 9172, Chesapeake, VA 23321.

WASHINGTON

GWM BODYBUILDER
26. Wants to correspond with hot horny males. Will travel for big thick cock. Dig getting fucked. Also will try blacks. No scat. S.M. Photos of huge meat answered first! Fuck me boys. P.O. Box 1313, Walla Walla, WA 98223.

INTERNATIONAL

DUTCH GAY-BOY (27)
with moustache, wants to have contact with good-looking boys and men until 35 years old for friendship, sex and correspondence from U.S. and everywhere. I know English, German and Dutch. I only answer letters with a photo of you. Write Franz: Slotemaker de Bruïnweg 54-B, 6533 CJ Nijmegen, NETHERLANDS.

GERMANY
Blond, sensuous stud 27/6'/130 looking for exciting, amusing correspondence and lustful meetings. Box 1726, 4620 Castrop-Rauxel, W. Germany.

INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH SEX
Hot/horny 29-yr-old seeks intense action. Blue collars hard hats, uniformed are welcome, straight, gay, or bi. Rough but no S/M. Photo and phone to: Box 12, Stn. F, Toronto, ON M4Y 2L4.

GWM 36
Looking for a lifesize Teddy Bear. Not into bars too much. Letters with photos will get replies. Write soon. Occupant, 7-1404-5th St., SW, Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2R 0Y8.

DAD NEEDS SON FOR VENTURES
and visitors for beach parties. Occupant, 1889 Hollywood Crescent, Victoria, B.C., Canada V8S-1J2

COMMERCIAL

STUD SERVICE AVAILABLE
(813) 823-5629.

A COMPLETE MASSAGE
By Argentine masseur. 6', 165 lbs., Mas., (212) 831-3580. IN/OUT. CALL FERNANDO.

NATIONAL, UNCENSORED ADLISTS.
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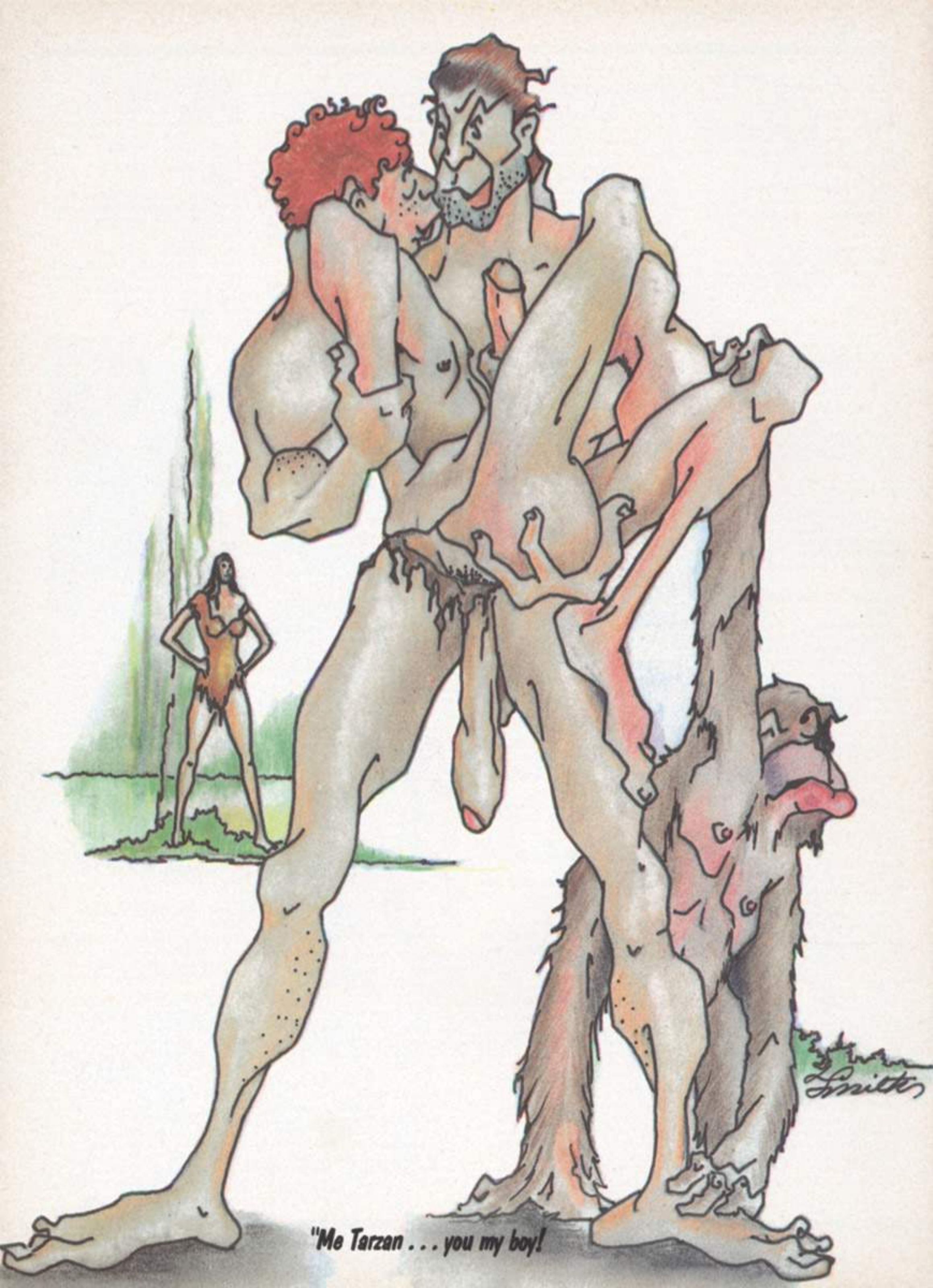

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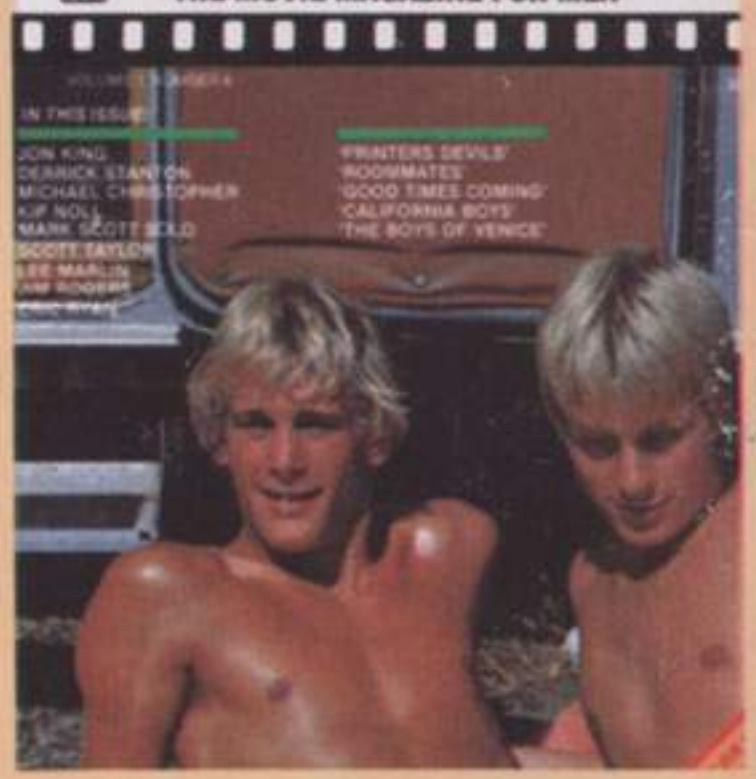
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