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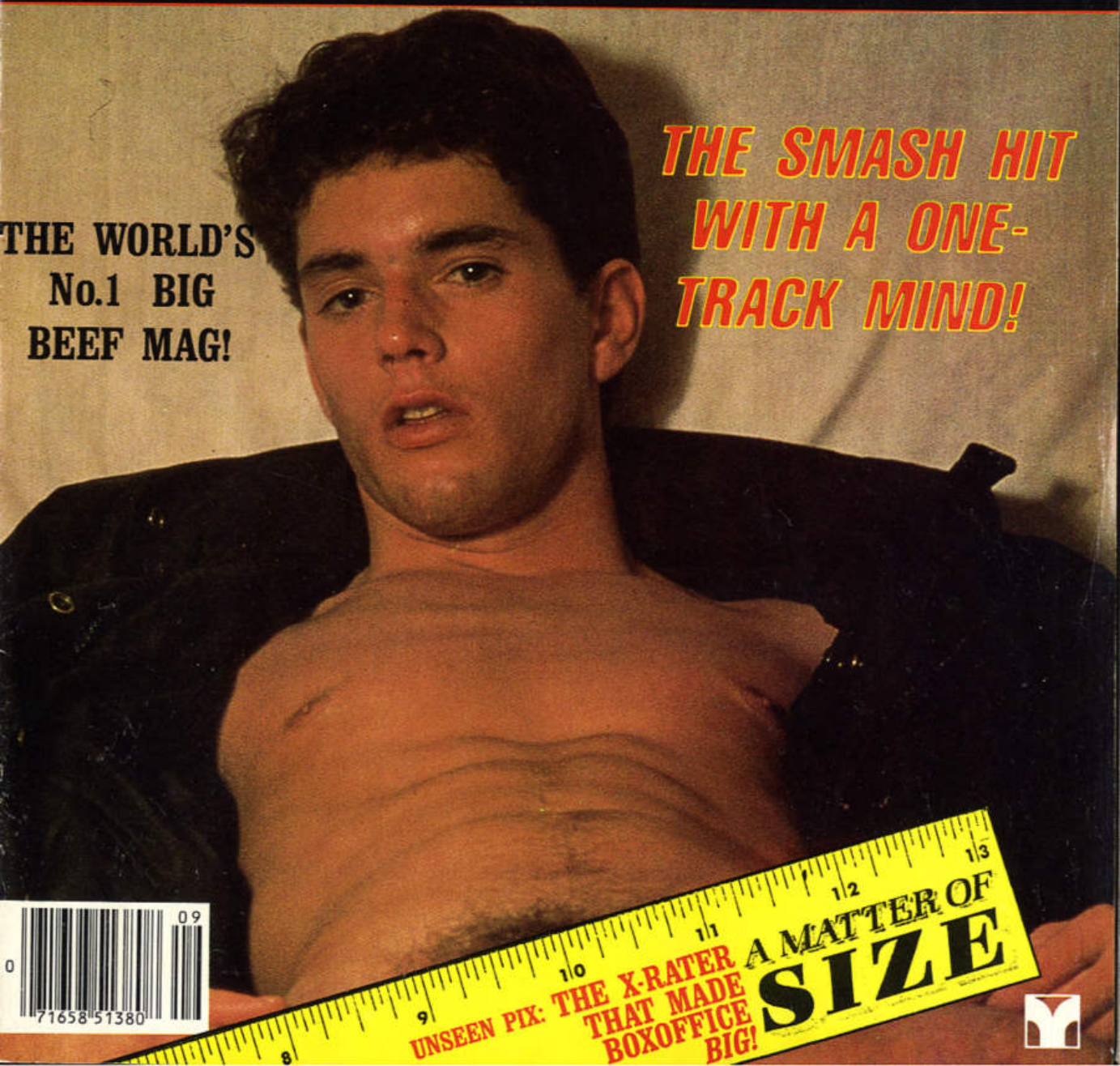

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Brian

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NEW PHOTO SETS AND SLIDES: Five 3½x4½ color prints per set, or five slides per set. Each photo set is $7.00; each slide set is $6.00.

MIKE ADAMS: There are two new sets showing off him and his sensational endowment: P-44800-A and P-44800-B. He is also in older sets: P-29204-A & B, both nude and hard, and P-36916-A, partly dressed, P-36916-B, nude with cigar, P-36916-C, with boxer shorts, P-36916-D, with jockey shorts, and P-36916-E with jock-strap. **He hangs out of them all!!!**

Mike Adams

WOLF: Even at over 6' his cock looks big against his smooth lean body in these sets: P-44802-A and P-44802-B.

MIKE & WOLF: A great set of duos as they J/O. P-44804.

PHIL: He looks good no matter what! Two new sets: P-44806-A and P-44806-B. He is also in three earlier sets: P-37104-A, nude; P-37104-B, partly dressed; and P-37104-C, with jockey shorts.

Phil

BRIAN: This guy has become a **sensational** model. In these new sets he really shines. P-44808-A is tan and smooth, **with no hair below the balls. A real-turn-on!** In P-44808-B he is his normally hairy self, in great shape with great posing. An earlier set of Brian is P-38214.

JERRY: No new pix, but this muscular man is in sets P-33608-A, with moustache, and P-33608-B, clean-shaven.

AUDIO CASSETTES:
There is one **new** 60 minute audio cassette. **In C-44802 Wolf** lays a pretty heav rap on us about his **great ten-incher.** It's tough talk from a hustler who's been around, but **if you like the size, you'll like this tape, 'cause he's mighty proud of it!** It's hot! Only $9.00. There are also previously released audio tapes by all the other guys in the video. **Brian is on C-38214.** His is a masculine and loving give and take attitude that's really turned on! **Phil is on tape C-37104,** pouring out the warmth and sensuality that you would expect of him. **Jerry is on C-33608.** He's mild-mannered and narcissistic as he talks about how much his muscular body turns him and you on. Finally, there is **Mike Adams on C-29204.** This tape is rude and crude and somewhat abusive, mildly S&M.

Wolf

Jerry

Mike & Wolf

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OLD RELIABLE

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INCH BY INCH

We're popping the buttons on our levis over the fact that INCHES is an honest-to-goodness overnight smash hit, from Florida to Oregon, and from New York well into Canada. We'd be less than honest if we said we hadn't planned to take the malemag marketplace by storm all along, but we must admit we didn't expect to do it with our premiere issue!

Beginning with an unprecedented 75,000 initial pressrun, and a rare 10,000 premiere push into Canada, INCHES nearly sold out its first few weeks on the stands, and the second issue did even better. The third issue, on sale as this edition is in the works, looks to be the best-selling copy yet. We think our fourth issue, on the presses as this editorial is being written, is still better than our third, and that this fifth issue tops our last. In other words, we intend improving with each monthly issue, and if you think this 100-pager is wild, you won't believe what our first half-year edition (due out the end of August) has in store for "men who think big!"

Malemag readers obviously agreed that it was high time for a major newsstand periodical for-men-only that faced up to the fact that what most of us are interested in is, without a doubt, sex...hot and hung and up front. Little pretense and nothing phony–merely hot men in their prime and ready for anything.

This September issue of INCHES is a perfect example of what we're all about, and why men across America and Canada are choosing us over every other all-male newsstand publication in the world!

First off, INCHES has 50 inches of centerfolds every month, and this issue is no exception. From a look back at the "big" men who started it all in the inch-themed male smash "A Matter of Size" to the monthly blue-ribbon winners in our usual INCHES' judging, if it's meat you're after, you'll get it between our sheets! Every issue we expose five men who measure up (and then some!). Nary a one of them are under eight inches or we throw 'em back!

Naturally we've got the hottest one-handed reading you can find from top friction fiction writer Jack Fritscher to true confessions from the readers themselves, published completely unedited and uncensored! And, as usual, there's the frankest letters to the editor and answers to sex problems a fella could only ask INCHES!

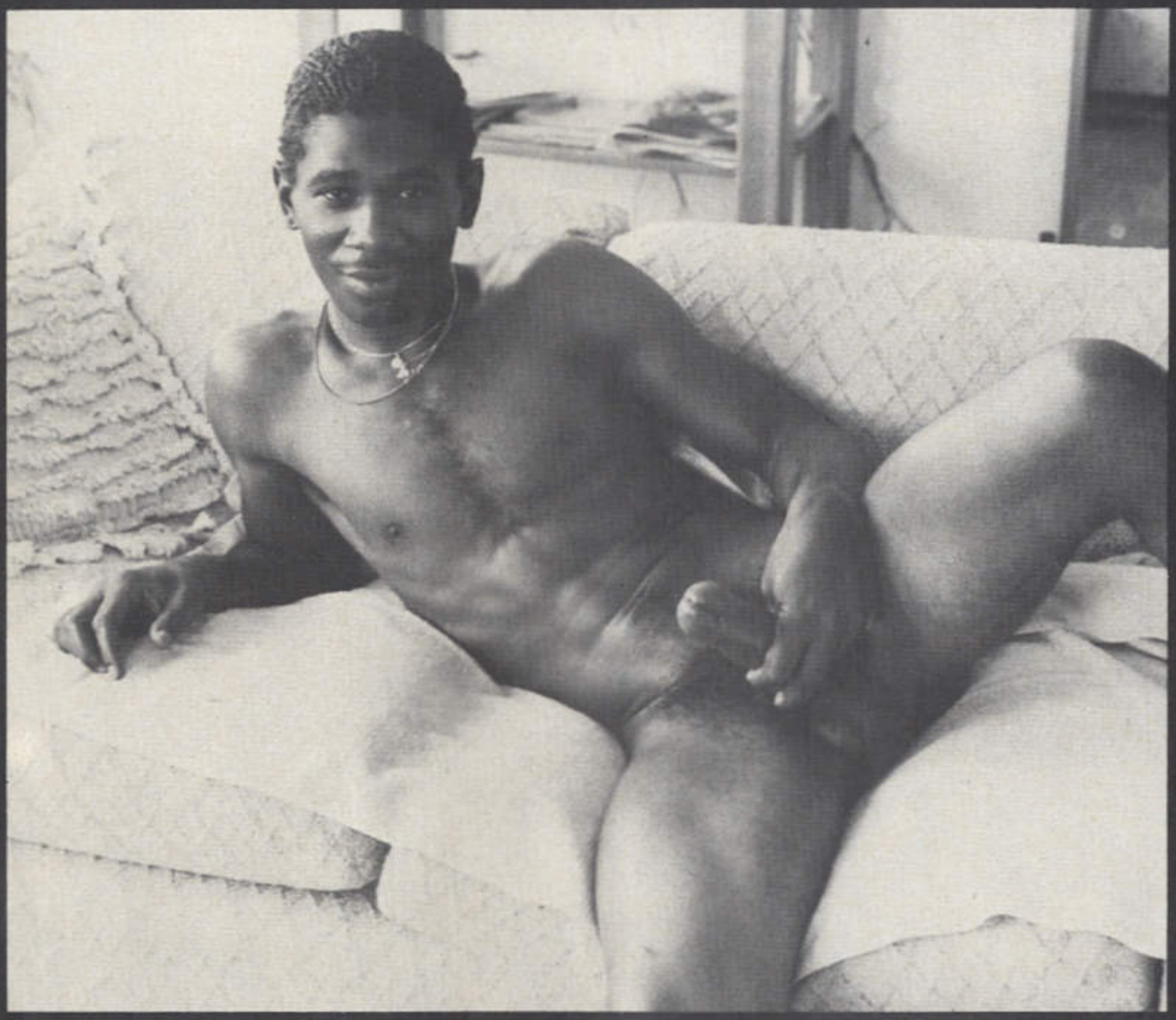
As always, we've got humor, opinion, the latest reports on what's hot and what's not, and the only ruler ratings on the latest bluemovies on the screen! If a male flick's worth seeing, we'll tell you, and we'll tell you exactly how much it's worth seeing: No doubt about it!

Then there's the INCHES' Meat Market, with personal ads from men who truly want to *meat*you. They even run pictures of themselves to prove it! And our year-long search for the world's biggest meat continues, with the first entrants exposed in our next issue.

What more can we say about the overnight bestseller with a one-track mind? Pictures speak louder than words and this issue's only a hint of what's to come!

ROBERT

Cocksure 'Moe-b-dick'!



Photography/OLD RELIABLE

Robert has a Muslim last name, but he says he'd just as soon be called "Moe-b-dick." And considering what he proudly sports between his legs, the name sure fits! He's from Chicago, this 33-year-old, 6-foot, 150-pounder with the cocksure attitude and the 10" dick to back it up. He's a student of martial arts and he's done some modelling work. And if the way he comes across in these pictures is any sample of his rapport with the camera, he'll probably be doing plenty more!

10
ROBERT
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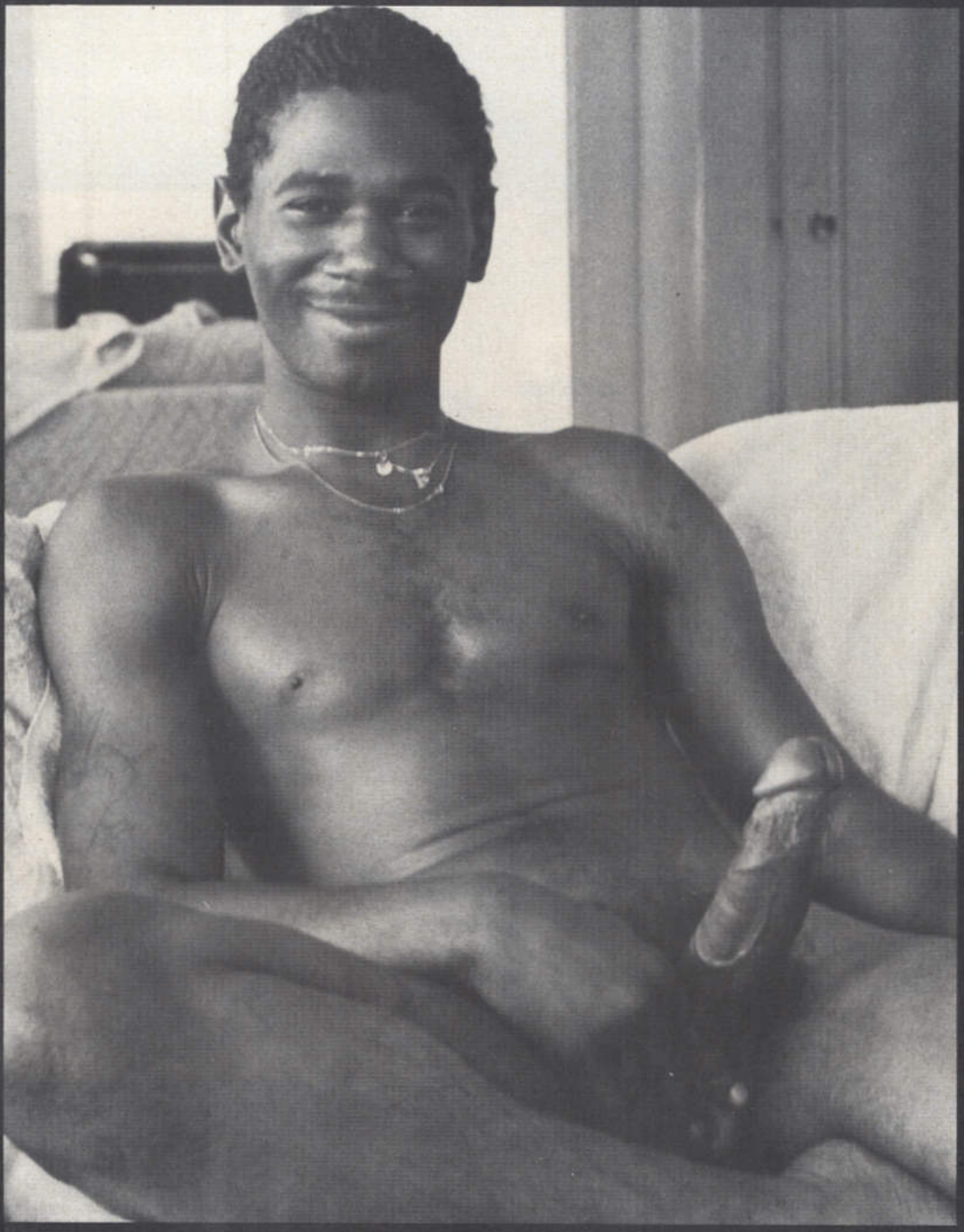

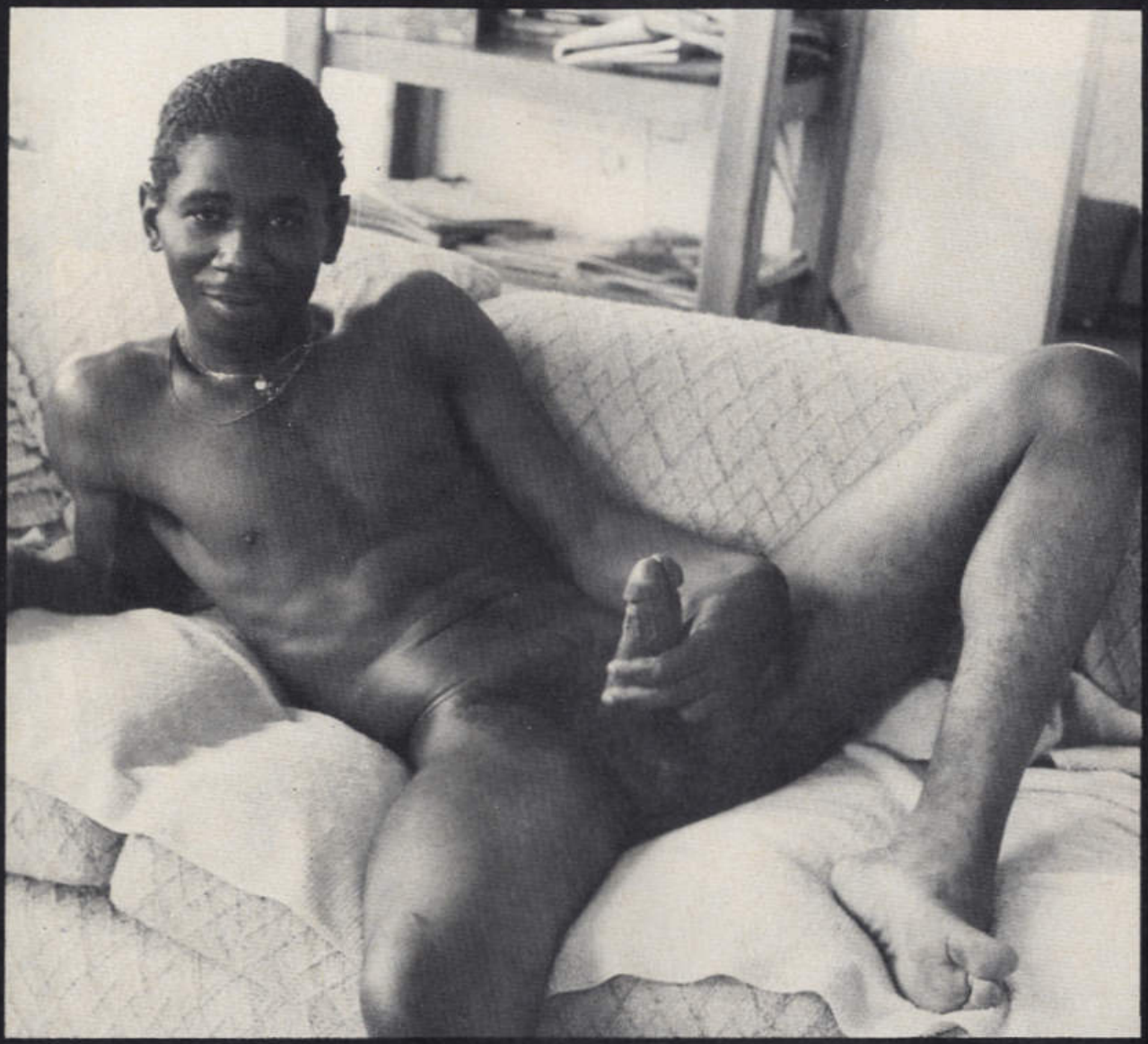

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10—Not perfect, but, who's complaining?
8 —Imagine bedding a guy with 8 good inches!
6 —Average, with possible hot flashes in places!
4 —It's been a long night, so anything will do!
2 —Take a cold shower and go on to bed!

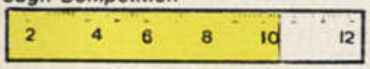
"Strange Places. . . Strange Things"

STRANGE PLACES. . STRANGE THINGS

Ever since pornstar Al Parker took firm control of the helm at his Surge Studios and began directing as well as producing, that outfit's sexpix have shown steady improvement and "Strange Places. . Strange Things" is proof positive. Essentially, the pic is four loops strung together about a delivery service sending messengers to some pretty strange places. For example, an underground construction site where David Ashfield (with his always-smiling face and long, thick dick) makes it with a co-worker; an apartment where self-suck pro Scott Taylor delivers some vacuum pump penis enlarging equipment to a fellow auto-fellationist; a doctor's office; and finally, a high-rise window cleaning rig hanging on the side of a tall building. Ashfield is always fun to watch 'cause he totally enjoys what he's being paid to do. The highlight of the film is the second sequence with Taylor and his self-suck pal who prove just how a vacuum tube and pump can enlarge already spectacular equipment! It's mind-boggling as these two studs' dicks engorge and enlarge to truly heroic proportions before they both suck themselves off! Unfortunately, the final sequences, with Rydar Hanson as a messenger, Melchor as a doctor, and porn vet Derrick Stanton and a friend as window washers are pretty ho-hum mechanical, which shortens its INCHES rating to a near 9.

— Bob Leighton

"Tough Competition"



TOUGH COMPETITION

This first effort of the L.A. Video Corp., "Tough Competition" lives up to its title in every way. If the film's quality's a portent of things ahead from this newcomer we'll be hearing plenty more in the future!

The pic introduces Kyle Carrington, an achievement in itself — whattahunk!, Jim Bentley, the blond newcomer who seems to be in every other malepic these days; Scott Avery, in his best screen performance to date; Doug Weston of "A Matter of Size" fame (sadly not looking nearly as good, but still. . .); Rydar Hanson giving an animated performance for a change; Danny Parks, whose healthy 12 inches would give any devoted man-lover a catch in the, uh, throat, along with other lesser-known studs.

Basically the film's another Olympics-themed sexpic, with Carrington cast as a gold medal swimmer celebrating his victory getting it on and on and on. . . first with Scott Avery in, on and around a car in a scene so hot it gives new meaning to the word autoeroticism.

I'm not usually aroused by solo j.o's, but Carrington brought more than my eyes to attention in what's surely one of the most erotic masturbation sequences ever filmed! Then he tops it in a four-way with his swim team buddies, including Bentley and Parks. Vet director Richard Morgan's eye for male flesh, coupled with supple, fluid camera work, are topnotch, and it certainly measures in at a solid 10.

— Bob Leighton

CORRECTION

In the July issue of INCHES, we mistakenly identified Ken Colbert as the military cadet who gets revenge in the final scene of "The Masters of the Discipline" in drag, when in fact the blond-wigged revenger is Colbert look-alike Joe Craig. INCHES regrets its identification error, offers its sincere apologies to Mr. Colbert, and congratulates him for not appearing in the aforementioned limp-dicked malepic.

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The two malemags that don't go limp when they hit the stands just get hotter with age. Now well into their third years, these two alternating bi-monthly hardon mags are more popular than ever! STUDFLIX, the mag for men who love bluemovies and JUST MEN, the mag about our kind of "people" . . . both overnight bestsellers and collector's issues every time. And for a limited time, subscribers can get one or both smash hits at a price incredibly lower than the newsstand cost! If you've ever wished for a real male magazine that keeps a stiff upper you-know-what in a letdown marketplace, you can't afford to miss a single issue!

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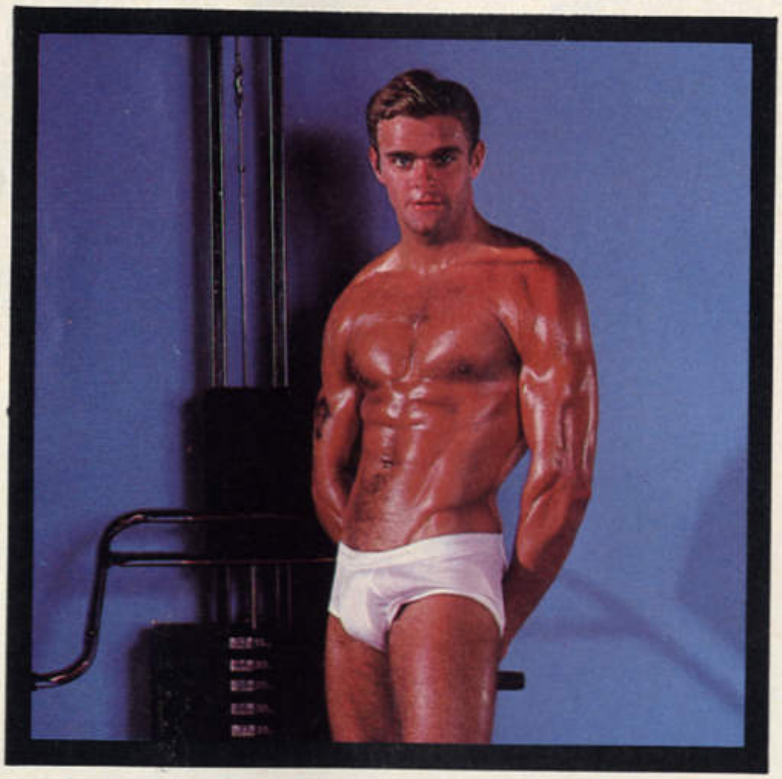

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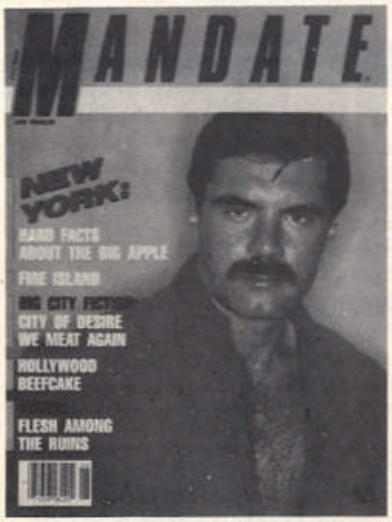

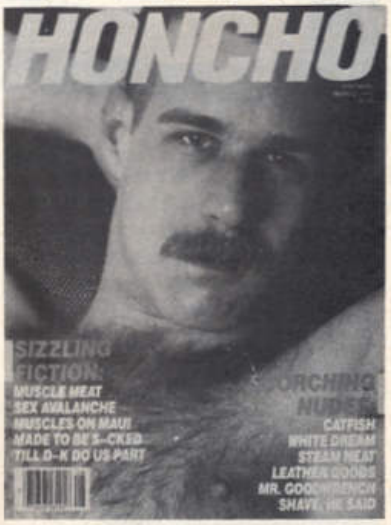

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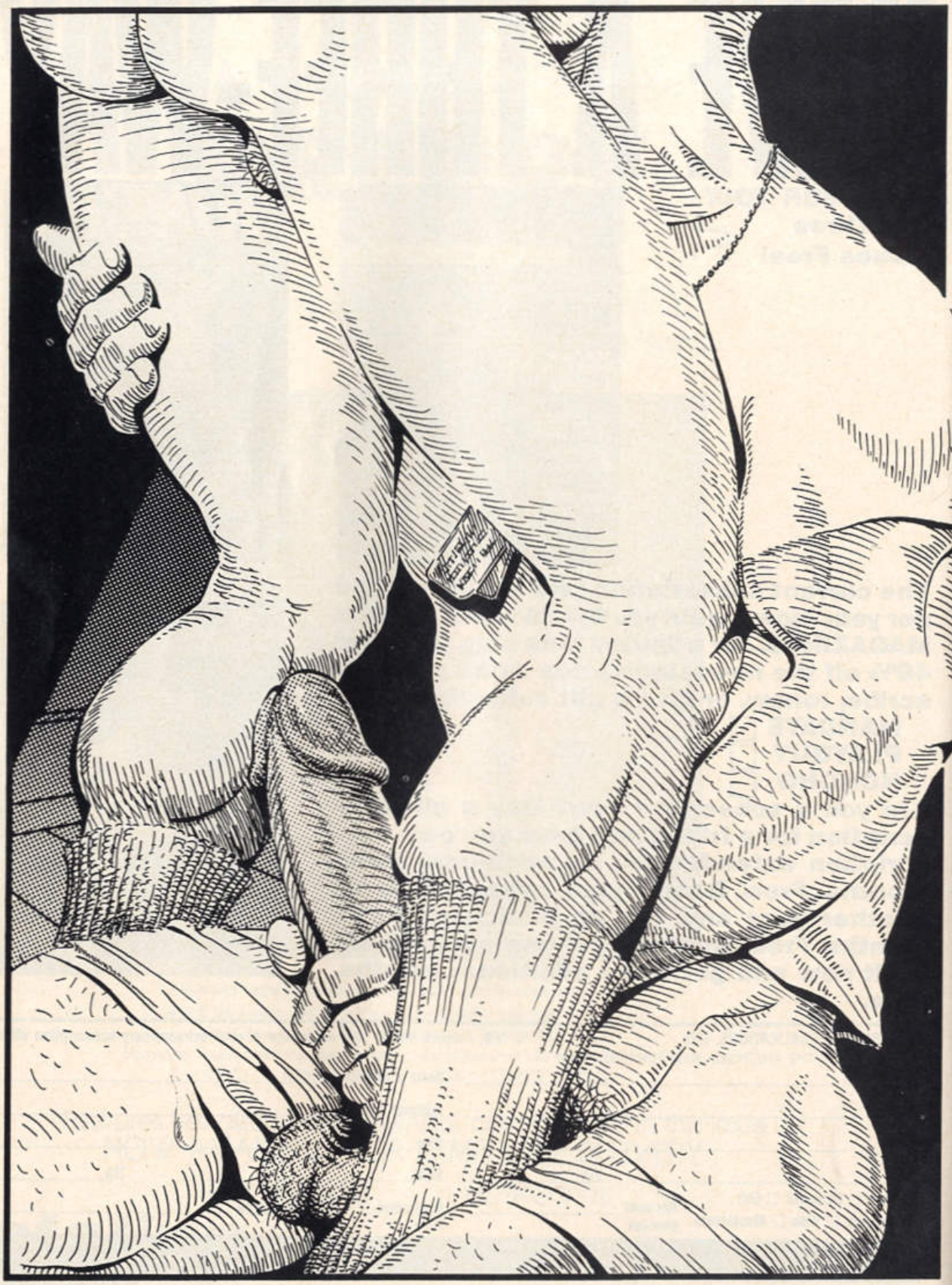


MARINE MANEUVERS!

By RICK JACKSON

I joined the Marine Corps right after high school. I wanted the challenge, the idea of travel, the money, and a way out of my hometown. I had developed a athletic body, quarterbacking as a high school jock, a body that they *all* wanted. If the Marine Corps were really looking for a few good men, they found him. I think I was the only recruit on the bus that day who couldn't wait to start Boot Camp training.

I remember Parris Island, South Carolina, surrounded by a swamp, rumored to be filled rattlesnakes and alligators. The only way off the island was the way in. There was no escaping. This was to be my home for the next 13 weeks. I looked on the faces of the other recruits and could tell they felt scared, trapped and wanted to go back hom.

"All right, you Maggots--'ten-Shun!" said our Drill Instructor as we all got off the bus.

All of the recruits snapped to attention.

"I am your Drill Instructor, Sgt. Dickenson. I am not your mama or your daddy, so don't come crying to me. You're in the Marine Corps now, and I intend to make men out of you. A lot of you think that Boot Camp in the Marine Corps is a nightmare--and you're right. That nightmare starts now for all of you lily-bellied, flower-smoking Maggots--Do you understand?"

"Yes, Sir!' we all cried out in unison.

Late one night, after completing a 12-mile march, Pvt. Johnson, one of my squad leaders, had firewatch that evening.

"Firewatch is boring!" he said as I finished shaving. I agreed, having spent many hours myself on duty. We talked about how tough Sgt. Dickenson was on us. It was gonna take all we had just to be graduated. I went over to the latrine and took out my dick for a much needed leak. I don't know if it was because I hadn't had some pussy for a while or because my squad leader's eyes were on it, but it just started growing like it had a mind of its own. I couldn't control. I felt really embarrassed. I didn't want him to think I was weird or anything.

Pvt. Johnson aimed his flashlight over onto the john. "Pretty nice piece of meat you got there, recruit."

I had a lump in my throat that was hard to swallow. I tried to think of something to say, but I just said, "Uh...Yeah."

"I exploded quart after quart of hot spunky cum into my squad leader's mouth."

"Shit! You're hung as a horse," he said as he approached me.

I closed my eyes as I felt Johnson's strong hand begin to manipulate my pounding dick as his other hand began to fondle my balls. "Oh, shit!" I said. It felt so much different--better in fact--to have another set of hands on my cock. It felt good. He massaged it, causing my throbbing muscle to pulsate even more than it already was. He kept playing with it, and my dick got bigger than it already was. I felt myself about to cum.

Quickly, my squad leader bent over and gobbled up my dick. As he did this, my cockhead expanded and my knees started to buckle. Inch by inch, my dick disappeared into his full round lips, sucking harder and harder and harder. Oh, it felt so good. I felt like I was about to cum. I grabbed my squad leader's head tightly, shoving hard as I could. I exploded quart after quart of hot, sticky, sweet, spunky cum into my squad leader's mouth. What a relif. The pleasure was undescribe.

A spot of cum was on his moustache. Pvt Johnson got off his knees weakly and smiled. "Gosh, with a dick like yours, you could really go far in this man's Marine Corps," he said, wiping the cum off his lips.

"Yeah...how?"

"Well, I'm gonna get promoted to PFC when I graduate because I'm having sex with Drill Instructor Dickenson!"

I couldn't believe my ears. If the great blowjob didn't floor me, this did. "What? You're doing it with the Drill Instructor?" I couldn't believe it. That our Drill Instructor--hard charging, mean, sadistic--our Drill Instructor would be having sex with a recruit. Unbelieveable!

"Yeah? Bullshit! You're full of it! Prove it."

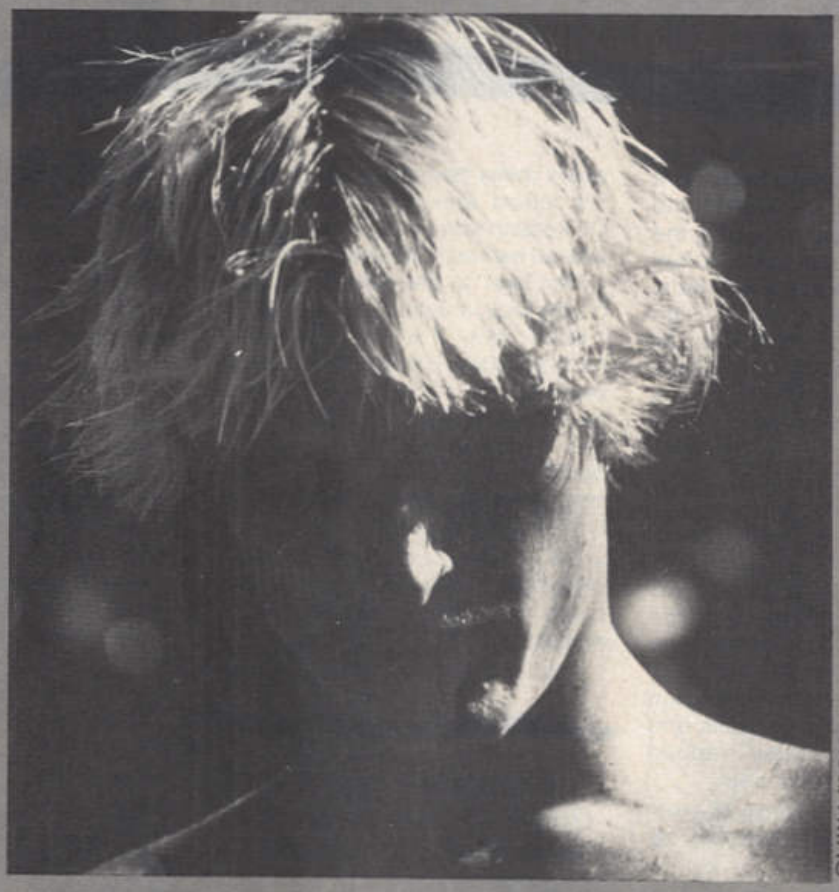
"It's true," he replied. "Listen, how do you think I'm gonna get PFC? At 1900 hours every night, he calls me into his Duty Hut, doesn't he? And then you don't see me for a while, right? Well....?"

It was true that Pvt. Johnson wasn't what you'd call an outstanding Marine. In fact, we were all sur-

continued on page 86

SHAWN

Southern California's finest!



Photos/YMAC

There's never a dull moment for 20-year old Shawn Peters — a Scorpio (the SEX sign) with Scorpio rising. Guess what's on his mind all of the time ? Blond hair, with blue eyes, Shawn likes to spend a sunny California afternoon in his private backyard, soaking up the sun — though he prefers to share his sunbathing with a friend. Five feet, nine inches (forget the five feet and concentrate on the nine inches), which just happens to be what his uncut chunk of masculinity measures when he's really turned on. Young Peters is described as fun-loving and a jokester--"the life of the party" type. By his own admission, he is versatile "from top to bottom", as the saying goes. He's trying to break into films, and, from what we can see of him, he shouldn't have a hard time getting in.

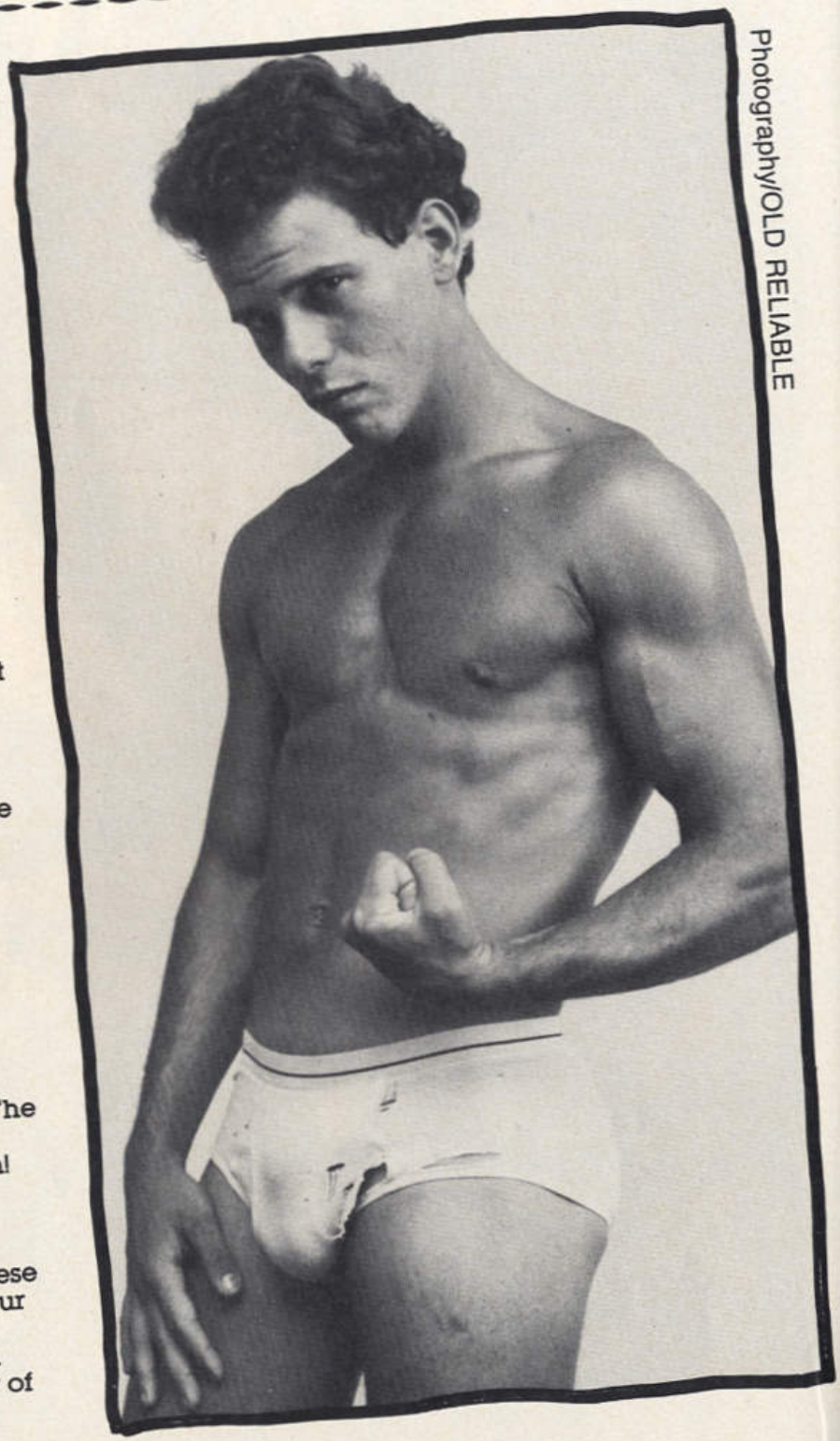
Budweiser

SHAWN

INCHES

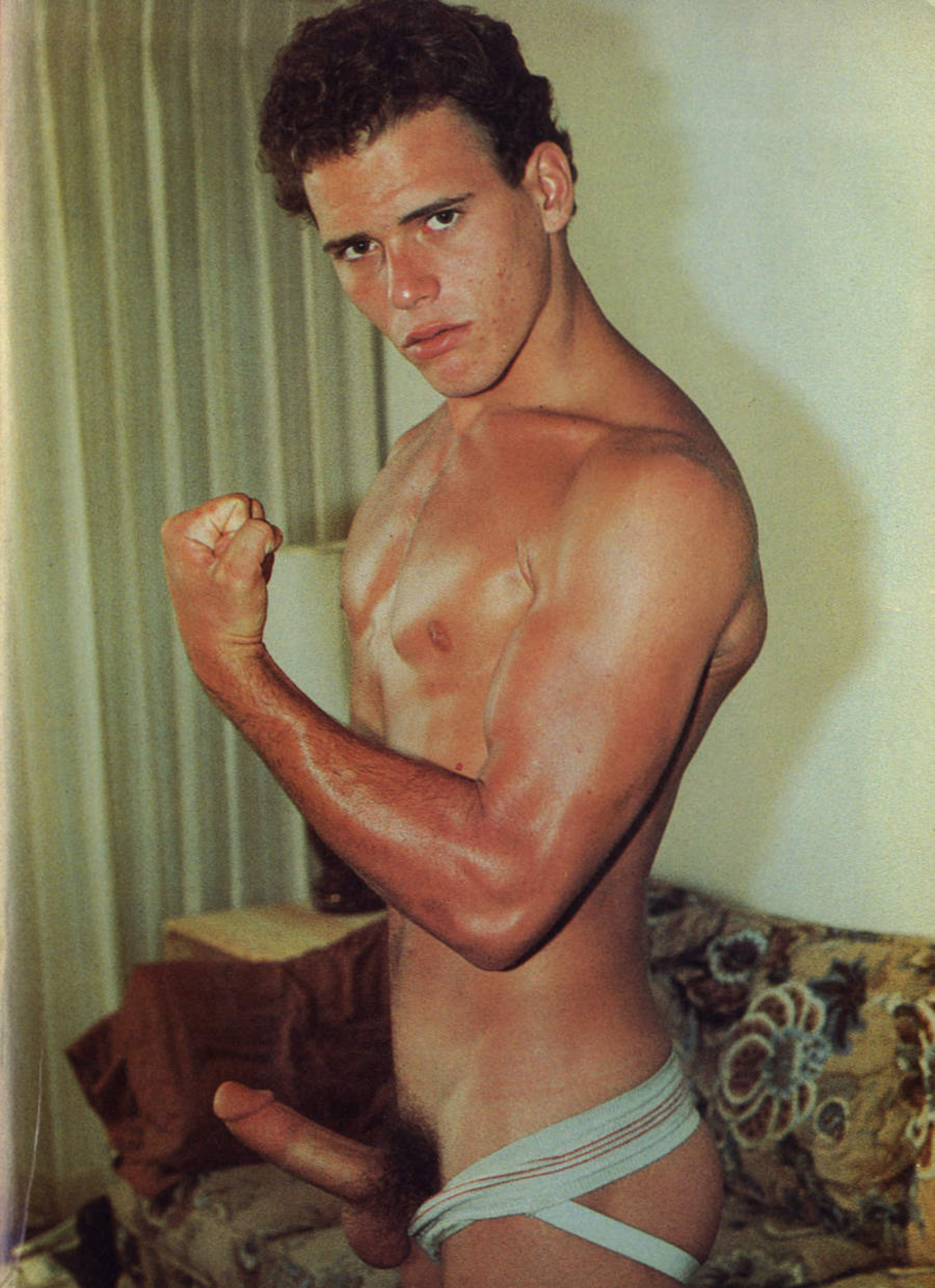
Photography/ YMAC

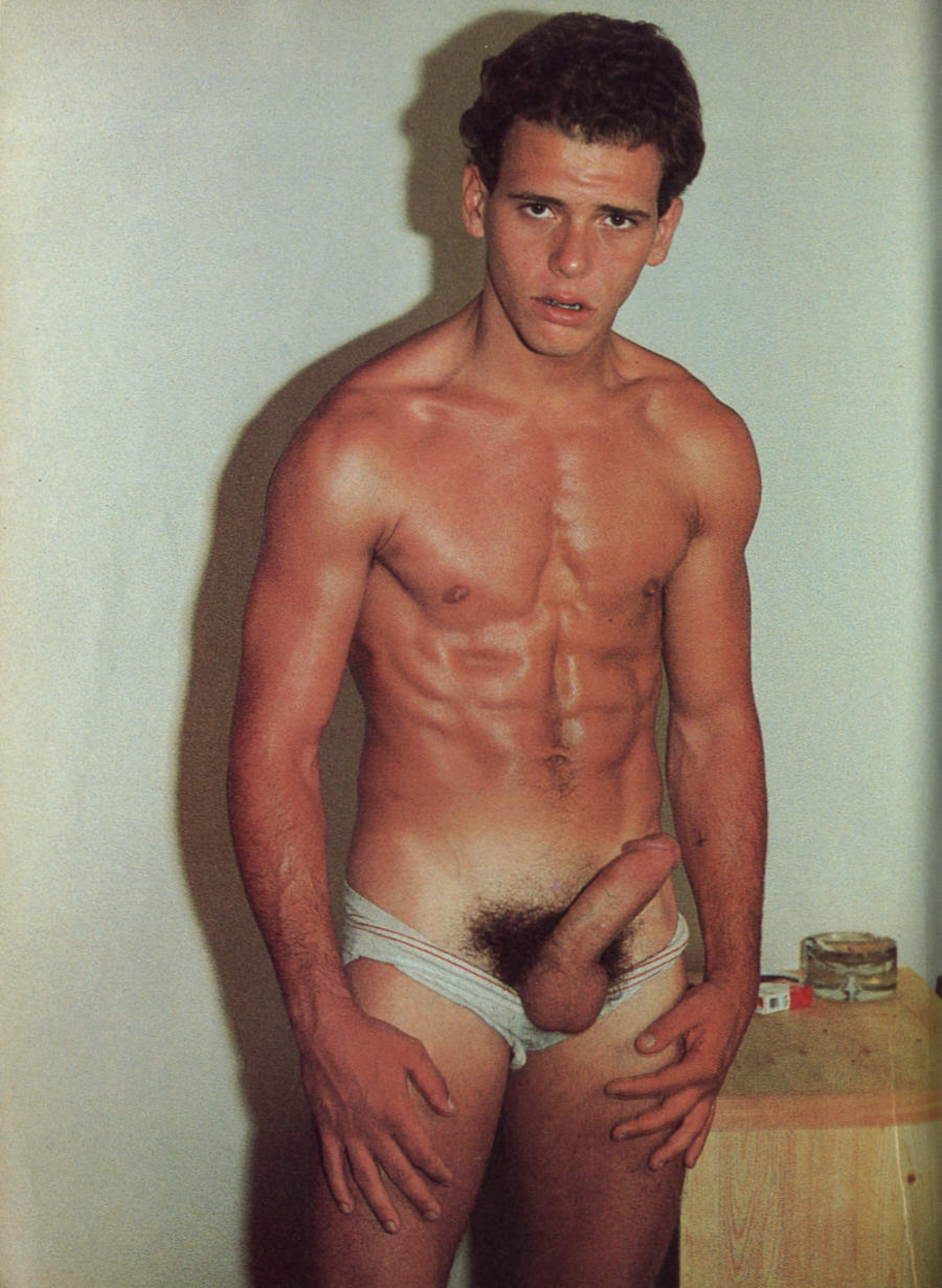
CHAMP *He loves L.A.!*



Photography/OLD RELIABLE

When Champ arrived in L. A. from Ft. Worth he was just 19. He was spotted by the Old Reliable Tape Co., which immediately photographed him. Now, four years later, his perfectly shaped dick has actually grown a whole inch longer--and measures in at a whopping 10"! He must really love L. A! The photos here cover those four years so you can actually see it grow before your very own eyes! Champ's into boxing and martial arts and is obviously described as "very aggressive." No doubt the tattoo of the little devil on one pec proves he's got a pretty mischievous streak. For the record, he's married and a daddy. We hear "he fucks like a stallion" whoever's on the bottom! He's a Virgo (but obviously not a virgin) and checks in at 6-foot-one, 170 lbs. And, as these pix prove, these past four years have been extremely good to him. Let's hear it for the City of the Angels!





CHAMP

INCHES

Photography/OLD RELIABLE

MEASURING UP

HUNHUNK SAMPLER

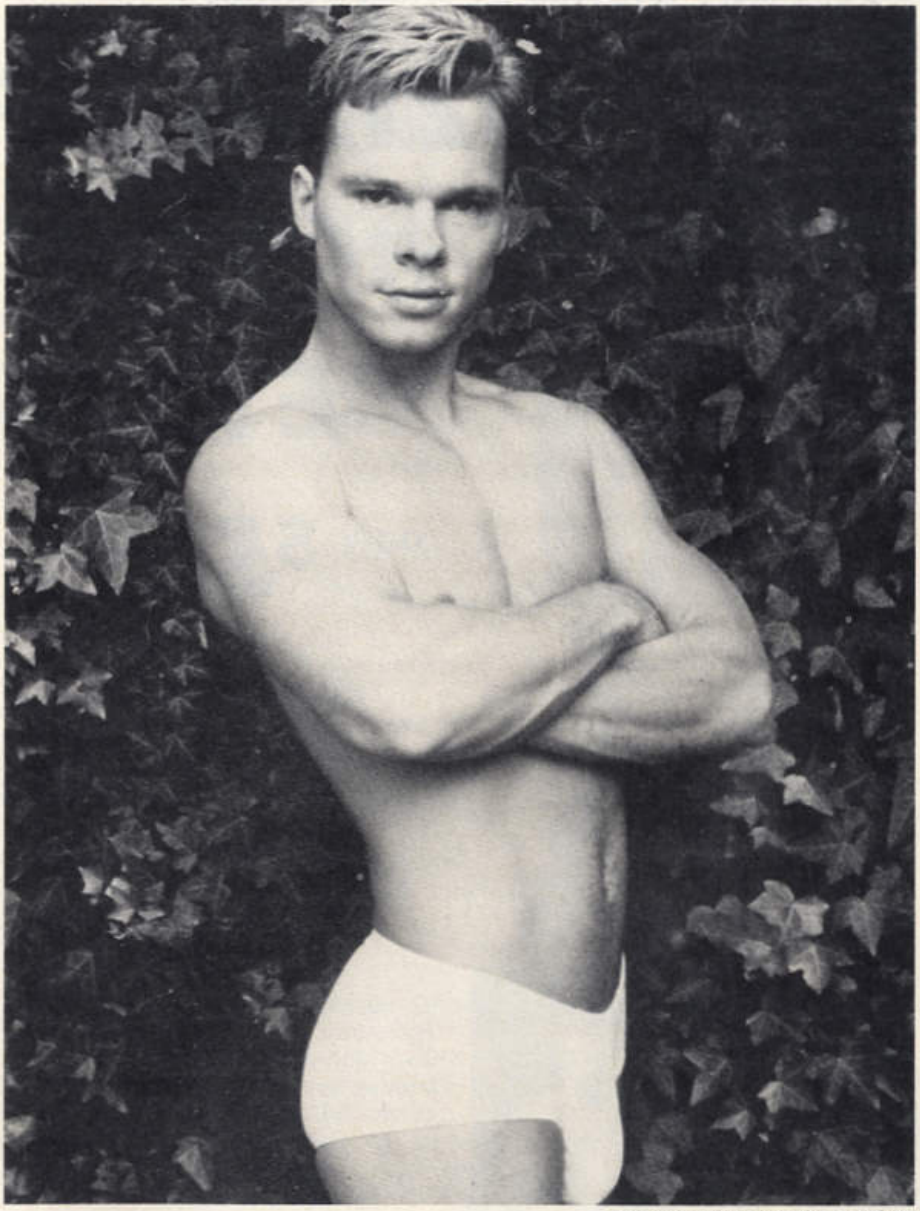
Those oversized (in every area--especially where it counts most) Hun models are back--plus some unseen, juicier examples. They're being marketed as the Hunhunk Sampler--a mouth-watering display of 12 different 5 x 7 correspondence cards with plenty of room for those long notes to your too-long-absent bedmates. Five of the drawings are from his popular *Hun Book One* (the choice based on patron feedback), and there are seven new "faces" which oughtta stir up plenty. They're a buck a piece--sold in lots of 12 (do you really want less?), and they come complete with male-ing envelopes. Sorry, you have to lick your own stamps. The whole luscious bundle comes to $14 (which includes $2 for first-class postage) and Californians must add another 78¢ for the privilege of calling California home. And, of course, you must be 21--and that's years, not inches! Whatever, it's a hot way to renew a memorable affair--and a helluva lot cheaper than flowers. And if you don't want to send them--frame 'em! And where do you order these nearly-unprintable images? Try writing Hunhaus, Box 19240-A, Los Angeles, CA 90019.

FUNNY BONES

What can lifesavers do that cocks can't? Come in eight flavors. This is only one of a series called, "The Ten Best Cock Jokes" aimed to titillate your funnybone — as opposed to any other bone you might want titillated. It's from one of a series of greeting cards put out by Noble Works, 52 Gansevoort St., New York, NY 10014. It's a running series, and they're always on the lookout for newer and better jokes. They write, "Have you ever dreamed of being published? Send us your jokes." So get your sense of humor pumped up and fire away.

MORE SIZE QUEENS

Since 1977, there's been a group around known as THE HUNG JURY — mostly straight swingers — but some bi. The only qualification to join: You must have at least 8 inches! Now, they're also putting out a periodic newsletter called MEASURING UP which includes articles and personal ads. If interested, contact: Taurus, 1545 N. Bronson, #112, Los Angeles, CA 90028.



Get your very own Jim Bentley!

UP TO NEW TRICKS

Jim Bentley.— coverjock of INCHES 2 — has gone on to bigger things. Having been named "Best Newcomer of the Year" by the producers in the 1st Annual Gay Erotic Awards — against stiff competition — he has now started his own poster outfit. The posters feature Brandon Wilde, Chris Thompson (coverjock of INCHES 4), and, of course, Jim Bentley, plus others. The posters are 18 x 24 — that's the size of the posters, not the dimensions of the models — in full color and personally autographed by the stars. Also available, a four-shot photo set in color, also autographed, measuring 5 x 7. These can be had from Bentley Productions, 1765 Highland Ave., Suite 757, Hollywood, CA 90028, at $20 per poster or per set. Write for more info.

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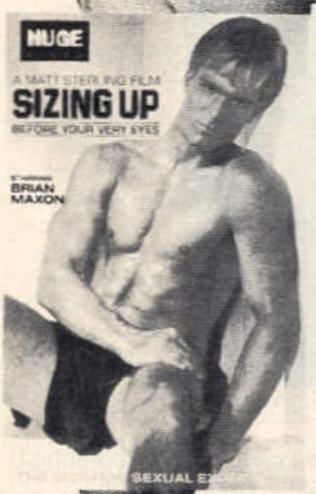

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INCHES HOROSCOPE

By ZOE d'ACK

ARIES (Mar. 21-April 19) Now that the fuckups of a Jupiter retrograde are over, things'll perk up for you. With the transits of Venus and Mars through the 21st, your prick should be had and ready for serious manhandling!

TAURUS (April 20-May 20) Your juices are flowing and your cock, balls and butt are geared up real adventures. The 28th is a hot day, so grease it up and take the initiative in sexual self-expression!

GEMINI (May 21-June 20) You're in a holding pattern and rejecting everything while looking for the perfect fuck. Higher education is ahead, so learn some new positions and have fun doing it! Advertising pays off, so flaunt it and flog it a bit, too, if you dare!

CANCER (June 21-July 22) You're just figuring out who and what you want to be this year. You can be lucky in sex, partidularly in one-on-one fuckathons. But be wary with love; you could easily be deceiving and being deceived. It's not a good time to be tied down--unless it's with ropes or chains!

LEO (July 23-Aug. 22) Now that you're getting to know and likethe way you present yourself to others, this can be a hot time for sex! After the last year-and-a-half you shouldn't be bothered or shocked by anything. So let it all hang out--but watch your reputation, near the 23rd and 24th!

VIRGO (Aug. 23-Sept. 22) You oughta be fucking your brains out in some wild ways from Sept. 9 to Oct. 27. You might start thinking about settling down, tho, and you can count on your partner. Don't get carried away with new, bizarre experiences 'cause you might get more than you can take--if that's possible!

LIBRA (Sept. 23-Oct. 22) You probably fall in love at the drop of a pair of 501s, but it's not a good year to do it. Focus on your social life and building your sense of personal style. You're a self-educator, so get out and suck cock--or whatever else turns you on...practice makes perfect!

SCORPIO (Oct. 23-Nov. 21) This is a transition period, and you just may feel too secure in any risky situations. But don't be overly confident. It could lead to money problems! It's a much better time for pals and exploring your spirituality. Friends can also help you physicality too.

SAGITTARIOUS (Nov. 22-Dec. 21) Balancing idealism and practicality is enriching your sex education and development. Old tricks may return to haunt you, but you'll instinctively know how to handle 'em. Have confidence in yourself and take matters in hand--and beat it if you have too!

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22-Jan. 19) Self-sacrifice and fitting in with the crowd are emphasized, but you've still got lots of seeds to sow! Go with your fantasies and don't let your ego get in the way. You're in demand and you'll hungrily take as much as you give. So take every inch!

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20-Feb. 18) Fulfillment is hard, but you express yourself best during good hard sex. It's a great time to expand your social life 'cause you know exactly how to make the right impression. A new partnership is possible if you'll relax and let everything slide into place!

PISCES (Feb. 19-Mar. 20) Forget details so important to you and ease into a new-found sense of destiny. Don't be too critical of others for not meeting your overly rigid standards and you'll probably find they measure up in ways that can be just as rigid--but much more fun!

"I half-cried out,
staring at a 15-inch--if
it was fuckin' inch--
thick black rod
in full bloom."

True Confessions

"THE BIGGEST ONE I EVER HAD!"

ED. NOTE: INCHES believes there's nothing hotter than the truth, and the uncensored and unedited real-life story that follows proves it!

Dear Editor,

You're asking for "true confessions." The biggest cock I ever had isn't worth writing about, because I couldn't do anything with it. I couldn't get my mouth over the humungous cockhead (and I don't have a small mouth). Endless stroking and manipulation just kept the mother-fucker up. None of the others at the baths could do anything with the monster. Now, the second biggest cock I ever had—that's a story.

A number of years ago my lover and I were stricken with "night fever." Our phrase for sex in back rooms, bath houses, and movie houses. We needed it bad, so our decision was to hit our favorite gay movie house. We were hot for cock and since our favorite movie house is close at hand, we were there in minutes.

As usual, we wished each other "good luck" and parted. I could smell the odor of males in heat and the height of sexual action. My own sexual odor was about me. I took a seat to watch the movie and to stir myself up even more. I watched two guys on the screen begin their sexual action. Stripping one another, flesh meeting flesh, 69-ing, one fucking the other, their man-juice spilling on one another. The ritual we all know and love so well. It was time to patrol the back rooms. I entered the deep darkness and slowly walked with years of familiarity. I found an empty seat and released my rock-hard dick through my fly. A hand grabbed it. "OH, fuck me! Fuck me!" a voice moaned. Before I could answer, a well shaped ass was going down my cock. I wasn't planning to fuck, but to be sucked, but I didn't care at that moment. I stood up and opened my jeans and let them fall to my feet. The tight asshole was sending strokes of pleasure down my shaft, into my groin and up to my brain. Up and down, up and down. My balls were ready to release their prize. Suddenly Tight Ass was gone! "Shit!" I groaned.

I pulled up my jeans, tucked my aching dick in them, and walked out of the dark area, thinking maybe Tight Ass wanted me to follow him someplace. If he was one of the few men at the entrance to the dark rooms, he made no indication. I returned to the darkness. My hand hit a strange erection, then my other hand found another stiff prick. I began masturbating them in unison. First prick began to moan, second prick started to mount me. Faster and faster I pulled their foreskins over their thick knobs, rubbing the heads with my palm every so many strokes. Both cocks were arched out to their fullest. Their moaning grew louder and faster. First prick shot his load first, followed almost immediately by prick the second. I imagined their sperm shooting into the air at each other. Both my hands held strange, thick man-juice. One at a time, I licked my hands. First prick whispered, "Thanks" in my ear. Second prick opened my shirt, kissed, then sucked my tit, pushing his head deep into my hairy, muscular chest. I gave them each a hug and they were gone. Shit! I haven't gone off yet!, I thought.

> ***"I licked his asshole for a while, then I went back to the hugh cockhead..."***

A lull of men that comes numerous times a night, came then. I sat down and reached on either side of me. Nobody. A match flared. For a few seconds I saw a few men sitting on the other side of the room. A black buck caught my eye and the light was out. I reached into my own denim jacket pocket, took out a butt and lit my own match and butt. While I had the chance, I looked over to the young black man. My "torch of interest" went out. A body sat beside me and asked, "Can I suck your cock?"

Was it black buck or something I wasn't interested in? "Want a butt?" I asked. "Yea," he replied. He took my butt. I got another from my pack. In the small yellow light I saw it was black buck. I patted his leg. "Follow me," he said. I did— to the 'bathroom.' A smell hole where piss hasn't been sent on its trip in years. Into a booth he went. I followed. As I busied myself with dropping my jeans, giving freedom to my throbbing penis, he dropped his pants and slowly faced me. "OH MY GOD!" I half-cried out, staring at a 15-inch—if it was a fuckin' inch—thick black rod in full bloom.

I dropped to my knees and began sucking the huge, smooth head. Then I ran my hungry tongue down the undershaft to his swollen balls and sucked them. I had to do one at a time, two just wouldn't fit into my mouth. I returned to the cockhead the way I left it. With one hand behind the other, I pulled gently on

continued on page 88

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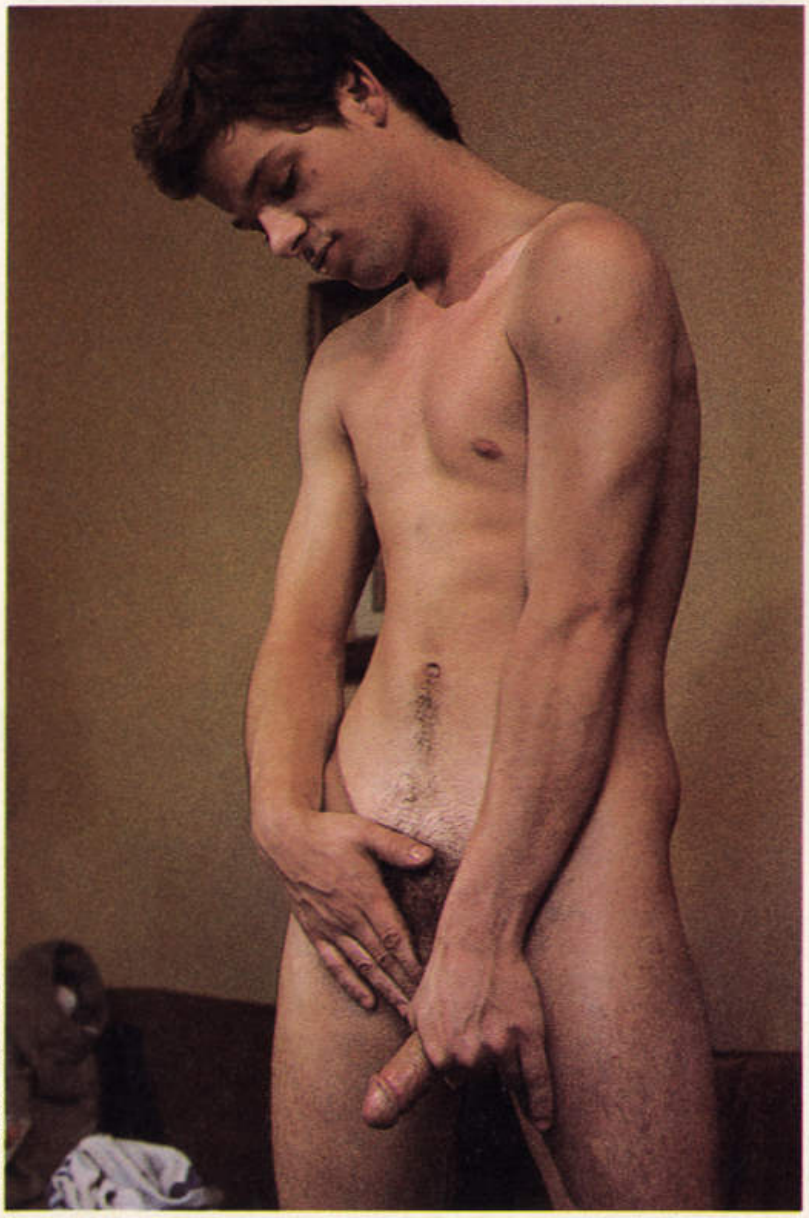
THE 'GETTING OFF CAMPUS' DIARY!

By JOHN DeVILLE



Photos/SPIKE VIDEO

DAY ONE
MORNING

It's the first day of production of my second all-male sexpic.

A producer starts early; up at 6 a.m. - not easy for one who breakfasts at noon. My director, David McCabe, is at my front door at 6:30, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed! We're on location in 20 minutes with one of the most important neccessities of movie-making in hand: dozens of donuts! We're greeted by the home owner, an 'old friend': he's anxious to see the stars of the sexpic. I remind him to keep his hands off the models.

Cinematographer Tom Howard and his assistant Scott arrive. Tom's high-priced but worth every cent; in fact, he's likely the best in the biz. Tom and Scott rush to the kitchen for coffee and a couple of donuts.

At 8:30 our first two models arrive. Brandon Wilde and newcomer Michael Cummings. I'm nervous 'cause Michael looks about 17. A quick check of his driver's

license reveals he's actually 18 (in fact his birthday was three days prior!). Brandon and Michael record their dialogue quickly and it's past time to get to the fucking and sucking! Little Michael was giving us one helluva performance, obviously loving every inch of that giant tool Brandon was slowing into his hungry mouth! When the time came for him to take it anally, he was in 7th heaven. The director, realizing how much they were into one another, kept the camera rolling. That kid was fucked all over the fucking place. When they couldn't take anymore, Brandon squirts nearly a pint of jism all over Michael's little asscheeks. And Michael gets the rare chance of popping his load all over Brandon's classic face!

NOON

Chris Allen and Ricky Turner arrive near 11am I rush 'em into make-up, altho neither of these two studs need any, I tell Jim (the makeup man) a little powder is enough. It's also my job to keep the models from getting it on before we tape, and I could tell immediately I'd have a problem with these two!. Turner had real hots for Allen, but who can blame him? Allen is one of the best fucks in the business...meaning his asshole is insatiable! David calls Chris and Ricky to the set, but I can't find them! I search everywhere, until I find them making out in a bathroom. Thankfully I arrived in time...they still have their pants on! I herd them onto the set and David's anxious to shoot. Ricky, a hot, young Italian stud, strips his levis and he's already sporting a rock hardon! David advises saving it for the movie, but his dick didn't go down for the next three hours! After the sucking footage (in six different positions yet!), it was time for the fucking. Ricky's dick went into that tight little butthole in a flash, and David quickly told the cameraman to get what we call the "piledriver

". . . Ricky throws a helluva fuck!"

shot" the one where dick and asshole take up the whole screen. The footage is breathtaking! You can really tell Chris loves getting pounded, and that Ricky throws a helluva fuck! David repositions them again, this time with Ricky laying on the floor and Chris straddling him but facing away. Ricky is still rock hard. He fucks Chris with only his ankles and his shoulder touching the ground: in fact he's almost fucking him in mid-air! To see is to believe! Finally the guys just can't take anymore and the cum shoots every where! Both stars shoot monstrous loads onto Ricky's abs!

LATE AFTERNOON

It's early, just 4 p.m., but the day's shot. We've gotten two flawless sex scenes, and everybody's

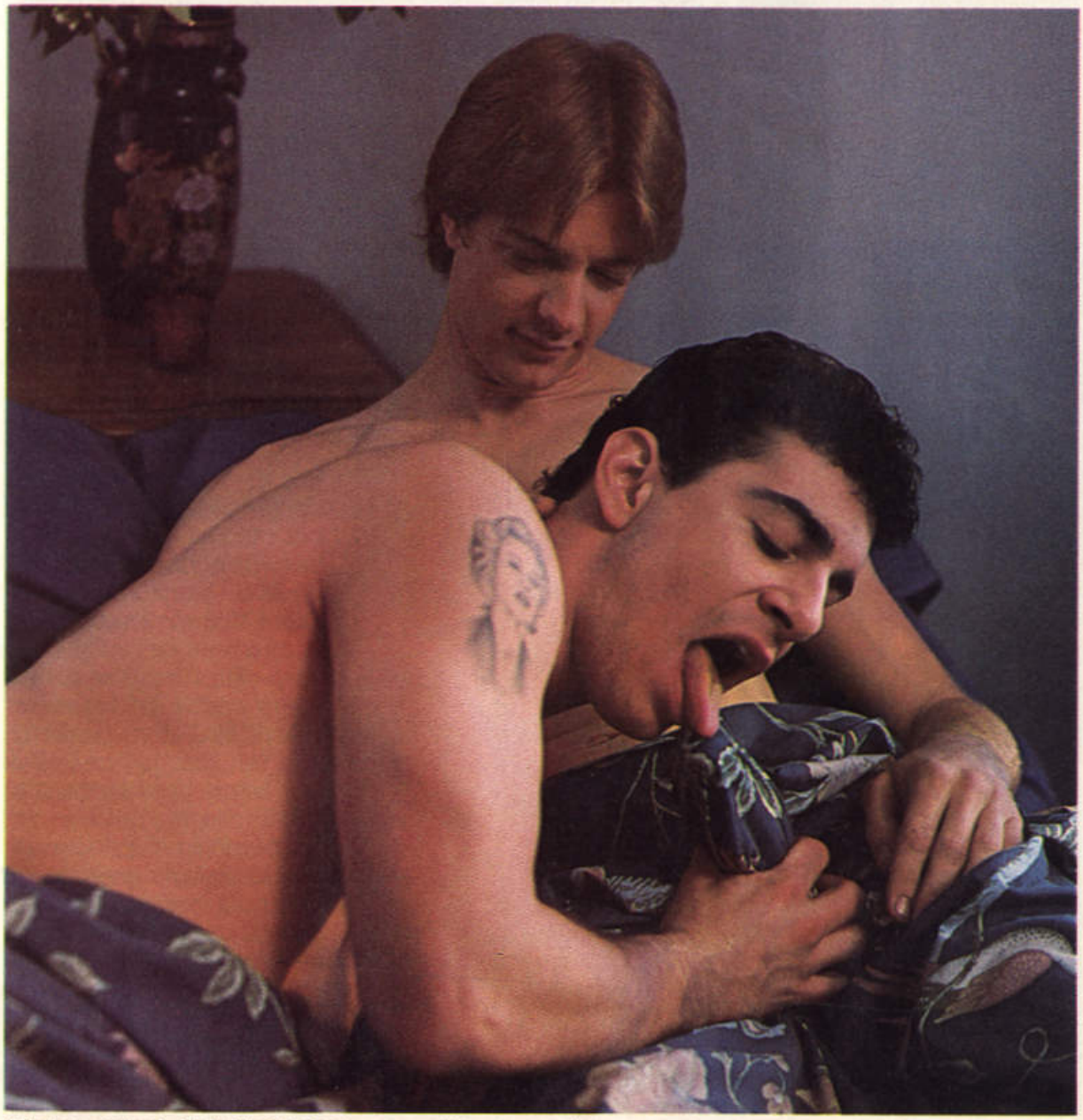
happy. David and I head back to Hollywood for a bite to eat. We discuss the day's shoot and both agree it was one helluva day. The most important part of male-movie making is casting models who're turned onto each other... and boy, did we have it today!

DAY TWO

MORNING

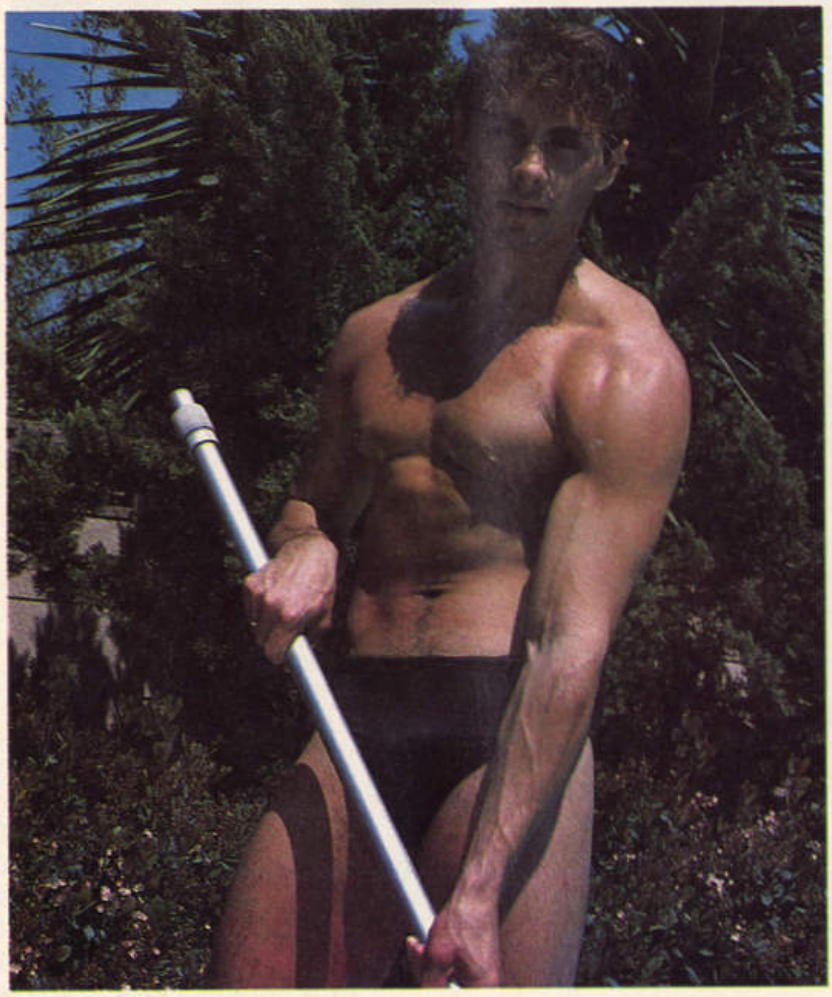
Up again at 6 a.m. (is this how Samuel Z. Arkoff started?) and we're set to do it all over again. David arrives at 6:30 and we're off to location. I'm sure the reason David likes to shoot so gadawful early in the a.m. is 'cause that's when the donuts are freshest! We arrive at Yum Yum donuts at 6:45 and David rushes in to stock up. We arrive on location at 6:55 and find Tom and Scott already there...we quickly set up and are ready for the studs! At 8 a.m. the stars arrive; new sensation David Ashfield, with his perfect 10-incher, and Blake McDonald, whom I discovered in West Hollywood working as a barback at a hot watering hole. I rush them in and out of makeup and we're ready. Blake can't believe the size of Ashfield's schlong...I could tell by the gleam in his eye this was going to be a breeze. Blake sucked dick like there was no tomorrow: he swallowed every inch of that whopper, loving every half-inch of it! When it was time for him

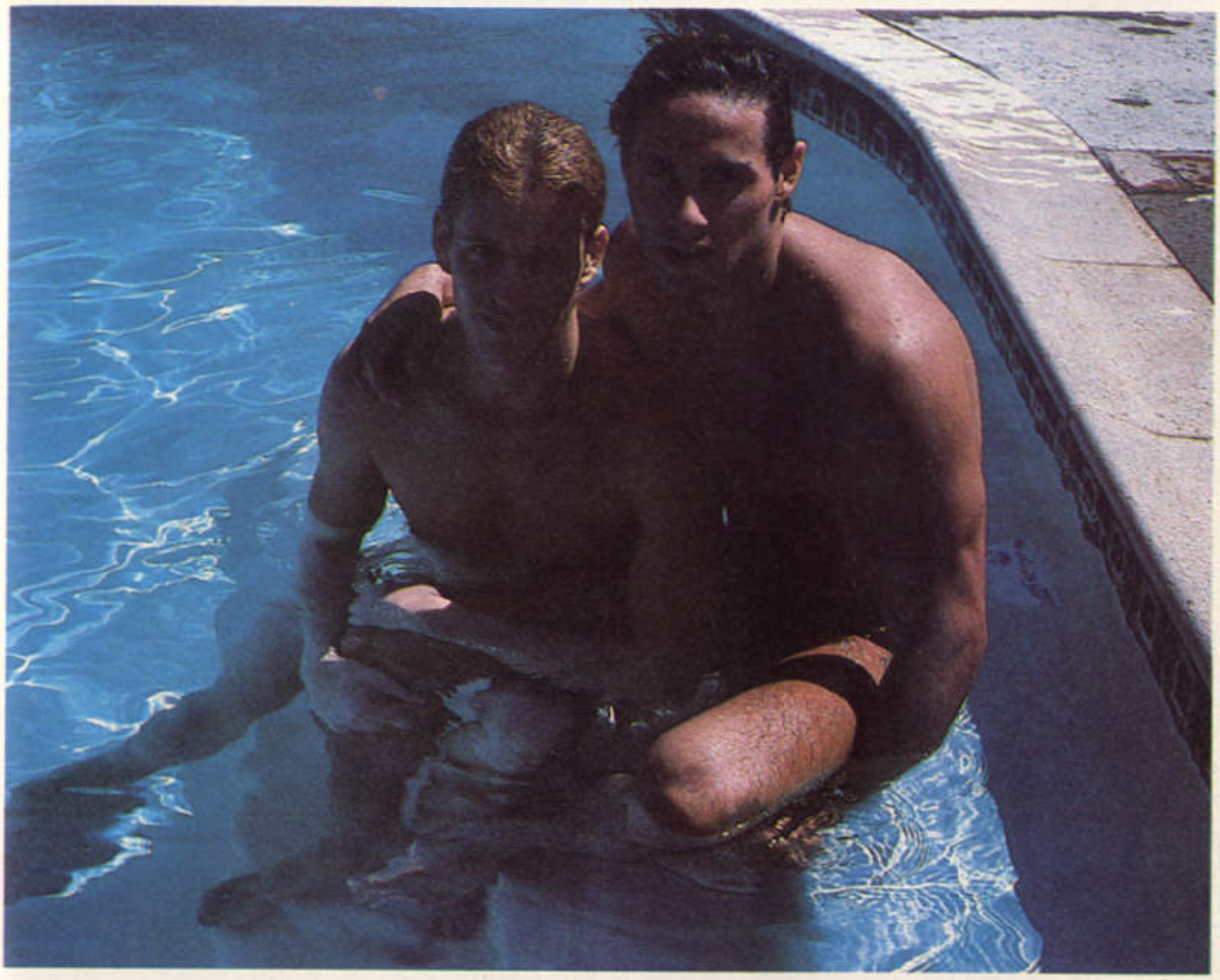
to take it up his tight hole, we practically had to control him he wanted it so bad! Newcomer Ashfield throws one of the hottest fucks ever. First he fucks doggie-style, then missionary, then with Blake riding it. This was his favorite, giving him the power to set the rhythm of that ass-stretcher sliding in and out of that hole! The director gets more incredible fuck footage in this one scene than most directors get in a whole sexpic! The fucking's non-stop and wall-to-wall and both actors could've gone on all morning! Finally they're ready to pop and the cameraman goes into a close-up. Blake unloads all over Ashfield's washboard stomach and then pro Ashfield gives us a "money shot" that shoots half-way across the room. Everybody's pleased with the scene including the bankroller referred to as Uncle Nickie and his friend Zsa Zsa. Blake insists we re-run



"Blake sucked dick like there was no tomorrow."

the scene (one pic and already he's making demands!). We've extra time so we do, and it's truly incredible. David and Blake are really earning their bucks on this job. It's 11 when the next two stars arrive - Chris Thompson and Pat Allen. I'm slightly stunned because Pat doesn't look at all like he did in the "Boys in the Sand" shots we say of him. He's a helluva lot taller. He'd just gotten in from New York two hours earlier, had a great personality and quickly makes friends with every one there. He's a bit shy, but having worked with the director and me before, he feels more comfortable than usual. David tells me to hurry the models up and get 'em onto the set. Now if I could just find somebody to go for more fresh donuts! The scene has Pat admiring Chris thru the kitchen window. Chris is in the backyard cleaning the pool, obviously hot and bothered! Pat whips up a cool, tall one and after the small-talk lures the "unsuspecting straight pool-boy" into the bedroom to discover what's under his tiny speedo! Well, for the record, out pops an ideal nine-incher already leaking! Pat can suck cock with the best of 'em...he really gets into it. You can tell by what he says sex. I must say he gave the best sound of any actor on this shoot, and good sound is gold. Then it was Chris' turn to suck some crank...and that isn't easy to do with that huge dick of Pat Allen's! Chris does his best to accommodate that man sized choker but still can't manage to take it all! Now it's time for Pat to get that lily white ass of his pounded. Chris doesn't need encouragement, and easily enters Allen's tight opening with one steady thrust. I thought Pat would die of ecstasy! Chris gives everything he's got...jamming his big dick in and out of that asshole like there's no tomorrow! The director keeps asking them if they want to rest for awhile, but they won't stop. He films them in every position known to man (and then some!). I can tell this is one helluva hot scene because of the small crowd that's gathered in the doorway, gawking for a peek at the celluloid action. David tells them he's ready whenever they are for that all-important magic wet shot. Pat shoots first, all over Chris' rippled stomach followed by a real gusher from Chris him-





self. I hand Chris a towel and just then the photographer takes a still of what eventually will end up as the film's breathtaking vidbox cover! (See August INCHES cover)

AFTERNOON

It's past time for lunch. When it comes to food, money's no object! I provide the best burgers, pizza, spaghetti and (naturally) donuts money will buy! Since it's hot today, we decide on deli fare with cast and crew all eating poolside. After a little R & R, it's time for work! Two p.m. and the final two stars arrive - blond Dane Ford and Rydar Hanson. I'd talked to Dane earlier and he'd asked to be cast in a scene with newcomer Rydar. I knew Dane and Rydar when they first arrived in Hollywood staying at the Coral Sands, and I wondered if they'd gotten it on then and Dane wanted more of the same! I already knew this was going to shoot like a breeze. David barely had to direct these two...they knew what they wanted and they went after it! I knew this was the scene David would get into most, because Rydar is one of the few porn stars who'll rim and I knew this is David's favorite thing to photograph! When it comes to rimming, no one shoots it like McCabe! He got that fucking camera so close to that tongue and hole it'll blow some viewers' minds! There's no doubt Dane has the prettiest little butt in the biz and sure knows how to use it! Rydar proceeds to fuck the hell out of Dane and once he actually was fucking him so hard

"Rydar pulls his big uncut dick from Dane's baby-smooth ass. . ."

the couch scooted a foot-and-a-half across the floor! At one point, David's world-famous "in and out" camera is so close Rydar's balls literally bang against the camera lens! When he finally has enough footage, David tells his actors to pop whenever they're ready! Rydar pulls his big uncut dick from Dane's baby-smooth ass and delivers a memorable wet shot on Dane's pecs. Dane then lets forth with a body-shaking climax. After the scene's over, Dane thanks me for casting him. Not only's he getting paid, but he's also gotten the fuck he's wanted for months!

EVENING

5:30 p.m. and the show's over. As easy as apple pie! Ha! The crew's happy 'cause there's still two hours of daylight, and David and I are ecstatic 'cause we've got what may be the hottest wall-to-wall malevid shot in '85! We return to Hollywood and stop for a bite to eat. I'm so anxious to get laid I can barely enjoy dinner. I get home in time to catch the male strip show at Woody's Hyperion. After all, you never know when you'll discover the next sex star!

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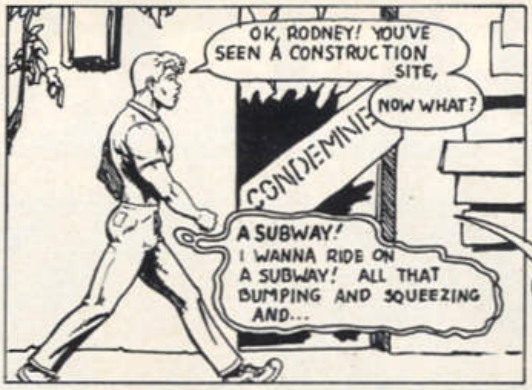
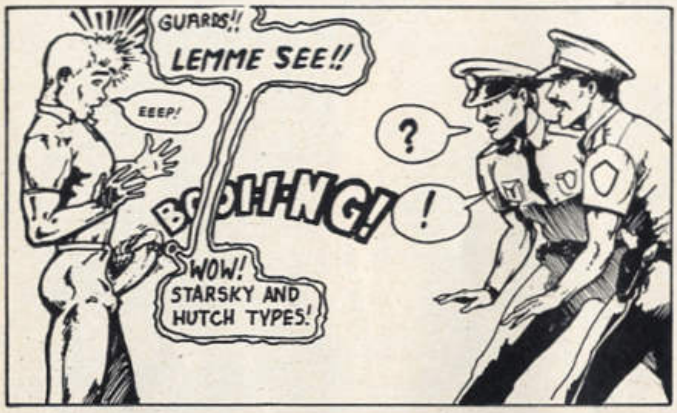
THE OFFBEAT ADVENTURES OF

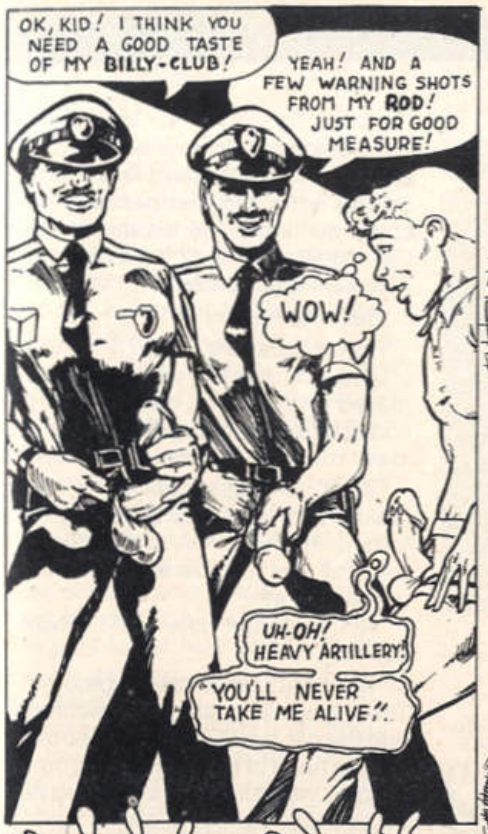
BUF

AND HIS L'IL BUDDY RODNEY

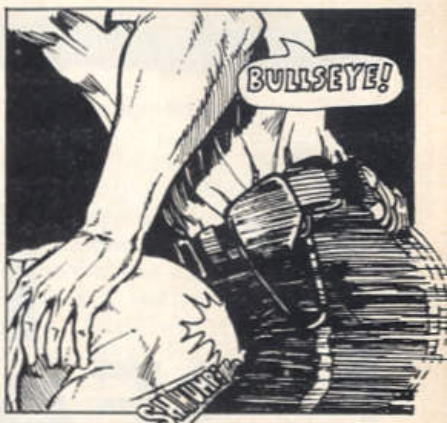
By ZIPPEROOWN






OK, KID! I THINK YOU NEED A GOOD TASTE OF MY BILLY-CLUB!
YEAH! AND A FEW WARNING SHOTS FROM MY ROD! JUST FOR GOOD MEASURE!
WOW!
UH-OH! HEAVY ARTILLERY!
"YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE!"

TAKE THAT!
SLOOP!


BULLSEYE!
SMUSH!

PROPER PROCEDURE DEMANDS PUMPING A SUSPECT FOR INFORMATION, FRANK!
CHECK, JOE! A GOOD DRILLING ALWAYS OPENS THEM UP!
HEY! WHERE'S THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW?!
MMMMMM!!

AAHHN!!
UNNH!!
INTERROGATION IS COMPLETE, FRANK!
CHECK, JOE! HE'S CLEAN!
GLULP! MMMMM!
"10-4! 10-4! 10-4! 10-4!"

TAKE NOTE, FRANK! HE IS STILL BREAKING THE LAW!
AND WE CAN'T LEAVE WHILE A CRIME IS BEING COMMITTED, JOE!
SO, FINGERPRINT ME, FUZZ!

WELL, FRANK! THERE IS A SIMPLE SOLUTION!
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OOOOOO!
OBOY!! GOOD GUARD. BAD GUARD!!

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YEAH!

SOON..
WELL, FRANK! THAT'S ANOTHER HARDENED CRIMINAL BROUGHT DOWN!
CHECK, JOE!

BOY! I'M GLAD THEY WERE SO EASY ON ME, RODNEY!
I WONDER IF THEY KNOW T.J. HOOKER!
More adventures with Buff & Rodney next issue!! Zippendown

IN SEARCH OF LONG DONG!

By JACK FRITSCHER

HUSKY, YOUNG AND HANDSOME AND HUNG, RYAN had it all: The All-American high-school football-hero body, the cocky attitude of Sean Penn, and the dick of John Holmes. He was from one of those Detroit suburbs where a guy grows up tough and streetwise. He knew how to handle himself, his meat, and his trips. He knew what he liked: Long, thick, hard cock.

Ryan was a great white hunter always looking for a dick bigger than his own. He had copped a few *keepers* back in Michigan, especially in the heart of Dee-troit City. But a few was never enough. Too many Midwestern nights when he was hot and horny, the weather was freezing and thigh-deep in drifts. "Cold enough to crack my cock," he said. "A guy thinks twice about heading out for some Long Dong when he knows the thick ice on the streets makes for thin pickings.

After Ryan's first winter Out, and after a hard-fucking summer driving every weekend in his dady's truck over to the sand dunes of Saugatuck, the Fire Island of the Midwest, Ryan whipped out his dick and piss-wrote his *G-o-o-d-b-y-e* in the next winter's first snowfall. He bought an old junker off his best fuckbuddy. He headed west with Detroit in his rearview mirror. He sucked his last Michigan cock in the last rest-stop on I-94 before he hit Indiana and points west. Pitching and catching, he blew his way West, hitting the I-80 TRUCKS-BUNKS-GAS-EATS oasis outside Chicago, heading toward the Coast, eating a steady menu of truckers, hitchhikers, and a couple of cowboys in Cheyenne.

Ryan had San Francisco on his mind.

He gladly reached into his jeans at the toll plaza leading to the Bay Bridge. His dick hardened. He could make out the skyline of the City. "How much is it?" he asked the moustached attendant.

"Seventy-five cents."

"Three quarters, huh?" Ryan played with the toll taker while he played with his dick, hard and long enough to rest its big head on the lower round of the steering wheel.

"Yeah," the attendant said. He looked at Ryan's dick creeping up toward the horn. "A pretty cheap price to pay for admission to Disneyland North."

"Am I gonna like it?" Ryan asked.

"Does Matt Dillon have brothers?" The attendant smilled and reached into the car, barely enough to stroke the wet head of Ryan's fat cock, then rubbed the palm of Ryan's hand as he scooped up the quarters.

"You wanna slob on bob?" Ryan asked.

The attendant licked his lips and rolled his eyes. "You're gonna like the City. Trust me."

Ryan grinned, shifted into first, and headed up the bridge rising seventeen stories over the Bay. "Ballblasters!" he shouted into the warm November wind. "I'm coming home to a place I've never been!"

In three weeks, Ryan toted up one share-rental in the Castro, a part-time job in a Shell station, a gym membership, and more fuckbuddies than he could count. Sex leaned in doorways, writhed tasty through cafes, magnified its sounds through the open windows of crowded bars, and wafted its sweet sweaty smells in plush-carpeted locker rooms.

As fast as men drained him of his juices, he filled himself back up with theirs.

The Arab who owned the Shell station at Market and Castro was young, swarthy, well-built, and straight. He worked Ryan hard, stationing him on the Full-Service Islands. He was smart enough to know Ryan's good looks were good

for business. Servicing everything from pickups to Porsches, Ryan's hands stayed as rugged, hard, and greasy as they had under the hood of his daddy's truck. After his shift, he got into the habit of hitting the gym down Market Street for a workout, a shower, and some sex.

"You like to go there? Clean up a bit?" The Arab smiled. His dark eyes glistened and his moustache, thick and black, hung heavy over his lip.

Ryan figured the Arab knew plenty, but he could never know how hot the gyms on the Market Street Muscle Strip could get. "I like a long slow shower now and then," Ryan said. He let it go at that. He figured if straights knew how easy and luxurious gay sex was, they'd only get jealous.

How could he tell his boss about the cruising in the shower room? How could he tell a straight man about the orgy in the jacuzzi? No way. Let straight folks know you're gay, he figured. That's enough. Don't give them details.

Certainly not details about how good naked bodies look against white-tiled walls with spigots of water cascading over shoulders, down chests and bellies, dripping in heavy run-off from the tips of soapy cocks. All the careful cruising in the showers. Comparing meat. Catching the glances. The come-ons. The soft dicks hardening in frothy handfuls of suds. A face peering around the white ceramic corner. Gauging the tanlines on bare butts. The quick grope of big wet balls. The guys sitting in the foaming jacuzzi working their dicks while the jets of water pump hard against their clean young assholes.

Ryan felt he was proof you can take the white boy out of Detroit City, but you can't take Detroit out of the boy. He had a sometimes definite craving for big black meat. The gym gave him a chance to pick out the stripped-down biggest and best of the lot.

Never one to miss a shot, Ryan sized up, one winter evening, a lean and lanky black dude sitting alone in the bubbling pool. He looked imperial. Like some dark African prince. His svelte muscular arms were spread wide on the pool edge. His big black dick bobbed heads-up to the surface of the water, then dunked, popping up again, hardening, no, *hard!* The dude was cool. His eyes looked straight ahead. He was ready for what he knew he wanted; and Ryan knew he wanted to take that big, black shaft deep down his throat.

Ryan walked from the empty shower room toward the dude in the pool. Without hesitation he stepped down into the water. The warmth felt good on his thighs and his rising cock that pointed in front of him like a hard prow cutting through the water toward the lanky Black. Their eyes met. Ryan sank down into the pool and wrapped his lips around the head of the dusky cock. The dude raised his hips and fed the white boy his meat. They locked together like sea animals. Ryan bobbed up and down on the juicy wet head. The dude reached for Ryan's tits under the water and twisted them smoothly in his long slender fingertips.

"As fast as men drained him of his juices, he filled himself back up with theirs."

A sweet young blond standing off in the steamy shower watched them. He was half-visible in the white mist, the way dreamy naked boys appear and disappear in Pasolini films, stroking the length of his meat, head to almost-hairless root. As the dude guided Ryan up and out of the pool, the blond walked from the shower and wordlessly joined them. The blond shoved his tongue deep into the dude's mouth while Ryan knelt between them, sucking, wet-frenching the hard pair of block and blond dicks.

The dude turned his ass into Ryan's face and pushed the blond down on his black rod. Ryan rimmed deep up the clean asshole, kissing, nipping, sucking, feeling his face roughed by the tight curls of black hair as the dude fucked the blond's face with long rhythmic strokes. Filled with the taste of black ass, Ryan dropped down to suck on the blond dick drooling with lube. The mixed taste of black and blond turned him loose.

He could, and would, do anything he wanted. What else was San Francisco for?

San Francisco is the place where, when you go there, you have to be careful what you wish for, because you'll get it.

In slow graceful turns the threesome switched position to position: Ryan sucking out the mouth of the blond while the dude sucked on the blond's dick; the dude eating out the blond's ass, prepping it with his tongue for the deep entry of his long black shaft; Ryan maneuvering in under the blond to suck his dick while the dude rammed the blond ass, banging both sets of heavy nuts up against Ryan's wet chin.

Easily the threeway turned: The dude lay back on the jacuzzi rim; the blond went down on the black cock that tasted of his own ass; Ryan, cutting in under the blond butt, sucked out the fresh-reamed white ass. The blond squatted down, planting his ass on Ryan's mouth. Ryan stretched out full length under the two men. The tile floor felt warm under his back and legs. He sucked harder as the blond's hands reach- ed back to spread his cheeks. Ryan beat his own dick wildly to the threeway hump rhythms. His tongue felt the blond's butt tightening. He knew the guy was going to shoot. Ryan wanted that load. He pushed his head on under and up through the blond's crotch. The pair of muscular black thighs squeezed the blond's head. In an instant, the blond, jerking his dick, shot thick cream across Ryan's lips and deep down his throat.

continued on page 89

MICHAEL CHRIS

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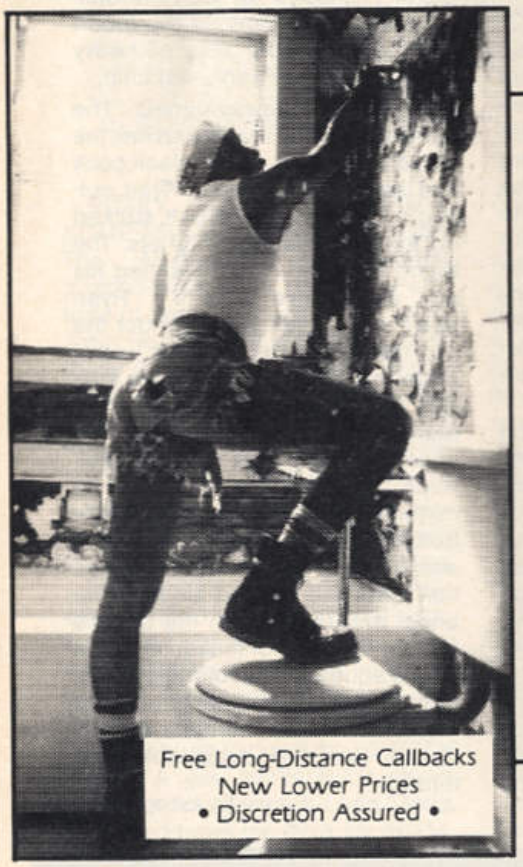

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MANTALK

By JACK FRITSCHER

SEASWEAT & ROGER !

YOUNG MAN. YOUNG, YOUNG, YOUNG MAN. Miss du Bois knew, long before we all knew, the ache that stays for the memory of some young man who, for one afternoon one summer, thrilled us with himself. I know. I remember. In the back of a drawer, I found a sheet of stationary from the Cabana Sands Motel in Venice Beach dated one summer one year. On it are written words that seem sprung from the vision of the sexy, young beach hustler, whose name was Roger, and whose face and body, all muscles and tossled hair and enormous cock, glistened with the kind of sunsweat young men sweat only on Southern California beaches.

CABANA SANDS MOTEL. Lust? I'll remember Lust. I was seated somewhere on the strand, outside some forgotten cafe, with the sun hot and bright, squinting painfully toward the sea, trying to clear my vision which movie-like had become all blurred about the edges, and I wanted to clear my sight to resume my sweating cool glass of Perrier, and I looked up.

He was there. Suddenly. Unexpected. Waiting. Turned in upon himself. Leaning back against the white stucco wall. His body tanned, stripped to the waist, wearing those long white nylon beach trousers that clung wet to his big soft dick and his muscular thighs, wet from his healthy seasweat, from his plunge in the sea.

A white sweatband coiled his dark hair. His face was turned down toward his white transparent crotch above his cock which stiffened, rose, grew hard, half under the cover of his tanned right hand teasing the head of his olive-skinned meat. His left hand toyed with the drawstrings at his tight waist to slow the slide of his clinging wet pants down his strong cyclist's thighs.

". . . he rocked his horsecock into my face until my eyes watered, until tears came for the simple inexplicable joy of it all."

He was very muscular: arms, shoulders, chest, legs. He had a black moustache which, with the curl of his black hair over his white sweatband, obscured seductively his perfect dark face. I did not know him. But I knew him. I knew that boy, who on the strand was called Roger.

I knew that when he looked up, finally, from his crotched hand, across the distance to my eyes, that he would be beautiful, that he would lift my heart, sweet god, right out of me and carry me up into the brightness and light and heat of the sun, and my eyes would pain no more.

(Lust is no less than the brightness and heat burning in a young man's body.)

He put his strong hand in mine and led me wordlessly to a private place. He peeled off my shirt and my swim trunks. He kissed my wallet and placed it on top of my clothes. He laid me back on the hot sand. His dark moustache lifted over a small grin revealing perfect white teeth. He stripped off his white nylon beach trousers, knowing my hot need, and knelt naked, astraddle my chest, placing my right hand on my dick, leaving my left hand free to rub the salt-air seasweat across his nipples darker than his tanned pectorals, free to rub down his tight belly, down into the crisp bush of his young crotch, palming his big sweaty balls, wrapping my hand around the thick shaft of his big cock.

"It's all yours."

That's all he ever said to me.

"It's all yours."

His heat and sweat rained down on me between his legs. He never touched his cock. He never had to. His dick erected itself. He knew to rise up on his knees. He knew to take the back of my head in

continued on page 80

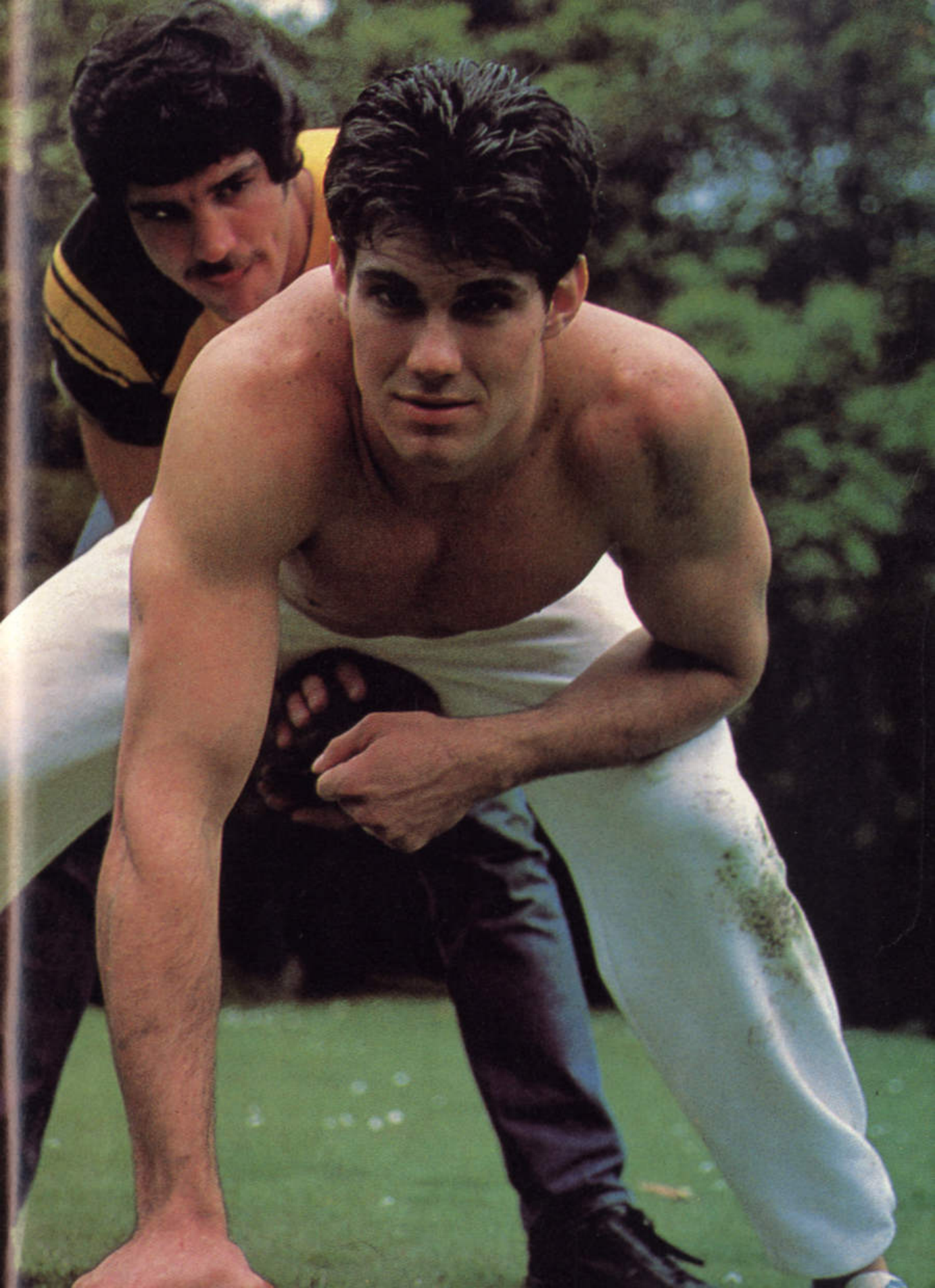
INCHES EXCLUSIVE:

MATT STERLING'S BIG HIT! A MATTER OF SIZE

What can we say about the picture that truly began the "bigger is better" bluemovie craze that literally revitalized the male film industry and at the same time launched the careers of moviemaker Matt Sterling and stars Bill Henson, Matt Ramsey, Doug Weston, Eric Stryker (Noel Kemp) and Brian Thompson (Bobby Madison). To answer our own question, nothing can be said that speaks louder than the heretofore never-seen stills which appear exclusively in this issue of INCHES most of which have never appeared in any major male newsstand magazine until now! But, proving as we did in our July issue which ran nearly censorable stills from director Sterling's smash hit "Sizing Up", INCHES cares not a whit what's new or old or what's come before or still ahead. We're only interested in providing entertainment for those readers who've responded to our no-nonsense approach to a sexual world for-men-only and overnight made INCHES the malemag phenomenon of 1985!

Photos/HUGE VIDEO

Brian Michaels



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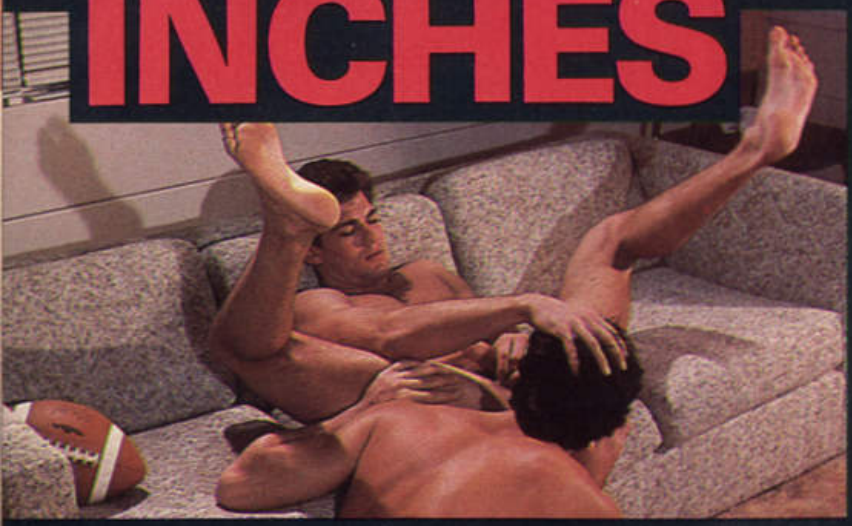
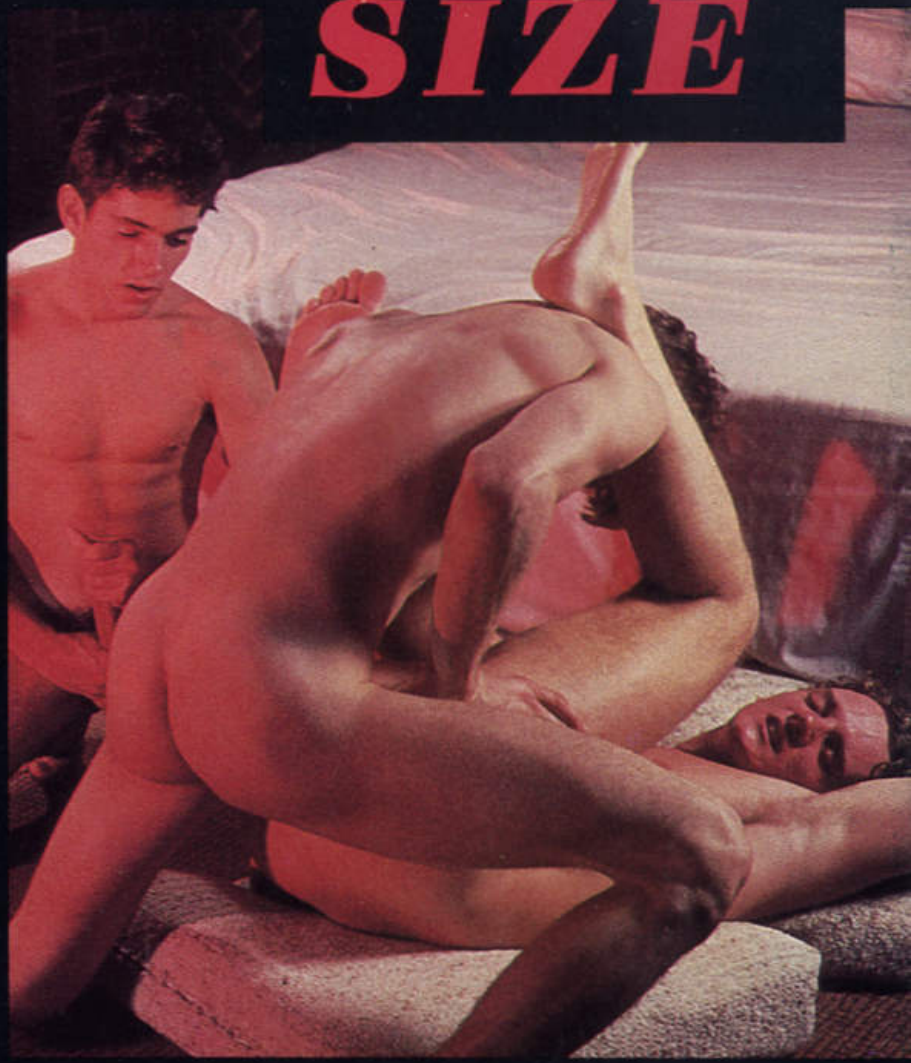


A MATTER OF SIZE



ASK INCHES

AFRAID TO OPEN UP

Dear *Inches*,

I've been around the block a coupla times, as they say, and had more than my share of men, but I've always been reluctant about a guy fuck me in the ass. I had a really bad experience when I was still in my teens with a guy who had a cock like a tree trunk! It hurt so bad when he tried fucking me I wouldn't let anybody near my ass for years later. But now I've met the man of most guys' dreams. He's tall, dark and handsome, a really beautiful person, inside, you know, and he says he loves me. The problem is that his cock is at least as big as that guy who tore me apart when I was younger and I freeze up every time he tries to fuck me. No matter how much I tell myself I want to please him any way he wants--and what he really wants is to fuck my super-tight asshole--I panic and call it off. I worry I'm going to lose my dream man if I don't come across quick. What'll I do?

Signed,
Clenching

Dear Clenching,

Relax, kid. Your first mistake was letting one bad experience haunt you all this time. As you grow older all of your muscles tend to lose some of their elasticity and it's the same with your asshold muscles too. To make it easier, get a set of size-graduated dildoes and work your way up to a size that equals your dream man's meat. Explain your problem to your lover. If he really cares about you he'll be patient and gentle. And if you really want to please and hold on to him, you'll find it doesn't hurt a bit with the proper preparation and desire. Clean it out, grease it up and when entry comes, take a bit hit of poppers. He'll be in before both of you know it!

HORSE-DICK TAKERS

Dear *Inches*,

I'm 19 and live on a farm in Montana. I found a copy of your magazine in a bookstore downtown and it really opened my eyes! Are the stories you print for real or are they made-up? Boy, some of those pictures! Like the ones the Hun draws! Those guys make my own horse dick look little. Can a guy really take one of them horse dicks up the ass?

Signed,
Wondering

Dear Wondering,

We're glad we opened your eyes, but look closer. The Hun's a artist and he naturally exaggerates the sizes of the dicks he draws a bit. There most certainly are "horse-dicked" men around (you'll certainly find 'em in our pages!) and sure, guys do take 'em up their asses. We'll bet that even in Montana there's some horse-dicked farmhand wandering around who'd just love to break in a young colt like you! Keep a little lard nearby, and when the time comes--and it will--put it to good use!

FRUSTRATED SEARCHER

Dear *Inches*,

I'm a six-foot-three blond stud with a 48-inch chest, 30-inch waist, 18-inch biceps and 10-inch dick. I don't have trouble getting laid and I love to fuck, but I'm now 30 and I still don't have a lover. I want to settle down with a good man, but everybody I meet just wants me for my body. Any suggestions?

Signed,
Searching

Dear Searching,

Send your photo and phone immediately to: Editor, Inches Magazine, Box 7836, Van Nuys, CA 91409!

GAGGING ME!

Dear *Inches*,

I'm 20-years-old and just coming out. I'm proud that I'm gay and have expressed my sexual preference to my friends and family. My problem is that a lot of guys I meet want me to deep-throat their big cocks, but no matter how I try to do what they

want, I gag every time a dick hits my tonsils. What's the secret?

Signed,
Choking Up

Dear Choking Up,

Practice, practice, practice. Try taking a deep breath before you swallow. If that fails, give 'em deep ass!

SHOULD I LET HIM?

Dear *Inches,*

My new lover has a big, perfect dick and he really knows how to use it, if you know what I mean! And he uses it a lot. But he's also into S&M, which has never even been the slightest turn-on to me. So far I've been able to avoid the issue by doing my best to get his mind on other things, but what should I do when I can't distract him? Should I let him beat my ass, knowing that in the end I will still get his big dick?

Signed,
Apprehensive

Dear Apprehensive,

Yes, we do know what you mean--and boy, do you have it made! If all he wants to do is a little spanking, prop your butt up and let him do it! As long as he respects your limits (and if he really cares about you he will) what's the difference which part of your ass hurts? You're going to get it in the end anyway, if you know what we mean!

COLD CALIFORNIA

Dear *Inches,*

I just moved to West Hollywood from New York and I love the idea of living in a gay-run city. Not only that, the weather is a big improvement over what I've been used to. But I don't seem to be getting as much action as I did in the Big Appple. A friend told me I give too much attitude, but I don't want to come off cheap and easy. Should I show a little attitude until I see someone is interested, and then warm up by degrees?

Signed,
Freezing in L.A.

Dear Freezing,

Let's pose it to you this way: What's more important, the way you look or what you get? You're in Southern California and it's time to thaw out; the quickest way is with a hot dick down your throat or up your hole! There's way too much attitude in the gay world anyway. Enjoy yourself. Cheap and easy is a helluva lot more fun than freezing.

MEAT & POTATOES

Dear *Inches,*

What do you do when you love inches but you don't have 'em to return?

Signed,
Sorely Lacking

Dear Lacking,

Don't worry! Most big-dicked studs we know could care less how much meat their partners carry. They're interested in the potatoes and not the meat. Concentrate on serving your spuds with style and putting your best ass-ets forward. You'll get repeats!

**(ED. NOTE: If you've got a sex problem or question, write us and we'll do our darnedest to offer our opinion. Address your letters to:
ASK INCHES, Box 7836,
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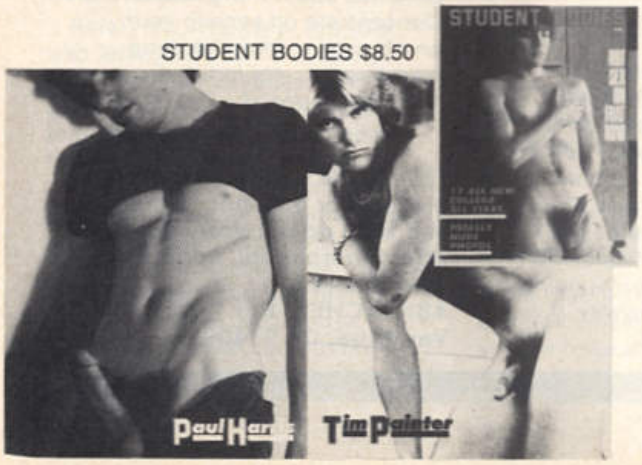

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Photos/COSCO

Roaring down the highway on his motorcycle, Jessee Koehler totalled his bike. But that perfect surfer body of his? Nary a scratch! So he promptly went out and bought another motorcycle! It should therefore come as no surprise that he prefers to be on top. Only once--at least on screen--did he agree to be on the receiving end of Rick "Humungous" Donovan's manmeat (can you blame him?). Since then, he's been on top. Now 24, 5-foot-10, 155 lean lbs. with a mouthwatering 8½ uncut inches, you'll likely find him at the beach where he's always hanging 10! No beach clone with a surfboard for show, he's a bonafid surfer and doesn't believe in messing around. On the other hand, he's easy going and feels at home anywhere. When he's dressed, he wears the tightest levis imaginable--but you'll see him (mostly undressed) on our pages and in Cosco's "Move Over Johnny, Here Comes Big Dan"--where he hangs plenty more than 10!

JESSEE KOEHLER

INCHES

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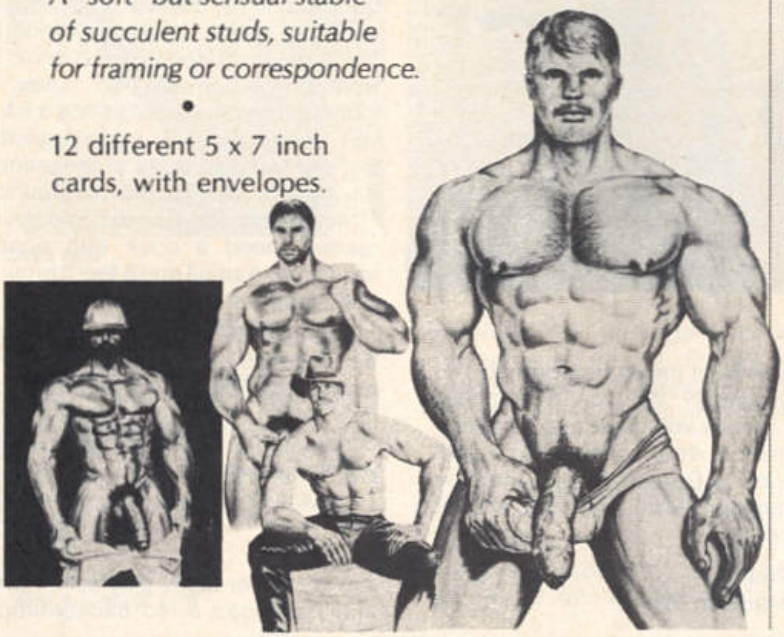

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Dear INCHES

Old Reliable's Mike & Wolf

I'LL TAKE BOTH!

Dear Editor,

Half-brothers Mike & Wolf (in your June issue) have to be two of the ugliest men I've ever seen! But, they have two of the most gigantic cocks ever! They claim they don't make it together, but I wonder if they'd be agreeable to a threeway? With me in the middle! I hereby volunteer and I'll take them both on anytime (in a dark room). One up my ass, the other rammed down my throat, and vice versa!

Paul C.
Madison, WI

We promised all along we'd give you size! So, don't miss our upcoming issues, designed to deliver the BIGGEST in the entire malemag biz!

BEAUTIFUL COVERS!

Dear Editor,

I must say (and I don't normally write letters to mags!) that you have the most gorgeous covers and the most outrageous insides I've ever seen in all my years (too many to mention!) as a consumer. And your last issue, July I think, with incredible adonis Brian Maxon as coverman proves it! Don't let us guys who live in lands where wrapping hot mags in cellophane so we can only buy the cover down! We know by now what's inside *INCHES*!

Charles G.
Tampa, FL

We won't let you down, as you can tell by this early summer issue!

FEEL IT GROW!

Dear Editor,

You have a great mag. I live in a prude town called Baltimore (just check all of your ads from here). I love big cock, but, as a nice variation, on a bad night, I picked up a hunk at the YMCA. Nice build & buns, but to my dismay, a cock that was only about 1½" long. Since I had already offered to buy a drink, I went for the conversation. Later, I found out he could really suck cock, so, being nice, I reciprocated. Believe me it is quite a sensation having something that small grow to 7" in your mouth. So next time your readers need a cock with none around, try a small one & feel it grow. It will surprise the hell out of you.

Each month, you should change the INCHES background color. It helps timid buyers to grab it and they won't have to spend time checking the month with rednecks watching them.

L. K.
Baltimore, MD

Are you color-blind, perhaps? The first issue had a red background;

the second, blue, etc. You're probably referring to the cover photo on our first issue's blue background, and the second, a blue-gray -- but you've got a good point. We'll keep it in mind!

THE GAME

Dear Editor,

I've enjoyed your magazine immensely; but I don't understand why you don't include the name of the individual in your ads; instead there is only a P. O. Box number to contend with--at least the first name. How does this sound: "Dear P. O. Box 309"? I mean--really--give me a break.

B. M.
Boston, MA

Sorry about the "no-name" deal, but some guys prefer to remain totally anonymous. However--try writing to a box number; if your reply arouses any interest, we feel sure you'll be on a first-name basis (at the least) in no time at all.

Photo/Malexpress

Joey's buns

ASS ORDERED

Dear Editor,

Those are some pretty sexy pictures of Joey Byron in your last issue. He looks athletic as hell! I also bet he has a hell of a nice ass—but it's hard to tell. How about a nice ass shot—from the side, if possible.

J.J. Peters
Arlington, VA

Get a load of this!

Old Reliable's Phil

KEEP 'EM COMING!

Dear Editor,

I get so fucking tired of these mags that show all these male "living dreams" that you can look at, but not touch! That's why I totally love *INCHES*! Phil, in your July issue, is just a young, cute guy--with a living dream of a cock! And your half-brothers in the June issue are truly my kind of guys. That's the type of guys I'm use to. Unfortunately, they don't usually have twin 11½ inches! But they're my kind of meat.

I'm just an ordinary guy myself (though my 7½" doesn't qualify me to enter your big dick contest), but keep 'em coming! Those of us who measure up under the rigid *INCHES* standards look forward to those who don't!

George J.
Boston, MA

We think most of our fans are just ordinary guys like us. But we also believe it's time a magazine has the guts to show it all in its god-given glory!

BIGGEST EVER?

Dear Editor,

Ever since I bought your first issue and read about your contest, I thought I'd tell you about "one" I have seen on film. I go to Las Vegas twice a year, and, in 1984, I saw a straight film with a guy whose dick hung to his knees. Probably 16 or 18 inches. I do not exaggerate. It wasn't even hard. I used to spend many quarters watching this film.. I was skeptical and thought it had to be a fake. The girl in the film would touch it and look at it and nothing more.

Can you imagine the size it must be when it gets hard--if it is capable of getting any bigger?

SSS
Dallas,TX

You're probably referring to the 8mm films put out by CLUB INTERNATIONAL starring a hung black stud named "Long Dong Silver" (with a reported 18½"), or perhaps his white counterpart--not quite as long, but a might thicker--tabbed the "Texas Longhorn" (a.k.a. Moby Dick). We'll publish some shots of both of them in our future issues. No one we know has actually seen either of them hard--but then no one has ever seen them without a grin on their faces, either!

In the March issue of INCHES (Vol. 1, No. 1) page 57 there is a reference to: CONVERSATIONS WITH THE DEAD, Photography of Prison Life With Letters and Drawings by Billy McCune, Holt Paperback, $6.95. I would like to have a copy of this book. It is not in bookstores here in Fort Smith.

H.F.
Fort Smith, AR

According to writer Jack Fritscher, who mentioned the book, in his column MANTALK, it is no longer in print. You may get further info writing Holt (the publisher) in New York City or try your local used bookstores--or, as a last resort, contact a bookdealer who deals in out-of-print books.

Ed.

ED. NOTE: If you want to voice your opinion about INCHES, we'll print it! Write: Editor, INCHES, Box 7836, Van Nuys, CA 91409.

MANTALK

continued from page 61

his hands. He knew to place the head of his thick cock against my lips. He knew how to feed me.

I learned the taste of his body. I opened to the slow entry of his cock parting my lips, passing my teeth, gliding across my tongue, burrowing down my throat. His length was almost too long for me. He reached down his arms and wrapped his strong hands behind my head. He smiled and bounced my head in his hands and tenderly pushed the full length of his hard rod deep back in my head, beginning the careful rocking push that men who are heroically hung know by heart.

He fucked my face that afternoon deeper than any man has ever penetrated. Buried to his cockroot in my mouth, he raised his splendid, young, muscular body up to the sun. Impaled by his dick, his curly black crotch hair against my nose, I looked up at his body that rose from his dick deep in my mouth like some word I had often spoken, but never 'til now understood.

Lust.

He made the late afternoon last into twilight, coaxing me with the thrust of his hips into accepting deeper into my mouth and throat the long inches of his hard manhood. Sweat slicked both out bodies. My own cock ached to cum, but I could not as long as this young man, in no hurry to go anywhere, dreamed his own dreams behind his closed eyes as he rocked his horsecock into my face until my eyes watered, until tears came for the simple inexplicable joy of it all.

At last his rocking motions gathered intensity. My lips circled the expanding thickness of his dick working in and out of my mouth. The sweet taste of his prelube cued my throat to relax even deeper. Finally, he leaned down over my face, tight belly flexing, raising his hips and butt, fucking my face, tight force, driving long and thick and deep, choking me with final Lust, with me wanting more, wanting more even than was possible, wanting to freeze forever out of time that sunburst moment of my cuming with that huge young beach cocksman ramming his dick into my face and my head into the sand.

© 1985 Jack Fritscher.

(ED. NOTE: Vet writer Jack Fritscher's pieces appear in INCHES monthly and regularly in the bi-monthly hardon mag JUST MEN. His first two books, "Leather Blues"--excerpted in the July INCHES --and "Corporal In Charge of Taking Care of Captain O'Malley," published by Gay Sunshine Press, are available at $7 each (signed by the author) via Hemry Publishing, Box 957, Sebastopol, CA 95472. You must state you are 21.)

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Higgins' newest find!

LEE MANN

Photography/WILLIAM HIGGINS

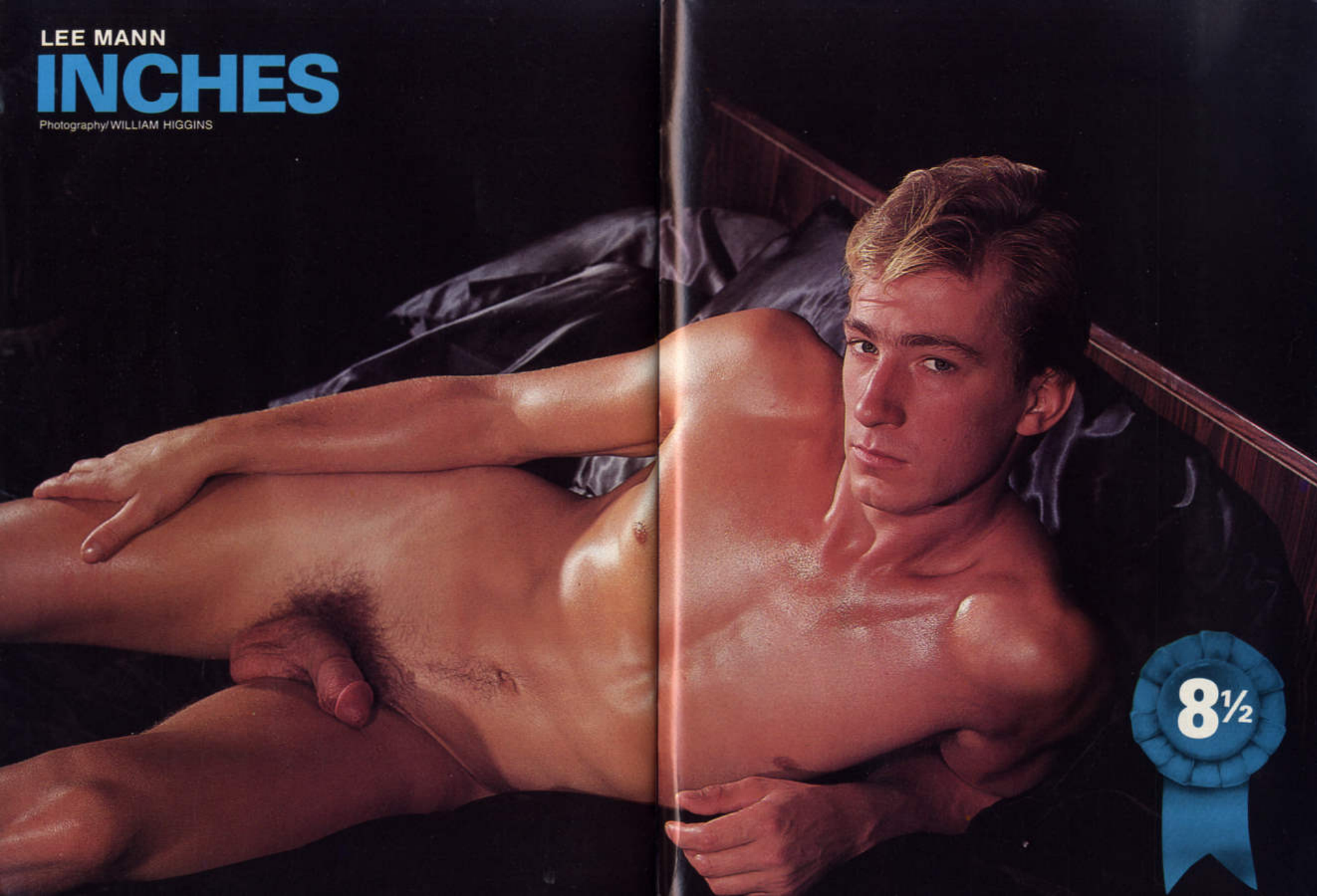
This blue-eyed blond is another promising discovery of bluemovie master William Higgins. Lee Mann's debut appearance in the popular director's "Preppy Summer," immediately followed by Higgins' late summer entry "Delivery Boys," prompted the famed filmmaker to call him "the best natural actor I've worked with!" No easy compliment to come by, to be sure, particularly from the starmaker who created such male superstars as J. W. and Jon King, Kip Noll, Derrick Stanton, Giorgio Canali, Michael Christopher and so many others.

At 20, he stands tall (nearly 6'4"), and measures in at a solid 185 lbs., and 8½" of mouth-watering manmeat. He loves motorcycles, beer-drinking, and perfecting his X-rated California tan. They're predicting we'll see plenty more of this newcomer in the months ahead and INCHES is ready!

LEE MANN

INCHES

Photography/ WILLIAM HIGGINS



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MARINE MANEUVERS!

continued from page 23

prised that he was picked out of our platoon to be squad leader, and he did get called up to the Drill Instructor's Duty Hut about 1900 hours every night.

"You mean all those nights we thought you were getting your ass kicked, you were–"

"Getting my rocks off with the Drill Instructor," he completed. "And that's not all," he added. "Sgt. Dickenson has been keeping his eye on you. He thinks you would make a good Marine. He likes you a lot and thinks you're cool. You do as I tell you and you could be promoted, too."

"No kidding?" I couldn't believe my luck. First, an outstanding blowjob, and now, this. I climed back to my bunk to have one of the most restful and relaxing sleeps that I can remember.

The next day, after Physical Training (sit ups, pull ups and a 3-mile run), Sgt. Dickenson had us line up for roll call. We called out our names in order, sang "The Halls of Montezuma" and said goodnight.

I was about to fall asleep when a recruit tapped the head of my bed.

"Yeah, what is it?"

"Report to Sgt. Dickenson in his Duty Hut ASAP!"

"Why," I asked. "What's it about?"

"I don't know–ask him," he said as he went to his bunkbed.

ASAP means As Soon As Possible. I ran to his hut and knocked loudly.

"Yeah? What is it, Recruit?" he said.

"SIR! Pvt. Jackson requests permission to speak, SIR!"

"Permission granted."

"SIR! Pvt. Jackson reporting as ordered, SIR!"

"Get in here and close the door behind you."

I marched in, closed the door, completed a 45-degree-angle and stood at attention.

"At ease, Private. Parade rest."

Drill Instructor Dickenson took off his smoker hat and rested it on his desk. He looked menacing in his camouflages and boots. Sgt. Dickenson looked me up and down before he said, "My squad leader has been telling me things about you, Pvt. Jackson. Do you know what I'm talking about?"

A drop of sweat rolled down my forehead. "SIR! No SIR!" I lied.

"I think you're lying, Recruit. You wouldn't lie to your Drill Instructor, would you?"

My legs started to shake.

"I have a proposition for you. Now, Pvt. Jackson, tell me about what happened between the two of you last night. Something that I'm sure you would want kept quiet.

"I watched as inch after inch, my drill instructor took my dick down his throat."

Now I can make things hard for you--very hard. Or...if you do things my way–very easy. Do you understand?"

"SIR! Yes, SIR!"

"Good!" Sgt. Dickenson pulled back the blankets on his bunkbed, sat down and started taking off his boots. Then he took off his shirt and pants. All he had on now was his white T-shirt and shorts (boxers) and dogtags. He smiled as he continued the conversation. "How would you like to be promoted to PFC as soon as you graduate from Boot Camp. It could be arranged, Recruit–IF you're willing to do these certain things."

"SIR! Yes, SIR!"

"I could give you the promotion or I could give someone else the promotion, Recruit. Pvt. Johnson told me about what happened, and I remind you I could have you courtmartialed. I don't want no bullshit. Are you willing to do these certain things?"

"SIR! Yes, SIR!"

"That's better!" A look of lust was in his eyes. *"Recruit, I order you to strip!"*

I was nervous as I followed his command. I took off my T-shirt and boxer shorts. I was completely naked as he looked up and down my body.

"Now stand at attention," he said, as he walked toward me. My dick was standing at attention. He grabbed hold of my dick. I watched as inch after inch, my Drill Instructor took my dick down his throat. His had bobbed up and down on my cock, making slurping noises. I felt his tongue flicker over and around the underside of my dickhead, moving back and fort rapidly, lips compressed firmly around the rock hardness of my dick. I began to fuck his mouth with long rapid strokes, ramming my pulsating cock deep into his throat.

"SIR! That feels so good, SIR!"

He took his mouth off my cock, licked it along the shaft and started to suck my balls. He popped them out of his mouth. "Are you man enough to fuck a man up the ass?" my Drill Instructor asked me.

"SIR! Yes, SIR!" I replied.

He took off his boxer shorts and spreadeagled on his bunkbed. I grabbed ahold of his hips and rammed my rock-hard cock up his ass. It felt tight as a drum. I pulled out to my dickhead, until the hot, slick tip of my fuckmeat stretched the tight ring of his asshole, before thrusting my dick to the hilt. He cried out in ecstasy. In and out, I felt my balls slapping against his ass cheeks, as he took all thick 10 inches. Harder and harder, I fucked; faster and faster. The pleasure was too much as I felt myself ready to cum.

"Oh–I'm CUMMING!" I cried out as my spunk gushed out of my dick. Pint after pint, I felt it draining from inside my balls. Some of the cum oozed out and dribbled out the sides of his ass. I shot a load so big, it could choke a goat.

"Don't take it out just yet," he said. "Recurit, that felt great. Boy, do you know how to fuck." He smiled. "You're about due for a promotion, Recruit. You are now promoted to PFC."

And that's how I got promoted in the Marine Corps.

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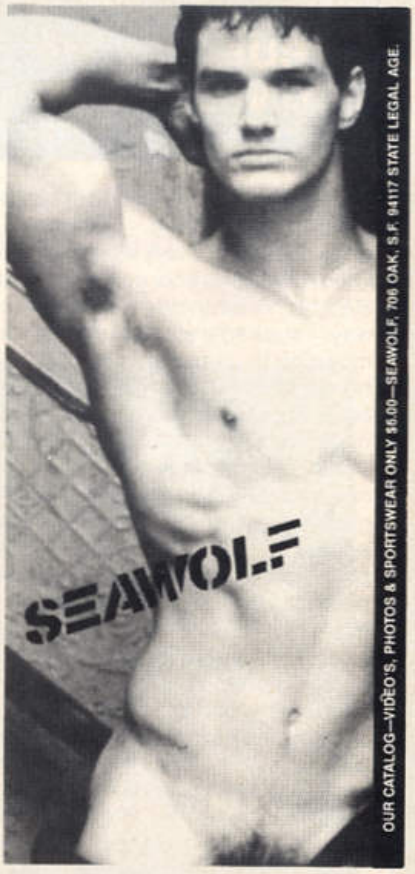

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TRUE CONFESSIONS

continued from page 45

his black rod as my over-eager mouth did its thing. I wanted to enjoy that meat every which way, so I kept changing how and what I did. Back to his bouncing nuts my usual way. I sucked each nut until he was moaning in deep pleasure. I licked his asshole for a while, then I went back to the huge cockhead my usual way, gently biting the shaft as I went. As he slowly pumped the monster head in and out of my mouth, my right hand rubbed, squeezed and cupped those beautiful nuts. My left hand was pumping my own extra-hard meat. I didn't want either of us to come soon, but neither of us could hold off too damn long. Warm jizzum filled my mouth. Squirts and squirts of it. Some shot onto my beard as he rubbed his shooting head over my face. My left hand was sticky with my own jizzum. After his last squirt, about six or seven of them, he pulled away. I stood up. I saw disappointment was on his face. "Oh, shit. You wanted to suck me." Sperm was dripping out of my head. His face hung almost as low as his half-hung member.

"Yea, I wanted to."

"I just couldn't help it," I tried to explain. "I - -"

"I know." Those words said volumes. Every time somebody sees his monster meat, they go gaga and shoot their wad before he gets a chance to suck them.

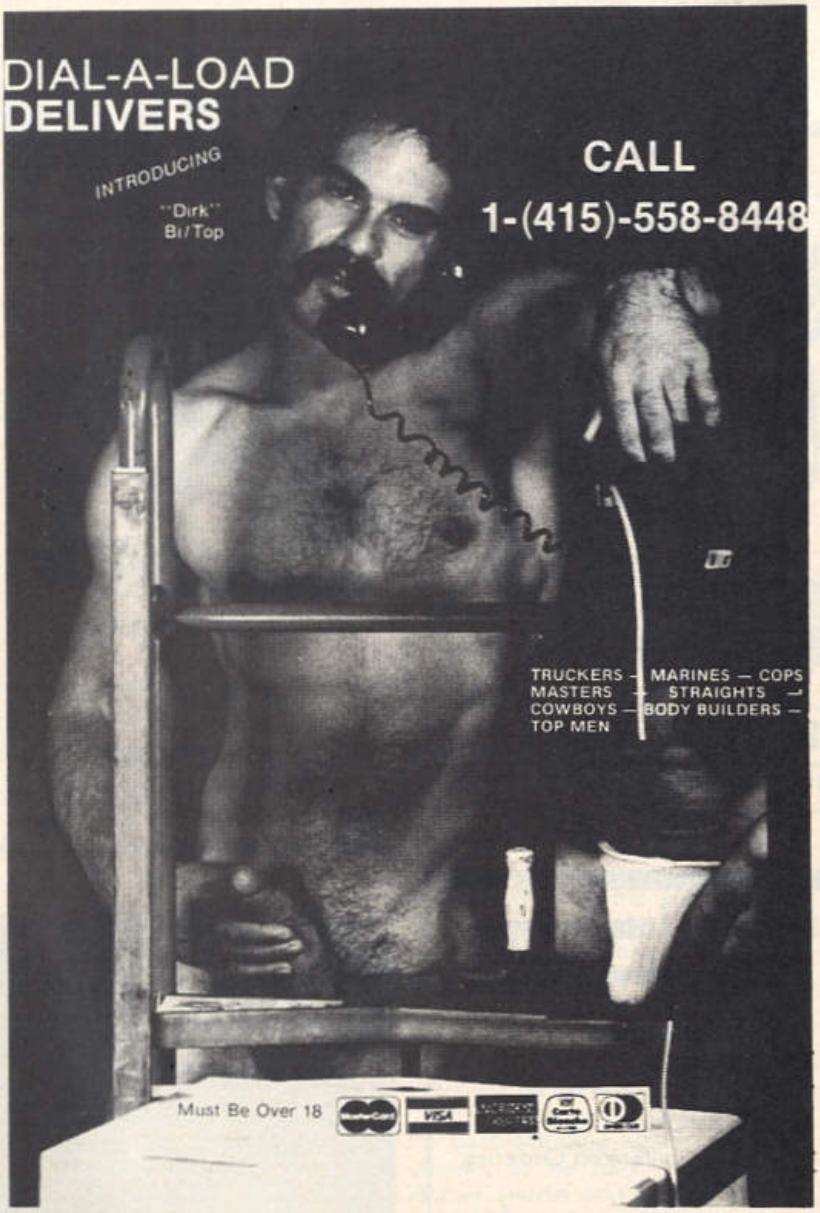
"Next time I'll hold off," I said.

"Yea." He pulled up his jeans and left the booth. He turned back and said, "Yes. Maybe next time." But I never saw him again. Wish I would, I want to give him what he asked for.

R. K.
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 Inches Inc., Box 7836, Van Nuys, CA 91409.)



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LONG DONG SEARCHER

continued from page 59

The blond, still hard and throbbing, stood up. He straddled Ryan who flipped over on his stomach and moved in close-up to watch the dude stroke his hugh meat. The black guy had the blond's long, spasming cock in his mouth. He was intense. Sucking out every last drop of cum. Beating his dark meat. Ryan was pulled up into the passion. Into the heat. The black balls bounced in front of his face. The dude's hand worked his cock harder. The veins rose and twined around the spear of his shaft. From deep in the dude's gut, a cum-roar started. Six strokes. Five. Four. Three more strokes. White spunk was shooting up through the black hand wrapped tight under the thick head of enormous dick. Cum spouted up the lean black belly, mixing with the blond cum, running in rivulets of sweat down toward the wiry hair of the black dude's groin.

"He dived down on the dude's belly... lapping up the mixed load of his nameless fuckbuddies."

Ryan love the mix of cum oozing down white against the ebony skin. He dived down on the dude's belly, tongue first, lapping up the mixed loads of his nameless fuckbuddies. His own dick was lubing in his hand. He was sucking in the cum, tasting the rich cream clots flowing over his tongue, biting into the dark crotch for every last drop.

Ryan knelt between the two men, swallowing their juices, pulling their sex energies into his own body. The thought of where he was, down on that big black dick, and who he was, and what he was doing, with his head pressed between two hot crotches, unleashed his own load deep back behind his balls. His body spasmed. Black and blond hands stroked his chest and nipples and butthole. He sniffed and licked and swallowed and came.

© 1985 Jack Fritscher

ON THE RISE INCHES

next:

DONKEY DADDY: Just who is this donkey-dicked anonymous sensation of Cosco's "Alleycats" and "Revenge of the Nighthawk" as well as some good and heavy skin-pulling for Adam & Co.'s "Foreskin Fantasies" offerings? Why does this mysterious porn performer show only his high-priced, uncut animal meat and not his face? You'll find out in *INCHES* next month!

PHOTO-FEATURES: Mind-boggling, tape-busting pictures of extraordinarily endowed men guaranteed to add up to more than 50 centerfold inches per issue! Ther's more than one credential for an *INCHES* man, of course, but the most important is just how he measures up aginst his peers. If his trousers are revealing more than they should and the bulge in his pants is overly obvious, then you'll find him between our sheets every month!

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!

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INCHES is looking for the man with the world's biggest meat! Do you have more than John Holmes' 13 1/2 world-famous inches? Are you more "humungous" than Rick Donovan? Does your pecker measure up to hung superstars like Bill "Bijou" Harrison, Steve "12-inch" York, and the other so-called big-dicked superstuds? If so, INCHES Magazine is looking for you! If you think you have one of the world's biggest cocks, and want everyone to know it, we want to hear from you! INCHES Magazine is conducting a year-long search for the world's biggest meat, and will, in every issue until our 1st anniversary issue, one year from now, publish the candidates. INCHES will then award the tape-busting winner with a professional modeling assignment in INCHES Magazine, a year's subscription, and a cash prize. If you have the world's biggest meat, why hide it?

Send to:
INCHES MAN
Box 7836
Van Nuys, CA 91409

I hereby give INCHES Magazine permission to copyright and/or publish or use pictures of me, or in which I may be included in whole or in part, or composite or distorted in character or form, in conjunction with my own or a fictitious name, or reproductions thereof in color or otherwise, made through any media at its studios or elsewhere, for art, advertising, trade, or any other lawful purpose whatsoever.

I hereby waive any right that I may have to inspect and/or approve the finished product or the advertising copy that may be used in connection therewith, or the use to which it may be applied. I hereby release, discharge and agree to save INCHES Magazine from any liability by virtue of any blurring, distortion, alteration, optical illusion, or use in composite form, whether intentional or otherwise, that may occur or be produced in the taking of said pictures, or in any processing tending toward the completion of the finished product.

Enclosed is photograph of: _____

He is _____ years old.

His occupation is _____

DATE _____

MODEL'S NAME please print clearly _____

ADDRESS _____

TELEPHONE _____

MODEL'S SIGNATURE _____
I hereby state that I am over 21 years of age

PHOTOGRAPHER (Signature) _____

ADDRESS _____

TELEPHONE _____

Please write and tell us about the model pictured.

Photo/Motionoress Studios

The Hun's DICKtionary

GOOD SPORT: A coach who gives and takes !

MEAT MARKET

HOW TO PLACE AN AD:

The cost for an INCHES ad is 50 cents per word.

***Commercial Ads** (any person or business charging for services, e.g., models, masseurs, mail shops, phone sex, membership organizations with fee) add $25.00 to the total cost of your ad.*

Please allow 90 days from the first of each month for publication of your ad. Note the following schedule:

AD DEADLINE	ON SALE
9/1/85	12/1/85
10/1/85	1/1/86
11/1/85	2/1/86
12/1/85	3/1/86
1/1/86	4/1/86

All ads are listed by state, except for commercial ads, which will appear under that heading. Since INCHES will not be involved in forwarding responses to ads, please include the complete address, including zip code, where you may receive correspondence resulting from your ad. Ads will not be printed without an address or post office box number. A telephone number may be included, but INCHES will take no responsibility for verifying such numbers.

Enclose full payment for your ad when you submit it. Make check or money order payable to INCHES.

INCHES does not knowingly accept fraudulent advertising. Anyone corresponding with advertisers must comply with all local, state, and federal laws. No advertisements will be accepted from persons under 18.

INCHES will run photos with advertisements free of charge, but reserve the right to reject and/or censor those judged unsuitable for publication. Consent to publish photos must be included with their submission.

☐ *My ad is _____ words @ 50-cents per word.*
☐ *Commercial—add $25.00 per issue to total cost.*

DISCOUNTS: ☐ *24 issues 30%*
☐ *12 issues 20%*
☐ *6 issues 10%*

Cost for one placement of ad $_____
Multiply cost x number of issues ad runs = $_____

Start my ad with the on sale date of ____ (see schedule above).

Enclosed $_____ for INCHES CLASSIFIED (make check out to same and mail to: 155 6th Avenue, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10013.

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 _____

ARIZONA

HEY GUYS I'M BACK
G. Indian 29, 5'7", 138 lbs., have tight ass. If you love to fuck and are 6 inches to ? in size, let's get together. Write with photo to Wayne Walker, 116 Tucker St., Apt. #4, Kingman, AZ 86401. Had a lover, but left him to meet other guys for sex and friendship. If you missed me the first time around, let's give it a second chance, OK?

CALIFORNIA

GWM, 30, 6', 170 LBS.
Brown haireyes, 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.

VERY SWEATY ONLY
Attractive masculine prof WM bottom-man 55, 170, 5-11 will suck, lick, satisfy very sweaty-smelly raunchy hardbod uncuts any way. 1259 El Camino Real #173, Menlo Park, CA 94025; (415) 327-2279. PS. I'm also planning long summer '85 trip looking for areas where raunchy uncuts can be found. Any ideas? Want to cum along?

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, PO. Box 69A04, West Hollywood, California 90069. I'll answer all replies with my photo, too!

FORMER EXECUTIVE
Military B.G.M.C., D.S.C., ex-P.O.W. Now prisoner of my own country. Self defense A.D.W. Six months to go. Forced coprophagy as P.O.W. Previously servicing young military as asseater and toilet. Also aggressive fellatio & J.O. service to all in Battalion. Into pass. W/S & light S&M. I am youngish, 45 years young, slim & trim. Neat & clean. Never disease. 5'10", 150 lbs. Blue & brown. Military school & war college graduate. No family, no mail, career gone. 8½ years prison. Please write. Richard Joe Kidd, Box 689-B72191, Soledad, CA 93960.

MOONLIGHT VARIATIONS
Classical-trained pianist seeks violinist of similar persuasion for passionate duets. I'm 25, bln, blu, good income, good looking... and modest. Response with photo will receive same. Write Mark at P.O.Box 8844, Newport Beach, CA 92658.

COLORADO

WM, 36, INTO C-B TORTURE,
being fucked by D's, D's & D's. Box 175, Evans, CO 80620.

VERY SEXY SEEKS SAME
Sexy, intelligent, gdlkg stud seeks same 18-35. Photo gets mine. Box 167, Greeley, CO 80631.

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.

FLORIDA

FT. LAUDERDALE AREA
Want a hot man 5'10" 28 years old 132 lbs Blonde Hair Blue eyes Very hairy chest. And I have 8" cock. I like to suck & fuck. I want a hot man between the ages of 28-30 years old. Also I want to have a possible relationship with him. Please Send Photo. Frank J. Klempa, 108 SW 19th Ave., Apt. #108, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33302.

WHITE STUD
6' 170 lbs. Blond hair brown eyes 9½ thick uncut seeks same or larger to service my hot ass and cock. Needs constant attention. Call Skip 813-251-6168.

GWM 32-175-6'
would like relationship with same 18-35 no fats. Wayne, PO 1040, Eagle Lake, FL 33839.

SARASOTA
I am 20, 5'7", WGM. Wish to meet others in area, fun and relationship in mind. NO S/M, B/D. Photo a plus. Pen Pals welcome. I await your letters. John W., PO Box 15822, Sarasota, FL 33579.

W/M, 30, BLOND, GREEN EYES, 6'1", 150,
Muscular swimmer, seeks muscular, masculine or athletic men. Light bondage and massage. Send photo. Brooks, PO Box 4177, Lantana, FL 33462.

SUCKING WITHOUT END
If you are under 21, let me suck you until you want me to stop. Send photo: A. Baker, Box 10322, Jacksonville, FL 32247.

GEORGIA

HANDSOME W/M, 30, 6'1", 185 LBS.,
Brown hair and eyes, hairy body. I enjoy working out, cuddling and corresponding with attractive, masculine guys 18-40. Tell me what's on your mind! Your photo gets mine. Box 624, Riverdale, GA 30274.

I AM SPANISH, 23,
5' 7", 140 lbs., brown eyes, black hair, like to meet that someone special, blonde and prefer from California but not necessary, 18-30 for relationship and willing to move to another state if happiness is around please write Erick, 700 South Jolly, Apt. 4, Clarkston, GA 30021. Love to hear from you.

HAWAII

BI-GAY VISITORS TO OAUH HI,
Bi black stud, Fr A/P, G/A wants to meat you for action. Write Boxholder, POB 85, Pearl City, HI 96782.

ILLINOIS

THAT SPECIAL SOMEONE
About yourself: Handsome, body conscientious, twenty to early thirty, white male. Virile, intelligent and exciting! Hair; preferably dark, on head, face and body. Someone looking for a partner to develop and grow with in many ways; physically, emotionally and sensually. About myself: 21, hairy, white college student. 6', 190 lbs. Outgoing and energetic individual. Serious letters only. Photo a must! Include return address. Boxholder, PO. Box 2324, Bridgeview, Illinois 60455.

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.

YOUNG RELATIONSHIP
Young 52, GWM, 6'2", 185±, Sincere & understanding. Enjoy films, travel, homelife, cuddling. Seeks 18-35, swimmer/gymnast body. No fats, fems, drugs, S&M, Blks. Letter & photo to John Richards, P.O.Box 911, Midlothian, IL 60445.

INDIANA

YOUNG ASS MASTER
Wants hot ass slaves. Photo and letter of submission required. Box 6862, Valparaiso, IN 46383.

W/M, 27, 5' 10", 155,
blond, blue, married, seeks discreet muscular hunks to worship. I want to please you. Occupant, Box 35, Butlerville, IN 47223.

HUNG & HORNY
Goodlooking GWM 34, 180 lbs., 6'2", blk/brn, moustache. seeks GWM 21-35 for correspondence and intimate encounters. Discretion assured. Write PO Box 4547, Elkhart, IN 46515.

IOWA

HANDSOME, HUNKY
Size slave wants man on power trip with big dick. 900 W. Benton, 301C, Iowa City, IA 52240.

KANSAS

VERY ATTRACTIVE, MASCULINE
GWM, Professional, 34, 6'1", 165 lbs., blond/blue, trim, hung, versatile. Seeks attractive, sincere, stable GWM 28-45 for 1-1 lasting relationship. NO fats, fems, drugs. All sincere letters answered. Write with photo/phone to Boxholder, PO Box 6644, Leawood, KS 66206.

LOUISIANA

W/M ATHLETIC, GOOD LOOKING
Straight appearing, 25 yrs. 5'10", 170#. Want athletic, masculine man, no fats, fems, drags. Send photo, Phillip, PO Box 91681, Lafayette, LA 70502.

PEN PALS
Goodlooking, intelligent, hairy GWM, 21, 5'8", 150 lbs. Photos exchanged. All answered. Box 2626-SLU, Hammond, LA 70402-2626.

MASSACHUSETTS

LONELY WHITE MALE
GWM 39, 5'7" 135 lbs. Wants to be dominated. Into B/D, piss, shaving, spanking, scat, light S/M. Send descriptive letter plus photo to Allan Gillis, PO Box 261, Malden, MA 02148.

MICHIGAN

HANDSOME, ATHLETIC GWM
Wants to meet gays in area for friends, good times, and sex. Write: Mark, PO Box 315, St. Clair Shores, MI 48080.

NEBRASKA

GWM, 25, BODYBUILDER, TOP
Into playing doctor, daddy or policeman. Box 80733, Lincoln, NE 68501.

HOT HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT
GWM jock seeks older friends for sex and companionship. Send letter and photo to: Ron, 430 Glenhaven, Lincoln, NE 68505.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

NEW TO NEW HAMPSHIRE
GWM, 23, 5'10, 145 lbs., Blond/blue, moving to N.H. (S.E.; July) seeking new friends between 18-30, trim and fit. Photo a must. No fems/blks. G.G. Galm, 98-211 Palimomi, Suite 615, Aiea, Hawaii 96701-4306.

NEW JERSEY

W/M 20
Into cock sucking; I'll blow your mind! Photos get first choice. Write to: 633 Franklin Ave., Suite 210, Nutley, NJ 07110.

FRIENDS/PEN PALS
Goodlooking Bi/WM, 27, 5'11", 160 lbs., brown/blue, straight looking in good shape seeks same for hot times. No weirdos or drugs. Phone and photo, all answered. John Foley, 662 Broadway, Bayonne, NJ 07002.

OVER 34
Hairy, GWM, 40, 7" cut seeks men 35 plus; friendship, sex. Visitors, penpals. Photo necessary. Box 172, Pequannock, NJ 07440.

NEVADA

MOVING TO LAS VEGAS
—June. GWM 34 5'11" 160 lbs Attractive. Nice body, ass, cock. Seek individual(s) as roommate (¹). Your thoughts, photo, phone—gets mine. Bill, PO Box 3525, Grand Rapids, MI 49501.

TALENTED HAIR STYLIST-W/M
Union County NJ Area. Call for appointments. Serving your hair needs. (201) 354-0137.

NEW MEXICO

WANTED: MASCULINE, HANDSOME GUY,
18-35 for friendship, action, and possible relationship. I am 26, 6'1", 160 lb. Write: Occupant, POB 1691, Española, NM 87532.

GWM 37, 5'11",
Blk. hair & beard, hairy, 180 lbs., masculine, love the feel, smell, sight of leather. No S&M, rough stuff, fags. Occupant, 4020 San Mateo NE, Suite 114, Albuquerque, NM 87110.

NEW YORK

EX ONEONTA FARMER
W/M 6'4" 250 lbs. Full beard, hairy, 30 years old, interests include farming, logging, enjoy fishing and hunting, have rubber boot fetish, looking for someone with similar interest in and around the Oneonta NY area. Have moved away but frequent often. Mark, PO Box 175, Manchester Ctr., VT 05255.

HOT BLACK MALE
29, attractive, sincere, athletic. Likes dancing, music seeks fun, friendship, possible relationship. Box 6746, Syracuse, NY 13217.

HISPANIC OR ARAB MASTER WANTED
GWM 30s goodlooking, seeks a master/top who wants to give discipline by enemas, belts, W/S. You: either Hispanic or Arab, dominant, have desire to be a disciplinarian, serious person. Novice master welcomed. Will answer letters from anywhere. Write: PO Box 431, RH, NY 11418.

HANDSOME GWM
26, 5' 9", 160 lbs. good build, educated professional looking for upstate GWM for fun and romance. Reply w/letter/photo to Box 1514, Rochester, NY 14603.

SWEATY HORNY JOCKS
Do you fantasize your big feet (size 11+) serviced by a hot WM, 29, 6'1", 185, who is very attractive, masculine and sincere? Then call (212) 675-7352 btwn 8-11 pm for real locker room action.

FIRE ISLAND S/M CAMP
Come learn or expand with Interchain. Daddy/Top interested masters also may apply. A weekend or a week. Box 3024, GCS, NYC 10163.

THE INTERNATIONAL FRIENDSHIP CLUB OF AMERICA
Ads, ads, ads, Pen-Pal correspondence good results. Send $1 for Bulletin to PO Box 507, S.I., NY 10304. Enjoy the Club and meet guys from all over in the world.

UNDER 6"
I seek photo exchanges and correspondence with males 18 to 26 whose cocks ae under 6", 5'8" to 5'11" tall, 140 lbs. or less, slight to no body hair, trimmed pube. I'm 5'9", 136 lbs, 25 yrs wuth a 5½" cock. My fetish is comparing my body to others my size. Seek those into same. Have tons of B&W 5X7 enlargements. Reply to Box 284, Huntington Sta., L.I., NY 11746.

NORTH CAROLINA

GWM, 30, NICE BODY
Seeks same around Raleigh Area. Age no problem, good body a must! No fems, blacks, or fats! Photo & leter to PO Box 162, Youngsville, NC 27596.

OHIO

WM—6'2"—180, UNCUT
6" × 1½" Masculine—Attractive, seeks same GM or Bi (Marrieds) Ages students to mature guys (sexy) for prolonged cock play, etc. with yours and mine. Personal & sexy data & photos gets reply. PO Box 20052, Columbus, OH 43220.

OKLAHOMA

PHOTO SWAP
Trade closeup clear photos of my hardon for same of yours, cut only. Or will happily photograph yours, if you can get by. Chris Lieberroth, 810 West St., Stillwater, OK 74074.

PENNSYLVANIA

YNG, BLOND SLAVE
Seeks Yng Levi/top (18-30), gdlkng, smooth bod & well hung. Me: 6'4", 128 lbs., thick 8½" cut, hot, tight ass. Seek blonds, long hairs, cowboys, military types and jocks. Dig B/D, W/S, CBT/T, fucking, sucking, fisting, rimming, feet, dildoes, verbal abuse, humiliation, toys, showing, oltrips, smoke, amyl/ethyl, "fun drugs," 3-ways. Send photo/phone to Bryan, 181 S. 17th St., Pgh, PA 15203, or call (412) 683-7384 wknds. Sincere only.

WHITE 36, 180
seeks friends, playmates for good times. All with photo in first letter answered first. No fats or fems. 1280 Fox Run, Mt. Penn, PA 19606.

BOY WANTS MASCULINE DADDY TOPMAN
Cleanshaven and handsome 24 yr. old son wants straight acting, stocky, older daddies who are Greek active, uncut and hairy a plus. Please write to Sonny, PO Box 15285, Philadelphia, PA 19125.

BI-SEXUAL MALE
Wants relationship with male 30 to 55. Must be sincere and very discreet. Am new to this scene and need affection and honesty. Photo and phone brings first reply. Reply to Boxholder, PO Box 1333, Kingston, PA 18704.

TRIM HOT & HORNY BI-W-MALE
Willing to please males and females ? to 35 I am 29-135 lbs-5'8" have 8" love tool. Hot mouth and ass that needs your love tool all you males. J.R. Hazleton Apts., Apt. 1508 (701 W. 24 St.), Hazleton, PA 18201.

FRIENDS & LOVERS
Dom GBM 5'9", 155 lbs. seeking long term relationship with submissive male 18-27 yrs. South Central PA area. No fats, fems or TVS. Occupant, P.O.Box 166, Lebanon, PA 17402.

SOUTH CAROLINA

WILLING WHELP WANTS WORTHY WHIP-WIELDER
Esoteric GWM, 28, 5'9, 145, Gr/P. PO Box 16654, Greenville, SC 29606.

TEXAS

ATTN: MEN OF HOUSTON HELP!!!
Uncut, young! Need someone to satisfy me! no S&M. Write and send photo for prompt reply to PO Box 5295, Humble, TX 77325-5295.

COUNTRY DISCIPLINE
Masculine, Bi/WM, 6', 160 lbs., 37Y, healthy, hung, and virile satisfies 21-34 trim, firm boys requiring no-nonsense training. GF, 2615 Waugh Dr. #221, Houston, Texas 77006.

BI/GWM 44, BLOND
5'9"-175 lb seeks correspondents. All letters answered. Video/photo exchange possible. Box 171462, Arlington, TX 76003.

HOTTEST J/O WORKOUT GROUP.
Apply Box 303, Dallas, TX 75221.

FOR EXPERTS ONLY
GWM, 6', 165, Bi/Bu, hairy, with hot receptive ass. Hunting for a masculine, adventurous, well hung (long & thick) top for mutual satisfaction. Not a submissive, but a participant. Thick moustache/beard a plus. Party favors welcome. No fats, fems, blacks. Bored by blue prints. Reply: PO Box 35992, Dallas, TX 75235.

LOOKING FOR WELL ENDOWED GR/A
Who knows what he wants and takes it. I'm 24 and very horny. Will take as much as you have. Please send letter and photo to Ron, PO Box 896, Alief, TX 77411. (Houston Area).

EXPOSE YOURSELF
Show those inches. Amateur photographer seeks big cocks for photo sessions. Send size, age, etc. Boxholder, P.O.Box 42808-248, Houston, TX 77242.

INTERNATIONAL

NEW IN VANCOUVER
Would love to suck you. Also enjoys mutual J/O and water sports. GWM mid 30's. Bi's welcome also. Call 681-6000.

WM 50 GREAT SHAPE/LOOKS
offers black dude room for vacation, companionship. Any action if mutual. No drugs. Box 2871 St. Thomas, VI 00801.

PENPALS
WM, 27, GQ looks, 6'1", 160 lbs, Gr/p. Wishes exiting, lustful correspondence from muscular, hung, Blacks, Prisoners, Welcome. Photo gets mine. Take a chance on paradise! Write James, PO Box 75091, Hon. HI 96836.

NEW IN CALGARY
GWM mid 30's loves sucking, mutual J/O, water sports. I like hard hats, uniforms, athletes, etc. No race or age hangups. Gay or bi call 229-3668.

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.

BRASILIAN BROWNY
Tall, 1.83 m, 70 kg, black hair, green brown eyes and a lawyer. I would like very much to make friends with males, virile, hot and big brawny daddies, hard and ready to be served. Please write in English, Spanish or Portuguese: Gabriel Soares, Caixa Postal 2269—CEP 30.000—Belo Horizonte MG, Brasil.

GWM, 42, 511, 195 LBS.
Cut, nonsmoker plans a bus tour trip in the fall of '85. Seeks one or two of your between 30 to 45. I not into drugs, S/M, BD, kinky or rough stuff. Just good sex fun. 6" or more please. Bernard MacPherson, 432 Jarvis St., Apt. 603, Toronto, ONt. Canada M4Y 2H3.

GWM 24, 5'7", 135 LBS.
Seeks strong topman for emotional support and love. Like sports and outdoor activity. 21-30, must live near Victoria, Vancouver and Northwest Washington State or Reno. No S/M. Send photo. Occupant, 761 Genevieve Rd., Victoria, BC V8X 3R4, Canada.

37, CHINESE, BLACK HAIR,
Brown eyes, 7" cut, slim and smooth. Want to write and meet sincere guys 30-50 with hairy chest. Loves cooking, photography, gardening, horse-riding and travel. PO Box 764, Cebu City 6401, Philippines.

COMMERCIAL

TOM OF FINLAND MEN
Like leather, S&M, body builder men, dirty talk tapes, cops, then Tom's mail order will fulfil your fantasys. $2.00 for all his catalogs to Tom of Finland, Dept. H.C., PO Box 26716, L.A., CA 90026. State your 21 with signature.

WOLF STUDIO
Looking for men for magazine photos. (305) 585-4161.

HOT PHONE J/O CALLS
Send SASE to Phone Pals Club, Box 11097, San Diego, CA 92111-0010. Mention HONCHO and age.

NUDE BODYBUILDERS' PHOTOS
See me masturbate. See my hardness and tight buns. Send $10 for your set. Dick, 54 W. Randolph St., Suite 606-F7, Chicago, IL 60601.

DIAL-A-DADDY
For discipline and training. Credit cards. Must be 21. 415-821-9952.

ESCORT MODEL,
Tight smooth, body, travel. Mike (813) 785-6202!

STUD SERVICE AVAILABLE.
Satisfaction guaranteed. We travel & hire. 813-823-5629.

STAY HEALTHY WITH SIR
DOUBLE FEATURE ONE $39.95
Part one THE PISS PIG. Urine galore in this golden showers extravaganza. Gallons of shimmering liquid gold. See the piss pig drink it. See him soaked in piss from head to toe. Part two THE CUM CHRONICLES. Sirco men at their best. Shot after shot after shot of big, creamy white loads as you like 'em.
DOUBLE FEATURE TWO $39.95
Part one ABUSE. Spanking and slapping has been refined to an art in Abuse. Cross the line between pain and pleasure. See sexy firm white buns turn red as hamburger before your eyes. Into handcuffs or curious about cattle prods? This video is for you. Part two FORESKIN. Meaty, juicy cocks with lots of foreskin to gently caress and suck on. Ever wonder what it feels like? Now see for yourself. Mouthwatering close-ups.
SUPER SAVING SPECIAL. All four videos on one tape just $59.95. Ready for immediate mailing. Save $20.00.
DOUBLE FEATURE THREE $39.95
Part one THE PEEPING TOM. Sirco's telephoto lens brings you those big cocked exhibitionists who like to jack off in their front window for everybody to see. Very stimulating. Part two LATINO MEN. Hot Hispanics. Horny Hondurans, Pretty Puerto Ricans, Brazen Brazilians, Colossal Colombians, Chic Chicanos, Potent Portuguese in passionate action.
SIRCO, PO Box 14425, San Francisco, CA 94114.

NY PHONE MEN!
Bill, Frank & Jake are real men studs. Free callbacks, free photos, MC/Visa, (212) 807-9044.

MARK SANDERS
(415) 444-3204
Verbal Fantasies my Specialty HOT'n RAUNCHY or slow 'n easy. West Coast model-masseur-escort formerly of NYC 27, 5'5, 135 lbs., handsome, hairy, intelligent, sincere, discreet, warm, & sensual. Travels anywhere. 5 x 7" glossy photos available: 1/$3, 2/$5, 4/$10, 6/$15. Also selling mail order books, magazines, films, novelties, home video cassettes, etc. Catalogue—$1.25 + SASE. Also ask about phone J/O! Mark Sanders, Box 121, 484 Lake Park Ave., Oakland, CA 94610

ANAL TOYS OUR SPECIALTY!
Wide selection, low prices, extra fast service. Send $1 for hot illustrated anal toy catalog. Unicorn Sales Co., Box 10024-H, Chicago, IL 60610.

SELECT A STUD
Worldwide Service. We also hire. (813) 823-5629.

ORGANIZATIONS

MAN-HAIR
Hairy men/admirers. Nationwide uncensored adlistings. Nude infopixpak $3.00: MAN-HAIR, 59 West 10, NYC 10011.

WRESTLE! FOR FUN/SEX/SM.
Nationwide club listings. Infopixpak, $3.00: NYWC, 59 W. 10, NYC 10011.

JERK-OFF ENTHUSIASTS
Invite you to their weekly safe sex group every Thursday at 30 Tenth Avenue, NYC. Admission of $8 includes clothes check, open bar, music, porn, lube and paper towels. We also have a 1-1 and a phone sex club. Call 212-420-9118 or send SASE to Box 294-P, Bayside, NY 11361.

THE INTERNATIONAL FRIENDSHIP CLUB OF AMERICA
Ads, Ads, Ads, Pen-Pal Correspondence, good results. Send $1 for Bulletin to PO Box 507, S.I., NY 10304. Enjoy the Club and meet guys from all over in the world.

THE HIRSUTE CLUB—
HAIRY men and admirers. Listings, photographs of hunky guys everywhere. Make friends with hot men! Also erotic drawings, shots, and stories. Information: $2—Box 11318, SF, CA 94101.

BEST AND MOST DISCREET LIST
For those who want total discretion and personal service, THE GEMINI LIST IS #1. Especially good for bi, married, traveling men, and Honcho Type contacts. 5 Free memberships given each month. Maybe you qualify for one? Special discount to truckers, hardhats, military, lawmen, fireman and similar trades. Free information. No obligation. SASE to: The Gemini List, PO Box 1782, Americus, GA 31709. Phone verification: (912) 924-4038, Weekdays 8-5.

ATTENTION
Looking to start gay club meeting house. Must raise money. Project I Maine will be non-profit organization. Send donations and for info to: E. Tracy, PO Box 1257, Bidd, ME 04005.

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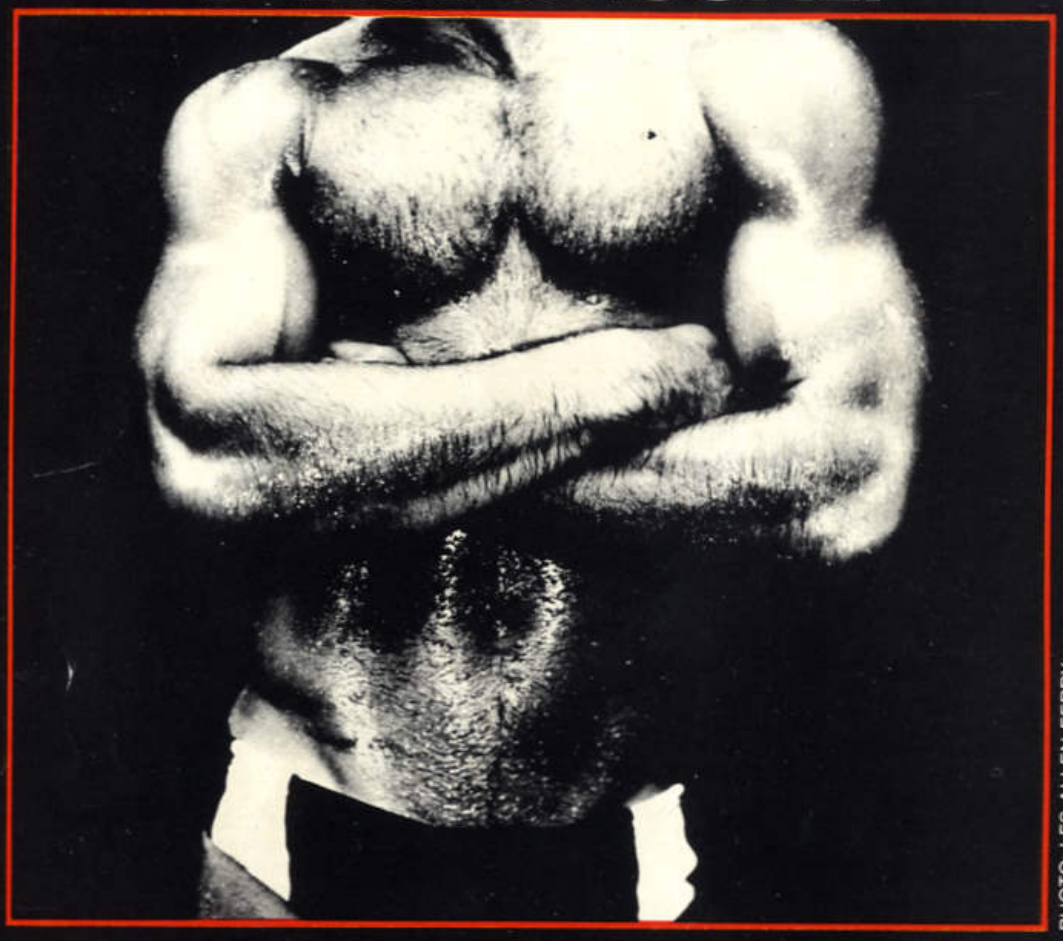

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