

**1ST PIX: SEARCH FOR THE BIGGEST DICK!**

INSIDE:  
50 INCHES OF  
CENTERFOLDS!

JANUARY 1986

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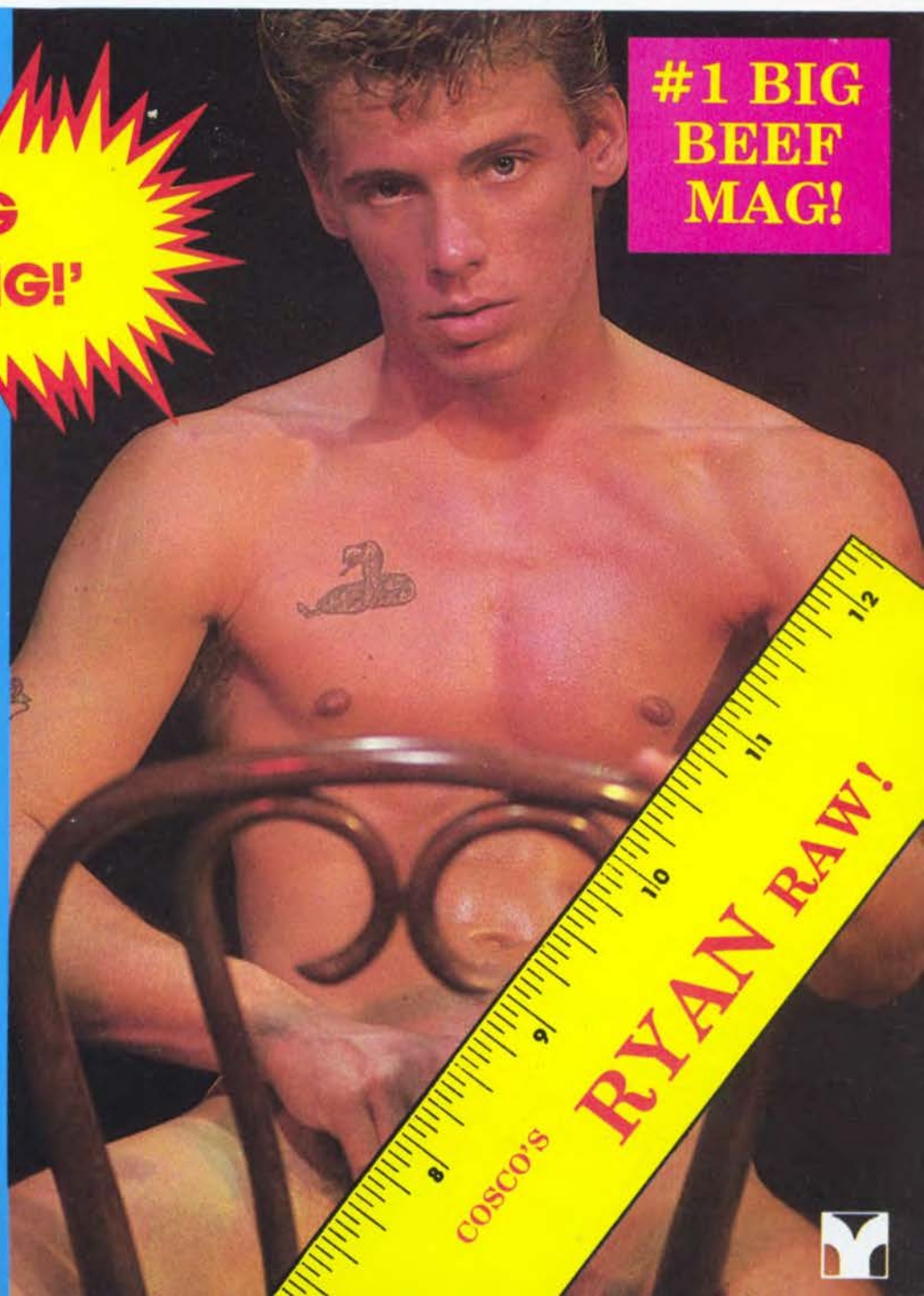
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN WHO THINK BIG

**'LONG  
SCHLONG!'**

**KING  
DONG!**

**RARE  
SHOTS OF  
THE 14"  
LEGEND!**

**#1 BIG  
BEEF  
MAG!**





# INSIDE INCHES

VOLUME 1 • NUMBER 7

JANUARY 1986

- 8 "SLEAZE MASTER" EXPOSE.** Chris Hage's green-eyed, 10-inch Latino!
- 14 KING DONG.** David Alexander's 14-inch legend!
- 18 WORLD'S BIG DICK CONTEST.** Seven hung studs measure up!
- 22 JERKOFF BUDDIES.** Why whip off alone?
- 24 STEVE BOCEK.** Old Reliable's newest street stud!
- 30 MEASURING UP.** What's noticeable, notable, and what's not.
- 33 MICHAEL CUMMINGS CONFESSES.** Researching his "New Wave Hustler" role!
- 40 TRUE CONFESSIONS.** A reader recalls the biggest dick ever!
- 44 ASK INCHES.** Sex questions & problems answered fast!
- 46 DANNY PARKS.** Movie master Higgins' big-dicked discovery!
- 56 COMICS.** Buff's X-rated big city sexcapades!
- 59 HOROSCOPE.** Is this your *INCHES* month?
- 61 MANTALK.** Jack Fritscher's friction fiction dilemma.
- 62 HAYFUCK.** Hanky-panky in the left!
- 64 CLINT ROGERS.** Alias "Long Schlong!"
- 73 RYAN.** Better once than never!
- 90 SIZING** Measuring malemovies on the *INCHES* ruler.
- 93 MEAT MARKET.** X-rated ads from readers who want to meat you!

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# MANTALK

By JACK FRITSCHER

## FRICITION FICTION DILEMMA!

Both books make me feel good and they make my publisher, Gay Sunshine Press of San Francisco, feel even better. Gay writing, like gay publishing, is not a very lucrative business, unless you're selling leather dildoes and titclamps mailorder on the last pages. In fact, I figure most gay writers earn about a penny an hour. Obviously, we do it for the love and lust from which our stroke-words arise.

It's precisely words and a couple of concepts that I'd like to clarify claim to right here and now, before no one remembers exactly how we invented ourselves. We Gaymen have always been our own best creation.

In the late '70s, I was editor/writer of **Drummer** for almost two years, drubbing up issues 20 to 30, creating the "Tough Cus-

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**No use scaring the horses. . . Marines don't think it's gay as long as they do it with another Marine.**

---

tomers" and "Tough Shit" columns, as well as developing concepts like "Daddies," with no more than the promise, based on the then-current film, "In Praise of Older Women," of an upcoming issue featuring Older Men. I wanted **Drummer** to be distinct from all the other gay rags at the time which featured no one over 20.

In that same period, I asked my friend photographer Robert Mapplethorpe to shoot a NYC friend of mine for the now famous **Drummer** Dirty-Biker-Cigar cover. That issue featured "Cigar Sarge" and "Cigar Blues" and formally

began the new gay fetish with cigars and the men who smoke them.

What won't we gayboys think up next?

Forgive the byzantine detail, but it's important. Pay attention. There's a quiz at the end. I'm a philosophy major, after all, so I'm required to think. Even in the pages of a gay magazine. I also have a doctorate in American Lit. So what? So it looks interesting in the *Social Problems Journal* where in the bibliography on "The Social Constituents of S&M" Dr. Fritscher comes right after Dr. Freud. What a hoot! That means no more, of course, than our names are listed alphabetically.

Or does it mean that the fraternity of gay writers is beginning to be taken seriously?

The point is that, before everything becomes "public domain," I own a few things. (Every gay writer can say this.) For instance, in the pages of **Drummer**, I redefined S & M as "sensuality and mutuality." On a trip to London, I had asked a man in a bar if he was "top" or "bottom." He said, "You Americans!" He gave me pause to think. "Sensuality and Mutuality" let tops and bottoms be tops and bottoms, while it opens a third category, which I dubbed in the pages of my own magazine, **MAN2MAN**, as "Mutualists."

"MUTUAL RAUNCH FETISHIST desires to lock armpit to asshole with someone man enough to give as good as he gets."

Speaking of **MAN2MAN**, I first sent up a trial balloon ad for that magazine in issue 22 or so of **Drummer**. I hadn't come out to fuck with gays; I had come out to fuck with men. By now, many

continued on page 71

Can we talk? Our gaylife has few enough rituals. We sort of make our lives up as we go along. If I were straight and had just sired a child, I'd pass out cigars. So I'm not straight and I've just sired two books. Have your cigar. Light up and kick back with me. What does a gay author do when his books appear in the "literary" gay bookstores? How is a gay author supposed to feel when the first reviews to come in are good? What can a gay author think when words and thoughts in his writing start showing up in gayspeak and *surprise!* in the *Official Journal of the Society for the Study of Social Problems*?

Frankly, I thought I was writing one-handed friction fiction.

I lie, as all gay writers lie, when they say that, none of us write "porno." We all write "erotic literature," say, something like *Ulysses*. Yeah! Sure! I mean, when straight people ask me what kind of writing I do, I very often say "male adventure writing." No use scaring the horses.

My two new books, if I may toot my own horn, are entitled *Corporal in Charge of Taking Care of Captain O'Malley and Other Stories*, and *Leather Blues*. Now, *Captain O'Malley* does in fact sound sort of like a war story. (It's not.) *Leather Blues* is a harder title to explain. Not that either needs an explanation. Fuck 'em all if they can't take the truth.