

COWPOKES, COUNTRY BOYS, ROPERS, RANCHERS & ROUGH-RIDIN' MEN

BUNKHOUSE

Armin
Uncut Cowpoke

Plowboys and
Ranch Slave Trainees

Whip-Crackin'
Pud-Whackin'
Fiction by
Jack Fritscher
Fledermaus
Tim Brough

Dade/URSUS
art on the
Bunkhouse Wall

COWBOY BRUIN
Jim Coleman

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BUCKSKIN FORESKIN

by Jack Fritscher • illustration by The Hun

Mountain men were different critters. The country has never seen their likes before. Distinguished by their buckskin clothing, Indian beads, nod long hair often plaited with feathers, the mountain men lived out their wild lifestyle on the Great Plains and high in the Rockies. These men were hearty souls keeping always one jump ahead of the civilization that followed them. They left society and females behind in their pursuit of the rugged romance of a male life dedicated to partnering with another man in a bond that could be cut by whiskey or greed or lust or death.

President Jefferson's Louisiana Purchase of 1804 and the subsequent expedition of Lewis and Clark were what started the American movement to the Far West. By 1806 the tales brought back by Lewis and Clark had sparked erotic imaginations everywhere. Adventurers who answered the call of a rich, magnificent land were to become what we now call mountain men.

Their rugged buckskin breed is not dead and gone. Mountain men still live among us in 1996: a couple of thousand or so full time, a couple of hundred thousand on weekends, sharing the buckskin life on encampments all over the West and Northwest, keeping alive the mountain man tradition of teepees, smoky fires, leather, beards, and black powder rifles in much the same way that other groups of hearty American men gather together in their uniforms to re-enact our Revolutionary and Civil Wars.

—Jack Fritscher

His buckskin loincloth hung soft an' long between his powerful thighs. He was a blond warrior, young, no more 'n 19, with perfect white teeth when he finally smiled. He stood in the prairie clearin' sizin' up my encampment. His bow and quiver hung from one broad shoulder. He was a good hunter. Two large rabbits, both bucks, hung at his belt. Blood from one kill trickled down through the blond hairs on the inside a his tanned thigh.

He watched me watchin' him. I sat stock still on a stump, my legs spread, my own chamois loincloth danglin' hallway down to my ankles. His eyes, blue as cornflowers, moved slow up an' down my body. I wasn't afraid a him, an' he wasn't afraid a me. We danced a cautious dance. Some tribes the Soldier Blues hadn't made peaceable yet. A man could get killed.

I picked up my knife. His bright blue eyes darted to the sharp blade at his belt, met mine, an' relaxed when I never-mind started in again whittlin' an old stick. Whittlin's good. A man puts a strong chunk a wood between his legs an' starts workin' it an' thoughts come into his head somethin'

like when he reaches down an' takes his own fat cock in his hand, pulls down on the shaft nice an' easy an' never quite lets his stroke peel his foreskin way back from the head a his cock until his head pops the 'skin an' blows his white hot flume. Thinkin' those thoughts raised my lodgepole, tentin' out my loincloth.

His keen eyes measured my barely covered hard-on. Slowly he moved his hand over the soft buckskin a his own loincloth. He wanted what I wanted. I surveyed him once more from his roughout moccasin boots, laced up tight around his hard calves, to his washboard belly an' hard chest. His smooth blond skin was tanner 'n berry juice. A thin leather lace banded his head a flowin' blond hair. His cock hung big an' bent, tryin' to jut up an' out through the buckskin that pouched his nakedness in the front an' gathered into the crack runnin' up his rear. I figured he'd been stole as a blond child an raised by Indians, a not uncommon adventure, an' he was just old enough a brave to be wonderin' what white men was all about.

I hoped his real pa had the sense not to let his ma cut him

an' ruin him, takin' his foreskin from him. Folks like that go an' call Indians heathens. Ain't nothin' like a good foreskin—redskin or whiteskin, blackskin or brownskin—when the right brave is brave enough an' good-lookin' enough to tickle my fancy, which is located for ticklin' at the back a my throat. I always been a sucker for a noble savage.

What I had standin' before me was a genuine wild-child, blond-child, man-child whose strong hand touched first one dark nipple an' then stroked over the bear-claw necklace hangin' across his pectorals, an' then down his belly, jumpin' the waistband a his breechclout, until his sinewy hand rested cupped around what looked to me to be a good-size piece a uncut blond prairie chicken.

He was uncut. I knew for certain: My dick always hardens near hidden uncut meat the way a dowsin' rod twitches over water runnin' under a parched prairie.

Ogallala Sioux, I figured, had raised him. So I suspected he spoke some trader English, even if he didn't much remember how he talked before he was carried off, but I wasn't interested in palaver. I was interested in siphonin' out his foreskin with my tongue to get some prairie cheese to eat with my prairie meat.

Folks call me a trapper not necessarily knowin' what I really trap. They buy skins from me, but there ain't no cash money in the territory can buy the kind a 'skins I hunt down an' trap. I'm a buckskinner chasin' foreskin.

Sometimes a man hunts best just sittin' on a stump in the middle a his own camp, stripped down to breechclout an' boots, a jug a strong applejack at his side, rollin' his own smoke, whittlin' pieces a wood into what some call "Widows' Comforters," an' I call woodcocks, carved in medicine shapes, with uncut heads an' smooth enough for a man to slide up inside hisself when the plains night is clear an' starry bright an' lonelier than the frozen face a the moon.

The blond brave was bold.

Before I could motion him into camp, he came stridin' toward me, his heels kickin' up little clouds a dust. He was a handsome warrior brave. He could be dangerous, but so could I. We both were chancin' it. I been a trader for 12 years, since I was almost 16. I seen men at their best an' at their worst an' generally like 'em somewhere in between, which is where we were when he came an' stood four foot in front a me, dropped his rabbits, like he was tradin' with me, an' lifted the flap on his breechclout, tuckin' it up in his belt,

exposin' the warm chamois skin pouched around his big balls an' uncut horsecock.

The skin a his breech was worn so smooth over his goods, my own cockhead slid like a one-eyed snake through my own foreskin. I could see the outline a his uncut horse 'skin shieldin' his cock. I humored my fancy that his Indian name was Horse Skin. I reckoned he hadn't come to powwow. He had one thing on his mind. No big blond boy, raised so bold an' wild, was gonna walk right up an' stand almost between my legs just so we could flap our jaws, not when we could jaw our flaps. Sure as shootin' he weren't no Indian. He looked like he might a been out a some a that strong blond German stock that settled up a long ways hard ride north an' east, farther even than the Dakotas.

He snorted air from his nostrils. Like a horse.

I reached out an' touched the big pouch a his breechclout. He took a step closer. He put his hand on my naked shoulder. I looked up at him an' he squinted his sky blue eyes, then he smiled, but his lips never parted. He put his hand on the back a my head, a gesture that in these parts can give a white

man with a full scalp a red hair somethin' ve a palpitation. Kinda nervous, I sniffed through his buckskin the rich smell a unwashed cock; that pure, wild scent a unwashed cock that's so healthy a man like me remembers why he left civilization in the first place.

I turned my face an' rubbed my red beard on the back a

his hand. He touched my cheek with his palm. I figured he was curious about how he might grow up, like a white man, different from the Indians. For a young blond, he was yet as smooth and hairless as the Indians who adopted him. But I could tell on his cheeks, under his armpits, an' especially by the light line a hair arrowing down from his chest to his navel, that he was gonna be furred heavy when he grew up. Probably never leave his wild Indian ways behind. Never be civilized either. Be halfway round-eye an' halfway Indian. An' neither a both. The best kind. Most likely grow up to be one a them lone wanderin' mountain men, like I become, trappin' 'skins.

The way he looked at me made me feel my mouth was the answer to a question his dick was askin'.

I reached for the cinch on the belt a his breechclout. I hesitated. I looked up at the kid an' my mouth must a fell open starin' up at the kid. He smiled, curlin' his lip' with just that edge a meanness I find excitin' when it ain't no real

I sniffed the rich smell a unwashed cock; that pure, wild scent a unwashed cock that's so healthy a man like me remembers why he left civilization...

cow-town brawl. Then he let drip with the longest, whitest, sweetest tastin', droolin' spit I could a ever asked for. He moved in over my open mouth an' I swear the spit a his honey was no thicker than those white webs that float through the air in Indian summer. The long flow from his mouth to mine juiced my skinner's cock up harder. I sucked his spit into my mouth an' we both smiled, cuz, without so much as a word, we'd figured out who was gonna play chief.

He raised his lean muscled arms in the air: bow in one hand, medicine pouch in the other. He raised his face to the sky. His long blond hair hung down his back. Sweat from his pits ran down his dusty tanned body. He sang out three times the name a the Great Spirit. I pulled the cinch at his tight waist, an' his breechclout drifted away down his powerful runner's legs.

He was buck naked, starin' at the blue sky hummin' over the bone-white plains. Rabbit blood ran red down his inner thigh, pinkin' with his sweat, evaporatin' in the heat. I licked it away with my tongue.

His young horse cock hung between my eyes. His meat was half hard, but the shaft a it, untouched by him or me, was arollin' side to side, growin', stretchin' down the long corridor a the biggest flag a foreskin I ever did see a man run up his pole.

I touched its iris eye with my fingers. It was softer n doeskin. Liftin' him up by his 'skin, I raised his thickenin' dick toward my nose, breathin' in the wild smell a his young cock. I pulled the big nipple a 'skin through my mustache. His body arched back like a bow. I kissed his foreskin. I sniffed it, tongued it, nipped it, sucked it. His risin' cock aimed straight-arrow up his belly. Indians maybe raised him, but in the big bow a his crotch, his meat was fat, big, blond German sausage. His balls climbed over each other beggin' to blow like a horse soldier's ammo dump stashed too near a red-hot cannon.

He sucked in a deep breath. His body was a natural wonder. I've heard a Indian rock climbers who could a scaled his torso pullin' theirselves up with nothin' but their fingertips clawin' up in the tight crevasses a his chiseled belly.

He put his arms behind his head an' untied the thin leather thong a his headband. He craned his head forward an' looked about to dive mouth-first down on his own hard cock pointin' straight up his belly. My hand cupped his balls at the base a his cock. He reached down an' braided his fingers into mine,

workin' me an' his tips together in a slow tease up his shaft. Our 20 fingers met at the tip a his foreskin. His growin' cock was still hardenin'. He guided my fingers, both thumbs an' both forefingers, to grip the top a his foreskin the way a man grips a boot before shovin' his foot into it. He wanted me to stare down into the openin' iris a meaty darkness. He had everythin'.

Horse balls.

Horse cock.

Horse 'skin.

I held his big flap a palomino foreskin tight in my fingers, stretchin' his cock out real easy from his groin, while he cinched the brown thong a his headhand tight as a wampum pouch between the tip a his foreskin an' the head a his cock. Expert, he tied off the eye to his foreskin. All the time his cock was advancin' up from its roots, slidin' up the inside tube a his tied-off 'skin like a stiff lodgepole workin' up inside a buckskin teepee. He held the long laces a his headband in his hands like they was reins to the wild horsecock he moved left an' right, guidin' his tied rawhide raw hide toward my mouth.

Nothin' slides down a grown man's throat like uncut dick.

He rode my face, guidin' his huge cock down my throat, chokin' me with the flapped tip a foreskin. He tasted young an wild churnin' into my face lettin' me go loco wolfin' on the salt-lick taste a his sweaty blond meat. The rawhide

rasped my throat, cut the corners a my mouth, an' kept his dick hooded.

He worked me hard. The sun beat down on us. I fell back on my elbows, an he followed me down. I ripped my own uncut cock free a my breech. With one hand I stripped my tight foreskin back farther, exposin' my cockhead to the hot sun. I rubbed my hands over the smooth hard haunches a his oily blond butt, wettin' my fingers, an' slicked my palm down my shaft. He reached back an' ran his finger smooth around the inside a my foreskin. His finger pulled up, clotted with my fresh churnin' cheese. He studied the white clots with his blue eyes, posed almost for a tintype, then shoved his finger in his mouth an' sucked it clean.

Always trust a blond Indian.

He slowly withdrew his dick from my mouth. He leaned over me, an smilin', drooled down the long web mixed out a my 'skin cheese an' his spit. I squished the nectar through my teeth. I stored it in my cheeks. He knelt up over me, lean

**He reached back an' ran
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an wild against the noon sky, his knees straddlin' my chest, his big cock—still tied off blind—risin' hard-on. No stoppin' us. Whoever he was, he was "Horse Skin" to me now. Takin' the reins a his headband, he aimed his cock past my lips, across my teeth, an' rode on in. We was different nations but we had the same notions. Whatever sun dance foreskin-ritual this young man called Horse Skin had endured as a boy called Pony Skin, he had emerged a warrior, an' his sturdy cock was his lance.

He was hung so big my backdoor wanted him to slam me a good poke, but he had other ideas. He rode me, his knees astraddle my chest, gaggin' me with his dick, gettin' a might forceful, jammin' the thick nipple a his foreskin deep down my throat. My eyes watered. Without missin' a slam, he looked down at me, bared his smilin' teeth, an' grunted. I was where he wanted me: between his legs with his dick sheathed in his tied-off foreskin slidin' in—an' pullin out a—my throat. But we were equal, cuz I had him where I wanted him too.

He gritted his teeth. He was drillin' for the kill. He looked down at me through the long blond hair fallin' straight down around his chiseled face. Deep in his blue eyes I saw the ancient sacred bows cock, each armed with the fierce arrows a bloodlust. His eyes aimed straight into mine. He drove his savage cock, its blind eye tied shut, hard into me. The blond German boy had disappeared. The warrior Horse Skin had taken his place.

I raised my hands to touch his face, to call him back. His hands, savage, grasped my wrists to stop me. He bucked up, his dick keepin' me, impaled, on my back. He dived forward over my face, still holdin' my hands, stretchin' them out spread-eagle in the hot dust. He was strong with the strength a hard cock. He was strong with the strength a combat born a endless naked wrestlin' matches with the young bucks a his tribe. He was unstoppable, but I made a show a strugglin' against him, to show him I was no squawman, to show him I knew how to wrestle a strong brave in the games a love. My resistance excited him. He drove deeper, harder. I opened wider, breathin' gasps, suckin' in his drivin' cock, his hard belly slammin' down into my face, sweat from his crotch drippin' down into my eyes an' beard, his balls bangin' against the outside a my throat filled on the inside with his cock.

My head lay back in the dirt. My eyes were runnin' tears from the burnin' a his sweat drippin' on me, an' from my chokin'. I couldn't even touch my own dick afraid I'd shoot before him an' then what would I do, so I opened my throat further an' I received his big horse 'skinned dick, acceptin' him inside my insides, where I wanted him an' his wild seed. I fell back under his weight, knowin' a Kiowa medicine man told me once I had powerful medicine if I only knew how to find it. I remembered the Kiowa taught me my Inner Eye, so I took my Eye inside my throat, watchin' his big, long, thick-veined cock slidin' hard down the sleeve a my throat, back past my choke-flap, back past my breathin', back where his horse cock buried his foreskinned head deep inside my body.

Sand stuck in my hair an' to my back an' butt. Horse

Skin, stud-fuckin' me, glowed. His sweat caught the comin' noon light a the prairie like a crest. His hair, yellow as the sun, an' his body, blondbrown, rose weightless over me. This was good medicine; it's what the Kiowa holy man had meant.

Horse Skin plunged his cock down deep inside me. I opened wider. He drove deeper. He made small gruntin' sounds, then blew faster puffs a air, fuckin' faster. I felt his 'skin-covered cockhead grow bigger inside his tied-off foreskin like some huge mushroom ram. My own cock at hard attention bobbed an' weaved; an' a run a clear gleet ran from the teardrop eyehole a my own foreskin down my cock. I ached to touch it, but his strong hands still pinioned me under all the weight a his buckin' body. His grunts grew louder, risin' over the quiet early noon a the hummin' prairie, until he was whoopin', strainin', yawpin'. an' cummin' inside the tied sheath a his 'skin, inside my throat. I felt his sweet juice balloon up his 'skin. I wanted the explosion a his mansseed chokin' my throat, floodin' my mouth, me gulpin' an' burblin' an' suckin' the white clots across my tongue an' teeth, tastin' him the way a wine merchant nips his lips over his wares, but instead his foreskin stayed thick as buckskin between me an' his seed.

Still quiverin', Horse Skin knelt upright over me on his knees straddlin' my chest, and grabbed the rawhide reins a his headband wrapped around the very tip a his foreskin, an' gave 'em a yank.

The fast splat a his cum splurged through the hot air, splungin', burnin' across my face, fillin' my eyes an nose an' gaspin' mouth, my tongue wagglin' up into the tasty rain drenchin' me in hot fire. I gurgled an' tasted, not just cum from his horse cock, but cum fucked up an' stored in his horse 'skin. He leaned forward, put his hands around my throat, an' stared down into my eyes, wantin' me to swallow, with his hands on the outside squeezin' the throat he had so carefully fucked open.

His was the noblesse oblige a foreskin.

I swallowed down my throat with his hands ringin'—but not quite wringin'—my neck. He was terrible excitin'. His thighs kept my hands from my cock the way his hands had kept my arms pinioned.

He wanted me to cum. I wanted to cum. He dribbled fresh spit from his sweet mouth. He turned to sunlight as noon rose true above us. His hands left my throat, an' his blond silhouette rose lean an' erect between me an' the sun. In his shadow, I watched the head a his cock retreat inside his big foreskin the way the moon eclipses the sun. He lowered the three-inch tip a his 'skin at the end a his long cock to my lips an I suckled him the way a man suckles another man, tonguin' out his cum juices, drinkin' his sweat. I knew how things was supposed to be, an' my dick, untouched, shot off.

We smoked his pipe an' lay naked next to one another on a blanket in the shade a my tent, me holdin' his big blond foreskin in my hand, not wantin' him to go, when, come dusk, with bow over his shoulder an' one rabbit on his belt, he strode off, blond as all get-out, into the prairie darkness, giffin' me with one buck rabbit for my supper.