

THE MAGAZINE OF THE NATURAL MAN

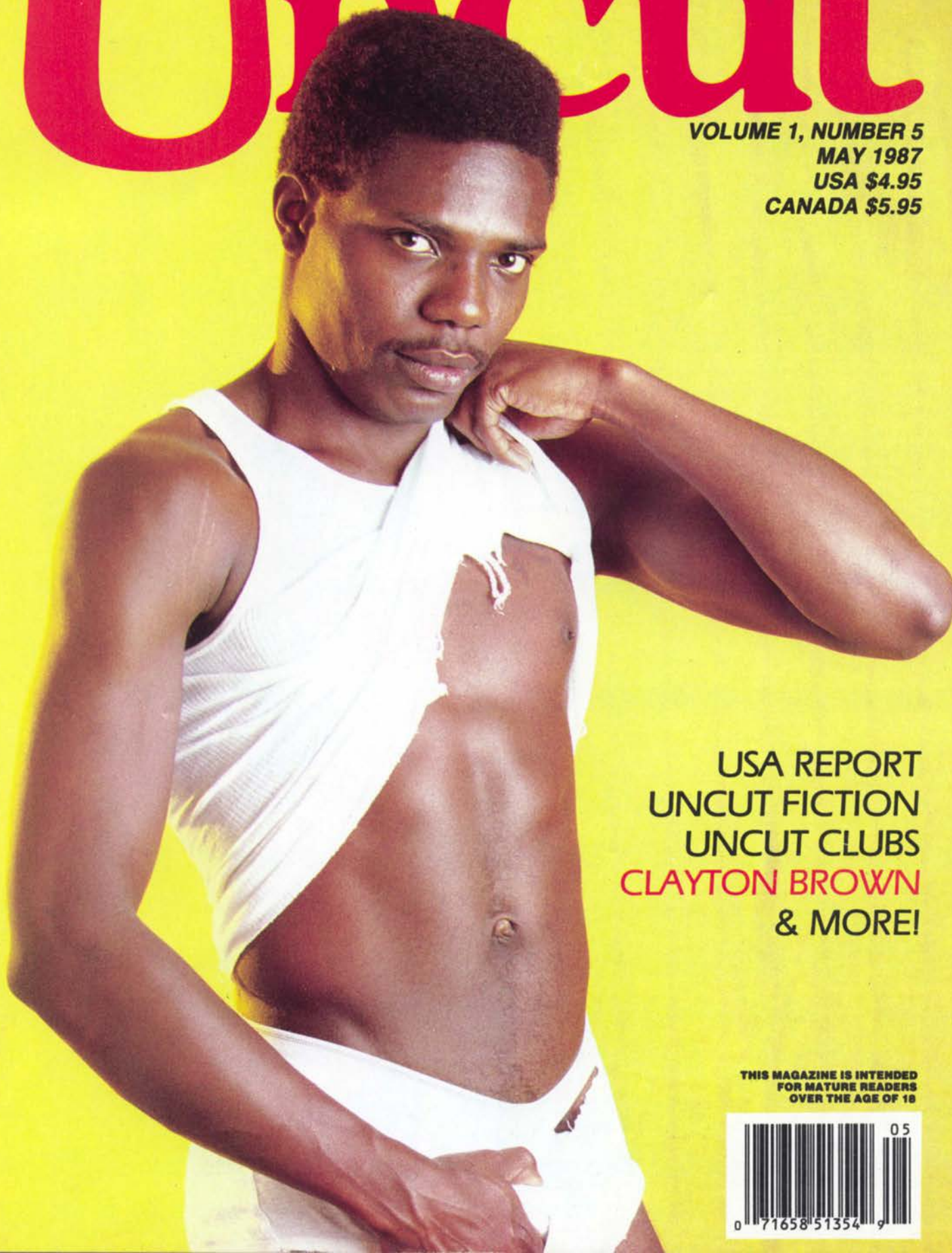
Uncut™

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 5

MAY 1987

USA \$4.95

CANADA \$5.95



USA REPORT
UNCUT FICTION
UNCUT CLUBS
CLAYTON BROWN
& MORE!

THIS MAGAZINE IS INTENDED
FOR MATURE READERS
OVER THE AGE OF 18



05

Uncut

THE MAGAZINE OF THE NATURAL MAN

**VOLUME 1, NUMBER 5
MAY 1987**

Publisher:
Crete International
Associate Publisher:
Joe Greco
Editor:
John W. Rowberry
Assistant Editor:
Aaron Travis
Contributing Editor:
Bud Berkeley
Art Director:
Dan Marx
Asst. Art Director:
Patrick Nunn
Circulation Director:
Robert de la Haba
Circulation Manager:
Carolyn Dederick

Cover: Clayton Brown
Photo by MAC Productions

UNCUT: *The Magazine of the Natural Man*, Volume 1, Number 5, May 1987. Published bimonthly by Crete International, Inc. Copyright © 1987 by Mavety Media Group Ltd. This publication is published under license from Mavety Media Group Ltd. EDITORIAL OFFICES: Crete International Inc., 1156 Howard Street, San Francisco, CA 94103, (415) 621-6069. Return postage must accompany all unsolicited manuscripts, photographs, artwork, etc., if they are to be returned. No responsibility can be assumed for materials sent through the mails. All rights in letters sent to UNCUT will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and are subject to all rights to edit and comment editorially. Any similarity between real places, persons and organizations, and those people, places and organizations appearing in fiction published in UNCUT is purely coincidental. All photos, except those noted otherwise, are posed by professional models. Neither said photos, nor words used to describe them, are to be construed as indicative of that person's sexual orientation, conduct, or personality. All models appearing in photos in this magazine are over 18 years of age. Crete International, Inc. assumes no responsibility for the advertisements, nor any representations made therein, nor the quality of deliverability of the products themselves. Nothing appearing in UNCUT may be reprinted either wholly or in part without the prior written permission of the publisher. Subscriptions: U.S., Possessions, APO and FPO: \$29.00 for one year. Canada and Foreign: \$38.00 for one year. Canadian and Foreign subscriptions should be remitted by International Money Order in U.S. Funds. Single copies: \$4.95 (add \$1.05 for postage and handling). Subscription checks should be made payable to Crete International. Send subscription and correspondence to Crete International, 1156 Howard St., San Francisco, CA 94103. Notify subscription department of change of address at least 6 weeks in advance. Please include new address and mailing label from most recent issue. UNCUT is Registered by Mavety Media Group Ltd. Printed in the USA. All Rights Reserved. (Note: Subscriber list is never rented or sold).

7 Letters We figured it was time we started answering our mail and we've been getting a lot of mail lately.

8 USA Report Our special report with news from the Uncircumcised Society of America and messages from Bud Berkeley.

15 Klaus Boller A visiting German (now off on the rest of his world tour) shows us some well-dressed Western European skin.

19 Confessions Our readers get it off their chest: first experience, longest stretch—you can find just about anything here!

23 Paul Knight He's comfortable in leather pants or in no pants at all, just as long as he gets to exercise his overhang on a regular basis

28 Bobby Bare Fresh off the farm and fresh out of the shower, Bobby shows off his oversized handtool.

30 Dave Turner The guys at school use to tease him about his "capped rod" until the day he got a hard-on in the shower. Now they call him "Hot Rod Turner".

32 Tab Sands Just your ordinary blond uncut beach hound, usually found hanging out near the surf shop looking for some action.

35 Frankie Larson He claims he can stretch his skin out a full two inches and says anyone who doesn't believe it is welcome to give it a pull and see for themselves!

38 Enrique A nice ethnic mix of French and Latino results in a long, uncut package that keeps Enrique's hands full.

40 Russ Wade Dynamite comes in small packages—here's blasting cap and all!

46 Ken Duncan A famous name indeed, although our Ken is unrelated to the world class photographer he does sport a world class uncut organ!

48 Rock Star Skin We certainly can't tell you who this is, but we promise you this is big time rock stuff—and this foreskin has been around!

50 Buckskin Blues Jack Fritscher weaves a tale of mountain men and their skins as only Jack can—with quite an eye for details.

58 Secret Weapon Robert Baker pens a crafty story about some skin that holds more than meets the eye!

62 Historic Foreskin From the vaults of decades past comes some lovely antique lace.

65 Show Us Your Skin! Our readers have a chance to bare their all to very good advantage.

67 Michael Alviso Here is a man with a talent, he can stretch his skin all the way to his nose. But when you have this much meat, it's no strain!

71 Organs The updated guide to uncut organizations, clubs, support groups and gatherings.

72 Zane Wilde From South Africa comes a former skin diver with skin to spare! Here in the States, he's turned to more erotic entertainment.

74 Art There is only one name and that name is Rex: undisputed master of the finest foreskin in erotic art—or any kind of art, for that matter.

79 Terry Long One of our most popular models from pervious issues makes a squeaky-clean comeback, soaping his skin.

82 Curtains Time to pull the shades on another issue, but not without one last look at something long and tubular and capped!

BUCKSKIN

BLUES

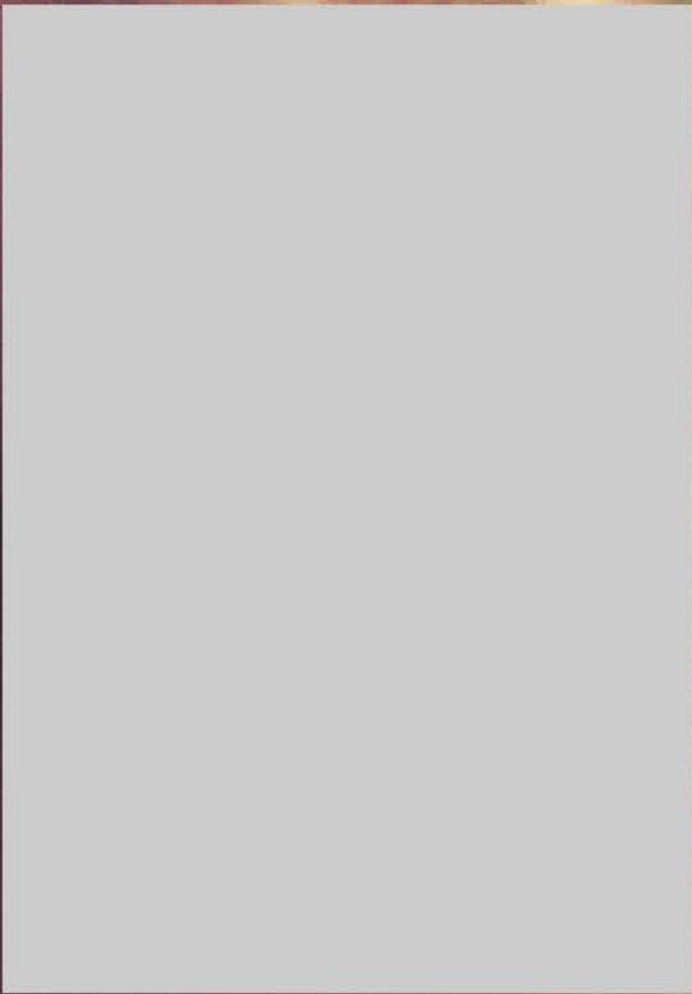


Photo by Joe Tiffenbach

by Jack Fritscher

His buckskin loincloth hung soft an long between his powerful thighs. He was a blond warrior, young, no more n nineteen, with perfect white teeth when he finally smiled. He stood in the prairie clearin sizin up my encampment. His bow an quiver hung from one broad shoulder. He was a good hunter. Two large rabbits, both bucks, hung at his belt. Blood from the 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 loncloth danglin halfway 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 belf, met mine, an relaxed when I no-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 something 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 lodge pole, 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 mocassin 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 flowing 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 running up his rear. I figured he had been stole as a blond child an raised by Indi-

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 for less n they know what I really trap. They buy skins from me, but they ain't no cash money in the territory can buy the kind a 'skins I hunt down an trap. I'm a buckskinner chasin fore-skin.

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 apple jack at his side, rollin his own smoke, carvin pieces a wood into what some call "Widows' Comforters," an what I call wood-cocks, 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 of 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 twelve years, since I was almost sixteen. 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 of his breechclout, tuckin it up in his belt, exposing 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 n wild, was gonna walk right up an stand almost between my legs so we could flap our jaws, when we could jaw our 'flaps. Sure as shootin he weren't no Indian. He looked like he might a been outa some a that strong blond German stock that settled a long way's hard ride north an east, farther even than the Dako-

ans, 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 and call Indians heathens. Ain't nothin like a good foreskin, redskin or whiteskin, blackskin or brownskin, when the right brave is brave enough an goodlookin enough to tickle my fancy which is located for ticklin at the back of 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, hanging across his pectorals, an then down his belly, jumpin the waistband a his breechcloth, until his sinewy hand rested cupped around what looked to me to be a goodsize 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.

Ogallalla 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,

tas.

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 skyblue 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 some-thin'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 remebers 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 figgered 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 arm-pits, 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 mountainmen, 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 him an my mouth musta fell open staring up at the kid. He smiled, curlin his lip, with just that edge a meanness I find excitin when it ain't no real cowtown brawl. Then he let drip with the longest, whitest, sweetest tatin, droolin spit I coulda 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 figgered 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 floated 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 arol-ling, 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 moustache. His body arched back like a bow. I kissed his foreskin. I sniffed it, tongued, it, nipped, 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 soldiers' ammo dump stashed too near a redhot cannon.

He sucked in a deep breath. His body was a natural wonder. I've heard a Indian rock climbers who coulda scaled his torso pullin themselves 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 twenty fingers met at the tip a his foreskin. His growin cock was still hardenin. He guided my fingers, both thumbs and both forefingers, to grip the top a his foreskin the way a man grips a boot before shoving 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 wrapped the brown thong a his headband 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 saltlick 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 futher 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 outa 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 an wild against the noon sky, knees straddlin my chest, big cock, still tied off blind, rising 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 teeth, smilin, an grunted.

He had me where he wanted me: on my back between his legs with his dick sheathed in his tied-off foreskin slidin in, an pullin outa, 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 aroun his chiseled face. Deep in his blue eyes I saw the ancient sacred bows cock,

each armed with the firece 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 holding

my hands, stretchin them out spreadeagle 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 westlin 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 sweatin drippin on me, and 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 futher 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 could bury 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, blond-brown, rose weightless over me. This was good medicine. This is what the Kiowa holy man had meant.

Horse Skin lunged his cock down deep inside me. I felt its hard head, wrapped in tied 'skin, burrow past the cave a my mouth down the long tunnel a my throat. I was the earth an he was the sky. My dark recesses opened to his penetratin blond light. He coulda killed me. I coulda died a happy man. But he was no renegade, an I knew I was gonna live happy on the memory a this all my days forever.

I opened wider. He drove deeper. He made small gruntn 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 gleat 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 cumin 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 man-seed 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. All I tasted was a trickle a blood from my nose he didn't mean to bump so hard, he was so young, slammin into the dirt my head impaled on his cock.

Still quiverin, Horse Skin knelt upright over me on his knees straddlin my chest, with his cock drippin spit all over my face. His long shaft, topped off with his foreskin balloonnin out with cream, hung over me like a club. He looked down at me, both a us pantin, my hands tryin to find my cock around his sinewy legs, an suddenly with both hands, he grabbed the rawhide reins a his headband wrapped around the very

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 held 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, ton-

BUCKSKIN TODAY

Mountain men were different critters. This country had never seen their likes before. Distinguished by their buckskin clothing, Indian beads, long hair often plaited with feathers, the mountain men, like Robert Redford's *Jeremiah Johnson*, lived out their wild lifestyle on the great plains and high in the Rockies. These men were hearty souls keeping one jump ahead of the tame 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 by Lewis and Clark, are what actually started the movement to the West. By 1806, the tales brought back by Lewis and Clark of a magnificent, rich land sparked erotic imaginations everywhere. Adventurers who answered this call of untold excitement 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 1987, a couple thousand or so fulltime, a couple hundred thousand who live the buckskin life on weekend encampments all over the west and northwest, keeping the mountain man tradition of tipis, smokey fires, leather, beads, and black powder rifles alive much the same as other groups of hearty American men gather together in their uniforms to reenact our Revolutionary and Civil Wars.

—JF

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 aroun my throat, an stared down into my eyes, wantin me to swallow, with his hands on the outside squeezin closed the throat he had so carefully fucked open.

His was the noblesse oblige a foreskin.

guein out his cum juices, drinkin his sweat, swallowin the deep rivers flowin beneath the parched prairie.

I knew how things was supposed to be, an my dick, untouched, shot, shootin up. Light white arrows arched into the blue air from my throbbin cock.

We smoked his pipe an lay naked next to one another on a blanket in the shade a my tent, me holding his big blond foreskin in my hand, not wanting him to go, when, come dusk, with bow over his shoulder, an one rabbit on his belt, he strode off, blond as all getout, into the prairie dark-ness, giftin me with one buck rabbit for my supper.