



THE MAGAZINE OF THE NATURAL MAN

# Uncut™

JAN. 1987

\$4.95

FDC 51354

**MORE  
PAGES!  
MORE  
COLOR!  
BIGGER  
THAN  
EVER!**



# Uncut

THE MAGAZINE OF THE NATURAL MAN

VOLUME ONE, NUMBER THREE  
JANUARY 1987

Publisher:  
**George Mavety**  
Editor:  
**John W. Rowberry**  
Contributing Editor:  
**Bud Berkeley**  
Art Director:  
**Dan Marx**  
Circulation Director:  
**Joe DeRogatis**  
Circulation Manager:  
**Carolyn Dederick**

Don Beavers Advertising  
7985 Santa Monica Blvd. #104  
West Hollywood, CA 90046  
(213) 650-3994

Cover: Sergio Canali  
Photo by Adam & Company

**UNCUT: The Magazine of the Natural Man, Volume 1, Number 3, January 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. Nationally distributed by Flynt Distributing Company, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067. EDITORIAL OFFICES: Uncut, 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 in UNCUT is purely coincidental. All photos, except those noted otherwise, are posed for 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. 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 UNCUT, 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 Canada. All rights Reserved. (Note: Subscriber list is never rented or sold). Crete International assumes no responsibility for the advertisements, nor any representations made therein, nor the quality or deliverability of the products themselves.

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

**9 USA Report** Our special report from the *Uncircumcised Society of America*, questions about foreskin, and messages from Bud Berkeley.

**15 Alex Strauss** Something in a long-dicked farm-boy type (although really a native of the California coastline) exercising his . . . muscle.

**23 History** Our resident scholar takes us down the garden path as he reveals the little known, very uncut, Cholomec tribe of pre-Hispanic America.

**24 Tommy** If you had anything in the world hanging over your head off the top of a ladder, isn't this just what you'd want it to be?

**26 Confessions** A new department in which foreskin lovers share their true experiences.

**30 Lee Sport** Sunbathing in the back yard, even on an overcast day, can be an airy experience. Photos by Joe Tiffenbach.

**32 Chris** Two photographers Joe Tiffenbach and Old Reliable, approach the same piece of skin on the same hot young man.

**35 Melchor** Since our first issue, Melchor has been our most popular model. Here's more of that famous latin skin!

**36 Erection** From the Rex collection comes this quartet of a boner in progress. Notice how the skin holds its own.

**38 Oh, Danny** The Irish have a lot more than smiling eyes as our second generation import demonstrates.

**40 Akeen** An exceptional specimen of the modern man with a strong inclination for the natural ways of prehistory.

**46 Terry Long** Yes he is, and he's uncut to boot! A hot little blonde bombshell with ample covering and quite a bit to cover!

**48 Sergio Canali** One of the most popular young uncut porn stars, Sergio has skin that certainly received a lot of attention. Photos by Canyon Studios

**50 Foreskin Blues** Hold on to your overhang, 'cause Papa Jack Fritscher Hemingway is gonna tell you about the low-hanging, lip-curling, lid-dropping lace curtain blues!

**59 Skinhead** A perfect example of what can happen when you're hanging out of your shorts in the park on a hot day!

**62 Historic Foreskin** From the vault of decades past comes some of yesteryear's most famous lace.

**64 Show Us Your Skin!** Our readers display their wares and show off their wares and show off their skins to good advantage edification.

**66 Lee** One of the kind of men that made San Francisco famous: hard on the outside, hot as a volcano, hung like a stallion, and thick-skinned!

**70 Shadow** Just your average uncut all-American from Southern California, where the palm trees sway and the skin hangs low on sultry afternoons.

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

**72 Art** The Dam Boyz are not your everyday Van

Goghs, but these new wave creators of fantasy have a very special thing about foreskin.

**75 Uncut Personals** If you're looking for a man with skin or if you want someone to admire yours, this is the place.

**79 Angelo** And now you know why Puerto Rico is called the home of the most beautiful foreskins in the world.

**82 Curtains** Because one more look at some stretchable skin is not too much.



# Foreskin Blues



Photo by Glenn Guild

## BY JACK FRITSCHER

If you want to see a real nedneck red neck, peel back the foreskin on a good ol boy's southern-fried, dirty-blond, uncut dick. Then put your lips together, and blow, 'cause you won't be just whistlin' *Dixie*. Picture it! Foreskin, two inches' worth, lipping over the big head of his 9-inch uncut cock. Eleven inches altogether. Nine inches, born in the USA, jutting out hard as a flagpole with the two generous inches of star-spangled foreskin flapping out from his dick-head. Beautiful, tongueable, wild, uncut, rebel foreskin.

Ah! The look of it!

Obsession!

His uncut foreskin cases his gun-hard cock like a holster. His dick, more heavily lidded than his bedroom eyes, has an eye of its own whose eye is the iris circle at the very nipple tip of the foreskin. Zero your eye in on that lip of foreskin. Touch its softness with your fingers, toying, playing, hardly daring to touch the magnificence of so much 'skin tipping that hard dick, kept hard by man's animal desire to worship uncut, untamed, huge-hung males.

### EVERY INCH A MAN OF TASTE

You sniff the wild, gamey smell of his thick, uncut foreskin, as clean in its own street way, as it is nice-n-nasty, knowing that the secrets under his foreskin, the headcheese cured inside its pliable covering, like good wine and good brie can be aged to a bouquet and taste from swimteam mile to industrial strength wild. The degree of smegma (roll it around on your tongue) depends on the urgent horniness of the young Foreskin Trade flopping out his big unpeeled dick for the Sucker kneeling between his thighs.

As a connoisseur of foreskin, act like a wine connoisseur. Check it out. At first sniff, is it two days since his foreskin was stripped back down his thick rod and its ring-around-the-mushroom crown licked clean? Or three? Or is it the heady aroma of a week, cooked up by him sweaty on a bike, athletic in a gym, workaday Trade on a construction site? Or has he stepped fresh from the barracks shower, having stripped back, for a good hard scrub, under his sergeant's command, the 2-inch cowl of his foreskin down the 9-inch neck of his shaft?

Tonight, out of college, out of

prison, out of work, how does he offer that treasured part of himself all men are born with and only the few, the proud, retain: his foreskin. Good anyway anyhow to men of unclipped taste, foreskin scrubbed fresh with soap or raunchy with headcheese is either way more rare than the finest Beluga caviar.

### **VAMPIRE HUNGER FOR FORESKINS**

A man's got to do what a man's got to do. There's no denying the hunger of the hunt for the spoor of foreskin of strange males. The Main Attraction is to the raw male smell, taste, and touch of foreskin. Tonight's big one with its own identifying scent is yet so like all the ones before and all the ones to come. Feasting insatiable. Living from uncut cock to uncut cock, this time, this adventure, this man, this flesh, this cock, this foreskin, your tongue, your mouth. Desiring the surprise of the smell and taste and texture of his redolent dickhead which he conceals, precious as smuggled jewels, behind the veil of his foreskin.

The ultimate mysteries of being male lie hidden no farther than the closest foreskin.

### **A FEW OF MY FAVORITE THINGS**

Is his foreskin the retractable roll that skins down around his dick's mushroom crown, down his long shaft, to the shorthairs at its root in his crotch? Or is his foreskin, tight-lipped, protective as the covershields on a missile silo, thick, yet so transparent the big head of his cock is almost visible? When the veins at the base of his vascular dick begin to boost the thrust of his creamy white load, will he shoot out through the cyclone eye of his unretracted foreskin? Or will he call for you to strip his 'skin back at the instant of his cuming, so he can feel the tight lifeguard's ring of untamed manhood slip down and around the crown of his cock at the same time he thrusts his load forward toward your face, shooting big white clots of cum into your mouth.

You savor the smell of his uncut dick fresh in your nose, sniffing and snorting, the rain of his sweat stinging your eyes, blinking, aching to see close-up his foreskin, elastic, warm, wet, slide slow back up to

canopy over his still hard cock, till the last of his cum drools out the iris eye of his foreskin, landing on your tongue, a clear thread pulling you up so you can fuck your tongue through the tight hole of his foreskin, your tongue entering his uncutness, circling his dickhead inside the foreskin, feeling your own rolled tongue be foreskinned by his tight uncut prepuce that he takes in his thumbs and in his forefingers, and stretches down the length of your hard uncut-circumcised tongue to its base root, holding you captive with his foreskin around your tongue until you cum.

### **GIMME SOME LIP!**

When a man's a sucker for uncut meat, he hankers, among other things he does, after Eden's unpeeled Apple. He longs for a lost time of innocence, his own world's. Gay Herman Melville's searching *Moby Dick* offers one of the funniest scenes in American literature when the sailors on deck vie for the privilege of slicing off the captured whales' foreskins which are so big the sailors climb inside them and parade around on deck in their foreskin drag, pretending they're the pope. If it's not the funniest scene, it's at least one of the sexiest, depending on one's sophisticated degree of JO imagination.

Okay. If you cringe when you hear a football player has been "cut," or was "clipped," close your eyes and cover your ears and cross your legs tight. Here comes that hateful word: *circumcision*. Like the crewcut, circumcision, at least in the USA, was pretty much a military "invention," first forced on teenage American farmboy recruits in 1916. The purpose of both the crewcut and the dick-cut was to make it easier for horny young warriors to keep themselves, and one hopes, each other, hygienically clean in the trenches. (I mean nothing's worse than a mile-long trench of uncut 19-year-old males from down on the farm, dreaming in their sweaty skivvies of gay Paree, right?)

### **ARKANSAS LUGGAGE**

When coupled with various religious rituals and the American obsession with cleanliness, which is next door to Godliness (and there goes the neighborhood), boy babies, born in the USA, stand hardly a

chance of keeping their foreskins, unless they happen to be natural-born rednecks in a rural community in the South. After all, one slang name for foreskin, *Arkansas Luggage* was coined by one of Gaydom's Great Foreskin Fathers, Old Reliable, whose videotapes feature dozens of strapping young, hung, Mountain Williams with enough foreskin to stretch from here to their Saturday night baths. What is it about the American South where hetero young men come out sexually in the back of pickup trucks listening to the Allman Brothers on the radio? I've studied videotape after videotape. I checked out the real thing. All I can say is uncut southern meat has a cachet all its own.

### **MAMAS, PLEASE LET YOUR BABIES HAVE FORESKINS!**

So much a matter of course is it to circumcize, and thus traumatize, boy babies, that the birthing fee in the US of A, and this is a fact, for girl babies is less than for boys, because the American medical establishment presupposes that all boys will be circumcized, and performs the most often unnecessary surgery without much, if any, consultation with the parents about their wishes. Ask any pregnant woman you know, or any woman, for that matter, what she thinks about circumcision, and most often she'll say she's really never thought about it. (Or if she has, she's in favor of it. Of course. But what would she say if Americans circumcized female labia after the fashion of certain African tribes?) Many fathers of boy babies are as insensitive, even if they're unclipped themselves. To follow up on this point, contact Rosemary Wiener (really, no pun), who heads up a worldwide Anti-circumcision campaign, including ways to restore the foreskin to the circumcised penis. (Non-Circumcision Center, PO Box 404, Ipswich, Massachusetts 01938).

### **TO CUT OR NOT TO BE**

Fetishes grow in the sweet recesses of the mind. Just as some men, who think circumcision is wrong, fantasize about foreskin, some men fantasize about circumcision. *Uncut* and *cut*, after all, are reciprocal terms. You can't think of

one without thinking of the other, just as the terms *father* and *son* are not understandable one without the other, because each defines the other and is meaningless without it. One likes to think that sophisticated fetishes are not for the mindless. In fact, the more perverted the mind, the more rich the fetish. (So who are these "clean" queens who wear cologne, and refuse, like masculine heretics, to kneel before the gift of a perfectly intact foreskin?)

### TRUE UNCUT CONFESSIONS!

When I was a young boy right after the Korean War, I overheard a story told by an uncle to my father that set "That Certain Click" spinning in my nine-year-old head. I didn't really understand the story until some years later, but when I did, I knew that back when I was the best little boy in the world the roots of a serious fetish were planted in fertile soil.

My uncle, who was, as were we all, Catholic, said that he had heard of an American Pollock POW who was captured by the Communists. (Remember, this was not just the Fifties; it was the Roman Catholic Fifties where the number one hit song all across the US for 35 weeks was "Dear Lady of Fatima," sung by no less than the Ink Spots, backed by Gordon Jenkins and His Orchestra and Chorus.) Forgive me, I lost my mind for a moment; but this story has led me off to a hundred different fantasies.

Anyway, the Reds (that once hair-raising term we no longer use) kept this American Pollock POW, my overheated and underventilated Catholic uncle said, in solitary confinement for nearly two years. Besides his confinement in solitary, his other repeated torture had to do with his foreskin. My uncle, who years later put the make on me, (I said no), told my father with some relish that the POW had an exceptionally big penis, even for American Pollock, and so he became an object of frequent display to the Koreans (Catch the racism) who were rather stubby in the meat department.

About once a month, the American Pollock POW was brought out from solitary and tied down spread-eagle naked on a large torture table where his big meat was displayed for the amusement of visiting North

---

### TRUE CLASSIFIEDS

About a dozen years ago, the following ad appeared in the *East Village Other*: "FORESKINS FOR SALE! Retired Navy doctor has collection of over 900 foreskins of sailors he circumcised while in USN. Will take highest offer. Send bid to: T. Sutton, 22 Wendell Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts." Don't bother to write. The address is long extinct! But what a concept! —JF

---

Korean and Russian brass. He was fondled. They made him hard and laughed at the freakish size of his meat and pulled at his foreskin. Each time he was displayed, a military doctor, a Russian, I think, took something like a pinking shears and cut, as if he were notching a gun, a small slit from his foreskin giving it as a war trophy to the ranking officer who wore it as a good luck charm. After his many months' incarceration, his beautiful thick foreskin had been perfectly ragged around the top, but was still full enough so that, for all intents and purposes, his big foreskin remained intact.

The point was, my uncle said, that when the POW was released, he found that the only way he really enjoyed sex was to have a bit of his foreskin clipped and sutured, because, again my uncle, said, in all those months of solitary captivity, he had come to long for the monthly rituals which were the only time anyone paid attention to him. (Didn't Lawrence of Arabia experience the same thing with whipping?) It made no matter if they abused him: hurt was better than nothing. That puts me in mind of William Faulkner

writing in *Wild Palms*: "If I had to choose between pain and nothing, I'd choose pain."

I guess, really, that Tortured-Big Dick Story tells more about my married, closeted uncle's psyche than anything else—except my psyche; but the point is, the story was an adventure of foreskin and made me think of my foreskin in a way I never had before, right at the time when my young dick was in the wild palms of my first pre-teen masturbations

#### **FORGET THE WHALES! SAVE THE FORESKINS!**

My story's not all that special. We all heard stories when we were boys playing alone and with each other. When however, you meet a man who flops out a big uncut dick, you think differently of him, value him somehow more, as one of the males who escaped, with his dick whole and intact, to full adulthood. A foreskin, like a warrior's shield, is a promise of unusual male potency, of outlaw wildness, of everything that is different from civilized society. Foreskin is not polite. Foreskin is barbaric. Foreskin is animal.

It was not for nothing that in the Old Testament the Israelites once demanded the foreskins of their conquered enemies. What a bloody, wild day that must have been: a thousand young men tied up and held down, screaming and thrashing as the cutting edge of the circumcision knife clipped off the sign that they were bold warriors and left them cut, clipped, circumcized to domesticate them like slaves.

Has there ever been a gay master or a gay hero in a gay story who was cut? Probably never. Gay men prefer an uncut piece of meat. And why not? If a man has a foreskin, he has one more sexual toy to play with. Some clean queens, and this is certainly no putdown of them, might prefer an Irish Spring foreskin to the musky wild foreskin most men find attractive. To each his own, yeah, buddy!

Can any man ever forget the thrill of the first time he rimmed the inside of a strange mans foreskin and tongued out the white clots of mung cheese? (Foreskin's the only place you can get it!)

Anyone who says *no* is a liar, or is too programmed by soap commercials and womanists who, next to making sure females are douched Pristine fresh with Summer's Eve, want to make sure that steps are taken to keep a dick clean, as if every smell were bad. We're not talking groaty foreskins—well, I am; you can take your own pick; but we're talking foreskins that are ripe to the point of raunch but not to the point of unhygienic crud. Protecting our mansmells is more than not using colognes and deodorants, it is all men protecting our foreskins, our own if we have one, and those of male neonates by getting to their fathers and educating them versus unnecessary circumcision before the obstetrician gets to cutting their sons.

#### **DOWN-N-DIRTY-N-OUT!**

Think of a college fraternity house. Think of a military barracks. Think of a college fraternity house. Think of long lines of young men standing bareass naked with their thick long dicks hanging down in row after row, each tipped with that nipple-like prepuce that protects the big heads of their big cocks, inches of dick, even more inches of foreskin, all of

them the same, and none of them alike, yet all together in wild, uncut fraternity, jerking off alone, pounding uncut pud together in circle jerks, fucking asshole with the foreskin slipping back and forth so easy on the rockhard shaft that no lube is necessary, heading into each other, docking the head of one dick, head to head, with another, pulling the

foreskin of one over the head of another, yet one more, a big-balled young blond with ten inches, stretching his foreskin wide with his own fingers, shoving his stud dick into the waiting mouth of the face across which he pulls, like a big mask, his entire foreskin, so the cocksucker's face is fully inside the stretched foreskin, breathing only the air inside

the huge foreskin masking his face, his mouth and throat opening farther and deeper to the huge blond dick ramming his throat.

Only in sex are there moments when a man can exit place and time and live suspended somewhere, transcended in perfect balance forever.

■