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INCHES

THE ORIGINAL BIG-BONED ENTERTAINMENT PACKAGE

APRIL 2000

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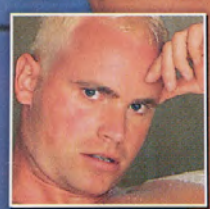
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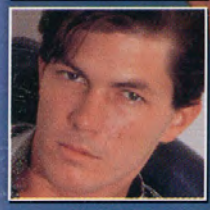
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APRIL 2000

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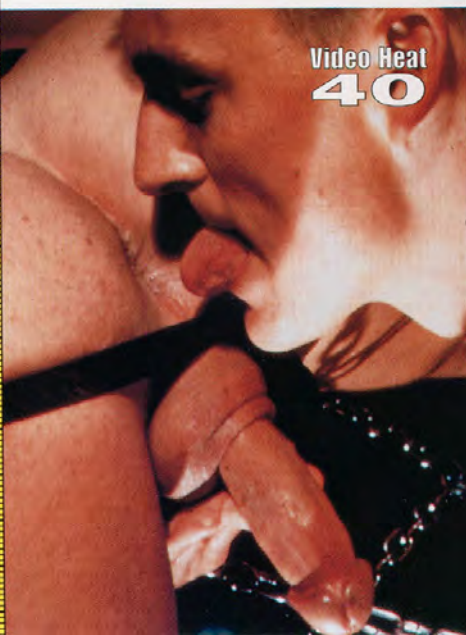
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E-Mail us at:
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HES
SP



"Dear Inches..."

email us at malemags@aol.com

FLAMING FORESKIN

Dear Inches,

I wanted to write and tell you I really enjoyed the **December 1999** issue with **Steve, Banana Flambé**. I have a thing with sex and food and this really got me going, seeing him smeared with whipped cream. This was totally HOT! I enjoy getting messy myself, smearing anything on my cock and body then jacking off covered with the goo. I get so horny every time I think about seeing a guy smearing food all over his cock and body.

Tim, via the Internet

COCK TO ROCK

Dear Inches,

I must say that your magazine topped 'em all when your **August 1999** issue featured coverhorse **Rocksteady**. He is hung like a horse all right and he keeps me steady-rock-hard all night long. Him and his beautiful body with those tattoos and that six-pack. That pretty hair and handsome face. And those toes that I'd love to suck on before I suck on his prize. Boy, you have a winner with this issue. I'm getting a lifetime membership. So please keep featuring Rocksteady. He's so worthy.

For real, Kharim in North Carolina

MENPALS

Dear Inches,

This letter is for **Rocksteady**: You are a handsome man with great assets. I would love to have you as a pen pal. If you have the time can you write me back? I enclosed an envelope and everything.

BTW: What does the "S" tattoo stand for?

London in Georgia

Like they say, 'If you have to ask...' But we'll be nice, it means super, like Superman.

HOT HAIRY HOLES

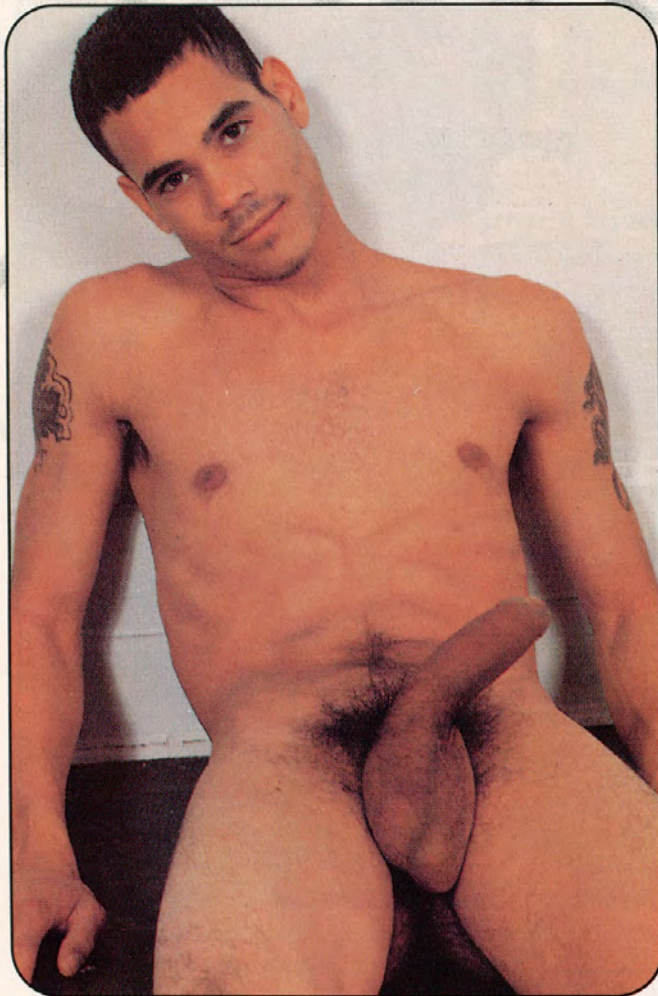
Dear Inches,

Every month I drool over the photos of men's beautiful cocks, asses and assholes in *Inches*. Your magazine is a joy to those of us who love men.



STEVE

DECEMBER '99



ROCK STEADY

AUGUST '99

I just want to thank you for your wonderful magazine. I wish I could kiss every cock and ass in your issues. But having your magazine is the next best thing.

I love *Inches*, Paul in NYC

MORE MOET, MORE

Dear *Inches*,

What a fabulous layout of **Moet** in the **November 1999** issue! I would love to suck his beautiful 9 & 3/4" cock and balls and lick his hairy asshole clean! Has he made a video yet or will he be making a video soon? I will be first in line to purchase it. I keep looking at his layout over and over again, fantasizing about sucking his gorgeous cock until his head caved in and swallowing his hot cum!

Hope you'll feature more of **Moet**.

RB in Michigan

We checked with Moet, and he hasn't made a video...yet. He's been approached and is thinking it over. We told him to take the plunge, so to speak. Maybe all this fan mail will help convince him.

TWO-HANDED SERVICE

Dear *Inches*,

I recently saw the photos of **Moet**, **November 1999**, and I must say I was very impressed with what I saw. You have unbelievable eyes. I might also mention your legs are very, very sexy and the middle leg is one of the most unbelievable I've ever seen, sexy wouldn't even begin to give that meat the justice it deserves.

I would enjoy watching us both enjoy your large dick. Enjoy the sheer size of it, the shape of that wonderful lizard is amazing. Watching as it becomes semihard, soft and rock-hard again. Oh, to pour baby oil on that big snake and work it with both of my hands and watch you work it with your two hands—because it is so large it demands two-handed service.

Ray in NYC

SEXY & STRAIGHT?

Dear **Brandon**,

I am a faithful reader of *Inches* magazine and was greatly surprised to see the beautiful "straight" body you have. I



MOET

NOVEMBER '99

know that it was a great privilege for the gay readers of *Inches* to have you drop your pants for us and bare it all.

I like that ass shot on p. 58; nothing makes me hotter than to see a hot piece of ass such as yours. I have jacked off everyday, several times a day just from your photos alone since I received the issue.

Many of us men will probably be hitting on you, knowing that you have a virgin ass—so tight. I urge you to just give in and let it happen. Be a bottom for us, experience that ultimate male ecstasy for yourself and become one of us.

We need to see more of you, so please get into the gay biz. You have a beautiful body to die for so don't just keep it for the weaker sex. Wow! A 9 1/2" cock! That would keep me happy for a long time.

Kraig in Anderson

P.S.—I forgot to mention your warm smile and those beautiful eyes, wow.

We get cum-buckets full of mail each day at Inches Headquarters—but Brandon Iron got the most mail of any model all year. Last year, Xavier set the record with the most



BRANDON IRON

NOVEMBER '99



TYRONE

SEPTEMBER '99

fans, but '99 belongs to Brandon and his big white Iron bar of a cock.

TO SHAVE, OR NOT TO SHAVE

Dear *Inches*,

Could you be kind and forward this message to **Brandon Iron**, the model who appears in the **November 1999** issue of *Inches*?

"Dear Brandon, I was going through my November *Inches* and saw you. I must admit, normally I probably would have thumbed through your pictorial without giving you a second thought or glance. HOWEVER, your closely trimmed pubic bush really caught my eye and I went in for a second look and actually even read your statement that you may consider doing a gay porno if you get enough interest. After studying your shaved body and pubes, I beat off looking at the pictures of you twice! Dude, you look **HOT AS HELL** the way you trim your pubes! What made you trim them like that? They're so fucking hot! Have you ever considered shaving them completely bare? You'd look even hotter. Please consider doing either a bisexual or gay porno and I'd be the first customer. Keep shaving dude. (And I

recommend shaving your pits, too.) You'd have me hooked for life. By the way, you got a real hot cock and body to boot."

Abe via the Internet

PLAYING WHOOPIE

Dear *Inches*,

I have never seen a penis like **Tyrone's, September 1999**. It is beautiful. All I can say is, "Whoop! There it is!" You go man.

London in Georgia

HARD AS IRON

Dear *Inches*,

I loved your layout in **Brandon Iron**. I would love to suck his beautiful dick and balls, plus lick and suck his asshole. What a dream come true that would be. I can taste your cum now, as I swallow it down my throat. My dick is so hard now as I write you this letter.

I would love to see you make some gay videos—fucking and getting sucked by the right cocksucker. At least consider making a j/o video. Looking forward to your first film.

RB in Michigan

IT WAS SO BIG

First, I want to say how much I enjoy *Inches* magazine and the new column, "It Was So Big." I've always been a size queen and enjoy reading about other guys who are into oversized cocks as well. I'm even into those Massive Studios guys that you publish in *Inches* as well. So far I've been afraid to pump myself, but I did meet a guy who was into it and it was really hot.

I think I became infatuated with really long cocks when I was just coming out. I'm a small guy, only about 5'6" tall. And my cock is less than average, only about 5 1/2" inches. Luckily, it doesn't shrink when it's soft, so in the shower I look like a normal guy. Just when I get hard, it gets thicker and harder.

But the first guy I ever had sex with was a tall skinny guy, about 20 years old. I was 30, and a late bloomer. If I had known what I was missing, I would have been much more active earlier.

I met this guy at a bar in my town. He was playing pool all the time, one of those guys that keeps playing pool so he doesn't have to talk to anyone. So I caught up to him in the bathroom and said hello. I was so nervous and excited that I don't remember how we ended up in his car out in the parking lot. But we did, and I was glad for it.

We were making small talk and he reached over and rubbed my crotch. I did the same. He actually asked me

to take it out, which I did. He didn't wait for me to ask him. He unzipped and had no underwear on. His cock was bent over on the side and I reached in for it and it was stuck.

His tight jeans were too tight. So he lifted up and it plopped out. Damn. It was huge.

Looking back, I'm sure my excitement made it bigger than it really was. But it took two hands to cover the whole thing. It was like playing that game with the baseball bat, hand over hand until whoever gets the last hand wins. Except I was the only one playing and thus, I won.

We jerked each other off. He tried to kiss me, but it was messy and we just kind of fumbled our open mouths against each other. When he was about to shoot, he grabbed himself and in two shakes, he shot a huge load up onto his belly. I was so wrapped up in watching him, I didn't even finish myself until I got home.

T.J. in Alameda, California



Write to *Inches* and tell us about the biggest dick you ever saw. Tell us what it looked like and how it tasted.

Send us your true-life stories of monster meat.

It Was So Big
***Inches* Magazine**
462 Broadway, #4000
New York, NY 10013
Itwassobig@att.net

**P.J.
MAAS**
READY TO
POUND

8 1/2

8"













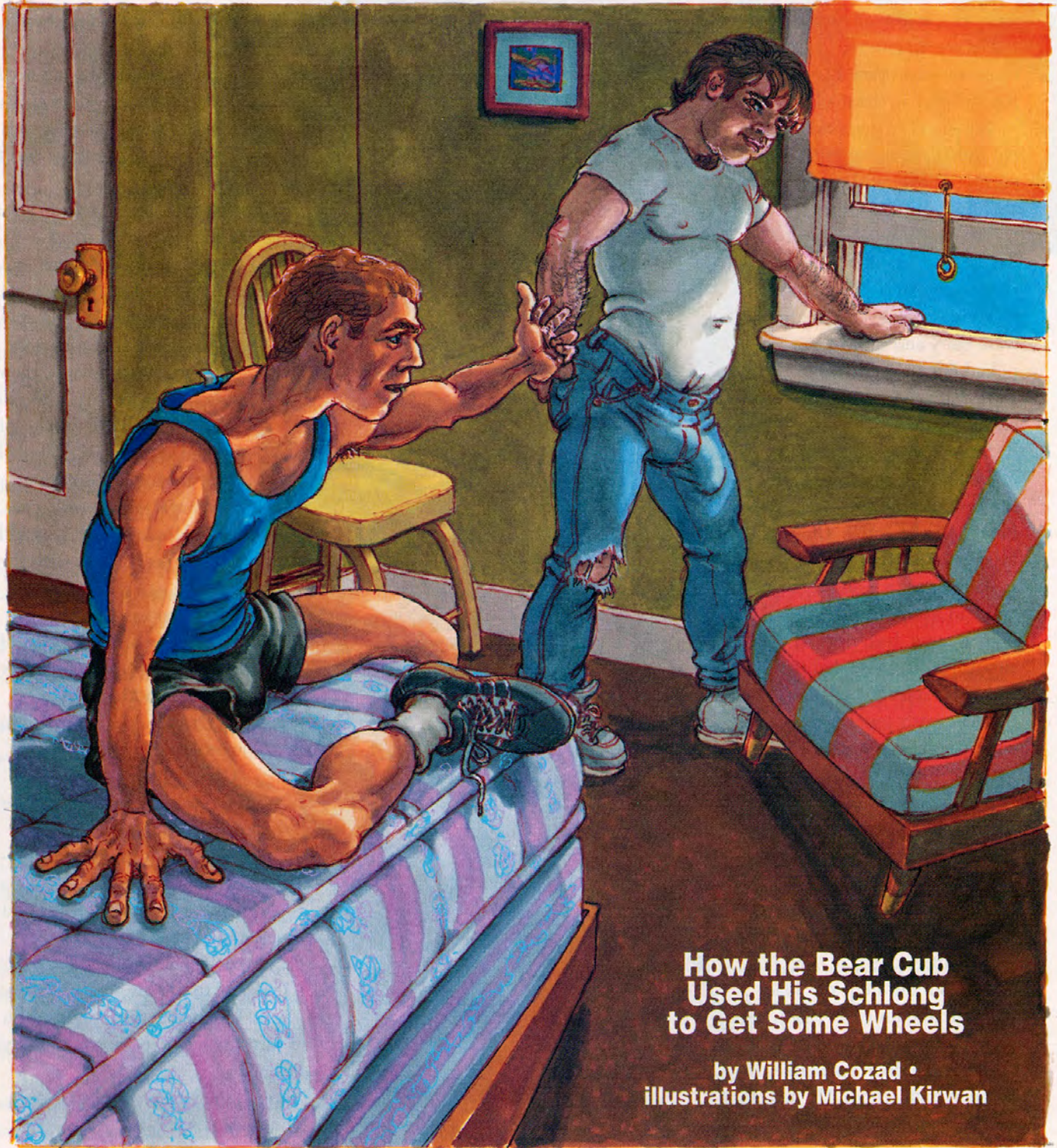
My buddy Bob tipped me off to a guy he thought I'd like, this bagger at the supermarket in the mall.

Bob knew my type. I liked younger guys. He liked older guys, so there was never any competition between us for tricks.

My dream man was a classmate back in high school. His name was Gene and he was the fullback on the football team. He was short and stocky, with buzz-cut black hair and blue eyes. One time I saw him naked in the locker room after my

BAGGIN' IT

last period of gym class. The football players were suiting up for practice. Gene's body was brawny and covered with black hair. He had a long cut cock and big balls.



**How the Bear Cub
Used His Schlong
to Get Some Wheels**

by William Cozad •
illustrations by Michael Kirwan

I gawked at him, but he didn't notice because he was talking to another player. I felt my dick start to stiffen. So I skipped the required shower and got the hell out of there before I got a big boner and made a fool out of myself.

After that, I spent hours beating my meat and fantasizing about the hairy jock. I spilled plenty of loads over him. But I never got so much as a whiff of his crotch. He was friendly. He hung out with his jock buddies and I was an outsider.

Later on, I got to suck some bear-cub dick and get fucked by them. But Gene remained my idol. The last I heard he was a cop in a small town upstate.

Responding to my buddy Bob's tip, the next afternoon I went to the supermarket in the mall.

Right away, I scoped out the guy bagging groceries at the end of a checkout stand. He was breathtaking, like he stepped out of a wet dream. He was short and beefy. He had brown hair and brown eyes. His arms were hairy and tufts of hair poked out from his white shirt that was open at the collar.

Stumbling on a big display of canned veggies on sale at the end of an aisle, I got an idea. My old uncle Charley lived in town. He always worried about natural disasters and had a supply of food, bottled water, batteries and survival stuff. I decided to add to his stash. I loaded up the cart with several cans of corn, peas and beans.

I got in line at the checkout stand where the bear cub was bagging groceries. He gave me a funny look. Maybe he'd seen me watching him. His name tag said Sam.

He put the cans in paper sacks inside plastic bags and placed them in the cart.

"Could you help me load this stuff into my car?" I said.

"Absolutely sir."

He had a deep voice like Gene in high school. He had a little beard shadow that made

him look sexy as hell. I got a tingly sensation in my balls when I imagined rubbing my hard dick over his stubble.

He wheeled the cart out to my car in the lot. I nervously opened the trunk and he loaded it up. I got a look at those muscular hairy arms and the opening at the back of the blue apron that showed his macho butt in jeans. If I touched that butt I'd cream my shorts. Of course, I didn't dare.

Opening my wallet, I handed him a five-dollar bill as a tip.

"This is a five, sir."

"I know. It's yours."

"Oh thank you, sir."

I got a parting glance at his beefy butt in denim when he wheeled the car back.

I was so distracted thinking about Sam it was hard to concentrate on my driving. He was perfect, everything I liked in a cub. Not since Gene in high school had I seen such a beauty.

Back at home, I concocted a plan to trap him, so to speak.

The next afternoon I went back to the supermarket in the mall. There was Sam bagging groceries at the end of a checkout stand.

It was the last day of their sale according to the ad sheet. The huge stacks of canned veggies had dwindled down. I loaded up the grocery cart with several cans.

Old Uncle Charley would be deliriously happy with the gift.

The cashier rang up the cans. Sam gave me a boyish grin of recognition. Guess he knew he'd get another fiver.

"Can I help you put this in your car, sir?"

"Oh yes, please."

He remembered me and he remembered my car.

"Got a big family, sir? I mean buying all the canned food."

"Nope. It's to stock up my old uncle's food bank."

I watched him load up the trunk. I wanted to rub his muscular hairy arms. I wanted to lick his butt which I was sure had to be fuzzy. I felt my dick ooze.

I slipped the bagger another fiver.

"Oh thank you, sir."



"Say Sam, isn't it?"

"Yes sir."

"How'd you like to make fifty bucks? I've got to move some furniture and need some help."

"Yes sir. I'm off work tomorrow."

"That's great. Could I pick you up in the parking lot around noon?"

"I'll be here."

I brazenly looked at the bulge in his crotch that showed despite the blue apron. He pushed the shopping cart back to the store. I looked at his macho butt in jeans and my dick ached in my pants.

That night I set up the plan with my buddy Bob. I was going to give him that old set of cherry wood furniture that he liked because I was going to make the room into a home office. I needed a key to his place and needed to borrow his pickup while he was at work. That way I could haul the furniture and later take all those cans to Uncle Charley.

At noon, I drove Bob's truck to the parking lot at the mall.

Sam was waiting for me. He looked so cute in a white T-shirt and jeans.

"Hop in," I said.

I drove him to my place. He told me he was a high school senior and had just turned eighteen. His father died three years ago in an accident at the factory where he worked.

At my place, we loaded up the bedroom set and hauled it to my buddy's house. We set it up in the empty room. It took less than an hour.

Sam was strong and didn't work up a sweat like I did. Most of my sweat was from being in heat and looking at him.

"Hey Sam. How would you like to make another fifty?"

I stared right at his crotch.

"You one of them pervs?"

"I'd like to see you naked and fool around a little. I won't do anything you don't like."

"Never done that kind of shit before."

He was shy and innocent. He kept glancing at me. But he took off his T-shirt. His chest was fuzzy like I expected. He had big nipples. Just enough fat to make him irresistible.

He kicked off his sneakers. He pulled off his jeans. His legs were hairy and muscular.

He peeled down his white cotton briefs and kicked them off. He had a dense brown bush. His dick was soft, plump and clipped. He had big balls. His butt was fuzzy.



**I RUBBED
MY HARD
DICK ALL
OVER HIS STUBBLE**

He sat down on the mattress on the bed.

Kneeling down between his legs, I licked his inner thighs. I lapped his mossy balls and his dick stiffened. Hard, his dick was like a plump weenie, around nine inches. For a small guy, it was huge.

I positioned him on his back on the bed. He didn't resist. I sat down on the edge of the mattress. His big dick throbbled. He was my idea of a hunky macho guy. He wore just a pair of white cotton socks.

His brown eyes smoldered. He was curious I could tell. I took it slow and easy so he wouldn't freak.

Bending over him, I swabbed his fuzzy chest. I rubbed and sucked on his nipples until they were hard. I lapped at his belly.

I clasped his hot, throbbing dick. Pre-cum bubbled out of the pee-hole. I slurped up the sweet goo. I slowly jacked his dick while I gobbled up his balls, managing to stuff both of them into my mouth.

"Man, I'm gonna shoot my wad!"

Not about to miss that, I swooped down on his pulsing prick and got my lips sealed around the mushroom head just in time. It squirted into my mouth like a soft-centered candy and tasted just as sweet.



**I CAN
SHOOT
AGAIN
—IF YOU
WANT
ME TO**

I gulped his cream and devoured his dick down to the root, with my nose buried in his brown bush. I kept my lips clamped on his dick until I got every last drop of his load. His dick softened slightly.

Glancing up at him, I saw the satisfied grin on his face.

"I can shoot again if you want me to," he said.

"Oh yeah, butch. Can you ever get enough of a good thing?"

I nuzzled around with my nose under his wet nuts. I licked the cord of flesh that led to his hairy asscrack.

"Whatcha doing?" he said.

"Wanna lick your asshole?"

"Oh! I don't believe this."

He believed it when I stuck my tongue into his buttercrack. He instinctively lifted up, giving me better access. His asshole tasted tangy. Only problem was that the wild hair growing out of his asshole was thick like steel wool. But I licked away.

I was tempted to stick my finger up there, but I didn't want to risk him jumping up and getting dressed.

I was ready to devour his dick for another blowjob. But my asshole was twitching up a storm.

"You've got a stud's dick. Bet you like to fuck with that big thing," I said.

"Yeah. But I never did that, neither. I got to finger a pussy, but she stopped me because she didn't wanna get knocked up."

His big dick was throbbing wildly and leaking like a sieve.

"I'm so horny I'll fuck any hole now."

I dropped my pants and lay down on my belly on the mattress.

Sam climbed on top of me.

I watched over my shoulder. Reaching back, I got a gob of spit in my crack. I don't even remember the last time I got fucked. But I wanted it now. I wanted to get fucked by this bear cub. I spread my ass cheeks.

"Stick it in me. Got a hot, tight ass for you."

He rubbed his drooling dick in my crack and punched the bloated crown into my asshole.

He lay down on top of me. That gave me just enough time to get used to his invading fuckmeat.

"Fuck me, Sam. Fuck me in the ass."

He humped slowly at first. I bucked back.

"Give it to me, every inch of that dick."

He started to ram my hole. He was grunting and groaning.

"Oh yeah, you're a natural born stickman," I muttered.

I loved the feel of his hairy body against my exposed smooth skin.

Just when the stroking started to feel real good, he crammed his cock all the way inside me and flushed his nuts against my ass.

"Fucking cumming, man!"

He collapsed on top of me and shuddered while he deposited his load.

I clutched the top of the mattress. From the friction of my hard dick rubbing against the mattress, I spurted a cum puddle. My asshole contracted around his cock until it softened and fell out.

Sam got off me and put on his duds. I arranged my clothes.

I gave him the promised money.

I drove him back to the mall because he lived nearby. He didn't talk much, so I turned on the pickup radio that was on a country-music station.

"Can I see you again, Sam? I'll pay you, of course."

"Hell yes. I mean...I need the bucks for car payments."

I gave him my phone number.

Sam eventually got his wheels and I got my bear meat whenever I wanted.

INCHES
IMPORT
VICTOR
PÉCS, HUNGARY

19

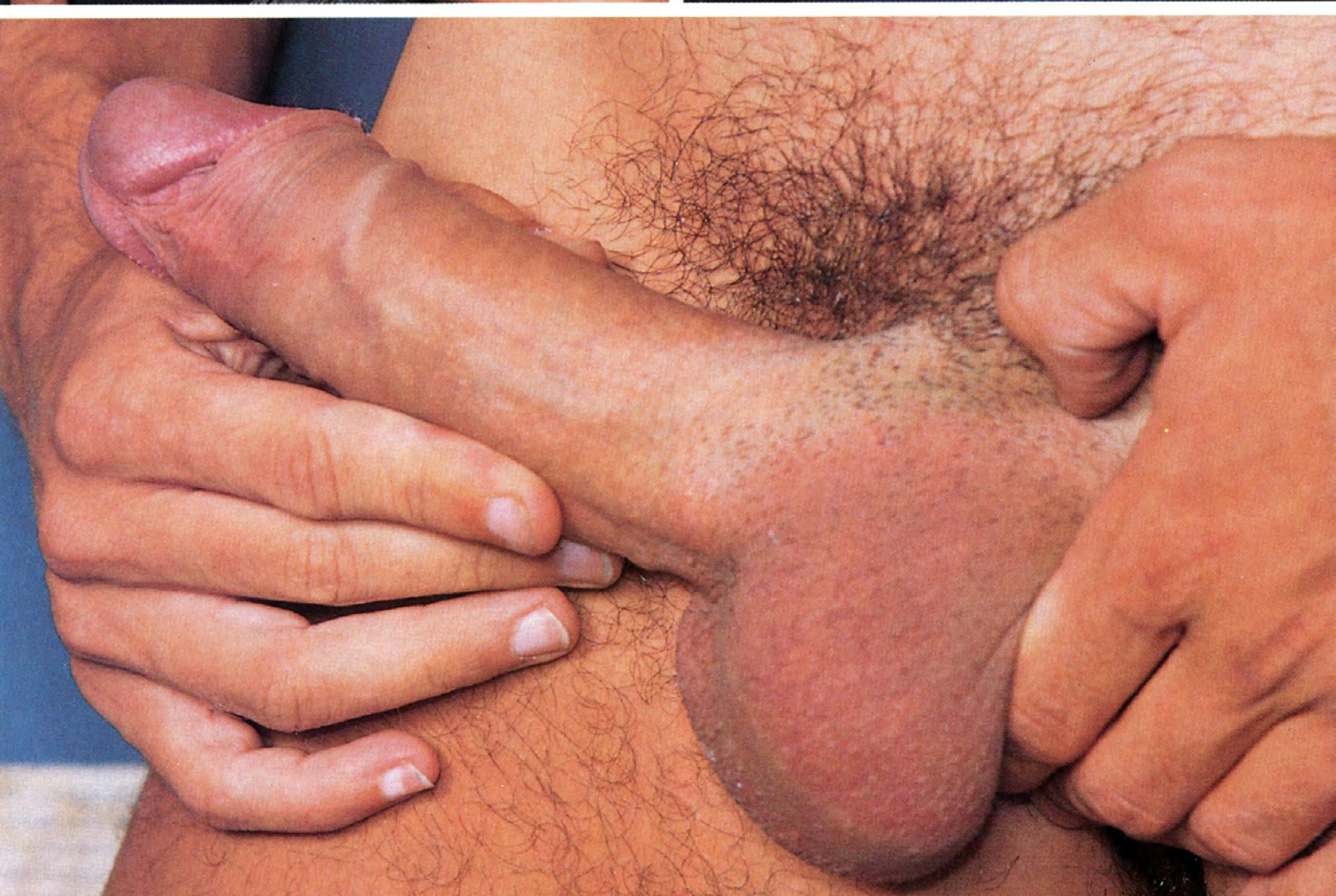
We know when a photographer calls and says, "I found a guy in Pécs," he's going to be amazing. Victor is no exception to this rule. Pécs is a town in Hungary, way down in the south, almost to Serbia. There isn't much of a gay scene, and Victor tells us he's thinking about moving at least to Budapest, if not "to America." Seems he's been to the ol' US of A in high school on some sort of exchange program. We couldn't get the details, but it sounded like he got a taste of American cock and well, he's been hooked ever since. ■

STATS

BORN:	6/1/74
RESIDES:	Pécs, Hungary
HEIGHT:	5'11"
WEIGHT:	190 lbs.
COCK:	9"
TYPE:	Top















JORDAN FELIX

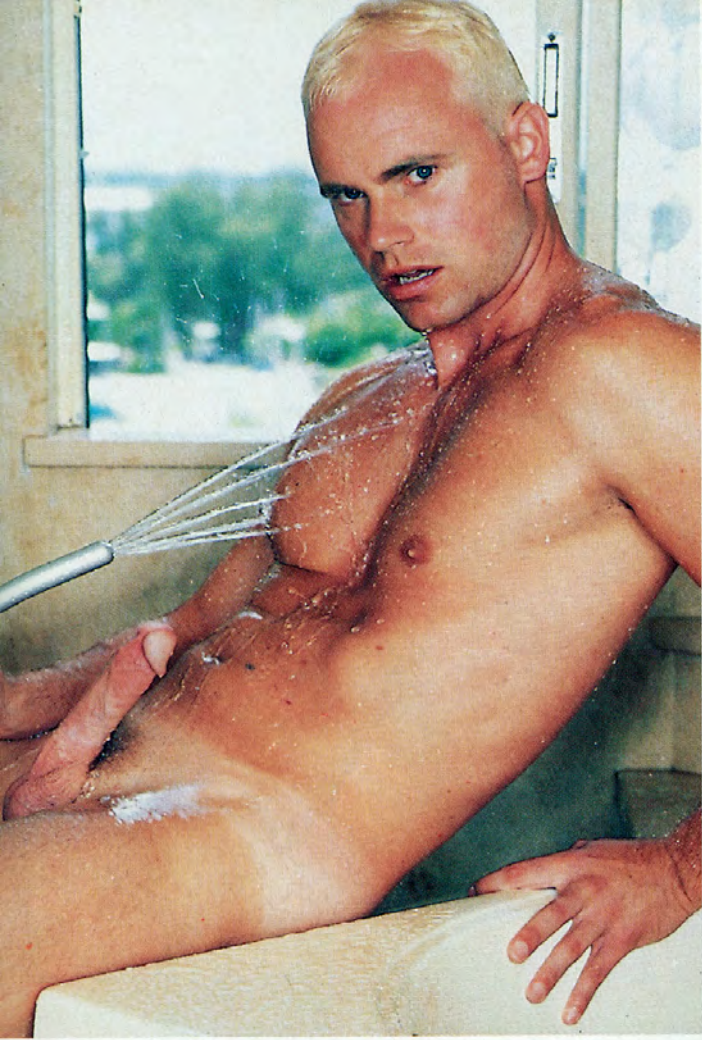
Jordan isn't the only thing that gets wet in Kristen Bjorn's latest fuck flick—**Wet Dreams Part II**. In addition to a couple of shower scenes, let's just say several guys get sprayed. ■

26"

photos by KRISTEN BJORN VIDEO













A New Kristen Bjorn Video

Sweet Dreams

Parts 1 and 2



25 Hot Men!

Kristen Bjorn has done it again! Twenty-five of the world's sexiest men right out of your wettest dreams get down and dirty just for your pleasure in this two-part sex adventure fantasy. There are no holes barred here; it's wet, it's wild, and it's every man for himself!



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221 S.W. 22nd Ave, suite 210 Miami, FL 33135

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TROY MASTERS

34"

I know a lot of guys who get off on having sex outside. I guess I'm not very original in that way. But for me, it's not even so much as having sex outside, but getting naked, whacking off or even watching other guys get off—that's what I really like.

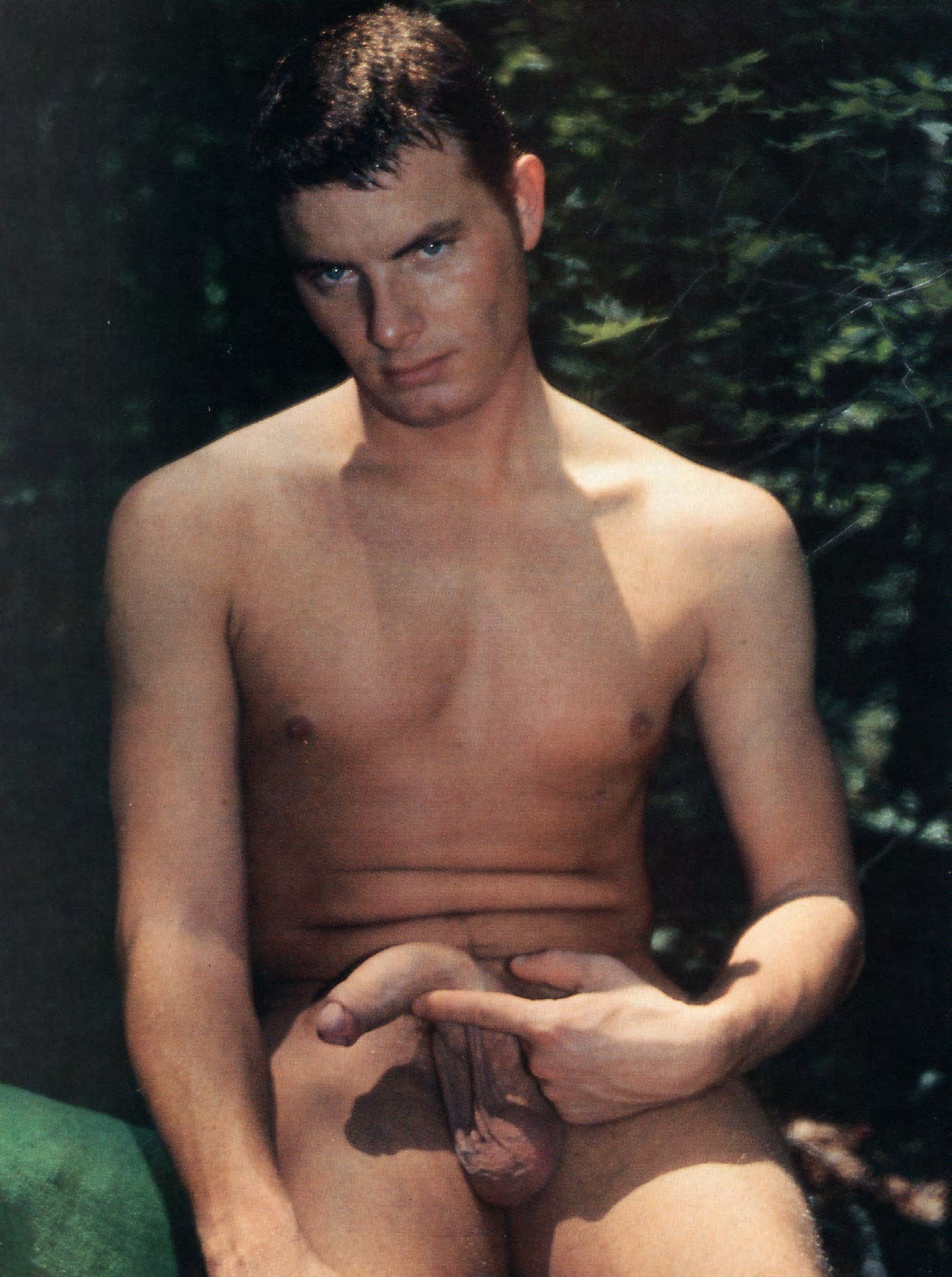
"Years ago, I'd just gotten a car and was hanging out at this local cruising place. It wasn't a very popular place. I mean, there were a lot of cars but not a lot of action. So one time, I got out and decided to take a walk. I was so horny it was getting to my brain. I really needed some air.

"I walked down towards this open area and I saw two guys talking to each other. They were standing really close and it was so dark, I couldn't see if they were actually doing anything. I walked a bit closer and they looked over. I thought they would stop, or say something or whatever. But they didn't. In fact, they seemed to not mind me watching them.

"When my eyes finally adjusted, I could see they had their dicks out. One of the guys was rock-hard. His dick was standing at attention like it was ready to shoot at any second. The other was much longer, but soft and looked too big to get hard. The guy, who was really hard, stopped the other guy from jacking him off. Then he got down on his knees and started to blow him.

"The guy getting blown looked over at me and nodded. I was kneading my cock through my pants and I took this as a sign it'd be okay to unzip. I pulled out my cock and started jacking off. Soon Mr. Floppy cock was shooting a load and the hard guy was grabbing for his cock and shooting as well. Then before I knew it, I had a handful of cum in my own hand." ■













Video Heat

by Jack Preston

BUTTMUNCH 2: Back To The Crack

Starring Casey Williams, Dean Temple, Lee Driver, Luke Savage, David Pierre, Vince Banderó, Ralph Steel and Spike. Directed by Chi Chi LaRue. All Worlds Video; 1-800-537-8024

If you're the kind of guy who always has a fourth cup of coffee, who always wants more of everything, who can't say no to anything, like...assplay: This video is for you.

You can always count on director **Chi Chi LaRue** for some great rim shots in her videos but this one is pure buttole violation. These hunky men are so into ass, there is little need for setup. They get right down to it. So grab your second, or third cup of something warm and dark and fill it to the rim—**Buttmunch II** is here.

Each scene starts with the eager young sex warriors in jocks and boots, shaved clean and tongue-ready. It's just a matter of a little wrestling as to who is gonna be the lick and who gets a lickin'. First up are **Dean Temple** and **David Pierre** in a hot, wet, grab-n-spread, spit-n-lick fest. These two spin on a dentist's chair and do everything but drill each other's teeth. No bad, scripted dialogue here. When Dean says "lick that ass" he means it. Good to see men enjoy their work. Pierre drills Temple while Temple spreads his legs in every position imaginable. Of course, Temple does turn the tables occasionally—these guys are versatile you know—but Pierre knows which side of Temple's is up.

Next up: **Spike** with his tongue between **Luke Savage's** well-worked-out ass. Sporting a black jockstrap with his cock hanging out, Luke seems to be enjoying his work as well. **Lee Driver** blows Spike with slow, deliberate expertise. He takes his time working Spike's crotch to distraction. Spike keeps looking up from his work to admire Driver's technique as Lee keeps driving down on



**David Pierre & Dean Temple
in BUTTMUNCH 2**

Spike. After, Lee rides Luke's back so Spike can suck and tongue them virtually at the same time. Spike ends up servicing Luke and Lee, deep-throat style, on his knees, until cum is streaming down his chest into his jockstrap.

Quick cut to the all-purpose, chain-link spiderweb. You know the one on the box cover: It's the latest accessory for the sexually obsessed. The grand finale starts with a four-way and there are some new faces crawling up in some shiny butts. This final scene is actually a series of scenes linked together and overlapping. At one point, one of our studs comes charging in from off-screen as if being sent in from the bench by the coach. He dives into Lee Driver's ass—and who wouldn't want to? This is where I like to watch what I call the "video in the video." Put your VCR on slow

motion while Lee is getting his ass tongue-fucked. You can see **Ralph Steel's** spit dripping off Lee's hole into his red jockstrap. What a face, what a cock and what an ass!

Later, we see the repairing of Temple and Pierre. If I were Temple I would have begged to have Pierre back up

my ass for another scene. If there were a Tongue Olympics, Pierre would be a contender. Chi Chi explores a wide variety of positions and angles for her camera and the toned muscle studs continue to perform semi-gymnastic spread-legged maneuvers until the very end. The last scene has Pierre sitting on Ralph's long stiff rod while the entire cast jerks off onto his chest. Just good, wet, slippery, hot fun if you ask me.

SEX FOR SALE

Starring Tim Vinzent, Damion, Florian Manns, Steve, Kris Wolff, Wolfgang. Directed by Jorg Andreas. Executive Producer: Jurgen Anger, A Cazzo Film, All Worlds International; 1-800-537-8024

"Six hot, nasty, oral, hung, German men want to show you a good time. We really know how to suck and fuck, give or get. Great at both."

That's how the personal ad would read if the six guys in **Sex For Sale** were really for sale. The first time I watched this video I thought there were more than six because these guys do it all. (Way to get the mileage out of these porn stars!)

Forget about super-duper close-ups and ten-minute blowjobs, this action is filmed in real time. These men are just having a good time and director, **Jorg Andreas**, moves around to get it all on video. And get it all he does.

They start out in an Internet Studio where **Wolfgang** and **Steve** torment **Tim Vinzent** in his living room via an



Scream if you want Thom Barron to suck in KRAFTSPORT

Internet-cam. Steve rams a dildo up Wolfgang's ass as Tim jerks himself off. After Tim sprays his juice all over the monitor, Steve and Wolfgang sign off to have a little fun offline. Wolfgang turns on Steve and now it's his turn with the dildo. But that's not enough for Steve so while Wolfgang's cock is up Steve's ass, he shoves a dildo up there as well and double-fucks him.

Next, they romp through a photo studio where Steve gets into it with **Kris Wolff** and Tim. After Steve jerks off his beautiful, thick, uncut, German cock, Tim fucks the hell out of Kris until he shoots buckets of cum all over his chest, the couch and (what a hot, sticky, wet mess) the floor. Then it's off to a nearby hotel where we meet, in my opinion, the star of this video, **Florian Manns**.

Wolfgang goes to his room, gets naked with Florian and they proceed to fuck each other into a frenzy. From the way Florian keeps saying "ohhh yaaa" I would say he was really into it. No limp dicks here. Wolfgang pushes all of Florian's buttons.

These slender, muscular men are giving it to each other long and hard. There is a "hole hell of a lot more action," but you'll just have to check *Sex For Sale* out for yourself.



Dean Temple dives into David Pierre in BUTTMUNCH 2



**You can keep your sneakers on
in KRAFTSPORT**

KRAFTSPORT

Starring Dirk Stahl, Thom Barron, Lars Freimann, Xerxes, C.H., Kai Harth, Ralf Steel, Ruben, Rack. Directed by Jorg Andreas and Executive Produced by Jurgen Anger. A Cazzo Film, All Worlds International; 1-800-537-8024

In keeping with this month's German Film Festival theme, I bring to you another **Jurgen Anger** film. This one is set in a gym because we all want to work out and get fucked at the same time—don't we? It's the most efficient way to get instant validation on your pumped-up peecs, don'tcha think?

Kraftsport starts with three men watching a beautiful blond work his handsome chest. **Kai Harth**, the stunning, full-lipped, blond muscle hunk, eventually gives in to the leering crowd and blows each hung gym member. I know that's the way it happens at my gym. **Thom Barron, Ralf Steel** and **Dirk Stahl** enjoy Kai's oral services before pulling his shorts down to rim his hot ass. Kai rides Thom on the bench until they lay him down and Ralf climbs on top to pump him till he cums.

A little cell-phone action follows between rutty redhead **Lars Freimann** and a sexy black man, **Ruben**. Since I don't understand German, I will just have to guess what they said to each other. Judging from the following scenes they must have said, "Let's ride our bikes to the gym and get the hell fucked out of us!"

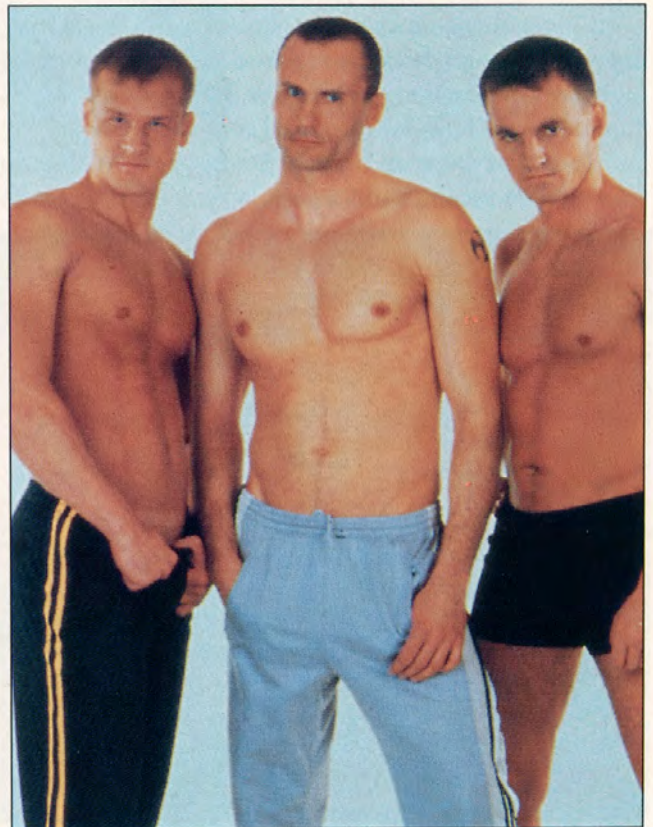
While changing, Ruben sees the gorgeous Kai emerging from the showers all fresh and ready-to-go again. Ruben lets Kai blow his huge black meat, then Kai fucks him. Kudos to Kai for going from superbottom in the previous scene to

quite an enthusiastic Top with Ruben. Who knew German men were so versatile?

Finished with Kai, Ruben tries to work his chest when two horny Tops accost him and fuck him hard against the equipment. It seems very difficult to get through a chest workout at this gym.

Nothing against all that came before, but my favorite scene is the last. Two studs bump into each other at the front desk and start to fight. Obviously, the gym policy is: any fighting will be settled by seminude wrestling. Cool. The rules appear to be that the one who rips the other's shorts off first—while simultaneously sticking his dick in the other's face—wins. Well, Thom was the big loser, so he had to stay on his hands and knees

while Ralf and the referee fucked him relentlessly. Sounds like everyone wins to me. Where is this gym located? And...how much does a membership cost?

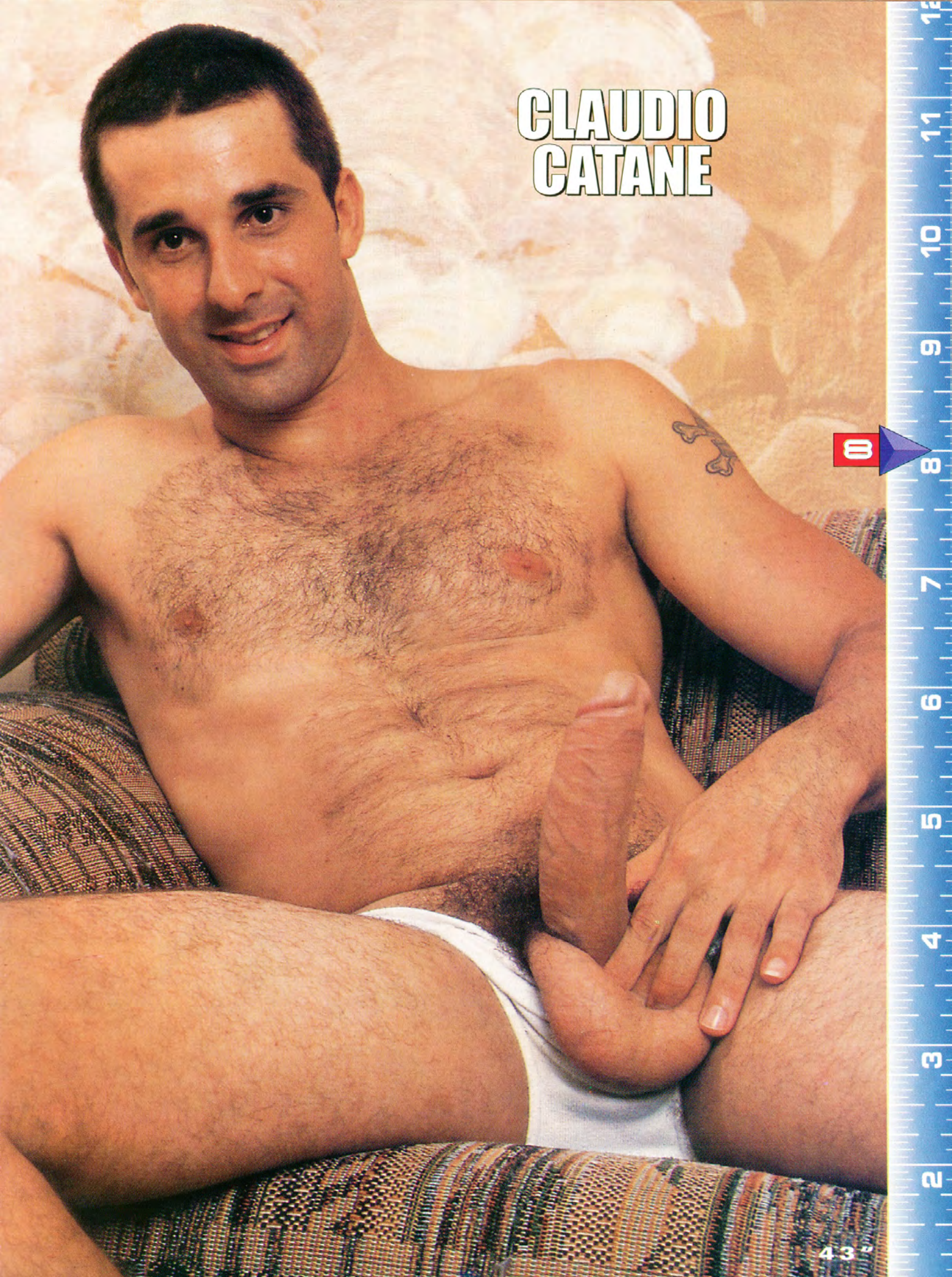


**Thom Barron, Dirk Stahl and Ralf Steel
in KRAFTSPORT**

CLAUDIO CATANE

0

43

















ITCHES
APRIL 2000



MIDNIGHT JACKS

**All Jacking,
All The Time:
Brothers Beat
their Meat**

by Jim Lee
illustrations by B-way



Phil Bartlett and the well-built, black man whose apartment faced his, never spoke a word to each other. Even so, they had a hot and nasty thing going on.

It started innocently enough when one day the handsome black stud left his curtains open and Phil happened to glance across the way at just the right moment. He watched his hunky, almost jet-black neighbor enter the living room with nothing but a towel wrapped around his waist.

“Straight from the shower,” Phil murmured to himself, grasping the obvious even as he enjoyed the moist glisten of the anonymous neighbor’s muscular yet almost hairless upper body. It sure as shit wasn’t the only thing that Phil Bartlett wished he could grasp as he watched the man saunter before his eyes.

His neighbor had a rounded, almost bullet-shaped head that was shaved smooth. He had knowing eyes and extra-large lips that assumed a dick-sucking pucker of their own accord. There were some papers on a low table that the man was intent on studying. Phil watched the ebony figure’s trim, toned waist bend forward. The man reached for the papers, unthinkingly releasing the grip that held the damp towel together at his hip.

The towel slithered down a flawless and, at least to the hopelessly white-bread Phil Bartlett, exotic pelvis. “Oh, jeeze!” Phil moaned, getting his first-ever good look at the black man’s real live dick.

The flaccid, swaying dick was huge. And Phil sat right down on a chair. Phil stared and moaned, holding his own pink shaft through his pants and dreaming of getting his mouth around that absolutely gorgeous length of dark meat.

The black man’s head turned slightly and he looked down his naked body with a slight frown. Clutching his paperwork in one hand, he bent over to snag the fallen towel with the other. His shift of position made his black dick sway more vigorously and gave Phil a fleeting, straight-on glimpse of the rich, kinky forest of hair immediately surrounding the stud’s wide base and tight, high, almost purple balls.

To Phil’s mind, there was no choice at all. He eased onto his feet again, took his pants and undershorts to his knees. Staring intently, hoping without hope that the nameless dream in glistening ebony would look out his window and make eye contact, Phil began to fist his own piece of manflesh.

Phil was hard, his tool jutting upward on its own within a fleeting handful of urgent strokes. Then, he got his wish.

The neighbor shook the towel out in his hand, glanced up and out the window with a bland expression on his handsome face. He dabbed moisture from his long thigh and frowned, as if something half-seen had finally registered. The black man’s head came back up. His eyes met Phil’s.

Phil froze. He didn’t move a muscle, even the throbbing pink meat in his fist was motionless as his anonymous neighbor moved quickly to the side of his living room window and pulled the cord that cut off Phil’s viewing pleasure.

The next couple days, Phil was afraid the black man would do something. Complain to his building manager or try to get the cops on him for peeping, maybe. Or come to Phil in person!

That one had Phil’s head swirling with mixed feelings.

What he wouldn't give to have that excellent, chocolate-covered stud muffin in the same room with him! If it was just to sock him in the nose, that wouldn't be so hot. But if Phil got the black man there and somehow found the right words?

Yeah. A great dream. But only a dream.

Phil Bartlett had enough trouble getting with hot white guys! In the presence of that black fuckdream, he knew for certain he'd be hopelessly tongue-tied.

And now that his neighbor knew how easy it was for Phil to see into his apartment, the stud was sure to be more careful about the curtains. Unless, of course, a miracle happened and the new, dark star of Phil's most fevered sex dreams decided he liked having a white guy staring, jerking off to the sight of him. "And what," Phil asked himself, "were the chances of that?"

Better, it turned out than he had imagined.

Four nights after that first incident, Phil noticed out of the corner of his eye that his neighbor across the courtyard had his curtains open again. Lights were on in the black stud's living room, but seductively dimmed. Then, as Phil watched with a dry mouth and a sudden lump in his pants, his dusky fuckdream stepped into plain view.

The black man was naked. Absolutely, lusciously and knowingly naked. His dick was hard, too. Jutting forward, proud and delicately curved upward at midshaft. A dab of glistening pre-cum was at its tip and it wiggled with the rest of his fabulous dark tool as the man turned, leaned back to park his elbows on the shelf of his wet bar. His entire body angled backwards, hands folded loosely together and resting just above his hard dick and hairy crotch at his sides, the black stud's head turned effortlessly and without hurry.

He looked straight out his window, through Phil's matching window and straight into Phil's eyes.

Trembling, Phil nodded acknowledgment. He watched the black man open one hand, ease it down. Phil stared in helpless admiration as his anonymous neighbor slowly, openly masturbated for his viewing pleasure.

The black man pumped and pumped his tool as Phil watched. Grimacing to hold back his eruption an extra second, the stud suddenly cupped his other hand and thrust it down around the business end of his shivering erection. He took his eyes off Phil, stared down with his neighbor.

Together, they winced and shuddered as the black man's dick gushed, his balls emptied out into his cupped hand.

Straightening and catching his breath, the nameless study in ebony looked directly across at Phil. He raised his cupped hand, licked it without letting his neighbor see too much. Then he turned his hand and eased his fingers wide apart.



The sight of the black man's pale palm, gooey and dripping seed, and the one narrow band down the middle that was clean, freshly licked as the walking fuckdream ate a bit of his own semen, made Phil groan aloud.

He was on his feet, pants down and white dick in his hand in a flurry of activity. Even so, he had to jerk off alone. His studly neighbor pulled the curtains shut and turned away, uninterested in watching Phil.

Phil was somewhat hurt by his neighbor's one-sided attitude. But only somewhat. And a few days later, when the black stud brought home a hunky white guy and they fucked furiously on the dreamfuck's couch, the curtains gaping wide as the submissive white stranger's mouth as Phil's neighbor aggressively fucked the guy's lucky face, Phil decided all was forgiven.

It seemed especially so to Phil, when his neighbor's head turned at last and nodded approval of Phil's staring eyes. The stud was holding his white fuck's head down in his lap, hunching against the desperately sucking white face and staring at the incipient, interracial deep-throating. Then, still holding the white guy's skull and poking at his tonsils, Phil's neighbor was grinning right at Phil, as if to say: "This could be you, white man!"

Later, without ever letting the white stranger know they were performing for an audience, Phil's neighbor fucked the guy relentlessly in the ass. The dark stud grinned, pushed the guy's face down on the cushions and wrenched free, spurting all over his unknowing guest's back after shedding his condom. And Phil's anonymous buddy turned his head, winked just for Phil to see.

After the white guy sucked that black dick spotless and kissed the fuckdream's feet, the man dressed and left Phil's neighbor alone in the apartment.

This time, the black man stood impassively. He held his flaccid, well-fucked dick loosely and watched at the window as Phil jerked off, spattering his own window with cream. Then the black man held up a piece of paper. The message said: "Saturday night, 9:00. Be watching. You'll be glad you did!"

Fingering the smear of his own semen on his picture window, Phil Bartlett nodded.

That Saturday night, Phil thought his eyes might bug right out of his skull. That, or his 26-year-old heart might fail him, exploding from pounding overwork in his chest!

The black men arrived one by one, a total of four ebony studs in addition to their host. Phil's neighbor greeted each one wearing nothing but a leopard-patterned pair of ultratight, ultraskimpy undershorts. Each man in turn put his tongue in the familiar black man's mouth and received a broad tongue in response. Nipples were pinched and twisted, crotches clutched and squeezed. Then, the greetings over, everybody stripped naked and arranged themselves around their host's wide-screen TV, which was hooked into the stud's VCR.

The way everything was arranged, Phil couldn't see anything that was on the screen. But all the black studs, including the one who knew he was watching, were displayed in marvelously detailed profile as Phil sat at the corner of his window.

The fuck videos they watched had to be damned hot 'cause each black dick got hard really fast. Each man positioned himself a little differently. One guy, beefy and dark as their host, an earring in one ear, leaned way back in his padded chair and bent one leg up onto the chair with him as he pumped the thickest piece of fuckmeat Phil had ever witnessed to a thick and goey climax that ran down its impressive girth and over a fist that just kept pumping, pumping, pumping.

Another ebony stud sat upright on the edge of his chair, staring relentlessly at the flickering images, one set of fingers delicately massaging loose, caramel-colored balls

as the other set used short, urgent tugs to bring his luscious tubesteak to a spurt-in-the-air finish.

Yet another black man, tall and rangy, his beard and mustache meaning he had more hair on his face than on the shaved crown of his skull, got out of his chair entirely. He put a barefoot up on his abandoned seat and pumped what had to be 10 ebony inches with a ruthless fist. He grimaced, held a handkerchief in front of his dickhead as he slowly milked his climax out in a half-dozen distinct, burningly pleasurable pulls.

That left only their host and the last black man, together on the couch. They tugged steadily on each other's johnsons. The Phil's neighbor suddenly bent over, put a finger up the skinny and light-skinned black dude's ass. He milked a surprisingly synergistic climax out of the skinny man's uncut dick and across his own moaning, blinking face.

Then Phil's neighbor stood, turned so his body partially blocked the white voyeur's view. But only partially, and the dark stud's rocking motion, as his body moved back and forth in rhythm with the skinny dude's rapid handjob, gave Phil periodic good views. The skinny man's face was anything but handsome, still the expression on it as he jerked his host's load out all over it, was beautiful indeed to the watching, shivering Phil.

Each man wiped himself clean on another black man's naked, sweaty body. Then, when the others all had left the room to shower or grab a beer from his refrigerator, Phil's anonymous fuckdream looked directly out at him. He raised a still-moist ebony tool in salute and nodded, grinned as Phil stood up.

Phil's white dick was softening slowly, his hands and underwear all slimy, his mouth curled up in a broad smirk. He puckered his thin, pink lips and boldly mimed a kiss in the black stud's direction.

His neighbor licked gorgeously puckered lips, still faintly sticky-looking from the skinny guy's load.

Within a week, Phil Bartlett was naked and bent over the back of his neighbor's couch, taking the assfucking of a lifetime from the black stud. They'd still not exchanged names, or even more than a few indefinite murmurs of greeting.

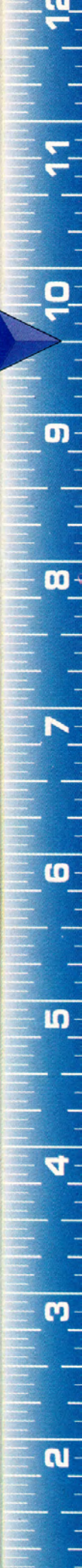
Even when the stud yanked his fine tool out of Phil's rectum and tore his condom off, cupped Phil's skull in one hand and aimed his spurting tool at the white man's gaping mouth, they remained nameless sources of pleasure to each other.

And as good as actually being buttfucked by the man was to Phil, the time he'd gotten to watch in secret, from a distance, as his neighbor and four other studly black men jerked themselves and each other off, remained the unforgettable highlight of their odd, almost wordless, relationship. ■



POKO'S HEAVY LOAD

9 1/2



55"

met him on-line and put him on my buddy list. Now every time I go on-line he's there. He wants me to call him collect and have phone sex. So last night I did and this is how it turned out. I just love my little phone tape recorder and I think you will, too.

What's up?

Not much, yet...

Naked?

No, want me to be?

Oh yeah!

OK, now I am. What do you look like?

What do you want?

Your dick up my ass.

Patience man!

What do you want?

Tell me something hot and nasty.

OK, so I was looking at you in the locker room.

You were?

You pulled down your shorts and I almost lost it. You're so fucking hot.

Oh yeah?

I just wanted to go over to you, drop to my knees and service you and take your big throbbing head in my mouth.

But what did you do?

I sucked your head, made it wet and let you fuck my face.

Nice. When do we get nasty?

When I suck your balls. Move around to the back. I want to put my tongue up your ass. How nasty do you want it?

As nasty as you can get.

Like cum up my ass and then suck the cum outta me?

Oh yeah and then some!

You lapping it up as it oozes out of my nasty slut hole and then some, tell me about it. How nasty are you?

After I suck it out your hole then I French-kiss you!

You sick fuck. I think I love you.

I knew you would!

Bend me over.

What else do you want me to do?

My ass is throbbing. Slap my ass. Let me know who's boss.

With my leather belt?

Yeah, punish me. I've been bad.

I am now putting handcuffs on you! In the front!

I've been a whore; letting men other than you get up my ass. Oh shit, my ass is starting to self-lube.

Good, I like it that way.

My cock is rock-hard now.

I am now locking the cuffs to a bar above your head! You are standing!

Yeah? Fuck yeah. What are you gonna do?

I am now hooking those nice feet to the poles.

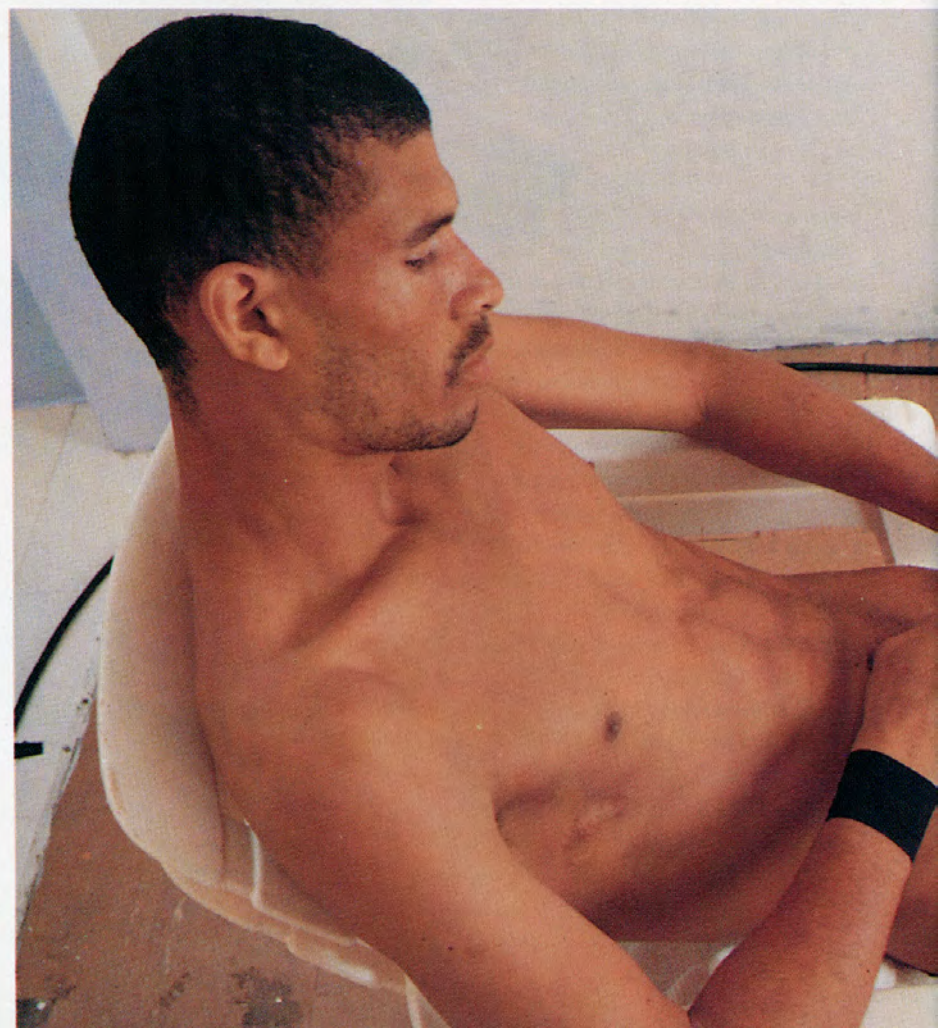
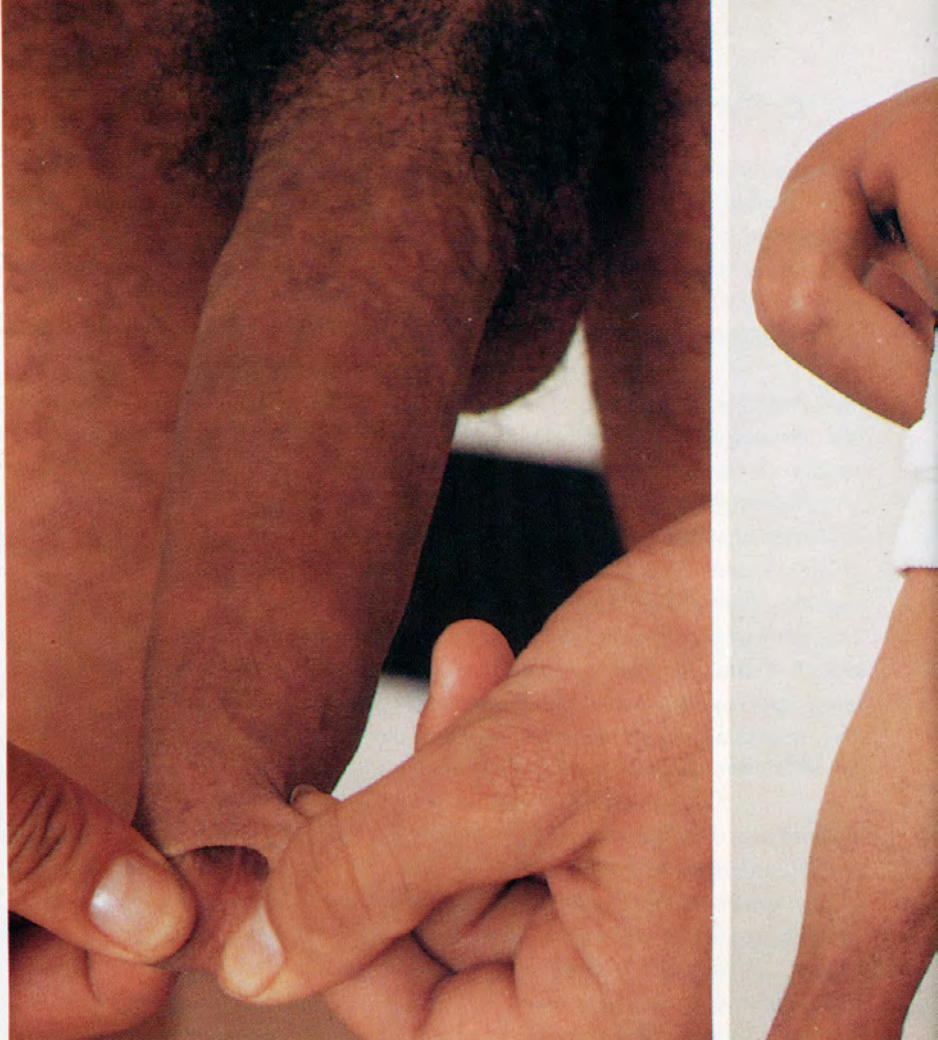
Your legs are spread! You are helpless!

Yeah? I am rock-hard.

Ever been shaved?

My ass is dripping wet. No, never.

Where you got hair? Don't lie.





57"

A little on my chest, legs, pubes, asshole.

My electric razor is going up each leg to that nice dick!

Mmmmmmmmm. That feels so good.

Let's get that chest hair, too!

Yeah, take it off.

How about those armpits?

Yeah, there is a little hair there.

Now I am spreading that ass to get that part!

Oh yeah, my ass is ready for you.

You like this...your dick is growing! Now for those dick hairs, bush...gone!

mmmm.

I have a hairy chest & legs! You like kinky nasty shit, huh?

Yeah, what's next?

Now I think I will lick you dry!

My nipples.

Pinch them and make them hard!

Yeah, now what?

What nasty shit are you going to do to me before I cum?

Suck your cock dry. You have pre-cum?

Yeah, it tastes goooooooood!

Mmm sweet and salty.

You dirty pig.

Lick, lick, lick. Let me lick your ass. I'll suck your hole.

Tongue me, too. Deep.

Pulling your hole open so I can stick my tongue up there. Sit on my face, suffocate me with your ass.

You are fuckin' hot.

I can't get my tongue far enough inside you.

I'm jerking my cock hard now. Taste my ass-juice.

Pulling your hole open so the spit slides inside. It's all wet now, so I can slap your ass hard.

Stick two fingers in. More...

Open up, I've got two fingers in and am twisting them hard! All you can do is squirm and moan in protest.

Help me...please?

So I stick a rubber bit in your mouth. Bite down on it when the pain comes.

SMACK!!!!!!

Jumping up and ramming my cock in you.

Give it all to me. My thick hard cock tearing into your tender asshole. Squeezing my hole on it.

Tearing...

I'm tough.

Sticking a finger in with my cock and pulling down real hard. Open it up bitch!

More.

Pulling my cock out and sticking it in your mouth. Eat your own ass-juice.

Yes, sir.

Spitting and sucking and tonguing your hot dirty hole. Are you OK?

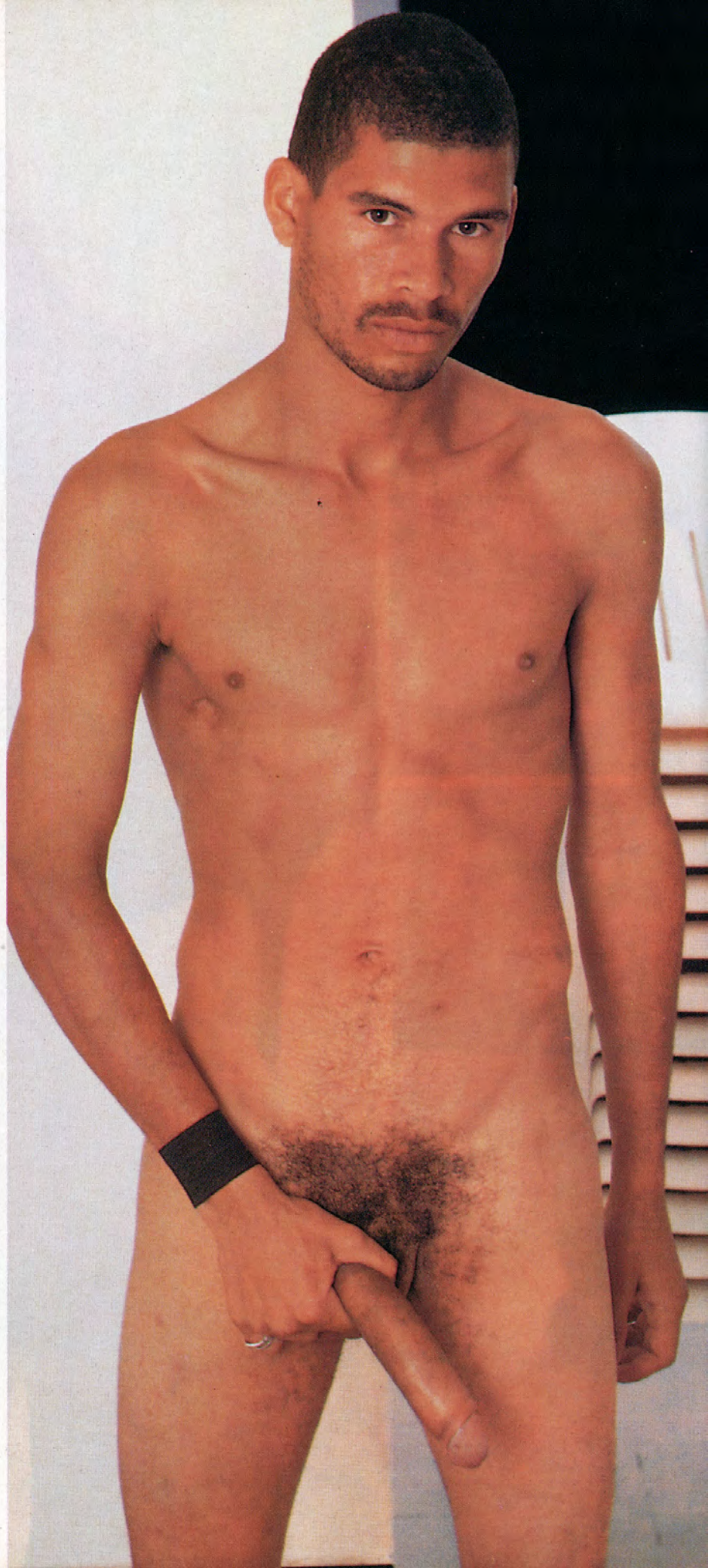
Oh yeah.

Your hole is so hot. Are you mad at me yet? I hurt you enough?

ah-ah-abhhhhhhhhhh.

Wait! I'm not there yet! Wait you little fucking slut!

Ahhhhhhhh cuuummmmmnnnnnnng! ■













MONTGOMERY WEST CRITIC AT LARGE

John Malkovich is about the queerest guy on the planet. Between his sleepy eyes and curling lips is an androgynous man attractive to male and female costars and audience alike. Whether he's in the middle of the Sahara (*The Sheltering Sky*) or sliding through the 17th Century (*Dangerous Liaisons*), Malkovich is a serious stalker, preying on his victims' desire as much as their fear.

I remember once seeing him on CNN. He was talking about working with director Wolfgang Peterson on "*In the Line of Fire*." Dressed all in white, his legs crossed smartly, small round glasses resting on his nose, he looked straight into the camera and said something like, "There is something about taking direction from someone with a thick German accent. It just makes you stand up and pay attention." He looked like he was going to cum all over himself. I personally got a hard-on just watching the erotic current cross over his face.

The first time I got a hard-on for Mr. Malkovich was in *The Sheltering Sky*. I know, some people think it's the worst movie Bertolucci ever made (until *Stealing Beauty*) but I think it's absolutely brilliant. It just might be my favorite movie of all time. Malkovich is sexy as fuck in the movie and when his sea-slug-shaped schlong flops across the screen my teenage homo fingers were hitting the rewind button faster than you can say schlong.

But he did seem to lose his way after that. Who knows what he was doing in that *Mary Reilly* crap? But now he seems to be ready for a "comeback" with his new film, **Being John Malkovich**.

It's a bizarre little flick from the smart-aleck director **Spike Jonze**. Mr. Jonze's "claim to fame" is a handful of smart music videos and Sophia Copela on his arm. But no, that's bitchy. He's a very talented director; one of his first videos, *The Beastie Boys "Sabotage,"* is brilliant.

But what to make of this movie? *Being John Malkovich* is about a moronic, slimy puppeteer (**John Cusack**) and his animal-loving, chimp-collecting wife (**Cameron Diaz**). The plot is

twisted—in a good way—and too convoluted to explain here, but let's just say Cusack discovers a secret passage, à la Alice in Wonderland's tunnel. But instead of the Cheshire Cat, this tunnel leads inside John Malkovich's head. People, and the movie camera, go inside Malkovich's head for what the director wants to be an investigation into celebrity and identity.

What we get is a rather experimental piece of filmmaking by contemporary standards. Unfortunately, the tricks lean toward the film-guy-gimmicks of undergraduate film school. The characters

are just too quirky, the settings and plot are too intricate to offer the viewer a chance to ponder any big ideas. You're too busy figuring out what the hell is going on.

But getting back to the queer factor. I already explained how Malkovich is the queerest actor ever because he tries to seduce men and women—and probably dogs, geese and chicken, too—basically anything with legs. So any movie with him in it always has a serious homosubtext. But surprisingly, even with all the

orifice-jumping in *Being John Malkovich*, Jonze doesn't let the homo factor out until the final minutes when Cameron Diaz and **Catherine Keener** end up as a happy lesbian couple with a kid.

Sounds original or even cool, but it's flat. These women haven't fallen in love. They just got their genders fucked. Which would have been fine but Jonze uses their newfound relationship as a fuck-you to Cusack. The final shots are of Cusack watching his wife happily cavorting with Keener. He is left out. He is the surviving straight man, alone and unable to enter into an exclusive female, let alone lesbian realm. Which could have been interesting, I suppose. Why it's not here? I don't know. Perhaps because there is just too much going on, too many layers of affectation, detail and decoration. Oh well, just mark this one as a nice experiment that didn't work out as planned. ■



Malkovich (right) is strapped in by director Spike Jonze (left).

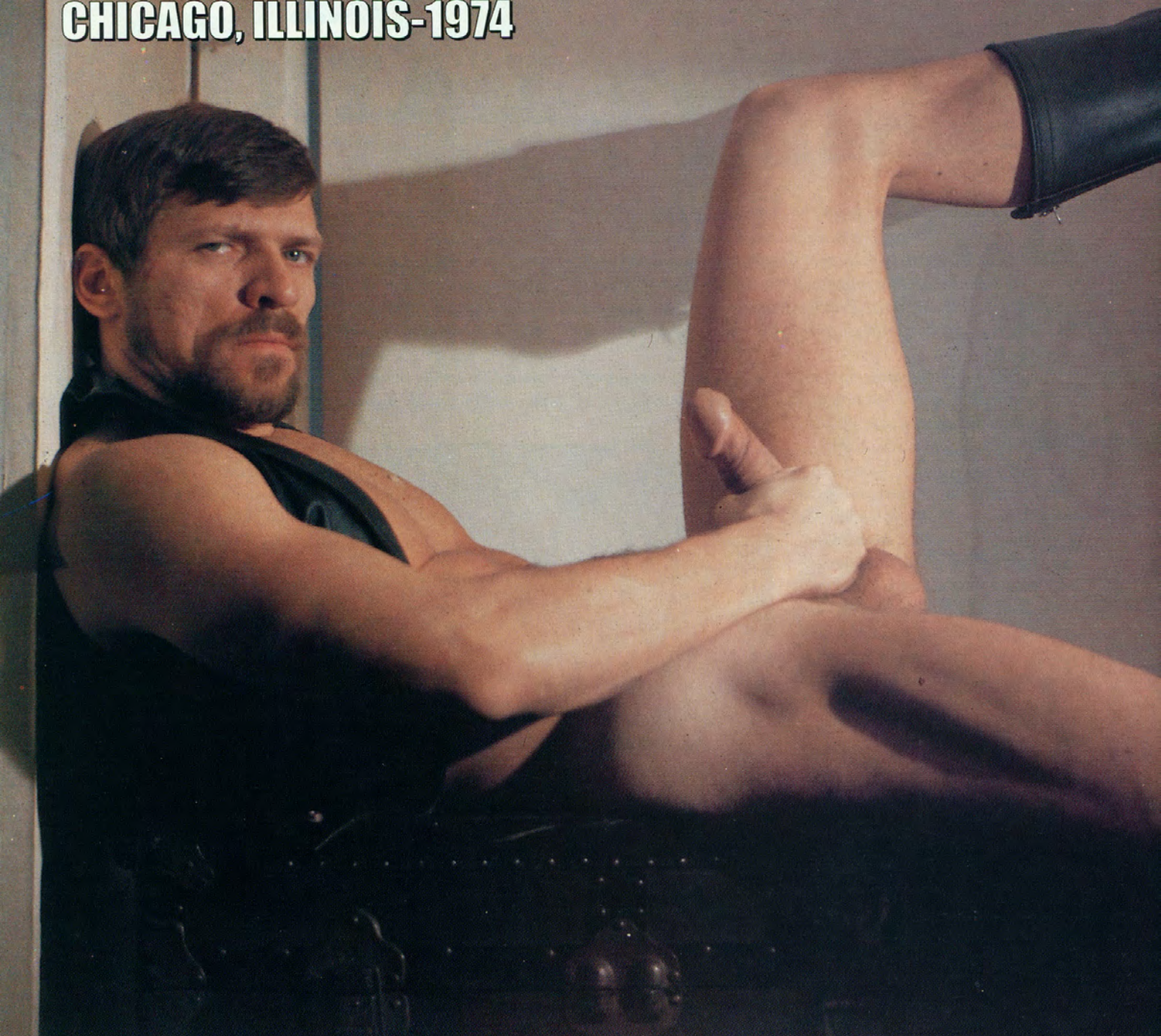
Montgomery West lives, writes, watches a lot of movies and feeds his dog Madness from his homebase in Palm Springs, California.

HISTORIC

INCHES

BOB CONDIT

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS-1974



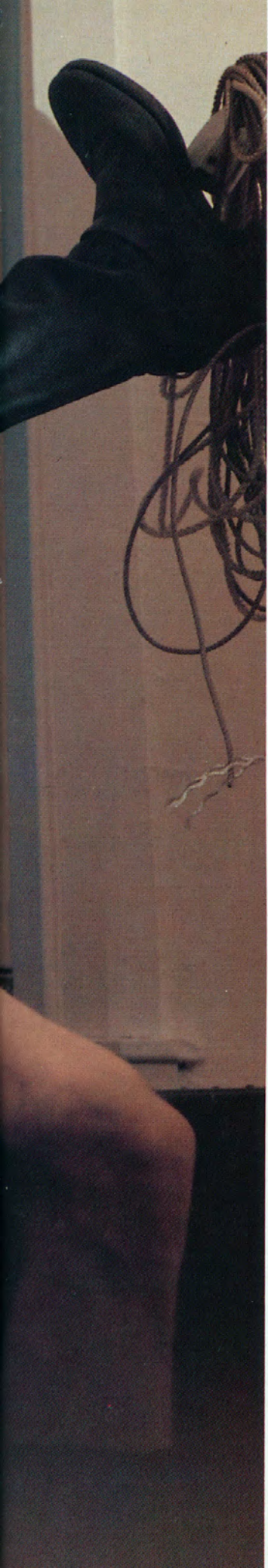
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1967

1974

In 1967 there were more than 40 gay bars in Chicago, ten more than San Francisco.

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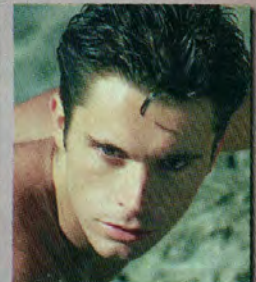
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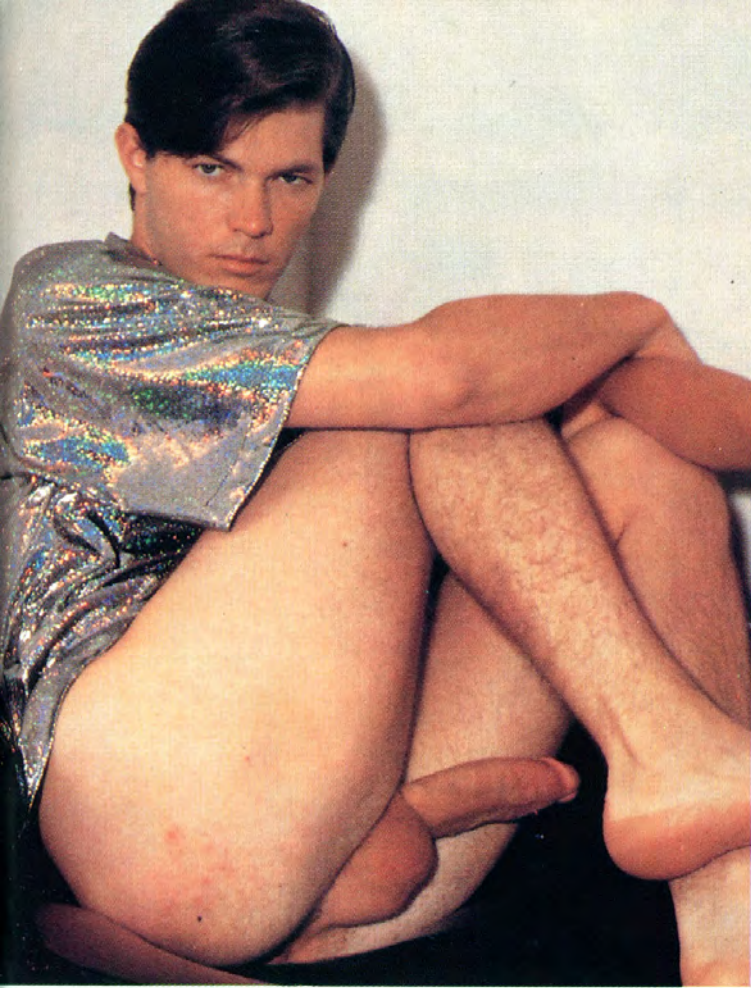
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ANTHONY COX

These shots weren't easy to get. We first had to sneak onto the set of Odyssey's **Double Cross**. Then we had to convince **Anthony** to drop his pants for a few minutes and let us get a couple of pictures. As you can see, it was worth it. Anthony's tool is a fine specimen of manmeat—now all we need is the sequel: *Double Cross, Part II?* ■

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RJ. is a single, ex-military, 30-something, horny, gay stud from the Charleston, South Carolina area. He's open to hearing from anyone who is interested. He's got a thing for foreigners and Latino guys and especially "loves the outdoors." Raunchy readers can write to him at R.J., P.O. Box 2642, Goose Creek, SC 29445.





A **E. Jarell** has been called “Mr. Perfect” and for good reason. He’s not too thick and not too long, not too curvy and as his partners like to say, “just right.” And anyone who doesn’t believe it, should “try it,” says this 39 years young *Inches* man.

Oh Man! There is nothing hotter than dropping your shorts in the great out-of-doors. Not sure what **Tony** was doing out in the woods—cruising? Camping? But we are sure that he’s got a very thick cock. Curious and horny readers will have to e-mail Tony at tifthername@aol.com to find out just exactly what he was doing out in the woods.

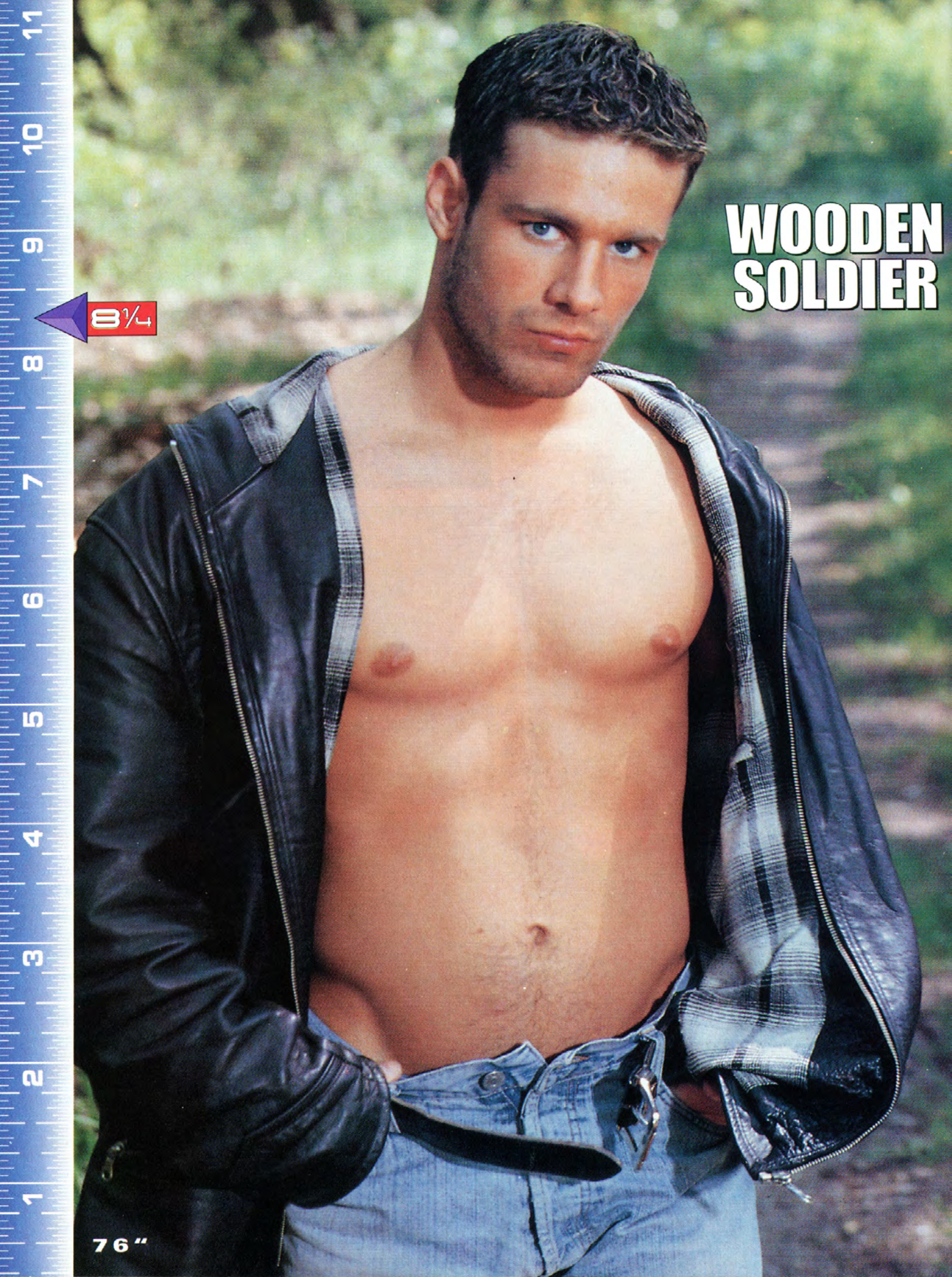


Slip Slidin’ Away is what **Lee** likes to do with his shaved, smooth balls. He’s 41 and lives in Louisiana. He writes, “I love jacking off to Readers’ Meat 2 or 3 times a day. *Inches* is the greatest magazine that I have ever seen. I love sucking dicks and getting my ass fucked as much as possible. I also like keeping my body shaved. I hope it turns on the other guys out there.”

WOODEN SOLDIER

8 1/4

76"













DAVE CASINO

8 1/4

82"



STATS:

BORN: 1/11/78
RESIDES: HUNTINGTON BEACH, CA
HEIGHT: 5'6"
WEIGHT: 150 LBS.
COCK: 8 1/4 X 8" UNCUT

There are fat cocks and then there are very fat cocks. **Dave Casino** has a very fat cock. Unless you've got a very big hand, it's impossible to make a fist around it. According to Dave, he's "always used two hands to jack off." We had the guys at Studio 1435 measure it for us and they said it's eight inches around. The amazing part is that even when it's soft, it's "really fat."

We asked Dave if he's ever had trouble getting into a really tight asshole. He said, "Nah. I just loosen 'em up and finger-fuck them first until they're good and ready. Sometimes they squeal and ask me to pull out. But they usually get me back in there soon after." ■











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This section is to be growing in leaps and bounds within a very short amount of time. Why not get in now? *INCHES* readers want what you have. We hold readership surveys that scream it! Details how are found on this page.

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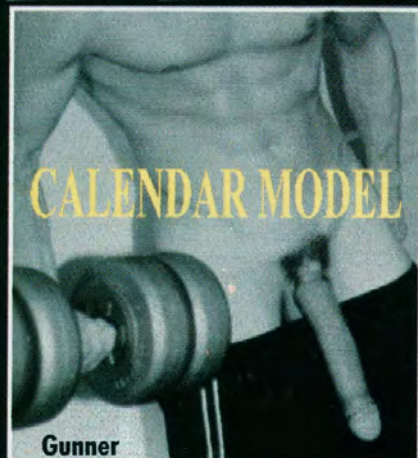
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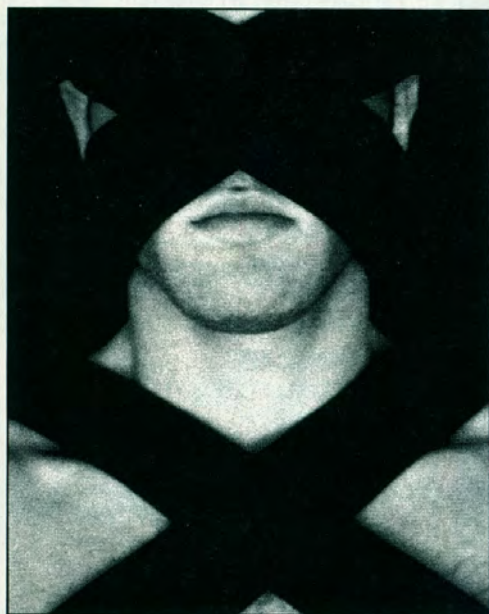


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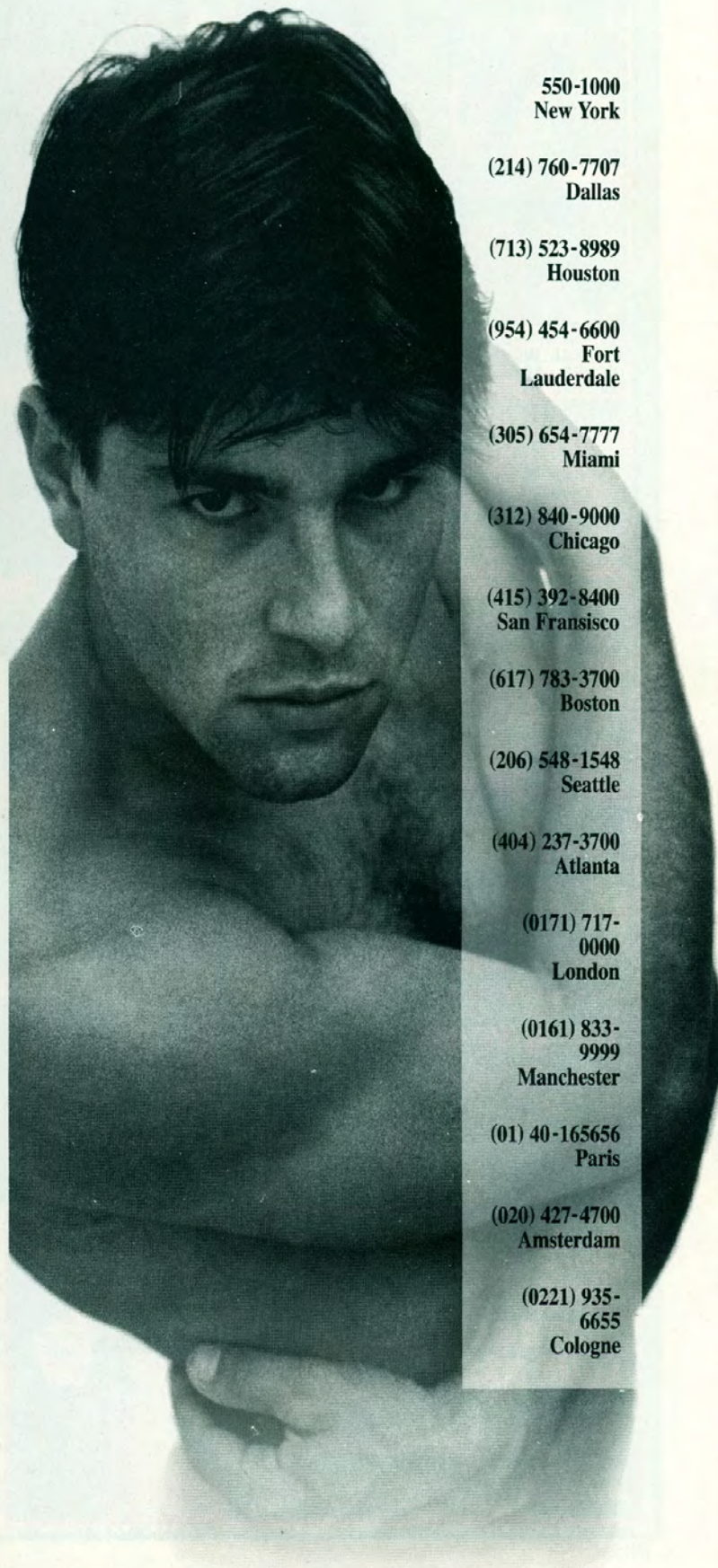
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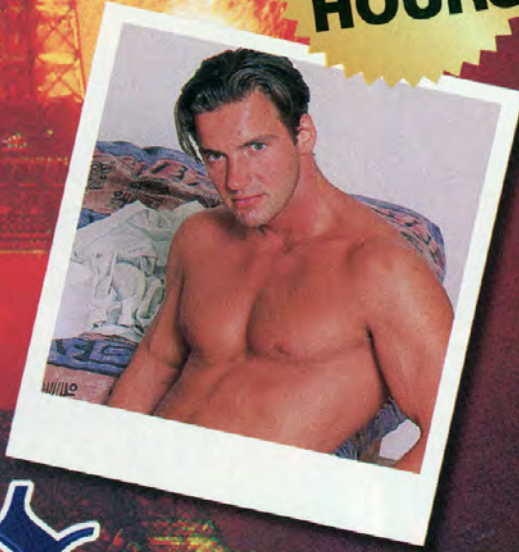
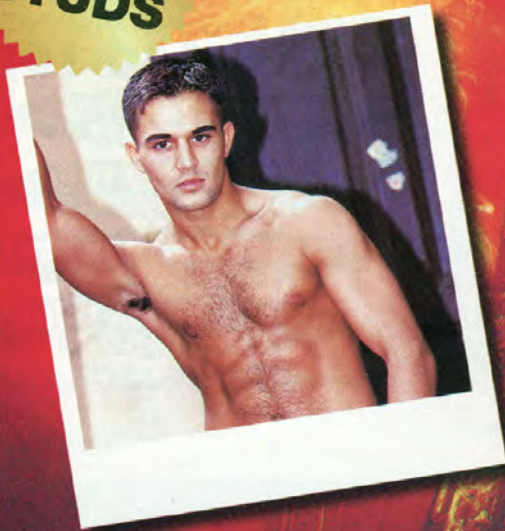
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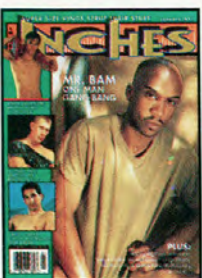
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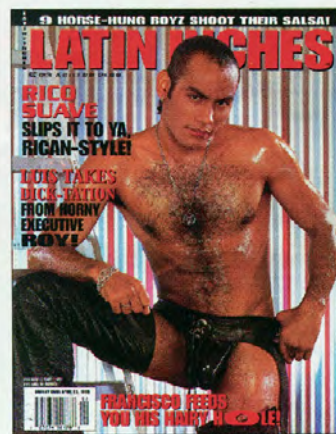
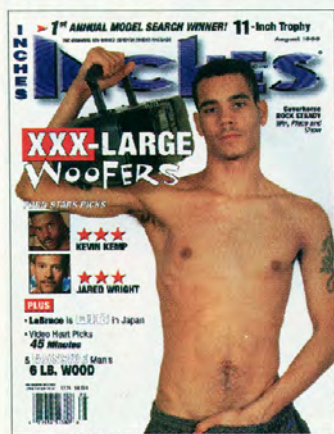
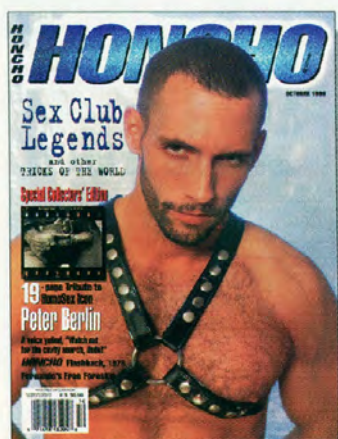
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