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**DONKEY
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HORSEHUNG STUD
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NOVEMBER 1985

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PUBLISHER / GEORGE MAVETY
EDITOR / BOB JOHNSON
ART DIRECTOR / SABIN
EDIT. ASST./MILT VAN SICKLE
TYPESETTING/WONDERLAND DESIGN

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Cover photo: Mike Gere/William Higgins-Catalina Video

INCHES MAGAZINE (ISSN 8756-6338) November 1985, Volume 1, Number 6. Published monthly by Inches Inc., P.O. Box 7836, Van Nuys, CA 91409. Copyright © 1985 by Mavety Media Group Ltd. This publication is published under license from Mavety Media Group Ltd. Distributed worldwide by Flynt Distributing Co., 2029 Century Park East, Ste. 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067. Advertising offices: 111th Floor, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10013 (212) 691-7700. Editorial and business offices: P.O. Box 7836, Van Nuys, CA 91409. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photographs, etc., if they are to be returned, and no responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited manuscripts. All rights in letter sent to INCHES will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and are subject to INCHES right to edit and comment editorially. Any similarity between the people and places in the fiction in this magazine and any real people and places is purely coincidental. All photos posed for and by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photos, nor words used to describe them, are meant to depict the actual conduct or personalities of the models. Nothing appearing in INCHES Magazine may be reprinted either wholly or in part without written permission. Subscriptions: U.S., Possessions, APO and FPO—\$32.00 for one year. Canada and Foreign—\$41.00 for one year. Canadian and Foreign subscriptions should be remitted by International Money Order in U.S. funds. Single copies—\$3.95 (add \$1.05 for postage and handling). Send subscription correspondence to INCHES Subscription Dept., P.O. Box 7836, Van Nuys, CA 91409. Notify subscription department of change of address at least 6 weeks in advance. Please include new address and mailing label from most recent issue. INCHES is a trademark of Mavety Media Group Ltd. Printed in the U.S.A. All rights reserved. (Note: Subscriber lists are never rented or sold.)

BEER-CAN CHARLEY!

By JACK FRITSCHER

THE BIG BLOND POLOCK WAS 18 and a fullback on a football scholarship. He had dropdead good looks, a big dick, a fast car, and daddy's money. Those on whom the gods smile they positively grin. He was the hottest pledge courted that fall on fraternity row. His name was James Frederick Engkowski but before the pledging was over they whistled and screamed and called him, "Good ol' Beercan Charley."

Hold a kingsize can of Bud sticking out of your crotch and you'll have the view Beercan had every time he took his dick in his hand. Stuff the can in your pants while you consider Beercan lugging his meat from the freshman dorm to the lockerroom for football practice. From the time he was nine, Beercan knew his main talent hung between his legs.

"Always walk," his daddy told him, "like you got a big dick. Because you do."

From his daddy, he got the Polock muscle, the big dick, the thickness of thigh and calf, the rounded bubblebutt, the small waist, and thick upper torso. He had pounded the iron in his highschool weight room. His chest and shoulders and arms, like his thick neck, backed his enormous dick

with the authority of a young Polish-American stud strutting his way across campus.

Beercan knew what was what.

Flashback.

"Show me what you got," his daddy said.

"Let me see you work what you got," his highschool coach said.

"You let me check you out totally," the university football

"Hold a kingsize can of Bud sticking out of your crotch and you'll have the view Beercan had every time he took his dick in his hand."

scout said, "and a boy like you can write your own ticket."

Beercan said, "Yo! Why the fuck not? There's enough Polish sausage to go around." He said Yo to his father. He said Yo to his coach. He said Yo to the scout. He pulled his rod from his grey cotton gym shorts and let them worship and tongue and lick and try to swallow his big blond dick.

Beercan was no dumb blond. He understood why

grown men as manly as his dad and his coach and the football scout liked young men like him. They were the kind of grown men who fathered, guided, and coached upcoming young men like him to full adult manhood.

They knew what they wanted. He knew what they wanted and he enjoyed. He knew how to play his studliness to his best advantage.

He was an expert at Attitude Posing.

Like the night he shocked, then wowed, the Tricep Deltoid fraternity brothers. All the pledges were ordered to come as a fantasy, their own or someone else's, to put on a Tri Delt Gong Show. Half the pledges came as refugees from *Star Wars* or *Saturday Night Live*. The worst came in togas or Jerry Lewis nerd glasses and buck teeth fantasizing they were computer wimps. "Which they are! Which they are! God! Dump 'em."

No one, not even the pledge master, was ready for Beercan Charley's big act. He was a pure exhibitionist with plenty to exhibit.

The stage in the attic of the Tri Delt House was dim.

Slowly a single spotlight

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BEER CAN CHARLEY

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came on shining directly down on Beercan crouched over in stage center suited up in full football uniform, his taped knuckles dug in, his helmeted head thrust forward, chin strap tight around his aggressive thrust of jaw. His white teeth grinned. He was all pads and cleats and black grease under his eyes. He looked ready to charge the audience. He was a dream of a fullback football hero.

The brothers cheered. Beercan could have exited the stage then and there a winner. But he didn't. He was only starting. If these fraternity boys had attitude, he'd show them real attitude, and reason for it, like they had never seen before.

He crouched in place. He called out plays and numbers. He switched from fullback to quarterback, hiking back, faking a pass, then a fullback again, blocking an imaginary offensive lineman. He was an animal. His roaring grunts and shouts filled the room like a beast in heat.

He popped a sixpack of beer and poured the cans one after the other past the faceguard of his helmet into his mouth. The beer gurgled and foamed and ran down his chin drenching his uniform.

The crowd called out for more.

Beercan figured they were ready. "Yo, you fuckers! What goes best with beer?"

"More beer!" they shouted.

"Beer," Beercan boomed out, "and SAUSAGE!" He groped the crotch of his white, wet football uniform. He start-

ed his own little sack dance. The crowd started clapping.

Some dude with his hand on his own cock shouted, "Take it off!"

A senior jazz buff hit his tape deck. "Night Train" blared into the room rocking with adolescent wildness.

"Yo!" Beercan shouted. "You gonna see a football beast All-American animal Pollock stud fuckin' dick! Oh yeah, buddy!"

Beercan was monstrous. He moved like a Fucking Dream Jock to the music. He ran his hands over his helmet. He spit between his teeth. he groped his crotch and ground his hips. He stripped off his jersey. His tight belly showed below the short gray teeshirt he wore under his wide white shoulder pads. He kicked his cleats free. He untied the drawstring of his football tights. He peeled them open, working them down his hips, kicking them off his feet.

His jockstrap bulged. He groped himself.

"Do it!"

"Go for it!"

He screamed YO! through his face guard. He pounded on his helmet. His shoulders were immense under their pads. He pulled at his meat in his jockstrap.

"You wanna fuck or w-h-u-u-a-t?" he roared.

"We wanna fuck!" they screamed. They shook unopened cans of beer and popped them at him in the small stage. They drenched him with suds.

"What goes best," he shouted, "with beer?"

"SAUSAGE!" they screamed.

With his helmet on his head and his pads on his shoulders

and his short gray teeshirt exposing his belly, he peeled down his jock and flipped out his big pud. It was soft and huge in his hand. he spit into his palm and stroked the big uncut head. The thing rose like a monster under his touch, growing big as one handful, then two, then more than both his big meathooks could hold.

He stroked his shaft. He worked his palm around the head. His big fullback balls swung between his thick thighs. He was Goodtime Beercan Charley.

"Shoot it! Shoot it!" The room was an orgy of excitement. He dared to do something they never dared do.

"Shoot it for old Tri Delt!"

He growled deep in his throat. Once. Twice. Three times. Kicking his big strong body in behind the power of his massive hardon. He was erect and wild and ready to shoot. He pounded on his helmet and shoulder pads with his fists. His dick bobbed wild, straight out, and up. He liked showing off. He was one proud motherfucker. The beer-cans sprayed him. He wet his palms and took his shaft in both hands. His beautiful blond bubblebutt tightened behind him. He growled again. He was a cock beast. He was a big-dicked animal.

The drunken brothers begged him for it.

He worked both hands up and down his shaft. The purple veins stood out under his fair blond skin. The big mushroom head protruded beyond his two hands. His beercan dick was big enough for three hands.

He started the final pump, arming his rocket launcher,

pounding his pud, beating his meat, growling, un, uH, UH, rearing his helmeted head back, his big arms working his dick, shouting "Big blond animal football Pollock beast dick!" Shooting the thick white gelatinous cum from the slit of his huge prick. Spraying it hot and heavy in steaming clots across the upturned drunken faces of his undergraduate fraternity brothers.

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