

SWAN

JUNE 1987



WARNING: THIS PUBLICATION IS INTENDED FOR ADULT READERS WHO ENJOY SEXUALLY ORIENTED ENTERTAINMENT. IF YOU ARE UNDER 21 AND/OR OFFENDED BY SUCH MATERIALS, PLEASE READ NO FURTHER.

EDITORIAL

Welcome to the second "anniversary" issue. Last issue was in celebration of SWAN's first anniversary. This issue celebrates the anniversary of the two dudes who put this publication out--yours truly and FRIAR SWAN, my fantastic, 66 year old, life partner. We'll let you guess as to which is the bigger celebration. A hint: there would be no SWAN without FRIAR SWAN!

We have some comments we'd like to make before you become engrossed in (or grossed out by) our June sizzlers.

1. The March X-rated Issue was NOT available at no cost to subscribers. One had to pay \$8.00 to obtain it. Sorry we didn't make it clearer. Our "specials" are promoted to create more stamp money--not to get rich. Those of you who think that we're getting rich, send \$50.00 and we'll send you a copy of last year's tax return.

2. Some of you subscribers living in Florida, Texas, Georgia and Tennessee can get downright NASTY! There is no conspiracy here. We didn't create your obscenity laws, fellas. We only obey them OUT OF FEAR. So retract your claws and get busy meeting subscribers in other, less rabid states through our personal ads. Don't worry, we won't run out of copies of the RANCH HOUSE VIDEO 87.

3. Several subscribers have submitted essays on how they were "brought out" by older men. Surprisingly, most of the stories are well written and sexy as hell. Sadly, however, none can be published because the Feds could brand it "the glorification of pedophilia" and possibly cause problems.

4. Currently, we get 15 to 25 pieces of mail daily. Of these, perhaps up to 5 request a written response from us and the expense and time can be substantial. The time, we will manage somehow, because we want to remain personal and not become a faceless, slick magazine. The expense, however, is another matter. Please, if your letter requests an answer from us, include some stamps to help us out. If you send a submittal for publication, include a stamped, self-addressed envelope (S.A.S.E.) so we can eventually return it.

So, fasten your seat belts, boys, because you're about to go to the moon and back. And watch that the heat doesn't singe your eyelashes.



D. Hally

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POLICY ON SUBMITTALS FOR PUBLICATION

SWAN welcomes your submittals for publication in the following categories:

- A. Cartoons
- B. Humorous or Erotic Short Stories
- C. Erotic Drawings
- D. Poetry
- E. Essays
- F. Articles (Travel, Reviews, Current Events, How-to Guides, Gossip, etc.)
- G. Erotic Photographs (Black and white, suitable for reproduction. No sex photos of two or more people. Prefer full portrait, disguised recommended. Nude not necessary if hot enough.)

All submittals must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope with adequate postage for return. Payment for items selected for publication will be made with a mutually agreed to combination of copies of SWAN, personal ads and/or gift subscriptions.

Note: Unsolicited manuscripts of novels, novellas, screenplays, plays or any other longer works will not be accepted. Queries about longer works will be reviewed, however, provided they are accompanied by SASE.

Dear SWAN: Just received my third issue and want to congratulate you on an increasingly enjoyable and valuable publication. It is very comforting to read your magazine and know there are people out there who care about us older gay males. I also want to applaud your addition of some serious articles along with the erotic. If you don't address our problems, who is going to? You are all we've got! But do keep up the eroticism. You may cause me to go blind from too much you-know-what, but if that caused blindness, I would have had a seeing-eye dog years ago. I have tacked on my wall RAM's drawing from page 43 of the April issue. If I ever encountered something like that on the other side of a glory hole, they wouldn't be able to get me out of there with a hoist, pick and shovel and blow torch. What a hunk! Look forward to more of your fine offerings. Keep up the good work. We love you. BILL (New York)

Dear BILL: You can't realize how good your letter makes us feel. There are times when we think that we're crazy for churning this publication out while holding down other jobs, but, along comes a letter like yours and we climb up to the monitor again. We're all in this together. SWAN works because of the artistic contributions and support from beautiful guys like you. And there's no way we'll ever abandon you. We love you too, Bill. ED.

Dear SWAN: Congratulations. You've come a long way, baby. My Premier Issue I've just re-read, and it is so great that your First Anniversary Issue has grown into such a beautiful, helpful publication to help we horny, grey haired men. I wonder, honestly, what I used to do without SWAN....just dream. But now with guys like RAM, AARON, SIMBA, we get to see our dreams and, through your personal ads, meet and correspond with these highly sexual men. I just re-read your first BARNEY of one year ago and, as expected, I am reading and dreaming with a hand full of hard cock, just as I did then. Enclosed is the proof. Thanks, GULL (Utah)

Dear GULL: What succulent proof! Oooooooooooooo! Thanks for your great letter. Thanks most of all for standing by us through that first, shakey year. Love ya. ED.

Dear SWAN: I have just finished watching your first video and it is the best tape of its kind that I have ever seen. I liked the big, beefy types that you featured. The shaving scene was a real turn on and the wet shots were the best. If I had to make a criticism, it would be the lack of multiple camera angles. That didn't affect the action though, which was great. I sincerely hope this won't be your last tape. Keep up the good work. Thanks! S.T. (California)

Dear S.T.: Thanks for your comments. No, this will DEFINITELY not be our last. Another is being edited as we write this. The reason there is only one camera angle is that the camera man was too busy performing. Yep, this is a one man production crew. He writes, directs, produces, acts, gaffs, edits and does best boy, too. This is the same outfit which did RANCH HOUSE VIDEO 1 and 2, both of which got very good reviews from DRUMMER. Our next video will have LOTS more camera angles. You ain't seen nothing yet. ED.

Dear SWAN: I have just read your February issue, cover to cover, and appreciate the art work, the photos, the articles and the fiction. As a writer myself, I found your fiction had much more depth than some of the gay magazine stories I've read. KENN RICHIE's THE WEEKEND WHEN PEOPLE HELD HANDS was beautifully done and shows that love is the primary factor in any relationship. I enjoyed the Personal Ads but there's nothing from my area, so I'm enclosing the form for same. I am a 63 year old widower of 3 years with a lot of love to give and no one to accept it. I'd like that situation to change and maybe through your magazine it will. Thanks again for a very fine publication. Keep up the good work. We older lovers need it. C.C. (New York)

Dear C.C.: We think pretty highly of KENN RICHIE too. So does just about every other gay magazine editor across the nation. Regarding your situation, we'd like to see it change too. And, by damn, we'll do all we can to make it change. Be patient and...thanks. ED.

Editor's Note: Okay, all you Northeastern readers, this dude is 24 K and is AVAILABLE. See his ad in the New York section under CARDINAL.

SWAN: I wish I knew you better because your contribution to my life has been immeasurable. The articles and the artwork are right on target, aimed directly at my erotic sweet spot. And the RANCH HOUSE VIDEO 87 is as raunchy and erotic as anything I've seen. If only the camera could have moved more, over the bodies, then to the front and/or rear where appropriate. But let me not carp; any improvement and I might split my by-pass. Thanks for your wonderful creation. C.J. (California)

Dear C.J.: Thanks for your big shot in the arm. We'd like to know you better too. Sorry, but the video WILL improve. Hope you don't split open. ED.

Dear SWAN: Yesterday I received my video tape. To say that I am completely satisfied is putting it mildly. It is absolutely fabulous, exciting, stimulating and EXHAUSTING. I have viewed it several times now, each time ending in a shattering finale--so now I must REALLY take a little nap! Is there any more from where this came from? I am anxious to purchase the next cassette as soon as possible. So please let me know. The performers are just what the doctor ordered. I assume they are all Californians, but if they are from New York, it would be great to know them. Congratulations! Will look forward to hearing more. D.M. - NYC

Dear D.M.: The next video will be announced soon. We're in the process of editing and filming several projects. All the performers are Californians, so far. Thanks for your support. ED.

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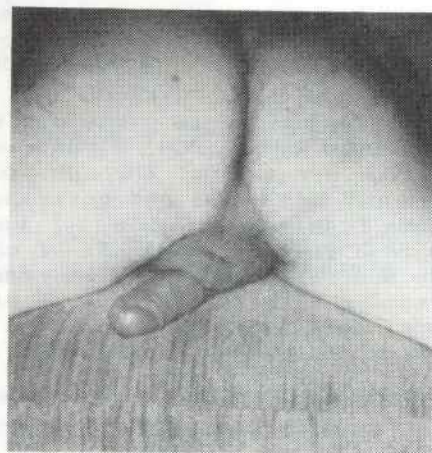
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(unedited)

To Whom It May Concern: I normally do not answer solicitations such as the one I received from SWAN but yours was so apaling to me I have to. Admittedly I just had my 52nd birthday. I certainly hope to grow old gracefully. What your broshure showed me is repulsive. When I was 20 years old I had a 29 inch waist and wieghed in at 170lbs, I still wiegh 170. Waist is slightly larger but no where near the size of my chest. Am still tapered V shaped. If you think some dude chewing on a cigar is going to turn me on you are SICK. Or some flabby dude with a hat of sorts on in a photo with his penis blocked out you are SICK. I still have multiple orgasims. Age is irrelavent but if I am going to think about fucking around with a body It has to appear to be able to endure the good feelings involved. The only dude which looks to have any stamina was the rancher looking one. Overall I doubt if your publication will "SUCK the breath right out of my lungs or start a fire in my Groin". Sorry. Much love, D.S. - P.S. Causes me to wonder where in hell you got my name and address.

Dear D.S. - Gee, and we worked so hard on that brochure. Please forgive us for making you sick at your stomach. Since I'm one of the flabby ones you find so revolting, let me speak for all the models on that brochure.....FUCK YOU. Oh...where did we get your name and address? Why, from your ad in that SCAT NEWSLETTER out of San Francisco. ED



VIC ENGANDELA joins our ranks again with a very perceptive outlook on sexuality. His column this issue is called SEX REARS ITS "UGLY" HEAD. Effective this issue, we will begin running VIC's photo with his column--sorta like Ann Landers. How about that....not only does he know his stuff--he's cute too!

QUETZAL climbs aboard again with a great cartoon. We're currently trying to con him into doing x-rated action cartoons for an upcoming special issue because several readers find his subjects a real turn on. So does the Editor.

Our advertisers, WOODPECKER in Northern California, got together and drew a sketch called, "My Indiana All Day Sucker". We think it's cute and looks quite a bit like the Indiana subscriber it's supposed to depict. And when they say "All Day", they apparently mean it.

Please give a big hand of applause to photographer ZEN, who presents the star of RANCH HOUSE VIDEO '87, SWAN's very first video. His handsome 53 year old model has a smoldering eroticism which seems to leap off the page and singe the hair on your hands. If you haven't as yet seen this incredible man's man perform on video, then you're depriving yourself of unforgettable entertainment.

We welcome J. BROOKS to our little family of talent by presenting his drawing of a modern day Silver Centaur, riding a motorcycle. In case you are wondering, all the biker has on are white gloves. Next issue, we'll present his drawing of the hottest looking middle-aged cop you'll ever see.

We also welcome HUSTVEDT, a young East Coast artist whose drawings are clean, crisp and lucid. His current subject's incredible eyes seem to beckon you to poolside to play with your choice of five appendages. He calls this steamy creation, "Poolside," and promises more to come.

Say hello to XX, a shy friend and subscriber (and someone who drives your editor wild with lust) from Washington State. This dude is not only gorgeous and 100% man, he can take a mean photo too. This issue's masterpiece gives you an indication of what turns XX on (alas, your editor does not). XX advises that, before the day was out, he and his hunk model had found the nude beach--only to find that the camera had run out of film. In any event, though, he found out that the bulge in the trunks was (gulp) r-r-real.

SIMBA is back with his newest subject, "Macho." This powerful bruiser sports a knockwurst thick enough to choke a hippo and is AVAILABLE as far as we can tell. He's also a SWAN subscriber. If you want to write to this succulent morsel, seal and STAMP your letter and write "SIMBA-June" on the envelope in pencil. We'll forward it to him (no stamp, no forward, though).

KENT JUSTICE returns with "Steam Room Satyr". KENT is becoming a very talented artist, right in front of our eyes. He's now created a unique style of his own and has become quite prolific. He's even written a great, hot short story, too (which we'll run soon) and has contributed some of the hottest action photos we've ever seen. Never know--we just might do another special issue in a few more months--this time with LOTS MORE PHOTOS.

KENN RICHIE brings more magic to our pages and to our organization. He not only got us a plug in INCHES, but MANDATE too! KENN simply must be given the title of PRINCIPAL SWANNIE. In this issue, we've substituted his recently completed MERENGUE MEN for the one we had slotted. MERENGUE MEN is the result of a fantasy we shared with him and is a story line for an upcoming video. For those of you who've never heard of the "merengue," it is an extremely sensuous and provocative latin dance, characterized by unusual hip movement and the grinding of one's crotch into the partner's. Read on and see why this SWANNIE is THE most published writer of eroticism in the country today!

And last, but not least, our two amazing artists, RAM and AARON. Both are each other's favorite erotic artist--is that not a BITCH? They've never met, but each absolutely RAVES about the other, while practically every reader RAVES about each of them. And we just sit here with a proud smile on our faces. We present RAM's "Trying To Beat The Ticket" and AARON's "Sizing Up" and another untitled work. Don't drool on the pages, gentlemen!

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SEX REARS ITS "UGLY" HEAD!

by Vic Engandela

Sex, for almost all animals and insects, is clearly related to an instinctual drive to reproduce for the purpose of perpetuating their species. In fact, in some non-human species, the animal or insect DIES after it reproduces, its major (sole) purpose having been accomplished.

Not so in man. The situation is quite different here, because man has EVOLVED considerably beyond instinctual behavior. Today, if we are to look at "across the board" sexual behavior honestly and objectively, we must conclude that there exist other reasons for sexual activity in man than the production of children. Indeed, with the exploding world population problem, we are concerned that we may FAIL to effectively control one consequence of sexual activity, the production of (yet another) baby. This concern, along with our fear of the spread of venereal diseases confounds the issues.

We are, however, more or less still under the yoke of some other difficulties with sex, much of which we have inherited from our confused and multi-directional sexual past, i.e., the growth of modern religious thought, the Victorian era and the more recent sexual revolutions of various kinds.

Be all this as it may, at least three other often denied, but nonetheless actual reasons for having sex seem rather obvious: communication, providing pleasure for one another, and just plain fun (recreation as well as creation).

COMMUNICATION

Let's start with the Garden of Eden where sex originally got associated with the devil, and where it first got "dirtied" up (here's where we pick up the original guilt trip on sex!). The separation of the sexes had built into it the corresponding need to somehow re-join them, thereby creating the Communication aspects of sexual activity. On this communications track, man has felt he must be extremely careful lest each sex make itself vulnerable to the other. Enter paranoia, deceitfulness, deviousness, hypocrisy and the general "babel" about sexual roles and sex differences. Was it here that the war between the sexes was first declared? Where it first became an adjunct to sexual love?

PROVIDING PLEASURE FOR ONE ANOTHER

Legitimacy for this sexual purpose has had to be smuggled in slowly, fearing we may become addicted to pleasure too soon and become forever damned by the pursuit of it...SINFUL pleasure was invented!. Denial and the grand taboo comes in here. Perpetual guilt is the price we must pay for pleasurable sexual activity we were told, unless of course you are "making a baby." "Your reward for agreeing to take care of the baby is the pleasure you experienced in its conception. Therefore, all other sexual pleasure is less than honorable--in fact, sinful!"...to paraphrase the implications of this caveat.

JUST PLAIN FUN: ENJOYMENT

In our sexual history this reason for having sex was often denied, although it has ALWAYS been by far the most obvious incentive for all sexual activity.

Fortunately, Man has evolved somewhat smarter than the constricting boundaries of law and moral rules he hurriedly built around him to "handle" this mysterious, wonderful, fearful phenomenon of sex. Actually, most people really haven't taken the narrow moral and legal constrictions on sex too seriously across the years. Forbidden sex--excluding sex for the explicit purpose of making babies--isn't as forbidden as it used to be.

With such heavy loads on his sexual shoulders, the amazing thing is that man's sexual attitudes have evolved at all beyond the Garden of Eden postulations. It is a tribute to man's adaptability and resiliency that he has come as far as he has. But let us not be too complacent. There is still a long way to go.

So, LIGHTEN UP, MANKIND! Get off the sexual backs of such nice people as the homosexually oriented and the elderly--they don't make babies anyway. Sexual activity, inside and outside of marriage, between similar AND opposite sexes, along with love and intelligence, is the "steam" that motivates much of the good in the world. Let's treat it positively, wisely and with understanding and reverence. The unappetizing alternatives of chastity, and abstinence have been quite over-rated, as some sort of saintliness.

Need we really be scared of sex anymore as we once were scared of thunder and lightning? After all, its "head"....."reared" or notneed not be ugly at all! Like the man said, "It's all in the mind."

ANNOUNCEMENTS

SWAN GOES REGIONAL

A group of SWAN subscribers and friends is forming in Boston. Everyone in New England and New York who is an older male or who is interested in older males is invited. The first meeting will probably be Saturday afternoon, July 11. If you are interested in getting particulars, write to SWAN READER, P.O. Box 352, Reading, MA 01867 and give the address or phone number where you can be reached. Tell any of your friends who you think might be interested.

SWAN encourages this type of formation and will offer space for announcements and progress reports.

SWAN CAPS AND T-SHIRTS AND RAM GREETING CARDS

SWAN proudly announces the sale of genuine SWAN Caps and T-Shirts. You can order these new items by using the order form in the back of this issue. Then, in the August issue, we will begin taking orders for Special RAM Greeting Cards, featuring Christmas cards (See the Santa in the December '86 Issue) and other cards for various occasions.

You'd do well to get your Cap and T-Shirt orders in because our logo will definitely get you noticed this summer by just the ones you want to be noticed by.

MARDI GRAS, 1988

If you are attending Mardi Gras next year, wear your cap and t-shirt (provided you aren't in drag). From February 13th through 16th, 1988, we'll all be there with our Caps and T-Shirts, holding court in an older crowd watering hole to be announced. Anyone knowing of or having access to accommodations (even in outlying areas), please contact us so we can get as many SWANNIES there as possible. If you have a hotel reservation but no one to take along, let us know and we'll see if we can get you a date with a SWANNIE who wants to go.

Once there, we'll tell the whole damned world that THE SILVER CENTAUR has arrived.

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MERENGUE MEN

by KENN RICHIE

Running in sand was good for putting some more meat on the backs of my thighs and for shaping the calves. My legs needed the most work if I were to win the Mr. Macho Man contest...and I meant to win it. I HAD to win it! Most of the jocks I'd be competing with were in their late teens, or twenty at best, the years when men are said to be in their sexual prime. I was six long years past that and every day saw me getting that much older. In another five years I'd be thirty, the beginning of the end. My life as the stud sensation of the gay bars and discos was something I wouldn't let go of without a fight. Winning the Mr. Macho Man contest would be my bid for immortality!

I planned to run the beach for the mile or so before it gave way to rocky cliffs, then cut back and plow across those deserted sand dunes. Up and down those hills of soft sand would challenge every muscle in my limbs. From there, I'd turn back toward the surf and find that always deserted stretch of beach where I could take off my cut-away Levis and try to grab some of the late afternoon sun to add a little color to my butt. Contestants wore only posing straps at the competition. I needed a little ass tanning.

As I jogged along, I encouraged myself with reminders of how important it was. Sure, I was proud of my muscular good looks, but it was more than that. I loved being gay, I loved gay sex, and that depended on having the good looks!

It hadn't been that way at first. That off-campus winter with Donny had been sensational as we discovered ourselves and each other. We both realized that we were solidly, totally, unquestionably gay. It wasn't until that summer, when we began to share "our secret" with others, to go out, to haunt the gay joints and make out with whoever turned us on, that I discovered how important it was to have all the required assets. Oh, I had them, well enough. I was tall, I had the dark wavy hair, bright blue eyes and the massive pecs and biceps, with just the right amount of body hair. My tapered ribs, flat gut, compact ass and generously big cock wore a pair of tight Levis like a coat of paint. I never left a joint alone unless I wanted to.

Donny wasn't that lucky, however. He was a little on the chubby side and, even still a teenager, his hair was starting to thin on top. We'd been so close that it was difficult for me to slowly edge Donny out of my

immediate circle of friends, but I loved the attention I was getting as the best looking stud in the joint, and it became a problem. I had the reputation for dating only the best, the hottest hunks of masculine perfection. I was the one who made it with the Mr. Macho Man contest winner on the night of that year's competition. I had to be careful not to be seen being too friendly with Donny; he just didn't make it with the right "image." Good looks and a big cock are the most important things to have if you want to have a good time, and Donny must have finally understood that, for he started avoiding me entirely. Last I heard, he settled down with some dude, and they're buying a house together.

At the same time, I kept moving up and up in the hottest gay circles, frequenting only the latest "in crowd" spots. I was seen with only the best dressed and most admired and sensational men, the beefcake magazine models, porn film stars and assorted stallions. But now, I was twenty-five and there were fresher, younger, hotter hunks of meat reaching their legal ages and their prime. My sleigh ride was starting to take a down hill turn. Now I was having to start to worry about NOT getting invited to some of the heaviest parties. I was beginning to have nightmares about the day when a bartender would take his time with my order, the first sign that a dude was no longer one of the hottest in town. I had to win this contest!

My legs ached from bobbing up and down over the sand dunes, but I pushed myself on. Finally, I reached the point where I could turn back toward the surf. I ran toward a late sun, promising myself that I would lie bareass on the beach to catch its final rays while I rested up for the run back. When I reached the last dome of white sand before the gold of the actual beach, I fell down to embrace it rather than jog over. I rolled back into the little gully at its base to gasp, pant, sweat and groan as I felt my angry legs throb in protest.

The surf was a steady roar, but, in a moment, I began to hear a new rhythm. Music. It was a latin beat and full of fire and downright passion. "Salsa," someone would have cried out at the disco, while others might have tried some showy steps they'd learned for cha cha or even tango. Some would try to bump their asses in a rock beat, or grind them to Reggae, but this music was none of those...perhaps all of them, but with enough hot chili sting to make it something downright sinful! "Merengue," I thought. Yeah. I'm pretty sure this is what they call "Merengue." Hell, it didn't matter what it was, it was a pulsating,

EAT A
BIG BREAKFAST!



QUETZAL

torrid, downright fuck beat rhythm that caught my feet and yanked them into reflex movement in spite of their pain. This music had no pity on my need to rest!

It was coming from the beach, not too far over the top of the sand dune I clung to. If a latin band in ruffled shirts hadn't washed on shore on a driftwood raft, then someone was there with a stereo ghetto blaster. I thought that no one ever used this deserted, remote stretch of beach, but, obviously I was wrong. My plan to strip to the nude was put on hold as I decided to climb the sand hill, peer over the top carefully, and see what was going on. Once there, I rested my chin and my mouth on the backs of my hands. The intoxicating beat made the salt taste of my own sweat seem like a dry margarita.

I didn't laugh at what I saw.

A moment later, my mind was filled with the question of why I hadn't laughed. Any of the other guys I knew would have let out a roar and rolled back down the sand dune holding their ribs, doubled over and screaming! I didn't laugh, but I certainly smiled. That was different. I smiled and I watched quietly.

Two old guys were having a picnic. I mean, two grey haired, pot bellied, flabby, bald old geezers were out here on the beach having a grand time. They had an ice chest, the portable stereo, some food and beer, just as you might expect from a couple of teenagers cutting classes. I was almost surprised not to see a surf board!

I kept asking myself why I didn't laugh. One might expect to see a pair like this sitting in the park playing dominoes, but out here in rather briefly cut swim trunks? The beach is supposed to be a place for beautiful young bodies, so this had to be the comedy of being out of place...yet, I didn't laugh. Instead, I thought of how wonderful it was that they could enjoy their bodies in the warm sun without having to feel embarrassed. Granted, it was a rather remote area, and I supposed they'd come here to avoid all those who would have pointed and giggled and insisted that they should be embarrassed, but there was still something quite wonderful in how good they obviously felt, how proud and assured they were. The longer I looked them over, the more I realized that they were right, that they had nothing to feel ashamed about, that they were quite beautiful.

There's the old banana peel joke, I thought. Sometimes people laugh at the misfortunes of others. They laugh because they're glad it hadn't happened to them. As proud as I was of being a finalist for Mr. Macho Man, I might surely have laughed...yet I didn't. Instead, I began to wonder

how they would react if they discovered me watching them. I was here in pain, having punished my body out of desperation to maintain the requirements for acceptance in my world, and they simply didn't give a shit. Their world accepted them, or they accepted it, without all those demands. As banana peels go, I thought that they might laugh at me. We laugh when the clown slips and takes a pratfall, but if he responds, "I've broken my hip," we take pity. How would these men react to me? Who's out of place here, and who's the fool?

I wasn't the only one caught by the fiery tempo of that music. I watched as a child watches "the big kids" at play as one reached for the other, pulled him up from the blanket, and the two began to dance. They danced rather well, in fact. It occurred to me that they must have been around while Carmen Miranda was still alive, or, they'd been somewhere as tourists that they understood and knew how to move to that salsa beat! Of course, I know they would never make it to the disco floor where our contest would be held. Not that they couldn't dance as well as anyone there...better, perhaps, for they were enjoying it, not working hard to show their asses in motion. No, they'd never make it there because the doorman wouldn't let them in. He'd find a polite way to turn them away, but if that failed, he'd resort to the "we have the right to refuse" sign. That joint stays in business with its reputation of being where the hot young stuff cruises. They let me in, of course, but they'd never let either of these old guys past the door. I'm glad I'm not...No, they might be glad they're not...I wasn't laughing.

I thought again of how they would have every right to laugh at me, and yet I thought they probably wouldn't. They'd feel pity.

The sun was behind them for a moment, and streaked across my moist eyes in disco laser-like flashes of strange patters. The men were dark forms against golden sun flares, the sort one might see in a motion picture. I blinked my eyes several times, but I couldn't seem to clear them of the moisture. It must have been the music that was doing things to me, the music or the pain still throbbing in my legs. Perhaps I was being touched by the awesome beauty of a gathering sunset, a roaring surf and the magnificent setting.

Two old men, dancing with such joy, feeling the exotic beat in their entire selves, the pulsating, passionate tempi....

They came together. They began a dancing embrace and let the heat of the beat take full control. Their ample bellies pressed tight, their hands caressed one another's backs and

ventured down to the soft buttocks. They began kissing.

I wasn't shocked, certainly, for my whole world was full of men who kissed one another. I was a bit surprised, however, because their kiss was as hot as the music! If a man's prime is his late teens, if I'm starting to worry at twenty-six, how the hell was it possible for two men of this age to kiss like that?! M'God, they're somewhere around sixty, maybe even older than that! Kissing? Passionately? It was beautiful.

My mouth fell open on my salty hands, and my eyes blinked again to try to clear that gathering moisture. I wanted to be sure of what I was watching. There was no question about it. Their kiss was an ass squeezing, deep tongue statement of pure excitement! Indeed, they were grinding their crotches into one another in time to the hot music. Some of those moves were no bullshit, fuck humpings! It had to be the music. The magic of that hot tempo was playing games with them, just as it was doing something to me. I'd been humping my butt into the sand for several minutes, so why shouldn't they feel the music in the same muscles?

There was something else in their body contact and kiss, however, something I was far less accustomed to seeing on the sleazy disco floor. Their's was an expression of pure joy, of pleasure, not a show of themselves. They weren't trying to show anyone how sexy they were, they were simply being sexy for each other! Their tongues promised gifts, their caresses confirmed affection, and their churning asses spoke of discovery and fulfillment.

I thought of Donny, suddenly. I'd forgotten when sex had been like this. I couldn't take my eyes off the two men, but I had to blink and strain as the moisture began to run down my cheeks to my hand. Donny and I had embraced and kissed this way, before I'd learned how important it was to have an image and a reputation. Maybe there should have been a doorman on this beach. Maybe I shouldn't have been allowed here.

There was nothing surprising to me as they pulled their swim trunks off and lowered themselves to the sand and the blanket. They still moved in the hot salsa beat, but they now incorporated the pounding of the surf into the intensity of their union. The full force and power of nature was a part of it now. That never seemed to happen with me, nor with any of the tricks I had. These men were tender and loving with their so very beautiful bodies. I began to recognize that it was envy that prevented my laughter.

It was my thing to get a raging hard on, to let my huge, solid rod soar up out of my guts and render some

dude to the consistency of a bowl of jello with its awesome strength. I'd slap his cheeks with it before I'd let him suck. I had to be sure he'd talk about how big it was to the others.

These men had cocks that simply reached for one another with affection. The firm red cock's heads weren't trying to grab a tight place to get their kicks; they were seeking to give of themselves. They were caressed and welcomed to soft, adoring lips. All of everything that was the apparent and so very obvious love these two had was celebrated in a warm, incredibly beautiful sixty-nine. They became a part of the hot latin beat and now flame red setting sunlight.

I watched with awe as they engaged in a cock swallowing duet of hard, hot, excited passion that was, somehow, governed with caring and giving. There was nothing soft or simple; they went at it as wildly as I might with some trick I picked up, and yet there was so much more to it than I would know to give. Perhaps in the beginning, with Donny, there was something like this, but I'd forgotten Donny. I'd lost him forever.

I reached down to yank my Levis off. Somehow, I desperately wanted or needed some part of this incredible pleasure. I began yanking at my only partially hard cock, chanting in my mind, "Gimme some...gimme some of this...gimme...Why can't I have this?! Why can't I?!"

It was no use. I was too much the intruder. The doorman of the beach shouldn't have let me in. I would be content just to watch.

From their whimpering sounds, first of dreading the conclusion to their ecstatic pleasures, then of surrender to it, I watched as the two old guys took one another deep and pulled at their jerking asses. They appeared to exchange orgasms in near perfect unison. My hands were saltier still, I tasted that on my smiling lips. It was the moisture from my eyes. I watched the reluctant withdrawals and the so very tender washing and kissing of appreciation.

I was still there, lying bare ass naked and alone on a sand dune when the sun gave way to the moonlight, and the music had been taken back to the city. My Mr. Macho Man body had been near motionless as I had watched two real men pack up their picnic things and walk arm in arm...and in love, back down the beach.

My legs had stopped aching, and the pounding surf seemed almost to be taunting me for the soft cock I yanked at again. I supposed it would shoot up to full later on, back at the disco. I had it trained to stretch down into the left leg to thrill the watchers. I'd have my pick of them to get it off.

Something would be missing, however. It seemed like the same something I'd thrown away when I dumped Donny. I'd actually had it, but I'd lost it. I've lost a lot.

I decided to walk, not run, back to town. I knew I was going to withdraw from the contest. I'd spent too many years as the clown slipping on the banana peel. How many years have I wasted?!

How many have I before me to correct the situation?

NEWSFRONT

POTASSIUM RICH FRESH FRUITS AND VEGETABLES (Source: Los Angeles Times, 1-29-87)

A recent study by the University of California, San Diego, School of Medicine indicates that a diet high in potassium can lower the risk of stroke as much as 40%, regardless of other risk factors, such as age, weight, smoking habits, cholesterol levels or blood pressure. Dr. Elizabeth Barrett-Connor with the school of medicine cautions, however that INDIVIDUALS SHOULD NOT TAKE POTASSIUM SUPPLEMENTS IN A PILL, OR IN ANY OTHER NON-FOOD FORM. She also warns that a high potassium diet per se cannot be categorically recommended as a sure way to prevent strokes until other studies confirm this finding.

Why no pill supplement? "A supplement could possibly interfere biochemically with something else," Barrett-Connor said, "and I don't think people should be fooling around with potassium that way." She also recommended that PEOPLE WITH KIDNEY OR HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE PROBLEMS CONSULT THEIR DOCTORS BEFORE CHANGING DIETS. She states that in the context of fresh fruits and vegetables being helpful in possibly preventing cardiovascular disease and some forms of cancer as well, an extra helping of potassium-rich foods is in no way harmful to the general public and could be quite beneficial.

Foods high in potassium are BANANAS, BROCCOLI, AVOCADO, CANTALOUPE, DATES, PRUNES, POTATOES (WITH SKIN), BRUSSELS SPROUTS, CAULIFLOWER and MUSHROOMS.

After heart attacks and cancer, strokes are the third leading cause of death in this country. About 400,000 Americans a year experience strokes, which are caused by blood flow being cut off to the brain because of blocked or burst blood vessels or arteries, and about 155,000 of them

die. Stroke deaths have been declining since the late 40's, when the consumption of fresh fruits and vegetables began to increase--a phenomenon that may be explained in part by the above data.

(Editor's Note: My doctor recommends one aspirin a day to keep the blood thinner. This could also help one avoid strokes and heart blockage. Ask YOUR doctor)

IMPOTENCE (Source: INSIGHT, 2-2-87)

There is an alternative to penile implants for those with disease-caused impotence. The injection of two drugs, papaverine and phentolamine, into the penis can increase blood flow, say doctors at Duke University's Male Sexual Dysfunction Clinic. The report states that most men whose impotence is the side effect of a vascular condition such as diabetes or atherosclerosis can attain an erection within 10 minutes of injection and the erection can last up to 45 minutes or an hour.

The drawback, obviously, is that lots of men would have great difficulty sticking a needle into their cocks. Diabetics, however, would find that, uh, SOMEWHAT easier--they're used to needles.

If you suffer from sexual dysfunction because of disease or any other reason, don't just sit and let your dick wither away to pre-puberty size. The above procedure is but one of many new methods, and you owe it to yourself to see your doctor and say, "Doc, I'm not going to take this anymore! I want to FUCK someone!"



A friend, playing on his Lazy Boy.....

HEALTH TIDBITS

"I'm not a doctor, but I play one in a magazine."

Well, since no doctor offered to do some articles for us, your brave editor will try his hand at doing an occasional piece on health. Just bear in mind that we urge you to check with your doctor prior to taking anything we say as gospel. Our intent is to get you guys to start thinking more about health.

Some health tidbits:

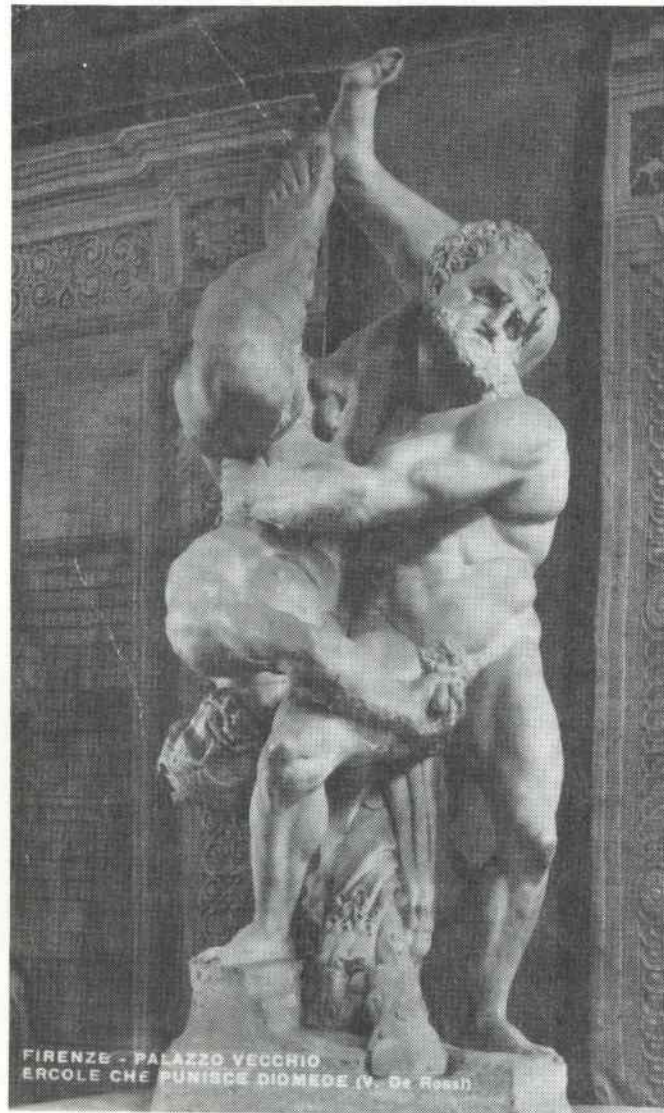
DIABETICS - Do you take insulin? Do you live with a lover or friend? Give him a feeling of being helpful and give your stomach and legs a break by teaching him to give you injections in your arms a couple of times a week. Make sure he's aware of all the symptoms of high AND low blood sugar too, and what he should do if you should go into insulin shock or become shaky.

Another tip to **DIABETICS**: Try injecting with the needle bevel up. You'll hardly feel it.

SLEEP APNEA - Do you snore? Has anyone told you that you sometimes hold your breath during sleep? Have you ever awakened with your bed partner on top of you, shaking you and yelling, "Breathe, you little shit!"? Maybe you suffer from Apnea attacks, periods when tissue in your throat closes off your air passage. It's all very complicated, so we won't go into detail here. Suffice it to say that Apnea can restrict oxygen intake into the blood and disturb your sleep, resulting in feeling worn out and sleepy during the day. Worse, it can result in sudden death during sleep.

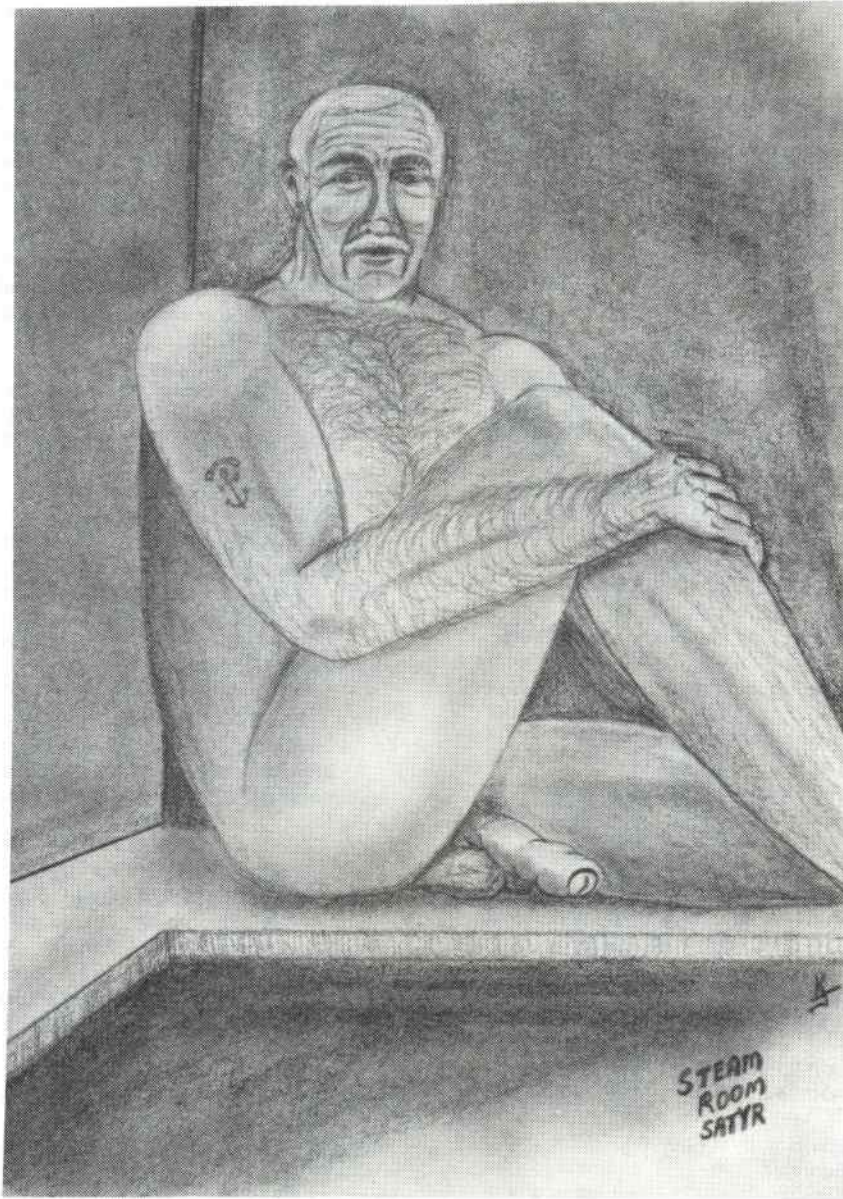
Since the subject is fairly new to the medical scene, many doctors are not aware of recent developments. If your doctor can't give you any information, then find out which hospital in your area has an Apnea Clinic. The cost for an overnight monitoring of your respiratory system costs around \$600.00 (in Long Beach) and is covered by Medicare (check first). Treatment varies--from minor surgical techniques to the wearing during sleep of a nose mask which forces air through the obstruction during an attack.

Warning! The **FRIAR** wears a mask now and his energy level went up by 110%. Now he's impossible! He's like a puppy with boundless energy--always wants to play.



MY INDIANA — "ALL DAY SUCKER"





KENT JUSTICE....."Steam Room Satyr"

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS EPISODES:

Barney is a senior widower who sets out to find the man of his dreams. In Houston he has an outrageous, dangerous escapade with a married man called Jerry, who is devastated by the experience. In Tucson, he meets another married man--Eldon-- and agrees to drive him to his home in Southern California. Reluctantly, Barney gets involved with Eldon and becomes close to his dying wife and her lesbian nurse. Eventually, Barney moves in with the whole bunch as Eldon becomes involved with business. But all is not well. Barney's not comfortable about falling in love with a married man and besides, he can't get the guilt feelings about Jerry in Houston out of his mind.

One day, Eldon takes Barney back to Houston on a business trip and, while Eldon is conducting business, Barney seeks out Jerry and brazenly seduces him in his back yard while his wife is shopping. Afterward, Jerry assures him that he is over the previous experience and that Barney is forgiven.

With Jerry now mostly out of mind, Barney meets the lesbian nurse's estranged husband, K.O., who drives Barney up a wall with lust. Barney seduces him too and sets up a relationship on the side.

Soon, Eldon's wife dies and K.O.'s wife goes back to K.O. The business thrives and, through a brilliant ploy, Barney succeeds in getting Eldon to hire newly divorced and unemployed Jerry out of Houston. The plan works and a menage a trois is born--at least in Barney's mind.

The three vacation at an elegant villa in Mexico and get invited out on their wealthy host's yacht for a sumptuous meal and a wild orgy. What starts out as a vacation to end all vacations is marred as Jerry--a recovered alcoholic--becomes drunk and almost drowns. So guess who gets blamed for slipping the booze to Jerry? Natch...Barney. And if that wasn't enough to complicate matters, the wealthy Mexican host has fallen in love with Barney.

Back in California now, there begins a deterioration of the relationship--a third of it, that is. As a result, Barney sees more of K.O. and feels himself falling in love, finally consummating his love the night of his 60th birthday party. That night, he and K.O. brazenly steal off to the garage apartment for frenzied passion. Barney convinces K.O. that both of them are "odd men

out" of their three-way relationships and that they should both bail out and live with each other.

As we closed last issue, K.O. was urged to sleep on it and to advise Barney of his decision the following morning.

THIRTY-ONE

He greeted the following Saturday morning with a wholly different outlook on his direction in life. The moment he awakened, the vision of K.O.'s face emerged in his mind. On one hand, he felt elated and very much in love, but on the other, there was an underlying anxiety.

"Patience. Calm. Cool. Easy..." he whispered.

He shaved, showered and brushed his plates and few teeth, then went into the kitchen to make coffee. Sitting at the kitchen counter sat Jerry, who was sipping coffee and reading the LOS ANGELES TIMES. Eldon was out cleaning the pool. As Barney approached, Jerry looked up, then continued reading his paper.

"Good morning, Jer," sang Barney.

Jerry looked at him suspiciously. "Morning," he muttered.

"My, but you look fresh and edible this morning," purred Barney, pouring some coffee.

"Must have been some fuck," said Jerry, nodding toward the stairway to the garage apartment. "We heard it all the way down here."

"It was, dear boy. It was." Barney took a sip of coffee and ate a piece of left over bacon. "Were you panting at the keyhole?"

Jerry's eyes narrowed.

Barney smiled derisively, then watched Eldon. "I thought he was going in to work this morning."

Jerry continued to read the paper. "We're going to Palm Springs to a brunch, then on to a party tonight."

"Is it safe to assume that I'm not invited?" He looked for a response and found none. "Spending the night?"

"Probably."

"Good. I hate long drawn out goodbyes," said Barney, finishing his coffee and walking back to his bedroom.

"Goodbyes? What do you mean?" Jerry called after him.

Barney ignored him.

He brazenly pulled up in front of K.O.'s house three hours later and walked up to the front door. He rang the doorbell.

Momentarily, Gretchen opened the door, mouth agape. "Well, at least he

didn't run off with you."

Barney studied her, afraid to ask her what she'd meant. "Where is he?" His voice was just above a whisper.

"He took two suitcases full of shit and left this morning at the crack of dawn," she said, holding the door open for him. "I figured he was running off with you, after what went on last night."

"What'd he say last night?" Barney asked, walking inside stiffly.

"That he'd finally realized that it was useless living with me. That he was fed up with the current situation." She sat on a couch and gestured for him to do likewise. "I figured it was the booze, so I ignored it."

"Where'd he go?" he asked, forlorned.

"I don't know, Barney," she said, softly. She sighed. "I won't deny that I'm relieved."

He turned ashen. "I...I thought he would come with me. Uh..." He shook his head, fighting back tears, then chuckled, nervously. "I talked him INTO it....But he was supposed to come to ME."

"Maybe he will, Barney," she offered. "Maybe he had to go off somewhere and think." She massaged his shoulder. "He was straight, kid. It's not easy for a guy like him. That macho shit's been fed to him all his life, you know?"

"I know."

"You know, I always knew when he'd been with you. He...He always seemed anxiety-ridden for about an hour or so afterward."

"Guilt? I never thought he had any qualms."

"How do I put this like a lady?" She rolled up her eyes.

"Uh...Straight shooter Gretchen, lost for words.... Those times when he went down on you, he had to balance out the situation by banging the hell out of me."

Barney said nothing for several seconds, then cleared his throat. "Well, I guess I'll just have to wait it out."

"Barney, he told me that he worried you'd fall in love with him. He's a good man. He'd rather hurt you now than down the line when it'd hurt so much more."

"I know." Barney stood, then bent over and kissed her on the cheek. "Be happy with Marie. Best of luck." He turned and walked to the front door.

"You too, Barn."

He stopped with his hand on the door. "You'll talk to him again.... Tell him that I'll wait for him."

He opened the door and walked to his car, feeling totally empty and helpless.

The following morning, he took all the belongings he originally came with, loaded them inside his van and drove to Santa Monica, checking into a motel which overlooked the high school. He drove around the immediate area for hours, looking for K.O.'s car parked at a motel. Giving up, he called Gretchen from his motel but K.O. had not called her. He gave her his new number and proceeded to drink himself to sleep.

The following morning, he called the high school but was told that K.O. was out of town. He talked to his secretary but she refused to say where K.O. was. He talked Gretchen into doing the same, but the secretary balked with her too.

Two more days passed and Gretchen called to say that K.O. had started divorce proceedings and had come for more things. Yes, she'd given him the message--as well as a lecture--and no, he'd not responded either way.

That night, Barney vacantly watched television in the darkness of the motel room. He'd not eaten in two days and felt ill. A sportscaster had just announced that the popular, highly successful football coach, K.O. Pedersen of Santa Monica Schurz High School had resigned effective immediately and taken the head coaching job at an obscure college called Southeastern Georgia State College in Brandywine, Georgia. The announcer added that Brandywine was where K.O. came from and that all his peers are shocked that he "threw away such a promising career by going there."

Barney finished his bottle, drinking himself sober.

He wrote two letters:

Dear Eldon,

Well, it seemed like a good idea, having you, with Jerry and K.O. on the side. The punishment for being a whore seems a mite too severe, however. Perhaps I should have stayed and fought it out, but the deck seems to be stacked against me. Guess I'll chase a rainbow called K.O. and see where it takes me. Gretchen will fill you in.

Love, Barney

P.S. I didn't lie to you about the drink. The truth will come out one day.

P.P.S. I'll always love you.



WHOPPER!.....This SWAN subscriber is 28, 6'-0", 160# and is looking for a discreet gentleman, 40-60, husky, hairy and muscular. Check out the Florida ads.



And to K.O. in care of the college, he wrote:

Dear K.O.,

I figure that a month is plenty of time to get your head on straight, so I plan to be in Brandywine exactly one month from today. I'll stay a couple of days. I'll be staying in the nearest motel to the college. You'll recognize the van. Follow your heart.

Love, Barney

THIRTY-TWO

Leaving Southern California he felt a strong sense of déjà vu. He wept like he'd done when he left Houston, only this time it seemed like much more of a loss. The further away he got, the more he felt that there was nothing for him in Georgia. So many times, he wanted to turn back, but the wayfarer endured in him. If not K.O., then someone, he kept telling himself.

Passing through Tucson, he purposely stopped at the restaurant he and Eldon had stopped at nearly two years before. From his van, he watched an older couple sitting at that same booth near the window. He became lost in memories and could plainly see himself, looking at Eldon in childish wonder, as if the future held no betrayal--no broken hearts. He wept more and drove on, finally stopping for the night in El Paso.

By the time he reached Houston, he had built a shell of oblivion around himself. If a painful memory surfaced, he would dispatch it to the depths of some murky memory bank. He rented a motel room and immediately went on a tour of the video arcades and baths. He prowled constantly, pouncing on any older man that attracted him. He would have their cock out almost before they could resist. As one 55 year old telephone company lineman said as Barney went down on him just inside the booth door, "Goddamn, buddy, let me lock the door first!"

He would wait in his van and watch the activity at a restroom in Memorial Park. He learned that the older ones would go in during the early morning hours, before the young crowd and cops arrived. He would wait until some desperately horny middle aged man would go in, then follow and waste no time in devouring them.

Invariably, they came quickly and left quickly, whispering, "Thank you." Some would add, "Wow, that was good." None offered their name or telephone number.

He bought a Houston map and located other parks, circling those which had restrooms in yellow. The bath locations, he marked in blue. The arcades, he highlighted in red. One day he went to 26 locations and sucked 8 cocks. One even wanted to have him, but he couldn't reach erection. Most of the ones he had were retired married men and they were scared to death. In a way, he could almost read their minds afterward. "God, I hope I didn't catch a disease." "Someday, I'm gonna get caught by the cops." "Jesus, I hope no one recognizes me here."

One morning, he went into an arcade and saw a big, burly, white haired man looking at the video covers behind a glass near the entrance. Later, the man went into a booth, but was oblivious to Barney's signal next door. It took Barney almost 30 minutes to finally get the man's attention. It took another 30 minutes and 6 more booths before he could get the man to stick his cock through the hole. Ejaculating, the man walked back to the entrance and looked at the covers again. To Barney's delight, the man was receptive to conversation and he ended up taking the man to lunch.

To Barney's further delight, the man's wife was out of town for a week and the man, a retired railroad worker, spent every day for a week with Barney. They had sex sometimes three times a day and Barney took him out to dinner and a movie, or dinner and bowling, or dinner and bingo. Then the man's wife came back and the man said goodbye, never giving his address or telephone number. Barney assumed that the name he gave, "Clarence," was not his real name.

After over two weeks in Houston, he decided that he'd inflicted enough degradation upon himself and set out for Georgia.

In Lafayette, Louisiana, he pulled into a service station and was serviced by a ruddy-faced, green-eyed, fiftyish looking station owner, who spoke in a thick, maddeningly sexy Cajun accent. Barney asked all kinds of questions to extend his time with the man and asked him to check everything imaginable on the car. He drooled over the man's fat, powerful hands and thick fingers. His heart pounded at the sight of the man's cock and balls imprint, bulging on his left side. He became intoxicated with the man's smell of after shave with a hint of oil and gasoline. Paying the man, he moved his van to a parking area and went inside the restroom, intent on masturbating.

Inside, he washed the grime off his face and was drying when the station owner walked inside, causing Barney's heart to race and pound. As the man rolled out his thick, long cock, Barney's face began to burn and his throat became dry. As a thick stream of urine gushed into the urinal, Barney said with a quavering voice, "I'd give my left arm to suck that."

The stream of urine suddenly stopped and the man looked surprised at Barney. He seemed to struggle to finish urinating, then said, "Hey, I don't do dat ting, cher." He smiled at Barney. "Flattered dough. Come back, now." He walked out, patting Barney on the shoulder.

Barney rushed to the booth and sprayed his load all over the floor.

At the motel in Lafayette, the desk clerk told him that Mardi Gras was coming up and that the Acadiana Region Mardi Gras was almost as fun as New Orleans. Barney figured that, during Mardi Gras, people sort of lost their inhibitions, so he decided to stay in Lafayette for a while and see if he could find a stud like the station owner.

As in Houston, he bought a map and circled the parks. Soon, however, he found that the parks were not a good source for his type and that there were no baths or video arcades. He therefore decided to go to New Orleans for Mardi Gras.

THIRTY-THREE

He made it only as far as the rest stop just outside of Lafayette. It was the only place in the area he had not checked out, so he thought that he would give it at least a couple of hours. He parked the van away from the restrooms and watched the activity in and out.

At first, he couldn't spot any gay activity, but slowly it became evident. Two trucks were parked on the far curb and both were idling. Several cars, vans and campers were parked at an angle against the inner curb. Just outside the men's restroom, Barney could see a young man inside a camper, watching the restroom like a vulture. Next to him was a white Corvette with another young man--this one watching the man in the camper like a vulture. At the other far end, there was a van with what appeared to be an older man inside.

A young, grimy trucker with long, stringy, blond hair walked out of the men's room and made a telephone call at a nearby walk-up phone. Soon, another equally grimy young trucker came out and waited around for the

other to make his call. With that, the man in the Corvette got out and walked to the men's room, giving the man in the camper a powerful "come look."

The call completed, both truckers walked across to their rigs and moved on. Two automobiles with families inside also took off, leaving behind just the Corvette, the camper and Barney's and the other man's vans. The man in the camper then followed the other inside and Barney wished them a good fuck.

He detected movement out of the corner of his eye and saw a grey-haired, stocky man with glasses get out of the van at the other end. As he moved closer, Barney could see that the man was in his early sixties and short--no more than five foot three so. His face had a ruddy, outdoor complexion.

"Oh, let 'em be," mumbled Barney as the man appeared to be headed for the toilet.

But the man walked past and ambled toward Barney, looking up and smiling as he got close. Barney returned the smile and winked.

The man nodded toward the restroom and said, "Dey been waitin' don know how many hours fo dat."

Barney watched as another car pulled in. "Yeah, and they'll have wait some more, looks like."

"Naw, cher. Dey be PRIMED, you know? Dey probly cum all over demselves de first lick."

Barney laughed and gave the little Cajun a good going over. "Yc sound like you're from here."

"No shit," he said in mock wonderment. "Where you from, now?"

"North Carolina."

"You don sound like you from no North Carolina."

Barney studied his mischievous, sparkling brown eyes and well groomed almost white hair. "I moved around lot in the Marine Corps. I don't know my accent from my ass."

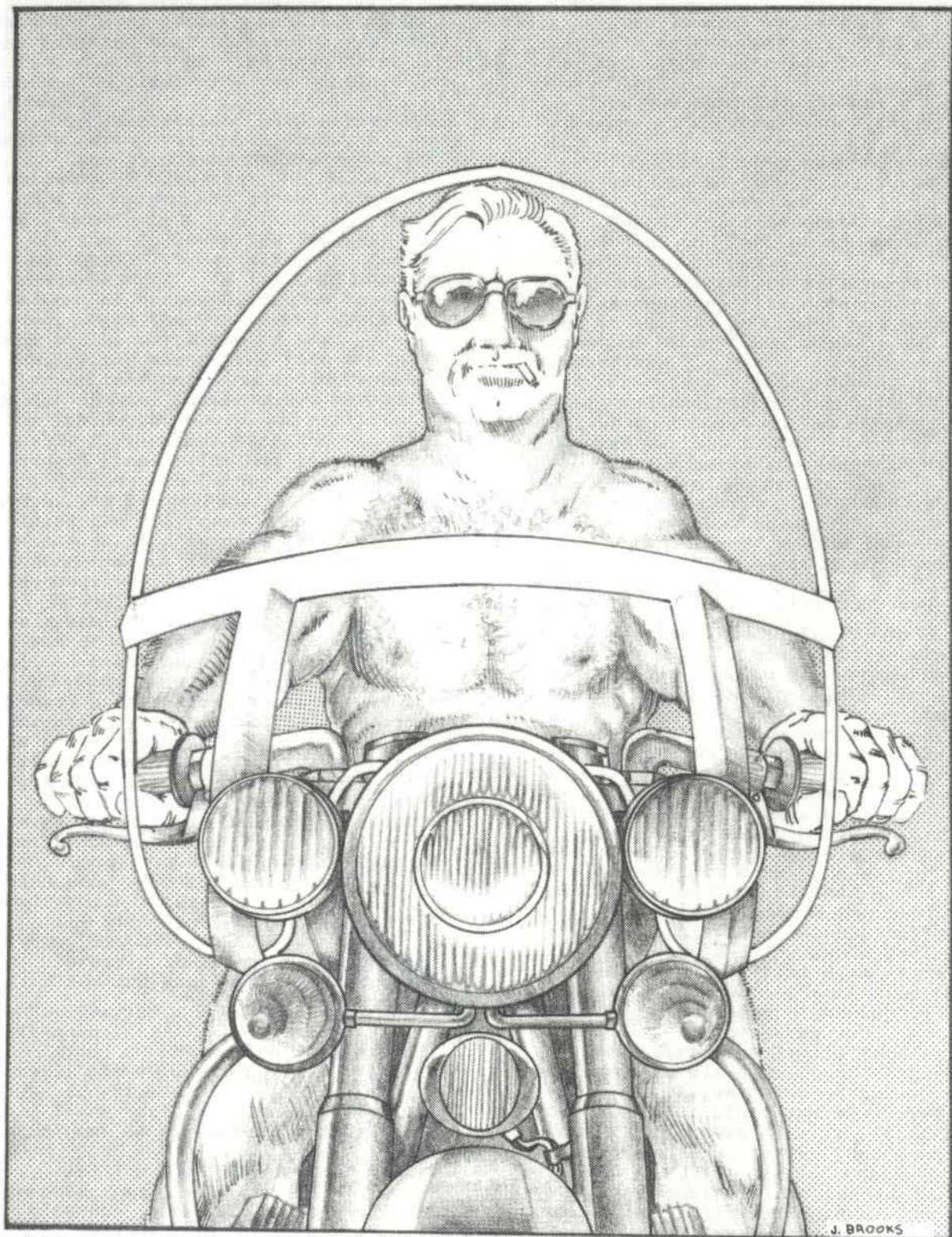
"Oh, well now, I sho do like de marines."

"And I sure do like that accent" Barney countered. "What does 'cher' mean?"

The man's lips formed a dazzling smile. "Mean's 'dear' in French. Just a standard Cajun greetin. No b-tin'."

As a man and woman got out of the car and headed toward the restrooms, the two men exited the men's room, quickly heading in opposite directions. One nervously checked his fly and appeared flushed. The other wiped his lips unconsciously and frantically looked around the area. Barney and the little guy saw this and chuckled.

As the man watched the young men get in their cars and drive off,



J. BROOKS....."Untitled"

Barney studied him more closely. He figured that the man weighed about 170 and, judging from the texture and size of his hands, he probably did a lot of manual labor.

"Mercy, look at dem two fly," said the man, looking back at Barney and noticing that his crotch was being surveyed. "Lot of fire down dere, cher. You figure you can handle a lot of heat?"

"Goddamn right," said Barney, unlocking the passenger door.

"Cops be pretty nasty here. You follow me." With that, he smiled, licked his lips, winked and strode for his van.

Barney followed the van east on Interstate 10 to an exit which read, "Breaux Bridge." He followed through the town of Breaux Bridge up to a levee, where the van turned south and went to the outskirts of town. Finally, the van pulled into a driveway in front of a modest looking house. Barney suddenly saw movement from inside the house and hesitated, finally getting out when the man gestured grandly for him to come on in. By the time Barney reached the house, the man had gone inside and was holding the door open. He was talking to someone in a strange French language--Cajun French, Barney reasoned.

Standing next to a kitchen bar was a man built similarly to Eldon. He was about the same age as Barney and the other man and had short, grey hair. He wore a grey jump suit and exposed a fair sized basket. But his expression was what intrigued Barney. His smile was sweet and gentle. His eyes were metallic, baby blue.... and sightless.

"Do you mind?" asked the first man. "He go to de back if you don't want no tree way."

Barney was still stunned over the blind man. "Uh..Of course not.... Uh, you're both a turn on."

The first man smiled, relieved. "Toddy, dis here is...."

Barney quickly moved toward the blind man and grabbed his outstretched hand. "Barney.... My name's Barney Wilkinson."

"Todd Guidry. Nice to meet you, Barney," he said with only a trace of Cajun accent.

Barney felt a jolt of electricity and almost became mesmerized by the man.

"And I'm ole Rex Monton," said the other man.

Barney released Todd's hand and turned to shake Rex's.

"Barney, would you care for some coffee or tea. Got some stronger stuff too if you want," said Todd.

"Coffee'll be fine," said Barney.

"Take a chair, cher," said Rex, pointing to a chair at a kitchen table.

He did so and Rex sat next to him, placing his big rough hand on Barney's crotch. Barney shuddered and jumped.

"Goddamn, Toddy, dis boy be goosey."

Todd laughed while pouring Barney's coffee deftly. "Forgive him, Barney. He's all hands but he's loveable."

Barney chuckled. "That's alright. I'm pretty bad with my hands too."

"Oh, yeah?" Rex grabbed Barney's hand and placed it upon his crotch. "Well, put it here den."

Barney felt his crotch and became aroused at the feel of a short, thick cock with huge balls.

Todd turned to serve Barney's coffee and carefully made his way to the table. As he placed the coffee in front of Barney, Rex reached out and groped him.

"Dis is the king, dough." Rex again grabbed Barney's hand and pulled him up to grope Todd, who good naturedly stood there.

Barney again shuddered as he felt the outline of an extraordinarily thick cock and massive balls. "Oh, my nerves," croaked Barney.

Forgoing coffee, the three men went into a back bedroom and stripped quickly and urgently.

"Barney's got grey hair and he's about our age," said Rex to Todd. "Handsome devil, too, Toddy. Blue eyes. Some hurt in dem eyes, too. He needs some lovin', Toddy."

With that, the two Cajuns threw Barney in the middle and started working on him at either end. Rex kissed him hungrily, dropping down from time to time to chew on his tits. Todd sucked his cock and balls. But Barney couldn't keep his eyes off the two unsucked cocks and wished that he could suck them both. He sat up and gently pulled Todd off his cock.

"Let's put Todd in the middle for a while," whispered Barney, rolling Todd onto his back. "Jesus Christ," moaned Barney, looking down at the awesome cock. Barney estimated the cock to be at least eight inches around and seven inches long.

Rex straddled Todd's face and slipped his six inch round cock into Todd's mouth, watching as Barney took out his upper plate and swallowed Todd's cock whole. Rex squealed with glee. "Goddamn, Toddy. How long's it been?"

Todd excitedly moaned something, but it was indecipherable.

Barney stayed down on Todd as he held both lime sized balls, squeezing them.

"Gimme some of you, cher," urged Rex, motioning for Barney to turn around.

Barney reversed himself and again buried his face into Todd's crotch. Then he felt the hot wetness of Rex's mouth, as it feasted on him. "Mmmmmnnnnn," moaned Barney, becoming ecstatic.

The three men sucked wildly, grunting and snorting in uninhibited pleasure. Todd arched his back and began pummeling Barney's face with his wrist-sized tool. Barney squeezed his balls in response, inducing Todd to frenzy. From his own crotch, he felt Rex's face pounding into his abdomen, taking every inch with ease. Judging from Rex's growls, Barney surmised that he was likewise in rapture.

Suddenly, Todd's legs became rock hard and the whole bed shook with his spasms. His semen swirled into Barney's mouth, filling it. Just then, Rex came, causing Todd to choke and purge his cock. Barney quickly grabbed Rex's cock and jacked it as it shot jissom over Todd's chest.

Exhausted, Rex rolled over onto his back and Barney began to masturbate himself. While he fluidly fondled himself, he slowly let Todd's dying cock slip out of his mouth and stared at it, his eyes no further than 6 inches away. A tremor rolled through Todd's body and the big cock seemed to ripple. Then a pearl of clear liquid appeared at the head and Barney suddenly exploded his load into the air.

Barney sat at the kitchen table, sipping a cup of tea and watching Todd chop onions and green peppers. Rex had gone out "to the sto to get some tings to make etouffee and gumbo," giving Barney a chance to find out what had happened to Todd's sight.

"I was stupid, basically," said Todd. "I had all kinds of warnings from doctors about the blood sugar level. I didn't take my pills like I was supposed to. Hell, it was my fault." He finished chopping one onion and started on another, his eyes watering. "Now, I've lost my sight and have to take insulin. Rex goes over me with a fine tooth comb about once a week, just to see if I got a cut or bruise. I even go to a foot doctor once a month, 'cause circulation problems start there."

"Are both of you retired?" asked Barney, amazed at how Todd knew exactly where everything was.

"Yeah. I worked for the Postal Service. Rex, he was a Lafayette police detective." Todd chuckled. "You know, I met that little fucker twenty-six years ago. He'd never been with a man before and he was married with four kids. Used to deliver mail to them." He stopped and turned toward Barney, melting him with his smile. "It all happened so fast...."

I had this registered letter for them and when I knocked on the door, he called for me to come in. Seems that he'd called in sick that day to take care of his youngest boy and his wife and other kids were away someplace. Well, here he was on the phone without a stitch of clothes on, motioning for me to carry the package over to where he was. Well, I took one look at that compact little body and it was love at first sight--couldn't keep my eyes off that short, fat dick of his." He laughed. "Shit, Barney, I guess he was flabbergasted that I was lookin at his cock so hard and he started getting excited before he had a chance to think about it. And just as quick, I reached down and started playing with it. So, shameful hussy that I am, I layed down my bag and went down on him--hell, he's on the PHONE talking, it turns out to his WIFE--and Jesus, he went fuckin apeshit. He came and came and came. And after he hung up the phone, instead of feeling guilty--cause I know it was the first time ever--why, he wanted another one ten minutes later.

"Did I create a monster! He fell head over heels in love with me and got to where he would call me every night and want to see me every other night. And I, of course, fell in love with him, too and didn't try to stop him. Well, to make a long story short, they ended up getting a divorce. Thank God, she never knew the real reason he went limp with her. I suppose she knows the situation now, but we're all friends and she's been married again for over twenty years. The kids are all grown and married and have kids of their own. Rex is grampa and I'm Uncle Toddy."

Barney heard a car door slam. "So, when did you move out here?"

"Oh, we've been here about four years now. It was to get away from the family more than anything else. Got to where the grandkids would just drop in or the kids would want us to babysit. They're too lazy to drive out here, so it's a lot more peaceful."

Rex brought in two bags of groceries. "You two been doin any fuckin without me?"

"Wouldn't think of it, Tiger," said Barney, goosing him as he walked by.

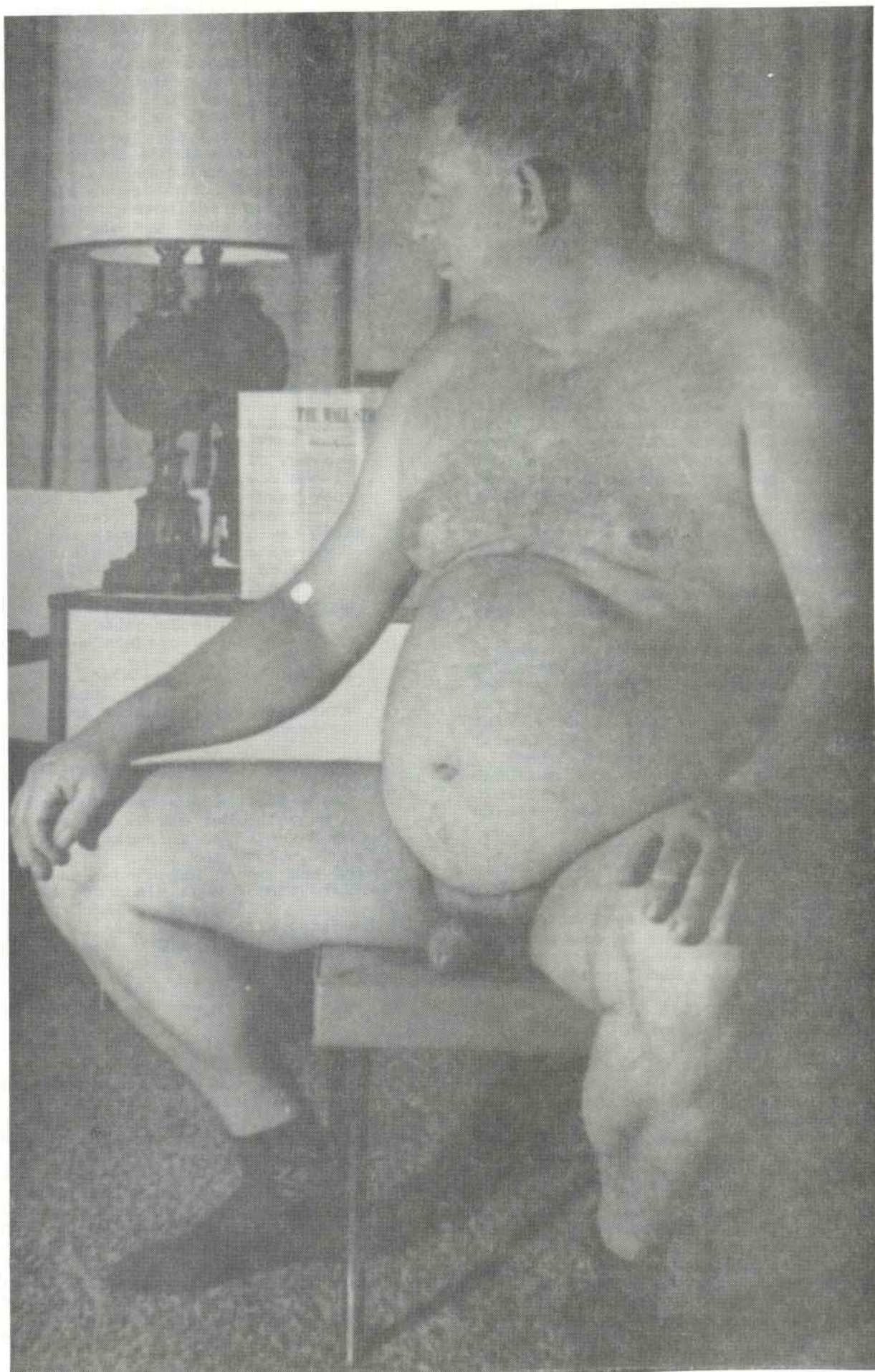
"Keep it up, boy, and I trow you to de flo and suck yo balls dry," warned Rex.

"No you won't either," shot Todd. "Get over here and hang your tits over this stove. I've already done my part."

"Okay, Daddy." Rex began putting away groceries, then smiled back at Barney.

Barney found it amazing that both men's smile had such a profound effect on him. It was frightening to think

SIMBA..... "Macho"



that he could too easily fall in love with both of them, given the emotional condition he was in. While Rex described a cruisy encounter at the grocery store, Barney studied Todd, who now sat next to him. He admired the round, handsome face and incredible eyes. He felt excited by the open shirt, which exposed auburn chest hair and succulent pecs. He turned his attention to Rex, who moved with a cocky, masculine gait. He watched as the big hands began deftly peeling shrimp, then deveining them.

"Chef Rex's gonna make etouffee so good, your tongue will lap your brains out! Talk about GOOOODDDD!"

"I was just telling Barney our life story," offered Todd.

"Bet dat didn't take long, did it?"

Barney laughed. "I think it's a beautiful story."

Rex turned to look at Barney and his expression suddenly turned very wise and compassionate. It was a totally different expression and it startled him. "I want to hear your story, Barney. You sho be a hurtin man." Rex stopped what he was doing and maintained his gaze on Barney.

"Maybe he don't want to tell his story, Rex. Knock it off, now. You're embarrassing him," said Todd, sensing a sudden strain.

Barney sighed.

"You gotta know by now dat you with friends, boy."

Barney suddenly felt very safe and secure. Suddenly, he wanted to purge his soul and tell these incredible men his story. And tell it he did.

Rex put dinner aside and the three men sat at the table for an hour, just listening to Barney tell of Eldon, Jerry, K.O., and Carlos. When he finished, he began to cry and Rex and Todd put their arms around him and held him until he stopped.

Rex finally got up and continued making dinner. "Toddy, dis boy's gonna stay with us for a while."

THIRTY-FOUR

Barney stayed on, but kept an eye on the calendar and his "date" with an ultimatum in Georgia. His visit seemed to greatly inspire Todd and Rex and they took him everywhere, including the Atchafalaya Swamp, the old sugar plantations and all the historical Acadiana attractions. As it got closer to Mardi Gras time, they told of wild parties and parades. And if Barney really wanted to, there was a friend in New Orleans who could put them up down there, "but Cher, day ain't nothin done dere we can't do up here."

And, of course, Rex was right. The three went to parties in Baton Rouge and Lake Charles and even places like Plaquemine, Opelousas and Abbeville. On the eve of Fat Tuesday, Rex took them to a party on the outskirts of Lafayette. He warned Barney that the host, a very wealthy Cuban, would try to outdo everyone else each year and that he should be prepared for something bizarre.

The house was huge and opulent, sitting isolated amidst a clump of giant live oaks. Cars were parked everywhere and loud Latin American music blared from the house. Rex explained that the host, a 55 year old oil man, decided on a Brazilian Carnival motif this year.

Inside, it was as if they had been transported to Rio during their Mardi Gras. Samba music was playing wildly and as one piece finished, the drums would maintain the cadence until another piece started. Further inside, Barney could see the 10 piece band providing the music and a swaying, dancing mass of humanity, nearly all dressed in wild costume.

With a big smile on his face, Todd held on to Rex as he led them through the crowd toward the back and a huge patio. Barney held on to Todd from the rear.

Although it was almost as crowded, there was less dancing on the patio and there was a cool breeze. Rex led them to a bar and Barney and Rex had drinks while Todd had orange juice. While they stood on the fringe, Rex softly described the scene to Todd, who marveled at the description. Then, Rex excused himself to go to the restroom and Barney tried his hand at providing "color" to the festivities.

As he spoke, Todd held him tightly, his warmth and chemistry drawing Barney closer. At that point, Barney knew that he was in danger of falling in love with a couple and becoming doomed to repeat a grave error. Granted, he wasn't the type to pull a "Jerry," but he didn't believe that kind of relationship was in his best interests. Still, he couldn't pull away. One look at Rex's comical, sincere expression or Todd's ethereal eyes and he was hooked, at least for the moment.

A petite man in drag walked up to them. "Toddy, baby, how ARE you?" he said, with a latin accent.

Todd smiled. "Who is it?" he said, extending his hand toward the man's face. Feeling the face, he exclaimed, "Tony!" He drew the little man to his chest and hugged him.

"Where is Rex?" Tony asked, cruising Barney with acute interest. "Hi," he said alluringly to Barney.

"Hi."

"This is Tony, Barney. He's been a friend of ours for a long time." He felt Tony's dress. "Charming."

Mackey?"

Tony gently slapped his hand.
"You know I can't afford a Mackey gown."

"So where did you find Barney, hmmm?"

Todd held Barney tighter. "He likes older guys, queen. Besides, he's ours."

As Todd and Tony bantered on, others joined them. Soon, Rex returned with four more and it became evident that Todd and Rex were very popular and respected people.

Barney allowed himself the fantasy of seeing himself living with Todd and Rex and being invited to lots of parties. He saw the three of them, going off on cruises to South America, there to see the Brazilian Mardi Gras. He saw them living in a house like this, surrounded by live oaks.

And then, he thought of K.O. and a pain shot through his entire body and he almost cried out K.O.'s name. He wondered if K.O. was thinking of him--wondered if he was sad and lonely.

The party went on and on into the wee hours and Barney danced often and drank too much. At one point, people would walk off into the bushes, followed by others. Later, people were having sex in the open. Rex exclaimed that it was worse than the New Orleans bars.

And then it was time for breakfast, then a fast cleanup, then on to another party brunch. After that, a quick nap, then on to downtown Lafayette for the big parade.

For a few hours, at least, Barney forgot about the longing inside and the confusion and became a small boy again. He reached out to catch the plastic and aluminum beads and coins being thrown from the floats, collecting them in all his pockets.

On the eve of Barney's departure, the three men sat out on the front porch in a swing, watching the sun set. Todd sat in the middle and both Barney and Rex nestled their heads into his chest. Both absently fondled Todd's stomach, legs and crotch.

Barney spoke, lazily. "And now there is a long, long streak of magenta and the yellow has turned to a soft orange."

"A soft orange?" double checked Todd.

"A soft orange, growing deeper now."

There was a period of silence, accompanied by the soft creak of the swing.

"There is purple now. The magenta streak is now purple. The orange is nearly orange-red."

Todd shook Rex. "Why can't you do something like this."

"Beat's the shit out of me, answered Rex, sleepily. "Dumb, guess."

"Now there is only purple & red," Barney trailed off.

After a long period of silence Todd squeezed Barney's shoulder. wish you didn't have to go, Cher sho would like to have you stay us."

"I have to go," said Barney softly. "I have to see if he's me."

"I just don't want to see you hurt, boy," said Rex.

"Hurt's on the horizon, Barney added Todd.

"I know."

"Well, we'll be here waiting you," said Todd.

"You welcome here anytime, Anytime."

"I know. But you know I need what you two have. I need someone who will make me number one in this life. I need it and I deserve it said Barney.

There was another period of silence as the horizon became darkness fell.

"Oh, Barney," began Todd. "You're like an albatross, Cher, flying over that big, angry ocean find your man, Barney. I know you find him soon. I feel with all heart you will." He placed his hand on Barney's face. "I can feel the love you've got to give him, Barney. He kept his hands on Barney's face turned to Rex, who was entranced "Feel the magic around us, Rex? one has ever come into our lives touched us this way." He then leaned over and kissed Barney lightly. find him, Barney, then bring him for this is your home."

THIRTY-FIVE

Between Baton Rouge and the Mississippi line, he heard the song "Ninety-nine Miles from L.A." on radio and his mind went back to morning he left Eldon behind. The song lingered for mile after mile relating to Eldon, then to K.O. began to feel like a ping pong ball and wondered why he couldn't extend the one true voice from the cacophony screaming within his head. Why couldn't there be one path? Why couldn't he hear what his soul advised?

But the closer he got, the more he realized deep inside that the experience that lay ahead was his life. It was life. It was a door to another chapter.

It was what his soul advised

The town of Brandywine, Georgia consisted of an old section and the newer college campus, complete with all the peripheral businesses that a college supports. He counted four motels and checked into the one closest to the football stadium, reasoning that a small, one story building adjacent to it was the sports administration building. Later, he found a liquor store and bought some gin and vermouth for later, then drove around the campus, looking for K.O.'s car.

He found it parked in front of the one story building adjacent to the stadium, then went back to the motel. He sat in a chair in front of the window, staring at K.O.'s car less than a block away. He sipped on a martini and waited.

At four in the afternoon, two young men walked out of the building and Barney's heart began to race. He stood and strained to focus his eyes better. Soon, two women walked out, followed by a tall thin man.

Then K.O. came out, accompanied by a thirtyish, voluptuous, brunette. She stayed very near him and finally put her arm around his waist. K.O. bent down and kissed her, grabbing her hand and swinging their arms together, like children would on the way to his car. He unlocked the passenger side, depositing the woman with a nibble on her ear. Then, going around the back of the car, he glanced over toward the motel where Barney was and suddenly paused, apparently seeing Barney's van.

Barney stiffly walked out of the motel room with his drink in hand and made his way to the curb of the main drag. He somberly watched as K.O.'s car left the campus and pulled up to a red light, not twenty feet away. K.O. glanced nervously toward Barney as the woman talked animatedly, finally looking squarely at him with a look of profound sorrow.

Barney toasted him, tears rolling down his cheeks, then watched him drive away.

He could vaguely remember driving through Alabama and Mississippi. By the time he reached Baton Rouge, he had pushed K.O.'s memory into oblivion and closed the door on it to his conscious satisfaction. He blamed no one for the experience and resolved to abstain from consummating love with a married man. Then, about the time he was attempting the same resolve with couples, he came face to face with Todd's eyes and Rex's smile.

At first, Rex and Todd were elated that he was back, but became saddened when Barney announced that he was going to Mexico to think things out. But, promising to come back soon and leaving his van to show good faith, Barney was able to get their blessings. He stayed only one night, then Todd and Rex took him to New Orleans to catch a plane for Mazatlan.

To be continued in August.....



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SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

61 YEARS YOUNG: Quiet gentleman, 5'-8", brown eyes, balding brown-grey hair, 165# and losing, average looking. Like making love and am versatile. Need younger, quiet gentleman to 45 -- tall and slim to share happy and sad times. Cry together, laugh together, play together, love together, care together and work toward a fulfilling life together. Write: Al Gaz, 435 S. Alexandria Ave., Box 201, Los Angeles, CA 90020
(G01-6/87)

DYNAMIC DUO - L.A.: Couple, 64, 5'-9", 220# and 36, 5'-5", 165, both white, muscular, masculine. Looking for singles or couples, 40-65+, stocky, more solid than fat. Exchange photos. Write: BLUEBIRD
(H04-6/87)

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA COUPLE: Couple, 66, 5'-8", 175# and 46, 6'-1", 230#. Both white, masculine, friendly. Looking for singles or couples, over 40, any race. Prefer stocky or chubby. Must be sincere, gentle, clean and have a sense of humor. Your photo gets ours. Write: CANARY
(X01-I)

MATURE BUT XTRA SEXY: Blond/Blue, 5'-9", 180#, still nice looking. Have all material things, successful in business, socially, but need someone to share life with. Own lovely home in Ventura County. Like to meet stocky/muscular, butch guy over 35 not into drugs or heavy drinking. Please send PHOTO/letter for mine. Mark, P.O. Box 146, 1409 Keuner Dr., Simi Valley, CA 93063.
(A01-6/87)

SATYR WANTS PRIAPUS/L.A.: Handsome, Anglo-Italian, professional, GWM, 45, 5'-9", 155#, black/brown, moustache, lean, hairy body, 6 1/2" cut, HIV negative, passionate and sexually versatile (Venus in Scorpio). Desires: a warm-hearted Big Daddy, professional, GWM, 40-55, 6', lean, hairy body, tanned blond to brunette, balding and gray okay, trimmed beard and/or moustache, hung thick, 8"-9"+, cut or retractable, HIV negative, virile and versatile for lustful man to man action and friendship, based on trust, love and intimacy. Photos appreciated. Write: PHOENIX.
(R03-4/87)

LOS ANGELES AREA: Masculine Oriental, 62, 5'-6", 160#. Would like to meet LOCAL men, any age or size for friendship and fun. Like outdoors, fishing and going to Las Vegas. Write: Sam, P.O. Box 4343, Pacoima, CA 91331.
(K02-6/88)

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: Santa Barbara and Ventura area. W/M, 70 years old, active and horny, seeks buddy or couples for friendship and fun. Swan Reader, P.O. Box 123, Oak View, CA 93022.
(H01-6/87)

I'VE GOT BALLS! 61 year old hairy hunk, 6', 185#, salt and pepper hair, brown eyes, well hung, clean shaven, seeks eager oral experts to drain me dry and then some. Any age or race is fine. I have no top/bottom hangups but I'll respect yours. Southern California preferred but will answer all. Write: K.S.S., P.O. Box 1501, Pomona, CA 91769.
(S02-10/87)

SAN DIEGO AREA WANTS WHITE, 65+: White guy, 55, 6', 170#, masculine, non smoker, looking for action during the day. White, 65 and over, write soon. You won't regret it. Don Daniels, 1958 Sunset Cliffs Blvd. #192, San Diego, CA 92107.
(D01-10/87)

LOS ANGELES: Grey haired 67, 5'-8", 145#, looking for uncut, any age or race for action, fun, correspondence. Would like photo exchange if you wish. Prefer meeting you in the bare flesh, of course. Write: Art, 1946 N. Kenmore, Los Angeles, CA 90027.
(M03-10/87)

HEY! ARE YOU: A masculine, dominant top under 55 years of age? I'm GWM, 68 years, 5'-7", 210#, balding gray, blue eyes--and I need you. Be reliable, sincere, clean and fun. I am! Call K.P.--Los Angeles area: (213) 374-0206.
(J03-10/87)

SINCERE, MATURE LEO: 5'-10", with all else in proportion, would like to acquire some new friends of any age in any part of the world. My interests are many and varied, outdoor and indoor. What are yours? Masculine only. Alan, P.O. Box 698, Gilroy, CA 95020-0698.
(R04-12/87)

NORTH HOLLYWOOD: White male, mid forties, 6', 210#, thinning blondish, blue eyes, husky, hairy build. Enjoy most safe and sane french action and tend toward bottom role. Enjoy insatiable types and lots of close body contact. Enjoy giving massage in relaxed environs. National contacts. Write: AVOCET
(A05-12/87)

LOS ANGELES HORNY BEAR: Cuddly, loving GWM, 58, 5'-6", 165#, silver/blue, beer belly, smoker, professional, retired. Like French A/P, 25 to 55, hung, for stable, affectionate love making. Full nude photo, please. Write: LARK.
(D03-10/87)

BURBANK WANTS PASSIVE: GWM, 55, 6', 200#, hairy and strong seeks friendly, actual passive. Enjoy men over 40 up to ? All welcome but silver or grey hair and under 6 feet are pluses. Am aggressive but gentle. I want a light or casual affair--closer the better. San Fernando Valley, Glendale preferred. All considered. Answer all. Write: L.O., P.O. Box 6884, Burbank, CA 91510.
(M05-6/87)

HUSKY W/M VETERANS: Goodlooking, 5'-6", 150 lb, young-appearing 40 year old seeks above. Prefer stocky, hairy, 45-60 year old macho type, but no beards. I am careful and safe. Love the NFL and NBA and dislike arts or classics. Also, conservative and employed so for occasional meetings only. Mike - (213) 739-8616. Keep Trying.
(N01-2/88)

WEST HOLLYWOOD: GWM, 60, 6'-3", 180#, hairy, hung very large. Seeks only others well hung, large balls. Will exchange photos. Write: Robb, Box 69608, West Hollywood, CA 90069. No drugs, drinkers or smokers, please.
(G07-12/87)

LOS ANGELES CUDDLER: Looking for fun and companionship. Interests to share; possible relationship. I'm GWM, 60, 5'-11", brown/blue, masculine, 220#, chubby/belly, French A/P, 69, safe sex, sensual massage, hairy affectionate teddy bear. Non: smoker-drinker-drugs. Home centered interests: gardening, cooking, music, theatre, movies (porn and regular), decorative arts, antiques, photography and travel. Seeking: GWM, 35-65, reliable, sincere, clean, non-smoker, interested in developing a lasting, caring-sharing type of friendship. Jon, P.O. Box 6716, Los Angeles, CA 90022.
(L02-10/87)

SHERMAN OAKS: 6'-2", 225 lbs of muscle, weight lifter, 52" chest, 38" waist, 18" arms, big pecs and big hot nipples, medium hairy, 7" cut, big low hangers, hot, passionate, affectionate, demonstrative, deep throat (safe sex) and more, plus 65 years old, moustache and damned attractive. Looking for men 50 to whatever for friends, companion and lover--one to one. Write L.G.M., P.O. Box 5781, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413. Photo and phone number please. Go for me!
(M07-12/87)

OCEANSIDE: GWM, on younger side of 60's, versatile in bed, clean/safe sex, HORNY, 5'-7", stocky, discreet, straight appearing. Cum, let's get it on/off together. Your photo gets mine. Write: QUAIL.
(D02-10/87)

STOCKY G/W/M, 47 YEARS OLD, 6' Looking for a loving, lasting relationship. I am romantic, affectionate, passionate, gentl very caring. Love travel, cool movies, country/western music meets. Age and looks are not important. I'm a Taurus. Write C.D., 1377 E. Citrus Ave., Suite Redlands, CA 92373, Telephone 4 797-1254.
(E01-12/87)

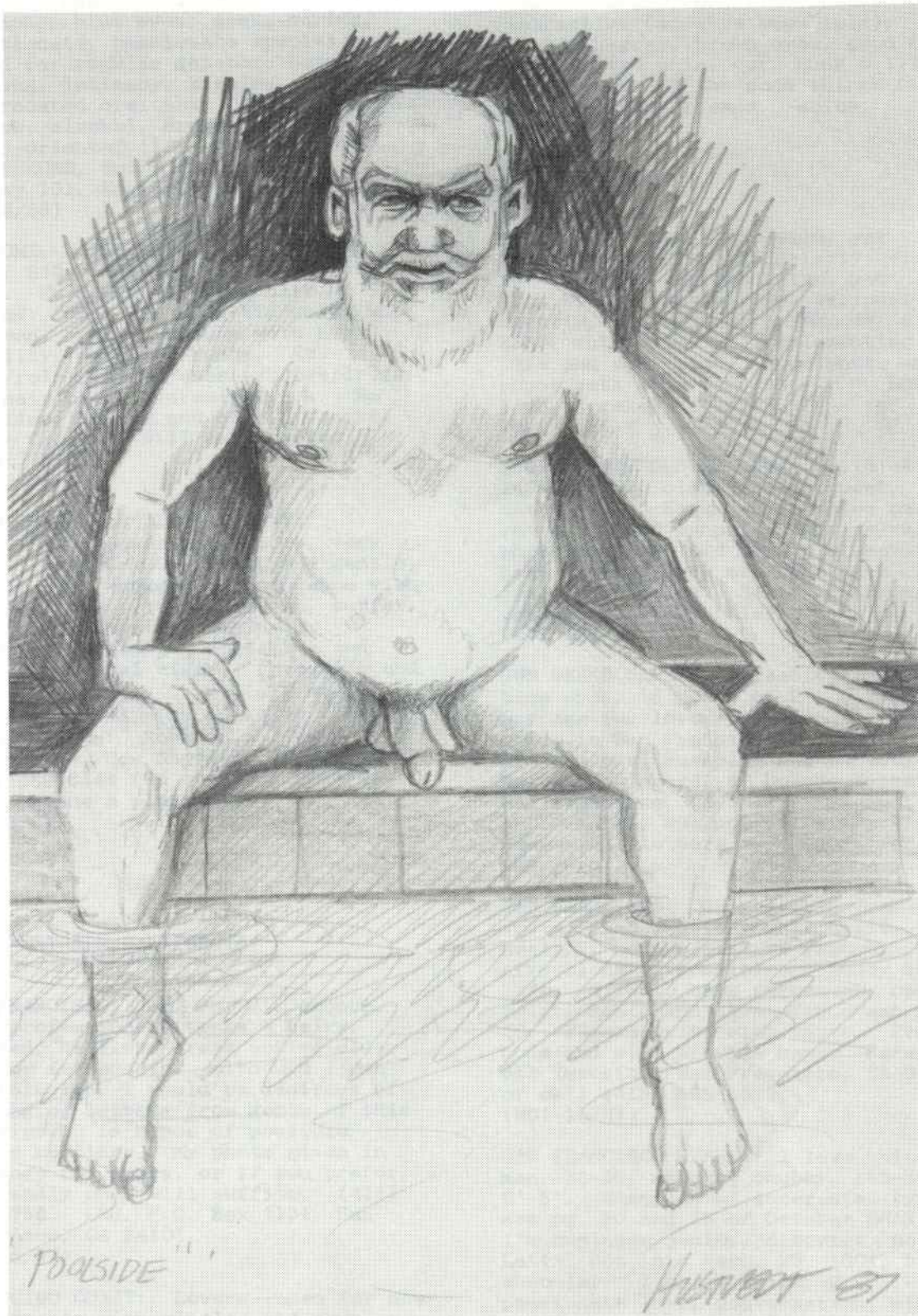
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: GWM, 35, 160#. Looking for a male, 30-7 Grey hair or touch of grey a pl Beard, moustache and hairy ches excellent plus, but not necess Able to travel. Good times for right man. Write with photo to 8026 E. Alondra, Paramount, CA
(M08-4/87)

ANTELOPE VALLEY, CA--NATIONWIDE 43, 143#, 6', brown/grey hair, smooth body, 8" medium thick, F A/P, Greek P, versatile. Like outdoors, camping, Jeeps, etc. Jeep and motorhome. Seek correspondence and action with male, age 45-55, strong, heavys father-bear type, non smoker. HAWK.
(A02-10/87)

BALBOA ISLAND DAD WANTS DAD: Goodlooking, 37, blue eyes, 6'-260#, stocky/tall build, bald b buzzed, medium body hair, 6-7" thick/cut, masculine, coach typ cuddly bear, warm hearted gentl Looking for full or part time b You over 40, hairy a plus. You photo/letter gets mine. Sincer Let me hear from you. Write:
(J06-8/87)

SANTA MONICA ATTRACTIVE: W/M, clean, healthy, 5'-10", 158#. smooth body and face, silver cu hair, sincere, friendly persona Into giving fantastic French sl deeply, completely. Reciprocat great but not a must. I'm 7" u loose foreskin--nice. I wear dentures--HOO BOY--real thrill sucking! Have sensual mouth, ve throat--tight and hot. Educatec tonque, stimulating massage for cock and balls. Am curious abou Couples okay. Must be clean and virile. Write: SWAN READER, 12 Wilshire Blvd. #644, Los Angeles 90025.
(W07-4/88)

HUNTINGTON BEACH AREA: W/M, 62 young, 5'-7", 160#, salt & pepp hair, runner, weight lifter, ex-professional model. F/A & P, hung thick. Would like to meet bisexual persons, 55 to 70+. Yc photo/letter gets mine. Write: MAGPIE.
(M14-6/87)



HUSTVEDT....."Poolside"

SAN DIEGO COUNTY: Attractive, trim, hairy body, clean, HIV negative, retired professional, 61, 5'-6", 125#, moustache, blue eyes, seeks caring, affectionate, passionate special friend for regular get-togethers for touching, intimacy, kissing, reciprocated oral sex. Absolutely no tobacco, alcohol, drugs. Health-oriented life style. Write: SWAN READER, Suite #113, 103 N. Highway 101, Encinitas, CA 92024. (L05-4/88)

HANDSOME, HORNY & HUNG: Hairy GWM, 6'-3", 230#, hung fat and uncut/big balls. Full head graying hair. Seeking: 50+, GM, hung big/uncut who is clean, honest, secure with his sexuality, sense of humor. No games/role-playing/queens/booze/drugs. Gray hair/bald, overweight o.k. Be masculine, mature and hung. Coastal Orange County. Will swap photos. Write: MYNA. (M11-2/88)

LA/NORTHERN SAN DIEGO COUNTY: Ex-U.S.M.C., power man, uncut, very stocky, 5'-8", 190#, tough and gentle, 38 year old, seeks correspondence with real men, 45+. I am horseman, surfer, musician, mechanic, original California Dreamer. Sensitive and gentle, yet real tiger. Love life and fun. Smooth body. Love all real men--weight and size no issue. Harley Rider. Write: Robin A., 3405 Marathon #6, Los Angeles, CA 90026, or (213) 669-3344 (No crazies, please). Photo, phone a plus. (A06-6/87)

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO: WM, 38, 6', smooth, 165, professional, seeks a hairy, bearded, baldish, Greek active older man for friendship. Although I can not relocate, I would be desirous of exchanging letters from gents of this description in hopes of possible future meetings. My photo given in exchange for yours, or if you prefer, a friendly chat will suffice. (415) 863-9756. LRG, P.O. Box 1131, San Francisco, CA 94101. (G06-6/87)

MENDOCINO COAST: Lovers--open for new experiences with singles and couples, 40 yrs and up. Confirmed nudists, world travelers. Have private deck and hot tub. We are white--one, 72, 5'-11", 187 lbs, 6 1/2" cut; the other, 65, 6'-1", 194lbs, 5 3/4, cut. Mature, educated and sexy. Your photo gets ours. Write: WOODPECKER (M06-10/87)

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA: Single, 66 years old, 5'-11", 175#, bi, non-smoker, VERY light drinker, nudist, voyeur, attractive (so I've been told), blondish-gray, brown eyes, good tan, do not like pain, cut, hung 6 1/2-7" thick--and all the good things that go with being oversexed. Write: ROADRUNNER

(W04-10/87)

TRUST ME: Born to be wild, yet domestic; cuddly, yet grizzly; virile, yet sensitive; progressive, yet traditional; casual, yet serious; saintly, yet sensual. GWM, 46, 6'-2", 225#, interested in complementing your life and you, mine. Your photo and phone gets mine. Write: P.O. Box 3348, Eureka, CA 95502. (M02-8/87)

YOUNG SEEKS OLDER: GWM, 27, 5'-8", 145#, Br/Bl, clean shaven, neat, attractive. Seeks white males over 50 years old for penpals, nude or regular photo exchange and possible meeting. Like gray, silver or white hair. All sizes and shapes. Senior citizens welcome. Write: KIWI (C03-4/87)

GWM SEEKS SAME: Attractive redhead, blue eyes, 56 going on 21, seeks male any age for lover or friend. Have condo in San Francisco. I am a professional musician and businessman. Write to Richard, 47 Dorado Terrace, San Francisco, CA 94112. Photo appreciated, but not necessary. Will answer all letters. (W02-6/87)

SAN FRANCISCO: 39 year old from India, 5'-5", hairy, well built, healthy, active/passive french, affectionate, sensitive. Enjoy social life. Wish to have permanent, open relationship and live with a man over 50. Please write with photo. Prefer nude and will provide same. Narain, 655 Teresita, San Francisco, CA 94127, or call (415) 585-6585. (M01-10/87)

SAN FRANCISCO HEART: I love white men, 35-56, stocky, chubby, 195-250, 5'-6'. Examples of interests, types are pg. 20 and 26 of October SWAN. I'm business junior, discreet, polite, Latin, not into bars, 25, 160#, 5'-6", muscular. I enjoy swimming, passionate love, conversation, wine and more. Please reply with/without photo to: Joseph, P.O. Box 884213, San Francisco, CA 94188. (A04-4/87)

TENDER LOVING CARE: GWM, 53, 5'-8", 147#, balding, uncut, hung, nudist, versatile. Enjoys bicycling, walking, old movies, conversation, travel. Seeks over 55 non-smoker, light drinker, to touch, cuddle and give mutual satisfaction. Write: Lloyd Gag, 16430 Hanford-Armona Rd., Lemoore, CA 93245. (G07-4/87)

SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA: GWM, 66, 5'-6", 135#, retired professional, seeks gentle top for casual affairs. Must enjoy gently playing with 6" cut, clean shaved cock, balls and nipples and cute buns on healthy, clean, athletic body. Write: Dee, P.O. Box 1434, Mill Valley, CA 94942. (M09-2/88)

HAIRY OLD MEN WANTED: I'm 31, 5'-9", 150#, brown/blue, very good looking, gymnast's body, hung, cute ass, hairy chest, 70% bottom, successful MBA, frequent traveller. Looking for 50+, grey/white-haired, hairy-chested men. Very hairy, "executive look", good looking, hung, Irish--all plusses, but not necessary. Don't like beards, fat (stocky okay). Exchange photos. Write: DJD, Box 31704, San Francisco, CA 94131. (D04-12/87)

LONELY IN THE CITY: GWM, 73, 5'-8", love to write and receive letters. Into most everything except S-M and kinky. Hot and horny but also discreet, affectionate and loyal. 6" cut. Always ready for friendship which is more important than getting it on together. We need that too for the sake of our living balls. It doesn't have to be with the same person. If it is, so much the better. Write: K. Lee, Box 6184, San Francisco, CA 94101. (L04-2/88)

FAIRFIELD: White male, 50, 6'-3", 240#, 7" cut, healthy, financially secure, seeks slender, healthy, muscular, defined, straight acting man who is sexually versatile. No drugs, no smoke. Must be honest, into home life, work or no work okay. Send nude photo (a must) to R. Booth, P.O. Box 166, Fairfield, CA 94533. (B07-10/87)

OREGON

SOUTHWEST OREGON: GWM, 55, 5'-10, 200#, quite muscular, ex football player, weightlifter, boxer, wrestler, rodeo rider. Seeks the quiet, fatherly type, discreet, non drinker, shorter, heavy set and over 55. Looking for permanent, live-in, one-on-one mate. Write with photo, please to: MEADOWLARK (B02-8/87)

PORTLAND, OREGON: GWM, 37, 5'-1 medium build, brown hair with fl of silver, full trim beard, blue eyes. Cut and nice! This semi-LEO is quiet and reserved. Light drinker, no drugs. Seeking olde guys, no age limit, for possible father-figure and friend. Plus factors: Burly, hairy, stern, y gentle. Seeking reality mixed w "hot" fantasy fun. Safe sex ori Photo and phone brings mine in return. Write: WREN (W05-6/87)

OREGON-WEST COAST-B.C. CANADA: non smoker, 55, 5'-8", 155#, red blonde hair, blue eyes, good bod somewhat hairy, 6"+/medium thick greek active, french A/P (safe s versatile. Like outdoors, skiin (snow/water), camping, hiking, swimming, theatre, movies, conce Seek correspondence, friendship, action. Age 45-62. Write: SWAN READER, P.O. Box 387, Clackamas, 97015. (W09-4/88)

ARIZONA

NEED A BUDDY, FULL OR PART TIME: 63, 5'-8", 200 lbs, stocky build masculine, blue eyes, bald with horseshoe, soft blond hair on ck and belly, hung very thick, reti military, easy-going. Spend wir in Phoenix apartment, then trave Coast in summer with travel trad Looking for clean buddy, white, 70 years of age, retired militar plus. Enjoy photo exchange. An to suggestion to try other areas Can travel and am also looking f buddies along the way. Answer m and I'll respond! Write: GOON! (G04-8/87)

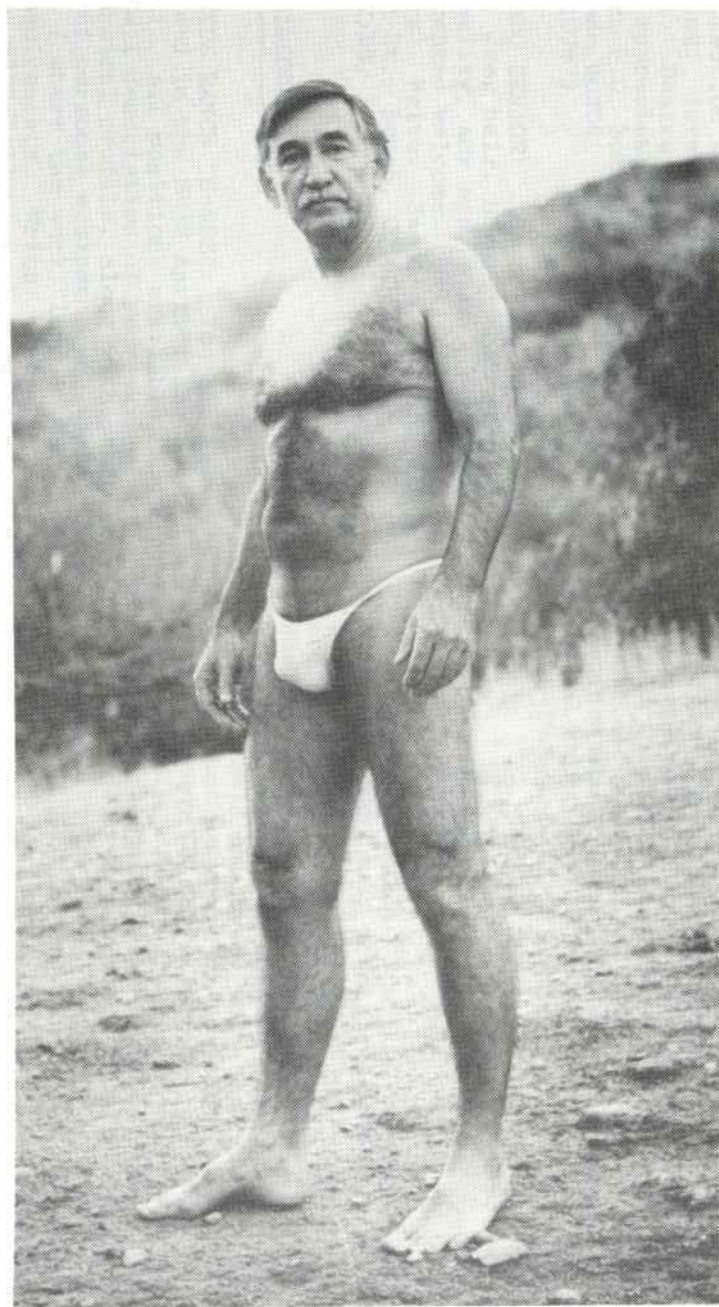
YUMA: White male, 70's, 5'-6", 7 1/2" cut, not young but active a loner, but enjoy company. Mos people find me good to be with. Clean, white hair and moustache. Welcome letter or you can phone 344-1541. Photo gets mine. Wr: IBIS. (I01-2/88)

UTAH

UTAH SILVER BEAR: GWM, 65, 6', interested in over 50, hairy, un husky, safe love maker. I'm ave can travel, but do not drive. I hairy, silver hair, mustache, un well hung, active, retired. Wou enjoy photo exchange and possibl meeting. Write: GULL (C01-6/88)

ZEN presents the star of RANCH HOUSE VIDEO '87

.....no wonder it's selling!



WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON STATE: GWM, 65, 5'-9", 170#, gray hair, brown eyes. I'm a cigarette smoker and coffee drinker but use no alcohol or drugs. I am seeking someone who is active greek sexually, interested in sharing lives and able to relocate while developing a permanent lover relationship. Write: Frank, P.O. Box 110772, Tacoma, WA 98411. (C07-12/87)

SEATTLE AREA: Young looking, attractive, GWM, 63, 5'-10", 165#, married, seeks pen pals 60 or over to exchange pics, nurture friendship for possible meeting. 6" uncut, masculine, super-discreet, caring, eager to please. Write soon. Clergy welcome. Write: DUCK. (D03-2/88)

SEATTLE SATYR: GWM, 59, 5'-5", Brown & Brown, 130#. Into just about anything but scat. Especially turned on by CBT, TT, W/S and moderate S&M. Travel to San Francisco frequently. French A/P, Greek passive. Enjoy getting my ass whipped and cock and balls worked on. Like phone J/O. Write: Dino, P.O. Box 25776, Seattle, WA 98125. Or, call: (206) 367-4980. (W08-2/88)

COLORADO

DAD WANTS SON: GWM, 63, 5'-11", 180#, blond/grey hair, blue eyes, hairy, uncut, Greek active, romantic, gentle, caring, honest, responsible, professional, straight appearing, desires son, 21-35. Have much love and affection to give. Open to most anything: lover, friend, companion, escort. Desire penpals nationwide. Photo appreciated. Write: Swan Reader, P.O. Box 539, Boulder, Colorado 80306. (P01-10/87)

COLORADO SENIOR: 56, 5'-8", 160#, white, grey hair, horny. Like good personality, any age, size. Veterans, handicapped welcome. Will answer all letters. Write: Jacob A. Tustin, 510 Carson St., Brush, CO 80723. (T01-2/88)

MISSOURI

K C NEEDS RANCH "HANDS": You can see my spread in the SWAN April issue (SIMBA). All positions available. Send full description of your skills and physical profile, along with photo proof of personal equipment you work with. I share the work "load." No age requirements. Write: Gary Krause, 8328 Belleview, Kansas City, MO 64114. (K01-4/87)

NEBRASKA

NEBRASKA-NATIONWIDE: GWM, 5'-9", 148#, professional, distinguished, attractive, youthful 61. Seeks friends, contacts, action, correspondence. Relationship possible, any age or race. Stocky, masculine, 6 foot plus are great turn-ons, but not requirements. Not into gay scenes, bars or baths. Still have great buns, strong sex drive, but realize much more to life than king size bed. Write: Swan Subscriber, P.O. Box 1054, Fremont, Nebraska 68025. (C06-10/87)

TEXAS

SOUTHWEST: Seeking single, 50+, masculine, independent, professional male, interested in loving, living, sharing together in permanent semi-open, 3-some. We are versatile, 70, 5'-11", 170#, uncut, 5 1/2"; and 50, 6'-2", 215#, cut, 6". We are clean, healthy, with neat habits. We have lots to offer right person. No boozers, hustlers, substance abusers. Write with photo. ROBIN. (J04-10/87)

OKLAHOMA

SON SEEKS DAD--SOUTHWESTERN U.S.: G/W/M, 36 yrs, blond hair, hazel eyes, smooth skin, glasses, stocky. Seeks heavy set, over 50, bald + hairy for friendship and more. I am a trucking executive with a bright future who is looking for a masculine, mature man to spend time with. I am sincere, discreet, warm, caring, eager to please, able to travel and horny! I would love to hear from you with photo, if possible and will reciprocate. Dennis Rodman, P.O. Box 403, Lawton, OK 73501 (R06-10/87)

NEW MEXICO

RELATIONSHIP WANTED: You: 30 to 40+, slightly dependent, possibly a little shy and fragile, career oriented, professional, loving, smooth body, smaller in size. Me: 50, 6'-2", 215#, big, hairy, masculine, grey, balding, self employed, volunteer AIDS worker, want to share my beautiful home in sunny SW for a 1-1 relationship. No hustlers or substance abusers. Write with pic to Al, Box 27437, Albuquerque, NM 87125. (G02-8/87)

MINNESOTA

CHINESE PROFESSIONAL: 29, 6'-0", 170#, good mind, loving, working at a computer company. Like sports--tennis, basketball and golf. Looking for a place to relocate by any chance. Would like to make friends with a white, stocky (not lean or skinny), mature businessman who is over 40, college educated, professional, gentle and kind. Photo gets mine. Write: Wayne, P.O. Box 18451, Minneapolis, MN 55418. (H09-8/87)

SWAN MODEL: 58, well built, trim, photogenic, clean, respectful lover of life. Would love photo exchange, meetings, friendship with men, 6" or MORE. Will appear in an upcoming issue of SWAN. Write: Don, 1212 S. 9th St., Apt. 1207, Minneapolis, MN 55404, or call (612) 339-7485. (L06-2/88)

IOWA

LOOKING FOR YOU: GWM, 60, 6', 160#, brown/blue, gentle, kind, sincere, loving, looking for younger guys but pen pals any age. Also interested in Orientals, Blacks and Latins. Hope to hear from many of you and feel free to say anything. Write: Don, 3605 Fourth Ave., Council Bluffs, IA 51501. (M12-2/88)

WISCONSIN

WISCONSIN: Would like to hear from men, 21 to 50. I am 5'-1", 160#, hazel eyes, brown crew cut, muscular, masculine. Write with photo (will return) to: Robert L. Hoffman, P.O. Box 1034, Fond du Lac, WI 54935-6634. (H05-10/87)

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN: GWM, sexy senior citizen, 63, 6', 235#, completely shaved, heavy set body, bald, glasses, nudist, horny, active, passive, affectionate, nipple man, sensitive. Love to visit and have visitors. Gladly exchange photos. Will answer all. Al Pekrul, 1671 South 59th St., West Allis, WI 53214 (P04-10/87)

NORTHERN ILLINOIS, S.E. WISCONSIN: GWM, 60, 5'-8", 160#, silver hair, salt & pepper mustache, hairy body. Seeks mature (30+), black or latin masculine man for fun and friendship. Looking for fresh, new experiences--not too old to learn. Photo appreciated. Will answer all. Write: LAPWING. (L07-8/87)

ILLINOIS

TO CHICAGO AREA OLDER MEN: I am 1/2 year old of Italian extraction. Would like to develop intimate relationship with a really older, late 60's, 70's, 80's or even early 90's. Old age is a "turn-on" for me. I would love to massage you all over and make you feel good in return for your affection. Send photo and I will send mine. Write or call: Victor Engandela, 8465 W. Lawrence Ave. 3A, Chicago, IL 60656. (312) 589-2882. (E02-12/87)

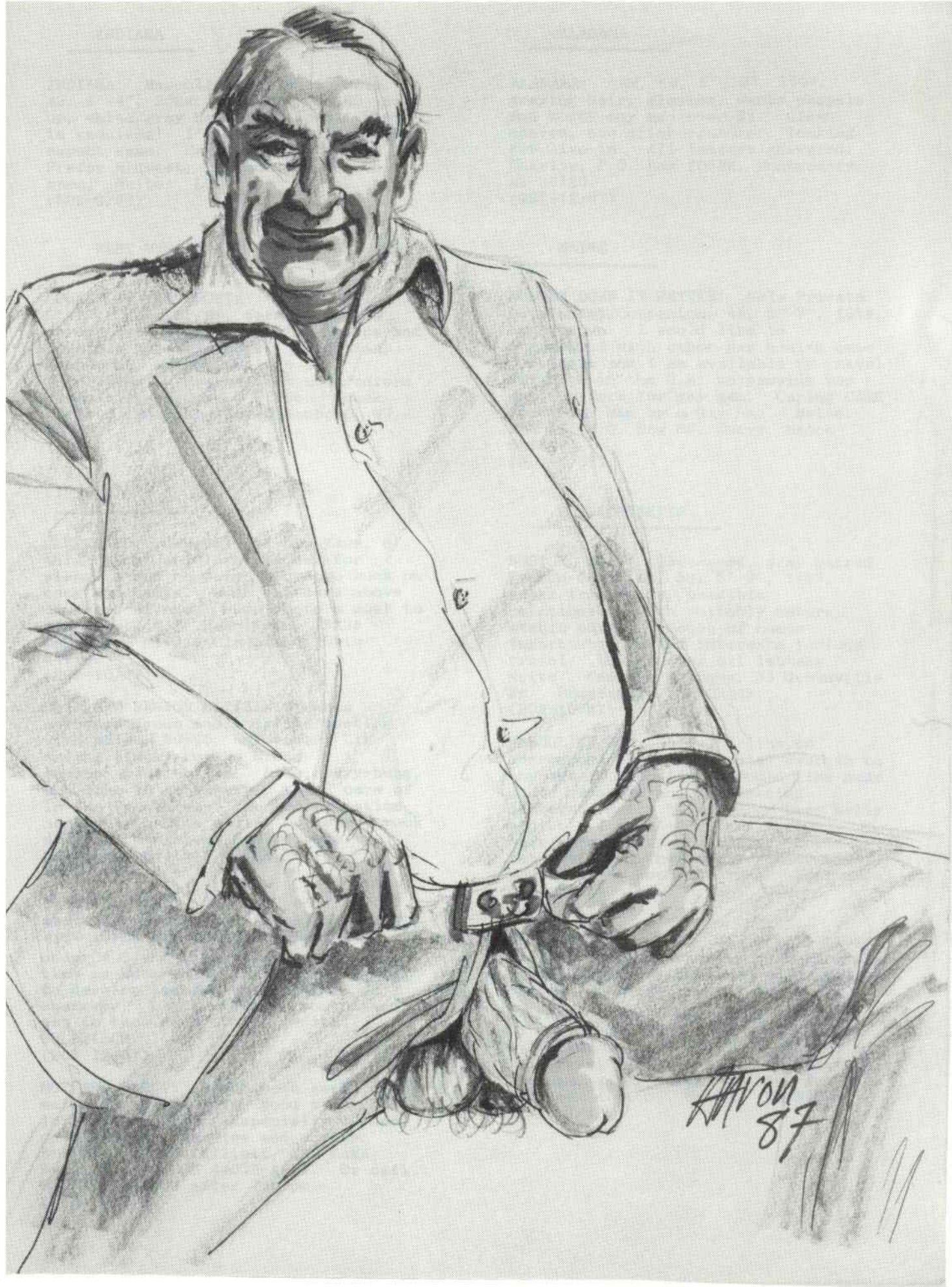
NORTH CENTRAL ILLINOIS - WM, 56, 5'-10", 180 lbs, 6" uncut, non smoker, social drinker, seeks short, stocky man over 60. Nothing kinky. Your nude photo gets mine. Prefer available to small endowed partner for SAFE sex. Write: SANDPIPER (S03-10/87)

SOUTHERN ILLINOIS AREA: Gentleman, 61, 6'-4" tall, weight 180's, white, single, quiet, conservative, somewhat of a loner. Mail address private. Offer and expect discretion, trust and reliability. Seek kindred soul and relationship. Southern Illinois, Louis area, Western Kentucky and Southeast Missouri. Man-to-man relationship ONLY! Send replies. Swan Reader, P.O. Box 5, Steeleville, IL 62288. (S01-8/87)

CHICAGO AREA: Youthfull G/W/M Engineer, 59, 6'-1 1/2", 200#, waist 220# plus BB or heavyset playmate age, to horseplay, carry me piggy back, pump iron and Nautilus, swim, watch videos, safe sex, etc. with me. Love to ride bikes and hunky 2 and 4 legged horses, bareback-bareass Can travel. J. Lange, P.O. Box 1 Melrose Park, IL. 60160. (L03-10/87)

LONELY AND AVAILABLE: White male 5'-9", 220#, glasses, balding, clean shaven. Not into bar scene. Quiet, needs love and companionship. Enjoys theater, music. Safe sex only practiced. Free to travel. Write: SPARROW. (S07-4/88)

CENTRAL ILLINOIS YOUNG "MAN'S MAN"....LOOKING: I am a 32 year old white professional, brawny, clean living type of guy. I'm into sports, outdoors, the arts, homebody, work hard, and with a great interest in mature MEN. Looking for big, stocky types, 48-70, with a sense of security (mind, body). Love older men who are passionate.....and hot. Lots to offer you. Answer all. Photo, please (if possible). Write: KINGFISHER (W06-6/87)



INDIANA

INDIANA: Masculine gay white male, 43, 6'-4", 200#. Looking for 60 years up, white/grey haired fellows. Photo is required! I'm honest, sincere and expect same. Can travel/entertain. Prefer Midwest, but not limited to same. Write: LOON
(R02-6/88)

WEST VIRGINIA

LONELY IN THE COUNTRY: GWM, 38, 6'-1", 200#, Br/Br, farmboy, seeks anyone over 40 for penpals, photos and possible get-togethers. Condition, endowment, weight and age are UNIMPORTANT. Beerbellies and seniors especially welcome. Write: Chuck Jackson, R83, Box 68, Ellenboro, WV 26346.
(J02-6/87)

OHIO

CLEVELAND: GWM, 61, 5'-8", 240#, 6" thick uncut and love all sex for pleasure and no pain. Love to suck on cock and balls. Want partners above 45 years of age. Nude photo a must to get mine. E.T. Hoenigman, 15235 Lakeshore Blvd., Cleveland, Ohio 44110.
(H06-10/87)

OHIO G/W SENIOR CITIZEN: Wants correspondence and possible meeting with males, 50-65, any race. Like Asian, Black, Puerto Rican, Indian--plus whites. Like heavy-hung, who like to be expertly taken care of in the French way. No reciprocation necessary. Blue collar workers, truck drivers, ministers and priests welcome. Write: RAVEN.
(R09-2/88)

SEEKS YOUNGER: GWM, 58, 5'-7", 150#, masculine and hairy. Seeking straight appearing, not heavy, younger guy under 40, who likes to have a good time as much as he likes sex. Hoping to develop lasting relationship or whatever. Let's exchange photos and get to know each other. Write: BULLFINCH.
(B06-12/87)

HOT AND HORNY: Black male seeks other males for friendship, good times and lots of safe sex. Especially turned on by whites, heavies and uncuts. Write: John D. Elliott, 220 Lake Ave., Elyria, OH 44035-4902. Or call (216) 323-5962 after 7:00pm.
(E04-10/87)

ALABAMA

ALABAMA: GWM, 68, 5'-10", 190#, greying hair, glasses, wants penpals and more, any age over 21. Clean shaven, non drinker/smoker, looking for live-in. All letters answered. Charlie, P.O. Box 20538, Montgomery, AL 36120.
(G05-12/87)

MAINE

NOBODY DOES IT BETTER: Male Private Duty Nurse/Companion, 45, 5'-7", 165#, blue/brown. I would like to correspond with other gay health care providers and I am available to travel anywhere in the U.S. to provide top quality care for gay men. Caring CARE for a Gay Man by a Gay Man. Write: EDH II, P.O. Box 69, Surry, Maine 04684
(H03-4/87)

MASSACHUSETTS

BOSTON, MASS: Blue-eyed, gray haired French-Canadian, 59, 5'-9", 175#, seeks friendship, possible relationship with suitably mature, stable person. Sense of humor important. Varied interests include travel. Will answer all letters. Write: Camille Bourque, 33 Greenville St., Somerville, MA 02143.
(B05-10/87)

MASCULINE GWM, 35: I'd like to correspond with white males over 45 to any age if masculine. Would like nude photo exchange and interesting letters. Hairy body and/or beer belly a plus. I am 5'-8", 150#, brown hair/eyes, hairy and uncut. Sound interesting? Then reply, otherwise you'll never know for sure. Your nude photo gets mine. Write: OWL
(O01-12/87)

MASSACHUSETTS: GWM, 61, 5'-7", 150#, healthy, uncut, sexually active, seeks singles/couples (50+) who enjoy body contact, massage, mutual JO, F A/P.

Average or small endowment, any race. To correspond, exchange nude photos and views on life and love making. I can travel OR entertain. Am eager to meet and enjoy mutual nudity, fun and male sex action. Write: FLAMINGO.
(F01-12/87)

NEW HAMPSHIRE

COASTAL NEW HAMPSHIRE: WM, 43, 5'-9", 180#, light brown hair, blue eyes, 6" uncut. want to meet and correspond with sincere, warm, loving, cuddly, stocky, balding, gray/white haired men, 50-90 for a man to man relationship. Write with photo to R.D. Witt, P.O. Box 1402, Hampton, N.H. 03842.
(W10-10/87)

CONNECTICUT

CONNECTICUT: Youthful mid-50's, 5'-9", 190#, healthy, energetic, non-smoking Catholic. Wide range of interests include: The Arts, theatre, gourmet cooking, quiet times, wild times, travel, books, visual stimulation. Seeking emotionally mature guy who appreciates and is ready for commitment. Pen pals are great, but you can't hug a letter! Relocation on my part a definite possibility. Write: Swan Reader, P.O. Box 31463, Hartford, CT 06103.
(A03-10/87)

CONNECTICUT - LIKES YOUNGER GUYS: GWM, 52, 6', 205#, beard, moustache, bald. Seeks younger guys for regular sex and friendship. I have a high libido. Blacks and Orientals are a real turn on, but race is really unimportant. Do prefer trim builds, though. Photos appreciated and ALL letters will be answered. Write: Swan Reader, P.O. Box 102, Newtown, CT 06470.
(K04-10/87)

CONNECTICUT: While the response to my previous ad in SWAN was truly heartwarming, "Mr. Right" has yet to come along--although I have many new and exciting pen-pals! Still seeking that special "Teddy Bear" type--60+, gray/bald, husky with "Beer Belly", cock size unimportant, who enjoys making love for gentle, meaningful and safe sex with loving, considerate, tender and average man. I am 45, 5'-10", blond/blue, hairy, 7", whose greatest pleasure is making my partner feel loved and wanted. I enjoy writing letters, Teddy Bears, cooking, good music and good friends. Write with a description of your wants, needs and fantasies and include photo (clothed or nude) to: Dick Lee, P.O. Box 177, Newtown, CT 06470.
(L01-4/87)

NEW YORK

LONG ISLAND, N.Y.: Sexy senior citizen, 60 years young, 5'-10", hairy, brown hair, blue eyes, well built, nudist, horny, active, passionate, sensitive, great lover. Work on crafts, cooking. Love visitors and love to visit. Enjoy good social life and safe sex. Write: Joe Picioccio, P.O. Box 456, Copiague, NY 11726.
(P03-10/87)

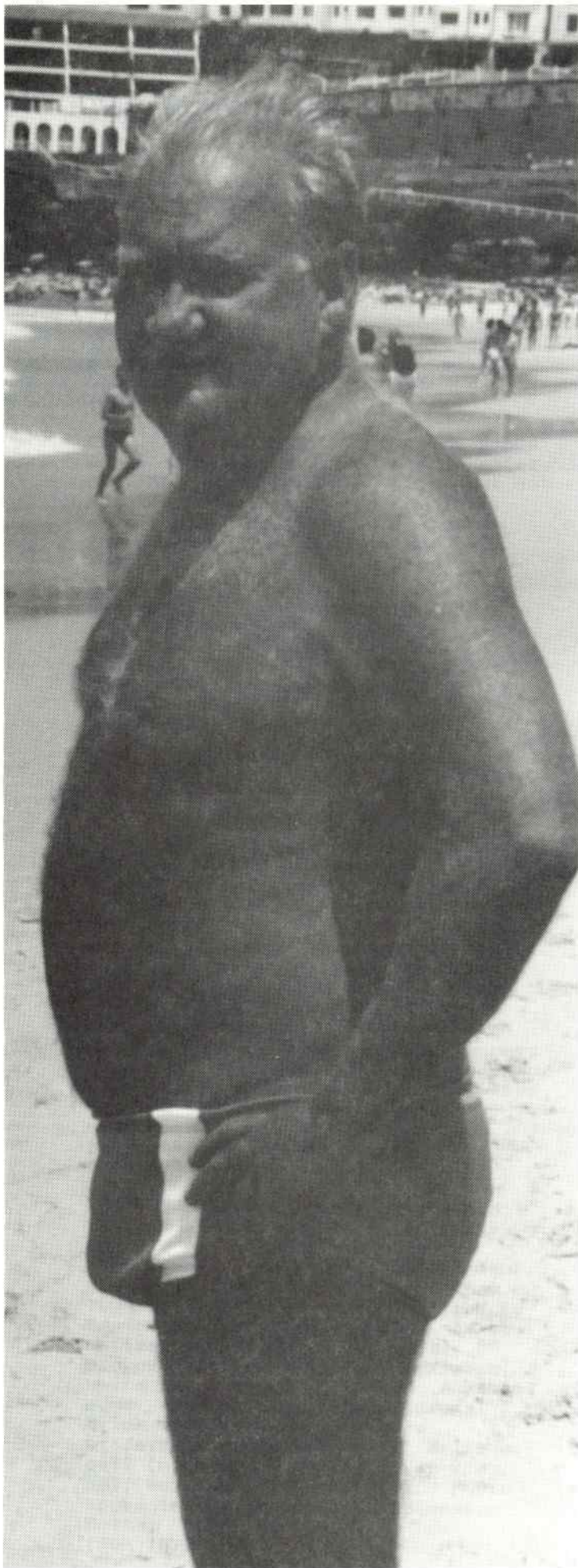
DESIRES RELOCATION TO SW: GW Bachelor, retired teacher, 59, 6', 165#, grey hair (balding) and beautiful physical shape. Am a quiet person who appreciates natural world. Enjoy hiking, camping, swimming, skiing, cooking, classical music, theater, horses, nudity. Sexually versatile. Hope for mutually respectful give-and-take relationship. Will exchange photos. Seeking relocation to warmer climate. Write: Jed Blaney, P.O. Box 360, Walker Valley, NY 12588.
(B03-8/87)

PARK SLOPE, NEW YORK: 62 years young, goodlooking man, 5'-8", 160, dark brown, curly hair, blue eyes, clean shaven, non-smoker, social drinker, no drugs. Seeks heavy set man for liaison. Any age -- 50's, 60's, 70's, very well endowed. My hobbies are: botany, cooking, country, fishing, most all sports, country & western music. I am alone. Professionally employed. Would love to take care of you. How can you miss? All answered. Write: Joseph Coll, 25 Plaza St., Brooklyn, NY 11217.
(C04-8/87)

NEW YORK CITY: Attractive, mature man, fifty-one years old, 5'-10", 180 lbs, seeks big brother. Write: John Preston, 125 E. 72nd Street, New York, NY 10021.
(P05-12/87)

NEW YORK METROPOLITAN AREA: White single, senior citizen. Enjoy exchanging correspondence, fantasizing, personal photos. Hobby: artistic photographing a dude's assets on friendship, uninvolved basis. No money. You needn't be Mr. America. Into many "sports." Easy to know. Clipper, telephone: (718) 436-2195 9pm to midnight, weekdays; most holidays, weekends, NY time. No answering machine to waste your call. Or write: BOBOLINK.
(P06-12/87)

XX....."Beach Trick"



NEW JERSEY

ED--LOVER, FRIEND, COMPANION,
MATE: Very lonely 40 year old,
masculine, 200lbs, 5'-6", clean,
sensitive, honest, giving,
well educated professional,
cook and gardener, hard working,
and sexy--sincerely wanting a
older gentleman, 50+, in ANY
social capacity, educated or not,
professional or unemployed, clean,
sincere and honest, affectionate,
and sexy--to come and share my
nice home, a decent life, etc.
serious inquiries only and photo (nude
optional) to: J.P.Z., 322 Tilden
Utica, NY 13501.
(8/87)

ATE NEW YORK: Help me to overcome
fever in this very cold and
y area. Likes and wants to hear
senior citizens, 65 and up. Nude
exchange a must. Possible
ing. I am WM, 57, 5'-10", 180#,
size, uncut. Write: A.D.
rison, P.O. Box 809, Utica, NY
03.
(8-2/88)

STCHESTER, NYC AREA: Young guy, 24,
ld like to hear from older men who
ve to be frenched. Prefer lean and
ry hairy guys. Absolutely no age
mit. If you can get it up, I'll get
down for you. Would also like to
exchange or purchase photos or videos
f hairy older men. Write: REDWING.
(R08-8/87)

SENIOR J/O: Senior white male likes
masturbation with men over 55. Play
with my hard on while I jerk yours.
Can exchange explicit correspondence,
tapes, photos, videos. Write:
MOCKINGBIRD.
(M13-12/87)

WORTH IN A MAN DEPENDS: not on youth,
but on responsibility toward self and
others. WM, 40, keen mind, masculine,
mature, serious. Would get along well
with a solid, down-to-earth, masculine
pal and equal, 45 or over. Write:
SWAN READER, Box 8229, FDR Station,
New York, NY 10150.
(A08-10/87)

AWAKEN, WESTERN NEW YORK: 63, gray
haired, 5'-10", 140# widower. Like
music, reading, taking walks and TLC.
Prefer men ages 40-70, black or white,
no boozers or drug takers. Write:
CARDINAL.
(C08-2/88)

SON SEEKS DAD: GWM, 35, dark brown
hair, 145#, seeks over 50 masculine
type. Live in the New York City area
and looking for a good relationship.
I am passive and enjoy serving my dad.
I'm sincere, discreet, caring and
eager to please. Able to travel.
Send photo if possible. Write:
A.R.C., P.O. Box 7630, FDR Station,
New York, NY 10150.
(A07-8/87)

TRUCKERS/WALK-IN SLEEPERS: Home
keeper for you. Sharing home between
travel--Maine to Key West. GWM. Be
your companion. Watch sunrise and
sunset in Key West with prayers of
love, of conversations, of work, of
thanks to our likings and needs. Of
love caresses, J/O, 69, French A/P.
Not needing smoke, drink, drugs to be
high with our uncut 8", 61 years hung
hard-on. Senior, Catholic, 5'-11"
tall, 169#, full silver-blonde, clean
shaven, straight looks, hairy, dark
pubic. Photo nude you with walk-in
sleeper. Write: BALD EAGLE
(K03-6/87)

NEW JERSEY AND NATIONWIDE: GWC seeks
other couples for friendship. Prefer
over 50. Photo would be nice, but not
required. We are 37 and 58. Will
answer all. Write to Jerry Greaux,
239 Boonton Ave., Butler, NJ 07405.
(G08-6/87)

NEW JERSEY: Lonely, loving man,
looking for friends, pen pals,
affection, fondling, foreplay,
hugging. I am white, cut, 61, 6'-2",
220#. Will answer all letters.
Write: SHRIKE.
(S06-4/88)

VIRGINIA

VIRGINIA: GWM, 43, in small, Southern
Baptist, closed minded town, amazingly
retains 90% of sanity. In search of
sensual, sexual, take-charge guy to
age 70. I am 6'-2", 220#, overgrown,
uncut, teddy bear; brown/silver hair,
tousure, silver beard. People don't
turn and stare at me because of my
striking good looks but neither do
they turn and run. Don't mess with
drugs/booze; do mess with cuddlesome,
humorous, aggressive G/A guys who enjoy
sex but can communicate in other ways
between bouts. Photo nice, not
necessary. Ron, P.O. Box 5175,
Falmouth, VA 22403.
(B04-4/87)

EAST SEABOARD--ANYWHERE IN THE U.S. !
Tall, NO limits, can't be too hairy,
too big or too thick--honesty,
cleanliness. Am totally independent,
financially secure and expect same.
You should be free to and willing to
travel as I am tied up here. Am semi
retired, 68, 6'-8", 170#, well
proportioned or better, A/P French,
white hair, beard, glasses. Anything
goes, except pain, kink or drugs!
Drink/smoke fine. Cut/white
preferred, masculine only. Write or
call (no collect calls) after 7 pm,
EST, any day (804) 780-2862. Photo
appreciated, returned on request.
Write: STARLING
(S04-10/87)

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

WASHINGTON, D.C.: 71, 5'-8", 185#, white haired, F/A and G/P. Indian Summer sort of guy. Graduate sexagenarian still active and cheerful, in search of affectionate and able partner for loving encounters. Top men appreciated, but the language of love can have many tongues. Can entertain overnight guests (in single bed) and welcome nearby men to reminisce about early sex and first loves. Not correspondence, but visits, wanted. Write: Clayton, Apt. 907, St. Mary's Court, 725 - 24th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037 or call (202) 989-4944.
(L08-10/87)

MARYLAND

YOUNG SEEKS OLDER: GWM, 27, 6'-1", 180#, Brown/Blue, moustache, seeks friends 55+ for correspondence, get togethers, photo exchange. Prefer straight appearing, silver haired businessman types, but also love white beards a la Santa and mustachios. Hedonistic approach to life a plus. Write: Tom Hustvedt, 2432 Eutaw Place, Baltimore, MD 21217.
(H07-6/87)

NORTH CENTRAL MARYLAND: GWM, 5'-6", 190# (all in the middle), light brown hair with touches of grey, 55, not much body hair. Can entertain and have overnight guests. Like easy listening music, some classical. No hard rock or country music. Like to travel when I can afford it, to meet people with my interest. Major hobbies are SEX, model railroading, SEX, photography and SEX. With respect to the last interest, I like a good bed partner who can take it as well as give it. Long lovemaking and kissing sessions, hugging, rimming, mutual J/O, 69, and willing to return in kind sex that does not involve pain. I TRY TO PLEASE MY PARTNER if he is cooperative and willing, both in and out of bed. I have a good personality, a very good sense of humor, average looks. I would enjoy hearing from you. Write: John, 2529 Littlestown Pike, Westminster, MD 21157.
(H10-4/88)

GEORGIA

ATLANTA: GWM, 45, 6'-2", 210#, masculine, blue eyes, graying hair. Seeking father type, over 45, preferably hairy, husky/muscular, masculine for friendship and more. Anyone who knows a man like the RAM drawing on page 40 in the February issue, send him my way! Photo preferred. Will answer all. Write: OSPREY
(P02-10/87)

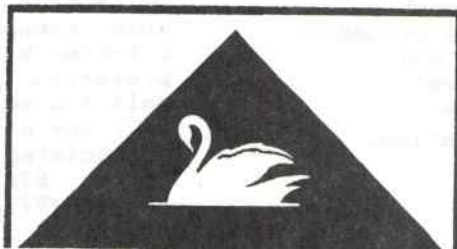
MID GEORGIA GAY WANTS TO HEAR FROM A AREAS: Mature GWM, 69 years old, 5'-9", 208#, seeks other mature gay males between 25 and 55 years of age for TLC, friendship, companionship, etc. Race and size unimportant. Honesty is important. Photo and photo gets mine. Write: Norm, P.O. Box 3024, Dublin, GA 31040-3024.
(B01-4/88)

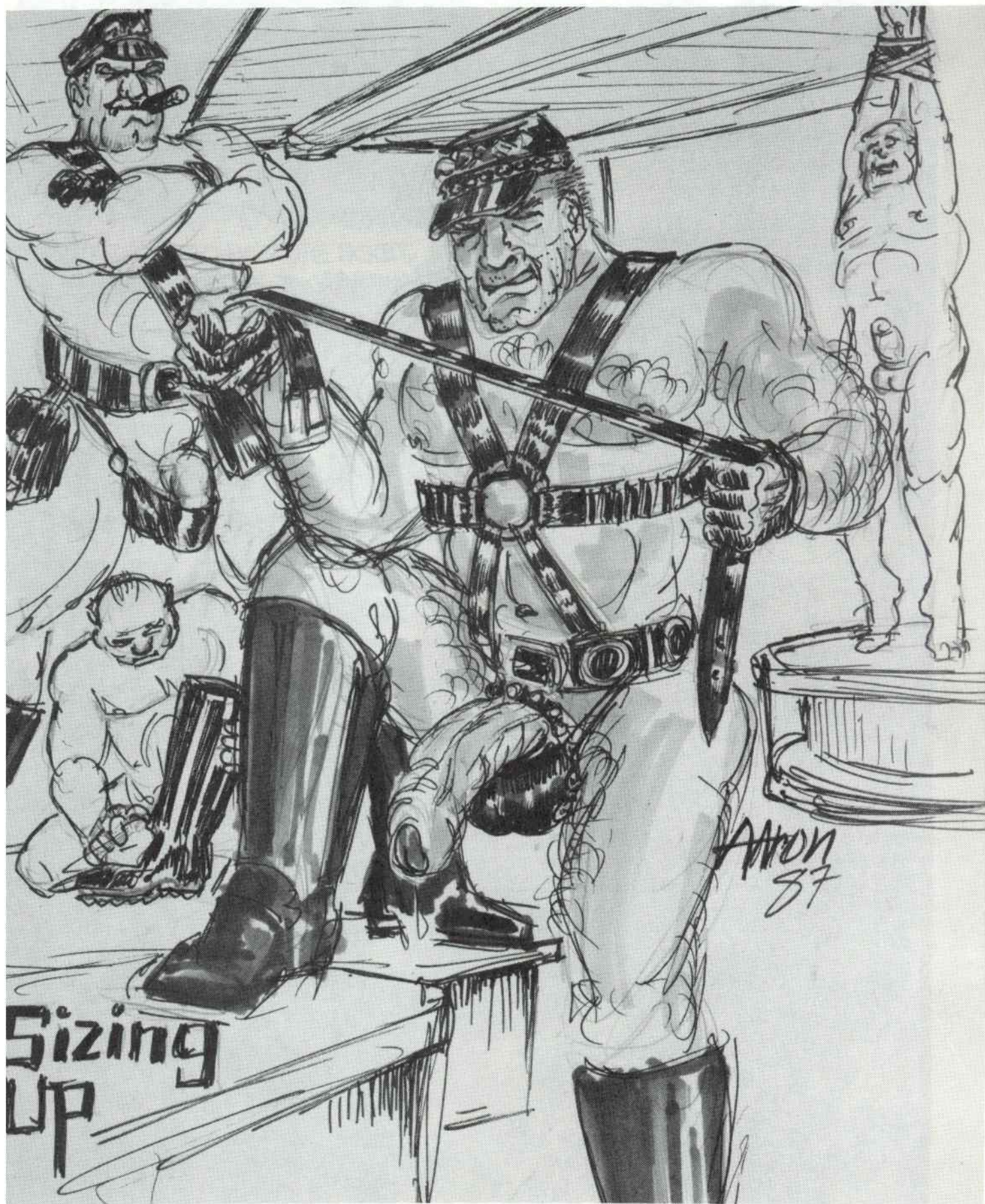
FLORIDA

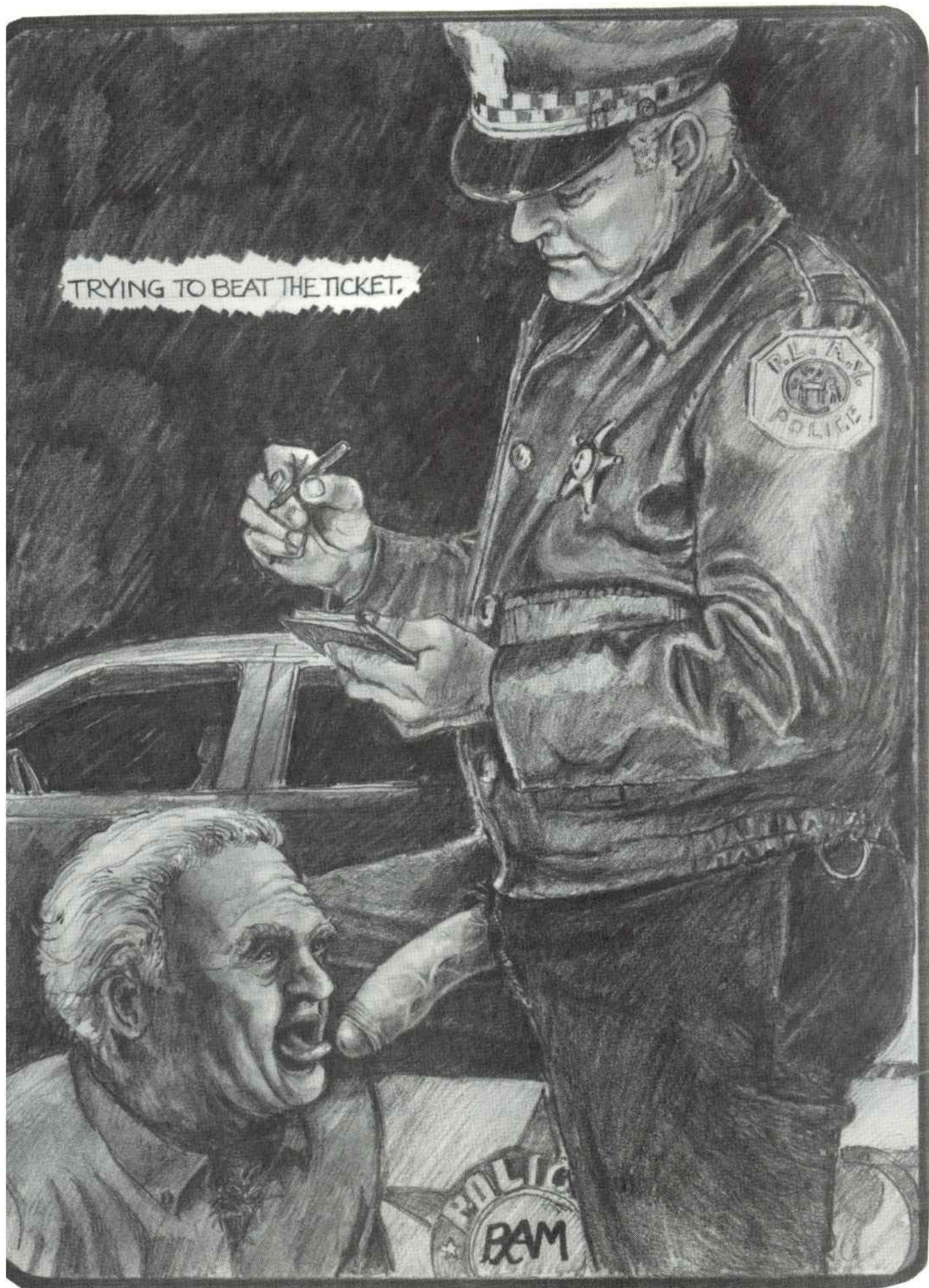
YOUNG MAN SEEKS OLDER GENT: Mature, straight acting, masculine GWM, 28, 6'-0" and 160#, seeks safe, discreet gentleman, 40-60. Must be husky, hairy, muscular type. I am fairly hairy and hung. I need a masculine, stocky man with whom I can share caring, honesty and trust, as well as fun and great sex. Send photo to: Swan Reader, P.O. Box 050852, Ft. Myers, FL 33905
(J01-2/88)

IT'S TIME FOR US TO MEET! Regular guy, retired black male, 6'-3", 170#, 58. Owns home on golf course near beach. Enjoys golf and fishing, duplicate bridge and more. Seeks stable male companion, 50-70, who knows himself and would be interested in developing a relationship. Gray hair a big plus. Write: Robert J. Rowe, 3505 South Central Ave., Flagler Beach, FL 32036.
(R01-6/87)

MATURE HUNK WANTED: GWM, 28, 6'-2", 195#, masculine, solid build, clean-cut, hung, seeks WM, 50+, husky, hairy, big balls a plus. Outdoors type for safe sex, friends, possible relationship (can relocate). Also nude photos and videos wanted of you hot older guys. Write: R.A.B., P.O. Box 2982, St. Petersburg, FL 33731.
(B06-8/87)







SEEK HAIRY DOMINANT TOP: Masculine, creative, mature, submissive, bottom guy, 55, 5'-9", 178#, will succumb to the attention of an ardent top, mature, hairy, stud (black/white) who likes to be served. To share intelligent endeavors, quiet music, T.L.C., visits, etc. I respect a man of discipline (military-law enforcement-engineer) who is capable of administering deep, deep affection. Photo gets mine. (305)576-5728. Chuck Travaglio, 600 N.E. 25 St. #75, Miami, FL 33137. (T02-2/88)

NORTH CENTRAL FLORIDA, 56 YEARS YOUNG: Masculine, mature, white, 5'-8", 165, blue eyes, grey hair, seeks permanent relationship with same, straight appearing, over 55. A/P French, J/O, 69. Social drinker, no drugs or femms. Photo appreciated. Active in tennis, racketball, bowling, pool, shuffleboard, horseshoes. Love popular and country-western music. Love traveling. Only serious replies. Retired veteran. Write: Edgar Scott, 10380 S.W. 98th Ave., Ocala, FL 32676. (S05-2/88)

CANADA

SON NEEDS DAD: Hot, hairy 40 year old Sonny Boy needs hairy, dominant, 50's to 60's Daddy. I'm 5'-9", 130 lbs., uncut 6". Like sunbathing, being bare assed with Dad, wrestling, oil massages, giving head and total body tonguing head to toes. Daddy, be nudist, wear a gold chain, leather hurraches, leather loin cloths, jocks, sometimes cowboy boots and a big leather belt, have a moustache and nice silver hair or sexy chrome dome I can rub my shaved nut sac on! Write: Brian Richmond, P.O. Box 232, Ridgetown, Ontario NOP 2C0, Canada or call (519) 674-5561. (R07-4/87)

GET TO KNOW A NEIGHBOR: Horny, aggressive, retired Canadian, living in Vancouver, B.C., 65, 6'-1", 190#, wants to correspond with/meet Westerners who are mature (60 plus), heavy-set (stout), bald or grey. I like opera, Country & Western, square dancing. I'm healthy, keep in shape and travel extensively. I am sexually versatile and enjoy writing and receiving explicit letters. Write: HIRONDELLE. (J05-2/88)

VANCOUVER, B.C.: Masculine, 61, 5'-10", 210#, grey hair, 7" cut, French A/P. Enjoy nudism, beach, polaroids, pics, video, etc. Would like masculine friends, pen pals or visitors. Have car, can travel. Write: R. McIntosh, Apt. 107, 1540 Davie St., Vancouver, B.C. V6G 1V7, Canada. (M10-2/88)

INTERNATIONAL

OLD ENGLISH!: 61, 160 lbs, 5'-9", bald, moustache. Would like to exchange photos with Americans, 50 plus. Welcome beer-bellies, hirsute, moustaches. Other interests: cinema, India, Spain, ethnic music (Egypt to India), good food, SF. John Roles, 55 Mount Pleasant, Waterloo, Liverpool L22 5PL, England. (R05-10/87)

BRAZIL: GWM, 46, 5'-10", 160#, brown hair/eyes, F/A-P, G/P, would like to correspond with men over 40. Like mature, hairy, masculine, decisive men, possibly bigger/heavier than me, well endowed, raw but affectionate, willing to express themselves openly to this professional and serious man. Lots of sex, companionship. Do travel frequently to the U.S., Canada and Europe. Sincerety a must. Explicit photo gets mine. Write: G.G., Alameda Itu, 1183, apt. 22, 01421 Sao Paulo, Brazil. (GX-1)

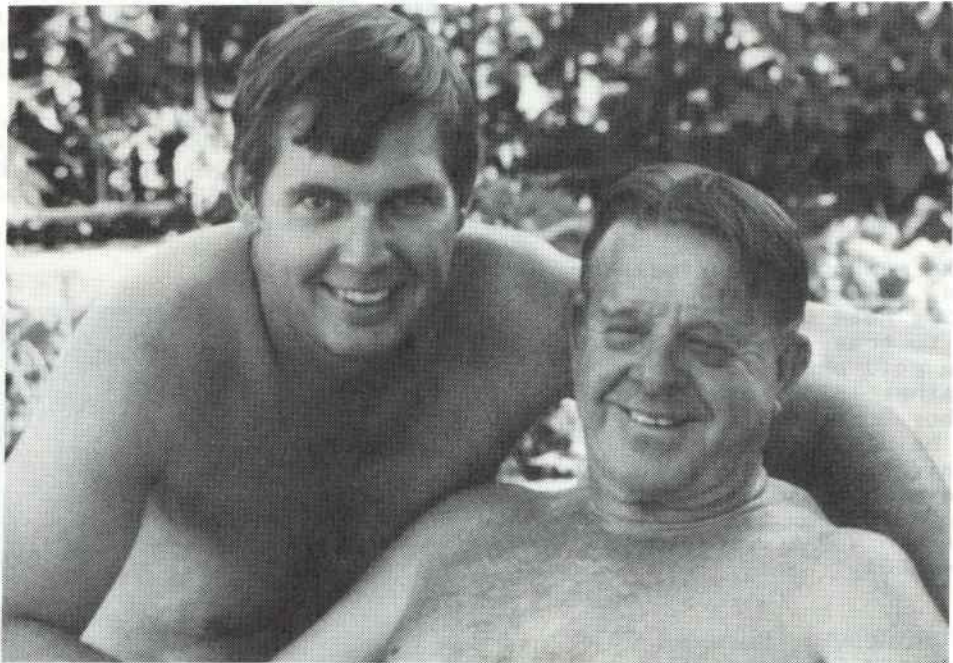


IN CLOSING

One good thing about putting out your own magazine is the license to reserve a little space where you can write about what you want to write about. We've sort of reserved this section for subjects that move us or somehow leave us on a pleasant, positive note. This time, we have something very personal to share with you all. April 1st was SWAN's first anniversary, but June 20th is OUR second anniversary. And in celebration, we herewith reveal the secret of how SWAN got its name.

In addition to being my best friend, lover, adopted father/son and mentor; my life partner is a bird lover. For private reasons, he picked up the nickname, "Friar Swan." And what better person to name a new magazine after than the guy who inspired it in the first place.

Gentlemen.....Your Flakey Editor and FRIAR SWAN.



SWAN is committed to providing nurturing fantasies, entertainment and helpful articles for the well being of us all. We are dedicated to the celebration and pursuit of the Silver Centaur and to the dignity and well being of all gay seniors and those who love and care for them.

May we all find one another and bring peace into our lives.

LATE ARRIVALS

PERSONAL ADS

DFW CHUBBY CHASER: G.W.M., 26, tall, dark and handsome, 6" cut, active greek and french, cuddler. Gentle, health conscious in bed and out. Looking for a man, 55 or older who is short (under 5'-9") and weighs at least 190#. Let's get acquainted by mail, exchange photos and possibly meet. Please write to: B.M. Swan, Box 1968, Arlington, TX 76004. (M15-10/87)

NEAR SALEM, OREGON: G.W.M., 63, 5'-8", 170#, Brown/Blue, very healthy, HIV negative, safe sex, versatile, greek active, loving, caring, unpretentious. Enjoy home life and close intimacy of a compatible partner. Why not come and visit? You may decide to stay permanently. Write: BUNTING (B08-12/87)

SANTA MARIA: Bi W.M., 57, 5'-9", 255#, seeks partner in my age group for relationship. I am affectionate and like french A/P. Into outdoors and camping. Write: Bear, P.O. Box 2144, Santa Maria, CA 93455. (R10-2/88)

PALM SPRINGS AREA: White, 54, 6', 190#, non-smoker, social drinker, seeks fun and friends. Interested in travel, bicycling, country living. French active and passive, 69 and safe sex. Photo if possible. Prefer men over 40. Write: PELICAN (K05-6/88)

WANTED: An older male friend (45 up) in the Phoenix area. I am 59, 5'-8", 190#, gray, balding and hazel eyes. I enjoy music, my dogs, my car and being with a fellow. I'm friendly, caring, kind and considerate. If interested, write L.A.F., Box 12276, Phoenix, AZ 85002. (F02-4/88)

ANNOUNCEMENTS

VIDEO: In addition to greeting cards, our August Issue will introduce our SECOND video, which is currently in post production. It will feature the same gorgeous star and will include more angles, hot outdoor action and some spectacular colorizing techniques which will blow your mind. Gentlemen, we have launched a whole new art form. THEN, in October, we will premier our THIRD video, which will feature SIMBA's "Beer Can Thick", along with some scenes never before seen in any erotic video.

BACK ISSUES: Since we've sold out of just about all back issues except February and April, and it costs us a fortune to make more copies, we've decided to do an upcoming odd month special issue called, THE BEST OF SWAN, VOLUME NO. 1. It will feature the complete works of RAM and most of AARON's, along with the artwork and photos we received the most favorable comments on. It will also include the best fiction, articles and poetry--going back to our very first issue--and will be ideal for a Christmas gift.

SPECIAL BARNEY ISSUE: Soon, we will announce the premier of our special BARNEY Issue which will present P.H. Colley's novel, BARNEY, in its entirety. It will be loaded with some of the most provocative and sizzling drawings AARON has ever done--none of which has been seen before. We assure all that Barney, Eldon, Jerry, K.O., Carlos, Todd and Rex will vividly come alive before your enflamed eyes.

WANTED: Heavyweight models, over 40, with tatoos, sought for upcoming video production. Disguised (leather hood) and undisguised parts are available. Contact SWAN and send along a snapshot featuring your tatoos.

ABOUT OUR NEW COVER: Feast your eyes on our stunning new logo by RAM. We love it so much that we've decided to use it on our caps and t-shirts too!

