

SWAN

DECEMBER 88/
JANUARY 89



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

PATRICK H. COLLEY, INC.
Doing Business As:
CHIRON RISING
4864 Luna #191
Phelan, CA 92371

December 1, 1988

Dear Reader:

We regret to inform you that we have been forced to cease using the name SWAN for our publication, even though we have invested three years of blood, sweat and tears, building up the name. Seems as if a small, lesbian owned newsletter in Spokane, Washington, beat us by a few months with a variation of the subject name. They've now threatened us with litigation--something we can ill afford.

Correspondence addressed to "SWAN" will continue to be delivered and checks made out to "SWAN" will still be good indefinitely. Patrick H. Colley, Inc. will still be the parent corporation.

We believe that our new name is exciting and unique and will leave a powerful and lasting impression. **Chiron** (pronounced Ky-Ron) is the mythological Chief of the Centaurs and the son of Saturn and Philyra, a daughter of Saturn's brother, Oceanus. Most astrological authorities believe that **Chiron** is none other than the Centaur of Sagittarius, but some associate him with the constellation Centaurus.

A Centaur is a creature having the body and limbs of a horse, together with the torso, arms and head of a human being. Human from the waist up and animal below, the race of Centaurs had a wicked reputation. It is said that they were savage hedonists, violent and lustful beyond description--especially when they were boozing, which was quite often. **Chiron** alone, myth tells us, was the exception. He was universally regarded as kind, wise, noble and just. He was the original SILVER CENTAUR.

The name **Chiron** was given to a planet which was discovered at 10:00 am (PST) on November 1, 1977, at Pasadena, California, by Charles Kowal of the Hale Observatory. Classified as a minor planet, it has a diameter of between 100 and 400 miles and is held in an orbit between the planets of Saturn and Uranus. Both The Friar and I have been advised by an astrologer that we both have **Chiron** exactly on our Ascendants. In other words, we both have **Chiron Rising**.

We think we've picked a good name.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Pat + The Friar". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the printed name.

Pat and The Friar

EDITORIAL

Who says only desert rats live in the High Mojave? Granted, we've seen some pretty strange people living in rather rugged looking abodes near the aqueduct, but most of the people in these parts are California "laid back" and mind their own business. We are at 3600 feet, just at the base of the San Gabriel Mountains to the south and the San Bernardino Mountains to the southeast. To the northwest, we can see the massive Sierras, then to the west, the Tehachapi Range. For miles and miles, we can scan an endless expanse of creosote bushes and Joshua trees. At night, the stars come out and sock us silly. We can actually see the Milky Way, in spite of the fact that Greater Los Angeles is just over the closest mountain. Unlike the Palm Springs area, this area seems to suit us better and the business services are quite good. We even found a quick copy outfit which has a laser printer and compatible equipment we can rent by the hour. The metropolitan area of Victorville, Hesperia and Apple Valley is growing like crazy, but people are still friendly and helpful. There is even a gourmet supermarket and a frozen yogurt place which sells a delicious French concoction that has 10 calories an ounce! We think we've found a home.....and we think we'll stay.

How do you like our new laser typeset? It took awhile to get to this point, but we're here and we're not stopping here either. We're attracting some outstanding new talent, too. In this issue, we feature New York writer, SHANE, who is a young, Black advertising exec. Strangely, he thinks we're kidding about how good he is. New artists SKUA and GALLAGHER are making bold marks too and we can't wait to show you the extent of their talent. Some old timers are going through creative metamorphoses too. We were stunned when QUETZAL submitted his new cartoon series. New models are coming out of the woodwork and submitting exquisite photography, proudly sharing



their undisguised, succulent images with our readers. Don't hold your breath, waiting for us to peak.

Newt Deiter has advised that we are close to having a full house for the Mardi Gras bash at the Landmark Hotel in New Orleans in February. Just think--20 rooms, from double to quadruple occupancy, filled with Swannies, Swaneros, Swanners, Swanettes and Swanitos. Not to mention all the Swan types who will be staying with residents and will be joining us in the rooms and on the streets for all the fun. THE FRIAR, SYRINX, NEWT, WOODY BALDWIN, BUTCH, CHIEF, BIG EDDY, BIG GEORGE, LEGAL EAGLE, KENTUCKY SENIOR, KENT JUSTICE, THE COLONEL, SPITFIRE, JASON P. WILLIAMS, JOE BISHOP, HARRY and many other hot numbers will be there.

Don't wait until it's too late. Gatherings of Silver Centaurs are rare and must not be missed.....
.....Enjoy.

Pat Colley and The Friar

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All correspondence received by SWAN is considered for publication in our FORUM section, unless otherwise requested. All readers who request general information on models, writers, photographers and artists must include a self addressed, stamped envelope with their letter. For those who have a question about their account, no S.A.S.E. is required. All correspondence should be addressed to: SWAN, 4864 LUNA #191, PHELAN, CA 92371.

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Patrick H. Colley

ASSOCIATE EDITOR/FINANCIAL OFFICER

The Friar

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Bill Harris

Legal Eagle
Kenn Richie
Pug Snider

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Kent Justice

Quetzal

Ram
Scorpio

PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHERS

Wild Bill
P.H. Colley

Joe and Harry

Kent Justice
Simba

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SWAN WOULD LIKE TO WISH
ALL OUR SUBSCRIBERS A HAPPY
HOLIDAY SEASON AND A VERY
PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR!

FORUM

Dear Pat and The Friar: The October-November issue arrived yesterday and, as usual, it is a real treat to peruse. I appreciate the reminder to renew my subscription. Yes, time certainly does fly when you're having FUN. I didn't realize that the first year had already gone by since I subscribed. I won't think of abandoning SWAN. Yours is one of a very few publications worth having, and I'll support you for as long as you exist. Fair enough? I really loved The ADVOCATE article on SWAN. It actually brought a smile to my lips because it was so accurate and sensitive without being sentimental. Through SWAN, I've met two very provocative older gentlemen--men I'd otherwise never have known. If I were more aggressive (or had more time), I'm sure the list would increase, but then quality is far more important than quantity. I also appreciate the integrity of SWAN. That in itself is refreshing in these otherwise jaded 1980's. You mention plans for a clothing optional retirement community. I'd like to know more about that. Although I'm nearly 42, I think one should already be planning ahead for the Golden Years. Do let us know what your thoughts are on this subject. I hope that your ulcer is healed. Mine are gone but I still continue taking CARAFATE as a preventive measure. I feel great! Hope you do too. My very best to you and THE FRIAR. M.R.G. - New York City.

Dear M.R.G.: Thank you for those very encouraging words. We are very proud of the quality of men we have attracted. We've met a substantial number of you guys and we're truly gratified. Both the retirement community and the book publishing division are on our minds a lot lately. We don't know how we're going to pull these projects off, but pull them off we will, eventually. Currently, we're processing up to 100 pieces of mail daily--thanks to The ADVOCATE article -- and have little time for anything else. When the flurry of activity slows down somewhat (or whenever we are blessed with some live-in help, whichever is sooner), we'll start doing the groundwork on organizing something. My ulcer has healed--I think. I just stopped taking PEPCID and am now cautiously medication free. The problem now is, in spite of the fact that I am medication free, I can't get any health insurance with a history of ulcer and high blood pressure and my COBRA insurance runs out in 6 months. HEY READERS! Any suggestions? Hope your health continues to improve. Thanks for your wonderful support. Pat and The Friar.

Dear Pat and The Friar: In April, 1988, SWAN published my first story, FAT FELLA. On May 2nd, I received a letter from a man in Minnesota, thanking me for the story and thanking all SWAN writers (in absentia) for making other SWAN readers happy. In this letter, the man said I didn't have to answer as I probably had enough pen pals. However, I can never let a letter go unanswered and as a result, we've been writing to each other and calling every week. I took my September vacation in Minnesota so we could meet and as a consequence will be moving in with Bob before November 1st. I have daughters in Texas and Florida, both of whom want me to move there. I swore if I ever moved, it would be to a warmer climate than Western New York. But I have found any climate with Bob would be ideal. I am not giving up SWAN. It means too much to both of us. But I just want to thank you for making me a subscriber, publishing my story, and being responsible for my meeting Bob. He is an answer to a 64-year-old "maiden's" prayer. With deep sincerity from both of us. Janus Frost, New York.

Dear Janus: We too have been corresponding with Bob and were amazed that no one had discovered such a rare gem. We're behind you 100%. It's sad that so many mature men don't have the balls to pull up stakes and go for it like you. They don't listen to their guts and end up letting that new man in their lives drift away to penpal status, then acquaintance status, then..... nothing. Best of luck! Pat and The Friar.

Dear Pat and The Friar: Just received the October-November issue. I do look forward to receiving each issue and want to say that at 63 1/2, I've noticed my ego has gotten a big boost since reading your magazine. You do a great deal for us "seniors." I feel more "desirable" and look at my fellow contemporaries with a great deal of sensual interest. While I'm not financially strapped I would like to help your publication. I recommend it to appropriate friends now, but it's a publication (or a "movement") that may have to grow on a person--they're not rushing to subscribe. Sorry to say that I don't like your new print with offset "fuzzy" letters. It's hard to read and blurry. Hope this is not permanent. I'm a travel agent for 35 years and think Newt Deiter is wonderful. He's professional, enthusiastic and has a warmth and sincerity that makes me want to stay in the business and continue to serve my older clients sympathetically as he does. I read The ADVOCATE article, but can attest that you address the concern about AIDS. It's real and out there. "Awareness" is a necessary step for everyone. Protection and modified behavior will grow from there. I find SWAN well balanced and applaud your choice of models and artwork. The "tools" on the caricatured drawings are a trifle exaggerated and lessen the effect of pseudo-realism for me, but that's minor. I like your stories and may get the guts to write one for you

myself. 55 years of "cruising" have left me with interesting and exotic memories. Growing up with a canoe on the Hudson River from 12 years to 28 offered many such opportunities. This may really get me started. Loved the true story of ARCHIE. Your editorial really hits the target. I'll push SWAN a little harder. Sincerely, S.Z., New York.

Dear S.Z.: Thanks for a very constructive, sincere letter. Don't worry about your friends who aren't interested in SWAN. A friend in San Francisco says that his favorite bartender (he's middle aged and working in an older crowd bar, no less) can't stand SWAN and finds it revolting. Many miss the point with SWAN, while others can't accept their own aging process. The fuzzy print was only an interim situation, caused by a "sick" printer. How do you like the improvement? Let's see a story. Best, Pat and The Friar.

Dear SWAN: Please allow me to respond to your editorial in the October-November issue. SWAN is a fine publication. I know of no other magazine like it. All too often society stresses "youth" or "youthfulness" as the ideal. We see it all the time in gay publications, especially gay erotica. One look in a bookstore will tell you that. You will see several magazines with young models, yet there are few, if any, with older men. I would hate to see SWAN disappear due to financial troubles. Please charge a fair rate that would cover your cost. We as lovers of older men must be willing to support our kind of magazine. The photograph of yourselves (p. 2) brought tears of joy to my eyes. Here for the first time (for me) is a picture showing two caring, loving men of different ages together. Positive, affirming photos of interage relationships are priceless. It feels really good to know that there are other people that share this special love. Thank you. Keep up the good work. Scott.F., Massachusetts.

Dear Scott: Much thanks. Of late, we have noticed a slight change in the wind. We've heard that a recent issue of PLAYGIRL featured a 60 year old man (we haven't seen it yet), and we understand that there might be more books being published featuring older gay characters. Even my agent is writing a book about mature gay men (hope he sells my novel before he finishes his!). We think that we've started the ball rolling in a different direction. Our stuffed mail box confirms it. Best, Pat and The Friar.

Dear SWAN: I have just received the second copy of my subscription and read THE ROVING SKEPTIC column with disgust! I am a GWM, in mid 60's, and next to Richard Nixon (yes, that's correct) firmly believe that Ronald Reagan has been America's best all-round President since Franklin Roosevelt. So there! And believe me,

there are many, many older gay men in my generation who share this view. For your asshole correspondent XYLOPHANG, to write, "....the conservative's most pronounced trait is a derisiveness [sic] directed toward minorities and the less economical blessed....generally mean spirited and exhibit not trace of compassion and benevolence for the masses. indicates that he is a typical, modern-day, left-wing slob who has no brains nor original thoughts of his own and can only echo propaganda fed to him by external interests who would delight in seeing America decline world affairs. I am sure that he (and you, his keeper) will have much more to gripe about in the coming years under the Bush Administration (and then maybe more years under Danny!) I, like most, if not all conservatives do feel for PWA's, but unlike the atypical [sic] activist, I feel for children with AIDS, those who have contracted AIDS through blood transfusions and those in medicine who have got AIDS through professional contact. I also feel for those with cancer, heart disease, birth defects, etc. However, I do not share similar feelings for alcoholics, drug addicts, and gay men who exposed themselves knowingly to unsafe sex practices in the heyday of gay life (1975-83) bathhouses, back rooms, parks, dock areas, etc. Ronald Reagan didn't create/sponsor this "genocide," nor did the Republican Party. Gay men brought it on themselves! And gay men alive today know, down deep in their hearts, that this is unfortunately, a truism. And--all laws and public funds are under the control of the U.S. Congress. The Democratic Party controls it and has controlled both Houses--outside of Senator Weicker and that murdering hypocrite (but hero of all "true" gay activists and of course the media) Kennedy, most of the Democrats have been very slow in voting favorable legislation for PWA. Why criticize and berate Ronald Reagan when he can't promulgate [sic] any legislation nor spend any funds without prior Congressional approval. Further Reagan-bashing articles in your publication will reduce it to the typical left-leaning gay publications around the country like BAR, ADVOCATE, SENTINEL, etc. and undoubtedly turn off many older GM's like myself. Personally, I don't care if I never see another copy of your rag. But I do delight in how Bush is bashing your friend, DO-TAX-US! Unsincerely yours, Barry [last name not given], [address not given], San Francisco, CA 94101.

P.S. I am not a born again Christian, nor a member of the Republican Party--and I am a member of a minority. So much for X-HANG.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Contrary to what he said, Barry is a subscriber. We have no idea who he is.

Dear Pat and The Friar: Well, time to renew your subscription and, hopefully, offer a few words of encouragement. Your publication has enlightened

engorged, and enhanced my enjoyment since I first heard of you a year ago. Your models have proven to be both sexy and attractive, and the fiction continues to be of a very high quality. However, I feel that the most important factor in your success has been the constant effort toward improvement. I am truly impressed by the additional features, new artists and the genuine concern that marks your publication. It is obvious, at least to this observer, that all of you care a great deal about SWAN. It is truly enjoyable to have a magazine that appeals so much to both my dick and my brain. Keep it up! All the Best, J.F., Virginia.

Dear J.F.: Thanks for the renewal and encouragement. Both are gratefully received. You can't imagine how gratifying it is to know that our readers can see and appreciate all our work and refinements. Best, Pat and The Friar.

Dear Pat and The Friar: Your hospitality during my visit was deeply appreciated. I had a very nice time, was introduced to some other very nice people, and was treated like one of the family the whole time. Friends like you two are very hard to come by. THANKS!! I would like to tell the other subscribers that, if they think you are getting rich and living the life of publishing magnates, they need to think again. Tell them that, if they are fortunate enough to be allowed to visit, they also need to be prepared to help with the work involved with putting out SWAN. We subscribers are very lucky to have someone to take the risk, do the work, and put out something that has up until now been only a fantasy. None of the other so called Gay Rags full of reports on Gay life in Monaco, and the "A" crowd in L.A. have even come close to doing what SWAN has done for us worshippers of the mature set. I am glad to have been given the opportunity to do a little bit of work for "our" magazine. Support SWAN you bunch of tightwads. You won't miss it until it is gone. Well, I'll get off my soapbox now. With affection, D.R., Oklahoma.

Dear D.R., We really enjoyed your visit also. You're a great worker and you're FUN! We think that the word finally got around that we're not living in the lap of luxury. Publishing magnates don't live in mobile homes in the middle of the Mojave Desert. Hope you come back soon. You're one hell of a collator and filer. Love, Pat and The Friar.

Dear Sirs: I do not intend to resubscribe at this time, but I will take a little time to let you know why.

1. It seems that these \$30 decisions come at the rate of about \$50 each week, which is \$2500 at the end of each year. I can have a really pleasant vacation each year on that. So, it's not that I don't have \$32, but that I want \$2500 at the end of the year.

2. Having read the way you "pooh-poohed" a couple of subscribers who dared to suggest that your models were a bit overweight, I am reluctant to add my voice to that argument. But all the same, yes, I too feel that you equate older with fatter and I find this disappointing. Men do get fat in a different way from women and this can be attractive, but I prefer a well preserved gentleman.

3. After a year and a few replies, I have yet to meet anyone through your magazine. This is mostly due to living in New York, where the magazine lacks readers it seems.

4. Finally, being only 32 and--dare I say it?--trim! (shock, horror) I feel like I don't fit into your target audience (though I like men around the age of 60).

So anyway, I do wish you luck. I think that you are aiming at an interesting and unique market share, one that has been ignored too long. Best wishes, Andy E., New York.

Note to our readers: Please, no one break the news to Andy that almost a QUARTER of our subscribers live in New York and that there must be another reason why he didn't meet anyone. Also, if anyone knows what the fuck he's talking about otherwise, please fill us in.

Note to Andy: Take the vacation. Bye.

CAN'T WIN DEPARTMENT

PART TWO

As we published our October Issue, we had received a substantial number of complaints about SIRCO, the San Francisco based video and photoset advertiser in our August issue. We have now received a total of 31 letters of complaint and some subscribers have not received orders from as far back as JUNE! No words can express the regret we feel over allowing SIRCO to advertise in SWAN. What can we say? We got good references on SIRCO from other gay publications, most of whom still allow SIRCO to advertise because they aren't getting the same volume of complaintsYET.

If you have ordered merchandise from SIRCO and cannot get satisfaction, send us a self-addressed, stamped envelope and we will send you the owners real name, home telephone number and a few choice bits of information about how to instigate a mail fraud complaint and other criminal charges.

PROFILES OF OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The following writers/artists/models are featured in this issue and all may be written to. Merely write to them the same way you would write to an advertiser with a bird codeword. Write your letter and stamp it with a 25 cent stamp. In pencil, in the center, write their name, then place the envelope inside another envelope and mail to us.

AARON is a highly talented artist who lives with his equally talented (in the movie and television industries) partner in the L.A. area. He is in his late forties and likes his models over 50, burly and very masculine. AARON is one of our principal artists and his greatest works can be found in SWAN's Special January 88 issue.

ALDO hails from Northern California and is a wonderfully put together 61 year old at 5'-11" and 190 pounds. ALDO enjoys corresponding and exchanging nude photos.

BIG ED is a heavyweight, thick-dicked New Yorker who likes his men likewise heavy and thick-dicked. Involved with the New York Girth and Mirth group, BIG ED has an artistic style reminiscent of DOMINO, yet totally unique. We're currently awaiting publishable nude photos of this sexy man and we guarantee that our chub lovers will go apeshit.

BIG GEORGE is the partner of SPITFIRE and resides in Virginia. This sweet, funny, very popular Big Man is well known in Girth and Mirth circles and we had to really twist his arm to get him to model. He and SPITFIRE will be joining us at Mardi Gras and you can bet that a fun time will be had.

JOHN BREADSTILL resides in Seattle and has a "virulent" interest in Eastern thought and mysticism. An accomplished water colorist, his writings (coming soon) reflect his contemplative nature and inquiring mind. See John's ad in the Washington section.

MARSH CASSADY is a distinguished author, playwright, publisher, literary agent and actor who lives in San Diego. This wonderful man enriches our publication with superbly crafted poetry and superior fiction. Marsh has published three books this year alone and has written textbooks on writing. Talk about credentials!

PAT COLLEY, your editor and publisher, retired the Construction Industry to devote full time to care of THE FRIAR; editing and publishing SWA writing novels and short stories--in that order. A native Texan, Pat was a scholarship flutist at Texas State until he dropped out in 1960. He quit himself, which finally happened in 1985, thanks to THE FRIAR.

NEWT DEITER is a senior and the owner of his own travel agency in Los Angeles. NEWT is always on the move and is one of the most dynamic men we've ever known. This man knows (and is loved by) *everyone*, from the most famous, down to the little guy who devours his great column.

VIC ENGANELA is a very popular Chicago columnist who has been with us for some time. This wonderful 40 year old writes with a keen perception and has a unique style. His work is rich in pathos and brings peace to the lives of many readers. He's a warm, sincere person who genuinely loves our elder brothers--those in the 80's and 90's.

GALLAGHER, hailing from deep in the heart of Texas, is one of the premier cartoonists and illustrators in the country today and is just now crossing over into the world of publications. He is also a fantastic and unique writer who will be featured in an upcoming special issue. His illustrations for his own fiction are some of the best we've ever seen.

KENT JUSTICE is a bright, handsome, 30ish artist/writer/photographer, who lives along the California Coast with his SWAN model partner, THE COLONEL. KENT and THE COLONEL have been with us for some time now and have had a hand in countless new subs for us.

JIM KITCHEN, a distinguished writer, educator, and literary agent, resides in San Diego with his partner for many years. JIM is sixtyish, trim, sharp and charming as hell. His poetry will melt the most frigid of hearts.

LEGAL EAGLE is a 55 year old attorney who has practiced law for 30 years, the last 7 years in Southern California. He is single and now lives in Palm Springs, where he is a corporate attorney for a major corporation. For you younger guys, write and say that you want a sincere relationship with a sharp, mature man of substance, take the window of opportunity won't stay open long. This is an extraordinary man.

CHO is 50ish freelance writer from Chicago who has written one of the most unusual novels we've ever read. Only the second novel we've ever serialized, **OCHO's ULJI'S SPHERE** has it all--feverish sex, black comedy, Air Force Generals with monster dicks, androids, flying saucers and nail biting adventure.

UETZAL is another Virginian who creates the most provocative and unique cartoons we've ever seen. **UETZAL** lives with his silver fox lover near Washington, D.C. With this issue, we premier his new cartoon series, **GOLDEN GOODIES**.

AM, like **AARON**, is considered one of the best erotic artists on the international gay scene today. **RAM**, a highly celebrated professional artist, is in his late 40's and lives in Indianapolis with a 68 year old, retired ex-over and shaker in the business world.

ROADRUNNER TOO showed up at our door one day in a truck. Three rolls of film later, we knew that we had found a new star! **ROADRUNNER TOO** represents what truckers used to be, when every other truck driver made you drool your shorts wet. This brawny, South Carolina hunk is in his forties, thickly hung and shoots a quart!

SANDPIPER has been with us for a long time and resides in Northcentral Illinois. A gorgeous specimen at 6'1", 5'-10", 180#, this guy's body will knock you for a loop! **SANDPIPER** is looking for short, stocky men over 18.

CORPIO is an inmate at a prison in the Midwest. He's young, extremely good looking and masculine; and can start a drawing pad on fire. Using at least four distinct styles, this artist never ceases to amaze us and we can't wait until he is released next year.

HANE hails from The Big Apple, where he owns his own advertising agency. Younger, trim and Black, **HANE** brings us a dimension we've been hurting for. He marvelously illustrates his own fiction, which is refreshingly clever and unlike any we've seen in quite some time.

KUA, a 64 year old retired artist, lives in Baltimore. He's good looking, talented, lithely built man loves art, music, pets, gardening and astrology. If you like his work, write him and encourage him to do more. We'd certainly like to see more!

PITFIRE is a 47 year old Virginian with a head of white hair and big, powerfully muscled, tattooed arms. 5'-8" and 200 pounds, this bruiser is a bundle of namite and is hung to boot! He's tame, though, and has dated for 23 years with his 71 year old, 300 pound lover.

STARTHROAT, a 67 year old, wirey, muscular, blue-eyed angel from Wisconsin, bares it all with humor and charm. This rugged outdoorsman seeks a masculine, mature man to share good times with.

STRAC is our very first Black model and we're proud as punch to land him. **STRAC** is 47, 5'-9", 195 pounds and is looking for a man over 40, any race, who is conventionally versatile. This handsome, succulent hunk lives in Tennessee and is in public relations.

DOUG SULLENS lives in the great state of Arkansas, where he is a deputy coroner. Retired from law enforcement and having owned his own security company, this deeply introspective man has seen it all and has a lot to say. Doug currently lives alone and is seeking someone who wants to share a quiet home life near the Ozarks.

JASON P. WILLIAMS is a very clever and funny chub lover who lives in New York with his gorgeous, hunk of a lover. **JASON** is a successful freelance writer of highly erotic, well-crafted fiction. Pure talent. He's also a stunning model.

YANKEE DOODLE lives on a small farm north of Los Angeles and has been a **SWAN** supporter from the very beginning. This 72 year old, trim, handsome, hung **HUNK** is also a brilliant writer.

XYLOPHANG is a 52 year old publisher from San Francisco. He is politically liberal and doesn't think too much of organized religion and the present administration. This man makes you think and, on many occasions, won't tell you what you want to hear. He's done his homework, however, and brings an added, healthy dimension to our publication. He's even urged us to acquire a conservative political columnist to counter his views. Love him or hate him, he will never bore you.

EX-LOGGER is back by awesome demand! This rapturous looking *man's* man has been known to make jaded cocksuckers drool in their pants and was our very first undisguised model. Yes, this extraordinary man started it all and we'll never be able to repay him. **EX-LOGGER** lives with his younger, 50 year old lover in the deep woods of the Great Northwest.

KENN RICHIE is the most prolific fiction writer in gay erotica today, and many are saying that he's the best. This Los Angeles senior is an award winning playwright and has written an amazing number of screenplays which went on to become movies. He is also a devoted **SWAN** supporter and has given us invaluable support.

NEWSFRONT

GAI-PIED, Issue #328, dated July 7, 1988:
(translated by G.S., Toronto) **Note: Brackets**
supplied by SWAN.

SWAN, for example, is a connoisseur magazine published [every other] month in Palm Springs, California, which is geared to gays over 50 and those who are excited by older men. Sexual rejects [!], the Swannies have succeeded in turning things around: their publication is witty, optimistic and proves that there is sex after retirement. We find out that in the United States, there are masseurs, prostitutes [!] and porno stars over 60, and people hooked on Big Daddy phone sex. Just as Leathermen play with pain, the Swannies play with age and their videos show stereotyped roles: the strict Daddy or Sugar Daddy, the Doctor, the older Trucker or Workman, etc. [Aren't those French *Special?*]

SCRIPPS HOWARD NEWS SERVICE

If scientists are right, humans are like computers programmed to destroy themselves, and that's one reason we grow old and die. There's "something about our genetic structure that makes it appear that we are programmed for obsolescence," said Dr. William Applegate, chief of the geriatric medicine division at the University of Tennessee, Memphis College of Medicine. Scientists are looking for that "something" while baby boomers grow older and modern health care stretches lives. It's predicted that by July 1, 2000, the number of people age 65 or older will have increased by more than 4 million over an estimated 30.5 million on this July 1, according to the Bureau of the Census. But what makes an aged person old is still a mystery. Applegate said a number of factors contribute to the breakdown of an aging body, including pollution, smoking and bad eating habits. "Scientists also have suggested that people carry genes that command their bodies to turn old and speed them toward death," said Applegate. Another theory is that people have genes that extend life but malfunction over time. Either way, Applegate said that "we all go downhill physiologically" after age 30, although "it takes a long time for us to go downhill." He also said that long and short lifespans run in families, because of the genes passed down from generation to generation. "The greatest predictor of how long you're going to live is something you have no control over, and that's how long your parents lived," he said. "But people are not completely helpless against the tides of time, because kicking the tobacco habit, keeping blood pressure down and eating a low-fat diet can stretch lifespans," he said. Applegate also said that most

elderly people don't die of "natural causes," but instead killed by disease. That may be because scientists suggest, aging immune systems weaken and have a tougher time fighting off illness. Meanwhile rich diets have made cardiovascular problems, such as heart disease and stroke, the most common old killers, he said. Researchers are trying to beat back ravages of time. For example, they plan to study drugs, such as the cholesterol-lowering statin, that may decrease risk of stroke. They are also conducting a study to learn whether twice-weekly physical therapy sessions for the elderly can lengthen lives and keep the aged out of nursing homes. Accredited U.S. medical schools devote 5% of their coursework specifically to care of the elderly, according to Edward Petersen, assistant director of undergraduate medical education at the American Medical Association. But medicine "has not put enough emphasis on the study of aging it should have," Applegate said. He explained that medicine, like American society at large, "has not generally put the elderly in a venerated position as the elderly are in other countries." That's changing, however, "because as the numbers of elderly people have grown, their political and economic influence has grown," he said. Applegate also said that more and more elderly really are living through a "golden age"--retired, healthy and free of many of the responsibilities.

VIDEO CORNER

Want to trade home or commercial videos with someone? Want to find someone who'll make a copy of a video? Write a small ad and send it to [redacted]. If you want replies to be forwarded to you, give a codeword. Otherwise, state that you want replies directed to you and advise how you want replies addressed. Include a service charge of \$2.00; we'll run your notice for one issue.

VIDEO BULLETIN BOARD

NOTE: Write to coded advertisers the way you would write to a bird code. Seal your letter, stamp it, write code in pencil in the center, place it in another envelope and mail it to SWAN.

Wanted: Legal copies of all SWAN videos, as well as any other commercial or home-made videos showing intimate views of well-rounded seniors. Your time and effort will be much appreciated and compensated. Write: Ying-Da Lee, P.O. Box 100, Madison, WI 53707-7751.

MAN OF THE DAY by SHANE

Seems I'm always ready....But never prepared.

It was a slow news morning--"Man Slays Wife, Self"--and I'd heard it all before. The purpose of a morning newspaper--to me anyway--is to provide that little extra edge of protection against my fellow man on the 8 am train into the city. And old news wasn't gonna do it. Not today. I've been tense. Good or bad, everything is annoying lately. A friend tells me I need to crawl into bed with someone wonderful and all my stress will be a dim memory. Maybe.

Anyway, I'm wading through "Man Slays..." hoping to find something new in this time honored tale when the train stops--dead--somewhere between New Jersey and my beloved Manhattan. I don't even lift my eyes at the sound of the "AWWWW" that issues from two or three women to my left, and pretend that I don't hear the "Not again!" spoken directly into my right ear by one of those people you want to wrestle to the floor and gag. This person turns to her right and says the same words in exactly the same dull tone of voice to a guy who picks up the beat with some ditty about municipal taxes going to waste. I float. There is lots of anti-city government chit chat in the air and finally the inevitable announcement that, "Due to a stalled vehicle in front of us....", etc. I turn the page. Trains are not for people, I decide. Some secret gas pumped into subways is turning otherwise normal folk into grouchy, complaining creatures who will push and shove with--That Much--provocation.

There is not one decent person on this train, I tell myself, still protected by my homicide headlined paper. But I decide to look--just in case. No one. Not one. Bad suits. Hats too small for the fat heads they are resting on. Skirts that are too long, and--oh, no--too short. And then there's that one guy....where'd he come from? Certainly no Man Of The Day (a completely different game played on a better day than this), but... Chunky. Not tall. Balding. (Turn around. Turn around.) Stomach. Mmmmm... And then our eyes lock. Milli-seconds. Eternity. And everything has been said. This guy can be had.

I look back quickly to find him looking back quickly. We both affix grim expressions to our faces and look away. And look back. Theatre. This is stupid, I tell myself. Crowded train. Straight looking guy giving me dirty looks. So I go back to my paper--every cliched page of it. And from time to time I look back. He is stony faced. But he's looking. This guy is Midnight Material, I tell myself and try to memorize his face and stance. Late 50's. I like that. Angry. I like that, too. Maybe even more. And I store him away for those late hours in the dark, when I can have anybody I want any

way I want.

I am not even aware that the train has not only been moving, but is almost at the last stop--my stop. I look quickly again. What's he supposed to do? Whip it out here on the train? Shout over the shoulder of that insurance salesman that he wants to meet for drinks at the end of the day? No. This guy isn't the meet-for-drinks type. He's got a tie on, but his sleeves are rolled up. A real solid type. What could we meet for?

Now I feel like a fool. Probably the entire train has noticed my "discreet" gawking. I may as well have had my face in his crotch. But it doesn't matter, really. I'm a young, bouncy type, dressed slightly for excess (acid brights and 40's motif tie), and he is just some shlumpy OLD guy. Sex? No way could this be about sex. Now that cute little kid with the curly hair and tight pants--now that's what sex is about. Right?

The train has emptied out now and my man is just slightly ahead of me on the platform. I skip through the can-you-spare-a-quarter types, but get cut off by the curly hair/tight pants. The old guy is just a few feet away and I pick up my pace. (For what? What am I doing? I've got to get to work.)

He's stopped. Just stopped. Well, not really. He's over by the token booth, assuming a calculated nonchalance. (For me. I know it. I hope.)

I walk over, fumbling for change to get a token. And he speaks: "You look like you need to get into something." No smile. Nothing.

I hand him the business card I palmed way back when and start to walk off.

"It's Nathan that'll be calling," he says.

I look back and he's already walking away.

Ah. The Man Of The Day. Really.

Work is fun almost always, but when The Man Of The Day has your number, the day takes on a prickly excitement.

"Mister Nathan Wallace on one," she tells me and those little shots of pure electricity race through my heart for the second time today. I'm alone after 5 I tell him. 6:30 sounds great. (Do I sound masculine enough, I wonder. This guy is gruff. Very matter of fact. Yeah.)

Nathan Wallace walks in and he is a completely different man than I remember. Better. His eyes are crinkly and strong. His mouth is firmly set, and the moustache is a here-and-there mix of wirey grey and black hair. His chest is full, with big nipples pushing through the white-on-white dress shirt with its rolled up sleeves. His gut is lickable. And his ass is older man small--almost invisible, squared off in badly cut pants sitting low on the hip. He's 62, he says. (62-?) Was married, he says.

"Why don't you suck my dick?" he says.

I unzip and unbuckle. I try to push his pants down.

"Just suck it," he says.

Sucking through underwear always turns me off,



but what the hell.

Not hard. Not soft. Not big. But so damned good.

I suck and chew softly.

And he says, "Yeah, I knew you wanted a piece." His meat starts to grow and I experience a kind of joy limited to lovers of older men. Erotic stirrings, new life sucked into a hot piece of meat. This is strength. I lick the boxers, moaning low. Let me have it, my brain says over and over, but I am too shy to say aloud. I chew on the boxers and stick my tongue in the slit. I swallow the meat and pull the shorts down. I'm so good, I tell myself, when I unleash the meat and swiftly push the shorts to the knee and gather up the meat again in a clever tongue/throat, to-the-top-of-your-head-bottom-of-your-toes gulp/swallow maneuver. My man groans OUT LOUD.

"Damn, baby."

Baby indeed.

I cup his naked ass. It's bigger, more shapely than those pants would have anyone know. Why. I think, mouth full and working easy ripples of pleasure, do these old guys hide it? This man has a body and a half, and who would know?

I lick his stomach. And work my way over and chew on the love handles. The dick is full now. Not hard--how ordinary--but full, powerful. Make me suck it, my brain says. And I look into his eyes for direction. His hands are on my head, pushing gently, suggesting, not demanding. I close my eyes and go for his balls. The soft/strong male smell between his legs makes me wild. I lick. Full wet tongue. Teeth on his thighs. This is where I belong. I need this man. I chew on grey pubic hair and lick under the heavy, heaving balls. I want both in my mouth at the same time. And he groans again. My hands are all over his stomach, kneading the fullness, wishing I could swallow him whole to savor--to taste--everything at once. I push under his shirt. I want those nipples.

He sits--finally--and I get him to take off his pants ("Think about the trip home all wrinkly.") and, although he seems not to want to, they are soon folded neatly on my desk. Big legs. Nice thighs. The dick is down now. But we can get it going again. I push his shirt up and tie out of the way. BIG nipples. The right one first. (My own rule.) Twisting the left. I cup underneath to make a suckable breast and lick the entire thing--swirling the dark sucky nipple. They're hard--not aroused.....hard. And the more I suck, the softer they get, like little velvet puddings.

"Suck my titties, baby," Nathan says in his deep I'm-a-man voice.

And I go from the right to the left and back for more. I am rubbing his thighs, fingers darting to forbidden spots--dark, secret spots unknown to man. He resists. And I push his legs up to soothe with a hungry tongue. The dick is hard.

"Damn, I never had anything like this before," I hear my man say. And I stroke his meat until it is erupting in 60 year old joy.

I watch him put on his pants. He says nothing, and I know better than to start a conversation.

"You're too much," he says, eventually.

"No. It's not me, it's you," I say, for perhaps the thousandth time in my life. "Can I see you again?"

And he lights a cigar. "I'm not into fellas, you know?"

I see where this is headed. "I just want to suck your dick, that's all. No big deal."

"Well, I've got your number," he says. And without looking back, walks out.

I'm on the train again. Trip back home. Different newspaper. Same stories.

Always, the same old stories.

QUOTES FROM OUR CONTRIBUTORS

KEN GOULD--Founder of Prime Timers, New York:

"Regarding my feelings about death: I like to think (I hesitate to say, unequivocally, that I believe) that after the termination of what we identify as life, the most relevant feature of which to me is awareness, a different level of "awareness" is possible; conceivably identifiable as a "vibration." During life as we know it, I feel that our philosophy, religious convictions, ethical and moral standards, set our lives into a certain rhythm; which along with the manner in which our life was conducted, and the positive emotions generated, including deep affection and concern for others, can in some way add to or affect the infinite/eternity, by affecting the character of our post-mortal vibration. This is obviously a highly idealistic viewpoint, even a fantasy; however, I have found that this concept helps to give my life the direction and motivation with which I am most comfortable."

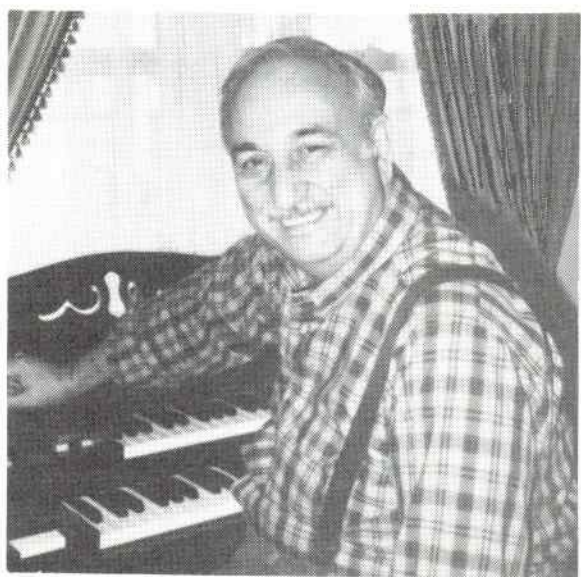
MARSH CASSADY--Actor, novelist, poet, playwright, professor:

"Haiku is a Japanese poetry form with certain requirements. One of the most important is that there be two completely separate images that go together to make up a third image or a sense of completeness. And although the images are presented in an objective, direct manner, without metaphor or simile, they should evoke an emotional response in the reader. Ideally, the form eliminates all unnecessary words. In a haiku sequence each segment is related to a central theme, but each haiku should stand on its own and may or may not deal with the same subject. The haiku sequences in this issue, for example, deal with a variety of men, not a single individual."



SELF PORTRAIT

SKVA '88



INSIGHTS

by Victor Engandela

It is sometimes hard to trace back the origin of "turn ons" and "turn offs." I've traced back a couple of mine. It's an interesting, exciting exercise. But don't expect that your personality can be easily changed just because you think--one can never be absolutely sure--you have successfully traced the origin and subsequent reinforcements of these subjective and sometimes puzzling attitudes that we carry around with us throughout our lives.

I don't like onions--particularly raw ones! The smell, sight and especially the crackling sound of onion skins make me wince. Years ago, on the analyst's couch, I got off on a track of free association, which eventually--about three weeks, some tears, and many dollars later--led me to re-live, with considerable feeling, an incident in my early childhood that probably explains my aversion to onions. And--but not incidentally--my development of a considerable ability to "work with" hysterical outbursts, a talent that served me well when I worked as a Social Worker in a mental hospital.

We lived in a slum neighborhood during my early childhood. These were the depression years. One day, as a toddler, I crawled into a little cupboard near the kitchen sink, where my mother kept potatoes and onions, and a few pots and pans hanging from large nails inside. The cupboard was roach infested. I was playing with onions and loose onion skins and putting some of the skins in my mouth, as any young toddler will do. My

mother, who was already panic-stricken because she didn't know where I was, found me--and all hell broke loose!! She screamed hysterically and yanked me out, pulling me past a protruding nail and shoving her fingers in my mouth, trying to get at what she must have thought was a roach. Maybe it was!!

On the analyst's couch, as an adult, I re-lived some of the terror, surprise and confusion, which, of course, as an infant, I couldn't understand or deal with, except by screaming and crying out in pain. The overwhelming, diffused amplification of my mother's panic was all that I really re-experienced. The details are conjecture.

Insight? Well, yes, but I still don't like raw onions, onion skins, roaches and hysterical women, although I certainly can handle all of these things more quietly and rationally now. What really hasn't changed much however, is my FEELING about them!

And now to another insight.

I was about 2 or 3 years old. My father was often given the job of taking care of me on Sunday morning while my mother did the cooking and housework and cared for the other kids. My father would take me by the hand and go across the alley to visit with a big Bavarian man: big belly, white handlebar moustache, loose fitting pants held up with big suspenders. They stood and talked and talked, while I became fascinated with the old German. I hugged his leg and walked around it playfully, stretching my little hands up to his thigh and staring at the mysterious big lump at his crotch. He not only let me play this way but he patted me gently on the head absentmindedly as he talked with my father. His leg was so warm and muscular and his hand on my head was so gentle and loving. He would occasionally move my hand downward when I got close to his crotch, which I could barely reach. On occasion, he would pick me up--I can guess now that it was when he felt a little tingle as my hand came close to his cock--and press me close to his warm breast. He smelled so warm and nice. I have never forgotten that exciting smell, the warmth of his touch, his big hands and that friendly, jolly smile.

I have been to Munich seven times during the past few years and have on several occasions found that smell, big belly and warm bosom--and more!!

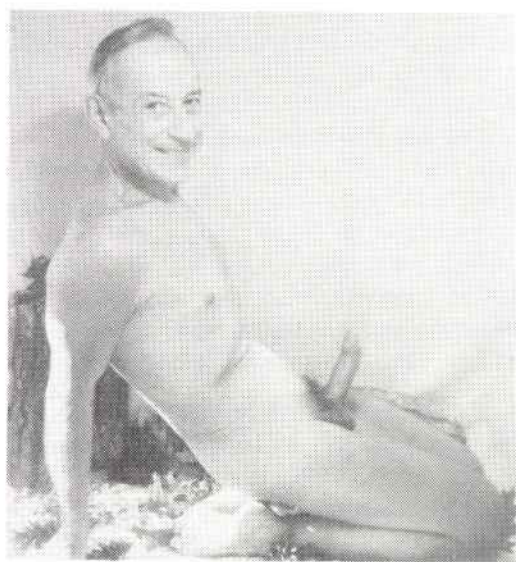
My early "turn on" and "turn off" experiences have colored my life in many ways. It's even humorous to realize and understand, as I get older, some of my life-long motivations and attitudes. I have:

- learned to speak German.
- continued to look for yet another Bavarian.
- learned to say, "No onions," when ordering in a restaurant.
- learned how to let hysterical acting people blow off steam--then how to say, with some authority, "Now sit down, shut up and listen to me!!"

Tastes get modified obviously. They develop and expand through the years. But early imprints are deeply etched into one's personality and do become part of one's nature, accounting for otherwise unexplicable behavior.

What are some of your early imprints??

YANKEE DOODLE.....photo by Clayton

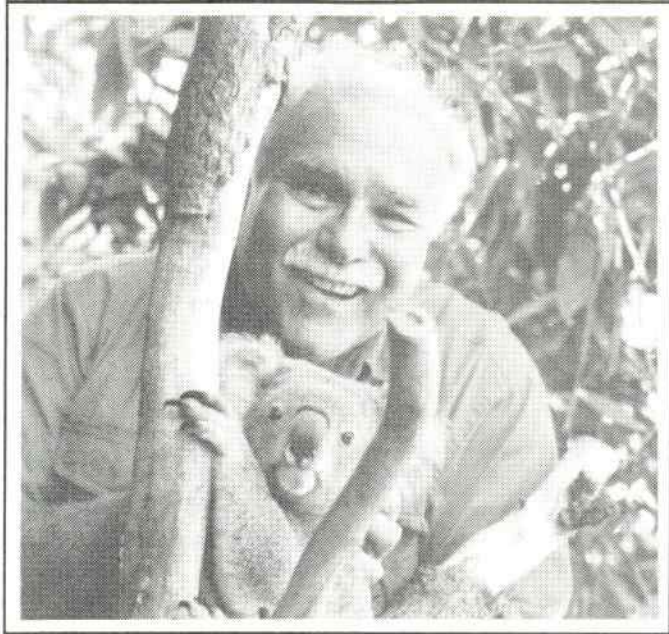


STARTHROAT.....photo by "J"



ALDO.....photo by Peter S

TRAVELIN TIME with NEWT DEITER



I started to think about the article I'm now writing as I climbed aboard my Pan American jet at Los Angeles International Airport. Here I was, taking my once a year vacation and doing what I do so often in my work: travelin'. My friends take some delight in kidding me about how I earn my living, and I understand it. It must seem at times that all the travel and the visiting to various locations is just fun. Well, I obviously don't mind living out of a suitcase and I certainly take satisfaction from escorting groups and also researching new and different places to visit. I must confess though, that when I travel for fun, I am probably the biggest "tourist" in the world. I take local tours; "see the sights;" enjoy meeting people from all over the world; and, in general, immerse myself for a short time in the culture, history and sights of each of the places I visit.

On this trip, I spent a short while in my favorite destination, London. A few days out in the countryside --Scotland, to be specific-- and then off to Greece. As even occasional readers of these words will note, I rarely miss a chance to visit England. While I enjoy London very much, it is the chance to get out into the countryside that really makes visiting England so special.

As the giant 747 winged its way east and I settled down with a glass of Scotch (perhaps to help get me in the mood), I thought for a few moments about why this is such a special place for me. I remember Sir Winston Churchill once writing about the relationship between Americans and English, writing, "We are one

people separated by a common language." I certainly notice that each time I visit. Two small examples will suffice: our "vest" is their "waistcoat;" their "vest" is our "undershirt"-- or, even better, their "ass" is a foolish person and we know what our "ass" is.

After the usual rush through customs and the hurried trip into central London, I started to call friends. I guess I'm lucky that jet lag doesn't hit me badly if I stay active until close to my normal going to sleep time. I wake up the following morning with my body clock in sync for Europe. Knowing I would fade fairly early the first night, I did decide to meet with an "ex" of mine and his friend for dinner and to be brought up to date on what's new and exciting in London.

When I was over in May, I was shocked at how expensive prices were, in terms of local exchange rates. At that time, \$1.97 bought you 1 pound. This trip, I was pleased to see that \$1.65 bought you 1 pound, a 16% improvement in exchange rates. Also, the English rate of inflation seems to have stabilized so prices are not quite the shock they were.

One of my tourist high points this trip was visiting the Tower of London. I have a great interest in militaria as well as in old cars and, finally, after a three year closure, the Royal Arsenal Museum was open again. It was worth the wait! You start by seeing relics of the Roman Military and even weapons of the stone age Britons found near Salisbury (called Sarum in ancient times), then you enter the Hall of Armour, where you are able to see examples in excellent shape, right up to the time of the transition from man-carried and air-propelled weapons to gunpowder devices. Also on display is a suit of armor that is reputed to have belonged to Henry The Eighth. If you visit this museum, note the crotch area of this particular suit of armor. If it is anywhere near accurate, his penis and testicles must have been massive! From this area, we moved on to a weapons display that showed the development of British rifles and pistols, from the first commissioned weapons under the "first Elizabeth," up to their newest rifle shown to the public for the first time at the 1988 Trooping of the Colour in June of this year.

I also spent the best part of one day at the Royal Air Force Battle of Britain Museum and the Imperial War Museum as well. Finally, I took a day to go out and see the Farnborough Air Show, one of the two most important aerial exhibitions in the world. Before you wonder, by the way, the other one is the Paris Air Show and the two shows are done in alternate years. Of course, as a result of the disaster at the Ramstein (Germany) Air Show, there was some discussion as to if there would be precision flying. Well there was! The only untoward incident involved a big new Russian Transport that had to abort a takeoff. All in all, the air show was a sterling experience.

It's funny sometimes the things we do when we travel that we might not do at home. Here in Los Angeles, we've had the musical sensation of the English stage, "Les Miserables" playing for months. I never bothered to get tickets. Well, I saw it in London on this

trip and wish I hadn't waited so long. The show was really sensational, and even though it was a long performance, the vigor and enthusiasm of the London cast caused the evening to just fly by. There is something about London and Theater that just seems to go together.

There has been one rather dramatic change since my May visit. As those of you who have visited England remember, that time honored cry at 3:00 pm of "Time, gentlemen, time," and you'd have to gulp the last of your drink and see the pub doors close behind you until 5:30 pm-- and, at 10:00 pm, once again having to stop drinking at a time when we are most used to going out than going home. Well, that law, in effect since 1914, is no more (except on Sundays). Now, you can start drinking at 10:00 am and go right through to 11:00 pm with no break. Progress at last!

I got up earlier than I wanted too in order to catch a 7:00 am train from London to Edinburgh. Oh sure, I knew I could have caught a plane up and been there in less than an hour, but I thought the train trip would be fun. As I boarded the "Intercity 125" express train, the differences between air and rail immediately became apparent. An immaculately uniformed attendant approached me and asked if I wished breakfast. My "yes" got me ushered to a table set with gleaming linen, silver and polished glassware. Shortly after the train pulled out, that wonderful meal called "full English breakfast" was set before me and the first hour of the journey was taken up enjoying the meal. Since on Britrail, empty seats in the dining car are an anathema, I soon found myself with a dining companion.

Discovering in conversation that many business people use the train for short business trips, rather than driving or even flying was fascinating to me. It caused me to think a bit about one travel aspect that applies to all countries where English is usually spoken: the first time traveler has the advantage of common language.

I arrived in Edinburgh late in the afternoon and I immediately went to my hotel, "The Caledonian." The hotel is one of those wonderful red brick Victorian Piles that was at one time owned by the Scottish and Northern Railway and was built to see to the needs of the railway customer. Arguably Edinburgh's best hotel and the site of one of the finest restaurants in all of Scotland, the staff envelopes you in warmth and care. The hearty breakfast served each morning buffet style is not to be missed, even by the likes of me who considers juice and coffee an adequate morning repast.

Edinburgh is a city for walking. As I looked out my hotel window, I could see the brooding bulk of Edinburgh Castle looming over the city. Not only is the castle the location of one of the finest military museums in the country, it is also an active military headquarters and the site, each August, of the famed Edinburgh Military tattoo. I hiked the "Royal Mile" from the castle to Holyrood House, the Royal palace in Edinburgh. After a scant three days, it was time to return to London, which I did on board an overnight train in a private

compartment. There was something really special being served hot tea and biscuit in bed as the train rolled into London.

I've a lot more to share with you, but that seems a logical place to end this opus. The next Time will contain impressions of the Greek and Egyptian portion of the trip, including my visit to Egypt. Thanks for your letters. It's nice for them to come in months to see that every one I have on hand has been answered. Keep em coming!

THE POETRY OF JIM KITCO

THE MOMENT

My hands
move over you,
touch your hair,
your face.
Smooth chest and belly,
reach
for your balls,
your cock.
Cup them in my palm,
hold them gently.

Your cock swells,
grows hard.
My love for you
fills
every part of me,
spills
across your body
in waves of tenderness.

The moment
passes;
the love
remains.



STEAM ROOM

Hope there's some action
in here pretty soon--I'm
fuckin' ready for it!

Big Ed



DOUG SULLENS

Born and raised in a small country community in Northeastern Arkansas, I did not know there were such words as "gay," "homosexual," or any of the others. My memory only goes back to around 9 years of age. All I knew was that I preferred to be around men. The first actual sexual experience for me was with a football playing cousin out in the "two holes" outhouse. What a fabulous experience! This continued for a long period of time until the family moved to Michigan. No, he didn't instigate the action--I did, just in case someone wants to say that I was influenced by him.

My next experience was with an uncle, then on to the joys of the football and basketball teams--even to the owner of the local funeral parlor (never, to this day have I ever seen such a cock--even in a photo, and in no way am I a "size" person). Finishing school, I moved to Tennessee to live with relatives. This was my first knowledge that there were others like me. I had thought I was the only one that existed. This was also my first knowledge that there were gay bars. During this period of time, I was still trying to go with females, as I had been told that this was a phase of life I was going through, that, when I married, it would all pass. I didn't know any difference. My staunch Southern Baptist upbringing had been deeply instilled within me. At that time I had done no studying nor research on my own, so I just believed what others said about right and wrong. I had no idea what the thorn in the apostle Paul's flesh referred to, nor that the Bible, Old Testament and New, had been written by many more individuals than the named authors.

World War II came and went, and what a great experience that was--especially at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma!! I realized that I could no longer remain in my country hayseed environment, so I ventured out to Los Angeles/Hollywood area as I had always had the desire to be in entertainment. What an eye opener that was--especially when I went to work at Paramount Studios. I

learned rather quickly that there were a lot of people into gay life that were not gay, but were opportunists (some called them "hustlers"). I also found there were gays that also fit into that same category. I was offered a job, singing and travelling country/western band. Naturally, I jumped at the chance. We ended up working out of a radio station in Arkansas of all places!

Due to my loneliness and, still hoping I would fit into the dictates of society, I started dating a young lady school teacher. I wanted a home and a family to ease the torture I was putting myself through by marrying and finishing a singing engagement in Tennessee. During this marriage, we produced two fabulous sons. I still could not satisfy my desire to be with my own gender, however, I followed me everywhere.

I gave up my secular music and went into religious and musical ministry, hoping to find an answer. I thought, was a problem destroying me. I had no support from anyone--above or below--only because I could not or would not, accept myself as I was, or something unnatural. I loved my wife dearly, but there was no true sexual satisfaction for me. It was supposed to be a performance. My sons were my joy. We eventually moved back to Arkansas, then to a lack of adequate work, moved to Texas.

This proved to be my Waterloo--my dear wife, a husband and family man. A supposed friend (thinking he could make it with my wife and create a three way (he was also married), came and blew the whistle on me. This destroyed my marriage. My wife fought tooth and nail in an effort to save our marriage. I had always been her prince charming. She almost literally worshipped the ground I walked upon. It just wasn't in there, however. There was no way she could or would accept my homosexuality. It was something foreign, a disease--a mental disorder. She was told I was "a way" because I wanted to be and she should get away from me or "I would make them like me."

Torture!! There is no word to define the pain. I was determined not to bring any further pain upon her. Believe it or not, we eventually reconciled and remarried. She and the boys were adjusting away from me. They were constant pain to my heart and mind. Then-- you guessed it--we divorced again. Suspicion, mistrust, jealousy would ruin her alone, and took over. She divorced me again.

I left Texas to try and get away from this situation. I moved to New Mexico, but four years later I was judged and condemned by my family, so, once again I packed up and went back to Los Angeles to try and live my natural, normal, birthgiven gay lifestyle. Though my mind did not want to accept that my mind would still play tricks on me.

I eventually found someone in Anaheim. A wonderful someone--a football type of hunk with a loving heart as big, or bigger than he was. He gave me his full heart and soul to me. I had gone into it

ain, but still traveling weekends with my gospel
 izing. A big mistake! I was trying to blend my deep
 ated Christian upbringing. It was destroying me and
 relationship with my mate. I love him dearly, but
 it could not turn loose. He tried, oh how he tried. he
 d I was all he could ever want, that he would never
 me go, but I destroyed that beautiful marriage. I
 ve to call it that, as that is what it was. He finally
 it a friend of mine from Texas and, as far as I know,
 is still there. To this date, it is difficult for me not
 pick up the telephone to call him, but I am one that
 uld never interfere with anyone's relationship, as I
 i, or want to be, a monogamous person. He was pure
 ld.

Later, I went into police work and eventually
 o my own security company with two of my police
 ddies. Upon retiring, I returned to New Mexico,
 iving up into the Manzano Mountains to get away from
 human race. After two years, I had finally,
 ntally, come back to earth, sold my property, and
 ived into the city. I made some fine friends and
 orted the first MCC there, but pulled away from that
 er.

I had been going to the Catholic library to study
 till searching for an answer. That answer was given
 me through a wonderful priest I met one day while
 lking through the chapel hallway. I lowered all
 rriers with him. He took me in hand, saying, "What
 we waiting for? Come on!!" He counselled with me
 ly. We had lunch at least three times each week. The
 derstanding he gave me as to my accepting myself as
 d had created me is a mind blower, but, I was finally
 e to release all the many years of guilt. I was finally
 e to release all self condemnation. I breathed deeply
 d freely for the first time in my life. During all this
 e, without my knowledge and without one word of
 nplaint from him, he later admitted to me that he was
 ng of lung cancer. He's gone now, but yet is still
 dent through his words and teaching. I will never
 get, and it keeps me free. Was he gay? I have no
 a. Ours was one of those rare, true, loving, plutonic,
 cere friendships, far beyond gay or not gay. My only
 ret is how much of my life has been wasted in my
 k of being able to accept myself as I was created.

At my age and weight, I had felt all hope of
 aring my life with someone was gone-until a friend
 m New Mexico sent me a copy of SWAN Magazine.
 w, a small sparkle of hope has appeared on the
 izon. My problem is that I am a non-drinker (other
 n socially), non-smoker, love my home, and not into
 se usual things. I'm really straight (I hate that
 rd), except for my sexual preference. I have moved
 sk to Arkansas, purchased a home in a medium sized
 n between the Ozark and Oachita Mountains on the
 ansas River, still with that wonderful free feeling,
 ng with--now, thanks to SWAN--a feeling that there
 y be a hunk out there for me. If what I have written
 ps even one person to accept themselves, then I will
 il "mission accomplished!"

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COLLECTION AGENCY WOES?
YOU CAN STOP HARASSMENT
BY SIMPLE NOTICE

by

LEGAL EAGLE

A friend recently inquired in desperation whether there isn't some way to stop "those damned collection agencies" from harassing him on the job and at home. It turned out that he had been ill for quite a while recently. He had fallen behind on some of his bills. Only one creditor had failed to understand. That one had turned the bill over to a collection agency. That agency was calling him frequently both at home and at work. It was causing real problems at work. Everyone in his office could hear his discussions, and could hear he was having financial troubles.

This struck me as a frequently recurring problem for which there is a very simple solution. There is no need to resort to bankruptcy or wage earner protection plans.

Although most of us who are "SWAN" readers probably have few problems of this type, I thought that you might be interested in knowing that this can be dealt with easily.

There is a federal law which regulates debt collection practices. It is commonly called the "Fair Debt Collection Practices Act" and is regulated by the Federal Trade Commission which vigorously enforces it.

The Fair Debt Collection Practices Act protects anyone contacted by a collection agency from harassment or threats, and states that such agencies must give you verification of any amount owed, if you challenge your responsibility for any debt, or dispute the amount owed. Calls at work which interfere with your job are specifically prohibited.

That law provides that if you notify the collection agency to stop collection efforts, it must cease contacting you, except to notify you of what action it will take. It can then return the debt

to the original credit granter, or it can institute court action, but it cannot further harass you. (NOTE: this law applies ONLY to collection agencies, not to the credit granter itself.)

If they do start a lawsuit, and if you admit the debt is owed, you can go into the court, and ask the judge or clerk to enter an order for installment payment of the judgment, setting the installments at something you can live with easily. This is permitted in almost every state. You don't avoid paying the bill, but if you make the payments as promised, no other collection action can be taken. If you don't pay regularly, though, they can collect by other means, including garnishment of wages.

A letter as follows to the collection agent will stop all attempts to "bug" you. You should realize, though, it may get the matter taken to court: "As a collection agency, you are hereby notified under the Federal Fair Debt Collection Practices Act that you are to immediately cease all contact with me, by telephone or mail, other than to notify me that you are instituting legal action, which I will properly defend. Please stop calling me either at home or at work, as required by federal law."

I recommend that the letter be sent by certified mail, return receipt requested, so you will have proof that it was sent. You should hear from them one more time, just notifying you what action they propose to take. Most frequently, it will be that they recommend legal action. Their filing of a lawsuit though will give you every opportunity to defend yourself. If you admit the debt, but just need time to pay, the courts usually are very understanding, and will generally grant installment payments.

I also suggest that, when writing the collection agency, you should also write the creditor (the company you owe the money to), directly, and let them know you took this action because of

the collection methods used by the agency, but you admit the debt (if you do) and are willing to work out anything reasonable. You should propose some specific monthly payment plan.

There are various other laws affecting credit and your rights. These laws include the Equal Credit Opportunity Act, the Truth in Lending Act, the Federal Fair Credit Reporting Act, the Fair Credit Billing Act, and various state laws affording other protections.

Don't let a collection agency "drive you up the wall". You can stop it with a fairly simple letter.

As always, if you have further questions about this, or any other legal issue, I will be happy to drop you a note if you write me, care of SWAN. I can't give detailed legal advice on any particular issue, but can and will give you general pointers on things which have proven effective for others. Also, I'd be delighted to have some ideas on topics you'd like discussed in SWAN.

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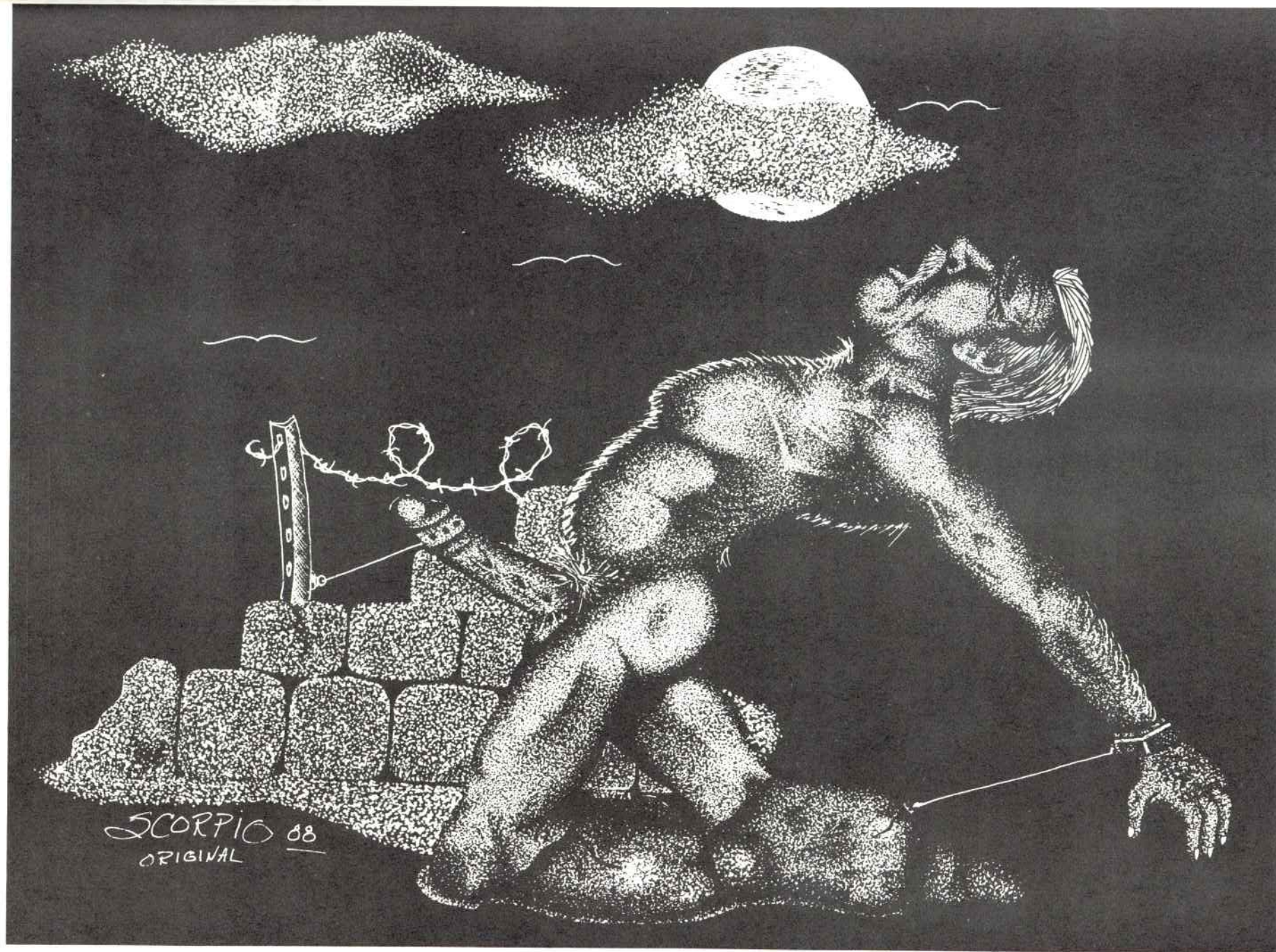
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AFTERNOON PRELUDE

by JOHN BREADSTILL

My breath was short and my usual calmness rifled. Breathing deeply, blood pulsing quickly through my veins and my heart beating wildly, I scaled the stairs to my friend's third floor apartment in two's and three's. Bracing myself in his doorway, I gulped in air, my heart pounding with anticipation and exertion, trying to regain my composure.

Tom, my friend, knowing of my passion for married men--especially men in their forties, perhaps, balding with a little prodigious middle-age-ness here and there--had invited me over to meet a particularly shy friend of his--a married man.

Married men often have a way of relating to another male, sexually, which combines male hungriness and assertiveness with unexpected warmth, gentleness and tenderness. Perhaps imitating the role of his wife, a married man will often indulge, unbridled, his female side--the woman every man holds fettered in his psyche. Sexual encounters with a married man often satisfy both my physical male's need for a feminine counterpart as well as my passionate need to be taken.

Tom answered my timid knock, though by this time, my pounding heart would have beaten the door down. James stood when Tom introduced me. Our eyes met. Rather than stealing another's consciousness which the "windows of the soul" often do, I saw, not another separate sentient being, a man, but rather, I looked in to a reflection of myself. Expressed in his soft-edged enveloping blue eyes, I saw the same anticipation I felt, the same hungriness.

"How do you do?" He shook my hand warmly. "I've been anxious to meet you, ever since Tom told me about you." His eyes never left mine and his hand touched not just my palm and fingers, but the back of my neck, my spine, the back of my legs, my toes--my whole being.

He and Tom had been looking at Tom's latest additions to his collection of erotica: books, magazines, pictures of nude males in various forms, penises erect or flaccid, strewn over the coffee table. I sat beside James on the sofa as we politely conversed, occasionally making comments on the pictures of naked men which Tom handed to us.



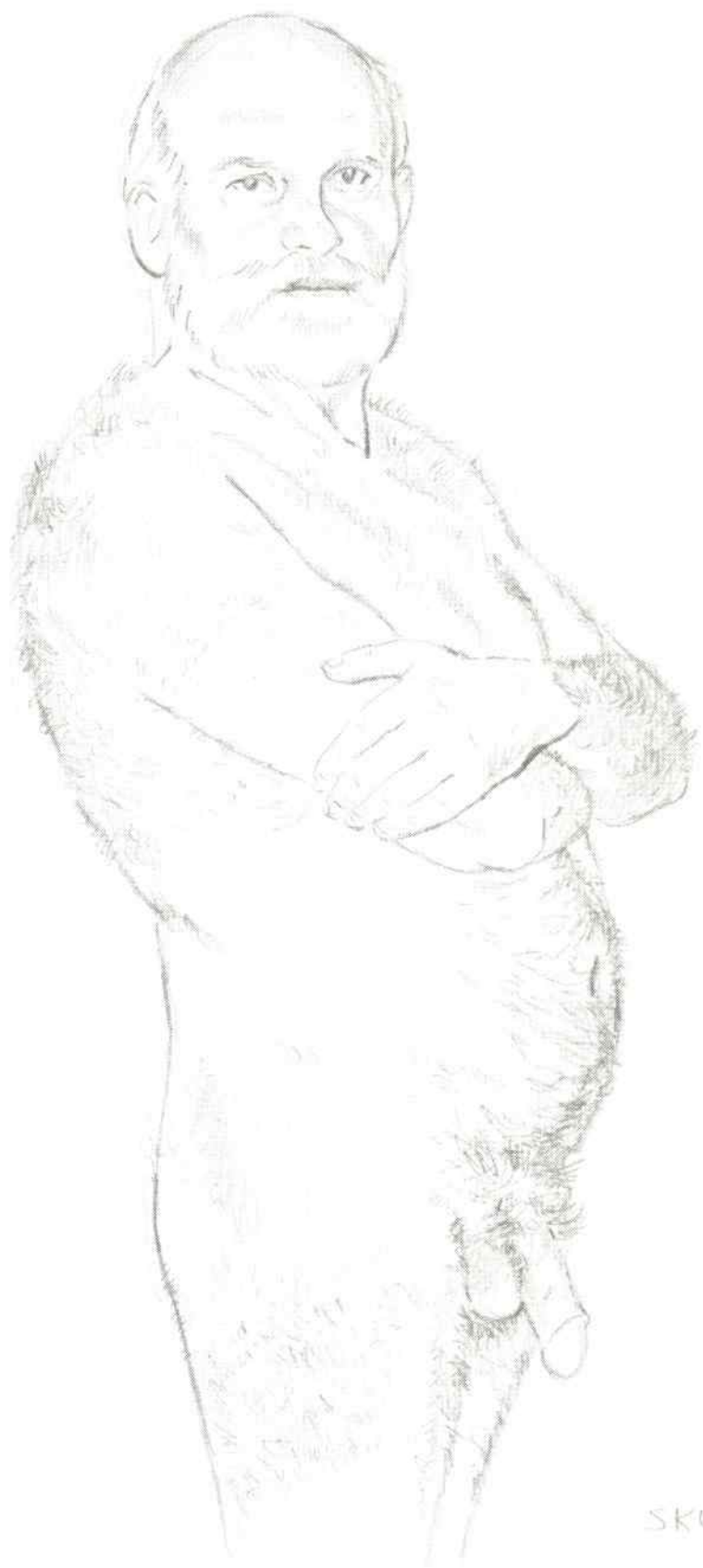
JOHN BREADSTILL....SELF PORTRAIT

Finally, after what seemed to be an indeterminately long period of social etiquette, James and I spontaneously stood, knowing that the right time had arrived, as if by spring, when trees feeling sap rising in their limbs it's time to leaf out. We stood in each other's arms, hugging. Dissipating the veil of who I am, embracing formless being, penetrating the depths of my soul beyond the place where I am neither male nor female but both..... James kissed me.

The three of us secreted ourselves in a private part of Tom's apartment--his bedroom. Undressing piece by piece, we began to do what men do naturally together--a little man-handling.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

NEW YORK PRIME TIMERS is off and running!! As to Ken Gould, the chapter's extremely talented organizer, their first meeting on September 25th was a rousing success, with 30 guys showing up. Previous fantastic socials, outings, workshops and special house parties, NEW YORK PRIME TIMERS is a huge success. Looks like they will be a huge success like Baldwin's BOSTON PRIME TIMERS. Ken says surprisingly, he has received several applications from guys in distant states too. NEW YORK PRIME TIMERS is an organization for Gay and Bi older men and their admirers. Anyone wishing for information, write TIMERS, P.O. Box 291, New York, NY 10018, Ken Gould at (201) 592-6690.



SKUA

AN INTERVIEW WITH TWO CREATIVE CRUISERS

A lot of us have been in situations where our sex lives were placed on temporary hold. Mom visits for the summer, or you're stationed in Greenland for six months, or your company transfers you to the Falkland Islands. Most would reconcile themselves to celibacy and do a lot of masturbating. Others, however, can't seem to hack such a denial and creatively set out to find an available cock. SWAN tracked down a couple of these sexually clever types in Los Angeles and thought that an interview with them would be provocative and entertaining to our readers.

The first, we'll call David. He's about 52 and still works for a U.S. government agency. The second, we'll call Barry, who is 61 and used to work for a big oil company out of Houston.

SWAN: I take it that both of you survived your difficult times and are now blessed with plenty.

DAVID: More or less.

BARRY: Shit.

SWAN: I understand, though, that both of you had some rather wild experiences overseas. David? How about you first?

DAVID: Well, I was assigned to work out of an agency in Manila for about a year once and it was pure hell.

SWAN: Manila? I thought Manila was a paradise for gays.

DAVID: Boys don't turn me on. Neither did Asians at the time.

SWAN: So what happened?

DAVID: Oh, I sort of got used to Manila after awhile. The people are just as sweet as they can be--very friendly--but the traffic is something else. And the poverty! Unbelievable! But after a couple of months, I really got horny, so I hit the gay bars for the first time. [Rolls his eyes up] Everyone's a hustler. I mean, it was as bad as Thailand. And the Americans and Europeans that come in are looking for Filipino boys, so they look at you like you were crazy if you propositioned them. Then one day, I was walking by the Holiday Inn on Roxas, the main drag, and this good looking, fiftyish

Filipino is leaning against this limousine and I you know. So I smile back and check out his which was pretty impressive. So he says, "Six day for just twenty bucks American." And I thanks," and kept on walking. But then I thought, I need some dick, so I went back and hired him that day.

SWAN: Just like that? You're a fast worker.

DAVID: No, not that. I hired him legit. I didn't have sex until he'd taken me to all the tourist places: Jeepney factory and Malacanang and some. Finally I got up the nerve to ask him if I could but he never answered. To make a long story, he finally took me to a straight sex show near the Holiday Inn. I had this silly idea that he might get excited to participate and maybe show his wares, but as it was, I was watch this pathetic spectacle, looking as bad as I was. Finally I told him that it was past my bedtime and he took me home. And on a last ditch effort, he over and groped him and I almost shit when he showed me this monster cock. After that, I saw him at the bar every two weeks. We still write and he's visited the States a year with his wife.

SWAN: Barry? Can you top that?

BARRY: [Grins widely] Venezuela, back in the 70s. I was stuck at a remote gas pipeline project for months and man, was I climbing the walls. I would have fucked an iguana or howler monkey if I could have. Finally, I was released from the assignment and we went back to Caracas, only we couldn't get a plane back to Houston for two days because of some strike. Anyway, we were all having dinner one night at a posh hotel and I saw these two Venezuelan cougars. Both the men were fucking dolls, man. They were wearing these cool shirts outside the pants and, Jeez, they had these bulging arms and chests! Fucking hairy chest hair flowing over the top. Macho as hell, you know? I got a hard on just looking at them. So I go to the lobby, behold, this bigger one, who's probably sixty, goes to the big john in the lobby with his tail and the pisser's closed for some reason. I go to the men's room, there was another men's room downstairs, but apparently knew of another one on the mezzanine. So he goes upstairs, with me at a discreet distance of about two feet. [Laughs]. Well, the whole thing was deserted! By the time I got inside, he was pissing at the urinal, standing about three feet away, holding this horsecock. Man, I gave it this [he exaggerates] and this guy stares at me as I try to stick my dick with two shakey hands. About the time I finished pissing, I guess he figured out that I was at his cock, 'cause it started to get hard. He whispered something in Spanish and shook his c

it went down on him right there before he had a chance to change his mind. I reckon he was horny too, 'cause he was ramming my head into the urinal, he got excited. I must've been goofy by the time he came, 'cause I don't remember getting back to the table. Probably a brain concussion. Anyway, about five minutes later, along comes the bruiser real sheepish like and he spots me. After awhile, his wife and the other couple get into a deep conversation and he glances over me and smiles, then rolls his eyes up and sighs. Best compliment I ever had.

VAN: Wow! That was a hot one. David? Got any more?

DAVID: A few. Let's see. I had to do an audit once at a military site on an island in the Indian Ocean. Only people there were military and these mean looking construction workers. Well, natch, I had to bunk at the construction camp, which was this big trailer camp. Each trailer housed a man at each end and they shared a bath in the middle. It was an awful four months because it was steaming hot and the waves were crashing on the beach about twenty yards away. We had to eat meals at a big chow hall but I usually sat alone because I was that asshole government auditor." Then one day, I noticed this new guy and was he *big*--a welding supervisor from Lafayette, Louisiana. He must have weighed two hundred sixty and he had this huge dick that hung down his right leg. Ugly as hell, but oh, that dick! He obviously sees me eating alone and he's new and thinks at I'm just another construction dude, so he sits down across from me and starts talking in this deep, soft voice and it was love at first sight. The fucker had a goddamn Cajun accent. Man, I hear a Cajun accent and I run into a bowl of Jello. I guess we yacked for thirty minutes and it dawned on me that he wasn't like the rest. About a week later, I was coming up from the beach and was walking past the camp, when I spotted him, standing nude on his stoop, shaking the sand out of his bathing suit and his meat was just afloppin' back and forth pretty as you please. I almost screamed, and boy did I change directions fast. Before he shut the door, I was on that stoop asking him if he had a beer. Poor fool never had a chance to put on any clothes. And so I just sat there guzzling beer--which I detest, by the way--and staring bold faced at that cock. You realize, of course, that most cocks will not stay soft while being stared at, so up it came and, boy, did I go to town. He was only trade, but what the hell. I had him about three more times. The last time, we bicycled to a jungle area and fucked in a clearing. This brute had my head half buried in the sand, and he was gushing his load down my throat, then, suddenly, I heard a whizzing sound by my head and heard a bunch of popping sounds. Turns out, we had wandered into a marine jungle fighting beach head and, had we not screamed bloody murder, they would've

shot us to pieces.

SWAN: Oh, my God! Barry?

BARRY: [Smiles derisively at David] I worked at Prudhoe Bay in the Arctic for a whole year and that place is the absolute pits, I tell you. Granted, we got two weeks R & R after every 4 week stint on the Slope, but while you were there, unless you were after pussy, forget it. I've never seen such a straight crowd in my life. Man, they had all this young, good looking pussy prowling the halls and there were parties and the cocaine was everywhere. Normally, you isolate a straight or bi guy and you can make him, but not when young pretty girls are giving it away. But I sort of got tired of whacking off in the showers, so I kept my eye peeled for an oddball. Then, one day I was coming out of the shower and this short, muscular hunk was pissing at a urinal and he had this short, fat cock and it was hard as a fucking rock, man. Damn, was he nice. Salt and pepper hair, about fifty-five or so. So I started casing him and found that he didn't go to the parties or fuck around with anyone in particular. He seemed like a loner. Then we had this big organizational shake up and they had a big meeting to explain it to the troops. Anyway, I skipped the meeting and went back to the living quarters, where I changed and went into the gym to work out. The whole camp was deserted because the meeting was mandatory, so I was surprised to find someone already there. It was HIM, the guy I had the hots for and he was using the rowing machine. He said, "You, too, huh?" I said something to the effect that I didn't give a shit what the reorganization was anyway and he agreed and before you knew it we were exercising side by side. It didn't take long to find out that he was happily married and wouldn't think about trusting an eighteen year old girl not to get pregnant or give him herpes--or worse--so he was horny too. Well, I have no idea what came over me, but, as he was lifting barbells in front of a mirror, I went temporarily insane, I guess, and pulled down his running shorts with one jerk and sucked in his cock and balls in one slurp. He was so shocked, that he just froze with the barbells. Didn't say a fucking word! He didn't even get all the way hard, but he came in just a few seconds and started shaking like a leaf. I looked up into his eyes and thought maybe he was going to hit me with the barbells, so I just let the elastic snap back and crawled back to a stationary bicycle. That's when I saw the camp manager--this ugly redneck from Texas--just staring at us from the entrance. I never found out how much he saw, but I guess he never said anything. My secret love, of course, never let his eyes meet mine again and, eventually, I got transferred out. I guess hunger makes you do strange things, huh?

SWAN: Damn, this is getting wild. David?

DAVID: [Sighs] Island X--I can't divulge its name, but it's one of ours in the Pacific--back in seventy-eight. When I got there, I was briefed that the administration of the island was gay and that it was their lifestyle for years. I could have keeled over right there. Boy, was I looking forward to fucking all those big Polynesians. Unfortunately, it didn't work out that way. They were bisexual with each other but they looked upon us Americans as devils. Worse, when we first recruited for the project, we openly solicited resumes from gays and ended up hiring about twenty, brilliantly thinking that such an effort would be applauded by the grass skirt hunks. No way. Those queens were treated like lepers from both sides and many of them quit. But shades of the Hatfields and McCoys, one of the beefier natives apparently took a liking to this burly cook from Milwaukee 'cause one night under a coconut palm, I stumbled upon them and they were fucking to beat sixty. Thank God they didn't see me because they would have killed me for sure. Anyway, it got to the point that they were meeting at the same place and time every night, so I'd go out early and climb up into a tree and watch.

BARRY: I don't believe this shit. He's making this up...

DAVID: No I'm not, damnit. It's not any more outrageous than your Alaska tale.

SWAN: Gentlemen. Can we continue?

DAVID: So, anyway, one night I fell out of the tree while I was trying to jack off and it knocked the wind out of both holes. Well, they were really pissed, but I guess they were more concerned about my welfare. Damn! Did I see stars. So, after I got my wind back I asked them if we could make it a *menage a trois*, but they wouldn't have it. Well, as luck would have it, the cook came down with malaria, so I went to the meeting place to tell Bronko--that was his name, Bronko. I guess he didn't want to be unfaithful to the cook, because he wouldn't take off his loin cloth at first.....

BARRY: Oh, please....

DAVID: But he finally did and boy did I give him a joy ride.

SWAN: So, what happened to the cook?

DAVID: Oh, he got well, but by then, Bronko was pretty taken with me and insisted on a three way. What could the cook do but agree? So, every night for three months, we screwed among the coconuts.

SWAN: Unreal. Barry, can you top that?

BARRY: Yes, and it'll be true too.

DAVID: Are you calling me a liar?

SWAN: Please! Gentlemen, please!

BARRY: Okay, Saudi Arabia, nineteen seventy camel had died and I was alone in the Rub desert.....

DAVID: I'm leaving. This is a farce.

BARRY: Just kidding.

SWAN: Okay, guys, come on. I'll run out of tape.

BARRY: Actually, I was on my way back from a pumping station to Dhahran and my truck broke down. I radioed in but I never knew if they copied me. An hour later, I was about to dehydrate when three hunky, good looking Arabs drove by in a Mercedes. They went by about a hundred yards, then screamed a stop and backed up. Turns out that they were a few degrees from U.C.L.A. and were both shieks. They asked me if I wouldn't mind stopping off for a while with them. We were, say, half way to Dhahran. One says yeah and figured that they were just being friendly, you know. Well, shit, they broke out a bottle of Chivas Regal and heated up a lamb and chickpea concoction in this microwave and before I knew it, this one shiek starts rubbing up against me. Nothing real obvious. Just an occasional shoulder bump, if you know what I mean. Hell, I was scared about not showing the soles of my feet and about which hand to eat the lamb with that I had they wanted to gang bang me.

DAVID: Lightning's gonna strike.

SWAN: Don't interrupt, David.

BARRY: Later on, the other one starts squeezing my ass and then it dawns on me. Well, hell, I was scared, see, and I had visions of being thrown into a fucking dungeon. But then, this first shiek takes a sheet and he's wearing these green running Nikes, I think.

DAVID: Such detail.

SWAN: David.

DAVID: Your nose is going to grow.

BARRY: Shut up, asshole!

[At this point, David began pouting and staring at Barry.]

BARRY: I mean, this dude was a ten, at least. He was about five six, hundred eighty, salt and pepper chest and pubic hair and a bald head. He had these golden-green eyes and, Jesus, was he *hung*. The other one was sort of skinny, but he was hung even bigger. Both of them took turns fucking me until I was black and blue. When they got me to my office in Dhahran, I could barely get out of the limo, but then, the good lookin' one hands me his card and winks, see. Well, to make a long story short....[He winks at me, but David doesn't see it.]..... we had this torrid affair and many a time, we'd fly off in his seven-twenty-seven to Cairo and Rome. He'd buy me these silly little things, like a little, solid gold teddy bear with emerald eyes, or python boots with a cobra belt and a platinum belt buckle, studded with rubies.....

[At this point, David storms out of the room with arms flailing.]

SWAN: That last bit.....

BARRY: Wasn't true. But everything else was. Would these eyes look so deranged if it wasn't? But the really crazy part is, here I am, living in a gay Mecca and I'm bored. What does that tell you?

SWAN: That you'd best go back overseas.

BARRY: It's over. No more jobs. Alaska, Venezuela, Saudi Arabia, Iran, Lybia--even Louisiana and Texas. No more jobs. (Chuckles bitterly and his eyes turn misty.) Hell, that was the only thing I knew how to do. Adventure, everywhere.....Now, I work at K-Mart for a sixth of what I made before and everyone asks me if I'm HIV Negative.

SWAN: Yeah. Things changed here..... AND there.

BARRY: Can you find me some adventure?

SWAN: Does California have earthquakes?

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SWAN

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SWAN offers a tremendous opportunity for retired, novice or professional writers, artists and photographers to get exposure. Because we are still struggling to catch on, we can't pay cash for your creations, but we can surely get you noticed and we can pay you in other ways.

SWAN seeks works that hold the older man in a positive light. They can be humorous, erotic or serious, but must be in one of the following forms:

- a. Cartoons.
- b. Short Stories, not more than 10 pages, in any genre.
- c. Drawings, no larger than 8 X 10.
- d. Poetry.
- e. Essays, not more than 3 pages.
- f. Articles--health, reviews, current events, how-to guides, gossip, etc.
- g. Photographs--full portrait, undisguised preferred. Will consider nude, clothed, erotic or otherwise. Action photos considered for special issues only. Releases required for all photographs.

Note: All subjects or characters depicted must be over 21 years of age. Works even hinting of pedophilia or bestiality will not be considered.

All submittals must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope with adequate postage for return. Payment will be made in SWAN copies, subscriptions or special issues as agreed to. Unsolicited manuscripts of short stories over 10 pages, novels, novellas, screenplays, plays or any other longer works will not be accepted.

Girth and Mirth

of Greater Los Angeles

Creating a positive image for the heavy man and his admirers!

5652 Cahuenga Blvd. #422
North Hollywood, CA 91601

THE ROVING SKEPTIC

by XYLOPHANG

A friend showed me a copy of a letter purported to have been sent to SWAN's editor, P.H. Colley. It was sent to him by the writer, a friend of his in Seattle. Never in my entire life have I seen a more vitriolic letter and I called Colley to ask him if he had, in fact, received the letter. He had. I asked him how many letters he received like that and his answer really surprised me. "About one a month," he said, then he went on to describe some of the more outrageous ones. Some were sick and some were pathetic. Others were funny in a bizarre sort of way. It all made me wonder about the general mental health of the older gay male in this country today.

Most older gay men are obviously productive, sincere, sexual minded and socially active survivors. This fact can be corroborated by people like Colley and, doubtless, all the other SWAN columnists. Others, however, haven't fared as well. Factors like loneliness, financial problems, illness, guilt and boredom can weigh heavily on someone with a pretty bad attitude to begin with. But what gives these nasties their attitude problems? I know many older men who haven't a pot to piss in and they have friends and lovers. Others are lonely or bored or both, but very pleasant. Still others have all kinds of medical problems, but still retain their sense of humor. That leaves.....
.....guilt.

Is guilt the culprit? Do gay men shit on other gay men because they can't stand their own homosexuality? Roy Cohn probably did, as did many other "closeted," *conservative* types. Some of the most haunted gay men I've ever known were eaten alive by religion-induced guilt. Others were consumed by guilt inflicted by mothers. How many older gay men died while taking care of mothers who should have been taken care of by her 6 other *married* offspring instead? I knew one New York cop who drank to get relief from the double whammy of

religion and momma. He preferred the company of sleazy, screaming types and felt uneasy around masculine gay men. Because of his caustic nature and anti-social drunken binges, however, even the screamers avoided his funeral when he died at 55.

But there are other causes of self-loathing besides guilt. There is that revulsion that some straight men feel when confronted with a gay man. Some say that these men see a part of themselves in the gay man--that somehow, they feel that they would automatically release the "demon" of homosexuality within themselves if they got too close. Maybe the same principal applies to those gay older men who so loathe fat people or the very elderly. They'd sooner advertise in the Adonis rags and cruise the clones in the bars, but know that they'll get pissed on because of their grey hair. It is amazing how many letters SWAN receives from older men who boast of lithe bodies and reek of an unhealthy repugnance toward even slightly overweight men. The neurosis is so great that these men are blinded by the heavier models and don't even notice the thin ones. They insipidly accuse SWAN of "promoting" obesity or "featuring" *only* chubs, when any fool can see that they bend over backwards to offer every type imaginable. I'll wager that SWAN hasn't turned down a photo yet for publication.

I've got news for these types. The stocky, grey headed man is predominantly the type of man the gerontophile goes for. If he wanted the 30 inch waist and tight skin and hair modified by Grecian Formula, he'd stick with the clones.

Open up, guys. Life is too short.

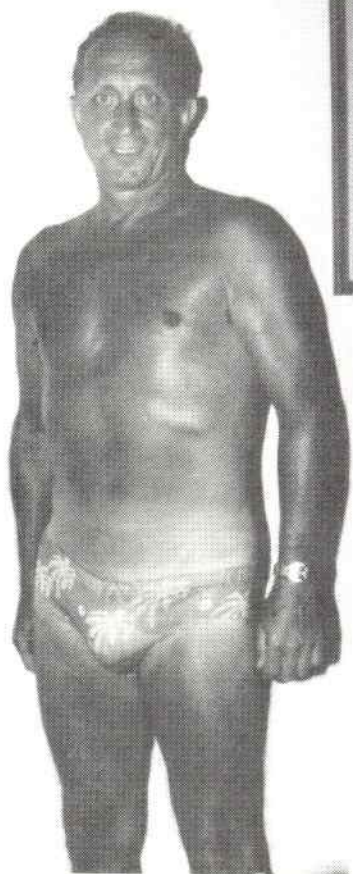
WANTED

VERY THIN MODELS!!

to help quiet our very vocal and nasty contingent of Ecto-Delectos (skinny chasers).... Must be skin and bones only. Muscles must be minimal in order not to be confused with fat. Come on, guys, let's see those lithe thighs and slick dicks! Submit photos today!!



STRAC.....photo by Chooz



SANDPIPER.....self portrait



BIG GEORGE.....photo by Ghostjumper

[Editor's note: Too bad this isn't in color. George has a big red sock attached to his cock and balls.]

SULJI'S SPHERE

a novel by OCHO

(CONTINUED FROM OCTOBER 88 ISSUE)

FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO'VE JUST JOINED US, THIS IS THE STORY OF AN OLDER GAY MAN NAMED PETER WADE, WHOSE LOVER HAS BEEN MURDERED. DISTRUST AND SUICIDAL, HE MOVES TO SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA AND STUMBLES UPON AN ALIEN, HOVERING, SPHERICAL ROBOT, WHICH CONVINCES HIM THAT THEY CAN HELP EACH OTHER AND DO SOMETHING OF CONSEQUENCE FOR MANKIND. MEANWHILE, WE ARE INTRODUCED TO AIR FORCE GENERAL AND MEMBER OF THE JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF, BOB HOLTZ, ALONG WITH HIS SECRETLY GAY BUDDY, GENERAL ERNIE SULLIVAN. EVENTUALLY, THE SPHERE TAKES PETER TO ITS SPACESHIP AND, WITH THE AID OF A SOPHISTICATED SIMULATOR, CREATES AN ANDROID DOUBLE OF PETER'S DECEASED LOVER AND ENTERS THE REPLICAS HEAD AS ITS "BRAIN." TO CELEBRATE, THE ANDROID--CALLED ANDY--AND PETER HAVE MAD, PASSIONATE SEX ON THE SEARING SURFACE OF THE MOON. LATER, AFTER CREATING A FEMALE ANDROID THEY NAME ANDREA, THEY TAKE UP HOUSEKEEPING IN LAGUNA BEACH AND ANDY GOES OFF TO "CARBON COPY" THE DATA IN THE BRAINS OF VARIOUS PROFESSORS TO FULFILL HIS PURPOSE ON EARTH. PETER, BELIEVING THAT IT WILL BE GOOD FOR THE WORLD, GOES ALONG WITH THE PLAN. WHILE THEY PREPARE FOR A TRIP TO WASHINGTON WITH THE FEMALE ANDROID AS A LURE, HOLTZ HAS SEX WITH HIS EX-WIFE AND ENDS UP HAVING AN ARGUMENT. AS WE JOIN THE STORY THIS TIME, THE FEMALE ANDROID IS DRESSED TO KILL AND THEY'RE ABOUT TO INVADE WASHINGTON.

FIVE

AUGUST

Peter combed his hair and took a last look at himself in the mirror. He walked into the other bedroom to a closed bathroom door. "I don't think you have a thing to worry about. So far, you've been a typical woman. How long have you been in there--four hours? Hurry up or we'll miss the plane."

"Just experimenting," a female voice came from inside the bathroom. It was a rich, mellifluous, mature voice, dripping with *savoir vivre* and self confidence. "From here on out, it'll be a piece of cake."

"Beautiful," said Peter, leaving the room.

He walked down the stairs and into the kitchen, where he checked the back door lock and the windows.

Next, he checked the automatic timer in the living room. Hearing footsteps on the stairway, he turned.

Andrea stood on the stairway with a smile on her hand, looking down at him. She had the beauty of a dancer and the haunting face of a stunningly beautiful and intelligent woman. Her hair was dark brown and her eyes were violet. Her smile was Mona Lisa-like. It was Tina Girrard. It was Tina Girrard.

"Good God," he said, breathlessly.

She wore a white, wide-brimmed hat and a conservative, black and white suit and white shoes.

"Just one suitcase?" gulped Peter, regaining his composure. "That's not typical."

"I'll buy more in Washington as soon as I see what the power bitches are wearing."

Peter shook his head.

"It's hard for you, I know," said Andrea, walking down the stairs. "It's quite a transition. You've reached the door and turned around. Please, stop looking at me like some wife whose husband just had a sex change operation."

Peter laughed himself into a coughing spell.

He was drunk--very drunk. Not because Barbara had said, he thought. Shit, Barbara had said it right on the nose.

Sex.

That was their only basis for a relationship. Sadist? That's a laugh. I'm an angel compared to Theresa.

He made himself another Scotch and sat on the love seat. Theresa, you whore, he thought. You're the only woman I ever loved, first wife. God, what a trashy bitch.

He toasted the room and pulled off his shirt. Lying back, he remembered. He could see himself with a full head of hair and twenty pounds lighter, padding the floors of the cheap apartment.

The sound of keys entering the front door brought him to a confronting stance. Theresa came through the door, glancing at him indifferently.

"Where have you been?"

She threw her purse and coat onto a wicker chair and walked past him. "I need a drink."

He glared at her as she poured an ice-cold drink half full with gin. "Where have you been?"

"Out."

He sat limply on a couch and stared at the clock. I know, I spent nine months in Korea and never told you a woman. You'd think that would mean something.

She spun around with glazed eyes and a pouting mouth. "Yeah, nine months. Nine fucking months."

He hated her that way. His hair bristled and he clenched his fists. "I'm back now, remember?"

"Yeah, but things have changed."

"You're still seeing someone."

"You fucking know I am!"

He closed his eyes and suppressed the

"Well, things will change even more. We've been transferred to Reese in Lubbock."

She took a huge gulp from the glass and wiped her mouth. "You are. Not me." Looking at him sarcastically, she left the room and walked into the bedroom.

He stared into space and tears began to trickle down his face. He felt weakened. He wondered how a woman could weaken Bob Holtz, Colonel, U.S. Air Force, ace brawler, mean son-of-a-bitch.

He slowly got up and walked into the bedroom, then saw that she was in bed. "I love you, Theresa."

She began to snore, loudly.

"Whore!" he yelled, taking another sip from his drink.

Suddenly, he jumped up from the love seat and staggered into the kitchen. He reached for his wallet and pulled out a short memo from Sullivan.

"Bob..."

She split up with Ernest Dawson and moved to Minneapolis. Apparently, she married a Richard Trenton. Tel: (612) 555-7955.

Ernie."

He dialed.

"Hello," a man answered.

"Hello. Is Theresa there?"

There was a pause. "Who is this?"

"Just tell her it's her ex."

"No one here by that name."

Holtz could clearly hear Theresa in the background, talking to other people. "I can hear her, my friend. If you value your health, you cocksucker, you'd better put her on."

"Hey, you fucking creep. Who do you think you are?"

Softly, he said: "If you knew who I was, your blood would turn to ice and you'd put her on and apologize."

A muffled sound came and there was a thump.

"Hello?" said Theresa.

"How are you?"

"Who is this?"

"Can't you guess?"

"Jesus.....Bob?"

"You got it, baby."

"You in Minneapolis?"

"No. Washington."

She sighed in relief. "What do you want?"

"What do you mean, 'what do you want?' That's no way to talk to your ex-husband."

"Hey.....Uh, Bob.....We have company. Want do you want?"

"I want you back," he said flatly.

"You drunk?"

"I've had a few," he said at length.

"You're drunk."

"Okay.....A little."

"How the hell did you find me?"

"I have ways. I'm General Holtz now. Four stars, my lovely. Joint Chiefs of Staff."

"How thrilling."

"I need to talk to you."

"Bob, I have to go. We have guests."

"I have to find out something."

"What?"

"Why didn't it work?"

There was a moment of silence. "The nine months you were away. I figured you were screwing anything that douched in Japan and South Korea, so I played it by ear. Bob, I have to hang up."

"But I didn't, Theresa." His voice began to crack up. "Not once....."

"Are you crying? Jesus Christ."

He struggled not to cry.

"I don't need this shit, Bob."

"Theresa....."

She hung up.

He sat on the terrace and felt the comforting sensation of hating Theresa. It was now final, he thought. Soon, he would become indifferent to her. He would prove that Barbara was wrong. He would find someone and remarry.

Barbara's words had profoundly disturbed him. He had searched his mind, wondering if he were truly sadistic. He thought of Sullivan and wondered if his favorite sycophant were gay.

He poured another drink, then called Sullivan. "Get your ass over here."

The two men sat on the terrace, drinking Scotch. Holtz wore a thin robe, loosely tied, and watched Sullivan closely.

"You sounded upset, Bob."

"Barbara said some things."

"Such as?"

Holtz shifted in his chair and the robe came undone. In the quarter moon darkness, he searched for a reaction from Sullivan. "She said that I was sadistic."

"Really?"

"What do you think?"

"Sadistic? Not to me. Sure, you get a little rough with me, but you're like a big brother to me."

Holtz shifted again and extended his legs. The right side of his robe slid down to the seat and the head of his penis was exposed. "Would you do anything for me?"

Sullivan regarded the robe and searched Holtz' darkened face for a clue. "Yes."

"Anything?"

"Well, short of killing someone or letting you punch me silly, yeah.....Anything."

The two men gazed at each other through the dimness as Washington lights twinkled around them.

"Well, why don't we just find out?" said Holtz, after a long, nervous sigh. "Go to the end of the terrace

and crawl to me on hands and knees."

"What for?" Sullivan began to wonder what Barbara had told him.

"You said anything."

"This is a joke, right?"

Holtz remained silent.

Hesitantly, Sullivan slowly got out of the chair, pushing it aside. He walked to the railing and got down on hands and knees. He began to crawl toward Holtz, feeling stupid. He was convinced, however, that this was some joke.

Holtz pulled his legs up against the chair as Sullivan reached him. "Now put your hands on my knees."

Sullivan stared into his eyes and placed a hand on each knee. Suddenly, it was no joke and the eroticism of the nearness gripped him. His hands became cold and trembled.

"Suck my cock," whispered Holtz, opening the other half of the robe.

The words reverberated through Sullivan's mind and he felt as if he had gone into mild shock. It was alternately like a dream, then like a cruel joke. He even looked around for accomplices. Yet, he allowed his eyes to drift downward and drink in the sight of a massive, flaccid penis, lying across plumb-sized testicles. He thought of the many nights he had masturbated, thinking of sucking Bob's cock. He thought of the many times he had wanted to tell Bob, but didn't out of fear. His own penis throbbed painfully and he shook noticeably.

Lovingly, he slipped the devine piece of flesh into his eager mouth.

But like a steel trap, Holtz violently recoiled and threw Sullivan into the railing. His mind began to reel. Quickly, he got out of the chair and walked to the center of the terrace, then stopped.

Sullivan sat in the corner, leaning against the railing. "You *are* sadistic.....You led me on."

"You're disgusting."

"I'm disgusting?"

The moment became pivotal and the ambience was heavy with tension. Each realized that there was no erasing this moment, that there would be profound consequences.

"I'm sorry, Ernie," said, Holtz, softly. "Please, just go."

"No!" Sullivan shouted, startling Holtz.

Holtz stared at him, never having heard that tone of voice from him before.

"I've tasted you.....and now I *want* you, goddamnit. You don't dangle the carrot over *this* rabbit and jerk it back."

"Ernie, please.....Barbara put it into my mind. I thought...."

"I'm the best friend you have, Bob.....Maybe the only *real* friend. I've been in love with you for years, Bob. Shit on me now, and I'll turn on you like you've never been turned on."

He looked in amazement at this man he had begun

to know as some ass sucking wimp. Suddenly, he was astounded that he could have underestimated him. *Wasn't Ernie the same man who shot down three MIG's one day over North Korea? Wasn't he the same friend who bailed my ass out time and again?*

Holtz felt his penis swell and reach for erection. His testicles pulled into his body and he felt a strange rush of excitement.

"Either I suck that cock, or you'll have to throw me off this goddamn balcony. I'm not about to turn back now. Not now.....Not after hungering for it for this long."

Something seemed to block out that part of him who would rather eat a cockroach than let a man suck his cock. He turned and walked back to Sullivan and his cock throb in front of his face.

Sullivan opened his mouth and crawled toward him, then Holtz backed away slowly. Walking backward in a daze, he led Sullivan on hands and knees into the living room and lay down on the carpet in the center of the room.

Through three ejaculations, he watched dreamily as Sullivan feasted on his cock in a feeding frenzy. Strangely, it reminded him of a bloody-faced lioness eating out the bowels of a freshly killed wildebeest.

SIX

The cab pulled into the driveway and stopped in front of the apartment building. A sharply dressed doorman opened the rear door and Andrea delicately stepped down the curb. Paying the driver, Peter followed.

"I'm Peter Hawkins."

"Oh, yes. Eleven-twenty-three," said the doorman, smiling broadly. "The decorators finished just yesterday. Pleasure meeting you, sir."

Peter nodded and the doorman led them to the entrance.

Andrea walked into the middle of the posh living room and turned a complete circle with suitcase and purse outstretched. She noticed Peter's eyes rolling. "Have to practice being a woman."

"Is this your design?" He surveyed the room.

"Not quite. I gave a decorator carte blanche."

"God, it's awful. It's sterile."

"We won't be here that long."

He approached a painting in the living room she investigated the other rooms.

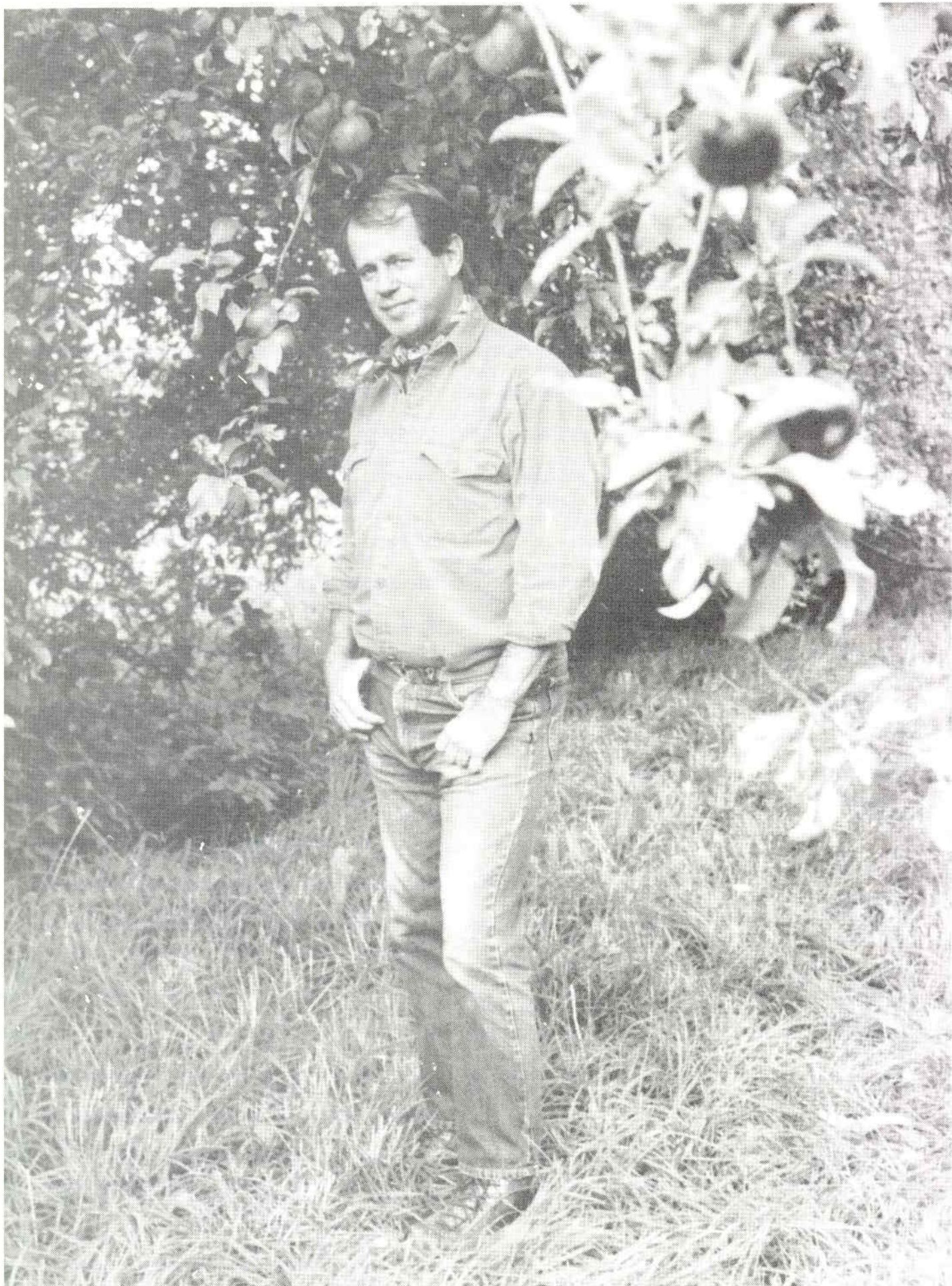
"Miro. Probably cost a fortune," he said to himself.

"Which bedroom do you want?" she yelled from the master bedroom.

"The other one," he said, joining her.

"You're irritable, Pete. Calm down."

"I'm sorry." He looked at her sincerely. "I w



JASON P. WILLIAMS.....photo by Joe

I must be acting like a child."

She placed her arms around him. "You're a beautiful man." Kissing him, lightly, she said, "This will all be over soon.....Be patient."

Peter pitched his suitcase onto the bed in the other bedroom, then began unpacking. "Think I'll go out with my camera while you do your thing."

"Then I'll find a place to get my hair done. There's a salon in the building."

"Okay," he said, picking up his camera case and sunglasses. He walked into the master bedroom. "Take care of that silver ball, baby."

"I will," she said, with concern in her eyes.

Andrea sat in the salon waiting room, pretending to read a copy of *COSMOPOLITAN*. She had gone down earlier and talked to the owner, then entranced him. She had absorbed that he was booked for the day, so she "suggested" he juggle the schedule and place her within the same schedule as the woman she had decided to meet.

The well dressed, middle aged woman, sitting across the room suddenly flinched and glanced up at Andrea. "My goodness. I must have fallen asleep.....I hope I didn't snore."

"No," said Andrea, smiling warmly.

"This is the longest I've ever had to wait."

"Oh, really? This is my first time here."

"Do you live in the building?"

"Only when we're in Washington. We live in Laguna Beach most of the year."

"Laguna Beach, California? How nice," the woman said, now more interested. "What does your husband do?"

"He's a lobbyist for a consortium of Japanese manufacturers," said Andrea, flatly.

"Ohhh," the woman purred. "My name is Helen Trungale. My husband is Senator Trungale."

"From Pennsylvania?"

"That's right."

Andrea faked sudden enthusiasm. "You know, I missed meeting you by a hair last month," she said, extracting memory at will from the woman's mind.

"Really?" She was even more intrigued.

"At the party for Senator Richmond. I hear we arrived just after you and Senator Trungale left."

"That's right. I became ill and we had to leave. So you were at that party." She gazed at Andrea quizzically.

"Please forgive me. I'm Andrea Hawkins. My husband is Peter Hawkins. Perhaps you've heard of him."

She reflected on the name but gave up, knowing how terrible she was remembering names. "Yes.....Yes, I think I remember that name," she lied. "You know, the Senator and I are giving a cocktail party tonight. Why don't you and your husband join us."

Andrea clasped her hands and beamed. "How marvelous. We'd be delighted."

A male hairdresser with elegant beard walked

into the room and smiled at Mrs. Trungale.

She nodded to the man, then looked back at Andrea. "Sevenish. Apartment nine-seventeen."

Peter and Andrea stood together, talking to ambassador from New Zealand and his wife. Peter was dressed in a dark, five hundred dollar business suit with "power" red tie. Oddly to him, he felt good inside the suit and didn't find it difficult to act the part of lobbyist. Just to be on the safe side, however, Andrea had briefed him at length on how to talk vaguely, using effective buzzwords. Andrea was dressed in a vibrant silk cocktail gown by Lagerfeld. The total effect, vibrant sparkling violet eyes, raven hair and extraordinary cleavage, turned every man's head when she had entered the apartment.

Mrs. Trungale approached them with a stocky handsome man with silver sideburns. "I finally tore it away. Mister and Mrs. Hawkins, may I present your husband, Senator Trungale."

"Bill Trungale," said the senator to Andrea.

Peter and Andrea greeted the senator in unison. He nodded to Peter, then looked hungrily at Andrea.

"How are your drinks?" piped Mrs. Trungale. "Have some hors d'oeuvres."

Peter and Andrea indicated that their drinks were fine.

"Oh, darling, there's General Sullivan," squeaked Mrs. Trungale, tearing her husband away from his locked gaze on Andrea.

While Peter listened to a discussion on the prime interest rate with a group of men, Andrea mingled. Finally situating herself in a quiet corner, she caught the eyes of the senator as he talked to Sullivan.

The general followed the gaze of the senator and smiled. "Jesus Christ. Where did she come from?"

Trungale looked around to see where his wife was and found that she was involved in a conversation on the other side of the room. "I don't know, but I intend to find out," he said, walking toward Andrea.

Andrea let her eyes follow the senator as he approached her. She overtly looked at his crotch and smiled.

"You look lonely," he said.

"I am."

"You don't have to be."

"Can you think of a remedy?"

He shuddered, then took a deep breath. "If your wife and your husband weren't here, I could show you a remedy. Lady, I could show you a remedy that you never forget."

She slightly licked her lips, which caused him to feel a tingling in his scrotum. "That sounds very interesting, but the fact remains that they're here and you can't show me your remedy."

"Can you meet me for lunch tomorrow?"

"That sounds even more interesting."

He glanced toward his wife, who was now

approaching them. "One o'clock....Septien Restaurant on G' Street."

"You're on."

"Isn't she charming?" said Mrs. Trungale, arriving.

"Most charming," said the senator.

The sip from the martini brought a sheen to her lips. They parted, luring his gaze from her hot eyes. Her next breath was almost a sigh and swelled her breasts, luring his gaze from her lips. His eyes focused on the vague image of her nipples, which seemed to burn against the sheer, blue material of her dress.

Trungale felt a pang of anxiety and suddenly lost his appetite for food. "Do you do this often?"

Andrea took another sip of her martini and lowered the temperature of her stare. "Rarely," she said, softly. "Men like you don't come around often."

He cleared his throat. "Uh...Your husband is a good looking stud."

"Good looking, perhaps. Certainly no stud."

"That's too bad."

"Isn't it? Are you?"

He felt feverish. "God, I hope so."

"You know, I'm not the least bit hungry."

He grinned. "Neither am I," he said, his voice cracking.

He heard his name and opened his eyes. Andrea looked over him, fully dressed.

"Are you alright?" Her voice sounded erotic to him. "You fell asleep."

His eyes feasted upon her. "I obviously did....You're incredible. Never in my wildest dreams did I ever think I'd run into someone like you."

She smiled down at him serenely.

He suddenly flailed his arms and legs like a little boy. The movement succeeded in suppressing a shudder and moving the sheets away so he could get out of bed. Andrea looked down at his short, fat penis, which was erect again. Her eyebrows arched as she smiled and looked into his eyes.

"No," he said, weakly. "It would kill me, honest word."

She laughed. "Okay."

"Your telephone number?" he reminded, sitting up in bed.

"On the dresser. I really must be running. Peter will be furious."

He stood and embraced her. "I have to see you again. Please see me again." He kissed her softly.

"Soon," she said, then turned to leave.

He followed her to the door and saw her out.

Walking down the hallway, she began to review and edit the information she had absorbed.

".....deftly guided the hooks through his pierced nipples and attached them to a long chain. The giant black man placed a leather cock ring tightly around the young man's cock and balls, connecting it to another long chain. Together, they began jerking on the chains as Chango fist fucked him....."

Holtz felt nauseated and put the paperback book away. It revolted him and he felt like throwing it down the garbage chute. He felt so stupid, taking the label so seriously, then going out and buying the first cheap book he could find on the subject.

Okay, maybe I'm sadistic at times--isn't everyone? What makes people think they can categorize others with just one word? Say the word, "sadist" and, right off the bat, everybody thinks of Marquis de Sade or the Boston Strangler. In a gay context, it conjures up visions of chains, leather and fist fucking.

He sighed heavily and snuggled into his chair.

I'm taking it much too seriously, he thought. Big deal. So I get a little rough at times. They like it, don't they? Look at Sullivan--he went bananas. So it's not exactly my cup of tea, but it made him happy, didn't it?

He closed his eyes and smiled, convinced he was not a sadist or a homosexual. He was just a sexually accommodating stud, actually.

He looked at his watch and wondered why his driver had not called. Maybe he's having trouble locating the prostitute, he thought. He entertained the idea of the prostitute and Ernie and himself in a three way.....Not a sandwich.....This would be an orgy.

Ernie could suck my balls while she sucked my cock--then they could fight over the load.

He chuckled and stretched his body, watching his penis rise under the robe.

He tried calling Sullivan, but the line was busy.

He cursed his driver.

Spotting the note on her bed, she picked it up, knowing what it would say.

"Dearest Sphere/ Andy/ Andrea/ Android or Whoever. This whole scene is fucking up my mind. I have, therefore, jumped on my broom and headed west. I do understand, really. Take your time and do what you must do. Take care of yourself.

Love,
Pete

P.S. At least I can sleep with Andy--even if he is hibernating. Perhaps I'll warm him up with an electric blanket."

The telephone rang and she quickly answered, thinking it might be Peter.

"Hello?"

"Hi. Mrs. Hawkins?"

"Yes."

"This is General Sullivan. We met at Senator and Mrs. Trungale's cocktail party last night."

"Oh, yes. How are you, General?"

"Fine. Say, I was wondering if you and Mister Hawkins might join me for a cocktail party at my place tonight. Not as many people as last night, but I'm sure it'll be a lot of fun. It'll be mostly military personnel from the Pentagon."

"I'd love to, but I'm afraid my husband had to leave unexpectedly for a couple of days."

There was a pause.

"Well, we can't allow that to spoil your stay. Come alone. I'll send you a military escort, say around six-thirty."

"That's very kind of you, General. I accept."

"Great. See you tonight."

She placed the receiver back and picked up the note, reading it once more. She smiled and shook her head.

She studied herself in the full length mirror. A diamond studded tiara held up her soft, dark hair. A blue-green Pucci gown clung to her voluptuous body. In one hand, she held a white, sequined purse--the other, a white mink stole. Not bad for polyurethane, she thought.

She knew that this would be the night. From Trungale's memory, she was informed that a General Holtz would be attending the party. Recently divorced, he was a ladies' man and verile and powerful. *Joint Chiefs of Staff, Air Force--that's powerful. Perhaps it was best that Peter had left.* She knew that Trungale would surely brag to General Sullivan--knew that Sullivan pandered to Holtz and would try to arrange a set up.

The doorman's buzzer sounded in the living room and she answered it.

"Your escort has arrived, Mrs. Hawkins."

"Thank you."

Making her way to the elevator and down to the lobby, she wondered if her prediction would prove correct.

It did. She was approached by a four star Air Force general.

"Mrs. Hawkins, I'm Bob Holtz."

The Continental limousine sped through heavy traffic toward Georgetown. A staff sergeant drove as Andrea and Holtz sat in the back seat.

"I heard that a beautiful lady was coming to the party without an escort. And, since I'm likewise unescorted, well...."

"That's very considerate of you, General."

"Bob....Please."

"Bob." She gave him a dazzling smile and almost laughed as she heard what he was thinking.

Fuck the party.....I want to eat this ocelot's box!

"I hear you're from Los Angeles," he said.

"Laguna Beach. Close enough."

"I get out to Edwards quite often lately. That's not far from L.A." *Holy shit, this bitch is something else!*

"Edwards?"

"Edwards Air Force Base. It's in the desert north of Los Angeles."

"I love the desert," she said, snuggling into the velvet seat.

"Are you cold?" *Let me warm you up with my hot rod, sweetheart.*

"No," she said, chuckling. "I just thought of an experience I once had in the desert."

"Unpleasant?"

"Hardly. As a matter of fact, he looked a lot like you."

He began to squirm. *This is too good to be true*, he thought. "Would you join me for dinner after the party?" His eyes were fixed upon her magnificent breasts.

"Do we have to wait that long?" She could feel a sudden heat emanating from him.

He felt a tingling sensation in his groin and slight dizziness, caused by acute excitement. His eyebrow rose and he smiled. "Sergeant. Drive to my apartment instead."

"Yes, General," said the sergeant, wondering what to do with his sudden erection.

He studied her hips as she stood facing a large painting on an opposite wall. Absently, she dropped her stole and purse on an ottoman nearby.

"Drink?"

She turned and smiled, seductively. "Please. Scotch and soda."

He returned the smile and went into the kitchen to make the drinks.

"Marvelous apartment," she said, looking at her reflection in a glass covered lithograph. "It's so masculine." She took off the tiara and let her hair fall free.

"Thank you," he said, filling two glasses with ice.

She noticed the terrace and walked toward it. "Oh, you have a terrace."

"Go on out. We can watch the sunset."

She opened the sliding glass door and truly fell awed at the sight of the historic city below. He joined her and held out her drink, then noticed her hair. His hand trembled slightly and she took the drink, touching his hand briefly. They toasted.

"To this incredible evening," he said.

She sipped from her drink with her eyes locked on his. "To the evening."

He took her drink and placed both on a nearby cocktail table. Taking her in his arms, he kissed her lightly, then studied her eyes. He kissed her again.

ipping his tongue between her lips and into her mouth.
er tongue responded by fluttering around his.

"Oh, Jesus," he whispered.

She lay in the bed, nude and rapturous, breasts
scending with each breath. Her dark hair completely
covered the pillow under her head.

He stood at the side of the bed, dressed in a
apanese robe. Placing two more drinks on an end table,
e let the robe fall to the floor. Perspiration moistened
s partially bald head and his surplus of chest and pubic
air glistened. Stretching, his powerfully developed
rms and legs bulged, as did his heavy, erect cock. He
limbed into bed and enveloped her with his chest and
rms, kissing her hungrily.

Somewhere inside his brain, a small gland
ecreted an aphrodisiac and, suddenly, he knew this was
o ordinary woman. He straddled her and let his tongue
ide around her nipples, down her abdomen to her
ulva. He massaged her clitoris, then probed for a
ensitive area. She allowed him to think he had found it
nd he began concentrating there. She moaned loudly,
ching her back, then locked her legs around his neck.

His hand joined his tongue as both massaged and
robed. He placed two fingers inside and worked them in
nd out. While he continued the movement, he reversed
mself and rubbed his penis across her lips. She took it
nd began to suck fiercely.

Fearing that he was close to climax, he pulled
way from her mouth and moved to the bottom of the
ed. He lifted her legs and pushed her knees forward,
en spread her thighs. Rubbing her lower abdomen, he
edged his knees under her buttocks and guided his
onstrous beef into her opening. He trembled as he
atched it glide in and out, wet and glistening. Easing
is torso atop her, he began sucking her lips, biting
ently, then ramming to the extent of his length. His
isticles slapped loudly against her buttocks and he
took uncontrollably.

As his load gushed into her, she cried out as if
aching orgasm. He smiled and placed his arm around
er, just under her breasts. Mementarily, he was
sleep.

Andrea proceeded with the absorption of his
emory. He was much more powerful than she had
nticipated. Moreover, he was a threat to the sphere's
ission.

TO BE CONTINUED IN THE FEBRUARY 89 ISSUE.....)

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THE HAIKU OF MARSH CASSADY

Snapping his picture
in the mirror; flash of light--
flash of cock

* * *

Today in the P.O.--
tall, lean, trimmed--light
through his white hair

* * *

Thick hair
brown, except for his head--
it's blond, balding

* * *

Envyng your grey
haired body; here in bed
making it mine

* * *

Waking early
your arms around me,
a perfect fit

* * *

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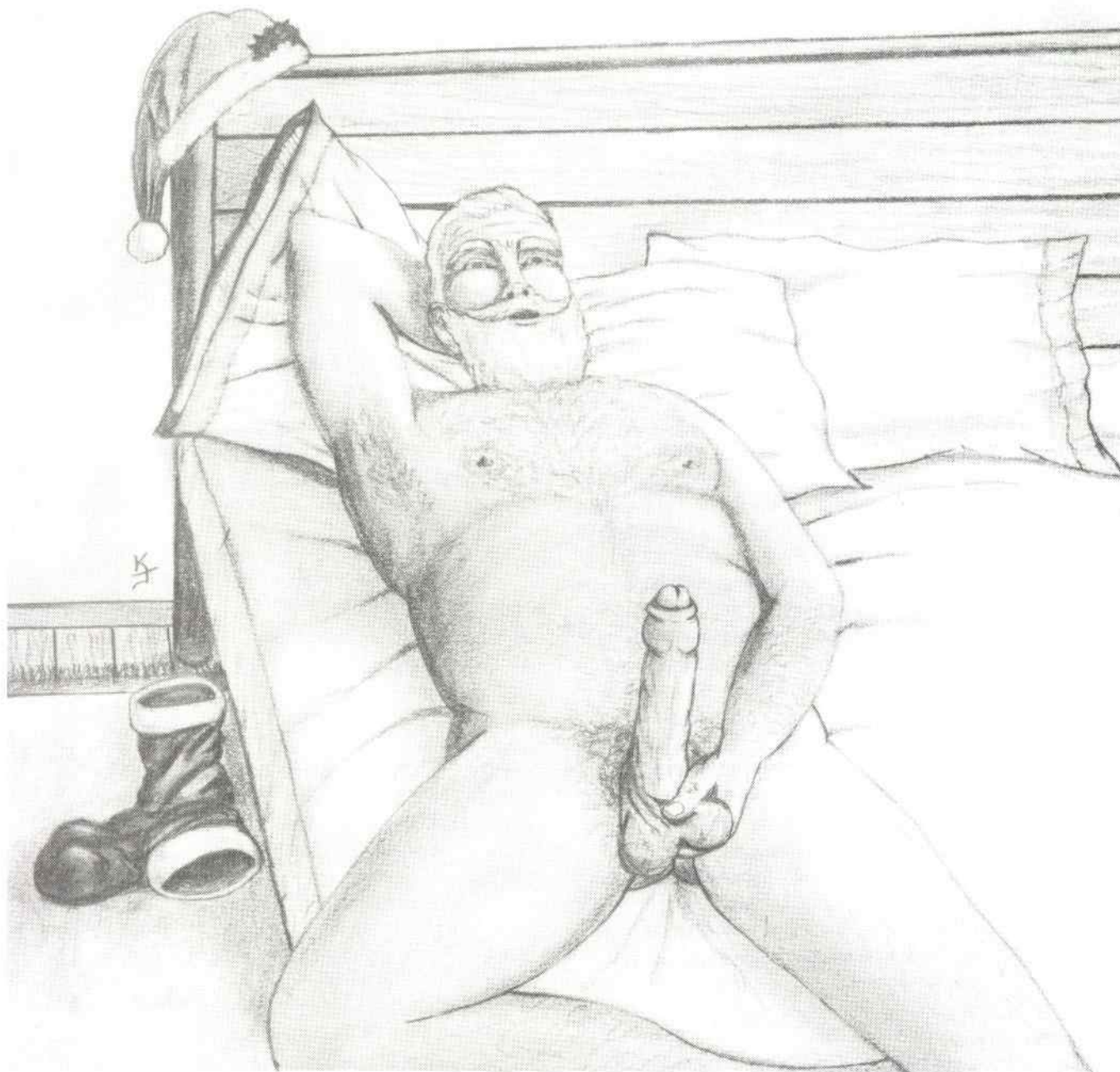
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PERSONAL ADS

ALABAMA

BIRMINGHAM RETIRED GWM: Heading for 69 with 69 and 71 being my favorite positions. Seeking a pal over 50 for intimate friendship. Traveling the world, interested in history, opera, etc. Am 5'-9" at 150# with thin grey hair and trimmed beard. Have 6+ and cut. Was a late bloomer, am healthy and expect you to be. Will shave crotch if desired. Phone Jack at (205) 252-9327. It could be what we both want. Hunky and cut a plus.

(B12-12/88)

NATIONWIDE: Want to catch a horney, handsome, GWM, silver fox, 59, 6'-1", 190#? Masculine, outgoing, passionate, professional designer. Like all the arts, gourmet cooking, good wine, videos and a hot sack! Interested in explicit correspondence, phone calls, possible meetings, and even possible future relationship. Want to appreciate the pleasures of this man in high heat? Photo appreciated, will reciprocate. Write: A.H.H., P.O. Box 353, Tuskegee, AL 36083 (H-12/89)

GULF COAST OR ANYWHERE: GWM, 64, 5'-7", 170#, hairy mesomorphic body, seeks friends, possible monogamous relationship with under 55 W/M. Enjoy writing, creative arts, travel, quiet times with masculine men. Want honest, clean, sensitive man who is responsive to our mutual needs. Versatile sex. Person, not sex, is paramount. Photos exchanged. Write: Pettibone, Box U-1148, Mobile, AL 36688.

(P-4/89)

ARIZONA

LOOKING FOR CHUBBY, 60 OR OVER: GWM, 65, Phoenix Metro Area, 6', 205#, brown hair cut short, retired, hung short/cut, social drinker, smoker, like to travel, bridge playing. Widower. Looking for chubby gent, same age group with smaller to average endowment and view to a permanent relationship. Want a really affectionate, loveable man. My HIV test negative. Write: BECARD (B13-12/88)

ARKANSAS

NW ARKANSAS: W/M, 60's, retired, 6', 195#, clean shaven, non-smoker, light social drinker, straight appearing, strictly French active, sensitive, caring, warm, honest, clean, sincere and expect the same. Seeking W/M up to 55, can't-get-enough-French-passive, husky, man's man, healthy, good looking, home loving type. No hustlers, druggies or excessive drinkers. Hairy, military, construction, etc. a plus. Write: Doug Sullens, 2111 E. 19th ST., Russellville, AR 72801. (S-2/89)

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

SANTA CLARA: W/M, 61, 5'-11", 190, seeks friends who enjoy corresponding and exchanging nudephotos. Your letter and photo receives mine in return! Come on, guys, looking forward to hearing from you! Al Dais, P.O. Box 3566, Santa Clara, CA 95055-3566 (D-2/89)

NORTH CENTRAL CALIFORNIA: GWM, 63, 5'-10", 175#, salt & pepper hair--would like to meet GWM, 35-50, for friends, penpals and possible relationship. Enjoy outdoors, travel, entertainment. Trim and hairy are pluses. Can relocate for right person. Prefer West Coast. Sincere masculine men write w/photo to: Alan, P.O. Box 698, Gilroy, CA 95021. (R04-2/89)

THE RED BARON of SWAN's video, CENTAUR SIX, wants to meet you. Let's compare our assets. All ages adored. If you didn't see my performance in CENTAUR SIX, I am 56, stocky, red headed and hot as a pistol. Photo and phone will be appreciated. Write to: WHIPPOORWILL

(W21-6/89)

BAY AREA/SF/MARIN: 63, W/M, good looking, professional, nice, gentle, dentured and discreet. HIV negative, nice buns and legs on small frame, 5'-6", shaved equipment, seeks mutual daytime safe sex with clean discreet gently guys into Fr and Gr. Marrieds, fems and TV's welcomed. Will answer all. Size not important--being gentle is. No Dopers. Write: DICKCISSEL (D-12/88)

SOUTH BAY TO FUNDY BAY: GWM, 53, semi-retired, grey/brown/balding, beard/moustache, 6', 210#, 6" cut. Seeks friends, contacts, action. Am loving, gentlemanly, discreet, lonely. Big, hairy, uncut, loving men with big balls a turn on, but don't consider that a prerequisite. Welcome ALL RESPONSE. Photo nice, if available. Love long sessions--kiss, cuddle, etc.! Write: Dave Parker, 1324 S. Winchester #174, San Jose, CA 95128, (408) 374-4385. (P-4/89)

MONTEREY PENINSULA/NATIONWIDE: Big, tall, silver-headed GW Daddy seeks son/chaser. ME: 325#, 6'-2", hairy, 49, salt/pepper hair, cropped beard, romantic, cuddler, enjoy arts, travelling, normal/safe sex. YOU: slim to hunky build, 25-40; what is in the heart and a good smile are important; non-drugs/smoker; photo with first letter or call (408) 758-2624 (no collects), T. Lane, 704 Ambrose Drive, Salinas, CA 93901.

(T-8/89)

GENTLEMAN, 55-75, SOUGHT: by Japanese GM, 35, who is attractive, trim, professional, sincere, romantic. Looking for a gentle sort of man over 55 for friendship or more. Let me show you the Eastern way. Write: K.H.N., P.O. Box 4959, San Francisco, CA 94101-4959.

(N-2/89)

BLACKS WANTED: WM, 44, 6', 170#, athletic, attractive, seeks Black men, 45 to infinity, who want to climb on and ride. Located San Francisco Bay area, but

can travel most anywhere. Looks not important. Horny attitude very important. I'll call right away. Just write: SWIFT (S-12/88)

ARE YOU OUT THERE? A delicate male, little body hair, somewhat effeminate, passive in making love, top in sex. Must enjoy this hairy chested, muscular man, and be eager to please, both in and out of bed. Age, income, endowment, are unimportant. Integrity is. Monogamous, relocateable only. Dark skin a plus. I'm earthy, vulnerable, warm, 5'-11", 190#, "Rancher" type and easy to know. Write: Irving, P.O. Box 62, Woodland, CA 95695. ALL ANSWERED!! (I-12/88)

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA/BAY AREA: GWM, attractive, masculine, outgoing, healthy professional--hung thick. Seek stable, financially secure, clean, mature, straight-acting man, who is discreet. Like sensuality and long sexy sessions, man-to-man. I'm 60, 6'-1", 190#, enjoy traveling, hiking, gourmet cooking. Let's correspond to possible meeting. Reply with personal details and photo in first letter. Write: Kenneth, P.O. Box 460477, San Francisco, CA 94146. (O-2/89)

POLAR BEAR WANTED: W/M, 42, 5'-11", 200 lbs, hairy, uncut, Italian Bear with trim beard and moustache, masculine, sincere and affectionate. Love lots of cuddling and hot, safe Gr and Fr action. Seeks hairy, chubby older guy for fun, friendship and possible relationship. Wilford Brimley or Rob Dadeo types are real turn-ons. Letter and photo to: Tom Ribaudo, 808 Post St. #716, San Francisco, CA 94109. (R-2/89)

SAN FRANCISCO: Quiet, affectionate, GWM, 72, 5'-8", 160#, masculine, white hair, moustache. Would like to meet guys 40-60 for friendship and more. I am A/P French, 69. No kinky stuff or drugs. Like to watch Porno movies. Love to travel. Your nude photo gets mine. Write: YELLOWTHROAT. (Y10/89)

WANTED: SON/BUDDY: Uncut GWM, 61, 71", 230#, greying. Retired military. Prefer 20-60 Cut, but will answer all. Size unimportant, mutual TLC is. No drugs, S&M. Masculine only. San Jose location. Write: HARLAN'S HAWK. (H-12/88)

GOOD HANDS! MINE AND YOURS! Enjoy touching, massage. Am 63, 5'-8", 170#, tanned, hairy, like nudity, beach. Professional exec, still working. Like travel, photography, hiking. Send photo--I'll respond. Write: Lee, 411 Park Ave. #331, San Jose, CA 95110. (S-12/88)

EXOTIC GEM IN SAN FRANCISCO: 40, 5'-5", 160#, 7" uncut from India. Like movies, some opera, theatre, soft music, football and tennis. I'm successfully self employed, very considerate, clean, articulate, versatile (like 69 and A/P French), caring, loving; and wish to find a senior who is short/stocky, tall/hunky or big/broad--someone like EX-LOGGER, BUTCH or

SPITFIRE. Write: Nari, P.O. Box 27182, San Francisco, CA 94127, or phone (415) 585-6585. (M-2/8)

CENTRAL CALIFORNIA

CENTRAL CALIFORNIA: 35, masculine, white, 5' brown hair (slightly grey on sides), blue eyes, stocky/broad shoulders, moderately hairy, clean shaven, amateur musician, love most outdoor activities, looking for masculine, fun-loving man over 45, overweight o.k., balding and greyhair a plus. Ph appreciated, all replies answered. Write: NUTCRACKER (N05-12/88)

CENTRAL CALIFORNIA AREA: White, married, Bi male, 61 years old, 5'-10", brown/blue, 190#, 6 1/2" TH

AD PULLED

BOX CLOSED--WRITE
SWAN IF YOU HAVE CORRESPONDENCE

SANTA MARIA Bi/W/M, 59, 5'-9", 255: Would like to go for some good Fr/Gr action. Can travel some on W Coast, especially S.F. Bay Area. Indoor or outdoor sports. Write: Bear, P.O. Box 2144, Santa Maria, CA 93455. (R-2/88)

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

SANTA BARBARA AND VENTURA: W/M, 72 years old, July 4, 1988. Physically and sexually active, 5' 160 #, A-P/Fr, P/Gr, very affectionate. Seek contact with one guy or a couple for fun and games. Write: Yankee Doodle, P.O. Box 123, Oak View, CA 93022. (H-2/88)

I'VE GOT BALLS! 62 year old, hairy hunk, 6', 180#, salt and pepper hair, brown eyes, well hung, clean shaven, seeks eager oral experts to drain me dry then some. Any age or race is fine. I have top/bottom hangups but I'll respect yours. Southern California preferred but will answer all. Write: K.S. P.O. Box 1501, Pomona, CA 91769. (S02-10/88)

NORTH HOLLYWOOD: White male, mid forties, 6', 200#, thinning blondish blue eyes, hairy, husky 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 environment. National contacts. Write: AVOCET (A05-12/88)

BURBANK WANTS PASSIVE: GWM, 55, 6', 200#, tall and strong, seeks friendly, actual passive. Enjoy sex over 40 up to ? All welcome but silver or grey hair under 6 feet are pluses. Am aggressive but gentle

want a light or casual affair--the closer the better. San Fernando Valley, Glendale preferred. All considered. Answer all. Write: L.O., P.O. Box 6884, Burbank, CA 91510. (M05-12/88)

HEY! A
years of
grey, blu
clean an

AD PULLED

TOO MANY RESPONSES!

up under 55
D#, balding
e, sincere,
J03-12/88)

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 66 years old, moustache and damned attractive. Looking 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! (M07-12/88)



LOS ANGELES: Masculine, white, monogamous minded, professional, 64, 5'-10", 162#, hairy body, average hung with bull's balls, cut, HIV-Neg, salt and pepper with beard, non-smoker, seldom drinker, nudist. Incredible masseur. Love intimate, active life with right person. Seeking younger son-lover, HIV-Neg, to share life. All races okay. Asians, Latins, Blacks are a plus. Please be stable, loving, sincere. Your nude photo, phone get mine. Serious replies to Gene, P.O. Box 74150, Los Angeles, CA 90052. (W19-2/89)

PANORAMA CITY: New to San Fernando Valley, GWM, 55, 5'-6", 175#, 7" cut, brown/brown. Looking for friends, companions, possible relationship with right person, 35-60 years. Must be stable, financially secure, clean and honest. I am highly sexual and enjoy most types of activities if safe. I am affectionate and am into long, frequent sessions. All responses with photos will be answered. Write: Kent, P.O. Box 44446, Panorama City, CA 91412-0446. (K13-12/88)

LOS ANGELES/SANTA BARBARA: Professional GWM, 33, 6'-2", 180#, hairy, brown/green, swimmers body, cut 9" X 6". Discreet. Seeks younger men interested in

mature, in-shape, active guy. No overweight, smoke, drugs or drink. Big balls a real turn on. Photo exchange. Write: ARJEE, Box 1772, Beverly Hills, CA 90213. (G20-1/89)

IF YOU ARE UNDER 40: and like your man to have a firm, well defined, worked out body, with great thighs and calves, then maybe this moderately hairy, 6 ft., 175 lb, 55 year old white man with brown hair, blue eyes and moustache is just what you are looking for. Good looks, masculinity, honesty, affection and easy going are all part of the package. You should be reasonably attractive, slim to slightly muscular, employed, safe sex and relationship oriented. Your recent photo gets mine. Kevin Arthur, 4391 Sunset Blvd. #557, Los Angeles, CA 90029. (R12/88)

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIAN SEEKS YOUNGER BROTHER, SON: GWM, 44 years old, 185#, red hair, blue eyes, average build and looks. I do consider myself an honest and truthful person. I also seek that in a person. I'm looking for someone that enjoys weekend outings, biking, hiking, etc. Desire 25-35 years old. I want to meet the right person. If you are out there, please drop me a line. Write: Mike, P.O. Box 11511, Santa Ana, CA 92711. (S-2/89)

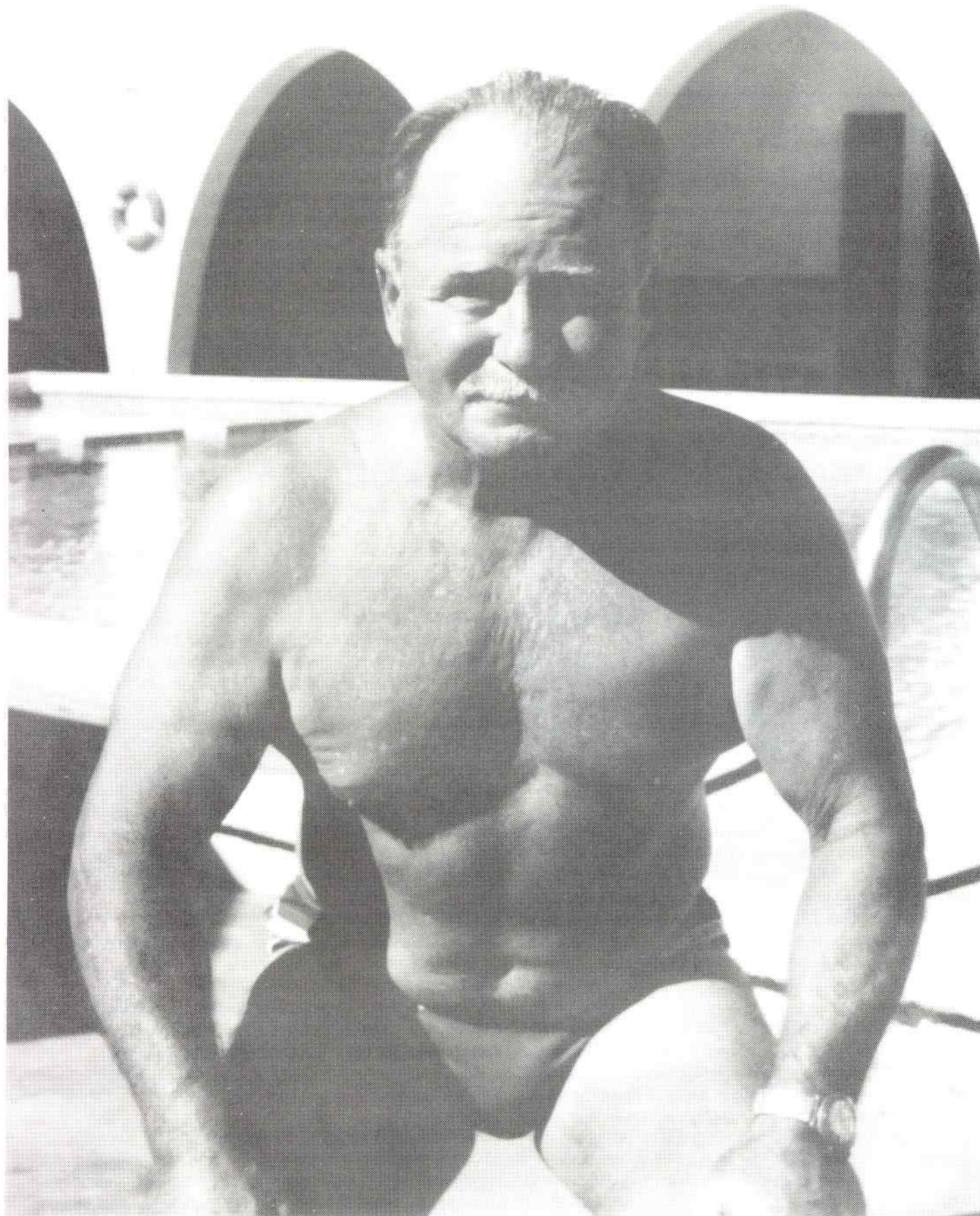
SAN BERNARDINO CITY AREA VIRGIN: New to gay scene: GWM, 57, 6'-1", 215#, brown/brown. Clean shaven, soft skin, smooth solid build and very little body hair. I am shy, would enjoy being seduced with a lot of foreplay. Looking for possible relationship with right person, 40 to?. Must be stable, financially secure, clean and honest. Photo and phone number would be appreciated. Other areas will be considered. Write: DOTTEREL (D-12/88)

LONG BEACH: GWM, 54, 5'-9", 172#, 7" cut, masculine, hairy, sincere, HIV negative, semi-retired, would like to meet GWM for friend, relationship, sex. Seeking 25-70, any race or creed. Swap photos. Let's get together. All answered. Write: TANAGER (T-2/89)

LONG BEACH/ORANGE COUNTY: GWM, 37, 5'-9", 185#, husky build, beard, masculine, friendly, professional and adventuresome. My interests are reading, walking, sports spectator, biking and A/P French. Looking for 45-65, nonsmoker, mild social drinker, dentures great, beerbellies okay, good personality, honest, masculine and reside or visit Southern California. Your photo gets mine. (M-12/88)

Write: MURRE

LOS ANGELES YOUNG PROFESSIONAL: GWM, 6'-3", 190# of Scandinavian origin. Partner is distinguished senior over 60. Interested in meeting other young men who have similar interest in older men for sharing sports and outdoor activities. Feel this common interest in older men could make such activities more pleasant. Write if interested: Karl Austin, P.O. Box 691024, West Hollywood, CA 90069. (A-12/88)



EX-LOGGER.....photo by SIMBA

EDITOR'S NOTE: How about it, readers?
you like him with or without a moustache?

VERY HANDSOME BOTTOM MAN: Southern California/Nationwide. I am 60 years old, tall, grey hair, very blue eyes, masculine, FR/A, could be Gr/P. Need caring, dominant, young looking man, 30-60, 40-50 a plus. Am happy, healthy, HIV negative, need same. Should be affectionate, passionate, experienced. I offer happy, sensual friendship, possible relationship. Letters with photo please. Can travel and entertain. Write: M.H., 315 G, Meigs Rd., #480, Santa Barbara, CA 93109. (H-2/89)

GENTLE CROSS DRESSER: Very feminine and very submissive. Not a nelly queen! W/M, age 49, 5'-8" tall, 160#, professional and secure in life. Seeks lasting relationship with tall, dominant, hairy teddy bear who understands my needs. Looks, age, weight, heavy hung unimportant. A good personality is. Have lots of reciprocal love to give. Not interested in just sexual encounters. Moderate alcohol, tobacco okay. Please be sincere and discreet, with photo and S.A.S.E. Write: Carl A., P.O. Box 1998, San Gabriel, CA 91778. (A-2/89)

MATURE LOS ANGELES GWM SEEKS 40+: I'm recent retiree, late fifties, affectionate, healthy, sincere, masculine, 5'-8", 155#. Financially secure but no "sugar dady." Looking for friends, companions, possible relationship. All races. I like most safe and sane activity (including home, social nudism) but am not a bottom. Please write and include phone number if you're not a militant non-smoker. Let's get acquainted. Write: ALCID. (A-12/88)

MONTEBELLO BISEXUAL MALE, 61, 5'-10", 190#: Gray hair and mustache. Masculine appearance. Fair size cock in good working order. Occasionally wear panties in private. Like fondling, kissing, nudity and whispering love words in bed. French and Greek A/P. Desire to meet compatible, sexually active man. Any size, shape, color or race. Will answer only those that send photo. Write: Mr. A., P.O. Box 392, Montebello, CA 90640. (A-2/89)

WANTED: 18 TO 25: Hispanic/Oriental male around 150/160 pounds and slight build to love and cuddle with me. Needed to make my house a home again. Lost my lover of 15 years about a year ago. You must be willing to relocate to the high desert of CA and work a little. Smoking and a little alcohol tolerated. After all, no one is perfect except me. Just kidding. Oh yes, I'm 60ish, gay, white and 175#. Have good head of hair and have all my own teeth. My partial is all paid for. All letters with pic and phone number get answered with mine. Write: Wes, P.O. Box 1268, Joshua Tree, CA 92252. (619) 366-3312. P.S. My March and August AIDS tests were negative. Long week or weekend trial periods welcome. (S-4/89)

LOS ANGELES: Senior seeks big, uncut cocks any age for French loving care. Letter and photo exchange a must with a goal to meet. Let me show you how good I am at it! Write: MASQUER (M-12/88)

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA SWAN MODEL: GWM, 57, 6'-2", 225#, rugged, muscular, average endowment, partially bald with grey fringe, moderately hairy, non-smoking, light drinker, versatile/sane sex, good imagination, considerate, understanding. Love touching, massaging, walking, bicycling, wrestling.....caring. Looking for mature, masculine, stable, considerate, understanding man, any race. Your photo gets mine. Write: ZORO. (K-10/89)

COACH-DAD'S GUY: 38, 6', 185, hairy, 7" cut, former Marine and high school coach. This guy enjoys athletic/military type men, 50+. Pipe, cigars, tattooed and hairy, extra turn on. Pick up your clipboard and drop the coach your game plan. Write: Coach, 3208 Cahuenga Blvd., West #8, Los Angeles, CA 90048. (M-8/89)

CHUBBIES OVER 50: If you are looking for an easy going, affectionate chaser, please write. I am a GWM in Los Angeles, 55, 5'-10", 165#. Love travel, theater and spectator sports. Exchange photos. Write: GOODGUY. (T-12/88)

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: I love my pet dogs but they can't talk. Is the elusive Mr. Right out there somewhere? Me: Japanese-Spanish extraction, 47, 5'-6", 135#, trim, cut, personable. Sleek professional/entrepreneur with a lot of quality and substance. Enjoy traveling, horse racing, exercise, swimming. Into astrology, metaphysics and the occult. Fun-loving, gentle and caring. Love me....the gate to happiness opens wide. Caress me....I will do your bidding. You: over 50, masculine, hung, cut, sincere. Hairy chest a plus. Let's get together and share the good life. Your photo gets mine. Write: B.T., Box F, Baldwin Park, CA 91706. (T-2/89)

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COLORADO

AFFECTIONATE, INTELLIGENT AND LOYAL: 55 year old masculine male available as companion lover. Not into below the belt mentality. Well read, arts oriented, non bar goer and smoker, wishes for permanent relationship. Equally comfortable in boots and levis as blazer. Interested in someone who likes a guy not afraid of household chores, yard and car work, who loves flea markets, PBS, and inward beauty. Photo appreciated, write fully to "RB," P.O. Box 2373, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. Answer all, handicapped welcome.

(B-12/88)

SWAN MODEL SEEKS 55+: GWM, 41, 5'-11", 200#, grey eyes and brown/grey hair seeks stocky, affectionate, considerate senior who shares my interests in musical theatre, opera, dining out, amusement parks, zoos and museums. I'm a computer nut and love to play cards. I'm also very flexible and can relocate for the right guy. Check me out in the August 88 issue. Write: SHAG.

(C12/88)

DENVER/NATIONWIDE: Business professional, W/M, 53, 5'-8", 160#, average body, below average looks, healthy (HIV negative), brown hair (balding) and blue eyes. I am health conscious, hard working, affectionate, loyal, sharing and enjoy the mountains, travel, classical music, the performing arts, dining, quiet times and cuddling. Am not into bar scene. I seek a GWM or GOM who is bright, sensitive, loving, responsible, self supporting and easy going. You have a good sense of humor and are interested in establishing a friendship that could evolve into a long term relationship. Because of business I cannot relocate. Can you, or are you already here? Please write with photo and phone number to Paul, P.O. Box 18346, Denver, CO 80218.

(B-2/89)

CONNECTICUT

CONNECTICUT: GWM, 50's, looking for GM's for good times and hot sex. 1st preferences are 20-35, dark skins or Asians. Like slim or hard bodies. Others are fine too. Have high libido and need regular hot number to satisfy. No strings, honesty/sincerity essential. Send photo and phone for immediate response. All letters answered. Write: Al, P.O. Box 102, Newtown, CT 06470.

(K-12/88)

CONNECTICUT CONNECTION: GPRM, 26, 5'-5", 160#, 6-1/2" cut, Br/Br, hairy, moustache, masculine, mature, open minded, down to earth, healthy, honest, intelligent, discreet, versatile, non-promiscuous, easy going guy, many interests. No sexual hang ups/roles. Looking for real friends in area. Relationship possible (I'm ready and I mean it). Penpals welcome. No games. Your picture gets mine. Age/looks are unimportant. Mind is. Write: Ivan Delgado Ramos, P.O. Box 1776, Meriden,

CT 06450-8876.

(D-12/88)

HARTFORD, CT./SPRINGFIELD, MA.: GWM, horny, masculine, retired 60 year old, blue eyes, grey wavy hair, 5'-7", 160#, cut 5-1/2". Enjoy lots of foreplay and giving loads of pleasure to partner. I like Gr/P with condom--the bigger the better. Like to give and receive French. Seek only masculine, white and trim. Write Don, P.O. Box 846, Enfield, CT 06082.

(V-4/89)

FLORIDA

SEEK DOMINANT MASCULINE BUDDY: Masculine creative, mature, submissive Italian, 55, 5'-11", 178#, needs and will earn the attention of an ardent, unselfish, mature, very Greek/active, educated man (black/white). Prefer very stable, very loving man with discipline (career military/law/engineer), who has great appetite for administering deep, deep affection. Share intelligent conversation, quiet music, outdoors TLC, each other. No good alone--Need hairy buddy for long relationship. Reality, not fantasy. Photo gets mine. Write: Chuck Travaglio, 600 N.E. 25th St. #75, Miami FL 33137 or call (305) 576-5728.

(T02-2/89)

YOUNG MAN SEEKS OLDER GENT: Mature, straight acting, masculine GWM, 30, 6'0" and 165#, seeks safe, discreet gentleman, 40-65. Prefer hairy and muscular or stocky type. I am fairly hairy and hung large. I would like an older buddy with whom I can share caring honesty and trust, as well as fun and great sex. Photo gets mine. Write: D.J., P.O. Box 05-0852, Ft. Myers FL 33905.

(J01-2/89)

CENTRAL FLORIDA-U.S. 27/441: Couple, 66, 6'-1", 145# and 63, 5'-7", 135#. Singles or couples 35+ for friendship and/or sex on a one to one basis welcome to our home located 8 miles north of Leesburg, 23 miles south of Ocala. No drugs, S & M, freeloaders or collect calls. Write: Jim, P.O. Box 602, Lady Lake, FL 32659. Phone: (904) 753-2857.

(B09-4/89)

CENTRAL FLORIDA: Masculine, GWM, 58, 6', 150#, grey/blond, clean shaven. Do not drink or use drugs of any kind. Extremely oral. Worship cock, balls and ass. Compatible 3 ways OK. Professional. Discreet. Clean and healthy. Come visit for fun and great sex. Race and cock size unimportant. Write: M. Wood, 2681 E Washington #10, Eustis, FL 32726. (904) 589-6975.

(W18-4/89)

FT. LAUDERDALE DAD SEEKS SON: GWM, 58, bald, 5'9", 165#, looking for son in need of love and affection. Must be non smoker and drug free, enjoy arts, crafts, junk shops, theatre, weekend trips. Will share my only bedroom home with right person. Write about yourself with photo and phone. Looks not important but honest and sincerely is. GMC, P.O. Box 4596, Ft. Lauderdale

FL 33338.

(C-12/88)

FLORIDA--55, HANDICAPPED: I would like friendship and pen-pals, age 55 and older. I have light body hair and small endowment. Have had prostate operation. Now, dry ejaculations and some incontinence. Write: ROSEFINCH. (R-12/88)

STILL SEARCHING: for SERGEANT SAVAGE. Should be at least 225# and very hairy. To me, age is a state of mind. I'm 39, 5'-11", 185#, redhead. Looking for safe-sex only. Write with photo to D.M., P.O. Box 76102, St. Petersburg, FL 33734. Also looking for any 1986 issues of SWAN. Write: MIMUS (M-8/89)

SOUTH FLORIDA: Retired gentleman, past 60, 5'-7", 150#, grey hair, masculine appearing, seeks for permanent relationship, man, 25 to 45, clean cut, masculine, who likes an older man. You must be slender, with good back ground, and willing to relocate to Florida. I am affectionate, love to travel, love boating. We will have a harmonious, charming life with good ambience and comfort. Write to J.G., P.O. Box 610191, North Miami, FL 33162. (G-12/88)

PERMANENT RELATIONSHIP ONLY: GWM, 35, 5'-7", 210, wants to give masculine man-- retired, military, disabled veteran or 65 years above--all my T.L.C. Looks unimportant. Lover and I broke up after 12 years in 1986. I'm passive G/F, a nurse, HIV Negative, large tits, short full beard, hairy chest, quiet, somewhat shy, financially secure, expect same. I want to love and be loved by caring, serious, generous gent, to relocate here. I need you, want you and will care for you always. Ed Moore, 1423 Umbrella Tree, Edgewater, FL 32032. (904) 426-0203 (No Collect, please).(M-8/89)

FT. LAUDERDALE BIG SENSUAL CHUBBY: GWM, young and good looking 51, 5'-11", 310#, masculine appearance and actions. Still smoking--no drugs or booze. Great sense of humor. College grad and still earning. Very gentle, affectionate, caring and safely not. Turned on by intelligence and aliveness, not by kinky letters or nude photos. Physical types and ages not important to me. Character and personality is. Committed relationship a distinct possibility. Write: Norman Sapirman, 2304 N.E. Ninth Ave., Wilton Manors, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33305. (305) 565-0345 (S-12/88)

GEORGIA

ATLANTA: GWM, 44, 5'-11", 170#, non smoker, quiet, loving, love to travel, snow ski, dining out. Could relocate (especially California). Seeking 50+, heavy set, straight acting person for traveling companion or permanent relationship. Appreciate photo with letter. Write: MURRELET. (M25-4/89)

ATLANTA/SOUTHEAST: WM, 6'-3", 225#, healthy, young thinking/acting, quiet, discreet, well traveled. I enjoy good food and wine, arts, music, strolls thru quiet woods or sitting beside streams listening to nature. Am not bar oriented and prefer good times at home or in the countryside. Need someone 25+ to keep me young and to enjoy those things I enjoy. All letters answered, those with photos first. Write: NIGHTHAWK (N-12/88)

SEEKS YOUNGER MEN: GWM, 58, turning 59, 5'-7", 220#, grey, chubby, hairy, sincere and loveable, would like to meet affectionate men under 30 years old, good build, all races. I travel extensively. Send photo. Write: F.P.S., 315 N. Tibbs Road, Dalton, GA 30720. (S-8/89)

ILLINOIS

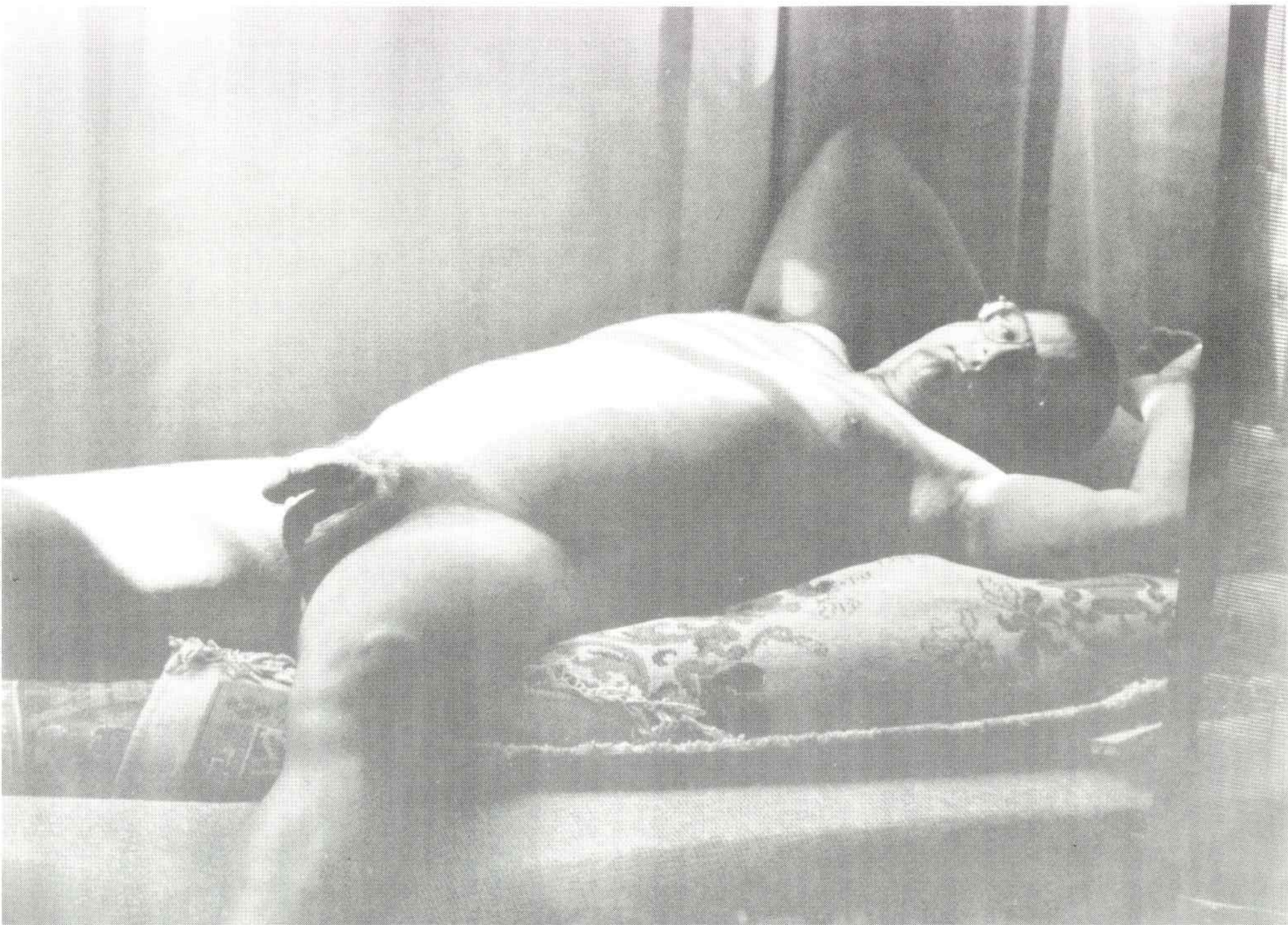
TO CHICAGO AREA OLDER MEN: I am 63 and of Italian extraction. Would like to develop intimate relationship with a really older man, late 60's, 70's, 80's or even early 90's. Old age is a turn-on for me. I would love to massage you all over and make you feel good in return for your affection. Send photo and I'll send mine. Write or call: VictorJ. Engandela, 8465 W. Lawrence Ave., Apt. 3A, Chicago, IL 60656. (312) 589-2882. (E02-12/88)

CHICAGO AREA: GWM Engineer, 60, 6'-1 1/2", 200# wants any age, 220# plus, strong, heavysset playmate bottom to horseplay, carry me piggyback, mutually pump iron, Nautilus, swim, ride bikes, watch videos, cuddle, safe sex, etc. with me. Write: John Lange, P.O. Box 1395, Melrose Park, IL 60160. (L03-4/89)

SON/YOUNGER BROTHER, 21-40: wanted to relocate for loving relationship with trim, outdoor orientated teacher, 49. 30" waist, 40" chest, 150#, graying, 5'-9". Versatile, many interests: Nautilus, hiking, canoeing, camping, 4 X 4, motorcycling, ping pong, reading, good films, dogs and more! Into rural life--5 acres on Wis/Ill line, 43 wooded acres in Tennessee. No smoke, drugs, alcohol, please. Write Bill, P.O. Box 103, Grayslake, IL 60030 or call (414) 862-2221. No collect calls accepted. (B-12/88)

BIG BELLIED MEN: White male, 46, 5'-8", 140#, 6" cut, blue eyes, muscular, would like to hear from men over 250#. I particularly like big bellies! Drop me a line and let's see what we have in common. If you send a photo, I will reciprocate. Write: J.N.O., 2238 N. Lakewood, Chicago, IL 60614. (O-4/89)

CHICAGO: GWM, 51, 6', 180#, blond, German, beard, look 40, attractive, affectionate, quiet, like good dining and wine, non-church goer, but keep the 7th day sabbath and annual holy days. Seeking similar Christian or Messianic Jew for monogamous life mate, ideally in 30's, non-smoker, average weight, moustache a plus,



compatible with Libra. Photo and phone please. Write:
SABBATH. (S-2/89)

CHICAGO DAD SEEKS SON: GWM, 54, 5'-10", 155#, grey, moustache, professional, seeks son/lover relationship. No drugs, non-smoker preferred--self-supporting, to share bed with right person, cuddle, safe sex, J/O, video, travel. All races okay, Blacks a plus. Sincere replies only. Send photo, phone number to: AGLE. (P-6/89)

KENTUCKY

WANTING ALL COCKSUCKERS--YOUNG AND OLD: GWM, 40, 5'-11", 160#, 6" cut, looking for kindred spirits (and bodies). I like cock, kissing, cuddling, affection in and out of bed. Can travel to meet you. Write: Jim Wilson, P.O. Box 1767, Lexington, KY 40501. (W13-4/89)

LOVINGTON: GWM, 46, 170#, 5'-10", brown/salt and pepper hair, handsome and horny, seeks 35-65. Likes 01's, boots, biking, hiking, railroads, toy trains, dance records and movies. Would like to snuggle up to you: non-smoker, lite drinker, about my weight, hairy and into intense long J/O sessions. Relationship orientated. Northern Kentucky/Cincinnati Area. Write: Lionel, P.O. Box 15401, Covington, KY 41015. (S-12/88)

LOUISIANA

LAWLINS Bi WM: 58, 6', 151#, brown/brown, 7 3/4" cut, pipe smoker, social to non-drinker, biker, leathermaster, seeks penpals, fone and group j/o, photo swap, video (have camera), visitor accommodation exchange. Write: Bernie Davis, Box 1114, Mandeville, LA 70470-1114, (504) 626-7352 (D-12/88)

EAGER TO PLEASE IN NEW ORLEANS: GWM, 51, 160#, 5'-8", blonde, blue, attractive, bright, fun, masculine, Fr/A, affectionate, love cuddling. Seek pen pals, phone J/O, friendship or more. Employed, stable, unitarian. Big ones (6+) who love obedient, Fr/A and long sessions plus. Write: EAGER. (A-2/89)

MAINE

MAINE/NATIONWIDE: 57, 6', 190, balding, independent, masculine. Seeks compatible companion, helpmate. Must be able to relocate to idyllic wilderness area. Write: HERON II. (H-12/88)

MARYLAND

BALTIMORE: 64 year old, retired artist, 5'-6", 160#, mostly gray hair and beard. Hairy body, horny bisexual. Love passive French, also I'll reciprocate with J/O and mouth/tit work. Looking for more friends in area, not just sex. Affectionate. Interests: Art, music, pets, gardening, astrology. Write: SKUA (S27-4/89)

YOUNG MAN SEEKS OLDER MAN: Mature, straight acting, GBM, 25, 6'-4", 165#, cut, affectionate, quiet and attractive. Looking for older top man who enjoys movies, theatre, quiet times, cuddling and sex. Please be sincere. I am. Write: DOWITCHER (D-12/88)

LOOKING FOR CUDDLY, LOVING CHUB/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 43, 175#, 5'-8", dark brown hair/hazel eyes, caring, affectionate professional living alone on Chesapeake Bay. Am seeking to meet GWM chubbies, 45-75, for friendship and possible relationship. Hairy, big tits, big buns, big belly and good personality are all a plus. Can travel and/or entertain. Exchange photos and phone. Write: GHOSTJUMPER (S-12/88)

MASSACHUSETTS

MASS/USA: GWM, 62, 5'-7" 145#, blue eyes, gray/brown hair, good buns, healthy, masculine, affectionate, ex-Navy. Travel widely on job, like reading, music, swimming, sunbathing (nude) and travel. Seek similar men (40+), any race, who enjoy massage, body contact with J/O and French. Let's correspond, exchange nude photos. Possibly meet for companionship, fun, nudity and male sex. Write: SWAN READER, DELTA/157, 310 Franklin St., Boston, MA 02110. (F01-12/88)

PROVINCETOWN: Anybody out there who would like to exchange nude photos and correspondence, for safe fun, with a GWM, who is 40 years old, 5'-8", 150#, 7" cut, brown eyes, average good looks and balding? I'm turned on to mature men, both in mind and body. Age, weight, looks unimportant. Your nude photo gets mine. I'm honest and discreet. Please reply with photo to: Vince, P.O. Box 1382, Provincetown, MA 02657. (Q01-4/89)

NEW ENGLAND TO SOUTH FLORIDA: GWM, 47, 6', 200#, winters in Florida. Looking for straight appearing sexy men 55 up for good times. Pluses are SWAN model and cartoon types. I'm A/P FR and GR, straight acting, cuddly, good looks, aggressive. So seniors, write frankly and tell me what you like. Photo a must. Telephone #, if possible. I can travel and have photos. Write: THRASHER (T-12/88)

ARTIST--ALONE--61: Traditional and abstract. Undermining to be alone. Seek kissing and hugs from thin friend. Appreciate imagination and intelligence. Write: How-N30, 301 South Huntinton Ave., Jamaica Plain, MA 02130. (L-12/88)

MICHIGAN

MICHIGAN/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 40, 5'-8", 160#, brown hair, brown eyes, 6-1/2" cut and smooth-bodied. Would like to meet men 40 and over in my area, or correspond, meet and nude photo exchange with gay men everywhere. Facial hair a plus. My sexual interests include A/P French, 69, J/O, Porno, photo sessions and nudism. Other interests include hiking, swimming, theatre, movies, good food and friends. All letters answered. Write: WAGTAIL (W-2/89)

OLDER GENT SEEKS YOUNG MAN: GWM, 60, 5'-10", 165#, wants GWM, 40 or under, for mono relationship. Have home and love to share. Honest, healthy, into exercise, travel, quiet evenings at home, videos, F-A/P. Would like non-smoker, slim to muscular build, honest, sincere. No drugs or prisoners. Prefer masculine only. I look and act much younger, fun loving, sexy, horny. Write soon to: Jack, P.O. Box 11, Carrollton, MI 48724. (Q-12/88)

MICHIGAN: GWM, 63, 6', 175#, blue eyes, brown hair, sport well trimmed beard and moustache. Very versatile, A/P French and Greek, well equipped. Seek gentlemen with similar interest: Arts, books, antiques, leather, levis, boots, camping, hiking, watersports, sailing, country drives, old cars, motorcycles, music, theatre, opera, gourmet cooking, bridge, cross country skiing and traveling. Photo appreciated--will reciprocate. Write: MICHIGAN SEAGULL. (P-12/88)

LIKES BIG BUNS: WM, 27, 5'-7", 150#, 6" cut very thick, brown hair/eyes, mustache, hairy body, masculine, straight acting, very affectionate. Seeks older man, 55 to 75 and over 230# for friendship and good sex. Prefer grandpa type, white or grey hair, balding, hairy bodies, under 5'-8", with-- most of all-- a big set of buns. Please send photo. Write: M.G.S., P.O. Box 9312, Livonia, MI 48150. (S-10/89)

MINNESOTA

SAINT PAUL: Closets are for clothes! This 58 year old is not about to hide in a closet. Would like someone to share theater, films and candlelight dinners. Maybe travel. Who knows what else? Write: HIRUNDO

(H27-12/88)

YOUNGER MAN WANTED IN MINNEAPOLIS: Retired professional GWM, 62, 5'-9", 180, clean-shaven, white hair, blue eyes, financially secure, well-educated with good disposition and sense of humor. I am looking for young man who is self-supporting and self-reliant with interests similar to mine for companionship and possible relationship. My interests include: outdoor activities, flyfishing, music, reading, cooking and travel. Write with description of yourself, your interests and your expectations to: RC (codeword) (W-12/88)

MISSISSIPPI

JACKSON, MS AREA OR VISITORS TO AREA: GWM, 50's, 200#, 5'-11", brown/grey hair, blue/grey eyes, 6" cut, seeking hefty, hairy top man, 50+, who can give it long and hard. I like almost all music, do not drink, do not smoke, not into B & D or S & M. Am affectionate in and out of bed. Relationship oriented. Write: S. Swanne 4844 Windemere Terr., Jackson, MS 39206. (T-4/89)

MISSOURI

MISSOURI: Oriental male, 33, 5'-10", 142#, professional, masculine, sensuous and clean. Seek older 40-75, who is sincere, affectionate and good natured. Write: Linn., P.O. Box 8075, St. Louis, MO 63156. (L15-12/88)

GIRTH AND MIRTH CLUB OF WASHINGTON, D.C.

a club for chubby gay
men and their admirers.
For more information,
call Ken or Cedric at
(703) 461-9184 or
write to us at P.O. Box
4814, Falls Church, VA
22044

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OF ADVERTISING HEREIN DOES NOT IMPLY
NOR DOES IT CONSTITUTE, ENDORSEMENT
BY SWAN OR PATRICK H. COLLEY, INC.

NEW JERSEY

NEW JERSEY: GWM, 60, 5'-8", 195#, brown hair (gray at temples). I am looking for young man who is interested in older, mature men. I am educated, friendly, loyal, sincere and generous. Good sense of humor. I am French A/P, masculine, and affectionate. Write: R.M., P.O. Box 200, Closter, NJ 07624.

(M28-12/88)

AFFECTIONATE BOTTOM SEEKS GR/A TOP: Intelligent, masculine, Bi WM, 5'-11", 165#, 59, HIV neg., thick 6" cut, firm, lithe, gym-toned responsive body and buns, tactile and demonstrative, erect posture, steady gaze, high cheekbones, bald top/cropped salt and pepper fringe. Dig submission and mind control. Enjoy companionship, music, philosophy, art, science and psychology. Volunteer with disabled, am loyal friend. Any race, age, over 6" or thick. Call Ken: (201) 592-3690; if recording, leave number.

(G12-12/88)

GWM, 6'-1", 174#, AGE 71: grey/brown, clean shaven, average build, independent, shy, responsible, level headed, affectionate, non-smoker, light drinker, likes quiet evenings at home and good music. Looking for non-exclusive lover, sex buddy, penpal, friend into cuddling, kissing and mutual JO. Slow to come but love the feel of someone else's hand on my cock. Write: Dick Bell, 2241 Mt. Hood Lane, Toms River, NJ 08753. (201) 255-6033

(B-2/89)

ORIENTAL SEEKS SENIOR(S): 32, professional, 5'-6", 160#. Am attracted to mature, older men, 50 and up. Healthy, sincere, affectionate and very discreet. Looking for the right person to please. Safe sex preferred. Let's exchange photos and get to know each other. Write: D.L., P.O. Box 298, Mays Landing, NJ 08330.

(L-6/89)

SOUTH JERSEY AREA: GWM, 31, 5'-9", 165#, moustache, brown hair/balding, hairy legs/chest. Masculine and athletic with a variety of interests. Sexually inexperienced and looking for a masculine older male, 40 and up for friendship and intimacy. I'm not looking for a greek god, only a warm patient man willing to pass on some of his experience. Letter and photo, if possible. Write: WATERTHRUSH

(W-12/88)

NORTHERN N.J. BISEXUAL W.M., 57, 5'-9", 180#: grey hair, good physical shape, discreet, married professional. I'm handsome and very butch looking. Lost my "Daddy" 12 years ago. I am looking for the ideal top who is straight looking enough to "meet the wife," but behind closed doors will be my strong "Daddy or Uncle," who will lie back and let me service him or use me any way he wishes, as long as he's well hung and strong. No scat. Photo and phone a plus. Health and discretion a must! Write: G.A., P.O. Box 548, Clifton, NJ 07012.

(G-2/89)

NEW MEXICO

SMALL GUYS NEED SEX TOO: GWM, 62, 5'-8", 145#. Live in a very redneck, straight, closeted town. My likes: Gay videos, all porn, phone or letter J/O. Need friends 50+, oral sex, photo, jock and J/O ideas exchanged with men my size. Write soon, to: EL PAISANO.

(M-4/89)

NEW YORK

SON SEEKS DAD: GWM, 35, dark brown hair, 150#, seeks over 50 masculine type. Live in the NYC 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

(A07-12/88)

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

(M13-12/88)

40 Y/O BOTTOM SEEKS TOP: GWM, Italian, hairy, moustache, masculine, 185#-solid, balding, 5'-11", stable, sane, not into bars, looking to please the right man (to 60) with lots of affection and hot (safe) sex. You: masculine, strong, hairy, moustache a plus (no beards). Live in Manhattan, travel U.S. and International. Correspondence, meetings--anything is possible. Your photo gets mine. Photos returned. Write: DOVEKIE

(D11-12/88)

BOSS RANGES FROM ROMANCE TO ROUGH: Stats: Healthy, hunky man, 48, 5'-7", 163#, well-built, rugged good looks, selfish yet caring, bright, warm, imaginative, sensuous, tactile, bearded, balding, big-dicked, tattooed, successful professional. Wears leather, Levis, boots as well as suits, ties & jocks. Have diverse interests and am a nice guy. Looking to meet another man/buddy, over 40, together mentally and physically to horse around with for a night or lifetime. Write with your phone number to: Bob Seifer, 260 West 22 St., New York, NY 10011.

(S21-12/88)

BIG GUY: 6'-3", 285#, 42, SWAN model. I am a masculine ex-navy man, beer drinker, cigar smoker with varied interests. I am bearded with a firm, furry beer gut. Looking for F/A companion, 50+. Would like to hear from all areas. See my photo in the June 88 issue. Write: MIKE (Codeword)

(D14-12/88)

CHUBBIES WANTED: GWM, 63, 5'-7", 175, grey/brown, seeks chubby, fat men to 50 (bigger is better). Prefer smooth bodies and under 5'-10", into

SANTA'S JUST DYING TO
SEE HOW GOOD YOU REALLY ARE.



mutual J/O and lots of cuddling. Not seeking relationship--friends and fun only. Your photo/phone gets mine. All answered. Write: Ernest Harff, 47 Lorraine Tr., Mt. Vernon, NY 10553 (H26-12/88)

MANHATTAN SWAN MODEL: Attractive man, mid 30s, 5'-8", good build, seeks friends. Write: John Preston, 125 E. 72nd St., New York, NY 10021. Tel. 212) 744-7644. (P16-12/88)

35 YEAR OLD, 6'-6" HEAVYSET MALE: professional into O and videos, gets off on mutual scenes. 8". Looking for cuts and uncuts. The main thing is to get off and enjoy it together. Write: BOBWHITE. (B-8/89)

WHERE'S THE PORK? GWM, 50, 5'-9", 235#, masculine, Italian, hairy, versatile, would like to meet beefy guys any age or size. Also want to exchange hubby videos. Photo/phone. Write: Nick Dean, Box 181, Murray Hill Station, New York, NY 10156. (D-4/89)

GOOD MAN WANTED: Retired, 62, white, 5'-8", 150#, prefer mutual oral sex with mature or older men. Visits, correspondence. Hopefully, lasting friendship, companionship, more. Write: M.A.C., 254 Hooper St., Brooklyn, NY 11211. (A-12/88)

ITALIAN STALLION SEEKS MATURE GENTLEMAN: 6'-2", 130 solid pounds, 32 years old, masculine, independent, professional, seeks SERGEANT SAVAGE type (Feb 88 SWAN) and/or CHIEF type (June 88). Uncut, confident, robust, Irishman over 50 years GUARANTEED a date. I am a socially active person, content with fine foods, lots of good sex. I am a movie buff, interested in current affairs, like driving fast sports cars, need to be near water, into quality hi-fi, and I can go on. More importantly than any of the above, I believe that a common value system is the foundation for love and establishing true friendship is the purpose of life. Photo eliminates awkwardness. Write: L.R., 185 Marine Ave. 14H, Brooklyn, NY 11209. (R-2/89)

SENIOR GWM: 5'-10", 150#, 5" cut, young looking, homeowner wants friendship, love and safe sex. Enjoy music, art, reading and some sports. No age or race restrictions. Write: Don Howitz, 158 Pleasant Ave., Montgomery, NY 12549. (914) 457-3182. (H-12/88)

NEW YORK STATE: 59 year old, GWM, 5'-10", 230#, attractive bald guy, hairy body, who likes music, all types, movies, swimming, sunning, long walks, non-smoker, non-drinker and no drugs. Looking for a friend to love and whatever. Prefer 35 and over. Black definitely no problem. Write: VPM, Box 387, Jamesville, NY 13078. (M-12/88)

NATIONWIDE/NEW YORK STATE: GWM, 50, 6', 160#, graying crew cut, clean shaven, wear glasses, 6-1/2" cut, prefer Fr A/P, but can enjoy Gr A/P. Enjoy a cigarette and drink now and then. Looking for a

relationship with someone around my age or older. Will relocate if you are honest and sincere. Like animals and have a beagle/mix dog. Have varied interests from horseback riding to cooking, etc. Have saddle--will travel, or you can come here. Write: Leonard Huckans, RR 1, Box 190B, Johnstown, NY 12095-9729. (518) 883-5271. (H-12/88)

NYC GREENWICH VILLAGE: 57 year old rugged guy likes younger types. Interests include music, theatre, dining out, swimming. Write: BRAD (codeword) (C-4/89)

CALLING ALL TIT MEN: Hunky, tit lover, 55, 180#, 6', brown hair, looking for partners, any age, turned on by mutual nipple worship. I've been at it awhile and my technique is really good. How's yours? Hot photos of my fleshy, muscular chest are yours for the asking. Let's compare. Also interested in sharing Mardi Gras room Feb 2-5 with tit buddies. Write: S. Williams, Box 320, Radio City Station, New York, NY 10101. (W-2/89)

NEW YORKER-NATIONAL: I'm white, 54, 5'-10", 220#, grey/brown, non-smoke. Like travel, photography, opera, theatre, cooking. I'm honest, clean, healthy, discreet, masculine, professional, not bad looking and sometimes lonely. Travel some in the U.S., so a visit is possible. Penpals welcomed; maybe you could visit NYC. Age no barrier but prefer 35-65 range. Write: B.F., P.O. Box 191, New York, NY 10163. (F-12/88)

NORTH CAROLINA

DOMINANT CLEAN DAD SEEKS SON: GWM, 48, 5'-7", 160#, blue eyes, brown/grey hair (thinning), moustache, big balls, small cock, great fuck. Smoker, HIV Negative, dominant/passive as necessary, seeks self supporting son, 25-35, into family life. All replies answered. Your photo gets mine. Write: E.S. Blake, 2216 Laburnum Ave., Charlotte, NC 28205 (B-12/88)

GWM, 68, LOVING, TIRED OF BEING LONELY: Semi-retired, hung, cut, well educated, gentle-to-hot, seronegative, affectionate, 6', 175#, balding. Seeks: man of comparable age, any race, uncut, articulate, ready to explore commitment potentials. I'm tired of playing games and am looking for and ready to give resourceful love and tenderness. Write: BRIGHTSTAR (L-12/88)

TRIANGLE: 50, distinguished, educated, occasional couch potato, desires contacts in area. Hairy, bearish, desires COLONEL type (SWAN OCT. p.32), or COLONEL himself. Wow! What a man! Any RAM subject would be a plus. Safe--no Greek! Write: Scotch-Irish, P.O. Box 15824, Durham, NC 27704. (G-2/89)

OHIO

AKRON/CANTON AREA: GWM, 5'-10", 210#, 56, rugged, muscular, uncut thick, partially bald with grey/brown fringe, moderately hairy, man's man and SWAN model. Don't smoke or drink. Looking for an honest, caring, clean, trustworthy, big hearted, mature, father type, who is looking for an ultimate relationship. Write: BLUEBIRD (P13-12/88)

OLDER SEEKS OLDER: Early retired white male, 58 years old, 5'-8", brown hair and eyes, 180#, seeks manly men over 60 for friendship and A/P French, with some Greek. Must be clean with a good sense of humor. Write: Fred Barrett, Box 81406, Cleveland, OH 44181. (B-4/89)

ATTENTION COCKLOVERS: GWM, 69, 5'-9", 140, 6-1/2" cut, hot and horny French A/P, wants to hear from or meet other guys--single or couples--who love cock as much as I do. Uncut and hung a plus. Photo and phone, please. Cleveland area. Write: CEARCE. (C-12/88)

OKLAHOMA

LAWTON: 38 year old exec seeks 50+, heavy/hairy, fatherly friend. I am 5'-11", 250#, very smooth skin, glasses, blond hair. Limited travel possible. Relationship possible. Your photo gets mine. Write: Dennis, P.O. Box 403, Lawton, OK 73502 (R-4/89)

OREGON

OREGON/WASHINGTON/WEST COAST: GWM, non smoker, 56, 5'-8", 155#, lite brown hair, blue eyes, good bod, 6" medium thick/cut. Has non-sexual relationship with lover. Would like to meet man in similar situation, non-promiscuous type, for ongoing safe-sex buddy/friendship. I'm Greek active, primarily, but versatile. Will exchange nude pictures. Love the outdoors, skiing, swimming, hiking. Write SWAN READER, P.O. Box 387, Clackamas, OR 97015 (Portland Area) (W09-4/89)

PENNSYLVANIA

PA/NATIONWIDE: I want to be dominated by an older male, up to age 85. Want someone virile, robust and intelligent--beer belly and hung big or thick is a plus. I am 43, 5'-10", black hair, Italian descent, ultra slender, delicate physique, youthful appearance and outlook, 6 1/2" uncut. My interests include art, music, literature, writing, history, the occult and finding a lasting friendship with a virile older mentor. My personality is on the shy, sensitive, bookish side. Write: Carl, P.O. Box 5, Saint Clair, PA 17970.

(A14-4/89)

EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA: GWM, 65, retired teacher/translator, 5'-8", 160#, 5" uncut, almost hairless body. Love reading, classical music, outdoors foreign languages/people. Liberal agnostic. Wanted slir sixty-niner, 30 to 40, permanent lover, with similar interests, self supporting. Send photo. Write: JFS, 41 S. Maple St., Mt. Carmel, PA 17851. (S-2/89)

RHODE ISLAND

CHUBBIES WANTED: GWM, 61, wants to meet chubb guys, over 250#, any age to 75. Send photo. Write Richard Judge, 460 Charles St., Apt. 1011, Providence RI 02904. (J04-6/89)

TENNESSEE

NASHVILLE: Black male, 47, 5'-9", 195 lbs, light complexion, brown eyes, dark brown hair, stocky build 6" uncut, public relations professional. Seeking a masculine man over 40, any race, who is versatile, yet not into kink or mind games. Be someone who enjoys the arts, sane music and spectator sports. Be on the sedate side and savvy about current events. Can travel within a radius of 250-300 miles on weekends. Write: SWAN SUBSCRIBER, 1199 Murfreesboro Rd., Apt. C-5 Nashville, TN 37217. (H29-12/88)

TEXAS

SOUTHEAST TEXAS: GWM couple, 67, 5'-10", 175# and 54, 6'-4", 200#. Looking for friends and J/C buddies. Californians temporarily working in Texas. We like beach movies, gay video, books, letters, photos. Write: B & J, P.O. Box 280, Wadsworth, TX 77483 (T04-12/88)

NORTH TEXAS: GWM, 42, stocky, nice looking, French only or J/O with masculine men, late fifties, 60's, 70's and up. No limit. Especially like white hair and/or moustaches or beards! Live with 79 year old prof love -three ways fun too! Dallas-Ft. Worth area or travel: to Dallas. We are both HTLV Neg. Love theater, good restaurants, congenial friends. We are non-smokers social drinkers. Write: Jim Bennett, 1705 E. Collins Blvd. Richardson, TX 75081. (B22-12/88)

TEXAS SACK 'N SADDLE MAN: 53, 5'-8", 135#, WM masculine rugged lookin' former USMC "grunt," truck driver, pro rodeo (14 years), looks for 'em 40's through 60's who suck 'n 69. Not Greek Active or Passive. No fems, overweight, drunks, "beauties," dir or drugs. No J/O or collect calls. White only. If you are at ease around and in hat, boots, blue jeans, barr stalls, pick up trucks, the country 'n others who would

circle suck, in laps, call Dub at (817) 338-1460 (or 370-2045). Write w/photo to: Dub Martin, P.O. Box 3343, Ft. Worth, TX 76147. (M30-2/89)

HOUSTON/NATIONWIDE: Sharp, masculine, urbane, good looking, in shape, HIV negative, 55 year old W/M, silver/hazel, 5'-10", 165#. I enjoy intimacy, home, travel, music, movies. I'm looking for a man in his 40's or 50's, HIV negative, affectionate, caring, loyal, top. Take a chance. Send photo and letter to: LIMOSA (L-12/88)

THE LAST ROMANTIC IN TEXAS? 57, newly out GWM seeks loving friends or friend as lover. 6 feet, balding white hair, green eyes, 205#, cut 5.5, hairy. Friends say, "Youthful mind and attitude and 'pretty' face." Masculine, USNR retiree, professional, moral, widely traveled Viet Nam vet. Like most scenes but need mutuality of feelings--not sex, but "lovemaking." HIV negative. Strongly nurturing, like people, massage, Judaism, travel, videos, the arts, out of doors. My job requires discretion. Write and tell me about YOU. You are Latin, Asian, white, short or tall, 40-65. Write: Richard J. McLean, P.O. Box 4171, Beeville, TX 78104-171. (M-4/89)

DALLAS/FT. WORTH/NATIONWIDE SEEKING SON: Handsome, healthy, hot DAD, youthful 47, firm body, 60#. Seeks attractive, straight-acting, healthy, well-built young man, 20-35, for long-term relationship. You must be affectionate, honest, caring and romantic as I am. Please, no drugs or heavy drinkers. Trim and masculine only. Financial assistance/moving expenses possible. Privacy/discretion. Please call Danny (817) 60-4899, leave message or write with photo to: Danny, 2323 St. Gregory, Arlington, TX 76013. (L-12/88)

UTAH

RETIRED BEAR: GWM, 67, 5'-11", 185#, silver crew cut hair and crop beard, salt/pepper stache, hairy, beer belly, 6-1/2 X fat 5-1/2 inches, SWAN model (October). Welcum mat out for 21 to? Love to share the pleasures of the male body. Photo exchange for this hot, horny, hairy dude. Robert N. Chalker, 476 E. South Temple, #194, Salt Lake City, UT 84111 (C-10/90)

NEED DISCIPLINE? 59, 5'-11", 230, 5 1/2" uncut, WM, into F/G A/P, CP, WS, CBTT, AT and Kink, seeks submissives. Also corresponds and works by mail/phone. Safe Sex as mutually agreed. Write: K.W., P.O. Box 1618, Ogden, UT 84402 (W22-2/89)

VIRGINIA

IDEWATER AREA: GWM, 48, 5'-9", 200, husky, very masculine with beer belly, would love to rub bellies or

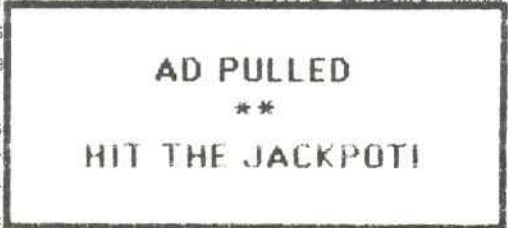
whatever with men, 40+, 250+. Am looking for fun, not a relationship and am into lite S & M and tit play. Your nude photo gets mine. See my photo on page 59 of the August issue. Write: SPITFIRE (M-10/89)

WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON STATE: Horny, dentured senior, 66, 5'-9", 180#, gray hair, french and greek A/P, mostly bottom. Possible relationship, any age. I am unable to relocate. Sex is not something to find, but a feeling to be shared. Write: Frank, P.O. Box 110772, Tacoma, WA 98411. (C07-12/88)

SEATTLE AREA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 47, 5'-10", 180#, husky, friendly, amorous, bearish, would like to tangle moustaches with a man of similar attributes in my age bracket (40-60). John Breadstill, 1605 - 12th Ave. #30, Seattle, WA 98122, (206) 322-3820. NATIONWIDE: Send me a letter containing your sexual fantasies illustrated with nude photos and I'll reciprocate with story/nude photos. (B-12/89)

SEATTLE BIG BUNS BIG TITS HORNY: W/M seeking friends who can appreciate a big 3, 5'-8", 240# guy who enjoys pleasuring with and welcomes world wide reciprocation. Market St., Seattle (H-8/89)



OLDER SEEKS YOUNGER: Washington State/Nationwide. GWM, 54, 5'-10", 165#, Black/Blue, seeks up to 32 year old, slender, attractive, affectionate man for 1 to 1 relationship. If you are not into bars, booze and drugs and ready, willing and able to relocate to small city, I would like to hear from you. Write with phone number to: R.J., Rt. 3, Box 3188, Prosser, WA 99350. (J-12/88)

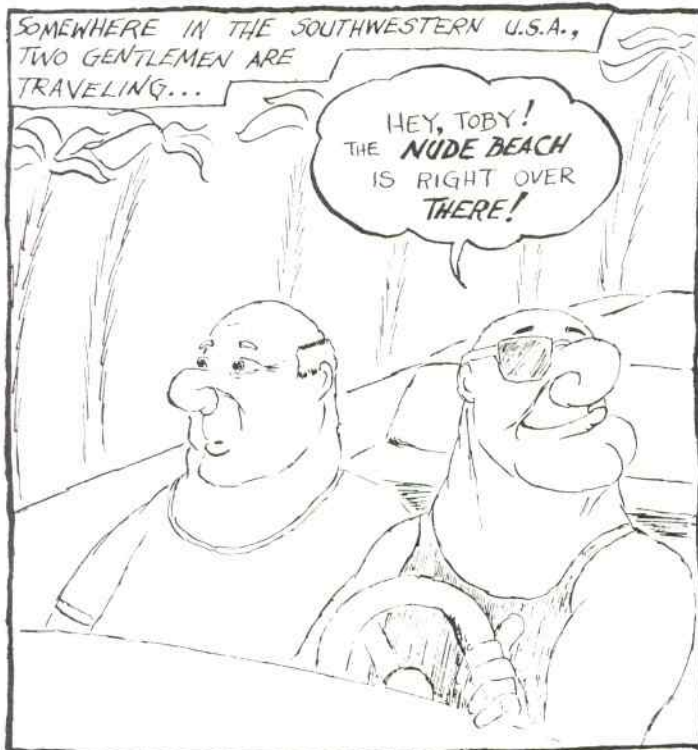
NORTHWEST: WM, 64, 5'-10", 164#, nice bod, uncut slender 6", family man, super-discreet, retired, educated, good personality. Love cuddling, massage, 69, etc. Wants to exchange letters, pics with WM 60+, white hair a plus. Must be discreet. Prefer less heavy build and more masculine types. Write: DUCK (D-12/88)

WEST VIRGINIA

DEEP IN RURAL AMERICA: Lonely farmboy, 39, brown/brown, beard, 6'-1", 190#, orally attracted to 40 throu 85+. Looks, physical condition and cock size are unimportant. Friends and partners wanted. No phone calls. Write: Chuck Jackson, R-83, Box 68, Ellenboro, WV 26346. (J05-4/89)

GOLDEN GOODIES

by QUETZAL



GOLDEN GOODIES

by
QUETZAL



OLDER SEEKS YOUNGER: GWM, 48, look younger, 5'-11", 155#, reddish blond hair, romantic, sincere, fem. Enjoy the homelife, TV, soft music. Seek a lasting, one to one relationship with GWM, under 28, slender, healthy, attractive, easy going, romantic, affectionate, caring, who enjoys the homelife. No drugs or drags, or bar scene. Let's both blend our lives together into a oneness of joy and beauty. Write: DAVID (H-12/88)

WISCONSIN

WISCONSIN DELLS AREA: GWM, 67, 5'-9 1/2", 150#, blue eyes, greying hair, wirey/muscular, well hung, outdoorsman. Have a great sense of humor but no one to spring it on, at present. Will be SWAN writer and model soon. Seek masculine, mature man to share good times with. Write: STARTHROAT. (S22-4/89)

WISCONSIN: W/M, 60, 5'-11", 230#, white hair, blue eyes, uncut. Seeks contacts anywhere for friendship and possible relationship. To retire soon; relocation possible. I am loyal (last relationship over 20 years). Uninterested in bars, screaming parties, bitch-talk. Discretion, sincerity, masculinity, cleanliness are magnets. Nudity, cut, full dentures are pluses. Minuses: S/M, drugs, smoke, fems, rock music. All letters with photo answered. Write: MELOSPIZA (M-8/89)

MILWAUKEE AREA: GWM, sexy senior citizen, 63, 6', 235#, completely shaved, heavy set body, bald, glasses, nudist, horny, active, passive, affectionate, nipple man. Love to visit and have visitors. Gladly exchange photos. All answered. Write: Alfons Pekrul, 1671 S. 59th St., West Allis, WI 53214. (P-2/89)

CANADA

GET TO KNOW A NEIGHBOR: Horny, aggressive, retired Canadian, living in Vancouver, B.C., 65, 6'-1", 190#, wants to correspond with/meet Western seniors, heavy-set (stout), bald or grey. I like opera, Country and Western, square dancing. I'm healthy, keep in shape and travel extensively. I am sexually versatile and enjoy erotic correspondence. Write: HIRONDELLE (J05-2/89)

TAN MY HIDE, DAD! 44 year old, 5'-9", 135#, ringed, pierced, horny, hairy bottom stud with 5-1/2" uncut meat. Looking for 50's to 60's DAD into leather, denim, light S/M, B/D, W/S, T/T, nude wrestling, feet, A/P French, A/P Greek, classical music, art, antiques, pets, bicycling, gardening and nude workouts. I'll submit to silver mounted/bearded, balding, pipe-smoking, foxy DADDY. Hot sex and undying friendship offered, can travel and relocate. AIDS Free! Write: Brian Patrick Richmond, P.O. Box 232, Ridgetown, Ontario, N0P 2C0, CANADA. (519) 674-0692. (R-12/88)

INTERNATIONAL

AUSTRALIA: Australian, living in Sydney, who has crept stealthily beyond the middle years, well preserved and active in all senses of the word, if a little overweight. Lived many years in Europe, familiar with the best in literature and the arts. Would like to hear from Americans, 25-45. Integrity, intelligence and the ability to disagree without rancor important. Reply to "Ottumwa", 29 Milson Rd., Cremorne, Sydney 2090 AUSTRALIA. Replies assured and photo and biography appreciated. (R19-12/88)

AUSTRALIA: Sincere, GWM, mature Leo, 60, 5'-9", 190#, smoker and whisky drinker--no drugs and non scene. No Freudian base, was fortified by Catholic faith, civilised, --Mozart, 55 to 70, any Tor, and 4272 AUSTRALIA 22-12/88

AD PULLED

TOO MANY REPLIES!

ENGLAND: Sincere, early retired 58, 5'-7", 182#, seeks penfriends from anywhere, ages 70 to 80. I can travel or entertain in England. Chubbies a plus. Your photo gets mine. Write: WEAVER FINCH. (Note: Stamp inside envelope with 45 cents postage) (W-12/88)

ENGLISHMAN: 41, 5'-8", 200#, black/greying hair, healthy, masculine, seeks American friends. I like over 55, short, stocky, stout, clean-shaven, hairy-bodied grey-haired, sexually active, masculine men, but will answer all over 60. Correspond initially, become friends, visit England? I would relocate to America for right man. Also, any SWAN readers wishing to visit England, write: Ray Hambley, Stratford House, 2 Hamilton Road, Boscombe, Bournemouth, BH1 4EC ENGLAND. (H-6/89)

AARON NEEDS MODELS!

North Hollywood artist seeks models 55 and up, most sizes/shapes--but especially "mature."

Do you have a fantasy that needs visualizing? I enjoy creating explicit ideas for those who can't find their tastes on the bookstands.

Write: AARON



SPITFIRE.....photo by Ghostjumper

'TILL IT HURTS

BY KENN RICHIE

I'm one of those demented souls who loves mail of virtually every sort. I'm delighted that K-Mart remembers me weekly. Somehow, I've managed to get my name on the most amazing assortment of cocamamie mailing lists known to the advertising industry! I receive a great many charity pitches, most or many of which make me feel sad that I cannot afford to respond. I wish they hadn't used even the bulk rate postage on me, for I haven't a buck to send back to help them buy more postage, let alone hope a few pennies filter down to the crippled kids.

In recent months, I have been sorry to see more and more gay causes using such costly means of asking for my donations. We were once a close knit (albeit oft closeted) community with a disarmingly effective mass communications device known as the grapevine. GOSSIP! If there was a need, we heard about it and took care of it without having to resort to Madison Avenue techniques. Now, it seems, the needs, causes, projects and demands of our gay society so outweigh our willingness or ability to give, that these groups are virtually forced to engage in competition for our support.

Unlike the charitable needs of society in general, there is a pronounced and rather emphatic lack of money available for any cause labeled "gay" from such sources as government, organized religion or corporation grants. These gifts abound for groups geared to serve the heterosexual elderly, for example, but.... ahmmmm.... maybe not so much for gay and lesbian senior organizations like PROJECT RAINBOW or SAGE. Millions are given to restore arts treasures and films, but not so much for the Gay Archives, a project that stands to become one of THE most important historic treasures of our century!

Some intelligent heterosexuals (there are a few) are beginning to realize that AIDS is not exclusively a gay disease, but if the Corporation's public relations "image" stands behind its tax loophole grants, they are thankful to have Cancer research handy as an alternative. Perhaps, someday, if our archives, historians and publications survive, the world may see that it was the gay community that rallied to the threat of a new plague immediately, and poured forth its labors and its dollars to act quickly. The gay community, while in the midst of its own tragedy, sacrificed and did more to educate, warn and halt the spread of the nightmare through society in general than all other sources combined. The gay people continue to do so, because the need is great, while the very fact that they do prompts others to hesitate in fear of their "images" or that it might cost them votes among those less intelligent who

still believe it to be a gay disease.

The nightmare of AIDS has strained....perhaps should say DRAINED the gay world of its ability to give. The very sight of some of our groups having to resort to more sophisticated fund raising techniques is evidence of that. An even darker indication is the continued and increased attacks from "outside." When the likes of LaRouche so confidently pours millions into an initiative against us, you can be assured he's given thought to our ability to raise funds for an effective campaign to defeat his outrageous measure.

Once upon a time, my mailbox provided a pitfall from one of those television and theme park oriented religions, suggesting that the door to the next world would open to me only if I'd tithe ten percent of my income to its Holy works. Elsewhere in its brochure there was reference to the war against homosexuals as one of those efforts. I responded by immediately checking my records to be sure I was tithing at least ten percent of my meager income to those groups who served in the army fighting on my side of that war. At first tithing sounded like an impossible goal, and even the notion that ten percent of nearly nothing isn't a great amount didn't make it appear any easier. When I considered again that those who were my enemies were financed by tithing followers, I found it a simple and good feeling habit to forward at least ten percent of every check I receive to one or more of the gay causes that serve me so well in protecting my rights, fighting for my freedom, or helping my brothers in need.

The need, however, goes beyond those of the unrecognized and officially registered "non-profit" groups. Because we are doing so much to fight the world's problems of AIDS, not only are our own non-AIDS causes suffering, but virtually our society as a whole. Now, more than ever, there is an urgent need to give serious attention and application to the "Buy Guy" slogan and philosophy.

Alas, there are some who exploit our being anxious to trade among ourselves, and one should be wary about shopping exclusively in a gay marketplace. I'll not pay more for inferior merchandise, simply because a rainbow flag is hung in the window. But there are gay owned businesses which strive sincerely and honestly to better serve our needs. These receive not only my patronage, but my effort of telling friends and spreading the word of their worthy labors. I hope to help them grow the old fashioned way....through gossip.

Perhaps because I am a writer of sorts, the aforementioned need we have to support our gay archives, to record the turmoil of our times for history, and to keep healthy and prosperous those publishers who care for us, takes precedence within my budget.

As Christmas is upon us, I saw a rather nice shirt at one of the large corporation department store chain outlets. It is one of those companies with a board of directors who will carefully avoid any gay charities when the tax man says it's grant giving time. I'm sure my friend would like to find that shirt under the tree

ut, at the same time, there are other things he might
e as well.

Would you think me an incredible, all-seeing
sychic if I guessed that somewhere on the pages of this
sue of SWAN, our beloved editor, Pat, has managed to
ention that it's not too late to Christmas gift a friend
ith a subscription?

LATE ARRIVING ADS

TLANTA: W/M, 47, 6'-2", 215#, grey/brown hair,
lue eyes, masculine, sincere, discreet. Like music,
avel, quiet times, cooking and all the things there are
o enjoy in life. I would like to meet a more mature,
tocky, person, any location worldwide. Photo, if
ossible. Write: OSPREY. (P-4/89)

CHICAGO AREA/NATIONWIDE--SON LOOKING FOR
ATHER FIGURE: GWM, 32, 6'-4", 185#, stable,
iscreet, mustache, hairy chest. Looking for older gent
10-65), who is hairy, tall (stocky a plus), intelligent,
mantic and masculine. Besides great sex, I crave
our wisdom, advice and maturity. Sincere only, write
ith photo to: RUFF. (R-12/88)

HUNGRY, PASSIONATE 60 YEAR OLD: My fate is to be
arried, 60 years old, gay as can be, 230 pounds, 6
ot, grey hair/blue eyes and now, without a man to
ve my considerable love. Being married has its limits,
ecause I can't travel to you. My daytimes and
aturdays are generally free. I am very, very loving
nd tender, and like to hold and kiss. Very much French
P, but open to other pleasures my bed-mate might
ish. Any age is acceptable. If you are young, middle
ged or mature and want a devoted love-mate with my
nitations, please write. All letters answered. A photo
ways appreciated. A phone number, if possible.
rite: Tom Williams, P.O. Box 2845, Fayetteville, NC
3302. (W-12/88)

OCKY MOUNTAIN TOMCAT EATS BIRDS: GWM, 61, 5'-
, 200#, brown/gray hair, blue eyes, glasses, 6" cut,
3" hairy chest/belly, pecs, clean shaven, masculine,
ean, presentable, pipe smoker, affectionate, congenial,
rsatile, discreet. Retired professional, can travel.
P French/Greek. Like porn, puzzles, petting. Seek
ean, amiable, honest, mature white/Black/Latin, no
ard, for safe sex. No rough stuff. Photo, if possible.
rite: Jimbo, 8356 W. 90th Ave., Broomfield, CO
0020. (B-2/89)

ASHINGTON/NATIONWIDE RETIRED PROFESSIONAL:
WM, 69, 5'-11", 173#. Enjoy cuddle, French A/P,
eatre, home, dining, travel, safe sex. Seeks younger
r monogamous relationship. No drugs or excessive
cohol. Prefer non-smoker. Photo gets mine. Help
locating. Write: S.K., P.O. Box 20451, Seattle, WA
1102. (K-12/88)

DOWNSTATE ILLINOIS: GWM, 59, 5'-10", 170#,
interested in friendship and possible monogamous
relationship based on shared love and mutual respect
with person of similar characteristics. Enjoy a clean,
comfortable and attractive home with many outside
interests and hobbies. You must be discreet, loving, and
willing to work at building an enduring relationship. No
alcohol, drugs or kinky activities. All responses with
photo will be answered. Confidentiality guaranteed.
Write: SEARCHER. (F-12/88)

NATIONWIDE/PERMANENT LOVER ONLY: Fat GWM, 48, 6
foot, 320 pounds, wants underweight lover. Any looks,
any age, poor doesn't matter, friendly is a plus, slim is
a plus, skinny--two plusses, 95 years old doesn't
matter at all if you're loveable. If you're in a
wheelchair and loveable, that's fine. Photo and letter
to: Chuck Jones, P.O. Box 33336, Coon Rapids, MN
55433. I love you! I'm very lonesome. Are you?
(J-12/88)

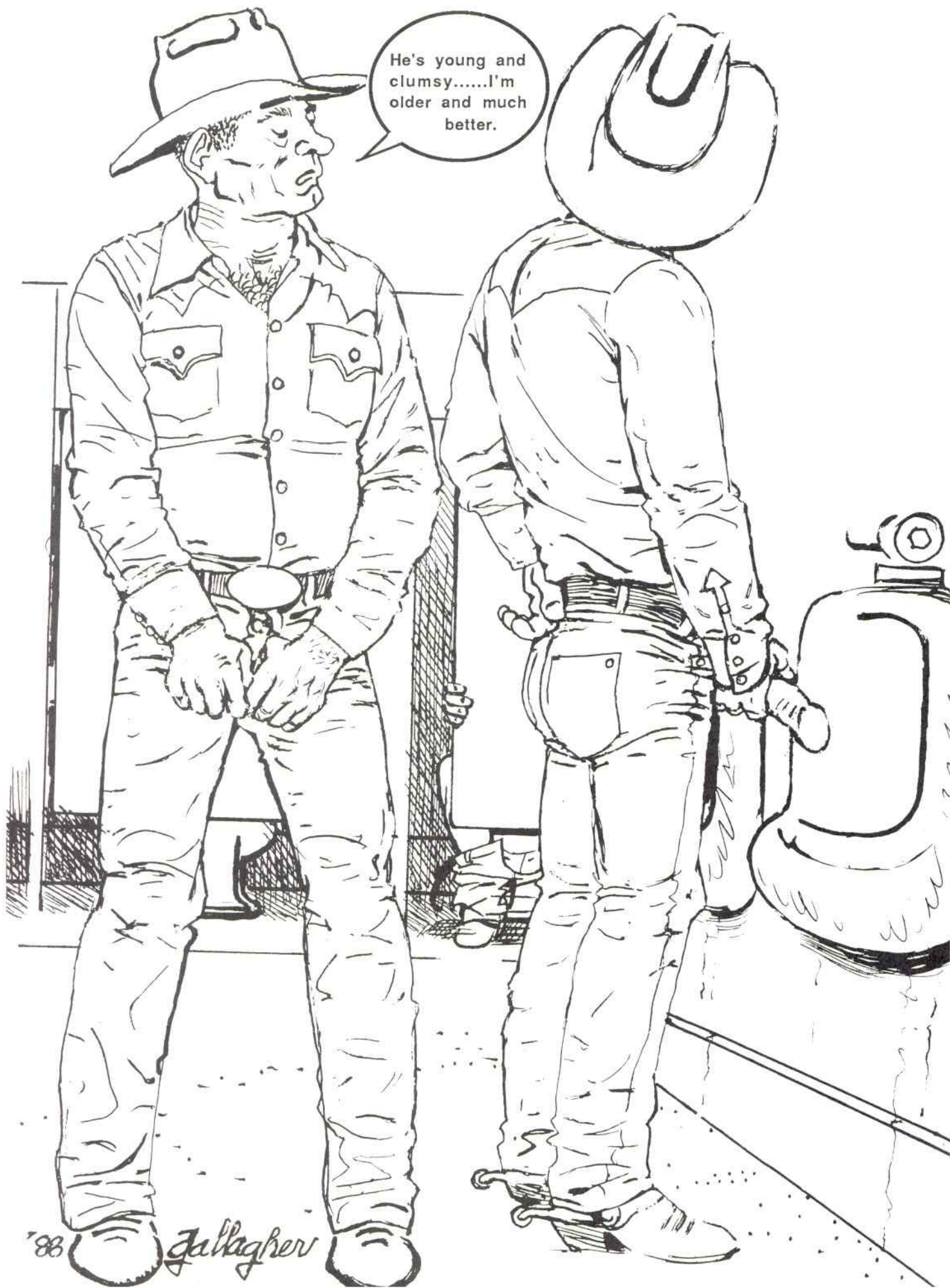
WASHINGTON AND WEST COAST: GWM, 56, 6'-2",
180#, blue eyes. Don't smoke or use drugs and not into
bar scene. Looking for heavy set men over 65. Like
them hung thick with big mushroom head. Love white
hair, grey hair, no hair. Big belly a plus. Send photo.
Write: MUSHROOM. (H-12/88)

VIDEO CORNER--PART II

Wanted: A copy of all SWAN videos. Also interested in
videos of older men, 55 and up. I have an original copy
of "Never Too Old" to trade, but will pay a fair price for
home videos. Please send photo of subject on video and
price. VHS only. Write: THRASHER. (VC-12/88)

RAYNOR'S MOTOR LODGE

A modern motel in the heart of the
White Mountain Recreation Area
for discreet gays who like mixed
company. We are located along
the Gale River in the picturesque
village of Franconia, NH. Ski
Cannon Mountain with Pete or
simply enjoy our mountain views.
Restaurant and lounge adjacent.
Call 1-800-634-8187



He's young and clumsy.....I'm older and much better.



SURPRISE ENCORE.....THE COLONEL.....photo by KENT JUSTICE
by extraordinarily noisy popular demand!

IN CLOSING

We process up to 100 pieces of mail daily and most of it contains either completed forms or favorable, positive letters. Too often, though, the letters are sickeningly hateful and saturated with bigotry, sarcasm and, sometimes, madness. People tell me to ignore these letters, but I can't. They disturb me to my core and, coupled with all the negative correspondence I see published in other publications, it becomes evident that we are indeed our own worst enemies. But don't listen to me, because I can't possibly say it as profoundly as the wonderful young man who wrote the following letter:

"Gentlemen: I would like to reflect on some of my thoughts in regards to your publication. To put these reflections in perspective, I would like to give you some background information on myself. I am a 28 year old Catholic Monk, who also happens to be gay. I am deeply involved and committed to the struggle for the eventual emancipation of gay men and lesbian women. In the past years, as I have moved within the gay community, I have noticed and been hit with the rampant judgmentalism and prejudice which is so much a part of our community. This includes to a high degree, prejudice against older members. Once I recognized this prejudice, I recognized that I too knew very little about the older members of our community. I then set about the task of educating myself as to the contributions, ideals and visions of the older members of our community. Sadly to say, there was not much available on the subject of the older gay person, then I came upon your advertisement for SWAN. In the past few years, I have noticed a definite lack of balance within the gay community. I feel this stems from the fact that we don't really have a sense of our flowing history as a people--not a who's who of history, but a sense of the continuity of gay persons throughout history. The major indication of this is the sense that gay history starts with the Stonewall riots. I see your publication as having the potential for bringing to light this kind of history for the younger generation. My own education and appreciation of the older generation of gays had been much enhanced by your publication, and I look forward to more in the years to come. I encourage you to use the resources you already have to bring to light and share and educate the younger generation, which is in great need of the

contributions older gay people have made in the years gone past, and the years to come for the matter. In the circles I run with, I constantly harp to the fact that until we embrace ALL members of our community (older gays have become a part of the implied population), we cannot expect straight society to embrace and recognize any of us. We must stand united if we are to stride forward in pride and dignity. Your generation has much to offer mine in ways of patience and wisdom, which partners well with our youthful enthusiasm and idealism in forwarding our cause for emancipation. Your magazine does a great job of bringing dignity and care to the older gay person. It's interesting, but I see your magazine as more of a support group or "family" update than as a sex magazine. It seems to me that you have integrated well the many elements of the human person (including sexuality) and the many needs and interests of the older person in particular. On a more personal note, your love and care for your readers is very apparent and seeps out of the pages of your publication. Your own dedication is quite edifying for me, and I offer all my prayers and support to your continued dedication to bringing love, care, dignity, and entertainment to your readership. This year, my community found itself in a financial crunch and we were each asked to cut our personal budgets. At first, I was tempted to drop my subscription to SWAN, but then after reflecting on the many positive elements I have gained over the past year from your publication, I realized that I couldn't end this educational process I have begun. In closing, thank you for your dedication and efforts to bring our older brothers and their very real contributions out of the closet and into the minds of my generation. Thank you for taking part in my own education to the contributions, stories, and visions of the older gay person. Most importantly, thanks for the very real service you do for all the older gay brothers who you reach. All my prayers and support.

Brother M.S.

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

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

PERSONAL ADS

THE EXPRESS PURPOSE OF THESE ADS IS TO AID OUR SUBSCRIBERS IN FINDING FRIENDS AND MATES. SWAN TAKES NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR ANY UNDESIRABLE RELATIONSHIP OR INCIDENT RESULTING FROM THESE ADS AND URGES ALL OUR SUBSCRIBERS TO USE CAUTION AND COMMON SENSE. WE WILL SCREEN ALL ADS AND REFUSE TO PRINT ANY AD WHICH, IN OUR OPINION, IMPLIES DECEIPT, FRAUD OR PERIL. WE CANNOT, HOWEVER, CONTROL OR MONITOR REPLIES TO SUBSCRIBERS' ADS.

VALID COMPLAINTS ABOUT ADVERTISERS WHO FAIL TO ANSWER REPLIES ARE COMPILED AND ABUSERS ARE DENIED ADVERTISING SERVICES.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR WRITING TO ADVERTISERS WITH CODEWORDS (AS WELL AS MODELS, WRITERS AND ARTISTS):

1. Write your letter, return address it, stamp it and seal it.
2. In pencil, write the Codeword (SPARROW, GULL, AARON, KENN RICHIE, BUTCH, etc.) in the center of the envelope.
3. Your letter should then look like this:

Your Name & Address	Stamp
CROW	

4. Place your letter (or letters) inside a larger envelope.
 - a. If you are a subscriber, include no money.
 - b. If you are not a subscriber, include \$1.00 for each letter you want forwarded.
5. Mail to: SWAN, 4864 LUNA #191, PHELAN, CA 92371.

NOTE: LETTERS NOT MEETING THE ABOVE SPECIFICATIONS WILL BE DESTROYED OR RETURNED. WE WILL NOT FORWARD AT OUR EXPENSE.

PERSONAL AD FORM

PERSONAL ADS ARE FOR SUBSCRIBERS ONLY!

NOTE NEW RATES!

All personal ads are priced at 20 cents per word, with a minimum order of \$ 5.00. If you want a codeword assigned to your ad and have your mail forwarded to you, add \$2.00 for each issue your ad will appear in. Please fill out all the following spaces:

THE NAME WE KNOW YOU AS: _____ AD DURATION: _____ Issues

AD HEADING: (all caps) _____

MESSAGE: (Use attachment if more space needed.) _____

AD CLOSING: (If requesting codeword, state any fictitious one word name here. If codeword has already been assigned, we will assign you another. If you want replies mailed to you directly, use real name, alias or initials, followed by mailing address. Do not use "Occupant" or "Box Holder" with P.O. boxes or drop boxes) _____

PRICING: _____ Words @ 20 cents/word X _____ Issues = \$ _____
Codeword - _____ Issues @ \$2.00 = \$ _____
Total \$ _____

I hereby authorize SWAN to publish the above ad, and I take full responsibility for any resulting relationship or incident. (Sign) _____

Mail to: SWAN, 4864 LUNA #191, PHELAN, CA 92371

NOTE: The deadline for receipt of ads for the February 89 issue is December 15, 1988.

ORDER FORM

Yes, I want to subscribe! Please send me the next six (6), bi-monthly issues, beginning with the _____ issue, at the following rate (check applicable):

Note: If you are resubscribing, check here: ☐

☐ North America - Prior to 12/31/88: \$32.00 (Includes FIRST CLASS postage). Note: 2 years: \$60.00

- After 12/31/88: \$34.55 (Includes FIRST CLASS postage).

☐ Elsewhere - \$50.00 (Includes AIR MAIL postage).

NOTE: THE FOLLOWING ITEMS ARE RESERVED FOR SWAN SUBSCRIBERS ONLY.

☐ Yes, I want your JANUARY '88 Special Issue, which contains 99 pages of nerve-frying, ass-puckering photos, artwork and fiction, designed to drive me insane. Features models like SYRINX, ROB DADEO (his final performance), KENT JUSTICE, THE COLONEL, JOE & HARRY, K.C. AND THE COB in the type of action you only dreamed of. Features the artwork of AARON, RAM, SCORPIO and QUETZAL and presents, in its entirety, P.H. COLLEY's popular, sizzling novel, BARNEY, which burns on the pages with illustrations by AARON. All this for the special **REDUCED** price of \$15.50. Includes FIRST CLASS postage for North America. Add \$3 for Air Mail Overseas. Note: Now available in **ALL STATES**, provided that the statement is signed on the reverse hereof.

☐ But of **course**, I want your long awaited SEPTEMBER 88 Special Issue! I want to see what everyone is talking about and experience the best erotic masterpiece ever done on mature men. Over 50 photographs, including (gulp!) **ACTION SHOTS** of THE COLONEL & THE PROFESSOR, BOB & MOE (from Australia), JOE & HARRY, EDUARDO & BIG MAC, SONNY & FRIEND, SYRINX & FRIEND and THE CHIEF & THE FRIAR. Also, more solo photos of BOB/NYC, SWALLOW and HORNED TOAD, and new, scorching drawings by KENT JUSTICE, QUETZAL, JOHN R, EBB AND AARON--PLUS--the most outrageously provocative drawing RAM has ever done. If this one won't knock you on your ass, a truck won't! You want truly MIND BLOWING fiction? Wait until you read J.P. WILLIAMS' SMALL TAX WARNINGS. Also includes wonderful fiction by BILL HARRIS, WILD BILL and JAY ARNOLD, along with valuable articles by XYLOPHANG, KENN RICHIE and LEGAL EAGLE. AVAILABLE IN ALL STATES, PROVIDED THE RELEASE IS SIGNED BELOW--**ACT NOW BEFORE WE SELL OUT!** A STEAL AT \$12.95. Includes First Class postage. Add \$3.00 for Air Mail overseas.

BACK ISSUES (Subject to Availability):

☐ August, '87 -- This issue introduces ROB DADEO, BOBBY JOE, JOE BISHOP and SONNY. Also includes two outstanding drawings by AARON and RAM.

☐ October, '87 -- This blockbuster introduces super macho model, MR. THICK and features our version of "The Three Blind Mice," JAY, ED and JOHN. Also features EL CID, ROB DADEO and DUNE BUDDY.

☐ December, '87 -- Features KENT JUSTICE's smoldering photo of THE COACH and WILD BILL's super hung model, MIAMI MONSTER, along with P.H. COLLEY's great find, EL CID. Introduces new artist, SCORPIO.

☐ February, '88--Features scorching new models like HORNED TOAD and BRUISER and SERGEANT SAVAGE, along with super fiction by KENN RICHIE and poetry by MARSH CASSADY and RAPTOR.

☐ August, '88--Features JOE BISHOP, HORNED TOAD, SONNY, WILD BILL and THE COLONEL by popular demand, and introduces new models BOB/NYC, MICHAEL, SHAG, JOHN R. and SPITFIRE. Includes fiction by J.P. WILLIAMS, RAPTOR, KENN RICHIE and OCHO; poetry by LARRY KERNE, JONATHAN JAY and MARSH CASSADY; and incredible artwork by AARON, SCORPIO and RAM.

☐ October, 88--Features newcomer models FRITZ, BILL HOBBS, MIKE III, THE RED BARON, ADAM, THE SILVER BEAR and ERNIE--along with returns by THE COLONEL, SYRINX, BUTCH, BLUEBIRD AND EX LOGGER. Includes fiction by KENN RICHIE, MARSH CASSADY, OCHO and wonderful artwork by KENT JUSTICE, QUETZAL, RAM, SCORPIO, SKUA and AARON.

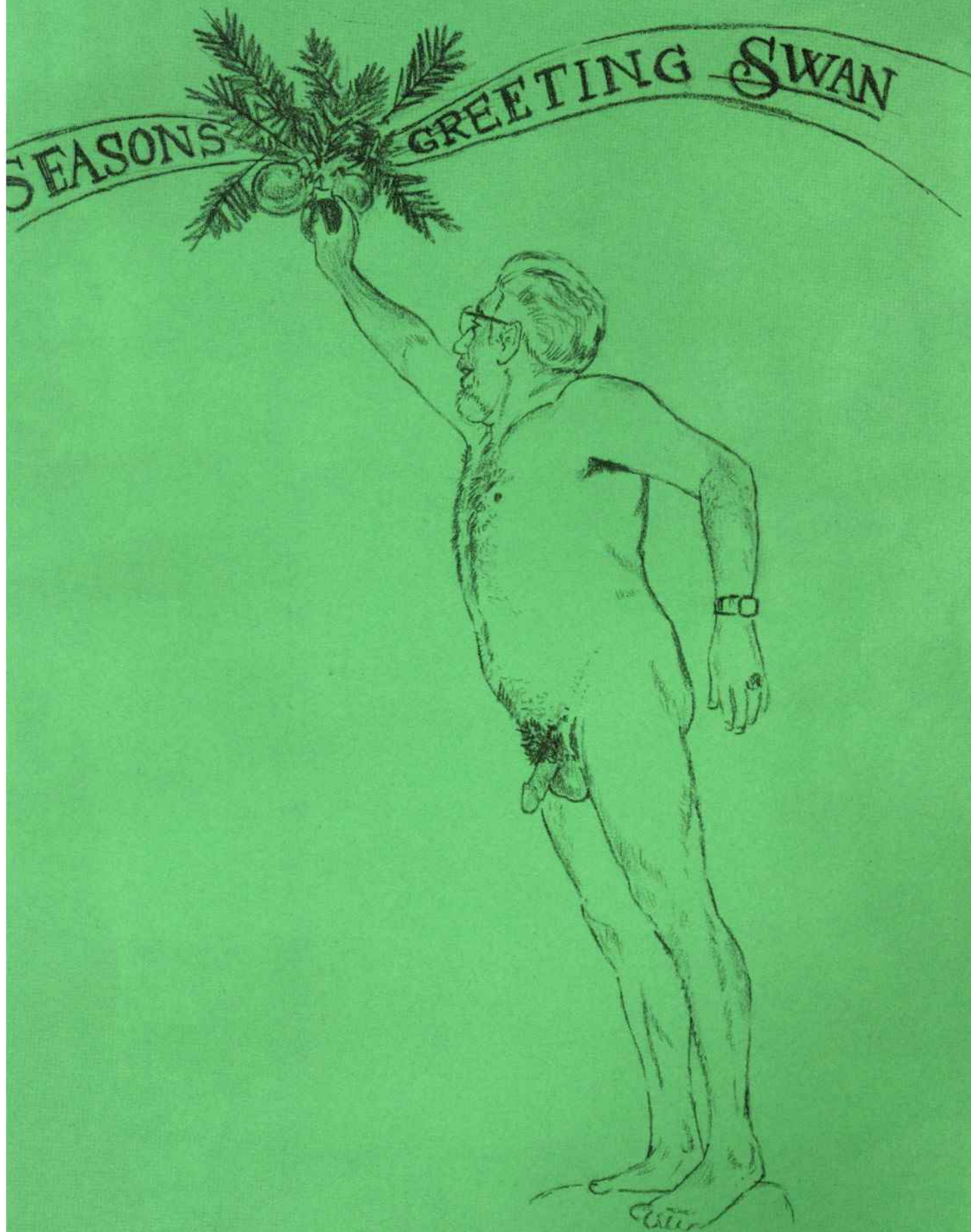
Note: All back issues sell for \$6.00 each and price includes FIRST CLASS postage. For AIR MAIL (other than North America), add \$3.00 each. CHECK ITEMS CHOSEN AND ENCLOSE CHECK OR MONEY ORDER (IN U.S. FUNDS ONLY), PAYABLE TO SWAN. MAIL TO: SWAN, 4864 LUNA #191, PHELAN, CA 92371.

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP: _____

I certify that I'm over 21 years of age and acknowledge that I am requesting sexual, gay oriented materials. I am not a law enforcement official, postal inspector or member of any censorship group. I will not exhibit this material to a minor or expose it to any person whose privacy or sensibilities might be offended. Signed: _____



SKUA

