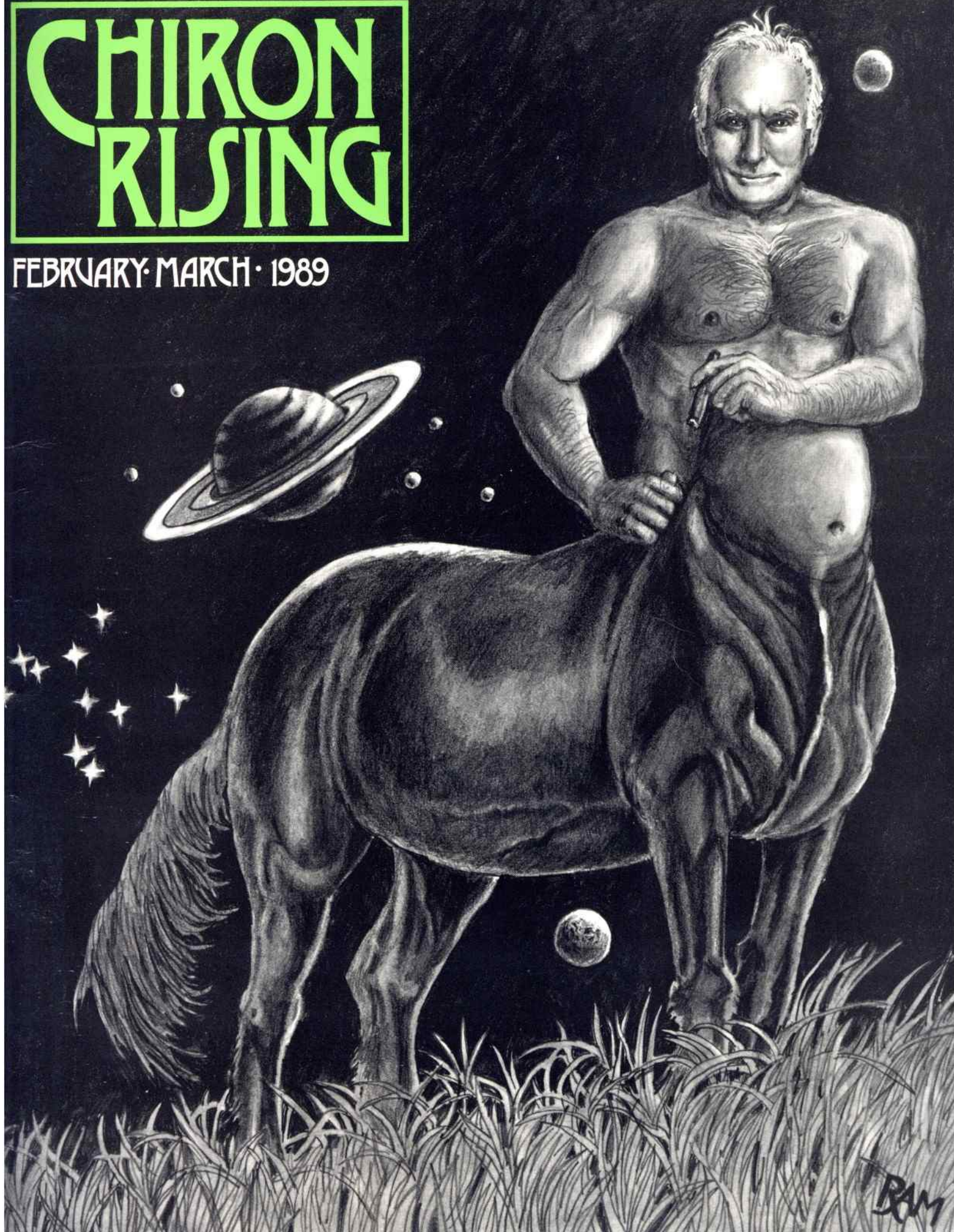


CHIRON RISING

FEBRUARY · MARCH · 1989



FORWARD

Well, here we go with a whole new look. We certainly hope that you enjoy it. For those of you who can't pronounce our new name, just say, "KY-RON." For those of you who haven't read our letter advising of the change, CHIRON was the mythological Chief of the Centaurs and the son of Saturn. Unlike the rowdy other Centaurs, CHIRON was universally regarded as kind, wise, noble and just. He was the original SILVER CENTAUR. The reason we chose such an unusual name was to minimize the chance of locking horns with another publication with a similar name. CHIRON RISING belongs to us....EXCLUSIVELY!

Prior to finalizing our new cover, we quietly conducted a contest and asked all our artists to submit a drawing of a "Silver Centaur." All but a couple submitted drawings--some of them spectacular--and we presented them to a panel of our contributors, who unanimously picked RAM's creation. We love them all, however, and will publish all the runners up. We're very proud of our new image and hope that you will love it as much as we.

In this issue we introduce two new writers, two new artists and NINE new models. EBB, like SHANE in the last issue, is a previously unpublished writer whose potential makes us giddy. SAM TOLAR is our sexy new literary critic. COYOTE is a magnificent young artist from Texas and BURT is a very talented artist from New York. Both are professional artists. As for the models.....well, see for yourself. As usual, all of our models are real Silver Centaurs who can be written to. None of them were paid a dime for modeling. They do it for love--along with the wild fan mail most of them get.

Those of you who think that our days are spent being very literary and creative, think again. The Friar doesn't take kindly to prima donnas and demands that equal time be given to the homestead. A lover of nature, Big Daddy went out and bought 60 trees,



then watched with a sadistic twinkle in his eye as I dug all the holes in two days. Then, there was the project of raking up the bulldozer-cleared 2 acre grounds, thoroughly peppered with bits and pieces of creosote roots. Followed by the redwood fence around the patio. And as I headed back for the sanctuary of the office, I was reminded of the planting of a garden, as he bellowed, "Sure you plant a goddamn garden in November. In Kentucky, we always planted a fall garden." Next was the new garage, followed by extra fencing to keep Sammi and Zelda--our animal shelter death-row-rescued "daughters"-- from eating all 60 trees, followed by more trees ("I never told you that was all!"). Then there was Zelda's required hysterectomy and the impossible task of curtailing her activities for a week. Of course, all of these little chores were interspersed with entertaining some very interesting house guests (10 in two months); doing photo sessions with those less shy house guests; driving 12 miles a day to do the mail run; and cooking all the meals. And as I sit here processing the February issue, The Friar is standing behind me, talking about things like a redwood extension to the garage, planting grass inside the extension, constructing new shelves inside the garage, installing a gravel driveway and....."By the way, I was thinking about putting up a windbreak to the west of the house. About thirty of so five gallon size pines should do the trick."

PAT AND THE FRIAR

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

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All correspondence received by CHIRON RISING is considered for publication in our LETTERS 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: CHIRON RISING, 4864 LUNA #191, PHELAN, CA 92371.

PUBLISHER/EDITOR
Patrick H. Colley

ASSOCIATE EDITOR/FINANCIAL OFFICER
The Friar

LETTERS

CHIRON RISING
(SWANat terminus)
4864 Luna #191
Phelan, CA 92371

February 1, 1989

Ms. Jeanette M. Loehr, Partner
Wood-Loehr Creations
DBA THE SWAN
P.O. Box 9639
Spokane, WA 99209

Dear Ms. Loehr,

We are in receipt of your attorney's letter stating that you had come across an ad for our magazine and that you feel that our magazine partially overlaps your market, resulting in "public confusion with respect to the identity and source of these publications." Your attorney went on to state that you had received trademark rights on April 1, 1986 (the date we first went on sale), which constituted constructive notice of your claim of ownership of the trademark THE SWAN. He warned: "willful infringement of the trademark rights established and registered by my client can subject you to money damages, an injunction, and possible award of attorney fees."

We regret that we didn't have the \$500 required to search and file for trademark like you did in 1986. We were naive (and poor) enough to assume that a private, exhaustive search was adequate and that if another gay publication had a similar name, they would contact us early in the game and we would work things out. We heard of your newsletter nearly a year after we had started publication, when one of our Washington subscribers told us of visiting you and telling you that there was a publication in Long Beach by the name of SWAN. Strange you didn't act then. We were erroneously advised that you had started publishing after we did, but you will note that we didn't run straight for an attorney. Why? Because we are an international entertainment magazine for older gay men and you are a local newsletter for gays and lesbians in Spokane, Washington--hardly a scenario for damages. How could we possibly be confused? How could we possibly hurt one another? Needless to say, the fact that you opted for going to your attorney first instead of us, told us quite a bit about you.

Partially for that reason, we decided not to call your bluff, because a lawsuit would throw us into

bankruptcy. We were urged to feel you out and see if you would sell us the right to use SWAN, but rejected that idea. You see, we feel that we have earned the moral right to use SWAN, having given three very difficult, lean years toward building up our name from a photocopy run of 100 to a press run of over 2,000. We therefore decided to bite the bullet and surrender to your insistence upon your legal rights--regardless of costs to others.

We have gone through outrageous expense, having to: fill out endless forms for the State and County; print all new checks and throw away a thousand useless ones; create new ads; send out newsletters; create a new logo and cover design; and take care of a multitude of little, costly things--**all while struggling to stay alive**. We won't even venture a guess at the damages associated with having to throw away a thriving, powerful image. We are a couple of tough little boys, however, and will overcome this obstacle and become even stronger.

WATCH.....

In ascension,
Patrick H. Colley, Publisher
CHIRON RISING

Dear Pat and The Friar: Please keep up the good work. I only wish that you could publish on a monthly format. The rest of the gay literary world is empty for me. As to my interests and prejudices: we can read all the sophomoric ranting and raving concerning political and social issues in every other gay publication. They are all conformists and demand that we be politically correct, or that we should suffer eternal self guilt for not following their enlightened philosophies. A small dose of Xylophang goes a long way also. Please avoid trying to please or satisfy any guilt trips laid on you by The ADVOCATE or any other publication. I love SWAN as it is. I would like to see an article soon concerning the special bars, baths and other meeting places for those with our interests. Readers could send in information about their localities. The best bar/restaurant in Florida is the **Palms** in Ft. Lauderdale. The surroundings are beautiful and the crowd has transferred from the closed **Rooftop**. The **City of Quebec** is a wonderful place for older and chubby gays in London. Berlin has **Der Paulchen** (The Oldtimer) and Munich has **Tadzlo** and the **Teddy Bar**. Cologne had 2 great places across the street from each other (**Valentin Bar** and **Vulcano Baths**). Does anyone know if these 2 places are still in operation? It would be a big help to those of us who are planning trips to receive information on our places. Also, quit trying to get all the older guys to retire to the California desert! We need more on the Florida Gulf Coast. The beach areas from New Port Richey to Fort Myers are pleasant places for the mature types. Housing costs are also

very modest here. If the Friar needs a new face to sit on, I am available. Yours, F.H./Florida

To Pat, the Staff and **Chiron Rising**: Any human community liberates itself, becomes stronger, through diversity and love. May we always carry that token, the "key" of our own brotherhood made flesh. Happy Holidays, fellows! G.E.L./New York

The following is an excerpt from a subscriber's letter in response to an ad in a Washington gay newspaper. The ad announced the formation of a personal growth therapy group for men 30 to 50:

.....I have wracked my brain for logical explanations as to why your little gatherings must exclude anyone over fifty. And only one really logical one works: you're building yourselves a little trick farm--and men over fifty are all obese and impotent and senile and generally gross; not good party flesh, of course, unless (giggle giggle) you happen to be a "wrinkle freak" or a "chubby chaser." Not only are you closing us out--and adding to the already abundant evidence that we are unwanted in the "gay community" or anywhere else in your lives--but you are cutting yourselves and your "young to moderately middle-aged" little clone-clutch off from a whole generation of human experience. JEEEEezuz! guys--have you forgotten that you have got to be over fifty to really know what a Depression can be like, to have survived a devastating World War (during which many of us came out to our gayness or expanded into bisexuality in a most incredibly intense and illuminating way), to really be able to offer a deep perspective on the pre-Stonewall world, to have survived all the batterings of pride and socio-psychological security that a gay man can possibly experience (and, if you are still striding through life with zest and courage and joy and generosity of heart, you've got to have messages for the world that are worth hearing). So, get your incipient little Trick Farm all together and have safe and sane FUN, kiddies. I know how deadly they can be, having survived one ten or more years ago that was conducted by [name withheld]. If you think you can assuage my rage, give it a try, boys. I believe that I invariably opt for reason over resentment or rage. But it gotta be reasonable! Very sincerely (if angrily) yours, J.P.C./Washington

The following is an excerpt from a letter written to us by a model/writer/artist in response to our fawning over his photograph:

.....Well, of course I'm fucking gorgeous! What did you think? I'm practically perfect in every way and am

incredibly talented. I can write, draw, act, sew, juggle, cook, garden, balance a checkbook and finish the New York Times Sunday crossword puzzle. I can swim, dive, snorkel, scuba, waterski and suck cock. I can probably beat you at racquetball, pingpong, Scrabble and Trivial Pursuit. I'm a good organizer, keep promises, finish everything I start, and adore taking it up the butt. I can run a word processor, an 8 minute mile, up a tab, and off at the mouth. I love animals, my sister Jessie, my lover Joe and your publication. What I don't do is suffer fools gladly, fuck with skinny people, sing, or play a musical instrument. So how come all people want me to do is play the fucking piano? You know, really! XXX J.P. Williams/New York

Dear Pat and The Friar: First, concerning your name change, I like your new name, even though I always pronounced Chiron, SHEER-ON. I just hope you plan to keep your original SWAN logo. I find it simple yet distinctive, if you substitute a centaur, won't people assume it stands for Sagittarius and nothing else? I really think the SWAN logo is more unique. Second, in your December 88 issue, you ask what your readers think of EX-LOGGER with a moustache. Well, let me put it crudely. I thought EX-LOGGER was a hunk before, but I swear if that man gets any sexier, my right hand will fall off. Lastly, with your new name, may I suggest you call your readers and supporters LOS CHIRONES. Very truly yours, SJA/New Jersey

[Editor's note: The Sagittarius centaur holds a bow and arrow. Ours holds a cigar. Of the 20 or so letters we received about EX-LOGGER's moustache, 100% prefers the moustache. Regarding LOS CHIRONES, after all the hate mail we got over LOS SWANEROS, we'll let our readers call themselves what they want.]



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For information about nationwide member clubs for chubby, heavy gay men and their admirers, write to the above.

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 our Special January 88 issue.

AL is a tasty looking morsel from Connecticut who is looking for slim or hard bodied, dark skinned or Asian men, 20-35. Al warns that he has a very high libido and needs a regular, hot number to satisfy the situation.

FRED BARRETT is a fine looking Ohio boy with a smile that'll knock your socks off. He's retired at 58, 5' -8", 180# and is looking for a manly, clean, humorous companion over 60 for friendship and all kinds of good things.

THE BIKER is yet another discover of KENT JUSTICE. He's 66, a rugged outdoors type and a retired construction work who lives in the Florida panhandle. This incredibly handsome man enjoys the company of masculine, younger men who can relate to a mature guy who loves life to the fullest.

BURT is a New York artist who wishes to remain quite anonymous. BURT is of Japanese extraction and is a pure chubby chaser. His sexual fascination has been and will always be for an overweight, rugged, sleazy, powerfully masculine and leather type of guy.

COYOTE, 32, was born and raised in West Texas like your editor. Besides being one of the most inventive artists we've ever seen, this bright young man is lean and youthful, with light brown hair and blue eyes--and he's looking for a mature soulmate. He's versatile and easygoing, yet responsible--like the coyote. Shy but wild....wild but shy.

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

EBB is a very well put together 40 year old Tennessee writer, who recently lost his lover of 18 years. This man knows all about picking the pieces up and making some sense of life after the bottom falls out. He's a pretty fair cartoonist, but will devastate you with his fiction.

VIC ENGANDELA is a very popular Chicago columnist, who has been with us for some time. This wonderful 64 year old writes with a keen perception and has a great style. His work is rich in pathos and brings peace into the lives of many readers. He's a warm, sincere person who genuinely loves our elder brothers--those in their 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 gay 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.

BILL HARRIS also writes a column and has been with us for quite a while. BILL is a very funny and clever writer, capable of nailing it on the head with great accuracy. He is a senior and lives in Boston with his lover.

KEN is a New Jersey model with one hell of a gorgeous body. He's pushing 60 and obviously works out a lot in a gym. This noble looking creature is really going to make someone awfully happy when they find out he's got brains with his brawn.

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

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 who write and say that you want a sincere relationship with a sharp, mature man of substance, take note. The window of opportunity won't stay open long on this extraordinary man.

MICHAEL is a handsome, hairy, 45 year old hot property who lives in the country, east of San Francisco. This guy likes men over 50 who are NOT skinny and are THICK in the crotch. The photo featured in this issue was taken in mainland China.

OCHO 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 **SULJI'S SPHERE** has it all--feverish sex, black comedy, Air Force Generals with monster dicks, androids, flying saucers and nail biting adventure.

PLOVER is a deliciously handsome senior model who lives in Virginia with his writer/artist lover, JONATHAN JAY. You are warned not to look too deeply into this man's eyes, because you'll be lost forever.

POWDER PUSS lives in Michigan with one of our subscribers. He's 67 years old, 6'-1", 190# and, according to his roommate, an incredibly sweet man who really lives up to his nickname. For you guys who like 'em good looking, sweet and hung small, this guy's for you.

QUETZAL is another Virginian who creates the best comics in gay publications today. His **GOLDEN GOODIES** strip, published exclusively in **CHIRON RISING**, is a scream. QUETZAL lives with his silver fox lover near Washington, D.C.

RAM, 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-mover and shaker in the business world. RAM is the brilliant creator of our new cover design.

REBEL II is one of the sexiest men alive, we swear! Although he lives in Southern California and is a good friend of several of our friends, we've never met him, but we certainly intend to. REBEL II was a pro athlete in the late 50's and still looks like he could sack a quarterback. Now 52 years old, just under 6 feet and 222 pounds, he tantalizes us with his bright red lance.

GLENN RHODES is an honest to God construction worker (anyone for hardhats?), whose main interests are leather and windsurfing--not necessarily in that order. So, if you ever see a mature hunk slicing through the waters off the coast of Miami wearing a leather bikini, chances are it's GLENN.

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 amount of screenplays which went on to become movies. He is also a devoted **SILVER CENTAUR** and has given us invaluable support.

BRIAN PATRICK RICHMOND is a 44 year old, 5'-9", 135#, ringed, pierced, horny, hairy bottom bundle of joy who resides in Ontario, Canada. This sexy little devil is looking for guys in their 50's and 60's who are into leather and the more eclectic forms of entertainment.

SALTY DOG is a very clever and VERY well put together 62 year old from Connecticut. Recently foot loose and fancy free with the kids all grown and the wife divorced, this guys is READY! He says that he might be in the Autumn of life, but he's determined to live it to the fullest. Judging from his letters, we think he's doing just that.

SILVER BEAR is a wonderful, tantalizingly sexy senior from the Rockies, who, at 67, is just beginning to reach his sexual peak. If you are hairy, husky and uncut, drop him a line. Even if you aren't, drop him a line anyway--he's flexible.

SKUA, a 64 year old retired artist, lives in Baltimore. This good looking, talented, lithely built man loves art, music, pets, gardening and astrology. The letters are pouring in from his new fans and he's cranking out the work like crazy. Wait until you cast your eyes on the upcoming March Special Issue! Rapture in Pencil!

STONIE is a 48 year old Wisconsin product who enjoys the sun; keeps his body trim and trimmed; enjoys a bit of kink and mild S/M; and is willing to try most anything once--more if he likes it. STONIE says that he really gets off with another well-tuned guy and vows to be a long term subscriber.

SAM TOLAR is a tall, robust, handsome subscriber who knows quite a bit about books. A columnist for a very fine gay newsletter in the Deep South, he has graciously agreed to contribute book reviews from time to time. He's also single, for the information of you guys who like big, handsome Southerners.





UNCLE VITO
by VICTOR ENGANDELA

My dear readers: You've been such a good audience. I'm encouraged to share yet another very personal experience with you, with the hope--and expectation--that you will again understand!

I have always loved my Uncle Vito, my father's brother. Even as a very young child, I would feel excited whenever near him. He's 92 now, and I still love him--more than ever.

On his 90th birthday, after having treated him to a birthday lunch when we were alone, I said to him, "Vito, I must tell you something very important today, before it's too late...I must tell you that I've loved you all my life."

He was very attentive and looked into my eyes warmly. "I love you too," he replied. "You've always been a very good nephew."

"No," I continued, "I don't mean ONLY that way. I mean in a SEXUAL way as well." You could hear a pin drop as Uncle Vito struggled to understand what I was saying. "Do you remember the night before I went overseas during the war? When we were alone for a moment I kissed you goodbye. Do you remember that kiss?"

He thought for a few moments, then said, "Yes, I do remember. It was warm and touching."

I continued by explaining that I had always been interested in him sexually and had many fantasies about him; that I had jacked off many times across the years, thinking about him and imagining how he looked nude; and that I had always been very eager --and that I still was --

--to see him 'down there.' "I have wished so often that you would let me see it," I added.

Well, needless to say, this confession was making Uncle Vito somewhat uncomfortable at this point, so I dropped it. The next time I picked him up to take him to the Senior Center, he said to me, "I've been thinking about what you said. Do you really want to see me so badly?" I replied that I most certainly did, and after a brief, silent pause he said, "If you really want to see it so badly, I'll show you." And he opened his pants and exposed himself to me.

I was so excited by this gesture that I immediately stroked his cock and balls. His cock was a bit smaller than I had imagined all these years, and I could see now that the bulge at his crotch I had so often carefully studied was mainly because of his large balls. But that didn't matter at all. I wasn't disappointed. It was beautiful!

He pulled back and said in a surprised voice, "What are you doing?"

"Let me play with it a little," I replied. "It won't hurt you.....Come over to the bed and just relax."

He did just that, obviously puzzled, but fascinated and willing. As I slowly undressed him, he pointed to his cock and said that there was nothing there, that it had been all dried up for many years since before my aunt Lucille died, and that he was too old for anything now. But even as he was saying this his cock slowly reached a rather good 3/4 erection!

I said, "Look at it now!"

He was amazed at what was happening to him as I kissed him all over. He groaned so beautifully when I took his cock in my mouth. Can you imagine the excitement of that moment--how I felt to be finally living out my life-long fantasy and how he felt having this first experience?! I gently worked my tongue around his cock, as he continued to groan in ecstasy.

Well, Uncle Vito not only got an erection on his 90th birthday, he had a climax as well! As I cleaned him up with a warm washcloth, he said he had never had anybody do that for him before, certainly not a man, but that years ago he had wondered what it would be like. He was smiling and happy, and very proud of his accomplishment. He kept saying that he never believed he could have sex again.

He called me the very next morning and said, "What did you do to me, Vic? I had a hard on again this morning!!"

I congratulated him and told him I would see him again in a few days to take him to the Senior Center as usual.

I hugged and kissed him when I walked in and asked him if he wanted to lie on the bed again. He said that he did, and that he had been thinking about it all week. This time I massaged him all over, which he thoroughly enjoyed. I finished by sucking him and, to his amazement, he again had a climax. I assured him that this would not be harmful for him, provided we did it sensibly. In fact, it was good for his circulation.

Across the past few years, we have developed a

deeper friendship, slowly changing our relationship from Uncle/Nephew to Intimate Friends and enjoying our new "secret." I do not pressure him, letting him decide and always respecting his wishes and limitations. We continue to enjoy our sex--about once a week, and more recently, once every two weeks.....sometimes with, and sometimes without a climax.

There is more to this story that needs to be explained, discussed and understood. SEE NEXT ISSUE!

VIDEO CORNER

Want to trade home or commercial videos with someone? Want to find someone who'll make you a copy of a video? Write a small ad and send it to us. If you want replies to be forwarded to you, give us 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 and we'll run your notice for one issue.

VIDEO BULLETIN BOARD

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

Wanted: Any SWAN tapes, VHS preference, and any home tapes of men in action. Will pay going price and expenses for copying and mailing. Can trade some x-rated new gay and bisexual tapes. Write: H.R.N., Box 640064, North Miami Beach, FL 33164. (VC-2/89)

ANNOUNCEMENTS

We have been advised that the GOOD FRIENDS BAR at the corner of Dauphine and St. Anne in New Orleans is actively seeking to cultivate more mature customers. Our spies say that the two level bar has a nice decor and a friendly staff. They say that the music was more subdued than at the other bars. Sounds like that's where all the Silver Centaurs might congregate during Mardi Gras. See y'all there!

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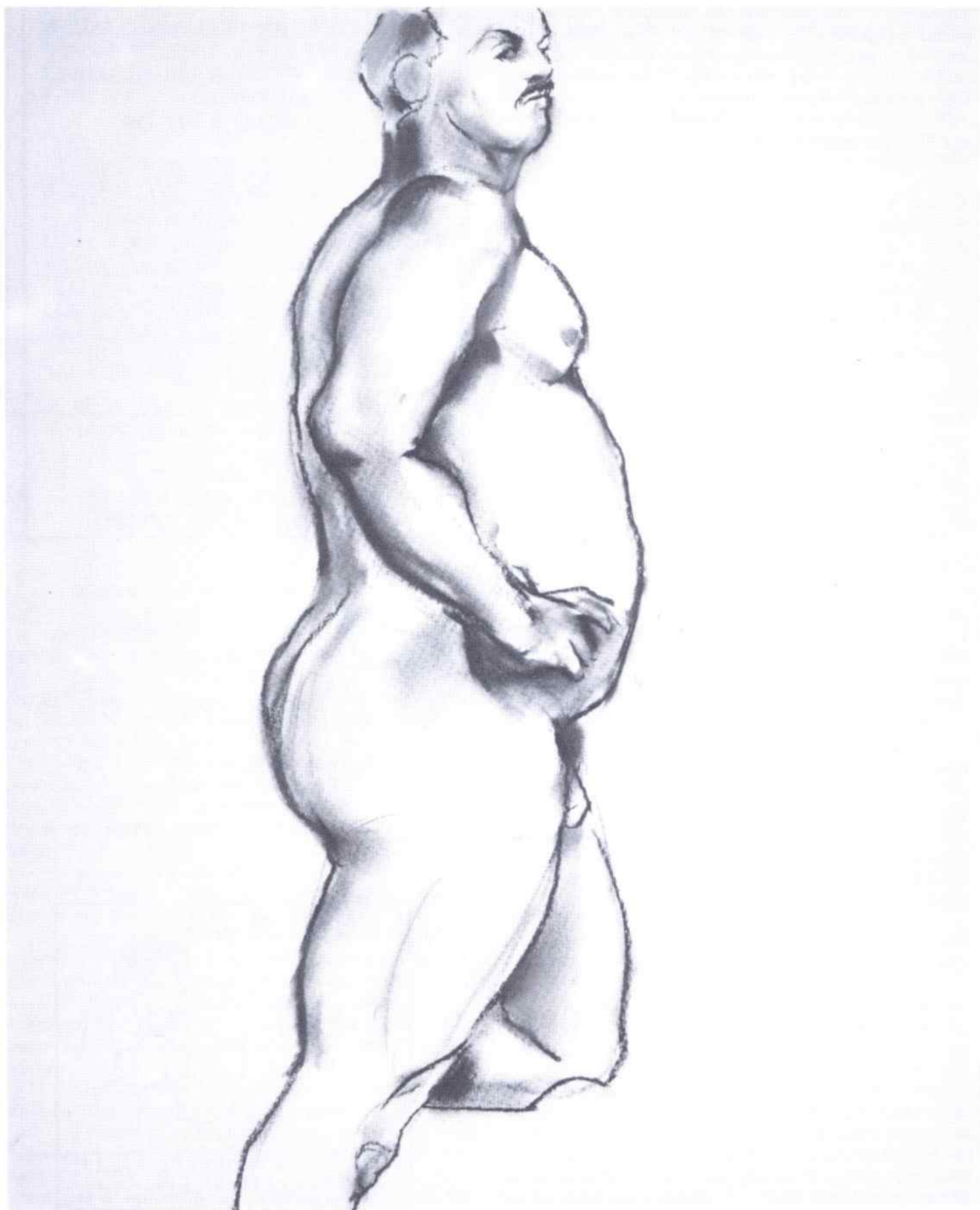


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UNTITLED.....drawing by BURT

I WAS JUST THINKING

by BILL HARRIS

Don't you just love four-letter words? Well, I do. They just somehow seem to really zero in on the meaning and give it a special punch--a wallop that zings. Now you can purse your lips, extend your pinky and talk about intercourse or coitus or copulation, but the real gut-stirring, cock-raising word is FUCK. Right? It somehow seems to say it with the respect that such a process merits. What a word!

When I first became enlightened to the ways of homosexuality, the act was calling "browning." Remember? This conjured up visions of Victorian prose and I always felt that Elizabeth Barrett and Robert must be turning in their graves at the use of their name to identify such a process--on the other hand, they might have been flattered. I guess if a beautiful sexual process were called "Harrising" I would feel flattered. But then there is always the ever so slight possibility that Elizabeth Barrett and Robert just may not have been as perverted as I am.

But I digress. When the men of the crotch were saying "browning," I always had a queer feeling of hypocrisy--how much more honest to say FUCK. Yes, I matured (never grew up) and discovered that some beautiful men of the crotch were actually saying FUCK. And it was great. Let's face it (and that's a good position), there is something very ball-wrenching about the four-letter words.

And then there are those highfallutin words "cunnilingus" and "fellatio." They sound like the names of Greek and Roman philosophers. Now far be it from me to belittle those great cultures that gave us so many pieces of gorgeous male statuary with cocks (not penises, or peni--the correct word is penes....did you know that? See how educational the reading of CHIRON RISING can be!). But "cunnilingus" and "fellatio" somehow suggest to me someone in, again, Victorian costume with a frilly collar and fancy pants who is deigning to touch his antiseptic lips to the barely exhibited erect appendage of a member of the same sex. Shit, Man, let's call it SUCK. Now there is a word that really gets the saliva flowing as I see visions of a hot wet mouth devouring a hard, hot, cum-filled dick. There you have a vision I can relate to. SUCK--now that tells it like it should be--genuine, uninhibited, basic, dirty, hot. And what word describes a vagina so aptly as CUNT?!

Now I want to show you how you can take a Falwell-approved word like "zone" and make it a ball-buster that would make Falwell shit. Yes, even "zone" can become a lovely word when it shucks adjectives like "time" or "temperature" or "demilitarized" or "postal," and becomes (are you ready for a real turn-on?)

"erogenous!!!!!" Now there is a 2-1/2 X four-letter word that makes "zone" come to life. Right? Like "zone" as a word has suddenly gone from flaccid to erect. Or, better still, from soft to hard (to bring us into our delicious four-letter world). The other adjectives that modify "zone" bring to mind lines, areas, boundaries; but put "erogenous" in front of "zone" and you've got a four-letter word that suggests tits, balls, cocks, asses and much, much more. Like magic, "zone" has become a delicious, low-down, basic, cock-hardening (in other words, respectable) four-letter word.

And how many ways were we taught to say PISS? Rember "number one," "relieve myself," "urinate," "void," "pass water?" Have you heard of "micturate?" Well, it means, if you will excuse the vulgarity, PISS. Even "take a leak," while coming close, is not quite as wet and golden and aromatic as PISS. That word says it--right?

The one possible exception to using a polysyllabic word to the four-letter one is "anus;" that word doesn't quite cut it (no pun intended), does it? Even Webster makes mistakes.

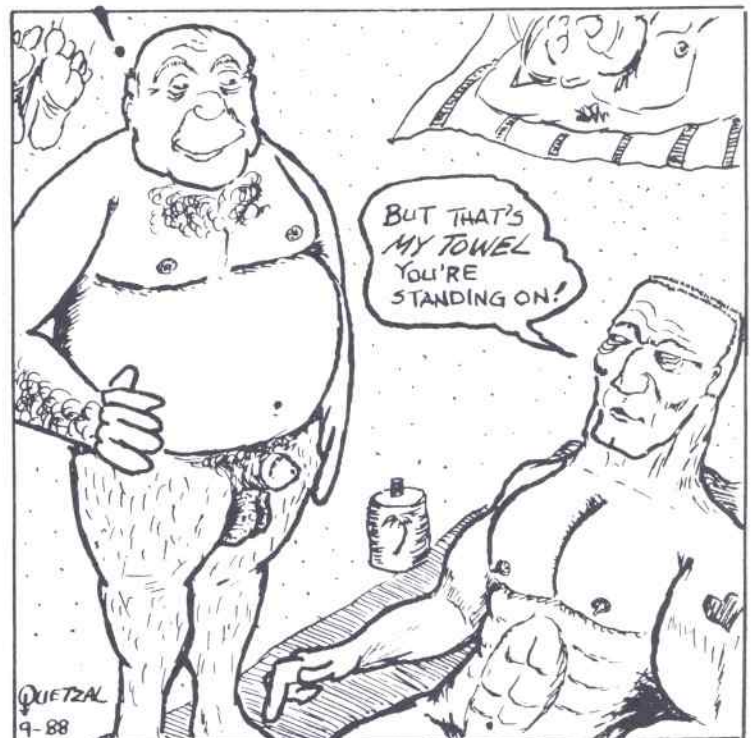
Far be it from moi to disparage the beautiful process of masturbation (if you read my last column, you know I am a card-carrying devotee), but I somehow feel a little more relieved and cum-splattered if I've JERKED OFF instead of "masturbated." Yes, even dirtier. And the term HARD ON conjures up visions of a slightly more rigid, more vein-swollen, more cum-oozing, more sexy cock than the word "erection." And please, please let me say PISS SLIT instead of "urethra." Okay? Please! Even if only occasionally? Okay, I'll say "urethra" to my doctor; on second thought, knowing my doctor, he might prefer PISS SLIT.

So what could possibly be more exciting than to commit fellatio on an erect penis? Read my lips--suck a hard cock, that's what!

AN UNFORGETTABLE MESSAGE BY A SENIOR MASTER

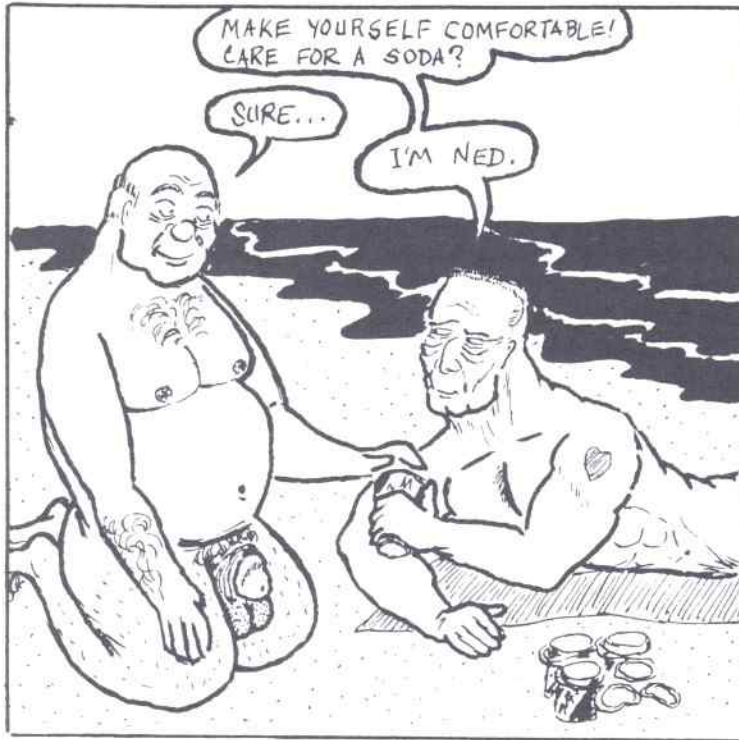
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GOLDEN



GOODIES

BY
—QUETZAL—



[TO BE CONTINUED.....]

WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY?

by KENN RICHIE

Charles led me around the shopping mall for hours, pointing at things and asking if I'd like to own one. Charles was never very subtle. It was going to be my birthday on Sunday and there was to be a poolside surprise party at my house that Charles was told not to let me even suspect. Charles wasn't capable of subtlety.

"If you want to give me something for my birthday..."

"Oh, are you having a birthday?"

"Uhh hum," I near groaned. "Buy me...THAT!" I pointed to an exceptionally handsome young clerk in the bookstore. He was the clean-cut, muscular-but-shy, Joe College type with sandy brown hair that would drive anyone into a world of delicious fantasy. "If you can't buy me that, or one just like it, then forget it," I concluded.

It seemed to work. Charles stopped trying to get me to pick out a gift and we went to a movie.

The excuses to get me away from my house the following Sunday morning were idiotic, but I played along and put on a show of overwhelmed surprise when I returned to find a party getting underway. I gasped in glee over the many gifts, most of which were probably sold under the slogan, 'For the man who has everything,' and most of which would be given to the next charity rummage sale that came along. I was curious about what Charles had gotten, but his tribute was not on the table with the others.

After a polite period of mingling with friends I hadn't seen in a while, I ducked out to change to more casual wear and to slip into some swim trunks. My party planners had kept the guest list down to my gay friends and not included people from where I worked, so the poolside activities had a chance of warming up toward sundown. Standing bare ass naked in front of a full length mirror, trying to decide between the red bikini and the blue boxers, I took a survey of the subject of the day....me.

I felt okay about being forty-five. In fact, I rather suspected I might decide to stay that age for several years. It seemed a nice age to be. I sucked in the gut, flexed the workout-toned biceps and pecs, carefully patted the thinning, greying hair and decided I wasn't too bad. I wasn't deteriorating rapidly as were so many of my rich friends. To be sure, I wasn't wanting for money. I was doing very well indeed with my career as a motion picture casting agent. The social life wasn't as perfect as I might like, for my job tended to complicate the casual, unattached life style I desired.

All too often, eager and ambitious young actors would try to play a casting couch game with me, and it was sometimes difficult to spot it for what it was. I'd gotten hurt a few times and steadfastly never mixed business with pleasure. Still in all, I was pretty happy being me.

The front door sounded. The noisy pack at the pool would never hear it, and I was already annoyed with the bartender-caterer for having wanted to help me change (he'd have gotten into my bedroom, then produced clippings of his last little theatre appearance, sure as the sun was shining outside). I didn't want him greeting my friends, so I yanked the red bikini up my legs and raced him to the front door.

The young man nervously backing against the stucco looked like he was pissing in his pants, but he gulped hard and recited a prepared speech to tell me that he was my birthday present from dear old Charles. If he wasn't scared enough, I surely made it worse by being in my crimson scanties. Worse still, I grabbed him and literally threw him into my bedroom before he could be seen by the others. By the time I latched the door behind us, I realized that he was the clerk I had pointed out at that bookstore!

Charles was as short of common sense and imagination as he was lacking in subtlety. He must have returned to that shop to bribe and con this guy to pull this cliché of a stunt. The poor young man had been in the process of discovering that working one's way through college had become a fairy tale by today's tuitions and living costs and, being a senior with lots of debts, he'd had little choice but to agree to the hefty price Charles must have offered. While he kept insisting that it was okay and that he had no qualms about what he was doing, I detected a lurking feeling of his regarding himself as a whore. "I already spent the money," he finally confessed, "so I've got to keep my part of the bargain."

When he told me he wasn't quite sure what that would be, I began questioning him as carefully as I might a young actor seeking fame and fortune in a world surrounded by gossip and scandal. I tried to scare him by saying it was my 'thing' to chain him into a harness in the basement, whip him until he screamed, then fuck him near to death. His responses to every image and suggestion were so genuine, he seemed so willing to believe anything, that I finally had to laugh and assure it was not so! I finally learned that he'd expected that I'd want to suck his cock and nothing else. He insisted that he'd talked himself into 'letting me,' especially because he had already used the bribe money for his rent.

He seemed both puzzled and relieved when I told him I had no intention of introducing a party game he didn't enjoy playing, that I was not going to do him any bodily harm nor would I commit any theft of his pride and dignity. After a few minutes of relaxing small talk, I was convinced that he was a genuine article of the clean cut small town type being a bit overwhelmed by the pace of college life in the big city. He regarded some circle jerking he'd done as a boy scout as being previous gay experience, but he'd only felt a mouth on his cock a

few times before, when his former girl friend got excited in the back seat of his car! There was such an honesty about him that I'd not have doubted anything he said.

Charles had selected a fabulous present after all, I thought, as I looked at it sitting nervously gift wrapped on my bed. A sweet, innocent and downright beautiful young man who was quite willing to 'let me' introduce the joys of oral copulation to his virgin cock! The only thing that was spoiling the situation was the way his small town innocence was awakening shreds of conscience and decency that had long been buried in my own darkened soul. Much as I wanted a lollypop, forty-five was a bit too old to play kid in a candy shop! A burst of giddy laughter from the pool area, and his reaction to it, revealed again that he was having trouble regarding himself as a whore turning a trick.

"Charles, the asshole who hired you," I began carefully, "would really like for you to be put on display out there with all the rest of the expensive junk birthday gifts."

"I guess I was expensive," he mumbled, but only glared at me for a moment for the implied insult.

"Oh, hey, I didn't mean that," I insisted quickly. "I was just pointing out that he told you to show up at just about the time I'd be opening presents. He'd love to show off how clever and witty he thinks he was to have hired you to do it."

"I could do without that," he worried. "Can't we just.....you know?"

It was a good question. Of course we could 'you know.' I was damned near drooling down my chin wanting to 'you know' that hunk of farm-fresh produce, and he had psyched himself up to the chore of 'letting me!' Why the hell didn't I simply push him over on his back, rip his pants open and 'you know' him DRY! Sure, it would be a rather tacky 'dirty old man' thing to do, but I'd just reached an age to qualify!

I've had young Adonis types offer themselves to me before this, certainly, especially when I was looking for someone for a juicy, star-making role like the one I had to cast this week. There were always young actors willing to 'let me' and it was a bummer to have to turn some of them down. This young man had no such ulterior motive. If he did, he sure as hell didn't show it, which made him a better actor than any of those who'd tried this route before. No, he was simply my birthday present, all bought and paid for.

Even so, I put my hand on his shoulder in a nice fatherly gesture and inhaled to begin telling him that he'd better go home before I weakened. He responded to the touch before I could speak, however, by placing his hand over mine, and even making an inadvertant nuzzling move with his chin. "I was beginning to be afraid you thought I was too ugly," he whispered.

"Jesus! That's not a problem you EVER have to worry about," I laughed. "I just don't like the whole idea of Charles pulling this, and letting it be just a big joke to him. I don't know, maybe it's reminding me that I'm getting older, and that my future could be nothing but

having to pay young men to...."

"Oh, no, not you," he insisted, but it sounded sincere. "Hey, look," he urged, taking my hand in both of his, searching my eyes and speaking softly., "I made up my mind that I wanted to go through with it when I took the money, but I still had a plan to pretend I was somebody else when I got here, just in case I got too scared. But, I'm not. I feel good about it. I don't want to go out there and have you show me off to your friends, though. Now I know why he told me to wear a bathing suit."

"Oh, he did, huh?"

"Yeah. Hey, let me show you. I've heard about those birthday singing telegrams with people stripping. I'd have let him hire me to do that, maybe. C'mon, let me do a strip for you. I could sing too... I'm told I've got a good voice."

I knew it was dangerous, but I agreed. It was nice to see him having some fun with the bizarre situation. I lay back on my bed like a pasha to watch his performance. It wasn't exactly the most graceful or erotic routine imaginable, but I sensed that, with a little choreography and direction, he had what it took to make it so. His singing voice, even with 'Happy Birthday' was worth special attention! For one moment, I felt that I was in a King's pleasure palace....then, in another, I thought I was in my office auditioning yet another Hollywood hopeful. I tried giving him a few directions, such as how to slide his t-shirt seductively across his massively muscular chest before discarding it. He took direction better than some professionals! He conveyed feelings through his expressive and sparkling eyes. He was a young beauty, no question of that. "Hey, you've got the part," I near shouted.

He held the final swim wear pose he had taken, his face open with surprise, fulfillment and joy. He wasn't quite sure what I had meant by my words, but he was both thrilled and gracious about accepting my approval. He asked a silent question: did this mean I would let him let me 'you know?' I nodded.

He moved close to me on the bed, stood over me and even half knelt in order to display his large, rounded bulging manhood in the rather brief tan swim suit. "It was getting to where I was worried that you wouldn't want to."

"I want to 'you know' your 'you know' very much," I chuckled. "But, with me, it has to be something you want too, not because someone paid you."

"I'll pay him back," he gulped. "I wasn't sure before, maybe, and I guess I'm still a little nervous, but I really do want to."

I carefully reached up to fondle that promising bulge. He tensed at my first touch, then slowly relaxed and accepted my exploring fingers. His arms hung to his sides, his head bowed to watch my hand as it appreciated the firm and warm strength rising in the stretched cloth. In a few moments, I felt his cock make tiny thrusting motions into my palm. This was all I needed to know. He really did want it!

"Take this off and lie down," I urged in a

whisper, tugging at his briefs as if he needed to know what I meant. I quickly sat up and patted the bed, indicating it was now his turn to lie back and enjoy my audition. He obeyed quickly, his back somewhat to me as he removed the shorts, revealing two perfectly formed, compact white ass cheeks. Then, he scrambled anxiously to the position I requested. He held one hand over his crotch as if to hide it, but saw in my eyes that this was not the right place for his hand to be. He removed it slowly, then, seemed more embarrassed about where to put his arms than he was about showing his cock. At first they folded across his chest, then he thought to put them under his head, but, finally, they lay at his sides.

His cock towered up from a thicket of the same sandy shade as the hair on his head. The glistening, stretched bulb had been denied a sheltering collar, probably when he was born, but he certainly had no cause to regard himself as having been short-changed. Perhaps the thing that struck me as most beautiful was the fact that no one detail was unusual. It wasn't exceptionally long, nor was it especially thick. The veins pulsed normally and beautifully without standing out. His balls clung gently to the underside, snug, clear and only vaguely adorned with spiderweb hairs. It was simply a fine looking, magnificent looking man's hard cock. The natural perfection of it made it glorious to behold.

If that sight wasn't enough, I found myself thrilling to his incredibly handsome face and the unspoken messages he conveyed. There was nervousness and anticipation to be sure, but it was fortified with intense anxiety and curiosity. A sense of expectancy embraced a smile of warmth and affection, of trust and comfort. His dark lashes folded toward his ruddy cheeks as he half closed his eyes, then opened them again quickly as I lowered my face for a closer look.

"Yes," he whispered, knowing I was questioning the possibilities. "Let's kiss."

Nothing more was needed for my mouth to fall on his, and for him to finally find a place to put his arms. Ours was a wide open, chewing, passionate blend of dueling tongues and lip chewing excitement. His every response begged for a more total union of our bodies. When I finally managed to lift my mouth from his, I could not bring myself to remove it entirely, and sought instead, to wash a path down the side of his neck, planning to find my way to the firm little nipples on his heaving chest. His hands ran wildly over my back, pulling at me and caressing with total abandon.

"Oh, God," he moaned. "I'm so hot, I'm....Oh, my God!"

"Hang on," I near laughed, thrilling to my own far distant memory of when a sexual encounter was quite this torrid and exciting. "I take it you're in no need for a half hour of foreplay," I teased as I scrambled into a position beside his thighs. He parted them and they tensed to granite when my hand encircled his towering cock.

"Oh, my God!!"

With my fingers holding carefully, I fed his iron-hard rod toward my lips. My tongue darted out like a reptile's to lap at the appetizer of precum honey that already oozed from the slit and curled over the ripe, red fruit. It was all I could do to savor the delicious sweetness of it, for he was jerking his ass a good foot off the bed in wanting to serve it to me! Still, I managed to wash it of every trace, then attempt to scoop more from the tiny, yawning slit.

He squirmed and whimpered and his ass bounced on the bed by instinct. I felt I could not be so cruel as to hold back on the full experience. I took a deep breath, let my fingers slide down to his balls, and put his beautiful cock to my mouth....then to my throat! I squeezed my lips about the base and sucked hard, folding every surface of the hot form into a caress of the textures of my mouth, tongue, inner-cheeks and beyond.

Perhaps I was surprised not to hear him scream for as wildly hot and anxious he had been, but his response was exciting in another way. His body became solid and motionless. He was holding his breath as carefully as I was! It seemed that we were both trying to capture a special moment and keep it as long as possible. I'd tried to give him the sensation of a powerful, stabbing insertion worthy of his rugged masculinity. His cock was lodged deep into my throat. He held it there as if to savor the feeling, as if to question if he might have injured me!

Finally, he exhaled with a long, slow, moaning whimper, and as I too needed to breathe, I gave him a long, slow, perhaps whimpering back stroke. He gasped his appreciation for the move as I tight sucked his cock virtually its entire length, snorted some precious air, then plunged it back down to the depths of my neck. His cries of ecstatic pleasure inspired me to do it again, and again, and again, and then again!

I burrowed my nose in his pubic hair with every plunge and began to slowly pick up speed with each. I snorted for breath, my saliva was splashing through my tightly squeezed lips and splattering on his balls, but none of that seemed to matter to either of us. His ass instinctively fucked up to greet my every swallow of his richness. I tried to introduce a few tongue move techniques, but they too seemed unimportant to the total, pure, lusty urgency of all out cocksucking!

"Ahhh? Ahhh? I'm gonna' come already," my birthday present cried in a confusion of surprise and disappointment that it would end. "Ohh? Watch out, I'm gonna'...OhhhhhhHHH?"

The sweet innocence of the farm boy had him thinking it might be rude to come in my mouth?! His hands rather weakly tried to push me free. He squirmed as if trapped beneath my fierce attack and his voice continued to call out desperate warnings. I wasn't about to heed any of them! I plunged my face down on that throbbing length the moment I felt it recoil slightly then let it spear to new distances in the tight passageway of my gullet. He tried to push my head once more, then he cried out and pulled it instead!

It took several moments of feeling the shaft bouncing and throbbing on my tongue until the rhythmed spasms started to subside. Soon, the sweet honey of his rich, creamy, fresh cum began to flow back to the cavern of my mouth. There, a thousand tiny tastebuds began exploding with miniature orgasms of their own as the bountiful volume began flooding, forcing the walls of my inner cheeks to release their vacuumed embrace of his still erupting shaft.

He didn't want to have any great discussion about the event, but neither was he as anxious to leave as quickly as it was over as he had once indicated. He wanted to lie beside me, to cuddle and hold me, running his fingers across my chest. The noises from the party beyond the window no longer made him nervous.

"Would you invite me to come back some time, when I haven't been paid?"

"Would you like to?"

"You know I would," he chuckled. "I've wondered a lot about how gay men have sex, and if I'd like it. Well, let's put it this way, I want to learn a whole lot more. Like, what you did."

"You want to 'you know' MY 'you know'?"

"If you'll let me," he laughed, holding me closer still. "Other things I should learn too, other than just the sex of it. Like, I know how you guys like to be open about it, and I understand all that stuff about being out of the closet, but I don't know if I can. My studies, and....Well, I'm just about to get started trying for a career."

"What sort of career? What do you study?"

"Drama. Theatre and film. Acting. There's an agent who says he can line me up for an interview this week. Oh, maybe I don't stand much of a chance, but it'll be exciting for me just to see what a real casting agent looks like. Can you imagine him even letting me audition if he knew I was gay?"

"I know one casting agent who wouldn't let you audition. He's already decided that you've got the part."

PRIME TIMERS Boston Chapter

is an organization addressing the needs and wants of older gay males and their admirers in the Boston area. Regular monthly meetings on the third Saturday of each month. Numerous social, cultural, sexual and educational activities. Write for more information about the Boston Chapter, or how to start your own chapter in your community to: Woody Baldwin, P.O. Box 352, Reading, MA 01867

NEW LAW WILL HELP OLDER WORKERS

Starting February 4, 1989, employers will be required to provide their employees with a 60 day notice before the closing of a manufacturing plant or the insitution of a major layoff. Moreover, such employers will be required to provide training and economic support for the laid off workers. Unfortunately, the law applies to employers who employ 100 or more workers. There is also a provision for a billion dollar federal aid package to states for job training and counseling programs designed for unemployed workers, displaced homemakers and other dislocated persons.

EYE CARE

Disadvantaged senior citizens may be eligible for free eye care under a program sponsored by the American Academy of Ophthalmology and related state groups. To qualify, you must be 65 years old or older, financially unable to pay for eye care and not under the care of an ophthalmologist, according to the academy. By calling a toll free number--1-800-222-EYES--you will be referred to an eye physician in your area who has volunteered to waive fees for the care.

FOOD QUACKERY

According to Surgeon General Dr. C. Everett Koop, seniors are quite often victims of ads for fraudulent dietary products. The Koop report cites a statistic from a congressional subcommittee indicating that quackery costs the public at least \$10 billion a year. He says that older Americans shouldn't waste their money on the following fraudulent product claims:

1. Bee pollen as a source for youth and health. This is for the birds and bees, not for humans, says Koop.
2. Lecithin in combination with vinegar, kelp and vitamin B-6 for the prevention and cure of heart disease, and as a weight-reduction aid.
3. Superoxide mismutase (SOD) and the nucleic acids DNA and RNA as "anti-aging remedies." SOD is a naturally occurring enzyme thought to scavenge substances in the body called free radicals; some researchers believe a buildup of free radicals leads to bodily aging. But SOD, sold over the counter, doesn't do anybody much good since it breaks down during digestion



HOLDING IT DOWN

and cells can't use it. While nucleic acids are the basic building blocks of life, there is no evidence that taking them by mouth does any good.

4. Ginseng as a panacea for many ailments. Ginseng is a Chinese herb, and it's the root that supposedly contains curative powers. Not so, says Koop.

5. Alfalfa (a plant grown for forage) to cure arthritis.

6. Para-aminobenzoic acid (PABA) as an essential or curative nutrient. PABA, considered a member of the B vitamin family, is a growth factor for rats and chickens and is now used in sunscreen creams.

7. Pangamic acid (the so-called vitamin B-15) as an essential nutrient.

Koop says that the false claims made by food faddists hurt reputable manufacturers because they cause confusion for consumers. Fraudulent manufacturers may try to take advantage of this confusion by flooding the market with more quack products. The report also notes that federal regulatory agencies simply don't have the resources to combat food quackery.

NEW LAW VETOED IN CALIFORNIA

New state legislation--SB 6, Robbins (D-Los Angeles), which would have created the California Health Coverage Association to provide health insurance to residents of the state who are not otherwise able to obtain health insurance, passed in the Senate 33-0, then passed Assembly. It was later vetoed by Governor Deukmejian. According to the Office of the President pro Tempore in Sacramento, the governor likewise vetoed similar legislation (AB 600, McAllister) in the 1985/86 legislative session. It is assumed that another version will be introduced for the 1989/90 session. A spokesman said that SB 6 was not created primarily for patients with HIV--although HIV infected residents would have benefited greatly. "In fact," he said, "it is a concept which has been discussed many times in Sacramento, going back as far as 1975." A vast amount of residents--especially those between the ages of 45 and 65--are not employed by large corporations and are unable to get health insurance because of a history of hypertension, ulcer, cancer, heart disease or other major health problems.

RUMBLINGS FROM CAPITOL HILL

There presently is before Congress proposed legislation which would redefine what is considered obscene. HR 3889 and S 2023, or "Obscenity Enforcement Act of 1988," if passed into law, would eliminate many novels, artwork, photography, fashion, health and sex education titles because no one would want to risk prosecution under the new Conservative guidelines. More information will be available in our next issue.

EVIDENCE MOUNTS THAT ORAL SEX MAY NOT BE RISKY

[Excerpted from TWT on 12/8/88]

* June 1987 --TWT NEWS is first to report University of Pittsburgh study that oral sex is low-risk activity.

* July 1988--National Institute of Dental Health determines that oral sex is not main route of HIV/AIDS infection.

* October 1988--Canadian AIDS Society revises guidelines, making oral sex now a low-risk activity.

* November 1988--U.S. Surgeon General C. Everett Koop agrees oral sex not risky and knows of no AIDS cases proving otherwise.

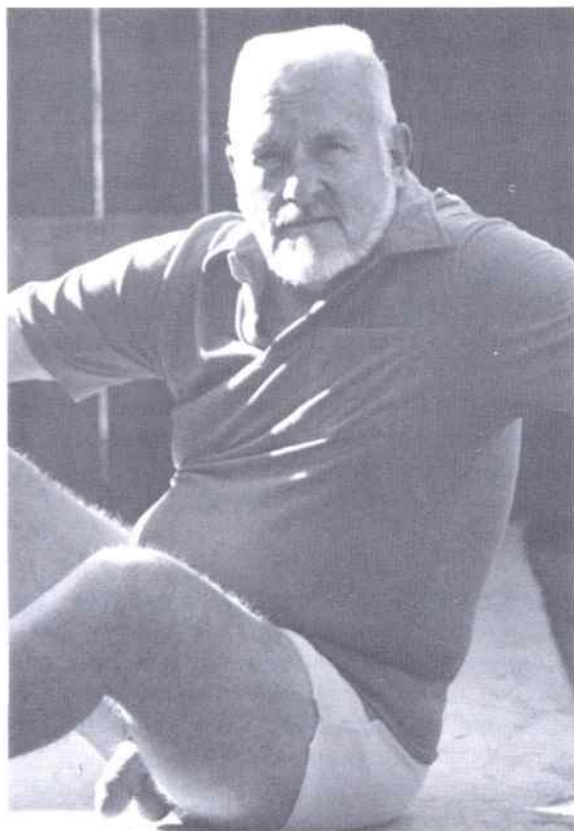
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"In light of this mounting evidence, U.S. Surgeon General C. Everett Koop announced last month that he has now become convinced that oral sex is not a risky activity for the spread of AIDS. He added that he knew of no case where oral sex had been the means of infection. Speaking at length, Koop stated that there was a lack of evidence for risk in oral sexual activity. 'Theoretically, such transmission is possible through cuts and sores in the mouth,' he added, but 'there were no documented cases of this.' A Vancouver AIDS worker reported of one case where a man had receptive oral sex on the same day he had a tooth pulled. But this was a rather unusual circumstance, Koop commented, and certainly risky. Oral transmission of the virus is only possible under extreme circumstances like the cited tooth extraction, the Canadians told reporters. Although some U.S. educators disagree with the changes in attitude towards oral sex, the evidence does not exist in documented research to change Koop's thinking on the matter. Nevertheless, it's considered wise to remain cautious. More studies on the downgraded risk of oral sex are currently under way."

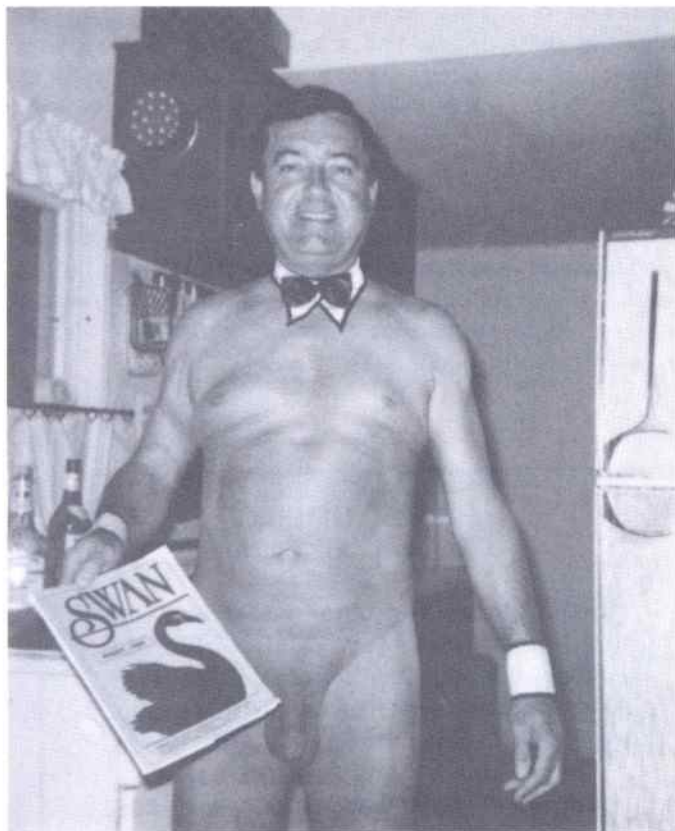
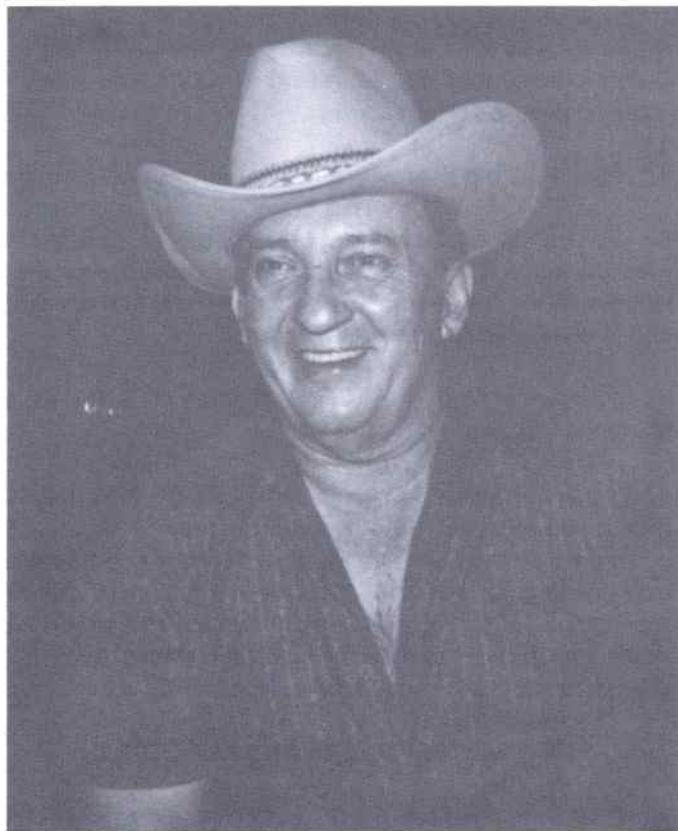
PRIME TIMERS CENTRAL FLORIDA

Social group for older gay men and their admirers for Central Florida (Clermont to Ocala area). We are planning to organize a social group of older men, similar to the group in Boston. Anyone interested, contact: AJG/RJM, P.O. Box 886, Belleview, FL 32620.

SILVER BEAR...photo by P.H. COLLEY



FRED BARRETT...photo by SIMBA



STONIE...photo by YARDSTICK



POWDER PUSS...photo by GAYFEATHER

LEGAL EAGLE

LAW COMMUNITY ADAPTS TO MEET AIDS/ARC/HIV SEROPOSITIVITY CRISIS WITH EXPANDING SERVICES

By Legal Eagle

Just as the medical community has finally started to respond to the increasing AIDS crisis, the legal community is beginning to catch up to the special needs being realized by persons with AIDS, ARC (AIDS Related Condition) and HIV seropositivity, that is, those whose blood shows evidence of infection with the virus believed to be the cause of AIDS.

More than 400 lawyers interested in the field of AIDSLAW met in San Francisco in mid-November in the first national conference dealing with legal problems related to AIDS. That meeting was followed by another meeting of over 800 persons, 600 of them lawyers, looking into all aspects of gay and lesbian legal rights issues.

To me, the most remarkable thing I got from the conference was in the medical field, rather than the legal, but it is still vitally important. Recent studies have shown that there is now good, solid, substantial reason to be tested for HIV infection; until recently, many of us felt there was no point, for what could be accomplished. Knowing you were infected did no good; you could do nothing about it; testing positive could only lead to greater anxiety.

This is no longer the case. It is now clear to leaders in the field that early intervention with medical care, especially monitoring T-cell levels (helper cells which fight infection), and early use of anti-viral medications and immuno-modifiers as soon as immunity fighting levels start

to decrease, have proved very effective in delaying, if not totally preventing, the onset of the diseases which accompany AIDS and ARC.

For the first time in the long history of HIV antibody testing, I recommend everyone in high risk category be tested ANONYMOUSLY for HIV infection.

I stress ANONYMOUSLY!!! If you are in one of the states (like Colorado) where testing officials are required by law to report the names of everyone testing positive, I cannot recommend testing. The consequences of being identified, or of possibly becoming known through slip up or foul intentions of those charged with protecting the public health, is too great to warrant testing where it cannot be done anonymously.

One of the most frightening legal aspects of the AIDS crisis is the incredible bias evidenced by even knowledgeable people against people who even test positive; the discrimination against people with AIDS, ARC, and HIV+ tests, although illegal in some states, is almost beyond belief. Employers and insurance companies pose the greatest risk, and it is a risk which should not be ignored.

Federal law and state law in some states like California grants protection against some forms of discrimination; persons with AIDS or ARC, OR PERCEIVED AS HAVING AIDS OR ARC, are protected against discrimination in federal employment, and in employment by any entity receiving any federal funding. State laws in many cases are even broader.

Many lawyers are becoming knowledgeable in the field, and are going to great lengths to assure that rights of those so afflicted, or believed by others to be so afflicted, will be protected.

The National AIDSLAW conference, and its allied Lavendar Law conference, both

turned out incredible amounts of information in protecting legal rights of gays and lesbians, and of those with AIDS, ARC or HIV seropositivity.

If you need a lawyer to protect your interests, you should assure yourself the lawyer you go to is fully aware of the incredible resources available. An 800 page AIDSLAW Manual is available, as are references to attorneys highly experienced in the field.

If the need arises, contact me through SWAN, and Swan'll get you information to help find such a lawyer, or to assure that the lawyer you select is made aware of the availability of these valuable resources.

The information is available; I hope you'll take advantage of it if the need arises! See you in New Orleans for Mardi Gras.

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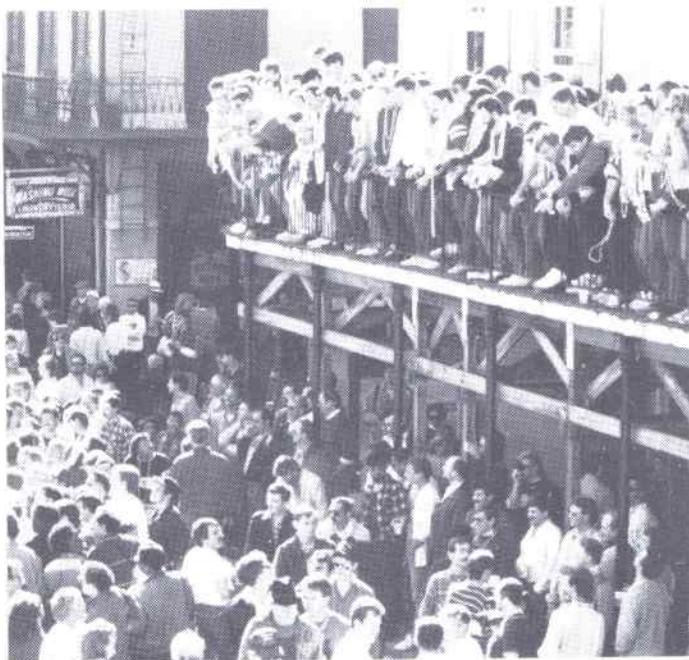
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MARDI GRAS SCENE, 1988

THE HERMIT

by EBB

It was a cold winter's night and thirty-year-old Evan Williams was lost, which was a bad thing to be when you were forty miles from Knoxville, deep in the foothills of the Great Smokies, with the snow beginning to fall. The fluffy, plump flakes would have delighted even Evan back at the resort--after all, they had driven up from Atlanta for a skiing weekend. But now the snow only made him wish he hadn't fought with Bill and gone storming off.

Evan hunched over the steering wheel, as if getting his eyes closer to the windshield would help him see better. The light from his headlamps reflected back from the thickening flakes, creating a white out. He looked in vain for a service station or even a house--anything that might provide shelter until he could discover where he was. Mountain roads were difficult enough in good weather, but, covered with snow, they were impossible.

The car's rear end fishtailed and Evan felt his first twinge of panic. Damn the snow, damn Bill's shallow affections--and damn his own stupidity! Again the rear wheels began sliding and Evan realized he was losing control. There was a horrible sinking feeling in his stomach when the car lurched off the pavement and across the shoulder rear first. He braced himself, praying that he was not going over the edge of a cliff. His vehicle crashed into something, throwing his head forward against the dash. Evan Williams entered an internal darkness far more dense than that outside the car.

Consciousness returned and with it came pain. His head hurt, so he knew he was not dead. Dead people didn't have headaches. He started to touch his forehead and realized he was wrapped in a blanket. A face floated above him. It was a long and very angular male face. A face that looked as if it had been carved by the weather. A thin nose with flaring nostrils pointed down toward a jutting chin, covered with scraggly grey beard.

With the man's help, Evan managed to sit up and look around. He was in a large, sparsely furnished room. A fire was crackling in a pit circled by a necklace of stones. Evan looked at the walls and the floor, then realized that he was in a cave.

"Where am I? Now I remember. There was an accident. My car went off the road."

A smile split the man's face, changing it from ugly to almost pleasant. "I know nothing about an accident. I found you out in the snow and figured I'd better bring you in. My name is Caleb Tanner and this is my home. It's not much, but it's warm and dry."

Evan introduced himself and thanked Caleb for his help. He knew he should be trying to do something about his car but the warmth of the fire and the snugness of the blanket made it difficult to collect his thoughts. Caleb seemed to read his mind.

"Don't worry, son, nothing will be moving as long as this storm keeps up. Would you like some coffee?"

While Caleb busied himself filling the pot and placing it on the fire, Evan took a closer look at his rescuer. The man was tall, with a body to match his face. It was all ungainly angles with long hairy ape-like arms. He wore thread-bare overalls with a faded red long sleeved shirt. Salt and pepper hairs curled out of its collar and crawled up as far as his large adam's apple.

Evan first thought the man was bald, but closer scrutiny in the firelight revealed white hair cut very close to the scalp. He felt his fingers and toes tingling as warmth returned to them. At least he had no frostbite! He shifted his position and realized he was naked inside the blanket. In a panic, he started to protest, then noticed his clothes spread across a large rock near the fire. He relaxed and returned his attention to Caleb. The rough mountain man was squatting on his haunches. Evan could not help looking at the man's wide open crotch. The overalls were stretched tight over an enormous mound. It was impossible to tell how much of it was cock, how much balls, and how much bunched up underwear.

"Thank you for helping me Mister Tanner." Evan tried to see what color Caleb's eyes were, but they were only dark pools in the dim light.

"Shit, son, nothing to it." The lanky man abruptly stood and began serving the coffee. Evan sensed that Caleb was extremely shy. Perhaps that was why he lived alone in a cave.

Evan caressed the chipped mug that was handed him. Its heat was penetrating his fingers, making them tingle even more. The blanket slid off his shoulders, but he barely noticed. He was lost in the delightful aroma and strong taste of the coffee.

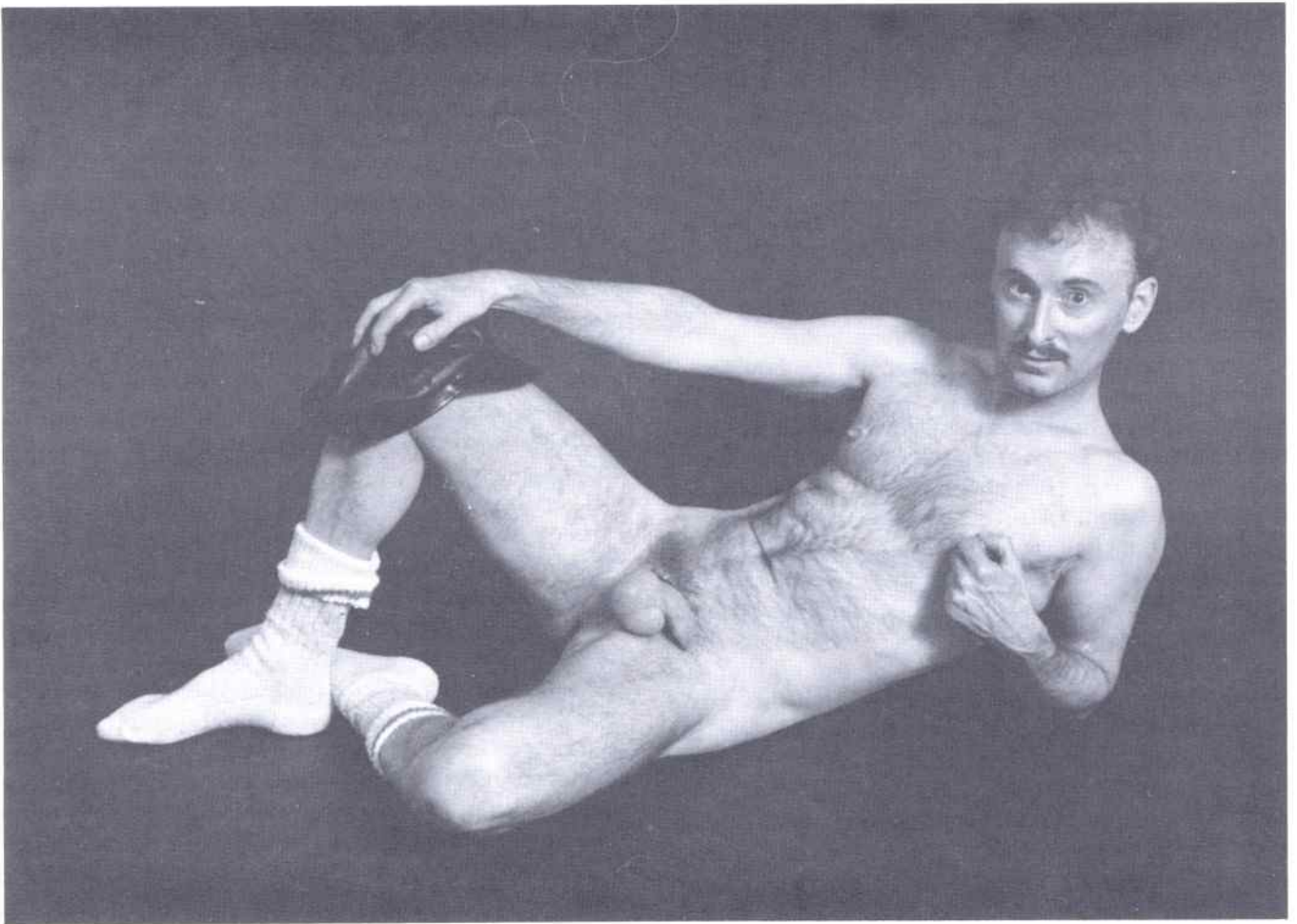
The good samaritan seated himself in a cane bottom chair and pushed it back, balancing expertly on two legs with the back braced against the stone wall. He sipped his own coffee and watched Evan's movements thoughtfully. "Boy, you sure are pretty," he mumbled to himself.

"What's that? I didn't understand," Evan replied.

"Nothing."

Even in the poor light, the bashful blush that spread across Caleb's face was easy to see. Evan didn't know what to say, so he said nothing.

The coffee warmed his insides and, in spite of the caffeine, he was becoming drowsy. Emotional and physical exhaustion was beginning to take its toll. He hoped Caleb didn't mind him spending the night because he was so sleepy that he couldn't think of anything else to do. He was unaware of Caleb's gently removing the



BRIAN PATRICK RICHMOND.....photo by PHOENIX



MICHAEL.....photo by BUTCH

mug from his hands and then tucking him in.

Sometime during the night he had a wet dream. He dreamed that he woke and saw two figures beside the dying fire. They were twining in the act of love. Caleb was on the bottom with his legs in the air. He was moaning and whispering to the shadowy figure that was obviously fucking him. Evan felt like a peeping Tom but he could not take his eyes off the scene. Occasionally the light would gleam off the top figure's moving thick-veined cock. A long dark bar of flesh, which must have been Caleb's dick, flopped and strained against the older man's belly. The scene ended when the top figure grunted, threw back his head, and came. Even in the feeble light, Evan could see that it was an Indian.

Evan awoke to the smell of bacon frying and the feeling of a full bladder. Caleb handed him another cup of coffee and his neatly folded clothes. He turned back to the rebuilt fire and the pan that was resting on an iron grill.

"Better put your things on. You can go do your business in the pot at the cave entrance. Breakfast will be ready by the time you finish."

Evan quickly dressed. If he were aware of the surreptitious looks Caleb threw toward him, he gave no indication. He was proud of his body, and his dick, while never called huge, had often been called beautiful. Besides, Caleb had seen him naked when he undressed him the night before.

He had no problem finding the piss pot. He turned a corner into a tunnel away from the fireroom and there it was beside a heavy tarpaulin that had been hung across the cave entrance to keep out the wind. Weak daylight filtered in around the edges of the tarp.

After relieving himself, Evan eased back the covering so he could see out. Frigid air blasted him in the face. Snow was still falling from a heavy grey sky. Visibility was extremely poor, but Evan could see enough to know he was on the side of a mountain.

The large helping of bacon and eggs tasted wonderful. While eating he looked around the cave more closely than he had the night before. Pale light high above them marked a natural chimney for the fire's smoke. He noticed there was no telephone and obviously no electricity. He was amazed at his easy resignation to staying put. It was startling to think he was actually looking forward to spending the day with the strange, shy hermit. Also, he kept remembering the vivid dream image of Caleb getting his butt pounded.

Caleb shyly accepted Evan's compliments on the breakfast. The man had shaved and now smelled of a familiar aftershave. It was a wonderfully cheap, clean aroma that gave Evan a warm, comfortable feeling. His grandfather had always smelled of it.

"Do you ever get lonely so far away from everyone else?" he asked.

"Don't like most folks. That's why I live here. Besides, I have a few friends," Caleb answered.

"Is one of your friends by any chance an Indian?" Evan didn't know what kind of reaction to expect.

For the first time since their meeting, Caleb stared directly into Evan's face. The hermit had startling blue eyes. "You mean you saw him? You saw us together?"

Evan mutely nodded his head. Caleb told him to carry the small pan of dirty dishes and follow. He watched as the man lit a lantern and led the way toward darkness at the back of the cave. He lifted another tarp and motioned Evan through.

They walked into cooler air that was filled with the sound of dripping water. The hermit kept the light near the floor so Evan would not stumble. They descended a steep bank and stopped beside a shallow underground river.

The two men squatted on the bank and washed the dishes. Evan wanted to talk but Caleb's eloquent silence discouraged him. The lanky man picked up the lantern and led the way across the stream on stepping stones. He stopped beside a small mound of shale and gestured to it with a sweep of a long arm.

"Meet my best friend. His name is Rising Faun."

Suddenly, Evan felt cold. A chill started inside and worked its way out.

Caleb began talking in a deep voice that the cavern picked up and sent whispering around its sides. It was as if a dam had burst. The words poured out of the lanky man in a flood.

"Years ago, the Cherokee nation was moved out to Oklahoma against their will. White folks wanted the land. A lot of them hid back in these mountains. Later, those who did formed the Qualla Reservation but some of them, like Rising Faun, died in their hiding places. I found his bones in a hole back here. Looked like he fell and broke a leg so I buried him. It wasn't until later that he started coming back. At first I thought it was all in my head. Then it got so that I could touch him, feel him. I was afraid of him but I was even more afraid of being alone. I don't take to most people and the locals think I'm nuts. Rising Faun has been a good friend but he's so cold. He's not warm like real flesh and blood."

There was almost a pleading in Caleb's face as he looked at the "pretty" man from the big city. Evan was shocked by what he heard. Was Caleb a crazy old hermit after all? He looked at the gangly man's haunted face and felt his sincerity.

Back beside the roaring fire they sat in silence. The flood of words was over and Evan could feel Caleb beginning to close the gates, withdrawing the feelers he had put out toward the younger man.

Evan suddenly realized that he didn't want Caleb to return to his self-imposed dungeon. He wanted to make him warm. He wanted him to feel the fires of life. Evan reached out with both his hands and his heart.

What started as pity quickly changed to passion and, hot on passion's heels, came cock-filling lust. Without saying a word, Evan unhooked Caleb's overalls and let the bib fall. He then unbuttoned his shirt, exposing a pale white chest. A thicket of grey hair grew between large brown nipples. The hair ran in a thin line down across his belly and into his pants which were

removed next. The hair thickened into a forest at his crotch from which Caleb's dick rose like a tree. It was long and sleek with a large gleaming purple head. Beneath it swung a scrotum that would have made a bull proud.

Meanwhile, Caleb's large clumsy looking fingers deftly removed Evan's own clothes. The hermit had seen the young man's body once before, but his was different. This time he looked at his nakedness with anticipated enjoyment. Within minutes they were in each other's arms, tongues combating, dicks welding onto hairy bellies. It was as if they were trying to climb inside each other. Caleb broke the clench as he lowered his body and then his mouth onto Evan's throbbing cock. Evan writhed as he felt his meat being sucked into the hot cavity of the hermit's mouth. He had never been as turned on during all the times with Bill as he was with this haunted man. He crawled into the classic 69 position and eagerly engulfed Caleb's jumping cock, stopping only when the over-large head stuck in his throat. His hands cupped and gently massaged the man's massive balls.

A short while later, Evan found himself entering the hermit's tight, sucking anus. The pleasure was exquisite as he probed Caleb's hole with his stiff dick. He was looking deep into the man's blue eyes as his fucking cock transformed Caleb's normally ugly face into a thing of twinkling beauty. The lanky man suddenly became perfectly still beneath him.

"He's coming," Caleb whispered.

Evan did not need to ask who. He felt goose bumps rising on his skin. One minute there was only the two of them beside the fire. The next, someone else was with them. It was the Indian. In the firelight, Evan could plainly see every detail of the brave's face and body. His long black hair was tied back with a garland of flowers. He wore a loincloth that was pushed to one side by an absolutely enormous dick. Uncut and raw looking, it jutted out arrogantly from a small patch of dark pubic hair. All other parts of the man's body were completely hairless.

No words were spoken; none were needed. Their massive cocks said it all. Never letting his throbbing meat leave the confines of Caleb's ass, Evan leaned forward and touched his tongue to the dripping tip of the Indian's cock. Caleb was right. It was hot and cold at the same time. As if determined to warm it with his own heat, Evan began sucking the Indian. The loincloth was discarded as Rising Faun became a part of the coupling. It was a new kind of math. First two, and then three, became one.

The Indian got behind Evan. His hands caressed the white man's lightly haired butt and a wet finger probed between the cheeks. Caleb's dick was so long that Evan was able to take the head into his mouth. He sucked avidly as Rising Faun entered his own bowels. An involuntary groan escaped around Caleb's embedded cock head when Evan felt the Indian's giant meat invade his tender hole. It felt like he was being fucked by a combination icicle and red-hot poker. He was acutely

aware that his own penis was still being clutched by Caleb's sucking heat. He remembered a line from a Robert Frost poem: "Fire is nice, but ice will suffice." Evan almost giggled at the ludicrous image of the Indian shooting off a load of sleet. However, there was nothing amusing about the intense pleasure that was beginning to mount in his body.

Caleb's cock seemed to grow larger in Evan's mouth even as the Indian's spirit meat grew thicker in his ass. He was no longer the same person who had argued with Bill. He was an elemental spirit, an usher to the great Thunderbird of lust that was spreading its mighty wings in preparation for flight.

Suddenly it happened! With a silent roar, the Indian began cuming into Evan's ass and it definitely was not ice that was filling him up. The jizz sizzled into his hole like molten lava. The feeling set off his own orgasm and his cock belched its steamy load into Caleb's ass. At the same time, Caleb's dick jerked and began to spurt fiery cum in Evan's gulping throat.

Moments later Evan realized that the Indian was gone. He didn't understand what happened, but didn't care. He did know that he wanted to take the hermit home with him.

"Caleb," he murmured, "come back to Atlanta with me."

The lanky older man stretched before answering. "I wish I could, but we can't change fate. I have to stay in my mountain and you have to return to the real world."

Caleb disengaged himself and walked to a corner of the cave. Evan watched the firelight dance over the uneven planes of his body. He returned with a blanket and something else, which he gave to Evan. It was a smooth, round stone of black onyx, lustrous in the flickering light.

"It's a cave pearl," Caleb explained. "I found it in the stream near Rising Faun's bones. Keep it to remember us by." He then spread the cover over them and gathered Evan into his hairy arms. Evan felt faintly disturbed but did not try to fathom why. He was content to snuggle close, with his head tucked under the hermit's sharp chin. The last thing he remembered before sleep was the hair on Caleb's chest, tickling his nose.

Evan awoke to a pounding headache, a bright light, and a woman's soft voice. "He's coming around, thank God."

He was confused, finding himself no longer in the cave. He was on a sofa in someone's living room. A small mouse-haired woman was leaning over him. Behind her, he could make out a heavy set, middle aged man peering at him through bifocals.

"What happened? Where's Caleb?" He struggled to sit up.

"Don't know any Caleb." The man answered. "I was coming home in my Jeep and saw your headlights. Your car had gone off the road in the storm. You were out cold so I brought you up here to the house."

"But there was a cave," Evan protested, "and an Indian!"

"You must have been dreaming," the man prompted. "The only cave around here is Warrior's Cave up on Sawback Ridge. There used to be an old hermit lived up there but he died years ago. The place is a Cherokee shrine now."

Evan could not have been more stunned if he had been hit with a sledge hammer. Caleb dead? Was it a dream after all? Was it no more than the result of hitting his head on the dash? Now his heart was hurting as badly as his head. Then he realized that he was clutching something in his hand. He slowly opened it and stared at the lustrous black onyx stone nestled there. A faint odor of a familiar after shave caused his eyes to fill with tears.



BOOKS by SAM TOLAR

GAY & GRAY, by Raymond M. Berger, \$7.95, Alyson Publications, Inc.

Although this is not a new book, much of the information in it is just as relevant today as it was when it was first published. This book is for and about the older homosexual man. Dr. Berger received his masters and doctorate degrees at the University of Wisconsin-Madison and has taught social work practice and research. He has published widely in the areas of social work practice, gerontology and homosexuality. In 1979 he was voted Humanitarian of the Year, in recognition of his work with older gay men and women in the area where this study was conducted.

The book is divided into two main sections: The Interview Study and The Questionnaire Study. In the interview study there are six chapters dealing with six

different people telling their stories. These interviewees were chosen because of the diversity in their life stories. The stories are tied together with the common thread of self-acceptance in an unaccepting world. The age range of the men interviewed ranged from forty-four to seventy-two years. The picture of the unhappy, isolated older gay man did not portray the reality of the way that it was/is. Among the areas covered in these interviews are heterosexual marriages, lovers, sex lives then and now, dealing with younger gays, community involvement, discrimination, a review of their lives and their adaptation to their lifestyle today. Part II is devoted to the questionnaire findings. Chapter 9 deals with the questionnaire and methods used in recruiting respondents. Chapters 10 and 11 contain detailed presentation and findings of the questionnaire. Chapter 10 focuses on the older gay man in such variables as sexual orientation, living situation, relationships, psychological adjustment, and concealment of homosexuality. Chapter 11 attempts to identify personal characteristics associated with positive adaptation to aging for gay men. Chapter 12 summarizes the findings about gay aging and their implications in relation to the group, prejudice, adaptation to aging, psychosocial problems, and service and policy considerations.

Now, if all of this sounds like a lot of dry, boring reading, I can assure you that it is not. When I first found this book several years ago, I found it to be helpful in understanding myself and some of my attitudes (I had always felt that I was a little "weird" because of my preference for older men and I did not/do not think that mine is a father fixation). This book has helped me to be comfortable with my aging. Forty was not the end of the road and neither was fifty! Maybe it's true. The best of times is now, to borrow a phrase.


This book should be available through your local bookstore, but if it is not, you can order directly from the publisher, Alyson Publications, P.O. Box 2783, Boston, MA 02208.

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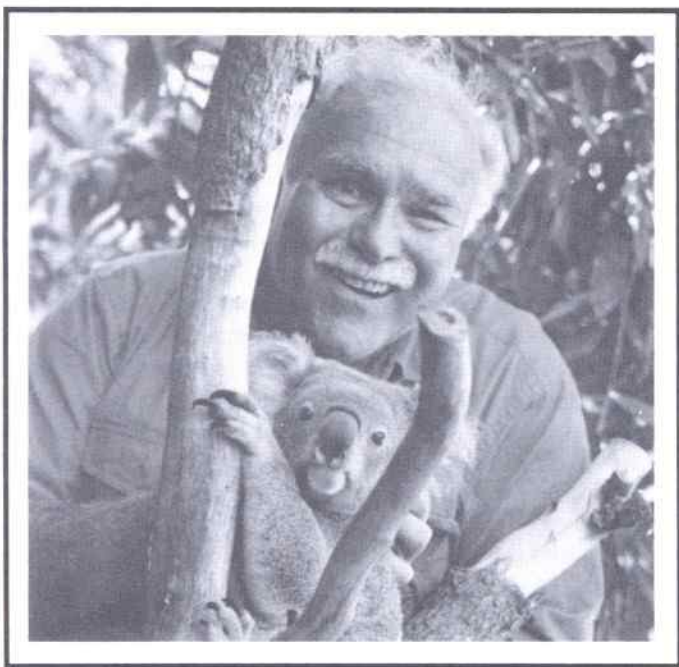
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ASSOCIATES



TRAVELIN TIME WITH NEWT DEITER

As I told you, I had planned to go from London to Ibiza, an island off the Spanish coast. While in London though, I was told that they had experienced a minor fire, and my invitation was withdrawn. There I was in London, with all my previous plans wrecked. What to do?

Several phone calls later, I had redesigned the trip. I left on the day I was scheduled to go to Ibiza for Athens, planning four days there with a short Greek Islands cruise, then flying back to Frankfurt, taking the train through East Germany to Berlin, spending a few days there and flying home. For a quickly put together trip, it worked out remarkably well. That is, after all, what happens when you have a competent travel agent handling the details.

The flight to Athens from London was an all day affair and when I arrived at my Athens hotel, I opted for a quiet dinner, knowing that the next day heavy touring would start. I took the first day for museums and a lot of walking. Of course, the first stop was Syntagma Square to watch the very impressive Evzones doing their drill in front of the Parliament Building. Then, there were stops at three of the major museums, the truly impressive National Archaeological Museum, the Cycladic Museum and the Military Museum.

If you enjoy ancient civilizations, you'll find the National Archaeological Museum to be a spectacular experience. Sculpture, frescos, pottery, gold and bronze abound, and you could easily spend a week just going through the collections. The Cycladic Museum, although much smaller, specializes in large, heroic figures from the earliest days of the Athenian city/state. When you visit the Military Museum, the struggle that the Greeks have gone through to have their own identity and their freedom are sure to impress you,

as they did me. After a walk through the flea market and a visit to the restored Agoura, or ancient marketplace, I returned to my hotel to get ready for a seafood dinner and a "Sound and Light" show, starring the Acropolis. By the way, lest you think this was all just about sightseeing, the Greek men are magnificent! Their ready smiles and flashing eyes make you feel quite welcome and many Greek men speak enough English, so communication is not too difficult.

I caught a taxi to the "Turkish Port" area where I enjoyed a great seafood dinner. This is a must see on your trip to Greece. You watch fishermen land their day's catch and a meal is prepared for you as you sit by the quayside. After quaffing my share of the Ouzo and Retsina, it was time to climb a hill directly across from the Acropolis where we heard an international cast speak English translations of the ancient Greek as we heard the history of Athens and the Acropolis itself. The ruins painted with light lent an immediacy that has to be seen to be believed.

The following day was spent in touring. We saw Athens itself from a coach including the facades of several of the places I had visited the day before, a stop at the Presidential Palace, and a visit to the stadium built to hold the games of the first modern Olympiad. Just five days before I arrived, the stadium was full as 80,000 people, who watched the Olympic torch arrive from Olympia on its way to Seoul. In the afternoon, the coach took us to Cape Sunion, the southernmost place on the continent of Europe where we visited the Temple of Zeus and spent a couple of hours lazing on the beach and gawking at the handsome Greek men. The last day in Athens was spent in an all day trip to Delphi with a visit to the ruins and the outstanding museum at the site. That evening I went to the Plaka and broke my share of plates, and perhaps a heart or two before returning to my hotel in the wee wee hours of the morning.

Far too early, I was awakened with a cheerful call telling me my car was downstairs and that I had to hurry. Well, hurry I did as we sped through early morning traffic to the port of Piraeus and I boarded my ship for a four day Greek Islands cruise. Once we set sail, I decided to sleep since I knew that Mykonos, our first island, was a gay mecca and I wanted to be at a high energy level for that visit.

Mykonos was everything I'd heard of and more! Whatever your "type," you could be sure of finding it in one of the cafes at dockside. The cruising was bold, the people friendly, and shortly I fell in with a bunch of guys living on the island who took me to a great non-tourist type bar to watch a spectacular sunset. Following dinner at one of Mykonos' many fine restaurants, and a visit to their house for more drinks, I was just about the last person back on the ship. When I awakened the next day, we were already tied up at the dock on the island of Rhodes.

Spectacular is the only word to describe this jewel in the Aegean Sea. The main town has had its old city well restored and the ancient walls enclose crusader forts and a royal palace built by Mussolini for

King Victor Emmanuel. Never occupied because of World War II, it is now being refurbished for possible use as a government hotel. The Rhodians are industrious and friendly, although commerce makes them appear to be a trifle grasping. Shops and restaurants abound and here, as throughout Greece, the dollar buys a great deal. I really thought that this was a bargain paradise until the following day when we arrived in Kushadashi, Turkey.

This particular place was one I had long looked forward to seeing, since one lands at Kushdashi in order to visit the fabled city of Ephesus. Under constant restoration for almost 100 years, there is much to see. As we walked the streets of this once thriving port, I was taken with the magnificence of the restorations, especially the city library. Most of all, I was impressed with what had been the largest building in Ephesus. It was located across from the library and had been the site of the brothel. Our guide told us that whatever the tastes of city resident or visitor, it could be satisfied in this building. After spending most of the day at the Ephesus site, we were taken back into town in time for some shopping. The best buys in Turkey, without a doubt, are leather clothing and copies of well known European and American sportswear at prices that are breathtaking. One example: Chemise La Coste polo shirts at \$3.00 each.

Our last islands were the smallest and most tranquil, Samos and Patmos. Although there was not a great deal to see on either island, Samos is the island that Michael Dukakis' father came from, and the locals are certainly making a big thing about that! Patmos, site of an ancient monastery, offers rocky crags and views across a tranquil sea. The following morning, I arrived back in Greece and made a dash for the airport and off for three days in Germany before returning home.

The German portion of the trip started on a dead run: from the plane, to the subway, arriving at Frankfurt Main Station in time to jump aboard the Hanover train and arriving in Hanover with minutes to spare to catch the Berlin express. After stopping at the Helmstadt checkpoint, the adventure began. You could notice a definite difference as we crossed from West to East Germany, not the least of these being the large group of armed East Germans who got on board and closely checked everyone's documents. Even from the train, I saw many tank depots and large troop convoys, something one did not see anywhere in the west.

While in Berlin, I managed to hit a number of gay bars and restaurants. The gay scene in West Berlin is open and vigorous. Having some knowledge of German helps to assure you a warm welcome and German men seem to be very inventive in their sexual activities. Although this portion of the trip was primarily for playing, I did do a West Berlin city tour and one into East Berlin as well. To say the contrasts were startling is an understatement. Forty-four years after the end of World War II, you see few reminders in West Berlin. Not so on the other side of the wall. There are vast vacant spaces, and you can still see bullet pocked

buildings in East Berlin.

After nearly three weeks of travel, it was nice to board my jet for the flight back to Los Angeles. Although I love to travel, like Dorothy in the "Wizard Of Oz," I can say, "there really is no place like home."

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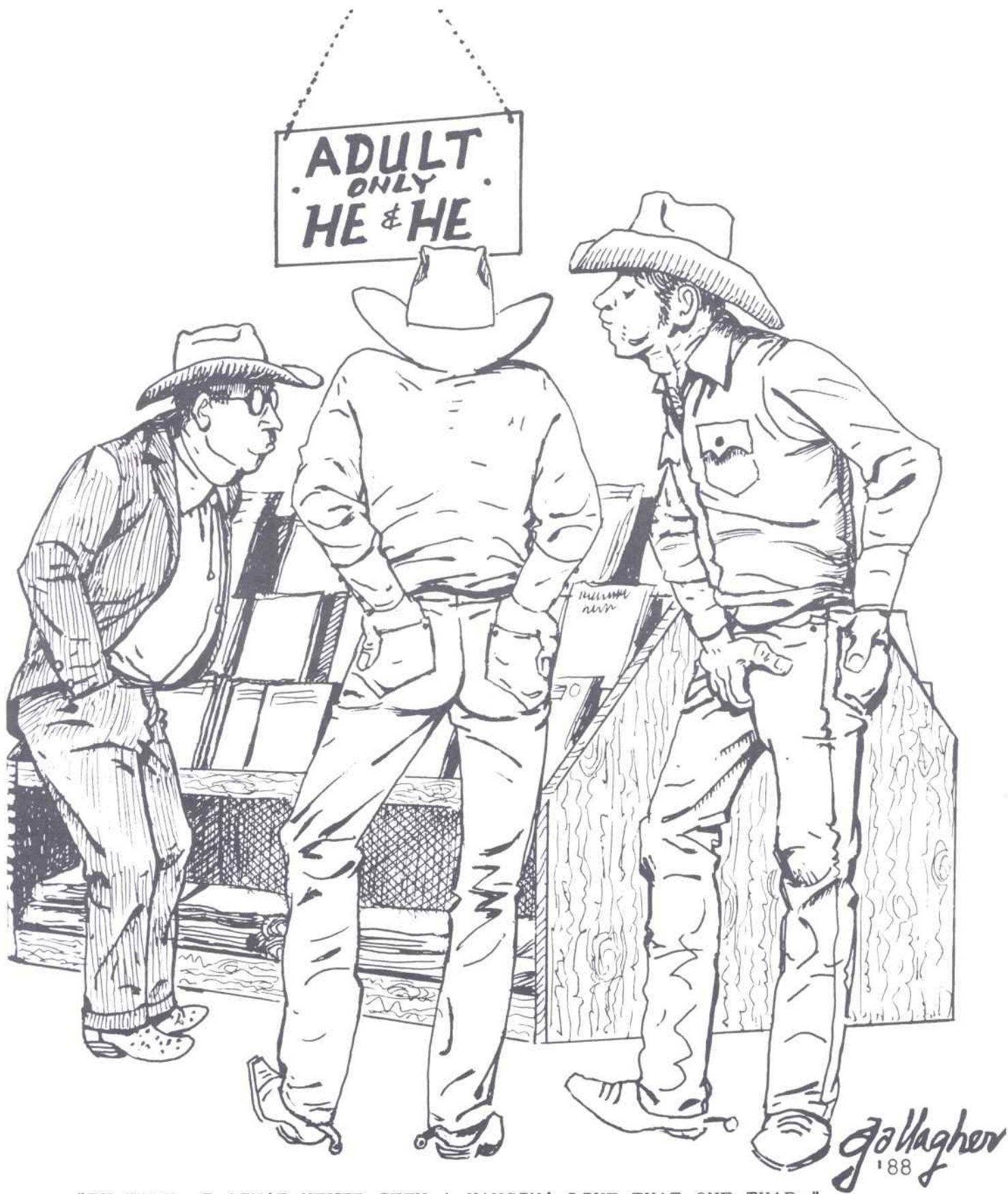
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"BY GAWD, I AIN'T NEVER SEEN A HANGIN' LIKE THAT ONE THAR."

SULJI'S SPHERE

a novel by OCHO

(CONTINUED FROM DECEMBER 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. DISTRAUGHT AND SUICIDAL, HE MOVES TO SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA AND STUMBLES UPON AN ALIEN, HOVERING, SPHERICAL ROBOT, WHICH CONVINCES HIM THAT EACH CAN HELP THE 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. MEANWHILE, THE SPACESHIP IS SIGHTED BY THE AIR FORCE AND GENERAL HOLTZ IS BROUGHT INTO THE INVESTIGATION. BACK ON THE MOON, AFTER CREATING A FEMALE ANDROID THEY NAME ANDREA, PETER AND ANDY TAKE UP HOUSEKEEPING IN LAGUNA BEACH, WHEREUPON 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. AS THEY PREPARE FOR PHASE TWO IN WASHINGTON, A DRUNKEN GENERAL HOLTZ BROODS OVER HIS EX WIVES AND WONDER IF HIS BEST FRIEND, SULLIVAN, IS GAY, AS HIS EX CHARGES. HE INVITES SULLIVAN OVER TO FIND OUT, BUT ENDS UP FINDING OUT MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR AS HE IS SEDUCED. MEANWHILE, PETER AND ANDREA FLY OFF TO WASHINGTON, D.C. AS MAN AND WIFE, WHEREUPON ANDREA, USING HER POWERS OF MIND READING AND CONTROL, MEETS THE "RIGHT" PEOPLE. THEY GET INVITED TO A PARTY, WHERE THEY FIND THEMSELVES SURROUNDED BY THE MOST POWERFUL PEOPLE IN WASHINGTON--ONE OF THEM, GENERAL SULLIVAN. THE INCREDIBLY SEDUCTIVE ANDREA MANAGES TO LURE A POWERFUL SENATOR INTO BED AND ABSORBS HIS MEMORY, WHICH INCLUDES MYRIAD TOP SECRETS. SHE HAS ALSO MANAGED TO IMPRESS SULLIVAN SO MUCH THAT HE ARRANGES TO FIX HOLTZ UP WITH HER. EVENTUALLY, PETER PINES FOR ANDY--EVEN IF HE IS INERT-- AND RETURNS TO LAGUNA BEACH. FINALLY, ANDREA MEETS HOLTZ AND IT'S LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT. NEARLY FUCKED TO DEATH, HE SLEEPS WHILE SHE ABSORBS HIS MEMORY AND DETERMINES THAT THE SPHERE AND ITS MISSION ARE IN DANGER. AS WE JOIN THE STORY, WE ARE ABOUT TO MEET SULJI, THE SPHERE'S CREATOR, FAR OUT IN SPACE.....

SEVEN

Two huge, aquamarine eyes examined the sterile whiteness of the ceiling. A century of sadness and hardships emanated from them, as well as the serenity of a man who was near tapping the collective consciousness of the universe. Still a trace of kindness and gentleness, slowly being eroded by bitterness--all were there. He was becoming increasingly more tired and knew that the bitterness would give way to indifference and hatred--two emotions which would chip away at the delicate negative/positive balance within him.

Take away a creature's freedom and the psyche modifies.

We all have two entities within us, he proposed. Upon maturity, one has usually gained supremacy and suppresses the other. But then, the suppressed entity is merely dormant and will spring forth if the king dies. And the king was dying.

He recounted the many times when he could have destroyed them--perhaps escaped. Perhaps he could have swayed them from their goals with an act of force--an ultimatum. But he did not want to harm them, for it was not in his psyche. The king was not yet dead.

Hungry for a fleeting moment of peace, he began to reflect on the years he was free and among his own benevolent species. He longed for his home on that wonderful planet which elliptically orbited the sun counter to the other planets-- every 2,000 years.

His reverie was shattered with a bark from the circular monitor on the wall opposite his bed. It illuminated a message in the language he called *Utran*, which was the voiceless language his captors used to communicate with him. The message instructed him to arise from his allotted rest period and continue working on the new hand weapon.

Yet another way to kill, he thought, slowly getting out of the small, uncomfortable bed. He examined his reflection in the monitor, now black and deactivated. His reflection was grey, making him look like a cadaver. Shuddering, he held his white hands to his eyes, assuring himself that he was still alive. I am old, he thought; old before the time to be old. I am a machine. First, the Probe Program, then the special sphere, then the dreaded Cytax and now, hand weapons. No, the laser hand weapons weren't good enough--too much penetration. And what is Cytax? Total penetration.....Total devastation.

He shuddered at the thought of *Cytax*, the massive rain of particles which descends upon a planet at the speed of light, killing a high percentage of all living creatures, then coming to inert rest, deep within the planet's crust--just like it had done on his planet.

He willed that something would go wrong with his special sphere. He needed time to work out a way to sabotage the super weapon before they used it on the

blue and white planet.

A tear rolled down his cheek as he thought of the little planet and how, like a mischievous child, it had survived one crisis after another--with the help of the caretakers from the "wrong way" planet that passed by so closely every 2,000 years.

But who would save them now?

Sitting at the five-stool restaurant bar, he felt insipid and unproductive as he sipped his third martini. He found himself sharing the bar with a sullen, nervous bartender and a couple he'd not bothered to look at. For some strange reason, he'd been strongly compelled to enter the place, even though he knew that it wasn't a good place to cruise. He desperately wanted to leave, but felt glued to the stool.

The couple's conversation faded in and out of his awareness as he attempted to fathom whether he was in love with a robot or a ghost.

"....wrong idea. I don't know what Harold told you...."

Sounds of waiter movements and clinking dishes drowned her out.

"How *dare* you call me that," the woman said, dramatically clutching her purse and leaving.

Peter turned his head and followed her out of the restaurant with his eyes. He glanced at the man, who was smiling at him. He was in his late 50's, with wavy, grey hair and a ruddy complexion. His eyes were a dark color, but sparkled with mischief and humor.

"I guess she told me," said the man, snickering.

"Your wife?" asked Peter, finding the man powerfully attractive.

The bartender leaned against the end of the bar, smoking a cigarette. He was oblivious to the conversation.

"Naw. Just met her tonight. This buddy lined me up with her, but I think he made a slight error. She's looking for a husband--not a stiff dick."

Peter smiled. "Probably a religious freak."

The man laughed and Peter joined him.

"She sure didn't want to fuck, I know that."

"Oh, well. At least she didn't get into you for dinner."

The man nodded his head. "Sure did. We were having *after* dinner drinks."

"She probably does that often--prick teases for dinner, then runs off to her vibrator and dirty pictures."

The man laughed and moved to the barstool next to Peter. "Bartender, give us two more."

The bartender grunted and poured them two more.

"Thanks." Peter studied the man's large, rough hands, then let his eyes drop to his crotch. The man's genitals protruded and obviously hung well down his left thigh. "My name's Peter Wade," he said, extending his

hand and hungrily watching the big, rough hand reach for his.

"Dudley Rostov," the man said, shaking his hand. "It's Russian. Used to be Rostovtzeff, but my father had it shortened during the McCarthy hearings."

"Is Dudley Russian?" Peter smiled cordially.

"My mother was English," he said, laughing. Say, how do I get to Brea from here? I know a broad up there."

"Brea....Where do you live?"

"Huntington Beach. I commute into L.A. every day, but I always get lost when I go east."

"I have a map out in the car. I'd sure as hell get you lost if I tried to tell you."

"You live here?"

"Yeah. Up on the hill."

The man smirked. "That's good real estate."

"It's nice."

"You married?"

"Nope. Foot loose and fancy free."

The man squirmed in his seat. "Hell, why don't we go to your place and let her come there. She's got a roommate."

Peter was hot for him and was certain that no woman in her right mind would drive from Brea to Laguna Beach for a couple of drunks. "Okay, you're on."

The bartender overheard and rolled his eyes upward.

Peter brought a martini and a bourbon on the rocks into the living room, where the man was busy on the phone, trying to convince the woman to come down.

"Aw, darlin', it's not that far."

Peter placed the drink in front of him and sat in a chair opposite him, sipping the martini. He stared into the man's crotch.

The man groped himself, absently, oblivious of Peter's stare. "Hey, baby. Old Dudley's holdin' somethin' right now you like. Huh? It ain't that far.....What?.....Aw, come on.....Jenny? Shit! She hung up on me."

"The bitch," spat Peter, relieved and growing anxious.

Dudley hung up the receiver and hissed something in Russian. It sounded authentic to Peter and he assumed that Dudley spoke fluent Russian.

Dudley rubbed his crotch. "Goddamnit! I gotta get this thing taken care of."

"Take it out," blurted Peter. "I'll take care of it."

Dudley squinted at him, wondering if he had heard him correctly. "What?"

"I said I'd take care of it."

The man studied Peter, half smiling, in case it was just a joke. "You like cock?"

"Yeah. And I'm probably better at it than Jenny."

The man eyed him suspiciously. "I've never

been blown by a man before."

"First time for everything." *My ass*, he thought.

"Well, I guess I'm horny and drunk enough," he said, unzipping his trousers and taking out his flaccid penis. "Just don't expect me to do anything to you."

Peter smiled and placed his drink on the coffee table.

A cab pulled up in front of the house and Andrea paid the driver.

Hearing a car door slam, Peter hesitated, then continued sucking the man's fat cock, convinced that it was the neighbor next door.

"Man, you know how to do it. Ooooooweeeeee!"

"Uhmnnnnnn," acknowledged Peter.

Then the front door opened and Andrea stood, staring at them in disbelief.

"Oh, my God," mumbled the man.

Peter turned and regarded Andrea with a wry smile. "You're back," he said, wincing.

Andrea dropped her bags on the floor and closed the door, while Dudley struggled to stuff his penis back inside his pants. She captured Dudley's frantic thoughts and quickly determined how to defuse everyone's anxiety. "Leave it out," she said. "We'll be more comfortable upstairs, won't we?"

Peter made himself a bloody mary and glanced at Andy, sitting at the kitchen table.

"I was jealous," said Andy.

"And I was lonely," countered Peter.

"It hurt me. How can it hurt me?"

"I'm sorry."

"You're not listening to me, Peter," said Andy, louder.

Peter regarded him and shrugged.

"I'm supposed to be a robot. I'm not supposed to have feelings like jealousy. I'm not supposed to feel guilt either."

"Guilt about what?" Peter was becoming highly confused.

"I told you I was exclusively yours, but I had sex with two women while you slept one night."

A sound of movement came from the living room and Dudley appeared, dressed in a short robe. As he approached them, the head of his penis peeked from the bottom of the robe.

"Good morning, Dudley," greeted Peter. "Care for some breakfast?"

"Is that a bloody mary?"

"Yeah. Want one?"

"Need one."

"Dudley, this is Andy. He lives here too," Peter said, making his drink.

Andy and Dudley shook hands. Peter was amused that they looked quite a bit alike, except Dudley had grey hair and a ruddier complexion.

"Was I dreaming, or was the most beautiful

woman in the world in bed with....." He grimaced at Andy.

"Andy and Andrea are brother and sister," Peter said, quickly. "Andrea is asleep in the other bedroom."

"It's okay," said Andy. "I know the score. I was watching last night anyway."

Dudley sat at the table and relaxed, even though his head was throbbing. Peter handed him the drink.

"Jesus, that was wild--what little I remember."

Andy and Peter exchanged smiles.

"Andy and Andrea," said Dudley, glancing at Andy. "You twins?"

"No. My parents were poetic. There's also Andros, Andina and Andelle."

"No shit." Dudley seemed amazed.

"Want to call your wife?" asked Peter.

"Don't have one. The dumb bitch left me last year and moved in with an investment banker in Pasadena." He flinched. "What day is this?"

"Sunday," Andy said.

Dudley relaxed. "Scared me. I have a big meeting on Monday morning with a client."

"What kind of work do you do?" asked Peter, glancing at Andy and knowing that he had found out his life history.

"Electronics engineer with a defense contractor."

"Sounds interesting." Peter began preparing another pitcher of bloody mary's.

"Interesting? Spending ten hours a day with hustling subcontract administrators and designers who can't even speak English isn't what I call interesting." He glanced at the pitcher. "A few more of these and you're gonna get me horny again."

Peter looked at Andy for a reaction.

"I'll go see if she's up yet," said Andy.

"You might as well join us," said Dudley. "Hell. After last night, I might as well pull out all the stops."

Peter almost choked on his drink.

Andy suppressed a laugh. "No. That would be incest. I'll just take a little nap while you three go at it."

"Peter, me boy. Why don't you pour me another drink and I'll go on up and shave and shower."

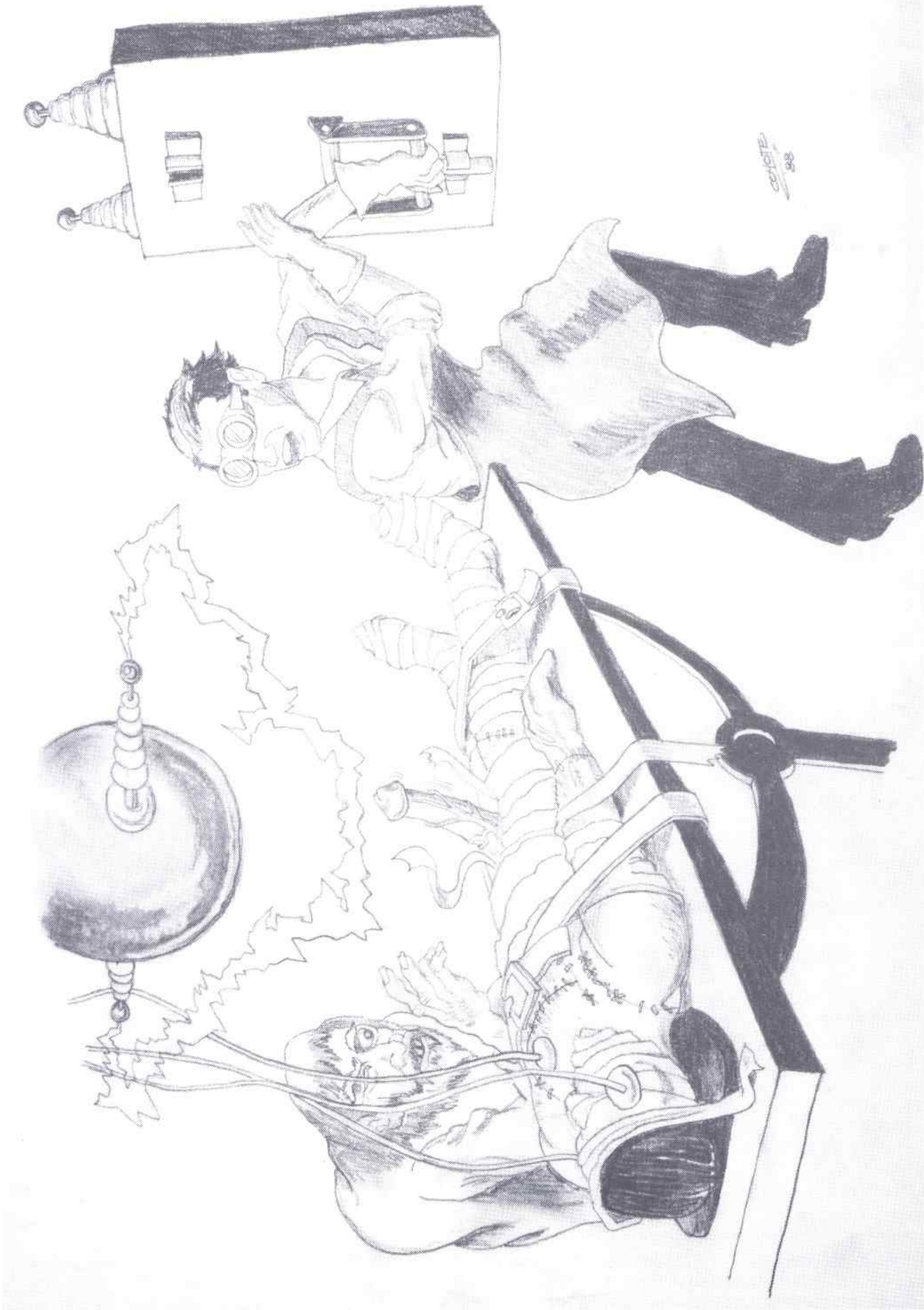
Peter poured another one.

With his drink in hand, Dudley stood and looked down. His erect penis stuck straight out. "They ought to make these robes a little longer."

EIGHT

SEPTEMBER

Peter and Andy lay upon a rock, high above Los Angeles in Griffith Park, where the sun was warm and the air, unusually clear. They'd just spent the morning at the



IT'S ALIVE!!!

zoo and Andy had retrieved data from several of the animals. By the end of the morning, Andy had become despondent and tried to explain his feelings to Peter.

"The gorilla communicated with me at length," said Andy. "He wanted to know how his species was faring in Uganda and Rwanda."

Peter chuckled and sat up, looking into Andy's eyes for a sign of a joke. Finding none, he lay back down, shuddering.

Andy looked at Peter sadly. "Man has devastated everyone and everything on this planet. He's destroyed the rain forests and an unbelievable amount of animal and plant species. He's slaughtering whales and porpoises and seals and otter....." He trailed off.

Peter regarded him solemnly. "You sure don't sound like a robot to me."

"I have to call General Holtz tomorrow," he said, deciding to abandon his line of thinking.

"Who is General Holtz?"

"A four star general....Air Force."

"Wow," said Peter, whistling. "You got around, didn't you?"

"You would have liked him. He had one nine inches long by seven inches around."

"You took that?"

He nodded. "I'm afraid he fell for Andrea."

"Oh, great."

"No problem. I want to see him because the Air Force is investigating the sightings of the ship. I want to keep abreast of what the Air Force is up to."

"But the ship's burrowed in dunes.....Or did the wind uncover it?"

"I have an attunement with my ship. It's not exposed, but a sophisticated metal detector could find it if they got that close."

"Where will you meet him?"

"I don't know yet, but I can guess. He'll be at Edwards Air Force Base tomorrow. Probably near there."

Both stretched and began walking back to the car parked down a hill.

"Nine inches, huh?" said Peter. "Think he'll go for a three way like Dudley?"

"Get into the car, you whore!"

Andy began to drive the maze of freeways back to the San Diego Freeway, which would take them home to Laguna Beach

"Just what *did* you do in Washington? In totality. The *whole* story, robot."

"You won't get jealous, now?" Andy smiled impishly.

"I'll probably get hot as a firecracker."

Andy sighed and started his tale: "I went to bed with a Senator Trungale, then General Holtz. At the airport, I passed by two men who were speaking in perfect English, but thinking in Russian. They were attached to the Russian Embassy and one was a KGB

operative. I circled around and placed Andrea's gorgeous body in their paths and dropped my bag on my toe. Then I mumbled a few choice expletives in Russian. That was all it took. My name was Dinera Petrov and I was attached to the Soviet Embassy in Mexico City as a translator. The three of us cancelled our flights and they both fucked me twice."

"And you call me a whore."

"Perhaps. But the data I received on the trip was incredible."

"What kind of data?"

"If this planet makes it through another twenty years, it will be a miracle. You sure you want to hear it?"

"Sure," said Peter, excitedly.

"Well, it seems that even though thousands of people constitute the spy networks of the super powers, neither side knows exactly what the other is doing. With the Soviets, there are projects like the 'Zemlya Missile' and 'Negative Field Target.' With the Americans, there are projects like the 'Procyon Missile' and 'Black Hole Bomb.' Star Wars indeed!"

Peter shook his head slowly and sadly. "Then the treaties don't mean shit, do they?"

"They never did," said Andy, feeling depression grip him again. He quickly shook it off and shifted his determination into high gear. "Okay, Peter. Time for your lesson. First, let's take the 'Zemlya Missile.' It's based on a very simple theory, really....."

Peter awakened and was surprised to find Andy in his arms. "Did you sleep with me?"

"Sleep? No, but I stayed with you so you could sleep soundly. Besides, we're out of books to read."

"What time is it?" Peter yawned.

"Eleven fifteen."

"Call him yet?"

"Not yet."

"Uhm," encouraged Peter, kissing him.

"But I'd better call him now or I never will."

"Shit."

Andy escaped into the other bedroom and, momentarily, sauntered back as Andrea. She dialed the telephone.

"Edwards Air Force Base," a female voice answered.

"General Holtz, please," said Andrea, silkily.

"One moment, please."

"General Holtz' office, Sergeant Madison speaking....."

"I have it, Sergeant," interrupted Holtz from another telephone. "General Holtz speaking."

"Hi, stud."

Peter moaned and turned over on his stomach, placing a pillow over his head.

"Hi, yourself. How are you?"

"Great."

"You free?"

"I'm all yours."

"What about your husband?"

"He's in Japan for two days."

Peter kicked and screamed silently into the pillow as Andrea gave him a dirty look.

"Well, I can't go too far from the base, so I rented a room at the Sorrento Motel in Victorville. How long will it take you to get here?"

"Probably around three hours."

"Let's see. It's eleven twenty-five. Let's meet at the bar there around three. Alright?"

"You got a date."

"See ya."

"Bye."

She placed the receiver on the hook and shook her head at Peter. She climbed into bed and turned him over. "Now, you're gonna get it."

Peter recoiled. "Get that pussy off me! You can't get in this bed without a cock!"

Andrea lay on her back as the general became lost in cunnilingus. Lifting her hips, he thrust his tongue deeply into her, becoming wild-eyed.

She decided that it was time to have an orgasm and her moans increased and merged with low, guttural groans. At the perfect time, she cried out, releasing a small amount of synthetic saliva.

Frenzied, Holtz straddled her neck and rammed his cock into her mouth. She rolled him onto his back, then let her mouth glide down the length. The head of it deeply into her throat, she rolled her tongue over his testicles.

"Jesus, how did you do that?" he said, breathlessly. He shook violently and held on to the headboard behind his head. His biceps bulged to massive proportions and the headboard began to crack.

She held him by his buttocks and violently swallowed the entire length again and again until he exploded into her throat. Sipping the last drop of his jissom, she slithered up his body and lay next to him.

Gasping for breath, he closed his eyes. "I.... I love you, Andrea."

"You shouldn't. I'm married."

"I'll take you away from him in time." Then he fell asleep.

She determined that the Air Force was searching the dune areas day and night with sophisticated metal detectors and infrared devices. Having searched all dune areas south and east of Edwards all the way into Arizona, they had decided to head north and search the isolated dune areas. The space ship was buried in such an area just north of Baker, a town on Interstate 15 between Los Angeles and Las Vegas. She silently got dressed and slipped out of the room.

She received a signal from the ship that it was being uncovered, just as she had passed through Baker, headed north toward Death Valley. After what seemed an eternity, she spotted the dunes in the distance, illuminated by the moon. She slowed down from 110 to 60 miles per hour, then saw the roadblock at the side road and pulled the car to the shoulder, almost turning it over. Swiftly, she opened the slit in the back of her neck and went limp as the sphere shot out the window and toward the ship.

And that is when a massive explosion illuminated the northern sky.

Sitting on the terrace, Andy watched the setting moon and thought of his short experience as a human being. He wondered why an android would want to watch a moonset. He wondered why he was capable of jealousy--why he profoundly felt an emotional high when around Peter and why he identified with the male sex and felt stupid in women's clothes. He longed to know why he felt guilt about leading Holtz on and why he enjoyed sucking Holtz' cock.

He wondered if he were not an android in the sense a human thinks of such a thing. But, then, he never met Sulji--never realized that he had not until now. Was he in fact a robot in the sense a Utranian thinks of a robot? He didn't know. But then, he had no blood rushing through his veins--no heart or lungs or bowels or odor of excrement or perspiration. But he had a brain--superior to the human brain, for sure. But the human brain had a subconscious. Perhaps, it had a soul, if that was where it was, if it existed. Did he have a soul?

Still, with all the unanswered questions, he felt peace, watching the moon.

"You're back," greeted Peter, shaking.

Andy turned and smiled plaintively. "Hi, Babe."

"I saw Andrea in the other bedroom.....I didn't hear you come in."

"You've heard."

"There was a story on the late news about an explosion, but the radio never picked up on it.....I.... I thought you might have been killed." He was ashen with anxiety.

Andy stood and put his arms around him. "I'm sorry. I should have told you I was here."

"They must have penetrated the ship."

Andy nodded. "It cuts the length of my mission somewhat."

"I know." Peter's expression changed from shock to grief.

"They'll come for me soon. The only coordinate they have is where the ship exploded. It'll be near there. They'll transmit the coordinates to me."

Peter numbly walked into the bedroom and slipped into the bed. Andy sat on the edge of the bed and searched his memory banks for words of comfort.

"Sulji will be there. Maybe he'll let me stay."

"You think so?"

The sudden hope in Peter's eyes gave him a feeling of remorse. "He's a kind man."

"Then he'll let you stay."

"Maybe. I was planning on a relocation for us to Europe for a second stage. Maybe he'll let me."

Then Peter realized that he had developed a psychic attunement to the metal sphere inside Andy's head--he knew, somehow, that the sphere was doubtful of Sulji's intentions.

Not sensed by Peter was the sphere's doubt of Sulji's existence.

And then, all of it seemed so very futile and Peter began to cry. He felt like he was being sucked into a vortex not unlike the one he fell into when Bob was murdered. He was inconsolable and broke away from Andy's grasp, running down the stairs into the den.

As Peter drank from a Scotch bottle in the den, Andy stood entranced on the terrace, looking up into the heavens. Data from far away began to enter the sphere.

From the stairway, he stood gazing down at Peter as he slept, fully clothed, on the den couch. The mid-morning sun filtered through the front window, sending a light beam into an overturned Scotch bottle on the coffee table. Now knowing what he had to do, he quietly slipped out the front door and headed for the Cadillac.

Peter's right eye opened instantly, seeing only a blurred vision of the coffee table. It was bloodshot and glazed and waiting for a signal from the brain behind it. The signal screamed through his body and he bolted from the couch and tumbled over the coffee table and into the love seat. "Andy! Don't leave me, Andy!"

By the time Peter reached the street, Andy had driven half way down the block. Then, seeing Peter in the rear view mirror, he stopped the car. Peter stood in the middle of the street, sobbing like an abandoned child.

He placed the car in reverse, then backed up to the house, lowering the passenger window. "Lock up the house and get in the car."

They reached the Riverside Freeway and headed toward Riverside and San Bernardino.

"It's critical that you stay out of sight, do you understand?"

Peter nodded.

"Do you have any identification on you?"

Peter reached for his wallet, which wasn't there. He checked all his pockets and found nothing but keys to the house. "No."

"It's best you don't. If the Air Force detained you and found out your name, it would kill some of our

contingencies. The Utranians will land fifteen miles northwest of Baker at twelve noon. I'll leave you parked on the shoulder on the highway and go into the desert about a mile on foot. You lift up the hood, then wait in the car. If the military approaches you, tell them that a friend was following you in another car and is getting a tow truck from Baker. If I'm not back by one o'clock, it will mean that I had to go with them. In that case, go back to the house and wait."

"For how long?" The bitterness began to show in his face.

"Peter, I'm determined to stay here. That's all I can say."

The statement surprised Peter.

The Cadillac pulled off the road exactly fifteen miles northwest of Baker. The wind was high and the sand cut visibility slightly. It was eleven thirty-five.

Andy looked in both directions along the highway, then ran into the desert. Peter got out of the car and lifted the hood. Standing next to the car, he watched as Andy disappeared over a ridge. Getting back into the car, he waited. He thought:

What if I had to take a crap? I'd have to walk over that ridge. Then, if the military came I could say that I had to go to the can and that's the reason I was over there, honest. That ridge is about three quarters of a mile away. The ship will land one quarter of a mile past it. If I stay out of sight just over the ridge....

At eleven fifty, Peter left the car and ran into the direction of the ridge. As he neared it, he saw a ball of light descending ahead of him. Reaching the top of the ridge, he hid behind a clump of creosote bushes.

The ship was the same size as the other one. It landed within a few feet from Andy and the door/ramp opened and extended to Andy's feet. Andy hesitated, then climbed the ramp into the ship. He was confronted by three, seven foot, metallic robots. They were humanoid in appearance, but had cubic heads with translucent, yellow, circular faces.

"Where is Sulji?"

The robots did not speak nor move.

Andy turned to run, but was stopped by a fourth robot, which wrapped a huge arm around his neck. Swiftly, the robot ripped open his head and grabbed the sphere, handing it to another advancing robot. As the other placed the sphere inside a transparent box in the center of the ship, the fourth threw Andy's body out of the ship.

Peter ran down the hill screaming as the ship's door closed and the ship ascended and disappeared.

As the spacecraft reached optimum speed, the sphere avoided the image of the four robots, stationed silently around the transparent box. It strained to retrieve the memory of Sulji and its beginnings.

Other body--fire--no. Earlier. Touch down, April two, no, three. Before. Before.

Totally blank. Go deeper, deeper, deeper. Deeper still!

As its mechanical elements methodically searched each bit, a silky, shapeless nebula expanded and enveloped it with an aura. A vague image was sensed, then seen, as it grew sharper and more lucid. It was an image of Chicago's skyline from the middle of Lake Michigan. It was soon replaced by an image of a snowy night, a warm spot in front of a fireplace, two huge pillows, two empty brandy sniffers, a half-empty bottle of Grand Marnier--the image of Peter, sucking his cock.

The wind and sand swirled around Peter as he sat, holding Andy's inert body next to his, rocking gently.

.....vipre of reality glides softly up my leg.... sinks fangs into unguarded testiclesbringing the pain of a thousand kickstears of night rain....this man whose essence I've tasted, whose body I 've adored--soul I've felt--will not be mine.....my destruction I offer for another year of his love...to silence ...synthesizer slide me to lower octave to pedal tone life loving no man....

"Here!" shouted a Marine corporal.

Six Marines, all carrying automatic rifles, ran down the embankment and surrounded him.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN APRIL, 1989 ISSUE]

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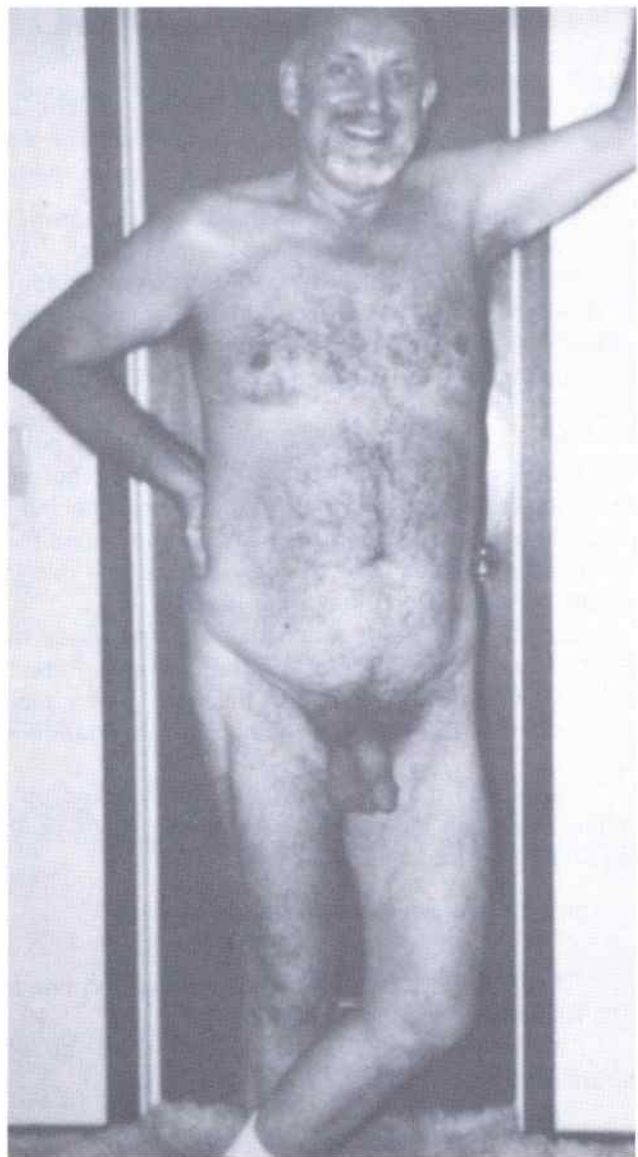
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AL.....self portrait

PERSONAL ADS

ALABAMA

NATIONWIDE: Want to catch a horny, 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

NORTHERN ARIZONA: GWM, 34, 5'-6", 145#, balding with some blond hair on my head--more elsewhere. Independent, athletic, with eclectic interests, ranging from sports to theatre, politics to country music. Looking for a gentle, bright man with a stocky build, who loves life and wants to share it. Sense of humor a must, even if it doesn't match mine! Prefer age 40-55. Write: RPT, Jr., 704 Cherokee, Flagstaff, AZ 86001. (T-2/89)

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)

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)

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)

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-12/89)

BAY AREA/WORLDWIDE: W/M, 37, well traveled/educated, Middle East origin, enjoys: literature, opera, movies, wine, food. Seeks clean shaven, distinguished (white hair?) man, 60-75. Write (with photo, please): Tongal, P.O. Box 883732, San Francisco, CA 94188. (N-6/89)

BAY AREA: GWM, 65, 5'-7", 148#, would like sincere, affectionate male about 25-45 for pleasant, mellow times. Other things will fall in place with right person. Write to: SEAWORTHY. (M-4/89)

INTIMATE COMPANION: Generous, affluent GWM, 51, HIV+, 5'-11", 165#, seeks young man to share the better things in life. Freedom to travel a plus. Phone/photo to: KITE (K-2/89)

AM I A ROB DADEO LOOKALIKE? Pat and The Friar think so. Attractive, active, healthy, sexy, masculine man's man, 63, looking for younger version for one to one relationship. I am 5'-9", 195#, blond/grey-hazel, well built and cut. Enjoy sight seeing, swimming, dining out and more. Your letter and pic gets mine. Write: L. House, 938 H Kiely, Santa Clara, CA 95051. (H-4/89)

LIKES BIG BALLS: White male, 58, 5'-8", 160#, thick 6" uncut, good sized balls, brown eyes and hair, moustache, hairy chest, big pecs, affectionate. Likes cooking, baseball, football, music and art. Interested in J/O and all safe sex. Wants to hear from men with big balls and big buns. Your photo gets mine. Will answer all letters. Write: J.M. Thomas, P.O. Box 27012, San Francisco, CA 94127. (T-2/89)

BAY AREA: W/M, 35, 5'-9", 185#, stocky, brown/blue, masculine, clean shaven, independent, good-humoured, adventurous, seeks self-respecting, clean-shaven, masculine gentlemen over 45 for companionship/good times. Overweight o.k. Photo/all replies answered. Write: Gene Harrison, P.O. Box 2274, Fremont, CA 94536. (N-6/89)

CENTRAL CALIFORNIA

SANTA MARIA Bi/W/M, 59, 5'-9", 255: Would like to go for some good Fr/Gr action. Can travel some on West Coast, especially S.F. Bay Area. Indoor or outdoor sports. Write: Bear, P.O. Box 2144, Santa Maria, CA 93455. (R-2/89)

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

SANTA BARBARA AND VENTURA: W/M, 72 years old, physically and sexually active, 5'-8", 160 #, A-P/Fr, P/Gr, very affectionate. Seeks contact with one guy or a couple for fun and games. Write: Yankee Doodle, P.O. Box 123, Oak View, CA 93022 (H01-2/89)

I'VE GOT BALLS! 63 year old, hairy hunk, 6', 185#, salt and pepper hair, brown eyes, well hung, clean shaven, seeks eager oral experts to drain me dry and then some. Any age or race is fine. I have no top/bottom hangups but I'll respect yours. Southern California preferred but will answer all. Write: K.S.S., P.O. Box 1501, Pomona, CA 91769. (S02-10/89)

SAN FERNANDO VALLEY/BURBANK ROMANTIC: Mostly top seeks passive over 40. I am 57, 6 ft., 210#, 6-3/4" curved and cut, stocky, strong, hairy, mustachioed. Prefer hairy, under 6 ft., under 7" and in working condition, but all considered, any weight any size. Foto appreciated. A/P French, A Greek. Heavy into kissing, cuddling and romance. Aggressive but gentle. Enjoy fone J/O and in person contact. Write: L.O., P.O. Box 6884, Burbank, CA 91510. Fone number would be a bonus. (M05-12/89)

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)

LOS ANGELES/SANTA BARBARA: Professional GWM, 63, 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 turnon. Photo exchange. Write: ARJEE, Box 1772, Beverly Hills, CA 90213. (G20-1/89)

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)

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)



SKUA '88

LONG BEACH/ORANGE COUNTY: GWM, 37, 5'-9", 185#, husky, short beard, masculine, sexy, healthy, very well built and adventuresome. Looking for a husky/stocky, older man with a good personality, who is honest, masculine and available. Dentures and good sense of humor are definite plusses. Your photo gets mine. Write: MARABOU (M-4/89)

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)

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 payed 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)

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: ZORRO. (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)

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)

YUCCA VALLEY/STATEWIDE: GWM, very hot and horny, 57, 5'-8", 155#, black hair and hairy body, very straight appearing, very well hung, prefer guys who are bottom and French active who are also well hung. Am retired due to disability (nothing serious). Prefer men over 50 who really enjoy old-fashioned sex. Am also into nudity and like "aroma." Am HIV negative. Love old movies, old records, like to travel, but mostly quiet, sensuous evenings at home with someone special. Are you that guy? My sign is Libra. Your phone and photo appreciated. Write to: Frank V., P.O. Box 1864, Yucca Valley, CA 92286 (V-2/89)

DOCTOR WANTS TOP: San Fernando Valley handsome doctor, W/M, 52, 5'-7", 155#, 8" uncut, wants to connect with top under 40 with big equipment for safe Greek action and possible relationship. Please send photo. Will return. Will answer all. Write: 5919 Ranchito Ave., Van Nuys, CA 91401. (K-2/89)

SHORT STOCKY MAN SEEKS BIG MAN: GWM, 45, 5'-7", 230#, brown beard/moustache, masculine, goodlooking, fun loving. Seeks eligible big bear, 45 to ?. Must have pleasant disposition and like to laugh. Photo appreciated. Will reciprocate. Write: URSUS MINOR (S-6/89)

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: Short built white male, 53, 5'-6", 140# (pass for mid 40's), Great Outdoors person, Viking, gym, classic autos. Not into smoke, drink, drugs. Am into those who are straight acting and looking and shy away from gay scene. Seeking similar in build and interests. Write: D.W., P.O. Box 15832, San Diego, CA 92175. (W-4/89)

CALIFORNIA--ESP. ORANGE/SAN DIEGO COUNTIES: Relationship orientated GWM, 62, 5'-10", 170#, blue/blond-grey, husky outdoor/homebody. Love sailing, fishing and the arts. I'm masculine, sexually versatile, romantic as hell, HIV negative. Looking for similar type, 40-65+. Would relocate for right person. Your photo gets mine. Write: L. Stephens, 16802 Lynn St. #3, Huntington Beach, CA 92649. (S-6/89)

PALM SPRINGS AREA: GWM, youthful 63, retired, 5'-11", 195#, 7" cut, seeks HIV negative, compatible other for monogamous relationship, French A/P. My photo for yours. Write: SIMPATICO (F-4/89)

LOS ANGELES/NATIONWIDE: Black, 37, 5'-8 1/2", 155#, hung, cut, masculine, great symmetry, safe and always horny. You be any age over 50, uncut (long overhang a plus). "Old age" turns me on. Any race, size or shape for sex, companionship, etc. Photo/phone appreciated. Write: Rube, 5757 Franklin Ave. #310, Hollywood, CA 90028, or call (213) 466-0207.

(M-2/89)

SOUTH OF LAGUNA: New in area. Fair skin GWM, seeks lover with the following similarities: Retired and in good financial straights, good appearance, 61, 6', 190#, masculine, natural, social, low profile, kind, fun to be with, well adjusted, educated, home loving, cultural and project minded. Social drinker, non smoker, at home anywhere, not promiscuous, HIV negative, endowed, uncut, 69, cuddler. We might even collaborate and design our own lovenest. Write: VIRGO/ARIES

(M-4/89)

COLORADO

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)

ROCKY MOUNTAIN TOMCAT EATS BIRDS: GWM, 61, 5'-7", 200#, brown/gray hair, blue eyes, glasses, 6" cut, 46" hairy chest/belly, pecs, clean shaven, masculine, clean, presentable, pipe smoker, affectionate, congenial, versatile, discreet. Retired professional, can travel. A/P French/Greek. Like porn, puzzles, petting. Seek clean, amiable, honest, mature white/Black/Latin, no beard, for safe sex. No rough stuff. Photo, if possible. Write: Jimbo, 8356 W. 90th Ave., Broomfield, CO 80020.

(B-2/89)

CONNECTICUT

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)

EASTERN CONNECTICUT COUNTRY MAN! Professional GWM, 50's, sensitive, creative, masculine, intelligent, easy-going, caring, stable. I enjoy a good conversation and quiet evenings by the fire. I live in the country and find nature fascinating. I like classical and folk music, films, hiking, day trips and travel, fine arts, cooking and more to be discovered by the right person with time. I'm looking for a stable monogamous relationship (age 40-60). I'm considered to look like Kenny Rogers, 6'-1", 220#, brown eyes, beard, grey hair. I would like to correspond by mail initially and exchange photos. Write: HONEYEATER (P-4/89)

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

D.C. METRO AREA: Late fifties, intelligent, educated, independent, white, healthy male wishes to be big brother/father to very young (over 21), intelligent novice truly interested in mature man-- to take under my wing for guidance, emotional support and for physically expressing my love and caring for him. Photo appreciated, not required. Sincere, detailed letter of interests and intentions necessary. Write: PARULA

(P-2/89)

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 of discipline (career military/law/engineer), who has a 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)



SALTY DOG.....

photo by J. FULTON



REBEL II.....

photo by JOHN

CENTRAL FLORIDA: Masculine, GWM, 58, 6'-150#, grey/blnd, 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)

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)

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)

FLORIDA GULF COAST CHUBBY CHASER: 46, 5'-10", 160#, looking for older, stocky, clean-shaven, masculine guy. I like sports, movies, reading, travel. Appreciate photo with letter. Write: THUMPER

(H-6/89)

SOUTHWEST FLORIDA MUSICIAN: seeks responsible, sane mate, 30's to 50's. Smoker, social drinker fine. Be active/passive French and very active Greek. Hung and hairy, not overweight are plusses. Honesty and fidelity are musts. No drugs. I am heavy set. Write: G.A., 1209 N. Tamiami Tr. #89, Ft. Myers, FL 33903.

(A-8/89)

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)

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)

ATLANTA: W/M, 47, 6'-2", 215#, grey/brown hair, blue eyes, masculine, sincere, discreet. Like music, travel, quiet times, cooking and all the things there are to enjoy in life. I would like to meet a more mature, stocky, person, any location worldwide. Photo, if possible. Write: OSPREY.

(P-4/89)

ATLANTA AREA: W/M, 5'-11", 180#, 71, widower, extravert, musical, artistic, traveler. Like 35-65 age, masculine, physically fit, not fat, non smoker, no drugs, enjoys sensuous safe sex, light or non drinker, photo exchange. Write: PHIL

(R-4/89)

WELL HUNG TOP MALE, 28 TO 45 YEARS OLD WANTED: by GWM, 58, 5'-10", bearded and hairy, uncut, 155#, looking for aggressive male who is lean or well built, 28-45, who is not into drugs or the bar scene. Sincere men interested can write with photo to Jim Robert, 201 Glenleaf Drive, Norcross, GA 30092 or call after 10:30 pm (404) 446-0305.

(R-4/89)

GEORGIA GWM, 61 YEARS OLD, 6'-5", 215 LBS: salt and pepper hair, big uncut dick with big balls--looking for same for French A/P--no Greek. Enjoy outdoors, beach, fishing, etc. Like porno movies, hot letters and pictures. Photo/phone preferred, but not necessary and I will answer all. Write: Bill, P.O. Box 941721, Atlanta, GA 30341.

(B-2/89)

IOWA

MATURE SEEKS YOUNGER: 62, 6', 175#, brown hair/blue eyes, kind, gentle, sincere, loving--seeking younger for correspondence and possible meeting. Write: CORMORANT.

(M-2/89)

ILLINOIS

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)

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 to: SABBATH.

(S-2/89)

CHICAGO DAD SEEKS SON: GWM, 54, 5'-10", 155#, greying, 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 only. Send photo, phone number to: EAGLE.

(P-6/89)

IOWA

DEMOINES AREA: I'm in my 50's and would like to correspond with others in that age group, or younger chaps if interested. Energetic, striving to keep in shape, young blood--just an older container. Enjoy the outdoors and most sports. More interested in what lies between your ears than your legs. Of course, photos exchanged to check equipment that works. Write: THUNDERBIRD.
(C-2/89)

KENTUCKY

CALLING ALL COCKSUCKERS--YOUNG AND OLD: GWM, 70, 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)

TURKEY CREEK: W/M age 57, 5'-8", 200#, full head of dark brown hair, blue eyes, legally blind, read with magnifier. I type my letters, looking for pen pals open minded enough to write handicapped men. Write: Hugh Hampton, Rt. 61, Box 90, Turkey Creek, KY 41570.
(H-8/89)

LOUISIANA

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 a plus. Write: EAGER.
(A-2/89)

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
(S-4/89)

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-4/89)

BALTIMORE/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 35, 5'-8", 175#, Brown/Blue. Too young to be a Swannie, so I have to settle for being a Swanette. I travel all over the country on business, and am looking for pen pals both at home and away. Especially like MEN over 50, with gray/white/balding, facial hair, hairy bodies; and a preference for medium to heavy builds. Interests include classical music, reading, photography and bicycling. I know you're out there, why not write? Write: Richard, P.O. Box 7446, Baltimore, MD 21227.
(S-6/89)

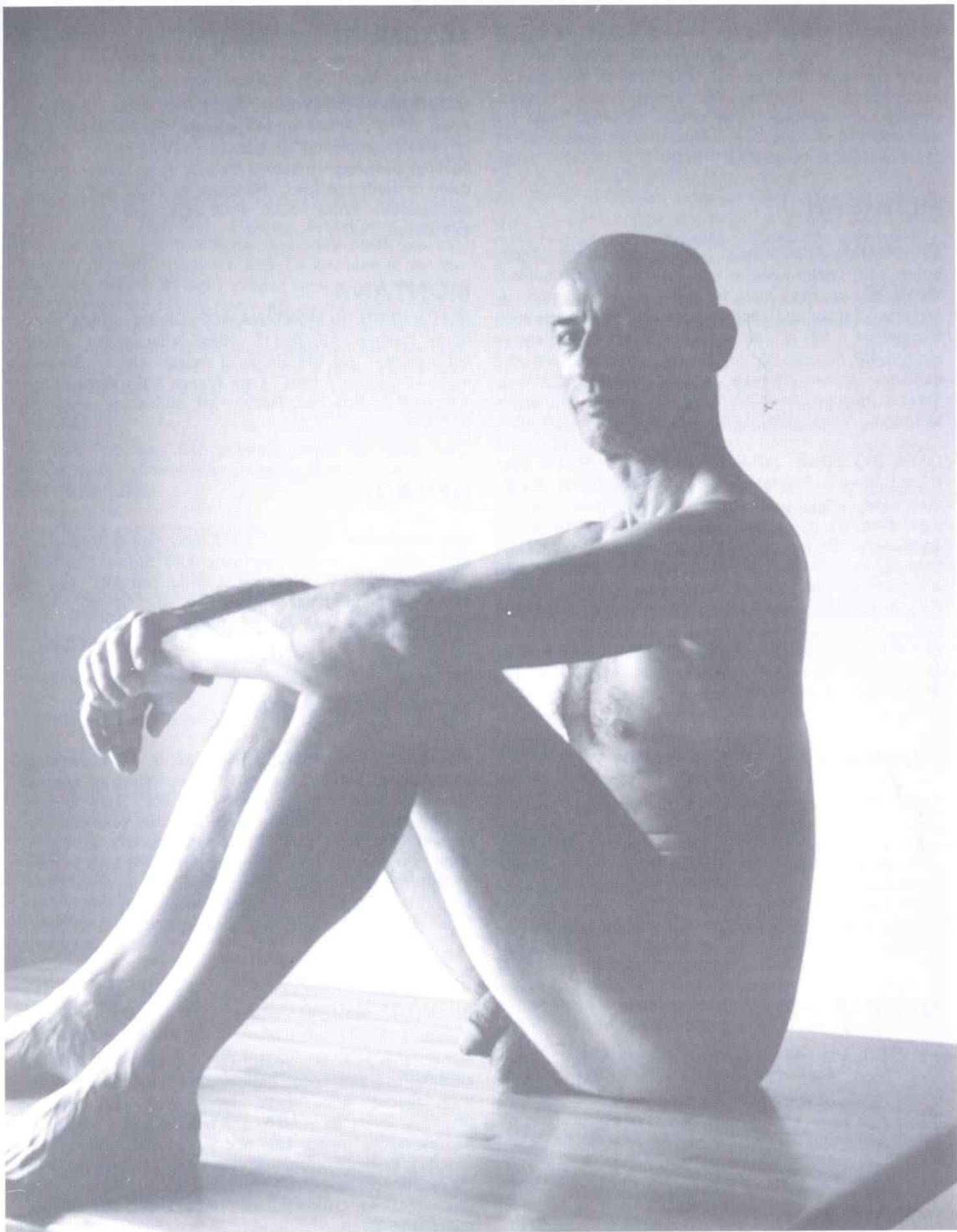
COCKEYSVILLE: GWM, 34, 6'-0", 250 (and losing), blond/blue, professional, straight looking and acting. I have always looked and felt older. I have always been attracted to men 45-65+ (any race), not as father images, but for friendship. My previous ad brought responses that could have led to long distance relationships--which can be good--but I'm looking for a good friend I can drive to within 3 hours. The closer you live to the Baltimore/Cockeysville area, the better. My interests include the outdoors, movies, country drives, pets, SCUBA diving, and yes, church activities. I'm a devout Lutheran who believes you can be Gay AND Christian. Sorry, but I don't like mind game players, heavy drinkers, drug abusers or dishonesty. Prefer more masculine. There is more to a relationship than sex, but I do like French A/P and Greek Passive, all safe of course. Write: Mike, P.O. Box 16, Cockeysville, MD 21030.
(T-4/89)

MARYLAND GWM, 64 YEARS OLD, 5'-6", 195#: partly bald, retired railroad man (retired conductor), likes to meet males, 55 to 90, heavy set/fat. Endowment unimportant, affectionate companionship is. I'm A/P French, love to cuddle, embrace and need lots of lovin. Love to be loved all over. Take a social drink. It isn't always the size of it-- it's what it's hanging from that counts. Write: H.C.H., 105 Greene St., Cumberland, MD 21502, or call (301) 777-2758
(H-4/89)

MASSACHUSETTS

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)

BOSTON: GWM, 39, 5'-9", 170#, seeks older man over 40 and up. An older male is like a rare wine. I am discreet, affectionate, easy to get along with, and my motto is "I aim to please." Looks unimportant -- character is. Enjoy everything with compatible companion. French A/P, Greek/P. All replies answered. Include phone number. Write: R.S., P.O. Box 936, PRU Branch, Boston, MA 02199.
(S-6/89)



KEN.....photo by ROBERT DRISCOLL

MASS/USA: GWM, 64, 5'-7", blue eyes, gray/brown hair, healthy, active, ex-Navy, travel widely on job. Enjoy massage, body contact, J/O, French, but open to suggestions. Looking for similar, 40+. Let's correspond, exchange nude photos, possibly meet for fun, nudity and male sex. Write: A.F., D.M.D #157, 310 Franklin St., Boston, MA 02110. (F-6/89)

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)

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)

SLIGHTLY IMMATURE OLDER GWM: Needs a fairly younger GM for balance. Write: H.M.S., P.O. Box 82, Bloomfield Hills, MI 48303. (S-4/89)

MINNESOTA

MINNESOTA-ANYWHERE: 40, 6'-2", 190lbs, longish brown hair, 8" cut/thick, very goodlooking, masculine, friendly. Into J/O, nudism, nude photography, active/passive French, 69, mutual showering, massage. No Greek. Seeks stable, in shape, genuinely masculine one or more guys for friendship and safe fun. I'm intelligent, down to earth with many interests and open to ideas. Penpals okay. Write: PUMA (P-4/89)

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 smoke, not into B & D or S & M. Am affectionate in and out of bed. Relationship oriented. Write: S. Swanner, 4844 Windemere Terr., Jackson, MS 39206. (T-4/89)

MISSOURI

MISSOURI/NATIONWIDE: W/M, 31, brown hair/blue eyes, 5'-11", 230#, ex-pro athlete, seeks older man for friend/companion or possible relationship. Prefer balding, overweight (George Schultz type) fellow who is down to earth and kind. No drugs or kinky stuff. Photo appreciated. Write: MAC, P.O. BOX 19871, St. Louis, MO 63144.

MONTANA

NORTHWESTERN MONTANA/WORLDWIDE: GWM, hairy, horny topman, 59, 5'-11", 185#, affectionate, clean, cut 6 inches. No SM, drugs or collect calls. Seeking masculine, passive man. I am French A/P. Write: Jack Knapp, P.O. Box 265, Ronan, MT 59864, or call (406) 676-0561. (K-6/89)

NEVADA

LAS VEGAS/NATIONWIDE: Recently retired GWM, 58, 5'-8", 180#. Have brown eyes and brown hair with some grey in it. Wish to hear from hot pen pals. Like to exchange photos, but will answer all. Write: T.H., 4505 East Desert Inn #84, Las Vegas, NV 89121. (H-2/89)

NEW HAMPSHIRE

MASCULINE SUBMISSIVE: GWM, 54, 6', 190#, dominant in business, but submissive in sex. Want to service masculine tops with my mouth and ass. Like to give French and receive Greek. Lots of verbal sex, kink and raunch with right guy. Like entertaining at home, cooking, classical music, gardening, making love in front of a fire, outdoors, beach, bridge, Levis or 3 piece suits. Long term relation and relocation for right guy. Raunchy correspondence with anyone. Write: SAD GULL (M-6/89)

NEW JERSEY

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)

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)

LOVING: 6 feet, 240 pounds, GWM, 60, grey hair, brown eyes, affectionate, loves to cuddle and play in bed. Write: BUD. (B-4/89)

AFFECTIONATE BOTTOM SEEKS GR/A TOP: Intelligent, masculine, Bi/W/M, 5'-11", 165#, 59, HIV neg, thick 6" cut, firm, lithe, gym-toned responsive body/ buns, tactile and demonstrative. Erect posture, steady gaze, high cheekbones, bald top/cropped 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) 592-6690; if recording, leave number. (G12-10/89)

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

55 YEAR OLD, 6'-6" HEAVYSET MALE: professional into JO 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 chubby videos. Photo/phone. Write: Nick Dean, Box 581, Murray Hill Station, New York, NY 10156. (D-4/89)

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)

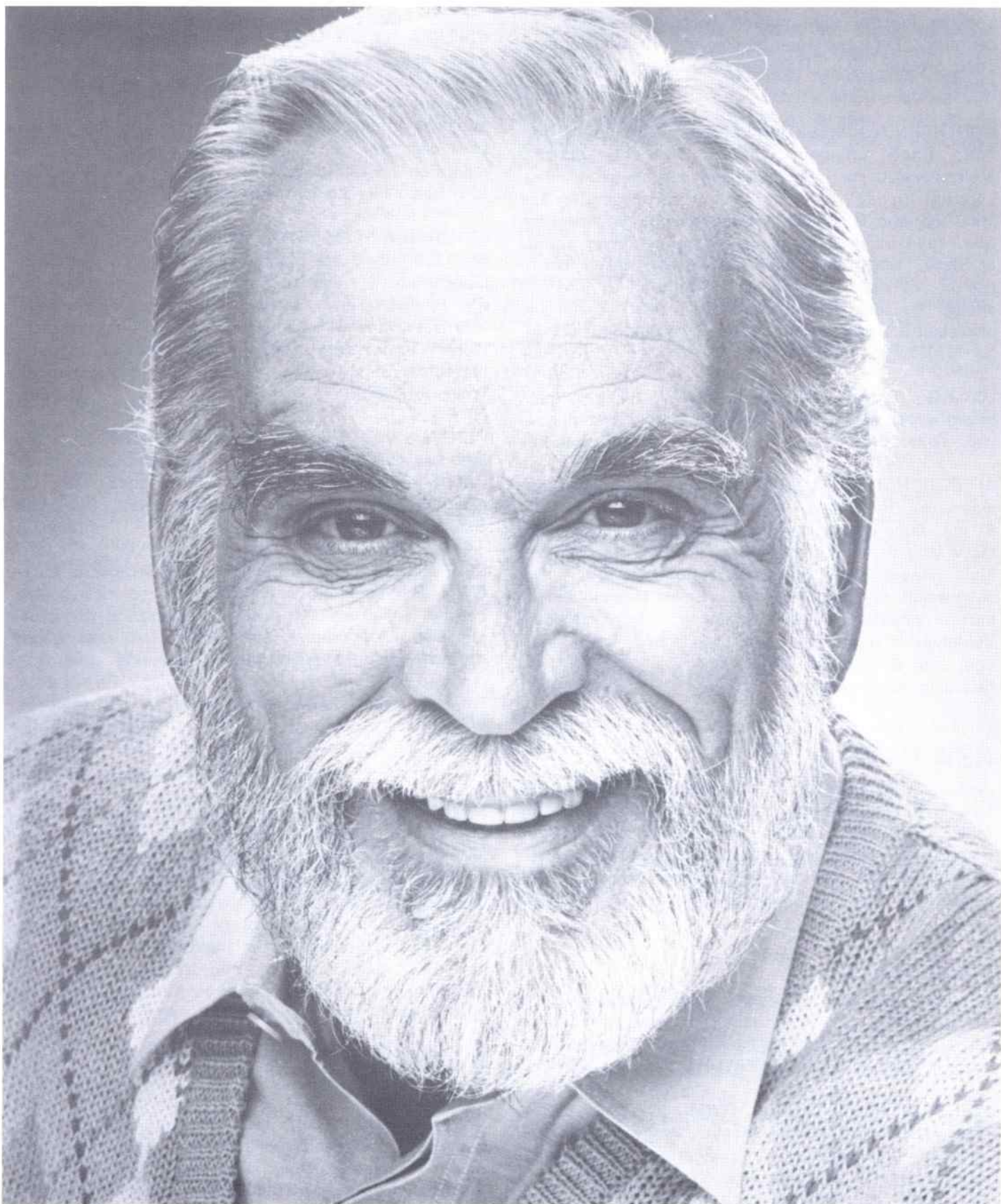
UPPER NEW YORK STATE: White gentleman, age 67, 5'-6", 175#, does not smoke or drink, uncut with nice hairy body. Have country home, many interests: nature, music, etc. Seeking a permanent white friend who is sincere, monogamous, uncut and hung thick and hairy. Prefer very loving, gentle, passive and very masculine man to share country life and expenses. Write: KENMEL (M-2/89)

PENPALS WANTED: GWM, 59, 5'-0", 165#, contacting 50+, uncut 5", big tits and buns. Discreet, caring, good listener, likes reading, quiet times, good food, old movies. Write: Joe, P.O. Box 1059, Butterfield Station, Utica, NY 13503. (M-2/89)

LONELY OLDER MAN SEEKS CORRESPONDENCE: I am a GWM, 66 years old, who happens to be incarcerated, has no family ties and seeks to correspond with other gay men. My interests are studying law, reading and writing--and most importantly, receiving mail from real people. I am very lonely and loving. Please write. I'm soon to be released. I'm French A/P and some Gr. Willing to try anything once for right person. Write: Robert Foley, 80A1279, P.O. Box 149, Attica, NY 14011. (F-10/89)

NATIONWIDE/WORLDWIDE: GWM, 65, slim, tall, silver-fringed old magician, semi-retired, professional, with courtly, gentle, Old-World charm. Lover of books, classical music, performing arts, travel. Passionately devoted to meditation, metaphysics, mysticism, Eastern teachings and other esoteric and occult studies. Committed to personal growth and sharing what I have learned. Non-smoking, non-drinking, vegetarian. Seeking non-smoking, drug-free lifemate, 20ish to 40ish for whom this ad rings a bell. Write: MYRRDIN (F-4/89)

SHARE A PAIR IN NYC OR FAIRFIELD COUNTY: Junior is 50, 5'-11", 180#, balding with close cropped pepper & salt beard plus 8" thick uncut. Senior is 70, 6', 187#, silver fox hair, 6" cut. Have no age, ethnic or color hangups. Just seeking manly, well-endowed (hairy a plus), versatile partners who are FR/GR/A/P guys. We're successful professionals who enjoy the good life. Ph/Ph a must! Write: J.R., 118 Mountain Road, West Redding, CT 06896. (L-6/89)



PLOVER.....photo by PENDRAK PHOTOS

NORTH CAROLINA

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)

READY TO RETIRE WITH YOU: To Atlanta or Gulf Coast. I'm top, blue/brown, crewcut, 61, 5'-10", 150#, uncut, like raunch, books and short, chubby, uncut bottom with large breasts. Let's exchange photos, visits. Call: (919) 752-5272. (H-2/89)

TRIANGLE AND TRIAD AREAS/NATIONWIDE: Mature, healthy, active GWM, 5'-9", 190#, seeks men of all ages (21 plus to ?) for occasional get-togethers or regular friendships. I'm stable, professional, masculine. Write: Robert Hall, P.O. Box 52083, Durham, NC 27717-2083. (H-2/89)

OHIO

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)

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)

OKLAHOMA CITY GWM, 5'-7", 150#, 32: very short brown hair, clean shaven. Wanting to exchange nude photos and letters with white older men 50+. Looking for Daddy and/or Uncle types. Not into S/M. Love photos with men in their underwear with everything hanging out hard and/or soft! I'm very honest and sincere. Love to look at photos while I J/O. Your letter with nude photo gets mine in return. Write: Bobby Ontiveros, P.O. Box 760616, Oklahoma City, OK 73176. (O-2/89)

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 slim sixty-niner, 30 to 40, permanent lover, with similar interests, self supporting. Send photo. Write: JFS, 45 S. Maple St., Mt. Carmel, PA 17851. (S-2/89)

RHODE ISLAND

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

SOUTH CAROLINA

LOOKING FOR LOVING GUY: GWM, 61, 5'-6", hairy, 250#, big bellie and breast, active, healthy, warm, good listener, keen mind, discreet, professional, seeks buddies age 35 up for relaxed, simple times, sharing affection. You: Able to give, receive love; clean; maybe enjoy travel, spectator sports, PBS-TV, the arts. Photo gets mine. I live on I-20, near I-77 and I-95. Need a travel companion. Write: Sandy, P.O. Box 1663, Camden, SC 29020. (R-2/89)

TEXAS

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 lover--three ways fun too! Dallas-Ft. Worth area or travelers 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. (B-4/89)

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," dirt or drugs. No J/O or collect calls. White only. If you are at ease around and in hat, boots, blue jeans, barn stalls, pick up trucks, the country 'n others who would circle suck, in laps, call Dub at (817) 338-1460 (or 870-2045). Write w/photo to: Dub Martin, P.O. Box 9343, Ft. Worth, TX 76147. (M-2/89)

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, nudism, travel, videos, the arts, out of doors. My job requires discretion. Write and tell me about YOU. You be Latin, Asian, white, short or tall, 40-65. Write: Richard J. McLean, P.O. Box 4171, Beeville, TX 78104-4171. (M-4/89)

HORNY SOUTH TEXAS ROMANTIC: Needs hot, physical man-sex with romantic, caring LOVING man, much kissing, cuddling; mutual trust to share intimate feelings. I'm 58, GWM, married. Interests: Drawing, Painting, Lapidary, Metaphysics, Botany, the Outdoors. Write: Walt, P.O. Box 31, Laredo, TX 78042. (P-2/89)

UTAH

SILVER 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. Write: GULL (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 (W-2/89)

VIRGINIA

TIDEWATER 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

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)

WASHINGTON STATE/WEST COAST: GWM, 57, 6'-2", 180#, not into bar scene, don't smoke or use drugs. Love music, Cole Porter, Gershwin and think Noel Coward's "You Were There" is one of the greatest songs ever written. Love one thing better! GUESS? The first two deep breaths don't count. Looking for heavy set men, 65+. Please write with photo to: Sunset One, P.O. Box 30183, Seattle, WA 98103. (H-4/89)

SEATTLE AREA: What can you do for a guy, 64, trim, younger than he looks, lusty, who found out three years ago that he was gay, has had very limited experience, who is still happily married, but who needs someone either to have fun and games, or to really love him? I'm a priest with a sense of humor, and a gentle loving culture vulture. Please send a letter including a recent photograph. Write: New Bird c/o John Breadstill, 1605 -12th Ave., Studio 30, Seattle, WA 98122. (M-2/89)

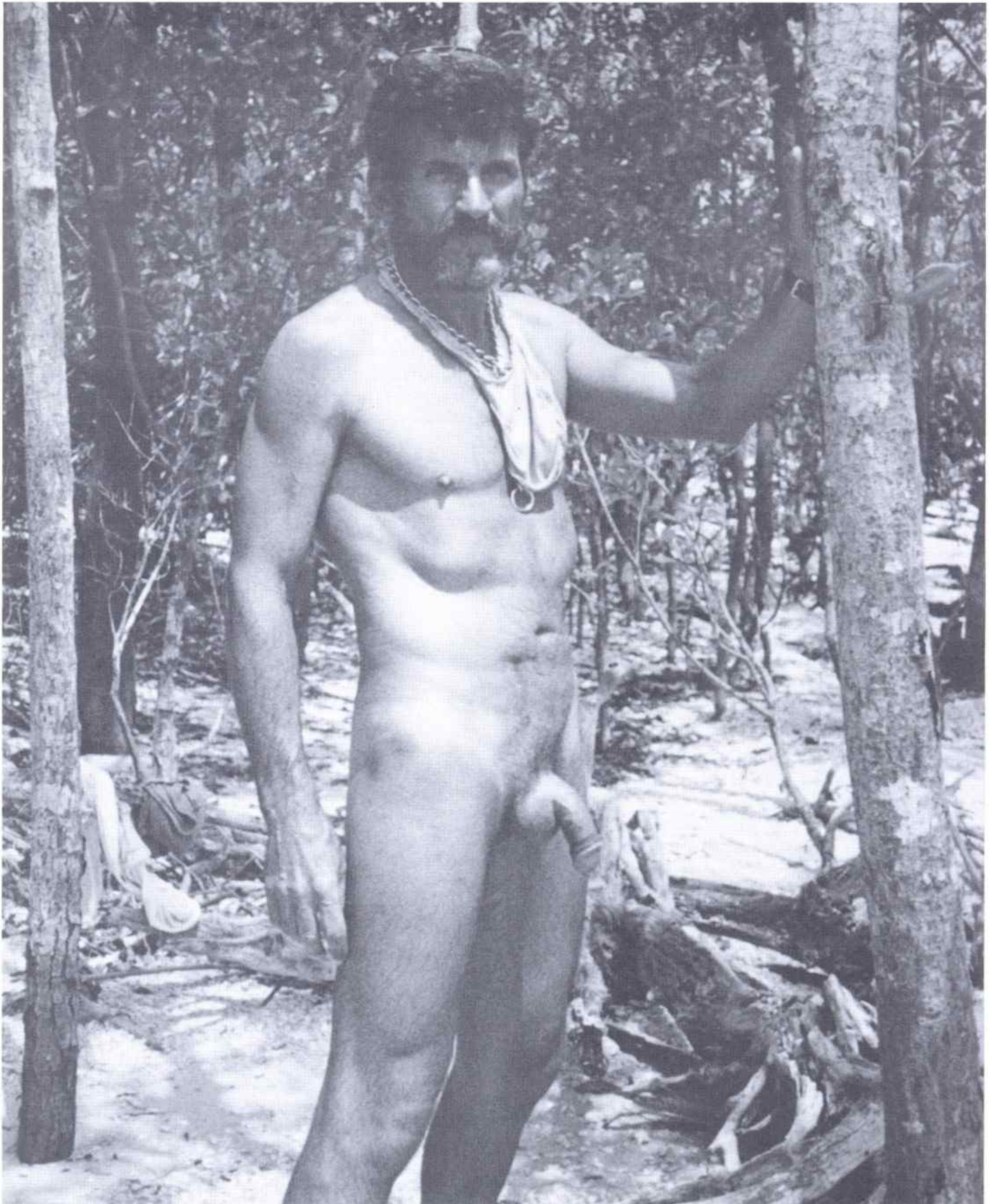
WEST VIRGINIA

DEEP IN RURAL AMERICA: Lonely farmboy, 39, brown/brown, beard, 6'-1", 190#, orally attracted to 40 thru 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. (J-4/89)

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. (S-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)



GLENN RHODES.....photo by JAY LONG

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)

WANT TO GET PUBLISHED IN CHIRON RISING?

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)

INTERNATIONAL

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, 21 Hamilton Road, Boscombe, Bournemouth, BH1 4EQ, ENGLAND. (H-6/89)

CHIRON RISING offers a tremendous opportunity for retired, novice or professional writers, artist 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.

We seek works that hold the more mature man in a positive light. They can be humorous, erotic or serious, but must be in one of the following forms:

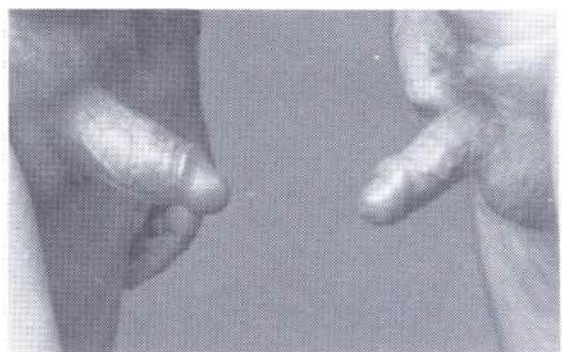
- a. Cartoons.
- b. Short stories, not more than 10 pages double spaced (typewritten or dot matrix printed--not camera ready), or 8 each 3-1/2" columns (9 point fonts, camera ready, daisy wheel or laser printed, completely edited).
- c. Drawings, no larger than 8 X 10, unless invited.
- d. Poetry.
- e. Essays or articles on any subject of interest to the mature man and his admirers-- same as short stories, except limited to 4 pages double spaced or 3 camera ready columns.
- f. Photographs (color or black & white)--full portrait, undisguised preferred, with good contrast and clarity. Will consider nude, clothed, erotic or otherwise. Releases required by those owning the publication rights.

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

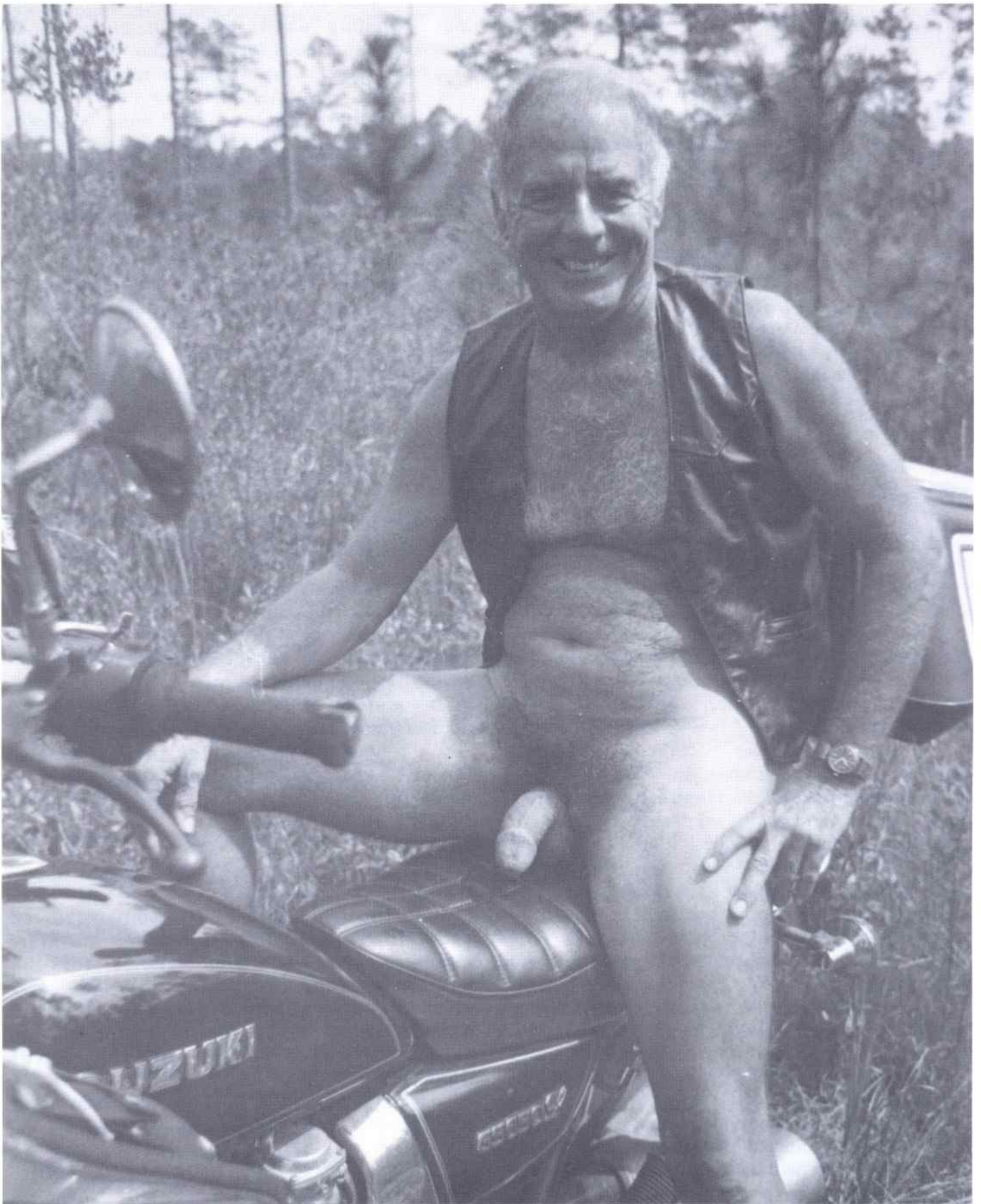
All submittals must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope with adequate postage for return. Payment will be made in CHIRON RISING copies, subscriptions or special issues as agreed to. Unsolicited manuscripts of short stories over 10 pages, novels, novellas, screenplays, plays or any other longer works will not be accepted without previous query.



[Editor's Note: This is dick filler. The dick's owner chooses to remain anonymous]



[MORE DICK FILLER]



THE BIKER.....photo by KENT JUSTICE

IN CLOSING

Never in our wildest dreams did we ever think we'd be sitting in a seat this hot. Now that we've conditioned ourselves to ignore the hate mail, enter a much more ominous type of letter we could never ignore. We received the first one from a senior subscriber here in Southern California. He was becoming a friend and was a guest in our house several times. He was witty, very attractive and had met many potential friends through our ads. Then, out of the twilight zone came a letter, signed by him, advising that he had thrown out all his erotic literature and closed off all communication with the "gay world." He cancelled his subscription and ad and said that he couldn't face a future of loneliness and poverty. Our offers of help were never acknowledged.

Weeks later, we received a very terse letter from a close friend in Los Angeles. It was very similar to the first one, and only silence followed our reaching out response. He had lost his lover of over 30 years about three years ago and tried as hard as he could to shake it off. He probably got more mileage out of his ad in SWAN than anyone.

Last month we received news that another L.A. subscriber in his 70's had considered himself abandoned by his family and friends and, without reaching out or giving a warning, he killed himself. A year ago, we had him over for dinner to introduce him to another subscriber. The meeting produced no sparks, but he did place an ad and met quite a few guys. He even wrote us and told us that he appreciated what SWAN had done for him.

The last straw was a letter from a sweet, shy, frail senior from Arizona. He got the bad news that his health had deteriorated and that his sex life would be severely impaired. He also threw out the erotic books and cancelled his subscription and ad. He decided that no one would want to get involved with a man who would have to be taken care of in a few short years.

The man has no one to fall back on. We are now awaiting word that he'll allow us to place another ad for him--one which tells the truth and seeks someone for a platonic, yet loving relationship.

Granted, the overwhelming majority of our letters tell us how much the magazine has helped and we've lost count of how many love relationships have been spawned. Our message obviously reached them. And because of the generosity of some of our subscribers, we have been able to give free subscriptions to those less fortunate, and write better ads for those who've not had enthusiastic responses. But we're just not qualified to reach those who've suffered the most--those who're unable to overcome numbing grief, or those who've contracted AIDS and other serious diseases. We desperately need qualified, compassionate clergy, physicians and psychologists who will come forth like VIC ENGANELA and LEGAL EAGLE and generously share their expertise.

If you want to help us, contribute an article about something of interest to the more mature man and his admirers. Subject matter should be medicine, psychology or religion and should be written in laymen's terms. It doesn't have to be perfect or even edited. All it has to do is help at least one man who is in need.

If you are in need of help, don't give up. Write to us and give us a chance to help you. YOU NEED NOT LIVE YOUR LIFE ALONE! REACH OUT!!

CHIRON RISING is committed to providing nurturing fantasies, entertainment and beneficial 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.

A FRIENDLY WARNING

We'd like to remind our advertisers that we have no control over who responds to our personal ads and offer the following words of advice:

1. If you receive a commercial offer from ANYONE, be suspicious. Legitimate offers are just not handled that way. We highly recommend that you respond only to sincere, personal contacts and forward any commercial material to us.
2. If you receive a reply from an inmate and want to correspond, write his institution and confirm the information he's given you (personal data, type of offence, sentence, date up for parole, etc). Enclose a S.A.S.E. Be wary of scams. Those inmates who appear in CHIRON RISING as advertisers or contributors have already been checked out and any information can be confirmed through us.
3. If you receive a reply that is bizarre or offensive, please forward to us and avoid contacting the source.
4. Please do not allow wishful thinking to blind you. Meet face to face and become acquainted before you make commitments. Although most of the replies you receive will be sincere, there is a chance of coming in contact with those who prey on lonely people by professing love, then asking for money. Hold on to your heart until you're sure.

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

ANNOUNCING THE NEXT SPECIAL ISSUE!!

CHIRON RISING announces just the ticket for those cold nights in front of the fire with just your dog for company: our MARCH SPECIAL ISSUE!! This fat, juicy 60 plus pager has the ultimate in erotic artwork and features masterpieces by JOHN R, DJ, BIG EDDIE, QUETZAL, JAYPEE, ALAISTER and COYOTE. And if that weren't enough, we feature 5 new sizzlers by AARON, 7 action eyepoppers from SKUA, and 5 XXX rated groin wrenchers from RAM!!--NONE EVER PUBLISHED BEFORE ANYWHERE!! You want truly mind blowing cartoons? Wait until you see the saga of "Elio" by BORDEN LEWIS. And if action photography is your cup of tea, we offer THE PROFESSOR and THE COLONEL; SYRINX, THE FRIAR and ROADRUNNER TOO; JOE and HARRY; THE FRIAR and SILVER BEAR; and a few surprises. And no special issue would be complete without some really outrageous fiction--namely: THE EX PRO by Wild Bill; A DREAM -SPEAKER SPEAKS OF THE VININGS by Larry Kerne; THE PARK BENCH RESIDENT by Bill Harris; and WHEN LIGHTNING STRIKES by Jason P. Williams--probably the most unique and incredible erotic story ever published in any gay magazine. All this for only \$12.95, which includes First Class postage. Add \$3 for Air Mail overseas. AVAILABLE MARCH 1ST. FIRST PRINTING WILL BE LIMITED, SO GET YOUR ORDER IN EARLY TO AVOID DELAY.

AVAILABLE TO CHIRON RISING SUBSCRIBERS ONLY!!

Send check or money order in U.S. funds to: CHIRON RISING, 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: _____

NOTE: FOR THOSE READERS WHO DON'T WANT TO DEFACE THIS BEAUTIFUL ISSUE, SIMPLY WRITE US AND REQUEST THE MARCH SPECIAL. YOU MUST WRITE THE ABOVE RELEASE STATEMENT AND SIGN, HOWEVER.

XL

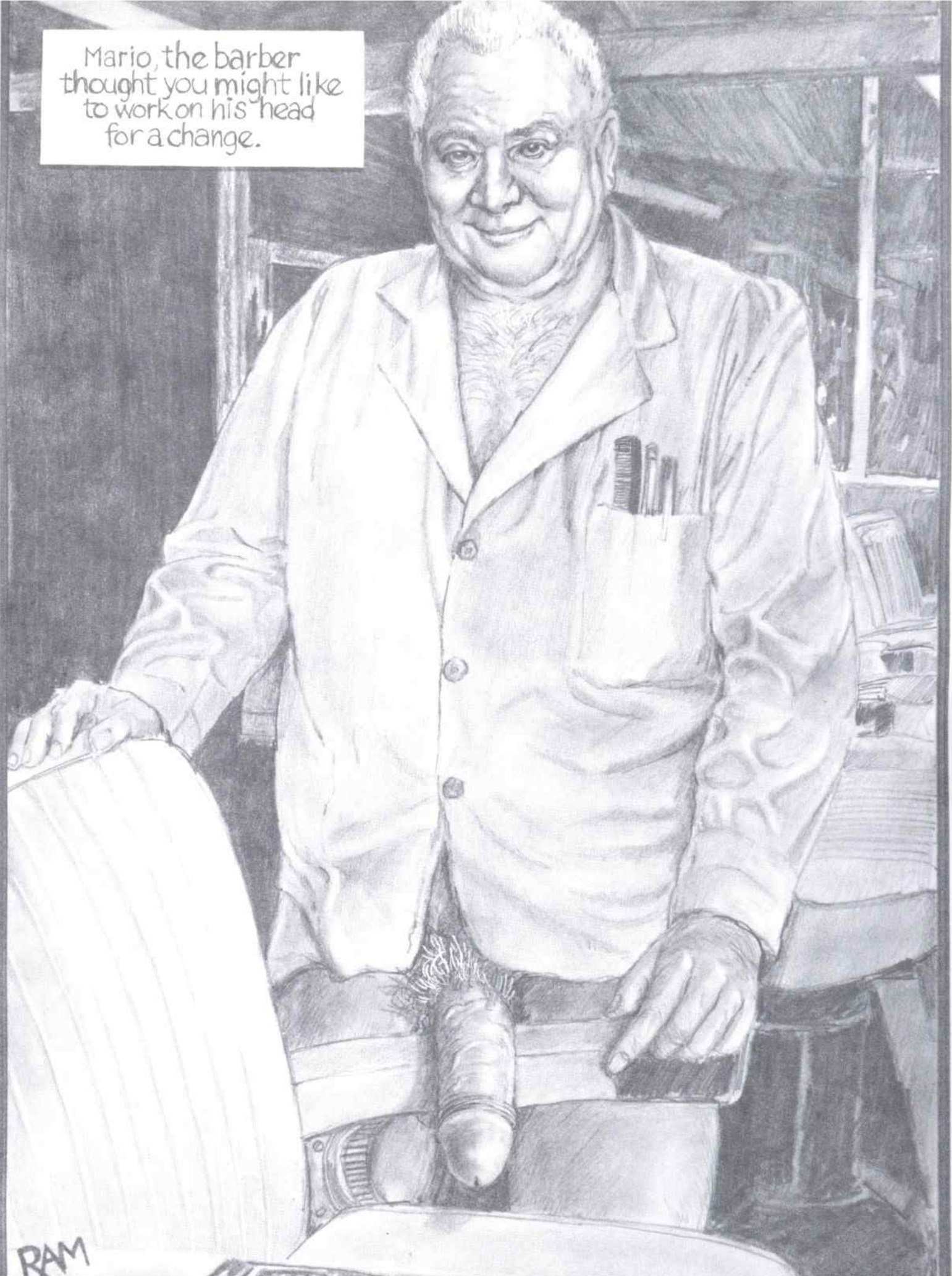
WE'RE LOOKING
FOR A FEW

BIG
MEN

DRAGONGATE PRODUCTIONS IS LOOKING FOR A FEW **BIG** MEN TO MODEL (CLOTHING OPTIONAL) FOR **XL**, THE MAGAZINE FOR BIG MEN AND THEIR ADMIRERS. IF YOU HAVE A "BEAR-GUT" AND ARE PROUD OF IT, WHY NOT DROP US A PHOTO OF YOU SHOWING OF THAT MAN-SIZED BELLY, AND A WAY TO CONTACT YOU AND LET US DO THE REST. SEND PHOTO TO DRAGONGATE PRODUCTIONS, POB 38338, LA, CA 90038. IF WE USE YOU IN ANY OF OUR ISSUES YOU WILL RECEIVE A FREE ONE YEAR SUBSCRIPTION TO **XL**.

The Magazine for Big Men
And Their Admirers

Mario, the barber
thought you might like
to work on his head
for a change.



RAM

