

# CR CLASSICS

ISSUE 9 \$6.95

**SAVING THE BEST FOR LAST**

**52 MODELS!**

**FICTION BY KELLY, BOWDEN  
TECUMSEH & JON**

**ADULTS ONLY**





HMW





# CHIRON RISING CLASSICS #9

## THE FINAL ISSUE

### CONTENTS

- 4 PROFILES OF MODELS/PHOTOGRAPHERS/ARTISTS
- 8 CHRISTMAS WITH HARRY - Fiction by Ralph Kelly
- 16 THANK YOU, MICKEY MOUSE - Fiction by Greg Bouden
- 36 THE DOCTOR IS IN - Fiction by Tecumseh
- 42 I LOVE PARIS - Fiction by Jon

---

#### CR CLASSICS MAGAZINE

##### **PUBLISHER/EDITOR:**

Patrick H. Colley

##### **PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHERS:**

Michael Deveau, Joel, Macro, Photoman

##### **MODELS, OTHER CONTRIBUTORS:**

Our Subscribers

##### **FRONT COVER PHOTOGRAPHY:**

**MACRO**

##### **CRPI GENERAL OFFICES:**

P.O. Box 2589

Victorville, CA 92393

Telephone: (619) 868-6371

Fax: (619) 868-0328

e-mail: crpi@aol.com

---

*CR CLASSICS* Magazine will cease publication effective with this issue. The entire contents of *CR CLASSICS* are copyright © 1996 by Chiron Rising Publications, Inc. and may not be reproduced in any manner, either in whole or in part, without written permission from the publisher. All rights reserved. Our lists of subscribers and advertisers are confidential and are not sold or given away. Publication of the name of any person in articles or advertising is not to be construed as any indication of the sexual orientation of such person. Unless stated otherwise, all artwork and fiction featured in this publication are created from imagination, and any similarity between characters depicted herein and actual persons is purely coincidental and unintentional. All correspondence should be addressed to CRPI, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393. Telephone: (619) 868-6371. Business hours: 9am - 5 pm, Pacific, Monday through Friday.

##### **NOTICE:**

The publisher is exempt from the record-keeping requirements and disclosure statements mandated by 18 U.S. Code § 2257 (a) through (c) and the pertinent Regulations 28 C.F.R. Ch. 1, Part 75 since all of such material falls within the definition of exempted material set forth in § 75.7 (a) (1-3) of the pertinent Regulations. Nonetheless, records required by such Act and pertinent Regulations with respect to this publication and all materials associated with such records are maintained by Patrick H. Colley, owner, at the office of the Publisher, 4864 Luna Road, Phelan, CA 92371, and is available for inspection and review by the Attorney General at all reasonable times.

To readers: The above address is for disclosure only. Correspondence address is as shown above



# MODEL, PHOTOGRAPHER, and ARTIST PROFILES

## MODELS

**FRONT COVER: KARL:** 60, 5'-8", 200#, Southern California, single. Likes dogs, horses, working out, videos. Looking for a mature, genuine, masculine top man for possible relationship.

**Page 2: HMW:** 53, 6'-1", 220#, Palm Springs, single. This retired NFL player seeks a white male, 65+, for a monogamous relationship.

**Page 6: STRETCH:** 70, 5'-10", 180#, Northern California, single. Likes weight training and bodybuilding, nutrition, boxing, speed bag, music, gardening, muscle mags. Looking for similar self-sufficient types, especially under 40 and into hard core training and bodybuilding.

**Page 7: COLORADO COWPOKE:** 66, 5'-8", 145#, S.W. Colorado, single. Likes old, uncut, hairy, bald, blue-eyed fellows. Looking for lovable, rugged, outdoor type, venturesome, virile men who enjoy an open relationship.

**Page 10: DRAGON:** 70, 5'-5", 135#, Sacramento, single. He's a retired nonsmoker/drinker who is interested in cooking, gardening and swimming. He seeks friends and a relationship.

**Page 11: MR. CHIPS:** 50, 5'-6", 200#, New Hampshire, single. Likes music, movies, computers, people with a good sense of humor. Looking for 40 and up chubbies for special friendship.

**Page 12: TRANSPLANT:** 40, 5'-5", 150# Auckland, New Zealand, in an open relationship. He likes cooking, music, movies, nude beaches, older hairy men. He collects model cars.

**Page 13: NORTH CAROLINA TINY:** 26, 6'-4", 310#, North Carolina, single. Likes weight-lifting, basketball, movies, quiet evenings at home. Looking for someone considerate and affectionate, over 50, who enjoys cuddling and would describe themselves as "the man of my dreams." **BOSTON BILL:** 65, 5'-9", 220#, Boston, single. He likes conversation, cooking, music, reading, travel, movies, cuddling, etc. He's looking for social friends of any

age and one special younger man to share life with.

**Page 14: BELLYWARMER:** 37, 5'-11", 185#, Orlando, in a closed relationship. He likes his new, big, hairy lover bear and has ceased looking.

**Page 15: BINK:** 26, 5'-6", 126#, Philadelphia, in an open relationship. Likes walking, running, movies, concerts, quiet evenings at home. Looking for men between 40-60, very slim build, very hairy, living in Philadelphia.

**Page 20: MICHIGAN JOE:** 66, 5'-7", 165#, Michigan, single. Likes nudity, classical music, gay videos, gardening, walking, active top. Looking for younger bottoms, HIV negative, someone to share life with.

**Page 21: TUFFY:** 63, 5'-7", 154#, single, Texas. Likes sex, travel, reading, classical music, swimming and working out. Looking for bearded men, similar interests, over 60.

**Page 22: B.K.:** 52, 5'-8", 180#, Sacramento, single. Likes Northern Arizona, Sierras, archeological research, stonework, outdoors, his library. Looking for physical compatibility and intellectual companionship with hairy men, 50 and up, with possibility of a long-term relationship.

**Page 24: JUGGLER:** 26, 5'-7", 170#, Philadelphia, single. Likes anything outdoors, cooking, quiet evenings, and good conversation. Looking for 50+, nonsmoker for long-term relationship—someone easy to talk to and fun to do things with. [gmb@p3.net](mailto:gmb@p3.net)

**Page 25: CARL:** 61, 5'-8", 175#, Arizona, single. Likes music, cooking, entertaining. Looking for fun and games with a special someone. He's beginning to think about settling down again.

**Page 26: LONG BEACH ED:** (Not currently in touch. Published for entertainment only)

**Page 27: OUTBACK JACK:** 52, 5'-10", 190#, South Australia, single. Likes nude beaches, outdoors, sports, oil painting. Looking for over 50, chubby big men, sincere, outgoing. **MURRAY RIVER MAN:** 68, 5'-10", 210#, Riverland South Australia, single. Likes outdoors, nude beaches,

canoeing, travel, cooking. Looking for 35-60, sincere, versatile in bed, passionate, well-endowed mates to service.

**Page 28: EX-LOGGER & TONY OF WASHINGTON:** 71/69, 5'-3"/5'-7", 155#/153#, Washington/Hawaii, in an open relationship with each other. Like quiet, peaceful, rural home living. Looking for sincere, caring friendships.

**Page 29: DADDY BEN:** 73, 5'-8", 150#, San Diego, single. Likes leather, nudity, outdoors, radical faeries. Looking for a man's man. **RICHARD:** 58, 5'-6", 163#, Seguin, TX, single. Likes street rods and old, chubby, bearded or mustached men with grey hair (or bald). Looking for fun and a monogamous relationship. **STEEL WOOL:** 42, 5'-9", 160#, Brazilian living in South Florida and Rio, in an open relationship. Likes travel, beach, good music, cuddling, videos. Looking for a loving gent, 45+, for sincere friendship and possibly more.

**Page 30 & 31: THOM:** our most featured model and hall of famer, lives in Austin with CR photographer, JOEL. They enjoy a loving open relationship. **BAMA:** 56, 5'-8", 195#, Mid-Atlantic Coast, single. Likes older men and travel. Looking for friends and relationships.

**Page 32: DICKSON HILLS:** 46, 6'-3", 190#, New York, single. Likes working out every day, exhibitionism. Would love to dispel the rumor that all English are reserved. He's trying to get into the adult model and escort business. Would enjoy meeting and posing for people all over the U.S.

**Page 33: MICHIGAN MONTE:** 65, 5'-8", 210#, Michigan/Florida, single. Likes cooking, gardening, swimming, classical music, classic cars. Looking for slim, nonsmoker, light drinker, 35 to 55, who likes to cuddle and kiss and is relationship-oriented. **DIXIE DICK:** 63, 6'-3", 200# Georgia, in an open relationship. This retired university professor likes traveling, gardening, camping, theatre, volunteer work, water skiing, swimming, nudism. Looking for GWM, 35-50, no smoking/drugs/excessive drinking, healthy, responsible, not overweight, for companionship and safe fun. **PALM RIVIERA:** (Not cur-



rently in touch. Published for entertainment only) **FREAD J:** 52, 6'-1", 236#, Oklahoma, in an open relationship. Likes hunting, canoeing, geology, horticulture. Looking for friendships.

**Page 34: BLUE EYES:** 40, 5'-8", 185#, United Kingdom, single. Likes travel, cooking, gardening, swimming, men 200#+. Looking for chubbies, 55 plus, hairy bodies, huggable, sincere. Pen pals welcome. **BEACH BOY:** 27, 5'-11", 180#, South Florida, single. Likes sports, massage, movies, and men in recovery. Looking for nice, 50-65, shorter Daddy-types. **MICHIGAN JOE:** 66, 5'-7", 165#, Michigan, single. Likes nudity, classical music, gay videos, gardening, walking, being an active top. Looking for younger bottoms, someone to share life. **BAMA:** (See page 30 above)

**Page 35: JON:** (Not currently in touch. Published for entertainment only)

**Page 38 & 39: SWISS I:** 66, 174, 95 kgs. Lives in an open relationship near Berne in Switzerland. Speaks and reads English. Likes stocky men from 55 and up, travel, nude beaches, the sea, big cities, music of all kinds, classic films. Plans to go on the internet soon.

**Page 44: BIG PAW:** 70, 6 ft., 212#, Boise, in an open relationship. Likes gardening, cooking, travel, nudity, soft music, show tunes, cuddling, and playful men. Looking for correspondents, 30 to 70, "because all men are beautiful."

**Page 47: PROFESSOR RICK:** 68, 5'-10", 165#, Provincetown /Sarasota, in an open relationship. Likes beach, movies, ships & cruises, bodybuilding, collecting American art, gardening. Looking for new friends, singles or couples, any age or race for visits or travel to Cape Cod or Florida.

**Page 48: THOM:** (See page 30 above) **ICEMAN:** 21, 5'-10", 180#, Sacramento, single. Likes country-western dancing, travel, music, outdoors, and chewing ice. He's looking for hairy bottom men, 28-55 (sometimes top), who just love to have fun. **J.R. OF TEXAS:** 58, 6 ft., 220#, Texas, single. He likes partying, camping, good times, and travel. Looking for friends, fun and good humor.

**Page 49 & 50: HAMHOCK & KIM:** 55/43, 5'-10"/5'-6", 270#/250#, Palm Springs, in an open relationship with each other. Like photography, swim-

ming, music, gardening, travel, nudism, hot tubs. Looking for good friends.

**Page 51: MR. MIKE:** 56, 5'-8", 175#, Southern California, single. Likes good company, mutual enjoyment, music, outdoors. Looking for GWM, late 50s or over, mature, masculine, healthy, humorous, heavy-set/solid, hairy, bald, nonsmoker, non-drug user, social drinker, who enjoys life and all it has to offer. **GAYFEATHER:** 40, 6 ft., 195#, Michigan, in an open relationship. Likes music, sports, photography, flower gardening, antiques, nude sun bathing. Looking for genuine, sincere, pen pals, friendships with 50+, heavy-set (a plus) **LEO JIM:** 60, 5'-8", 184#, South San Francisco, single. Likes fishing, swimming, cooking, porn videos, traveling, sailing, drug-free friends. Looking for an open-minded man his own age who is fun-loving, has no hang-ups, and loves being nude.

**Page 56 & 57: GENE KEUNING:** 52, 5'-10", 220#, Michigan/Palm Springs, in an open relationship with model JIM SNODGRASS. Likes 30s-80s, hairy, semi-bald, graying, beards, heavy, masculine. He's looking for friendships and special fun with mature men. **YING:** 49, Northern California, in an open relationship. Likes orchids, classical music, mysteries and the theatre. Looking for friendships. **JIM SNODGRASS:** 62, 5'-7", 200#, Michigan, in an open relationship with GENE KEUNING for over 27 years. He likes 18-45, tall, swimmer's body type, Greek active, safe, for fun. He's looking for exciting friendships only.

**Page 58: PAIR OF JACKS:** 61/69, 5'-9"/5'-8", 215#/220#, in a possibly expanding relationship, Palm Springs. They like same age or older and are looking for bears and friendship.

**Page 59: SANTA STEVE:** 54, 6'-2", 225#, Seattle, in an open relationship. Likes cooking, music, opera, modern art, travel, old friends, dogs (boxers), films. Looking for friends from all over the earth, men of all ages to visit and host.

**BACK COVER: BRUCE & PAT:** 75/56, 5'-8"/6'-1", 200#/275#, Southern California, in an open relationship with each other. Like animals (especially dogs) good food, good friends, travel, fixing up lonely people, and throwing BIG parties.

## **PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHERS**

**MICHAEL DEVEAU:** 43, 5'-10", 220#, Palm Springs, single. He likes to have fun and is looking for other people to have fun with. Destined to photograph every hot mature man in the Palm Springs area.

**JOEL:** 32, Austin, in an open relationship with CR model THOM. He's always on the lookout for new models and has been known to travel widely just for the perfect shot.

**MACRO:** 30, 5'-11", 205#, Salt Lake City. In a long-term, open relationship with his burly hubby, GLENNSPORT. He and his partner will assume art direction duties for CR in 1997.

**PHOTOMAN:** Late 40s, St. Louis, single. An expert at getting hot, mature men (as well as admirers) to take it all off for the camera. Very much likes to get to know same intimately. A retired professional photographer who will travel for a good photo shoot.

## **PRINCIPAL ARTISTS**

**ABE:** 40ish (?) handsome fire plug, living in Montana but moving back East soon. Wants to hear from all sexy, hung daddies who want to inspire him to greater artistic heights.

**COLLECTOR:** He's a 40-year-old, burly, hairy truck driver who turned lots of heads in Indianapolis. He enjoys meeting people and is in an open, 14-year relationship. Likes to collect photographs of mature men who are hairy.

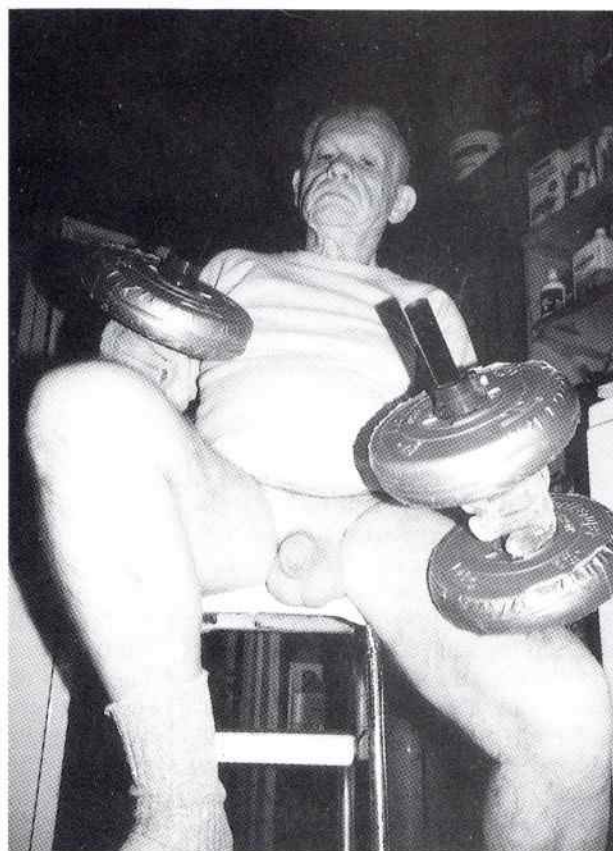
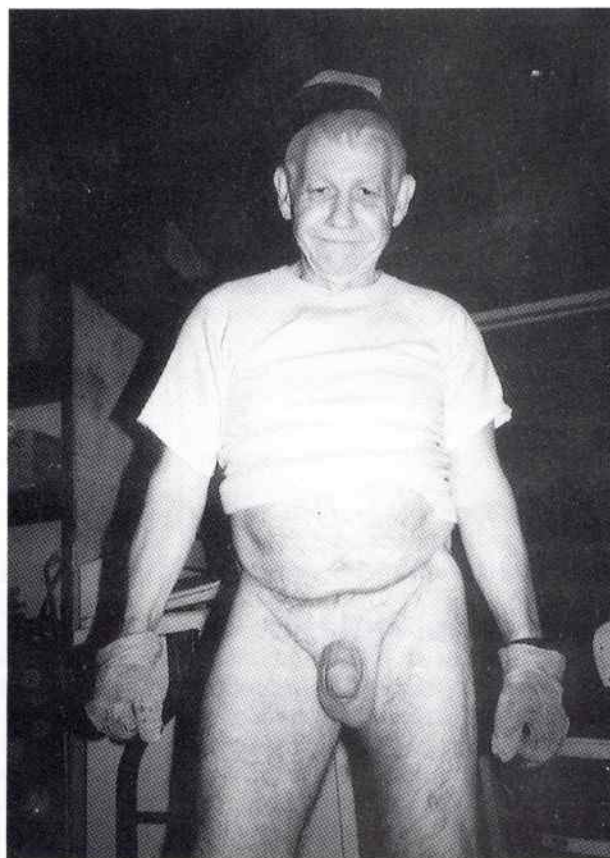
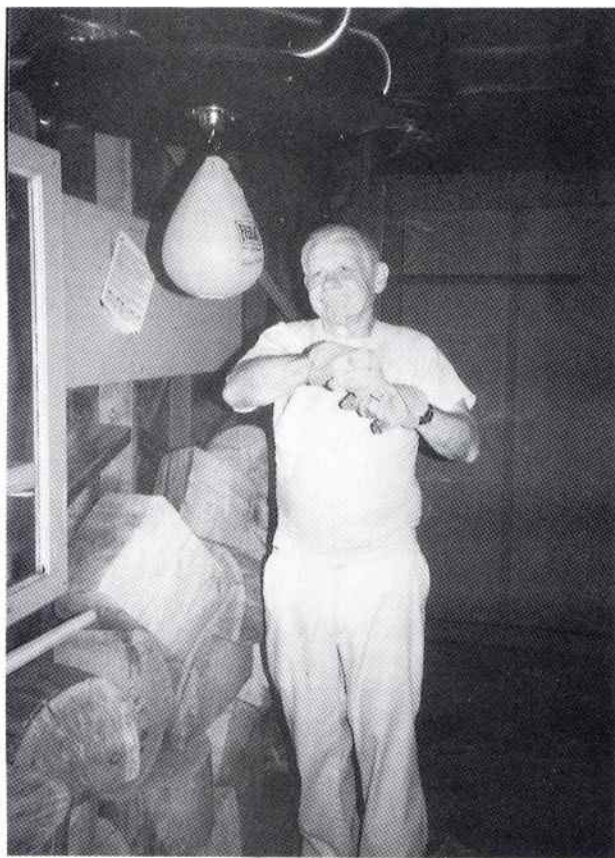
**JAMES L. HAWKINS:** 67, lives with his lover of 15 years in their home in West Los Angeles. Both are active in collecting 19th and 20th century original art, which includes some fine examples of the male nude. Jim has been drawing from the male nude for over 45 years and taught life drawing for several years at Beverly Hills Adult School.





# STRETCH

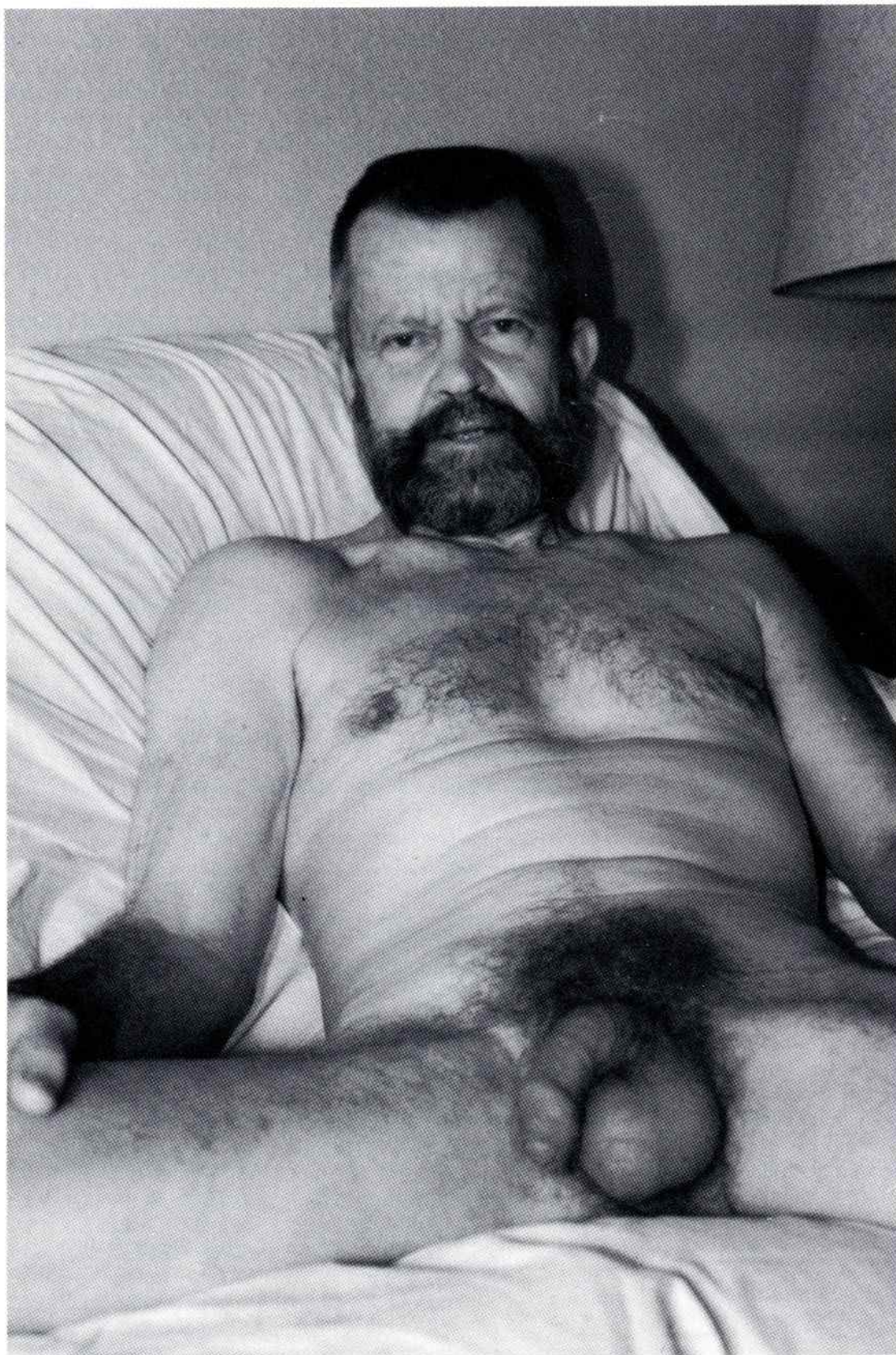
photos by Michael





## COLORADO COWPOKE

JOEL





# CHRISTMAS WITH HARRY

## by Ralph Kelley

It was noon and the plane still hadn't arrived. I doubted now that it would with the snowstorm getting worse and worse. I decided I'd better leave the airport, or I'd be stranded, maybe all night. Doggone it. I was looking forward to meeting Harry, a London pen pal who was coming to spend Christmas.

The trip home from the airport usually took twenty minutes; because of the storm, it took an hour. As soon as I was inside, I called the airport. Harry's plane had been diverted to Atlanta.

Harry and I had been writing to one another for two-and-a-half years. He'd contacted me after seeing my photo in *Chiron Rising*. In his mid-sixties, he had a generous tummy and was almost completely bald. He was coming to the U.S. to attend a publishing convention in Dallas but wrote that he'd arrive two weeks early so we could "make passionate love every night." But now he was in Atlanta, and I was in Detroit, which would likely make any love-making at all rather difficult.

The phone rang, and I dashed to pick up the receiver. "Harry?"

"Grandpa, am I ever glad I found you home!" said the voice belonging to my oldest grandson.

"Adam, what a surprise! Where are you?"

"On the expressway, about four miles from your house. Can you put us up for the night?"

"Of course!"

"We'll see you soon," he said and hung up.

I wondered who the "we" referred to. An assistant professor of biology in Chicago, Adam isn't married. In graduate school, he'd specialized in herpetology. As a sideline, he buys and sells snakes, geckos, and lizards. I hoped he didn't have any snakes with him. Especially not with Harry arriving soon. In fact, I didn't want Adam and his friend here either when Harry arrived. But what could I do? He's my favorite grandson, and I couldn't turn him away,

especially in the midst of a raging storm.

Before long Adam and his friend Bob, another herpetologist, arrived with fifteen boxes of snakes—a bald python, a king cobra, a couple of boas, and various others. He also had two dozen geckos and a lizard. Adam and his friend were on their way to upstate New York to deliver them. They wanted to be back in Chicago before Christmas and so hoped to be on their way early in the morning since snakes, Adam told me, don't travel very well.

"Gee, Grandpa," Adam said, "looks like you went wild decorating the place for Christmas. How many sets of lights do you have?"

"Ten," I replied.

"And enough candles to decorate a church. But it looks great."

The phone rang, and Adam picked it up.

"Who is it?" I asked.

Adam appeared to be at a loss for words.

"Who's on the phone?"

Adam swallowed hard. "It's a man who says he wants to speak to 'Hot Cock'."

I grabbed the phone. "Harry, where are you?"

"Naked in bed in Atlanta with a sweet southern boy, who's playing with my delicacies." He faked a southern accent. "I'd rather be playing with your sweet and tender balls, honey, but I can't get to you because of your horrible weather. I'm freezing to death. England was never like this. It's so damn cold I piss ice cubes. Will you make it hot for me when I get to Detroit?"

"Harry, my grandson's here with his friend. They were caught in the storm."

"I'll bet it's some hot little trick you dragged in off the street. Let me talk to him."

"He's too nice for an old turd like you."

Adam burst out laughing. "Who is it?" he asked.

"A foul-mouthed, dirty old man from London."

"Let me talk to him," said Adam, "I can handle his kind." Adam, who at times has lived with me, has always been very protective. He took the phone. "You can get arrested for talking dirty on the telephone," he said, his voice rough. "At least in this country. So go someplace else with that mouth of yours," he said and hung up.

Almost immediately the phone rang again. Adam picked it up. "Leave my sweet old Grandpa alone. Talk dirty to someone who appreciates it!"

I heard laughter on the other end of the line.

Adam insisted that we leave the phone off the hook, and I was too flustered to try to explain Harry's visit, which certainly was starting off with a bang!

Early the next morning after Adam and Bob had left, Harry rang to tell me he'd be arriving soon in Detroit. Despite all the letters and photos, I wondered what he'd be like in the flesh.

What a formal-looking man, I thought, as he emerged from the plane. I hurried forward hoping for an embrace, but he held me back with his umbrella. "My good sir, how do you do?" he said.

"How do I do what?" I asked, deciding he was playing a game. "I think you are full of snits and worms."

"Let's not be vulgar," he replied. "I've just spent a couple of hours on the plane with another Brit who publishes Bibles. So please act accordingly."

I smiled as sweetly as I could. "Your big dick is getting hard, isn't it?" I answered.

"Let's not talk about the obvious when the Bible publisher is just ahead of us."

"Why don't you surprise him and goose him with your big dick? He'd probably appreciate it. I know I would."

"Stop it, my good man. He's too saintly a person. He loves women by



the dozens." Harry's game was falling apart, and he almost smiled.

While we waited for his luggage, the Bible publisher came over and spoke to Harry. "Have peace, dear brother, and a safe journey to Dallas."

I leaned close as Harry whispered. "Notice the big bulge in his crotch!" To the Bible publisher, he said, "And you, sir, have as much peace as you can get in America. I hear it's a very friendly place."

Once we were in the car, I turned to Harry. "Pucker up, kid. You're going to get kissed."

"Right here in the open?"

"No one will care, or even notice, that two old farts are hugging up a storm."

I had to watch the traffic on the expressway while we stole kisses from one another and talked non-stop. I unlocked the front door to the apartment, turned on the lights, and ushered Harry inside as I picked up the bags. There was an ear-splitting scream. I rushed into the living room. On the floor was a king cobra, its hood extended. What impelled me to do it, I'll never know. Still wearing my leather gloves, I grabbed the snake behind the head and ran to the pantry, where I have a big metal garbage can. I dumped the snake inside and clamped on the lid.

In a few seconds, I realized what I had done. I dropped on the davenport. "My God, what next?"

Just then, Adam rang. "Grandpa, I've got some bad news. We're missing some snakes. We think you have a king cobra there. You'll have to be careful with that one, but the others aren't too dangerous."

"Others!"

"A python and two boas. We'll be back to get them, but see if you can catch them before they do any damage."

I hung up the phone, wondering if anything else could possibly happen. Suddenly, I was aware that someone was unbuttoning my overcoat and taking my hat. I turned around, and found Harry in his proper British underwear, apparently recovered from his scare. He helped me get my sweater over my

head, then started to unbutton my shirt. I tried to help, but he slapped my hands.

"I've waited too long for this." He finished undressing me. He had me sit down while he took off my shoes and socks. Then he loosened my belt and unzipped my pants. He reached inside to fondle my cock and testicles. When he had me naked, he took off his underclothing and suggested we shower and get into bed.

As I bent to turn on the water, he fondled my backside and ran his hands between my legs. "If you don't stop, I'm going to come before we even get to bed," I told him.

The warm water brought my tired bones back to life. We washed and embraced, and washed and fondled. After we finished drying each other, Harry, who was larger and stronger, picked me up and carried me to the bed. Once there, he started kissing my eyes, my ears and my cheeks, and then worked down to my nipples. I wanted him as much as he wanted me.

As he sucked and tongued my cock and balls, we slipped easily into a 69 position. Our release was mutual, sudden, and strong. After awhile, I went to the bathroom as Harry returned to the living room. My ablutions were interrupted by Harry's shouting! I grabbed a towel and ran. On the living room floor were two snakes, each about two-foot long. They disappeared under the furniture. "Those must be the two boas," I said.

"You are such a sweet, brave soul to put up with these snakes for your grandson's sake," said Harry. "I admire your courage. In London, there's a great gay club where they have variety acts. One of the most successful is performed by an older Chinese man with a big stomach and not one hair on his head. He does a sensuous routine with two boas, and while he performs, his big cock becomes erect, making it appear he's handling three snakes. Wish you could see it."

We searched for the boas but couldn't find them.

Early in the morning, Adam called. "Grandpa," he said, "the roads are cov-

ered with ice, and we can't leave. You'll have to feed the snakes. Have you caught them yet? Has your friend from London arrived? Is he afraid of snakes?"

"Slow down, Adam. My friend is here, and he doesn't appear particularly disturbed about the boas. I caught the cobra, but the others are still 'at large.' Where am I going to get snake food?" I asked.

"Call the U of M biology department, and ask them where they get their supply of mice."

"You feed mice to the snakes? How do you do that?" I asked.

"Just put the mice in their cage."

"I don't have any cages."

"Do you have a large garbage can?"

"It's already occupied."

"Well, you're going to have to get another one. Could you do that? Put the snakes in the garbage can and drop in the mice. I'm awfully sorry to put you through this."

"Adam, I'll try to do what I can for my favorite grandson." That's what I said. But what I meant was, "How in the hell did I get into this mess?"

I made the call to the university and got the address of the local mouse farm. While we were out, I also bought a second garbage can. Back home, I noticed something moving among the branches of my Christmas tree—the boas, who had taken refuge there.

I had a brainstorm. I got two of my fishing poles and tied a mouse on the end of each line. I took one pole and gave the other to Harry. We perched on the davenport, holding the lines close to the tree. Getting no action from the snakes, we started to mess around with each other and were soon naked. We must have made quite a sight: two nude old men with fishing poles, trying to lure snakes out of a Christmas tree. Our activities were interrupted when one of the boas took Harry's mouse. Shortly thereafter, the second took my mouse. We finally had the boas, and Harry was as excited as a child.

On the day before Christmas, Adam had still not been able to come for his snakes, and I was forced to buy a fresh supply of mice to last several more days. By then, we were becoming fa-



miliar with our "guests." After dinner we were going to open our presents, but Harry got busy rearranging the living room. I thought he had gone crazy. In front of the tree, he arranged candles alternating with poinsettia plants until he had about an eight foot circle. When this was done, he lit the candles, and asked me to get undressed and sit on the floor at the opposite end of the circle from the tree.

"Remember what I told you about the man with the boas at the club in London? Last night, while I couldn't sleep, I tried to copy his act, and, as my special Christmas present, I'd like to show it to you."

He started the stereo, playing softly selections from "The Firebird Suite" and "Scheherezade." He turned out the living room lights and went into the dining room, returning with the two boas. He stepped naked into the circle of light, the two snakes twined about his arms. Kneeling, he moved his arms in time with the music. All the time, he had a hard erection.

The lighted tree, the circle of lighted candles, and the poinsettias provided a strangely appropriate frame for the snakes and the Buddha-like figure of Harry. The snakes seemed to get into the spirit of the performance, sensuously moving around his arms, his legs, and his erect penis. I couldn't believe this was happening.

Harry put one snake away and had me stretch out in the middle of the circle. By then, I also had a raging hard-on. Harry put the snake down slowly on my erect cock. The feeling was indescribable as the snake worked its way around my pubic area and down between my legs. With his free hand, Harry gently massaged my penis, balls, and lower abdomen. Then he put away the snake and joined me on the floor. With just the tips of his fingers he circled my head and face, then moved down, gently gliding the tips of his fingers over my body. With the same gentleness, he circled around my cock and balls. It was marvelous. Soon we were giving each other every pleasure

we could think of.

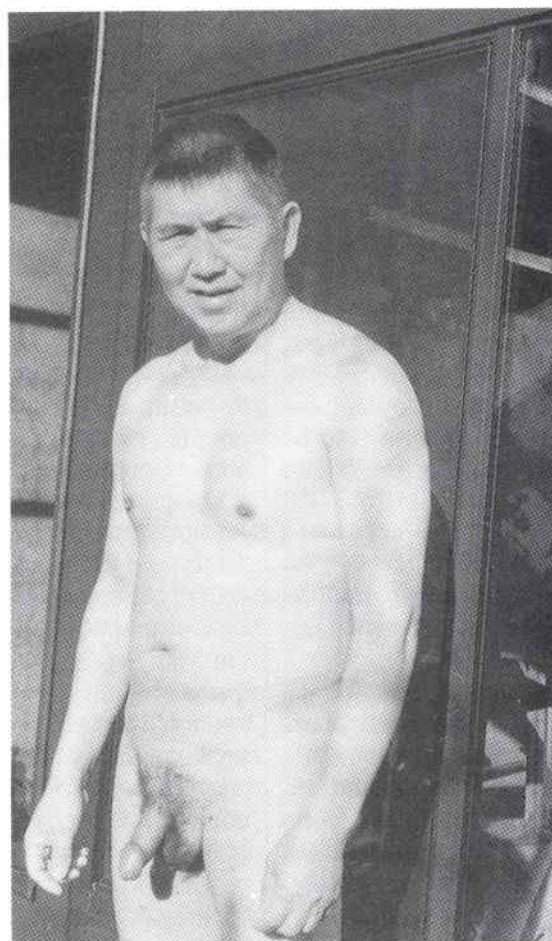
On Christmas morning, Harry suggested we open our Christmas presents, which, according to prior agreement, were to be friendship rings. So, as in the marriage ceremony, we "gave and received rings." Harry read to me words he'd written of love and friendship, and tears flowed from my eyes.

I wanted to be in love, and I wanted for us to be together. Yet I knew that Harry had to go home, and that his home was far away. Harry's and my correspondence resumed. We've never seen each other again, but each year at Christmastime, I visit the snake house in the zoo.

*RALPH KELLY is 75 and a retired teacher living in Michigan with his life partner. He's always looking to make pen pals of his readers and says, "A good pen pal becomes a very good friend who helps to make life more pleasurable, and we say, 'Thank you for writing.'"*

# dragon

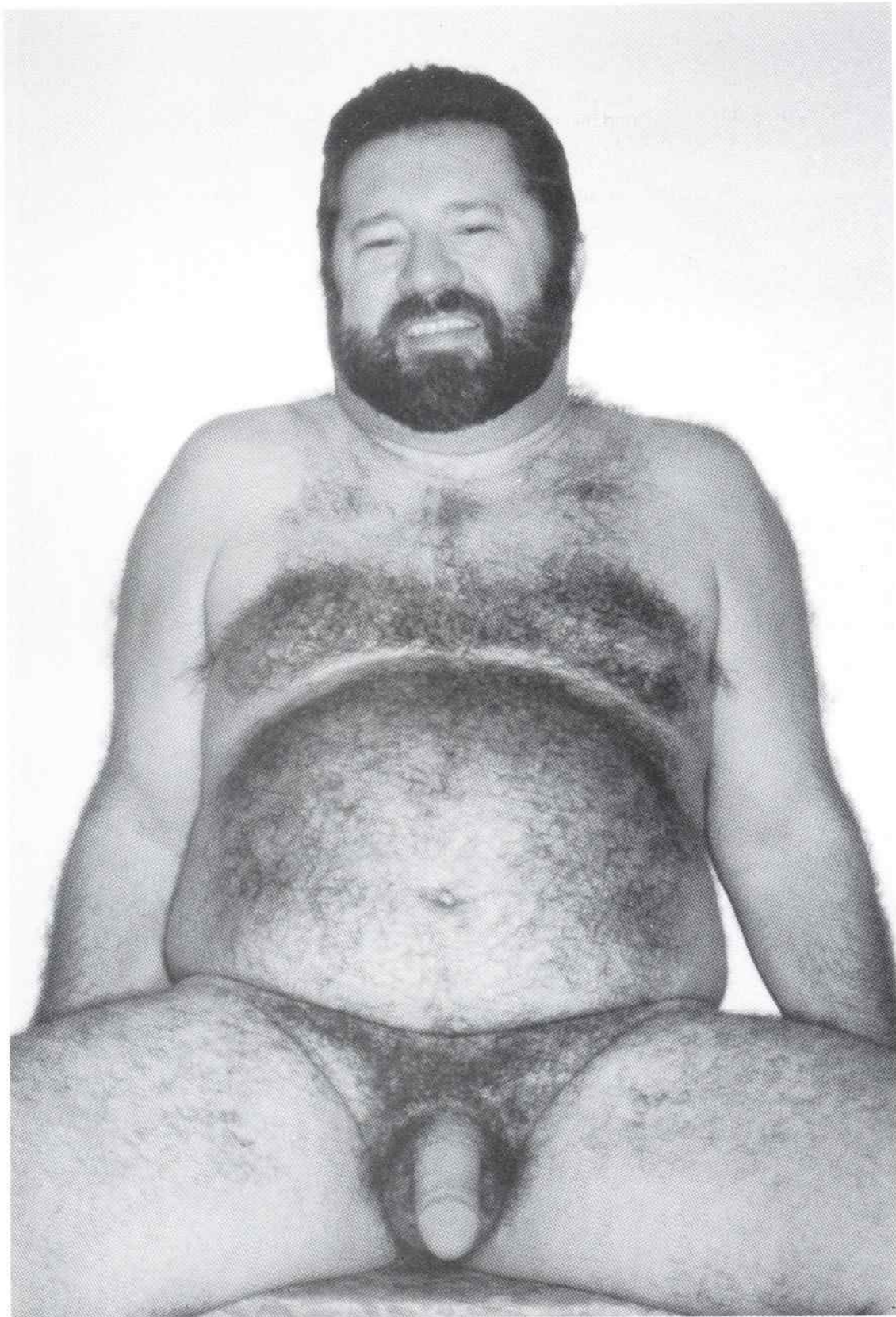
L.M.





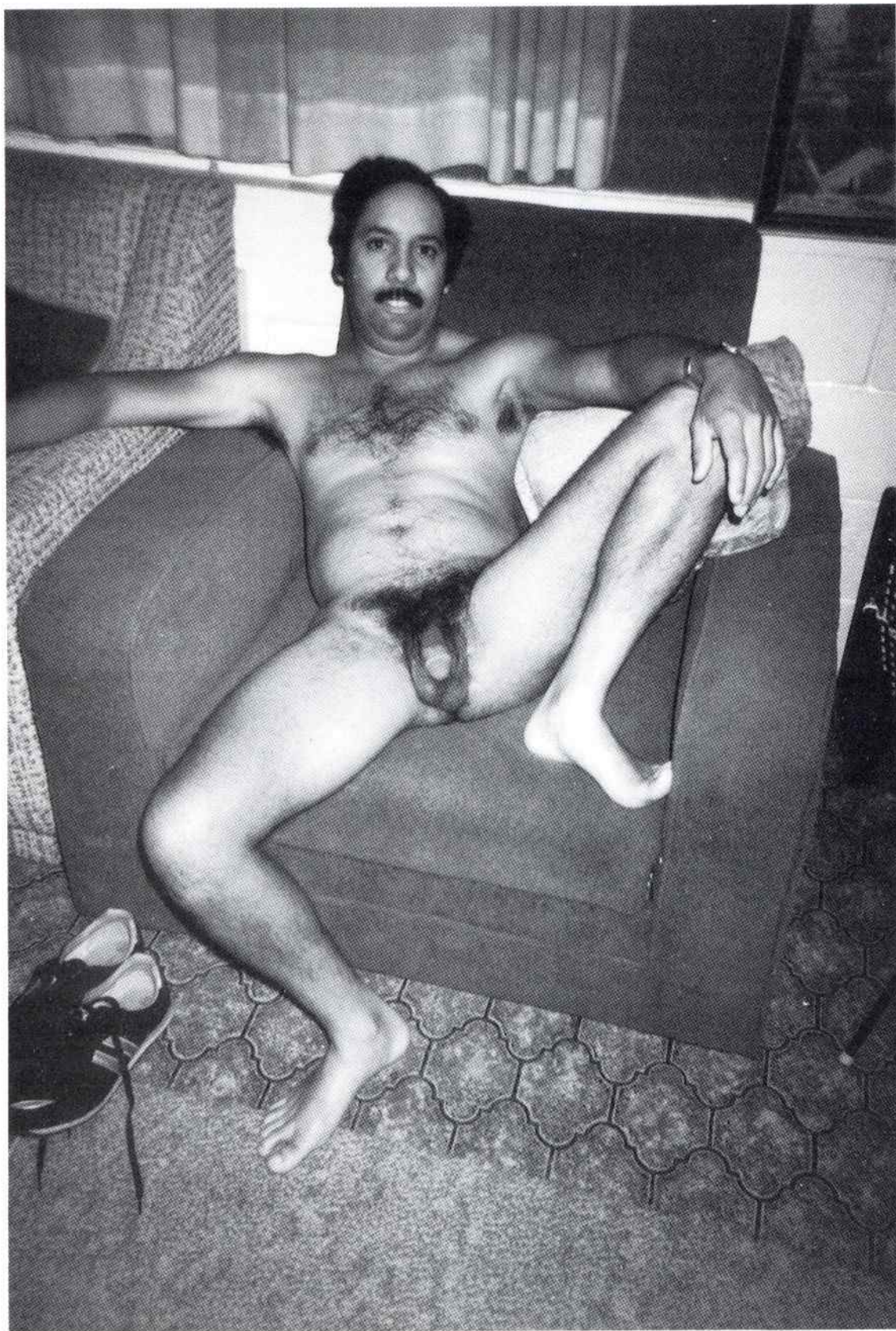
**MR. CHIPS**

**SILENUS HONEY**





# TRANSPLANT





## BOSTON BILL & TINY

photos by Photoman





## BELLYWARMER





**BINK**

photos by ED





# THANK YOU, MICKEY MOUSE

## By Greg Bowden

It was crowded in the clinic waiting room and I knew it was going to be a while before I could deliver the needle-studded piece of rock that was my kidney stone to Dr. Norris, my urologist. It didn't matter; I was so happy to finally be rid of the damn thing though that I'd wait half the day.

I registered with the nurse at the little window and took the only seat available—between two people who were obviously in for obesity counseling. I tried to get my book out, but it proved to be too much of a hassle, so I just let my eyes wander over the others in the room. I spotted a couple of good-looking guys, but they were both too young to be of very great interest. I much prefer men a few years past the half century mark—men who have lived long enough to have some character in their faces and experience under their belts. As it were.

My eyes kept drifting back to the man sitting directly opposite me and I began a little game of "who is he and why is he here?" Whatever had brought him to the clinic must be serious, I thought, because he was holding his head in the palms of his hands in a way that spoke of unhappy resignation. He looked up when a name was called, and his eyes turned out to be gray rather than the blue I'd decided they would be. He also had a thick, blond mustache and the most miserable expression I think I'd ever seen on a man.

The woman sitting next to him was called, and I quickly moved into her seat. When I opened my book, my arm touched the man next to me. When he didn't move, I didn't either. At first I thought there might be some sexual meaning to the way his arm pressed against mine, but then I decided he was simply seeking some sort of human contact, something like a hug only more acceptable between strangers. After all, with arms touching, you can always say, "Oh, excuse me," and pretend it didn't happen. That's hard to

do with a hug.

I also wondered about the little plastic ring he kept toying with. It was broken and had an odd medical look about it. It obviously hadn't come out of a box of crackerjack, and the way he sometimes looked at it made me think it was somehow very important to him.

"Mr. Jebson?"

My man got up, threw me a sad smile and followed the nurse through the door to the examining rooms. Not long after that I was called. It didn't take long. Dr. Norris examined the little slasher I'd brought him and pronounced it a perfectly normal, garden variety kidney stone and assured me that the chances of having another one were about even with the chances of not having another one. Thus heartened I gave him a quick kiss (we've been very good friends for a lot of years), collected my souvenir stone and took my leave, nearly running into Mr. Jebson in the hallway. He looked, if anything, more miserable than he had in the waiting room, and I let impulse take over.

"You look like a man who needs a drink," I said to him, surprising myself. "May I buy it for you?"

He looked startled, but after a moment's hesitation, he nodded. "That'd be nice. Yes, I think a drink is just what I need right now."

We went to Zapolleti's, down the street from the clinic. Zapolleti's bar is a favorite of mine, all dark paneling, comfortable leather chairs and bookcases with actual books on them. They serve hefty drinks in good glassware, mixed nuts in silver bowls, and they've never heard of a jukebox. We settled in and ordered Scotch.

"Tell me something," he said after a long but not uncomfortable silence. "Do you make a habit of picking up men and buying them drinks?"

I laughed. "Not for a lot of years. But it seemed like you might want some company after—well after hearing whatever they had to say back

there."

It was his turn to laugh, only his came out more rueful than anything else. "What they said was that it's all in my mind. Maybe I should see a psychiatrist. Shit."

We finished our drinks in silence. When the second round was served, he sighed and shook his head. "Well, that's enough of that." He extended his hand. "The name's Jebson, Samuel Jebson. My friends call me Jeb."

"Pleased to meet you," I said, shaking his hand. "My name's Walter Lindner, and my friends call me Walter."

He laughed, this time with some enjoyment in it. "Well, I tell you, Walter. You promise not to call me Sam and I'll promise not to call you Walt. Deal?"

"Deal."

We began to talk then, covering the sort of things strangers talk about in bars and then easily moved on to the more personal things friends talk about. After a third drink we moved to Zapolleti's dining room for seafood pasta, salad and the best zabaglione this side of Rome. By the time dessert was over, Jeb had bragged about his kids, touched on the death of his wife three years before and told a sad but funny story about transferring to the desert to get away from the advances of his wife's friends. In turn, he heard about Jack, the man I had lived with for twenty-nine years, the ups and downs of building a house in the desert and the complete lack of humor shown by book editors.

After dinner we walked each other back to the clinic parking lot and exchanged phone numbers and promises to have dinner together again soon. On the way home, I wondered a little about Jeb's reaction—actually his lack of reaction—to the fact that I'm gay. Even though I hadn't come right out and said it, he had to have figured it out; two men don't live together for twenty-nine years—until one of them dies—just to share expenses. I finally



decided that Jeb simply didn't care much and that made me decide I would call him.

He beat me to it. Five days later he called and said he was really in the mood for Mexican food, and he hated eating out alone. We ended up on the patio of La Piñata, gorging ourselves on chimichangas and green corn tamales and debating the merits of Mexican over American beer—as compared, of course, to German beer. We had a fine time of it.

Three days after that I had him over to my place for grilled steaks, and four days later I was at his house for coq au vin which was wonderful and which, after dinner, he confessed he had bought at a restaurant because he really didn't cook very well.

It wasn't long before we'd fallen into an easy routine of having dinner together two or three times a week, sometimes out but more often at his house or mine. After dinner we'd watch TV or go to a movie or sometimes just sit and read. Over dinner we talked. Jeb told me about running an engineering and fabrication plant, and I bounced plot lines off of him. Sometimes he'd talk about his children, Sam, Jr. and Samantha, both in their thirties. He laughed when I raised an eyebrow at their names and told me their mother had been named Sarah and they'd decided to keep the initials in the family. Samantha had done him the favor of marrying a man named Sidney Johnson and had named her children Stanley, Shirley and Sasha. Sam, Jr. was as yet unmarried but he was living with a woman named ... Andrea. I knew I was going to like him!

All of this was very comfortable, and over the period of a year and a half, we became about as close as any two people who don't sleep together can be.

In mid-September I called him at his office to suggest dinner at Zapolleti's. His secretary said he was out of the office for a couple of hours and it was just as well since the office staff was planning a little birthday celebration for him. This was news to me, and I realized I hadn't the least

notion just when his birthday was or even his age. His secretary not only filled me in but also invited me to the party. "He speaks so highly of you Mr. Lindner. I just know he'd be pleased if you came."

I begged off the party but thought perhaps I should do something to mark the occasion as well—after all, it was the big 6-0. I spent some time thinking about what I'd like to do on my sixtieth birthday—only a couple of years away—and decided I'd want to do something sixty year olds don't usually do.

Four nights later, over chocolate cannoli at Zapolleti's, I handed him a tacky birthday card which characterized him as "youth impaired." He loved it. When he read the note inside, though, he frowned. "Disneyland? That's pretty much for kids isn't it? I remember Sarah used to take the kids there once in a while."

I'd given him four days at Disneyland—with me as tour guide, of course. "You'll love it, Jeb. Trust me on this." It took some convincing but he finally agreed.

We arrived at John Wayne Airport a week later in the midst of Southern California's late summer with air as clear as crystal and the temperatures in the low 80s—cool compared to the desert we had just left. I'd arranged for a limousine to take us to the Disneyland Hotel. By the time we were checked in and the bell boy was turning on the air conditioning and checking the towels I could see that Jeb was going to enjoy the experience in spite of himself. Jeb went out on the balcony and looked over the park. "You know, Walter, I've never in my life been here." He turned and smiled at me. "I still think it's for kids though, no matter what you say."

We explored the hotel grounds—almost an amusement park in themselves—and then ate an early dinner on the deck of one of the restaurants there. Back in our room, Jeb opened the drapes and looked at the park, shimmering below us. "It is a kids' fantasy, isn't it?" he said, just as the sky exploded with brilliant streamers of fire. "Fireworks too? Oh God, I love

fireworks."

We stood on the balcony and watched the show, oohing and ahhhing like everyone else. When it was over, we went inside and got ready for bed. Jeb took a shower while I turned back the beds and switched on CNN just to see if anything had happened in the world since we'd left the desert. Jeb came out of the bathroom, toweling his hair and stood for a moment, watching the news. "Same old stuff," he said, dismissing it. "You mind if we leave the drapes open? No one to see in, and I like the morning light."

I nodded and went to take my own shower.

Finally in bed, the only light in the room coming from the park outside, Jeb held his arm out in the space between the beds and said "Thanks Walter. It's a great birthday present." I reached out and shook his hand. "Good. G'night Jeb."

I turned over and thought: My God, it's Brick and his football buddy all over again. With that, and the image of Jeb standing naked in front of the TV drying his hair, I went to sleep.

The next day was wonderful. We took the first monorail into the park, just as it was opening. Since school was back in session, the crowds were small and there was almost no wait for anything. We did a lot of the big rides first: Space Mountain, Star Tours, the Haunted House. Jeb nestled in between my legs on the Matterhorn ride and laughed at every drop and hairpin turn. When it was over, he insisted on going again and then once more. On the jungle ride, he laughed at the mechanical alligators and pointed with delight when the hippopotamus opened its mouth so the boat driver could shoot it. The Tiki Room almost did him in, making him twist his head this way and that to see all the animated birds and flowers sing and dance.

We had burgers and fries and chocolate milkshakes for lunch and then, God help us, rushed off to the Mad Hatter's Tea Cup ride. Followed by the Matterhorn again. Finally, at four, I threw in the towel. "My feet hurt,



my face is sunburned, and I'm still queasy from the tea cups. Can we go back to the hotel and put our feet up for a little while?"

He agreed, reluctantly, and we went back to our room and took a nap. Three hours later we were back in the park, having dinner with the Pirates of the Caribbean. That was followed by a parade, fireworks and—you guessed it—the Matterhorn again. And again. I decided I'd created a monster.

The next day was much the same except that it was Jeb who suggested going back to the hotel in the afternoon. We poured drinks in our room which neither of us finished. We fell asleep before we had the chance.

We woke around seven and, happily, Jeb suggested we have dinner in the hotel. I chose the seafood restaurant next to the artificial lake, and we were seated on the deck, right next to the water. The food turned out to be very, very good and we spent time savoring it, along with a crisp California white wine. When we were finished, I suggested a brandy at the bar.

"No, I think I'd rather walk a little," Jeb said. "I've had a glass or two too much wine and you know how I hate that."

We walked in silence along the narrow path that circled the lake. We weren't a quarter of the way around before I realized that somewhere in our walk we had begun to hold hands. At about the halfway mark, Jeb suddenly stopped and looked at me for a long time. Then he laughed and said he wanted to sit for a bit.

We found a bench set back in the landscaping and sat, still holding hands. I had no idea what was going on but I wasn't about to ask, either.

"You know, Walter, I haven't enjoyed anything like this since I was a little kid. It's been a wonderful experience. Thank you." He was silent for a long time before he turned and spoke directly to me. "You're a homosexual, aren't you, Walter?"

I didn't see how this could possibly be new information. "Yeah."

He seemed to watch the lights glinting on the water for a long time.

Then: "How does a man get that way? Become a homosexual?"

Uh oh. This was serious. I took a long moment to think about it before answering. "I think maybe it's born in him, Jeb. Some of us. Like an alternate path. Some men—like me—find that path right away and happily follow it all our lives. For some others it's like a frontage road, one they can turn onto once in a while and then leave, going back to the main highway. And I guess some guys don't even know it's there until one day they come across a hidden access road. For most men, though, it isn't there at all, no matter what they might think when they hit a construction zone on the main road." I was intensely aware of his fingers intertwined with mine.

"That's an interesting way of looking at it, Walter. Very interesting." There was a long pause. "Let's walk some more, shall we?" he asked. We rose from the bench and started around the lake again. "You know that day we met? At the clinic?" His voice was low and I had to strain to hear him. "I was there because I'm—I was impotent." He laughed, but there was no enjoyment in it. "What I mean is, I couldn't get it up anymore. Not with a woman, not with my hand, not with—Anyway, I went to the doctor and he gave me these little plastic rings to wear at night, on my penis. If the ring wasn't still there in the morning, if it had broken, that meant I'd had an erection during the night. It meant that there was nothing *physical* stopping me from having an erection. It meant it was all in my head." He gave me a quick look. "The things broke every damn night."

He was silent for a time. Then he whispered "Okay" to himself and pulled me off the path, up against a tree, away from the lights. "But I'm not anymore," he said, grabbing his crotch with our intertwined fingers. "Because of you." I felt the hardness through his jeans, heavy and rigid. Hardly a man with a problem.

Then he was kissing me, his hands at the nape of my neck driving chills and fire down my spine. I slipped my arms under his and held him by the

shoulders for a moment. Then I slipped my hands down his back until they cupped his ass. He was firm there, too, like a gymnast. I pulled him in tight, letting him feel my sudden hardness against his own.

At the same time our tongues were fighting for space in each other's mouths. I finally gave in to him and let his tongue invade my mouth. When it did, I began to suck on it. That's when he surrendered to me and started to whimper.

The rest took us both by surprise.

There was a sound, like a helicopter in the distance only it was coming from Jeb. I let go of his tongue and he sucked in air and went completely rigid against me. Then he lost control and I felt his spasms against my crotch. It took a long time, and when he was through, he went limp against me. I had to hold him to keep him from falling. I was happy to do it.

We stood that way, holding on to each other, until Jeb got his legs back. "Was that a confession or what?" he chuckled. Then, very seriously: "I think I've just made a great fool of myself, haven't I? You want to go home? Back to Tucson and forget this ever happened?"

I hugged him tightly for a moment and then pulled back and looked in his eyes. "No. To all the questions." I kissed him lightly on the lips and pulled him back to the path where we walked in silence back to the hotel.

Jeb went immediately into the bathroom, embarrassed by the large, wet stain on the front of his jeans. When he'd showered, he came into the room and got immediately into bed, as though his nakedness embarrassed him. I went to take my own shower. When I came back, he had turned the lights off and was lying on his side, facing the glow from the park. I thought he might be asleep but he said in a low voice, "I'm okay Walter. I just need to think for a while." I squeezed his shoulder, climbed into bed and let myself drift away, one ear tuned to him, in case he needed anything.

It was maybe three hours later that



I woke to the sound of Jeb getting out of bed. He stood in the space which separated our beds for a long time. "You okay, Jeb?" I asked, turning onto my back.

"I ...Yeah, I'm okay. I'm just a little lonesome, that's all. Is it okay if ..."

I raised the corner of the sheet. "Come on. It's fine." He crawled into the bed and lay rigidly on his back next to me. Not knowing what else to do, I rolled up on my side and threw a leg and an arm over him and pulled him close. Unplanned, my knee came to rest directly over his cock—which began to stir almost immediately.

"Is it okay?" he asked in a quiet voice, flexing his cock just a little. "I don't know—" He turned his head and looked at me. "Damn. What I'm trying to say is I don't know if ... you have any interest in me that way, and I sure as hell don't want to force myself on you like some hormone-crazed kid." He took a deep breath.

I started to laugh but caught it before it got out. That had been hard for him to say, and I didn't want to make this any harder for him than it already was. "Jeb," I said, catching his erection in the bend of my knee, "I am very interested in you that way. I always have been."

His eyes brightened in the dim light. "Would you show me? What to do? How ...?" He let out a low chuckle. "You know, always before, I've been the one in charge, been the one to—I don't know, lead, I guess. Now I don't even know how it's done."

"Don't worry, Jeb. I think you'll find it comes quite naturally. Now, here's your first lesson. Never try anything when you're exhausted because in that state there's no way it can go right." I rolled him onto his side and pulled him up against me, my dick folded up and resting along the valley between his buns. "So ... what you do is you get some sleep. Then, well, then we let nature take its course." I kissed him on the neck and felt him begin to relax against me. He was asleep almost before I finished thinking how much I'd missed sleeping with a man.

We woke in the early morning, the room turned a soft gold from the rising

sun glinting off Sleeping Beauty's Castle. We were both erect, a combination of passion and full bladders. I sent Jeb to the bathroom first, then followed when he came out looking relieved but still excited. I returned to find him stretched out with the sheet over him, looking very self conscious.

"Do you think a small demonstration might help?" I gently pulled the sheet back and began touching him, both with my hands and my lips. I nuzzled into the pale blond fur that covered his chest and found a nipple which I tongued lightly. I felt him stiffen under me and I wondered if anyone had ever done this to him before. Not having had much experience with straight men, I also wondered if he was going to have a problem with it, think it unmasculine to feel pleasure there. He answered my question by relaxing into it and letting me know he felt it—and liked it. I nipped just a little in response and felt goose bumps begin to rise along his arms.

I worked my way down and tongued his belly button which made him laugh and then rested my cheek against his abdomen, listening to his internal works and gazing at his dick which was standing straight out in the air. It was a handsome thing, round as a garden hose but substantially thicker. He had a short foreskin which clung to the middle of the cockhead and which I knew was going to stay back behind it when I put it there. I reached out and touched him, on the underside of the head; he flexed and his dick hit me squarely on the nose.

I nestled in between his legs and boosted myself up on my elbows so I was looking straight down on him, and he could feel my breath on the head of his dick. Then I took him in my mouth. He whimpered the whole way. When I paused, I could feel him fighting for control. I tried to help him by holding myself perfectly still on him, and it actually worked for a while. Then he whispered, "I can't, Walter. I can't. I'm ..." He let out a sigh and came in long, hard spasms. When he was finished I waited a while, wanting to feel him go soft on my tongue. Nothing much

happened so I finally gave it up and crawled up to take him in my arms.

"For an impotent man you have one hell of an erection down there," I said pulling him close and pushing my knee up between his legs so I could feel his balls against it.

"I think it likes you," he answered with a laugh. "I know I do." He began to kiss me, sucking on my tongue and nipping gently at my mustache. "Well," he said when I was breathing hard, "let's see if I've learned anything from your demonstration."

He went directly for the cock, crawling in between my legs and taking it into his mouth fast. Too fast. His gag reflex kicked in and he pulled back in a hurry, looking surprised. "Slow," I said, tousling his hair. "Easy. And if it bothers you, then come back up here. There's lots of other things we can do."

He shook his head. "No. I want to." He took my cock in his hand and gently touched it everywhere, as though comparing it with the way his own felt. His touch was like a million feathers all floating past at once. Then he took the head in his mouth and began to explore it with his tongue.

"Easy, Jeb. I'm very close, and you're going to drive me right over the edge doing that." My voice sounded hoarse even to me.

Jeb looked up at me and came as close to a grin as a man with a cock in his mouth can. He took more of me into his mouth and closed his eyes. One of us let out a long sigh—it might have been me—and we rested, my dick lying almost still against his tongue as he very slowly took more and more of me into his mouth.

"Oh, Jeb, Jeb. I'm going to ..."

He stopped and became absolutely still. I focused on the light fixture on the ceiling and felt the tension ebb. Then he began again, slower than before but still taking me deeper in his mouth. When I began to moan, he stopped, letting me back off a little before taking more of me in. When I felt my cock hit the back of his throat it was all over and I let out a yell, telling him to pull off because I was going to come no matter what. He didn't pull off



though, he took a deep breath, forced my dick down his throat and began to swallow.

I thought I might actually die from the pleasure, it was so great.

When I was coherent again, Jeb moved up on the bed and took me in his arms. He shoved his knee between my legs, tight into my crotch just as I had done to him, and I wondered if it was for the same reason. Later I found out it was. He liked the feel of my balls against his skin.

"You know," he said after a while, combing his fingers through my hair, "I ... I didn't think it would be like that. No," he put his hand over my mouth, stopping my question; I licked his palm instead which made his eyes twinkle. "Let me tell you because I don't think you have any idea what's just happened here. I went to do ... well, what I thought I should do. Bring you pleasure the way you did to me. But when I knew, when you let me know what ... what pleasure I was bringing you, the pleasure became mine, too. Always before the object has been ... well, it's been to bring the partner to

orgasm as soon as possible. But here it was to keep you from it, to stretch it out as long as possible. Because it was my pleasure too, and I didn't want it to end. Does that make any sense, Walter?"

It made a lot of sense and I told him so. Then we drifted off to sleep for a while, lying spoon fashion, his buns pressed against my cock and my hand just resting on his dick. I don't believe he ever did go soft.

We woke an hour or two later, and Jeb discovered the joys of sucking a cock at the same time his was being sucked. We quickly learned how to communicate, how to let each other know just where we were and how long we wanted it to last. It lasted a very long time. Then we napped again, this time with his dick pressed into the valley between my buns and his hand on my cock.

When we woke again Jeb called room service and ordered breakfast: real steaks—not those thin little breakfast things—with eggs, potatoes, rolls, coffee and a bottle of very good champagne. When it came, we

ate it all and then went back to bed where we spent the rest of the day exploring each other.

Around four, Housekeeping threatened to break the door down to give us clean towels so we decamped to the hotel pool where we swam laps and tried not to look at each other in our Speedos. It didn't matter. Just being together kept us both about half hard and we got a number of envious looks from the other guys around the pool.

After dinner we went back into the park for the parade and fireworks. We stood back and pretended no one would notice that we were holding hands.

The next morning we flew back to the desert and our everyday existence which we found had been radically changed. It's amazing what a trip to an amusement park can do.

Thank you Mickey Mouse.

*Greg Bowden lives in the country in Northern California with assorted domestic animals including his partner of over twenty years.*

## MICHIGAN JOE

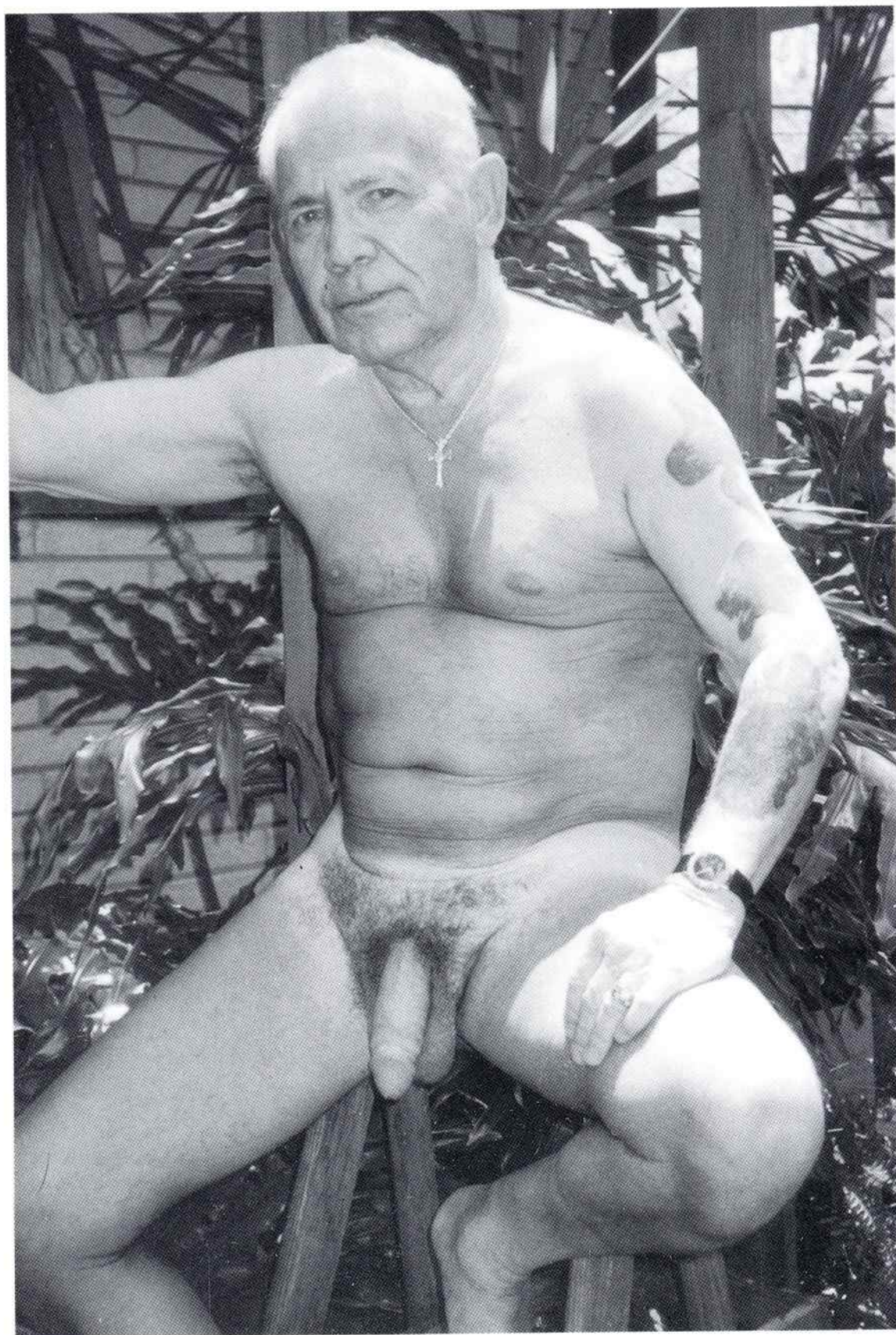
DANN





**TUFFY**

**PAPERMATE**









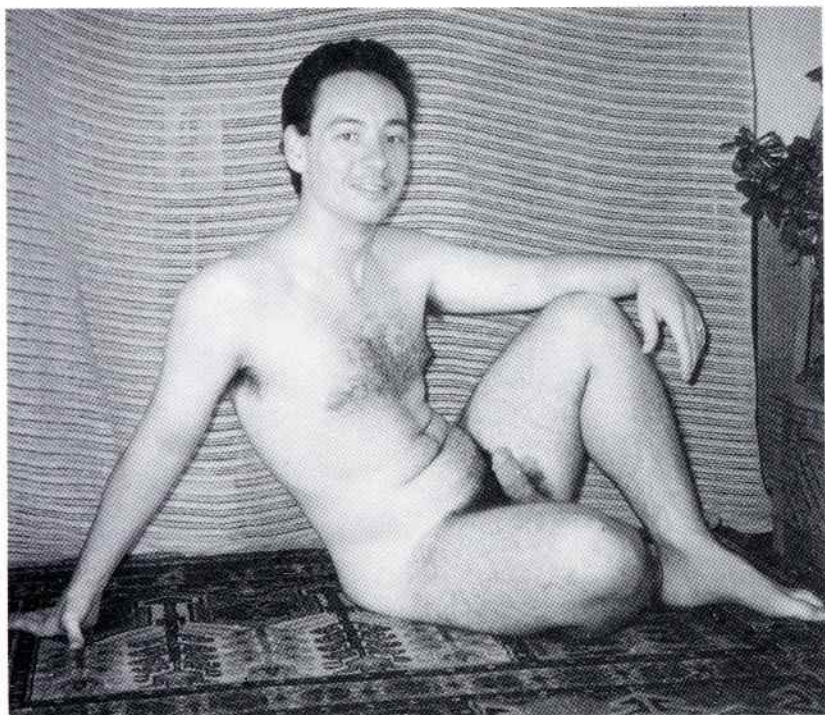
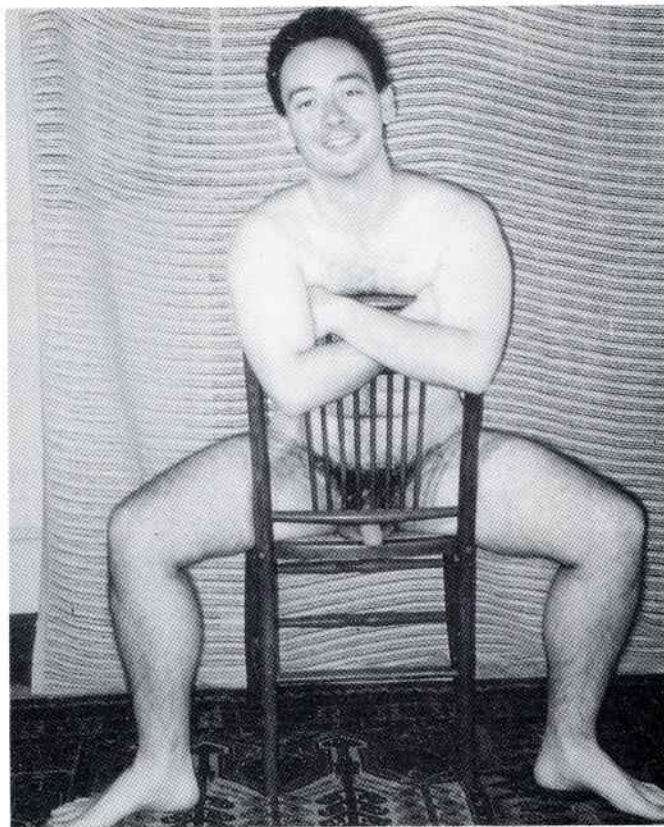
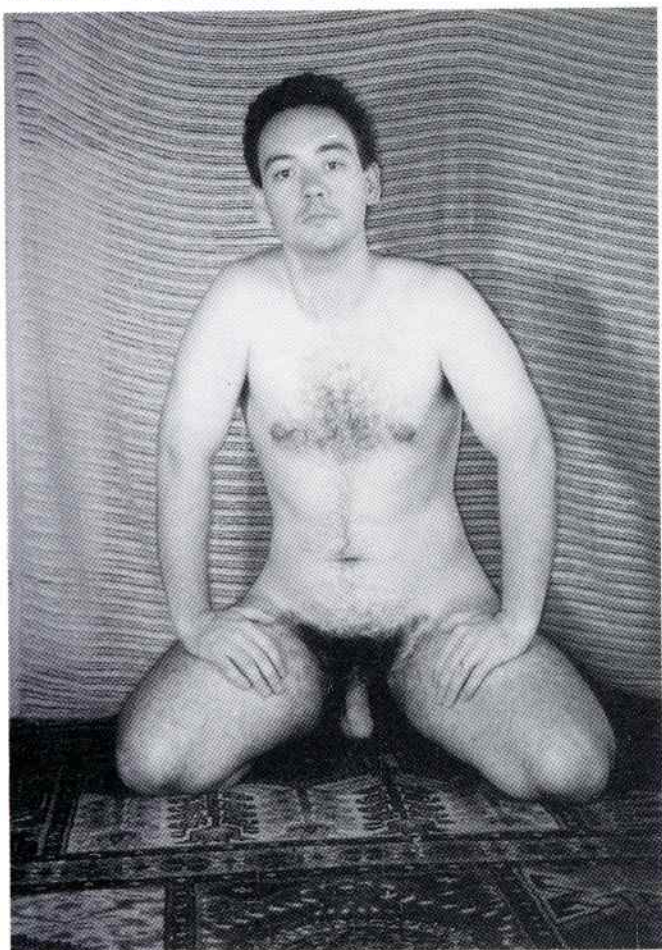
## THE ARTWORK OF COLLECTOR





# THE JUGGLER

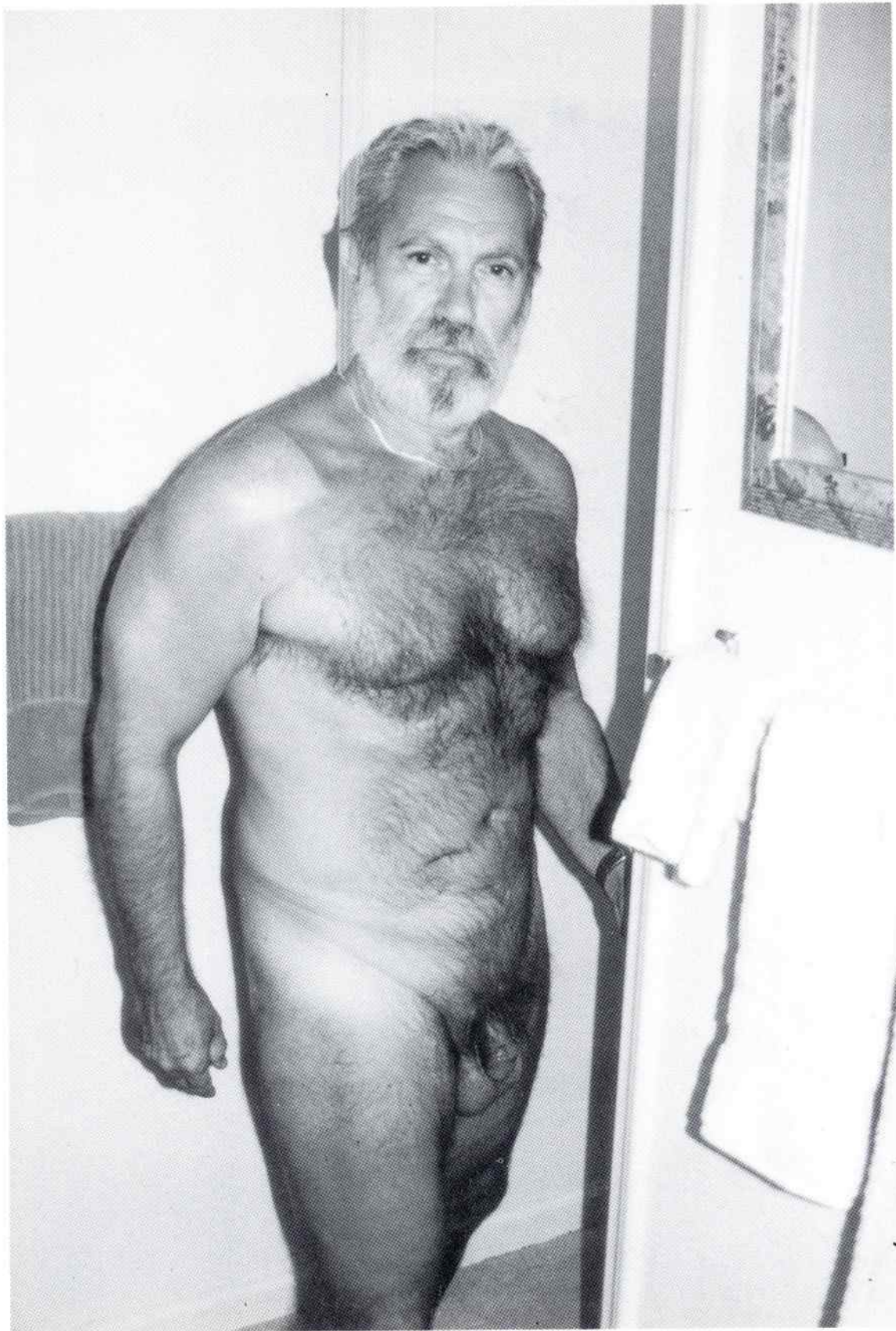
photos by Boston Bill





**CARL**

**Kerri**









**OUTBACK JACK**



**MURRAY RIVER MAN**



**MURRAY RIVER MAN**

**OUTBACK JACK**



## EX-LOGGER & TONY OF WASHINGTON



photos by P.K.



**DADDY BEN**

JOEL



**RICHARD**

JOEL



**STEEL WOOL**

Salty Dog

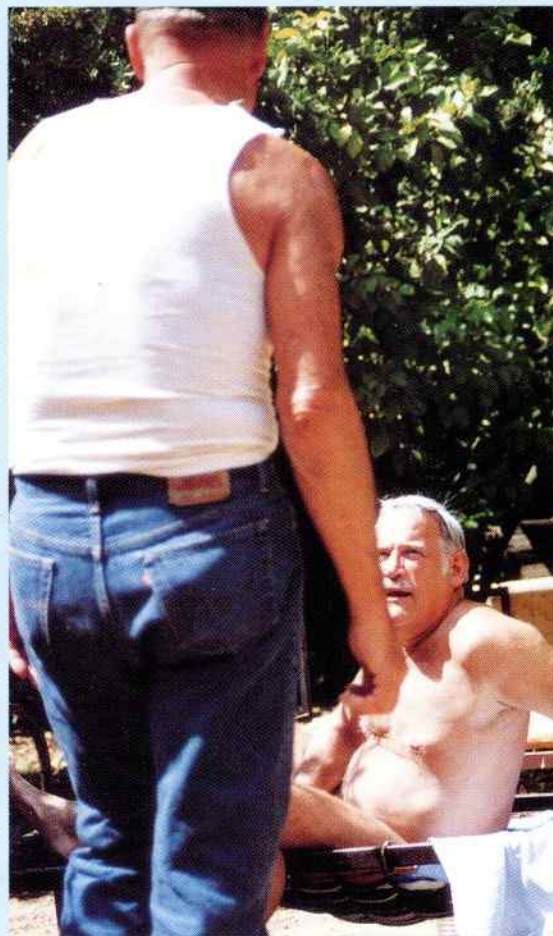
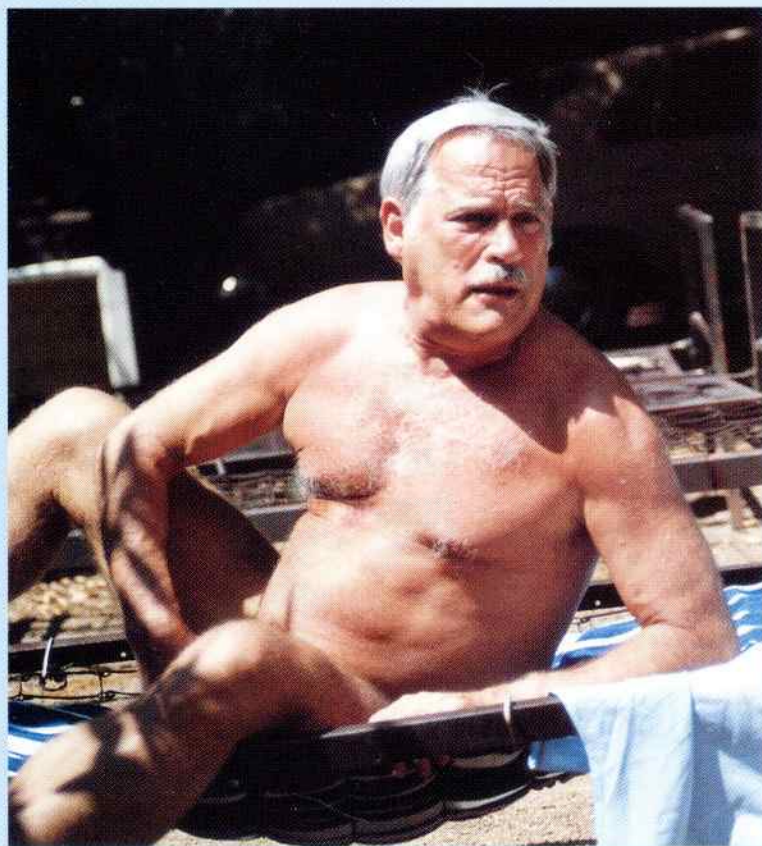


# PEEPING THOM





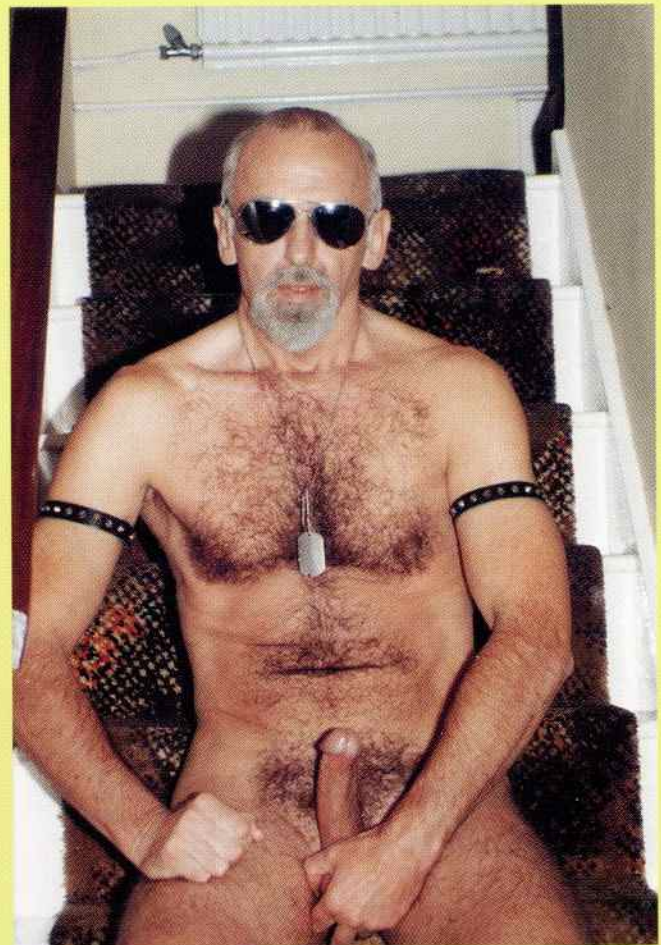
## THOM & BAMA



All photos by JOEL



## DICKSON HILLS





**MICHIGAN MONTE**

Shutterhug



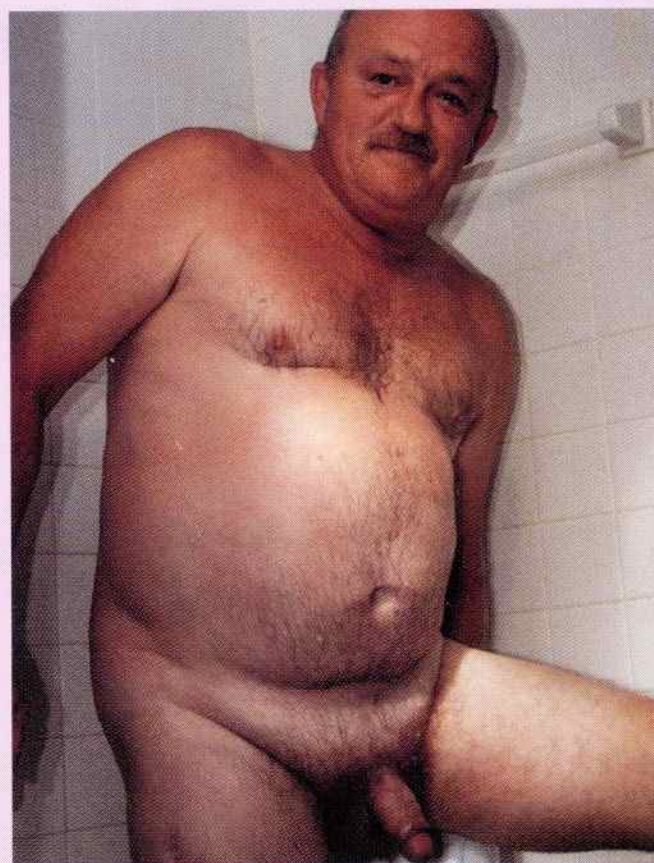
**DIXIE DICK**

The Magician



**PALM RIVIERA**

Horst



**FREAD J.**

Joel

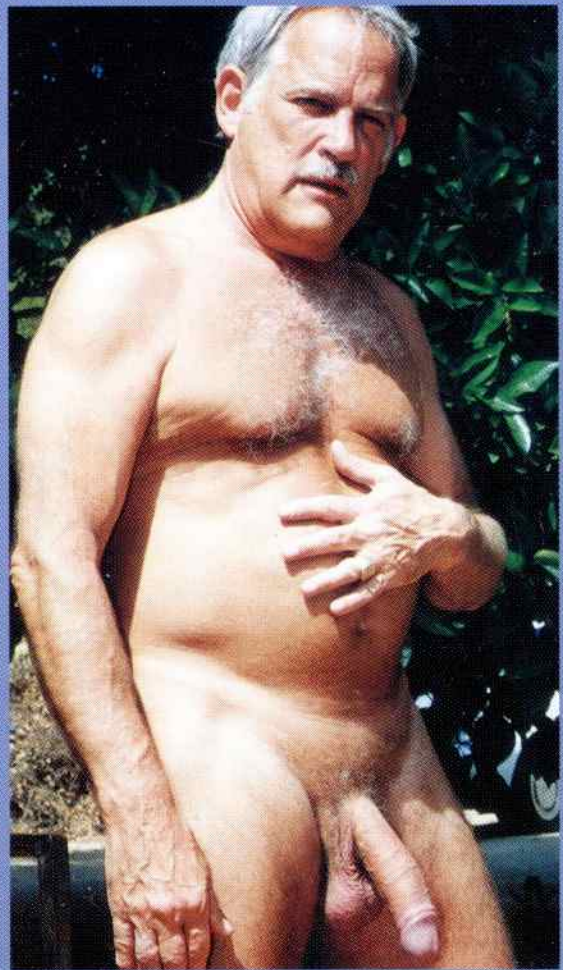


**BLUE EYES**

Coventain



**MICHIGAN JOE**



**BEACH BOY**

**BAMA**

Joel



**JON**





# THE DOCTOR IS IN

## by Tecumseh

I'm retired and find myself with time on my hands and a bit of extra money. After years of making do with my clunky old PC, I recently decided to update my computer capability: I went out and bought a new Macintosh with all the bells and whistles, including a modem. This is a volatile combination, retirement and a computer, because now I've both the ability to go on-line and the time to devote to it. I'm a little too old, and my joints a little too arthritic, for such things as hang-gliding or bungee-jumping, but the idea of launching myself, carefree and adventurous, onto the electronic super-highway appeals greatly to me. Hell, once I sit at my keyboard and turn my computer on, the world is my oyster!

When I started out, I trolled around for a couple of free hours under my real name, trying to get used to an unfamiliar way of communicating. But I soon caught the drift of pseudonymous "handles." I needed a name to describe me instantly and to project a picture into my correspondent's mind that would allow us to cut through the bull and boredom of repeating over and over what I did for a living, what I liked to talk about, in short, how I defined myself.

Before I retired I was a GP, so I thought GayDoc might be a good handle, or perhaps DocInHouse, but they really lacked that *je ne sais quoi* I was looking for, that certain cachet that would please me when I saw it printed before every other line of text in an exchange. Another possibility, DrSpock, hardly satisfied my desire for uniqueness, as I probably would have had to sign on as DrSpock9362, since the name is so popular with Trekkie surfers. And then I hit on it: I borrowed a name that was known to everyone in my younger days: I logged on as BenCaseyMD. That, I felt, was a sure way not to end up

attracting youngsters who weren't even born when JFK was assassinated.

Well, I tooled around, getting a feel for the lay of the land, and learned where the gay conversations were being held, how to start up private ones in "private rooms," and how to carry on multiple conversations at one time. (Does that ever keep your mind and fingers agile! A sure charm against senility.) The exchanges were pretty interesting, sometimes informative, and often downright funny. But then my electronic exchanges got real for me, really real.

I was having a general conversation with a couple of pretty bright guys in a room aptly named "The Doctor Is In," when I received a flash message in the upper corner of my screen from a user with the handle ClarDarr. He wanted to know where I was located. I left the folks I was talking to, and told him I was in San Antonio. He said he was in Austin, and wanted to know if I wanted to drive with him to Laredo, some two-and-a-half hours south, on Thursday. He said I wouldn't be sorry.

Well, that took me aback. Like in those movies where cartoon characters become alive all of a sudden, suddenly my screen was spilling over into my real life. On an impulse I typed:

WHAT'S A LAWYER DOING IN A DOCTOR'S ROOM?

There was a longish pause and then the words came on the screen:

HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS A LAWYER?

I'M A DOCTOR; DOCTORS ARE SUPPOSED TO KNOW THESE THINGS.

QUIT KIDDING. HOW DID YOU GUESS?

EASY. WHAT "HOUSEHOLD NAME" OTHER THAN CLARENCE DARROW HAS SUCH A COMBINATION OF LETTERS?

Not exactly a common name in every household.

I took a chance.

WOW. I'M IMPRESSED. YOUR HANDLE SHOULD BE SHERLOCKH. BY THE WAY. WHO'S BEN CASEY?

Whoops! I had a young one on the line. What to do? Did I want to land him?

HE WAS A WELL-KNOWN TV DOCTOR IN THE SIXTIES.

THAT SHOULD PUT OUR AGES IN PROPER PERSPECTIVE. DIDN'T KNOW THAT. WELL. HOW ABOUT TAKING THAT RIDE WITH ME? YOU WON'T BE SORRY.

That was the second time he'd said that. And he clearly wasn't put off by our age difference. I temporized.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN LAREDO? HAVE TO DROP A BRIEF OFF IN COURT.

WHAT WOULD I DO WHILE YOU WERE IN COURT?

I'LL ONLY BE AN HOUR.

SOUNDS LIKE A LONG RIDE FOR AN HOUR. THINK I'LL PASS. I DON'T ENVY YOU THE DRIVE. IT'S UNATTRACTIVE. BORING LAND. I'VE BEEN THERE, DONE THAT.

YOU WON'T BE SORRY!

There, he'd said it again.

LOOK. HE CONTINUED. ARE YOU GOING TO GET REAL OR JUST KEEP ON BEING AN ASS?

Well, across the communications divide, across the gulf of years, the pertinent question had just been posed. Was I on line for fun and games (I could be knitting an afghan!) or was I going to employ this modern miracle like Ma Bell's old slogan to "Reach out and touch someone?" I knew the dangers of assuming all network chat was honest, but I found myself typing:

ARE YOU COMING BACK THROUGH SAN ANTONIO?

SHOULD BE THERE ABOUT 7 OR 8 PM.

WHY DON'T YOU DROP BY FOR A SWIM?

THAT WOULD BE GREAT! AND YOU WON'T BE SORRY.

Was this a broken record...?

I gave him my number and asked him to call when he hit town. I wished



I had had the aplomb to ask how the hell he could know I wouldn't be sorry. Maybe I wouldn't be sorry, but I certainly was curious.

I had a day to think it over. He couldn't be referring to physical appearance. Even if he were Alec Baldwin, he couldn't be sure I didn't like Jean-Claude VanDamme better, or Danny DeVito for that matter. If he was a Yaley WASP, I might like slender-hipped, soft-breasted Latinos; and if he were Hispanic, he might be in the majority here in San Antonio, but there was no assurance that type interested me. No, I decided, it had to be youthful enthusiasm, and that I wouldn't be shocked when he came to my door. So long as he didn't resemble Clarence Darrow!

If not wisdom, years had brought me patience; all I had to do was wait and see. That is, if he really was going to call at all.

At 7:30 on Thursday evening, the phone rang.

"Hello," I said.

"Is the doctor in? This is Clarence Darrow speaking."

"So you are real, after all. Hi, Clare. Where are you?"

"Hi, Ben. I'm at a pay phone near the Mercado. How do I get to your home?"

I gave him the directions.

"I think I can be there in 20 minutes if I don't make any wrong turns. Lucky, it's still light. See you soon, and I promise, you won't be sorry."

There was a click in my ear before I could protest that damned phrase. And, seemingly, before I could turn around, my doorbell rang.

I took a deep breath and opened the door.

There, directly in front of me, as if coming out the other end of a time tunnel, stood John Derek. Not the white-haired photographer of stunning, blonde wives, but the John Derek of "Knock on Any Door," whose almost-wet, black hair curled seductively across the most impressive expanse of forehead Hollywood had yet offered us.

"Hello, Ben." A dazzling Pepsodent smile spread across his

face. His eyes sparkled, and he knew how to make them flash beneath jet-black lashes.

I was struck dumb.

"I told you, you wouldn't be sorry."

He grinned at me. I melted. Who wouldn't? He could have said he was going to tie me up and rob my house, and I still would have let him in for the novelty of it, if nothing else. The resemblance was amazing; this guy was a throat-constricting, breath-shortening, knockout version of a wet dream come to life ... "One Touch of Venus," and all that. I tried to regain some of the control befitting a senior medical man.

"I believe I invited you for a swim?," I managed to say, my voice slightly off-pitch.

"And I'm ready for it. Brought my Speedo and a whole package of condoms," he said as he walked by me.

"They won't be necessary," I offered. "We have privacy here...and, whaaat?"

"You won't be sorry," he tossed back at me over his shoulder.

We stood naked, waist-deep in the water. He reached up and ran his fingers through the white angora pelt that covers my chest. I played with soft dark hairs that circled his half-dollar sized aureoles, mounted proudly on a broad chest, assiduously undeveloped and toned only by youth.

"My looks are out of date," he told me.

"I didn't know gorgeous ever went out of style," I gently mocked.

"Well, it does. It's time-dependent," he said in all seriousness. "Lillian Russell would be too fat today, Mary Pickford wouldn't be America's sweetheart, and Shirley Temple's cute would cloy."

"Hmm, I see what you mean," said I, mulling the idea for the first time in my life.

"Muscles are in, natural is out. I'd be more attractive to my peers if I wore my hair in a modern cut, or even in a ponytail, and if I wore jeans all

the time; but I'd lose that immediate identification I get from your age group when they see my hair swept back on the sides and the wet-look curl on my forehead. It instantly opens all kinds of doors for me. It seems every guy your age either hankered for, or wanted to be, the guy I look like.

"That's why I surf the professional rooms on the net, and I focus on the men who list "retired" in their profiles. I've always had a thing for older men, especially ones in good condition. And you are very much my type, Ben."

"Well, that explains how you knew I wouldn't be sorry; but what about you? You didn't know if I was going to be Peter Lorre or Sydney Greenstreet."

We moved out of the water onto a thick foam rubber mat at the side of the pool and stretched full-length, face to face.

"In either case, our scene would have been short, but enjoyable. Fortunately, you remind me of Sean Connery." He slipped his arm around me, pressed his face into my chest, and hugged me firmly. My chin rested atop his lustrous mane.

"And that means?"

"That our scenes will be long and require many takes ... I hope," he added, pulling back and looking at me, questioningly.

"Clare, as far as I'm concerned, whenever you're in town, the doctor will be in."

"Prove it!"

"What does that mean?"

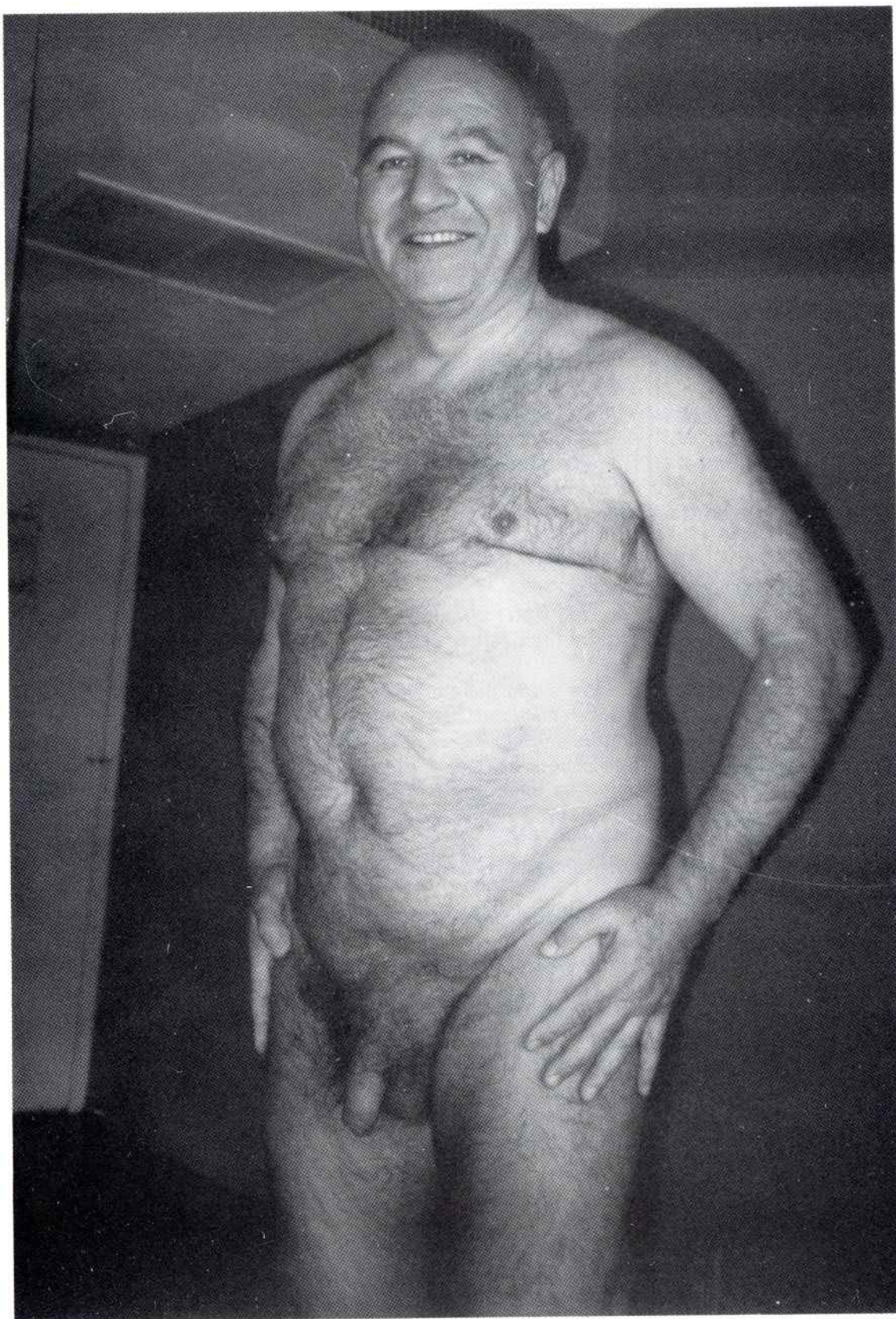
He turned around, with his back to me, and wiggled his fanny provocatively. He rubbed my raging erection with his cheeks. I let Mother Nature take her course, and soon I heard an ecstatic sigh escape Clare's perfectly bow-shaped lips.

"Ahhh," he said. "Now, the doctor is in."

*TECUMSEH, 60, 5'-10", and 195#, lives in San Antonio with his life partner, Kokopelli. He enjoys interesting men of all ages. He likes fitness, writing, nudism, and bread making. E-mail: [TecumsehTX@aol.com](mailto:TecumsehTX@aol.com)*



# SWISS



MIKE DEVEAU



**ONE**



MACRO



**the**

**artwork**





**of**

**ABE**





# I LOVE PARIS IN THE SPRINGTIME

## by Jon

The old song title, "I Love Paris in the Springtime," came to mean a lot to me one particular Spring, which still remains fresh in my memory. An unforgettable Winter preceded it; not the kind one would want to remember. Much had happened to nearly destroy my faith in humankind, to set me questioning the purpose of living, and to leave me scared about what the future might hold.

I was working in London at a not very spectacular job. The recession had hit hard, and my expertise as a ship-builder was no longer required. I had been turned out with a severance payment so money was no immediate problem. Of course, it would soon run out and leave me at the mercy of the Social Services. Such was not for me. I looked for other employment and found a job as a government "runner," which meant that I carried papers from one department to another.

The task demanded no more of my mind than knowing where each department was located and how to get there. It was a soul-destroying occupation that kept me fed and warm in a somewhat spartan but comfortable little flat.

I knew I couldn't keep on with that job. I needed more excitement, a goal, a real purpose for living, which I knew I wasn't going to find in London.

I'm British, so European Common Market regulations made it easy for me to move to Paris. Once there, I secured a nice little apartment and set out to find something interesting to do. I roamed the streets taking in the sights, later stopping at the Restaurant Aux Artistes, a gathering point for all budding artistes. As I am some-

what of an amateur artist I felt at home. The place was patronized by a motley crowd of long-haired, bearded, hippy types, and crew-cut, scarf-wearing skinhead types. Some were young, some older, but all in obvious rapport. For the most part, they were men, but here and there women joined in the animated conversation.

He sat in one corner, alone, looking on in a bemused way. He was not of them, was distinctive from them. Something about him caught and held my attention; a kind of body language drew me to him. A neatly trimmed beard surrounded his face, and fair hair swept back from his forehead. Large brown eyes completed the look of innocent serenity. He wore a blouson atop a bright red T-shirt and narrow blue jeans. I easily pictured a well-proportioned body beneath the clothing. Hands folded on the table, he bent slightly forward as he gazed over the crowded room. Instinctively, I knew he and I were of the same persuasion.

As I continued to study him, I felt deep stirrings within me; excitement, yearning, the urging of emotions seeking expression, and, as always, in situations like this, a pleasurable tightening as my cock and balls responded. I had never settled down to an ordered life in partnership, preferring to remain single and to take my pleasure as it came. Well chosen occasions had brought me much fulfilling pleasure, and I was always ready to meet new opportunities. This looked like being one such; I certainly hoped it might be.

Whether by telepathy or chance, he suddenly turned his head in my direction and stared at me. My meal finished, I was map-

ping out my next move when he got up and walked to my table. He spoke in French which fortunately I understood.

"Good morning. Have you the time? I have left my watch at home."

It was as good an opening gambit as any, I thought, so I replied. It wasn't long before he knew my name was Peter and why I had come to Paris. A little longer and he told me his name was Jean-Marie. He gave me his address and invited me to meet him that evening to discuss a possible job in his business. I imagined there was more involved in this invitation than an offer of work, but, thrilled as I was and with increasing tension in my cock and balls and growing turbulence in my stomach, I accepted the invitation.

As he walked away, I noticed the huge bulge at the front of his jeans. The sight sent me into uncontrollable trembling.

My emotional turmoil increased during the long wait until evening. As I approached the address he had given me and pressed the bell, a new surge of excitement flooded through me. It was all I could do to hold back an involuntary orgasm. Jean-Marie opened the door. He wore a beautiful white-silken gown with short sleeves setting off the appeal of his perfectly tanned skin, enhanced by the contrast of his fair hair. Lower down, I spied the tell-tale bulge of a cock beginning to rise in anticipation of shared intimacy. He was a dream come true.

The next few moments had all the ingredients of the dream brought into reality, a wonderland of delight. Seated on a plush couch nursing a sherry, I studied my



dream man, only vaguely hearing what he was saying. It turned out he was offering me work as his chauffeur to drive him around Paris in promotion of his textile business. He also wanted me as a companion to share more intimate occasions. He had spotted me in the restaurant and felt he had found his man. I was sure he had too!

What followed my acceptance can only be experienced, hardly explained in words. As Jean-Marie removed his gown, I could only sit and gape. His body was beautiful beyond description. I am, in normal circumstances, not usually concerned with body shape or cock size, but this was no normal circumstance. He was splendidly built without having over-bulging muscles; the hair on body was as fair as that on his head, giving the impression of almost smooth skin. His wondrously proportioned six-foot frame was upright and so was his manhood, long and thick, standing proudly to the accompaniment of hardened nipples adorning his magnificent chest.

He was aware of my astonishment. "You like what you see?" he asked with a knowing smile.

I gasped and stuttered trying to form an answer. "Sure ... sure.... You look great," I said. Nothing could quiet the stirrings in my crotch. My cock pushed against my trousers in urgent need of freedom; my balls ached for action, and, believe me, I was not about to deny either of them.

"Would you like a shower," Jean-Marie asked. "Afterward, if you wish, I'll give you a massage." "Wonderful! I'd love it!"

The shower was sheer delight as the warm water and the silky feel of shower gel spread over my body from head to toe. Standing behind me, Jean-Marie's cock at its most tumescence touched and slithered across my bottom. Then facing me it rubbed against mine, both protuberant and fulsome. The soap all rinsed away, Jean-Marie

held me captive within his arms while his lips met mine in the most sensual kiss I've ever experienced.

"I have waited for a long time for someone like you," he murmured. "When I first saw you, I knew you were for me. Not just as a chauffeur but much more, as a soul-mate with whom I could share my deepest yearnings."

"I felt the same way. I knew you held my future in your hands."

Jean-Marie led me to a bed and proceeded to give me a vigorous massage. I responded to each touch of his hands until my whole body glowed. Finished, he lay beside me and again took me into his arms, holding me close until I fell asleep.

The smell of fresh coffee woke me, and I looked up into his smiling face. "You slept like a baby. I hadn't the heart to wake you; you looked so calm and innocent."

"That was the most wonderful massage I've ever had. It relaxed me completely."

"Well, my friend," he said, smiling, "I'll be here anytime you want another treatment." He looked at me with eyes so gentle and yet so compelling that I knew I could never resist his seductive power. As if I would ever want to!

What remained of the day we spent touring the sights of Paris or sitting on park benches discussing my future—our future—anticipating an intimacy most only dream about.

The thought of spending the night with Jean-Marie kept me excited all afternoon, and it proved to be even more glorious than I'd imagined. Fully-dressed, I walked into the bedroom to find Jean-Marie wearing the blue silk robe open to reveal his hardening cock. My eyes watched as it swelled, longer and thicker than mine. In response, my own cock pushed against my trousers as my lover took me in his arms and kissed me long and passionately. Releasing me, he moved his hands gently over my trembling body, removing my

shirt, sliding down the zipper of my trousers and cuddling my rigid cock. At first slowly, then faster, he rubbed my cock until the desire to become one with him, to yield to his every need, overwhelmed me.

Jean-Marie kicked away my fallen trousers and led me to the bed where I lay on my back to welcome his full weight, to feel his hot manhood pushing against me. His mouth found mine, his tongue like nectar. His beautiful body writhed over me as he worked his steel-hard cock back and forth, leaving drops of pre-cum on my burning skin. I responded to each thrust, my cock and whole body aching with urgency.

He turned himself to bring his face against my crotch and took my cock into his mouth. At the same time, I savored his throbbing member and his big balls. His tongue slowly, lovingly caressed my shaft. Now and then he sucked hard on its head as if to bring out my manly juices. My groin ached with a sweet pleasure; my back arched in empathy with his every movement; my mouth worked around that beautiful tumescence as he sensed his approaching climax.

His cock swelled even more as he pumped hot sweet jissom into my throat, bringing my own shattering climax a few seconds later. Jean-Marie sucked even harder to draw the last few drops from me.

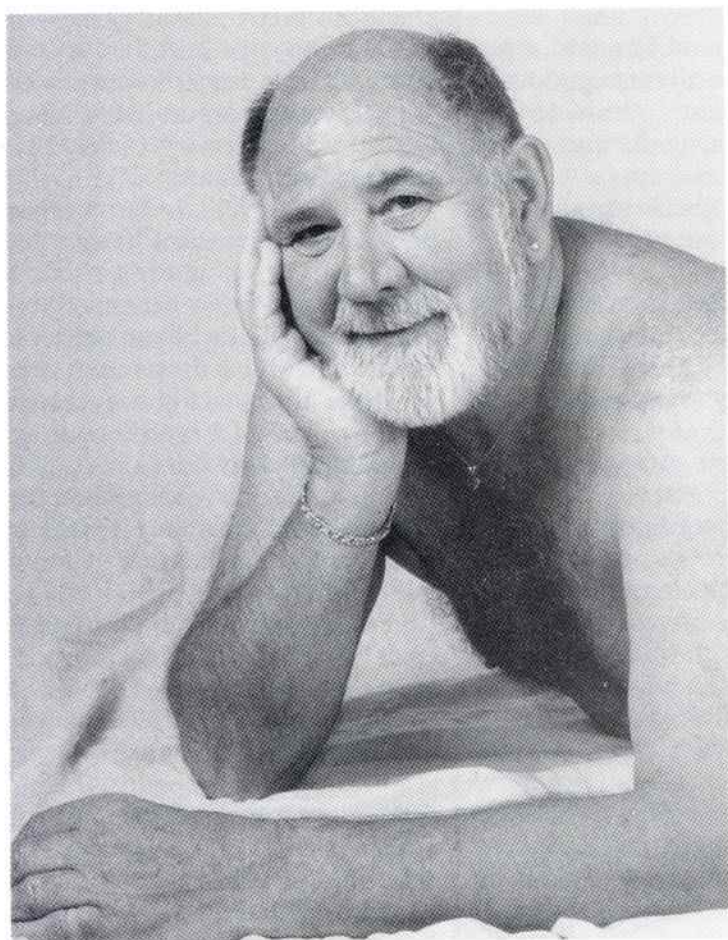
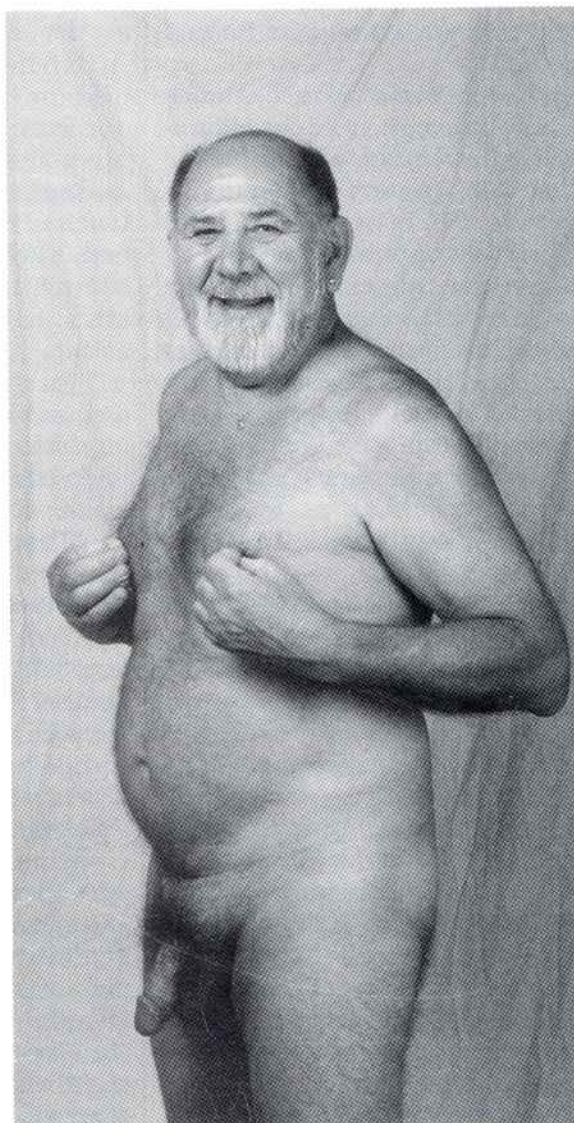
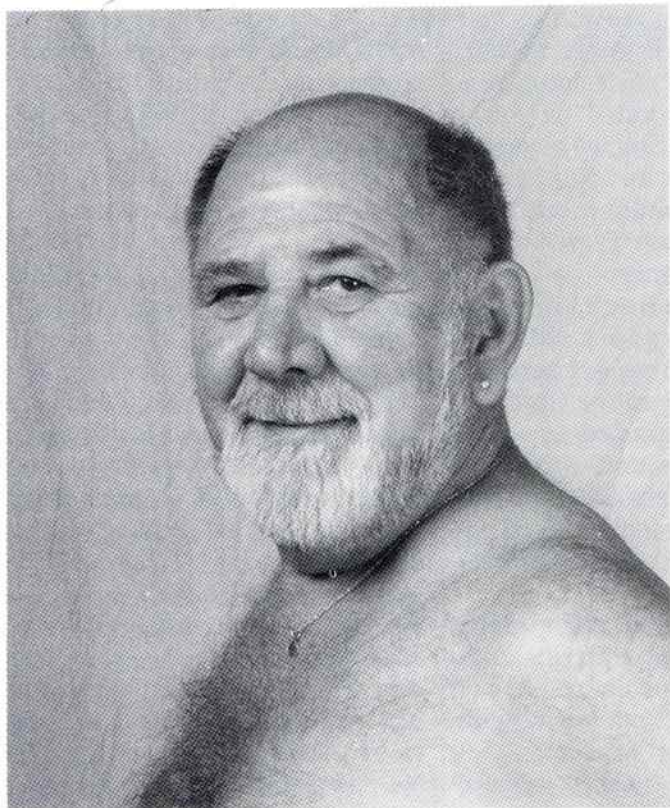
It was the most intense and satisfying orgasm I'd ever known, ecstasy filling every part of me. Yet it was more than that, more than just physical lust satisfied. It was the consummation and seal of a new relationship.

That wondrous springtime in Paris was the precursor of many more, and to this day, I live in the wonderland of a beautiful union, a bonding of body and soul.

*JON is a senior widower living in London the last we heard. He is currently out of touch with us, but we trust he will renew ties shortly. See his photo in this issue.*



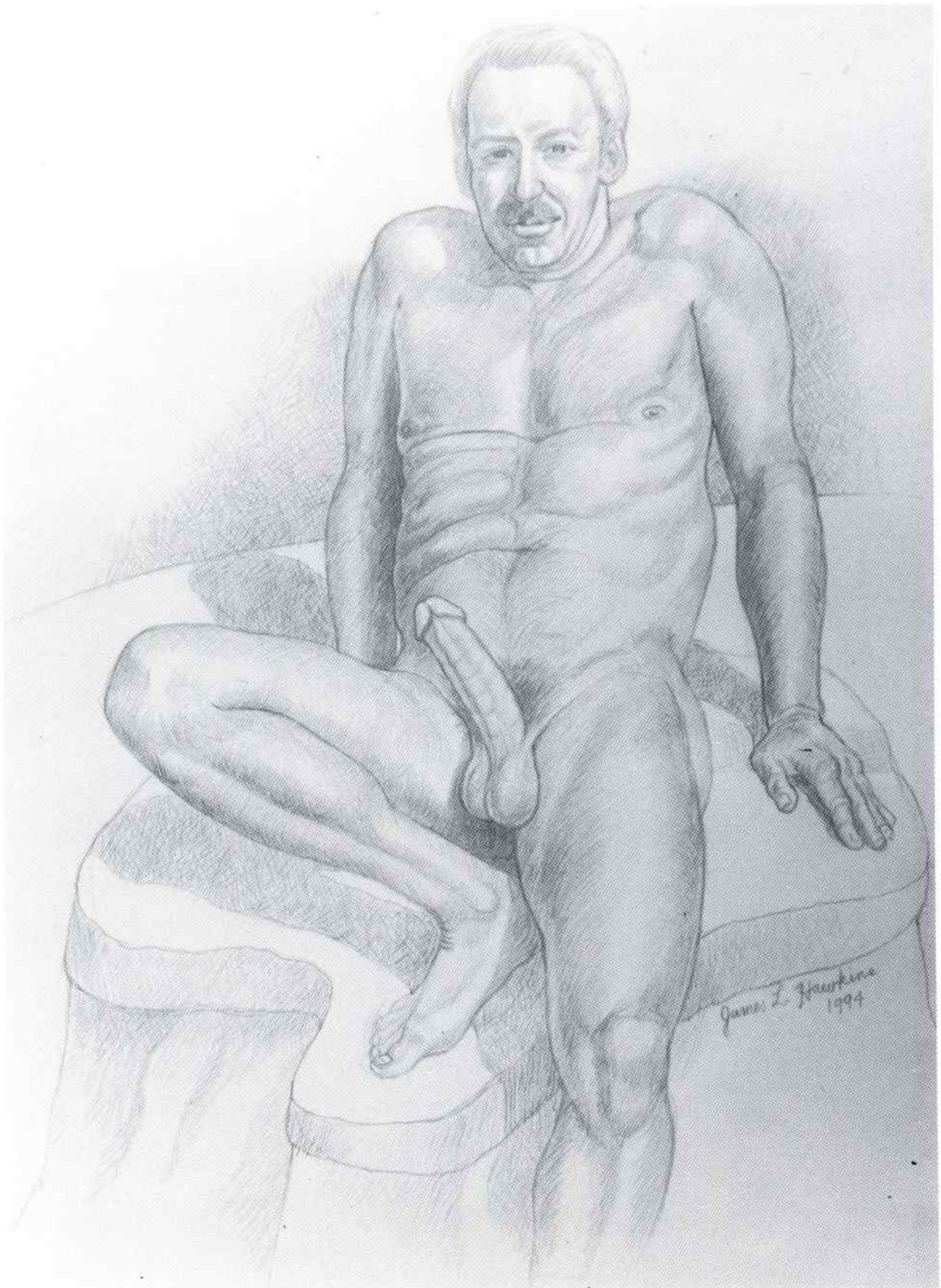
# BIG PAW



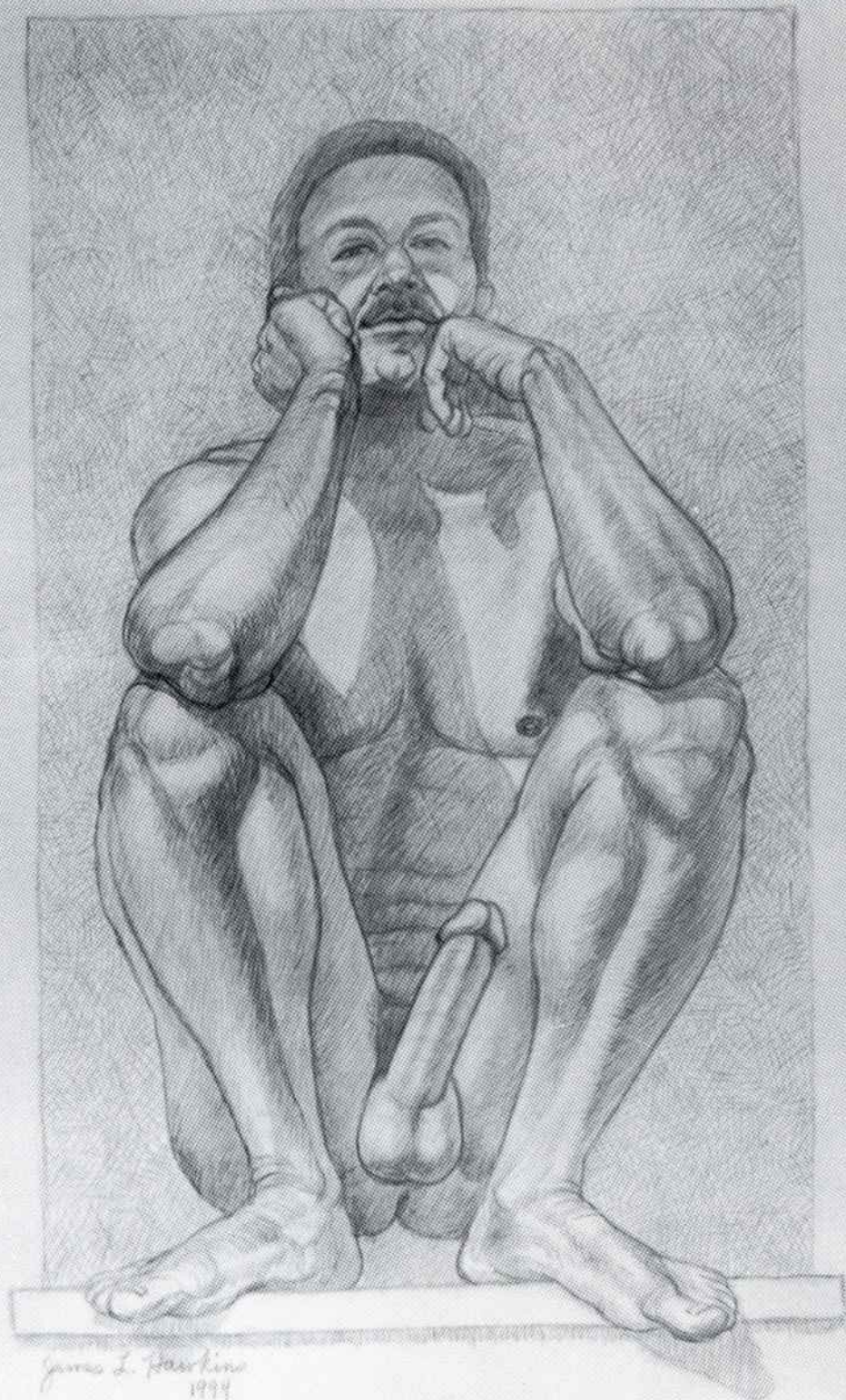
MACRO



## THE ARTWORK OF JAMES L. HAWKINS









## PROFESSOR RICK



STEVE F.



**THOM**

**ICEMAN**

**J.R. OF TEXAS**



JOEL



## HAMHOCK & KIM



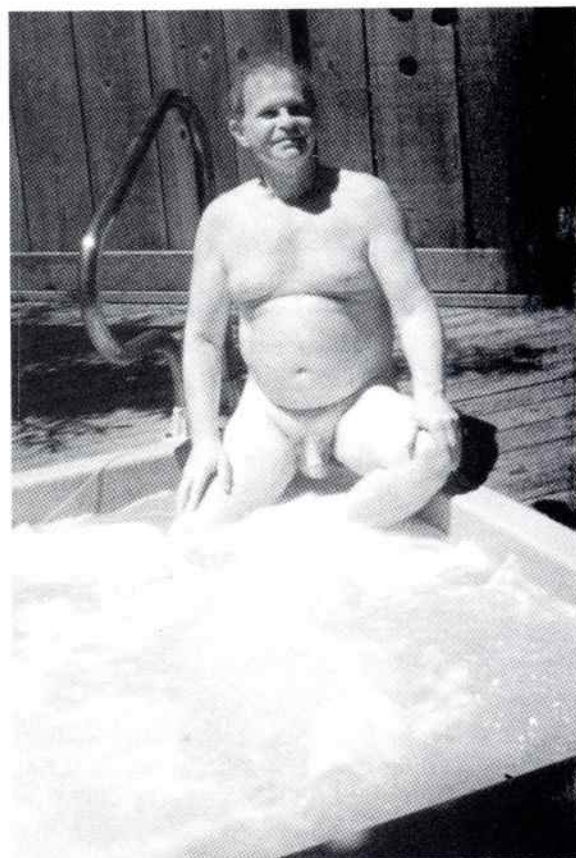
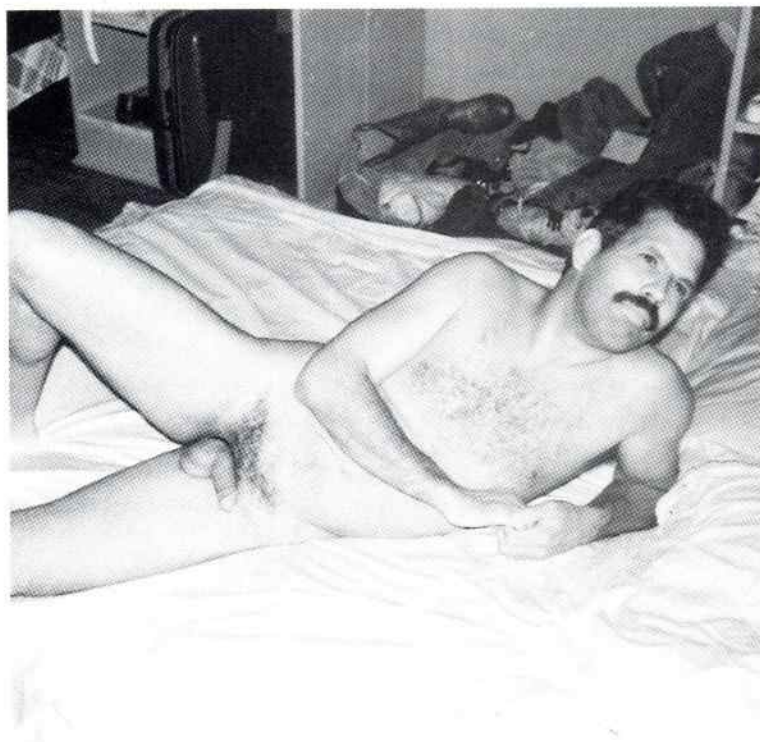
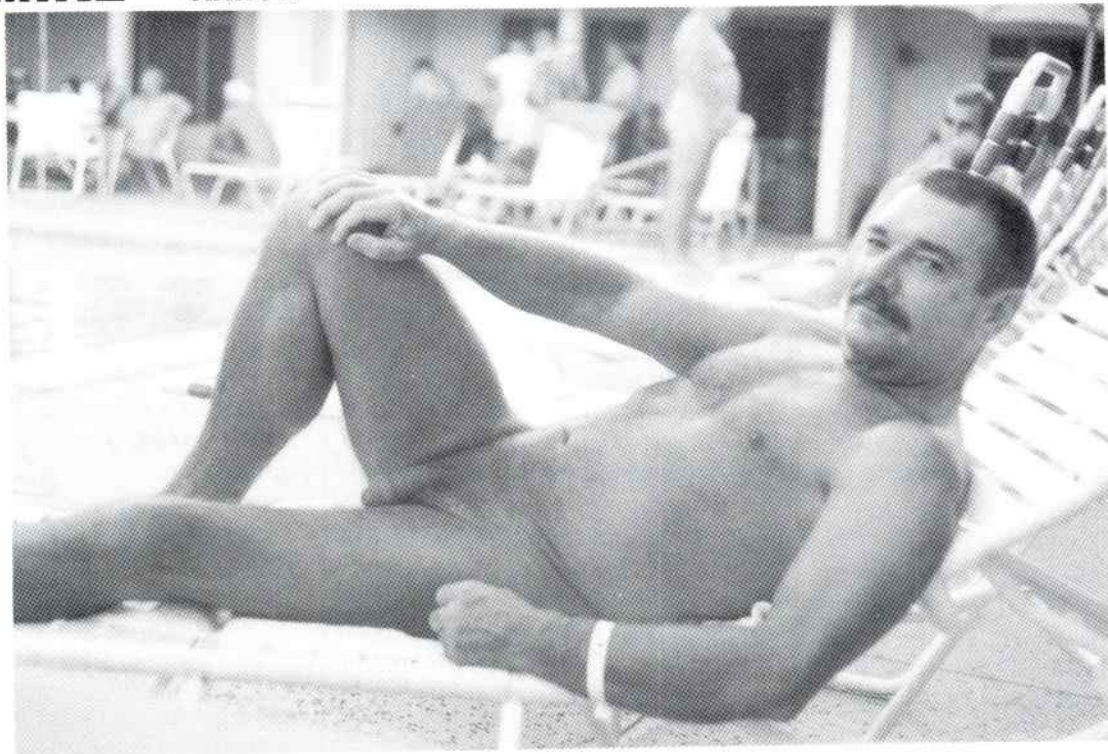




PHOTOS BY MACRO



**MR. MIKE**     **AARON**



**GAYFEATHER**  
CR CLASSICS #9 - November '96

**LEO JIM**     **RON**



# THE 7TH ANNUAL SPRING GATHERING

## MAY 23-26, 1997

### RADISSON TWIN TOWERS, ORLANDO, FLORIDA

#### THE HOST HOTEL & RATES

Radisson Twin Towers Orlando  
5780 Major Blvd.  
Orlando, FL 32819  
Site of Gathering Three in 1993  
and Gathering Five in 1995.

Hotel reservations are the responsibility of attendees and may be made by calling 1-(800) 327-2110 (Foreign: 407-351-1000) and identifying yourself as being with the Chiron Rising Gathering group. Reservations must be guaranteed. Rates are as follows:

Single (one person) Room: \$99  
Double (two persons) Room: \$99  
Triple (three people) Room: \$109  
Quad (four people) Room: \$119  
One Bedroom King Suite: \$250  
One Bedroom Executive Suite: \$350  
Two Bedroom Executive Suite: \$450  
Penthouse: \$550

(Note: rates are good for three days prior and/or three days after convention dates. Rates are noncommissionable)

Only 15 minutes west of Orlando International Airport and an equal distance from Walt Disney World, the Twin Towers is located at the entrance to Universal Studios. All major attractions in the Central Florida area are within 30 minutes, and both Florida coasts are within a ninety-minute drive.

#### THE CR EVENTS

Friday: Badge pickup, merchandise sales, art exhibit, reception, dinner show, hospitality, late entertainment, DJ dancing in the poolside nightclub (for private CRPI use for the duration of the gathering).

Saturday: Workshops, recitals, art exhibit, reception, dinner show, hospitality, late entertainment, D.J. dancing.

Sunday: Workshops, recitals, art exhibit, reception, Mr. Simbadaddy

Contest/Banquet, hospitality, late entertainment, D.J. dancing.

Monday: Farewell Breakfast

#### THE NO-HOST EVENTS

All cocktail parties and some hospitality venues will utilize cash bars, which means that attendees must pay for their own beverages (except for hospitality room coffee and beverages served with meals). We feel it is unfair to include the high cost of alcoholic beverages in the package price when so many attendees abstain from alcohol. The money is much better spent for food and entertainment. CR will provide limited snacks during cocktail parties and receptions.

#### CONVENTION REGISTRATION FEES

##### Advance Registration/Sales

**The "A" Package**, including all events: \$200 per person.

**The "B" Package**, including all events except Friday night dinner show, Saturday night dinner show, Sunday night banquet, and Monday morning breakfast: \$85 per person.

##### "B" Package Add-ons

B1: Friday Dinner Show - \$35  
B2: Saturday Dinner Show - \$40  
B3: Sunday Banquet - \$35  
B4: Monday breakfast - \$15

Note: No advance registration sales will be made after 4/30/97.

##### Per-Meal Event Tickets and Day Passes

A limited number of per-meal event tickets and day passes will be available for sale on May 23rd and 24th ONLY at the CR sales office inside the hotel, **provided tickets are reserved by telephone, fax or e-mail no later than May 16, 1997.**

**The Friday Pass**, including all

Friday events except the dinner show. Good from 1:00 pm through midnight. \$20 per person

The Saturday Pass, including all Saturday events except the dinner show. Good from 10:00 am through midnight. \$25 per person

The Sunday Pass, including all Sunday events except the banquet. Good from 10:00 am through midnight. \$25 per person

Meal Tickets - (subject to availability)

Friday Dinner Show - \$40  
Saturday Dinner Show - \$45  
Sunday Banquet - \$40  
Monday breakfast - \$20

Cancellations made before 4/30/97 will be subject to a cancellation charge of \$20. No refunds will be available after 4/30/97. For cancellations due to illness or death in the immediate family, however, full refunds may be obtained with a statement from your M.D. or a copy of a death certificate.

No cancellation fee will be assessed if customer applies entire registration amount to his subscription renewal or the purchase of additional CR merchandise.

All fans of *Chiron Rising Magazine* and their friends are invited.

Registration must be made using the proper form, which is located on next page. Those attendees purchasing day passes and meal tickets will also be required to complete and sign a registration form.

**NOT SURE UNTIL THE LAST MINUTE WHETHER YOU CAN ATTEND OR NOT? CALL, FAX OR E-MAIL FOR A RESERVATION AND PAY AT THE DOOR. NO CANCELLATION FEES, NO HASSLE. DON'T RISK BEING TURNED AWAY.**



**CHIRON RISING PUBLICATIONS, INC.**  
**CRPI EVENTS DIVISION**  
**STANDARD REGISTRATION FORM AND DELEGATE AGREEMENT**

(NOTE: ONE FORM PER DELEGATE, PLEASE)

NAME _____ (please print legibly) ADDRESS _____  CITY/STATE/ZIP _____  COUNTRY/PROVINCE _____  BADGE FIRST NAME _____  MODEL NAME _____	CONVENTION _____  PACKAGE SELECTED _____  AMOUNT ENCLOSED \$ _____  I WILL ____/ WILL NOT ____ BE STAYING AT THE HOST HOTEL  I WILL BE ROOMING WITH _____
---	--

**STANDARD DELEGATE AGREEMENT**

**1. AGREEMENT:** This agreement is entered into between Chiron Rising Publications, Inc. and the above named delegate, hereinafter called "Delegate".

**2. DAMAGE RESPONSIBILITY:** Delegate is responsible for any damage he causes to be done to the host hotel in excess of normal wear during the dates of the convention or for the duration of his stay.

**3. INDEMNITY:** Delegate agrees to indemnify and hold harmless the hotel and Chiron Rising Publications, Inc. against all claims, damages, losses and expenses, including, but not limited to attorney's fees, arising out of or resulting from errors, omissions, or negligent or intentional acts committed by Delegate.

**4. APPAREL:** Delegate agrees to refrain from wearing in public: costumes, cross-dressing apparel, or clothing with sexually explicit or offensive inscriptions thereon.

**5. BADGES:** Delegate agrees to wear the CR-provided badge at all times during functions and understands that he will not be granted entrance to such functions without one.

**6. CAMERAS:** Delegate agrees to confine any videography to areas outside the function rooms and to get permission from subjects prior to taping. Delegate understands that still photography is allowed in all areas, provided permission is granted by photographed

subjects.

**7. CONDUCT:** Delegate agrees not to indulge in a) sexual or sexually suggestive behavior (including passionate kissing) outside the private rooms; b) offensive behavior, including the verbal or physical abuse of another; c) or disruptive or potentially damaging behavior caused by intoxication.

**8. CONFISCATION AND EXPULSION:** Delegate understands that the breach of this agreement could result in confiscation of his video cassette, his expulsion from the convention without refund, or both, contingent upon the final decision by the Event Directors.

I have carefully read, fully understand, and agree to abide by the above agreement.

Signature: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Signature: \_\_\_\_\_

Patrick H. Colley, President & CEO

Please make a copy of this agreement for yourself and send the signed original to:

Chiron Rising Publications, Inc.  
P.O. Box 2589  
Victorville, CA 92393.



**CR PRICE LIST AND ORDER FORM** (Please order from a copy of this form and circle items requested)**MAGAZINES****U.S. FIRST CLASS****AIRMAIL - CANADA/MEXICO****AIR MAIL****CENTRAL/SO AMERICA****ELSEWHERE****SUBSCRIPTIONS**

6 ISSUES - 6 bimonthly issues of CR.

42.00

55.00

3 ISSUES - three bimonthly issues of CR.

22.00

29.00

Note: CR Classics Magazine has been discontinued.

CR BACK ISSUES: 58,59,60,61,62,63,64,65,66,67,68,69

5.00 EA

7.00 EA

CRC BACK ISSUES: 2,3,4,5,6

5.00 EA

7.00 EA

GLOSSY BACK ISSUES: CR 70,71,72,73,74,75,76; CRC #7,8

8.00 EA

10.00 EA

Note: Postage and handling charges are included in the above pricing. Not subject to sales tax.

**EVENTS - ADVANCED REGISTRATION**

2/22-23/97 SYDNEY REGIONAL ASSEMBLY - FULL REG.

\$85 (thru 12/31)

5/23-26/97 GATHERING '97 - ORLANDO - FULL REG.

\$180.00 (thru 12/31) - \$200.00 (thru 4/30)

**OTHER MERCHANDISE****BASE PRICE. ALL****LOCATIONS****BOOK:** QUINCUNX by P.H. Colley - (Perfect bound soft cover)

10.95 EA

**APPAREL:** CAP WITH CR LOGO

8.00 EA

T-SHIRT WITH CR LOGO (Circle size - L, XL, XXL, XXXL)

17.00 EA

**OTHER MERCHANDISE SHIPPING AND HANDLING:** (Choose one and add to order)

UPS - Continental U.S.

5.00 per item

Priority Mail - Cont. U.S., HI, AK, PR; 1st Class Can., Mex., Cen/So America

5.00 per item

Air Mail Postage - Europe

8.00 per item

Air Mail Postage - Africa, Middle East and Pacific Rim

10.00 per item

**ADD SALES TAX** for California Customers Only - 8.5% of Total Base Price

SORRY, NO COD OR CREDIT CARD ORDERS. ALLOW 2 TO 6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY. WE ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR CONFISCATION BY FOREIGN CUSTOMS. Enclose check or money order in U.S. funds (postal money order or American Express Moneygram only from overseas—no checks unless through U.S. banks), payable to CHIRON RISING. SEND CASH AT YOUR OWN RISK. Mail to CHIRON RISING PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393. Wire Transfer Instructions: Wire to Chiron Rising Publications, Inc., Routing Number 122000247, Account Number 0344-690615, Wells Fargo Bank, 14554 - 7th St., Victorville, CA 92392

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

CITY/ST (PROVINCE)/ZIP (CODE): \_\_\_\_\_

COUNTRY: \_\_\_\_\_

I certify that I am over the age of 18, having been born on Day \_\_\_\_/ Month \_\_\_\_/ Year \_\_\_\_.

Signature: \_\_\_\_\_

**MINIMUM CHECK OR MONEY ORDER AMOUNT: \$10.00**



## HOW TO ORDER A CLASSIFIED AD

### **NOTE: CALL FOR THE CURRENT DEADLINE DATE**

1. On a sheet of paper, type or legibly PRINT your ad the way you want it to appear in CR, then figure your cost.
2. Multiply the number of words by 30 ¢ and multiply that times the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear.
3. If you are using a codeword (*An alias only you and we know. We receive your mail, decode and forward to you*), you must multiply \$5 by the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear and add to the total. If you do use a codeword, make sure it is unique. We will assign another name if your particular codeword has already been taken.
4. If you want to use your telephone number in the ad, you must include \$5 for a one time verification and add that to the total as well (not applicable if you've placed an ad with your telephone number in the past year).

### **IMPORTANT:**

YOU MUST USE YOUR REAL NAME, AN ALIAS OR INITIALS IF YOU USE A P.O. BOX. WE WILL NOT ALLOW THE USE OF "OCCUPANT" OR "BOX HOLDER" OR A BLANK SPACE. YOU MAY NOT PLACE AN AD FOR SOMEONE ELSE. WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO ALTER, RE-WRITE OR REJECT ANY AD WE FEEL IS NOT IN THE BEST INTEREST OF THIS PUBLICATION. YOUR REAL NAME, ADDRESS AND SIGNATURE AT THE BOTTOM OF YOUR NOTE INDICATES THAT YOU AUTHORIZE THE PRINTING OF THE AD AND TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR ANY INCIDENT OR RELATIONSHIP RESULTING THEREFROM. YOUR AD WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED WITHOUT THIS INFORMATION INCLUDED.

### **SAMPLE AD ORDER**

DEAR CHIRON RISING,

PLEASE PLACE THE FOLLOWING AD IN YOUR NEXT AVAILABLE ISSUE UNDER UTAH:  
(NOTE: THE WORD COUNT IS INTENDED FOR A GUIDE FOR CUSTOMER. NOT REQUIRED FOR AD.)

"SALT LAKE CITY/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 66, 5'-8", 187#, bald with white fringe, seeks 30-65,  
(word count) 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15  
preferably hairy and stocky, for friendship and more. I enjoy skiing, hiking, camping, fishing, cooking,  
16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30  
traveling, and gardening. Your photo (will return) and telephone number will get a prompt reply.  
31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45  
Write: J.D., 1840 Calle Donde Esta, Salt Lake City, UT 84199, or call (801) 555-1212."  
46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 ————59———

59 words @ 30 ¢ = \$ 17.70 X 3 Issues = \$53.10

Telephone confirmation 5.00

Total Enclosed \$58.10

My name and address: John Derringer  
1840 Calle Donde Esta  
Salt Lake City, UT 84199

I authorize the printing of the above ad and take full responsibility for any incident or relationship resulting therefrom. I am over the age of 18.

Signed: \_\_\_\_\_

ORDERS NOT USING THE ABOVE FORMAT WILL BE RETURNED. PLEASE NOTE THAT WE DO NOT SEND NOTICES OUT THAT YOUR AD IS EXPIRING. THE DATE PRECEDING YOUR AD IS YOUR EXPIRATION DATE.



**GENE KEUNING**

**YING**

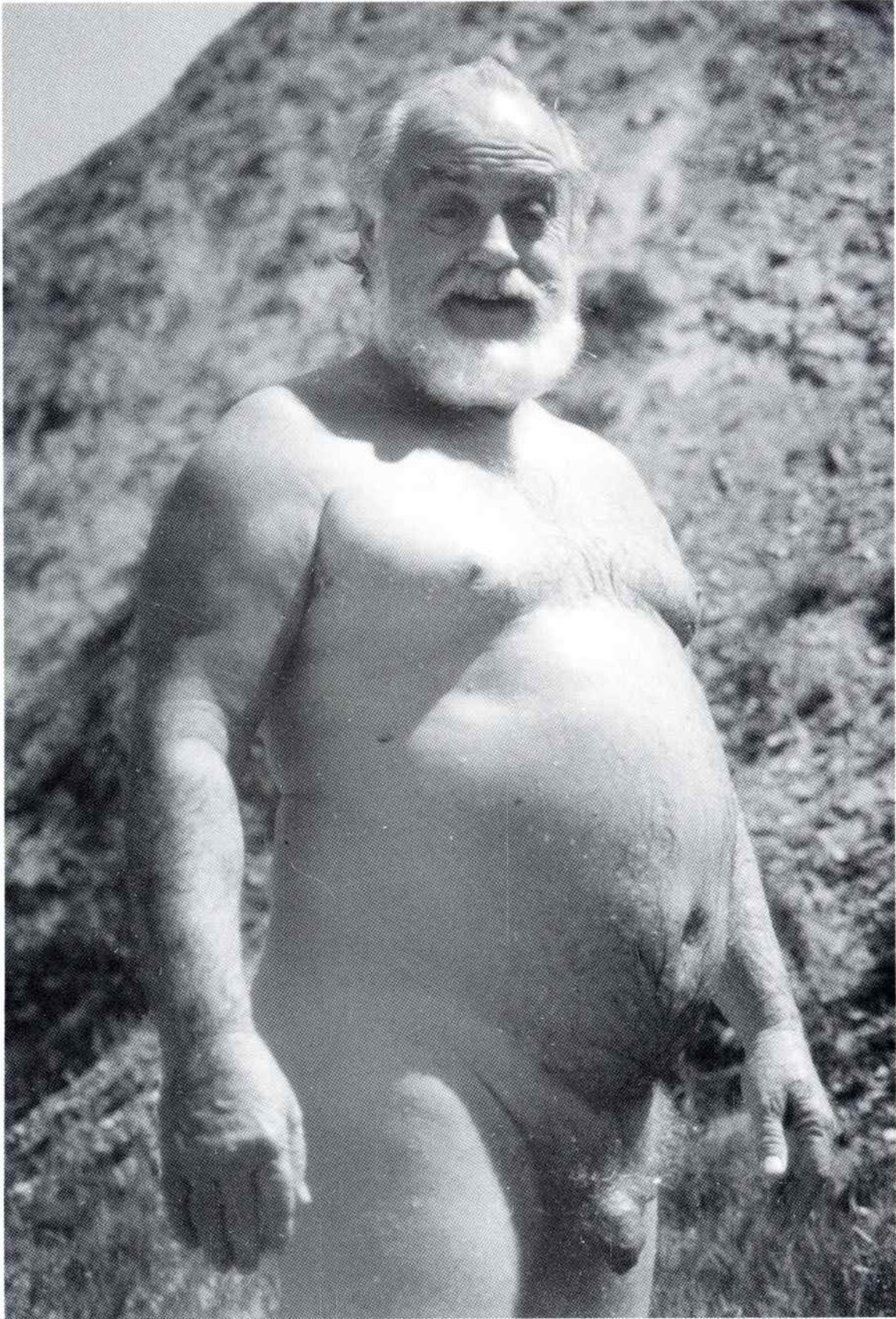
**JIM SNODGRASS**



JOEL



## JIM SNODGRASS



JOEL







**SANTA STEVE**



**JEFF**



**BRUCE  
& PAT**



**MACRO**