

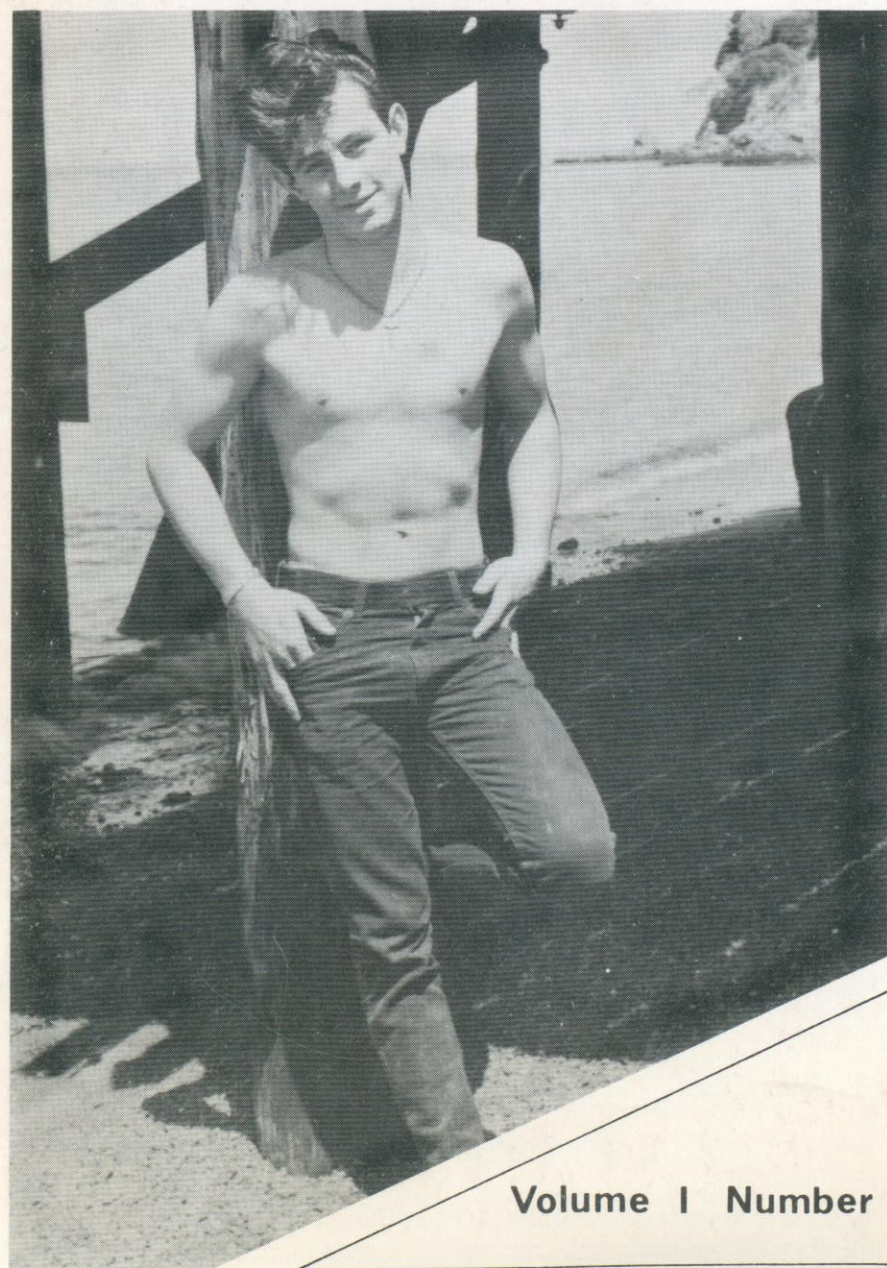


**CAMP**

**AND CARRY ON**

**75<sup>c</sup>**

**LEDNAR**



**Volume I Number 1**

# To Our Readers...

"Camp and Carry On," is primarily a humor magazine; although we shall endeavor to bring our readers news of general interest, entertainment information, interviews, and now and then a serious thought.

Our main reason for publishing "Camp" is to provide a medium through which budding authors, photographers, and artists may exhibit their work and also be paid.

We feel a magazine of this kind is sorely needed in this country of awakening attitudes toward a realistic view of sex. All readers who are interested in our effort should let us hear from them.

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We are interested in considering your stories, poems, artwork, and physique photography for publication in "Camp."

Payment is modest, but immediate. Diverse material is needed at once. All credits will be given and we will help you market your work.

All physique photography submitted must be accompanied by a copy of the model release.

All unacceptable material will be returned immediately.

**LEDNAR ARTS**

**Box 5756., San Francisco, California.**

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# “Why did I ever leave Spokane?”

I should have known better. But I was dumb. Accessible. And everything had piled up on me at once: The Landlord, a bristly, over-moustached, beer-bellied boor, showed me the door of his less-than-palatial establishment; my grades were down, way down: only a miracle could boost them. And my play was drooping and dying.

First let me explain that I am of the 'legitimate theatre'. Impressed? My task as graduate student at this overpopulated, gravelly (academically) University, was to direct a very avant-avant play (I use the term "play" in the most intangible sense) written by another sufferer, a fellow academe, Gregg Garson. Now this boy was something. He started from the feet and just didn't stop. The first time I saw this boy in the halls I could't control my mouth. It just dropped open.

If I had been told then that within six months I would be

living with this fantastic personage I would have..what would I have done? Squeezed myself into a rathole? Sealed myself inside a large plastic bag? Nothing could have protected me from Gregg. I know that now.

So my landlord kicked me out. So they all showered sympathy on me, my whole cast, oozing camaraderie from all their many visible pores. One especially. Little Ollie, Ollie Danforth, a very precious little boy who had been sandwiched into my cast much against my better judgment. Well, Ollie had an apartment, a large one. He was just rattling around. Would I?

Of course I had immediately to think of the mental headline that would inevitably be blazoned on all the dirty little minds of the School of Drama, after the Fact: Henny, (Imperturbably, irreproachable, unshakeable, icy frigidaire Henny), shacks up with Ollie Danforth, le beau notorious. What more did I need?

I'd always considered myself open-minded of course,(of course!)...took such things in my stride. If they asked me, in that soft pleading wanting expression, the eyes like a continuous-motion echo, I always said "No" politely and passed on my merry and mainly celebrate way. Would I risk my reputation and throw in my lot with wicked Ollie and his huge, empty apartment? Gratis? You know damn well what I did.

"Nobody has anything on me" was Ollie's password, his catchphrase, his petit-point motto in a gilded frame; well soon there was someone who did - me. Fifteen minutes after I had hustled my last hastily packed tomato soup paste-board inside Ollie's door, he admitted to me, sotto voce, that he Was and Why. But then there was this addendum:

"Now, Henny, don't you ever think that your life's in danger around here" -(Flap of the wrists and elbows; Ollie, little, pudgy, sweet thing, could flap more appendages simultaneously than Houdini doing the rope trick)- "You're my friend and I only make naughty with strangers.

And it was true, just a few weeks before, Ollie had made so naughty with a stranger that he still bore scars.

Time progressed. The miracle, gradewise, burst upon me, I began a paper on "Inversion As A Part Of The Arts." All the professors approved. The play opened and closed to middling notices, the worst of which were awarded to the rapid-wristed Ollie (poor boy, he suffered). Suddenly it was no longer summer and ice was upon us; Ollie began to bump into walls, trip on rugs, with a strange cloud-eight expression on his features. It took a while, but I finally discovered what was troubling our little man, he wanted us to move.

There was this perfectly lovely old place, see, up on the hill, see, with TWELVE rooms. I needed some time to recover from that one.

"What the hell do we need twelve rooms for, Ollie."

"But my dear do you realize we could RENT them, live off the fatheads of the land, and keep the best ones for our-

selves?"

It took more time for this gem to penetrate my skull, but by the time it had, with all its grotesque ramifications, rampantly apparent, I had agreed, or Ollie rather automatically conceded my agreement. "But...But..." I sputtered, as we treked toward the neighborhood delicatessen for more tomato soup cartons. "Never mind, sweet," hissed Ollie, panting under the strain of three of these cardboard receptacles. "I have many friends. Many friends."

So he had. That very night I was to meet the second of three amazing persons who were, in their not insidious but very direct and piercing fashion, to change my existence, my way of thinking, of acting and reacting. That night I met Vance Wanderly.

How can I describe this creature? Hair, bright red-though I observed its hue and sheen to vary during the following months. Face, Hieronymus Bosch. A devil. Wide Halloween mouth, green eyes aslant, and a little pip of a nose deliberately, perversely, upturned. At that time Pumpkin had a rather nice physique, as he was working out with barbells. Soon, however he lost interest in the vigorous pursuit and settled into the humdrum of nightcrawling with Ollie, which they both claimed was exercise enough. I had only their word for this.

Vance Pumpkin Wanderly agreed to rent one of our spacious rooms. The best one. Pummy had many, many, items of clothing. And a large stereo deck. And a cat. The second best room went to Ollie, whose wardrobe was equally varied (duds, however, which would not under the most onerous of circumstances, fire or flood, be worn on the street, for the most part; his "acceptable" wardrobe was quite ordinary and very small); he also owned a cat, a female named Borgia. Pumpkin's was Bertram. Well, I thought, once again we'll see some good ole American Heterophiles around here for a change. The cats took an instant dislike to each other, despite the disparity in gender. They never spoke. Ollie deemed it just as well because, "My Borgia just doesn't do that sort of thing."

But the apocalypse, the Gotterdammerung, my personal Armageddon was yet to come. Of a pleasant evening the three of us sat watching Ollie's televeison set, Nancy Lou Martha, blink and sputter. There were sounds in the anterior of our huge echoing twelve-room mansion.

"What's that?", I queried, instantly cursing myself for indulging in the fantasy of a direct question with these two.

"What?", puzzled little Ollie, cocking his tousled head away from the direction in which these sounds were resounding, even more audibly.

"THOSE sound," I retorted, pointing rudely in the indisputable direction whence they came. "Those sounds of a human being."

I noticed a light in their little eyes. Pumpkin said,

"Why, Ollie could that be our little G.G. sneaking in?"

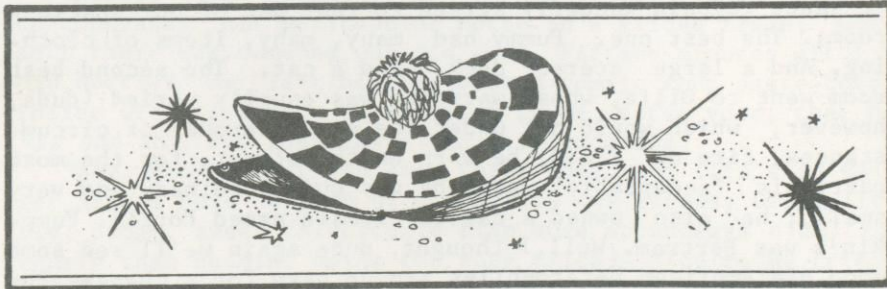
The light in Ollie's eyes (he had one covered with a Hathaway patch on the debatable ground that he was saving one eye to watch the Late Show) grew to flare size. "Could it be," he warbled, "Could it possibly be he?"

Little Ollie flung wide the door to our cozy parlor. The sounds outside were furious now, like Marley's chost doing the Bossa Nova. Ollie called into the darkness, "Is it you, G.G.? Is that little you?"

"Yais, it's little me," resounded a voice, THE voice, a voice which had always filled the hearts of the half-brave and the unsuspecting with a dread. A set of matched pastel luggage materialized in our parlor door. Slim, beautiful, be-ringed hands peered from behind the Lama leather, a jaunty checkered sports cap bobbling on top.

Ollie and Pumpkin divested this apparition of its suitcase fortress: There in all his glory stood, or rather posed, my nemesis, the creative artist, the most beautiful boy I have ever seen, big Gregg Garson. He was nude save for a pair of dance tights, beneath which he had very obviously not taken the accepted athletic precautions.

"I've just come from practice," this paragon announced in It's Voice, "Henny boy, I've come to LIVE with y'all..didn't you KNOW?"

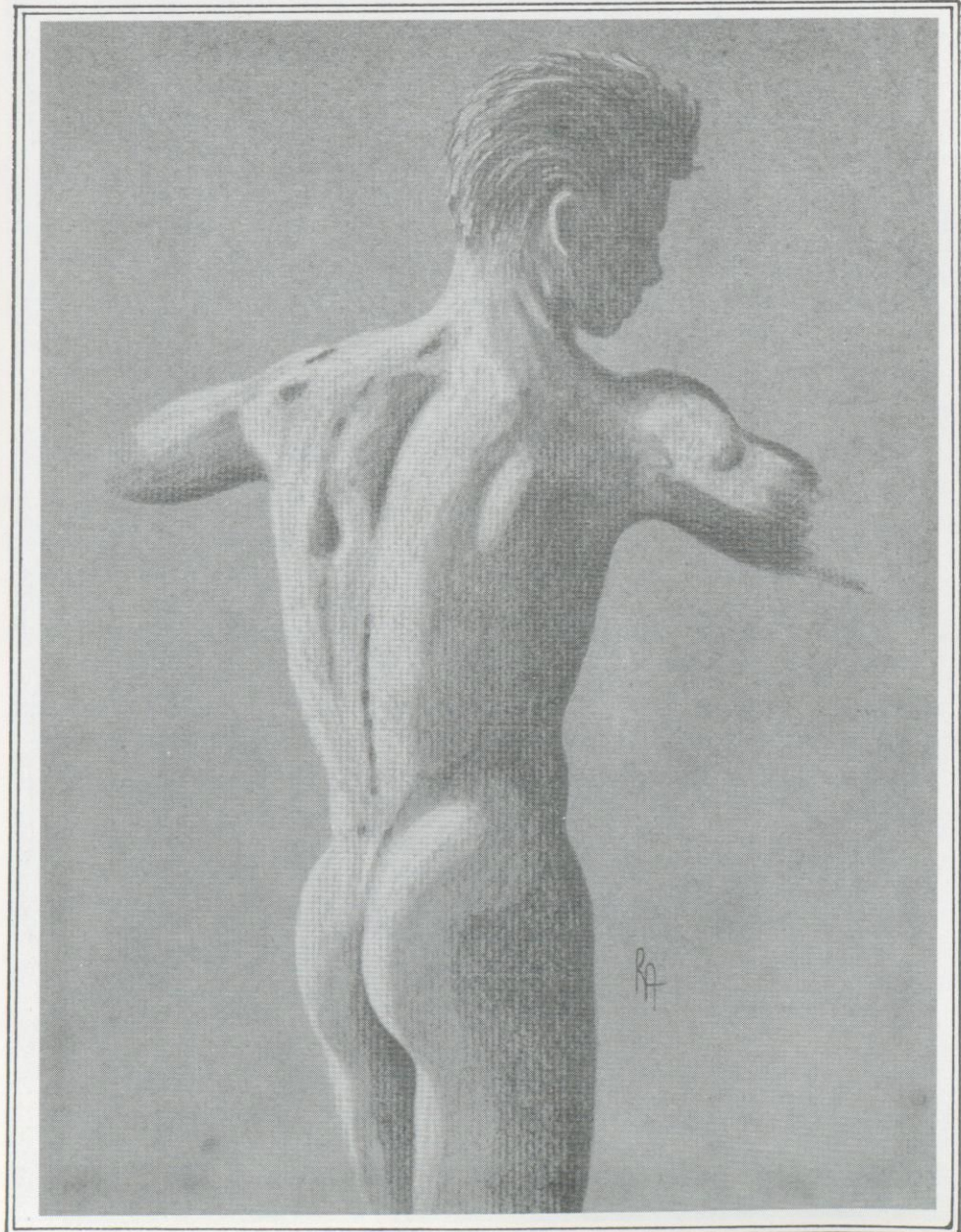


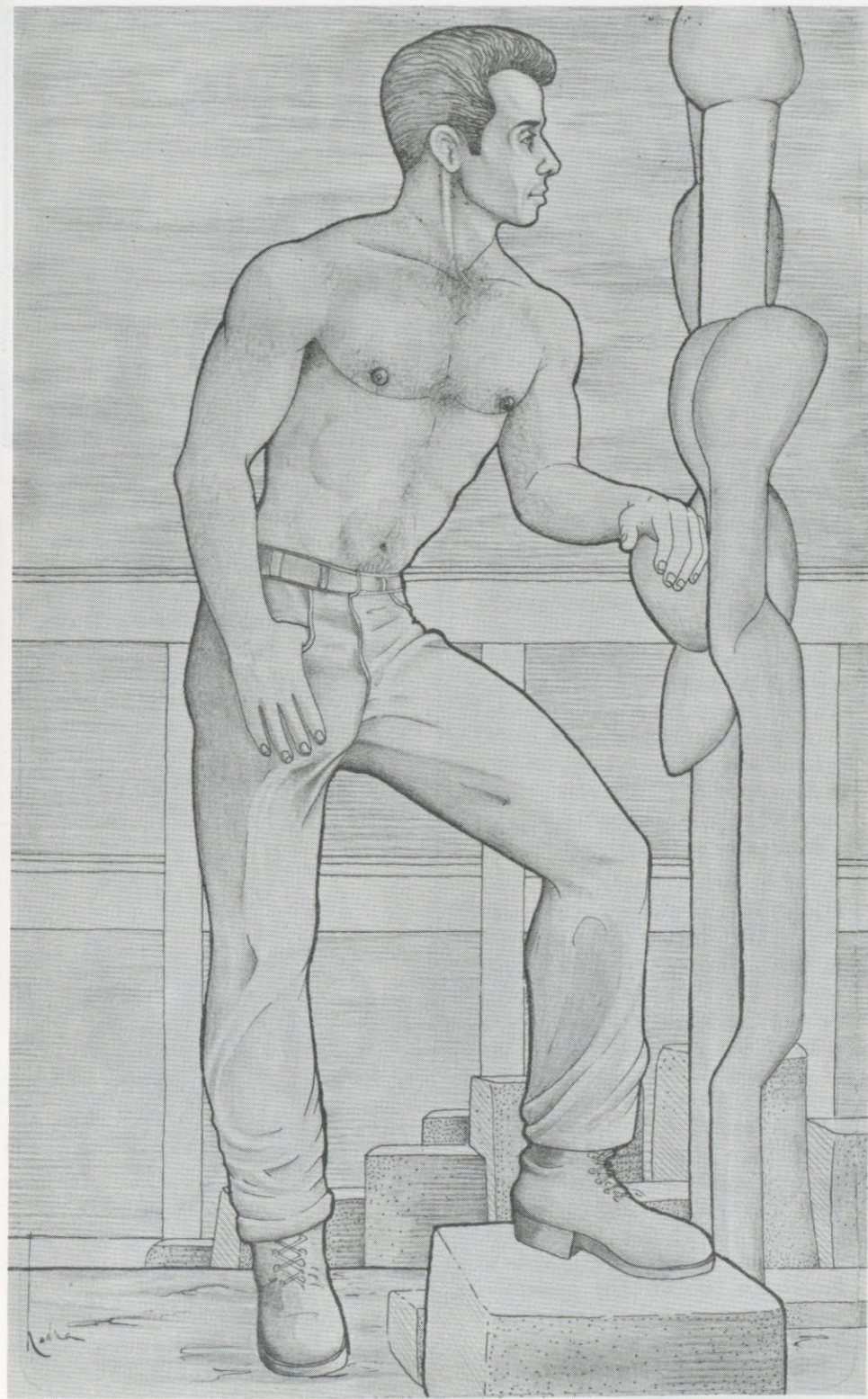
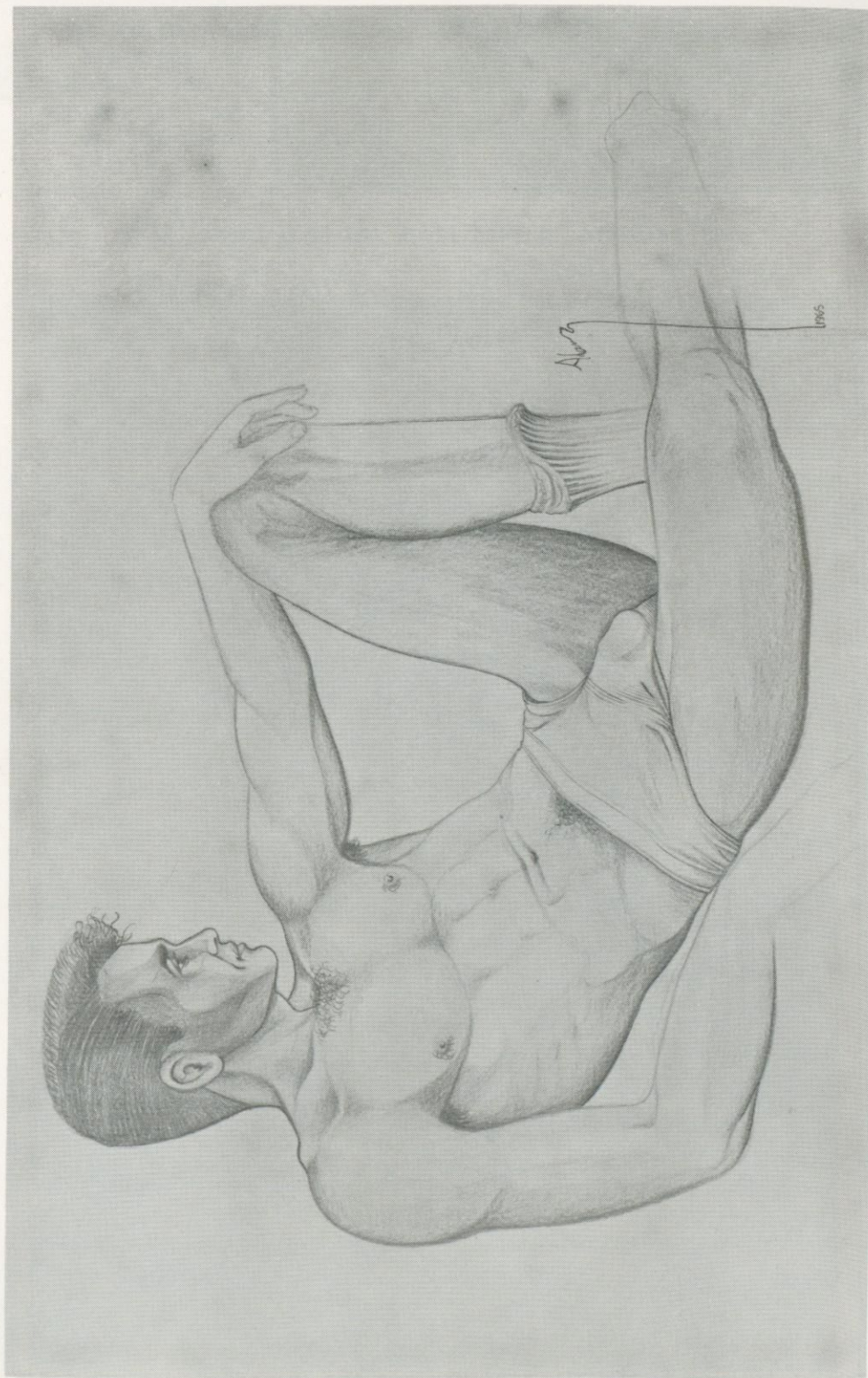
The thrilling lower tones of this statement could have done John Cameron Swayze proud. My Austerlitz, my Ulm, stood there radiating some sort of substance while the others, noticeably effected by his striking entrance applauded. It WAS a good scene.

So I, little self from Spokane, who always had been the Majority, the Accepted, found myself in the minority. I believed in the Good Old Fashioned Way. And they, outnumbering me, did emphatically NOT! Oh, Pumpkin, tilt nose aglow, and the ubiquitous and forever beautiful Gregg had had (and still have, to the best of my knowledge) sorties into the mysterious world of womanizing, and with marked success. So there were four discernable sexes in those twelve not little rooms, (three rooms per sex). Me, the hopelessly outvoted Normal Male; Ollie, passive as the day is long; Pumpkin, whose shorts and handkerchiefs bore the inscription, "I Ride"; and the incredible Gregg, who bore no resemblance to any gender, ever. He was his own sex. Continued on Page 32

## ART SECTION

ALL DRAWINGS IN THIS ISSUE ARE FROM LEDNAR ARTS.





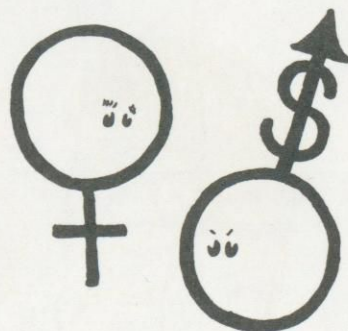


# NEWS AND HUMOR

"The Submarine" in Detroit is rumored to reopen soon and they are to have a complete change of clientele in the offing...The Sutter Club in Oakland has also made the switch...Roby Landers is at the Chesterfield in Chicago and is laying them in the aisles every night...Dixie's in New Orleans was wild on Mardi Gras...The Jewel Box in Kansas City has one of the three top shows in the country...

The Yum Yum Tree in Daytona, Fla., is the newest thing in that part of the country and is about the nicest...Laguna Beach, California promises to be better than ever... Fire Island may go under this year if the Nat'l Park people have anything to say about it.... New dude ranch has opened in San Diego County called The Ramona Ranch with swimming, riding, and dancing featured. ...The Scenic Bar in Toledo is front-runner for the best known in the entire country. ...Denver recently has had some big publicity in such a paper as the Denver Post,

with the names and addresses of the bars given. Such a rush of new customers, but the paper was kind and seemed to be fair and honest.... The NCB of San Francisco is out on a limb claiming there is 90,000 homosexuals in San Francisco...Miss Peabody's in Seattle continues to be the most popular spot in the Puget area...Wit's End, the Georgia bar in Atlanta has changed and is deserted by



You know, Harry, you've changed since I loaned you my copy of "City of Night"...

its old customers...

The Apache in Los Angeles has changed its name to "The Basket"...J.J. Van Dyke has left Finnochio's of San Francisco for greener pastures...

...There are many rumors as to where the new leather bar is to be located here in San Francisco...The Mayor will be able to look on it from City Hall...Regents Row in New Orleans is supposed to be the most surprising place of all. Located in the heart of slums it is tops...The Mug and The Tiki Hut in Garden Grove (a short drive from Laguna) are not to be missed if you are driving that way...Another cross-country stopping point is The Casbah in Spokane, Washington...Tell Dorothy you read about it here..... In Florida a civil rights leader has promised to picket City Hall in drag if the PD starts a crackdown....He will too...

INTERNATIONAL DATELINE..... Paris is expecting a large delegation from the US with plenty to show...Denmark is better than ever...Switzerland is good...West Germany is booming...Sour Grapes in the vicinity of Rome, Moscow and Dublin.

A professor had a son who spent too much time in the taverns. One evening the old gentleman got word that the boy was really on a rampage and the professor, eager to get him home before the family name was ruined, dashed to the street to find him. He was going along under full steam, distracted and angry, when a lady of the night popped out of a doorway and accosted him.

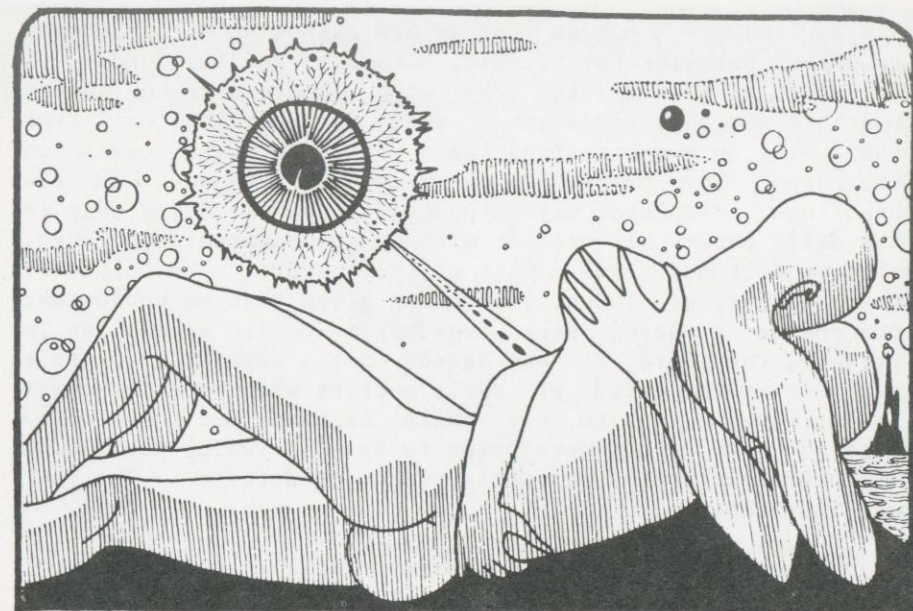
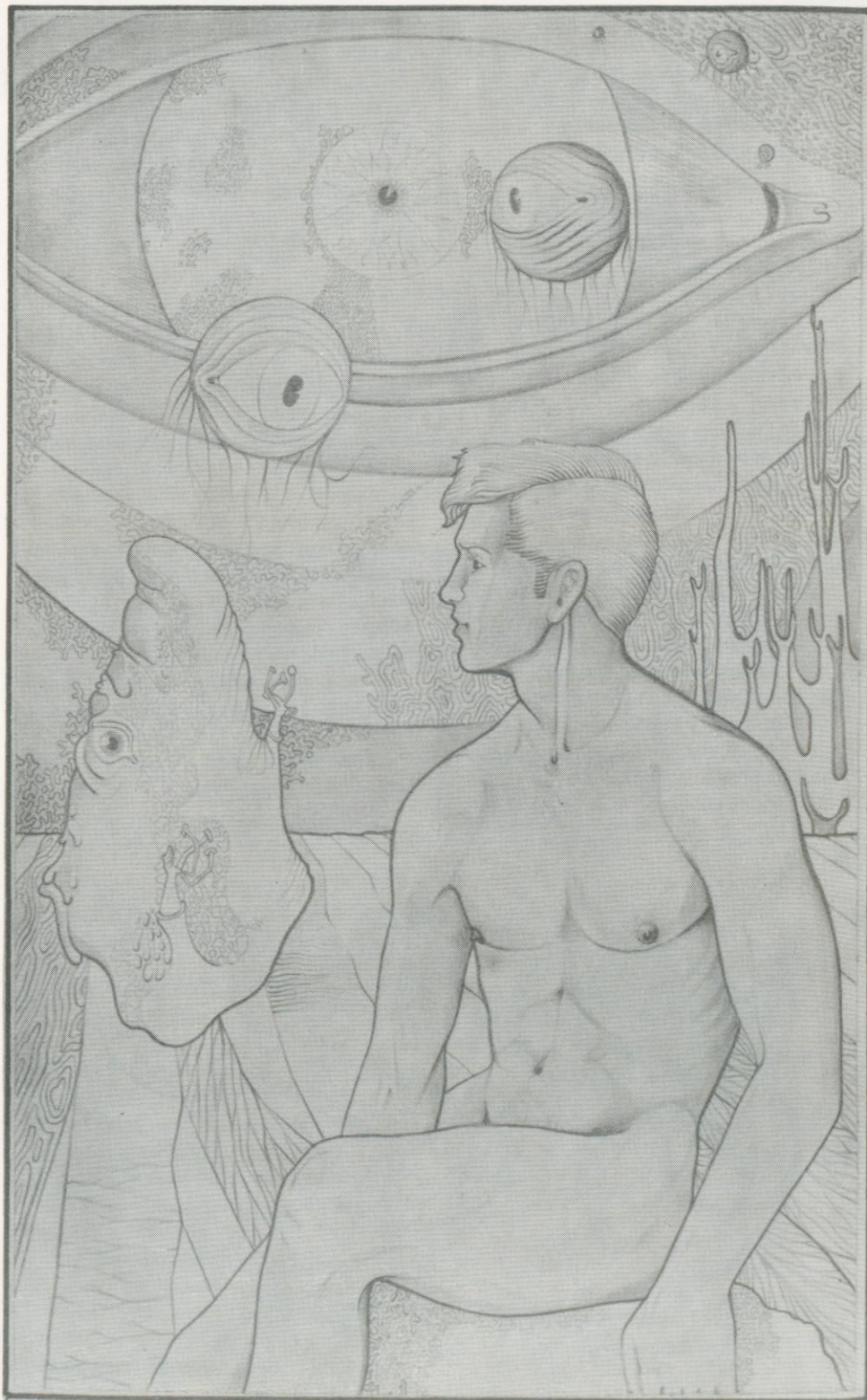
"Hi, Pop," she caroled pleasantly. Are you looking for a naughty little girl?"

The professor replied unthinkingly, "No, I'm look-

(Continued on Page 31)



THE CALIFORNIA PELICAN



## .. BLACK is also WHITE ..

By Glen Wright

The tension was over; at last we were together...The sunlight on the flowing field spurred on our spirits and minds, drunk already with completeness; nothing mattered...Whatever happened in the future we could face. The ground yielded to our bodies and swelled with love. Nothing was before or since...We were the ultimate in completeness. The reeling flow of love bound us forever in climax; we were one. All the carefully learned controls of generations, laid waste before us...We could not do otherwise.

A sudden cold chill and a distant barking dog broke the spell;...We awoke to the hardness of the ground and society. For the first time we felt shame and the nakedness of our bodies; We had broken a rigid code of ethics but our shame soon turned to pity for others...For unlike society, together we could face and trust, without words, whatever might come. No other world could be as strong. Burned deep inside was our love, found not from passion, but compassion.

Who was the keeper of the keys? The laws are laid out by the millions...millions upon millions...few are revoked. Fortunately there is now a more enlightened age where the horrors of a socialized war life, such as in the Twentieth Century, have long since departed. Now man may early recognize his nature, and will be free to go on to conquer his personal problems. For if everyone solves his personal problems first, then there will be no problems left to solve. One weakness is left...The P.S.D. Man has accepted

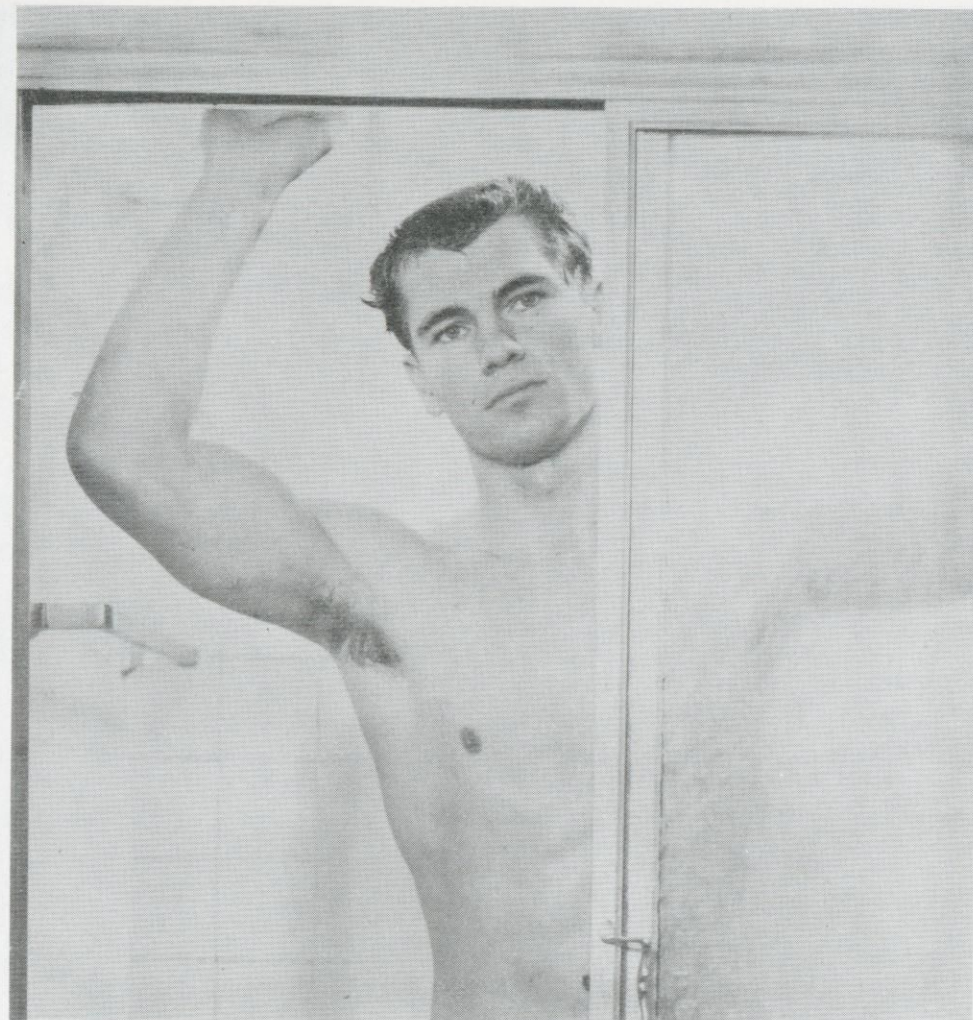
his environment, but as long as man exists he will continue to create problems for himself, both real and imagined.

It was the following day when we were sure our secret meetings had been undetected when we received a call from the P.S.D. on a matter they said could not be discussed on the phone. The preceeding week two sex offenders had been headlined, complete with a photograph of the dazed pair in the daily paper. It was not without some apprehension then, that we felt our lives a part of their story. We talked it over secretly at lunch...It wasn't often that we could take the chance of being seen together in public as well as in private, therefore it was agreed once a week would be safe. Everyone is suspected of their motives when seen together; in our case we had to use extra caution. But these meetings, unknown to us, were being fully observed by the P.S.D. Therefore our social disobedience had no defense. The rest was inevitable.

"...A formal charge has been made against you of a moral crime against society, the Public Servant Department, and the future generations. Such is the nature of your crime that the court finds it difficult to restrain itself from imposing the maximum sentence within the law. It is inconceivable in the eyes of the court, how such flagrant lack of moral character could knowingly be exercised between you. It is not the first such case to be brought before this court, but it is no less serious a crime. The witnesses that have come forward in behalf of the state have testified that no attempt seems to have been made to spare the State the eventual outcome. Both of your testimonies have shown little regard for your fellow man; in fact to the contrary. A public permit had previously been denied you; in spite of this you have shown nothing but contempt by your actions."

"...It is therefore the decree of this high court that you both be banished to the planet Earth for the rest of your lives; that you also lose your marriage bond and property obtained thereunder. It is also decreed that your social crime be taken with you to be raised as an Earthling; thereby obtaining none of the benefits of Universal Life.... This verdict may be appealed in seven years...But let there be an example of lawful humility concerning respect for the Overpopulation Code...Since the great wars have ended, our primary concern must be lawful population...Therefore any disregard for the law and Society must be dealt with in the most moral and direct way.

"The case we have seen here today is immoral to the core, and as such reflects a CRIME AGAINST NATURE, since Nature cannot survive with overpopulation. Immediately at the conclusion of this trial you both shall be placed in the Thought Pattern Section and transmitted to Earth. It is with considerable disgust that I repeat the verdict of the Jury- GUILTY OF THE CRIME AGAINST NATURE. The End.



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Model on center spread is Terry Stuart

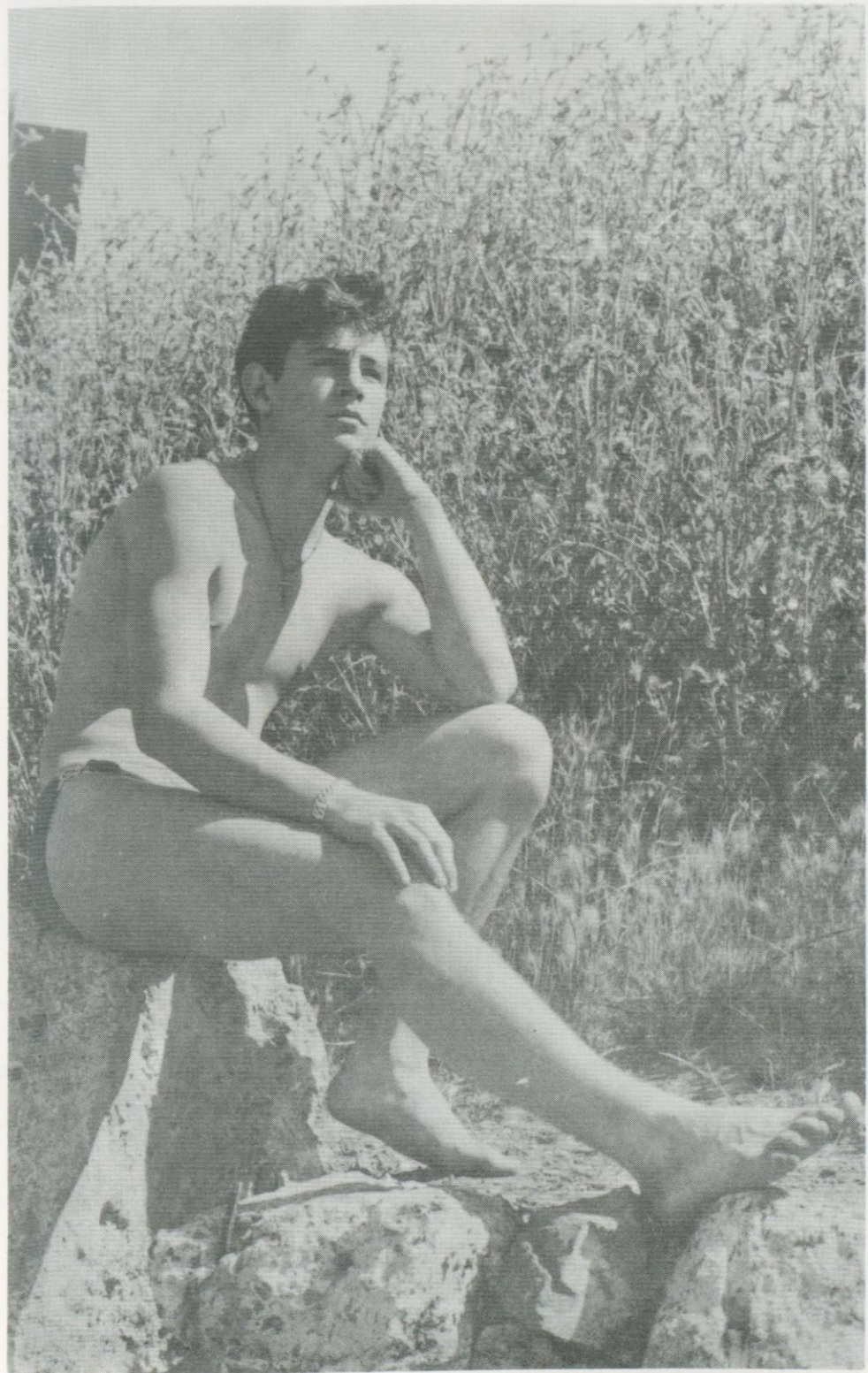
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## CHARLES PIERCE & RIO DANTE ★

ENTERTAINMENT SECTION-Presenting the creators of Les Moppets" and favorites of Las Vegas, Hollywood and Miami.

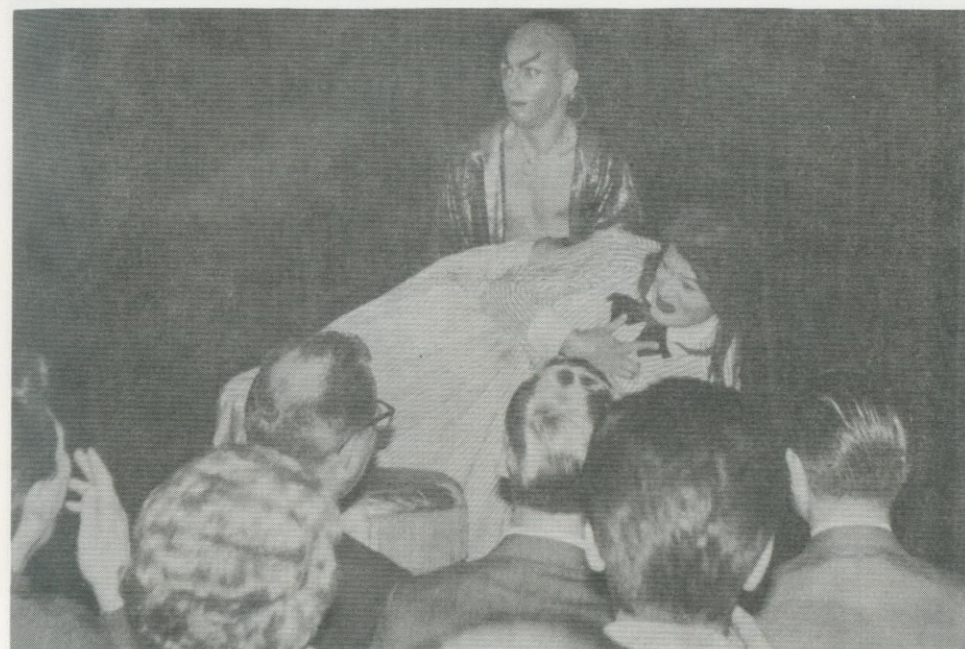
Charles Pierce and Rio Dante are men of many faces and evidently San Francisco never sees enough of them, for on April 9th they celebrated their second anniversary at the Gilded Cage in Sam Francisco.

During the week Charles and Rio hold forth in the roomy front lounge, then on the weekends they are joined by John and Norman, "The Beverley Hill Nellies", in the very large back lounge. Norman's Kate Smith act always breaks up the crowd, their capsule version of the King and I is also good.

Their shows are colorful and humourous; Charles' Bette Davis routines are unbelievably realistic; Rio does an excellent job in several of his acts such as Mrs. Bates, Norman's mother from "Psycho."

Charles plans to cut a record very shortly to be called, "The Man from C.A.M.P." (Confidential Agent for Mad People). His book, a novel, has just gone to the publishers and will come out under the title, "Closed Coffin", a satire on the Hollywood mystery movies.

### "The Man from C.A.M.P."



John and Norman's capsule verison of The King and I

Rio (Left) and Charles (Right) in an interview of an African hunter.



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 and **SODOMA GOMORE-AH**





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## The Contendings of HORUS and SET

(According to ancient Egyptian mythology Osiris and Isis were the first king and queen of Egypt. Osiris was murdered by his brother Set (the god of evil and storms). Osiris was brought back to life by his devoted wife Isis and he became the god of the dead. Horus, the son of Osiris claimed the throne and fought Set for many years. The nine great gods were their judges and our story takes place during their trial.)

"Then SET suggested that they should pass a happy time together (i.e. keep a feast) in his house, and HORUS said unto him, 'Assuredly I will do so; of course I will'; and the two went to SET'S house. When evening came a couch was prepared for them to sleep on, and the two laid themselves down on it.

"The description of what followed this effort of the gods to reconcile the two irreconcilables forms the coarsest chapter in Egyptian literature, but it is probably very old, and it certainly deals with a very old pagan custom of very early times in ancient Egypt.

"(It is clear that in primitive times in Egypt the conqueror sometimes violated the person whom he had conquered, whether man or woman. This custom was known to the writers of the Pyramid Texts where we read, 'Hail, Osiris Teta! Wake up! Horus causeth Thoth to bring to thee thine enemy, he setteth thee on his back, he shall not defile thee. Make thy seat upon him. Come forth, sit upon him, he shall not violate thee.' What the last sentence means is made quite clear by the text which appears in pyramids of Teta, Pepi, and Mer-an-Ra. The king is placed in such a position that Set cannot commit an act of pederasty on him.)

"During the night SET became excited sexually and attempted to violate HORUS and failed because HORUS caught the efflux of SET in one of his hands. HORUS went to ISIS and showed her his hand and its contents, and seizing her knife she hacked off the polluted hand of HORUS and threw it into the water, and then fashioned a hand for him as useful as that which she had cut off. Then she fetched some sweet smelling unguent and smeared the phallus of HORUS with it. This she made to swell up, and when she had placed it in a vessel HORUS made his emission to fall into it. In the morning ISIS took the efflux of HORUS and went to the garden of SET, and asked the gardner which plant SET was in the habit of eating as an aphrodisiac. The gardner replied that the only herb there under his charge which SET ate was the Abt, which some believe to have been a kind of lettuce. (Continued on Page 30)

"Then ISIS poured the efflux of HORUS over these plants, and SET came day by day according to his wont, and ate them; the text adds the astonishing remark that SET became with child by the seed of HORUS. This, of course, means that SET was believed to be a bisexual god like TEMU or RA. The allusion to pregnancy caused by swallowing mentioned in the Tale of Two Brothers does not help us, for the person who swallowed the two splinters of wood was a woman who could conceive and not a man who could not.

"Then SET went and told HORUS that he wished to go into Court and plead against him, and as HORUS was willing they both went and stood before the Nine Gods, who straightway ordered them to make their pleadings. SET stood up and claimed the office of OSIRIS because he had performed on HORUS, who was there present, the deed of the victorious warrior (i.e. he claimed to have violated HORUS). The Nine Gods believed his lie and retched and spat in the face of HORUS. HORUS laughed at them, and then swore an oath by GOD that what SET had said was a lie. And he demanded that the seed of SET and his own seed should be summoned as witnesses, so that they might see from whence each seed would respond. On this THOTH laid his hand on the arm of HORUS, saying, 'Come forth, O seed of SET', and it made answer to him from the water in the marsh. Then THOTH laid his hand on the arm of SET, and he said 'Come forth, O seed of HORUS'. The seed answered, 'Where shall I come forth?' and THOTH said, 'From his ear.' The seed said, 'Must I, being a divine essence come forth from his ear?' and THOTH said, 'Come forth from the crown of his head.' And it came forth as a Disk of Gold (i.e. the solar disk) on the head of SET. At this SET was wroth and he reached out his hand to lay hold on the Gold Disk, but THOTH snatched it away from him and set it as a diadem upon his own head."

The End.



"Isn't he a wonderful impersonator?  
Harry? Harry! Harry..."

(Continued from Page 13)  
ing for a naughty little boy."

The girl recoiled in horror and exclaimed, "You nasty old man!"

He: "Don't you think sex is a waste of time?"

She: "I'm not in a position to comment."

A pessimist is a man who feels that all women are bad-an optimist hopes so.

#### FRACTURED FAIRY TALES

"Winken, Blinken and Nod went off in a wooden shoe..."

"There was an old lady who lived in a shoe, she had so many children she didn't know what to do." Obviously

"Humpty Dumpty Humps."

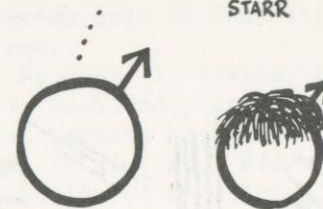
He: "Do you have a fairy god-mother?"

She: "No, but I have an uncle we're not sure of..."



"Just MY luck."

HELLO THERE, CUTIE... OH, PARDON ME, MISTER STARR



(Playboy)



"Want to buy a little pussy, Sergeant?"



From TIDSFÖRDRIF, Sweden



"HEY BARTENDER, A PINK LADY, PLEASE!"

Continued from Page 8

Time wore. I was about to say 'Time wore on', but rather it wore around, about, above, and across, after and predominantly among. The cats fought and refused to mate; Pumpkin burned dinner after dinner; my grades, boosted by the controversial thesis, soared; Ollie married and divorced thrice.

It was Halloween.

It was dress-up time.

I was a Spokanean! I knew, sure of such goings-on, but to see it, to live with it. To be immersed, however vicariously, in the endless preparations, decisions, bitchings, and to have to listen to 'No you can't borrow my beads,' day in and out...and through it all I thrived, eyes wide.

The Night of the Auk I drank, all by myself, an entire bottle of Grenache Rose' ... the boys were in their privy chambers...hooking up. I was to have my very own fashion show. I was looped.

There came a knock at the kitchen door, wherein I and my

bottle resided, beaming Tudorically from my Throne, (kitchen chair). It opened. In rolled the cats, afay, screaming and yowling. I paid no mind. I had grown used to THAT sight.

Then marched in sister number one.

Ollie was in four level drag. He was: 1. Vivian Leigh playing; 2. Karen Stone playing; 3. Rosalind playing, and 4. Ganymede. He wore great big bosoms beneath his beige velvet jerkin and a jaunty orange feather in his cap. His wig was golden, reportedly the former possession of an actress, who down and out, had pawned it for muscatel.

"How do I look?"

"Incredible."

This was no less than the truth. He was transformed. The pudgy, whiny little one with whom I'd broken bread and traded hot words for yea these many months was suddenly a beautiful girl. I gasped audibly.

Vivien (Ollie) stepped aside with as much graciousness as he could muster. In hopped contestant number two, his burly arms sheathed in a boa, fashioned of what I suspected was, but hoped was not, rat. His rippling lateral muscles bulged through a black-and-ochre checked jersey gown. He wore size eleven black patent-leather four-inch heels and walked without a wobble. Brown wig, pouf, a great deal of silver eye shadow...

"You like?"

Again I was at a loss. The husky femme fatale maneuvered himself aside to admit...

Oh, Lord!

There has never, even in the fevered mind of a Khayyam, a Dante, been a Venus so beautiful. Wagner's Venus herself could not have tempted Tannhauser like...

Gregg was awfully gorgeous. The details of his costume escape me now in these days of yore; all I can say, or remember, is a blinding flash of white, whiteness of skin, of jewels and satin, of hair, White. Incandescent. I knew from all these days of the inevitable dance tights that G.G. had an indisputably lovely set of legs and tail. But half concealed beneath white satin...

They all laughed, and I felt a fool and finished the bottle. The cats still fought, upsetting a whole sack of potatoes.

Then they all began to parade around; from the hinterland of our huge black apartment one of the kiddies had set spinning some joyous-sounding movie sound track, with much percussion and blaring brass on its grooves; the sisters paraded to this gesticulating with all they had. As Gregg rounded the bend, I felt my teeth to make sure they were in place. I remember now the severe high neck in front (to conceal the chest, which he refused to crop, ever) and, in shocking and blatant contrast, the Vikki Douggan back! Buttocks cleavage! I nearly passed out.

Gregg whirled on me. Now I remember, too, white feathers

of some kind whistling as he whirled, "Henny boy, wouldn't you like to come? You'd have fun!"

They were expecting, as usual, my time-worn rejoinder, my automatic rejection of my joining them on the Old Camp Ground. But I was just tight enough to inspire audacity.

"Yes."

They, the three, had planned, scrimped, saved, and stolen for a full month. The result was on their backs, or in the case of Gregg, off his. In five minutes I had stripped, squeezed myself into one of Ollie's training bras, shaved, made up. An old Yak hair wig was available. Gregg shook silver dust into it, shaking himself all the while with silent laughter. What to wear? Pumpkin's inspiration was blinding; in a thrice we had fashioned our black-fringed piano scarf into an Irene Castle circa-1919 whatchamacallit. Black Chest undergrowth was partially disguised by black tulle.

And we went out my friends! In the car! To the dance.

And I, little I, from Spokane, was the hit of the evening. Really! I was an unknown, a new sensation for those many, many tired old eyes. I knew..of course I knew what went on...how...but so many of them? Such QUANTITY! So blatantly? Openly? Frankly?

I made no attempt to raise my voice, nor did Gregg or Pumpkin, though Ollie affected a silver pipe which seemed much more natural to him than his usual tenor whistle-and wheeze. We drank a great deal and danced. I led.

I won a jeroboam of burgundy. We drank it all, too.Gloriously.

Seven men asked me for my phone number. I gave it to three.

At nine o'clock next morn, no longer Halloween, we staggered into the still resounding twelve rooms. Welcome home! My gown...excuse me...our piano scarf...was torn in many places; too many sick people had grabbed and held on.

The apartment was so warm and cozy. We all took off our makeup, chattering and cold-creaming like mad. Then Ollie kissed all of us goodnight.He was stoned out of his mind. He was so snockered he kissed Pumpkin's cat goodnight by mistake.

Pumpkin threw his muscular arms around Gregg and kissed him a resounding smack. He reeled toward me.

"No, Pum."

"Aw, yes, Henny."

And he did too. Right on the mouth. And picked up both cats, Borgia and Bert, and reeled off to bed.

So there we were, Gregg and I. I had not noticed the slight slant at the corners of his large eyes before, hadn't noticed the great golden flecks in the eyes themselves. But then I'd never been so close to him, before.

So there we were. He. I. We. Us.

And here I am today kids - Confraternity!

## CAMP and carry on Number 2.

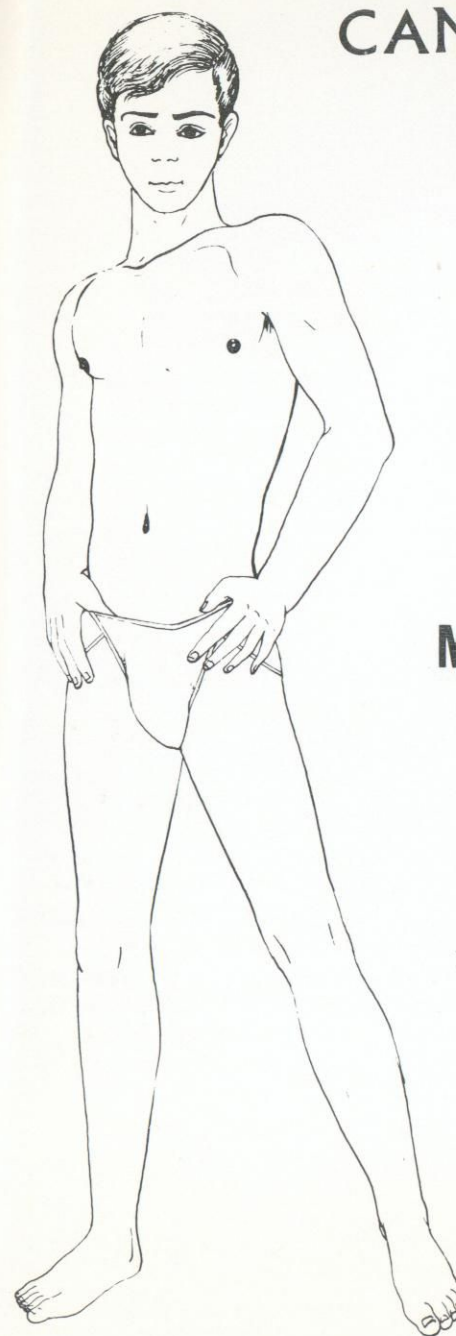
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