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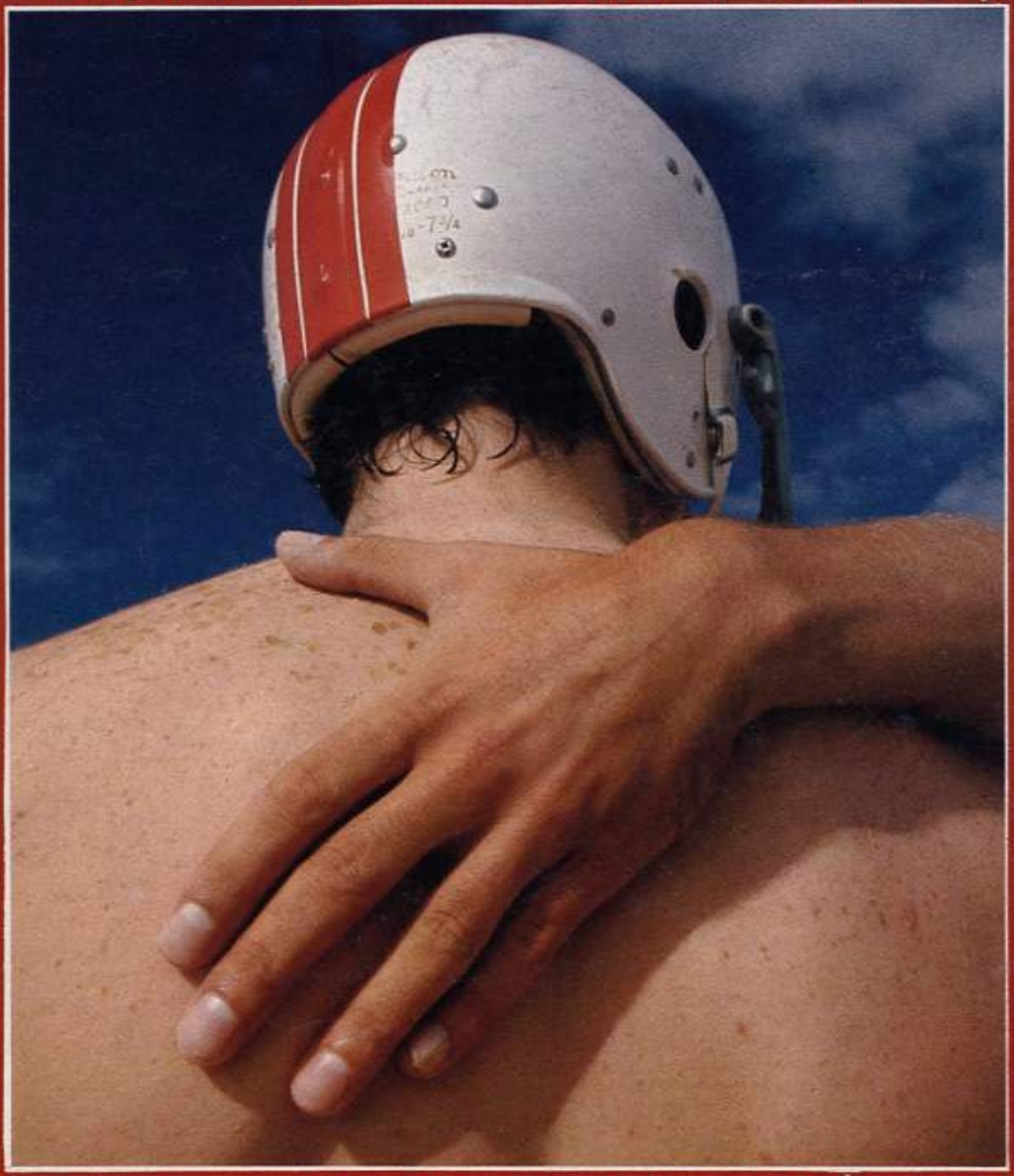
blueboy

the national magazine about men

SPECIAL REPORT

GAY PRO ATHLETES



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". . . a breakthrough in the portrayal of homosexuals on the screen . . . avoids both the shallow and demeaning stereotypes of commercial films and television and the arty fantasies of gay porno flicks . . . an assured step in the right direction."

Los Angeles Times, Kevin Thomas

". . . sensitive and realistic in its approach . . . Its vignettes have been captured in pastel colors that are strikingly lovely and lend a documentary effect . . . the principal actors are impressively natural in roles that easily could have become caricatures."

New York Times, A. H. Weiler

". .first American feature to explore homosexual relationships in a perceptive and realistic manner . . . Larkin has a good ear for dialogue, a nice feel for humor and an impressive way with actors."

Washington Star-News, Lydia Preston

". . . exists against such widespread bigotry that it carves its own undeniable sociological impact . . . without preceding models, (it) is one forward motion in the evolution of what may eventually become a new genre . . . avoids any exploitation angle, gratefully, and so it would be excellent viewing for the unnecessarily wary uninitiate."

Boston Globe, Patrick McGilligan

". . . the first feature on gayness made by an overt homosexual which has achieved commercial distribution . . . important because the models it provides are authentically gay, and because its story unfolds with an intimacy and relaxation which could only be achieved by someone who has lived the life."

The Real Paper (Boston), Stuart Byron

". . . a well-framed, thankfully frank, poignant homosexual love story about handsome boy-next-door types . . . I'll remember the positive, warming impact of seeing two grown men on screen — larger than life, no less — in a loving, sharing, wholesome relationship."

San Francisco Bay Guardian, J. Kerry Kammer

"Unprecedented directness and simplicity paired with a tenderly lyrical approach make A VERY NATURAL THING a very beautiful film . . . a first-rate evocation of humanity — a movie to make you remember your own loves, whatever your partner preferences, with greater clarity and depth than ever before . . . an eye-opener and a heart-opener."

After Dark, Norma McLain Stoop

"First "liberated" gay feature . . . explores with perception and obvious sincerity the problem faced by a young man, fresh from monastic life, who cannot reconcile his dumb dreams of domestic bliss with the reality of being gay and attached in a city like New York . . . a veritable guidebook to the local gay subculture .

Variety, Addison Verrill

". . . an unsensationalized attempt to show the relationship between men who are sexually in love with each other . . . Whether or not one feels that homosexuality is natural, this inside view of people living on the other side of the sexual tracks is illuminating and touching."

McCalls, Lynn Minton

". . . the breakthrough of Gay Films. All of the characters are three-dimensional . . . A first! Larkin has done more for "Gay Liberation" with this film than all of the zaps in the last five years put together."

David Magazine, Jerry Fitzpatrick

" . . Without glossing over the rough spots, a filmmaker has finally dared to say with artistic and moral integrity, 'Gay is indeed *A Very Natural Thing*'. As a constructive, emancipating identity-forming experience, one could hardly ask for more."

Gay Community News, A Nolder Gay

". . . the last scene will seem like a visual revolution against centuries of cultural idiocy: here a man loving another man looks like a playful, natural part of the universe . . . not only has Larkin proven himself, but in filmic terms he has begun to seriously court the larger questions about what gay people are and what they could be."

Out Magazine, Chuck Ortleb

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At $500 or $249, the Headhug

When we first developed the $550 custom-made Headhugger, we advertised it as "expensive as hell."

And it was.

But despite its cost, it was spectacularly successful. In six months, it was accounting for 35% of our sales. Today, it's more than 60%.

The only trouble was, we kept getting hundreds and hundreds of letters from men who just couldn't make it to New York.

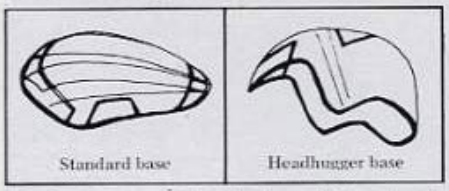
We invent the flexible base. You save hundreds of dollars.

The fan mail was gratifying, but we were frustrated by all those out-of-town prospects we couldn't service. We figured if we could just find a way to make the base flexible—so that it would automatically adjust to *any* headsize—we could fill orders all over the world.

And we could offer them at a lower price. On a try-it-and-see basis. With a full money-back guarantee.

And that's just exactly what we've done.

What is a Headhugger. And why it's like no hairpiece you've ever seen.



Let's start with the base. The standard hairpiece base is made to cover just the bald portion of a man's head.

For about 30% of hairpiece wearers, this type of base is perfectly adequate.

But for any man who wants the more modern, fuller hairstyle—or for men with thin natural hair at the sides or back—this base causes problems:

1. In a strong wind, the long hairs stand straight up in an obviously unnatural way.

2. The fullness on top doesn't jibe with the relative sparseness on the sides and back. The hairpiece is easily detected.

3. The line where the hairpiece hair meets the natural hair is frequently noticeable.

4. It is almost impossible to attain the sought-for full, oval shape, that well-rounded look of a man with a full head of natural hair.

Now look at the Headhugger base. It purposely extends over the man's natural hair. This overhang is approximately three inches at the sides and four to five inches in the back.

Thin piano wire, tooled in continuing loops, extends in a sleeve from one side of the base to the other. This wire has a "memory" which permits it to hold its oval shape forever and hold the sides close to the head.

What exactly does all this do?

1. It eliminates the wind problem. Wind causes trouble because the hairs of the ordinary piece must be long enough to blend with your own natural hair. Long hairs stand up in the wind.

That ol' devil wind.

The Headhugger overhangs most of your own hair. Almost to the tips of your ears. This means that the hair can be layer-cut in short lengths of *not more than two inches*. Two-inch hair will only flutter in the wind naturally. Yet you can have as long and full a look as you like.

2. It gives you the full rounded look you need to be undetectable. *It cannot flatten out.*

3. If your hair is thin at the sides and back, the Headhugger will give you all the thickness you need. It hugs the sides, giving you balance between sides and top.

4. Nor does it matter how thick your hair is at the sides. You can either cover your own hair or use your own hair to its natural advantage by combing it *over* the sides of the Headhugger.

5. You can, if you choose, eliminate the use of tape with a Headhugger. You can use clips instead.

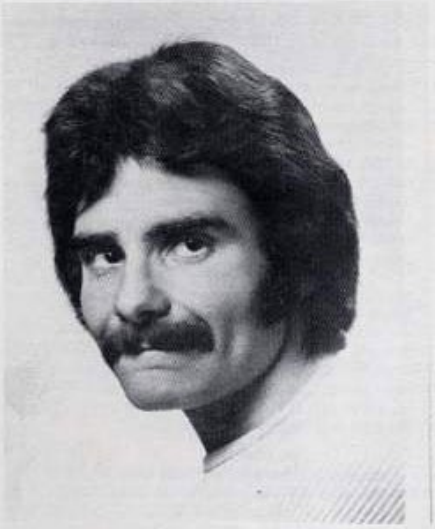
6. How about weight and heat? Obviously, the Headhugger base is larger than the standard base and, therefore, contains more hair. It is heavier. But surprisingly, it's more comfortable.

Instead of being just one slab of hairpiece concentrated at the top of the head, it is distributed *evenly* over almost all of the head.

And that ingenious wire arrangement keeps the center of the piece a tiny fraction off the head. Thus, the air pours through without restriction. In addition, the base has literally thousands of air holes.

In truth, the Headhugger base, although larger, is considerably cooler than the standard size silk or gauze base.

(About 75% of our thousands of customers sleep in their hairpieces every night; take them off once a week for a thorough head scrubbing. The others prefer to take them off every night. The choice is yours.)



ger is the world's best hairpiece.

How the base adjusts to any headsize.

The new Headhugger base is exactly like the old one with one small, but major difference. It adjusts automatically to any headsize from 6 ¼ to 7 ¾.

How it adjusts is a secret we'd rather not divulge in print until our patent is published.

But take our word for it. It adjusts.

The $271 difference. How we created a $279 twin to a $550 custom hairpiece.

Obviously, there are certain advantages the custom Headhugger has over the ready-to-wear Headhugger. You can order either.

Compare their features and decide for yourself.

$550 Headhugger	$279 Headhugger
Custom-made	Ready-to-wear
Hand-made	Hand-made
Double knotted	Double knotted
Base of 2 layers of nylon mesh	Base of 1 layer of nylon mesh
Made to measure	Fits any headsize
100% human hair	100% synthetic hair
Wire arrangement in base	Wire arrangement in base
Lifelike French part	Lifelike skin part
Color individually matched	Choice of 16 colors
Workmanship guarantee	Money-back guarantee
No free trial	15-day trial
Choice of all styles	Choice of three styles
Trimmed to any length	Trimmed to any length
Sleep, swim or play in it	Sleep, swim or play in it
Life expectancy: two to five years	Life expectancy: two to five years

In some ways, the $279 Headhugger outscores the $550 one. You get a 15-day trial, a money-back guarantee and no more worries about oxidation.

On the other hand, the custom Headhugger is made specifically for you and no one else.

(It's like having to choose between a great off-the-rack suit at a bargain price and an expensive custom-made suit that you know you'll fall in love with.)

If you can afford it, you might consider ordering one of each.

But whatever your choice, you'll be getting the world's most advanced hairpiece.

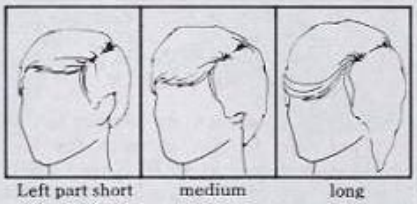
To order the $279 Headhugger, fill out and mail this coupon to:

Amora Industries, Inc.

139 East 57th Street, New York 10022 (212) 752-6140.

With a 15-day trial and a money-back guarantee, what can I lose? I'm enclosing check or money order for $279. (Add applicable sales tax if New York State resident.) I'm also enclosing (1) A swatch of my natural hair, banded together with Scotch tape; (2) A picture, cut from a magazine, of the kind of look I prefer; (3) Any other information which may be helpful in describing my hair color, hairstyle and how I want to look.

I've circled the style and trim below that comes closest to my needs.



Left part short — medium — long

Center part short — medium — long

No part short — medium — long

I prefer to pay by credit card. Please charge $_____ to my ☐ Diners Club ☐ Master Charge ☐ BankAmericard ☐ American Express

Account #_____

Expiration date_____

(Signature, please)_____

Name_____ Age_____

Address_____ Phone_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

GUARANTEE: I understand that I may return the Headhugger (in good condition) within 15 days from the day I receive it and get a prompt refund of $279. I also understand that if I trim or cut it – or in any way change its original condition – I cannot return it for refund.

To order the $550 Headhugger, check here☐, fill out the coupon above and enclose $200 deposit. (You will be billed for the balance when your custom-made Headhugger is ready.) Follow instructions (1), (2) and (3) above. Also enclose four Polaroid shots without hairpiece (front, left side, right side, back). We will send you instructions for taking your own base pattern, then send you the base and blended hair for try-on. Upon your okay, we will complete your Headhugger and trim it to your specifications.

Please note that this custom Headhugger is guaranteed for materials and workmanship only; it cannot be returned for refund, but we will make all necessary adjustments at no additional charge.

NOTE: Headhuggers are shipped fully insured, postage pre-paid. Approx. 2 weeks delivery. 4-6 weeks for custom work.

The Headhugger is patent pending and fully trade-marked by Amora Industries, Inc. © Copyright, 1975.

MAILMAN

A FAMILY AFFAIR

I liked Len Seaberg's story ("Coming Down," Volume IV) and it's prompted me to share my own first sexual experience with BLUEBOY. The year was 1955 and I was a 14 year old living in the West. My twenty year old sister was engaged to an airman from a local base. I was fascinated with him from the very first, mostly because I never saw a man so pretty. Not pretty like a woman but pretty like, say, a beautiful horse. He used to spend weekends at our house, rolling up in an old sleeping bag in a room over the garage. One Saturday he invited me up to spend the night. He talked to me about sex and taught me how to masturbate. That night we jerked off together; I can remember being careful to not even let our shoes touch as we lay there in the dark and when I came in my hand I ran all the way back to the safety of my own bed in the big house. I was afraid to see him the next day but when he acted like nothing had happened I was somehow a little disappointed. I became obsessed with thoughts of him and began to have fantasies of having sex with him but although he had told me how some of the airmen at the base loved to be fucked by him I didn't really know what men did together and my lack of knowledge left me in a kind of confused daze. I guess my folks were too busy with preparations for my sister's wedding to notice anything strange about me. The day of the wedding dawned and I was driving my brother-in-law-to-be down to the church when he asked me to pull over in the parking lot behind an abandoned Bar-B-Q stand. With my heart beating so loud I thought my head would burst I watched him unzipping my fly and putting his mouth over my cock. It seems to me from this perspective of time that I came and came and came. He and my sister are still married and have two teen-aged daughters. I wish they had a son.

J.L., Phoenix

HELP!

I'm 19 years old, attend U.C.L.A., and live in a small house in the Hollywood Hills. My terrace is literally built into the side of a mountain and I look down on the swimming pool and terrace of my neighbors' house. My neighbors are a couple in their mid-twenties. She's a make-up woman at a studio out here and he's a chef. He's half Cherokee Indian and built. This is the thing. Every day he stretches himself out in the raw on that terrace in the sun for an hour or so and then he does his exercises. Sit-ups, push-ups, the whole works. Watching him makes me crazy. What I can't decide is whether he's doing his stuff for me or what. What should I do? This has driven me so nuts I'm going to flunk out of school.

R.T., Los Angeles

BLUEBOY invites its readers to respond to R.T.'s dilemma.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

I work in an advertising agency with five other girls. One of our clients had an ad in BLUEBOY which was how we got hold of an issue. All the girls loved the photos of the guys, especially the ones with two guys together. When I was younger I discovered my two brothers making it together. Soon all three of us were balling together regularly and it still turns me on more than anything to be with two men who are free enough to love each other as well as me. After the experience at my office, I'm beginning to think there may be more girls like me out there than I had expected.

S.S., Baton Rouge, La.

MORE FROM ALL IN THE FAMILY

When I was eleven my Mother left me and my Dad to run off with the local druggist and in the small New England town in which I grew up this was degenerate enough to make me the object of pity in some quarters and scorn in others. I remember being very lonely and being very happy when my father invited me to sleep with him in the big bed so we could keep each other warm. The next morning I woke up to find my father playing with my cock. I was scarted for a minute but he told me to relax so I leaned back against the pillows and let the warmth of his hands envelop me. Then he showed me how to touch him. I can't explain it but I didn't have any feelings of guilt or anxiety. I just dug it. I dug it when he went down on me and I loved taking his big cock into my mouth and ass. This continued for five years until my Dad married a widow from the next county. Before she moved in with us my Dad gave me advice so I could form a sexual relationship with a boy from school. Years have passed and I can honestly say that my Dad was the best father a guy could have had.

R.W., NYC

HE DOESN'T GET IT

I don't get it! In the same issue Mark Freedman tells us that gays leading negative lifestyles are in the minority and yet you print a cheap story like "Coming Down" which is nothing but a perpetuation of the stereotypic picture of a gay man tortured and neuroticized by his sexual preferences. Get with it, BLUEBOY!

P.S., Washington, D.C.

AN ARMY STORY

Thanks for BLUEBOY. It's getting better every issue. Your pages make me think some of your readers would get off on an experience I had a while back in Texas when I was in the Army Reserve. Two weeks a year we were sent to "War Camp" in West Texas. It's hard to describe the beauty and strangeness of the scene. It's a dessert really, all red dirt and dust and the flattest land you can imagine. There were a couple of thousand of us living in a tent city. Two men to a tent and tents as far as you could see. We were simulating war and I was lucky enough to be assigned the role of medic so now I could ride instead of march. My ambulance driver was about 22, with an Arrow collar ad face. He was the straightest cockiest little all-American kid and there we were in the dessert bouncing around all day in this old truck with a big red cross on its side and you have to remember FAREWELL TO ARMS to really understand what I'm talking about. At night he would park the ambulance and he'd sleep on the roof and I d try to fall asleep inside the truck on a stretcher and listen to him bouncing around over my head and think about the court martial I could expect if I touched the kid and he didn't like it. Outside the open rear doors of the truck was a Texas sky like an inverted bowl with millions of stars and I'm looking at the stars when he yells down that he's freezing up there. So he comes down and takes the stretcher next to me. Here is this perfectly straight kid with this fabulous body lying in his jockey shorts in the dark not two feet away from me. "Do you want a massage?" I finally blurt out. Yes, Oh, God, Yes, he says. So I massage his back and he's so innocent and beautiful. Finally he turns over. And I massage him so slowly and my forearm brushes his cock which is getting harder and I let my forefinger crawl under his shorts and onto his balls and it's like crossing a minefield, I'm that terrified. And inch by inch I've lowered the band on his shorts until his cock swings free and I have it in my mouth and it's so quiet in this truck that we can hear the soldiers singing fifteen miles away. And then a truck is approaching and I pull his shorts back up and jump into my own bed. And I am freaked until I hear him half whisper "Ain't you gonna finish. You almost had me home." And I do finish and he comes in my mouth in this total silence with all the stars. In the morning we're up at 6 a.m. and the sun is at the horizon and I see him for a moment in profile, the rays from the sun illuminating him. And he never spoke to me again.

L.B., Dallas

BLUEBOY invites you to share your sexual experiences with our other readers. Please address correspondence to: Mailman, BLUEBOY Magazine, 185 N.E. 166 St., Miami, Florida 33162.

Don Westbrook, *Editor*

A letter from The Advocate arrived on the desks of major league baseball club managers last spring. The letter described plans for a story on gay athletes and asked for interviews with players "living a gay lifestyle."

The Advocate's editors, accustomed to being turned away by straight society, did not expect much response. But even they were stunned by the hostility of a double-barrelled reply from the Minnesota Twins.

"The cop-out, immoral lifestyle of the tragic misfits espoused by your publication," wrote Twins' public relations director Tom Mee, "has no place in organized athletics at any level. Your colossal gall in attempting to extend your perversion to an area of total manhood is just simply unthinkable."

Mee went on to forbid The Advocate to make "any kind of reference" to the club on its pages.

Tom Mee is not the only one who loathes any suggestion of homosexuality in sports. For hundreds like him in the image-conscious American athletic establishment, homosexuality remains a fearsome, hateful aberration.

The American Psychiatric Association no longer lists gay behavior as a psychiatric disorder. A dozen states have repealed anti-sodomy laws. And gay Air Force Sgt. Leonard Matlovich has challenged in court the military services' ban on homosexuals.

SPECIAL REPORT

GAY PRO ATHLETES

BY LYNN ROSELLINI
WASHINGTON STAR STAFF WRITER

But while several clergymen, a gay Minnesota legislator, a New York professor and an Air Force sergeant can come out of the closet, as they have in the burgeoning Gay Lib movement, the gay athlete still dares not; he or she has too much to lose.

Although no figures are available on the extent of male and female homosexuality in American sports, interviews with more than 60 athletes, coaches, sports officials, psychologists and members of the gay community across the nation during the past three months suggest that:

- Some of the biggest names in football, including at least three starting quarterbacks in the National Football League, are homosexual or bisexual.
- So intense is anti-gay public pressure that many male athletes who prefer homosexual relationships maintain fronts as married men with children.
- The percentage of male homosexuals in sports is probably close to the same five percent as in society at large.
- Only about 10 percent of the entire male homosexual population fits the homosexual stereotype while many of the remaining 90 percent are virile, masculine-looking individuals with keen interests in sports.
- Up to 20 percent of women athletes, including several tennis and golf stars, are lesbians, compared to five percent in society at large.
- Gay athletes, male and female, feel that public knowledge of their homosexuality would destroy their playing careers and eliminate any outside income from endorsements or businesses.

"Something like that would completely tear down everything you've strived for," said one former All-Pro football player who is bisexual. Like most of the gay athletes interviewed, the player, currently a member of a National Football League team, did not want his name used. "I'd probably get kicked off the team," he said bitterly. "My business would be ruined. And the fans — they wouldn't understand."

No past American sports figure ever has publicly admitted to homosexuality. And in cases where it has become known, the athletes have paid heavily. The late Bill Tilden, winner of 10 tennis titles at Forest Hills and Wimbledon, was shunned by the tennis establishment after his arrests for homosexual relations. He died penniless and alone.

John Damien, a successful Canadian jockey and trainer for more than 20 years, lost his $21,000-a-year job as one of Ontario's three racing stewards this year when his homosexuality was discovered. In another case, a well-known American woman tennis player was discouraged from publicly announcing her lesbianism several years ago when her agents and a tournament sponsor pointed out that she would lose a great deal of money on endorsements.

"We're playing tennis in Dallas and Indianapolis and Akron," explained tennis star Julie Heldman, who is straight. "The rest of America is not ready to accept homosexuality. They may know about it — but please, not here.

Pete Gent, a former flanker with the Dallas Cowboys, also straight, noted that when he left pro football in 1968 "they still didn't like long hair. I don't know if you can even be black without having problems in sports, let alone admit your sexual preference."

So the superstar must be beyond reproach — a conservative, apple pie-gee whiz All-American boy whose lover waiting outside the locker room door is female, not male. Nothing less would be tolerated. "Hetereosexual males are scared out of their minds by men engaging in homosexual behavior," says Dr. Allan Bell of the Kinsey Institute for Sex Research. "What shocks people is that these individuals, male or female, are acting out of character."

In the case of male gay athletes, the threat is compounded by traditional attitudes toward sports.

"Society still tends to identify gayness with lack of masculinity," explains Dr. Albert Ellis, one of the foremost American authorities on homosexuality. "Sports is a particularly bigoted area, because sports is identified with the macho, masculine image."

So homosexual athletes learn early in their careers to play a cautious, elaborate game that transcends any athletic contest. They learn to laugh with their teammates at "fag" jokes. They learn to talk loudly and often about sleeping with women. Some bisexuals cement their public images by marrying women and fathering children. And most all of them keep their secret carefully hidden from teammates.

In a world which harbors a number of distasteful myths about homosexuals in sports, he does almost anything to remain above reproach.

MYTH: Homosexuals would cause problems in the locker room.

"It's utterly ridiculous," says one pro football player who is bisexual. "You've got a job to do. It's ridiculous."

Gay activist Randolph Wicker explained that gay athletes "learn to be disinterested" in the presence of nude male bodies "or to suppress their interest so that they don't get aroused and embarrassed."

Activist David Rothenberg put it this way: "People have a curious notion that we're in a constant state of heat. I grew up using high school gyms and army gyms. It's never been a problem for me."

MYTH: A homosexual would let sex interfere with his sport.

Ex-college tackle Tom Maurer says there's nothing he enjoyed more than throwing a good block. "There's nothing sexual at all to me in playing football," he said.

A gay track and field official from Pennsylvania says sex has no relation to his work: "I can look at a guy and say, 'Wow!' But that's it. He receives no favoritism."

A gay former Oregon State fullback compared the gay athlete to a straight player who likes sex with women. "During the game, he's not looking around the stands for some blonde with cleavage," he said. "His mind is on the game. Sex is part of your lif,but it doesn't overwhelm you."

MYTH: A homosexual is a freak who contradicts the American way of life exemplified in sports.

"There are lots of us who are very loyal and patriotic," the former Oregon State player said angrily. "When I was a kid, I used to eat peanut butter sandwiches, and I'd go out and play ball. I went to college and was in a good fraternity. I don't feel dirty or demented.

Guilt-ridden and anxious, the athletes confide in neither family nor teammates. But gradually, venturing out to small gay parties or occasional out-of-town bars, they find comfort with other gays. They learn to pick another gay man out of a crowd through eye contact — something that straight men avoid. They also learn that as sports heroes, they are as attractive to many men as as to women.

Early homosexual experiences among athletes often are in the form of unreciprocal sex from hero-worshipping partners.

"It was flattering," recalled one pro football player, who said that it took him more than 10 years after his first homosexual experience before he was able to give, as well as take, in sex with a man. (Popular stereotypes aside, partners in most modern homosexual relationships interchange "masculine" and "feminine" roles in sex acts.)

If the athlete moves on from college into the pro ranks, the pressure to stay in the closet becomes even more intense. Now there is money at stake, and prestige. He shuns gay bars because straights or even police might be present and he might be recognized. He prefers private gay parties instead. If he is single, he is careful to bring a female date to official team or community events. But he probably has a steady male lover waiting at home.

Dave Kopay remembers. He remembers the guilt. He remembers the urgent secrecy, the frustrations of living a double life for 10 years as a bisexual-gay pro football player.

The former running back of the Redskins, probably the first pro player to make such a statement publicly, said in an interview that he prefers sex with men.

"I hope it might help some people," he said of his disclosure, "especially younger people who are going through similar experiences and haven't had anyone to talk to about it."

Since quitting pro football last year, Kopay said he has been increasingly open about his sexual preferences, a fact which he says has made it difficult for him to find a job in football, which he loves. Kopay has been rejected for coaching and scouting jobs by college and pro teams across the country.

Even in Seattle, where his name was a household word when he captained the University of Washington's Rose Bowl team in 1964, he was turned down for a scouting job by the new NFL franchise there. The reason, he suspects, is at least in part his sexual preference.

"There's no way I shouldn't be coaching somewhere," he said. "I once coached in spring ball at the University of Washington and I loved it. I was told there is no way I could get a job there now. I've sought coaching jobs all over. They say, 'You're not qualified, you've never coached anywhere.' But most people who have played 10 years in the NFL step right into coaching jobs. I hate to think that they're that small. But you've got to wonder."

Kopay, 33, is a rugged, 6-foot-3, 205-pounder with blond hair and piercing blue eyes. After he was graduated from Washington in 1964, he was signed as a free agent by the San Francisco 49ers. Four years later he was traded to Detroit, and later played for Washington, New Orleans, Oakland and Green Bay, finishing up with a brief stint with the Southern California Sun of the World Football League. Since then, he has worked at a variety of jobs, including carpentry and sales work.

Kopay played mostly on special teams in the pros, and was captain of the Redskins' special teams under Lombardi. During his career he gained more than 1,000 yards rushing and another 600 yards catching passes. His best years were 1966, as a starter in San Francisco when he rushed 47 times for 204 yards (4.3 yards per carry), and 1968, with the Detroit Lions, when he rushed 53 times for 207 yards and caught 18 passes.

He had his first homosexual experience at 19, with a college fraternity brother. "It was after we had taken our dates home from a fraternity mixer," he recalled. "We both had been drinking heavily." The two of them repeated occasionally for the next few years, only when drinking, but they never spoke of it when totally sober.

"I'd been brought up a Catholic, and homosexuality had no place in the Catholic Church, which heaped a lot of guilt on me," he said. "So, like so many people, I kept everything inside, which I know later caused me a lot of problems."

When he went to San Francisco he took his secret with him. "I spent four years in San Francisco, playing football, dating women and making love," he said. "But not really letting any of my feelings out." When he was traded in 1969 from Detroit to Washington, that began to change.

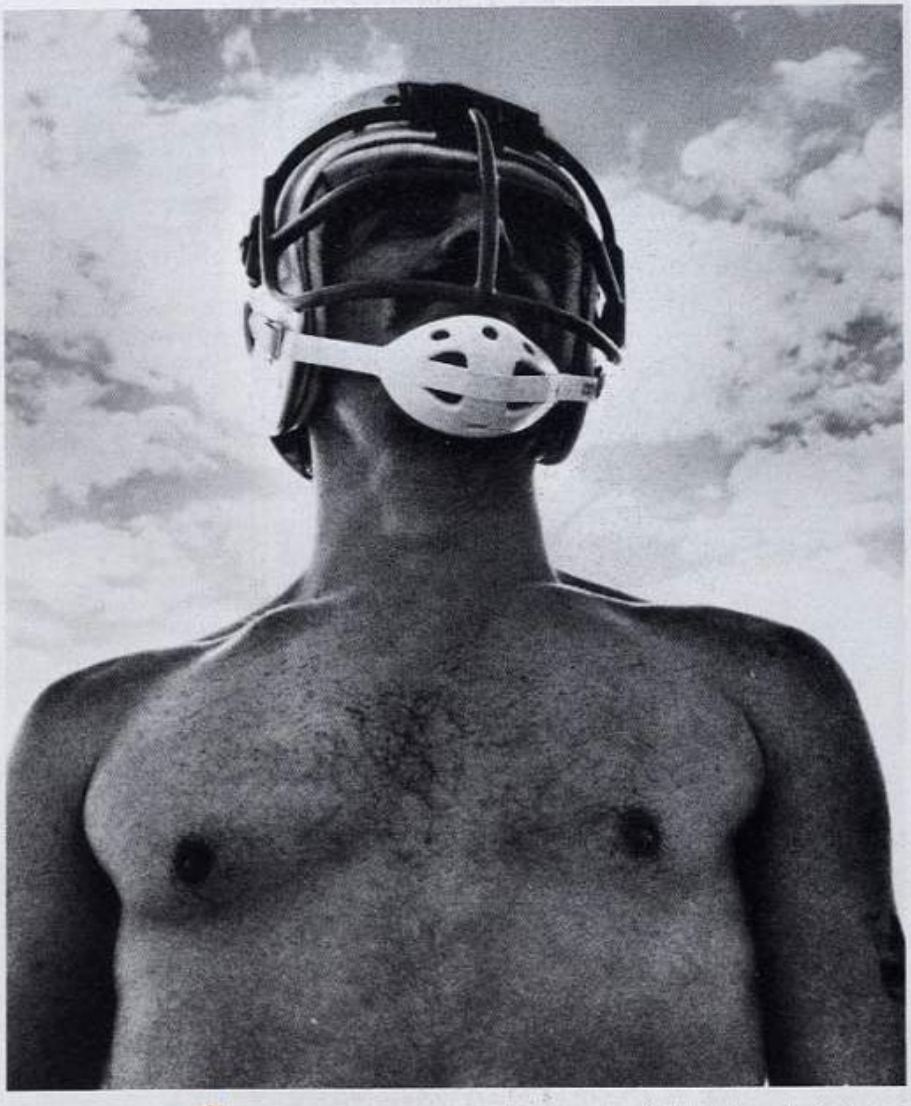
"I was uptight as hell," Kopay said. "I never really admitted any of these feelings to myself until 1969, when I came to Washington. I saw in Washington a cosmopolitan attitude where you could actually see gay people in bars or at a party, people I could relate to."

Kopay went to his first gay bar, a "terrible" place in Baltimore. "I didn't want to be seen around Washington," he said. "I started having relationships with some men."

The next few years brought conflicts, he said. When he was traded to New Orleans, he met another gay athlete and became infatuated with him. "What was special was that he was on my level and dealing with the same problems I was," he said. "It was unbelievable — a big relief." He became increasingly more open about his homosexual leanings, but at the same time he decided to marry a girl he'd been dating.

"I'm still not sure why," he said. I loved her, yet I was very mixed up. I'd gone through a very bad depression dealing with the problems of recognizing my sexual preferences. And I kind of thought that this was the way out of it." The marriage lasted a year before they were separated.

After that, he had a series of involvements with men, he said, but none of them in sports. Homosexuality is never discussed by pro athletes, he said, not even gay members of the same team.



Some of the biggest names in football, including at least three starting quarterbacks in the National Football League, are homosexual or bisexual

"You were fearful of being called a faggot, or getting kicked off the team," he said. "It's so hidden. You can pick up vibrations and things like that. You can interpret people's eyes. But going past a certain point is maybe just a matter of professional ethics."

Occasionally, one of the straight players will drop innuendos about someone suspected of homosexuality. Like the Green Bay player who used to stop by Kopay's locker on days when there were official team functions and players were expected to bring wives and girlfriends.

"Who are you going to bring, Dave?" the player would ask. And then he would laugh, as if he knew something. "It would make me mad," he recalled, "because maybe I couldn't bring the person I really wanted to bring, because he was male. I'd say, 'Do you have any problems? Do you want to ask me any questions? Go ahead.'

"But because he had his own inadequacies, he'd never go on with it — it would be much too threatening."

Mostly, though, the subject was taboo. And now that he has broken that taboo, Kopay worries what effect his disclosure will have on his business interests, his family and his friends.

"It's been such a difficult trip," he says, "and I'm sure it's just begun."

KING KONG . . . with three remakes of the 1933 classic vying for contractual rights. To date, here's the score on the Great Ape Race: Universal Studios has a $25-million suit against RKO and Dino de Laurentiis Productions charging theft of the "King Kong" rights; another version from producer Roger Corman ("Big Bad Mama") has been shelved because, according to a spokesman, "The whole thing is a farce." Meanwhile, back at the Empire State Building, Kong strides again in a Paramount version that, according to a full-page ad in THE NEW YORK TIMES, will be "the most exciting, original motion picture event of all time!" That's what the current producers claim and for a full color reprint of the TIMES ad you can write to King Kong, Paramount Pictures Corp., One Gulf-Western Plaza, New York, N. Y. 10023.

ROBERT PATRICK . . . the New York playwright who tried Off-Broadway in 1968 with "The Haunted Host" and whose "Kennedy's Children" is one of the hottest tickets of the current Broadway season. With Shirley Knight in a pivotal role under the direction of Clive Donner, "Kennedy's Children" is housed at the Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St., N.Y.C.

NBC's "SATURDAY NIGHT" . . . the 11:30 P.M., 90-minute comedy/variety show that provides the best television viewing this side of Public Television. Descendant of "Laugh In," "The Great American Dream Machine" and solidly in the tradition of anti-establishment humor, "Saturday Night" has attracted a 5-million household rating and spawned a new talent by the name of Chevy Chase who NEW YORK MAGAZINE labels "the heir apparent to Johnny Carson."

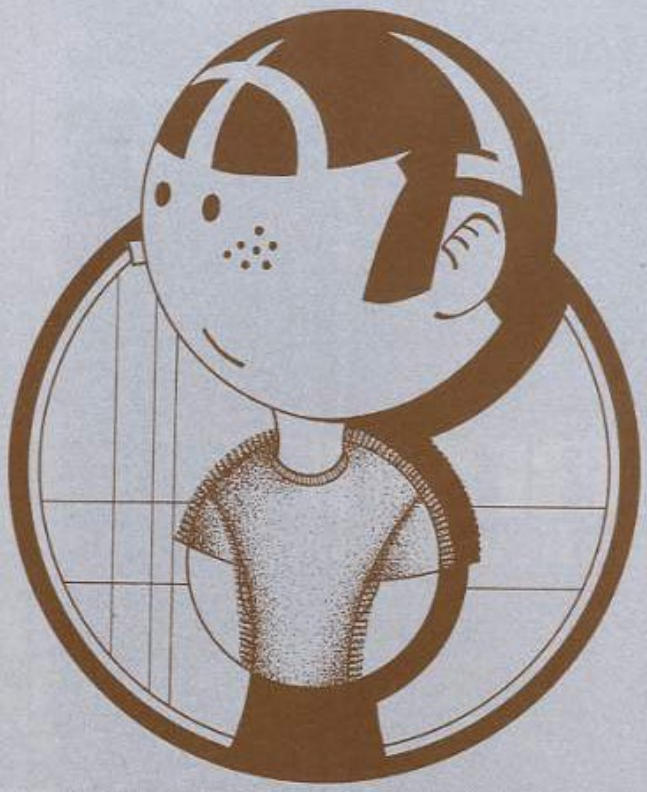
THE LIBERTY BELL . . . London's Whitechapel Bell Foundry cast the original in 1752 and has now cast 100 full-scale replicas and 2400 1/5-scale replicas (20 lbs., 15 1/2" high). The latter range in price from $925 to $1460 and to commission a casting of your own, without the famed crack, send a $100 deposit to Limited Editions Collector's Society, 160 Old Derby Rd., Hingham, Mass. 02043. A 10,000-pound Bicentennial Bell will hang at Philadelphia's Independence Hall National Park and will ring for the first time on July 4, 1976.

DRESSING DOWN . . . because pastimes like hiking and camping are hot and because the disco scene demands clothes that hold up under pressure. Function is the message in today's best fashion, as any workout at New York's "Frankenstein" or L.A.'s "Studio" will prove. The best sources for Dressing Down are sporting-goods or surplus stores and, of course, the indomitable Abercrombie & Fitch.

NICOLAS NABOKOV . . . his latest work, "Baggage," is an intimate account of the composer-conductor's early life in Europe among the artists, writers, musicians, diplomats and patrons who would become, with Nabokov himself, the bedrock of 20th-century art. An excerpt from the memoir appeared in the November 1975 issue of VOGUE prior to publication in full by Atheneum.

WHAT'S

STANLEY KUBRICK ... once again. Age 47, the director of "2001," "Lolita," "Doctor Strangelove," and "A Clockwork Orange," Kubrick the perfectionist hits full stride with "Barry Lyndon," the film version of William Makepeace Thackeray's 19th-century novel. Just over 3 hours long and costing Warner Bros. $11 million, "Barry Lyndon" is what TIME magazine calls an "art-film spectacle ... shot with the classic economy and elegance associated with the best works of the silent cinema." Not a little of that elegance is supplied by Marisa Berenson in her first screen appearance since "Cabaret." VOGUE calls her "the most beautiful woman in movies today." And we thought they didn't make movies like that anymore.



THE ANGORA T-SHIRT ... first it was "Tit Tops," featured in AFTER DARK magazine — now it's your basic T-shirt done up in a luxury fabric. Both are by New York designer Richard Alkire. Available in yellow only (sizes S, M, or L, $40) from R. Alkire, 120 East 10th St., New York, N.Y. 10003 or Tivoli Gardens, 2262 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill. 60614.

DRAWSTRING PANTS ... everyone's done them but there's still nothing like the real thing for jogging, bicycling or working about the house. White cotton painters' pants that cost a mere 69¢ from Standard Brand Paint Co. Stores, Los Angeles, California.

THE LANCASTER CHAIR ... from an original 1928 Bauhaus design, perfectly suited for either period or contemporary decor. With canvas covers, adjustable back and collapsable frame. Available at the Door Stores (3146 M Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20007 or 480 Biltmore Way, Coral Gables, Fla. 33134) for around $29.

RAINBOW ... the Judy Garland book by Christopher Finch that explores the phenomenon of stardom. Both Garland and the milieu that created her emerge with their tinsel tarnished, which is to Finch's credit. This is not the standard 8 x 10 glossy film biography. With over 100 photographs, "Rainbow" is available in paperback at $6.95 or in hardcover at $14.95 from Grosset & Dunlap, Inc. Publishers, N.Y.

DAVID HOCKNEY ... the super-talented English painter whose affair with California artist, Peter Schlesinger, was the basis for the film "A Bigger Splash" and whose drawings and etchings have recently been published in Paris by Dermont Press.

HOT

BY FITZGERALD

TANGERINE:
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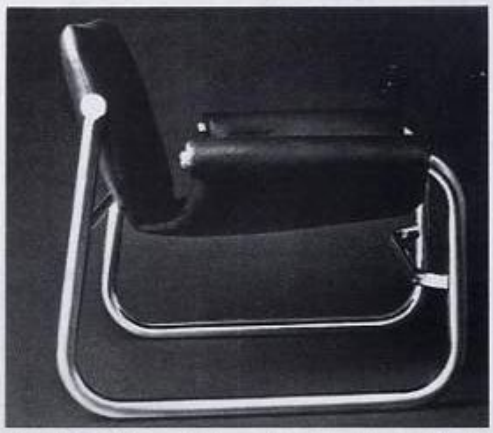
A HAIRCUT BY RICHARD MUSSI . . . if your last one was the biggest mistake of your life, let Richard Mussi work his special wonders on your head the next time around. His clientele includes actors and models, his shop is situated atop a duplex apartment on 55th St. between Madison and Park Avenues in New York. An appointment is necessary. (212) 593-1149.

"BOY MEETS BOY" . . . the Off-Broadway musical spoof of 30's movies that has a handsome reporter tracking Wallis Simpson in London and giving up his inhibitions for the man he loves. Dizzy and delightful, "Boy Meets Boy" is currently at the Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So., New York. A limited engagement is planned for Las Palmas Theatre in Hollywood, California.

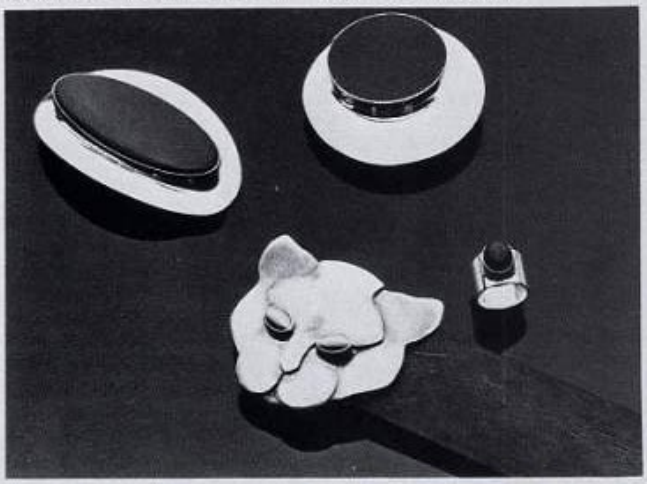
AMERICAN WOMEN OF STYLE . . . the exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum in New York, in which some of the best frocks of Isadora Duncan, Elsie de Wolfe, Irene Castle, Josephine Baker and others are on display through August, 1976.

THE PET COCK . . . now that the Pet Rock" has passed into history as the best-selling toy of 1975, look for the "Pet Cock" to become the hot one in '76. Just to put you in the spirit of things, here's a partial listing of the "Pet Cock's" capabilities: It can and will . . . sit up, lay down, roll over, go in and out and stay in position when commanded. Unfortunately, it doesn't know how to come, but it enjoys a good beating just the same. One size fits all. Comes smartly packaged in its own carrying case from Greenleaf/Dupont, 4541 N. W. 9th Ave., Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. 33309.



MAURICE BURKE . . . the designer for Hank Loewenstein, Inc. who received the "Best of Competition" award from the Institute of Business Designers for his Claverdon Lounge Chair. The award-winning entry is leather upholstered and suspended on a heavy chrome tube frame.

JEWELRY BY TONY MININNO . . . bold, elegantly simplified hand constructions in gold and silver by this New York-based designer. Shown: custom-made belt buckles starting at $250, with a stone of your choice. These and others less or more costly, available at the designer's atelier — 21 West 20th St., New York 10011.



HIKING . . . both hot and healthy. Put your best foot forward with the help of a good pair of boots and the U. S. Government. Walking and hiking benefit not only muscle tone, but body circulation and metabolism as well. So far so good. When it comes to topographical maps and the location of various trails throughout the country, you should contact any of the following government agencies: National Park Service, Room 1013, Dept. of the Interior, Washington, D.C. 20240 (for National Parks in your area); U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, Dept. of the Interior, 18th and C Streets N.W., Washington, D.C. 20240 (Attention: Refuges Division, for a listing and map of refuges); and the U.S. Geological Survey, National Center, Reston, Va. 22092 (for a free index to maps and instructions on how to order the ones you want.)

WHAT'S HOT

LOVERS HOROSCOPE

BY MARC VITO

ARIES
(March 21 — April 20)

ARIES/MARCH: There's lots of action on the domestic and love scene. The Full Moon on the 16th could set sparks flying between you and the love you thought was love. Truth comes out now with your ruler Mars trine Uranus at the end of the month. Watch the 30th for surprises. This can mean farewell to a relationship, temper tantrums, and a strong desire to break away. Don't be afraid to let go. New doors open after the 20th when the happy Sun enters your sign. The 27th is your best day to look for a new love, new clothes, a job, just about anything. You're the leader of the band, the guy with all the guts.

ARIES/APRIL: Mercury and the Sun in your sign will make you hot to trot especially when Venus enters Aries on the 8th. It's a sensuous month, you animal! The 1st can bring a surprise. April Fool! That guy you've been thinking about just may pay a welcome visit. Enjoy yourself. He's gayer than you think. Too much sex can show its toll on the Full Moon of the 14th. Don't overdo a good thing. A day to guard against infection too. Aries men never know when to quit. (Love it!) You'll take things seriously at the end of the month when a solar eclipse teaches you a lesson about possessions: We never own anything nor anyone. They are just loaned to us.

TAURUS
(April 21 — May 21)

TAURUS/MARCH: Friendships are in the picture. A friend could turn into a lover by surprise around the Full Moon of the 16th. Circumstances are in for a twist of fate after the 26th when happy, sweet Jupiter finally enters your sign for a whole year's stay. Togetherness is the essence of happiness now. This is your lucky break. Jupiter brings joy, financial improvement, fortunate changes. The 27th is one of your best days for new endeavors and contacts. You'll be queen for a year!

TAURUS/APRIL: Delightful Jupiter now in Taurus really makes its mark for you on the 29th when it will be conjunct the solar eclipse New Moon. Be ready for a fortunate change. Favorable time for negotiations, gifts, new arrivals. An old friend may pay you a visit mid-month. The Full Moon on the 14th brings a fanatic attachment into the open. Time for glamour. Loyalty, fidelity are this month's keywords. Many Taurians will meet new loves. New doors open up, big successes come your way. This also holds true for all Earth signs. Important news arrives. There'll be much to talk about around the 11th as Mercury enters Taurus conjunct Jupiter.

GEMINI
(May 22 — June 21)

GEMINI/MARCH: Gemini men would often rather talk about it than do it. You can be sweet talked into anything, also sweet talk anyone into anything. This is especially so as the Full Moon (16th) highlights career, important relationships. Cleverness will get you anywhere. Mars in Gemini makes you a chatterbox until the 19th. What you say won't go unnoticed. Watch the lies and sudden schemes that pop into your head. The 13th is a super day to begin a new relationship or enhance an existing one. Time to make plans together now. New Moon on the 30th can trigger an argument. Handle him with care.

GEMINI/APRIL: This month highlights surprise news, sudden travel especially on the 14th when your ruler Mercury opposes the unconventional gay Uranus. What he tells you is meant to surprise you. The 10th is a great day for partying and disco dancing. Expect fortunate changes on the love scene. The solar eclipse of the 29th will make you forget the past as a clandestine association enters the scene. Who's that secret love? Just make sure he understands your need for mental as well as sexual companionship. Inspiration and a magical mystique are on the agenda.

CANCER
(June 22 — July 23)

CANCER/MARCH: Saturn retrograding in Cancer for the last time will bring about unfinished business that must be taken care of once and for all. Negative karma between you and someone close is about to be released for good. It won't be until June that the coast is clear, so be patient. Saturn teaches us lessons and wisdom and this is what you will learn with that other person. The one you love must be made fully aware of your need for kindness, sympathy. Those night hours will be important. The 13th and 27th are your best days for togetherness. Expect a loss.

CANCER/APRIL: Saturn continues his hold on you. There'll be much to talk about and mail, phone calls will be important. Don't be afraid to talk love things over with an old friend especially on the 5th when Venus trines Saturn, ruler of your solar seventh house of close ties. First part of the month is very crucial to you. Don't let him give you the blues. Full Moon of the 14th brings the truth out. The solar eclipse (29th) changes things for the better. If he's the right man you can't lose him, and if he isn't Nature will find you his equivalent. The Universe is run by Divine Order. Don't be a blueboy this month.

LEO
(July 24 — August 23)

LEO/MARCH: Life with Leo is like living with a parade. A bit of flattery can get you to do anything. You love to be loved by everyone. Your lover must realize your need for respect, admiration, attention. This month stresses the domestic and romantic angle of your solar chart. Pleasant surprises are in store for you. Complete your decorating around the Full Moon of the 16th. Expect unusual events in the home, like that guy you thought would never drop in for a visit. You should feel more secure in relationships this month. Guard possessions around the 17th.

LEO/APRIL: The New Moon of March 30th may have triggered the desire for a long trip. Make future plans now with the man in your life. An April Fool's Day surprise may be that a new guy decides to move in with you. Lots of activity then. Strangers in the night are also important, if you know what I mean. Your Sun ruler trines Neptune on the 3rd, which could be glamourous. That's spiritual love. Full Moon on the 14th could give you the blues until the next New Moon. A super solar eclipse on the 29th brings a big surprise from another guy. So pack up your troubles, c'mon get happy and enjoy the fortunate change.

VIRGO
(August 24 — Sept. 23)

VIRGO/MARCH: Virgos will be kissed by the super transit of Jupiter in favorable aspect for a whole year. Good vibes will be sent your way from the 26th onward to pave your way to Wonderland. So come out of the closet, Virgo! You're going to fall madly in love with someone, or an existing love can become stronger as he shares your good fortune. Get ready for the solar eclipse next month. You're ingenious, ageless, and can't stand to be kept in mystery. Full Moon vibes on the 16th highlights a relationship you'll have to face up to. It's one of your best days, so go ahead and be gay about it.

VIRGO/APRIL: How sweet it is to be a Virgo this month, you sanitary saint! Let him know you are interested in quality, not quantity. He who becomes your lover is lucky indeed. Virgos not only pick up their socks but press them as well. You'll feel charming, inspired, and gay this month. Good news comes near the 1st. Full Moon (14th) sees travel, study, plans for the future materializing. A super solar eclipse on the 29th is what you've been waiting for. Could bring a change of residence and tidings of great joy your way. New doors open, goals realized. You'll finally get to be you. Jupiter conjuncts the eclipse favorable to your Sun sign in effect for a year to come. Big things are about to happen, so get out the champagne. Negotiations and lover contacts are important.

LIBRA
(September 24 — October 23)

LIBRA/MARCH: Libra men are the peacemakers of the zodiac. The world is a sweet bouquet. Of all the signs, you need people the most. Service you give to others is highlighted this month. Your love life should be far from dull, quite nice around the 16th Full Moon. Aries, Scorpio, Gemini are in the picture. Pluto in Libra is slowly transforming you into a new person. News from a distance comes your way together with a minor upset with your mate or close friend. New romance or great creative idea comes at end of month. Peace, Libra.

LIBRA/APRIL: Fanatic attachment and super sex highlight the April 14th lunation. Platonic love and a great seduction scene is in store for you. Travel is shown. Venus, your ruling planet trine Neptune on the 18th is a musical day that can bring love under strange circumstances. Stay in the clean this month. Mars in Cancer square Libra warns you of infections. Don't promise him more than you can deliver, just do your best. Uranus, the gay planet and ruler of your solar 5th House of romance makes a weird aspect opposite Jupiter around the 16th warns you not to get too carried away or your bubble may burst. Solar eclipse (29th) brings a financial change.

SCORPIO
(October 24 — November 22)

SCORPIO/MARCH: Scorpio is a magical mystery. I defy anyone to figure you out. Your ruling planet Pluto is the furthest out in the System making you hard to get to know. The gay planet Uranus is in your sign for a seven year stay to bring about many changes and surprises your way. Many of you will come out of your closet, upset the status quo. Solar activity highlights your 5th House of love. How lucky can you get! Expect a lot of sweet talk. Love letters around the 13th can be important. Sexuality is strong on the 20th but watch out that he's telling the truth on the 25th. Neptune, ruler of your solar 5th House changes direction on the 16th opening the doors to romance.

SCORPIO/APRIL: This month opens with a surprise as your co-ruler Mars trines Uranus. You'll do something strange, like elope or run away. Your lover may tend to over-exaggerate and make promises he can't deliver. The Full Moon of the 14th brings hidden matters into the open. Secrets are out and what you say will be important. The super solar eclipse in your opposite sign on the 29th may say good bye to a lover. There's irritation. Don't be too hard on him. Watch your temper the evening of the 8th. It's up to you to make it work.

SAGITTARIUS

(November 23 — December 21)

SAGITTARIUS/MARCH: Sagittarians are the queens of the wild frontier. They never stop cruising. Often the hunt is more fun than the catch. They are always willing to lend a helping hand to their fellow man. The Full Moon of the 16th sees the climax of an important transaction between you and your love. Deceptive Neptune in your sign changes direction and may pull the wool over your eyes. Take a good close look at your relationship and don't believe everything you see until the end of August when Neptune again goes forward. Your ruler Jupiter brings good news on the 9th and fortunate changes soon afterwards.

SAGITTARIUS/APRIL: Time to get your lover or a favorite friend together and throw a wild party. Important meetings may take place at a friend's house. The Sun accents your 5th House of romance, entertainment on the 14th, so expect unusual happenings. Mercury, ruler of your solar 7th marriage House conjuncts your ruler Jupiter on the 11th which can bring you a super acquaintance. Negotiations are favored then. See your boss about a raise. Solar eclipse on the 29th can bring an important job change.

CAPRICORN

(December 22 — January 20)

CAPRICORN/MARCH: Accent is on your solar 3rd House of communication, short trips, neighbors around the Full Moon of the 16th. Now's the time to make the postman! Watch what you say and write. There will be a lot of company dropping in on you. Open your door to a new lover. Watch the 28th when your ruler Saturn changes direction. Things will go forward for you now. The grind is over. The 29th is good for love, but make no plans in the morning during the void-of-course Moon.

CAPRICORN/APRIL: Capricorns need warm company at all times. They are the winter sign. They can push their way through any obstacle or false relationship. First half of the month accents the domestic scene with your lover or close friends. Serious love talk is certain with Venus trine your ruler Saturn. Time to get down to business. Mars transiting your opposite sign can make you a bitch at times. This is true for the whole month, so let him know. Mars square Venus on the 21st makes it wise to stay in bed alone. Full Moon of the 14th warns you to take things easy. Lover trouble can sure get you down now. Things won't clear until the solar eclipse on the 29th. It accents your solar 5th House of romance in good aspect to your Sun. A new love is in your stars. Jupiter now in Taurus brings you good luck for a year to come. It's a month for breakups.

AQUARIUS

(January 21 — February 19)

AQUARIUS/MARCH: The Aquarius man is an electrical extravaganza. They're ruled by the unconventional planet Uranus, ruler of the gay world. The more far out things are, the more you love it. Full Moon on the 16th accents your solar 2nd House of finances, possessions. Uranus is receiving some wonderful trines this month so expect some fortunate developments in that area. Finalize plans for the future. It's a good time to talk money over with your lover, save up for a trip.

AQUARIUS/APRIL: Aquarians love everybody regardless of shape, size, or color. They make the most outrageous drag queens. Study and travel is highlighted the first half of the month. You won't be alone. Visitors are important. Your lover or close friend may strive for superiority. Your ruler Uranus opposing Jupiter after the Full Moon on the 14th can bring sudden changes and success or a strong desire to break away. Watch out for sudden arguments, upsetting mail and gossip. Solar eclipse on the 29th may see the departing of a friend or roommate, due to good news for him.

PISCES

(February 20 — March 20)

PISCES/MARCH: Pisces men can be tricked into anything. They need a lover who can teach them self-confidence. They are so tender, sweet, and loveable. The Full Moon of the 16th is bad for you in regards to deception. You've been fooled and you'll know it now. The spotlight is on you, yourself in your solar 1st House. Take it easy and watch what you say as your ruler Neptune squares Mercury in your sign. Watch out for lies. Take care of your health on the 3rd. Things should improve between you and the other guy by the end of the month when your ruler receives good aspects from Sun, Moon, Mercury. You'll get the clear picture then. That other guy may talk about a long journey.

PISCES/APRIL: The Full Moon on the 14th accents your solar 2nd House of possessions and finances between you and your partner or boss. Finance a decorating project together. Please don't let money hassles bust up a relationship. A friend may be more trouble than he is worth. The solar eclipse on the 29th can mean farewell to a neighbor as it accents your solar 3rd House. A new arrival in the form of a visitor can be important to your career. Your ruling planet Neptune has now changed direction which may slow things down for you until late August. Go within yourself for some answers. Meditation can be a blessing now. There's a chance to become very close to someone and settle down a while.

THE GLASS

BY FREDERICK RABORG

The crate arrived in the morning and threatened Joseph all day, until it bothered him enough to make him feel as lonely as a thief. By four o'clock he couldn't stand it any longer and with a claw hammer pulled a plank from its side. It was champagne — a good label, he thought — , and it was Michael's birthday.

Damn the timing!

The longer Joseph stared at it, the more it seemed to fill the foyer until he no longer saw it as a dozen bottle necks but as Yamantaka's penes, erect and raping him. Twelve, after all, was the magic number of the moment — twelve years with Michael in an atmosphere which would have given Albee pause for reflection. Mike had become a sort of "George" in what seemed more and more like a play, bringing his Christ image into the house at precisely five-thirty every day, until Joe had begun to feel uncomfortably like a "Martha." Some inept professor, fresh from his closet, would call their twelve years a love story too.

The sun waned, sinking beneath the trees across the street and striking the panes that edged the front door. It cast a cross of shadow over the case and across the thick pile of beige carpet — carefully selected from volumes of swatches because it was kindest to the naked behind. Joe was not particularly thinking about those days, when love came easy anywhere and everywhere the mood struck them; he had succeeded in uncovering only another mystery. There was a personally inscribed envelope, obviously a note of some sort, stapled to the side of the inner case. His fingers itched, twitched to the point of pain, but he resisted tearing it off and open.

Michael came in on time, no absent-minded professor he, his stuffed briefcase pendulous in his right hand. To avoid the kiss, because he was determined not to make it easy, Joseph wound the grandfather's clock that stood in the crook of the stairway banister, and he stuck out his tongue at the man on the moonface. Michael almost tripped over the crate and, redfaced, asked, "Stroganoff?" His nostrils flared delicately to the aromas in the house.

"Leftovers." The word carried with it a stronger barbarism, Nordicly handsome men, Joseph the smaller, in a face-off of intents, neither unaware of the other's body and both desirous. It was still like a fine song, except somehow they had forgotten the words to the chorus. It *was* stroganoff.

Michael set down his briefcase next to the umbrella stand, which sprouted ribs like plastic pussy willows, and nearly had removed his jacket when he asked what Joseph had ordered.

"It's for you. It came this morning."

"Oh?" There was an octave rise in his voice, as measurable as the lift of Jeeves' eyebrow in a Wodehouse story.

"It's champagne."

"Oh."

"Happy birthday," Joseph said, kissing Mike's cheek without too obvious pleasure.

"You bought me champagne? I thought you didn't care for . . ."

Joe frowned. "I didn't send it."

A sudden eagerness came into Michael's eyes, and he endured a salving time for Joe's benefit while he fumbled around the crate down on all fours. He did everything to the gift except smell it and still did not locate the stapled note. Finally, like an impatient mother, Joseph bent and ripped the envelope from the case and thrust it at him. "Greetings," he said.

"Thank you," Mike said, reddening, but Joseph noticed how his thumb moved against the paper, appreciative to the texture . . . or to the sender? "I never did like mysteries. They give me headaches."

Michael opened it with stealth, precisely with a nail straight across its top, a neatness which had become peevish. He unfolded the single note sheet, and his mouth worked at the words. "Well, who the fuck's it from?" Joseph finally asked.

Mike chuckled mischievously, which only served to rankle Joe further. But at last he read, *To the son of a bitch who made me think . . . and like it, Happy Birthday!*

"But *who* sent it?" Joseph asked with exasperation.

"It's unsigned," Mike said, reading the note a score or more times again. "A student probably, from the past."

"From the past," Joe said sullenly, recoiling from the brutality of his own felt ignominy with a sudden *Humph!*

"An excellent year too," Mike said, having torn open the top of the box and holding a bottle fondly, turning it as if memorizing the hangman's knot of words around its neck, and stroking that neck, Joe thought, the same way he had stroked Joe's cock after an especially fine fuck. Worse, Mike cradled the bottle as he followed Joe's precession into the dining room where candles were waiting on a table set intimately for two with dishes as brightly shined as a commercial for Joy might have willed them to be. Because Joe felt inferior to Mike's education, he was as possessive of a good detergent as Mike was of a well-oiled student.

The table was a sudden reminder to Michael of something urgent. Joseph noticed a small frown savoring the wrinkles around his eyes. "There aren't enough places," he announced.

Joe's anger took linear dimensions, but he contained it. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"I told you . . . Lee Belkind is stopping by this evening. He needs some help in . . ."

Joe didn't allow him time to finish. "So, you invited him to your birthday dinner. Oh, Mike . . . I thought we'd agreed to give up the *Boys in the Band* routine."

His face colored, a face of query turned suddenly infantile. "I didn't remember it being my birthday, Joe. I'm sorry. I'm truly sorry, but I . . . well, I *did* promise."

Just as he had promised that Jerry whatever-the-hell-his-name-was a seat at their anniversary bacchanal, which had turned out not so much a feast of the grape and renewal as a gathering of foamflowers out of Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*. Boring, boring, boring, boring! Joe was running out of new ways to assault him for his lack of understanding. None of the old ways worked; Mike remained the absent-minded ass at home and a percolator at work . . . or was it that the university had developed a new way of stabling asses. Mike was proud of his tenure, and why not? Once the Dean had learned of Michael's gayness, it hadn't been exactly a bed of roses, but Mike had won.

"What time will young *Mister* Lee arrive?"

"I told him sevenish."

"Sevenish." Joe chewed the word a moment. "The stroganoff will have died by then."

"You'll think of something," Mike said, embracing his lover around the waist and pressing close to the crotch.

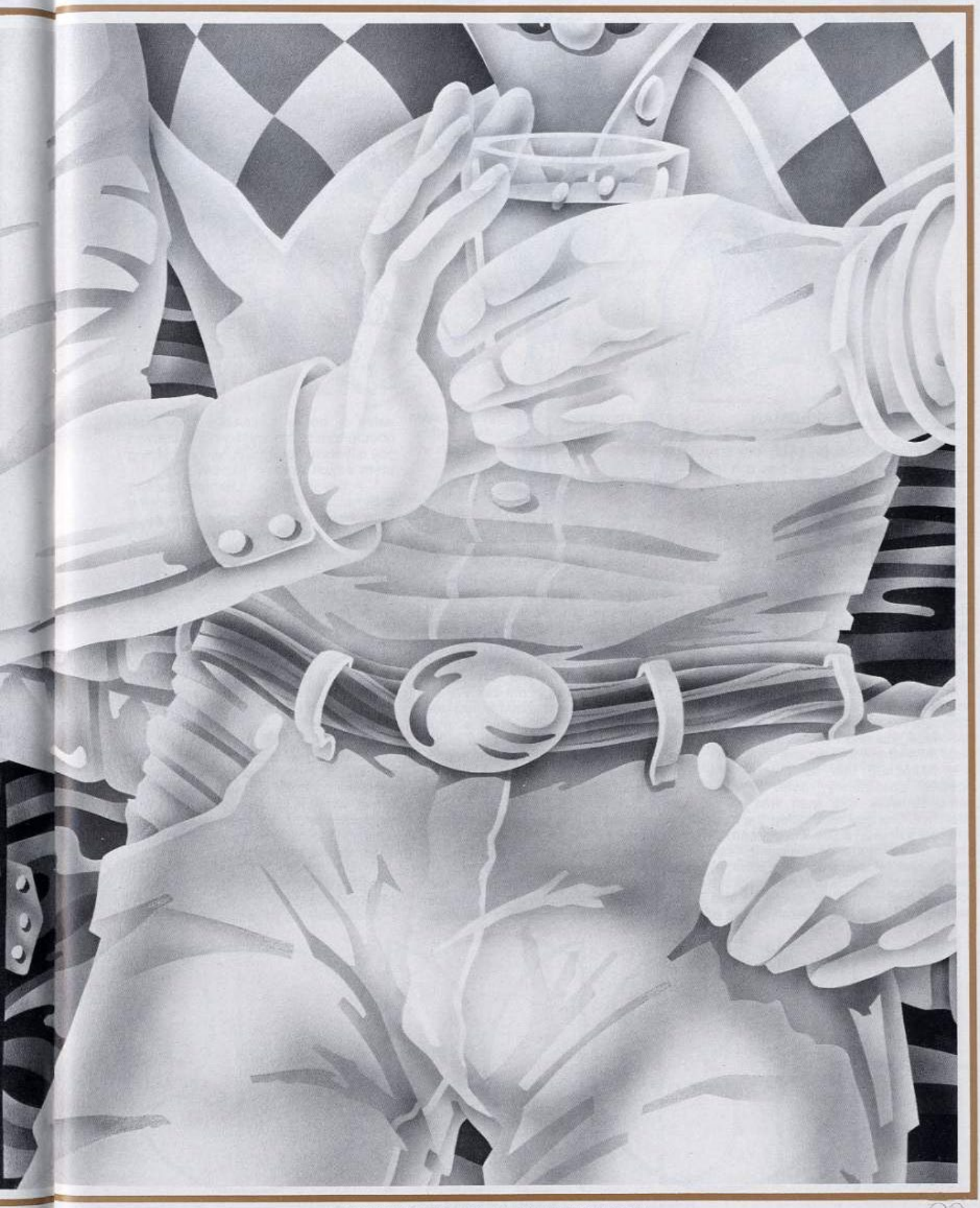
"Yes," Joe said, pulling free. "I'll think of something."

At seven-fifteen when Lee Belkind arrived with his unexpected little wife, the chocolate torte Joe had made as birthday cake was like a wound on the table. The stroganoff, as he had predicted, was so much paste in the pan. He scraped it into the disposal; at seven-thirty he was heating TV dinners. Not that anyone noticed. It was a male *Stella Dallas* who delivered the foil packages to the table; it was a well-hung *Portia* facing life who did the best he could with the finery around the rectangular containers, then chilled the champagne. He recalled the note as if it had been mirrored on Lee's face, but only four words of it played like an LP through his mind . . . *son of a bitch!* It wasn't Whitman this time; Stephen Crane was eating his heart in a desert somewhere because it was *his* heart, and Michael was a sudden torrent of naturalism. It could have been Joe's theme.

He was unprepared for the innocence in Lee Belkind's eyes, however, and the way the youth watched Mike. Worse, it was intolerable the way the little thing beside him paid attention, completing a triad poking viciously at Joe's innards. They were chewing on chicken legs and thematic postulations when Joseph realized his own problem of the moment — jealousy . . . but not of Lee, of his *wife* . . . for having him.

Lee was about the age Mike had been when Joe first met him, and so much *like* Mike. He wondered about Lee's homelife

(Continued on page 80)



ILLUSTRATED BY ALAN HENDERSON

BY MARK FREEDMAN

San Francisco is probably the Gay capitol of the world — it has a huge homosexual population and a social climate which accepts a diversity of lifestyles. Yet, in the last year alone, at least 10 gay people have been murdered in the city without being robbed. This is one manifestation of *homophobia,* the extreme rage and fear reaction to homosexuals. I believe that homophobia is a severe disturbance, one which has a powerful affect on the person who has it as well as on the people with whom he or she comes into contact.

You can feel the palpable reality of homophobia in this hospital worker's story, part of an interview conducted by my colleagues and I for a study of conflicts involving homosexuality:

It happened this summer in the hospital emergency room. When I came to work this man was on a stretcher. The guy was facing the door and had a broken ankle. I'm squeamish about those things. At the point I saw him he had refused treatment and they called an ambulance to take him to the hospital and he was refusing that, too. He said, 'Call my houseman!' to one of the nurses. It was an hour before anyone did this. In the meantime, the employees were passing around the rumor he was gay. He was a physician. The nurses pointed to 'physician' on the admission sheet. Well, finally, they called this guy's houseman and the man who was apparently his lover pulled him up and set him in the car. For two weeks the staff entertained themselves with this story, including the night supervisor. It was disrespectful to him and to the public to have this man in public view with a compound fracture. He should have been put in a private place.

Here are some other examples of homophobia:

* Psychiatrists have given clients injections of paralyzing drugs to 'help' them abolish homosexual tendencies. Despite the declaration of the American Psychiatric Association that homosexuality is not a sickness, many psychotherapists are still trying to convert gay clients to heterosexuality or helping them adjust to their 'handicap'.

* A few years ago, Lesbians leaving a Syracuse, New York bar at closing time were severely beaten up by a group of fraternity men from the nearby university. Some of the women suffered broken limbs and concussions.

* Many parents disown or institutionalize children who they discover to be homosexual.

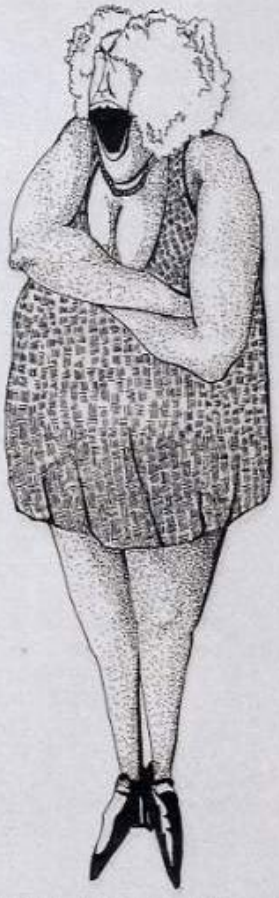
* On a Los Angeles television program, comedian Mort Sahl recently advocated the killing of homosexuals. He was not making a joke, but talking seriously. Immediately after the program, the L.A. Gay Community Services Center received several bomb threats.

* On the newsstands of Paris, you can buy a cartoon postcard showing two soldiers in the barracks looking at a third who is dressed in a pink nightgown and black mesh stockings. It is captioned 'la folle du regiment' (the queer of the regiment).

EXPERIMENTAL MANIFESTATIONS OF HOMOPHOBIA

A number of psychological studies

HOMO



have dramatically demonstrated the participants' homophobic feelings:

Steve Morin, a California psychologist, wanted to determine how near people would come to someone they believed to be homosexual. Male and female (heterosexual) interviewers questioned undergraduates about gay liberation. Subjects were asked to 'pull up a chair' when they entered the room. In one part of the study, the interviewer, who was identified as a graduate student working on a thesis, asked questions from a specially-designed Attitudes Toward Homosexuality Scale. Male subjects generally sat closer to male than to female interviewers and female subjects sat closer to female interviewers. In the second part of the study, the interviewer wore a 'Gay and Proud' button and was introduced as working for the Association of Gay Psychologists. Although subjects gave more positive *verbal* responses, nonverbal behavior indicated marked homophobia: Male subjects tended to sit closer to female than to male interviewers and female subjects sat closer to male interviewers; also, the actual physical distance that the subjects placed their chairs from the interviewers was significantly greater, especially for the men.

Another study had people rate a set of terms (Man, Woman, Male Homosexual, Lesbian) on a test for measuring the meaning of words. One important finding was the way the people rated the powerfulness of each word. Their rating (from the most to the least potent) was: Man, Lesbian, Woman, Male Homosexual. This is in line with the old stereotype that Lesbians are strong and aggressive, and gay men, weak and effeminate. Ironically, even though Lesbians were seen second only to Man in potency, they were evaluated lower than Man, Woman and Male Homosexual. It seems as if the people were saying that Lesbians should be devalued for possessing a 'male' characteristic.

Australian psychiatrist Neil McConaghy conducted a study to help perfect a device for identifying homosexuals. He put the penis of each homosexual and heterosexual male into an apparatus designed to measure whether it expanded as they viewed somewhat suggestive pictures of nude men and women. As might be expected, the homosexual men showed no discernible reaction to the films of the opposite sex and showed marked arousal to the pictures of nude men. The heterosexual comparison group (eleven medical students) showed arousal to films of nude women, also as expected. However, they reacted with fear to the pictures of nude men: their penises actually shrank! These homophobic medical students are probably now doctors to whom people turn for advice on sexual matters — not an encouraging thought.

Rodney Karr arranged a situation where his subjects were sitting together in a waiting room. He had three male

PHOBIA

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED BODNER

'plants' among the group. One plant asked another, 'Didn't you speak in Sociology 101 last term?' The other said that he had. The first one said, 'I really liked your talk.' Then, the one who had supposedly given the talk was called out of the room by the experimenter. The third plant then asked the first what the other one had talked about. In one part of the study, the reply was 'Minority issues'. In another part, the reply was 'Gay liberation'. ('You mean he's a homosexual?' 'Yes.') Subjects were later asked to rate each other on various dimensions. When the plant had been identified as homosexual (even though, in actuality, he was heterosexual and did not look stereotypically homosexual), subjects rated him as being more effeminate, superficial and vain than when he was just identified as a speaker on minority issues. In other words, the *label* created the perception of deviance. The other two plants were rated as being more masculine and sociable when they labelled the other one as homosexual. This suggests that males are rewarded by others in our society for denigrating homosexuals.

RESEARCH INTO CORRELATES OF HOMOPHOBIA

Studies of social attitudes have found other correlates of homophobia:

A. P. MacDonald designed a special questionnaire to measure attitudes toward homosexuality. Those who hold more negative attitudes toward gay people are more likely to support a double standard between the sexes; they are also more rigid in their thinking and more authoritarian.

Ken Sherrill analyzed a national research poll on social attitudes. He found an association between homophobia and political conservatism. People who would not want a book by a homosexual author in the public library or a gay teacher in the local school system would also reject Blacks, Communists, etc. Sherrill felt that part of their reaction was protecting their children from 'dangerous' ideas.

Kenneth Smith constructed a questionnaire on social attitudes which included items relating to homosexuality. Subjects who indicated discomfort with homosexuals on their responses to those items tended to agree with these statements: 'It is only natural to find the thought of mental illness disturbing.', '*My country right or wrong* is a very admirable attitude.', 'Sexual fidelity is vital to a love relationship.', 'Although I don't always like to admit it, I would like friends to see me with a big house and fine car after I graduate.' They tended to disagree with these statements: 'There is nothing wrong with a man's being passive when he feels like it.', 'A belief in God is not so important to the maintenance of morality.', 'The income and professional level of a job are not so important to me as being happy with the work I do.'

These studies give us clues to the concerns and insecurities of homophobes.

SPECULATION ON THE CAUSES OF HOMOPHOBIA

There are probably several causes of homophobic feelings and attitudes.

Over five thousand years ago, the Jews were a small nomadic tribe which needed as many people as possible to survive. Hence, the emphasis on procreative sex and the condemnation of sexual practices like Sodomy (homosexuality) and Onanism (masturbation) which did not lead to producing children. There was also a strong anti-female tradition. Women were seen as inferior to men. Even today, Orthodox Jewish men still pray, 'Thank God I was not born a woman.' This tradition was carried on by Christianity. Even though Jesus Christ never condemned homosexuality Himself, His sexually-inhibited disciple Paul made decidedly anti-female and anti-homosexual pronouncements. These became the fuel for subsequent religious tirades against homosexuality.

With the rise of Science, the supposedly-scientific medical model of mental disturbance replaced the demonic theory of possession. Psychiatrists became the new priests. Instead of sin, they talked about 'sickness' (deviation from the *status quo*); 'mental health' replaced moral improvement. Probably because they challenged cherished social values and institutions (Marriage, A Good Family Name, A Good Job), homosexuals were designated as 'sick'. No attempt was made to verify or deny this assertion on an empirical basis for many years. Other myths grew up in the absence of facts: Homosexuals molest children; gay men want to be women; Lesbians try to be men; etc. Because therapists only saw unhappy or conflicted homosexuals in their practices, their thinking was confirmed. (Of course, we would not generalize about heterosexuality from therapy clients!) Even when comparative research showed homosexuals to be as well as, or better adjusted than heterosexuals, many of the 'new priests' clung to their dogma.

The general population is probably threatened most by the homosexuals who transgress traditional sex roles. People who are brought up to believe that a man should be tough and a woman, sweet, are upset by two men kissing or by a woman asserting herself. Gay men are seen as 'sissies', people who give up their God-given powerful position as men to act like their inferiors, women. Lesbians are seen as seizing male prerogatives; they are trying to get some of the privileges and power which men are accorded in our society. Even though only some gay people deviate from the stereotyped sex roles, heterosexuals generally see all homosexuals this way. As traditional sex roles disappear, there should be less hostility towards homosexuals.

Many heterosexuals are also upset by the idea of existence without vicarious immortality (through children) — something homosexuals seem to represent. Pressures from overpopulation and trends toward self-fulfillment are changing the requirement that people must have children to be whole and ending the resentment toward gays.

DESTRUCTIVE EFFECTS OF HOMOPHOBIA

Homophobia and related social attitudes have had tremendously insidious effects. Many men and women are afraid to show affection to members of their own sex — kissing another man would mean you are queer. This is, of course, a particularly American attitude. Frenchmen, Italians and others feel free to kiss and embrace other men; this does not necessarily imply homosexual feelings to them. Generally, women are much

less inhibited about showing affection to each other than men are.

Likewise, people are uncomfortable about expressing 'opposite-sex' traits for fear of being identified as homosexual: Men are often afraid of acknowledging weakness or pain and women are hesitant about being aggressive. This puts severe constraints on the person, which are neither functional nor necessary.

Homophobic attitudes also block any homosexual inclinations the person might have. One research study has shown a gap of several years between the time people first experience homosexual feelings and when they finally act on those feelings. Some people spend a whole lifetime trying to suppress homosexual tendencies: they are more ready to trust an artificial concept ('Homosexuality is sick/bad/-queer/sinful...') than their own feelings.

The worst expression of homophobia is undisguised hatred of homosexuals, which is often accompanied by overt aggression. One does not need to posit discomfort with latent homosexual tendencies to explain homophobia. Our society — the family, the church, the schools, the mass media — does an effective job in brainwashing us all against homosexuality.

Dr. George Weinberg, a New York psychotherapist asserts, 'I would never consider a patient healthy unless he had overcome his prejudice against homosexuality. Of course if the person is himself homosexual, the prejudice he holds is barring the way to easy expression of his own desires. But even if he is heterosexual, his repugnance at homosexuality is certain to be harmful to him.' In other words, homophobia is a real problem which interferes with effective functioning. Therapists would do well to focus on this issue rather than the pseudo-problem of 'latent homosexuality' or other similar matters.

More generally, we need a loosening of social attitudes relating to sex roles and sexual behavior. Gay people should be presented in the mass media as individuals rather than as stock figures (loathesome degenerates or laughable fairies and dykes). This is beginning to happen but much more needs to be done. Likewise, if more gay people can be open about their affectional preference without censure, people will see that homosexuals are a diverse group who encompass a wide variety of lifestyles. Hopefully, homophobia will soon be on the wane.

Mark Freedman, a San Francisco gay psychologist, is the author of *Homosexuality and Psychological Functioning* (Brooks/Cole Publishers).

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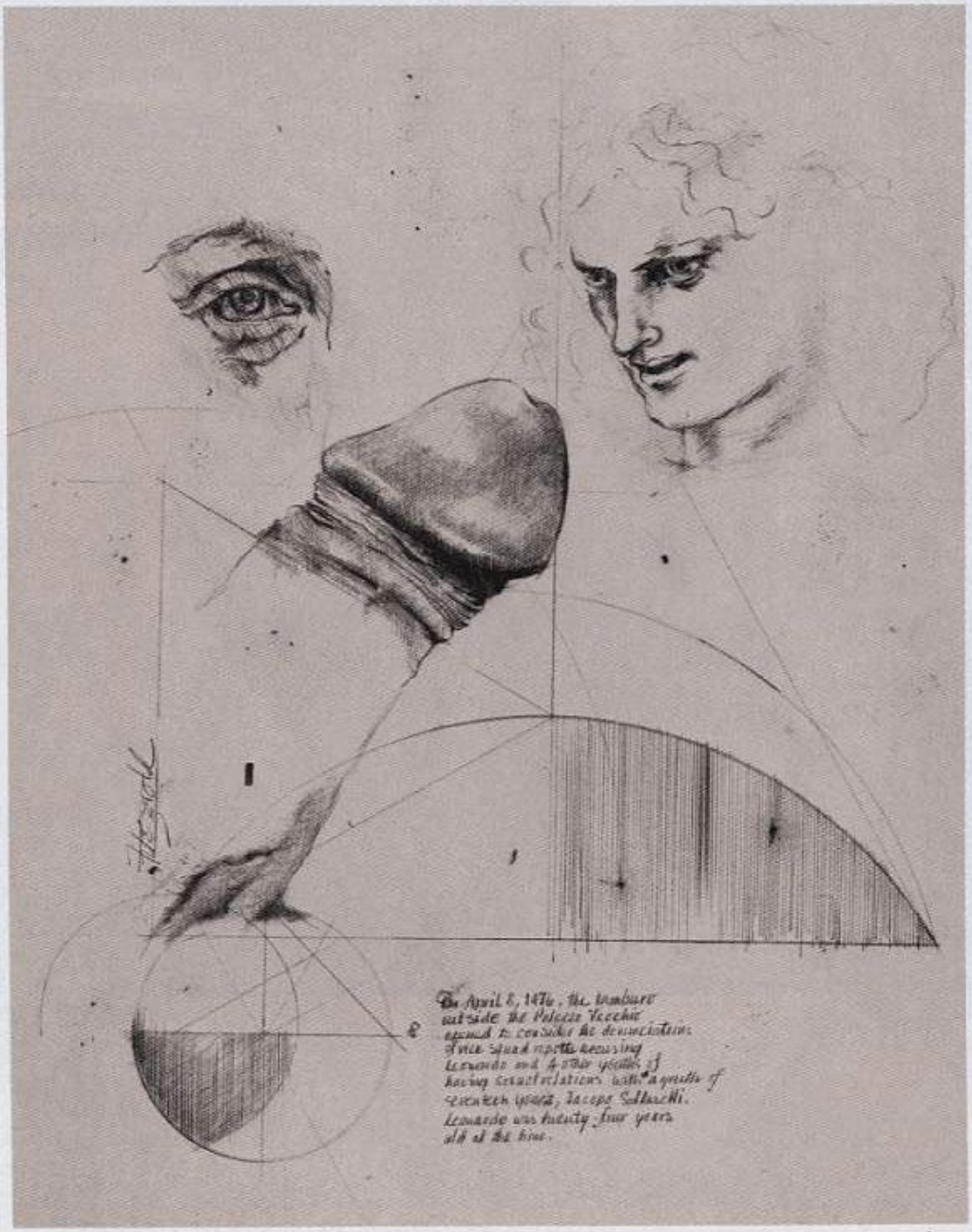

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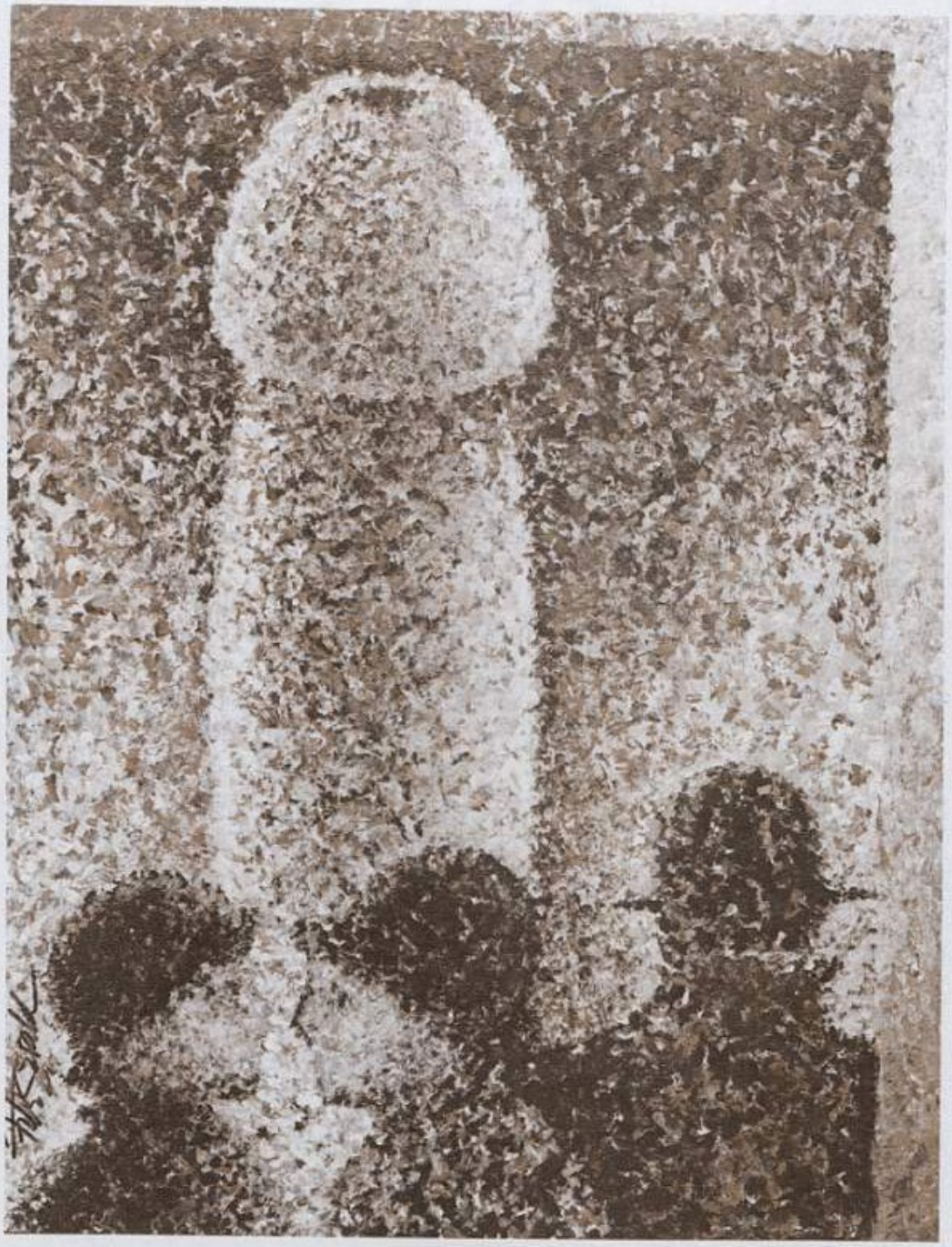

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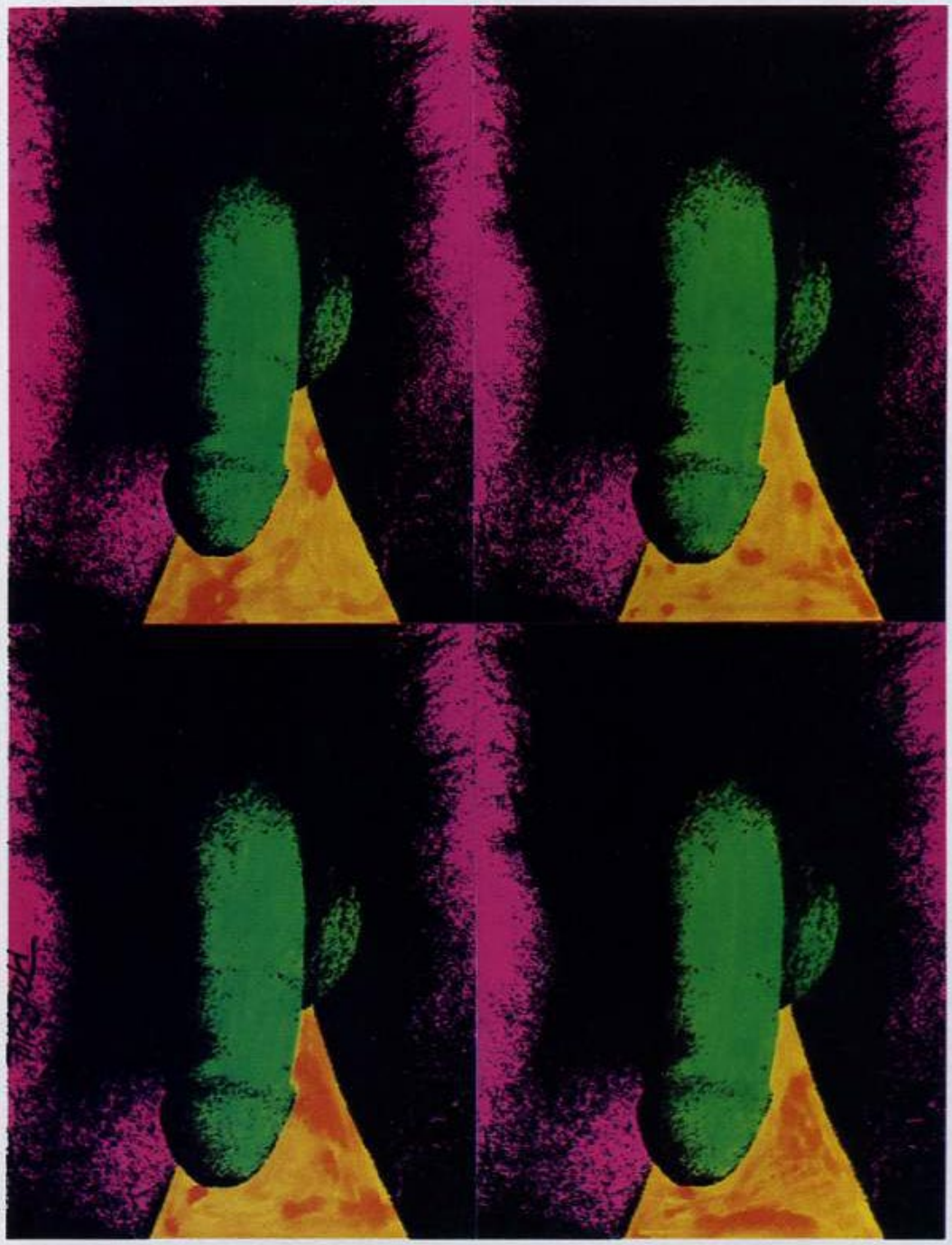

STELLA

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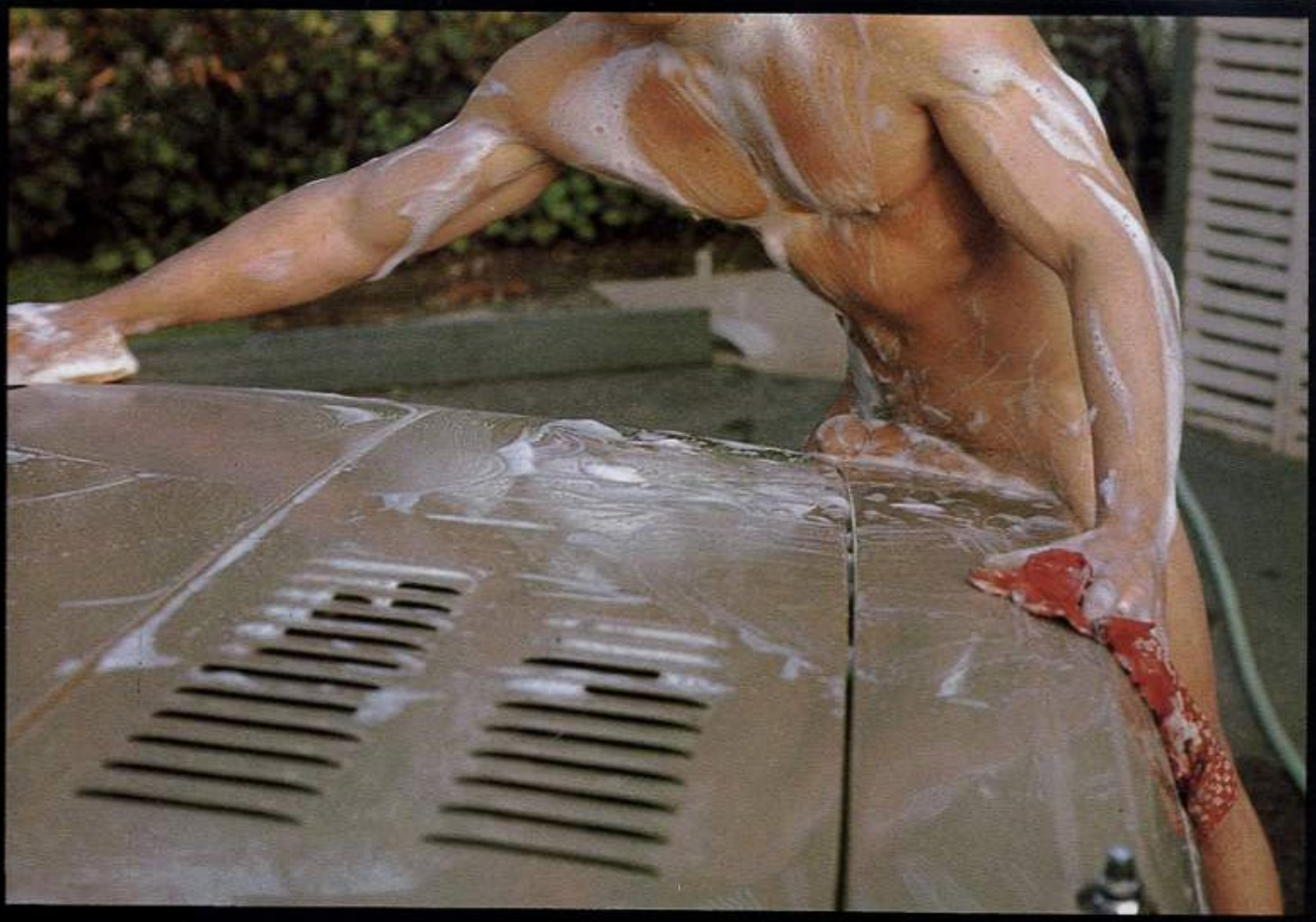
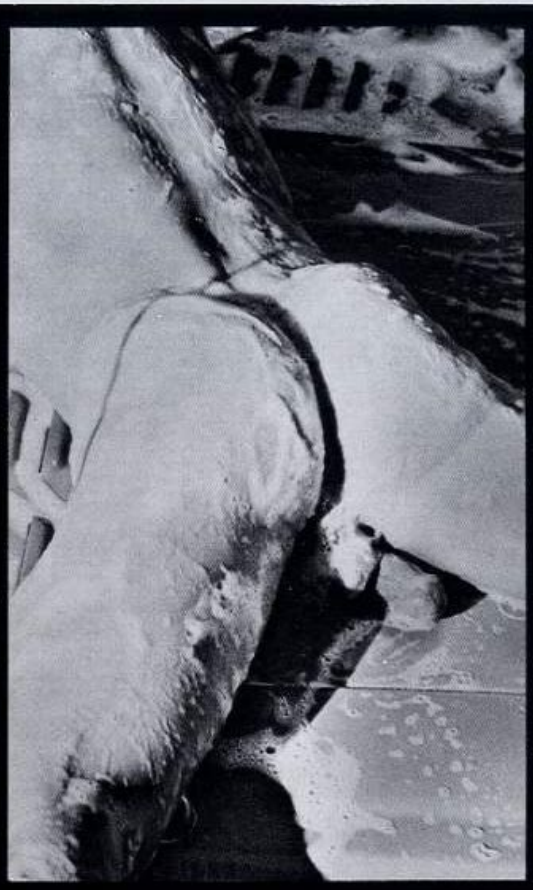
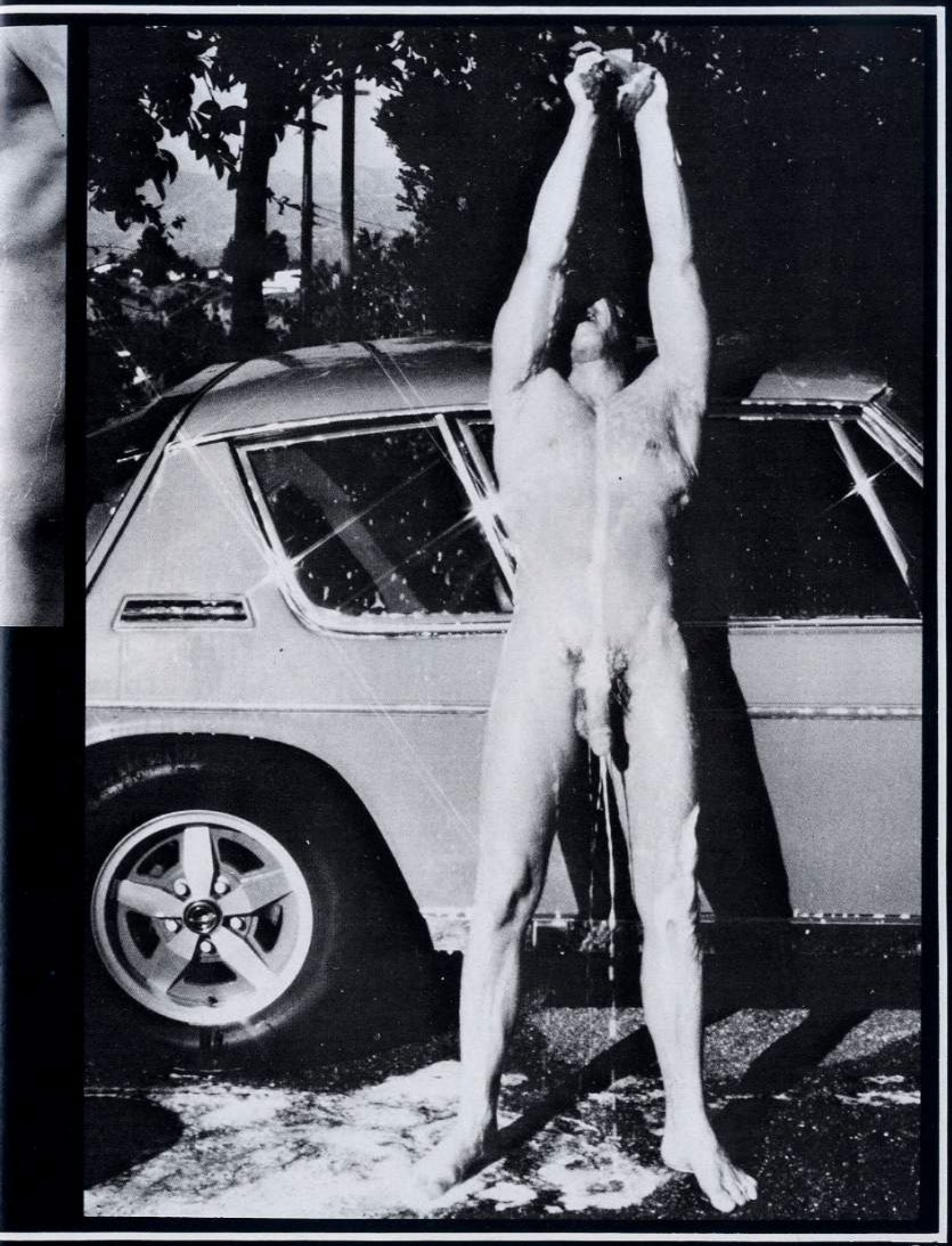


CAR WASH

PHOTOGRAPHED BY HY CHASE



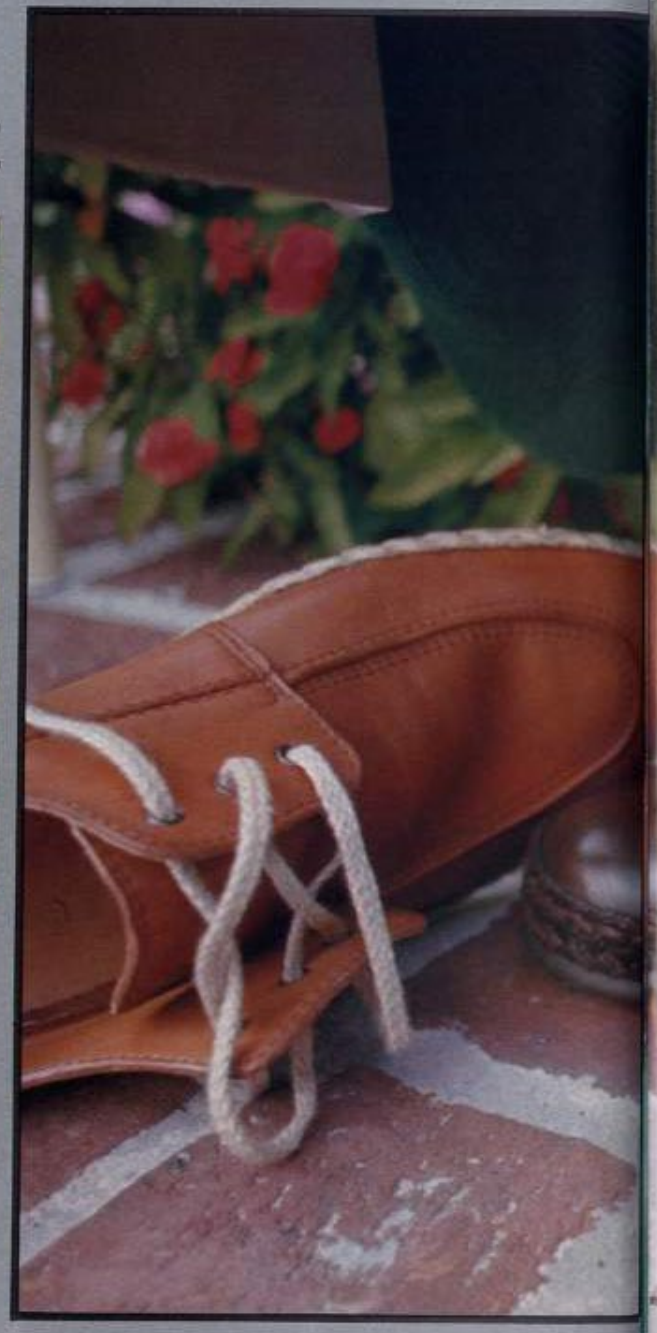
CAR WASH

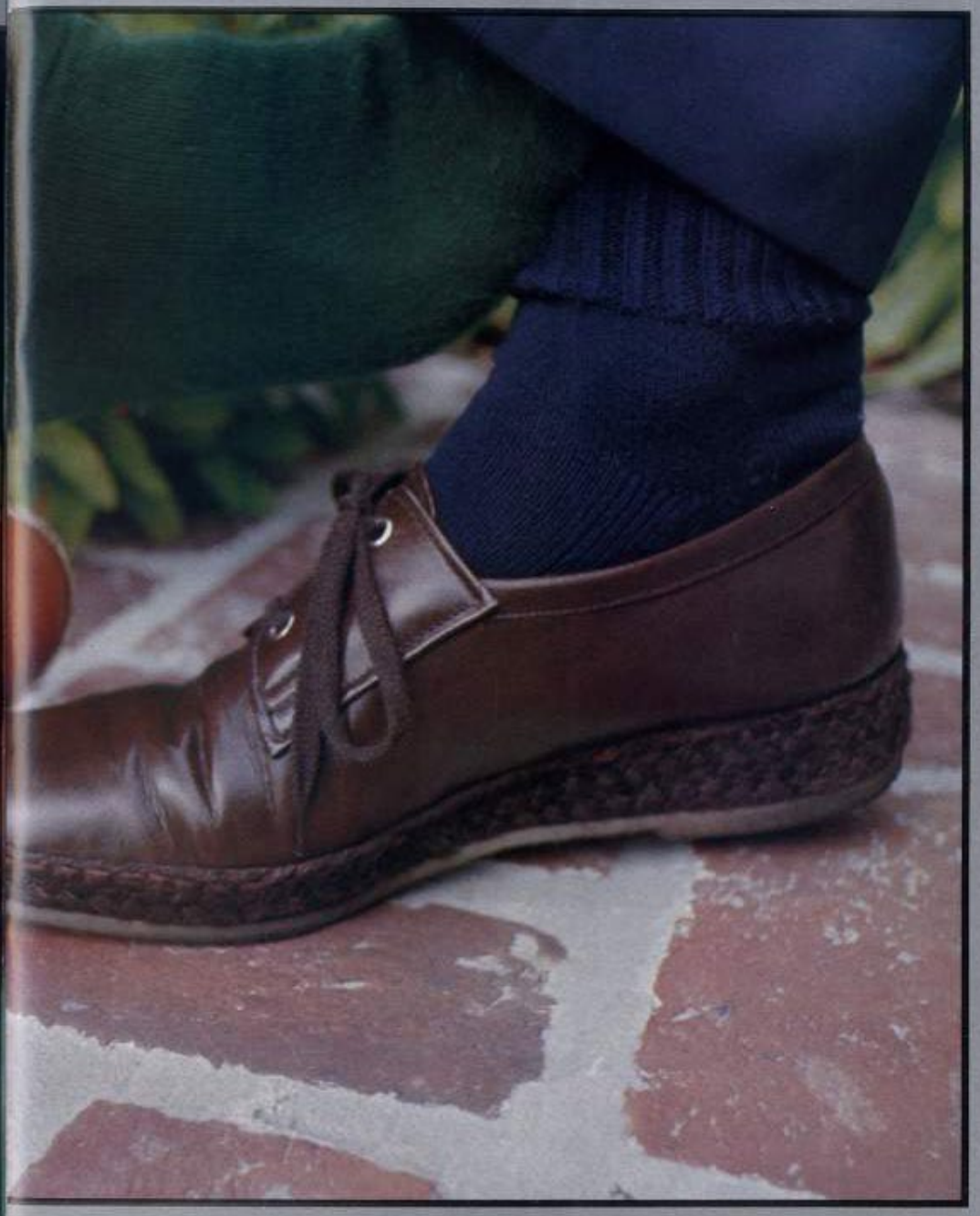


In love affairs as in shoes, nobody loves a big heel. That's the plot for 1976, wherein the boy-meets-boy story proves as durable as Nike's soft-surface running shoe or a jogging shoe by Pony. (Both from Athlete's Foot shops, nationwide.)

SHOE HORNY

The Italian rope-soled espadrille in caramel, isn't as straight-laced as its French companion (by Charles Jourdan, at Neiman-Marcus). Slip out of something comfortable and you have nothing to lose but your socks.





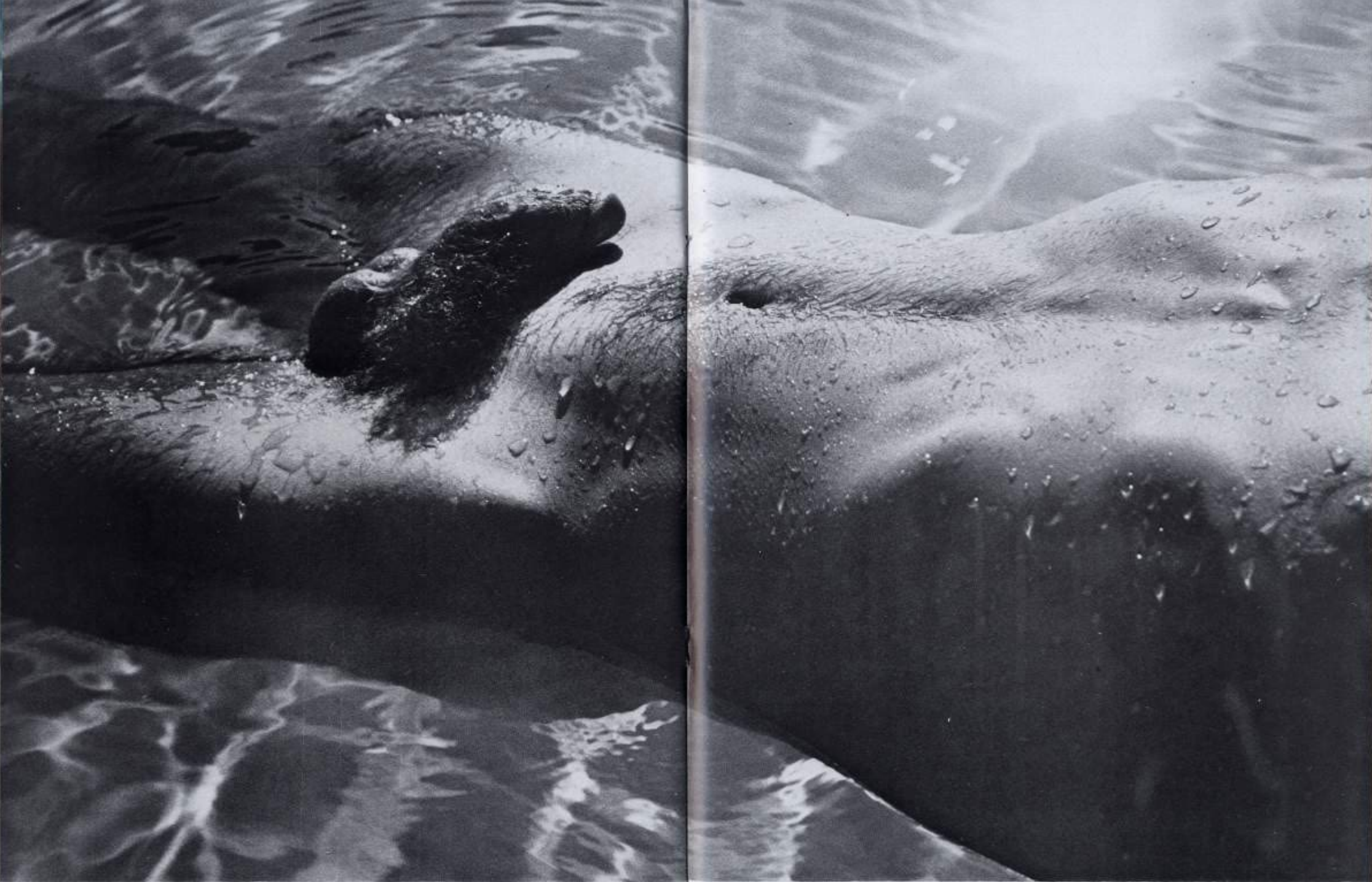
SHOE HORNY

The afternoon of a fawn-coloured loafer and a night to remember. The boys give it their all. Pierre Cardin gives them body and sole in two casual slip-ons and a simplified dress wing-tip. (All from Eppy & Eppy, Coral Gables, Florida.) In the end, it's all a matter of making it fit.

SHOE HORNY

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY TEE JAY JOHNSTON

MICHAEL



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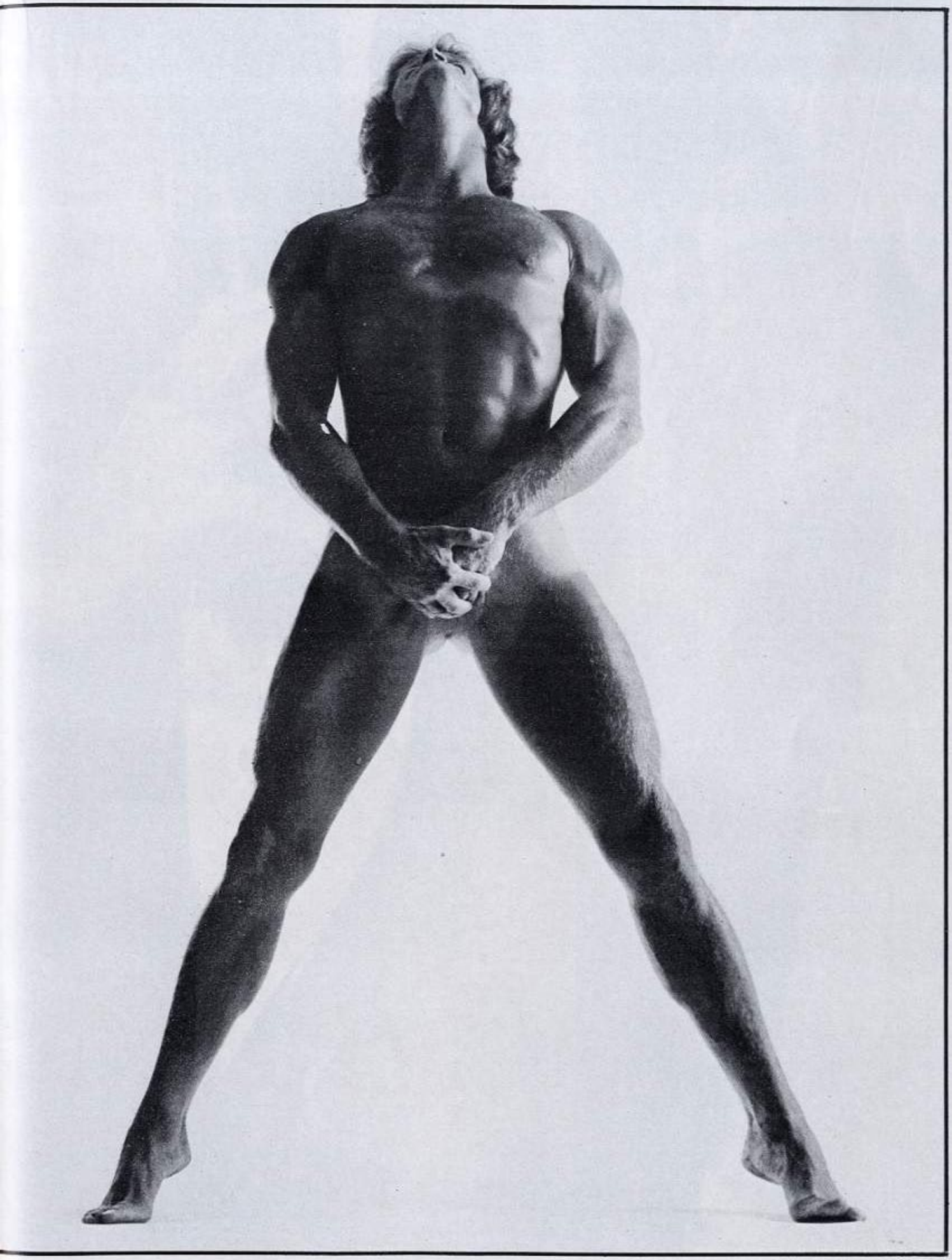
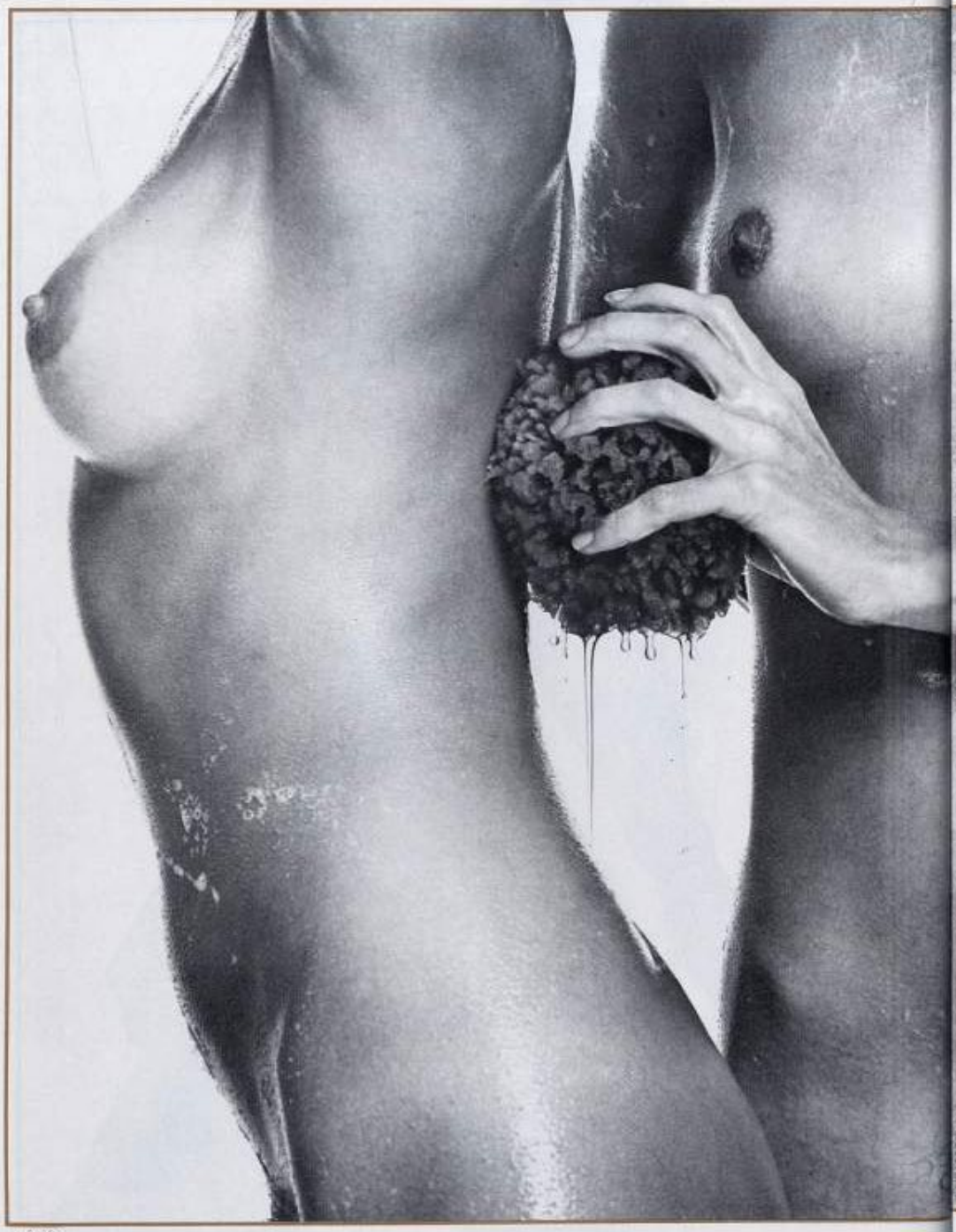




THE ULTIMATE BOOK OF NUDES

LIVING BOLD LIVING SECRET

A HUMAN GUIDE TO GAY WASHINGTON

BY CADE WARE/ILLUSTRATED BY R. ROESENER

Until three months ago, a friend of mine had never had sexual contact with another human being, although he had dreamed passionately of beautiful men since childhood. He then decided to lose 65 pounds, quit his teaching job and move 2700 miles from Eugene, Oregon, to Washington, D.C., to come out. I asked him recently, why Washington?

"Well," he said, "I could have gone to New York, but I thought it would be too expensive. And after I researched a bit, I discovered Washington has a very together gay community that is well-organized for newcomers. Washington has a good newspaper. And I had always wanted to see bigtime politics from the ringside."

That's a pretty good sketch of gay Washington for starts: it's a reasonable-priced place which welcomes lots of gays from provincial America looking for freedom. It is cosmopolitan and elegant, yet not frantic. And like much of the rest of Washington, many gays here are interested in the city's only heavy industry, which is politics.

I recently completed a year's term as president of Washington's Gay Activists Alliance. Having played a part in some of the major changes that have come about for gay people here in the last five years, I have by necessity travelled up and down gay Washington, learning about the lives and ideas of this city's 150,000 homosexuals, in hopes I could involve them in gay liberation. I found no final answers, but I saw at first hand the amazing strength and energy of the gay women and men who live here, the flat-out variety of viewpoint, accent, race, style, philosophy, livelihood and origin comprising that aggregate of human beings who could loosely be called Washington's gay community. When looked at altogether, gay America will astound you.

Yet I never tried to draw in my own mind a picture of gay Washington that would be instructive to the outsider, a portrait that might sum up what is both general and unique about the lives of gay people here such that both gay Washingtonians would recognize it and that gays coming from elsewhere would know what to expect.

Maybe it can't be done. Maybe the gay world is just too diverse to get any clear picture of. Who can even define what a gay community is, for that matter? But it seemed to me there must be some things all gay people living in one city have in common. Multitudes of gays will be coming to Washington this year — for business, for pleasure, perhaps for the long-touted red, white and blue Bicentennial celebrations. I thought it was important to portray that commonality, even if I had to confine my description to the world of gay men. I decided to try and began with my friends.

"Gay Washington? I'll never live anywhere else." Craig Thigpen arches his almond eyebrows thoughtfully. He is sipping tea from a ceramic cup. Craig looks impish even when he's serious.

"I think gay people have the best life here because we're protected by law. That makes a big difference to me, in the way I feel about things."

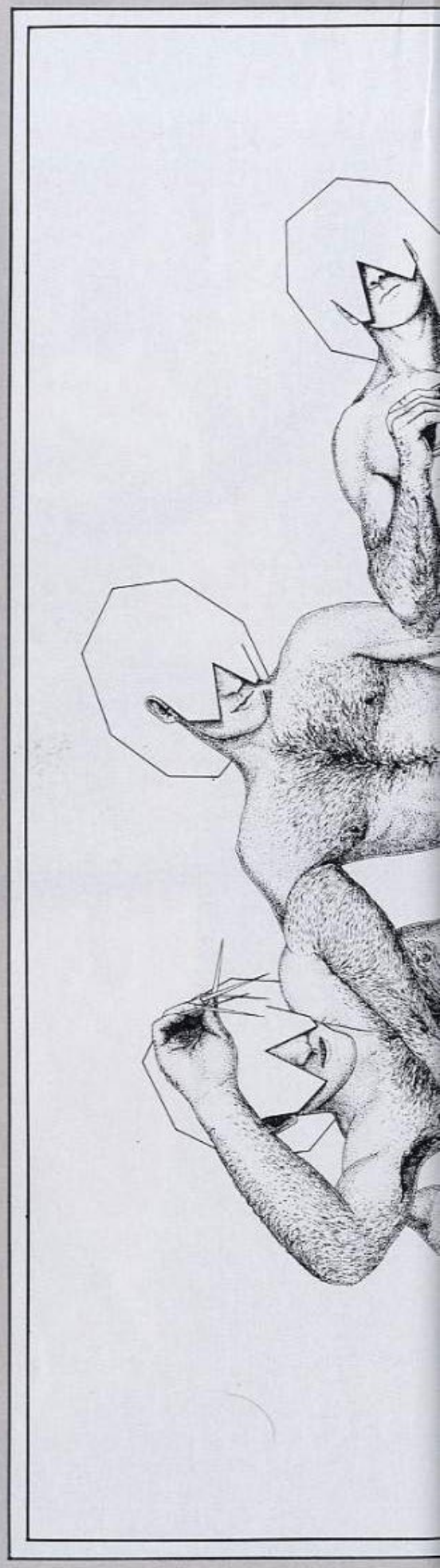
The District of Columbia Human Rights Law protects gays in private and municipal employment, housing, and public accommodations, as well as many other matters. Passed three years ago, it gives gays in Washington the broadest specific civil rights protection in the country.

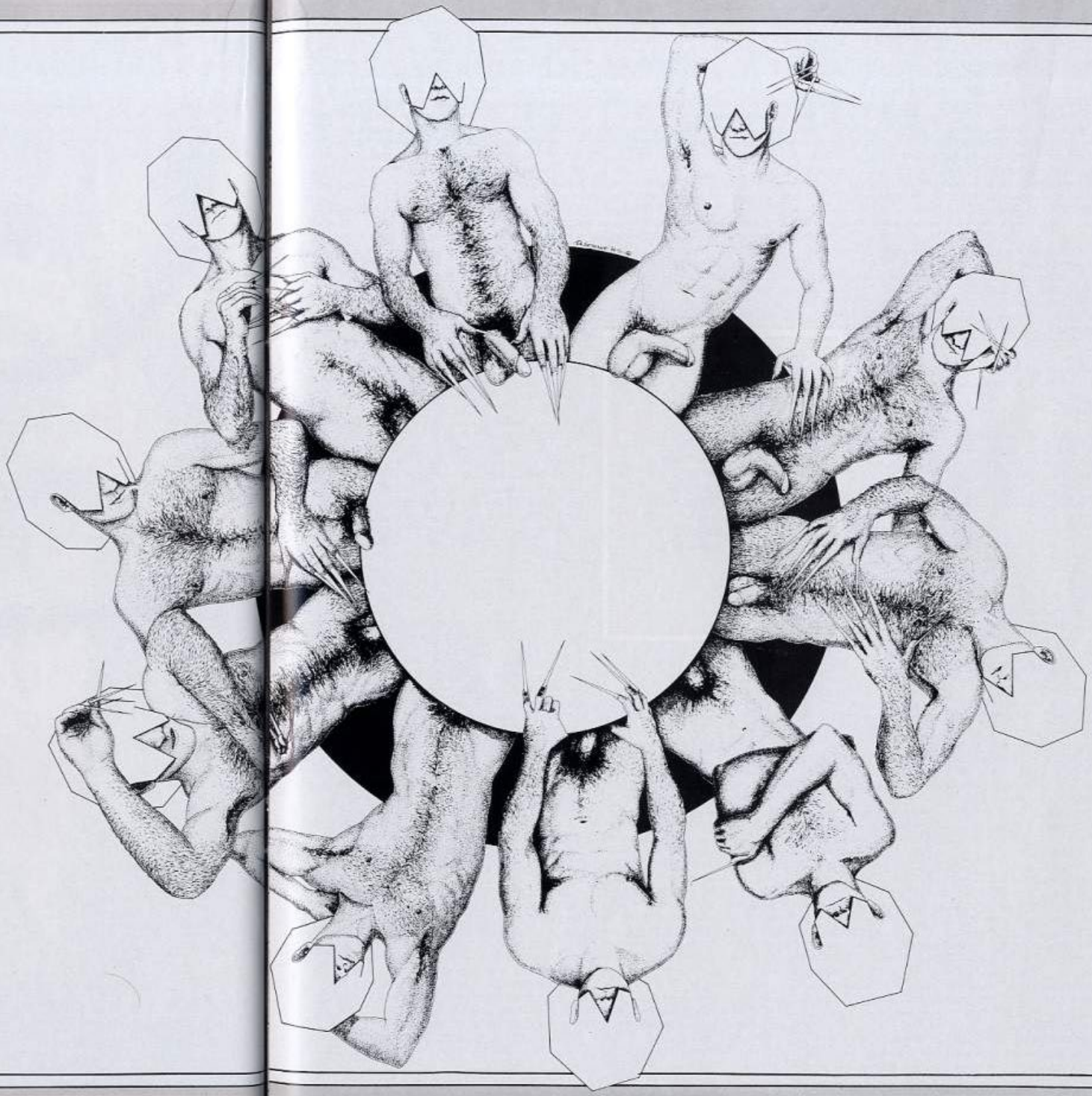
Craig is an open gay male secretary in the Capitol Hill office of Rep. Bella Azbug. He shares this unique public distinction with only one other open gay on Capitol Hill — Gary Aldridge, legislative aide to Sen. Alan Cranston of California.

"I was hired only as a secretary when I moved here a year ago. But I think my being gay helped. I mean, Bella runs a very liberal office. And people said, fine, great, it'll add a flavor.

"Now I'm sort of the official expert on gay things — in addition to my secretary's work. If somebody calls and wants to know about gay groups or organizations, if a gay person needs help, I'm the one who handles it.

"I won't name names or agencies, but here's an example: a guy calls who has just





got a new job — he's moving from one very good job in one government agency to another very good job in another government agency. He is known to be gay — he once brought suit in another state to keep a job — and he wants to find out what attitude his new agency has toward homosexuals. I mean, he doesn't want to go over there and get dumped after two weeks.

"I never initiate these calls, but I've had occasion on request to phone around to quite a few agencies — the Secret Service, the Treasury, the FBI — and find out how they feel about homosexuals. Some of them back off, but others are quite blase about it: they say that since the Civil Service came out with its new ruling last year that homosexuality is no disqualification as long as it doesn't interfere with the job, they follow that policy.

"So I can help that way.

"And of course we work on the Matlovich case and the Azbug bill to protect gays under federal law, and a lot of other things that give credibility to Bella's commitment to representing homosexuals.

"Working on the Hill is so nice because you're close to all these quote-unquote important people. You see how things are done and you see how much impact you can have.

"I really shocked a woman recently. I went to a fund-raiser at Rockefeller's on Foxhall Road. That's not exactly the kind of thing the Azbug office approves of, but I got the invitation so I went. It makes good copy to write home to Mom and Dad, you know — your son's at Rocky's house.

"This woman said she was going home to Missouri soon. She wanted to get back to the basic things — her family, her garden, her neighbors. She said Washington is so tied up in power and money and status and prestige. I looked her in the eye. I said, 'Those are the real things to me, and that's exactly why I'm staying in this town.' "

Craig giggles. He has a kind of innocent glee.

"But that's not such a strange thing to say, really."

I agree.

Craig is unassuming and pleasant, 23, lithe, and well-dressed. He is a hit on the gay cocktail circuit. When the lease on his suburban apartment expires, he will move into town where the action is, and he will live a life of friends and work, of fun and intrigue, in a cosmopolitan atmosphere which doesn't exist in the small town he came from. I think Craig is one of a new gay phenomenon — the open political gay who is making it — and for this breed the Mecca is Washington.

* * *

"Jack Kennedy? Well, Jack Kennedy was inquisitive, you know. He was interested in everything and he loved to talk about everything. He didn't ignore these things, the way some of them do.

"Homosexuality came up once in a conversation with Jack. A friend of mine told me about it. They were discussing some diplomat who might be queer. 'Who gives a fucking damn?' That's what Jack said. 'These guys have a right to live their lives like anybody else.'

I'm listening to Brad LaMott, a socialite familiar to the drawing rooms of fashionable Georgetown, a keen observer of official Washington, and a longtime secret gay in the State Department. Because his position is still perilous, he asked me to disguise his true identity for publication.

"Of course, the Kennedys could be very broadminded. Gore Vidal was one of their cousins. He was always in and out of the White House. And they were connected with all those Hollywood people.

"Then Jackie had a whole *bunch* of gay gentlemen who decorated the White House for her. My White House contact came by one day. He said, 'Jackie is *really* overdoing it. I've never seen such a flotilla in my life.' "

Brad is tall, broad-shouldered and brisk. He was wounded as a flyer in the Korean War. We sit by the fireplace in his expensive house in Northwest. He taps his fingers together prayer-like as we talk.

"In Georgetown society, among the intelligencia — the ones with money, with brains, with taste — the ones who do worthwhile things — they couldn't care less whether you're gay. They just find it awkward to talk about. Because the American Puritan background is so *definite* about homosexuality. They just can't shift gears to it.

Homosexuality came up once in a conversation with Jack Kennedy. "Who gives a fucking damn? These guys have a right to live their lives like anybody else."

"If you're going to be gay in this city, that's the most comfortable place to do it. You start to suffer when you get into the middle classes. Some of the upper middle class can be just horrid.

"In the State Department today they really won't fire you. It's just that at the top levels it can be very awkward if it becomes an issue. A gay ambassador in Madrid, for example, could accomplish nothing. The French and the English just think we're very gross for wanting to *talk* about it. Why can't we just do it and leave it at that? It's that kind of attitude.

"In the '50s, in the State Department, after the McCarthy horrors, homosexuality was totally forbidden. It was less dangerous for a Foreign Service officer to meet secretly with a Communist agent than with another homosexual. Because at least you might have an explanation for meeting the Communist.

"If you were a homosexual in the State Department, you were totally isolated. You shunned anyone else you suspected of it. I was bisexual and married then, and the only gay sex I had was with other married men on out-of-town trips. The bar of a first-class hotel was a pretty good place to look. In New York, the Sherry-Netherland, for example, or the Waldorf. I had a terror of hustlers, of being mugged and losing my State Department ID." He smiles. "But the male closet homosexual, dear boy, is one of the most talented creatures in the world. His game of making contact is absolutely fascinating.

"In 1959 I walked past a man on Pennsylvania Avenue I had previously known in the war. We stopped and looked back. Within twelve hours everything had happened. That was the beginning of an affair which lasted for nine years, and that has been my only love affair.

"I'm terribly selective. I sometimes envy the one-timers.

"It was risky. Tom kept a little flat on the side. One of the reasons he took that particular flat was it had a discreet separate entrance with a separate elevator. That was where I would slip in. This town is criss-crossed with informers. I would never enter that elevator without feeling the hair rise on my neck.

"But we had good times together. Our sons knew each other. We'd take them on weekend trips — to the horse shows, the car shows. Tom had got TB during the war. He died of rapid lung infection which killed him in 48 hours."

Brad looks at me quickly. A Foreign Service officer doesn't blink.

"In the State Department now you can be gay but you won't get to the top. I know one young fellow. He's very pleasant, very able. He's frank about being gay but discreet. He'll never become an ambassador. And it's too bad, because he'd make a good one.

"Kissinger's attitude? I don't know. He's so pudgy and strange, I find him impossible to read."

He shrugs and laughs.

I want to hug Brad before I leave, but instead I feel constrained and only shake hands.

However open Washington may be for some gays, the ghost of Joe McCarthy still stalks many of us here. The American Civil Liberties Union, the DC Gay Activists Alliance, the famous activist Frank Kameny, the National Gay Task Force, the National Organization for Women, the Washington Office of the Metropolitan Community Church — these are only some of the people working here to open up a free life for gays. But the federal government has always led the way in anti-gay discrimination, and thousands of gay bureaucrats live gray, cautious lives of fear and circumspection. The risks are real. Those high salaries can be snatched away quickly. Some federal government gays never expect a change. Others, like Brad, cheer us on in secret.

Washington is a spacious, monumental city, full of rivers and water, parkland, avenues and vistas. White marble seems everywhere. Old buildings and quaint neighborhoods are not hard to find. In fact, Washington broke ground in the movement to restore old houses in inner city neighborhoods — first pre-Revolutionary Georgetown on the Potomac, then Capitol Hill, and now other neighborhoods.

If you're a northerner, you notice a distinctly southern flavor to Washington. In the city itself, the majority is black. There are louvered swinging doors and brass spittoons in the Capitol. Magnolias bloom by the White House.

You notice white southern gays also.

Washington is full of liberal-minded gay boys from the South who have come to Washington because it is cosmopolitan yet still southern, enough distant from home for discretion's sake, and a good place to make a career.

My friend Kenneth Barnes is one. He was born in a tiny farm town near Goldsboro, N.C. ("Lots of fairies here from Goldsboro," he says.) He went to college at Chapel Hill, N.C., then came to Washington via the Peace Corps and a job in the Library of Congress.

Ken is medium-height, dark, sweet-smiling, and deliberate in conversation. He recently got back from a trip home to North Carolina. He said I could publish everything about him except his real name. We sat in my dining room eating soup.

"Yes, you could call Washington a southern city. The majority of the people here are from the South — or at least one generation removed. I abhor New York. There's a different feeling there. It's cruder, rougher. It's just unsavory somehow. I don't find it pleasant at all.

"Most of us here come from small southern towns where there is no freedom of movement or thought or expression. This is the closest metropolitan area where we can be free. You can't be openly gay down there. You'd be completely ostracized.

"The Library of Congress? That *was* gay. My dear, there was an infamous john in the main building. And at lunch hour there would be dozens of us sitting on the enclosure wall cruising the sidewalk.

"I quit the Library of Congress because I was becoming the same bureaucratic vegetable as all the rest of them there. I had lost interest in doing a good job. I was 25 and all I worried about was my promotion and my annual leave. I was too young for that. That's when I got into real estate, which is the business I've been in for the last seven years. It's been a good career. I love restoring old houses. I like being my own boss and meeting a lot of new people.

"The straight people here couldn't care less whether I'm gay or straight. I'm the office manager in my company. There are 15 of us there, and everyone knows I'm gay. If I'm invited to a social function, it's understood I can bring another guy. It's actually been helpful for me to be gay in real estate, because there are so many gay people buying homes. We sort of like to keep in the family. In fact, every house I sold last year was to a gay friend.

"You see, women and gays were by far the most influential group in the restoration movement. They led the return to inner city living. Then later it became fashionable for the straights to move in. That's why gays can't be discriminated against in real estate in this city. Because we are the ones who started the move."

"And dominate it," I say.

He chuckles. "With *such* flair!"

I ask what kind of gays would like Washington.

"This is a city for a gay person who wants to lead an open life. Washington provides you with the opportunity to pursue your career and your sexual life completely apart — or together. It's also a city for a person who likes theater and opera. It's here now. We have Kennedy Center. We have a great cultural life.

"I think it's a city for people who want to meet people from different countries. There's a great mix here, a very international atmosphere. And of course it's a city for people interested in politics.

"For a white person, it's an interesting experience to be in the minority, to lose control of your local political destiny. That's a great lesson."

By southern standards, Ken is a liberal. Race isn't important to him.

"But it's very difficult to accept being in a minority, being the object of prejudice, when the majority is working directly against you and what you think is best for the city. The black city council of Washington has not been very kind to real estate people, with its new rent control law and the transaction tax it's considering now. They could end the restoration movement. I find that very frustrating."

His face turns dark for a moment, then he brightens again.

"The only other trouble with this city is it's too damn far from the beach."

"It was less dangerous for a foreign service officer to meet secretly with a Communist agent than with another homosexual."

Which is true. It's a three-hour drive to the nearest ocean swimming.

We finish our lunch. I give him a kiss at the door. He goes back to the world of buying and selling.

If you plan to come to Washington, don't be discouraged by the distance from the beach. It's close enough. If you have a car, you'll also discover that we have whole ranges of beautiful mountains nearby, camping and backpacking, old towns, back woods, and Civil War history to visit. There's a lot of exciting recreation within 100 miles. In the city itself we have some of the country's greatest museums, all those national monuments decked out for the Bicentennial, and the famous new Kennedy Center, which is an elegant three-ring circus of the performing arts.

Gay newcomers are well advised to check out *The Blade*, Washington's monthly gay newspaper, for bar listings, baths, roommate referrals, and news about what's happening. Lambda Rising is a gay bookstore which is a center of gay community information. Gay women will find a trove of information at a woman's store called Lammas, and the Gay Switchboard (387-3777) can answer a lot of your questions about the full range of gay community organizations which function here.

Washington built America's first gay superbars, pioneered by the daring Donn Culver. The massive, bouncy, elegant gay bars of Washington are still among the best. The biggest include Lost & Found, Grand Central, Charleroi, Pier 9, the Third World and Washington Square. There are quite a few small, quieter places too that you will like.

The police are not too rough on gays in Washington. The vice squad was recently abolished; there is no entrapment at present; public drag is legal; and even the outdoor cruising areas are patrolled quietly and benighly by uniformed officers. This can change, but local politicians respond to the gay community, and police bigots are kept on a leash.

* * *

I meet one last face on my gay tour of Washington. Ted Kirkland is black, and very consciously so. I first knew Ted in 1970 in the wild and woolly Gay Liberation Front. Today he lives in a neatly painted yellow brick house with a group of other black gay men in a fringe neighborhood he gently calls "the semi-ghetto". He came back recently from a year in San Francisco.

"In San Francisco I was arrested twice for doing nothing at all. Once was in front of the only black gay bar there — Bojangles — when the police cars were waiting outside at closing time to tell everybody they had to move on. I just didn't agree with that.

"The other time I was in a car with four other black gays on our way to a bar in Oakland. The police were making a general search of cars with black young men.

"San Francisco is supposed to be the great gay Mecca, and here I was being harassed continually. I got the message that San Francisco wasn't for me."

Ted is tall and slender. He sits sprawled in an armchair in his stocking feet. His color is a lovely coffee-chocolate. He forms his words softly, with a slightly British sound.

"On the other hand, the white bars in San Francisco were pretty receptive to us. Here they really aren't. There are an awful lot of black gays in Washington. If you go to the black gay bars here, they're always crowded. And most of the blacks I know prefer to stay in those bars.

"I like Washington because of the intense black presence here. Everywhere I go, there are lots of black faces. There are really only a few cities — Washington, New York, St. Louis, New Orleans — where there are enough black gays to create what you'd call a black gay community. A community of 'dandies'."

He smiles. "There's an older black gentleman where I work who asked me, 'Are the rest of the boys at your house dandies too?' "

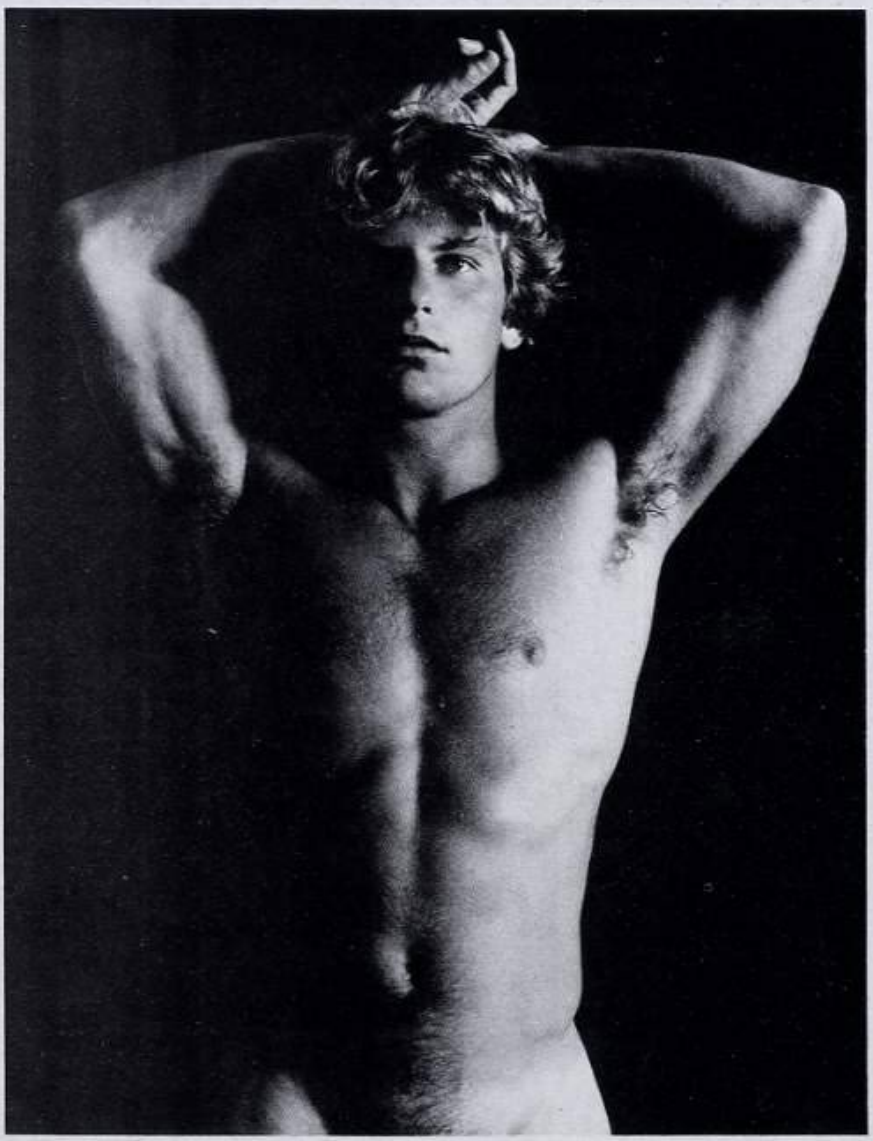
Ted works part time at a bookstore and studies nursing at Federal City College. He is just as political-minded as he was in the Gay Liberation Front days, but he's more patient now.

"I think that as an American citizen, you have to become aware of how politics affects you, no matter what minority you belong to. Even if you belong to the white majority, you must understand your power.

"The politics of liberation? After you have understood that there is a political system, you sort of make that decision for yourself — do you feel that this is oppressing you? And then, if you do, you fall into a stream of people who are working for that kind of liberation. But first of all you have to make that

(Continued on page 75)

THE ULTIMATE BOOK OF NUDES



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BLUE NOTES

ALA—7172—35205
Gay White Aries, parttime bartender, wants to hear from good looking, masculine, well endowed guys for possible meeting and friendship. No fats or fems. Recent photo will be appreciated. Will answer all.

CA—2490—90026
Come, come again all you lovely Japanese, other Orientals. Yours is the best. I've frequented your country and tasted your delights! White male wants you. Arigato Los Angeles.

CONN—0312—06606
Gay couple 47 and 32 looking for other gay couples with similar age differences for correspondence, socializing and get togethers.

D.C.—12716—2002
Wash., D.C., W/M's for uninhibited encounters; discreet.

FL—2154—33931
Gay male couple, resort motel owners want young white guy to do light part-time work in exchange for room and meals. Possible small salary to right person. Outside job o.k. Start May 1 to ?. Straight apperance, no drugs or wierdos. Photo a must. Also: Gay Vacationers inquire about our special summer motel rates.

FL—9775—33010
I'd like a lots tall handsome man I could live in home and cook for him. Please also send picture. I like a man with big buttocks. I also like Greek and French.

FL—13570—33940
Naples, gay couple 40-47 want to meet singles and doubles 22-50 years old. No S.M., no drugs, interested in " manly type " men. For friendship and pleasure. Send Frank photo with reply and will do the same.

GA—7858—30339
Would like robust, powerful, stocky, hairy, and discreet gentleman, age 40-60, married no objection. Averse to fem guy scene. Am 34, 6' 2". Letters preferable with photo will be answered.

ILL—13358—60521
W-M, 25, straight looking, 5' 5", 160 lbs., brown hair and eyes. Looking for a sincere and loving relationship with someone between 25-45. Father image is appealing.

ILL—6904—60680
CHGO area versatile businessman would like to know more and enjoy myself. Like to try TV, dressing, No B/D.

IN—0321—47711
Masculine male, 22, 5' 11", 125 lbs., medium brown hair and blue eyes. Wishes to meet males 18 to ? for a meaningful relationship and/or friendship. Photo and phone appreciated.

IO—6664—50501
Iowa White male 55, Bi seeking Butch Type companion 40-60. Will correspond with those too far away to meet. Short horns welcome. Discretion unnessary.

IN—12286—46208
Looking for sincere friend and lover. White, 50, 5' 10", 165 lbs., black hair, hazel eyes, 8". Enjoy music, theater, books, sex. Wish to hear from white or black males 30 to 55. Send photo if available. Central Indiana area.

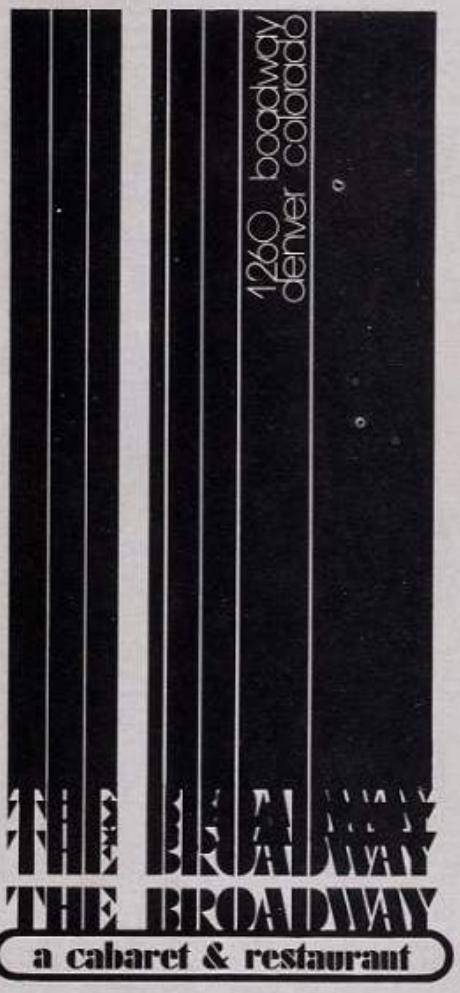
IO—14428—50315
W/M 30, 6ft, 140 lbs., Blond. New to Midwest want to meet someone from 18-25 for possible relationship. I am into Music, Theatre, Travel and being able to enjoy life.

MA—0783—02651
Male, white, 5' 7", 185 lbs., gays over 40 year old living on Cape Cod, for sincere friendship and mutual interests. Looks and build unimportant. Write or phone. Let's meet.

MA—13429—01757
GWM looking for Gay Guys in 20's and 30's for dates and companionship located in Eastern Mass and R.I. - No Fems or S-M. Send photo if avail. Will answer all.

MICH—13311—48174
MI, White, Male, 5' 7", 165 lbs., age 26, wish to meet W. Males and 26 to 35 for friendship or what ever and tired of Bar scene. No Fems or Faties - straight-looking and hairy. Send recent photo, gets first reply.

MICH—1635—48013
Attention photographers, sculptors, artists - - - model release forms in legal language ready for use . . . . covers all angles 2- $1.00, 12- $5.00.



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BLUE NOTES

MISS—7302—39534
Seeking in Biloxi. Am 33, affectionate, masculine, personable, discrete. Enjoy walking, bicycling, singing, most all melodic music, the smooth side of leather (not SM!), old movies. Wish to share body and soul with enthusiastic sensual man of kindred, unkinky spirity.

MO—6957—63112
W/M, 51, 6-2, 195 lbs., true Piscean, mutual french preferred. Interested in masculine Negros (and others!) younger than I - - good times. Want letters/visitors. All letters answered. No weirdos!

NC—11877—28211
White male, 28, 6', 175 lbs., average looks, enjoys theatre, opera, traveling and dining out or a quiet eve. at home. Can travel. Seeking friends for good times and possible perm. relationship. Prefer N.C., D.C., - NYC areas. Age 30-40, mild S. o.k.

NE—3429—68508
White male, Age 23, 5' 11", 115 lbs. Would like to meet sincere attractive guys 20-25 in Lincoln area. Only good sincere relationships. Travel limited. Please write.

NH—0467—03827
Semi-retiree. Trim, Healthy 5' 9", 135 lbs. Fiftyish, fairly hairless, active french / Greek, wants someone similar interests share country living. Beautiful, secluded five acres southeastern new hampshire. Like cocker spaniels, hybridizing flowers, natural living. Age unimportant. Correspondence and photos welcome in strict confidence.

NJ—0370—08012
South Jersey - 2 GWM's - late Twenties, looking for couples & singles to 35 for friendship and frolic. Exchange photos a must.

NJ—9321—07801
Northen NJ, Morristow area. White male, discreet, mid 30's, 170 lbs., 6' 2". Have own house in country, very private. Seek discreet white male boarder, 20's to mid 30's. Prefer musclar, but not essential, white male to help around house. Student o.k., near Drew, Farleigh and CCM.

NY—11942—13088
Syracuse/CNY gay w/m couple (early-30's) seeking singles or couples our age or younger - sex &/or friendship - No fats, no drugs. Prefer Greek passive, non-smokers. Photo desired.

NY—1806—11105
Just an ordinary guy, 5' 8", BR/BL, 138 lbs, trim, smooth body, good mind, sincere, inteligent, seek lover similar interests and ideals. Only serious replies with photos from guys to 34.

NY—2435—10024
Slim Italian dude, 5' 8", 128 lbs., wears mustache, digs getting it on with well built masculine studs. Facial, body hair great. Have hot buns that need servicing your way. Love to give full body oil massage to muscular body.

NY—5308—10950
Southern, N.Y. Male trapped in a straight town. 25, White, average build and looks. You name we might do it. 18-30 athlete can get a workout like he never could in a gym. Photo would help.

NY—6848—10940
Wanted: Someone macho handsome in the New York Area in their 20's-30's who, though into the boots, jeans and leather scene, can also be gentle. Who will accept my inexperience and still want to watch and take care and in time, love - ME. All letters answered. Photos too, please!

NY—6970—12477
W-M-57 seeks hot, horny, young men. Am experienced, gentle, affectionate. Oral and Anal. No S-M. Woodstock, Kingston, Poughkeepsie areas. N.Y.C. boys up for weekend. Have hot rear-door.

NY—7170—111746
N.Y.L.I. W/M, 5' 4", late 40's seeks studs for passive greek , also active French and Greek. MA Degree, widely traveled in world and experienced. All races welcomed.

PA—8655—17901
White bodybuilder, 32, wants to hear from all Gay bodybuilders send nude photo if possible.

LIVING BOLD LIVING SECRET

(Continued from page 71)

decision within yourself. And a lot of that decision comes from your class background, which will inevitably affect your politics.

"In my politics of liberation, what I attempt to liberate myself from is a sexual oppression which I feel is around me."

I ask him about the differences between black gays and white gays#

"I think black gays tend to remain closer to their families. Even after they come out, black gays want to remain part of their families. Whereas the white gays I see seem to have a certain independence. They live very separate lives from their families."

I ask him about his dreams. He smiles sleepily.

"I would like someday to have a little revolutionary band of black homosexuals and go around liberating fascist cities." He cocks his head. "That's just a fantasy. What I really want now is to have an intense experience with black people, especially black gay men. At this point in my life I'm a separatist, even if only temporarily. When I come out of this separatist period, I'll have that much greater strength."

/ / *

Gay Washington is many worlds, many layers of experience fitted to one name in one place. You begin to see its diversity. I haven't even hinted at the vast and complex families of Washington's social drag life, the private society of Washington's gay leathermen, the endless interconnections of the gay community organization people, or the rich and sensitive world of Washington's gay women, where wonderful people live. Who can grasp it all at once?

When I drive to work each morning, I cruise across the graceful white stone Memorial Bridge to Virginia. The secret wood of Theodore Roosevelt Island floats in the bright blue current upriver, and ahead of me, in Arlington Cemetary, burns the flame at Jack Kennedy's graveside. On Arlington Heights, against the pale sky, shines the white and gold portico of Robert E. Lee's family mansion.

I think of two homosexuals sometimes when I cross the Potomac — one, the ancestor of gay Washington, the poet Walt Whitman, who stood by Lafayette Square one day during the Civil War to watch Abraham Lincoln ride past on his horse, and whose homosexual compassion for suffering boys guided him as he nursed the wounded soldiers in the hospitals. The other homosexual I think of is my dear crazy friend Bobby Jones, long since departed from the scene, who once climbed a tree during a vice raid on that same Lafayette Square. From a branch he twitted down at the plainclothesman trying to arrest him: "Ain't nobody up here but us birds, sir."

Bella's bill will pass here someday, and that will be my own special day of Bicentennial, thank you all — a gold and wondrous moment of peace and affirmation for me and for Craig, for Brad, for Ken, for Ted, for Walt and Bobby Jones and every other decent-minded American human being who has ever lived the life of a homosexual in this amazing city lying below the high white Capitol of the United States.

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BLUE NOTES

PA—5294—19056
Phila. - Two, Butch, W/M, 24 & 25, 5' 7", 140 lbs, Long Brn. hair & moustache, 6', 165 lbs., Red hair & moustache - wish to hear from other Butch Studs, 15-30 years old only for hot and heavy 3-way action. Photo a must and Phone.

SC—5057—29654
N.W. area of S.C.. Yet to find the stud who can satisfy my desire for Greek sex. Best is state if partner is well hung above average.

SC—11666—29730
Upper Piedmont region of South Carolina and Nort Carolina. Free to travel. Professional, fun seeking 26 yr. old W?M, average build Six feet, 160 pounds, hairy and well endowed. All answers. Photo answered with same.

TN—8672—37901
White, 26, 5' 10", 165, good-looking, masculine, professional man. New at the Game. Serious, strong, honest, sincere, many interests - sports, body building, music, nature. Wish to meet fine looking young men. Correspond with photo.

TX—6889—78520
TX - Rio Grande valley wrestlers and body builders W/M 26, 5' 8", 170 lbs. into weights and wrestling seeks same for occassional workouts. Must be muscular and discreet. Photo.

TX—6831—77006
Not Fem, Not S/M, Not Fat, Not Dumb, Not Old, Not Short, Not Ugly, Not Very Oral, Live in Houston.

TX—7830—76201
White Male, Dallas area, 52, 6', 160 lbs., educated; likes opera, theater, football, wants lover or companion, 40-60, with similar tastes, race unimportant, but no drugs, S-M, or obesity.

VA—6832—22560
W-M, 48, muscular, well built, 5' 9", wear boots, cowboy hats, skin tight levis, leathers. Body building, running, swimming, farmer, woodsman, businessman, writer, author. Wants gay man with similar interests to correspond toward a permanent friendship. Richmond and Tidewater, Virginia area correspondents. No alcohol, dope, or fems. Ride custom made Harley Davidson M.C.

WASH—7999—98144
Discreet W-M, 32, 6', 175 lbs., brown hair. Interested in meeting new friends up to 35 in Seattle area. If you like to 69 we should get together.

WASH—8537—98390—
W-M, 30's, 5' 11", 145 inexperienced but anxious to learn from right guy who is sincere, honest & discreet. World traveler, pilot, water/snow skier, travel possible to right person. No S-M, Drugs or Fems. Photo appreciated. Seattle.

WI—0448—53202
White, mid-aged bachelor who prefers his men old and chubby. No inhibitions for the right senior citizen. Letters with photos answered first. All answered.

W.VA.—9286
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THE CHICAGO SCENE

BY RALPH PAUL

Chicago, because of its size, has long been referred to as the "Second City." However, with typical midwestern pride, Chicagoans will point to their city's wealth, generated through an active commerce and healthy (although often controversial) political climate, and insist that it is "first," if only in one category: Chicago is the home of the two tallest buildings in the world — the Hancock Center, and the Sears Tower (almost as well known as the Sears Catalog underwear ad!). The core of Chicago's shopping has continued to move northward, out of the traditional confines of its famous Loop. What Judy Garland used to sing about "State Street, that great street" is not as true as it once was. Now the emphasis is on fashionable Michigan Avenue, just north of the river. There, across from its famous landmark name-sake, there is now a new marble-coated complex called WATER TOWER PLACE which houses Lord and Taylor, Marshall Field & Co., numerous smaller shops, condominiums, and the (piss) elegant Ritz Carlton Hotel. (Fields still operates their famous State Street store and "rest stop," however.)

This "Near North" area was once the heart of Chicago gay night life. Famous Rush Street, where macho-straights played through the night, has fallen to the contemporary scene with the closing of MR. KELLY'S, and with other popular clubs of the 60s turning disco or going country. Some of the gay "Off-Rush" places such as THE TRIP and KING'S RANSOM PUB are still popular.

Clark Street is the gay counterpart to Rush Street, and it has the advantage of running all the way from the loop to the very limits of the city. Most bar owners and managers agree that for a gay club to prosper in Chicago, it must be within walking distance of Clark St. With only a few exceptions, this is true. A close-in quadrant of clubs is clustered around the internationally famous leather bar, THE GOLD COAST, at 501 N. Clark. Although rumors persist that this area will soon be raised to make way for more high-rise apartment buildings, a management sign on the premises assures patrons that "The Gold Coast is Here To Stay!"

Somewhat north of The Gold Coast and two blocks west of Clark Street is Wells Street and the former "hippie" area known as "Old Town." In the 1300 block of Wells Street are a string of gay establishments dominated by what has become Chicago's Super-Disco, DEN ONE. Here you can find the place packed with black, white, male and female gays, and like the owners say, "the place goes into orbit almost every night."

Writing in the CHICAGO SUN-TIMES, Paul Galloway called LE PUB " . . . Chicago's most elegant gay bar." Located at 1944 North Clark, across from famous Lincoln Park, LE PUB not only has one of the most popular dining room in the city, but one of the loveliest disco-lounges as well.

From LE PUB, Clark Street angles northward, bringing you into the heart of the new center of gay life where it crosses Diversey Parkway and makes a fork to

(Continued on page 83)

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 (Continued from page 22)

with his little piece, if it was a small chaotic apartment with a roaring hetero near-divorce upstairs, juxtaposed against their own happiness. He wondered if the little wife — Lee called her J. J. — was as intelligent as Lee, or if she would have the war to wage later. He wondered if she went down on him, and if she could take it all. He wondered if she swallowed his sperm. Somewhere between the drumstick and the thigh, Joseph remembered their own first apartment.

It was a house of manners. Young, soon-to-be doctors of philosophy, their heads whirling with Keats, Coleridge and James, and new tellings of Wilde's trials, lived there along with a few of the professors from Columbia and a handful of high school teachers. Mike was a high school teacher then, well versed in the relentless politick of the classroom and moving so slowly he might as well have suffered from podagra. He had read a thousand novels, and there remained a thousand more at least. He was still referring to Joe as "my roommate."

Joe was twenty-one then, and Mike a year older. In those days it had been awkward enough keeping up with him, especially during Mike's first year of the masters program when he was trying to concentrate desperately on something quite remote by Gertrude Stein. Joe was painfully aware of his own ignorance, having dropped out of C.C.N.Y. after one year to help Mike. He was doing layout work for a printing company. It was even worse during the Eliot period; Joe was setting type on an electric typewriter for a subsidized first novel, and the damned thing went on forever, clacking into Mike's thought processes.

Mike had needed him then, for sex as much as for the paying of bills. "It's okay," he'd say, and Joe knew he meant it. Mike tried, but the obvious strain of a time like that always showed in his grade, and Mike would sulk for a few days before withdrawing into another book and still another.

It was one night after Michael had received a C on a bluebook, which may just as well have been an F in the masters program, that Joe first had heard the new couple upstairs. One thing about New York apartments is their splendid acoustics between rooms. Mike was in his reading chair coiled up with *Neighbor Rosicky,* and Joe was trying to remain awake in bed with a gay novel for his arrival. Love between them had become a little vague, not at all like the book wherein all the cocks were indefatigable and all the orifices marinated in cum, in fact hardly more than a series of grunts and grumbles and quick movements before they both simply turned away from each other and seldom smoked or talked.

That particular night Joe had had a special reason for staying awake for him. Something had happened that day; something that shouldn't have happened. He had found this young sailor in Central Park, and . . .

He found himself studying J. J.'s quiet face. She was talking with an erudition equal to her husband's. There was a throatiness to her voice Joe found distracting. Lee had such wide, flagrant eyes, full of interest.

Like that sailor.

Feeling every sorry for himself, Joe had gone for a walk. Somewhere between the statues of Guissepi Mazini and the Seventh Regimental Memorial he had seen the sailor pissing in some shrubbery, and how the thick shaft seemed to harden as the young man shook it off and milked it.

Joe almost turned away, embarrassed at having invaded such privacy, but a lump of desire congealed in his throat so that he felt he would suffocate. Obviously the sailor had not seen him, and Joe watched as he girdled his erection with both hands and began masturbating fiercely. Joe couldn't help himself, moving quickly on a gasp, "Don't! *Don't!*" An actual whimper broke in his voice, and the sailor turned to face him with shock in his eyes. Quickly he was repackaging his need. He looked like a frightened colt, ready to bound in an instant, until Joe said, "Don't go, *please.*"

Perhaps the sailor — Joe never learned his name — had recognized in the quaver of the oncomer's voice a need equal to his own. Perhaps he had been stood up by a lovely woman, received a Dear John that morning, or discovered his wife with another man. Reasons were not important. Joe never asked him; he simply had invited him home, and the sailor had come willingly, his cock a sharp, ready ridge in his uniform.

Joe watched the play of candlelight on J. J.'s eyes; she was caught up totally in the discussion, with those occasional glances of pride toward Lee. Was that insouciance he read on Lee's face when he looked at her?

The sailor had been insouciant, allowing Joe to undress him and to explore his body in the act of massage, the vigorous contours of his back and buttocks. But each time Joe attempted to move his hand between the taut cleavage of his ass, the sailor resisted. The meaning was evident, *I will not be fucked.* Finally he had rolled onto his back, a man of horn. His erection was a rigid arrow of flesh, longer than Mike's, and throbbing to each feathery stroke of Joe's fingertips. He allowed Joe to move his fingers through the coils of pubic hair and down between his thighs, lifting his balls to the warmth of palms . . . and then he reached for Joe's shoulders and urged him down to the feast. He was succulent, and lasting. He came twice in rapid succession, until sperm ran like drool down Joe's chin. Then he began his extended love dance, gently pressing Joe onto his back and coming over with him until his muscular legs straddled Joe's face. Joe pressed hot hands onto the flesh of smooth, contracting buttocks and rode with his piston strokes. That time when the sailor came he called someone's name, and Joe wished it had been his. He never saw the boy again.

It was only later he had begun to feel regret, and the couple upstairs had been a kind of balm. He was a new professor at Columbia, and she was an adjunct, both sharing the same office. He taught two courses in semantics and one in Mediaeval English; she, one in American literature. Joe knew a great deal about their jobs, more than about them, because their first argument had been over her omission of Emily Dickinson from her course, obviously some kind of incredible oversight. "I don't *dare* teach Dickinson!" she screamed, and Joe heard a book slam to the floor as if it had been thrown. "I don't know a damned thing *about* Dickinson! I'm a Wharton scholar, remember? Ask me something about *Roman Fever,* and I'll give it to you paragraph by paragraph . . ."

And he interrupted her with, "You don't dare *not* to teach Dickinson. Half your goddamned students *take* the course for Whitman and Dickinson."

Joe could have told her a great deal about fever, of the emotions, and he smiled when she said, "Let them get their perverted jollies somewhere else. I'm not a goddamned barker for Whitman's *or* Dickinson's orgiastic peepshows."

The Whitman was onerous for Joe, an old wound that had a way of reopening itself at intervals. At the time he pitied them for lacking the understanding he shared with Mike. What was it like to be *only* a Wharton scholar? Mike had read Wharton *and* Dickinson and the hosts of those others, the greats, the near-greats and the *moderns* as he labeled them . . . , yet Mike was mired in high school and they taught at the university. In Room 327 he wasn't asked to teach something he *knew;* he simply was asked to *teach.* Joe couldn't remember ever hearing Mike say I can't do it because I don't know a damned thing about it. He would call it, "refreshing for a change."

The couple upstairs fought like bitter colleagues. Love for Mike and Joe had seemed so simple in the beginning; theirs, so complex. Joe remembered wondering if that was how it was supposed to be among the multi-degreed.

Joe never did see their faces plainly, and watching J. J., who had brought up something about Crane's death being suicide to match his work or to prove it, Joe still couldn't recall exactly what they had looked like. He was conscious of Lee's eyes on him, reading him, before they reverted slowly to Mike.

He remembered here hair was long and full around her ivory face, and she wore those large, thin-framed glasses everywhere. She was rail thin, and he was quite tall with a vaporous look about him. Joe remembered wondering what it would be like to blow him, but he wondered that about most men. He noticed, too, how seldom they held hands. He and Mike held hands whenever they could.

Lying in bed and unable to concentrate even on the multiple fuck taking place on page 122 of the novel, Joe heard Mike shuffle into the kitchenette for an apple — his hurt oath when he discovered there were none left — and a cup of tea. He would be coming to bed when the tea was finished, for just a moment earlier Joe had heard the satisfied slap of his book closed, like a field signal to his lover.

It had occurred to Joe that Mike might leave him if he were to learn about the sailor. They were, after all, living in a city cluttered with men, and they had promised each other there would be no butterflying.

Joe heard new scuffling upstairs. A shoe hit the floor; the other never did. For awhile there was silence, followed by an increasing urgency of bedsprings. More silence, and then his beleaguered roar of anguish, "Go get yourself a goddamn pair of ba-wa balls if I don't fuck to please you!"

Then she was raging, "Get the hell out of my life! Just go! Go!" And there was a curtain of sobs overhead tormenting Joe. It occurred to him then the couple was not married after all. *Just go. Freedom. How simple life could become. Without bonds. Servitude. Is that what rings are all about? Another kind of slavery?* Joe had bought a sterling silver cock ring for Mike one Christ-

mas, and Mike adamantly refused it, made Joe take it back the next day. "When we need slave collars to keep us together," he had said, "then it's time we weren't together."

Mike came into the bedroom, and Joe lay the book aside. There was only the intrusion of a bedside lamp, and yet the room took on a stage effect. Suddenly the characters he had been reading, and the characters he had been hearing took effect. *What are we but characters playing roles?* Mike might have quoted something from *Godot*, "We are Estragon looking into the boot for life." The voices, the tumult upstairs, all of that was offstage atmosphere. *Hold me, Mike. Hold me and let me tell you, then say it's okay.*

"Shower with me," Mike said. Not a question; a plea. Joe flushed with anxiety at the infrequent request.

Already nude, Joe waited in the soft, pelting lukewarm spray, delicious against his hot face. Mike came to him broad-shouldered and narrow-hipped and erect. He loved Joe gently at first, and then with some pain against the cool tile wall.

Joe's eyes fluttered into J. J.'s new conversation. He realized he was holding the uneaten chicken thigh in his fingers, and he was watching Lee Belkind, momentary flashes of imagination igniting the way *he* must now be in the shower with his little wife. It was painful making comparisons.

Joe could feel again the way it had been, Mike's hands gripping the curve of Joe's hips and lifting him up and against him, his thick fingers flexing Joe's skin in his relief. Mike kissed the nape of Joe's neck, and Joe still could feel the singularity of that single kiss, perhaps the most important of all the years they were together. The orgasm was sudden and severe, and Mike withdrew from him with that long, slow, steady stroke of his and Joe soaped his cock, neither saying a word.

When Joe looked up, he looked for frown under the shadow of Mike's dark eyes. He hoped for that small, sly grin when only the edges of his lips turned upward, but there was neither. Was it simply resignation had their relaionship come to that? The *Kama Sutra* was never so precise as was Joe devouring Mike to the root.

Later the adjunct professor screamed overhead, "I said just get out!" Something glass and fragile shattered againt the floor. It seemed Joe almost could hear the man gasp for one more angry breath to orchestrate his argument.

"All right! I'm going, damnit!" He had a deep voice, but then very tall men with prominent Adam's apples generally seemed to have very deep voices . . . and large hands, like those of Mike's marvelous hands which came around Joe again and drew him backward to him, his hands caressing downward into the warm, moist bush, fingers nesting balls, stroking cock.

They heard the hiss of the elevator downward through its cavity. They heard the adjunct professor sobbing now and still throwing things in her misery. They heard the front door slam shut, the communal lock catching with a clang — and if she wanted him back and he wanted to come back she would have to push the button to release that lock. *Servitude.* And they heard the quick cough and gasp of his foreign car, and the sudden angry revving of engine as he

(Continued on page 86)

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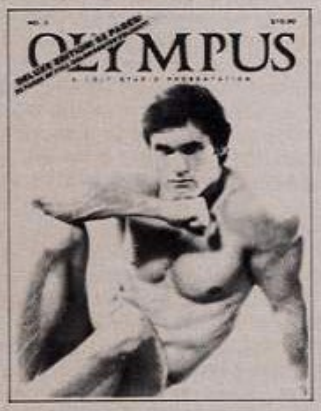

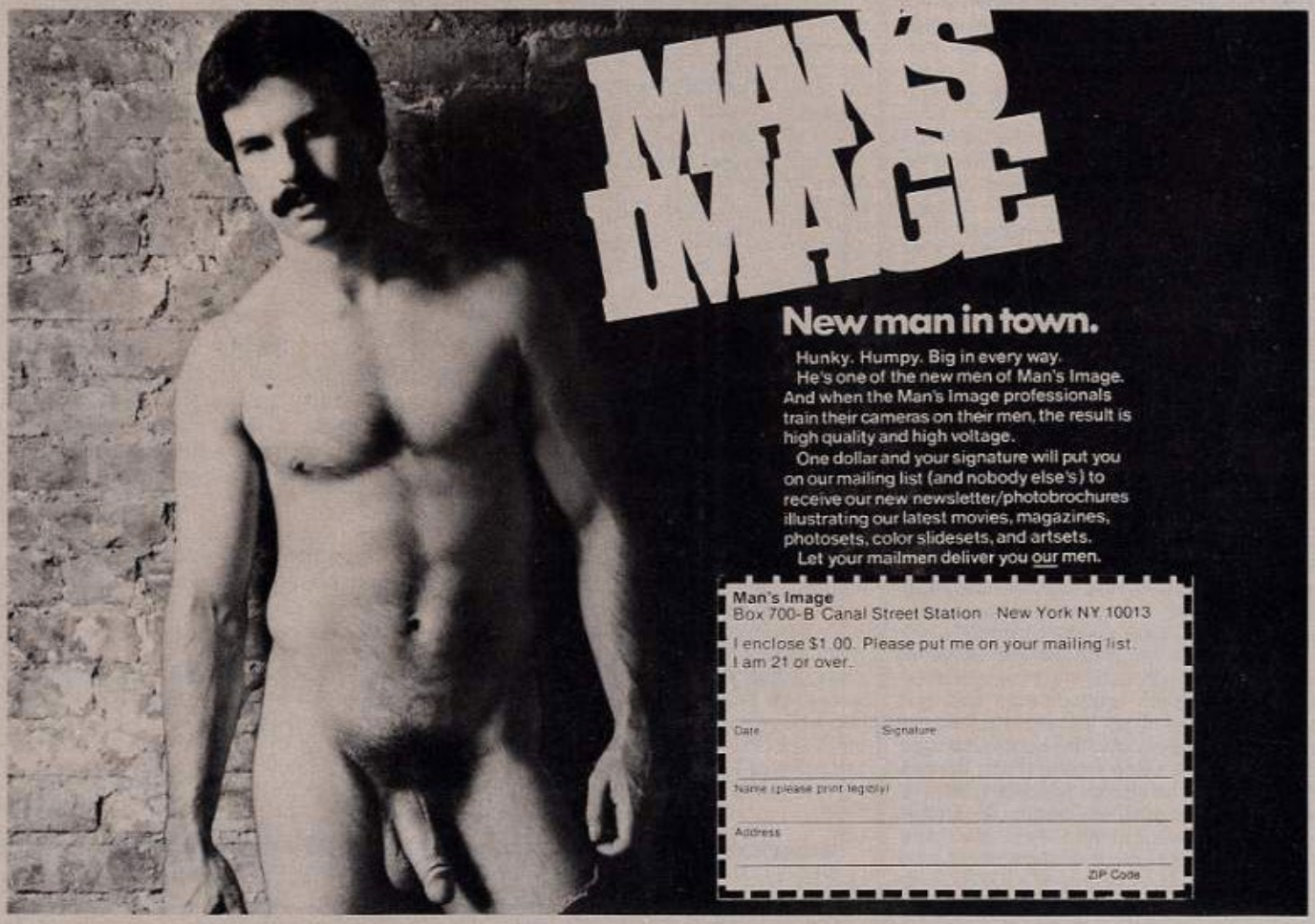

THE CHICAGO SCENE

(Continued from page 78)

create Broadway. This area is called Lakeview (also "New Town") and is where most of Chicago's gay people live. Several "neighborhood-type" bars are to be found here, such as VIRGO OUT on Diversey, and the KNIGHT OUT just north on Clark Street. A few blocks west, on Halsted Street, at 2519, is CAROL'S PUB. Carol, long popular for his form of comic drag, recently opened a lounge-disco with a stage for live entertainment. The new place diagonally across the street from the original, is called MOTHER'S OTHER. Several blocks north on Halsted are the TAKE IT EASY INN, and another popular neighborhood bar, LITTLE JIM'S.

On Broadway, a street long dominated by a "hangover hippy crowd," one of the city's favorite straight disco/restaurants has gone gay. Re-named The BROADWAY LIMITED, it serves good food in authentic railroad dining cars, and rocks with lights and music upstairs in the disco. ZOLAR'S, at 936 W. Diversey, is another great new disco in the area. And the move of Jack David's UP NORTH RESTAURANT from its former Western Avenue location to 2500 North Southport, strengthens still more this area's identification as Chicago's gay town.

In the area of live entertainment in Gay Chicago, "camp" drag is replacing the traditional female impersonation clubs. A new precedent was set with the famous Playboy Towers on North Michigan Avenue booking the CYCLE SLUTS, and then inviting the gay community to join in disco-dancing in their Playboy Club Grand Ballroom.

Chicago has its own version of the CYCLE SLUTS in a team of men from MAN'S COUNTRY, the popular North-Side baths at 5015 North Clark. MAN'S COUNTRY also features some of the best live entertainment in their Music Hall by regularly booking acts like GOTHAM and songstress FRANNIE.

The increased competition caused by so many new discos, lounges and bars causes more "special nights" featuring parties and frequently lower prices. To aid the resident and visitor in finding out "What's Going On In Gay Chicago," a leading group of entertainment establishments cooperate in presenting a daily recorded phone message, available by dialing (312) 929-4662.

In a state where it is legal to be gay (Illinois was the first state to pass a "consenting adults" law in 1961), Chicago's gay people have been able to create a richly diverse community that has received a surprising degree of acceptance from non-gays, and that gets very little interference from police or other agencies. Chicago is a great place to be Gay!

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VIEW FROM THE HILL

BY CADE WARE

There are 20 million homosexuals in the United States, but not one of them is paid to spend full time lobbying the federal government for gay rights.

A pathetic paradox? It sure starts you thinking.

Two men who are working hard to fill this gap are the Metropolitan Community Church's Rev. Roy Burchard and his energetic assistant, Adam DeBaugh. These guys recently nailed up their sign on the door of the newly-christened Washington office of the Universal Fellowship of Metropolitan Community Churches. Their mission: hammer home the message to Congress and the federal agencies — gay rights now.

Yet even they don't have full funding, and they both work part time to make ends meet.

"Troy Perry and the Elders of MCC feel the need for a presence in Washington to represent their church nationally for a number of purposes, but the major one is lobbying," says DeBaugh. "We are working here with the New York-based National Gay Task Force to build support for Bella Azbug's gay rights bill in the House of Representatives. We are also helping to develop a Senate bill focused on gay employment rights. We're the first gay lobbying office in Washington."

Adds Burchard: "Local MCC churches all over are constantly involved in gay rights issues. There's an incredible amount of energy in MCC directed to this. But so far it's had no national focus."

Before coming to Washington, the 30-year-old Burchard was the pastor of the Metropolitan Community Church of New York, as well as an early member of the New York Gay Activists Alliance. DeBaugh, 28, is director of Washington's Center for the Study of Power and Peace, which he calls "an international affairs think tank for the churches". Both have political experience and a religious commitment.

They will shortly collaborate with Bella Azbug to send a "Dear Colleague" letter to 500 Congresspeople asking where they stand on gay rights.

A major ongoing project is construction of a master file system on every Congressperson relative to the gay issue. Each file will contain information on the local gay organizations and the gay rights history in that legislator's district. It will also include statements by the legislator pro or con gay rights and copies of letters from gay constituents to him or her, as well as all information available which might influence his or her vote.

"It's awfully useful when you visit a Congressman to know the facts about his gay constituency and to be able to point out the political role that gays are playing in his home district," says DeBaugh. "Or to be able to say, you know, in the district next to yours they've already passed a city ordinance for gay rights. Or, look at these carbon copies of letters from your constituents."

The files will be open to all gay lobbyists, as will use of the office generally.

"We see the effort to pass gay legislation as one requiring an ever-growing coalition of gay lobbying groups," says Burchard. "We encourage others to do the same thing we're doing. We're here to welcome them into the campaign, to share facilities and smooth the way."

The office publishes a newsletter, *Gays on the Hill*. To receive that letter, or to lob in a tax-deductible contribution, address: UFMCC — Washington Office, Suite 210, 110 Maryland Avenue NE, Washington DC 20002.

* * *

Saying-worth-resaying, heard at GAA's Bicentennial Conference on Gays and the Federal Government: "Remember — red, white and blue makes lavender."

* * *

In December, Anthony Sullivan, an Australian gay who is applying for visa status as the married spouse of his lover, American citizen Richard Adams, got a letter from the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service denying his request because "a bona fide marital relationship cannot exist between two faggots."

U.S. immigration law forbids entry into this country to what it calls 'sexual deviants'.

Enraged, Sullivan called a press conference in Los Angeles, where he and Adams live. Said Sullivan: "I never expected to be called a faggot on a U.S. government document."

But INS Deputy District Director Joseph Dernetz took issue, saying, "The word is in the dictionary with the definition 'male homosexual', so it's an acceptable word."

In Washington, however, INS officials have now taken a different view. The statement has been withdrawn, they say, and the individual who wrote it duly disciplined. "The whole thing was improperly done, no question about it," INS spokesman Vern Gervis recently told me.

No written policy has been laid down forbidding use of the word as a result of the incident, Gervis said, "but simple common sense would indicate that such language has no place in the official conduct of INS business. Use of that word does not represent INS attitudes in any way."

Great — but however you say it, Anthony Sullivan is still under orders to leave.

* * *

Ever since gay liberation began, one of its objects has been to break through the walls of indifference and complacency behind which anti-homosexual prejudice rules unchallenged. Hence the stridency, the confrontations, the public stunts and antics of the early gay activists — to publicize by the only means possible the stonewall tactics of the powers-that-be.

These confrontations, plus a lot of hard work on facts and issues, plus plenty of political effort, legal combat, and hard-won media publicity in the more conventional vein, have yielded important results in recent years — witness the many gay rights ordinances that city councils have passed around the country, last year's federal ruling protecting gay Civil Service employees, and today's broader knowledge and understanding of homosexuality by the general public.

But for every action there's a reaction, and not all American citizens are convinced by any means that gay is good. Backlash sets in against any minority that has made a real show of power, and there are plenty of indications that when gay activists win the opening round in a political battle, a significant anti-gay reaction can develop.

The Pennsylvania legislature, for example, passed a strictly early-medieval anti-gay employment law last October in response to Gov. Milton Shapp's executive order designed to protect gay state employees. When a consenting-adults sex law was passed in California last year, an unholy alliance of church groups launched a state referendum to repeal it, which, fortunately, fell short of its goal. With memories of gay rights insurgency at the 1972 Democratic National Convention in mind, party chairman Robert Strauss has now succeeded in tightening up convention rules for 1976, declaring he sees no need to air in public "ever little sliver of opinion."

In Washington DC, the Big Brothers youth organization has started asking employees and volunteers to sign a pledge that they "are not and never have been a homosexual." In Seattle, the King County Council, having previously granted funding for a Gay Community Center Jobline, recently withdrew it. And the legislatures of Maryland and Virginia, so frightened are they by the very idea, have passed explicit laws *against* gay marriage.

The defeats don't mean that liberation is over or even that the progress of gay liberation has been appreciably slowed in the long run. In the large perspective the victories far outnumber the setbacks, and progress continues everywhere. What it does tell us is that we have to be prepared for backlash and know what it means.

First, I submit, backlash means that our advances are real: the bigots would not be fighting back if they weren't alarmed. It means, second, that gay liberation has to deepen its base, cement its alliances, professionalize its effort, and fight through now to win lasting victories over the spirit that hates for hatred's sake. And, third, it means that gay lib, having proved its mettle, now deserves the financial and volunteer support of millions of gays who haven't helped out so far.

We'll never make everybody love us. There will always be some doubters and haters. But if we fight through the backlash against our first great accomplishments, we will win the decent majority to our side, and the bigots in time will retreat, a chastened and silent minority at last.

CADE WARE is former president of the Gay Activists Alliance of Washington DC.

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THE GLASS

(Continued from page 80)

tore into the avenue leaving rubber like a relic.

Joe supposed it was that which had saved him, the simple fact that in the middle of their wages of fear *they* just happened to be in the middle of a kiss . . . that new one . . . the one at the end of which Mike had said, "God, how I love you!" They had fucked into sleep, and the last thing Joe remembered of that night was the thickness of Mike deep in his bowel and Mike's hands warm and caressing on his inner thighs, and holding him impaled. He knew he wouldn't ever tell Mike of the sailor.

Suddenly again Joe felt that suffocated emotion taking him, the way he had felt that day in Central Park. No one apparently noticed him leave the room. Looking into the past through Lee Belkind's innocent eyes brought on nausea, waves of it sweeping through Joe at the kitchen sink. He knew exactly what was wrong: He *wanted* Lee, desperately. He felt a sudden despair and a jealous hatred for J. J. who possessed that young length and could find nothing better to talk about than . . . than *literature*. Joe's knuckles whitened where he gripped the sink remembering the fullness of Lee's flared denims. Sobs clung in his throat.

To the son of a bitch who made me think . . . but, damnit, I don't like it!

Reflected in the window panes over the sink he could see the crate of champagne sitting toward one edge of the table. A sudden urge to grip each bottle by the neck and enjoy momumental explosions as he hurled each one against the wall almost overwhelmed him. He could have done it. Easily. He was unaware how the thumb of his left hand was turning the silver band around and around its finger.

The moment was argued, then caught in pulverized pieces by the sudden deep voice behind him. "Joseph?"

A frenetic moan accompanied his, "Yes?" He was afraid to turn around.

Lee said, "May I have a glass of water, please?"

Joe stammered. "Of course. Of course." He eased away from the sink, and with a quick gesture indicated the tap. "I'm sorry I forgot to put iced water in the refrigerator."

"Tap is just fine," he said. Joe could see him moving — the slow, masculine, confident sway of his hips; the snug fit of his denim — across the room. "The glasses, Joe?"

Joe couldn't look at him, afraid of betrayal; the welling water in his eyes might spill. "Oh . . . , uh there, Lee. In the cupboard."

He drank water from a tumbler as cleanly as he had the champagne. He didn't grip the glass but held it delicately, almost femininely, with his thumb and two fingers. Joe wanted to exchange the tumbler with its crude thickness for perhaps a Pilsner, something as delicate as a champagne glass. Peripherally Joe watched him drink two full glasses, head back, neck pulsing. He swallowed with his.

When Lee set down the tumbler on the drain, he said, "You and Mike have a fine home. J. J. was commenting when we came in how lucky you both are. You should see our place."

Joe risked looking at him directly, curiously, causing him to add, "We have a cramped little place in the Village. Simon would have a ball doing another *Barefoot* about it." He laughed lightly, deeply. "Would you believe . . . ? We even have a hole in our skylight?"

Joe's eyes had focused on Lee's crotch, where his sex was caught up and printed on the material like heavy yeast dough sculptured for bread art. He wished Lee would tell him about the pad, about every crack in the walls, every roach that had become a household pet, every mouse he'd named. But he offered nothing, except, "It was so damned good of Mike to give me so much attention. There are more'n a hundred kids in his class, so I know how busy he is."

Joe's eyes moved reluctantly upward from the heavy basket to where Lee's shirt was first opened near the navel, where several handmade necklaces began and tangled like yellow brick roads in his chest hair. "Yes," Joe said, swallowing difficultly, imagining how hard Mike tried to "help." He kept seeing all those crotches, like Lee's, spread in their seats before their teacher, rows and rows of tender bulbs with erecting croci, all Mike's. Joe had begun to perspire slightly.

"I respect Mike," Lee said. "All the kids do."

Joe seemed startled. He realized for the first time that all evening he had been calling Lee, *Mr. Belkind,* and that Lee had been returning the much softer, friendlier, *Joseph.* "Why do you respect Mike?" Joe asked bluntly, a coldness in his voice which Lee surely recognized.

Without hesitation, Lee said, "Because he respects *me,* . . . and because he loves you and isn't afraid of it." He smiled compassionately for the reaction that got from Joe. "Maybe nobody else will ever say it, but he's a great man, Joseph. He's a great man because he really cares that I should *think* about what I learn. Sometimes it hurts, but he's relentless. That makes respect something very close to love, don't you know? *We* love him, Joseph . . . J. J. and I."

Joe started, his face reddened, "What?"

"It hasn't been easy for you and Mike, and it hasn't been easy for J. J. and me. J. J.'s a transsexual, Joe." He set his warm hand over Joe's for just a moment and said, "Thanks very much for the water."

Joe's head whirled. He avoided watching the slow, tumbling undulations of Lee's buttocks as he left the room. Yamantaka seemed to be sitting atop the champagne crate displaying his foiled enveloped cocks. Joe wanted to scream.

The kitchen door closed quietly behind Lee as he thanked his host again, and Joe began to shiver obviously. Shivers of confusion he couldn't control. He wished Lee could have been all the horrors — cocks and balls by Gahan wilson — he had imagined Mike with. He could have dealt with a thief, a leather masochist, some horror from Oscar Wilde's dockhands, but not with that crazy kind of self-imposed thiefdom and rape of his own emotions.

Lee had taken one last swallow from the tumbler before he left, and Joe grabbed it up with both hands frantically, like a treasure, a relic. And then he touched his

own lips to the same side where Lee had drunk, caressing the glass and his tongue, searching for all the kisses Lee had not left.

The glass dropped, shattering in the sink, and Joe turned around severely, staring at the crate of champagne. He knew Lee had sent it . . . and with love . . . and he wept openly for himself.

"Joe?" he heard Mike call just before he pushed open the door. When he saw Joe leaning against the sink, staring blankly into space, he seemed shaken fearfully. "You okay?"

Joe murmured tremulously, "I'm fine, Mike."

"I heard that noise . . ."

"Mike?" Then with terror, "Do you respect me?"

Mike was admiring the champagne, sliding a bottle up from its sleeve. He let it drop. "What?" Incredulity knitted his forehead.

"Do you respect me?" Joe asked more quietly.

Mike came to him, slipping his arms around Joe's middle, hands warm on ass and lifting slightly, nuzzling his nose against Joe's in a way Joe had forgotten. "Of course I do."

"And . . . and do you *love* me?"

"Love?" He tilted Joe's face upward, kissed him. There was that delicious, kinetic moment as tongues entwined deeply. "I love you, Joe." Then he shook his head. "God! I haven't told you that in a long time, have I? Not so it mattered."

He simply watched the expressions change on Joe's face.

And for the first time Joe realized Mike never had doubted his love, even when Joe had thought it non-existent. *Was it really possible Lee Belkind had suspected his feelings? Was it that obvious that Lee needed to come into the kitchen on the pretense of thirst just to tell him how much of a man he already had?*

Flushed, Joe whispered, "Our guests, Mike." He could feel himself hardening to the pressure of his lover's cache.

"They've gone."

"But they . . . they haven't had their *cake!*"

Mike eyed him mischievously. "Lee is considerate. He said that part should be a private celebration tonight." His eyes blazed for amative moments. "Did he know something I didn't?"

"He sent the champagne."

Mike didn't seem surprised. He simply gripped Joe's hand and said, "Come along, and wish me a happy birthday."

Joe allowed himself to be tugged through the kitchen. At the door he balked, pulled Mike back to him. "Mike, I'm sorry about the damned dinners."

But Mike wouldn't let him say anything more. Preceding Joe into the dining room toward the torte with candles already lit, he was waving his arms as rhythmically as Mehta, as handsomely. He began the words for Joe, "Happy birthday to you . . ."

Joe was laughing with his tears. "You son of a bitch!"

And the words to the lyric tumbled from his lips hoarsely and emotionally static. Mike leaned over the table and blew out the candles deftly. In the sudden dark he said, "Now . . . , Let us eat cock."

THE END

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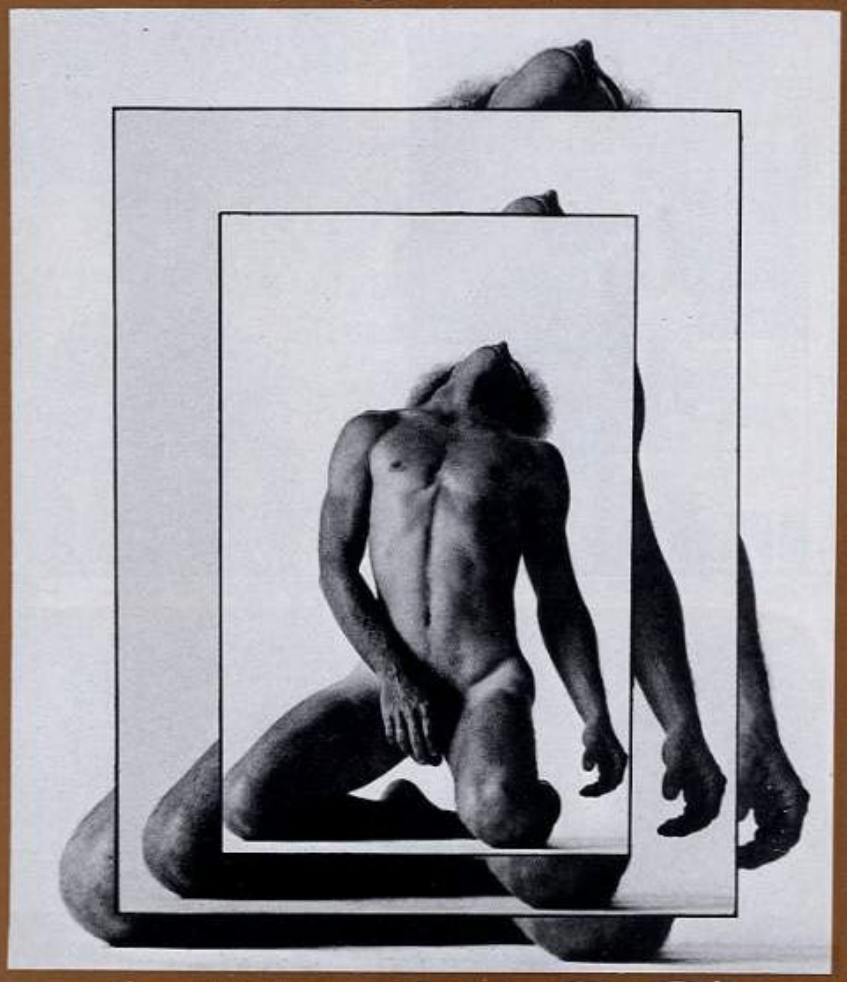

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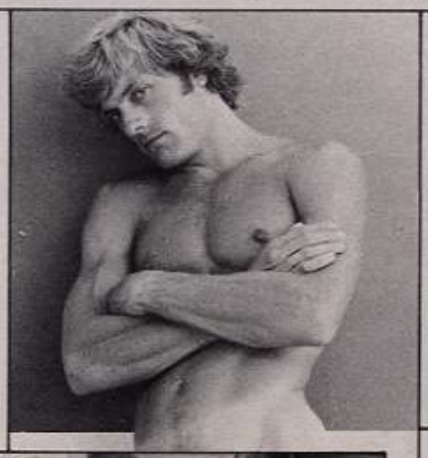
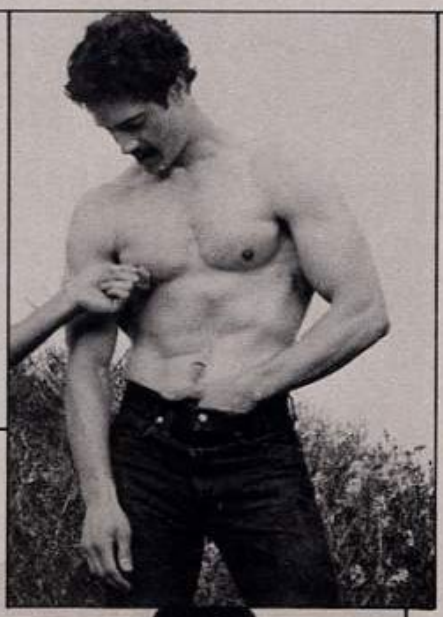

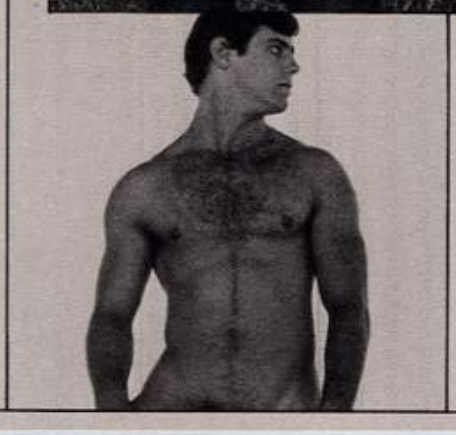

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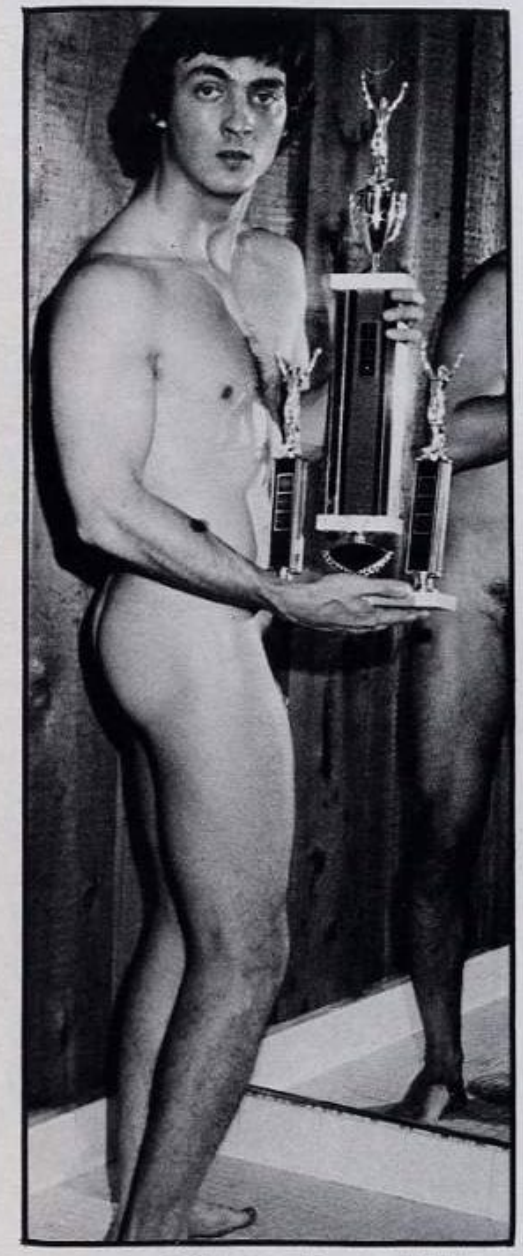

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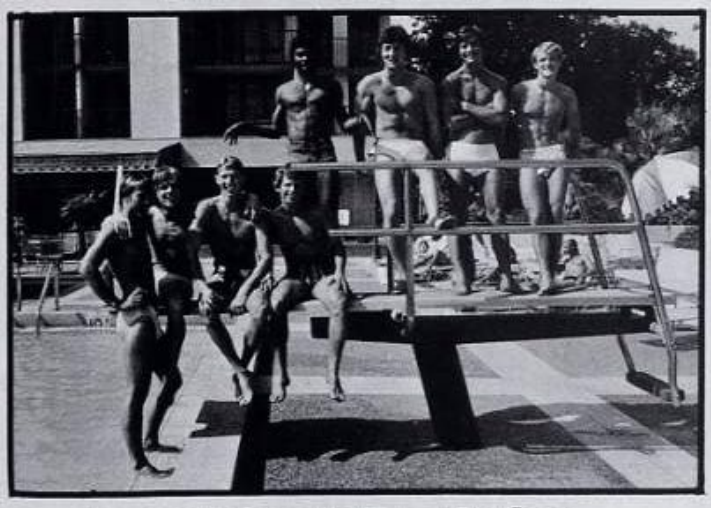

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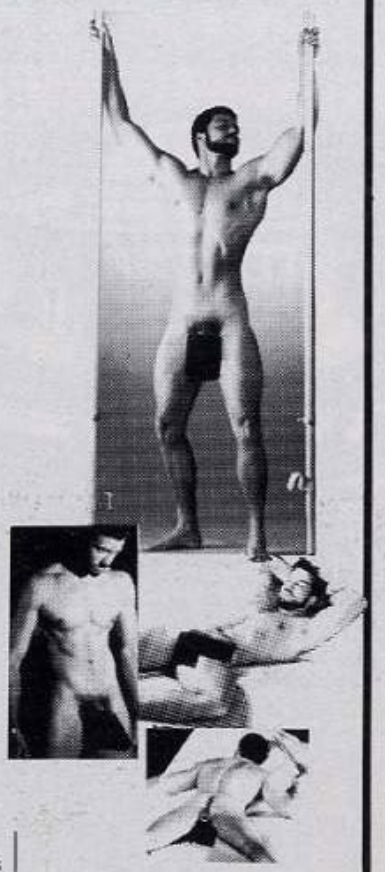

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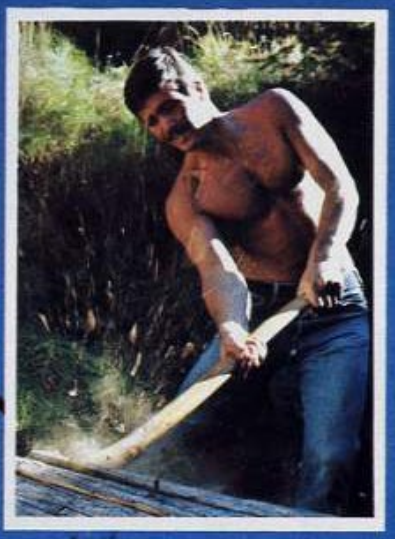

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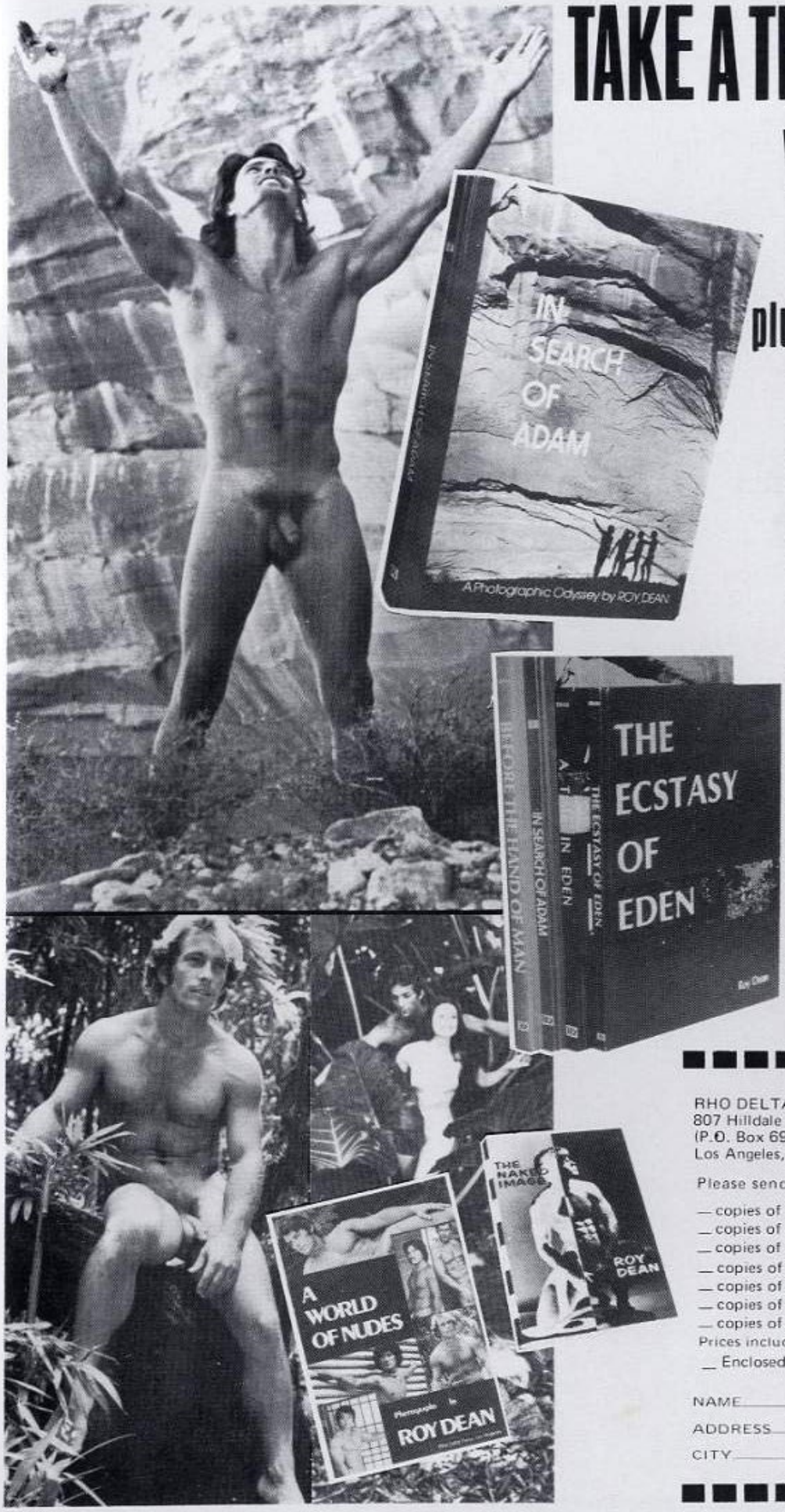

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