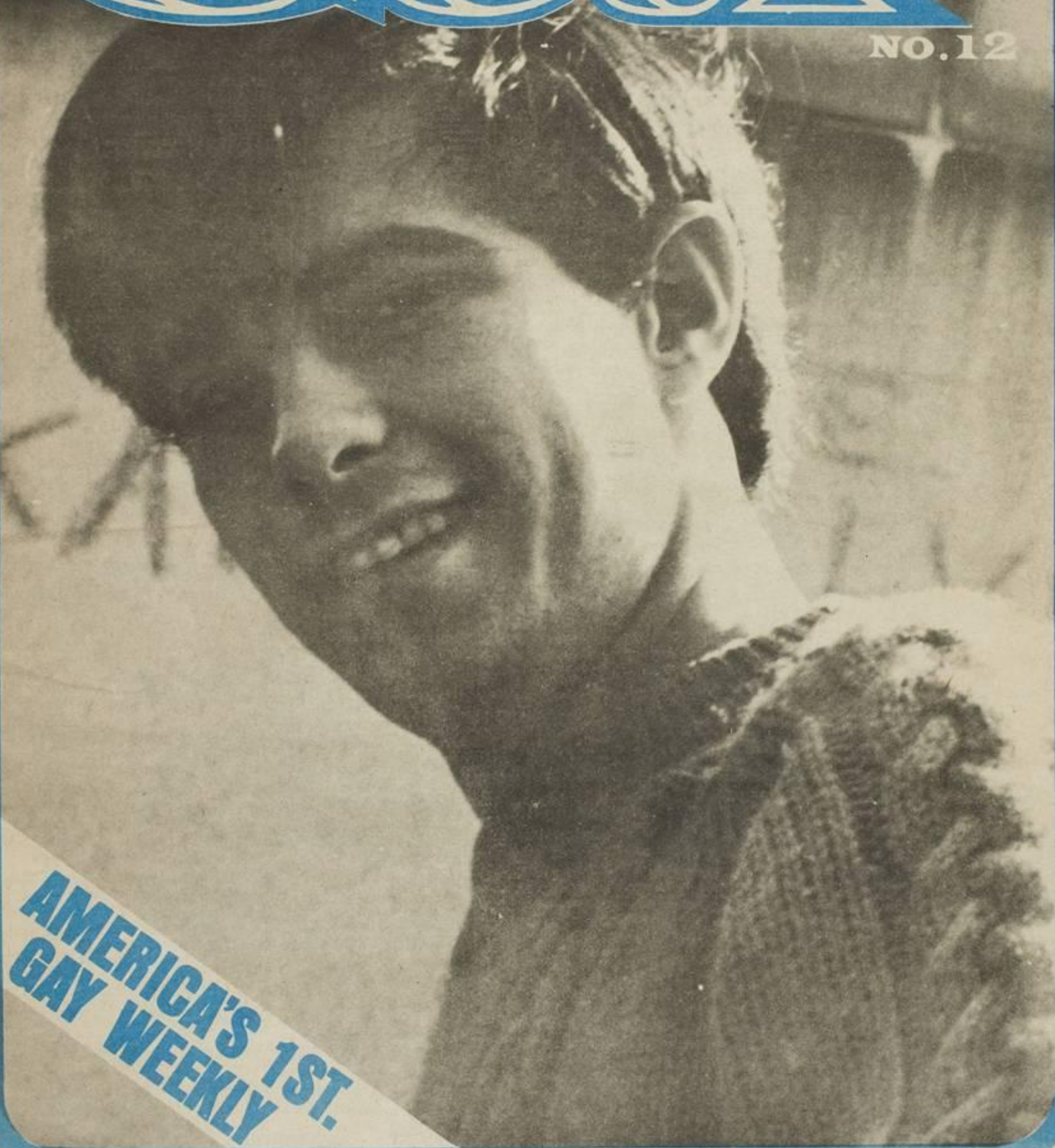


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GAY WEEKLY

**TIPS FOR STREET
CRUISING P. 6 THE NEW
"DIRTY" WORDS P. 14**

The Other Face of Love, by Raymond de Becker. Translated by Margaret Crosland and Alan Davenport. 209 pp. Illustrated. New York: Grove Press, Inc. \$10.

Homosexual history books tend to take forms that are usually predictable. For example: the Gay Apology (explanation, not "I'm sorry," such as *The Homosexual in America*), the Psychological Study, and the Who's Who (*Jonathan to Guide*). Here, on the other hand, is a homosexual history from a humanist and humanitarian point of view. *The Other Face of Love* traces the history of homosexuality through the ages by means of literary references, historical documents, anthropology, theology, psychological studies, and art history.

From the point of view of primitive anthropology, we find that homosexuality is not only condoned but revered among such divergent groups as the Pueblos of New Mexico and the Dayaks of Borneo, among whose priests, or shamans, homosexuality is obligatory. The Nambikwara Indians of Brazil socialize gay relationships under the charming name of "untruthful love."



Violent Games. 5th Century

The earliest known epic, the *Epic of Gilgamesh*, a Babylonian poem dating back almost four thousand years, recounts the story of a homosexual hero who was neither priest nor religious prostitute, but rather a powerful king and warrior. He dreams of a "champion of divine stature" who falls upon him and whom he cannot move. Gilgamesh embraces this champion "as one embraces a wife" and lays him at his own mother's feet. His mother interprets the dream-hero as a lifelong companion for Gilgamesh. This hero appears as Enkidu, and they fall in love with one another and set out to seek immortality.

The ancient Egyptians adorned their temples and tombs with paintings of gods, pharaohs, and young boys embracing. The Hittites ordained legal marriage between men and boys, "although no dowry was involved." The most interesting problem remains that of the Hebrews, whose antihomosexual taboos have been inherited by the Christian West. Oddly enough this aversion does not appear until after the Babylonian Captivity, and male prostitutes had a house within the walls of the temple in Jerusalem until the time of Joshua. Odd how times change, no?

The divinities of India include a god of eroticism, Kama, Krishna, in love with himself, causes his own nature to appear in the form of herdsman's daughters and enjoys himself through them. Shiva is both male and female simultaneously. The Arabs, through their greatest poems,

the other face of LOVE

BY PETER OGREN



The Lonely Kiss. R. Bourgeois 1965.



Two women. 17th Century



Pan and his Pupil. Galleria delle Terme, Rome



The Lovers. Persian miniature



Zingis and Agathe. Marc Poncelet



Ganymede and Eros. Louie Janin



The Guitar Lesson. Balhaus 1954

The Thousand And One Nights, show their relaxed perspective vis-a-vis homosexuality.

In Japan during the great feudal era it was "honorable" for a Samurai to have a young boy as his lover, and "despicable" never to have had one. One story from that period, "The Love of the Two 'Enemies,'" relates the conflict between homosexual and filial love. The son must kill his lover to fulfill his duty to his mother. They go to bed, and during the night the son kills his lover and himself in a single stroke through the breast. The mother then kills herself to show that she is "worthy of such a noble love." It is obvious that homosexual love occupied just as elevated a plane as heterosexual love or filial devotion.

It goes without saying that a good deal of attention is given to ancient Greece, with a fair amount of new and even amusing material. For example, Sappho of Lesbos, Queen Bee of the distaff side, apparently fell in love at the age of about fifty-five with a boy, of all things, whom she chased halfway across the Mediterranean. Having lost him, she threw herself over a cliff.

The persecutions of homosexuals under the early Christians and during the Middle Ages is covered in great detail, the horrors of which I'll ignore, although if we allow ourselves some name-dropping, some of the Popes, bishops, and other undesirables fell into the same pattern of love and lust as did Leonardo and Michelangelo. You just never know who's going to like the same things that you like, do you?

About twenty percent of the book, appropriately titled "The Uncertainties of Science," is devoted to studies of

homosexuality carried out by psychologists, psychiatrists, and psychoanalysts, from Moritz through Caspers, Kraft-Ebbing, Freud, Stekel, Ellis (Havelock, not Albert), and Kinsey. Furthermore, the author gives a clear and excellent summary of the laws regarding homosexuals in Europe and America, as well as a brief history of the homophile movement. It must be noted, however, that although the book was only released last year in English, it was originally published in 1964, and the references to the laws of Britain and West Germany are no longer applicable—both of these countries do not now regard homosexual acts between consenting adults in private as crimes. The final chapter is given to a summary of what conclusions can be drawn about homosexuality, in short, that it is no more and no less than another variation of love's image: "Eros is everywhere . . . and we must learn to venerate him even in those guises most strange to us."

By way of illustrations, this book gives us over one hundred paintings, drawings, photographs from films, tomb engravings, esoteric illustrations (some drawings for an edition of Verlaine poems are spectacular) and statuary. Some of these are excellent, some fearsome, some just plain freaky. But taken as a whole these illustrations add a kind of art gallery atmosphere which suits the humanism of the book, as well as its humanitarianism.

An objective study of homosexuality is difficult enough to come across, but a beautifully written and compassionate brief for the acceptance of gay love is indeed a pearl of great price. *The Other Face of Love* is such a jewel.



The Hermaphrodite-Angol of Peladan. Canara

I have this friend, Chuck-Chuck, who's the most successful street cruiser I know. When he puts his head into the mood for sex, he can pick up guys quicker than anyone else I know. And not just any old trick off the street, but really groovy, humpy numbers. Chuck-Chuck has even been known to go out to the laundry to pick up his shirts and come back with a gorgeous hunk of man. I decided to ask him about the secret of his success.

"I'm extremely direct", he told me. "I don't go in for this game thing. None of this game thing. None of this 'I'll chase you for a block, and then I'll stop and let you catch up,' back and forth, for blocks. I see something I want, I'll go up to him and ask him: 'You want to fuck?' It always works.

"Games can be fun if that's what you're there for, but if you want to bring somebody home you're wasting your time standing around a bar all night when you can be home fucking. You go to a bar and stand around for five hours and you see who's there and have people look at you. You may even talk with one or two, and when that's over, you go into the streets and then you cruise. That's a waste of time. You've wasted all that time standing there. It doesn't do anything for you but swell your ankles and give you flat feet.

"Cruising on the streets is kind of fun and it gets you out in the open air; it's good for you, all that walking. You're not enclosed with all that smoke and stale air. You get your lungs working and it keeps your butt up nice and your buns nice and firm."

I asked him if he ever cruised in bars. "Yeah, of course, I've cruised in bars. I met a couple of my lovers in the bars. But I prefer the streets. The bars are really kind of stifling. Why spend five or ten bucks sitting there getting bombed? When you go out you can't do anything anyway. It doesn't do anything for your urge or for your ability to perform.

"I feel freer on the streets. I feel it's easier to walk up to somebody and start a conversation and walk with them for an hour or a day or a couple of minutes or whatever and kind of get to know them. They're not really putting on a show for everybody else in the bar either. When you're walking on the street, people are looking at you, too. You know, even if you look like Godzilla's second cousin twice removed and really ugly, not even a pretty Godzilla, people are gonna look at you because there are enough people that like anything in New York. Somebody's bound to groove on you. But in the bar you're not really conscious of people being very close and not having anything else to do but look at other people.

"I find you learn a lot more about the people you're with in the five or ten minutes it takes to go home than in the four or five hours you may spend in the bars. I feel people are much more honest with you on the street. When you're in a bar, basically you start acting. You have a certain little role thing that you want all these people to sort of pick up on, right? More so than when you're on the street, because... I don't know, there doesn't seem to be so much pressure on you to be some sort of type. You can just be what you want to be."

I asked him about the laundry incident. "Apparently, this guy had watched me go into the laundry and



BY JASON GOULD

The Street Of Dreams

AN EXPERT CRUISER'S ADVICE

when I came back out, he was still there, so I walked up to him and said, 'Hi, how are you? And would you like to come up to my place for a cup of coffee?' He asked me if he knew me, and I said 'No, not yet.' After all, there's really only two things you can say in a situation like that, yes or no. Or variations thereof, like 'Let's make it some other time' or 'I have an appointment right now' or 'I can't make it'—which is the same thing as a no when you're cruising like that. You may get together again but the odds are against it. You don't want to hurt somebody's feelings when you're cruising, so the easiest thing to say is 'Gee, I have a lover I have to get home to' or 'I really can't now, but I'd like to some other time.' There's no reason to make a bad day for anybody, especially yourself. Be nice to people and it works better. Besides, sometimes you do wind up getting together, and if you say no the first time, you're just saying no for the second time too."

I asked him how people react to his cruising them. "Well, if they're gay and don't have too many hangups, I can usually score fairly easily. When I'm walking down the street my eyesight isn't really good, but I can pick up on a friendly-looking face and a half-way decent body at least a block away. I can't read signs or see traffic lights or anything, but I can spot sex.

"When I'm walking toward them and they look groovy, I usually sort of fix them with a stare. If you have any kind of peripheral vision you can stay on the sidewalk and not run into any people or trees while doing this. I find it's best if you can find a crack in the pavement where the squares come together and just walk down that line and even if you stare

over your shoulder you can still walk down the pavement on that line. "A direct stare is usually best 'cause it lets them know you're interested. It's kind of disconcerting, which is also good, because if you do little furtive things, a lot of times people think—I know I do—that you're interested, yes, but you're kind of uptight. You may not be sure of how to go about it. I mean, I don't have this thing about going to bed with virgins, you know. I like them to know what they're doing. I mean, that's fun."

We talked about cruising among the straights. "Look, if I see something I like, and I want it, I'm gonna go after it. And if I really want it, I'm gonna get it. Nothing's gonna stop me. If I'm walking down Fifth Avenue, past Tiffany's and there are all these people in suits, like it's lunch time, you know, and they're all out and it's jammed right, and I see something I like, I don't care who's walking by me and looking at me and saying 'Look at that faggot cruise... look at this one making a show of himself!' What the fuck do I care? You know, they can think anything they want, as long as they pay their quarter to watch, I don't mind."

Who's the aggressor, I asked, you or the other guy? "I used to always have a rule that somebody else had to take the initiative. And that's really bad, really bad. Being chased is fine, but sometimes, in fact, most of the time, I might feel like I want to be the Great White Hunter, to take my sights and put them on somebody, go after'em and bring them down. Sort of pull them down on the concrete and do them. You can't do that if you're being chased."

"Do you have a specific favorite cruising spot?" I asked.

"New York City is one, Brooklyn is kind of out, except for the Heights, face it. That's another country. Third Avenue is fun, between 74th and 50th, although it tends quite a bit to hustlers, Christopher Street. I'm not telling you anything you don't already know. I've seen 'Y'all there in your feathers, you know. I find I have a lot of good luck at the corner of St. Marks and what's the street beyond the Baths? Second Avenue, by the newspaper stand. Right on that little corner is a great pickup place, especially if you're stoned, 'cause they all are."

"The street in front of the Tool Box is fine. Also Hudson, north of Christopher. You find a lot of groovy people just walking up and down Hudson Street, and they're not out taking the vapors. Central Park West in the dead of winter is heaven. I suggest wearing tight, white jeans and your boots. If you have a leather jacket, wear it, but don't wear anything under it. People are so shocked and delighted that you don't have anything on under your jacket that it's really a big, big come on."

"Do you have a special cruising outfit? I ventured?"

"Whatever you're wearing at the time. I mean you cruise constantly. Most people are cruising even when they're not looking for something. So whatever you have on will do just fine.

"I think the big thing is to feel you look good and feel good. People pick up on it. I like people who look like they know where they're at and are kind of grooving on themselves, because you know if you take them to bed, nine times out of ten they're gonna be in there essentially to gratify themselves. You can be in there essentially to gratify yourself and everybody comes out feeling good."

PITCH FORKS IN PENTAGON

Dr. Franklin E. Kameny

Miss Barbara Gittings



BY LILY HANSEN

On March 30, the case of Benning Wentworth moved to the level of an appeal board hearing of the Industrial Security Clearance Review Office in the Pentagon. Three years ago, Mr. Wentworth, an electronic technician in New Jersey, was charged with susceptibility to blackmail because of his homosexuality and was threatened with loss of his industrial security clearance.

In this hearing, at which Mr. Wentworth did not need to be present, the board heard statements from counsel: Dr. Frank Kameny, president of the Mattachine Society of Washington, and Barbara Gittings, member of the Homophile Action League in Philadelphia. Veteran homophile activists, Frank and Barbara have been with this case from the beginning. Rowland A. Morrow, Chief Department Counsel for the Industrial Security Clearance Review Office, acted on behalf of the "prosecution."

Frank's job was to refute the opinion of Examiner Waldman, who had handed down an adverse decision at a New York Field Board hearing. Thirty days prior to this hearing, Frank had submitted an "Identification of Issues," a document in which he listed the 27 issues that are being disputed. On March 30 he got the chance in an "oral argument" to elaborate on these issues and to pick apart the decision of Examiner Waldman. Frank's argument was contained in 22 legal size pages.

Describing their function at the hearing, Frank said, "We do not come as amateur lawyers trying to act as professionals — we come as professional human beings trying to teach our Defense Department to do the same." Perceiving that the Department is "persistently operating in a sort of legalistic ivory tower, divorced from the society around it," Frank and Barbara took it upon themselves to teach these inhabitants of the Pentagon in various states of premature old age and mental ossification what the youth culture was all about.

Their pitchforks are in the Pentagon: Neo-American Gothic

The pioneers were decked out in diverse buttons. Barbara wore her Gay Is Good, Equality for Homosexuals, Pray for Sodomy, and Cunnilingus buttons; Frank sported his Gay Is Good and Fellatio buttons. "We try to give them little lectures on sociology. We taught the Defense Department words like 'cruise,' which they never knew before, things like that, which are now part of their Defense Department vocabulary." Prior to reading his oral argument, which he had stayed up all night preparing, Frank described the colorful palette of present-day gay life. "We simply presented to them the image of the new homosexual: dances in colleges, gay newspapers, the gay street festival, riots on Christopher Street..." and "arrangements for a sodomy test case," Barbara chimed in.

Quoting from the "Ode to Sodomy" from the musical *Hair*, Frank demonstrated the enthusiasm of the young for freer and more varied sexual expression. "The dichotomy in the reactions to this term 'sexual perversion' is one very good way of defining the generation gap. If you are on the wrong side, if you're on the sick side, you react just as I described (with revulsion, etc.). If you are on the right side, the young side, all this becomes simply a sexual variety... I call it sexual variety in the sense that variety is the spice of life."

Frank read to the board a passage from the book, *The Sex Researchers*, in which the author describes our society as recovering from an "insidious sexual disease known as Victorianism,

Puritanism or the Judeo-Christian ethic." Having established this definition, Frank used the term "sickness" in that sense throughout his whole presentation.

While Frank and Barbara discussed the morning session, we sat in the Pentagon cafeteria eating lunch. (This reporter for GAY had not been admitted to the hearing and had spent the two hours from 10 to 12 sitting in the Main Concourse watching all the uniforms go by.) Contrary to our expectations, we hardly attracted any attention by our buttons or conversation — or is it that people have been trained to hide or stifle their curiosity? An exception was a man in blue uniform at the next table, who seemed to be listening. His companion, a sleek-looking white-haired man in civilian clothes, looked at us often, enough for me to give him encouraging smiles.

At one point, Barbara and Frank chanted the "seven deadly sins" of which homosexuals are usually accused by the Defense Department. With appropriate fervor, they sang out: "Unreliability, Untrustworthiness, Recklessness, Wantonness, Irresponsibility, Instability, and Poor Judgment." They finished their litany with roaring laughter.

Barbara pointed out, however, that Mr. Wentworth, contrary to customary procedure, has not been charged with these sins. He is merely alleged to be susceptible to blackmail. The irony in this charge is that Mr. Wentworth has openly admitted his homosexuality and that his name, picture, and details of his case have appeared in the newspapers.

We wound up our discussion, walked into the courtyard for some pictures, and returned to the hearing room, located in one of a multitude of labyrinthine corridors, which are painted a drab green or faded rose. The agenda for the afternoon session included a statement by Chief Department Counsel Morrow, to be followed by a rebuttal by Frank and Barbara. After the close of the hearing, a period of four to six weeks will elapse before the board reaches a decision. If favorable, the decision will permit Wentworth to retain his industrial clearance; if unfavorable, the case will go to the courts.

After wishing our team good luck, I wended my way out of the building, through endless hallways, up and down ramps and stairs, stopping people who gave me conflicting directions, and finally discovered an opening out of the maze. Outside I walked past the very green, artificially colored lawns and finally found my car. On it was a \$5 ticket. As I looked at the self-addressed, postage-paid envelope on which the ticket was printed, I was impressed with the efficiency of Pentagon personnel, not only in detecting my unauthorized vehicle tucked away among myriad other cars with permits, but also in attempting to gain my good will by making it easy for me to just slip my check in this preprinted, prestamped envelope.

I thought of the mechanical feet walking past me in the Pentagon Concourse, of the vastness and lovelessness of this huge fortress, of the formality and politeness — and behind them the incomprehension and stupor. And I remembered standing outside the conference room, hearing Frank's voice resonating through the door in the rousing finale of his morning statement. He was trying to penetrate the stony faces and open their closed legalistic eyes to a tiny crack to the human predicament of the homosexual. "More and more of our people are being radicalized," he shouted. And I was glad. I only wish there had been other people outside to hear it. But one day they will hear it, because there'll be a lot more people shouting than just one or two or ten.

LIFESTYLES



DO YOU NEED GROUP THERAPY?

BY DON CLARK, Ph.D.

Don Clark earned a Ph.D. in clinical psychology at Adelphi University in 1959. His books include Emotional Disturbance and School Learning, The Psychology of Education, and Those Children. He is now an associate professor at Herbert H. Lehman College. In addition to his writing and teaching, he leads encounter groups privately and at growth centers such as Anthos in New York City, Esalen in San Francisco, Topanga in Los Angeles, and Kairos in San Diego.

THE NATURAL MAN WORKSHOP

Confusion about various "new group experiences" is rampant. It appears that everyone has an opinion and is eager to take a position like "groups are good" or "they're phony therapy that hurts people." Actually there is no "it." There have been few published descriptions of particular types of available groups. Before taking battle positions we need descriptive information. This article is a step in that direction. It describes one kind of group now available.

Through the 1950's and early 1960's many psychologists, psychiatrists, social workers, and educators studied group dynamics and experimented with small groups in education and psychotherapy. From the experimentation came T-groups, encounter groups, sensitivity training and their distantly related cousins all marching in the same general forward direction. Banners such as "humanistic" began to appear. Now most of us refer to the "movement" as the "human growth potential movement" or some variation thereof. Growth centers modeled after Esalen Institute in Big Sur, California are springing up all over the country. The John Bichers are convinced it is all a gigantic Communist plot while professional organizations of psychologists and psychiatrists are knitting their brows in official "concern" because it seems that everyone imaginable (including night clubs and houses of ill repute) is offering some kind of sensitivity training.

My professional background is in clinical psychology and education. Ever since graduate school days I have been

interested in psychotherapy and education because both offer hope for releasing an individual's potential for personal growth and freedom. Admittedly, neither education nor psychotherapy has been doing a strikingly good job of releasing said potential, but the hope is there. And small group techniques, whether in group psychotherapy or in a classroom discussion, have repeatedly proven the most efficient means of releasing the potential and holding its owner's hand while he finds a sense of direction for it.

It is hard to say just exactly where the idea of *Natural Man Workshops* began but easier to say when it dawned on me that such workshops ought to be offered to men who share an interest in homosexuality. Before going into a description of the workshops let me give a capsule history of how it began.

Three years ago, I noticed that some very sensitive and bright young men were accumulating the necessary credentials for teaching in ghetto schools as a way of avoiding being sent to the slaughter in Vietnam. Realizing that these were potentially gifted teachers who were entering the field with attitudes that guaranteed failure, I experimented with a weekly discussion group, officially called an in-service course in group dynamics but unofficially known as "the draft-dodgers' group." It was understood by its participants that it was a place where they could come and talk about anything as a means of examining and changing attitudes.

We soon noticed that they had more in common than their interest in staying alive through teaching. They were also all

young males who had been reared in the same culture. We began to get into the sorting out of feelings about what is expected of you as a son, a brother, a father, a lover, a husband, or a friend. We got into the feelings one man has for another and how difficult it is to express the positive feelings in ways that are genuinely satisfying. In short, we began examining the difference between the myth of the "normal" man and the hidden feelings of the individual "natural" man.

Though I had led and participated in dozens, possibly hundreds, of groups before that first draft-dodgers' group, I learned a lot. After a year of experimenting with these all-male groups, I took off across the country on a sabbatical study of the human growth potential movement and its uses in education.

Heavy examination of homosexual feelings had become such a matter-of-fact part of such groups that I was not prepared for what happened next. I was participating in an encounter group at the yearly meetings of the American Association for Humanistic Psychology when a young man's homosexuality surfaced. No big surprise there. But suddenly my eyes were open to the reaction of my fellow participants. "Some of my best friends are homosexuals." "You can't help it." "I can't accept you, even though I know now that you are a homosexual." "Have you tried getting help in psychotherapy?" "It could be just a delayed adolescence that you're going through."

It came at the end of a summer during which I had been reading a lot of

Black authors. The parallel was blinding. The young man might as well have had "nigger" written from the top of his head to the bottom of his feet and these were the white liberals who were about to forgive, tolerate, or accept. I knew right then and there that while the natural man workshops were worthwhile, I would have to try "closed" workshops that would accept only participants who were already aware of their homosexuality.

We have had experience with a couple of these workshops and they do, indeed, seem to offer something special. One of the biggest problems now is getting the word about them out to the individuals who would be most interested in them.

The closed "homosexual" workshop is a variation of the open Natural Man Workshop, so a brief description of that seems in order. The workshop is offered through such recognized growth centers as the Esalen Institute in San Francisco, Topanga Growth Center in Los Angeles, Kairos in San Diego and Anthos in New York City. The description in the center's brochure reads something like this:

Males are told how they should feel and behave as a son, brother, husband, father, friend, or lover. Most of us have grown up accepting these definitions of "normal man" and trying to fit into them the best we can. There is little opportunity to establish satisfying self-made definitions that permit you to be your own "natural man." As a result, masculine affection is stereotyped in expression and most men are dissatisfied with their ability to establish fully satisfying relationships with others—particularly with other men. This workshop will use assumed names, nonverbal communication, fantasy, body contact, and unforced sharing of emotions to encourage the search for self-definition and expression of tenderness as a man.

The description is then followed by a blurb telling about the leader's professional background and training. Anyone who reads the description of the workshop and is interested may send in his deposit and be signed up as a participant. The size of the group is

(continued on page 20)

CONFESSIONS OF A FAN-MAG FAIRY

BY ROBERT AMSEL

I lead two lives — career-wise, that is. When I'm not writing this column (or my column for that sister publication, SCREW), I am editor of five movie magazines — or what's known in the business as "fan" magazines. Our readership consists mainly of ladies waiting for their hair to set under driers in beauty salons across the country. Then, of course we appeal to non-chewing secretaries on coffee breaks as well as thirteen-year-old drag queens who believe our raunchy gossip almost as much as they believe the Bible (if not more so).

Of course, editing and writing such stories as "Jackie's Divorce Plans: Her Secret Meetings With Prince Charles, Next King Of England" is bound to produce wild, maniacal laughter on occasion from all of us involved, but "fan" magazines are fundamentally harmless and may someday (if not today) be regarded affectionately as "low camp."

Naturally, one must have an amazing sense of humor to carry on, or one's mind starts to disintegrate. Such was the case with my predecessor, but had he not flipped out, I would still be only an assistant editor. So with more money pouring in, I am able to keep my equilibrium quite nicely... although there are times when I would like to produce a very special issue, a rare collector's item of (using our company's favorite line) "incredible rumors."

While looking through the last editor's effects, I was amazed to find that out of some strange moment of desperation, he had landed upon the very same idea. His fantasy issue was to be called *TV And Inside Levittown* and keeping with the true tradition of "fan" mag writing, he had come up with some truly ingenious story titles. Before I repeat them for your edification, I must state that they bear no resemblance to truth whatsoever. In short, they are all LIES. I must make this point in order to spare myself the tribulations stemming from ten lawsuits.

In every mag there is an exclusive story, in this case, "Why Peggy Lennon Must Have a Frontal Lobotomy or Never Sing Again." This should be followed by a touching tale that our middle-aged readers can identify with, such as, "Kathryn Murray's Own Story — How I Fought Menopause For Twelve Years." Then, keeping to the regular format, a special pictorial could be most apt — "Plus First Photographs of Annette Funicello's Mongoloid Daughter."

Getting back to identification, most people would like to believe that motion picture stars have the same aches and pains that they do. While empathizing



with these ailments, our readers are able to pull the celebrities down to their level. After all, ailments always tend to humanize people. (Who would believe, for example that Queen Elizabeth was capable of defecating?) So keeping this in mind, stories such as "Julie Andrews Talks About Her Hush-Hush Rectal Problems" would be most apropos.

When planning an "fan" mag, it is also wise to remember that the occult is a very IN subject this year. Thus, you could produce such gems as "Pat Nixon's Strange Psychic Powers: Her Premonition That Sam Yorty Would Die in Vietnam" or "Elvis Presley's Strange Visitation by the Ghost of Christmas Past."

confidential and eyebrows rise. What could be more exciting than "Walter Brennan: The Woman He Sleeps With But Can't Marry" or "Kate Smith Reveals for the First Time: 'They Made Me Have My Tubes Tied!'"?

Every now and then one's well of creativity runs dry when thinking of titles. In case this happens, there are several formula ways of getting over the hump. The favorite of our managing editor is to add to some celebrity's name the words "Nobody Knows." Thus, you would have, "The Connie Stevens Nobody Knows" or "The Fay Wray Nobody Knows." But if one wishes to show a little imagination while using this stock line, one can easily come up with "John Wayne: The Arm He Had Amputated That Nobody Knows About."

But finally, one needs a powerful clincher, something that is sure to attract notice and sell the magazine over the feeble attempts of competitors. An ideal line would be "Doris Day Confesses: 'I Never Brush My Teeth' — Why She Fears Denture Cancer."

As I stated earlier, my predecessor had these lines in mind before he made his abrupt departure from the company, but I have my own ideas as to what really creates a smashing "fan" magazine. I think the secret lies not with the stories, but with the advertisements.

Where else can women find out about adding twelve inches to their bust lines within two-and-a-half weeks? Where else can a fetishist buy a catalogue of the latest in "lacy, see-thru bras, clinging see-thru negligees, baby dolls, penoires, panties, bikini brief sets" modelled by "exciting, sensual models" for two bits? And short of SCREW, where else can the out-of-town sex freak cut out coupons from books ranging from *The Illustrated Encyclopedia of Sex* with its "200 authentic enlightening illustrations" to *Love Fever* which bares the "weakness of your flesh?" For the potential landowner, one finds that he or she can purchase a "choice Florida homesite" for only \$15 a month. Where else can a drag queen buy "fifteen styles of wigs in all colors for only \$4.95?" Or think how easy it is to be a dental assistant by "studying at home in one's spare time?" Or a doctor? Or a lawyer? No, my friends, only in movie magazines does one discover the secrets to fame, beauty, love, and lust.

So don't put down the fan magazines. They are a vast encyclopedia of entertaining stories about your favorite people and an amazing reference to all the goodies the world has to offer. When the nice little ladies under the driers reach for one, they know what they're doing. They know, even if you don't, how easily the secrets of the world can be theirs. ■

inter is the longest season of all. It seems never to end. In the Scandinavian countries they celebrate its end with spring games and festivals, revels and dances. It's a healthy attitude, one which reaffirms one's love of the earth through a participation in this yearly renaissance of life. After all, the world is still a rather amazing place. City dwellers tend to forget that.

Nothing proves this forgetfulness better than a trip out of the city. Smog, so much a part of our lives in town, is something you can really notice, smell and see upon your return from even a day or so a hundred miles away.

Still, the good world, the natural world, exists not too far away, just outside the smog-limits and away from the poisonous rivers and shores near the towns. And though it's difficult to get to the outer reaches of, say, Canada or Mexico and back again for Monday morning's work, one can sidestep the ecological disasters at our doorsteps by going not much more than one hundred and fifty miles away. Next year, or the year after, we will have to travel even farther. Here in New York reports of the pollution of the South Bay and the oceanfront which is creeping up and around Fire Island is a real and terrible thing. Oyster beds which were used regularly have been poisoned as far out as the Hamptons, which for you out-of-towners is near the tip of Long Island, and damned far out into the Atlantic.

But as long as the planet supports life, we ought to enjoy it while we can. Some say five years, and others ten, and then the spiral will close: FANTASIA, the Stravinsky sequence depicts the dinosaurs trudging across the tundra under a sky groggy thick and toxic, only to lie down and die and disappear. As long as there's one patch of green grass, one pond free of beer cans and detergent scum, one beach untrampled by poisoned fish and stinking oil slick, there's hope. And even if hope were gone, there'd still be pleasure. There would have to be.

This May Day, Friday the first of the month, I'll be cycling on Vera out to Montauk point. Will you join me? I'd like to say this will be a motorcycle club outing, but frankly I don't have a club and I'm skeptical of them. Still, I'd like to see a couple of hundred nature lovers there with me on Union Square. Call it an Un-club. I plan to leave at 10:00 in the morning, and just head out to Montauk and the lighthouse and look at the sea. And smell the air, and just groove. If you'd care to come along, leave your political raps behind for the day (whatever they are) and your sex hang-ups or hang-ons and everything else which might hinder your enjoyment of the scenery and each other. As to your age, that's up to you. Your sex too. Let's just make this an Everybody's Liberation Day festival.

If you don't have a cycle or scooter but would like to go, send me your statistics and I'll try to get you a lift with somebody. And you men and women with bikes who would like to give somebody else a ride, just let me know. (Note: Fascists and racists, please don't come. But if you do, keep your scene under your helmet and enjoy yourself anyway.)

It's important that not one minute of this coming warm season should be wasted. In the temperate zones there's a relatively short season for out-of-doors enjoyment. Obviously in the tropics one

can enjoy the climate all year round, that is, if you're totally committed to the beach and bikinis (my favorite). But unfortunately for most of us, the beach means getting up early in the morning and getting on a slow filthy subway train just to enjoy a few hours on a littered, overcrowded public beach. Let's explore other ways to enjoy the environment.

I'm committed to the new approach to living which technology has given us. I call it The Plastic Life. For me it consists of the optimum use of materials, usually

our out-of-doors pleasure, to enable us all to enjoy the environment, not just two months out of the year, but for many, many more. And that means not just the rugged woodsman, but the secretary, the white-collar worker, the artist - people of both sexes and all ages.

New kinds of camping equipment have been recently developed which anybody can easily use. Even the largest can be handled by one person, and most don't require the pegs and lines which used to

means a giant Chriscraft upholstered in swank, with a huge, active and subservient crew, then you have to be a maharajah to afford it. If it means just exciting travel on the water, whether by motor or sail, with yourself and perhaps one or two others, then we can talk about something interesting - price, for example. Granted an Onassis-type rig costs scores of thousands of dollars. Even a modest fiberglass sailing sloop with cabin may cost ten thousand. Those are the boats we oggle at the shows. And when you buy even a small sailer or cabin cruiser there's a great deal of maintenance to consider, as well as storage during the winter and docking in season. Costs are so great most virgin boatmen usually get rid of their boats after one or two seasons. But if you're an active person and enjoy being low on the water and boat handling without benefit of crew, even if you don't have much experience, there are solutions for you.

The KLEPPER people make collapsible boats called FOLDAWAYS. And that's a better name, because these boats don't collapse unless they're rammed by whales or ocean liners. They're smallish, extremely light, brilliantly engineered, strong and durable, inexpensive to buy, and require practically no maintenance.

They make Kyaks, longish narrow boats with double paddles, which hold one or usually two people sitting one behind another as in canoes. Klepper makes fiberglass kyaks too which are not collapsible and start at \$254. Their foldaway kyaks start at \$275. Sails and sailing equipment are extra.

They make another boat - conventionally styled and shaped - which can carry four people or more. It's called the Master, and also folds into canvas bags. You can sail it, row it, or put a motor on it and pull a skier. You can also take out the seats at night and sleep in it. Cost complete with dacron sails: \$840. The weight of this boat, by the way is 108 pounds.

All the Klepper products are amazing in their design and engineering. The finish as well as the design takes them well out of the "hobby" or "toy" class. They are works of art, and they last for many years. The same can be said of Klepper tents or any of their camping accessories.

There you are. Sound a little mad? Well, to me the idea of taking a two-week vacation in a resort, spending \$50 a day for air-conditioned hotel space and synthetic food and entertainment is madder yet. Worth doing once, perhaps, but not often. If you like adventure you can buy one of these little boats, enjoy it all spring, summer and fall, break it down and store it in the bottom of your closet. People have crossed oceans in Kleppers. Docking costs are negligible. In fact, you don't have to bother. Just pull them up onto the beach. What could be better? A perfect honeymoon almost any weekend. You don't even need a car to transport one.

On sailing technique there are many good inexpensive books. One is *Sailing*, published by Golden Press. It costs \$1.00. They also publish *BOATING Encyclopedia* for \$12.00. As to where to sail, there are several sailing almanacs which cost a buck or two, with detailed nautical maps and directories. What can I tell you? They are so easy to understand it's enough to make you furious for having ever believed in the cost and the complications of sailing.

The world is our playground while it lasts. Let's get to know it while we last!

NATURE BOY

BY TED ATWATER

escape from the city smog



synthetic, often portable and/or disposable. It's an implied life-style which can give a person of average means most of the pleasure, freedom, and convenience a maharajah can enjoy.

There are new tools and implements which are simple, light and well-designed, which enable us to do more and better kinds of handwork without the annoyance of hiring people and the bother of difficult technical knowledge. The purpose of all this new equipment, it seems to me, is to enable us all to widen

be so troublesome. Cooking equipment has improved too. There are new truly portable refrigerators, lamps, and heaters, which are cheap to buy and very easy to use. The new camping equipment offers all of the advantages of shelter without most of the drudgery. What a boon to women, and I mean single as well as married women. For them it means enjoying camping with or without men, not just cooking and dishwashing and cleaning fish.

Take boating for instance. If boating

BY DICK LEITSCH

Homosexuals don't really exist. Like those gossamer-winged fairies in children's stories, "fairies" are nothing more than the creations of the fertile imaginations of headshrinkers. The concept of a world divided into "homosexuals" and "heterosexuals" is barely more than 100 years old, and the word "homosexual" just celebrated its one hundredth birthday. It first appeared in a pamphlet published by the Hungarian physician Benkert in 1869.

Having invented "homosexuals", psychiatrists were put on the spot by having to define what they were. That debate still continues. Every shrink has his own definition. Albert Ellis claims a "homosexual" is one whose "sexual desires and activities are oriented exclusively toward the same sex." Bieber says homosexuality is a "continuing erotic behavior between members of the same sex." Sandor Rado defines it as "deliberate or accidental orgasm (with members of the same sex) and behavior leading to it."

To Ellis, one can be a homosexual by desire (as Catholics have "baptism by desire," I suppose), while Bieber says you have to actually do it a lot to be considered gay. Rado seems to say one can somehow be an "accidental" homosexual.

The smartest writer on the subject is Dr. Evelyn Hooker (but then, women doctors tend to be smarter than male doctors when it comes to sex). She says, "The best answer to the question 'Who is a homosexual?' is to avoid it."

The shrinks ended up painting themselves into a corner. They talked, wrote, and pontificated a great deal about "homosexuals" but clearly had no idea what a "homosexual" might be. As if things weren't confused enough, Dr. Kinsey and his associates really freaked everybody out in 1948 with the publication of their book, *Sexual Behavior In The Human Male*.

They studied the sexual lives of thousands of males, and found that there is no clear dividing line between "homosexuals" and "heterosexuals".

Imagine a color spectrum with the red at one end blending into orange, then yellow, then green, then blue, and finally violet. Now imagine the red symbolizes exclusive heterosexuality and the violet exclusive homosexuality. Somewhere around the orange, you'd find men who were predominately heterosexual, but had a slight amount of homosexual experience or desire. At the yellow, there would be the men who are basically "straight", but have significant homosexual interests. The green would be the "pure" bisexual, one who is equally interested in both sexes. The blue and purple would be those who are primarily gay, but have some heterosexual interest and/or experience.

The interesting thing about this is that a spectrum should not be flat, but a circle. If you put the ends together, the violet would shade into red. On our spectrum, the exclusive homosexuals and exclusive heterosexuals would be together, and the opposite of them would be the "pure" bisexual—the most sexually liberated of all of the men. (You can do this with politics, too. Put the Radical Right and the Radical Left at the

HOMOSEXUALS DON'T REALLY EXIST!



opposite ends of the spectrum—the red and violet. Then put the ends together, and you have the Minutemen, freakier Birchites, Weathermen, SDS, etc., all clustered together, with the opposite being the middle-of-the-road, tolerant groups.)

The gradations of spectrum are hard to differentiate. It's almost impossible to distinguish exactly where the red ends and the orange begins. Sex is the same. It's almost impossible to tell, for example, where the "mostly straights" leave off and the "mostly gays" begins.

As a cop-out, the headshrinkers usually decide, quite arbitrarily, to call those who are exclusively or almost exclusively homosexually-oriented persons "homosexuals". Straights and gays alike laugh at the "bisexual" and call

him a "queer without convictions." His heterosexual experience is viewed as a cover-up for his "homosexuality" or as his way of dealing with his "guilt".

I am surprised that homosexuality-oriented people ever started playing this labeling game with the shrinks. The Victorians, of course, are responsible. Ulrichs and Hirschfeld, Westermarck, Carpenter, Symonds, and the rest of the turn-of-the-century homosexual apologists saw advantages to being singled out and labeled (though they tended to prefer labels like "Urnig", "Invert" or "Homogenic" to "Homosexual"). Their motives seem to have been mostly super-romantic.

The modern homosexual movement is just twenty-years old this year. When it was organizing, the Negroes and Jews

were fighting as "minority groups" for equal rights. ("What is a Jew?") like "What is a homosexual?" is a difficult question to answer.) The early leaders saw a chance to ride the coattails of other minority groups by billing themselves as one. Some still claim that "homosexuals are just like Negroes"—which freaks out people in both movements.

In the early 1960's, I opposed this labeling. I felt, like Dr. Pomeroy, that "homosexual" should not be used as a noun, but only as an adjective to describe forms of sexual behavior. It is difficult to do this without being cumbersome, and it is certainly less political to be correct. I gave in, and now use "homosexual" as a noun.

I don't like doing this. Though it may be more expedient, it is less precise, and ignores the fact that few people are either "homosexual" or "heterosexual". It is pretty much established now in all but the most reactionary circles that we're all a mixture of homosexual and heterosexual impulses, desires, and urges. Now that the sexual revolution is an accomplished fact, we're all experimenting more in both directions.

The Kinsey Group estimated that 37% of all American men had actually engaged in some overt homosexual behavior prior to 1948. That figure would no doubt be higher today. In 1948, only 4% of all adult males were considered exclusively homosexually-oriented throughout their lives. That figure has probably shrunk, as most gay men these days seem to have screwed at least one woman, if only to see how it compares with the real thing (Hey, Woman's Lib, how's that for "homosexual male chauvinism"?)

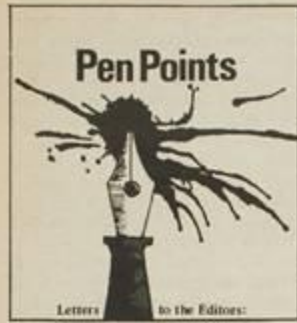
I wonder if we're doing anyone a real favor by going along with the headshrinkers in pinning "homosexual" and "heterosexual" labels on people. Should we be trying to force everyone to choose up sides and announce that they are either "gay" or "straight"? If we really believe in sexual liberation, shouldn't we be experimenting and encouraging others to experiment with all kinds of sexuality?

One of the best articles I've read recently was Michael Perkins' essay, *Do Homosexuals Really Exist?* in GAY no. 10. Like him, I feel they don't, or at least shouldn't. "Homosexuality," Perkins says, "can become a dogma, like Christianity or Communism, and inhuman. Being 'homosexual' can limit you just as much as being 'heterosexual'."

That's very true and the idea of "dogmatic homosexuality" is pretty grim. Perhaps that's why I rebel at "gay power"

"Gay power" raises the spectre of a bunch of people, militantly wearing labels proclaiming, "I am a homosexual!" and marching to the slogan of "Power To Homosexuals!" In my vision of the world, that's wrong. People shouldn't be labeled, and the slogan should be "Power to the People!"

Only by being persons, rather than "homosexuals," can we get out of the ghettos and into the mainstream. Only by being people, and not "homosexuals," can we relate to all possibilities and achieve our personal potentials. Staying in the ghettos, wearing the labels, and limiting our demands to "gay power" (as opposed to "people power"), we're perhaps supporting the Homosexual Revolution, but we're sure as hell copping out of the Sexual Revolution.



GAY ACTIVISTS REPLY:

Dear GAY: In response to Dick Leitsch for his recent article (Gay No. 10) accusing the Gay Activists Alliance of callously and irresponsibly exploiting the Snakepit incident, we herewith reply the following:

The GAA, unlike Mattachine - N.Y., is trying to bring the homosexual citizen of this city and country into the mainstream of governing policies. We urge the coming out of gay people and their participation in society.

Mr. Leitsch, who is the sum total of

Mattachine in our city, has no understanding of the new homosexual who embodies self-respect, courage and determination to seek beneficial revolutionary changes. The gay political groups of New York each tend to view themselves as being the savior of the homosexual. We do not apologize for depleting Mr. Leitsch's ego.

The Gay Activists Alliance does not apologize for organizing the mass demonstration of emotion witnessed as a result of the honest identification with the tragedy of Vinales. Nor do we apologize for our political follow-up at the Village Independent Democrats, resulting in a call for a moratorium on police harassment. Nor do we apologize for provoking the recent letters of Congressman Koch to the Police Commissioner and the Mayor as opening guns to make that moratorium effective. Nor do we apologize for the groundwork we are laying, which will shortly bring verbal and legislative support from within the City Council. Nor do we apologize for being homosexuals. We leave the apologizing to Mr. Leitsch!

In hopes of enlightenment, Gay Activists Alliance as voted on by membership

Ed. Note: While there may be legitimate differences in approach between various homophile organizations (which will be properly reported, although not overemphasized in the pages of GAY), we would like to believe that close cooperation between these organizations is possible. Public "swipes" by homophile spokesmen at one another does little to further the cause of gay equality. Let's pursue the real enemies: those who discriminate against and malign human beings because they are homosexually inclined.

ZEBEDY COLT, WHERE ARE YOU?

Dear GAY: I have recently seen a copy of GAY and was very impressed that a newspaper of this nature was now being published on a regular basis. The particular issue I saw was No. 3 and I am writing in connection with the ad for the record album I'll Sing For You by Zebedy Colt on Ecco Records Productions. As might be expected, this album is not available in this area. I am most interested in ordering a copy and am wondering if you could provide me with an address of where this particular album might be obtained

through the mail and what the price would be?

Cordially, P.R. Baton Rouge, La.

Ed. Note: "I'll Sing For You" presenting Zebedy Colt is available through Libran Prod., Inc., Box 145, Stockton, N.J. 08559, \$5.15 ppd.

PUZZLED PRIEST

Dear GAY:

I am a counsellor and it might come as somewhat of a surprise to you - but pleasing surprise, I hope - that some of the most helpful insights have come from publications such as yours. (Obviously, there is a lot which I find totally unhelpful, too, and there is much about GAY, too, which puzzles me more than anything else.)

Father C.S. [Roman Catholic] Chaplain-Counsellor

PLEASE SEND ALL CORRESPONDENCE, INQUIRIES, SUGGESTIONS, COMPLAINTS, AND PROPOSITIONS TO: LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, GAY, P.O. Box 431, 6M Chelsea Sta., NYC, N.Y. 10011.

BY DR. STEPHEN KAISO

A column of counsel to our troubled brothers and sisters who seek meaningful positive guidance and not the further imposition of heterosexual or homosexuals myths, hangups, or unearned guilt. Only letters of the widest general interest can be published in this column, but all letters will be answered if accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope and 50 cents for handling.

Q. My lover and I have lived together for eleven months. We have a two-bedroom apartment, though we usually sleep together and have no real use for the other bedroom. Last week my mother wrote that she is coming to Cleveland in June and would like to stay a week with me, in my apartment, of course. My lover is enraged at the thought of this and refuses to permit her to stay with us. He has no objection to her having dinner here a few times or coming to visit me a few hours each day, but he does not want her to sleep here. She doesn't know I am gay and has no idea we are lovers. In fact, she has never met my lover. Truthfully, I don't really want her to sleep here, either, as I am sure it would make for a most awkward situation. How in the world can I handle this without insulting her needlessly or upsetting my lover so much?

E.T., Ohio

A. I must agree with your lover, and it appears that you really do, too. It would be hideously uncomfortable for all three of you. Too much would have to be hidden, too many words and gestures suppressed, if your mother is as unsuspecting as you think - and if you wish to keep her that way. That is one of the prices you have to pay for living. You will simply have to write your mother something close to the truth, not concerning your homosexuality but rather your roommate's preference for not having sleep-in guests of any kind. You might tell her that you both decided, when you moved in together, that neither



would ever have such guests - even family members - and that you know she will understand that you must respect his wishes, too. It is, after all, his apartment as well as yours. Tell her you both want her to dinner whenever possible and that not only do you plan to take her out but that you want her to visit you a few hours every day that she is in the city. She will probably get the message exactly as you intend. If not, and she reacts unfavorably, you may have to point out that you are now a grownup and free to make decisions of your own. Mama has to get used to that idea some day, and so do you.

Q. Do you approve of these new swishy clothes the kids are using?

J. McD., NYC

A. There are no swishy clothes, only uptight worried people who consider anything less than armor as swishy. Right on, kids!

Q. I am having the weirdest problem. I have been going for several months with a beautiful guy my own age, 24. We have been having only oral sex, but I also like to fuck. I have not yet done this with him. Although he does not object to getting fucked, he has repeatedly indicated to me that he will permit it only if I force him. That turns me off

completely. If he enjoys it, why should I have to compel him to do something he enjoys? And wants.

S.L., San Diego

A. The name of the game is S&M, my friend. Your partner is telling you rather plainly that he views getting fucked as an act of humiliation, an act he apparently wants you to perform on him. He is also telling you that he views you not as a person but as an instrument of punishment he can use upon himself to satisfy the morbid guilt fantasies of masochism. He offers you his body as a reward for your services. His pleasure derives from the act of being subjugated, not from the joyful act of sharing sexual pleasure with someone he likes and respects. If you cannot help him to understand his own pathetic game, send him to some leather bar and go find someone else who will see you as a fellow human being, not an appliance. There should be no victims in the sexual act, only partners. Pleasure, not pain should be the guiding principle. Even dogs know that.

Q. I am a 21-year-old male and I think that I am a faggot or a closet queen. How can I be sure if I am or am not a faggot? Another problem: Four months ago I came out to the "Gay World." The very first day that I stepped into this lovely

world a guy asked me to dance with him and later he asked me to give him time to know me and then he asked to be my lover. At first, I thought all gay guys are so friendly and kind so I accepted his asking me. Now, really I am very fond of he-men built with tremendous muscles. I wish I could make out with some other guy to compare him with my lover. He is sort of skinny. I told him that I would like to try some new experience, but it really breaks his heart. What can I do when I am in such a state of confusion? You see I am deaf and new to gay people. R.B., Va.

A. If you are sexually attracted to men more than you are to women, you are homosexual. Please note that the word is homosexual, not faggot or closet queen. If you ever expect to be a well-adjusted person, you must learn not to pin degrading labels on yourself because of your sexual orientation. There are faggots and closet queens in this world, of course... and they have a right to their own miserable existence, if they wish it... but this is the time for you to know that homosexual and unhappy are not synonyms. Neither are homosexual and degraded. SELF-RESPECT, regardless of what you happen to be, is a major component of happiness.

I see nothing wrong with your wish to explore and acquire experience. In view of your age and self-proclaimed innocence, it is a useful step in adjusting to all facets of gay life and its relationship to the world at large. I can also understand your lover's viewpoint, but he must realize that if he is really the one you want, you will discover that quickly after comparisons with other people. Physique has nothing to do with the person inside, as you will discover. Muscles mean nothing except the ability to lift heavy objects. Go out and explore, with or without your lover's consent, but be sure to convince him that you will come home to him, if he is really the one you are positive is special. He also was once 21 and should understand even if he does not like the idea. I don't envy his position.

BY ANGELO D'ARCANGELO

In a previous article (GAY No. 11) d'Arcangelo described a discomforting phone call and its social implications. Come with us now as we pursue the question of what Rinaldo really had.

In addition to all of the above, this particular young man - whom I must admit I care for still - was afflicted with a condition called Phimosia. Phimosia can be described as a constriction of the prepuce or foreskin of the penis in uncircumcised men. It is not very common. Thank heaven! This is due to the popularity of the circumcision of infants. Now, ordinarily, there'd be no reason to circumcise anybody, because that good instrument the cock has proven its ability over countless centuries in countless lands. However, in a society of sexual repression like ours, there is considerable danger that Phimosia may occur. Usually the elasticity of the foreskin is guaranteed by the manipulation of it by the child himself at the earliest ages, or by the parent or guardian in cleaning and bathing. (Care of the penis ought to be of paramount importance to all parents.) However, the pressure some parents put upon their sons in an effort to discourage infantile masturbation is as extreme as it is foolish, and there is an even greater prohibition against the masturbation of children by adults. Ridiculous! Without this charming exercise the foreskin is liable to become less than elastic and cloak the head or glans permanently. Praise be for the brave, little uncircumcised jagg-offs who keep their members limber, thus preserving unspoiled for our edification and delight one of Nature's most significant monuments.

The thing still works. (Rinaldo and I talked about all this over the telephone and I had to admit that it did indeed work.) It's a bitch to clean, however, and there's the danger. A tight foreskin is a perfect trap for god gnawing what infection. Besides, as I pointed out to him, "You're getting only a fraction of the pleasure out of it all. It's like taking a shower in a raincoat." Ordinarily I'd call Phimosia the Catholic malady, but I've seen it in a number of people of divergent backgrounds.

"Rinaldo," I said, "Go and get that thing clipped." Whether or not he will is out of my hands, alas. I remember with some glee an incident which occurred some several years ago in another city. I was sharing a large apartment with some dancers. As it turned out, and over, we all got to sleep with one another at one time or another, and Skyler, (alias Virginia Marmaduke) had Phimosia. It took a couple of months to get him to go and have it taken care of - castration anxieties and all that - but he did. He went to a Catholic hospital run by some kind of "brothers" and woke up after the operation in bed with an adorable, moist and perfectly beautiful male nurse in attendance. He panicked, because he began to get an erection. You can see what that would have meant. But in about two weeks he was back in action and has never regretted it.

My first lover - may he rest in peace - surprised me by getting himself circumcised. We'd been separated for about a year and he never mentioned it. Then, in the sack he unveiled his de-veiled tool. Mindblowing! But for the life of me I couldn't understand why he did it. He

IS THAT A PIMPLE OR A CHANCRE? plumbing care and maintenance part II



had a perfectly beautiful and beautifully operative prick. Vanity?

Still I ask myself, Angelo, why, oh, why are people so crazy? Why are some parents so negligent? Oh well, let's leave this uptight subject and get into

something else. Something cheery like the prostate gland.

As well as I could I went on to describe the prostate gland to Rinaldo. Alas, like so many men, Rinaldo knew he had one, but didn't exactly know where it was or

what it did. Something vaguely sexy, but just what he couldn't say, which irritated me further because as I pointed out to him, he may have had a prostate infection, and the doctor he went to did not bother to investigate this possibility, but simply treated, in effect, the symptoms. In which case should he have had prostatitis on rather a low key, he may soon enjoy the same symptoms and presumably go to the same doctor to be treated in the same way, thus remaining as much in the dark as ever.

I remember going over all these things in the HANDBOOK, but perhaps not thoroughly enough. This little gland sits somewhere between your asshole and your balls on the upper side of the shaft of your cock before it springs from the body. It is about as big as a kneaded eraser, and of a similar, rubbery consistency. In the sexual act the prostate puts the kick into cumming. During intercourse - whether jerking off or sucking, or fucking or whatever - it tends to swell a bit till the point of ejaculation. Then it contracts violently and repeatedly, forcing the seminal fluid out of the urethra.

This gland is conveniently located astride the tracts leading to the bladder and the seminal ducts which come up through the testicles, and it neighbors the wall of the lower intestine or colon. Ideal location for stimulation during fucking.

If you ask most guys about their prostate they'll claim not to know where it is because they won't have felt it. Or having felt it they won't know how to separate it from the other responses in getting fucked. Here's a good way to find it: It lies just about four inches or so inside the rectal cavity. That's just about the length of your longest finger, or within reach of the average cock. Now while you're fucking somebody, alternate your in-out motion with a side-to-side movement of the hips. This should move the head of your cock across the top of his prostate. You'll notice a firmness which the rest of the colon doesn't have. Just before ejaculation, or during the peak of excitement, the swelling gland has a ridged surface which you will be able to feel. If and when your friend cums, try to stay detached enough to notice not just the spasms of his sphincter muscles - which is divine, wonderfully, pleasantly distracting - but the hardening throb of that gland just under the head of your prick. Try it. And then, if you're both quickly recuperative, reverse roles and remember the best position for direct prostate stimulation is lying on your belly. Have him do for you what you did for him. When he feels the gland he'll tell you and you'll be able to isolate the sensation in your mind. This will enhance your pleasure. You may even be able to train yourself to have spontaneous orgasms while being fucked.

When the prostate isn't functioning properly it gets mushy, enlarged, very tender and often infected. This is the primary difficulty with men who don't take it up the ass regularly. That means going to the doctor for a Finger Wave, which isn't terribly exciting no matter what the appearance of the M.D. may be. Men who have no homosexual contact are often amazed at their seeming orgasm when they go to the doctor's for a prostatic massage. Then why go? Precisely.

As I've written time and time again, sodomy is healthy. Particularly so if you've got a big cock. Why? Because

(continued on page 19)

IS THERE A PRICK IN YOUR MOUTH?

BY JOHN P. LeROY

ven with dirty words being said all over the place and in public, too, nice people still don't use them, except in those rare instances where the force of emotion overcomes the restraints of gentility. When very angry with someone, we call him a *prick* if that someone is a man, or a *cunt* if that someone is a woman. But I think it would be much better if we called people names like that only if we approved of them.

Most of my male friends love their cocks and would never think of living without them; likewise with my female friends, who are equally attached to their pussies. All my gay friends even go so far as to love the dicks of others, while my straight ones write lyrical poetry in praise of cunt. If we all love dick, pussy, or both half as much as we are willing to admit when questioned, why do we express our disapproval of others in terms of the organs we love so well?

The obvious answer to this question is that, from a very early age, we were all taught to hate our bodies, especially those parts that give the most joy. If parents, teachers, ministers, and priests told us that it is dirty to touch our privates, then why shouldn't we express our contempt for others in terms of things which we have been taught to hate? After all, as children, when these poisonous ideas were first drummed into our heads, we could hardly do anything to fight back, and it was only until we secretly enjoyed playing with ourselves that we might first have suspected that our pricks and pussies were something less than abominable.

We all probably played with other people's pricks and cunts and let other people play with ours to see if it felt as good to them as it did to us. Most of us had to do it secretly, because there would be hell to pay if mother or dad ever found out, let alone the high school principal. One of my best friends had to stop playing with me because his father told him that if he were to continue, his balls would shrivel up like a dried-up

prune and his dick would fall off. He became a Catholic priest, and I never heard from him again after I graduated from junior high school.

Anyway, if it is true that we officially hate our sex organs but secretly love them, do we feel the same way about men or women whom we call *prick* or *cunt* respectively? I asked all sorts of people this question, and got all sorts of answers. Some of my straight friends said that they call a woman a *cunt* if they think that she is good for nothing except fucking. Others used it as an epithet for certain types of overly domineering or motherly types of women who seduce men (or entice men to seduce them) and use that to justify all sorts of things in return for one good fuck. Still others admitted that they hadn't thought about it much, but called a woman a *cunt* if they didn't like her but couldn't really tell why. All my straight friends agreed that they would never call a woman a *cunt* if they truly liked her or even vaguely approved of her. One fellow, when very angry at a particular girl would call her a *fucking cunt*. By that I guess he meant that it is far worse to own a *cunt* and use it than to merely have it and let it go to waste.

Yet, it is these same guys who, when they haven't had sex for a long time, are quick to express their lust for the very thing whose name they find sufficiently contemptible to express their hostility. *Cunt* or *pussy* then take on a religious reverence; it is something to be pursued—like the Holy Grail—and to question its desirability is to invite violence.

Now I think that if the reactions of my straight friends are typical, they might reduce their hangups somewhat by finding something else to disparage women with than the name of the organ which brings them so much joy. Indeed, I would think that a woman whose personality were that of a *cunt* would be warm, inviting, and conducive to feelings of expansiveness. She would stretch her being to accommodate all, the large, the small, the fat, the skinny, the straight, or



"VIRGIN" IS AN OBSCENE TERM

the curved. The fluctuations in her temperament would lubricate incoming members to a state of joy, and would bring such joy to herself the more deeply she encompassed them. If our society were anything close to what it really should be sexually, to call a woman a *cunt* would be the highest possible compliment one could pay her. To refer to her as a *fucking cunt* would surely be beyond praise.

Very much the same should hold true when a guy is called a *prick*. Since I myself have a great deal of love for that organ, I have rarely, if ever, been able to use the word to indicate any kind of negative feeling. Indeed, if we men could only stop being ashamed of that which we bear proudly between our legs, we would call one of our fellows a *prick* only if he were expansive, well-rounded, and had a fine sense of direction. He would rise to every occasion and shower forth in abundance the seeds of fertility and growth. His sense of rhythm would be perfect and his powers of penetration superb. Yet, when such qualities would reach their natural limit, he could recoil into himself to renew his energy, and emerge anew as soon as his remarkable qualities were once again appropriate. Again, the highest honor to which a man could aspire would be to be called a *prick*.

Even more praiseworthy than *prick* would, to my way of thinking, be *cocksucker*. A really good one is not easy to find, especially one whose teeth never intrude. Straight guys reserve this word for the lowest form of contempt, when it deserves to be elevated to the status of *non plus ultra*. For it is the *cocksucker* who makes the cock perform its delectable functions in a manner so delightful, so exquisite, and so ecstatic, that there is nothing left to do but shout or sigh in a delirium of joy.

The truly accomplished *cocksucker* who has cultivated the necessary qualities of smoothness and endurance should have the status and prestige reserved for heads of state and presidents of corporations. Instead, the *cocksucker* is looked down upon as the most heinous of creatures who must, often enough, be forced to pay outrageous sums of money to practice his calling, and risk being robbed or beaten every time he does. To the true Puritan, *cocksucking* merits justifiable homicide, blackmail, or assault. To the truly liberated, the *cocksucker* should have at his disposal the full force of the F.B.I. and the Secret Service for protection, and the finest medical specialists available should be recruited to assure the perfect functioning of his lips, tongue, and throat. *Cantlappers*, although not quite so despised, do belong in the same general category as the *cocksucker*.

Of course, it would pose a problem or two if we all loved our bodies that much. If calling someone a *prick* or a *cunt* no longer connoted disapproval, what could be used in their place to curse someone out?

I suggest that we use the very words that now suggest some form of "virtue." I for one would find the word *virgin* one good way of expressing utter contempt for either a man or a woman whom I despised. Describing someone as *chaste* would also do the job. Indeed, someone who possessed either virginity or chastity beyond the age of fourteen would be

"CHASTE" IS A DIRTY WORD



unfit to circulate in polite company. Six-letter words like these should become as pejorative as the four-letter words like *fuck*, *cunt*, and *cock*. Anyone caught saying *virgin* or *chaste* should have his (or her) mouth cleansed with come. If that failed to teach them, then they should be fucked and fucked until they repented. Although these measures may be too pleasurable to act as deterrents, it is hoped that they will make the offender so happy he will forget what the provocation was.

Anyone who ever had his or her mouth washed out with soap for saying the word *fuck* out loud and later on did the thing for which he (or she) got punished, knows how silly our language of obscenity really is. I have yet to meet anyone who honestly hates to *fuck*, but when we do something badly, we say that we *fucked it up*. Likewise, when we idly

indulge in some sort of activity that serves no useful purpose, someone will say that we are *fucking around*. Now, the absurdity of such an expression is readily apparent. Everyone knows that you can't *fuck* anything around. You can only *fuck* in and out, and since going inward and outward are the only possible directions for fuckers to go, how can anyone *fuck* around anything?

Similarly, it is quite impossible to *fuck* yourself, but even if it were, that is not quite what someone who gives you such a command really wants you to do. He may want you to drop dead, or, at the very least, do something that will make you feel bad. But self-fucking, I would think, would tend to make everyone so self-sufficient (if it were as much fun as *fucking* someone else) that human life would be quite different from what it is. I couldn't for the life of me imagine what

it would be like, since, not being female, I can't imagine what it would be like to have a pussy. Nor do I think that a female could visualize what it would be like to own a cock. I would guess, however, that hers would have to be curved or jointed to make it possible to *fuck* herself. In fact, so would mine and everybody else's.

So, the next time anybody tells you to *go fuck yourself*, try answering with something like "if only it were possible!" (Be prepared for anything from bewilderment to violence.)

When commanded to *shut the fuck up* or *sit the fuck down*, I am completely stumped. Is there an unspecified person performing sexual intercourse who is also talking too loudly or standing? I have known people who shout at the top of their lungs at the moment of climax, and as everyone knows, all sorts of positions are possible, but I doubt that this is what they mean. I doubt even further if they know themselves, for it doesn't seem to mean anything.

I remember reading somewhere that the Chicago police beat up several radical demonstrators because the radicals called them *motherfuckers*. I really don't think that the police should have lost their cool over a thing like that. I'm sure that most of the mothers of the policemen wouldn't be very good lays anyway. Besides, mothers get to be so familiar that I don't think the policemen would have seriously entertained the idea. So what were they so uptight about? Would they have gotten upset if they were called *mother-in-law-fuckers*?

Because all these "fucking" expressions connote some form of ill-will or hostility, we should not use them in this way if we love to *fuck* as much as we are willing to admit. Instead, to *fuck up* should mean to accomplish something so well that it is sent heavenward. Similarly, to *fuck around* with something should describe the highest form of creative endeavor. To *fuck oneself* would be to have the highest possible joy imaginable. When somebody says *fuck you*, I suppose it would depend on how he wanted to *fuck* me. I tend to be particular about these things, but if he loved *fucking* and being *fucked* as much as I do, he would no doubt want me to have as good a time as possible rather than express some form of noncooperation or frustration.

And so the organs and the act which give us the greatest joy are also the organs and the act which we are most supposed to hate. They have become somewhat permissible vulgarities in certain literary instances, but they are still judged "obscene" and can only be used "tastefully" in order to merit approval. This so-called tastefulness usually means that they must be used as sparingly as possible, when no other word can express the writer's intention, or when the shock value is minimized. Otherwise, the writer is likely to be accused of using obscenity for its own sake, and what (in the eyes of the censors) could be worse than having fun because it feels good?

I propose that all writers use words like *prick*, *cunt*, and *fuck* to express approval or positive ideas or sentiments. If enough people used present-day "obscene" language to say the nicest things, then the obscenity of sex is bound to wither away. In its place, the obscenity of war, violence, pollution, and hatred, to name a few, could be substituted, for these things are truly obscene.

THE LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY BATTCKOCK

Just got through sitting on the ground for six hours in an Austrian Airlines Boeing except that I was on a Sabena flight which was bound for Belgium even though I was going to England on a cheap charter flight, waiting for the airport controllers. I missed my original flight which makes four airplanes I missed already this year. I never believe them when they tell you to come to the airport two hours early.

While waiting for the second plane I started thinking about the Portuguese Airline steward I picked up at the Air France terminal last month after I missed my flight to Paris. So I strolled over there and there he was, but he didn't give me as much as a nod. Finally, the folks at Sabena let us get on their Austrian Airlines plane to listen to their recorded Strauss. I tuned in on the most incredible conversation going on in back of me between this dumb American broed telling a Finnish business man all about her canopied bed she decorated herself in her apartment on Jane Street. I couldn't concentrate on my EVO, started on "The Black Panther," when out of the corner of my eye I noticed the all-American, blond, blue-eyed crew-neck sweater, faded Levis, button-down oxford, desert boots, little blond moustache with father

and mother from Ohio slip on a little string of Indian beads. Was that a signal?

Wait and see. I ordered champagne; he ordered coke. I ordered another champagne; he ordered beer. I ordered another champagne; he fell asleep. He must have been braindamaged. My champagne was pressed from sour grapes.

Back to "The Black Panther" which I always take a few copies of to Europe because, if nothing else, it's something they can't get there. Interesting: a branch of the Chicago Panthers claim "community control of the police..." In 1965 the N.Y. Mattachine people peddled buttons that read "Civilians Must Control Their Police." This is yet another example of the similarity between the larger as is and concerns of both the black and the gay communities. When old Dick Leitsch complains that gay issues are somehow unrelated to those of other groups genuinely deprived of authentic freedom by a decadent and corrupt capitalist society, he doesn't know what he's talking about.

As usual, everybody in England is on holiday. Whenever I arrive, they promptly go on holiday. The editor of *Art and Artists* (I write their New York column) can't see me 'cause he's going on holiday. Can't find hair nor hide of my English publishers... gone on holiday. The director and curator of the Tate Gallery pretend they didn't know I was coming,

and have gone on holiday for FOUR DAYS. Well, I'm going for a stroll in Wimbledon Common and they can have their rainy holidays. It's no wonder nothing ever gets done and of course it's just as well. And they know it.

If you want to see a lot of beautiful people, go to the Tate Gallery. If you want to cruise, don't bother. Cruising in London is a scream. I'll never figure it out and it doesn't matter. If something's going to happen, it'll happen and if it isn't, it won't. At any rate I found out how to beat the early (11 p.m.) closing. Drink in pubs until 11, and then go for dinner. Many restaurants serve wines and drinks, and stay open quite late. If you pick up someone you can impress the piss out of them by taking them to dinner after the pubs close. They never know where to go, so you have to plan it ahead of time. But watch out that they don't fall asleep because they're not used to the hours. You can tell when they start yawning.

The places to go are: On King's Road, The Cobville, and almost anywhere else. It's also the place to shop. (At this stage of the game even senior citizens from Milwaukee wouldn't be caught dead on Carnaby Street.) Brompton Rd. and Earl's Court Rd.; The Colburn and Brompton Hotel (first and second floors). All the above are in Chelsea.

Easter Sunday Afternoon, Hyde Park

Corner (Marble Arch) listening to the speakers. A bad scene. Most of the crowd have come to yell malicious quips at the pathetic speakers perched upon their rickety stands. They follow a drunken old lady ("...let's see if she falls") and scream racist taunts at black speakers: "...we don't want you here" ("but we are here," he answers). There are cops all over and they are keeping a close eye on both speakers and listeners. Would they interfere if they didn't like what a speaker was saying. I wondered... Actually they probably would, but I don't know if that necessarily means that free speech has died in England also.

The only person I've picked up so far was an airline employee in a bar on Brompton Rd. We went to dinner, then to my hotel afterward. Somebody, maybe Dr. Ruitenbeek, should do a study on airline employees. I've written about them enough. They are to a man polite, inefficient machines that totally lack imagination. They are pure products of the corporate management mentality and even when you're not in the market for an airplane ticket they can quote you the return trip excursion fare from Madagascar to the Isle of Man, or from here to there.

Jill Johnston informs us that "... a wonderful place is going her way." Is she telling us that she too has met an airline employee? Who cares? It's her problem. My problem right now is trying to figure out how to get a drink in London, England, where everything is closed because it's after 3 and before 6 and I'm in between.

own rituals, whether it be the Mass of the Catholics, the meditations of Eastern thought or the various forms of talk and touch cures (from psychoanalysis to the current encounter groups). In our coven we use Psychotherapeutic Witchcraft (see the chapter of the same title in my *Weird Ways of Witchcraft*) which employs the techniques of both psychotherapy and witchcraft. It is a means of healthily releasing self-destructive hostilities. A good popular example are the games in which blown-up pictures of prominent people are used as targets of resentment. Players throw darts at their favorite hate-objects. The same principle applies when you write a letter full of anger, but don't mail it. What has value here is the outlet for your pent-up resentments—getting them down on paper and getting them out of your system. A form of grapho-therapy so to speak. This is a psychological catharsis. After this is done you then tear up the letter or better yet, burn it. Instead of "burning up" you "let it all hang out" and burn it up! Better the letter than you!

After you do this you are then in a position to cope rationally with the problem and/or person. In Psychotherapeutic Witchcraft there is a method of mentally killing someone (outlined in my book), or more precisely, killing that person's evil influence on you (whether dead or alive). I've done this for years. No evil can touch me. I'm surrounded by an impenetrable shield. A negative person or condition can go just so far and no further. I keep within me a private sanctuary, a spiritual retreat, in which no other mortal can enter—ever. I can be irritated, annoyed and exasperated, at times angry, but this is peripheral. Inwardly I let nothing and no

one penetrate the iron curtain. This is not defensiveness. It is absolute reverence for my own inner good, a good that cannot be polluted by other people's negativities. It is my spiritual retreat, an inner oasis, a sanctuary that has always sustained me.

Those who doubt, don't. Those who do, develop. Failures will always tell you why something can't be done. Achievers show you that it can. In witchcraft, the Old Religion which identifies with the natural and the rational, power comes from self-mastery. A witch controls his (or her) own Wheel of Fortune. He is not a creature of fate or luck or destiny. He directs his Destiny. He uses the Fates. He makes his own Fortune. He does not give other people more value than they have. Enemies usually eliminate themselves by their own negativities. Liars always lose out. Opportunists are always oppressed. Phonies are always forlorn. Jealous people are really Judases to themselves. The genuine witch knows this and remains secure.

A witch is a human being, subject to the same trials and tribulations as anyone else. The one difference is his capacity to adjust, to use mind power, to rise above all obstacles. As a previous column pointed out, "witch" comes from the Anglo-Saxon *wicca*, meaning "wise." All witches were innate psychologists long before the word ever existed. It's the ability to penetrate the surface to detect subtleties, to intuitively know what makes another person "tick." This inner psychic radar is an ever constant protection and irritation (knowledge is power but that doesn't necessarily mean it's always pleasant).

When U.S. District Attorney Tom Forean of Illinois was recently "allowed to resign" for calling the Chicago 7 "all fags," two West Coast groups claimed

credit: Gay Liberation Front West and a San Francisco-based group of gay witches. Gay Lib secretary Morris Kight said, "I do not believe in witchcraft, but I do believe that the collective mental effort of homosexuals may be partially responsible as a form of wish fulfillment." Without realizing his own contradiction Kight described a fundamental principle in witchcraft: Mind power, Thought Projection, and Power of Suggestion.

A correspondent on the West Coast recently wrote to me: "Your book has been an inspiration to many of us. Your *Witch Manifesto* asking \$500 million reparation from the Catholic Church and \$100 million reparations from the city of Salem and its churches, your *Civil Rights claims against discriminatory witchcraft laws*, your *threat to sue for a right to a Witches Day Parade* gave many gay liberationists the idea to confront the churches. To many of us here your *Weird Ways of Witchcraft* is our Bible. Blessed Be, J.S. San Francisco, Calif."

Calling all Gay Witches! Plans are underway to set up an organization in New York with a two-pronged purpose: 1) to use Witchcraft as a form of guerrilla theatre and psychic warfare and 2) to actively participate in "doing our own thing" at gay civil rights demonstrations. All interested GAY readers write immediately. Warning: First edition of my witchcraft book being sold out. May not be a second edition for a long time. Publisher found it "too controversial." Some Catholic distributors attempted a boycott. Lots of hate mail. While they last, copies are only \$1.12—first come, first served. Write: Dr. Leo Louis Martello, c/o GAY, Four Swords, P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Sta., NYC, NY 10011.

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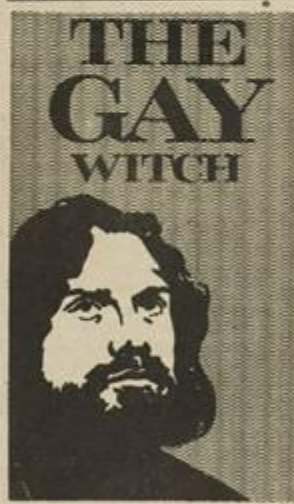
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COMPILING LIST of hustler hangouts and meat racks in the Southeast. Not Gay Bars. Contributors to list will receive free copy. P.O. Box 18783, Atlanta, Georgia 30326.

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HANDSOME YOUNG ITALIAN digs well-built guys under twenty-five who groove on anal scenes (rimming, enemas, spanking, etc.) Call RICK, anytime. Dial TOMIKYS.

TO MR. DONALD BROOKS: Unfortunately for me I missed your ad when it appeared in SCREW. Would very much like to meet you. Please consider being my dinner guest in the near future. If you should so honor me call 201-482-4274 bet. 9am and 2pm. STEVE BRICE.

FREE GAY SMUT! Join Contact Club International, Ulrikag, 2, Stockholm, Sweden. Run by Gays for Gays. Lesbians, voyers, S/M and all other erotic minorities also welcome. Fee \$5 only. Your free choice of the most fucking, sucking hard-core porno mags you ever dream of!!

EROTICA paperback-swapping-club. Adults only. (Straight and/or gay). For info. send 6 cent stamp to: COTES', 127-176th St. East, Spanaway, Washington 98387.

TOP QUALITY battery-operated Deluxe Personal VIBRATORS, 7" x 1 1/4", \$5 each. Improved Strap-on Rubber HEALTH MATES, 6" x 1 1/4", \$7 each. Novelty FRENCH TICKLERS, \$1 each; 6/55; 12/\$9. (Minimum 3). Other exciting items. For Illustrative Brochure, send 25 cents. UNISALES, Dept. Gc, P.O. Box 574, Times Sq. Station, NYC 10036.

BUTCH 6-FOOTER good physique. Digs nudism, out-of-doors, polaroids. Hates cruising scene. Interested meeting other attractive, well-built white guys. Photo, phone please. Complete discretion. P.O. Box 1173, FDR Sta., NYC 10022.

GAY NEGRO, 21, desires meeting gay whites, age unimportant. Call after 5:30 pm, 201-383-5117. No hustlers.

INEXPERIENCED SLAVE, 28, needs training by leather masters. Strong desire to learn. Likes verbal abuse and pics, drawings. Write, send pics if possible. KARL, P.O. Box 122, Mid-City, Sta., Dayton, OHIO, 45402

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Hey listen! He does a lot for me, so once in a while I figure what the hell...

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GAY WEEKLY

PLUMBING CARE AND MAINTAINANCE

(continued from page 13)

when you've got a big cock and you fuck with it, you're banging your prostate like mad. There's nothing wrong with that, but there's more to the story than just that. All that hard banging is likely to lead to prostatitis. It isn't uncommon to have to help a straight man have a satisfying orgasm by having his partner insert her/his finger into his ass. This is interesting to both parties. (Threesomes is better.)

If you're as healthy as you should be down there, when you cum your semen spurts out as it did when you were a kid: that is, half way up the wall. I've noticed that men who are used to getting fucked retain this ability for many years. It's a good sign of a healthy prostate. And considering the high percentage of men who have to have surgery in middle age for prostatitis, there ought to be a lesson there for somebody.

What to do to keep your prostate gland healthy:

1. Have lots of sex. Have it regularly. It doesn't matter much what kind or in what position (or positions, and when I say regularly I don't mean twelve tricks every Saturday night. That's one of the worst things you can do to yourself. Rather, have sex daily or every few days. Don't strain. Satisfy yourself thoroughly. Long periods of inactivity punctuated by short intervals of debauchery are ruinous.

2. Be regular in your urinary habits. Never hold your piss five minutes longer than you absolutely have to. Constant bladder pressure against the prostate gland can be harmful. You know what I mean. Don't be one of those nebbishes who find themselves out, perhaps drinking, and needing the W.C., who can't go because of some kind of fear of being seen by other men. If you've got a hang-up about privacy, get rid of it FAST. How? Don't you have friends? Practice. It may sound infantile, but inhibitions like that spring from the nutty excremental taboos of our parents. Get rid of them.

3. Be regular in your bowel moving, too. Straining at toilet can play havoc with the prostate. Remember there's only a thin wall between your colon and the gland. Try to retrain yourself to be utterly free about your toilet habits, going whenever and wherever the need arises.

4. Avoid prolonged excitement without satisfaction. (Remember that Rinaldo! Which was another clue to his lost illness, by the way. He was marvelous in all the business leading up to the act, but only passable in the act itself. Rinaldo, what do you and your lover do in bed? Well, stop it! More fucking, less petting.) Avoid Olympics. Don't insist on cumming three, five, seven times a throw. Particularly in fucking.

5. Did I mention Sodomy? I did! "Fancy that, Hedda!"

Did you know that baboons, bulls and Roman Catholic priests often behave homosexually? Are you aware of the growing interest in gay life on the part of policemen? Were you aware that more and more cops are fiddling with their cocks in public rest rooms and frequenting gay bars for their own odd reasons?

Are you keeping up with the queer adventures of Deputy Inspector Bonacum, the belle de jour of the Continental Bath and Health Club? Would you like to scald him in the steam room? If so, don't miss a single issue of America's number one gay newspaper, the most exciting product since KY! GAY means happy as well as homosexual, and its philosophy says there's only one world, and that terms such as homosexual and heterosexual are dull and meaningless before brighter words like human. GAY is a newspaper geared to the needs and tastes of hip people in America's fast

moving ambisexual communities. A subscription will keep you in touch with the best minds that are blessed with homosexual inclinations.

Edited by SCREW columnists, Lige and Jack, GAY includes such notables as Mattachine Director Dick Leitsch, Homosexual Handbook author, Angelo d'Archangelo, Occult expert, Dr. Leo Louis Martello, Rock expert, Everett Henderson, Lesbian editor Lily Hansen, Businessman, Randolph Wicker, Homophile President, Robert Amiel, Film critic, Ian J. Tree, Advice expert, Stephen Kaiso, Man about town, John Francis Hunter, High Thorn, Peter Ogren, and a host of others.

Paranoids will be relieved to know that GAY arrives in a plain brown envelope, first class. Step into the 1970's with a bright new outlook on life: a GAY outlook! Subscribe sooner than immediately!

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NEWS (continued from page 3)

Calderone replied: "A good sex-education program should make it clear, for example, that oral-genital contact is *not* perverse. I think the consensus in society is that any act two people find gratifying is definitely not abnormal and should not be subject to supervision by the state. The churches have been very helpful in this area, many of them having removed the moral stigma that noncoital sex used to have."

When questioned about the chances of a permanent homosexual pattern among adolescents arising from seduction by an older homosexual, Dr. Calderone denied the possibility, and added that "the adolescent's sexual identity is already firmly established by then. And if he does allow himself to be seduced, it's because his early emotional relationships, with his parents primarily, made him seducible."

Dr. Calderone later remarked, "I wish men and women could be free to respond to their own sexes. My husband has a Sicilian background and in his culture, the men openly express affection to each other. They embrace when they meet, they walk arm in arm, they put their arms around each other's shoulders. This is very normal in the Mediterranean culture. But in our society, men keep a great distance from each other because of their pathological fear of homosexuality, which interferes with the capacity of men to relate warmly to one another."

MINN. RIGHTS COMMISSIONER SEES PROBLEMS

Minneapolis, Minn. — On March 19th, Minnesota Human Rights Commissioner Conrad Balfour asked that a thorough study of discrimination and other problems faced by the state's homosexuals be undertaken by the Human Rights Department women's advisory committee. He also asked this committee to gather such information and data by establishing a task force composed of homosexuals.

"We also should have a homosexual on the State Board of Human Rights. The problem is finding one—that is, one who is willing to be identified as a homosexual," he said.

The first task of the study committee, Balfour said, will be to identify "what the problems are, ranging from discrimination in employment to harassment by the police.

"Then we want to try to pinpoint why homosexuals don't want to become visible, because we want to use them to educate people around the state.

"You know, we're so backward when it comes to understanding people. Can you imagine the inner turmoil when a homosexual is sitting in a room and somebody makes a crack about 'homos' or 'fags'?"

The commissioner said he has received strong criticism—"and some nasty cracks"—since he publicly compared the discrimination faced by homosexuals with the plight of minority races.

He made the comparison last month, when he received a complaint from a St. Paul youth who said he was fired because his boss objected to his being publicly identified as a homosexual. (See GAY no. 8 News)

Shortly after the initial complaint

DANISH SEX SHOWS FLOP

Copenhagen, Denmark — By all accounts, it might be assumed that Danes, as well as world travelers visiting their Porno Fair, have either reached the saturation point regarding pornography or now have super-sophisticated expectations.

Sex 1969, Denmark's first pornographic fair, is over, and it appears to have been less than the triumphant success anticipated. According to Randolph Wolfe in the March issue of *Holiday*, the Porno Fair was "not as racy" as many Danes and foreign visitors had expected or hoped it would be. Blue movies lacked a "professional touch." Topless displays were mild compared to

what is available any night in San Francisco or Baltimore.

"Just as mass nudity is more often comic than erotic, the overall impression of the exhibitions was that they were clinical rather than sexy."

Wolfe tells us that the Fair was not without its humorous side. "The slogan of the Fair operator was 'Keep Pornography Clean,' and the temptation to bring in global political implications was irresistible. A speaker at the opening day ceremony declared the Fair would end 'the cultural imperialism of the United States and Soviet Russia'."

Last month, a second sex show called *Sex for the Millions* ran for four days in Odense, but attracted only sparse crowds. Unlike the Copenhagen show which purported to be a trade fair for the pornography business, *Sex for the Millions* centered on a erotic variety show which included the act of intercourse. A London film company was reported to have paid \$13,000 to film the show.

NATIONAL DIRECTORY

Committee for Homosexual Freedom, meets Sundays at 7pm at Hospitality House, 148 Leavenworth, San Francisco, Calif.

Council on Religion and the Homosexual meets at Glide Church, 330 Ellis, San Francisco, Calif. (telephone (415) 771-6300.)

Homosexual Information Center (The Tangent Group) 3473 1/2 Cahuenga Blvd. Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

Mattachine Midwest P.O. Box 924, Chicago, Ill. 60690 (telephone (312) 334-2244)

Mattachine Society of Washington, P.O. Box 1032, Washington, D.C. 20013. (telephone (202) EM 2-2211)

S.I.R. (Society for Individual Rights) 83 Sixth St., San Francisco, Calif. (telephone (405) 781-1570)

Homophile organizations are invited to send their addresses and other information for publication in the Directory or in the Calendar.

HOMOPHILE CALENDER

Monday, April 20: Mattachine Society Legal Clinic at Society offices, 243 West End Ave. Offices open 6pm to 9pm daily. Telephone 799-0916.

Tuesday, April 21: Mattachine Society discussion groups at Christopher's End on Christopher St. in the Village, 8pm.

Wednesday, April 22: West Side Discussion Group regular meeting, Church of the Holy Apostles (28th St., & 9th Ave.), 8pm. Donation \$1.50. There is also a free blood test clinic in cooperation with the city Department of Health, before the meeting (discretion assured).

Thursday, April 23: Gay Activists Alliance regular meeting, Church of the Holy Apostles (28th St., & 9th Ave.), 8pm. 50 cent donation. Telephone 691-2748 or 673-5633. Mailing address: P.O. Box 2, Village Sta., NYC, NY "Homosexual News" on WBAI-FM (99.5), 8pm.

Friday, April 24: "Homosexual News" rebroadcast of 4/23, WBAI-FM, 10:45am.

Saturday, April 25: Gay Liberation Front Dance at Alternate U., 530 Sixth Ave (14th St.), 9pm. Donation \$1.50 singles, \$2.50 couples.

Sunday, April 26: Gay Liberation Front regular meeting, Church of the Holy Apostles (28th St., & 9th Ave.), 8pm.

RAO BLASTS KOCH ON POLICE ISSUE

New York, N.Y. — Paul P. Rao, Jr., announced in a press release that Congressman Edward I. Koch "should be scolded for screaming that the police are harassing homosexuals." Rao will oppose Koch in the upcoming Democratic Primary on June 23rd.

Rao contended there was an "unwholesome situation" in various parts of Manhattan, especially 42nd St., and the East and West 70's. "Homosexuals loiter in doorways, linger on street corners and follow male pedestrians, causing interference by overt acts of solicitation... this many times results in a breach of the peace and endangers other members of society."

Rao told GAY that he was not judging the morality of homosexuality in private, and contended that he was equally against heterosexual solicitation on the streets. He said his press release did not address itself to harassment of gay bars but to the matter of solicitation by gays.

EPISCOPAL GROUP ADMITS TO OPPRESSION

Berkeley, Calif. — A group called the Convention of the Episcopal Peace Fellowship, comprised of several hundred Episcopal clergymen, overwhelmingly passed a resolution here calling on the Church to work vigorously to end oppression of homosexuals.

The clergymen in this group confessed, and asked the Church at large to confess, complicity in centuries of oppression of homosexuals. They demanded that the Church make prompt efforts to erase the effect of such oppression.

The clergymen concluded that women as a class, and homosexual men and women as a class, are "in fact politically, socially, and economically oppressed." They asked the Church to "stop sitting on her hands" and "to open her eyes and ears to the cry of suffering humanity."

had been lodged, Balfour had announced that the Commission could not accept it because the law does not define "sex" and "creed" in a way to cover discrimination against homosexuals. He plans, however, to ask the 1971 legislature to broaden the definitions in order to protect gay citizens. "We've got to educate the people," Balfour said. "We're way behind the times in this regard."

NATURAL MAN WORKSHOP

(continued from page 8)

usually limited to twelve or fifteen men. No two workshops are ever the same.

Part of the reason is that each group is different in quality because it is made up of a different collection of individuals who fuse together into a unique whole. The other reason is that, as in any small group work, the leader continually alters the format in ways that seek to serve this current group best while continually refining and perfecting what the experience has to offer.

There is, therefore, no truly typical format for the group, but the following description will offer some hints of the flavor of the experience. You arrive for a two-day experience knowing that you will sleep overnight. The morning opens with some sensory awareness exercises that are intended to help you wake up your body so that you can see, smell, taste, hear, and touch more sensitively and so that you are better tuned in to your own emotions. You are then led into some exercises that encourage you to communicate with the other eleven men in the room without talking or using your voice. This is not charades. You do not mime the words, but you try to communicate feelings such as gladness, curiosity, and annoyance through the way you look into the other man's eyes or the way you touch him. These exercises are followed by some talking during which each man introduces himself to the group with the name he wants to use for these two days. Other members of the group may have some reaction to the name he chooses for himself because they have already formed an impression of him during the silent exercises. If the name does not seem to fit they may suggest others and he may change his mind.

The group has started to function but it is about time for lunch. The leader suggests that the group take a two-hour break for lunch and during that time each person should pair off with one other person for a private meeting or "dyad" lasting half an hour to forty-five minutes. He tells you that it is a good idea to pick someone that you have some feelings for, whether they be positive or negative, and that you spend perhaps the first ten minutes of your dyad in silent communication. This strikes you as a little weird and perhaps embarrassing but you go along with it and discover that your honesty with your chosen partner surprises you. When the group reassembles after lunch you also discover that it is easier to get into the nitty gritty, partly because you have already done it with one person.

The leader reminds you of some basic ground rules. You should be truthful, talk about the present rather than the past or the future, and make statements rather than ask questions. You should distinguish between your feelings and your thoughts when talking to someone and try to make first person "I" statements rather than drifting into vague speeches about "one sometimes..." He also reminds you that while negative feelings about one another are bound to surface now and then and should be expressed, no one is to hit or physically harm anyone else in the group. He says that if anyone in the room is aware of any feelings about anyone else in the room at this moment, expressing those feelings would be a good way for the group to get started.

(to be continued)