

# GAY

75¢

NO. 13

AMERICA'S 1ST.  
GAY WEEKLY

**LAUREN BACALL'S  
TOOL BOX P.10**  
**FELLINI'S FANTASIA P.13**

HIRAM KELLER STARS AS ASCYLTUS IN "FELLINI SATYRICON"



Like anyone else with any amount of curiosity today, I've done most of the usual things that are supposed to turn one on to self-awareness and the real world. So, when the opportunity presented itself for me to participate in a "marathon," I eagerly accepted.

For the uninitiated, "marathons" are those sort of sexual group-therapy things popularized in the comedy film, *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*. They're very big in California, where they are held at the Esalan Institute. The philosophy behind them is that we're all too hung-up about sex, and we should find ways to deal with those hang-ups.

Our marathon was scheduled to last 16 hours, from 10 a.m. Saturday to 2 a.m. Sunday. The place was a psychiatrist's office/living room on the West Side, and the group was composed of one male and one female "homosexual," one male and one female "bisexual," and three male and two female "heterosexuals."

The session began with our getting acquainted. First, we each spent a minimum of five minutes talking about ourselves—our interests, jobs, ideas, sex lives, etc. One of the most interesting revelations to me was the fact that those with "heterosexual" labels were most apologetic about their sexual roles. The "homosexuals" and "bisexuals" wore their labels almost proudly, while the "heterosexuals" apologized.

They seemed to have the idea that they really should, if only to be chic, experiment with homosexuality. A few were in a Freudian bag and thought there was something wrong with them because they had not, consciously at least, gone through a "homosexual stage." It was quite freaky, with all the cries of "heterosexual oppressors" ringing in the air, to hear heterosexuals apologizing guiltily for never having engaged in a homosexual act.

We played some psychiatric games—telling what we thought of one another, some relaxing games, etc. Then we all got naked. The nine-person group split into three groups of three people each. One would lay on the floor, eyes closed, while the other two caressed, explored and investigated his or her body.

One felt much closer to the naked people than one had to the same people clothed. The facade that clothing presents was gone, and touching fat, scars, pimples, warts, etc., made them much less off-putting. The girls compared breast sizes and the men surreptitiously sized up one another's cocks. It was nitty-gritty time. The masks of clothing were gone.

After everyone had felt and been felt, we talked. One of the straight girls admitted a hang-up about lesbians. The doctor had them play a scene: they sat, knees touching, and sucked their own thumbs. Then they sucked one another's thumbs. (I tried that with another girl, and it's really sort of kinky.) Then he had them kiss, and finally got the straight girl to suck the nipples of the gay one, and then the gay girl nibble on the straight one's breasts. The hostility disappeared.

I accused the male bisexual of being a sexual braggart, and of using heterosexuality as a cover for closet queendom. (Later, he sort of admitted the latter, and I was as guilty of the former as he was.) A girl had a sudden urge to curl up in the bosom of another, like a

madonna and child. She did it.

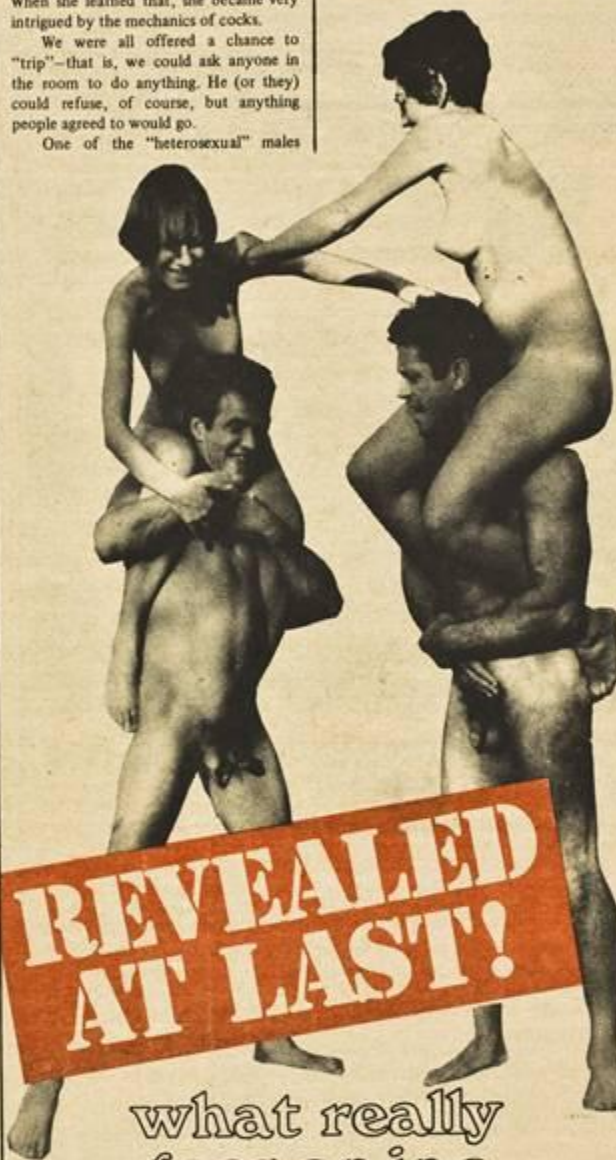
The "lesbian" was afraid of cocks, so a man cuddled her, keeping his penis next to her skin all of the time. He got hard, and she got scared. She thought once a cock got hard, it kept getting harder and harder until it came, and didn't know that all hardons don't lead to orgasms. When she learned that, she became very intrigued by the mechanics of cocks.

We were all offered a chance to "trip"—that is, we could ask anyone in the room to do anything. He (or they) could refuse, of course, but anything people agreed to would go.

One of the "heterosexual" males

her breasts, caressed her body, and several fingers and a hand or two worked into her vagina at various times.

The "bisexual" male wanted to play with S & M. He asked the "lesbian" to beat him with a leather belt. She demurred, and a "heterosexual" girl volunteered. She really whopped him



**REVEALED AT LAST!**

what really goes on in a psychiatrist's office!

decided he wanted to take a bath and have the rest of us scrub his body, then towel dry him. We did. Another "straight" man wanted to lie quietly and caress the body of another male "heterosexual." They did. A girl suggested an orgy. Like Bob and Carol with Ted and Alice, everyone got a bit uptight.

The girl charged her request. She wanted everyone in the room to make love to her. She sprawled on the floor, and the rest of us kissed her, played with

until he said to stop.

My "trip" was something really different for me. Several years ago, Bob and I had gone to a 42nd Street movie with a girl friend. She had very long hair, and the guy in the row of the balcony behind us had come into her hair. I'd never done that, and the idea intrigued me.

One of the girls in the group had long, really beautiful, hair. I asked if I could masturbate with it, and she agreed. So I started, and it was so groovy that

some of the other men joined me. It was great, and now that I've done it, I'm happy, proving once again that the way to get over a hang-up is to give into it once.

I suppose some of my readers will consider this terribly debauched. I assure you it wasn't. Nobody blew his cool. Lots of things were happening, and each individual participated in what he wanted to and ignored, or watched, whatever else happened to be going on. Incredible combinations of people touched, caressed, felt, explored, and grooved on one another. Sensuality filled the air, but there was no lust. Everyone turned one to another as a person, not as an object, and it was a nice, warm feeling.

We did some freaky things, and acted out some fantasies that outsiders might have thought strange, but we did it to get over them, so we could communicate without those barriers. When you've taken handfuls of a girl's hair and held it around your penis while you masturbated, and seven people watched you, you have few secrets from them. If you've lain on the floor while everyone in the room made love to you, you don't pretend to any artificial "dignity."

I've been to many orgies in my time and many things have happened at them. But they were always dark, and frankly sexual, even gross. They were like the gay orgy scenes at the docks, baths, or sex-bars. Everyone came often, but went home unsatisfied. Compared to this marathon, those orgies were like hog swill eaten out of desperation compared to a *haute cuisine* dinner.

Few of the men at the marathon reached orgasm, and I suspect few women did, either. What was going on was not simple animal release or just getting rid of stored-up sperm. In our group, sex (or, to be more precise, sexual play) was communication.

In the gay world, where I most often function, so much sex is quick and anonymous, or a one-night-stand of the "Wham-Bam-Thank-you-ma'm" variety. That turns me off because I can masturbate better than most people can "do" me. (Yankee boys are lousy lays, for the most part.)

In a long-term relationship, sex becomes a habit, almost a ritual, as any married couple, gay or straight, can tell you.

Participating in a marathon reminds one that sex is communication. It puts the humanity—and therefore, the pleasure—back into sex. The session itself is a highly rewarding, and a very spiritual, experience. I came away with a deeper insight into my own sexuality, and a refreshed attitude toward sex.

Our marathon was tape-recorded and annotated by a stenographer who sat in the doorway and made notes of who was doing what to whom and how who was touching whom. The other information the tape couldn't pick up. All of this will be used as material for a book.

Therefore, New Yorkers won't have to fly to California to enjoy the Esalan experience. An Institute will open just north of New York City this summer. I don't have the details now, but when I get them, I'll let you know.

Grass and acid are *passee*. Some have been turning on to religion and becoming "Jesus freaks." That's *passee*, too. Sex is in, and Esalan can teach you to enjoy it in ways you've never before dreamed possible.



BY ANGELO d'ARCANGELO

In previous installments, for the benefit of *Rinaldo* (Beatrice to Angelo's Dante) we sank to phimosis by way of N.S.U. and the Prostate gland. This week, without either rubber gloves or major surgery, d'Arcangelo continues his exploration of the urinary tract.

On to Gonorrhea!

es Rinaldo, you may have had the clap. There isn't any blood test which will reveal it. It's not that kind of malady. The only way to determine whether or not you have it is to have the cock milked of its discharge, or pus, and that fluid put on a microscope slide and stained, and then checked. You can get the clap from men, women and children. It takes about three days for the symptoms to appear. However, it may take longer, and doctors have told me of cases which didn't appear for ten to fourteen days. A few days after the initial contact—or at least the tainted one—you may feel a burning when you piss. Eventually there'll be a discharge. Not a pretty business or a comfortable one. Rectal infection's easier, however, for you don't feel it, and if there's any discharge it's more likely to be hidden by the evacuation of your bowels. Besides, most of us don't stand about examining our turds past age three. The germs in question can spread through the body over a long period of time, but why should you have the infection a long period of time?

The most important thing to avoid, if you become infected, is contact with another person. The second thing to avoid is accidentally infecting your eyes, by hand, after going to the john. Eye infections can be terrible. Thank heavens they are rare. Gonorrhea has also been linked with arthritic stiffening of the joints in later years.

Should you never get the clap taken care of, it will seemingly fade away eventually like the abscess under a tooth. Remember, the cures for it are new and our parents and their parents didn't have them. Because the disease attacks the urinary tract, the discharge is the by-product of the urethra's lining trying to heal itself. Without adequate treatment it may indeed do so after months of discomfort and pain. Then the tract simply becomes lined with scar tissue all the way up to the bladder, and perhaps the kidneys. It's likely that in later years there will be some blockage of the urinary passages due to this thickening scar tissue. This is unpleasantly common with older men. It can mean distasteful surgery or at least catharticalness. Check your local geriatric ward for lugubrious details.

Meanwhile, don't blow your stack at the guy who gave it to you. The chances are he probably won't know he had it or that he gave it to you. It has happened to friends of mine that after fucking an ostensibly "straight" guy they came down with the clap. Does that mean the guy may have lied to them? Not necessarily. He may have contracted it a long time ago on a rare occasion when he did allow himself to be fucked, and then forgotten about it, or tried to. He didn't feel anything. Why should he think he might have anything like an infection?

If there's any comfort in this situation for anybody it's the ease with which Gonorrhea is successfully treated.

cookie, the disease is at its most contagious at this point.

The second stage is a little less cozy. You are likely to break out in something like a diaper rash. And there's no telling where. Erase won't cover it. It'll itch, and it is still contagious. But you ask yourself, "Who would sleep with a syphilitic if they knew?" Right? But you don't always know. Get it?

And now an example from the true-to-life life of yours truly.

Syzmanski and I had just about finished an affair. We found, after the initial and prolonged fever of our infatuation had passed, that although we liked each other we didn't care to live

He advised me to go to a male nurse friend of his who took care of him and his friends in cases of emergency and who was reputed to be, in addition, a good lay. Whether or not he was I never found out, for I wasn't about to slip the compassionate doctorette my possibly tainted meat.

Once there, I threw said *vierge* on the table and he checked it. He didn't find anything and I explained that I hadn't either, for I'd only just plugged the poisoned hole about thirty-six hours previously. The solution to all this was a super dose of penicillin. He explained that they had it in the clinic in such high concentration for just such emergencies.

# THE A BUG OF ANOTHER COLOR COCK ROACH

Yet Another Adventure In in plumbing care and maintenance part III



Syphilis is a bug of another color. It's more dire than Gonorrhea, and lives, more or less, in the blood stream. There are three stages in the disease as it is generally known.

The first and most contagious stage in the progress of Syphilis occurs between three and six weeks after the exposure to the person who already has. The germs enter through the skin around the sex organs or, if you're using something not usually thought of as a sexual organ, it may enter through a cut or scratch anywhere on the body. The ear, the kneecap, the toes are just as susceptible to it as are the sex organs and it is important to remember that the skin of these organs need *not* be broken or cut in order to admit the germs.

It may be of interest to recall that clergymen alone are susceptible to the disease in "accidental" circumstances, and have been widely known to get it from toilet seats. They appear to be the only people so afflicted. Everybody else has to fuck or at least kiss.

During the first or "primary" stage, painless sores or lesions may appear at that spot where the germs entered the body. However, it is not always possible to find the sore: it may be just inside the anus or in some tiny crack or fold of the scrotum, or in some place you're not accustomed to look. Bear in mind,

together. That meant we didn't sleep together except—over a year or two—very casually and not often. It happened that particular summer while he was carrying on with a new somebody; I never knew who. I was packing up my belongings and getting rid of the house to move to New York, and it may have been in a spirit of good-bye that we went to bed.

About two days before I was due to leave, Syzmanski called me up and told me the news. He had the Pox *Anglaise*, *deuxieme periode*. *Quelle drag!* He said he was on his way to the doctor's and I offered to take him. He explained all about it in the car. The rash which had broken out only a night or so before and which I hadn't seen was obvious and needed no explanation. What could I do? Get mad at "Manski"? Hardly. He was one of my best friends, if not the best, and he had done the gentlemanly thing by telling me just as soon as he himself found out. Anyway, he was being taken care of by his kindly old family quack. Three or four visits more and shots and tests, etc. I didn't have time for all that, and my money was budgeted like crazy. I'd just quit my job, and as I said, I was readying myself for a new city.

So, I called Linda Lamonte. (Drag name of one of the most beautifully stacked dance-types on the North Shore.)

It had power into the millions of units of the good mold, and one shot accomplished what the usual several did over a period of as many days. Without further ado he jabbed me. I thanked and paid him and left. I drove the next day and a half on sore buns, but first thing on arrival I had myself checked. Negative.

The third and final stage of the illness isn't particularly cheery. Generally there's the premature deterioration of the most important organs, including the brain, and some of the bones and muscles. If there is any sunshine in this "tertiary" phase of the life of a syphilitic, it is that he or she may not know they have the disease. It disappears. Outwardly the victim is perfectly alright. Inwardly it's another story. Heart trouble, insanity, blindness or some kind of crippling affliction will usually follow. (Anybody mad for details can consult almost any library. Health Department, or the Encyclopedia Britannica.) Remember, only a blood test can tell.

Nevertheless, gang, at any and all stages of the disease it can be cured, utterly, leaving one safe and whole and able to produce healthy offspring. Fine. The point is to get it cured as soon as possible. The amount of damage done to the system depends upon how advanced it is.

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

*(Gay, integrated and/or straight bars and restaurants mentioned—but not necessarily recommended—in this issue: Gladstone Plushbottom and Company, Mad Hatter, Tinker's, Don Denton's [all for straight cruising and entertaining visiting firemen]; Timothy, Alternate U. (GLF nights preferred), Wine Cellar, The Finale, Zodiac, Bigoudi, Julius', Tenth of Always.*

hat a way for GAY's resident bar fly and night life expert to begin a weekend, helping to entertain a house guest's house guest who happened to be straight! The agenda for the night had been coverage of some of the girls' bars, which we have sorely neglected, including a lesbian dance at Alternate U, and while such bars are not usually our first choice, they suddenly seemed as alluring as a pot party in a Turkish bath compared to the prospect of making the East Side singles scene. However, the spirit of Southern hospitality prevailed, and after a quick phone call to an East Side singles expert, off we went.

My resident, reliable, handsome straight buddy—who shall remain anonymous, though neither he nor his luscious Texas fiancée is uptight about their gay connections—recommended three or four places after hearing me out.

"He's young and straight, paying his first visit to New York," said I of our charge. "He's also beautiful and horny."

# Julius'



warning they were a target for a sit-in. It must be done. This is the kind of insult that should not be tolerated by the gay community. Of course, what I really wish is that a couple of nuns would walk into that dining area and see what the old fart (he might be Julius himself for all I know, since he's as sooty as the rafters) would say to them. Can't you just hear it? "Sorry, Sister, couples only. Ladies and gentlemen only!" Or would they revert to an even earlier discriminatory policy known as "Tables for Ladies." Maybe if they did that the balsy Women's Lib group would bury them.

### JIGGS IS A DRAW

How much more honest is a place like the Tenth of Always on West Third Street where the most beautiful drag queens in the city drop by after hours after turning a hundred-dollar trick,

where humpy butch genital males (and straight, for that matter) groove on them and each other until midday. It's private, as you've been warned in this column before, but it's New York, baby. You should beg your way in just to meet Jiggs, who's still one of the most scintillating raconteurs in town, who knows everyone in or out of drag, backstage or onstage, now, yesterday or tomorrow. Jiggs is a great character and known to everyone from Cape Cod to St. Thomas. If you can't wiggle your way into one of his rooms because the heat is on now, watch for him on his night off, Sunday. He's the one who carries his own goblet for drinking out—a silver chalice—and he'll usually be in the company of the most attractive men. And wherever we look, uptown or down, straight, integrated or gay, unless we have one waiting at home, that's what we're looking for, isn't it? ■



## uncle tom's cabin revisited

"That should make it easier for him to get laid," said my knowledgeable friend.

"The fact that he's beautiful!"  
"No, the fact that he's horny. Friday night doesn't bring out the best specimens, and he may have to settle for a compromise."

### GAYS COMPROMISE TOO

Not reminding him that we quite frequently settle for a compromise in the gay world on Saturday through Thursday, as well as Friday, I took down his suggestions: Gladstone Plushbottom and Company, 1436 Third Avenue, where the bar and dance floor are in such close proximity you are dancing with a chick every time you move, where beer is like seventy-five cents, and where, according to my informant, "if a guy can't make out, he should give up"; the Mad Hatter, 1485 Second Ave., a similar atmosphere, though not with a regular dancing arrangement; Tinker's, 1417 Second Avenue, a gathering place strictly for heads at night but a groovy place for all comers in the afternoons of any day, especially rainy; and Don Denton's, 154 E. 79th Street.

Denton's is so inviting and pleasant I intend to go back. As I feel it's not exclusively heterosexual. The clientele is sophisticated enough for a high confidence threshold, and while there are the usual clusters of closets who can be picked off toward closing time, no one seems defensive. Of course, it's reassuring



to be welcomed warmly by good-looking Jamie, a strictly lady's man bartender who recognizes you from resorts where rigidity was never great vis-a-vis sexual separation. And you run into chicks who talk, who are in the Women's Lib groove, who are out for more than a drink and a lay. We began our evening there and returned at the end of it by our straight friend's choice. Go when you have someone to entertain and who is in the hopes of finding his own kind. As for the other aforementioned, be sure to wear a tie and jacket. Would you believe a tie and jacket are still required in neighborhood-type bars in New York? We thought all that went out when the Peppermint Lounge came in. Denton's is the exception.

### GAYS CAN MAKE OUT

A note should be made here that it's the same as always in the East Side mixed bars when it comes to man-to-man making out: those of you who dig poking around in the chancy realms of the closet, where there are layers of pretension, will still revel there. Play it butch, watch for the furtive cruise, and as the ratio of genital males to genital females increases about three or so, you'll pair off.

Our straight social scene was not to end with Friday night, much to our regret, but an adventure is an adventure, so who's complaining? The week before we had dined with great satisfaction at a mixed Timothy Restaurant and The Wine

Cellar, 127 Lexington (upstairs a gay wedding was in progress, so we were told), and had dragged our hosts on to the Gay Liberation Front dance at Alternate U, had swung with it, and had decided to give it a four-star rating and urge everyone to run on down, whatever his politics, to enjoy the refreshing atmosphere of free people high on pot and quarter-a-can beer (a dollar fifty cover). We had announced to this second Saturday night's companions, "You'll have a wonderful time!" They didn't. They said upon entering, "John, this is a straight dance." "No, it isn't," I replied defensively. "It just looks that way. It should look that way. Why not? Last week I was kissed twice within the space of ten minutes, and this is the same group. It smells the same anyway!" It was not the same. Because of the girl dance on the night preceding, the beginning of the spring term "prom" was moved up to this Saturday night. A rangy chap informed me when I asked, "Watch the ads regarding which dances are held when." He also said, "You're welcome to stay." No thanks. It's either gay or integrated for me, and this was neither.

### ANOTHER INTEGRATED DINER

Integrated, charming, with brick walls and candlelight and deep private booths, also excellent food in the upper reasonable price range, is the Wine Cellar, 531 Hudson. You can gaze into your fella's eyes, pet a loving Irish setter named Chamois (if that's your thing), rap

with friendly straights, and feel you are in the true Greenwich Village. That means friendly, exotic, glamorous and both sensually and intellectually stimulating.

You also feel that ambiance in the perennial favorite, The Finale, 48 Barrow, which has the lowest-priced, palatable Italian food in town, short of a stand-up pizza parlor. As soon as spring breathes warm upon us and the trees make a softer filigree against the night sky, their garden will be open for *al fresco* dining, and that is enchanting. Of course, I can't be objective about the Finale, as I was taken there to dine my very first evening in New York almost a decade ago, and I remember it as a launching pad, a springboard into the wonders Manhattan held in store.

Manhattan still holds wonders, not the least of them being at the Zodiac, located above The Den at Little West Twelfth and Washington Streets. It was incorrectly reported here in Issue No. 10 that it was deceased, having been raided and closed the same weekend as the Snake Pit rape, but that isn't true. Sometimes a raid simply means the employees are taken outside and a fine is imposed, but the patrons not bothered at all. So there continue to be wonders abounding at the Zodiac. Go find out for yourself. All I will say is, "It's the poor man's zoo." You like riddles, don't you?

### THE BIGOUDI BOWS

Generally I try to check out a place

twice (as I did the Alternate U. Saturday night) before either recommending or knocking it. Grave mistakes can occur otherwise. No sooner had the Calabash appeared in print here than I found it suddenly had become the Bigoudi (which they say means Big Cock—in Arabic?). Now run by the celebrated Tommy D. of Penthouse, Sewer, Mr. D's and Mr. T's fame, to name only a few, one can be sure it's in the top echelon simply because Tommy is in charge. He and his colleagues do more than take your money. They remember, they personalize, and they throw a good party. Their Penthouse and Sewer were among the great bars of the Sixties, and no small part of their warmth and razzmatazz was due to Tommy's genuine talent as a boniface. He's elegant, and so, in many ways, are his clubs—though not piss-elegant or stultifying. Go!

At this writing I don't know what's happened at Julius', but if I have to initiate a personal vendetta I shall. Just a couple of weeks back a friend and I took our greasy hamburgers back to the dining area and were told, "Couples only. Ladies and gentlemen only!" Not figuring it was a good time for a scene but resenting terribly the fact that the front bar is jammed with homosexuals who have made Julius' what it is and to be hit in the face with such Nineteen-Fifties discrimination, I deferred, then went to a Gay Activists Alliance meeting to bring it up. I was assured some action would be taken, that Julius' would be issued a

# come together!



to Joe but later it will return to the young man. The group follows its own path in exploring and identifying feelings. By the end of the first afternoon, someone says, "I can't believe I've only known you people one day! I feel closer to some of you already than I do to people I've known all my life." Masks are dropping. Individuals are trying out being themselves and showing how they feel at the risk of having someone not like them. The genuineness of the interaction draws everyone closer together. "Why can't it be like this all the time with everyone?" someone asks as the group nears the end of the second day.

"Because this is an artificial situation and we dare to take more chances being honest with one another here," he is answered.

The group begins to think about how it will be when each of them returns home and to work. "I know I can't make it all change and be like this even if I wish I could," says one participant. "But I begin to see ways that I could change myself and enjoy a little more honesty. I also have plenty to think about. I think I'm going to see other people more clearly and I'm sure I'm going to do a better job of really listening to what they are telling me instead of just waiting my turn to get my answer in."

Is this group experience a form of psychotherapy? What is its purpose? I usually answer these questions by pointing out that different individuals make different use of the experience. It is something like a trip to Europe. One person comes back from the trip changed for life. Another comes back beginning to question some of his values and assumptions. Another person comes back to put in time until he can afford another trip. Another person comes back complaining about the hotel accommodations and the lousy natives who constantly gyped him. Different people make different use of the experience.

In the Natural Man groups, I have seen some individuals experience genuine psychotherapeutic benefits right on the spot. The young man understands what it is that rubs others the wrong way and stops his demanding babyish behavior. I have seen other individuals provoked to thoughtful searching of self that will later have psychotherapeutic benefit. Like the overweight man who discovered that one of the reasons he was frequently rejected was the message about poor self-concept that his body sent out to people he was meeting for the first time. Three months after the group had met, he had lost thirty-five pounds and the loss was continuing.

Some participants use it as an opportunity to make a decision about whether or not to begin psychotherapy. Some of the men are there because their therapist suggested that the two-day experience might help them to get closer to some hidden feelings that they could make use of in subsequent psychotherapy sessions.

Others leave saying only that it was "interesting," or "a refreshing chance to breathe some honest air," or "a peculiarly relaxing vacation—I'm leaving feeling refreshed and yet like I spent the time doing something worthwhile," or "I'm leaving this two-days feeling better about myself than I have felt in years." Hardly any two reactions are the same. The psychotherapeutic overtones are there, but not everyone chooses to make use of them, or needs to make use of them.

(continued on page 17)

BY DON CLARK, Ph.D.

PART II

## THE NATURAL MAN WORKSHOP

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*.

In last week's issue (GAY No. 12) Dr. Clark discussed the origins of the *Natural Man Workshops*, and their application to the homosexual, including group and couple sessions.

From that point on, it is anyone's guess where that particular group is going to go. It will follow its own path but it will surely get into feelings of loneliness, despair, joy,

love, rejection, mourning, sexual stimulation, inadequacy, anger, terror, jealousy, self-satisfaction, and acceptance (to name but a few). Each of these feelings will be experienced by someone because it has been set off by someone else in the group though much of the feeling may be related to something in everyday life outside of the group.

The leader's task is to help the individual make use of the group as an aid in identifying and exploring feelings. The leader may suggest some non-verbal exercise at a time when the individual is filled with feeling, but unable to identify it or fully experience it. A young man says, "I don't understand what's happening but I have tears in my eyes and I'm afraid I'm going to start really crying."

The leader may ask if he has any clues as to who in the group is setting off the crying feeling. The young man says, "It's silly but I think I started to get the feeling when Joe and Alex moved over to sit next to Paul." The leader waits quietly as does the rest of the group. The young man begins to cry. "It's really dumb but it was as if they were turning their backs on me or like they preferred Paul. That's stupid. I don't even know you guys and it certainly doesn't matter if you prefer Paul to me." He starts to laugh. The

leader suggests that he go to Joe and then to Alex and ask each of them if they like him. He instructs Alex and Joe to wait until they have been asked and then to simply turn their back and pay attention to Paul. It seems awkward and embarrassing but everyone goes along with it. The young man sits a moment looking at the two turned backs and the tears reappear. "You bastards!" he yells. Pay attention to me!"

Alex turns around. He looks steadily at the young man. "You know, the morning when we were doing those silent exercises I took quite a liking to you but there was something about you that warned me to keep my distance. Now I see it. You're like a baby demanding that I pay attention to you. If I pay attention to you it will be because I want to and not because you demand it by stamping your feet and shaking your rattle!"

Joe says, "I'm afraid I have to agree with that. There is something babyish about your way of demanding attention that really puts me off." He moves over to the young man and puts his hand on his shoulder, looking him in the eye. "But in spite of that there's something about you... like you've got guts or something. It's like you're willing to take risks that I'm too chicken to take. I wish I had your guts."

The group's attention begins to shift

BY IAN J. TREE

I suppose you've been wondering where the hell I've been hiding all this time. "Whatever happened to that groovy movie critic, Ian what's-his-name?" Well you'll be glad to know that I've surfaced once again to delight you with my charming, relevant and thoroughly erudite prose. A few goodies to rake over the coals so hang on sports fans.

The other day I saw Pat Rocco's latest effort, *Mondo Rocco*, and came away with mixed feelings (No, that's not a group grope) about it all. I suppose the title was apropos in that the film was a series of unrelated shorts dealing with various and sundry events about or affecting the gay community.

There were two news items, one dealing with the rock concert given by the L.A. cast of *HAIR* in Griffith Park on Christmas day. It was quite colorful and a fun thing to be a part of—nothing controversial or thought-provoking, or for that matter, really relevant to the gay world. The other item showed a dance performed by a young man at a club called the "Meat Market" (beef was the house specialty). The dance in question was performed *a la buff* and Rocco had originally brought his camera crew down to the club to photograph it. Unfortunately, for all of the ogling voyeurs waiting to get their rocks off, this was not to be, as there was a bust before the dance could be performed. The club manager and the dancer (a black cat named Bob Philpot) were arrested by plainclothesmen and unceremoniously led off to jail. Some of the club's patrons were questioned by the plainclothesmen while Rocco was filming away and interviewing others about the alleged obscenity or artistic value of the nude dance. Needless to say, the situation being what it was, there was nary a "discouragin'" word. A few days later the dancer and club manager were released on bail, so Rocco and his cameras were back on the scene to film the dance *in toto*. Rocco talked with the club's lawyer as well as the young dancer. So what began as a simple location filming of an artistic nude dance turned into an on-the-spot filming of a bust-in-action. Rocco-on-the-spot, so to speak—a good piece of reportage.

Unfortunately, I thought the rest of the fare was pretty bad—as much as I like Rocco, it simply was not up to snuff with what he can do and has done in past efforts. The other shorts seemed hodge-podge and were almost totally without the care and concern he's afforded his other work. I'm afraid that *Mondo Rocco* came off decidedly square.

Take one part best-selling gay novel (2 million copies), add some beautiful scenery (Trinity Mts. in California), and some attractive people and some reasonably competent direction, and you should come up with a successful piece of cinema. Such were the ingredients of *Song of the Loon*, based on Richard Amory's gay classic. Unfortunately, it didn't really come off, though the effort and energies were certainly there.

The script was weak—though it seemed adequate in print. The acting was average and under the circumstances anything less than that would have been catastrophic for sure. John Iverson who as Cyrus Wheelwright turned in the best

# MONDO ROCCO

performance despite so little meat (no pun intended) for him to work with. Occasionally the sound track got a little marginal and for some strange reason the entire picture was shot at one "f" stop down (numerically up) from what it should have been. Of course, it could have been deliberate.

Luckily, I had read the book some weeks before and found it simple and unpretentious, but, perhaps (for my taste), a bit too much sex, though I must admit the eroticism was nicely described and quite sensual.

The film hit on the book's high points and did manage to tie things

definitely humpy. The love-making between Ephraim and Cyrus had only a shadow of the intensity and frequency that it had in the novel. Though it was symbolic, I thought it was tastefully done—which I feel is the point they wanted to make instead of providing erection material. There were two such sequences that I thought were outstaged. One was a closeup shot of Ephraim's face as a bead of sweat swept across his brow. The other was a slow pan of Cyrus's body from his head gently down the curve of his back, the beautiful round of his ass, thence along his leg tops to his feet—a beautiful sequence I thought.

This sequence uses various techniques (color filters in front of lens, a really groovy reverse print sequence in which Ephraim and an Indian are making wild love in a running stream. The idea of the trip is to rid Ephraim of his confusion and his fear of Montgomery and to help him decide who his partner (isn't it obvious?) is going to be.

The music got a bit simplistic at times and I thought the acting was only average in comparison to what is currently available in sound gay movies. Morgan Royce, although very good-looking, is a little lightweight in the acting area. He seemed more naive, unsettled and



A scene from *Mondo Rocco*

# AND THE SONG

together so that it made some kind of sense. Unfortunately, the characters were at best only thumbnail sketches. But I don't suppose one can have everything in a gay novel or film. With a film, things like time and money have a nasty way of consuming one another. Had this not been the case it would have given our characters a much needed depth.

Getting next to the sitty-gritty of things, the sex was minimal, but symbolic. In the book Ephraim (played here by Morgan Royce) made love to various Indians he met that were part of the Loon Society, including Bear-Who-Dreams, the great wise one to whom Ephraim was journeying to see to get his act together. In the flick all of the love-making with the Indians was eliminated. Too bad! The cat who played Singing Heron, was quite handsome and

confused than his novel counterpart. All in all I must give the makers of the film my hurrahs for making an honest effort to depict what is essentially a mediocre novel (though nicely written). The scenery was gorgeous, the principals good-looking, the ideas espoused by the Loon Society redeemable, the attempt by the makers commendable. I would recommend that you see it even though it is basically a Loonie Tune without the animation we all know and love.

Compared with what is currently available, it's better than most—easy on the eyes, and (alas for you sex-fiends out there), easy on your erogenous zones as well. Oh well, in our haggard and hassled times turning on to a real Loon would probably get you arrested, not to mention one hell of a reprimand from the Audubon Society!

# OF THE LOONY

# Can A Leatherless Lauren Bacall Find

another stage faggot. But as written by Comden and Green, and as wisely, brightly played by Lee Roy Reams (that is his name. Honest!), the role is a gem. Reams plays it so you know Duane is gay, but he's not overly faggy. They've given

attitude of acceptance. They accept him naturally, neither overreacting or underreacting to the fact of his homosexuality. For example, in the dressing room scene on opening night, he is one of the retinue that surrounds



Lauren Bacall goes on a double date

BY JASON GOULD

**A**ppause is the gayest show in town. By design, not by accident. After all, any musical comedy that stages its first big production number in a bar like the Tool Box, much less basing its book on *All About Eve*, must know who supports the theater in this town. But however calculated *Appause* may be, it serves its audience well. And brilliantly. As an evening's entertainment, it is the best new show on Broadway this year.

In case you've just come out, *All About Eve* must rank as the number one gay movie, the ultimate Bette Davis film, and a way of life for scores of cinema cliques who never miss a showing and recite the dialogue verbatim right along with the cast. There's a reason for all this camp following, and it centers on the fact that the plot of the story revolves around an idea of concern for every homosexual: the aging star threatened by the up-and-coming ingenue. Because the gay world places such emphasis on physical beauty and desirability, every homosexual in the audience can empathize with Margo Channing's fear of being replaced by Eve, and realize it's not just a simple case of paranoia. Clawing one's way to the top is the simple battle; staying on top is the fight to the death. So *Appause* has an added validity beyond an evening's entertainment. There is some truth for us being expressed up there in between the funny lines.

At the center of *Appause* stands Lauren Bacall, and she makes the musical Margo Channing a role all her own. All else in the show revolves around her. Forget Bette Davis (and I may be burned at the stake as a heretic); I love Lauren Bacall. She's long and lithe, cat-like, with a marvelous, smoky star presence. She sings well enough, but it is her dancing that is so explosive. Lauren Bacall is a Star, and you know it every moment she's on stage. Comden and Green have made *Appause* her show; it is more *All About Margo* than *All About Eve*.

But there are other shining performances in the show: Penny Fuller's malevolently samaritanical performance as Eve is so perfect you want to throttle her, and Bonnie Franklin stops the show twice as she leads the chorus in the title

## Happiness In The Tool Box?



song and another rousing number. She's no longer a gypsy. And there's this guy who steals every scene he's in.

When I first heard that the Thelma Ritter role, that of the knowing, wise-cracking maid to the star, had been rewritten into that of a fag hairdresser, Duane, I was appalled. Oh, Christ, not

him some of the better bitchy lines in the show, and he gives them just the right amount of campy gesture to make each line pay off handsomely in laughs.

What is more important about the role, however, is the attitude Duane brings to himself and the attitudes the other characters take toward him. An

Margo. You see him working on her wigs, so you know he's a hairburner, and he's very chicly dressed, so you could start to suspect he's gay, but his mannerisms are such that you're never quite sure. Thus when Margo asks Duane to come along with her and Eve for a night on the town, and he says he has a date, her reply of "Bring him along" produces the first really big laugh of the evening. For two reasons: because of the initial ambiguity of his character, and because of her casual attitude. It's a beautiful moment, funny and light, where it could have been an exploitative one at the gay community's expense. (Incidentally, Duane's wardrobe in the show, and the number of costume

changes he makes, are second only to Lauren Bacall's. Absolutely divine clothes!)

The production number in the gay bar, *But Alive*, is one of the highlights of the show. It begins slowly, as that musical comedy convention, the girl's first song,

(continued on page 17)

# Why Bones Are Not My Bag

## SEX

## AND THE MACROBIOTIC

BY ROBERT AMSEL

**S**tandards of beauty are constantly changing, and I think that it's time for them to change again. I am not advocating obesity as a state of being nor as a way of life, but I do believe that emaciation is equally unattractive. Before I am accused of being overweight or underweight, I would like to announce that I am five-feet, eleven inches and weight 156 pounds, five of which I am attempting to lose in order not to throw out my 30-inch waisted pants. Thus I am neither fat nor a refugee from a concentration camp.

Unfortunately, I see too many people who would have been happy at Auschwitz and what's worse, I see people turning on to these people. Did this state result from the influence of zombie-like Vogue models or a wholesome stick figure named Twiggy? I'm not sure. I do know that bones are not my bag and that rib cages are most impressive when learning anatomy from a human skeleton.

Because of illness almost a year ago, I quickly descended on the scale to 140 pounds. Everyone told me how fantastic I looked, but my mirror indicated a different story. My cheeks were gaunt, my naturally deep-set eyes seemed almost cadaver-like, my face was deathly pale, and my stomach was hollow. At the time I shuddered at my new-found "beauty" and quickly started eating again with hopes of restoring the old ME. I succeeded and have been fortunate in finding people who appreciate flesh over bone marrow.

Had I considered requesting a "care package" from various humanitarian organizations, I no doubt would have shunned the prospect of restoration. As it was, I welcomed those few extra pounds that prohibited a premature burial.

Once restored, however, I recall meeting up with a young shadow of a hippie who turned on to my body and assured me that I had child-bearing hips. I suppose he meant that I had an ass and he hadn't, and having never seen one before, he passed out from a combination of weakness and ecstasy, the emphasis on the former. Of course, having no desire to squash him like a cockroach under my enormous 156 pounds, I left him in a state of acute frustration.

Needless to say, I am equally responsive to men whose waists I cannot encircle using both hands, let alone one hand. It is most satisfying sexually to poke my finger into a man's navel without fear of crushing his backbone. And it is pleasant to hold a man's hand without wondering if it will crack or slip through my fingers.

If such ideas seem shocking and revolutionary, I suggest you look to the past. Think of all those Roman statues based on the Greek ideal of masculine beauty that would have perished from fragility had their standards been akin to our own. Think of those Renaissance sculptors and painters who grooved on the soft, smooth, tactile surfaces of the male body. Why, even Michelangelo's "David" had "love handles."

On the opposite side of the coin, I readily admit that anyone's medium-sized cock will appear to increase in size if the rest of his body is tiny in comparison. But is such phallic worship worth the sacrifice of food. For that is the crux of the matter: Emaciation usually stems from lack of food, either voluntary or involuntarily. And food, my friends, is such a delight, such a sensual pleasure. Are all those delectable delicacies worth giving up in order to emulate an unwilling leukemia victim? No, a thousand times no! My taste buds will not accept such a sentence. After all, isn't the act of eating only secondary to the sexual act? Why should one pleasure be forfeited for the sake of another, especially when one can have both?

I am not recommending compulsive eating. I look askance at anything compulsive, but anything less than moderation is equally appalling. At least the people in Biafra are starving for their independence. But what of our gay brethren across the country? Are they striving for freedom or adhering to a fickle fashion? Can they survive more than fifteen minutes of the sexual act or do they collapse in a state of exhaustion? Do they gently pat each other on the back (for anything more than gently

would be disastrous) for assurance of their fad-conscious beauty?

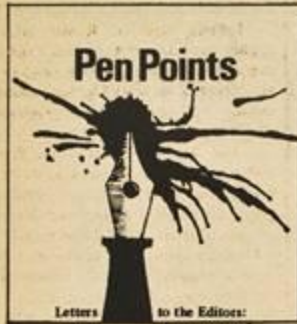
The time has surely come for liberation. For those who doubt, think how nice it would be to grasp a creamy, fleshy buttock once again. Imagine a stomach that quivers ever so slightly when you touch it. Feel your tongue gliding over a smooth, non-boney masculine breast. Caress a face that still maintains the soft, buoyant quality of childhood. Penetrate a body that will not collapse under you, or be penetrated by a cock attached to a body you know is there. Revel in the luxury of flesh combining with flesh and be proud and happy that you are solidly built. Do not bend like a sapling in a breeze, but walk firmly on the ground because you are a man. Delicate china belongs in a sideboard and not on a bed.

There is simply no excuse for self-imposed malnutrition or that horror of horrors, the macrobiotic diet. It may be true that eating brown rice for several weeks may make you as high as a flagpole sifter, but that's only because you are not getting the proper nutrition and your body freaks out by producing some pretty weird chemicals. More than a few people have been hospitalized for less. And think of that other popular route to the boneyard, the prescription diet pill (the over-the-counter brands do not work). The hippies have bitterly learned that "speed can kill" and what do you think those strong diet pills are composed of? Sure, you lose weight. You also become an insomniac and must enhance your diet by using sleeping pills. Your face begins to look like a death mask, and unless you are auditioning for the role of Dracula's number one wife, you would do well to discard pills altogether.

Learn to be the blushing baby boy you used to be. Eat again and watch that rosy color return to your cheeks. Watch your complexion clear up as your body starts functioning again as a living organism. Look in the mirror and see how fresh and beautiful you can be. And think how easy it is to buck that 90-lb. weakening image of yourself. And the next time a well-built man is laying on top of you, you will no longer have to gasp for breath, fearful that your lungs will collapse. There are many shortcuts to death, but there are only a few firm roads to life. One of them is food and it is best to start eating now. After all, fashions and styles change and you can help speed up the process. Be the first in your neighborhood to touch your toes without snapping your backbone and see how quickly others will follow. Take heed of wise old Auntie Mame when she tells you that "life is a banquet and most poor sons of bitches are starving to death."



## MENACE



PenPoints

Letters to the Editors:

ANGELO'S AN ANGEL

Dear GAY: I have wanted to publicly sing the praises of Angelo d'Arcangelo ever since the deliciously (in)famous *Homosexual Handbook*, which I read while wandering through Italy—not entirely inappropriate in view of Mr. A's *nom de plume* and apparent love of Caravaggio and the Renaissance Rat Pack. This is truly a case of an artist transcending a specific area of concentration—in this case, sexual mores. Whatever he writes appears to charm straights as well as gays. He is a lucid little island in the midst of all this strident insanity, and possesses a delightful sense of humor, which is more rare than we often realize.

It is a profound truth that the mark of any great man is measured by his sense of humor. I have little regard for even the

best revolutionaries, as their lack of humor (the only thing they all have in common) fails in giving them the objectivity so necessary to their cause. Marx should have played a little Harpo, I've never seen LeRoi Jones smile, and heaven protect us all from the Feminists. When we gather at the Oracle of Stonewall this June, couldn't we possibly pelt the pigs with puns instead of parking meters?

I don't know Angelo, yet know him very well. Many of my friends and I myself are reflected in him and he phrases our thoughts with style and élan.

Sincerely,  
T.H., N.Y.C.

GAY SOUTH AFRICAN CORRESPONDENT

Dear GAY: A friend of mine who has just returned from the States brought me the current issue of GAY. I thoroughly enjoyed reading it and was very envious at the freedom the gays enjoy in the U.S.A. compared to us here. I would like to subscribe to GAY but I doubt if it would be let into the country. Anything like that is scrupulously banned here, even magazines like *Playboy*!

Gays are persecuted here and we have to be very discreet although we do have the brazen ones who don't care a damn, but in the end they only make things harder for the others. Gay life here

where I live is absolutely dead, but livelier in Durban and Johannesburg where there is quite a big movement. There are clubs in both Durban and Johannesburg which cater to gays, but these are an ordeal to go to as they are constantly raided by the Police.

I am what you might call a "butch-gay" over here. I am a keen Rugby (Football) fan and also do a bit of surfing. I take out a girl for a front and have the occasional gay "fling." My parents don't know about me—like most parents here, they're very narrow-minded as far as gays are concerned.

I am 21-years old, six-foot tall with brown hair and eyes. My interests are pop music, movies, reading and writing and interior decorating. I would appreciate it very much if you could put me in touch with gays in the States wanting to correspond, in the 21- to 30-age group if possible.

Yours sincerely,  
Konrad M. Brand  
18 Reservoir Road  
Selborne, East London,  
Republic of South Africa

MINI-CHUBBIES UNITE!

Dear GAY: I read with a funny feeling the article on Chubby Chasers etc., etc.

How about a little plug for us mini-chubbies—the plumpies—who are not thin enough to be slim, but who

aren't fat enough to be in the 250 lb. and over category.

I think we have a harder time, because we don't fit either group. How about an article on us—or I'll even run an ad in your "Wantons."

Yours Sincerely,  
M. Edwards  
Chicago

PROPAGANDA PLACEMATS.

Dear GAY: Friday's is one of the most popular heterosexual dating bars in N.Y.C. I found this poem on all of the tables when I went there for a hamburger. It's on their placemat. Do you think Friday's is trying to say something?

Monday's Child is fair of face  
Tuesday's Child is full of grace  
Wednesday's Child is in the know  
Thursday's Child has far to go  
Friday's Child is loving and giving  
Saturday's Child works hard for its living  
And a Child that's born on the Sabbath Day  
Is fair and wise and good and gay.

Love,  
Marcia

PLEASE SEND ALL CORRESPONDENCE, INQUIRIES, SUGGESTIONS, COMPLAINTS, and PROPOSITIONS to: LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, GAY, P.O. Box 431, Old 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 homosexual myths, hangups, or unearned guilts. 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 bitchy married sister is making my life miserable. Everytime she visits our house she nags me about my long hair and gets the whole family against me, because she sneeringly insists it makes me look like a girl. What should I do?

W.E., Atlanta

A. Tell her (and the whole damned family, if necessary) that girls don't have dicks, and short hair doesn't make a man. By the way, what does she have against girls, or is she trying to tell you something else about which you feel secretly guilty?

Q. We have been lovers for almost sixteen years. We are both in our early thirties. I am still very deeply in love with my other half and find him sexually stimulating at all times. He has narrowed our sexual life down to twice a month, and it is taking its toll of me. Rather than take to the streets for some satisfaction, I have spoken and raved about his neglect of me. He tells me that he loves me dearly and does not want me to leave him for another man. I do not really want to dissolve our relationship. I want to save it, if the reason can be corrected. I have approached him frankly saying that I am more than willing to please him in any manner in bed. Lately, he has even been resorting to secret masturbation in

the bathroom with erotic books. I can't linger with a man who is young and strong but unwilling to fulfill his duties. Can you offer any advice that might help us?

Mr. A., Brooklyn

A. This is a very common problem among long-time lovers, straight or gay. If the initial sexual excitement has worn off, only the important basic reasons for being together remain. That your relationship has endured 16 years is positive proof that it was based on proper values. The most important facet of love is COMPANIONSHIP, not sex.

The sex part is deeply gratifying and beautiful, but it is not the paramount reason for staying together. When the sexual excitement has died for one partner but not the other, it comes as a painful shock. Your lover would not have stayed with you for so long if he did not love you, but he can also love you as deeply as you love him without feeling sexual desire for you anymore. The too thoroughly known, lacking any

possibility of surprise, can become a bore. You are now in an uncomfortable situation, but there is a solution which may not please you very much, but it does work. It has been successfully used by countless couples I know personally. It consists simply of openly giving your lover permission to occasionally have sex with other people, while you do the same, if you choose. His outside adventures will be strictly sex, nothing else; he will reserve for you his love, his respect, his mental fidelity which is all the more important than X number of orgasms per week. It might also inform him that sex without genuine affection can never be as satisfying as sex with someone who loves him. This prescription is not easy to follow at the beginning but it may save your relationship, if you permit it to. If you should lose him to someone else through this, you would have lost him anyway. Sexual attraction cannot be the only reason two people stay together. A little outside fucking won't kill either of you, and it might be fun as well as medicinal.

Q. My lover recently came home for the third time this year with a case of the crabs. He insists he picked them up in the movies. I don't know what he picked up there, but I never catch those things. It may sound trivial, but I am getting very upset and suspicious. Any suggestions?

P.N., NYC

A. I can think of three. Take your pick.

1. Go to the movies with him.
2. Buy him a can of insecticide to carry at all times.
3. Throw him out.

NOTICE

I have received so many requests for personal consultations that I must make this announcement. My private life and time limitations permit me to see only a very few for personal guidance, for which there is a flat fee, if accepted, of \$25 an hour. However, I have decided to reopen my ENCOUNTER GROUP for those sincerely concerned people who are seeking a richer, more meaningful, guilt-free and peaceful life. These groups will meet twice a week: Wednesday evenings from 9 to 12 and Sunday afternoons from 4 to 7. Each carefully selected group will be limited to 15 people, homosexuals only, and there will be donation from each person of \$4 per session. For the price of a couple of inferior drinks in some tacky bar, you can have the chance to explore whatever problems are preventing you or your fellow group members from being a fulfilled, integrated human being. The experience of relating in this intimate, involved, compassionate manner with your peers is an immensely valuable and enriching one. For further information and RESERVATIONS, please call 724-9676 (but never before noon).

Fellini's Fantasia



Encolpius and Aicytus in search of excitement.

return to satyricon

BY JOSEF BUSH

Fellini's

SATYRICON is a great masterpiece of western art. What does one do about that? What response can one offer? They say that when Michelangelo's David was erected in Florence, the grateful populace put thankful notes on and around the statue, blessing the artist for his work. Well, Fellini lives in Rome, not New York, and we aren't privileged to see him gabbing in a restaurant, and we cannot, therefore, catch his eye, bow, and smile our gratitude. They say his constitution is delicate. It may be that he wouldn't survive the intellectual smog of our Hudson River Rock. Certainly he wouldn't see any more clearly than we do.

Our lack of vision in cinematic matters is best shown by a close reading of the critiques of SATYRICON. Like the results of eye tests, these blurbs tend to indict their writers and cast doubts on their visionary abilities. No critical failure appears bigger than that mounted by those "big" papers whose erudite hacks have devoted their little space and wit to descriptions of the creator's

"mannerisms." Brain-bleached into sensual conformity, otherwise respectable sob sisters have bewailed the use of male homosexuals as heroes, little considering the deserving source of the film itself: Petronius' original. Can we imagine militant lesbians condemning the unbridled heterosexuality of Scarlett O'Hara? With equal ease, I think.

Critical failures of smaller but no less relevant scope have spangled the "underground" press, devoted as it is to reporting the sexually stimulating death throes of our national puritanism. The inch rule of Furbow! Pornography remains, to my mind, an inappropriate measure of a film which is avowedly not exploitative. Which means that regardless of our insistence upon the appearance, display, and use of human genitalia as a means of exercising neuroses, films of considerable worth can be offered which may side-step the phallic issue on the grounds of "content."

There isn't time or space enough to go into the technical felicities worked by the director and his battery of mutually dedicated artists—suffice it to say that all the phony archaeological papier mache of all the de Milles and Sam Goldwyns make inferior visual art. The Cinecitta Titans are so obviously imbued with that currently despised element in artistic creation, culture, that they are never hackneyed. Casting is a technique too. The best directors do it best, and Fellini has recreated the poly-visaged look of the first and greatest of European civilizations with an electrically sensual sampling of types as they might well have been seen in the world at that time. His credo might be, simply, there are beautiful people and ugly people, but no uninteresting ones, and very few indeed, young, old, pretty or ugly, who do not share the common bond of sexual interest. He knows we are all transported at various times by lust. And he knows as do our neighbors—though they will not tell us—that lust is the spine of comedy.

However, I doubt that SATYRICON will be successful here. At the end of the second (or third) show while coming up the aisle, I heard a well-dressed young woman tongue-lash her escort. "Why do you always bring me to see these things? You know they disgust me," she said. "I could just as well go out and stick my finger down my throat." The tidy eunuch mumbled half-hearted apologies and tugged his goatee.

Was it my imagination, or was the audience in fact rather hostile? At another showing I sat behind two young girls. As the film moved, they flinched and writhed as one scene after another of cruelty, sensuality and guile illuminated the screen. I noted particularly their aversion to Trimalchio's feast. You will remember that as in most peasant festivities there was drunkenness and exhibitionistic dancing. Mad, lewd Fortunata, Trimalchio's ex-whore wife, rose and shook to the orgasmic Rock of her time, pausing in false modesty only long enough to encourage an acquaintance to rise and join her. This unidentified woman, in the full flush of her fleshy forties, began a succession of movements close to the camera which drove the two sanitized nymphets before me down into their seats to cover their dainty eyes. How embarrassing to see a woman old enough to be their mother shaking her breasts and sweaty hips.

The suave faggot beside me fidgeted, gave up attempts at conversation, sighed a lot, and left more or less as the dark friends of the poet prepared to devour his body. He seemed iked and far from titillated. Was it because Hiram Keller wore a tea bag?

No, SATYRICON is far too sensual, far too openly sexual and anti-ideological to be much of a success here. It seems amoral, and it isn't even dirty. We're a nation of peasants trying to become bourgeois, and it offends us to look through an unretouched family album. We do not go unnoticed in the world, however, and the evidence of that is the appearance within months of each other of three singular films, THE DAMNED, SABRISKIE POINT, and SATYRICON, all of which are pointed directly at the United States of America, and all of which will be for the future—as long as there is one—the measures of cinematic achievement. Fellini, Visconti and Antonioni: these three Italian artists have put us squarely in their sights and fired their broadsides.

Fellini's view of Roman society applies to ours: "A cynical society, impassive, corrupt and frenzied society at the height of its splendor, but revealing already the signs of a progressive dissolution."

It is shocking indeed to see Rome without crosses, accustomed as we have been to technicolor visions of cities of grape-eating actors hungry for Oriental religion. Our vision is debased because it is Christian vision, and Christianity is the most debased element of our culture. It is surely this moral astigmatism which has permitted us for so long to believe ourselves changed, altered, or improved by the passing of time.

The heroes of SATYRICON are the alienated youth of today, betrayed by their own cynicism, hating a culture they cannot understand and therefore cannot share. Theirs is the frantic leisure of ignorance. But young people are so beautiful! We endure their noise and swoon over their bodies.

Rome was a democratic institution before it became a dictatorship. The Decline and Fall was marked by the pervading presence of the unseen emperor. Having entered upon our own phase of governmental Rule by Assassination this inaccessibility of the ruler is of the greatest significance to us.



ENCOLPIUS (Martin Potter)

Again I quote Fellini: "The roles are thus inverted, between characters and spectators. Are they really ourselves? And those youths who, rebelling against the traditional rites, weigh anchor and sail carefree towards an unknown destination—are they perhaps the fragile hopes of a new generation?" I think so. And I notice with delight that before they embark, they wander happily through a field of "high, sweet-scented grasses."

SATYRICON is one of the great examples of modern psychedelic art. Not even the jejune animated snapshots of our avant-garde cinema can demonstrate more clearly the true nature of the new psychedelic cinema. These effects that we call psychedelic in all the arts, depend upon the association of ideas as symbols, and upon an altered time sense. This is the predicament: nearly anybody, with drugs for example, can achieve an altered time sense, but not everybody can have ideas. And damned few people can bring grand ideas to full fruition.

(continued on page 17)

BY LILY HANSEN

Imagine a boxing ring with Dr. Frank Kameny, president of the Mattachine Society of Washington, in one corner, and in the other, Dr. Charles Socarides, associate clinical professor of psychiatry at the Albert Einstein College of Medicine in N.Y. Picture the frantic referee as Betty Groebli, hostess of the "Frankly Female" show, trying to moderate a panel discussion on homosexuality.

On April 2 Miss Groebli and four panel members faced a studio audience of about 40 ladies at WRC-TV in Washington, D.C., while doing a taping for shows to be broadcast on April 15-17. It seemed to be a confrontation between Dr. Kameny and Dr. Socarides, rather than a program where parents could find out about homosexuality and how to react to it in their offspring.

Surprisingly, the sparks did not fly and the station had been forewarned. Dr. Kameny, a staunch defender of civil rights for homosexuals, was the first person contacted by the producer of the show. He was asked to recommend a female homosexual for participation also, and this is where I came in. Both of us were sounded out for suggestions regarding a psychiatrist or psychologist to be present at the panel discussion. At the mention of Dr. Socarides (who is in the business of "curing" homosexuals), we both expressed misgivings, fearing that the show would degenerate into an "adversary proceeding" (which is what almost happened). The station disregarded our advice and invited Dr. Socarides anyway. Fortunately, Dr. Anke Ehrhardt, a clinical psychologist at the Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine was also invited. She proved herself an asset to the homophile cause and contributed a sober and rational note to the discussion.

Miss Groebli had a tough time asserting her authority. Her job consisted mostly of trying to get an occasional word in edgewise and giving the studio audience a chance to ask questions. When someone had replied to a question, Dr. Kameny or Dr. Socarides often insisted on presented their side of the story and with the cry of "I have to answer that!", launched into a long rebuttal or explanation. Miss Groebli had allocated about 1½ minutes per answer—a time schedule that just didn't work out. Ladies in the audience stood patiently in front of their mikes with their questions written on pieces of paper, waiting for Miss Groebli to successfully subdue the combatants.

On this "Frankly Female" program, the topic of homosexuality bore relevance to mothers who might be concerned about this inclination in their sons and daughters.

Where can parents go to get help when their children exhibit homosexual tendencies? Dr. Socarides recommended psychiatric out-patient clinics, while Dr. Kameny felt that parents were the ones that needed help, not the homosexual children. He said (and Dr. Socarides agreed) that parents should make their child feel that he is still loved and should not cast him out. He added that one shouldn't try to change the child's orientation, for otherwise he would leave home at the earliest possible time.

After Dr. Kameny had voiced the

# PERVERT ON THE PANEL



fact that homosexuality is not a pathological or undesirable condition and is every bit as good as heterosexuality. Dr. Socarides presented the notion that homosexuality is an emotional illness. "Homosexuals have no choice whatsoever," he postulated. They need a trick as a junkie needs a fix. The obligatory homosexual cannot function unless he has frequent sex and is always preoccupied with his sexual obsession. I interjected that I thought this was ridiculous, and that many homosexuals are not compulsive about sex. He then countered with the opinion that some people only thought they were homosexual, but were not true homosexuals (i.e., obsessed with sex). At that, Dr. Kameny exploded, telling Dr. Socarides to leave it up to the homosexuals to define themselves as such.

Throughout, Dr. Ehrhardt kept her cool. She frequently referred to research findings and was reassuring in her low-key, dispassionate objectivity. She backed up Dr. Kameny when he pointed out to Dr. Socarides that all the homosexuals he had ever seen were patients, i.e., disturbed, and that, consequently, he could not apply his data to all homosexuals, especially those who do not seek therapy. But the psychiatrist was impervious to such common sense. He insisted on comparing homosexuality with organic diseases like gall bladder trouble and epilepsy. He said that even though a doctor did not see all the epileptics in the world personally, he could reasonably generalize about the symptoms and cure of this disease from the patients he did see. Would you believe...?

Dr. Ehrhardt, when asked whether

she thought homosexuality was an illness, replied that it was a matter of opinion—but that she personally didn't think so. Research had not established that it was a sickness, she said.

One lady asked Dr. Kameny and myself what we thought about the portrayal of homosexuality in the arts. *The Boys in the Band* was put down by Dr. Kameny for being nothing but an ode to the superiority of heterosexuality. Dr. Socarides, on the other hand, praised the play as a beautiful and moving treatment of the suffering and self-hatred of the homosexual. I expressed the opinion that the suffering which Dr. Socarides sees is prevalent mainly in older homosexuals, and that young gays have much fewer, if any, conflicts. What I should have said is that the misery of the homosexual is so often due to his inability to accept himself for what he is. And that is the job for psychiatrists: to help homosexuals adjust to themselves, not to try to convert them to heterosexuality.

During the three half-hour shows that were being taped, it was evident that Dr. Socarides felt himself discriminated against. Once, when Dr. Ehrhardt was enumerating research studies on homosexuality, he pointedly asked her why she had left out the work of Dr. Bieber (whose scientific inquiry is based on the "assumption" that homosexuality is pathological) and of himself. Dr. Socarides is the author of *The Overt Homosexual*, and he obviously imagines himself a force to be reckoned with in the progress of science (!). He also expressed his amazement that he was not included on the Task Force on Homosexuality of the National Institute of Mental Health. After all, isn't he the chairman of the Task Force on Homosexuality of the American Psychiatric Association? His

feelings were hurt. He couldn't understand why his ill-advised, even dangerous, efforts on behalf of the homosexual were not appreciated.

One point in his favor should be mentioned, however. He conceded that "homosexuality per se does not make a man ineligible" for employment. Dr. Kameny and I were glad to be able to agree with him on something. But Dr. Socarides also feels that each individual should be subjected to a psychiatric examination to determine the extent to which his neurosis (homosexuality) interferes with his work.

Several questions were directed at me: Was I happy as a lesbian? (Yes.) Did I have any regrets? (No, I just want to be me.) Was there such a thing as homosexual love? (I said it was just as deep as heterosexual love.) When did I first acknowledge my homosexuality? Have I encountered any discrimination? Etc.

During the intermissions, the ladies swarmed around the rostrum and asked more questions. They were a liberal bunch, and I sensed no hostility whatsoever. I felt almost a bit sorry for Dr. Socarides because of the way we kept putting him on the spot. The poor man was sweating and smoking—even had to borrow cigarettes from a member of the audience. Small thanks he got for all the compassionate work he was doing for the poor, sick homosexual...

When it was all over, I talked briefly with Dr. Ehrhardt, who confessed that she was not very happy with the show because of all the fireworks, which probably confused the audience. All in all, though, it was better than nothing. And I'm glad Dr. Ehrhardt was there to offset the influence of the evangelical doctor from New York!

## the M RATED tea- room

BY JOHN P. LeROY

When Walter Jenkins sent a wave of panic throughout the Democratic party in 1964 by getting blown in a Y.M.C.A. tearoom (with detectives spying through a peep-hole, ruining a fine career thereby), I first suspected that public toilets are not all that they should be. Upon further reflection and a bit of my own private research, it is my considered opinion that the public rest room is one of the most dismal and repressive institutions in the United States as well as in several other Christian countries.

Now, I recognize that public toilets are a necessity because the job of the sanitation department would be virtually impossible if the streets overflowed with shit and piss. It is well-enough recognized that the need to relieve one's self of one's excrement is a worthy one and a modicum of public and private funds are warranted to serve this purpose. It is not recognized, however, that it is a worthy undertaking to have a good place to relieve one's self of sexual tension. Indeed, no matter how much sexual enlightenment now exists, mid-Victorian morality remains untouched in the tearoom. Within its filthy-tiled walls, Western man's contempt for his own body is everywhere in evidence. Urinals are crowded too closely together. Yet the situation is made worse by putting cruel partitions between adjacent urinals. Apparently, the sight of a good piece of meat is so abhorrent that these partitions are deemed a necessity lest the marvelous sight lead one to commit harmless yet enjoyable acts.

In addition, the toilet stalls are always too small, too closely packed together, and always semiprivate. The seats are always uncomfortable, and the supply of toilet paper is scarcely ever adequate. Some public rest rooms charge admission, which is indefensible because



the money rarely goes toward keeping the place any cleaner than it would have been if no admission were charged at all. You pay for privacy, but every fart can be distinctly heard. Since every adult knows that we all shit the same way, there is no good reason why we have to lock ourselves in claustrophobic cubicles. Everyone knows what we are doing anyway. The reason we do not come out of our little closets is that we have all been terrorized into being deferential to the Victorian ethic which holds that piss, shit, and cum are so horrendous and worthy of shame that their emission must be made as difficult, as dangerous, as uncomfortable, as impersonal, as expensive, and as inconvenient as possible. It was probably firmly believed (and to a considerable extent still is) that the genuine enjoyment of pissing, shitting, and fucking would do such irreparable damage to the moral fiber of the British people that England would have been reduced to an island of blubbery idiot heathen, incapable of steering a rowboat, let alone ruling the waves.

In spite of all the risks, sex in tearooms occurs to a considerable degree, even though it is the most anonymous, impersonal, dangerous, and uncomfortable sex imaginable. The "gloryhole," a hole bored through the wall that separates two adjacent toilet stalls, is a monument to human determination to suck cock no matter what the obstacle.

Now, I have nothing against anonymous impersonal sex. It is infinitely better than no sex at all. There have been many occasions where I would have loved to have partaken of a luscious dick proudly displayed at a neighboring urinal, but the dangers of assault, arrest, extortion, or public embarrassment deterred me. I deeply suspect that these dangers will always be present so long as

men go to MEN'S rooms and women go to LADIES' rooms.

For, was it not the desire to prevent men and women from fucking together in public places which first brought about the separation of the sexes? There is strong reason to think so. However much my straight friends might cluck their tongues every time they hear of someone getting arrested for "indecent behavior" in a public rest room, there is every reason to believe that if men and women used the same public toilets at the same time with no separation of the sexes, they would want to get at that pussy as much as, if not more than, any gay guy would want to get at that cock. The thought that gay guys might be having sex where straights can't, produces such extreme feelings of envy that all the forces of law and morality must be brought to bear against it. Thus, policemen, hustlers and extortionists are on hand in the subways, bus terminals, parks, and railway stations to keep gay people from enjoying themselves while purse snatchers, muggers, and burglars go free. It is much easier to arrest, beat up, or blackmail a gay person than it is to catch a dope peddler or murderer. For in the true mid-Victorian morality, robbery and violence are less heinous than the innocent unencumbered enjoyment of sex.

If this mid-Victorian morality is to be effectively made obsolete, and if the sex life of the nation is to be significantly improved, then tearooms should be reformed so that having a good blowjob or a good shit can be done pleasantly, even enjoyably.

First, men and women should stop being separated. One kind of comfort station for everybody should be made available. One of the greatest inhibiting factors of sexual enjoyment is the ignorance and fear of the anatomy and physiology of the other sex. By tearing

down the signs that reads MEN and LADIES over all public toilets, people are more likely to become less ashamed of their bodies and the things that those bodies are capable of. Everyone will have the opportunity to cruise the other sex, if straight, or cruise the same sex if gay. Gay people and straight people, through exposure, might tend to feel less hostile and repugnant toward one another and each might discover what the other has been missing. Integrating the public toilets would serve to recognize the universal human need for urination, defecation, and fornication without regard to race, color, creed, national origin, socio-economic status, sex, or sexual orientation. Of course, so sweeping a reform as this could not be done all at once, for the shock of such instant change would make the whole experiment fail so resoundingly that the prudes would gloat.

Instead, there should be a number of experimental rest rooms rated M (for mature people, after the movie ratings). Not only would both sexes be admitted, but the toilet facilities would be the most comfortable, convenient, efficient, and sanitary that modern science and intelligent design are capable of. (For a thorough discussion of what good bathroom design should be like, I heartily recommend *THE BATH ROOM: CRITERIA FOR DESIGN* by Alexander Kira, Cornell University Press, 1966; paperback edition by Bantam, 1967.)

Second, such M-rated tearooms should have an inner chamber tastefully but sturdily built, with an erotic atmosphere designed specifically for sexual enjoyment. Full-time well-endowed young men and women capable of accommodating all kinds of nonviolent, sanitary sexual arrangements would be available for the benefit of those who don't make out, and would be employed at a starting salary of \$125 per week (more than most hustlers make, on the average), and would be under constant medical supervision with full employee benefits. A staff of guards would also be on hand to take care of would-be troublemakers.

Children under 14 would be excluded only if they proved to be too inexperienced to properly participate. The proceedings could be put on closed-circuit television for those who prefer to watch and for those whose sex-education courses would be enriched by seeing the real thing.

In order to make an enterprise like this self-supporting, perhaps even profitable, a small admission charge (not more than a dollar) could be levied for getting into the inner room. It would be well within the means of harried commuters to satisfy themselves and others on the way to and from their jobs and would, in any case, be far preferable to the depressing tearooms that now exist on the lower level of Grand Central Terminal, or on the second tier of the Port of Authority terminal. M-rated tearooms would help mitigate the unemployment problem, provide additional revenue for the community for other worthwhile purposes, help overcome the ever-increasing feelings of alienation people have for each other, and finally help them become better acquainted with and, in general, help promote the sexual welfare of the nation.

Only the prudes could object. ■

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**COME TOGETHER**

(continued from page 8)

In answer to the questions as to how long lasting the effects of the group experience are, I usually say, "about the same as a trip to Europe, a moving sunset, or a beautiful symphony." For some individuals, the experience will last a lifetime; for some it will be mostly gone the next week.

My purpose in offering the Natural Man workshop is to give an individual the opportunity to identify and sort out feelings about which he may have little or no awareness. These feelings have to do with being a man—the kind of man he thinks he is supposed to be and the kind of man he feels he naturally is. The experience offers a temporary community that can afford total honesty of reaction. An adventurous participant can try out new behavior and see how people respond. He can dare to be himself and see how he comes across to others. There is no need to see these people again after the experience is finished. No one even knows his proper name unless he chooses to tell them. It is an opportunity to try out, to explore, and to grow. It combines that essence of the small group in education and in psychotherapy that always interested me so much.

**The Closed Workshop**

The closed workshop differs very little from the open Natural Man Workshop except that each of the participants is aware of his own homosexuality as well as his own heterosexuality. He may well be experiencing some problems in relation to his homosexuality or his heterosexuality, but he is aware that both components of self are there. There are no white liberals sitting around and forgiving him for his homosexual feelings so that no time is wasted on that particular type of bigotry. I should state here that, as a psychologist, I am appalled at the unquestioning bigotry displayed by most of my colleagues in relation to homosexuality. It is a kind of prejudice that is disguised as scientific and professional open-mindedness. The prejudice is so deeply buried that it is hard for them to see that they are saying: "We have insufficient evidence to suggest that homosexuality is healthy" rather than, "We have insufficient evidence to suggest that homosexuality is not healthy."

The facts of the case are that psychologists and psychiatrists started out with the assumption that homosexuality was "a deviation from the norm and, therefore, a symptom of emotional disturbance." Working with that assumption most of the studies have used disturbed patients in a hospital or in out-patient psychotherapy, and have focused on what these disturbed people have in common psychodynamically on the further assumption that this would suggest a cause for the homosexuality (which was already assumed to be sick). God help any civilization that assumes all deviation from the declared norm to be sick or "disturbed" and then goes looking for causes and cures. The same psychologists and psychiatrists who are willing to go along with this reasoning because of their own hidden prejudices would be the first to jump up screaming if anyone said aloud that health equals conformity and that one should do whatever everyone else around him agrees to be "right" if he is emotionally mature.

They are keenly aware that this is faulty reasoning except in the area of homosexuality where their own blind prejudice operates.

Let me also say, while I am on this explanation of professional and philosophical position, that I am well aware that homosexuality can be a symptom of emotional disturbance. So can heterosexuality. Any natural human behavior can become a symptom of emotional disturbance if it takes over a disproportionate part of a person's life or if it is being used in unnatural ways. You have met the he-man who spends incredible time and energy on "fucking every broad" he can possibly entice. It is too much. Chances are good that psychotherapy would unveil a man who is angry at women or has some other pathological trend going.

Homosexuality, like heterosexuality, is a perfectly natural part of the human behavioral and emotional repertoire. The point is not why someone is aware of his homosexual feelings, but why someone else is not aware of his, not why one man goes to bed with another, but why it is that some man has been able to convince himself that he has absolutely no desire to go to bed with any other man.

In the sense that they are all aware of their homosexuality, the closed group participants are really an advanced group. But things being what they are in our culture, many of the participants in the closed group have more than their fair share of trouble with heterosexuality. And many have kept their homosexuality such a secret and have learned to think of it as such an shameful thing that even their homosexuality is unhealthy around the edges. So it may be an "advanced" group but it is not a "superior" group. It turns out that everyone has his own troubles and hangups. What the closed group offers is a chance to sort out hangups and other feelings that are part of a person who is aware of his homosexuality without some bigot jumping in with his hangup about "fairies and faggots" hitting the guy in an already too sore spot.

After one or two experiences in a closed group, a participant may choose to try an open Natural Man group or he may choose to try a coed group where he can pay attention to some of his feelings in relation to women. Many, as with the Natural Man group, combine the group experience to psychotherapy or having been sent to the group by their therapist in the first place.

The closed groups are not offered through the growth centers. The reason is that each participant is interviewed before acceptance. Typically, the participant has already participated in an open group and found that he needed more elbow room for his homosexuality. If the participant has not reached me through participation in an open group or through his therapist, he has heard about the closed group from a friend who gave him my telephone number and suggested that he call and ask for an interview. I anticipate the day when I will be unable to run all of the necessary natural man groups myself and have already made provisions for training other group leaders. I hope that the day will come soon because I have been deeply touched with the good that can come from this experience. I think, for instance, of a married man, deeply in love with his wife, who was involved in a homosexual life of which she was unaware. The conflict between the two parts of his self was

tearing him apart. He did not always have a good opinion of himself. As a direct result of the two days in the group he began a difficult journey toward integration of self. Like the rest of us he still has troubles but as of this moment, his wife knows him now as a whole person and he has a higher opinion of his own worth. He is beginning to understand that his homosexuality does not represent a sickness or a weakness but a kind of strength because he did not buckle under the cultural demand that he repress his awareness of his sometimes attraction to other men. He is continuing to grow in his understanding of self but already he is a better man in his own eyes.

It is my hope that both the open and closed Natural Man groups will one day be unnecessary because a new generation of males will have found open self-acceptance of all individual feelings. I hope that that generation will have learned to channel aggressive and hostile feelings into paths that do not lead to war. I hope that that generation is able to enjoy homosexuality as well as heterosexuality. I hope that they will have learned how to make love rather than war.

Note: Anyone desiring information about closed or open Natural Man workshops can contact Dr. Clark at 914-693-4326.

**FELLINI'S PANTASIA**

(continued from page 13)

The fruition of SATYRICON isn't the beauty of the three male leads. Nor is it the incredible spectacle of fully, sumptuously dressed Capucine, exuding in two or three glances and spare gestures more worlds of feminine sensuality than all the bare-chested cinemamamas of the past decade. It isn't the sets, the beauty, of which rivals the best of de Cirico and Eugene Berman. It isn't the remarkable use of tone and color in the photography, or the lighting which has no peer that I know of. The spectacle of spectacles is

Fellini's mind grappling with the meanings of Petronius' SATYRICON, and winning. He delivers the prize to us. It is the knowledge that we are every bit as cruel, as voluptuous as were our predecessors. We have all of their vices in plenty, and all of their virtues but one—the ability to see ourselves clearly. That is the meaning symbolized by all those calm, unsmiling faces looking out at us from the screen as they do from the ancient frescoes. They know who they are, and they know who we are, and the bridge between? The bridge between is art.

**LAUREN BACALL IN THE TOOL BOX?**

(continued from page 10)

wherein she usually states her philosophy of living. But as Margo finishes the song, it is picked up by Eve and Duane and they all move forward to the front of the stage. A rack of lights is dropped behind them, the dressing room set slides off-stage and behind them another set slides in—as they're singing. The rack of lights flies back and up and suddenly you're in a Village bar, the walls papered with personality posters of Paul Newman, Steve McQueen, Peter Fonda and even Herb Alpert in his décolletage. You sort of don't believe it at first. My, God, there's a leather queen, head-to-toe in brown leather. Another gorgeous number

stands there squarely in a one-piece corduroy jump suit, the front unzipped down to below his navel. Every type of cruising costume abounds—just like Danny's or the Stud or the Zoo on a Saturday night. On stage! In a Broadway musical! And in the middle of this stands Margo Channing?! But she's been looking for a night out on the town, so she and Eve and Duane and the boys dance a joyous paean to life. It's a rousing number, a show-stopper, and surprisingly it's been glossed over by the other critics. Or not so surprisingly, when you come to think about it.

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GAYS ONLY: Gay club now has openings for new members. Discreet meetings and parties, etc., \$5/year membership. Send money order with short letter. Include name, address, phone, age and interests etc. Interboro, P.O. Box 66, St. John's Place Sta., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11213

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MALE COLLEGE STUDENT, 19, good-looking, together, would dig meeting same for sex, love + (?) - maybe lasting relationship. Will move if necessary. Send description or photo to P.O. Box 8864, Oak Park, Minnesota 58237. Let it be!

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I recommend GAY to all of my patients, particularly the straights. When I get a Don Juan on the couch I try to convince him he doesn't really like girls and I tell him he'd be much better off with the boys. I even give copies of GAY to my fellow psychiatrists. Some of them disapprove, of course, but that's tough shit, isn't it? If we don't make this a GAY world, it'll be dull as hell. Now please understand that I'm not a fag hag doctor, I'm just smart, that's all.

Ophelia Self, Ph.D.

GAY is positively the rage all over the Continent. Friends of mine are sneaking copies into Edinburgh Castle, and I've heard rumors that even the Princess is reading it. She's awfully pretty, the Princess. If I knew for sure that she was reading GAY I'd, well, I'd . . .

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Out here in Montana us cowboys don't get out much with the girls, 'cause there aren't that many around. Of course, there are cows and lady horses, but they don't really have the necessary appeal. Now that GAY's America's first weekly homosexual newspaper, you've given us

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# groping around

## GAY'S CALENDAR

**Monday, April 27:** Mattachine Society Legal Clinic at Society offices, 8pm.

**Tuesday, April 28:** Mattachine Society discussion groups at Christopher's End at 180 Christopher St., in the Village, 8pm. Donation 50 cents.

**Wednesday, April 29:** 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 30:** Gay Activists Alliance regular meeting. Church of the Holy

Apostles (28th St., & 9th Ave.), 8pm. Donation 50 cents. — "Homosexual News" on WBAI-FM (99.5), 8pm.

**Friday, May 1:** "Homosexual News" rebroadcast of 4/30, WBAI-FM, 10:45am.

Mattachine Society Cocktail Party, 7-10pm. Donation \$5. Register with the Society in advance! For location (private house) please call the Society office (799-0916).

**Saturday, May 2:** Mattachine Society Conference at Tip Toe Inn, (74th St., & B'way) 2nd floor meeting room, 2pm. The theme is Various Aspects of the Homophile Movement. There will be two panels, one with organizational leaders, the other with owners of gay bars, clubs, baths, stores, etc. Donation, \$2. Register in advance!

GLF Dance at Alternate U., 530 Sixth Ave., (14th St.) 9pm. Donation, \$1.50 singles, \$2.50 couples.

**Sunday, May 3:** Mattachine Brunch at Tip

Toe Inn (74th St., & B'way) 2nd floor meeting room. Donation \$3.50 (register in advance!) Followed by Annual meeting of the Society at 1pm, including elections of officers.

GLF Gay Youth Group (under 20 only) meeting at the Church of the Holy Apostles (28th St., & 9th Ave.), 6pm.

## 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) 717-6300.

**Daughters of Bilitis, Inc.** Women only. Telephone (212) 566-8865.

**Gay Activists Alliance** P.O. Box 2, Village Station, NYC, 10004. Telephone (212) 691-2748 or (212) 673-5833.

**Gay Liberation Front** c/o Come Out, P.O. Box 92, Village Station, NYC, 10004. Telephone (212) 243-2437.

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

**Mattachine Society Inc. of New York** 243 West End Ave., NYC, 10023. Telephone (212) 799-0916.

**Mattachine Midwest**, P.O. Box 924, Chicago, Illinois 60690. Telephone (312) 334-2244

**Mattachine Society of Washington, D.C.**, P.O. Box 1032, Washington, D.C. 20013. Telephone (202) EM2-2211

**S.I.R. (Society for Individual Rights)**, 83 Sixth St., San Francisco, Calif. Telephone (415) 781-1570

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

## GAY NEWS

(continued from page 3)

centered on the problem of "telling the children." "Beth" said that she didn't believe in telling them, since her sex life had nothing to do with them, and "kids learn about sex from attitudes in the home, not from direct telling." She also admitted that she was afraid of their rejection. "Barbara's" twins had asked if she were homosexual, and she said that she and "Mildred" were *homophiles*, adding that "there's never anything wrong with any two people loving each other."

One of the audience recounted a case where a lesbian lived with her lover, her husband and her son. The husband had his own room and went his own way sexually. At one time, a disagreement

sprung up among the three adults, but was quelled by the son who said, "Please don't break up! I love you *all* very much." Another told of two lesbians who wanted children, so they shared a temporary boyfriend for the purpose of conception and raised the children themselves.

To everyone's surprise, a lesbian mother and her daughter who were in the audience, "Martha," a pretty blond seventeen-year-old, spoke with her mom. Sitting gracefully on the floor, the young girl told her side of the story. "I found out about my mother the wrong way," she said. Her father had told her derisively that her mother was a lesbian. The girl explained that she had known intuitively that her mother was gay and had loved all of her mother's friends and had thought they were beautiful people. Then her Dad had labelled the situation and it became ugly for her. When she

heard about it this way, she said, she was "repulsed."

"Martha" confessed that she was immediately afraid that her mother felt sexually toward her, and went into analysis. "After two years, I feel completely reassured. I know my mother is a person and I love her. And whatever makes her happy is O.K. with me." But, the girl added, "I would have liked more openness in my home—not secrecy." She recommended lesbian mothers tell their children before someone else does.

"Martha's" mother spoke for herself. "I will admit, I felt guilty about my lesbianism. I was hiding the fact from my daughter and was seeing an analyst. Others told my kid, 'Your mother is sick, diseased.' My child was terrified of me and avoided me and wouldn't call me 'Mom.' That hurt me terribly. I say tell your child, just as you yourself would tell your children if they were adopted. Don't

let them find out suddenly from others. Be affectionate in your home with your child and with your lesbian partner if you have one, and tell your child the truth."

Comments from the audience closed the discussion. One woman declared that "a gay couple or a straight couple that's stable can both raise a child successfully. Be natural, kiss your kids and others and use terms of affection. Be loving!"

The final comment from the audience came from "Mildred", "Barbara's" lover, and brought a round of applause. "Once you accept yourself and behave normally, you will find acceptance from others," she asserted. "Don't relate to the world from the floor ever, because if you crawl up, it'll be with mud on your face. Stand up tall with your gay partner side by side with straight couples, because believe me, there's plenty of room for everybody!"

## CHUBBY PRESS AGENT GOES NUDE MODEL ROUTE

San Francisco, Calif. — Davey Rosenberg, the press agent who created the topless/bottomless rage, has entered himself in nomination for the first male



Press Agent Davey Rosenberg: A Chubby Chaser's Delight.

nude centerfold for *Cosmopolitan* Magazine. Davey, who stands 5'11" in his stocking feet and who weighs in at a dripping wet 315 lbs., claims that he is the "Perfect Man" sought so eagerly by

Helen Gurley Brown, the editor of *Cosmopolitan*, and will campaign for the honor. In a telegram he sent Mrs. Brown, Mr. Rosenberg stated that "the young generation wants big men, they are tired of skinny and anemic looking men whether they're walking down the street or making love in bed. They are tired of looking for a needle under the bed-sheets."

Mr. Rosenberg has issued a full-sized poster/ballot for his campaign, which is available through Davey Rosenberg Features, 405 Geary St., San Francisco, Calif. 94102.

## RUMANIA HARASSES SOCIAL DEVIANTS

Bucharest, Rumania — The government is cracking down on hippies and other social deviants. A recent decree orders up to six months in jail and fines of up to \$250 for a long list of offenses.

The decree issued by the State Council followed a string of police raids carried out recently in Bucharest's "underworld" with large round-ups of

prostitutes.

Three months in jail or fines are prescribed for "indecent" behavior, which includes kissing in public and wearing miniskirts and other mod attire frowned on by Communist leaders.

The decree was aimed also at persons who lived outside "the decent norms of Society" and offenders against "peace and order," including writers of pornographic graffiti, and persons carrying knives or who bait the police.

No mention was made of homosexuals, who already live under stringent anti-gay laws in Rumania, as in all other Iron Curtain countries.

## G.L.F. LESBIAN DANCE ZAPPED

New York, N.Y. — On Friday, April 3, GLF sponsored an All-Woman's Dance at Alternate U. According to Kathy Wakeham of GLF, the purpose of the dance was to give the girls an alternative to the lesbian bars in the Village and provide a break from the regular predominantly male dances.

According to Miss Wakeham, six GLF members were threatened by the owner of one of the lesbian bars while they were passing out cards advertising the dance. The owner approached the girls and told them if they continued advertising "they wouldn't have a dance or an organization."

The night of the dance, three unidentified men forced themselves into the All Women's Dance and threatened to arrest the girls for unlawful assembly and liquor violations. (The dance did not require a liquor license because *donations* and not prices were *suggested* for admission and refreshments—beer and soda.) One woman who tried to leave was pushed toward a wall, and another lost her coat as she dashed down the stairs to escape. The men physically refused exit to any of the women.

When uniformed police were called to verify the identity of the three men, the officers stated that the dance was legal and that the other men had shown invalid identification. Witnesses said that the men apparently had "gangster affiliations."