

GAY

50¢

Volume 4

March 26, 1973

Number 98

SECOND GAY ENTERS CITY COUNCIL RACE

New York, N.Y. Charles Choset, editor of the *Mattachine Times*, and a former chairperson of GAA-NY's public relations committee, announced his candidacy for the Liberal Party nomination on February 19 for Councilperson-at-Large for Manhattan.

Choset's entry into the political arena brings to two the number of openly homosexually-inclined candidates for the City Council. Former GAA-NY president, Jim Owles, is running in the district now held by Councilwoman Carol Greitzer.

"I have never run for political office before," Choset told GAY "and I have no compromising commitments or backroom deals to obligate me. I plan simply to talk about the issues people are most concerned about. I'm taking what I feel is a truly liberal position."

Choset has a B.A. in Ancient Greek from Hunter College, from which he graduated cum laude as a Phi Beta Kappa in his junior year (1965). He has held positions ranging from FM Program Director of WVBR (Ithaca) to Etymologist on the Random House Dictionary.

A native New Yorker, Choset says, "I love Manhattan. I feel about it the way Socrates did about Athens: *banishment is death!* All of the politicians I encounter these days give off a love, a passion for the job, the office they're seeking; no one talks about their love of the city and its glories.

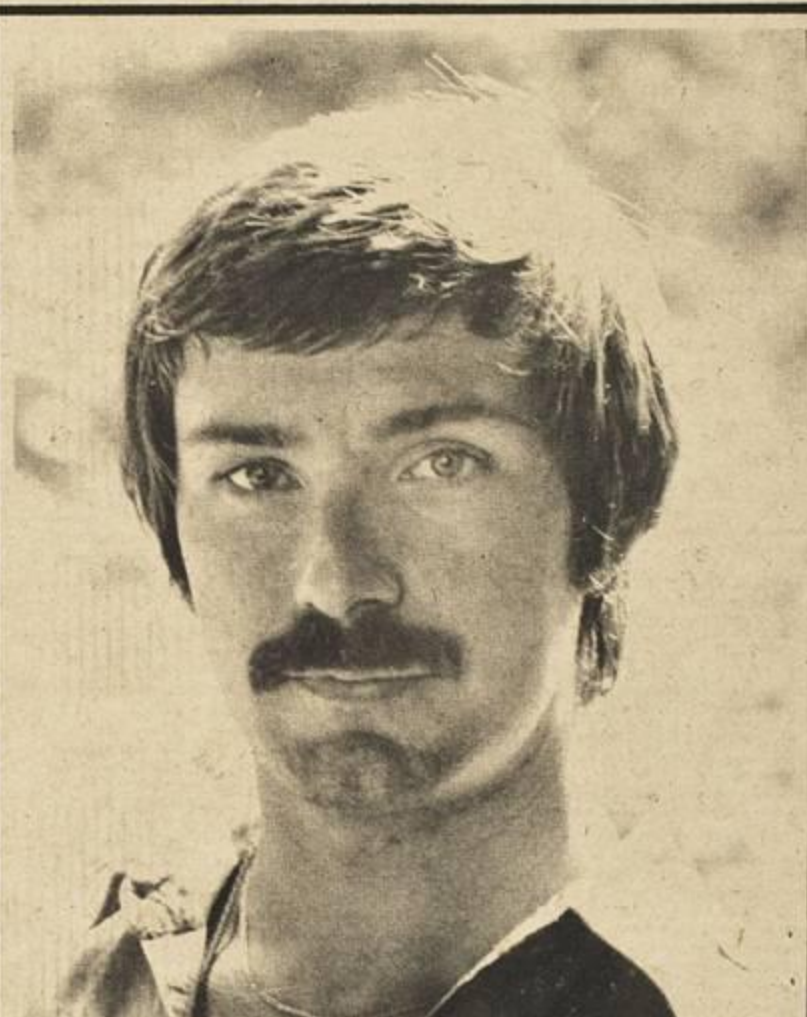
"All I need to win the Liberal Party primary," says Choset, "is 1,250 votes. And winning the primary is tantamount to winning the election. Once I win the primary I'm up against the Republican and Conservative constituency in Manhattan, which virtually doesn't exist, and the Democratic constituency, which I don't have to beat. In the election for City Councilman-at-Large, the top two out of four vote-getters go to City Hall. But before I win the election I must win the primary with that measly 1,250 votes."

The opposition, says Choset, are counting on one weakness most gay people have: they just don't vote. He is quick to stress that he needs every Liberal gay vote he can get. "And," he says, "if you happen to know someone who isn't gay, but is a registered Liberal, get him to vote for Chuck Choset!"

Choset sees his "liberal position" as a bit unpopular in an election year when candidates are now taking tough law-and-order positions because they're popular. "I'm going to stand by the just cause—regardless of its popularity," he says. "I'll help the powerless who lack advocates. I'll be a voice for those who have no one to speak for them, and I promise to fight tirelessly for gay rights legislation, the issue closest to my heart.

"But," Choset continues, "more than that, I will seek to decriminalize all the

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Richard Stack, hailed by John Francis Hunter, *The Gay Insider*, as a new singing sex symbol, will appear in Manhattan's new East Side eatery, *Walter's Apartment*, 1068 2nd Avenue (371-3374) Tuesdays through Saturdays (March 20-24 and 27-31).

WBAI-FM RE-INSTATES GAY S&Mer

New York, N.Y. On Saturday evening, February 10th, 35 members of the ad hoc "Fuck This Shit" committee disrupted the live broadcast of the "Free Music Store" program for the second consecutive time.

A similar take-over of the program the preceding week had ended after the protestors were allowed 20 minutes of on-air time to present their complaints regarding the removal of WBAI's gay S&M announcer Charles Pitts from the station's all-night Saturday show.

Pitts was removed from the 1:00 a.m. to 7:00 a.m. Saturday night slot after evaluation by other WBAI staff members gave him only a 60-40 favorable rating which was considered "poor" by those in charge of the station's programming.

Pitts, who speaks openly as a gay male interested in sexual sadism during his programming, remains on the station's staff at the same salary after being bounced from the evening spot he had held during

a five-month trial period and was offered other time slots in the afternoon which he refused.

Joe Kennedy, one of the leaders of the ad hoc Fuck This Shit committee, said the station stopped broadcasting the program immediately after the second take-over but kept the listening audience informed of what was transpiring in their East 62nd Street studio. The broadcasters outlined the demonstrators' demands and gave GAA-NY's phone number for anyone who wanted further information.

"The musical group which was performing this week was much more popular than the group which was performing the first week," Joe Kennedy observed. "There were a lot of 'groupies' present and the audience was much more hostile to us than they had been the first time."

Kennedy reported that many in the audience shouted demands that the music group "be allowed to play" and in an ef-

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Charles Choset, candidate for Councilperson-At-Large for Manhattan.

Photo by Jeanna Hamilton

I'LL TAKE MANHATTAN

New Hope for Performing Artists



Scenes from "The Experiment" depict a wistful, gentle eroticism.

BY VITO RUSSO

I've been doing a lot of hitching lately about the extent of hypocrisy and dishonesty among theatre people. I believe I'm justified, and that things are certainly not going to change for a long while. There is hope, though, and I've found a few reasons why. In this and future columns, while continuing to rant against those I consider phonies and detractors of human values, I'm going to try, when I can, to profile the people who are bringing that small glimmer of hope to the performing arts that I think is a portent of the future.

I first saw Alaina Reed at The Mercer Arts Cabaret, singing in the Blue Room. I had come to see Larry Paulette about whom I had heard quite a lot and subsequently recorded my reactions in this column. What I had not heard, however, was that I was going to be introduced to another very special person that night. She slithered toward the microphone and from her first song, I knew I was in good hands. I was utterly captivated by her style, her voice, her delivery and her cool, cool presence; the presence of a star. The voice was firm and strong and at the same time brittle and halting, like that of someone crying to express an ideal, intermittently finding the right words and soaring on the wings of certainty. It's not a voice I can compare to another existing voice; it has qualities all its own that make you remember it once you've heard it the way you remember any great voice after hearing it for the first time. It was a short lived joy that night; I sang only four songs. That's why, when I heard she was appearing at The Continental a few weeks later, I trotted on down and planted myself firmly in front. Her performance only confirmed my original convictions. She was superb. She floated easily from gospel to Soul to Blues to the kind of Pop that we've forgotten can be sung well. A performance, my feathered friends, a performance.

I had to find out more about this Phoenix. There was something to be learned about her, I was sure. What I didn't know then was that there was also

something to be learned from her as well. So I made the necessary appointments and one windy night we settled ourselves into a booth at a Chinese restaurant on 7th Ave. "Ask me questions, we're just folks," she said. Well, I didn't. I got as far as "Where are you from?" and she was off. Alaina Reed from Springfield, Ohio. Springfield. It's a state of mind. It belongs to midwest, as in bigot and country as in heart of America. At South High in Springfield, she couldn't get any parts in school plays except maids. She'd sung in the St. John Sunday School Choir and got her first solo, "Christ Arose," just in time to make her the apple of her father's eye. "I'll never forget his face as we came out of church; I was his girl and he was beaming like a searchlight." She started fighting for the things she wanted about that time, spurred on by the love of her life, Willie Ruth, her grandmother, who raised her and taught her that she could be anything she wanted to be and that there is truth and beauty in everything if you have love and the patience to find it. In those days, cheerleaders couldn't be black. She made it to the finals. In high school, black drum majorettes were unheard of; she marched right out there and was named first alternate. She is the only black woman drum majorette to this day at Springfield High.

The course that changed her life was definitely not psychology. That's what she signed up for when she entered Kent State University. At the Freshman Preview she sang a song about John F. Kennedy and when she heard the applause she tipped into the Dean's Office and changed her major to Theatre. From then on in, Kent State had to get itself ready. Alaina headed the first all-black cast at Kent State in *Raisin In The Sun*. She played Mama and won the Best Actress Award that year. Things started moving very slowly for Alaina but picked up when she found a group called Luke and The Forresters, taught them "my kind of music" and changed their name to the Velours. "We were tough." They played a club called The Cove on Main Street in Kent, Ohio for 2 1/2 years. In 1969 she went to Chicago and joined the cast of *Hair*. After 2 1/2 years and a 9-month tour,

she split to Sweden where she did a gospel show called *Jericho Jim Crow*. She appeared on Swedish television and became known as the Black Venus. She was doing two or three encores a night. Not good enough. Back in the United States, the revolution begins. A night at The Continental Baths and Bette Midler lays it on her. "I was shocked, you know. I mean, it was a whole other thing—the clothes, the image, the mystique—it changed my whole head. I went out and got the Joan Crawford suit I had picked up in Buffalo for 50¢ and gave it to her. We had dinner the following night and she said to me, 'What do you want to do?' and I said, 'Well, I want to sing, you know.' She took me by the hand and dragged me over to the Improvisation—that's where I started singing in New York." After that, it was a steady string of ups and downs—meeting Bill Hennessey, Bette's writer, who took her on and helped her get it together, a few bad love trips ("I don't like weak men, but I always seem to pick 'em."), ulcers, hepatitis, hospitals, singing at the small Continental on 56th Street with her eyes closed and fists clenched, collecting unemployment, and then an audition for *Rainbow* during which she "laid some Aretha on them" and made them sit up and notice. During *Rainbow* she auditioned for *Two For The Seesaw*, something she did with the producers' knowledge. When she got back, they fired her for "intimidating the producers"—"that was a bad thing to do, man—God don't like ugly." Willie Ruth taught her good. She wasn't going to get herself down. The low point came when, on the same day, unemployment ran out, she couldn't get a job at Bonwit's, Saks', Bergdorf's or anywhere and she came home tired and defeated. She took her dog Bessie into the park and stood there looking at a full moon in the sky. She took a breath and said, "Well, I'll just have to get up a little earlier tomorrow—the Lord don't like a quitter." The next day she got a job at Bloomingdale's. Two days later she landed a month singing at Reno Sweeney's "and the Tubs—OH LORD!—Everything Willie Ruth told me has come to pass." It certainly has, Alaina. You're on the verge of being a

star. Alaina Reed—New York people watcher ("New York will eat you up if you let it, but I say my prayers every night), love-child in an age of unreason, and honest performer. She sees no difference between gay and straight audiences but will admit that the audiences at the Baths "have exquisite taste—WOWE!" She is a lady as well as a woman and has both the honesty and courage to know the difference and what it implies to know such a thing. She is a prayer and a fighter with a tradition and a heritage of both behind her. She is a performer and an artist in a tradition established for her—by greats. She is coming back to the Continental Baths on March 31st. *Be there—I told you so.* Next week a look at an actor with guts—another ray of sunshine in a dim world.

The trouble with a two-week deadline is that if I see something I don't want you to miss, by the time you read about it it's gone—especially if it's a limited run. Tom Eyan's *Ms. Nefertiti Regrets* at La Mama Theater was probably the funniest show in town. I don't know if it'll still be running when you read this, but if by some miracle they extend it, RUN to see it. Originally produced eight years ago with Jackie Curtis and Bette Midler, the new production makes me wish I'd been there eight years ago—every night. It is billed as a musical fantasy about a certain Egyptian queen circa 100 B.C. That it is; and quite a bit more. You'll meet Esther and Iris who find a baby in the water who turns out to be Nefer-Iris or Nefer-Esther, depending on which mother you run into on the street. She also turns out to be the girl from the wrong side of the river who squashes men into little paper cutouts in her torture room after toying with them. There's a eunuch who keeps his cock tucked between his legs (and is a hell of a funny actor), an aging Julius Caesar who takes too many Quaaludes, three high priests who would put Harold from *Boys In The Band* to shame and a chorus of women who will tear your heart out (along with your eyes if you get too close). The latter group includes an ac-

trix named Martha Whitehead playing Ruth of the Alien Corn whom I would pay to see at least once every night for a year—a brilliant actress who stands out like an alabaster egg among acorns. Hope you saw it. If you didn't, wait until they bring it back—it should be revived every year. Eight years is too long to wait for a good laugh.

Saw a lot of porno this week. Either it's getting better or I'm spending too much time watching and not doing. I finally got to *Left Handed* and I find that the superlatives are well deserved. It's really a very professional effort and may be the best of the lot. Of course, I'm still in there, hoping for miracles, like a brilliant screenplay and more than competent acting, but I've recently decided that it's an evolution I'm witnessing and I'll just have to wait until the process is over. More about that next time. I'm planning an article on the changes in both the porno industry and its acceptance as legitimate screen credit for actors.

The Experiment is an interesting failure. It attempts to tell a sad, wistful story in a gentle and erotic way. This is a prime example of what I mean when I say that if the screenplay were better and the actors trained artists, we'd have something to look at. As it is, the story of two schoolmates who "do it" as an experiment and discover their homosexuality for the first time is interesting at best but way too long and much too mawkish. It was nice to see Groton Hall, who can act circles around half the people in his films, in the role of the understanding father, and interesting to know that attempts are being made at a sense of pride in gay films. An A for effort. It's not a waste of money.

The Erotic Films of Peter De Rome at the Lincoln Art Theatre are sadly a waste of time. Aside from the fact that they are exceptionally well made for having been 8mm films originally, there isn't much else original about them, judging by the standards of what's been explored in the movies. I don't at all think it's a sign of originality that Mr. De Rome thought of using Fire Island for the background of his film *Double Exposure* two years before *Boys In The Sand*. So what? Neither film works, least of all for the Fire Island scenery. Two films of the group interested me: *Mumbo Jumbo* was clever and witty but didn't come off because it chose to exploit rather than explore the differences in "images" of various gay poses and affectations; and *Underground*, which had the most truly erotic sequence of all in it when the young man on the subway was rubbing against the pole while cruising his fellow passenger. It was this sense of danger and daring that made the film erotic. As soon as the sex started in an almost empty car, even the prospect of the one sleeping man waking up didn't excite me too much—so what if he woke up, they were not about to be intimidated. I'd like to see Peter De Rome given the time and the money to explore his ideas in 35mm, with all advantages of advanced filmmaking at his disposal.

The Back Row is the most interesting of all. Not because it's the best, but because it deals with a concept never before dealt with (to my knowledge) in a gay porno film, and deals with it extremely well. It's not a talkie, it's a musicie, which is a shame, but its treatment of the games people play while cruising is so very good and so well thought out that I really think it's the first film I can recommend wholeheartedly to every gay person I



Alaina Reed: not a voice to be compared with any other voice.



Alaina Reed's grandmother taught her she could be anything she wanted to be.

know. It not only gives the viewer a dual view of what kind of fantasies are borne of lack of communication, but it does so beautifully with humor and self-examination. It is especially effective because the games being played on the screen are being played in the theatre at the same time

and the effect is very disconcerting.

Still Shots: *The Women* will open in mid-March, according to latest reports... Don't forget Jack Paar and the gay liberationists on March 8th... Fred Halstead

new film will open April 11th at the Lincoln Art Theatre... Lee Brewster's Mardi Gras Ball was a smash... Frisby's Bar on Hudson Street is featuring our own Jerry Fitzpatrick—drop in and say hello. Next week we'll get around to some new films. SUMMER IS COMING!!

THE LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY BATTOCK

Mr. John L.H. Baur, Director
Whitney Museum of American Art
New York, N.Y. 10021

My Dear Mr. Baur:
The Whitney Museum Biennial of Contemporary Art is once again with us; a cause for great rejoicing to all people interested in new art; an opportunity to see the finest works created by the most adventurous creative minds of our time. Occasions such as this one rightly humble the critics and celebrate free creative expression on the part of free men and women from all elements of the great, vigorous American cultural world.

The Whitney Biennial of Contemporary Art is a fine testament to the American tradition of artistic and cultural freedom and serves to warn us to guard against those who will substitute license for freedom and to rob us of our traditional democratic liberties by attacking the great institutions that have made America what it is today.

I have attended a great many international biennial exhibitions, and written numerous articles about such presentations as the Paris Biennial, the Dusseldorf Exhibition, the Sao Paulo Biennial, the Documents show in Kassel, the Biennial del Grabados of San Juan, and the Miedzynarodowe Biennial Grafiki at Krakow, not to mention La Biennale de Venezia that I have regularly covered for Arts Magazine since 1966. So you see, Mr. Baur, I am no stranger to the famous art world Biennials. The first time I ever saw a Whitney exhibition goes back to 1956! And I don't think I have missed one since.

May I take a moment to tell you about the circumstances surrounding my very first visits to the Whitney Museum? What I remember most is hitching a ride from East Lansing, Michigan, where I was studying Hotel Administration, to Willow Run; there a 4-engine Lockheed Super-Constellation of Northwest Airlines flew in a little over three hours, to Idlewild Airport in Queens. Then the bus to Manhattan and on to West 54th Street. That was when I discovered the important Abstract Expressionist artists and, for the first time, saw paintings by James Brooks, DeKooning, Mitchell and Franz Kline. On the Constellation back to Willow Run, I would read the exhibition catalogs; later they were carefully put away to become the nucleus of my art library.

In fact, one of my favorite stories about the Whitney concerns just one of those catalogs. I wanted to buy a Stuart Davis publication but was 50 or 60 cents short; the kind elderly gentleman behind the counter found a copy with a damaged cover and gave it to me for free! Is it any wonder that I should have a special fondness for the Whitney?

And now I am going to be very concise and, as quickly as possible, come to the point of this letter. As you probably know, I have been writing the New York report for Arts and Artists since 1969 when I was appointed New York Correspondent. Actually, the position is more honorary than anything else because I don't get paid anything. I write the columns because of my love for art and my desire to see our American artists receive their fair share of publicity on the international marketplace.

(I must be truthful; while I do not get paid for my New York Reports, I have upon occasion accepted free airline tickets from the publishers. They sent me a round-trip Sabena (economy) via Montreal and Brussels to London in 1972. And on another occasion, they gave me a



(Photo by David Bourdon)

Gregory ties up for a bout with the folks at the Whitney Museum.

ticket for a TWA flight from Athens to Rome which I still have!
On several occasions I have written about Whitney Museum events in my New York Report for Arts and Artists, as well as numerous articles for other publications in order to help inform the art public about the fine programs and artistic events of high intellectual calibre presented at the Whitney.

At this point, with everything going so nicely, I think it would be unfair of me not to tell you all about the little unpleasantness that occurred between Mr. Levine, your former Director of Public Information, and myself. It was an unimportant incident and happened several years ago; yet I really think you should know all the facts.

Mr. Levine was a remarkable man and I remember him well. He was a hard worker and what he lacked in tact he more than made up for in devotion to the Museum and the public it serves. The fact that he invariably ended up antagonizing everybody has no bearing whatsoever on the story that follows. You know, Mr. Baur, art critics often are not thoroughly aware of the true facts in their relationships and dealings with publicity departments.

When I appear at a museum to write about an exhibition, I go firstly to the Publicity Office before seeing the exhibit itself. Sometimes I never even see the show and all my research is confined to press releases, publicity photographs and catalog galleries.

Some of my best friends are P.R. people. Did you know that I am personally acquainted with Simone Swan of the Withers Susan Publicity Organization? And Elizabeth Shaw at the Museum of Modern Art has been so nice and helpful throughout all these years that I feel a special closeness there. And Eva Gruenwald was always kind and helpful. In fact, I shed a tear when I got her press release announcing her departure from the press office at the New York Cultural Center in Association with Fairleigh Dickinson University. Some people thought it a bit unusual to get a press release from a museum announcing the departure of the Public Relations Director, but I found it a helpful and entirely correct note.

Continuing, in this jocular vein, I declared one of the "conditions" set by the C.I.A.: "... the Whitney Museum organize a major retrospective exhibition of the paintings by Walter Keane." Well, it wasn't true but one result was that Mr. Levine stiffened his resistance and sent word down to the front desk that people

from the New York Free Press were not to be let in for free. All of this irritated the Free Press editor who headlined a subsequent critique "WHITNEY WON'T LET BATTOCK IN." It was, I'm afraid, another half-truth.

It was not, to be sure, the first time anybody questioned my identity. A Moroccan customs agent once insisted that I was not the same Gregory pictured in my passport. I got out of that one by telling him I was a correspondent for the New York Times, and had been ordered to grow a mustache. And once, on a Swissair flight from Zurich to Montreal, both the steward and stewardess accused me of not, in fact, being a first class passenger. My boarding pass and ticket convinced them otherwise.

There was yet another mistaken-identity incident that I think you will find amusing. An Israeli customs agent examining passengers disembarking from a steam boat at the port of Haifa glanced at my passport, glanced at me, and started shouting. I was sure he was accusing me of being somebody else, but it turned out that he was upset because I wasn't wearing any shoes. I put on shoes and then everything was all right!

So I was not particularly upset by Mr. Levine's inhospitality. He kept me on the Whitney mailing list, thus providing me with the basic information I so desperately needed and upon which my livelihood as an art critic depended. In the final analysis, it became clear that both myself and my aged mother whom I partially support owe a great deal to the Whitney Museum.

And now I would like to tell you about what happened to me at the Museum last Friday. My first stop that afternoon was at the Jaguar-British Leyland dealer on 57th Street and Madison Avenue. Then I headed uptown. In order to warm up, I ducked into Sherry-Lehman, where, just to kill time, I placed an order for two cases of a Brut Blanc De Blanc "Champagne" from 1969 that they were giving away at \$47.40 the case. A cicerone from Chateau Duhat Milon of 1966 was a tempting buy at \$75.50; I felt I could not go wrong in ordering one case.

Finally, at the Whitney, I inquired at the sales desk if I might speak to "somebody in Mr. Levine's office" on the house phone. (I never asked to speak to Mr. Levine himself, because he made me nervous.)

Ticket girl: Mr. Levine isn't with us anymore. Me: Oh? Was he fired? Ticket girl: I don't know. (To co-worker) Why did Mr. Levine leave? Co-worker: He retired, I think. Me: Oh. Well, may I speak to whoever is replacing him? Ticket girl: Oh, that's Mr. Mumble-Mumble. I don't think he's here today. Me: Is anybody up there? Girl: Maybe Jumble-Jumble is there. I'll call. Her line is busy. Why don't you wait? Me: Thank you, I'll come back.

At this point, Mr. Baur, I left the kind ladies and gentlemen of the ticket counter and presented my press card to the entrance guard:
Guard: You've got to check that envelope. Me: I can't. See? I write notes on it. Anyway, it's empty. Guard: You have to check it. Over there.

So I returned to the ticket counter:

Girl: Oh, I'll try again. What was your name? Me: I'm from Arts Magazine. Girl: Line's still busy.

(Four tries later) (continued on page 13)

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Jerry's Sphere

(continued from page 2)

at an orgy at Chuck's. I was waiting on line for the bathroom with a towel draped around my middle. A well-known bartender who was aged 19 at the time was behind me in line. He said, "Sir, do you have the time?" It was as if I'd been hit across the face with the towel. I was stunned. After being the youngest for so long I hadn't realized that somewhere along the way younger guys had suddenly appeared on the scene. I was filled with disbelief! I was managing the ROUNDTABLE as my 30th birthday arrived. I suddenly remembered the prediction in Texas, some ten years earlier. Was it true? Had I indeed come to that dreaded birthday, 30? Would I really go bananas? I remembered at 20 making it 13 times in less than 12 hours with an Air Force Captain with whom I was living. I became obsessed with the idea of trying it again. I had a few more drinks and took my tired old self to the BEACON BATHS. The olympiad was on! After the ninth orgasm, I fell out. Was I indeed getting "old"? I was frantic. I awoke looking for grey hair. I was sure that my hair would have turned completely grey overnight. To my relief, I didn't find a one. 30 didn't mean you were "over the hill." God, was I glad. Having recently turned 32, my entire outlook has changed. I had thought 30 to be the biggie. And, if that were true, surely 40 was old age and at 50 you might as well hang it up. Now, 40 doesn't seem all that old and even 50 must surely be just the beginning. The human mind is truly a wondrous thing. It compensates somehow to alleviate the fears that fill it until the thing that we feared occurs. It then fills itself with something new. And, damned if it doesn't work. The "blues" that 30 brings are passing. "Blues" of any kind are passing if you have the heart to let them pass. To all of you on the brink of 30, I will not say that you won't feel a little twinge of apprehension, perhaps even fear. FORGET IT. You'll wake up the next day and realize that it isn't all that bad. You'll find something else to worry about.

POLICE IN SUFFOLK COUNTY HARASS THE CORRAL . . . AGAIN: The CORRAL out on Long Island was the subject of outrageous harassment by the Suffolk County police. The police, from my report, entered the establishment drunk. They proceeded to drink and grope patrons. One went to go behind the bar. The manager stopped him and the officer said, "I'm the police." When the manager asked for a search warrant, he was physically attacked. He and two patrons were arrested. In the station house the manager was asked if he was "queer." To which he answered, "No, I'm not queer, I'm GAY." (Right on, brother.) The topper to this horrendous affair is that the police who acted were not even from the proper precinct! When the hell are these practices going to cease? The Suffolk County D.A. should be besieged with mail from all over the country to protest this outrage. Let us not retreat, but go on the offensive. These "raids" must be stopped here and now. There is no place in a democracy for such storm trooper tactics. FIGHT ON!!!

THE RETURNING P.O.W.s have brought the country to the TV sets to cheer, laugh and cry in unison. The sigh of relief that at least these men have been spared in the debacle that was, and still is, Viet Nam is heartfelt. We can only wait now until the

veil of secrecy that the Pentagon has drawn on these men is lifted so that we can hear their stories as they happened. I, for one, cannot imagine what the Pentagon is afraid of in not letting the press interview these men.

BILLIONS TO NORTH VIET NAM: President Nixon has decreed that we must help build North Viet Nam at the incredible price of billions. Our own country is in need, desperate need, of funds that the President has deemed unavailable at this time. Perhaps the U.S. will have to wait until some lunatic starts bombing our own cities before the White House will see fit to help our cities which are in such dire need right now.

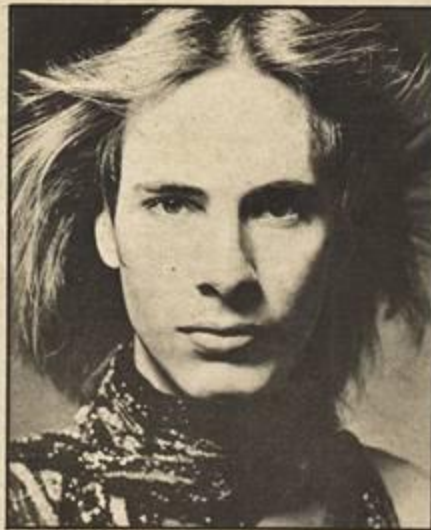
FROM THE RIDICULOUS . . . The ROADHOUSE did it again. Tom and his boys presented a "Sunday Afternoon At Schrafft's." (For any of you who don't know what Schrafft's is, I'll let you in on it. It is a chain of restaurants noted for its clientele of "sweet little old ladies.") Tom was stunning in an ankle length creation straight from the rack. The lovely rhinestone brooch piercing his left breast added just the right touch of old-time elegance. Of course, Ronda was not to be outdone in his micro mini black waitress's uniform complete with starched white apron and tip cup between his cups. That blond bombshell, Ms. Kitty, looked terrific in black and white. His jungle red lip rouge added just the right amount of color. Rex looked handsome indeed in the Schrafft's white shirt and bow tie. I'm sorry to report that Dale had a horrible run in one of his rolled down stockings. Dear, oh dear. Chatty Cathy looking divoon as always and, of course, Ms. Schumacher's long blonde tresses were hard to ignore. The customers stood around with looks of amusement and total disbelief! A grand time was had by all and I'm sure that the ad agency who came up with "Have you see the little old ladies at Schrafft's lately?" would have gone into a tailspin. Ms. Ross sure do know how to throw a bash.

TID BITS: Jan Wallman and Libra doing the honors at J.L.'s ONE SHERIDAN SQUARE . . . Very happy to be back with Teddy at FRIZBYS along with cover boy Tony Collado and heart throb Jerry-Dorsey . . . What "owner" of what magazine got fired??? I always thought that "owners" did the firing . . . This "fat fuck" had the balls to enter the humpy number contest at the BARN March 15. It ought to be some CAMP . . . our agency, JEnterprises, is proud of its first client, ATHOS. It's a new lubricant that Mike and I can personally endorse. Right handy product . . . Martyn Denlea (MONA'S) finally got his Phillip to see *All About Eve*. Mike also saw it for the first time. Hard to believe that there is someone who hasn't seen it. Scary . . . They both LOVED IT . . . Thom and Martin got us tickets for the Joan Crawford night at Town Hall. After seeing Davis, we can't wait to see how Crawford will field questions about *Baby Jane* . . . Brother Carl looking very sveite these days . . . Johnny Savoy and Judy Sexton ended a YEAR'S ENGAGEMENT at NEW JIMMY'S February 25th with the house JÄMMED. You couldn't move. An incredible ovation greeted them before they even started. The cries for "MORE" took the roof off when they tried to finish. A truly moving and thrilling afternoon and a further endorsement to the TALENTED duo. Now, on to the rest of the country . . . Joey Cord into RENO SWEENEY'S March 14th . . . Joe Masielli a

solid hit at WALTER'S APARTMENT . . . Nancy Parker winning more plaudits at RENO SWEENEY'S . . . J.P.H. beginning another book. This time with a reputable publisher . . . Many thanks to Richard and George for a very enjoyable evening . . . Is Chuck getting serious this time??? Hear Miami is going to lose Jack and Bill to the Mardi Gras for a week. Have a ball(s) guys . . . How come humpy Doric (TY'S) heads north after work every day? Roger and out . . . Eric Jacobs opened up his own studio in Manhattan. Best of luck, baby . . . The BIKESTOP over on the West Side packing them in . . . Ditto talented Bryan Murphy with his TINA TURNER REVUE at the WESTSIDER . . . CONTINENTAL BATHS' ad "Viet Nam POWs free at all times" getting a lot of laughs . . . Quote of the week: Mona's (RED HARE) query to transsexual Liz Eden, "Liz, are you a homosexual?" Answered by: "No, I'm a 'fag hag.'" FRIZBYS crowd fell on the floor . . . Many thanks to Stanley Franks for the birthday champagne . . . From what I've heard about "FAST FRED-DIE'S," it's in for a fast run . . . Congratulations to John Michel and his staff on the first anniversary of MARIE'S CRISIS . . . FINALE undergoing a major face lift which the new management hopes

will help bring that venerable place back to prominence . . . Hear good things about the PELICAN . . . One well-known man around town should find out that you can't always count on being on top. A lot of people that he stepped on on his way up are waiting and hoping to kick him on his way down. You catch more bees with honey . . . Had a marvelous time at the YUKON the other night. I guess I'm nostalgic about the place, but I always have a good time with Roy et al . . . Beautiful Ronny White into THREE. A winner . . . I've resumed working out again and all I can say is there must be an easier way. Lord, it knocks me out . . . Louis Baby making the rounds in the Village . . . Katy Bull up at NEW JIMMY'S for brunch and much conversation . . . Annabelle and Ruth all over town . . . David Nelson into the BARN . . . Bobby La Zotta into the NEW FORREST . . . Gypsy celebrated another anum. Next year we'll do it together, hon . . . J.P.H. adding another year in March. I wish he'd let me in on his secret. Looks FABULOUS!!!

Well, I guess that's enough small talk for this time. Hope to see you next time. Be good to yourselves and to each other. Love & peace, Je



Richard Rhean

ERIC STEPHEN JACOBS PHOTOGRAPHER

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OWLES CAMPAIGN DRAWS SUPPORT AND COMMENT

BY RANDY WICKER

New York, N.Y. An invitation-only cocktail party hosted by Dr. George Weinberg in his Central Park West residence brought together over a hundred gays, many of them leaders in the movement and other non-activists considered to be potential financial contributors to Jim Owles' campaign for a seat on the City Council.

Among those attending were writer Merle Miller; Walter Kent, owner of the Beacon Baths and a restaurant, Walter's Apartment; the owner of the Sea Shack in Fire Island's Cherry Grove; a profes-



Jim Owles, candidate for City Council

sional political campaign manager; and several lawyers, psychiatrists, university professors and others who wish to remain unnamed.

"This campaign is important," Merle Miller told the gathering. "We've taken so much from this society and now for the first time we're really talking back."

"What James Owles represents, not just as a homosexual but as a human being and as a person concerned about the community, should inspire all of us. If we can't get him elected, we should just go home."

"Jim wouldn't do well in Brewster, N.Y., where I live," Miller smiled. "For that matter, I don't do well in Brewster. But this district here in New York City is another matter."

"Owles' candidacy is important," a professor of political science from a local university added. "It's good for politicians and those in control to find out what homosexuals think and feel. And it's time that we found out about other things. Women's lib, sexual liberation of any kind gets nowhere without liberation of other sorts. We must become part of the radical, revolutionary changes now taking place in the United States."

"Jim is not only a one-issue candidate," Morty Manford, Owles' campaign manager, re-emphasized in introducing the candidate. "He was in the Air Force and received a general discharge for his anti-war activities."

Owles, wearing a brown suit, yellow shirt and conservative striped tie, added that he was "not some radical militant from GAA running for office," but a candidate who was concerned about what was happening in the district.

"In travelling around the country over the past few months, to Seattle, Minneapolis, Los Angeles, San Francisco and everywhere in between," Owles declared, "I could see that what was happening in New York was happening everywhere to the quality of life in this country. I determined to return to New York City because I realized that if people were going to make a stand, to make the cities a

place for everybody and not just the well-to-do and the muggers, then NYC would have to be where it was made."

Owles described Carol Greitzer, the current NYC Councilwoman from the district and his major opponent in the contest, as "basically a good person who usually votes the right way on most issues."

Owles went on to declare that the City Council needed "not just someone who votes the right way but an activist who suggests radical new approaches to the things that are destroying the city." He pinpointed the small businessmen and craftsmen who were being squeezed out of the district by "Coney Island type" businesses, the spreading urban decay and spiraling crime problem.

"Too many city agencies aren't aware of what's happening in local neighborhoods," Owles declared. "They make broad proposals without consulting with the people living there. Then, when there is justifiable discontent and angry responses from the community, the City Council responds. But the council should not just respond after the fact; it would be out in front, instituting changes."

Owles said that he'd only lived in New York City for three and a half years and "that may be the reason I am optimistic that something can be done about these conditions, that NYC can be made livable."

He praised Congresswoman Bella Abzug as "whether you like her or not, provokes you. Bella says here's a problem and my solution. If you don't agree with me, then suggest your own." He urged those present to contribute ideas for the campaign.

Listing some of the problems he considered significant, Owles charged that the 11% unemployment rate among returning veterans was unforgivable and that they could be employed as paraprofessionals to work in poorer neighborhoods and deal with the health crisis in the city.

He said that employees of city agencies were arrogant, rude and inefficient and that perhaps the current civil service system should be modified so that tenure contracts were signed with employees. Such contracts would be renewed after ten years only if the civil servants concerned were demonstrably doing their jobs.

Owles attacked the lack of facilities for the elderly in the district, the pension plans which kept the poor from supplementing their incomes and the landlords who tried driving out older rent-controlled tenants to qualify for rent increases on the vacant apartments.

"Carol Greitzer has an office at 51 Chambers Street," Owles noted. "It is not in the district and is only open between nine and five. Most people in the district don't even know who she is. They can't get to her office during working hours even if they wanted to. I propose keeping at least one office in the neighborhood open seven days a week, and keeping it open till midnight."

Owles said that policemen should be recruited from or paid a bonus to live in the neighborhoods they patrolled during their working hours.

He declared that he intended to seek support from all political clubs in the district and wasn't conceding anyone's support to his opponent.

He charged that his opponent had taken only one really strong public position recently and that was to support an ordinance which would require dog owners to carry around litter bags and "scoop

the poop" when their dogs dirtied the sidewalks.

Meanwhile, he added, Greitzer, who considers herself a liberal, had voted for a redistricting of the city which Mayor Lindsay had vetoed.

"This is a gerrymandered scheme that serves only incumbents and their county leaders," the *New York Times* had editorialized, then went on to accuse "Reform Democrat Carol Greitzer and others" who had voted for it of "voting their own self-interest" over that of the Puerto Rican and black minorities who stood to gain more seats on Lindsay's alternate redistricting proposal.

The redistricting changed the lines of Greitzer's district somewhat, adding sections of the heavily Italian South Village and the southern tip of Staten Island to the former district.

The new district's northern border includes all of Central Park which contains no voters. It goes across 72nd St. from Central Park West to Columbus Ave., down Columbus Ave. to 57th St., across 57th St. to 8th Ave., down 8th Ave. to West 34th St., and west on 34th St. to the Hudson River. It begins on the east side at East 68th St., goes across E. 68th St. to Park Ave., south on Park Ave. to 67th St., east on E. 67th St. to 3rd Ave., south on 3rd Ave. to E. 39th St. and east on E. 39th St. into the East River.

Its southern border comes in at E. 20th St. and zig zags southwest to Broadway and Houston St. and then crosses Houston St. to the intersection of Canal and Spring Sts. and goes west on Spring into the Hudson River.

State law requires that all districts be contiguous, so the district also includes the unpopulated Hudson River, the upper New York Bay, the Narrows, the lower New York Bay, part of the Atlantic Ocean, and re-enters the southernmost section of Staten Island.

The Staten Island section is an addition to the district and contains only 30,000 of the district's 239,000 voters. It includes the Arthur Kill, Richmond and Richmond Town areas up to Todd Hill. It is a highly affluent almost suburban area, quite different from the densely populated Manhattan area. It includes a city dump, a seminary, several cemeteries, a country club and a Boy Scout camp.

"This was a cynical effort to introduce a number of Republicans into the district," Ken Sherrill, a Hunter College Political Science professor, explained. "Because of Central Park, waterways, cemeteries and other unpopulated areas, it has the lowest population density of any district in the City. It assisted in the gerrymandering of Brooklyn which denied in-

creased representation to the black and Puerto Rican communities there.

"It also carved up the Italian voters," he continued. "It was done to water down the liberal vote in Manhattan. It put together a ridiculous district which contains widely separated neighborhoods which are quite different from one another."

Michael McPherson, a member of the Village Independent Democrats' executive committee and chairman of that group's Gay Rights Committee, said that he had decided against running against Greitzer himself when the redistricting controversy arose in late December. He said that he felt the addition of the more conservative voters in the South Village and Staten Island would make a successful campaign more difficult.

However, after announcing his candidacy in late January at the Hotel Commodore, Owles found his optimism growing as he followed the campaign trail.

Commencing at 7:00 a.m. most working days greeting district residents as they head toward their subway entrances and continuing until the early morning hours, Owles believes persistent energetic campaigning is paying off.

"Greitzer is a lousy campaigner," he observed a month later. "It's a shame that she's likely to avoid most face-to-face debates. But her campaign theme has already become apparent. She emphasizes the half-dozen bills which she's pushed during the last three years, especially one banning discrimination on the basis of sex in certain areas and her efforts to fight encroachments on Central Park."

Owles reports that as he makes appearances before local community groups, he detects a great deal of anti-Greitzer sentiment. "While members of some tenant groups may initially 'giggle' something like, 'This is the gay candidate. What about the rest of the city?'" Owles insists buoyantly, "Those feelings are quickly dispelled after they hear the full range of my campaign proposals."

"I think we can do it," Owles beams. "I wasn't sure in the beginning, but after being out in the district and sampling the feeling there, I really think we stand an excellent chance of winning and pulling this thing off."

GROUPS TO SUPPORT N.Y. LOBBYIST

New York, N.Y. Representatives from 26 gay organizations in New York State met on Saturday and Sunday, February 17th and 18th, at the State University of New York at Albany and agreed on a formula for financing a full-time lobbyist in the state capital to work for passage of gay rights legislation.

Sunday's business session was preceded by four workshops on Saturday: "Women in the New York State Coalition of Gay Organizations" moderated by Nath Rockhill of New York's GAA; "Prison Workshop" chaired by New York Mattachine's Don Goodwin; "New York State Organizing Committee" led by Albany's Paul Travis; and a "Legislative Tactics Workshop" chaired by Jim Zais of the Mattachine Society of the Niagara Frontier and John Howard of New York GAA.

NYSCGO decided to assess a certain amount of money from each member organization, the sum being determined by

the individual organization's membership and ability to pay.

Rather than become involved in a complicated IRS process necessary for putting a full-time lobbyist on a weekly salary, it was decided to find someone who could volunteer their time and make a \$100 weekly expense account available for lobbying purposes.

The lobbyist will be appointed by the five spokespersons elected by NYSCGO last summer. They are Don Goodwin (NY Mattachine), John Howard (GAA-NY), Jim Zais (Albany), Nath Rockhill (GAA-NY) and Bob Brosius (Buffalo).

Assessments on member organizations totalled \$2200 to start the lobbying effort. Each group was assigned an amount and was asked to get approval from their memberships as soon as was possible. Within a week, \$1400 of the \$2200 assessed levies had been approved by member groups.

(continued on page 20)

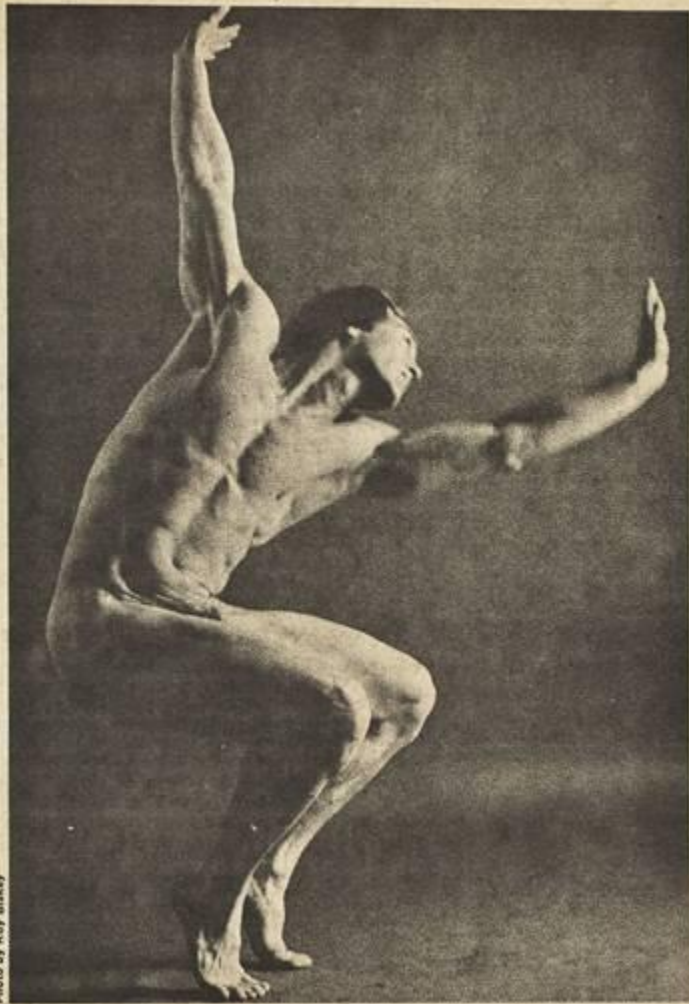


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EULENSPIEGEL MINIFORUM: verbal S/M & humiliation. Sun, March 18, 6pm, H.A. Community Center, 300 9th Ave. (28th St.). Don. \$1. TES, Box 2783, NYC 10017.

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GROUPS TO SUPPORT N.Y. LOBBYIST

(continued from page 17)

Groups which had approved their assessments at press time included: Gay Alliance of Brooklyn, \$300; Metropolitan Community Church, \$50; Syracuse Gay Freedom League, \$50; Gay Liberation Front of Westchester, \$100; Mattachine of Niagara Frontier, \$300; New York Mattachine Society, \$400.

OVER 1,000 ATTEND N.Y. MARDI GRAS BALL

BY VICKI RICHMAN

New York, N.Y. Lee Brewster's Mardi Gras Ball, the social highlight of the year for many of New York's transvestites, transsexuals, and drag queens, was attended this year by City Council candidate Jim Owles, but was distinguished mainly by the effects that women's liberation has had on the drag scene.

Although the long-familiar bejeweled costumes and extravagant once-a-year coiffures were in evidence, many guests preferred simple long skirts or unaffected pantsuits. The Queen of the Ball made no discernible effort to enhance her bust, had long, straight uncolored black hair framing a delicate, cute-but-not-beautiful face without obvious make-up, and wore flowing white culottes such as the girl next door might wear for a Saturday night date. The revolution in drag fashion was not indicated by the fact that she chose to enter the contest, but because the judges saw fit to select her as winner. In the past, judges have tended to prefer contestants in rhinestoned, form-fitting evening gowns and platinum blond beehive wigs, with taped and exaggerated bustlines.

Another apparent result of the feminist movement was the disdain a few of the queens had for men. Some transvestites came with their genetic girl friends, and other drag queens openly necked and danced with each other, ignoring the clearly frustrated leers of the men on the sidelines. In some ways the scene more resembled a women's bar than a drag ball. Perhaps the separatist point of view in feminism has finally struck the drag world. In any case a male lesbian society, which excludes obvious men, has sprung up in San Francisco, and some New York queens are saying they'd rather give up the company of men than continue to be humiliated and used by them.

Lee Brewster, who now makes a full-time living providing transvestites with

services and counselling that would otherwise be unavailable to them in a society that does not permit men to be feminine, does not say that he is anything but a male homosexual who likes to dress in women's clothes. He obviously enjoys the attention of men, and he started the Queens Liberation Front to protect the rights of people like him. But his group soon began to attract a wide variety of men and former men, from husbands who wanted a secret place to dress in women's clothes in order to enhance their otherwise conventional sex lives, to once-male transsexuals who became lesbians after their sex-change operations. Lee, however, is convinced there is no such thing as a heterosexual transvestite; he believes they all have a desire for men that they are unwilling or ashamed to admit to. Nevertheless he continues to give all transvestites who come to him the attention they clearly want, and has won the financial and emotional support of the community.

The professional floor show at the recent ball was a series of typical female-type stripteases performed in expensive, exotic breakaway costumes by members of the Club 82 and of the Jewel Box Revue. The entertainers were convincing and effective, but apparently prefer working as female impersonators to taking jobs as women.

Lee recalled last year's blaring headlines when he introduced Liz Eden as "the queen who had a bank robbed for her." (Lee, however, was not a witness to the alleged robbery and knows nothing more than the police accusation.) Liz is the male wife of a man accused of robbery and kidnapping in an alleged attempt to finance a sex-change operation for the male wife when she was known as Ernest Aron. "The next time you see her," Lee continued, "Liz won't be in drag. She'll be a woman." Liz wore an extravagantly hooped bouffant gown of pale silk with a high neckline that did not conceal a pair of breasts that were small but obviously hers without benefit of a bra.

CITY EMPLOYMENT TOPIC AT MEETING WITH DEPUTY MAYOR

New York, N.Y. A meeting requested by New York City Deputy Mayor Hamilton with "leaders and representatives of New York's gay community" resulted in a two-hour conference at City Hall on February 22nd between Deputy Mayor Hamilton, three Police Department officials, Eleanor Holmes Norton and six gay males, five representatives from New York's GAA and one from New York Mattachine.

The question of gays working in city agencies was the central topic of conversation during the meeting with Deputy Mayor Hamilton initially emphasizing that Mayor Lindsay had issued an order banning discrimination against gays in employment and that he felt that order "was right except in certain sensitive areas."

Hamilton never delineated exactly what "sensitive areas" he would exclude and reportedly "softened his stand slight-

ly" as the meeting progressed.

Members of organizations not invited to participate in the conference criticized the group as being "almost entirely GAA" and pointed out that in meeting with the police officials, GAA's representatives had violated their own constitution which forbids the group from dealing with anyone in the Police Department other than civilian overseers.

Those attending the session—Bruce Voeller, Greg Dawson, Alan Roskoff, Mike McPherson, Arthur Bell and Don Goodwin—pressed their request for another formal meeting with Mayor Lindsay only to be told by Hamilton, "We will take your request under consideration."

A police official described as being in charge of uniform patrols at police headquarters reportedly assured those present that the Police Department "would not discriminate against a gay applicant so long as he passed the physical and civil service tests" to become a patrolman.

The police officials noted that regular instruction of all police officers at New York City's Police Academy on East 21st St. would include talks and rap sessions with representatives of the New York Mattachine Society.

Mattachine has been conducting a similar program for those being trained as guards at Rikers Island. A weekly community rap session between Village gays and Mattachine members during the past few months proved so successful that the Sixth Precinct endorsed Mattachine's request for a similar program to be included in the training of every new officer at the City's Police Academy. The first session at the Academy was held Tuesday, February 27th.

At the group's request, the police said they "would study" sending a memorandum to all patrolmen telling them not to use abusive language to any minority, and

listing homosexuals as one of the specific minority groups in question.

Contact between New York Police and gay officials has been increasing. In early February, officers from the Village's Sixth Precinct talked to some 50 gays at a publicly announced "Meet A Policeman" forum at Mattachine's offices at 59 Christopher St. The officers said they had come to meet gays "on their own home ground" rather than in the usual station house setting, which was "their home ground."

With the financial squeeze, many politicians have been urging the volunteer Auxiliary Police Corps be expanded. Auxiliary policemen undergo training and are issued uniforms but do not carry guns. They patrol their own neighborhoods and can make arrests.

Two members of Gay Alliance of Brooklyn, James Jarman and Jerry Hoppe, have finished training and have been members of the Auxiliary police in Brooklyn Heights for six weeks. Both were openly candid about their geyness during the initial interviews with the officer in charge and were accepted on their merits.

They have declined to be interviewed and photographed in uniform for a feature in GAY because, in their words, "they are not looking for publicity" and fear an article at this time would create the wrong impression. The *New York Times* also reportedly wants to do a feature on them, but they have asked them to hold off also. Meanwhile, two other gays in Brooklyn Heights are in training and others are considering signing up for the force.

Some outlying gay organizations, namely Flatbush Gay Friends and Bronx United Gays, have also involved themselves in a positive way with the police departments in their areas.

PHILADELPHIA SHRINKS CLAIM "CHANGES"

BY RICHARD A. RUSINOW
Philadelphia Correspondent

Philadelphia, Pa. A Temple University team of psychiatrists and psychologists here created something of a tempest in a teapot in mid-December by claiming "dramatic success in changing male homosexuals into heterosexuals."

The group, part of Temple's Behavior Therapy Unit, uses the controversial aversion therapy technique while also insisting that each male patient have access to "satisfying sexual experiences" with women.

Increasingly in wide use among the mental health professions, aversion therapy involves showing the male homosexual a slide of a nude male or several males having sex and administering a "mild" electric shock to him. The slide then fades and the electric shock is turned off. Then a second slide is shown. This slide shows a nude female (usually in a highly erotic position), but no electric shock is administered.

According to Dr. Alan Goldstein, head of the Temple group, the process is repeated "until the patient reports the end of his homosexual fantasies."

The "Clockwork Orange" type aversion therapy treatment, which has only in the past few years been growing in popularity among American psychiatrists and psychologists, has become one of the most hotly debated psychotherapeutic techniques both among mental health professionals and civil libertarians.

Critics of aversion therapy are quick to point out that the Nazis experimented with a cruder form of aversion therapy in an attempt to eliminate procreation

among the "racially impure"—especially the Jews—by administering electric shock to the genitals in the hope of repressing sexual activity. Aversion therapy, its critics also say, is widely used in many of the Communist nations to control political dissent under the label of "social-psychological readjustment."

Dr. Goldstein, like many of his colleagues who defend the use of aversion therapy in this country, says that the treatment is "voluntary" and that the "overwhelming majority" of gays who have sought out therapy at Temple have wanted help in becoming heterosexuals.

After five years on the project, Dr. Goldstein's group, which consists of five senior staff members and 10 doctors and graduate students in training, has treated only about 60 homosexuals, including one woman.

Despite the small number of gays treated at the Temple Behavior Therapy Unit, however, the program has attracted national attention because of the speed of the treatment and its high "success rate" in transforming gays to a heterosexual lifestyle.

Traditional psychoanalysis and psychotherapy usually require years of treatment to achieve such a transformation. But, according to Dr. Goldstein, his treatment takes an average of only about six months.

But perhaps even more significant than the speed of the treatment is the increased "success rate" claimed by Dr. Goldstein. While the more traditional forms of psychotherapy claim less than a 40 per cent "success rate" in switching

(continued on page 22)

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PHILADELPHIA SHRINKS CLAIM CHANGES

(continued from page 20)

male homosexuals to heterosexuality. Dr. Goldstein's group has claimed an 80 per cent rate—more than double other forms of treatment.

Not all the patients who come to Dr. Goldstein's group, however, are subjected to aversion therapy. Dr. Goldstein emphasized that one of the most important factors in the "success" of his treatment was the patient's own desire to switch.

Partially as a measure of this desire, Dr. Goldstein's group has set up a "requirement" that every male homosexual who comes to the unit for treatment must have access to a sexual relationship with a woman. "We are insisting the patients have a cooperative female partner," he said. If the patient fails to get access to such a relationship, the group assumes it is either because he has some underlying fear of heterosexuality or because he simply does not know how to go about it.

It is generally only in the former instances—when there is a fear of a heterosexual relationship—that the patient is given aversion therapy.

When the patient simply doesn't know how, the group uses a "how-to" approach. "We teach them (the patients) courting skills," Dr. Goldstein said, "from the beginning right up to intercourse."

This "how-to" approach usually consists of elaborate "role-playing sessions" in which the group stages scenarios between male and female staff members. The patient is taught to "pick up cues" in these staged conversations which, according to Dr. Goldstein, indicate "sexual interest" on the part of a woman, "a glance, a touch or a certain gesture."

Eventually, however, the patient must establish his own sexual relationship with a woman who is often asked to attend treatment sessions along with the patient.

The Temple Behavior Therapy Unit's program, however, raises a whole spectrum of questions within and outside the mental health professions—questions which Dr. Goldstein himself is not inclined to answer. Dr. Goldstein, who said he was "familiar with all the arguments" against the use of aversion therapy, was extremely reluctant to discuss any issue other than his therapy technique itself and refused "absolutely" to permit any contact—direct or indirect—with any of his patients.

Within the psychiatric profession, serious questions have been raised already about the "success" of the Temple unit's treatment. Dr. Samuel Hadden, a Philadelphia psychiatrist who has done extensive work with changing homosexuals to heterosexuality using classic Freudian treatment, has expressed skepticism about the "quality" of the results of Dr. Goldstein's treatment. Dr. Hadden questions whether the homosexuals who have reported a "successful switch" to heterosexuality after Dr. Goldstein's treatment have remained heterosexuals.

Others in the psychiatric and psychological professions have raised the question of whether trying to transform homosexuals to heterosexuality using aversion therapy might not create "more serious problems," such as exhibitionism, fetishism, child molestation or what one psychiatrist termed "compulsive heterosexual fixation" that could lead to rape or an intense and potentially violent hatred for homosexuals.

Still others—in and outside the mental health professions—have raised deeper questions of how "voluntary" any psychotherapeutic treatment of gays can be in a society where homosexuals are under social, legal, religious and psychiatric stigma.

GAA SPONSORS "CANDIDATES NIGHT"

BY LEO SKIR

New York, N.Y. Fifteen candidates for four offices in the upcoming June primaries came to present their appeals at the Gay Activists Alliance Firehouse on Monday, February 26 at 7:30.

The first panel, for the councilperson for the 3rd Councilmatic District (which includes the Lower East Side), had eight speakers, including Saul Sharison who presently holds this office. The other speakers were John Bal, Sam Hersh, Marshall Kolin, Miriam Friedlander, Orin McCluskey, Danielle Sandow and Paul Crotty. Mr. Sharison, whose house had been picketed when the GAA membership believed action on the "gay rights" bill Intro 475 was not moving rapidly enough on his General Welfare Committee, now explained that although he was a true friend of the gay cause, they were asking for motions outside his power and actions which would not have proved to the bill's advantage. The other candidates stated that they felt more could be done and pledged, if elected, to do more. Danielle Sandow, who has been active in local protest politics, asked gays to support the women's movement and the other minorities. Through a slip of the tongue, she brought prolonged laughter and applause when, speaking of NOW's Betty Friedan, she said, "She screwed me a lot but she's behind me now."

There were only two candidates for the primary of the 2nd Councilmatic District which includes Greenwich Village. These were the incumbent Carol Greitzer and Jim Owles, a former president of GAA. Mr. Owles said that Ms. Greitzer had in the past and in the present shown both anti-gay and anti-poor stands, stressing in her speeches that she would rid Washington Square Park of "perverts" and appealing to the fears of the property holders. He reminded the audience of her previous refusal to accept a GAA petition saying, "I really don't have your problem." Ms. Greitzer denied all these charges. She said that she is working with GAA on obtaining backing for the Intro 475 by new members of the General Welfare Committee, that on February 8th she had gotten passed a housing bill which can be used to protect gay tenants and that she is obtaining a statement of support for the State Senate consensual Sodomy bill. As for her refusal to accept the petition, she said that she had agreed to accept it, but the GAA had not gone ahead with a planned presentation of the petition at City Hall itself and when faced with the mass of paper at the Village Independent Democrat meeting she had been unable to cope with the "logistics"

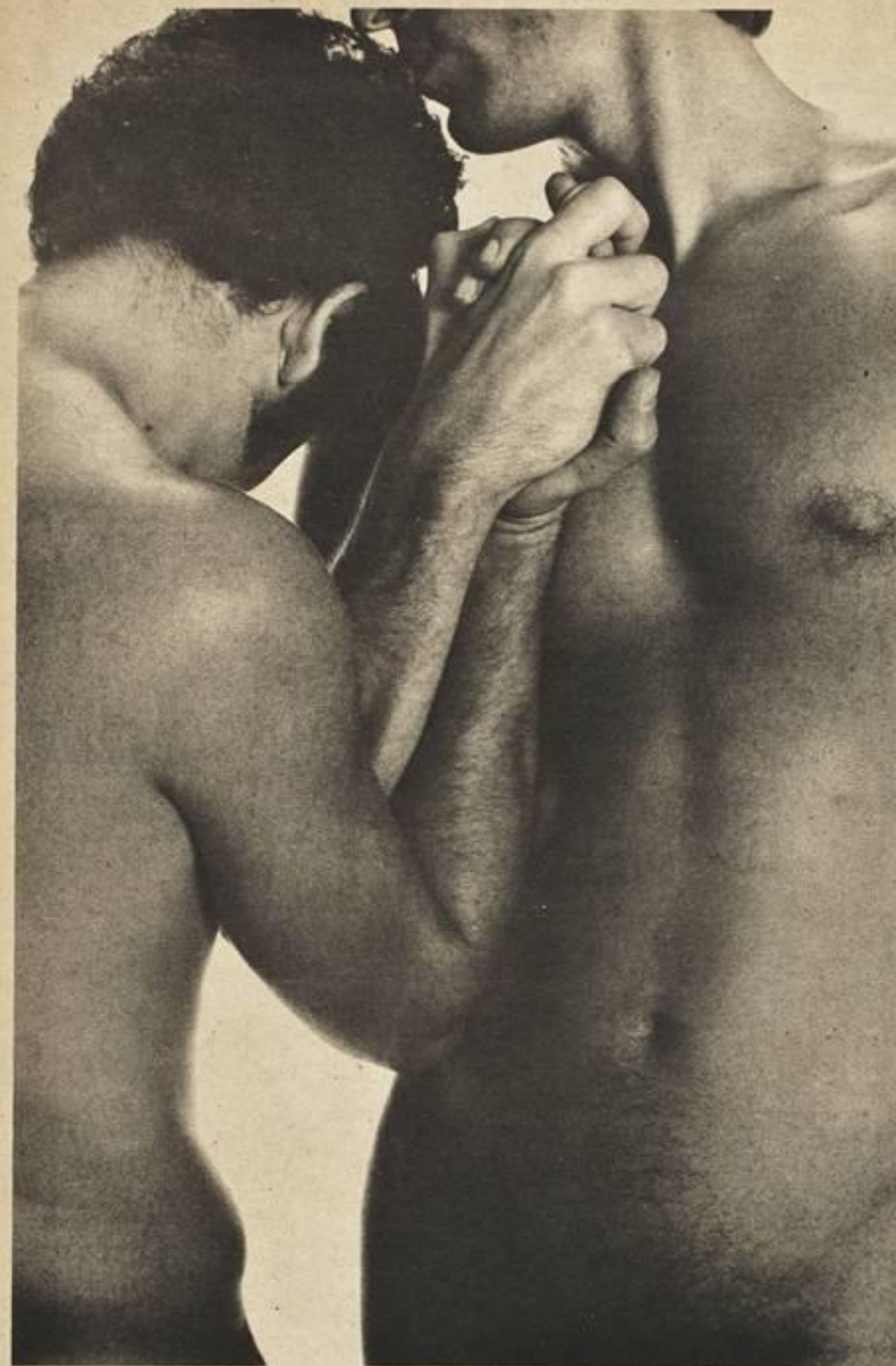
of the large mass. Regarding her alleged statements about "perverts," she said that she never uses the word, and if used, would not think of it as relating to homosexuals but to people who do things with "little children."

Arthur Bell, *Village Voice* writer and author of *Dancing the Gay Lib Blues*, asked Mr. Owles if he had appointed Jim Jacobs as his campaign treasurer to silence any report of income from organized crime. Mr. Owles said that he was not in receipt of funds from organized crime.

For the primary for Liberal Councilperson-At-Large there were two candidates: Charles Choset, a former GAA official, and Henry Stern, one of Bess Meyerson's associates. Mr. Choset affirmed the unique ability of a gay person to represent his peers. Mr. Stern, asking the audience not to discriminate against him because of his sexual orientation (long applause for this), went over his record working with Ms. Meyerson in the Department of Consumer Affairs.

For the post of Democratic Councilperson-At-Large there were three candidates: Eldon Clingan, Arnie Segarra and Robert Wagner, Jr. Mr. Clingan was greeted by a standing ovation, acknowledging his activities on behalf of Intro 475. He stated as a non-gay he was proud to be in this fight for human rights. "It's not a gay question, it's a human question," he said.

Arnie Segarra, a Puerto Rican militant, noted that, "You became an issue when you became political," and, stating that, he equated gay rights with black and Puerto Rican rights. He said he was putting himself on the line—the picket line outside the Hilton on March 3rd and "I'll be there with my brothers and sisters." Asked if he would make his stand public in the barrio, he said he would and that he felt it his duty to raise the consciousness of his brothers and sisters about gay rights. Robert Wagner, Jr., son of the mayor of New York who had enforced police entrapment of gays for years, claimed that he was completely behind Intro 475 and felt that if the council could not pass it, what needed changing was the nature of the council. Following the other two speakers, he said he also would be on the line in solidarity with the gays. He noted that he had boycotted the Inner Circle dinner last year because women were relegated to the balcony. "Now I have two reasons for not going," he said. Asked if his father would be on the gay picket line, Mr. Wagner said, "I'll have to ask him."



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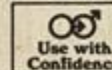
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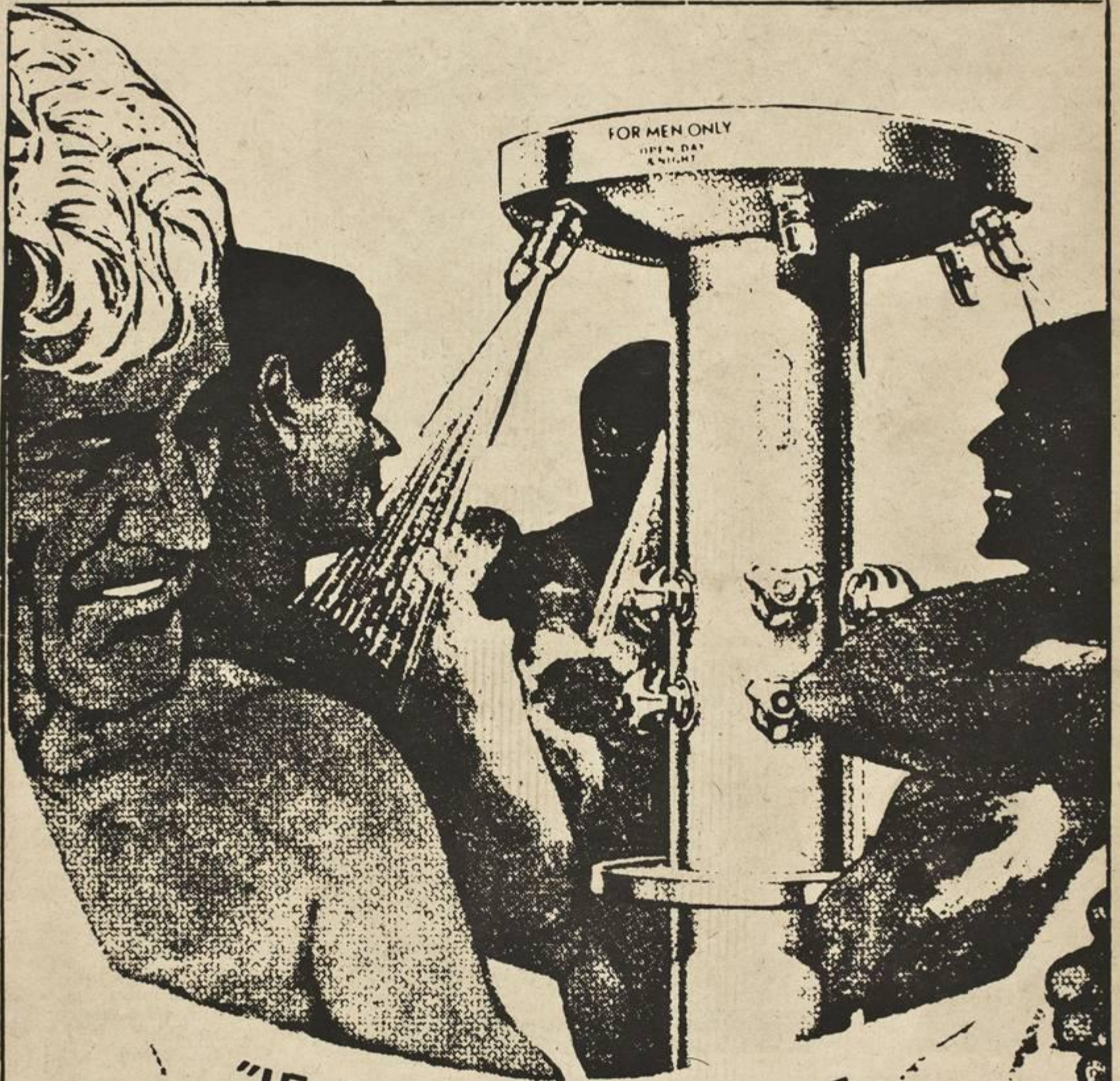
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