

# GAY

50¢

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## 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.

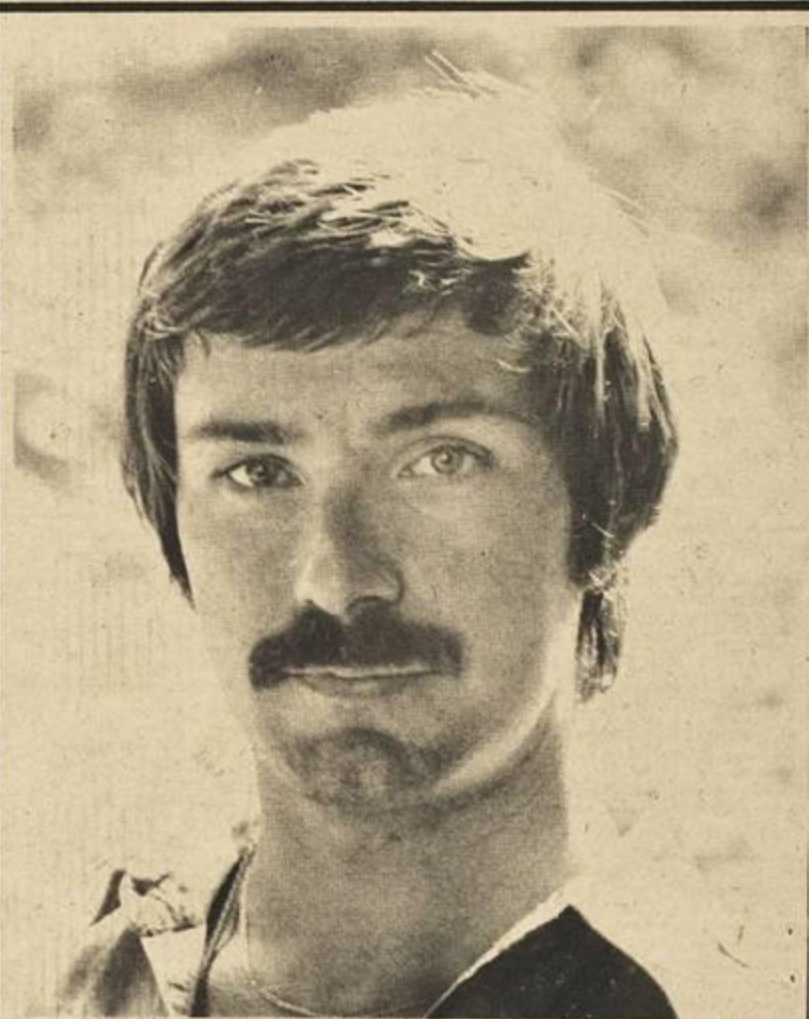
"But," Choset continues, "more than that, I will seek to decriminalize all the

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

Photo by Jeanna Hamilton



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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# WHERE WIL YOU GO TONIGHT?

## A DIRECTORY FOR DISCRIMINATING DISPOSITIONS

**GM—Genital Males**  
**GF—Genital Females**  
**TV—Transvestites**  
**INT—Integrated, gay & straight**

**BY JERRY FITZPATRICK**

Because many of your letters have asked how I rate the bars in this column, I shall attempt to tell you. I try to be objective, but let's face it, we are all human and have our own favorites. I realize that what turns me off or on may not do the same for somebody else. If I find a bar pulling any kind of rip-off, I'll let you know immediately. Otherwise, I'll attempt to give you as complete a listing as I possibly can.

**WEST VILLAGE**

**Bon Soir**, 40 W. 8th St. (473-9859). Cha-cha Palace, mostly Latin. Bunny is on the bar during the day. GM & TV

**Bonnie & Clyde's**, 82 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-9304). Dancing, free buffet on Sundays. Elaine is behind the bar to make you feel at home. GF w/ some GM

**Bank House**, 551 Hudson St. (989-8320). The defunct Casa. Good luck. GM

**Carr's**, 304 W. 10th St. (255-9742). Neigh-borhood bar and crowd. One of the oldest. GM, Cave, Bank & Washington Sts. Young leather crowd. Cruiy, GM

**Delaney's**, 72 Grove St. Good food. Joey still behind the bar. Int.

**Fedora's**, 239 W. 4th St. (CH 2-9691). Jack and Larry on the floor to serve you. And Fedora herself making sure that you enjoy your meal. GM, some Int.

**Finale**, 48 Barrow St. (CH 3-7538). Old establishment under new management. We'll look for the changes. GM

**Five Oaks**, 49 Grove St. (679-9669). Village favorite off Sheridan Square. Int.

**Four Eleven**, 411 Bleecker St. (CH 2-2117). An old-time favorite. Int.

**Frisby's**, 530 Hudson St. (255-9741). Intimate cocktail bar upstairs with a cozy dining room downstairs. My friend Teddy will see that you enjoy. Coverboy Tony Collado is on the stock. GM/GF

**Gay Switchboard** (924-4036) Gays servicing gays. New to town? Want to rap? Call.

**Here at Plenty**, 253 Bleecker St. (242-5636). Delicious food and they have their liquor license. Int.

**Jules Verne**, W. 10th St. Jason's place and Jack is there. Fantastic time and food. Int.

**Judith's**, 159 W. 10th St. Hamburgers are great. Drinks are good. Hab, Joey, et al will take care of your drinks. The crowd is pretty, but don't count on making out. They still stare off GM

**Kellers**, 284 West St. Granddad of the leather bars. Keeping up with the times. Pool and some humpy prospects. GM

**Kookie's**, 149 W. 14th St. (242-3232). The bar is clean but they don't encourage GM. Kookie looks like a poor man's Zazsa. GF

**Limelight**, 91 7th Ave. So. Another disco. Nice decor. GM

**Marie's Crisis**, 59 Grove St. (243-9223). John Michel heads the marriage. Bobby Spain is on duty. There's always a good crowd. Try it. GM

**Meat Rack**, 500 W. 14th St. (989-2649). Big, roomy leather bar. Interesting cruising and 1960s. GM

**Mattachine**, 59 Christopher St. (691-1065). The new offices are fantastic. Stop in and get an education. Among other services (legal and social) it boasts apartment listings for gays.

**Mona's Royal Room**, 28 Cornelia St. (CH 2-9537). My Martin has taken over in the kitchen and I suggest you call for a reservation. Joe and Bill still knocking them dead behind the bar with Ronnie White at the keyboard.

**One Potato**, 518 Hudson St. (691-6260). Frank has been made mgr. Beautiful Nancy Haskell during afternoons and my Bill and Peter will be there nights. GM/GF

**Paul's**, Greenwich Ave. and 7th Ave. So. The food is very good. Chris and Elaine tend bar while Paula supervises. GF, GM

**Peter Rabbit**, 305 W. 10th St. (923-9279). Wild mixture of folks, cruiy. Sexy Jimmy and George to tend your needs.

**Ramrod**, W. 10th St. Leather & western a la S.F. Sexiest Joe along with Carl and Don will see to libations. Ohio is host. GM

**Reddhead**, 570 Hudson St. (CH 3-4214). The hot bar in the Village. Jammed any night of the week. Go and have a good time. GM

**Sanny's Folly**, E. 15th St. Near 5th Ave. (675-9840). Opulent piano bar. Leah is your host. GM

**Soho Strawberry**, Bleecker and B'way (254-1760). Huge disco. We'll see what happens with this one too. GM/GF

**Sugar's**, 185 W. 10th St. (675-9477). Stella is on the bar and that makes it worth the trip. GM

**Ter**, 21 Greenwich Ave. (255-1337). Snack shop, cruiy afternoons, find out what is happening all over the Village. GM/Int.

**Ty's**, 144 Christopher St. Right on bar. San Francisco decor. Humpy Jim and Ed are there nights. Brother Doric during the day. GM

**West Beach**, Christopher St. If you are late me and like slobos once in a while, this is it.

**EAST VILLAGE, WASHINGTON AND UNION SQUARES**

**Club Baths**, 24 1st Ave. (673-3283). Mr. Clean work here. Dynamic people in an opulent setting. You'll find someone here. Confidential VD tests Thursdays, 5-9 p.m. Half price for students. GM

**Eighty-Two Club**, 82 E. 4th St. (GR 7-1046). Home of the female impersonators. Tourists: **McDonley's Ale House**, 15 E. 7th St. (477-9362). Was very cruiy when we were kids; I doubt if it's changed all that much even though Women's Lib got there too. Int.

**St. Mark's Baths**, 6 St. Marks Place (473-7529). Low prices because they wouldn't dare charge any higher. Run down. GM

**GRAMERCY & MURRAY HILL**

**Barn**, 232 Park Ave. So. (19th St.) (473-9080). Bringing leather to the east side. Lots of room. Reminds me of L.A. Hefty is your host, with Steve, Tiger and Sky doing the honors behind the bar. GM

**Beau Geste**, 239 3rd Ave. (475-9724). Very good food, reasonably priced, served by some of the best looking waiters in the city. Romantic atmosphere. Cruiy bar. Say hello to Thom and Jack nights, and Chuck and Gene days. GM

**Lee's Lion**, 57 Lexington Ave. (666-9608). Nice, friendly atmosphere. Your host is David. Go and have a good time. GM

**Uncle Charlie's South**, 581 3rd Ave. (684-2170). By guys for guys. Always jammed. Truly more of a club than a bar. Bob and Jerry deserve all the success they are attaining. GM

**CHELSEA**

**Eagle's Nest**, 11th Ave. & 21st St. If you're not into leather (black) and/or western, don't bother. You won't get in and why hassle the management or yourself. This is for leather people only. GM

**Queen's**, 53 W. 19th St. If the girls are anything like Holly, Dee and Maria—Go! GF

**Nine Plus Social Club**, 149 W. 21st St. Exclusive after-hours club for the leather set. You must be sponsored by a member. Nice place.

**Spikes**, 120 11th Ave. (20th St.) Humpy studs come here to relax and groove. GM

**SOHO**

**Gay Activists Alliance Firehouse**, 99 Wooster St. Get there early for the Sat. dance. Marvel at the CABARET every other Fri. Lesbian dance sat. Fri. of the month. FANTASTIC!!! 7th Ave. 1RT to Houston 8th Ave. IND (AAVE) to Spring 6th Ave. IND (D/F/B) to Broadway/Lafayette. BMT (RR) to Prince/Lex. Ave. 1RT to Spring. GO AHEAD HAVE A BALL. AND YOU MIGHT FIND A FEW OTHER THINGS OUT.

**MIDTOWN & MIDDLE EAST SIDE**

**Beacon Baths**, 247 E. 45th St. (687-0322). Take the elevator to the 11th floor. Fantastic for a matinee. Lots of humpy businessmen on the prowl. Free VD tests 1st and 3rd Wednesdays of the month—4pm to 8pm. GM

**Candy Store**, 44 W. 56th St. (581-4664). Soiral studs that can turn you on. Some beautiful. Jacket required. GM

**Continental Sauna**, 111 W. 56th St. Not as grand nor as expensive as the "Mother Church" on W. 74th St. Good for a businessman's lunch (?). GM

**Godmother**, 309 E. 60th St. (832-9094). Sebastian is here and Pussy is with him. Dining. GM

**Lis**, 305 E. 45th St. (LE 2-0290). Girls' dancing bar. The best of its kind. Say hello to Jim, Ellie and Lois. GF/some GM

**Mayfair**, 94 1st Ave. (EL 5-9259). Good food at a good price. They're heating out of their closets. Int.

**Regent of Tokyo**, 251 E. 53rd St. Japanese restaurant. Elegant. GM

**Ronnie's Supper Club**, 324 E. 49th St. Another elegant eatery. Charles De Forest at the keyboard. Jackals are a must. GM

**Roundtable**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310). First N.Y. disco. Bigger dance floor came with new decor. La Fleurs are still here. GM/GF

**Sauna Baths**, 300 W. 88th St. (PL 5-4880). A small place that closes at midnight. Busy during the late afternoons, tho. GM

**Saturday**, 158 E. 1st Ave. (255-8052). Say hello to Joey has been added. Along with John on the floor and Bill in the kitchen, Sebastian has a popular place. GM

**Singles**, 951 1st Ave. (486-9832). Johnny Vincent is your host. Fine food and a lot of fun. Say hello to Phyllis and Bobby. GM/GF

**Sire's**, 58 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-8059). Alan is the host. My man Sam along with Ralph will take care of your drinks. GM

**Troubadour**, 1078 1st Ave. (PL 5-1955). Humpy trap and good food. Ken is there at your host. GM

**Walter's Apartment**, 1068 2nd Ave. (373-3374). Wild illusion of a penthouse overlooking NYC. The best manager in town, Tom, has added Bobby Marino to the staff. A definite winner. GM

**Yukon**, 140 E. 33rd St. (421-8122). Roy has given it a new image. Young and vital. Dancing. GM

**DANCE BELT & HELL'S KITCHEN**

**Better Days**, 716 W. 49th St. Disco dancing. GM

**BRONX**

**Big Spender**, 315 W. 46th St. (586-9882). Lots of spooks from the nearby shows. Some beautiful. Good time. Eric tends to the libations. **Brothers and Sisters**, 355 W. 46th St. (247-8840). Most of the sisters have left but some of the brothers are worth checking out. GM/some GF.

**Dirty Edna's Scoreboard**, 264 W. 46th St. (265-9077). Advertised as "The home of the Midnight Cowboy's." Some of them look as if they missed the last roundup. GM

**Guided Grape**, 719 8th Ave. New disco in this part of town. Some familiar faces and some wild bods on the dance floor. GM

**Haymarket Pub**, 772 8th Ave. (586-9360). They asked J.P.H. not to list them in "The Gay Insider U.S.A." But they are. Int.

**Jimmy Ray's**, 729 8th Ave. (582-9507). They won't admit to it either. But you might find what you're looking for here. Int.

**Joe Allen**, 326 W. 46th St. (581-6464). Gypsies, name-performers, etc. Gay is the word for the bar while the tables will be mixed. Int.

**Leaping Zebra**, 585 9th Ave. (563-8212). Some cowboys and lots of TV's. Would you believe GM?

**Penny Lane**, 220 W. 49th St. Reminded me of the old Kelly's. Some goodlooking kids. Say hello to Chop Chop. GM

**Tijuana Cat**, 350 W. 46th St. Lots of Latin talent hangs in here. Don is the singing bartender. Ms. Dawn Hampton's vocalizing has to be heard. She gets better and better. A winner. GM

**UPPER EAST SIDE**

**Alibi**, 1546 2nd Ave. (249-7026). Show nights are Mon. & Wed. with the sparkling Ms. Saunders. Dancing. GM/GF

**Country Cowin**, 1313 3rd Ave. (879-6514). Drop in during the day and say hello to Mother Rice. Crowded dinner hour. Billy and Harry are on the bar. Your hosts: Ralph and Lou. GM, some GF

**Forest**, 1436 3rd Ave. (744-9873). Interesting decor. Frank is on days and Jerry nights. Disco. GM

**Harry's Back East**, 1422 3rd Ave. (249-6991). Cruise haven. Say hello to Johnny and George. Grandma's there days. Your hostess is Judy. GM

**Jack & Blue at Three**, 314 E. 72nd St. (734-9303). New management has brought humpy Dennis back to take care of the bar. Dining in the rear, cruising in the front. GM, some GF

**New Jimmy's**, 1576 3rd Ave. (860-4509). First New York supper club. Exciting food and drink along with fine entertainment. GM/GF

**Painted Pony**, 1485 3rd Ave. (744-9580). What more can you say when you say GYPSY? An incredible talent. The beauty behind the bar is Eddie. GM

**Piper's Lounge**, 1201 Lexington Ave. (734-9305). Dancing & cruiy. Tony Black and Bill Laney are on the bar. Say hello to Mickey. GM

**Uncle Charlie's North**, 1049 Lexington Ave. (861-6132). Cruiy helo and cruiy patrons. Good crowds. GM

**UPPER WEST SIDE**

**Bike Stop**, 230 W. 75th St. (874-9014). New entry. Looks like fun. GM

**Chips's**, Columbus Ave. bet. 66th & 67th St. Popular with Lincoln Center audiences. Int.

**Continental Baths**, 230 W. 74th St., west of B'way. (789-2688). More than a bath-house, it's a totally gay environment even down to a weekend cabaret. Expensive, but worth it. Students 1/price with I.D. cards. GM

**Ficadilly Pub**, 324 Amsterdam Ave. (874-8632). Good cruising and friendly. Try it. GM

**Westside**, 2160 Broadway (874-6013). Popular bar with humpy help. Bryan Murphy and the Westsides provide the entertainment. GM

**UPTOWN**

**Andre's**, 125th & 8th Ave. Crowded bar. Black is beautiful and gay here. GM

**Chrystal Ballroom**, 125th St. & 8th Ave. Another gay bar for this neighborhood. GM

**Charade**, 1800 2nd Ave. at 93rd. Where Black is beautiful, the age is young, the food and music are soul and the dancing terrific. GM

**Gold Rail**, 2850 Broadway (MD 2-4754). Restaurant and bar popular with uptown gays and Columbia students. Int.

**MT. Morris Baths**, 1944 Madison Ave. (534-9004). This has a black majority. GM

**Pauline's Interlude**, 2267 7th Ave. at 135th St. A Harlem landmark since before most of us were born. Int.

**BROOKLYN**

**Danny's Brooklyn Heights**, 108 Montague St. (525-8844). Two floors of fun and frolic presided over by Paul. Sat is your daytime host behind the bar with "dizzy" Duke and Bruce taking over at night. GM

**Gracie's Mansion**, Henry & Clark Sts., Bklyn. Heights. I hear it's doing quite well. GM

**Max's Country**, 53 Pierpont, Brooklyn Heights (524-1363). Masculine atmosphere for masculine GAs. A bath in Brooklyn complete with gym and an enormous pool. I think you'll like this one. GM

**Monte's of Henry St.**, Bklyn. Heights. Another new entry. GM

**Piano Bar**, 103 Montague St. Just found this one. Kitty Naily is M.C. during the day and Mike takes over at night. GM.

**WASHINGTONVILLE, N.Y.**

**Mister G's Round Hill Resort**, Rt. 208, Washingtonville (914-495-9445). 25 acres of good time. They will be open all year round. GM

**GAY CINEMA**

**David**, 238 W. 55th St.

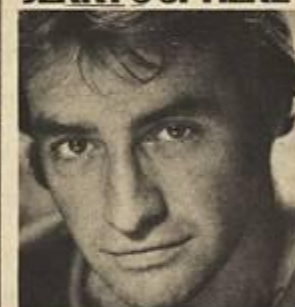
**55th St. Playhouse**, 55th St. between 6th & 7th Ave.

**Jewel Theatre**, 12th St. & 3rd Ave.

**Park-Miller**, 42nd St. betw. 6th Ave. & B'way (BR 9-3970)

**Tomcat Theatre**, 424 W. 42nd St.

## JERRY'S SPHERE



BY JERRY FITZPATRICK

**THE OVER-30 BLUES:** America is probably more "youth oriented" than any other society in the world. As a teenager, most of my friends were a great deal older than myself. I can remember thinking myself very "grown up" because these older people treated me as an equal. (I thought.) Measuring a staggering 6'2" at the age of 12, I had to look to older people for friendship. I looked like a freak among my peers. At 14, I "borrowed" my uncle's draft card and was passing for 21 in the neighborhood bars. At this point I was "doing" half of my cohorts who were, on an average, five to six years my senior. Not knowing it was "queer," I was bowled over when all of a sudden they turned on me. What I couldn't fathom was the fact that I too was being "done" and all of a sudden I was the "queer." The only thing that saved me from having my head knocked off was that they ("the boys") found out my true age. My youth had rescued me. It was a lesson learned. As I grew older I realized that youth was forgiven almost anything. (Looks didn't hurt either.) If an irate lover caught you in the sack with his spouse, it was written off as a youthful prank. I can remember at age 20, a friend's 30th birthday. (I thought him almost ancient.) He told me that when I reached 30 to expect to go a little bananas. I scoffed at the thought. After all, 30 was a long way off. I remember at age 26, I was

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# THE EDITORS SPEAK

## THE VILLAGE VOICE

The Village Voice, that impotent organ for tired hippies, recently provided its public with a front-page scare story on the abduction of young males into white slavery. No names were named. No pointedly factual material was given. Only lists of purported homosexual abductions were made. Young men were said to be under the vicious tutelage of other young men (teenaged pimps, to be precise) who plied them with drugs, kept them available to a rather large and unruly market of pedophiles, and then dumped them on the dunghap (wherever that is) once their charms were faded.

The Voice's anti-homosexual campaign, initiated by a hack writer named Howard Blum, continued in a later issue with an article on underworld control of gay bars. So what else is new? Again, Mr. Blum named no names. Again, he inferred, implied, suggested and innuendoed. This Mr. Blum, my dears, is a scandal queen.

He has just recently discovered Midnight Cowboy territory (albeit about three years late—par for the Voice) and is agog at the number of youthful male tarts hanging around Port Authority and 42nd Street near 8th Avenue. The number, natch, will increase come summertime. It does every year. But these male prostitutes are not, as Blum implies, victims of large organized operations in which teenyboppers are being held in drugged states against their wills. Blum has simply thrown drugs and fears of homosexual child molestation onto the same page in the hope of getting a rise out of the general public. The Voice, which desperately needs a rise, has gone along with him by printing his nonsense on page one.

What do we find in Midnight Cowboyland? On the buyers' end, for the most part: closely, groping, scared 50-types who are wide-eyed, frightened denizens of retarded geographic locations. Far from being the harsh, negative giants who, in Mr. Blum's dreams, are keeping "little boys" captive, these men are often unsure of their sexuality and unable to strike up easygoing relationships with their peers. Timid dudes, man. Very shy indeed!

The cowboys themselves? A wild mixture. Usually between the ages of 18 and 23. Many are AWOL and peddling their asses is the only meal ticket they can conceive. Others are, like the famed Rechy, simply lazy and addicted to selling themselves—it's an ego trip. While hustling is hardly easy (one of the toughest jobs on the streets, really) there are many hustlers who would rather hang out on street corners and chance not having either meals or lodging if only they can enjoy the emotional satisfaction they derive from scoring every now and then. It makes them feel important. They chat with each other about their big scores. It's possible, sometimes, to stand on a midtown corner and overhear their rap:

"How much did you score with that last john?"  
 "Fifty."  
 "Shit, man. Come on."  
 "Yeah. You don't believe me? Fifty. Here it is, see?"  
 "Hah. Your life savings."  
 "No man, I got it from that last john. He really dug me."  
 "What did you have to do for it? Eat his ass out?"  
 "No, man. All he wanted to do was blow me. That's all!"  
 "Bullshit."

The "little boys" Blum refers to exist, no doubt. Everything exists in Fun City. But they don't exist in the great numbers he bouts. And, even if they did, one would be tempted to ask where are the heterosexual parents of these kids? Who is to blame?

Now anybody who knows anything about run-of-the-mill pedophiles realizes that they are usually exceedingly romantic fantasizers. Their thing is not rough treatment of youngsters but a gentle relationship filled with vibes that sometimes—if they play their cards right—evolve into sex play. The average pedophile prides himself on creating an atmosphere in which young boys forget that the pedophile is a grownup, and in which the sex play comes about without the boys being self-conscious in the least. These pedophiles romanticize the youngsters—put them on pedestals—and have "relationships" with them. The Kinsey Institute's research team did a book on *Sexual Offenders* and discovered that pedophilia (on a percentage basis) was a crime more common by far in the heterosexual domain and that by comparison homosexuals are seldom arrested on such charges.

If the "pimps" to whom Blum refers are 17 and 18, while their "goods" are 14 and up, we must assume that pimps and the "boys" are simply business-kids who are seeking out "homos" with cash. That their practices are the rampant, far-flung operation painted in Blum's wordage is just not true. Anyone who thinks realizes that no young boy is so incapacitated by drugs or detained by fierce ogres that he cannot escape on any day of the week. And if it were such a far-flung practice, then why, we must ask, are there not at least a few escapees who've returned to their parents who, in turn, prosecute the offending ogres? But Blum gives us no such cases. Only veiled hints, and nameless fantasies from his own staid imagination.

## A TYPICAL VOICE COLUMNIST

Prior to the Stonewall Riot in 1969, the Village Voice could be counted upon to touch the question of homosexuality only when a masquerade ball provided opportunities for the paper to run front page photos of gay people in grotesque costumes.

After the Stonewall, Arthur Bell, first a regular columnist for *Gay Power*, and later a movie reviewer (for a short time) for GAY, began writing "gay" articles for the Voice. His forte, mostly, has been entertainment, although on special occasions the Voice has given him the all-clear sign to do articles on the Christopher Street Liberation Day Parade and a few other gay lib events.

Bell, no doubt, regarded his Voice articles as a "step up" over GAY, which he left after finding himself acceptable in an "establishment" paper. It was a transition which, for him, we think, was perfectly suitable. Two weeks ago, his Village Voice mentality surfaced typically, when, in front of hundreds of people gathered at the Firehouse for Candidates Night, he asked Jim Owles if it were true that he had appointed Jim Jacobs as his campaign treasurer to silence any report of income from organized crime.

We inquired of Arthur Bell as to where he had obtained information leading him to ask such a pernicious question. "It came dwindling down to me from a few sources," he said, adding that he'd been "opposed to Jim Owles' campaign from the onset."

There is no evidence at all which suggests that Jim Owles is in receipt of funds from organized crime. That Arthur Bell should ask such a question in a large public gathering is, we think, a maneuver of the lowest kind. But then, after all, we must remember that Bell is a Village Voice columnist, and that our expectations from persons connected with that paper must not necessarily be high.



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# Bald is Beautiful!

BY ARNIE KANTROWITZ

In a society as obsessed with concepts like "normal" and "average" as 20th Century America is, a simple thing like shaving your head can profoundly alter your perspectives. To the startled observer, it is as shockingly outrageous as the sight of two men blithely holding hands on the steps of St. Patrick's or two women passionately embracing in Barney Google's.

What is sad is that to many gay people, whose secret identities would equally outrage society if revealed, the image is a threat of exposure, as deep as the threat posed by transvestites, or by association with anyone who dares to make openly manifest their predilection for society's taboos. But equally, to gay people working openly for the right to be themselves, the image of a shiny scalp is questioned as the appropriate one with which to address Mr. and Ms. America. The theory is like that of the mid-sixties peace movement or the mid-fifties gay rights picketers: we lose credibility if we don't look and act like the people we are talking to.

For the gay movement, that means communicating only through a straight image, and for some of us that is a mask that I believe helps to stifle the message that is filtered through it. It is as much an encouragement for less courageous homosexuals to remain in their suffocating closets as it is an enticement for our heterosexual audience to accept us for what we are not, rather than for what we are.

For bald people, the message becomes: put on a wig. Now a wig, like any other image, may be a delight—if it is accepted as a work of theatrical art and not as a disguise for a deficiency. A bald head can operate like a room painted white, or a movie screen, or a towel at the baths. It is a plain surface which may be transformed into anything, perhaps by the addition of a touch of decor, a suggestion which the observer may enhance by projecting his or her own fantasies onto it.

But a wig can also act as a mask, saying that its wearer is ashamed of what is or isn't beneath it. The irony is this: my bald head is a product of gay liberation. Once I learned that I could express my most ardently guarded secret—that my sexual preferences deviate from the norm—I learned that I could accept the part of myself that I once believed was my most hideous failure. I had to understand that everyone else's definition of a "man" was wrong and that I could rely on my own, that it is possible to be a homosexual and still be a man, by a newer and (to my growing astonishment) even better based definition of the concept.

The opening of the closet door turned out to be the opening of a flood-gate of honesty. It became important to tell everyone I am gay, so that I was not assumed to be what I am not, so that I could be dealt with for what I am. And the more I did of that, with family, friends, strangers on trains, employees, radio audiences, in political demonstrations for my rights, the more I began to question all the standards against which I had been measuring myself. And I found that it is the norm that is the myth and the stereotype, not me. Through that, I discovered that I could actually be proud of what I am, rather than ashamed of what I am not. Then declaring I am gay became a matter of defining my positive

attributes for others—you might even call it boasting!

My life is supposed to be incomplete because I live in a household of gay men who have chosen to work at staying together, instead of having produced a nuclear family with my own loins. I am supposed to believe that because my family produced a homosexual it is not as good a family as the ones portrayed on television. I grew up believing that the family on *Father Knows Best* was more real than my own family which was watching it; but I was wrong, because my family existed, and Robert Young's "family" didn't.

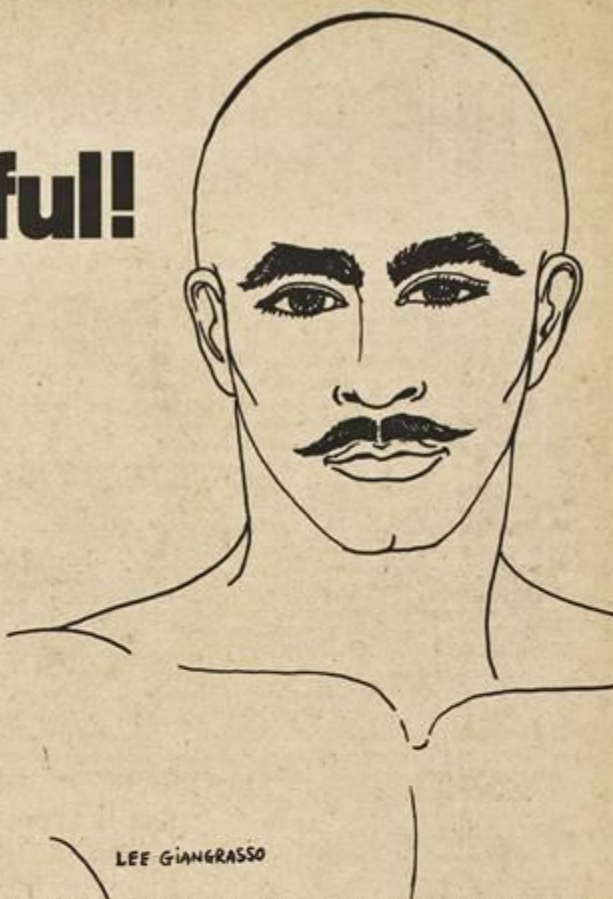
Our culture dangles before us images of the ideal man and woman almost everywhere we look. What we forget is that they are only images, and that we are the realities. When Burt Reynolds points a revolver at me from a movie advertisement, while a very sexy woman looks admiringly at him, what am I supposed to feel? If I were a straight man, I might easily be seduced into believing I was inadequate and wanting to be like him. But I'm not straight, and I don't want to play that particular movie role. And if I were a straight woman, should I want to be like the image in the poster? Not according to my friends who are women.

As long as straight people believe in striving to be like those images, they will not be able to appreciate themselves for what they already are: individual human beings. They will perpetually be measuring their inadequacies against an unattainable image, because in his real life even John Wayne isn't the John Wayne on the screen. As long as gay people strive to be like those images, they will feel even more inadequate, more frustrated in trying to imitate models of what they are not and should not be, assuming they want to be themselves.

The same is true for bald people. The ideal image of physical beauty that we measure ourselves against has hair on its head—and, especially since the dramatic 1960's, lots of it. That ideal image has caused black people to straighten their hair and bleach their skin, because the image is white. It has caused Jews to bleach their hair and straighten their noses, because it is Anglo-Saxon. It has caused women to reduce themselves to doll-like sex objects, homosexuals to pretend heterosexuality, bald people to submit to disfigurement.

In every paper and magazine, on television and radio, I encounter advertisements placed by experts who offer to help me with my "problem." I can buy wigs, have slashes made in my scalp for the permanent insertion of fake hair or bits of my own, or tie knots to cover my unfortunate scalp with. For a year I faithfully visited a studio where I was assured I had a low-grade virus and was treated with massages, heavy applications of secret formula glop, sun lamps and heating caps. I was offered new hope every week, but they were the only ones who insisted they could see new fuzz. (All of this, incidentally, was performed and patronized mostly by gay men, but that was never openly acknowledged.) The result was no more hair, a lot less money, and some new questions about myself.

Balding is generally considered a sign of aging, and it is slightly obscene to grow old in our culture. Part of the ideal image that is foisted on us is youth, and people will go to any lengths to appear and act young even when they are not. I have al-



ways found beauty in people being themselves, one form of which is acting their age, which does not mean avoiding public streets in order to hide the shame of a receding hairline, or taking to the rocking chair with the disease of being forty or fifty years old (or even ninety, for that matter).

A person of seventy or eighty who has the wisdom of experience, expressing himself or herself with grace, pursuing what she or he is capable of, dressing in what looks good, not pretending to be someone younger, is a proud person; and a proud person convinces others that they are seeing a beautiful person. That is surely one of the primary messages of gay liberation as well: to enhance what you are is theatre, but to hide what you are is a confession that you think what you are is hiding is deficient. Theatre is an enrichment of beauty. Hiding is simply dishonest. And there is nothing beautiful about dishonesty.

But I am not yet confronted with the terrible problem of growing old in a society that has no place for old people. After all, I am only 32, and I don't expect to sit around for 50 years or so just waiting for the misery to end, when instead I can be enjoying myself. And, as I had learned through gay liberation, the secret was simply to become proud of the baldness I do have, rather than being ashamed of the hair I don't have.

Why did I start losing my hair so soon, even as early as 21? Ironically, it was someone else's subscription to that ideal image, if a layman may be permitted to hazard a medical opinion (and I've had some experience with that by calling my homosexuality healthy while the medical establishment called it sick).

My late mother was always very disturbed that she was a little taller than my father and was afraid that I might be too short. Too short for what? Too short to be half of the ideal heterosexual couple, because men are supposed to be taller than women: doesn't it say so in the Bible? So at puberty I was trotted off to

the doctor for a long series of male hormone shots, supposedly just for the sake of appearance. One of the reasons bald men are considered virile is that baldness is related to an excess of male hormones and is often accompanied by assorted other physiologically male characteristics, like a deep voice and body hair. For me it's also accompanied by an acceptable five-foot-six.

Since I've learned a little bit about being gay, I realized that there's another level of truth beyond that. It wasn't so much my height that was an image problem: it was my masculinity quotient. That was also about the time I was caught "experimenting" sexually with someone of my own sex and being retaught the correct arts of walking, talking, even laughing in the acceptable mode. It was in the (choke) Fabulous Fifties, and the movie models were people like Tab Hunter. If it didn't make me wince, I'd laugh about the irony of learning to pretend to be like someone's pretense, to ignore his theatricality and embrace his dishonesty.

Of course, another image of the time was Yul Brynner's, but he was regarded as an exotic, and we were taught to imitate only the idealized projection of the common man's hero. Even though Brynner's bold baldness turned everyone on, he was set apart by playing Siamese kings, Egyptian princes or Tartar chieftains, removed from Newark, New Jersey not only by culture but by royal stature. It was OK to imitate Flash Gordon, but who ever thought of parading around like Ming the Merciless in those days?

Being different in our world is equated with being evil. Sexually, it looks to me like a lot of people go in for a hint of evil these days. The daring, the forbidden, are becoming signs of a new kind of masculinity. The usual bald head represents some degree of superficial virility to many people, especially to straight women I've talked to. But a purposely shaved head seems to exude strength because it's an act of commitment to an individual

sense of aesthetics.

It carries with it a mystique like the legendary potency of black men, a suggestion that the person who is different is free of the confines most people docilely live within while they harbor a secret admiration for the mark of Cain. Unfortunately, anyone who lives outside the system—a homosexual for example—becomes a threat to its myth of universality and is looked upon with suspicion, if not worse. When a person openly chooses to live outside the rules that govern the family structure, it's never quite clear whether stares and glances signify that society is rejecting such a curious affront or whether people are angry because someone is rejecting their society.

A bald head without a wig makes me into an Egyptian pharaoh, a Mongol warrior, a Buddhist monk, depending on what I feel like being and on who's doing the looking. The reactions I have received show how much people attempt to interpret what they are seeing in terms of their own experience, but it fascinates me that no matter how esoteric their interpretation, there's usually a grain of truth in it when I think about it.

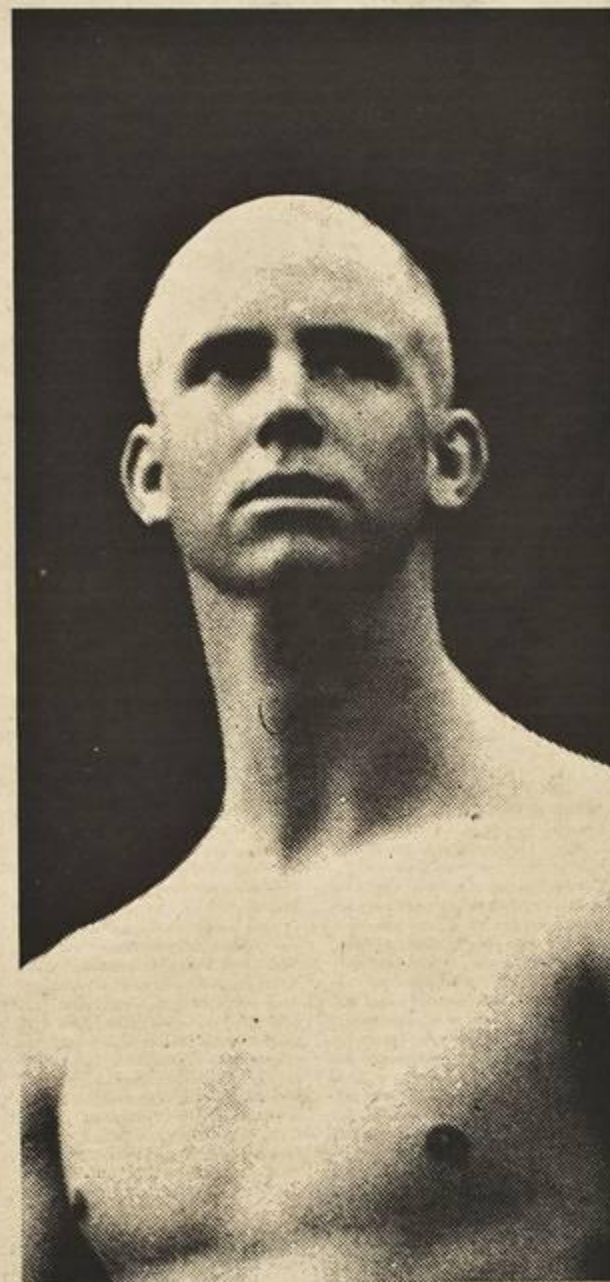
If I seem like a pharaoh, it's because I feel strong, not elitist but regal. If a sadomasochist reads me as a cruel barbarian or as selflessly submissive, it's not because I have symbolically castrated myself but because I can also enjoy the theatricality of sex with artfully devised roles. If I appear to belong in saffron robes, it's not because I am a cultist, but because I am not afraid to embrace mysticism in an age of scientism, since not the least of the changes I have undergone is the growth of spirit that allows me to believe in my own individual way of comprehending reality.

For years I wore my hair long, even though it was disappearing on the top. I loved the sensuality of it caressing my shoulders. But traveling in Europe last summer, I felt stared at in a way that other longhairs weren't. By the time I reached the heat-shrouded Greek islands, I was wondering aloud why people seemed to notice me in particular, and a friend told me he had observed that unlike Manhattan, Europe seemed to feature no balding longhairs.

I thought long and hard about acting my age before I simply popped into a barbershop and had it cut short. And as soon as I did, I felt not only cooler but free of trying to be what I was not. When I got back to the pension, I realized that like yelling "Gay is proud" in the streets, I could be stronger and more free if I did exactly what I thought I was afraid to do. I was afraid to look bald, so off came the sideburns and the thinning top, and there I was—the image that I had thought I would be doomed to: horseshoe bald. To my astonishment, I looked good!

Of course, I hadn't stopped people from noticing me, since I was trotting around bedecked with jewelry and shoulderbag in the Manhattan fashion of that year. And adding a pair of small, round, red glasses after I got home helped too. Then I set off across America and found the eyes that watched me even less sophisticated and cosmopolitan than those of even the most unschooled Europeans, who were at least accustomed to unusual travelers from everywhere. All the countries of Europe are largely homogeneous, but they encounter each other's differences constantly. Americans seem not so much homogeneous as purposefully homogenized, and they are almost startled out of their superficial congeniality when they encounter someone a bit original.

It goes without saying that I got to enjoy looking a little different in a pos-



sitive way, which was no childish clamor for attention, but was accorded a prestige similar to being an acknowledged gay among my fascinated straight friends. Naturally, most people could only interpret my appearance in light of their own experience, and since the gay mode is invisible to them, I'm sure I left them with some unanswered questions. But it was a matter of appearing externally different in some way, bald and bejeweled, at least to clue them in that there was some internal difference, whether they understood it or not.

Take Seattle, for example. I got it from both sides. While waiting innocently for a bus on my way to a gay bar, I was questioned and frisked by a cop who insisted he was after someone who looked like me, despite the fact that I hadn't noticed too many locals trimmed in red eye-glasses and rhinestone-studded dungarees.

And then in a gay-run organic restaurant, the waiter suggested to the cashier that I might be a narc! How can you win?

When I got to San Francisco, which, like Manhattan, is a haven for the exceptional, I found almost everyone on Castro Street sporting as close to waist-length tresses as possible, the New York latest image of short hair and beard just beginning to appear there. In that world, I felt that my glasses and dungarees were somewhat superficial and could be read as the weekend disguise of another lifestyle. So one morning, having returned at dawn from a pleasant dalliance, while I sat on the steps of my host waiting for him to wake up and let me in, I reflected on the subject of commitment and made a decision to go all the way.

I waited for the nearest barbershop to open, because having it done professionally seemed to be a ritual that would lend

an air of legitimacy to my significant gesture. And when I reappeared startlingly shaved, the initial shock was soon replaced with admiration. It wasn't the bald head that made me into a new person; that had been done with gay liberation. The bald head was simply its crowning glory, an outward assertion of the self-respect that had blossomed internally. Nothing depends on my external image, so I can stop shaving—which is as much bother as washing my long hair was—whenever I please.

Recrossing the States, I found my appearance bold enough to excite comment by fellow travelers, who shyly asked first about something else like a ring on my forefinger or a cameo on my neck. It was an open invitation for people to inquire about who I am, and who I am—especially the gay coloration of my identity—is something I am proud of and pleased to discuss. And I didn't need to urge, "Out of the wig closet" to the dramatically beautiful woman I encountered on the street when I returned, whose shaved head was accented by huge earrings. We could just smile in open kinship. Even old friends related to me as someone new. Perhaps the ultimate statement of that was the question of an old friend's mother-in-law: "Is your name still Arnie?" It sure is, only more so!

On a recent David Suskind show, the emphasis was on how much we homosexuals are the same as everyone else. It sounds to me as pitiable as, "If you prick us, do we not bleed?" The fact is that we are defined by what makes us different, not similar. And when one benighted soul said he wouldn't be caught dead with an obvious homosexual in public, I took that as a personal insult. He, incidentally, was wearing a wig to disguise his identity none too successfully!

A member of the Human Rights Commission of Eugene, Oregon recently tried to amend that body's endorsement of a gay civil rights bill by prohibiting public displays of homosexuality. I'm sure he meant we shouldn't "do it" in the road. But he also meant no kissing or holding hands in front of him. His amendment failed, but taught me something. I don't think I need to make love to frighten such a mentality, because I believe that wherever I go, whether I am with someone or not, I alone am a public display of homosexuality and everything else positive about me.

My image is the creation of the gay liberation movement, by no means its final product, but one step on our way to replacing society's definitions with each person's own. Liberation teaches us to be individuals, and like many transvestites I have met, I would rather belong to the rejects of a culture as tortured as ours and be free to construct one of my own than be accorded the praise of its maimed values. Maybe the media would learn to stop homogenizing everyone into the boy and girl next door, and maybe our friends in straight America might learn about the men and women who really live there if we demand respect for what makes us different rather than sympathy for what makes us similar to others.

But first, as a group we need to understand among ourselves that homosexuality comes in many kinds of containers, each beautiful in its own way, yet each representative of all by virtue of one difference from others that we share. I'm not hoping that everyone rushes for the razor; I'm just hoping that from business clothes to bugle beads, from shoulder length to short, if we as gay people can be proud of what makes us different, maybe the rest of the human race will get the message. Be as beautiful as you alone can be.

# Gay Raps With The Stonewall Nation's

## Madeline Davis

BY LEO SKIR

**GAY:** You became President of the Mattachine Society of the Niagara Frontier when the acting President resigned. As you know, some lesbian leaders like Del Martin have felt they could best serve the cause of their sisters outside a male-majority organization. Have you ever felt this?

**DAVIS:** Yes, I agree with Del Martin insofar as I believe it is vital for a lesbian activist to work within an all-women's group if she is going to work in a group at all, but I also believe it is possible, along with the former, to relate to a mixed group. I have been doing both for quite a while now, and although it has taken a lot of time and energy, both kinds of activity have been valuable for me, and, I hope, for gay people. It would not have been healthy for me to have worked solely with a mixed organization, although it might have been OK to have worked with just a women's group. As things turned out in Buffalo, Mattachine was the first-born, and I have always felt a loyalty towards it, a fondness for the men in the group and a great love and feeling of responsibility for the position of the women. There are more women than myself involved—about 30 right now—and more showing an interest all the time. Radicals formed here in 1970 and Lesbians Uniting in 1971. I was active in both organizations. Emotionally and politically the women's groups have had the greater effect. I learned so much about myself and about the role, the place and the power of women from the close associations of the group members. It was very different from Mattachine, which is a more structured organization. In any case, both types of groups have been very rewarding until recently.

**GAY:** What has happened recently?  
**DAVIS:** I felt the need for a complete change... I think it's very important for movement people to get out after a while and do work as unaffiliated individuals to gain perspective. You can get so involved in the group that the gay world out there begins to blur. It is so important to retain touch with the 95 per cent of gay people who are not in the movement and whose problems some of us may have lost touch with. We become secure in our categorized oppression... our carefully delineated organizational womb. Many of us come from or by way of the streets, and the streets are where it's all really happening—the horrors and even some of the joys.

**GAY:** In terms of "coming out"—you were married. Do you feel that the "other life" was false or that both lifestyles are valid for you?

**DAVIS:** My marriage seems so long ago. I can hardly remember how I felt about it then. No, I don't believe that "other life" was false. It all provided background and led to my present life. I'm sure I loved my husband in the terms in which I defined love at the time. I was protected, had "married lady" status, and I felt quite secure playing mommy, nursemaid, solid rock, housekeeper and emotional catch-all. My husband was not a particularly rotten person... he was just a man. I don't think I have to say much more than that. I suppose I only realized how terribly oppressive the situation was when I finally knew I was truly a lesbian and that sister/love relationships are so... I have no words... so total, healthy, free,



Recordings of Madeline Davis' "Stonewall Nation" are \$1, available from P.O. Box 975, Buffalo, N.Y. knowing... maybe all these things and a lot more.

**GAY:** In *The Gay Manifesto*, Carl Wittman wrote: "We'll be gay until everyone has forgotten that it's an issue. Then we'll begin to be complete."—meaning bisexual. Is this the development—historically—that you picture?

**DAVIS:** I can't visualize that in my lifetime, gayness will not be an issue. Even if it ceased to be controversial, I don't believe bisexuality is the assumption of full sexual identity. If sexual identity assumes the psychosexual as well as the purely physical—and I believe it must—then I see the possibility, to simply to the obvious ease of communication between members of the same sex, of achieving a natural state which might be homosexuality. The Wittman statement assumes that homo-

sexuality is a reaction to oppression. I don't believe that's true. I am very suspicious of people who claim bisexuality. Almost anyone can have sex with anything... it's preference that makes you what you are—and that preference is a lot more than genital. For me, lesbianism was a logical progression from an alien environment physically, emotionally and politically. Even in some glorious future if this political choice became unnecessary, you cannot do away with the other two. Relieving the prevailing oppression would do very little to change the preference of my nerve endings!

**GAY:** What about the McGovern campaign? Do you feel he betrayed the gays? Do you feel he suffered from gay backing?

**DAVIS:** With the perspective of eight

months, I'm no longer sure of how much George McGovern had to do with the "McGovern Campaign." I think he was a nice, weak guy who didn't have it too much together and who was manipulated by a group of super-sophisticated, over-confident nouveau politicians. The McGovern Machine betrayed gays. The Machine was cunning and vicious and it eventually caused McGovern to become the desperate and vicious person who disavowed us along with Eagleton and all the others who were his backers during the primary. He never became cunning enough, however, to pull it off. No, I don't feel he suffered from gay backing any more than he may have suffered from the backing of other so-called "radicals." He suffered, more than anything else, from his poor choice of staff.

**GAY:** How hard (or easy) was it to get the Lesbian course accepted at the State University?

**DAVIS:** We had no problems getting the course accepted at the State University. Women's Studies College was very excited about the course and it went extremely well.

**GAY:** What effect(s) did the course have?

**DAVIS:** Our registration was about 20 women and we often had as many as 40 who sat in. It was great. Six women "came out" and everyone really got into the readings and discussions. The course will be taught again second semester by another woman with whom I am working closely. Yes... a correspondence course would be fun. It certainly is a thought for the future.

**GAY:** Where do you see the movement (and more specifically your organization) moving? I.e., alliance with other groups? Giving aid to gays in stress situations: mental, moral, financial, legal? Consciousness-raising? Immediate political goals?

**DAVIS:** Mattachine of the Niagara Frontier has recently been allying itself with state and national coalitions for purposes of organized lobbying and discussing local problems. The future activities of the organization will also include expansion of its present program, including a Speakers' Bureau, publication of *The Fifth Freedom* magazine, active politicking locally and statewide, a very active counseling service and of course, social events including Gay Pride Week events in May or June. The future activities of the organization will probably not involve me too much, although I intend to remain active in counseling gay women and working on the Speakers' Bureau. My own plans include a lot of writing... particularly more music.

**GAY:** You have written some music recently... and recorded it?

**DAVIS:** Yes, I have a 45 rpm recording out of a song written in 1971, called "Stonewall Nation." It commemorated the 1969 Stonewall riots in New York City and the subsequent marches. The flip side is a poem, "From the Steps of the Capitol, 1971," written after the first New York State march on the capitol at Albany in March of '71. The recording is available in single copies at \$1.00 plus 25 cents postage. Organizations can get bulk rates. For records write to: "Stonewall Nation," P.O. Box 975, Ellicott Station, Buffalo, N.Y. 14205. Proceeds of the recording sales will go into a building fund to establish a Gay Community Center in Buffalo. I am in the process of writing a series of Gay Women's songs, and also a play.



Madeline Davis' televised proposal on gay rights was made to the Democratic National Convention

## SECOND GAY ENTERS CITY COUNCIL RACE

(continued from page 1)

so-called victimless crimes: "I will fight for the decriminalization of prostitution.

"I will fight for the decriminalization of marijuana.

"I will fight for the repeal of sodomy laws, loitering laws, solicitation laws, and cross-dressing laws.

"I have suffered the oppression toward gay people. So I can sympathize with and take as my own the causes of women's rights, black rights, and those of all other oppressed groups.

"As for the drug-crimes issue: I will offer viable programs for making the city safe for everyone. I will show how this can be done by incorporating law-infringers safely back into the community—not by alienating and isolating them in jails. I will show how to strike at the causes of crime and how to rehabilitate those who commit them. Symptomatic relief isn't enough.

"I will open offices uptown and downtown. I will be where the people can go with civic problems and complaints, where they can make their feelings and opinions known to their representative and be assured of a hearing—a responsive hearing. And they will talk to me, not someone I've placed there to protect me from them.

"Now for the City Council itself: "There are many abuses that need correction, abuses known only to the Coun-

cil-people themselves, abuses rarely discussed in the newspapers or another public forum.

"For instance, the General Welfare Committee has 15 members. Yet rarely more than three or four show up to hear testimony. And these public hearings are the one opportunity a citizen has to present his views to those who "represent" them.

"I will fight to reform these and many other Council procedures, in order to make it a more effective and responsive body.

"I will seek:

1. to open Council hearings to TV and radio as well as the print media;
2. to eliminate the practice of absentee voting by proxy;
3. to make the minutes of Council debates and committee hearings available to the public; and
4. perhaps most important of all, I'd seek to hold evening sessions and committee meetings, making access to the Council much easier for the public at large. Not just lobbyists.

"I feel a liberal approach to dealing with causes and not just symptoms, coupled with liberal reform of the Council's procedures, is what is needed. And that is what I am capable of providing.

"Unlike the majority of the Council now, I will work as a full-time Councilperson."

## WBAI-FM RE-INSTATES GAY S&Mer

(continued from page 1)

fort "to manipulate the audience's hostility," the protestors had allowed those of opposing viewpoints to mount the stage and engage in debate.

"But that just increased the chaos," Kennedy declared. "But it worked to our advantage because the station brass were scared to death that violence would break out and some of their expensive musical instruments on stage might be damaged or destroyed. As it turned out, there was no violence, just a lot of shouting and hollering."

After an hour-long occupation, the management agreed to the demonstrators' two demands: (1) that Station Manager Ed Goodman meet with them; and (2) that WBAI announce on the air and to the live audience that the group had ended their demonstration of their own accord because they had agreed to reassess their position and meet with them.

Station Manager Ed Goodman met by arrangement with Israel Fishman, Claude Wynne and Joseph Kennedy at GAA's Firehouse the following Tuesday evening, February 13th. It was agreed that no other members of the committee would attend.

The committee pointed out to Good-

man that they had received endorsements from several gay groups during the past few weeks including GAA-NY, the Gay Alliance of Queens County, Bronx United Gays, the Eulenspiegel Society and Gay People of Northern New Jersey, and would continue their disruptions until WBAI agreed to reassess the situation and reinstate Charles Pitts in the all-night Saturday time slot.

Goodman agreed to call a meeting of WBAI staff members and reassess Pitts' change in scheduling and give them an answer by 6 p.m. on Thursday, February 22nd, provided the committee would conduct no actions against the station in the interim.

As a result of that meeting, Charles Pitts was returned to his old time slot on Saturday evenings from midnight to 7 a.m. commencing March 3rd.

"They were obviously horrified and quite frightened by what we did," Joe Kennedy concluded. "They felt they could not continue being subjected to this kind of demonstration and disruption particularly since we had told them it would be escalated if they didn't give in. So they gave in and rearranged their schedule and that's that."

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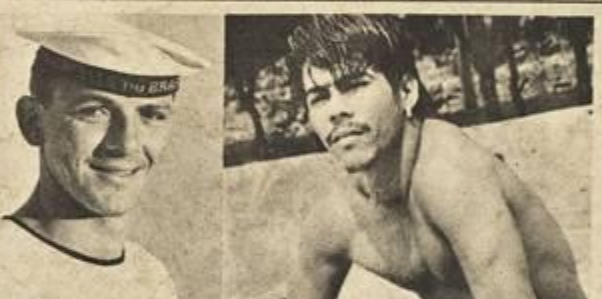
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# I'LL TAKE MANHATTAN

## 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.

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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.

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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 BATTCKOCK

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 tides 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 Dickenson 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 BATTCKOCK 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 Duhart 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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David Bowie

# Apocalypse at Radio City Music Hall

BY TALLY BROWN

An apocalyptic entrance is a hard act to follow. You'd have to have very good material. David Bowie does.

David Bowie did not play Radio City Music Hall just because it has a lot of seats. The Garden has more. But the Music Hall has the best equipment of any theatre in this country, and David Bowie used its resources. From its smashing art deco style to its sunburst proscenium to its infinite light load to its super grid from which he was flown (in a spaced-out air bubble, to the accompaniment of the choral movement of the Beethoven Ninth, glisteringly garbed in a combination Martini-Mandarin costume) down to stage level to join his Spiders From Mars.

Then they started making their music. First, a cooker from Ziggy Stardust—"Hang On To Yourself." Bowie is physically very still—no one can glide easily around the stage in stiff metallic pants that are a yard wide around each leg, but the stillness is more than that: the tension of his line is deliberate. It's very Japanese. I've seen moments like that in Samurai movies, immediately preceding the scene where the master cuts down 20 ronin in 20 seconds. Then, another brilliant cop from the Japanese: two helpers—darkly garbed like the "invisible" prop men of the Kabuki—run out and magically remove the descent-gown from his motionless, but electric, figure. It's a breakthrough. Reveal: a loose white pants outfit (slightly reminiscent of classic mime ensemble, but very chic) in which he does the other nine numbers of Set One.

The numbers include a group from Ziggy Stardust: "Ziggy Plays" is second, "Soul Love" is fourth, "Moonage Daydream" is sixth, followed by "5 Years," the opener on the album, in an abbreviated version. They are interspersed with songs that are less familiar to me: "Changes" and a preview of the forthcoming album. And he ends the act with an all-out, absolutely realized stage version of "Space Oddity." Two giant, spinning mirror-balls are rotating at opposite ends of the stage: one becomes Captain Tom's last spaceship; the other, the earthy control tower. The lights are cosmic. I've never seen strobe used so organically, and the whole fanned-out ball seems to be whirling in space. It's a gasp—haunting, moving and totally viscerally involving.

Then the Great Gold Drapes fall closed, and anybody who's done time with George Abbott knows this means a scene change even before David comes down into one, alone with his guitar and a stool.

He's very shy. This is one of the few times he speaks to the audience, and then tersely, to tell us he didn't write this song, it's Jacques Brel's "My Death." After the immolation of "Space Oddity," he's able to achieve total quiet from an audience that is more accustomed to a hard rock rhythm section, amplified large. It's a fantastic song, and he believes in it.

Then the intermission's over. Lights dim, stage lights up (up, up, up), swirling galactic mar—and David and The Spiders rise into it, space-clad, wide-stanced, arms akimbo, on the Radio City Symphony Orchestra's elevated stage, like four space-men stepping off their ship onto the space station. They join the other musicians and go right into a cooker called "Watch That Man." There is more from the forthcoming album: "Aladdinane" is startling and beautiful. It has a Carmen Cavallero rhapsodic piano interlude which

Then intermission. Most people sit bemused. There isn't too much Fillmore-type traffic. He's already given us a lot to work on. And besides, there are mysterious clusters of stage hands and we're wondering what magic is coming from where, next.

Intermission's a good time to talk about the performance itself. People who live with and love his records have told me, disturbingly, that they have been slightly disappointed attending the concerts of his first tour. They used words like "cold," not as exciting as they expected. I think I understand why, but I didn't have the same experience. The recorded performances are exquisite. Marvelous vocal control, the contrast between the sustained pianissimo and the English music-hall, Tanner-Steele-Newley type brilliant belting. A unique vocal identity. Most English groups imitate, ineffectually or brilliantly, as in the Stones and Cocker, American black diction. Bowie doesn't. He's English and he sings English. But the first thing to go if you are confronted with a huge house, a huge audience, and it makes you tense, is that controlled pianissimo. It becomes almost spoken, a trifle harsh and different, easier notes.

David Bowie is shy, and on the first night he was quite tense until "Moonage Daydream." On the second night he was much freer, happier, more comfortable, and on top of his vocal dynamics from the outset.

No man who writes as brilliantly as he does can have put in as much time as a performer as a person who only performs. The commercial rock scene is structured so that if you write 'em, you gotta sing 'em. You gotta be a group and get famous that way. Especially if you're English. There the only exception is Joe Cocker. He just sings 'em. But of all the groups who write and perform them, there is nobody in Bowie's class except Jagger-Richards. And they're a very different genre. The Stones are essentially blues-based; Bowie isn't. He's music-hall based and THEATRE based. The songs are beautifully structured, they have dramatic values, and poetic values and even philosophic values. His instrumentation is unique: personal, charming, supportive, exciting: gorgeous music. The electronic effects are perfectly controlled and an organic, not an arbitrary, part of the arrangements. If the lyrical moments, the vulnerable roaring sweetness on the recordings, is translated in live performance to a taut excitement, a dazzling visual line, it may not be the same—but it worked, for me.

The intermission's over. Lights dim, stage lights up (up, up, up), swirling galactic mar—and David and The Spiders rise into it, space-clad, wide-stanced, arms akimbo, on the Radio City Symphony Orchestra's elevated stage, like four space-men stepping off their ship onto the space station. They join the other musicians and go right into a cooker called "Watch That Man." There is more from the forthcoming album: "Aladdinane" is startling and beautiful. It has a Carmen Cavallero rhapsodic piano interlude which

goes from Latin to atonal as synthesizer-electronics weave into it. Latin drums, becoming fragmented. Another marvelous build. That is a Bowie characteristic: the songs do not amble along repetitively, reaching climaxes and then waiting for someone to get a good idea, ending in over-extended indulgences; they begin, go somewhere—maybe a few somewhere—peak and end. Really end because they are over.

(Another thing I appreciated, parenthetically, is that there was no warm-up act. At rock concerts they're usually something people wander around and talk through, and you either wish they wouldn't or wish they'd talk louder. Bowie & The Spiders from Mars did a full-length show.)

There are several more from the new album that perform excitingly on stage: "Panic In Detroit" and "Drive-In Saturday" (loved "Saturday").

Back from the new terrain to "The Width of A Circle"—an adventure with God. Stunning song, black and positive at the same time. Wild light strobe build-up, fantastic lead guitar by Mick Ronson (supportive, driving, brilliant throughout the concert) during whose solo David quietly disappears and comes back in another far-out-fit. (I haven't seen so many costume changes since I did *Mame* and I like Kansai Yamamoto's clothes better.)

Then what is for me on first impact the most overwhelming song of the next album—it's called "Time"; it's complex, theatrical, profound, compelling. He sings it brilliantly, moving across the stage with his mime-stride—in his 1910 knitted bathing costume with lateral stripes and bare, beautiful feet (funny: I sat in the lobby before the concert and watched hundreds of men go by in the costume he wore last year, I saw *flights* of platform boots—and he's barefoot!) passing to take sections directly to the audience.

Time is one of his poetic preoccupa-



David Bowie

tions: time and space. Can't get more comic than that, can you now. He also writes about relationships between men and men, men and women, men and God, sanity and insanity and always the inevitability of time. I realize I could do an analysis of the songs but that's another piece. I was only asked to cover the concerts, and that's about it. He ended the show with "Suffragette City," got off, and during the applause made YET ONE MORE COSTUME CHANGE. One more time. White this time, for "Rock N Roll Suicide." The best closer I've ever had. He closed with it. Good move.

The costumes, fantastic, are by Kansai Yamamoto. A combination of regal ritualistic, hip, spacey and chic. The make-ups, marvelous, are by Pierre La Roche. I cannot, for the life of me, think of all this as "drag rock." For one thing, the phrase is meaningless to me. (Most of those arbitrary nomenclatures are.) I have spent years of my life making up at the same dressing table with Holly and Candy and Mario and Jackie and countless other friends of the Vaccaro tribe and the Jack Smith "creatures." You do what makes you feel beautiful. All of us, if costume is part of our thing. Myself, I'm glad to see groups dress up these days. No matter how good the level of musicianship, it depresses me to have to stare, for an hour or so, at a group of tangled, hirsute, bodyless denims and workahirts. I respect their earnestness, but it wouldn't hurt the music to give me something exciting to look at. If that's tacky of me, so be it.

David Bowie's content and degree of writing talent assure that he must be considered as a serious artist. For some, he may remain a more satisfying performer as a recording artist—a more private and intimate matter. But he is also an exciting public event, and will become more so as he does more of it and grooves behind it. In all events, for me he's the first force majeure of the '70's.

Time is one of his poetic preoccupa-

# PENPOINTS

Dear GAY:

I would like to congratulate Randy Wicker on his article on poppers in the February 26th issue.

I have two comments:

1. Most of the consequences of a bad reaction are the same as those of a faint, that is the result of decreased blood flow to vital organs, particularly the brain. The most effective way to deal with this is to place the subject horizontal, on his back, and then to slowly raise both legs vertically. This returns blood to the heart and thus the rest of the circulation. This is the most important first aid measure.

2. The amount of oxygen in the blood can be decreased by poppers. For most people this presents no dangers from the short period of time that it is in effect. But for blacks with sickle cell disease there is the danger that a sickle cell crisis could be brought about. I know of no instances where this has occurred, but see no reason why it could not. The possibility is real.

Certainly the best background to the use of any pharmacological agents is

knowledge of what they can do (and this is not to advocate abuse). Articles like Mr. Wicker's which demythologize "medical" matters can only do good.

Sincerely,  
R.J. Lewis, M.D.  
New York City

REF: PRISONER RESPONDS TO RESULTS OF GAY AD

Dear GAY:

Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful; that's all I can say to you wonderful people. Yes, the ad has proven stupendous, marvelous...

I have received nice letters from all over the country and it really made a change in my life. Even though I'm behind bars, it's so much better knowing people of your own kind and relating to them.

There have been individuals from all walks of life. Both young and old, passive and aggressive, gentle and those a bit strong. But, I love every last one of them and if I have to stay up till 2:00 a.m.

Me: Oh, do I need a pass?

Operator: Well, if you want me to take you up there you do.

Well, Mr. Baur, it was not a simple "yes or no" answer, but it was crystal clear. I did indeed need a pass. Back at the desk:

Me: Would you kindly give me a pass?

Girl: You don't need a pass.

Me: Yes, I need a pass. The elevator operator says I need a museum pass. I'm not lying. He just told me.

Sour Lady Behind the Counter (shouting): You have a pass, Mr. Battcock. You don't need another pass.

Me (shouting): Yes I do. Now will you please give me one.

Sour Lady: YOU DO NOT NEED A PASS MR. BATTCKOCK. TAKE THE OTHER ELEVATOR!

What a brilliant idea!

It was at this point, Mr. Baur, that one of your staff, a remarkably young and not at all unattractive chap, volunteered: "The big elevator doesn't go to the fifth floor anyway." Now, if he is right, the operator should be so informed as he is under the distinct impression that his car does indeed go to the fifth floor. In fact, so are the people who designed the row of buttons, because there is one for fifth floor, which means there is a fairly good chance that the elevator goes up there. Of

## Estate

(continued from page 10)

Me: Hello? I'm Gregory Battcock, from Arts Magazine?

Girl at Other End: Who?

Me: Gregory Battcock.

Girl: Gregory who?

Me: Gregory Battcock. B as in boy, A, double T as in Thomas, C-O-C-K. From Arts Magazine?

Girl: Yeah. Well, we've had a lot of people here from Arts already.

Me: Look, I don't care how many people have been here. How can I review the show if they won't let me in with my envelope. I need my envelope to take notes.

Girl: Sir, we have nothing to do about that. That's a security regulation. They'll give you some paper at the desk.

Me: Yeah. Well, I need a catalog. Should I come up there?

Girl: Well, yes. They'll give you a pass.

Me: Five please.

Operator: You got a pass?

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every night in answering them and trying to develop a friendship... I will!

To be truthful, I never felt there were that many wonderful, nice people out there. I want to take this opportunity to express my sincere thanks for you giving of yourself in helping me through the night.

Very much warmth in my heart,  
Johnny Reed  
131349  
P.O. Box 511  
Columbus, Ohio 43216

[GAY's readers are invited to correspond with Johnny Reed who is in an Ohio prison.—Ed.]

Dear GAY:

Re: John LeRoy's "Games People Play at the Baths":

I would rather doubt that the baths were anything but what they are—an outlet for the egoism, repression and oppression of one's sexual hangups.

As you yourself said, "If you're really a healthy, together person, you won't

course, you can't always be sure. In our building on West 99th Street they have an elevator button marked "ROOF" but in fact it doesn't go to the roof. The last stop is 8. Before the building slid into disrepair and ruin the elevator brought tenants right up to the roof where they had something of a "garden." Well, not a garden exactly, but a wooden platform where you could put your beach chair.

Just to make conversation, I thought of asking the clerk if, by any chance, the elevator went to Bloomingdale's. But that would have been silly, since elevators are vertical instruments and don't go sideways. However, in order to avoid confusion of this kind the next time a critic comes by the Museum, may I suggest you acquaint your staff as to the accurate destinations of the elevators? Surely a museum official with a little spare time can verify the stops and prepare a memorandum on the subject?

By this time I had developed a splitting headache; after the arguing with your clerks, getting kicked out of the elevator, and abused by the publicity lady, it was little wonder. The only thing to do, I thought, was dash around the corner to "Les Piérides" for a half-bottle of the Rothschild Champagne. On the stairs I ran into Lawrence Alloway! Alloway is such a distinguished critic that I get all jittery when I see him. It was not without

Sincerely yours,  
Gregory Battcock  
Contributing Editor,  
Arts Magazine  
New York Correspondent  
Art and Artists

need to play games." Aren't the baths merely a manifestation of real life? For if all people were healthy, together persons, there would be no need for gay baths, straight or gay bars, trucks, role playing, exploitation, etc. All people can't relate to each other as complete, open honest human beings, including sexually! and express physically the enjoyment of each other. I live in hope it may "come together."

Peace,  
Jim Smith

Dear Jim,

I quite agree with you in principle. But until it all "comes together," I'm afraid we'll be needing our bars, bath houses, etc., for we have to have some place to get to meet and know each other.

The whole purpose of my article was to get people to stop playing games, because that is the first step in making it all come together.

Thanks a lot for writing in.

With affection,  
John P. LeRoy

some trepidation that I said, "Good afternoon, sir." Our conversation went something like this:

Lawrence: Are you reviewing the show?

Me: No, I have nothing to write on. They took away my envelope. I had to check it.

Lawrence: Why didn't you check your coat (also)? I'm reviewing this for The Nation.

Me: Oh... it's a curious exhibition, I suppose what you'd call "The New Democracy" in the art world.

Lawrence: No... I think it's what you'd call "The Old Curators."

Me: Yes. Did I tell you I had dinner with your colleague Malcolm Marley? He's very charming, isn't he?

Lawrence: Yes he is. A very complex artist.

Me: Yes. Have you found the painting of Frank O'Hara? I'm trying to find it on my way out.

Lawrence: No. I've been everywhere and I haven't seen it.

I bid Alloway goodbye, retrieved my empty manila envelope from the check-room, and made a bee-line for Les Piérides. They weren't exactly open; at least there weren't any people there, but I sat at the coxy bar and enjoyed my Champagne. I deserve this, I thought.

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Half Way to No Man's Land or,

# On the Day of His Castration

BY RANDY WICKER

It was a bright balmy Sunday afternoon as I pulled up in front of the dilapidated three-story wooden rooming house on Dean Street in Brooklyn. Ernest "Liz Eden" Aron had asked me to drive him to Yonkers Professional Hospital that afternoon so he could be castrated.

John Wojtowicz, known in gay lib circles as Littlejohn Basso, had attempted a bank hold-up last August to finance the operation. Using seven bank employees as hostages, he held hundreds of police at bay for 15 hours. Eventually, Littlejohn was captured and Sal Naturile, his accomplice, killed as they prepared to board a getaway jet that had been readied for them and the hostages at JFK airport.

Because of Littlejohn's theatrics—declaring himself to be gay, explaining to the press in telephone interviews that the robbery was to finance a sex-change operation for Ernest Aron, his male "wife," kissing another boyfriend in the bank's doorway before TV cameras and jeering crowds, throwing a thousand dollars out the door in payment for an ordered pizza—the stunt had captured the headlines of most papers in the nation for two or three days running.

Life magazine did an eight-page feature story September 22nd. Marty Elphand, a fledgling Hollywood producer, decided to turn the episode into a movie. For his consent and releases from Carmen, his female wife, Ernie, his male wife, his father, his mother and his little brother, Littlejohn received \$7,500 and a promise of 2% of the film's net profits.

Mark Landsman, Littlejohn's court-appointed attorney who became involved in the final paper work during the negotiations, demanded \$5,000 be set aside in a legal defense fund. In turn, Littlejohn directed his lawyer to give all the remaining \$2,500 to Ernest Aron, who prefers to be called Liz Eden and plans to legally adopt that name in the near future, for the sex-change operation.

Liz had been taking hormones and counseling preparatory for sex-change surgery for several months. Today, Liz had scheduled castration, the first of the two operations necessary for the change, with Dr. Benito Rish, a plastic surgeon whose sideline is sex-change surgery.

The castration itself cost \$500, already paid for by certified check in advance. An additional \$75 had gone to the psychiatrist who had examined Liz, pronounced him ready for surgery and signed legal papers protecting Dr. Rish from legal problems if suicide or other problems resulted later. The final operation will require hospitalization, full anesthesia and will cost an additional \$1,650.

The castration would be a simple 20-minute procedure done in Rish's hospital offices. Liz's sac would be slit and his testicles removed after the connecting tubes were tied and snipped. Dr. Rish suggested someone accompany Liz and drive her home afterwards. A subway and bus ride immediately after castration might be psychologically taxing as well as a bit rough and bumpy.

Liz, a slender 136-pound 5'10" 26-year-old with long curly brown hair, was waiting in her small, brightly decorated room. She had asked both Lee, and old friend and ex-roommate, and David



"Did you sign your name 'Ernest Aron'? You should have signed it 'Liz Eden' too!"

Combs, a young recent newcomer and ex-roommate from Dean Street, to accompany her.

"See what some friends at 250 W. 10th Street who knew John and I game me," Liz smiled, pointing to two large tan walnuts concealed by a green plastic cord which she had pinned on her mantle.

"It's your turn next week," Liz chided her next door neighbor, a masculine fellow in bush jacket and jeans, as we started down the stairs.

"No thanks," he grimaced. "I'm keeping mine."

Downstairs we passed in the communal dining room. Several other lodgers and a couple of neighbors, all gay, had been debating Liz's castration all day.

"Well," one butch young man sighed somewhat snidely as we socialized briefly downstairs before departing, "go have them cut off, baby. I never thought of you as really having any balls anyway."

"Well, sweetheart," Liz shot back, "Even with no balls, I'll still have a cock a lot bigger than yours."

"After the operation," Liz joked as we left, "I think I'll get dressed up in Levis and leather and go to the Eagle's Nest. Can't you see the shocked expression on some guy's face when he gropes me and finds himself with a handful of pussy?"

Virtually everyone had urged her to forego the operation during the preceding week. That morning, when they pressed their point one last time, Liz had finally thrown a temper tantrum and stormed

away from the breakfast table.

"You know this is a gay household," Frank the landlord had declared. Frank, who likes to be called "Franny" by his transvestite tenants and gets a kick out of camping it up himself, had known another sex-change gay who committed suicide after the operation and was convinced Liz was likely to follow suit. "After the operation, you'll have to move out," he warned. "We don't allow any women here."

On the way to Yonkers, up the West Side Highway, Lee and Liz pointed out buildings which came into view and reminisced about looking for apartments together in years past. They talked about those they had known who changed sex and what beautiful women some of them had become.

"You've got to get it done right," Liz ventured. "This one transsexual had the operation and they didn't give her a big enough plug. You wear a plug for several weeks after the final operation. Anyway, her plug was too small and her vagina started growing shut. She bled when she urinated and everything. They had to redo it."

"I know this other girl who had the operation and this guy that went to bed with her told me he wasn't sure she was a real woman because he couldn't get all the way into her. Your new vagina is only as long as your penis. An extension can be put in to make it deeper but that costs \$500. As it is, sometimes they have to

drill a hole in your bone to make room for it.

"Dr. Rish says that while no accurate figures are available, about one in three transsexuals commits suicide after the operation," she confided. "But that doesn't worry me. I've been attempting suicide right and left without the operation, three times already, so what difference does it make?"

We arrived at Dr. Rish's second floor office in Yonkers Professional Hospital at 5 o'clock. The castration was scheduled for six. Terry, Rish's nurse, greeted us, said Dr. Rish would be in shortly and had Liz sign a form giving them permission to publish before and after pictures of her operation in medical journals.

"Truman Capote is coming to interview me this coming week about my experiences as a transsexual," Liz related. "They're doing a documentary."

"Oh, how wonderful!" Terry exclaimed. In the hour or so conversation which followed, she revealed that she was 64 but that face lifts, silicone injections and other treatments by her plastic surgeon employer of the past 26 years had "kept her young." She looked a youthful 40.

"Why did you sign your release 'Ernest Aron'?" she pressed. "You should sign it as 'Liz Eden' too. I feel funny calling you Ernie. I like to call people by their female names right from the beginning."

The professional suite was furnished Danish modern with wood paneled walls. The operating, consultation and waiting rooms were all decorated with large oil paintings of female nudes.

A large looseleaf binder on the waiting room's reading rack contained before and after pictures of some of Dr. Rish's former patients, most of whom had been strikingly changed in appearance following nose jobs. Toward the rear of the binder, however, was a series of before and after pictures of male transsexuals who had received breast inserts.

Littlejohn had told Liz he would try calling at six. The phone rang. It was a fellow inmate saying Littlejohn couldn't get to the phone. A few minutes later, Carmen, Littlejohn's legal wife and mother of his two small children, called to see how things were going, only to discover Dr. Rish had not yet arrived. Carmen said she'd call again at seven.

Since the attempted robbery, Liz and Carmen had become friendlier. Carmen had even had Liz out for Christmas dinner.

"Carmen is really a sweet and loving warm person," Liz ventured. "But I suspect she's upset over my sex-change operation. I think she's afraid that Littlejohn might want to divorce her and remarry me."

Littlejohn and Liz were married in an elaborate gay drag wedding in December, 1971 which cost nearly \$2,000. While John took it seriously, GAA refused use of their Firehouse, Father Clement, head of NYC's largest gay congregation, had refused to perform the ceremony because of the drag aspects and most gays considered it to be "a freak show." A second marriage would be binding since Liz would have become a legal woman.

Dr. Rish, a short stocky man in his fifties with salt 'n' pepper hair, finally arrived at 6:30. He wore a sports jacket, maroon pants, black patent leather shoes with brass buckles and a broad red tie.

"You'll only feel the first three needles," Liz recalls Dr. Rish and Terry saying as they commenced giving her multiple novocaine injections throughout her genital region with four-inch-long needles.

"They all hurt like hell," Liz insisted. "There must have been over 20 in all. Finally, near the end, I started feeling numb, like I was going to urinate and have a bowel movement at the same time. Then I felt myself ejaculate onto my stomach. They said they had hit my prostate."

The orgasm surprised Liz since her regular doses of female hormones have made even masturbation virtually impossible and had caused her testicles to shrink to less than half their original size.

"Doctor, maybe," Liz recalls hesitating as she saw even more and apparently larger needles plunging toward her crotch.

"It's too late now," Liz recalls the nurse responding, cutting her short. "We've already started."

Littlejohn had given Liz a small Virgin Mary medallion to hold during the operation, assuring her that if she clutched it hard enough, he would be there by her side.

"I squeezed it so hard it almost cut my hand," Liz reports. "I could feel Littlejohn there beside me, holding me. Really. I really believed it for a few moments. Then I realized it was the nurse who was holding me by the arm and telling me, 'Don't look down. Don't look down.'"

"Dr. Rish made the incision and reached up inside me for the left testicle. When he grabbed it, I could feel it. I jumped and cried out. He lost it for a minute. Then he got it again. He kept pulling and pulling, trying to get it out. It had pulled way up inside me. Blood was running down my leg."

"Relax. Relax," Liz recalls Rish urging. "When you tense up, your testicles draw up inside you and I can't get hold of it. You bleed and we can't work like that."

"Finally, they pulled the left testicle out," Liz continues. "It looked like a squashed cherry. I told him I could feel it. Then he shot it full of novocaine and it swelled up three times the size. He had to make the incision in the sac along the seam a little larger. As he pulled it down, I could feel sharp pains all the way up past my stomach into my chest, all the



Ernest into Liz

way to my shoulder. Finally, he tied off the tubes and cut it off.

"Then he started pushing on my abdomen to get the right one down. He pushed and pushed and it wouldn't come down."

"You do have a right testicle, don't you?" Liz recalls Rish asking.

"Of course, Doctor. You photographed it yourself a few months ago." Rish pushed even harder and the right testicle popped out. Liz thinks she blacked out at that point for a few moments and says Rish and Terry told her that she kept mumbling: "John, don't leave me. John, don't leave me."



"The biggest single psychological shock comes after the second operation when you look down for the first time."

"That's it," Rish concluded after detaching the second testicle. As he commenced sewing up the sac, Liz told him it was very sensitive.

"You're going to have a beautiful vagina," Liz recalls Rish as reassuring her. "A perfect pussy. With a sac as sensitive as yours, it's going to be very sensitive indeed. You're going to have a ball when you start balling guys after the operation."

The sac and nerve endings in the skin of the penis are used as lining for the vagina in the second operation. Of the 30 sex-change women she's talked with, Liz says about two-thirds say they can't achieve orgasm, about one-third say they can. Some enjoy sexual experiences. Others don't.

While waiting outside, David, a thin feminine boy of 20, and Lee, slightly older but also slightly feminine, swapped notes on their feelings about the operation.

"I could never do it," Lee ventured. "I even dread a visit to a dentist's office."

"I like the abstract idea of being a woman," David sighed. "But I've only gone in drag a few times in my life, just lately since meeting Liz. When I'm in a wig, I feel comfortable as a woman, but when I dance I feel my movements are awkward and masculine and I feel out of place. I'd never have the operation. I think this is all just sick, the sickest thing I've ever encountered. I didn't think Liz was going to go through with it because she told me yesterday, 'Forget tomorrow, I've decided not to go through with it.'"

"She was very depressed on Friday," Lee recalled. "I think Liz is having it more because John wants her to have it than because she wants to have it. I've known Liz for over six years. I've seen her go through very feminine stages when she wanted the operation and then go through periods where she got very butch and didn't want to think or talk about it any more. A lot of queens, real queens,

go through a sex-change phase and then get out of it. But now Liz has gotten to the point of no return."

"I agree," David added. "Liz likes to go out and pick up butch numbers but usually she claimed she was the one who screwed them. It doesn't make sense to have it cut off. She uses it too much. What's she going to do without it? I should know. I roomed with her for two months."

While the operation was concluding, the phone rang again. It was Carmen Wojtowicz, Littlejohn's wife, asking if everything had gone as planned. Littlejohn had asked her to call. He'd also asked Michael, his brother, to accompany Liz to the hospital. Michael, who in months past had had fist fights with Littlejohn over his involvement with "that faggot Ernie," declined.

"Your friends will turn against you," Liz says Dr. Rish and Terry volunteered as they put Kotex and gauze on her genital area. "It's one of the biggest problems you will face. The biggest single psychological shock comes after the second operation when you look down for the first time. But if you feel no regrets after this first castration, you'll be just fine."

Liz was trembling and shaking so badly that Dr. Rish and the nurse called Lee into the back room to help her redress. Blood was everywhere.

A young, dark-haired person, whose sex David, Lee and I could not immediately determine, had been pacing around the waiting room during the operation. With a little probing, we discovered that she was a female seeking consultation on being changed into a male.

"Why, our friend Liz is here getting them cut off," we volunteered good-naturedly, "and you're here waiting to get them put on. If we could get the two of you together and have you just swap equipment, you could cut out the doctor and save one helluva lot of money."

"Yeah," the young woman chuckled

as she stomped back and forth in jeans and boots. Then, holding out both hands as if catching a falling object, pantomimed: "Catch them as they fall! Catch them as they fall!"

Dr. Rish came out and escorted her to one of the rear consultation rooms. A moment later, Liz came limping down the hall. She was still visibly trembling. Tears were in her eyes. Collapsing onto a chair, she put her face down in her hands.

"Don't cry," Lee comforted. "Don't cry, Liz."

"It was horrible," Liz half sobbed. "And any queen who asks me if they should have a sex-change, I'd tell them 'no.' You feel every needle. Thank God they said the second operation wouldn't be as painful because you're unconscious while they do it."

She said Dr. Rish had inserted a tiny tube just a quarter-inch long into her sac for drainage and said it should be removed after 24 hours. He also gave her pills for pain and some anti-biotics.

During the ride back to Brooklyn, Liz moaned and gave us a detailed step-by-step description of the operation. She had requested her testicles be put in a vacuum jar and returned to her. Dr. Rish declined, saying they had to be tested in the lab and health laws forbade anyone receiving organs after they were used in a laboratory.

Littlejohn had asked Liz to retrieve them for her. She ventured that if she had succeeded in getting them, she was going to place them on her mantle next to Littlejohn's picture.

"Well, you wouldn't have me as a visitor any more if you did," David volunteered.

We arrived back at Dean Street around nine o'clock. Several young homosexuals, some of them Liz's drag queen friends, were standing on the small concrete porch. Liz got out of the car and commenced limping slowly up the stairs. They stood there together and applauded.

# 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.

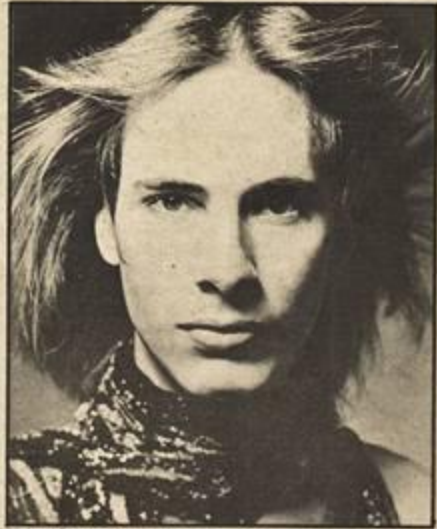
**FROM THE RIDICULOUS . . .** The ROADHOUSE did it again. Tom and his boys presented a "Sunday Afternoon At Schrafft's." (For any of you who don't know what Schrafft's is, I'll let you in on it. It is a chain of restaurants noted for its clientele of "sweet little old ladies.") Tom was stunning in an 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 Masiell 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



**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)

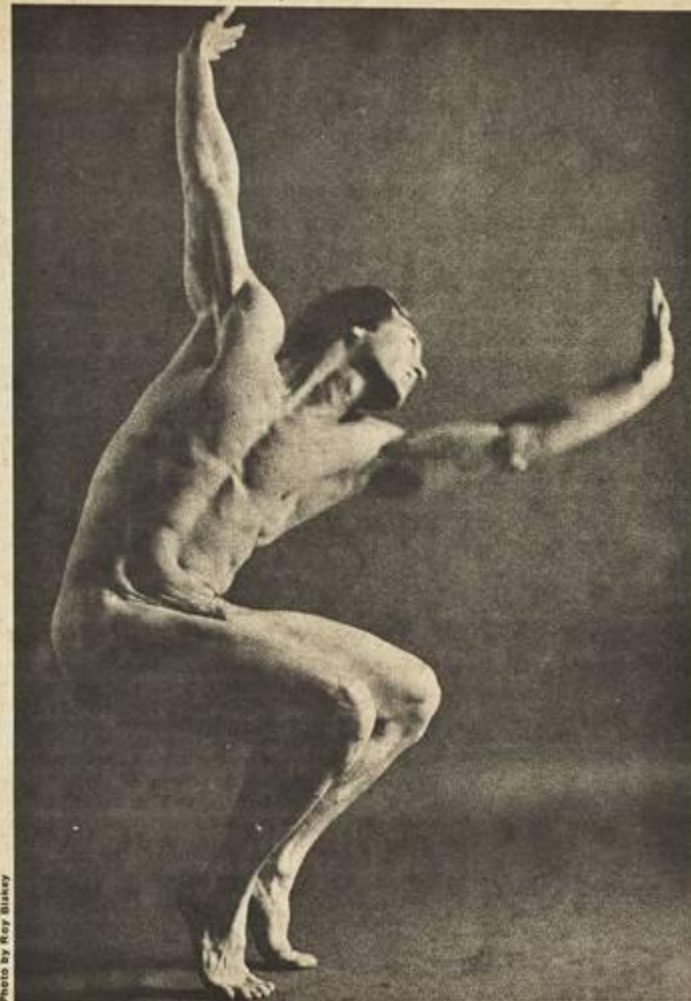


Photo by Roy Hickey

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No more searching. Our gay computer can find some new friends for you. Free questionnaire. Results guaranteed. Serving USA &amp; Canada. Data-Date, Dept. GNY, PO Box 162, Village Sta., NY, NY 10014.</p> <p>UNCIRCUMCISED? White male, 27, goodlooking, 5'11", 185 lbs., cut; looking for uncut male in the western NY area. Prefer hairy college student under 30. Write: PO Box 55, Pittsford, NY 14534. Give phone no. &amp; photo if possible.</p> <p><b>\$1.00 DICK NIGHT</b></p> <p><b>MONDAY &amp; TUESDAY</b></p> <p><b>MAN'S COUNTRY, LTD.</b>                  53 PIERREPONT, BROOKLYN</p> <p>JAPANESE &amp; CHINESE FRIENDS wanted by blond, blue-eyed, Anglo-German. Attractive, 30, sincere &amp; stable. Wide interests, well established, much to offer. Don't be shy, write &amp; send photo. Box 308, Gracie Sta., NYC 10028.</p> <p>YOUTHFUL, BODIED! Hunts unbigoted, unwhite roomer. \$15. Phone! Ulric, 202 W. 98, NYC.</p>	<p>HOT CHOCOLATE ON VANILLA. Me! My big, beautiful, brown body against Don's fine blond buns in the biggest bunk bed ever. Bare bodies the medium, love the message. 8 top quality 5x7 photos \$5. Please add 50c postage. Alexander, Box 1275, Manhattanville Sta., NYC, NY 10027.</p> <p>SPANKING ENTHUSIASTS—goodlooking, well-hung, butch guy, 24, wants to meet other guys 28 or less who dig spanking—giving &amp;/or receiving. Please send brief self-description; phone &amp; photo appreciated; to: George Panetta, Rm. 319, Hotel Latham, 4 E. 28 St., NY, NY.</p> <p><b>\$2.00 PEACE NIGHT</b></p> <p><b>WEDNESDAY</b></p> <p><b>MAN'S COUNTRY, LTD.</b>                  53 PIERREPONT, BROOKLYN</p> <p>I'M 43, WHITE, 6', 210, shy, inexperienced. Seek sincere, clean white guy to introduce me to gay friendship &amp; pleasures. North Jersey-NYC area. Please write letter about yourself &amp; include photo. No drugs. PO Box 203, Morris Plains, NJ 07950.</p> <p>PHOTOS OF GIANT COCKS. Sensational 8"x11" magazines with 50 photos of huge-cocked studs. Many color shots 9-inches or more. Sent first class unmarked envelope with free catalogs. \$5 ea. Box 153, NYC 10022.</p> <p>W/M, MID-40s, 150, 5'10", seeks passive Greek lover, Caucasian or Oriental. Non-smoker preferred. Jones, PO Box 1030, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105.</p> <p>EULENSPIEGEL MINIFORUM: verbal S/M &amp; humiliation. Sun, March 18, 6pm, H.A. Community Center, 300 9th Ave. (28th St.). Don. \$1. TES, Box 2783, NYC 10017.</p> <p><b>\$1.00 DICK NIGHT</b></p> <p><b>MONDAY &amp; TUESDAY</b></p> <p><b>MAN'S COUNTRY, LTD.</b>                  53 PIERREPONT, BROOKLYN</p> <p>AGAIN, WHERE ARE YOU young, horny, groovy, sincere guys hiding? Especially around Albany, Syracuse, Buffalo, upstate NY, Penn. &amp; New England. I'm young, hot, really hung, 28, 6', slim &amp; very attractive. I'm real &amp; really anxious to share some fun with you if you'll simply give me an opportunity. 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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 uncoiffed 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

# 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

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 gayness 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.

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"

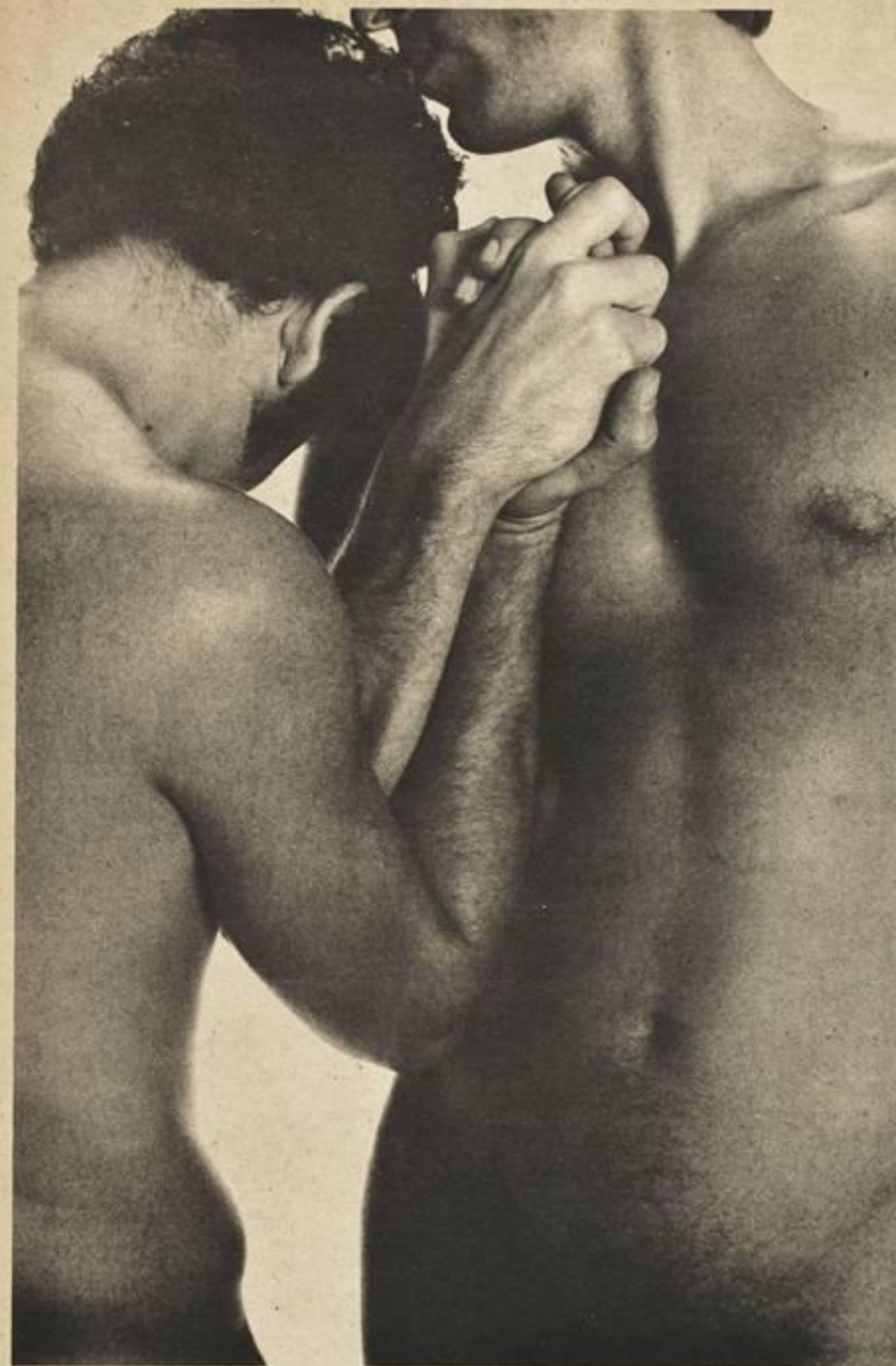
of the large mass. Regarding her alleged statements about "perverts," she said that she never uses the word, and if used, would not think of it as relating to homosexuals but to people who do things with "little children."

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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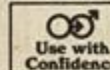
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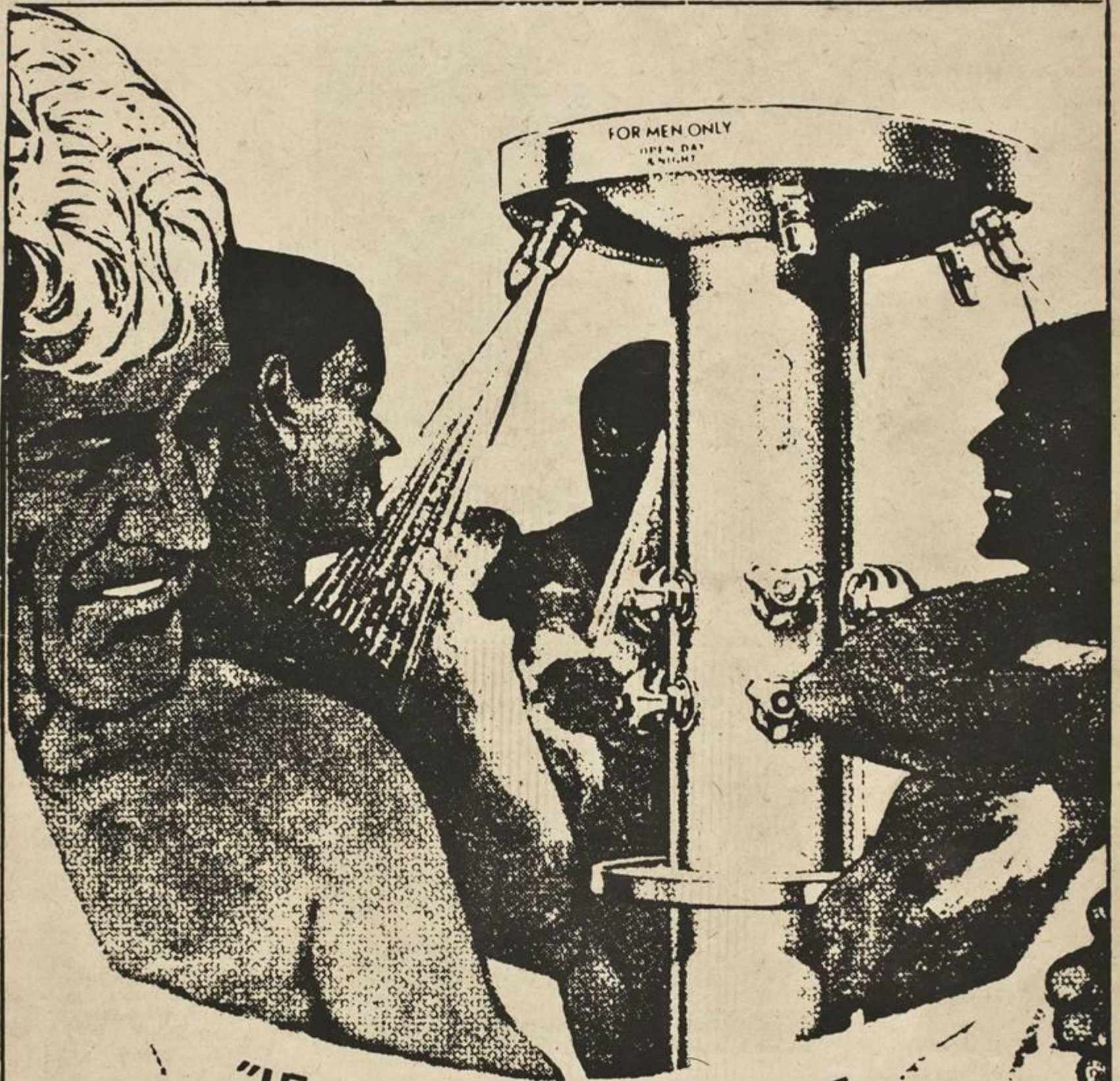
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