

Bumper edition

R.E.K.

# Lunch

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Alan Brien: prolier than thou? / Dutch  
homosexual counselling / Gay trial





# Lunch

LUNCH is an independent monthly magazine associated with  
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# Editorial

I was a little worried by Dr Martin Cole's interesting theories presented to a CHE group the other day. Controversial head of the Institute for Sex Education and Research in Birmingham, the topic he chose was 'Homosexuality: Taboo or not Taboo,' and he seemed to suggest that homosexuals should switch on to the hormonal causative theory in order to gain acceptance. (So I'm a biological freak, and not an emotional accident now!) He was as full of unscientifically-based generalisations as I was from a differing 'emotional female' angle, maintaining categorically that "the higher libido of lesbians is due to masculine androgens", ignoring the fact that the historical status of women hitherto has meant that their sexuality went largely unrecognised; quoting a theory—whether or not he subscribed to it was unclear—that tests had shown homosexuals were 'nearly always part of a large family' when the reverse would appear to be true, and even demonstrably so judging by the forty people there in that room. He completely ignored married homosexuals and bisexuals, and although his wife, Dr Barbara Chilton, admits publicly to being one, she kept it to herself. A likeable and generous male chauvinist, I thought, predictably dismissing me as a typical example of the dominant homosexual female, when I could no longer contain my fury! What about Women's Lib?

Which all just proves how very little is known about homosexuality, even among the 'experts', and that actual tests carried out have been on a pathetically small sample, for the most part on people who are unhappy about their orientation anyway and seeking medical and psychiatric help. As for female homosexuals, abysmal ignorance . . . Can't we do anything to inform the public?

THIS ISSUE: In our bumper Christmas issue a homosexual of the 'Pre-Wolfenden' generation in describing himself (Reminiscences of a Pure Fool) speaks of the interest, awe and envy he feels for a later, more emancipated, period which—as it seems to him—doesn't share his particular age-group's social, intellectual and sexual hangups. It could be interesting to hear the reciprocal views of others on the life-style he describes. We also feature a paper about the moral (and, though not explicitly stated, political) neutrality of CHE, on which comments again, *please*, are freely invited. Alan Brien's interview is also included this month, the promised sequel to Jill Tweedie's in October.

LUNCH is for anybody who cares to read it, nationally and internationally and now reaches a wide public, from Buenos Aires (see letter!) to university libraries all over the world and back to PUNCH readers (see NEWSDESK). WE can't help being London-based, but YOU can help to remedy this inadvertent insularity by keeping us informed of any interesting activity in your area, from knitting bees to intellectual think-ins. Perhaps we need only stress that if you want your views to appear in LUNCH you must actually send them in to us, as we are not diviners.

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE: We wish you all a happy Christmas! It gives us great encouragement that nearly all of you are renewing your subscriptions. Our Christmas present to you is this new typeface, which we hope will make reading LUNCH easier.

### NO SENSITIVE PLANTS . . . . .

LUNCH requires help of 5 kinds (at least)

1. Someone to **distribute**: one or two days at the end of the month, which means going around bookshops.
2. **Reviewing** help. Anyone interested in doing reviews of books/plays/films/opera/events/records etc.
3. **Articles**.
4. Good **drawings**, funny **cartoons**, **photographs**.
5. Relevant **cuttings**, odds and ends, ideas.

PLEASE — if you're both seriously interested, reliable, thickskinned *and* competent —  
contact the Editor, LUNCH, etc.

—Punch—  
Busy spoofing  
Cos mopopolitan,  
gave us a good  
plug!

### PUT THAT FAG OUT . . .

Did you spot that interview with David Hockney in *Lunch*, the gay magazine? They weren't interested in his painting so much as his life as a homosexual. Well, we understand, darling—we're pretty attracted to men ourselves. But if you *are* going to flaunt your proclivities in the public eye, why not come and do it in *Cosmopolitan*? After all, that's where the undressed men are these days. PUNCH, October 25



# Interview with Alan Brien



Photograph: United Newspapers Ltd.

Following on with our promised sequel to the Jill Tweedie interview on Sex, we asked Alan Brien, equally respected journalist, on The Sunday Times and Punch for his views on Sex and Homosexuals.

Q: How did you first come across homosexuality?

Alan: Scoutmasters and 'bumming' other boys and dirty jokes you couldn't quite understand or get the point of. But then all adult sexuality is so peculiar that you can't really believe in it when you're a child. Homosexuality was on a par with the endless jokes about oral sex, which it wasn't until 10 years later that I realised people *actually* practised, people you might meet. Before then I thought it probably only happened in some special brothel in Port Said.

Q: Did anyone ever make passes at you as a child?

Alan: No, but I remember once when I was about 11, a crowd of us going down to the local railway station and the man behind the desk came out, wearing those awful heavy serge trousers with huge buttons, unbuttoned, and the end of his penis was sticking out.

Of course we all noticed this but pretended not to, than afterwards we rolled about, roaring with laughter. It just seemed to us quite likely that he was some very stupid forgetful fellow. Later we saw him riding a bicycle and all rushed to take another look at him to see if it was still sticking out, while he was on the bicycle; we thought he might have forgotten and gone all the way home and pictured the reactions of people he met on the way and what his wife would say.

It was a long time afterwards that I realised he was 'flashing'. I don't know what pleasure it gave him, but I made a mental note if ever I became a flasher, one thing I must do is make certain other people are in no doubt as to what I'm doing.

I was always obsessed by girls and have always said to those who went to public schools, with more or less obligatory homosexual experiences, "It doesn't happen in the working classes, where I come from."

One very important thing about all sex, which gay people too should understand, is that sex is mainly in the head, mainly an idea of what you think and expect—of course the physical side is marvellous too—but the difference between one screw and another is not just the physical experience.

What we used to do, being very randy as boys are at 13 or 14, with semen pushing up and rising like sap, was masturbate each other. I remember sitting in the chemistry lab, all lined up on stools, beside benches watching the master going on about some mysterious thing, like Atomic Weights, which nobody was interested in, and we'd just put our hand behind our backs and get the other one's prick out—never actually coming because that would have been too embarrassing—but just play with it which was very pleasant. You didn't care who the boy was, it might be somebody you liked or somebody you didn't. There was no idealisation, which is part of love, or 'imprinting'. You would much rather it had been any girl.

Q: But there must have been some homosexuals there and truly homo-emotional relationships?

Alan: Well I never saw them, if so. You see, in an adolescent working class world calf love is a great joke and people are rather contemptuous of anybody who feels like that about girls, so certainly anybody who felt like that about boys wouldn't mention it, because the only thing was to go for straightforward physical crude feelings of actually touching flesh. Boys who went round saying they kissed girls or wrote love letters to them were jeered at. So you didn't do it with boys either. Homosexual experiences didn't go further than mutual masturbating with another boy.

Q: So you honestly believe there's something in the working classes being different?

Alan: Well, I've always said that, but all my gay friends say "absolutely not, the working class is full of gay people. Some of my best friends are working class!"

I remember talking to Malcolm Muggeridge, who agreed with me, that it wasn't until university I realised that there were homosexual males of the same age, who regarded each other in the same way, as I was then beginning—having got over the straight sexual thing—to regard girls, to fall in love and write poems. It was a complete revelation to find that men did this to other men, and my assumption was that it all came from public school, from Plato 'the best love is man's for man' only of course it shouldn't be physical or so they told you. In 1943, I went into the Air Force and I didn't see any homosexual life there. I was an air crew and real male chauvinist, flying in a bomber at night and only wanting to drink and go to bed with a girl when off duty, so there was very little time for anything else. Then I came back to Oxford and was one of the generation there for a few years after the war wearing old battledress, growing moustaches and feeling they'd really seen death. We were surrounded by these young schoolboys, quite a lot of whom were homosexuals, but they were mostly of the lively, very bright, shrieking kind. There wasn't very much doubt that, say, Sandy Wilson was a homosexual, with his interest in clothes and rather camp productions of "No, No Nanette", and then writing "The Boy Friend". I thought all homosexuals were like that, until I was told that there were in fact very serious straightfaced men in blue suits with short hair, who were homosexuals just like anybody would be a heterosexual, and they found a friend and lived together and it was exactly like a marriage and might last for as long or as short a time as anything else did.

But now *that* seems to be a changing image. GLF are not on the whole like that, but more demonstrative, not mainly shrieking young queens and yet not absolutely the blue-suited clerks that you couldn't tell were homosexuals. And homosexual men *do* have a pursuit of youth from what I've been told. It's getting to be more terrible to be a middle-aged homosexual. Sometime I must go and investigate these various gay bars, where everybody's looking for peachy complexions, nice tight buttocks and beautiful hair!

Q: But most people aren't stereotypes, whether they're homosexual or heterosexual, are they?

Alan: You say this, but what are you to do if you're not part of a world and you meet somebody who's Chinese or black and they tell you, "This is what we feel and our friends feel". You can't say "Oh well that's a stereotype, there must be others!" To some extent you have to accept their version of themselves. We had a discussion with a very nice, intelligent homosexual boy whom we trust to give his views honestly,

without propaganda, and he painted a terrifying picture of this tremendous homosexual cult of youth.

Q: I don't agree with it at all as being universally true—and certainly not among women.

Alan: Well I was going on about Proust who was grateful that being a stout middle-aged man he *could* still attract beautiful young men, not that it would be a lasting relationship, but that they would still be interested in him. Doug Pollard said, "It isn't like that anymore. Young men who do that now are really only after free meals, prestige, or being invited to places where they will meet famous people. Left to themselves what they really want is youth, and the middle-aged man is a figure of fun, a sugar daddy, what a chorus girl must think of an ageing businessman..."

One of the evils of the world you can't change is death, another is getting old. You're not going to look at 45 how you did at 25, so my advice is there's no point in going on about it. The world is full of things you *can* change, like poverty and injustice. Let's reserve our emotions for that. A great deal of energy can be wasted thinking "I must remain young-looking in order to attract the young". The same isn't true among heterosexuals, although it is partially true for heterosexual women.

When people are at the bottom of a heap and feel persecuted, they tend to exaggerate their characteristics. The Jews tell Jewish jokes of the kind they think embodies the outsider's view of them. They know that in a way they are like that, that they do care about advantages and business opportunities, because they've had to struggle to survive for so long. They've not been able to say, "Oh well, the money will go on and continue into another generation". They've had to tell their children "Look after yourselves. Get something. Make sure you're all right, because the king or ruler—whoever it is—who is quite nice to Jews at the moment may suddenly turn against you". So homosexuals also persecuted have exaggerated the humour, and also get taken up, become a chic cult, in the same way as Jews and blacks. They enter various professions like the theatre, which they virtually control. Then along comes a Hitler and something terrible happens all over again.

My advice to homosexuals? Stop proselytising! There are two aspects to sex relations: body and mind, masculine and feminine. I feel entirely different about female homosexuality, which I absolutely understand, as I like women, and like women's bodies, so think it's quite natural women should be interested in women's bodies. In fact I have a great fellow feeling with lesbians! We're all together! It's men's bodies I can find no interest in or see why anybody else should be interested in. I'm only interested in my own body, so far as I get pleasure with it from women's bodies. I'd be very happy to sit around and look at women's bodies. I wouldn't mind being the only man in a nudist colony...



Q: Because of the pasha/harem idea?

Alan: No, not because of sex. I think the *worst* thing in your life sexually would be the typical male chauvinist idea of having twenty women around all wanting you. No, I just like women. To watch them kissing or stroking each other, or whatever they do, wouldn't at all upset me. The shapes of women's bodies are so much more varied and interesting, all attractively laid out. Women are like great landscapes; there's a tremendous amount to see there, whereas men are the first prototype, from which women have progressed and had odd nice things added to them. I'm not particularly interested in pricks.

Q: Aren't men's muscles more anatomically interesting?

Alan: Well, women can have muscles too, you know. Those Olympic Games girls are ten times prettier than they used to be. It really was a very exciting thing to see those women running along doing the hurdles—very graceful, but strong and capable—aesthetically satisfying.

I don't deny that two women together may have a much more satisfying successful erotic sexual relationship. Being a woman you've much more idea of your own bodies than most men—naturally being a vain person, I don't think you've much more of an idea than I have—but you cannot put an argument for lesbianism on that basis, to say "After all if we're only thinking of physical satisfaction, two women will be better than a man and a woman," because of the fact that it is also in the head. I believe there are some women who don't want what you can get from a man, but that there are others who do, who are perfectly liberated.

Q: Did you ever epitomise the male chauvinist pig?

Alan: No. I was brought up with a very tender loving mother and very happy relationship between my father—who was practically a communist, a trade union militant—they had a very happy life. I never remember any quarrels or differences at all except the rather endearing things people have short rows over, never any basic disagreement. I've always felt very strongly towards women. I could never understand why they had such a raw deal. It seemed to me they had a rotten life. I've never liked dirty jokes which depended on dominance and humiliation. I think the only sense in which I was a male chauvinist pig is that I didn't actually transfer that sense of injustice into my daily life. It's like being a millionaire socialist; if other people are willing to clean your shoes and open doors, the most democratic millionaire doesn't insist on shaking hands with the bootboy and saying: "Call me Jack!"

I've always been a washer-up and joint decision maker—of the "white liberal" kind—and always had joint bank accounts. But it's not till recently I've really ever considered absolute freedoms and equalities, by

living with someone I'm not married to, who hasn't less money, and is, if anything, more successful, while neither of us dominate the other. But then I don't feel fearfully male. I feel genitally male, which is all it is. The varieties of what are thought to be typically male characteristics vary enormously. I don't mind not being able to drive. I enjoy cooking.

Q: Would you like to be an emasculated, domesticated male supported by a woman? Could you give up your career?

Alan: No, I couldn't do that. If it's not good enough for women, why is it good enough for me? If I'm going to fight for that for women, I'm going to fight for that for me. If I despise men who are gigolos, I'm going to despise men who live off women. It's no job for anybody to be the person at home. I *could* do it and be a very good wife, and write in my spare time, and perhaps that might be the way, but I'm not going to be the one to start it! And I won't go into what I'd prefer my children to be, hetero or homo, because that seems an irrelevance.

Q: Surely not? One's own deepest attitudes emerge over one's children.

Alan: Well, really I'd prefer them to be heterosexual. Life would be simpler for them. I would know that wasn't another problem I had to worry about and I'd be able to associate myself with them. But if I found out that they were homosexual it wouldn't disturb me at all. I would think, "Well they're going to have more problems, just as if they suddenly decided they wanted to be communist organisers or join the Catholic church, or marry somebody black."

Q: You wouldn't blame yourself or your wife?

Alan: A part of me would, but it's not absolutely certain how far what parents do affects children. After all, say you suddenly discovered your child's main pleasure in life was giving pain to other creatures, *that* would be an appalling thing, by comparison to which any weird sexual preferences were tiny. There's a certain inbuilt fear because of what we've been told about the genesis of homosexuality—that with males, at any rate—it is inadequate parents—and you do see it happen with almost embarrassing regularity where the father has either left home, is a drunk, or in some way inferior and incapable, and the mother is a dominant person, so naturally in such a case I'd wonder "Is that an accurate description of *me*? At last here's the proof of what I always feared, that I'm inadequate."

Also it would be sad not to be able to help reassure him with his emotional problems, if he were homosexual. I've had my own growing up so I know the adolescent feelings about girls, but not to have lived emotionally through something, and not be able to help him would be a horrible feeling, because if you haven't lived through them yourself, you're not imaginatively able to know exactly what the problems

would be. On the other hand, I know masses more homosexuals now, so I think I agree with what Jill said.

About homosexual men, I think they have limited themselves sexually. I'd rather they were bisexual, and then chose, had open options, and then decided rather than never to have tried. A homosexual who has had heterosexual relations must have far more life experience than someone who has confined himself or herself to homosexual experiences. I know what it's like to go to bed with a woman. I also know what it's like to go to bed with a woman *as a man*, but if I'd only gone to bed with men I'd have no idea of anybody else's sexual feelings except men's.

Q: Have you never been to bed with a man?

Alan: No, but it's not just the physical thing, because physically there's nothing a woman can do to a woman that a man can't. Agreed? But the same isn't true for men. There are things a man could do to me that no woman could.

Q: But not all men bugger each other.

Alan: I can't imagine there's any very great difference in bugging a man, than a woman. There is a different erotic pleasure depending on what excites you as a man or as a woman. Nobody wins, because everybody has some advantage.

Q: Changing the subject slightly, have more women made passes at you, than you at them?

Alan: I'm peculiar in that sort of way. I'm not a very forward fellow because I can't bear people saying "No". Judging from most of my male friends, they'll try their luck and see what happens and if not, it doesn't matter. But I still have an old-fashioned idea that I will ruin a whole relationship, and that it's very crass of me to assume that because I'm alone with a woman and get on very well with her, that then she must also be physically interested. I keep thinking "What sort of a world is it if a woman who wants to talk to you can't invite you up for a drink without your throwing yourself at her?" I'm obviously not very good at guessing vibrations myself, but I think, much as I love sex, how appalling it would be the opposite way round, that you could never be alone with a woman but she'd start clawing at your flies and you'd have to say "No!" It's all right saying "It doesn't really matter!" but after that happened it'd be awfully difficult to go on with your conversation! You'd think, "Oh Christ, she's going to feel rejected, that I don't think she's attractive," when I *may* think she's attractive, but am interested in someone else; there could be dozens of reasons why I didn't want her.

I suppose you could say perhaps women made passes at me, because it's only when they made it clear everything would be amenable that I would go ahead, which I rather regret in a way. What's a few fucks more or less? On the whole one regrets the things one doesn't

do. I'd rather have missed those than spoilt other relationships. I feel a certain resentment that it's always the man who has to put himself out and behave like the insatiable animal figure, who has to be turned down, according to the old pattern.

Once you get a kind of equality, if the woman puts her arm round you and kisses you, that's all right, but when it's assumed that a woman never makes a pass, the same action would be almost like knocking you down and tying up up; it's a very exaggerated thing for her to do. One of the reasons I'm so in favour of Women's Liberation is I'm always embracing women warmly, but it doesn't mean I'm going to ring them up the next day and say "Why don't we see each other again?" And you've got to be very careful if you embrace a man. If they're very aggressively, butchily male, they push you off, and if they're very gay they start gripping your hand and running their fingers up your shirt! It's really only the middle section who are like me that I can safely do it with.

About ten years ago, after some musical, an old-fashioned camp-y queer friend I was very fond of said: "Come along to this party and all these chorus boys will be there." I got there late, and they were all a bit drunk, and he came up and kissed me on the lips and I thought, "Oh well that's all right. It doesn't give me any particular pleasure, but it's a warm kiss, like a child's, and why shouldn't it be on the lips? I don't expect our tongues to explore each other's mouths..." But then it was late, and they were all very drunk; there was this other old man behind who also kissed me on the lips! I turned round and there was a great queue of about ten of them—the light must have been very bad! "It can't be me, I don't look like that. I'm blotchy-faced and burly, not at all a willowy fellow." And I looked at them and thought: "Now how far is my liberation and progressiveness going? Am I going to be kissed by these ten bloody men in a row? The only thing to do is to behave naturally." So the third one I handed a bottle to and said "No!" He said, "Tsch! what's the matter with you dear?" "I just don't want to kiss ten people!"

Q: Supposing some friend of yours—a man—fell in love with you now, would you be able to turn him off kindly, or would you feel very awkward afterwards?

Alan: Oh no. I'd be much more embarrassed if a woman fell in love with me. With a man I've got a perfect reason, haven't I? I don't have to say "I don't like you, you don't appeal to me!" I just have to say, "This is not my thing. Women are my thing. It won't be any good. I wouldn't like it, and you wouldn't like it." But it's very hard to say that to a woman.

In Jill's interview she said, "Most women's fantasies are masochistic". Well, of course, the great Victorian thing was not that all women weren't supposed to feel anything, but that 'nice' upper-class and middle-class women weren't—working-class women were all randy



and sexy—you could do what you liked with them. It was very much a class thing.

Q: But in the previous century everybody was okay, equally sexy, and non-prudish.

Alan: It's quite clearly the Industrial Revolution. It shows how things like that affect something which you think of as being as natural as sex, and has nothing to do with anything else, which immediately stratifies.

I suppose it's true about orgasms and all that bit, that women on the whole experience more difficulty than men in achieving them. But for women who do find orgasms easy, it doesn't in my experience really matter which man it is. So many women have kinks about truck drivers, yet are unable to have orgasms with men they love. God knows, I wish I were a truck driver!

Q: I don't believe you!

Alan: No, quite right, but there was a time when I did. In fact, spiritually speaking, I was one, but I didn't find the women waiting, because I didn't dress up in a sweaty hat and all that!



Photograph: Vivian Collette

I agree with what Jill says about sleeping with a woman. I couldn't sleep with a man lightly, because he would so change my whole view of sexual attractiveness, my idea of love, of all the books I've read and the traditions I've been brought up in. I'd really have to make a tremendous switch round and search out a different philosophy for myself. I know a lot of hetero men who *do* sleep with other men when they

are drunk, but I always consider all that business about *being* drunk is just an excuse. It's very rare for you to do anything when you're drunk, that a part of you wouldn't do when sober. Drunkenness is self-induced.

Q: I can imagine being too drunk to bother to stop someone seducing me.

Alan: Ah well, you see, that's being a woman! Being a man, you've got to *do* something, move, for a start. Being a woman, you can lie back half asleep and be fucked by somebody, hardly noticing. It's the difference between being driven away in a car, and actually driving when you're drunk. I don't believe anyone drives a car away, drunk, not realising what they're doing, because it would require active concentration. Actually, I suppose I could get myself seduced by a man. I was thinking of it from the other way round, because I always imagine myself as being active... I suppose I could be drunk and I wouldn't care. I don't know.

Q: Wouldn't it just be a loss of control, the usual constraints removed?

Alan: I've no objections to buggery and often think that I should go and be buggered. It's the one thing I haven't done. But then it...

Q: —would just be as a clinical experiment?

Alan: Yes, it would. Then I could see I'd start fussing "Not him, not him!" It's got to be somebody you like, or no, perhaps somebody you'd never see again! I don't want it to be a great rough, I'd like it to be somebody reasonably gentle and tactful and clean! Then, what if he changed his mind by the time I'd got round to all that!

I can't think I've all that much to offer as a subject for being buggered—especially if they've got this youth cult. I can imagine me seducing a young man, but I can't see a beautiful blond Adonis deciding he'd want to bugger me.

Q: Then Jill said she couldn't sleep with women because they were squishy.

Alan: That's as mysterious to me as it is to you! Who'd want to sleep with those great hard men? When I went to the Liquid Theatre and put my arms around these men, who embraced me, I felt, "Oh God, I see how it is terrible for women! Those awful great barrel chests, with no idea of their own strength, practically breaking my ribs! And all sweating away like stale goats under their arms." I thought, "No, no, I don't want that! I love these soft women!"

I don't like to think of sex as simply a more elaborate way of shaking hands or doing a judo fall; it's a complete experience. It can never be the same experience for a man as for a woman. You can't completely surrender yourself as a man, otherwise it would all stop. You've got to think and know what you're doing. You've got to be *there* and if you cease to be there, so will the thread of your ego which remains,

which is what that erection is preserving. Whereas a woman can pass out, disappear, say things that afterwards she doesn't remember, which men don't do. Well, I did once faint actually! Sex is more of a total experience for a woman. I'd really rather be a woman sexually. If you're a man you have to work, if you're a woman you don't have to all that much.

I think a great deal of male sexual love—and I know this sounds absolutely ludicrous—is selfless. Your own pleasure would be amply satisfied within five minutes. That's what selfish men do, all the books tell you. A great deal of male pleasure is in giving pleasure to the woman.

Q: Not all men are apparently selfless lovers like you!

Alan: I've learned from experience. When I first started being a journalist, I decided "I've got all these ideas and feelings that nobody else has, and I'm going to write them all down, become famous and earn a lot of money. What I discovered was that every time I wrote something I got letters back saying, "God I feel exactly like that". So after a time I told myself, "What I have is a heightened form of what everybody else has, an ability to describe what everybody else feels, so don't go thinking you're unique (which you are!) You're a very common fellow, but people like having these very common things explained to them!"

## Woman's eye view of the naked truth

TVTimes

2/11/72

"The middle-aged man is the Great Lover till it comes to taking off his clothes and when he does there is Mummy, peering over his naked shoulder, murmuring in his ear that women must be above or underneath but never, never equal, that wedlock is the only state permissible for potency..."

At home, after the party is over, he tells his wife as she peels his potatoes and washes his socks that she is the feminine woman, the real woman; unlike those terrible Women's Lib girls, flaunting their thighs and their un-

chaste hearts, hard as nails and lesbians every one. And, oh, my Lord, how he yearns for them, how he longs to squeeze their rubbery flesh, how he longs to boot his cringing wife, how he lashes her with his tongue when frustration boils, last prey as she is, last quiescent carpet for his fading dreams..."

Strong stuff from Jill Tweedie, presenter of ITV women's programmes, as her contribution to *Strip Jack Naked*, a book on the plight of the middle-aged man (Gentry Books £2.95).

Perhaps a few more husbands ought to check on just what their wives get up to during those cosy afternoon sessions around the TV set.

## NEW YEAR DISCO



8-12pm Friday 5th January 1973

Admission 35p

Fully licensed bar open till midnight

In the Concert Hall of Fulham Town Hall  
opposite Fulham Broadway tube station  
(Entrance in Harwood Road)

Last train connecting with other lines 11.59pm



## Can CHE be morally neutral?

Martin Stafford

*A paper for discussion by the National Council in Bristol on June 3rd*

It has been observed by some that it is not appropriate for an organisation which was instigated to promote greater freedom for homosexuals to attempt in any way to limit that freedom by 'laying down' moral codes for their observance. On the other hand, since morality is concerned not only with what we *do* as individuals, but also with what we individually and collectively *approve of* in others, and since CHE is committed to campaigning for a change in society's moral attitudes towards homosexuals, we cannot be entirely unmindful of moral matters.

When I first became involved in the homophile movement five years ago, I accepted without reservation certain conventional moral standards. In particular, I entertained a very marked preference for personal relationships of a relatively stable nature, in which the parties were activated by more than a desire to satisfy their sexual appetites. I assumed that my sentiments were shared by most other people, whether homosexual or heterosexual. While philosophical training has rendered my position more reflective, I remain as a moralist fundamentally conservative. I believe that moral norms have on the whole been evolved spontaneously to fulfil both personal and social needs, and that where these norms are found to be defective, they are susceptible to change. But before change can be effected, very cogent reasons must be produced; for such deep-rooted convictions as our moral sentiments resist alteration.

My qualified confidence in tradition is obviously not shared by all: for now some would have us believe that all moral values have been imposed on us by the artifice of unscrupulous priests and ruthless politicians. These fanciful theorists maintain that we should emancipate ourselves from all such 'oppressions', and that each person should arrogate to himself the right to formulate his own moral values. I apprehend that this view is as yet held by only a small minority, which is very fortunate from the point of view of social cohesion, but frustrating for those with anarchistic aspirations.

The problem of whether or not CHE should have any moral commitment has been aired before. In articles in the bulletin last June and September I argued that CHE could not afford to be morally neutral. In the July/August issue were articles (more distinguished by capricious wit than by penetrating genius) from a contrary point of view. The issue was broached again (though not discussed) at the December National Council, when Derrick Stephens of Bristol interrupted Bernard Greaves's

account of police harassment of public conveniences in Cambridge to enquire: 'Shouldn't CHE be trying to raise homosexuals above this level, and thereby eradicate the popular misconception that all homosexuals are promiscuous?'

It seems to me that there are *essentially* two possible points of view:

1) That certain attitudes to sexual relationships and certain modes of conduct are degrading to individuals, and, if they were widely adopted, would prove harmful to society; that CHE should disapprove of such, and if it does not, will have no credibility as a responsible organisation.

2) That it does not really matter what people do—at least, not so long as there are no immediate adverse effects on third parties, and provided that the people directly concerned are willing participants; that all are alike entitled to social acceptance; that CHE should be quite indifferent about all private conduct, and should try to foist this indifference onto everyone else; so that it would no longer matter what people were or how they behaved, and homosexuals would be accepted as a result of this general apathy.

Clearly, it is with the first of these positions that I identify myself. The second is as misguided as it is pernicious. It is also, I believe, hopelessly unrealistic. My own experience leads me to conclude that while most people are happy to accept homosexuals who subscribe to the same basic standards of public decency and personal responsibility as everyone else at least professes, homosexuals whose public behaviour is offensive or whose private behaviour is irresponsible will always be regarded with aversion and disgust. It is not their homosexuality which renders them objectionable, but the grossness of their conduct and the inhumanity of their disposition.

Of course, it is fair and right to point out that such phenomena as promiscuity and public importuning result to a large extent from the adverse conditions of the past and the inadequate facilities of the present, and on this account have some claim to be viewed with indulgence. If better social facilities existed; if homosexuals could feel more assured of ready acceptance by family, friends, and colleagues, there would be much less incentive to furtive encounters in squalid circumstances. Nevertheless, I believe that while many resort to this degrading expedient through habit or desperation, CHE should regret this less seemly aspect of homosexuality, and direct its resources to working for a society in which such practices would be unnecessary.

To my mind, nothing could be more damaging to CHE's

public image than for us to appear apathetic about this issue, or to suggest that we expect such practices to become generally accepted. To identify the interests of this campaign with other 'permissive' trends is mistaken in principle and dangerous in practice.

The advantages which would accrue from the adoption by CHE of some sort of moral convictions are:

### 1) LESS OPPOSITION TO FURTHER CHANGE IN THE LAW.

I think that any organisation which seeks to promote liberty should show some concern that greater freedom will be widely used. In particular, merely to demand that the age of consent be reduced on libertarian grounds must provoke the criticism that this is a further step towards 'moral decline'. It is probable that the existing law relating to the age of consent promotes the evils it is intended to deter (as did the pre-1967 law) by imposing undue feelings of guilt.

### 2) LESS LEGAL RISK IN PROMOTING SOCIAL ACTIVITIES.

Some members have expressed fear of police intervention in CHE's activities. Some groups refuse to admit under-21s. Now for quite some time (at least two years) a very respectably sponsored body has been operating a group for young people (certainly down to 16, and possibly younger). This organisation effectually immunises itself against prosecution and criticism by its august nature.

### 3) WIDER PUBLIC ACCEPTANCE WOULD BE MORE PROBABLE.

If I might quote from the bulletin debate of last year, it was said:

The general public still regards the homosexual as essentially an immoral person, hence the haphazard charges of promiscuity, prostitution and seduction. An organisation like CHE should, it seems, be armed to face and answer such charges.

To which I replied:

How can CHE do this except by denying that all homosexuals exhibit the faults imputed to them (and let us be quite clear about this, they *are* faults in the minds of most people) and by lamenting those faults where they exist? Yes, it's a lousy situation for those homosexuals who naively and arrogantly expect the advantages which accrue from public acceptance without the restrictions of behaving in a way which the public can accept.

To conclude, I am confident that irrational prejudice against homosexuals can be eliminated, though it will take time. But no propaganda will ever prevail upon the public to abandon their hostility where their adverse judgement is thought to be well-founded.

MARTIN STAFFORD

# GAY TRIAL

## PHASE ONE



*BOB STURGES is a member of London CHE and has written and spoken on homophile and allied subjects. On graduating in Law at Cambridge, he became a journalist and contributes articles on the theatre scene to various publications. In his spare time, he writes for the theatre, and has had three of his own plays professionally produced ("in a modest way") in London.*

After the incredible scenes at the Gay Trial of October 24th, the austere atmosphere of Marylebone County Court No.1 will never be the same again.

The presiding Magistrate's patience had been sorely tried by the procession of defence witnesses—in drag to the last man—who had sailed into the witness box in ankle-length dresses and wide-brimmed Ascot hats to protest their contempt for established legal procedures and, incidentally, the innocence of the two Gay Lib defendants.

The hearing resumed promptly at two o'clock with the public gallery bursting at the seams under its eye-catching complement of gay brothers and sisters—the *dernier chic* in a galactic riot of tulle, organza and green-painted toenails. After the lunch-time drink-in at a friendly neighbourhood pub, spirits were high, and only the nervous tic on the Magistrate's face indicated that the party was not being enjoyed by all.

The crunch came after a mere ten minutes. Despite earlier demands for 'SILENCE', the public gallery could not resist the odd lubricious titter and, at precisely ten past two, there occurred a particularly camp piece of behaviour which caused the gay brethren (metaphorically) to throw away their corsets and abandon themselves to ripple upon ripple of 47% proof laughter.



The Magistrate, still labouring under the Kafka-esque incubus of the morning, decided to Take Action. He ordered everyone out of the public gallery, thereby raising, in the minds of some, grave constitutional issues concerning the inalienable right of the British public to ensure not only that justice was done, but that it was seen to be done. There was also the very real danger that to leave the Court would be to bring our country one step nearer to the secret locked-door sessions of a Police State and Lord knows what else. Two seconds sufficed for the gay brothers and sisters to consider these imponderables and decide that the Nation's interests would best be served by a tactical withdrawal.

At issue (officially) was whether some Gay Liberationists had used threatening language and/or behaviour at the Champion public house, Notting Hill Gate on September 15th. At issue (unofficially) was whether a landlord is entitled to refuse drinks to customers in drag purely on the ground of sartorial prejudice. GLF proposed to use the Court hearings to dramatise and fight on both these issues simultaneously.

After the routine clutch of petty shoplifters, alcoholics and loiterers had made their drab appearance and been given the statutory small fines, it was visually stimulating to see the dock suddenly fill with the five accused from GLF. Richard Chappell wore an ankle-length black satin dress with matching pill-box hat and net veil; Douglas McDougall (of the same address) wore a pink polka-dot dress and green glitter round the eyes, while Peter Bourne (actor) wore, to great effect, a red-patterned velvet dress. All three pleaded not guilty to the charges, but were remanded on bail till December 14th because an essential police witness was not available to give evidence. Total anti-climax was avoided by the decision to proceed with the trial of Andrew Lumsden (formerly of *The Times*, and dressed most fetchingly in the fabric equivalent of a Shirvan carpet) and his 'affair', Peter Reed. They were both quick to insist on their legal right to retain with them in the dock a friend to act as their adviser whose attire cannot yet be disclosed.

It was this friend who took upon himself, after the clearing of the public gallery, to shout at the Magistrate:

"You old Queen, how DARE you sit in judgement on us Gays."

Somewhat daunted by this personal approach, the learned Magistrate no doubt felt that he could best retain his grip on proceedings by adjourning them. A good facesaving move, or possibly *reculer pour mieux sauter*, if the granite faces of the court officials were anything to go by. Or was it meant as a cooling-off period as tempers had reached fever-pitch?

It was a curious sensation to emerge from the cool judicial atmosphere of the Court into the front line of yet another Grand Confrontation between the Police and GLF. Rumours were rife, one of them that Michael (the defendants' dockside friend with the official title

of 'McKenzie lawyer') would not be allowed back to resume his quasi-judicial function; and great was the aggro at this latest example of supposedly anti-gay sentiment. ("As for not being allowed back into the public gallery, that was *too* much, my dear. Do they really expect us to lie down under this PERVERSION of British Justice?")

Bejewelled fists were raised, swollen carotids throbbed under make-up, and nerve-endings were exposed: "sheer victimisation" . . . "bloody PIG oppression" . . . "just because we're gay" . . . "they'll regret this" . . . Arms ostentatiously embraced the unlikely shoulders and, when even that failed to provoke a reaction in this Authority-Baiting Game (ABG), loud lip-sticking kisses were exchanged by the Kiss-You-If-It-Kills-Me Brigade (KYIKMB).

And it worked—up to a point. The PCs attached to the Court decided to be provoked and simply swarmed down from some top-stair cop-hive and joined hands (no, not in *that* way) to ease out the brothers and sisters from the Court precincts. Those who knew the next ABG move promptly sat down in a provocative rustling of skirts and silk under-knickers. Whereupon the Police (who also knew the game) did their Big-Dad-to-Naughty-Child Bit (BDTNCB) and, manfully overcoming any mild nausea felt, employed the minimum of force necessary to expel screaming brood hens onto the steps outside.

To everyone's disappointment, there were no broken limbs or fractured skulls.

"I'll get them for Bodily Assault—the bastards! Did you see how they *THREW* me down the steps?"

"No," I replied, examining the clear skin of a rather fanciable GLF boy.

"Here!" he said, pointing to a miniscule bruise on his forearm.

"Oh, that!" I tried desperately to look shocked.

Then Michael (the McKenzie lawyer, remember?) came up to me, nursing a slight elbow graze.

"LOOK what they did to me, the fucking Pigs!"

"The fucking Pigs," I echoed half-heartedly.

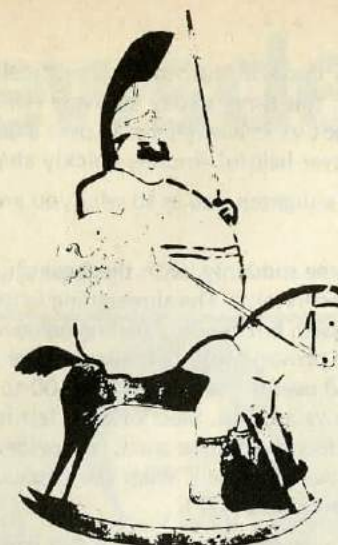
"What evidence do you have that the Magistrate is gay?" I asked.

"How can you doubt it?" answered Michael. "One can always tell one's own."

At this point, a Police Constable tapped him on the shoulder:

"Magistrate wants to see you. In there."

More hysterical fury, now, in another corner. Anticipating fresh arrests, a GLF photographer had been getting some action shots of police 'harassment' that could serve, who knows, as evidence at any subsequent Gay Trial. Breasts upheaved to new heights of indignation, therefore, when the film was forcibly exposed



to the light by the savage, authoritarian, oppressive pig-arm of the Law. The fact that even a *heterosexual* photographer, who defied the ban on photographs inside the Court building, would have been similarly treated did not seem to strike even the more rational of GLF. No, it was cosier, and infinitely more titillating for them to see themselves—and other gays—as the victims of a jackbooted Fascist state. And, sure enough, the regulation little swastika duly made its appearance on the Court building outside.

As an ego-tripping piece of vaudeville, the performance was hilarious; but it hardly presented the gay movement in the best light and, from a public relations standpoint, proved embarrassingly counter-productive. Certainly the police, to judge from random remarks, felt this exercise in hysteria and infantilism confirmed them only too well in their view of the homosexual stereotype.

However, all was redeemed at the resumed hearing by the brilliant way Andrew Lumsden conducted his defence. History does not record the exact length of the spoon with which Michael and the Magistrate handled each other at their interview, but the upshot was that Andrew stood firmly on his rights and refused to re-enter the dock unless Michael was in there with him.

The defence case, in essence, was that so far from intimidating the landlord of the Champion, it was he who had abused them; that neither Andrew nor Peter were aggressive types; that any violence they might have used was never initiated by them, but employed merely to protect themselves from police violence; and that the police charges, in Lumsden's case, were either wrong or exaggerated and, in Reed's case, sheer fabrication.

The landlord of the Champion appeared mild enough when he first entered the witness box, but Andrew quickly laid bare his underlying truculence and made entirely credible that he had said things like:

"You're revolting, you're not men . . . Get out of here! . . . I won't serve you . . . I'd give anything to kick you lot in the face . . ."

"Or maybe," said Andrew to the Magistrate, "it was in the behind. It was somewhere, at any rate . . ."

Or Andrew, again, to the landlord: "You're prejudiced, aren't you?"

"No."

"You've made very free with the word 'drag', haven't you?"

"Drag?" asked the Magistrate, looking puzzled.

"I'm given to understand that it alludes to articles of female attire, Your Worship," intoned the Prosecution.

"Do you know what 'drag' is?" Andrew asked the landlord.

"Yes, I do."

At this point, Andrew got Michael to stand on the dock bench, his bare knees showing prominently under what, to the layman, appeared to be a white bed-sheet. Whereupon, Andrew directed the landlord's attention to this vision in white.

"Is that drag?"

"Yes," replied the landlord.

"Well, it's not. It's a kaftan. It's worn by male Arabs. That shows how little you know about drag, doesn't it?"

"Do we have to be dragged through all this?" asked the Magistrate wearily.

"Speak up!" said Andrew. "I can't hear you."

As one such *coup de théâtre* followed another, the public gallery was insidiously filling up again with the Ascot lot while Andrew warmed to his work. The arresting police constable was now in the witness box, looking dogged and unbudged—either because he genuinely believed his evidence to be true or because, if it wasn't, he was going to stick to it anyway. Andrew was having a fine time prodding for chinks in his armour.

"Officer, it's been established that Peter Reed and I are lovers and that he entered the police van of his own free will, to be with me after my arrest. He was not himself arrested until much later. Doesn't that strike you as odd that despite this he was charged with exactly the same things as I was?"

"Not really."

"You all met together at the police station to decide what charges you could dream up to stick on him, didn't you?"

"No."

"You said Peter Reed and I were in female dress, is that right?"

"That may be so."

"What made you mention that? How is that relevant?"



"It may not be relevant," said the Magistrate. "But he was asked a question, and he had to answer it."

"I thought," said Andrew, "that it was for the Magistrate to disallow irrelevant questions."

"In that case," said the Magistrate, trying his best to affect boredom, "I rule that it was relevant."

Reassured by this support from the Bench, the constable went on:

"When the other defendant—"

"My lover, you mean?" interrupted Andrew.

"When the other defendant attempted to regain access into the pub, I barred his way, and he was very rude to me. 'You fucking big brute,' he said to me—"

"You fucking big—what?" asked the Magistrate.

"You fucking big brute, Sir."

"You said that to him, you mean?" the Magistrate asked, a trifle nervously.

"No. He said that to me."

"He said to you: 'You big fucking brute'? Can I take it that—?"

"No, Sir. The 'fucking' came first, if you follow my meaning."

Renewed titters from the public gallery.

"SILENCE!" said the Magistrate, "or you'll have to go."

The Magistrate crossed out some lines, rewrote them and read them out to the constable:

"You fucking big brute.' That right?"

"That's correct, Sir."

It was around this point that Andrew felt a sudden call and told the Magistrate:

"I'm going to the lavatory, if that's alright with you."

"Can't it wait?" asked the Bench.

"I'm afraid not."

On returning to the dock, Andrew engaged in a long whispered discussion with Michael, which caused the Bench some mild irritation:

"If we don't get on, we'll be here all—"

"I'm conferring with my McKenzie lawyer."

And, finally:

"I want to call another defence witness."

In rustled yet another of Andy's friends, with a plunging V-line back that eventually came to rest at a perilous depth.

"Do you always dress like this?" asked his incredulous Worship.

"No, but we like to look nice when we go out."

More delighted titters from the public gallery.

"SILENCE!"

After a further break in the proceedings, to allow the McKenzie lawyer, this time, to pay a private relief visit, the Prosecution got its knickers twisted over a question of identity. The ever-helpful Andrew quickly stepped in:

"Allow me to enlighten you as to why you are confused . . ."

The verdict came suddenly, with the freakish quixotry of a summer thunderstorm. The threatening *language* charge was dismissed, but the threatening *behaviour* charge was found proven. Both defendants were fined £5-00 and bound over in the sum of £20-00 to keep the peace for twelve months. Most of GLF felt it was an appeasement decision and, as such, it provided further sauce for the gander of abuse ("What can you expect from such a Queen Pig Beak?").

Overall, the trial came across as an object lesson in comparative tactics. The spoilt-child dramatisations on the lines: "If you don't give me my lollipop back I'll S-C-R-E-A-M" were not proof against the firm good humour of the police. Conversely, Andrew Lumsden's cultivated detachment and incisive rapier-like thrusts rattled the Court, and came very near to beating it at its own game. Such tactics generate respect not only for the individual concerned, but for the homophile movement as a whole.

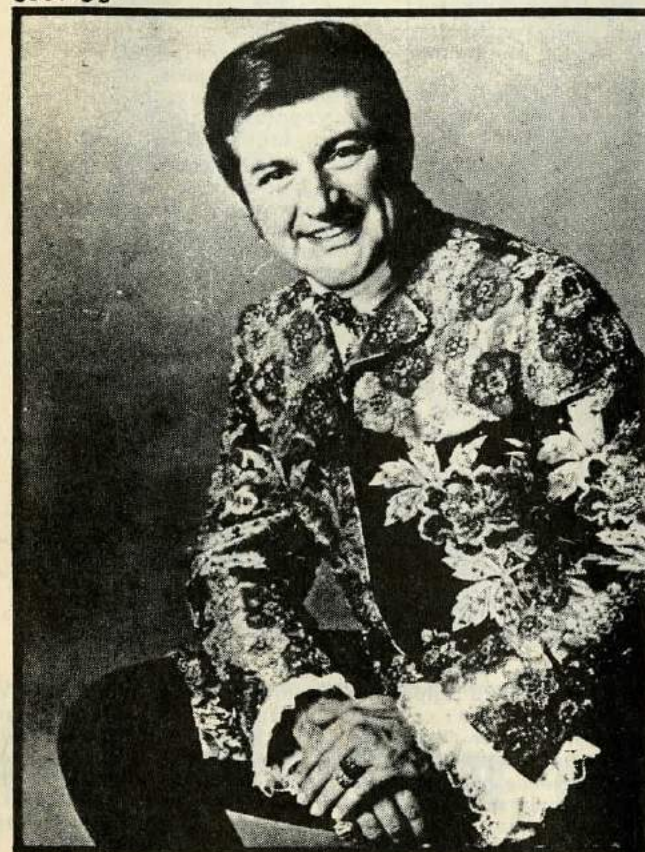
No-one with his eyes open can help being aware of the many instances of police oppression—not only against gays, but potentially against *all* underprivileged members of the community. We are agreed on our strategy. It only remains to reach a working consensus on tactics. It will be interesting to see what the trial of the three remaining accused will bring forth on December 14th.

—Bob Sturgess



# Newsdesk

November 4, 1972  
SOUNDS



## LIBERACE BEAT THEM TO IT

ANY TRUTH in the of "Walk Like A rumour that David Man"?  
Bowie, Marc Bolan and the rest of the qay, glitter "people" are banding together to make a re-release

Anyway, Liberace beat them all to it! — J. B., Paisley, Scotland.

## TWO MEN KISSED ON THE CANAL BANK

BEDS. + BUCKS. OBSERVER, OCT 17, 1972

TWO college lecturers, on a staff outing committed an act of gross indecency on the canal bank at Linslade, it was alleged at Leighton Court on Wednesday.

One of the men was accompanied on the canal trip by his wife and the other by his fiancée, the court heard.

Nicholas Guy Wellings, of Tilsworth Road, Stanbridge, and Jeremy Michael Kenneth Fitch, of Brooks Street, Luton, both pleaded not guilty. Each was fined £50 with £3 costs.

Mrs. Elsie Bird, of the Globe Inn, Linslade, told how on June 30 she went for a walk along the canal towpath.

The time was about 4.30 p.m.

She saw two men on the bank. One had swim trunks on, and the other was naked. They were standing up.

"After I had seen what I saw, I walked on hurriedly," she said.

"When I returned five minutes later, the men were still there. They were laying down, very close together."

Mrs. Bird said when she reached home she told her husband and the police were called.

P.C. Graham Squires said he went to the canal and

saw the two men. He could see they were kissing.

As he approached them, Wellings said: "You are not seeing what you think. You see, I was giving him artificial respiration."

P.C. Squires said Fitch had added: "It is true, officer, I can't swim very well."

P.C. Squires said he told Wellings, who was naked, to get dressed. Wellings had replied his clothes were on a boat.

P.C. Squires said another policeman gave Wellings a coat and the men were then driven in a police car to

Wellings' home, where they were warned they would be reported.

Wellings, 35, told the court he was senior lecturer at a Luton College. He was married with a young child. He said he had no homosexual tendencies.

On June 30 he had joined 13 lecturers and their wives and female members of staff on a boat trip along the Grand Union Canal.

He had visited three public houses before setting off on the trip about 2.30 p.m.

He was "quite merry" when he boarded the boat, and could not remember much about the day. He had seen Fitch in the water and knew he was not a good swimmer, so had gone to help him.

He did not know how he had lost his briefs. "I can remember struggling through some mud, the arresting officer and arriving back home. I have no recollection of Mr. Fitch kissing or touching me."

Fitch, 26, said he was engaged and hoped to marry at the end of December.

He said he had no homosexual tendencies. He said he too, had a lot to drink on the canal trip. He did not know how he got in the water.

He was aware of somebody helping him to the bank.

"I recall seeing somebody with a dog and realised that Mr. Wellings was naked. I tried to cover him up with reeds and grass. I have a recollection of giving him a brief peck on the cheek but there was no homosexual urge."

"I admit there was physical contact."

Mr. Michael Addison, for Wellings and Fitch, said he could concede to a drunk and disorderly charge and also to indecent exposure.

But neither of these charges had been made and it appeared the prosecution had "gone for whole or burst." The evidence did not support gross indecency, he submitted.



# Fair's Fair, Fairy?

WEEKEND, November 1-7, 1972



DOUGLAS  
FAIREY

## NASTY SECRETS

ALL right, all right. So we have all got a skeleton rattling away somewhere in the cupboard of our past. Something most of us would rather not talk about and would prefer to forget, thank you very much. Not so the literary boys. First there was Beverley Nichols recalling in print how, when he was young, he tried to murder his drunken old dad with a garden roller. Charming.

Now comes Robin Maugham, 56-year-old - enough - to - know - better author, nephew of Somerset Maugham.

His latest book, *From The Shadows*, deals at great length with his homosexual experiences with fellow schoolboys, with a young queer paid for by his Uncle Somerset, and much, much more besides.

Why can't these people keep their nasty secrets to themselves? If they talked like that in my local they wouldn't get served.

Or has it got something to do with royalties? A new twist to the old saying: "Where there's muck there's brass"?

DR WILLIAM BRYANT, the American doctor, is touring the more liberated capitals of Europe to find backing for his thesis that the root of violence is frustration—Dr Bryant thinks that every adult should have four orgasms a day and may get violent without. Maybe four a day would put a stop to violence—but surely mainly from exhaustion?

'OBSERVER' 5 NOV '72

'THERE aren't any virgins around any more,' says Cecil Beaton. How does he know?

Daily Mail,

Wednesday, November 1, 1972

28 OCT - RadioTimes - NOV.

## Terry Scott on homosexuality

We found the anti-homosexual and anti-women's lib nature of Terry Scott's show (9 October, BBC2) totally offensive. No doubt the producer did not think that many people, homosexuals in particular, would find the programme offensive.

The fact is that by putting out such a programme the BBC is helping to reinforce the anti-homosexual intolerance that is widespread in our society. The use of a stereotype 'camp queen,' who is totally ineffectual, and easily put down for his obvious effeminacy (which in turn reflects the degradation of women) by the overbearing masculine, aggressive defender of male supremacy, Terry Scott, is as nasty as it is untrue.

The programme played every camp line, every gay 'put down' there is: a liberal sprinkling of 'queen,' 'fairy,' 'pansy,' 'bent'—in fact, every term except 'queer.' The homosexual was the butt against which we could pour ridicule and scorn, while defending our 'normal' sexuality against anything that was remotely challenging.

The BBC can get away with such a programme because homosexuals are an oppressed minority, many are 'ashamed' of their homosexuality, and few will protest. Until homosexuals stand up and fight for their rights, programmes such as the Terry Scott show will continue to be broadcast.

Try substituting the word 'Negro' for 'pansy' and then see whether you would put out the programme.

Geoffrey Leigh  
John Dixon

London, SW19

## For men must weep

by our Psychology Correspondent

MOTHERS who exhort their sons to keep a stiff upper lip 'because big men don't cry' are giving an inaccurate reason for fortitude. Big men do cry.

The experience of weeping in adult life appears to be almost universal, according to Dr Dalbir Bindra, of McGill University, Canada, who reports in the *Bulletin of the British Psychological Society* on the results of a questionnaire completed by equal numbers of men and women aged between 17 and 31.

Both men and women reported on crying episodes lasting from a few seconds to two and a half hours. The average duration, however, tended to be shorter among men (two minutes or less) than among women (more than two minutes but less than 15).

Descriptions of weeping were classified under four headings, in order of increasing intensity: 'lump in the throat' (48 per cent of men, 28 per cent of women); watery eyes without flow of tears (56 per cent of men, 24 per cent of women); flowing tears (28 per cent of men, 64 per cent of women); and sobbing (28 per

cent of men, 64 per cent of women). Thus, while men experienced throat-lump and watery eyes significantly more frequently than women, women were much more prone to display flowing tears and sobbing. Dr Bindra attributes this to the cultural inclination of men to suppress tear-flow.

More men than women wept when the prevailing emotional state was elation or dejection, and more women than men wept when the prevailing emotional state was anguish. For instance, 32 per cent of men reported weeping when elated, compared with only 4 per cent of women. No women, but 20 per cent of men, said that music could reduce them to tears.

In states of anguish 88 per cent of women wept, but only 36 per cent of men.

Forty-four per cent of women said they were more likely to weep during the pre-menstrual or early-menstrual days. Sixteen per cent of women, but none of the men, said they were more inclined to weep when tired, under stress, sick or hungry.

'THE OBSERVER' 5 NOV. '72

## PALLY PRIESTS WANTED



The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Ramsey, embracing Cardinal Jap Willebrands.

## GLC election could be test for bigger fight

IT is likely that the Greater London Council election on April 12th will have minority parties using it as a dummy Parliamentary battle — with a strong possibility that the new constituency in the eastern part of Hounslow borough will be picked as a test area.

Bait for such groups to assess support are the new areas for fighting the GLC election.

Councillors at County hall will cover the same territory as Members of Parliament would after the next General Election.

At the GLC election Hounslow borough will be split in half — one councillor to represent the eastern part which will be the new Parliamentary constituency of Hounslow, Brentford and Isleworth.

Because no deposits are needed — and therefore no money to be lost — the GLC election is expected to tempt groups to see what votes they could expect at a general election.

The National Front plans to have GLC candidates.

Another organisation might be the Campaign for Homosexual Equality — a national body with branches throughout London. There is one based in Ealing which covers Brentford and Chiswick.

If organisations such as CHE — which is understood to be thinking of linking up with other minority bodies — enter the field at the GLC election and are tempted to try their luck locally at Parliamentary level, Mr. Michael Barnes could find his 513-vote majority as Brentford and Chiswick's

Labour MP coming under pressure. It is a highly marginal seat.

Mr. Barney Hayhoe, the Conservative MP for Heston and Isleworth, has half of his seat disappearing into the new Hounslow, Brentford and Isleworth constituency which he plans to contest.

At present three Conservatives sit on the GLC as Hounslow's representatives.

There was no confirmation at the time of going to press that CHE's possible candidate for the Hounslow, Brentford and Isleworth area was associated with the organisation's monthly publication, "Lunch."

Brentford and Chiswick  
Times,

Thursday, October 26,





## ALL THE FUN OF THE FAIR

Primrose Cottage  
Camp Road  
Wimbledon Common  
London SW19

Dear David,

I'm sorry I was out last Saturday. Mrs Ellis told me you rang and I hope she wasn't too rude to you on the phone as she usually is. I expect she told you I was at a "Sale of Work" for my "Club" and I must tell you all about it because it really was a marvellous success.

### Fairy Delights

There were lots of little stalls which were selling everything from cakes to antiques, naughty pictures to second-hand clothes, and even one of those old-fashioned gramophones (without the dog). I was selling candles, which was rather fun, except for all the rude comments. You know what a prude I am! The big candles (at £1 and £1.25) sold very well but no-one seemed very interested in the little ones for 30p. We're going to melt down all the ones left over to make a big one in the shape of Georgie Best, so that's something to look forward to next year.

When I wasn't serving I had a look round the rest of the fair to see who, or rather, what I could pick up. I tried my luck in the raffle (that was a waste of 10p) and in the lucky dip (where I was given a copy of "Jeffrey" as a consolation prize for managing to pick out a ticket that

didn't have a number on it). I did win a tube of Rowntrees Fruit Gums (worth 2p) on some silly game where you had to pull straws out of a box, but as I had spent 5p on the ticket I didn't exactly jump up in the air with delight.

### Campaign it Up

There were more serious things as well, like the Michael Launder's "friend" appeal (I'm sure that should have a capital "F") and the Derek Brookfield (Buy a Campaign for Homosexual Equality Tee-Shirt and look like me) Information Desk. They're both doing a grand job. Peter Norman, who I think is rather nice, kept telling the piano-player to "shut up" while he made announcements from the stage, and later when he announced that we had made over £1,000 we were all so delighted that the mutual embracing, back-patting and various other things went on for several minutes. It's a marvellous credit to everyone concerned, not least to me and my candles. When you think of all the overheads like the hire of the Conway Hall, the materials for the stalls, the food and the prizes it's fantastic that we've done so well.

### Glad to be Gay

The Hall was packed for the evening show by the CHE players, and everyone really enjoyed it. There were songs and sketches and I really fell about during a skit on the Cole Porter/Noel Coward/Alice Cooper ever-green "Let's fall in love". It had lines like "Even Tony Ryde and his bride do it" and they 'sent up' people like Paul Temperton, Antony Grey, John Saxby, Derek

Brookfield, Pope Paul, Princess Anne and Vera Lynn. There were two tremendously funny sketches by N.F. Simpson, and Jackie Forster, dressed as a bloke, had me a bit worried in something by Harold Pinter. It was fun looking at the cast list to see who was going to do which part. When the illustrious Roger Baker had not come on before the interval we assumed he had probably got waylaid by the bloke operating the lights. However our fears and his hopes proved to have been unfounded, and he later made his appearance. The shaved legs and blonde wig threw us at first, and some of the newer CHE members seeing him for the first time were amazed at the immense versatility of this man, who is also on our Executive Council, is Honorary Press Officer, former editor of "Spartacus" and current editor of "Quorum". Personally I didn't notice his immense versatility, but he had his legs crossed most of the time and I wasn't sitting in a very good position.

### Dragging up the Past

When I see the 'chickens' in the Masquerade or the DOK it makes me feel rather old, so it was quite reassuring when the Revue Group did a selection of numbers going as far back as 1911 for their opening spot. Some of these numbers were written before I was even a twinkle in my grandfather's boyfriend's eye. I was a bit worried when I recognised a song from a show in 1932 but Tom (who I was with) assured me that it had since been revived by David Cassidy and that put my mind at rest. Everyone was in hysterics when the Group did a drag version of "No No Nanette" entitled "Yes Yes George" and CHE lost quite a bit of its square image in a marvellous combination of handbags, wigs, falsettos, frills and dubious dancing sequences.

You certainly must come next year, even if you do live in Aberdeen. You might be lucky enough to share with someone nice on the sleeper coming down. Give my love to John, Auntie Gladys and the cat. Be good.

Love Allan.



## FRAGMENT FOUND IN GREAT JAMES STREET

— — — — don't mind being queer, of course, but terribly afraid I may be getting odd.

There was this woman, Roger. At the Conway Hall. The other week. (You remember? the CHE Follies and all that.) It was in the middle of a marvellous little sketch by N.F. Simpson in the second half. Suddenly, out of the wings, there came bursting upon us a great strapping blonde of a woman with gilded shoes and the street-walk of a strumpet. And her voice, Roger! Rich, dark and tarty; a bass-contralto; a feminine bassoon of a voice; a vehicle for the expression of inexpressible inuendos; a deep siren woodwind, fit to hail mariners to shipwreck; a randy-rousing, organ-raising, codpiece-busting, vulgar-prompting sonority; an ancient whore of a voice that cannot have changed its intonation since Babylon.

I removed my arm from the waist of the young man next to me and underwent a sailor's lust for the wife in every teeming port from Shanghai to Buenos Aires. "Aaaaargh!" I said. And I groped after the image of the knickers she must be wearing—until it struck me that she would certainly be wearing none. (I know that type, Roger. Shameless; brazen; haunched like a Caucasian mare; vulgar as Molly Bloom.)

Men of my years are, of course, liable to strange fancies and bizarre desires. But, oh, the shame of it! To be troubled by a latent heterosexuality after so many years of a sober and respectable devotion to bustling and low-heeled masculinity. I dare not confess it to my friends. Would the Samaritans accept? Would even CHE? What can I now do except hang about the Ladies at Paddington in a faded rubber macintosh, or scatter my roll and butter at the Grill and Cheese in the hope of a quick look up some buxom waitress stooping to conquer. Truly, the plight of the ageing hetero-perve is a sorry thing.

—Ralph Norton



PHOTOGRAPHS  
Alan Louis, David Hart



# A Different Kind of Loving

*An interview with Miss Miebet van der Most, a social worker, and Dr W.J. Sengers, the psychiatrist, at the Dutch Counselling Service for Homosexuals*

I called at the Schorer Foundation at 17, Wolvenstraat, Amsterdam, while I was on holiday. I was referred by the receptionist to Miss van der Most, a charming and beautiful girl in her early twenties with a disarming smile. She obviously enjoyed her work immensely and was completely free of prejudice against homosexuals. She spoke fluent English.

Q: What is the Schorer Foundation?

'It is an agency which Dutch homosexuals can consult about their problems, free of charge. It was set up in May 1968 as the result of four years of talks between the government, the mental health authorities and the Marriage Guidance Councils: 90% of the money comes from government sources and 10% from interested charities.'

Q: Who was Schorer?

'Schorer was born in 1866 and died in 1957. He was a low-ranking nobleman and a qualified lawyer, who was himself a homosexual. At the end of the first world war he was the first member of parliament to protest publicly about the discrimination of article 248b of the Dutch Penal Code, whereby an adult who committed a homosexual act with a young person between 16 and 21 was punishable, whereas a person committing a similar heterosexual act was not.'

Q: What is the present age of consent for homosexuals in Holland?

'About a year ago article 248b was repealed, thus making the age of consent for both homosexual and heterosexual acts 16. There are still, however, occasional scandals in the press about "wicked homosexuals seducing minors", and parents have the same rights to prevent young people of either inclination from eloping with older people.'

Q: What sort of problems do homosexuals bring to your counselling service?

'The main problem for all age groups is a difficulty in self-acceptance. This is due to homosexuals having imbibed hostile prejudices about homosexuality from their families, and consequently applying these prejudices to themselves. This problem is particularly acute for those who take the Bible literally. Young people often have additional conflicts with family or employers, and older people often suffer from isolation and loneliness. I think everybody has a basic

need for safety and warmth of a home in which there is a spouse or faithful friend. People can be very promiscuous and yet still suffer from loneliness.'

Q: What offices and staff do you have?

'We have seven rooms here in pleasant surroundings. There is a receptionist and two social psychiatric workers and two general social workers. We have a psychiatrist, Dr Sengers, who works here three half-days a week. (He shares out the rest of his time between being a Mental Health Officer for Rotterdam and a member of the Institute of Preventive Psychiatry.) We have access to a legal consultant and we used to have a clinical psychologist, but as we do not regard homosexuality as an illness, we no longer employ anyone for diagnosis.'

Q: Why don't you regard homosexuality as an illness?

'Everything known so far about homosexuality indicates that homosexuals make themselves ill and unhappy only if and when they haven't adjusted to their own condition. Homosexuality is not itself a neurosis but a different kind of loving. People *think* homosexuality is a neurosis because sometimes homosexuals *are* neurotic. This is only because they are frustrated through not being accepted in our society, and therefore through not accepting themselves.'

Q: Is Dr Sengers a Freudian psychiatrist?

Dr Sengers was trained in Freudian psychology but his therapeutic technique follows more the theories of the American psychologist Rogers. The approach is client-centred, non-directive, helps the person to accept himself by listening a lot and helping the client to form his own ideas.'

Q: Do the clients pay for guidance?

'If the problem is legal the first consultation is given free. After that a firm of solicitors are recommended who would have to be paid. All the psycho-social therapy is free. The Government have been pushing us to make a charge, but we refuse on the grounds that homosexuals' problems arise through their having been discriminated against by society. Why should they pay to be helped out of this discrimination? Nevertheless we sometimes have problems raising the 10% which has to come from charity.'

Q: What is your work here?

'My job is to help the homosexual organisations in their efforts at self-help. The COC (Dutch equivalent of CHE) have a long tradition of helping each other. They establish clubs for dancing and drinking and provide opportunities for members to meet for discussions and

classical music, etc. I encourage the COC in their efforts to make homosexuals less self-discriminating, to have a higher opinion of themselves and of their potential for leading useful and rewarding lives. Sometimes the efforts to help themselves take an aggressive form at first, but equally sometimes homosexuals find they make friends with others while working together on compiling talks for schools or lobbying MPs and so on. This often provides perhaps a more realistic basis on which to meet one another than the dancing club, where the feeling that everyone is looking for someone to go to bed with causes a certain amount of tension.'

Q: What is the special position of lesbians?

'Homosexual women feel doubly discriminated against. But they are beginning to emerge now as a force to be reckoned with, in fact there is an element among them which is rather aggressive. It is a sign of the times that the COC now has several women officers despite a predominantly male membership. When the Schorer Foundation started, 90% of the clients were men. Now it is about 50-50.'

Q: What is the relationship between the Schorer Foundation and the COC?

'We are an independent organisation, but we try to consult with Dialogo, the COC's public relations office) as much as possible.'

Q: How does the Dutch attitude to homosexuals differ from that of other countries?

'Holland is a very tolerant country. There is no real discrimination here now against homosexuals—rather a conspiracy to ignore them. Sometimes heterosexuals say "Some of my best friends are homosexuals," which could itself be seen as a form of discrimination. They ought rather to regard homosexuals as they do anyone else and treat the fact that two friends are living together in a completely matter-of-fact way, without stressing the point!'

Q: What are the Foundation's plans for the future?

'Paradoxically enough, we are trying to make ourselves redundant. The fact that homosexuals have to come to a specialist agency to receive help with their problems points in itself, we feel, to the way they are regarded as alien. It was necessary in the first place to form a specialist agency, but now when local Marriage Guidance Counsellors refer homosexuals to us we tend, instead of seeing the client, to arrange a meeting with the social workers in the locality to help them to understand homosexuals. The special knowledge required is not very great and is readily available. How to counsel homosexuals ought to form a part of every Marriage Guidance Counsellor's training—because after all they quite often come across a marriage which is in difficulties because one of the partners is homosexual. Life

is changing in Holland and an understanding and acceptance of homosexuality is becoming more widespread, and as this happens the ordinary agencies can take over our work.'

The following day I went back to the Schorer Foundation for an interview with the psychiatrist, Dr Sengers, who also spoke good English.

Q: Do you try to cure the homosexuals who come to you?

'I never try to change homosexuals into heteros. If clients ask me to change I find out why they want to be changed. We then invariably come up against problems of acceptance and social problems. The cry to be "cured" is never because the client wants to be hetero, but because they don't want the social difficulties homosexuals have to face. It is better for all of us if we accept ourselves as we are. The inner acceptance—the recognition that one is a homosexual or whatever—takes many forms. Sometimes people have homosexual dreams and fantasies but they don't recognise that they are homosexual.'

Q: Is it possible to change homos into heteros?

'It may be possible, but the psychological cost to the client is too great. If you repress your natural love you become a tighter, less friendly person. In any case one can, I believe, only change to something else if one first accepts what one is. By that time the problem has changed. "Whom can I love?" is the real human problem, not "Am I hetero or homo?"'

Q: Have you ever experienced any personal attacks as a result of your helping homosexuals?

'I have never worked alone in this field. When I first started working in mental hygiene in Rotterdam I said to my director, "I want to write about homosexuality!" He said, "Be careful!" Later I did write about it and I have experienced no unpleasantness as a result of my work.'

Q: How does homosexuality originate?

'The character of all forms of life is the result of both environmental factors and constitutional ones. So, therefore, one assumes it must be the same for sex. For some people constitutional factors may have been more important, but the particular way in which one's homosexuality manifests itself is determined by environmental factors.'

Q: Do you think everyone is born bisexual?

'I don't know! In psychoanalytic treatment we find that nearly everyone has bisexual dreams. But this is a theoretical question of no practical importance.'

Q: How do you set about treating people?



'I get the people with problems to help themselves. I don't say "Do this" or "Do that". I encourage clients to explore their own problems. In deeper therapy I may help clients to make connections between their own ideas. Therapy—and this applies not only to homosexuals but to everyone—is a matter of getting the person to accept what he or she is, which may mean accepting that one is not an ideal person. Doing something about your problems means accepting that you have them.'

Q: Why do you approve of the lowering of the age of consent for sexual contact with adults of the same sex?

'All psychological authorities agree that the roots of homosexuality don't lie in the contacts a person makes as a teenager, but far before in the first years of life or even in a person's constitution. If a young person is seduced then either they like it or they don't. If they don't like it they won't let it happen again. That is all there is to the matter. It is a religious problem and not a psychological one.'

Q: Why are so many homosexual contacts merely casual?

'There are two reasons. Firstly, the attitude of society towards the homosexual becomes internalised in the individual, and the homosexual can be frightened of seeking a good homosexual friend. If he makes a real friend he knows it will involve going to his family and saying, "This is my friend". Secondly, there is little environmental support for homosexual friends. If an engaged couple have problems everybody helps. People say, "Tell us about these problems. We all have them." But when it is a homosexual relationship people are mostly glad when it is ended; it is not encouraged. Sometimes it is simply that the homosexual is afraid he would not be encouraged if he let people know, and this fear may be unjustified.'

Q: Are casual relationships better than none?

'It is always better to be with another. One can't say that a long relationship is necessarily better than a short relationship. You might meet someone at the station and it can be a very good relationship. Promiscuous relationships are not by definition worse than long ones. A long one can be restricting and non-constructive if the couple both try to prevent the other party from growing, because each is afraid that his or her friend will grow away from him/her. What matters is whether the relationship is one in which each builds up the other.'

Q: Do you think that doctors have a one-sided knowledge of homosexuals?

'Yes. There must be very many homosexuals who don't need to ask for help. And this type cannot be known to the psychiatric profession.'

Q: Do you think religion has fostered the stigmatising of homosexuals?

'Yes. The Jewish and Christian religions have contributed to the stigma attached not only to homosexuality but also to heterosexuality. The Church has got into the rut of seeking to preserve the *status quo* instead of encouraging people all the time to love God and love their neighbour. The Church ought to be concerned with real humanism.'

Q: Do you think sublimation is better for the homosexual?

'When people say homosexuals ought to sublimate their desires they mean "Try not to think about it. Think about other things that are better." But *real* sublimation is a relationship with another person in which each helps to develop the other. It is the crowning of the relationship.'

Q: What final words would you like to leave for homosexuals to read?

'Love your neighbour and love love itself. Try to be yourself. Accept yourself. Accept your hate if you have any. Accepting your weaknesses is the first step to altering them, and maybe you don't need to alter very much. After all, there is nothing wrong with being homosexual, if you do happen to be a member of the 4% minority.'

BILL GEORGE

## Stop Press

MICHAEL LAUNDER & TONY RYDE send love and greetings to all Lunchers and wish them a very happy Christmas.

### Christmas Day Party

All Welcome

2-11pm. at Centre

Broadley Terrace NW1

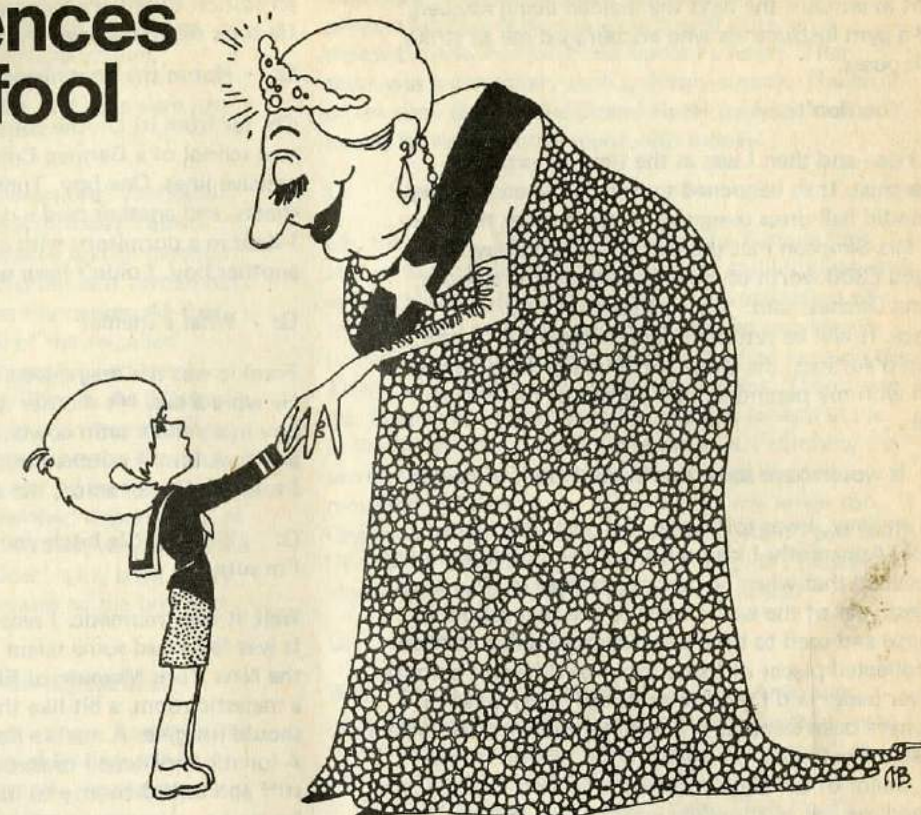
1973 HUSTINGS

for CHE elections

Jan.19 Kingsway Hall

## Reminiscences of a pure fool

by David Parsifal



Sometimes I think we homosexuals who are over thirty and grew up in a restrictive and prohibitive atmosphere are like automata or slot-machines. Put in the right coin or pull the correct lever, and you get the correct response. World cultures will be brought up from Crete or Stonehenge or early palaeolithic. Karl Jung, who discerned with so brilliant an insight that every woman has a masculine side (*animus*) and every man a feminine (*anima*) will be dropped to impress. Familiar names from St Augustine to Baron Corvo or Roger Casement will be trotted out. Authorities such as Keynes or Strachey will be quoted. No wonder it bores younger homosexuals so much. They find in us relics of outworn and absurd guilt. We dote on their new freedoms of dress, and ourselves dearly wish we could shed the last remaining inhibitions. At times we will sting ourselves into an overt show of enthusiasm with contemporary counter-cultures as when I went with a drug-addict who I tricked myself into believing I loved. (The more one suffers from declining years, the more one tends to make a fetish of the word love. Those who know love don't talk about it, they enjoy it.) And though the circumstances of my life are peculiar, maybe the outline of some aspects of one middle-aged homosexual's experience may not be wholly without interest. So I imagine a young, breezy, dapper, immaculately turned out, maybe slightly sardonic representative of, let us say, *GAY NEWS* coming to

me with my books, paintings, such possessions as have not been lost or stolen, and putting to me some questions.

Q: David, I may call you David, mayn't I?

Oh, but of course. (Vaguely self-conscious)

Q: Were you always aware of being homosexual?

Yes, as long as I can remember. I had the misfortune of being born into the aristocracy—Earls and that sort of nonsense. (Slight cough) At a party given by the Duchess of Kent, all we little boys were asked what we wanted to be when we grew up. I said a dress designer like my mother. You could have heard a pin drop.

Q: What did the others say they wanted to be?

Oh, an engine driver or a general perhaps. I ventured the information that my mother was Pallas Athena and my father had pink legs. I had seen him in the bath.

Q: That caused quite a flutter.

Indeed. Very Freudian, of course. Naturally, I did not know it at the time. I was pretty precocious, an awful little brat. I also used to dress up in a great country house of one of my aunts in Northumberland. Even then I loved silks. I dipped into the costume box. I



acted all alone on the stage. One moment I was the knight in armour, the next the maiden being rescued. I had a gym instructress who encouraged me to strike Greek poses.

Q: You don't say.

Yes, I do—and then I was at the time an extreme Monarchist. It so happened that it was when wearing a splendid ball-dress designed by my mother that the then Mrs Simpson met the Duke. The next day she ordered £300 worth of clothes. Mother was anxious, but the Duchess said: 'Oh, just send it to Carlton House Terrace. It will be returned signed Edward R.' Later, at Cap d'Antibes, the Duke and Duchess were having lunch with my parents on the terrace of the Grand Hotel...

Q: It would have to be the Grand Hotel, of course.

Well, anyway, I was told to go and greet the royal couple. Apparently I kissed his hand and nodded to her. He recalled that when he met my mother in New York the first year of the war. I went to the best school in Toronto and used to have week-ends with my mother. She collected pieces of tissue paper of different colours or silver paper and I used to dress up Teddy Bears. I must have been camp as hell. Mother returned to England. A proper Bostonian, president of the Boston Bridge Club, major of the Salvation Army, fervent Republican, adopted me just to show she was not anti-British.

Q: You bore the burden of her guilty conscience, in other words?

I recall the big house in Beacon Street. There were so many rooms giving off from a central winding staircase. Many were under dust-sheets. It always seemed to be raining. It was somehow ghostly.

Q: But what has that got to do with homosexuality?

Nothing. I admit, I tend to digress.

Q: Well, if you know it—

Yes, fully. Well, she had a relative in the theatre, married to a millionaire. She had been a big star in her day. So was her daughter. Tea was served off gold plate by the Negro waiter in livery. There was a main house and a guest house about 300 yards distant. Daughter took me to a play of summer stock, a pre-Broadway trial. In the main house was a sort of railing above the main drawing-room. Mother and daughter shouted at each other. Each accused the other of stealing her black or pink *moiré*. Gentlemen callers came, elegant homosexuals. I had to entertain them with drawings and little acts so as to distract them from the infernal row going on. They were immaculate, blasé and bored. How I amused them I shall never know. Next morning curiosity gained the better of me and I walked across the lawn to the guest-house. I went into one room. A

drama critic was sprawl in a massive double bed reading an edition of Wilde's *Salomé* with designs by Beardsley. He took me in his arms and kissed me. I felt gratified.

Q: Not in the least dismayed?

Oh, far from it! On the contrary! My guardian sent me to a school of a German Communist run along progressive lines. One boy, Tony, masturbated on silk sheets, and another paid a dollar fifty to see him do it. I slept in a dormitory with a boy called Frankie and another boy. I didn't have sex with them.

Q: What a shame!

Frankie was the drag queen of all time. Only fifteen. He wore a bra. His mother wanted him to be a girl. A boy in a yellow satin cowboy shirt used to visit him and fuck him. I watched this and was a bit appalled. I told the Master across the way.

Q: What a little bitch you were! Jealous as hell, I'm sure.

Well, it was traumatic. I recall another such experience. It was felt I had some talent for drawing. I was sent to the New York Museum of Fine Art. The toilette was a majestic room, a bit like the Moscow Subway I should imagine. A marble floor and tall columns. A lunatic threatened to throw me down. I was scared stiff and talked twenty to the dozen. He nodded and let me be.

Q: A sort of mad equivalent of honour among thieves, you might say.

Something like that but damn you you take all my best lines. I returned to England by clipper. A roundabout route. When my father met me, all love went. My voice had broken. I dare say he felt something had happened. It was then I suppose I first understood T.S. Eliot's line, 'After such knowledge what forgiveness'. Having been humanised, a phrase of Lady Diana Cooper, still as beautiful as in *Miracle days*, I went to Eton. Bullying was atrocious: like Tom Brown's schooldays, only worse. There was a dense cloying sexuality. The unfairness of it all came out from the fact that if an older boy had sex with a younger and this was discovered, especially if he were a prefect, the younger boy was expelled. The Captain of my Tutor's my first half—one of the madneses of Eton is that it is the one place where three halves make a whole—gave me 'The Unbearable Bassington' and had quite a crush on me. Then from one day to the next he rejected me. Sexual prizes were handed out according to prowess at games. If one was good at work but not at games, one was a 'sap'. Every sermon in college chapel seemed to turn on the evils of masturbation. It was Protestantism with a vengeance. I fell in love with an unfortunate boy who later committed suicide. We both loathed Eton in general and my Tutor's in particular. We decided to run away. We daubed our faces with dirt and spoke

French. This meant that we assumed the status—in Eton slang—of 'oiks', what you might call untouchables. We came to London and found two beds in a cheap hotel near where Rimbaud and Verlaine stayed.

Q: The gratuitous cultural detail, and you were just beginning to be interesting.

Sorry. That's what I mean by set reactions. The awful cultured stamp young homosexuals in today's atmosphere are free from. It is, I suppose, a sort of nervous tic. Well, we had landed up in a brothel as it turned out. He blubbered in a way that got on my nerves. At that time, as much as any homosexual of the so-called 'naughty nineties', not so naughty really, just more honest, I flirted with the Catholic Church. As a Catholic, I was an absolute menace. I used to cry when the Mass was served. I used to prostrate myself on the church floor or raise hands and eyes in a sort of Bernini pose. It was not only Baroque, it was damned impertinent, as when I said to my mother once, 'Mother, why do I need you now? I have the Mother of God,' lying back in my bed in an ecstatic pose. Well, to return to the boy and me—

Q: High time too... spare us the digressions!

We went to Westminster Cathedral any my parents came. They blamed me, of course, as the older boy. We had turned to my friend, Father Longstaffe, an outstanding organist, by the way, who induced the headmaster, Claude Aurelius Eliot, I mean, what a name, to take me back for one last half. I then went to Oxford.

Q: A homosexual Mecca after the war?

I didn't take advantage of it. I was put off by staying with a lady writer in Fiesole. Red-haired and over six foot. She was a butch dyke if ever there was one. There was a young Peer who drifted around in flowered silk dressing-gowns and was ever so bored. There was a homosexual M.P. who did *petit point* away from the floor of the house. One was supposed to be witty, and the effort exhausted me. Day after day I became duller till I sat next to a Dowager Countess with an ear-trumpet. It was just too much and I got ill. I was haunted and hounded by the phrase, 'No, we really can't take you to B.B.'

Q: Who was Bibi, for heaven's sake?

Bernard Berenson, who coined the phrase 'tactile values', and was the arbiter of elegance in Florence. I had a break down. Ultra-sophistication has always done that to me. I had a male nurse, called Mr Hodge, tall, thin and gorgeous. I had all the nurses carrying notes to him before I was through. Then I became very promiscuous. Outside England. There was a simply marvellous male tart in Florence who came from a famous family (but they were in bad odour after the war for Fascist connections). He supported

his mother and sister in a convent on his earnings. Wearing slim tapering black trousers—before the present fashion—a stunning patterned shirt, on a motor-bicycle, he really was Sodom's Angel. Then there was a gondolier, Varlio, simply superb. The bitch of the desk clerk of the Grand Hotel told my mother not to let me go out at night with money.

Q: Sensible too, I am sure.

Oh, that hotel. There was the wife of a famous film star, who specialised in gangster parts and looked butch as hell. His wife had got alimony in his collection of Impressionist paintings and didn't she let one know he had. As vociferous as a woman who had been on the Titanic and reduced my mother to a coma. Then there was Siegfried, a photographer. He just looked at me at the height of my Catholic phase whilst climbing the sacred steps up which Christ is supposed to have mounted to Pilate. I was mounting on my knees too. One look at him and sanctity was forgotten. I just said, 'If you are Siegfried, then I am Brünnhilde'. I have always been a passionate Wagnerian, you see!

Q: Another cultural allusion!

Well, I met a simply marvellous Spanish-American poet. He was about 61. We went to Stratford-on-Avon and had mad, mad sex. He wanted to take me off to Mexico. He was a millionaire too. But I didn't want to do it to mother. I wish I had, now. Then I got a fellowship to the States and fell in love with a Pole called Ron who played my Judas. His father was a night-watchman at a factory. His mother ironed laundry. He was incredibly talented and incredibly vicious as it turned out. I recall Christmas '53. We went to the house of a multi-millionairess on Long Island. She floated around in Pre-Raphaelite draperies, had powdered diamonds in her hair, played an electrical aeolian harp for which she had special music composed, held séances in which she believed she spoke to her dead son killed in the Italian campaign. She had collected the loot of the world. Everything from the Summer Palace of the Forbidden City of Peking to a bed of ivory and gold from the Vatican museum in which Sixtus IV, the great sodomitic pope, used to sleep with his nephew, Girolamo Riario. Ron and I slept in it and it was simply marvellous. She was an odd woman. She said with a gesture that when she went to Europe she got ill, so her husband brought Europe to her. Ron never quite got over it. When we slept at his parents, we slept on an improvised bed on the floor. Well, I had got tickets for him and myself at a production of *Tannhäuser* with Ramon Vinay and Astrid Varnay. He turned up in a superb tuxedo with a magnificent cummerbund. He had dived into his parents' strongbox and got out savings for six months, stolen from his parents to make himself elegant for me.

Q: And you did not find this a compliment?



Certainly not. Far from it indeed. Well, as if that weren't bad enough, Ramon Vinay *was not* in good singing voice that evening. The great hymn to love of the second act fell flat. Ron had a marvellous voice, superbly trained. He stood on the grand staircase during the interval and sang. Everyone applauded a moment. Then there was a dense hush of embarrassment. He insisted on going round afterwards to tell Vinay how badly he had sung. I nearly fell through the floor. He was a bastard, but what a gifted one.

Q: Weren't you married once?

For about a week, yes.

Q: Short and sweet.

Short but far from sweet. It was a girl from Kansas City whom I took for a Lesbian. She was nothing of the sort. My mother loved my affair, Reggie, of the time and knew it would be a disaster. But a Freudian insisted on curing me. Curing me! My dear, he nearly killed me. In Kansas City, when I had to consummate this—not union, but misunion—I went berserk. I cleared everyone from the Wesleyan Church like Burton in *The Night of the Iguana*. The American ambassador had to intervene to prevent my being certified. Society never forgave this; nor did mother. I had a room in Chelsea. It was before the Wolfenden Report. I must have been nuts. I went out and found a couple. One of them was marvellous, the other was ghastly. Well, I gave them my bed, and I slept in the bath. To prevent police inquiries, I was put in a mental hospital where they beat me up.

Q: That's right, lay on the agony with a trowel!

Well, that was the last Christmas I saw mother. I just could not bear going back to the place. I had a Spanish crucifix I sold for a song—I was so irresponsible—to go to a gay bar. I met a person who seemed to care. In fact, he ran a male brothel off Notting Hill Gate. I did not know this and moved in all my carpets and furniture—yes, isn't it a laugh—the copy of Gray's poems bound in white vellum with gold lettering given me when I left Eton. Through the help of a nutty psychiatrist, I got out. He gave me the equivalent of a whole education in science under drugs. I did a vast tape on the whole of astronomy from the earliest times to the most modern called 'The Planetary Renaissance'. Talk about psychiatrists being tolerant... He suggested that I go to Piccadilly either to pick up or be picked up.

Q: A tall story!

No, true in fact. Anyway, we were like two sisters, the boy I picked up and I. His friend spoke to me all might about whether there was life on Mars. Then this psychiatrist began telling me about parapsychology and mind-matter. Believe it or not, I was convinced words vanished from the page even whilst I was writing. I simply had to get a man. I picked one up—a real

stunner—near the bus station in Hendon. So long as he lay on the floor, this delusion did not occur. And deluded I was at the time under drugs and suggestion. I was convinced an inner voice told me to take four baths in succession and I was given the command: 'Tell mankind not to open the gates of mystery by force'. A real nut-case I was. Then I found my present flat and met the great love of my life. But I was nutty as fruit-cake most of the time. I did not know my good fortune. Once I was arrested in Marylebone for breaking milk-bottles and invoking the great Cow-Goddess of the Hindus. Once I thought I was pursued by witches and all hell broke loose. May I tell a story about when I was nuts?

Q: So long as it's relevant.

Well, the wittiest and most brilliant as well as most generous and loving person I know is my Aunt Elizabeth. This psychiatrist filled my head with notions about mescaline and derangement under drugs and telekinesis...

Q: Meaning what exactly?

Moving objects at a distance. Anyway, I came to Aunt Elizabeth and she said: 'I am sorry, I am very, very busy, but if you can persuade me you are sane, then I am sure you are'. We both became convinced that a copy of French poetry moved from one part of the room to another. Then, that we had got out of time and watched a television programme of the following week. Spooky? Like hell it was! Finally, the flower-pots seemed to move. My beloved aunt said: 'I'm very, very sorry but you really must go. You see, it does not matter about the book, dear, but it does about the flower-pots. It upsets my cats, and cats are far, far more important than human beings. You do see that, don't you?' Well, I became so odd I was put in a private hospital. It's still a recurrent nightmare. I was put in a room with walls paper thin, heard a man scream night and day, was lacerated by hypodermics. I said to a male nurse that I was attracted by books. He deliberately made out that I said I was attacked by books, to make me seem really crazy. I was put by a female nurse into a woman's fur coat. Now if I want to wear drag, that's one thing, but enforced drag, that's quite another! They also gave me hormones so I had to pick someone up every night. I cruised de luxe.

Q: But you cruised...

Yes, dear, in taxis. In more than one bar or club, they said I was too old. Only thirty-five. Anyway, my affair could not stand it, who could? The blame is all mine, and since then thieves, confidence tricksters, dotty teachers tied to unloved wives wanting me to compensate for years of sexual abstinence...

Q: Meaning what exactly?

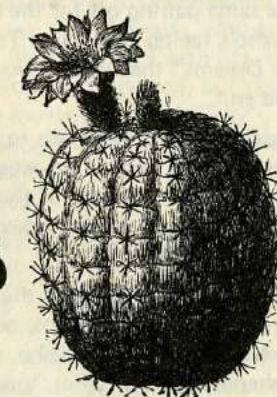
Sex from six in the afternoon till six in the morning—and then he asked my agent for five pounds to get back to his unloved wife—too much even for me. Psychopaths, petty thieves, real riff-raff moved in on me. My experience of GLF made me realise what nut-cases they are even before the Radical Feminists who insist all 'gay people' wear drag took over. Gay indeed! CHE respects the English language in using the word homosexual. I may not always have respected my cock but I shall always—I am very, very sorry—respect the Oxford Dictionary... And the loneliness... In the 'gay' world, over forty and you've had it. I long for a voice to ring me over the phone, the mysterious and magic knock on the door and know that Mr Right has come. Oh God, why wasn't I born working class... I recall the Grand Duchess Olga, a friend of my mother, saying to me: 'It's hard for a Grand Duchess. She can't say to a man how he attracts her, and if she can't say it, how can he know it?' Well, love, that goes for Queens too! Even more than Grand Duchesses. Chastity is fine but enforced chastity is another matter altogether.

Q: What have you got to say about the gay scene?

Three things. Never admit your age. Never trust anyone until you know they are reliable. Have all the fun you can till you get to middle age. And then hope for a relationship. And you won't get it in clubs and pubs and bars. Leave them to the dolly boys. It's their scene. Just pray some young chick will care for Grandma and join CHE. It's rational, cool, lucid, restrained and will get things done because it knows how to do things: within society not outside society. CHE is the hope of all homosexuals. It has structure, and structure is the one thing no one can dispense with. It has the grammar of order. It is *the* hope! Thanks for your patience, love!

David Parsifal

Odds  
&  
Bods



### Just the Job?

Confirmation of an all-out effort by the police to clock up as many arrests as possible from the Metropolitan Police newspaper, *The Job*.

Spotlighting the work of the Kensington Vagrancy Squad a news item in the August 25 edition reports that six arrests for gross indecency were made. A police officer commented: "The results have been fantastic."

BLITZ BRINGS QUICK RESULTS—by John Glazer

Kensington's Vagrancy Squad, which worked through July and into the first week of August was so successful that it is continuing for another four weeks.

And in their blitz on crime they made 132 stops and 72 arrests.

Most arrests were made for drug offences, mainly cannabis and LSD. There were 30 in all, and one included a 'pusher' who was a schoolteacher.

Other offences which featured prominently were pickpockets, gross indecency, gaming in the streets, six prostitutes cautioned, two suspected persons brought to court and found guilty, one arrest for burglary and five assaults.

Chief Inspector MacDonald continued: "We seem to have arrests for just about everything."

"The results have been fantastic, particularly when you realise that the squad spend many of their mornings in court and haven't been able to put in long hours."

### New Law Proposed to Make Homosexual Advertisements Illegal

There appears to be someone who would be only too willing to support a new law which would curb homosexual activities.

This is clear from comments in the weekly column "Night Lawyer" which the *UK PRESS GAZETTE* (the journalists' Bible) carried some weeks ago (July 10, 1972) when the implications of the *International Times* court decision were discussed.

At the end of this article the author says: the present legal situation could be covered by a new Act which would make advertisements for homosexuality and prostitution criminal offences.

Parliament could cover the question of advertising prostitution or homosexuality if it wanted to. A short Act, either standing alone or amending the Obscene Publications or Sexual Offences Acts, could state that it shall from henceforth be an offence to advertise prostitution or homosexuality, and specify the penalties.

I wonder no one has thought of it.

I would support it. But I don't like the idea of inventing new conspiracies. It just could happen that someone will put one in for conspiring to evade D-notices or something like that.

### Ball of Fire at 80 Going Strong

At 80 former screen sex symbol Mae West just refuses to retire. This week her new record album, "Great Balls of Fire", was released in the United States.

—*Evening Standard* 6/11/72



# LEGAL CORNER

## The Industrial Relations Act (and homosexual employees)

Sections 22, 23 and 24 of the Industrial Relations Act, 1971, provide far-reaching changes in the law relating to dismissal of an employee. Much vilified though the Act has been, the purpose and effect of these sections is to make more secure the position of an employee and generally to protect a person from arbitrary dismissal at the hands of his employer.

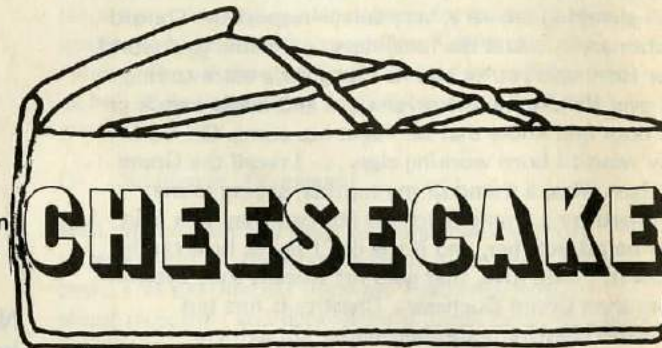
Under the previous law a servant or employee could be dismissed without any cause being shown. The only requirement was that an adequate or sufficient period of notice should be given. All the cases regarding what was then known as 'wrongful dismissal' as opposed to 'unfair dismissal' relate to the length of notice given. To take an example, as long as sufficient notice of termination of employment was given, an employer could dismiss an employee for the most arbitrary of reasons, that he had red hair or brown eyes, factors wholly unconnected with his ability to perform his particular employment. Equally a person could have been dismissed simply because he was homosexual, in cases where his homosexuality in no way affected his ability to do his work.

As can be seen, dismissal for such lack of reasons could only be described as unfair. The 1971 Act grants to an employee a right not to be unfairly dismissed. This in turn means that an employer in order to justify the dismissal of an employee has to give his reasons and dismissal will only cease to be unfair if the reasons fall within certain categories. The dismissal must be occasioned by a reason or cause relating to the employee's capability or qualifications for the work for which he is employed, the conduct of the employee, the redundancy of the employee, or that the employee could not continue to work in the particular employment without contravention of a duty or restriction imposed by a statute.

If one takes the case of a homosexual in the light of the present law; the mere fact that a person is a homosexual will not entitle him to be dismissed. Of course a homosexual may behave in a certain way which would enable his dismissal to be justified under the heading of conduct or in an indirect way it might affect his capability for any job. However, I should have thought it very questionable whether the reason often advocated for not employing a homosexual in any work involving an element of security, the fact that he is liable to pressures in the form of some sort of blackmail, would constitute a valid reason for dismissing such employee. Apart from such reason being somewhat speculative and difficult of proof, I should not have thought that, in any event, a person's homosexuality by itself would affect that person's capability to do his work. Fortunately there is no enactment yet in existence which in terms prevents a homosexual being employed in any

particular job. Accordingly one can say that as regards dismissal from employment the lot of the homosexual has generally been improved by the Act which has been so savagely condemned by all those vociferous self-appointed watchdogs of democracy as striking at the very roots of our society.

—Moonlighter



A crowd of us went to a gay club the other night, rolling in after one of the CHE Women's Group meetings, so we didn't all know each other—a situation soon remedied in the club's social atmosphere. We had a few drinks, danced and chatted. Suddenly "Last orders" was called. Our group snapped into action. Rightful or fancied partners were quickly claimed for the last dance and, paired off, we all swayed or shook to the final strains of the juke box. A typical end to any dance . . . a familiar scene which set my mind back to those dear, dead, heterosexual days of my youth.

It was dances every Saturday evening then, organised by the Rugger Club in winter, the Cricket Club in summer—the events were interchangeable; always the same crowd, the same pairing off for the last waltz. To the tune of "Who's seeing you Home Tonight?" or "I'll see you in my Dreams" the evening would drift towards its anticipated end.

Nostalgically I recounted this to my girlfriend; told her how between Saturdays the week was filled in with Young Conservative activities or the back row of the local cinema. Amused, she remarked that my life hadn't really changed.

Here we are, solid citizens of the gay world, sharing a last dance and a lazy stroll home; our weekly activities divided between CHE and Sappho, events and people still interchangeable; car rallies, treasure hunts, jumble sales, autumn fairs, campaigns and meetings—activities all beloved by those far away Young Conservatives, not forgetting the local cinema—even if ever-increasing myopia has ruled out the back row.

Socially, life hasn't changed that much in the switch from hetero- to homosexual. Friends are still there, the fun is still there. Life goes on . . . only much better.

—Marion Mathews

# Book Reviews

## The Lord is My Shepherd and He Knows I'm Gay.

If you went to the Holborn Assembly Hall on 22 September and heard Troy Perry talking on the subject of 'The Church's Attitude to Homosexuality', you must have been impressed by his brisk, engaging personality. In effect, he gave us a potted version of his autobiography, detailing the events that led him to found the Metropolitan Community Church in Los Angeles. It was delivered with charismatic self-confidence and delightful frankness. His sincerity was utterly convincing. The book is just the same and quite authentically Troy Perry, despite its being published 'as told to Charles L. Lucas'.

Troy has had a pretty variegated life. Born in Tallahassee, Florida, the eldest of five brothers, he lost his father when he was twelve years old. When his mother remarried soon afterwards, he ran away from home. He became a preacher in a Pentecostal church and got his licence to preach at the age of fifteen. Throughout his boyhood he had the usual troubles about his sexuality that most boys have, had a variety of homosexual experiences, but tried to suppress his feelings in this direction. He wanted to be a pastor, and that meant looking for a girl-friend. He got married at the age of eighteen, but still had boy-friends from time to time. In due course marriage, homosexuality and pastoring came into conflict. He was thrown out of his church and separated, in great distress, from his wife, who returned to her family and took their two sons with her. It is a story with plenty of colour and emotion, but one thing that stands out is the way in which Troy's mother and brothers supported and accepted him, especially as he began to come to terms with his homosexuality and found his new mission in the Church.

The second part of the book describes his initiation in the gay world, his own attempted suicide, and his conviction that he had to combine his mission as a preacher of the Christian gospel with his involvement in the gay community. It is a fascinating story. The Metropolitan Community Church began on 6 October 1968 with twelve people meeting for a service in Troy's house in Huntington Park. On 7 March 1971 the Mother Church of a whole group of churches was dedicated in downtown Los Angeles. From the beginning the church got involved in counselling and social work, joined in and led militant action on behalf of homosexuals, and it grew. It now has daughter churches or affiliated groups all across the United States from Honolulu to New York, and is clearly doing a job that needs to be done.

It is an indictment of the various Christian churches that there needs to be a church for homosexuals. If Christianity is relevant to the world today, it is for everybody, whether straight or gay. I feel slightly dubious about the possibility of a church specifically with a concern for homosexuals in Britain. In America it seems more understandable, given the proliferation of churches catering for virtually every need and the greater social acceptability of church-going. Troy Perry's achievement in the MCC cannot be belittled. But the message for Britain is surely that those of us who are already in the Church must work strenuously for an acceptance of homosexuality as a valid mode of sexuality in the existing Christian framework. This won't come about overnight, but a separate gay church might just make it possible for the Church as a whole to continue to ignore or to dismiss the entire question.

—David Blamires

**The Lord is My Shepherd and He Knows I'm Gay.** The Autobiography of the Rev. TROY D. PERRY. Los Angeles: Nash Publishing. 1972. \$7.95. (shortly to be published in this country)

Footnote: A limited number of Troy Perry's Autobiography has just arrived in this country, obtainable through LUNCH at £2.90 (including P & P).

## Poking Doesn't Matter

"I want to love a strong young man of the lower classes and be loved by him and even hurt by him. That is my ticket, and then I have wanted to write respectable novels . . ." Thus Forster in a personal memorandum of 1935. And in his diary for December 1964 he noted that he "should have been a more famous writer if I had written or rather published more, but sex has prevented the latter."

The Abinger edition of Forster's works—which will be told eventually run to at least twenty volumes—has now given us a group of hitherto unpublished tales—a good number of them, it might be said, so far unpublished for the best reason: not that they are sexually titillating, but that they are aesthetically bad. In terms of sexual explicitness in fact they are by present standards unremarkable. (Even for when they were written, they must surely have been coy; England produced no André Gide or Proust at the opening of the century.) In quality they are various. Their value must only be that they represent the discarded offerings of a very considerable intelligence and sensibility indeed; and sometimes actually reflect that intelligence and not merely its limitations.

It is of course the same old Forster brew. There are the same ascetic curates, travelling spinsters, sickly and over-aesthetic youths; and the same burly bucolic lads to define an opposing world. It is the old drama of class-conformity among the established upper-middle classes, versus the liberating forces of instinct and the



morality of the blood. —That of course was a mixture played out in a good deal of "Georgian" literature—though not always against the backdrop of classical temple and Italian square, pensions and Baedeker which seems so typical of E.M.F. From Lawrence's gypsy to his gamekeeper Mellors, and from Forster's Gino (the Italian dentist in *Where Angels Fear to Tread*) through George Emerson, Stephen Wonham (in *Longest Journey*) to the punkah wallah in *Passage to India*, there was in the literature of the first decades of the century a strong and recurrent belief in the redemptive power of vigorous male and often Pan-ic figures. The creature—always the male creature—from outside 'civilised' values is one who suggests by his very physicality and non-cerebral nature how 'civilisation' itself may in its decayed, repressive and materialistic aspects, be properly subverted. He stands outside us (impoverished, self-conscious, over-educated as we are) a triumphant comment on our own atrophied and superannuated intuitions, the primal *Uebermensch*: atavism vindicated at last.

What is interesting about this figure in the Forster short stories under review, is how the implicit homoeroticism about him becomes, at last, explicit. And also perhaps the implicit violence. —For buggery with violence is the theme of a number of these stories. And violence as a result of buggery of others. Thus in *The Life to Come* a Christian missionary is misunderstood—twice—about the nature of Christian love. His "Come to Christ" is taken as seduction and acted upon as such by a handsome youth. Later, when the youth is dying, his attempted consolation that there will be "Love in the real and true sense . . . in the life to come", is also acted upon by the now long-disappointed youth: he kills the missionary under the hope of an eternal carnal embrace. In *Dr Woolacott* a sort of very sickly Rickie Elliott figure is 'magicked' away into the next world by his soldierly and ghostly lover. In *Arthur Snatchfold* an elderly titled businessman enjoys the "thrusting thrashing strength" of the milk-boy in a field. But the youth is prosecuted and (presumably) imprisoned after improbably lying to save his classier seducer's skin. In the *Obelisk* an appalling married couple each get to screw with one of two sailors. (No violence in this one; merely liberation.) In *The Other Boat*—the best story in the book—the couple (one English, one half-caste) finally make up a bitter quarrel with "the sweet act of vengeance"—"sweeter than ever for both of them, and as ecstasy hardened into agony his hands twisted the throat". Murder and suicide follow close on sodomy. As for the culprit's mother "she never mentioned his name again."

The atmosphere of doom and angst relates to the Puritan inheritance under and against which Forster travails. If the message of the tales is liberation or, as one young ephebe puts it in *What Does It Matter? A Morality*, "Poking doesn't matter," yet the plot itself often seems to point masochistically towards the

rather older idea that there are penalties for disobedience. And they are penalties which he seems sometimes to be saying, should be paid in full, so powerful is Forster's sexual romanticism, and perhaps his morally realistic sense of the way the world was then weighted and conditioned against the homosexual.

Fantasy and escape are the refuges from a world in which the ordinary social comedy of existence leaves no place for *one* kind of poking, while it allows (under certain conditions) as much as you like of the other.

—Peter Bostrell

THE LIFE TO COME, short stories by E.M. Forster  
Published by Edward Arnold, £2.50

### Fadeout

FADEOUT by Joseph Hansen  
Published by George G. Harrap & Co. Ltd., £1.80

Fadeout is a novel of suspense, according to the rather badly designed jacket. A cheap thriller I thought. But it's not. I found myself being compelled to read on, not through suspense, but enjoyment of the author Fred Hansen's characterisation and the sympathy I felt with Dave Brandstetter at his understanding of human situations.

He has, before the story begins, lost his lover from cancer. This makes him aware of the feelings of the people he meets while investigating the disappearance of a folk singer. The singer's wife seems barely upset by his supposed death in a car accident.

This is a novel mainly about the relationships of homosexual males and whilst perhaps over sentimental and sometimes 'too good to be true', does convey understanding and makes homosexual love seem not so different from the norm.

Read it if you enjoy a good American tearjerker.

—Mary Tucker

## Magazine Review

John Mallory

### The Gay Times No. 1

Eureka! I've found it. Until I read 'THE GAY TIMES' I firmly believed that pornography did not exist: that it was a figment of the febrile and insufficiently employed imagination of Lord Longford and Mr Raymond Blackburn.

At the point of discovery, though, Archimedes and I part company. Whereas Archimedes' discovery so excited him that he ran home naked through the streets, there is nothing remotely stimulating in the discovery of pornography as contained in THE GAY TIMES. And

as for running naked through the streets, it may simply be the present cold weather, but reading THE GAY TIMES makes one want to put on yet more clothes.

The only possible interest in it is in considering the type and mentality of person who could bear to read, let alone buy, it. The magazine, if such it can be called, contains a number of photographs of droopy 'you know whats' belonging to youths of uncertain charms posing in the usual stances of arms on hips and legs apart. In addition it is padded out with a parody of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" which provides a not very imaginative author with the opportunity to be excessively and most unamusingly vulgar. There are one or two other little snippets—they can hardly be called articles—and that is the sum total of THE GAY TIMES!

When will they ever learn that 'porn' is a bore. The whole thing 'buggers' description.

THE GAY TIMES: Plato Publications Ltd., 12 Wyndham Place, London W1H 1AS. 60p a copy, including postage. £6.00—12 months subscription.

The Full Frontal Monthly, The Gay Times.  
A new, gay, glossy monthly, 48 pages packed with exciting photographs, articles and stories. Available from bookshops or direct from the publishers:

## Miscellaneous News

### LONDON MEDICAL GROUP ACTIVITIES

Gay visitors completely swamped the 'locals' in the discussion at a symposium organised by the London Medical Group, at Guy's on 17th October. LMG is a student group for the study of issues raised through the practice of medicine which concern the theologian, philosopher, sociologist and lawyer, and the symposium was on "Society's Responsibility to the Homosexual".

A member of the audience objected to the panel right at the start, on the grounds that, as usual, everyone had been invited to talk about homosexuality, except a homosexual. However, Antony Grey, who shared the platform with D.J. West and the Rev. Michael Hollings, soon explained that he could speak as a homosexual, as well as one professionally involved.

It was a pity that not a single voice even remotely hostile was raised during the discussion, which ranged as far as the possibility of gay couples adopting children; one can only hope that the Chairman, who despite being sub-Dean of Guy's Medical School, professed entire ignorance on the subject, learned something from what was said.

Incidentally, LMG have the following on their future programme:

Sexual Offenders and the Deterrent Effect of Punishment — Kings College Hospital Medical School, 26 Oct, 5.45.

Aversion Therapy & the Patients Freedom — St Thomas's Hospital Medical School, 2 Nov, 5.45 'restricted to members and students of the medical and allied professions'.

Pornography and Mental Health (starring Longford, Masud Khan and Holbrook) — Royal Free Hospital School of Medicine, 14 Nov, 5.45.

Human Sexuality in Theory and Practice — Kings College Hospital Medical Students' Union, 5 Dec, 5.45.

Ethics of Transsexual Surgery — University College Hospital Medical Students' Union, 30 Jan 73, 5.45.

Medical & Moral Aspects of Sex Education — Middlesex Hospital Medical School, 13 Mar 73, 5.45.

—Peter Norman

### R.G.A. READING GAY ALLIANCE

#### Homosexuality and Gay Women

On Tuesday November 7th four women from CHE London Women's Group, two London Gay Activists and Mary Macintosh of Nuffield College, Oxford, went to Reading to take part in a Think-In. We all felt it was a worthwhile experience and hope they did. The audience was mixed and those that asked questions seemed mainly gay members of RGA. Mary, who was supposed to lead the discussion, arrived late, so Gillian started off about her realisation that she was gay coming through joining Women's Lib after her marriage had broken up. Julia then spoke about the failure of psychiatry to convert her into a heterosexual. Jenny followed with a very interesting description of the narrow-minded attitude her church took. Gini tried to get away from the personal angle and touched on the problems of why women were so reluctant to join mixed organisations and admit their homosexuality. Mary then gave a balanced and modest resumé of what the panel generally felt, and that the time had passed when women needed to be aggressively masculine to prove their homosexuality, but that there was still a great deal to be desired in the attitude taken towards us by many professions and the church. Mary is proud to be Gay but after being in GLF does find women's groups easier to relate to. This is only a brief summary of the many aspects of homosexuality and the Gay Woman which we discussed. We would like to thank RGA for inviting us and asking stimulating questions and hope it will lead to further discussions.

#### STRAIGHT TIP

If your windscreen wipers fail wipe over thoroughly with piece of raw potato, for crystal clear vision, back and front.



## Manchester Women Get It Together

We all know that there aren't enough women in CHE or any other gay organisation. We all know that we should be doing something about it. For a lot of gay women 'coming out', even to the extent of going to a meeting of homosexuals, is far harder than it is for gay men, and that therefore our immediate priority is to try to provide and publicise as well as parties, other socials and discussion meetings *for women only*. Only after this should we spread the word about CHE and GLF.

At least, that's what we think in Manchester, where the gay scene attracts some women, the gay organisations pitifully few; there must be several hundred more who don't have any regular contact with other gay women, and they ought to have that opportunity.

On 30th Sept. a meeting for gay, bisexual, 'don't know' or just sympathetic women was held in the Student Union at Manchester University. It was well advertised, with posters in local pubs, clubs, libraries and public loos. Over 40 women attended, the majority of them non-students (a welcome change); most of them not in contact with any gay organisation. It was the first time in Manchester that so many gay women got together outside a pub or club.

First of all we thought that anyone, male or female, should be able to come to meetings—but the three men who turned up soon managed to upset everyone by a series of patronising chauvinist remarks—"Me, I fuck chicks": and these were sympathetic heterosexual men! After that we decided that the meetings should be *for women only*—there are plenty of occasions when we can go to mixed meetings.

We arranged to have a party and a discussion meeting in the next three weeks. Everyone agreed to spread the word about the meetings. We're all going to plaster Manchester with posters when some more are printed.

At first everyone was a bit unsure of themselves and each other, but the presence of archetypal chauvinists at the meeting brought us together. Rumours that it was a plot are entirely unfounded! We have cracked the myth that large numbers of gay women won't come to meetings at all; now our target membership in Manchester is 500. A lot of people there were interested in CHE, asked about the meetings and so on; although their purpose isn't expressly to increase CHE membership, they might do that as well.

—Liz Stanley, Manchester

## CHE NATIONAL ONE-DAY WOMEN'S MEETING

This will be held in Manchester on Saturday 27th January from about 10.30am to 6pm. Followed by a party or disco. All women welcome, gay, in CHE, or not.

### BENT TIP

If your crystal clear vision fails, lay off the raw potatoes for a while.

## CHE Walks

Keep fit by joining in our CHE winter walks. Everyone, men, women and dogs welcome! The next one is on Sunday 19 December. We meet at Kew Gardens Station Coffee Room at 11am. Lunch at the White Cross Hotel overlooking the river at Richmond. The walk continues to Petersham, Ham (where those who want to can visit Ham House), through Richmond Park to Richmond for tea.

There will be other walks on 7 January, 28 January, 25 February and a spring walk on 25 March. Please put these dates in your diaries. If you can lead a walk, please get in touch with Vivian Waldron (370 1896). If you would like details of the walks sent you by post, send 20p to Joe Carter, 20 Alexandra Grove, Finsbury Park, N4 (01-800 3109).



## BRISTOL GLF SOCIETY CHANGES NAME

At its recent A.G.M. the University of Bristol Gay Liberation Front Society voted to change its name to 'Gay Students Society' and to reject its GLF orientation in favour of a more CHE-type approach. This was the result of the failure of the group and its ideas to win over the type of gay student who would benefit most from membership to a student society of this kind. At the A.G.M. it was not felt that the ideas of the Gay Liberation Manifesto were wrong, but that they had proved themselves to be out of keeping with the conservative attitudes of the kind of students who study at our university. By adopting a CHE style of approach we hope to be able to get through to a larger cross-section of gay students than we did last session. We are, at the moment, closely associated to the Bristol Gay Awareness group which is established in the city. We shall continue to operate in the student community as a means by which gay students can meet each other and we hope to be able to appeal to both men and women as we feel that women should be able to gain from our group as well as men. Anyone wishing to contact us should write to 'Gay Students Society', University of Bristol Union, Queens Road, Clifton, Bristol BS8 1LN.

## Report on Educational Teach-in held on November 11 1972

### Schools Conference

The schools campaign started earlier in the year and the London conference on November 11th was the first gathering of those interested, whether gay or not, in the problem of getting coverage of homosexuality into sex education programmes. About sixty people participated from the North West, Wales and the South, perhaps half of whom were teachers or educationalists. Some had come as a result of publicity in the Times Educational Supplement, the New Statesman, Time Out and Roger Baker's piece on Radio London that morning, but not one via the letters sent out to London educational officers.

Malcolm Johnson (Queen Mary College, University of London) opened with a resumé of the problem which he set in its wider context of sexuality and human relationships. Causal theories of homosexuality were explored, emphasising the pitfall of perpetuating the myth that people, especially kids, can be neatly slotted into sexual categories; treatment of homosexuality as a special subject on its own would also do nothing to reduce the emotionalism with which adults confront it. No simple conclusions could be drawn on the causes of homosexuality, which must combine the physiological and psychological or, as Malcolm neatly phrased it, 'the interaction of nature and nurture'. Discussion ranged widely over bisexuality, the importance of personal relationships and not just sexual activity, concepts of unnatural and sinful behaviour, gay lifestyles and teachers' individual experiences of introducing (or not shrinking from) discussing homosexuality with their pupils.

This formed a useful backcloth to David Bell's imaginative presentation on methods teachers might consider for getting the subject across. Again emphasis should be on integrating the topic of homosexuality with studies of other minorities, other personal relationships, and other courses such as history, geography, pop culture, where the subject could be introduced naturally, either by teacher or child, without dramatic distortion. Much could be, and perhaps was being, done in this way to meet the enormous need, ignored only by those with the greatest responsibility for meeting it. Homosexuality deserves serious consideration since it intimately affects a large proportion of kids, and attracts the healthy curiosity of many more.

Ignorance, fear and plain apathy meant that obviously we could not rely on teachers themselves to meet this need, since reports of forced resignations and heads offering bribes to kids for evidence of 'misbehaviour' on the part of their teachers was hardly much encouragement to them, whether gay or not, to take the initiative to act individually. Glenys Parry's mission at the end of the day was to consider methods, past and future, of getting the subject into schools which would

probably otherwise ignore it. Providing background material, tapes and teaching aids, would be valuable where the appearance of a living gay example from outside was not feasible or welcome. Teachers' Training Colleges, Parent Teacher Associations, the Schools Council and Family Planning Association were all avenues as yet hardly explored. The temptation to drift away on a euphoric cloud without actually agreeing to do anything was bravely resisted, by some anyway, and the general enthusiasm channelled into two working groups:

London: to develop and co-ordinate teaching aids and to further the campaign in London. (Those interested contact David Bell c/o CHELIC.)

North West: to develop contacts and liaise with the educational establishment and relevant agencies. (Those interested contact Glenys Parry c/o Kennedy Street)

In addition the General Secretary offered to elicit information from other countries like Holland and the USA, which may have relevant experience. Results will be reviewed at a further conference in Birmingham in March. If this one is anything to go by, the next will be a must for those interested in one of CHE's potentially most vital enterprises. Congratulations to the speakers and to Wallace Grevatt and Robert Maynard who organised it.

—Tony Ryde

## ECHOES . . . . .

At the Birmingham National Council while Vivian Waldron was chairing the first session there was a vote during which he was heard to say when calling for abstainers to put their hands up: "Those who don't mind it either way?"

• • • • •

On the day after the Bristol National Council's discussion of police action following a protest over Samantha's, a Manchester club, refusing to admit female members who had previously been allowed to visit what had been described as a 'gay' club, the following appeared in the Sunday People:

A touch of "men's lib" has come to a Bristol pub with a men-only bar. "Women who trespass will be asked to leave," said a spokesman for the brewers.

• • • • •

During the BBC radio programme in which Jimmy Savile spent an hour's air time dealing with homosexuality he was concerned to find out where any listener wanting to learn more could obtain details. He asked: "Where would they find you? In the Yellow Pages?"

It might indeed be worth trying to have our entry in these Thomson telephone directories.



Dear Old Auntie BBC. The Beeb image has taken on a new twist. In the BBC Radio Press Information handout for the week beginning September 23 there is a full frontal drawing of a naked boy by J. Schnorr von Carolsfeld ("Youth with a Shawm") to draw attention to the BBC programmes dealing with the Age of Neo-Classicism. Journalism, like teaching, seems to have more than its fair share of homosexuals, so it is to be assumed this is one press release which did not go straight into a waste paper basket, comments a chairman of a London group.

### Brighton CHE

We understand the barbecue was a great success despite the cold and regret expressed by some members that they dare not take a dip. We gather the catering was hard work for two women, and that our Brighton brothers (unlike our London ones) feel a woman's place is to clear up afterwards. Though they did help collect wood after being asked by police to move the fire further along the beach!

Congratulations to Brighton for offering to help organise anyone on their own over Christmas or Boxing day.

### Brighton Gay Day Parade

The day was warm and sunny, but the local authorities had no intention of allowing thirty or so gays parade with their banners among the mass of people doing their Saturday shopping. The police generously offered a longer route which turned out to be the equivalent of walking round the Hove Gasworks fifty times and there was no danger of the well prepared revolutionary banners being seen. After half an hour of pointlessly waving banners at France from the sea front, they decided to proceed to the busy shopping precinct of Churchill Square and hand out leaflets. They tried hard and deserve more support from other gay groups next time in their fight for true liberation.

—David Hart

### CHE CHRISTMAS CARDS

These designs are still available in packets of six. With envelopes 40p (incl. postage). Send your order with money to:—

CHE London Information Centre,  
22 Gt. Windmill Street, W1

Profits to go to CHE London Club Project

This card by Desmond Masters wins the Lunch Christmas Hamper.



DEREK MILBURN-LIGHT

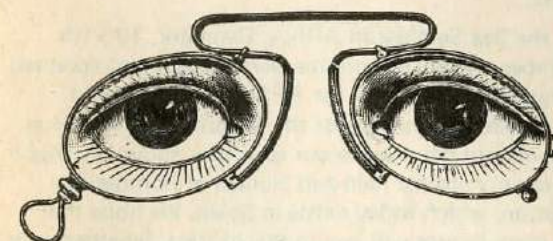


DESMOND MASTERS



DESMOND MASTERS' WINNING ENTRY

# Dear Sir...



### A Gay Vote?

I am afraid that G. Williams' suggestion of running a CHE candidate for next year's elections is not on. Sam Green did not get elected to Durham City Council "under the Gay Liberation Front banner". He was elected under a Liberal banner, mentioning his membership of GLF on his election address as other candidates may mention their membership of the British Legion, their Trade Union or the Anti-Apartheid Movement.

A single-issue candidate usually does badly in British elections, unless the issue is one which affects the locality or constituency as a whole. We cannot pretend that CHE's concerns directly affect more than a small minority. A CHE candidate, or even a slightly broader based Gay Rights candidate, would be likely to do very badly and expose CHE's weakness; plenty of homosexual voters will stick to their Con/Lab/Lib allegiance, putting their feelings on Industrial Relations, the Common Market, the Cost of Living (or whatever) before their sexual orientation.

No, the way forward on the electoral front must be two-fold, working within the present parties.

Firstly, if a party selects a candidate who is in CHE, all CHE members living anywhere nearby who are not clearly opposed to that party should come and help that candidate. This will show that identification with CHE should help candidates by bringing in extra workers at election time. "Member of the Campaign for Homosexual Equality" in an election address, and a few CHE badges around the supporters of an ordinary party candidate will make more impact than a derisory vote for a CHE candidate. And it will make the point about CHE's objective of securing integration much better.

Secondly, pursue the questioning of candidates at parliamentary by-elections. This should build up the

impression on newly-elected MPs that there is a gay vote (even if there isn't); repeated at the next general election (in the light of our experience at by-elections) it should produce a House of Commons more favourable to the legal changes that we want.

—Michael Steed, Lancs.

### The Family Ideal

I have already devoured November's *Lunch*—definitely the most satisfying meal yet.

I was particularly interested in the editorial. I have thought for some time that there is a danger in giving too much publicity to left-wing ideas, no matter how interesting they may be as theories. I happen to hold no brief for either party, but it seems to me painfully clear that we have little hope of making much progress with our aim of securing more reforms and greater equality if we do not face the fact that, given our eccentric electoral system, we are more likely than not to have a Conservative government at any particular time—and cut our cloth accordingly.

If we want to make friends and influence people we are not likely to succeed if we are constantly sniping at them and their most cherished ideals. I am thinking particularly of the family unit, much loved by many Tories. They may be thinking of preserving and passing on wealth—we have surely a vested interest in the family ideal as providing us at some stage in our lives, not to mention those of future generations of gays, with a sense of belonging. We can only gain by being seen not to be a threat to the family unit but, on the contrary, an integral part of it.

—Bill Mitchell, Wembley, Middx.

Ed. How do others feel?

### Homosexuals and Socialism

If, as Michael Harth states in his article 'Re. Homosexuals & Socialism' (October *Lunch*), political activism is based almost invariably on some form of power seeking (if so, he disapproves), may I ask him why he continues to support CHE?

CHE is political—to the extent that it is attempting to bring about change, albeit by reform. Any action towards the aim of reform is political, to a greater or lesser degree, whether or not Michael likes it. Anyone who is active in CHE is therefore something of a political activist. Since Michael claims that political activism is "one of the



most vile perversions", do we take it that this is a condemnation of all those in CHE who do so much to improve the position of the homosexual in this country? I hope not.

Michael disputes the claim made in the original article (August *Lunch*) that the family and homosexuality should be viewed from the economic viewpoint. On what grounds? Even a cursory glance at our capitalist society shows that economics is the determining factor in determining capitalist so-called morality. Money dictates all—be it on the subject of homosexuality (which threatens the capitalist family economic unit), abortions (which reduce the market for the sale of goods produced), or apartheid (which capitalists say they deplore, but then go on to support).

It is therefore necessary to change the system itself, in order to do away with its morality based on economic factors. This must be done before any lasting and real improvement in the position of the homosexual can be achieved.

The self-satisfaction of Michael's later remarks is hard to believe. Does he really think that the 'great ignorant incoherent mass' (*sic*) are only good enough to create profits for others, and not for themselves? The philosophy of socialism is based on common ownership of the means of production, and participation of all in the running of the country. It appears to work in a third of the world, despite what Michael considers to be the ignorance of the masses.

I look forward to seeing in the near future the reasons put forward by Michael for saying that support for our cause will not continue to come from the left. As I have already stated, capitalism needs the economic unit of the family in order to survive. It depends on the continuance of clearly identifiable roles for the sexes, in order to keep women underpaid and underprivileged. For years capitalism has fought against equal rights for the sexes, and against equal rights for the homosexual. Homosexuals pose as much of a threat to the 'accepted' sex roles as does women's lib.

Socialism, on the other hand, has no such need for sex roles or indeed for the family economic unit in the same way as does capitalism—it is free to recognise differences in sexual preferences, without prejudicing its own existence.

As another example of Michael's smugness, I would draw attention to his remark that "... [people] expect to be treated as if they were [human] ..." What, may I ask, are we, if not human? We are as human as the man next door. All we ask is to be accepted as such. Or does not Michael accept that?

—Chris Godbold, Surrey

## Protest against Persecution in Spain!

We all know about the medieval, discriminating laws against homosexuality in Spain. We have heard about the persecutions, which these laws have meant for brothers and sisters there. We have heard about the camps for 'readjustment of homosexuals' in Huelva and Badajoz.

At the Sex Seminar in Aarhus, Denmark, 10-11th September, several gay groups were present and accepted the proposition made by the RFSL, that we should make a joint protest against the Spanish government as well as inform the press in our countries about the frightening cruelty against men and women of homosexual inclination, which today exists in Spain. We hope that many more groups will join in this protest. Whether your group is big or small, revolutionary or reformist is of little importance. All we who fight against sexual oppression must be prepared to show love and solidarity ourselves; in this case love and solidarity for suffering friends in Spain.

Every participating group should collect as much concrete evidence as possible about the persecution in Spain today. This information can be sent to us—in any language.

The material will be put together in a Letter of Protest which will be sent to various authorities in Spain as well as handed over at the same time to Spanish Embassies in our countries. It will be written in Spanish, but you will also receive a translation in your own language which we beg you to give to your news agencies and press.

This is an action of friendship and solidarity. Let us show the world that these things exist within the homosexual community and within people fighting sexual oppression.

Do your best to collect material and participate. We await your information.

—Michael Holm

Riksförbundet för Sexuellt Likabehandling—RFSL  
Box 15, 360 70 Åseda, Sweden  
Tel: 0474-510 16

Dear Lunch,

Peter Norman in his piece on the Sauna in your last issue suggests that we need our discussions of ethics to have a concrete basis. He points out that the homosexual world has its own propaganda and self-deception.

This self-deception seems to be something that he shares: could he explain to us what exactly he was *doing* there anyway when he had, as he tells us, 'Someone to go home to' himself?

—Peter Bostrell, SW4

## Come Down Out of the Clouds, Peter!

I feel I cannot let Peter Norman's article pass without comment. I'm sorry you came away unsatisfied Peter, but come on, didn't you peep? and wasn't it all grist to the mill? Also I think you might have mentioned the entrance fee, less than a pound and with no time limit, so you could have stayed until midnight, with free coffee and biscuits served at intervals, or you can buy beer at half the price of that in the DOK. You could have mentioned the lounge, TV room and swimming pool, assuming you went to the same sauna as I did, the one near the COC?

You are of course quite right, I didn't see anyone talking to the old and the ugly. Did you honestly expect them to? Do they in cottages or clubs in this country? Do you think they will in the CHE club, unless they are from the same group?

Yes, everyone in the sauna was offering themselves as a sex object, but don't we all subconsciously seek to be as attractive as possible, in dress or manner. We are none of us free from vanity, and the logical extension of this is to seek to attract attention to ourselves, and for what other reason than to provoke sexual desire.

I want CHE to have an interest in a sauna. I want to get people out of cottages, out of the commercial clubs and pubs. Alright—the sauna will be male-dominated (God, I should hope so!) and it will be a sexist ghetto, but it will be better than trolling on Wimbledon Common, or having sex in the front seat of a car.

You see, not everyone has a place to go back to. Have you forgotten about those living with their parents, or the married gays?

Does everything have to be meaningful? Can't we have sex for mutual pleasure, and if afterwards a friendship develops, all well and good. But some people can't have or don't want a friendship, what of them?

Let's come down out of the clouds, casual sex is here to stay and I for one would rather have it openly in an Amsterdam sauna than furtively in a London cottage.

—T.R. Blackburn, London N8

## The Facts Remain

Mr Edward Johnson can plead the merits of Conservatism and Conservative Clubs as much as he likes, but the facts remain it was a *Labour* government who gave time for the Sexual Offences Bill to go through parliament, a *Labour* member who sponsored it (Leo Abse) and a *Labour* Home Secretary who fervently supported it (Roy Jenkins). Furthermore, in the final reading of the Bill in the Commons, the free vote went as follows:— *Labour*: 83 for, 2 against; *Conservative*: 12 for, 12 against. Even back in 1957, when the Tory Home Secretary said 'the time is not yet right for changing the law,' a large major-

ity of the *Labour* members present voted for implementation of the Wolfenden proposals. Actions speak louder than words!

In 1964, the Bishop of Woolwich announced he was voting *Labour* because he felt they were more likely to change the laws on capital punishment and on homosexuality. Events were to prove him right on both scores. Considering the paramount importance of a Home Secretary on social questions, it is worth noting that the Tory Shadow for Home Affairs in 1967 was Mr Quintin Hogg, whose views on homosexuality have been distinctly illiberal. Would that Bill have been passed or even debated had Mr Hogg been Home Secretary?

It is the right wing of the Tory Party who are increasingly associated with the anti-Permissive Society movement, and I, for one, do not expect much liberalising of Society whilst this government is in office. I share Mr Johnson's dislike of the Communist system, but why must we polarise either to the extreme Left or to Conservatism? It is the Moderate Left who have been our friends in the past, and will be in the future.

—Tony Somerton, SW19

## Irresistible Friend in Buenos Aires?

I saw in the "Gay International News" of London, that you are organised now and have also a magazine. I am a member of the COC in Amsterdam, "Arcadie" of Paris, etc. And I would like to be in touch with you since you are against the same things, that is ignorance and prejudice. And for the same things, that is freedom to love, like me and other Argentine guys.

Introducing myself: I am Argentine, 32, University. Working in the building's business. During my free hours I like to paint and to draw. I made several exhibitions here with success. I am very fond of good music, opera, ballet, theatre and we have here more than 50. So Buenos Aires is with London and Paris one of the theatrical capitals of the world! I like also films. And I am journalist, critic of theatre and of films, for two magazines here.

And my preferred sports are to swim, to row, to play tennis, etc. and to make beach's and sea's life every time I can. And sun-bathing in the nude. And of course to travel. I have lived in Rome and Paris, two unforgettable cities. And soon I'll go again to Europe visiting all the places I can. So if you have some friends there let me know, any addresses, or friends you can send me are very welcomed!

Physically I have 6 feet tall, 180 lbs, blue eyes, brown hair. And my address is:

Mr Jack Palli  
Casilla de Correo 106  
Sucursal 13 BUENOS AIRES Argentina

And if you or any friends of you wants to write me. Remember you have friends in Buenos Aires!



# Diary

## December

- SAT 2 GLF Dance Hampstead Town Hall. Haverstock Hill. 50p. Disco, Groups, Lightshow & Bar.
- SUN 3 CHE Speakers Corner. CHE Music Group. 722 4274.
- TUE 5 London Medical Group. Human Sexuality in Theory & Practice. Kings Col. Hosp. Medical School 5.45pm. Homosexual parents meeting 8pm. Broadley Terrace, NW1. (Centre).
- WED 6 Fancy Dress Rave. Porchester Hall 7.30pm.
- FRI 8 Graham Collier concert 'Children of Adam' Nettlefold Hall Norwood Library. SE27. 7.45pm.
- SAT 9 Sappho Disco. Euston Tavern N.1. 40p. 7pm.
- SUN 10 CHE Music Group. Christmas Music. Inf. 743 9666.
- MON 11 SMG Edinburgh Discussion on 'Gay Newspapers'.
- FRI 15 CHE Brighton 7.30pm. Guest speaker a young Anglican Bishop.
- SAT 16 CHE Chilterns Christmas Party.
- SUN 17 CHE Walk. 11am Kew Gardens station.
- MON 18 SMG Edinburgh Discussion 'Befriending in Edinburgh'.
- TUE 19 SMG Glasgow. Dr. from Eastern District Hosp. speaks on Sex Changes.
- FRI 22 GLF Dance Lime Grove Baths Shepherds Bush.
- SAT 23 CHE Music Group at Home 743 9666.
- TUE 26 CHE Chilterns at Home Evening.
- FRI 29 CHE Company of Nine: 'Something for Christmas'.
- SUN 31 SMG Glasgow 'See the New Year in'. 10pm on.

## January

- FRI 5 CHE Disco Fulham Town Hall 8pm. 35p.
- SUN 7 CHE Speakers Corner. CHE Walk.
- FRI 12 CHE Mass Meeting Conway Hall. Red Lion Sq. 7.30.
- FRI 19 CHE 'Hustings' Meeting Kingsway Hall. 7pm.

### REGULAR GLF DISCO'S

Mondays Crypt St Mathews Church. Opp Brixton Town Hall

Wednesdays Bull & Gate. 1 Highgate Rd. Kentish Town.

DRAG MOBILE DISCOTHEQUES

Tuesdays Drag Disco 'Royal Oak' Glenethorn Rd. Hammersmith. W.6.

Wednesdays Drag Disco Go-Go Dancing. 'Pontefract Castle'. 48 Chapel St. Edgeware Rd. Tube.

### SAPPHONIC EVENING AGAIN

Disco/Bar. 7.00-11.00pm. December 9th. Euston Tavern, Corner of Judd St/Euston Road, London N1. Opposite St Pancras Station. CHE members with membership cards very welcome. 40p admission.

Photographs of the CHE Autumn Fair are available from LIC, 22 Gt. Windmill Street, W1

## Campaign for Homosexuality

The Campaign for Homosexual Equality has developed from the North-Western Homosexual Law Reform Society into a nationwide organisation. The 2700 members of the Campaign participate in its activities through 60 or so local groups, each of which sends representatives to a quarterly National Council. The character of a group depends on its members, but most have full social as well as campaigning programmes.

An Executive Committee, elected by all members in postal ballot, handles national matters, but the strength and weakness of CHE lies at grass-roots level.

Membership is open to anyone—male or female, homosexual or not—and costs only £1.50 annually, including a monthly information bulletin.

Write to Paul Temperton, CHE, 28 Kennedy St., Manchester, M2 4BG or ring 061-228 1985.

IN LONDON: There are over 700 members in Greater London, and local groups are active in many areas. In addition, groups with widely scattered members hold their meetings in Central London. A wide variety of interest-groups and action-groups enable like-minded members to get together for anything from leafletting to poetry-reading. For London events, contact: CHE, 22 Great Windmill Street, W1. 01-437 6117/8 (ask for CHE by name). Until the rota is completed the office will be open daily, from noon-10pm.

## Personal

**DESIGNER-TEACHER, 25, wants studio-bedroom, with room to move, in flat or house with others. Mornings, 722 6237.**

**DOUBLE ROOM £8. (Suit two male mates) also available single room £4. (West London) Write to advertiser, 12 Grove Place, Acton, London W3.**

**LUNCH** wishes all readers, helpers, supporters and special friends a happy Christmas etc. Particular love to Dogsboddy. Without you we shouldn't exist.

**SCOTTISH MINORITIES, SMG. Glasgow: every Tuesday 8pm. Edinburgh: every Monday 7.45pm. Dundee: every Friday 9pm. Members of CHE are honorary members of SMG while visiting Scotland. Membership card essential if wishing to attend the Saturday Social Club in Edinburgh. Postal enquiries to: National Secretary of SMG, 214 Clyde Street, Glasgow G1 4JZ. Let us know if you are coming up—we'd like to meet you.**

Are you a homosexual parent male/female bringing up children within a relationship or single-handed? If so, would you care to write to Sheila A. Whyment-Lester at 14 Elmwood Crescent, off Hay Lane, Kingsbury, LONDON NW9 as she is preparing a feature and providing research material for a future television programme.

Are you a homosexual parent bringing up children within a relationship or by yourself. If so, would you care to come to an informal parents meeting at the Centre, Broadley Terrace, LONDON, NW1. On Tuesday 5th December at 8pm.

## CHE Meetings

**LONDON** 22 Gt. Windmill St. 437 6118.  
**C.A.**=Coachmakers Arms Marylebone Lane  
**T.B.**=Two Brewers Monmouth St. WC2/ W.1  
**GROUP 1** 1st Friday 7.30pm L.I.C.  
Chairman G. Vaughan Williams 735 6602  
**GROUP 2** 3rd Friday T.B. 7.30pm. Inf.  
David Bell 739 8146. Martin 368 6124.  
**GROUP 3** 1st & 3rd Tuesdays 7.30pm T.B.  
Details Mike Brown 485-7590  
**GROUP 4** 2nd Wednesday C.A. Details  
Sec. Robert Buggs. 609 2995. 7.30pm.  
**GROUP 5** YOUTH GROUP Membs. flats  
Details Jim Haley 385-7246.  
**GROUP 6** 3rd Tuesday Victoria Pub.  
Buckingham Palace Rd. Inf. 402-8053.  
**GROUP 8** 3rd Thursday 8pm.  
Check Basil Ferron 876 1009.  
**GROUP 10** 2nd & 4th Monday 7.30pm  
Details 560 2739. or 589 6438  
**GROUP 11** 1st Thursday T.B. 7.30pm  
Chairman Peter Robins.  
**GROUP 12** 2nd & 4th Thursday T.B.  
7.30pm Details Barry Hill 603 5063.  
**GROUP 13** 1st Wednesday C.A. 8pm  
Details Gerard Norton 549 0695.

**CROUCH END** 2nd Sunday. Derek Brookfield 7 Briston Grove Crouch End N.8.  
**CROYDON** Unitarian Church Hall Friends Rd. Croydon. Inf Tony Naylor 698 1815.  
**EALING** 2nd & 4th Tuesday 7.30pm Inf.  
Jim Brown 14 Drayton Green Rd. W.13.  
**EAST LONDON** 2nd Wednesday Friends Meeting Ho. Bush Rd. Leytonstone.  
**HIGHBURY & ISLINGTON** 1st Sunday 7.30pm  
Jonathan Marks 107 Plimsoll Rd N.4  
**KENSINGTON.** 2nd Tuesday 7.30pm The Rose Fulham Rd. Inf. Marie 748 9369.  
**KILBURN & HAMPSTEAD** 1st & 3rd Thurs.  
Details Alan Louis 960 1591.  
**LEWISHAM** Details Len Kelly 692 6397  
1st Monday.  
**STEPNEY** Details Michael 476 7980  
**WANDSWORTH/RICHMOND** 2nd & 4th  
Thursdays 7.30. 1 Hotham Rd SW15.  
Inf. Fred Green 788 2758.

**BATH** Every Thursday 8pm. Inf. John Bath 63168 Hugh B. 4738. Evenings.  
**BIRMINGHAM** Carrs Lane Church Centre B'ham 4. Con. Denis Platt 0902 752673. Inf Douglas 021 706 9818.  
**BRIGHTON** Details John Gough 9 Quayfil Ho. 24/25 Broad St Kemp Town Brighton Tel: Robert Brighton 575096.  
**CARDIFF** Mondays 7.30pm. Chapter Arts Centre Cardiff.

**CHILTERN** 1st Monday 3rd Thursday 4th Wednesday. Inf. Alan 01.864 5119.  
**EAST KENT** 1st Friday Inf. R. Weller 54 Minster Drive Herne Bay Kent.  
**EAST LANC**s Meetings etc Blackburn area. Details CHE Manchester.  
**HUDDERSFIELD & HALIFAX** Details CHE Manchester.

**KENT STUDENTS** Details Brian Hart 1 Trinity Rd Folkestone 0303 54698  
**LEEDS** Inf. David Morley 7686. Details in Leeds Group Newsletter.  
**LIVERPOOL** 1st & 3rd Wednesdays. Con. Robin Bloxside 051 709 6104. Inf. Gordon Gibb 120 Edinburgh Rd. Liv. 7.  
**SMG** Every Monday 23 George Sq. Edin. Sec Michael Coulson 9 Moray Place. 3. Inf. National Office 214 Clyde St Glasgow G14JK. Tel: 041 7717600.  
**SOUTH ESSEX** 3rd Wednesday Basildon. Inf. John Shaw Sth Benfleet 3706.  
**SOUTH HERTS** 3rd Tuesday Inf. John Kernaghan 21 Park Close Old Hatfield.  
**TEESIDE** 2 15 Beaufort St. Middlesbrough. Inf. Eric Thompson.  
**TUNBRIDGE WELLS** 4th Saturday. Conv. Ross Burgess Tun. Wells. 33175.  
**WINDSOR** Meetings Maidenhead/Sunningdale/Windsor. Con. Mike Harris 82 Dedworth Rd Windsor. Inf. Peter Saunders Ascot 24138.  
**WOLVERHAMPTON** Inf. Denis W. 752673.  
**YORK** 2nd & 4th Thursdays. Details Roger Depledge York 55508.

## Friend

Homosexual Counselling & Parents Enquiry. If you need help write or ring for appointment to FRIEND, Centre, Broadley Terrace, London, NW1. 01.402 6345. Mon-Fri. 7.30-9.30pm

## Other meetings

**GAYSOC** University meetings. Details s.a.e. Gaysoc University of London Union. Malet Street. W.C.1.  
**GAY RELIGIOUS** Alt. Sundays. Details Brian 278 1701.  
**JEWISH LIAISON** Details Simon Benson 21a Donce Place S.W.3. 2NH.  
**RGA READING GAY ALLIANCE** Details Rm 7. 30 London Road Reading Berks.  
**GAY CAMBRIDGE** CHE/GLF Group. Details Bernard Greaves 29 John St. Cambridge Cambridge 52661 or Pat Cam. 55772.

**POLITICAL ACTION GROUP** Details Derek Brookfield 7 Briston Grove Crouch End N.8.

## Women's Groups

**CHE WOMEN** 4th Wednesday 7.30pm 22 Gt. Windmill St. W.1.  
**GAY WOMEN** Mondays Crown & Woolpack 394 St. Johns St. N.1.  
**LESBIAN LIBERATION** Wednesdays 8pm Women's Centre 14 Radnor Terrace SW8.  
**SAPPHO** 1st Monday 7.30pm Museum Tavern Museum St. W.C.2.  
**WOMEN'S LIBERATION** Details of group: 3 Shavers Place S.W.1. 839 3918.

## GLF Meetings

**OFFICE** 5, Caledonian Rd N.1. 837 7174.  
**MONDAYS** Co-ordinating Cmte 6pm.  
**HARROW** Gay Unity. Inf. Alex 422-7890  
**TUESDAYS** T.V. & T.S. All Saints Church Vestry Clydesdale Rd W.10.  
**THURSDAYS** EAST LONDON Agitprop 248 Bethnal Green Rd. E.2. WEST LONDON Cmte Rm. Fulham Town Hall. CAMDEN Forrester's Hall 5 Highgate Rd.  
**SOUTH LONDON** Minet Library Knatchbull Rd. Brixton.  
**FRIDAYS** S.E. LONDON details Max 837-4473. **ACTION GROUP** 7.30pm Office





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