

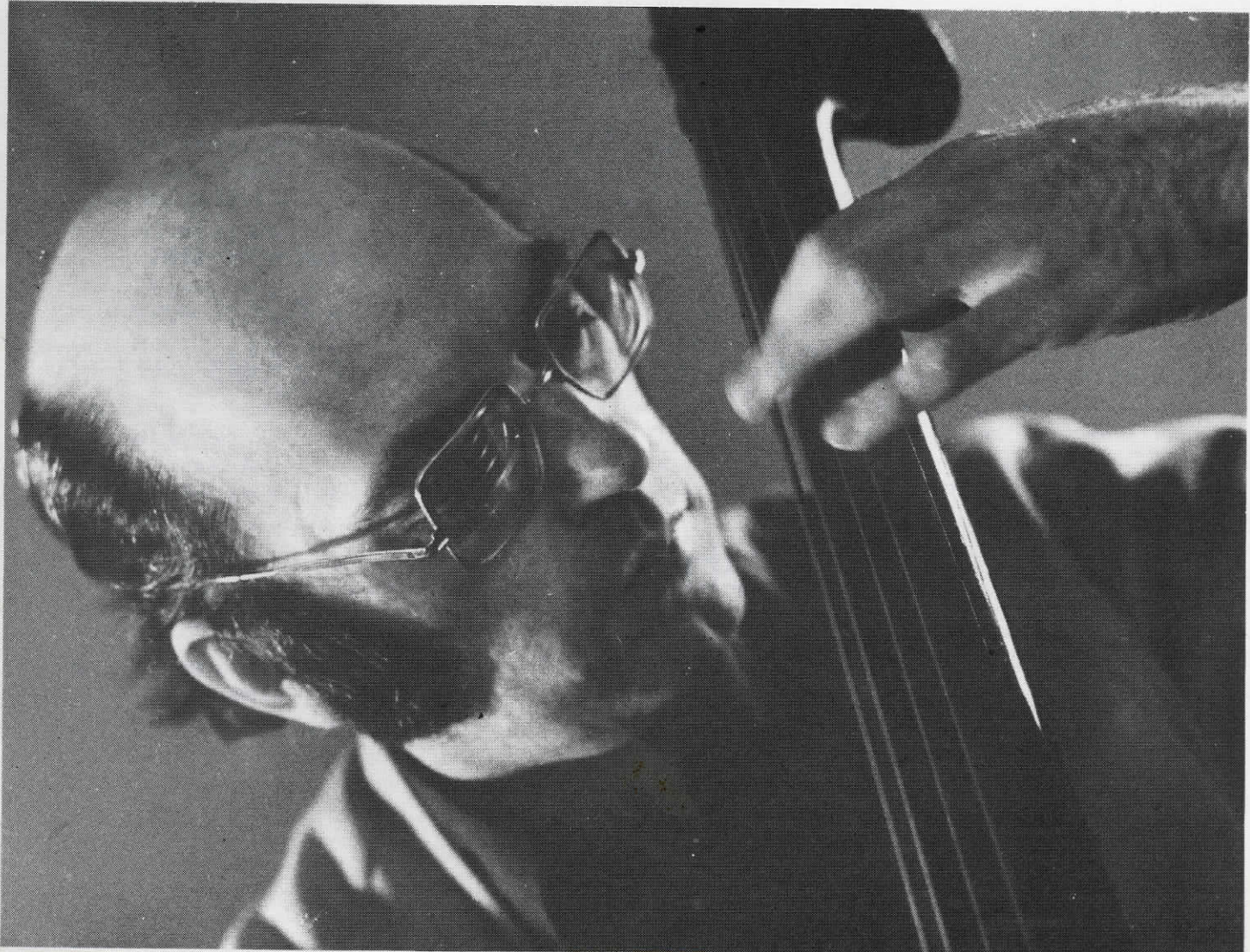
# Lunch

25p

The magazine for the new homosexual man and woman

No.20

**N.U.S Victory/ Morecambe Conference  
Graham Collier; Gay Jazzman**





# Lunch

LUNCH is an independent  
homosexual monthly magazine for men and women

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## Credits

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TYPESETTING Jenny Pennings  
Printed by F.I. Litho Ltd.. 182 Pentonville Road, N1

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Welcome from any source; please write CLEARLY or type—double  
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## Subscriptions

Post paid 6 months	£1.50	Overseas Rates: Commonwealth, add £1.
12 months	£2.80	Per Year: Elsewhere, add £1.50

Single copies available at 25p. LUNCH BACK NUMBERS 3 for 50p.  
(Some no longer available.) GROUPS: Please do not overestimate the  
number you need. Cheques etc should be made payable to LUNCH  
MAGAZINE.

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# Editorial

This month has seen two grand victories. The NUS motion on Gay Rights was passed by an overwhelming majority at Exeter. It is, as John Ezard the Education correspondent of *The Guardian* pointed out, potentially the biggest success record for the movement to expand social freedom for homosexuals since the Wolfenden Report. An exclusive report on the NUS conference is included in this issue.

At the press conference which succeeded the voting at Exeter the motion's proposers were questioned hard about particular cases of injustice. It was difficult to produce instances—partly because this kind of discrimination is often notoriously oblique, or, more importantly, because people are so scared of publicity. The NCCL are compiling a dossier on discrimination. So are CHE's new Legal Standing Committee. LUNCH too is concerned to hear of cases of police harassment, wrongful dismissal, and general discrimination. Please send us detailed accounts. We are not the magazine for queer 'Uncle Tom's' of either gender; we do not aim to celebrate the values of the 'Sephardi' or established homosexual world. Our business is also with the extension of freedoms and here activism has its proper place.

There were two largely compassionate and well-informed articles by Margaret Duggan in *The Church Times* of Dec 1 and 15, 1972, which well illustrate the necessity that homosexuals continue unequivocally to state their case. Titled *Queer Needs* and *Bent the Other Way*, they offered a mostly lucid account of the nature (insofar as we understand it) and position of homosexuality within society today. The author dismisses vulgar prejudices, such as that homosexuals are effeminate or child-molesters, or all promiscuously incapable of real feeling towards one another. And yet the second article ends with *exactly* the picture of homosexuals as hetero's *manqués*, as would-be-real-men (with Robert Wagner voices perhaps, or smoking Bruno's Rough Cut) that it earlier warns against. The closing picture is of therapy, clinics and professional help. Of course homosexuals as people may need counsel and support. But we are *not* failed straights. As Aldous Huxley pointed out years ago in *Ends and Means*: we do not call a flower which happens to be rare *abnormal*: we call it rare. And we are, of course a rare and not an abnormal plant, an ordinary part of ecology. (The point is developed at length in a militant and beautifully-argued GLF pamphlet called *Psychiatry and the Homosexual*).

Finally we must get new legislature. There are reports that the Sexual Discrimination Bill is to be presented again to Parliament. There should be a clause seeking to outlaw discrimination on the grounds of sexual preference. Lobby your MP on this.

Meanwhile the picture is, once more, not all gloom. Our second piece of good news is that *The Observer*, that paper for thirtyish trendies, has finally reconsidered its decision and accepted LUNCH's ad. About bloody time too. But more of this later . . .



# Love and all that Jazz



Graham Collier is one of our leading jazz composers—he teaches annually at John Dankworth's school and has won numerous prizes with his band. At present he's engaged in writing two books; one is a general guide for the layman on jazz to be published by Quartet in October; the other is for schoolteachers.

He is brown-eyed, gentle and hesitant and has a mild, unassuming manner. PETER BOSTRELL interviewed him in October last year.

**G. C.** Camden wasn't in fact all 'poetry and music': the words used were projected onto some screens and sung. We also used some spoken prose—in fact some of my own—about, well, life in general, and living. It was really very much a self-portrait and the poetry used was on a very personal level.

At the Bradford Festival we did something rather different. It was a sort of picture of the whole area, with the Industrial towns and the countryside—The Pennines. So I became interested in the poetry thing in general. And I've been commissioned to write a piece for the Shakespeare Birthday celebrations this year—using Shakespeare of course.

**Q:** Who among contemporary poets most holds your interest?

**G. C.** I suppose at the moment WH Auden. On that poetry programme on Aquarius he did this marvellous poem about loneliness, which ended by his stating that he wasn't going to be lonely any more because dear old Chester what's-his-name was arriving!

**Q:** Do you find him erotic? In something like Lay your sleeping head?

**G. C.** Not erotic, no. Moving, certainly.

**Q:** I'm always interested in the fact that people don't necessarily recognise that the poem may well have been written about a boy.

**G. C.** Yes but it doesn't make any difference does it? It's simply about the love-object itself. Whereas Cavafy probably *is* erotic. And Whitman again isn't. Except perhaps 'I am he that aches with amorous love'.

**Q:** A bit sexy?

**G. C.** Yes.

**Q:** You have a taste for confessional poetry in your poetry-and-jazz compositions. Is that a personal taste, or do you use it because it's easily accessible, and yields most of its meanings instantly?

**G. C.** Probably both. I try to work on a very personal level. I hope that an audience will enjoy what I do. There are perhaps more complex poems that I enjoy. But they might be too hard to be set to music. I can't imagine TS Eliot's *Four Quartets* somehow set to music because they're too long and too convoluted.

There's a great difference between a poem spoken and a poem sung. A lot of the poems I used in *Wheel of Dreams* were by Conrad Aiken who I always find fantastic. TS Eliot, Whitman, Auden and Yevtuschenko also.

**Q:** You said that part of *Wheel of Dreams* was a personal statement. About what in fact?

**G. C.** A lot of it was purely about the creative process itself and the problems of getting down and writing things. And then a problem which recurs frequently both in my life and work and reading is simply that of living with people. They're the eternal problems really, and I suppose that they may be enhanced if one happens to be a creative person too. In a Guardian book-review recently someone wrote that if one is a creative artist this fact about one conditions a great deal of one's living. Well, that may be true and the fact that you are creative may accentuate the problems. It may be true that it is hard for some creative people to live with others. But it's surely also true that it's hard for any human being to live with another.

On the other hand I've only really had one relationship and that lasted a year and a half and I think that one of the reasons it came to an end did have to do with the fact of being a creative person. At times I simply wanted very much to be alone, by myself, and the situation didn't really permit it. This finished a couple of years

ago. I suppose one does in fact learn things about oneself and grow and develop. And though no relationship is like another I might approach the thing differently now, and be better at making allowances and preparing for eventualities.

**Q:** Perhaps you needed someone either creative themselves or at least more independent?

**G. C.** Yes the relationship itself was too possessive.

**Q:** Would you say then that the 'extra' problems for creative people have to do with what you could call their necessary selfishness?

**G. C.** Absolutely. Yes.

**Q:** Is your music very tied to your love-life—to your emotional life in general?

**G. C.** Well there are a number of different ways of answering that. You could say that to be creative at all one lives much more off one's emotions, than in a more routine nine-to-five job. There's the problem of motivation and discipline: how do you actually sit down and make yourself improvise or write something when you may have had a row with someone—or you may simply be miserable because you have no love-life at that time... it's not easy! At the moment too I've personally been going through a strange phase. Since *Wheel of Dreams*, which was something of a watershed, I've been through a period of some confusion and doubt about most things. Creativity is inevitably erratic but I've found that to stimulate it I myself require three things: the external necessity to work, meeting a deadline, fulfilling a commission. Then I need the 'freedom' to work. I need to have my life organised so that I'm not worried about the business end of my life while I'm creating. Thirdly I need some kind of emotional relationship. These things all interact. So I can get along if I've got enough music to write. If I haven't enough music to write then I'm not fully stretched there and also as it happens currently I've no continuing emotional relationship so you could say that I'm not 'getting it together' on any level. If I had a fulfilling relationship I've no doubt my creativity would be better. The three things are very interlinked. I can keep going when two of the conditions are fulfilled. But just to have one (or at the moment none!)—that makes for a very strange problem.

**Q:** And do you see the 'strange problem' as peculiar to you as a gay composer?

**G. C.** Well in one way of course it would be identical if I were straight. The problems of gay people are perhaps not as special as gay people would sometimes like to make them sound. I don't think that it's special because I'm one kind.

**Q:** Are your own band in the know?

**G. C.** Two are. I changed the band some time ago and the other three don't know. I don't ever hide it, but no-one seems to pay any attention to the fact that I never appear with a girl-friend and do occasionally turn up with a guy in tow, usually much younger than I am, who obviously means rather more to me than just a friend. I don't think jazz musicians are especially 'kind'—more likely simply lacking in curiosity. Also if I see someone I want to talk to I'll say 'Excuse me' and go and talk to him. Sometimes the chap concerned isn't gay! But that's another problem! Everybody's problem I often think. If you go and chat a girl up she may not fancy you but at least knows how you like your bread buttered!

Sometimes someone will come up to you after a concert and say 'Gee that was marvellous, really fantastic'. You think to yourself 'This is really quite a nice guy', but there's never any follow-up. What attracts me to people is when they're lively or alert or sympathetic. But one often feels very restricted in pursuing a relationship, asking them on to a drink and so forth.

**Q:** Do you think people ought to wear a badge?!

**G. C.** Something like that. To some degree it's the problem of being gay and living in the public eye. I don't see really that there's much I can do about it. short of giving interviews for LUNCH!

**Q:** You don't frequent the pubs and clubs.

**G. C.** Yes, but I find them very depressing, very frustrating. Very boring really. And I no longer care for impersonal sex. I went through that phase. Now I find I'd rather go home on my own than take someone home just for the sake of going to bed with them.

**Q:** Did you start young?

**G. C.** No, not really. I regret in a way that I didn't. I was 23 or 24. But I'm very pleased now that I too benefit from the more liberated atmosphere. The whole tone of life is changing rapidly. I feel very sorry for the people in their fifties and sixties who till recently have led a rather sad, lonely life and for whom now at long last they can begin to 'come out', in one sense it is just too bloody late.

**Q:** Is it too late? In what sense? I suppose it's evidently too late for them to indulge in a wildly promiscuous existence. But it's never too late, is it, to attempt a relationship which may hopefully be in some way emotionally satisfying? Isn't that merely a reflection of the whole 'youth and beauty' prejudice of the gay world which is so unpleasant?

**G. C.** Yes in one way you're right I suppose. Still at that age your sexual urge and sexual attractiveness are both waning. And your expectation of life.



**Q:** *That seems to be a limited view but let's not argue it now! Have you been out with women?*

**G. C:** No. I've been to bed with them a couple of times. And quite enjoyed it but never really been stirred properly emotionally. I'm friends with a number of married women. But often find I relate better to the husbands!

**Q:** *Is there a 'groupie' scene in the jazz world?*

**G. C:** There used to be when jazz was more popular. Much less so now. I do myself like mixing with young people. But it is of course usually a young audience. In my band at the moment I've got two guys who are in their early thirties, and all the rest are in their very early twenties. And I generally have at least half the band in their early twenties. I suppose you could say I've acquired the reputation for discovering new young talent.

**Q:** *In the musical sense?*

**G. C:** Yes! It may be because I'm gay that I'm more sympathetic to younger musicians. I'm not sure which comes first. I like people who have some basic intelligence. So few people really *think*, in the end. No real mental life at all, especially among a certain sort of gay person who has his job and goes out to the *Coleherne* every night of the week, and ultimately has no real interest outside those limits.

I think one should be alive, aware and concerned. A lot of people aren't no matter how beautiful they may be.

I suppose that's in a way one of the problems with CHE, also. As well as being too middle-aged and middle-class, often.

**Q:** *And middle brow?*

**G. C:** Definitely. There's little on any level to attract me. Endlessly talking about 'gayness' too in the end doesn't get you very far.

**Q:** *Yes there's nothing ultimately more sterile or parochial or limited, is there? How do you feel LUNCH itself copes with these dangers?!*

**G. C:** I think it's an excellent idea. And I like the signs it sometimes shows of getting away from an exclusively gay thing. The Hockney interview was good precisely because it moved out from his private life and sexual preferences to cover lots of other topics. It should deal with other topics too, from that base. And it's better than Gaynews exactly because Gaynews does limit itself a little too much to the gayscene too narrowly defined.

But the crying need in London at the moment is surely for a club like the COC in Amsterdam where one can, not merely dance and drink and so on but (upstairs there) listen also to serious music. We need an enjoyable and worthwhile place to go.

*NB: 'Portraits' (Saydisc SDL 244) is a new record just out and available through specialist jazz shops or via LUNCH at the special price of £2 (post free).*

## N.U.S. DIARY

*The NUS, with half a million members, is now the largest body in the country to support homosexual rights.*

*LUNCH was there exclusively reporting*

*Red Mole, Morning Star and The Daily Worker* are on sale here over breakfast. There is all the easy freemasonry of the young (and the ageing young) and politically progressive as well as the schisms of the far and the further Left. Nearly everyone is in the louche uniform of untended clothes and long hair, T-shirts and sweaters, denim and cord which announce a disaffected lifestyle. Except for the Educational correspondents from all the major papers who drive in from expense-account hotels in Exeter looking foxy and overworked in tweed-jackets or blazers. Business lasts till midnight each day and takes place in the Great Hall. This is a sort of miniature Royal Festival Hall, windy and choked with the 1200 or so delegates, visitors and observers. Red-brick, black-brick, plate-glass and ancient; all Universities, Polytechnics and Colleges in the country are represented. The tone, perhaps set mostly (and properly, for this is the statistical heart of British Higher Education) by the Redbricks: the atmosphere one of controlled disorder. By the close of each day the floor is crazy with litter; there is a steady confetti of duplicates, cyclostyled manifestoes, programme-notes, composited motions, and campaign-abstracts; and trodden underfoot they make—along with fag-ends and paper coffee-cups—a dirty undergrowth to be cleared early in the day by an army of cleaners.

The Gay Rights Stand is next to International Socialism and opposite a stand marked JESUS. Devon cider not too far away in the Bar. People occasionally cruise it (and Gaynews' riveting back-number cover of Joe) and sometimes there are questions, urbane or ignorant, about what it's all about. The largely UCL contingent manning the desk are relieved on Wednesday (the big day) by two happy communards from Bethnal Rouge, who have cheerfully painted red finger-nails, and one has hennaed hair.

On Tuesday evening Jamie Gardiner, proposing the motion, knocks his speech into shape and toughens up its tone. The Gay rights motion is scheduled for 10.30 but at the last moment is put back by an hour and a half,

50, most of the journalists miss the very opening. It is called a debate, but by the time the motion has been prioritised out of nearly *one hundred* such—and it is

merely *one of three* to be given full debate during the whole of this conference—it is not in question that it will be passed. There is nonetheless anxiety. How can sufficient people be found to *oppose* the motion? For speeches *for* can only numerically match speeches *against* and there are a good many points to be made by the proposers.

Jamie, who one might have feared to have been simply too nice a person, opens with splendid controlled anger. 'The first thing I have to say is that it is OUTRAGEOUS that never before 1972 had this motion even been tabled. And that it is disgusting that not until 1973 should it have been prioritised'. There are no concessions or apologetics. He itemises the direct and indirect oppression from which homosexuals today still suffer and explains in what ways the 1967 act was itself repressive or inadequate and finishes by adumbrating the ways in which Student Unions publicly and students themselves individually can and must help. 'We do not look for 'tolerance'. We demand complete acceptance'.

The debate which follows centres quite simply on whether or not Gay Liberation can or should be a revolutionary or Marxist movement. Those speaking against the motion argue that homosexuality is implicitly a politically radical preference. It is at times almost as if every homosexual encounter hastened the doom of Capitalism, and every act of buggery was somehow a blow to the fabric of the Stock Exchange. But the York amendment which argues for the alliance of gay and, particularly, working-class revolutionary movements is, surprisingly perhaps, defeated.

The tone of the whole thing is perhaps set by one person nominally speaking against who says nonetheless 'Of course I'm not really going to ask you to vote against'. There is one exception though.

### REDS IN THE BED

A young man from Slavonic Studies, London, is full of disgust and indignation. 'It is not merely a matter of Reds under the bed: but of Reds IN the Bed!'

(Surely, the journalists ask afterwards, this was a brilliant spoof? Yes, it was Frank Honoré doing a marvellous and hilarious pastiche of a Blimp. The defence was—and God knows it's sufficiently true—that this attitude is widespread and therefore deserved, albeit impersonated, to have its hearing. Nobody could be found prepared to deliver it 'straight'. But not everyone understood the joke: one attractive young guy got up and kissed Frank, presumably hoping to outrage him further).

The motion is first put to test vote. Only two abstentions, and no votes against at all. But over ten unions show their fluorescent bright orange cards and win a 'card' vote. (This means that votes are weighted in terms of member-

ship to the unions instead of being one union, one vote. More significantly perhaps, it means that instead of a show of hands the vote can be secret). There 363,789 votes for, 10,382 against.

Who voted against and why? Perhaps those same unions who had abstained on the test delegate-vote. And, judging by the tenor of the arguments against, they probably voted against—not for narrow-minded or censorious reasons—but simply because they felt the motion did not go far enough.

Afterwards was a press conference and the questions were largely sensible and helpful. Only one hostile or uncomprehending (or plain stupid) question came, I think, from Bruce Kemble of *The Express*: 'Won't your victory mean simply that you recruit new candidates to homosexuality?'. A similar question was put a little later to Jamie by the BBC news correspondent reporting for the PM programme: 'At what age should the more inclusive sex-education that you advocate begin? Won't parents be rightly disturbed by their children being exposed to talk of homosexuality too young?' Jamie answered unequivocally that the implication that people could be 'converted' to homosexuality was false. If the children were straight then the sooner they learned to accept their gay brethren the better. If they were gay, then the sooner they learned to accept *themselves* the better. 'But surely', pursued the BBC man acting Devil's advocate, 'People will say that the NUS motion is evidence of the further undermining of society. How will you answer?'. 'It is the *present* unhappiness and misery of homosexuals who form a substantial proportion of the population which is undermining the country. We cannot afford this unhappiness. Getting rid of it on the contrary would do nothing but good'.

After the debate a young delegate who had been involved in some counselling was talking informally at the Gay rights stand about an experience he had had. A student in great distress had approached him for counsel. This student was homosexual and among his anxieties about this was an overwhelming one about how his room-mate, with whom he had shared for some time, would react to his gay-ness. The young delegate told how he had taken the gay student straight back to the room where his room-mate was and left the two to talk it out: it so happened that the room-mate too had been to him for counsel *and with exactly the same problem*. Both room-mates were gay with identical fears and had never suspected one another. The counsellor (himself straight) told the story with some wit. A comic tale but one which could easily have been less funny.

Perhaps it is a story which (apart from its bizarre coincidence) will be told less and less in the future. Gays now should be more welcome at University dances. Student



unions should take positive action against discrimination. They should help establish (and finance) gaysoc's in all the 700 or so Student Unions and not merely the forty current. They should distribute available literature. They should help change the law.

The success of the motion must have been a particular pleasure to those who launched the lobby from a small propaganda stall at the Union's November Conference in Margate in 1972. Jamie Gardiner, Goff Sargent, Leslie Tadgell-Foster, Trevor Locke. What comes of it will in part depend on the NUS executive. Al Stewart on the NUS (himself not gay but sympathetic to the cause) will probably be given special responsibility for the gay students campaign. But it will also depend on individual unions. If you belong to a union you can see that they take LUNCH to begin with...

## NEWSDESK



THE STAGE and TELEVISION TODAY, March 22, 1973

Ménage à trois presents problems for Carole Turner in the Harrogate Theatre's current production of 'The Little Hut.'

**BIT of a clanger dropped in a French newspaper advertising the latest Andy Warhol film, Heat. The ad announces: "First Flesh — then Trash—now Heath." Been keeping something from us, Ted?**

SUNDAY MIRROR 25 MAR.

## What a gay wedding

**BOSTON, Monday.**—A Methodist minister, ignoring the objections of church superiors, performed a wedding ceremony for two homosexuals in Boston's Old West Church. Robert C. Jones, 24, and Harry R. Freeman, 25, said they met while studying for the Ministry.

"We wanted to reaffirm our commitment to each other in a public ceremony," said Freeman. "It's important to do that in a church because God is part of our lives." (UPI)

**FOREIGN Language Department:** A novel to be published next month by Hart-Davis, MacGibbon is entitled *Memoirs of an Ex-Prom Queen*. But it is not, as some might think, a homosexual reminiscence

of summer nights at the Albert Hall. It is an American Women's Libber looking back at the days when she was belle ("queen") of the students' ball ("prom").

EVENING STANDARD MAR. 29.

**LORD ARRAN**, veteran campaigner for Homosexual Law Reform, has just got his bill to protect Badgers through its Committee stage in the Lords. But his elation is tempered with sadness. As he remarked to a colleague: "There weren't so many supporting my Badger's Bill as my b-s Bill," to which the other noble lord replied: "No, but then, there aren't any badgers in the House of Lords, are there?"

EVENING STANDARD 11.4.73.

After this, directly after in my case, I am Frigid... Why? (Jacey, Charing Cross Rd, X) is like stepping out of a bathful of curds into a bucketful of whey. Indeed, I couldn't help wondering not why Mlle Sandra Jullien, the star of Max Pécas's teaser, was frigid (since all the men in the movie are so poncey) but why on earth a row of so-faced critics was watching the entertainment at all.

Mlle Jullien last appeared before us, frequently starkers and always breathing heavily, in "I am a Nymphomaniac." Her affliction this time is every bit as tiresome and rendered the more so by censorship cuts at just those moments when patrons of the Jacey will be starting to rattle their teeth, or whatever, in pleasurable anticipation. From several choice examples, the best moment comes when a Lesbian friend of the heroine's sighs: "If only I were able to exchange a bit of your frigidity for little of my nymphomania." We all have our problems, don't we? If I go frigid, I'll know exactly why. It's these damn sex films that aren't sexy.

FILM REVIEW GUARDIAN 5.4.73.

## PAUL NEWMAN— THE NEXT TO SWING OVER?

VEGETARIAN NEWS FEB '73



VILLAGE VOICE FEB.

**MEN WITH TITS** may be the latest bring-down of the left-over drug revolution. According to a Boston paper, two doctors at the Cambridge Hospital have described treating three guys—between 23 and 26, all heavy dope-smokers—for gynecomastia, a weird disorder that causes men to develop large, female-like breasts.

As the report explains, there are distinct chemical similarities between the active ingredient in grass, 9-THC, and a powerful estrogenic hormone called estradiol. Dr. Aliapoulos, one of the men involved in this study, told me that nothing conclusive has been decided about the effects of grass on the bosom—there is a

**Sexual abuse of Social Security:** A reader wonders whether the Ministry's spies snoop on a man receiving supplementary benefits while living with a male lover. OBSERVER APRIL 8.

SOUTHERN EVENING ECHO,

Sat., April 7, 1973.

## Four million homosexuals in the UK

THERE ARE four million homosexuals in the United Kingdom, a homosexual told the Southampton Humanist Society last night.

John and David, members of the Campaign for Homosexual Equality, discussed their status and difficulties.

The Southampton-based group of CHE has been running since November, meeting twice a week. There are 50 members including three women.

latest film *Death of a Snow Queen*. Joanne has been a vegetarian for some time.

possibility that the central nervous system, by activating a pituitary prolactin release, is responsible. Meanwhile, two of the "patients" have opted for surgical removal of the extra breast tissue.

What the implications of this oddball disease may be, who knows. Perhaps Mark Eden flex-addicts will start smoking like crazy. Perhaps Playboy will run a full-bearded as well as full-breasted centerfold.

## Steve minces his way to the bank

FOR a married man with a four-year-old daughter to chase the title of the prettiest boy in Britain, is surely the gimmick of all gimmicks—even in the pop world.

But Steve Priest, 25-year-old ~~was~~ guitarist with the chart-topping group The Sweet, who uses make-up, false eyelashes and lipstick in the cause of his art, rides the gibes of "raving poun" and minces all the way to the bank.

"I don't give a damn what people think," said Steve at the studio where the group are making their new single disc, *Hellraiser*. "The girl fans love it. They say it turns them on."

"And if the fellers in the audience resent that we look prettier than a



Steve Priest: "I don't have to prove I'm a man."

lot of the girls they're with — well, they still seem to buy our discs.

"Another form of jealousy is in the pop scene itself. There aren't many girl singers today who look up to much, and they get mad because the comparison with us strips 'em of what little glamour they have got."

"We don't have to

prove that we're masculine. People who protest too much about anything begin to look suspect.

"My wife, Pat, regards it all in the same way an actor's wife would if her old man was playing Charley's Aunt."

"And Lisa, my young daughter, has a good giggle."

SUNDAY MIRROR 25 MAR.



## Admit it, boys

I WONDER how many other female readers have noticed, as I have, that whenever an attractive female fills the television screen, the male viewer will observe 'Cor, she's nice!' while the woman watching with him will normally concur, with maybe just a reservation that '... her legs are not all they should be.'

However, when we ladies dare to reverse this pantomime, the phrase we invariably hear is 'You don't like him do you? He's a poof (or fairy or pansy).'

Can someone please tell me why it is that just because we find a guy particularly attractive, he is accused by jealous males of being 'one of them'?

Let's face it, men—you just can't stand competition.

(Miss) SHARON-MARIE BEVAN, Abbey Avenue, St Albans, Hertfordshire.



## Students back 'Gay Lib'

SEX education in schools should include lessons in the attractions and meaning of homosexual love, students claimed yesterday.

Teachers should be free to be sexually different and should be forced to give children a wider view of love than the simple male-female relationship.

These were the most wide-reaching proposals in a motion carried overwhelmingly at the National Union of Students' spring conference in Exeter.

It launched the union on a £20,000 campaign to:

Put a 'gay liberation' branch in every one of the 700 universities and colleges throughout the country.

Take gay liberation on to the streets and into the pubs to explain the 'naturalness' of homosexuality.

DAILY MAIL 5 APRIL

## SPOTLIGHT ON SPORT



DAILY RECORD, Thursday, March 22, 1973

## Noël & Binkie

Noël Coward and Binkie Beaumont were both widely known to be homosexual. They were both for many years right at the top of their professions, both for many years in their different ways gifted, popular and powerful men. While they lived you can be sure that no-one was going to use their homosexuality as a stick to beat them with.

But dead men issue no writs. Last month both Coward and Beaumont died and there was hardly time to count to ten before *The Spectator*, of all papers, was using their deaths as an excuse for a piece of anti-homosexual polemic of a kind one thought had gone for ever with the departure of John Deane Potter from the Daily Express.

In a piece remarkable for its exceptional nastiness a journalist writing under the pseudonym Will Wasp tore into Mr Beaumont's private and professional character with an array of side swipes at queers in general on the way.

So... Sir Noël's last public appearance in London, he wrote, was at one of Binkie's parties 'one of those gatherings of which it might be said that there were more fag-ends walking round the room than there were in the ash-trays...'. The majority of directors he employed, he said, were: homosexual. Anyone who offended him was destroyed. When Peter Cotes fell out with his homosexual leading man on the second day of rehearsals he was fired, never worked for HM. Tennent again and found thereafter that door after door was closed to him.

Beaumont's theatre auditions, according to Wasp, were famous for young things camping it up. There was the story, says Wasp, of the young actor who did his audition and then said 'I think I ought to tell you Mr Beaumont that I'm not queer but it doesn't show from the front'.

And then, says, Wasp, there were the unofficial auditions at the house in Lord North Street 'where Binkie held court, often reclining in pastel silk pyjamas on black silk bed sheets'.

As for Noël Coward, well even Wasp can't find rubbish of this kind to throw at him so contents himself by observing that 'a great deal of mincing and wrist-flapping went on around him' and 'unquestionably there were 'boy-friends who figured in his shows...'

'There is ineffable sadness this week in the twee coterie', concludes this distasteful little essay. 'Elsewhere in the theatre there are audible sighs of relief. It has all gone on a little too long, a little too dangerously for the good of the art—or even the trade. When the West End theatre lights are dimmed as a mark of respect for Binkie who had so many of them under his aegis or in his pocket, they may be dimming too for the theatre's third sex'.

The response from the theatre's other two sexes was one of immediate affront and outrage. Miss Maggie Smith is known to have asked if the *Spectator* could be taken to the Press Council and Sir Alec Guinness spoke out to the Evening Standard which, to its credit, published what he had to say:

'I'm very angry', the Evening Standard reported him as saying.

'Noël Coward can take care of himself but the implications in the article against Binkie Beaumont that he did his casting in bed are not true. He insisted on a very particular woman, Daphne Rye, as his casting director. I never heard him say 'Let's have so-and-so because he is a homosexual'.

'His great flair in fact was the casting of women—Gertrude Lawrence, Edith Evans, Eileen Atkins, Irene Worth—not of pretty boys...'

Others wrote to the *Spectator*. A cutting letter from Francis King, a shocked and horrified one from Judith Craig, a powerful put-down from Sheridan Morley—'The News of the World' circa 1956 would have had grave doubts about running so vicious a post-mortem and I can only wish that some at Gower Street had shared those doubts'—and an entertaining counter-blast from Brian Masters.

'Wasp is clearly obsessed by homosexuals', he wrote. 'contriving to use in three columns of print almost as many derogatory terms as the language will allow—'fairy, fag, mincing wrist-flapping, bent, twee coterie, rampant...'. Obviously Mr Wasp is not queer; he has gone to great trouble to leave us in no doubt of that and besides his vocabulary would be different if he were. But the lady doth protest too much methinks. It is amusing to watch mulish malice in butch circles striving hard to emulate the polished wit of those it would humiliate... Wasp needs a lesson in clear thinking, I'm afraid, and could do with a few notes on humility as well. He does not say 'darling' to his men friends but then neither does he write like Noël Coward'.

On the other hand there was Mr Peter Cotes writing to say that he had, indeed, suffered a theatrical execution of the kind described but claiming this hadn't made him anti-gay, and Mrs Rozanne D'Elia writing to say she couldn't agree with Wasp more and that her mother, Mary Clare, star of Noël Coward's 'Cavalcade', had been a victim of Beaumont's closed door technique for years.

As for Wasp himself, the following week found him unrepentant. He couldn't understand why anyone had been in the least upset. An assault on the memory of Sir Noël? No such thing had been intended! 'The piece' he wrote, 'showed rather more respect than was accorded the deceased at that Jamaican burial by those responsible for the arrangements—perhaps 'the small group of elegant white-clad men' (I quote the Daily Telegraph report) 'who came to the graveside wearing the gold-link bracelets of the playwright's favourites'.

Nor was *The Spectator* itself apparently abashed. Indeed in a footnote to the letters the editor observed that most correspondents endorsed the Wasp view and regretted that for legal reasons he couldn't print them!

So who is this Will Wasp? Well, it is generally assumed to be the *Spectator's* theatre critic, one Kenneth Hurren, an indifferent critic of no influence and a person of no consequence or significance. But the *Spectator* has consequence, and significance. For such a magazine to lend itself to such scurrilous rubbish is deeply depressing.

Under the banner headline 'Get to know your TV Idol intimately' the effervescent 'Sun' newspaper claims 'Our TV team catch the idols in their natural habitat!' Their switched-on TV team apparently met Fred Astaire (Fred Astaire?) in a Soho pub, Roger Moore at Pinewood and Tommy Cooper... 'chortling and chatting in a London loo'.

Just where will the sun shine next?

—Ted MacDougall

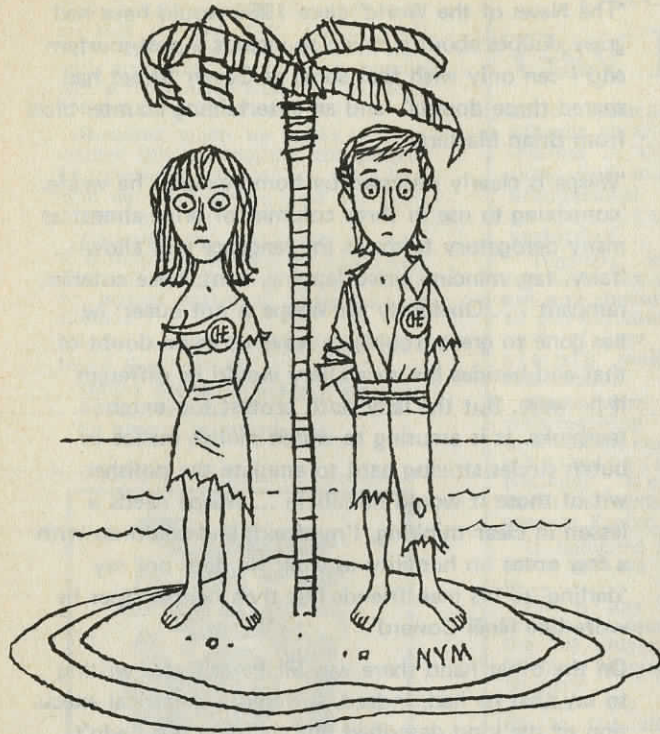
## Male prostitute cleared of menaces charge

MICHAEL KILBANE, 18, a self-confessed male prostitute, of Westbourne Gardens, Paddington, was found not guilty at the Old Bailey today of making an unwarranted demand of £200 with menaces from Mr X, a former Naval commander.

Kilbane collapsed when Judge Bernard Gillis, QC, directed that he be discharged.



# The road to Morecambe Pier



BOB STURGESS, Cambridge Law Graduate, is a playwright and journalist as well as being a member of CHE and a frequent contributor to LUNCH.

## FRIDAY

'Up for the Music Festival, are you?' asked the cab driver as we drove out of Morecambe station into the teeth of a raging nor'wester. What should I answer? To deny the real purpose of my visit would be a crime against the coming out ethic of the true gay campaigner. On the other hand, he was an elderly man; a sudden shock might well prostrate him, and I preferred a short drive to my hotel on the back of a White Lie to an unscheduled ascent to the Great Beyond. A particularly vicious gust of wind from the Irish Sea decided me. 'Yes', I answered, 'I'm up for the Music Festival'.

At the friendly, well-lit guest house, one was accorded the sort of welcome normally reserved for heterosexuals. 'There's a dance on at t'pier', said the owner's wife, with a knowing wink, 'but I shouldn't wonder you'll be tired after your journey'.

Certainly, there had been plenty of time to think as the train from London nosed its way northwards across the body of England, via groin, navel and waist to the

country's sea-fresh left armpit. How welcome would we be made to feel? Would the citizenry of Morecambe clasp us to its corporate bosom or spew us out of its consciousness like so many discarded whelk-shells? Would they be proud or angry that their wind-lashed spa was to be the venue for the nation's first full-blown homosexual conference?

Eagerly, I pounced for clues on the *Guardian* (the *Morecambe Guardian*, you understand) and the *Morecambe Visitor*, which one expected to be as full of 'reactions' to our arrival as a box of assorted fireworks. 'NEW MOVES TO IMPROVE PORT TRADE' looked promising until a closer reading revealed that it was referring not to gay cruisers, but to the advent of containerisation at the neighbouring port of Heysham. 'TWO MEN WENT ON SHORTS' (Page 2) augured well until it slowly dawned that the paper was not reporting on gays at all, but on the arrest of two (heterosexual?) gin-sodden locals. All that the most painstaking search revealed were two paragraphs coyly announcing that we were not to be accorded a civic reception and that the Mayor, one Councillor T.P. Tiplady, would not even be attending the private reception.

So it was men like Councillor Tiplady, was it, who had reneged on their earlier promise to host us for free in Morecambe? It was in the council chamber, was it, that men of Councillor Tiplady's ilk had yielded to their anti-gay prejudice and hatched excuses like caraway seeds for not being able, after all, to extend to us the civic hospitality originally promised? And, far from repenting his actions, the Mayor now had the gall publicly to refuse an invitation to a private reception! Was this official attitude reflected amongst the ordinary townspeople? A visit to the dance seemed as good a way as any of finding out.

## TRIPPING TO HELL

I shall forever remain indebted to those friends who had impressed upon me that the further north you go, the colder the weather becomes. Hurriedly swallowing four cod liver oil capsules, I donned the whole of my wardrobe and emerged, muffled beyond recognition, onto the front. There, in the distance, stretched the Central Pier—a long, be-girded phallus, poking blindly out into the darkness. The dance was alleged to be at the far end, and the pier was—well, among the longest in the country.

Its length, however, was the least of that Friday night's hazards. At the entrance, I was accosted by two spiritual muggers, waving placards like battle-axes. 'THE

WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH', screamed one placard (grammar never was the Bible's strong point), 'REPENT, FOR THE KINGDOM OF THE LORD IS AT HAND', admonished another. 'Excuse me', I ventured timidly, 'am I going the right way for the Gay Dance?' 'You're going the right way to Hell', came the answer. The wind was getting up even further, and they were having difficulty holding onto their banners. 'Do you value your soul?' asked the short one a trifle breathlessly. 'Yes', I hazarded, 'but I also enjoy dancing'. That did it. After pressing sundry tracts into my gloved hands, they abruptly cut off further spiritual support and left me to find my own way to Hell.

It didn't prove anything like the easy path it's cracked up to be. On Morecambe's Central Pier, at least, there is none of your blissful sliding to damnation in lavender sheets with your pink-ginned boy (or girl) friend; you have to *work* your passage there—out to sea, into the wind—picking your way past gaping holes in the pier 'flooring', the angry waves showing the whites of their eyes far below. Never had I felt closer to Scott of the Antarctic as I battled gamely on against the elements to keep faith with my vision; the road to sexual equality is far from being a bed of (thornless) roses.

The Bronte sisters were not alone in recognising our susceptibility to 'atmosphere', and I have deliberately dwelt on those first early impressions of Morecambe in order to bring out the sheer magnitude of the achievement, against all the odds, of holding the Conference at all. That it should not only have happened, but that it should have risen so triumphantly above the tide of rancorous pettiness and got through all its business in an orderly and, in the main, tolerant atmosphere; that it should have attracted favourable comparison, from a teacher, with the running of the NUT Conference (organised on a paid professional, not a voluntary, basis); and, that it should have proved thoroughly enjoyable, also, on the social side, is little short of miraculous, and reflects the highest tribute to the pertinacity, selflessness and sheer guts of the organisers.

There was motivation enough to reach the end of the pier that Friday, and I finally made it to the dance, where it was good to be greeted by so many friendly faces. Another pier-end pilgrim was Councillor Richard Rollins, who had allegedly gone along to 'make amends' for his colleagues' intransigence; a timely gesture that was seen as a happy augury for the Conference. When he looked around, he would have sensed a few residual shreds of self-consciousness as people slowly ventured their toes into the social water. The bar, needless to say, was crowded. The floor-dancing was what the weather man would have described as 'light and scattered'. One danced, partly, to keep warm for,

although the hall was rumoured to be heated (in some esoteric, technical sense), any resultant thermal benefits were notional.

Against all expectation, no-one was drunk enough, on the way back along the pier, to fall down those man-sized *oubliettes* into the sea, and everyone made it safely back to his, hers—or someone else's—hotel room. The game was to land up with whom you wanted for the night without either of you having to pay any extra, and without causing undue offence to the guy or gal for whom, let's face it, you felt a more Platonic kind of friendship. It is a game at which gays have become so adept that Feydeau has nothing on us.

## SATURDAY

At breakfast the next morning, one could not but feel sorry for the lone heterosexual couple, encompassed on all sides by happy, sausage-scoffing gays. After all, it wasn't their fault they were straight; they couldn't help being what they were. We all beamed them friendly smiles to show we understood and accepted them.

The walk from breakfast to conference hall seemed much shorter in daylight. The 'office hours' part of the Conference, as already widely reported, comprised a series of separately-chaired plenary sessions, sandwiched round Saturday afternoon's in-depth studies (by three separate Commissions) of Gay Lifestyles, Law Reform and CHE's Future Structure, as set out in the pre-Conference papers that were available, on application, from Paul Temperton on payment of 50p.

## CONFERENCE ACTION

Professor John Gagnon (formerly of the Institute for Sex Research, Indiana) gave one of those pause-less academic *aperçus* of the way our psycho-sexual knowledge has developed, via Havelock Ellis and Kinsey, over the past 80 years, and brought home to us the extraordinary impact of Kinsey's shock-waves on a society in which 'the word: 'penis' had not appeared in a major national newspaper until 1965'.

Allan Horsfall felt that any future conflict that developed in CHE would be between those at the extreme social and political ends of the spectrum. He stressed that not everyone possessed the emotional maturity necessary for a successful political campaign, and requested that those who couldn't help at least should not hinder the movement. Finally, he entered a statesmanlike plea for unity with great economy and effect.

On finance, Michael Steed convincingly argued the advantages of the (give-as-much-as-you-can-afford) *scale*, over the flat, subscription rate. 'Either we stay on our present shoe-string basis, or we get in more money and e-x-p-a-n-d'. He envisaged the time when CHE could



afford to have, say, three full-time executives attending Trade Union congresses round the country on a sort of orbital observatory basis. The new subscription basis was presented in the form of a motion and carried.

As Conference gingerly pussyfooted its way to the brink of a discussion on the desirability of writing into the Constitution the power to invite an apostatizing EC member to look for other pastures, one sensed people sharpening their knives for use against Martin Stafford, *The Man We All Love To Hate*. At that precise moment, a call was made (from the floor) to our Better Natures, and we were all urged to bury our grievances, and to desist, just that once, from indulging our favourite pastime of psychic necrophilia. In the ensuing silence, you could have heard a sparrow fall. Then, slowly, one knife was returned to its scabbard, then another; and the arrows, likewise, to their quivers. Great must have been the rejoicing in Heaven—and, for the matter of that, on Central Pier—at such an act of corporate catharsis. It is the fate of spiritual watersheds to go unnoticed, and this was no exception; yet, it nonetheless set the tone of magnanimity that characterised the rest of the Conference.

The Gay Lifestyle Commission (chaired by Alan Swerdlow) had attracted over half the Conference membership, and developed some of the qualities of a large awareness group. The friendliness and feeling of mutual acceptance that it engendered was reflected in the liberated way that some of its members—particularly the girls—felt able to discuss personal problems and hang-ups. It was agreed that more women should be actively encouraged to join CHE and, also, that the heavy drop-out rate of some groups might be stemmed by initiating freer discussion, at local group level, of sexual and inter-personal difficulties. At the plenary session which followed, I suggested that one way of achieving this might be for individual group members to speak, if they so wished, of their own progress towards coming out. (John Saxby said that, if anything, his London Monday Group was *over-liberated*, and that it had come to be known in gay circles as the London Moonlight Grope).

The Law Reform Commission (urbanelly chaired by Vivian Waldron) spent a profitable hour or two arguing the respective merits of limiting our campaign to the narrower aim of achieving changes in the homosexual law or of extending our efforts to embrace (if that's the word) the whole field of sexual law reform. Ian Buist argued forcibly for the former on the ground that half a loaf was better than none, but his premise was put in doubt by Bernard Greaves (and, later, by Tony Ryde and Michael Steed in plenary session) on the ground that across-the-board legislation, over the whole sexual field, would probably command a wider measure of support—and, therefore, of success—than

further pruning of the post-Wolfendon tree. On balance, Conference thought so too, and voted for Bernard Greaves' amendment, which proposed the setting up of a working party to examine the practicability of a root-and-branch approach and to report its findings to the next annual conference.

#### STRUCTURE—NC v EC v AC

The Structure Commission (chaired by Tony Ryde) took a fresh look at an old chestnut and decided that it didn't need pulling too far out of the fire after all. On the other hand, it was felt that some effort should be made to achieve a more balanced distribution of power between the National Committee (NC), the Executive Committee (EC) and the Annual Conference (AC) since the EC has hitherto been the chief—and the NC merely the residuary—legatee of whatever power there was going. The deliberations thus focussed on the purely dental question as to how the few small teeth, extracted from the EC, should be redistributed.

On this, the Commission was divided. Fifteen members (under Tony Ryde) opted for vesting the NC with the power to require the EC to arrange an emergency day conference to vote on—and so resolve—any otherwise irreconcilable difference of opinion occurring between the NC and the EC. They also felt that the NC should be given the power to require a meeting with the EC, in appropriate circumstances, to ensure that the Conference mandate was being implemented. The remaining teeth, they planted squarely in the wide-open mouth of the AC, in which the ultimate policy-making power was to be lodged.

A substantial minority of ten (under Peter Naughton) felt, however, that this ultimate power should reside with the NC, rather than with the Annual Conference, which (as Peter later argued in plenary session) represented a mere 10% of CHE's total membership. It was conceded, however, that for the NC to be *more* representative than the average AC, it would need to be radically revamped on a (possibly) regional basis; and Conference felt that such a fundamental shift of orientation would change the nature of the beast altogether. Accordingly, the Naughton Amendment was rejected by a clear majority in favour of the main Motion (which was hardly surprising, really, as it wouldn't have been human for Conference to have voted *against* giving itself a bit more influence when handed it, like that, on a plate).

#### CONFERENCE ACHIEVES IMPORTANT BREAKTHROUGHS

What emerged quite clearly from the Conference as a whole was that CHE is the master—not the plaything—of its structure; that some kind of ordered framework is necessary to the intelligent running of any organisa-

tion; and that, as the largest and fastest-growing homophile organisation in Europe, we have now provided ourselves with an administrative base that is sufficiently balanced and flexible to launch us on a truly national—and international—scale and to accommodate the heavy anticipated increase in new members.

The seminal importance of Morecambe can hardly be over-emphasised, and will only be fully appreciated in retrospect. After the NUS Conference at Exeter earlier the same week, it is easily the most important boost that the homophile movement has received since Wolfendon. In one short weekend, it achieved at least four major breakthroughs: a historic openly-held national conference, with consistently valuable and constructive contributions from platform and floor; a quite remarkable degree of consensus on CHE's future strategy and tactics; full impartial coverage by the national press *in our own right* (and not as a spin-off from another kind of conference); and, most important of all, complete acceptance by the populace of the host town.

Surprised? I was. Yet, out of the hundred or so delegates I questioned, not one could recall a single instance of rudeness or rejection; on the contrary, the townspeople evinced a uniformly friendly interest in our doings. Yet, we were officially shunned by their elected representatives who claimed (implicitly or otherwise) to act in their name! To what extent do Mayor Tiplady and his cohort of councillors act for the people or Morecambe? Let us hope they see the irony of the situation and change their tune. For, if they don't, it will be the Tipladys—not the homosexuals—of this country who will be branded by the healthier, more enlightened, majority as the true emotional cripples.

The fast-gathering momentum of change was particularly evident at the Saturday night disco. There was nothing tentative about the way we danced *that* evening. There was a magnificent turnout and, to judge from the ear-to-ear smiles on the faces of gays *and* straights, our sense of enjoyment must have been infectious. The place fairly throbbed to the upbeat rhythm of liberation and the Chief Constable's incredulous question ('not all these fellows are homosexual, are they?') seemed not only inappropriate, but whole light-years out of date. It was probably as well, for his own thrombotic balance, that he left before the CHE cabaret (fresh from London's Rehearsal Club) trod the boards to do battle with an ailing mike and a ragingly asthmatic reproduction system, since the sight of so many men in sequins would surely have precipitated a heart attack. . In the end, the Saturday Disco proved

such a success that we were given a one-hour extension (from 1 am to 2 am!).

It was arguably as much through the leisure, as through the working, hours of that memorable weekend that CHE suddenly seemed to achieve a rock-solid identity. With organisations, there often comes a magical moment when the sum is suddenly felt to exceed the parts, and to transcend them. I would say that that moment of osmosis occurred somewhere between 1 and 2 am on that early morning of Sunday, April 8. No longer was there a need to *talk* about a gay lifestyle since it was right there, being lived out before our very eyes. Once such an inspirational moment has been experienced by an organisation, it is never forgotten; it enters deep into its received wisdom and quietly remains there to be drawn on in future years, uniting its members with an invisible bond that no outsider could possibly understand.

#### MORECAMBE—THE CATALYST

For CHE, Morecambe has proved to be a much-needed catalyst, and it could not have come at a better time. Loose talk of an earlier 'identity crisis' was far-fetched, but it was true that we had more than our fair share of doubting Thomases, not to mention a whole pantechnicon of faint hearts and 'critics'. After Morecambe, they will get shorter shrift. Constructive criticism is one thing; the extrusion of personal hang-ups (outside a group therapy context) is another. The self-doubting phase is over. CHE now knows where it's going and has a pretty shrewd idea of how to get there. In future, we'll be far too busy implementing policy decisions to give more than the briefest occasional backward glance.

As if in sympathy with the new mood, Friday's wind and storm clouds had given way, by Sunday, to hot sun and the clearest of blue skies. At the end of the Conference, a large hole was knocked into our £250-00 deficit (resulting from the hassle over premises) by an avalanche of generous—even lavish—contributions, that reflected not only our new-found self-sufficiency, but our pride in what had been accomplished. That one-tenth of our paper membership should have travelled to Morecambe was most heartening, but it was recognised that next year's Conference (provisionally scheduled for the late Spring) may well attract anything up to a thousand delegates.

In the meantime, it would be helpful to hear from those CHE members, who were unable to get to Morecambe. Do you support the idea of an annual conference? What do you feel about the decisions reached at Morecambe? How would you have voted, had you been there? Do give us your views.

—Bob Sturgess





# Giggling in Code

by Jonathan Raban

The Listener 22 February There are two pubs close by, and each has been colonised by a specialised clientèle whose members make themselves instantly and unequivocally recognisable. One pub caters to transvestites, the other to gay males, especially those who are hunting for sadist or masochist partners. Pass the transvestite pub after closing time, and the pavement outside tinkles with the bo-peep voices of unisex dragsters in hair-do's: a false gaiety, it sounds, as if the night could be kept off by those too loud, too urgent falsettos. Perhaps there was a clue the other evening. I was walking beside a man in a trouser-suit and bouffant who'd come out of the transvestite pub. Thirty yards along, he passed, on the far side of the street, the spill-out of the sado-maso bar. He stopped, a bit drunk, and shouted in hysterical travesty: 'Gay! Gay! Oh, they're all that way!' And he shook a furious limp wrist at the crowd. Two enormous queer Hell's Angels in their leathers stirred like fretful bullocks, but left him alone. It was like watching two armies, already entrenched, waiting for the politicians to sign the declaration of war. As uniforms will, these insignia actually provoke a latent groundswell of violence and hostility: group jeers at group; minority, lonely and impotent in its time, at minority. At present, the sado-masos are in the ascendant: their crowds are bigger, their uniforms shinier, more explicit. A boy with a lick of dyed yellow curls has a pink heart embroidered strategically on the backside of his jeans. A loose, silver-studded belt hangs on his hips; the studs read 'I like it' picked out in glittering hobs. Each night, matching pairs of golden Suzuki and Honda motor-bikes are parked, leaning at a maritally identical angle, out-

side the pub. Their owners wear one-piece black-leather suits, thin as contraceptive sheaths, with invisible zips, and black jockey caps. They look like something out of a nasty future, and the only break in their smooth, too-menacingly-human-to-be-human outlines is made by the grotesque bulges of their huge codpieces.

I can't help feeling that Earl's Court is a kind of melodramatic prophecy about the way we have taken to inhabiting cities. The rumble of its peculiar caste or tribal life sounds more pressing, somehow more likely, than the fragile dream-life of that North London square. We parade our badges, we elect ourselves to a caste, we are condemned to a world of style, to an endless manipulation of the externals of personal and group identity, in our attempts to navigate the urban ocean. I say 'we': perhaps I ought to admit that, as someone who grew up in a succession of villages and small towns, I'm a bad urban actor. I can't myself make that dramatic projection of identity that seems to characterise social life in the modern big city. Yet these externals fascinate me: they excite my fear, my despondency, my admiration. I suspect them of constituting a force which no one yet entirely controls or comprehends. We can see shadows of them in the London that Dickens created in his novels. We can, I think, see an alarming parallel to them in the pre-war Berlin of Christopher Isherwood's stories. Earl's Court, at least, is not so far from those jackboots and painted faces. The special exhilaration, the libidinous release, of living in a huge city is tempered for me by the dim conviction that we know alarmingly little about what cities really do to us. *Radio 3*

Boltons—the two pubs where I saw jackboots, painted faces and hints of Isherwood's Berlin to come. I *did* miss the Anglican deans and leading legal academics; what I saw was the florid surface, the camping, the air of grotesque carnival which the Old Brompton Road takes on in late summer evenings. I think I was half wrong.

## CULTURE-SHOCK

My article recorded my own genuine feelings of culture-shock. When I wrote it, I had just moved from a dimly genteel quarter in north London where the biggest slice of the action was in the pre-school play group; by contrast, Earl's Court seemed amazing. Boys arm in arm, men kissing on corners, drag queens, leather guys . . . sights undreamed of in Norwich, Highgate or Islington, my old stamping grounds. I felt as if I had wandered into the ghetto of some nineteenth century European city. Everyone except me was marked by beards and earlocks and carried their phylacteries like handbags. I might have been the only heterosexual on the block.

None of this would be of much interest if it were not for the fact that it illustrates the real and endlessly recurring encounter between the subculture of the ghetto and the ordinary, innocent representative of the world beyond the ghetto walls. Not long ago Simon Edwards began an article for *Lunch* (Number 17), 'As a straight . . .'. Now there is a curious phrase. Would a gentile writing for a Jewish paper begin his piece with the words 'as a goy . . .', or a Wasp writing for Black Panther News (or whatever) say 'as a whitey . . .'? I suppose, if they felt sufficiently coy and embarrassed, anxious at once to be both in and out of the scene, they just might; but it wouldn't be a sign of health.

When I moved to Earl's Court, what I saw moved me to characterise the homosexuals there in terms of their most blatant uniforms, those bold signals which announce sexual identity to the world with a kind of proud defiance. When Simon Edwards writes for a homosexual magazine, he is moved to voluntarily wear the uniform of the chimerical stooge invented by homosexuals to characterise people not of their persuasion. Yet the magazine in which this curious tactic is adopted (Call me a goy, I'm broadminded) is linked, at least unofficially, to a campaign for homosexual equality.

Is equality, then, just an equality of cartoon images and uniforms—the right of Jew to sneer at Gentile, Gentile at Jew? Paid-up American liberals are fond of cracking anti-Black jokes, to demonstrate their emancipation. Meanwhile Blacks get blacker, and whites get whiter. *But we can laugh about it, man; just listen to the laughter—that's the sound of ee-qualit-ee.*

## GIGGLING

Elsewhere in *Lunch* I came across an article on 'Gay-speak' (Number 16); or how to keep the neighbours out by giggling in code. It was an astonishingly unworried piece. To be able to say of someone that he is a cottaging duchess going trolling seems the thinnest of all cultural freedoms. Nor did Mary McIntosh point out that while Gayspeak has a (pretty limited) vocabulary, it has no

grammar at all. A really effective ghetto language—Yiddish, for instance—is a proper language; you can talk in it, print newspapers in it, children learn it as their first language, it has a range of subtlety and expression sufficient to make it a medium for literature. But Black-speak and Gayspeak are thieves' slangs (and the back-formation described by M/s McIntosh, like *ecaf* and *riah*, are exactly the same as those observed by Mayhew when he studied crooked street vegetable-sellers); they are parasitic on the parent language of English, and only differ from it when they light on a word for a taboo activity. So thieves' slang is almost exclusively a collection of words for various sorts of thieving, and Gayspeak a collection of words describing touching or coupling, actual or hoped-for. In other words, it merely has the effect of concentrating homosexual culture on the technicalities of the sexual act.

Now Mayhew's thieves wanted to keep their goings-on dark; their slang was useful for fixing up jobs right under the noses of policemen. But in Earl's Court, gay slang is a means of group self-advertisement; like full drag, or the one-piece leather suit, it is a succinct way of putting one's propensities on show. In large cities—and it is only really possible in large cities—we all have to do this to some extent; we have to communicate with others with brevity and speed, in an instant code of badges and symbols. But the obvious trap facing any member of a recognisable minority is that his symbols will consume him; that his identity will disappear into the narrow funnel of his clothes and slang. He will become no more than a shrill mouthpiece for a sectarian lobby, determined, in the case of the homosexual, by a language of body parts and terms for fucking.

Down that road, there can be surely little freedom for anyone. I shall continue to see the pubs on the Old Brompton Road as freak shows; Simon Edwards will continue to dress up in his Harriet Beecher Stowe gear; M/s McIntosh will go on trumpeting the cultural identity of the homosexual from behind her prison bars; and editorials in *Lunch* will still bemoan the fact that 'gays' aren't treated as 'normal people'. Isn't it time for everybody to tidy the toys away, to put the old uniforms in the trunk in the attic, or donate them to Oxfam, and to take a few, at least, of the bricks out of the walls of the ghetto?

(*Lunch* invited Simon Edwards' comments specifically as 'a straight reader' as it did those of Gill Dyer in order to try to *lessen* the exclusiveness and parochialism of the magazine. And Mary McIntosh's article was clearly something very different from celebratory. But we invite comments. Ed).

I am justly twitted in a *Lunch* editorial (Number 19) for my initial, hysterical response to the gay scene in Earl's Court; my radio talk, 'Brahmins and Pariahs', which was later printed in the *Listener*, revealed, I am afraid, rather more about me than about the Coleherne and the



## A PERSONAL VIEW

### EX-CHE CHAIRMAN LETS DOWN HIS HAIR

*Having held office for a year as Chairman of the CHE London Co-ordinating Committee, Vivian Waldron has recently retired from that post and is now working as assistant national organiser for FRIEND. He looks back over the events of the last twelve months he was in office and where he thinks most effort should be directed during the year ahead.*

### A CHAIRMAN'S ROLE

I'm very glad the year is over and yet I've had some fun out of it. If you *have* to attend a dozen or more meetings in a year you might as well be in the Chair; it at least saves you from being bored and you can, if necessary, shut people up. But the job of Chairman is not principally that of chairing meetings, though more care is needed in preparation for them than meets the casual eye. The ideal Chairman is a guide; he often needs to be a philosopher; he should try to be a friend. He should know what's going on—and sometimes stop it. He should ever be ready to lend an ear, but slow to voice his personal views, especially about people. At times a Chairman needs to assert himself and—occasionally—to tick people off. I was bad at many of these things, being by nature too placatory, too anxious to avoid rows and rather short on ideas. But please, sir, I never asked for the job...

### THE GOOD TIMES

Yes, quite a lot of the year was enjoyable. I found, for example, all-London events, the mass meetings, the discos, the Autumn fair—all superbly organised—a source of great pleasure and an inspiration. It is (perhaps dangerously) exhilarating—just once in a while—to be one in a large crowd of like-minded people. If I were asked what I thought had been the most significant developments in London CHE in the past year I'd point to the growth of local groups, the proliferation of interest groups and the setting up of the London Information Centre.

### CAMPAIGNING PROGRESS?

Hasn't London been doing any campaigning? If by campaigning, one means activity that involves a degree of 'coming out' and confrontation with the public, the press and—how I hate the word—'the media', the answer is 'Yes—but not to the extent we shall no doubt be doing in the future'. We have, some of us, appeared on TV, radio and at Speakers Corner, we have distributed leaflets, we have written to large employers of labour asking if they discriminate against homosexuals. We have written to all MP's in the metropolitan area

and many local groups have made an impact on their own locality in various ways. What pleases me a great deal about such campaigning as London CHE has mounted during the past year is that the impetus and ideas have come largely from the groups. This, in my view, is how it should be. No grandiose schemes imposed from above, please. But the fostering of local activity and local ideas about combined activity.

My views about campaigning are perhaps idiosyncratic. I'm all for it and I do a bit myself, but then I enjoy doing it. I do however strongly deplore any attempt to bully or shame people into any activity they are not yet ready for—or may never feel ready for. And I detect a 'holier than thou' attitude (which I deplore) on the part of a few 'campaigners' when referring to the purely social activities of some members and to the growth (which I wholly admire) of the interest groups.

### VITAL FUNCTION OF INTEREST GROUPS

We need these groups for three main reasons. Firstly they have a therapeutic value. Of course, as a movement we seek equality before the law. And we shall get it—in time. Of course we are out to change public opinion and change it will—gradually—very gradually. But we are also in business to change homosexuals. And they are changing here and now and it is greatly to the credit of the people running poetry reading circles, music clubs, drama groups, and motor-ing clubs (forgive me for not mentioning you all!) that these changes are taking place in the life of the individual. And it is from among these now liberated homosexuals that the campaigners and leaders of the future are likely to come.

The second reason why we need interest groups is because if we are to have a drive to increase membership we must have something to offer newly-joined members apart from formal group meetings, the occasional dance, and campaigning.

A third reason (the sermon is nearly over) for my being so convinced of the need of interest groups is that they are so *enjoyable*. Some of us are in danger, I think, of becoming official homosexuals. We spend our spare time reading homosexual literature, attending meetings of homosexuals, organising other homosexuals until there is little about our lives to recommend them to the critical heterosexual or anyone else. What a change to be able to listen to music or walk in the Kent countryside, or learn to talk German or to make wine and feel released from endlessly discussing our sexuality.



### YOU CAN'T MAKE PEOPLE GOOD SO MAKE THEM HAPPY

This all has a bearing, too, on the current question as to whether CHE can afford to be morally neutral. I say we can. Let us not set standards. People either abide by them and become smug or fail to reach them and feel unworthy. It is said you can't make people good, but you can help to make them happy. Helping people to enjoy themselves and to be happy should always have a place in London CHE's programme.

### RECRUITING & MEMBERSHIP DRIVE NECESSARY

How well have we been recruiting in London during the past year? I would estimate that we have gained about 250 new members. It must be remembered that a significant number of members do not join groups. Even if we have in London as many as 900 members this is ridiculously few compared with the number of predominantly homosexual men and women living here—possibly 450,000.

If I were asked what London CHE should be concentrating on during the next twelve months I think I should opt for a membership campaign. For one thing, we need new talent (this always raises a laugh): too few people are doing too many jobs and this is bad both for the people and the jobs. Also the kind of campaigning we engage in needs, I think, the backing of a large representative membership. Then again we need more people because we need more money. Money for our club. Money for more publicity. Money to set up housing associations, flatlets for ageing homosexuals (quickly please!), a VD clinic and a legal aid system and all sorts of exciting projects! I feel sure that with local advertising and target-setting and—perhaps—research into causes of 'dropout' our London membership could be doubled in two years.

### GRATITUDE & ILLUSIONS INTACT

The past year would have been far more onerous if it had not been for the enormous help received from other officers, Geoffrey Baggott in particular, and the support and patience of committee members. 'Queers

are selfish'. 'Queers are bitchy'. 'Queers stick knives in backs'. Well, some are and do. But from my vantage point I was more conscious of great friendliness, immense industry and, more often than not, complete efficiency. Am I all that naive or have you in London accomplished this past year more, and had an impact greater than numbers would warrant? That's my view and I'm sticking to it. To my successor, Peter Robins, and to the new Committees I wish the best of good fortune. By this time next year we shall, I'm sure, 'see wonders'.

## HOMOSEXUALS MEETINGS: ROW OVER COUNCIL MOVE

EDUCATION chairman and council leader, Cllr Mrs Sheila Berkery Smith, was rebuked at last week's meeting of Haringey Council for denying a meeting place in one of Haringey's schools to the Campaign for Homosexual Equality.

Criticism was levelled at her by Cllr Geoffrey Pollard (Labour), who moved that the campaign's application for use of school premises was acceptable and, that where the chief education officer thought it necessary to have approval at member level, the matter should be referred to the education committee.

He felt the refusal amounted to a belief that letting school premises would mean a danger to children, but this was a misguided one, born out of prejudice.

Cllr Mrs Sheila Berkery Smith said what they had to decide was not whether or not they were sympathetic to homosexuals, but the proper way to run council affairs.

"Cllr Pollard wanted an instant decision," she said. "There was no urgency—the group have now found other premises—and I don't think a decision should have been made without taking the relevant matters into consideration."

"The majority of head teachers share my opinion and, although I don't mind if the councillor wants to write off my opinion, I do care very much that we should have the decency and courtesy to listen to the teachers' views and discuss the matter with them."

Cllr Chris Hannington felt that the negative answer given to the organisation was a form of moral censorship which should have had a wider involvement of members. The Campaign for Homosexual Equality was not going to make any use of school premises that would "leave any evil lurking under the desks for children to find in the morning."

But Cllr Gerald Murphy felt very unhappy about the motion. It was right and proper for the chief education officer to take advice from the education committee and it was wrong for the chairman to be harangued in this manner.



# Reviews

## Books

### HOMOSEXUAL SATURATION POINT?

*With the kind permission of Angus Wilson and Antony Grey we here reprint a review of THE OTHER LOVE which first appeared in 'MAN & SOCIETY' (Journal of the Albany Trust—Spring 1971). Have we really progressed much since then, we wonder?*

Mr Montgomery Hyde's book is subtitled 'an historical and contemporary survey of homosexuality in Britain'. It is written with the compassion, good sense and liveliness that one would expect from a man who has so disinterestedly and tirelessly worked first to change the law which so monstrously penalised male homosexuals before 1967, and since then to point out the defects in the new law and to concern himself with those not inconsiderable numbers of adult, and even more adolescent, homosexuals who through isolation, naiveté, or bad luck find adaption to a predominantly heterosexual society very difficult even in our permissive age. I wish I could say that *The Other Love* will do much to enlighten either homosexual or heterosexual readers about their relationship to one another, but I very much doubt it. I underline 'doubt', for no-one can be so arrogant as to state anything categorical about the attitude of the general reader to homosexuality in England today. A book like Mr Montgomery Hyde's can do nothing but good.

Nevertheless I think that we must now hope for two sorts of written contribution that can be made by men over 30 for the better understanding of homosexuality: heterosexuals, in the rather unlikely event of their having further physiological or psychological evidence about the nature of homosexuality, should publish it. Homosexuals who were precluded from making public their experiences of life in the years before 1967 should, as it naturally arises, speak as openly as they dare (but on a close examination of the innumerable still existent social penalties in this country, and legal penalties in some other countries, this may turn out to be a greatly circumscribed freedom), so that a view of homosexuality from say 1930-1967, which has necessarily been culled from *causes célèbres*, may be gradually supplemented by the vastly more complex and varied homo-

sexual patterns of life that through luck, guile, discretion or domesticity never came within the public notice.

Mr Montgomery Hyde's history of the past—when it leaves medieval charges of sodomy against Rufus and Edward's shrieks in Berkeley Castle—is inevitably in the style of a famous trials series, filling out increasingly as the centuries pass into a famous scandals series. This is reasonable, but inevitably a familiar and a very partial picture of homosexuality in the days of our ancestors. When he comes to the period within my experience, Mr Montgomery Hyde's limitations are more apparent. Even if I were to confine myself to newspaper accounts I can recall sentences of hair-raising severity, trials of waiters, labourers, chorus boys and vicars who are more representative of the community as a whole than the MPs, peers and men of letters on whose 'notorious' tastes Mr Montgomery Hyde concentrates. And if we are to leave public trials for private confession then I'm afraid the author's homosexual acquaintance of the interwar years immediately reveals itself to have the narrow proportion of the best clubs, and that greatest club of all, the House of Commons.

This is not to cavil, but only to say that for all his good intentions, Mr Montgomery Hyde just doesn't know enough. And if we were to go, not to the people of my age or Mr Montgomery Hyde's, or even to those in their thirties and forties, but to the young, we should have an entirely different picture. The views of a happy homosexual in his twenties today are what I should like best to know about. How possible has the new law made happiness, how much does the general toleration and acceptance of homosexuality among young heterosexual people, help homosexuals?

From my own observation I have seen that homosexuals can live in the younger world with perfect freedom and acceptance. This is excellent. I have always believed that the main purpose of changing the law was to merge homosexuals more closely into society as a whole. But, like many other people who have common sexual desires, homosexuals wish to get together for much of the time, especially when they are young, to discuss their preferences, their feelings, their sexual successes and (more rarely) their sexual failures.

In theory, in a tolerant society, this should be possible for homosexuals to do in predominantly heterosexual company; and in practice, from what I know of young society today, it is so, but only within limits. Outside of those limits, heterosexuals are bored by homosexual talk and behaviour, as homosexuals are by heterosexuals and no amount of swinging vogue journalistic talk about contemporary bisexuality can get past this, I think.

That being so, it is to be hoped that civilised, unashamed homosexual clubs and societies will one day flourish, although they can probably only properly do so when the foolish clause in the 1967 Act (a remaining invitation to blackmail), which denies legality to private acts where more than two persons are present, is revoked. Nor will the situation be anything like sensible or decent until one day soon the age of consent is lowered at least to 18 years, so removing the wicked anomaly that would punish a 19 year old voter and not a 21-year-old.

Meanwhile, however, my guess is that the community at large remains tolerant, even friendly, for all homosexuals, but unless it is presented in a particular or relevant way, and not just as 'the homosexual problem', increasingly bored with the whole subject. This boredom with homosexuality as a subject has not yet reached the provincial cinemas and television viewers in remoter country areas, but it soon will do. I am afraid that against this boredom Mr Montgomery Hyde's competent account of the subject will make few dents, although it cannot but increase the tolerance of fair-minded readers of his well-presented case.

But I think a warning is needed to those of us who feel too satisfied with things as they are. There are innumerable adolescents whose legal position is a disgrace to a civilised country, and thousands of lonely people whose needs the Albany Trust, with its limited resources, has so bravely tried to help. And, above all, let us not be oversure of a post-1967 position in all eventualities. I do not wish to be political; many Tory MPs were outstandingly brave in the 1967 debate, as Mr Montgomery Hyde had been earlier, but the general tenor of the Conservative opinion has a strong anti-permissive drive. It is to be hoped, indeed, believed, that the present Government will be strong enough wholly to resist these pressures. Yet we must always be aware that before the necessary further reforms in the legal position of homosexuals have been carried through, the 1967 Act itself may come under attack.

—Angus Wilson

THE OTHER LOVE by H Montgomery Hyde  
First published by William Heinemann Ltd, 1970, £3.  
Paperback by Mayflower Books Ltd. 1972, 75p.

### HUMAN LIFE IS HORRIBLE

Iris Murdoch has not lost her ability to amaze and delight. She is among the most technically assured as well as most enjoyable to read of our novelists and in her latest book *The Black Prince* (Chatto, £2.50) she creates a more intricate and problematic story than ever before. Bradley Pearson, a more-or-less non-

productive writer tells his Dostoevskian tale of madness, joy and passion in a first-person narrative which is also his own great novel. The events of the book have liberated him from his 'block' and enabled him to write, just as they precipitate his destruction.

Pearson, living in North Soho, is preparing to retreat to a holiday cottage when his homosexual brother-in-law arrives uninvitedly to announce the presence in England of Pearson's ex-wife Christian. Pearson welcomes news neither of Christian nor of Marloe, her brother. More-or-less simultaneously he is drawn into the marriage difficulties of his old friend and rival Arnold Baffin. Baffin is a prolific and successful novelist; perhaps also a mediocre one. His friendship with Pearson is fraught with jealousy, misunderstanding, oversensitivity on both sides. Marloe's visit at the opening of the book initiates a feast of misrule. There are the expected polymorphous couplings. Pearson pairs first in one way with Baffin's wife Rachel; later and more effectively with Julian, Baffin's daughter, when she is dressed as Hamlet, the black prince himself. Baffin himself gets off with Pearson's wife Christian. Francis Marloe who has been struck from the Register—perhaps for homosexual offences—(it is one of the books' many unresolved questions) at one point goes to bed with the gay boy who lives above Pearson. In her book *A Fairly Honourable Defeat* a character at one point makes the profoundly sensible, if obvious, remark that 'Any generalisation beginning 'All queers' is as likely to be true or false or useful as a generalisation beginning 'All married men'. In that book she gave us the very acute and sympathetic portrait of a gay couple in Simon and Axel. In the present book, as if to confirm the truism, Marloe is a morally inadequate and pathetic specimen whose neglect of Pearson's sister when she has been abandoned by her husband enables her successful suicide (Marloe is upstairs at the time 'having it off').

Pearson says at one point in his preface to his book that 'Human life is horrible'. The book confirms this verdict, though there is a problem. The enemies to Iris Murdoch's consoling humanism (she wrote elsewhere that the real lesson to be taught is that 'the human person is precious and unique') are both the selfish and confining fantasy of the author (which in her criticism she warns against) and—though this is evident only from the text—the scepticism to which she exposes her own most cherished beliefs. Her works are haunted by the fear that morality itself may be empty. The world may in fact be hopelessly evil. Certainly Bradley Pearson's account of it makes the most of the elements of obsession, competition and fundamental contempt which may underlie even the



best friendships. 'It is not enough to succeed; others must fail'. It is a bleak and Hobbesian view of the human scene.

The problem is whether we are meant implicitly to trust Pearson's narrative. Is he reliable? We are led to understand from Pearson's mysterious friend Loxias (to whom the manuscript of the book—within-the-book has been entrusted) that Pearson has died in prison after being convicted (probably wrongly) of Baffin's murder. Four other characters in fact comment in postscripts on the authenticity of Pearson's account. But there is no *a priori* reason to trust them either; probably they are even more unreliable than he.

*The Black Prince* is the work-of-art-as-cipher. It is a hard code to crack. There is much disquisition on art and love and death; much accurate and disturbing description. (An extraordinarily accurate evocation of what it feels like to vomit). There is ethical and aesthetic discourse, and the work itself fuses, as Pearson points out that a book ought. Yet finally we are not sure to what extent we should see Bradley Pearson as another Miss Wade from the 'History of a self-tormentor' chapter in *Little Dorrit*. Miss Wade believed that her acquaintances were maliciously united against her, and predatory. But she was in fact paranoid as Dickens lets us learn from other chapters. What about Pearson? Certainly his view of the world has its own terrible symmetry and coherence. The ambiguity like that of Hamlet itself, is unresolved.

—Peter Bostrell

THE BLACK PRINCE by Iris Murdoch. Published by Chatto, £2.50.

### SEX AND MARRIAGE

I am only really interested in pop sociology, because on the whole I like things to be both interesting and readable. Statistics are all very well but all very boring. Geoffrey Gorer used to be one of my favourite sociological writers, but it was with a feeling of ploughing through a muddy field with bedroom slippers on that I tackled the paperback edition of his study of the views and experience of people under 45 on the subject of sex and marriage in England today. It will be quoted quite often so it is necessary to take it seriously, and I am sure it has some pertinent things to say. At the risk of pandering to the paranoia of homosexuals in particular I will however confine myself to the bits I could understand.

What I find really frightening is the lingering ignorance that lies behind most people's attitudes to sex, whether it be the bride who still believes that babies come with prayer, the schoolboy who thinks he is the only

person in the world who masturbates, or the bishop who not so long ago announced that homosexuality was something you caught at public school. Here are some of Mr Gorer's classic collection, on heterosexual attitudes to homosexuality:

'Would drown the lot of them' (a 38-year-old cemetery foreman); 'I think it is an incurable hereditary (sic) disease brought about by the fault of the mother' (a 41-year-old shop manager); 'Disgusting; not only against God's laws but also defiling their bodies' (a 28-year-old greengrocer, a Jehovah's Witness); 'I believe it is due to lack of early sex with girls' (a 43-year-old garage owner); 'I can understand women, they seem harmless, but not male homosexuals' (a 31-year-old solicitor's clerk); 'It's repulsive to me to think of women going together. I'd rather a married woman having an affair with another man than that' (the 24-year-old wife of a builder); 'Not so bad in a man but unforgivable in a woman' (the 24-year-old-wife of an industrial engineer); 'They are probably idiots' (a 26-year-old bachelor medical orderly); 'It is a little bit unnatural, due to some hormone imbalance; they are unhealthy people who need treatment' (a 33-year-old anaesthetist); and so on.

Interestingly enough, all that the participants in Gorer's survey had been asked was this: 'How do you feel about people who fall in love with members of their own sex?'. No mention was made of sexual activity, and the implication of emotional involvement was intentionally chosen to be analogous with previous questions about sexual experience before or after marriage. It seems that few of us are yet adult enough to divorce love from sex, even as an intellectual concept. I think it is a fact that few people, even homosexuals themselves, really believe in the possibility of homosexual love, but then when you have a Minister of Education currently voting for the reintroduction of hanging, can you wonder that love doesn't very often raise its ugly head in our educational system?

Gorer writes: 'The question about homosexuality came almost at the end of the questionnaire, and after I had analysed several hundred it seemed to be that I could forecast what a respondent's attitude to this topic would be on the basis of his or her attitudes towards extra-marital heterosexuality . . . and towards female sexuality . . . We therefore had the appropriate cross-correlations made, to check whether there was any substance to my hunch that the rigidity or permissiveness of people's attitudes towards unlicensed sexuality was not much influenced by the sex of the hypothesized illicit partner'.

Gorer comes to this conclusion: 'There is quite a marked tendency for people to be reasonably consistent

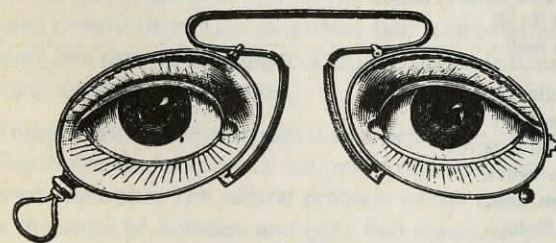
in their views. Those who disapprove of pre-marital heterosexual experience have low tolerance and high hostility towards homosexuality, and conversely. Those who think the unmarried should sleep with just anyone by whom they are attracted are particularly high in tolerance. Similarly, those who voice strong disapproval of the morals or character of a married man or woman having an affair with someone they do not love are markedly disapproving of and revolted by homosexuality; those who would not pronounce a judgement without more information, or said they had no attitude unless they were personally affected, were high on tolerance and low on revulsion. Those who would respond with automatic divorce or separation to the discovery of a spouse's infidelity have little tolerance or pity for homosexuals; those who would analyse the situation, try to reconcile and talk it over with their spouse are particularly likely to express pity for homosexuals'.

I am not sure whether to feel heartened or depressed by these findings. I am all for the abolition of hypocrisy, but I need a bit more convincing that most people's attitudes really are as consistent as Gorer seems to think, and even if they are, we may perhaps be able to congratulate ourselves on our tolerance but not necessarily on our ethics. Anyhow, how about a survey carried out among homosexuals, to find out their attitudes towards heterosexuals—and towards other homosexuals?

SEX AND MARRIAGE IN ENGLAND TODAY  
by Geoffrey Gorer (Panther, 50p).

—Michael De-la-Noy

# Dear Sir...



### CHEMICAL CASTRATION

Glancing through the March 8th edition of New Scientist the headline 'Chemical castration' caught my attention. This was a shocking account of how a new German drug, called *cypoterone acetate* was being

used on a sexual offender (in Cardiff). This drug markedly reduces libido, the capacity to have an erection and/or orgasm and sexual fantasies.

Apparently once a patient starts on this 'treatment' then it lasts possibly for life! as the effects are only theoretically reversible.

A doctor administering the drug says the offender agreed to treatment (under pressure of facing prison?) although probably not fully realising the consequences.

The report also states that the Home Office could neither refute nor confirm that any other 'offenders' were on this drug—a case of silence not being golden.

The most appalling prospects would be the possibility of prejudiced doctors prescribing the drug for patients. I thought *Lunch* readers ought to hear of this dreadful scheme. Perhaps they know of cases where this drug has been suggested to frightened offenders.

—John Baldock  
SW5.

Dear Brethren,

I'm sorry our Sex-Life Survey got Michael-de-La-Noy so annoyed (*Lunch*, No 18).

Most of his points are technically fair but not practical. We are well aware of the spectrum of intersexual conditions from extreme 'masculinity' at one end to extreme 'femininity' at the other but it is just not helpful to avoid the question—'What is your sex, male or female?'—when surveying members of the Great British Public. Most members of the GBP will readily tell you which sex they believe they belong to (even if they're wrong) and this is the fact of most sexually operational importance. The GBP also understands the phrase 'lesbian intercourse' because it coined it—although sophisticates of *Lunch* and *Forum* might avoid it.

The purpose of our survey is not to change the world although we may know and believe that the world needs changing. The way to change the world is not to anaesthetise a survey of existing attitudes for not being a criticism of them.

—Phillip Hodson  
Exec Editor. *Forum*

### SOCIAL EVENTS CAN FURTHER CAMPAIGN

I am saddened that responsible people should stigmatically condemn CHE's social activities on the grounds that they reflect the 'sleeping dog' image. (Tony Naylor—March).

Social activities can be an extremely good weapon of campaign, and I am proud to be chairman of a group that is setting a national example in this direction. In



June CHE's Music Group plans to promote a recital by Peter Katin, one of the world's leading Chopin interpreters, in one of London's largest concert halls.

That a branch of a homophile organisation will have arranged the event will be immaterial; yet for those who have eyes to see, it will be obvious. We shall advertise the concert on Underground posters, in the national press and in all the musical periodicals. We shall have to bear the financial risk ourselves (CHE has no funds available for creative projects).

Presenting an international soloist in the world's musical capital... Social bitches we may be, Mr Naylor, but certainly not sleeping ones!

—Rodney Slatford,  
Chairman, CHE Music Group.

### HOMOSEXUALS NEED TO WEAR BADGES

Roger Baker has certainly tried to analyse the dilemma of homosexual people. No doubt most of them do experience feelings of secrecy, ostracism and heterosexual indoctrination, as he writes, but his concluding remarks that homosexuals must give up such feelings of fear, guilt and self-hatred is a bit much! Such feelings *cannot* be given up until the *causes* are eliminated.

The homosexual will always be a persecuted third rate citizen in the eyes of society until the following changes in our living pattern have been made:—

(1) Legal marriages between those of the same sex come into being which rank pari-passu with marriages between those of the opposite sex.

(2) Discrimination and fun-poking at homosexuals to be rebuked or even punished in a similar manner as racial discrimination is.

(3) Sexual conduct and laws to be the same (or equivalent) for homosexuals and heterosexuals. (ie equal age of consent, public behaviour permitted etc).

(4) Homosexuals can tell who are their potential mates by wearing (optionally) some officially recognised badge or ring.

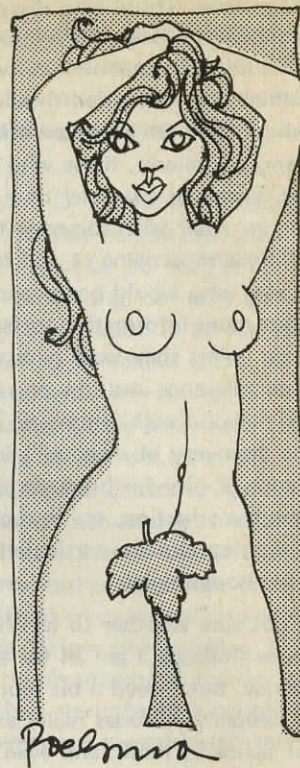
I believe this last point is the most important of the four. Just imagine what would become of a normal heterosexual man if he was ridiculed nineteen times out of twenty when he approached a woman for lovemaking. If he was weak he would end up under medical supervision for neurosis. If he was strong he would become secretive and aloof from society. Roger Baker's advice would be of no use to that imaginary love-denied heterosexual just as it is of no use to real love-denied homosexuals.

—AHW  
London, N10.

### BELOW THE BELT

1. Spittle-spangle,  
Dingle-dangle,  
Now I love you,  
Now I don't,  
Babe Narcissus  
Couldn't miss us.  
He has got me to perfection  
Mimicked in our love's reflection,  
Thought alone makes the defection  
Which is me and which is you.  
I don't love you.  
Yes I do.
2. Wriggle-wrangle,  
Snicker-strangle,  
Do you love me,  
Oh, you do?  
Silly Venus  
Lost her penis  
As the pundit of selection,  
Born in error, make correction,  
Detumescence or erection  
It would be so nice to tell.  
Can she do it?  
Can she hell.
3. Jolly-bollocks,  
Holly-hollocks  
Come and hate me,  
But you won't.  
Stubborn Cato  
Censor Plato  
I am bored with this affliction  
Self-nub, self-rub, constant friction;  
Would sex spoke with perfect diction,  
How now brown cow, how d'you do?  
Very well, sir  
Me or you?

—Anastasia



### 'Inhuman, conforming, patronising, middle-aged LUNCH?

Let me take my stance, as a psychiatrist who is homosexual, and comment upon the members of CHE Committee, especially Mr Stafford, who appear to spend much time criticising the political gay wing that has emerged from the GLF. Two points come to mind:—

1. I think it would be very hasty to set aside the younger militants as ineffectual or, indeed, disreputable while that sector succeeds in drawing public attention to disparity in the Law or to the central problem of being homosexual, that of the social prejudices homosexuals encounter.

2. It seems equally distressing that a *Campaign* should seek to suppress the activities of campaigners, perhaps on the grounds of Public Relations rather than of idealism.

I am aware that many Gay individuals have personal difficulties that range from psycho-sexual disorders to simple matters of feelings of guilt and loneliness, and that the word Gay is a blanket term that spreads itself over a very wide range and variety of individuals. In a sense, CHE seems to me to have so far been neglecting the task of identifying precisely what it means by the term Homosexual. I have seen the word 'Homophile' bandied about, but no definition of it. We might as well fall back on such terms as Libidomentoidal Diffractives and Psychomentoidal Disparities to describe sexual 'abnormalities' (my terms) and hope that the lay public will comprehend these terms—which of course it will not!

In LUNCH, I see a preponderance of those persons regarded by most men and women as 'middle-aged conformists'. There is no attempt at radical comment and it seems to be carefully edited of all possible sources of controversy and comment. On the whole, it is a dry, brittle magazine with little visible *humanity*. This is a great shame, I think. I read Gay News because it has a shrill but *pointed* voice, and although not perhaps in the best traditional journalistic style, it succeeds where many other Gay magazines fail; it devotes at least one page to a Contacts Column, and this is its most valuable contribution.

Those LUNCH correspondents who seek to criticise Gay News for its contacts column do homosexuals a great disservice. The central problem of homosexuals is the sense of isolation and guilt that comes to them as a result of a society and its Law that seeks to suppress and eradicate them. Mere words (as I have found so often) do no more than soften the condition, and allay mounting fears of rejection and hopelessness. The *real solution* for the lonely Gay individual is, of course, a compatible partner. Any psychiatric therapy I could offer an isolated (and therefore potentially

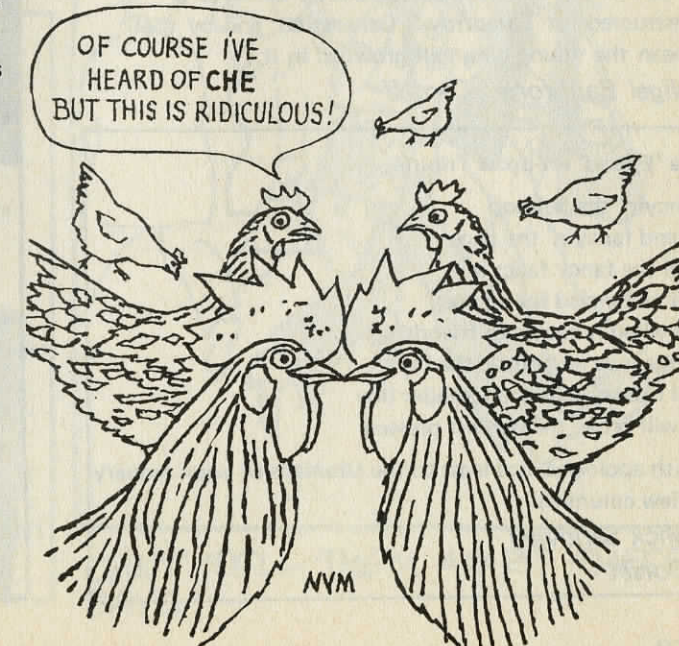
neurotic) homosexual, would be to search out a man or woman that might open the way to a meaningful relationship. I do not see any other practical solution.

Which brings us full circle to Mr Stafford and those other CHE members active in driving wedges into the Campaign through the sustained effort directed towards making the homosexual 'respectable'. This merely divides the entire Movement by its inference that homosexuals are by nature 'unrespectable' and in secret, thoroughly disreputable, nasty, evil, sinful, dirty and horrid persons. Such a secretive view leads towards a desire to build images—and this causes me concern. Surely the genuine article does not need images built about it? There is a very real danger of descending into fantasy if such an idea is taken to extremes. I should feel that I was watching guilty men and women persuading each other of all sorts of silly ideas, some of which are now becoming evident, in an effort to deny some fairly obvious home truths about themselves.

In discussing motivation here, I'd ask everyone two simple questions that show precisely what I mean.

1. Did you join CHE to seek out fellow homosexuals in the hope of finding more friends and partners?
2. As a member of CHE have you ever participated actively in any kind of Campaign, such as letter-writing, poster designing, bill-sticking, public debate or educational seminar?

Let's not condemn Gay Liberation Front members for being so active because such efforts will, eventually, produce some results, even if this means a backlash against the homosexual, by the realisation that homosexual fantasies of being equal to ordinary





citizens are not founded upon actual opinion or even reality. Equally, let's think about all the CHE members and *potential* members who have joined in the expectations of a greater freedom of movement as homosexuals in a society composed of people they can relate to, and who have not in fact found such a situation. What should CHE do about this, I wonder?

I sometimes get an impression that CHE is aimed in the wrong direction. It's *first* priority must be to homosexuals of both sexes, and in particular, its members. For whom is their Campaign designed? It is not, in my mind, an organisation that carries limited status and respectability to lull heterosexual society into a kind of committed calm. If it is such an organisation, it has failed before it starts. It is, essentially, an organisation that aims to abolish the present law on homosexual status and to educate both the homosexual and the heterosexual in such a manner as to reduce tensions, create co-operation, and widen spheres of interaction between these two blocks. Mere debate will not suffice to serve such aims. Active strife in CHE at executive level is worse than external pressure, because it reduces CHE to yet another Cabal of individuals in power politics of the worst sort—the kind constructed about the misfortunes of a minority.

This letter is not intended as a critique of CHE. You may, if you wish, publish it (though I doubt that you will in view of its contents). LUNCH provides a limited service merely *by* existing. However, it seems aimed at the higher IQ middle-class sector of the Gay universe, in defence, I think, of the high proportion of mid-40's who seem to make up the bulk of CHE members. We can all see the error here. Today's Universe is constructed for Tomorrow's Generation, and by that I mean the young who will grow up in it.

—Nigel Bankford Cardiff

#### The 'Friend' set-up: a Tribute

Fancyin' the bellhop  
and fancyin' the page  
is all the fancy fancyin'  
I've fancied for an age;  
but when it comes to friendship  
then we must have the best  
and I fancy that the Launder boy  
will prove the hardest pressed

(With apologies, not least to the Uranians of your January review columns)

—Mick Sandwell  
Dorset

#### SPEAKING OUT

At last the Company of Nine is able to offer the above booklet. Created from the best poems selected in our countrywide CHE members' competition last January, we hope that all of you will invest in it, and agree or disagree with the varied poems making up this anthology.

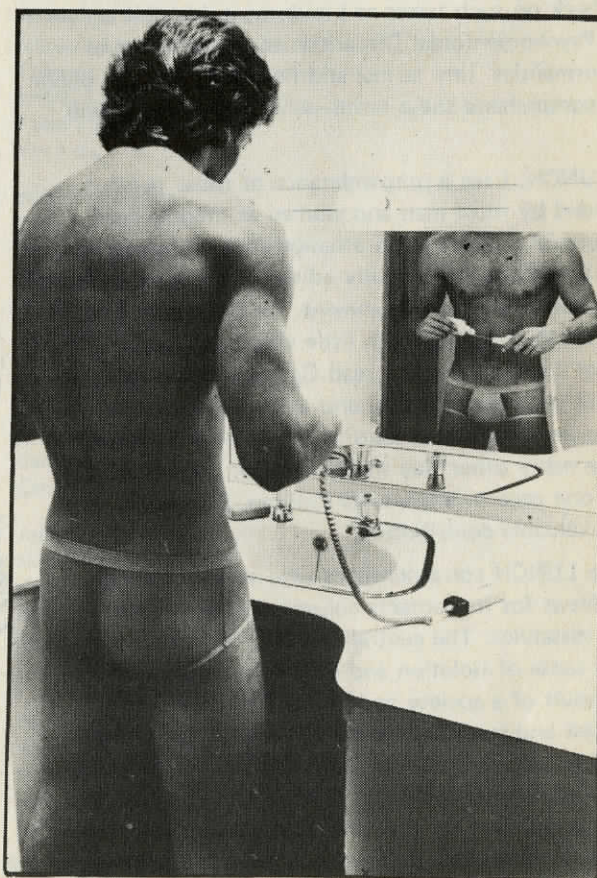
Copies are available from any Company of Nine member at 50p each; John Stanton/Bernard Seary/Peter Robins/Derek Nott/David Bell/Paul Chand/Chris Cann/Jean Esslemont/Vivian Toland and Henry Robertson

... or direct by post from:

THE COMPANY OF NINE  
c/o CHE/LIC,  
22 Gt Windmill Street,  
London W1.

(Crossed cheques and postal orders (55p to include p&p) should be made payable to JOHN STANTON).

Party wear from Hom of France or how to make friends and influence people. The underpants cost £1.20 from, among other places, Simpsons and Harrods and Austin Reed. We don't know how much the chap costs. (IMBEX)



## Lessons in sex with the shampoos

DAILY MAIL APRIL

TRAINEE hairdressers studied more than shampoos and sets at their weekly college course.

English lessons turned into frank sex talks for the 16-year-old girl apprentices. And for homework they were asked to write essays on pre-marital sex and homosexuality, while discussions on pornography were illustrated with nude photos and blue magazines.

Twenty hairdressers attend the course at Barnfield College, Luton, Bedfordshire. They are given a day off work with pay by their employers.

Cheryl Impey, 16, of Eaton Bray, Bedfordshire, said yesterday: 'I can't see what sex has to do with hairdressing.'

'Our English lessons always turned into talks on sex, perversion, and even dirty jokes.'

'Our last homework included questions on sex drive and homosexuality.'

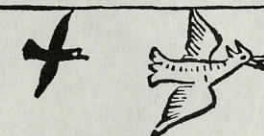
Cheryl is a member of Luton evangelical team, a

religious youth group, whose leader, Mr Stephen Clark, is protesting to the college authorities.

The college principal, Mr. Brian Grace, backed the woman liberal studies teacher. He said the course covered discussions on crime, marriage, violence, care of the old, the welfare state, and sex in order to encourage young people to think for themselves.

#### EVELYN WAUGH PRIVATE DIARIES 1924

11 JULY. Chris [Hollis] told me a good story. Mr Justice Phillimore was trying a sodomy case and brooded greatly whether his judgment had been right. He went to consult Birkenhead. 'Excuse me, My Lord, but could you tell me - what do you think one ought to give a man who allows himself to be bugged?' 'Oh, thirty shillings or two pounds - anything you happen to have on you.'



#### MICHAEL deHARTINGTON

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[We operate a 24-hour Ansafone service. It is really quite human so please do not join the ranks of those who panic and hang up when they hear the recorded announcement.]

PLEASE TELEPHONE AS BUSINESS IS BY APPOINTMENT

We also buy books on the homosexual subject

## A liberal family life

SUN-TIMES APRIL 22

DIVORCE by consent after three months' separation; homosexual marriages; and laws to allow people to have more than one husband or wife were all discussed by the Young Liberals at their annual conference at Malvern, Worcs, yesterday—without reaching any decision. A resolution to permit all three relaxations in the present social structure was referred back.

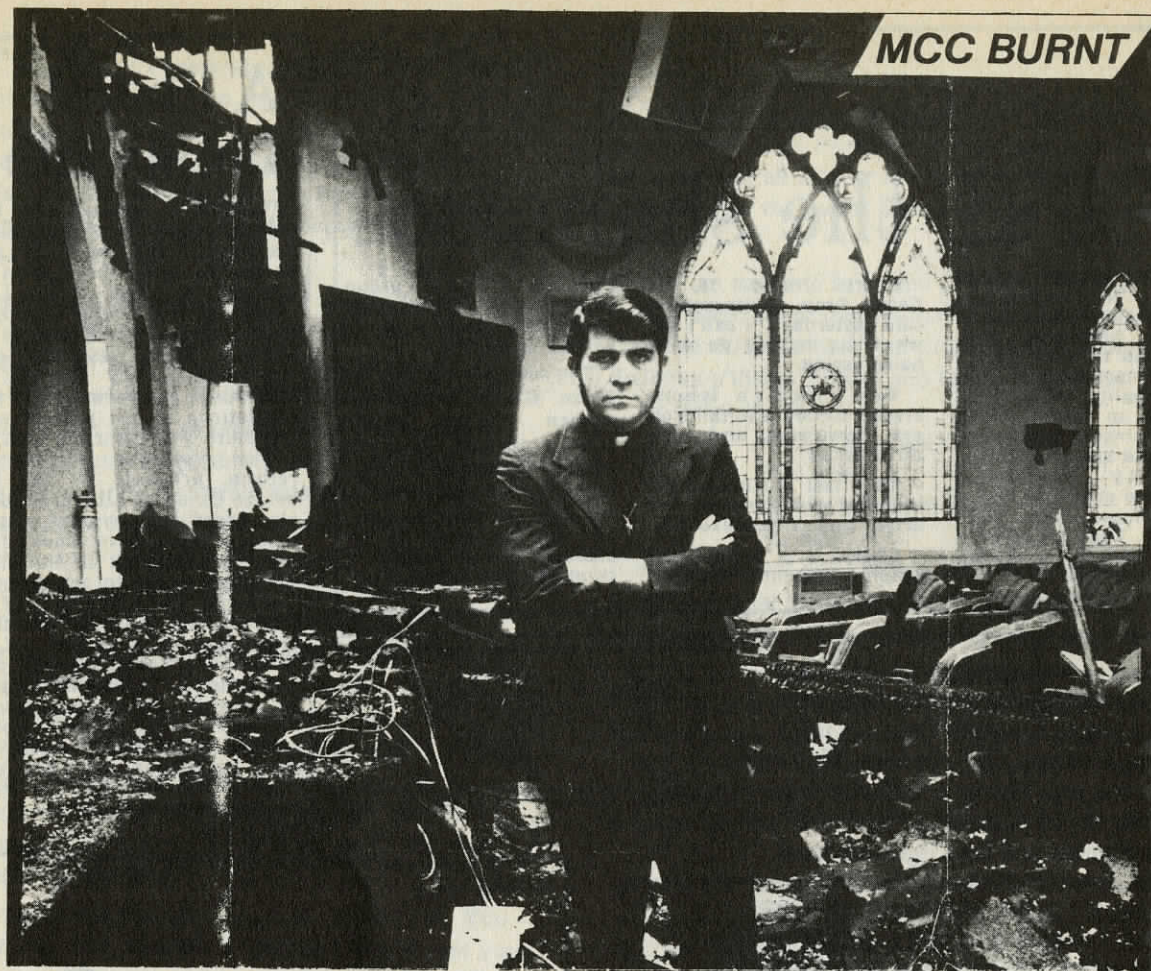
The resolution on marriage reform, proposed by the Cambridge Union of Liberal Students, also urged the payment of maintenance from Government funds and "a reduction in the strong social pressures to get married."

Moving the reference of the motion back to the Executive, Miss Maggie Freeman, of the Wimbledon Young Liberals said: "It is no use saying we are going to provide for a reduction in pressures to get married. How do you tell your mother or your next door neighbour that you don't want to get married? By changing marriage structure? It just won't work."



CAN'T TELL THEM APART THESE DAYS!





Forgive me for not smiling, but as you can see, at this moment, I don't have a lot to smile about.

Last Saturday, January 27th in the early morning hours, our church building burned down. And with the building our furnishings. It is a complete loss. Even while the fire burned the word spread throughout Los Angeles and members and friends of Metropolitan Community Church rushed to the scene. Seventeen units of the Los Angeles Fire Department responded to the call; but it was too late.

People wept openly. So much love had been put into that old building at 22nd and Union. And so much love had gone out from it to our community. You see, all we ever wanted to do—was to help people.

It was a beautiful old church building, just like hundreds of others, and yet it was different. Our Brothers and Sisters made it different! Our church building was used for more than Sunday Services—it was used seven days a week—24 hours a day to reach the total community.

Housed in the building were the Headquarters offices of the Universal Fellowship of Metropolitan Community Churches. The Samaritan Bible Seminary; a school for training men and women for the ministry to serve our community throughout the world. It was used by the Metropolitan Community Temple; a Jewish congregation with an outreach into the gay community on Friday evenings, and their Torah was damaged in the fire.

Our Crisis Intervention Center provided immediate telephone counselling, anytime, day or night when emergencies arose concerning legal aid, health, psychological and employment problems. WE were there—if a person just wanted to rap. Our Center also supplied the services of professional counsellors (psychiatrists, psychologists etc) on a face-to-face basis for people with deep-rooted problems.

Our Deacons closet (the only closet in MCC) gave away free food to over one thousand persons in the last twelve months, and collected and distributed over four and one-half tons of clothing to people in need.

We have worked to ease human suffering; as we preached and believed that 'God cares'. We have watched Gay Brothers and Sisters shake loose from bonds of despair and degradation, and with determination, stand up and be counted—telling the world... 'WE ARE NOT AFRAID ANYMORE!'

Well, we dream our dreams and we believe we can change the world! We will NOT be stopped! To those people who would rejoice because of our loss: WE SERVE YOU NOTICE—that we, in the Gay Community, will never permit the hands of the clock to be turned back on us—ever again! We WILL rebuild and go forward!

We need the help of every concerned person. We MUST start rebuilding immediately! We solicit your contributions. Anything you send will help. It's all up to us... 'WITHOUT A VISION... THE PEOPLE PERISH'. FROM THE FLAMES... WE RISE TO BUILD AGAIN!

Yes, Rev Perry, I want to join with other concerned individuals in the rebuilding of the Mother Church, the headquarters of the Universal Fellowship of Metropolitan Community Churches, and Samaritan Bible Seminary. Enclosed is my contribution.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

ZIP

Make check or money order payable to MCC Building Fund (tax deductible) PO Box 77201 Los Angeles, California 90007 (213) 462 0916.

## A pulpit dilemma

Many ordained clergyman in the Church of England are homosexuals, Dr Donald Coggan, Archbishop of York, said last night on the BBC radio programme "It's Your Line."

"They put up a tremendous fight against being practising homosexuals," he said. When they give in to that we must treat them with great sympathy and understanding—remembering of course that they are in a position of very great responsibility, having under their care a lot of youngsters."

On the general subject of homosexuality in both men and women, the Archbishop said the Church's attitude should be to accept rather than ostracise them.

However Dr Coggan said the Church should make it a task to direct young people whose sexual tendencies were unformed towards a healthy heterosexuality.

"I think anything which would encourage a youngster whose sexual tendencies are still unformed into homosexual relationships is to be deprecated at all costs."

A spokesman for the Church of England said later he thought the Archbishop had treated the subject with compassion. "I think the Archbishop meant there were some clergymen who were homosexuals but he certainly did not suggest in any way that they were practising homosexuals."

GUARDIAN 19 APRIL '73

## FLUTE AND WINE

The Music Group's second soirée was an illustrated talk on the flute given by Duke Dobing, accompanied by his sister Sylvia. Duke explained how the flute developed from reeds and bamboo shoots, mentioning its sacred reputation in New Guinea (with its segregation into 'male' and 'female' categories, according to the length of the tube). It was not until 1831 that the German Boehm resolved to remodel its antiquated and rather unreliable construction.

The recital illustrated both the bright and melancholy timbres of the instrument. Movements from Bach's suite in B minor and Gluck's Dance of the Blessed Spirits contrasted well with works by Fauré, Saint Saens and Nielsen. We heard two piccolo works (Vivaldi's concerto and the amusing Linnets Parade), and a rare flute sonata by Donizetti. A glass of wine ended a most enjoyable evening.

—A Vincent-Jones

## Workers and 'queers'

Mr A. Woods wonders (Letters, 1 April) if few homosexuals are of working-class origin, as the experts (whoever they may be) claim that 5 per cent of the population is homosexual, whereas in the 'Waugh circle' the figure is 15 per cent.

It is highly probable that the number of homosexuals in Britain is much greater than 5 per cent; it is very difficult to gauge the numbers, as the prejudice and discrimination to which homosexuals are subjected prevent many from admitting their sexual orientation. The pressure to conform forces many into unhappy marriage.

In working-class areas prejudice and 'queer-bashing' are particularly marked and this causes many working-class homosexuals to suppress their feelings, as they risk the loss of a job and social isolation by being honest.

I hope this will help explain the statistical discrepancies. I would also point out that, as a homosexual, I object to being labelled 'deviant.'

NW11. John A. Schlesinger  
OBSERVER 2 APRIL

## OBSERVER ★ 1.4.73

Your first serving of Evelyn Waugh's diaries suggests that future dishes will titillate all but the most jaded appetites. It says much for the man that the quality of his prose renders the nastier facets of his character relatively unimportant.

The glossary of his acquaintances is most revealing if it can be taken as a meaningful sample. It suggests that 15 per cent of the middle and upper classes were male homosexuals or lesbians. If as the experts say sexual deviants represent five per cent of the population, does this mean the working classes contribute few members to the 'gay' society?

Lindfield.

★ A. Woods

## The kiss barrier

By Oliver Gillie

MIDDLE-CLASS people are more likely than working-class people to get glandular fever—or kissing disease, as it is often called. A survey of the disease's victims

in south-west London shows that employers and managers are most susceptible and semi-skilled workers least susceptible.

Glandular fever is common among students and this has often been blamed on the easy intimacy of student friendships. Kissing is suspected to be a major way in which it is transmitted.

But Dr F. J. Nye of the Communicable Diseases Unit, St George's Hospital, London, suggests in the Journal of Hygiene that middle-class people have probably escaped infection with the disease during childhood, when it produces only mild symptoms. They would have escaped because of their generally better and healthier environment. If a person encounters the disease for the first time in later life it has a more serious effect. He then suffers fever, sore throat and swollen glands in the neck, with illness which sometimes lasts for months.



# Diary

## May

- WED 2 Education Group CHE London Office 7.30pm.  
 THU 3 CHE Music Grp.AGM 7.30pm Coachmakers Arms W.1.  
 FRI 4 LSE. David Fernbach on The Rise & Fall of GLF. 6.30 - 8pm. Rm. S.101A, St. Clements Bldg.  
 SAT 5 Sappho Disco 8pm 50p. Euston Tavern Judd St.  
 WED 9 GLF West London Dance Fulham Town Hall. CHE Highbury Reception Mayoress of Islington.  
 THU 10 CHE White Lion Putney High St. SW15. London. Sir Hugh Linstead OBE on Wolfenden & after 8pm.  
 FRI 11 CHE LONDON MAY BALL Fulham Town Hall. £1. Live Music. 8pm/ LSE Bruce Bayley on Sexual Dadaism: Analogies of Cultural Revolt. 6.30pm.  
 TUE 15 CHE Windsor. Open Discussion lead by Carol Eldridge Women's Lib.  
 THU 17 CHE Central London. Party at Masquerade. 25p.  
 FRI 18 LSE Graeme Wollaston on Edward Carpenter: Gay Pride at the turn of the Century. 6.30-8pm.  
 SAT 19 CHE Marylebone Party at Centre, Broadley Terrace, London NW1 8pm-Midnight.  
 MON 21 CHE Tyneside talk by Peter Katin. 78 Jesmond  
 TUE 22 GLF Dance Fulham Town Hall. / Rd. Newcastle.  
 SUN 27 CHE East Lancs SUPPER/DANCE SOUTHPORT.

JUNE 1st. CHE LONDON MASSIVE SOUND OFF. See Ad.

REGULAR GAY DISCO'S: G. Women's Lib. Saturdays 7.30pm Crown & Woolpack. 349 St. Johns St. London. N.1. / Sth London GLF Mondays 8pm Crypt. St. Mathews Church. Opp. Brixton Town Hall. GLF Wednesdays 8pm Bull & Gate Highgate Road. North London.

## CHE EAST LANCs DANCE

### CHE SUPPER-DANCE

Queens Hotel, Southport, Sunday, 27th May 1973, 8 pm Following the two very successful dances held in Southport last year, the East Lancashire CHE group have arranged another big get-together there for Sunday, 27th May. (This is the Spring Bank Holiday weekend and, for those able to stay in Southport, accommodation may be arranged at the Queens Hotel—but please write early to the hotel.)

Tickets are 80p each and can be obtained from East Lancs. CHE group, c/o CHE, 28 Kennedy Street, Manchester, M2 4BG.

Tickets are also available for tea at the Queens Hotel at 5 pm (40p each).

## Personal

PERSONAL ADS 2p a word (commercial 4p a word) Box Nos 25p, 10p an ad to subscribers (over 20 words-2p rate)

**ARE YOU INSURED?** We offer competitive quotations on all types of insurance: Car—House/Flat—Shops—Offices—Personal Accident. For Prospectus and quote (in confidence) contact Roger G Hawkins, 'Eden House', 1 Austin Street, Mountain Ash, Glam, CF45 4AF.

**CHE MEMBER** (TV director, 20's) has room to let (from February 25th; about £6 pw inc) in his house in Hastings. Suit responsible male, early 20's. Write fully: Box No. Mar/3.

**MARC & KEITH** wish to meet anyone who has recent experience of home buying on a joint income mortgage. Write c/o LUNCH.

**ACCOMMODATION** REQUIRED BY GIRL, 22, SHARING FLAT WITH OTHERS. BOX NO MAY 1.

**QUIET PROFESSIONAL MAN** OVER 28 (NON-SMOKER) REQUIRED TO SHARE CHE MEMBER'S COMFORTABLE WEST END HOME. OWN ROOMS. £19 PER WEEK EXCL. REFERENCES. WRITE, WITH PHONE NUMBER, TO BOX MAY 2.

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**LSE GAY CULTURE SOCIETY:** See Diary for meetings. Inquiries & suggestions welcome. Gay Culture Soc. Student Union Pigeon-Holes. LSE Houghton .L.WC2.

**NEWSLETTERS:** You can print your own at CHELIC Stencils, paper & ink available. Charge made for materials only. Make your own posters & tickets too.

**PSYCHIATRY AND THE HOMOSEXUAL:** A brief analysis of oppression, Gay Liberation pamphlet No.1. Send 20p.

to Gay Information: C/o 2 Thane Mansions, Thane Villas, London N.7. 15p. from bookshops & GLF.

**HOUSING PROJECTS:** Anyone interested or who can give technical advice please contact Jonathan Marks. 107 Plimsoll Road London N4 2ED.

**KENT COAST.** Bed & Breakfast. Evening meal if req. Dole & Single Rms. H & C. Miss White. 15 Trinity Sq. Margate, Kent. Tel. Thanet 20141.

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### Opening hours

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 Saturday midday to 6 pm.  
 01-437 7363.  
 CHE London Information Centre, 22 Gt Windmill St, W1

## CHE Groups

Unless otherwise stated contact  
 LONDON CHE OFFICE: Tel 01 437 7363  
 22 Gt. Windmill St. W.1. for Inf.  
 BLOOMSBURY 2nd Wednesday 7.30pm  
 CENTRAL LONDON 1st Wed. 3rd Thu.  
 CROYDON Inf. Alan Heathcote. 62 High-lands Crt. Highlands Rd. S.E.19.  
 EALING 2nd & 4th Tuesday. 7.30pm.  
 EAST LONDON 2nd Wednesday  
 Leytonstone. Inf. Tony 500 6032.  
 ENFIELD 2nd Sunday.

Michael 888 0800.

GROUP 8 3rd Thursday 8pm. Inf.

Vivian 370 1896.

HARINGEY. Just forming.

HIGHBURY & ISLINGTON 1st Sunday 7.30

Jonathan Marks 107 Plimsoll Rd. N.4.

KENISNGTON 2nd Tuesday 7.30pm

LEWISHAM 1st Monday. Len Kelly

692 6397.

LONDON MONDAY. Alt. Mondays. 7.30p,

Angus 560 2739 or John 589 6438

MARYLEBONE 1st & 3rd Tuesday.

Ken 402 8053.

STEPNEY 2nd Tuesday. Michael

476 7980

STREATHAM Sundays. 7.30pm. Inf. Ian

Clayton 56 Hillbrook S.W.17.

WANDSWORTH/RICHMOND 2nd & 4th

Thursdays. C. Micklewright 46b

Chartfield Avenue. S.W.15.

WEST END 1st Tuesday 3rd Wednesday

YOUTH GROUP. Mike/Jim 385 7246

### DETAILS OF FOLLOWING CHE GROUPS

from CHE 28 Kennedy St. Manchester 2.  
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Centre. Inf. Douglas 021 706 9818.

BRIGHTON Inf. John Gough 9 Quayfil

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BRADFORD Thursdays. Inf. CHE P.O.

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CARDIFF Mondays 7.30pm Chapter

Arts Centre Cardiff.

CHILTERNs 1st Monday 3rd Tuesday

4th Wednesday. Inf. Alan 01 864 5119.

EAST KENT 2nd Friday Inf. R. Weller

54 Minster Drive Herne Bay Kent.

LEEDS Inf David Morley Leeds 7686.

Details Leeds Group Newsletter.

LIVERPOOL 1st & 3rd Weds. Inf. Gordon

Gibb 8 Huskisson St. Cathedral

Mansions L8 7LR.

NORTHAMPTON/BEDS. Inf. Alan

Northampton 22861

SHROPSHIRE Two monthly. Inf. Fred

Yockleton 673. Philip Telford 592125

SOUTH ESSEX 3rd Wednesday Basildon

Inf. John Shaw Sth Benfleet 3706.

SOUTH HERTS' Inf. John Kernaghan 21

Park Close Old Hatfield Herts.

SURREY Inf. Frank 01 399 7495.

Myrtle Haslemere 51882. Charles

Byfleet 48716.

TEESIDE Inf. Eric Thompson. 30 Hazel

Street Middlesbrough.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS 4th Sat. Inf. Ross

Burgess Tunbridge Wells 33175.

TYNESIDE .Mondays, Alt. Tuesdays.

Inf. David North Shields 76454.

WINDSOR Inf. Peter Asctt 24138 or

Mike Windsor 51062.

WOLVERHAMPTON Inf. as Birmingham.

YORK 2nd & 4th Thursdays. Inf.

Mike York 20724.

## Women's Groups

CHE CAMBRIDGE WOMEN. Inf. Gay

Gordon. 29 John St. Cambridge.

CHE LONDON WOMEN Inf. CHE Office

437 7363. Tuesdays 6-10pm.

GAY WOMEN Mondays Crown & Woolpack

394 St. Johns Street. N.1.

LESBIAN LIBERATION Wednesdays 8pm

14 Radnor Terrace SW8. 01 622 8495

MANCHESTER GAY WOMEN .Alt. Mondays

Inf. Liz Stanley 061 881 3683.

## Other Groups

BATH GAY AWARENESS Thursdays 8pm

Inf. John Bath 20105/Hugh B. 4738.

BRISTOL GAY STUDENTS. Inf. Trevor

Locke 35035. Univ. Union. Queens Rd.

Bristol BS8 1LN.

GAY CAMBRIDGE CHE/GLF Inf. Bernard

Greaves 29 John St. Cambridge. 52661

or Pat Cambridge 55772.

KENT GAY ALLIANCE. Inf. Brian Hart

16 Westbourne Gdns. Folkestone.

Tel (STD 0303) 54698.

GAYSOC . Inf. s.a.e. University of

London Malet Street. W.C.1.

RGA READING GAY ALLIANCE Inf. Rm 7.

30 London Rd. Reading, Berks.

SOUTHAMPTON STUDENTS Inf. s.a.e. D.

Porter Flat B 56 Westwood Rd. SO21DP.

POLITICAL ACTION, LONDON. Inf. CHE

Office 437 7363.

FELLOWSHIP IN CHRIST THE LIBERATOR

Communion service 8pm Sundays W.

Kensington. Inf. FCL 61 Earls Court

Square S.W.5.

JEWISH LIAISON Inf. Timothy Goldard

BM JH 6 London WC1V 6XX.

SK GROUP Inf. C/o Albany Trust 32

Shaftesbury Ave. W.1. Social group for

men & women meets East End. W/ends.

SMG SCOTTISH MINORITIES GROUP 214

Clyde St. Glasgow G1 4JZ Aberdeen/

Glasgow. John Breslin 041 771 7600

Dundee Len McIntosh 0382 452433

Ed. Mike Coulson 031 225 4395.

## GLF Groups

OFFICE: 5 Caledonian Rd N.1. 837 7174

MONDAYSCo-ordinating Cmte 6pm.

Harrow Gay Unity. Inf Alex 864 2291

TUESDAY T.V. & T.S. All Saints

Vestry Clydesdale Rd. W.11.

THURSDAYS Camden GLF 44 Parkhill

Rd. Chalk Farm N.W.3.

South London GLF Minet Library

Knatchbull Rd. Brixton. East London

GLF 103 Market St. East Ham. West

London GLF Fulham Town Hall.

SATURDAYS Get together Albion,

Caledonian Road N.1. (near office).

LEEDS GLF. Inf. Gay Lib Office

153 Woodhouse Lane Leeds. 2.



# friend

Homosexual Counselling and  
Parents Enquiry  
If you need help write or telephone  
for appointment to

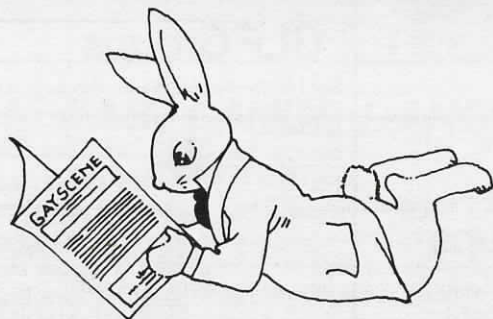
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