

Lunch

The magazine for the new homosexual man and woman

No. 21

25p

Warhol's Holly/Crowley's Magic



Lunch

LUNCH is an independent
homosexual monthly magazine for men and women

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Editorial

Question. What city has a gay synagogue? A baths where war-veterans are allowed in at certain
times free? And where on Saturday nights there is a smart cabaret to which women in mufti are
admitted?

Lunch has been to New York and found the experience mindblowing. This issue's interview with
Trash superstar Holly Woodlawn is one result. There are to be others.

Recent American slang has given us 'to rap' for to talk or chat. But there is a special form of talk-
ing called 'to zap'. The word comes from American Gaypower. It is a responsible, organised urban-
guerilla action involving quite specific and limited objectives. It can involve the disruption of a
radio network, or the harassment of a publisher, or the carefully staged demonstration at a news-
paper office. In three years it has changed the face of gay politics in New York. Three years ago
the Gay Activists Alliance had to pull teeth to get attention from the media that was not condes-
cending or abusive, let alone reasonable attention from politicians. Even *The Village Voice* was
wont to refer to faggots and refused ads with the word gay. But it was subject to zapping . . One
million potential New Yorkers are something to contend with.

Today candidates for mayoralty actually telephone the Gay Activists Alliance at the Firehouse
in New York and ask to come down to speak. GAA is even in danger of being stifled by its own
success. The city has ordered its police to desist from raiding bars and baths.

Paradoxically the situation here is both better and worse. Better because discrimination is less
evident. Worse because it is hidden and harder to attack. The 1967 act was a pure example of
repressive tolerance. It left a good many injustices untouched. And enabled the current atmosphere
in England which is in so many ways hypocritical to develop. In fact convictions for indecency have
not merely *not* declined since 1967. They have *increased*. And they have increased by 160%. It is not
surprising that two responses to this should have been the spinsterish 'Don't rock the boat' of one
wing of CHE, and the shrill 'rock it every way' of one wing of GLF. We need, to be over-simple, a
GAA. A middle-ground where the constructive social criticism of one group can meet the respon-
sible activism of the other. Freedom itself is indivisible.

Lunch grew in this climate from being the house-journal of CHE to an independent voice in its own
right. It survived. It grew and flourished. And now, after nearly two years, it is taking stock.

We feel that without false pride the magazine has achieved a good deal. We see that there is much
to work for and believe that we have a vital role to play.

What we aim at is a *Lunch* with, in every sense, more zap. That means a magazine which is more
eclectic. More cosmopolitan. More radical. And capable of giving objective coverage to every kind
of gay consciousness, including the communes and GLF. We want a *Lunch* which involves women
more. They still get a raw deal.

Future contributors will include Jill Johnston, the American liberationist who takes the extreme
position that it is only by all women becoming Lesbian that they can properly liberate themselves
from men.

It will include Arthur Bell, the gay columnist on the *Village Voice* who scooped the story about
Spiro Agnew's gay son. Jonathan Miller and Margaret Drabble, both vice-presidents of CHE.
Angus Wilson, John Bowen, Christopher Isherwood, Dennis Rake, the homosexual war-hero of
Le Chagrin et le Pitie. Ned Rorem the American composer who was perhaps the first to write the
experiences of a passive homosexual life-style . . Further accounts of The Factory and Warhol's
amazing superstar cult . . histories of GLF here in England and GAA in America. Representative
accounts of 'Coming Out' and the response of family and friends. And many many other con-
tributors.

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In April 1972 Ruan Bone (alias Gini Stevens) took over the editorship of *Lunch* for a period of what was to be six months. I think everyone will agree that she has done a marvellous job. She has not worked entirely single-handed and the last six months or so quite a lot of new blood has joined her. She never wanted to be 'Editor' but to be one of several, and this duly happened. But now more than a year later Ruan feels that it is time she retired and others took over. To those of us who have worked with her it is very sad, but she has never received a salary and has put aside her own work, so we now feel it is up to us and to you not to let the energy she has put into producing a serious homosexual magazine read by men and women (incidentally lately there have been as many new female subscribers as men) die out. We have been lucky in that *Lunch* has had very little difficulty over advertising. We have advertised in New Society, New Statesman, The Sunday Times, The Observer, New Humanist, Spare Rib and other papers. The response from these advertisements has been tremendous, and it's evident that *Lunch* fulfills a real need. We have not adopted the policy of publishing letters of encouragement, nonetheless receiving them has meant so much.

We are going to have a summer break and rethink our structure. (Subscriptions automatically extended). As you know we are no longer officially associated with CHE or any particular homophile organisation. But we want to make our independence more than nominal and we want to give *every-one* a fair hearing. We ask you to keep faith and we invite practical assistance. New *Lunch* will want to use all the editorial/design/distributing/reporting/clerical skills it can recruit.

Up till now *Lunch* has been run—amazingly enough—on an entirely voluntary basis. We have achieved the not unremarkable feat of bringing out 20 issues, unsalaried. We always just break even and have not got into debt but now with printers', typesetters' and all other bills going up we shall have to consider being professionally distributed to enlarge our sales. So whether you subscribe or not, stick around. If you are seriously interested in helping write to us. If you can send us any money then please do. And many thanks to those who have already helped us.

This autumn new-style *Lunch* will be back again, mad, bad and dangerous to know.



Poems

THOUGHTS

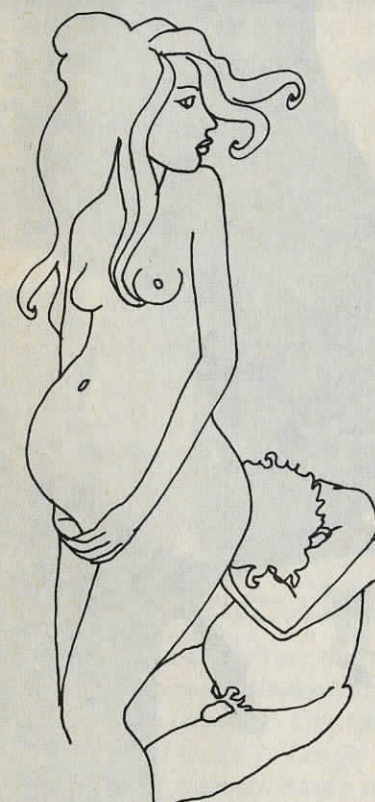
Thoughts turn into
an agony of sighing
as head shakes yes
to a great stillness
warm pulsing through.

Hush of a lifetime's waiting
comes
and breathes.

My stomach remembers
downwards
to the wetness
that overflows
in my eyes.

One touch
in an anywhere place
becomes
our other world silence.

h.p.r. 3 Sept 72



GENTILE!

You sit there hanging
in your fat little prick man.

Your two stubbed out fingers
rub together
in your peep-hole eyes.

You cry, pouch-ridden,
just like you urinate
in black, back alley ways—
remember her?

Try genital man, remember—
whimpering wee-wee wants
in your drunken fumble.

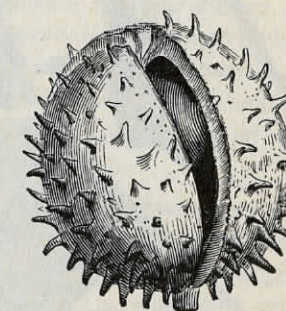
She let the pussy out the bag,
so you ripped skin
broke its back
and married her,
Gentile!

14 Nov. 72 h.p.r.



lean love
you look
long.
But I know
your downied
dell-dale
smells.

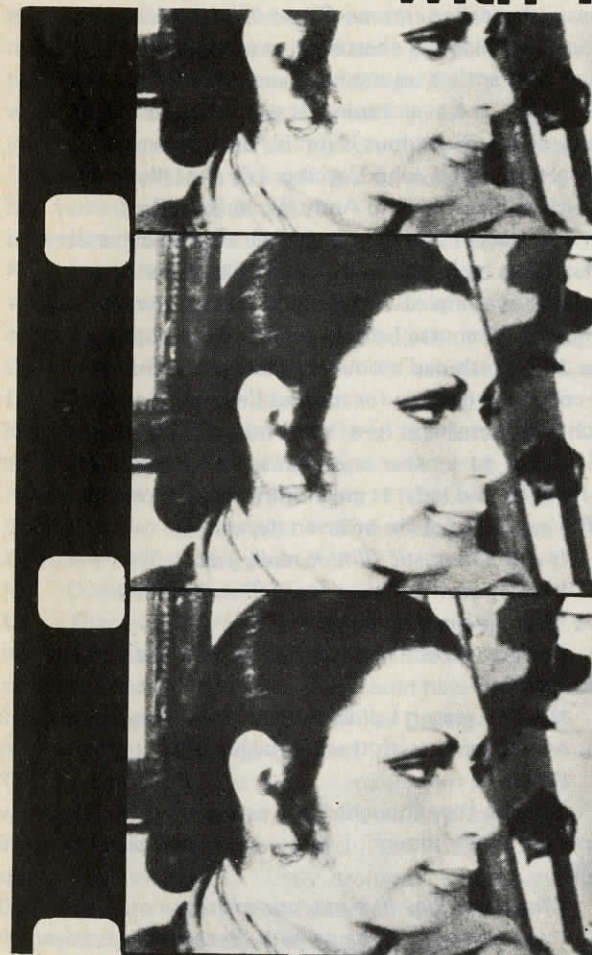
h.p.r. 19 Feb 73



Hannah P Rodgers is at University in Edinburgh and recently gained first place in the BBC's Student Poetry Competition.



'IT'S THE PITS' with HOLLY WOODLAWN



Max's Kansas City is a New York Institution. Since it opened in 1965 it's been a leading hang-out for artists, rock and underground people. Like the Cafe Royal in the '90's, the Boeuf sur Le Toit or the Algonquin Round Table in the twenties, it has a clientele, style and mythology all its own. Downstairs through the bar at the back is the old playground for the superstars where Andy Warhol set Pork and where even now on most nights a promiscuous collection of rock and superstars can be watched 'doing the tables'. Pork was a transcript of conversations in or about The Factory. Newer superstars who enacted the others in the play can also be seen. A confusing place.

Go there at the moment and you're likely to hear:

Holly came from Miami FLA
Hitchhiked away across the USA
Plucked her eyebrows on the way
Shaved her legs then he was a she
She says: Hey Babe! Take a walk on the Wild side!
She said: Hey Honey! Take a walk on the wild side!

Take a Walk on the Wild Side is a smash hit in New York. Sung in a gluey-sexy voice by Lou Reed, it's a celebration of the drug-and-drag-rock-underground scene that meets at Max's and is, it sometimes seems, a foster-child of Warhol's: the East and West village world of speed-freaks, gender-fuck and a decadent and narcissistic romanticism which New York has taken a century to discover than anywhere else. (When Europe was into it Whistler was on leave at the Cafe Royale). The next verses are about Candy Darling (never lost her head/even when she was giving head) (giving head = fellating—Ed) Joe Dallesandro (Little Joe never once gave it away/everybody had to pay and pay/a hustle here and a hustle there/New York City is the place where/they said: Hey Babe, take a walk on the wild side).

At Max's—so cool it's below zero—it's definitely uncool to suggest that today is as terrific as yesterday was. (yesterday was something). But by a schizophrenic twist it is a real disgrace to belong to yesterday.

—Who's the British number with Holly?

—Just some British number.

—There's the woman from the film who kills and eats the entire cast and then is fucked by this fifteen-foot lobster. Doesn't that make you want to dye your hair? Next to the madman bombed on downers reading the I Ching.

—She's yesterday. That's over.

Essentially a first-name world: Ossie and Paul and Andy and Joe and Candy and John and Yoko and Mick and Bianca. And, amongst so much deft and fickle socialising, Holly. Holly, whose tune they play when she comes in, who takes 10 minutes to reach the back (everyone knows everyone and everyone knows Holly), who when she starred in Trash made the underground overground and within weeks achieved star billing with Joe. Holly 'holds you belting out goofy pathos like a snaggle-toothed witch you can't take your eyes off' (New Yorker). 'Upstart Holly as a tough-tacking, soft-hearted, rag-picking paramour who sashayed off with smash reviews'. (New York Times). In Trash she plays an authentic Manhattan street-urchin, and her awesome resilience combined with gnawing vulnerability made her an instant success.

Nova's interview with her this April (already more than a year out-of-date when it appeared) spoke of her ugly mouth. When I met her at her flat in the East Village she had a tooth missing from a car accident. (I'm suing, honey). She was high on sleeping-pills when a car ran into her and damaged her leg. She took the cast off because she didn't like it. She was wearing a beige

nylon blouse and sloppy jane trousers. As for the flat itself New York has a stricter topography than London. Central Park West becomes Bohemian as you approach the Hudson. The nomadic Singles district around the East '50's differs from the plush of Sutton Place which is again different from the faded WASP elegance of Park Avenue in the '90's. So Holly's flat downtown on First Avenue fulfilled all the proper defining characteristics of the area: crockery in the bathtub; babies of ambiguous lineage; cheerful anarchy; pot and posters; cat's pee.

—How should I refer to you Holly, as he or she?

—Call me anything you like as long as it isn't gross.

Any apprehensions about meeting her (in the films she's so purely an androgyne—will she be too wearingly some creature of pathos?—or of possibly destructive indeterminacy?) are immediately lost in the sheer pleasure and high comedy of her company. She is generous-hearted, and yet somewhere tough. She wants to be liked. When she speaks of her new language she omits the word 'fabulous' yet it is definitely a word she makes her own. Holly is 'fabulous' and her past-sufficiently amazing to most English (and American) ears—is like fable. She is reticent about it. But there were days when she hustled, when she met violence. She was once kidnapped with a friend and released 24 hours later on Wall Street having just escaped rape.

We lounge in the back room with the baby, called Branch, asleep between us. (The baby turned out to be Eric Emerson's—the deaf-mute in Heat, who was also in many other Warhol movies—by Holly's flat-mate Elda. His latest is by Jane Forth). With the help of beer and menthol cigarettes we had less of an interview than a conversation, very scattered, rambling and disorderly).

Lunch: Can I take my shoes off?

Holly: Perlease! Sure! Are you coming to the screening of my new film *Broken Goddess* on Tuesday? Oh God I'm so nervous. If they like it there'll be a party and if they don't we'll all fly away somewhere. To Venezuela. Or Brooklyn.

L: I'd like to. Are you from New York?

H: I was born in Puerto Rico, raised in Miami. I can speak some Spanish. Hey I just learned how to speak my name in Russian: Yolka . . . travista . . . Or something. At least that's Holly and Wood and Lawn. I was really Harold Ajzenberg which is Jewish like my father but when I was 15 I ran away from home and worked as a file clerk and a high fashion model at Saks, 5th Avenue and when I was in the theatre I changed my name to Holly Woodlawn. First of all of course because of Hollywood but also so I could pretend to be heiress to the Woodlawn fortune, you know the cemetery in Los Angeles? But when it came to the actual interview I always blew it. Dammit. (It's Forest Lawn but polite-

ness forbids saying so).

L: Well. How did you come to make Trash?

H: (one of a repertoire of comic voices). Weeell. I was in this company called Playhouse of the Ridiculous. It was a play called *Heaven Grand in Amber Orbit*. With Jackie Curtis: I was a chorus-girl, a moon-reindeer person with antlers on my head and all this demented green glitter. It was sickening. It was fabulous. The theatre of the Ridiculous is run by this hypertense crazy genius called John Vaccaro. It's a totally enjoyable sick menagerie. And Andy Warhol and Paul Morrissey came to see it and so Fred Hughes came over at Max's one night and said would I like to be in this one scene in a film of Andy's and I thought, well, Andy Warhol! So of course I did it. At first I was supposed to be Joe's crash-pad momma, in this one scene where he's collecting garbage for me and I'm laying on the couch and I scream at him 'Yer a mooch!' but then they asked me to do another one and as it eventually turned out I was his old lady. It grew. Filming took one month in all. I was in it for six or seven days.

L: It was a fantastic film; it really was.

H: I nearly won an Oscar for it. But they didn't know what category to put me into.

L: Did you expect to be approached by the Factory to do the film?

H: No. The reason I didn't expect to be was because I was on bad terms with them to begin with.

L: Why?

H: Because they thought I was garbage. They thought I was trash. They thought I was, you know (pause) low-life.

L: What were they like to work with?

H: I was terrified. To begin with. Because I was never on film before. I was never acting. And their . . . style or whatever, I wasn't ready for them. They'd just turn on the camera and Paul would explain a scene and say, you know: in this scene Joe has just come in and you're mad at him; or you want to go to bed with him; tempt him. And the one scene where they said 'Go fuck yourself with a beer-bottle' . . . I wasn't prepared for it.

L: I didn't see it because that scene was cut in Europe.

H: Thank God! Thank God! (pause) It's the Pits.

L: What does that mean?

H: Part of my new language. The rock bottom.

L: What else is your new language?

H: I say 'spare me and get real'. And 'Oh please'. And 'It's the pits'.

L: Had you been a great film-fan before Trash? Did you adore Garbo?

H: I wasn't into that. I wasn't into the 'forties or anything. I mean I liked Elizabeth Taylor in *Cleopatra*. It was, you know, supposed to be a rotten film. I loved it. I saw it eighteen times. (Klaxon on police-car or ambulance makes conversation impossible at this point).

It'll be strange, you'll listen to that in London.

L: So if you weren't into films what were you into? Dope?

H: Dope? Lots of dope, please.

L: Did you shoot?

H: Of course I did. I'm off now. I haven't shot up now for over a year. Last time I did I got pleurisy. Oh please it was just like someone taking a claw . . . So I went to the doctor and he said, well, you know, get your shit together. You can't go on doing these things. Otherwise you'll kill yourself. (pause; comic voice) So I turned . . . to the bottle.

L: Were you shooting when you made Trash?

H: Yeah. No. Well. Perhaps. Yeah. Because John Vaccaro who directs the Playhouse would not have any-one who took any kind of drugs. I had been fired, and thrown out of bars so many times for being bombed.

L: Where did they make Trash?

H: New York City. Down here on the East side.

What was supposed to be my apartment in the movie: that was Paul Morrissey's basement. That was the set.

L: It's been claimed that Trash has already grossed \$8 million. What did you make?

H: One hundred and fifty bucks.

L: That was all? How do you feel about that?

H: Well, they helped me in a way. But when the movie opened up in Europe they could have taken me. They took Jane Forth, they took Joe Dallesandro. Me they just thought, you know, that I was . . . the Pits. That I would embarrass them. Actually you know what's interesting, they started the whole drug scene in New York. They made it chic in 1964-65. Taking speed. They were like a family. Doing their number. But people are weak, they're only human. (pause). And when you're involved with people, you know, people-you love, and they just turn from you and say: Fuck you . . . (change of tone) I hate getting heavy.

L: There are two scenes I'll personally always remember for different reasons from Trash. One of the funniest scenes I've ever seen, ever . . .

H: Oh you mean with the little boy with the glasses.

L: I didn't, but tell me about that.

H: That was my lover in real life. The only person I've ever really loved. He played this terrific innocent. He wasn't. That was the scene where I pick him up by the Fillmore and he wants to buy some acid and I go cop for him and I come back with this needle. This huge Ugh! This monster. To shoot him up. And I rape him.

L: What was his name?

H: Jonny Patton. My little baby. I love him. When we were together we were together. But the shoe number was what you meant. Please. Oh God! That I can tell you, that scene was real. I got so infuriated.

I mean even though I knew what it was going to be.

I was so infuriated. Michael Sklar the actor who played the welfare . . . The thing was at that time I was on welfare in real life so I knew what welfare workers were like . . . That's one of my favourite scenes too. Being real.

L: Did it take long to shoot?

H: It was shot a few times, that part with the pillow. The damn pillow wouldn't fall out. (Holly is posing hilariously as Joe's pregnant wife (with pillow) to solicit money from welfare officer, who turns out to be a shoe fetishist—reluctant to hand over cash unless he can first get his hands on her shoes. Holly gets furious, gesticulates wildly so pillow falls out and Welfare leaves in disgust).

L: What's Joe like?

H: Dallesandro? He's nice. When I was working with him he was really fabulous to me. 'Cos he knew that I was nervous.

L: And Andy had nothing to do with making Trash?

H: No. Though when I worked on *Women in Revolt* after (this women's lib film) he was the one who was filming it.

L: But Paul Morrissey made Trash. What's he like?

H: Paul? Is that a tough question! (pause) He's a genius. I think so.

L: Do you admire him?

H: I admire his work. As a person . . . I don't like him very much. He's not really fair with people. He just doesn't give them a chance.

L: In what way?

H: In every way (pause)

L: Can you give an example?

H: Yes. Me: That beast! (laughs) Paul is fabulous, like you know, he's cool . . . (pause). Tell me. Is it OK if I get real?

L: Infinitely better.

H: Oh good because I was worried about boring you. I'll get real. Intensely, I dislike that man. I don't like Paul. He uses people. And they make money. And then he drops them. We've had so many fights. I mean, I've gone up there and I've said: 'Listen Paul I know Trash is doing good I mean my God when I was hungry and in the streets . . . And shall I tell you something, you know that scene with the welfare in Trash and that I was on welfare in real life? Well after Trash came out I was kicked off welfare because the welfare worker went to see Trash and figured I had to be making money! And I would just go up there once in a while and ask for money and they'd go 'Ooooooh we don't have any money with us, nngngngngn'. And they've become rich and . . . respectable. Pual Morrissey's doing this movie now in Italy with Carlo Ponti. But right now it's cool because, *Broken Goddess* I own one third of it. You have nice eyelashes by the way. (laughter). You said to

get real, I'm getting real. We're moving to a loft in a couple of weeks. The family here.

L: *Where?*

H: I don't know, we haven't found one yet. *(laughter)*

L: *Who's the family?*

H: Oh Elda, me, Walter, Branch. We have this rock group called *Holly Woodlawn's Pure Garbage*. We lost the lead drummer last week. He kind of . . . disappeared. And Diane, she was my sister in the film, the one who was pregnant for real. She's also in the group and a vocalist. I'd like to say I was a vocalist, but I'll say I'm a singer.

L: *Why don't you say you're a vocalist?*

H: I'm a vocalist. I'm a vocalist. I'm a vocalist. I'm not, I'm a singer. I wear these bananas in my hair.

L: *You said you got into scenes with Paul Morrissey. What about?*

H: About bread, money. I was broke and I used to go up there and ask them for money. Everybody did. I mean . . . Viva did, she used to go up there and ask them for money.

L: *Who else did?*

H: Everyone that I know! Jackie Curtis. Candy Darling. You know. I mean we just figured like, you know, we did the movies, they're making the money, and it was like going to your father and saying: 'Listen, can I have an allowance for this week, I owe back rent'. And, well lots of times they would give me money but

lots of times they were very *tacky* about the whole thing. And then all of a sudden they're against drugs. They're the ones who started the drug-culture in New York. They made *Trash* which is this anti-drug thing and then they just didn't want to hear about it. And I'd go there, drunk, and they'd say: 'Are you still shooting up?' 'Me, Are you kidding? Can't you tell the difference between a *junkie* and a *drunk*? I mean, you ought to *know*'. *(pause)* Now I'm being *too* real! Tell me how you like New York? It's the Pits isn't it. No we mustn't waste time. Back to reality.

L: *I like New York! Tell us some gossip about Joe.*

H: Gossip! I don't know any gossip. I mean I know his past but then who doesn't know his past. You know that Lou Reed song about us. It's all there. *Walk on the Wild Side*. *(pause)*. Do you smoke? Really I've turned into such a pothead. What am I *saying*? Am I making sense? Because I don't think I am at all! I can hardly be drunk on *one bottle*! But Joe. Does he expect admiration? No. I don't think he expects anything. A conversation with him would go:—Hallo. Joe *(pause)*—How are you doing?—*(pause)* Mmmnn.

L: *You mean he's laconic?*

H: What is that?

L: *What you were being.*

H: Isn't it a nice day? *(pause)*—Yeh. I mean I don't think he ever made a whole sentence in his life.

L: *He's dumb?*



H: He's nice but he's dumb.

L: *Was he shooting up while you made the film?*

H: No. Not that I know of. But I know that in the past he must . . . I mean please, the way he was shooting up that stuff he must have at one time, you know, I mean, he was good and especially with that needle; that *needle*!

L: *How many times have you seen Trash?*

H: Fifty times. Actually. But I was in gaol when it first came out.

L: *In gaol! Why?*

H: For impersonating the French Ambassador's wife. There was this whole thing in the *New York Times* about it. A full page. I went into the United Nations Bank and took out two thousand dollars. Actually not his wife but some official but that was what they put in the papers. Sensationalism. You know, 'thirty days in gaol when *Trash* opened. And Andy didn't even want to bail her out!' So anyway I was staying with my girlfriend who was a friend of this ambassador's wife and was hanging out there while the ambassador's wife was away. And I found her bank-book. And another friend of mine says, 'You know what you can do with a bank book! All you have to do is learn how to forge her signature'. And we cut out a signature from something else and copied it and found all this identification and I went to the UN and took it out.

L: *And nothing happened?*

H: What bust it up was when I went back to do it again. I was wearing all this Gucci scarf and a Chanel dress and everything and I went back and they caught me. I was very chic. They caught me.

L: *Did it give you a terrific kick?*

H: No I was terrified to death.

L: *Why did you do it?*

H: Because I was dumb. I was just dumb. You should have heard my French accent. No on second thoughts you shouldn't. What makes me feel bad was the teller got fired. But then he was dumb too. I should have been arrested the first time. Please I would have felt much better. And I was in gaol. They put me in the Women's House of Detention for 24 hours until there was a public health check and a guard told me to drop my pants . . . 'Get that man out of here'. And I was in the Tombs for thirty days which is like the worst gaol in New York during all the rioting for better conditions and nobody would bail me out. Then Larry Rivers did. A good friend of mine, you know. A fabulous artist. But Andy! I sent telegrams to them and all kinds of things . . . but. You know what, *Variety* wanted to interview me while I was in gaol. Though afterwards they all apologised, the Factory. The court was the Pits. I had to report there every week for a year. *(Telephone rings; Elda answers it)*.

H: *(shouting)* Is that Peter Burke? Tell him Happy New Year. Oh no, it's Easter. And tell him she's drunk.

L: *What did your family say about Trash.*

H: Well they didn't see the movie but my mother always thought that I was no good, you know, and couldn't do anything and she's proud of me; no matter what I look like. She's alright. They're glad that I'm OK, working.

It's different when I go home. Like, it's a real heavy number. My parents can't handle my number I suppose. I can't handle theirs. We have these different karmas. I mean they make me feel like some kind of a *vampire*. 'Go out only at dusk. Wear your hair back. Wear a suit. Wear pants. Fill in your plucked eyebrows with liner!' But you know what I was saying earlier about the Factory; Andy himself is cool. He's nice. He's OK. He's



fabulous, I love him. One day I went in there and I had a fever and I went in there to ask for some money to go to the doctor and I felt like . . . *death!* But Andy said, But Holly you look so *glamorous*. And he was taking polaroids of me. He's cool. He lets people be. I mean, like, they all know that he'll never say, 'no' to anything. Like, it's the front-men who are . . . the vultures. And for *Women in Revolt* I got almost three thousand. Though I did have to *scream* for it.

L: *Talk some more about the scene with the shoes.*

H: Well that was Paul's idea, like I said he is this genius. Those shoes were mine actually. In fact I was offered hundreds of dollars for them.

L: *Where are they now?*

H: I threw them away. By that time they were worn out. And I didn't know *Trash* was going to make so much money. I was happy with my hundred and fifty dollars. That day I went in at about eleven o'clock and we didn't get out till about six. That one scene. And the pillow! That was forty-five minutes! Forty-five minutes just of me getting up and there was a little string attached to the pillow to my shoe and sometimes the string would break and other times nothing would happen at all or I'd go *'Damn it!'* And they'd have to cut it. Or *'Shit!'*

L: *I've forgotten what I was going to ask you next.*

H: Let's just keep talking. I *love* talking. Especially when I'm bombed on beer. Where's Branch? Where's the baby? Oh she must have gone with Elda. I'd have died if anything had happened to her. (Why's she called *Branch* anyway?!)

L: *Tell me about the fiftieth time you saw Trash.*

H: It was playing down on 2nd Avenue and 8th St about a week ago but the place burnt down. When the bottle number came up I kept thinking still 'Oh God I hope nobody recognises me!'

L: *What did you think when you were asked to do it? In the first place.*

H: I was plucked!

L: *Sorry?*

H: I was . . . flabbergasted! Then I said get me some beer and I'll drink it, get drunk and not even think about it and I'll do it (*pause*). It was twenty-five dollars.

L: *Tell me about Broken Goddess.*

H: It's black-and-white, like an old silent movie with title-cards by Laura Nero and I'm the only person in the movie. It's hard to speak of. The music is by Debussy and there's no time, it could be yesterday or tomorrow. The twenties or Ancient Greece. It's a moment in a woman's life and she's alone and her lover has left her and she's in despair . . . it's a series of moments, like universal, when you're alone. Part ballet and you can see the emotions on my face. And I think

it's the most fabulous thing I've ever done. We had no money when we started. We made it by faith. Dallas who made it and everyone.

L: *Dallas who?*

H: Just Dallas. He's this beautiful twenty-one-year-old Greek absolute genius and everyone put it together with love. Are you sure you won't have any more beer? You make me feel like a *lush*. In the film I look very different. Joe always looks more-or-less as he does in the films. Like he's short, about 5'6" or five seven in cowboy boots. Though I mean he's looking better now than when we were working: when we were doing *Trash* together he still looked good I mean he's a beautiful boy but now he's looking much better. His wife is really nice and quiet. And they live with Paul.

L: *Are Paul and Joe lovers?*

H: I would love to know.

L: *Have you a lover?*

H: I haven't had a lover as such since Jonny who was for three years before we had this terrific number and he split and went to Texas over a year ago. And though I've been with different people of course I haven't had a lover. You know, sex, in a way, I don't think about that any more. I just think about the person. This must sound very tacky and I mean Hare Krishna but I just *love* people. I do. I love them. I really do.

L: *Have you ever wanted to be actually transsexual, a real girl?*

H: For a time and I took hormones for a while (they're terribly good for your health, no really). But it would be kind of final. You never know what might happen tomorrow or what you might miss tomorrow. And I happen to *love* what I have. That's my problem I love it.

L: *Can you describe a visit to the Factory?*

H: Well. First of all you take the elevator and when the elevator door opens on the 6th floor it says: KNOCK LOUDLY AND IDENTIFY YOURSELF. The door's locked. And then if Andy's there he's sitting behind his desk looking like the wizard of Oz. And Paul's in the other room talking on the 'phone or maybe somebody's interviewing them. And you just sit around and you're made to feel like you're dumb. Like you have to be a Maharajah to get noticed. That's the whole thing. If you were Mick Jagger they would give you a chair in a hot second and it'd be 'Oh Bianca you must do this film ngngngngngn'. And when you walk in there you're paranoid because they're taping everybody all the time, always with the tape-recorders and the videotapes. Constantly . . . So I just have to go and get drunk and run up there and make this terrible noise . . . Oh please I should *love* to see some of the tapes they have of me!

The last time I was there they called the police on me.

About a month ago. I went to ask them for a hundred dollars. We needed money to pay the rent. We didn't have any. And so I went and asked them if they had my mail and if I could have \$100 and Andy wasn't there and I *knew* he was there, they just told me he wasn't. And they just laid this whole thing on me, you know; 'we can't do anything, we don't have any money', when like a few weeks before one of them gave me a hundred dollar bill from his pocket and said, 'This is my telephone money but have it'. So I freaked out and I wouldn't go and they called the Police and I was downstairs and the Police came and they were OK and I asked the Police if they would go up for me and see if I had any mail and they did. And that was the last time I either called them or bothered them. And I'm taboo now. But then who cares. Because for a time I needed them but now I don't.

Now I love the world like I love it if people come up and recognise me in the street. Or send nice letters. It's an up. (Or ask me to be on this panel for judging erotic films. Who was on it? William Burroughs, Terry Southern. What were the films like? Not erotic certainly). But I love people *anyway*. Like when I say to anyone 'I love you madly' they say to me 'Oh Holly but you say that to everybody'. Which I do. I mean everyone that I love, I love them (*puzzled pause*).

Tell me something would you? What are you going to do with all this insane *madness*. Do you think they'll accept it?

I called with Holly on her friend Larry Rivers. He talks of using Holly in a TV commercial for breast-cream. Holly has the slightly developed pubescent breasts that come from her years on hormones, effective enough for the Before of a Before-and-After shot. She declines.

I visited the factory, full of Art Deco furniture and a man so straight middle-America he seems to have wandered in from the Pan Am building who says, 'Andy, Paul and Joe are filming in Italy. If you've seen Holly Woodlawn you'll have heard one part of the story. Last time she was here she was impossible, incoherent. Did she tell you Andy paid her legal expenses when she was in gaol?'

WHY OH WHY DID YOU LEAVE ME AND RUN OFF WITH TOMORROW? NOW I'M IN CHAINS TILL I DIE.

Tuesday is the screening of Broken Goddess and a great success. Immortal Films is, according to their hand-out, dedicated to 'restoring Glamour and elegance to the American Screen'. It is a silent and there are silent captions: YOU WERE LOOKING TO HURT. I WAS LOOKING TO LOVE. Holly gives a performance of great power and poignancy and there are people there

to see it: Vogue, Playboy, Roberta Flack. Bette Midler; Sylvia Miles looking very unlike the blousy overripe frump of Heat, looking in fact small and trim and very glamorous. While Holly unwinds, not in Venezuela but with her director Dallas, I went with Holly's roommate Elda to see Ciao Manhattan, the film about the first superstar Edie Sedgwick, beautiful, rich, a model, who acts herself. To, literally, the death. Many Warhol people are in it. Including a glimpse of Paul Morrissey in a Dr Feelgood—the illegal 1960's clinics where you could get a vitaminised methedrine or other 'high' from someone 'qualified'

Andrea



But, however high the death-rate among Warhol's superstars (Andrea in Heat was the last to go, from a fourteenth storey window) Holly at least, it appears, is a survivor. The reviews for her film are great . . . 'Holly appears not as some amusing grotesque but as a figure of exquisite painful beauty . . . moving with the grace of a Mazimova . . . the stylishness of the early silent screen . . . Only once, inexplicably, the mood is cut by a still of Holly in a blonde wig'. 'What's inexplicably?' asks Dallas, who has adored Holly since he met her one year ago. Dallas cut school and film-school to protect his talent.



The backers are to provide \$150,000 for Blonde Passion to be shot this autumn with Candy Darling, and Holly. Roberta Flack is to help with the flat-venture. The telephone rings non-stop.

AND THE PAST IS A BLUE NOTE INSIDE ME. I RAN AWAY IN THE MORNING.

That week Holly gave one of her celebrated 'cocktail parties'. Nothing surprisingly to do with cocktails or drink. At two in the morning in the open air on Fifth Avenue and '57th St (of all places) she starts collecting people, everybody, blacks in Superfly hats, Ivy League business-men, even a policeman gets turned on. Holly is wearing the Gorilla-skin coat Jacques Caplan made for her. No longer in its original condition. Inside it she has secreted from somewhere, among other things, a sugar-bowl and twelve rolls of toilet paper. Best to leave her there, in the Manhattan small hours, auto-graphing it for all her new friends.



Just for a laugh

Red letter day

A MAN was cycling past a house in a narrow street when a used French letter (Durex) was thrown out of a window, and it hit him with a smack in the eye.

As this caused him to take a nasty tumble from the bike, he was very angry, and knocked at the front door of the house, paper in hand, feet in slippers, and said: "Are you trying to break my

door knocker?"

"Never mind that, who's upstairs where that light is?" said the angry man.

"My daughter, as a matter of fact."

"And who is with her?" "My intended son-in-law of yours?"

"None at all my dear sir, none at all, but I thought you would like to know that your intended grandson has just been thrown out of the window".



■ Surprise among the twenty pebbled beauties, including Nell Gwynne, Lucy Walters, Mrs. Fitzherbert, Lily Langtry, who make up a Bath exhibition on Britain's kings and their lovers: A stately portrait of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. He was the boy friend of James I.

DAILY MIRROR 23.5.73.

NEWSDESK THERE GOES A HOMO

LAGOS WEEKEND
THE male bushy hair style with a handbag to match, a female outfit, flashy shoes, and sometimes with a blouse to match, outfits that once dominated the Unisex scene, is now the symbol of a new creed of young Nigerians. They are the homos.

"We are out doing our own thing, in our way", declared a confessed homo.

Men hugging each other, dancing romantically with occasional passionate movements both in the streets and discotheques are no more a secret.

"An association of the homosexuals may soon be launched", declared the confessed homo.

While he refused to let out his name, he denied the suggestion that he is ashamed to be quoted or be identified publicly.

"You see, we have a force of about one hundred members at the moment,

but we don't meet often. I don't want to be a spokesman and I am not prepared to get involved in the power struggle", he added.

He, however, agreed that some of their members are expatriates who give them moral and financial support.

The number of the homosexuals is increasing, he said.

In one of their queer parties held in Yaba recently, the homos called for a move to press for recognition and at the same time denied allegations that the idea was moved by expatriate members.

Both in England and the United States of America, homosexuals have successfully pressed for their legal rights.

Homosexuals are legal in England. Sweden too takes kindly to their moral rights.



Ted?

You will recall the recent rumpus when Mr. Heath's face was used—without his knowledge—to advertise a British hotel.

Now British tourists in Italy are doing a swift double-take as they look at the picture of an ample Italian matron on cartons of cheese-biscuits. "They are fragrant, a little salty and the pastry is delicious," says the lady, called Mamma Rosa.

One holidaymaker was so struck by Mamma's resemblance to Mr. Heath that he brought back a carton to show me. I have asked numerous friends if the picture reminds them of anyone they know. They all replied: The Prime Minister.

When I showed the picture to an official at No. 10 he said: "I see no resemblance whatsoever."

At the biscuit factory at Turin they said: "If it does look like Mr. Heath, we are sorry. It was unintentional. The artist was trying to portray a typical old woman."

IT'S becoming very hard to break the law in Holland. After leading the way in decriminalising the social sins—prostitution, pot smoking and homosexuality — Parliament is now about to deprive the old folks of their only illicit moments by legalising bingo. DAILY MAIL 16.4.73

Last Word... EVENING STANDARD, THURSDAY, APRIL 26.

BUENOS AIRES, APRIL 25, REUTER — THE SELF-STYLED "FRONT FOR THE LIBERATION OF IMPATIENT VIRGINS" HAS PUBLISHED A MANIFESTO DENOUNCING THE "MOVEMENT FOR THE LIBERATION OF HOMOSEXUALS." IT SAID: "THERE IS ALREADY A CHRONIC SHORTAGE OF MEN IN ARGENTINA, SO IT'S NOT FAIR THAT HALF A MILLION MEN SHOULD BE ALLOWED TO INDULGE IN THEIR UNPRODUCTIVE PRACTICES." REUTER.

TELL Mamie Van Doren, Jill St John and the others competing for his arm not to worry: The redhead seen giving Henry Kissinger a peck on the cheek outside the Washington Hilton the other night was just - good - friend Danny Kaye.

HARDLY had we got the news from the Census Bureau that there are now 100 American women for every 95 men than the cast of the Broadway play *The Women*, went out and compounded their dominance by playing the all-male company of that hairy and muscular drama *The Changing Room* at softball and beating them 85-3.

To save us from further humiliation the University of Tennessee newspaper has decided to de-sex us all. In futur, 'he' and 'she' will be a genderless 'tey' and 'him' and 'her' will become 'tem'. DAILY MAIL 5.6.73

Love all! Star Julie lifts the lid on the tennis sex racket

Lesbians married at CAMP HQ

PERTH, W. Australia, Monday.—A Congressional Minister has conducted a marriage ceremony for two lesbians in what is believed to be the first case of its kind in Australia.

The Rev Marlo Schoenmaker said today he had performed the ceremony last month in the West Perth clubrooms of the Campaign Against Moral Persecution (Camp).

"If two people love one another, regardless of their sex, and they want to express this love in a literal, physical sense—that is in a ceremony—the Church has no right to refuse them," he said today.

TOP women stars in the professional tennis circuit are reeling from a dramatic expose.

Women's Lib organiser Julie Heldman has accused them of "outrageous" sexual behaviour.

"There's always a steady level of homosexuality," Julie says of her colleagues. In the U.S. magazine *This Week*.

But she adds: "On the other side is nymphomania... a couple of the players are outrageous."

"It's not picking up men in bus stations—but it gets very near it!"

"There's one who phones people in the night to come up to her room. And she's not the only one."

In her article, Miss Heldman critically examines the bad lan-

guage used by some women on court—and their sensational behaviour off-court.

She says: "I don't like to go into other people's bedrooms, just like I don't like them to come into mine."

Of the sexual antics of other girl players, Miss Heldman says: "Their activities are not flagrant, though."

"Can you imagine what people would think if it were?"

"After all, the Junior League sponsors one tournament and the Chamber of Commerce another."

Rumours

"On the court, we can't even let go with a 'F' or a 'Sh'."

"The men players have always started a lot of rumours," she says. "There was one about a doubles team that roomed together."

Julie's attack names no players specifically, but is certain to outrage the unmarried girls on the tour who might feel wrongly implicated in the sweeping accusations.

Unjust Persecution

I WAS very interested in your item in the marriage series about Roy and Christine (May 2) who found out after their marriage that Roy was a homosexual. Here is a case where education would have saved three people from misery and unhappiness.

Roy, who did not know that he was homosexual, Christine, whose sex life was ruined because she too did not know that Roy was a homosexual, and Mark, the little boy, who will wonder why Christine's new partner cannot be his real daddy.

Roy, must love his little boy but for a reason that few people will face up to, so deep is their hatred of the homosexual, because his love for Mark is maternal not paternal.

It is the high degree of the female component (which every man possesses) that makes him have this emotional attraction to members of his own sex. For Roy to be deprived of his son is like a mother being deprived in the same way.

It was interesting to note that not one word of condemnation of Roy was mentioned by Christine, who

YORKSHIRE
EVENING
POST
8.5.73.

said what her original idea of homosexuals was what she found out about them from personal experience.

It is to educate children along these lines that homosexuals want to be allowed into schools, with the desire to prevent other Roys and Christines from making the same mistake.

Many homosexuals in their ignorance of the many manifestations of homosexuality, have married, thinking that it would cure them, and have discovered the disastrous mistake they have made.

It is time now that persecution, and discrimination against all homosexuals, both male and female was made punishable by law, because in my researches into the subject of homosexuality and homosexuals, I have not met one that I wouldn't accept as a friend.
MR. H. DOWNS, Fenton Street, Mirfield.

Now for the Private Life of Gertrude Stein...



Miss Stein



Mr C. Smith

SUCH is the fascination of Gertrude Stein, the American writer who settled in Paris in 1904 and became an early patron of Picasso, that Maggie Smith has been lobbying producer George Cukor to play her in the film he is planning.

Miss Stein, a noted lesbian who died aged 72 in 1946, studied brain anatomy at Johns Hopkins University but eschewed the Groves of Academe for the promise of bohemian life where she became an outstanding eccentric.

Maggie, 30, and currently appearing in the West End in 'Private Lives' has long been an admirer of Miss Stein, I am told. The project should be under way by the end of the year.

Homosexual clergy

SIR—Mr David Bell (April 24) finds it amazing that homosexuality among the clergy should cause concern to anyone. I find it amazing that it should not cause concern to everyone—it certainly does to the armed forces upon which our country still depends for its existence.

It is a truism to say that an increase in homosexuality has almost always preceded a nation's downfall.

DAILY TELEGRAPH
APRIL 27 1973
B. WYNHAM
London, N.W.3.

Threesome at home

Sir,—Let me confess to being a great sinner because I do not read the Guardian. I have only just—thanks to a friend—read your letters to the Editor of May 4 "Taking the pressure off homosexuals." The sense in these letters makes me think I shall probably change my paper. May I make two points:

1. Like your homosexual minister, I too am married. After having undergone "treatment" for my "disease" by a well-known psychiatrist well over 25 years ago, I was advised to marry and I would be "cured." I did marry having told my wife of my "complaint." The "cure" failed. Thanks to a wonderful wife we are still very happily, non-sexually married. How much happier her life would have been if I had been "normal." I am luckier than the minister in that my wife, my friend and I have lived together in great peace and harmony for 20 years.

2. I do so agree with Mr Loader about badges. I would like to wear one saying what I am because, though I am over 50 I am fed up with being chatted-up by young women on my staff, who for some strange reason think that I am attractive. The fact that they know that I am happily married does not worry them. It is apparently perfectly moral to have a brief encounter with a girl—bether my wife!

So, are we to have two moralities—one for hets and one for homs? Though I am a teacher I do not go for little boys any more than my heterosexual colleagues go for little girls.—
Yours faithfully,

Homosexual Teacher.



Conundrum

I was sharing a coffee with my neighbour when her young son came in from Sunday school asking: "Mummy, what do they call men who love each other?"

We exchanged startled looks and began to rack our brains for the best way to reply, when he beamed and told us: "CHRISTIANS."
—Mrs. M. M.: Brighton.

THE SUN, Thursday, April 19, 1973

Clergy in uproar over Dr Coggan sex talk

By VICTOR CHAPPLE

A SHOCK claim that many Anglican clergymen are homosexuals rocked the Church of England yesterday.

But last night the man who made the statement in a radio dis-

cussion—the Archbishop of York, Dr Donald Coggan—explained why he said it.

He said: "A very large percentage of men and women are homosexual. It is a medical fact."

"This is my evidence for saying that many clergymen are homosexual."

Daughters

However, one young priest, the Reverend David MacPherson accused the Archbishop of "talking a load of cobblers."

Mr MacPherson, of Hull, was ordained eight months ago and is married with three daughters. He said: "Everyone I met in training was a perfectly healthy young man."

And at the Church of England's headquarters at Church House, Westminster, a spokesman said that a practising homosexual would NOT be accepted for ordination.

But the spokesman admitted that a man applying to join the ministry would normally not be asked directly if he was a homosexual.

However, the fact that a man was a practising homosexual was almost certain to come to light during the five years before his ordination.

The final say on whether a trainee priest should be ordained rests with his bishop.

Success

Dr Edward Henderson, Bishop of Bath and Wells, said that he would refuse to ordain a man he knew was a practising homosexual "because I don't believe there should be sexual relationships between men."

But the Bishop of Guildford, Dr George Reindorp, would not necessarily refuse to ordain a known homosexual. He said: "Each case would be considered separately."

The Rev Ralph Rogerson, of St. Andrew's Methodist Church in Manchester, said homosexuals were not necessarily barred from his church's ministry.

"I know one pansy type who was a great success in one of the roughest areas of London."

GIVE LOVERS FAIRER DEAL, SEXY SIR PLEADS

By DENIS BUDGE

A LOVERS' charter was demanded at a civil liberties meeting yesterday.

Bearded schoolmaster Robin Thompson said everyone should be free to make love.

He slammed landlords and hoteliers who refuse to allow an unmarried man and woman to share a room—but don't think twice about couples of the same sex.

"Why should a couple have to sign an hotel register as Mr and Mrs Smith when they want to share a room?" he asked at the annual meeting of the National Council for Civil Liberties.

Mr Thompson, aged 50, who said he was "extremely heterosexual," opposed a move at the meeting to condemn discrimination against homosexuals.

THE SUN, Monday, May 7,

He said he was against the move because it did nothing to help "ordinary men and women who want to make love."

The meeting voted its support for homosexuals. But Mr Thompson, from Hackney, London, declared he would try again next year to get backing for his "lovers' lib."

Disturbed

He said later: "I am not in the least interested in sleeping around myself—I am happily married."

"But I was disturbed some time ago when I knew of a girl in a bank who was dismissed because she was a 'bad sexual influence'."

"She was competent at her job, but it became known she was making arrangements for her nights out during her working hours."

Mr Thompson added: "I have had several careers and I have seen people held back or sacked because they had a strong sex drive."

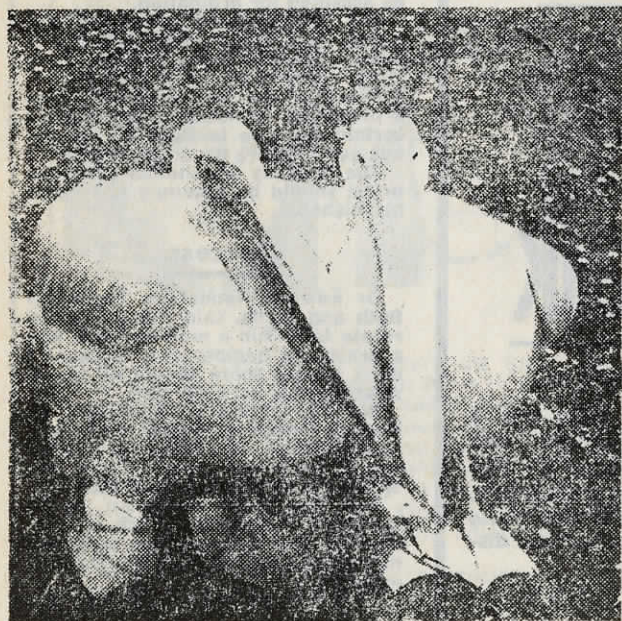


CHE'S AIMS: TWO DISTINCT VIEWS FROM THE OUTSIDE

As I understand it, CHE is a conservative movement. Most of its members are middle class, financially secure, and in most cases have reasonably good positions. CHE is inclined to draw intellectuals into its fold.

CHE is striving for changes in the law and the thinking of heterosexuals. It is working for social acceptance generally. It advertises its presence not only for these reasons but also to reach and help lonely gay people, unable to communicate in any other way.

Accepting that 1 in 20 people are gay, how can CHE expect its objectives to represent this vast number of people? CHE has a very modest membership, and no real effort is made to entice people already in the 'gay ghetto' into the movement. The clubs and bars cater for more than the small minority that the CHE leaflet suggests: one has only to count the number of gay clubs and pubs and clandestine meeting places. Is a



cottage a ghetto? Or is it really a lavatory?

There is a world-wide misuse of the word ghetto: a ghetto was a place where Jews were forced to live in degradation, not allowed to mix with other races, and humiliated. In short it is a word created for a particular situation. Homosexuals, on the other hand, are not being starved out of existence or chastised by storm troopers.

CHE is naive to believe its membership is a fair representation of the gay people in this country, and its objectives those of the 1 in 20. Until membership is increased to more than half of the 1 in 20 it will not be a representative movement.

My contact with CHE has brought me to the conclusion that discrimination exists in its own ranks against the more extrovert homosexuals, otherwise more effort would be made than merely advertising in the Daily Telegraph. Why not the Daily Mirror, for example?

In my opinion, CHE needs a more fixed membership. It must have as its prime objective to recruit more members: the more signatures, the more weight for petitions. Unless this happens, CHE will become a movement despised by the very people it is supposed to be helping—that is, by the people not in CHE, and the people in CHE who are socially inadequate and therefore unable to enter the so-called ghettos.

These suffer from the domination of the upper-crust gays (including intellectuals), who are elected to committee level because of their bourgeois positions or academic qualities. Even CHE leaflets are written in academic language!

If CHE does not become more representative it will not achieve its objectives: and there is no point in having objectives which will not be attained!

—Donald McHale

AN ALTERNATIVE VIEW, FROM INSIDE

A population of nearly 60 million means, say, 2½ million gays. How many of these will ever be interested in CHE, however it is organised? How many are the type to join any movement to change society? Are not the gay members of CHE inevitably a minority group within the gay population?

This is not a good state of affairs, but ought not CHE to accept it and get on with its work, while always seeking more members?

CHE does not set out especially to have a *representative* membership: rather, its members are a collection of people who share its aims. Its membership in any case is not limited to gays: it has the whole population

to draw on. CHE has declared its external aims, and support for them is what its members have in common.

Among the 1-in-20 gays, those who do not believe in the aims of CHE will presumably not join it. People who are linked by being homosexual are, after all, as different in all other ways as are the rest of the population. There is no reason to expect unity among homosexuals as regards ways and means of altering society.

Meanwhile CHE is conscious, surely, of being middle-of-the-road. What kind of approach is likely to influence 'establishment' people such as MPs, lawyers, doctors, magistrates, the Churches? Probably, a 'reasoned and reasonable' approach. This is middle-class if you like. If we must speak of class at all, middle-class means the class to which most people most nearly belong: so, it is to the middle class that one can sensibly address oneself if seeking to alter society, and equally, it is from the middle class that membership is likely to be largely drawn.

Maybe CHE *could* redirect its aim towards a more popular, more massive campaign based on sheer numbers: but *ought* it to? Public demonstrations and banner-waving and open militancy add up to one kind of campaign. A quieter, slower, more behind-the-scenes approach makes another. Who is to say that one method is right and the other wrong? CHE at present is on average slanted towards the quiet approach, though there are members who want more militancy. While it is slanted this way, it will presumably get, and keep, the kind of members who agree with it.

Obviously there is room for manoeuvre, within CHE, as to the ways and means of carrying out the external aims. CHE is, theoretically anyway, a 'democratic' body governed, in the long run, by its members. Also, there is nothing inherently permanent about the membership: people can join and quit. The only qualification for joining is belief in the aims. For quitting, there is no qualification at all: you can quit when you want. People who feel strongly about the aims and about how to carry them out, have something to offer CHE. By their joining and making themselves felt, CHE can surely only be strengthened: it needs all kinds of people, even if not all its members can be pleased at once.

Interested people can ask, 'What can CHE do for me?' but they can also say to themselves, 'What can I do for CHE?'

—A member, CHE.

What do readers feel about the various movements? And what they seek to achieve?—Ed.

LESBIAN MARRIAGE BREAKDOWN

For 11½ years I had considered myself a well-integrated lesbian, my reasons probably being that to the outside (straight) world we seemed to have been a well-adjusted couple. The fact that my partner was obviously far butcher, more dominant and a very popular guy with the men, although remaining very much a woman, created a quite natural contrast to my home-making, hostess-loving attitude to all occasions. We seemed to have been sufficiently adjusted to our life to go through all the straight world's problems, eg. mothers-in-law, mortgages, etc; and friends in both worlds, called to seek our parental advice on many subjects. We experienced the dreaded 'Seven year itch' but then went on with pride to celebrate our 10 years anniversary with an elaborate party for our friends.

By this time we had moved from London to a house in the country and taken up our role in village life.

Neighbours would call to ask my partner's technical opinion on many local problems, whereas I would be asked to attend fashion parties and many other feminine activities. I suppose in their way people were acknowledging the pattern of our lives. Of course we never discussed our way of life with them, never held hands in their presence or tried to embarrass them in any way. I really don't think this would have been necessary as I'm sure people could see our love for each other without that. A heterosexual friend recently said how, when she walked into our home for the first time she felt the love in it. She had never experienced this before.

But as with so much in life these days we also seemed to enter into the 'rat race' and due to pressure of work we drifted apart. We never argued even though our politics and religion were always different.

Now we have reached 11½ years and are separated with what seems to be a great deal of grief on both sides. Suddenly I feel most unintegrated. How does a lesbian who is mentally 'divorced' mix with other happy 'affaires'? This is such a heartbreaking experience. Or how does she mix with single gays when she is not looking for a partner and is certainly not fancy free?

On the other hand the straight world who have known us both as a team are too embarrassed to talk about it, or—even worse—when they do speak say: 'Never mind, dear, now perhaps you will marry'. A relationship with a man, I'm sure, would be totally foreign to me and absolute disaster for him.

I feel sadly that what good we may have done as a pair in the past has been destroyed and now that I am just beginning to try and get on in life, I find that it is as a confused lesbian who is suddenly able to choose the things I like only to find I have forgotten what they are. Now that I can have the programmes I want on, I've lost interest. (How does one choose a wine when one has never had to?).

So, friends, if you feel unintegrated as a part of an affaire, I'm afraid it's even worse after one, trying to make yourself worthy of the human race again.

—Jo Frances-Harvey

Ed—We felt we should publish the above story because, as yet, no-one has started an organisation where lesbians whose longstanding relationships have broken up, may go to meet others in a similar situation.



MANFRED WELZEL
"FREUNDINNEN"

Book Reviews



AS IF BY MAGIC

This is the first novel by Angus Wilson for six years,* which in itself makes it a major literary event. His last, the modernistic *No Laughing Matter*, was a chronicle novel defining sixty years of English social history through the events in one family: England as 'a family with all the wrong members in control'. In the present book there is still an immense genealogical range (it closes with four generations of women nursing a fifth in a Highgate house). And also geographic range. If *No Laughing Matter* was Wilson's *Howards End*, then here is his *Passage to India*. That is, the earlier book concerned itself with cultural change and inheritance. While *As If By Magic* takes as its subject the great issues of individual and social redemption in a world where the contrasts between the styles of different nations and cultures are so grotesque that they put the solidity of humanism itself into doubt. The parallel with Forster is one that the book openly invites, but also mocks and transcends.

Hamo Langmuir, leading plant geneticist, travels westwards on a world-tour to investigate the effects of a new rice, Magic, which can vastly increase previous yields. It is a book where sexuality may be a

very selective matter indeed, and he is in pursuit of a dream-youth of very particular vital statistics. A gauche and old-fashioned sophisticate, his Quixotry takes him, country by country, through a series of those farcical and *grand guignol* situations which so engage Angus Wilson's imagination and virtuoso talent. There is a nightmare confrontation with 'the Uncles'. The chief Uncle farts to blow out the candles on a cake which is the centre-piece of a paederastic party-cum-orgy in Borneo. Hamo is disastrously out of place. And there is a fantastic pursuit of a house-boy employed by the horribly smart Jaysekere's in Colombo. This develops through a scene where Hamo, terrified of discovery at a party where he is doubly incognito shouts: 'Turn out the lights!' An anti-Claudius.

At Goa he meets his god-daughter Alexandra Grant, the other principal actor in the cast of thousands, who has travelled Eastwards. She is young, intelligent and involved in a trendy-sounding but totally convincing ménage-à-trois with quiet Northern Ned and the dandyish Rodrigo. She becomes pregnant, it is unclear by which, and their 'trilemma' takes them off to a hippy colony in Morocco. The scale of the book is so enormous that it necessitates great compression in the telling, and a ludicrously arbitrary selection of instances in a review of this short length. His compression and capacity to extend the measure of the book by carefully rendered minutiae is masterly. The dialect of the hippies is schematic. But the relationship between the three is persuasive. They are dissident without being revolutionary, contemptuous of ordinary life-styles without, apart perhaps from Roddy, being noticeably drawn to the obvious sorts of elitism; confused, and scared as much by the prospect of achievement as they are by that of under-achievement. They perform a Mime, and are into a strange-gibberish Mysticism. I found only their un-ironic acceptance of the world of 'psychic impulses' and 'etheric forces' a little troubling. As for their perceptions, they are deeply coloured by 'Eng. Lit-ism', the romantic and half-baked legacy of higher education at a New University where novels themselves have increasingly become a part of the course. As the product of a New University myself—as it happens—the very one where Angus Wilson's own novel-seminars have for a decade been justly a very considerable attraction, the presentation both of the seminar-situation and some of its possible effects made peculiarly accurate and uncomfortable reading.

Hamo in his travelling becomes increasingly unsure about the direction of his researches. Alexandra, who is something of an hysteric, experiences her own anguish. They differently undergo those ritual testings

to which Angus Wilson puts his best-loved characters: Gerald in Leicester Square traumatised by the recognition of his own cruelty in *Hemlock and After*; Meg Eliot in *The Middle-age of Mrs Eliot* undermined by the nihilism which the deserts she flies over evoke in her; Sylvia Calvert movingly dismayed by her own uselessness on the edge of the 'horrificing Midlands' in *Late Call*. . . Angus Wilson has extended Forster's scrupulousness to areas yet more barren than the Malabar caves and to a panic and emptiness perhaps more deadly than that summoned up by the goblins in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. And there is none of Forster's neurotic agrarianism, his easy *Nostalgie de la Boue*, to console us. Here the putative rape in a cave is a real multiple rape. And the occult muddle—for the most part—genuine mess.

How, in fact, is the world ever changed, by fucking in three's or by changing the power-groups? Hamo's ex-lover puts the question to Alexandra. It is one that the book raises variously. The aesthetic (new life-style) and the political (new government) are both found by themselves to be wanting. For its subject the novel has nothing less than the gap between the way things are and what we must visualise that they might become, between human possibility and human limitation, and the special means at our disposal to try and join them, the nice with the good, the actual to the ideal. It is a pessimistic view, as the ironies of the title imply. Man is bound to attempt to alleviate his innate poverty by various means, scientific and transcendental. The word 'magic' litters the book like a paper-trail in a hare-and-hounds race, in contexts varying from that of Hamo's super-rice, the botanical, through the endocrinological, financial, theosophical, literary, folk-wisdomish.

The trail is so dense that one is forced to ponder its purpose. In a recent interview Angus Wilson described how he writes with an eye on literary history. But it is also in question whether he is not attempting here to subvert or condition the actual illusionism of the novel-form itself. The proliferating literary allusions add to the self-consciousness of the work. 'Too many books', says Alexandra's immensely Hampstead mother at one point. And Alexandra herself later says, 'Oh damn Eng Lit which brought to one's mind always metaphors, symbols, quotations and characters from books'. This seems more than a joke about the current self-consciousness and onanism of the novel. But while his heroes are always great readers, the allusiveness of *this* book is a force which can only finally be contained by the sheer density and assurance of the life rendered.

As for Alexandra, she finishes a millionairess. 'Yes, a fictive device' she replies to Roddy's mocking references to Shaw and James. But her absolute zero of the heart is in no manner granted false consolation. We leave her emancipated from certain illusions—about Roddy for example—but not from others. She is to pit what powers her wealth represents against the forces of evil. But she notes that her son Oliver needs a father, 'in a casual tone as though she were making a shopping-list'.

It is a feature of the complexity of the case which the book makes that, though it criticises transcendentalisms of various kinds, it encourages no mean-minded positivism. So Alexandra has a number of accurate and 'inexplicable' premonitions, including two presentiments about Hamo's death. Rationalism itself, of course, is not enough either.

Life, then, is a Goffmanesque parade of empty roles and received ideas, in which social conscience and social consciousness uncomfortably co-exist. We never understand enough. There is in fact no comfort but a compassionate stoicism which tries to face the paralysing worst about the human situation and then attempts in whatever ways available to make the worst less horrible. Perhaps literary magic itself—'The eternal thaumaturgy of art'—is the only certainty in a world so circumscribed.

—Peter Conradi

*AS IF BY MAGIC by Angus Wilson.
£2.50 from Secker and Warburg.

HOUSMAN—AND—WATER

In a letter to John Betjeman, who introduces this collection, Sir Ian Horobin describes himself as 'for practical purposes dead'. He has recently enjoyed some press publicity however, and the publication of these poems suggests at least a residual life force not surprising in a man who has led a long and active public life. He worked for nearly forty years as Warden of Mansfield House University Settlement in the East End of London. In 1931 he became an MP for the National Government followed by service as a Squadron leader with the RAF until he was captured and imprisoned by the Japanese in Java. Laurens van der Post writes a second introduction describing Horobin's contribution to the physical and moral welfare and survival of his fellow-prisoners over a three-year period. After the war he was a junior cabinet minister in the Macmillan administration until 1959. He was gazetted a Life Peer in 1962 but just at that point he was arrested and again imprisoned for three

years under the savage laws against homosexuality, whose existence was condoned by the government he had served. It is this paradoxical and degrading martyrdom at the end of such a career that claims some attention for a man who still happily describes himself 'about as right-wing a conservative as it's possible to be'.

The poems do little to add to his stature and most frustratingly, they do not engage with the contradictions, and evidently achieved reconciliation, between his repressive politics and his position as a member of a repressed minority. That wouldn't matter of course if they were better poetry. His own blurb characterises them 'in an old-fashioned, classical tradition . . . using devices of rhythm and prosody to record (and, if possible, evoke) emotion'. In his preoccupation with technique he is unable to focus emotions which are rooted in fact and experience. Where the diction and imagery are archaic it is not to any rich or large effect which might have been achieved by a deeper conviction or a more persistent irony. He does not reveal an unusual sensibility but merely a literary one which hopes to score with words like 'casement' and 'wench', phrases like 'Time's trophies', 'barren husbandry' and 'sleep's poppy'. The Keatsian lushness is at best counterpointed by the watery and mawkish tone of AE Housman piercing the veil of cloying Romanticisms with an occasional wryly hearty address to an elusive, perhaps hypothetical, 'lad'.

The short section of War Poems is slightly more impressive where a religious stoicism struggles with a bitter apprehension of the realities of a Japanese POW camp. This is perhaps because the capacity to deflect experience is a genuinely valuable one under such circumstances.

The book concludes with the most interesting section consisting of Satires and Epigrams, most of which seem to date from the last few years of exile in Tangiers (otherwise the poems are undated). The inspiration for these is more clearly revealed in the Epigram to the whole book:

'This verse can offer no defence,
For quite a lot of lines make sense.
And find excuses if you can
For rhymes which you can also scan.
Pity and pardon their obscene
Neglect of privy and latrine;
Show mercy, Reader and Reviewer
Pretend our life is not all sewer.
Damn the Alternative Society—
Be sane, if only for variety'.


The stance, as this suggests, is Swiftian (so is the manner). The sense of imminent Apocalypse derives

too from the Augustan masters, 'And hell they'll get before too long/It's fixes are fierce, it's cages strong/Already all is set in order', but there is little added beyond a few Daily Express-style jeers at the EEC, the editors of *OZ*, the BBC, social workers, the Bishop of Woolwich, immigration etc. All this is consistent with the poetic Aunt Sallies that his posture of blimpish expatriate viewing our contemporary decadence requires him to create. The flight from contemporary poetics is matched by the flight from contemporary social reality. One cannot help wondering whether the posture so struck is not an effect of the conflict between Horobin's homosexuality and his commitment to public life. The later poems are naturally more bitter than the early ones but it is interesting that he should have adopted the voice of someone trying to out-blather the kind of backwoods Tory who would have him horsewhipped as a filthy deviant. So in the early poems the conscientious traditionalism, the veneer of culture, the punctilious observation of the classical virtues of rhyme, metre and form all begin to seem like part of a largerevasion of the really vital issues of his life and society.

Thus although the poetry is 'for practical purposes dead' it is perhaps marginally interesting as a symptom of the kind of strategies adopted by or imposed upon homosexuals in a society which finds them inadmissible.

—Simon Edwards

COLLECTED POEMS—Ian Horobin £2.00
The Jameson Press,
160 Albion Road,
Stoke Newington,
LONDON N16 9JS.

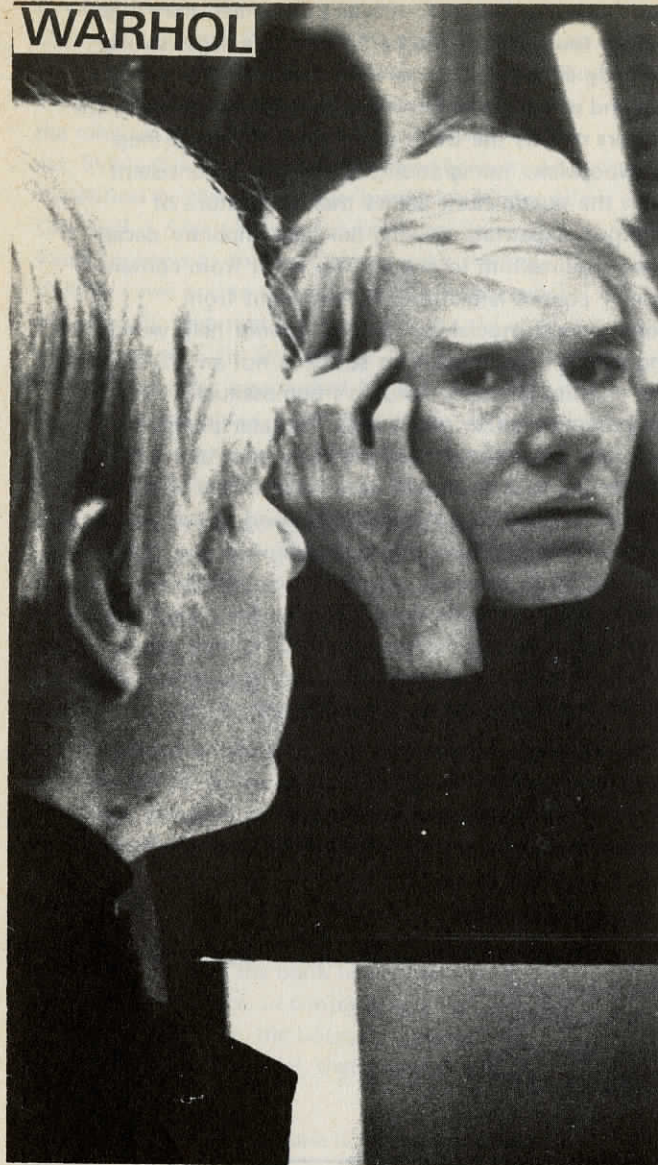


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WARHOL



Peter Gidal, a young American film maker, is rapidly becoming an important name himself in the field of experimental film. He writes about his subject with an intense enthusiasm and from a vantage point of knowing the Warhol set-up at first hand. This comes over with impact and immediacy, particularly in the excellent first section which deals concisely and shrewdly with the Warhol enigma, work and career in general.

The book is divided into three main sections: paintings, films and 'other things'. There is a fairly detailed chronology and a vast number of illustrations of Warhol's work. Alas, these are all in monochrome, which can never really communicate anything like the full impact of the work. But this is a criticism too of most publications on this artist at the moment.

The book 'sets out to be one person's subjective coming to grips with Andy Warhol's work', and 'as such, it can only attempt to involve itself as fully as possible in the work, and in the individual process of response to the work'. This the book does, but ironically it is the actual quotations from Warhol himself that are the most important and illuminating things. Somehow, these brief cryptic statements are more helpful in relating to the work, and to the man, than any number of pages of personal analysis, reaction or supposition. One wonders just what Warhol himself would make of a remark like: 'the usually vibrant soup cans are a parallel to the drug experience, giving life to even the duller or least obvious objects'.

Peter Gidal is not, however, given to over-intellectualising. He fills his book with a great deal of splendid information and commonsensical discussion points. He makes a very sound job of explaining the evolution of the work through the period 1960-1971 and is especially good in writing about the development and the intentions behind the films, although I was surprised to find no mention of Warhol's theatre work with Dennis Vaughn and the sexplays they presented. It would have been interesting to know if these had any bearing on the content of the Warhol films. Gidal's own experience as a film-maker and his feeling and understanding for the medium are, however, helpful in considering not only Warhol's very personal attitude to film, but also the as yet unrealised potential of film.

Again, in writing about a silk-screen print of a wine store check list, Gidal, at some length simply and intelligently deals with both the implications behind this particular Warhol piece, and at the same time is helpful in providing an excellent reference point towards dealing with other areas of conceptual art. This is apparent too in some of the discussion of the Marilyn Monroe/Elizabeth Taylor images.

In contrast to this, the author's enthusiasm too often leads him to a confusing over-wordiness, and a slide into 'Studio International' jargon. For example, in talking about one of the Campbell Soup Can Series, he gets involved in statements like 'But Warhol went on to minimise the image to its flat-space potential', and 'what became known as a minimalistic viewpoint: to present the *thingness* of a thing and confront the viewer with that rather than any implicit or explicit content'.

But my main reservation about the book is that it almost entirely concerns itself with Warhol's actual and visible products. Norman Mailer is quoted as saying that 'Andy Warhol is the worst, but the most

influential artist alive'. Neither Peter Gidal nor myself would begin to agree with the first part of that statement, but the latter part is a very apt and important matter. Warhol's role as a catalyst is *part* of his actual artistic/creative output. His 'image' and lifestyle, his statements and his silences, have provoked results very comparable with 'theatre events' or 'happenings'. The recent squabble over the David Bailey film in England is one example of this. In America the mass-media at first treated the Warhol shooting by Valerie Solanas as 'one big pop-art joke' perpetrated by Warhol. Even Peter Gidal's book and this review of it are indirectly Andy Warhol products in one way.

The book does not touch on this aspect at all, and only slightly on the more direct influences in the world of art and film. The 'Andy Warhol Productions present' films (*Flesh/Trash/Heat*), directed, written and photographed by Paul Morrissey tend to be dismissed with the comment that they bear only a superficial connection with the real Warhol product. And yet, if one reads, for example, the recent interviews with Sylvia Miles, star of 'Heat', one realises just how powerful the effect of Warhol's mere presence had on both her and the film.

Perhaps this is an unfair criticism when the title of the book is 'Andy Warhol/Films and Paintings'. But then how fair is that word 'paintings' in the context of Andy Warhol and his work?

—Gordon Ramsden

ANDY WARHOL—FILMS AND PAINTINGS

by Peter Gidal. Published by Studio Vista. Dutton Pictureback 80p.

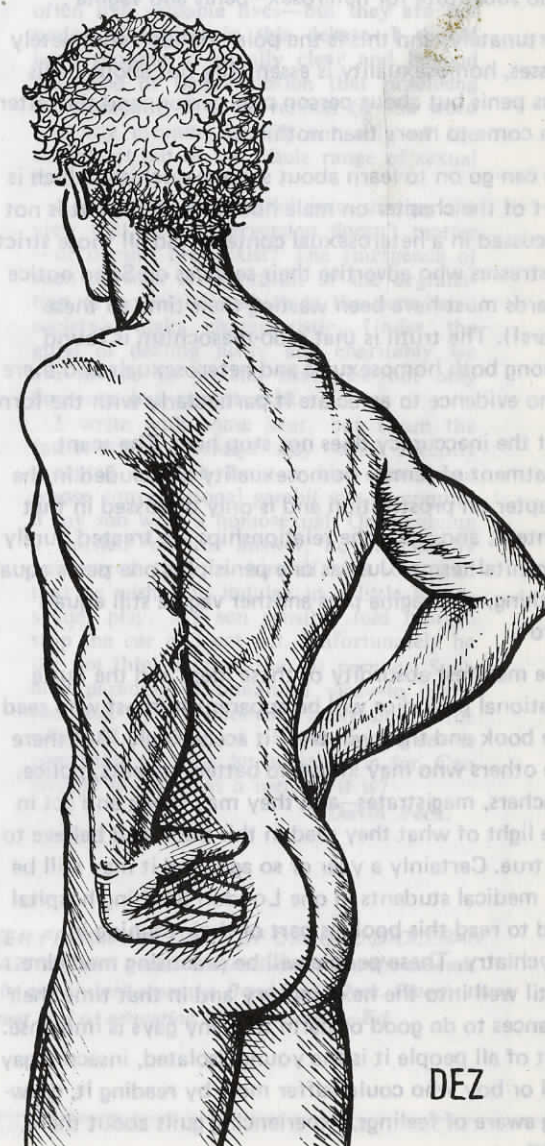
PSYCHIATRY AND THE HOMOSEXUAL

It was with considerable interest that I sat down to read *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex*. I knew, of course, of its reputation and recalled the indignation its publication had been greeted with by various gay groups. One GLF boy I knew would go into a West End bookshop in his lunchtimes and, removing a copy from the shelves, would carefully and publicly tear it to shreds, for which activity he suffered no worse fate than being hustled out of the shop by an embarrassed assistant. Yet despite this prior knowledge I did not approach this book with a bias against it. In fact I felt that it could not possibly be as bad as the critics suggested and that it may have suffered unfairly from unrepresentative quotations being considered out of their context.

These liberal sentiments were soon dashed for the book proved to be frequently inaccurate, hysterical and dishonest. The inaccuracy and hysteria are found principal-

ly in the treatment of male homosexuality (female homosexuality is largely ignored). The dishonesty comes as there has been no attempt to distinguish fact from opinion. One would not object so much to its extreme prejudice against homosexuality if these views did not appear in a book purporting to present objective information. As it is the most idiosyncratic views are given as if they were backed by a weight of research evidence.

Let us look at some of Reuben's statements which illustrate his treatment of homosexuality. He describes the activities of men who have ephemeral sexual contacts in public conveniences and then goes on:— 'Are all homosexual contacts as impersonal as that? No. Most are much more impersonal. The majority of gay guys when they cruise dispense with the courtship . . . No names, no faces, no emotions. A masturbation machine might do it better'.



No emotion? Anyone familiar with homosexual people and their relationships might well complain that the reverse is truer, that they tend to generate too intense emotions for the participants to be able to handle them easily. But it is absolutely central to Reuben's argument that homosexuality is solely about physical activity devoid of emotional content.

'The primary interest is the penis, not the person. A homosexual may have as many as five sexual experiences in one evening—all with different partners'.

Yet Reuben falls into the very same trap himself for in arguing that homosexuality must fail to produce worthwhile, durable relationships, he bases his case entirely on genital considerations:

'Homosexuals are trying the impossible; solving the problem with only half the pieces... Tragically there is no possibility of satisfaction because the formula is wrong. One penis plus one penis equals nothing. There is no substitute for heterosexual—penis and vagina'.

Fortunately, and this is the point Reuben completely misses, homosexuality is essentially not about penis plus penis but about person plus person, and the latter can come to more than nothing.

We can go on to learn about sado-masochism which is part of the chapter on male homosexuality, but is not discussed in a heterosexual context. (So all those strict mistresses who advertise their services on Soho notice boards must have been wasting their time all these years!). The truth is that sado-masochism is found among both homosexuals and heterosexuals and there is no evidence to associate it particularly with the former.

But the inaccuracy does not stop here. The scant treatment of female homosexuality is included in the chapter on prostitution and is only discussed in that context, and again the relationships are treated purely in genital terms. 'Just as one penis plus one penis equals nothing, one vagina plus another vagina still equals zero'.

The manifest absurdity of these ideas and the quite irrational prejudice will be apparent to most who read the book and they will treat it accordingly. But there are others who may know no better—parents, police, teachers, magistrates—and they may speak and act in the light of what they read in this book and believe to be true. Certainly a year or so ago, and it may still be so, medical students in one London teaching hospital had to read this book as part of their training in psychiatry. These people will be practising medicine until well into the next century and in that time their chances to do good or harm to many gays is immense. But of all people it is the young, isolated, insecure gay girl or boy who could suffer most by reading it, growing aware of feelings, experiencing guilt about them,

and turning to this book for help and guidance. The bleak prospect presented may prove totally overwhelming. It is the possibility of its causing this sort of damage which has angered so many gays and led to its being banned in Holland, as well as the strong feeling that its publication should not have been handled by any firm which respected the truth and its own integrity.

What can we do? Whatever else we may argue about tactics, one issue does seem clear. We must attempt to gather accurate, objective information and then see that it becomes widely known, replacing the myths often held. In an earlier issue of *Lunch* I wrote about the need for more research into homosexuality, a view which was challenged by a correspondent who argued that there was no purpose to be served by such work. The need and purpose are made manifest by Reuben's book.

It is in this context that we can welcome the recently produced 32 page booklet *Psychiatry and the Homosexual*. It is produced by a group from within the London GLF and takes the usual GLF position in seeing the oppression of gay people as part of an essentially oppressive socio-economic system. Not all readers will accept this analysis but the writers make a valid point in arguing that psychiatrists tend to think in terms of 'curing' those who deviate from what is believed to be normal and desirable. The survey of the main schools of psychology, behaviourist, psycho-analytical, and so on, is very well balanced and for such a small booklet surprisingly comprehensive. Perhaps they take a somewhat gloomy view of the situation, after all many psychiatrists have changed their views in recent years and become more liberal in dealing with sexual difficulties, but this booklet makes interesting and essential reading for those concerned about the lot of the homosexual today.

—John Head

EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX by David Reuben, Pan, 45p.
PSYCHIATRY AND THE HOMOSEXUAL by Gay Information, obtainable from Andrew Hodges, c/o 2 Thane Mansions, Thane Villas, London, N7 20p (including postage).



NUS issues

Sir.—However welcome a sign of change the NUS proposals on homosexual students may have been, they are unlikely to be of much help to such students at colleges of education until a similar stand is taken by the NUT and other teachers' organizations.

The most credible estimates of the extent of homosexuality in the population at large suggest that five per cent of teachers are gay, and indeed from the numbers belonging to an organization like the Campaign for Homosexual Equality one might suppose the proportion among teachers to be slightly higher. At all events the numbers involved run into tens of thousands and it is fairly certain that every average sized school in this country employs at least a couple of gay men or women. Furthermore, since most of these teachers are unmarried, their restricted, or even wholly sublimated, private lives enable them often to devote themselves more fully to their pupils' interests in and out of school. What headmaster would willingly see the loss of a significant proportion of his unmarried staff?

Theoretically gay teachers are covered by the Industrial Relations Act, for homosexuality alone would not constitute sufficient cause for dismissal. In my own experience the mere threat of legal action will subdue a board of governors, but few teachers would have the nerve to go to court without the backing of their union. Besides, the most heavy pressure on gay people in general is the fear, real or imagined, of social rejection.

If as a profession we are to be sufficiently in touch with reality to be worthy of educating others, we must throw off the hypocrisy of generations and admit to ourselves what many pupils have guessed for years.

A HOMOSEXUAL SCHOOL MASTER.

Doesn't it Matter?

'T'ole world's queer save me and thee—and even thee's a bit queer' (old Yorkshire saying).

Readers may have noticed in the correspondence columns of at least one of our national dailies what would appear to be a systematic drive by something calling itself the Campaign for Homosexual Equality to establish homosexuality as a normal, proper

and accepted way of life. Thus one writes to explain that to be homosexual is no more perverted than to be left-handed. The recent rather odd broadcast by the Archbishop of York has been a godsend to them. One ticks off the Bishop of Birmingham for talking about 'sexually perverted clergymen' whereas Dr Coggan spoke only of 'homosexual clergymen'. Not the same thing at all, you see! Another points out that the Inner London Education Authority appoints homosexual teachers. The conclusion is obvious: 'If a teacher can be homosexual how can it be wrong for a priest?'.

Whatever the attitudes of the ILEA I should have thought that the Bible and the corpus of Christian ethics must make it quite clear why it is wrong for a priest to be a practising homosexual—and, it is, of course practising homosexuality that these people have in mind: they are not talking about the considerable number of psychological homosexuals who do not in fact practise sexual deviations. Such people often live valuable lives—but they are not under discussion in this debate. I should have thought it equally clear and beyond the need of demonstration that practising homosexuality is a perversion (if the word has any meaning at all) not only of the sexual act but of the whole range of sexual love.

Are we to be lectured into sharing the view that sexual perversion doesn't matter—or doesn't even exist? The emergence of such an idea is the result of the degradation of sexual love which is the permissive society's main characteristic. Under the guise of dealing justly and charitably we are invited to pretend that vice not only does not but cannot exist.

I write with some heat, but I am the father of a teenage boy who recently accepted a hitch from a kind gentleman whose conversational gambit was to enquire if my son were a homosexual. On receiving a startled 'no' for answer, he then boldly announced that he himself was one and that he wished to indulge in a little homosexual play. My son sensibly told him to stop the car and got out. Unfortunately he did not think to take the car number. Such bold parading of unnatural vice—to use a shocking old-fashioned expression, for which, I suppose, I should apologise—is something we have let ourselves in for. Can anyone doubt what a menace it is?

David Peck.

LETTER FROM JUNE ISSUE OF OXFORD DIOCESAN MAGAZINE, with a wide circulation beyond the diocese. from its editor until recently, Revd David Peck. Clearly there is a great deal of educating still to be done.—Ed.

GOING DUTCH

STICHTING OUD-POELGEEST

There were thirty of us together for the week before Easter in the coach-house of the castle of Oud Poelgeest near Leiden (pronounced: out pool hhhaste). We came from gay groups in various countries in Northern Europe, but largely from the Netherlands and West Germany, for the meeting had been organised in the context of the Dutch-German cultural agreement, and our board and lodging was paid for by the Dutch government! The ostensible purpose was to compare the state of play in the various countries, particularly in the light of the 27 years experience of the Dutch COC, with observers from Norway, Denmark, Switzerland and Britain.

But as the week progressed from the initial games designed to make us all known to one another—various forms of charades and such unlikely tasks as miming the colours of our national flags!—through frank discussion of our own motivation for working in the movement, towards more practical consideration of aims and methods, it became clear that an important reason for our being there was for the many and various German groups to learn to live together, while the Dutch and others acted as therapists to that unhappily divided family. As it happened we all got on famously, and it was soon evident that whatever their theoretical and tactical differences, the Germans were not divided by personal animus.

For about two years now gay groups, largely student based, have been springing up all over Germany, and it was not until Autumn 1972 that even the loosest confederation was formed, the Deutsche Aktionsgemeinschaft Homosexualität, to which about half the groups belong. Perhaps because of their university background and a certain tradition of direct political action in Germany, many of these groups have a strong Marxist or Trotskyist flavour, which, while it gives their members an admirable devotion to the cause, tends to make for unnecessarily bitter divisiveness. Much of the impulsion for reconciliation, the formation of DAH and the bringing about of the Oud Poelgeest meeting, comes from the indefatigable Rainer Plein of HSM, Munster, who could be found typing Gestetner master copies when many of us had not yet breakfasted. German unity is historically a fairly fragile thing, and it seems best to conclude that the gay movement has only achieved a sort of Zollverein. They need a Bismarck.

The example against which they were invited to measure themselves was COC, with 7,000 members and an impressive public image, the most important organisation in Europe. The long Dutch tradition of tolerance and even help for minorities, founded on the need to preserve national unity and social peace in a small, densely populated country of many religious sects, has obviously been a great advantage. We would do well not to overlook the advances in urban civilisation being made in the Netherlands, which is much more than just a picturesque Lilliput. Indeed, the day of my arrival in Amsterdam Ko Sterken, a member of the COC executive committee who was present at Oud Poelgeest, published a proposal for an alternative legal contract to marriage, which could be entered into by two or more people of whatever sex. Because of its wider application to society this document was extensively reported in the Dutch press and on television.

When COC looks around Europe it observes, more in sorrow than in anger, that there are few countries outside Scandinavia where the gay movements seem to be at all vigorous, and that includes Britain. Time and again on the Continent one finds that the only address known for England is GLF in the Caledonian Road. As one senior COC personality commented 'Something seems to be happening in Manchester in a small way, but London is most disappointing'!!! It struck me forcibly that had some foreign observers been at Morecambe the previous week, they could have helped to shed light on some of CHE's preoccupations.

Subscriptions: COC charges £4, the Norwegian Forbundet av 1948 asks £5.40. **Membership:** in Norway and the Netherlands they have just over 1% of the gay population—imagine 25,000 in CHE!—and although its numbers are now static, COC had a turnover of 1,000 members last year. **Law reform:** in Norway, hardly the most permissive corner of Scandinavia, where they still have laws against pornography and prostitution, the campaign to change the law from complete illegality to a gay age of consent of 16 took them all of eighteen months!



A most stimulating week. The outstanding character was the formidable Kim Friele from Norway, whose humanity and common sense put her on a level with those wonderful women speakers at Morecambe. And then there was the poor Dutch sociologist who came to speak to us about strategies of social change, and found that I couldn't translate into German for him such expressions as 'sequencing emphasis' and 'dissonance reduction' because I didn't understand the English—collapse of Continentals. And two enduring impressions from both Morecambe and Oud Poelgeest; first, that CHE must engage in a continual exchange of ideas with similar organisations in Europe, and secondly, that the internal guilt, timidity and inferiority that are gay people's greatest cross to bear can be significantly reduced by such relaxed and friendly meetings with fellows, some of whom are further on the long, hard road to self-respect than oneself, and whose example is more inspiring than a dozen campaigning tracts.

—Roger Depledge

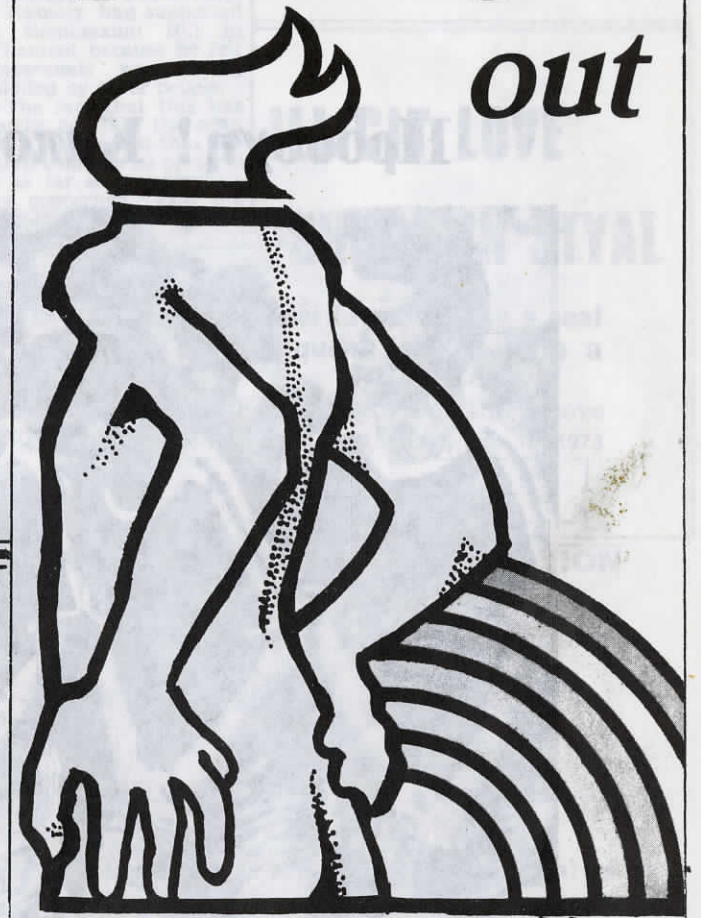
Lunch

BACK NUMBERS OF LUNCH

Some back copies are still available as listed. Prices include postage:

- No 2 October 1971. 10p.
- No 6 March 1972. 20p
- No 7 April 1972. Profile of Rose Robertson. (Parents Enquiry) 20p.
- No 9 June 1972 Interview with Maureen Duffy. 50p.
- No 10 July 1972 Quentin Crisp Brazen Homosexual. Confused by Clothes—Roger Baker. 25p.
- No 11 August 1972. Interview with Rev Chad Varah. 75p.
- No 12 September 1972. Interview with painter David Hockney. 35p.
- No 13 October 1972. Interview with Jill Tweedie. 35p
- No 14 November 1972. Interviews with Rev Troy Perry & Dr Norman Pittenger. 25p.
- No 15 December 1972. Interview with Alan Brien. 35p.
- No 16 January 1973. GAYSPEAK. Interview with Paul Temperton CHE General Secretary.
- No 17 February 1973 Interview with Jimmy Savile. Maureen Duffy Poems. 35p.
- No 18 March 1973 Antony Grey (Albany Trust) 25p.
- No 19 Gerard Reve. Dutch Homosexual writer. 25p.
- No 20 Graham Collier, Gay Jazzman, CHE Morecambe Conference. 25p.

speaking out



SPEAKING OUT is an anthology of short lyric poetry produced by the company of 9, CHE's poetry group. It is the first such venture in this country. A review will follow in a later issue. To obtain the booklet, apply Chelic, 22 Great Windmill Street, London W1.

COMPANY OF NINE

presents

MEASURE OF THE YEAR

Music and poetry with David Dunn (Harp). Leighton House, Holland Park Rd. Friday July 20th, 8 pm. Tickets 50p at door. Wine & Cheese after recital.

SPOTLIGHT ON SPORT

Προσοχή! Κάποιος θά πονέση



● Η φωτογραφία μας έχει έλθει από την Γερμανία. Άλλά αυτό δεν έχει ιδιαίτερη σημασία. Δείχνει μία σκηνή, που παρακολουθούν οι φίλοι του ποδοσφαίρου σε κάθε αγώνα. Όμως, για πρώτη φορά κατώρθωσε ο φωτογράφος να «πιάσει» τις γκριμάτσες που κάνουν οι παίκτες του «τείχους» την στιγμή που έρχεται ή μπάλλα. Δείτε και θαυμάστε! Όχι τους παίκτες, βέβαια. Τόν φωτογράφο.

NON-PRACTISING HOMOSEXUAL PRIESTS?

MANY Church of England clergymen are homosexuals, the Archbishop of York said last night.

Dr. Donald Coggan said on the BBC radio programme "It's Your Line": "They put up a tremendous fight against being practising homosexuals."

"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."

Accept

On the general subject of homosexuals, both male and female, the Archbishop said the church's attitude should be to accept rather than ostracise them.

However, Dr. Coggan said the church should direct young people whose sexual tendencies were unformed towards a healthy heterosexuality.

"Anything which would encourage a youngster whose sexual tendencies are still unformed into homosexual relationships is to be deprecated at all costs," he said.

"Many young men are both homosexual and heterosexual and it is our task to direct their tendencies into a healthy heterosexuality and not to tempt them with a route to homosexuality."

By MIRROR REPORTER

A Church of England spokesman said later that he thought the Archbishop had treated the subject with compassion.

He added: "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."

The spokesman said the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Ramsey, had supported the Homosexual Bill in Parliament because he felt homosexuals were being exploited by other people.

"The fact that this was brought out into the open in this way meant that the church could do its pastoral job as far as homosexuals were concerned," said the spokesman.

ILLICIT LOVE

SHOCK IN STYAL

THE HOME OFFICE was accused yesterday of giving a seal of approval to "transvestism by delinquent lesbians" in a women's jail.

And a prison officer disclosed the shocking story of illicit love in one of Britain's "showpiece" prisons. THE SUN, Friday, May 18, 1973

By ROBERT TRAINI

SHE DESCRIBED how normal women were forced to watch the dormitory love antics of lesbians masquerading as men.

SHE REVEALED how women officers have to escort lesbian prisoners to the fitting rooms of men's outfitters to buy clothes.

AND SHE TOLD how the clothing—worth £33 a year for each prisoner—is paid for out of public funds.

Miss Kendall, a Principal Officer at Styal Women's Prison in Cheshire, gave these amazing facts to 180 delegates — most of them men — at the Prison Officers' Association conference in Blackpool.

Morale

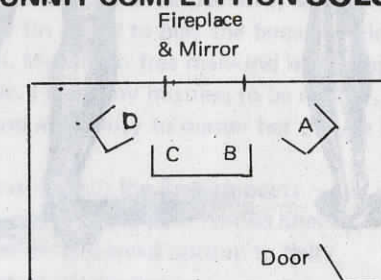
Women prisoners at Styal are entitled to wear civilian clothing. After serving six months, they get a grant to buy any clothing they want for the next 12 months.

Miss Kendall told the delegates yesterday that the idea of allowing the women freedom to buy clothing was good for morale.

"But to allow them to masquerade blatantly as men strengthens their influence over other vulnerable personalities, many of whom succumb."

Miss Kendall's resolution demanding that women should not be allowed to buy or wear male clothing was passed unanimously.

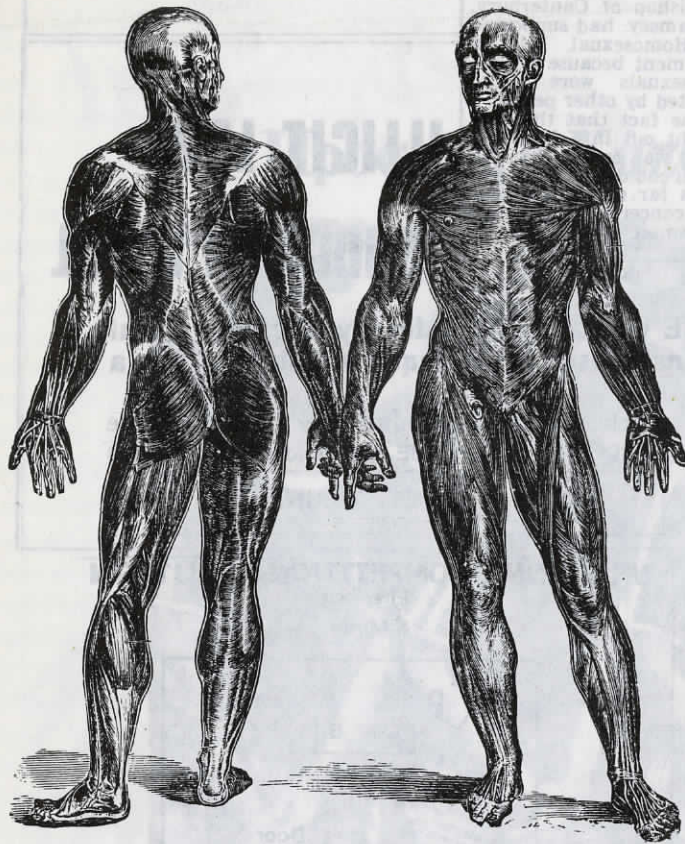
WHODUNNIT COMPETITION SOLUTION



1. From i and iv Failed Playwright not Qualtrough or Fotheringay.
 2. From ii Interior Decorator not Cox. And Interior Decorator must be C or D to see door in mirror. Cox not A.
 3. From v Smellie not Navy or Failed Playwright therefore, by elimination, Cox is Playwright.
 4. Also from v Smellie sitting at A; Playwright at B. 5. Since Interior Decorator next to Cox (ii) and sitting at C or D, therefore Interior Decorator at C, therefore Int. Dec. not Smellie, therefore by elimination Smellie is the Harpist. Therefore by elimination Navy sitting at D.
 6. Since Smellie is Navy's brother in law and neither Smellie nor Fotheringay has got any sisters, therefore Navy not Fotheringay, therefore Fotheringay is Interior Decorator, and Qualtrough is Navy. A, Harpist Smellie; B, Failed Playwright Cox; C, Interior Decorator Fotheringay; D, Navy Qualtrough. The hand putting something into Qualtrough's whisky must belong to Int. Dec. Fotheringay
- First correct solution & winner: P.A. Baugh



The Great Beast ~ Aleister Crowley



English commentators writing about Aleister Crowley, the notorious Great Beast of the twenties and thirties, are apt to bring to the task an overriding Victorian condemnation of the man's huge sexual appetites, his use of drugs, and his contempt for the slave religion, Christianity. The most popular image is that of the 'dirty little boy' practising cruel experiments on animals or indulging in filthy perversions out of morbid curiosity. But the English approach won't do. The myth persists, the life was extraordinary and the search for 'salvation' and 'purity' is as relevant today as it ever was.

We know that Crowley entered the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn in 1898, at the age of 23 (WB Yeats was one of its members). Always a believer in the dictatorship of one principle, Crowley eventually broke with the order and acquired his own—the Order of the Silver Star in 1906. He had previously discovered and deciphered the Book of Sacred Magic of Abra-Melin the Mage (circa 1458)—a volume of detailed instruction for invoking both good and evil forces. An

inheritance of £30,000 from his brewer father (how many good men have been undone by having the necessity of work removed from their lives!) gave Crowley complete release and he set to looking for retired places to practise his arts. From this point onwards the fantastic life had begun.

He married and spent part of his honeymoon in the King's Chamber in the great Pyramid, where he swore astral light filled the place. It was on the Egyptian honeymoon that Crowley, through his wife Rose's pregnant mutterings, was led to the Cairo Museum to be called by the god Horus. He finally stopped before the image of the god in the form of Ra-Hoor-Khuit. The exhibit was marked no 666—the number of the Beast in the Book of Revelation with whom Crowley had identified himself. In Nietzschean exultation the Great Beast felt himself truly to be called the arch-enemy of Christianity. There followed the infamous 'Book of Law' for which Crowley, like Nietzsche before him, was branded as a forerunner of the Nazis. The book exalted the strong. But then, Crowley was no democrat, despising the weakly compromise of that form of society. Conversely, he was no petty fascist, contemptuous as he was of any puritanical code that limited his Faustian overreaching. In many ways he was perfectly cast in the role of Kit Marlowe's 'modern' hero. His mistresses—the Scarlet Women—were innumerable, his sodomising a scandal. He was witty, crude, bestial, and he ended his days, to the undying gratitude of the establishment, drug-ridden and impoverished at the age of 69. Literary comparisons—especially French—with Baudelaire, Wilde, Rimbaud and Genet, are obvious. And background knowledge of the life are an essential accompaniment to the reading of these diaries which cover the period 1914-1920.

The Introduction by Kenneth Grant (present world head of Oriental Templars) and John Symonds, Crowley's literary executor and biographer, is excellent. Symonds rationally and honestly puts the case for Crowley's practice of sex-magic acquired from Tantric sexual practices that he had learned about during his wanderings in India:—

'Like an alchemist, searching for the lapis amid the melting pots in the athanor, Crowley worked toward his goal in the sexual act; that was his Gnosis, the royal road to the accomplishment of his Great Work'.

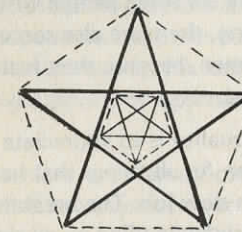
What is revealed in this introduction is the extent to which Leah Hirsig, the Scarlet Women of the Cefalu period in the 1920s, seemed able to tame him into a

bourgeois satanist existence (bringing up children and with due regard to social convention). She kept the game—Orgia—going as long as possible, but Crowley's insatiability finally defeated her. His willingness to accept madness is heroic, but Symonds concludes that there was no development:—

'Unlike the alchemists of old, he failed to convert the gross into the fine and to produce that psychic transformation which would have enabled him to rise like the phoenix from the ashes. Till the end he remained the same—driven, guilt-ridden and, what is surprising, rather unintrospective'.

Kenneth Grant is somewhat more generous. He writes of Crowley's ceaseless experimentation with drugs and his struggle against madness and despair aggravated by poverty, illness and persecution. The final comment is in the grand manner:—

'And it seems to me that here, in the very heart of the Great Initiation as described by Crowley in his last moments as a Magus, is found the key to problems not of his personality alone, but of the world-complex as it faces us today; chaotic, awful, naked as the nameless God before whose shrine he so fervently aspired'.



Crowley's 'magick' was based upon three principles:—

- a) that there exists a timeless realm called the Astral Plane and is the means by which clairvoyance is made possible
- b) that the disciplined will of the magician can achieve anything
- c) that there is an analogy between what appears and what is real.

But the real influences behind Crowley's addiction to sexual magic came from the Ordo Templi Orientis. The supposed sexual practices of these Templars in the fourteenth century brought about their suppression on charges of satanism and homosexuality. The Order was German based but Crowley was initiated into the Order as its head for Great Britain in a secret ceremony in Berlin. He took upon himself the magical name Baphomet, the Templars' idol! This was a period for Western reception of Eastern thinking—one thinks of the novels of Hermann Hesse. But for the diaries themselves, what is so remarkable is the range and complexity of the writing. A passage on drugs sounds incredibly contemporary:—

'The drug-fiend is the result of an attempt of men to progress on lines which have not been prepared by centuries of variation and selection. . Now I think that morphine and cannabis directly excite certain points, leaving others placid and normal, though perhaps exhausting them to feed his flame. But cocaine merely lulls any part of the mind not in use'.

And there is the extraordinary piece on Gutturals, Dentals and Labials:—

'The muscular movement needed to pronounce labials is obvious and the movement may well have suggested the violence, vibration, explosiveness of the sexual act of the male. The words Push, Poke, Put, Pose, Pierce, Pull, all agree, as to Fok or Fuck, to breed, and Foutre, Futou, to perform the act . .

Crowley's personal sexual credo is summed up thus:—
'We think that a man ought to be a man, but that a woman ought not to be a woman; at least so sings the god-passion in our hearts, all careless of convenience. It is only our wish to kill competition that makes us pretend we want to be respectable, and women virtuous, humanity (in short) to play the female while we do our male will. My will to free mankind is so to speak sodomitic. I want my mistress to be mighty, save of myself and my ability to master her though she be never so male'.

He is amusing with the English poets:—

'There was a young poet named Shelley
Who much preferred bottom to belly
He argued the former
Was tighter and warmer'.

And there is a certain tenderness in his comment about an American disciple:—

'He has the instinct of a gentleman not to wound another person's most exquisitely frail fancy-feelings; but he has been brought up in an environment of coarse, leering, jeering brutes. He understands 'stick it in my dial, kid!' but not the English equivalent of that phrase, 'Spring's smile depends on April showers' or the Latin 'Silence were sweeter'.

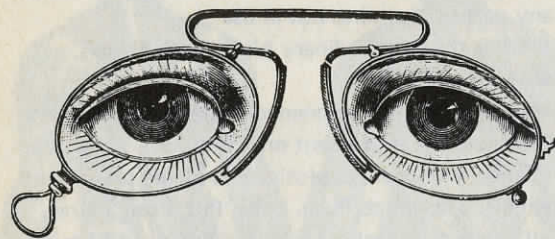
To those prepared to spend time and patience on them, the pages reveal the complex, mysterious, dangerous but compelling world of this man Aleister Crowley. But over and again the phrase that haunts is the one written down during the period of poverty and humiliation in America:—

'The apparent failure of my whole career as poet . . .'

—Anthony Richards

THE MAGICAL RECORD OF THE BEAST 666
Edited and annotated by John Symonds & Kenneth Grant
Published by Gerald Duckworth & Co Ltd £6.00.

Dear Sir...



STANDING COMMITTEES AND NASTY TALES

Perhaps it would have driven one or two nails home if you had printed Mike Barnes' piece about the setting up of Che's Legal Standing Committee immediately after Martin Grant's 'Nasty Tales' in the April *Lunch*. Some of the newspaper quotes in that made me shudder and I can only hope that *all Lunch* readers are good enough mathematicians to have added up pages 17, 18 and 28 and reached the answer that it is absolutely essential that all cases of discrimination be brought to the Committee's attention as soon as they occur.

That is what the Committee is for. It doesn't matter whether the case concerns you or someone else, whether you know all the details or not. **Please, please** tell the Committee of any case of discrimination you come across in the police or legal field. We cannot hope to make a dent in discriminatory practices unless you do.

Some folk believe that discrimination is more talked about than real. Read your *Lunch* again if that is what you think and see if you can still believe it. And yet the most difficult thing is to get people to submit actual cases. The NCCL has already tried and failed. If the LSC fails too, half its work will be left undone and it will be all our faults if these horrific press reports just go on and on, with all the misery that lies behind them.

Don't let it happen! And remember that, (though they may be outside the scope of the LSC) CHE wants to know about *all* forms of discrimination: in jobs, housing, etc too. **If we don't like it, it's up to us to stop it!**

—Richard Webster
(Legal Standing Committee)
17 Oxford Terrace,
Gateshead, Co Durham NE8 1RQ.

MORE TOLERANCE THAN YOU'D THINK

Reading the interesting article of your No 20 issue, about 'Everybody to tidy the toys away', and 'putting old uniforms in the attic', I feel myself in unison with the writer, and would like to express my humble view.

I suppose rebellion is one reason why some gay folk flaunt, and make an exhibition of themselves, but, if it was mostly the older ones, it could be reasonably understood. In fact, the majority are inclined to be just the reverse. For the older generation, when young, to give any indication as to what you were, and be caught, was a serious crime, and you would be ostracised unless you had very good friends—an outcast—a risk not lightly taken. Many famous people had this misfortune, as some will recollect.

When I first started school, we had two women teachers. They lived together, and never went anywhere without each other. They used to come to school arm in arm, no-one thought it odd, or took any notice, because they acted ordinarily. They were loved by the children, and were respected by the parents. They lived by a code of conduct with dignity.

To-day the majority of straight people are tolerant. They accept that there are some people with differing sex attitudes. Of course, there are also some spiteful ones, particularly women, because they feel their province has been invaded.

To find and expect equality is to appreciate and be thankful for, liberation, 'to all things that have had change'. It has been a slow job. The breakthrough has come! Patience, and understanding on all sides is most necessary, particularly amongst gays themselves who can be just as hostile to one another as the most prejudiced.

Convention has many barriers. Films, plays, books and documentaries have played an immense part in enlightening the suspicious and unfriendly.

A point always to remember is that 'we are all inclined to be contemptuous of everybody and anything we do not fully understand'.

—Joseph Mephom
London SE2

INSULTING DRAG

I enjoyed Morecambe as much as Bob Sturgess obviously did, but I must disagree with him as far as the social on Saturday was concerned.

Yes—it was a very good disco, but the evening was punctuated by drag acts of a kind which must have been extremely insulting to the women present, as well as perpetuating the myth that being homosexual has something to do with men dressing up as women.

As Bob says, the show put on by CHE's own revue group was inaudible, but even if we could have heard them, I doubt whether their rather 'in' humour in the intimate cabaret style was really right for the crowd of 500 or 600 northern 'gays-in-the-street'. Tickets to the party had been sold for weeks in pubs and clubs, and for many of those present, it could well have been their first contact with any gay organisation.

For next year, can't we please try to devise a show suitable for a large crowd of 'non-organisation' gays which, if possible, gets some of our message across, but at least doesn't perpetuate the old caricatures.

—Peter Norman
London SW7

ONLY HETEROSEXUAL AGNOSTICS?

I would like to add my support to Roy Saich's letter in April *Lunch*.

I agree with Roy and also feel it intolerable that schools are still obliged by law to include religious instruction, but that any mention of the teaching of sexual tolerance is avoided like the plague.

Furthermore, why should the state, which shies clear of gay tolerance until pressed by public opinion, be so condescending to a church system which on one hand openly uses indoctrination (forcible teaching without choice) in schools, and on the other cannot do more than barely tolerate homosexuality, for fear of losing its already dwindling support, by upsetting the 'straight' public?

What chance, therefore, does an agnostic homosexual or bisexual stand of acceptance in our 'democratic' society?

Finally, therefore I must disagree with Roy's last point, that CHE should not adopt a hostile position to the church. I feel that if the church isn't to continue being at worst outright pig-headed (eg Roman Catholic, birth control) and at best indifferent (eg position to Homosexuals in society) then I say, more power to CHE's opposition.

—Chris Senior
Southport

TAKING OURSELVES TOO SERIOUSLY?

Which, I would ask, of the following two examples shows a more enlightened and egalitarian approach to homosexuality? The first is a cutting from the Daily Telegraph (19.5.73).

TIFF THEORY IN DEATH OF MALE MODEL

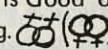
A 28-year-old male model and "drag" artist may have drowned himself after breaking off an affair with a boy friend because of a row, a Coroner said yesterday. Dr A. G. Davies recorded an open verdict at Southwark on Michael St John, also known as Wolfgang von Jurgen, of High Road, Leyton.

His body was found in the Thames with a handcuff on the wrist and bootlace round the neck. Det. Chief Insp. Thomas Parry said a murder inquiry was started because of the suspicious circumstances.

"This is a strange case which was at first properly treated as suspicious," the Coroner said.

You will note that neither the Coroner, nor the editor, thought it remarkable that a lover's tiff between two men could occur (with such a tragic result).

My second contrasting example comes from your correspondence column of issue 20. 'AHW' suggests that people who make fun of homosexuals should be 'rebuked or punished'. What an awful idea. Does he consider us to be some kind of Demi-Gods with divine sanctity? People will always make fun of others different in any way from themselves; from fat men through priests and mothers-in-law to Royalty. We do not hear these people complaining. It seems to me that many of us so-called 'guy' people in fact take ourselves far too seriously.

To completely change the subject; AHW's other suggestion for some kind of badge by which we can recognise others of our ilk I would go along with. As Graham Collier says in the excellent interview in the same issue, identification is 'everybody's problem'. What is wanted is nothing so extravagant as GLF's large 'Gay is Good' or 'Glad to be Gay' but some small emblem eg.  about the size of the sketch. Anyone else got any ideas?

—Chris Leighton
Surrey

COMFORT FOR ALL CHRISTIAN HOMOSEXUALS

'It is a good thing for a man to have nothing to do with women'.

New English Bible 1 Corinthians 7 v.i.

And vice versa?—Ed

—David Barton, Glos.

Here are two letters from readers challenging Jonathan Raban's view of the current homosexual situation. While we think they are right to do so, LUNCH nevertheless, continues to welcome comment from every source.

PRANCING COLUMNIST: OR JONATHAN RABAN AS A WAY OF LIFE

I was interested to read in last month's LUNCH the lengthy response Jonathan Raban makes to the first three words of an article I wrote for the magazine in February 'As a straight reader' . . .

However, to extend a larger charity to his own piece: It is never clear from Jonathan Raban's article whether he views homosexual culture as a ghetto one or not. His first experience of Earls Court gave him that sense which he retains in order to dispose of my guilty-liberal posturing, yet when he wishes to put down Mary MacIntosh he decides that homosexual culture is virtually non-existent. Is his charge then that homosexuals are wilfully trying to create a ghetto-consciousness and that I am abetting them? (It is difficult to see clearly through the maze of knowingness) or would he maintain that homosexuals are absolutely equal in the eyes of the law and are identical in their social and sexual aspirations with everyone else? 'Ghetto' is a misleading concept to introduce into the argument except as a decorative party-going squib (Readers of Jonathan Raban's earlier *Listener* articles will know the kind of parties at which he is a guest). Obviously there are some affinities between homosexual consciousness and that of Jews and Blacks, but the term used in such a way to subsume and obliterate the significant distinctions can only lead to the kind of joky confusion so richly revealed by Jonathan Raban. The 'ghetto' springs from his own overheated imagination—once it exists there then the term 'straight' reeks of offensive sneering. Its moral neutrality as a term to describe heterosexuals is precisely the measure of how remote from a ghetto homosexual culture is.

Jonathan Raban whips up the term, one supposes, because he wishes to insinuate ideals of health, sanity and integration of which he is a significant embodiment, against the raffish metropolitan world of competing 'recognisable minorities' whose 'symbols' end up 'consuming' them. If we apply these structures of Raban's to the situation of the urban black or Clapton Hassid (if Jonathan Raban wants an authentic experience of nineteenth-century Europe I suggest he visits there) his argument would be utterly laughable and offensive). The postulates of this healthy yet

concerned existence are given away in his last sentence with his glib reference to putting the old uniforms into the trunk in the attic or at least donating them to Oxfam. In a few phrases he gives away precisely the kind of robustly healthy culture and tradition which he wishes to defend from urban attrition.

Jonathan Raban emerges from his essay as a species of literary Dick Whittington who has come to London, expecting the streets to be paved—not with gold—but with copy for the high pitched nervous cultural chatter, by which he proposes to live. Raymond Williams in his recently-published *The Country and the City* demonstrates how this kind of urban anxiety complex is one of the mystifying diversions provided by capitalism to distract attention from its own far more explosive and glaring contradictions (in which ghettos are real places). No-one would pretend all is well in the city, but the kind of fussy intellectual onanism that characterises this kind of writing contributes nothing.

—Simon Edwards

AMBIVALENCE OVER PARLARE

Mary's piece (No 16) was honest, subtle, yet clearly argued. It seems to us properly researched and unpretentious. One might suppose that it would take some strange degree of impatience not to follow its argument. She points out that 'People feel ambivalent about Parlare and its use'. She remarks that 'Parlare . . . can never really accept that these (the values which it appears to celebrate) are good'. And indeed the entire article is nothing if not an acute and beautifully sustained analysis of precisely this ambivalence, of the massive almost schizophrenic uncertainties which gay slang enshrines.

Jonathan Raban's response to this is, to say the least, baffling. He says that her piece is 'astonishingly unworried'. His remarks on sub-languages as parasitical seem at one moment also arbitrary (the parent language so evidently also feeds back off new *argots* that it hardly seems worth pointing out), and at other moments arch and 'smarty-pants'. The fact that Parlare is derivative, interestingly, also excites his interest. In fact his emphasis on originality and style, on the aesthetics of the subject at the expense of the substantive aspects, makes finally for a certain vapidness. Defended presumably by the same concern he also wrenches the first three words of Simon Edwards' excellent and generous article (No 17) from their context and chooses to ignore the real issues raised.

From a situation in which the heterosexual cultural establishment treated homosexuals as if they were part of *The Protocols of the Elders of Sodom*, we are now moving to one in which they are as likely to do what Christopher Isherwood has termed 'annihilating us with blandness'. Jonathan Raban—though he seems unacknowledgedly muddled about the extent to which the ghetto-situation is a self-imposed one, does at least acknowledge that a predicament exists.

—Peter Bostrell

NEWS OF GAY LODGE HOUSING ASSOCIATION LTD.

There was a meeting held recently on the difficulties and discrimination that gay people faced when looking for somewhere to live. Discussion took place along the lines of the article that appeared in Gay News No 21, called 'No Roof Over Gay Heads', except that the people taking part also talked about the exploitative prices charged by some landlords to gays and non-gays alike and the insecurity felt by single men and women who, unlike straight married couples, did not have what was termed a 'joint income', which is required by local authorities and building societies to attain that security of tenure that goes with a mortgage—which many people need.

Some discussion also took place on the ideas behind communes and squatting, and the conclusion reached was that although the ideas behind communal living were good, not all people wanted or were able to live that sort of life-style.

As for squatting, there seemed too much harassment from the police and neighbours, with even less security for the people involved.

The ideas that seemed to appeal to people in general were on the basis of co-operative or co-ownership schemes.

Because of this, it was decided that a non-profit making housing association should be set up, for the purpose of providing housing and other associated amenities for single working people of all ages.

Readers might be interested to know that the first general meeting of the Gay Lodge Housing Association took place on 20 May, at the Euston Tavern, 73 Euston Road (opposite St Pancras Station), London NW1. The purpose of it was to explain the aims and objects of the Association.

For further information write to: A. Salvis.

WOMEN ONLY

Women have always been denied their own culture. From birth, children are brainwashed into believing that men are the only ones who are, and have been, responsible for the so-called civilisation in which we live. However, with the re-awakening of feminism, women are discovering that this idea is only a myth. We want to set up courses in women's studies to make known the unrecorded achievements of women. The identities of women have always been unrecognised in fields such as art, politics, science, literature. Why? Why?

These are some of the things that we hope to investigate by means of courses of women's studies. These courses will be initiated by women, taught by women, with women only participating. We would like all other interested women, including those with pre-school children, to contact Simone, 1 Ashurst Road, Finchley, N12 9EU 445 8250 and Sandra, 18 Mosshall Grove, Finchley N12 445 0719. **Tribute**

My subscription for *Lunch* magazine becomes due now and I am writing to say that I am not continuing due to domestic reasons.

I would however like to say that from this magazine I have learnt to accept my life in a much better light and to thank you and your staff for the work and information which is passed on in a responsible manner.

Yours sincerely,

—L.K.

CHE Groups

CHE PHOTOGRAPHIC GROUP

This is intended to be National CHE group meeting throughout the country and coming together at weekends for joint events. Every aspect of photography would be discussed and anyone can join whether their interests are technical, still, slides or cine. It is hoped to hold exhibitions of work at the CHE Winter Fair in London. Please write to 'PHOTOGRAPHY' CHELIC, 22 Great Windmill Street, London W.1.

CHE MOTORING GROUP, LONDON

This group had a very successful trip at Easter to Amsterdam, a visit to various beauty spots in Buckinghamshire last month which ended up being entertained by Windsor CHE.

In June they visit Canterbury, then on to the Kent coast. In July they are joining the CHE Walking Group for a trip to the Ashdown Forest. If you are interested in joining (car owner or not) please write to 'MOTORING' c/o CHELIC...

This year the CHE Music Group plans record recitals, professional Soirees, a celebrity evening and, most exciting, a Peter Katin Chopin recital at the Queen Elizabeth Hall, which they hope will attract as much publicity as possible aimed at showing what can be done by a constructive gay campaign. Half the proceeds will be divided between the Albany Trust, Child Poverty Action and the Musicians Benevolent Fund.

Annual subscriptions of £1.50 entitles you to quarterly publication 'Music Group Notes', cheaper tickets & priority bookings. Full details from the Secretary, Ron Pemberton, 26 Ardilaun Road, Highbury London N.5. (01-226 2688) Cheques payable to CHE Music Group.

Get out of this f..k..g Town!

On emerging from a known gay club, a boy was asked whether he was homosexual. Seeing nothing wrong in being so, he replied that he was. His questioner thereupon became very aggressive and shouted: "Get fucking out of this town and stay out!" We don't want your sort living round here". The words of a drunken skinhead, perhaps, or of a would be queer basher? Not a bit of it. It was the language of a northeastern town - uttered not in the prejudice-blackened forties or fifties, but in 1973.

An isolated example? What about the imprisoned gay who was not allowed to receive letters from his affair because the prison authorities, in their wisdom, did not wish their prison to be tarnished by such 'filth'? Or the case last month of another gay who was convicted of obstructing the police in the course of their duty because it was alleged that he had warned off two trollers as he walked through a London park? Since he hadn't even SEEN the two men in question, let alone spoken to them, he could only attribute his conviction to the anti-gay prejudice of the police and the magistrate. The pending Appeal decision will have a vital bearing on his future career, and, whichever way it goes, will cost money....

It is to combat the scores of similar cases of discrimination that CHE recently set up the Legal Standing Committee to collect detailed information on other instances of alleged harassment and, also, to inform homosexuals of their rights in the event of arrest and to provide them with legal help. We are currently establishing a national contact network through local CHE groups. If you know of any ins-

tances of suspected anti-gay bias by the police, the courts or the prison service, or if you would like to support the Committee in its work, please contact either our Chairman, Mike Barnes, or myself at CHE National Office, 28 Kennedy St, Manchester M2 4BG.

—Bob Sturgess

Diary

JUNE 23rd-30th Gay Pride Week. See ad.

JULY

- SUN 1 Bloomsbury CHE Canal Trip 3 pm.
CHE Players, Little Theatre, St Martin's Lane, WC2. 8 pm. See ad.
- THU 5 Last Day of CHE Players.
- TUE 10 GLF Disco Fulham Town Hall. 8 pm.
- WED 11 CHE London EDUCATION CAMPAIGN.
Museum Tavern WC2 8 pm.
- TUE 17 GLF Disco Fulham Town Hall 8 pm.
- FRI 20 CHE London 'Company of Nine' Music & Poetry. See ad.

Personal

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

ANYONE INTERESTED IN JOINING CHE MEMBER GOING FOR TWO MONTHS TRIP TO THE STATES WITH VERY LOW BUDGET. WRITE BOX JUL/1.

CHE MEMBER (EARLY 40's) HAS ROOM TO LET TILL END OF AUGUST, IN MODERN BUNGALOW. RURAL AREA, 4½ MILES OUTSIDE LEEDS. SUIT RESPONSIBLE MALE, 30/40. £3 PER WEEK, INCL. PHONE 097 36 7686.

HOLIDAY EXCHANGE. LUXURY LONDON FLAT, 20 MINS VICTORIA & CHARING CROSS, SUIT COUPLE, FOR S/C PROPERTY WALES OR SOUTH WEST. 1 OR 2 WEEKS THIS SUMMER. 01-771 9564, AFTER 6.

CHELIC HAS FACILITIES FOR PRINTING GROUP NEWS-LETTERS, ETC. COME AND DO-IT-YOURSELF AND SAVE MONEY, STENCILS, PAPER & INK ARE ALL AVAILABLE. CHARGED FOR THE MATERIALS USED ONLY. POSTERS AND TICKETS CAN ALSO BE MADE.

DISCO & SOCIAL EVENINGS EVERY FRIDAY 8.00-12.00 pm AT 'CENTRE', BROADLEY TERRACE, LONDON, NW1. IF YOU ENJOY A DRINK, BRING A BOTTLE. REFRESHMENTS SERVED DURING THE EVENING. ALL GAYS WELCOME. ADMISSION 30p.

GLF MANIFESTO 15p (INC p&p) 30% OFF ORDERS OF 10 OR MORE; FROM GLF DEPT M, 5 CALEDONIAN ROAD, KINGS CROSS, LONDON N1.

CHELIC	Opening hours
* A meeting place	Monday-Friday midday to
* A recruitment office	10 pm Saturday midday
* A shop window for CHE	to 6 pm. 01-437 7363.
* Post restante service	CHE London Information
* Magazines & Badges on sale	Centre, 22 Gt Windmill St, W

CHE Groups

Unless otherwise stated contact
LONDON CHE OFFICE: 22 Gt.Windmill St.W.1. 01 437 7363 for Information
BLOOMSBURY 2nd Wednesday 7.30pm
CENTRAL LONDON 1st Wed & 3rd Thu.
CROYDON Inf. Alan Heathcote 62
Highlands Crt. Highlands Rd. SE.19.
EALING 2nd & 4th Tuesday 7.30pm.
EAST LONDON 2nd Thur. Leytonstone.
INF.Tony 500 6032/Derek 504 9392.
ENFIELD 2nd Sunday. Inf Peter 97 -
39026/ Dee 01 366 2777.
GROUP 8 3rd Thu. 8pm. Inf. Vivian
370 1896.
HARINGEY 2nd Monday. Inf. Fred
01phant 25 Kinver House N4 2RW.
HIGHBURY & ISLINGTON 1st.Sun. 7.30.
Jonathan Marks 107 Plimsoll Rd. N.4.
KENSINGTON 2nd Tuesday 7.30pm.
LEWISHAM 1st. Mon. Inf.Len. 692 6397
LONDON MONDAY Alt.Monds.7.30pm. Inf
Angus 560 2739 or John 589 6438.
MARYLEBONE 1st & 3rd Tuesday. Inf.
Ken 402 8053 / John 977 4864.
STEPNEY 2nd Tue. Michael 476 7980.
STREATHAM Sundays 7.30pm. Inf. Ian
Clayton 56 Hillbrook SW17.
WANDSWORTH/RICHMOND 4th Thu.Charles
Micklewright.48b Chartfield Ave SW15
WEST END 1st Tue. 3rd Wed.INF.G.
Williams 736 6602.
YOUTH GROUP. Mike/Jim. 385 7246.
DETAILS OF FOLLOWING CHE GROUPS
from CHE 28 Kennedy St. Manchester2
Telephone 061 228 1985.
BLACKBURN/BURNLEY PORTSMOUTH
BRISTOL SHEFFIELD
BCLTON S.DURHAM/YORK
CAMBRIDGE S.W. HANTS
EAST LANCs S.W. WALES
GUILDFORD STOKE ON TRENT
LEICESTER TYNESIDE
NORWICH WIRRAL
NOTTINGHAM WOLVERHAMPTON
OXFORD WORKERS.
BIRMINGHAM Carrs Lane Church
Centre. Inf. Douglas 021 706 9818.
BRIGHTON Inf.John Gough 9 Quayfil
Ho.24/25 Broad St.Kemp Town.Robert
413696 Office hours only (not Tue)

BRADFORD Thursdays. Inf.CHE P.O.
Box 47 Bradford BD1 5YZ.
CARDIFE 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 097 36 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 St 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.

GLF Groups

OFFICE: 5 Caledonian Rd.N.1.
837 7174
SUNDAYS Office Collective. 8pm.
TUESDAYS T.V. & T.S. All Saints
Vestry Clydesdale Rd. W.11.
WEDNESDAYS South London Oval House
Theatre. SW9 8pm.
THURSDAYS Camden. 22 Meburn St.NW1.
SATURDAYS Gay Disco Hancock Arms
8pm every week.
ABERDARE GLF. (Elaine) YNYSLYWD St.
Aberdare, Glam.
ESSEX GLF Brian Roberts C/o Students
Pidgeon Holes. Univ.Wivenhoe Park
Colchester.
LEEDS Gay Lib Office. 153 Woodhouse
Lane Leeds 2. Fridays 7.30pm.

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.S021DP.
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.
GAY CULTURE SOCIETY . Inf.Students
Union ,London School of Economics,
Houghton St., WC2A 2AE.

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.

THE PLAYERS

PROUDLY PRESENT AN EVENING
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A musical dissertation.

'After Liverpool' by James Saunders.

'The Bald Headed Prima Donna' by Eugene Ionesco.

8 pm July 1, 2, 3, 4 & 5. Tickets 45p at door or
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MODERN BOOKS

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WOMEN.

BCM/Seahorse. London WC1.

GAY PRIDE WEEK JUNE 23

Please confirm these events with GLF office 01-837 7174.

- | | |
|--------|--|
| SAT 23 | South London Disco. Hanover Arms Clapham Rd. |
| SUN 24 | Gay Day. Serpentine by boat sheds. Hyde Park |
| MON 25 | River Boat Shuffle. Westminster Pier 9 pm. |
| TUE 26 | General Meeting, Conway Hall. |
| WED 27 | Open air Disco Band Stand, Clapham Common. |
| THU 28 | Local Meetings |
| FRI 29 | Fleet Street Demo. Outside Law Courts 9 pm. |
| SAT 30 | Gay Pride march leaves Trafalgar Square for Hyde Park via Oxford St. 3 pm. 6.30 pm transport leaves for Birmingham for allnight dance. |

THEATRE ARTS BALL

Miss Female Impersonator International Beauty Parade

This year's Grand Ball and Beauty Contest will be held at the Great Ballroom, Grosvenor House Hotel, Park Lane, W1.

on Saturday 29th September, 8.30-3 am.

First Prize: A holiday in Greece plus Crown and Silver Trophy. Many other prizes for best drag both amateurs and professional.

Last year tickets sold out early so get yours now. Mr Lees Lee—Europe's top impersonator from Cannes and the legendary Coccinelle have been invited to top the cabaret along with Mr Jean Fredericks of London. Band: Mike Williams. Tickets £8.25 (dinner, dance, cabaret) from Mr J Watson, 55 Bloemfontein Road, London W12 7BH, England. 01-743 9930.

