



No 1

GAY NEWS

10p



Saville and the Speakeasy

GAY PERSONAL ADS

Scottish News

HETEROSEXUAL OF THE MONTH

IT loses Small Ad appeal





'Look they're just like us'.

Speak-not-so-Easy. Or how Jimmy Saville almost went Gay

The next stage in the saga took place whilst we were having a collective meeting, and it came to light that one of the C.H.E. members of the collective had been invited to be part of that audience. He had first been telephoned and asked to keep Thursday evening free for "something rather secret". Later that same week he had been phoned again and told it was another edition of Speakeasy on Homosexuality. Someone else had told him where and when it was to be recorded, but he was "officially" told, by phone, whilst we were sitting in our meeting on the very day it was to be recorded! It was becoming clear that only nice, safe, respectable homosexuals who would conform to the B.B.C.'s idea of the programme and of Gayness were going to get in. As to who decided the criteria for this we weren't, and still aren't, quite sure, but since the invitations we knew of had come from Rev. Michael Butler and all his angels, and since it also seemed that both he and the B.B.C. had assumed Gay News was a synonym for Gay Lib., he was the obvious man to contact.

The reasons for all the secrecy and exclusion about a programme supposedly concerned with free speech and letting the unedited words of 'ordinary people' out over the airwaves was then made clear. I was told that every effort was being made to exclude GLF because the B.B.C. did not want them there, and had threatened to scrap the show if they did get on. I was told that GLF had "ruined" the last edition of Speakeasy on this subject, (all this meant was that one GLF member actually took 5 minutes to finish what he was saying, which the producer didn't like anyway) forcing the B.B.C. to re-record part of the programme in order to cut out what they had said (!) and that in any case another organisation would be "represented in a roundabout way". When asked if I was in GLF I replied that I was, but that I wished to be present on the programme as Gay News. The reply was to the effect that what was really wanted was people as people, not as organisations, (though on the programme itself it was clear that everyone there was from some organisation, and, like me, determined to plug it. That's all very well, but without GLF or Gay News it would have been a depressingly one-

We knew the programme was going to be about homosexuals again, but, like everyone else except Michael Butler of the Samaritans, who was, it seems, doing the inviting, we didn't know when or where. I rang Rev. Roy Trevivian's secretary, who made apologetic noises about the smallness of the room, and the 'specially invited audience', so I politely solicited such an invitation for four of us from the paper. She promised to check with the producer himself to see if there was room, and to phone us back the following day. Neither she nor anyone else at the B.B.C. had the courtesy to bother. The day after that I phoned again, only to get the same blurb from the same girl, but this time she added that they'd made up their audience list yesterday and we'd been left out as we weren't really suitable, and she was terribly sorry. At no time was Roy Trevivian available in person, so we were told. They had come across us "in our researches". So much for Gay News.

sided picture). But Michael Butler did at last relent, bless his heart, and said it was O.K., I could come along, he was sorry to be so cagey about it, and I could bring one other person if I could "guarantee them", whatever that meant. So the three of us who went from Gay News were placed in the unfortunate position of trying to make the distinction between GLF and Gay News clear, whilst all being members of both. Though GLF did come to know of where and when it was, no-one could be bothered to come although several apparently promised to, largely because no-one at the B.B.C. bothered to correct their impression that it was being recorded, as it usually is, on Friday, when it was, in fact, done on Thursday.

So, who are we to believe in this welter of secrecy and intrigue from the public broadcasting body and its 'friends'? Roy Trevivian, along with his secretary, his researcher, and Jimmy Saville, who all, when asked, spread their thin little story about limited space (and why not in the Paris Studio on Friday? Oh, because Jimmy's going away on Friday. So why not do it another week?) and invited audience - amongst whom there was ample space for twenty more at least; or are we to believe the man they seem to have put in charge of the inviting? The whole setup was an open invitation to GLF to disrupt, and they would have been more than justified in doing so. And who told them Gay News was GLF? Why didn't they bother to do their research properly? Who else did they miss out, and why?

It seemed very ironic to be asked in the course of the programme if we felt that gay people got a fair deal from the media. The point is that we very largely get no deal what-

soever, unless it is either patronising, derogatory, or just plain ignorant, and this bunch, apart from taking comfort from the unctuous phrases of the Albany Trust and the Samaritans, were all three. Their hypocrisy as regards their public image of the programme is self evident. Like most other broadcasts, the people they invite are not there to show how they feel to the general public, and thus present the truth, but to conform to what the producer wants them to look and sound like so as to enhance what he is going to say. Why else is almost everything on radio or television pre-recorded - to render it safe. So why do they wish to exclude the most open and vocal sections of the gay community from the media, when they open to the gay community at all? Because they are not going to be manipulated, as gay people always are, to suit somebody else's concept of us, and thus be party to even the most liberal and well-meaning lie, such as Speakeasy is.

Doug Pollard

Your nearest Bottle of Librium

The B.B.C.'s Religious Broadcasts Department are proud of their forum-cum-chat show, "Speakeasy" broadcast on Radio 1 on Sunday afternoons. They make pretty sure their audience knows it too, making a point of announcing that Speakeasy is the only show of its kind in the world, where the ordinary-man-in-the-street can come in and voice his opinions on any topic which happens to be dis-

cussed at the time. Jimmy Saville, who chairs the show, encourages the assembled audience to speak out and participate (via the roving microphones), since the show is (to paraphrase both the producer, Roy Trevivian, and Jimmy Saville in the warm-up period) 80% yours, to do as you like - the panel of experts here are purely for technical guidance and know-how.

Needless to say, after all this is said, the audience, sometimes gets a word in edgeways.

On the Friday that "Speakeasy" recorded a discussion on sports and subsidies, Jimmy Saville closed the show by saying something that provoked a stifled, embarrassed laughter - if you had heard it, it would have sent you grasping for your nearest bottle of librium. He told the audience that, unfortunately, they wouldn't hold the next show at its usual home, the Paris studio, not because it was going on the road, but because they were dealing with a rather controversial and sensitive subject, to which 'you probably wouldn't come anyway' - that of homosexuality. Thus contradicting their own publicity blurb about Free Speech and Man in the Street. It obviously stirred a lot of interest amongst the Gay Brothers who either happened to be there, or heard of it through the grapevine.

Subsequently our gay friends made furtive enquiries to Rev. Roy Trevivian the producer and in each case reached his secretary, who then, in turn, handed the phone to the researcher, Pat Honey.

When asked why Gay Liberation or Gay News hadn't been invited to send representatives, and where the programme was being recorded, and why it was being done secretly, without being open to interested parties, she gave a reply to the effect that: The programme was being held in a small room before an already selected audience, which couldn't be enlarged upon "for obvious reasons".

No further questions or comments were put to Miss Honey, and she volunteered no information herself, except that she might ring up Gay News to see what they have to say.

Lloyd Vanata
(G.L.F. source) 18/5/72

"Over there Mr. Roving Mike"

Over the airwaves came this sane, rational, slightly wary programme, busy with being reasonable, a little tinged with nervousness and heavily colourwashed with a genteel shade of apologia. But the programme as she is spoke was a little different.

You couldn't see the paraphernalia of speakers and microphones, the small group of hard chairs in a room fit to hold at least twenty more. And a good many chairs were empty. You didn't have to sit through the build-up from the producer and Jimmy... about how they hated to edit the programme, so no cussin' and so on. About the number of listeners, to remind us of our responsibility. About who we were, and where we came from - and again the confusion of Gay News with Gay Lib came up. And then some wise child asked the producer if he was gay - and was told, "In inverted commas, 'no', otherwise yes."

Radio suffers from being non-visual, as well as deriving certain advantages from it. When someone began talking about bleached hair, we all laughed - because Jimmy Saville has bleached hair. When Jimmy talked about the number of people there, he was able to imply the existence of a fair sized gathering, when in fact there were fewer than a hundred, probably as low as fifty. When he said we all looked sober and business-like, you couldn't see me in the front row with me blue velvet jacket and bright silver boots (among other things, I hasten to add).



But more important than the little white lies radio allows you to tell is the greater one - that this was a free programme of people being given a fair chance to have their say. Let me explain the set-up. Jimmy was on a little stage with the group. On the floor of the room they were using as a studio, one at each side, were rather sober and not-unheavy gentlemen, each carrying a microphone attached to many yards of wire. You got your chance to speak when Jimmy allowed it - and since he obviously thought we were going to be troublesome, and the running order to which he frequently referred did not include any discussion of radical gayness, it took him a long while to send it our way. Often I found that the discussion had taken a sidetrack, and by the time he waved a mike to me, my point was irrelevant. Other times the subject was changed altogether. How far this was influenced by the voice of the producers in Jimmy's earpiece, I cannot say. Yet when the programme began to change character, and started to pursue any topic in depth, it seemed to be the exact moment for another piece of music. In short, it was in no sense of the word a discussion programme.

Actually talking into the mike was intimidating, too. Since I was sitting right in front of Jimmy, the man holding the mike stood between us (there was room to one side). Consequently I had to either talk to the mike itself, or try to see how Jimmy was reacting via this large gentleman's armpit - but it didn't seem to matter most of the time, as Jimmy was usually looking at the other roving mike, and positioning it so he could cut in swiftly when I or anyone else paused for breath. The major occasion when we actually talked to one another was in arguing about drag, transvestites, and so-called effeminate behaviour, which he and everyone else had bundled up into one package labelled bad. It is not easy, in a few sentences, and in these surroundings, to separate the three and defend them, also separately. Especially as Jimmy was more interested in making the point written down on his order sheet (which presumably said 'homosexuals are not like that', where it ought to have said 'not all... etc.'). And so he tried to steer me up the garden path and strand me, because I wasn't in drag. I could have been a mite less honest than I was, and said that there was no point when the audience were listeners, not watchers - but in an already rather dishonest programme I did not wish to compound the felony.

As far as I could tell, both from the way the talk was steered and the reception of

some of the statements, the plan of the programme was to present gays as nice, safe, normal, unremarkable people just like everyone else, valiantly fitting in where they are plainly meant not to go (since the law still treats us as perverts and a danger, and so do most people). It said nothing about gay people who believe, as I do, that we are different and in some respects better, and that we are capable of evolving a lifestyle of our own which would be perfectly compatible with every other possible sexual and ethnic group (something which predominantly heterosexual societies have never managed to do). Of course, taken as a whole, we are no better or worse than anyone else, but we will not become anything like complete as individuals whilst we play pretend marriage and domesticity, which are plainly not, and never will be, the ways in which two or more men can build a life together. Only legal and financial ties, coupled with societal pressure of belief, make sure that heterosexual marriages continue at all. And this is what is meant, by being acceptable - it means behaving like a certain group of people who are plainly different in a fundamental respect from ourselves, and in a way which they themselves find near impossible.

But what the programme did do was to reach a number of people who have never met another gay person in their lives before, who have lived in loneliness and fear, and now find that they are not alone. In the couple of weeks following the programme the Albany Trust alone had over a hundred letters of this kind. And it must have given courage to many others. It will have helped to ease the tensions in a home such as mine, in which I live with my parents and only recently faced them with the fact that I am gay. It will have helped the painful process of dispelling all the history of prejudice and censure that we have faced and still do. Above all, it stated loud and clear the one fact that must be said again and again - that gayness is about love, that it is no different in any way from heterosexuality, that both are as good, as fulfilling, and as human as each other. The only perversion is their persecution of our freedom as though we were less than human.

As with so many other things, the control of the producer is the crucial factor, deciding as it does the image of a particular person or group of people which is communicated to the audience. When the audience is as large as 5 or 6 million, as it is with Speakeasy, then the producer of that programme has an enormous responsibility to the group he is portraying - in this case, gay people. Yet there was little preparation for the programme and it only lasted one hour, and so time was precious, an attempt was made to exclude certain sections of the gay community, who do have something to say, whether or not you agree with it. Those organisations which were represented did not cover anything like a wide range, being for the most part composed of people who seemed not a million miles from the self-pitying legions of the unfortunate living out their twisted lives - 'but it wasn't our fault'. So much more consultation should have taken place, so much more time spent before and during the programme. The only way we can be at all sure that a fair image of us goes out to those who don't know is to do the job ourselves. It will be, I am sure, a very interesting exercise for both the producer and the participants.

c/o The Albany Trust,
32 Shaftsbury Avenue,
London W.C.1.
22nd May, 1972,

"Gay News",
19 London Street,
London W.2
Dear Peter and David,

Anthony Grey tells me that I am in the dog house as far as Gay News is concerned. I also seem to be pig-in-the-middle over the BBC Speakeasy programme. I am sorry that it has been construed that I was indulging in jiggery pokery. It'll teach me in future not to be lumbered with other people's chores. The BBC rang and asked me to find thirty gay people as representatives of as many organisations and groups as I know, excepting -ing Gay Lib. They also talked about something called "Challenge", which I assumed was a Gay Liberation Front venture. There seems to be have been some misunderstanding and a right cock up in the arrangements for the programme. I am sorry if I have hurt anybody's feelings or made them feel that there was dirty work afoot. I am glad that everybody represented in the programme seemed to take a full part in the discussion and the Gay Liberation Front more than held its own.

May I wish Gay News every success. If at any time you feel I could contribute anything useful, let me know.

Yours sincerely,
Michael Butler.

Manchester Club hits out at Women. Five arrested

Early in March Samantha's, a gay club in Manchester, changed its policy of freely admitting women members and allowing them to sign in as guests. One night two women members of the Campaign for Homosexual Equality, one a Samantha's member and the other her guest, were refused admittance. They were told that the club no longer had women members. Later this statement was changed to stating that although the club had women members, no more women would be allowed to join, and existing women members were no longer allowed to sign in guests. A dialogue with the owner of the club failed to produce any change in this policy and as it was in direct opposition to CHE's objective of equality between women and men, and likely to produce an all-male ghetto club, it was decided that leaflets would be produced to be given to people going into the club, containing details of what had occurred and stating the objections. It asked those people who were against the club's policy to say so to its management.

The first night the leaflets were given out the management told us to go home, it was too cold for fooling about. The second night they were less pleased to see us and an irate/scared member called the police, who told us to go, otherwise we'd all be arrested. Unsure of whether we were committing a legal offence, we decided to move.

On the day after, five of us, (Bobbie Oliver, Alan Blake, Steve Lath, Glenys Parry and Liz Stanley) gave out leaflets to the six people who went into the club. We had consulted two lawyers from the National Council for Civil Liberties who had told us that the only offence we could

be arrested for was obstruction, and that if we all walked briskly about and didn't attempt to prevent anyone from going into the club then we would not be committing any offence.

We behaved exactly as the lawyers suggested, gave out only six leaflets, saw only one car pass by: and yet were arrested. For obstruction.

We had a witness who stood nearby on the same piece of pavement for over twenty minutes, but the police took no notice of him whatsoever.

The hearing was held on the 28th March, when we were committed for trial on 21st June. The prosecution said that we were members of Gay Lib and that we were trying to pressure the club into letting people of the same sex dance together. In other words, that the club was a straight one, and that we were trying to turn it gay.

CHE has backed our action, and has agreed to finance an appeal if the court finds us guilty, or pay any fine they may impose.

Glenys Parry.

Gay News in issue Number 2 will be reporting the outcome of this particular incident.

It seems to us that it is completely unjustified to discriminate against women in this way, and we wish the women (and men) involved every success in their fight against harassment and discrimination.

It would also seem that the many stories we hear of protection money being paid to certain members of the police force in Manchester by club owners are at times not completely without some element of truth in them. In time we will attempt to find out the truth behind the rumours.

Youths went Queer Bashing

It's still happening. Punch ball 'poofs' - deflating prancing 'queens' with sheath knives. It's only 'one of them' so what's so bad about 'conspiring together to cause grievous bodily harm to persons unknown'. And especially to 30 year old Patrick Dobson who was beaten about the head with a "lump of wood" whilst being stabbed.

Seven 14 to 16 year old youths, products of a world where childish illusions disappear quickly, were charged at Brighton juvenile court with murderously assaulting this latest victim.

Patrick was yet another casualty of the constant practice of 'queer bashing'. This sort of action by silly little boys and their contemporaries is very hard to take and more so because there is very little that gays, let alone the judicial authorities, can do about it. Or so it seems.

Obviously, probation and borstals are not the answer. For the magistrates they are the punishments to be dealt out to the few who get caught. What then is the answer to this particularly distressing subject? And remember, all male homosexuals are vulnerable to being confronted by a troop of 'queer bashers'.

There is no immediate solution. But wouldn't a possible beginning to finding one be a more thorough investigation into the reasons why such events take place? Isn't part of the answer in the whole way homosexuality, amongst other things, is 'treated' by the police, the courts, the medical profession, the education system, to name just

a few of the institutions that make up our society. Doctors receive usually half an hour's instruction on how to 'deal' with 'sexual deviants'; the police's attitude towards gays is as misinformed as most heterosexuals; 'queers' to the courts are just another nuisance like traffic offenders; and where, except in the most progressive schools, is subject of homosexuality discussed or examined?

Patrick, hopefully, will recover from his injuries and return to living with no serious mark on his personality. But we'll probably never know. One can be certain though that this assault will not be the last. We will read about another such incident fairly soon in another paper, and maybe the victim won't be so lucky, like Michael de Gruchy. Or maybe fate will be even more vicious as in the case of the gay on Wimbledon Common who fought back against the torments and threats of a police officer and another man, who along with their wives, had a distorted idea of after-eleven-o'clock-closing-time-fun. But that time the tables were turned and the gay stupidly lost control, which ended with the manslaughter of the off-duty-out-of-uniform police officer.

We gays must fight back against the violent pressures put upon us by society, of course without the weapons sometimes used against us, but with justified anger at society's failure, up to now, to deal with and protect us from such atrocities as 'queer bashing'.

Denis Lemon

Come Dancing Together

A town hall somewhere in West London. GLF, and the gay world outside come together with two groups, disco, light-show and a bar, charging higher prices for drinks than most gay pubs. There are about 400 people and most of them seem to be enjoying themselves, dancing drinking, chatting; but there are lonely isolated people, perhaps the ones who are not pretty or trendy, who sit in corners on their own. GLF is supposed to be trying to break down this awful sexist custom where we only talk to people, dance with them, if we fancy them and want to go to bed with them. Then surely the whole point of dances run by GLF should be to start relating to the many non-GLF people who attend them, the non-politically motivated who are content to remain in their gay pub/club ghettos, the meat markets. How can we do this? We should have group dancing; GLF literature should be available where you buy your ticket. It isn't! Ironically, the attendance by GLF members at these dances is falling off. They are held more and more frequently and always have

the same formula - disco, lightshow and two heavy rock groups. Not everyone digs heavy rock music or dancing. Why not one group and a drag artist, or one group and a film?

At the last dance held at Kensington Town Hall about ten people started jeering and attempting to make one of the groups leave the stage as its lead singer was girating in a very sexual way. They shouted, "Sexist, Sexist, get off, get off," and finally violently mounted the stage and tried to push the group off, ignoring the majority who either saw nothing wrong and wished the group to continue, or else wanted to talk about the situation, not scream and kick; this frightened the non-GLF people who should feel relaxed while beginning to experience the true GLF ideology and its love which still exists, though distantly.

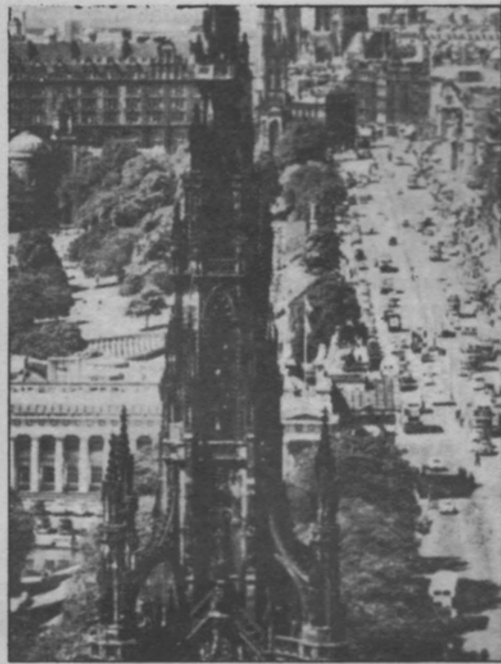
David Seligman.

Gay Life in Scotland, or Och, Yerra Naffie Big Jessie, Jimmah!

Being freely translated: "Oh! You're a screaming queen, my dear."

There are fundamental differences between Scotland and the rest of the U.K. which reflect back on the individual life-styles of men and women living in Scotland. Some of these differences can be understood using the simple analysis that life outside London is barbarous for all "sub-cultures" and that it is self-evident that life in the "provinces" must be an eternally lonely and frustrating existence.

It's not really as simple as that, however, and the above analysis makes the fundamental error of assuming that life for homosexuals in and around London must be always very pleasant with everyone else having to cope with a less pleasant existence. In fact activists living in a smaller community where



View from Trolling Ground.

any action at the local level is rewarded by quick attention and positive response. Whether that response is creative or destructive will depend a lot on the calibre of the local gay activists. It is easier, too, for the local gay community to get a corporate feeling of togetherness - you can't just drop out of sight very easily, and the pleasant spin-off from this is that people care a bit more about your personal happiness.

But, again, I just want to underline that the picture is complex, and that there are a thousand graduations between city sizes and community spirit. Before I bow to discipline and keep to the subject in hand, I'd like to suggest that gay commentators in other regions could help provide an unrivalled service by writing about their own part of the U.K. especially if they've travelled around and put things into perspective: we readers of "Gay News" may wonder just what it is that makes life so different for a Geordie or a Mancunian, a gay Derry Boy (surely Northern Ireland must be the most socially and legally deprived area of Britain). There must be rich seams of unrecognised local slang, unrecorded local life-styles - what a PhD awaits the lucky researcher! Or the updater of Montgomery Hyde's now sadly uncontentemporary survey of homosexuality in Britain!

OUTRAGES ON DECENCY: Any male person who, in public or in private, commits, or is a party to the commission of, or procures or attempts to procure the commission by any male person of, any act of gross indecency with another male person, shall be liable to imprisonment for two years. (S.11 of the Criminal Law Amendment Act 1885). Got it? Let me spell it out: two guys in private, perhaps also lovers, can't fuck, suck, or toss (or anything else remotely sexual) without committing a criminal offence. Age is no protection. And that is the law under statute in Scotland. At common law we have the crime of SODOMY: Sodomy is the crime of unnatural connection between human males. Both parties, if consenting, are guilty. As with rape, proof of penetration is an indispensable requirement. It's a messy, antediluvian situation, and neatly reflects the unenlightened, near perverted attitudes towards sex which has clouded the minds of our moral law writers. The state of the law is one major barrier towards a well-balanced, well-informed society.

Yet the state of the law in Scotland hasn't prevented the flourishing of an outward-going gay community (at least in Edinburgh), nor has the law prevented the growth of a service group (the Scottish Minorities Group) dedicated to the promotion of the interests of the homosexual community. The police have very few statutory powers of arrest in Scotland (unlike England) and the power to arrest is based on the common law. The most prominent offences linked with homo-

sexual behaviour are dedicated to the promotion of the interests of the homosexual community. The police have very few statutory powers of arrest in Scotland (unlike England) and the power to arrest is based on the common law. The most prominent offences linked with homosexual behaviour are the common law offences of "shameless indecency" and "breach of the peace", the latter of which is used quite widely in Scotland. The police are not involved in the prosecution. Public prosecution is conducted by the Burgh Prosecutor (police courts) or the Procurator Fiscal or Advocate Deputy (Sheriff or High Courts). The policy of successive Lord Advocates has been not to prosecute for "in private" activity, and so homosexuals in Scotland enjoy, for all practical legal purposes, the same freedoms as heterosexuals. Scots law of evidence affords an extra protection to the citizen. However, the laws remain unreformed - an insult to every right-thinking person. A friend of mine, extolling the "golden age" of the 18th Century and deploring the tawdriness of contemporary 20th century life, conveniently forgot the fact that today we are confined by legal and moral restraints brought about in response to specific events in the 19th Century. We too easily forget that the "age of Consent" up to 1875 was 12. In that year it was raised to 13, and then to 16 in 1885. The idea that two men in their teens taking part in homosexual actions cannot be "consenting" is laughable, yet the Sexual Offences Act 1967 says just that. Thank goodness this ugly piece of modern legislation does NOT apply to Scotland. It perpetuates the idea of "gross indecency" between men, a statutory offence invented in 1885, and in an emotional and malicious way confines young people to criminal proceedings, when they may properly need care, advice or empathy. What we need in Britain are sound rational laws. So long as we tinker and "reform" present laws we gay people will perpetuate - socially and legally - the concept of second-class citizenship.

Scotland's population is about 5 1/2 million, just half the number of people who live within an hour's train journey from London. The area is vast, but because of the wild and exciting land-forms, the people are unevenly distributed and confined in the main to the Forth-Clyde valleys and on or near the East Coast. There's a very distinctive flavour to each city. Glasgow and Edinburgh, a gentle hour's drive apart, have unmistakable identities. Glasgow is a city of superlatives: best Victorian city in Europe, highest high rise, greatest programme of urban motorways, brilliant parklands...yet...and yet bad for gays. It's a sort of combination of heavy industrial working-class past combined with a near dearth of intimate and varied meeting-places. The Close Theatre is a stunning exclamation mark in the heart of old Gorbals. Edinburgh: "east-windy and west-edy" about sums it up - but if you've been to the August International Festival (or any other time) you will know that this lovely city is also a haven for Scotland's gay community. SMG are operating a successful Saturday night coffee-food-and-dance club, and the Edinburgh Branch of the Group is now seriously engaged in the buying of central premises, inside which we can create our permanent home. Edinburgh's size (less than 1/2 million) seems just right: big enough for variety, small enough for identity. Gay people relocating should give serious thought to settling in Edinburgh.

The best way to approach Dundee is at night driving northwards over the Tay Road Bridge (or take the evening train from Edinburgh!). Unfortunately, visual impact does not match up to social enjoyment, for this is a very stolid town which partly derives from a large female work force to support the Jute industry. It is a "tight" city, not at all liberated. I have never been to Aberdeen, but my friends sing the beauties of its crisp-clean granite, and worry their hearts about the social disruption (and destruction) attendant upon the North Sea oil bonanza. Inverness I know is a cheerful and smaller version of Edinburgh in many ways. Some very sensitive restoration work coupled with the delightful modern development just slightly spoiled by some loutish work in the late fifties and early 1960's. Could be very pleasant for gays once SMG Inverness begins to grow.

I'll wind off now! Hopefully this highly

personal and patchy picture will give some idea of what Scotland is like as a place to stay.

References: (yes, there were some)

THE FRIEND April 28th 1972 (Marjorie Jones' article)

SCOTTISH INTERNATIONAL March 1972 (author's article)

CIVIL LIBERTY The NCCL Guide (Penguin Books, London, 1972)

SCOTTISH MINORITIES GROUP.

MEETINGS;
EDINBURGH, from 7.45pm to 9.00pm in the

basement of 23 George Square. Check with Mike Coulson at 031-225 4395. Women's Group at 7.30pm. Saturdays from 9.30pm to 12.30pm coffee/food/dance at the same address.

GLASGOW, meetings every Tuesday at 8.00pm at 8 Dunearn Street, Glasgow C4. Women's Group at 184 Swinton Road, at 8.00pm. Third Friday of every month at 214 Clyde Street (library of community house) invited speakers, from 8pm.

DUNDEE, every Friday at Dundee University Chaplaincy. Social. Details from 041-771 7600.

ABERDEEN, Weekly social meetings, Details from 041-771 7600.

No Bread but Good Vibes for Gay News

The National Federation of Homophile Organisations was born on 30th October 1971. The insemination took place 15 months previously at York University during July 1970. This slow gestation period reflects the changes in attitude and heart of its founder members (SMG, CHE, St. Catherine's, women's groups) as much as the turtle's pace which NFHO has tended to move since October, 1971. The Meeting in Catford on Saturday 10th June, 1972 - thanks to Tony Cross of INTEGROUP - was to formulate planning and financial policies for the year ahead. 20 people representing most of the structured homosexual organisations in the U.K. attended.

Sadly we began too formally. This imposed a deadness on the proceedings which proved hard to lift, though one or two tried. Quite a few of us were strangers and didn't really know who was representing what. The rest, (the old guard), were glad of the rare chance to socialise and exchange gossip. We needed no introductions having been active in structured homosexual society since its beginnings in the 1960's. Wise old cheshire cats we are, delighted and yet bewildered at the great growth and diversification in the gay world since GLF shattered the silence late in 1970.

There was agreement on limited non-

controversial topics. Michael Butler's suggestion of a residential weekend conference 2-3 September at St. Catherine's on the subject of "Befriending", was enthusiastically received. We also decided, though less cheerfully, to seek NFHO offices (rented) in principle, which would also house a CHE office, Albany Trust, Albany Society Limited, and A'3. Group meetings would also take place there. "GAY NEWS" was also discussed at some length. The idea of the newspaper as an "official organ" of the National Federation was rejected, but a strong plea was made that individuals should write in to the paper because the quality of the paper depends on the strength of the articles it receives.

NFHO's best function will be as an organisation for information collation and exchange. It will be best equipped to talk directly with the large Foundations and organisations such as the National Council of Social Service, Marriage Guidance Council, Home Office, D.E.S. However, overshadowing everything is the nagging realisation that NFHO is an extra financial commitment for its member organisations. Anthony Grey urged everyone to think big in cash terms, otherwise the gay movement would never finance itself.

Ian Dunn

STOP PRESS....

IT lose House of Lords appeal

No-one, no matter how many gowns and wigs they wear, degrees and titles they hold, has any moral right to dictate to anyone how they shall find their lovers. For the majority, it is quite rightly accepted that the law cannot tell you to remain in isolation. But the law has now finally decided that it can and it will impose both these restrictions on the gay people in this country - the law in the shape of the House of Lords has decided that International Times was breaking the law in publishing small ads for gays. In other words, it might be legal for two consenting adults to go to bed together, but it's illegal to do anything in order to "promote" the occurrence of this.

The law does not realise that it is not a case of "promoting" bizarre sexual practices - it is in fact a case of helping people who are kept in isolation by their social and legal situation to find one another and perhaps bring love into their lives. Homosexuality is, after all, about love, as is any other form of sexuality. Heterosexuals are allowed to contact one another in any way they wish - small ads, computers, specially designed magazines - in order to break any isolation they might find themselves in, but we are expected to be martyrs to an antiquated mode of thought and legal system which has so far given us one inadequate crumb of comfort, with which we are supposed to creep back into our caves and ghettos and be grateful. Well we're not, and we won't be until the law reflects the facts - that we are people the same as anyone else, that we are not carriers of some contagious "perversion", that we love and live much like anyone else and have a perfect right to do so.

And as for the false distinction everyone is intent on drawing between love and sexual activity - what is wrong with sex for the sake of it? It is a normal healthy appetite like any other which needs feeding like any other. Granted it's nicer (we think) with someone you love, but it's also fun with anyone who attracts you. Surely no-one still hangs on to the recrimination and guilt which has been woven about sex and has led so many people into either hypocrisy or frustration throughout their whole lives?

But there it is - the situation is clearly worsening for us; this present case is only another stage in the repression we suffer. Entrapment is increasing at a frightening rate - after arresting 120 guys in two cottages in the short space of two months in Harrow, protests were made and the local council warned the police off. But did this deter them? They are now doing much the same things on the same sort of scale in nearby Watford. Such instances are not special or isolated, but typical.

Our small ads column is still there, and will continue to be. With a little care on your part and ours we can steer a course round the law, or perhaps through it. Love may laugh at locksmiths - it also laughs at laws.

Gay News Emergency Editorial.

Your Letters

Dear Gay News,

Absolutely delighted to hear about Gay News! Please find enclosed subscription for 10 issues and accept all my good wishes for the success of the paper.

I haven't much news to give you at the moment, none worth printing anyway as I am at present trying to get the group organised. Things are a bit quiet in this "respectable" seaside town and any leafletting, campaigning, etc., has to be done by myself at the moment, if you'll forgive the cliché it's like trying to swim through porridge!! To give you an example of the social atmosphere you might be interested to know that when the local Odeon showed "Sunday Bloody Sunday" there were loud gasps when Murray Head went to bed with Peter Finch, about half a dozen people walked out! Incredible, isn't it?"

I intend to make enquiries at the library this weekend as to their stocks of books regarding homosexuality and whether I can put some leaflets and a CHE poster on their noticeboard - keep your fingers crossed!

Anyway, if I do have any interesting news you can be sure I will send it on for your consideration, in the meanwhile good luck to Gay News.

Love, Brian Hart.
Folkstone

Dear Gay News,

Sorry! I do not really feel like helping with Gay News. I do agree that "it is high time that we had reliable and entertaining news and information for the four million or so homosexuals in this country". But I do think that it is high time that such information, news, etc., was part of the ordinary press.

Yours sincerely, Tim Beaumont
(Lord Beaumont of Whitley)

Dear Gay News,

Just to wish you luck with Gay News and share the tension for new ventures. So I enclose a Sappho magazine and wondered if we could have an exchange deal. What I mean is instead of subscribing to each other just send our copies to each other.

Please let me know if you think this is an idea worth following.

Yours sincerely,
Mrs. Jacqueline Forster
Editor

Dear Friends,

.....We wish you every success with the Herculean task you have set yourselves.

Willy Snippe,
Foreign Committee of C.O.C.

Dear Mr. Seligman,

Thank you for your letter. But I cannot honestly say that I like the idea of Gay News. I am against making homosexuals into a group on their own. The whole point is that they are just human beings like anyone else, and to as it were publicise them can do them no good and can in certain circumstances do them harm.

You must realise, as I am sure you do, that there is still a strong prejudice - and indeed always will be - against the homosexual, and to try and make something special out of them can only re-arouse the slowly dying hatreds which persist.

Do not please regard this as in any way a hostile letter. If I were hostile towards homosexuals I would not have introduced my bill. It is just that I am not in agreement with you over the tactics required to improve their sociological and spiritual position.

Sincerely,
Arran

We may not have much in Hemel Hempstead folks, but we've got a real live earl!

Earl of Arran of the Evening News



Trouble Shared

We'll do what we can to help and advise if you share this trouble of yours with us in this regular column.

ALONE IN GLASGOW

It's only recently that I've realised I'm as attracted to certain women as I am to men. This came as a big surprise to me and I'm sure it would be more of a horrible shock to my friends; which is exactly the trouble. I know no-one who feels the same as me and I have very little access to meeting them. In fact, I sometimes feel I'm the only lesbian in Glasgow! Glasgow seems to be a more repressed area than most. It's a huge city but one which prefers to ignore part of its population and keep them in isolation and loneliness. I mean, where can you meet people? I see many women in the street to whom I'm attracted, and I'm sure they feel the same, but there's this horrible stigma about being homosexual or bisexual or anything which deviates from the norm. It must be really bad as it took me 19 years to even admit it to myself. I believe there's a great number of people, both male and female who consider themselves totally heterosexual but in fact have a nagging doubt at the back of their minds about this. Men have been conditioned into worshipping females with big boobs and bums and women have just been conditioned into worshipping men in all pimply, hairy and un-deodorised forms! I just can't understand why people should be outlawed because they are attracted to a member of the same sex. I think it might have something to do with the way men are expected to be extremely manly and women to be feminine. The fact that we are all just people has been forgotten. What I'm trying to say is, I think of myself as a person first and then a woman second - and if I'm attracted to a girl it's because of her personality and then her sex.

I think homosexuals will be more and more isolated as time goes on. You only have to look at the way "Straight" People act physically towards each other - there is no form of physical communication at all - only between members of the opposite sex. This has come about quite recently because 20-30 years ago it was usual and normal to see women go walking down the street arm in arm without half the street turning round for a second look. People are being pressurised more and more into being heterosexual.

In mediaeval times it was usual and highly commendable for young boys to have knights as lovers. In fact it was considered a disgrace if they didn't!

How times have changed!

I think the only way to bridge this terrible gap of lonely people is for a magazine like *Gay News*, produced sincerely for homosexual people, to organise a system like box numbers (at the very least) to help people communicate more easily.

I personally hope this will take place in the very near future.

It is a 'terrible gap' - and we exist to help bridge it. Although we were, and still are, concerned about the whole business of running box number ads, not least because they might technically be illegal, Gay News does have a small ads column (q.v.) and box numbers. For the sake of the future, though, gay people cannot go on hiding away from the stigma put upon us; we must become known, as people who happen to be gay. No fear ever goes away until it is faced, and nothing is won from this society without some measure of defiance. But the power of the oppression is strong, stronger in our minds, I believe, than in fact, but still with great power. And so in deference to her wishes we have not printed the name of our lonely sister. We'll pass on any letters we get to her and put her in touch with gay organisations in Scotland.

Gay Pride Week

On a late June night in 1969, police attempted a routine search at the Stonewall, a gay bar in Christopher Street in New York's Greenwich Village. This time, however, they met with resistance. The patrons of the bar pushed them out into the street. Greenwich Village is the largest gay gettho in the world, and the police soon found themselves confronted by hundreds of angry homosexuals who streamed out of the surrounding apartments. What developed was a minor rebellion, complete with bricks and bottles: a spontaneous explosion of years of pent-up anger and frustration.

This was the beginning of the Gay Liberation Movement in America. A year later it was to appear and grow in London. Every year in New York a carnival is held to celebrate the event and to demonstrate the movements feeling of Gay Pride. Last years celebrations were held throughout North America, and this year will also be celebrated in London and the major cities of Europe.

The London Gay Liberation Front is planning a week-long series of events as part of this years celebration of Gay Pride. Theme of the activities will be both an assertion of Gay Pride and and two concrete demands: repealing of all anti-gay laws and full civil rights for gay people.

The weeks events are:

FRIDAY JUNE 23rd: West London Gay Dance - Fulham Town Hall, 8pm - 12pm.

SATURDAY JUNE 24th: Various events, including mass leafletting of the gay areas.

SUNDAY JUNE 25th: Gay Days at both Battersea Park and Waterlow Park, Highgate. Meet at both parks at 12 noon.

MONDAY JUNE 26th: Disco at the Kings Arms, Bishopsgate, Liverpool Street, 8pm.

TUESDAY JUNE 27th: Street events around London: ring GLF number below for further information. Amongst other activities there will be GLF vigil outside the American Embassy in Grosvenor Square, Mayfair, against the continuing war in Vietnam. 12am - 1pm.

WEDNESDAY JUNE 28th: West London Gay Disco at: White Lion Pub, Putney. 8pm.

THURSDAY JUNE 29th: The same events etc. (excepting US Embassy vigil) as Tuesday. Extra events are expected to come from local GLF groups.

FRIDAY JUNE 30th: GAY PRIDE DANCE: Fulham Town Hall, 8pm - 12pm. Featuring rock groups, light-shows, disco, bar, and much togetherness.

SATURDAY JULY 1st: GAY PRIDE CARNIVAL, meet at Trafalgar Square 2pm. March from there at 3pm. to Hyde Park through the streets of London. From 4pm. at Hyde Park there will be music, food, fun and surprises. On Saturday evening there will be a Disco at the Northern Polytechnic, Holloway Road. 8pm - 12pm. Music, lights, beer and even more surprises.

SUNDAY JULY 2nd: Gay Day at Primrose Hill from 2pm.

There will be more events and celebrations as they come together, for further information about Gay Pride Week contact:

Gay Liberation Front, 5 Caledonian Road, London N.1.
Telephone 01-837-7174.

Gay News is in no way involved in the organisation of Gay Pride Week, but we fully support the ideas and motives behind this week of proposed gay celebrations. We wish those concerned much success in this venture and hope that you, like us of the Gay News Collective, will endeavour to attend and participate in as many of these scheduled events as possible. Gay News, of course, will be reporting and examining in depth the events of this week.



"My Staff and I, here at the Gay International News, welcome Gay News as the most important publishing event

since... we started covering the activities of the new homosexual movements around the world, a few months ago, with news, letters, features and cartoons. In fact, we think it's the best read since...

well, since Oscar Wilde, so why not subscribe to... both?

GIN

of
5 Caledonian Rd.
London N.1.

Dear Gay International News

Please send me the next twelve issues of your new, rude, political, funny, sexy, moving, beautiful, fresh, original, gay, international ... and modest... paper I enclose £1.00 (Is that really all? Good Heavens!)

Name

Address

.....

.....

GAY FILM BUSTED IN NEW YORK

New York City police seized Fred Halsted's **SEX GARAGE**, a gay porno film, at the 55th Street Playhouse on April 14th. It is called 'seizure', but if you saw it happening you'd probably call it by some other name.

What happened was this; NY city police served the management of the cinema with a subpoena made out in the name of Moon Enterprises, demanding that the film be shown to court officials to determine whether it was of a distinctly abusive and debasing nature, and therefore illegal and outside the broadly legal spectrum of pornographic film shown in dozens of theatres in NY. But Moon Enterprises is the former, not the current, tenant of the Playhouse, so the subpoena was invalid.

The judge's reaction to all this was to throw up his hands and say, "Work it out with the District Attorney". And that means de facto that the film can go on playing for months (or as long as the customers keep paying) before the jury ever gets hold of the case. In the meantime, the film is doing very well indeed at the box-office and in its first week grossed over \$20,000 (over £8,000).

In their more or less regular raids of porno-grinds, police have been leaving the explicitly gay theatres untouched. But a perceptive look at Halsted's **Sex Garage**, a sado-masochistic (S-M) film, and its co-feature **L.A. Plays Itself** which was not seized, explains the change in policy. Both are films which begin with a gay S-M consciousness toward their subject matter.

Sex Garage and **L.A. Plays Itself** represent therefore a very radical threat to the heterosexual domination of Planet Earth. The films, apart from their arousing pornographic intent, (and God knows they could stimulate a myopic mule, including the one sitting next to me in the theatre... 'Excuse me sir, that's my leg') constitute a liberating rallying-cry to homosexuals.

Is Halsted implying that one type of sex-act is preferable to another in some absolute scale of sexual values? But the Mercedes actually arrives at the garage, and from it steps another boy, a masochist. Roughly the stud fucks him, during which he entertains masturbatory fantasies of a motor-cycle, which in fact arrives on the scene moments later.

What is happening here is simple. Halsted has played with certain cinematic editing conventions, making unclear the function of the motor vehicles in the film. They can be representing either fantasies or actual vehicles by which people connect together in the far-flung parts of L.A. as they run from one orgasm to the next. All of this builds to the film's final shot of masses of cars bumper to bumper on the freeway. All are driven by actively-fantasising men and women, passing their days linking orgasm bumper to bumper with orgasm.



It's not that homosexuals are anything new in movies. John Schlesinger's films have frequently portrayed male homosexuals from the point of view of straights, or, worse even, from the point of view of homosexuals who look self-denigratingly at themselves through some imaginary version of heterosexual 'eyes'. This can lend the films the air of reporting (in true liberal fashion) on the cutting edge of changing sexual mores, while still holding up their characters as curiosities. Billy Wilder too has featured faggots in many of his films. Again, they're seen from a straight point of view, but Wilder has had the decency to never hold his own characters up to ridicule. As a straight dealing with gays, he has consistently been compassionate or left well enough alone.

What Halsted has done is to make a radical demand; homosexuals must recognise that their own view of themselves is the only one with which they can comfortably carry on their lives. They must get over that self-destructive impulse to accept the thought-controlling prejudices of the straight world. Further more, they must begin to show the straight world that a homosexual consciousness is in fact a part of their (the straights') everyday world too. It is present everywhere. It is interpreting the billboards which sell commodities and line the streets of Los Angeles (Birmingham) and every other American (British) city. It is giving new erotic meaning to casual gatherings in the city's parks.

Sex Garage is like a homosexual *La Ronde* (the Ophuls film, remade by Vadim). In the butch environ of an automobile repair shop shop a girl seated in a Mazda gives a young stud a blowjob. Intercut with her sucking are shots of details of the car. Can he be fantasising these while she works on him? The stud then turns around and screws the chick. This scene is intercut with shots of a Mercedes Benz. Now clearly a Mercedes is more desirable as a commodity than a Mazda.

The seizure of **Sex Garage** is based on a rather primitive notion of the effect that film has on viewers: that the viewers can accurately penetrate the metaphors which enshroud the 'real', that they are powerless to resist the 'message' that is hidden there, that once having received the message their behaviour (bereft of other stimuli) is determined by it and accords with its dictates.

The above article was written by Mitch Tuchman, and is taken from a recent issue of Cinema Rising. Many thanks to them both.

What follows is a section of a letter (received by a member of the Gay News collective) which reviews the films in a different and possibly more personal context. Many thanks to Manus Sasonkin for his permission to print this part of his letter.

An Afternoon at the Cinema

'In the afternoon, I attended, for the first time in my life - ever - a cinema which was showing a double bill of gay 'pornography'. The films, **Sex Garage** and **L.A. Plays Itself**, were virtually interchangeable, except that **Sex Garage** had been photographed (appallingly) in black and white, whereas **L.A. Plays Itself** had been photographed (no less appallingly) in glorious colour. There was no attempt made in either film to tell a story; neither was there any attempt made to create (let alone develop) any characters. Both films displayed extremely pretty young men, copious amounts of masturbation, detailed accounts of fellatio, and the occasional anal penetration. My favourite episode (which was from **Sex Garage**) involved a comely young stud, standing in a shower-bath, masturbating, whilst the sound track issued *Jesu, Joy of Man's Desire* in the piano transcription of the late Dame Myra Hess.

Elsewhere the bodies were all attractive,

and the activities which the bodies performed caused me to feel wistful and just slightly covetous; but the impersonality of all the encounters - the total lack of human (as opposed to physical) contact - depressed me, and caused me to feel nobly justified in having declined the attentions of a Piccadilly Cruiser on my recent visit to London. Seeing the films helped to convince me that, for me at least, sex without human involvement is futile, barren, unrewarding, and - in the last analysis - more frustrating than gratifying.'

It is unlikely that either of these films will be shown in the British Isles, however, as is obvious here, different people react

differently to 'gay' films. And it occurs to us, with further relaxation of censorship, it seems likely there will be more films with a more explicit 'gay content'.

*There have been in the last few years a number of films on general release portraying the homosexual stereo-types, and in the showing of **Some Of My Best Friends Are...** the first attempt to cash in on gay audiences in this country.*

We of the collective have varying ideas as to the possible good that may come from these developments in the cinema, and would like to know how you feel about and react to this.

THE BIOGRAPH REVIEW

In these days of rush and constant turmoil there is a definite need for one to be able to sit back and relax. And where better than at the pictures. I find three hours in front of the silver screen with ones favourite stars feeding those fantasies all of us have. Nowadays though there are so many films around that it is quite easy to miss something one really wanted to see, and an excellent little cinema for catching up on things one has missed, and re-seeing old favourites is at the Biograph in Wilton Road in Victoria.

Mind you though dears, it sometimes attracts the strangest people. More often than not it attracts boozers, for what else is the answer to the fact that so many people have to continually rush off to the convenience to relieve themselves of a full bladder of beer or gin. I'm partial to a drop of gin, but I like to think that I can keep it inside of me long enough to have a little bit of a rest.

Another minor discomfort at the Biograph is that many people find after paying their admission that the film wasn't really their cup of gin, sorry, tea after all; that makes many people restless, and seemingly so bored that they get what can only be described as a kind of ants in your pants of the cinema, as people are continually changing their seats. Mind you they could just be seeing old friends, for many people arrive on their own but quite often leave with an acquaintance or relative or something like that. A friend did tell me though that some people find that the occasional faulty seat and lack of arm-rests make it very uncomfortable for some people.

Anyway back to the films. In what will be, I hope, a regular feature in this lovely paper, I will let you know what goodies are showing at that little haven just by Victoria Station.

Unfortunately the paper went to press too late for me to tell you of an especially intriguing feature starring that super John Wayne. Oh! what a masculine name. The epic in question is **The Commanderos**. John Wayne is such a gorgeous man and actor. Sad too is that you probably also missed a chance of seeing **The Damned**. This is a very strange film, set in pre-war (2nd) decadent Germany. And dears, the most peculiar things happen in it. Men dressed up as women is just one of the fascinating delights that come dancing from the celluloid. At least the beer drinkers and relative finders were some how oddly quiet and stilled by this tomfoolery on the screen.

Commencing on Thursday 22nd June there is that darling **Simone Signoret** thrilling us all in **The Confession**. A drama, if ever there was one. Support feature is the prophetic **You Can't Win Them All** with dolly **Tony Curtis**.

The Sunday show on 25th June is a sailor film, **Sink The Bismark**, where those brave, virtuous, strong and well built boys in navy blue battle those nasty Germans and their big boat. Second feature is a newy for me, **I Deal In Danger**, which is an apt title for a film showing at the Biograph on a Sunday. It gets so crowded you can hardly find a seat, lots of laps but no seats.

I must say I find the air conditioning wanting at times, so do most other patrons, most have their coats off and over their knees as soon as they get into the cinema.

Monday 26th June's attraction is **Loot**. Such a queer film, involving a questionable relationship. I've seen it many times.

The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes is showing on 29th June for three days. It's as well Sherlock did keep some of the incidents that are depicted private. Very indiscreet film it is, shocking at times, but I like it.

The Inspector and Nine Hours to Rammer, sorry Rama, is the Sunday show on 2nd July; followed on Monday 3rd July by **A Severed Head**, kinky movie about everyone forgetting who their loved ones are, but they all seem quite happy, especially the two ladies.

A future attraction to make a note of is **The Amorous Virgin**. It's a first for me, missed it when it was at that nice cinema just off Picadilly.

Before I leave you this time, I'd just like to tell you of one of the extra material comforts to be found at the Biograph. They



keep the lights on quite bright so you can find anything you have dropped, and it does make it easier to find ones bits and pieces when leaving. Look after yourself dears. Bye for now.

*Julian Doms
Grimpsdon*

The Biograph, Wilton Road, Victoria, SW1.

Thursday 22 June
The Confession AA with Yves Montand and Simone Signoret.
You Can't Win them All A with Charles Bronson and Tony Curtis.

Sunday 25 June.
Sink the Bismark U with Kenneth More.
I Deal in Danger U with Robert Gourlay.

Monday 26 June.
Loot X with Richard Attenborough and Lee Remick.

The Secret of Santa Vittoria AA with Anthony Quinn and Anna Magnani.

Thursday 29 June.
The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes. A with Robert Stevens and Colin Blakeley.
Ordered to Love X with Maria Perschy.

Sunday 2 July.
The Inspector A with Stephen Boyd.
Nine Hours to Rama A with Robert Morley.

Monday 3 July.
A Severed Head X with Lee Remick and Richard Attenborough.
I Walk the Line AA with Gregory Peck and Tuesday Weld.

Thursday 6 July.
McKenzie Break AA with Brian Keith.
Take a Girl like You X with Oliver Reed and Hayley Mills.

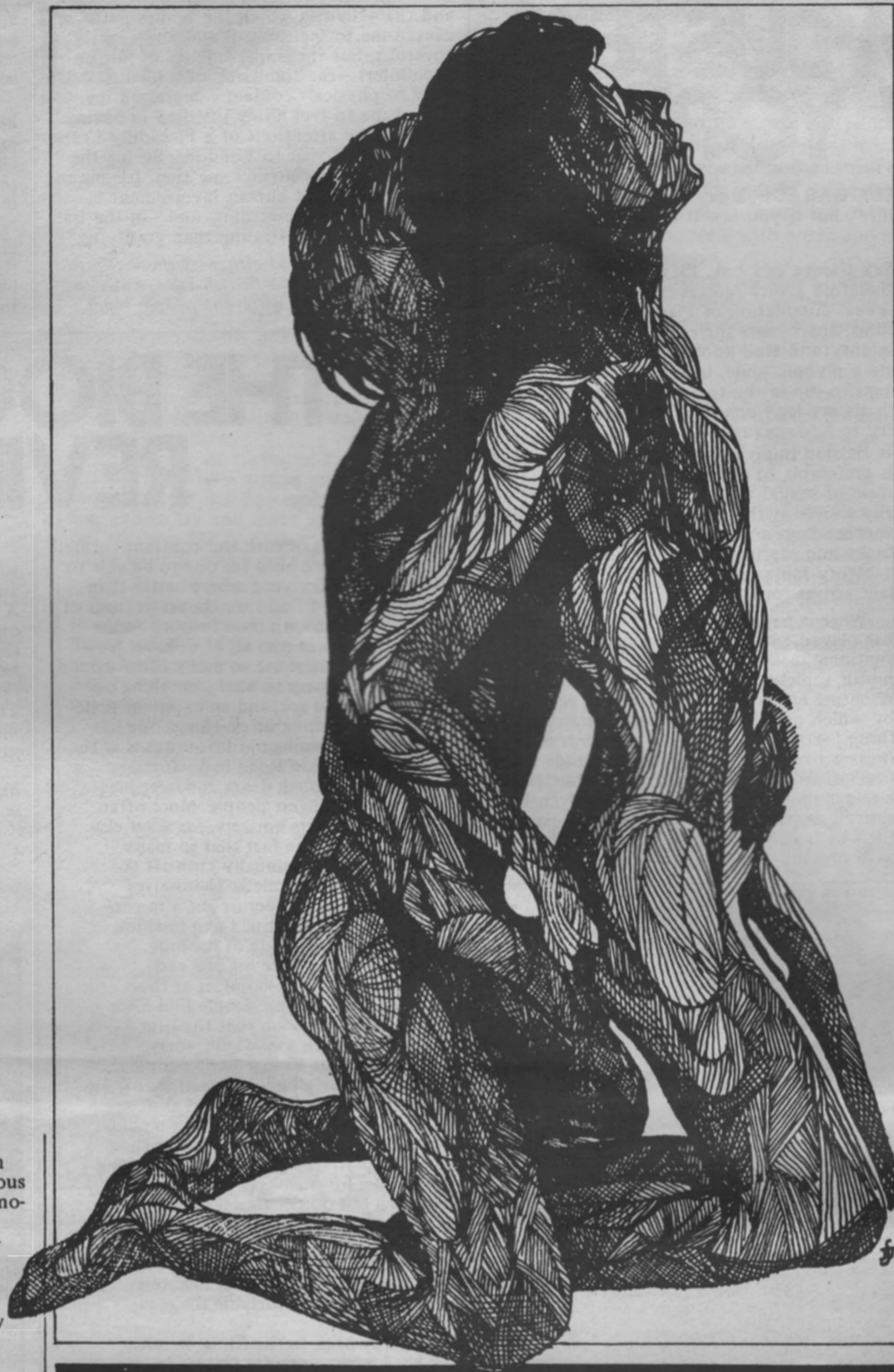
Sunday 9 July.
Charge of the Black Lancers U with Mel Ferrer.
The Amorous Virgin X with Marisa Solinas.

There seems to be no doubt that the two main reservoirs of venereal disease in this country at present are the promiscuous female and the promiscuous 'passive' homosexual male, neither of whom necessarily exhibits any symptom or sign of the disease. At one time homosexual patients used to express surprise that they could have been infected with venereal disease by contacts with their own sex, but now nearly all of them rightly seem to realise that they are just as likely to contract it homo sexually as heterosexually.

It is difficult to be sure that there is now a higher incidence of venereal disease amongst homosexuals than there used to be, because before the 1939-45 war patients were much more reticent about admitting any form of sex contact; but during a year's work in a VD clinic in those days I can only remember treating three or four patients who admitted having had homosexual contact, whereas in the same clinic during the last ten or fifteen years I have been treating that number or more each week.

Before the war, even heterosexual males were shy about admitting their sexual activities, and at first often blamed their trouble on accidental infection from a lavatory seat or some such source, only giving the true history when they had gained the doctor's confidence. Nowadays, heterosexual patients almost always admit to sexual intercourse at once, and similarly in recent years homosexuals have been more inclined to give an immediate true history to an understanding and sympathetic physician; but even now some of them are, not unnaturally, cautious at first.

For all practical purposes there are three common venereal diseases in this country, and they affect both homosexuals and heterosexuals alike. They are syphilis, gonorrhoea, and non-gonococcal urethritis. Syphilis is caused by a minute parasitic organism called a spirochete, which enters through a very small abrasion in the ano-genital region and very rapidly, in a matter of hours, spreads throughout the whole body. This disease can be passed to another person by the semen, the saliva, or by contact with a syphilitic sore. The first sign is a papule or raised red spot appearing at the site of contact nine to ninety days afterwards and rapidly becoming a comparatively painless sore or ulcer. In the male homosexual this is usually on the penis or anus, and is often accompanied by an enlarged gland in the groin. This sore, which is called the 'primary sore' or chancre, is usually obvious when on the penis, but if it is an anal sore it may be inside the anal passage, where it may not be noticed or is perhaps mistaken for a pile or fissure.



The Homosexual and Venereal Disease by a Consultant in VD at a large London clinic

After about two or three months the infected patient, if untreated, develops a generalised and usually non-irritating rash, more or less painless ulceration of the mouth and ano-genital region, and enlarged lymphatic glands. This 'secondary' stage lasts several months, the external signs eventually clearing up without treatment; but the spirochetes continue to attack the body internally and after many years serious and irreversible damage to the arterial and nervous system will occur. Proper treatment with Penicillin or similar drugs in the primary and secondary stages will eliminate the disease entirely and prevent permanent damage.

The diagnosis of the disease is usually made by finding the spirochetes (i.e. causal germs) in the sore, or by a positive blood test which develops about six weeks after infection. The infected person is dangerous to others from the moment he is infected. Thus a promiscuous person may spread the infection to many others during the incubation period before any signs of disease appear in him.

It was my experience since the war years that syphilis has been more common among homosexuals than heterosexuals, and now probably more than half the cases treated are found to have contracted the disease homosexually. There seems to be no clear reason for this. Promiscuity itself is not the only cause, because both groups of people

seem to be equal in this respect. A promiscuous passive homosexual would be well advised to have regular blood tests for syphilis every few months, in case of hidden infection.

Gonorrhoea is a disease of the mucous membrane lining the penile urethra (water pipe) or the rectum and is caused by a germ which usually infects the genital regions only. In the homosexual, urethral gonorrhoea almost always follows contact of the penis with the ano-genital region of an infected male, and appears two or three days or even weeks afterwards in the form of a greenish-yellow discharge. If untreated, this discharge will persist for months and lead to such complications as painful swollen testicles and severe arthritis. If treated in the early stages it can be cured completely and will leave no after-effect. Gonorrhoea of the rectum in the male can follow any peno-anal contact (not necessarily penetration), and may show itself by a discharge from the anus, irritation and soreness, but these symptoms may be so slight that it is not suspected until a subsequent sexual partner complains of having been infected. The rectal infection usually requires more treatment than the urethral, but responds equally well in the end (sic.).

Non-gonococcal urethritis may be described as a milder condition resembling gonorrhoea, but in which the causal germ is unknown. It responds more slowly to

treatment and tends to relapse. It is seldom as severe as gonorrhoea, but by its persistence it has great nuisance value.

It is very uncommon for any of these diseases to be contracted accidentally. They almost always follow sexual contact and usually, in the homosexual, contact between the penis and anus. Syphilis and gonorrhoea occasionally follow oral contact, but men and women are seldom infected when mutual masturbation only has taken place. Of course, persons infected with venereal disease, whether they have acquired it homosexually or heterosexually, are in danger of infecting their sexual partners of either sex.

A person suspecting any of these diseases should consult his doctor at once, and will probably be referred for examination and treatment to a VD clinic or to a private specialist. If he does not wish to consult his general practitioner, he can go directly to a clinic or private specialist without introduction. Most venereologists nowadays are used to treating homosexuals, though some accept them less readily than others.

Patients of a VD clinic or private specialist can be confident that their cases will be dealt with in the strictest secrecy, and that information about them will under no circumstances be divulged to the police or anyone else. It is a National Health Service Regulation that "any information with respect to persons examined or treated for venereal diseases in a hospital shall be treated as confidential".

It is in the interest of all homosexuals and heterosexuals to seek medical advice at once if they suspect that they may be infected, because venereal disease can be cured easily in the early stages, but little can be done about the much more serious later effects. A more tolerant attitude by the public to private homosexual acts between adults would be a great step towards the eradication of venereal disease from the whole community, since it would undoubtedly encourage more carriers of the disease to come forward for treatment.

Gay News does not necessarily agree with the moral attitudes evident in the above, but the medical advice seems sound. In future issues we will be printing our reactions to the treatments (medical and moral) that we received on visiting various VD clinics around the British Isles. Also in the next issue we will have the reactions of another doctor to the article here. AND we would like to hear about your experiences whilst seeking treatment at a VD clinic - so write and tell us about it.

The Twilight World of the Heterosexual

In this enlightened frank age we must all face the fact that like it or not, heterosexuals make up a sizeable portion of the population. Since by their very nature heterosexuals are furtive and deceptive, no-one can say for sure exactly how many there are but psychiatric estimates run from five to twenty per cent in England and America, slightly higher in Europe. We have no figures at all for the Orient, since inscrutability added to furtiveness makes it impossible to judge.

While many people naively think that heterosexuals are easily recognised, the reverse is very often the case, for in reality very few are the close-cropped snarling man or the simpering passive woman we see in the movies. Many lead outwardly normal lives and the gentle boy next door, and the tough competent girl down the street may have more than a passing interest in each other.

What then is heterosexuality? Simply put, it is the inability to love your own sex and the subsequent turning for sexual release to the opposite sex. Many hardened heterosexuals will attempt to turn it round and insist that heterosexuality is the ability to love the opposite sex. But if this were true, it would have to be an ability that grew out of a complete homosexual fulfillment - for it stands to reason that you can't love something different to yourself unless you can first love people the same as you. And most heterosexuals are incapable of a true homosexual relationship.

STRANGE RITUALS

The claim that heterosexuality involves love falls apart when we examine the nature of heterosexual activities. There are two forms of heterosexual union, the "affair" and the "marriage". In both the sexual activities themselves are mechanical non-feeling, unrelated to the individual couple, and prescribed in advance according to the strange rituals of the heterosexual twilight world. The man has certain things he is supposed to do in a certain order, and the woman likewise. It is difficult for the healthy homosexual to grasp how alienating heterosexual "love" really is, but perhaps we can glimpse it when we examine that curious artifact, the sex manual. These are books, and the heterosexual world abounds with literally hundreds of them, that actually describe, step by step, the actions that heterosexuals are supposed to perform when they "make love".

It is hard to say whether the "affair" or the "marriage" is more artificial and restrictive. In the first, the man and woman will meet, perhaps in the notorious "cocktail bars" with their cold hushed atmosphere, so different from the lively gay bars most of us know. Then they will "chat", a process which consists of talking inanely about any subject so long as they do not reveal any part of their personalities. In fact, the entire "affair" consists of projecting a false image.

SPECIAL HOTELS

obtaining the prescribed release, and then breaking off relations. When the proper time has elapsed the man and woman will go off to a special hotel maintained especially for heterosexual liaisons. There they will each do what their manual tells them and then say goodbye, priding themselves on that they have never betrayed any real emotion. Perhaps they will meet again and repeat the process, perhaps not.

The "marriage" is a much more bizarre form of practice and on which is far too complicated to describe here. Briefly considered, it is an agreement between two heterosexuals to live together for the rest of their lives and never relate sexually to anyone but each other. Though we might think such a strange arrangement might at least produce some degree of honesty, the opposite is often the case as the heterosexual compulsion to project totally false images becomes more and more obsessive over the years.

HORMONAL IMBALANCE

What causes a woman or a man to stray so far from normal development? To date, medical authorities have not developed any comprehensive theory. While some doctors claim a hormonal imbalance, many psychiatrists consider it an over-identification with the mother or father or both. One interesting theory claims that insecurity makes the woman want her vagina engorged or the man want his penis sheathed. Perhaps some engaged in their first heterosexual acts as a form of rebellion and then, guilt-ridden, felt they were trapped in the heterosexual world forever.

One thing is certain. The problem will not go away by our pretending it does not exist. Nor will making heterosexuality a crime deter those men and women from seeking each other out and arranging their secret liaisons. We who are more fortunate must learn compassion for those who cannot help themselves, who do not choose to be this way (though many will exhibit a reverse stubborn pride). If we do not close our eyes, if in fact we devote more extensive research into the whole range of human sexuality then perhaps we can eventually release the diverse sexual elements in all of us and restore these unfortunate people to society.

Rachel Pollack

INK Page 14 February 25th, 1972
By kind permission of INK newspaper

No Freedom to Love

"THERE IS A SENSE IN WHICH ALL LAW IS NOTHING MORE NOR LESS THAN A GIGANTIC CONFIDENCE TRICK. LAW IS NOT ENFORCEABLE AT ALL IF A SUFFICIENT NUMBER OF PEOPLE DISREGARD IT, AND THIS IS TRUE OF ALL LAWS." Quinton Hogg

Laws which interfere with the individual's sexuality and sexual expression will only continue to exist so long as we allow it - they will not be changed FOR us. Gay News intends to campaign for changes, since these matters are not, nor should they be, a realm in which legal controls belong. We welcome the stand taken by the Quakers in calling for the age of consent to be lowered to 14, but take the view that the law has no place in anyone's sex life, and therefore the best sex laws are no sex laws at all: that would make us all equal, and leave no room for the suppression of any minority.

If you are a gay man, you cannot legally have sex before your 21st birthday, but if you're a gay woman, or a heterosexual you can do so as soon as you are 16. The law is intended to prevent adolescent boys from being seduced by older men. They are apparently trusted not to succumb to a woman of any age against their own will, or if they do, it's only a private misdemeanour, not a criminal offence. It presumes that he couldn't say no. But they can be prosecuted for seducing one another. Confused yet?

...OBSCENITY LAWS EXIST TO REPRESS NORMAL SEXUAL DESIRES WHICH ARE SOMEHOW, IN LAW, EQUATED WITH DEPRAVITY. N.C.C.L. Guide to Civil Liberty

The law reflects the traditional male attitude to gay men - on the surface, we are despised, within, we are feared. Because within themselves they see us - their own heavily controlled love and desire for their own sex - and they fear.

The 1967 Act does not apply in Scotland or Northern Ireland - the law remains as it was in both these areas.

Sexual Offences Act 1956: section 32: "It is an offence for a man persistently to

solicit or importune in a public place for immoral purposes."

When the act was passed, this section

AND REMEMBER... "LAW IS NOT ENFORCEABLE AT ALL IF A SUFFICIENT NUMBER OF PEOPLE DISREGARD IT, AND THIS IS TRUE OF ALL LAWS."

MEANT a man pimping for a woman. The law is almost never used in that sense, but to stop you picking up a guy you fancy whenever and wherever you may see him. It is never used to stop a man picking up a woman, even if he is offering her money for her services. She is in the wrong then.

Maximum penalties for some acts committed by older men with minors were increased by the 1967 Act.

Policemen can close down our pubs and clubs, and raid our parties more or less at will, if we are not behaving like heterosexuals. Because they have a duty to "preserve the peace". Or if the backhand from the owner isn't enough.

Publication of advertisements for the encouraging of homosexual practises is at present an offence, depending on the outcome of the It appeal currently being heard by the House of Lords.

It doesn't matter if you are all over 21 and consenting; if there are more than two of you, it's illegal.

In short, you can't pick up anyone except in a pub or club or party, but the police can still raid these at will. You can't take a man under 21 to bed, and if you're under 21, you just can't, that's all. You can't place lonely-heart ads.

BUT...Gay News WILL carry small ads for as long as you wish to use them. It must surely be an individuals human right to choose the way he or she wishes to make contact.

BUT...Gay News feels that far too little is being done to campaign for the age of consent to be lowered to the logical level, 16, giving us parity with everyone else. It should only be a matter of time before the whole question of a legally enforceable age

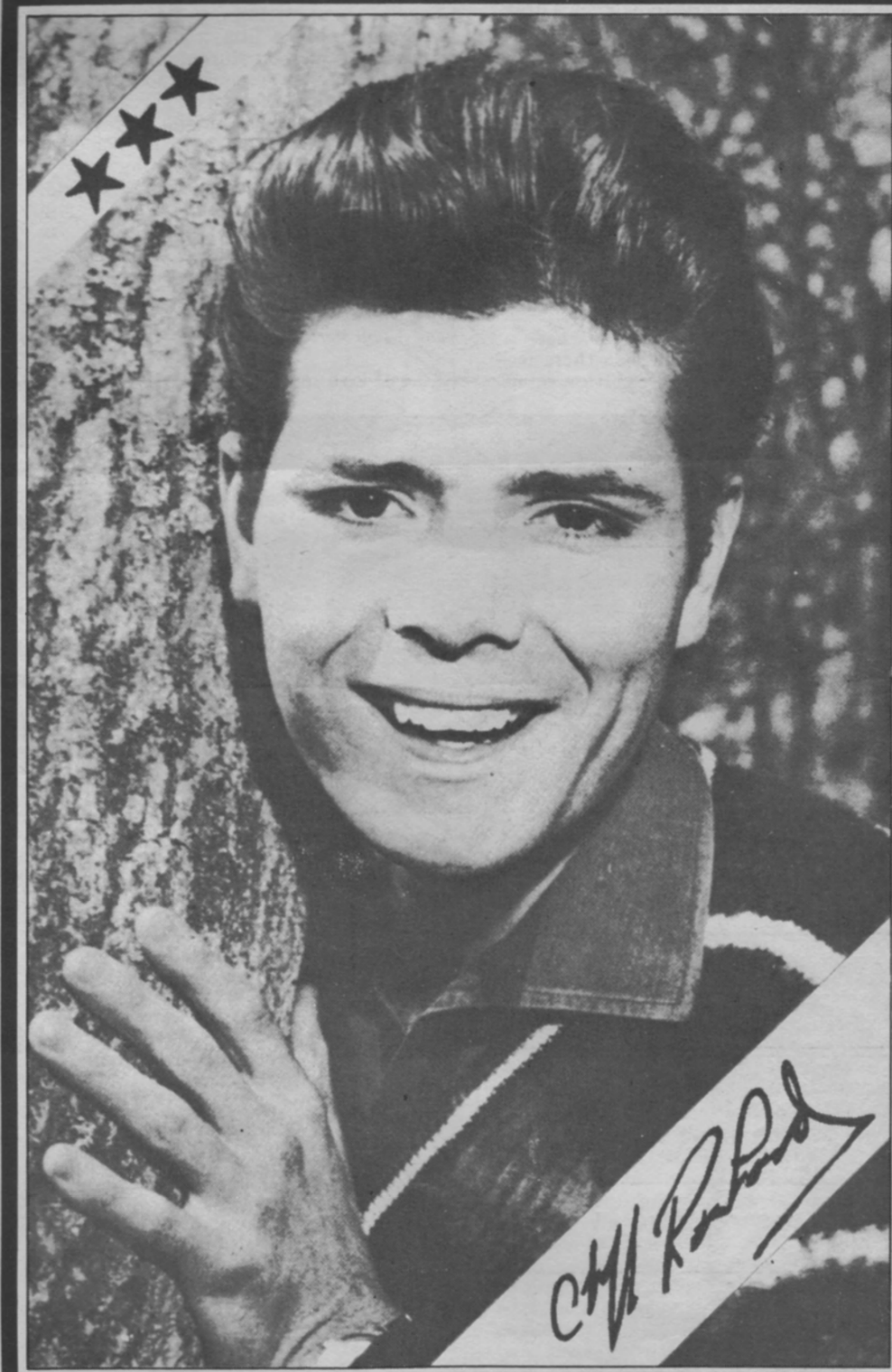
of consent for anyone comes under review.

Since the Sexual Offences Act 1967 very little positive action has been taken to remove this obsolete law from the statute books. We hear that S.M.G. is still squabbling about what particular age limit to campaign for; it's still a nice discussion point in C.H.E. and as Warren Haig says in OZ 42, "If Gay Lib had a concern for all homosexuals it would actively campaign for this...but it doesn't."

IF YOU ARE PERSECUTED IN ANY WAY FOR BEING YOURSELF, WE ARE HERE TO TRY TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT. TELL US AND LET'S TRY TOGETHER.

Gay News WILL campaign for this reduction. But, more important still, we'd like to make our columns available to anyone involved in campaigning against this particular black mark on the statute book.

HET OF THE MONTH



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Germany Comes to Town Dietrich by Blossom

Last night, or should I say early this morning, John struggled over to my bed with a questioning whisper, "Bloss, are you asleep".

"No."
"Well, Gay News phoned and they want you to write a review on Dietrich".
After about five minutes of moaning and groaning and self indulgent noises, I thought I had communicated my distress, and the fact that I had only ever written a diary and letters - and the occasional attempt at a book and a play that everybody seems to go through, so I shut up.

So that briefly explains what I'm doing here looking at a blank sheet of paper thinking "Whatever I write will be a cliché.....everything it's possible to write has been written." Anyway here goes.

The curtains open to reveal an unprepossessing orchestra of about twenty, they burst into a brief resume of her hits - the arrangements by Burt Bacharach, the playing isn't - just as the whole thing starts to become a drag it stops.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, Miss Marlene Dietrich".

Pause, where is she?

Then on she, well try to imagine a kind of gliding amble whilst clad in about half a hundredweight of white fox fur - try to imagine what Dietrich looks like covered in enormous splodges of shaving cream - anyway she's there and that's all the audience requires. She stands there accepting the applause, she's been through this hundreds of times, it's no surprise, but then neither is she.

Three songs later and the coat - or whatever it was - comes off, and she's there again, vaguely covered by a peachy chiffon thing

that glistens with rhinestones, again comes the applause and she stands there immaculately poised the legendary legs outlined by the thin silk. You know that every member of the audience has lifted their glasses in a half hopeful, half fearful scrutiny, and she knows it, and it doesn't worry her a bit. Whatever the need is that demands of her that she remains unchanged she's up to it. Song after song gets thrown at you intermingled with a brief biography, the only thing altered in the programme is the inclusion of a couple of songs, 'Where have all the flowers gone' and 'White Grass' and it's these that bring the Dietrich to me that I personally feel is the one that is most neglected.

We all know about the legend that refuses to die, the Von Sternberg films, the troop entertainment during the last war, the cabaret appearances, but I really feel that underneath all the glitter, there is great humanity and intelligence. I'd like to see her make another film, it's ten years since 'Judgement at Nuremberg' and she's beendoing the present act for at least six. Forget the fact of her age and the whole sex symbol bit and try to suss her out. At the end of the show she collected her obligatory flowers and the dozen or so curtain calls, the legend was intact and the audience was satisfied, but there's still more, I don't know what or when but I'm pretty confident, but then I'm infatuated with her.

There's a really good L.P. of her live the last time she was here. It's called 'Dietrich in London' and it's on Marble Arch Records.

Lots of love and cuddles, BLOSSOM.

arrogantly to the wings she discarded her coat and returned to give us one of her best performed songs that evening 'When The World Was Young'. I have seen this song performed many times but never so movingly, and perhaps this is part of the secret that she knows how to think and feel a song so well.

Her selection continued with 'Go Away From My Window', her touching version of 'I Wish You Love', the sombre 'War Is Over', a quite terrible 'Boomerang Baby' which bored me last time she sang it in London. 'La Vie En Rose', and 'Sentimental Journey'. By this time the audience was so involved that when she announced the song from 'The Blue Angel' people were calling out various titles until she corrected them, announcing the rousing 'Lola'.

'Don't Ask Me Why', 'Marie', 'Lilli Marlene' and Seeger's 'Where Have All The Flowers Gone' are all songs she used last time in London but somehow nobody seemed to mind. We were all happy being in the presence of this glamorous star personality. Her version of 'Honeysuckle Rose' continues to confuse me and if anybody knows the sig-

nificance of her repeat of the word 'Rose' perhaps they'd enlighten me.

When she winds up her 75 minute show with the inevitable 'Falling In Love Again' the audience rose to their feet in appreciation. Many people have wondered in the past exactly what it is about Marlene that attracts a predominantly gay audience of both sexes. Certainly on the night I attended there were many young men dashing up to the footlights to throw little posies at her feet and to clutch her hand. The more exhibitionistic of them held her hand for a longer while, some kissing it gallantly. One wonders about this hold she has on both young and old alike. Unlike Garland whose sheer emotional approach to songs was an obvious draw to the gay crowd, Marlene by comparison just stands there almost mockingly saying "take me or leave me - that's how I am"... Finally you have to satisfy yourself that her attraction is made up of many things, glamour, a certain sense of high camp, but above all supreme artistry.

Barry Conley

Judy Garland's daughter makes Good

Currently at the Prince Charles Cinema they are showing the movie version of the stage musical CABARET, which was based on the Christopher Isherwood novel 'Good-bye to Berlin' which in turn was the basis of the stage play 'I Am A Camera' - are you still with me?

The cinema has thought up a very novel idea to put you in the mood for the film to follow. As you approach, loud speakers are blaring out what seats are available for which performance, and the doormen unpolitely shepherd the crowds into various queues. The whole thing reminds one of the days of the German prison camps in fact.

Inside the same procedure continues. The usherette on duty at the doors of the bar yells at you to "keep the doors clear" and inside the cinema the other usherettes are equally rude as they wave their torches in the direction of your seat.

The inevitable adverts and trailers begin and as usual an interval follows so that more refreshments can be sold. One feels these days that by the time the adverts, refreshment breaks and so on have taken place you have almost forgotten what your original intentions were in going to the cinema. I noticed the usherette selling goodies had some sort of symbol on her uniform which vaguely resembled the Star of David - seemingly even today the Jews are getting a bad break from the Germans.

The film finally begins and instead of a

bright arrangement of the title tune there is only SILENCE. The names appear and there is a slight murmur of voices in the background. The screen changes from black shades to muddled colours, distorted faces fill the screen as the credits end and suddenly the grotesque heavily made-up face of Joel Gray as the MC appears full face, and the film begins.

We are back in the Germany of the 1930's and both the songs, sets and fashions are perfect in context. In her earlier scenes Liza Minelli struck me as a young girl playing at being a grown-up. A short while later I remembered that that is exactly what the role of Sally Bowles is all about. Already the talk in Hollywood is that she is a strong contender for next year's Oscar and on this showing unless some miraculous female performance comes along within the coming months, I should think she will remain a hot favourite to win this coveted award.

Joel Gray, who won the biggest critical reception for his role in the New York stage production, impresses greatly on screen and it's a shame that in praising Minelli so many critics seem to have overlooked his superb work in the film. Finally Bob Foss: has overcome his fondness for the 'freeze frame' approach which marred his first directing stint 'Sweet Charity' and has come up with a first class movie.

Barry Conley

Aznavour Laments

Dusty Springfield's new single is an arrangement of a Charles Aznavour song, Yesterday When I Was Young. Dusty has always been a fine pop singer, and this song is perfect material for her. With a large string section busily and hurriedly soaring in accompaniment Dusty soulfully steers her way through the song. It at times reminds me of those heavy romantic sadies that were always in the singles charts a few years ago. Many of Dusty's singles are classics of that period, along with Dionne Warwick's first single hits and even Cilla Black's successes on a few occasions.

Dusty's interpretation of this weepy retains much of the feel of that period but along with greater technical know-how arrngers and the more mature soulfulness of her voice the song is very much a part of the small group of people who produce good, popular soft-rock. It might even

encourage me to watch dreary Top of the Pops if I know Dusty is going to sing her new record.

Denis Lemon.

Hamburger's Jesus

Mr. Hamburger and Mr. Darjean have provided Cliff with this bouncy ditty about Jesus, and all His wonders. Cliff warbles tunefully along, hardly missing a note, happily acclaiming the virtues and mercies of the Son of God. It's bound to sell to all those festival-of-lighters, and I'm sure Peter Hill has a copy, and Prince Charles. I can't imagine it going down very well though in the Rockingham Club in Manchester or the Catacombs in London's often exposed Earl's Court. But to each his or her own. One doesn't have to buy it, and Tony Blackburn never plays it.

Denis Lemon.



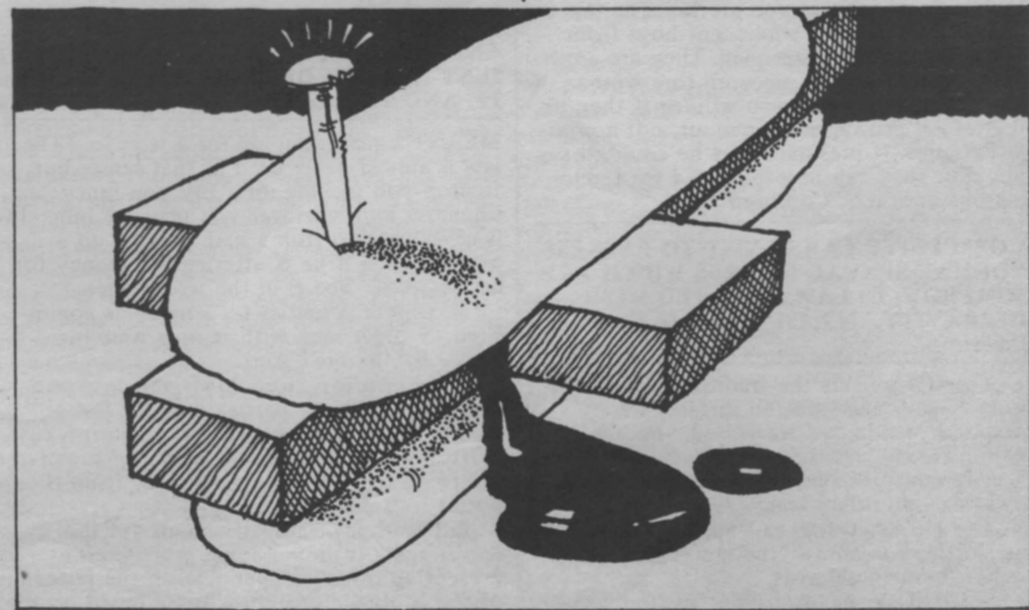
'Falling in love again'.

The Legend Continues

For the past two weeks at the aptly titled Queens Theatre a 70 year old woman has been holding packed audiences spellbound nightly, and on 4 occasions twice nightly. The orchestra plays a medley of the tunes associated with her and finally she appears from the wings, immaculately gowned with a huge chinchilla coat almost carelessly draped around her. Her opening song 'Look me over closely' is an invitation that everyone in the audience takes up. We all looked closely, some through their opera glasses

and those of us with the cash to sit in the front stalls could see with our own eyes that all was well, that the face looked exactly the same and the legend was still intact.

Marlene then spoke of her early days in films, how she auditioned with an American song, won the role of Lola and ended up in Hollywood. In this segment she gave us Porter's 'You're the Cream in my Coffee', 'My Blue Heaven', the rollicking 'Boys in the Backroom' and her song from 'Stage Fright' 'The Laziest Gal in Town'. Strutting



Love Knoweth no Laws*

Owing to certain pressures put upon us by the law, we hold the right to cut, change or refuse to print any personal ads sent to us. We must also warn male 'minors' (under 21) that you may have unpleasant legal nasties unloaded on you, and us, if you attempt to use and reply for certain reasons connected with the meeting of someone for immoral purposes, namely making love. Apart from those antiquated legalities, men and women are welcome to use these columns as they wish.

* Chaucer.

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Young Cuckoo seeks nest, bring own feathers. Box 1.

Somewhere in the great gay unknown is another brother or sister who likes holding hands in horror movies. I'm 26, London based, and would like to meet anyone with similar tastes in the cinema. Box 6.

Nice Boy, wants another nice boy to go to bed with, and do everything else with. Box 3.

Working Class Hero seeks gay revolution. Butch and dogmatic. Box 5.

I'm waiting for you at Gay News office. David, 21. Box 7.

Julien Denys Grinsspoon gets randy too. Anybody into last resorts can contact me at Gay News, 01-402 7805.

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The Sexual Struggle of Youth 37½p.

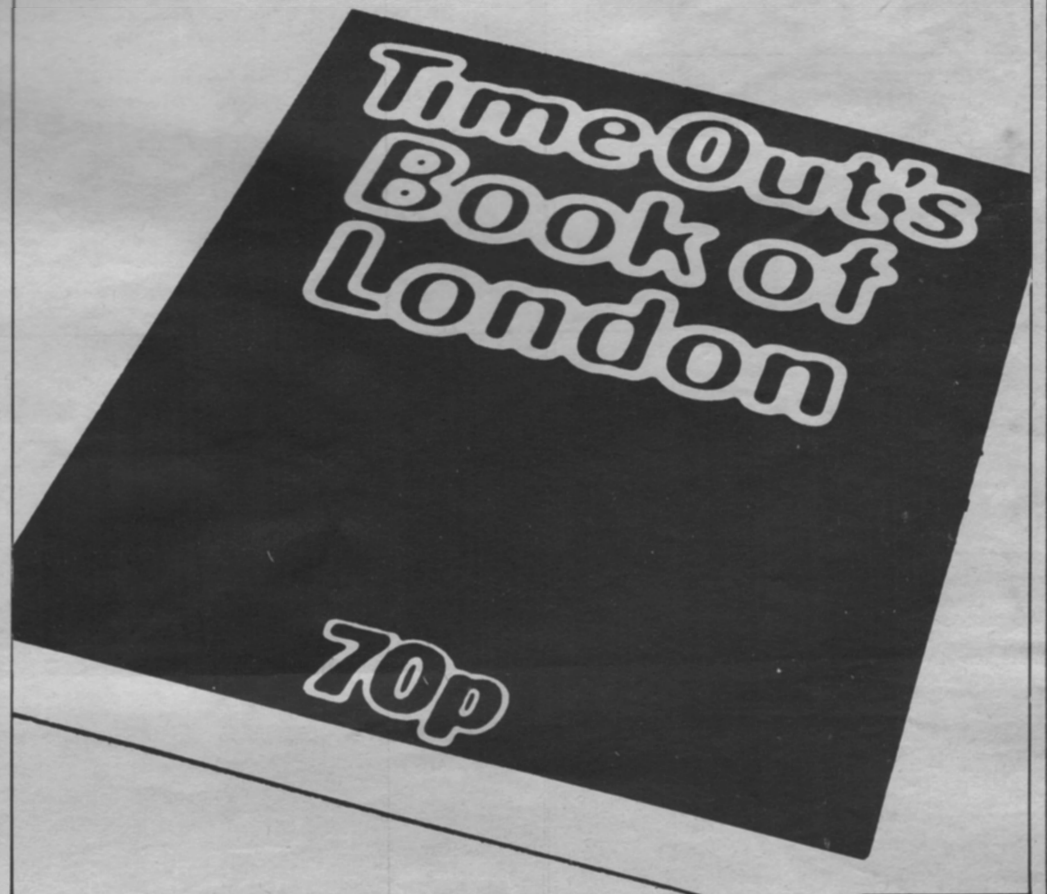
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