

August 1972



Nº6

GAY NEWS

10p



What Have I Got to Lose

On Wednesday, 23rd August, there were more recorded murders than ever before in one 24-hour period in one city. This total does not include the shooting of Salvatore Naturelle by an F.B.I. agent at Kennedy airport after he and John Wojtowic had held up a bank in Brooklyn and had attempted to arrange a getaway by jet, using seven hostages whom they had held for several hours as bargaining counters. The place was New York City.

In such a city, on such a day, it is perhaps surprising that both major *London* evening papers devoted their headlines to the story in most editions from noon onwards. They did so not only because the gunmen might have got away with eleven and a half thousand pounds, not only because they held seven hostages and said they would not be afraid to kill them, but because the gunmen were gay and had said so.

John has fought in Vietnam. He has been married. He had also been through a form of marriage ceremony with Ernest Aarons after leaving his wife. One of the conditions he imposed upon the police in attempting to arrange his getaway was that his gay wife should be brought to him from psychiatric hospital where he was undergoing treatment. Clearly John was a man under considerable mental strain himself, and this was probably one of the factors which led him to act upon the information from one of the bank's

employees in attempting to steal the \$29000. John and Salvatore had been on the point of leaving the bank with the money when the police arrived. They seized seven hostages and retreated inside the bank, from where John conducted negotiations with the police and interviews with the press. He said that they would not be afraid to shoot any of the hostages, since the Supreme Court had declared the death penalty a 'cruel and unusual punishment' (thus banning it under the US constitution). "What have I got to lose? The Supreme Court did away with the chair... What have I got to lose? I am a homosexual. I told the cops to get my wife - he's a male... I told them if they bring him here I will release half the hostages." But Ernest refused to join John, saying that John "doesn't love me any more". Under the circumstances, John was clearly right. What did he have to lose?

John's mother, like most mothers, believed that John was being led astray by Salvatore

... "He's not a mean kid - he's not the type that would hurt anybody."

Eventually the police brought a limousine to the bank, driven by an FBI agent, to take the robbers and their loot and hostages to the airport, where a twin engine jet was waiting for them. They were escorted by a 21-car motorcade.

At the airport, Special Agent Richard Baker approached the limousine as it drew near the waiting plane. Engaging the occupants in conversation, he drew their attention away from the agent/driver, who turned and shot Salvatore through the chest, killing him. (Who needs the Supreme Court to exact a death penalty?) John then gave himself up, and the money and hostages were recovered intact.

The most amazing thing about the robbery, taking place as it did in a crime-ridden city was that it received such wide and urgent coverage in the *London* press...

(midday) *EVENING STANDARD*... GAY GANGSTERS HOLD 7 HOSTAGES
EVENING NEWS... GAY GUNMEN HOLD GIRLS HOSTAGE
(Late) *EVENING STANDARD*... THE GAY GUNMEN GET AWAY WITH SEVEN

HOSTAGES

EVENING NEWS... GAY GUNMEN FLEE BANK WITH GIRL HOSTAGES
(Late Extra) *EVENING STANDARD*... THE GAY GUNMEN AIRPORT BATTLE - HOSTAGES FREED
EVENING NEWS... GAY GUNMEN DRAMA ENDS IN DEATH

Did you notice? Our own, non-medical, non-derogatory term for ourselves used without obvious explanation or apology. It seems so petty a point to have arisen from such dramatic and painful occurrences, but nevertheless, so important. Is it also petty to point out that the press made no attempt to connect homosexuality with gun-toting and bank robbing - after all, we've been bracketed with criminals for a long time. Perhaps all the effort over the years does have an effect on people after all.

Such a pity, too that one daily paper should choose to belittle the whole thing the following morning by calling it a 'farce' and 'exotic'. I do not share their sense of humour. I feel sorry for John and Salvatore and Ernest. Perhaps I'm not supposed to.

Doug Pollard

THIS COULD HAPPEN TO YOU

Four Prisoners - Fourteen Charges

Keele Gay Lib Soc established itself early this year, and membership grew rapidly at first. The group soon noticed that the police (CID) began to show some passion for having hurried half pints in the same pub they used prior to meetings. And, coincidentally, they were ostentatiously watching the house of some gays living in the Potteries, also taking youths down to the station for questioning in the absence of solicitors, parents or guardians. It is hard to establish whether threats were actually used on these occasions.

The Gay Lib Soc were informed that the police had been assembling a dossier on all known gays in the Potteries, for the last eight months.

After consultation with the NCCL (National Council for Civil Liberties) a formal complaint was sent to the police and statements forwarded to NCCL. Shortly after this the first person was arrested (on May 31) and remanded in custody. Within about two more weeks, three more people were arrested and also remanded in custody. It is possible that an otherwise growing membership melted away because of these arrests, as the group shrank in size from this time.

The remands (at Risley) continued until about July 17, when they were released on bail - police objections that they would plant bombs, intimidate witnesses, and be the subject of ravenous lynch mobs, suddenly disappeared from the prosecutor's repertoire.

The four came up for committal on August 7, and are due to appear in the Crown Court in about 2 - 3 months time. Here are the details.

1. One person aged about forty is charged with nine out of twenty-six possible charges: three charges of buggery with minors (section 12(i) of the 1956 Sexual Offences Act); five charges of attempted buggery contrary to Common Law; one charge of indecent assault (section 15 of the Sexual Offences Act).
2. A second person aged about thirty is charged with buggery with a minor (section 12(i) of the 1956 Act).
3. The third (about thirty-five) is charged

with attempted buggery and indecent assault. 4. The fourth, aged about nineteen, is charged with indecent assault and 'causing wasteful employment of police time by making a phone call to the effect that there was a bomb in Longton Police Station'.

(The latter charge omitted the fact that the police had used this as an excuse to go up into the house the boys were living in, and illegally arrest them). This boy had been summarily tried on the latter charge, and no sentence was imposed, as his lawyer so abjectly grovelled and apologised for his 'silly act', etc.

All the four charged have straight-straight solicitors - one solicitor gets most of his bread as the local pig-prosecutor!

What remains of the Gay Lib group has tried to support the accused while on remand, and get together the beginnings of an alternative defence - but it looks like they will get a straight defence in the end - psychiatrists and all.

At least four other arrests have been expected (but this may be police panic-mongering) and the present case seems in some ways like a repeat performance of the 1968 Potteries Purge, which resulted in the murder of one boy ('suicide' according to the coroner) whilst on remand, and the incarceration of three others after dubious police practices (see Sunday Times 17/3/68 - 'The Disturbing Case of the Consenting Teenagers', page 2)

These people are still remembered in the local gay community.

now fixed it all up for Morecambe."

Presumably the people of Morecambe are more broadminded than A. W. Delacour, of Wyke Cottage, Weymouth, who wrote to the Echo saying: "For the very small minority of our population genuinely trapped psychologically in the homosexual stage of development, one must feel the greatest compassion."

"But the current intellectual cult of defending any sort of aberration or perversion in personal relationships in the name of freedom needs to be challenged and attacked by all who subscribe to the Christian concept of human dignity. There is nothing new about sexual or homosexual licence. What went on in

Sodom and Gomorrah 4,000 years ago or in the Roman Empire in the days of St. Paul, is known to everyone.

"Many people in Weymouth must surely be appalled by the insensitivity of certain of their elected representatives in agreeing to receive the conference of the Campaign for Homosexual Inequality (whatever that means!)" - Mr Delacour's cock-up.

Mr Delacour was not available to comment to Gay News on his views on gayness, but we compliment him on this letter and on his error in CHE's title.

Peter Holmes.

GAY NEWS CASE DELAYED

On Tuesday, 22nd August, 1972, Denis Lemon, a member of the Editorial collective of Gay News, appeared at Great Marlborough Street Magistrate's Court to answer a charge of "wilfully obstructing the passage of the footway of Wharfedale Street, SW10". (see Gay News No. 5).

Denis was appearing after being remanded from an initial court appearance on 14th August.

Unfortunately the case was not heard until the end of the morning and after the reading of the charge, only the evidence of PC David Ford (480) of the Chelsea Division of the Metropolitan Police Force, was heard.

Denis was further remanded until Wednesday 13th September, where provision will be made for the length of time the case is likely to take. A number of witnesses for the defence will

be called to give evidence.

Anthony Burton, the solicitor acting on Denis's behalf, protested to the Magistrate, Mr John Hooper, at the further delay in hearing the case.

Denis is again remanded on £10 bail.

A full report of the outcome of the case will be in the next edition of Gay News.

The editorial collective of Gay News would like to further remind customers of The Colherne that they will only be taking photographs of the police and the surrounding area, and will try not to take recognisable shots of the pub's patrons. Any photo that clearly shows the identity of either customers or the general public will have the faces blanked out if these pictures are used in Gay News or any other publication.



Obstruction: Lesson One

MANSLAUGHTER OR MURDER

ADELAIDE: George Duncan, a 42-year-old ex-Cambridge don was drowned in the city's River Torrens early this year. London police are still in South Australia investigating this death, which was followed by the resignation of three members of the Adelaide vice squad.

George Duncan, an Australian, had returned to the country to take up a post at Adelaide University.

In May he and another man, 27-year-old Roger James were thrown into the river by four unknown attackers in Torrens River Park, the local trolling area.

Roger James broke an ankle in the fall and saw George Duncan was drowning. He shouted for help, he said at George's inquest.

One of the attackers half-stripped and dived in to help George Duncan, but couldn't find him. Then all four ran off.

That was Roger's evidence at the inquest into George's drowning.

Three vice squad officers didn't deny they were in Torrens River Park on the night of May 10.

But, they said, they'd been drinking and had stopped off at a public lavatory near the Torrens for one of them to be sick.

A uniformed policeman in a patrol car drove up, but, he told the inquest, he was told to move off by one of the vice-busters Con Francis Crawley.

Crawley told the patrolman "You're bugging up our poofers on the river."

At a police enquiry into the killing, Senior Con Brian Hudson, Cawley and Con Michael denied they'd been anywhere near Torrens River Park. But when it came to the inquest they refused to answer any questions in case they incriminated themselves.

All three were promptly suspended from the police force as a result, and resigned almost immediately.

Even if the coroner returned an open verdict on George Duncan - adding there was no evidence to show any of the vice-men had been nearer than 300 yards from the death scene, Adelaide's new police commissioner Harold Salisbury, who used to be in the Metropolitan Police, ordered another inquiry.

And to help him in this he invited his old buddies Chief Supt Bob McGowan and Det Sgt Charles O'Hanlon down under to dig a little dirt.

Scotland Yard told Gay News: "The officers haven't come home yet, as far as I know. Any report they make will go directly to the local authority."

A spokesman for Australia House said: "No result to this investigation has come over to us yet."

Photograph: Doug Pollard

BYE-BYE WEYMOUTH!

Hullo Morecambe!

MANCHESTER: The Campaign for Homosexual Equality has had to move its first conference next year from Weymouth to Morecambe, because the Dorset resort's council has reversed a decision it made in July to allow CHE to hold its conference at the Pavilion.

CHE finally got the cold shoulder from Weymouth on August 17 when the council decided by 24 votes to 14 to reject the decision of its entertainments committee to invite the conference to the town after a storm of protest in both the national and the local press.

The Dorset Echo shrilled: "Between 300 and 500 homosexuals will hold a conference in Weymouth next April."

"Their application was granted yesterday despite angry protests from the Town Council."

Leading the opposition former mayor, Ald. Wilfred Ward, who thought the idea "a disgusting lead" to give to the town.

He said; "Just how can we get in this town in order to raise money? Are we going to stoop to just anything? We seem to want to get our money without taking into regard any standing of the town."

Coun. John Knight agreed. He said: "This will bring in a lot of morbid sightseers who will want to see a crowd of queers."

The Daily Mirror got in on the act, too. On July 21 the paper joined the protesting chorus.

Coun. Clifford Chalker said: "We will be having a conference of prostitutes next."

Not all Weymouth's councillors share Mr Chalker's prehensile views. Ald. Sidney Porter said: "We have no right to stop a bona fide conference. We wouldn't stop one on grounds of race or creed."

The Mirror's bedfellow, The Sunday People joined in the finger-pointing campaign to kill the conference.

Voice of the People, the new-style, old-morality comment column lashed out saying: "Something very queer, but very understandable is going on at the seaside town of Weymouth."

"The queer thing is that some councillors are up in arms over the decision of the entertainments committee to act as hosts to the annual conference of a perfectly legal body."

"The uproar is understandable. Because the body is the Campaign for Homosexual Equality."

"Legal though homosexual acts now are between consenting adults in private, there is strong public distaste for those who engage in them . . ."

"If the citizens do let the homosexuals in there is one way that they can dissociate

themselves from their guests.

"BY CUTTING OUT THE OFFICIAL SHERRY PARTY AND DANCE AT WHICH CONFERENCE DELEGATES ARE USUALLY WELCOMED!" - their boldface.

The Sunday People showed that there's more than one way to go about queer-bashing and the challenge was taken up by the people of Weymouth.

The paper showed the way to get the boot in to a lot of the good people of sunny Weymouth.

Mrs H. A. O'Neill wrote to the Echo saying: "I am far from being prudish, unenlightened or unwordly, but I feel the citizens of Weymouth must band together to have this degrading decision rescinded."

Despite Mrs O'Neill's reminder to councillors that it was the citizens of Weymouth who put them on the council, the entertainments committee wouldn't go back on its word to CHE, and its report to the council said that it (the committee) consider that this conference might lead to better understanding of the problems which face what is understood to be a fairly large number of people, without at the same time, involvement in an extension of licence that would be unacceptable to them.

"The campaign is supported by a large number of highly distinguished and responsible persons prominent in Church and State, who have given it their approval."

Despite that the council meeting that looked at the entertainment committee's decision to let CHE have the Pavilion decided that it was not going to risk having 300 to 500 gays in their happy seaside resort.

The Town Clerk, Mr Edward Jones would tell Gay News only that the council had debated this for about an hour and a half. Weymouth Council would make no comment on the reasons for their decision to go back on the entertainment committee's decision.

As for CHE, Weymouth's hostility hasn't upset the Manchester organisation's hierarchy a bit. A spokesman said: "Weymouth was just one of the resorts we'd approached. We've

'Vietnam Has Sexual Side Effects'

NEW YORK: America's Time magazine has decided that homosexuality is on the way out. In its report on the latest round in the USA's favourite parlour game, sex-surveys, Time magazine tells its readers that "anything that discourages heterosexuality encourages homosexuality," in the view of Paul Gebhard, the ex-director of the Kinsey Institute of Sex Research.

"Because there are fewer sexual taboos in our society today, the adolescent is more likely to find a heterosexual pathway," Dr Judd Marmor, of Los Angeles, tells Time.

Dr Marmor adds that, despite this, only a small number of adolescents are likely to be affected since generally "the origins of homosexuality derive from certain specific conditions in the home and these conditions still exist."

Time concludes that increased sexual freedom will lead to a decrease in gayness and goes on to say: "There are no recent statistical studies that show changes in attitudes. Just as there is a greater willingness to 'come out of the closet' among their elders, younger men and women are more open about their homosexuality, especially in cities and at universities where there are organisations like the Gay Activist Alliance."

The facts used in Time's piece come from the first full-scale sex-survey to be carried out in the USA since Alfred Kinsey did his in 1953 - but then, Kinsey only talked to whites.

This latest survey is multi-racial and Time blames the breaking up in society for the growth of permissiveness. The paper editorialises: "Diminishing family influence has shaken up the rules."

"The disillusionment of many youths with Vietnam, pollution, corruption, has sexual side effects. It reinforces the idea of the older generation's moral inferiority."

"In fact, sociologists Simon and Gagnon assert, many young people begin their sexual activity in part as a 'personal vendetta' against their parents."

"Nor does the older generation have a very good record of marital stability. Since there are now 357 divorces for every 1,000 marriages, it is little wonder that children do not necessarily heed their parents' advice or consider marriage their ultimate goal. 'There's a healthy disrespect for the facade of respectability behind which the Albee-like emotional torrents roll on,' says Yale Chaplain William Sloane Jnr."

Ban On Cliff

Believe it or not, our own very special Cliff 'Livin' Doll' Richard has been reportedly banned from performing in Singapore next month. The reason given was his long hair.

The 32-year-old ex-rock 'n' roller is understood to have had his, and his five-man backing group's application for a visit refused for the same reason, according to Singapore's afternoon newspaper New Nation. Cliff Richard, although still popular, is not renowned for having flowing locks and all that mistakenly implies.

One wonders if Val Doonican will be banned from Hong Kong, and God help David Bowie on his forthcoming trip to Australia.

Cliff, who is touring Israel, commented "If Singapore bans me I shall simply carry on to Tokyo and forget the whole thing."

"I'm not going to get a haircut. Is this long?" remarking, that is, on his fashionably styled hair, which is considered short by our own standards.

Keep it growing Cliff, for as long as you are able. One wonders if this thought has ever crossed Cliff's mind, "Did Jesus ever have this trouble?"

Bona News Service



Gayness Doesn't Exist

RUSSIA: Elya Glazer, a 35-year-old biologist, who was senior scientific worker at Moscow University, was recently sentenced to three years' 'strict regime' (the extreme form of punishment in the USSR) for alleged slander, anti-Soviet propaganda, "and other unspecified criminal activities".

Pravda, reporting the sentence, said Mr Glazer, a Jew "whispered with all sorts of scum and moral crumbles to nourish foreign reactionary sources" and accused him of "licentious and sexual abnormality". It doesn't take too much thought to work out what they mean by that.

In Russia there is no legislation either condemning or condoning homosexuality. According to Soviet law, homosexuality doesn't exist. But apparently "licentiousness and sexual abnormality" does.

Elya Glazer has, unfortunately, not only been persecuted because he is a Jew, but also because, apparently, he has chosen his own form of sexuality.

Informed Jewish sources in this country have for some time now been reporting that large scale anti-semitism is taking place in the USSR. Also, Jews wishing to leave for Israel are usually prevented from doing so.

No Evidence

BRIGHTON: John Campbell, a 34-year-old London chef, was kept in police custody for three weeks for cottaging before the prosecution decided to give up and let him go home.

Mr Campbell, of Southgate, London N14, was put into the police cells on July 17 while the police got ready charges against him alleging that he "importuned for immoral purposes" in a men's lavatory.

In the end the prosecuting solicitor David Nissen said the police had no evidence to offer.

He said: "I would submit that the police acted quite properly. There has been no application for bail in the last three weeks."

John's solicitor, Mr Cyril Chapman, said he'd asked for bail for John, but this had been refused because the police said papers on the case were being sent to the Director of Public Prosecutions.

Mr Chapman said he couldn't see how the charge against John had been brought in the first place.

Mr Nissen said that John made a habit of going to Brighton to "meet other men".

The magistrates awarded John £20 costs against the police. The chairman, Mr Harry Brogden, said the court had sympathy for John and the £20 would cover his costs.

The man he'd met in Brighton, Paul Mitchell, 20, of no fixed address was put on probation for two years for stealing clothes and a railway ticket from John.

Thump in the Dark

HAMPSTEAD: An anonymous Gay News reader was given a black eye by plain clothes police while walking on the Heath.

The reader told Gay News: "I was walking on the Heath and I met these three large men in dark suits and blue shirts. I should have known they were police. One of them punched me in the face and I have a black eye."

"When I got to the roadway I saw there were two unmarked police cars parked. And from the noises behind me I could tell the plain clothes men were having a good time beating up gays."

A spokesman for Scotland Yard said: "There was an injury-only accident at Hampstead Heath, which required the usual police procedure."

He denied that there were any plain clothes police in the area.

Wish You Were Here

LEWES: Gays in Sussex are to get a "new deal" from the police.

The Chief Constable of Sussex has promised Gay News that he will look into any allegation of police harassment personally.

Mr T.P. Williams, at his Lewes police

headquarters, said that any gay who feels he's unduly harassed by Sussex police should report the matter directly to him, and not to his local police station.

A spokesman for Sussex police said that this system was not really new, it should exist in all areas. Check with your chief constable.

Funny, or How Very Queer

Julie Frost, Gay News's super salesman at The Boltons in Earl's Court, had a rather strange story to tell after an evening of selling the paper recently.

On leaving his local tube station, Caledonian Road, a car drew up alongside of him and out

popped three plain-clothes policemen. Julie was questioned about what he had been doing; his bag of unsold Gay News's was searched, and a copy of the paper was scrutinised. After more questions and his, and the paper's, name and address being taken he was allowed to finish his journey home.

A not too unusual occurrence, but wait. When Julie arrived home he noticed a dark blue unmarked police car, with its lights off, parked outside his home. Inside were two uniformed police officers. They were still there when Julie went to bed, and it was observed that they were still there much later that night.

We wonder what all that's about?

Incidentally, Julie was the cover-model for Issue No. 5 of Gay News. This week Gay News, next week Vogue or Playboy?

Contented Deviants Professor Carstairs Calls Homosexuals 'Deviants' In Medical Handbook

A non-gay woman member of SMG brought disturbing news to the Chairman, Ian C Dunn, recently. Researching for her final year studies in Dietetics at the Edinburgh College of Domestic Science, she discovered some particularly unpleasant writing on homosexuality in the prestigious medical handbook "The Principles and Practice of Medicine" (10th edition, eds. Sir Stanley Davidson and John Macleod, published by E & S Livingstone, Edinburgh, 1971).

The offending passage occurs in the section "Personality Disorders" (pp1076-1078). Homosexual activity is described as "... abnormal practices which do interfere with other people". A little later the writer suggests that "the Sexual Offences Act 1967 for the first time in Great Britain" (my italics) gave freedom to homosexuals. This is a blatant error of fact. Prior to 1885 homosexuals did have the freedom to make love in private. Moreover, prior to 1871, the age of consent was lower than the artificially high 21 years it is today. The writer also fails to point out that both Scotland and Northern Ireland remain outside the law reform of 1967:

"Most forms of deviant behaviour, such as homosexuality, seem to be the result of distorted experiences at the stage of development when boys and girls learn their sexual role." What sort of advice is this to present to medics-in-training? The writer would do well to undertake a study of heterosexual behaviour before making such sweeping generalisations about homosexuals. Is there a "cure"? The best advice the writer can come up with is a suggestion that these poor people could "dampen down their drives" (by drug ingestion? - we are not informed). "Deviants seem

rather content with their lot" is the final remark, and one almost feels like saying, "gosh sir, thanksalot!" It is a thoroughly bad piece of psychiatric writing.

But who wrote (or approved) the article? This is where the shock comes in: for it was Professor M Carstairs himself who acknowledged responsibility when Ian Dunn rang him up to discuss the matter. Did he (Prof. Carstairs) consider the article compatible with his publicly expressed views on homosexuality made as Honorary Vice-President of SMG? The Professor said that he would have to re-read the article. Would he consider re-writing the section for the 11th Edition (due 1973)? The Professor agreed to consider this, and asked for some notes to aid him in his task. Here, then, is an opportunity for the gay community to ensure that the real life facts on being homosexual get inserted into the best reference books. I would like to make a direct appeal to those readers who may have the time to undertake this work to get in touch with Ian Dunn, 15 Hope Park Terrace, Edinburgh, EH8 9LZ. Please send in suggestions backed up with chapter and verse references, if possible. Maximum 750 words.

Where Scots Lag...

Scotland "lags behind" England as far as homosexual legislation is concerned, a Glasgow psychiatrist told a one-day conference on homosexuality in Edinburgh yesterday.

Dr Keith Wardrop, Director of the Forensic Psychiatric Clinic, Glasgow, told the conference, organised by the SMG, that the attitudes among certain sections of the public towards homosexuals led to such things as drug-taking - particularly among young people.

Scottish Sunday Express, Glasgow.

SMG held a one-day conference on Homosexuality in Edinburgh. It received the above report in the Scottish press. We received the following report from Joan Aitken.

SMG CONFERENCE

One of the enormous tasks facing the gay movement is that of educating the rest of the world to the effect that gay is not bad or sick or corrupting. That is, to reverse the whole situation of gay people. For this reason SMG decided at their last AGM to hold annual (at least) conferences on homosexuality and to encourage the public to come along.

The first of these was held in Heriot Watt University on Saturday August 5th - the title of which was "Homosexuality - is it a problem?" In going along to any conference one tends to have doubts about the whole structure and almost to have headaches in anticipation. But I got a pleasant surprise - I can only say this was the best conference I have ever attended.

In the morning the question was discussed by four speakers - Anthony Grey, Michael Steed (Tres. CHE), Dr Keith Wardrop (Dir Forensic Psychiatric Clinic - Glasgow) and Sharon Murray (NE Womens Group). In the afternoon we broke into discussion groups. The conference ended with a forum.

I found the discussion on the female homosexual (did I notice a certain reluctance to use the word lesbian?) interesting in that it reflected how much homosexuals or any oppressed minority does tend to load itself with problems. There is an element of paranoia and thus some of the problems for the homosexual are self-created. I felt that Sharon Murray did present an example of this when she failed to realise that many of the problems of the lesbian are problems for the heterosexual as well. She was right, though, to get angry when Mr Wardrop suggested that life was easier for the female. There was some discussion between the speakers and the floor as to who had the roughest time - the male or the female. My own view is that it is an irrelevant question and to pose it is to indulge in the self-pity and egotism that Anthony Grey had attacked earlier in his talk.

The consent of the oppressed as a mechanism in the process of oppression was discussed by Michael Steed in an interesting talk where he scientifically looked at attitudes

to homosexuality. He quoted the results of National Opinion Polls on whether homosexuals should be able to make love freely in private and on whether homosexuals needed treatment. The latter reported that 93% thought that such was the case.

This point about attitudes came up again in the discussion on why the Homosexual Law Reform Act did not apply in Scotland. David Steel, MP proved a most willing and interesting speaker and explained attitudes to homosexuality were at the time of the act less "enlightened" than the English. However since 1967 the Church of Scotland, still very influential in deciding Scottish public opinion, has eased its attitudes and there has recently been much correspondence in the 'Scotsman' on the subject of homosexuality. The reliance on common law in Scotland to safeguard the position of the homosexual can no longer be trusted, especially after the recent House of Lords decision in the IT case, and recent local prosecutions.

But a lot of myths have to be waded through yet and how many differences there are on large issues and how much pain has to be disentangled to reach rational attitudes. The conference was good in that everyone relaxed together and the discussion was calm and sympathetic. It felt as if a breath of fresh air

The Rural Homosexual

I quote from Gay News No. 4 editorial 'It is on this level, with individuals telling it like it is, that progress is being made towards liberation (in the true sense of the word, not just as a slogan).'

This is what it is like with me. This is what it is like at the opposite extreme to the 'liberated' city gay mixing freely and openly with his 'liberated' friends.

Thousands of people in Britain live not in cities or towns, but in villages, hamlets, farms and farm cottages (using the word literally), and in every group of 1,000 such persons there are, supposedly, 50 who are homosexual. I am one of them. I write only to say what it is like with me, but I am probably saying what it is like with many others.

In a truly rural society no individual can escape observation and comment. For him there is no anonymity. He is a subject of gossip and speculation, and while he may be accepted as a 'character' or an eccentric, let him offend against the rural community's code of acceptable behaviour and he will find he has few, if any friends — and perhaps no job.

So the rural homosexual person, once he understands his predicament, either heads for the city (how many have done this because they were homosexual and not because they were looking for work?) or lives on where he wants to live, guarding his feelings and

friends to help restore his shattered morale. At the end of the day I am alone.

And, no offence meant, I don't want to join them. I want to live where I am.

Of course I want to love and be loved. For a long time I have been putting out discreet and tentative feelers and in recent months have made contact with members of a group in a city. In that respect I differ from the majority of rural homosexual persons who are ignorant of the means of making contact, but my equilibrium is worse now than it was before contact was made.

Twice I have been to the city (nearly 100 miles away) and mixed with group members on social occasions, but I was not one of them. Barriers built up in isolation take a long time to dismantle. I was accepted — they were friendly, but each had his own circle of friends, and I was in a world which was very strange to me. One would have to go there very frequently to build up the sort of friendships one is really seeking.

So I returned home on each occasion sad and depressed — sad because I had met people with whom I wanted so much to make contact but who were too deeply involved elsewhere, and depressed because these traumatic experiences had taught me that I could never be integrated with the group so long as I lived so far from it. To recapture my former comparative tranquility I should forget the group.

Forget the group? I can't do that. So long as they work, as they do, to improve the lot of homosexual people I must identify myself with them. I must identify myself with all those whom they work.

So that is what it is like with me now. If anyone thinks he detects self pity in this writing, I assure him there is none. I have just told it like it is.

I did not choose to be homosexual. I do choose to go on living here, and one can get by without sex. But I still want someone to love. Is that wrong?

Anon.



Illustration by Jean-Claude Thevenin

wondering who the other 49 (24½ males — 12 adult?) homosexuals are in his group of 1,000 — or have they all fled and is he all alone?

I can hear the 'liberated' city gay saying: "Come out into the open" or "Come and join us". I admire the courage of those who have declared themselves openly, but I suggest, with respect, that the rural homosexual's case is slightly different. The homosexual city dweller who declares himself may lose some friends but he will gain others. He may encounter discrimination and unkindness, but at the end of the day he has understanding

Coming Out

My boyfriend once apologised to a woman who had caught sight of us embracing (it was in her house as it happened). The woman's reaction was "You'll never get anywhere if you don't start doing that!" And I'm sure she was right — unless the hets are confronted with direct expressions of gay affection, homosexuals will continue to remain one of those faceless minorities about whom anything can be said, and who can be freely discriminated against by anyone who cares to, confident that no-one dare speak in protest.

How many of us really believe the one in twenty figure? Don't most of us really fear that we're only perhaps one in a hundred or even less? For the rule is to assume hetero until proven guilty, and we all fall for this at some time or other. That dishy guy you fancy so much at work just can't possibly be gay — because he's just too 'normal'-looking, and anyway you've heard him admit to fancying that voluptuous chick all the guys go for. This sort of situation would be a good time for a gay guy to ask himself how many times he had agreed to being attracted to a woman when he really wasn't, and to remember the times when he, along with the others, had joked about what the queers had been doing in the Sunday papers.

The popular misconceptions, which the people in the liberation movements so confidently laugh off, affect us all, and we propagate them either directly by backing up the male chauvinist pigs and laughing at their Queer jokes, or indirectly — which is just as harmful — merely by laying low, by denying our gayness to society in showing no affection in public and in keeping up heterosexual appearances while in non-gay company (I can remember one ridiculous situation when about five of us clammed up for the benefit of one het!)

But for whom do we act like this? For a minority of ignorant bigots, or is society as a whole really so unapproachable? How many gay people tend to arrogantly believe that society consists of prejudiced ignoramuses who just 'couldn't understand'? What good

are we doing ourselves by poking in corners for cases of discrimination and complaining what a raw deal we have because public opinion doesn't allow us the ordinary social facilities of the majority, when, in fact, public opinion has never really been tested — most people 'have never met one'.

The only product of lying low — gay people pretending not to be gay — is unhappy gay people: isolated people who think that they're 'the only one', bitter political people with a deep sense of 'us and them', and people who have crushed the very quality of their personalities by repressing every aspect of their gayness. If only a lot of gay people would come out, then the isolated individuals would see for themselves that they're not alone, the 'us and them' feeling would be dispelled as many of them turned out to be us, and society might, after all, prove to be rather more human than we perhaps believe.

Don't we owe it to our fellow gay people not to mention ourselves, to come out and express the goodness and enjoyment of being gay? I've held hands, hugged and kissed with other boys in some very public places, not necessarily as a protest — but because it seemed good to do it there and then. Usually, nobody notices, sometimes you get a bit of a surprised stare, and the most reaction I've ever found was "Uh! Fucking queers!" And I'm sure most gay people can think of a reply to that!

Love to Graham Chapman and other people who've come out.

Michael Kaye

Friends in High Places

John Edgar "Mother" Hoover is dead at 77. Although Mother was much maligned in recent years by radicals — both Gay and straight — Hoover will probably be remembered in history as one of the great heroes of Gay history.

His critics said he was a master of the queenly arts; that he maintained his power by cunning conivery; that he was a master of deceit, that he used his dossiers on the sex lives of politicians to get his way. All of these techniques are the skills of the old-time queen; the things that queens had to do to survive in a hostile world.

In spite of his right wing political views, in spite of his practice of using his sex files against his enemies, not once in his 48 years in office did he use his files against a Gay brother. Undoubtedly, his files had the dope on many secret homosexuals in high and low places, but to Hoover, this secret was a confidence, a holy trust which he never betrayed.

During the McCarthy-Nixon anti-homosexual witchhunts, Hoover refused to turn over his vast files on homosexual employees to the Unamerican Activities Committee. When McCarthy and Nixon equated homosexuals with communists, Hoover wrote a best selling book, "The Masters of Deceit", in which he said that while communism is a conspiratorial political movement, it has no connection with homosexuality, and, in fact, communists are vehement in their persecution of homosexuals.

When President Johnson's chief aid, Walter Jenkins, was arrested for sucking cocks in the YMCA toilet, Hoover sent Jenkins a bouquet of roses. Hoover and Jenkins had been close friends for many years. When Hoover was summoned to court to explain why he gave a top security clearance to a man with a long record of arrests for homosexuality, Hoover told the... it was none of their business, and refused to turn over his file on Jenkins.

The evil things they say about the viciousness and treachery of Hoover may be true, but he didn't cooperate in the purges and persecution of homosexuals. In fact, Hoover often used the prestige and power of his office to protect homosexuals from the witchhunters.

Some radicals used to start discussions of the F.B.I. by saying "Did you know the director is a fag?". Gay Liberationists often used Hoover as the horrible example of the closet queen. But Hoover could not come-out



as a self-declared homosexual. To have done so would have destroyed his effectiveness.

Hoover is survived by Clyde Tolson, his constant companion during the last 44 years of his life. Tolson, now 70 years old, was very close to Hoover. The two bachelors lunched and dined together almost every day and had dinner together in Tolson's home the night Hoover died. Every day, Hoover would pick up Tolson on his way to work, and drop him off again after dinner in the evening. They spent their vacations together. They worked together in the same office.

Hoover left his entire estate of \$551,000 to Tolson, who now lives alone in Hoover's \$100,000 antique filled mansion in Washington D.C.

Most Gays are still hostile to Hoover because of his conservative political views, but in time, Hoover may come to be recognised as the great benefactor of the Gay Community, a man who was loyal to his friends, and never did wrong to a fellow homosexual. The status of homosexuals in America today would be a lot worse than it is were it not for the protecting hand of Hoover.

The story of the 44 years of mutual love and devotion between Edgar and Clyde may become a classic story of Gay love, and rank with the stories of David and Jonathan and Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas.

Reprinted with love from the Bay Area Reporter (BAR), May 31, 1972.

WHO'S KEEPING AN EYE ON THEM WHILE THEY'RE KEEPING AN EYE ON YOU?

It's a fair question. As the powers-that-be get more powerful, your civil liberties get more difficult to protect. Injustice takes place every day — to the man-in-the-street as well as to minority groups. And it isn't easy to fight back.

The NCCL does fight back—against harassment, discrimination, invasions of privacy, the arbitrary exercise of power. In a society that's increasingly 'them' and 'us', the NCCL needs to keep an eye on 'them'. Just as it needs to help the victims of injustice, tell people their rights, press for legal reforms.

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IDEAS OF GAY LIBERATION

This article is written from a GLF point of view, by someone who has been involved in the movement since the start. Although the ideas expressed here have been discussed in a small group, they are printed here as an individual contribution.

The gay liberation movement has risen as a response to complex social changes and is one of a variety of protest movements that have arisen since the early 1960's — eg the Black Movement, the students movements, the youth movements, the women's movements. Although these movements have separate social and economic causes, what unites them is a cultural protest against the standards of modern society. The gay movement, it could be said, is chiefly a cultural revolt against the standards of male-orientated culture. The economic content of gay oppression is small: gay people are rarely openly discriminated against in jobs and housing: the problem is rather one of internalising a cultural attempt to ignore or place homosexuality as a sickness or sin. Gay Liberation is an attempt to go beyond the liberal ability to tolerate homosexuality, while still regarding it as a rather sad misplacement of energy, and to assert the value of homosexuality as the self-expression of a large number of people.

It goes beyond, therefore, the quietish Campaign for Homosexual Equality whatever its merits, on the whole timidly asking favours of society, and on the contrary asserts that homosexuals must control their own lives. But the way in which the gay movement expresses this new confidence differs, not only from country to country, but even within the movement itself — three distinct approaches can be distinguished even within the London movement — we shall call these: *Gay Activism, Gay Radical Feminism and Gay Radicalism.*

Gay Activism: This is the attempt to achieve for gays a full measure of equality with straights, legal equality, equal access to jobs and housing, social recognition within the standards of straight bourgeois society, leading to movements for gay marriages, gay churches, better gay ghettos. In other words it accepts society as it is, and accepts gay roles as they are. It just wants full equality. It is

primary, and its logic is to reject all contact with male culture whatsoever. It is the equivalent tendency in the gay movement which has become the loudest section in GLF.

There seem to be three basic tenets to this ideology:

- 1 That for gay people the struggle against sexism is primary.
- 2 Therefore the gay struggle is autonomous in the sense that its enemies are all those who uphold male chauvinist structures, whatever else, then gut radical politics. Strategic links should therefore be based solely on enmity to sexism — eg with women.
- 3 The method of challenge to these institutions must therefore be modes of behaviour which challenge gender roles and subvert the family, the chief enemy of gay people. In this case it is closely related to ideas of the counter-culture, particularly the idea that the best way of getting rid of institutions is to ignore them, to drop out of them, and to develop ways of

basis.

GLF can never begin to reach more than a minority of gay people if it's based just on obscure personal needs instead of trying to reach down into what's common and relevant in gay experience. Gay people do not form a class, they are not distinct like blacks, they are not confined to one social strata.

We can't say: 'We will liberate you if only you do as we say.' That's not gay liberation.

Gay Radicals: It is the inadequacy of these two approaches which have brought a group of us together to work out a better approach to gay liberation. Our approach is based on these ideas:

- 1 That only gay people can achieve their own liberation: Waiting for the revolution, when all will be right on the day, as some revolutionaries seem to think, is not on. We must organise as gay people, with gay anger and gay pride, and fight for our rights now.
- 2 That true liberation cannot be achieved in a capitalist society. Gay civil rights can be; so can some of the things demanded by radical feminists. But 'liberation' cannot be. Male domi-

when we are strong in ourselves can we really show our solidarity with others. This means we must not put down other gay groups, however much we may disagree with them on tactics. In particular, gay liberationists must not reject all that 'radical feminists' stand for. On the other hand, they must not put down other gay sisters and brothers who honestly believe their analysis and methods to be wrong. All of us in GLF who reject the oppressive power relationships of heterosexual bourgeois society must support those which are based on new communal values. This cannot be done by one group or another forcing its views on to the rest in a so-called liberation front.

Second: It means fighting as gay people and gay groups in the common struggle for radical change, getting involved in other causes, coming out wherever we're active.

It means also recognising GLF for what it is — a movement rather than an organisation, with as many different ideas as there are groups. GLF in other words, should not at this stage attempt to have a single ideology or strategy. All of us in the Gay Movement should, on the contrary, respect each other's



Gay Pride Week, Trafalgar Square, 1972.

Photograph: Doug Pollard



Festival of Light, Hyde Park, 1971. Banner seen shortly before arrest.

really no different in ends from something like CHE. Gay activists are not apologetic about their homosexuality, so they can be more militant and defiant. But they refuse to think politically, or to make contact with other radical groups and express solidarity. Gay activism is generally for men, often hostile to women. It wants rights for gay people as they are; it does not challenge butch or femme stereotypes, or examine new ways of relating. In America this tendency has produced a separate organisation, but the tendency is reflected in things like the church group, the Jewish group, working within existing societies and beliefs. It can have valuable results, it can help change the law, it can slow down police harassment. But it cannot get into the heart of our oppression as people — in the family, in capitalism, in nationalism. What's the use of having equality with straights if we are still imprisoned by class, racial and sex divisions?

Gay Radical Feminism: Many of the most fruitful ideas in the gay movement have come from its recognition of a close relationship to the women's movement. In the recognition of a common enemy, the sexism of a male-chauvinist culture, reproducing through the family imprisoning gender roles, gay men and women can unite with straight women in attacking oppressive standards.

Some of the women have produced out of this attitude an ideology of radical feminism. In its extreme form this sees women as a separate class upon whose oppression all the forms of a sexist society have been moulded. As a result the women's movement is seen as

life of one's own. By decaying within the whole weight of sexist culture, and capitalism which is supposed to be based on it, will crumble. Gays and women are then, in the extreme flights of fancy of some, going to lead the revolution. They seem to regard themselves as the new 'vanguard' and often act with its accompanying arrogance.

This tendency has however made us think afresh our definitions of sexism; it has made us more closely aware of the links between the women's movement and Gay Lib (though most gay sisters did not need to learn this lesson from men). And it has been useful in making many of us think again about the links between capitalism and sexism.

But is it a worthwhile ideology for real radicals?

Can freaking out, tripping and political drag really subvert society? It might liberate many individuals from their personal hang-ups: it might release personal energies hitherto repressed. But its chief result has been to turn many gay people inwards, to make them politically passive. Can a long individual ego trip contribute much to the downfall of sexism and capitalism?

It ignores the really oppressive pervasive effects of bourgeois society. All the evidence suggests that groups of people who drop out of society with no idea of where they are going or what they are doing are either destroyed or absorbed. Moreover, 'dropping out' can never be more than a minority activity, the problems of capitalist society is that people are imprisoned in their roles; it is usually the privileged few who 'drop out'. A mass movement can never be built on this

nation pre-dates capitalism, but it has been so fully integrated into capitalism that the fight against one must involve a fight against the other. Gay people cannot fight alone against capitalism, let alone lead it. Those of us who want radical change must fight alongside other radical groups. And that means recognising that the largest constituent group in a fight against capitalism is likely to be the working class. We have to confront and fight their male chauvinism, itself the product of the dominant culture. That means two things:

First: Gay people have to build up their own confidence and solidarity by working together for specifically gay purposes. Only

attempts to work out our beliefs or actions in our own way.

This suggests GLF ought to go in for a cellular structure with mass meetings for major actions and for social purposes. Some of us believe that the best way to do this is to organise, within GLF, a specifically socialist group, or groups, where we can work out, in theory and practice, the links.

But we *gay radicals* should not try to force an ideology on the movement, but provide a rallying point for those who think like us. Only in this way can we get together any valid strategy and really contribute to the revolution.

Jeffrey Week

GAY LIBERATION FRONT GROUPS

At present there are GLF groups in operation in the following areas:

Aberystwith	Essex University	Reading
Bath	Folkstone	Sheffield
Bristol	Greenoch	Swansea
Brent	Guernsey	Sussex
Bedfordshire	Higham Ferrers	
Birmingham	Hull	LONDON
Belfast	Keele University	South London
Bradford	Lancaster	West London
Cambridge	Leicester	East London
Cheltenham	Leeds	Notting Hill
Canterbury	Manchester	Hackney
Cardiff	Newcastle	Youth Group
Colchester	Norwich	Religious Group
Derby	Oxford	Women's Group
Durham	Portsmouth	
Edinburgh	Potteries	

The addresses of these groups may be obtained from the G.L.F. Office at 5 Caledonian Road, London N1. Tube Kings Cross. Tel: 01-837 7174. Also contact here for other G.L.F. information.

Gay Women's Liberation Group, Contact Gillian 837 4502. Meets Wednesdays 7.30pm.

G.L.F. Youth and Education Group meets on Mondays. Phone 837 7174 for details.

Religious Gay Lib Group, meets various Sundays at 2.30 pm. Phone 278 1701 for details.

Sussex GLF meets Tuesdays at 3.15pm upstairs/back bar Stanford Arms, Preston Circus Brighton. Contact: Doug Coombe 40 Ashford Road, Brighton, or phone 866939.

Reading Gay Alliance, Room 7, 30 London Road, Reading.

Bath Gay Awareness Group. Contact Richard or Teresa at Bath 29437.

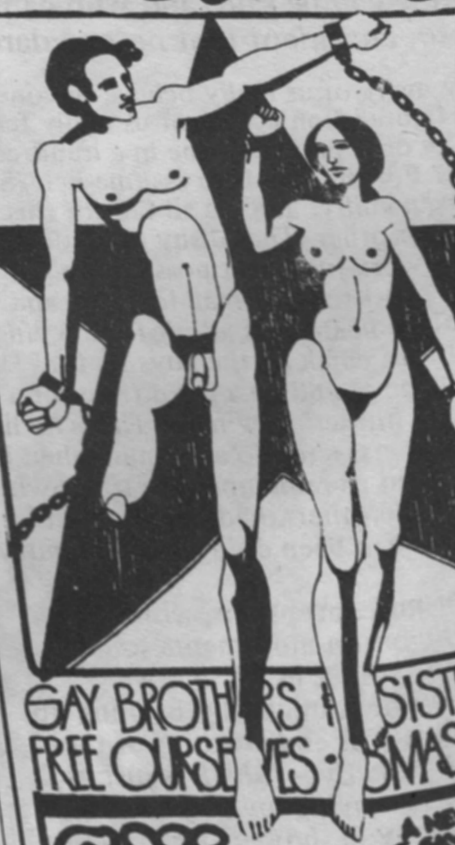
Bristol Gay Awareness Group, c/o Tony, 20D, West Mall, Clifton, Bristol. Tel: 02 2-32669.

Leicester Gay Awareness Group, Contact John Page, 126 Nansen Road, Leicester LE5 5N. Phone: Leicester 738832.

Oxford GLF is again operational. Contact: Eric Presland, 310 London Road, Headington, Oxford, or Mick Wallis, Hertford College, Oxford.

Leeds GLF Liberation Office, 153 Woodhouse Lane, Leeds 2. Tel: 0532-39071 ex 57. Meetings every Friday at 7.30pm at the Liberation Office.

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ODDS & SODS

Believe It Or Not

As you may have read in Gay News No. 4, and have possibly noticed in this edition of the paper, I (Denis Lemon) have been arrested, and remanded twice, on a charge of 'wilful obstruction'. Of course, at present I can make no comment on the case as it is *sub judice*.

But what I can comment on is the fact that on the Sunday evening of 27th August (at approximately 10.45 p.m.) I was taken into custody for suspected possession of a stolen camera.

Earlier that evening I had been selling copies of Gay News in The Colherne public house in Old Brompton Road, London SW5. After 'closing time' I crossed to the opposite side of the road to the pub, where, after seeing a group of four uniformed police officers moving people on outside the pub in an unnecessarily rude manner, I took a photograph of them.

No sooner had the flash of my camera died than the police officers came bounding across the road, as if there was an armed robbery taking place behind me. Incidentally the policemen had left their own 'manor' because The Colherne side of the road is under the jurisdiction of Chelsea Police, whilst the opposite side is under the control of Kensington Police. Undeterred by this minor legality I was questioned about why I had taken the photograph, and had the camera snatched from my hands in a way which could hardly be described as polite. I explained that it was my job at present, to take pictures in the vicinity, and of any police action outside The Colherne, as there have been many allegations of unnecessary harassment received at the Gay News office. This apparently was of no interest to the four policemen who then immediately started questioning me about my camera and whether I could prove, there and then, that it was mine. I told them that I couldn't, but possibly could, if they cared to come either to my home or to the paper's office. They weren't particularly interested in this and told me that I would have to go to the Police Station with them.

Having recently enjoyed the delights of a cell at Chelsea Police Station, I insisted that as they were taking me into custody in Kensington that they should take me to Kensington Station.

After some discussion they finally agreed to my request with which I was bundled into the police van they had arrived in and was driven off into the wilds of Kensington.

On arriving I was searched thoroughly (even the pockets of my jacket were well sniffed for God knows what). Then I was questioned

about my activities and the remote chance that I might not have committed a felony to obtain the camera. To cut a long story short, after two hours I was taken to my home where I produced the box that came with the camera when it was bought, which finally convinced the police that it had come into my possession legally. But I was severely warned that it was highly dangerous to walk about in the streets with property that I couldn't prove was mine. "People have gone to prison before now", was a parting comment they left me with.

What might interest you is some of the comments the police made whilst I was their guest: "It's bad enough that there are places (The Colherne) like that"; "Piss Off is a term used by everybody nowadays so it is unlikely to cause offence to anybody"; "Soon all you homosexuals will be driven out of sight again"; "The public has had enough of hearing about your sort"; "Papers like yours and the underground press will soon be stopped"; "If you took a picture of me I'd knock your head off"; "There are 195,000 people in Kensington who would like to see homosexuality stopped"; "The crime rate is going down so we are not wasting our time there (The Colherne)".

Most of these comments came from the Station Sergeant at Kensington Police Station, who on various occasions throughout my two hour stay with them, informed me that I was a "pervert", "a queer", and "an abnormality that had to be stamped out." He also said that he did and always would refer to black people as "wogs", and that they didn't mind and it was "too bad if they did".

But what did make the whole fiasco almost worth while was the one constable who came into the room whilst the others were busy elsewhere, who said, "I've got nothing against homosexuals, I just get sent there (The Colherne)". Thanks to that one police officer I still retain a little respect for the police, who are in my opinion doing in Kensington and Chelsea, one of the best anti-public relations campaigns in the history of the police force in this country.

Denis Lemon

Trolling In Saudi Arabia Or Lust In The Dust

I have been so pleased recently to find out about your newspaper and CHE that I have been tempted to write to you to say so. I do not live in England and hope that I shall be able to arrange for the newspaper to reach me. I live in Arabia in a society which could hardly be more different from Christian Western society and have spent some time this summer in Britain attempting to appreciate the current attitudes, legal and social, of the homosexual society vis-a-vis the rest of the community. Despite what I have been told about 'queer-bashing' and degrading police methods of 'detection' work I am sure that the situation is hopeful and certainly a great improvement on the days when I knew London best, the late 50's. I do have my personal feelings about some of the less discreet goings-on of Gay Lib, as I have about those who continue to say 'Let's keep quiet and they won't notice us'. It is wonderful that minority groups of all kinds are forming and acting in this age when we see more and more the disintegration of the old formalised patterns of society; the family, the street, the village and so on. The more we are concentrated into a high-rise society, numbered, depersonalised, and state registered into anonymity the more acute become the problems of the lonely, the depressed, the anxious and the person who doesn't fit. It is wonderful to see humanity assert itself. Those of us who have found a haven, a means of identifying or an escape route must try even harder to understand and to forgive those confused few who attack us. We must learn to tolerate, to educate and to love from a position of self-confidence. Even our poor old parents, who must be as confused as anyone.

The Arab world is homosexual if by that I mean it is a male-orientated society. Policemen walk hand in hand and a boy's best friend is another boy. All will eventually marry and have children. This is economic, necessary and good. Love is a highly romanticised ideal and hardly ever achieved except in the platonic relationships between men. However the majority of men have active homosexual friendships usually with boys between the ages of thirteen and eighteen who respond and actively seek such friendships. Some will say that this is only because the girls are kept strictly apart and obviously if they were not there would be boy/girl sexual friendships, but as this is impossible it is beside the point.

Amongst the Europeans who live here there are many who are gay or bisexual and have formed close friendships with Arab boys and men. Some are shy at first, because in small communities everything is noticed, but they do visit us. They are curious too. They find great difficulty sometimes in understanding our attitudes and once they have become sincere friends they tend to find it more difficult to have a sexual relationship as well. As they say, "You don't fuck your friend", but they are interested in the idea and I have seen some happy and full friendships develop. An Arab boy is proud of his body, he longs to love, he is promiscuous but he is also in his own way very loyal. He will give you his last possession and expect the same in return.

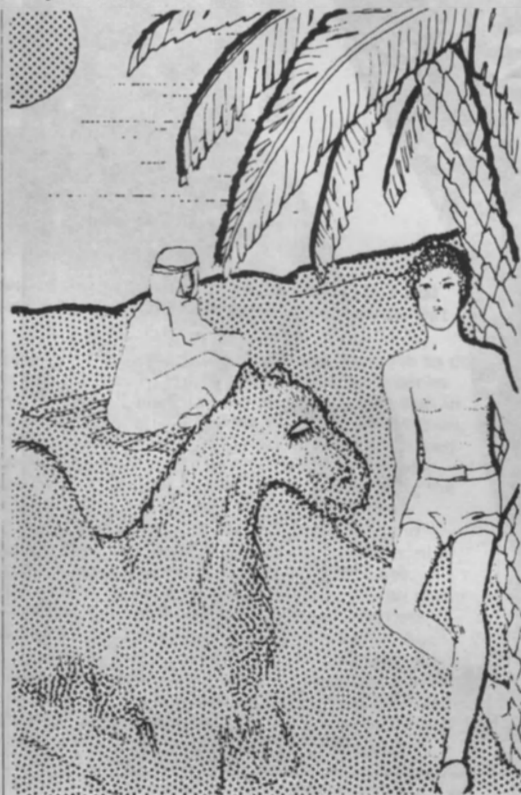


Illustration by Jean-Claude Thevenin

You do not enter into such a relationship unless you are prepared to give. I do not mean payment. Probably some readers of this will have spent a holiday in Morocco or Beirut and paid for their pleasures and certainly they need not feel any guilt about this. But I would say that in a society where it is not 'queer' or unusual to feel desire for a beautiful boy it is possible to be 'gay' and remain 'normal'. I have used the quotation marks because, paradoxically, there is hardly such a thing as a gay Arab in Arabia.

Leaving aside the differences in our societies there are many ways in which East can meet and help West. English people in our expatriate community which is small and who are not gay themselves have mixed socially with us on equal terms, inviting couples to

tea, coming to parties with their children, joining in picnics and so on. If they can do it here, far removed from the prejudices of British society they can do it also in Britain. It is for us to open our doors to them, to understand their difficulties and help them to feel unembarrassed with us.

To close may I say that we should welcome any letters or news from Britain or anywhere else - it is nice to keep in touch if anyone is interested in our rather more than usually cut off bit of the world.

David J Boulton

If any reader wishes to contact the writer of the above, Gay News will happily pass on any letters.

Parents of Gay Children

A group for the parents of homosexual children has been started in London. It is the idea of Rose Robertson, herself a mother and chairman of CHE's Catford-Lewisham group. Rose has been concerned about the relationship between parents and their gay children for some time and in the course of her campaigning activities has met several people in this situation. "At first I put an ad in the local paper", she says, "and got a number of replies. However, when I invited them to get together I got no response. And moreover, nearly all the letters I received more or less asked me to recommend a cure - you know, send the pills by return."

A few months ago she was invited to talk about her project on *Woman's Hour* and this produced some response from all over the country and she has now been able to call a meeting.

Obviously, in its very earliest stages the group will have to be local (though a mother travelled from Leicester for the first meeting). And the prime emphasis will be on helping those individual parents who turn up to come to terms with the homosexuality of their sons and daughters. "Many of them have no idea what homosexuality is really like," Rose says, "and have all the usual prejudices." So education of parents for starters.

But it doesn't take much thought to realise the truly immense potential of such a group. Adjusted parents lead to adjusted families and, confidence gained, the way is wide open for some valuable political action. "After all, a crowd of parents lobbying parliament for law reform isn't going to go unnoticed," is the way Rose puts it.

This may be a little in the future just now,

but before that will come a voice in Parent-Teacher Associations and thus pressure from another, and responsible direction for better and fuller sex education in schools.

As the group becomes established and well-known, its presence may well encourage other gay men and women to tell their parents. For if the individual gay person has tremendous problems related to coming out, so does his or her parents. The revelation tends initially to provoke shame and possibly disgust. And if not this, then bewilderment and fear, also a sense of failure as parents. If these feelings can be eradicated, put into perspective, then maybe mothers and fathers can begin to play a pretty impressive role in the cause of homosexual liberation.

Rose would like to hear from the parents of gay people and is already thinking of the reverse situation - the straight children of gay parents. Write to her at 16 Honey Road, Catford, SE 6.

Roger Baker

Snippets

We thought you would all like to know that Gay News is now regularly despatched off to the British Museum. It goes into their archives for posterity. So now we'll become a little piece of history. Only heaven knows what the future will think of us.

o o o

Which CHE group in West London has orgies and blue movie shows on Good Fridays? Send your answers on a postcard to Julian D. Grinspoon.

o o o

In a future issue of Gay News we hope to bring you an interview with Lou Reed, ex-lead guitarist and chief song-writer with New York's Velvet Underground rock group. Lou, who is now living in this country is currently recording his second album here for RCA. The record is being produced by David Bowie. In a recent Melody Maker interview Lou described himself as a 'bisexual chauvinist pig'. One wonders what that means? All will be revealed in our interview we hope. When Lou completes his present recording commitments, he will begin playing live dates across the country.

o o o

Recently in London from the USA was the Motor Cycle Club of New York. Our man in Earls Court reported seeing large numbers of the club's members in the Colherne on the evening of Thursday 24th August. On being asked where they were headed next, their

'leader' replied "Russia". Good luck and Bon Voyage, see you all next year.

o o o

Incidentally, The Colherne is changing managers at the end of August. The new managers, a married couple, take over on 1st September. We hope they will settle in without too much trouble. To them too, we wish the best of luck. We trust that the pub's regulars will be patient with them. And to Jeff, the manager who is leaving, we wish all the best in the future and thanks for the improvements that have happened whilst he has been at the pub.

o o o

And don't forget, people, Bass-Charrington have a welcome for all behind those bright red doors of theirs. So their ads say anyway.

o o o

Competition Corner: When CHE stands up to speechify at Speakers' Corner, why do two handsome young policemen stand in the front of the crowd with their arms folded high across their chests? Writers of the first 5,000 correct solutions opened will receive prizes of pocket tape recorders.

o o o

If you hear any little bits of gossip or chatty pieces of news, give us a ring at the Gay News office.

Bona News Service.

Olympics

MUNICH: Replay of Berlin 1936 Olympic Games are at present under way here. Main interest is not the athletics, yachting and so on but the new permissiveness that's hit the sportsdrag scene.

Diving events are notable for the bulging trunks with, for instance, Italia written round the boy's crutch. In gymnastics the USSR has gone for virgin white with a scarlet edge for the girl's costumes, while the German Democratic Republic has gone for multi-shade purple Esther Williams nothings.

All that, and J.D. Grinspoon's favourite clubs makes it completely unsurprising that the Americans can't drag themselves out of bed for something as boring as running.

Bona News Service

It's a Man

The only male shorthand/typist of the main Staff Bureaus' lists in Glasgow and in Edinburgh is blond-haired Ian Bitters.

Ian has a shorthand speed of 120 w.p.m. and a typing rate of 50 w.p.m. His regular magazines are MEMO and GAY NEWS. He is fluent in German (his course at Stirling University majors in German) and French. He has a well-stocked library of writing on Germany in the 1930's, his favourite period. He is keen on opera, especially Wagner.

As he says, "the offices I work for get such a shock when their new shorthand-typist turns out to be a male! I get landed in some very strange situations."

Ian Dunn

S&M AND THE GAY WORLD

The largest gay newspaper in the country, *The Advocate*, has never had anything about S&M although 20% of its personals ads are placed by sadomasochists. By way of contrast, only 1% of the personals concern transvestites and about 4% pederasts. This does not necessarily mean that 20% of all gay men are sadists or masochists. It does suggest that S&M may be much more common than generally believed. We will have to wait until the Kinsey Institute publishes its report on homosexuality this year for any statistics.

The New York City gay liberation newspaper *Come Out!* published "S&M and the Revolution" in its January, 1972 issue. This article may be the first about sadomasochism in any gay newspaper. It is primarily an

Homosexual sadomasochism is one subject which the gay liberation movement has never discussed. Although gay liberationists have strongly supported transvestites and pederasts by urging repeal of laws against cross-dressing and those governing the age of sexual consent, sadomasochism has been completely ignored.

Most gay men have such a difficult time coming to personal terms with S&M that they treat it as an embarrassment. Gay Liberationists have even actively persecuted sadomasochists. A new and very secret Los Angeles organisation, Gay Zap, has been sending crank letters to several of the Hollywood gay bars that sadomasochists patronise demanding changes in business policies and promising police action if the demands are not met.

S&M has been the bad boy of the gay world, and only during the past few months has anything been written about it. Dennis Altman, author of *Homosexual: Liberation and Oppression*, devoted several pages to transvestism but dismissed sadomasochism in a single sentence by saying it was probably the result of a confused sexuality which would disappear under less repressive social norms. He added that coming to terms with S&M was one of the real challenges for the gay liberation movement.

— have done exactly what straight society has done to the rest of us.

Within each of us there are elements of sadism and masochism. Most of us have sublimated these feelings towards non-sexual and sometimes undesirable goals. Such socially approved activities as military discipline, football or queer-beating by police often carry homosexual sadomasochistic overtones.

Do you like to give orders to other men? Do you really dig marines, policemen and other authoritarian uniformed types? Like to buddy-ride on bikes or maybe wild wrestling? Perhaps your thing is a wild time in the old bunkhouse with all those butch cowboys and lumberjacks? If you have secret feelings for



apologetic explanation of S&M and emphasises that sadomasochistic activities are entered into voluntarily between sadist and masochist, and nobody ought to have any right to oppress voluntary sexual conduct.

Gay civil rights activist Peter Fisher wrote a sympathetic chapter on S&M in his recent book, *The Gay Mystique*, but his coverage seems so superficial that he must have relied mostly on hearsay. It was not until the publication of Larry Townsend's *The Leatherman's Handbook* in March that we can get a real look at gay sadomasochism. Townsend, president of HELP, Inc., a Los Angeles gay legal defence group claims to be intimate with the S&M cult.

His wild accounts of what sadists do to masochists boggle the mind and will certainly stir up a controversy. The *Handbook* digs deep into every S&M scene from the "toys" the S-men use on the M-men to how to lure your prospective partner (victim?) to your "Playroom". Most S&M men — even those who admit their homosexuality — are so ashamed of their practices that they keep their sadism or masochism a guarded secret. People just wouldn't understand. Townsend at least has the guts to put his cat-o-nine tails on the table and let the rest of us know where he stands.

I realise that many gay brothers are opposed to violence of any sort, and it is all too easy to condemn S&M on prima facie value alone. But I believe that many of those who condemn men grooving together in a ritualistic flagellation aren't going to say anything about the pusher who sells LSD to somebody and sends him on a trip over the Golden Gate Bridge.

For many, gay and straight alike, no other form of sexual expression seems more repulsive than sadomasochism. Liberation is for all gay people, and not just for counter-culture gays and political radicals because they say they have the proper political or social consciousness, nor is it only for transvestites and other fem-identified males because they have flung their homosexuality in the face of society so long. There can be no second-class gay people who must remain in the closet while the rest are liberated. By ignoring, and even persecuting the S&M people, organised homosexuality — the newspapers, churches, political groups, and liberation organisations



any of these things you might have strong but unresolved gay S&M urges, and until you act out those feelings you are going to feel frustrated and sexually unliberated.

The S&M man might be especially sexually liberated because he dares to act out fantasies other men only dream about, but more disturbing are the sadomasochistic fantasies in the first place. Perhaps the gay sadomasochist is the ultimate casualty of our anti-sexual Judeo-Christian heritage — a man so conditioned by the anti-erotic morality of religion that sexual arousal and orgasm are possible only through the giving and receiving of pain.

Social psychiatrist Wainwright Churchill writes in *Homosexual Behaviour Among Males* that American society is so sexually repressive that furtiveness and anxiety are necessary for erotic arousal in many men, and they are deliberately forced to seek partners whom they cannot trust or might cause them trouble. Churchill reports that such men are even grateful for the laws prohibiting homosexuality because they foster the anxiety-ridden contacts they must have!

According to Ford and Beach in *Patterns of Sexual Behaviour*, sadomasochism is restricted to sexually repressive societies. Christianity has attached sinfulness and evil to erotic stimulation, and for centuries priests flagellated grovelling penitents to purge them of their sins.

Alex, anti-hero in the motion picture *A Clockwork Orange*, was programmed by behavioural psychiatrists through drug aversion therapy which reduced him into an asexual half-man who could not protect himself when his past victims sought to do him in. Similarly, the gay sadomasochist has been programmed by a brainwashing technique developed by the Church, and most Americans are so brainwashed by this religious conditioning that they have ceased to be free agents. Deprived of free will, Americans have reacted against homosexuality with a knee-jerk reflex without understanding why.

Gay sadomasochists are the end products of religious conditioning, for it has constructed within their minds an obsessive-compulsive fixation to give and receive pain. Erection and orgasm respond only to pain, and sexual pleasure is partially replaced by pain. Sadomasochists have no free will to choose the sexual activity, they are involved with. We have no moral right to pass judgement on those who cannot help themselves.

Sadomasochism is easily the least understood part of the gay world. People envision tough, leather-jacketed queers attacking youths and torturing and mutilating their bound and gagged victims in scenes of wild abandon and depravity. In actuality, most gay S&M people engage in acts of controlled fantasy, often in psychodramatic roles involving domination and submission such as Marine Corps boot camp, fraternity initiation, or cowboy bunkhouse. Much of it simply in-

volves such symbolic acts of humiliation and servitude as bootlicking or calling the sadist "sir". Heavier S&M usually includes a considerable amount of "discipline" and frequently includes bondage and flagellation with a whip or studded belt and that can cause real pain.

Really hard-core practitioners become so addicted to S&M that they may not become sexually aroused without pain. Occasionally some sadomasochistic activities go beyond moderation and include real torture such as castration. Larry Townsend gave a graphic description of such a castration where the severed testes were stuffed into the victim's mouth. Things like this make S&M revolting to anyone.

Although S&M tends to be role-oriented, "rough sex", which means a lot of brawling and heavy wrestling, could be considered S&M without the role playing. Most writers of sadomasochism ignore rough sex. A lot of S&M is also fetishistic and requires that one or both partners wear certain articles of masculine garb such as black leather jackets or cowboy boots. Before we condemn fetishism, how many straight men are turned on by women in spike heels and black garter belts?

It would be unfair to brand all gay leathermen, cowboys, or other masculine-oriented types as S&M. Many gay men wear leather, denim, cowboy outfits, hard-hats and similar attire because they feel more masculine in it or it helps attract sex partners. After all, male homosexuals are attracted to men, not to a man who looks and acts like a woman. Some critics - mostly effeminate types from the "fluffy sweater" or transvestite crowds - charge that the denim-leathermen are "male impersonators" and "straight-identified".

They claim that female drag is the only proper clothing for the really liberated male homosexual, and one must act effeminate and become fem-identified. These critics are also often straight-identified... as heterosexual women, and they are simply continuing straight society's definition of the male homosexual as some sort of pseudo-woman. No, the denim-leathermen are not male impersonators, just male.

Organised S&M and leather-oriented gay social clubs exist in several cities, notably Los Angeles, San Francisco and New York. Los Angeles has 17 bike and leather-denim social clubs with a combined membership of perhaps 225. Most of the nine leather-western Los Angeles gay bars are members of HELP, and several of the HELP officers and many members are involved in the leather-S&M subculture.

This subculture is a very stable element in the gay community (many bike clubs have been going for years) and constitutes an organisational reservoir, but because most leathermen have tended to be "closet queens", they have been apathetic as far as political action goes, and it has only been recently that they have shown an interest in gay civil rights. We will find them becoming increasingly prominent in the gay rights scene.

S&M supporters have given two main reasons for sadomasochism. First they argue that S&M is entered into voluntarily by both sadist and masochist, and people must not be concerned about the habits and lifestyles of others as long as they remain voluntary. But how voluntary is S&M? Are we really dealing with an obsessive compulsive behaviour which people cannot control? Even Townsend admits that a sadist freaked out on drugs can be deadly. There seems something suicidal and homicidal in S&M, and I have heard and read of hair-raising stories about high voltage electricity, castration, branding irons, needles through the teats and scrotum, rack stretching, and burning chemicals applied to the body. Even if electric prods or red-hot poker are not your thing there is little one can do to stop

the application of these goodies to the body if bound and gagged.

A traditional argument against homosexuality is that it destroys society. One could also argue that S&M destroys the individual. Besides the ultimate danger - death - there are lesser dangers leading to permanent injury to the body - genitals ruptured and mutilated, the insertion and breaking of sharp objects in the rectum, hepatitis from sticking dirty needles into people, and permanent blindness from gonorrhoea in the eyes resulting from infected urine if splashed over the body.

The second argument for S&M is that it supposedly directs violence by channeling it to certain specific sexual encounters. Men are drawn from those sublimated homosexual desires which have boiled over into war, and violence would be eroticized into sex. Ever read about the origins of the Nazi Party? Many of the early Nazis were homosexual sadomasochists, and they didn't sublimate anything.

On the contrary, S&M is common to all anti-sexual militaristic societies, and sadomasochistic sex is basically part of a general tendency of the violence within such a society. In fact, the propagation of S&M might have a detrimental effect on society by increasing the general level of violence in the same way psychologists say that television violence affects children. Fundamentally S&M is authoritarian, demanding superior-inferior relationships, and, I have a disturbing suspicion, a penchant for an authoritarian society.

Sexual equality is probably the strongest argument for homosexuality because hetero-



sexual relations always involve role-playing simply because of the differences between men and women. Gay sex offers the possibility of equality between partners as well as relationships. The husband-wife roles taken by the transvestite and his "husband" is an imitation of the heterosexual relationship. S&M sex is another kind of role-playing involving dominance and submission. If one argues that a masculine homosexual is straight-identified, such a gay man is only enacting a role expected of men. With the elimination of extreme social roles, gay relationships will tend to change to what will be expected of men, but it is necessary to liberate all men, not just gay men.

Gay sadomasochism is a confused and muddled issue. It is liberating insofar as the practitioners act out otherwise suppressed fantasies and oppressing because of the dominant-submission role-playing and the giving and receiving of pain. I profoundly hope it will wither away as sexual norms liberalise and men are not straight-jacketed into social roles they cannot fulfill. Rather than persecuting sadomasochism we should turn our attention to its causes.

Craig Hanson

Reprinted with love from *Gay Sunshine*, 1972

10th September. This stars Robert Stack and Elke Sommer, and is an exciting spy thriller. Support is *Cosa Nostra - Arch Enemy of the F.B.I.* with Efrem Zimbalist Jr. and Walter Pidgeon in the cast. Efrem is of course star of *The F.B.I.* series currently being shown on the commercial television channels. The film is about the F.B.I.'s struggle against the dreaded Mafia, and as we all know the struggle is still going on against that insidious criminal disease, which unfortunately is still growing all the time.

Monday 11th September, for three days, has *Fragment of Fear* as top of the bill. David Hemming and super Flora Robson are the stars, and the film is quite a good thriller. Second feature is *Run Virgin Run* which sounds very naughty. Personally I stopped running a long time ago, but apparently the leading lady in this soft-porn epic, Helga Tolle, is still on the move. Don't hold much hope for her in this day and age.

Alex Cord and Britt Eckland (Peter Sellers' ex-wife) perform together in *Stiletto* on Thursday 14th September. This is another thriller and not a particularly memorable one at that. Also showing is *A Time for Giving*, which marks the return of David Jansen to the Bio's screen. And I leave it to your imaginations to guess at what David is giving.

Sunday fare on 17th September is *Naked Runner*, supported by *Countdown*. The former stars the ageing, now retired, playboy Frank Sinatra (he's reputedly a few other things too but I'd get myself sued if I mentioned them). The film is worth watching if you have nothing better to do. The latter features James Cann, and I believe it's a thriller. Incidentally, Frank Sinatra has been in the news recently for two reasons, firstly because of the fortune he spent on a successful hair graft operation and also because he has had to give evidence at an enquiry into Mafia business activities in America.

Do you Want to Remain a Virgin Forever? is sure to intrigue us all on Monday 18th September. I know I couldn't wait to lose my little rosebud. It makes me feel old trying to remember with whom I overcame that difficulty, does it you? Legend of the

Witches is support feature. This is a documentary featuring self-styled King of the Witches, Alex Sanders. The film in fact is a boring tit-bum-and-thingy saga, purporting to let you know the inside story of the witchcraft cult in this country. Yawn, yawn, where's another thingy to look at please.

Well, dears, that's it for this issue. Must go now, I'm having a drink with one of the gentlemen from Bona News Service. Don't forget though, give yourselves a treat and have a little relax in the gloom at our haven at Victoria. Take care.

Julian Denis
Grimpspon

The Biograph, Wilton Road,
Victoria, London SW1.

Thursday 7th September

Baby Love : X : Ann Lynn & Linda Hayden

The Hell Benders : X : Joseph Cotten

Sunday 10th September

Peking Medallion : A : Robert Stack & Elke Sommer

Cosa Nostra - Arch Enemy Of The F.B.I. : A : Efrem Zimbalist Jr. & Walter Pidgeon.

Monday 11th September

Fragment Of Fear : AA : David Hemming & Flora Robson

Run Virgin Run : X : Helga Tolle

Thursday 14th September

Stiletto : X : Alex Cord & Britt Eckland

A Time For Giving : A : David Janssen

Sunday 17th September

Naked Runner : U : Frank Sinatra

Countdown : U : James Cann

Monday 18th September

Do You Want To Remain A Virgin Forever? : X :

Legend Of The Witches : X :

POEM

In this world we live in
We have got to give in
To the thoughts and feelings
That we know must be
And it's not surprising
That we're realising
In this world of freedom
That we, too, are free

We belong like they do
We're not wrong - we may do
Things they'll learn to understand

The reasons for
And our group is growing
They will soon be knowing
That each day our numbers
Build up more and more

The love that once could never speak its name
Will shout about for all the world to hear
The love that once we had to hide away
We will show with pride and build up,
year by year

That 'friend' we had we can call lover now
The flat we 'shared' can now be called a home
The act of sin has let the sunshine in
We are gay and free and we are not alone

Roger Farleigh

follow-up

Monthly for the gay scene

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full of fun
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BIOGRAPH REVIEW

Hi, kiddo's, hope you are all well and are making the best of the Summer. Time flies doesn't it, I just can't believe this is issue No. 6 of this lovely paper, and that yours truly still hasn't run out of words. But there is so much happening, isn't there?

Mind you, some people get it better than others. Here I am slaving away week in, week out, seeing all those films at the Bio, then having to write my little piece about what films are showing in the future. And of course I have my own little life to lead as well. But as I was saying, some people certainly do have it better than others. That David Seligman gets all the invites to the press showings of new films and I haven't even had it suggested to me that I might like to try my hand at previews. It's not fair. You get drinkies and goodies after the press showings as well, and you can rub shoulders with all those famous reviewers like Alexander 'up-yours-Ken-Russell' Walker and Dilys 'ever-so-arty' Powell.

I do hear though that there will be a ticket for me to see the trade showing of *Tales from the Crypt*. What an honour.

You wouldn't believe it would you, but people are still bitching me about my Bio column. Look dears, you don't have to read me if you don't want to. Julian knows your sort. Why don't you just turn

straight to the personal ads page and leave me to do my thing in peace. We all know that you miseries who are always complaining about this and that in this paper only buy it for the personal ads anyway.

Now for all you dears who like to be informed about what's on at our own little haven, the Bio, here's the run-down on what's showing during the next couple of weeks.

A very saucy and thrilly bunch of celluloid goodies they are too. On Thursday 7th September, for three days, the main feature is *Baby Love*, starring Ann Lynn and Linda Hayden. It's all about this young lady who manages to have 'intimate' relationships with every member of a family household. Best of luck girl, I say, I'd do the same myself if I got the chance. It's a load of rubbish but it's fun. A fast moving outdoor action film called *The Hell Benders* completes the programme. It stars Joseph Cotton, who is bent on showing his years of experience in the movie industry.

Peking Medallion is the film showing on Sunday

Forelock and Foreskin

Fields of Wonder, by Rod McKuen. W.H. Allen, £1.00
Twelve Years of Christmas, by Rod McKuen, W. H. Allen, 80p.

Two slender volumes of lyrics from the man who, according to the blurbs, must be something like the eighth wonder of the world. A thousand popular songs he's written, Academy Nominations have crossed his path and there's a string of major classical works too. He's the world's best-selling poet, it sez here.

The few times I've seen Rod McKuen perform (on television) he turned me off like nobody since Michael Parkinson. He was, it struck me, a case where sincerity was at once too much and not enough. Too much to tolerate — that intense gaze beneath the white-blond forelock, an arm buried elbow deep in sheepdog, the introspective muttering. Not enough — to explain and excuse an inability to sing; to carry a tune, hit a high note, project.

In one of his Christmas verses he writes:—
*There was the year I first heard Brel
and cried*

because I thought I'd never sing that well
Does he think he sings that well now, I wonder. But this seems to be how McKuen casts himself, as a transatlantic Brel, a chanteur in an essentially European tradition. But Brel has musical guts and dynamism, he looks outwards. McKuen looks inwards, the introspective loner in faded jeans, riding the range of the recording studios and babbling, like Falstaff on his death bed, of green fields.

In these sequences McKuen throws himself on the world like an open sore and records the pain and balm that come his way. He is passive from the opening stanza:—

*... I travelled not to Tiburon or Tuscany
but battled back and forth
between the breasts and thighs
of those who fancied for a time
my forelock and my foreskin.*

Always he is the innocent: "Fields of wonder are the places God goes walking, / I found them by mistake and I've trespassed." And he makes his position clear:—

*Love I wore
As open as a wound
a mad mistake I know
but love, like Lent,*

*only comes to those of us
who still believe.*

We are not, in all honesty, so far away from the wonderful world of Patience Strong ("A smile is a light in the window of the face that shows that the heart is at home") and even in pain the quiet, consoling voice preludes sleep. He has added a tentative awareness of sexuality to this simplistic view of life ("I have in common with all men/a lump in swimming trunks"), but it seems a faintly embarrassing itch, lost beneath sententious, didactic clumsiness when the message is rammed home.

Only a few of these collected verses are intended as lyrics for music. But they are often ridden with the kind of imagery that sounds probing when murmured through a microphone but which fails to survive reading: "There were fences that I leapt/and some that I slid under,/even when I knew I'd tear my pants." Now and then, though, McKuen does come up with the goods as here: "The sawdust made/by two lives rubbed together/is as useless in the cover up/of changing feelings/as the kind spread thinly/on the floors of butcher shops . . ."

Twelve Years of Christmas is a collection of annual messages to his friends between 1958 and 1969. They are summings up of the past year, very personal and idiosyncratic. Ironically, their very intimacy makes them far more immediate and interesting than the pompositives of the bigger sequences. Here, in such verses as *The Jazz Palace* and *El Monte* Rod McKuen does indeed nearly approach the quality of Jacques Brel. The style of these Christmas messages is less effortful, the lines more fluent, the experiences more relevant than in *Fields of Wonder*.

Roger Baker

The Well of Loneliness

Recently issued in paperback by Corgi (at 50p) is *The Well of Loneliness* by Radclyffe Hall, a considerably autobiographical novel of Lesbian life and loves. Though banned in 1928 when first published, the book in fact contains not one 'obscene' word, and any sexual encounters are coyly couched in the vaguest terms. The reason for the ban appears to have been not so much because of its subject matter but for the sympathetic treatment afforded it. Though rather over romanticised and trite

in parts, it still has a certain amount of nostalgic charm and compulsion. Dealing as it does with female, not male homosexuality, it is more concerned with social rather than legal prejudice. It also shows with abundant clarity how little the homosexual has been accepted by and integrated into society, in spite of the not inconsiderable changes of attitudes towards sex education and behaviour in general over the past few decades.

Norman Pratt

Futile Dreams

FAT CITY starring Stacy Keach, Jeff Bridges, Nick Colasanto. Screenplay by Leonard Gardner, based on his novel. Music Kris Kristofferson. Produced by Ray Stark and John Huston. DIRECTED BY JOHN HUSTON. A Columbia Pictures and Rastar Productions Presentation released by Columbia-Warner Distributors.

Life is indestructibly futile and how better to show this than through the lives of 2 boxers in a small town in rural America — the "real America"; it's either boxing or slaving in the fields for 50c an hour; America isn't all 5th Avenue New York and nor is life. This isn't really a boxing picture either — boxing is used symbolically through the actual fight scenes to portray the battering of life. The older boxer Billy Tully (Stacy Keach) aged 30 is battered, broken and alcoholic; Ernie Munger the younger one, played by Jeff Bridges is eager and enthusiastic at the beginning of the film and by the end, after 6 fights, he has a cauliflower nose, a wife and a baby, just because he's given way to his sex drive one dark rainy night in the back of a car. Sods Law! Payment for orgasm: one car stuck in the mud; one pregnant girl he's got to marry.

As with all John Huston movies the pace is slow and the atmosphere electric. Every small town is here in this movie; sad, seedy, depressing, lonely, where a man is irrevocably trapped for life. Job, wife, kids, the same

friends every night — he hasn't really any choice. And if you try and raise yourself above it — Bam! Bam! and this is the point of the boxing theme. The film was actually made in Stockton a typical small American

town, and in its bars, boxing rings and surrounding flat fields. The real populace are used in all location scenes and their reactions unrehearsed; most of the boxers are actually played by boxers.

While Billy is hanging around one of the numerous small gyms in the town he sees young 18-year-old Ernie "fooling" with boxing gloves on. He thinks he has talent and sends him to his old trainer, small, squat, capitalist and fatherly, brilliantly caricatured by Nick Colasanto. This reminds lonely, alcoholic Billy of the comeback he's always planning to make, and after his girlfriend, too alcoholic and ugly to still be a paid whore, runs out on him, he goes back to the trainer who arranges a pro bout with another ageing heavyweight, who an hour before the fight is peeing blood. They both swim around the ring for a few rounds, before Billy knocks him out, but only to find that after weeks of not

drinking and hard training he's left with only \$100. Sometime later he's wandering around a parking lot blind drunk when he comes across young Ernie getting into his car, rushing back to his wife and baby. He reluctantly agrees to have a cup of coffee with Billy who pleads with him not to leave him alone. They sit in an enormous billiards room with a coffee bar at one end of it. It's been the same for 50 years and will be for the next 50. The old man who serves the coffee can barely move and one supposes that if he was lifted from behind the counter he'd disintegrate. The camera stands still over Billy's face and pans over the groups of men methodically playing cards in the same groups as they always have and always will. END OF FILM.

Depressing, disillusioning: life brilliantly mirrored. Don't miss it.

David Seligman

AAAARRRGH!



ASYLUM (X) Starring Peter Cushing, Britt Ekland, Herbert Lom, Patrick Magee, Richard Todd. Written by Robert Bloch. Directed by Roy Ward Baker. Distributed by Cinema International Corporation.

Standard horror atmosphere! Six people locked up in an isolated rural mental hospital, presided over by a wizened wheel-chaired Patrick Magee, who gives a young doctor the task of guessing which of the four inmates is the former doctor who went insane. So he goes into each of the four rooms and interviews each of the four patients who give their versions of how they got there. There is then a flashback and we are shown the predictably gory episode which has put them there.

For me the attraction of horror movies is

that they are a total fantasy in a realistic setting, which makes them utterly believable, while at the same time being entertaining, and frightening in their excursions into the supernatural. Plunging me into this realistic fantasy provides me with a delightful ninety minutes of escapism, and this latest piece is as brilliantly directed, ham-acted, enjoyably frightening as usual, and is highly recommended to all addicts.

David Seligman

St Valentine's Day At The Paramount

The Godfather. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola. Starring Marlon Brando, Al Pacino, Richard Conte, Sterling Hayden, James Caan, John Marley. Distributed by Paramount Pictures. Cert X. 175 minutes.

I always thought a "press show" was when a movie renter showed his latest product to the press. But the Godfather press show changed all that. All 900 tickets had been allocated weeks before but still the press showed up in force to tell us where they're really at. The Paramount staff had to deal with a crowd that behaved more like a crowd of hungry bears than like a corps of serious-minded critics.

One ageing trendy tried to slip his amoureuse past the cordon by folding his ticket in half. "I haf two tickets. Ve are ze German Press."

But Paramount's lady at the gate wasn't having any of that and the German Press's lady was sent to stand with the other ticketless

wall flowers.

So the carnage had started outside the cinema, with people trying to storm the barricades. And even if the people in the cinema clap at the end, it seemed hardly worth the effort.

It isn't so much that The Godfather is a



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FIELDS OF WONDER

More sensual in imagery than usual, this is a work of love by a man who has become the world's best-selling poet by sharing his own emotions and communicating what we all feel. **£1.00**

TWELVE YEARS OF CHRISTMAS

These are Rod McKuen's thoughts about Christmas holidays spent not only near the holly and the ivy but in the city, in the fields and on the beach – in love – waiting for love. **80p**

'It doesn't matter who you love or how you love but that you love'

W.H. ALLEN

(A division of Howard & Wyndham Ltd)

bad movie, it's just that it's two hours and 55 minutes long.

Brando's make-up is good, his acting is as good, but it's hidden by all that face he's wearing.

The story is as vicious as they come, and not half as boring as Mario Puzo's novel which it's based on – largely because Puzo and Coppola have gutted the hopelessly wordy novel.

But it still leaves a hopelessly long movie. Maybe it's because the style it's made in is the style gangster movies of the 1930's and 1940's were made in – the heavy dissolve from scene to scene.

The movie treats the decline of a powerful Mafia family without mentioning the Mafia once – the Italian-American community leaned on Paramount to get the word cut out.

Instead we get "the mob", "the family", "the racket" where we should have the Mafia, and it makes it all seem rather silly – euphemisms always do.

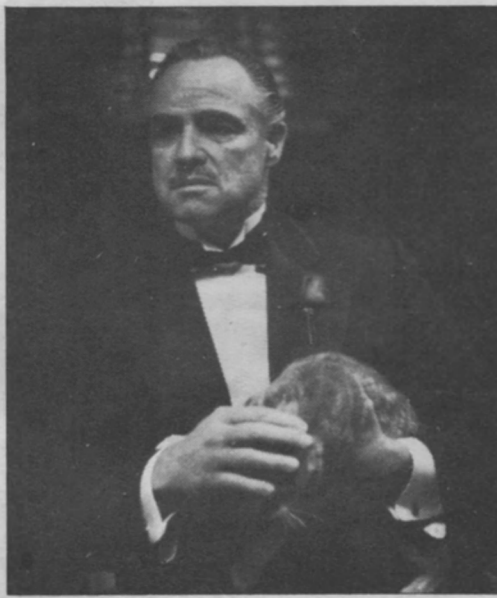
The best thing is the music, by Nino Rota, who always did run up a nice little score for the odd movie.

The most entertaining thing was the press clawing at each other, but when this gets into print they'll be fighting at another viewing. In fact I fell asleep in the first hour, but it didn't make much difference to my under-

standing of what was going on.

Two disturbing factors: The Godfather is apallingly sexist and it enjoys its violence like any good little rich voyeur getting his kicks.

Peter Holmes.



Drifters Magic

"Saturday Night at the Club" – The Drifters – Atlantic K40412

Following the recent chart success of the re-issue of At the Club and Saturday Night At The Movies on a maxi single, Atlantic have released a generous 14-track album of The Drifters, featuring the two previously mentioned tracks.

The Drifters have had a long and successful career, and despite many personnel changes, have produced some of the most rewarding soul music on record. Even in their earlier days, when recording techniques were primitive by today's standards, the amount of

attention paid to the quality of their sound put them away above what most other similar groups were doing. And they have consistently maintained this quality on all but a few of their recordings.

Other factors which have attributed to their continuing popularity have been the use of exceptionally fine rhythm sections, and well thought out and inventive arrangements. And what with their smooth vocal work they have created songs that will be played for some time to come.

Apart from the title tracks, the most notable songs included on this album are Baby What I Mean (which is still an evergreen favourite in discotheques), She Never Talked To Me That Way and Be My Lady. Another particularly good track is Up In The Streets Of Harlem, which comes from their On Broadway/Under The Boardwalk period and has much of the same sound that made those tracks so excellent.

Denis Lemon

Kemping It Up

(The word CAMP is locally pronounced Kemp in the posh Morningside area of Edinburgh)

Lindsay is back! And boy do we know what to expect!

The Lindsay Kemp Theatre Troupe last put on "Our Lady of the Flowers" late in 1970 at the Traverse Theatre Club in Edinburgh to a storm of critical praise. This production, which will be repeated during the Edinburgh Festival, is significantly different, and a whole lot more interesting for gay men.

I say gay men, because this is a mimed play about male homosexuals. The period is 1938 Paris; the visions are those of an old crone in prison who conjures up the most erotic imaginings as a means of self-stimulation and sexual release. The 1972 production does not falter in presenting these images to its audiences.

The scenes are linked by narrative (reader Lindsay Levy, London GWLG) which is the more interesting because it is read in a half drowsy monotone; a casual "nothing-shocks-one" voice. The play opens in a nunnery, where, in the half light we see mysterious figures. They are the nuns: mindless and aimless, desperate for erotic stimulation. Stimulation arrives in the form of Ian Oliver whose extraordinarily beautiful naked body is carried round the crypt. There is more than a

passing allusion to a Christ-like figure. "The chosen one" – a lovely young youth – is stripped naked by the nuns and the two proceed to make symbolic love/sacrifice before the cross.

There are various scenes in the dives of pre-war Paris. One remarkable performance shows the two male lovers gazing into one another's eyes quite oblivious to the vigorous, but appalling, acting of the cafe's prostitutes. "Bye, Bye, Blackbird" can never be the same after the twists and enhancements given to it by the Kemp Troupe. The play's ending is heartbreaking, and here we have the traditional outlook on the homosexual: it must all end in tragedy, in gore. But even this is carried off well – and is much appreciated by the older members in the audience.

The cast is 9 men 2 women. Lindsay Kemp and Orlando have shouted the triumph of physical homosexual eroticism, and have picked a cast of very attractive, visually stimulating men. Andrew Wilson of London GLF created the music sequences.

Ian Dunn

Reason With Them

Fresh news has just come in from the Paramount, where there was a spectacular confrontation between the 'Paramount' Family and a band of 'Reviewer' mercenaries. Eyewitness accounts of the scene, which took place outside a cinema known as 'The Paramount' (believed to be a reference to the beliefs of the members of the Paramount organisation), speak of heated clashes occasionally leading to scenes of violence.

At least one of the 'Paramount publicity girls' (from the propaganda wing of the organisation) came into violent contact with the mercenaries, when her clothing was torn and damaged, although she herself escaped unscathed. An entire sleeve was torn from the fetching orange and black two-tone mid-dress which she had bought specially for the occasion.

Bona News Service



All Over The Rainbow

David Bowie at the Rainbow, Finsbury Park

The Rainbow, after being given a new lease of life by the Chrysalis agency, was the scene for David Bowie to give his most impressive concert to date. David, after being talked about in the musical press and pop circles generally as the new 'Superstar' of rock, finally proved he was all, if not more, than people had been saying about him.

Apart from his excellent backing group, Lindsay Kemp and his theatre troupe joined David on stage. The stage incidentally had raised platforms erected on it, which were used extensively by the actors and the star throughout the performance.

And Wow, what a show. David Bowie is now a true 'superstar'; he lives and acts the part completely on stage. He knows exactly what is expected of him and delivers his 'superstar' act perfectly. David's knowledge of the theatre and long association with the pop world make for a type of professionalism that is all too often sadly lacking in the top rock acts of today. In comparison Little Richard should retire, and Mick Jagger should take a few lessons.

Lindsay Kemp's involvement added another dimension to the show. Lindsay, this country's best mime artist, radiated love, hate, madness and all the other emotions and fears that come to mind with David's music and words. A song like *The Width Of A Circle*, which has been written about in *Cream* magazine as 'a Dantesque farago of homosexual schizophrenia', becomes frighteningly alive, reaching out beyond just the music with the aid of the scores and David's performance.

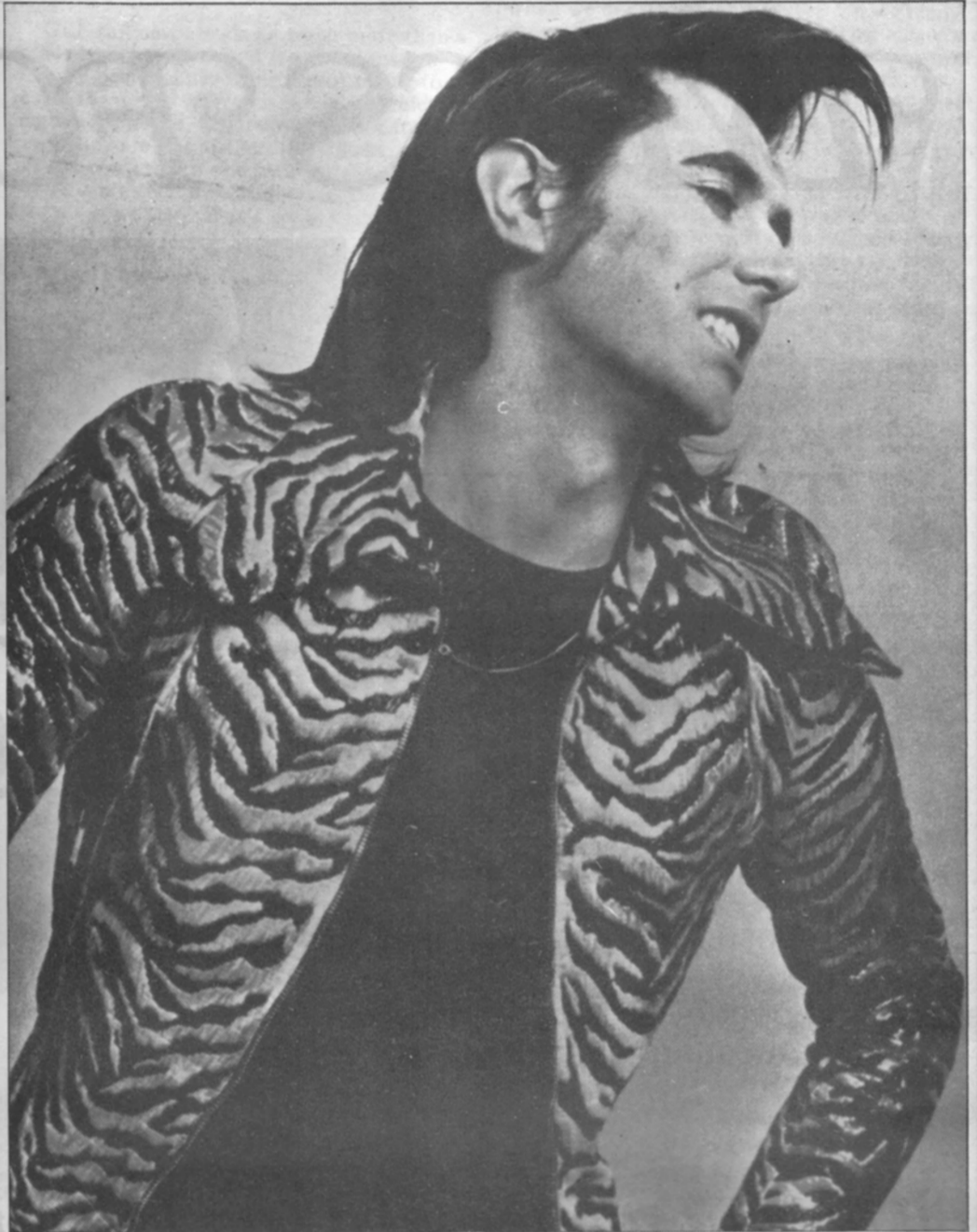
As well as singing the most notable songs from his last two albums, on RCA, David used material from his soon to be re-released *The Man Who Sold The World* album on Mercury, and even going further back into his recording career to sing the classic *Space Oddity*. Also his rendition of Jacques Brel's

My Death a song that few rock stars would be brave enough to attempt, was one of the highlights of the evening.

If you didn't see David Bowie at the Rainbow, you missed a remarkable performance by a truly original artist. Whether the gay aspects of his act are just part of the show, or a real part of the world of David Bowie, are unimportant. His defiance of accepted social conventions and the purity streak that runs through all levels of society, including the young and the supposedly aware and informed, does much to break down the barriers that stop so many from accepting and understanding. David Bowie is just what the World needs.

The supporting band at the Rainbow concert was *Roxy Music*, a bizarre collection of musicians, playing even stranger music. They derive their sound from all forms and styles of music, but what you end up hearing is quite unlike anything you have ever heard before. The music and songs are also delivered in a somewhat camp way, one song being introduced "for all you sailors".

The weird attire and hairstyles the group wear also help to stop them being categorised. Andrew Mackay (saxophone and oboe) had his hair in two large ringlets on the top of his head, and the antics and silver pants of Eno (synthesiser and tapes) kept the audience's eyes at times riveted on him, whilst the performance of Bryan Ferry (lead vocals and piano), looking like a refugee from the 50's/60's period of rock, was amazing.



Bryan Ferry, *Roxy Music*

It took a little time for the group to break through to the audience, but by about their third or fourth number the crowded theatre was theirs, entranced by the wall of sound being created on the stage.

If you have a chance to see *Roxy Music*,

and you're interested in 1972 experiments in rock music, make sure you don't miss them. Have a listen to their album, *Island*, first - it will help prepare you.

Denis Lemon

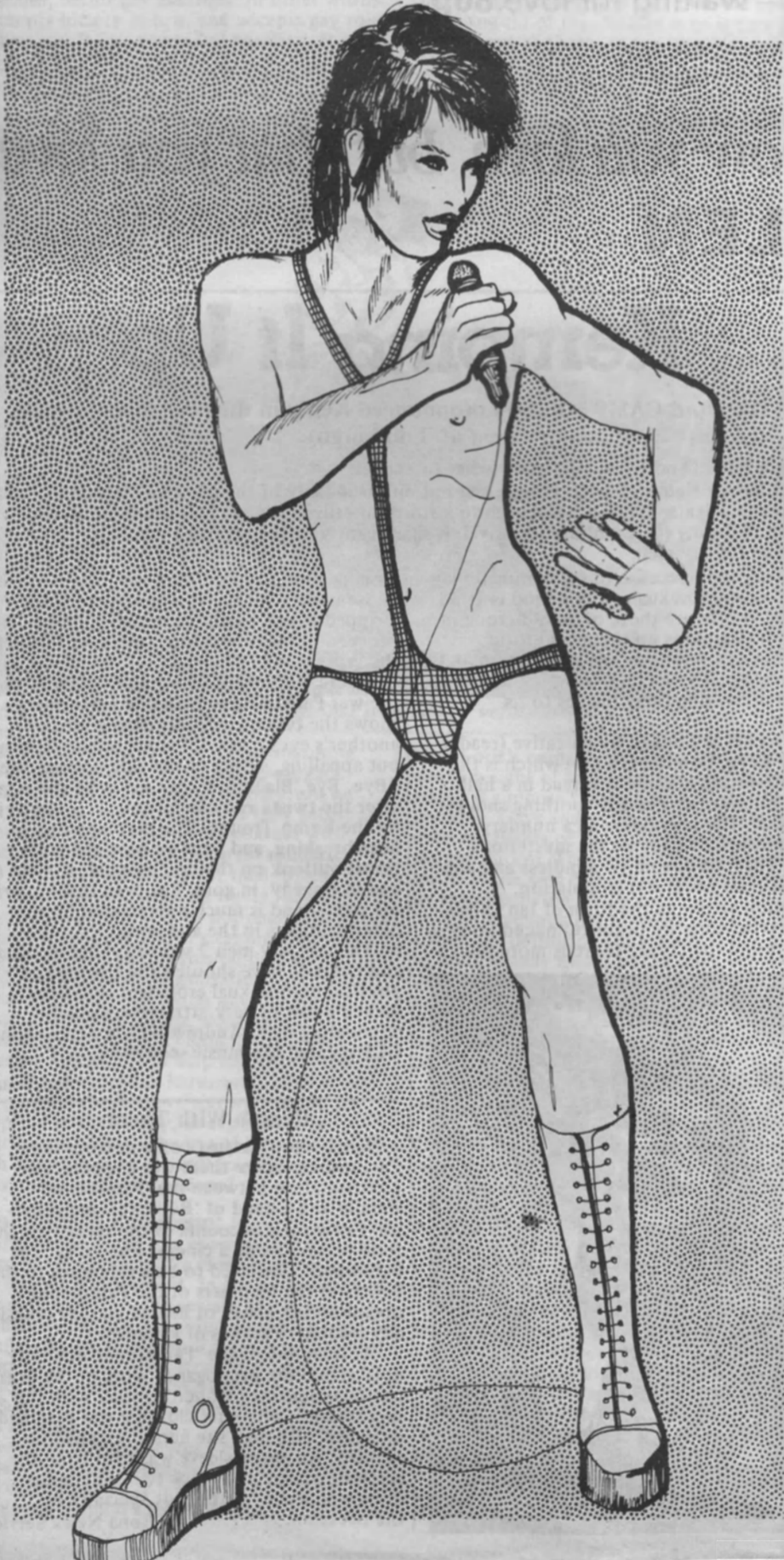
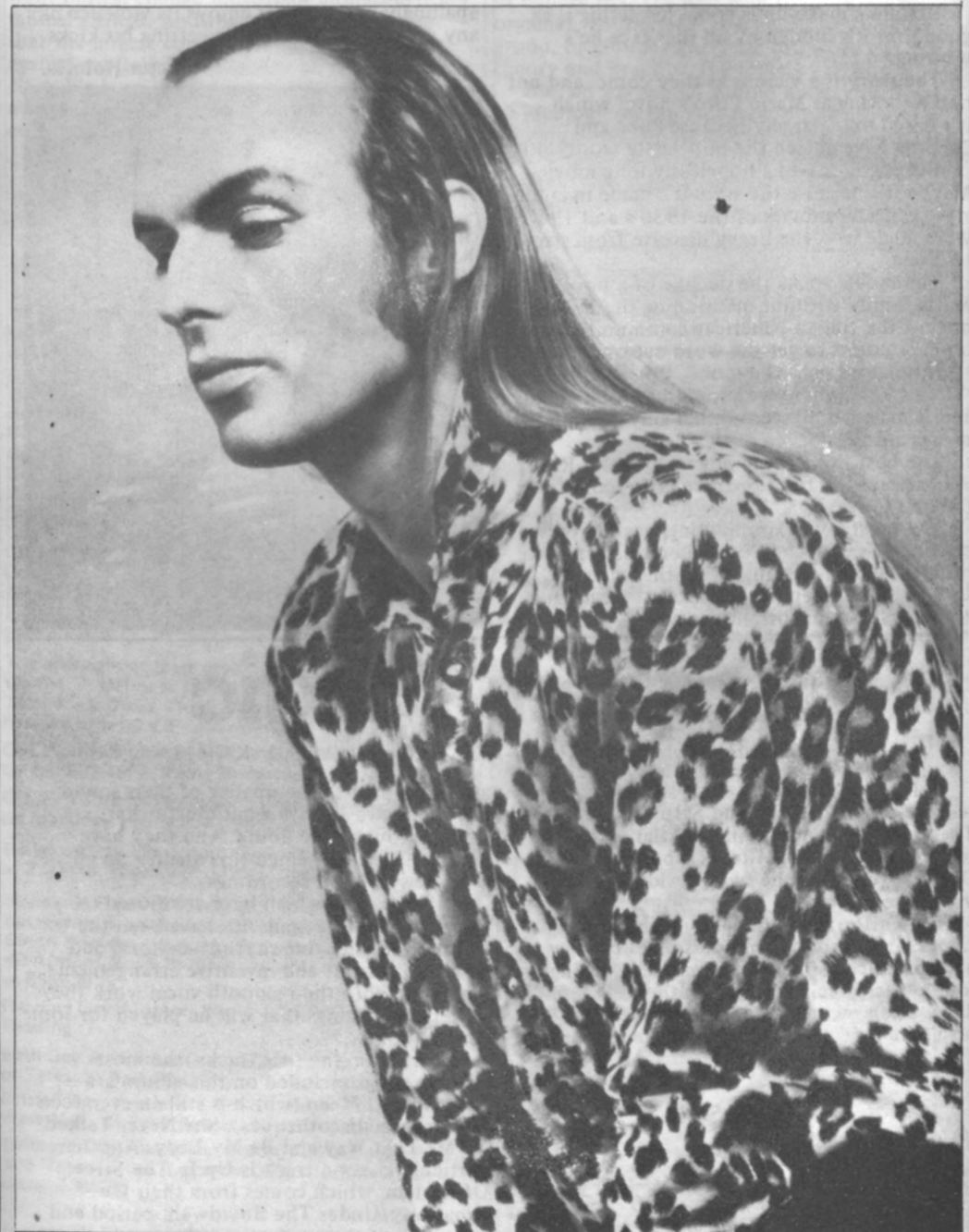


Illustration by Jean-Claude Thevenin



Eno, *Roxy Music*

Curiosities And Old Favourites

"Naturally" — J. J. Cale — A & M Amls 68105 "Come From The Shadows" — Joan Baez — A&M Amlh 64339 "State Farm" — Jeffrey Shurtleff — A & M Amls 64332 "Vindicator" — Arthur Lee — A & M Amls 64356

The A & M catalogue comprises a great variety of artists, ranging from the immensely popular Herb Alpert and The Carpenters, and includes an impressive array of folk and country singers and musicians, and also puts out the hip-rock sounds of people like Leon Russell and Billy Preston. With A & M's acquisition of the rights to release the American Sussex label over here, they are releasing much fine soul music; Bill Withers being their most successful soul artist to date with his hit single *Lean on Me*.

In the last few weeks they have released a number of notable, if not always successful, albums. One of the best is *Naturally* by J.J. Cale. This is one of the funkier country/blues records to come out for a long time. The mixture of Cale's gravelly, bluesy voice, his good, if somewhat sparse guitar playing, excellent choice of Nashville back-up musicians, and sympathetic production have resulted in 12 enjoyable tracks that make up this album.

No one single track stands out from the others, but this does not mean that there are any bummers



J.J. Cale

included. All make for worthwhile listening and the album comes into its own if heard late at night, when one is relaxed and doesn't want something too overpowering to cope with.

Recently released too is another collection of songs from Joan Baez. The album is entitled *Come From The Shadows* and is made up of the usual protest, socially aware songs she is well-known for, it has a number of adult love songs, and includes two numbers dedicated to other performers, *In The Quiet Morning* is for the late Janis Joplin, whilst the other is for her old friend/lover, Bob Dylan.

Baez's treatment of John Lennon's *Imagine* is particularly memorable, and is one of the best tracks on the album. And I find her *Song Of Bangladesh* far more moving than George Harrison's equivalent.

If you are a Joan Baez fan you will no doubt already have this new offering of hers, if you're not or have missed out on her recent work, this is an excellent re-introduction to her.

State Farm by Jeffrey Shurtleff is a valuable addition to the world of modern folk music. Shurtleff is an old friend of Joan Baez and was recently on a national tour of America with her. This

album has come about chiefly because of her collaboration and encouragement, and her involvement and recommendation has paid off for this first album of Shurtleff's is a rewarding collection of folk songs. Shurtleff has a melodious, warm voice that is well suited to this type of rhythmically vital music.

Lastly, worth mentioning, not because it is any great success but because of his previous work is *Vindicator* by Arthur Lee. Lee was the leader of *Love*, the ill-fated Los Angeles rock band that produced classic rock albums such as *Forever Changes* and *Da Capo*. The band never got the type of exposure that was rightfully theirs, although their laziness and untogetherness about live performances was partly responsible for this lack of interest and appreciation. Add to this the extremely temperamental ego of Arthur Lee and the whole band's over-indulgence in drugs and I suppose it's hardly surprising that so much of their best work went unnoticed.

Lee's latest offering is his first solo effort since the final break-up of *Love*, and it has little of the power and originality of his earlier work. His support group on this record, *Band-Aid*, are competent but suffer from lack of direction, and Lee's choice of material ranges from weak to mediocre. There are occasional flashes of his past creativity but they are few and far between.

Admirers of Lee's work with *Love* will pick up on this because of the vague aura of mystery that always surrounded that band, and because of the brilliance of some of his past endeavours, but the album is unlikely to attract anyone who does not remember or know of these bygone achievements.

Denis Lemon



Joan Baez

Thumbthings Up

"Headkeeper" — Dave Mason — Blue Thumb ILPS 9203
"Striking It Rich!" — Dan Hicks & His Hot Licks — Blue Thumb 9204

At long last there is an outlet for the American Blue Thumb record label in this country. Island Records have acquired the rights of their most recent recordings and are issuing them here with the label's own name and logo on the records. Previously EMU's Harvest Label had the releasing rights, but what they issued was soon lost in the deluge of other material they were at that time issuing.

But now we have a chance to hear this label's product. One of the first releases is *Headkeeper* by Dave Mason, his second solo album and for me it is one of the best rock records available this year. As an import *Headkeeper* sold in large quantities, which is hardly surprising now that I have had a chance to hear it.

The record has rather a strange history, apart from its delayed release over here. Dave Mason abandoned the album after completing the five numbers on side one, and the second side is made up of tapes of live performances he made at the Troubadour Club in Los Angeles. Apparently Mason wasn't happy about the way things were going with the record, and the final mixing etc, was done after his departure. He is reputedly unhappy about the record being issued, partly because of the sound quality and partly, I suppose, because of his differences of opinion with Blue Thumb. But the record, especially side one, is a minor masterpiece of intelligent, adult rock 'n roll.

Usually each song is introduced by two or three of the instruments, which, after a few bars are joined by the rest of the band before breaking into the main body of the song. And the words, unlike the trite verses so often just tagged onto a melody line, offer us images that are both meaningful and evocative.

Side two is partly made up of live versions of songs previously available on Mason's first solo outing, *Alone Together*. These lose

nothing from being live performances, but if one wanted to bitch about re-offering them so quickly on this new album, you could say they were almost exactly the same in sound quality and deliverance as the originals. The other two tracks on this side are *Pearly Queen* and *Feelin' Alright?*, which are songs Mason has recorded in the past when he was with Traffic.

Mason's relationship with Traffic was seemingly a love/hate one, and it is apparent now that Mason's departure robbed that group of a guitar style that was an essential ingredient of their sound.

Throughout *Headkeeper* the guitar work is excellent, whether as part of the over-all sound or on a solo break. The guitar solo on the title track is especially stunning.

The total togetherness the album achieves is obtained from the use of accompanists such as Lonnie Turner (bass) and Mark Jordan (organ and piano). The combination of piano and swirling organ in *A Heartache*, *A Shadow*, *A Lifetime* on side one creates a perfect mood for the romantic lyrics.

In conclusion, records as good as this are hard to find. The album market is continually flooded with many inferior products, which means quite a few fine records go unnoticed. At least give this a listen, I'm sure you won't be disappointed.

The second Blue Thumb disc to come out is *Striking it Rich!* by Dan Hicks & His Hot Licks. This is Dan Hicks and his group's third

album, but his first two, for the American Epic label, have never been released here.

An easy description of the music presented here would be happy and unpretentious. The album, you see, is impossible to categorise. A friend commented that it was 'high class musak', which may be true, although I find the carefree singing and playing too well done to be passed off as just that.

At times I am reminded of Lambert, Hendricks & Ross, Louis Jordan & His Tympany Five and King Pleasure; in parts, of harmony groups from the fifties, and the

album is dotted with nearly every musical cliché in the book.

I am left in a state of wonder by the instrumental solos all through the record, apart from being generally puzzled about the group's musical background. For instance, the violin break on *I Scare Myself* is superb, as is the guitar/violin solo/duet on *Walkin' One and Only*.

For me this is an immensely enjoyable record. Hear it yourselves and make up your own minds.

Denis Lemon

Enormous Vacuum

"Great M.G.M. Film Themes" - M.G.M. Records 2353060

— is quite frankly simply and utterly boring and does little justice to the great films the music comes from. After listening to the record twice I still have no sense of the atmosphere of the films, most of which I have seen.

The themes from most of the successful

M.G.M. films are featured on this record:— *Ben Hur*, *Ryans Daughter*, *Dr.Zhivago*, *Where Eagles Dare*, etc., etc. However, once again separating music from its film, even when it comes from the original soundtrack, highlights the fact that it is usually played totally without expression, just creating an enormous vacuum.

David Seligman

HETROSPECTIVE



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 Oh yes - indeed.
 Fine. And we are in private here aren't we? I mean, you're not with a mate who's going to turn up and watch?
 Dear me no: I'm on my own.
 Good. Well, now. You're not from Scotland, are you?
 Never been there.
 Nor from Ulster?
 Certainly not!
 Anything to prove it? Driving licence, insurance card, or such-like?
 Here you are.
 Ah - thanks. We're making progress. Now: you're not in the army, I take it?

Oh, no.
 Navy?
 Sorry I can't oblige.
 Air force?
 Neither.
 Merchant Navy, possibly?
 No, no.
 Not fuzzi, I hope . . .
 No!!
 I see. Now what have I forgotten?
 To ask me if we've met through a published ad.
 Well, we haven't, have we? It was our pal who phoned me about you, wasn't it?
 Sure it was.
 Fine. Well, I think it's all nice and legal, then - at least, I hope so.
 Me too. Shall we get some gear off?
 Let's!

Colin MacInnes

Samaritans Enquiry Part 3

SAMARITANS AND HOMOSEXUALS

"I think I'm a homosexual. Please help me." This plea for help has been heard by thousands of Samaritans either on the phone or in interviews. The question that we, as homosexuals, must ask is, "What kind of advice and follow-up do they receive?"

The answer, inevitably, consists of thousands of replies. The following remarks, admittedly subjective, are impressions gained from talking to Samaritans in a general way, from meeting gay women and men who—at one time—were befriended by the Samaritans, and from some limited experience as an ex-Samaritan in the north of England.

It is doubtful whether the Samaritans see a cross-section of the homosexual population. Some gay people may try to hide this, and even a widely experienced Samaritan may have difficulty in understanding or even detecting concealed homosexuality.

Most gay clients, however, are simply

isolation's propaganda, are not well-trained, at any rate in cases of sexual difficulty, particularly homosexuality.

Perhaps suggestions such as "keep yourself busy with hobbies", "take up sport", "think of other things" have a temporary stop-gap value, but our gay friend—fortified with his cup of coffee, will wander off into the night to resume an empty life. Referral is another possibility: "see your doctor", "I think there's a cure", "I'll try to arrange for a psychiatrist", etc. This is a dangerous game, not only in terms of advisability but of the limitations of the National Health Service as well. Even for the misguided gays who "want" to be "cured" ten minutes with a psychiatrist and a bottle of pills (and it happens—often) is no answer.

Many Samaritan branches offer befriending facilities for clients, i.e. a chat or drink with a Samaritan at weekly or monthly intervals. This is excellent for as far as it goes, but may have restricted value for a gay client whose need

befriending services, although co-ordination and general principles are not fully worked out yet. Indeed, CHE may have much to learn from the experience of the Samaritans about the techniques of befriending. As a bare minimum, CHE should be prepared to offer lonely Samaritan clients some hope of social integration, however small at first. In particular, we must teach ourselves if necessary, the Samaritans, then clients and anyone else that homosexuality is not just a matter of releasing sexual tension at frequent or infrequent intervals. On the other hand, sex is important. It would be foolish to deny that an inexperienced forty year old man will not readily find "the affair" he so often desires. Indeed, CHE befrienders may well have to give serious thought to the question of the middle aged Samaritan client whose immediate problem is primarily sex (or

rather the lack of it).

All this of course is to talk in generalisations. Individual cases more often than not will not fit. The married homosexual and the pedarast are different again. We must remember, too, that the aims of CHE or GLF for that matter are likely to be a complete bewilderment at first to Samaritan clients. They will tend to expect a lot of personal satisfaction too quickly; we must be prepared for this and understand it. Obviously, the Samaritans themselves have not got the answer, they can and must improve. Closer contact with CHE will go part of the way, even though the politics of the organization may be an irrelevance to some.

This is a challenging and urgent task. But we ought not to be alone, surely there must be gay Samaritans?

Victor Arnold

STOP PRESS

John Wojtowicz, the gay bank robber, has said under questioning that he got the idea for raiding the Brooklyn branch of the Chase Manhattan bank after meeting one of the bank's executives in a New York gay bar. The executive told him the best time to stage the raid would be 3pm, since the armoured car would not call to collect the days money till 3.30pm. However, on the day in question the car had called in the morning, so there was less money than

John expected.

It is expected that police will be questioning the bar's customers to discover who the executive is, if he exists.

John was also accompanied on the raid by Donald Matterson, aged 18. Reports of what has happened to him are somewhat confused, but he appears to have escaped on foot when he saw the police arriving on the scene.

Gay News Universal Services

Jeffrey Hits The Scene

Thud! Splat! Kaboom! A new gay magazine has hit the scene. WoW! (that's short for Willesden Optical Works). Confidence abounds - the editorial is headed "Who needs Jeffrey?" - good question. Punchy stuff this. First stage-Gay News is "a pure diet of militancy and news" - Well, Jeffrey has plenty of roughage to counteract this. Like book reviews - nearly a whole 90 words of the *Wild Boys!* Like plugs for Jeffrey - nearly 3 pages! Like nudes - posing like Raphael drawings, leaning on ladders in bowler hats, and flamenco dancing-cum-dagger throwing. Such poses, such photographic clarity! All three of them! Such "cute littlies!"

There is also a sort of Grinspoony

cookery column, short stories (sample - "It's over. He has left you. He grabbed his knickers and his handbag, his poster of Steve McQueen and that bottle of Aramis.....") - I could go on. He does.) Featured too is a full page pin-down drawing (a gay giraffe, I think, and so on. And On.

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St. Stephens, Walbrook. "Can I help you?"

lonely, isolated and sex-starved. Quite likely, they will have no close gay friends, will know next to nothing about the gay scene (even the terminology) and will be scared stiff about "anyone knowing". Religious confusions and suicidal tendencies (not necessarily a firm resolve) are common. Quite a number may never pluck up courage to meet a Samaritan befriender face to face. This is left, quite rightly, to the wishes of the client. And strict confidentiality is the watchword.

The Samaritans deny they are an advice-giving body. They stress confidential and sympathetic listening and, on the whole, they do this well. It is, I'm convinced, a great relief for many lonely gay women and men to "get the whole thing off my chest", possibly all the more so with someone kindly and anonymous. A minority of clients may genuinely want nothing more. The majority, though, will surely want some form of follow-up:

a) where do I go from here?
 b) how do I meet other homosexuals?
 And this is precisely where the trouble starts.

It is sad, but true, to say that hair-raising advice is not unknown. Many Samaritans, notwithstanding the exceptions and the organ-

may be for homosexual company. Lastly, some Samaritan branches keep a list of local meeting places, mainly clubs and pubs, which are revealed on suitable occasions. The dangers of an inexperienced and shy homosexual, particularly if belonging to an older age group, becoming more unhappy and isolated as a result of wandering into a gay pub can hardly be exaggerated.

What, then, can be done to improve the lot of gay Samaritan clients, assuming that most are lonely and distressed? It would certainly be helpful to know the size of the problem, from a statistical point of view. I doubt whether the Samaritans have anything to learn about confidentiality and sympathy; but that is not enough. Talks and seminars led by homosexual organisations may have much value, depending on whether they bear in mind the needs of the type of gay person under discussion. CHE could produce tape-recordings (I wouldn't open here the big question of content) which could be played by Samaritans in less busy moments. Above all, much more personal contact between the Samaritans and the gay organisations.

Many CHE branches already have their own

