

Nº7

GAY NEWS

10p



THE OTHER LOVE

Above: Oscar Wilde in America Below: Lord Montagu at Beaulieu

"I BELIEVE THESE LAWS WILL BE CHANGED AND THAT WHEN MY CHILDREN ARE GROWN UP THEY WILL BE AMAZED THAT LAWS OF THIS SORT COULD HAVE EXISTED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE 20th CENTURY"
— MARQUESS OF QUEENSBURY, HOUSE OF LORDS, MAY 1965. (GRAND-SON OF PROSECUTOR OF OSCAR WILDE)

One English doctor told his patient to lie on the couch and loosen his clothing. "Then he passed his hands over me, telling me to think beautiful thoughts and forget my evil actions." Another English doctor told the patient "to pull up my socks, find myself a nice girl and get married," while the advice of a third to the patient whom he described to his face as 'namby pamby', was to get a piece of paper and draw pictures of nude women." No wonder the patient thought the doctor was "off his rocker."

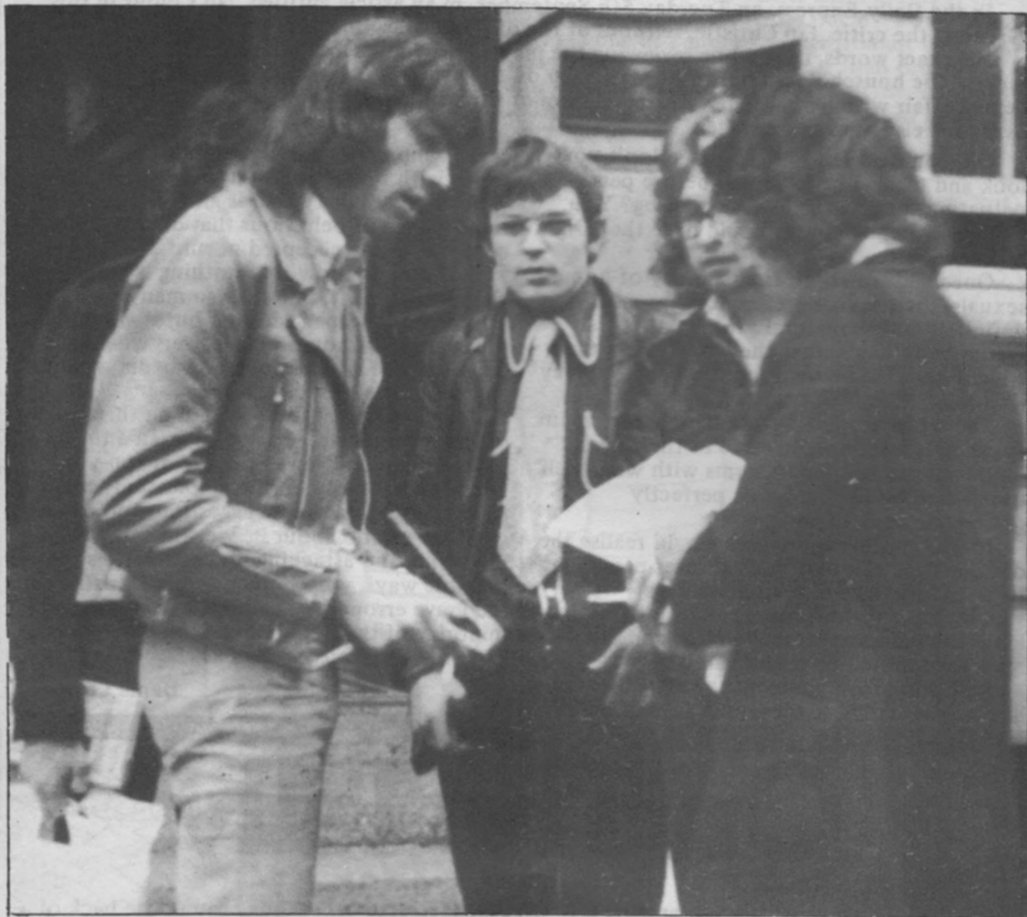
These descriptions, taken from *The Other Love*, by Harford Montgomery Hyde, first published in 1970 and now republished in paperback by Mayflower books, gives an idea of some of the problems facing us still in 1972. They are taken from *The Contemporary Scene*, the first chapter in the book, where Mr. Montgomery Hyde gives an idea of the various problems that still exist for the homosexual, even though the law has ostensibly changed; that is of course for those of us living in England or Wales, who are not in Her Majesty's Forces and are over twenty one. In a recent issue of *Gay News* this book was described by one of our Scottish gay friends as sadly uncontemporary. This is, I think, a little unfair. Mr. Montgomery Hyde is a writer of some standing whose fight for legal reform, particularly in connection with the abolition of capital punishment and homosexual law reform, has made sure that he is very well informed as to specific cases of ill treatment or discrimination by 'the law'. The case histories, of people who have written to various organisations for help, all of them sadly depressing, are still with us and just as 'contemporary' as they were two years ago. The greatest criteria for judging this 'Survey of Homosexuality', is of course to ask "What or who is it for?"

This book is really an amalgam of a whole series of books and reports on the subject, giving information about how the legal restrictions came about and showing us a little of our history which for a long time has been conveniently swept under the carpet.

Continued on Page 6



POLICEMEN CANNOT LIE



The criminal and his accomplices outside the court.

One of the Gay News collective, Denis Lemon, was fined £5 when magistrate John Hooper decided to ignore his evidence at Great Marlborough Street Magistrate's Court.

Denis was charged with the wilful obstruction of the footpath behind the Colherne pub in Earls Court — as reported in GN 5.

Magistrate Hooper started hearing the case on August 22 when police constable David Ford (480) of Chelsea Police said he'd warned Denis to move along four times. But when lunchtime came Mr Hooper decided to adjourn the case for three weeks.

PC Ford said he'd nicked Denis in Wharfdale Street where Denis had been standing in the middle of the road holding up traffic.

When the case started again on September 13, PC Ford had had his say, and Denis' solicitor Mr Anthony Burton called Denis to give evidence.

He said: "I took photographs of police activity because of the number of allegations we have received of police harassment outside the pub.

"I took a photograph of two policemen coming towards me and the flash-cube accidentally fell off my camera. I stooped to pick it up, without stopping, and they cautioned me to move on. I walked about 30 or 40 yards up the road to take pictures of the activity outside a coffee bar up the road to help us build up a dossier.

"I crossed the road and took more photographs and then I crossed back again to outside the Colherne and I was standing on the pub's steps to take more photos, and the police warned me again.

"I walked around the corner in Colherne Road to take more pictures, and then I moved into Wharfdale Street and began to talk to about four people who were standing there, about the police activity.

"I was standing between two parked cars by the kerb. I was standing on the roadway, but there was no traffic for me to hold up."

PC Ford said that Denis was standing in the middle of the road holding up the traffic. But, when it came to the case, he had very few questions to ask about the traffic.

Doug Pollard, another of the editorial collective, was with Denis when he came out of the Colherne. He said: "I had just come out of the pub when Mr Lemon came out. It was just before 11 pm and he gave me a bag he was carrying so he could use his camera.

"He took a picture of two policemen and the flash-cube fell off his camera. As they were passing him the two policemen said something I did not hear to Mr Lemon, and he moved on immediately."

Wolfgang G. von Jurgen, an actor, told the court: "I was in Wharfdale Road with a few other people and Mr Lemon was standing between two cars parked by the pavement."

Questioned by PC Ford, Wolfgang said: "Mr Lemon was never standing in the middle of the road, and there was no traffic for him to obstruct."

Summing up, Anthony Burton said:

"This is really a case where you have to decide whose version of the story you are going to accept.

"If there is to be an obstruction in law, there must be an obstruction in fact, and Mr Lemon may have obstructed the road but it was not wilful.

"Have we come to the day when serious inroads are to be made into the freedom of a press man doing his job? If there was an obstruction it was accidental and trivial."

Magistrate Hooper, who wears a ring on his small finger left hand, said: "There was a large crowd outside this public house and I am satisfied that the defendant was cautioned to move on four times."

Denis had pleaded not guilty to obstruction on Wharfdale Street. PC Ford's mate was too sick to be in court to supply the magistrate with evidence to corroborate the police case, but John Hooper made his decision on one man's evidence against the three defence witnesses.

Denis left the court in a turquoise zipper leather jacket with matching slacks and dark blue shoes. He was accompanied by Mr J. D. Grinspoon.

In GN 8 Denis will be commenting on the decision and going further into the implications of the case.



Scene of the Crime

RADIO CHE

GAY NEWS has promised you a full report on the edition of Radio London's 'Platform' programme produced by the Campaign for Homosexual Equality (CHE). Well, rest assured, it is on its way. The programme was very long, and in fact was extended to almost three hours because of the number of people who phoned in to ask the studio panel questions. This makes for an awful lot of tape to transcribe, but the programme covered a great deal of ground in such detail that we feel we ought to report it in full.

It is perhaps the most comprehensive statement that we have of where CHE, the largest of the gay organisations, is at and where it is going, and also showed up some of the internal differences of that group. Furthermore, Radio London has a limited audience (or had — at the time only those of us in the London area with VHF sets could hear it), and the Platform programme is only heard by a minority of that minority. As many people as possible should be aware of what was said.

So in order to do justice to both CHE and the programme we are holding our full report over to the next issue. We feel that to rush into print at this time would give you only an inadequate report.

In fact, CHE surprised us by dealing with such controversial topics in such detail with little of the formality or prudishness that is often their hallmark. Sex education, adoption by gay couples, marriage and mortgage, parents, school, young gays, old gays, women

(though not sufficiently), relationships, cottaging, political and social groups, and many more topics were covered fairly and in some depth. Whilst one may not necessarily agree with some of what was said, it is the first time that such a statement has been broadcast in this country, and the opportunity was fully grasped.

Full marks to Roger Baker for assembling such a balanced studio panel who maintained their sense of humour in the face of some distinctly loaded and difficult questions from listeners.

One's only complaint is that the introductory statement of facts and studio discussions went on far too long, but that may be because this 'one' had heard most of the elementary facts before. Anyone ignorant of gay people and gay life, and the situation for gay people in this country will have learned and profited from hearing the programme.

Doug Pollard

DEATH INVESTIGATED

ADELAIDE: South Australia's Legislative Assembly is embarrassed by two Scotland Yard detectives who are in the state capital investigating the death of ex-Cambridge don George Duncan.

42-year-old George drowned in Adelaide's River Torrens after he and another man (aged 27) were thrown into the river by four unknown attackers in the city's major troling area, Torrens River Park.

That was the story told at George's inquest by Roger James — the 27-year-old — who got away with just a broken ankle.

Shortly after the inquest opened (as reported in GN 6) three members of the Adelaide vice-squad resigned.

These policemen did not deny they had been in Torrens River Park. In fact they were seen near the place where George Duncan drowned by a uniformed policeman who was told by one of the vice-men to go.

Ex-Constable Francis Crawley told the patrolman: "You're bugging up our poofers on the river."

Despite this the coroner mentioned in his

verdict that there was no reason to believe that the vice-squad men had been at all involved in George Duncan's drowning.

There the matter would have rested had Adelaide not just imported a new police chief from Scotland Yard, Yorkshire-man Commissioner Salisbury. He called in two of his former colleagues to look into the drowning.

Mr Eric Millhouse asked state premier Don Dunstan when the Scotland Yard men would be going home.

Mr Dunstan said there was no limit set on the investigation, and that Commissioner Salisbury was unlikely to set a limit on the job.

Mr Millhouse said: "I understand they (the Scotland Yard men) are here at the Government's expense.

"No doubt the Government is anxious not to increase the expenses, because they refuse to meet the costs of the witnesses at the coroner's inquest."

Premier Dunstan said the Yard men weren't going home until Mr Salisbury was satisfied that everything was finished.

Name Dropping & Festival of Light

There were fifteen of us gay revolutionaries, and fifteen hundred of them, on that grey September Sunday in Trafalgar Square, that Sunday showground of political ping pong. Both sides wore their badges avidly and made regular appropriate sounds: "Gay is good," "Jesus is great". There were religious pop songs and recitals from J. Christ's holy scribbles, but Messrs. Longford, Richard, Muggerridge and Whitehouse were nowhere in evidence at this Nuremberg Rally 1972. Perhaps they were too busy riding round the Circle Line, planning how they could give Edwina the Jesus Christ image.



Outnumbered us gay liberationists may have been, but we certainly made ourselves heard. The famous Maurice Tasker, bastion of the London GLF office suffers from a sore throat to this day, and as for that Martin Corbett, Gay News' butch queen and beer gut, he was going around asking every pretty male Festival of Lighter, when they last had it. There were certainly some red faces, and later on in the evening after the rally, there were some red ends too. Myself, I treated the occasion very seriously and had several discussions with Jesus freaks, who all said exactly the same thing, as instructed by headquarters. I am a sinner according to the Bible; I'm as good as dead because I don't love Jesus. That sounds rather monotonous and I tried to say that religion was and still is one of the greatest oppressive forces, especially for gay

people, since it preaches encouragement of the family structure. If Jesus loves us why is half the world starving, and why is the Pope telling women not to take the Pill, thus aggravating the population explosion. None of them seemed to take much notice of me though, so it was quite a relief when four radical feminists arrived. They really put the whole afternoon in perspective as they sauntered into the square, looking like opera singers, wearing beautiful togs by "Bona Lallies" of Colville Terrace. The afternoon was beautifully rounded off by some rather pretty festival of lighters throwing lumps of stale J. Lyons white bread at everyone in sight. Silly me, I ate it and was constipated for three whole days, after which I started shitting plastic crosses.

David Seligman.

Is Gay Lib Still Liberated?

One of my regular occupations in the homophile movement seems to be to try to explain what the Gay Liberation Front is doing, and why, to hostile members of the Campaign for Homosexual Equality who hate to think their 'respectable' image is being tarnished by radical gays. On the occasion of the GLF All-London Come Together (also known as a Think-in and a Whither GLF?) at the Holborn Assembly Hall on Saturday, September 9, however, I couldn't help but compare this meeting with one held in the same place by London CHE a few weeks back — a meeting which started on time, got through an enormous amount of work, and gave considerable (and well-deserved) satisfaction to most of those who participated.

In contrast, the GLF meeting had — for GLF — a poor attendance: about 120 brothers and a few sisters for all of London; by 1 pm, when the meeting was scheduled to start, the hall was still almost empty, and only in fact began soon after 3 pm because one brother got fed-up at the time being wasted and shouted to everyone to sit down.

As for deeds accomplished, there were the usual arguments among groups and individuals, many of whom displayed an arrogant, smug, holier-than-thou attitude that accorded ill with the ideology of love that they were expounding. The arguments were those that have been repeated ad nauseum in GLF circles for the past year or so. Only two practical proposals emerged from all the bluster and were apparently accepted: one was that all-London meetings should be held once every month, and the other was that a ginger group be formed in order to attempt to restore the spirit that made GLF such a force to be reckoned with up to a few months ago.

I don't for one moment suggest that GLF adopt any of the often-stifling forms and rituals of the CHE bureaucratic structure, but some means must be found to make the term *liberation* meaningful again.

Much talk has gone on lately about self-awareness being the most important aspect of gay consciousness. Okay. But self-awareness is only a part of gay life, not its totality. Self-awareness, consciousness-raising, call it what you will, is frequently used as an excuse for sitting around rapping and taking little or no action about anything. To be truly liberated means to care about your brothers and sisters, to want to protect them against the oppressions of the straight world; the obvious corollary is that they shouldn't have to be protected against you. Yet 'liberated' gays are still oppressing their own brothers and sisters



and this is an oppression that takes many forms. A heavy form is being vicious, either verbally or physically, towards a brother or sister; another form is simply being late to a meeting and thereby wasting the time of those who are waiting for you. If you want to do your own thing, as many GLF people declare they do, then you can't belong to a group, because every individual doing his own thing is going to tear that group apart. But if you are really committed to GLF, then some personal sacrifice is involved, because commitment means a love of those people who are working with you and a respect for their ideas, even when they differ from your own.

Lawrence Collinson

VIOLENT ALICE



Poor Alice Cooper is in trouble, they/him have run foul of Mrs Mary Whitehouse over their latest single, "School's Out". The television film which was shown with the playing of the record on 'Top of the Pops' was also damned by Mrs Whitehouse and her flock, the National Viewers and Listeners Association.

The dear lady has been telling tales to the Home Secretary about the naughty Director of Public Prosecutions, Sir Norman Skelhorn, who apparently has taken no action over Mrs M's heated complaints about Alice and his/their record.

It's all the DPP's fault though, according to our moral-protector. His office is grossly understaffed to cope with the growing volume of complaints about violence and sexually perverted material she reports, and goes on to say that Alice's record "held violent and anarchistic connotations". The DPP being so busy that he didn't even try to see the 'Top of the Pops' film was something else she told anyone who would listen, in this case the Home Secretary's office. She further stated that the police were powerless to act because of the DPP's ineffectiveness.

Amidst all the obscenity, and the "permissiveness of the DPP's office" taking place at a furious pace all around us, Mrs M is fighting a long and hard battle to stamp it out.

Other interests of hers include a 'healthy' involvement in the crusade of the Festival-of-Lighters. That streamlined organisation is well

known for its anti-gay tendencies. One of their earlier accomplices is the star of Sunday television religious hour, Malcolm Muggeridge. That gentleman is infamous for his now epic remark "I don't like homosexuals". This 'delightful' phrase was delivered as a result of him forgetting his lines, amongst other things, during a speech he was making at the Festival-of-Lighters opening ceremony at the Central Hall, Westminster, in 1971.

If you ask me Mrs M is suffering from a bad case of 'wet and twisted knickers'

Bona News Service

ONE STEP UNDER

ADELAIDE: South Australia's Legislative Council has just put off any chance of reforming the law about gays in the state.

According to the Adelaide Advertiser, the leader of the opposition in the council, Mr De Garis said the Bill proposed "leant too heavily" on the British Sexual Offences Act.

Mr Russack, of the Country and Labour Party said that while he sympathised with homosexuals, he believed they could only be helped by voluntarily seeking treatment.

Any debate on the subject was adjourned.

DISC DEMO ?

The Fleet Street offices of the musical paper *Disc* have allegedly been threatened with a protest march and invasion by London's Gay Liberation Front.

GLF members were irate about the paper's constant use of the word "queer" in recent weeks. Also, headlines, such as "David Bowie Bent on Success" and "David Bowie's Back Up Men" were said to be lacking in taste, although the Sub-Editor excused himself out of this by claiming that these were standard phrases used by the paper.

A recent news item in *Disc* explaining the situation to readers, was headlined "... back at the camp!" which one would have thought would only make matters worse.

GLF's argument is "Every week in your paper (*Disc*) we read something which takes our cause in vain. It's hard enough as it is, without you being snide and making fun".

It does seem as if some members of GLF are being somewhat over-sensitive, but the childish attitude of *Disc* doesn't particularly help the situation.

Old Myths & Prejudices

In the *Daily Express*, on Tuesday 5th September, in an article entitled 'No Colour in this Garden', the critic, Ian Christie, fell foul of the old trap of calling homosexuals 'unnatural'.

His exact words, used while reviewing the play, 'The Garden' (at Hampstead Theatre Club), were: 'The householder (John Paul) is a chap on the brink of old age who is having a homosexual affair with his gardener. The revelation of this *unnatural* liaison causes grave disquiet to everyone else present on stage.'

Oh, come on Ian Christie, why don't you look and think a little deeper before perpetuating such myths in your writing? You, being a critic, certainly should have the insight to know better.

Once and for all, to the majority of homosexuals, their sexual preferences are most definitely not 'unnatural'; to be unnatural would be to deny what they are, no matter what a heterosexually dominated society may think.

The 'grave disquiet' from the characters in the play is most possibly due to their own limitations in coming to terms with what well over 4 million people find a perfectly reasonable state of being.

If only writers and critics would realise the damage they cause through forever passing on these old myths and prejudices. In a supposedly enlightened culture, isn't it ridiculous that such non-understanding and ignorance should be perpetuated?

Just think for a moment the effect words like 'unnatural' have on young gays of both

sexes, who may be in the middle of coming to terms with themselves and their sexual motivations, in a society that is all too often hostile to any form of behaviour that does not strictly conform to the accepted norm.

I of course know that nothing is going to change overnight, not after so many years of intolerance and persecution, but it would help the struggle of homosexuals everywhere if people in the various forms of media would try and be a little more aware.

I have very scantily touched on this subject of the misinterpretation of gays. In a future issue, I and Gay News hope to inform you considerably more on this unpleasant, continuing situation, with suggestions too of what we can do about it. We will carry on criticising and attacking, in the strongest possible ways, writers such as Ian Christie, for the grave errors they commit towards a sizable minority of the population, who have very little means of answering back.

Denis Lemon.

On The Telly

On Monday evening, 4th September, I turned my television onto BBC2 in time to watch 'Thirty-Minute Theatre' at 10.25 p.m. But I was somewhat early, and caught the last 10 minutes of a programme I was later to learn was called *Controversy*.

The programme was concerned with the argument 'A New Look at an Old Animal' which was being defended by Professors Robin Fox and Lionel Tiger.

The theory they were putting forward was, briefly, that 'modern man's behaviour in all its apparent sophistication — including play as men or women — is actually governed by instincts acquired during the prehistoric struggle for survival.'

Many sociologists, anthropologists and zoologists disagree with this point of view, and some of them, along with members of the general public, took part in the *Controversy* discussion, which was televised from the Royal Institute.

How the earlier part of the programme went, I have no idea. So far I haven't managed to find anyone else who watched it.

At the time I tuned in though Professors Fox and Tiger were deep in heated discussion with members of the audience. Then, while a sister was speaking, I saw the badge, a GLF badge. The next two women speakers also were wearing GLF badges. They seemingly had taken offence at the argument of the two Professors.

As one of them was answering the women's questions, the whole batch of GLF members left the meeting, walking down the steps leading up to the audience's seats, parading

past the cameras, passing around the back of the table behind which Fox and Tiger were speaking, and finally out of a doorway to the side of the speakers' platform.

Somewhat shaken, the Professors struggled on.

Well I suppose it's nice to see other gays openly on the box, but I wish I had tuned in earlier to understand what had been going on to cause the GLF to walk out.

The 'Thirty-Minute Theatre' play that



followed was 'Thrills Galore' by Rhys Adrian. Not much to say about this, apart from the appearance of what, I take, was meant to be a latent male homosexual. He was trendily overdressed, took his white poodle to the pub on Sunday lunchtimes to have a drink with the boys, and displayed the supposed stereotypical generosity of homosexuals by insisting all the time, that one and all had a drink with him. In the end he went off for a last drink at another pub. Thrilling stuff. I got bored and switched off.

Denis Lemon

The Beat Goes On

Snippet from Scotland

Peeping police pursuing people peeing came across two men in the throes of gross indecency. Despite the fact that one turned out to be a vicar they were both fined £10 at Aberdeen Sheriff Court on August 16. The vicar's lawyer described it as a very sad case. "Mr Mc— cares deeply for his wife and church. He is a man of conscience."

The beat goes on.

Black Box news service 1972

Gayscotswomen

The women in Edinburgh SMG have long been complaining that they are "ignored, or rejected by the men in SMG". On August 28 ten women and fourteen men met to sort out the situation.

There is the age-old dichotomy in Edinburgh SMG: do we go for "mixed" (male-female) meetings, or do we hold our meetings separately? In the ideal and liberated world we are all aiming for, the choice will be easier... men and women gay and non-gay will be relating in a natural "no-sexism" way. But the caucus of women at the August 28 meeting wanted "100% gay women and no men, please!" Chairman Ian Dunn agreed that the women should grow to love and trust each

other first of all, and then extend their consciousness later. It would be unsound to pretend to welcome straight women, and then mistrust their motives afterwards.

The meeting agreed (at least, the men's side offered —) to arrange "neutral events embracing both men and women in the forthcoming Autumn programme". Help with funds was offered for a national ad in the SCOTSMAN. The women talked and listened and worked through some of their organisational problems. A fair meeting this.

Bob Sturgess

T. F. Much

The London office of the Gay Liberation Front is refusing to supply Gay News with information about their activities — dances, discos, gay days etc., on the grounds that 'most of the people who work in the (Gay Lib) office couldn't give a shit about your little paper.'

One begins to wonder whether or not they care about the gay people who might like to meet one another at their dances or political functions. In future, unless someone in the GLF office informs us of what is going on, we won't be able to tell you about it. There are too few of us with too much to do to waste time chasing GLF's ego-trippers.

Many thanks to the provincial GLF groups for keeping us well up to date with all info concerning their activities.

Trolling In Capri Or, Watch Out Gracie

Well, darlings, what an exhausting time up Capri! All day at Gracie Field's little old swimming pool camping our tits off with the jolly Americans and laughing like rather shrill drains at the day trippers from Blackburn and Accrington who'd just come to see "Our Gracie". Poor loves, they'd queued all the way from Sorrento that morning on the paddle-steamer, fought for a hot and sticky twenty mins for the funicular up to Capri - standing all the way - then caught buses out to the Piccolo Marina and off to the Canzone Del Mare, Gracie's place (the Song of The Sea-ee, it's luvly). Doesn't that Italian sound like camp polare? I thought I was in Berwick Street Market on a Saturday morning!

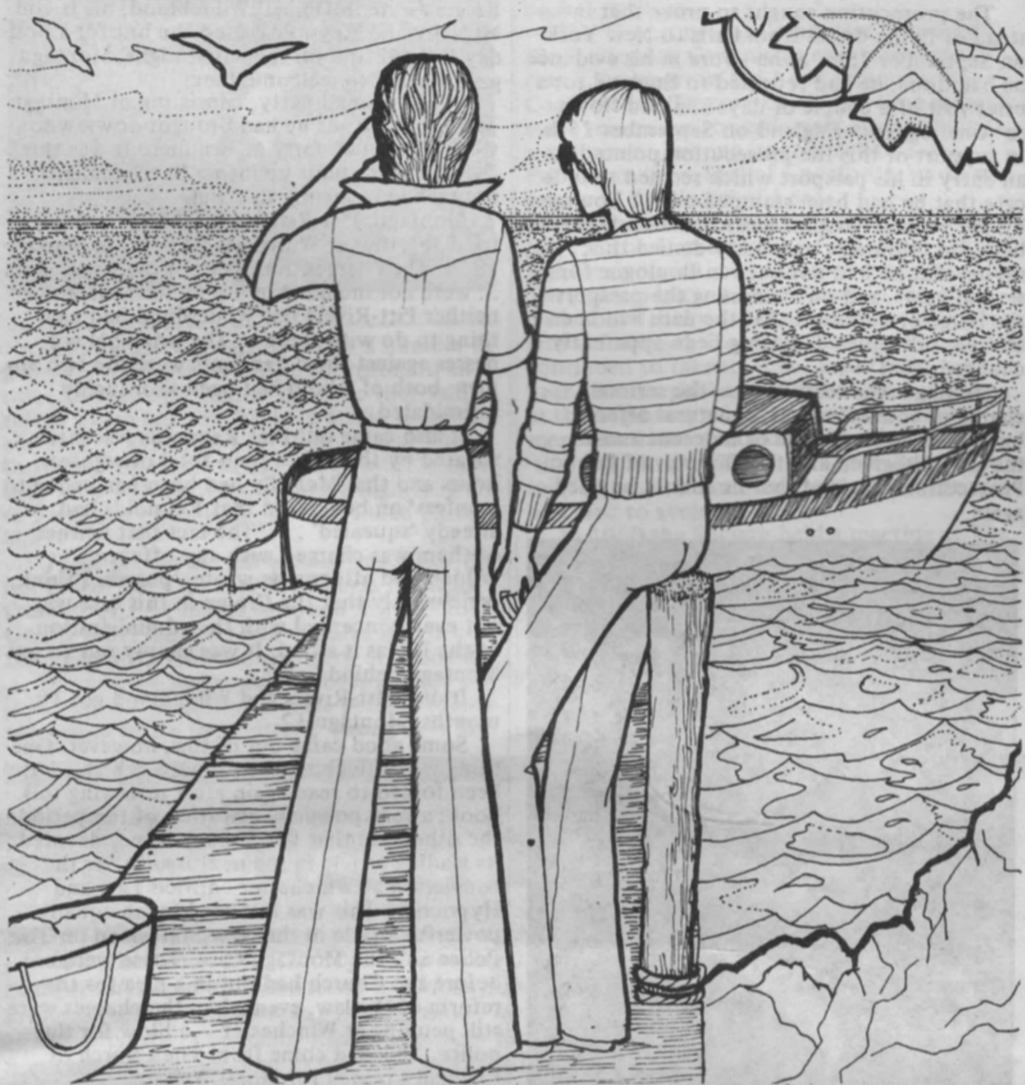


Illustration: Jean-Claude Thevenin

Well, where was I? Oh yes - the Piccolo Marina's absolutely THE only place to go on the island. The other beach - the Marina Grande - is a bit naff. So we went to Gracie's bit of the Piccolo Marina. Well, she and Mr. Boris run this lido place which is a series of rather sweet terraces with a pool, bars, restaurant and one or two dolly men. The whole place is laid out on the edge of the sea in case it's not quite as clean as it should be. That's not funny some days with Naples round one corner (apparently the sea is now a definite health hazard - now nearly combustible - oops! I love that dinky word!) But seriously, though, Jackie and Aristotle appeared one day and stayed for three, leaving a wake of rubbish which meant the pool was an absolute must - they always are dear for me - you should see my Esther Williams act where I shake my hair out in the sun.

Oh - we're not getting very far on the more pouffy side of things are we? I know the sort of things you'll be wanting to hear! Darling, the place was crawling with them - well I was alright, but Hubby (he's a dear about these things) he just sat and moped. You see, up in the town they have this square and it's so tiny they have to do shifts at swanning. It's a bit like Chelsea Arts Ball holding a bring and buy sale at the Kings Road on a Saturday - that goes on from early arrivals back from the beach until bed-time - which is usually from five to five. Not that there's much to do but swan. Italian women are very good at it - they always remind me of giraffes, they have such long necks and they sway a bit when they walk. They wear all their jewels at once too poor loves (and that's from the beach - surprised they don't get rusty - come to think of it some of them look a bit rusty!) Mind you they've got their work cut out - all day long there's queens everywhere - some like Douglas Fairbanks Jr in his pirate king outfit, bandanas, earrings and all - Queens in long see-thru Indian cotton caftans with an apology for swim-trunks underneath, one had obviously come out in such a hurry he'd forgotten to put on any knickers under his tight thin cotton faded red trousers - and it showed! There were lots of rather self-consciously butch numbers with aggressively feminine women in tow, often wearing those beach fashions you thought only existed in Sunday Colour Supps - you know - those darling impractical tinkly bits that are all cold when you wear your navel jewels? Well they exist on Capri - I've seen them.

All this was going on while there were perfectly innocent people trying to cross the square - porters with suitcases, laundry maids

with bundles, barrows piled with fruit etc., and of course our beloved Day Tripper in his khaki shorts, vest, shirt and pullover and camera and pink wife and several sulky kids - it was really quite entertaining, for a few hours. It is then you realise what is wrong. It's the good ole Dolce Vita again - without the Vita. The whole object of the exercise would, you would think, be to attract people enough to make them want to make a pass or something. But it was about as easy as a night out in one of our wonderful gay clubs - a wonderful place to swan if you're in a camp mood, but how long does that last? Mine's gone already.

There are two 'gay' clubs. There's a dance floor and a reasonable group at one but men are not allowed to dance together. I know - we tried. The other place was similar but that was already full of middle-aged tourists of the Day Tripper-type listening to execrable music of the Neapolitan-type (if you don't know what that is like you're lucky!) So there was just the trolling.

Well of course this is what you've all been waiting for you'll say. To be truthful I must say I thought it would be more fun than it was. That's the whole trouble - it never is more fun for me than I think it's going to be and it's very often less.

Past the Hotel Quisisana, from which Wilde and Bosie are popularly supposed to have been asked to leave in 1897, there is a street which runs downhill, out of town towards the beach, on the Piccolo Marina. There, along the pathway with the hair-pin bends, were a series of groups of men admiring the view, pulling at cigarettes, or themselves, or walking about soundlessly as if they were trying to be invisible. It's funny how much scenery one can find to look at in Capri at four in the morning with no moon out, isn't it? Some gentleman obviously thought I'd got a better command of the view than some of the others as he kept standing behind me to look. There was a dearth of quality so I chose quantity - which was lucky - it belonged to the gentleman who'd come to look at my view. I knew what I was getting as he was one of the gentlemen I've been talking about before - who habitually wore thin pants with no knickers. After a few minutes we were joined by others who were just passing by and thought they'd admire the view, which proved anything but exciting - I seem to have chosen the only gentleman who washed regularly! I was contemplating - a bit difficult with your mouth full - leaving these other gents to it, when a car approached the bottom of the hill. I stopped contem-

plating, and I left them while I composed myself. How very inconvenient it had been. As far as I knew there was just a path to the beach - the car stopped, the people got out and walked up the hill.

I made my way home. What an unsatisfactory sort of experience - so hit-and-miss - so very little contact except genital. I felt rather ashamed of myself. But what other way of meeting in congenial surroundings was there on this GAY island? As far as I could

see there was none whatsoever. Obviously the people who flock from all over Europe to camp it up for a few brief weeks and then go back to their double lives still haven't got it together enough to work out how to meet each other - if you like someone you meet this way who becomes a friend that's fine. I should have had the strength of mind to go straight home when I discovered there wasn't really anyone I would really like to make friends with afterwards. David Sherlock

Rule Britannia

The Cottage, Regents Park

My Lords,

You have made a notable contribution to the moral health of your countries. "International News" is ever so national.

Gazing out of my cottage the other day, I saw what I took to be a painted harlot approaching the cottage. But something was dangling from her, something suspiciously like a truncheon.

I removed myself with deftness via the opposite end of the cottage only to see another painted human. Also, his Inspector had not inspected him. His glossy hair was depressed in a positive circle, indicating years of helmet-wearing. No need to look at his feet. The painted harlot now leered bewitchingly from the cottage enticing me to return. "No," I said in my innocence: "Flirt with the one inside there."

A voice, high and lacking resonance, surprised me as it whispered in my ear: "Take care, they're cops, ducks. It's the newest police game. You don't have to do anything. Just be in there and two cops will swear your life away."

"You know them?" I asked. "You can't know all of them" the high-pitched whisper replied. "But what if I want to piss?" I asked. "Makes no difference, ducks," he answered with manly confidence: "You can't have an honest piss anywhere. It's government policy, police policy, House of Lords policy. That's why so many people have made the atavistic plunge back over time and are pissing in the streets. I mean, like, it's a bit stiff, twenty-five pounds a squirt. Even women don't pay a penny now. So it's full drag, burst your bleedin' bladder, or piss in the street. But they do say the rear offside wheel of something is legal. Why, there's a police car standing unattended over there."

My kind friend went on the path of duty.



Illustration: Jean-Claude Thevenin

Your lordships will be delighted to know that the tiled palaces will continue to remain sterile and constantly, frequently, frequented only by those overstretched coppers - now painted.

Do take care how you pass this round, even in the Lords Cottage. A bit of ermine may well conceal a copper. Other devices are misleading. One is actually a truncheon.

Rule Britannia, Love and kisses,
Lu-Lu

To Their Noble Lordships

Reed Morris of Borth-y-Gest
Diplock Simon of Gladale Kilbrandon

follow-up
monthly magazine

FOLLOW-UP GLAMOUR MAGAZINE
for the gay scene is available from
your usual suppliers or direct from
200d Railton Road Herne Hill LONDON SE24

75p

The Other Love

Continued from front page

This book, like Mr. Montgomery Hyde's books about Wilde, is really a plea for tolerance from the rest of society towards a group of people who really need no more help from society than for it to realise that we are human beings with a great capacity for love and happiness which is so often stifled by fear; their fear, and its result in us. This study deals with the repression throughout history of this social group through ignorance, stupidity and fear. Because of the Puritan strain in our society they try to make us feel guilty, even now, about the freedom to love. Bernard Shaw said of Oscar Wilde that at the time of his trials he pleaded 'not guilty' to the 'offences' of which he was accused because he did not feel 'guilty.'

The historical survey covers a range from Saxon times virtually to the present day but deals unfortunately with men only. Apparently women are more difficult to obtain information about. The three really important events were the changes of the law; that of Henry VIII's time when in 1533 he made 'the detestable and abominable Vice of Buggery committed with mankind or beast' a felony and so punishable by death and forfeiture of property. This law continued in force until 1861 when the abolition of the death penalty for 'offences against the person', was commuted to penal servitude for life or any term not less than ten years at the discretion of the court. This, plus the additional clause in the Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1885, was in force until its repeal in 1967.

The Criminal Law Amendment Act was really a mistake. It was originally concerned with the protection of young girls against juvenile prostitution and white slavery, its principal aim being to raise the 'age of consent' from thirteen years of age to sixteen. It was during the committee stage, 'taken late at night on August 6th, 1885', that the amendment clause was inserted by Henry Labouchere, a Liberal-Radical M.P.

ANY MALE PERSON WHO, IN PUBLIC OR PRIVATE, COMMITS, OR IS A PARTY TO THE COMMISSION OF, OR PROCURES OR ATTEMPTS TO PROCURE THE COMMISSION BY ANY MALE PERSON OF, ANY ACT OF GROSS INDECENCY WITH ANOTHER MALE PERSON, SHALL BE GUILTY OF A MISDEMEANOUR, AND BEING CONVICTED THEREOF, SHALL BE LIABLE, AT THE DISCRETION OF THE COURT, TO BE IMPRISONED FOR ANY TERM NOT EXCEEDING ONE YEAR WITH OR WITHOUT HARD LABOUR.

The Attorney-General, Sir Henry James, amended the original penalty to two years as a maximum penalty and as soon as the Royal Assent had been given there began a spate of correspondence in the newspapers;



Guy Burgess

both legal and lay, . . . a learned Recorder dubbed it 'The Blackmailer's Charter', and an eminent Q.C. prophesying that 'juries would refuse to convict where the alleged acts were in private and not visible to any member of the public'.

'On the other hand, those interested in the welfare of young girls welcomed the act so warmly (and indeed it was an excellent Act apart from section II), and it was so clearly impossible to do anything except let the law take its course, that after a few weeks the clamour died down and the public interest became centred upon some more savoury topic.'

So wrote Sir Travers Humphreys in 1948, one of the junior counsel during the trials of Oscar Wilde.

The new act was used extensively during the 82 years of its life, but apart from the Wilde trials which set several legal precedents and were until 1948 surrounded by an aura of mystery to all but the collector of rare books or privately printed editions, the period which I find the most intriguing is that of the early fifties, which some of us will remember slightly, but whose intrigues and scandals meant very little more than salacious newspaper reading.

It was in March 1951 that the drive against homosexuals became really intensified. This was due to the defection of the two British diplomats, Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean, to the Soviet Union. Maclean had been serving in a senior position in the British Embassy in Washington and is believed to have been blackmailed by Burgess and 'Kim' Philby—both Burgess and Maclean being homosexual, into handing over 'top-secret' information, to which he had access from American sources, to the Russians.

The Americans, apparently very concerned over Maclean's sudden disappearance with Burgess, which had resulted from a 'tip-off' from Philby. They approached the British to weed out any of the known homosexuals from Government Service as bad security risks, as was being done also in the States. MacCarthyism was 'in full-swing' over there too. The British campaign reached its height in the latter part of '53 and early '54, getting a good boost from the New Metropolitan Police Commissioner, Sir John Nott-Bower, who swore he would 'rip the cover off all London's filth spots', according to one report. In October 1953 it was reported the Home Office had instructed the police to institute 'a new drive against male vice.'

The new Home Secretary, Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, (later Lord Kilmuir), had this to say in December 1953;

Homosexuals in general, are exhibitionists and proselytizers, (i.e. makers of converts!) and a danger to others, especially the young. So long as I hold the office of Home Secretary, I shall give no countenance to the view that they should not be prevented from being such a danger.

In the months that followed, many young men were trapped by the use of AGENTS PROVOCATEURS. Peter Wildeblood in his excellent book, *Against the Law*, quoted here, witnessed two in action:

One night, when I had been working late at the office, I was walking along the Brompton Road towards my flat. Outside a closed public-house in a side turning I noticed two men loitering. A man aged about seventy, with white hair, walked past them and went into a lavatory at the side of the public-house. He was followed in by the younger of the two men. Almost immediately there was a sound of scuffling and shouting, and the older of the two men whom I had first noticed also ran into the lavatory. He and his companion dragged the old man out, each holding him by an arm. He was struggling and crying.

My first thought was that they must be local 'roughs' who were trying to rob the old man, so I went towards them and shouted at them to let him go, or I would call the police. The younger one said: 'We are Police Officers.' A woman who had joined us on the street corner asked what the old man had done, and was told that he had been 'making a nuisance of himself'. He had now begun to struggle violently, and the two detectives pushed him up against the railings of the Cancer Hospital, outside which we were standing. His head became wedged between two iron spikes, and he started to scream. The detectives asked if one of us would ring up Chelsea Police Station and ask for a van to be sent: 'Just tell them we're at the top of Dovehouse Street, they'll know what it's about!'

The woman said: 'You can do your own dirty work, damn you.' It seemed to me, however, that the old man might be seriously injured if he continued to struggle, so I went into a telephone box a few yards away, telephoned the police station and spoke to the duty sergeant. He was evidently expecting a message, because the van arrived almost immediately. The old man, who by this time was lying on the pavement in a pool of blood, was picked up and taken away . . . Of all the many cases which came before the courts, none caused as much stir as that involving Lord Montagu of Beaulieu. Others involved were his cousin, Michael Pitt-Rivers, a film director, Kenneth Hume and Peter Wildeblood, at that time diplomatic correspondent for the Daily Mail.

Lord Montagu and Kenneth Hume appeared before Winchester Assizes on December 1953, accused of indecently assaulting two boy scouts (employed at his stately home as guides) who had gone with him and Hume to look for a camera he'd left at his beach hut. While there they had a bathe. He reported the loss of his camera to the police and while they were questioning the two boys they elicited an

accusation of indecent assault from the two men.

While 'enquiries were going on' and rumours were making social life difficult for him, and particularly his sister, about to get married, Montagu went away to France and then to America. As soon as he heard there was a warrant out for his arrest he flew home, surrendering himself and his passport to the authorities. This proved to be an unwise move.

The prosecution sought to prove that instead of flying direct from Paris to New York on September 25th, as he swore in his evidence he had done, he had returned to England for a brief visit of a couple of days and had flown to America from England on September 25th. In support of this the prosecution pointed to an entry in his passport which seemed to indicate that he had not been in Boulogne for several years, and on examining the passport the judge pronounced that the date had been altered, the figure '5' having been apparently changed from '4'.

Montagu was acquitted on the serious charge of committing an unnatural offence but on the lesser charge of indecent assault the jury disagreed and the Director of Public Prosecutions decided that he should be tried again.



Donald Maclean

Three weeks later the arrests of Pitt-Rivers and Wildeblood took place, the police searching their premises without warrants. They were charged with several specific indecency charges and of 'conspiring' with Montagu to commit them. This was highly prejudicial to Montagu's pending second trial. This practice had been severely condemned by the Court of Criminal Appeal in 1948, when Mr. Justice Humphreys had remarked:

—if the law of criminal conspiracy is to be invoked, then each count of the indictment should be framed so as to enable the jury to put their fingers on the specific point of the conspiracy as to which they are satisfied that the particular defendant is proved to have been implicated and to convict him of that offence

only. It is an essential feature of the criminal law that the accused person should be able to tell from the indictment the precise nature of the charge or charges against him so as to be in a position to put forward his defence and to direct his evidence to meet them.

Wildeblood and Pitt-Rivers were specifically accused of offences with two R.A.F. men, Edward McNally and John Reynolds, again at the beach-hut near Beaulieu, and at the Pitt-Rivers estate in Dorset. Wildeblood, his friend McNally and Reynolds, used the hut for a holiday in 1952 and on their first night, Montagu gave a party to welcome them.

It was a small party, consisting of Montagu and some friends he had brought down who were at a house party at Beaulieu. It was this that the Press built up into a Bacchanalian orgy while reporting the trial.

Montagu, Pitt-Rivers and Wildeblood were tried together at Winchester Assizes in March 1954. The charges in respect of the boy scouts . . . were not included in the indictment, since neither Pitt-Rivers nor Wildeblood had anything to do with these . . . The principal witnesses against the defendants were the two air-men, both of whom had been thoroughly intimidated.

It also came out that Reynolds was interrogated by the police for a total of eighteen hours and that McNally had been persuaded to 'confess' on being told that Reynolds had already 'squealed' . . . 'The fact that neither of them was charged with any offence', Wildeblood afterwards wrote, 'proves, I think, conclusively that the Crown in this case was not even concerned with the administration of the law as it stood. It was simply out to put Montagu behind bars.'

It did, Pitt-Rivers and Wildeblood got 18 months, Montagu 12.

Some good came out of this, however. One thing was Wildeblood's own book which I have been forced to read again after reviewing this book; a very powerful evocation of the period: the other was that the Sunday Times devoted its leading article in the next issue after the conviction at Winchester entitled *Law and Hypocrisy*. This was followed by an equally powerful article in the New Statesman on *The Police and the Montagu Case*. These were not before the Church had put in a plea for the reform of the law, even when the charges were still pending at Winchester — a blow for the police. This had come from The Church of England Council for Moral Welfare.

The Government eventually bowed to the storm of criticism. Just a month after the Montagu trial the Home Secretary, along with the Secretary of State for Scotland, agreed to the appointment of a Departmental Committee to examine and report on the law of homosexual offences and the 'parallel' problem of the law relating to prostitution!

Questions in Parliament seem to have given Conservative peers virtual heart attacks. In the House of Lords, Earl Winterton, then in his seventies, after apologising for bringing forward 'this nauseating subject' castigated the Church of England for publishing the report of its Moral Welfare Council and praised the police for their recent actions, barking back to Wilde:

'It may well be said that the Oscar Wilde case was a moral purge, and it may be that certain recent cases will have the same effect. If this be so, the whispering campaign against the police, which is going on very strongly, and sometimes in circles which ought to know better, should cease . . .'

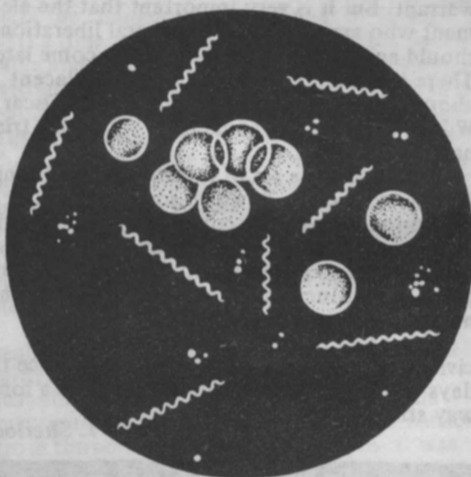


Lord Montgomery of Alamein

The Homosexual Woman & Venereal Disease

In Issue No. 1 of Gay News a Consultant wrote a feature on Venereal Disease mainly concerning himself with the male homosexual and the symptoms which surround these diseases, but female homosexuals are not exempt from them, so I shall try to clarify and enlighten women as to their symptoms and the process of going through a Clinic for treatment.

At one time female homosexual patients used to express surprise that they could in fact have been infected with Venereal Disease by contact with their own sex, but the germ Syphilis (spiral shaped) can only live in warm moist conditions such as those which occur in the vagina, mouth and anus, therefore if a female homosexual often practices "cunnilingus" i.e. the act of tickling the woman's clitoris with her tongue, she is therefore spreading the infected area simply by kissing, or if there is a very small abrasion in the anogenital region it will enter and can spread through the body in a matter of hours. I must stress here that Syphilis, if left untreated, can kill. This disease progresses through Four Stages and is identified by diagnosing the germs in the sores and by blood tests.



Syphilis germs (spiral shaped) under the microscope

The First Stage

The first sign of syphilis can make its appearance any time between ten days and twelve weeks after infection. The first sign is usually a single, painless ulcer on or around the sexual organs. Although these ulcers are painless and might even appear to clear up all on their own, they should not be ignored they are highly infectious. In fact, if there is an ulcer on or around the sexual organs, it is always sensible to assume that it is syphilitic until proved otherwise at a clinic. If syphilis is not treated at this stage, it might appear to

clear up, but usually all that is happening is that the infection has spread to various parts of the body and that the second stage of the disease is developing. As this first stage can be so easily missed, the only really sensible thing to do is to have a check-up, even if there's only the remotest chance that you may have caught it.

The Second Stage

The most obvious and most typical sign is a body rash which cannot be missed. Usually this rash doesn't itch or cause discomfort. This stage may be accompanied by general signs of ill-health, loss of weight, poor appetite, and so on. Because the rash will eventually disappear, this second stage is sometimes ignored. It is, however, the most acute and highly infectious stage of syphilis.

The Third Stage

If untreated, syphilis will continue to develop, and the possibility of infecting others will remain. This third stage is called the latent stage because it is a time when the infection appears to have disappeared since it shows no symptoms. It can last from a few months to a lifetime.

The Fourth Stage

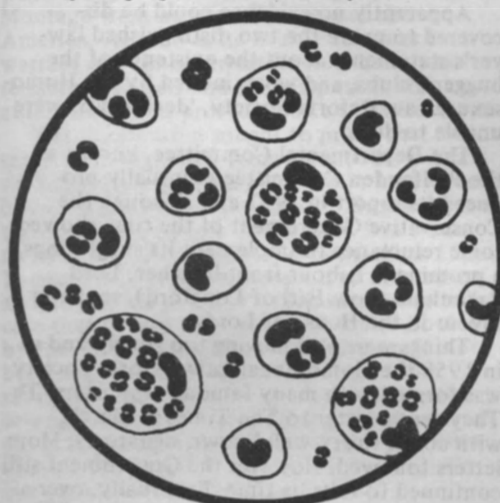
At this stage, the damage caused by the infection becomes apparent. There is absolutely no means of curing the damage. All that treatment can do is to alleviate the symptoms and prevent complications. In one out of every three untreated cases the disease at this stage may have attacked the heart or brain or any other organ.

Treatment of Syphilis consists of a number of injections of penicillin or another antibiotic, and it may be injected daily for seven to fourteen days. Occasionally, a different, longer-acting preparation may be injected. If the disease has been present for quite a time before the patient goes for treatment, the doctor may decide to institute long-term treatment to make sure that the spirochaetes do not have a chance to survive. It is vital to follow the doctor's instructions on medication if the disease is to be properly eliminated.

Let us now take a look at gonorrhoea.

Gonorrhoea is the commonest form of Venereal Disease. Its cause is a fragile germ which survives and multiplies in the sexual organs of a woman and should one woman have had intercourse at any time with a male

and picked it up, the germ may be there without her knowing it. In homosexual women, when one sexual passage comes into direct contact with another, the gonococci have a chance to move — a chance which they usually snap up — and when they are settled



Under the microscope, gonococci, the bacteria causing gonorrhoea, are seen as pink, coffee bean-shaped germs, lying inside white blood cells.

in their new home, usually at the neck of the womb, they begin to multiply. Sometimes the gonococci may invade the anus as the vagina is very close. When gonorrhoea occurs in the anus and rectum the person may not notice it because the symptoms are very mild. Sometimes, however, they will suffer from a discharge or itching or a feeling of dampness at the anus. Also, there may be mucus (slime) or pus in the faeces (shit). Sometimes the symptoms may be severe with a lot of mucus being discharged and a great deal of pain on defaecating. If the condition remains for a long time untreated, warts may develop around the anus.

In the early stages it is very nearly impossible for a woman to know if she has gonorrhoea. She may notice discomfort or tickling and a burning feeling on passing urine. She may pass urine more frequently than usual and there may be a discharge from her vagina. Often, if there is a discharge it is very slight, though it may stain the knickers. Occasionally, the discharge is sufficient to cause a sore patch between the legs. There are all sorts of places that gonorrhoea may spread to, but the most complicated is when it spreads up through the womb or uterus and into the tubes leading into it, called the

fallopian tubes. Usually, this produces a severe infection of the tubes with pain low down in the abdomen on one or both sides. Often there is a temperature, fever, vomiting, nausea and a headache. The woman looks ill and the doctor may have some difficulty in distinguishing the problem from appendicitis or other emergency conditions of the abdomen.

Diagnosis of gonorrhoea in women takes longer. More than one examination may be required. A correct diagnosis can be made by taking a smear of the discharge and other secretions and a sample of blood. Treatment is usually with penicillin and started at once. Often one injection is enough, but patients are asked to return to the clinic for confirmation of a cure.

There is another disease which can affect women and can be transmitted to their sexual partners; it is *Candida Albicans*. This creature commonly lives on the skin, in the mouth, in the bowels and in the vagina. This causes a vaginal discharge in women. Sometimes the discharge is produced in large quantities causing soreness of the inner thighs and staining of the underwear. The itching may be quite severe, and it is often worse at night, probably because of the added warmth of the bed. It can be severe enough to stop the woman from sleeping and if this continues she will become bad tempered, overtired, unable to cope with things. The itching can also be a problem during the day, and the desire to scratch the offending part can be quite embarrassing. *Candida Albicans* is discovered by a physical examination when the doctor will scrape the inside of the vagina with a blunt instrument (which is painless) and then examine this under the microscope having stained it with a special chemical to colour the fungus if it is present. The treatment consists of using an antibiotic called Nystatin, which comes in the form of special pessaries or cream. The pessaries are placed in the vagina and the antibiotic is released to cover the inside of the vagina. Sometimes a doctor will paint the inside of the vagina with a dilute solution of gentian violet which also kills the fungus — though one does end up with brilliant purple underwear.

Women are prone to a number of infections in the vagina and any woman who has a persistent discharge which stains the underwear should either consult their own doctor or seek advice at a clinic. It is in the interest of all homosexuals to seek medical advice at once if they suspect that they may be infected.

Sheila A. Whyment-Lester.

Suburban Unity

Harrow Gay Unity: A Case History

In the last few months there have been a number of gay groups emerging with their own local identity. For example, there is London University's GAYSOC, a merger between CHE and GLF, and Reading's Gay Alliance. These have been based on the very reasonable feeling that, where the territory is limited, like in a university or an isolated town, it makes more sense to get together a united gay scene, responsive to local needs, rather than to play up the differences between nationwide bodies in a smaller arena. This is GAY UNITY's position too, even though we are in a London Borough. We hope that this brief account of our history, aims, achievements and failures will help others to develop their own schemes, just as we have learned and adapted through hearing about others' experiences.

We started in November 1971, as very much GLF, highly motivated to protest and take political action as a result of a spate of gay cottage arrests in Harrow. This was a time of writing letters, but in personal fear and trepidation, because we were so few, and actually operating in our home area. We eventually got ourselves a fairly satisfactory place to meet regularly, and managed to place a regular advertisement in our local paper. Then we expanded fairly slowly, and there was a constant dialogue between two points of view within the group: "We must never concede to the straight system, and if newcomers can't accept GLF ideology we are better off without them", versus "We are all gay, and the needs of individuals for a local social scene are more important than their political beliefs".

About this time too, the Central London GLF meetings came to an end, and we began to feel more that we must look after ourselves since no-one else would. As an experiment, and as a result of the newcomers' desire for structure in the group and their right to have a democratic say in how things developed, we set up a committee or co-ordinating group (5 elected, 3 to be replaced every month) to deal with the business of letters, money and arrangements. Some GLF-oriented people felt that this was too much and withdrew, while others decided to stay and keep the GLF viewpoint going. In the event, the committee never really worked, and action was still mostly taken by committed individuals and small groups. But socially we were getting more together, and public appearances in pubs and on the streets happened more often. Some of the fear about police and public hostility

disappeared and a personal social network of friendship and support developed — the beginnings of a real local alternative scene.

We then decided to call ourselves GAY UNITY to appeal more to all gays in the area and because we felt we had a genuine local identity and were not just an outpost of GLF in the suburbs. But the GLF link was still there, particularly in the belief in the importance of public action and the search for a genuinely different way of life, rather than accepting the status quo of straight society.

The Present Situation

We still meet regularly on Mondays in the same pub. The search for better premises which we can advertise publicly is still on, but there are fewer suitable places in the suburbs. Pub rooms to let are rare, since they are either converted into more lucrative lounges, or new pubs are built without them. Church halls are unsatisfactory anyway, and only one of the many clergymen we wrote to even bothered to reply. Other halls like those belonging to political parties tend to be expensive or to lay down too many conditions.

At our meetings we report and discuss actions and then socialise downstairs in the pub lounge. Recent actions include sniping at the local Festival of Light operations and arranging a confrontation with them. We are on good terms with the Womens Lib, and with the Harrow Youth Movement, and supported HYM with a car and loudspeaker for their candidate in a recent ward-election. Our main effort now is a series of organised visits to all the pubs in the area. In a group of about 8-10, wearing badges, we just go in and have a drink and be ourselves. People stare, and

some come up and talk to us, and pass remarks. Without our being aggressive or provocative, the populace is getting to know that "queers" aren't just the funny people to be found in squalid pubs in the centre of London. We also want to reach the isolated gays in this way, apart from our regular local newspaper and library ads. We want to use leaflets more too, but the experience of other groups has suggested that street handouts don't seem to have much effect in relation to the effort put in.

In all, this may not seem a lot to be doing, but with our numbers still fairly low, about 25 regular attenders on Mondays (more for parties) it gives us enough to be busy, without putting too much onto individuals. We have kept away from formal organisation, although volunteers can be found for most of the jobs to be done. Without formality, it is admittedly harder to organise things. But when they do happen, everyone feels much more personally involved, and there is a great sense of unity and commitment.

For the future, there are a lot of possibilities and hazards. In one of the pubs we went to we were refused service. If it happens more, or again in the same pub, we are ready to make a public issue out of it. Also it looks like some locals want to get at us, for reasons best known to themselves. A confrontation with active hostility, so far avoided, will have to be faced. Also we want to get in touch with more of the gays outside the usual scene. There are the kids still living at home who need to get more acquainted with gayness, and come out more. Then at the other end, there are the older men who haunt the cottages. For them at the moment, this is often the best way to see or take part in sex. But any group that really means what it says about treating people as individuals must evolve ways of bringing all gays into a better personal and social scene. Ideas from others are welcome.

Gay Unity and GLF

Like we said before, we feel that our real affinity remains with the GLF, as the source of ideas and principles, even though we do adapt to our surroundings, and assert our own identity. We try at least to attend GLF co-ordinating group regularly, to make a financial contribution, and to help in the office. Sometimes in the past we have felt over-criticised by individuals who didn't seem

to appreciate our problems. Now there seems to be a good understanding with central GLF. Also we feel that, through our own experience (which is the only way to find out) that many of the GLF approaches are the best ways of working towards a real change in society, especially openness.

Gay Unity and Gay News

Despite the fact that two of Harrow's original members are in the Gay News collective, in Issue 2 it was reported by someone who knew the real situation, to the effect that Gay Unity had broken off from GLF. This 'fact' was then used in the Editorial of the same issue as evidence of widespread disenchantment with GLF. Gay News then failed to correct the error, partly because the collective felt that an apology to individuals they knew personally would be enough. This was unfortunate, for it was not then a purely local matter. GLF had first reacted to the 'news', then reacted even more against Gay News for being deliberately misleading for the sake of journalistic effect.

Other groups got all gleeful about our 'defection', and Harrow had to spend a lot of time making the position clear again. Now we hope that we are back on good terms with Gay News. But other groups should take heed. They should be as clear as possible about their decisions and actions when they might be reported. Also they should not rely on any of the media, however sympathetic, to get facts across accurately. Gay News is the best available attempt to provide a national alternative to the straight press. But we should still make some allowance for the pressures on Gay News to be lively, topical and accurate all at the same time — usually at 4.00 am when they finally paste up what will be printed.

Love and peace from all of us at Harrow. Do let us know what you are doing, via Gay News or Come Together or directly by phone or visit our meetings. (Alex — 422-7890 or Janie — 863-1184).

ED. Gay News welcomes articles and news from other small gay groups, whether they be affiliated to CHE, GLF, SMG or independent.

REVIEWS

Happily Ever After

Patience and Sarah by Isabel Miller, (Hart-Davis, £1.75)

This is a marvellously simple book, based on the real-life character of Mary Ann Willson, an American primitive painter of the early 1800's. If you found *The Well of Loneliness* rather sentimental, and *La Batarde* unreadable, this is for you. It's also for you if you want to know more about one kind of lesbian relationship, for the development of the relationship between Patience and Sarah is described clearly and truly in the first person, both alternating in acting as narrator.

Patience White is a quiet lady of thirty, living with her brother and his family in a small farming town in Connecticut in 1816. She does all the things that a woman did in this sort of environment - cooking, making candles, spinning - but she also paints, has a small private income and has no inclination to marry. 'I was still young enough to think of marriage, at least to a widower, but I'd never noticed that marriage made anybody else feel better. . . Well, if a woman's not going to want marriage, she'd best get busy and want to be a schoolmarm or hire herself out as an embroiderer. All I wanted was to be a painter . . .'

She also wants, deeply, someone to share her life, and to make this life independent of her rigidly conventional brother and his narrow-minded wife. When Sarah Dowling, twenty-one and tough, arrives with a load of firewood, there's immediate contact. "I'm Pa's boy," says Sarah, 'he couldn't get a boy the regular way. Kept getting girls. So he picked me out to be boy because I was biggest.' Sarah in the scandal of the neighbourhood, but she and Patience quickly find that they complement each other, sexually as well as emotionally, and the rest of the book follows their efforts to get away from the village, and to come to terms with their unique situation.

The device of having a few chapters written from each girl's point of view works well on

the whole, especially when Sarah goes off to find her own way in the world, believing that she and Patience will never be able to live together. Sarah travels with a book-peddler, who teaches her to read, and develops her thinking, without disturbing her amusing innocence. When his affection for the young 'boy' in breeches and boots seems to become too close, she makes the breakthrough and admits that she is a girl, and goes home to face her angry father and re-establish her love with Patience.

Eventually they do break away, against opposition but with the unexpected help of Patience's brother, who seems to finally recognise real love, although his shrewish wife certainly don't have it. Travelling by steamer to the wicked city of New York, and meeting with unexpected help on the way, Patience and Sarah find a small farm near a village on the Hudson, and set up home there. They rebuild the collapsing log cabin, plant their own land, even build their own bed - live there, together, perhaps even happily ever after.

The real painter, Mary Ann Willson and her lover, Miss Brundidge, did exactly that, and this basis in fact adds another delightful facet to the book. I found *Patience and Sarah* the best recent fiction about lesbians I have read, and a fascinating piece of social history as well.

Suki J. Pitcher

Thirties Flans Only

Cowardy Custard Directed by Wendy Toye, with Patricia Routledge, Elaine Delmar, Derek Waring, John Moffatt. At the Mermaid Theatre.

I went to a marvellous party, and although I paid for my seat, I felt rather like a gate crasher. Tottering dowagers with ga-ga escorts, exquisite young men in pin-stripe suits and immaculate haircuts, aged flappers and drunken 'cads', and for God's sake, I swear I saw Somerset Maugham! The audience were the sort of people you thought had vanished from the face of the earth - but there they were, like an animated Scarfe cartoon.

We settled down, chattered madly through the overture (the overture?!), then sighed and reminisced through a lovely medley of Coward favourites which introduced us to the cast. It was here that doubt began to set in. While the well-known favourites - I'll See You Again, Play Orchestra Play, You Were There, obviously stood the test of time, there were far too many that didn't, and it wasn't until almost definitive versions of I've been to a Marvellous Party by Patricia Routledge and The Stately Homes Of England by 4 of the men, that the evening began to show any sign of promise. The first half ended with Why Must the Show Go On? and it was difficult not to ask 'Why indeed?'

The London sequence which opened Part 2 with the cast dressed like Pearly Queens on acid, was an extended disaster, and Patricia Routledge almost wiped out her earlier triumph in a dire, sentimental and patronising monologue I've Just Come Out From England with which Mr. Coward presumably bored the troops to death during his many overseas tours of the last war.

Elaine Delmar belted her songs loud and clear, but was clearly wrong for Coward's deceptively fragile melodies, and Una Stubbs



Una Stubbs

managed to be coyer than even her Cliff Richard Show appearances would lead you to believe.

All told, one for those of you only heavily into 30s nostalgia. Denis Cohn

BLACK HONESTY

The Harder they Come starring Jimmy Cliff. Directed by Perry Henzell. Cert 'AA'. At present showing only at the Gaumont, Notting Hill Gate.

'The Harder They Come' Original Soundtrack Recording - Jimmy Cliff & Various Artists - Island LPS 9202

After an extremely successful run at the Brixton Classic, *The Harder They Come* is now showing at the Gaumont, Notting Hill Gate for an indefinite period.

Despite the fact that this is the first independent production to come out of Jamaica, that the cast is almost entirely made up of non-professional actors, and that, at the time of writing, it has no major distributor, the film has managed to attract considerable attention, especially amongst the most notable critics. And quite justifiably so.

Because the film is honest in its reflections



Jimmy Cliff

of West Indian life and culture it succeeds on all levels. The depiction of the hardships of Jamaican life give it a political nature, whilst the unpretentiousness of the largely amateur cast allow it to be entertaining and at times very funny.

The story-line is simple but revealing. A young man, Ivan, (played by reggae singer Jimmy Cliff), comes from the country to 'make it' in the city. His ambition is to make a hit record but it's a lot harder and tougher to achieve than he first imagined. He does, however, eventually succeed, but not until after he has been humiliated, exploited in every way, and is wanted by the police for murder.

The film is an angry comment on the social conditions that allow the exploitation and poverty that exist in Jamaica to take place, in what to an outsider is a 'paradise isle'. Director Perry Henzell controls this anger

though and doesn't allow it to distract one from the purpose and the humour of the film. Also racial oppression is not brought in as being the aggressor, for throughout the film we are shown that black man exploits black man, and the hero, Ivan, is completely materialistic in his outlook on life.

The soundtrack of the film contains the best reggae music I have ever heard. The distinctiveness and vitality of this music, now that we have a chance to hear it well recorded (in stereo), must surely mean that a lot more people will become aware of yet another important musical form. The soundtrack has recently been released by Island records, who also handle the film in this country.

Jimmy Cliff contributes a number of tracks, including the title track, *The Harder They Come*. This song as a single has already been a huge hit in Jamaica and amongst the West Indian community in this country. Cliff composed this song, as he did all the material he sings on this soundtrack. Another particularly good track by him is *Many Rivers To Cross*, which has the best lyrics I have heard since Simon & Garfunkel's *Bridge Over Troubled Water* and Bill Withers's *Lean on Me*. The rest of the soundtrack is made up with songs from other popular reggae entertainers such as *The Maytals* and *Desmond Dekker*.

If you live in London it is well worth the journey to Notting Hill Gate to see this film. But if that's not possible, at least hear the soundtrack album. Both are good unpretentious entertainment, and the film and lyrics of the songs provide a much needed insight into West Indian life. Don't bother to see the new *Shaft* movie, that's just another way the white man has learnt to exploit the black man; see something that is honest about one form of black culture. Denis Lemon

FOLLOW-UP

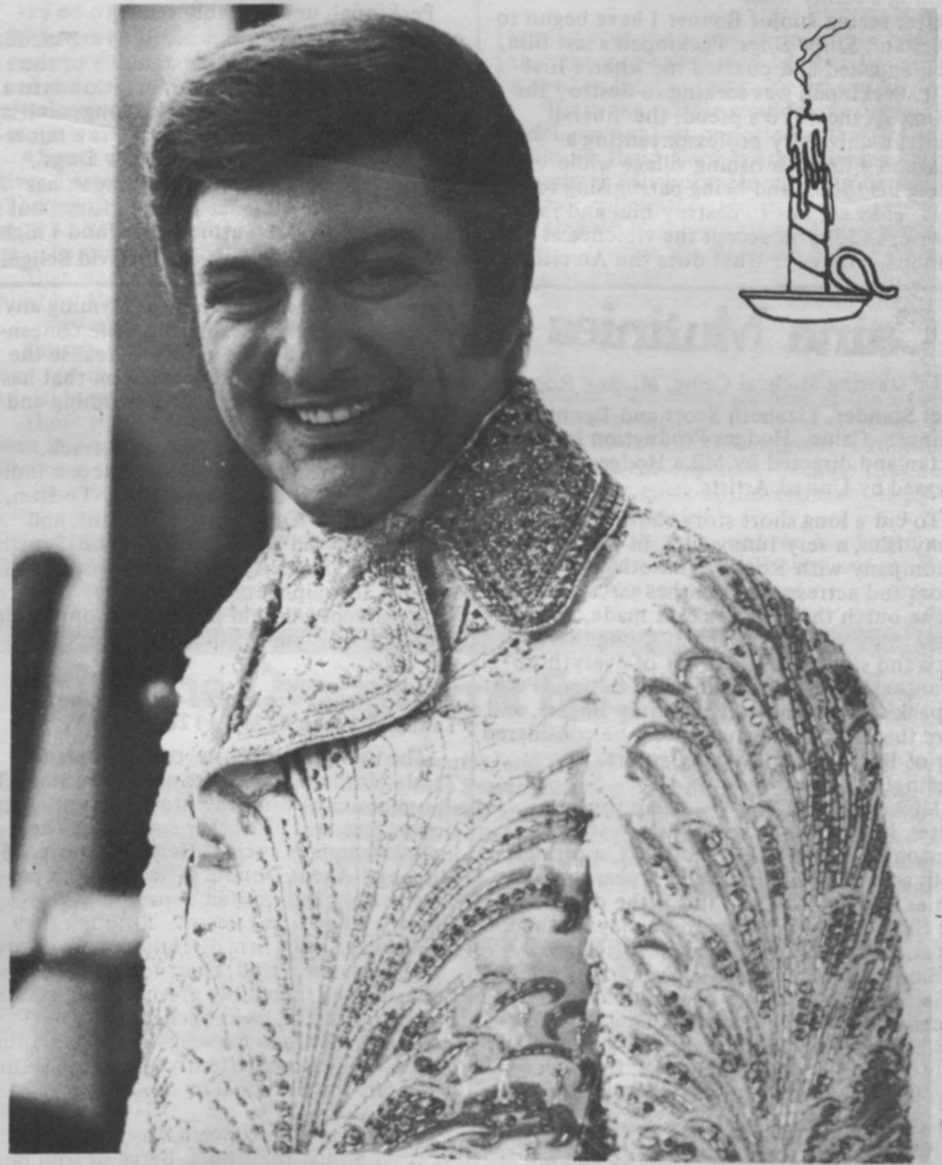
Follow-Up, published by Don Busby, is a new monthly magazine for 'the gay scene'. But as they say themselves, the magazine is "projected, not only at the homosexual, but at anyone who likes entertainment and fun". They go on to say, in their first editorial, that "Follow-Up is not a campaigning magazine", and they will not publish material which will "seriously offend in any sphere. We only wish to be adult and to be able to laugh at ourselves and society".

At 75p a copy, Follow-Up is not cheap, but it is professionally produced and contains 64 pages. Amongst its contents there are features, fiction, reviews, full-frontal male pin-ups, but unfortunately no personal ads. The magazine is completely male-orientated too.

There is certainly a market for interesting, well-produced gay magazines, but whether Follow-Up will satisfy the demand remains to be seen. The mag's editors are Jonathan Kerr and Peter Burton (ex Jeremy).

Denis Lemon

Return Of The Net



Photograph: Allan Warren, Camera Press London

SUBSCRIBE!

SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE £1.20 FOR 10 ISSUES OR £2.30 FOR 20.

(COPIES ARE POSTED IN A SEALED ENVELOPE).

PLEASE MAKE CHEQUES/POSTAL ORDERS PAYABLE TO GAY NEWS SUBSCRIPTIONS

AND SEND TO 19 LONDON STREET, LONDON W.2. TEL: 01-402 7805.

NAME

ADDRESS

I wish my subscription to commence from issue number

TRADE ENQUIRIES WELCOME. (Single copies available 10p plus 3p postage.)

ANOTHER AMERICAN DREAM

JUNIOR BONNER starring Steve McQueen, Ida Lupino, Robert Preston. An ABC Pictures production filmed in colour and TODD-AO, and directed by Sam Peckinpah. Released by Cinerama Releasing (UK) Ltd.

Peckinpah is desperate about the disappearance of the old pioneering America, the rough, wild, dangerous way of living. He's an artistic, romantic, reactionary who doesn't fit into the new style frozen fish colour TV style of life. Nor do a lot of us, but in this glorification of the past, he tends to forget about the traumas of pioneering, like poverty, illness, etc. Junior Bonner (Steve McQueen) who in 1972 is gradually ageing, fading just like the travelling rodeo circuit he's on. After all who wants to see a man risking his life riding bareback on a rampaging bull when the 'Lucy Show' is on the colour telly.

The rodeo circuit brings Jr. back to his home town of Prescott, Arizona, where his first sight is the family ranch being bulldozed into a gravel pit. He looks on shocked and stupefied, and Peckinpah's brilliant direction makes the bulldozers and earth movers look like monsters out of a King Kong film. Jr's mum (Ida Lupino) seems fairly resigned to her son and husband (Robert Preston) refusing to conform, but approves of her other son, Curly, who is in the tourist trade and making money. Dad, known as Ace Bonner, is 60 and still involved with rodeos. He's an eccentric womaniser, who wants to go to Australia to mine for gold, as there's nothing left to pioneer in America, and one can't help feeling he is Peckinpah transferred to the screen.

Curly, who's respectably married, wants Jr to join him in ripping off tourists in his Arizona history museum. His wife, as she serves her two kids with yet another bottle of cyclamate filled Coke, comes out with comments like - "Once you've seen one rodeo you've seen them all". Curly and Jr are always fighting, the conflict between the old and the new which is very effective, but Peckinpah does overstate his case in the big fight scene in the bar, which while technically superb, attempts to suggest visually that the couple of hundred people there are enjoying fighting each other, rather like one enjoys watching a funny film.

After seeing Junior Bonner I have begun to understand *Straw Dogs*, Peckinpah's last film, which appalled and puzzled me when I first saw it. Peckinpah was seeking to destroy the epitome of the 1970's pseud, the 'liberal' American university professor renting a cottage in a Cornish fishing village while writing his thesis, and being patronising to the locals. They set out to destroy him and rape his wife, and if you accept the violence as a symbol - why not? What does the American



Steve McQueen

bullshitter know of their boring and useless lives?

Peckinpah undoubtedly tends to be excessive in his images, but his films are made with real feeling and understanding of the awful plight of man, his degeneration into a plastic culture where he can no longer initiate or invent. Perhaps Junior Bonner is a tamer film than 'Wild Bunch' and 'Straw Dogs', because of all the criticism Peckinpah has received for the violence in these films, but it is rich in beauty and atmosphere, and I highly recommend it.

David Seligman

Caine Mutinies

PULP starring Micheal Caine, Mickey Rooney, Lionel Stander, Elizabeth Scott and Dennis Price. A Klinger-Caine Hodges Production in colour, written and directed by Mike Hodges. Released by United Artists.

To cut a long short story short this is a funny film, a very funny film, in which Caine in company with Rooney and other old time actors and actresses demolishes sarcastically all the butch thrillers he's ever made, and the books they were taken from. Along the way farce and satire is created out of everything from taxi drivers to cheap crime fiction (Pulp) to package holidays to Humphrey Bogart, and after this film Caine must surely be considered one of Britain's top comedy actors. No kidding!

Mickey King (Caine), a cheap thriller writer, is assigned to write the life story of Preston Gilbert (Mickey Rooney), a former Hollywood star who retired 15 years earlier, just as Rooney did, and this is the delight of the film: everyone seems to be playing themselves. Gilbert is a notorious practical joker, leading to riotous scenes in restaurants etc., which are made up of a mixture of old style slapstick and biting satirical dialogue, a new style of humour which really works successfully. So for a cynical night out, folks, Pulp is your film.

David Seligman

Progressive Soul

Still Bill - Bill Withers - A & M AMLS 68107

Bill Withers has a new album out. It's called Still Bill and contains his hit single *Lean on Me*, that is currently riding high on the single charts.

I thought his first album disappointing, even though it contained a few good tracks. But this new set is a vast improvement on even the best of that initial release. There are very few other soul artists who can not only produce uncluttered, funky dance music, but also write extremely sensitive, adult songs. Bill Withers succeeds in every way. Even the use of strings does not allow the sentiments to become syrupy - a fault that all too often happens with arrangers who permit the sound they create to swamp an artist's talent and originality. The string arrangements used here either help to set a mood or bring in a needed tension to supplement the lyrics.

Soul music has been progressing considerably recently and this album is one of the best examples of this welcome trend.

Listen to it a few times before forming any opinions, it really does need a little concentrated listening before you fully realise the amount of thought and perception that has gone into producing this very stunning and rewarding record.

Lean on Me is a very beautiful track, instantly appealing, as its chart success indicates. But songs like *Another Day to Run*, *Take It All In And Check It All Out*, and *Who Is He (And What Is He To You)?* further portray the maturity of Withers' vision and musical accomplishments.

This record should prove to be one of the soul ballad albums of the year. Don't miss out on it.

The Hits of Edwin Starr - Edwin Starr - Tamla Motown STML 11209

The new 'greatest hits' collection from Tamla Motown is the *Hits of Edwin Starr*. The album contains not only Starr's recent chart singles, but also his earlier successes. These include numbers such as *Headline News*, *25 Miles and Agent Double O Soul*, which previously only had limited exposure in this country when first released, although they have always been firm discotheque favourites.

Of his later period, chart-toppers such as *Time* and the incredibly arranged and produced *War* still prove to be as exciting as ever.

Edwin Starr has shown over the years that he can produce consistently good soul sounds, which are both original in concept and fun to dance to.

The lyrics of his songs always make me think of him as the Chuck Berry of soul music. For while some may say the words are banal, if you listen closely enough they reveal valid reflections of space age society.

In conclusion, this is a top-rate, good value (14 tracks) collection of one man's contributions so far to soul music. And it's a must for parties or whatever you call the gatherings you attend.

Denis Lemon

Camp Classics

Ganymede in Rome twenty-eight epigrams of Marcus Valerius Martialis. The Palantine Press £3

A slim hardback volume on high quality paper of very free and rather camp translations of Martial's epigrams relating to pretty boys in the somewhat decadent days of Rome. Personally, I find it all a bit precious (and at £3 it is) and coy, but it will no doubt appeal to classicists and/or romantics, and will probably find its way into many homes in Harrow, Eton and Winchester.

Doug Pollard

STAR UPON STAR

Everybody's a Star - The Kinks - RCA DPS 2035

The Kinks have been around for quite a few years now, but unlike many other groups who have lasted as long as them, they are still producing fine pop music. Not only do the lyrics of Ray Davies become more impressive but the group's playing improves with each record they release.

Whilst the singles of The Kinks usually make the 'top twenty' charts, their albums don't receive as much attention. I thought that their last LP, *Muswell Hillbillies*, would have rectified that situation, but it was sadly ignored by the majority of record buyers and music paper critics.

The group's new release, *Everybody's a Star*, hopefully should put matters right. It is a double album, of which one record is a 'live' set. The first record though, which is a studio recording, contains nine of the best songs Ray Davies has ever written and one good offering by his brother Dave. Also the group's playing is vastly more together than before, and the addition of brass and organ has given their sound a greater depth.

But it is the songs that make these two sides so stunning, along with the vocal style and delivery of Ray Davies. The sympathetic arrangements and production also add much to the success of this record.

Most of the songs are concerned with reflections on the life of a successful pop singer and the star system that supports him. *Motorway*, for instance, is basically about the low quality of food and conditions available in main highway restaurants and service stations, and the sort of existence one leads if 'on-the-road' for long periods.

Sitting in my Hotel is a subtle, cynical, introverted look at someone who has risen to 'hit parade' stardom. The group's latest single, *Supersonic Rocket Ship*, is also included. The words are rather tongue-in-cheek, but at the same time cheerfully optimistic without becoming embarrassing. The lyrics tell of a future time when equality of all kinds is a reality aboard a 'supersonic rocket ship'.

The outstanding track of the record is *Celluloid Heroes*. It is a funny/sad series of comments and observations about the stars and unrealities of Hollywood. The movie stars, and the cinema audiences dreams and fantasies are fused into a collection of images that try to be honest about the film-capital and its heroes.

There is a sincerity and understanding in the words, although sometimes gently mocking, that shows a fine awareness of the need for and reasons why idol-culture has become a necessity for so many in today's urban, industrial societies. For example: *"I wish my life was a non-stop Hollywood movie show, A fantasy world of celluloid villains and heroes,*

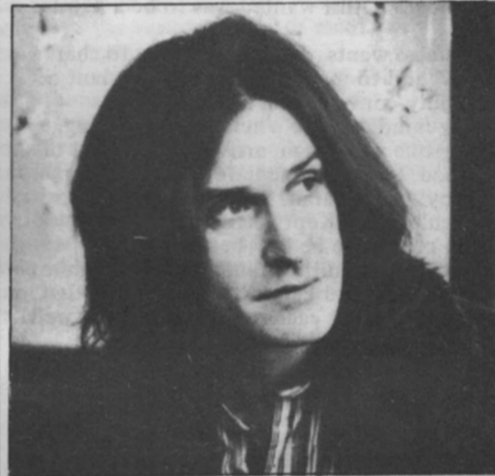
Because celluloid heroes never feel any pain And celluloid heroes never really die."

The descriptions of the stars and the casualties of the Hollywood star system are particularly sensitive and realistic. This becomes obvious in Davies' comment on Marilyn Monroe:

"She should have been made of iron and steel, But she was only made of flesh and blood."

RCA has thoughtfully provided all the words of the songs on the first record on an insert.

The second record is made up of taped 'live' performances whilst The Kinks were recently touring



Ray Davies

in the States. The recording quality is not always good, and some of the songs are noticeably weak especially after hearing the first record. But many of them contain the wit and charm that makes Ray Davies songs such good listening. The 'live' version of *Lola* (a gay anthem?) is well worth hearing and the treatment of standards like *Baby Face* are camp if nothing else.

The double set is reasonably priced at £2.98, and the excellence of the studio album more than makes up for the weaknesses of the 'live' record.

Denis Lemon

STOP PRESS

course of their duty."

The drag gays are charged with a number of offences including one of obstructing the footpath, two of obstructing the police and two of threatening behaviour.

But they say the threatening behaviour was not just one-sided. Gay News was told: "What was really terrifying was not just the fact that the police pulled our hair, which you can expect. But also, as well as getting all the 'Yes, ducky', 'No, ducky' remarks the arresting officer pulled Doug's hair in the police van and said: 'We'll get you later'."

Trouble broke out when the landlord decided not to serve the drag gays, who had had a social. Then, they sat down. The landlord called the police and three policemen entered the pub to clear the sit-down protesters. Outside there were two police vans, two panda cars and two squad cars.

The gays were released, after being stripped and questioned, at about 2am. They were bailed to appear at Great Marlborough Street Magistrates Court the next day.

The full story will appear in Gay News No.8.

Gay News Universal Services

Publications

AGITPROP BOOKSHOP

I Give You Oscar Wilde 40p.
A Gay Manifesto 5p.
Gay Manifesto (GLF London) 10p
The Sexual Struggle of Youth 37p
Oscar Wilde 60p.
Come Together 5p.

and many more books, pamphlets, papers and posters at the shop or by post from 248 (GN) Bethnal Green Road, London E2. Gay Books & Novels.
The Other Love by H.Montgomery Hyde, 75p.
The Unrecorded Life of Oscar Wilde by Rupert Croft-Cooke, £3.50.
The Wild Boys by William S.Burroughs, £2.50.
Oscar Wilde by Philippe Jullian, 60p.
The Well of Loneliness by Radclyffe Hall, 50p.
Death in Venice by Thomas Mann, 30p.
I Give You Oscar Wilde by Desmond Hall, 40p.
All obtainable by post from: Books, 84 Woodhouse Lane, Leeds 2. Tel: 42483. Ad 10% to cover post and packing.

BACK NUMBERS of GAY NEWS are still available. Send 13p (which includes postage etc.) for each back issue.

If you have missed Spartacus you will want QUORUM

the new magazine for gay men QUORUM is intelligent and lively, has good fiction, serious articles, informed comment and an erotic sparkle in the highlights QUORUM is edited and produced entirely by professional writers

QUORUM will include excellent photographs not seen before

QUORUM is published by a firm with a 10-year track record for reliability and service, which means that all subscriptions will be honoured
Single issue: 75p Six months: £3.50
12 months: £6 (all post paid) from S & H Publications, 37 Lowlands Road, Harrow, Middlesex.

FREE OFFER: those who place a 12 month subscription before September 30 may claim a copy of *The Lusty Male* or *The Dolly Male* or *Listen the Loon Sings* and Song of Aaron with their order.

QUORUM is published on the 1st of every month, starting September, contains 48 pages.

