

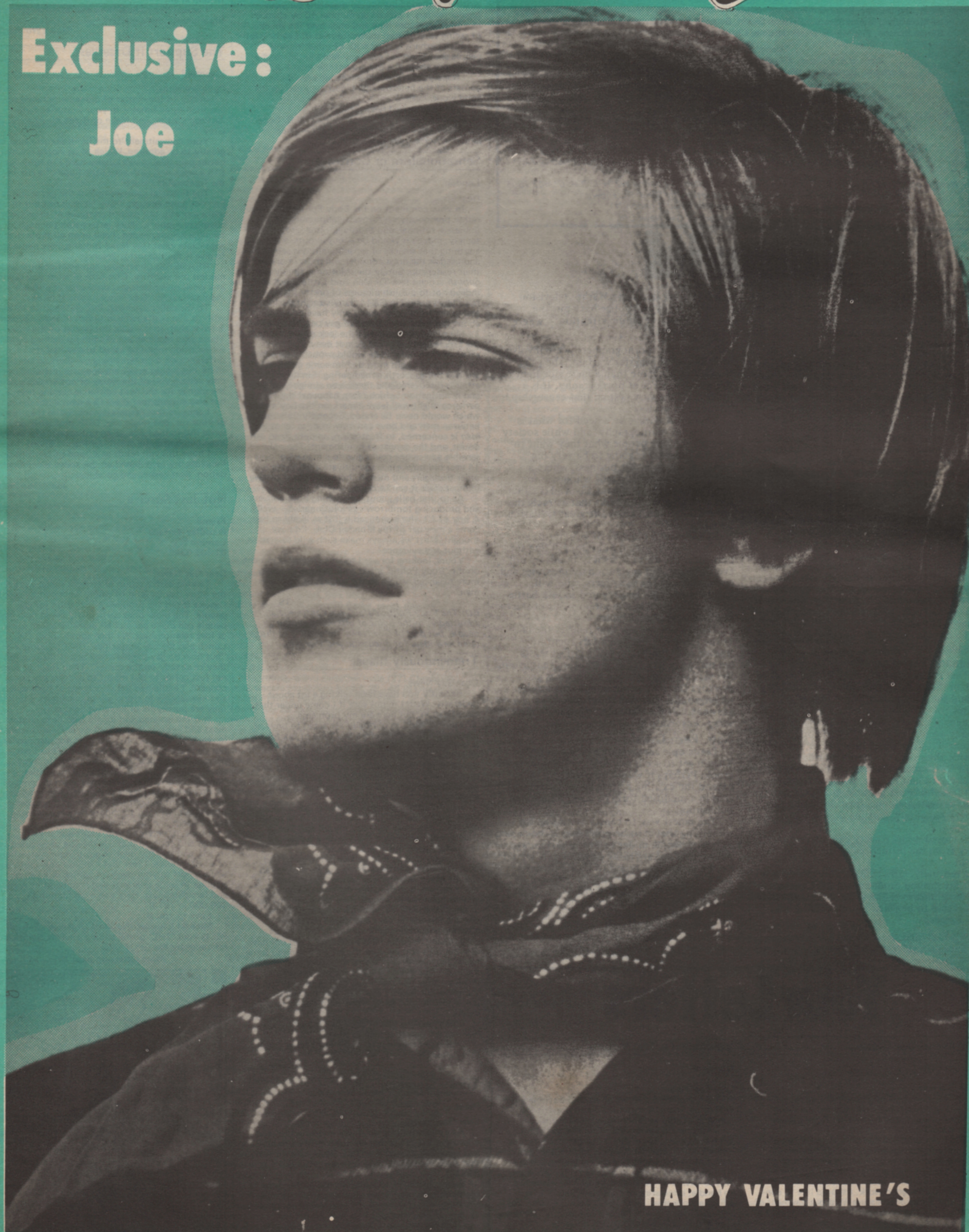
No16

GAY NEWS

10p

Exclusive:

Joe



HAPPY VALENTINE'S



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Editorial

The protracted soul-searchings by Appeal Court judges over the Andy Warhol television documentary, followed by a series of raid on 'pornographers' by the police have put the question of what is obscene and what isn't back into the centre of public attention — where it ought to stay for a good while longer so that it may be resolved.

The trouble is that the time it takes the law to make up its mind as to what is offensive — and is therefore the basis for a criminal charge — makes the court the wrong place for it to be decided whether something should be available to the public or not.

Publish and be Damned

The situation in this country now is that you can publish whatever you like — and the court will make its mind up later whether or not you are to be damned. And that situation is, quite obviously, not good enough.

Society must decide, once and for all, what it is going to allow. The choice, quite starkly, is between all or nothing.

If the answer is nothing, then we have opted for a society that doesn't want to develop.

It's a truism to say that standards have changed over the last so many years. The only reason they have changed is because society has developed organically. The moral censors and porn-breakers are usually fighting a rear-guard action.

To change organically society must accept new ideas constantly.

Stagnant Society

That's why a society that refuses to allow certain things to be published, because they offend the standards of those judges and censors of our moral taste and behaviour, is a stagnant society. Judges and censors are usually ageing, middle-class and totally out of tune with the times they live in, not seeing outside their own cloistered world.

In fact, society has set up these censors precisely to halt change, without realising that it is the worst possible move as far as its own interests are concerned. By doing this, society has surely shut the door on an organic change.

A closed-doors society cannot keep itself away from the influences of the rest of the world.

Eventually, either those who censor will find the ground eroded from under their feet or the members of the society they control will refuse to be ruled by out-moded laws any longer.

Gang Warfare

These considerations are quite apart from the allegations made by the porn-swoop

police that the 'pornographers' were involved in underworld gangster warfare. The gang allegations are more than a mere side-light on the whole subject of pornography. It is a product of the very system that censorship is intended to protect.

There will always be a need for what is described as 'pornography' and while society goes on denying people what they want to see, the porn-biz is going to be very big business, a high-profit business, where a contact magazine that sells wholesale for 10p retails to the public at £1. And it's that sort of high-profit business that attracts the less honest to cash in on the great titillation bonanza.

By its absurd practice of attempting to clamp down on sexual publishing — and then only after the event — society builds up not evolutionary, but revolutionary pressures and opens the way for racketeers, who will, naturally enough, be prepared to join battle to carve themselves a monopoly out of this multi-million pound trade.

There's one answer that relieves the law of the burden of wasted hours spent in finding out whether or not a girl's breasts are offensive to a judge; a solution that avoids the massive costs of such court cases and destroys the semi-gangster sub-culture the underground porn-market creates. The answer to all these problems is quite simple: scrap censorship as we know it now.

New 'Porn Laws'

Let people see anything they want to. They'll get to see it anyway, by hook or from crook. Perhaps it would be necessary to extend the existing system of movie-censorship in a modified form to cover all areas of publishing.

The sanest way to censor would be for something that is to be published to be passed as fit for people under or over a certain age. Above that age anything should go. It would need a censorship board to deal with those areas of publishing not already affected by censors, but once a publisher had his work passed as fit for adults, he would be sure there would be no possibility of prosecution.

This, surely, is the only way to get out of a situation where we are beset by cranks on one hand and people (we are told are gangsters) on the other.

have been to me, twenty-five years ago, when I was a confused and lonely teenager. There was nothing to help/reassure then — there isn't that much of real value now — for their sake you must go on.

Ray

Penetrating Dark Corners

JCR, University of Southampton

Dear Gay News,

I don't imagine that you get many letters from 'straight' people in appreciation of your entirely gay paper. Nevertheless I think that you are doing a great job in providing this interesting, usually well written, and good humoured magazine for your regular readers. I picked up number 10 by chance in a common room here and once over the shock of seeing what it was, started to read it. Learnt a lot — which perhaps is what a lot of other 'normal' people should do — I certainly feel I understand a little more about the gay way of life than I did.

I hope your News will penetrate even darker corners of the heterosexual bigotry — keep up the good work.

From a surprised reader,

S. C. Loder

P.S. Hope I got the terminology right — your jargon is worse than James Burke's!

Sensationalism or Controversy?

London

Dear Sir,

In your comment on the Body Politic affair you rather pompously say: "Investigation must be unbiased, rational, and thorough". In a Utopian society, maybe it would be — but in ours, alas, anything that smacks of sensationalism is seized on and used as the press consider will most impress their readership. Surely the solution is simply not to publish articles like 'Of Men And Little Boys' and indeed not to publish pictures of pretty little nude boys like you did in GN14, (any straight person seeing the front cover could only have one opinion about the tastes and desires of gay people).

My other objection was the lack of any reply to the article itself. Whilst I do not deny that an affair with an older male would probably do a boy no harm, and might even do him some good, there are two things worth remembering. Firstly if the affair is discovered and there is an almighty hoo-ha and investigation (which often happens) the experience might well leave a mark on the boy's mind which would never be erased. Secondly, relations between men and boys can only lead, as far as the man is concerned, to frustration, anxiety, fear, self-doubt, and the danger of punishment. The only sensible advice one could give to a man who loves 14 year old boys etc is to cultivate a liking for older teenagers and men in their twenties. I believe in most cases it can be done.

As to that balls about it enriching both parties and producing tomorrow's revolutionaries — well! A boy of 13 who is seduced is just as likely to become a member of the Monday Club, I'd have thought. Must we always make such wild assertions without any evidence?

Yours, looking forward to an Editorial comment on the 'Body Politic' affair and perhaps a slightly more balanced article on the subject of boys and men.

TS

ED: The 'Body Politic' affair was controversial, admittedly, to the point of offending certain people, but part of Gay News' function is to throw open new ideas for discussion and thought.

Tremendously Illegal

Dear Gay News,

Recently you have been talking a lot about pederasty. Well, I'm not sure if I come under that classification, but here are my problems.

I am 17 and I'm normally attracted to boys of roughly 8-18, so therefore any type of sex for me is tremendously illegal. It is very hard for boys and chics like me to make contact. We are always scared of the consequences and are often put in a predicament when older people, understandably, make passes at us. This creates feelings of guilt, anxiety, frustration and fear.

Let me state a personal incident: Some people I knew were squatting in a pre-fab due to be pulled down for a by-pass. One day myself and Sue (a Danish guy chick) were there with a 9-year-old boy who visited the pre-fab often.

The boy told us that he wanted to go to bed with me. After a little questioning we discovered that he knew what he was saying. Sue advised me that I should. But the other squatters came in so all was quiet. While people were there the boy sat in the chairs with me, with his arms around me. He did this for several days and kissed me upon entering and leaving and wanted to hold hands with me in the street (this I banned). I did not have any sex with him because the others promised some nasty happenings if I "Come the queer with any of the kids" this not only upset me but scared me terribly. They all knew I was gay yet this 'proof' was too much for them. Later they had the gall to say it was for my own good. They didn't want to see me in jail.

There must be lots of boys like me who have had and are having similar problems.

This letter may not be much but I hope you'll think about it.

Anonymous

Tricky Situation

Herts

Dear Gay News,

As a student librarian, I was interested to read your report (GN11) that Newcastle City Library had agreed to subscribe to Gay News, and similarly that Bath Municipal Libraries have refused it (GN14).

Public Libraries have an essential role to play as agents of communication, and should act, in such a situation, as a counter to the restrictive monopolies of large organisations such as W H Smith.

On these grounds alone there is a strong argument for libraries to stock Gay News (and Sappho) since these are non-party-political, non-religious, and likely to be of help to many people.

The public librarian, however, is in a tricky situation, since he is responsible to a committee of elected councillors, who may shy away from risking complaints from the public which may endanger their political position. (This, I imagine, accounts for the 'vetting by a senior librarian' in Newcastle, which no doubt includes censoring the full-frontals which quite frequently appear, often unnecessarily I might add).

The image and aims of libraries are changing, slowly but surely; but we are still a long way behind the USA whose American Library Association now has a 'Gay Liberation Group'. There is no professional contact between gay librarians in Britain at all.

I would like to hear the views of other gay librarians on these matters.

Stuart Woollard

The Support it Deserves?

Liverpool

Dear Collective,

In GN 14 the matter of money was raised no less than three times — in your Editorial, Peter Jackson's letter, and Make or Break by Antony Grey.

Your commitment to the homosexual cause is greatly to be admired. Which of us would chuck up better paid jobs to work (very hard I'm sure) for £15 a week and with very little hope of a rise in the foreseeable future?

The financial contribution of the gay world is just not good enough. "Gay News is not out to make a profit, but cannot continue at all without adequate support." Nice letters aren't enough, tangible help is needed. I call upon all those that appreciate what Gay News is doing, here and now, to give it the support it deserves.

READERS: Show your appreciation by a little modest self sacrifice. Give 50% of what you spend in a week on smokes and drinks (or equivalent indulgences) to "Gay News". Send it NOW.

To the collective I say: Put up the price forthwith to 25p — the same as Lunch charges. Quorum is twice that, so it would not be out of the way. Those who made an act of faith by making a years subscription might be asked to pay half the difference on their remaining numbers. I don't think this would break anyone, and it should not only relieve you of the worry of not knowing where the money for the next edition is coming from, but also ensures that there IS a next edition!

I am sure that readers do not realise the urgency of your (or, one might say, OUR problems) and I write this in the hope, as an ordinary reader only, I can emphasise the gravity of the situation.

I hope this will result in a flood of contributions! I enclose my own, based on the above recommendation. Best wishes and good luck.

Joe Scouseland

Not Just Survive

Friend

Broadley Terrace
London W1
01-402 6345

Dear Gay News,

Talking with a group of straight social workers the other day (several of whom were middle-aged) I spoke about the problem of isolation for gay people. The older ones particularly asked how gay people can make contact let alone establish social or love relationships. We then spoke about GN, Lunch and the gay magazines. Their response was "but how do gay people know about them unless they're already on the scene?" Their reaction was not just curiosity but meant to express sincere concern. I explained the reluctance of booksellers and newsagents to stock gay publications — unless they are purveyors of lucrative hard porn.

It is the isolated and lonely who need contact most and yet it is they whom we are least successful in reaching. That is why GN must not just survive but be much more widely available. Thus I am personally glad that you have decided to 'tone down' the contact ads. Though all minorities, however bizarre their tastes may seem to some of us, do need some means of meeting one another, in the present fraught legal situation there seems little alternative but to choose between catering for all needs and just some.

I have, privately to you, expressed my misgivings and concern that GN may be prosecuted for its ads, and thereby deprive gay people everywhere of a vital lifeline. I feel that I should now, publicly, add support to your decision (which will be unpopular in some quarters) and commend its wisdom and farsightedness. Here's to a circulation of 100,000 in 1973!

Love to you all,
Michael Launder (National Organiser, Friend)
PS: Is your '1HL' postal coding a subtly significant reference by the GPO?

More letters on page 10.

Your Letters

Worthy of our Cause

London NW5

Dear Gay News,

At last a publication worthy of our cause! Today I purchased my first copy from a news-vendor outside Tottenham Court Road underground station.

I'm both surprised and delighted. Surprised at your very high standard and delighted with the format. Since you're gonna need all the support you can get I'm not gonna proffer any criticism. That'll come later — when you're solvent!

Keep up the good work. I should like to contribute an occasional feature. Without payment of course. I'm a freelance journalist and my work has been published in a variety of magazines.

Please accept my very sincere wishes for a prosperous New Year.

Jack Jacobs

Valuable To The Young

Norwich

Dear Gay News,

I am enclosing a donation to help buttress your collapsing financial structure — and prevent the contents of that egg running out of control.

I for one am most grateful for the birth and continued existence of GN. Most gay publications — the Lunch Together, Jeffrey Comes and CHE Ballotins of this world — leave me feeling bloody furious, for one reason or another — usually many. Not so GN. It is handsome to look at, attractive to handle, interesting in content — just like its editorial collective, no doubt. I should be very sad and disillusioned with the gay community (assuming it exists) if GN were allowed to flounder.

My chief concern is that you should remain available especially for the young reader. I often think how valuable a publication of yours would



Illustrations: Jean-Claude Thevenin

Dilly Boys Make The Times

LONDON: Britain's press has suddenly discovered the 'Dilly Boys' after a book by the same name was published by a small publishing house, Croom Helm. First in where angels fear to tread was the Sunday Mirror. With dazzling originality it called its Sunday Mirror Documentary on the Dilly boys 'The Dilly Boys' and admitted that it borrowed heavily from the book.

It saw a Piccadilly Circus peopled almost entirely by 13 and 14-year-olds playing the flipper games and the market at Playland and the other mausement arcades, but carefully avoiding naming names or getting close enough to the problem for the article to be more than an empty piece of plagiarism from Mervyn Harris' book.

It seemed the only people at Piccadilly Circus older than 14 were either older men there to pick up the boys, probation officers leaning on the anti-pedestrian railings or even Sunday Mirror reporters.

The Mirror's story said: 'We traced the case-histories of five Dilly boys who, homeless and short of cash got caught up in the dragnet.'

'Two have graduated from amphetamines to hard drugs; one has gone to jail for stealing another has put a girl "in the club". The fifth has managed to get out of the game and gone back to Bolton.'

Earlier, Victor Sims, the Mirror's man in the dirty mac at the Dilly had told us: 'Nearly all of them have heard about the easy pickings to be had in London's rich heart, and reckon

coach, in a hotel car park or even in warehouse packing cases.

'It's at this stage of disillusionment that the trouble starts. They hang around Piccadilly, desperate for food and shelter. Instead of pocketing their pride and going home, they become easy prey to anyone who will offer them a warm bed . . .

'Horrifying? Shameful? Almost unbelievable?'

To the senior police officers and detectives at West End Central police station, the problem is very real.

'The Chief Superintendent told me: "The situation created by these juveniles, who drift into our area is one of the most difficult we have had to handle."'

The Chief Superintendent didn't mention gay trade at the Dilly being more of a problem than any other drop-out youth situation there. But the Mirror chose to run as its second headline on the piece: 'Their trade shames a national showplace' and under it published a picture of a probation officer at "The Meat Rack", the Piccadilly Circus haunt of young boys waiting for homosexuals.

Five days later it was Friday and The Times lifted its skirts and had a slam at the Dilly.

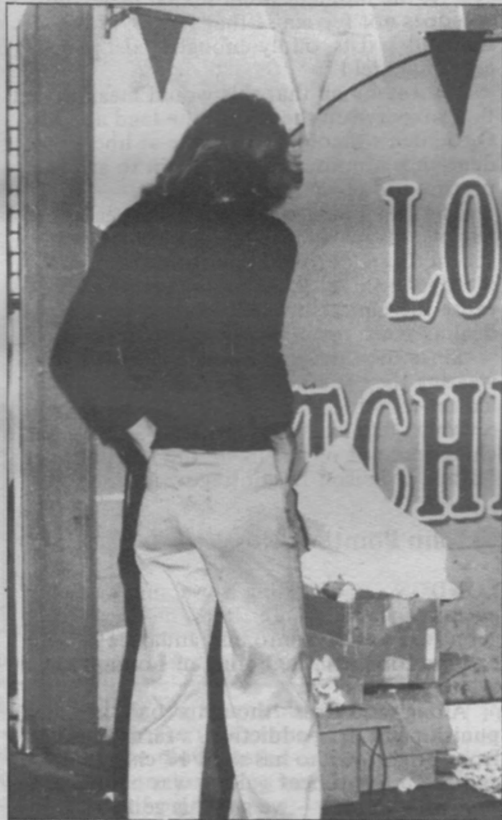
In a series called Policemen Talking, Peter Evans wrote a piece on the 'Missing boys and girls enmeshed in Soho vice-nets.' Racey stuff this for The Times. Police sergeant M Woodhead of the Juveniles Squad, gave us the low-down from her point of view. She said: "If they are young lads, men will start speaking to them and take them home and be nice to them. These boys are usually naive and often accept. The man demands something more of them. Eventually they put these lads on the streets as male prostitutes and they give the men part of their earnings. Their ages can range from 14 upwards. Many of these boys end up as permanent homosexuals. It is very difficult to get at the men in charge of them. Boys are reluctant to give a description or a name and address. They are frightened to give you much.

"One man had ten little boys working as male prostitutes for him from 14 upwards. They were reluctant to give evidence. Some turned up at court to give evidence. He was convicted.

"The same sort of thing happens to girls. Lesbians pick them up from 13 upwards. Three girls from Cardiff were arrested for soliciting before we discovered they were juveniles . . ."

And so on. It seems you get the Dilly's dirty washing aired just as publicly in The Times as you do in the Mirror. And The Times gives its readers more details of the washing its discovered.

ED: We'll carry a full review of Mervyn Harris' *The Dilly Boys* in *Gay News* 17, and we'll try to look a bit deeper into the rent scene in the future.



Photograph: Peter Mundy

Midnight Piccadilly: A day's rest over, a night's work begins.

they can eke out a living on their wits. 'more often, they finish up frozen, half-starved, asleep inside a telephone box, huddled for warmth in a deserted railway

Mums Make Sons Gay

DUBLIN: The Irish Medical Times's resident man on the psychiatrists couch, Dr T K McKeogh, reckons that dominant Irish mothers and one-sex schooling in Ireland, usually by anti-sex clerical teachers, helps make young Irish people gay, and worse, is psychologically damaging to the young people.

In his Talking Points column in the IMT, Dr McKeogh wrote: "Some interesting illustrative studies have been done in this field, and one which indicates the influence of cultural patterns on the expression of symptoms in patients with a given mental disease is the study of Irish-American and Italian schizophrenics in New York City by Dr Marvin K Opler in 1959.

Latent Tendencies

This study seemed to demonstrate unequivocally that the Irish culture inhibits sexuality and emphasises male inadequacy, fear of females and latent homosexual tendencies, and inevitably that alcoholism was much more common among the Irish than in the Italian-American patients.

'Whilst the change in sexual mores amounting to a revolution in some countries in the last decade may have gone too far, in Ireland so far one can applaud the more liberal attitudes now prevailing and point happily to a rising marriage rate and the lower ages at which they occur.'

The Irish Trouble

In his column, which was headed 'No Thanks To Heaven For Little Girls!', the

doctor said: 'The dominant Irish mother who idolises her sons and deprecates her daughters does incalculable damage to both, and our one-sex schools, too often permeated by the anti-sex attitude of the clerical teachers, male and female, aggravates the injury.

'There may have been a time when the Irish were the chivalrous lovers that light fiction once asserted, but that possibly was before the deity appeared to weigh in on the side of Victorianism with the disastrous famine.'

He also tells us a story which made him think of all this. A girl walked into the lounge of a Dublin hotel, and wanted to sit down with her girl-friends. There was no empty chair, so she had to drag a chair up to join them.

I'm Only A Psychologist

The doctor, in horror, confides in the IMT's readers that 'none of the males present displayed the slightest interest in her that I could see (and a psychologist is a man who watches other men's faces when a pretty girl enters the room).' At no time does he explain why he never rushed to help the seatless lady.

Some Can Some Can't

LONDON: Just to prove that there are some that can and some that can't, the three judges who banned the David Bailey documentary on Andy Warhol actually sat down and looked at what they'd stopped the public seeing.

It was the first time the judges, who banned the television programme without seeing it, put their innocence in jeopardy by exposing themselves to the documentary film about the pop artist and movie maker.

For this treat, they left the boring old Appeal Court, where they spend about 30 per cent of their lives. And just to prove that he didn't mind risking being corrupted by the ATV programme he'd got blacked out, Ross McWhirter, the rugby commentator and record book compiler, who has ambitions for political office, went along too. He's behind the Master of the Rolls, Judge Denning (centre, front row).

Now that McWhirter has battled the Bailey documentary to a guaranteed high viewing figure when it is finally shown, he intends to take on the Attorney-General at the European Court of Human Rights

alleging that the Government committed an illegal act by making Britain join the Common Market.

He's a versatile campaigner, who even the Daily Telegraph put down as someone who 'has set himself up as a legal watchdog on Governments and public bodies'.

In the past he's failed to get elected to Parliament as Conservative candidate for Edmonton (1964), accused James Callaghan, the Labour Home Secretary, of jerry-mandering (1969), and finally settled out of court for £250 costs.

The fact that not only the judges, but also McWhirter were allowed to see the television movie demonstrates that in the eyes of the law some can be corrupted, and some can't. Those who can't are judges and their friends.



Three judges watch the David Bailey television documentary, with Ross McWhirter sitting second row middle.

Photograph: Syndication International

Students Back Gays

BRISTOL: The student newspaper of the Bristol Art students, which has a circulation of about 15,000 copies, published an article headed 'Gay News' on January 25th. The article dealt with a description of what it is like to be a gay person today; it opened with a description of a typical gay club and then went on to describe organisations such as GLF and CHE and gay publications such as Gay News, Lunch, Come Together and Gin.

Distributed among the article's 2000 words were photographs of a Gay Liberation demonstration in Trafalgar Square, a picture of two men kissing and a cartoon. The article also included a section on the relationship between student unions and the gay rights movement which involves the possibility of getting a gay rights motion passed by the National Union of Students at its next conference in April. The article was the first to be published by the area paper although individual college papers had run articles about gay lib before they were replaced by the area paper last year.

Motion Passed

The General Meeting of the University of Bristol Union passed a motion dealing with homosexuals on January 17th. The motion, which was passed without opposition, called for trade union support for homosexuals who suspected that they had been dismissed for being gay. The motion also instructed the union's executive to produce a report on homosexuals and to send a motion to the NUS for their next conference. In proposing the motion, Trevor Locke, who is a member of the union's executive, said that the student movement in this country could do a great deal of good in supporting gay rights and trying to attack social and legal discrimination against homosexuals. Similar motions have been passed at other universities so that there is a growing body of support for gay people in the universities of this country.

Bristol Assists Exeter

A speaker from Bristol University Gay Soc

addressed a meeting of 200 students at Exeter University on January 19, which was the first time that homosexuality had been discussed publicly there. Some students asked questions or made comments, and one student declared to the audience that he was gay and outlined the feeling of isolation he had as a gay person living on a heterosexual campus. There is no gay group either in Exeter city or in the University, but Bristol will help the formation of a group there.

Bristol Gay Students

Aussie Ads Bust

SYDNEY: Australia's first serious gay magazine, William and John, has been busted by police for obscenity.

The charges the publishers face are caused by their continuing publication of gay small ads. The case appears to be similar in many ways to the International Times case, which the three defendants lost.

Help

Gay News Distribution urgently needs the use of a car/van with/without driver alternate Thursdays - offers to GN office, 19 London Street, Eondon W2 1HL or telephone 01-402 7805.



Photographs : David Hart



The Gay Film Unit starts work. Above : Two members of the cast. Below : Others chat on the set between takes.

Gay Screen

LONDON: Several months ago a few people got together and decided to form a gay film unit. And this week, on a G-string budget, the unit showed it meant business.

A little professional help is turning the amateur enthusiasm into a dream realised.

But before the movie-buffs rush off to the Biograph to see a blue movie, a word or two of warning: this is just the first of a series of commercials for gay liberation politics, the initial project being called Party Piece.

Needless to say, there's a nude scene, played by Leonard Whiting, a fantasy leather sequence and so on. The message the movie gets across is quite explicit, so, of course, there won't be a generous screening of it when it's finished (the unit hopes it won't take more than about a month in post-production) and it may turn up at the Electric Cinema Club, or the Kings Cross Cinema, the unit hopes. But so far no definite arrangements have been negotiated for its screening.

The movie has the obvious weaknesses

you expect if one uses an entirely amateur cast, but producer Ray Fowler and director Bruce Wisheart have very definite ideas of where they think the gay visual art scene should be headed.

The two-minute colour movie took nine hours to shoot in a borrowed Hampstead flat and although enthusiasm began to wane under the hot lights and the intense concentration required, I think Bruce and Roy have a small winner in the can.

The film unit intends to go ahead making more gay movies, but future plans are not yet definite.

David Hart

Life With The Louds

NEW YORK: America's latest super media-wheeze, the televising of the agonies of real family life — as opposed to the homogenised cleanliness of David Cassidy et al — has caused something of a storm, possibly because young Lance Louds is a silver-haired gay.

The idea of the programme was to show the real life-style of the real American family. But during the filming of the family going about its everyday business, the main protagonists, Mr and Mrs Bill Loud discovered they couldn't stand each other any longer. Their 20 year old marriage collapsed and they discovered that their son Lance was gay.

Dyed Hair

Apparently the idea had never crossed their minds, even when Lance dyed his hair silver when he was 14.

The film showed Mrs Loud going to the gay commune in a hotel in one of New York's seedier districts and not even then grasping the full significance of what had happened.

Scenes like this has made the Loud family's public agony bigger in television ratings than the Partridge family and that sort of thing, as people start wondering whether the malaise that's affecting the Loud marriage might not apply to just that family.

No Idea

Creator of the series, Craig Gilbert, finds himself sitting on top of a hit. He claims that when they started the nine-month shooting programme last year, the television company didn't realise that the Loud marriage was in such imminent danger of collapse or that Lance was gay.

What chance is there of seeing the programme here? It'd really get them going in Enfield.

Boy Was Experienced

LEICESTER: Two men were given suspended prison sentences by the Crown Court here because they had sex with a 15-year-old boy who was, according to their counsel, "experienced in these matters".

Terence (40) and David (59), both of Leicester, pleaded guilty to buggery, attempted buggery and charges of "indecent" with the boy.

Mr Michael Astill, appearing for both of them, said of the boy: "His corruption took place long before he met these men. He was experienced in these matters. Both men are adamant that it was the boy who was the instigator. The boy came back, and back again."

Protection

Terence was sentenced to 10 months imprisonment and David was jailed for 18 months. Both sentences were suspended for two years.

Judge W A Sime told them: "The law in its wisdom some time ago made it legal for persons to indulge in these kind of practices in private and with adults. But one of the points of that relaxation was that young boys should be protected."

Back To Normal

READING: Reading Gay Alliance's discos and socials hit by the end of the late drinking-and-music licence at the Railway Tavern are now getting back to normal.

The landlord of the Railway Tavern has got his licence back and the silent-and-dry social evenings have become fun again.

The new licence runs out in April, but before that the brewers Ind Coope, are replacing the present licensee with their own manager. Then anything could happen. Ind Coope has already told RGA not to mention the Railway Tavern by name in any of its advertisements.

The present landlord consistently let the room to RGA, at the expense of other groups already using it.

Meanwhile RGA has held its annual meeting, and, in the light of the recent licencing problems, the members agreed to make the social functions into members-only club functions.

Members of RGA from Reading town have been pressing for a club set-up for some time, but this has been opposed by members from Reading University, who wanted RGA to go on without bothering about membership cards.

NEWSSETTES

Irish Help

DUBLIN: Gays who want to talk about 'their problem' in an informal, understanding and 'constructive' atmosphere are invited to contact the Legion of Mary in Dublin.

The legion which has been running its gay-help group for about five years, says the majority of those it's helped have found it useful.

It stresses that the group is non-denomi-

national and that all problems are treated in confidence.

The contact number for the Legion is (01) 776083, any evening between 8pm and 10pm.

Poison Ivy

MORECAMBE: The Morecambe Visitor, the weekly paper that's biting its editorial fingernails and waiting for the CHE conference, ran an amazing letter from the Rev Frank Ockenden.

The Rev Frank quoth: "Homosexuality, like prostitution, is a moral disease, which society may at best only contain, but for its good must endeavour to prevent or cure."

"To condemn the practice does not necessarily imply the condemnation of its victims. Being Holy, God condemns all sin, and has said so, but being also Love, He has provided salvation from it in his Son Jesus Christ. This includes all homosexuals, and makes irrelevant any campaign for equality."

Then in slammed the Corrs of Lancaster, lambasting the Rev Frank, who (incidentally) lives at Ivy Cottage, Arkhole, for would-be correspondents.

The Corrs — Bill and his wife Anna — blasted away in fine style: "Since the majority of people in this country are no longer practicing Christians the advice of the Rev Ockenden and his fellow ministers of religion would be heeded only by those who share their respective faiths."

"Homosexuality ought to rank equal in the eyes of the law with heterosexuality so far as age of consent, marriage and so on are concerned.

"At the moment homosexual men (the law does not recognise that female homosexuality exists, oddly enough) exist in a legal minefield.

"Naturally all that this would mean is that the gap between the law of the land and Mr Ockenden's theology would be at liberty to denounce homosexuality as a sin to anyone prepared to pay any attention."

The Rev Frank is a loner in the realms of backwoods revivalism. His Arkholme Evangelical Church broke away from the Lancaster Methodist Circuit about two years ago, because the Lancaster Methodists were having dealings with members of other churches.

Since then the Rev Frank has been wearing the top dog-collar at Arkholme and master-minding Munich style rallies of revivalist religion. Even the Rev Ian Paisley chickened out of one invite the Martin Luther of Poison Ivy Cottage sent him.

John Pointless Ross

LONDON: The Evening News' man-for-all occasions, John Pointer Ross, managed to get a swipe at gays into his January 19 column for the more boring of London's evening papers.

Along with Ross' 'thoughts' on crime and punishment, drug-addiction, a farm-worker from Brighton who has sired 17 children and the price of beef — Ross was never the first with an idea — we got this gem: "CHE, in case you didn't know, stands for the Campaign for Homosexual Equality."

"They wanted to hold a conference for their members. The usual resorts where conferences are normally held have turned them down."

"The homosexuals seem surprised. Are you?"

But the Fleet Street hacks don't all think the same way. Readers may remember Des Wilson as the man who *cared* about the homeless. Now he's returned to his first love, journalism.

From his perch on top of his regular column in The Observer, Des Wilson observed: "Weymouth and other seaside towns (including, I gather, Morecambe) have certainly shown why a Campaign for Homosexual Equality is needed. The ignorance and prejudice reflected in some towns' responses have been incredible."

Normal Homosexuals

From the tons of newsprint produced every day we present this excerpt from the Evening Post (Luton):

Question: Can you be a homosexual and still be normal in other ways?

Answer: Most certainly. But that's not to say that all homosexuals are otherwise normal. The same applies, of course, to those who favour the opposite sex.

Chaplain Charged

LEEDS: The Church of England chaplain at Wakefield prison was released on bail by Leeds magistrates after he had appeared before them charged with 'indecently assaulting' a policeman in a public lavatory.

The Rev George who is said to have assaulted PC Gordon in a cottage in Marsh Lane, Leeds, was remanded on £25 bail. The police did not object.

He will appear before the magistrates again on March 6.

CONVERSATION WITH JOE

It's Wednesday about 5pm. The Gay News office is a tip. We've been mailing subscription copies most of the day. The phone rings.

It's Variety. Not the show-biz trade paper, but the girl who answers the phone at Vaughan Films, with the collected movie works of Trevelyan (not the ex-censor), Anger and Warhol in cans piled up round her desk and her electric typewriter.

"Joe's in town. Would you like to see him?" she asks.

"Would I? You must be joking. What time and where?"

"I'll have to tell you the time tomorrow and it'll be at the office."

Next morning up and ready ridiculously early. We have to waste some time listening to Jimmy Young and sitting at home — if home is where my toothbrush is — waiting for Variety to call.

She does. At midday.

"I'm afraid you'll have to get up, Peter, you can see Joe at one."

London Transport Executive does its best to delay all 149 buses to Liverpool Street, and to keep all Central Line trains to Oxford Circus from running.

Despite LTE we get there on time. Just.

Variety looks after the Gay News carrier bag while we're off to see the 'superstar' of the movies that puts fear into the hearts of the sensitive and politically ambitious of Enfield.

Next door is almost as crowded, but this time it's people not film cans that are piling up round the walls. There are Christine, the lady who fixes almost anything, and the rest of the small distribution company's directors and staff, all buzzing with excitement at the thought of The Big Opening, (Trash, February 8, London Pavilion). And leaning against the doorpost there's a young man who looks as though he's trying to merge with the furniture and the posters with his face on.

He's got the face of Joe Dalessandro, but it's difficult to recognise him in a tidy blue suit with creases in the trousers any banker would be proud of, let alone with his clothes on.

Christine says: "This is Peter Holmes of Gay News and he'd like to have a few words with you."

We shake hands and say hello/hullo/hallo and retire to the inner sanctum — the office of Andy Warhol's European agent, Jimmy Vaughan.

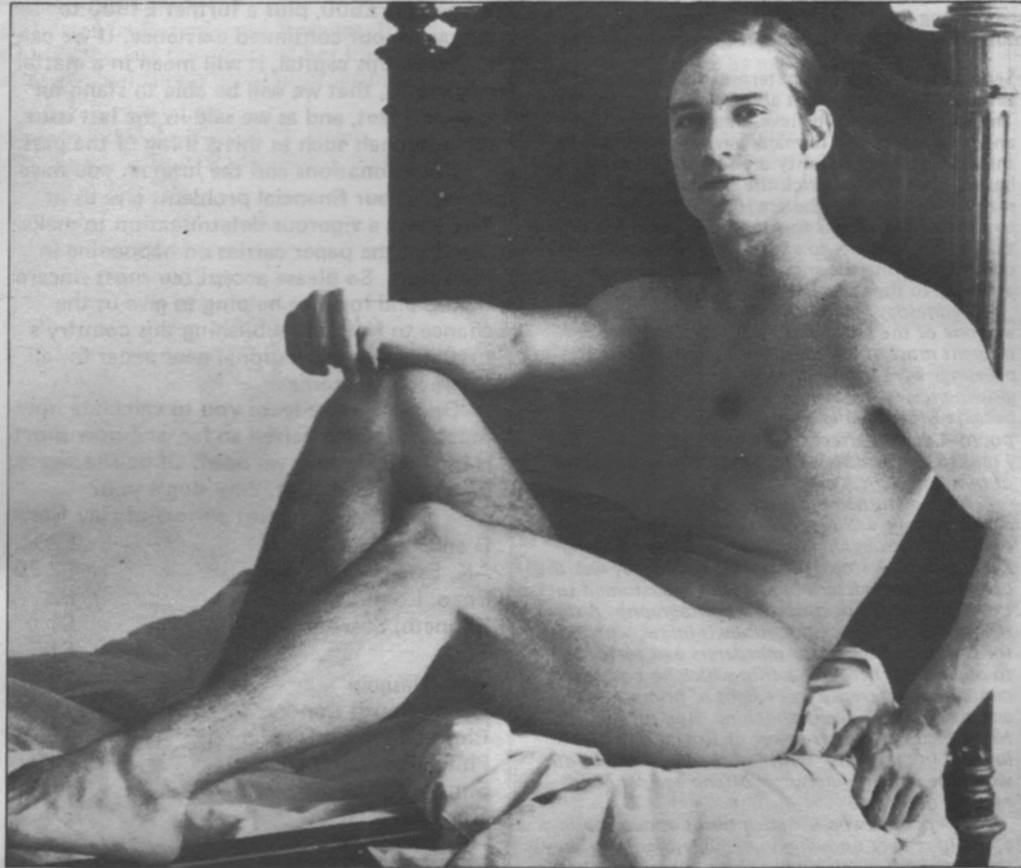
Joe seems frankly surprised that Europe's leading gay fortnightly wants to talk to him. He takes out a Marlboro and lights it. He says he's hungry, loud enough for the massed company directors and their right-hand men and women to hear.

On every surface of the room there's a picture of Joe, some in colour, some in plain old black-and-white.

Gay News: How much do you identify with the characters you play in the movies? After all, you're always called Joe on the screen.

Joe: Well, I've got Joe tattooed on my arm, and I didn't find out how to blank it out with make-up until just recently.

GN: You've been a screen stud, a gay and you've even fixed heroin on screen. How



Cover & Photograph : Vaughan Films

much of it is the real you?

Joe: None of it. They're just characters in movies. At home I'm just a quiet family sort of man. I've got my mother living in the city, and I visit her regularly. And I've got a wife at home and a child. And my wife cooks me delicious meals and I stay at home and watch television a lot. I don't know any junkies. I don't know any gays. I'm just a very straight sort of person.

GN: Despite that you've become something of a gay hero.

Joe: I don't know why.

GN: Well, Joe was pansexual in *Flesh and Lonesome Cowboys* was overtly gay.

Joe: Well, I'm glad I've become a hero for somebody.

GN: Back at reality in the Warhol movies, there's a scene in *Trash* where you fix heroin...

Joe: 'Fix'? Is that what you call it?

GN: You fix heroin, you shoot it up into your arm in full view of the screen. That scene made the boyfriend I saw it with faint.

Joe: Did you see it here in London?

GN: Yes, at a screening for the trade, to coin a phrase. Anyway, what did you shoot up, or fix, or whatever? Was it water or something?

Joe: I didn't shoot anything into my arm.

GN: You mean it's all done with the tricks of the cinema business?

Joe: Yes, I never put a needle into me.

GN: You say you lead a very straight life.

Does that mean you're anti-drug and anti-gay?

Joe: What do you mean by 'anti'?

GN: Do you personally, discriminate against drug-users or gays you meet?

Joe: I can't really because I don't come into any contact with anyone who falls into these categories, because I spend most of my life at home when I'm not working. I believe that people should be able to do whatever they like, in ones or twos or threes or whatever outside my home. But once they're inside they have to do what I say.

I wouldn't discriminate against gays — if I knew any — but then, I wouldn't sleep with a gay guy either.

Actually, I'm very anti-drug. I don't use any and I don't allow any to be used in my home.

GN: I think *Trash* is probably the most convincing condemnation of drug-use I've ever seen. It's ridiculous their banning it for two years in this country. If it was given a U-certificate, that's the unrestricted viewing certificate, and shown in schools, it would kill the smack trade stone dead in just ten years, probably.

(Jimmy Vaughan, Andy Warhol's European agent walks into his office to the refrigerator that holds the hospitality wine.)

Joe: Do you have some kind of hamburger joint in England?

JV: We'll be giving you some meat in half-an-hour. We'll go out for a steak.

Joe: 15 minutes.

JV: 15 minutes.

Joe: I'm sorry but I really am hungry.

JV: And when Joe gets hungry he gets annoyed. Isn't that right Joe?

Joe: Yes.

JV: Don't mind me, I'm just popping through.

GN: You've been with the Warhol factory for five years now...

Joe: Six.

GN: Ever since *The Loves of Ondine*. Can you see a time when you'll quit the factory to join the more conventional movie-making industry?

Joe: Not really. After all, the movies we make have changed a lot. Paul Morrissey has changed things and the movies are very different now.

GN: Yes, but *Savages* has just opened in London with *Ultra Violet* in it. She was one of the factory's first superstars, and *Play It Again Sam* had *Viva* in a very small and rather bad part.

Joe: *Viva* was great in *Cisco Pike*. Did you ever get to see that?

GN: No. What I meant was that these two have broken away from the factory, seemingly to get into the straight movies, if you can call *Savages* straight. Would you do that, now that you've become a 'superstar'?

Joe: I wouldn't say I was a superstar.

GN: It's the Warhol name for the stars of the factory's movies. Would you make movies for other directors and other set-ups?

Joe: Sure I would, but that doesn't mean I'd stop working for Warhol. I enjoy working there too much to leave it.

GN: Why did you start working for the Warhol factory?

Joe: You see I like money and I wanted to be an actor in the movies and no studio would give someone of my age a part unless he'd already done a couple of features.

GN: How old were you when you started, then?

Joe: 18.

GN: At that age, I suppose you can't get a part unless your father is a big-name star.

Joe: Who are you thinking of?

GN: Peter Fonda, for one.

Joe: Do you know how old Peter Fonda is?

GN: He's starting to look about 40 or 50. But he was in a lot of features before he made the big-time, albeit low-budget jobs.

Joe: Yes, but he was 28 or 29 when he started those.

GN: Are you only loyal to the Warhol movie factory because it keeps you in regular employment?

Joe: I suppose so, yes. I don't live and breathe it, and I'm not politically committed to it. To me they're just movies with parts in them to be played.

GN: Which is your favourite of the movies you've been in?

Joe: I don't know that I have a favourite. I liked them all. They're all movies.

GN: What do you think of the British censorship scene? *Trash* was banned for two

years as you know and independent television is being forced to shelve its screening of the Warhol documentary.

Joe: You mean the Bailey film?

GN: Yes.

Joe: I never say what people should do and what they shouldn't do, and I don't think anybody else should. Britain's no worse than other countries.

GN: It's more repressive than most, and not just in censorship. The laws against gays make male gay sex legal only between consenting adults over 21 in private, as long as neither is a member of the armed forces or the merchant navy.

Joe: What you've got is a law that gives gays the freedom they haven't got in the States, and then takes it away again at the same time.

GN: Sure, that's why we run a contact ad section. You see gay contact ads got *International Times* busted a few years back. The law hasn't changed since.

Joe: But contact ads aren't important enough to get busted on.

GN: The contact ad thing is just an example of the discriminatory laws against gays in this country. You know the reason the Bailey documentary got banned was because of the movie clips in it, most of them with you in them? People complained because the clips showed gays and you said fuck four or five times.

Joe: Have you seen this?

(He shows us *The Evening News* headline 'Now Judges See That Sex Film.')

Joe: That's ridiculous.

GN: Have you seen *Gay News*?

Joe: No.

GN: Well there are about four copies coming in here every fortnight. You know Kenneth Anger is working here? Have you seen Anger's movies?

Joe: No.

GN: Oh. You should. He more or less invented the quote underground unquote movie years ago with some of the earliest gay movies made that were really good movies. Now he's getting more involved in the work of Aleister Crowley.

(By this time it's lunchtime and Joe heads off for the steakery. One of the directors is asked to follow with cash for the meal, as he's tied up talking to the art man about the deadline for posters for *Trash*'s opening.)

Then other members of the staff talk about the people they forgot to invite and talk to Joe on his 24-hour trip to London.)
Staff: Did we invite that guy who does the arts on Friday for the Standard? What's his name? And how about Ray Connolly? Did we invite him? Damn.

Conversation with Joe. Starring Joe Dalessandro. With Peter Holmes, Jimmy Vaughan and staff, the Evening News. Introducing Variety. Cert 'U'.



Here We Are Again

During its short existence, Gay News has come across many barriers — barriers of intolerance, ignorance and blind prejudice. It's likely that many of you reading this have too. Hardly surprising, when one considers the amount of *real* information about homosexuals available to the average member of the public.

We cannot expect all to be well though until gayness is openly and freely discussed by the media (ie newspapers, television, etc), in schools and colleges, and anywhere else where knowledge and factual information *should* be available. All too often, the media, the medical profession, the church and all the rest, rely on age-old myths and suspect conclusions for their facts.

Subsequently it's no wonder that the general public continues to be so much in the dark about the subject of homosexuality. Those of you who have *come out* to any degree will probably remember the shock and amazement of friends and relatives, when they discovered that someone they actually knew and/or loved, was *one*. Adding to the impact of your revelation was no doubt the confusion in their minds when they realised that the *queer* in their midst was completely unlike the stereo-typed caricature of a human being they had always expected a homosexual to be.

One of the reasons Gay News came into existence was so there would be an impartial mouth piece for the gay community, that would not only be accepted by the people it was named after, but hopefully to be also read by those who might decide it was time to enlighten themselves a little about one of the largest minorities in this country.

But even the best of ideals and intentions did not help us to easily overcome the social barriers of intolerance and the type of aggressive, unthinking prejudice known only too well by Oscar Wilde, or the man who recently went to prison for six months because of a furtive *feel* in a park with another consenting adult.

We at GN had to struggle and fight back, for we had a newspaper to regularly produce and after an initial period of suspicion etc, we found that people began to think a little more about their preconceived attitudes. Within a short time the many non-gay people we had to deal with started treating us exactly the same as anybody else.

That, unfortunately, was only part of the battle. W H Smith's provided a means of ensuring that our early readership would be small, by imposing their hypocritical and old-fashioned moral standards on a newspaper that came into being in an age when men walked on the moon, doctors performed complex transplant operations and the whole world could possibly be destroyed by the pushing of a single button. They effectively blocked our chances of reaching a wide audience by refusing to handle any part of our distribution. This form of censorship is something that *dear old Private Eye* has been waffling about, in exaggerated accents, for some time.

We had no alternative but to set up our own distribution network, and while it is still somewhat limited, it is at least allowing us to reach five times as many people as we did with the first issue of Gay News.

The police have attempted to interfere with the news reporting of GN. Their action over one of our reporters taking photographs demonstrated the general maliciousness shown towards homosexuals. Our photographer was arrested and charged with obstruction, whilst he was trying to gather evidence about alleged police harassment. This minor example of their hostile attitudes proved to be the first of many such incidents. Luckily for us, we now have the support of a number of people in the legal profession, as well as that of friendly Members of Parliament, who will come to our aid whenever we need them.

Another barrier set up to limit the potential and usefulness of Gay News was the almost total press silence about the paper. We didn't kid ourselves that *The Daily Telegraph*, for instance, would run a two-page feature on us, but we did expect the supposedly free and impartial press to realise the significance of our publication. But hardly a word has appeared. Also, paid advertisements of ours have been refused by other newspapers and even ads quoting the opinions of Gay News have been declined, as we have reported in an earlier edition.

What the last few hundred words have been leading up to is that whilst the press and the majority of those working for it (and its supposed freedom) have frequently, if not totally, refused to report or comment on our existence, there have been a few brave and aware journalists who have not been afraid to do so. Many of them going beyond just that and advocating an end to the discrimination and intolerance usually displayed towards gay men and women.

One enlightened journalist is Alan Brien, who writes the *Alan Brien's Diary* in the *Sunday Times*. Alan is not gay, or wasn't the last time we met him, but he is aware of the present position of homosexuals in society and the many injustices they have to suffer. (To any reader thinking that he or she has never suffered as a result of being gay, we believe that it wouldn't be difficult for you to find someone who has.)

From Alan's column on Sunday 21 January, we reprint the following. We do this for a number of reasons. Firstly, to demonstrate that we are not alone in our struggle for social and legal equality.

Secondly, to show any heterosexual reader that it isn't just gays who shout about discrimination etc. Thirdly, because we believe that it will give hope and encouragement to many gays who think that those demanding equality are fighting a losing battle. Fourthly, to prick the consciences of the many homosexuals who are journalists. And lastly, to express our thanks to Alan Brien, who has shown that he has the guts to express his convictions and opinions despite the social taboos and stigmas attached to the sexuality known to us as gayness.

Wednesday: I thought Andy Warhol's Trash was one of the best films I saw last year. But I thought most of his paintings and imitations of paintings were trashy, though they received glowing reviews from the posh critics. It is partly because of ambiguity in his achievement, the poppy-Cocteau effect of the charlatan genius, that I looked forward to seeing David Bailey's portrait of him last night.

What disturbed me even more than the ban (I am certain we will see David Bailey's programme eventually, probably mid-afternoon next Boxing Day, without a single protest being lodged) was the use of language describing it. I am accustomed to Lord Longford's pottiness on pornography, But for the prisoner's friend, the outlaw's inlaw, who asks for Christian charity for murderers and torturers to object that here was a film which he understood, contained "reference to or sight of homosexuals and such-like" is really shocking. And on the BBC Night Extra, the interviewer of Ross McWhirter lumped in "lesbians" with "obscenities" as if both would be equally likely to "offend against good taste or decency."

Can people who use such terms as automatic abuse have ever knowingly seen a lesbian? Do they imagine she has hair on her chest, a brand on her forehead, and her knickers in her hand? Some of the best lesbians are my friends, and as pretty and feminine a lot of girls you wouldn't expect to see in the Miss World contest. How can these objectors be sure they are not married to lesbians, or parents to them?

Once it was Communists whose appearance on our screen was banned because the sight would be so horrible that nice people would not want to invite them, even electronically, into their homes. But when Jimmy Reid actually appeared, without horns and a tail, he became a telly star overnight. If this is an example of Christian concern for the dignity of all God's children, then I think I'll apply for an injunction against Stars on Sunday.

Thursday: Access (the principle not the card) is one of the rights Mr Heath promised the public. TV has gone some ways so far to pussyfoot across this dangerous ground by permitting pre-selected outsiders to voice their opinions via the phone-in, or to appear in equally hand-picked groups and shout each other down in front of the cameras.

But a much more important restriction on the expression of unpopular views can be found in the newspaper business. Many papers refuse, even when paid for each line, to mention underground or dissenting publications. Gay News, the homosexual fortnightly, and Lurch, the Campaign For Homosexual Equality monthly, both find their ads refused. Are editors who pride themselves on the freedom of the Press aware of this?

Tiptoe Through The Filing Cabinets

To change the subject completely, we have yet another appeal to make. Recently we acquired our first filing cabinet, but within a week possessing it, we find that it is inadequate to cope with our immediate requirements. And as the buying of office equipment is an event that rarely happens, owing to our limited budget, we appeal to anyone with one that is in good working order and is serving no useful purpose, to transfer it to the GN office. Incidentally, at the time of writing, we still have been unable to discover suitable premises to replace our present tiny office. So if you know of anything that is just waiting to be occupied by us, that has at least two rooms and is in Central London, please contact us immediately.

Next Issue

Gay News No 17 will be published and available from February 21. Till then, we hope this issue proves to be interesting, informative, entertaining and, dare we hope, controversial.

Gay News Editorial Collective

Late News From The Here We Are Again Dept.

Just in case it has escaped your notice, the egg on the front cover has now finally been scrambled. The logo that saw Gay News from issue one to issue 15 has gone to make room for more picture space on the front of the paper. Egg-lovers will be delighted to know that Gay News can supply back-dates of the paper, complete with the old logo. Just write and send us the cash.

And, whilst we'll go on without egg on our face, the familiar Gay News lettering logo will stay the same. We hope you think it's an improvement.

to it the many other donations, large and small, that we have received since. We apologise to any people whose names do not appear but have all the same sent us something. Please get in touch and remind us.

The amount of money required was an immediate £500, plus a further £1500 to guarantee our continued existence. If we can gather in this capital, it will mean in a matter of months, that we will be able to stand on our own feet, and as we said in the last issue, make appeals such as this a thing of the past.

Your donations and the interest you have shown in our financial problems give us at Gay News a vigorous determination to make sure that the paper carries on happening in the future. So please accept our most sincere thanks and love for helping to give us the chance to keep on publishing this country's first independent national newspaper for all gay men and women.

Once again we leave you to calculate how much we have received so far, and how short it is of the amount we need. Of course, we have totalled the list. Why don't you?

Joint editors of Gay News

D and G, London	£25
AK, Essex	£2.70
Enzo, London	£2
Kenneth, Scarborough	£1
Tony	£1
Jim, Glasgow	£2.70
David, South London	£5.00
Christopher, Oxford	£5.00
Philip, Camden	£10
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EG, Brighton	90p
Anon	£1
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Arthur & Henry	£5
Richard, London W4	£5
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Anonymous, (given at Coleherne)	£5
Anonymous	£5
Richard, London SW11	£2.70
S, London	£1
Peter, London N1	£1
Nick, Blackburn	£1
Phil, Cheshire	£1
Richard, Malden	70p.
Rob, Nottingham	£5
And thanks to George for paying for the hire of our first electric typewriter for six months.	£54

METS OF THE MONTH



The Metropolitan Police Minstrels' Show, 1931, from Roger Baker's 'Drag - A History Of Female Impersonation On The Stage'.

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Please And Thanks — An Encore

Following the Editorial comments about our financial difficulties in GN14, there has been a growing response to our appeal for positive help. In the last issue we printed, under the headline Please And Thanks, a list

of those who have contributed to making sure that Gay News carries on being regularly published and that the paper keeps to the standards we have set ourselves. In this edition we reprint that list, adding

FEATURE

Integrate The Straights

About this integration bit — homosexuals and straight society scene. The idea needs turning inside out. Heterosexuals should integrate into homosexual society — *not* the other way round. I am not saying the whole of straight society should integrate for obvious reasons of dispersing the minority society — just little bundles of het individuals.

Homosexuals are already integrated into society within the personal limitations we all know about.

When declared straights and declared gays get together in discussion groups or larger forums, everyone expounds on the similarities. The more reasoned the discussion the wider the separation. No matter whether the topic is garden committees, ornithology or the price of wheat, — the ONE AND ONLY THING that heterosexuals want to know — balk at — think about is HOMOSEX.

Don't let's mess about — this is and always will be the great divider. I can sense the

upbringing with male-pairbond-parents in the natural way of things? Few gay women will take a straight woman's description, for any length of time, of being screwed by her old man, without nightmarish, incomprehension as to why the het she puts up with it; or be deeply disturbed it could happen to their partners.

Unbothered by the Balls and Breasts Brigade, gay minds and energy can and do apply themselves to just about anything in society.

What is homosexual society? First of all it is not a child-based society, although there



Illustrations: Jean-Claude Thevenin

straights' suspended anticipation until sex is mentioned. When it arises their conditioning scatters in chaotic internal confusion. Their prejudices boil up to the surface and retreat in humourless disorder without leaving the room. Those who wish genuinely to understand gays, in *reality* wish to understand how and WHY physical love with someone of the same sex.

It is *their* obsession, not ours. It can never be said enough. There won't be any integration *ever*, until this hangup is realised and acknowledged and said by both gays and straights. When Jews or blacks — to use the tired old minority bit — declare themselves in society the argument is usually on religious, ethnic and social discrimination — BUT when a Jewish or black homosexual declare themselves, it's their sex they are forced to defend. Have any of us heard a gay person ask of a straight "What *exactly* do you do?" Why don't we ask? Because we already know and aren't interested. If we don't know in detail, we can find out from any movie, play or book. Obviously one of the ways for heterosexual integration is that homosexual films, plays and books are as commonplace as heterosexual ones.

Does any heterosexual have to define or defend their sexuality in public? Does any heterosexual have to make a demonstration about kissing in public, thereby being unnaturally aggressive? Or suppress all need to, in order to pass as a pseud-gay? Can there ever be easy male chat about sex between gay and straight men? To a great many gay men cunt is repellant and the female body distasteful. The straight male rarely appreciates enthusiastic descriptions of blowing and rimming and fellation with a fella. Can you see a straight father discussing children's

are homosexual parents with children within it.

Secondly there is a far greater dependence and need for social contact with adults which makes for the pubs and bars scene being so essentially gay. Thirdly the conversation content and language is different and distinctive, and the humour is full of visual images and send-up. Fourthly the gender roles between male and female, female and female, male and male gays, bear no relation to the stereotyped images straight society believes to be true. Nor is there any similarity in role-playing to the male and female straight stereotypes.

Unable to be gay by day, the social scene is heaviest in the evenings and at weekends, outside work and the family if it is straight. Holidays are spent in predominantly gay places and the behaviour patterns remain the same, no matter the country or nationality.

Were heterosexuals to stand out as freaks in a gay community, they would do one of two things: find a straight society in which they could be themselves, or become pseud-gays. Until a heterosexual experiences the lack of signals being recognised and/or being acknowledged by the opposite sex because they are gay, they can never begin to understand the isolation *within* society which is experienced every day as a part of a gay's life in straight society.

Until the sexual divide disappears, we are living in fairy tales about integration. Social, intellectual and moral grounds are no substitute. In the present male-structured society the lesbian does have the edge over queens. She and the straight fellas have a big thing in common — they both go for girls!

Sappho

I'm not reading "Jeffrey" or an early edition of "Films and Filming". There on the facing page are photographs of David Essex, Murray Head, Brian Deacon and Bjorn Andresen (Death In Venice) looking provocatively sexual.

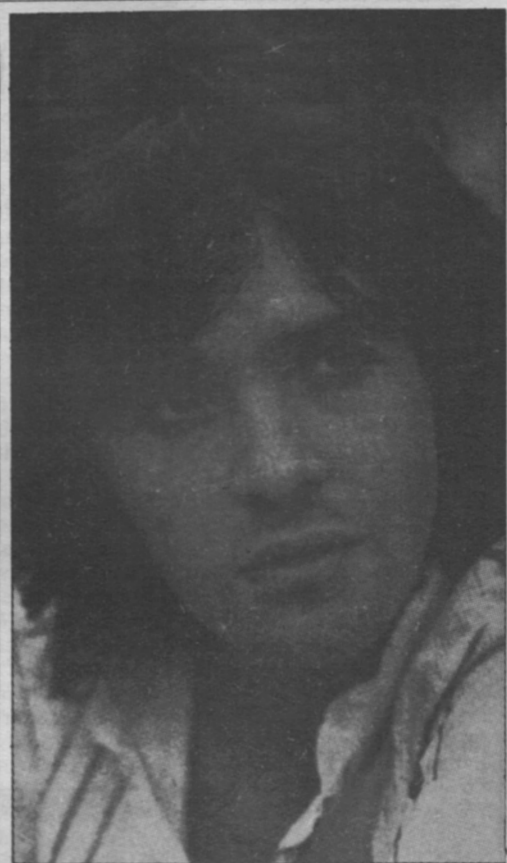
Interview one, and did you know, backstage at "Godspell" you can't tell the difference between the young men and women prancing around with make up on. "A young man hugged and kissed a woman with the words, "Mind my make up darling." David Essex, as Jesus, accompanied by his much stressed wife, apparently giggling, thinks, "pretty boys are doing well, because young girls have loud voices and seem to be carrying all the weight at the moment."

Well let's face it, they are a big giggle aren't they, these instant exposé interviews on the permissive society of theatre and films, where everyone pretends to be just that teeny weeny bit perverse, but where they're really happily married. It's all one big blue joke really.

A bit further down the page our hack feature writer gets to Murray Head, and the elegant prose gets still more disturbing. Head, we are told, lives chain smoking hand rolled cigarettes, with his wife, in a Chelsea flat that looks like a set for Scheherezade, just like the flat the character he played in Sunday Bloody Sunday lived in, in fact.

Arrogantly, he informs our heroic interviewer that personally he doesn't care if the public consider him to be bi-sexual. "But it may have prevented him from getting other parts. Directors have said they don't want someone like that in their films." Poor Murray, he goes on to say that he had to suppress so much of himself to play the part in Sunday Bloody Sunday, that after the strain he had to find himself again.

If I was John Schlesinger and I read that interview, I would plunge into something rather worse than a sea of despair. Surely the crux of Sunday Bloody Sunday lay in exposing the madness of preserving an outer crust of middle-class respectability, while leading a completely contrary private life. It set out to show as ridiculous the whole concept of attaching importance to appearance and reputation and success, that ultimately, it is our relationships with others, homosexua



David Essex — Is he just a pretty face? The one-time Jesus consistently says he is married.

heterosexual or bisexual that bring real despair, or real happiness. Without questioning Murray Head's aggressive heterosexuality, it seems very disappointing that working with one of the world's greatest directors in a film that has done more to put peoples' minds straight about their sexuality and nonsensical life-style, than almost any other book or film, none of the ideas in it even pierced Mr Head's seemingly very thick skin. Perhaps that's why he was chosen "from 2000" to play the character he did play.

In conclusion, did you know that Dirk Bogarde had "early problems because of his good looks," and Tony Curtis "faced similar difficulties".

David Seligman

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Who's Kidding Who Episode 2: The Kids

In these enlightened times of Conservative Parliamentary democracy, and entry into Europe, you'd think peoples' attitudes were changing. After all, you've only got to walk down the High Street on a Saturday morning to see some of those massive changes, like the communal knees up going on outside Boots. The "TV Times", organ of the IBA reflects the blatant hypocrisy of our times admirably.

Under the title "Not just a pretty face," it announced recently in large type that

"more and more actors are taking parts that present them as pretty." I pinch myself. No,

Photograph: R. I. Poff

Towards A Gay Culture

SO... we have come out from under our stones. Some of us are now satisfied with what we are. Others of us still feel the urge to push the gay movement forward — but in what direction? At this moment in time, two approaches dominate.

The first, deriving partly out of the liberal-reformist elements of GLF, and the activist elements of CHE, focusses on the issues of civil rights. Not one of the minimal demands of the GLF Manifesto has yet been realised. It is obvious that where we do not simply take them, as when we ignore the antiquated age of consent, and thumb our noses at the law, then a lot of work has got to go on persuading those who make the laws and determine the policies that derive from them, to take gay people seriously into account. This needs to go on at all levels of society.

The second, deriving mainly out of the more radical elements of GLF, focusses on what we can call 'the politics of experience' as they are manifested in the interpersonal relations of a small group. The importance of the latest edition of Come Together (no. 14) is that there is here a serious attempt to report on a sustained effort to explore in actual behaviour some of the further-reaching con-

clusions of the Manifesto. But this is an introverted trend. It moves further and further away from what most gay people — most people, even — are willing to attempt. The demands it makes lead almost necessarily to a total exclusion of other concerns which, while not bearing in any sense on gay liberation, have their own importance for those involved in them.

The significance of these trends must not be minimised, either by invidious comparison of one from the standpoint of the other, or by a cynical debunking, from the sidelines, which may give the illusion of being above any shit-work, but serves in the main to demonstrate a crass and insensitive complacency.

These two categories correspond more or less to two of the three categories outlined by Jeff Weeks in his article on the GLF movement some weeks ago (GN6). His third category, Gay Socialism, has yet to make itself felt, even though it transcends both the others, as far as he is concerned. The people who could be to us what Juliet Mitchell and Shulameth Firestone are to the Women's Movement are around — we can only suggest they get on with the job of providing us with our own definitive texts.

But what Jeff Weeks' analysis missed is another trend which has yet to be named. This is a broad trend which shows itself in the accumulating written week-to-week, month-to-month experience of an increasing number of people who neither identify nor wish to identify with any of the particular

dominant strands that can be discerned in the gay movement. It is beginning to fill the great vacuum between the limiting rip-off porn, and the limiting technicalse of certain professions which do well out of calling us deviant. Examples of it are the less specifically committed articles to be found in back numbers of Come Together, in Gay News as a whole, and in Lunch.

They document the immediate past and the ongoing present. They represent a self-pronounced perspective on ourselves which does not so much seek identity, as assumes it. We no longer have to preface what we say with any remarks of justification addressed to some named or nameless majority. This in itself is an immense step forward. But all of these journals tend to evoke a sense of transitoriness. The necessary brevity of each item in their contents is a major factor, flashes of occasional insight incapable of being transformed into sustained exploration.

general viability. Finally the book is a very patchy literary product.

But what is important is the altogether positive stance it ends on. Contrast this with the end of 'The Boys In The Band', for example, where the principal character sidles off to early morning mass. Nemesis, in the form of the knowledge that deep down he is not 'glad to be gay', has caught up with him, and he makes appropriate reparation. Vanden's character is moving onward when the book ends.

There needs to be more, and better examples of this longer-term stuff, since it so effectively extends the difference already demonstrated by current short-term journalism between what we thought we were, and what we think we can be.

If the work is a play, there can be interesting side-effects. Bruce Bayley recently wrote and directed a play at Kingston Polytechnic which deals in a surrealist manner with gay issues. From his account of the difficulties of production and their gradual resolution, it is quite clear that there were valuable outcomes before the first night. The very act of needing to play roles which went against cast-members' assumptions of personhood and sexuality proved a useful consciousness-raising experience for them.

Vanden's book and Bayley's play provide just two examples of where energies can be usefully directed. Both are additions to the developing gay sense of self. It seems to me that we need to aim consciously at creating a gay culture which not only differentiates and sensitises our responsiveness to what we are and can become, but also augments straightforward political statements and activities.

A contemporary gay culture also needs to discover and understand its roots. Most of us

know nothing of homophile movements in the past or their articulate representatives. In the present, extensive critiques of the treatment of homosexuality by writers, filmmakers etc, just do not exist. We need to start up historical and cultural studies of this kind. We need to find whatever there is to find, and make it readily available.

In practical terms, this would be possible in very small groups — the current standard unit of the gay movement.

University gay groups at a loss what to do might consider these suggestions seriously. They have the access to materials, and, at least in principle, the time to pass them on. But for other groups there are other sources of information — the local library used effectively can be one of them. Finally, no group whatever its size or location has a monopoly on creative skills, though making a film is obviously a highly specialist activity.

Every movement in the past — and Black Liberation is a recent example — has recognised the need to create and elaborate an authentic culture where only distortion and/or ignorance has prevailed before. It is needed as a primary basis for a real and continuing awareness among members of that movement. It is this superordinate task which defines the essential unity of the gay movement, whatever internal differences of opinion may exist. Recognising this as a conscious aim will make us generally more positive towards, though not necessarily less critical of, those activities or ideas which we would not carry out or hold ourselves. It will redefine the apparently divisive tendencies that seem to be generated as different paths taken in essentially the same direction.

Philip Conn, LSE-GLF.



Illustrations : Jean-Claude Thevenin

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Interestingly enough, there are stirrings elsewhere, that seem to be a response to recent changes in the gay sense of self. Over Christmas I came across and read a book by Dirk Vanden ('All Is Well' Olympia Press), a self-confessed gay-pulp author, which seems to be a prelude to what is to come.

'All Is Well' is basically concerned with the progression of one man from a state of extreme sexual repression to a form of liberation. The first state has introduced tremendous mental blocks which effectively divide the man's consciousness into two parts. The first rigidly defines the limits of his sexual-emotional life — even his masturbatory fantasies are confined to memories of sex with his estranged wife. His relations with his son are distant and authoritarian. On the other hand, a frustrated unconscious side begins to emerge from the first page in the form of apparently external threats to the man's life-style — poison pen notes, later combined with pornographic photographs and actual threats on his life. Certain key events lead to an integration of these two partial personalities. The puritan Robert fuses with the immature sexually destructive Bobby to become the liberated Bob.

Vanden's idea of liberation leaves a great deal to be desired. It is a variation on the theme of prick-power, coupled with a curiously amorphous mysticism which envelops the final pages. The latter can be criticised both for its failure to recognise a continuing context of oppression — all is not well, insofar as this is ignored, and its lack of

Bisexuals-Oppressed And Oppressor

We don't fit in — either with the gay or with the "straight" (hetero) communities. Both seem to regard us as some kind of freak. It seems as if it's OK for us to love/fuck either women or men but not both. We know about the oppression of gays from personal experience and then we get into a women's lib book (especially "Sisterhood is Powerful" — ed. Robin Morgan, Vintage books V-539 — probably the easiest to read and not so likely to bog down a new reader to the subject) and discover (if we don't already know it) that we, bisexual males, are oppressing our ladies in the same way that society oppresses us/them.

The rest of this article will be written in the first person singular. I'd like to write 'we' all the way through, but everybody's

experiences are different (as are their attitudes, degree of gayness, etc.)

My first problem is recognising the degree



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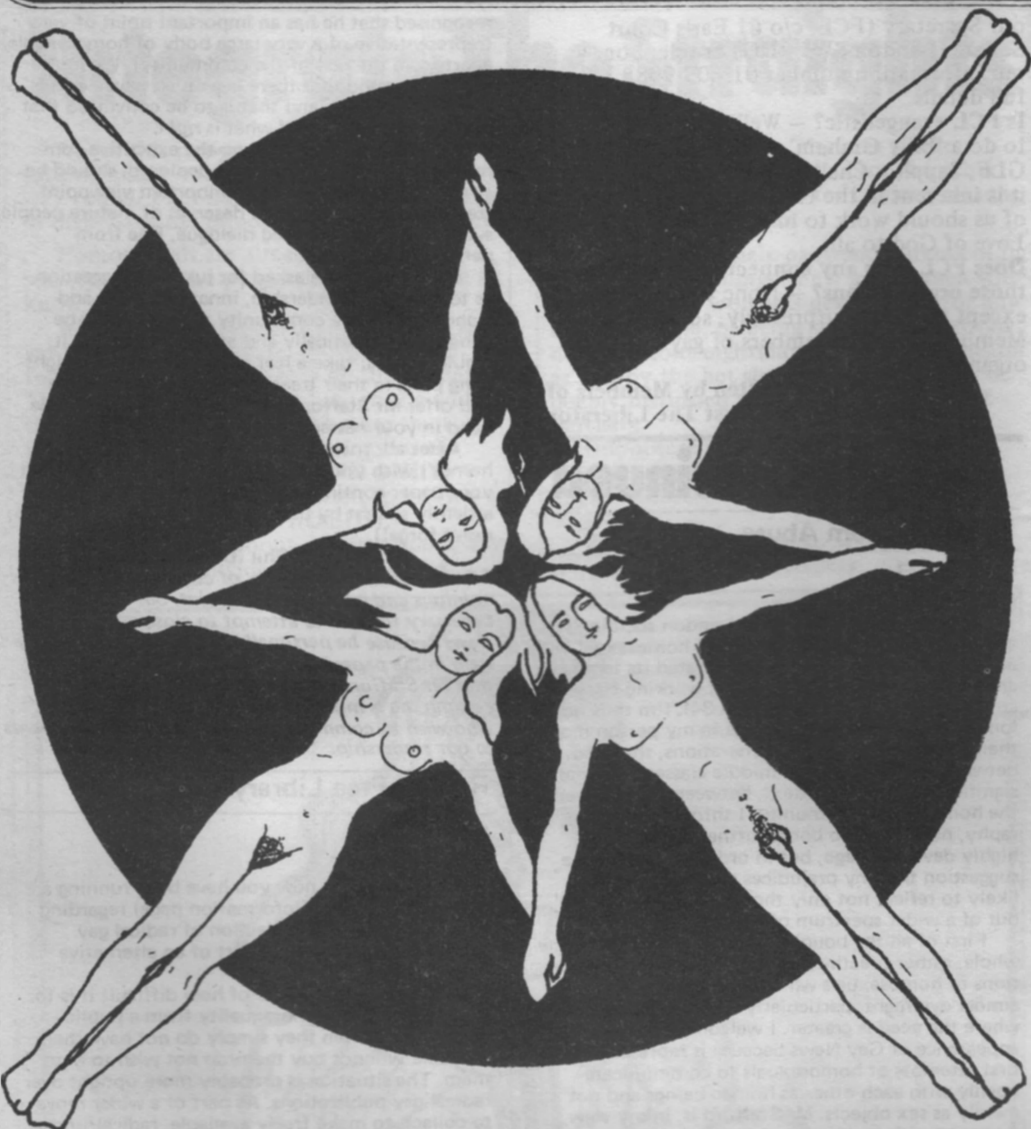
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of my gayness. If I overdo the gayness, I lose my hetero love(s). So I can only come out to a certain degree, and if that certain degree isn't enough I have to repress all my gayness which leaves me lonelier and angry with myself and with society for creating the situation in which I have to be either one or the other. I want my bread buttered on both sides, but can't find the butter knife and so I just have bread and man cannot live on bread alone. Sometimes, from the looks I get from both sexes, it seems as if another Hitler movement's starting. I should describe myself as a fur-coated, nail-varnished "hippie" for want of a better word, especially as somebody yelled

"Bloody kinky hippie" after me about half an hour ago).

So what can I do? Become a radical gay and fight my oppression whilst at the same time knowing that I too am an oppressor? Everybody must come together - the gay movements (ALL OF THEM), the women's movement, the black movement, the freak movement. Most of us (the above, not just bisexuals) are seeking reforms, either of laws or of society, and we probably can't make it on our own. We've got to compromise on some things, and yet on others we agree. Most of us want the removal of all forms of oppression - the break-up of the family, different or no politicians, the removal of the

power of the church and less pollution so we can survive to see the things that we're prepared to fight for.

The problem with revolutionary tracts is that there's never any solution to the problems that cause the dissent in the first place. What's the use of bombing buildings that can be used for a better purpose? Why use violence except in self-defence? Why don't demonstrators prepare themselves for clubs and tear gas? Water cannons and rubber bullets are more difficult to overcome, but everybody can buy crash helmets and army surplus gas masks. I'm not trying to be a leader, or even an active revolutionary (at the moment at least) I just want people to think.

How do I see the future of society? Basically a non-capitalist society, money can be abolished if there is, at first, a system of credit control (people could go mad collecting everything they've dreamed of). Money can be done away with later. But all these things are minor compared with the immediate tasks. The actual state of "the nation" can be discussed and formulated at a later date, if and when people get themselves together. I'm neither a politician nor an economist, so there may be people better "qualified" than myself to get this together.

My thoughts at the moment are those of re-education. People must learn not to despise gays. Gays and 'straights' need equal opportunities for loving and making love. Both gays and straights must start to accept bisexuals, like me. Everybody has a degree of gayness which they are taught to repress - at least at my school. Active gays, when discovered, were publicly denounced by the boys and occasionally by the teachers. I had my first gay experience at school and because of public opinion have had to repress my gayness for the last nine or ten years. I've been shocked when approached by gays in the street, because I've repressed my gayness and they haven't had to.

Ladies must learn that bisexuality is not wrong. There's nothing bad about it. I had to denounce gays for nine months during one relationship with an American who hated "those queers". Perhaps you, the readers, despise me for this, perhaps you know what it's like to tell somebody you fancy that you are gay/bisexual and to be disliked/hated for it.

In my gay moments I must stop thinking of guys as sex objects and in my straight ones I must stop thinking of ladies in the same way. As the Virginia Slims ad in the States might say, "I've come a long way", but I'm not there yet. I need to regard everybody as people. Men women and kids are all equal and yet we're all taught to discriminate: "A man cannot love another

man", "A woman's place is in the home", "Oh, he's just a kid". We must stop thinking in terms of sex and age, forget the ads, be ourselves, not what others (society) want us to be.

To reduce this to a personal note, I'd like to see the break-up of the nuclear family and become part of a group one. My idea of perfection is four (at least, but preferably an even number, ie 2, 3 or 4 couples) living together, in an interchangeable bisexual relationship. The problem that I've come across in trio group relationships is that one person is liable to feel left out at times and so become jealous. That's not a good idea, because the jealousy becomes fed back into the group and causes more dissent and hence the jealousy and bad feelings grow.

Before anything can be done to society in general, we shall all have to get our personal lives together. If it means breaking a few laws, that's our problem. Eventually we'll have no laws to break. All the repressive laws, church teachings and Mary Whitehouse/Councillor Kidd ideas will be broken. I suggest to all bisexuals that they leave their suburban homes and come out. We can do something when we're united. Perhaps you're afraid that your wives/girlfriends will desert you (or come to that your husbands/boyfriends or any combination of the four). Don't worry, you can fall in love more freely with others when you don't need the ties of marriage/domesticity to keep you happy. If every Gay/Woman/Black/Freak went on strike our joint proposals for a new society would have to be listened to. If we all struck, we'd include the army, police and politicians, nothing could stop us being heard.

Perhaps some bisexuals don't regard themselves as being gay. I know that I do and despite the fact that I don't fit in with the communities of gays or 'straights', I find that I can co-operate with both.

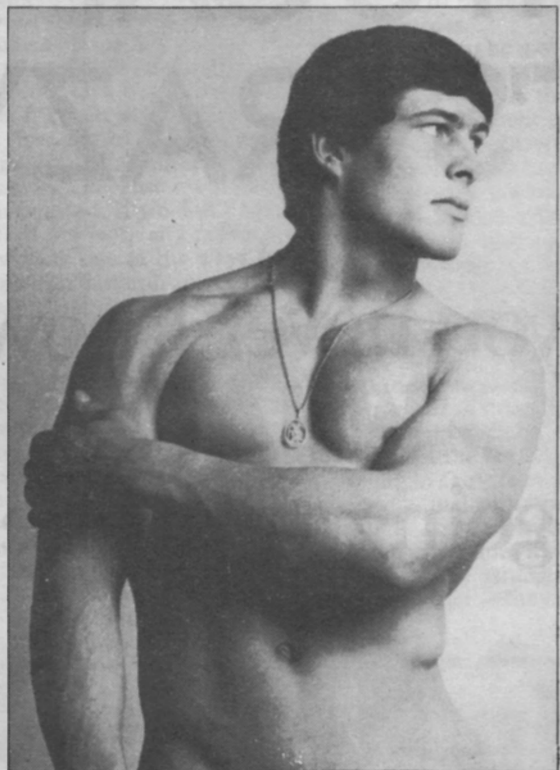
I'm not suggesting a Bisexual Liberation Front, nor just a united Gay Force, I'm saying that all of us who are oppressed (and some of the oppressors, as all males involved in a male/female relationship oppress the females) must unite to get something done.

I'd like to hear from anybody with views on the oppression of bisexuals or getting all groups in favour of restructuring society together, but I can't promise to write back unless you enclose a stamped addressed envelope (I can barely afford paper and biros) and can't be prompt in answering if many people write. Let's all get together and try to do something for once, it'd make a change from sitting on our arses and just talking.

Chris Robbins.
6 Morningside Place, Edinburgh, EH10 5ER

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Not A'Gay Church'

An Imaginary Conversation About the Fellowship In Christ The Liberator
(With apologies to the Brook Street Bureau girls!)

What exactly is this Fellowship? – It is an ecumenical Christian community, open to all, but with a special outreach to and concern for the gay community.

What 'gay community'? – Well, perhaps it is a bit euphemistic to talk about a gay community, since it holds together only in the very loosest sense, but that is to a large extent true of the community generally. Can we settle on 'gay people'?

You mean Christian gays? – No. FCL is concerned for *all* gay people, even if they do not believe in God in Christ. We are all children of our Father and our welcome is to everyone, gay or straight, Christian or non-Christian.

But you are a Gay Church? – No, we are not. Anyway, what does that phrase mean?

Alright then, a gay fellowship. – Not even that. We are a *Christian Fellowship*, remember?

I mean everyone in the Fellowship is gay. – Not even that, so far as I am aware. When someone comes to join with us in worship, we do not ask: "Are you a homosexual?" It's irrelevant. If someone wishes to worship God with us, their sexual orientation just does not matter.

But isn't this true of ordinary churches? – In some senses, yes, but many people, especially gays, feel that they must conceal some of the most essential facets of their personalities in Churches which are heterosexually-orientated and they seldom receive pastoral care and guidance that they can actually relate to. Also the public condemnation of homosexuals which persists in 'ordinary Churches' (even if this differs from the *private* attitudes of individual clergymen) often makes the Christian gays feel that the Church has rejected them. We *welcome* those who feel rejected.



Illustrations: Jean-Claude Thevenin

Does the Church really reject them? – It's arguable. I don't think that it does in a positive way... seldom would any clergyman seriously say 'Never darken our doorstep again'. The "rejection" is a bit more subtle than that. In any case, whether the rejection is real or imaginary is immaterial. If it is imaginary, but the Christian gay stops going to Church because of it, that rejection has become, by default, very real.

So you don't want to attract gays from other Churches? – That is not our aim. If any Christian is happy in his or her congregation, we should not wish to interfere: we deliberately chose the time of our regular Sunday service so that no one would have to choose "either... or..." If someone does transfer their 'allegiance' to the Fellowship from another Christian community, it suggests that that community has failed in some way and the transfer is sad for that Church, but equally it is a happy occasion, if, with the Fellowship, that person can worship God more fully and completely. But our main aim is to provide the opportunity for the "rejected" Christian, gay or otherwise, to join us and worship God completely, freely, openly, as he or she is, not as society or even the Church might like them to be.

But you don't call yourselves a Church. – If you look up 'church' in a dictionary, you'll find that the difference between 'church' and 'fellowship' is not very much. However, some people are particularly sensitive about schisms and we respect their opinions (even if we don't share them), so we decided not to aggravate them more than was unavoidable by calling ourselves a Fellowship rather than a Church.

"Schism". A split. Haven't you done just that? – No. There is only one Christian Church, with many many branches, each catering for the needs of its particular congregation. No one seems to get worried about the fact that a church in say rural Italy or France or for that matter England, is very different in flavour from a church in a metropolis such as London. The needs of the congregation differ, so, within the

framework of the Christian faith, the churches differ. In just the same way, the Fellowship caters for the needs of its congregations. To talk of schism is illogical.

You talked of not aggravating people. Are you afraid of what people think or say? – Not afraid, but we have no wish to make enemies.

We prefer to remain linked in the love of God with all Christian people and in friendship with all men and women of goodwill. Many people, especially clergymen, who oppose FCL are nevertheless praying for its success if it does have a place in this society and in God's plan. We are grateful for their prayers.

You are talking about gay clergymen? – I have no idea of the sexual orientation of many of them, although if one really communicates with people, one may become aware of their orientation. But aren't you falling into the trap that the Church has so often fallen into? Classifying people? We are Christians (those of us who believe in God in Christ) before we are gay or straight. We are all our Father's children and welcome in His house and at His table.

Do you really believe a homosexual can be a Christian? – For Heaven's sake, why not? Surely not because St Paul had a hipe about the permissiveness of Greek cities in the first century AD or because about three millenia ago the Jews were anxious to ban anything that might interfere with the propagation of the race? Can't we live in the 20th Century? And anyway, what has one's sexual orientation got to do with one's faith and beliefs?

But aren't homosexual acts sinful in the eyes of the Church? – Some parts of the Church are of the opinion that they are, but I prefer to be guided by the Gospel. If homosexual or any other acts are in the context of loving and caring for the other person (which is the core of the Christian message), then those acts cannot seriously be held to be sinful.

To get back to FCL. How did it start? – A few of us saw the response to the visit of the Revd Troy Perry, which was reported in GN 10, and we became even more convinced that the Metropolitan Community Church or something like it was very much needed in Britain. That 'something' became the Fellowship.

How does FCL work? – Well, if you mean in terms of government, our basic principle is that the Members decide what goes in FCL, although in these early days (our foundation date was 1 October 1972), much of the impetus comes from the committee which is charged with the management of the day-to-day affairs of the Fellowship. However that committee takes account of what the Members feel.

How does one become a Member and what does it entail? – One simply says that one wants to enrol... simple as that. As well as being Christian, members are expected to uphold the general principle of FCL and to commit themselves to that principle. We hope, although it could not be in any way 'compulsory', that Members will covenant to pay regular sums to the Fellowship, depending on what they can afford. This gives FCL an income out of which it may be able to pay, among other things, a stipend to our Minister.

Who is your Minister? – The name of our Minister is known to many people, not just Members, but for important professional and domestic reasons, we prefer him to remain un-named publicly for the time being. **Doesn't this anonymity make people a bit suspicious?** – Perhaps it does, but, in all conscience, we must respect his wishes and the well-being of other people who are dependant on him.

Do I have to become a Member before I come to one of the services? – No, you only become a Member if you want to. Remember "A Christian community, open to all..." Anyone, everyone is welcome to join with us in our acts of worship. We hope, of course, that anyone who comes to our services will feel that they would like to become a Member, but it's not in any way obligatory.

When and where are the services held? – Each Sunday at 8 pm. The services are at present held in a private house, so we cannot really publicise its address, but anyone can write to

our Secretary (FCL, c/o 61 Earls Court Square, London SW5 9DG) or telephone our information number 01-603 9088 for full details.

Is FCL evangelistic? – Well, we aren't going to do a 'Billy Graham' around all the CHE, GLF, Sappho, Challenge, etc, meetings, but it is inherent in the Christian faith that each of us should work to bring the light of the Love of God to all.

Does FCL have any connection with any of those organisations? – None whatsoever, except that, not surprisingly, some of our Members are also Members of gay organisations.

Collectively written by Members of The Fellowship In Christ The Liberator

Letters Continued

Freedom From Abuse

London W11

Dear Ed,

First about myself: I am a London sociologist and university lecturer. I am also a homosexual with an affair which last October celebrated its tenth anniversary (we met as provincial working-class students: he is now 27 and I am 34). I'm thus no longer young. However I bridge in my person more than the gap between two generations, that also between the working and middle classes, and more significantly in this context, between the latter and the homosexual community. I throw in the biography, not I hope to boost further my already highly developed ego, but in order to venture the suggestion that my prejudices and attitudes are likely to reflect not only those of the 'Gay World' but of a wider spectrum of the community.

First of all the bouquet. I greatly approve of the whole, rather breath-taking panorama of organisations of homosexuals which have mushroomed, almost overnight, particularly outside the metropolis where the need is greater. I welcome also the appearance of Gay News because it represents the first attempts of homosexuals to communicate openly with each other as human beings and not merely as sex objects. Mr Stafford is, in my view, wrong to wish to suppress this or other forms of homosexual oppression on the grounds of their present (undoubted) crudity, and patches of abrasive immaturity. The nappy-wetting and turbulent infant grows up, in the fullness of time, into the maturity and strength of manhood. So it can be with Gay News and the rest. The signs are there already (see for example the excellent final section in your Christmas number editorial, and the wise decision to feature items of general interest).

There is however, one matter which causes me a measure of disquiet and true sorrow. This is the treatment of Mr Stafford in your columns. However wrong-headed and obnoxious his views may be to me and the young activists who dominate the metropolitan homosexual organisations, it must be

recognised that he has an important point of view (representative of a very large body of homosexuals, apart from the rest of the community). We must all bear in mind that there is a much worse crime than being *wrong*, and that is to be convinced that one has a monopoly of what is *right*.

Mr Stafford's presence on the executive committee of CHE far from being deplored, should be strongly welcomed, and his important viewpoint treated with the respect it deserves of mature people symbolised in a reasoned dialogue, free from personal abuse.

Finally if I were asked for just one suggestion as to how your readership, innate strength and standing with the community at large might be enhanced dramatically and at a single stroke, it would be this: take a leaf out of the London right-wing press in their treatment of Richard Neville and offer Mr Stafford a regular column and a free hand in your newspaper.

After all, true tolerance, like charity, starts at home! I wish you a prosperous New Year in which your paper continues to grow to those virtues so ardently sought by us all (and even Martin Stafford, don't forget).

Mike, D Phil (Dr Mike, Shrewsbury)
ED: Mr Martin Stafford is, of course, entitled to his opinions and particular viewpoint, but was it necessary for him to attempt to close down Gay News because he personally did not approve of one item in the paper? With regard to your suggestion that Mr Stafford be invited to write us a regular column, he is most welcome to, as are all people who wish to communicate their ideas and comments to our readership.

Radical Free Library

London SW9

Dear Gay News,

For some time now you have been running a request from me on information page) regarding the building up of a collection of radical gay papers and magazines, as part of an alternative library.

We are all quite aware of how difficult it is to get books about homosexuality from a public library, very often they simply do not have them available/will not buy them/do not wish to buy them. The situation is probably more uptight over radical gay publications. As part of a wider move to collect, to make freely available, radical/underground publications an alternative library has been formed.

Quite probably under the aegis of Librarians for Social Change quite a lot of material will be microfilmed to be more freely available.

The point is we have no resources at all except what people donate. So can I appeal to everybody reading Gay News to please let me have any old back issues of gay publications, political rather than 'pin-up', instead of throwing them away. We would really be grateful if back issues of publications 'Come Together', especially issues 1 to 7 could be sent to us.

Geoffrey Leight

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BOOKS

Call Me A Cab

THE TAXI by Violette Leduc. Published by Hart-Davis/MacGibbon, £1.40

The Taxi is the last book by Violette Leduc, the author of *La Batarde* and *Ravages*. It was written shortly before she died from an illness which spoilt the last few years of her life. It was sad that her constant bad health began so soon after she had finally been internationally acclaimed as an important writer.

Violette was one of the most eccentric and fascinating ladies Paris has ever known. All her life she was an adventuress — a sort of outlaw — long before it became fashionable to be so. She always described herself as a "bastard". Her lesbianism, which I would rather call her homosexual-orientated life-style, was always less than a secret, and her mini-skirts and wigs were forever shocking the 'good taste' of Parisian society. She was born in 1908, but always adopted the fashion and looks of teenage girls.

To me it seems that she put all of this into her last work, which is also one of the most wonderful fantasies one could have dreamed of. Unfortunately, no mere review can do justice to her extraordinary imagination. The story is simply told by means of the dialogue between an adolescent sister and brother who decide to spend a day making love to each other in the back of a luxuriously fitted out taxi. They have been able to realise this forbidden dream by stealing a jewel from the aunt they both hate and despise, and then by paying people to initiate them into the arts of love-making.

First they meet a gorgeous whore, Mademoiselle Cytiese, a lady from Pigalle, who teaches the brother. She then introduces the adolescents to a pederast, Dane, who gives lessons to the sister.

The tale begins when they are at last in the taxi, racing across and around Paris, protected from the driver's eyes by an orange curtain. They make love, eat pâté, drink champagne and talk.

They talk about what they are doing to each other, what they learnt from their strange teachers, and how they were led to this peculiar situation by some kind of irresistible fate. The most enjoyable aspect about *The Taxi* is that as well as being a long erotic and fantasising poem, it also succeeds in involving the reader in depths of feeling and passion that are at times almost frightening. It is important to add that the

translation from the French by Helen Weaver is excellent, as it accurately matches Leduc's unique style.



The Taxi will be performed as a play on the Paris stage soon and I look forward to seeing it staged in London in the near future. Through this kind of interpretation, it will not be so much literature, but a more sensual experience that all can indulge their fantasies in. Art is life, and life, when mirrored in Violette Leduc's *The Taxi*, is one long, liberating orgasm.

Jean-Claude Thevenin.

Liberal Bunkum

A YOUNG PERSON'S GUIDE TO LIFE AND LOVE by Dr Benjamin Spock. Published by Mayflower Books, 40p.

Dr Spock is one of those "slightly disgraceful" but respected "liberals" who use the established forms of communication to condemn established forms of thought, in favour of new established forms of thought. He's the father of the worst form of mind control — the advice manual, the horrific idea of which is that we need some pillar of soporific liberality to instruct and shape our attitudes, that we are too conditioned into apathy to reason out our own behaviour patterns, or act instinctively.

His book for teenagers contains little that I would imagine they don't know already, or would want to know, or would do anything to allay fears of that burning sensation which is adolescence. Despite the extended sections on sexual matters, there is scarcely even a passing reference to bisexuality, so often a significant part of our lives. Homosexuality is dispensed with in three brief pages, and classified as either of two conditions, that of a person who takes on the character of a person of the opposite sex, or "appears normal" but desires persons of the same sex. "Men and boys who are effeminate feel like women." How elucidating for a worried fifteen year old, who not only has to contend with television comedians and parents, but with this repressive bible too.

According to Granada Publishing the original Spock book "Child and Baby Care"

sold 23 million copies in the USA alone, and they suppose "that all the parents who read it and all of their children, will want to read this one." One therefore supposes that Dr Spock's ideas on homosexuality or anything else, will be for the next few years, one of the major influences on the attitudes of the American public.

Myths about homosexuality are really just the starting point for one long fairy tale of life. The entire book is full of startling misconceptions and a blatant avoidance of fundamental adolescent feelings, such as the complete disbelief and disagreement of a system which prescribes school, university, job, formalised marriage, and sees marijuana as something which changes "aspects of the personality", possibly for the worse.

David Seligman

Best Of The Paperbacks

THE MAHOUND by Lance Horner. Pan, 40p.

Those of you who have followed the apparently endless priapic saga of the 'Flaconhurst' series of novels, written by Horner and his collaborator Kyle Onstott, licked parched lips over that splendid epic of fellatio 'Child Of The Sun', wriggled to 'Santiago Blood' and 'The Tattooed Rood', will not be disappointed by 'The Mahound'. If anything the pricks get bigger, the fucking more frequent and more frantic, and the hero and his friend finally capitulate to the erotic pressures of Africa and get their ends (both ends) away with gentlemen! Needless to say Rory Mahound, the staggeringly well-hung Scottish stud of the title is under the influence of a powerful aphrodisiac at the time. But it's the first time this reader can remember one of Horner/Onstott's heroes actually enjoying a little bi-sexuality. Who knows where this permissiveness will lead to next!

This is the eleventh in the series of novels written by this phallically obsessed pair, and one of the best. If you've got to read trashy erotica, and don't we all, then you won't find better than this at W H Smiths. On second thoughts, buy it somewhere else.

PRICKSONGS AND DESCANTS by Robert Coover. Picador, 50p.

Robert Coover's stories make rather gloomy reading on the whole. A man makes love to his wife, discovers that she's been dead for three weeks, and has his genitals smashed to a pulp by a disgusted cop etc, etc. In fact savage attacks and mutilations of one limb or another crop up with almost monotonous regularity.

However there are two stories of true brilliant black humour which will probably appear many times in future horror anthologies.

'The Hat Act' takes a magician's stage show to its horrid, illogical conclusion, while

'The Baby Sitter' twines the erotic day-dreams of six different people and weaves them into a farcical nightmare that ingeniously arrives at a conclusion that has to be read to be believed. I won't spoil it for you.

DOWN AND OUT IN BRITAIN by Jeremy Sandford. New English Library, 40p.

'Edna The Inebriate Woman' was shown on television some months ago. It was received with enthusiasm, but nothing like the critical acclaim of his earlier work 'Cathy Come Home'. The reasons are clear — a homeless family has a more immediate appeal than a meths drinking dossier. And yet this book, the background research Sandford used for 'Edna', is an even more horrifying indictment of a Welfare State who can spend billions of pounds on destructive weapons and research, and yet has still failed to come

to grips with the problems of thousands of sad, wasted people who have somehow lost control of their lives.

Sandford demonstrates with chilling effect how our legal system, law, police, and welfare authorities can turn the inadequate eccentric into a criminal or madman, and that 'our society is becoming harder and harder for people to live in, and that those who are unable to cope are often not so much helped as given a kick in the crutch.' Remember that by conservative estimate, 2,000 people will be sleeping rough tonight, in London alone.

For those who care or want to help, there is a list of organisations included who need all kinds of assistance in their endless therapeutic help to the homeless, the addicted, the unfortunates of this world.

Denis Cohn

Mitchum, Bitch'em

THE ROBERT MITCHUM STORY, 'IT SURE BEATS WORKING.' by Mike Tomkies. Published by W H Allen at £2.50.

The last few years in the publishing world has seen a massive rash of biographies of famous film stars, most of which have been written solely as commercial efforts, and not because the author has any specific feeling or interest for the subject, rather like many of their films have been created, in fact. Sad in this case, because Mitchum is for me one of the genuinely fascinating Hollywood figures, and "It sure beats working" is yet another savage let-down. It's written in the journalistic style of a local paper, and with its massive quotes from earlier Mitchum interviews and articles, gives the impression that it was written entirely without his personal collaboration.

None of this would matter very much if the author showed any signs of affection or sympathy for his character; but he doesn't. Everything of interest in Mitchum's life and everything else is skated over superficially and unfeelingly, from his teens when he lived for a long period as a hobo, we are given no ideas of his motives for living like this, through the early Hollywood bit-part days, through to the big star years.

As the book progresses, instead of becoming a deep character study of a fascinating man, it becomes more and more like a potted history of say a nineteenth century politician, a date and time diary of cardboard figures. The chapter on his arrest for smoking marijuana in 1948 for example, is solely an account of Mitchum's arrest by one of the policemen responsible, and a rather clipped, non-committal passage on the controversy the event caused in Hollywood, and the difficulties in urging the public not to make pre-judgements on the matter. One has the feeling that Mitchum's genuine feelings and

ideas here have been restrained, for fear of offending his image, or the book's vast sales potential.



I don't think I'm being unfair, because even within the very narrow verbal confines of a commercially sponsored American TV chat show, I've seen the emergence of a very much more deeply thoughtful man.

David Seligman

Nightmares In The Air

OVER TO YOU by Roald Dahl. Published by Penguin, 25p.

This collection of ten short stories were written by Roald Dahl after he had been transferred from active service in the RAF to the post of Assistant Air Attache in Washington in 1942. They originally appeared in a number of American magazines and later as a book, under the collective title of *Over To You*. This is the first time that they have been available in one edition in this country.

Dahl is probably best known for his two volumes of short stories that were published in the fifties, *Someone Like You* and *Kiss Kiss*. The central theme of these was a macabre one, with a controlled hysteria growing throughout them, till they eventually shocked the reader into the reality of the horrific conclusions. The spine-chilling effects they generally had, brought him much international acclaim. Since then he has written a number of children's books.

I expected *Over To You* to consist of the type of tales I usually associate with Dahl, and

was initially disappointed when I discovered that the book was subtitled 'Ten Stories of Flyers and Flying'. But once I started reading them, I soon found that each was a form of nightmare, containing the twists and dark irony that make his other stories so surprising and readable.

Dahl's successful style stems from his ability to draw the reader into the situations he is relating, making everything seem very real and plausible. This leaves one unprepared for the shocking revelations to come. His attention to detail and a fine use of dialogue also contributes to never allowing the stories to appear at all fantastic, despite the fact that they very often are. And as I said earlier it is only when one reaches the end that the reader realises how incredible the sequence of events has been.

The stories are all short and even a brief description of them may possibly spoil the enjoyment and iced thrills readers may derive from them. Suffice to say they are ideal for those who like their prose to be a little different.

Denis Lemon

SAPPHO'S MASKED VALENTINES DISCO

Saturday 17th February. 8.00 pm. Upstairs room, Euston Tavern, Judd St/Euston Road, London NW1. Opp. St Pancras Station. 50 admission. Bar extension. Prizes. Penalty payment for no mask. Full moon. Card carrying CHE members only very welcome and women.

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TEACH-IN ON HOMOSEXUALITY

Edinburgh, Thursday 8 March 1973. Speakers include Prof Morris Carstairs, Principal-Designate of York University; Prof John Gagnon, formerly of the Kinsey Institute; Nicholas Fairbairn, QC; Denis Lemon & Glenys Parry of Gay News Collective; and major spokesmen/women from the Church, Psychiatry and Sexual Liberation. One day event culminating in a disco at Heriot-Watt University. Check with Mike 031-225 4395 for crash pads and other details.

Theatre In The Round

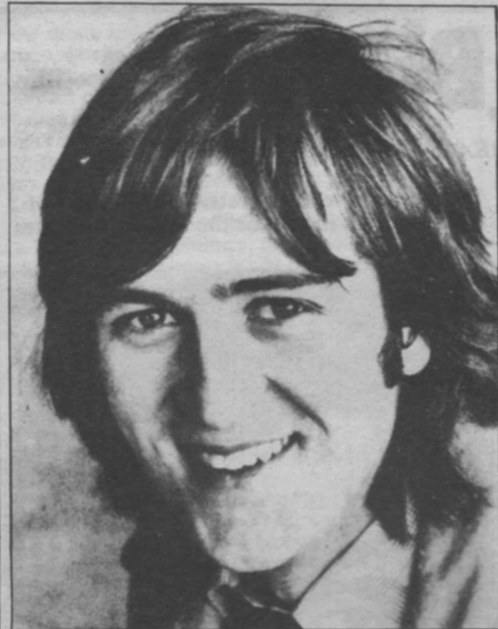
MY FAT FRIEND at the Globe Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, London W1.

Television writer Charles Laurence has used his experience in writing slick dialogue for such shows as 'Now Take My Wife', to good avail in this new stage comedy. He has provided Kenneth Williams with a deluge of sharp-edged remarks to fire at all and sundry — and admirers of Williams will know there is nobody around who can top him for acid-tongued delivery. I realise that a little of Mr Williams goes a long way (and here he is on stage almost throughout) but he is served well by the author, and manages to employ all of his many voices during the evening. At

the shop, as well as doing most of the cooking in the house. Her other tenant is Kenneth Williams, playing (of all things) a civil servant. The bohemian atmosphere of the household is well established in the opening scenes, showing that none of the 3 characters are involved with each other sexually. However, the author has given Williams one extremely funny scene where he attempts a mock seduction of the other male tenant in the house.

After opening with a lavatory joke, I was relieved to find the humour improved by the minute with Williams berating the girl for being so fat, and going through every type of 'fat joke' in existence. She herself seems unconcerned about her appearance, but when a young man wanders into the shop in search of travel books and invites her out to dine, she has a change of heart.

An overnight romance begins before the man flies abroad for 4 months. It is then that Williams gets the idea for the girl to go on a crash diet and there follows some amusing moments involving a mobile sauna, as well as our heroine returning from a sprint on Hamp-



John Harding. He's serious.

times the laughter of the audience began to sound like one of those dreary TV shows which use 'canned laughter' and there were moments when I wished the cast would pause just a moment longer, so that none of the dialogue was missed.

The play is set in the lounge and kitchen of a house in Hampstead. The owner is an overweight young woman who runs a bookshop adjoining the house. She has two tenants, one a young Scot who assists her in



Kenneth Williams. He's friendly.

stead Heath dressed in a 'track suit'.

After an evening of such fast and witty dialogue, it was interesting to find a few quiet moments towards the close of the play that suddenly showed great insight into the main characters. Kenneth Williams is of course a delight, and it is a tribute to his talent that one never feels he is upstaging anyone else, as indeed the other 3 players are all allowed to make their presence felt. Jennie Linden is admirable in the title role, and two impressive West End debuts are made by John Harding as the serious young Scot, and Bernard Holley as Miss Linden's admirer.

Bunny Ain't Funny

BUNNY at the Criterion Theatre, Piccadilly Circus, London.

I have endured many of life's disasters by holding on to the belief that 'nothing is as bad as it seems'. However, this thought did not work for me as I sat watching this new Norman Krasna comedy titled BUNNY. The evening comprised two one-act plays about a high class call girl operating in New York.

I've grown so used to seeing Eartha Kitt over the years as that smouldering tigress that I was not ready for her giggling, at times almost hysterical portrayal of Bunny the call-girl. The play uses that device so popular in restoration comedy of having her walk stage centre and address the audience directly from time to time. This is usually a fun moment in a play providing the person doing the talking has some amusing comment to make. Alas, all Miss Kitt's writers have given her is a prolonged chat about what will occur next. This style of theatre reaches a new low at interval time when our Eartha once again slips in front of the curtains to remind us not to smoke in the auditorium.

The second play was admittedly an improvement due to the fortunate casting of David Kossoff as an elderly Jewish business man who keets Miss Kitt and proceeds to have a platonic friendship with her. Their playing together is very good and both players are worthy of better material.

Having been an admirer of Eartha Kitt's since the days when she was a dancer in the Katherine Dunham company (and she practically stopped the show with her one solo song) it saddens me to say that for once the magic doesn't work. Come back soon, Eartha, in a better vehicle.

Barry Conley

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Steppin' On The Spaniel

SAVAGES. The Players: Louis Stadlen, Thayer David, Susie Blakeley, Kathleen Widdoes, Ultra Violet. Written: George Trow, Michael O'Donoghue. Photographed: Walter Lassally. Directed: James Ivory. Certificate 'AA'.

One of the saddest facts of living in these civilised times is that a few people are supposed to bundle off to the cinema and then write what they think of what they saw for others to read. But once you've sat down at your typewriter and written that *Savages* is as close to being a masterpiece of a movie as you're in danger of seeing in the next 12 months — and that's a long time — you've said all that's worth saying, bar telling the story.



Anyone for croquet. Asha Puthli is the Forest Girl in 'Savages'.

It's by retelling the story you can usually pad out a review once you've run out of words because the movie defies words — there are a lot more knocking words than there are words of praise.

And that being said/written, let me add that there's nothing anyone can say about *Savages* that is going to make sense unless you go and see the movie. Ignore what people say, see it. Make up your own mind.

Savages, quite simply has very little story. Or, to put it another way, it is a simple little story which still has an amazing complexity.

It charts the rise and fall of civilisation through a series of chapters (I think there are five, but the number doesn't matter).

We start with a black-and-white anthropological documentary about The Mud People — as the chapter heading tells us.

The action is explained and interspersed with captions written in a send-up anthropology jargon — after all, co-scripter O'Donoghue is a staffer on America's National Lampoon, the satirical magazine.

The Mud People are getting ready for a bit of ritual human sacrifice, but they're quite bowled over by the appearance of a croquet ball from the clear sky over their unspecified territory in an unspecified continent at an unspecified time.

The tribe sets off to find where the perfect sphere — hitherto unknown as a shape in the forest, we're told — came from. And they end up at a very stylish old house belonging to an unspecified period in the development of the civilisation of an unspecified nation — it looks like America, and it was shot in upstate New York.

They enter the house, find the remnants of the last 'civilised' occupation — cupboards of clothes, records and so on. They dress up and assume the attitudes of the people whose clothes they're wearing — capitalist, eligible young man, limping idealist, remote artist and such like.

The next main step — the third chapter — is the dinner party when the attitudes are played for all they're worth. Suddenly a croquet ball appears from nowhere and passes the table unseen. But the people know that some force has passed among them — shades of the Exterminating Angel and 2001.

From then on the civilisation they've reached is in decline.

A girl who consistently wears men's clothes does a number to a song called *Steppin On The Spaniel* (a song about treading household pets into the ground). People dive into the swimming pool and the eligible young man does an underwater grave robbing job, stealing coins and jewellery. Ultra Violet, described in the beautiful title sequence as a decadent, seduces the maid in the back of a massive car that's parked in the grounds. This lesbian-fuck scene is typical of the movie in that every time you think you know your bearings, director James Ivory throws in something else to confuse things just a bit.

Confusion reigns at the end, crusty aristocrats, cigar-smoking capitalists, sensitive girls and idealists are involved in a game of croquet that turns into a game of cheat, the hostess keeps moving the pole — a scene reminiscent of the first time I tripped on LSD (when it was legal of course) and cheated gloriously at cards.

The rise-and-fall of civilisation is one huge subject for a movie to tackle, and James Ivory, whose idea the scripters worked from, has used the motif of the croquet ball to link the sequences. That might sound like a clumsy image, but in the context it isn't, honest.

As I've said/written, it's a huge subject, and it's a movie I had to see twice before I could take it all in. And it's still running. The Curzon ought to sell season-tickets. I've got to see it another two or three times to really absorb the subtleties of the script — in a desperate attempt to regain civilisation the hostess relies on ritual and uses an etiquette-form question to get the conversation going again ("Do you know," she asks, "the precise meaning and derivation of the phrase bric-a-brac?").

The subtleties are also included in Walter Lassally's best cinematography since Tom Jones, the soft focus, the muted and delicate colours.

At once, *Savages* is funny, mind-blowing, intelligent, good-to-look-at and so good it confounds criticism. There's only one thing to do — go and see for yourself.

Peter Holmes

Super Sam

THE GETAWAY. Director Sam Peckinpah. Stars: Ali McGraw, Steve McQueen, Slim Pickins. Music: Quincy Jones. Distributor: Cinerama Releasing (UK), for National General Pictures.

Sam Peckinpah, in company with Bob Rafelson and John Schlesinger, is one of the three greatest living film directors. His films have consistently managed to create a highly original style, a style which not only has won him critical acclaim, but constantly brought the movie going public to the cinemas in force. This so called style emerged significantly in the "Wild Bunch" and is contained in what I would call his fascist romanticism, that is an unyielding love for the traditional violent all male Americans, while ceasing to really believe in it. His love of and appreciation of how much part of man's inner-self bloody violence is, led to his instigation of the now legendary slow motion shots of men bloodily dying.

Peckinpah has undoubtedly been far more responsible than Kubrick for shocking us into a realisation of how much we love violence, and how close to the top of our minds it lurks. His characters are usually tough, uncomplicated, but above all, likeable. The exception was in "Straw Dogs", where Dustin Hoffman played an exceedingly unlikeable American college professor, delivering what Peckinpah would consider to be the ultimate left wing affront, that of taking over a kind of patronising squire's role in a small Cornish fishing village, where he rents a cottage and treats the bored locals with an ugly disdain, at which they justifiably, in the Peckinpah moral code book, violently retaliate in a fashion which makes "Straw Dogs" his most controversial film.

Having made a point, his two most recent movies have seen a mellowing in the images. His last film "Junior Bonner" was an evocative, sensitive observation of traditional values in America, seen through the eyes of an ageing rodeo star, Steve McQueen, whose ability to turn out brilliant performances for Peckinpah is nothing short of miraculous, considering most of his earlier work.

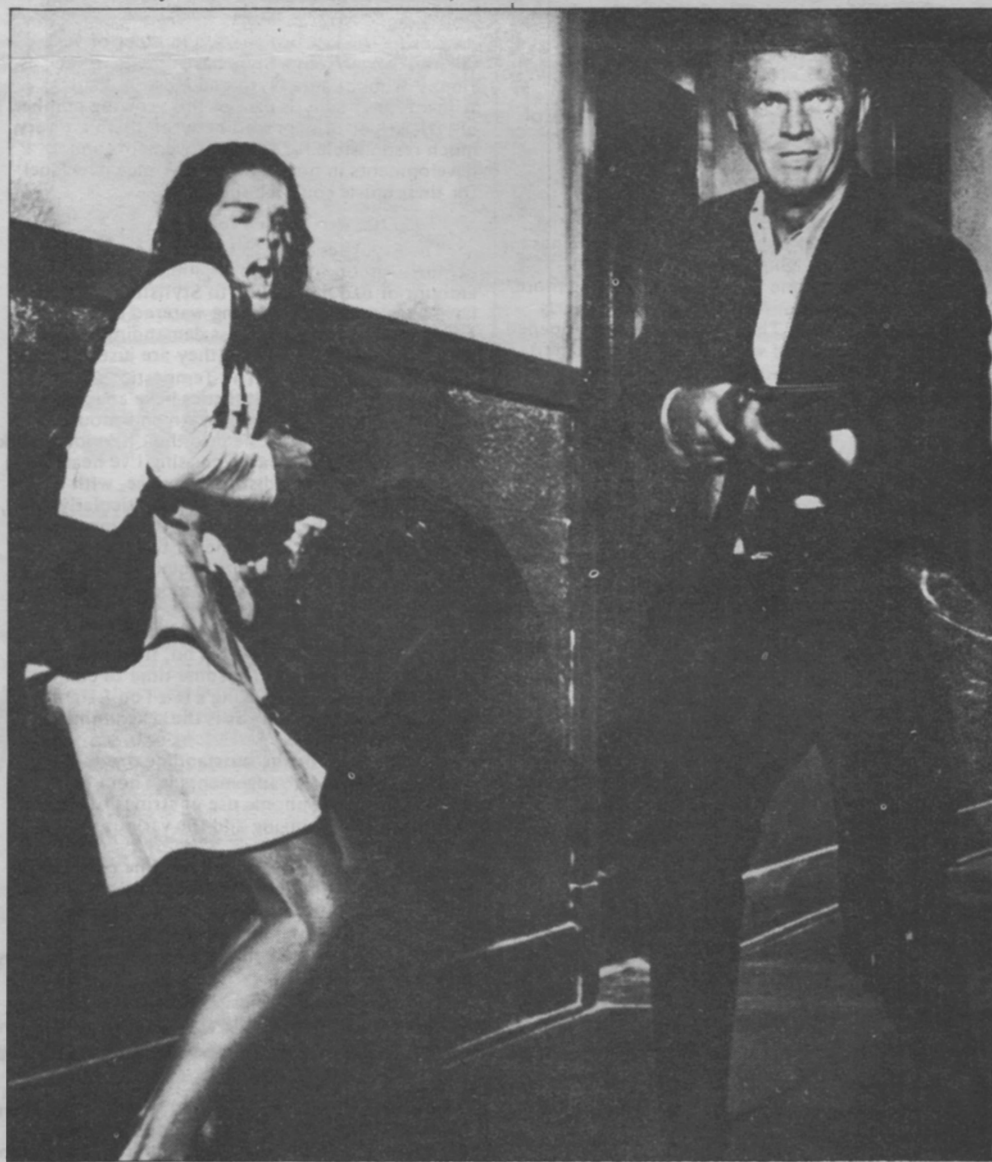
In "The Getaway", again at his brilliant best, accompanied by Ali McGraw as his wife, McQueen plays a crook who is bailed out of jail by a local lawyer, on the condition that he organises and carries out a daring bank robbery. But the film starts out as a slow, very atmospheric character study of yer actual crook, and there is a beautiful scene, as just after being released, he stands outside the prison in front of a long flat skyline, accompanied by those almost eerie sounds one only seems to hear in America,

fascinating sounds so familiar to anyone who's ever been there. The raid is excitingly staged and is followed by a superb non-clichéd car chase and by inter-gang arguments, during which McQueen shoots the leader and one of his accomplices. The rest of the film is then grippingly concerned with McQueen and McGraw's attempts to flee the pursuing gang and escape over the border into Mexico. But this is much more than just an exciting chase movie. It is really a kind of American travelogue of excess. The story is incidental to the images, like McQueen and McGraw dodging their pursuers at one stage on to an interminable city dump, with its mounds of trash stretching into oblivion; the acute observance of Texas as the two flee partly by train, the ultimate USA symbol of decayed splendour.

For the first time in a Peckinpah movie there's a strong element of sarcastic humour. He has learned to gently mock his own ideas, so that when Slim Pickins, the ultimate delight of the film, is reached, we are being simultaneously amused, excited and being persuaded as to the moral justness of it all. Pickins plays a clapped out garbage truck driver who much to his delight is hijacked with his van to carry our heroes and their money on the last stage of their journey over the border. He doesn't mind them being gangsters, but are they married? Well, they are, and safely over the border he sells them his van for more money than he normally earns in ten years.

It's all so much fun. I just can't wait to see it again.

David Seligman



Steve McQueen and Ali MacGraw shoot their way out.

Austrian Concoction

THE SALTZBURG CONNECTION. Director: Lee Katzin. Screenplay: Oscar Millard. Stars: Barry Newman, Anna Karina. Distributor: Fox Rank.

It's a great pity this Austrian set concoction, swiftly made and named to cash in on a recent success, has such a lousy script, because it has several assets, which might have helped to create a sequel worthy of the word "connection".

There's the direction, attempting to be expansive and imaginative, in its panning, atmospheric shots of the Austrian scenery; attempting to inject some documentary semi-reality in its fast cuts to people in the streets' faces. There's also Barry Newman, perpetrator of the modern car chase, in

"Vanishing Point", and also one of the few modern stars out of the Redford/Reynolds stable, who doesn't have an expressionless face, and who can actually act.

The contrived, leaden script, having the character of an extended TV episode, has cardboard figures from the KGB, the CIA, Israel and the Neo-Nazi Party chasing after the same crate of German wartime secret papers, suitably placed at the bottom of a very cold, shallow lake. Cliches abound, and after the regulation shootings, car chase and double crossings, there isn't really anything left of the 92 futile minutes to make us laugh, cry, think or tremble with excitement.

DS

Silly Symphonies

GOLDEN HITS OF THE SHANGRI-LAS — Phillips International 6336215.

No doubt about it, the Golden Hits of the Shangri-Las is one record that every lover of pop music should possess. And that doesn't mean to say that you have to be a rock and roll intellectual to appreciate it. Amongst the twelve tracks included on the album are songs that are already legends in pop history, the best examples being *Leader Of The Pack* and *Remember (Walking In The Sand)*. The former has just proved its worth for the second time by again making the top twenty, eight years after it originally appeared in the charts.

The main inspiration behind these recordings was Shadow Morton, who took the Shangri-Las up to the levels of success previously only reached by black vocal groups such as The Ronettes, The Crystals and The Chiffons. When Morton recorded these numbers it was still the single that was the backbone of the recording industry, whereas today it is the album. Subsequently it is unlikely that anyone will ever again reach the peaks of perfection Morton took the three minute single to. He made them within their own limitations, into a new art form, very much in keeping with the areas Andy Warhol has worked in.

The Shangri-La's records were more than just songs — they were a form of theatre. A prominent feature of Morton's production technique was the emphasis he placed on bringing out the tension and drama within the story-line of a song. This was achieved in a number of ways. To start with, there was always a strong melody and a well arranged two-part chorus. To this he would add sound effects, like the seagulls and rolling breakers on *Remember* or the thunder on *Give Us Your Blessing*, and because of the inventive way he utilised them, they would evoke a depth to the situation that is as near to theatre as can be. Also, by the use of monologues, which were pushed to the front of the recording, he helped involve the listener even further in the story. The result of this can be clearly seen on *Leader Of The Pack*, which also happens to be one of pop's classic 'death songs'.

Forgetting the technicalities and intricacies of the recordings, these tracks are as exciting and enjoyable as anything being produced today. Apart from the cuts already mentioned, other highlights of the album are *Past, Present And Future*, *Out In The Streets*, *Give Him A Great Big Kiss* and the absolutely incredible *I Can Never Go Home Any More*. Very reasonably priced at £1.35, I cannot recommend this album highly enough.

LIVE CONCERT AT THE FORUM — Barbra Streisand — CBS 65210

The record companies are certainly churning out some 'class albums' at present. In January the amazing first album of Bette Midler was issued. This month there are new releases from Ethel Merman and Laura Nyro. In March, Liza Minnelli's *Liza With A "Z"* will be available, after the screening of her television spectacular, from which the recording comes. Even Mae West has an album scheduled, called *Great Balls Of Fire*. Also, in the first week of February, Barbra Streisand's *Live Concert At The Forum* is being released.

This record is particularly interesting and very enjoyable for a variety of reasons. It is over fourteen months since her last album was released, and it's a recording of the first live concert she has given in six years. Judging from the audience's reaction, it is about time she started appearing more frequently on stage, not forgetting a few concerts in this country as well. The Forum concert happened in April of last year, and was a fund raising benefit for Senator George McGovern, who, as we all now know, later failed in his attempt for the presidency of the USA.



McGovern may have not made the White House, but Barbra undoubtedly succeeded in giving a great performance. Over half of the songs included have never been available on record by her before. Amongst these are a version of *Didn't We* and melodies of *Sing/Make Your Own Kind Of Music* and *Sweet Inspiration/Where you Lead*. Of the songs we have previously been able to hear are *On A Clear Day*, *Stoney End*, and *Happy Days Are Here Again*, which all come over sounding remarkably fresh and exciting, especially the classic Streisand number *People*, which closed the show. Despite the familiarity of these songs, Barbra seems to put a more immediate, a more mature meaning into the lyrics, which fitted in well with the reasons for the concert. Her in-between-songs chats with the audience were very revealing, notably her progressive ideas on the legalisation of 'pot'.

It is hardly surprising that *Live Concert At The Forum* is high in the American album charts. The whole 45 minute recording is a very special kind of entertainment, from one of the few performers who justifiably deserve to be called a 'star'.

LIFE GOES ON — Paul Williams — A&M, AMLS 64367.

Life Goes On is the second album by Paul Williams, who seems determined to establish himself as a performer, as well as one of the most gifted songwriters around. William's songs have given a large number of artists hit records, in particular The Carpenters, who shot up the charts when they recorded his *We've Only Just Begun*.

His first release didn't fare too well, as it suffered from most of the mistakes, namely over-indulgence, which usually effect the initial recording of songwriters turned performers. But his recent BBC2 *In Concert* appearance was a perfect showcase for his talents and has generally strengthened his reputation with his obvious ability to convey his own material as well as the others who use it. And *Life Goes On* is further proof that he now has everything very much together.

Paul has a warm, almost fragile voice, that at first reminds one of Nilsson, although repeated listenings soon obscure this similarity. And with his songs he displays his mastery at writing romantic, yet never slushy, lyrics, as this album amply demonstrates.

During the last few years, a number of very talented singer/songwriters have emerged, such as Jimmy Webb, Laura Nyro and Nilsson. Paul Williams justifiably is part of this growing number of lyricist/performers who between them are very much responsible for the improvements and developments in popular music. A nice new label for their music could be *superpop*.

STYLISTICS 2 — Avco 6466010

The Stylistics seem to be every reviewer's favourite group to put down, judging from the amount of bad press given to *Stylistics 2*. They have been accused of singing watered down soul music to attract a wider, less demanding audience, whilst others have said that they are just imitating Motown's super-group, The Temptations.

Utter rubbish. The Stylistics have an extremely original style all of their own. An enormous amount of effort has gone into their harmony work which is amongst the most pleasing I've heard. The lead singer has a very distinctive voice, with a remarkable range. His phrasing is particularly good, as is the rest of the groups'. Also the type of soul music they are into is not meant to be of the 'heavy' variety. They're into melodic, very rhythmic music that is a joy to hear when it is as good as this.

Included are their two latest hits, *Peek-A-Boo* and *I'm Stone In Love With You*, the latter being destined to be popular for some time to come. Their version of Carole King's *It's Too Late* is particularly memorable, as is the seven minute *Child Of The Night*.

Responsible for the outstanding production, orchestration and arrangements is Thom Bell, who's almost symphonic use of strings fits in well with the group's singing and the various moods the lyrics create.

In conclusion, *Stylistics 2* is a fine example of one direction contemporary soul music is taking, without the pretensions many groups fall foul of.

SWING — The San Remo Strings — Tamla Motown STML 11216.

The San Remo Strings first attracted attention in this country when *Festival Time* became a much

sought after single in the north of England. Subsequently it became a firm favourite in discotheques up there and eventually in clubs throughout the country.

I found *Festival Time* an interesting diversion from what one usually expects from Tamla Motown, and the follow-up, *I'm Satisfied*, was no less satisfying. Now Motown have released a whole album of the violin playing of the San Remo Strings, called *Swing*. And I'm afraid that this is where I lose interest. Whilst the occasional string arrangement of a Tamla classic is a worthwhile experiment, a collection of fourteen tracks isn't, especially when some of them are only uninspired, wooden versions of 'standards' such as *Ol' Man River* or *Blueberry Hill*.

Taken as a complete entity, as I think an album should be judged, *Swing* is little more than musak, of the type you can expect to find in any railway station, supermarket or bar. Save your money and wait until the new Gladys Knight & The Pips album is released.

360 DEGREES OF BILLY PAUL — Billy Paul — Epic 65351
HAROLD MELVIN & THE BLUE NOTES — CBS 65350
HERE I GO AGAIN — Archie Bell & The Drells — Atlantic K40454

One of the most important songwriting/production partnerships in contemporary commercial soul music is the teaming of the talents of Ken Gamble and Leon Huff. And their current, seemingly infallible formula for creating hit after hit isn't something new. They have been responsible for a vast number of successful records during recent years.

Based in Philadelphia, Gamble and Huff are currently attempting to show the music scene, if not the world, the power and originality of vocal groups and musicians working and living in that city. And without a doubt, they are certainly proving their point, as each artist or group under their direction rockets up the album and singles chart.

Last year, the O'Jays scored an enormous hit with *Back Stabbers*. That cut was one of the best soul numbers to be issued in 1972, and it is bound to become an all-time soul classic. The strength behind the song was the inspired arrangements and production of Gamble and Huff.

During the last month, three albums by their artists have been released, each of them including at least one track that has either been or is a hit single. The first is *360 Degrees* of Billy Paul. *Me and Mrs Jones*, a track taken from it, is at present in the top tens of both the UK and the States.



98.40 of Billy Paul

And the rest of the songs are all up to the standard of that number. Billy Paul has, like all Gamble and Huff artists, a very distinctive style. Add to this the adventurous arrangements and the amount of depth Paul puts into the lyrics, and you end up with a most inspired and stunning record. His version of Elton John's *Your Song* is considered to be the best since the original was recorded.

The second album is by Harold Melvin & The Blue Notes. Gamble and Huff have been working with this group for fifteen years, which is quite an achievement when one considers the average length of time a performing unit stays together. The Blue Notes are also in the singles charts with *If You Don't Know Me By Now*. Previously they had a smash with *I Miss You*, and the full 8 minute, 31 second version of it is included on the album. As with Billy Paul's record, Harold Melvin & The Blue Notes are consistently good throughout theirs, offering the listener a fine collection of layered vocal harmonies, with the inventiveness of the arrangements making the whole venture more than just another soul album.

Not quite so exciting, although this depends on individual tastes, is the recent album of Archie Bell & The Drells, called *Here I Go Again*. Like Billy Paul and the Blue Notes, Archie Bell has already had a hit with the title track of his record, but, for me, very few of the other cuts come near to being as good. It is only the arrangements and production that catch one's attention, most of the tracks being ideal for discotheques but possibly have little appeal beyond that.

What does distinguish these three albums from the many others being issued, is the fact that

Gamble and Huff produce a sound that is very much their own. It is as different to Muscle Shoals as it is to Tamla Motown, and bears no relation either to the production techniques of Isaac Hayes or the funk of Curtis Mayfield. Also the lyrics show a maturity that is rarely present in this type of music. Time will tell if they can keep this incredibly successful output up, but whether or not they can, for now 'The Sound Of Philadelphia' is a most welcome addition to the world of popular music.

SUITE FOR LATE SUMMER — Dion — Warner Bros K46199

One of my all-time favourites on disc is Dion. And his new album, *Suite For Late Summer*, comes as a welcome release in chilly/cold/wet January.



Dion has been recording for quite some time now. His career began in the early sixties when he recorded monster hits such as *Runaround Sue* and *The Wanderer*. Later, after a label change, he followed his earlier successes with *Ruby Baby*. After a period of chart inactivity, he scored heavily with *Abraham, Martin and John*, one of the most meaningful songs of 1968. During the same period he made the charts again with one of the best versions of *Joni Mitchell's Both Sides Now*. The last two songs mentioned appeared on the very neglected and underestimated album simply called *Dion*. (London SHP 8390). Another outstanding track on that record was *The Dolphins*, a simple but very moving song, written by Fred Neill, the composer of *Everybody's Talkin'*.

Since 1970, Dion has released four consistently good albums for Warner Bros Records, which are very often beautiful, both lyrically and musically. *Suite For Late Summer* is the latest and is no less satisfying than his previous work. Dion's songs are extremely personal. They delicately convey the thoughts and experiences he has recently gone through. Sometimes they are obviously painful memories, at other times they describe his great joy at being alive and free. There is a genuine sensitivity about the lyrics that never allows them to become emotionally tearful or embarrassingly self-conscious.

Suite For Late Summer is a rewarding addition to my collection of Dion albums. If you bother to hear it for yourselves, you'll find that it's an indispensable record for those 'quiet moments' when something relaxing but stimulating is called for.

GET ON THE GOOD FOOT — James Brown — Polydor 2659018

James Brown rarely makes an unexciting album. But sometimes they are a little uneven, perhaps a trifle pretentious, and usually contain a track or two that's already appeared on at least one other recording of his.

Brown's latest release, a double set, is slightly more uneven than usual. Maybe it's because he's attempting to include too many of his numerous styles, resulting in four sides of music that are never quite one thing or another. The cuts that do come off, like the title track *Get On The Good Foot*, contain all the raw energy and pure funk expected from James Brown. Others, such as *The Whole World Needs Liberation* and *Funky Side Of Town*, also allow Brown's magic to work perfectly, but the drawn out *Recitation By Hank Ballard* seems no more than an extended space filler, that succeeds in being both boring and rather childish.

Of the new versions of previously recorded material, *Cold Sweat and Please, Please, Please* make it, whilst the rest are best forgotten. *Dirty Harri* on side four is an instrumental, and to hazard a guess, I'd say it was Brown playing electric organ.

Priced at £3.90, I feel that the sales of this double album will be restricted to only the most devoted of James Brown's followers. Discotheques though would do well to pick up on the best of the material included.

Denis Lemon

Accommodation Ads continued from page 15

Bachelor 40 with comfortable NW3 flat seeks youngish man over 21 to share it. £5 per week. Own room. Photo helps (returnable) Box 1008. **Cheerful, sincere**, middle aged gay, not old queen, seeks genuine young man share s/c flatlet. £4 per week. Ring 727 4274.

Three young Dutch males are looking for holiday flat from 20/4 to 29/4 '73. We prefer Kensington, Chelsea or surroundings. Please write, stating rent, to Martin Alting, Burg, Keizerlaan 66, Leidschendam, Holland.

Comfortable room. All amenities for 2 friends sharing. £4 per weekeach. Ealing area. Can explain better over the phone if interested. Box 1009.

Intelligent leatherboy 21 seeks accommodation with similar near Victoria. A.L.A. Box 1010.

Young man over 21 requires own flat, or house share in Welling/Bexleyheath, Kent area. Box 1011. **Tolerable furnished room** in large Hampstead flat with use of kitchen, bathroom, garden, offered by middle-aged man to similar with intelligent, scholarly interests. 722 0019 evenings.

Young man seeks other(s), quiet, considerate, share his flat, South London. Share expenses/chores. Also offers separate furnished flats (£5-8) according to size. Reduced rent for someone willing to look after house. Photos appreciated (returned). Box 1012.

Bachelor offers furnished rooms in Southend area for 1 or 2 discreet and trustworthy guys. All mod cons. Box 1013.

Midweek and weekend use of pleasant flat in Central London wanted, free with no strings, or dirt cheap by 25 year old. Am extremely honest and discreet. Box 1014.

Male or female under 30 to share house in Wimbledon with two other easy going gays. Own room — all amenities — near Underground. No effeminate please. Rent £6. Box 1036.

Comfortable home all found offered to young man in exchange for some spare time help in Bournemouth. Box 1037.

Wanted flat or share, own room, phone, no ties, fairly cheaply Greenwich area. March 1st. Box 1044.

OFFICES. Gay News needs offices now. They've got to be central, and they've got to be cheap. Two rooms, with a phone installed, preferably West End. Contact Gay News at 01-402 7805 or write to: 19 London Street, London W2 1HL.

Employment

Agrophobia sufferer needs home employment and friends. Phone 01-472 3122.

Young painter/preparing book on male nudes seeks professional, qualified body-builder models. £1.50 per hour. Photo (returned). Box 1015.

Van driver wanted full/part time — 370 5172. Wanted straight-looking male only, in need of spare cash, to be earned legally some Sunday evenings. Box 1016.

Who will help distribute Gay News in London? If you can drive (even better if you have a vehicle too) and will help alternate Thursdays, please ring Gay News Distribution, 01-402 7805.

Male 26 requires money. Anything legal considered so long as it pays. Also wishes to make friends

between 21 and 50. London area. Box 1017. **Personable young man** over 21 with driving licence for young film producer's help. Box 1018. **Chinese boy**, student, available for daily help. Fairly good cook. Box 1019

Almost bankrupt 23 years old, attractive and easy going, seeks part time work, the more lucrative the better. Anything legal. Box 1038. **24 year old male** nurse desperately needs £50-£100 for American trip May 1973. Anything legal considered. Martin, Box 1039.

Property owner in North West requires male able to carry out repairs and maintenance work on various bedsit properties. To work on own and should have drivers licence. Accommodation can be found. Possible participation in business after probationary period. Help also required to associated antiques business. Box 1040.

Postage costs are very high, so when you write to us, could you please enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the reply - if you want a reply, that is.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Love Knoweth No Laws.

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

* Chaucer.

Personal Ads

REPLIES TO BOX ADS. When replying to a box ad(s) place it in an envelope and attach, not stick a 3p stamp to it. Then place inside a larger envelope and send it to **GAY NEWS BOX REPLIES, 19 London Street, London, W2 1HL.** The letters ALA after an ad denote ALL LETTERS ANSWERED. AFTER FEBRUARY 12th, no more replies to Box numbers 500 to 700 will be forwarded, unless the advertisers send us a further 50p to cover handling and postage. WHEN WRITING your personal ads, it would help those wishing to reply, if you mentioned in which area you live.

Young boy, 29, long hair living North East Ken, well built, likes motoring would like to meet dolly boy over 21 to share life please. Photo. Box 920.

Frustrated gay male, alone in house on Devon coast, desperately needs love and affection. Any nationality, photo appreciated; one night or longer. Would share with right guy. Box 921.

John, 26, moved from London to Shrewsbury; attractive, good physique, seeks friends to show gay places. Sense of humour. Photo appreciated. Box 922.

Gay 27 seeks leather/denim friends, not S/M. Working class with sense of humour, genuine, photo. Shrewsbury. Box 923.

Gay active Indian graduate, 36, seeks passive partner any age over 21, any nationality. Interests, classical music, literature. Box 924.

Rugged male, 30s, working class, lonely, seeks sincere friend for occasional get together, drink etc London. Box 925.

Leather lover, interested in motor bikes, seeks friends with similar interests. Box 926.

Nottingham gay guy (30) seeks sincere mate. Photo appreciated in return for mine. Box 927.

Straightish guy 25, naturally sincere, needs wild eyed friend, any sex. Own home, S Bucks; also room for rent. ALA. Box 928.

Modern attractive lesbian wants a sincere companion. Interests pubs etc, intelligent conversation, music, people, travel, general. Box 929.

Healthy denim/leather type 29, own flat London, seeks similar uninhibited type. Immediate reply when photo for exchange and phone number is supplied. Box 930.

West Country greaser seeks friend in London for holidays. Also leather boys, hells angels for friendship in West Country. Box 931.

Would sincere, boyish slim guy, over 21, any race, colour, effeminate or not, needing affection, love, interested in sharing life and possessions of slim, youthful understanding guy 29 (job and travel prospects — many interests); Box 932.

Alun — congratulations on your twenty-first. Love, Brian.

Robert F. Please return records and money — David S and Peter H.

Londoner (28) 6' would like to meet intelligent man in 40s or 50s interested in leather or rubber. Photo appreciated. Box 933.

Graduate, public school, living London, seeks similar companion over 21, fortnight in the sun June/August, also squash, skiing, country weekends possible flat share. Box 934.

Gay graduate 23, 5'10", 10% stone, seeks sincere interesting friend 21—30 for lasting, meaningful relationship in/near Coventry, with view to seeking and sharing flat. Box 935.

North London guy (30) non effeminate, tall, slim, likes cine photography, music, cinema, seeks true friend, non effeminate 25—30. All letters with recent photo answered. Box 936.

Shy inexperienced fair haired boy over 21 seeks young friend, Newcastle area. Photo please. Box 937.

Shy but friendly young man (22) seeks similar for lasting companionship. Inexperienced and fed up with being alone. Resident West Country, but anywhere considered. Photo please. Please help. Write David, Box 938.

Mid-East type, 36, genuine, looking for someone young (over 21) slim, fair, loving, sincere, not camp, hairy or dolly, to share life with in London area. Box 939.

Peter McGrath would like to see old friends. Box 940.

Daveid 30, would like to meet male aged 30—42 in London. Replies with photo answered. Box 941.

Tony, absolutely sincere, genuine, non-effeminate, slim, youthful 40. Active/passive, seeks handsome friend, 21-30 who likes wearing jeans etc for lasting relationship. Continental/oriental guys also welcome. London/Essex. Photos/phone numbers if available, exchanged. Please write. Have car will travel. ALA. Box 942.

Ealing area — gay chap interested in table tennis, chess, pubs and socialising, would like to contact males and females in the area for friendship. No hang-ups. Discreet types please. Box 943.

Northerner (21) presentable, passive 6'6" slim, would like to meet active semi professional. Photos not essential (21—29). Box 947.

Slim 23 year old Gemini, needs male friends anywhere. It must be time to enjoy ourselves. Definitely no Scorpios. Box 948.

London gay lady late 40s, interests theatre, photography, reading, wishes to meet another gay lady of similar age and interests with good education and intelligence, with view to lasting relationship. Box 944.

Irish gay 30, active, seeks sincere, loyal friend for loving relationship. Must be good humoured, London area aged 25—40. Box 945.

Young man, 27, dark hair, sense of humour, versatile, living Surbiton area, would like to meet someone aged 21-30, versatile/active. Photo appreciated. Box 946.

TV director mid 30's wants to meet Malaysians, Chinese etc 21—28. Nox 961.

Genuine gay guy, effeminate, shy — seeks masculine gays for friendship and fun. Own flat and car. Box 962.

Young man 26 seeks gay friends Windsor/Slough area. Box 949.

Be my Love and make me glad instead of lonely and low. I may be middle aged but I am certainly susceptible. Any gay person who feels lonely or low or even companionable, phone day or night 450 4318.

Passive young 28 year old non effeminate, slim, attractive, seeks genuine friends of same age, sincere. All letters answered. Exchange photos. London area only. Box 950.

Guy, (25) will model legally, also wishes friends, Continental preferred, also Persian. Photo please, returned. Box 951.

Young male 26 — disciplinarian seeks friends 21-28 in soccer/leather gear. Photo essential. John, Box 952.

Londoner 29, seeks friend to start new life. Straight looking with no hang-ups. Likes music, travel, cars, etc. Photo appreciated. Any race, colour, creed or area but no camps please. Box 953.

Quiet gentle boy (but not camp) to share double room in cosy Chiswick flat. We're all under 23. All informative letters answered. Box 954.

Young 38 guy, normal appearance, good body, would like to hear from similar active types. Photo if possible. ALA. Box 955.

Young guys over 21 required by versatile 35 year old with good physique. Box 956.

Gay young man (25, USA) wishes to correspond /meet others over 21, under 28. Hoping to make good friends and learn a lot. ALA with photo. Box 957.

Discreet gay male, 21 (London) seeks other guys of similar age for sincere friendship. Photo appreciated all letters answered. Box 958.

Attractive passive male (28) seeks genuine friendship with active males 30—40. Own flat. Box 959.

Quiet passive gay 26, wishes to meet active West Indian guy to form sincere relationship in Midlands area. Photo appreciated. Box 960.

Attractive denim guy 26, seeks passive muscle boy aged 21-30 for lasting friendship. Photo and phone number appreciated. Box 963.

Active male (39) living in Essex, seeks passive friend aged 30-40 for sincere relationship and eventually live with. Photos exchanged. ALA. Mike, Box 964.

Artist, 26, tall, reasonably good looking, gentle, sincere, masculine, seeks younger friends in London. Photo if any. Box 965.

A nice young, warm sensitive male (27) Cheshire, seeks sincere masculine friend, 22—40 in truern — Heaven! Photo appreciated. Box 966.

Young guy 28 looking for similar denim and swimming enthusiast. Photo appreciated. Box 967.

Two gay boys early twenties not camp, living in York area, like motorcycling. Leather, motorbikes, denim. Photos exchanged. ALA. Box 968.

Youth aged 21-25 wanted for dominating relationship by 25 year old. Those with smooth body, long hair and dolly in London/Reading area given preference. Box 969.

Oxford academic 34 seeks companionship from intelligent young man 21-25 with view to personal relationship. Box 970.

Bachelor 45 likes music, arts and outdoor life, seeks similar for loving friendship. Possible sharing of own home N London. Box 971.

Young man 34, central London, would like to hear from anyone interested S/M for discussion. Age immaterial. Varied interests. Box 972.

Cumberland and far North West. Lonely gay seeks friends for fun, friendship and affection. Anyone thought of starting a group here? Box 973.

Passive young 35 year old, slim build wishes to meet well-built active partner for mutual pleasure. Photo if possible. Box 974.

Genuine friendship needed by quiet bachelor, Plymouth, South west area. Someone with strong manly affections, to appreciate good mate. Can accommodate. Any photo welcome. Box 975.

Lonely guy 21 (Rochdale). Sincere, good looking intelligent, butch, but also versatile, seeks honest person/people for mutual satisfaction. Please state age. Photo appreciated. Box 976.

Lonely 40; slim 5'10", won house in country west of Newcastle, seeks friends same age or younger. Photo appreciated. Box 977.

West Indies: any info on gay scene appreciated for forthcoming holiday. Box 978.

Midland guy 30 living Sussex bright sense of humour and outlook, own pad near sea. Wild about skin-heads, leather/denim relationships. Wants butch mates 21—40. Photo ensures prompt reply. Box 979.

We are 21 and 26 interested in Levi and denim. 1 or 2 guys over 21, under 24 would be welcome for weekends. Please send photos. Box 980.

Is there an attractive, long-haired, straight or bisexual (only) young guy 22-28 with a car, looking for a FRIEND "to hang around with" going to discos, pubs, clubs etc for fun. Please writewith photo. It might be the start of a lovely friendship. London. Box 986.

Like sailing? Friends wanted, my age, (26) or younger, to help me sail my yacht weekends. Box 987.

Lonely young man 37 seeks genuine friendship with person of same age group; interests include leather and rubber wear, but basic desire to be loved. Photo if possible. All letters answered. Box 981.

Male 31 open personality, seeks sincere friends. Camden/Kentish Town area. Box 982.

Active young bachelor 35 own flat, car, Manchester/Bolton area, would like to meet ordinary working boy looking for permanent relationship. Prefer small type 21 to mid 20s. Background, shyness, inexperience, unimportant. Box 983.

Student (22) very inexperienced but with wide interests would like penfriends any nationalities, aged 21-35 for correspondence and possible meeting. Photo appreciated (returned). Box 984.

22 year old very attractive boy, versatile, wants leather jacket, well built, masculine guys only (no Coleherne guys). Photo please. Will reply to all letters with my-photo. Box 985.

Sociable, happy, 48 gay desires company of good conversationalist, especially Asian and Eastern friends. Interested photography, painting, creative art, all music. Any age, race, but gay. Reading. Box 988.

34 Edinburgh, well travelled, not in gay scene, seeks active friend. No hang-ups but no camps or insular minds please. ALA. Box 989.

Young man, attractive, good physique, sincere, seeks another 21—35 London area, non-effeminate view lasting friendship. Please send photo (return promised with mine) Box 990.

Sophisticated, well-built passive 35 year old Londoner, masculine, good looks, not effeminate, quite wanton, likes active males. Also keen on photography and joining a friendly male group. Will send photo and full details by return. Box 991.

Help. Information required. Young man researching of PhD into the leather, S/M world. Please send any material on experience on all side lines, ie books, films, art etc. Details in confidence. Box 992.

Guy 34 seeks friendship with young dancer, actor or musician. If compatible could share comfortable South London home. Box 993.

Bachelor 51, passive, young at heart, uninhibited, seeks genuine and permanent friendship. Colour, age, race immaterial, but prefer dominant type. London. Box 994.

Scottish bachelor clan offers good company, social events, pen pals, etc. Members all over British Isles. Send SAE for details to: Secretary, c/o 1056 Dumbarton Rd, Glasgow W4.

Tall, slim, good looking Asian student 22 wishes to meet kind active sincere man for genuine friendship. Write with SAE to BM, Box 1030, London WC1.

Young gay student, 21, would like to meet other gays living here at "plats". Robert Poxon, Kings College Hall, Champion Hill, SE5.

Will Michael H Clarkson please telephone Marshall 01-352 5844 evenings as soon as possible. Urgent.

Bachelor 34 would like to meet someone 25-38 concerned with the why of things, reserved, but not too serious, wanting lasting relationship. Sensitive yet masculine. Photo appreciated. Box 995.

Gay girl needs affectionate feminine friends 25-35 for sincere, lasting friendship. Likes music, countryside, photo appreciated, returned. South West. Box 996.

26 year old Londoner, hairy, seeks passive boy, 21-28. Hope to develop into a lasting relationship. Interested in theatre, cinema, books and music. All letters answered. Box 997.

The S/M Study Circle. Sounds interesting? Please send details. Box 998.

Married gay male 26 (not effeminate) living in Essex, seeks similar, or single active male, age not important. All letters answered. Box 999.

Guy 21 lonely and unfulfilled, non effeminate, of Latin parents seeks relationship with similar 21-25. Photo appreciated. Box 1000.

Butch guy mid thirties seeks temporary accommodation and new contacts near central Slough. Box 1001.

Young good looking dark haired male, versatile, seeks similar for genuine friendship. Please send photo. All letters genuinely answered. Please state likes and dislikes. Box 1002.

London man 40s like companion share house, garden. Possibly business venture too? Musician, chess or bridge player welcome. Box 1003.

Shropshire CHE now off the ground. Friendly discreet meetings held fortnightly. For details contact Box 1004.

36 year old male, very sincere, love to meet genuine, honest type 21-40-ish. Also if possible to share whilst own flat being modernised. Photo returnable. ALA Box 1020.

Where are all the young, beautiful guys with chipped front teeth or a gap between front teeth. I am generally interested so please write. Box 819.

Desperately lonely student, very shy, needs a very genuine friendship in Doncaster area (ages 21 to 24). Looks are unimportant, but a personality is needed. Someone please write. Box 1021.

The finest things in life are what I like. I'm 24, living in Medway, Kent. Successful, ambitious, intelligent, serious. The cultural scene is my thing. I seek similar young guy for genuine friendship. Box 1022.

Newspaper man, 50, working evenings, is desperately lonely and longs for loving companion London area to share life and eventually home. Interested music, theatre, walking, domesticity. Box 1023.

Tall, clean cut good looking American (25) wants an intelligent attractive English boy (over 21) for pleasant relationship. Photos only (returned) and telephone. London only. Box 1024.

Gay male 28 wishes to meet similar over 30. Photo appreciated. All letters answered. Box 1025.

Bisexual male 26, educated, heterosexually inexperienced, seeks educated, sincere, straight bi/gay girl aged 21-30 for explorative relationship. Photo appreciated. South London area. Box 1026.

Male 28 fun loving but serious and sincere, seeks loving relationship with non effeminate guy, 21-30 London. All letters answered. Box 1027.

6'2" well built gay 28, requires well built male, dominant, over 21. Box 1028.

Passive 6' tall dark and handsome Maltese 30 seeks active friends 25-45 in London. Photos please. ALA Box 1029.

22 year old versatile, well built guy, seeks other attractive guys over 21, not over 30 for all kinds of fun and friendship. Photo please. Box 1030.

Tangerine peeler available. Box 1031.

Gay girl 23 wishes to meet a genuine friend. Box 1032.

Can any reader offer horse riding to single male Herefordshire. Box 1033.

I'm 6'0", brown hair, blue eyes, slim (too slim) 27 (young) considered to be very good looking, very successful, have a very nice flat and a beautiful flat mate etc. I've got a lot of wonderful friends and in fact I'm relatively happy (though rather unfulfilled. What I haven't got is enough access to well-balanced and adjusted gay friends. I'm not into gay clubs as I don't thrive on this "all male thing" (though I do like other clubs), and I'm not into super pooves either. Is there anyone out there who's young, between 21 and 30, good looking, inside and out, slim, versatile and broadminded enough to accept himself as a human being that happens to groove with boys in bed and not a member of the "I'm different" set. I'm interested in everything, particularly "Smash The Mirror" by Maggie Bell and the next track off Tommy, China, Jeanne Moreau in "Les Amantes" and maybe you. A photograph would be great and I'll write back to anyone who answers. Box 1034.

Young wanderer would like to meet friends of beautiful mind. Like art, dislike clubs. Box 1041.

Young guy (22) interested in artistic life, is looking for people to share his enthusiasm. Sense of humour necessary. Box 1042.

Student 21, 5'7", 10 stone, not camp, seeks lasting friendship, photo please. Will be returned. Box 1043.

Accommodation

Quiet room suitable young executive or student, luxury block, swimming pool, squash, sauna, restaurant, colour TV 7 mins Piccadilly. £12 p.w. Telephone 834 5238.

Accommodation offered. Share compact house with one other in Shepperton Middx. Stn. 5 mins with regular trains Waterloo. £25 per month, including central heating, gas, electricity. Share telephone. Box 1005.

Permanent accommodation urgently required in W1 or SW1 by clean, gay, educated young man 22. Willing to share. £5-6 per week. Box 1006.

Man in early 50s wanted to share home in suburban Kent, 30 mins from town. Active type preferred. Box 1007.

Accommodation & Employment Ads are continued at the bottom of page 14

COMMERCIAL ADS. 5p a word. No Box Number service available.
NON-COMMERCIAL ADS. 2p a word. Box Numbers 30p.
PERSONAL ADS. 2p a word. Box Numbers 50p. (Owing to lack of space, we ask users of the Personal Ads to try and not use more than 30 words.)
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