

GAY NEWS

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FLOWERS POWER '74

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Gay News reader may hold vital clue to West End killing



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Gay News takes its readers to the fringes of Asia with a report from Derek James



New column

The first of a NEW column by Leo Madigan, author of *Jackarandy*, appears on page eight



BRONZE OR LOBSTER?

The answers to your sunburn troubles from Iain Finlayson on page fourteen



Photograph: Mick Rock

Bigots quash New York bill

NEW YORK: We unhappily report that, despite last-minute lobbying, the gay civil rights bill, Intro 2, was defeated by a narrow margin in the New York City Council last month.

The vote—22 opposed, 19 in favour, two abstentions—followed a bitter debate that raged for several hours in the council, as about 175 gay militants, and a handful of uniformed fire officers (opposing the bill), watched and heckled from the crowded gallery.

Council members speaking for the bill were cheered, while those opposed were shouted down with cries of "Bigot! Bigot!"

The bill would have prevented discrimination of gays in housing and employment. Councilman Carter Burden, chief sponsor of Intro 2, introduced a new, identical measure just five days after this defeat. He is confident of the new bill's ultimate passage after the November election.

Opposition from the Catholic hierarchy and conservative Jewish rabbis was believed by opponents and supporters alike to have been a major factor in the defeat of the bill.

In simplest terms, it was the defection of former sponsors (only 17 of the original 19 co-sponsors voted in favour) which cost the bill the passage which had seemed assured when Intro 2 sailed out of committee on a surprising 7 to 1 recommendation. Had they held firm, the bill would have gone to the Mayor for his signature on a 21-20 favourable vote.

No amendments to the bill were proposed by opponents, despite predictions that this tactic might be used in an attempt to "amend it to death," or perhaps engineering changes that would be unacceptable to sponsors.

One supporter did try to avoid formal defeat by moving to send the bill back to committee, but the council beat that proposal 23-20, and it was clear then that the bill was doomed.

The defeat of Intro 2 marked the first time since 1938 that the full council membership has scuttled a bill which came to it with committee endorsement. The approval from the committee on general welfare, after four previous defeats—spanning nearly as many years—was seen as a major victory for gays.

But the subsequent opposition by the Fire Officers Organisation (who took out a full-page ad in the *New York Daily News*), the official newspaper of the Roman Catholic archdiocese of New York, and conservative Jewry was soon swelled by a tide of mail and opposing resolutions from organisations, neighbourhood 'committees', Catholic lay organisations and civic groups.

After the vote, about 150 gays poured from the galleries—some angry, some crying, some just quietly weary. Hounded by reporters and film crews, many of them joined a coalition organised by a gay city school-teacher and proceeded to St Patrick's Cathedral for a sit-in-demonstration.

After a brief confrontation with police, who refused to allow them to occupy the steps of the cathedral, the crowd circled around shouting epithets and shaking their fists. But some demonstrators managed to enter the cathedral to kneel in protest.

So, we wait for the next vote on the new, identical bill—and hopefully our next story covering the voting will be a completely different tale.

Footnote: 'Cassius' of the *Liverpool Echo* commented on the decision: "A bill that would have given equal rights to homosexuals in New York has been defeated, thanks largely to opposition from the Roman Catholic Archdiocese. And I always thought Christianity had something to do with at least tolerating your neighbour."

Sunshine gays

LONDON: Remember those glorious summer days in the parks of the capital city, when gay brothers and sisters joined together for picnics, street theatres and simple, happy afternoons?

Well, they're happening again. South London gays have arranged a gay day in Hyde Park on Sunday June 23.

And it's rather a special occasion. June 27 marks the fifth anniversary of Stonewall and the birth of the gay movement, which will be celebrated by gay organisations around the world.

A very warm invitation is extended to every gay in London who would like to spend the day with friends. People will be gathering at The Dell at 2.30pm (not at Speakers Corner this time), which is at the eastern end of the Serpentine between Rotten Row and Serpentine Road. The nearest tube station (a three minutes' walk) is Knightsbridge.

Look forward to seeing you all there.

Many happy returns

LONDON: Birthdays come but once a year... and on Sunday June 9th the Centre Counselling Trust celebrated two years of operation as a community centre for homosexual men and women.

Sung Mass was taken by Reverend Father Peter Royston-Ball, founder and director of Centre, at the community's premises in Broadley Terrace, North London.

In his address, Father Martin Heal, the priest of neighbouring St Mary Magdalene parish, paid tribute to the work of Centre.

He said that Father Peter had founded Centre because of the aching loneliness that could be experienced in the city. "You are engaged in great work—for many outside, you are the one outstretched hand. Love is assured in Centre—go on loving, caring and sharing—reach out to newcomers."

The service of renewal and re-dedication not only celebrated the organisation's anniversary, but also signified the tremendous expansion of Centre during the past twelve months.

Father Peter told *Gay News* that during the past year Centre had been able to build up on recreation and social groups. The project had been firmly established as a community centre for homosexual women and men.

Also, the organisation had made contact with statutory social services and was now delving into the subject of research.

A further breakthrough had come during the year with the Charity Commission's



Rev Peter Royston-Ball

decision to give Centre recognition.

The importance of Centre's work was evinced by the attitude of one member of the congregation. He told our reporter that he was new to London, having arrived from Manchester, not knowing anyone in the city, just a few days before.

He had learnt about Centre through the listings in *Gay News* and the community had been a great help to him. "Everyone is very friendly," he said.

Ireland's Gay Forum

BELFAST: Ireland's first gay pamphlet—*Gay Forum*—has recently been published by Belfast Gay Liberation Society.

The introduction explains that Belfast GLS is one of the oldest university gaysocs in Britain, having come together as long ago as 1971. From being an inward-looking group, the society has turned increasingly to the community, instituting a national education programme, organising an information service for all gays (whether students or not) and beginning a movement in Ireland for law reform.

Gay Forum is made up of seven essays, and the publication is the group's first

attempt to record their views in a more permanent form than their weekly newsheets.

The essays very much reflect the individual concerns and aspirations of their authors—eight people who are at various stages in the development of their gay life-styles.

The aims of GLS are comprehensively documented by Peter Hughes, and other essays include 'Gays and Immortality' by Fitzwilliam Chambers and 'On Being a Fairy' by Richard Sinclair.

Do support the society by getting hold of a copy—it's well worth the 20p (including postage)—which can be obtained from Belfast GLS, Queens University Students Union, Belfast.

Vicious murder—hunt goes on



Murder victim Roger Thornley

LONDON: West End police are still hunting for the men who murdered 36-year-old Roger Thornley. And they think that a *Gay News* reader may hold the vital clue that they are looking for.

On Monday May 13, Roger Thornley met a dark-haired young man, probably in Piccadilly. This young man, aged between 18 and 22, was, they think, a decoy for a couple of muggers. He and Thornley were seen together on Hungerford Bridge at about 1.30 on Tuesday morning, probably on the way to Waterloo for Thornley to catch a train back to his Putney home.

At 2.00 in the morning, he was attacked by two men who robbed him, and stabbed him in the neck—a wound that turned out to be fatal.

But the key to solving the case may be a conversation that was overheard the next evening in Coventry Street. Two men, who fit the description of Thornley's murderers, were discussing their latest adventure. They had picked up another gay guy, gone home with him and robbed his flat. Now this second gay guy is lucky. He's still alive. But he hasn't told anyone about the robbery. If the vicious activities of these young men is to be stopped, then the police need to hear from him, and quickly. Before another gay brother is found dead.

It is for this reason that *Gay News* is making the strongest possible appeal for that man to come forward. The police have promised complete anonymity. They are not interested in what the second gay guy may or may not have done with the two youngsters. But he may hold the clue to their

identity, and thus help solve the Thornley murder.

If you are the second man, and you really feel that you cannot talk to the police, then you can pass on any information you may have to Michael Mason at *Gay News*. But ideally you should contact the murder squad at West End Central police station, Savile Row and speak to Superintendent Small or Detective Inspector Dick. They're on the phone at 01-734 8100, and the phone operates 24 hours a day. Ask for Murder Squad when you ring.

If you have any information that you think might be helpful, then you should also phone the number above. The pictures of the attackers on this page have been made up from witnesses' descriptions. The young decoy was wearing white flares, a roll-neck sweater, and a dark (perhaps green) jacket. He looked smart, and was about 5'6" or 5'7" tall. He may have an Irish accent. He was described by a gay witness as "pretty".

Roger Thornley had many show business connections. He was a stage director, and had just returned from the London Palladium after seeing Frankie Vaughan, when he met the decoy. Tommy Steele has offered a reward of £1,000 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the murderers.

If you think you know anything at all about the incident, don't keep it to yourself.



Identikit photos of the two assailants (left and centre above), and an artist's impression of the decoy (above right), described as 5'6"/5'7", smartly dressed, roll neck sweater, dark jacket, white flares, 18-22 years old, maybe Irish.

Photograph: Denis Lemon

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Second acquittal in Colherne saga

LONDON: A twenty-one-year-old student has been acquitted of wilfully obstructing the free passage of the footpath, following an incident outside the Coleherne pub last January.

Earlier this year (see report GN39) Michael Moores was acquitted on a similar charge after the magistrate had stopped the trial, said there was no case to answer, and described one of the Chelsea police involved as "Appalling. Not to be relied upon in the post he occupied."

In the latest case, Lionel, the accused, said that he had tried to move on when requested by the police but that they had blocked his way and prevented him from passing. He produced five witnesses including two independent ones who had not known him before the incident occurred.

In evidence, PC Shrubbs (B100) told the court that he and PC Leech (B640) had stopped at the Coleherne on the night of January 23 to clear a crowd that had gathered outside at closing time. They had asked Lionel to move on and he had replied "Yes, in a minute sweetie." He had been asked to move on twice more but had refused each time, so he was arrested. Taken round the corner into Coleherne Road he was held by the two officers with his face to the wall. They had asked for urgent assistance when the crowd protested at their treatment of Lionel. Shrubbs admitted that the crowd outside the Coleherne was usually well-behaved and didn't cause trouble, and he agreed that the Coleherne was a well-run pub. His evidence was supported by PC Leech who added that it had been his first turn of duty at the Coleherne.

When the defence witnesses appeared, a different version emerged. When Lionel was first asked to move on he said "All right." He wanted to head along the Old Brompton Road towards Warwick Road, but the two constables were in his way. He asked them if they would let him pass, but Shrubbs said "No. You go that way," and pointed towards the Earls Court Road. At this, Lionel stepped to his left to walk round the constable upon which Shrubbs grabbed his right shoulder and arm, and Leech grabbed his left arm, telling him that he was under arrest.

Mr Jobling, the presiding magistrate, asked Lionel whether he was saying that the police witnesses had told "a pack of lies." "Yes," replied Lionel, somewhat reluctantly. At the end of the case Mr Jobling said that the prosecution case had not been proved beyond



reasonable doubt, and Lionel was acquitted.

In a second case arising out of an incident that had occurred a few minutes later, David, a 35-year-old travel executive, who had been on the scene when Lionel was arrested, was also charged with obstruction. PC Smith (B90) said that he had asked David to move along but David had refused. David said that he had been talking to a plain-clothes officer when Smith rushed up to him and grabbed him. The man whom David described as being six foot, dark curly-haired and broad-built, had been shouting at the crowd to disperse and it was for this reason that David took him for a policeman, even though he was not wearing uniform. According to the arresting constable, though, David had replied to his request to move on "I'm talking to my friend." But the friend David was with that evening gave evidence that he had been some yards up the road at the time of the arrest.

Mr Jobling told David "I don't believe you," and fined him £10, and ordered him to pay £10 towards costs and a further £15 towards legal aid.

The incidents of this night are at present the subject of a police investigation, following complaints to Scotland Yard and the Home Secretary. And David is planning to appeal. Chief Inspector Richard Wells, the local police Community Liaison Officer, attended the trials as an observer.

CHE produce TV programme

LONDON: A programme using the theme that gays are indistinguishable in society but are discriminated against socially on the grounds of sexual orientation, in law and in regard to qualified help and status, is to be screened by London Weekend Television in July.

The programme, in the 'Speak for Yourself' series, is an access television project and has been set up by Campaign for Homosexual Equality's media and public relations section. Jackie Forster, a member of the executive committee, told *Gay News* that the programme has evolved out of the media group.

The main part of the programme will consist of discussion between Roger Baker, editor of *Quorum* and feature writer for *Gay News*, and two gay couples (Yolana and Maureen; Eddie and Chris), who will be talking about the way they live—illustrating, as Ms Forster told us, that their life is "not a problem." Hopefully, the parents of a gay son (over 21) will also be included.

Other subjects to be covered are the counselling work carried out by Friend, and the Speakers' Corner orators. Filming for the latter takes place on June 23, so go along if you feel you are destined for a career on the box!

Overseeing the project from LWT's end is Jeanette Carne, who explained that CHE had been allowed a £1,500 budget for their 25-minute screening. Although there has been a lot of audience feed-back from other programmes, unfortunately this is the last in the series, so public reaction, which is usually registered in the second half of the programme, will have to come via other channels.

Hopefully, most of the discussion part of the programme will be filmed outside of the studio, making it easier for those taking part to be themselves—not affected by the unnatural setting.

The programme goes out on Sunday July 21st, after 11 o'clock—not to be missed.

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Pompey dragsters score again

WINCHESTER: Portsmouth's gay Balmoral Bar dragsters were once again seen in full array (some say display) in Winchester city streets, when they took up a recent challenge to a ladies dart match with the Green Man public house.

The event was arranged by Ms Claire Creed who is better known in her role of the joint licensee of Portsmouth's best-known gay establishment.

Although the Balmoral challenge was successfully repulsed by the Green Man regulars, the visitors finished on a double when it came to the quantity and quality of the drag, with Winfield tights, Playtex Bras, and Miss Max Factor being much in evidence.

The evening developed into the expected grand giggle as competitors, attired in splendid gowns and hampered by the combination of female appendages as well as flowing booze, found it easier to concentrate on the enjoyment rather than the darts.



Claire (left) with Pompey dragster

Claire modestly summed up the second foray in gay public relations to be held in England's ancient capital by commenting: "It was a very good evening's entertainment and we're looking forward to the return on 18th June."

Other gays who attended were not quite so reticent and praised the opportunity Claire had created for expanding their enjoyment and providing an evening dedicated to pure fun.

Now that Hampshire's first city and seat of the County police authority has been thoroughly stormed, who knows where the intrepid Balmoral dragsters will turn up next!
Richard Thomson

Sheffield Council - criticism

SHEFFIELD: Following on from our report (GN48) about Sheffield City Council's decision not to permit *Gay News* to be displayed in the city's Central Library, two letters have been published in the *Sheffield Star*.

The first comes from David Brown, convenor of the Sheffield group of Campaign for Homosexual Equality. He points out that the Council appeared to have come to their decision because they had not received copies of our newspaper. However, he had sent off the newspapers a fortnight before the matter was discussed and can only assume that it was the fault of the GPO that they did not arrive.

"It is in no way a reflection on the efficiency of our organisation," he states. He goes on to say that as there are about 25,000 homosexuals living in the region, he hopes the Library Committee will feel sympathetic enough to cater for "a section of society that is misunderstood by the majority of people."

The other letter, in support of CHE's request, is signed by D Jones, an uninvolved reader who was horrified at the council's decision.

"Do the city's policy-makers think that this minority group will disappear if ignored or treated like second-class citizens? Not so long ago it was considered hilarious that women should want equality—are we today as small-minded as our ancestors?"

Good luck to you, letter-writers—your support can reverse the council's decision.

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Oppression on all levels

Belfast sisters speak out

BELFAST: Very little is heard about the Women's Movement in Northern Ireland. In the manuals of revolution we are told that a struggle is being waged, there is no time for women's liberation, we'll deal with it after the revolution.

And we, the women, are told this by the men—liberal, radical, Protestant, Catholic. We have not the correct line worked out, we are not revolutionary enough. And we believe it—we join 'straight' political groups because they have 'analysed the situation'. We are backward politically, or so we have been taught to believe. I would like to use this space to illustrate the prevalence of this misinformed attitude in Ireland and to point out the patronising treatment by so-called enlightened men in the revolutionary and liberating groups towards women.

In November 1973 a conference was held in the university town of Coleraine on 'Homosexuality and related matters'. Various groups attended—women's and gay groups from Coleraine, Belfast and Dublin, social workers, teachers, clergymen, etc. A rough draft of a constitution was drawn up, with a promise to fight against sexual oppression all over Ireland. By the choice of speakers and sheer weight of number, gay issues were given prominence; women's issues were hardly touched upon.

Filled with the idea that the women's struggle was part of the gay struggle, women from the Belfast group looked forward eagerly to the next conference, when with 'our brothers and sisters' we could talk together on various issues.

The next conference was held in Dublin in February 1974. Again the emphasis was on male homosexuality, although gay women's issues were brought up as one of the editors of *Sappho* spoke. It was decided to re-name the movement the Union for Sexual Freedoms in Ireland and to renew the fight against sexual oppression on all levels. Several women pointed out that for a union which promised sexual freedom, it was being slightly hypocritical to totally ignore women's issues. So, the Belfast Gay Liberation Group offered to host the next conference, which would deal specifically with women's issues, with speakers chosen by the women's group themselves.

Belfast conference

The promised conference was held in May with two speakers chosen by the women's group and two from the gay group in Belfast. On the gay side, a gay anthropology student spoke and a member of Campaign for Homosexual Equality from Bath. For the women: Selma James from The Power of Women Collective and Nancy Mackeith, an exponent of medical self help. The women held two very successful workshops afterwards, which women from all over Ireland attended, and resolved to keep in close touch with each other. There was a real feeling of sisterhood, a feeling that at last we were getting somewhere. We later found out that the gay side of the conference had practically collapsed, that no workshops had been held and almost no discussion took place.

The annual general meeting of the USFI

was scheduled for the Sunday, so women went along together, bound with a new feeling of sisterhood, determined to question what this USFI was, what it was supposed to be doing for women. If nothing, why not? We were greeted by a genuinely surprised query "But where do you feel oppressed?"

The frustration and anger caused by this lack of perception was apparent: these enlightened homosexual men did not even know that women who join Women's Liberation groups do so because they feel oppressed, and need to do something about it.

The women decided to disaffiliate themselves from USFI. The men sat shocked. Cries of "You can't! We're all part of the same struggle" greeted the decision. "Anyway, we've already organised the next conference." "Next conference?" a sister enquired. "Oh, of course, you weren't there when we arranged it." Where do we feel oppressed, brothers?

Our gay sisters from Dublin backed us up—they had felt oppressed in a gay group in Dublin which was composed mainly of men. They had also been conned into believing that the male dominated USFI would do something about their oppression.

Gay oppressors

The whole question of gay liberation's relationship to women's liberation is a very wide one. Why don't gay women come out, why do those who join such groups eventually end up feeling even more oppressed? From our own experiences it is precisely because so many gay men are even more chauvanistic than their straight friends. They have no need of women, save as a token gesture to support their liberation. They feel no necessity to examine their attitudes towards women—gay or straight. Judging by what we hear from other women, the tendency to oppress women in the 'liberating' groups in Ireland is very prevalent. It seems to be a very great danger that gay liberation groups end up oppressing the women in them and dissociating themselves from the women outside them. Do gay liberation groups really want to end up as groups of men sitting in a room discussing the question of homosexuality while life goes on outside? We think not, but it is the men themselves who must come to the realisation.

At the end of the Belfast conference, one gay man from Dublin sat dejected, obviously upset that a split had come. "We are all brothers and sisters, we all live in Ireland which is a socially oppressive country. We've got to work together" he said.

We out of the women's group realise that we are part of the same struggle for social justice as the gay struggle, but we have also realised that it is necessary for us to organise ourselves. When we do come together again it will be from a position of strength, not of weakness. In the words of Connolly: "None so free to break the chains as they who wear them." That is the message from the women's group in Belfast. We hope you listen.

Belfast Women's Liberation Group

Gay writer stages 'Zelda'

LONDON: *Gay News* contributor Roger Baker is having another go at play production. Again, he is working at the Tower Theatre in Canonbury, and this time is directing *The Zelda Trio* by fellow gaypress writer Laurence Collinson. Last year Roger directed Maureen Duffy's all-woman play *Rites* at the Tower.

"*Zelda* is a fascinating play" Roger says, "it tells in flash-back and flash-forward form the story of one woman. We see her as an idealistic seventeen-year-old, a rather screwed up 27-year-old and then at 37 when she really seems to have got it all together. It's a very heterosexual play, but I think it contains insights about the way people relate and their emotional reactions that really do apply to everyone."

The play won first prize in a competition organised by General Motors Holden in conjunction with the Australian Elizabethan Trust in 1960 and this production is its London premier. "There are three moments in the play where nudity would be logical and dramatically true," Roger says, "and Laurie agrees that had the climate been that of today when he wrote the play he would probably have asked for nudity. But I'm not going to put any in unless I can be absolutely sure it will work naturally and beautifully. I've seen too much crass mishandling of bodies on the professional stage."

Performances are on June 27, 28 and 29



GN feature writer Roger Baker

at 8.00pm, Tower Theatre, Canonbury Place, London N1. All seats at 55p.

Photograph: Yvonne Pflaum

Malvern praises CHE

MALVERN: The town of Malvern is full of praise for the 700 gay delegates, who "invaded" the town for Campaign for Homosexual Equality's recent annual conference.

Their behaviour was considered exceptional, they caused no problems and as one official at the Winter Gardens commented: "It was one of the best conferences ever."

Gay delegates took over 70 of the Abbey Hotel's 112 rooms. "They were an excellent group of people," said Michael Thorne, assistant manager. "There were no problems whatsoever and there were no nasty remarks from other visitors staying at the hotel."

The assistant catering manager of the Winter Gardens, George Brown, has also congratulated CHE and its members. "The conference was 100 per cent organised. It was excellent—one of the best conferences I have seen in a long time at the Winter Gar-

dens. I take my hat off to all the delegates. I can't think too highly of them. They were not a bit of trouble."

CHE being in Malvern had not affected the number of people flocking to the Winter Gardens. "It didn't affect our trade at all," continued Mr Brown. "One or two people laughed off some of the things they saw and a few others complained that it shouldn't be happening in Malvern. But I should say this conference has done the town a lot of good."

From CHE's point of view, the conference was a mammoth success also.

"It was absolutely beautiful," said Howarth Penny, national secretary. "We were very pleased both with the events at the conference and with all the cooperation and help we had from the people in the town and at the Winter Gardens."

CHE has written to Malvern Hills District Council to thank the town for its hospitality.

De-la-Noy and after



Photograph: Carl Hill

UK: Campaign for Homosexual Equality's worst fears seem to have been realised. Michael De-la-Noy's speech to Malvern conference, which included the statement that CHE was proposing an age of consent of 12 for homosexuals, received a great deal of press coverage.

Newspapers in the following towns have picked up the story: Aberdeen, Blackburn, Blackpool, Bolton, Bristol, Burnley, Edinburgh, Hereford, Kettering, London, Newcastle, Newport, Oldham, Peterborough, Reading, Sheffield, Wolverhampton, and Worcester.

In all but two cases, there was no further coverage of the CHE conference—only the '12-year-old' dispute got editorial space.

Lavender Panthers disband

SAN FRANCISCO: The Lavender Panthers, the self-designated "gay defence group" which was formed just over a year ago in San Francisco by Rev Ray Broshears, has disbanded.

Making the announcement recently, Rev Broshears cited police intimidation as one reason for the move. At a press conference in Rev Broshears' Helping Hands Community Centre, nine of the original Panthers appeared publicly for the first time.

A press release put out by Rev Broshears stated that this action had been taken "as the result of the violent confrontation threatened the members of the Lavender Panthers by Lt Kelley of the Mission (Police) Station." This threat had been made at a meeting of the Police Community Relations Council, which had been called by parents who were angered over two incidents in which juveniles had been beaten.

Rev Broshears, in a subsequent interview, had admitted that four Panthers had been responsible for the beatings.

The press statement stated that the Panthers had contributed much in the way of personal safety awareness by gay people living in the Castro Valley area. They had been directly responsible for the arming of nearly 200 homes of gay people in that area, as well as several hundred more citywide.

It further stated: "The work of the Lavender Panthers is done and so now they must be disbanded as we fear a violent confrontation with the police. With this announcement, we take away any excuse the police might have of any further harassment of our people."

The Helping Hands Centre now has its telephone operating 24 hours a day to take complaints about police activity.

13

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OUT NOW!

Almost, one of the family

by John Riley

Of all the dark thoughts available to me in the late hours of a sleepless night—and there are some beauties I can tell you—the darkest one of all is this:

Why have all my affairs been short-lived 'affaires', with that tell-tale diminutive *e*? Eh? Why is last month's big Romance now a barren memory? Why?

I mean, it's so embarrassing when friends ask. Fortunately most gays are only too glad of the extra time to tell me of the ups and downs of their own affairs, but that's not much fun either—not being able to chip in with some choice mot about My Bill.

And friends aren't the only problem: take my mother.

"Whatever happened to Bill?" she'll begin, brightly.

"Bill?"
"Yes, that Australian friend of yours. Such nice manners. You never mention him now, but you seemed to be living in one another's pockets at one time."

"Oh; Bill. We, ah, sort of lost touch."
"And Jack; now he was very amusing what about Jack? Even your poor old mother was allowed to meet him. Such a pleasant, 'open' sort of person. Bit working class, but he had nothing to be ashamed of..." (That is certainly true!) "... and he was so helpful that time the patio was flooded. We could have had water up to our necks before you'd put yourself out."

Sensing here a favourite variation, I encourage a long catalogue of my shortcomings. But she soon returns to the original motif:

"For the sake of a three-penny stamp, it's not worth losing a single friend; that's what I always say."

She does indeed. Mother always replies by return of post, so that, at any given time, everyone owes her a letter.

Suddenly, I recall what happened to Jack. "Last I heard, Jack was in Africa."

"Africa? Jack? But you must give me his address. I'm sure he'd appreciate a card, being so far away from home. His poor mother! I do hope he remembered to take his vests, it can get quite chilly in the

evenings, even in Africa. Is he working with the lepers?"

"No, he applied for a..."
"How splendid! I always make a point of giving to the Missions. I must mention it to the Canon's wife when I see her. Do you think he'd give a little talk to the Young Wives during his next leave? I know they're always desperate."

"One thing I will say; you've always chosen nice friends on the whole. Just one I didn't like—Terry. Shifty eyes. Can't think what you had in common with him! He wanted to overthrow the government. He sat there, in this very room, and said that housing should be nationalised and all owner-occupiers forced to nouse down-and-outs. I told him; I said your father and I hadn't struggled all these years with a mortgage round our necks to have them cut open by the likes of Terry!"

"But, really dear, it's too bad the way you seem to drop people so quickly. It's so shallow. Not at all the way I'd expect you to behave. I sometimes think it was a mistake to let you leave home in the first place. Living in a poky flat, staying up 'till all hours and endless cups of black coffee. I was glad when David came on the scene, I can tell you. Now there's a nice boy. Even your father took a shine to David. Beautifully spoken. By the way, whatever happened to David...?"

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friend

The national befriending agency for gays urgently needs volunteers and money.

Please write to:
Friend, 47 Church Street, London NW8

Which month's pin-up?



LONDON: David Cassidy may be flattered and state that he loves decadence on being informed that he is "this month's pin-up in *Gay News*" but unfortunately (*who for we're not sure*), it's not true.

We haven't run a picture of Cassidy since GN20—he then appeared on the front cover sporting a "Keep Britain Tidy" T-shirt—so where the misinformed Michael Roberts, writing in the *Sunday Times*, got this idea, heaven only knows!

Incidentally, also included in our issue was an incredible story on the said David, and not wishing to miss an opportunity to promote back copies—GN20 is still available from us.

Back to the *Times* article—in it Cassidy states that he lives in a house outside Los Angeles with a housekeeper and boyhood friend. "I'm not bisexual" he adds.

Out of all this, at least we get a free plug from this most respected of journals!

CHE group's survey

WIRRAL AND NORTH WALES: A survey has been carried out by the Wirral and North Wales group of Campaign for Homosexual Equality in an attempt to assess local views on homosexuality. Letters were sent out to doctors informing them of CHE's existence, aims and objectives. The information gleaned proves interesting reading.

To the question "How often do gay patients seek your advice?" none answered 'once a week'; 2 answered 'once a month'; 16 answered 'infrequently'; 8 answered 'never'; and 10 did not answer.

"Do you manage a patient requesting help by: 'telling him or her to ignore it' answered 1; 'advising involvement with the opposite sex' answered 2; 'psychiatric referral' answered 11; 'talking it out with the patient' answered 14; 'referring to another body' answered 3; and 13 did not answer.

"What proportion of gay patients you see are psychiatrically disturbed?" 100%—1;

more than 75%—1; 50-75%—1; 25-49%—2; less than 25%—15; no answer—16.

From further questions it transpired that local doctors, on average, felt that 4.7% of males and 4.6% of females were exclusively homosexual, while 6.7% of males and 6.8% of females were bisexual, making a figure of 88.6% exclusively heterosexual, for both males and females.

Nineteen of the doctors believed in the aims of CHE, while six did not. Twenty doctors stated that they would refer gay patients to CHE, while six said they would not. The percentage of doctors who would refer gay patients to CHE worked out to just over 40%.

GN for library

LONDON: Three cheers for the London Borough of Sutton. It has agreed to take *Gay News* for the reading room of Wallington Library, where the main reference library is situated.



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Star gays with Merlin



CANCER

June 21 — July 20

The attractions of CANCER are influenced by the Moon, which is something other Star Gays should never forget, or at least try hard to remember. The Moon influences make CANCER Star Gays moody at times, very changeable in their emotions, and even pessimistic about the simplest matters. Against these somewhat adverse traits are the credits, and CANCERIANs have plenty of those. They include attractive physiques, homely, loveable minds, and sometimes quite beautiful features.

The combination of the two sides of CANCER seems to suggest a beautiful moaner, rather than dreamer, complaining that the world's troubles (and those at home, too) have been set on his unwilling shoulders. But try to take away any responsibility and see where you land! CANCERIANs enjoy their little moan, partly because it gives them a sense of being needed, loved, or just useful.

Family matters mean a good deal to most CANCERIANs. They insist on making a home for themselves in quite unlikely places, reacting rather like a new cat—plumping for the most comfortable chair, sniffing into all the corners, and generally getting the feel of the place. A tent in Hyde Park would serve just as well, or a caravan with the wheels carefully removed to provide a semi-

permanent home. (But whilst on the subject of camping, the other, obvious kind, isn't looked on with much approval by CANCERIANs!) Two rooms wouldn't be vetoed though, just as long as there's room to cook, iron, scrub, clean, sew, entertain, put up Mother, and strew little ornaments on little tables or display them tastefully on corner shelves. Don't be fooled by appearances with CANCERIANs; the most butch of them will don an apron, wash up, and will in any case have probably prepared the dinner, put out the lights, and lit pretty candles. All to assuage their feelings of genuine domesticity.

The way to a CANCERIAN's heart is through his tummy and his mother. "And Mother came too" is no Music Hall joke to CANCERIANs, and any word said against her is good enough reason for separation, if not actual divorce. If Mother isn't available, some other strongly maternal figure is there in the background. And those relatives and friends! Always happy to chat about the past, CANCERIANs love tracking down elusive family ties, however remote, and then a chat about second cousins long removed or any stray Aunt far out of reach in Australia will be good for an hour or so. Family links are really very important to any CANCERIAN, and woe betide any of us who forget it.

Although CANCER Star Gays are usually quite responsible in their attitudes, try catching them at Full Moon when resistance is low, and they will act quite out of character, revealing an adventurous exciting side which surprises and sometimes shocks. They apologise like mad the next day, of course, when the Moon influences wane. A pity in some ways, because the warmth and unexpected friendliness radiated when their hair is down, gains a truly amazing response from those who think of CANCERIANs as cold, feckless, and often unfeeling. Unfortunately, the Moon is only full once every 28 days, and in between CANCER people revert to their more usual snappy, tenacious, possessively Crabby natures, typical of their Zodiac symbol.

Unfortunately too, the next year or two is going to be difficult for most CANCERIANs. SATURN is transiting their sign, and they will have to learn many hard lessons for a while. Expect more complaints, for once justified, for nothing will come easily during this period and CANCERIANs will be very edgy. Understanding, a settled home and a contented partner, friend or lover will help. Even more, compatibility. But the best answer of all (if 'Camelot' enthusiasts will forgive a paraphrase) to the eternal question: "How to handle a CANCER?" is—"To Love him, Love him, Love him!"



IMPOTENCE

The fear of impotence is one that has haunted mankind as far back as history records. It has probably given rise to as much misery, more quack remedies and more cruel jokes than almost any other human condition. In most civilisations man has played the dominant role, and the symbol of his dominance is the erect phallus, still carried in image in religious processions in some parts of the world. If an individual is unable to produce that erection, he is immediately liable to be scorned, one who, in the words of a scathing woman, had "his manhood hang upon him like a catkin upon a hazel twig."

What exactly do we mean by impotence? Simply, the inability to produce, or to maintain, an erection to the point of orgasm. (Fertility, the capacity to produce children, is something quite separate and depends on the ability of the testicles to produce sperm.) A related condition is premature ejaculation, when the man is unable to stop himself coming as soon as he touches his partner. Out of every hundred cases of impotence seen by doctors ninety-five are likely to be due to psychological causes. The remaining five per cent are due to only a few comparatively uncommon physical diseases which are likely to produce other symptoms long before impotence, or occasionally to the treatment being given for such complaints as diabetes, high blood pressure or severe depression.

Psychological factors

There are three states of mind encountered more frequently than any others in people who complain of impotence. They are anxiety, hostility and guilt.

Anxiety

It is common knowledge that anxiety or worry can affect one's sexual ability. It follows that a happy, relaxed frame of mind is conducive to the best sexual performance. Unfortunately one failure in bed can very easily set up a vicious circle, when anxiety about whether one will be able to cope inhibits one's actual power of erection. Although sexual expertise is a learned process, just as much as learning to ride a bicycle, it is not an intellectual one, but a matter of knowing when to start, when to stop, when to allow the instinctive actions to take over. An erection is not something to be worked on, but something to be allowed to happen, by relaxation, by removing physical obstacles, and of course by help from one's partner.

The worst enemy of potency is the brain, which distracts by irrelevant thoughts, fears and worries, and this is why alcohol has so often been taken as a remedy, to shut down the mental nagging. Unfortunately, it is difficult to judge the point at which alcohol ceases to be a help and actually prevents the erection. How often is the excuse heard "I'm afraid I've had too much to drink!"

Hostility

Analysis of people's hidden feelings often reveals a surprising degree of hostility, which may be directed towards one's partner, due to quarrels, envy, or sheer incompatibility, or may be directed towards employers or fellow workers, the sexual partner becoming an unwitting and unwilling substitute for them. There may be suppressed hostility towards the whole idea of being gay, or of being expected to play a particular role in the sexual set-up. In all these cases the actual feelings of hostility may be suppressed, but a mental block may be present which stops the natural process of sexual arousal.

Guilt

Despite the more liberated situation prevailing today, most gay people experience some sense of shock when they become aware of their true natures. This is frequently followed by a feeling of guilt, which may already have been instilled by parental or religious teaching that masturbation or sex outside marriage is dirty and wicked. Such guilty feelings may be deeply implanted, and extremely difficult to eradicate, or at least overcome.

Conclusion

From what has been said above, it is obvious that no quick method can exist to treat or cure this distressing complaint. Tablets and devices advertised to the public cannot reach the deep-seated causes of the sexual inadequacy. In a few cases, mostly in middle-aged men, when there is some evidence of lack of male sex hormones, a course of injections of these may help. Until recently this was about all that could be done. The

work of Masters and Johnson (in their so-called 'Sex Laboratory') in St Louis has considerably changed things, and given new hope to many sufferers. For the first time, some concrete facts are being learned about human sexual behaviour, and treatment based on them is being put into practice. Having completed their studies on heterosexual behaviour, they are now researching on homosexuality. How does this affect the individual sufferer? To start with, a technique has been evolved to deal with premature ejaculation that has produced good result. Details of this have been sent to several 'Aches and Pains' enquirers already. The most important findings so far indicate that impotence is not something that can be treated in isolation, but for success the treatment must be directed to both partners in a sexual relationship. This of course makes it more difficult for gays than for a married couple. It will not be easy for a lot of gay people to face a doctor as a 'couple'. It involves total honesty. There is nothing magical in the technique that has been worked out, and in fact most of the 'treatment' is given by the helpful, patient and loving partner. However, the presence of a doctor or therapist at the start is usually necessary. Unfortunately I cannot at this stage direct readers to a particular clinic or centre. The process of education is a slow one! More and more doctors, however, are becoming aware of these methods, and it is worthwhile plucking up courage and asking your doctor about it. You may be pleasantly surprised. I shall inform *Gay News* readers of any new developments.

Mike Heberden

Although gay people are less reticent today about admitting their gayness to their own doctors, and although it is to be hoped that doctors are a bit more enlightened on the subject than they used to be, it is still true that a lot of gays are reluctant to discuss their particular problems with their local GP. For this reason, and because gay problems may be of general interest to our readers, we have installed our own resident doctor. If you have any medical problems which you think are related to a gay life-style, please send them to Aches & Pains, c/o Gay News, 62a Chiswick High Road, London W4 1SY, and we will print them and the doctor's reply. Please keep your letters brief and to the point. The doctor has also promised to answer some who do not want their letters printed, if a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed. State CLEARLY if you do not want your letter printed. Naturally, all correspondence will be treated in the strictest confidence.

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Gay Follies

So what are these gay American radio shows all about? Mark Freedman writes to us from San Francisco about a recent, typical programme. Mark is a prominent gay activist and is author of *Homosexuality and Psychological Functioning*.

THE GAY LIBERATION FOLLIES - A Radio Show - Produced by Len Richmond
Political movements probably begin to die when they lose their sense of humour. Fortunately, this has not happened with gay activism yet, as *The Gay Liberation Follies* proves. This radio show uses comic skits, 'soap opera' plots, one-liners and songs to make serious points about homosexual oppression and liberation.

Homophobia, the irrational fear of homosexuality, is the theme of several skits. A man-on-the-street interview asks, "What do you think of homosexuals?" One woman tries to answer but starts stuttering out of anxiety and discomfort, "I guess if they want to engage in their per, per, perv..." Another skit does a take-off on *Dragnet*, a police drama, where a small-town policeman is assigned to the White House and finds queers at the highest levels of government. His paranoia convinces him of the reality of the legendary International Homosexual Conspiracy. A voice-over tells us that he winds up as president of the North American Psychiatric Association rather than as a resident of the funny-farm.

Psychologists and psychiatrists are satirised in several other skits. 'Meet the Shrinks' is a television game show where the audience applauds the best explanation of the cause of homosexuality. The first panelist blames bad hormones (applause); the next, a domineering mother and a weak father (more applause); the third, improper conditioning and bad habits (an ovation). A fourth panelist explains that homosexuality is a natural, positive expression of human sexuality—the audience response is disgust, horror and boos! 'Frankenstein Meets Gay Liberation', one of the best-crafted skits, tells how Dr Bruce Frankenstein lures a gay man to his secret laboratory and "therapeutises" him with electro-shock. The young man staggers out of the lab, a man without a soul, "victim of Puritan morality." He seeks out the gypsy woman Maria who tells him how to regain his soul: go to a gay liberation meeting. Another related skit is an interview with the director of the new ASR (Appropriate Sexual Response) centre in England, who starts speaking with a British accent but finally slips into a Nazi accent as he describes how he reconditions "inappropriate sexual desires."

Sex-role reversal is the theme of several skits in which women start off as passive and subservient but wind up being assertive. They stop defining themselves in terms of their relationships with men: One of them even gets in touch with her latent lesbianism and

begins to freely love other women. In '2001, A Sex Odyssey' (nicely adapted from *The Gay Liberation Book*), gays are the dominant majority and non-gays, the covert minority. Gays start to persecute non-gays because the "heteros" are responsible for crowding and over-population, but finally they see the light and everyone lives together in love and harmony.

There is a neat skit about the Southern plantation owner and his "pink niggers", the good faggots who quietly acquiesce to their own enslavement. The Southern gentleman says, "We lost our black niggers to the civil rights movement, but them queers don't have no civil rights, so we don't have to worry." Another facet of gay oppression, commercialism in the gay world, shows two people inventing gay bars to exploit people who like members of their own sex.



Len Richmond (left) and Garry Noguera, co-editors of *The Gay Liberation Book*

The songs and one-liners emphasise a Gay is Good theme. Among the songs are "Love Is a Many-Gendered Thing", Buddy Holly's "Every Day It's Growing Stronger" and Judy Garland's "Me and My Gal". The best one-liner is Lily Tomlin's comment, "If all the gay people in the world suddenly turned green, it'd look like St Patrick's Day."

This short review does not do justice to *The Gay Liberation Follies*. All the skits and songs are spirited and most are sharply satirical as well. If you want to purchase a cassette or reel-to-reel tape of *The Follies*, write for details to Multi-Media Resource Center, 540 Powell Street, San Francisco, California 94108, USA.

Mark Freedman

Madigan's log

I understand that for a while I'm to have a column in this paper—a stimulating challenge. By way of introduction I suppose I should say that I'm a 34-year-old merchant seaman who published a book a year or so back which had a homosexual theme. It was called *Jackarandy*. Currently I'm ashore working on another book about the MN.

At the outset I'd like to make it clear that I disassociate myself from that school of thought which, in its effort to free homosexuality from its stigma, extols it beyond the bounds of common sense, bricks it up in some painted bastion in the clouds thereby alienating yet further not only those it labels 'straight' but the greater part of the homosexual community as well. I have no sympathy with, or understanding of, a mentality which can advocate the chanting in the streets of such slogans as "Gay is good, gay is great, gay is better than straight" as someone wrote in *GN47*. Neither can I see my way clear to accepting that we have an "inalienable right to fuck little boys on the courthouse lawn." The writer expresses valid opinions and it is fine that an organ exists where he can air them. Fine too that the same organ can carry criticisms and criticise I do. The effect this sort of paranoid irresponsible writing can have on an already bruised image is frightening to contemplate.

Let's get things into perspective. On a social level we feel our emotional and erotic orientation discriminated against. We object; we consider them as legitimate as anyone else's and we rightly seek full acceptance, full integration with our peers. We want to live in a climate where no one questions a man's sexuality any more than they question the colour of his shoes.

I feel that this is the issue and that any more or any less is unhealthy.

Simply a seamen's pub

Some weeks ago the magazine *Time Out* carried an article headed 'A Very Glandular Pub'. It painted a picture of alluring decadence in a dockside bar but refused to say where it was lest "a rush of West End would kill it." Well if anyone read the piece and is still trying to identify what *Time Out* was so secretive about I'm betting my last penny it's the Kent Arms... in Albert Road, SE17—two 69 bus stops before the Woolwich Ferry. Can't understand why the *Time Out* correspondent felt the need to be so coy. The Kent has been the spiritual local of Merchant Seamen since I was a boy rating. The Royal Docks don't take many ships any longer, but somehow the Kent never seems to flag. It has always had that very special quality of a seamen's pub, a quality that can't be adopted at will, nor removed by the arbitrary berthing arrangements of the Port of London Authority. I talk of these things with a sort of an *in* knowledge since I've spent most of my working life shipping out from the KGV Pool and many's the time a whole leave would be spent in the Kent without seeing home or family or shore-side friends before being bundled off on another voyage. It's a decent boozery, a great boozery, but don't be taken in by TO's cheap journalism. It is not a hive of total dissolution, of painted faggots, of irresponsible junkies as their correspondent might have us believe. It's simply a seamen's pub and in any seamen's pub, as on any ship, a fella can do his own thing without eyebrows being raised. The only point you've got to be clear on if you go pubbing down there is that there is a sharply defined line between locals and tourists, seamen and passengers. It is unwise to try to cross it.

Life thrives on possibilities

Anyway the Kent is well worth a visit if for no other reason than to escape the present pick of gay bars which seem to be peopled by vulnerable and sensitive folk shielding themselves with fantastic

armours or insatiable idiots mentally streaking from body to body like dogs let loose in a wood. As a witness to the dreariness of these places I refer you to a constant theme in the GN personal advertisements—'disillusioned with the bars', 'tired of the gay scene', 'fed-up with the market place'. Still, for all my sneering, I must admit I visit them pretty regularly; life thrives on possibilities.

... Not even a conviction

The other evening at a dinner party in Eaton Square. Believe I was asked by mistake, About ten fellas present in varying stages of self-intoxication. The most impressive from a name-dropping point of view was the American actor. Am not at all adverse to dropping names but will resist in this case. The man has successfully screened his private life thus far (his face and name were as familiar before the war as now, I'm told) and if that's the way he wants it then I guess it's nobody else's business. His talent has never been commensurate with his fame but whose ever is? He was genial in a studied sort of way and no more self-centred than any of the other diners. His boyfriend was young and blond and toothy and spoke intelligently of the weather.

Later five of us went to a club off New Bond Street. The actor signed himself J Smith at reception and hurried off to the disco with an odd bashfulness. The club intrigued him but he kept well in the shadows studying the scene as if through a periscope. I asked him if he was trying to avoid someone. He said no, this was great. "Well what are you lurking in this corner for? Why the false name?" "I can hardly give my real name can I?" "Why not?"

He looked at me as if I was the Emperor Caligula. "If the newspapers caught me in a gay club I'd be finished, washed up, kaput. I couldn't get a job sweeping the sets after that." He was surprised at my naivete. I was aghast at his. He told me "This is my 20 oddth time in London and the first time I've seen the gay life. You don't know this movie business!" Meanwhile the boyfriend was all but screwing an Asian lad on the dance floor. Felt very sorry for this pathetic hollow man who had spent so long looking over his shoulder that he'd taken all the wrong turnings and was wandering now in a wilderness with nothing, not even a conviction to grasp hold of and too late to turn back. Never meet your idols; they're nothing to communicate but their weaknesses.

The daily aubergine

The biographer James Pox Hennessy who was so needlessly and stupidly murdered on January 25th was finally buried in May. His alleged assailants stand trial early in July. One hopes that the press has more important things to do than resurrect the man and murder him again. He was a very kind and very beautiful person as anyone who knew him will attest. And he had none of the immature scruples of our actor friend above. A story is told how, in the Beefsteak Club at the time the Homosexual Bill was passing through Parliament a Peer remarked "I don't know why all this fuss about buggery; I've never met a bugger!" whereupon JPH retorted indignantly "You're talking to one!"

Another small anecdote which mightn't commend itself to GN aficionados concerns the first time he heard of this paper's existence. He immediately bought a copy and read it with great interest from cover to cover. When asked what he thought of it he said "It's all very well but I don't see why homosexuals feel they should have their own newspaper any more than people who like aubergines."

Leo Madigan

F.D: Leo Madigan's novel Jackarandy, which Roger Baker described as "an amusing, sensitive and gracefully constructed exploration of a young man's personality" (GN18), is available from GN's Mail Order Service, price 35p + 5p p&p.

Gay evangelist hits town

LONDON: Taking communion at the weekly service of the Fellowship in Christ the Liberator Metropolitan Community Church, London, recently, was Rev Keith D Davis. Rev Davis is pastor of Christ Church, the Metropolitan Community Church of Miami in Florida, USA.

Speaking to a *Gay News* reporter prior to the service in the Pimlico Community Aid Centre, SW1, he said that he had received considerable notoriety in the States with his lectures on the subject of "homosexuals in our society."

He came in for particular publicity when, on being introduced as a guest speaker at the Dade County Medical Association, half of the doctors present walked out. Arising from this display of bad manners, Rev Davis has received more invitations to speak than he can possibly fill.

His church is known as the gay church of the area by the general public, though he thinks that it is a lot more than just that.

Ninety per cent of his 167-strong congregation is gay, and numbers of men and women are pretty even. "We are a community," Rev Davis said.

His church had provided a gay organisation in an area where others had failed. He felt that this was because the church had very definite leadership.

Christ Church was being accepted more and more, but he thought that it was still a "thorn in the flesh" of the conventional church.

Rev Davis, who is openly gay, has lectured in colleges and in one instance to pupils at a local high school. The church is also about to

start a weekly religious programme on local radio. What started as an underground Church had become a freedom movement. "I believe this is a historical movement," he continued.

Speaking of gay marriages/unions—he conducts on average two of these each month—Rev Davis revealed that his church put the participants through rigorous questioning before the blessing took place.

These unions, he went on, were as permanent as the couples involved wanted. They lasted as long as the couple's love for each other, and if this died, then the church could absolve its blessing. Many couples had been refused such a ceremony because the church felt they were not serious about the relationship.

The church produces a newsletter every two months called *Outreach*, which gives news of activities, runs adverts, and reprints newspaper articles relating to gays.

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LINDSAY KEMP

A SYMBOL OF THE AGE WE REALLY PREFER

Sunday—day of rest for Lindsay Kemp and the Lord. There isn't another performance of *Flowers* again until Monday night. And the star relaxes in his Thames-side flat in the company of friends and admirers.

We arrive soon after lunch. The afternoon-after-the-night-before feeling seems to have seized everyone, including Lindsay himself. Jacques—his friend and companion of many years, Celestino Coronado—who directed *The Lindsay Kemp Circus* film and co-directed *Flowers*, and Jason Pollock—a producer from London Broadcasting:

Jason: We did a review of *Flowers* on our *Sounds New* programme the night it opened at the Regent Theatre. It was quite a nice tape.

Lindsay: When did I record that? I can't remember that.

Jason: You didn't. It was a review.

Lindsay: Oh really—oh I wish I'd heard that. Of course the first night was awful, but then they always bloody are. I mean we weren't really ready. We weren't ready for an audience in that kind of theatre. Now the show's fantastic because we're used to 'conducting' the different kind of audience you get in the West End.

It's so much better now than it was at the Bush—there used to be terrible gaps and waits and things, while people were finding their shoes and suspenders, constantly.

(The phone rings.)

Hello... Hello?... Hellllllooooo. (Puts down the receiver.) Oooh these queens.

Voice: Heavy breather?

Lindsay: More like a pilled-up purrer. What were we saying?

GN: How did *Flowers* all start? When did you first get the idea?

Lindsay: Well, someone lent me the book *'Our Lady of the Flowers'* about seven years ago. It took me quite a long time to try and do the adaptation. And by the time I came to do the book I'd already lost it—I think I left it on top of a 49 bus. But the bits I could remember remained with me for a long time, and I found myself doing lots and lots of drawings. So already I felt very visually about it. It's rather like painters looking at things, they see them always in terms of... or film directors... in terms of a rectangular frame. And most things that impress me I see within a proscenium. So already it had begun to become a ballet. Genet said somewhere at the beginning of the book that it ought to have been a ballet, but of course that was impossible—I mean I don't suppose that he found many of his prisoners that were ballet-trained!

Anyway, there was the idea of something that would be a bit like a ballet, using the best bits of the text.

And then I finally got a company together in Edinburgh, just beauties that I saw in Princes Street Gardens. Had I been left the money I'd have been a movie director, and approached youths in the street and asked them if they'd like to be in movies, and given them contracts and made them look very fantastic on film. But that's rather like choosing coloured inks and things, and then arranging them on canvas later on in the day. You know, the kind of inks and paints one finds so seductive in an art shop.

Anyway, we all got together. I'd been very influenced by Jerome Savary who'd just made his first visit to London, to the



Mercury, and I couldn't believe those actors. I mean, I'd never been involved so much and so excited by actors ever before. And then it was later on that I discovered that those actors weren't actors at all—of course they weren't actors. They were blacksmiths and zoo-keepers, and Savary had got all the people who looked right, much the same way as Pasolini does in movies... but of course in movies it's easy. They don't have to say anything, they don't have to necessarily amuse an audience, or even move you see. They always cut away from them so quickly in movies.

So I gathered people like that (well, they weren't like that, but I thought they were like that in Edinburgh). And of course it was hell. But we did get together to rehearse the whole thing, and I had started a script on the backs of cigarette packets and so on, from those bits of the book that I could remember. But then I'd lost those bits of paper! Anyway, there were all those eager young faces all longing to be made stars. I was amazed, incidentally, how many from the Princes Street Gardens had already thought of the idea long before me, that they'd be found in the Gardens and become

superstars, very shortly. They were all terribly bad. Do you remember (turning to the others for support)? Bad, I mean, please...

GN: Did they have to go through months of classes?

Lindsay: Good Lord No-oooo. They went through an afternoon of rehearsal! And then we opened I think about two days later. It was when all those theatrical, ritualistic troupes were beginning to be talked about in London, but hadn't actually been seen—other than Savary. I mean the American companies, Living Theatre and so on. It was going to be like that.

Celestino: There was a lot of improvisation.

Lindsay: Yes, that's right. And I was already terribly interested without having seen any of it. Just seeing stills. They always look very exciting in still photographs. Like Bejart for instance; but when you get there of course you're bored to death. And when most of those troupes did finally get somewhere I saw them I was bored to death. But I wasn't by Savary... nor, I might say, were the public bored by us when we did our piece late the next day.

GN: Where was this?

Lindsay: Well, I'd bought this building called, er... well it was the Edinburgh Rock factory, where they made Edinburgh Rock for several hundreds of years. We moved in there with the company and we all really did take picks and shovels and things, and we converted it into a theatre. I mean we actually did knock down walls and things, and lay down a paving floor. It took about a fortnight. And at the same time as labouring on the building we were also labouring on the play.

Anyway, I couldn't get another copy of the book, and because I desperately needed to impress them with the story... it's a bit like when you've told your editor, who's expecting a pretty brilliant article, that you've done it and you haven't, and he asks what it's about, and you find yourself telling him. And then you find that you've given birth to quite the most amazing novella. Well, most of my work starts like that. I meet someone with money at a party, or someone without money at a party, and I have to impress them, and out comes my latest creation, because they're always interested in one's latest creation. And one knows that that's the only way to really get anywhere. It's always 'my next work'. Not that I've ever done it. I've never worked on something absolutely new. It's all been revivals, except the revivals never look like revivals because we've never actually been seen before.

GN: How do you feel about the earlier productions? The one at the Bush for instance?

Lindsay: Oh I adored it. But it was very untidy. I mean I was very fond of last night's performance, but it won't be a patch on tomorrow night's performance. And if tomorrow's is a mess, then I shall remain desperately depressed the whole of Tuesday. But at least it means that Tuesday's performance, as a result of that dire depression, really will be the most amazing of my career.

GN: *'Our Lady of the Flowers'* was the first Genet you'd ever read.

Lindsay: Yes, it was.

GN: But since then you've also created that stunning production of his play *'The Maids'*. Do you want to do other plays of his?

Lindsay: No, they're all a bit too long and they've got too many words in them. The books are so much better because although they have a great number of words, people don't overtalk. People don't talk as much in ordinary life as they seem to in most plays—except of course when you're doing an interview! But away from interviews, our lives... I mean, the periods of silence are so much greater, and so much lovelier than when we talk.

Celestino: Genet's plays are very literary.

Lindsay: But I don't find them very theatrical. There are moments of great theatricality in them, but there's so much that is just very boring. That awful production at the Royal Shakespeare a while ago of *'The Balcony'*—it seemed to go on for three months. Well I have occasionally had three months of pleasure, but very rarely.

GN: If we can leave Genet for a moment. What were you doing before *'Flowers'*?

Lindsay: Well we'd done some pretty amazing things at the Arts Lab. I'd worked with Jim Haines when he first opened the

Continued on page 10

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Conversation

Continued from page 9

Travers in Edinburgh, and I came to London when he opened the Arts Lab. And we created all sorts of rather amazing things. One of them was called the 'Turquoise Pantomime' which I'd first done about fifteen years ago from things I had been doing all my life. And it had become what I call my Paris cabaret, something with a white face and a neat frock, and rather disciplined . . . and rather beautiful, but in the style of early nineteenth century pantomime. It was all very much after 'Les Enfants du Paradis', except that everyone laughed much more. Knowing Jean-Louis Barrault for one thing it came as a bit of a surprise to them to begin with, because that's who I was. I was Jean-Louis Barrault and Isadora Duncan. And they laughed and laughed. And then they began to pay me, because they laughed not because they were reminded of Jean-Louis Barrault or Isadora Duncan or Anna Pavlova, but because there was a new talent, and a funny one.

GN: And did you pick up on that? Has your main aim getting people to laugh?

Lindsay: Oh I think 'Flowers' shows that it hasn't. I rather like the audience because at least you know that they can hear and understand what you're talking about. The great passages of silence in 'Flowers', on the other hand, are killing, because I always think they don't know what I'm doing. Which of course is a bit ridiculous because I know now that in the theatre when they don't know what you're talking about, or when they're bored, they cough a lot. But in our theatre, when you remember that it lasts for an hour and three quarters and there are smoke bombs going off, they never cough. (Or not when I'm on they don't.) But I don't think getting them to laugh is my purpose in life . . . oh, I don't care whether they laugh or not. It's very nice when people laugh because it shows that they're finding you entertaining, and above all I want my work to be entertaining.

Celestino: When you hear them laughing you know you can go further than that and make them cry.

GN: . . . but you can't hear them cry.

Lindsay: No, but you know at the end when you hear the applause. But it can be very frightening when you can't see them and it's very silent. Sometimes I think they may have gone home. And on the few nights when I have been showered with flowers, I've always thought at first they were throwing garbage, always, always.

Oh the other night we loved it. We loved the applause. And I did get slightly self-indulgent over the bows, but I love it, love

the applause because to me it means simply that they understood what I was talking about and they were awfully pleased that they came and that they were awfully pleased that I'm up there.



And then of course it makes the whole thing so terribly worth while. The show itself, and certainly the hours in the dressing room and the cafe before the show, is what Cocteau described as the divine torture. Awful hours of hell, physical sickness. And whenever I walk on I always feel sure that I'm going to bore them, and that they're going to be tired. And I have to recite to myself all the good press notices I can remember, and a great stash of letters where they say I'm brilliant and how I made them cry and how I made them laugh. The audiences especially at the Regent, most of them I don't know, they haven't been before, it's new people. The all-important thing is that we do conquer them, that we do get them on our side, and that we win the battle and so on. They leave the theatre being mad about us—not just about the performance, but mad about us, and all that we stand for. And I feel myself very much as a symbol of the age that we really prefer.

GN: In what way?

Lindsay: Oh, freedom, liberation, all the things that most poets talk about. When they have to, I mean we don't talk about it very much away from our work. But

that's because I feel the press has misunderstood the show, which is a terrible pity. I found the reviews all rather shocking, because they seemed to misunderstand me. Well, that's the worst thing that can happen to me. With the painter or poet, there's always a chance that his work may be discovered later on, when people become a little more sophisticated, or when the climate is right. But that's no use at all to the actor or entertainer. Your work must be acceptable immediately. In a way that's why I get much more out of classes because one can actually see how one is affecting the people.

GN: So the pupils are to some extent an audience?

Lindsay: Oh yes. Everyone is an audience. That doesn't mean I put myself on display to everyone I'm talking to. I consider the audience very much as the other people in the conversation. I mean that's rather how I regard conversations. It's so easy to have that sort of conversation in a class. That's why classes are more successful than many performances. It's much more a conversation. A conversation in the theatre very often takes the form of a monologue, but it's still meant to be conversation.

What I do in my classes above all, I think, is simply to try to get people to become much drunker, to derive much more pleasure from ordinary things, from ordinary days, from ordinary mornings. So many people take everything for granted—even being in love, a bit, they do. I think my classes are really about drunkenness. I think I'm really teaching as many people as possible to become alcoholics.

GN: When you talk about a 'conversation' in the theatre, I assume this doesn't mean for you audience participation, in the crude sense of people leaping up on stage.

Lindsay: No, I don't think I need that. But I do need a kind of participation like I need them to be mad about me, to applaud, to laugh and so on, to give me encouragement. Yes, I need them to make a very big contribution, just opening their minds can be a lot to ask some people.

In a class, of course, if they won't do it, I can actually go up to them and rip the shirts off their backs. Or give them a good shaking—which I long to do to the public some nights; first show last night I simply longed to climb off the stage and just shake them, because they were being very careful and very stingy. I don't expect them to say anything with their mouths, or come up on stage, but I do expect them to give. Considering that we give them everything, absolutely everything, and there are some nights when they sit there with their over-

coats buttoned up to their noses. But then people say that that is very often because they are too shaken to applaud, and lots of people I know have said that they didn't applaud because they couldn't, and they felt it would have broken the spell, and that it seemed rather a clumsy gesture. It interrupted—like applauding someone's private life at the end of the day.

GN: How do you think of your performance on stage. As an actor, as a mime, or what?

Lindsay: I don't know . . . I don't actually describe myself as being a mime. If I were a singer like Bob Dylan, I'd describe myself as a dancer, like he describes himself. But being a dancer one can't describe oneself as being a dancer, because then one only thinks of all the awful things that one associates with dancing—like dancing for oneself, and dancing for one's own pleasure. I really don't know. I mean everything I do on stage gives me a great deal of pleasure, to move, to dance—everything I do on the stage is only what I'm actually doing. Oh I've said that hundreds of times. What I mean is that what I'm doing on the stage are the things which I have actually done in my life which have given me a great deal of pleasure, like loving and hearts being broken, and hearts mending again, and spring and summer, and oh all those things, and thinking that I was going to die, and dreaming when I was a child like we all did about our funerals and how sorry they'd all be—all the fabulous moments of pleasure.

Celestino: But you do want to tell a story. It's not just the pleasure you get from moving your body. It's to project images to people who will appreciate it.

Lindsay: Well, pleasure means very little to me unless I can actually share it with other people, which is where the stories come in. There are always people around me all the time. A long time alone, I simply can't bear it. I can never write a letter or anything unless there's someone looking over my shoulder—fortunately I get quite a lot of letters done these days! And what I'm doing in the theatre is sharing my experiences. And I have people there to share my happiness with. I mean being happy on one's own is very nice, but being happy when there's someone else with you is so much nicer. And if that someone who's with you brings their friends along it's so much nicer. It's just like one gin, it's very nice honey, but try half a gallon of gin and it's so much nicer.

(GN: 'Flowers' is still running at the Regent Theatre, Upper Regent Street from Monday to Saturday each week.)

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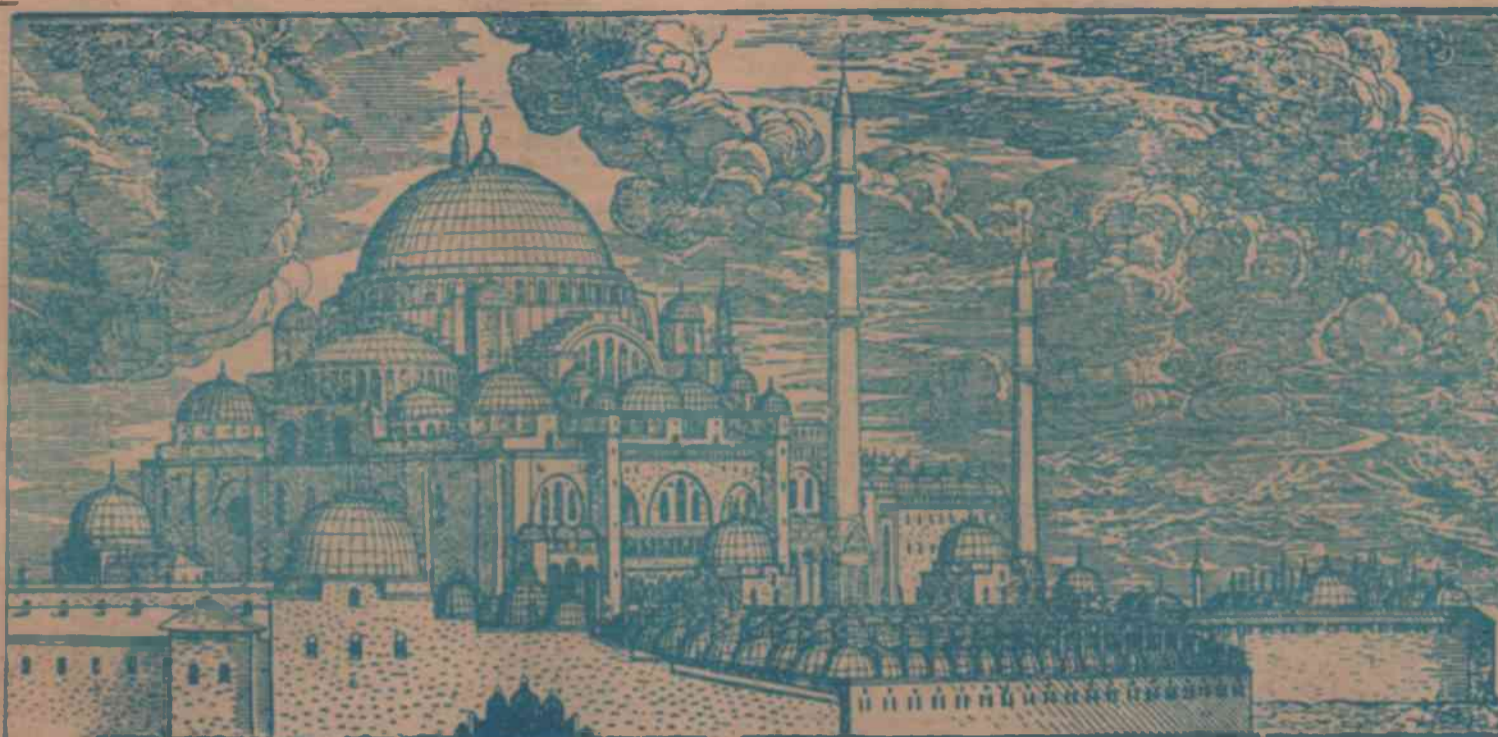
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A
LETTER
FROM
TURKEY

Istanbul,
Friday.



Hello!
Why is it that no one has filmed *Alice in Wonderland* on location in Turkey? One of my earliest memories is gazing at an antique Turkish vase in my mother's display cabinet. Those delightful little painted figures would transport me into an exotic dream-world of magnificent, ornately decorated palaces, complete with perfumed harem and peopled by valiant, turbaned men on horseback. And in a magic velvet room old men would be smoking hookahs and jewelled princesses be peering from behind veils.

The country is the stuff fairy tales are made of—an extravaganza of vibrant colours and kaleidoscopic patterns, inhabited by a lovable and friendly people. In fact, though it is the fourth time I have visited Turkey, I yesterday approached the Greek-Turkish border with as much anticipation and excitement as my companion, Chris, who is doing the overland trip to India for the first time. Of course, passing the border also meant slipping into the world of that flower vase.

The tradition and the environment are as fertile as a child's imagination: multi-minareted mosques where the Muezzin calls the faithful to prayer, creaking bullock carts and noisy grand bazaars. The once traditional garb of fez, kaftan and curled slippers can still be seen in these rural parts. You will know that in the 1920's Ataturk decreed that western would be compulsory, imposing severe penalties on anyone who dared disobey. But, today still, there are those who continue the tradition, defiantly. They are a very small minority though, and are now tolerated as such. In these same parts, one can still see the mule and camel train as mode of transport.

No doubt you will soon be planning your summer holiday. What about coming to Turkey?! For the more adventurous gay it is a very stimulating variation to the usual Amsterdam or Morocco. It is certainly as gay as either. Of course you have to search around to find the right spots, but that is true of anywhere and is part of the fun of visiting a new place. And the police in Turkey are definitely more tolerant than in most countries. (Morocco, by all accounts, has become a very heavy scene of recent years.)

The best illustration of Turkish policemen's attitudes to homosexuality is probably contained in a story told me by a hetero couple. Finding themselves in Ankara one night with nowhere to sleep, they asked the advice of two policemen. The policemen were friendly and showed them the roof of an office building where they could sleep. In fact—they seemed too friendly and apparently were very reluctant to leave the couple alone to bed down. The woman—a beautiful blonde type—became worried, afraid they were expecting her favours in return for their help. The man was very different, however, and it was only after a lot of argument that her boyfriend was able to convince them he was straight and really *didn't* want to sleep with them, instead of with his partner.

Maybe not all Turkish policemen you meet will be as tolerant of homosexuality as these two, but I think you will find that most Turks treat male gayness as a normal and perfectly respectable part of everyday life.

Istanbul has always been to me the place which represents all the mystique and intrigue of the East. But it has been called the gateway to both the East and West and it is that quality which makes this city so unique. A constant, almost surreal, synthesis of two diametrically opposed worlds. 3000 years of checkered history have wrought a city that epitomises fascination; a city exotic and glamorous, old and new, studded with buildings that tell their story of thirty

eventful centuries. A metropolis, so westernised, that much of its hostelry, cuisine, dress, restaurants, nightclubs and shops might have been lifted en masse from some continental capital, yet a city, evoking still, at the cry of a bazaar street vendor, that undeniable air of magic.

Part of Istanbul stands in Europe, part in Asia. The Bosphorus, connecting the Sea of Marmara with the Black Sea, separates Europe from Asia and bisects the city as well. The contrast is everywhere. Cross a street and you could well transgress five centuries. The European half is also divided in two by the historic Golden Horn. Connecting these two European segments of the city—the modern business centre of Galata and the picturesque old quarter, are the Ataturk and Galata bridges. The latter is the stepping-off point for the various passenger ferries plying between Istanbul Europe and Istanbul Asia.

You will probably stay in either the Galata or the Sultan Ahmet district. The more luxurious hotels are centred in Galata, the new part: prices range from £1.50 to £5 a night. The hotels in the old Sultan Ahmet are cheaper. I find these not only more economical, but also more *real* and more convenient: our room overlooks a square—filled with pigeons—in front of the Blue Mosque and is within walking distance of Ava Sofia, Topkapi Palace and the Grand Bazaar. Chances are you are now probably shuddering at the thought of some dark and seedy hotel! The Sultan Ahmet has its share of these—bedbugs and many more other unsavoury characters abound, but one can't expect too much for 15 pence a night, can one? There is, however, another kind of hotel, which is clean, comfortable and quite adequate, catering mainly for the flow of young pilgrims stopping over here on their overland journey. We are paying 40 pence each for our room, which is inclusive of daily service by young Turkish boys. A bed and locker-and-key in the hotel dormitory will cost you 25 pence.

Turkish food is out of this world, and in the Sultan Ahmet there are plenty of tiny, tucked-away eating spots. A traditional meal, consisting of superb bean soup and bread, salad, kebab, and one of the very large and tempting range of desserts, plus a pint of good local beer costs only 30 pence. Perhaps you would like to go really mad and treat one of the friendly boys from the hotel to a slap-up meal. Last night—for no reason or occasion—we had a celebration. We went to a classy, traditional restaurant. (Or should I say the velvet room of my childhood vase!) Excellent service, music, lavish and exotic surroundings: it was like being present at a Sultan's banquet. We ate and drank far too much, and the bill came to less than £4 . . .

On the tourist level, you'll find much to explore here. The Blue Mosque, which is the only one in the world with six minarets, is a spectacular and breathtaking experience. It is good to spend several hours in the atmosphere of serenity and devotion—a feeling that is maintained, despite the insensitive behaviour of coach-loads of camera-clicking Americans. Close by is the Topkapi Palace, ancient residence of the Ottoman Sultans. Spread through a vast garden, it consists of several structures and sections. If only because of the Hitchcock film, you will know about the Pavilion of the Treasury. It contains a collection of jewelry that I have yet to find matched anywhere in the world.

I always like going to the Grand Bazaar,

even when I don't intend buying or selling anything. (You will find a big demand here for your western clothes, camera, etc. The best bargains are found when exchanging western goods for Turkish ones.) This huge emporium re-creates the days of mystic eastern yore. It still retains the pattern of the original lay-out: like a small city, divided into districts, with cross-roads, open squares and streets, teeming with craftsmen and merchants of diverse trades. Precious stones, antiques, furs, embroidered kaftans, down to Turkish puzzle rings and silly curios are all sold with the same intense enthusiasm. Bargaining is, of course, essential. It is part of the merchant tradition and you may have to walk away 'in disgust' at the prices offered—several times even—until both of you have reached a compromise about the price.

I haven't had time yet to take Chris to any of these places: feeling grubby after all the travelling, we spent this morning in an old Turkish Bath. This is probably the highlight of any gay visit to Turkey. Something totally different and refreshing from what one hears about London Sauna and massage parlours. It is located in a seventeenth-century building, complete with marbled floors, walls and baths. It is an experience I can heartily recommend to any visitor to Turkey. One is welcomed in the Reception Hall by a friendly young man. Charges start from 30 pence and the maximum (recommended!) is 65 pence. This includes a full body-massage and a personal attendant.

We were allocated to a private room, where our attendant helped us slip into towels and sandals. He led us into a vast room, filled with steam. The decor is Renaissance. In the middle of the room is a large, flat table-like surface. Muscular Turks were lounging on steps along the walls. Built into the walls are niches, containing fountains that spout hot and cold water. The attendant took us straight into one of the adjoining ultra-hot rooms.

When he was satisfied that we had worked up enough sweat, it was time for the massage on the large flat surface. The masseurs are invariably big and burly. They started the process by rubbing our bodies with oil and then got to work pulling, jerking and even trampling over us! They are thorough. Between shrieks and the sound of cracking bones, one can actually feel the tension being soothed away. If nothing else, this experience will expose to you the charlatans practising in Britain.

The attendant took us to a fountain, lathered, shampooed and washed us down. God, at this stage the feeling of cold water being splashed on the body was sheer sensual ecstasy! Afterwards you are free to hang around for as long as you like. This is a fantastic place for making friends, probably swapping stories about your *murderous* treatment at the hands of the masseurs. We spent another few hours there, playing like children—working up more steam, cooling down again, and so on.

A shower and new, hot towels rounded off the proceedings, though we spent at least another hour in our private room, relaxing on the couch with some drinks from the bar. If you are coming on your own, you may want to invite one of the men—usually hanging around the foyer—in for a chat. This is quite normal and accepted, whether you do want a chat or something more interesting, so don't feel embarrassed—no one else will. Remember you are in

Turkey and it is best to leave any hang-ups behind in England. Of course this doesn't mean that anything goes. The Turks have some puritanical hang-ups, but basically a gay couple will be allowed to do practically anything a straight couple can. You can't fuck in the streets—but neither can they. So if you use your discretion you should be okay.

Does it sound tempting? I am a strong believer in the idea of going somewhere that isn't only a good gay spot, but which also has a few other intrinsic merits, like beautiful countryside, good food, etc. Of course it isn't always possible to combine all these requirements, but somehow Turkey comes close to it. Here is some information which may be useful if you do decide to come:

British passport-holders require no visa for Turkey.

Regular flights are expensive. The cheapest London-Istanbul return is a one-month concession, costing £112. Charter flights are about half that price: contact any of the more reliable charter companies for details. Package tours are not my cup of tea, but if you are interested, you can consult any travel agent about these. Prices vary, starting from £67 for one week and £84 for two weeks. This is inclusive of return flight, hotel accommodation and tours to Troy, Antalya, Izmir, etc.

Even if you decide to make your own way, you may want to explore some other parts of Turkey. I believe it's best to give information only on those places that have been established as catering for tourists. Izmir, in the south, for instance, has all the ingredients of a holiday resort—historical significance (Homer lived here), ruins and a good beach. But such tourist resorts do have their disadvantages. The *traveller*—as opposed to the *tourist*—will take the initiative to explore further afield. Only a few miles away from Izmir there are desolate and beautiful beaches, and the people are friendly and open. Recommendations, no matter how well intended, can be very dangerous. Promotion is fatal. Over the span of a few months I have seen unspoiled and untouched places being exploited and raped by ruthless tourists. So, if you're genuinely interested in learning something about the country and its people, you must follow your own instinct. Places I've discovered here are Mount Ararat, where Noah's ark was grounded and the place where the original Father Christmas lived. Also the spot where the Virgin Mary was born. A nice irony here: to preserve the spot, a mosque was built over it!

We came down to Turkey by bus—a cheap and interesting way. Several bus companies operate a service between London and Thessaloniki, Greece, for £21, single or £36, return. Buses leave every Friday evening and Saturday morning, passing through Belgium, Germany, Austria and Yugoslavia. (British passport-holders require no visa for any of these countries.) The buses arrive in Greece on Sunday evening and Monday morning, respectively. The train fare from Thessaloniki to Istanbul is £6. (We sold our blood in Greece for £5 each, which covered most of this expense!)

Hope you can make it. Much love,

Derek James

Derek James, author of Guide to the East, has studied drama and English at Bristol University, and mime with Marcel Marceau in Paris. He travels extensively, and has written for a variety of periodicals, including work for the Dutch underground magazine Aloha.

Solent '74



200 members of the Motor Sports Club (MSC) gather for a leather cruise around the Isle of Wight, their first public outing in the country. The leather/denim group assemble at Waterloo station (below), occupy British Rail coaches (above left) for the trip to Lymington Pier, and see the sights aboard ship (above right).



Here we are again

With the publication of the next issue, GN will be celebrating its second anniversary. How time flies, it only seems like yesterday that the *Gay News* team were posing for the photograph that appeared on the cover of our first birthday edition.

Apart from the usual news coverage and features, we are planning to run a number of items about the last two years, which between them will attempt to relate exactly what has been going on since our first edition in June 1972 and the changes that have taken place in the gay community. To us, the paper's second birthday will be a particularly joyous occasion and as you, the readers, are the people responsible for GN being the only newspaper for homosexuals in Europe, we sincerely hope that you will join in the celebrations by not missing the next issue.

Extravagant claims

The following couple of paragraphs are primarily to an anonymous gentleman who recently sent me three allegedly "male action" movies, but it may also interest a few other GN readers, as well as retailers of such items. I agree with the correspondent that the quality of the films is terrible and the price charged for them is outrageous, and for these reasons, and also taking into account a number of similar complaints received in the past, we will no longer accept advertising from the UK based mail order firm responsible. (Incidentally, the company involved has not advertised in GN since April, and this piece is in no way intended to reflect on the products available from similar retailers currently advertising in the paper.) To be fair, though, I think that people interested in purchasing gay movies, or any other soft-core titillation material (and that's the only sort you will be able to obtain from mail order companies in Britain), should read between the lines of the advertising material they receive. Phrases such as "fever pitch appreciation," "no holds barred," "censorship is discarded," "bountifully gifted" and "straightforward intimate togetherness" are usually no more relevant to the product being described than some of the extravagant claims made in ads promoting washing powders or after-shave lotions. In most cases it is not so much a matter of misrepresentation, but extremely clever exploitation of basic human responses, whereby advertisers rely on people relating their personal fantasies to the images being conveyed on the television screen or through the words in a soft-core pornographer's hand-out.

GN in Belfast

As announced in GN46, members of the editorial team will be visiting Dublin in mid-July. But prior to this, at the end of June, we will be going over to Belfast to gather material for a news feature. As on the trip to Dublin, we will be talking to leading gay activists, interviewing prominent members of the community who have anything of interest to say about homosexuality, and also investigating the local gay scene. It should be a fascinating, extremely worthwhile experience and the full story will be published in GNS1.

A note to Incognito

I'd like to thank Incognito for sending me the next installment of his on-going narrative which appears in GN under the heading 'Gay Days Gone By'. Sorry to learn about your recent illness, and am sure that the many readers who have enjoyed your past articles will join with me in wishing you a speedy return to good health.

Your Letters

Obviously we prefer the writer's name to appear with correspondence printed in the 'Your Letters' columns, but of course we realise that for various reasons this may not always be possible. Consequently, names and addresses will be withheld if requested, but in future we must insist that letters sent in be signed and include an address, as certain statements or allegations must be checked out with the writer before some missives are published. Your cooperation in this matter will be appreciated and on our part, we will guarantee confidentiality when it is asked for.

Where are they?

Regrettably, no one seems to have taken our first amateur photography competition very seriously, as to date we haven't received a single entry. Shame on you for not indulging in this innocent piece of fun.

To take part in the Ann Hathaway Competition, all you have to do is take a picture of a magnificent *cottage*, historically fascinating or otherwise. The two factors which will be taken into consideration when judging the entries will be architectural beauty and the quality of the print. First prize is £5 and runners-up will receive £1.

Entries should be no smaller than 6½" x 8½", in black and white only, and they must reach us no later than Monday, 15th July, 1974 (revised date). The entrants' names and addresses should be printed in block capitals on the back of the photographs sent in and the winning entries will be published in GN. Please send your photos to Ann Hathaway Competition, c/o Gay News, 62a Chiswick High Road, London W4 1SY. Entries cannot be returned.

Let your reserve towards this exciting event be damned.

Dates and deadlines

GN50 will be published and available from 4th July. Details of advertising deadlines and copy dates for that edition can be found under the credits section at the bottom of this page and at the beginning of the Personal Ads columns on page 17. It is important to refer to these dates to avoid disappointment, as they will be strictly adhered to because of printing schedules.

Denis Lemon

THE THIL



See Market Place in the classified ads for a special 'The Thil' offer.

Troubled water

This column is devised as a means of offering help, advice or information on problems relating to homosexuality. The letters are handled by Icebreakers, a team set up to handle a telephone service, whereby isolated or unhappy gays can ring up any evening and discuss their difficulties, directly, with other gay people. The main characteristics of Icebreakers are that all its members are openly gay, have come to terms with their gayness, take no sort of authoritarian approach and the outfit is not related to any gay organisation—the entire range of gay groups, services and outlets is used. Strict confidence for letters and telephone calls is assured. The number of 01-274 9590, every evening between 7.30 and 10.30. All sexes are welcome to use this service.

The letters published in this column are selected from the many received each week. Every correspondent receives a personal reply as soon as possible; both letters and replies published may have been edited slightly. Unless specifically mentioned in the column, we cannot forward letters from readers to the writers who present their problems.

Send your letters to Dept TW, Gay News, 62a Chiswick High Road, London W4 1SY.

GAY NEWS OLDIES

Back copies of *Gay News* Nos 1-7, 9-11, and 13-19 price 10p each, and Nos 20-24, 28-32 and 35-48 price 15p each are available from Gay News Oldies, 62a Chiswick High Road, London W4 1SY. Orders for 10 or more are post free, otherwise please add 5p per copy for post and packing. The current or forthcoming issues are 15p plus 10p post and packing.

GAY NEWS

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Editor Denis Lemon
News Editor Michael Mason
Reporter at Large Jeff Grace
Contributing Editor (Features) Roger Baker
Contributing Editor (Features)

and Typesetting Rictor Norton
Art Director Jean-Claude Thevenin
Art Assistant Glen Platts
Advertising/Circulation Manager Bernard Mears
Business Manager Stuart Patterson
Subscriptions, Classified Ads and Box Replies Maggie Donovan
Admin Assistant, Listings Catherine Hiscox

Regular Contributors: Sean Aubrey (Brighton & District Correspondent), Peter Burton, Denis Cohn, Barry Conley, Elizabeth Cornu, Brian Dax, Ian Dunn (Scottish Correspondent), Iain T Finlayson, Jackie Forster, Veronica Harvey, Mike Heberden, Sebastian Helmore, Carl Hill, Howard Llewellyn (Cardiff & District Correspondent), 'Merlin', John Montgomery, Barry Nonweiler, John Riley, David Seligman, Richard Thomson (Portsmouth & District Correspondent), Richard Webster (Cumbria Correspondent) and Pete Wicker.

Advertising/Copy Deadlines and Publication Date for GN50: All copy, letters, information and classified advertising—noon, Monday, June 24. Display Advertising—contact Ad Manager, Gay News No 50 is published on July 4.

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Change not adjustment

THE RADICAL THERAPIST. Essays From The Radical Therapist Collective, Penguin, 60p. The idea that a consultation with a psychologist or other specialist is going to help the homosexual whose distress derives from the most profound social oppression is proof that oppression exists. The more gays approach psychologists, psychiatrists and other experts from various fields, the more is perpetrated a system that asserts adjustment, at whatever cost, to some conventional norm. Gays are particularly vulnerable to the allure of individual counselling. Perceiving themselves as out-of-step with the prevailing standards and expectations of the system, they may desire to accept the system and seek a personal solution to what is essentially a situational problem.

It is, after all, part of the business of the therapist (from whatever discipline) to assert that all whose lives are in apparent contradiction to the system need to be adjusted (by him) to that system. This is, basically, why so many gays who have troubled to explore the subject reject entirely the relevance of formal therapy to the homosexual.

The concept of *change* rather than *adjustment* is fundamental to the attitude of *The Radical Therapist*, an eight-times-a-year publication, now retitled *Rough Times*. It began in 1970 as a reaction to the psychotherapeutic situation in North America: "Psychology is more than a professional field—it is an ideology, a belief in 'appropriate', 'normal' behaviour with coercion to back up that belief. From thorazine and electroshock in the hospitals to adjustment by therapists, proposed lobotomies for rebellious prisoners and racist IQ theories, psychology as a whole is corrupt and oppressive, responsive only to the needs of the ruling class."

Strong words maybe; an eyebrow could be raised perhaps. But a close reading of the collection of essays that follow this introduction indicate that such a viewpoint has adequate justification.

The situation in North America is certainly more intense and formalised than it is over here. When Phyllis Chesler writes: "Both psychotherapy and marriage are the two major socially approved institutions for women" she probably strikes little response from the average British housewife. And yet her article may be read as information and as a warning. The message retains its value.

Claude Steiner opens the book with an essay on the principles of radical psychiatry. Briefly, these are (a) that in the absence of oppression human beings will live in harmony with each other, oppression being coercion by force or threats of force and the source of all human alienation; (b) that alienation is the essence of all psychiatric conditions, or that everything diagnosed psychiatrically, unless clearly organic in origin, is a form of alienation; and (c) that all alienation is the result of oppression about which the oppressed have been mystified or deceived.

Subsequent essays elaborate and amplify these principles—and since part of radical therapy is demystification this means that the pieces are written in a lively, comprehensible style. It is refreshing to find evidence of internal debate, notably surrounding professionalism and the use of skills. Nancy Henley and Phil Brown for example say: "Even to label an ability to deal with human problems as a skill, removing it from the realm of ordinary human accomplishments, is adding to the mystification. It is one of the maddening facts of our time that people believe themselves incapable of dealing with most ordinary human conflicts without the aid of a 'specialist'." The following article by Ken Cousins is a reply, arguing that the 'no skills myth' lays a heavy trip on individuals and collectives who feel they should be able

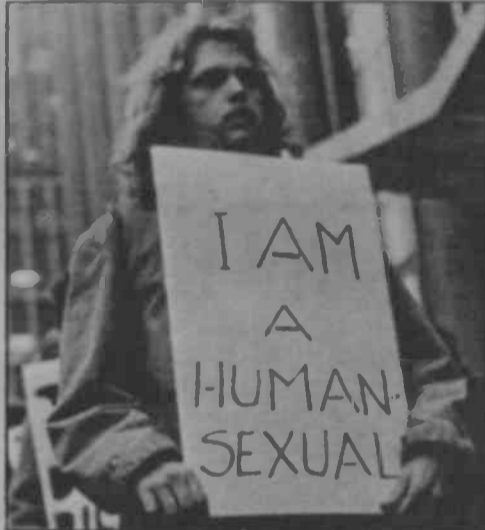
to solve their own or the collective's problems but can't. One feels in the presence of tough-thinking individuals genuinely fighting for new forms and new techniques.

Survival Course

Eleven articles in the section *Women, Men and Children* are, for gay women and men, essential reading. Carl Wittman's *Gay Liberation Manifesto* is reprinted, and reading it again emphasises that this remains the tightest, most coherent analysis yet articulated. Many of its propositions have been thoroughly argued, others hardly touched upon. Basic reading.

Martha Shelley's essay on Lesbianism is familiar too, but packs a punch. It is brief, incisive and another basic read. Louis Lander-son surveys the horrors of aversion therapy, but perhaps the most fascinating contribution is a personal narrative by Christopher Z Hobson called *Surviving Psychotherapy*. He describes his adolescence and early manhood with all the anxieties, guilt and deceptions that symptomize gay oppression. More than one or two English readers will certainly identify. He entered therapy, and being an intelligent chap began slowly to contest many of the assumptions his therapists were putting onto him; he began to see that they were not encouraging him to think of his conflicts as resulting from social conditions: "My first understanding of being gay comes from social movement."

Hobson made his big breakthrough by becoming involved first in the women's liberation movement, then in gay liberation. "The critique of the social stigmas attached to being a woman, of the myths of female personality types, of the role of social factors in producing the real personality disfigurements women suffered—and most of all, of the treatment of all this by psychiatry as *personal neurosis demanding personal therapy rather than as social oppression demanding a collective struggle*—all this seemed true of myself as well" (my italics).



Social Protest

Other sections of the book concentrate on mental illness as oppression, with descriptions of certain radical community experiments, plus practical reports (working with heavy strangers; handling psychiatric emergencies; common drug emergencies). The theories and general attitudes projected no doubt upset some mainstream practitioners. As an example of one such in a struggle for self-preservation, read Dr Charlotte Wolff in the current issue of *Man & Society* using superior knowledge and mystification to put down ideas she finds unpalatable.

They may also disturb those many homosexuals who come to place so much importance on personal therapy. One such unnerving idea is the emphasis continually placed on social protest, especially in relation to gays and to women. Preferably, social protest involves up and doing. But this is not possible until the participants come to a realisation of why they must be up and doing. And growth of awareness of the forms of oppression is crucial.

As we know, the number of gays in this country who will even contemplate their oppression, let alone think it out, is pathetically small; they may live furtive, distorted lives; they may run to the nearest counselling service; they may treat each other like shit. But to look outwards at the social structures hemming them in, cannot be tolerated. Maybe the prospect is too terrible.

I would urge a reading of *The Radical Therapist* by all those who are, in one way or another, trying to help homosexuals, professionally or voluntarily; by all homosexuals who are seeking, or feel they may seek, advice from one outfit or another. The section specifically about gays in an important contribution to thinking, and the collection of essays as a whole is full of insights, adventurous ideas, and—by no means unimportant—useful information.

Roger Baker

What you've been looking for?

SEXUALITY AND HOMOSEXUALITY — Arno Karlen — Macdonald & Company Ltd (xx+666pp, index), £7.00

Until recently there were only two kinds of non-fiction printed material the average gay could turn to, to find out where she or he was at and what made her or him tick. There was the heavy medical/technical journal article, usually written by doctors or lawyers who saw the 'problem' as a matter of disease and its 'treatment', or of its 'crime' and 'punishment'; and the cheap catchpenny 'sensational' expose of life in Hollywood or Soho, by hacks who wrote from gossip and hearsay.

Now, especially since 1967, we have if anything too many books of a much more useful and readable kind, and the problem is to sort them out into the good and the better.

If a book deserved to be called 'the book you've been waiting for', *Sexuality and Homosexuality* is it. Historical, legal, psychological, medical, literary, social, international, there is no aspect of the gay experience that is not covered in detail, with clarity, care and an admirable fairness.

Karlen's range is truly remarkable—the book took five years to write. His style is good, and he writes with plenty of humour. Did you know that

when Napoleon's aide the Duc de Cambaceres once arrived late for a conference and explained that the delay had been caused by a lovely visitor, the Emperor said "Next time, my friend, be so good as to tell this lady 'Take your hat and stick and shove off' "?

There are several interviews with contemporaries, and the book concludes with the most extensive list of books for further reading that I have ever seen. Every book and article about homosexuality that has ever been written seems to get a mention, complete usually with Karlen's comment, such as "not recommended", "loud and shrill", "brilliant but wrongheaded", "a striking combination of good sense and prejudice", "more an undigested mass of data than a conclusive study".

At seven pounds (and almost three pounds avoidrupois) it is not a book everybody will want to buy for oneself. But don't let this stop you from reading it—ask your local library to obtain it, or look out for it second-hand. It is an important book.

You won't agree with every single thing Arno Karlen says—hardly surprising in thirty-one tightly-written chapters—but you will be exceptionally well-informed when you've read it all.

John McFadden

Rough trade heroism

TOUCH and MY SAD CAPTAINS — Thom Gunn, Faber & Faber, £1 and 95p

Thom Gunn has a panther tattooed on his arm, with claws and blood and all, and he's written perceptively about the s/m scene, but don't let that fool you—he's a very fine poet indeed, as testified to by the recent re-issue of two of his finest volumes.

Gunn's images are connected like finely-wrought chain-mail, each separate link stamped with the hallmark of a master craftsman. Hard, brilliant, gemlike, they contribute to his basic theme of rough-trade heroism. It is a rejection of softness, in favour of the hardening of man into truckers, motorcyclists, leather warriors in black boots who can experience pain and terror, but who are never vulnerable to 'being hurt' by other's opinions. If he cuts himself while shaving, Gunn is the kind of man who will steadfastly look at his reflection in a bronze mirror. He is brave in his separation from others, and his verse is never sentimental: "Why pretend / Love must accompany erection? / This is a momentary affection, / A curiosity bound to end."

It is not a rude hardness, however, for he sharply perceives the many nuances of physical contact, as in his description of how his "skin slightly / numb with the restraint / of habits, the patina of / self" is gradually loosened by the warmth of his lover's touch ('Touch'). And in his deservedly famous poem 'Blackie, The Electric Rembrandt', an artist tattooing stars on a boy's arm thereby transforms the boy into a constellation.

Gunn aims towards the wisdom of the non-participating distant stars: "To give way to all passions, / I know, is merely whoring. / Yes, but to give way to none / is to be a whore-master." In a very few poems in these and other collections (all are available in paper from Faber and Faber), Gunn loses some of this "even in bed I pose" type of Spartan ethics, mostly by a "plunge into orgy" and the freedom of giving oneself up wholly to the s/m scene. But, like the falling leaves, lovers always end separate: "The lips that meet the wound can finally / Justify nothing—neither pain nor care; / Tender upon the shoulders ripe with blood."

Rictor Norton

Women's campaign

WOMEN TOGETHER: THE Activist Paper No 1 — published by Campaign for Homosexual Equality

This pamphlet comes as the result of a meeting which took place in Manchester between women from the gay movement, from the women's movement and some from both, with the purpose of discussing points of agreement and similarity between the two movements and also to explore some of the differences.

Because almost two-thirds of the booklet is taken up with a transcript of parts of the women's conversations, a very real personal link is made between those involved and the reader—a far cry from the usual, predominantly factual, treatise published in this field.

Daphne, who starts off the conversation, stating her reason for being included, says that she would

like to see closer links between gay women and the women's movement, having been a member of both types of organisation.

Subjects discussed by the eleven women include feminism, politics, male-dominated attitudes, CHE, monogamy, love and jealousy. Opinions vary, and the fiery debate gives the reader much food for thought.

The previously unmentioned first part of the booklet is divided into four sections—sexual politics is gay politics; the stereotype-defined woman; consciousness-raising and other groups; and women's liberation and gay groups. This provides an adequate back-cloth for the conversation to come.

So, if you'd like a look at some together women together—get this for your shelves. The booklet is available at 20p, including postage, from CHE National Office at 28 Kennedy Street, Manchester, M2 4BG.

Jeff Grace

Kitchen Bookshelf

MICROWAVE COOKERY FOR THE HOUSEWIFE — Cecilia Norman — Pitman Publishing, £1.85

FREEZER RECIPES — Good Housekeeping, Ebury Press, £2.95

Kitchen technology bounds on apace. Both deep freezers and microwave ovens have been used by professional caterers for years. Now, of course, domestic-size models are available. Not that they are going to help the quality of your cooking. Make a lousy apple pie, deep freeze it for ten months and re-heat it in two minutes—and you've still got a lousy apple pie. Both of these books contain particularly good recipes that can be made without reference to the hardware which is only of practical value to people who have to cater for a

lot of people frequently.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING WHOLEFOODS COOK BOOK — Sphere Books, £1.40.

Good Housekeeping cookery books enjoy a well-deserved reputation: you can't go wrong with them in fact. You can be certain that all the recipes are well-tested and make best use of ingredients. There have been one or two rather tatty attempts to jump on the wholefood bandwagon during the last year and this big paperback provides sound sense, masses of information (including a nationwide guide to wholefood shops) and an engaging style. Nice illustrations including a lovely colour photograph of some friendly cows, licking their lips as they approach a table of bread and cakes.

Roger Baker

hotel

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Fashion

Beyond the pale

by Iain T Finlayson



Advice to those about to acquire a suntan—don't. Like all such well-intentioned advice, I expect this to be ignored. It's like telling people the only way to avoid VD is not to have sex; and, now that May is out, clout-casting will begin in earnest. The great con-trick that Bronzed is Beautiful—or, at any rate, better than being Pale and Interesting in the manner of vaporous Victorian ladies—once again makes its annual full-frontal assault on the national consciousness. There is nothing good about a suntan except the way it looks.

In spite of this, you're going to go right ahead anyway, and the hell with it. On the principle that prevention is better than cure, there are protective measures that should be taken from the first moment you set foot on the beach. True tanning is the production of brown melanin granules in the bottom layer of the skin and the movement of them closer to the skin surface, as a result of ultraviolet burning rays from the sun. Most suntan

preparations contain chemicals which absorb some or all of the sun's burning rays. They do not deflect or screen out the harmful rays and a measure of sunburn is necessary to the stimulation of melanin. How dark you will tan depends on the amount and distribution of melanin already present in your skin. Natural blondes tend to a lighter, honey-coloured colouration while dark-haired, more sallow-skinned types may tan to a deep mahogany (if they're not careful). Your own skin colour and the amount of melanin you produce determine your final shade of tan.

The value of a sun preparation is that it enables you to stay in the sun longer without burning than you could otherwise. Ideally, skin should only be exposed to the sun in short periods, gradually building up from day to day as the skin becomes accustomed to the change from pallor to pink to brown. And, ideally, you can fly. What happens is that you rush off to the sizzling beaches of Costa del Fag, or wherever, and lie spreadeagled for a fortnight on the white-hot sand to cook to a frazzle, liberally anointing yourself with the nearest thing to cooking oil. A temperature of 70 degrees in Malaga is twice as powerful as the same temperature at the Serpentine Lido and twice as liable to cause agonising sunburn with all its nauseous side-effects. None of the suntanning preparations offers complete protection—you will still burn if the sun is too strong, no matter how often or how much protection is applied.

As a positive precaution, try to build up some initial protection by a course of sunlamp treatments. These are often available from about 50p to 75p per session at a local sauna or health club. A course of half a dozen ten-minute quarter-hour sessions spread over the fortnight before you go on holiday will provide enough protection to allow longer periods under a hot sun and, to a greater or lesser degree, allow the tan to develop quickly and without burning.

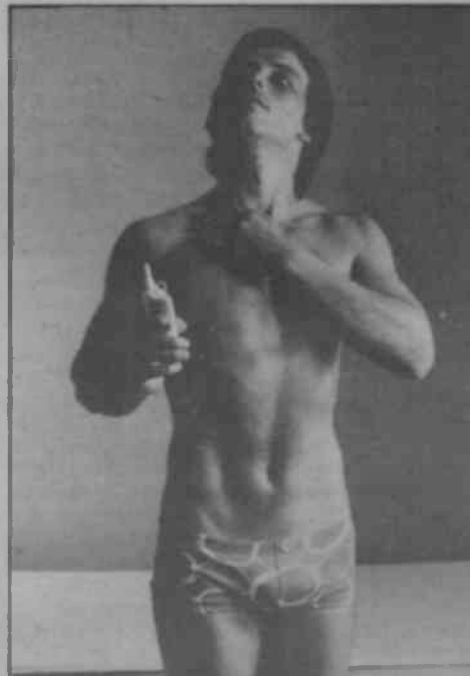
In addition to the natural body protection of rushing melanin to the surface, the body manufactures quantities of Vitamin A to counter the toxic effects of excess Vitamin D produced by the effect of too much sun on too much skin. Sylvasun tablets (approximately 59p from all good chemists and stores) contain controlled amounts of Vitamin A and calcium carbonate which promote the production of melanin. These tablets are not a substitute for sun-tan preparations which should also be used. Sylvasun is remarkably effective in allaying sunburn even under the most testing conditions.

In the beginning there was not only light—there was Ambre Solaire, too, as an efficient protective for original skin. Oils are most effective for skins which tan easily, creams (offering slightly more intensive protection) for sensitive skins, and

aerosols for those who favour easy application and paying a bit over the odds for it. The distinctive summer-and-sand scent of Ambre Solaire is, to most people, the equivalent of Proust's Madeleine as it conjures up memories of hot, sunny holidays. Somebody should bottle the smell alone. The Boots Soltan range of sun preparations are efficient and good value. Add to your shopping list their after-sun soothing lotion (23p & 33p). It moisturises the skin after a day of drying-out caused by water, sun and sand; or add a capful of their Baby Oil (26p) to the bath for extra lubrication. Nivea Sunfilla Gel is a standard and highly effective protector and should be used liberally throughout the period during which skin is exposed. Always re-apply sun cream or oil after being in the water.

Two new sun care preparations this year incorporate new ingredients and are produced in a range of sun-factors. The higher the sun-factor number, the more protection is offered. For British beaches, a low sun-factor number is probably most efficient to absorb most of the ultraviolet, but a higher number should be used the hotter and clearer the atmosphere. Delial contains phenylbenzimidazolsulfic (instead of paramino benzoic acid, of course. But you knew that.) which, it is claimed, is more easily distributed over the skin. The second preparation is Eversun, containing Guanin (a natural biological substance) plus d-Panthenol, which moisturises and promotes tanning. Guanin, apparently, works within the skin to penetrate and protect where trouble begins. And if anyone now talks to me about how 'natural' a tan looks, I'll throw a deck-chair at them. Both products, which come in comprehensive ranges of oils, creams, and milks, each with a range of sun-factors, should be available from chemists and stores this month. Both are middle-price range and seem to be good value for money.

Apart from the effects of premature ageing, wrinkling, possible skin cancer, the toxic effects of excess Vitamin D, and all the rest of it, the sun wreaks havoc with hair. The drying effects of wind, salt water and sun should be counteracted so far as possible by using a detergent-free shampoo and at least twice-weekly use of conditioner. The new Yardley/Sassoon range of shampoos and conditioner will meet the bill, but also try Culpeper's herbal Rosemary shampoo (approximately 65p from Culpeper, Bruton Street, London W1) and Wella conditioner. Estee Lauder's Azuree collection of hair care products are herbal based and, although expensive, should coax hair back to condition. Before going on holiday, do have your hair cut, conditioned and cleaned at a good hairdresser. A good cut will cause less trouble after swimming, because the hair will fall naturally back into place and keep its shape without elaborate drying and styling with a hand-held dryer before



Photographs: Colin Clarke

dinner. Conditioning at least gives you a headstart to keeping the hair in good nick.

As camouflage, for pale, white bodies venturing on golden beaches, pick up a temporary and fake tan with Sudden Tan Bronzing Foam by QT (89p at branches of Boots). Although there are protective ingredients in Sudden Tan, don't let the effect of instant bronze fool you into neglecting regular protection.

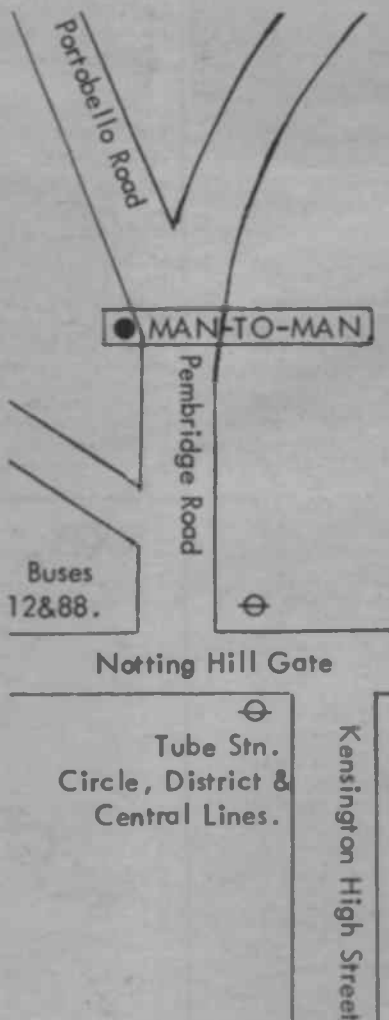
For individualists who can take good advice when it's offered to them, glow pearly pale in a romantic, shadowy dusk by screening out the sun altogether. Your dermatologist will love you for it, if that happens to be important to you. Innox's Kerodex 12 W Total Sun Deflectant Cream will screen out the sun allowing no tan and no burning however long you lie in the sun. Instant protection and a wrinkle-free old age for only 44p. Also try Almay's hypo-allergenic Sun Bloc Gel (67p) and Estee Lauder's Sun Block Cream. Good for hyper-sensitive skins or for blondes who simply can't tan at all and turn a miserable pink but still love to bask.

Turn me over, Beulah, and pass the calomine lotion.

'MAN-TO-MAN'

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Gerurd Ryder (left) and Dai Bradley in the first British production of *Spring Awakening*

Anxieties, uncertainties

SPRING AWAKENING — National Theatre, The Cut, London SE1

A young prisoner comes to the front of the stage, takes out his penis and proceeds to masturbate. After a few moments he joins four other prisoners, forming a circle as they race each other to see who can ejaculate first. It would be easy to be facetious over such a 'happening' in any theatre, especially at the National, were it not for the fact that it is followed immediately by a violent fight between two of the men, which negates any comedy inherent in the preceding scene. I imagine it is this scene which is responsible for the ban imposed for many years in this country on Frank Wedekind's *Spring Awakening*. Or perhaps it was that moment when two young men, lying in a vineyard, declare their love for each other, which is handled so beautifully as to offend no one.

Edward Bond's translation of Wedekind's play has captured much of the pathos we feel in observing the anxieties and uncertainties of youth discovering their sexual desires, and growing up amidst parental and scholastic oppression. However, I do feel some cuts could have been made without

losing any of the overall content of the play. Where one scene could have stated everything in minutes, Wedekind rambles on for double that time, and the effect is pedantic. One scene I found particularly offensive is when a character's speech defect is used for laughs. I have always found German writers rather ponderous. So lacking in humour is this play at times, that even that fine comedienne Beryl Reid, playing the mother of a fourteen-year-old girl, is hard put to gain a laugh in what should be an amusing scene, as she attempts to answer her daughter's questions about sex.

Director Bill Bryden handles the youngster's scenes with great sensitivity, but at times gets bogged down by the lengthy script. Peter Firth proves his performance in *Equus* was not just a one-role success, and gives a subtle portrayal of a youth whose promising personality disintegrates as he becomes a victim of society. Young Michael Kitchen is extremely touching as his friend, who finds the burdens of study too much to bear, and there are two carefully drawn studies of troubled youth by Dai Bradley and Jane Carr.

Barry Conley

Historical pageant

THE GREAT SOCIETY — Mermaid Theatre, Puddle Dock, Blackfriars Bridge, London EC4 In Beverley Cross' latest play *The Great Society*, the last two hours in the life of Richard II are depicted. The King confronted by his assassin, relives the events of the past twenty years, during which the Peasant's Revolt took place. The Mermaid has cleverly staged this historical pageant so that the small cast appears larger than it really is. Most of the killings occur offstage, but the

presence at one point of two severed heads is suitably gruesome. Praise must be given to Ruth Maskill's splendid costumes, comprising various shades of grey, which make a perfect foil to the purple robes of the King, and the dark brown attire of his assassin. Geoffrey Whitehead is most majestic as Richard II, and his few meetings with the rebel leader Watt Tyler (a virile and interesting performance from Peter Postlethwaite) are the dramatic highlights of the play.

Barry Conley

Now showing

Starting out with a full-blown prejudice against spin-offs, I was pleasantly surprised by **CALLAN** (EMI, director Don Sharp). After some auspicious work within the limitations of low budget horrors, and second unit direction on larger productions, Sharp was the sole and uncredited perpetrator of the boat chase sequence in the Alistair Maclean thriller *Puppet on a Chain*, and he has taken full advantage of the shadowy mystique of the lonely, reluctant assassin so fascinatingly portrayed by Edward Woodward. The result is an exuberant suspenseful thriller, and as always in Callan stories, this one is by the series originator James Mitchell, and there is a fair amount of probing into the morals of professional killers.

The summer is traditionally a rather dour period in the cinema, so it's exceedingly refreshing to report that the newest definitive American satire, **BLAZING SADDLES** (Columbia-Warner, director Mel Brooks), is an utter debacle of all John Ford's and even perhaps Sam Peckinpah's myths and themes. Six or seven of America's wittiest gag writers plunge a smooth hip black sheriff into a whiter than white, righter than right white community. There's a laugh about every thirty seconds and the camp style reminded me of the old 'Round the Horne' radio programme. One sequence which I particularly adored was a welcome parody of Marlene Dietrich, in which Madeline

Koch as a blousy, Germanic, nymphomaniac saloon singer, sings a song called "I'm so tired, I'm so tired".

THE DOVE (EMI, director Charles Jarrott) is one of those incredibly 'real life' romantic adventures in which a dashing young hero surmounts the odds. It's based on the daredevil solo round the world voyage undertaken by one Robin Lee Graham a few years ago, and has been revoltingly glamourised for the big screen. Joseph Bottoms, who plays Graham, looks as though he could enter and win a Mr America contest, while the actual Mr Graham is diminutive, bearded and intense looking.

Jarrott who started his career by directing soap operas on Canadian television, and has since been responsible for three recent and disastrous Royal Film Performances—*Anne of the Thousand Days*, *Mary Queen of Scots* and *Lost Horizon*—handles his unknown cast dismally. In fact, the love scenes between Joseph Bottoms and Deborah Raffin have the feeling of a youthful 'Peyton Place'.

The film's salient point is its treatment of the actual voyage. The sea's erratic wildness and calm is beautifully photographed, and some of the storm sequences are quite thrilling.

David Seligman

No more tweed

BODYWORK — Hampstead Theatre Club, Swiss Cottage, London NW3

How times have changed. For many years, in plays and films, with few exceptions, lesbians were portrayed as hearty, tweedily dressed butch types. It's a change to find two lesbians that are both completely feminine and pretty in Jennifer Phillips' *Bodywork*. From their first scene, sunbathing together on a Mediterranean island, and still apparently heterosexual, their conversation is barbed with innuendo. Milly, a walking man-trap, is not above removing her bra, to give an eye-ful to a 'peeping Tom'. Five years on, with Milly now married, their close friendship continues. Together they invite Milly's husband to pose nude for their painting. This flatters his male ego, until they proceed to demolish the painting of him, and deflate his ego. Understandably jealous of their friendship, he walks out of Milly's life, leaving the relationship to blossom further.

In the last act, back on the island, a further five years have elapsed, and Milly has undergone a complete metamorphosis. Apparently no longer the femme fatale, she has become a drab creature, completely dominated by her companion. They have decided to have a child, and Milly dressed absurdly like a cheap tart, awaits the arrival of an Italian stud to impregnate her. The affair finally erupts, finishing with Milly about to embark on a new heterosexual adventure, leaving us to ponder whether or not she is able to become heterosexual again. Polly Adams and Joanna Dunham are both splendid in the contrasting roles. Miss Phillips writes with wit and candour, though I still hope that a play dealing with homosexual relationships, without the obvious dominant and submissive characters, will one day be produced.

Barry Conley

Dance Theatre of Harlem



Black is beautiful as demonstrated by Bill Scott, one of the principal dancers in *The Dance Theatre of Harlem* who appear at Sadler's Wells Theatre from August 5 to 24.

The company was formed five years ago by Arthur Mitchell, the dishy negro who became famous for his performance in New York City Ballet's 'Afternoon of a Faune'. Mr Mitchell, realising there were no opportunities for negroes to dance in classical ballet companies, first began a school and then formed *The Dance Theatre of Harlem*.

At the Wells, the dancers will be performing three programmes including classical works such as *Concerto Borocco*, *Corsaire pas de deux*, *Design for Strings* and *Holberg Suite*, jazz ballets *Douglas Caravansari*, *Forces of Rhythm*, *Tones*, *Rhythmtron* and *Afternoon of a Faune*.

James Kelsey

Fire & music

PERICLES — Her Majesty's Theatre, Haymarket, London W1

Shakespeare's least performed play *Pericles*, which played the Round House last year, and has since toured both here and abroad, is now back in London for a short season. I, for one, am extremely grateful to have had the chance to see this Prospect Theatre Company presentation, as it is a compelling production full of fire and music. The action is set inside a brothel, which is peopled by a group of transvestites. Their leader, a huge imposing creature with flowing negligee, painted eyes and heavily made-up lips, reigns over the proceedings like a mother hen. The inmates, a grotesque-looking bunch of men/women, perform little dance steps from time to time, to music played by a small group of musicians who sit at the back of the stage. The setting is reminiscent of those decadent clubs in Germany during the twenties.



Harold Innocent (left) and Jan Water in *Pericles*

Into this den of iniquity strolls the hero *Pericles*, and we follow the adventures and mishaps of his life, returning occasionally to the brothel which links the entire play. As in so many Shakespearean plays, the law of coincidence plays an important part in the plot, so that one is not too surprised to find a husband, wife and their daughter, all suddenly reunited before the end. In two especially moving scenes, Marilyn Taylerson playing both mother and daughter, and Derek Jacobi as *Pericles*, reach a height of emotional intensity with their expert playing.

Carl Davis' songs are an integral part of this production, and Ronnie Stevens, splendid as the amiable chorus, scores each time he comes on to sing a song and relate further plot developments. In this large company, I especially enjoyed Harold Innocent's amoral Bawd, all thighs and pouting lips, Barry Warren's provocative bumps and grinds, Timothy Davies' kindly physician/faith healer, and of course Mr Jacobi's noble *Pericles*. Definitely a production not to be missed by any discerning theatregoer.

Barry Conley

Live at Pompeii

PINK FLOYD LIVE AT POMPEII — Directed by Adrian Maben (EMI)

The first full-length feature on one of the greatest sixties-born groups, Pink Floyd, currently released on large screen, has been acclaimed by the music papers for its technical perfection, and indeed comes up as the refreshing surprise of this summer.

The production's basic idea was to have the group playing live in the impressive ruins of the antique theatre of Pompeii. This grandiose setting works wonders for the Floyd's ethereal and dramatic sound. But however magnificent the fumes from the still active volcano Etna, looming over Pompeii, or the remains of reliefs and statues, the music itself is too full of emotional content, too stimulating for the imagination and tends to take over the pictures themselves. My favourites were the clever close-ups on David Gilmour, Roger Waters, Richard Wright and Nick Mason, as I found they were more immediate to the music than the surroundings. I watched attentively though, expecting the amphitheatre to fill itself with strange and wonderful creatures being carried along by the evocative sounds.

But a definitive feeling of empty beauty was surfacing on the screen (a deliberate mood created by the producers?) and this I found was the only failure of *Pink Floyd Live at Pompeii*, which otherwise offered 85 minutes of relaxation and delight.

Jean-Claude Thevenin

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Future for Line-Up?

LONDON: Michael Andersen and Alex McKenna, publishers of *Line-Up* and *Jeffrey*, have written to subscribers to inform them that *Line-Up* is to cease publication "until further notice."

They say in their letter that the magazine, which has recently been on sale at WH Smith's, is under-capitalised. Before it can appear again they need to raise more money and reorganise the operation.

Subscribers have been told that they can set off the balance of their subscriptions against a subscription to *Jeffrey* or to *Just Us*, a new magazine which Michael and Alex are planning, or they can wait until *Line-Up* is published again.

The news coincides with the publication of the first British edition of *After Dark*, America's glossy entertainment mag which has a large gay camp-following in the States.

Scouts' honour

WORCESTERSHIRE: The County Scout Commissioner, Group Captain Arthur de Salis, has declined to make any comment on the suggestion that boy scouts and girl guides should be given information about homosexuality.

The suggestion came out of Campaign for Homosexual Equality's Malvern conference, and as a result, the national bodies of these two organisations will be contacted in the hope they can be made more aware of young gay relationships.

This 'no-comment' attitude is no surprise of course—these movements are renowned for their up-tight thoughts on all forms of sexuality.

CHE picks winners

NOTTINGHAM: The national lottery draw of Campaign for Homosexual Equality takes place at La Chic Club, Nottingham, on June 29. The Nottingham and Derby group will be hosting an inter-group social. Tickets for the evening, which will include a disco, bar and cabaret, can be obtained from Clive Pritchard, 10 Tithe Road, Wood End, Kempston, Bedford, while those who intend travelling long distances to attend can obtain information on accommodation etc from Nottingham and Derby CHE, Box 87, Derby DE1 1EN.

Parish pump protest

ARGYLLSHIRE: *Life and Work*, the Church of Scotland's monthly bulletin, may be losing a couple of subscribers in Dunoon. A startling piece of information...

Apparently, members of the St John's Church congregation in Dunoon have not approved of the correspondence on homosexuality which has appeared in the magazine.

Life and Work has a very healthy attitude to this criticism. The Editor comments that if the magazine printed only what pleased every reader, then it would die and deserve to die.

"St John's, Dunoon, should note: The correspondence on homosexuality arose from a call to the Church for stronger action against homosexual propaganda and most of the letters took that line. Are we to pretend this thing does not exist or that Christians should be silent about it?" The Editor concludes: "There is a place in the magazine for views which disagree with the editorial line and with many readers' opinions."

Education project lacks funds

BRISTOL: Due to lack of funds, it is possible that Bristol group of Campaign for Homosexual Equality will not complete their education project, which they have been working on over the past few weeks.

But hopefully every school in Bristol will be sent a study kit on homosexuality for teachers, which will include a book about gayness, a booklist, discussion papers and a letter from the organisers inviting headmasters to talk to them.

Let's hope that a dearth of "the ready" doesn't halt their important work.

Camp follower

LONDON: It is interesting to note that the entire page "Introducing Molly Parkin's people" in a recent weekend issue of the *Evening Standard* was devoted to "how camp won its kiss of approval."

Ms Parkin tells us that she is a camp follower and will do anything to further the cause. She became this way, almost overnight, 15 years ago, "seduced into shocked adulation at an amateur revue put on by two, then unknown, drag artists called Rogers and Starr."

Before that night it had honestly not occurred to Ms Parkin that homosexuals were not all necessarily neurotic, guilt-ridden, insecure and unhappy. "Or for that matter that they actually enjoyed being homosexual instead of, as I'd been led to believe, all saving up for psychiatric sessions to pull them back to the straight and hetero."

She goes on to review "Off the Peg," the new show of Rogers and Starr, which is running at the Arts Theatre in Great Newport Street.

Junta slams gays

PORTUGAL: General Carlos Galva de Melo, speaking on Portuguese television recently, criticised the "grotesque" behaviour of a minority who were abusing Portugal's new-found freedom.

He was speaking on behalf of the seven-man junta who took power in the April coup and read out a letter from an unnamed citizen, whose basic views were shared by "all genuine Portuguese," including himself.

The letter expressed "enormous fears about the climate of anarchy at all levels." Examples of this, it said, included abuse of a free press through prostitutes and homosexuals publishing statements in family newspapers.

The letter did not elaborate on this and other examples, but said that it was giving the new Portugal abroad an image of "carnival democracy."

Gay mortgages

HAVERING: We learn that Havering Council has decided to give mortgages to unmarried couples who live together and to couples of the same sex who share a home. Good for them—let's hope all councils soon follow suit.

Nota bene

LONDON: As a sequel to the report run in the *Hendon and Finchley Times*—reporting the film showing by Integroup of 'The Invisible Minority' at Golders Green Unitarian Church—Keith Gilley, chairperson of Integroup, wrote a letter to the editor of the said journal pointing out one or two misconceptions in the report.

What is of particular interest, however, is the footnote of Dennis Signy (editor).

He states: "There have been misunderstandings in recent months between the gay community and this newspaper—due to a misapprehension that we are anti-homosexual. We believe we are as liberal as Unitarians—the controversy arose over our attitude towards certain behaviour in a public toilet."

May we humbly point out to Mr Signy that the "behaviour" he refers to was of a very uncertain nature...

Hard labour for being gay

MOSCOW: A soviet film director has been sentenced to six years in a labour camp for homosexuality and incitement to suicide.

The director, Sergei Paradzhanov (aged 50), who is little known in Britain, was arrested in Kiev in December and was tried recently in Moscow. A charge against him of speculation in foreign currency was dropped.

Gay questionnaire

CANADA: The National Gay Election Coalition was formed from Canada's nineteen gay organisations in 1972 to encourage a dialogue between gay voters and candidates running for election.

The coalition, which represents the country's two million homosexual citizens, also publicises—to both gay and straight voters—the stands and opinions of the election candidates on gay civil rights issues.

In preparation for Canada's parliamentary elections next month, NGEC have been distributing to all candidates their publication "Homosexuals: A Minority Without Rights" along with a questionnaire. The latter is designed to determine the candidate's position on the coalition's proposals.

NGEC encompasses gay organisations all over Canada. The coordinating organisation—the Gay Alliance Towards Equality in Toronto—is issuing newsletters up until the time of the elections, which will publicise the results of their questionnaire, statements from candidates, and any other developments of concern to Canada's gay constituency.

Scottish youth plan

EDINBURGH: Sixteen-year-old Ogilvie Robertson is hoping to form a Scottish Minorities Group youth group in Edinburgh.

He states in the latest SMG newsletter that it is terrible that in Scotland, especially in Edinburgh, there are no amenities for gay students under 21 and gay school pupils. "Certainly one cannot forget that in Scotland, the socialisation of gay people into society is still impeded by punitive laws.

"But why can't some provision be made for gays under 21? We do have a problem and we cannot get together to discuss it and find some solution, after all I'm sixteen myself and I know what it is like."

Anyone interested is requested to contact Ogilvie, c/o Ian Dunn, 8b, Mayfield Gardens, Edinburgh EH9 2BU.

New rendezvous

IPSWICH: The Ipswich Centre Group have a new meeting place in the centre of the town. They held their first meeting in the Cock and Pye pub recently, a guest speaker having been invited for the evening.

Meetings are held in a large upstairs room, which was offered the group by the new managers Vince and Dee Ryan, who hope that members will use the pub as a regular rendezvous.

The Cock and Pye is in Upper Brook Street, next to the Heidelberg Inn restaurant.

Kiwi censorship

NEW ZEALAND: A 14-year-old newsboy ran his own anti-gay campaign recently and caused a storm. He refused to deliver the local weekly paper in Palmerston North, Wellington, because he didn't approve of the front-page story on lesbianism.

The action of Stuart Roxburgh—he popped hand-written notes registering his disapproval into letter boxes instead of the paper—has set off a moral argument throughout New Zealand.

Stuart, son of a Presbyterian minister, said in his note that he couldn't, in good conscience, deliver the paper. "If you want a copy, I suggest you ring the office," he wrote.

He told local newsmen: "I am a Christian, and homosexuality is against my beliefs. That's why I couldn't deliver the paper." Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings...

Sex & Dorset pupils

BRIDPORT: As the first concrete action to be taken since the Young Liberals' decision at their conference to endeavour to widen the scope of sex education in schools, Bridport and District Young Liberals are campaigning for information about homosexuality to be included in sex lessons in West Dorset schools.

Richard Saunders-White, a pupil at Bridport's Colfox School and press officer of the local Young Liberals, outlined the plan at a meeting in Bridport. He told fellow Young Liberals: "Our main aim is to increase the level of homosexual education in schools. To this end we shall be organising teach-ins for parents, teachers and school students.

"We must break down the prejudices that exist towards homosexuals, and it is only through education that this can be done."

He concluded: "There are very few schools in the whole of the country giving information on this subject, but they are running the lessons in Leicester and there has been good cooperation in other areas."

Peter Katin recital

LONDON: Peter Katin, who recently played at the Campaign for Homosexual Equality conference at Malvern, is giving a further recital of works of Chopin at the Royal Festival Hall on Sunday June 23 at 3.15pm. Hurry there for tickets, which are on sale from the box office.

Breakthrough in Cornwall

CORNWALL: The Cornwall group of Campaign for Homosexual Equality has had something of a breakthrough. The weekly newspaper *Peninsula West* has accepted advertisements from the group and enquiries are already being received in reply.

The group has had enormous difficulty in trying to get adverts accepted by Cornish journals, and this is the first newspaper to have acceded to such a request.

The Editor states in a letter to the group: "It has never been our policy to discriminate against minority groups by exclusion from *Peninsula West*, and we would not do so in your case."—Good for him!

Also the group has made ground in other areas. The Deputy Director of Social Services for Cornwall County Council has replied to a letter from Cornwall CHE to say that he would like to receive copies of the group's leaflets to pass to the area social services offices. The county's Chief Probation Officer has also expressed interest in the group's work and has suggested that the Council of Churches and the Cornwall branch of the Magistrates Association be contacted.

Meanwhile, group activities are still on the increase. Next weekend—June 21-23—a get-together for Devonian and Cornish members is being held at St Blazey.

Shakespeare in drag

LEITH: A group of actors from the Young Lyceum Company of Edinburgh, under Peter Farago's direction, are performing Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, in full drag, from June 17-22 on the Leith Links, as part of the Leith Festival. The music is by Bread, Love and Dreams, and all performances, which begin at 7.30pm, are free. Sounds like fun!

Gay mags wanted

MANCHESTER: The Campaign for Homosexual Equality Research Officer is gathering together gay magazines, newspapers, periodicals, leaflets, bulletins, newsletters and literature of any kind to form the basis of a research library. He would be glad to receive donations of any kind of material dealing with gay life and organisations. Even things like pamphlets or leaflets are of interest, particularly very old ones (if they have dates on) as the amount of material on the history of the gay movement is very small. As part of the foundation of the Gay Library, CHE would be very grateful for donations of books which will be used in the postal lending section when it opens. All contributions should be sent to: The Research Officer, CHE, 28 Kennedy Street, Manchester M2 4BG. Thanks.

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