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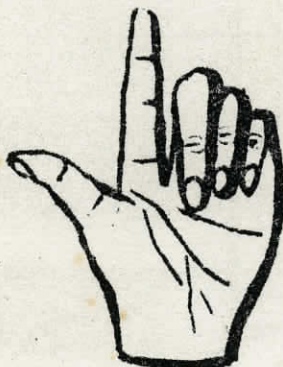
5p to CHE members

Lunch

CHE's
LONDON
COMMITTEE
MAGAZINE

CONCERNING
AT LEAST FOUR
HUNDRED
PEOPLE IN THE
LONDON AREA

CHE
FOR HOMOSEXUAL
EQUALITY
CAMPAIGN



This box belongs
to

inside-

THE NEED FOR ROOTS
CHE's STEADY GROWTH
WHY SO FEW WOMEN ?

SHORT STORY

AREA NEWS AND

DIARY



No. 1 SEPTEMBER 1971

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CHE in London: A story of steady growth

WE HAVE RECENTLY ENROLLED OUR 350TH LONDON MEMBER AND STARTED OUR 10TH LONDON GROUP. AT PRESENT OUR NUMBERS ARE GROWING AT THE RATE OF ABOUT 12 A WEEK WHICH MEANS THAT A NEW GROUP IS STARTED AT LEAST ONCE A MONTH. WITH A NEW FLURRY OF ADVERTISING - THE EVENING STANDARD IS THE LATEST ADDITION - AND AN EVER-INCREASING INFLOW FROM OTHER ORGANISATIONS AND FRIENDS, WE SHOULD HAVE AT LEAST 600 MEMBERS BY THE END OF THE YEAR AND VERY POSSIBLY FAR MORE.

To give the London Groups and the working parties set up so far some shape and direction, we established in May a Central London Committee, with its own constitution, and composed of the Chairman of each group and each working party who appoint their Executive Officers. This probably sounds cold and remote, although I can assure you that it's meetings are not.

continued on page 12

STRONG REACTION TO PERMISSIVE SOCIETY SETTING IN

by Roger Baker

There is little doubt that a strong, even heavyweight, reaction to what we have come - laughingly, inaccurately, vaguely - to call the permissive society is getting itself organised. The hysterical reaction of some elderly councillors in Birmingham to a sex education film intended for kids must have its reverberations in educational circles. The Bishop of Coventry speaks and in colourful imagery mentions "a tidal wave of obscenity" forgetting that the tidal wave which can drown a timorous child can also exhilarate and support the skillful surfer. And there was that curious and highly evasive flanking attack on the Arts Council when it was suggested it might be spending public money on plays which the public found obscene. That debate held the downpage columns for a bit without anyone giving a single example of what the attackers meant. Argument without example is a characteristic of such debates with the possible exception of the utterances of Mr. David Holbrook who is no fool when it comes to marshalling his ammunition.

More recently we have Lord Longford who has recruited that well-known expert on pornography Cliff Richard and many others to help him look into the armpits of society and have a good sniff. We know that in a year they will emerge, picking the hairs off their suits and screaming for deodorants. So would most of us. And there is no reason to sneer at Lord Longford for setting us his Commission, either through the nature of it or through the members he has gathered around him. After

all many campaigns that untimately affected our laws were the result of private enterprise by sympathetic persons.

Most of us, would I think, agree that a clean-up of a certain kind is required, mostly under the general heading of advertising - by which I mean the uncontrolled indication of availability which prevails just now. Totally opposed to censorship in any form, I am opposed to tasteless and sometimes inevitably embarrassing displays outside cinemas, bookshops and strip clubs. If I feel like pushing 525 new pennies over a counter for a set of sexy stills of well-hung studs in amazing untought-of-before positions, well that's my business; however, I should hate to see the aforesaid stud's well hung outside my friendly local porn shop in the crowded village street.

I can think of a number of reasons why such a clean-up would be a good thing, not only achieving a secluded (but not furtive) product but a higher standard of product. However, this puritan tendency holds, I feel, a great implicit danger for the homosexual and his communal aims which, over the last year he has been encouraged to express. It is a paradoxical situation, for while it is undeniable that the homosexual cause has been greatly assisted by the relaxed social conditions, it has become associated with those conditions which now so many people wish to alter.

Among a great many things, the permissive society has allowed a free and open discussion of sexual activity. There are, monthly, passages and pictures in Forum and Curious that make Last Exit to Brooklyn read like Persuasion. This is a good thing, obviously - no need for me to list the ways in which such frankness has eased, helped and relieved the problems of so many individuals. Breaking down of sexual taboos has allowed organisations such as CHE and GLF to thrive more openly than they could have done even five years ago.

The homosexual has taken a surfer's advantage of the wave and has started speeding towards the light.

Now take a look at the other side of the paradox. In debates in the Commons and the Lords over the last year, in articles by thinkers like Ronald Butt and Davis Holbrook one may find the following examples of aspects of this permissive society: drug taking, beating sub-post office staff about the head, defrauding British Rail, nudity in the theatre, strip clubs, pop songs, cinema advertisements, football hooliganism, a game in the magazine Honey, sex-education magazines, contraception, abortion, easing of the divorce laws and always homosexuality. The judge in the Oral Love case actually referred to "the increase of homosexuality". In one of the Daily Mirror's routine instant pieces the other month the development of the permissive society was charted and I think Leo Abse's Sexual Offences Act came just after mini-skirts. And, writing in The Times, Holbrook said: "... articles about such topics as lesbianism which, in the light of psychoanalysis, are not only dangerously wrong ("they are not sick - only misunderstood minorities...") but actually a form of propaganda for perversion itself". This particularly well-judged and humane remark ended a list of affronts which included the illustrations to the Beatles Illustrated Lyrics and the pop-song Wet Dream.

Minds that can happily equate homosexuality with mini-skirts and pop-songs need blasting.

But minds do. And if the informed mind does, what about the intuitive, popular mind? The danger as I see it is that when the tidal wave recedes, as it surely will, that the homosexual might recede with it, be buried once more along with the tit magazines and suggestive pop-songs. While homosexuality is seen and mentioned as something which should not be allowed, there is danger; danger that organisations such as CHE and GLF which are members' organisations implying a high degree of self-help will be reduced once more to the level of

charities, tolerated on the grounds that they "help the sick and mal-adjusted", hemmed in by special pleaded.

Despite GLF's satire, getting the Sexual Offences Act through parliament was a tremendous achievement and since then the homosexual has seized his opportunities as they occurred with responsibility. We must demonstrate that we can hang on to them with equal dignity. It's up to us; only we can persuade the bishops, the educationalists, the psychiatrists, the doctors and the politicians that the homosexual is not just another trivial and possibly offensive bit of tat to be legislated out of existence.

Diary

21 SEP GROUP 6 Talk by Michael Schofield "The Strange Case of Pat".
21 SEP CHILTERNS GROUP Talk by Ian Harvey, Parliamentary Under Secretary- Foreign Office 1958, on his book "To Fall Like Lucifer".
1 OCT GROUP 1 Talk by Ian Harvey, author of "To Fall Like Lucifer".
5 OCT GROUP 7 Talk by Peter Katin the concert pianist, who has recently joined this group.

GROUP 2 meets on the 3rd Friday of each month, and GROUP 4 on the second Wednesday. No details of their speakers at the time of printing.
For full details of all meetings, please contact your Group Secretary.

OUR NEED FOR ROOTS; The question of club premises

by Brian Sewell

The question of club premises constantly recurs at any meeting of Group 3, and I sense a mounting impatience among members with our failure to put down roots.

Money is obviously going to be the stumbling block, but without some preliminary work and the presentation of some definite proposal, money will be difficult to raise.

We need a working party made up, not of enthusiastic amateurs, but of members with useful professional experience - estate agents, solicitors and accountants, and anyone who can deal on their own level with the police, licensing authorities, local government, planning authorities and so on, and who can also give us advice on fund-raising, the benefits of registering CHE as a charity, and the financial administration of the club.

As for the premises themselves, these should provide at least an office for CHE administration, a small room for the meetings of committees, working parties and groups, and a large room for mass meetings, parties, balls and whatever other bun-fights may be devised.

Coffee, soft drinks and alcohol should be on sale at reasonable profit-making prices. The club should be restricted to CHE use until 11.0 p.m., and then be opened to others as a conventional meeting place with music and dancing - which means that non-members would be subsidising CHE. If it develops along these lines, we should find ourselves with an organisation not dissimilar to COC in Amsterdam, and it should be possible to develop some kind of international co-operation with that and other homophile groups: other benefits will eventually be that groups like Task Force can function from a permanently manned office (even if the manning is done by an answering machine), there will be an office for a full-time administrator if ever need one, and the charges that all groups now pay for hired rooms could be channelled to the club.

When the crunch comes, funds will have to come out of members' pockets: donations, covenants, bonds, the sale of shares on some kind of ordinary share basis, all are ideas that should be considered, as well as tactful appeals to people who are not members but might be thought sympathetic - perhaps we should employ a PR man in this area; and we should not reject out of hand the conventional fund-raising activities of Women's Institutes - not that you must all now rush off and make raspberry jam. But we may need help at that sort of level with the decoration of whatever we get, and here we shall have to form another working party of plumbers, electricians, decorators and builders to control the enthusiasms of those of us who can only wield a brush.

Roots; cont. from previous page

Wherever it is, it is going to be expensive. Ideally it must be central, but Camden Town or Battersea may be the best that we can afford, and access by public transport is essential. One idea that has come up is the use of some unloved Wesleyan (or any other denomination) chapel scheduled as an ancient monument and not to be knocked down - one in Putney is now used as a youth theatre and club. Has anyone the ear of Lord Soper or the Church Commissioners?

This really boils down to a cry for help. My own group has ideas but no expertise - may I appeal to anyone with useable professional qualifications to come forward and form a working party? And will you all keep your eyes open for possible premises? I am, as chairman of a group, barred by the constitution from chairing a working party, but at this early stage I can at least be a dogsbody for it - please get in touch with me if you have ideas or can help.

to the editor...

Dear Sir,

As a recovered alcoholic, I naturally have spent a great deal too much time in pubs and drinking clubs and it was usually my experience to find gar bars a good deal less friendly and relaxed than were those which catered for a "normal" clientele. Whereas in the "normal" pub, it was fairly easy to engage one's neighbour in conversation, in a gay bar, I always ran the risk of a cold-shouldering snub or a hurting put-down. It was, therefore, my practice in these places to drink myself into such a condition that I could approach anyone and still feel inured to any resulting rebuff which might come my way.

I do not, of course, blame my alcoholism on the frigid, cliquish atmosphere of so many gay bars; I feel simply that my disease may have made me more acutely and self-destructively sensitive to something which has been the experience of many homosexuals who don't happen to look like the Apollo Belvedere.

My experience in Alcoholics Anonymous has revealed to me the value of a sense of solidarity with people of similar orientation in assisting me to face life and its problems with dignity and fortitude and it is to be hoped that CHE will help provide the sense of community of experience, and a sense of personal worth, which I think many homosexuals need.

An important step towards such an end would be the establishment of CHE premises in London and elsewhere. Despite what I have written, I would not have these be unlicensed premises, but I should like to see them large enough to contain, besides a bar, a dance-floor, ping-pong table, bar billiards - or whatever.

Speaking personally, I should find it a relief to be in a place where I did not feel obliged to have to buy a drink to justify my presence, but I also feel that as many means as possible of opening doors between gay people should be provided there, whether they wish at any given moment to have a sexual partner or simply a sympathetic listener.

I know that the matter of CHE premises is being looked into and I await the findings with interest.

Henry R.

CORRESPONDENCE SHOULD BE
ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR AT
c/o CHE 28 Kennedy Street
Manchester 2.

WHAT IS AT FAULT? IS IT THE INTRODUCTORY PAMPHLET YOU RECEIVE FOLLOWING A REQUEST FOR INFORMATION ABOUT CHE? ALTHOUGH THAT LETTER HAS BEEN REVISED, THE WORDING IS STILL FAR TOO MALE-ORIENTATED FOR MOST WOMEN, I SHOULD SAY. BUT THE LACK OF WOMEN IS NOT PECULIAR TO CHE -

THE G.L.F. HAVE SIMILAR PROBLEMS IN RECRUITING THEM, I UNDERSTAND, AND PERHAPS IT'S PARTLY DUE TO ENGLISHWOMEN THEMSELVES BEING SO APATHETIC, UNLIKE THEIR MILITANT AMERICAN COUNTERPARTS. ANOTHER FACTOR IS THE INDUCTION INTO A GROUP.

'cheesecake' writes

Why So Few Women!

I should like to know how a shy gay male would react to being faced with a room full of females? I can tell you that your first impulse at being the only woman there is to run! Gradually you grow used to being about as unobtrusive as Marlene Dietrich entertaining the troops; to men opening doors; buying you

drinks; pussyfooting on the anecdote consulting you like an oracle on all feminine aspects of life and otherwise treating you like a queen! Everyone is fantastically friendly, but such attentions can be daunting to those unaccustomed to them and women are not always prepared to be so outspoken as men.

Of course the red carpet treatment is delightful, and understandable while there are so few of us. But we would like to be taken more for granted. So my advice is, if you want more women in your group, tread softly at first, don't overwhelm them with questions until you know them. Be friendly without being over-effusive! And don't get me wrong, BUT, talks on 'cottages' or men's V.D. (illustrated in glorious colour!) are as riveting topics to us as menstruation would be to you. We should be able to have a healthy exchange of views, sharing enough

common ground as we do, to all contribute something to CHE.

I recently attended two different group meetings, both lively and enjoyable. In one, a journalist spoke on how the Press treats minorities generally (with homosexuality scarcely mentioned). The other discussed a controversial statement of Dr. Charlotte Woolf's to the effect that, given the choice, all lesbians/homosexuals would unequivocally choose to be heterosexual.

WHY SO FEW WOMEN? cont.

I joined CHE because I was sick of inhabiting same-sex ghettos, and it's axiomatic that prejudice exists as much between the sexes in the homosexual, as in the heterosexual, world.

I'm not a man-hating dyke, and I believe we must bridge the gap, getting away from the stereotyped 'promiscuous queer' image, and integrate ourselves with society. But we can only inform others by overcoming the ignorance among ourselves.

That's one of the positive strengths of CHE - that it's made up of ordinary people, not just the young, beautiful, kinky or aggressively lunatic. Too many homophile organisations generate a claustrophobic atmosphere of isolation from the world, which CHE avoids doing, by encouraging anybody with an open mind and intelligent interest (whether homo or hetero) to attend. Viva CHE!

Is CHE gay enough?

Recently I entered into a heated discussion (largely academic since nobody knows everybody) whether CHE London represents a fair cross section of people, or whether it is dominated by 'left wing intellectuals' (like the ones writing these articles!) If so, is it because advertising is solely concentrated in magazines like the New Statesman, New Society, and Observer? Or will only these publications accept our ads? How do you see the average CHE member? (Clean replies only!)

But seriously though folks, comments are invited, hostile or otherwise. We aim to stimulate your interest, and stir you from your apathy. Men and Women, if you can't stand one another, state how and why. Get involved! The success of the launching of LUNCH depends on you too.

Rhubarb

There's an embargo on recipes and knitting patterns in these columns, so instead, since some CHEs are grey here are some youth secrets according to Barbara Cartland! Take a deep breath....

All Bulgarians know that 'pumpkin seeds keep a man sexually potent until he reaches a great age' (Ach so! And don't allow your man white bread, white sugar, milk, coffee, cigarettes, beer or whisky either - N.B. CHE groups 1 - 6 beware innocuous seeming coffee evenings and meetings!) Did you know that - 'little boys' brains can be affected by ice-lollies; the act of love uses every muscle in your body: there is no exercise to beat it; honey is an aphrodisiac - Arab tester tried it successfully before making love to 80 virgins in one night; the setting sin of the British is constipation; black coffee makes your hair go grey; the lights of oncoming cars destroy vitamin A in your eyes; lack of vitamin B1 might even lead to the divorce courts; a plastic apron is enough to make any man impotent.'

Random thought

Have you ever wondered how many rabbits are homosexual, or why all cows are the same height?

invitation

Group 7 invites all CHE members and their guests to a Dinner & Entertainment at the Greyhound, Croydon (opposite the Fairfield Halls) 7.30 for 8 p.m. in the Regency Room, Friday, December 17th, tickets £2.50 each. Apply early, limited number, contact John Eden, 22 Tavistock Court, Tavistock Road, Croydon enclosing s.a.e. Bookings taken from the third week of September.

Wallace Grevatt, Chairman Group 7
tel. no. 74/43555.

HUSBAND

& LOVER

A SHORT STORY

BY LAURENCE COLLINSON

Philip had spoken to him of his 'contemporary' flat, so Rex was not entirely surprised when confronted by the building that contained it. He was not, however, prepared for quite so lavish a facade. If the interior of this white-bricked, glass-walled, functionally shaped machine for twenty-four bachelor lives, including the porter's, was comparable to its exterior, then Philip's rent, he thought, couldn't be less than, say, two-thirds of his salary. In that case, what did Philip live on? He dressed well: his clothes were always as distinctive as Rex's, though the distinction lay rather in their soft, stylish, expensive restraint than in their eccentricity; way-out gear was Rex's thing. The new teacher ate well, too, to judge by the chicken-wings, pressed tongues, luscious pastries, and carefully cartoned fruit salads - most of which he claimed to have prepared himself - on which he elaborately dined each day in the staffroom, to the envious disapproval of those who (or whose wives or mothers) had thrown a few slices of cheese or tomato or left-over meat between slabs of yesterday's bread. He was also shopping around for a new car which, from remarks he had dropped, would be one of the more exorbitant Continental models. Philip, hitherto an unexceptional colleague and incidentally, coincidentally, unexpectedly, a long ago friend of Rex's wife Betty, grew strangely in Rex's esteem. He glittered now with that indefinable lustre that one's knowledge of other people's wealth imparts to them. Rex was incorrect in attributing to his

host for the evening so expansive a condition of wealth; he was unaware that Philip had been fortunate enough to possess an unmarried aunt, now deceased, who had been fond of him, and whose investments added ten pounds a week to his professional income.

"So sweet of Betty to let you loose tonight", Philip murmured, opening the door.

"Nobody lets me loose," Rex said vehemently. "I do what I want". "Of course, if I'd known that Betty was your wife.... But I didn't, did I, till we were on our way here." He took Rex's coat and hung it neatly in a hall cupboard. Not looking at Rex, he added, "Perhaps you'd like to 'phone her up and invite her over - with the children I could pick her up".

"No thank you! I get quite enough of those two brats dragging after me at home. My family doesn't go anywhere with me."

"Well, another time, then. I must say I don't fancy driving back and forth across London at this hour. But I must see Betty again - it's been ages...."

The flat itself succeeded in adding to Philip's prestige. Apart from the kitchenette, shower, loo, and bidet, it consisted of the two most commodious rooms Rex had ever seen in a private dwelling. One wall of each was entirely window, upon which Philip drew curtains of hand-printed fabric as the darkness grew. Thick pastel carpets covered the floors entirely. A packed four-shelfed bookcase stretched the length of one wall of the living

Short Story cont from previous page

room. A grandiose stereo system and a colour television set matched the rest of the modish furniture in wood and design.

The few minutes before they ate, Rex spent glancing at the original paintings that almost littered the room. A few hung from walls, but most stood against chairs, shelves, cupboards, while a few even lay flat on the floor like the dead after a battle.

"My collection arrived from Hull yesterday," Philip explained, placing on the table the casseroled duck he had meticulously prepared. "I asked my parents to send it down now that I'm settled. What do you think of them?"

"They're colourful, aren't they? I'm afraid I don't know much about modern art."

Do people still make that remark? thought Philip. Perhaps he really is just an ignorant buffoon, as I first suspected. A handsome one, though. Have I made a mistake, inviting him here?

Rex swept the surface of an oil with his fingers. "Must have put you back a few pounds," he commented.

"Well, no. Actually, they cost very little, though they're worth quite a bit now. Most of the artists are - or were - friends of mine. I was either given them, or got them for almost nothing."

Rex thought: I'm not surprised at anyone wanting to give them away.

A good Sauterne, chilled, with the duck. After dinner: coffee, liquor, music. Debussy - softly, discreetly; Mahler - assertive; Rachmaninoff - yearningly. Rex's choice and Philip's oldest records. I should have discarded them aeons ago, Philip admonished himself. Trust this peasant to pick out the goo.

All the same, the lush orchestrations disgorged thick fogs of nostalgia. Foolish lad that I was. Memories of dead affairs, of misused opp-

ortunities, of spoiled time dampened his eyes. I have been here before. If music be the food of love.... But music is the regurgitation of love - put that in your pipe, Philip love, and smoke it. Rex was altogether too attractive; what a pity he was Betty's husband and that, by his account, at least, she was still in love with him. ('Bloody possessive bitch', had been Rex's words.) It was easy for Philip to understand why; physically, at any rate. But Rex was too obviously straight for it to matter anyway.

A couple of Beaujolais bottles later. Rex, shoeless, stretched out on the sofa, cushions at his back. Philip, a yard away, almost hovering in his easy chair, facing Rex. Rex quiet, relaxed. Philip nervous, smiling.

Philip: "Are you comfortable, dear friend? Have another drink, sonny boy. Rex, really, you're not serious, you can't possibly enjoy Coronation Street; you're simply teasing me..."

A lag in the conversation. Some sipping of brandies. Philip staring earnestly at Rex; Rex staring earnestly at his glass. Rex propping himself up with his elbow, a taunting grin on his face.

"You're queer, aren't you?"

A flurry in Philip's mind; the rabbit scampering for cover.

"Well, Rex, I..."

"Don't be coy - you're too intelligent. I get around; I've mixed in gay company."

"Did Betty tell you?"

"Does she know?"

"Yes."

"I haven't mentioned you to her yet. Not that we ever discuss anything much. No, you told me yourself."

"I did?"

"Just something vague in your voice, in your walk."

"I never knew I was obvious before," complained Philip, disconcerted.

"Don't worry, you're not. It's just that I'm more discerning," Rex

cont. on page 12

NEWSDESK!

London Committee News & Group News

London CHE's great strides in total membership in recent months has put enormous strain on local officers, not least on Tony Ryde who is taking a well deserved three months holiday from his position as chief Convener and Chairman of the local group leaders committee. In the meantime, his workload will be managed by a 'triumvirate' who will cope with day to day affairs of the conveners job and at the same time review the work and present organisation and implement whatever ideas for improvement put forward to them are found suitable.

The initial members of the Triumvirate are: Brian Sewell, Peter Robins and Michael Moor.

Tony Ryde is to remain as Chairman and will take up executive responsibilities again at the beginning of November.

Two of the London Area Group's members have been elected to the National Executive Council of the Campaign, these being Roger Baker and Michael Launder, both well known to most members of CHE.

For most groups September and the beginning of October will be the time of elections as most of us will have belonged to CHE for a year now. So from us to those who have helped to get things going in the groups, Thank You.

Group One, who meet in Marylebone on the first Friday of the month, are trying to arrange to get someone from the Police and other persons who are known to have views which differ from our own. At the moment no firm details have been arranged, but I will pass them on when they become available.

Group Four congregates for drinks on Wednesday evenings. New faces are welcome. This group, I am told, is a bit argumentative, and meetings (2nd Wednesday of the month) get a little contentious as is to be expected from lively alert minds.

CHE DIARY see page 4

CHEAB: a new enterprise

AN ACCOMMODATION BUREAU IS BEING SET UP FOR THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF LONDON CHE MEMBERS. ENTHUSIASTIC AND ENERGETIC HELPERS WILL BE NEEDED TO CHECK ON THE EXISTENCE AND SUITABILITY ETC. OF ACCOMMODATION. WE WOULD LIKE TO HEAR OF ANY FLATS OR HOUSES AVAILABLE

IN THE LONDON AREA AND SUITABLE FOR OUR MEMBERS. IF YOU CAN HELP US IN ANY WAY POSSIBLE PLEASE TELEPHONE CHEAB 289-3695 ON WEEKDAYS FROM 6 - 7 pm.

Communications with individual members will now be much easier with the advent of LUNCH and we intend to display ourselves at another mass meeting at the end of the summer.

We have thus come a long way since our activities in London began about a year ago, but progress will depend more and more upon the support and determination of individual members. Already, finding people to take on the responsibility for a new group or working party is often sadly difficult and the administrative burden of absorbing new members, even at the current rate, is daunting.

Many of us are convinced that we must in the near future establish our own permanent club premises - not just a drinking/dancing spot but an open-all-day rendezvous for CHE members and a place where others can find out about us. I will not pretend that this is an easy task, but I do believe it is essential to hold us together and enable us to grow rapidly and I do think it will be possible, within the next year, given enthusiasm and commitment.

All this adds up to an Appeal: if you believe that CHE has a future and, as I do, that it has hardly begun to realise its potential, then you must give it your positive support in whatever way you are able. This is intended to be YOUR Organisation. It is up to you to make it so.

Tony Ryde Chairman London
Committee

Short Story cont. from page 10

blithely informed Philip, whose tremors began to subside. He was hopefully suspicious.

Several brandies later. Rex still on the sofa. Philip, edged at Rex's feet, daringly resting a forearm on the knees of Rex's bent legs.

"Dear Rex," blurted out Philip. It seemed a wise, witty statement, and it sprang impetuously from the deepest regions of his heart; he was delightfully overwhelmed by his own feelings.

"Ha!" Rex responded.

This clever comment startled Philip.

"What does that mean?" he demanded.

He twisted himself around so that his arms rested folded on Rex's knees. It was an uncomfortable position but, he was sure, a significant one.

"Whatever you want it to mean."

"Who would have thought that such a tiny syllable could hold such a universe of meaning!"

"I can't help being brilliant."

"Rex, my dear, what do you want to do with your life?"

"Live."

"That's profound. That's very profound."

A few more minutes of trenchant dialogue, then Rex announced:

"I must have a leak." He rose and left the room.

"Do you know where it is?" called Philip.

"You showed me."

"Do you need any help?"

"No thanks, though it's kind of you to offer."

Rex returned to find Philip sprawled on the sofa. He hesitated. Philip beckoned: "Here is plenty of room." Rex shook his head. "I don't think so."

"I won't touch you."

"Yes you will."

"And if I should? You want to live, don't you? Nothing human can be alien to you; do you know who said that? It's a revolutionary message. You must experience everything!"

"All right. But I'm not like that, you know. I'm just inquisitive."

"Of course, my dear Rex, you're just inquisitive."

cont. on next page

Short Story cont. from prev. page

Rex reclined beside Philip, who caressed his face. Rex lay still, his eyes closed, his body stiff. Philip thought of his long-lost Betty. I am wronging her, he accused himself dimly. But it didn't seem an important betrayal. I'll work it out afterwards, he decided. The present situation preoccupied him.

An hour later. They had been dozing. The incident had been unsatisfactory; Rex had been to disinterested; mere curiosity, and not very strong at that, had been the dynamic; and he had drunk too much. And Philip, having been sufficiently stimulated to reach a climax, felt that Rex had him at a disadvantage.

"Not for me," Rex asserted as he emerged from the shower. "Practice is all you need," claimed Philip, turning the water on for himself.

"No," Rex determined, "that was the first time and the last." Philip put on pyjamas, hoping that Rex would take the hint that it was time to go home, but instead Rex demanded coffee. They sat again on the sofa in the living room, drinking the hot black liquid, munching strudel.

"I don't know what you see in it," Rex confessed, shaking his head.

"Why don't you go after girls?" Philip shrugged. "I don't know what you see in girls."

"Ah!" breathed Rex, leaning across and gripping Philip's hand in a tight, hurtful gesture.

"You should try them sometime." And he proceeded to tell Philip about his latest girl friend. Betty's name was not mentioned.

PERSONAL ADVERTISING

CHE members free of charge;
Private 1p per word, 20 min.;
Commercial 2p per word, " " .

CONDITIONS OF ADVERTISING

Any advertisements of any type are accepted subject to the following terms-

- 1 The publishers may make any alteration in an advertisement to ensure its conformity with the standards of the magazine.
- 2 That no liability can be accepted for omissions or errors.
- 3 The right is reserved to cancel any advertisement in which case any money paid will be refunded.

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'DRAGON' demands data deluge!

Data Researcher & Gatherer Of Newspapers is asking for every single item you see concerning homophiles in the press however brief.

For example, did you read the scathing attack on two vicious 'criminals' holding hands in Hyde Park? DRAGON WANTS ALL..

the last word

thank you for reading us! The Lunch team hope that you will comment on the magazine- remember, letters should be addressed to the editor c/o our Manchester HQ. Contributions of features, news, criticisms etc., should be sent to David Hyde, 93 Cadogan Square, London SW3 as far in advance as possible. Group news especially wanted for Diary.