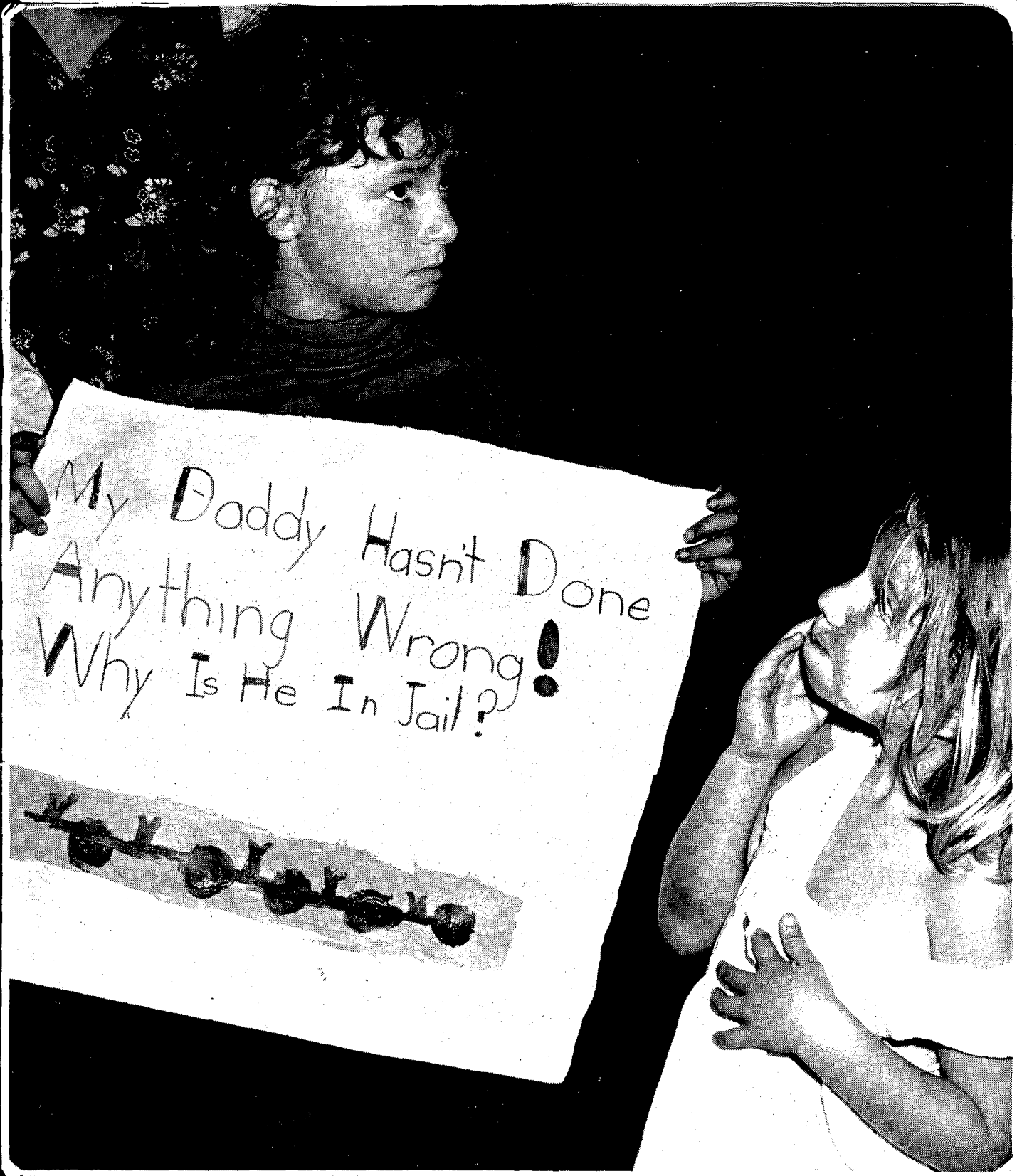


# CAMP INK

VOLUME 2, NO 5

PRICE 25c

MARCH 1972



**THORUNKA BUSTED AGAIN**

**INTERVIEW: John Cox in jail**

# These Top Restaurateurs Invite You To Join the DINING PASSPORT CLUB (1972) NOW!

WHAT A FANTASTIC GIFT  
WORTH ALMOST \$200  
YOURS FOR \$13 NOW

Guiseppe  
FIVE DOORS  
Surry Hills

Ray Small  
THE TERRACE  
Kingsgate, Kings X

Mrs Elli Ouff  
MENZIES FJORD  
ROOM  
George St, Sydney

Jose Fernandez  
CABARET ESPANA  
Sydney

Frans Norm  
FRANS LODGE  
Terrey Hills

George Ambrose  
FISHERMAN'S L'DGE  
Watsons Bay

George Marue  
THE VIKING  
Roselands

George Miller  
THE MUSIC HALL  
Neutral Bay

Bill Skoutzos  
PINOCCHIO'S  
Macquarie Street

Cesare  
COSTA SMERALDA  
Cremorne

Harley Della Marta  
DYNASTY ROOM  
Bondi Junction

Frank Strain  
BULL 'N BUSH  
William St. Sydney

Graeme Bennett  
COLONNADES  
The Strand, City

Mr Miros  
THE SPANISH ROOM  
Menzies Hotel

Paul Larsen  
SCANDIA  
Frenchs Forest

Neil Semmelweis  
COPPER CANYON  
Parramatta

Neil's  
V.I.P.  
Ashfield

Henry Rose  
THE TOWN HOUSE  
Elizabeth Bay

Neil Semmelweis  
THE POOLSIDE  
West Ryde  
Gold Coast

Tony Kinch  
BROADBEACH  
INTERNATIONAL  
HOTEL

Dominic  
ELIZ. INTERNAT.  
Newtown

20 free admission tickets to 5  
cinemas PLUS \$20 cash voucher  
for Gold Coast PLUS \$6 cash  
vouchers for 2 theatre restaurants

To use these tickets and vouchers  
you must be accompanied by at least  
one person who will pay usual  
prices

THE 1972 DINING  
PASSPORT carries 14  
restaurants PLUS 16  
theatre tickets.

CAMP INK,  
BOX 5074, G.P.O.,  
SYDNEY

Please forward to me ( ) Dining Passport (s)  
for which I enclose \$13 each, cheque, money  
order, postal notes. It is understood that my  
passport is to include ALL BONUSES and if not  
satisfied I may return unused passport (s) within  
ten days for a complete refund.

Name .....

Address .....

..... P/code .....

## SPECIAL OFFER TO CAMP INK READERS

Buy through CAMP INK and receive \$2.00  
Discount. You pay only \$13.00.

## Money Back Guarantee

If for any reason what-  
soever, any member  
may return their un-  
used Dining Passport  
within ten days and  
receive a full complete  
refund.



Everyone's Joining  
C.A.M.P.

# CAMP INK

Volume 2, Number 5 March 1972.

Articles represent the view of the writers and are not necessarily the views of the Campaign Against Moral Persecution.

Publisher: Campaign Against Moral Persecution,  
Box 5074, G.P.O., Sydney, 2001  
General Editors: Christabel Poll and John Ware  
Queensland Editor: Paul Lucas  
A.C.T. Editor: P. Stuart Foss  
Western Australian Editor: Hadrian Brookfield  
N.S.W. Editor: Lex Watson  
South Australian Editor: David Lock  
Poetry Editor: Stefanie Bennett  
Photography: Philip Potter  
Business Manager: Frank Paysen  
Typesetting: Students' Union, University of N.S.W.

CAMP INK is the official monthly publication of the Campaign Against Moral Persecution.  
The Australia-Wide Society was formed in July 1970 to work towards a better understanding of homosexuality and a redefinition of the homosexual's place in the community.

## CONTENTS

3. The Editors
4. Thorunka Busted Again
6. Long Day At Long Bay: an interview with John Cox
8. Sydney Scene
9. Adelaide Scene
9. Perth Scene
9. Brisbane Scene
10. Some Social Aspects of Venereal Disease, by C.J.P.
11. Melbourne Scene
11. SELLAMAGSEENTAMUM, by Gary Dennison
11. N.O.W. Relating To Lesbians
12. Inside Looking Out with Axel
13. Other Voices. The N.S.W. Humanist Society, by R. Champion
14. Minnie Drear
15. Poems
16. Letters
17. Books

## COVER

Rebecca Cox. Photographed by Philip Potter at a demonstration. Martin Place, Sydney. 17 Feb. 1972.

## THE EDITORS

In the April 1971 issue of CAMP INK the editorial was given over to the subject of Wendy Bacon and Censorship. In the previous issue we had sent to members a pamphlet containing a copy of a poem which the Court had decided was not obscene. The poem caused quite a stir among the members. Letters protesting about this "filth" and "depravity" flooded and one wondered if CAMP INK could ever succeed in becoming any sort of forum for reasoned and radical discussion.

It is worth re-reading the April 1971 editorial. In part it read:

"It appears that all the catch cries and all the slogans used to put down homosexuals are being used by homosexuals to put down Wendy Bacon. We all know they are illogical when used against homosexuals (that's why we are members of CAMP) but some of us apparently fail to recognise the illogicality of such attitudes when directed against heterosexual hangups. CAMP is an abbreviation of CAMPAIGN AGAINST MORAL PERSECUTION. We are being hypocritical if we attach the moral persecution of homosexuals but support the moral persecution of Wendy Bacon."

A year later we have another court case. This time Wendy shared the dock with John Cox. Both of them were charged under the Obscene and Indecent Publications Act.

And the reaction of CAMP this time was MAGNIFICENT. A number of CAMP members sat through the court case lending moral support to Wendy who conducted her own defence. A sizeable contingent turned up at the demonstration at Martin Place with their protests written on placards.

We are beginning to realise that Censorship and oppression of homosexuals are part and parcel of the same set of attitudes CAMP was set up to fight.

It would be a mistake to think of the Wendy Bacon case as being of concern only to the N.S.W. branch. Melbourne is at present the venue of prosecutions over the same issue. It isn't so long ago that the record of 'Hair' was banned in Queensland and even more recently Women's Lib lost their letterbox.

People who censor words are people who censor homosexual acts.

# THORUNKA BUSTED AGAIN

*Thorunka* was busted again — and how! Wendy Bacon and John Cox spent quite some time in jail waiting to be sentenced and are now on five year bonds.

The show ran for eight days at Darlinghurst Quarter Sessions. The prosecutor, for want of a case to put, impressed the jury by repeatedly waving his copy of *Thorunka* in the air. Evidence for the Crown? None, apart from the complaints of one Paddington grandmother who pretended to have the susceptibilities of a vestal virgin.

The prosecutor, and the judge in his role of supporting prosecutor, used every slimy form of legal chicanery to frustrate John's defence and to prevent Wendy from even presenting her case.

There was the rare spectacle of a jury 'hopelessly deadlocked', in the words of the foreman, at 4.30 p.m.; berated, ordered to reach a verdict and locked up by the judge at 4.45 p.m.; and unanimous by 7.30 p.m.

Some trial! Wendy and John were charged under the Obscene and Indecent Publications Act with selling *Thorunka* Nov. 70. They were facing eight charges between them. Guilty on the lot.

How does it happen in Australia that people jeopardise their liberty by producing a magazine?

What invites the kind of repression to which Wendy and John are now subjected?

## THORUNKA SO FAR

Late in 1969 a small group called the Kensington Libertarians, of whom Wendy was one, proposed the abolition of the student government of the

University of N.S.W. But how, their opponents asked, could services such as the students' newspaper be provided without a government? The Kensington Libertarians produced their own newspaper and sold it in the university. It was called *Thorout*.

Subsequently Wendy and two other people edited *Thorunka*, the official student newspaper, throughout 1970. Said Wendy at her trial: 'It was not our intention at the beginning of 1970 to conduct an anti-censorship campaign. However, there was an understanding amongst those who worked on the paper that we would not censor our own views or the views of anybody else.'

For their third issue they were asked to print 'The Ballad of Eskimo Nell'. This is a traditional bawdy ballad well known in football dressing rooms and men's smokes, but not so well known to women, children and other second-class citizens.

The straight press met the publication of Nell with headlines like 'Students publish filthy sex ballad' and 'Thorunka sex story published'. On campus, the circulation of *Thorunka* rose from 13,000 to 17,000; and a mass meeting of students overwhelmingly endorsed the editors' action. On the other hand an M.L.A. was reported as saying 'Eskimo Nell is a poem that will make your hair stand on end.' Wendy told the court 'That was a ridiculous position concerning what had been done and it stimulated my interest in publishing.'

Soon afterwards, writer Frank

Moorhouse helped *Thorunka* to collect a supplement of works unpublished or not submitted because of publishers' fears of prosecution. This was again censured by the press. That was in 1970. Of the two items specially singled out, Frank Hardy's 'The Outcasts of Foolgarah' was a best-seller in 1971 and the other, Moorhouse's 'Letters To Twiggy' is about to be published by Angus and Robertson.

As *Thorunka*'s reputation spread its editors were often approached with ideas and material, including banned books such as Jerry Rubin's *Do It!*, which they serialised. They continued to publish without self-censorship until, in August 1970, two of the *Thorunka* team were charged with publishing an obscene and indecent poem. The printer was also charged, and from this time on it proved impossible to find a printer who would put his name on the paper. Printers were scared off by the threat of prosecution and they remain scared to this day.

Because of this the editors of *Thorunka* were not able to print what they wished in their paper. They decided to raise money to publish a paper of their own, disregarding the legal requirement to state a printer's name.

This paper was called *Thorunka* for its first few issues and is now called *Thor*. *Thorunka* was not meant to be restricted to the university community because, as Wendy told the court, historical experience shows that material with restricted circulation

tends to be limited to an educated elite. 'This we did not want.'

*Thorunka* Nos. 1 and 2 appeared and thousands of copies of each issue were sold at the university and around Sydney pubs and wine bars. It was about this time that the producers were called in Parliament 'a pack of depraved degenerates.'

## THE BUST

These are some of the things that led up to that sunny Saturday morning in December 1970 when Wendy and John drove around pubs from North Sydney to Newport, selling *Thorunka* to hundreds of amused and curious weekend drinkers. It had been a good day, lots of sales, beers in between, favourable response from buyers — until at Brookvale they sold copies to two plainclothes cops.

In Australia today you can go to jail if

- you practise your belief in freedom of expression and
- you have the independence of mind not to accord to establishment figures and their moral conceptions the respect they demand and
- in an oppressive environment you persist in stating these views and
- you defy the shibboleths and taboos with which official morality surrounds sexual matters.

## POLITICAL SEX

The trial of Wendy Bacon and John Cox was a political trial in the clearest sense, and they were political prisoners. This needs to be said even if one believes in the liberation of all prisoners, political and non-political.

The Obscene Publications Act is the most formidable weapon for the repression of free communication in the statute book. It is nothing but a censorship act, a means by which the State gags unwanted expressions. This alone makes every prosecution under

that Act a political one.

Under the Act prosecutions must have the approval of the Chief Secretary. Willis is himself an archreactionary who has described the producers of *Thorunka* as people with 'sick minds'. The various publications of the Kensington Libertarians have aroused the ire of the most barbaric elements of the Liberal backbench (Cameron, Coleman, Mead, etc.), and there is no doubt whatever that political pressure caused the prosecution of *Thorunka*.

Why was *Thorunka* picked on? Not for the particular content of sexuality, but because it cannot be 'controlled'. The girlie magazines that Gordon and Gotch distribute are vetted by their own censor before they are printed; the Australian girlie magazines printed overseas are submitted to the Customs Dept. before they are printed.

So the answer is simple. *Thorunka* was picked on because of its general anti-authoritarian attitude and its libertarian attitude to sex. The combinations of these two is not to be found in girlie magazines.

In spite of the idea that sex is a private matter, sexual habits and practices have always been a matter for public concern. Hence any critical attack on the sexual culture of Australian society is an overt political act. An attack on bourgeois morality from an anti-authoritarian viewpoint is a subversive political act.

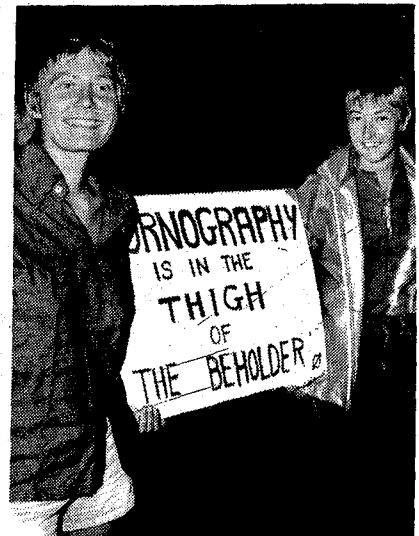
Given the mystification and obscurity about sex prevalent in many parts of society, frankness and calling things by their common names can become subversive acts. Our puritannical public moralists cannot talk without subterfuge, they dare not seek or speak the truth. *Thorunka* has consistently opposed them. Wendy again: 'We try to treat sexuality with the same frankness as every other subject. Why not? Surely like everything else it is part of what exists.' Willis, Hicks and their kind are bent on teaching people that *Thorunka's* policy is an unsafe one to adopt.

*It is idle to asset, as Mr. Justice Hicks did to the jury, that Wendy and John were not on trial for their radical protest, but for the manner in which they expressed it. The distinction between style and content cannot be made even with respect to language: I'll be slept with if I can see the distinction and I'll be fucked if you can either.*

The distinction certainly cannot be made with respect to action. Mr. Justice Hicks said that there is an acceptable and unacceptable form of protest. Demosthenes expressed his contempt for the citizens of Athens by masturbating in the public square. In what legally acceptable manner could he have expressed the same protest?

The ultimate aim of the court's demand for polite, restrained language and 'nice' pictures is to force certain patterns of behaviour upon people and to prevent them from engaging in other types of activity. Authoritarian morality seeks to create docile minds and servile behaviour.

The trial of *Thorunka* is an attack on the life-styles of those who do not kow-tow to authoritarian morality. As always, an attack on a life-style is an attack on *lives*.



# long day at long bay

## an interview with john cox

John Cox was arrested along with Wendy Bacon for selling copies of Thorunka November 1970 at Manly. He was also charged with selling this same newspaper to one Mrs. Lee, proprietor of the Christopher Brennan Bookshop at Paddington.

During the trial John was refused bail for the first five nights. These nights were spent in the Remand Section of Long Bay jail. Yet the jury had not yet reached a verdict, so theoretically John was still innocent.

Then for the last four days of the trial John was permitted bail as well as

'house arrest'. This followed the presentation of a medical certificate by John's doctor which stated that John was suffering from acute diarrhoea.

When the jury finally brought forward a verdict of guilty, John was sent off to Long Bay for a further seven days and nights while awaiting the Judge's sentence.

In all, he spent 12 nights and about seven whole days in the Remand Section at Long Bay. One of the Thorunka people, Liz Fell, interviewed John on his experiences inside.

*Can you tell us a little about Long Bay, about the jail itself and the conditions under which you existed for these twelve days?*

Well, I can only refer to the Remand Section which is completely separate from the section for convicted prisoners and also from the section for people on Appeal. My first impressions were quite terrifying because I was put into a cell, approximately eight feet by twelve feet, with two other people. There was one double-tiered and one single bunk which meant that at any given time only one person could stand. At the end of the cell there was a wash basin and a toilet which sometimes flushed. I complained every day for seven days about the flush not working but absolutely nothing was done. Other prisoners I spoke to had the same problem.

I was luckier than most for I managed to smuggle in a tube of toothpaste and I was issued with a toothbrush and a comb. But I had to ask for them. I was allowed three showers a week, so I was pretty much on the nose, as you can imagine, after being stuck in a cell for 18 hours each day, plus the fact that there's almost always one person who's got diarrhoea. I got diarrhoea. It was ghastly. If I was in the cell I just had to say 'sorry fellows' and sit down and crap. But mostly I tried to use the two open toilets in the exercise yard. Still it was quite an effort to learn to mentally cut myself off while crapping. I just had to accept it as part of prison life. In fact we were fortunate in our cell because

we actually had a flush toilet, even though it only sometimes worked. In older parts of the prison they had to use a bucket.

As well as complaining every day to the block officer about the toilet not working I also complained about the medical treatment. For about five days I was refused medication for the diarrhoea and slight claustrophobia. The symptoms of my claustrophobia were quite frightening. I kept imagining the walls closing in on me, I got short of breath and my pulse rate went up. I finally complained to the governor about the lack of medication and he just said 'That's a pack of lies', so I said 'In that case I take it that my request is refused?' and he bellowed 'Get back into line, you trouble maker' or words to that effect. But twenty minutes later I was in front of the prison doctor — they wouldn't allow me to see my own doctor.

They've got a big thing in prison about doing your buttons up. In fact it's a prison rule. I ripped off all my buttons as a sort of personal protest. They used to say 'Do your buttons up there, prisoner!' and I would say 'I haven't got any buttons' and they'd say 'Well get a needle and thread' and I'd say 'Certainly'. But you had to ask one of the prison officers for a needle and thread and in theory they had to bring it to you. But in practice they never do. So the next morning I went through it all again and it became quite a game.

In some ways, the warders were terrified because there were lots of men

in there who knew that they were going to be in for many years, and smashing a prison officer meant nothing to them, just a few days in solitary.

I suppose the food is adequate, but it's very uninteresting. Porridge in the morning, mush for lunch, occasionally a bit of salad and one night a sort of curry. But practically everyone complained of diarrhoea. One guy told me that last time he was in he had worked in the kitchens and the place was full of blowflies. But I've only got the fellow's word for it.

Of course, you can buy extra food. You're allowed to spend up to two dollars fifty a week. You can buy two ounces of tobacco, two packets of papers and two packets of matches. Then you can buy butter for 56 cents, 8 ounces of cheese for 27 cents, 4 ounce tins of baked beans or spaghetti for 7 cents, a 16 ounce fruit cake for 48 cents. In other words the food is being sold at retail prices. And that's disgusting. The prison authorities are making a profit out of people on Remand. Practically every item I've mentioned can be bought more cheaply at a supermarket.

*As a remand prisoner could you get hold of the two dollars fifty immediately?*

No, I went into prison with no money whatsoever. Ruth deposited some money on a Monday, I think, but it wasn't credited to my account in time for the 'buy-up' on Thursday. Fortunately, the second time I was put in I had a dollar on me so at least I could buy some tobacco.

*What about the daily routine?*

Oh, the daily routine. The boring daily routine. They get you up at a quarter to seven, you have tea, you go downstairs into the yard and line up for porridge which you take back to your cell to eat. You're locked up till half past eleven and then you're let out.

By 'let out' I mean that you are taken out of your cell, lined up, and marched over to an exercise yard which is simply bricks and concrete and bars at the end. There's absolutely nothing there at all except a bit of a lean-to shed and two open toilets and a tap. The warder's attitude to the Remand prisoners was to get them from point A to point B as quickly as possible so that they can get the 'locks down'.

I never saw a smile on a warder's face though I quite often saw the prisoners laughing and enjoying themselves. In fact the prisoner's attitude towards the warders was quite remarkable. Quite often I'd hear a prisoner tell a warder to 'get fucked' and they seldom took any notice of buttons and straight lines. Morning exercise finished at twenty past

eleven and you were locked up again. Exercise again from two thirty till three thirty, again in the yard where there was absolutely nothing to do but walk up and down or sit on the concrete and talk. At three thirty you collect your evening meal and take it back to your cell. Oh, I was forgetting. You are also given half a loaf of bread a day and four ounces of butter a week. The butter is issued on Mondays, so you miss out if you go in on Tuesday. At three thirty you are locked up again until the next morning.

On every landing there are four lines of cells — arranged in a sort of two-tiered block with two lines of cells on the bottom and two lines on the top. Each line has its own exercise yard so it means that it is impossible to talk to the man in the cell opposite even though he is the person you see most of apart from your cell mates. One day in the exercise yard I saw a warder being carried out on a stretcher. He was unconscious. Some minutes later they came back and carried out a prisoner. Apparently what had happened was that the prisoner cut the hamstring in his ankle with a knife he managed to get hold of. As he was about to cut through the hamstring in his other ankle a warder saw him and fainted. They took the warder out first and just left the prisoner there in a pool of blood.

*What did you do during the period from 3.30 in the afternoon till 8.30 the next morning?*

Well, it depended on the individual. Most people read and talked about their cases. One poor fellow in my cell was illiterate, he couldn't read or write. There was a radio going non-stop until about eleven o'clock. The warders chose the station and when they were angry with the prisoners they just turned it off. Then on Sundays, I think it was on 2CH, a lady disc jockey played records which prisoners' families requested. There were all these lonesome, broken hearted records being played. It appeared funny. But in fact it means a lot to the guys, they really take a lot of notice. After the lady disc jockey Roger Bush would have his few words about prisoners and society and rehabilitation. Of course, now it's no longer called a prison, it's a corrective establishment. The radio played continuously and I learnt not to notice it unless one of the prisoners had a record played for him.

*What about visitors?*

You can have two visits a week lasting 15 to 20 minutes. But if you go to the prisons Dept. in Goulburn St., I think, you can get what is called a "case permit" which means that if you're on

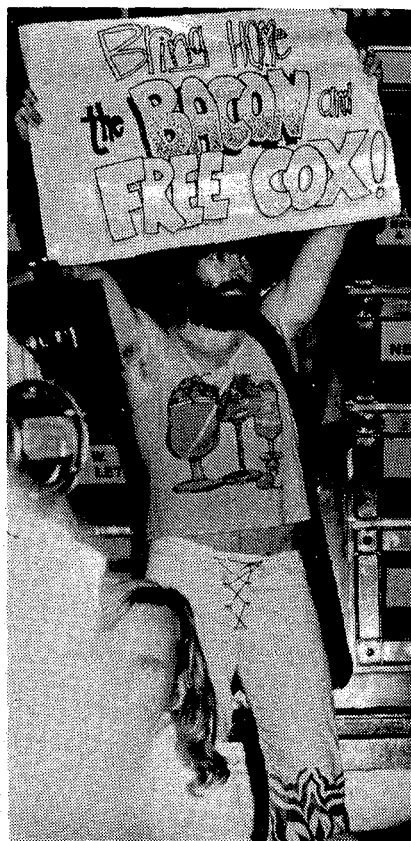
remand someone can visit you everyday to discuss the case with you. This is one way of getting around the two visits a week. Personally, I found the visits rather depressing. You are separated from your visitor by a piece of glass with a sort of grill underneath it. You have to shout into the grill and then look up to see the person's reaction to what you just said. It just made me more aware of where I was. Once sentenced, you are allowed only one twenty minute visit a month. If you work that out over a period of twelve months, it's about four hours a year.

*What about letters?*

You are allowed to write letters . . . but they're all censored. You can receive letters, but they're censored too.

*Newspapers?*

This was another annoying thing. You are not allowed newspapers if you're on remand. I could receive periodicals and I could have books sent in. But it took three days for the six



books I had sent in to travel about 150 yards. They were stamped as property of the prison and I was not allowed to take them out. There is a library in the prison but remand prisoners can't use it. If you're on remand you can have nothing in the way of toilet articles, newspapers or radio sent in to you.

*What was the reaction of the other prisoners when you told them you were*

*on an obscenity charge?*

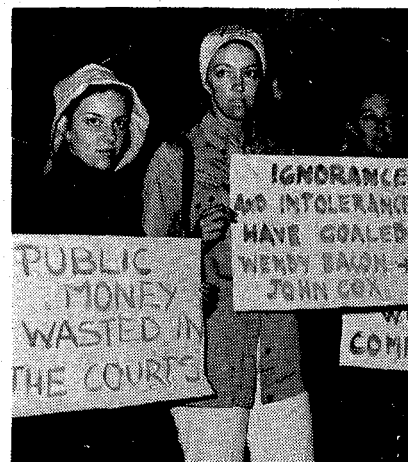
They thought it was ludicrous. One prisoner had actually bought a copy of Thorunka and he was amazed that I should be in jail because I sold it. I told the prisoners that I thought I was charged because of the political content in Thorunka and they all, to a man, agreed. Their attitude to any sort of authority was quite remarkable. Politicians were considered fools and it was taken for granted that the police were corrupt — it was well known that lots of charges are changed to lesser charges through "slinging". I came away convinced that the prisoners were, in fact, true anarchists. But I didn't actually like to put it to them because I think they might have considered it a dirty word — like poofteh or some such.

*The guys who were in the same cell as you — did you get to know them and why they were in there?*

One was in for armed robbery and attempted murder — he was about 22. The other fellow was in for possession of firearms; he was caught with two pistols and he confesses to being an ex-murderer. He told me that when you are picked up your photograph is distributed to every bank, police station and every airport in Australia.

Most of the younger people were on charges of stealing, joyriding or rape.

There was a forger who was very interesting to talk to. He told me ways and means of fiddling my income tax. One little trick he told me was very interesting but I'm keeping that to myself.



On one night there was only two of us in the cell, one fellow had got out on bail. They brought in this young lad of 22. He was absolutely terrified. He had just been belted by the police. He had a black eye, bruises all over his legs and his chest was hurting. His first words were 'Will they bash me up in here?' He was really scared, both of the warders and the prisoners. I was angry that he



should be put in because he said that he had not been in trouble with the police before. He had taken a car for a joy-ride to see his girlfriend and like an idiot had stopped to syphon off some petrol. A passing police car caught him and he was put into Long Bay, which for a first offender is a frightening experience. I don't know if he's out on bail yet. Bail was set but his father refused to put his house up as surety.

*Did you ever discuss sex with any of the prisoners in the cell?*

Well, again I can only talk about Remand. I saw and heard nothing about sex. They had a funny term, 'dogs' which they applied to prisoners who informed on other prisoners. They used to say about the 'dogs', "They'll end up getting battered and fucked." I don't know whether that had any real sexual implications.

*You were actually in prison on remand. Could you tell us a little about this?*

Yes, I was in prison for pleading not guilty. That's the way I saw it, and most of the other prisoners looked at it this way. They argued that the system is set up to discourage you from pleading not guilty. Most of the people there are sort of criminals, let's face it.

*What do you mean by criminals?*

Well, criminals in the social sense of the word. They had broken some law... for example they had stolen someone's property.

*But you had broken some law too?*

Yes, so I was a criminal. But I mean criminals in the hard sense of professional criminals. Strange though, I didn't see myself as a criminal... strange double standard.

Prisoners are very interested in

reform and I discussed, in fact I suppose you could say that I had a little group therapy session going in the prison yard one day. I was discussing ways and means of the prisoners running the prison themselves. Some bought the attitude that if all the prisoners went on strike then the prison would come to a standstill. It's the prisoners who do all the administrative work and cooking — absolutely everything. I also thought that prisoners should be given the opportunity to run their own prison themselves, set up industry if necessary and keep the profits from it so that they had some money when they were released. I think some guy in America did try this. They like this idea except that they started saying 'you'd still have to have guards here mate otherwise people will walk out.'

## Sydney Scene

### A Small Meeting

Political reality and experience tells us that much of the inactivity of our politicians in the area of law reform — not only for homosexuals but also in innumerable other areas like aboriginals, pensions, pollution, — is due not to opposition. It is due very largely to ignorance of the issues involved, the degree of effect of the law, and sheer pressure of time. We elected them as our representatives, but the width of their concern is frequently very limited.

Thus an attempt by the NSW Law Reform group to organise a meeting with some MP's, both about the federal Criminal Code, and also about the State law, was less than well attended. But Dr. Richard Klugman came, and despite the fact that he was known to favour HLR, and has indeed said so in federal parliament already, the exchange of information proved fruitful both ways.

It seems likely now that the ALP reformers will take a very liberal line on the DCC. This would include the deletion of any mention of 'unnatural offences' from the Code (i.e. deletion of ss. 100, 103 and 105 completely), leaving 'indecent assault' to be covered

by s. 99, and public offences to be covered by s. 113. This arrangement would leave homosexuality in exactly the position of heterosexuality — which would itself be less restricted than now.

Further, the 'without legal excuse' of s. 113 would be removed, and s. 251 would have to be similarly rewritten. These amendments would remove from the Code the legality of agent provocateur tactics, which are or should be anathema to our legal system and sense of justice. Finally, the reformers appears to be of the opinion that the minimum age for male homosexual acts should be the same as for women — in the ACT this would be 16 years.

That is a fairly promising situation — if only it can get passed. The invitation did produce a few possible reformers among the State MP's too, and that is the next task. Straight legal discussions, however, may not win many votes. MP's respond to 'human interest' stories, and one came our way the day before the meeting.

### About a Particular Case

It is a fact that the NSW Department of Education has complete discretion in deciding whether a person is 'suitable' as a teacher. They are not obliged to give reasons, and one has no recourse even if they do. It is hardly a secret that they do not employ people known to have political views contrary to those of the system; it is hardly surprising that they will not employ people known to be homosexuals.

Despite the fact that being homosexual is not a crime, you have to be a man and do something about it to be eligible for the criminal class, the Department in their wisdom will not

touch you. The case concerned is particularly objectionable because a doctor clearly betrayed his trust, both in claiming an interview to be off the record when in fact he wrote the whole thing up, and in breaking his Hippocratic oath and divulging confidential information. This I mention as a warning about psychiatrists.

In the long run this sort of work discrimination will only be eradicated by political action. That will involve the Teachers' Federation, the Minister concerned, and a few people prepared to stand up in public. Not easy, but eventually, when the law is changed, the shibboleths of child molester, emotional immaturity, and all the rest on which this particular discrimination rests, will have to be laid to rest in the gloomy groves of arcana, recondite fragments of a pre-civilised culture.

Would it not be a nice thought to organise a mass 'coming out' of homosexual teachers? Not only would it create staffing problems (perhaps we should wait till the economy is restored and the artificial surplus has passed), but it would seriously confuse many parents' and bureaucrats' value sets. But it won't happen — so long as the educational system is used to indoctrinate the young with acceptable values, so long as education fails to be about learning and discussion, so long will we fail to achieve a reasonably pluralistic system.

And so long as the present society holds the economic weapons and uses them to suppress our right to jobs on no other grounds than sexual orientation, so long will we remain sacrifices to their own fears.



## Adelaide Scene

Our first meeting was certainly an experience. So many of us did not know each other. People were creeping in late with downcast eyes and there were long silent pauses when Duncan, our convenor, paused to encourage general discussion.

Our Committee was elected by a series of people nominating members they did not know or only barely knew. People nominating their friends were threatened with being nominated back in retaliation. At one stage one keen nominator tried about eight people who all refused to accept nomination until someone was not quick enough to get out of it.

Despite this we ended up, don't ask me how, with a hard-working, keen committee. Since the General Meeting in October, we have had about twelve Committee Meetings; had a Wine & Cheese Discussion Evening, at which 50 members came and filled out a massive great questionnaire. This was to discover wishes concerning types of functions, and a survey of available skills, guest speakers, etc.

Lacking time to organize Socials over Christmas, we concentrated on lobbying, seeing prominent Churchmen, psychiatrists, etc. before Christmas and setting up our work groups.

The Committee decided all Committee meetings to be open for attendance by any members; and elected Officers:- a President, Vice President who is also Public Relations Officer, Treasurer, General Secretary, Camp Ink Sub-Editor, and Social Secretary.

We have set up five working groups:- Social; Public Relations; Moral & Religious; Psychology, and Law Reform.

Each of these have met several times, mainly at the President's Home and their work is taking shape. Although only five or six attend each group, the work is proceeding successfully. I cannot stress how great it would be if we could recruit a few more helpers to each group. There is no obligation, attend, if you find you do not like the format, scream the house down, or try one of the other groups

### Club Rooms

When Membership hits 150-250 we will be in a position to obtain attractive Club Rooms, so how about joining up all your friends.

## Perth Scene

The title of our organisation is **CAMPAIGN AGAINST MORAL PERSECUTION**. The dictionary definition of Campaign is "an organised course of action". This doesn't mean that one sits on one's backside and waits for things to happen. It means to get your finger out of your collective arses and make things happen.

Over a month ago we in WA wrote to every branch in Australia, suggesting that we run an advertisement in a paper with national circulation, inviting interested people to join us. The ad would be big enough and prominent enough to attract attention, with the box-numbers of all State branches and sub-branches prominently displayed. We suggested that the cost would be between \$10 and \$15 per branch — surely an effective and inexpensive way to put ourselves before the public and gain new members.

To date we have received replies from ACT and Sydney. With branches in every state this is a lousy effort. We are not running a ladies sewing circle. The Campaign is trying to change ideas and prejudices going back many hundreds of years. Nobody suggests that we concentrate into a group of dears having mad tea-parties and champagne picnics, we suggest you get yourselves a little bit organized. It may be that some branches are against our suggestion. If this is the case, let us know your reasons. But don't just ignore genuine efforts to increase our collective membership.

**CAMP CENTRE 379 GOERGE ST,  
CITY. TEL: 21 9373**

The best news to come from Brisbane Town for some time is that Mr. Col Bennett, Labour Shadow Minister for Justice, has been sacked. He won some renown for his comments on Poofsterism at the last Labour in Politics Convention and now plans to stand for the seat of South Brisbane as an Independent. Surely he doesn't expect to win a seat from that Fairy Dell. Elections are in May-Queens-landers, so don't vote Independent.

A Members Meeting will be held on Sunday March 26th at 3 p.m. We welcome suggestions from concerned members as to Political Action which can be undertaken by the Campaign during the coming May election run. Among other matters to be discussed will be the following proposals:

To streamline the business of membership renewal in the Qld. Branch the membership to expire on the 30th September of each year. For ease of operation, membership to be \$12 per annum (inclusive of Subscription) Pro rata membership fees will apply to new and renewing members, hence membership fee will be \$1 per month or part thereof. Journal cost and postage will be forwarded to the National Executive of the Journal, in advance, per member, per annum. Also at this meeting we will formulate a programme for 1972 covering Social and Political activities with the object in mind of a wider involvement of Brisbane C.A.M.P. in Queensland Society. If you cannot attend this important meeting please send us your ideas by post.

The success of Programme '72 depends on you.

## *Spartacus is coming*

SPARTACUS is Europe's leading homosexual organisation. We have lots to offer you. A monthly glossy magazine, male nude photos, books, novels, posters, even camp Christmas cards. We have a problems service, and an International Gay Guide. Find out what we can do for you. Write: **Spartacus, 1st & 2nd Floors, 46 Preston Street, Brighton, Sussex, England.** Send \$1 for big range of illustrated Brochures. \$2 Sample copy of Spartacus magazine, or \$12.25 for a 12 issue subscription and membership. Spartacus is for you. Australian Spartacus is being planned. You can be a founder member of Spartacus Australasia — join now.

# Some Social Aspects of Venereal Disease

By Somebody who did it, got it, got rid of it and is still doing it.

Allan and Brian met on a warm Saturday night at a relaxed and happy party thrown by mutual acquaintances. During the evening they gravitated to one another and Allan subsequently invited Brian to stay at his flat overnight.

Over breakfast the next morning they discovered that, as well as being physically compatible, they were on the same wavelength and had a lot in common. They exchanged telephone numbers and addresses and arranged to meet the following Friday for dinner and a show.

On Wednesday, Allan rang Brian and asked to see him urgently. Brian was, of course, delighted! But his delight soon turned sour at the news Allan had for him. Allan was exhibiting symptoms of gonorrhoea in his penis.

At the doctor's rooms that evening it was established that Brian had had the infection for some time, without realising what was wrong and had given it to Allan.

Brian felt so bad about it all, that he became confused and ashamed, despite the reassurances of the doctor, and the forgiving attitude of Allan. Allan had been through it all before and realised it was all just an unfortunate accident.

Allan took Brian for a drink in a quiet bar nearby and reassured him that he was not at all angry, but felt sympathetic to Brian's plight and assured him it was something that eventually happens to most of us. He urged Brian not to feel dirty and not to worry, as all would be well again soon. They agreed to have the Friday dinner and see the show anyway. When they parted Brian was once again in good spirits.

Friday came and Allan waited patiently for an hour for Brian, but he didn't appear.

As Allan sat through the show alone, he reflected that perhaps his words of encouragement to Brian were less weighty than the words of society and of Religious Wowsers who equate VD with filth and shame and depravity.

Such stories as this happen often, but are not often told. They are typical of the distress that this relatively harmless disease causes some people. To them, perhaps it seems to fulfil the promise of those who assure us all that VD is the punishment for debauchery. VD is an anxiety producing topic for most of us,

and most people shrink from an open personal discussion of it, even with close and trusted friends. Most writings on the subject are cold and clinical. They emphasise symptoms and cures only, without attempting to explain the personal problems that accompany it. The newcomer to the problem is especially alarmed and he considers it a "fate worse than death" or "the last straw". I have heard more than one initiate say, "I'll never have sex again... ever!"

However, it is not really all that bad! Please remember that any nasty stories that you may have heard about the ravages of V.D. may very well be true, but they are only true in untreated cases. If treated in the early stages, these diseases are quite harmless and cause no physical damage. The only damage is to the egos of the people involved and to their personal relationships. V.D. is usually less troublesome than the common cold or flu!

Fortunately most camps have a fairly responsible attitude to V.D. If they get it off you or unwittingly give it to you they have often been known to go to considerable pains to inform you so that you may be cured as soon as possible and not pass it on further.

When communicating the fact that one of you gave the other V.D., remember to be more than careful about fixing the "blame"! The attitude of "I am pure! You must have given it to me!" is not only unkind, undiplomatic (and often proved wrong by the doctor!) but always destroys any mutual feelings that could have existed.

If this attitude is prevalent in your friend, and he accuses you, just apologise (tentatively, pending doctor's opinion) and just point out that you each run the risk each time you make love, and that you did not give it to him intentionally. You could also point out that it is less trouble than the flu, is quicker to cure and does not make you bedridden or cause you to take time off work and lose wages.

After the doctor's visit (preferably the same doctor), be kind to one another. The carrier should apologise and the recipient should accept this graciously and forgive him.

After the doctor's treatment is completed, the two parties should celebrate their deliverance, their maturity and sophistication and their

original attraction to one another! **Why not!** At this moment in their lives they are as healthy as they could ever be and risks are nil with each other.

If V.D. should mar the budding romance, it could give you both a useful opportunity to get to know one another better as companions. Minor misfortunes such as this can serve as a test of the metal you both are made of. If you left him because he gave you the flu, he would think you shallow. The same with VD. It is just a risk you run in life. Admittedly, it is not exactly romantic, but perhaps you could both act like grown up men about it, and not like wilting flowers!

It is essential that everybody should learn to recognise the symptoms of VD in various places in the body and have **AT LEAST** two, preferably four blood tests per year. There are a number of sympathetic doctors about who can help with both these things. It is a good idea to choose your doctor in advance! Choose him for his sympathy and his reputation for competence in handling VD as well as other problems. Shop around! Ask your friends what they think about the 2 or 3 doctors you are considering. Then make your own choice privately.

If you are not in a position to be treated by a sympathetic doctor, you may choose any other doctor (who is vowed to secrecy anyway). If you don't mind the impersonal attitude of the Public Hospitals or VD clinics in various cities, you may as well avail yourself of this service. After all, it's free!

So far I have only covered the sociological aspects of V.D., and that is what this article is all about. If we can dispel the "dark age attitude" to VD, then it will not be such a trauma to its victims in future. Indeed, if we can dispel the fear and ignorance surrounding these diseases we will be taking the first step to stamping them out. Remember, it is your social duty to help trace the carrier of the disease so that he too can be cured and stopped from spreading it further. If we can all develop this sophisticated attitude and social conscience towards venereal diseases, there is no doubt that these diseases will become far less of a problem in our community than they are today.

C.J.P.

## Melbourne Scene

After some desperate, last minute rushing about, the new additional premises at 270 Lonsdale St. opened with a flourish on Saturday 29th January. The evening, (and early morning) was an outstanding success. The future would appear to augur well for this ambitious enterprise.

The hall was filled to capacity, and I believe, some were even turned away. Most members spoke enthusiastically of the band, 'though one or two were heard to say that they thought the volume was a little too loud. This can no doubt be rectified in future functions.

Full recognition and congratulations are in order for the Lonsdale St. Committee for their industrious efforts. A couple of near-calamitous problems were expertly

overcome and success prevailed. Well done, fellows; keep up the good work.

As the end of January approached, we were pleased to welcome back those members returning from their annual Hols. Now that the Sub-Committees are presumably back to full strength, we can look to more good work being done by the non-social activities of the Society. Our Convenors have plenty on their plates and need all the assistance they can get to achieve their objectives.

Membership is still enjoying an upward trend; at the last count the figure was very close to 400. A reminder to all members: the greater our membership, the greater our effectiveness. If you are bringing guests regularly to the Society "dos", and they are interested, introduce them to the members of the Membership Committee. Our ranks can never be over-full.

## SELLAMAGSEENTAMUM

Some weeks back the Saturday morning streets of Sydney were invaded by a half dozen or so C.A.M.P. members who filled the air with such cryptic calls as "CARMEN BYAMAGSEEN" "SINNY SEEN" "MINNDREAR" and "CAMMINK OWNY TWENNY FIE SENSE".

And so, for the first time, your magazine was sold to the general public — the people who have in all probability never even heard of the C.A.M.P.

At the end of the day we'd sold just over 120 copies which, although it doesn't exactly pose a threat to the *READER'S DIGEST*, is at least 120 people who wouldn't have read the mag otherwise.

Somewhat unfortunately, though, all the people who stopped to buy were either camp themselves or the type of person who knows and understands homosexuality already, which is, as John Ware said, "preaching to the converted". What we need to do is to sell the magazine to the person who has never stopped to think of homosexuality in any depth — maybe by reading *CAMP INK*

they will start to do this, which is certainly a step in the right direction towards the easing of public attitudes.

The more people we have selling though, the more magazines we can sell — if you'd like to come and help, leave your name at the club rooms and I'll get in touch.



Who knows — you might just be the person who sells a copy to a pregnant mother of seven from Bankstown.

Gary Dennison.

## N.O.W. Relating To Lesbians

In a dramatic reversal of their official policy of silence, the National Organization of Women (N.O.W.) — the largest women's rights organization in the U.S.A. — came out with a strong resolution supporting lesbianism, during N.O.W.'s annual national conference in Los Angeles.

Militantly denouncing the social oppression of camp women, the resolution enumerates the particular injustices lesbians suffer beyond those common to all women — "the additional social, economic, legal, and psychological abuse... the discrimination in education and employment... the prejudice in the courts. Not only is she assumed to be unstable or sick or immoral, but because she defines herself independently of men, the lesbian is considered unnatural, incomplete, not quite a woman — as though the essence of womanhood were to be identified with men."

Referring to camp women as "doubly oppressed," — as women and as homosexuals, the resolution condemns the arguments and fears which had prevented the organization from taking a stand supporting lesbians and their human and civil rights. "... Instead of finding support from their sisters, lesbians discovered that N.O.W. and other liberation groups reflected some of the same prejudices and policies of the sexist society they were striving to change. Lesbians are now telling us that this attitude is no longer acceptable... their oppression is not only relevant, but an integral part of the women's liberation movement. We are giving notice that we recognize our sisterhood with all women and that we are fighting for every woman's 'sacred right to be her own person.'"

This new expression of support for lesbians is in striking contrast to attitudes expressed by N.O.W. during 1970. At the annual election of officers of the New York Chapter in December, a pro-lesbian resolution was defeated. Moreover, at N.O.W.'s annual national meeting that year, a resolution similar to the one just passed was withdrawn as too controversial. This same resolution was supported and passed by an overwhelming majority vote and becomes official policy both for the organization as a whole and for its various chapters.

RIGHT ON, SISTERS!

# Inside Looking Out with axel

## WHAT WOULD YOU EXPECT FROM THEM ACADEMICS ANYHOW?

Professor Henry Mayer is a good friend of CAMP, and of the homosexual rights cause generally. His February 1 column in the *Australian* is given over to advocacy of HLR, mentioning the Wilson-Chappell survey, and of how the fight is much wider and more important than just law reform. Just one quote, though the whole is worth reading, but it ends thus — 'More than any other single issue today, here is a test of how genuine one's commitment to pluralism and diversity is.' Try that on your friends.

**REPUTATION, REPUTATION, I HAVE LOST.** In his previous column to the above, Mayer suggested someone should write a camp history of Australia — I never really understand what this means — and that *Camp Ink* should compile a list of famous Australian homosexuals. This last idea worries me. Apart from its voyeuristic overtones, what is the point? It is usually suggested that a list containing a couple of PM's, a State Premier, the occasional painter, a couple of composers, an author or two, a few wealthy business men and so on, not to mention actors and TV 'personalities' is a way of saying to the square public 'here are men who you admire and respect, yet they were all homosexuals. What does this do to your stereotype of us?' My objection is that I want acceptance because I am as I am, not because some famous people were similar in some respect. Lists just promote the traditional idea that camps are somehow more talented, and different. Whereas most of us are just ordinary bods, and want to be accepted as such.

## YOUR MONEY OR YOUR BOX!

Remember the fracas when Sidney Baker labelled Ned Kelly as camp? As with the famous, so with the infamous, labelling, and that is what lists are, is a misguided process. Labelling creates fixed groups, creates ghetto mentalities and ghetto situations. If Kinsey is right, and 46% of the population are bisexual, then lets not play the game we all do and run around saying madly 'Is he? Is

she? Are they ours or not?' Sexual liberation is relating to people you like, not erecting artificial barriers between people. I really couldn't care less about Ned's sex life.

## IT COULDN'T HAPPEN HERE DEPT.

Though a bill to ban discrimination against the employment of homosexuals by any of the agencies of the New York City Council was defeated in Council on January 27, Mayor John Lindsay did not take 'no' for an answer. Not only will he continue to work towards the passing of such a bill, but he has issued a personal directive that such discrimination cease immediately. All this, and candidate for Democratic party Presidential nomination too? Can you imagine Billie doing it?

## DON'T SAY YOU WEREN'T WARNED

because in the USofA the John Birchers and others of the manic Right have been winning election to school boards and have so far had over 100 sex education programmes banned. Now they are contesting elections to Uni Senates on anti-Gay (that's American for Camp) platforms, and having Gay Studies courses scrapped. All probably on the theory that what you don't know can hurt you.

**CIAO COLIN!** Twelve months after Colin Bennett informed the Qld ALP that they had better things to do than waste their time on a pack of poofers, he has lost his preselection. Not just for loathing us, but for his whole right wing syndrome — 'pro' apartheid, anti long hair and beards and bare feet, and so on. The anti-camp bit was only a part of that, but it was a part. It could and should happen more often — preselection is where the battle can be fought. So, we'll miss you, Colin, — like a pain in the arse we'll miss you, brother.

**PRESS ON REGARDLESS** because you could stand on your hands naked on the editors desk with 'CAMP' tattooed across your whatever, and still not make the papers here. Germaine Greer told the Sex Lib forum (reported last month) that the media had trivialised her and Women's Lib, and never even reported the basic ideas. How right she was. Guess how much coverage that forum got in the commercial press. One mention, in Sydney's *Daily Tele* which had the one immortal line — 'Speaking after a Sexual Liberation forum at Sydney Uni last night Germaine Greer said if the bank teller Tony wanted his

money refunded he could write to her!! The *Review's* Bob Ellis failed to turn up and hear the tape, and Australia carried on oblivious to the fact that Women's Lib consisted of more than bra burning, or that Gay Lib existed. Frankly our press ought to get the fiction award for the year, what they print bears little relation to reality, and what there is of that is largely accidental.

## OF COURSE THEY ARE RIGHT. Two

of our old friends turned up again the other day in a piece I was reading. Sir Reginald Sholl and the Hon George Reid (*Camp Ink* Oct. 71 and Dec/Jan 72) gave addresses to the *League of Rights* seminar in September 1971 at which a new division of the League, masquerading as the *Australian Heritage Society*, was launched. The patron of the new society is Sir Raphael Cilento, whose lovely lady wife has written some quite classic nonsense about homosexuality in a medical column she contributes to one of the women's magazines. As a doctor, of course, she would know — politics wouldn't come into it. But I thought you'd like to know.

## THE MANY TONGUES OF MOTHER

**CHURCH 1)** Dr. I. Jones of the Collins Street Baptist Church told a service for the opening of the Victorian legal year that the law was in danger of being 'dragged down to the level of permissive behaviour'. The Prime Minister was present. 'The law must keep on saying what is right and what is wrong,' Jones said. Actually he meant what he and his church think is right and wrong. It is not true that he executed effigies of an atheist and a heretic in the vestry afterwards. Pity.

**2)** Since a few of my patient readers have criticised me for bad-mouthing the Church, it gives me much pleasure to commend the remarks of the Anglican Dean of Perth, the Rev. John Hazelwood. He told a WA Uni Summer School that the 'perversion of Christian teaching in which sex becomes something dirty, sinful yet dutiful all at once, has caused many with religious backgrounds to find this form of pleasure something to be feared, or at best tolerated.' Further, 'the Church task is clearly religious — it is not a place where rules should be issued on how people should behave.' 'Morality means what is acceptable to the community, and what is acceptable varies.' Must be that dangerous Western sun.

## Other Voices

*Other Voices* is designed to inform *Camp Ink* readers of the aims and objectives of groups and organisations within Australia.

We hope to make *Other Voices* a regular feature. Its success will depend on the interest shown by *Camp Ink* readers and the representatives of other groups and organisations.

### THE N.S.W. HUMANIST SOCIETY

Twelve years ago half a dozen Sydney people came together and resolved that there should be a N.S.W. Humanist Society. Their wish came to pass and the consequences are still with us. Within the last ten years Humanist Societies have formed in the other mainland states as well.

Membership of the N.S.W. society grew steadily but it levelled off between eight hundred and a thousand. This levelling-off happened during a time of greatly increased ferment in the bowels of society and it seems that competition has set in between the various reform groups.

The membership fee is five dollars for adults and two dollars for students. In return the members receives "Viewpoints" monthly and "The Australian Humanist" quarterly. There are nine suburban groups with functions of their own, there are youth groups and there are branches at Newcastle, Wollongong and Armidale. Apart from the main committee which is elected annually there are working groups which investigate topical problems and make suggestions to the membership at large.

There are functions at Humanist House (10 Shepherd Street Chippendale) every Wednesday and Friday evening and people who want to know more about the society should phone the secretary (50 7675), visit H. H. on Wednesday or Friday night, or phone 699 8750.

### HUMANIST ACTION

We are often asked "What is the Humanist Society Doing?" in a scornful tone which implies that we only sit around and talk. In the past the society provided some of the impetus for the formation of the Council for Civil Liberties, the Abortion Law reform movement and other things like D.O.G.S. Our members are prominent in these movements in the Moratorium, in various groups concerned with the

environment and in the Australia Party.

Our quarterly journal has for some years provided an outlet for unconventional ideas, which is important while the daily press is biased, and our public meetings and the talks at Humanist House provide an open forum for discussions. We support action groups if members are prepared to come forward and make the effort to organise such groups.

Our memberships and financial resources are limited so it would be fairer of the questioner to ask "What can I do to help?" If we have more members we can plan more activities, particularly if we attract more people who are prepared to organise things. So the least you can do is to get the literature and tell your friends about it. The most you can do is become active in the society, be elected to the committee, organise ten action groups and become President.

### HUMANIST PHILOSOPHY

It is not possible to give a simple definition of humanism because the word is used by many people as a vaguely desirable adjective which is put with whatever else they believe (Marxist Humanism, Christian Humanism for example). For others it is a miscellaneous term of abuse.

Humanism in western civilisation can be traced as far back as the Greeks and in the east various secular philosophies have existed for thousands of years. In medieval times humanists were people with orthodox religious beliefs who studied works other than the scriptures. Towards the Renaissance humanism came to mean an active concern with the things of the world and Bertrand Russell described Nicholas V (1447-55) as the first humanist Pope because he gave papal offices to scholars whose learning he respected, regardless of other considerations. He was probably the last humanist Pope as well, can you imagine Bertie in papal office?

In the last hundred years or so there has been a rise of organised humanism which has sometimes been agnostic but

has usually been theological. Various brands of theological humanism include Marxist Humanism, Existentialist Humanism, Christian Humanism, New Humanism, Scientific Humanism, Rationalism and Cultural Humanism. To illustrate the confusion which results from these manifold expressions of humanist sentiment I will briefly contrast scientific humanism and cultural humanism.

Scientific humanists usually believe in determinism, the materialist theory of mind and progress through the growth and dispersal of scientific knowledge which will sweep away ancient prejudices. Cultural humanists believe in good table manners, and in the unique value of a traditional literary culture which they are tenuously preserving despite the ever-accelerating decay of civilisation, caused by the stupidity of the masses on one hand and the crass materialism of the scientists on the other. So there is not a unified body of humanist thought.

A robust humanist philosophy must cope with at least three major problems:

How reliable is our knowledge of the world?

To what extent is the future determined; to what extent can we shape it? What values, if any, should we adopt, and how can we defend them?

None of the theological brands of humanism gives satisfactory answers to these problems, and neither did Bertrand Russell, but everyone should be pleased to hear that Karl Popper has made a good deal of progress with them. I will not venture into detail here because I have summarised some of his ideas elsewhere. (See the reading list below.)

"Organised Humanism" in "The Australian Humanist" No. 16.

"In Defence of Reformism" in "Arena" No. 29.

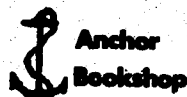
"The Humanist View" a book edited by Dr. Ian Edwards.

"The Humanist Revolution" by Hector Hawton.

"Sceptical Essays" by Bertrand Russell.

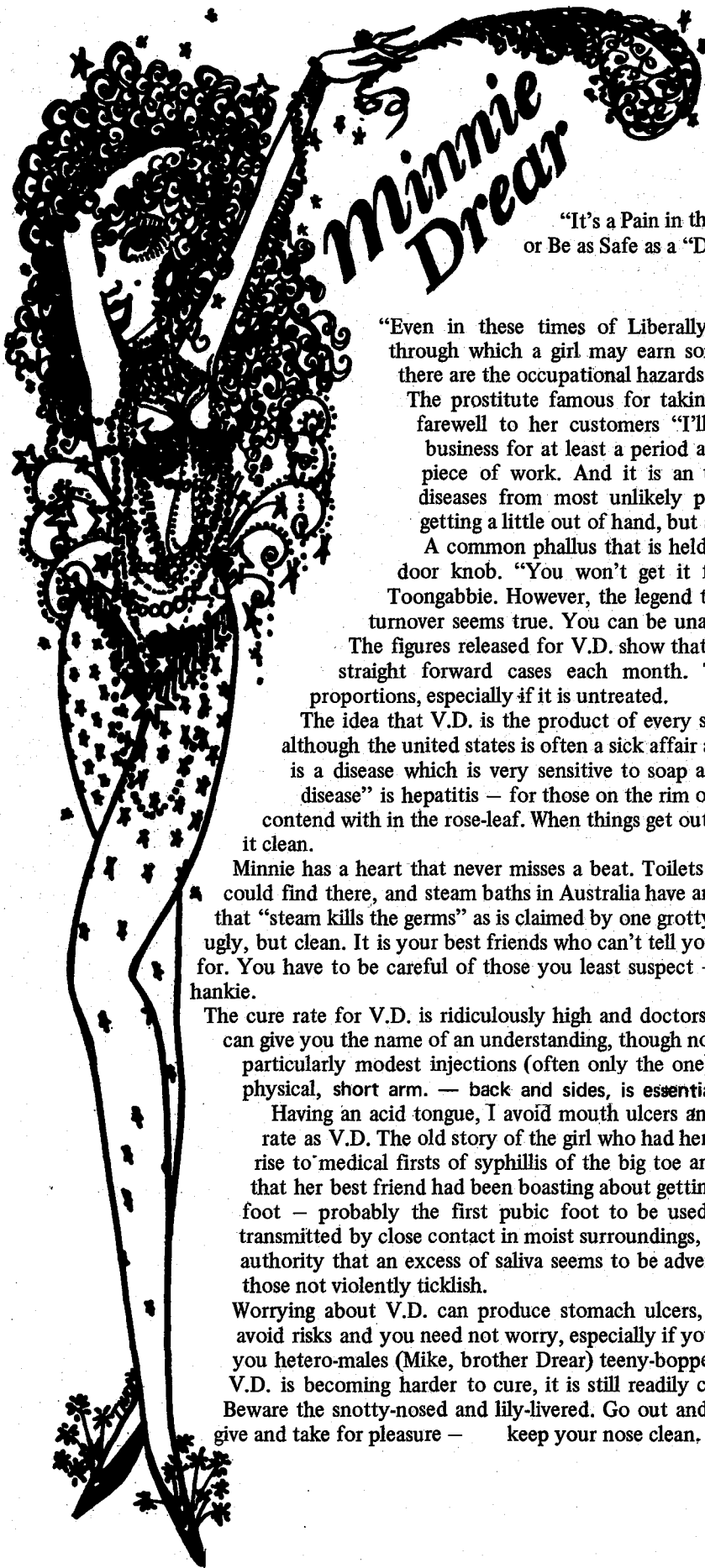
"The Open Society and its Enemies" by Karl Popper.

R. Champion.



1st floor, Crystal Palace Arcade,  
690 George Street, Sydney.  
PHONE 61-2604

Quality Overseas Newspapers and Periodicals our speciality



# Minnie Drear

"It's a Pain in the Neck," gargled Minnie,  
or Be as Safe as a "Date with Listerine."

"Even in these times of Liberally-produced unemployment, there are openings through which a girl may earn some money, said Minnie, pursing her lips, "But there are the occupational hazards."

The prostitute famous for taking out her glass eye (socket to me) — and her farewell to her customers "I'll keep an eye out for you, Luv," was out of business for at least a period after she had clapped eyes on a particularly nasty piece of work. And it is an unfortunate fact of life that you can contract diseases from most unlikely people. Clap hands for mutual masturbators is getting a little out of hand, but a little jerk can often turn nasty.

A common phallus that is held is that you can get V.D. from toilet seats or a door knob. "You won't get it from a door knob," commented Mr. Door, of Toongabbie. However, the legend that camp guys run a high risk if they do a rapid turnover seems true. You can be unaware of a disease if it hits a less sensitive zone.

The figures released for V.D. show that more men are unaware of V.D. per annum than straight forward cases each month. The people with V.D. can reach staggering proportions, especially if it is untreated.

The idea that V.D. is the product of every state of union that has left you prone is untrue, although the united states is often a sick affair and a pain in the arse. Sure V.D. is around but it is a disease which is very sensitive to soap and water. A more dangerous form of "venereal disease" is hepatitis — for those on the rim of social practices. There are more than aphids to contend with in the rose-leaf. When things get out of hand and start getting tongue in cheek, keep it clean.

Minnie has a heart that never misses a beat. Toilets are not necessarily dirty except for the pigs you could find there, and steam baths in Australia have an excellent record for low disease rating. I doubt that "steam kills the germs" as is claimed by one grotty proprietor but the clientele are usually clean — ugly, but clean. It is your best friends who can't tell you but will pass it on, that you have to watch out for. You have to be careful of those you least suspect — sorry to keep rubbing it in but I can't find a hankie.

The cure rate for V.D. is ridiculously high and doctors rarely give a damn about treating it. Camp Inc. can give you the name of an understanding, though not necessarily sympathetic doctor, and if you are particularly modest injections (often only the one) can be given in the arm, although a thorough physical, short arm. — back and sides, is essential.

Having an acid tongue, I avoid mouth ulcers and people with them. These and cold sores must rate as V.D. The old story of the girl who had her boyfriend enter-tain her with his big toe, giving rise to medical firsts of syphilis of the big toe and athlete's foot of the vagina (It was rumoured that her best friend had been boasting about getting ten inches, and she wanted to beat that with a foot — probably the first pubic foot to be used in mensuration), indicates that tinea can be transmitted by close contact in moist surroundings, and could be classified as V.D. I have it on good authority that an excess of saliva seems to be adverse for tinea. Toe-biting seems a safe pastime for those not violently ticklish.

Worrying about V.D. can produce stomach ulcers, so don't worry about it. Watch out for it and avoid risks and you need not worry, especially if you consult a doctor as soon as you suspect it. For you hetero-males (Mike, brother Drear) teeny-bopper groupies are the worst risk imaginable. Even if V.D. is becoming harder to cure, it is still readily curable — not so the common cold or hepatitis. Beware the snotty-nosed and lily-livered. Go out and make your rapid doe or your fast buck or just give and take for pleasure — keep your nose clean.

# Poems

## UNTITLED

Mataranka, the time is come  
To see the Calypso player Demagan  
And his negro band of gypsies  
— They might have the way —  
(Under some rug)  
Just this side of Brisbane  
In Stephanie's electric-jug  
You ask is it important that  
I leave to find the sun, to  
Search for blancmange salvation;  
The 'need' of a frog  
In my 'own' manor

And  
Someone to come, regardless —  
To stick it out!!!!  
I've left the foetid-womb  
The smoggic-gloom; but  
How much more wonderful  
To be there in your frontroom  
IT'S NOT / MINE / HERE!  
(Shouldn't be, anyway)  
So I must remember  
To take part of it away,  
And say my place IS Mataranka;  
I'll forever recall this.

Alan. 1971.

## LOVE'S LOSS

Hours, but days have passed  
Since my gaze visioned  
Her fragile childface  
Numbfeet trudge wearily  
The endless empty streets . . .  
Passing to pass-step pain  
Causing this sink to oblivion  
In a darkened alleyway

.. Slept

And dreamed of her,  
LISA!  
Blue-eyed morning wonder,  
Onyxhair falling,  
Voice calling,  
Beckoning —

REACHED OUT  
To clutch her, &  
WOKE WITH A START  
Knowing agony again;  
— The goneness of dreams.  
Staggering blindly to the street  
To cry  
Some violent  
Weep  
Sobbing.

A.M. Piper. 1972

## DEAF FRED NONSENSE

*F. Kozak.*

Wake-up Fred you fat slob  
wipe the spittle from your gob  
guess who's come to see you  
aspro/speed/& hash  
to please you  
Open your gullet your deadbeat!  
pour guzzle,. . pour guzzle . . . pour guzzle  
drip-drop  
ah! sonk

Wake-up Fred you dopey pig  
snore booze/snore booze/  
rattle  
chop!-chop!

DON'T YOU KNOW its Sunday & the vicker's come to do you  
some spiritual good  
& God too  
amen/oh! man/poor man/sick man/  
clink-splash  
clink-splash —

Wake-up Fred you hunchback  
stop your sobbing handflap  
come to me & i'll kiss you  
smooch-gasp/smack-gasp/slurph-hhhh!  
FRED!!



The Editors,

I am interested in the letter from the "new member" who is perturbed by the Birthday issue of CAMP INK (C.I. Vol. 2 No. 4). His anxieties that the magazine should be beyond reproach and without "... offence to even one member of the general community" are very unreal. I do not wish to be dismissive or derogatory about such genuinely held opinions, but I would like to put another view to him.

Why should CAMP INK carefully omit material dealing with sex and sexual humour for fear it should be considered obscene by somebody? The attitude that such things are obscene is part of the very same attitude that condemns homosexuals as "perverts", "unnatural" and so on. People holding these views are the same people who still consider that physical expression of male homosexuality should remain a crime. Has it occurred to him that such people (described by him as "bigoted and ignorant") consider homosexuality itself to be offensive and obscene?

I should like to suggest that his views and fears indicate that he does not understand why homosexuals are not accepted by the community, nor does he understand how this is to be changed. He rightly perceives that law reform alone will not make much difference but he does consider we have to "earn acceptance". The term "earn" implies that there are duties and obligations we must fulfil to obtain our reward of "acceptance". We do not need to "earn acceptance". Recognition of homosexuals and homosexuality as an ordinary part of life and human behaviour is our right. We have been quiet and beyond reproach for far too long, trying not to give offence by pretending that we do not exist.

Community attitudes to homosexuality cannot be changed by us all being like Caesar's wife. Change will only come as part of wider social change in attitudes towards sex and sexual freedom. To bring this about there must be greater discussion of what is considered obscene in this society and this involves publication of material which some, at present, consider to be obscene. I do not enjoy some of the things in CAMP INK; not because I consider them to be obscene, nor because I am afraid they will give people a stick to beat us with, but simply because they do not appeal to me, personally.

Rose Martin  
Sydney

Dear Sir,

P.M.D.'s attack (*Camp Ink*, Feb.) on "coming out" is hardly a new one and for this reason all the more in need of an answer. The argument that homosexuality is "a personal and private matter that one simply does not announce at large" is one heard frequently from those who wish to maintain the secrecy and hypocrisy that so characterises camp life.

In a society that assumes everyone to be exclusively heterosexual unless told otherwise, this attitude forces the homosexual into a double life, in which he or she need conceal from "family, friends and fellow workers" the most important aspect of her/his emotional life. It is not what one does in bed that need be proclaimed (which is what P.M.D. suggests with his analogy to foot fetishism); it is rather that one is capable of loving another man or woman.

Coming out means one can be free, as heterosexuals are free, to show affection in public, to introduce family and friends to one's lover(s), to behave naturally rather than with a constant fear of being found out. Coming out also means overcoming the belief that too many of us have internalised, namely that we are sick, evil or whatever.

When P.M.D. says that he doubts that "my sexual inclinations are a suitable subject for discussion among immature teenagers" he is revealing that he in part shares the attitude of this society that homosexuality is something to be concealed as shameful. Yet if one accepts it as part of human sexuality it is hard to think of many things more suitable for discussion among teenagers.

I agree with P.M.D. that law reform will hardly be the panacea that some (but not, I think, those most actively working for it) expect. To conclude however that the social activities of CAMP should therefore be increased, i.e. that we should further strengthen the ghetto, seems to me not to follow. Obviously social attitudes change — even in Australia one is no longer put to death for sodomy — but they will only change when we are able and willing to come out and directly confront prejudice against homosexuals. And in so doing overcome the feeling of self-hate that seems to exist among so many writers to the journal.

Dennis Altman

The Editors,

At its January meeting the Church Group within CAMP felt that Axel's pen needs a restraining hand.

His paragraphs on page 9 and 10 of the December-January issue headed 'The Virgin Mary Liberation Front' and 'The Christian Family' may well have caused unnecessary offence to many Christian homosexuals. Strictly speaking, of course, what Axel said is not contrary to scripture; but he offers fanciful interpretations and additions in a derisive and insensitive manner which, we feel, are not called for in this journal.

Sure, the majority of camps are not Christian believers; neither are the majority of squares. But some are. And what point is gained in a paper devoted to the cause of homosexuality and homosexuals by satirising beliefs sincerely held by some members of our organization?

Let's keep our place on the right bandwagon so that Christian and non-Christian, Jew and gentile, Moslem and Hindu — and the plain ordinary bloke who finds nothing in any of these — can join hands to show the world that homosexuals are human.

Peter Bonsall-Boone  
for the Church Group (N.S.W.).

The Editors,

Memo: To Melbourne Branch C.A.M.P.

Not to put too fine a point on it, your 'Melbourne Scene' column stinks!! If you cannot rise above the trashy style that passes for journalism in some of the more popular women's magazines, I suggest that you get another writer for the column, or failing that, don't bother to write it at all! It is an insult to the remaining contents of 'Camp Ink'. "Scenes", should be factual, enlightening

accounts of the activities of each C.A.M.P. branch, not weak parodies of the social pages of pulp magazines.

This style (and I use the term loosely) is also evident in other Victorian offerings, notably your 'Facts About Homosexuality' pamphlet, and is the very ammunition which is responsible for the putting down of homosexuals as apologetic, simpering nonentities. Of course, I am unaware whether you fit this description (although your journalism does nothing to convince me otherwise) but I do not; and neither do the vast majority of homosexuals. I'll be damned if I'm going to be stereotyped by such garbage, and am forwarding a request to the editorial committee of 'Camp Ink' to delete the 'Melbourne Scene' from magazines going to other (non-Victorian) States, unless the style of the article is radically changed.

Brian Woodward

The Editors,

Well, I suppose it was bound to happen, but I did hope we would be preserved from it. I refer to the page entitled "Poems" in the February issue. One of the refreshing features of CAMP INK in comparison to some overseas magazines (particularly the ghastly *Arena Three*) was the absence of such effusions. I suppose from now on we are to be subjected to more literary delights from ladies who are under the unfortunate delusion that they share Sappho's abilities as well as her predilections.

Imogen Bradshaw  
Sydney

The Editor,

Herewith some amendments to your 'World Cruise'.

Finland: Law repealed December 1970. Age of consent 18.

Norway: Same as Finland.

N.B. in both these countries there is a "consenting minor" clause: i.e., any two persons under 18 shall not be prosecuted. Spain: I rather doubt your statistics — c.f., Wolfenden Report page 151 — unless things have been altered since then.

U.S.A.: Illinois — age of consent is 18; Idaho, Colorado and Connecticut — age of consent is 16, NOT 21. Oregon — will be passed July 1972 with age of consent, 18. Hawaii, Michigan, Vermont: Penal code being revised, and these states should repeal law in near future.

Authority for the above information is *CHE Bulletin*, which I have no reason to doubt. They seem to be more on the ball than we are.

Carl Reinganum.

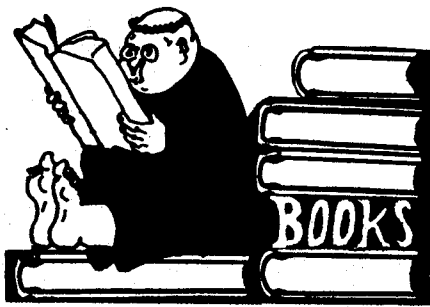
## WHY NOT GIVE A SUBSCRIPTION TO C. I. TO:

Your Doctor?

Your M.P?

Your Minister?

Your Mother?



### A DISCUSSION OF "THE FEMALE EUNUCH" IN RELATION TO HOMOSEXUALITY

Germaine Greer, hailed as a new leader of the Women's Liberation Movement by virtue of her book "The Female Eunuch" has written intelligently on male as well as female role playing and the damage these society-created roles do to the individual.

The discussion of these roles has little overt reference to their relationship to homosexuality but the extent to which the roles we've learnt since birth are part of our personality is a question which must concern every homosexual. A woman learns a lot about womanhood from reading this book and far from being a "down with men" cry, it explains how the image of the 1970's ideal woman has come to us, and how this also affects men. The ideal woman as presented on the T.V. screen is a young, long-haired, slender female with a combination odourless and scentful aroma, a vacuous smile, winning ways, lots of material possessions and a passive attitude to men and sex. Consequently, so as not to seem out of the mold, a woman supplants her natural odours with artificial ones, diets, shaves certain areas of her body, keeps evidence of her womanhood, i.e. periods, as a deadly secret, and angles (unaggressively) to have as many washing machines as Mrs. X.

Miss Greer explains, that to drastically leave this mold as an ideal is to incur the prejudice and scorn of the mass of society. The male suffers from his role casting as well, because few men can stand the pace of being strong, aggressive, all-protective and constantly taking the initiative all the time.

As human beings seem to need to base their expectations on the mob ideal and their behaviour and attitudes on the mob behaviour and attitudes, even to the extent of being constantly against the mob, it's logical to assume several things. Firstly, that an institution in our society can become out of date and destructive although in general acceptance i.e. marriage; and secondly, that in order not to be constantly out of step, a person has to come to terms with

his role and where he fits into society. It seems sensible to say that a thinking person can assume his own role and provide his own ideals on a comparative basis with ordinary social practice.

The chapter entitled "The Middle Class Myth of Marriage" shows how today's married life is a cut throat business with two people desperately trying to lose their personalities and individuality in pursuit of the ideal couple — the 'I couldn't live without you' syndrome. Where once marriage meant that a woman joined an extended family grouping, today marriage means a man working in the city, his spouse sitting at home subject to the paralysis of boredom. The trouble is that real people try to fit in with an unreal myth, and it is perpetuated by people who do not want to admit failure. As Greer says, "There are enough women prepared to boast of having got a man in a million to persuade other women that their failure to find a man rich enough, skilled enough as a lover, considerate enough, is a reflection of their inferior deserts or powers of attraction."

She sees the concept of marriage as presented to us today as one given by media advertising who aim at our weakness and self doubt. If you doubt this, explain why Benson and Hedges sell. Their advertising campaign is based on the image of Stuart Wagstaff with socialites crawling all over him. Sex packaged in a cigarette. Crudely put, you smoke B & H, you have Wagstaff's snob value and his smooth success with women. You've seen those car stickers that feature a pot-bellied, self-satisfied little man saying, "I'm getting more than you"? Advertising is directed in the same way — sex as a competition. All this insidiously gears our expectations and goals, to an exclusive union of two people who are supposedly at the peak of being 'in love' for the rest of their lives.

Because homosexuals are not part of this mold we have a chance to create a richer reality than a mock middle class marriage. After all there are enough heterosexual divorces which have happened without the additional stresses of a homosexual relationship. Dr. Greer comments on her opinions of love relationships in her chapter on Security which she regards as another myth.

"Perhaps I am not old enough yet to promise that the self-reliant woman is always loved, that she cannot be lonely as long as there are people in the world who need her joy and strength, but certainly in my experience it has always been so. Lovers who are free to leave when they are restless always come back; lovers who are free to change always remain interesting. The bitter

animosity and obscenity of divorce is unknown where individuals have not become Siamese twins. A lover who comes to your bed of his own accord is more likely to sleep with his arms around you all night than a lover who has nowhere else to sleep."

That, to me, seems like a good ideal, free from the jealousy and possessiveness that robs a man and a woman from being persons in their own right. It could stop a woman from having the identity Mrs. John Smith. But, of course, it would be difficult to attain. We are not conditioned from birth to regard jealousy as something abhorrent. In the literature and media, it's supposed to be an amusing failing, or perfectly understandable as a ploy to keep one's own possession, a lover.

Greer's most entertaining chapter is on Romance, that literature which gives us such unreal expectations of love.

The sex in the literature of romance never gets past the kiss. By one kiss you find out whether this is to be your 'life's partner' or a villainous creep. Clothes are an important part of romance. See the results of this in reality. How many people have asked you whether you were male or female, with suitable leer? Her comments on selected passages are bawdy and spot on. The passive nature of the ideal female is brought out in these extracts. The forward woman who approaches a man is always a sex starved villainess — there is never any such thing as a randy heroine. The passive twit "trembles with sudden ecstasy" when she's touched (mainly by accident) by her "lover". Greer's comment . . .

"They have not actually kissed yet because Peter has said, 'If your lips touched mine I should not be answerable for the consequences.' Indeed when hand kissing results in orgasm, it is possible that an actual kiss might be on epilepsy."

This healthy-type criticism releases lots of anxieties. It's very hard going through life as a 5'8", 12 stone, energetic, sexy lady, feeling one ought to be 5'2", slender, pale, passive, with no opinions, but having a winning way.

Germaine Greer's best suggestion is that as soon as women are liberated from their stereotype and feel free to be themselves, the male will be free of having to live up to the eternally masculine, virile, father protector figure. She doesn't suggest any causes of homosexuality but she makes her reader infer the effects of role playing and how society reacts if your inclinations and character don't fit the norm. To me, the most important atmosphere of the book came through as a joy in being an individual and the courage it takes to live it.