

## Oral History Interview: Keith Wedmore

Interviewee: Keith Wedmore

Interviewer: Neil Fullagar

Date: June 17, 2012

Keith W. Let me make my two outset points, because they're both...okay. One is that we can't pretend, unfortunately, that we and everybody else concerned in this is dead, so some of the people who may be exposed to whatever you're going to do are alive, and other people are also alive who may get to read whatever they produce, or whatever you produce, and so we can't entirely get around the fact that I'm in what I might call the "E.M. Forster" dilemma – that he would never come out because he thought that his mother would be so upset.

Now, I'm not in that dilemma. Nobody's going to be upset about that. But it does mean that I can't be as candid as I would be if we were in our third day in heaven and getting rather bored, and having a discussion as to what my life had been, dotting the Is and crossing the Ts. There are certain people who might not want to appear in this thing, and I can't...

*[Passage deleted at request of KW.]*

Neil F. Okay. I don't have a long list of questions. I do a few notes of things I want to make sure get touched upon at some point. Today I would hope we can hit the highlights.

Keith W. Sure.

Neil F. In roughly two halves – the one being Keith Wedmore, your life and experience, and the other being *Towards a Quaker View of Sex*. Now, obviously the two intersect.

Keith W. There's some copies of that, by the way, over there on the table.

Neil F. Excellent. And I'm thinking that later on in the summer we can arrange times to talk in some more detail about each of those.

Keith W. Yes, sure.

Neil F. But I want to hit the highlights. So I may as well get it on the recording. This is Neil Fullagar speaking with Keith Wedmore in his home on Sunday, June 17<sup>th</sup>, I believe, 2012. So Keith, I wonder if we might start by discussing your life, and probably the place to start is your birth and family. And you needn't name every family member and say everything, but...

Keith W. No, no, of course not. I'm sure you will chair me or elder me or whatever. You're the person conducting the interview. Interview me, if you like. Okay, I was born on the 16<sup>th</sup> of April, 1932 in Orpington, Kent. My mother was an ex-postal clerk or ex-bank clerk, or something like that, and she had no great education, but she was pretty intelligent and fairly manipulative. My father would have regarded himself, definitely, as upper middle class, having been to Sidcot, and having done the first local

broadcast ever from a school himself. He was that sort of engineer, electrical engineer.

He was the one that I found...well, I found both of them impossible to talk to about sex. I mean, I realized that I was gay by the time I was, I don't know, 14, 15, I don't know. And my mother was just scared stiff. She thought this was yet another huge minefield of dangers, and so she kept on saying vague things like, "Do be careful."

On one famous occasion, she even said to me, "Have you considered imaginative masturbation," which I thought was the last in insults that I could possibly imagine – as an alternative to real sex with a real boy.

[When I talked later to Father, he] sort of went pink and red and white and so forth and then finally said, tapping his pipe, "Well, you'll just have to be very, very careful." And that was more or less the end of that. So you can take it that neither of them were exactly enthralled, and neither of them were of the least assistance.

But anyway, so let's come back to me. So I suppose, really, I can go back to the age of six, and I found myself sitting next to two different people in elementary school – private elementary school at that point. One was a girl that I can remember noticing – she had rather hairy knees – and hating the whole thing, hating being next to her at that point.

On another occasion, I was put next to a rather charming boy, blonde, and I can still remember he had a little scar, a little dent on his face somewhere

where something had hit him and not healed over completely, not healed without a slight dent. I found that very attractive. I definitely enjoyed sitting next to him. So without thinking about the ramifications of this, that, I think, is when I can say I started to notice that that was my direction of interest.

And then we go on through the war. Nothing particularly relevant. I think that by the time I was about 12, when I came home from the United States in 1944, I'd had some sort of vaguely heterosexual feelings. I was quite interested in the breasts of one or two of the girls in the class and so on, in a quite conventional way.

And then I came back to England and slept in air raid shelters at night for a bit because of the flying bombs, and I noticed... well, that's where I think I had my first erection. It would have been around April of 1944. And I can remember quite distinctly wanting to show it to the two boys who lived in the house who were about five years older than I was. I don't know why that should occur to me, but it just seemed a natural thing for me to want to do. I never did, of course.

I'm in fact a rather shy person, you may be amazed to hear. I have two quite different personalities which, sometimes one is there, sometimes the other. But most of the time I'm rather shy. Some of the time, particularly if I have a large audience, or even an audience, like now, I tend to be less shy, you'll be glad to hear. But shyness is part of my character.

So there was a boy at Bromley County Grammar School, now called Ravensbourne School, who introduced me to mutual masturbation. I didn't find it a great thrill, because I didn't think he was very attractive or that his penis was very attractive. So I thought, well, this is just a variation from... But it didn't seem to me to be heaven on earth or anything, not with that particular guy.

And then for the next, for three years – oh, that's right. When I was 12, I wrote a love letter. I was very much in love with a boy called Micky, who was then 12, and I wrote him in calligraphy, because I was interested also in calligraphy, but I wrote him, in black Gothic letter, a love letter. And that was found by his brother or his mother, or perhaps his brother handed it to his mother, and that cut short, to me, a very pleasant relationship. It had gotten no further than, on one occasion, I persuaded him to lie in the bed next to me, which was interesting, but he would never do it again.

But anyway, we weren't going anywhere with that, but his family were going somewhere – they put a stop to his seeing me at all. And so for the next three years we didn't speak. So we got to his age of 15. And I hadn't thought of anybody else for that entire time. And then, for some reason or other, I managed to break through the barrier, and we went for some very pleasant long walks together in the summer of 1947, just before I changed schools.

And I think that about that time – I’m always a person who has not been able to take yes for an answer – he came over and stayed with me in Borehamwood. Borehamwood is where the films are made, Borehamwood Studios. And I went to visit him in the morning, at bedtime – I mean, before he got up – and he clearly had an erection, and he clearly would have been very happy for me to play with it. But, in fact, of course, I just didn’t dare. I mean, I wouldn’t take yes for an answer. So that didn’t get very far.

And in fact, really, the first boy who interested me that I had some sort of sex with was one of the members of the choir of the school who had a wonderful soprano voice, and I got him to sing some of “Madame Butterfly” to me. And he would cooperate in some sort of mutual groping. He couldn’t actually ejaculate at that time, but he certainly got an erection and quite enjoyed the whole thing, although that relationship didn’t go on for more than about a year, because I think he... He announced, to my fury one day, that he had...what was it? Reformed. I thought a more unwelcome word have I never heard. So that was the end of him.

And it was only when I got to, I suppose, Cambridge, that I had any sort of actual sexual affairs. But not very many. There were gay parties in the college, and the head porter, a very austere individual called Captain [Austen], was notorious for having walked in on one of these and then complained that his glasses were steaming up and then just leaving again promptly. I don’t know what was going on at the time he came in, but no

doubt a number of people were in happy embrace. Probably not more than that, but they were in happy embrace. So we didn't hear too much.

I think the colleges took a very sophisticated view. The provost of King's, Noel Annan, was notoriously sympathetic. The whole of King's College was sympathetic. The whole of King's College, the fellows, were largely gay anyway, very much notoriously. Rupert Brooke was at King's, of course. And when Noel Annan was provost of King's, the head guy, a porter came up to him – and he must have told this story, it wouldn't have come from the head porter – “Sir, sir, there are two undergraduates kissing outside your room.” And Noel Annan said, “Well, I said the only thing I could think of to say – I said, ‘Oh.’” And so that's how that ended.

So Cambridge was a fairly sexually unsatisfactory time for me. Oh, that's right, I made the enormous mistake of thinking that this was some kind of mental problem that I had, and so I consulted the University Health Service, which in fact really consisted of one guy. [*Name deleted per request of KW.*] And he was most unfortunately a Freudian analyst. So I had one session a week with him, which was really painful, because I would talk on and on and on while he would make notes, and he would want me to tell him about my dreams and so on.

But he didn't seem to enjoy it much, and certainly I got no advice from him, no help of any kind. I mean, it was the least satisfactory thing I could ever have done. Happily, I only put up with it for a year. I suppose that

was my last year in Cambridge. At that time it was still common to suppose that homosexuality was some kind of deviation, illness, whatever, it was something which could be cured. I mean, this was certainly the ground at that time. I didn't quite buy that, but I certainly didn't go anywhere with Dr. Davey.

But by the time I left Cambridge, two things had happened which were of significance to everything. One was that I had had a wonderful affair with the leader of the King's College Chapel Choir. This is one of the few occasions I've ever had an affair with anybody who's older than me. I tend not to like older guys much. But he was all of four years older. I mean, he might have been 24 when I was 20 or something.

Neil F. But that difference seems big then.

Keith W. That seemed to me a difference. On the other hand, for a month or so he really loved me, he was wonderful, so I had a series of wonderful treats. I got to go up to stand in the King's College Chapel Choir fellows stalls during the famous Christmas service which the BBC broadcasts every year to the whole world, and I got to watch the guy I loved conducting. He had tremendous charm. I mean, I have never known anybody who could turn it on so much, and sincerely.

And unfortunately – this had gone on for about five or six weeks, I don't remember – and he said to me something like, before the vacation ended, I remember, before the Christmas vacation ended in 1953 or '54, he said,



“I’m going to be a shit to you next term.” And sure enough he was, I was dropped. I remember throwing stones against the window where he lived, and he put his head out and said that he was very busy and so forth and so on, so I was duly dropped. But at any rate, I don’t regret that affair. It had been rather fun.

[*Sentences deleted per request of KW.*] I haven’t followed his career in detail because there was really no point.

I don’t think – oh, I met him later when I was a Bristol practising at the bar, and I began to think I was falling in love all over again. I mean, there he was, by this time an eminent Q.C., a very senior lawyer, much renowned, and I was merely a junior barrister. But it’s as if we were sort of starting again. Unhappily, the case was very short, so I didn’t really see him again after that. And then I don’t know whether he felt it as much as I did. But I remember that very much.

Then the other thing that happened was that by the time we got to 1955, when I left Cambridge, I had a pretty good idea – and I felt here being a Quaker was a huge advantage – that I could see that there was a definite section of the undergraduates who regarded themselves as gay, period, a lot of whom, of course, I knew. I would meet them at these gay parties and so on. And there were two or three much older people who would [lived at] Trinity Farm I remember, yeah. There were one or two people

who were connected with the university, or who were dons at it who were also gay and could be seen at parties.

But I realized that there was a problem, because nobody was admitting that these two realities, the heterosexual world, where nobody had heard of homosexuality, at least not in any acceptable sense, I began to realize that there were these two worlds which had no connection with each other. That the Saturday night gay party, in my case, could be followed by a Quaker meeting in the morning, in which one would have thought that sex didn't exist.

So I somehow felt, because I think hypocrisy is one of the main things which Quakerism has triumphed over, that I had some kind of duty to see if I could make a bridge here. And I did it quite accidentally, because a group of us Young Friends from Cambridge went off to Woodbrooke one Christmas for a Christmas retreat. Woodbrooke is the-- [Friends' Center at Birmingham, a kind of urban Pendle Hill].

Neil F. Yes.

Keith W. And we started a conversation. That's right, I and another gay guy called Donald Thomas started a conversation at the top of the stairs there. There's about three flights of stairs. And we obviously didn't want to leave off, because it was becoming very interesting. We were each coming out to the other and discussing the problems of it. But everybody on the staircase apparently could hear this, which is not surprising,

entirely. We both had clear voices, and the staircase had that sort of good acoustics. So I think a lot of people after that were onto the fact that there was something happening.

And then there was something else. I noticed that there was a tendency – we get about six suicides a year at Cambridge, or we did at that time, and I decided that a rather significant number of these were because people were gay and couldn't deal with it. I mean, they had just reached the end.

There was one guy called Roger Walker, who was a young, somewhat effeminate and very much lacking in stability type guy, very bright, of course. I can't remember who he pursued, and I assume he had some successes. And I didn't find him attractive myself. But I went to find him one morning, about the spring of '55, and walked straight into his room, where there was a slight smell of coal gas, and there he was, pink and dead. He had put his head in the oven.

And that made me come out, in a way, because they had an inquest at which nobody seemed to know quite what he was up to. And I explained to the parents in advance that he was gay – not using that word, I expect, at the time – and that...oh, maybe I did. But anyway, and that he was extremely worried and depressed about it all, and that that's why he had committed suicide. He didn't leave a note. And with their permission and consent, I volunteered, in the middle of the inquest to the coroner, that I knew something about it and was willing to give evidence, which I did.

And the thing I mainly remember about it – I mean, I explained the situation to the coroner in fairly simple terms. By that time I felt able to do that. And the police were furious, because I hadn't given them a statement about this, and so they were put out of face. And I can remember them threatening afterwards. The guy who had supplied the witnesses to the coroner and the witnesses' statements and so on, I mean, he really was quite threatening. He said if ever you want to say this kind of thing, you must see me first, or something like that. So I realized that the police are part of the hypocritical setup.

Anyway, I went to America in 1955, when I left Cambridge – Canada and then America, so that put me out of the British circulation for a time. Not out of American circulation. [*Passage deleted at request of KW.*]

And then [Sir] John Betjeman – and I'd written to John Betjeman about his poems, hinting that I wondered whether his “The speed of a swallow, the grace of a boy” line meant that he had sometimes fallen in love with his own sex. And he wrote back I did fall in love the way you mentioned. And we started quite a correspondence.

Unfortunately, his letters to me were stolen by a criminal psychopath whom I mistakenly befriended in the mid '60s. He just disappeared with the entire bundle. I was delighted to find, when I Googled the University of Victoria and Googled myself, in Victoria, British Columbia, that they had the letters of John Betjeman. And I thought, ah, my crook Melvin

must have sold them off, and here they are turning up in Victoria, British Columbia.

So I phoned the library, and they said, oh no, you don't understand. It's not his letters to you we have, it's your letters [to him] – and Evelyn Waugh, and he rattled off a whole number of other great names – it's your letters to him. So I made sort of “Christ almighty” noises, and they said, don't worry, we have the copyright, but the letters are owned by you. And on that sort of understanding, we left the matter. If ever I go to Victoria, I shall try and read my letters, but I haven't had the opportunity.

*[passage deleted at request of KW.]*

So where are we in real terms? By this time I had had two or three meaningful relationships. Lenny's Hideaway in New York was interesting, and I was being – oh, that's right, I was, in fact, approached there by a guy I thought was rather good-looking, and his main interest was sodomy, which, I hadn't had that experience before. But that was okay. The other thing is that in the morning he was just asleep, there was no sort of going back to anything. That was over. *[Identifying name deleted.]* And I had a very nice letter from him saying what a good thing it was to meet somebody like me, or something like that. Interesting thought.

Oh, that's right, and then there was a guy, a young Quaker, a Young Friend I met at the various...gorgeous. Of course, with an American –

Silver Bay, New York is when United Meeting – no, not United Meeting, the other one had its annual retreat.

Neil F. New York Yearly Meeting?

Keith W. Yeah, New York. And so this guy and I got it off, and that was an amusing experience because he was also rather buttoned up, and would do everything except admit that he was interested in me, except that we were sharing a bed one night, and he started to show interest. But sort of pretended to conceal it, which was extraordinary, how bashful we all are.

But anyway, that then became more overt. Except that the next time round, I took all the light bulbs out in the room, which was just as well, because somebody else came in when we were in the middle of it. And it took quite some time to put the light bulbs back. Nobody knew what had been going on. The room wasn't one of those with things with windows. So we got away with that rather well.

*[Passage deleted in respect for privacy by KW.]*

Neil F. We jumped a bit. There are a couple things I wanted to go back and pick up. One was we got to the point of your leaving Cambridge, and then you came to America for, that would have been, then, the second time.

Keith W. Well, I was in America during the war, and then the second time was after I left Cambridge and went to Canada for six months and was bored to death with it. And it was, by the way, extremely non-gay in those days,

Toronto. It changed quite rapidly later. But in those days it was deadly Presbyterian, or Church of England, or Church of Canada or whatever, and it was extremely boring.

I then got a job in New York, and I then came back to England in April of, I suppose, '57, and was promptly invited by Anna Bidder, a great Quaker guru who founded a Cambridge college, which takes a bit of doing, [Lucy] Cavendish College. And she I had talked to about coming suicides as well as past suicides, and that had put the wind up her. And so while I was away between '55 and '57 in America, she had started to put together this committee, which became the Towards a Quaker View of Sex group, and I was invited to join it when I came back from America, and I became the youngest member.

And we met for years, I should think once a month, probably. I might be able to find the original book downstairs somewhere, or the original file on this. I may still have it. And we met in the University Women's Club on South Audley Street, which gave us very nice lunches at which she produced little bits of lemon to put in the water and so on. I was very impressed by that. But we met – you had to go into the library, and it was like all the films where this kind of thing happens. You had to touch a certain door, and then it would open, and you would be in this secret room. And there we sat month after month for three years, revising each other's stuff.

And that was a great experience because you knew that they were psychiatrists, and we had a probation officer, and we had a housewife. And what else? I think I was the only lawyer. We had the chief director of the prison commission. He's the anonymous guy who's referred to on Page 5 as, "for professional reasons," having to be anonymous. And we had a whole lot of people come and give us evidence while we were trying to work out what we trying to say and why we were trying to say it.

But in the end we decided we had to change the whole concept of morality – we couldn't just accept the existing codes and try and squeeze around it, we had to scrap it, and we did. So we had a completely new morality.

And that was fine, because at the time – this was the time of the mid '60s, and we had the Bishop of Southwark behind us, and we had various other people that I came to know. Lord Montague of – no, not Lord Montague. There was a priest [the Rev. Lord Beaumont of Whitley] who was also a member of the House of Lords, very wealthy, and who became one of my sponsors, not just in the sort of sexual sphere. I mean, we had no sexual relationship, but we discussed sex. But in politics he became very useful.

I think I'm wandering a bit. So I came back from America, was invited to join this committee. We sat through it. And it was the weirdest of experiences because we would get letters... You know, people came. I mean, one of my relations turned up, who was headmaster of a Quaker school at the time. And here he is explaining how he was seduced by W.H. Auden in America, and one thing and another, and I thought this is



really interesting, you know, what a nice committee. Other Quaker committees are nothing like this.

Neil F. None that I've ever served on.

Keith W. No, no, no. It was very, very interesting. One of the things that was so good about it, was very reinforcing to the soul, was that when we had discussed sex up and down and sideways, and all the bits and pieces that we knew about it for years, we knew each other extremely well, and indeed, every word of *Towards a Quaker View of Sex* may have been written by this person or that person in the first draft, but the whole thing had been sifted through over and over again by the committee of the whole, so to speak, at these little library sessions, and that meant that when the book came out – and it was sponsored by the Friends Temperance and Moral Welfare Union [in actuality, published by the Friends Home Service Committee and funded, in part, by the FTMWU], whose clerk at the time was about the most anti-sex individual you could ever find.

*[Sentences deleted per request of KW.]*

And he asked, just before it came out, by which time it was already in print, nothing could have been changed, even theoretically, he asked if he could see a copy. And I found he and his wife were denouncing it to Monthly Meeting – she was clerk of the Monthly Meeting, a very efficient one – but as poison. And I can still remember that – poison. It was poison.

Now, meanwhile, the Society of Friends was having fun with it. They discussed it endlessly. Little bits of it are in the Britain Yearly Meeting *Faith and Practice*. One of them I either wrote, or at any rate, was involved in the production of, so if I sit in Australia or New Zealand meetings, I can always reach for our *Faith and Practice*, or their *Faith and Practice* and find something which I wrote in it somewhere, which is a very gratifying thing to do. You get to an age when you get wonderfully self...you're wonderfully gratified to find that your name is somewhere or other forever.

So there was a huge, huge, huge fuss [in 1963]. There were cartoons about Quakers in all the newspapers, especially *The Guardian* and the *New Statesman*, *Daily Express*. And we were in...I can't remember quite... David Frost, in those days, was doing a Saturday night program called "That Was the Week That Was," which was very successful and very well done, and he ran some kind of piece on *Towards a Quaker View of Sex*. He had a whale of a time with it. So we had huge publicity, and each of us had to give many, many talks around the country to monthly meetings and so on, who were, on whole, rather sympathetic – well, they were sympathetic, no question.

But what was interesting – and I lost this point and am now finally coming back to it – was that since we knew each other so well from having spent all that time, and three [seven] years is a lot, discussing this, since we had done that, we weren't in the position of any other group that I know of,

where you get the chairman of the board or something saying these are only his personal views, and he can't speak for the company, or I can't speak for the Cruelty to Children in America, but I'd like to tell you what I think and so on. We didn't have to do that. *We could speak for the whole group every time on every matter, knowing that they would agree with us completely, and knowing, in fact, what we thought.*

So all of us, all 11 of us, could go around giving all these talks. I don't know how many hundreds of them there must have been altogether, because there were 11 of us at that time. And it was great. And I felt very reinforced by that. I felt that I had ten very strong friends whom I could trust for life and would know that we would always support each other. It was a bit like the Pendle Hill effect – you go there and you feel that you're bonded to the other people forever. And that was the biggest bonding experience I've ever had.

And one of the people there, as I say, Anna Bidder, who was a Quaker guru at Cambridge Young Friends, she would have us down to her vast house every Sunday night for a very open discussion about anything. And she went on to great things. As I say, she founded Cavendish College. And on the rare occasions, after I came back to England, that I was in some great spiritual crisis – for instance, my mother proposing to commit suicide [on the death of my stepfather] – I would go and see Anna Bidder and say what do I do now?

And so she's a great loss to me. She died age 95, 98, nearly 100 about ten years ago. But she was formidable right to the end. She was the sort of woman who, when she stands up, commands the entire room immediately. She speaks clearly and to the point, and very honestly, and she sort of destroys any hypocrisy like dust in the room; it all gets swept out. And so I really loved her. She was a fantastic figure, and she's been a large figure in my life. Yeah, absolutely.

And of course with her we discussed all the gay issues. It turned out that two or three of the group that were coming to her group every evening were gay. One of them went to South Africa later, I can't remember. But anyway, we had a substantial gay representation in that group of Young Friends at Cambridge, which was, again, a great help to me. I would have hated to have been in a group which had no gay Friends in it at all, and we did have some. So that was a bit like an early sample of San Francisco monthly meeting, where...well, we needn't tell you about San Francisco monthly meeting.

Neil F. Well, at some point maybe I should have you tell me about San Francisco meeting. So I take it you were raised in the Society of Friends.

Keith W. Well, the answer is yes and no, and that isn't just a cliché. In my case it's absolutely true. My family had been Quaker back to 1744, when Catherine Mylbourne, the daughter of the chaplain to the Earl of Sussex, wrote her father a letter, which was entrusted to me, and I managed to lose

it, can you imagine – but telling him why she was leaving the Church of England for the Society of Friends. And she laid out all the reasons, which are still very present with us. She didn't believe in this hokey-pokey that there can be people between us and God, she didn't think that music was necessary, she didn't think that churches were necessary, she went through the whole thing. And it was really great stuff.

And so from then on there was this line of Quakers – I'm related remotely to Richard Nixon, for instance. I mean, all sorts of people got into the family tree after 1744. And so by the time we arrive with my parents, my mother, I think, had only joined Young Friends – London Young Friends, I suppose it must have been – because she was trying to chase guys, which seemed a quite good reason at the time to be in there.

And I think in fact Kenneth Barnes, who was on my committee, on *Towards a Quaker View of Sex*, I think that he and my mother had been lovers at some point. And that was a rather amusing thing for me to reflect upon. So anyway, she presumably dropped Kenneth, or Kenneth dropped her, and she went on to my father, who I think was, in his own view, at any rate, the highest class on the list, and they finished up marrying.

Now, why am I on to this? Oh, yes, Quakerism. So father had been, and was, a birthright Quaker. He was a member of Golders Green Meeting at this time, and when I was in my teens. He never went to Golders Green

Meeting, and in due course they started that series of letters, which go on for years, inquiring about his membership and what he felt was the future for him and so on. And he would always...my father was a great procrastinator, especially in emotional things. He would never make a decision if he could avoid it.

So finally a couple of Elders came from Golders Green Meeting, and they visited us in Orpington. I only have Father's account of this, of course. But they asked him what he thought about it. He made it clear he didn't want to resign, and they pointed out that his total unwillingness to come, was something of a barrier. I'm shortening, of course, what I'm sure was hours of conversation. And finally he said, being a mathematician, "How often do I have to come?" And they said—

Neil F.        *[Laughs.]* Quantifying.

Keith W.        Can you imagine? And they said twice a year. So the next thing that happened was that I, who had no actual experience of the Society of Friends whatever – I'd never been registered as a Friend or anything like that when I was born – I found myself the enthusiastic one, going with two highly reluctant parents, my father going because he had to go or lose his membership. And I think he thought his Membership might get me a discount at some Quaker boarding school, you see? It's a pity he actually didn't pursue that line of thought, but anyway, he didn't.

So he would go and he would go the minimum times possible, and Mother would go because she felt she had to go if Father went. And I went because they suggested, in the first place, that I might like it. Well, of course this was a ridiculous thought, but in fact I did, I loved it. And I met the son of this director of the prison commission, who at that time was only about 15, and one or two others who went up to Cambridge.

We all [the young guys at this Meeting] went up to Cambridge, actually, from there. So I made some friends for life in this really, really pokey little Meeting [North Finchley], which was one of these kind of garden shed cum back of the shop type operations. It's a bit like Marin Meeting used to be when it started off in the Scout hut here in Blithdale, and it was truly depressing.

But the Meeting [North London at Finchley] was nice. Donald Thomas played the recorder very well. Jonathan Fairn became immensely impressive and became a solicitor, and he became chairman of some other Quaker school, I think Leighton Park. He became chairman of the board.

*[Section deleted to respect privacy per request of KW.]*

How are we doing?

Neil F. We're doing fine on time. Let's see. So you returned to England in '57, I believe you said.

Keith W. Yes.

Neil F. And then at what point did you relocate to America again?

Keith W. Oh. [*Dogs barking.*] Not until 1980. Walt Van Gelder, who I don't suppose you ever met, but he, in the summer of '53 or '52, went to a Quaker work camp in Maine, working on an Indian reservation, putting their house together and generally providing social support. But he was married to Betty Lou, and they lived originally in Berkeley. By the time I came to a holiday with my then wife in 1979 here, in Mill—no, to stay with them in Marin. We stayed with them for ten days. We stayed ten days in Philadelphia and ten days with the Van Gelders.

And the Van Gelders showed me Mill Valley. They showed me the Fall Arts festival, which is just around the corner here, we're two minutes from it, which is why this house is here. And they showed me the Frank Lloyd Wright Center, they showed me the wine country, they showed me the trails. And I thought this is heaven, I would like to spend the rest of my life here. And I have, of course. I think it may be time to feed the dogs, as a matter of fact. I haven't already fed them. I think they think so, too. So if you will give me a moment.

Neil F. Certainly.

Keith W. And if you'd like more coffee or more anything, this is a good moment for you.

Neil F. Okay, I think I will pause this. [*Break.*]



Let me un-pause this so that it's running. And I think there are a few threads about you that I would like to pick up before we turn our focus more toward *Towards a Quaker View of Sex*. If I recall correctly, you were a member of San Francisco Meeting until some time within the last year or so.

Keith W. Yeah. And what is it now? It's June, isn't it? I think I transferred sometime in the autumn.

Neil F. I think that's about right. And so when you came permanently to America, you left being a Barrister behind. What has been your...?

Keith W. Absolutely, yeah. I didn't want to do any more law. The law here is rather less impressive, or even less impressive, to my point of view, than the law in England. But in any event, I'd done anything that I could possibly do, which I actually wanted to do, and what lay ahead of me was to become a rather senior barrister, or perhaps to take silk, or possibly just to become a judge or something.

Neil F. What is "to take silk?"

Keith W. Take silk means you become a Queen's Counsel, you're appointed a Q.C. [you have "Q.C."] after your name, and that means that you appear in court in future with a junior barrister as well, and you get paid twice as much as you were paid before. If you become a Queen's Counsel before your practice quite justifies it, that will be sort of a starvation period.

But I don't think I really was about to take silk, but I think I would have...I was, in fact, starting to apply to become a judge, but I realized that my heart wasn't in it. I couldn't imagine anything worse. I mean, a judge has to behave, in England, rather more discreetly than judges do here, and that meant cutting out going to the movies and so on, because you meet real people and all that sort of thing. So you have to start being chauffeured everywhere. Anyway, so I didn't want that. And when I came to America and I realized I could start again, I thought I'll start again. Just drop the whole thing.

Neil F. So what has your professional life been in America?

Keith W. Oh, in America?

Neil F. Yes.

Keith W. You mean what have I done for a living?

Neil F. Yes.

Keith W. Okay. At Pendle Hill, I struggled to decide what I wanted to do, but I decided, with the help of other people who were working in the same problem for them, that I wanted to work with my hands for the rest of my life, not with my head in an office, but with my hands.

And there were four choices. I had done some stone walling courses, and I could do masonry, I thought. I had quite some experience of ceramics as

a result of Pendle Hill, so that was pottery. I can't remember the third one. The fourth one was...oh, the third one was calligraphy, of course, because I had been interested in calligraphy and typography. I'm quite an expert. We have one or two more in Friends who are really...there's a gay guy at yearly meeting who knows more about typography than I ever shall. But anyway, I had done typography and calligraphy since I was 12.

And then that left beekeeping, which I didn't realize immediately, but I found out pretty soon, within a week, if you do that professionally, an American beekeeper has very little to do with the bees, they're not much interested in them. He's carrying huge quantities of bees around the country on giant trucks and taking them from crop to crop and so on. It would combine all the disadvantages of being a Bible salesman – never under the same roof two nights running – and a whole lot of other disadvantages that I could think of, so that ruled out massive beekeeping.

My beekeeping now is entirely another matter. I just have the ten hives, and that's all I'm going to have, and I'm loving it. But the thought of trying to find fifty, a hundred thousand a year off beekeeping – I mean, it could be done, but I didn't want to do it. The thought of building stone walls around here would be ridiculous. First of all, the people who do do it are already fairly well trained, more trained than I am, and secondly, there's almost no demand for stone walling. So that was a piece of pious hope that was ridiculous.

Pottery, I did go into a bit. I was an apprentice for the Bolinas potter, the “Dogtown potter” for a time, and did quite a lot of pottery. But the standard around here is extremely high, and the price is much too low, because a whole lot of people are doing it – mainly women, but not all – whose income really isn’t from the pottery, it’s from their husband or their wife or whoever is making the money in the family, and so the pottery is an excuse to get into something very agreeable, but which is so well done that the average potter is charging half the realistic price around here. You can get very good pottery and all of it by half price before we begin. So I thought this is no way to get into an already over congested business in which I would take five years to become really good, by which time I might hope to make about half the income required to live in Mill Valley.

So that turned that out, so what did I do? So I went into calligraphy, and I had a lot of luck, actually, some huge fortunes and some huge misfortunes. One of my huge fortunes was the calligraphy because I specialized – I was very good at it, so I took years taking classes, and I charged more and more and had fewer and fewer clients. I decided that that reduced the thing to a reasonable proportion fairly early on. So, for instance, when people would call me up and ask if I would do – I think it was usually wedding envelopes or something like that – I’d say, “Well, look, yes, of course I will do wedding envelopes, but I do them to the same standard that I do anything else, and before we go on, I think you’re asking for a quote.” “Oh, yes, yes,” they will say eagerly, delighted at my intuition. I

said, “I have to tell you now that I am the most expensive calligrapher in Marin. You will not get a higher quote than I am about to give you.”

At that point, surprisingly, they lost interest, and I finished up with just two or three or four or five people who would pay what I was asking. And one person in particular, who was introduced to me – I can’t remember quite how I came across her – but something to do with a wedding.

[*sentences deleted to respect confidentiality.*] But anyway, this is one of the occasions she was getting married, and there was a question of how to set up her wedding reception.

And by accident, her chief assistant got to know me – I’m just trying to remember how. Oh, something I’d done in Mill Valley that I didn’t like or he didn’t like what I did for him, and so I did it again, and he was very happy. And oddly enough, he introduced me to this woman, who was the ADC to this heiress, and so I was suddenly working for a billionaire. And the short point is that I did anything she asked, and she had a very wide range of interests, and she paid anything I charged her, so that was it. I mean, that was a good career.

She left, fortunately or unfortunately, in 1994. She moved to Los Angeles. And I thought billionaireesses of this kind – I mean, she was...any show she put on was lavish. I mean, it was like in the movies. And really lavish. But anyway, so when she moved to Los Angeles, I thought I’m going to give this up, I’m going to retire.

I spent a year trying to write a book on Rupert Murdoch, and I didn't succeed because I had nothing to say, and most of the stuff said against him is simply untrue. He's not a bad guy. He's not a one man conspirator. I now know a lot about Rupert Murdoch, and indeed, Australia, as a result of that experience. But I laid it down after a year because I really didn't have any realistic thought of publishing something which said anything new, or which really revealed anything.

And so that took me on to what? What did I do after that? I'm not sure I did anything. I mean, I joined the Rotary Club, and of course I kept up with Friends, but I think I regarded myself as through, so to speak, until I thought of beekeeping, when I gave up Rotary four years ago.

And so it's an enchanting thing. I have this half acre of magical farmland in the middle of a three and a half acre, very funky farm down Highway 1. I have total privacy. I have total command of my view, so to speak, and my plants and my bees. It's very good. And I'm doing a large experiment in what bees die of. My theory, and it's not unique to me, is they're dying of stress, in the end – mismanagement and stress. And if you don't stress the bees, they will survive.

And we keep, therefore, only survivor bees. If bees can't take the diseases and the stresses and so on that they have to endure around here, they will be allowed to die, and we will only breed from hives that can do without any chemical treatment of any kind, or need any management, any

interference in their affairs, really. And they're happy bees. Well, if this comes off, it'll be well worth the experiment, because it shouldn't take me more than five years to establish my ground, in which case we shall have done something for the whole of the beekeeping community. My grandfather wrote *The Manual of Beekeeping*. He wrote "the book."

Neil F. Really?

Keith W. Yeah. And it's still around. So let's go back to something which interests you.

Neil F. Earlier, I think before the recording started, you mentioned that people...you referred to what people ask if they know you're bisexual.

Keith W. Oh, yeah. If they dare. I mean, actually, normally, they have the good sense to keep off it. It's like...do you remember, somebody asked the cousin of a recent vice president, a well known gay author who, I think, ran for governor of California once. Oh, boy. Bananas, or something. Mention a few massive... Doyle? No. Who does bananas?

Female: Dole.

Keith W. Dole. Gore Vidal, I've got it now. And his cousin became vice president. And Gore Vidal was asked by some journalist, when he was very much in public life in California, what sex his first sexual partner had been, and he said, "I was too polite to ask."

Neil F. [Laughs.] Yes. Well, I shan't ask you that question, but since you've mentioned the word bisexual and you've mentioned the word gay, I will ask – and as with anything else, of course, you can deflect the question if you choose, but I'll ask – so how do you identify yourself, if you do, and has that changed over time?

Keith W. Okay. I would say that I'm sort of 90% gay and 10% hetero. [*Sentences deleted at request of KW.*] I've never been to bed with a woman who wasn't my wife, actually, come to think of it. It's an interesting thought. Anyway, so that's how I identify. And I think it's a bit of a predicament. Had I been what I am now when I was 15, and had the world been what I had hoped to make it, frankly, when I was 15, then I would more likely have settled down with a guy in the first place, I think. But a friend of mine who married a gay friend of mine, who came over from Canada to England – well, we won't get into all of that – but she commented about Gordon and myself that we were heterosexual when we were single and gay when we were married. There was something in that. I think that's a brilliant remark.

But anyway, so has it changed? No, I think that my ratio of interest is very much what it was when I was 12 or 16, that on rare occasions – these do occur – but I meet somebody who I think is impossibly attractive and who's also female, and usually nothing happens about that. Although I notice, incidentally, before I leave this subject, that I am far more



attractive to women than to men. I mean, I don't get propositioned by men anything like as much as I do by women, and that's led me into all sorts of disasters, especially where I didn't feel able, in the old days, to explain the position that I was gay.

So this caused a whole number of heartbreaks and problems which I regret. But there was a time when you really couldn't own up to this kind of stuff. That's again why I got into *Towards a Quaker View of Sex*. There's one woman that followed me to Canada from England, and, oh boy, she was very hard to get rid of. She was a perfectly nice person, I'm sure, but I couldn't have any feeling for her, just couldn't. So there we are. So that's how I see it. I see this as very unbalanced – not in the critical sense, but the momentum is really one way, it's to guys.

Neil F. I know that your son called a little while ago to wish you a happy Father's Day. How many children do you have?

Keith W. I have four. They were born between December of '58 and December '62. There was a month or so in which I had four children who were under four, I remember.

Neil F. Oh, my.

*[Section portraying family members deleted at request of KW.]*

Neil F. I'd like to focus a bit on *Towards a Quaker View of Sex*. And some of the things I've made notes about you've already touched upon. I wondered

how it came about and how you got involved, and also what the process was like, and the reactions you encountered to the publication. And I think you've touched on all of those. So I guess the principal questions I have at this point have to do with the revised edition, which followed quite shortly on the original publication, and on why it went out of print.

Keith W. Yeah. The second edition was occasioned by the fact that – here, perhaps, we became slightly political. I think particularly adultery was an issue that people kept on raising. We were taking the general view that serial relationships are okay. In fact, I still think they are. But we were regarded as being rather over permissive about adultery, and we couldn't quite resolve that. We didn't feel we had total clarity.

Because, for instance, one of the problems about adultery is that it's normally secret. It's not a question, is it, of your saying to your wife, as you come home from the office one day, "I think I'll spend my future evenings, to some extent, with Sheila. Do you mind? I'll be home weekends and Thursday nights for golf." That's not what happens, is it? What happens is that Sheila exists and exists for a long time. So there's an element of betrayal, which is very un-Quakerly, in a lot of adultery.

*[Anecdote deleted at request of KW.]*

So we were confronted by a genuine concern which we couldn't quite resolve. So I think we conceded some ground and we said, well, there are occasions when it's perfectly okay and occasions when it's not, and then

we may have spelled out a bit, in the second edition, where we thought it was okay and where we thought it wasn't.

And no doubt we clung to the point that it depended on a certain amount of understanding. I mean, you can make any marriage you like. Some marriages take in all sorts of possibilities, as we all know, and the difficulty arises, simply, that in many marriages, one partner or the other is deceived as to what's going on. So that put us into a different moral ground.

So I think we went into that a bit in the second edition and said yes, we've been a bit, perhaps, too simple in our presentation of the problem here. So that produced the second edition, or the two editions. So 500,000 copies in the year it came out [actually 500,000 was the total sales]. It was the only year that Friends House in London, the Friends bookstore, has ever made a profit – 500,000. As you and I know, it came over to the States as well.

Now, what happened, I now realize, to get a third printing – I wasn't aware of it deeply at the time, because for one thing, I wasn't necessarily handling it. I mean, I was one of, say, six or five or seven or eight survivors. But anyway, it came to be reprinted in the United States. And I'm not sure that when it was first reprinted there was anything to complain about. It was simply reprinted, and they reprinted the second edition.

And then I discovered one day – I don't always reread my own books, if you know what I mean. But I discovered one day, looking through the last copy I had obtained of *Towards a Quaker View of Sex* – I like to keep a few on hand. I don't ever want to have none at all to look at. And I discovered that there was pasted in, toward the end, on a blank space just about large enough for the purpose, what appeared to be either a repudiation by the – it was an anonymous text, this – it was either, or apparently either a repudiation by the authors of their own essay – it had little phrases like “much more is now known about sexual offenses,” or “much more is known about sexual activities of children,” or “much more was known.”

And that was written by people who knew much less than we did, and were in effect trying to say that hold it, hold it, you should sort of speak to your priest or your whatever. I think they were of high and conservative Friends who got involved in this. And without my knowing it, and I assume without anybody else – in fact I know – without anybody else on *Towards a Quaker View of Sex* knowing, this thing was pasted in in the latest printing. And I found it out quite by accident. I mean, it had probably been in – this had been going on, probably, for five, ten or 20 years.

And then I happened to find it, and was amazed, and I thought these people, I mean, their point of view is not something I would want to ridicule, but they must write their own book. They mustn't paste into the

Bible the little bit that Jesus should have said, and it should be put into the Bible so that he can be allowed to say it.

*[passage deleted at the request of KW.]*

But anyway, so I discovered this. And then I wrote to Friends in Cherry Street, I think, in Philadelphia, who had most of the copies, and I said how did this come about? And they referred me back to England, to a Friends bookstore. And they said, “Oh yes, that was one of the conditions of reprinting.” And I quite nicely, “Well, why didn’t you ask me or ask us?” But no, this time it was me. And they said, “Oh, well, you know, you had this anonymity. We didn’t know who anybody was.” And I said, “Would you turn to Page 5?”

Neil F. *[Laughs.]*

Keith W. “You will find my name and my qualifications set out.” “Oh,” they said. And I said, “I’m not having this. You’re not to do this.” And so they burnt [destroyed] all the remaining copies. It doesn’t prevent any reader from getting it, because you can bid on it. You can go to Amazon or whatever the phrase is. But you can get it at a reasonable price. There are lots of copies available, so I have no conscience from that point of view.

But I think I did the right thing in principle. It is an astounding piece of impertinence to take somebody else’s book and then write something for which you would never have got publicity, and for which you had no

qualifications, and you're just prepared to say that, you know, St. Paul got this bit wrong, and this is what he intended to say, paste, paste, paste. So that's how it went out of print.

Neil F.       Wow.

Female:       And is that little bit in this copy, or is this an older?

Keith W.       I don't have a copy of the pasted in bit. I might buy one sometime for my own amusement. It wouldn't be difficult. Anything which was produced or sold recently will have the paste-in. But I don't seem to have a copy of that in the house.

Neil F.       Well, that's very interesting. Personally, I would like to see the book in print again.

Keith W.       Well, you see, how can it be done? We can take out the paste-in, of course. But you must remember that it's now a historical document. Many of the aims of it have been achieved among the people with whom it could have been achieved. I mean, there are some people who seem to be invincibly ignorant, and they assume that anything which the Catholic Church believed in 900 A.D. is it. And indeed, there are such things as Catholics, although not many of them, I think, would subscribe entirely to the thought that we were all villains.

But see, how would you do it? You'd have to have a group which was somehow appointed by somebody. You'd have to have them considering

the whole thing again in the light of the present problems, not the past problems. I mean, at the time that book was written, any homosexuality in England was illegal – any expressed physical expression, I'm sorry. There was no consensual sex among gays that wasn't illegal, of any kind.

And it took years – oh, this was another of my activities. I became, what was it, secretary? No, assistant treasurer of the Homosexual Law Reform Society in 1958 or 1959. And I did that for six months, actually, as a whole time job, but then rather longer than that just as a volunteer. But that was laboring with the law, and it was lucky enough to tap onto one or two people who were in a high position, like my friend Lord Beaumont, to get some backing from unexpected places. In fact, one of the pleasures of it was getting these huge checks from well known names to continue the work.

We had a very depressing secretary of the society, whose aim in life seemed to be to keep people from meeting each other just in case they had sex. I mean, he was a very frightened individual. And at the time, of course, he had reason to be. But in the end we were successful. We got Lord Arran – Lord Arran introduced a private bill in the House of Lords and he saw it through and it was passed. The House of Commons passed it and the House of Lords passed it, over late Lord Montgomery's objections. But anyway, obviously it was attacked fiercely, but it got through. It got through.

And at first there was an age of consent of 21, and then by the time I left England, I think it was down to 18, and I think it's now down to 16, and we've more or less reached parity. I'm not sure that 16 is not still rather high, but the one time I had a meeting in England to discuss the age of consent, and all the various monthly meetings and quarterly meetings sent representatives, and I suggested that perhaps 15, as in France, would be a more suitable age, and bless my soul, they came down in favor of 14.

The only thing is, of course, that nobody ever did anything with this wisdom or this information. I mean, I wouldn't object to 14, but I'm just trying to draw a clear line somewhere. But the trouble with Friends having their meetings in England, as well as in America, is they tend to have a great exercise, produce wonderful conclusions, and then all go home and have some tea.

Neil F. It was suggested to me, and I found it a rather surprising thought, but it was suggested to me that *Towards a Quaker View of Sex* may actually have had more – at least in America, because I think this person's perspective was solely American – it's been suggested to me that *Towards a Quaker View of Sex* actually has had more influence outside of the Society of Friends than inside the Society of Friends.

Keith W. It may have done. Also, of course, a lot of people who weren't Quakers at the time that they read it read it and became Quakers. I mean, in our meeting, San Francisco, there's somebody whose name will come back to



me in a moment, but various people have said to me they came in because of *Towards a Quaker View of Sex*. Of course they would say that to me, wouldn't they? But there's no need for them to say it if it's not true.

And I have no idea what effect it had, really. Well, obviously we didn't have the space, the time, the money, the research or the interest to find out what different groups had done with it. There was a huge public fuss in which lots of people came down heavily on one side or the other, and that was exactly what we hoped for. And people could sort their way through that.

But I think the hypocrisy of the ancient position was somewhat overcome by the wave of sympathy for the views, particularly since we didn't muck about with trying to evade the fact that we were upsetting the whole idea of what sexual morality was. We said that we need to redefine this, we can't just accept the old traditions, and we must start again. And if love is mutual and is not coerced, it doesn't matter between whom and what. Love is love. And this is an essential Jesus message, but it's very hard for some people to take.

Neil F.           Indeed. Are there other surviving members of the group?

Keith W.        Not as far as I know. I have written to one or two, but they seem to have died. Alastair Heron lasted until relatively recently. I mean, like ten years ago, I think. Richard Fox ought to have survived, but he was ten years

older than I was or so. He was at the Maudsley Hospital. He was a psychiatrist. But I think in fact he must be dead.

*[passage deleted at request of KW.]*

But I'm now over 80, and I had the advantage at the time when I got into this that I was only, what, 25, wasn't I? The others were an average of twice as old as I was, so you can understand that they tended to move off rather sooner. And I don't think that my work is done, as they say, as Stephen Hawking says about his own work. I intend to live a little further, both for the bees' sakes and also for this kind of thing.

Neil F. So have you been acquainted with...well, obviously you have. I'm curious about your acquaintance, either personal or being aware of some other gay, lesbian, bi Quakers.

Keith W. Oh, Quakers, mm-hmm.

Neil F. I'm thinking, for example, of my friend, although we were certainly never close, but Ron Mattson, who died just recently. Ron was a brand new Friends pastor when he came out to the church he was pastoring in Nebraska. This was in the '60s. And I had hoped to get more of his story recorded, but unfortunately he died just recently.

Keith W. People do. By the way, I want you to take that one home with you, because I remember now there's some correspondence in there. There's only a tiny bit, but it struck me suddenly that it might interest you.

Neil F. I'm sorry, what?

Keith W. In the *Towards a Quaker View of Sex*. I'll give you that copy because it happens to contain something which I realize might be the sort of thing you're looking for.

Neil F. Okay, excellent.

Keith W. But I will try and find the big file... My inside information in America wasn't particularly inside, because things have changed. We've moved on 50 years. And on the whole, the gay groups around here and the people who are gay sort of let you know. So I didn't need to use any kind of nonexistent gaydar. And I have never had much faith in that.

I think the people who are obviously gay have chosen to look obviously gay. They've adopted certain mannerisms or dress or rings or whatever, and then you can say of course that they're gay. But there's a whole lot of people, like 90% of gays, who don't do anything of the kind, they just look like people. I mean, they don't look as if they're in some particular pastime or sport.

But I did meet Bayard Rustin, for instance. He was really interesting. That was in New York in 1953, '54. Looking back on it, I'm wondering how I came to meet him. And I think perhaps I might have been introduced to him as a possible prospect. But he was a delightful guy. Very, very candid and sort of cheerful and straightforward. A rolling

merriment, he was. Deeply interested in sodomy, of course, and in fact I think the entire conversation at dinner was about sodomy. I'm not sure whether I'd had that experience at that time. But it certainly made for a memorable dinner.

And then we had a Russian in long, ill-fitting trousers. I can't remember the fourth person at this dinner, and I've no idea at all how it came to be arranged. But anyway, it was a good thing I had met him. I feel very pleased to have met Bayard Rustin, and to have had this chat about a subject of some mutual interest. And he was wonderfully free of any kind of guilt. I mean, that was one of the things about him. I mean, at a time when guilt was rather common, or indeed, totally inhibiting, he didn't have any.

And that was, I thought, a rather uplifting experience. It's like your first taste of a decent wine or something. But we didn't keep up a correspondence or anything. I think somebody thought that he might fancy me, but I don't think I fancied him and I don't think he fancied me. You can't just do that kind of thing. But it doesn't matter now, does it?

In England I got to know some very eminent people who would not then have wanted to be outed. I also got to know some eminent people who didn't mind at all. Getting a check from Somerset Maugham was interesting, as secretary of the Homosexual Law Reform Society, because his ex-boyfriend – I mean, by this time he was beyond it, but Searle was

his name. His secretary. Wrote to say that Mr. Maugham is now a very old man, but I'm sure that he would wish to give generously to the cause that you represent, and he enclosed this enormous check. I forget what it was now.

It turned out to be very easy to get money in for it, and my only inhibition there was that the guy who was in fact running this little organization was so very fearful. I think he thought that he would be had for arranging something which would, at that time, have been illegal, like setting two people up so that they could meet, and might even fall in love. And this horrified him. He just didn't want the responsibility. And I thought this was lacking in common sense. But that was one of my less shy periods.

*[passage deleted at the request of KW.]*

Neil F. I think perhaps that's the place to leave it for today.

Keith W. Sure.

*[End of recording.]*