



No 9

# GAY NEWS

10p

## Brutalising, Punching, Kicking and Stabbing

# Queers- 'I've Done What I've Wanted With Them'

An ex-queer basher, Paul, talks to Angus Suttie, David Seligman, Jeffrey Weeks and Micky Burbage.

Paul is in his late teens and has lately come to live in North London because there is no work in the large Scottish town where he comes from.

**DAVID.** At some time in your life, Paul, you were what is known as a queer basher. What did you used to do?

**PAUL.** I think in Scotland as compared to London there is a great difference in gay people, because in England they can bring themselves out a bit, more than they can in Scotland where they hide and are afraid to use any ways in life. Whereas a girl and a guy can kiss in the street, a homosexual can't even make love in back yards or . . . If a cop caught you he'd love it, do you automatically or beat you up. When I was about fifteen I was what you call a queer basher. This is all made up of a bad person really, so what we used to do was use every form of violence, and the reason I'm telling you this is because now I'm living in London I believe that you have the right, as lesbians have, and because I want to help Gay

News. The way I'm telling this may shock, but I think it's my right, my prerogative to use this and let them know how I felt, how I hated them. There are a lot of different gay people in Scotland, and the reason Scotland is so bad for queer bashing is that they have no idea who's gay (*ie homosexual as opposed to pederast - ed.*) so they have to confront somebody.

**DAVID.** Why do they feel they have to confront gay people rather than other groups of people?

**PAUL.** I chose queer bashing because a lot of them used young people, even kids, and this certain time I was talking to this homosexual person and he followed me, teased me. He tried, you could use the word rape. Well, I had a knife and he had a belt, so I used the knife and he used the belt. This was a violent gay person though, and what I'm trying to say is that there's different people. There's either gentle people, as the gay people I'm sitting here talking to at the moment, or there's perverted homosexuals as well. I don't know what the word is. They chase after, I don't know if you could use the word homosexual, they chase after little children.

**DAVID.** They're pederasts.

**PAUL.** It's complicated you know. People think they are queer. That's the word they use in Scotland. It's a horrible word, but that's the word they use, so I think that there's different people. Maybe they know that there is a homosexual that is gentle, but they don't seem to know that there's another homosexual, he's got to hunt for them as a lover. And that's why there's queer bashing in Scotland. I've had plenty of opportunities with them, brutalising, punching or kicking or stabbing, or doing what I wanted with them.

**DAVID.** When you were queer bashing, what did you feel?

**PAUL.** That's a thing I'm trying to get to know myself. I think it was like a trend, you know.

**DAVID.** You felt you had to do it because your mates did it?

**PAUL.** More so that I'd been pissed about by a lot of them. So I sort of hunted them. When I passed by them, they knew I'd beat them up in the streets. They can't go to the cops. Well, they could, but they'd only charge them with something else.

**DAVID.** What do you think about the police attitude to gay people?

**PAUL.** The police are horrible people in Scotland as far as I'm concerned. I mean this is only my view. Some Scotsmen say they're the salt of the earth or something like that, but they seem to think because they've got a uniform on they can knock the fuck out of you at any time.

**DAVID.** Have you ever been beaten up by police?

**PAUL.** Hundreds of times. I've got scars to prove it.

**DAVID.** When was it, after they arrested you?

**PAUL.** I'll tell you. When I was in Scotland I was drunk and my brother was fighting, gang fighting. I ran to get hold of him to bring him home. Cops came and my brother swam the

canal, and I couldn't swim so I had to face them. Well, I put my hands out, so as to say, 'Okay, I'm caught', you know. They got their batons and they went for me. Well I lifted a stick. I thought fair enough, but my sister came running down the hill shouting 'Leave him alone, leave him alone, leave him alone', and this cop turned round and said, 'Do you want it and all, you wee cow'. Well that just

set me off and I hit him with the stick over the head and I got 60 days for it - imprisonment in the Young Offenders Street Institution.

**DAVID.** People in London don't realise that there's a completely different set of laws in Scotland. You can go to prison there for quite minor offences can't you?

**PAUL.** Oh fuck! Different, they're a lot

*Continued on page 8.*



Photograph: Alexander Levac (Camera Press London)



Photograph: U.P.I.

## Men Only Marriage

**HOUSTON, TEXAS:** America's first fully-legal gay marriage was performed by a minister of Troy Perry's Metropolitan Community Church (see GN8) and it was something of an occasion because even London's Evening Standard noticed it had happened and published a picture.

The Rev Richard Vincent, pastor of the MCC church in Dallas performed the ceremony for ex-high-school-football star Antonio Molina and William Ert, at the Harmony Chapel in Houston.

Antonio comes from Brownsville, Texas and William is a female impersonator who's working Houston currently.

The two exchanged marriage vows and told the press that theirs was the first legal gay marriage in the USA.

After they'd exchanged rings and said:

"with this ring I thee wed", William lifted his white wedding veil above his face and they kissed.

Neither plans to have a sex change operation they told pressmen.

William, who wore white and a blonde wig for the wedding, said: "Why should I have anything removed or added when he's marrying me for what I've got."

"I'm just like I was when my mother brought me into this world, and I don't intend to change."



## GAY NEWS

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Richard &amp; Norman, Ken &amp; Allan, Angus, John, Stanley, Peter, Anthony, David, Ken, Wolf and all the other Friends &amp; Loved Ones.

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# Editorial

Hi, here we are again with Issue No. 9. This time slightly more on time than No. 8 which was held up for reasons beyond our control. Even beyond the printer's control, or so he tells us. We apologise to any people who received their copies of the last edition a few days late. Our printer has been duly told off but we suppose even he cannot control exploding machinery and snapping wires. Seriously though, it was just one of those things. At least we haven't had a strike yet!

No doubt some of you will think we are blowing our own trumpets, but we were rather pleased with GN8. The worth of the content was up to you to judge and pass comment on, but as far as design and presentation went, all credit to our designer and his assistants. And we hope to improve even more, for as we see things, no one can ever stop improving and trying just that little bit harder.

GN8 was '16 sexy pages' and this issue is the same size. We hope to continually produce this number of pages, for we find that we can cover that much more, whether it be articles, news, reviews and the other gayness-essities. But please don't feel too angry with us if we occasionally drop back to 12 pages. As you might have guessed, now comes the plug for asking for more contributions and suggestions from you. We have enough ideas at present for main features, but news and featurette material is incredibly valuable to us. So keep on sending your ideas and articles in, and not forgetting your letters which are so important to us and interesting to all our readers.

## Gay Ads

We are pleased to see that many of you find our personal ad section useful. That's what it's supposed to be, as much as anything else. Incidentally, it has come to our notice that Time Out had to reject an ad on the advice of their solicitor and the 'forceful' suggestion of W.H. Smiths. The ad offered a flat for 'two gay mates'. Very obscene and corrupting, don't you think? We sympathise with Time Out for being so vulnerable to the 'moral' whims and bellyaches of a major distributor and wholesaler. At least that publication (even though more expensive than us) has tried to make its ad section available to all, no matter what their sexual preferences. Gay News will of course always accept such ads, no matter what judges, Lords and moral bigots may decide, and that goes too for any possible future distributors.

In the near future we hope to run a feature on exactly what you think about gay ads, contact or otherwise, which we publish despite the 'illegality' of our actions. You don't have to be a radical or a militant to end hypocrisy and sexual discrimination.

## Women

The amount of content relating to women readers in Gay News is still pitifully small. If anything, we consider this to be still one of the major faults of the paper. It would be chauvinistic of us to just put into the paper what we

men thought should go in for women, and a 'women's page' is most certainly not the solution. So please, sisters, let us have your articles and points of view, and help us to make this paper truly for both sexes. If you are distrustful of our motivations, come and talk to us first or give us a ring.

## Transport

Having to distribute Gay News ourselves is at times quite a task and a worry, and there may be one or two of you who could help us out. We desperately need some transport (car, van lorry) once every two weeks. So maybe you have a vehicle you could lend to us. Either you could drive it yourself or lend it to us for a day. We in turn will take the utmost care of your car etc, and will pay for petrol and/or expenses incurred. Alternatively, if any friendly millionaire or equivalent, in a moment of madness, wants to donate a vehicle to Gay News, we certainly won't say no.

## Subscriptions

We sincerely hope you all still find the paper interesting, informative, and dare we hope, amusing and entertaining. To those of you who originally took out a 10 issue subscription, could we remind you that it is almost time to renew your faith in us. Please don't leave it to the last moment, for it helps keep the paper work down, and, need we say it, we need your continued support and money!

## Provincial News

To return to the subject of you supplying us with news and information; you may find that we are somewhat lacking in news content in this issue. More so than some previous editions. A certain amount of news stories, usually the more obvious ones, are gathered by us. But we really need you to send us in anything you hear about, especially from those of you living out of London. At least send us any stories relating to gayness appearing in your local and provincial newspapers.

Please enjoy and be critical of this, our ninth edition. And remember, Gay News is as good as you help make it.

Many thanks to the customer of the Coleherne who gave us a donation on Saturday 7th October. Such acts mean a lot to us.

Mae 'GAY NEWS' yn croesawu tanwsgrifwyr cymreig ac y mae ar werth yng nghwmry.

By courtesy of the Welsh Office.

communities (if these exist as such) among any of the black population groups. I have heard that the Indians have a gay club in Natal, but apart from this one could easily believe there to be no black homosexuals in S. Africa!

Gay Liberation — none so far as I know, except for a small group in Durban started recently by a couple of friends and me. So far we've had little success. There is too much apathy and fear of coming out, even on the campus.

Police action — although homosexual acts are illegal, the police turn a blind eye on the clubs, at the moment. They don't like Gay Lib though!

Generally speaking, the South African scene is quiet and concealed. Everyone minds their own business and lives in their own closets. As long as you conform more or less, you're OK.

Richard Wallace-Terry

## Appalling Bad Taste

London SE15.

Dear Sirs,

I must say I find your picture of Lord Longford and Cliff Richard in the current issue of Gay News in appalling bad taste. Lord Longford is one of the few really good men in public life today, spending much of his time helping drop-outs in all walks of life. Because you disapprove of his investigation into pornography, it is no excuse for slandering him in this way.

The thing that worries me about pornography is the effect on youth. I am not a father but I don't wish my young nephews to see lurid paperbacks when purchasing their sweets and comics. Nor when answering an ad in your magazine, do I wish to be invited to 'cum in my pants' while watching young boys having sex on film. Don't you think it is wicked that children should be exploited in this way? What sort of lives are they going to lead? Anything that Lord Longford can do to clean up pornography as it affects children is long overdue.

There are many good things in your magazine and also some offensive. With so many representations of the male organ in the current issue I should think even more retailers will refuse to handle it, and I don't blame them.

H.R.A.

## Thanks to Gay News . . . ?

York.

Dear Gay News,

Thank you for your paper — it's saved me from going completely insane. My boyfriend and I have lived together for three years, during which time I found out he was gay.

Together we dragged ourselves off to various doctors and psychiatrists, after which time we were both taking anti-depressants for some time. Phil began to think he was a raving pervert, and I believed it was gay people who were perverting him.

Then Gay News emerged into our lives, and slowly the gap between us narrowed and we began to live again. Only through understanding and respect of each other as people have we managed to denounce the roles that society has given us.

At last Phil can be as gay as he likes, and I'm proud of him for it. After reading some of your articles in GN I've cried with guilt to think that a year ago I might have thought like those cops.

With the help of GN and a change of attitudes we now have an extremely happy relationship, sexually and otherwise.

Maybe your paper ought to do an article on bisexuality. One doctor we went to see told us there was no such thing! During one visit, when Phil wasn't there, he told me that I should find myself a nice straight guy so that I could have children, as that what my aim in life should be, and what was a nice girl like me getting mixed up with a 'queer' for.

Well, it's shit to the lot of them because we've proved them wrong, we're happy. I'd much rather stay with Phil as he's a beautiful person, than go forth and multiply with any Tom, Dick or Harry for the sake of keeping up with the attitudes of society, ie that gays and straights are two different kinds of species.

Lots of love from a converted straight,

Joan

## Safety in the Suburbs

Dearest Poofahs,

What with all the carry-on, hasslings, arrests, righteous indignation and wrongful suspicions of stolen cameras that has been happening around and about the dear old Coleherne lately, isn't it about time that someone (could it be me?) tried to bring some little perspective into the matter?

So all right, the pigs persecute us gays on every possible occasion, and most of us have known about it for quite a time. But aren't we playing rather too obviously into their hands in this particular case.

How many times have you visited the Coleherne at closing time, not merely as a witness to the bullying pig tactics which quite obviously go on, but as an observer of how one particular part of a minority group (ie the gays who use the Coleherne) behave late at night in a high-density living area. OK, I know 11pm isn't late for some, but some of us are early risers by economic necessity, and the cruising and camping, bitchy fights and lingering farewells often do carry on until much later.

Perhaps if a few of our people were less shrill in their manner and more abstemious with their gin and tonics, the pigs wouldn't even have an excuse.

Anyway, right on, Gay News, you're just beginning to let it all hang out!

Love,

J. Porter.

ED. Bring up any little thing you like J.P. and play into anyone's hand you can get into, but some of us have been frequenting the Coleherne regularly for up to ten years, as customers, and we know the scene. Earls Court is generally a noisy late-living area, especially the Old Brompton Road itself, it's the police who push people into the back streets, and who are we, or you, to dictate drinking habits to anyone.

## Any Offers

Cheshire,

Dear Sir,

I am writing to see if you may be able to help me

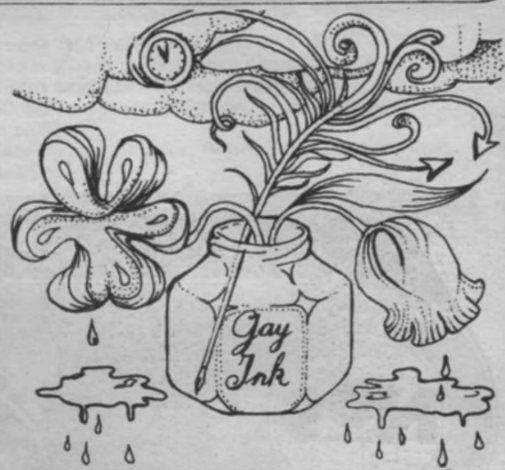


Illustration: Jean-Claude Thevenin

with my problem.

Since 1940 I have been a confirmed S/M, and my first wife was also, and therefore I had no occasion to look elsewhere to have my bottom smacked or caned or whipped to give me complete sexual satisfaction. But in 1960 I lost my first wife with cancer. In the 18 months which followed I met three men, one a homosexual, in Manchester and he got pleasure out of smacking my bottom for an hour at a time until it was bleeding, and this relationship lasted for three weeks then he disappeared. I found two more but they were only one night stands. Then I re-married and tried to introduce this way to my second wife and found she wouldn't and couldn't respond to it, and I have tried to find someone, unknown to my wife, of course, who would smack my bottom but I've had no success and I'm very frustrated now. I don't mind which sex, colour, or nationality as long as I can meet someone, or as many people as possible because I like plenty of it.

So if you could help me at all I would be very grateful. Or course this is all unknown to my wife and there would be hell to pay if she found out, but if I make contact with someone first, arrangements could be made later.

R.B.

ED. If anyone wishes to write to our friend we will pass all letters on to him. Stamped envelope please.

## Kiddettes

London WC1

Dear Gay News,

Even if Councillor Kidd appears to be developing an obsession with homosexuals there is no reason why we in turn (as seems to be the case) should develop an obsession with him. There are few people in Scotland who would treat his views with the seriousness of Gay News 7, and still fewer who would go to the trouble of seeking them out — with the possible exception of BBC Scotland looking for a lighter item for its News. Councillor Kidd has been a laughing-stock throughout at least the Lowlands for years; the very mention of his name provokes derision. Homosexuality is only the latest in a very long list of subjects on which he has pronounced with unflinching unintelligence. He is an isolated eccentric even in true-blue Edinburgh: have you thought about how much practical effect his exhortations to the police have had?

You would do better to think more about the support for us that does exist outside the gay community (and finds regular practical expression — witness the Iona Community's help to SMG) than to build up bogeymen for us to shudder over in private. Do for goodness' sake cheer up: much of your last issue reads as if it were produced in an office full of inconsolable depressives.

Good wishes anyway.

Graeme Woolston.

## Sickening Treatment

London NW3

Dear Sir,

I was interested to read your Stop Press item on the trouble at the 'Champion' on 16th September. As an onlooker that evening, I was sickened by the way the Landlord and police treated the GLF boys who were not in my opinion in 'drag'. I feel that this word must be defined more precisely before the law is allowed to come down upon it.

I was also shocked by the lack of support from other gays in the bar and I left shortly after the events, determined not to support that pub again. Until the Landlord drew attention to himself and the police arrived I was not even aware of our persecuted comrades.

I am not accustomed to wearing drag but I did not find the clothing in the least offensive and they behaved admirably in the circumstances.

If gay people allow this sort of discrimination without protest, where will it end?

A Teacher

## No Chips Please

Birmingham

Dear Gay News,

Firstly, thanks for a newspaper that looks towards the future and not the usual propaganda we read and hear so much about, as though we have a chip on our shoulders about being gay.

We are all human beings with the same feelings towards life as everyone, homosexual or heterosexual and not at all odd, so there is no need for anyone to feel guilty about being gay.

I would like this paper, given time, to be read by heterosexual as well as homosexual. We will eventually get accepted by the general public if we don't segregate ourselves as though we are different and as if we are all the time hitting out upon the public as though they are always against us. It works both ways, and the sooner we realise this the better our chances for an equal acceptance!

Every Success for your good work,

P. Arthur Miles  
Gwen Browne

# Your Letters

Please note that any letters received by us at Gay News are liable to be published unless you state otherwise.

## Quiet and Concealed

Natal, South Africa,

Dear Gay News,

Congratulations on launching your paper. It's pretty good too!

It's great to be in touch with what is happening in the UK. Here in 19th-century South Africa one can feel terribly isolated from all the activity that one feels sure is going on elsewhere: a copy of Gay

News seems to bridge the gap somewhat.

Some brief notes on South Africa: we have a largish gay community (among the Whites) organised in each of Durban, Cape Town and especially Johannesburg. In each of these cities there is an exclusively gay night-club and sometimes a bar (non-exclusive). Johannesburg has about three clubs and at least an equal number of bars.

Gay attitudes being essentially S. African attitudes, there is very little racial mixing, any contact is frowned upon. I do not know anything about gay



# Charity Evicts GLF Squatters

LONDON: Notting Hill's gay commune has been split up by workmen acting for the Notting Hill Housing Trust, a charity.

The Trust owned the house in Colville Terrace and agreed to let the gays move in and squat while it didn't need the house. The Trust had other homes to upgrade before getting round to Colville Terrace.

The Trust gave the 12 gays four months to live in the house. Now it is to be modernised.

The Housing Trust's deadline ran out at 11 am one day, and workmen immediately started to force their way into the house, whose doors and windows had been barricaded by bedding and planks. Signs outside the commune's house said: "We are 12 men. We are gay. We are a family."

One of the commune's members was Tim, who said: "We want the housing trust to give us a home because we think we are representative of a section of the community in this area. The house was unoccupied for six months before we moved in."

A spokesman for the housing trust said: "It's against the feeling of all the members of the trust to put people out in the street, homeless, but when there's so much at risk, you have to act. The house will make five units of accommodation for families we are geared up to re-house."

"It's another case of the desperate housing need in this area. Squatting is endemic in an area like this where there are no available homes and it is particularly sad in this case because they are a minority group who are being discriminated against because of who they are."

While members of the commune were talking to the spokesman and her fellow members of the Trust, the Trust's workmen forced their way into the house to start work on converting it.

While they were trying to take over there were scuffles between gay communards and workmen. Two people were slightly injured.

## Two Injured.

GLF communards are still living in the house at 42 Colville Terrace, and they have not fitted a siren to give themselves warning of any further attacks on the house.

GLF supporters told Gay News: "At 10am two members of the housing trust accompanied by two of its employees tried to break into the collective in Colville Terrace."

"They tried to do this by saying that they had a court order to enter and take possession of the house. After being asked by the occupants to see this notice, they withdrew."

"They said they would be back at 11am and all possessions had to be out by then. When they returned we insisted that we be allowed to the Housing Trust office."

"Three of us went and were assured that no attempt would be made to evict today. But when we returned to Colville Terrace we found that they had broken in (this going against what was said at the Housing Trust office)."

"They forced their way up the stairs of the outside of the house, viciously pushing aside the many supporters who had arrived in the meantime."

"One of our members was injured slightly by one of the workmen. On reaching the door they attacked the window of the door, smashing it into the hallway. Some of the occupants were injured by flying glass, one with a piece of glass in the eye."

Police arrived and stood around as the workmen tried to break into the house via the basement. But they were frustrated by the nine-inch concrete floor. So they just burst the water main.

It was at this stage that one of the spectators who had been injured complained to the police who told the workmen that they could be prosecuted for common assault. This has now been done.

At noon, the police, Housing Trust officials and their workmen withdrew.

Before any of the action happened the Colville Terrace Commune sent the following letter to the Notting Hill Housing Trust:

"We, the present tenants of 42 Colville Terrace, hereby make a formal application to be rehoused by you, our landlords. We are one unmarried couple and a family of 12 gay men, members of two minority groups who



42, Colville Terrace, Notting Hill.

remain as yet unrecognised by you. We strongly suggest that you call an emergency meeting to discuss our plight. We are, by your definition, squatters; in that we moved into the house without consulting its owner. We moved in because we had nowhere to live. We had been continually harassed by private landlords.

"Tired of being forced to live in separation, miserable, exorbitantly expensive, squalid bedsits, obtained by pretending to conform to society's heterosexual 'norm' we decided to live together in a rented house in Brixton. There we were harassed by gangs of local school queer bashers to the degree of getting hit over the head, or front door bashed down, and having bricks thrown through all our windows. We were refused protection by the police who even threatened to arrest us for soliciting, breach of the peace, etc. Within 24 hours we were given notice to quit, which we were in no position to fight."

"We came to Notting Hill for a number of reasons: principally because most of us had been forced out of rooms in that district."

We are challenging your refusal to rehouse us, not from the point of view of being

squatters, but of being a family. We are as close as any nuclear family.

"We as gay men are as persecuted as any minority group (if not more so); the difference between us and other minority groups is that we receive no help from any liberal institution or charity. We never qualify: where must we go? Back into our lonely bedsits through the country?"

"We demand a meeting with all the members

of your trust. We want a firm policy statement on gay people and unmarried couples. We are a family, we hear so much about the plight of broken families, but we are surrounded on all sides by attempts to break our family."

"We will not move unless we are guaranteed a house."

ED: For reasons of space we have been able to print only extracts from the commune's letter.

# Secret Dossier On Gay Teachers

The police have openly admitted keeping secret dossiers on schoolteachers whose private lives they think to be 'corrupt'. And they are angry that they cannot act against these teachers.

In a recent issue of *The Police Review*, the semi-official organ of Britain's policemen, the magazine complained that police involved in this private-lives work did not have enough legal protection.

The magazine said: "It may be that the information — in police possession — would not support a prosecution; it may not even relate to a chargeable offence, or it may be a matter of strong suspicion without proof."

"In one force, a schoolteacher was seen frequently loitering near public toilets and another was known to have a private library of obscene books."

What the big-brother cops do usually is to report on this sort of nasty habit to the education authority that employs the teacher only if he (the teacher) commits a criminal offence.

What they don't like is the fact that if the reports were made without a prosecution the teachers could sue the public eyes for libel.

The magazine adds on the cottaging teacher and the one who had a library of wank-material: "As there was no prosecution in

either case, one presumes that the (education) authority remains unaware and the teachers continue to be in charge of young people."

The *Police Review* stretches its moral tests to take in foster parents, adoptive parents and medical staff.

But in a rare flash of fairness *The Police Review* says it isn't fair to wreck someone's career by whispering in his employers' ear. That, the magazine says, would be "contrary to natural justice."

Instead what the police would like to do, it says, is to take the 'deviant' public employee aside and make him an offer he can't refuse, so he either changes his behaviour or resigns.

Somehow the magazine has forgotten entirely the old forgotten rule of British justice that you're not guilty until proved so.

# Don't Jail Lord Porn Pleads Brigid

LONDON: Author Brigid Brophy believes that Lord Longford and his team who produced the recent 'investigation' into pornography should be allowed to roam freely, she told a meeting of the National Secular Society on October 3.

The meeting in the Conway Hall was called *The Longford Threat to Freedom*.

Miss Brophy said that the secular society and the Longford porn-busters differed in their attitudes to offensive literature.

She said: "I do not believe that the mere fact that a book offends me is sufficient reason to punish its authors, to suppress the book and to deprive my fellow citizens, all 55m of them, of the right to choose for themselves whether to read a book or avoid it."

"Although it admits that, on the evidence, pornography causes no social harm, *The Longford Report* feels entitled to over-ride the evidence. One of its pretexts for doing so is its assertion that pornography is addictive. My own guess (which is just as much a guess as the Longford Committee's, the difference being that mine is a guess, not a special revelation) is that for every person who becomes addicted, there are two who, having satisfied their curiosity and found that pornography does them no large harm and no large good either, move on to types of books and films that are less repetitive and predictable."

"Most people in this country know from their own observation that there is great danger of addiction, especially in the case of young people, to whom we have a special responsibility, if a person starts collecting stamps. Chess is even more notoriously addictive."

"Either the Longford Committee doesn't in fact believe its own argument or it is grossly irresponsible in not specifically proposing to ban either chess or stamp-collecting."

She said that the book that, to her, did most to "outrage contemporary standards of humanity accepted by the public at large" was the *Origin of the Species*, Darwin's theory of the evolution of humans from monkeys.

Miss Brophy said: "The Longford legislation would have forbidden Darwin to plead that his work was for the public good and would have suppressed the book. Moreover, the book would still not be published now, be-

cause not having been available in the meantime, it wouldn't have been able to persuade the public to adjust their standards of outrage in the light of reason."

"Most original thought and much original art proceeds by outraging previously accepted standards. The Longford legislation would wipe out our cultural future — and much of the past, whose works are often outrageous by present-day standards."

"The Longford legislation is a prescription for replacing the permissive society by a stagnant society. A society that is not free to be outraged is not free to change."

Mr Gerald Sanctuary, the sex-educationalist, told the meeting: "I hold no brief for pornography. It is a symptom of society's sexual sickness. This sickness will not be cured by telling people not to be sick; prevention — through education — is the only answer. We need a shield, not a sword."

"It is time we made a serious national attempt in this country to bring about an era of sexual sanity. Let us do so by applying such knowledge and skills as we possess to the problem of sex education. The obvious authority to do this is the Health Education Council, a body ideally suited for the purpose and already deeply concerned with the subject."

"To rely on voluntary advisory councils or viewer's or listeners' associations to provide guidelines will be to put prejudice and ignorance where knowledge and science should be."

"Has it occurred to no-one that, by educating the children of today we are educating the parents of tomorrow? How else can we break the vicious circle under which sexuality is viewed by successive generations as something indecent?"

"Why do you think there is such an enormous market for pornography in Great Britain, Germany and the United States? Because it is we Angles and Saxons who have most tended to equate sexuality with sinfulness and dirt."

# Gay News Goes Under The Counter

LONDON: Kensington police sent out an inspector early the other day to make sure the newsagents on their patch weren't selling anything naughty, so Gay News went under the counter at several newsagents, even though the paper is on no-one's list of proscribed publications.

The National Newsagents' Association has told its members to be cautious about displaying *Oz Comix*, *Curious Male*, *In Depth* and several other publications, but not *IT*, which

currently has a phallic front cover, or *GN*.

All the same, after the visit from the Kensington police heavy whose job seems to go through newsagents' magazine racks, some of the newspapers that are as yet unaffected by any back-lash action have disappeared from police sight to be sold on request only.



Workmen fight their way into house.



## Paul Goodman Dies In US

Banned from teaching by several universities and colleges in the '40's, Paul Goodman never ceased to fight for gay civil rights and equality.

Much regret will be felt by the gay community at the passing of this writer, teacher and social critic, who died on 3rd August, 1972, aged 60, of a coronary, at his farm in North Stratford, New Hampshire.

Born in New York's famous/infamous Greenwich Village, Goodman was brought up in poverty (his father having deserted the family soon after Paul's birth). He surmounted the struggle to educate himself with the same zeal that was to characterise his lifelong attitudes.

After graduating from New York City College in 1931, he could not afford to enroll at Columbia University, so he cycled there day after day and by devious means contrived to attend the philosophy lectures of Richard McKeon. Later, he hitchhiked to attend free classes at Harvard.

Some while after, McKeon, his former teacher, and by now Dean of the University of Chicago, invited Goodman to lecture on English literature. In 1940, however, Goodman was fired from this post because of his freely-admitted homosexuality; later this also cost him a teaching job at Black Mountain.

"I don't think that people's sexual lives are any business of the State," he said. "To licence sex is absurd."

In spite of being gay, Paul and Sally, his wife, lived together for some 30 years, producing two children in the process. They were however, never formally married.

Propounder of the most extreme solutions to mundane problems, Goodman has been described variously as poet, psychologist, anarchist, iconoclast, novelist. His most famous book, *Growing Up Absurd*, made him a sort of youth-cult figure in the years following its publication in 1960. Of this book, Colin McInnes has written:

*"His readers were of all generations, and he had an undercover readership both of students who dogmatically rejected literacy,*

*and of educationalists alarmed by change. Despite the mockery of its analyses, Growing up Absurd remains a cheerful book - optimistic, and its satire positive and revealing."*

One of the most elusive and yet most daunting talents of his generation, Goodman combined prophetic vision with rebellious despair.

In connection with his gay tendencies, amongst other things, Goodman underwent psychotherapy both in the late '40's and early 50's; this experience led him to become a lay psychotherapist.

In spite of this, his later years were filled with despair. Despite having published more than a dozen books and countless articles, he wrote:

*"I am continually tormented by not being published... I guess I'm the least-known author of my ability in America. This has made me bitter enough at times, yet I also take it as a good sign, that what I stand for is important and resisted."*

Condemning society and the educational system, he said, in *Growing up Absurd*:

*"It corrupts the fine arts. It shackles science. It dampens animal ardour. It dims the sense that there is a Creation."*

It is typical of his indomitable courage that, until his death he insisted on following - despite two heart attacks - a daily routine of gardening on his North Stratford farm. He also visited friends and was in the process of writing both a book on religion and a collection of poems.

"He wasn't a man to follow prescriptions," his doctor said, "He had too much to do."

Stevie Williams

## Rough And Tombola

CHE's Autumn Fair

Autumn is upon us once more, and as I watch the golden brown leaves flutter limply to the ground... you mean this isn't Readers Digest?? Well, actually I feel as though Autumn has been upon me since last July. However, this is almost all completely beside the point, you see to brighten your autumnal gloom, London CHE groups decided to get together and produce another sparkling fair. Only this time it's bigger and better and we're holding it in Autumn, which explains the incredibly stupid content of the first few lines of spiel. Yes, an Autumn fair, and what better way to raise money for the CHE London Club, that we so badly need, than to give people a really good time? Well, that's what we thought anyway.

You may remember that last year, despite little or no advance planning or publicity, we did much the same thing and managed to raise £300 in just five hours for the club. Now, £1 a minute isn't bad going by anybody's standards is it? Unfortunately, London prices being what they are, £300 isn't going to get us very far, but apart from all this fund-raising bit, we wanted this fair to be an opportunity for all the London groups to involve themselves in what almost everyone agrees to be a worthwhile project. So this year's preparations started that much earlier, giving us more opportunity to get the goodies together and to pick up the bargains you'll be finding on our heavily laden stalls. We now have contributions from all our London groups and even one from the Home Counties (Windsor's Fruit, Flower and Veg Stall).

We hope we've learnt from past experience, and although last year's fair was quite a success it was by no means perfect. So this year, we'll be aiming to 'keep the customer satisfied' by laying on food and hot drinks not to mention somewhere to rest your aching feet and have a chat with your friends.

Our idea is that this fair should be fun for everyone and certainly not just the participants. Of course, with some fund-raising events you can find your hand in your pocket every five minutes, but we know that this fair couldn't be a success based on the rip-off principle. That's why you'll be finding fantastic bargains from 5p to £5.

To give you some idea of what we've got in store for you I'll list out just some of the stalls. We've got the New Books stall; Cards and Calendars; Framed Prints; House Plants; For HIM For Christmas, (sorry girls, but nobody put forward a For HER Stall); Homes and Gardens Stall; Pickles and Relishes; Cakes; Bottles; Antiques; Candles(!); White Elephant Stalls; and so it goes on, not to mention For-

tune Tellers, Bingo etc, and of course our own pivotal CHE stall where you can find out about us and some of our aims. Then at 7.30 pm we've got entertainment lined up for you in the form of our own CHE players who will be presenting three comic one-act plays: 'Gladys Otherwise' and 'One Blast And Have Done' both by N.F. Simpson and Harold Pinter's 'Trouble In The Works'. As well as all this there'll be a Revue which will present some of our 'home grown' talent in glittering style!!

Although we're hoping that many of our own CHE members will support our venture, it would be a great pity if this turned out to be an 'in' thing. We want as many gay people as can make it to come along and, for that matter, anyone else. This is why we've tried to keep the entrance price so low (20p for the fair; 30p for the evening entertainment; and a 40p ticket that will get you into both). Then, as a kind of bonus, we've numbered each ticket and at 6.00pm there'll be a draw to see who's going to win themselves a Mediterranean holiday for two.

So you see we've all been quite busy getting what should be something really special together for your delight, and dare I say, titillation, and we hope that you won't want to miss it. The fair opens at 11.00 in the morning at the Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London WC1 on Saturday 4th November. If you're going to come by the tube you'll want the Holburn stop which is on both the Piccadilly and the Central Lines. If you want to try and get tickets in advance send a postal order and a stamped addressed envelope to Charles Micklewright, 46B Chartfield Avenue, London SW15 6HG or you can call in on our CHE London Information Centre, 22 Great Windmill Street. For my sins I will be 'on the door', I hope not literally, and I'll look forward to seeing you there.

## Seized

GLASGOW: A street-seller for the City's Black Box alternative newsagency was arrested for a breach of the peace for selling IT, Gay News and Black Box's own paper, Spike.

The seller the police arrested was Leslie Twycross. Glasgow's Provost is reading all

three papers to see if there's anything worth busting him any more on.

Earlier this year a Black Box seller was arrested for selling IT and another alternative paper. The provost could find nothing wrong with them.

## BBC Bans Bowie

LONDON: Brixton-born figurehead of the gay-rock revolution David Bowie met with a ban on footage his Mainman company supplied to the BBC for its Top of the Pops programme.

As a Mainman man, Hugh Attwooll, told Gay News: "They say it's a matter of taste, but no-one who'd seen the last few weeks' Top of the Pops programmes would seriously think of the BBC as an arbiter of taste."

The footage, shot by David's usual photographer, Mick Rock, was of Bowie and mime-making Lindsay Kemp doing a mime act to Bowie's overtly gay single John I'm Only Dancing.

Instead of the Mainman/Mick Rock film, the BBC showed a film of people on motorcycles.

Hugh Attwooll at Mainman, said that he, too, could not see the relevance of the footage that the BBC showed.



## Gay Lib News

Dear GLF-in-London,

Today 5 September 1972, I HAVE BEEN CHUCKED OUT OF THE ARMY BECAUSE I'M HOMOSEXUAL. They don't seem to want pervers like me to corrupt their kids. Really, I hardly thought I'd be so brave as to go there and say "Look mates, I'm afraid I'm not fit for your game. I'm Titania, I live in another world. My dwelling is an orchid's bud and I am attended by elves and imps".

That happened in the barracks. He said "Right" and wrote abnormal personality on my dossier. Then I was sent to the military hospital, to the neuropsychiatric ward, and a doctor there asked me, "What does this abnormal personality mean, that you sleep with men." I said "Yes, I do and I like it."

Thinking of you all has been a tremendously great help to me, thank you very much. You see, I've realised that without being with GLF I wouldn't ever ever do it. Now I'll have to wait for the signed papers, as I told you, in order to have my passport renewed, which I hope won't take me more than one month altogether and I'll be able to see you all again, for good. I really love you all...

Ed: Thanks, Tony and GLF for passing this on to us to print. Right on, Titania, and anyone else who's trying to get themselves out of the army.

### East London Gay Liberation Front

East London GLF was formed a few months ago to try and get something together for gays in East London. We live in a fairly depressed area both in terms of facilities for gays and in terms of facilities for anyone. So far we have found only 3 gay pubs (if you know of more please tell us) and of all the cottages I cruised as a boy/lad less than half remain. We have the problem of getting something together that will give a really human alternative for gays here, that helps with our specific problems, and that also does not so alienate the people of East London that we find total hostility to what we are doing and doing on a minimal budget (unfortunately the David Hockney's and Graham Chapman's don't want to live in Groovy EL, and who can blame them?)

So we came up with the great, nay superb, idea of starting a gay counselling service, run

for and by gay people. We have written to all the councils in East London, getting no joy, to try and find a couple of rooms somewhere from which to operate. We intend to offer advice and practical help on health, legal and social/emotional problems. We will be producing a short, cheap, (about 5p) pamphlet on all forms of VD, to destroy some of the myths about it; as well as trying to build an alternative social scene for ourselves. For these things, of course, we need money (any you send we would gratefully receive) but also we need two rooms (very, very cheap rooms) in East London, near a tube station - and support - would you come to a gay dance in East London? If you can help in any of these ways, please contact us - East London GLF, c/o 248 Bethnal Green Road, London E2.

## 'My First Time' Is Obscene

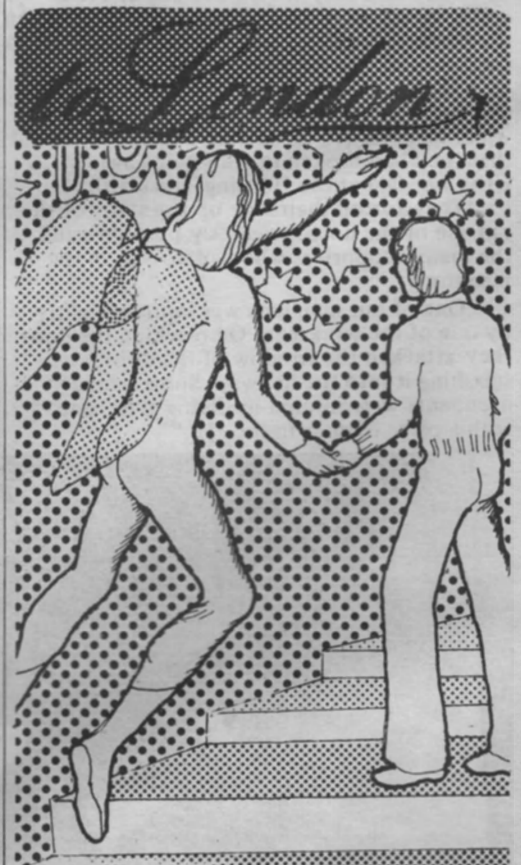
Sentencing a publisher to nine months gaol on obscene publications charges, Middlesex Crown Court Recorder Mr Rodney Bax QC, said: "I regard this as a bad case of trading and trafficking in the most revolting and filthy pornography for gain..."

James Wrate, former editor of 'Sun & Health' naturist magazine, was convicted on charges of publishing and sending through the post, obscene articles - copies of Sun & Health and Private magazines; and a book called My First Time, which dealt with "the homosexual experiences of boys and young men."

In a statement, Mr Wrate said he and his family were naturists, he had never seen copies of My First Time and Private, and was concerned with providing information about naturism for people who were "genuinely interested". "I have petitioned the House of Commons twice, and the House of Lords, to have the importation of pornography looked into," claimed Mr Wrate. "I don't want any change in the law, only the present laws enforced... and the shady, foul set-up looked into."

The court nevertheless accepted evidence that Mr Wrate was concerned with advertising, ordering and selling the books, and Mr Bax said that, in his view, the worst part was found in "the repulsive publication My First Time... which glorifies every kind of perverted, homosexual activity."

Yet again, law-enforcers say, if it's homosexual, it must be the worst kind of obscenity - we are used to being singled out for extra victimisation, but how much longer will we accept the dirty end of the stick from both profiteer-pornographers and the powers-that-persecute?



From a Rector's notes in a Gloucestershire parish magazine: 'Choirboys. They are all going on an outing, probably to London, on August 22nd. It occurs to me that since we have no funds to cover the cost of this there might be the odd person who could care to sponsor this trip. Good fairies should contact me.'

Labour Weekly  
Bona News Service





"The Women In My Life" Chap.1

## Is He Or Isn't He

FAIRFIELD, CALIFORNIA: American justice officials, desperate to nail anyone for the mysterious slayings of 25 farm workers at Yuba City, have finally hit on an answer that satisfies them — all 25 who were mutilated after being killed were the victims of one man. A man they variously describe as 'hopelessly heterosexual' and as a 'homosexual masochist'.

Juan Corona, a 38-year-old married farm labour contractor, is not the man who killed the 25, his defence lawyer says. But lawyer Richard Hawk won't name the murderer.

He did tell Corona's trial at Fairfield that in all cases the victims had been found with either their pants off or open: "We will establish that these were homosexual murders — with the 25 victims playing the part of the man" and the killer "playing the part of the woman."

He said witnesses would testify that the

killer must be a "homosexual masochist" who went into a "broiling homicidal rage and destroyed and mutilated his victims".

Juan Corona was none of these things, said Mr Hawk. Witnesses would testify that Juan Corona was not a homosexual.

In fact, lawyer Hawk said, Juan Corona was "Hopelessly heterosexual . . . and hopelessly in love with his wife."

Juan Corona is a Mexican — California's lowest grade of citizen — and he has pleaded innocent to all 25 charges of murder. Mr Hawk called him "a well-liked man, the type of guy who taught his daughter how to ride a mini-bike. He had no motive for the killings."

However, the prosecution has called Juan Corona a homosexual masochist and told the jurors in Fairfield that he killed all 25 men before cutting off their genitals.

the proceeds from this exhibition to visit India whence he expects to return with plenty of material for his next.

LC

## Gay Film Unit

LONDON: Gay movies made in Britain may become a reality through the Campaign for Homosexual Equality.

CHE is helping the gay film unit get started, but after that the movie group is meant to become self-sufficient.

A spokesman for CHE said: "Specific projects will await the formation of the group, but they could include educational, informational, documentary and campaign subjects, experimental, abstract and narrative films, and possibly films designed for theatrical release."

An initial meeting to discuss aims, structure, ideas and finance will be held in November.

Meanwhile anyone with professional or amateur movie-making experience should contact the group at CHE's London Information Centre at 22 Great Windmill Street, London W1.

## No Harm Suffered

BRISTOL: Parents at a Bristol school rallied to help a teacher who appeared in court charged with 'indecently assaulting' six boys aged between 11 and 14 — one of them more than 20 times.

John, a young teacher in the city was charged with six indecent assaults and pleaded guilty to all of them. The magistrates who heard the case conditionally discharged him and ordered him to pay £20 costs.

The prosecuting solicitor, Mr Maurice Sparks, said that John, who is now, of course, out of work, had assaulted the boys over a period of months.

He said: "It is right for me to say that from the voluminous statements in the case it is not revealed that any of the boys regarded this with any gravity, and it is unlikely that any of them suffered any harm."

John's solicitor, Mr Patrick Butler, pointed out that the offences John was charged with were minor sexual assaults.

"A number of parents at his school had expressed sympathy with him and concern about

his future career."

Mr Butler added: "In these offences there was a complete and utter absence of motive or desire, and nothing like it will ever happen again."

The court was never told about the boy who allowed John to "assault" him more than 20 times.

## Faggot And Dyke

Cats In Church

"Most convents have their cats. When one well-known community came through the cloisters for Vespers their cat often led them to the chapel, his black and white fur matching the Sisters' habits."

"Visitors to Walsingham will remember the twin cats Faggot and Dyke. Dyke was somewhat irregular in his attendance at church, but Faggot spent much of his time there, often sitting on his master's lap during a service and being carried round in a procession."

From the 'for Young Readers' section of the Church Times. Thanks to Private Eye for at long last reprinting something worth us pinching.

## It's On

MANCHESTER: The Campaign for Homosexual Equality announced it will definitely hold its first annual conference, despite the resort's flying hard to get.

At a meeting of Morecambe Corporation's Publicity Committee, the members heard CHE's case put by the campaign's chairman, Alan Horsfall.

The committee decided it had no objection to CHE holding its conference in Morecambe in April 1973 by private arrangement with the owners of the Central Pier.

But the committee would not rescind its inaccurate minute that Morecambe did not have the facilities CHE needed even though committee members agreed that the minute was untrue.

The committee would not even recommend that the council rescind this untrue minute.

A spokesman for CHE told Gay News: "The facilities point was a feeble excuse by which Morecambe Corporation naively hoped originally to hide the fact that members of the council were discriminating against CHE for reasons of pure prejudice."

## Spying In Cubicles

I feel I must write to warn any readers who use the cottage on Wandsworth Common, to take care, as this place is under constant surveillance by the police.

A few weeks ago I was there and I noticed two men going in and out. I followed a boy in and stood next to him. The two men were still in and out, and I presumed they were gay as they were obviously trying to attract attention. They eventually went into the two cubicles behind the stalls. As it was quiet and no one else about, the boy and I started masturbating each other. After a few minutes both men came out of the cubicles and said they were police officers, and charged us both with gross indecency.

We were hustled into the police Rover between policemen, and had a motor cycle escort to the police station even crossing the red traffic lights, this made me feel a real criminal, I can tell you!

After taking particulars, we were moralised on our behaviour in public places. About how they had had complaints, and especially young

children who might go into the toilet. I don't know who complained, as there were hardly any people about that afternoon, and I didn't see one child. We were also asked if we had ever considered having treatment, as if we had a disease. Shades of 'Clockwork Orange'!

We both appeared before the SW Magistrates Court. I was fined £100, and given a three year prison sentence (suspended) and again moralised by the magistrate about our behaviour in public places, frequented by good, normal upstanding citizens.

This sentence has really upset me, and goes to show how banal the present law is, and an utter waste of police time and public money in trying to get a conviction of an unsuspecting gay, when they should be out looking for genuine crime and criminals.

As I am not sufficiently liberated, I must withhold my name and address. Lots of love to all, especially Julian, and thanks for a marvellous paper.

From a Reader.

## Sapphonic Success

Sappho had a ball on Saturday! Sounds like a line from a dirty song, but actually it describes the party organised by Sappho magazine at the Marquis of Cornwallis pub in Coram St on Oct 8.

There was a friendly disco, superb hot food in generous helpings, an efficient bar service, a prize treasure hunt over a map of Lesbos (where else?) and a happy, dancing crowd of Sappho subscribers from all over Britain, with a sprinkling of friends from CHE. It was the most relaxed crowd of gays I've seen for a long time, and the intrepid male Gay News reporter who went with me agreed: "It's good to get away from staring lines of men clutching their drinks and watching each other" he opined.

Earlier in the evening Maureen Duffy read some of her poems, which we missed. As late-comers we were not allowed in for fear of disturbing the reading. Who would attempt to argue with the divine Jackie Forster, guardian of the peace, but two small doubts — do poetry and a dancing-and-drinking evening mix, and might I have fled the pub if I'd mustered the

courage to arrive alone, and then been asked to wait downstairs in the pub for half an hour?

This is in no way a detraction from the success of the evening, well deserved by all the Sapphos involved — when's the next one?

S.J.P.

ED: See the details of Sappho meetings and magazine subscription on the information page.

## Gay Artist Satisfies

David Rutter, whose exhibition of paintings at the Whibley Gallery in London has just closed after three highly successful weeks, is an active member of the Counter-Psychiatry Group of the Gay Liberation Front.

The paintings, which ranged from small, vivid flower pieces, executed in an unusual technique that mixes ink and crayon, to huge oils of Mediterranean landscapes, were all beautifully accomplished by someone who obviously knows how to handle his material. It

was rewarding, in these days when anyone with a flair for publicity can wield a brush or an aerosol can and on the basis of a few wiggles or abstract shapes, declare himself an artist, to discover someone whose craftsmanship and feeling for nature can create such a satisfying response in the viewer. This 'critic' was particularly impressed with David's watercolours, a medium that seems simple to the non-artist, but which requires extraordinary control; they bore the signs of the best water-colour paintings, being delicate, luminous and free.

David, who lectures on Art Appreciation at a College of Further Education, hopes to use

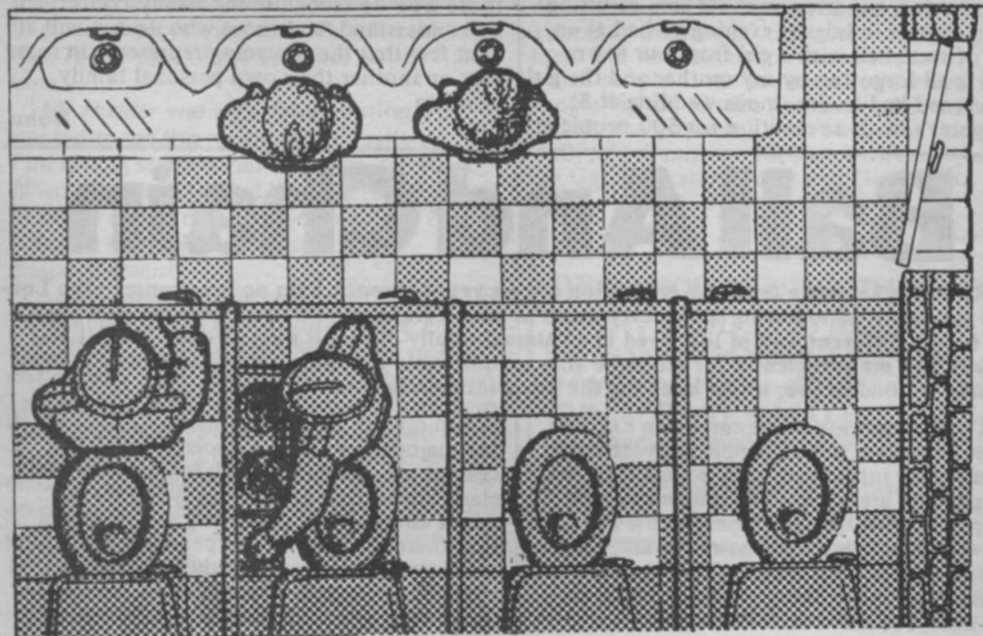


Illustration: Jean-Claude Thevenin



# Harsh Reality

I am prompted by various articles that I have read recently to write the following about myself and the family from which I come. To set the scene, I am the eldest of five children — 3 boys (Ian, 24, David 27 and myself 31) and two girls (Maggy, 25 and Joan, 29). Our mother is 'well connected' (for what that's worth), a JP, and sometime Conservative Councillor for a Sussex Borough. Our father, who was in the Diplomatic Corps, is dead and our step-father is a barrister and deeply religious (both great hang-ups I find). Three of us turned out to be gay — Ian, Maggy and myself. We had everything we could possibly wish for in life — large house, large garden, cars, servants, and a first class education. According to my mother's press cuttings we were 'gifted' and 'beautiful' and won many local and national baby competitions — even doing a spot of child modelling for a well-known ladies' journal. We all grew up to have blonde curly hair and in the case of my brothers and I, to be extremely hairy on our bodies which all the girls who came to our parents' swimming parties raved over, as did our sisters and the boys at school.

Our sex life started with the usual comparisons when we were very young and home on holiday from school. Three or four of us were invariably left in England while mother accompanied father on his two or three year tours abroad — David and I at a well-known boys' public school and my two sisters at a convent (which, I gather, was enough to turn anyone gay). We played the usual bedroom games at school, as did our sisters, and have all had sex with each other in one form or other — experimentally of course!

Ian was born in Brazil on one of my parents' trips, and has been at school in Sweden for three years, which broadened his outlook on life considerably at the ripe old age of 9 through to 12, and then he went to a very elite academy in France while mother and father did a four year tour in Paris. At his request he stayed on until he was 18 and lives in Paris now with the son of an American politician who he has known for nearly two years. They are blissfully (there is no other word for it) happy and very much in love. They both have responsible jobs and are completely accepted in Paris 'society' — such as it is today.

a well-known hotel, and a seven-week honeymoon in America and the West Indies. My step-father is paying for the boy's education — at a public school of course (to quote him "you learn a better way of life there") and I doubt if the girl bothered to tell her MP (1970 vintage) husband.

My sister Joan is a Senior Stewardess with a foreign international airline and openly boasts that she sleeps with 'homesick' pilots on a sort of rota basis. Yet mother says nothing.

Why is it that David and Joan are regarded as so spotless in my mother's eyes and yet her other children virtually do not exist any more to her and certainly to the rest of the family?

I have found in five years in University and nearly eight years in the medical profession that the majority of gay people — and I meet thousands every year — come from good middle or upper-class backgrounds. They are charming, well-spoken, intelligent young people who, to quote my father, "should have known better". Or should they? Have they not chosen of their own free will the life they wish to live? Why harass them with archaic

university intellect is equally horrifying in its universalism and exposure to the overwhelming fullness of the world. Being gay in a gay world, or what sociologists innocently call sub-culture, is a comfortable security when the rest of society is painfully anti-gay. But when the entire extent of one's life is limited to cruising and its obsessed mentality, then I think one begins to question the value of comfort and security. I should be able to understand the life of being gay, after all, I was leading it a year ago.

My transcendence into a new way of life was both planned and accidental. Now things are different, I have changed, and I look upon my old experiences almost as if I hadn't had them. Why? Well, for one thing I have become involved in Gay Liberation since I moved out of London. However, although I have had a lot to do with GLF here, my views differ from those of the protagonists in London. The following, I hope, will illustrate this.

When I sent an article to the editors of Come Together for the special International Gay week edition, they published it but prefaced it with a pictorial comment — the article was called 'Coming Out for Straight Gays', and it attempted to analyse the problem of homosexuals sympathetic to the call for liberation, but confronted with some degree of interest in 'straight' society. I argued that liberation did not necessarily mean copying the radical feminists and wearing glittering clothes and eye-shadow, since few women do this anyway. Neither did it mean pinning oneself to a label. I reiterated the position I adopted at the GLF Birmingham conference, that with many gays like myself, Gay Lib was just one facet of something bigger and broader and that gay people shouldn't enclose themselves in the specifically gay struggle for liberation, but should see the person as being part of a non-gay environment trying desperately to integrate with it without being swallowed up in it. Pandemonium ensued; at least from the Rad Fems and others whose brotherly love gave way to the most horrid bitterness of all. I rather suspect that the editors who prefaced my article with a picture of a ball and chain manacled to a boot were in the same frame of mind as those who castigated me at Birmingham. The point of contention was, in the last analysis, this: those that demand a change in one's whole life in order to achieve liberation in their gay being are, I conject, those who are completely immersed in being gay and lead a totally gay existence. Those, like me who have a part to play in the non-gay world and are only gay in bed, can't be doing with a total change in their whole lives.

Well, are my views such that they make me manacled to a ball and chain? Can I achieve liberation by attempting to integrate with straight society even though I don't agree with it? My policy is 'yes, integrate to liberate'. What we need to change is not only ourselves, and that on the inside, not on the eye-make-up side, but society as well. Read your manifestos you GLF people, and on page 7 it mentions a 'revolutionary change in our whole society'. That includes us, but the change must be in our heads, deep inside our personalities in fact. The drag-fanatics have not quite found out what that means yet. If it is question time, then let's also ask whether the liberationists are not also manacled to their own ball and chains, simply because they never concern themselves with the outside world and all its other oppressions.

Like the scene people, the professional



liberationists are, to my perspective, over-involved in being gay. This distorts their understanding of how society oppresses them and what they have to do to liberate themselves from its oppression. Their rejection of the straight world (without being part of it) makes them suspicious and critical of me when I purport to move between gay and straight ways of life with an easy conscience. I can appreciate that gay being means security, as much as I understand that one does not want to be integrated with a sick society, one that gives males privilege and dominance over women, children and gays; but I do not drop-out of the straight world altogether, simply because you have got to fight it from within — and because one does not want to throw the baby out with the bathwater.

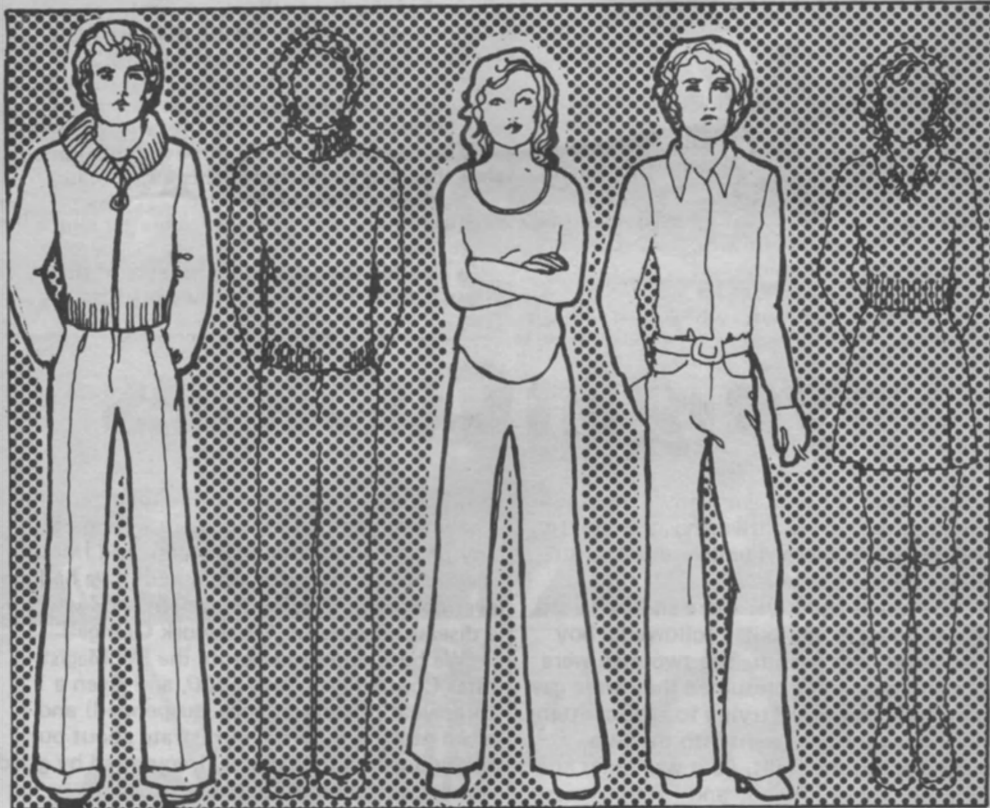
There are some good points about straight society but the liberationists seem to deny this.

In my Come Together article, I admitted to having a vested interest in the world which oppresses me — that was simply a paradoxical way of saying that so long as I remain straight in the street and gay in bed I can be left alone to lead a quiet comfortable life and suffer the oppression of being taunted behind my back and denied any equality with other people.

That is precisely where the straight-gays and the closet-queens stand; it is the difficult, disheartening position of those who want to be or must be involved in straight society, and who don't go to gay pubs and don't cruise physically or mentally. So, when liberation and coming out are suggested one gets into a very difficult position. What are we to liberate ourselves from and into? If it's the answer given by the present generation of London GLF, then I for one am quite content to stay oppressed. London liberals have been trying for two years or more to find out what democracy is all about and they still have not succeeded; they have dismissed bureaucracy because it is part of the straight world and have blocked their ability to organise as a result. Hence there has been little liberation in London, although there has been a lot of jiggery-pokery with social values, and a lot of political gymnastics which have done more harm than good.

No, I don't feel that I am manacled to a ball and chain; quite the opposite. It is not so much the ball and chain being on the other foot as the foot which has it being on the other leg, ie my critics. The only way to get at straight society is to compromise with it, and accept what you know to be good and reject what you know to be bad. There is, after all, a lot about being gay which is bad; and being gay at the expense of everything else is just such a thing.

Trevor Locke.



Illustrations: Jean-Claude Thevenin

Maggy, who always gave me the impression that she was weaned on a dildo, had a couple of affairs in the SW3 area before she went to live with the daughter of a Peer and a German female journalist in Heidelberg. All three of them are accepted in their towns as normal people. YET — and this is the real crunch for so many of us in England — NONE of us are now accepted in the stuffed shirt drawing rooms of our friends and relatives in Surrey and Sussex.

My brother David is making his way politically and financially in the City and though not married, has a ten-year-old son, resulting from an over indulgent evening he had at an end of term ball with a girl from our town. This is all forgotten by my mother and the girl concerned had an enormous wedding at St Margaret's, with a reception for 500 people at

legislation and send them to psychiatrists and psychologists for 'treatment'?

An effort should be made by papers such as yours to show that being gay is not a disease and that those of us who are gay are happy and have no desire to convert those who have chosen another course.

Tragically, the British way of life is such that if I were to use my real name (or those of my brothers and sisters) I would do a considerable amount of damage to the lives of many people, therefore I must be content to sign myself as I do, in the knowledge that those who do recognise the family concerned will understand, and those who do not will at least feel that the foregoing represents in some way or another their own personal family problem.

John

# Ball And Chain

Recently, I spent a few days in London after a year's absence. I am no newcomer to the London gay scene, after having spent seven years as an integral part of it. Yet, over the past year, the totally different way of life, lived in an almost totally different kind of environment, has seeped into me sufficiently for me to be able to look somewhat objectively at the way my gay friends in London live, whilst knowing the scene intimately from the inside.

The London gay scene can be an exciting, colourful world full of people who are either beautiful or interesting; you occasionally meet people who are both. I can remember such people, but fortunately, I only knew them for a few weeks. Being the pessimist I am, I do not intend to extol the wonders of London when there are so many things about it which are bad and prod one's social conscience to comment upon them.

What I see in the gay scene, (that which I

saw in myself over a year ago but fail to see in the majority of non-gay society) is the incessant preoccupation with sex and the constant orientation around gay being, or, we might alternatively say, being gay. It seems that there is a type of gay person whose entire existence revolves around their being gay, and that nothing matters or holds any interest for them other than the possibility of what they might get into bed with next. To me, this myopia is alarming, but to them, I guess, my

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# Undergrinspoon Movies

While the lovely JD Grinspoon is just collecting her things together for her nightly troll down Wilton Road, I just thought I'd pop in and tell you all of the wonderful gay movies they've been showing in London.

The ICA is a haven for us gays with weekend doubles of Andy Warhol's *Lonesome Cowboys* (1968), *My Hustler* (1965) and *Chelsea Girls* (1966) showing regularly along with Kenneth Anger's *Scorpio Rising* (1964), the gay movie that started all the gay movies.

With the exception of some commercially financed and marketed 'gay' movies, such as *The Boys in The Band*, *I Want What I Want*, *Fortune and Men's Eyes*, *Some of My Best Friends Are*... no gay movie has been given a reasonable circuit showing (ie nationwide) by Rank Voyeur Services or Electricity Means Income Theatres - with the possible exception of *The Killing of Sister George* - which was a cop-out in every way, I feel.

Warhol's delicious *Flesh* (1968) was given a reasonable length screening at the Essoldo, Chelsea, but now the Essoldo group has disappeared into the Classic group, a group that's learned that there's gold in them thar safe programmes and bingo halls, when they're not busy turning perfectly good cinemas into Tatler wank clubs.

*Trash* (1969) has still not been given a proper public showing in Britain. Stephen Murphy, the secretary of the British Board of Film Censors, and Jimmy Vaughan, the movie's renter in Britain are still haggling over the cuts that should or shouldn't be made. None should. Not that *Trash* is a specifically gay movie, but its star, Joe Dallesandro (see *This Month's Rent*) is enough to keep this boy's eyes glued firmly to the screen.

What happens with these beautifully made movies is that they say too much for people like Murphy, who's besieged on one side by liberals and on the other by "responsible Christian gentfolk".



Paul America in "My Hustler".

*Flesh* sat on the censor's shelves for a couple of years before it was finally given an X-certificate. It deals with Joe, who has to go out and hustle on 42nd Street to earn money to buy his girlfriend's girlfriend an abortion.

*Trash* has been sitting around since last year when it was given a limited showing at the London Film Festival. As all showings then were booked solid within a few days of the announcement, very few people ever got to see it.

What's put the shits up Stephen Murphy isn't a scene where Joe, a trash-picker from the very worst of Greenwich Village in New York, fixes with heroin - a horrifying scene which made my boyfriend pass out at the time - but

a scene where Holly Woodlawn, a drag queen, jerks off with the aid of a beer bottle because Joe's incapable of anything approaching sex, he's too full of junk.

This was the scene which provoked the usually staid, prim and generally harmless Margaret Hinxman, the alleged movie-critic of the Sunday Telegraph to exclaim: "I think it's disgusting, and it should be banned. What I thought was really horrible was the bit where the girl masturbates with the beer bottle."

Holly Woodlawn is a drag queen.

*Chelsea Girls*, which has been running at the ICA Club for rather longer than this reporter

brothers, to try and create a good impression.

Their usual group sex activities are interrupted somewhat by Viva trying to get off with each of them in turn. The result is hilarious. Boys to watch are Joe Dallesandro and Tom Hompertz and anyone else that takes your fancy.

That brings us to Kenneth Anger - who GN will interview as soon as possible.

Anger was making movies at the age of 16. They're still not certificated although his *Scorpio Rising* is the ultimate in motorbike/S&M flix which uses intercut pieces of movie footage of Brando and Jesus to make the neo-



Photographs: Vaughan Films



Above: Tom Hompertz in "Lonesome Cowboys". Below: Joe and the girls in "Flesh".

cares to remember is a very lengthy (210 minutes) and alternately boring and screamingly funny piece of Andy Warhol's dissection of Amerika.

*Flesh* and *Trash* were made under the banner of the Warhol workshop and directed by Paul Morrissey, who's brought big-pic production values to the workshop. His movies are "better-made" than Warhol's own but no less interesting.

*Chelsea Girls*, *My Hustler* and *Lonesome Cowboy* all predate the arrival of Morrissey at the Warhol workshop. The movies are bittier, not so technically well-made, but often funnier.

As I've said, *Chelsea Girls* was for me, largely a bore. I found I started watching the screen with the soundtrack and then drifting off onto the silent screen alongside it. Often the dialogue on one screen doubles for both. In places then, it was funny. But, I would add that 75 per cent of the audience left by half-time.

*My Hustler* was very disappointing. I'd wanted to see this movie about hustlers on Fire Island, starring Paul America, for years. When I saw it, it looked like two reels rescued from the centre of a home-movie. Paul America is almost enough to make up for the disappointment.

*Lonesome Cowboys* comes last because it's the funniest movie ever made perhaps. Obviously the entire cast and crew were stoned out of their heads when they shot this - everyone's having so much fun. So many lines were fluffed, so much is ad-libbed. More than anything else it's got a nice gay story-line. This group of cowboys ride into town, and they're immediately picked up by the local equivalent of Barbara Stanwyck - Viva and her pimp, Taylor Mead.

Needless to say the cowboys are fucking each other from one end of the range to the other. So they tell anyone they meet they're

Nazi cult thing not just frightening but funny.

**MESSAGE TO ALL OUT OF LONDON GAYS:** These movies are only on display at the ICA because the place has found a loophole in the censorship law. As a non-profit-making charity it may show uncertificated movies for two days or less without harassment.

If you can't work the same fiddle in your area, join a film society and demand that they're shown, the BFI, the film society's fairy godmother will back you to the hilt. These are the movies film societies should show. Not middle of the road, harmless pap like *Elvira Madigan*.

Peter Holmes

## Forthcoming Attractions

At the time that GN9 went to press Censor Murphy and *Trash*'s distributor in Britain were still deadlocked over what - if any - cuts should be made from the movie before Murphy will grant it an X-certificate.

Inside sources at the censors' board tell GN that it's not the drug sequences that are worrying Mr Murphy - for instance, a full-frontal heroin-fix - but the sex-deviance angle that emerges most when Holly Woodlawn masturbates with the beer bottle.

Had this latest in the series of deadlocks not happened the Classic group had planned to open *Trash* at the Classic Curzon, Chelsea, some time in late September.

Before Gay News was even a newspaper, a German movie-maker called Rosa von P raunheim asked the GN collective if it would distribute (in the UK) his movie called *It Is Not The Homosexual Who Is Perverse, But The Situation In Which He Lives*.

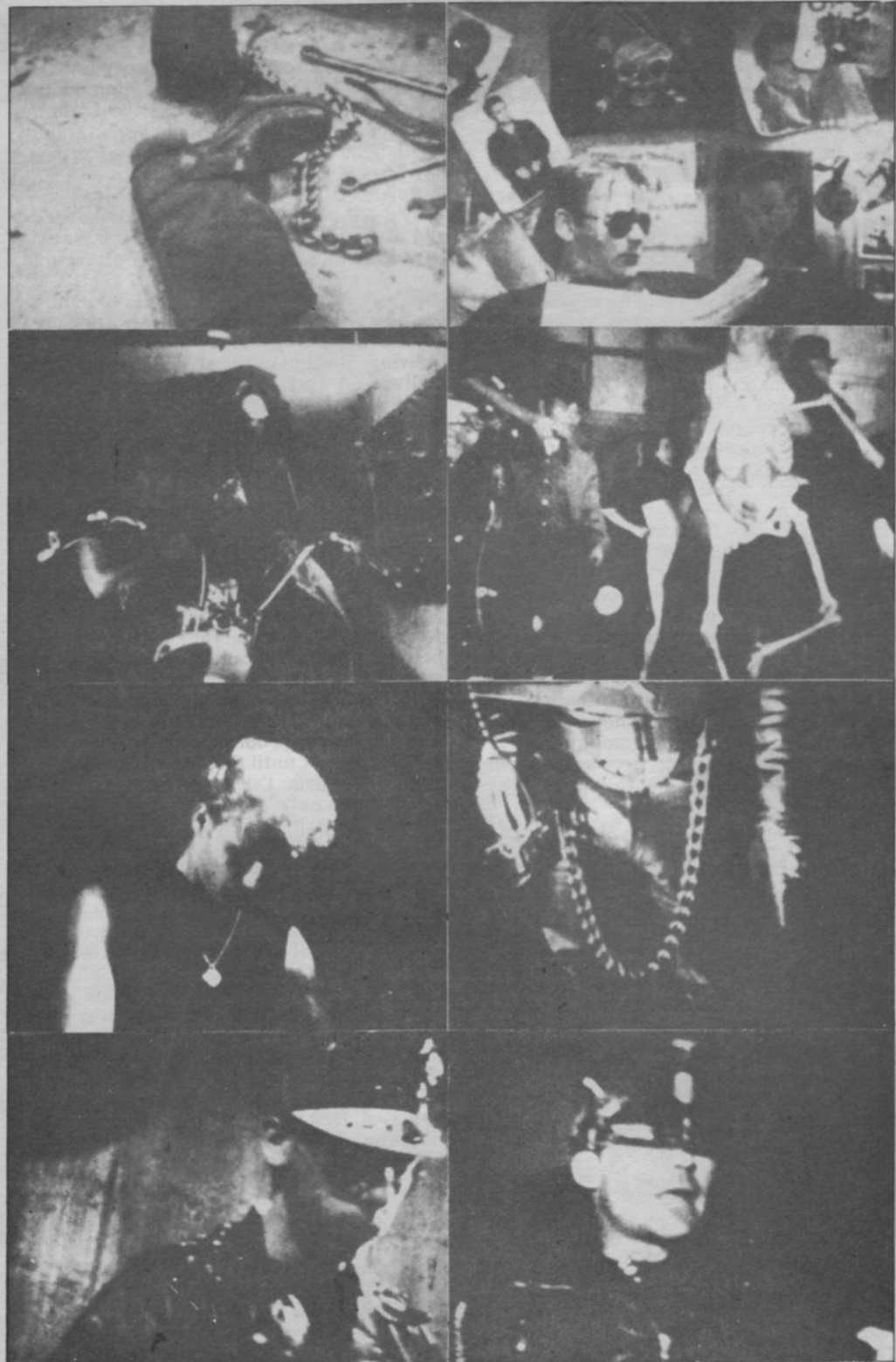
*It Is Not The Homosexual etc* is to get its first London showing at last - at the National Film Theatre, which means it's a members-only do. It shows on Wednesday October 25 and Thursday October 26. After each showing there will be a discussion about the movie, in which people in the audience can take part. People invited to take part in the discussions include the director, Derek Malcolm, George Melly, the Campaign for Homosexual Equality, the Gay Liberation Front and Gay News.

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Kenneth Anger's "Scorpio Rising".



## An Interview With An

## EX-QUEER-BASHER

Continued from front page.

different, David; they're that stronger. I've known guys who have smashed a window by accident, and the cops have gone after them and they've gone to Borstal the next day. I've seen the way the police in Scotland have treated homosexuals. Life is hell, but there's a lot of gentleness as well.

**DAVID.** You were telling me the other night about when you were in Borstal, about the way in which the warders used to tease you with cigarettes.

**PAUL.** Yeah, they done that as well. Monday morning, nobody's got cigarettes, you know, and I got fed up with it. I just grabbed a fag and crumpled it. I crumpled his fag and he took us down the stairs and punched us violently. I've found if you face up to these people, they're fuckers, they're not worth it. If I put it this way, I believe that people like that go into an institution to fuck up young people, batter them every day, because they had a hard time of it when they were young. I think that's a good explanation. And it's the same with these cops. They've got a uniform. They think they've got the authority, 'I've got a badge, it says 456 I can knock the fuck out of you'.

**DAVID.** Why do you think they need to do that?

**PAUL.** Why? Power! They have no power in their own self in civilian clothes, so they have to have it in this uniform. It's like Jekyll and Hyde, they're so fucking coward of their wives at home, they put on a uniform, they go out, Hyde the monster — you know. That's exactly what it is, The fucking horns grow when they walk out the door with that uniform on. It's the same here as well, and I think they arrest people just to get promotion, because if they bust gay people it's a big thing. So they become sergeants at a desk and have a cushy number all their life. I think that if the people had a people's law and a people's government it would be a better country to live in. In other words: Fuck Edward Heath, fuck Harold Wilson, fuck all politics. Just have a union, a people. Just get them to understand that you are gay and there's fuck-all you can do about it. Churchill was the worst swine of the lot. That 'Young Winston' is a load of bull, fucking rubbish. In 1926 he just shot people in the streets for having a general strike. If I wrote a book, I'd write a book for the working class to understand. I'd write it word by word in my own meaning. There are too many words they don't want you to understand, so they put a big fucking word there. They're trying to bend people's minds so they'll go straight, no more unions, nothing. If you want to go to the Tories, you'll go there. If you want to go to Labour you'll go there. But behind the Tories there's always the Unions. I'd go straight to the Unions for the people. I mean that Vic Feather is half mad, half brainy sort of thing. He doesn't know what he is and he's a Union man, and that GPO man as well, Tom Jackson. He said: 'Go on strike, GPO, go on strike' but that cunt's got a fucking Phantom 5 out there waiting for him, with a crest and a chauffeur, and those people have got to suffer on what they've fucking saved up.

**JEFFREY.** Have you ever found other guys attractive?

**PAUL.** Aye, I've told you that, there's bisexual in everybody definitely, but I'm heterosexual and that's the way I like it, that's the way I've developed. You've developed differently you know, and it'll probably sound funny to people to think of a guy being in bed with another guy. I believe in God, and I believe he made you all homosexual to make a change in the world, because if everyone was the same it would be a horrible place to live. There's got to be an individuality in sex and work and play, you know.

**JEFFREY.** You've never made any moves though. You've never felt you could go to bed with another guy?

**PAUL.** I tell you Jeff, it's a complicated thing to be a heterosexual and have feelings for a guy, you know what I mean? I believe man is here to fuck women, not just as fucking you know. I think Womens Lib talks a lot of rubbish at times, that's being honest with you. \*\*\*\* says that I was just a prick, that men were just pricks, and I got upset with her because men have got feelings as well, and she doesn't want you to help her. She wants independence for herself, but she couldn't even open a window. I knew she couldn't and I



just put my hand up like that, click, and the window was open, and I was showing my superiority. That's true. Man is stronger than Woman. Man is superior in all things. They're the breadwinners for the house.

**JEFFREY.** Maybe that's forced on them.

**PAUL.** Oh aye, it's forced on me. It'll be forced on me when I'm married. I can't just lie there and say: 'Fuck you hen, you get up and go to work. I'll stay in today'. I think this should be a mediocre thing like. I stay in bed one morning, doing the housekeeping, because I can cook, and then she stays in and I go to work.

**ANGUS.** What would your attitude to us be if you were still in Scotland?

**PAUL.** I'd have put you through a window. No, I don't know what I'd have done. I never really spoke to a homosexual in Scotland, to be friends with.

**DAVID.** Why do you think your attitude to homosexuals has suddenly changed?

**PAUL.** Because you're all nice guys. The first time I found out you were gay I was really surprised, just surprised and you've got to make way for people.

**JEFFREY.** Do you feel out of place in a room full of gay people, like the night you came round for dinner?



**PAUL.** Do I fuck! I like you all. Why do you think I come in sometimes, I think you were pleased at my coming and sitting and talking. I was stoned as well. I enjoyed myself. I'd never had a quiet evening like that. Parties in Scotland, it's a fucking battle in the house. It doesn't seem to happen down here. They don't have drugs at parties in Scotland.

**JEFFREY.** What would you do if you went back to Scotland and met some of your queer bashing friends?

**PAUL.** Well to tell you the truth Jeff, when I've been home I've had nothing to do with them, because I was near enough a sadist. I liked to beat people up. But the atmosphere down here has changed me. Scottish people are bad tempered for a start, we're pushed out, we don't count and there's no work in Scotland. There are street gangs because there's nothing else to do, there are no clubs.

**DAVID.** Do you think the Scottish people are going to do something about their conditions, like they've done in Northern Ireland, or do they just accept it?

**PAUL.** Well it's going to happen sooner or later, because we're being exploited. There's going to be a civil war, because Scotland's deprived of every means of work. What's a working man got? He's got 5 hours of free time perhaps. Up at 6 in the morning, start



Posed by models!

work at 8 o'clock, and you get the same fucking bus every night, and the same people are on that bus. At the end of the day I want to kick the fuck out of something, kick the bus or rip the seats.

**MICKY.** What would have happened to a boy at your school who was gay?

**PAUL.** I'd have thrown him over the wall, leave him for the dogs. That's honest to God. I think if I was gay I'd learn to defend myself for a start. When I was about 15 I went to live in \*\*\*\* there was a gang there, feuds. I decided to be like the Jones' you know... I was at this place \*\*\*\* and I got the bus home. There was this guy who was gay, and he was saying, 'Do you want a sweet?' Come with me and have a good time sort of thing. I had this pen-knife in my pocket, and if you've got fear in you, your hands sweat and holds on to it.

**DAVID.** Why did he frighten you so much?

**PAUL.** Because the guy persevered. He wouldn't fuck off. When I got off the bus he followed me in the dark, and he stood with his penis at me. Well I was old enough to understand, so I pulled my knife at him. He was about 24, 25. Young, well dressed, good looking guy. I just pulled the knife out and fucking used it on him. I ran away. I was terrified. I knew I'd hurt that guy, but I think he would have harmed me a lot... fucked my life up, I might have been frightened to have sex with a woman.

**DAVID.** You don't think you could have been happy as a gay person?

**PAUL.** I couldn't have faced it — in Scotland especially. There's a gay scene in Scotland but it's a very CIA sort of thing. If a cop finds out you're gay and you've got a gay community like a pub, he'll fucking wreck it, and you too. A lot of Scottish people would accept it, but I'm talking about my side, the working class. My brother would do me in, but my other 2 brothers, if they knew I was talking to you, they'd tell me to fuck on do it. I think my old man is like me. He accepts things, he never says to me 'fucking queers'. I get on fucking horrible with my father though. I'm his number one son sort of thing. He's afraid of me you know. I used to see him beating up my mother and spending the money. We'd be starving. She'd have to get credit in the shops to live, and work for a pittance to pay it off.

**JEFFREY.** Is it only because we act fairly straight that you can accept us? Would you feel embarrassed with someone who was obviously gay, feminine looking or wearing a GLF badge?

**PAUL.** I wouldn't be embarrassed, I'd get used to it, I'd make myself get used to it.

**JEFFREY.** You don't ever think you'll sleep with a guy and have sex?

**PAUL.** No, but I suppose I've got feelings for guys as well as women. Everyone has times when they're bisexual. They must have, because I think you can get bored with a woman. I'm only generalising it.

**JEFFREY.** What would happen if you got married and had kids. What would you say to them about gay people and sex?

**PAUL.** I'd wait until they were old enough and I'd tell them. I've got a friend in London and his kid's only 2 and he made him stand there and watch his mother having the baby and explained it to him, which I think is fucking amazing, and she was breast-feeding in front of me. I think that's nice, freedom of the body.

**DAVID.** What would you do if you had three sons, and one of them was 16 and came to you and said he was gay?

**PAUL.** I'd say 'You think about it and tell me again, and if you are gay that's the way it is'. I think I would accept it because I wouldn't talk to you if I couldn't accept one of my sons being gay. When I was younger I had a relation. It was my uncle's father and he was bi-sexual. He had a beautiful wife, lovely daughters and good looking sons, and maybe he was not bi-sexual when he got married. Young people turn older bi-sexuals on, you know, but as far as he got was opening my zip and pulling my penis. I couldn't put myself to the point of going to bed with him. I was younger then, thirteen.

**MICKY.** You enjoyed it as far as it went?

**PAUL.** As far as it went.

**DAVID.** Is there something you'd particularly like to say to end the interview?

**PAUL.** That if you were liberated and the people were liberated from society as it is now, it would be a better world.



FEATURES

# Getting In Early

Robin Maugham, author of "The Servant" and nephew of Somerset Maugham, wrote his life story in his early middle age because "most writers leave it until senility sets in before even starting on the autobiographies."

In an exclusive interview with Gay News he said: "I chose this time to write about my life because I think many people leave their autobiographies too late. Either their mentality's gone or their energy's sapped. Anyway, they're insipid."

"I found it terribly hard to write about my sexuality. It was worst writing about the girl I married. I sent off the manuscript to her, and she sent it back to me and said I'd been terribly hard on myself."

"I think the normal person, male or female, is bisexual. I do think far too many people label someone as queer whereas they are bisexual. I would like to think that I have done some tiny little bit to make things better in England."

Many of Robin Maugham's works attack the English Establishment, but he's very much a product of English society.

He says: "Surely it's possible to be pro-England and anti-Establishment."

"Like many young men who were conscientious objectors during the war, I went off to fight for England. I feel that sort of patriotism."

"But I feel it's more than silly that I'm only allowed to spend 90 days a year in the country one loves."

During 1972 Robin Maugham was allowed to stay in his beloved mother country for only 20 days. He says: "I love England and it's terrific in summer to see all those boys... and girls... wandering around in those marvellous clothes they have these days. But the country has some silly totting-up system, and because of an operation I had here and my two heart attacks, I'm not allowed to stay here more than 20 days this year."

When Gay News met Maugham he was on his way out again. This time to Ibiza - where he does most of his writing - with his unpretentious entourage of Peter Burton (who was *Jeremy's* best friend, once) and Michael Davidson, who wrote *The World, The Flesh and Myself* (an early gay book, a sort of *Around the World in 80 Boys*).

Robin Maugham doesn't do much writing in England these days, if only because his 90 day sojourns aren't long enough to keep the author of the *Servant* among other things, busy. But his autobiography had to be written in Ibiza, he found.

"I found it a lot easier to write about my life at a distance from English society, espe-



cially the bits about my homosexuality."

To save his old friends and their lawyers trouble and distress, Maugham invented "Jim" as a name for his lovers in the autobiography.

What was life with Jim like? Maugham answers: "I thought of the device of Jim, so I used Jim, and Jim became almost real. Peter and I felt we knew him in the end."

"Christopher Isherwood in a letter to me says Jim was one of the best things I've written."

The middle-aged man hung on the swivel chair is the nephew of Somerset Maugham, as

well as being an author in his own right. "I was influenced by the people around Willy as much as by Willy himself. There were E.M. Forster, G.B. Stone and Harold Nicholson, with whom I had a deep relationship."

"Willy was a very good man and friend earlier on, but in his declining years he became a bit of a monster, and that's what everyone remembers him as, unfortunately."

"When I had my first novel published at the age of 19, he switched from helping me to almost a positive dislike."

The reason why Robin Maugham prefers to work in Ibiza is encapsulated in a sentence of Harold Nicholson's he quotes: 'Most English writers have a constant nursery governess looking over their shoulders.'

The governess who cramps English writers is English society, and "the English establishment is changing again, in its usual way. Not by revolution but by evolution."

"But it hasn't changed much yet. Some female said in *The Sun* that my book was disgusting and obscene. I can only take that as a compliment."

"When Willy published his first novel in 1897 a writer for *Vanity Fair* wrote, and I'm translating from Spanish now, 'Mr Maugham must abandon this type of wrok. He has put

his nostrils in the gutter and come out with filth.' That may not be strictly accurate but it's a translation of a translation."

Many of Maugham's books are travel books. That's why there's so little about places in his autobiography. He says: "I've been bored very, very seldom, largely because I have had amusing friends."

Life in Ibiza is ordered for Maugham and his circle. He says: "I get enormous satisfaction from working fast, and every time I finish a book I always feel I'll never be able to start another."

"I go to bed at what you might call a ridiculously early hour, so I can get up and write early."

Peter Burton, who's been silent until now, says: "Do you remember when we celebrated New Year at five in the afternoon?"

He does. The taxi arrives to take him to the airport. The last question, what was the most difficult part of your life to write about?

Maugham says "The end. Writing the end had tears streaming down my face."

David Seligman and Peter Holmes

Robin Maugham's autobiography *Escape from the Shadows* is published by Hodder and Stoughton. £3.50.

# The End Of An Affair?

Being gay does not necessarily mean that all homosexuals are continually being harassed and discriminated against. A number of gays in fact, never encounter any difficulty in being themselves, although the vast majority, at some time or other, suffer directly as a result of their chosen sexuality. Either through legal oppression, job and housing discrimination, interference and violence from the police, 'queer-bashers', religious bigotry: need I go on? For most gays these intolerant and ignorant pressures from an aggressively heterosexual society become an accepted part of life.

For so many, there is too much to lose by becoming openly angry and struggling for their civil rights, because of society's failure to comprehend and adjust to an acceptance and full understanding of gayness. A few gays, no longer content to put up with these problems and injustices, are brave enough to 'come out', and some of them join organisations such as CHE, GLF and the rest. For them the burdens of being gay, I suppose, become a little lighter and they can see ways in which they can actively attempt to put these wrongs to right.

Personally I have not found it too unbearable to live an open gay life. I found that honesty about myself was the best policy, and luckily most of my friends and acquaintances were aware enough to realise that there was no difference between us, except for my sexual preferences. I like to think that some of them now completely accept that there is more than one way to love.

But love has brought me into realising that there is yet another form of oppression put upon us gays by our legislature and political representatives. If you fall in love (define that yourselves) and you are heterosexual, it is the easiest thing in the world to have a happy, possibly lasting relationship. For gays too, to a certain extent. If you are heterosexual and your lover happens to be from another country, it is fairly easy to stay together by marrying. But if you are gay and your boyfriend or girlfriend is Spanish or French for example, it's not quite as easy. In fact it is extremely difficult. Immigration laws do not take into consideration gay relationships, thus making life very miserable and empty for some because of this existing situation.

A girl marrying a boy can overcome this, but can you imagine the reaction to a boy wanting to marry another boy, or a girl to another girl? It's going to be quite a while be-

fore anything can be done to rectify this barrier between human relationships. There has to be many other changes, in attitude as well as legislation, before we can hope for any solutions to this particular problem.

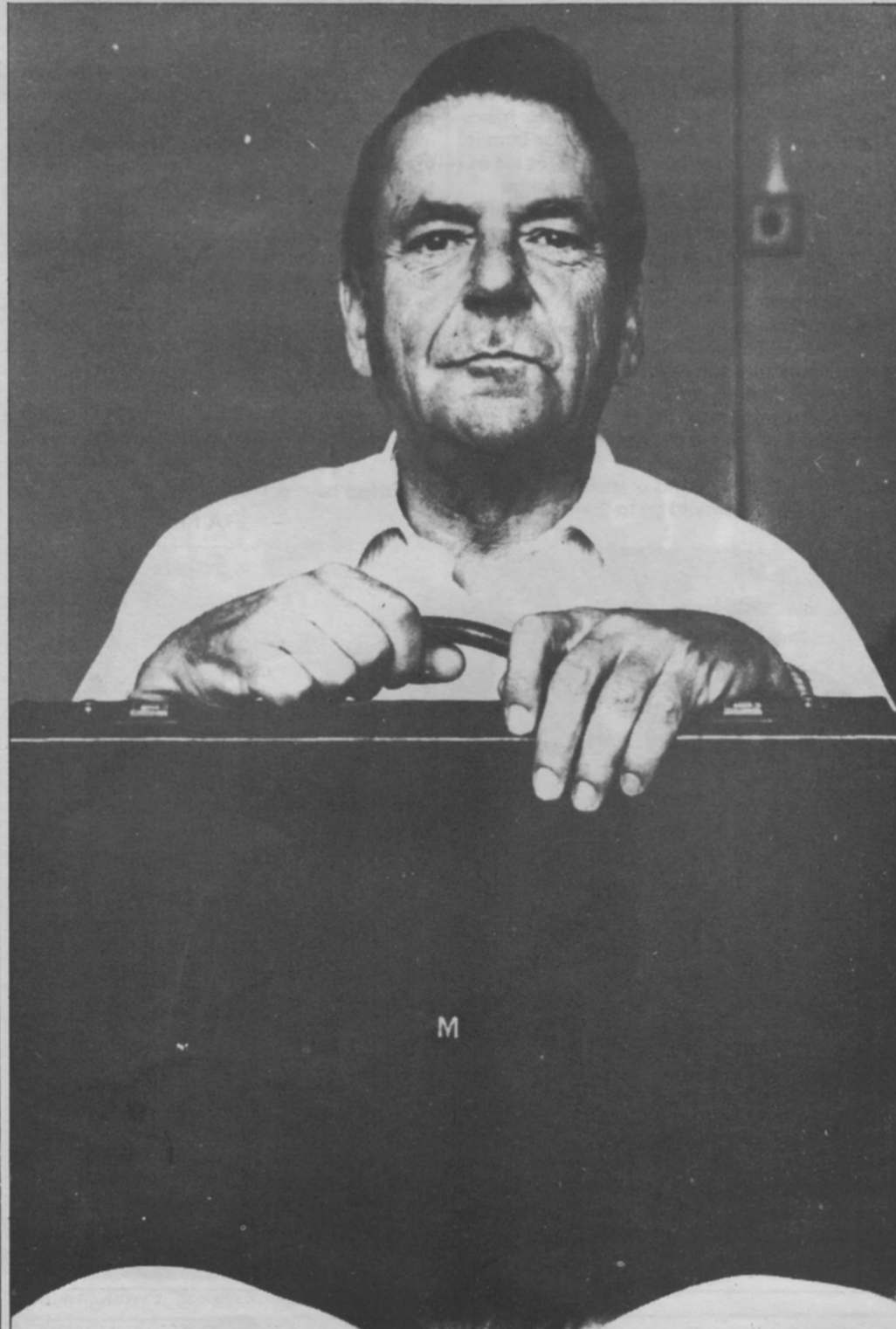
Me, I'm feeling sorry for myself I suppose. I'm now alone after going through the beginnings of a very beautiful relationship, that had never been allowed to blossom into whatever it may have become. What happened was that we were separated after his visitors permit expired and he had to return to his own country. A foreigner is only allowed to stay for up to three months, after which he must leave. It is possible to return, but without a work permit (which usually only allows one to work within a limited area of employment and is also no easy task to obtain) and with him having already spent one lengthy period of time here, it could prove very difficult and frustrating to enable him to return. My boyfriend and I may find a way around it. If we are devious and lucky enough. But most people in similar situations won't necessarily be as fortunate as us. And we're not even sure if we will be able to bend the laws yet.

Next time you come across someone who is dogmatic enough to think that gays are not oppressed, see if he/she can find a solution to this. And it is a problem that exists for a growing number of gays of both sexes.

In conclusion I'd like to say that I don't think marriage is necessary to prove you love someone, but at the time of writing I would gladly 'take the vows' with my boyfriend so that we could be together.

Anonymous

ED: The writer of this piece has asked to remain anonymous in case the disclosure of his name hinders his plan to be re-united with his boyfriend.



Photograph: Peter Burton

Photograph: Hodder & Stoughton

## Halloween Knickers Ball

Porchester Hall. Saturday October 28. 7.30pm to 11.45pm.

Theme: The Virgin, The Tart, & The Witch Beauty Parade Prizes plus additional prize for the zaniest knickers, if you dare show them.

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## Continuing Saga

I see the continuing saga of police harassment outside the Coleherne remains unabated. Two weeks ago last Friday I saw a bloke chase after someone with a bottle, hitting him with it several times in the street. The police were nowhere to be seen of course, to break it up. I suppose they only break up fights between heterosexuals.

I think it should be mentioned by someone, though, that the Coleherne (and that dump across the street which I won't dignify by mentioning it by name) is one of the sleaziest, crummiest gay pubs anywhere, in my opinion. Even without police harassment, an evening at the Coleherne can be a most depressing experience.



Law and Order at The Coleherne.

ressing experience.

There must be many readers of Gay News who are completely new to the gay scene. I would suggest that they avoid "meat-rack" type pubs like these and, instead, go along to places like GLF and CHE where they stand a better chance of meeting people on a more human level. Every Wednesday, for instance, GLF have a disco at the Bull and Gate near the Kentish Town tube station. These are free of charge and much more enjoyable than the Earls Court pubs.

Al Herskowitz.

On leaving a pub which received a fair amount of mention in your sixth edition, I became one of those that night to be vetted by the Chelsea police for no apparent reason. Their attitude was that of a master over scum, in which many who have been in this situation will agree.

I doubt very much if I would have been able to continue on my way that night had it not been for the fact that I am the son of a peer of this land and there may have been some repercussions if it had gone further than a warning. Not myself being used to such procedure, as in Sweden from where I have just returned from a five year stay, the barbaric

attitude to the non-conformist in this supposedly enlightened country is beyond belief.

I feel it would be a great service to all of those who are not aware of these matters to date if you would publish a list of do's and don'ts with the brief legal situation.

Anonymous

ED. Thanks, whoever's son you are, it seems, you are vulnerable. Suggestions to be incorporated in the suggested list are welcome.

**follow-up**  
monthly magazine

FOLLOW-UP GLAMOUR MAGAZINE for the gay scene is available from your usual suppliers or direct from 200d Raiton Road Heme Hill LONDON SE24

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## Feedback

As a negro male, and a well-bred one at that, I would like to make a comment on the censorship of racial prejudice advertisements, if I may call it that.

It would be very stupid of me to try to mediate between homosexuals with prejudices (black and white) and a paper whose leaders are trying to be different and futuristic. We all have our prejudices or preferences, ie some of us like 'chicken', leather, whipping, fellatio or oralism, and so it goes on.

I am all for advertisements from people stating their needs, not their requirements, and even that may be contradictory, but nonetheless, I doubt whether it is racialistic. I would never specifically state that I need a negro male, because I am not like that, though in the end one has the final choice. A white man may need me, and I may need him, I might also need a negro, but in the end it comes down to the vital necessary things, love, character, sincerity, honesty, things racialists do not look for or need it seems. Though I would say let them publish their filthy ads, it is up to the editor.

I am sure the reason why these people want to put ads of this sort in Gay News is to destroy it, like everything else. I am sure that the petty, irate letters wanting racial ads prove that most of the homosexuals in England are petty, prejudiced, destructive, narcissistic and unchangeable.

The reason one gets ads like 'Young black, gay, then white guy wants to meet you' (or words to that effect) shows that lots of gay men still believe in myths and beliefs. Myths that all black men have huge cocks to set their backsides on fire, and because they are so deep in myths, they do not want change.

They do not think of love, just a quick dig. I am a negro, and if I like someone, not because he is white, but from where I am, I am a homosexual and he is a male. But whether he is what I am looking for will depend, not on his colour, but whether he is the sort of person that I can say is honest, sincere, genuine, and most of all, reliable and dependable. Now if there is a negro that I like, then he would have to have the same attributes, and if he has, then who cares.

I like all the pink people, and I like all the negroes, and all the other people, but when it comes down to the racialists, not that I don't like them, I can't stand them.

I thought that homosexuals had changed, but most of us seem to be still in the past, of oppression, and persecution.

I am of the opinion that like so many gay papers, and magazines, that have come and gone, those people who keep harping on to have their racial ads in Gay News, all they want to do is to fill it with filth, and destroy it, and it is up to any clean-thinking, liberal-minded homosexuals to make sure they don't and as an English negro, like hell they will!

R. L. Stratton-Watts

## Lancette

I made it very clear in my previous article about VD (crabs and scabies) that a thorough wash every day is essential to people that have it off lots of times with lots of different people. Avoiding crabs and scabies is fairly easy because they're quite large animals and you can see them, or at least what they do to the outside of your body. Gonorrhoea, Syphilis, Non-Specific Urethritis (NSU) and other diseases caught particularly by sexual contact are caused by nasty little creatures that can't be seen with the nude eye. I'm not going to talk specifically about these different diseases at the moment, but I am going to suggest advice on how to avoid them.

Don't fuck or be fucked if you have any kind of sore on your prick, cunt or bum. See a doctor. It might be nothing, but check.

After you've fucked someone have a piss - it helps to flush out the germs that might be creeping up your piss pipe - wash your cock.

If you are about to be fucked, have a look at his cock first. If there is any kind of sore or spot or wart, forget it. If you really must - just have a mutual wank, but wash your hands afterwards. Warts on the cock, cunt or bum if ignored, are particularly difficult to get rid of, even more so than warts anywhere else on your body. They are not particularly harmful, and may go away of their own accord some time or other, but what right have you to pass them on to anyone else! See your doctor.

If you have any kind of burning sensation when you piss or any kind of discharge from your peehole before or after pissing that doesn't look like normal piss (cloudy, darker, or thicker) then if you get into bed with anyone the chances are you're passing on VD and I'd like to kick you in the groin. You deserve it!

Anyone with any kind of worry about Venereal Disease should go to their own doctor, and remember that if he tells any one of your own family or employers about it he can be struck off the register, so he's bound to be a nice man really. Or go to your local hospital and boldly ask for the 'Special Treatment Centre' or VD Clinic, giving someone else's name and false occupation. They don't mind but they are inclined to treat you as the scum of the earth. Take the treatment but not the moralising.

PS. If the moralising doctors suggest that you should not drink alcohol because you are being treated for VD of any kind, ignore them. In their own way they're really saying "if this patient gets drunk he's likely to go out and fuck somebody else" (or be fucked) it is absolutely nothing to do with the treatment or the drugs used in any kind of VD. It is just that they think you need a little punishment. Death to quacks.

PPS. I've never come across a personal vibrator with warts.

PPPS. I've never met anyone in my thirty one years of life that *doesn't* wank and isn't a liar. It's a very healthy exercise - carry on, I'm off to have one now.

A Real Doctor Again.



VD patients start here.



LANCETTE

# What A Drag

Saturday night at the London Hilton Hotel, the end of September and "Drag's Biggest night" — or was it? Initially advertised as "the season's most glittering occasion" the "Theatre Arts Ball" was meant to pick "Miss United Kingdom (Drag) 1972". However, we found this exotic title had been altered to "Miss Female Impersonator (International) 1972" (our condolences to the organisers for the lack of foreign entrants!)

Mr Jean Fredericks, as always, supplied a good evening's entertainment. Jean must be well known to most of London's gay crowd as being the organiser of most of London's drag balls held at the Porchester Hall. Now Mr Fredericks has taken us up a step in the world to the world renowned Hilton ballroom, and has worked very hard with his friends to provide us with what should have been (definitely) a "night of nights". So what went wrong?

Well, on arriving at the Reception Hall outside the main Ballroom, with three friends, I endeavoured to present my tickets. The reception table was lost in a large group of well dressed and exotically perfumed young ladies(?). In order to find my table number for dinner, I approached the well known Mr Steve Francis, whom I found to be trying hard to

described in the Sunday Mirror (one edition — lucky Barry — nice photo) paid £200 for a stunning two-tone wig. John, from Ruislip, was seen in two stunning creations which Miss Shirley Bassey would have been proud of — (or green with jealousy, as the resemblance was effective.)

Helping to keep things equal we had two colourful Arab costumes, plus Ali Baba, minus forty thieves — and, fresh from the museum, came Tutankhamun looking his age. My own young lady was none other than 'Chelsea' from Los Angeles, known to London as Simon of My Father's Moustache Restaurant. She was wearing a two piece trouser suit in gold lamé, with hair style, rings and jewellery to match, the general effect being such that even Richard Burton



Photograph: T. V. Photographic

cope with an impossible situation. Small things like lack of tickets and seating arrangements to name but a few. Full marks, Steve, for coping in what should not have been any problem in the first place. The staff and management of the Hilton could have been more co-operative.

Tickets settled, we then swept into the bar for that longed for first drink. Prices of the drinks were reasonable for the said establishment. Full marks again!

Trumpets heralded dinner. And then continued, as we were ushered in, two by two, and announced into the main ballroom. Chaos commenced. Standing, wide-eyed at all around us, we were then left to find our own way among some 500 guests to our own tables, while waiters, dressed in black and looking like vultures, waited to descend on us. The problem was that they didn't! — or at least until such a time as one had quite forgotten what they were there for. The only thing worth mentioning about the meal was the lamb (or carré d'agneau rôti). Delicious! Our wine waiter, such a sweet man, was completely lost by being surrounded by such abandoned beauty. Until he was in such a state that the poor fellow ended up addressing all the gentlemen as 'Madam' and the 'ladies' (?) as 'Sir'. Still, I am sure that the mind does boggle. Following the meal came the awaited moment, possibly a little too early — as the meals were only just finishing.

Our glamorous hostess, (with the mostest) Mr Jean Fredericks, took the floor to announce that all those who were to take part in the Beauty competition should vacate the hall and collect their entrance numbers. Only about fifty actually did — very disappointing as some beautiful costumes could still be seen sitting around the hall, while the usual collection of entrants could be seen lining up in expectation.

The walk on, up, over and off the stage was judged by none other than Mr Lee Sutton, world famous impersonator. Also actress Jean Hampton and Mr Vuron Brewer. From these fifty odd competitors (you can read that how you like) eighteen were chosen for the semi-final stages of the competition.

At this point I would like to mention the efforts of some of the contestants in the hard work they had in producing their elaborate designs.

Princess Tinsel was "glittering" and well photographed by 'Sunday Mirror' and other papers. Barry — the cheeky chef with the dream topping — as

could have been excused for mistaking her for we all know whom. And Dominic — or 'Natasha' (she certainly looked the part) was dressed in clothes from the Victorian era, and styled her looks to match.

So let us now turn to the Main Event — the final line-up of the "contest of the year" — judged in a fair and objective manner by representatives of the British Theatre, including Mr Richard Jackson, Miss Vicki Richards, Miss Dulcie Gray and Mr Michael Denison.

Miss Fredericks was pleased to announce as winner Mr Leslie Porter, who now reigns as the first Miss Female Impersonator (International), wearing a simple and elegant black dress. Leslie's natural ease and poise carried her easily into the much coveted position. For Leslie, the winning prize of £100 in cash, and a further £100 worth of prizes.

The second prize was carried away by two contestants — who shared second place. The first wearing an ultra-feminine pink ensemble with matching ostrich feathers and a "Twiggy" hair-do — quite charming — and the second of the duo wore a vampish outfit of see-through black, strongly contrasting with her blond hair. Striking — if nothing else. However it was suggested that had they teamed up before the contest, they might have carried off the first prize as 'Beauty and the Beast'. In third place came Mark Cardel, looking as appealing as ever in a rather sophisticated costume in classical black and gold.

Once the contest was over we were all entertained by Mr Lawrence Daury of Paris — or somewhere, who sang "No Regrets". I wish we could have all said the same. Mr Jean Fredericks entertained in her own cabaret, as usual.

In general people enjoyed the evening, and most people seemed to consider the price of £6.60 a ticket as money well spent. Mr Barry Scott, an international professional female impersonator, was quoted as saying that the evening was well thought out by Mr Fredericks, who, in his opinion, is a great artiste, but that unfortunately due to a lack of organisation, much of the evening was spoiled. Of Leslie Porter, the winner of the competition, he said: "Leslie really deserved to win."

Summing up the evening, Mr Scott said, "A nice time, but I definitely won't come again." On reflection, neither shall I.

Ronnie

# An Incredible Lady

In a month of frenzied musical activity, what to leave out? (Our editor has a space, not to say size, problem, you see). Dare I omit the Munich Philharmonic under Rudolf Kempe, who at one of their three Prom concerts gave a demonstration of how an anaesthetised performance of a Mahler symphony sounds or maybe Boulez' cool, precise, and yet remarkably moving performance of Wagner's 'Parsifal' (why does everyone still insist on treating this work as a religious observance? Wagner did call it a festival drama) or even the Berlin Philharmonic at the Edinburgh Festival?

The answer's all three. For Rita Hunter's back in town. The remarkable dramatic soprano, who so far has only appeared in a major role at Covent Garden by default (remember that incredible 'Flying Dutchman' story, complete with hair-curlers, mad, head-long dashes from quiet Norfolk home and German airline strikes?) returned last month to the London Coliseum to give what must undoubtedly be her most devastating performance to date. And the memory of her singing as Brunnhilde in

the Sadlers Wells 'Götterdämmerung' has by no means begun to fade.

Rita Hunter sings the role of Leonora in the new Coliseum production of 'Il Trovatore'. It is scenically spectacular (though I did feel that Stefanos Lazard's costumes were a shade too lavish, possibly even garish) and vocally impressive.

There is practically always in this theatre a feeling of intense excitement which Covent Garden can rarely match. Perhaps it has some-

thing to do with the regular ensemble playing which is just not possible in a house like Covent Garden, where so many of the singers are imported temporarily from abroad.

The individual performances (with the exception of Miss Hunter's) were not always faultless, but no matter. There was always a sense of involvement, of the true passion befitting Verdi's most tuneful and grandly romantic opera.

My admiration of Norman Bailey's dark-toned bass-baritone has always been high; from his masterly Hans Sachs, in the 'Mastersingers', his tortured Gunter in 'Götterdämmerung', through to his commanding, yet still fallible Wotan in 'The Rhinegold.' But here as Di Luna he did not seem fully at his ease and his voice occasionally came over jagged.

The Canadian mezzo-soprano, Gabrielle Lavigne making her first appearance in this country gave a fiery portrayal of the gypsy woman Azucena, who holds all the secrets of the plot, but her voice also tended to 'spread' and she was apt to sing sharp.

John Sydney, a young tenor from Australia looked every inch the part of Manrico; dashing, impetuous and handsome. But he could not always cope with Verdi's taxing music, his voice turning throaty under pressure, though in the final dungeon scene he seemed to find better form. It is unfortunately in this scene that the staging seriously came unstuck with Manrico and Azucena manacled with elaborate and disturbingly noisy chains to opposite sides of the stage, so that in the normally beautiful duet 'Ai Nostri monti' their voices vie rather than mingle.

And what of Miss Hunter? Well, her voice is strong, metallic and true. It is also incredibly powerful. With those who are keen on pure limpid tone, Miss Hunter will not score high marks. But for those who like a soprano with a robust heroic timbre in her voice, astonishingly combined with a suppleness and instinctively well-timed musical phrasing, then I don't think there is anyone else around at the moment to compare. And she can act!

Hers was a performance of perfectly judged dignity, which still displayed the moving spontaneity which distinguishes her interpretations of other parts. Always credible, she gave dramatic expression to every aria. Her duet with Di Luna came across with uncommon force. Whether heroic or tender, the artistry and musicality with which she moulded and phrased the music was superb.



Rita Hunter in "Götterdämmerung".

Photograph: Sadlers Wells

I shall be very sad if, after her debut at the New York Met in December, we lose this incredible lady to more illustrious foreign opera houses. Let's hope she likes Northolt. Perhaps if we put our minds to it we could even find her a reasonable pad in London Street! Think about it.

Robert Marshall.

# Night Of Fame

Bakke's Night of Fame by John McGrath at the Shaw Theatre

At the Shaw Theatre till the end of October is a new play by John McGrath titled BAKKE'S NIGHT OF FAME. It is set in the condemned cell of an American prison on the night that Bakke is to be executed for the murder of a woman. On coming into the auditorium the curtain is already up and the prisoner and two guards are on the set before the play commences. After establishing early on that it was taking place during the last hours of the prisoner's life, I began to wonder how the play would progress. Were we to see a last minute reprieve coming from the governor, or would the prisoner be dragged off screaming for mercy like one of those old James Cagney films.

Well, a plea against capital punishment was certainly made, but the main part of the evening was spent on a character study of this anti-hero Bakke. Somewhat like a character out of an Edward Albee play, we watch him goading first his warders, then the priest, and finally his executioner. Throughout the play he is asking to meet the man who will pull the switch on the electric chair — 'My buddy' as he refers to him. When they finally meet it is somewhat anti-climactic to fine Bakke using the same technique towards his executioner as he had done to others throughout the evening.

Hywel Bennett plays this complex character to perfection, once and for all destroying his

past image of the young hero in all British films. With a crew cut and quite authentic American accent he is one minute humorous, and the next moment very ferocious as the compulsive liar Bakke. He is ably supported by David Healey and Nikolas Simmonds. The content of this play is not a pleasant subject and its chances of a transfer to another theatre are slight, but for an interesting look at a complex character, I urge you to see it whilst you have a chance.

Barry Conley

## The Full Frontal Monthly The Gay Times

A new, gay, glossy monthly. 48 pages packed with exciting photographs, articles and stories. Available from bookshops or direct from the publishers: Plato Publications Ltd., 12 Wyndham Place, London W1H 1AS. 60p per copy, including postage. £6.00 - 12 months subscription.



This Ad was refused by Private Eye.





# Menace Merchants

Three different horror films from three separate distributors recently opened in London on the same day, meaning there are three cinemas one third full. They are:  
**Dracula AD 1972**, directed by Alan Gibson; starring Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee. Distributed by Columbia-Warner.  
**Dr Phibes Rises Again**, starring Vincent Price; directed by Robert Fuest. An AIP release, distributed by Anglo-EMI.  
**Tales From The Crypt**, starring Peter Cushing, Sir Ralph Richardson, Barbara Murray et al; directed by Freddie Francis, Released by Cinerama Releasing (UK).

In terms of horror, the most convincing and chilling is *Dracula*, in which the celebrated Count is brought back to life, amidst a present day Kings Road, Chelsea setting. The *Dracula* blood sucking scenes are as erotic and eerie as ever, while the Kings Road background enables the film to make some cynical comments on the plastic Chelsea scene.

*Tales From The Crypt* is composed of several short tales involving the evil thoughts of five very English, bourgeois people trapped with a shaking Sir Ralph (dressed in monk's habit) in an underground crypt. The evil people are all very obviously money mad, wealthy and establishmentarian, and the film is really an attack on these values. In a way the philosophical ideas are so subtle that they might in fact escape the average cinemagoer, and this is really the reason for the introduction of the horror sequences, which are nearly all irrelevant to the ideas of the story, and grossly over-edited. A good film if you can quietly absorb its leftish ideas which are very subtly transmitted.

*Dr Phibes Rises Again* is a veritable farago of very camp 1930s pastiche, art-deco sets, trippy colours and eccentric characters, all of

whom land up in and around Egyptian mummies, searching for the elixir of life. Sarcastic and very entertaining.

Real horror and reality returns with a jolt in *Johnny Got His Gun*, starring Jeff Bridges and Donald Sutherland; written and directed by Dalton Trumbo (one of the ten Hollywood writers blacklisted by McCarthy) and distributed by the Rank Organisation. A stern, bleak and very upsetting anti-war film about a young American who while fighting somewhere in the trenches in Europe during the first world war, loses his legs, arms, sight, hearing and the parts of his brain which help him to speak. A maniac doctor decides to keep him alive as a kind of scientific curiosity, and locks him up in a small dark room. But he hasn't lost his feelings or his memory, and he spends his time thinking back to his life in small town America, which seems as futile as war and the vegetable it has made him. He eventually manages to communicate with one of the nurses by tapping his head on a pillow in morse code. The words - "Kill me, kill me." A sad poignantly, horrific film. Not to be missed.

David Seligman.

seen *The Misfits*.

*Deliverance* is about a group of men trying to make the last canoe journey down a rapid-packed river (which is about to be turned into a reservoir). But they come to this confrontation with nature as city-bred men. The cruellest clash comes when two rough mountain men grab two of the party of four. They tie one up and bugger the other.

The city adventurers kill them both and hide the bodies under the rapidly rising waters of the reservoir.

I went expecting great things of *Deliverance* and felt a little cheated. Go with less expectations and you'll probably enjoy it more.

One thing's for sure, it's a powerful statement about the degrading quality of American life. Perhaps the all-male cast does something to expose the phoniness of the wife-and-kids-at-home syndrome.

There's a marvellous bit where Voight drops his wallet which contains his Diners Club Card and photo of his wife and kids, a photo that's exactly like a credit card.

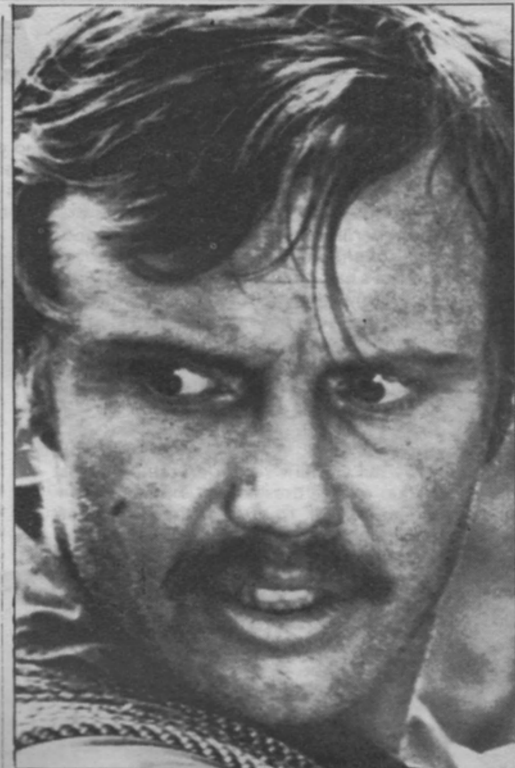
All the same, it's a bit like the *Misfits-On-Ice-Under-Water*.

Peter Holmes

## More Deliverance

*DELIVERANCE* is one of the truly fantastic films of 1972, an explosion of the violence some of us feel about the way in which our world is being raped of the greenness, wildness, and the ways of living, which enable us to use some form of ingenuity and inventiveness, and to some extent, none of the four middle class, superficially stereotyped American suburban males, who go on a life-risking canoe trip down a rapid ridden river in cosy hamburger-ridden America's last wilderness, accept this condition, albeit in some cases only semi-consciously. The men who live in desperate poverty in all ways except spiritually, in this wilderness, associate all outsiders with the bastards who are going to build a hydro-electric dam across their river and flood their valley, their 1920s idyll of undeveloped technology - rusty cars, straw hats, blue denim overalls and fishing. The now famous rape scene reverses the process; the man who gets raped is the one in the canoeing party who most symbolises the suburban horror. He's fat and balding, working for an insurance company, looks like an oversized french fry.

Like all overtly realistic films, *Deliverance* is a mass of conflicts as it manifests Man's dilemma. The



Jon Voight in "Deliverance".

leader of the canoe party who seems the one most anxious to return to Life, uses all his urban male chauvinist aggression, as he treats the locals like shits while remorselessly spearing fish and loving the river. The guy who claims he's been dragged along, doesn't know why he's there, would rather be home playing golf, is the one who finds it most difficult to spear and shoot.

This is a desperate film. Man is running round in ever-decreasing desperate circles. See it - you might find you are too.

David Seligman



Top: Peter Cushing in "Tales from the Crypt". Bottom Left: Vincent Price in "Doctor Phibes Rises Again". Bottom Right: Christopher Lee and Stephanie Beacham in "Dracula AD 1972".

# Up The Creek

*DELIVERANCE*, Produced and directed by John Boorman, written by James Dickey from his own novel. With Jon Voigt, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, Ronnie Cox. Panavision, Technicolor. Distributed by Columbia-Warner Distributors.

*Deliverance* has been sold - to a certain extent - as the latest commercial product to hit London's West End to contain a strong 'gay' content.

But after Stephen Murphy and Warner Communications have put away their scissors, there isn't much of the famous male rape scene left - it's a scene that got past the censors in every other country, in America and Europe but it's one that's lost 40 seconds in Britain.

Echoes here of what Warners did to *Performance* before showing it to John Trevelyan, the then-secretary of the British Board of Film Censors, and even then it was still cut some. The scene that we never got to see was James Fox and Mick Jagger making love, the scene that drove Fox into the arms of Jesus.

But the movie I'm supposed to be discussing is

*Deliverance*. It's a fine movie, but I just can't bring myself to like it. And I don't think it's because I feel cheated at the rape scene. In fact, I didn't feel at all cheated by that.

My main gripe (and that's all it is) is that there's a strong feeling of déjà vu about *Deliverance*. Especially for those of us movie-buffs old enough to have

# An Apt Title

*Endless Night*. Starring Hywel Bennett and Hayley Mills. Directed/Produced by Launder & Gilliat. Based on the novel by Agatha Christie. Cert. 'AA' Distributed by British Lion.

Launder and Gilliat, the director-producer team of many successful British films were ill advised. Someone obviously thought of the long success Agatha Christie has had with *THE MOUSETRAP* must have dug through her novels in hopes of finding a suitable new film subject and they came across *ENDLESS NIGHT*.

The first twenty minutes are spent establishing the character of Hywel Bennett playing a chauffeur to the rich. He is seen first bidding for an expensive painting and a few moments later donning his working hat - the first 'surprise' twist, proving he is merely a working man after all. Soon after he is admiring the landscape somewhere in Southern England and taking photographs there. Enter our heroine, an American girl played by, of all people, Hayley Mills. She attempts an American drawl for a few moments and then gives up the game, going back to her arch accent.

Courtship follows by long distance and soon after our hero and heroine are wed. It is then established that Hayley is one of the richest girls in the world and of course her step mother is much against her marrying a chauffeur. But love overcomes all and they duly move into their dream house built on the site where they first met by a dying Swedish architect. No sooner have they begun to settle down to wedded bliss than Hayley's former companion-secretary arrives, played prettily but without any talent by Britt Eckland.

The in-laws move into the district and Hayley's step father is often seen riding a horse in the grounds. Also an old girl keeps appearing

from nowhere with mysterious threats about the ground being unlucky. By now an hour has passed and very little has occurred.



Hywel Bennett's legs continued from page 11.

It wouldn't really be fair to divulge what does occur without giving the plot away, but I can say that Miss Christie has one of her last-minute twists up her sleeve which manages to give an opportunity for some of today's in-style violence to be shown. Hywel Bennett manages fairly well but Hayley Mills seems a bit stumped by her role, accent and dubbed singing voice. Poor old George Sanders makes a farewell appearance as the family lawyer and Per Oscarson does the best he can with the dying architect. The running time is around 100 minutes but for me it certainly seemed an *endless night*.

Barry Conley

## Robin Maugham

*TESTAMENT CAIRO 1898*. A new story, fierce and unforgettable, of a soldier's passion for young boys. Only 300 copies, each signed by the author. Published October 26, 1972. £3.35 post free.

## Brian Hill

*AN EYE FOR GANYMEDE*. 40 Epigrams of Martial. Frontispiece by Ralph Chubb, limited edition. Published October 5, 1972. £2.20 post free.

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# An American Scream

The Room — by Hubert Selby Jr.  
Published by Calder and Boyars £2.50.

Now that the Media has tired somewhat with The Permissive Society, just as they took up and dropped Swinging London, Drugs and Decimal Currency as soon as their mileage as circulation boosters faltered, it is possible for a book like Hubert Selby's *The Room* to be quietly assimilated into the English literary scene without outraged shrieks from The People or purple prosed editorials from The Sunday Express.

It is his first novel since *Last Exit To Brooklyn* brought the world-wide controversy over obscenity, censorship, and the arts to a head; and although it has been dismissed in some quarters as one of the most unpleasant books ever written, it has strengthened the right of the writer and his audience to choose for themselves.

Briefly, the book once again examines the Kafka-like horror of life in American cities; how life and love can be transformed to death and hate through the enigmatic powers of the Fascist State.

A nameless man is confined to a prison cell, his crime is vague and insubstantial, his trial apparently endlessly lived out in his mind. There are masturbatory fantasies of his early teenage experiments — guilt-ridden finger-fucking ending in joyless orgasm; and sadistic fantasies involving platoons of policemen forced into impersonating performing dogs — begging, fucking, licking each other's arses in front of an audience of their families and children.

It is a weary and joyless novel, conceived in concern and despair, but it is impossible to deny that Selby's work is amongst the most vital now being written. This is the age when the novel is arguably dead, with only Mailer, Nabokov, Fowles, Lord Longford's team and a handful of others even trying to keep it alive, and although *The Room* is unpleasant, probably obscene (it is *not* an erotic work), it is important nonetheless. Read it.

Denis Cohn.

## Warts And All

Bob Dylan by Anthony Scaduto. Abacus paperback — 60p

Anthony Scaduto's biography has attempted a portrait of Bob Dylan, warts and all, and what spoils it from being a definitive history of Dylan from childhood until now, is a scarcely hidden veneration approaching idolatry. But between this book and the autobiography that Dylan is reported as writing (will it take as long to reach us as his novel *Tarantula*, possibly the most famous underground novel of all, until it was finally published), enough material must now be on record to interpret the myths and enigmas which have always surrounded one of the earliest of the Super Stars. Scaduto appears to have interviewed every known Dylan contact — exhaustively. And the only trouble is that in his effort to appear completely objective (an effort that fails) large chunks of apparently unedited, un-

informative interviews roll endlessly on ie: "When I knew him he was in no way being Jewish. That was something he was absolutely not being at all. Even after he knew that I knew he was Bob Zimmerman from up on the Range, he was not being Jewish. He was saying his mother wasn't..." And this after many pages dealing with Dylan's early denial of his heritage.

Dylan appears not only as a ruthless, cruel, unhappy manipulator who's only aim was the pinnacle which he has now found to be so untenable, but as one of Rock 'n' Roll's few serious claimants for the 'Genius' tag.

Rumours that homosexual or bi-sexual episodes in his life have been removed at Dylan's 'request', tie up with Scaduto's obviously total involvement and admiration.

Nonetheless, an honest enough attempt to present the truth behind the changing face on the LP covers.

Denis Cohn

## Heroes And Villains

Heroes and Villains — Angela Carter — Picador paperback, 40p.

Heroic, legendary, Tolkien-like... these and similar phrases pepper the quotes on the back cover of this book. Well, for me, it wasn't quite so large in scope. I thought, in fact, that it's structure clearly indicated its firm roots in the here and now.

On the one hand, a clinical, orderly, comfy, well-protected community, in which the greatest respect is accorded academics and those with 'experience'; on the other, the violent, brutal, primitive world of the 'Barbarians', to whom the professor's daughter escapes.

We, like Marianne, are asked which is best. The brutal and elemental, or the coldly civilised? The madness induced by societal repression, or the death from wounds or disease? Primitive or civilised?

This is in many ways the conflict everyone shies away from — the fears of the older generation as the young threaten to destroy the constricting, but also supportive structure called society. The book stands as an expression of the falseness of the security kick — the feeling of security which no-one seems to have and everyone wants — and the way in which this debilitates people. The Barbarians are much more alive than the Professors.

But the question 'Which is best' is never answered, the conflict never resolved. It all depends on what you want. If you've made your mind up that you're on the side of the revolution, then this book will be too. And vice versa. It doesn't look like any choice at all to me.

Doug Pollard

## Seconds Out

*The Second Sex* by Simone de Beauvoir. Published by Penguin. Paperback, 75p.  
*Sexual Politics* by Kate Millett. Published by Abacus. Paperback, 60p.  
*The Dialectic of Sex* by Shulamith Firestone. Published by Paladin. Paperback, 50p.

In the past few weeks three major books about women's liberation have been re-issued

in paperback. If you are at all interested in what women's lib is about, and why the women active in the movement consider their struggle necessary, then these three books are essential reading.

The first is *The Second Sex* by Simone de Beauvoir. Originally published in France in 1948 (the English translation first appearing in 1953), this book still remains one of the most indispensable works on women and their position in male-dominated societies.

The second is Kate Millett's *Sexual Politics*. This American writer's book is considered by many to be as important as Germaine Greer's *The Female Eunuch*. Her comments on homosexuality, both male and female are particularly interesting.

Lastly, *The Dialectic of Sex*, (subtitled: The Case for Feminist Revolution) by Shulamith Firestone, is thought to be a contemporary continuation of the analysis of sexism as first defined by Simone de Beauvoir. It presents an articulated blueprint for sexual revolution by one of the most outspoken of America's Radical Feminists.

Denis Lemon

## The Other Opinions

*The Obscenity Report*. Published by the Olympia Press. Paperback. 50p.

If you are not already bored to tears with the subject of obscenity and pornography, this book presents the findings of three reports/commissions whose conclusions vastly differ to those of Lord Longford and his 'porn-busters'.

Introduced by John Trevelyan, the book contains the most significant parts of *The Presidential Commission on Obscenity and Pornography* (The Johnson Report), *The Report of The Arts Council of Great Britain* (1969) on the Obscene Publications Acts and *The Report from the Danish Forensic Medicine Council* to the Danish Penal Code Council (1966).

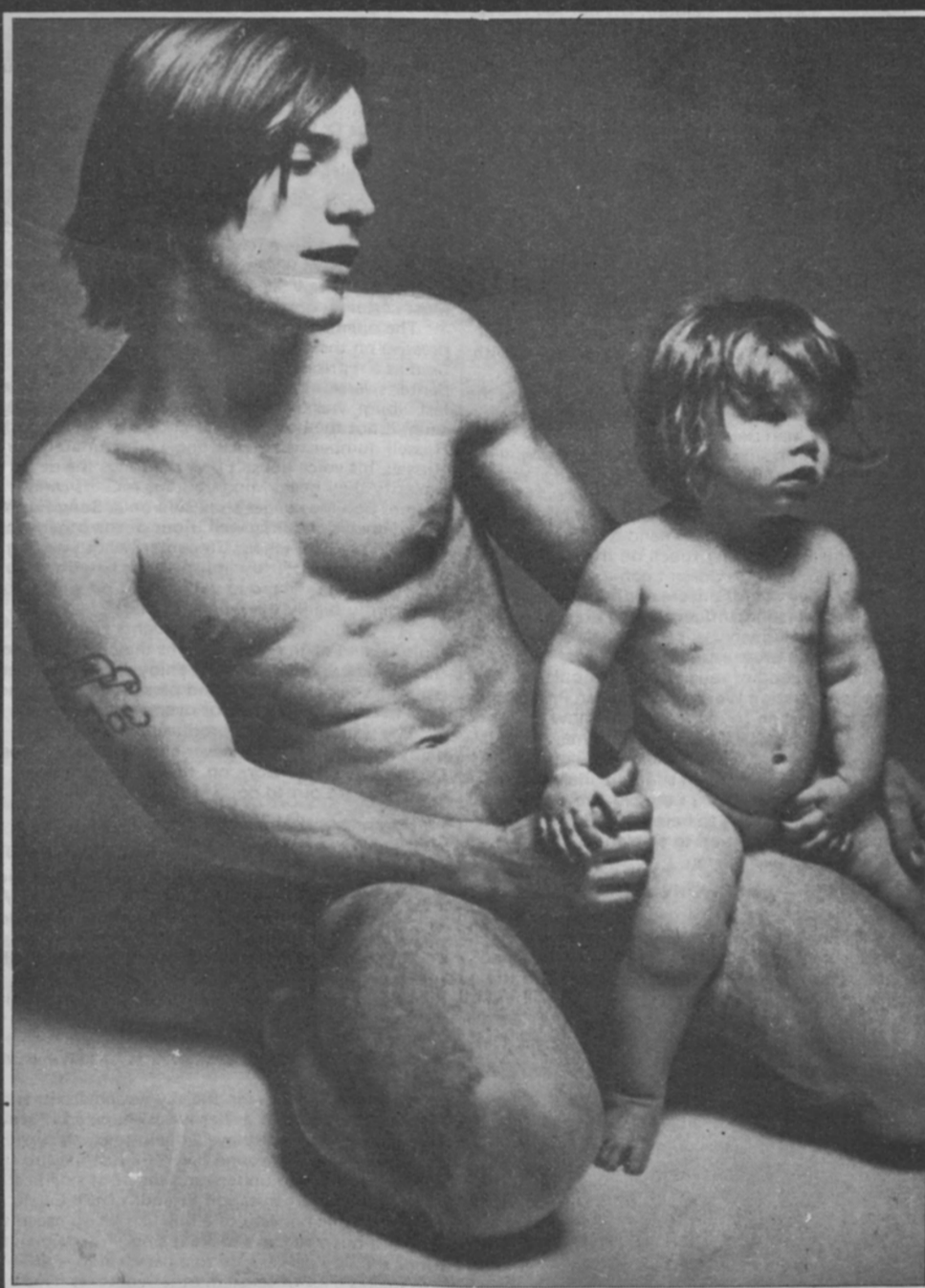
And believe me, or prove it for yourself by reading these informative, literate investigations their disclosures show how bigoted and un-researched Longford's enquiry was.

The book is prefaced by Maurice Girodias, who himself went to prison in France because of some of the titles published in his famous Olympia Press Traveller's Companion Series. Also included is a statement by President Richard Nixon, which rejects the Report of the Presidential Commission. Longford and his 'band of angels' unfortunately have one powerful, muddle-headed ally in the States.

A parting comment from your humble reviewer, 'You see what you want to see, you hear what you want to hear.'

Denis Lemon

# RENT OF THE MONTH



Photograph: Vaughan Films

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# Twelve Inches Of Pleasure

**STIR DON'T SHAKE** — Southern Comfort — Harvest SHSP 4021

For me one of the best albums to come out recently is *Stir Don't Shake* by Southern Comfort. This group has released a number of albums since departing from Ian Matthews, for whom they were back-up band. These albums haven't sold too well, but the group has gained a strong following through 'live' performances, and recently had a minor hit with a single.

Basically they are a country music band, but they have a healthy affection for rock 'n' roll and for recent trends in modern American country/rock. The appearance on the record of Jesse Winchester's *Yankee Lady* is a sign of this. And they deliver a fine version of this song, written by a truly underrated 'underground' artist.

The first side is all their own material except for the Winchester number. Other stand out tracks on side one are the countrified *I Need Help* and the rather magical, string embraced *Something Said*. Side two is a varied assortment of past hits from various sources. The Beatles of yester-year in the form of *If I Fell* are remembered. This is one of the most pleasing tracks on the album, for it captures all that was so good about the 'fab four' at that time. There is also a light rock version of Fats Domino's *I'm Walkin'*, as well as the inclusion of Neil Young's *Harvest*.

But it is the closing track that completely converts you to Southern Comfort. Remember *Sleep Walk* by Santo & Johnny, vintage...? That really shows an old rock 'n' roller's age. Their treatment of it is beautiful and is an ideal choice to finish the album. EMI ought to release it as a single, could be a monster hit for them, just like *Albatross* was for Fleetwood Mac.

Really try and hear this album. It's not too heavy, is generously nostalgic, and it makes you feel real good. Good rock 'n' roll forever.

**SUMMER BREEZE** — Seals & Crofts — Warner Bros K46173

In the last issue of GN I reviewed an album by England Dan & John Ford Coley. I found them a very relaxing, gentle duo, much the same as I find Seals & Crofts' *Summer Breeze*. If anything it's a superior album to Dan and Johns, partly because of their more apparent professionalism and seemingly greater experience. The back-up players are also a much finer selection of musicians. Incidentally, John Ford Coley plays some piano on the record.

The sympathetic arrangements and general togetherness of everyone makes for a headily beautiful series of performances. The lyrics are concerned with love, life and the things that too quickly pass by. *Summer Breeze*, the title track, is a hymn praising the simple joys of nature and a season, forgetting for a while the more materialistic games of life.

The first cut on side one is *Hummingbird*, which apart from encouraging my parakeet to sing along, is a good opener, and sets the mood for the rest of the album. And the remaining songs also all have something to more than just recommend them.

The words occasionally touch on the religious beliefs of the duo, but this doesn't come over in a heavy handed way. They sound sincere and happy when they mention their personal influences and do not come across as super-salesmen Jesus freaks. It's all very acceptable, with no pressures on the listener to be converted to their brand of religion. As it should be. A Dion song, *Attraction Works Better Than Promotion*, comes to mind when trying to describe how the spiritual side of Seals and Crofts strikes me.

This American duo have a minor reputation in this country. This new album should enhance it. James Seals and Dash Crofts *Summer Breeze* is a highly suitable recording to have around this winter. They make a good addition to an electric fire or central heating. Have a listen.

**WAR HEROES** — Jimi Hendrix — Track Deluxe 2302020

This record is the latest posthumous release by Jimi Hendrix to be brought out in this country, and of those so far released, *War Heroes* is the third to be issued by Polydor. In comparison to the last album of his put out by this company, *Hendrix In The West*, the material included is not quite as strong.



But that doesn't mean to say that it is not another valuable collection of unheard Hendrix. Of the numbers included, *Highway Chile* is the only one that has appeared before. This alternative take is different enough from the original to make it worth hearing. The rest of the songs and instrumentals range from

remarkable through to just interesting. A version of Duane Eddy's *Peter Gunn* is begun but abandoned, and makes you wish that they hadn't given up. The second side contains the best tracks. *Midnight and Beginning* feature some beautiful, mind-blowing guitar work, with the rest of the group providing the powerful, all out backing so much associated with the best of Hendrix's recorded work and the excitement it still generates.

Whilst I dislike the cashing in on unused material and old takes by some record companies, I think that if the records are of this standard then it is important that they are made available. Jimi Hendrix is an irreplaceable artist, but at least we can still be amazed at the genius and magic of his talents on record.

**BACK STABBERS** — O'Jays — CBS 65257

The O'Jays are a new soul outfit who are at present riding high in the singles charts with their cut, *Back Stabbers*. It's also the title track of their first album.

Their music is uptown soul, with a fair smattering of dynamics, which occasionally is a little reminiscent of Sly & The Family Stone. The opening number, *When The World's At Peace*, is particularly close to the Sly sound. At times there are also similarities to the Chi-Lites. These are influences though, rather than rip-offs and for a first album they are surprisingly good. The originality portrayed makes me think they have even better things to offer on future releases.

Soul music has been for too long relegated to just singles. The O'Jays are yet another group to bring out an album that is a complete entity and not just two hit singles and a load of fillers.

**A SONG FOR YOU** — The Carpenters — A&M AMLS 63511

There are quite a few 'middle of the road' groups around, many of whom have met with considerable success (The New Seekers), but The Carpenters are most certainly on top of the pile.

The opening track, and possibly the most impressive on the album, is *A Song For You*. It is also used as a reprise at the end of the record. The Carpenter's version of Leon Russell's *Superstar*, on their last album, was one of the finest recordings of the song, if not the best, and the choice of using another Russell number was a wise one. Unfortunately for Russell, his voice doesn't give the songs the depth and sincerity they need. Mind you, his rockers cannot be beaten. Bob Messenger's sax solo on *A Song For You* complements the song well. Four of the other songs included are by Richard Carpenter, whose writing techniques consistently improve. His *Goodbye To Love* has given the group yet another hit single, for it is currently highly placed in the charts.

The production and arrangements are as usual faultless and of the three albums they have released, this is undoubtedly the most enjoyable. Karen Carpenter's vocals are strong and passionate, but at no time become too syrupy or over-emotional.

The Carpenters have produced an extremely enjoyable album that is never clumsy or over-done. On the levels they work on, they always achieve what they set out to do.

**EARTH MOTHER** — Lesley Duncan — CBS 64807

*Earth Mother* is the second album of Lesley Duncan. The first, whilst much raved over in music circles, failed to impress the record buying public. This one has much more chance of being a success.

An obvious remark to make would be to say she is Britain's Carole King or Joni Mitchell. But she could very easily be so. Her songs are about people and the complicated, often sad, lives they live. Nothing is forced though, you can take your time to absorb the stories and messages that Lesley Duncan sings about.

This lady is no 'pie in the sky' dreamer either. She knows about realities as her lyrics show, and throughout the record she displays a down-to-earth awareness of what's going on around her. You just have to listen to *Earth Mother* to understand that — it's dedicated to the ecology organisation *Friends of the Earth*.

The simple honesty of a line like "You caged the songbird but you can't make it sing" from *Fortieth Floor* shows a darker side to a personal love affair and also makes a lot of sense in other contexts. One of my favourite tracks is *By and Bye*, which finishes the second side. It is a send-up of an old-time harmony group, but is ever such a friendly one.

The musicians that accompany Lesley are the cream of London session men. Chris Spedding is on guitar, Barry de Souza takes the credits for drums and percussion, and Andy Bown helps out on bass. The album is produced by Jimmy Horowitz, who is very aware of the right sound for an artist such as this.

Lesley Duncan deserves to be heard and recognised as an exceptional singer and a very gifted songwriter.

**THE BEST OF BREAD** — Bread — Elektra K42115

If you are into dreamy, romantic, soft rock music then this is an excellent collection of Bread's best bakings.

Included are their two biggest hits in this country, *Make It With You* and *Baby I'm-A Want You*. Both songs still sound as good as they did when first released, and promise to become continued favourites for the end of parties and near to closing time at discotheques. These two numbers are both delicate and gentle love songs which would become painfully 'gooey' if handled in the wrong way, but Bread's treatment turns them into moody, drifting, unpossessive reflections on love and desire.

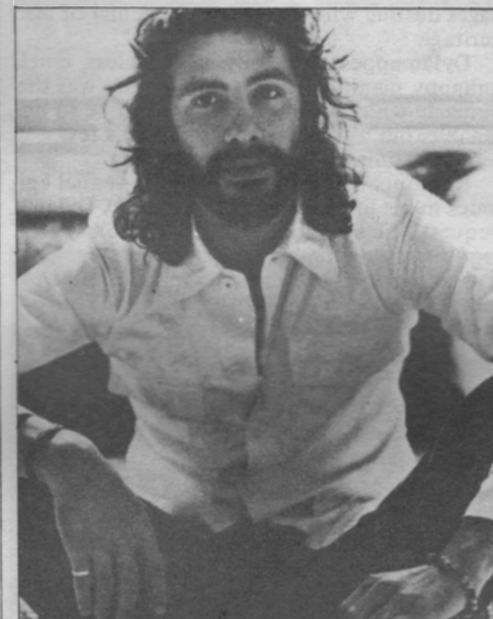
A very pretty album that has a wide appeal to dreamers and romantics of all ages. And we've all got a soft, receptive side, haven't we?

**CATCH BULL AT FOUR** — Cat Stevens — Island ILPS 9206

After bringing out three of the best singer/song-writer albums around, I find this new release a great disappointment.

The production and the arrangements are still inventive, their playing a inventive, the playing and singing are as good as before, but somehow this time out the songs as a whole evade being anything more than mere background music. The obvious failure is the songs, or rather the words they are comprised of. They are either trite and pretentious, and are often very boring and uninspired.

I know that *Catch Bull At Four* is high in the record charts on both sides of the Atlantic, but Steven's reputation is enough at present to under-



stand why. If he is to maintain his position of popularity he must make better offerings than this.

*Father and Son* and *Where Do The Children Play?* are still as good as ever though, so I'll play the earlier albums till Cat brings out something as excellent as those.

**BRUCE RUFFIN** — Rhino Records SRNO 8001

After recently beginning to acquire a liking for reggae music, I find Bruce Ruffin's first album a rather mixed collection of failures and successes.

*Mad About You*, which reached the lower parts of the singles charts, is the opening cut, and is one of the best songs, even if it rather corny. Other tracks worth listening to are *Save The People* on side one, whilst *Rain, We Can Make It* and *Colourless World* on the reverse side are good. The rest are rather ordinary but quite painless.

This record is the first album to appear on EMI's new reggae label. It is not an unpleasant attempt, but could have done with a little more thought and versatility.

**WHO CAME FIRST** — Peter Townshend — Track Deluxe 2408201

Peter Townshend, leader of the Who, claims that this is not his first solo offering. It is, in Townshend's opinion, a mixture of unused Who tracks and songs previously only available on a limited edition album dedicated to his late guru, Meher Baba.

Apparently the group and its leader are having a difficult time working out what they should do next. They are still one of the most exciting rock groups to see 'live', but on the recording front they still haven't produced anything significant since *Tommy*, which is, if you remember, the rock opera.

Many of the tracks on this album are reminiscent

## STOP PRESS

### Heathmen and Younger Men

**BLACKPOOL:** More than 30 delegates from the Conservative Party conference turned up for a discussion on homosexuality run by the Campaign for Homosexual Equality during the party's annual conference here.

Most of the delegates at the meeting were Young Conservatives and an informal resolution was passed asking the Government to think of lowering the age of gay male consent from 21 to 16.

Among those taking part were Toby Ryde, CHE's vice-chairman, Gini Bone, of CHE's London Women's Group and Ian Harvey, former Tory MP for Harrow, and non-executive vice-president of CHE.

Although no firm proposals came out of the meeting, a spokesman for CHE told Gay News: "We were very pleased with the meeting."

### The Biograph Review.

Dear lovely people, in case you were wondering what had become of your Jules, I'm having a little holiday with a beautiful individual I met the other day. And I didn't meet him at you know where, so there!

There is a very good chance now that the Bio Review will be back to normal in the next issue of this startling paper. Till then take special care of yourselves. Wrap up warm, it's getting cold at night now. Julian D.Grinspoon

### Drag and Cabaret

ROYAL VAUXHALL TAVERN, 372 Kennington Lane, SE 11. (Vauxhall). Regular Compere - Pat Kelly - with The Keitones. Thurs (Alt) Mr Tammy or Honey  
Friday. Mr Tammy. Monday. Bow.  
Saturday. Lee Paris. Wednesday. Lee Paris.

of earlier work, whilst the others seem a little more than fillers. I also find Townshend's slightly 'holier than thou' attitudes a little pretentious, no matter what his good intentions are. Let's See Action, also available as The Who's latest single, is the most rewarding track.

Who fans will no doubt have heard this and already passed their own judgements by now, but there is very little to interest anyone else on this sadly disappointing record. Townshend is capable of better things.

**HOME** — CBS 64752

Home is CBS's latest entry for the rock and roll bigtime. What immediately strikes you about them is the interplay between the two lead guitars, which they use to great effect throughout the album.

Basically they are still in with the minor league of English bands, of which there are plenty at present, but they show the promise of progressing, much as Wishbone Ash over the last two years, have worked hard at getting the acclaim they are beginning to achieve.

Back to the album. The opening track, *Dreamer*, is a good start. But they don't keep to this high standard throughout the rest of the record. Often the bass is inaudible, although it is to the fore on *Rise Up*. The vocals tend to become monotonous and make most of the songs sound rather the same. *Fancy Lady*, *Hollywood Child* is an exception to this though, in fact the words and singing far outshine the playing on this track.

Although at times intriguing, side two doesn't work as well as the previous side. The songs are too weak to hold up to the extended treatments they receive. Things pick up on the last cut, *Lady Of The Birds*.

Home have faults but they still have a lot going for them. If in a year's time, they haven't vanished off the scene, they should be a band to be reckoned with.

By the way, there's a nice friendly hand on the front cover photo-graph

**SOME TIME IN NEW YORK CITY** — John Lennon & Yoko Ono/Plastic Ono Band with Elephant's Memory — Apple PCSP 716

I've left reviewing John Lennon's (plus) new double album (priced at £2.90) till last as it is, for me, incredibly difficult to write about. His last two solo albums were a lot easier to come to terms with. This double set is quite definitely something you accept as a further extension of Lennon or you dismiss it (demand that it be removed from the turntable immediately). So please accept the sketchiness of this review as being my dilemma rather than failings of the records.

Personally I enjoy it and think it a valid contribution, but at times I must admit that I find it difficult to take. You see, it's pretty 'alternative' to the previous albums. The first record is studio recorded. The structures of the songs are a lot simpler, the lyrics being very direct. Also very political. Included is *Woman is The Nigger Of The World*, which caused such a stir in the States when it was released as a single. Other tracks are *Sunday Bloody Sunday* and *The Luck Of The Irish*. The cliché ridden sentiments expressed in these two cuts are extremely militant, and I can imagine a lot of people being unable to take such a radical stand about the depressing situation in Northern Ireland.

The second record consists of tapes of two 'live' performances. One is from the Filmore East in 1971, and also features Frank Zappa and The Mothers Of Invention. The other was recorded at London's Lyceum in 1969. This record is called *Live Jam LP* and that's exactly what it is.

On both records Yoko Ono is very much in evidence. Yoko's performing talents are a very debatable point which is best not gone into here. If you've found the solo Lennon outings rewarding in the past, give this a listen, otherwise...

Denis Lemon

Sunday. (Lunch) Bow. New Act Starting Soon  
Sunday. (Night) Mr. Tammy.

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ELEPHANT & CASTLE, South Lambeth Place, SW8. (Vauxhall) Drag every night except Tuesday Regular Compere Jackie. Recommended by Gay News for happy and friendly atmosphere.  
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Tues. Steel Band. Sat. Singalong & Dancing.  
Wed. Various Artistes. Compere/Organist  
Thurs. Talent Night. Kenneth Mancell.

WINDSOR CASTLE 309 Harrow Road, W9. (Westbourne Park) Drag on Wednesday and Sunday. (Lunch & Eve)

This is a list of some of the pubs in London that regularly have Drag Acts. Information of out of London pubs featuring drag will be added to this list as we receive it. So if your local has something good happening at it, let us know; and that goes for you landlords as well.

### Gay Pubs

WILLIAM IV, Heath Street, Hampstead NW3. Hampstead Tube.  
THE SALISBURY, St Martins Lane. Near to Trafalgar Square and Leicester Square tubes.  
THE QUEENS HEAD, Tryon Street, (off Kings Road, London SW3).  
THE CHAMPION, Bayswater Road. Nearest tube is Notting Hill Gate.  
THE BOLTONS and THE COLEHERNE are opposite each other at the junction of Earl's Court Road and Old Brompton, Earl's Court Tube.



# Love Knoweth No Laws.

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

\* Chaucer.

## Personal Ads

REPLIES TO BOX ADS: when replying to a box ad please write the box number on the envelope, and send it to Gay News, 19 London Street, London W2 1HL. Box number replies cannot be discussed on the telephone. If you wish to send a stamp with your box, no. reply, please do not attach it to reply.

**Edinburgh Male, 25**, gentle, intelligent, good-humoured seeks someone own age or younger to make home with. I enjoy music, reading, etc. Photo appreciated. All letters answered. Box 301

**Pete, Young 29** seeks young males early 20's for everlasting pleasures, longish hair, no beards like myself. Photo please. Box 302

**South London Lecturer, 26**, attractive, good physique, versatile, artistic interests including languages, seeks well-built, fun-loving guys under 30 for intimate relationship. Photo please, returnable with mine. Box 303

**London, Young Gay Asian 22**, seeks similar white 21-30 for friendship. Photo appreciated. Box 304

**Guy 28** seeks same or younger friend for mutually satisfactory evenings/weekends. Photo appreciated, returned with mine. Box 305

**Good Looking Long Haired Youth** wishes to correspond, meet same, interests leather, denim etc. All letters answered. Photo please. Bham/anywhere. Box 306

**South Bucks Gay 50**, seeks sincere friend 30-55. Photo if poss, but not essential. A.L.A. Box 307

**Male 29**, seeks active male, 26-33, who is keen on wearing rubber boots. Photo appreciated. Box 308

**Male (35)** Torbay area now, probable move London '73. Seeks genuine permanent friend 21-30. Initially weekends offered. Varied interests. Photo appreciated. Box 309

**What about the gay life in Wellingborough, Kettering & Northants**, anyone interested in getting it started, for I love you all. Box 310

**Man 38**, Tired of being promiscuous and alone longs to meet affectionate active genuine chap of 25-42, who wishes to settle down and enjoy good home life. I have own flat (London). Write giving Tel.No. if poss and photo. Box 311

**Professional Figure Model**, athletic, wants occasional hire of someone's sun-lamp. London. Terry. Box 312

**Gay Girl, 36**, looking for similar to share really sincere loving relationship and very ordinary home in country. Box 313

**East Midlands Gay Guy, 24**, seeks sympathetic girl for friendship. Box 314

**Dark, Slim self-employed professional man, 37**, dependable, seeks friendship with someone early 20's who prefers older company. Lives North Surrey. Own transport, willing to travel. Box 315

**Reading Gay Girl 31**, with young daughter seeks sincere girl to share my home with. Must be fond of children and under 36. Box 316

**Bachelor, 30**, seeks wider circle of friends, 30-35 age group. Also possible flat-mate -resident South London. Interested travel, music etc., A.L.A. Box 317

**A Weekend in the Country?** Two friends with beautiful secluded country house (Wilts) can accept a few weekend guests. Reasonable charges. Full Board. Station Transport. Easy Reach M4. Phone 022-16-3299.

**Lonely good-looking authoritarian (40)**, leather interests, seeks contacts anywhere, and particularly Lancs/Cheshire. Box 318

**Yorkshire Gay**, living in own country cottage, would like to meet gay guys around same age, early 20's. Friendship, mutual pleasure. Box 319

**Creative, Intelligent, Balanced Male, 33**, lives in London, needs someone affectionate and intelligent and under 35 for permanent thing. Box 320

**Bachelor late 30's**, would like to meet hairy faced gays, either bearded or clean-shaven for friendship and mutual pleasures. Aged 21-45. The thicker and more extensive your beard the better. Box 321

**A Gentle Gay Knight** in shining armour needed by a young lonely lad (21), be my loyal knight and true. Box 322

**Male Secretary (34)** seeks interesting position in London. Interests music, theatre, travel. Box 323

**Gay Girl (21)** seeks feminine chicks East Yorkshire. Box 324

**Gay Male (23)** own car, not effeminate, seeks others similar age for mutual pleasure and show me the gay places London. Box 325

**Sincere Young Pederast (early 20's)** would like to find younger, or helpful friends. Box 326

**Professional Job Incompletely Satisfying?** Cerebral? Creative? Gardener? Lesbian (30-50) living Midlands? Could we contact each other? Box 327

**Bachelor, 53**, tired of wandering and loneliness, 45 miles North of London, longs for permanent loyal friendship with one slightly younger, kind, fond of home, sincere and intelligent. Box 328

**Jazz Musician, 35**, London, with wide range of other interests, tired of gay scene, is looking for friends (early twenties) to share interests with. Box 329

**Young good-looking gay guy** seeks similar for companionship and all that jazz. Box 331

**Male (31)** wishes to meet gay people of both sexes, (25-35). Interested in Soul, Reggae and similar types for music. Box 336

**Good-looking young Irish male 20's**. Tall, slim, seeks good-looking non-effeminate friends, 21-30, London area. Photo appreciated. Discretion guaranteed. Please write to Mike, Box 332

**Dennis, I love you - Paul.**

**Bachelor (London) 40**, with car and on 3 month holiday, seeks active well endowed companions, any race or age, up to 45, for weekend outings, mutual enjoyment and friendship. Photo. Box 333

**Londoner (24)** likes swimming, tennis, music and travelling, would like to meet a versatile guy with similar kinds of interest. Photo and phone appreciated. Write, Box 334

**Young Man 28**, lonely also interested in TV would like to meet same or gay gent. Your place preferred. Will travel anywhere in Northern Ireland but preferably Belfast area. Box 335

**Butch Londoner 36**, well educated seeks genuine unpolluted friend, fed up with young men. Prefer 23-30 age group. Own flat, semi-rich. Hobbies - sport, theatre, cinema. Photo please. A.L.A. Box 337

**Young City Director** considering holiday in West Indies in Feb, wants up to date info where to go and stay for sexy holiday. Also would like to meet young passive West Indians under 28. Box 338

**Live In The U.S.A.** I Executive, 35, masculine, needs companion-assistant. Under 30, slim, presentable. Race, education & social background unimportant if sincere, adaptable, reliable, warm. Some world-wide travel involved. Modest pay and all found. Interview London before Xmas. Send full personal info and photo (returnable) in confidence, airmail to: Boxholder, P.O.Box 20621, Los Angeles 90006, USA.

**Kinky Denim/Leather Fan 21** wishes to meet the same, with gear, must be nice looking and well built. All replies answered. Photos please. Box 345

**To married men under 31**, those who want a change and want to meet reliable manly gay mid 30's bachelor, own flat, London. Write with photo. A.L.A. Box 339

**American Executive, 32**, twice a month in London, would like to meet slim sincere gay guy under 25 for weekend theatre, dinner, conversation, etc. Photo please. Box 346

**Rimmer (29)** offers the delights of his services to younger friends. Gay/Straight/Black/White. All welcome and replied to. Box 347

**Exiled Kiltie (28)** needs friends for friendship - love - anything you can think of - almost! Photos exchanged. Box 348

**If interested in SM Study Circle** write with SAE to Box 349

**Butch Glaswegian 20's** seeks Scottish playmates. Interests include pubs, films, theatre, sport. Box 350

**Ken (23)** lonesome in Folkstone, would like to get to know genuine young friends anywhere. Box 351

**Kinky Male Leather, Rubber, PVC, & Denim**, Wants to meet likewise in London area. Aged 25-35, genuine only. Box 352

**Bachelor (40)**, interests varied, seeks young friends/penfriends. Guest/Companion invited for weeks 'Broads' Cruiser holiday, July, 1973. Sincere offer to shy lonely person. No prejudices. Photos please, will return. (Suffolk) Box 353

**Gay Guy 22**, tired of promiscuous London scene, wishes to meet similar with view to friendship. Lives in Battersea, likes cinema, theatre, driving and various other things. Please enclose photo. Box 354

**Man (32)** ready to please, would like to meet all leather gear domineering friend, beardless (28-45) Box 355

**Will Michael James Winters**, last known address, 188 Ashville Road, Leytonstone, E11, please return £30 borrowed nearly two years ago from G.A.Walsh of Westcliff-On-Sea.

**Leather Bike Boy** wants riding pal in Scotland and North. Box 368

**Erik**, I miss your Yorkshire Pudding. I am sorry about Clapham. Please write to usual address. Mick.

**Christmas Holiday**. Can anyone recommend Med. holiday spot to quiet bachelor 47, likes walking. Companionship invited, or ideas for short break U.K. Box 356

**Two Attractive Young Men (21,23)** sharing a flat, wish to meet others in London area. Student (21) would prefer other students, but only sincere types sought by both. If in doubt don't reply. Box 357

**Gay Guy, new to the scene**, requires information on gay pubs, clubs, etc. throughout England. All letters acknowledged. Box 358

**SOUNDS. Drag-Mobile Disco/lights**. Simply the best. Built-in drag show or male floor show if desired. Pete: 01-743 9930 (5-7 pm)

**Young Male (24)** seeks males 21-40. I am not effeminate, so I am looking for non-effeminates but must be active. Photo please if possible. Returnable. A.L.A. Box 359

**Sincere Male 30's** looking for lasting relationship has accommodation and genuine friendship for warm affectionate young man (21-30) Rugby area. Photo appreciated and returned. A.L.A. Box 360

**Nottingham. Young 38** seeks younger non-effeminate male friends for genuine relationship. Photo appreciated. These will be returned. Box 361

**EXECUTIVE, 34, TRANSFERRED TO LONDON SHORTLY** seeks young social contacts, any race, maybe roommate. I'm masculine, young looking & thinking & can afford a few of the nicer things in life. Sincere only. Photo helps, will be returned. Let's correspond! MAX,PO Box 26017, Los Angeles 90026, USA.

**Youth 23** requires young sportsmen, servicemen, skinheads and leather boys to train and discipline, also the same for group sessions. Replies with photos answered first. Box 362

**Anyone Lonely in Guernsey - either sex - any age**, like to form social group? Alternatively anyone interested in coming to my house for coffee and conversation? (Lesbian, single, 40) Box 209

**Robin De Layne-Harvey**. Please return two rare books you borrowed - immediately. David.

**Lonely 26 yr old** with own flat, wishes to meet gay guys under 23 from Hampshire. Mod, Skinhead, Leather types preferred. Photo returnable. Box 363  
"Copy of Jeremy magazine Vol.1. No.7 urgently required; write - Brian Hart, 1 Trinity Road, Folkstone, Kent. Telephone 54698"

**One Man Wanted to Help Distribute "Gay News"** in Edinburgh. 30% commission. Contact Ian Dunn at 15 Hope Park Terrace, Edinburgh.

**I am extremely lonely** and would like people to write to me. I am 19 years old and am interested in music and the occult. My address is Robert Hranichny, Schallergasse 7/5, 1120 Wien, Austria.

**Dear Boys and Girls, please make life a little easier for the phantom typesetter of Queensway by making sure that your ads are easy to read. It takes so long doing translations. Thanks a million and a half - good luck with all your ads.**

**Any personal ads containing any form of racial prejudice will be immediately rejected, and money paid for insertion will NOT be refunded. Gay News collective.**

## Accommodation

**Double Furnished Room** (single beds) in bachelor's modern flat, 2 mins Stepney Green Station. £3 pw each includes rented TV, use of bathroom, kitchen, phone, linen, CH water. 01-790 7709

**Carpenter 34** seeks four masculine guys under 35 to share house in Catford. £4 weekly includes Central Heating - Hot Showers - radio and TV. Full Board £8. Box 330

**Guy 22**, would like to share flat with one other for platonic relationship. Box 340

**Gay News Newsman** urgently seeks room in shared house/flat. About £6 per week. Must be on telephone in inner/West London. Call Peter on 01-402 7805

**Young Man, Teacher**, requires single bedsitter & kitchen - convenient for City. Box 341

**Ken, 23, Straight** and Julian, 25, Gay, seek two-bedroom flat, Richmond, clean, cosy and cheap. Box 342

**PAD SUIT TWO MATES**, reasonable rent, also bedsitter available. Box 244

**Gay Guy (Young)** seeks accommodation in London preferably S.West or near Central. Like to share with guy(s) aged up to 25. Box 364

**Visiting decadent anarchistic Fairy** desperately needs conducive shared accommodation, preferably communal. Box 365

**Gay Guy 26**, own car, wishes to share flat with guys same age or younger in any of these areas:

Barking, East Ham, Romford, Leytonstone, Ilford, Mile End, Bethnal Green, Whitechapel, West Ham. Box 366

**Bachelor (40's, looks younger)** seeks clean, trustworthy, non-effeminate paying guest. Small flat North London, £3 p.w. plus half rates, expenses etc. Professional or executive type, circumspection essential, creed immaterial, vital interests and statistics, recent photo (returnable) with reply. Box 367

## Employment & Services

**Young Handsome Guy (24)**; intelligent, educated, versatile, seeks interesting full time employment. Anything considered. Box 343

**Young Male Models Required**. Some theatrical experience an advantage. Photos appreciated and returned if requested. Box 344

**Interior Decorating by pleasant Gay Lady**. Conscientious busy bee but not outrageously pricey. Interested? For "No Pressure" chat PHONE Joanne on 01-727 9182

**Experienced, young, qualified Masseur** visits home/hotel. Genuine service for massage only. Phone 01-370 6506

**WANTED. Cleaner/Driver, hard work, good pay, experienced/happy/pretty preferred.** Box 176

## Clubs

In London visit "Los Chicos", 312 Old Brompton Road, Earl's Court, for a Gay evening. Weekdays 10-2. Weekends 10-3.

## Classified

'Glad To Be Gay' Badges in purple on a yellow background, size 1 3/4" diameter. Sell at 7 1/2p or 10p post free from: E.L.GLF, c/o 248 Bethnal Green Road, London E2. Discount for bulk orders etc. 'Very Nice Badges They Are Too'

## MEN WELL WORTH WAITING FOR

We know it must be hard to wait, But patience brings a gay reward: In roughly two weeks from the date You send to our address abroad The little sum of twenty pence You'll get a brochure crammed with scenes Of naked guys from our immense Stores stacked with films and magazines. The movies fly: when docks don't strike, Mags take four weeks to come (and one Comes free first time). You're bound to like These goodies full of gay nude fun.

**LUX PUBLICATIONS (Dept GNU), PO Box 10269, Amsterdam, Holland.**

Patrick Mens Stylist, Perfect Shaping, Swinging and Traditional Styling, Tinting, Bleaching and Streaking by Appointment. Telephone: Leeds 57279

Full Range of Sexual Aids available from ZODIAC AV, 120 London Road, Leicester LE2 0QS. Send SAE for full details or visit our showrooms.

**RAWHIDE No2 Issue**. Physique Magazine of Teenagers. Send 50p to: Fulham Studios (Photographic), 494 Fulham Road, London SW6.

## GAY REMOVALS AND CAR HIRE

Any distance Cheap rates for gay only Ring 01-560 2865.

**Gay Films-Books-Fotos-Slides-Sex Aids-Etc.** Free Illustrated Lists S.A.E. New World Sales, 1581 London Road. Norbury, London SW16.

## Have A Clean Up!

For General House Cleaning or Spring Cleaning. Phone : 723 8842 or 402 6881.

**Breathtaking Nudes!! "All Boys"**. "Boys Town". £1.50 each. (SAE) Johnny: BM/FBGH, London WC1V 6XX.

**Penfriends, Flat and Holiday Companions.**

Free Details. S.A.E. to H.F.C., c/o 19 Glan Aber Park, CHESTER

**Boy Studio, 44 Earl's Court Road, London W8.** Photo-Sets, Leatherwear, 35mm Colour Slides. Catalogue 30p.

**York. Gay News available from Woof's Stall, Newgate Market, York, on Thursdays and Saturdays.**

**FAG FUND** It would help our petty cash situation if you could send us your ciggy coupons . . . ta, my dears.

**WANTED. STREET-SELLERS** to sell, you guessed it, GAY NEWS.

You make 3p a copy. We can't sell them all ourselves.

You can regularly buy Gay News at Bookends, 23a Chepstow Mansions, Chepstow Place, London W2. Send S.A.E. for their lists of fantasy/sf/comic books.

**COMMERCIAL ADS. 5p a word. No Box Number service available.**

**NON-COMMERCIAL ADS. 2p a word. Box Numbers 30p.**

**PERSONAL ADS. 2p. a word. Box Numbers 50p.** (Owing to lack of space, we ask users of the Personal Ads to try and not use more than 30 words.)

**SEMI-DISPLAY (Boxed Classified)**

£1.50 extra.

All information listings are free.

All Ads must be prepaid.

## Display Ad Rates

Prices quoted on request.

## Personal and Classified Ads Form

Please insert in the next issue BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE

Please find enclosed a cheque/postal order made payable to Gay News Ltd. for the sum of £..... for an Ad of ..... words.

Send to Gay News. 19 London Street. London W.2.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....



# Information

*This corner is really a long list - of places, people you might like to know about or one day need. We can only, of course, publish the information that comes to us.*

**OPPIDAN ADVISES AND BEFREINDS** the lonely gay needing help. Oppidan's accommodation service has started, but it needs MORE OFFERS of rooms, beds or other accommodation such as flat share, etc.. Write to Box 99, c/o Gay News, or ring: 769-7965.

'CHALLENGE' is a London based homosexual group with branches at Marble Arch, Ealing and Hampstead. We meet each week for a drink and a chat - why don't you join us?

Ring Martin at 427 8175 or Sid at 328 4647.

**Sappho** meets every first Monday in the month, at the Museum Tavern 7.30pm, upstairs room, Great Russell Street, London WC1. All women are welcome. Sappho magazine is available at 30p inc. postage for single copies. (Subs rates are unchanged) from Sappho Publications Ltd., BCM/Petrel, London WC1.

**CHE**. An All-London Political Action Group is in the process of formation. Will anyone who wants further information on this campaigning group write to: Derek Brookfield, 7 Briston Grove, Crouch End, London N8 9EX.

**Campaign for Homosexual Equality London Information Centre**, 22 Great Windmill Street, London W1. Tel: 01-437 6117/8. Until the last week of September the office will only be manned between 12 noon to 6.00 pm, seven days a week.

**HOMOSEXUAL GROUP**, meeting Fridays in NW London, with fairly serious interests (and a sense of humour) discusses sex, people, religion, politics, listens to good music; hears poets and playwrights read their own work - and that of others: makes a genuine attempt to befriend and help the lonely from the teenager to the senior citizen. For further details and a friendly chat ring either 769-7965 or 450-4318.

**Women's Liberation Workshop**, 3 Shavers Place, London W1. Tel: 01-839 3918.

**GAY CAMBRIDGE** - all Freshers at University go to Stall at Corn Exchange October 3 to 5. Contact Pat Jones, 611 Kings College First.

**Gay Civil Rights Group** meets on Monday October 23rd at 8pm at 59 Bridge Lane, Golders Green, London NW11. For details please phone Frank Honore on 387-7501 (ask for room 405), or David Seligman on 458-4566.

**Gay Women - Lonely?** Need, information, company, help with problems? Write: Jill Russell, c/o The Peace Centre, 18 Moor Street, Ringway, Birmingham 5 7UH. Please enclose S.A.E.

**Wandsworth/Richmond CHE group** forming. Incorporating Fulham-Wimbledon and fringe areas. Men AND women. We meet twice a month. Write: Fred Green, 368 Upper Richmond Road, Putney SW15 2TU. **Alternative Free Library** needs donations of radical/liberated Gay Papers and Magazines, ESPECIALLY Back Issues. Please write: Geoffrey Leigh, 30 Woodside, Wimbledon, London SW19 7AW.

**Gay Unity, Harrow**. For details phone Janie at 863 1184 or Alex at 864 2291. Meets on Mondays.

"**Gay Cambridge**", a joint CHE/GLF group covering both the town and university. Meets every fortnight, weekly in university term. Contact Bernard Greaves, 29 John Street, Cambridge. phone Cambridge 52661 or Pat Jones, 48 Milton Road, Cambridge, phone Cambridge 55772.

**YOUNG GAYS** meet regularly in London. The C.H.E. Youth Group meets fortnightly around Central London. Details from Mike or Jim at 01-385 7246.

**READING GAY ALLIANCE**: regular discos and socials, counselling, quiet meetings, public meetings, and action. Town and university. SAE for Newsheet: Room 7, 30 London Rd, READING GAYSOC: For homosexual men and women in any college or school of London University. Social, political, campaigning; a means for gay students to get together the sort of campus scene hets enjoy, and to tackle the illiberalism of beer-swilling undergrads. Watch college newspapers; "Sennet", "Octopus", "What's On", "Gay News", for details, or write: ULU, Malet Street, WC1. (All letters treated with absolute confidentiality).

**FRIEND** is the advisory and befriending service of the Campaign for Homosexual Equality. Call (Monday and Friday 7.30 to 9.30 pm) or write to Friend, Centre, Broadley Terrace, London NW1.

**LESBIAN LIBERATION**. Meetings Wednesday 8.00pm, at the South London Women's Liberation Centre, 14 Radnor Terrace, SW8. All women welcome. Tel: 01-622 8495

**CHE Political Action Group** are trying to establish a Legal Aid Fund for Homosexuals. The most economic effective and secure way of doing this is by creating a charitable trust. In order to ensure the trust is securely established and free from the interference of the Charity Commissioners it is essential that an expertly drawn up trust deed is used as the governing instrument. We have no solicitors and barristers in the group and would welcome the advice and assistance of anyone with the requisite experience. Please write to: David Hyde, c/o Campaign for Homosexual Equality, 22 Great Windmill Street, London W1

## SCOTTISH MINORITIES GROUP

**EDINBURGH** from 7.45 to 9.00pm on Mondays in the basement of 23 George Square. Saturdays from 9.30pm coffee/food/dance at the same address. There is also a Womens Group. Check with Mike Coulson 031-225 4395 between 1pm and 10pm any day.

**GLASGOW** from 8pm on Tuesdays at Bruce Briggs, 8 Duncan Street, Glasgow C4 and Third Friday of every month at 214 Clyde Street (Library of Community House) with invited speakers from 8pm. There is also a Womens Group. Check with John Breslin 041-771 7600.

**DUNDEE** from 10.30pm on Fridays at 1 Airlie Place, drinks and dance. Check with Len McIntosh 0382-452433 evenings.

**ABERDEEN** and **SALTCOATS** check with John Breslin 041-771 7600

## GAY LIBERATION FRONT GROUPS

**GLF ALL LONDON COME TOGETHER** on Oct 28th. Phone 01-837 7174 for location.

**Religious Gay Lib Group**, meets various Sundays at 2.30 pm. Phone 278 1701 for details.

**Gay Women's Lib** (North London) Meet at The Crown and Woolpak, 397 St Johns St. EC1. (Angel Tube) 8pm on Mondays.

**West London G.L.F.** meets in the Committee Room of Fulham Town Hall, Fulham Broadway on Thursdays at 8pm.

**Leicester Gay Awareness Group**, Contact John Page, 126 Nansen Road, Leicester LE5 5NJ. Phone: Leicester 738832.

At present there are GLF groups in operation in the following areas:

Aberystwth	Essex University	Heading
Bath	Folkstone	Sheffield
Bristol	Greenoch	Swansea
Brent	Guernsey	Sussex
Bedfordshire	Higham Ferrers	
Birmingham	Hull	LONDON
Belfast	Keele University	South London
Bradford	Lancaster	West London
Cambridge	Leicester	East London
Cheltenham	Leeds	Notting Hill
Canterbury	Manchester	Hackney
Cardiff	Newcastle	Youth Group
Colchester	Norwich	Religious Group
Derby	Oxford	Women's Group
Durham	Portsmouth	
Edinburgh	Potteries	

The addresses of these groups may be obtained from the G.L.F. Office at 5 Caledonian Road, London N1. Tube Kings Cross. Tel: 01-837 7174. Also contact here for other G.L.F. information.

**Bath Gay Awareness Group** has moved again. Meetings Thursdays, contact John, Bath 63168 or Hugh Bath 4738 for further information.

**Bristol Gay Awareness Group**, c/o Tony, 20D, West Mall, Clifton, Bristol. Tel: 0272-32669.

**Essex GLF University**, contact Brian Roberts, c/o Student Pidgeon Holes, University of Essex, Wivenhoe Park, Colchester.

**Leeds GLF Liberation Office**, 153 Woodhouse Lane, Leeds 2. Tel: 0532-39071 ex 57. Meetings every Friday at 7.30pm at the Liberation Office.

**Sussex GLF** meets Tuesdays at 8.15pm upstairs/back bar Stanford Arms, Preston Circus Brighton. Contact: Doug Coupe, 40 Ashford Road, Brighton, or phone Ray at 686939.

**Reading Gay Alliance**, Room 7, 30 London Road, Reading.

## CAMPAIGN FOR HOMOSEXUAL EQUALITY.

Cambridge	Brighton
Chilterns (Berkhampstead)	South Essex (Basildon)
Amersham	South Herts (Watford/St Albans)
Colchester	Southampton/Bournemouth
Cornwall	Stoke-on-Trent
Crouch End	Swansea/Carmarthen
Croydon	Teeside
East Kent (Canterbury)	Tunbridge Wells
Guildford	Tyneside
Halifax/Huddersfield	Windsor
Ilford	Wirral
Leeds	Wolverhampton
Lewisham	Wolverhampton & District worker's group
Liverpool	York
LONDON	STUDENT GROUPS
Acton/Ealing	London
Central	Manchester
Highbury/Islington	Oxford
Kensington	Kent
Kilburn	Liverpool
Manchester	
Newport/Cardiff	
Northampton	
Norwich	PROPOSED GROUPS
Nottingham	Devon
Oxford	Leicester
Portsmouth	Enfield
Reading	Barking
Sheffield	Preston
Shropshire	Taunton

Many local group organisers are wary of having their names and addresses publicised, so for the time being please contact all CHE groups via the national office: 28 KENNEDY STREET, MANCHESTER 2. Telephone 061-228 1985.

## Discos

### LONDON GLF DANCES

Friday Nov 10th - Fulham Town Hall  
Sat Dec 2nd - Hampstead Town Hall, Haverstock Hill.

Fri Dec 22nd - Lime Grove Baths, Shepherds Bush.  
Fri Jan 12th, 1972 - Fulham Town Hall.

Reading Gay Alliance: Weekly Disco at Railway Tavern: 8pm.

**BIRMINGHAM'S GAY SCENE WELCOMES YOU.**

FREE Disco every fortnight (every other Friday Night). At the Shakespeare Inn, Summer Row, Birmingham 3. Drinks at bar prices.

ALSO  
**GAY FAWKES & BIRTHDAY PARTY** at Digbeth Civic Hall, Digbeth, Birmingham 5. 4th November (5 mins from City Centre). Saturday 4th November, 8.00-12.00pm. Groups - Disco - Bar - Dancing - Wear what you want. Open House, Everyone Welcome!!!

Father Red Cap, 319 Camberwell Road, SE5. (Camberwell Green).

**PALACE OF DRAG** - Drag every night. Upstairs Bar now open 7 nights a week - Tricky Dicky Boys Only Disco now on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sundays. Also mixed. Disco on Wednesday and Saturdays. Girls Only Disco on Friday. Gay intimate evening on Mondays. Free Admission Mondays and (for a limited period) Tuesday's Boys Only Disco.

**South London G.L.F. Disco** every Monday except first Monday of the month. At The Crypt, St Matthews Church (opposite Town Hall, Brixton. BR/Tube. Buses 35, 37, 109, 59, 2, 3. Admission 15p - Beer and sandwich bar. Love - Kisses - South London G.L.F.

**West London G.L.F.** presents a dance at Hampstead Old Town Hall on December 22nd. Tickets 50p; Disco, Groups, Lightshow, and Bar.

**Camden G.L.F.** weekly disco in the discotheque next to the Bull and Gate Pub (200 yds Kentish Town Stn) every Wednesday from 8pm to 1am.

**DRAG MOBILE DISCOTEQUE** Tuesday Nights - ROYAL OAK, 62 Glenthorne Road, London W6. Wednesday Nights - THE PONTEFRAC CASTLE 48 Chapel Street, Edgware Road Tube.

Dancing Permitted, complete with Drag Show featuring Mr Jean Fredericks, Peter Martindale & Diamond David.

**Sussex G.L.F. Disco** every Friday 8-11pm at Stanford Arms, Preston Circus, Brighton. Only 15p.

**KINGS ARMS**, Liverpool Street, London. (corner of Pindar Street)

Tube/BR Liverpool Street. Buses 8, 8A, 22, 6, 47, 97. Tricky Dicky Show on Saturday Nights, 8.30 11.00. Admission Free Saloon Bar. Disco, Impersonations etc. Gay Atmosphere.

Gay News is on sale at all Tricky Dicky Disco's.

**KINGS ARMS**, Liverpool Street, London. (corner of Pinder Street) Tube/BR Liverpool Street. Dicks Inn, Gay Disco every Monday. Comper Tricky Dicky.

**THE ARABIAN**, Cambridge Heath Road, London (corner of Bishops Way). Tube Bethnal Green/Bus 277 Dicks Inn, Gay Disco - closed for the Summer. Re-opens early October.

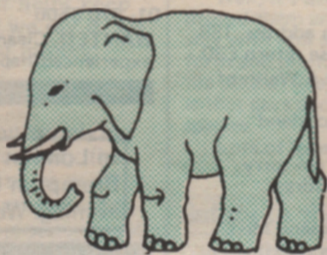
Drag, Pub, etc. Info continued on page 14.

# Maggies Place Hotel

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