

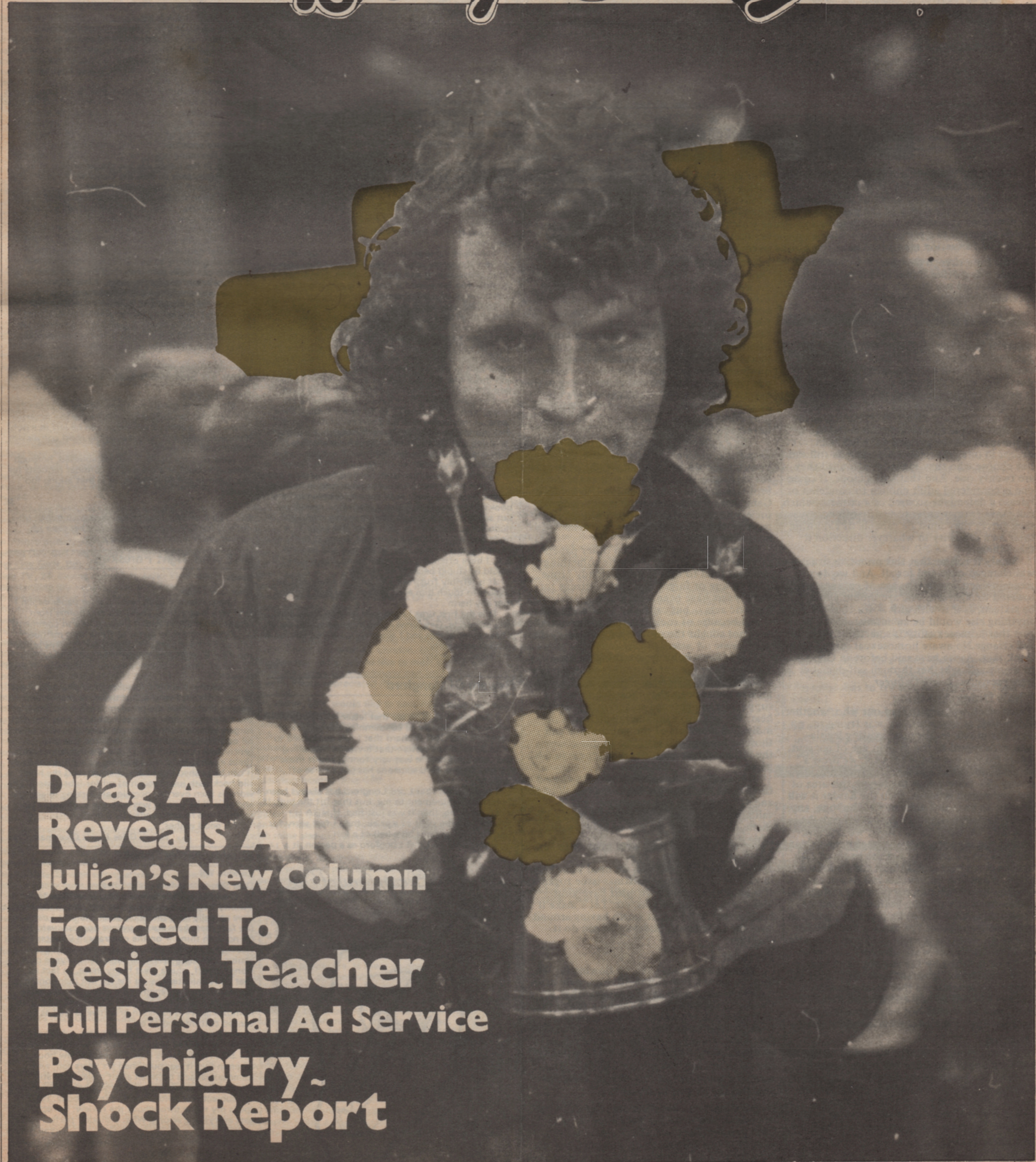
**ACTION PACKETS
GAYNESS**



**No
11**

GAY NEWS

10p



**Drag Artist
Reveals All
Julian's New Column
Forced To
Resign Teacher
Full Personal Ad Service
Psychiatry
Shock Report**

Photograph: Boy Studio

GAY NEWS

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Special Thanks To:

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

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Editorial

One of the main criticisms we receive of our editorials is that they are usually about the same subject from issue to issue. Whilst we try to avoid being boring, we cannot help but be repetitive. This is because so many of the points continually mentioned are concerned with the livelihood and the expansion of the paper. If we keep on appealing, it's because we really have to. So next time you realise you are reading something which is more or less the same as words which appeared in a previous issue, please remember that the help we are asking for is really needed and situation mentioned hasn't improved overnight.

Just for a change though, we would like to include a few other things in this issue's editorial, that are not directly associated with the internal running or survival of Gay News.

Age Of Consent

Firstly, you may have read that people of eighteen (who can also vote, marry without parental consent, drink alcohol, die for their country, etc) will soon be called to do jury duty. Not all of you may agree with this, but it's going to happen. We think at GN that it is an important advancement. But what this new social development brings to our minds is the fact that people on reaching the magic age of eighteen can do everything an 'adult' can, *except* in one area. Male homosexuals still cannot choose who they make love to until they are twenty one. And that's ridiculous. If someone is considered adult enough to condemn or release a defendant accused of a crime - which can range from murder to traffic offences - then surely they must be capable of exploring their own sexuality in whatever direction it takes them.

Surely it is time that this primitive situation was changed once and for all. And we don't mean just settling for the age of consent being lowered to eighteen. The age should and must be sixteen, as it is with girls - for to settle for anything else would be an admission on our part that homosexuality is something different and strange. No aware homosexual can possibly think that. As we have said before in GN, not to be oneself, whether through self-denial or legal pressures, is what's *queer*.

Who's Doing Anything

Last week we tried to find out who, whether individuals or organisations, was trying to start the moves to alter the existing legislation with regard to the present age of consent. Apart from a few vague answers, we drew a blank. A very discouraging and saddening discovery. We believe that the longer this area of gay oppression remains, then the harder it will become to gain any reform. So if anyone, anywhere, is doing something about gaining the necessary changes, let us know. We will give you all the support and encouragement we can, and you are welcome to use the pages of GN to attract support and interest for your campaign. We realise that such a task is not easy. One has to get the support of many influential and sympathetic people, both in and out of Parliament. A bill has to be prepared, publicity obtained throughout the various mass medias and so on. But this is such an important matter that the amount of work involved will eventually be justified by the success of changing blind, oppressive, ignorant laws. Of course, it will be the generations that follow us who will feel the benefits of any changes, but does this mean that we should not be responsible for contributing to the advancement of society?

Mugging

In most papers recently, the word 'mugging' has been appearing more and more frequently. Mugging is a particularly disturbing crime and its apparent rise in notoriety is cause for concern. Even the Duke of Edinburgh has described it as a 'disease'. But the national press seems to be under the impression that this is a new phenomenon in the world of violent crime. It most certainly isn't. Gays have been subject to mugging - or queer bashing as it is

called when directed against homosexuals (both male and female) - for quite some time. As we all know, gays have been favourite victims for those wishing to use fear and brutality as their means of gaining material rewards. At times this has resulted in death or the sustaining of lifelong injuries. Also, as is more often the case, gays - because of the treatment, lack of sympathy, and half-hearted inquiries they expect from the police - have not reported robberies and violence committed against them, and subsequently we are unaware of exactly how many of these frightening crimes have gone unnoticed and unrecorded.

The exploitation of people through fear is a disgusting, obscene occurrence, and those responsible should feel the full weight of the law for such acts. Human scum such as the Kray brothers and the South London 'Richardson Gang' have fortunately been removed from society for some time to come. These other merchants of fear also deserve the same treatment and sentences.

So we see it as a pity when other papers pick up on mugging as if it were something new and tend to turn it into a trendy crime. They ignore or forget that some citizens for many years have been experiencing similar barbaric acts - but called by a different name - and because of social attitudes, the victims have not sought the protection or help of the law.

Gay News will be approaching Scotland Yard on their present attitudes towards homosexual victims of mugging. We hope we will receive the answers that those who live in a supposedly enlightened society will want to hear. We will also examine the attitudes of individual members of the police force and those of local police stations. In due course the results of our enquiries will appear in GN's pages.

We hopefully expect to hear from *you* on these subjects. They are important to all of us and your opinions and suggestions are invaluable to both us and the people who read them, whether they are gay or heterosexual, male or female.

Christmas Edition

Please don't forget that we need your help in getting a really good Christmas issue together. If it is to be a success, we *must* have your ideas, articles, suggestions, etc. Let's make it an edition that will be well worth having around over the Christmas holidays. We *can* do it together.

Personal Ads

Your personal ads keep on flowing in. We seem to print a few more with each new issue. And that's fine with us. We're sorry that we sometimes have to slightly amend a few of your ads, but we don't want to invite legal proceedings against us more than we have to. The Gay News collective isn't comprised of martyrs, just people who think contact ads are a service that is wanted by some of you. And if you take advantage of this service, good for you and the best of luck and love.

Loneliness and isolation are terrible things to endure, and if we can help remove them from people's lives, we will. Remember too, your morality is your affair, not ours, not the Director of Public Prosecution's, nor even The House of Lords'.

Christmas can be a very lonely period, so if you think an appropriate ad in GN may be of use in making sure that you or other gays are not alone in the season of 'peace and goodwill' why not send one in. We suggest our late November issue is the most suitable to use for this purpose, as it gives people time to reply before the Christmas postal rush is on. For that issue please make sure you have your ads to us no later than 21st November. And we on our part will send off replies to your box numbers as speedily as possible.

By the way, Gay News is bought by more people than any other gay publication in this country. As a result your ads are read more than those appearing elsewhere. Don't forget that we are the only gay publication to come out fortnightly, and a conservative estimate of our readership, as opposed to those who actually buy it, is at least thirty thousand. (This assessment is based on accepted advertising circulation figures.) No wonder some of you receive so many replies to the ads you place.

Your Letters

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

Whoops!

4, Hamilton Close, London NW8

Dear Sir,

Just to let you know, as calmly and sweetly as the situation permits, that the beautiful back photo on p7 of GN10 is by me, repeat *me*. It is nothing to do with the journal called GAY TIMES, to which it is acknowledged, except insofar as they have printed it once, without bothering to acknowledge it at all.

The model, being well over 21, when this picture was taken, will no doubt be having the last laugh when he sees it used as an illustration on this particular subject!

Yours faithfully,

Karry Knight

Feminism is a Drag

Co Dublin, Ireland.

Dear Sir,

Please find enclosed my renewed subscription to Gay News.

I think it is a super production, but I sometimes get very depressed when I read all about the persecutions, prosecutions and the drag scene. The latter is stupidly too feminine for my liking and spoils the true concept of a homosexual.

In GN8 you had a short article on pederasts. Well, I'm afraid I'm one and as someone said in your paper, I must have a very sick mind. Maybe I have, but I have never approached or molested a child in my life, nor do I intend to. It's far too dangerous to do and would spoil that child's future. I reckon my mind isn't as sick as those that dress up as women and those that act and address each other in female terms. They just cannot appreciate the male form.

For some years now I have adored, from a distance, boys of the ages 12 to 16 years. I think their faces, in most cases, are the prettiest of any human, their build just perfect. To me the body of a man is revolting and I would rather die than share a bed with one and likewise the thought of buggery is nauseating. My dream would be in the position of being able to kiss a boy from head to toe and no more.

I have never met a homosexual person in my life. Maybe because I don't look for one. I have read many books and magazines which I often find revolting, but sometimes get satisfaction in seeing magazines of nude boys. I have never seen a real live body of a nude boy since I was a kid myself. I would really give anything, and I mean this, to see one and be with one. I have often felt like advertising, but realised it would be stupid because of the law.

It is terribly frustrating to look at a boy and not be able to touch him even though you don't intend him any harm . . .

It is the first time I have ever written to a paper or a magazine. Gay News is the most advanced paper I have come across and I sincerely wish you continued success and safety.

Yours sincerely,

VJM

Beware Of Longford

Dear Gay News,

I was so enraged to see that letter in GN9 by HRA (whoever the hell he is) condemning the picture of Longford and Cliff Richard that I felt compelled to write. I reject any notion that it was in "appalling bad taste". I found it was very funny, and it made my day. Thank God someone has got a sense of humour.

I must admit that Lord Longford has always been a source of amusement to me, but that hit the bull. If it was mocking, then it was justified. If HRA is offended by the sight of a prick, then I feel sorry for him, he's missing out on a hell of a lot!

Going back to Lord Longford as a person, it

must be admitted that he indeed has a social conscience, but his idea of 'helping' is ludicrous, and even frightening. All that he believes in centres around sex, pornography etc; he seems to have it on the brain (which sounds bloody uncomfortable to me). People associate him with pornography, because every time we hear about him he rattles on about it. True, he might 'help' drop-outs, but then I could give you a list as long as your . . . no, longer, of people who devote their whole life to helping in the true sense of the word.

In case anybody did not realise, Lord Longford is officially a nothing. Despite the title and the fact that he can gas away in the House of Lords, he is only one person, and represents nobody - as an MP does. He is a member of a chamber that is not elected, therefore undemocratic, and unrepresentative. He is one of the many one-time officials that are put out to grass in the Lords. He has the advantage of assuming importance so that the Government could well take notice of his monstrous report.

For anyone who knows what freedom of expression is, beware, because if Longford gets his way, you'll lose what you're just getting.

Although it is only one little aspect of the subject, if Oz offends someone, don't read it. If Oh! *Calcutta!* depraves, don't look at it. And if the children are going to be corrupted, the goddamn parents can make sure that they only see what's OK till they're old enough to judge. After all, nothing will survive unless there is the demand.

Sorry this letter is so long and rambling, but let me end on a serious note. Well done to all the collective, you're doing a great job. I'd send some money, but I'm out of a job and I'm broke; never mind, it's the thought that counts.

Adrian.

How To Sell More GN

Dear Gay News,

One way to encourage more people to read GN (re: editorial in GN9) is for regular readers never to throw away a copy. Every copy can be left in a public place, trains and buses being the most convenient, rather than the dustbin.

Now that the paper is well-established, borough librarians could be expected to consider requests for the paper in public libraries; or is that asking too much?

JE

ED: The best way to get Gay News into public libraries is for GN readers to demand that their librarians order it and put it on display.

CHE And Tight Foreskins

Leeds

Dear Gay News,

I have recently been reading your paper which I find very interesting. There are two points from recent issues about which I would like to comment:

Firstly, someone seems to think that membership of CHE is limited to those over 21. This is not the case, though a particular local group may, if it so wishes, restrict its membership in this way. (Leeds does NOT).

Secondly, the tight foreskin problem. As an (ex) fellow sufferer, I read about this with real feeling. I suggest that unless the problem is quite exceptional the easiest and most natural method is best (I detest surgery). The method is to use a dropper with olive oil on it, drop into the problem area and very gently ease it to and fro. If this is done two or three times a week, for a month or so, you will soon find it can be pushed right back, washed, and the hood slid back with just a touch of oil for lubrication. The worst is then over, an occasional working to and fro and all will be fine (it was with me anyhow). This method was recommended by a doctor.

All good wishes.

Henry Giles Leeds Chairman, CHE

Shoddy Performance

London W8

Dear Sir,

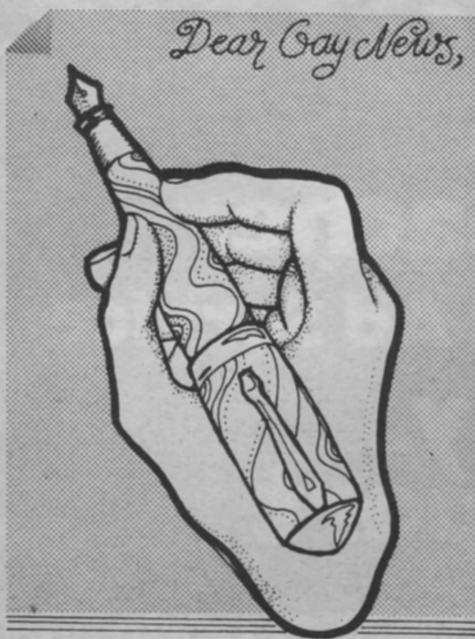
David Lutyens's review of my book *One In Twenty* in GN8 is incompetent and absurd; he cannot have actually read the book at all. He says: *I deplore the fact that there are no serious homosexuals*. But I do no such thing - on the contrary in Chapter Four I devote a whole page to listing homosexuals of genius, including nearly all those Mr Lutyens mentions himself, plus a great many more. In fact all that he fulminates against me for not mentioning, I do, and discuss at length: that every woman has a masculine side and every man a feminine side; that homosexuality is found in primitive as well as advanced cultures and so on.

He does not tell your readers who publishes the book (Secker and Warburg), nor how much it costs (£1.50). He discusses it as if it were a new book, when in fact it was published six years ago, when homosexual acts between adult males were still crimes and the whole social atmosphere surrounding the subject was quite different from today. He misspells my name throughout the review. In fact, he gets everything wrong. What a shoddy performance!

Bryan Magee

ED: If any other reader would care to review *One In Twenty*, we will gladly print it.

Your Letters continued on page 6.



Quaking In Our Platform Boots

J. Martin Stafford B.A. — the Enoch Powell of CHE — has struck again, though whether his efforts will produce a resounding silence or a mighty reverberation remains to be seen. For J. Martin Stafford B.A., a member of the present Executive Committee of CHE has, we understand, sent a personal letter to Lord Longford and the Director of Public Prosecutions suggesting they initiate action against Gay News.

This information was received in the Gay News office with wonder and amazement. For a start everyone immediately put their clothes on again. The lusty Julian decided to cut the Biography for the afternoon and to take his knitting into St James Park instead. Our David Bowie LPs were flown at half mast and we ensured that all Warhol movies being shown that evening were halted for two minutes of silence. "With friends like that who needs enemies?" simmered Timeless Maureen the resident rad fem and "Who is J. Martin Stafford B.A. anyway?" cried Denis, rapidly covering his tattoos with Max Factor foundation (peach).

J. Martin Stafford B.A., who has been 23, is one of the best-known leaders of the homophile community. He lives in a modest bachelor flat on Manchester's less than smart periphery and his low standard of living is fully compensated for by his High Moral Tone. Mr Stafford's greatest friend is the Scottish historian and philosopher David Hume (1711-1776) who has had a seminal effect on Mr Stafford, notably in his lavish use of commas, colons and semi-colons. Hume has also trained Mr Stafford to perfect a prose style of some grandeur and resonance and this 18th century pastiche quite often obscures the extreme poverty of thought and stunted imagination in the words themselves. Mr Hume was unavailable for comment when we rang him at his remote Scottish manse, but the housekeeper confirmed that Mr Stafford's favourite meal consists of undercooked tea and overcooked omelettes.

It is J. Martin Stafford's personal mission to impose his own moral views on every homosexual in the entire world. "I entertain a very marked preference for personal relationships of a relatively stable nature, in which the parties are activated by more than a desire to satisfy their sexual appetites", he pontificates. "Some would have us believe that all moral values have been imposed on us by the artifice of unscrupulous priests and ruthless politicians", adds the 2'6" guru.

J. Martin Stafford has had an interesting career in CHE. He joined the organisation five years ago after being counselled by the Albany Trust, and overnight became Hon. Treasurer of the Committee. At first he was a ruthless opponent of any sort of democratisa-

tion of the organisation. People would travel miles to witness the little fellow stamping his feet and spitting at Committee meetings when the concept of a constitution came up. However, he changed his mind when he discovered that the growing organisation was not attracting the radical, political element he so fears. He discovered that his reactionary views and High Moral Tone were finding favour with many members and he was promptly and properly elected onto the re-formed Executive Committee by a substantial majority.

"Philosophical training has rendered my position more reflective", is the way in which he expresses his opportunism:

Nevertheless, though now democratically elected to the EC, J. Martin Stafford B.A. made it his business to oppose every decision and, when out-voted, to try devious methods of bringing his colleagues into disrepute. On one celebrated occasion, furious that the EC had unanimously (apart from him) agreed to ask Kenneth Tynan to be a vice-president of CHE, J. Martin Stafford B.A. called a meeting of the existing vice-president himself in an attempt to persuade them to override this decision. He declined an invitation from the rest of the EC for his resignation, but ceased to be treasurer.

"My own experience," he says, "leads me to conclude that most people are quite happy to accept homosexuals who subscribe to the same basic standards of public decency and personal responsibility as everyone else at least professes."

One of his hobbies is writing letters to people in which he slanders his colleagues.

"Homosexuals whose public behaviour is offensive or whose private behaviour is irresponsible will always be regarded with aversion and disgust," he writes. And the man who is trying to get Gay News prosecuted says: "It is not their homosexuality which renders them objectionable, but the grossness of their conduct and the inhumanity of their disposition."

Bona News Service

NOTE: all the quotes in this article are taken from a paper called 'Can CHE be morally neutral?' by J. Martin Stafford B.A., with additional material by David Hume.

Teacher Sacked For Coming Out

Teachers and social workers are especially vulnerable to harassment by society. On the pretext that "we don't want that type near our kids", gays get sacked from working with children. If they don't get sacked, they have to resign under pressure.

John is a teacher. He worked until a few weeks ago at a public school in Somerset. Then he appeared on a television programme on being gay. Within days he "was resigned".

He told Gay News: "The situation was this, I was resigning at Christmas anyway, so all they did was to suspend me for the rest of term because I appeared on television and

said I was gay. Everyone at the school was terribly decent about it.

"I was asked to go on this programme and I felt that the principles were important enough

for me to take the risks involved.

"So I appeared on this programme called *Now It's Your Say* on Harlech Television and I was recognised by people from the school and I knew that I was going to be recognised. I couldn't have come out more openly.

"I had never made any pretence and all the staff at the school knew I was gay. Most of the boys there knew too. I didn't exactly tell them, it's just that they must have realised.

"The television programme caused a great deal of embarrassment at the school, as most of the staff at the school had seen me on the programme. But the headmaster did not know about it, so I went to tell him.

In that sense you could say I'd brought it on myself. He asked me to resign and I refused because in my mind I had done nothing wrong and I couldn't see why I should be asked to resign.

"So now he has given me leave of absence until the end of term, so he hasn't sacked me. My resignation has been brought forward a month or so, that's all.

"In their view they are being very generous and kind, but it is the principle of the thing

that gets me. The very fact that if you speak the truth it is enough to get you the sack from a job.

"On the programme, which went out on October 20, there were about 25 of us gays including people from London, Bath, Reading and other places.

"It was really a question of my being associated with anything gay that would affect the parents or the old boys which frightened the headmaster into making me take leave of absence.

"I got on well with the people at the school where I worked for four years, but standing up for a principle just seemed more important than anything else. The only way is to come out."

John had belonged to his local gay alliance group before appearing on the HTV programme. He used to teach English and music at the school, which he asks Gay News not to name because he feels that although his being forced to resign earlier than planned was stupid and bad, it was bred out of ignorance rather than malice.

Che Shows The Way

LONDON: Any vicar's wife who wandered into London's Conway Hall the other Saturday wouldn't have batted an eyelid at what she saw as hundreds of homosexuals did their thing — and in public. It was CHE's autumn fair, and to all intents and purposes it looked like a village fete that had been rained off the cricket square and into the WI Hall.

CHE held the fair to raise money for its London social club — just as any village has a fete to pay for the work on the dry rot in the choirstalls. This autumn fair was a community event, like a village fete. Except for the fact that this was specifically for London's gay community.

It would have warmed any vicar's wife to see preserves and cakes on sale, lucky dips, seemly games of chance, though the rummage stall labelled "Drag" might have raised an eyebrow or both.

There may have been a vicar's wife there, but mainly the people were those one usually gets to see in the gay ghetto. But for the fair they'd all come out, and as a social event it had that to commend it.

But all that, and speculation about vicar's wives is irrelevant to the fact that CHE's Autumn Fair raised £1,000 towards the Campaign's projected gay social centre.

It's also important to mention that the campaign, often regarded as the most staid and least go-ahead of the gay groups, actually put on the event, raised the money and gave a lot of people a good time, which didn't just end with the fair but went on into the evening with such treats as No-No-Nanette in one act, conceived by Roger Baker and performed by Roger and the CHE Players, an amorphous bunch, who gave a lot of people an evening of entertainment, which this reporter had to miss so he could retire home with his cold. Pity.



Photograph: Martin Corbett



Photographs: Bov Studio

Top: Lucky for some No. 13. Bottom left: The lady has taste in reading. Bottom Right Top: Pause for thought. Bottom right: On with the show.



Photograph: Martin Corbett

Gays Kept Away From Shoppers

BRIGHTON: The town's Gay Liberation Front went on the march recently when it held the first Brighton Gay Day — which campaigned specifically for the lowering of the age of gay consent to 16 and equality for homosexuals in society.

It was a start, even if only about 30 gays did come out with their banners for the re-routed march along the seafront and into a shopping precinct.

The marchers handed out leaflets to the public, but the official change-of-mind about letting the gays march through the crowded

shopping centre of Brighton and leaving them only the mainly deserted sea-shore to parade along, made certain that not too many people would be there to get the message Brighton GLF was trying to hand out.

The official reason for re-routing the march was that the gays' banners might cause a breach of the peace. Brighton GLF was told of this change-of-heart just a day before the Gay Day was due to take place.

The only incident around the march was abuse thrown at the gays by members of the public. The police moved them on quietly.



Above: Brighton's gays on reaching town centre. Below: On the seafront.

Aversion Therapy 'Is Like A Visit To The Dentist'

LONDON: The London Medical Group, a medico-Christian group, held a symposium on Thursday November 2. The subject was aversion therapy as part of a two-part course on Punishment and Treatment. The LMG's meetings are usually open to the public, but this one was unprecedented in being closed to all but doctors and medical students. One gay, Peter Tatchell, went along to the meeting held behind closed doors. This is his account of what happened:

Psychologists Professors Hans Eysenck and Dr Isaac Marks were the speakers at the symposium on Aversion Therapy and the Patient's Freedom.

Professor Eysenck is of world renown (much favoured in establishment and psychiatric circles) as a leading exponent of aversion therapy. In the numerous books he has written, homosexuals are variously described as perverse, abnormal, unnatural, etc, and associated with criminality. He has consistently advocated the use of aversion therapy for homosexuals and transvestites.

Dr Marks is Senior Lecturer and Consultant Psychiatrist at the Maudsley Hospital and is known for his research and application of aversion therapy.

Interesting, because of the subject's contro-

versial nature and perhaps because the organisers feared disruptions the LMG took the unprecedented step of closing this particular lecture to members of the public.

The whole structure and conduct of the symposium was geared to converting the assembled members of the medical profession to the unquestioning acceptance and advocacy of its use.

Applying the psychological principles of group dynamics to achieve this aim, there were no speakers against aversion therapy — those that spoke in favour of its use being famous psychologists of high repute in the medical profession. Furthermore, these principles were used by the chairman to cultivate a psychological atmosphere that the speakers for aversion therapy were so knowledgeable, academically

honoured and famous that their opinions could not be questioned. He spent considerable time praising "these great men" and "their outstanding contributions to psychology."

The successful use of these principles to pacify a potentially hostile audience was evidenced by the medical masses' hushed awe and humility at "the privilege to be addressed by a psychologist of Professor Eysenck's renown" — to quote the chairman.

It was from this one-sided structure of the lecture and the mental sterilisation of the audience that the chairman opened with a request for a "provocative evening on this controversial issue." Little did he know how imminent the literal fulfilment of his request was.

Professor Eysenck began by emphasising that there was "no relationship between aversion therapy and punishment... It does not involve sadistic motivations... Neither does aversion therapy seek to act as a deterrent. The fact is that aversion therapy is used for the patient's own good."

It was at this point that the chairman's request for a provocative evening was fulfilled when the lone GLF supporter there (me) began a running battle with Prof Eysenck.

Challenging his statement that aversion therapy was used "for the patient's own good", I cited cases of people I have met who, since having undergone aversion therapy, have become chronic depressives.

Somewhat taken aback by this dialogue — as opposed to the intended monologue — Prof Eysenck continued: "Aversion therapy is only undertaken where it is of the patient's own choice."

Interjecting again, I mentioned the cases of gays who are virtually blackmailed into undergoing aversion therapy when it is offered by the courts as an alternative to prison, and that those who "voluntarily" undergo treatment are "forced" to do so by what they find to be the intolerable oppression of homosexuals by society. Remove the oppression and no gays would ever volunteer.

I also raised the question of homosexuals being induced to "volunteer" by an exaggeration of the success rate and playing down of the pain and discomfort involved.

Nervously continuing, Prof Eysenck outlined the principles of aversion therapy, which he explained, were based on Pavlov's experiments on conditioned reflexes. He said it was "used to change the emotions, where the person himself cannot change them of his own free will... By associating emotions with pain or fear, the emotional response can be de-conditioned."

Then he went on to explain how, in the case of homosexuals, nausea was induced by drugs, while the patient viewed film of homosexual acts. Thus, the patient learns to associate homosexuality with pain and fear. He mentioned that "whilst photographs are used, the actual performance of the sex act would be preferable."

He stated that: "There is a success rate of about 50 percent, which justifies its use as much as any other method."

I challenged him to substantiate his claim of 50 percent success, describing how most homosexuals who have undergone treatment have remained totally uncured and become asexual "vegetables". I offered these failures as an explanation of the decrease in use of aversion therapy over the past two years.

Prof Eysenck suggested that "50 percent success was better than no success at all."

I questioned his ends justify the means mentality, and his use of the success rate to

justify the continuing of aversion therapy.

He then used the spurious argument that aversion therapy hardly merited people's concern as it was used so little.

To quieten any fears he reassured his audience that the pain and discomfort is greatly exaggerated and, in fact, "it is just like a visit to the dentist... It is no different from any other form of therapy." He went on to describe psychoanalysis as far worse than aversion therapy and entailing greater distress to the patient.

Prof Eysenck finished by enthusiastically declaring that "there is no ethical principle involved in aversion therapy that is not involved in any psychological treatment." (Applause, applause).

The second speaker, Dr Isaac Marks tried to dispel any doubts my interjections may have raised by using a Clockwork Orange-versus-reality approach. He asked how many people had seen 'A Clockwork Orange' — most of the audience indicated they had — and then he asked how many had actually seen aversion therapy — three people had. Satisfied that everyone — except those three — was not in a position to question authority, he said that 'A Clockwork Orange' was a totally inaccurate portrayal of aversion therapy.

Outlining the circumstances under which the medical profession was entitled to use aversion therapy, he suggested that this should be when the "patient asks for help" or "when society asks to be relieved of the burden of an individual". This second set of circumstances has the most horrifying implications in that they could be used against any minority incurring social disapproval — not just gays, but also black people and political activists.

To justify this situation he drew a very questionable analogy. He said: "For instance, no-one objects when people with smallpox are quarantined... or that sadists and murderers are removed from society." Thus, on the basis of these analogies, he justifies the use of aversion therapy on the individual where it was "in society's interest."

Unable to allow such a statement to pass unquestioned, I challenged not only his analogies but also the premise which they justify. My demanding to know how homosexuals, transsexuals and transvestites could in any way be compared to smallpox, sadists or murderers, plunged the symposium into momentary chaos.

Amidst the uproar I attempted to point out that the use of aversion therapy "in society's interest" could so easily be abused.

Receiving broadsides from the podium and the audience alike, I was asked to leave by Dr Marks — which I promptly refused to do. Stepping back and returning to his seat he said he would not go on while I was in the room, thus, once again, using his manipulative psychological techniques of group dynamics, he shifted the onus of responsibility for my presence and actions onto the audience. Responding to this manipulative device, ten heavies surrounded me and I was dragged out and carried from the symposium.

The parting comment from the chairman was that I had spoiled the whole symposium. Needless to say, he had never thought of the many homosexuals who have had their lives spoiled by aversion therapy.

ED: The LMG says that it held this meeting behind closed doors because "the last time they were talking about using aversion therapy on homosexuals, homosexuals actually said things that spoiled the meeting." Our thanks to Peter.

Gay Television In USA

HOLLYWOOD: ABC Television is to slot into its schedules between the sponsorship commercials a made-for-television special movie about gay love, which its co-writer/producer says would have been unthinkable a year ago.

Short, bearded, William Link was talking about 'That Certain Summer', a TV special about a man, his former wife, their son and the husband's gay lover.

His partner, the taller and slightly less hirsute Richard Levinson said: "We thought there would be no market for this in television, and, to our surprise, there was. Everyone accused television of being bland, but this is an adult theme."

Levinson and Link have not tried to give their opinions about gay love, or to make a propaganda vehicle. They say they have just tried to explore the relationships of the people involved as people.

The idea for the script came when the partners were visiting a divorced man who told them his son was coming to visit. It dawned on our intrepid pen-pushers that this man was gay, living with another man. It also dawned on them that they were looking at the raw material of a television script.

The TV-special concentrates on the husband's attempts to hide his being gay from his friends and the son's discovery of it.

Levinson says: "No-one is the villain. The man has to live his life the way he has to. But

if he does he hurts his son. If he doesn't, he hurts himself. Each has his moments when he is not nice, they all have their fallibilities.

When they were writing the script Levinson and Link talked to psychiatrists and gays about gay love. "I think the homosexuals were more concerned with the image portrayed than in good drama."

One of the criticisms levelled at Levinson and Link while they were canvassing opinions was that they offered no solution. Levinson defends the TV movie: "How can we offer a solution? The population can't even agree on what homosexuality is."

The actors, both unknown, chosen to play the parts of the father and son had no fears about playing gays.

Link says: "I asked one if he would take the part. He said he would be terrified of playing a homosexual. I asked him if he would play Hitler. He said 'sure'."

Levinson adds: "The odd thing was, once we got started we forgot about the homosexual implication and got involved in the production."

In All Probability It's The Movie Maker Who Is Perverse

If anyone wanted to know why West Germans have been denied the sight of *It Is Not The Homosexual Who Is Perverse But The Situation In Which He Lives*, a couple of showings of the movie got at the London's National Film showed that it's probably for the good of gays in Germany and also for the majority of the TV audience, which is, presumably, heterosexual.

There are quite a few Germans and if they believed that gays lived a form of Rake's Progress (or should it be The Three-penny Opera?) as it was portrayed in this movie they might do everything they could to make sure that Amendment 175 of the constitution of West Germany, which makes homosexual acts legal among consenting adult males, and all that stuff.

The NFT showed the movie on two successive nights, and on both nights they got a full house (it's probably the first time the NFT's commissionaire has ever seen a queue) and although Volker Eschge, the assistant

movies for The Guardian, knows all that much about the gay scene is immaterial, largely because he found the movie's fundamental flaw. Every scene looked like a cheap back-of-the-lot Hollywood Western set. Cheap fittings with any little bits of effort put into it so hard they stuck out a mile.

It's true that this sort of garish gay scene did exist before Amendment 175 was passed. At a time when German gays were totally disorganised. So the movie preaches that they should join their local groups and become militant gays, equating sexual and social revolution with a political revolution.



Our hero is lost amongst wealthy gays - German style.

director wasn't allowed to finish his piece which tended to go on and on, by shouts of boredom from the audience, no-one who missed Herr Eschge's summation of the director Rosa von Praunheim - who's male, by the way - missed much.

On the second night, either the audience was more tolerant or Herr Eschge had severely curtailed his speech on the relevance of Marxism to a sexual revolution.

The important bit he said was that the movie was shot as a simulated documentary about 1967 and planned as far back as the first stirrings of the USA Gay Liberation Movement - the riots in the Greenwich Village Stonewall. Which put the movie into perspective. Even if no-one was admitting it, it was made as a piece of pro-gay propaganda made to show how society forced the homosexual into a degrading life-style.

As Derek Malcolm said in the post-movie discussion after its second showing: "It shows that Rosa von Praunheim knows nothing about the gay scene."

Whether Mr Malcolm, who writes about

It's true that you can't have the former without the latter, but the unprocessed propaganda that the movie came out with was more likely to get the millions of German gays retreating into their closets with their Bullworkers, iron crosses and elevator shoes, as well as turning the majority of society against gays.

It Is Not The Homosexual... followed one Daniel on the broad path through the bar scene, the rent scene, and, after freaking out of leather, and into drag to being talked at by six well-meaning nude gentlemen who were doing all they could to cover their naughty parts.

The plan of the movie is probably - it's not so obvious as to be able to say that this is what it's about definitely - the degradation of Daniel through his contact with the Berlin gay world. Unfortunately the only English language print was made for showing in the USA, so we had a lot of references to 'faggots', 'leather-freaks' etc. And that sort of categorising doesn't do anyone any good.

During this scene there was a mysterious



Assistant Director Volker Eschge and chairman George Melly discuss the movie. Gay News gets its blue suede boot in.

large bottle of Coca-Cola being passed from one end of the group to another.

So, basically, *It Is Not The Homosexual...* is about another time, another place and none of it is helped by the fact that it's made with all the expertise of a ten-year-old psychopath turned loose with a Super-8 camera and a roll of Kodachrome II.

Herr von Praunheim won't let the movie be shown unless there's a discussion after it. So George Melly tried to get people discussing the movie one at a time on the first night the

movie was shown.

Come the second night and Mr Melly (of The Observer) had been replaced - according to plan - by Mr Malcolm, Roger Baker of CHE by Bernard Greaves of CHE and Denis Lemon of Gay News by your faithful reporter.

Regrettably the movie is to be shown at last on German TV in January. Pity really, as the direction and the acting are both so wooden as to make *Crossroads* look like a masterpiece of movie-making.

Peter Holmes

GLF At Stoke Newington 8 Trial

Although there is absolutely no connection between the Gay Liberation Front and the activities of the 'Angry Brigade', a number of gays from GLF were called to give evidence at the Old Bailey Trial on Thursday 2nd November.

The group of people charged with the 'Angry Brigade conspiracy' are popularly known as the 'Stoke Newington 8'. Among them is Angela Weir, who before her arrest last year was an active member of GLF.

The Gay Lib people were called by Angela's defence council to give evidence, on oath, to the effect that she was a participant of a GLF demonstration on 19th August, 1971. The prosecution council claim that on that day she was on an 'Angry Brigade' expedition to France, which resulted in an illegal explosion in that country.

The prosecution allege that an identity photograph establishes that Angela was a member of the part of 'AB' people who supposedly made the cross-channel trip. The GLF people, amongst others, gave evidence to the contrary. In all about fifteen people were alibi witnesses for Angela.

The demonstration on Thursday 19th August, 1971, was held by GLF for two reasons. Partly it was about the misrepresentation of Gay Lib and homosexuality in general by the national press, and also because of the complete press silence on important gay activities. The demo was held in London's Fleet Street and the surrounding area. A number of newspaper offices were visited. Leaflets were

distributed throughout the event.

Most of the GLF witnesses giving evidence stated that they positively remember seeing Angela, accompanied by Sarah Grimes, outside the Sun building in Bouverie Street, just off Fleet Street. Amongst the Gay Libbers verifying this were Michael Lynham, Timothy Bollingbroke and Andrew Lumsden. Sarah Grimes also gave evidence substantiating this claim, as did Denis Lemon (of Gay News) who was at that time involved in GLF.

Other witnesses testified to the fact that they had met Angela in London on the day in question. Amongst those who met her at her flat were GLF member Tony Hallyday, who said on oath that he had spoken and been with Angela in the evening of the 19th August. Tony lived in the same house as Angela.

The prosecution also claims that samples of Angela's handwriting are the same as written material alleged to be connected with 'AB' activities. But the defence's handwriting expert disagrees with the findings of those stated by the prosecution's expert in the same field.

The case, where all the defendants are jointly charged with conspiracy to cause illegal explosions and with firearms offences, is not expected to be over until some time in December.

Premier Meets Gay Opposition

WELLINGTON: New Zealand's Prime Minister, Mr Jack Marshall, is meeting with unusual opposition in his Karori constituency in the forthcoming general election. Mr Marshall's opposition is standing as a Gay Liberation candidate.

He's David Johnstone, a 32-year-old former female impersonator, who came to New Zealand from his native Australia to work as a stripper in a Wellington nightclub.

Later David opened New Zealand's first restaurant with topless waitresses. After that he started a club featuring drag shows in Auckland.

Now working as a cafeteria steward, he will campaign on increasing all types of sexual freedom. Part of his platform will be homosexual law reform and freedom for nudity and pornography.

David had started his electoral aspirations by planning to oppose the National Party's Ken Comber in Wellington Central ward - Mr Comber is the son-in-law of ex-premier Sir Keith Holyoake.

But, David said, the electors of Wellington Central were "fairly up with the play". The electors of Karori would be more likely to benefit from his message.

He told pressmen he was sincere in his candidacy in the election.

He said: "There is so much suffering caused by sexual repression that I feel it my duty to do everything possible to bring enlightenment."

Wellington GLF has almost 300 members.

Premier Marshall may be up against a candidate who is standing for liberation but all he can do is laugh. "We live in a democracy" he chortled meaninglessly.

If David is elected in Mr Marshall's place his seat in the Parliament buildings will be just a few yards from the topless restaurant he ran.



David Johnstone.

Photograph: Rip Orted

Hired To Murder Old Boy And Fag

COPENHAGEN: Danish police have arrested a man for killing Wolfgang Ihns in Hamburg late last month and claim he says he was hired to kill Ihns by Frau Ihns' 24-year-old girlfriend.

The police arrested a young Dane called Danny Nielsen, an invalid living on a disability pension. They say he immediately admitted to committing the murder in Germany.

According to the police, Nielsen said he had been hired for £175 to "get the husband out of the way".

Official sources add that 34-year-old Frau Ihns and the girl had been living together earlier this year.

Our thanks to The Sunday Times for a little weekend hilarity in its Atticus column: *After many years of drifting across to America and over Europe, one of Oxford's most illustrious old boys, W.H. Auden, has come shuffling back to the University town with a fag dangling out of his mouth and octopal hands in baggy pockets to spend a winter in a cottage in Christ Church where, as an occasional lecturer, he will be meeting students.*

Andrew of Leeds for Bona News Service

Photograph: Rosa von Praunheim

Photograph: Martin Corbett

Offensive Badge

LONDON: Julie Frost, one of the GN editors and members of the paper's editorial collective was stopped and questioned by Chelsea police, who after asking him for his name and address, took a 'Glad to be Gay' badge away, calling it an "offensive weapon".

Julie was walking home to Lennox Gardens from a GLF discotheque. He turned into Pont Street and was stopped by two policemen.

The police asked Julie what he had in the carrier bag he was carrying. In it they found a copy of GN9, a GLF diary he'd been given for the GN office and his cheque book.

When he was asked his name and address, Julie gave it to them. The National Council for Civil Liberties told him the next day that he should not have given his name and address. The NCCL's legal department told Julie to complain to the Commissioner of Police at Scotland Yard against his treatment at the hands of the Chelsea Police.

The police questioned Julie about the paper in his bag and about his working for GN.

The NCCL said that, strictly speaking, Julie could bring an action for assault against his person by the policeman who removed his Glad to be Gay badge, saying it was "an offensive weapon".

The Commissioner now has that complaint and Julie is waiting for his reply.

Longford Withdraws

LONDON: Lord Longford, the self-appointed arbiter of Britain's morals and his publishers, Hodder and Stoughton, have issued a statement admitting that at least one section of the Longford Committee's report on pornography was inaccurate.

Longford and Hodder Paperbacks had been challenged by Derek Hill, the founder of the controversial New Cinema Club, which has

always tried to erode absurd obscenity laws, that a 'quote' from Mr Hill in the Longford report was a fabrication. Now they have admitted it.

The following statement was issued jointly by the Longford Study Group on Pornography and Hodder Paperbacks: "In the Longford Report published last month, Derek Hill was stated to have told the study group on pornography that to 'afford to show experimental minority interest films and to insist on the principle that cuts are unacceptable... he was forced to offset losses on an audience of, perhaps 50 to 150 people, by also putting on exploitation films which would attract perhaps 5,000 and... most of the national critics.'"

"In fact Mr Derek Hill has never described any films presented by the New Cinema Club as 'exploitation' films, as Lord Longford on behalf of the Study Group and Hodder Paperbacks, the publishers of the report, are glad to acknowledge. They accept that the Club does not select films to offset losses and that Mr Derek Hill did not make the statement attributed to him."

That may be just one small part of the report; but how much would Longford and Hodder have to withdraw if everyone misquoted by the official report were to take the same stand as Derek Hill? Makes you wonder who you can trust these days.

Gay Civil Rights

In Gay News No 10 the article on the "New Gay Movement" (Gay Civil Rights Council) was the result of a very early meeting. Since then a modified programme has been developed. We see ourselves primarily as a service - legal, counselling, information, accommodation and a place to meet and chat.

At the same time we would hope to work with CHE and GLF in propaganda and education. We would talk to schools, colleges and medical schools or any other institutions where necessary. We believe in developing a sense of self respect and pride amongst our

community; but we are a non-political organisation and we are not into publishing any particular line about liberation. To do all this we are trying to get people to invest money in buying a building. Anyone with expertise or who is willing to work, or who has money to spare, should contact Frank Honore, Room 405, Hughes Parry Hall, Cartwright Gardens, London WC1, or Telephone 01-387 7501.

Frank Honore

Mental Check For Gay

JERSEY: Assistant magistrate Sir Graeme Finlay sent a gay for a "medical check" after he had refused to stop interrupting the police case against him, calling the case a "bloody farce".

Twenty-nine year-old David, of Oxford, and another man, Edward, were charged with 'gross indecency' after police had arrested them in the island's Weighbridge cottage.

Det Sergeant D. M. Watkins told the court

that he and another policeman were on duty on the cottage roof keeping an eye on gay activity under them. When the sergeant reached the bit of his evidence saying that David and Edward went into the cottage, David shouted what the local press described as a 'four-letter word' to describe the 'evidence'.

The Assistant Magistrate told David to shut up and control himself. But David shouted: "This is a load of rubbish. It's a bloody farce." and Sir Graeme walked out of the court in disgust, while David was removed to the cells.

The detective tried to chat David into apologising for his behaviour, but he stood his ground and refused.

When Sir Graeme deigned to return to the courtroom, he said he wasn't prepared to go on with the case "under these circumstances." Then David was brought back into the dock and stood there with his hands in his pockets. Sir Graeme said he was going to order a medical report to be made on David because he didn't know whether he was fit to plead, David just shook his head and grinned.

When David and Edward were remanded until the next hearing, Edward was given £20 bail and David was remanded in custody.

Your Letters Cont.

Intrigued

Manchester M20 9DT

Gentlemen,

Your initial issue was sent to me by courtesy of the SMG. After contemplating your style and format, decided that a subscription for 20 issues would at least be an encouragement. Very promptly issues 2 to 7 arrived. I spent an exhausting evening catching up, somewhat mentally indigestible. Today number 8 arrived. Thank you for expertise, and the underlying instinct of not wishing to sermonise. Every issue has been an improvement on its predecessor. Even those bachelors have been spelt correctly; there must be a reason why the 't' appears in so many gay journals.

The published letters intrigue me as also does your warning to letter writers, surely you don't mean it? I have a sneaking suspicion that journalists write their own letters: At least you admit to asking, loaded questions to the BBC - considering the present climate of opinion, I think that you got a very fair reply - but surely First Class Philip, who says he is fed up at his classification. Maybe it's all that 'fucking' that labels him. For surely we are classified by others, not ourselves, we just present the evidence, for the writing on the tags. Basically I think I know what he means, or rather implies. After some 30 years' knowledge of myself as a homosexual, am not over concerned how I am labelled. If the GLF wish to lighten up the darkness, limp wringing it down the Dilly, with a Lily, so what? One does not have to join in. Frankly I rather enjoy the occasions. The audience are often as not more amusing than the play. We are classed, labelled, tagged, call it what you will, by the company we keep. Surely our First Class Male has heard of CHE.

Have been collecting, and subscribing to all types of gay literature and journals for many years. Am currently in the process of comprising a thesis on 'gay publishing' past, present and future. It will no doubt give my foundation heart failure, let's hope the examiners take it home to bed. I'll get that Ph.D. Cast that couch aside.

Your collective collation full of candour and camp, compels me to enclose a cheque for £5. Better than wasting it on the local rent.

Just for interest's sake, notice that you have advertised GIN and JEFFERY, no response from them so far. I sent them P.O.'s not wishing to add to my Bank Manager's heart failure. Way of all flesh no doubt. Quorum seem to be quivering, maybe it's that man at the G.P.O.

Lots of luck - but does Mr J.D. Blount exist? Your collusive collective.

With apologies for the alliteration and the type-script. Must find myself an au pair boy who can type. Richard Spenceley

ED: The letters printed in GN are, of course, all received from readers. Thanks for your donation, Richard, it's now safely in our vaults.

Our Wonderful Policemen

Sutton, Surrey.

Dear Gay News,

In many 'gay' publications, including Gay News, one reads with monotonous regularity complaints and stories of allegations against the police concerning their actions and manner towards gay people.

In GN9 there was an article called Spying in Cubicles. The writer complained of police action against him. I would like to ask him what does he think should happen? I am sure he must be fully aware that such actions to which he admits can only lead to arrest, prosecution and punishment. So if he wishes to engage in such pastimes in public places instead of in private places, he should take his punishment and learn from it and not try to cast blame on the police for doing their duty. He also states that there were no children about that afternoon, but I am sure he must now be aware that a young child could have walked in, if he was not so aware before.

I would also state that I have used both gay pubs in Earls Court and many others, and have seen police move people on outside the Coleherne, but it has been when the footway has been completely obstructed and passers-by have been forced to push through a crowd or walk in the roadway. Their manner (the police) I have found to be polite and justifiable.

The number of times I have been stopped while trollying by the police, I have again found them polite and courteous. Perhaps if one takes a reasonable manner with the police they in turn will take a rea-

sonable line with us. At least, that is my opinion, after many encounters.

I would further state that I am not a police officer nor in any way connected with the police.

Yours faithfully,

S. J. Gardner

Women in the Background

Caerphilly, Glam, Wales

Dear Sir,

I agree women do tend to remain in the background a lot more than our brothers, there are many reasons for this.

In the provinces, clubs are few and far between, and many of us don't care for group activities. In fact, I feel there are still many who do not know these groups exist. I myself, until recently, didn't know CHE or Gay Lib existed, until I heard Speak-easy on the radio (GN1). There's one exception, of course, some knew they were gay very early, but not all of us realised we were gay until we were married with children, then what could we do? A divorce, perhaps. That's not always easy when children are involved. And, admit it, who wants to know you when you've got ties? Do we have to wait maybe years, before we can start to live, too. Or will someone, somewhere, realise our need, too, and give us a chance to meet discreetly, not in clubs or bars, but with others like us who need to be discreet.

Women have their cross to bear, too. It may be legal for us, but a great many of us must keep in the background, behind closed doors, because we were not lucky enough to realise we were gay. It's not only single people who are gay, there's thousands of us, married with families, and remember there are still a great many who are still in the dark concerning gay magazines, papers, etc. Another way must soon be found if we are to bring a ray of light into these lives.

So, if there is any reader living in the Cardiff area, who would be interested in coming along to a coffee evening, to meet others to talk, relax, or any reader anywhere who would like to write to me, there will always be a friendly ear, and a reply. Please write to Mrs. D. Higuera, 2 Haldane Court, Lansbury Park, Caerphilly, Glam, South Wales. D. Higuera (Mrs)

Strange Customs

Dear Collective,

Until I read the letter from HRA of London in GN9 referring to the reply he received to an ad published in a previous issue, I had no idea that it was possible to obtain such material for less than the exorbitant sums charged in the back rooms of Soho bookshops.

I immediately despatched postal orders in many directions to see whether any of them solicited a similar reply. Unfortunately, my letter to Lux Publications in Amsterdam solicited only a note from HM Customs and Excise informing me that I had contravened the Exchange Control Act of 1947 and that my postal order had been seized. This was not what I had been expecting, nor could it be described as an acceptable substitute. I was, therefore, dismayed. And not a little curious to know how they knew there was a PO in the letter. Would it be cynical to suggest that perhaps they have a list of continental magazine publishers (and, by extension, a record of those who write to them?)

If any other readers have had a similar problem, they might like to know that the solution (at least to the financial aspect) is an International Money Order, which, unfortunately, costs 40p as opposed to 2½p for a postal order. The extra expense, however, would safeguard against the interception of mail on grounds of Exchange Control infringement - ie they'd have to find another reason if they really wanted to stop a letter. It would also avoid the disquieting situation of knowing one's private correspondence is filed in HM vaults (under G for you-know-wot, perhaps).

Incidentally, if someone at HMC&E has been compiling a little list, if he cares to return my postal order I'd gladly send him a photo to file with my name and address. JT

Ad To Your Pleasure

Dear Sir,

May I thank you so much for such quick replies to my advert in GN9. I have now replied to all concerned, but feel that if it had not been for you, I don't know what I'd have done. Keep up the good work. May God bless all gays, Graham



Actual size of Christmas card.

People Need Friend — Friend Need Your Support

Friend is totally dependant on contributions and gifts of money as it has no regular source of income. By May of next year, well over 1,000 people will have sought its advice and help in London alone. Friend has no paid staff but it does have to pay telephone bills, and postage etc to reach people and maintain contact. Although Friend is the counselling and advisory service of CHE, it is not a recruiting agency and helps people regardless of their affiliation to organisations. It may be the teenage girl who suddenly discovers her boyfriend is gay and is bewildered and confused who seeks Friend's help. It may be a lonely elderly gay man or woman, or a transsexual or transvestite who wants to talk to a Friend consultant or befriender. So, how can you help Friend? If you are a doctor, social worker or have counselling experience, you could be invaluable to a Friend group even if you can only spare a couple of hours a week.

If you have no professional skill to offer, but feel you might make a good befriender, let us know by writing or ringing us at the Centre.

Perhaps you can't do either of these things. You can still help us by sending us a postal order or a cheque so that we can pay our overheads, or you can buy some Christmas cards (illustrated above). Every card you buy will pay for a letter or local telephone call to someone who needs Friend:

10 cards for 60p (postage and packing included)
50 cards for £2.50

Please send your order and cash, postal order or cheque to:
FRIEND (XC) CENTRE, BROADLEY TERRACE, NW1.

NEWS

Gay Tried For Acid Murder

LONDON: A staff supervisor from Paddington wept in the dock as he was jailed for four years by a judge in the Old Bailey at the end of his trial for killing his former lover.

The prosecution's case had been that Michael Dickinson, who was originally called Smith, murdered his lover, William Dickinson, and after stabbing him, poured acid over his body to disfigure it. The prosecution said William had been out with a sailor friend of Michael's the night of the stabbing.

Mr Richard du Cann had appeared for the prosecution and had alleged that after Michael and William met last March they started to live together. But their relationship was stormy because William was bisexual.

Two doctors called by the defence said that Michael was mentally disturbed, and the jury found him guilty of manslaughter, and not of murder.

The judge told 36-year-old Michael: "You have taken away the life of a young man of 24. He was a person of not very good character and he behaved very badly towards you, but he was entitled to live."

"I have no doubt that all you wanted from him was a little bit of kindness and straightforward dealing and because you did not get those things you completely lost control of yourself."

When the trial opened the Evening Standard ran a scandal-type headline as a page lead, and used seven-and-a-half inches of the prosecution's case. During the rest of the week-long trial it reported not a word until the verdict.

Library Goes Gay

NEWCASTLE: The city's library service is now subscribing to Gay News and putting it on display — but only at the central library, and only after the paper has been vetted by "a senior librarian".

This follows Newcastle's GLF's repeated demands for the library to stock GN with all its other periodicals and newspapers.

At its city's libraries group, Councillor Mrs Marion Abrahams said it would "corrupt children" if GN were put on display in an open room.

She said: "Young boys might get hold of it, and it would not be suitable for them."

Councillor Edward Pugh, the group's chairman, said: "We have to come to terms with a modern community. It may be a tragic age we are living in, but these are the facts of life."

"We are beginning to pull things out from under the carpet where they were brushed by the Victorians who refused to face them."

ED: Thanks to Newcastle GLF for the type of guerilla action needed to get people like libraries to stock GN, which is, after all, a serious newspaper.

It's this sort of repeated request that makes libraries and bookstore owners/managers realise that Gay News is a newspaper as valid as any other. If only more people would work as hard as Newcastle GLF on WH Smiths, John Menzies and Selfridges, all of whom have refused to handle GN, even though they won't stock GN or wholesale it while carrying the usual newsagent's rack of soft porn, to give in. This is the sort of way where a newspaper that is already used in sociology courses will be given the shelf-space we think it deserves.

BBC Opens Doors

LONDON: The BBC is to start a series of programmes open to minority groups, which means that gays should be able to get 40 minutes of air-time free to get their views across to the public.

The idea of the programme, provisionally called Open Door, is that any group that wants to put its opinions across can go along to a house in Hammersmith Grove and ask to be given space in the programme.

Producer Rowan Ayers, who used to run Line-Up, will arrange for ten minutes of film to be shot for the programme. The groups who take the opportunity of using television will have to pay no fee for the time, and they will be paid no fee for appearing on television.

The BBC says there will be no more censorship on the programmes. Whilst the Open Door series will not be open to individuals — only to groups — it will be screening the opinions of any group representing the opinions of anyone from GLF to Mary Whitehouse and Lord Longford.

Rowan Ayers said: "I will try to ensure that a balance is kept over the 50 week series, and every four weeks we will give other groups and individuals the right of reply to the three previous programmes. The only bars are against advocating the breaking of a law or appealing for money."

Insoluble Problems

Because of the technical troubles our printers experienced with issue 10, some copies are missing pages, and those that were complete had photographs that didn't come up to GN's and the printer's usual standards. We'd like to apologise to any of our readers who found us less enjoyable because of these insoluble problems.

If you get a bumper send it back to Gay News, 19, London Street, London W2 1HL, and we'll see if we can't replace it for you.

Gay News Editorial Collective

Porchester Balls

"I'm going to the Grand Ball at the Porchester Hall," he said.

"Oh," said I, being in the rag trade (ooh! you used that word), "let me know if there's anything I can do to help."

"OK," says he. "I want to go, take me!"

Well, knowing this was no invitation in the literal sense, I agreed.

Thus, I found myself at the Porchester Hall, a delightful creature on each arm, wondering just what was in store for me at my first ever drag ball.

The foyer was a mass of seething humanity and inhumanity. Every shop within 20 miles radius must have sold right out of sequins and chiffon, although gold lame and feathers held their own (if you know what I mean); and, speaking as a fairly frequent visitor to the Coleherne, it was a pleasant change to see socks and hankies used to supplement a different part of the male anatomy. I never know by what criteria one should judge drag: does one look for originality, outrageousness, subtlety, femininity or what?

Jean Fredericks, the organiser of the ball whom one must credit as being something of an expert on this question told me he thinks of Drag as an art, the art of looking like a woman.

If this is the criterion we are to take, then the evening had its quota of dismal failures, and, to be scrupulously fair, also some stunning successes.

Jean himself, although no sylph as he would be the first to admit, succeeded in looking all woman in a series of fascinating gowns and wigs.

In a fair number of cases, the sex of the assembled company was pretty obvious; the five-o'clock shadow, the muscled arms, the protruding adam's apple, and butch gait, were often dead give-aways. The outfits ranged from the sublime to the ridiculous.

The themes for the evening were: The Virgin, The Witch and The Tart, and I felt it was a pity that more of the guests had not made an effort to fit into those categories rather than chasing that elusive quality, glamour.

However I did meet at least one interesting attempt at each class, the oh-so-lovely 'Christine' was the Virgin, floating in and frequently tripping over clouds of pastel chiffon. She assured me that her left nostril was completely unsullied — unless you count the bird of paradise.

The Witch was a monument of personal endeavour having spent two months making an exquisite full-length creation in dark blue and green patterned Lurex, with a much befringed bust, sequin-coated shoes, and an imposing head dress. Come winter and thw power cuts, his outfit, with the aid the power cuts, his outfit, with the aid of a single candle has enough refracting power to illuminate a whole street.

The Tart was Big Sylvia, sporting that, by now, well-known stand-by, the simple little black dress, worn with pearls at her throat and in her hair. Her two main accessories were a feather boa, which to regular visitors to the now defunct "Your Father's Moustache" must look very familiar, and piece de resistance, two very interesting sailors, Chris and Peter, who are welcome to dock at my place (I said dock) any time they like.

But for me, the most fascinating person at the ball was Freddie in a froth of white, originally designed, he told me, for the Great Waltz. Freddie is, in his own words, "no chicken" but he looked great. He's always at the balls, so look out for him at the next one — (on December 6) he's a real character.

There are many people I haven't mentioned but



shortage of space makes it inevitable, sorry, girls.

I made a point of chatting to as many "straights" as I could, including the staff at the hall, and there was a singular lack of criticism about the place, the people or the event, so it looks as if Jean and his team are doing a great public relations job for this facet of gay life. Keep it up, Jean, and may your balls get bigger every year.

John Hibbs

Harrow Is Hard

HARROW: The Harrow area has one of the highest rates of convictions of gays of any courts of London, claimed a priest who runs a group that aims to integrate the gays and heterosexuals as a "social experiment".

The Rev Keith Gilley, who's the Unitarian minister of Golders Green was talking about what goes on at Golder's Green's Intergroup group to the Harrow Humanist Society.

Referring to discrimination against gays he said Harrow had one of the highest rates of homosexual convictions of any part of London. "In the year up to last February there were about 200 convictions in Harrow for

homosexual behaviour," he said. "The person convicted usually receives heavy fines, and worse, a mention in the local newspaper."

Mr Gilley condemned the police for using spy holes in two cottages in Harrow and added that policemen in "camp" clothing were put on duty outside cottages.

He said "Intergroup is a society meeting to promote better understanding of human relationships, both within the group and among the general public, an even balance of men and women is maintained, although no-one is asked to state their preference."

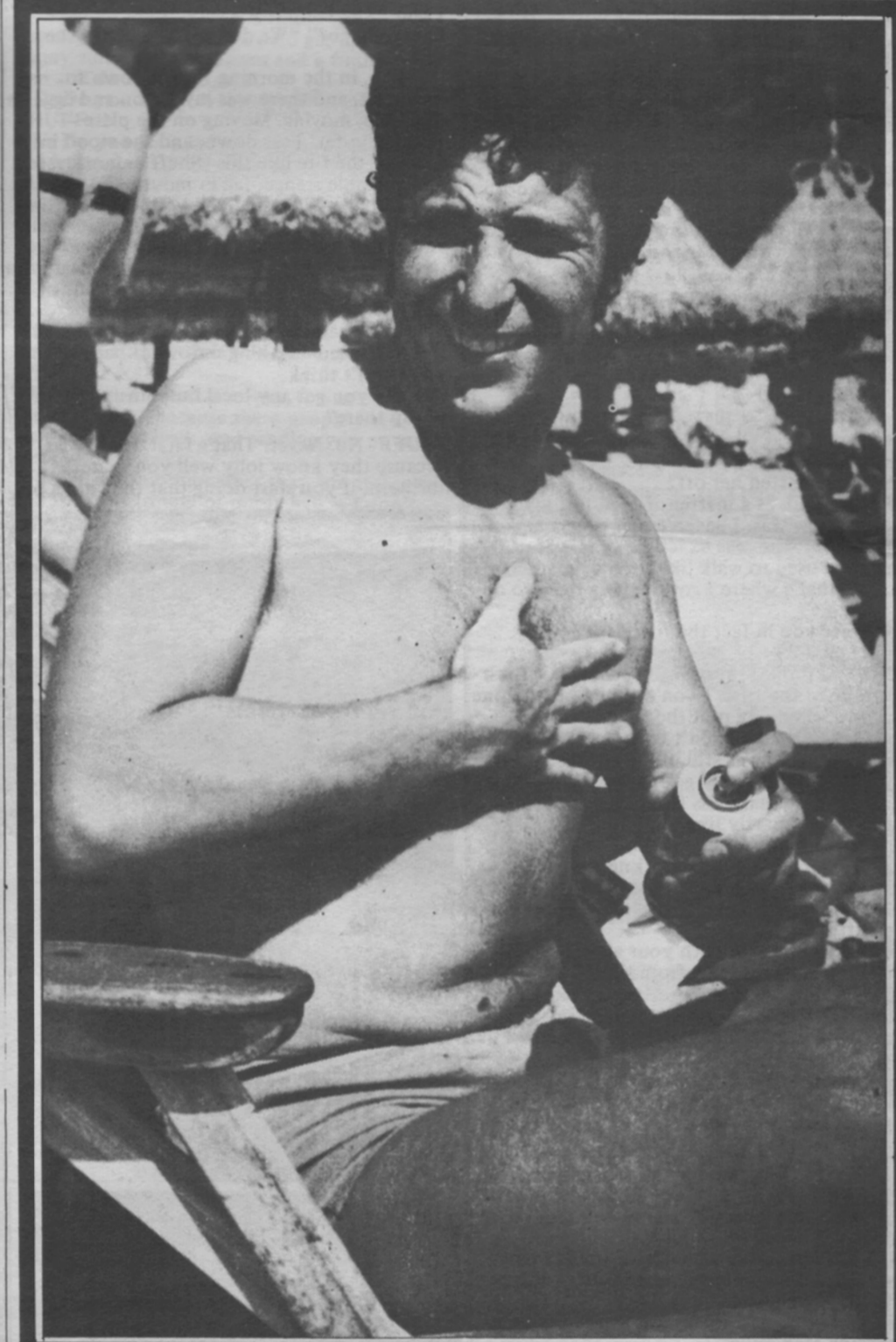
"As far as we know, human sexuality has always been extremely variable. The situation at the moment is one of non-knowledge."

Balls To Ped Pop

NEW YORK: Pederast pop received its gravest blow recently with the news that boy soprano Donny Osmond, of the Osmonds pop group, had reached puberty.

Donny, who's had several hits on his own, will be replaced as soprano by nine-year-old Jimmy Osmond.

JONES THE HET



Photograph: Tom Blau, Camera Press London

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MRS SHUFFLEWICK, THE FIRST OF THE FEW

Rex Jamieson (Mrs Shufflewick) talks to David Seligman, Martin Corbett and Suki J. Pitcher.

After settling ourselves comfortably, with all essentials to hand (tape, cigarettes and whisky), David opened the show.

DAVID: What made you go on the stage?
SHUFF: Nobody made me. As a matter of fact, I went into the air force when I was nineteen, I was conscripted. I was in the air force for about 18 months and then we had a Gang Show come to our station, Ralph Reader's mob, and I was on the backstage staff, and one of these fellas said "Why don't you apply to the Air Ministry for a posting to the Gang Show - saves you carrying a gun about all bleeding day." And that's what I did. I went up and had an audition, and I was taken on.

I wasn't doing drag then, I was doing a vicar act, a comedy parson. I was in that for about 2 years, and then I was demobbed and I thought "Well, this is marvellous, this life, getting pissed all the time, not having to work, or get up in the morning", and I went into show business when I came out.

GAY NEWS: What was your first professional job?

SHUFF: OOOH, I can't remember now! It was variety. I starved for about eight years. Then I got a TV audition which I was very lucky with, so I went into a show with Ralph and we did about three months - every fortnight on television. I worked with Norman Evans in another TV show, then I went to Moss Empires, Stoll Theatres, which of course aren't any more now. I was on that circuit for about 10 years; so it's gone on...

GN: You were touring a lot round the country?
SHUFF: All the time. Every bloody week of the year. I had to go on my knees to get a week off. I had this contract which was 42 weeks of the year guaranteed money, but they saw bloody well I worked 52! I did summer seasons at Blackpool, I did one at Margate, and one at Great Yarmouth. I've been Shufflewick for 24 years now.

GN: What started her off?

SHUFF: Well, as a matter of fact, not many people know this, I haven't told everyone - I had an aunt who was exactly like Mrs Shufflewick. She used to walk like that, a great character, and that's where I got the idea from to do it.

GN: Were you in fact the first drag act to appear on TV?

SHUFF: I think I must have been, if not the first, one of the first. I don't remember anyone else who was doing it at the time.

GN: Danny la Rue hadn't been heard of...

SHUFF: No, he was still in the chorus.

GN: When Shuff really got going, did she develop a lot, with reactions from other people? She can't be exactly like your aunt.

SHUFF: No, of course not. You've got to broaden it a great deal, but I knew what I wanted out of it. I should say the aunt business was a sort of stepping-off ground. It evolved itself after that.

GN: You work a lot with your audience, don't you? You get a lot back from them.

SHUFF: Especially in radio, more than television. I find it much easier to work in a radio studio where there's an audience than in a TV studio. I think a television audience is sort of ready-made - they'll laugh at anything, whereas in a radio thing you've got to bloody work to get laughs.

GN: What radio series did you do?

SHUFF: Oh, I did Midday Music Hall, London Lights, an awful lot of Music Halls when they used to be on a Saturday night, and Variety Bandbox, Variety Playhouse, all of those.

GN: I can remember a couple of times when I was a kid - I might have been about 5 or 6...

SHUFF: Thank you!

GN: ... at the Met, Edgeware Road. I remember seeing Max Miller.

SHUFF: Yes! We did the Last Night at the Met. Max was on that bill.

GN: Do you regret the passing of Music Halls?

SHUFF: I do, very much.

GN: I think the Old Time Music Hall is very popular on TV.

SHUFF: I'm not mad about Old Time Music Hall as such. No, the Old Time Music Hall they put on nowadays is a sort of cock-up of the Victorian Music Hall - I mean, if they put on shows as we knew it, with people like Max Miller and modern people...

GN: I think, now, music hall is split up - any night at the Black Cap, that's Music Hall.

SHUFF: Well, it is the modern equivalent, really.

GN: Do you find that you get the same atmosphere in the Black Cap as you did when you were in the theatre?

SHUFF: Oh, yes, definitely.

GN: Have you ever worked on the club circuit in the north, which is supposed to be the replacement of Music Hall?

SHUFF: (in a Shufflewick voice) Oooh, yes,

I've done that - I've done that.

GN: And it's hard work?

SHUFF: It is up there. You get places like Sheffield, Doncaster, and up that way - you've really got to get your knickers in a twist to get a laugh up there. I think they're more, what's the word, critical than down here. You get them down here - once they've got a couple of pints down them they'll take anything - but up there...

GN: You must have had some good times up there?

SHUFF: I have... there was this landlady I had once, she took me up to the room, there was no paper on one wall, just the bare brick, and a light in the middle of the room with no shade on it. I said "Do you think I could have a shade for the lamp please?" She said "What?" I said "The lamp - it's very bright, could I have a shade?" "We don't have them!" she said.

Then, in the morning I came down to breakfast, and there was my bacon and eggs on the table, moving. Moving on the plate - floating in fat! I sat down, and she stood in front of the fire like this (Shuff demonstrates a formidable stance, fag in mouth and eyes screwed up). She said "Did yer hear us laffing last night?" "No." I said, "I was tired, I went straight off to sleep." "Laffing fit to bust we were." "Oh really?" "Our bitch is on heat, you see, and we had the dog in to her - right on that table where you're sitting now!"

Oh, I've always had good times up there!

I've never had anything untoward happen to me, I don't think.

GN: Do you get any local humour into your act up there?

SHUFF: No. Never. That's fatal, to do that. Because they know jolly well you're not northern, if you start doing that they get a bit

- antagonistic about it.

GN: Your act's become very popular nationally and in the London pubs especially, in the last few years, and you see more drag shows in the pubs all the time. Why do you think it's suddenly become popular?

SHUFF: I couldn't tell you, because I think - well, really I shouldn't say this - but I think it's going to play itself out. There's quite a lot of good acts going around, but on the other hand there's a lot of bad acts who are going to mess it up.

GN: Do you include the people who do mime in that group?

SHUFF: Yes. Miming acts, to my mind, they're not clever. I may be prejudiced, but if you mime to someone else's work, to me that's not clever at all.

GN: When you're miming, you can't ever get audience feed-back.

SHUFF: Well, you can't stop! You've got to plod on. I've never done it, but I should imagine that's it.

GN: Do you think that since Danny la Rue and TV, drag has become more 'respectable'?

SHUFF: As I said, it has become accepted - as long as someone doesn't fuck it up, and I think they will.

GN: When you first started, were you considered very daring because you went on stage in drag? What reaction did you get in the very beginning?

SHUFF: Not really daring, because in those days it wasn't called drag, people were 'dame comedians' - people like George Lacey, he was marvellous. In those days, they did dames in pantomime, and if anyone did anything in drag on the music halls they called it 'dame comedian', you see. It wasn't camp at all - I mean, some of these ones you see now, they're outrageous aren't they? They would never have put up with that on the halls.

GN: Because they'd have called them 'queer'?

SHUFF: Then, you see, it was a man dressed



as a woman, and that was it. They didn't do all this pretty-pretty bit. Half of them now, you can't tell if they're men or women or what, can you? Have you seen Perry St Claire? I'm not saying anything, because I think he's very good. Lovely voice, very good figure, and he's a good artiste, but he wouldn't have gone down in the old days. And of course, he's got what I call a 'pro's' sense of humour, but the ordinary peasants don't know what he's talking about.

GN: What do you think about people who run pubs which put on shows? Do you think they are like the people who used to run the theatres?

SHUFF: No, not at all. They're doing it for money, if they didn't make the money they make and get the houses they get in there, they'd throw it out tomorrow night.

GN: And put on whatever would get the money.

SHUFF: Yes - a discotheque or something.

GN: So the people who put on the shows are making a lot of money out of it?

SHUFF: Well, you've only got to walk in the Black Cap any night, haven't you, to see that.

GN: They have a lot of good people there; Jean Fredericks -

SHUFF: On Thursdays.

GN: But Jean doesn't do a lot of comedy -

SHUFF: Well, he tries to tell stories.

GN: When you're not writing or performing, what do you like doing? What are your interests outside show business?

SHUFF: Don't think I've got any. Oooh, I like the cinema, I go there an awful lot.

GN: What do you think about the trend of cinema today?

SHUFF: Well, I think there's far too much sex and violence and all that. I'm sorry to sound like a Mary Whitehouse, but you don't seem to get any comedies, or very few, these days. I like to go and see a film and have a damn good laugh. I'm talking about when I was very young when there used to be those sophisticated Hollywood films, comedies - with people like Adolphe Menjou - and they were lovely, you could enjoy yourself. But nowadays it's all sex and shooting and striking, and...

GN: And even the comedies aren't always funny now. I think the Carry-On films are funny, but the others seem to be rather poor copies.

SHUFF: Those Carry-On films are funny, and they're such old gags, aren't they -

GN: But that's part of the fun isn't it, and all the people in them know the gags -

SHUFF: And everyone that's watching knows them as well!

GN: What do you think Mary Whitehouse's reaction would be if she came into the Black Cap and saw your act?

SHUFF: (thoughtfully) I don't know... quite honestly.

GN: But you'd think of something to say to her -

SHUFF: Mark Fleming would! That's his scene, isn't it, sending people up -

GN: But it's not yours?

SHUFF: No. I just tell jokes - if they laugh, they laugh, if they don't they don't, that's it. I don't want to make any lasting friendships, or any enemies.

GN: Do you find you get a regular audience, people who are always standing near the front?

SHUFF: You get a few. That always upsets me because - it rather frightens me if you see the same people every time you're on. I think they must know what I'm going to say. I've got about five acts that I do, I know these people who come in every time, they know the gags backwards - they still laugh, but I'd rather have people that haven't seen me before.

GN: You've made a record, haven't you?

SHUFF: For Decca, but I don't think you can get it now, it's out of print or whatever they call it. We did it at the Waterman's Arms, when Dan Farson had it. We did a show at the Comedy Theatre, which folded after three weeks. It was called 'Nights at the Comedy' which was a good idea - Dan got a couple of backers, and a very good producer, but it didn't run.

GN: What do you think of the theatre - do you go at all?

SHUFF: What is there to see? ... The last one I went to see was 'Move Over Mrs Markham', with Cicely Courtneidge. I hadn't been for such a long time, and I thought it was rather stilted. I suppose being used to variety, when you go and see a straight play it seems a bit slow.

GN: Do you get many tourists coming to see you?

SHUFF: You get an awful lot of people from Denmark and Sweden down at the Black Cap.

GN: Do they enjoy the show?

SHUFF: Well, they laugh, so I suppose they

INTERVIEW

must do - I don't know if they know what you're talking about.

GN: Shuff, you come from London originally. Have you got a show business background?

SHUFF: No, not at all. I think my father was a waiter - I don't know what he was waiting for... and mother was a whore, in Southend.

GN: Were you very stage-struck as a child?

SHUFF: No, as I say, before I went into the Gang Show, and that was only to get out of doing drill and all that, I'd no ambitions about going into show-biz at all. It was only that I thought it was a good way of not getting up in the morning.

GN: Have you any family?

SHUFF: No, none at all.

GN: Married?

SHUFF: I have been. When I was twenty-four. It lasted for three years - then I went back to fellas again.

GN: When you were doing variety, with Moss Empires and so on, you must have appeared with a lot of people we've all heard of?

SHUFF: I did. I was very amazed, because all these people that I'd always heard of, and looked up to, and admired from afar - when you actually meet them, they're quite ordinary and down-to-earth, and much nicer than a lot of these bumped up little bastards you meet in this day and age. They helped me a lot - I mean, in as much as being charming and nice to me, you know. Any sort of help I wanted in the way of asking how to time gags or anything like that, or scripts and that, they couldn't have been more helpful.

GN: You were at the Windmill for a while?

SHUFF: I was there for about three years - five shows a day.

GN: It's amazing the number of comedians who've come from the Air Force -

SHUFF: Yes, like Reg Dixon - Reg Dixon was in the Gang Show at the time, and Dick Emery, he was in the Gang Show.

GN: Doing the same sort of thing he does now?

SHUFF: No, he wasn't doing drag then. I saw him the other night on the television doing that thing "Oooh, you are awful", but when I knew him in the Gang Show, he used to do some butch things then. He's very clever, he's another very nice person.

GN: Have you got any burning ambitions?

SHUFF: Ambition? To meet a rich, lonely millionaire! No, I've no ambitions at all.

GN: What do you really dislike?

SHUFF: Empty glasses! Don't think I dislike anything really.

GN: What about critics? Did that show at the Comedy fold because of bad reviews from the critics?

SHUFF: No it folded because of lack of

money. Daniel Farson wasn't exactly - oh, dear - Dan was very happy-go-lucky, you know, not terribly business-wise.

GN: Was he more of a performer himself?

SHUFF: Dan? What could he do? Oh, he was a brilliant interviewer, when he was on top of his form, he really was. Then he used to get pissed every night and that was that.

GN: What do you think of organisations like the GLF? People get very uptight sometimes when they demonstrate outside pubs or try to

SHUFF: Who's GLF?

GN: Gay Liberation Front.

SHUFF: Well, I think, if I may say so, it's the wrong thing to do, because I don't think you'll get people to join you if you do things like that. I might be wrong - I've only seen it once, that was outside the Black Cap about three months ago. They were going to do a thing at Kentish Town, and they came up outside the Black Cap with leaflets and all that. I think there must be a better way to do it.

GN: To communicate with people?

SHUFF: Yes.

GN: I think perhaps the Campaign for Homosexual Equality may be doing that. They're more, for want of a better word, conventional.

SHUFF: You're bound to get a lot of people who aren't going to have anything to do with GLF at all, because they don't understand it, and they are the people who are going to run you into the ground. I mean, if their job's going to depend on it, they're not going to scream the place down, are they?

GN: But it's sad that they hide what they are.

SHUFF: Of course, but that's the point of the whole thing, isn't it?

GN (Suki): Of course, a lot of people don't like drag -

GN (Martin): A lot of them do like drag, but they won't admit it in GLF, because they're afraid of getting screamed at -

SHUFF: That's another point. You see, there's a lot of fellas who would dearly love to go with a chicken, but they won't in case the people next door or up the street and all that.

GN: But how do the people next door get to know there's nothing wrong?

SHUFF: I don't know - they do think it's wrong, though, don't they? I mean, no-one bothers about a fella picking up a woman and going off, but they pick up a young boy or something, ooh, that's terrible.

GN: One thing, that's so awful about being gay, is that gay people always seem to be much lonelier than other people. If you go to some of the gay pubs you see an awful lot of people standing around, not talking to people. Do you think that's something particular to the

gay world, or do you find it's like that in all pubs?

SHUFF: I suppose it applies to ordinary people as well, I mean you get fellas who are probably terribly lonely and frightened to go up to a woman in a pub and have a chat, and vice versa.

GN: Show business is supposed to be very friendly -

SHUFF: Oh, yes it is - until you want to borrow some money! I've always found show business very friendly in every way.

GN: You said earlier that you thought perhaps drag as a popular form of entertainment might pass on - what do you think might take its place?

SHUFF: I couldn't tell you that, if you gave me a thousand pounds. I still think you'll have the top ones - plus self, of course - no, what I'm trying to say is that the bad acts will go to the bottom of the barrel.

GN: What's the real skill of drag then - communicating with your audience?

SHUFF: Yes. I suppose I could do my act dressed as a man really - if it came to the point, suppose drag was suddenly banned, I think I could still go on and retain an audience.

GN: So what does being Mrs Shufflewick add to it?

SHUFF: It makes it more comical, but I suppose I could dress up like a funny fella; if we got one of these silly bastards in the government saying "We'll have no more gentlemen dressing up as ladies", I would get myself a funny suit, a pair of glasses and a funny face, and still do the same gags.

GN: Do you enjoy dragging up?

SHUFF: No.

GN: Do you get a lot of pleasure out of appearing on a stage and talking to an audience?

SHUFF: When I go well, I do - but there's no pleasure when I die a death.

GN: What do you say then? You don't say "I'll give it up tomorrow", do you?

SHUFF: No.

GN: I remember one Sunday evening, it was early and the place was nearly empty. There were two people in the audience with whom you had a fifteen minute conversation.

SHUFF: I did?

GN: Yes, and it was hilarious, it was the funniest thing, because these people were answering you back, and sending you up in all sorts of ways.

SHUFF: I don't remember that, but if you've had the background of music hall - I don't want to sound big-headed or anything - over the years, then you can cope with things like that. I've worked some... I remember years ago, when I first started, I worked places like

Middlesborough, and -

GN: Scunthorpe?

SHUFF: I've done Scunthorpe! I did Wigan, I did the Coventry Theatre for six weeks with Spike Milligan and Peter Sellers and Harry Secombe, and it was marvellous. I was only, you know, the wines and spirits, I was the second turn on, but they were a marvellous audience, and then I was booked at Wigan Hippodrome, for the week following, and I was top of the bill. I got to Wigan, and they'd got "Mrs Shuttlewick", with two 't's... I went through from Monday to Saturday, twice nightly, without a titter. Not one laugh - they didn't know what the bloody hell I was talking about, this was before television, and being a Londoner, they didn't know what I was talking about. So I have, er, gone through the mill.

GN: They were still polite enough to sit there?

SHUFF: They couldn't do much else -

GN: They wanted to get their money's worth!

SHUFF: Oh, I had a horrible week. I was practically putting my head in the oven.

GN: But I'm sure you've had some good weeks as well -

SHUFF: Ooh, I've had some marvellous weeks.

GN: Is there any town you particularly enjoy?

SHUFF: I think London mostly. There's so much to do, you can go to museums, you can go to Regents Park or Hyde Park, there's so many theatres and cinemas, you're never at a loss to know what to do.

GN: Have you appeared outside this country?

SHUFF: Only with the Gang Show when we used to go over to Africa and Egypt and Cyprus, and all round there. That was playing the Air Force camps. I really enjoyed the Gang Shows, you see it was my first thing in show business, so I couldn't have not enjoyed it.

GN: You all work together in the Gang Show, don't you, you do your own act, then you were in all the joint numbers -

SHUFF: Oh, there's all the sketches and things as well, but you don't get that in variety.

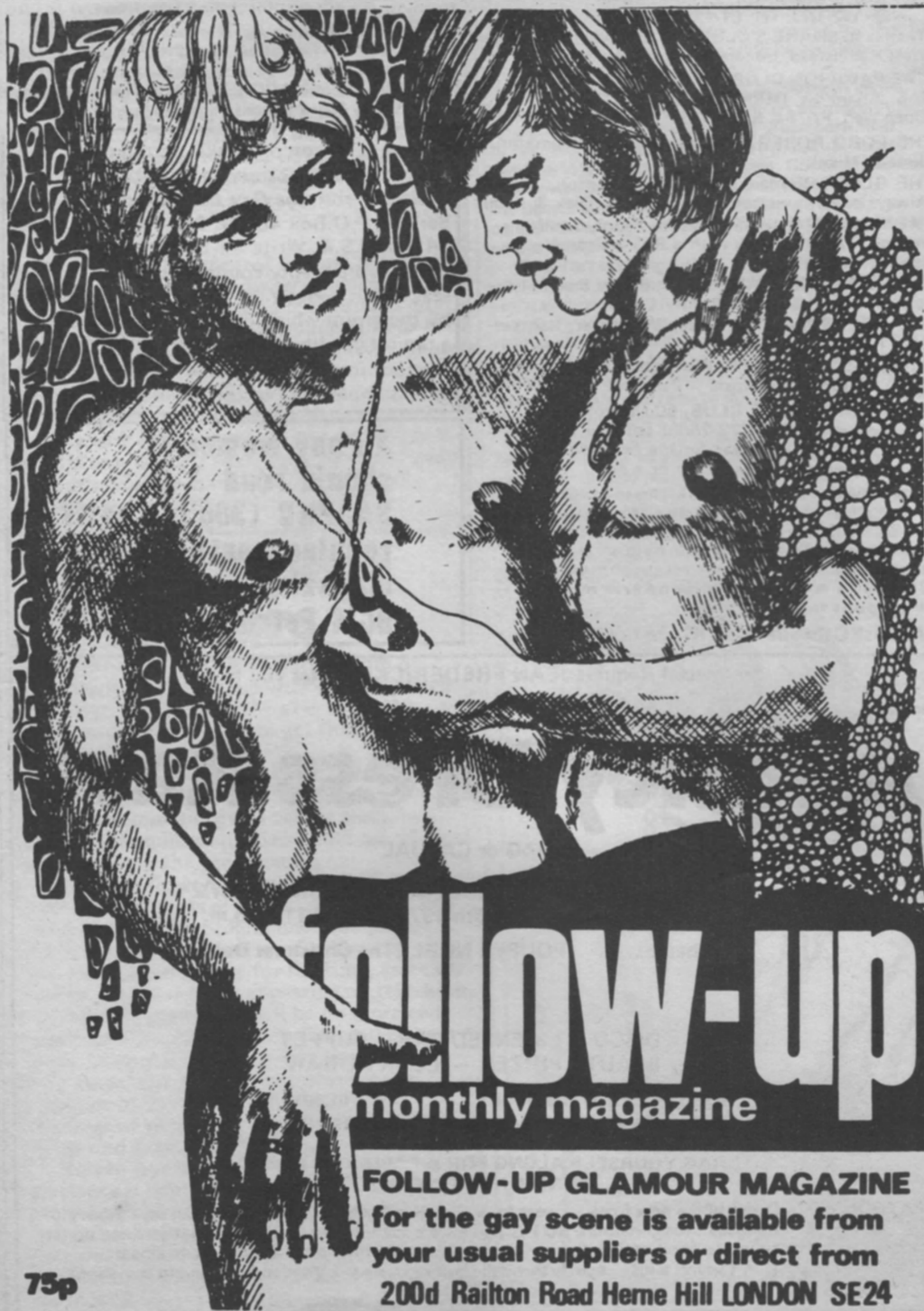
GN: You do a double act with Mark Fleming, don't you?

SHUFF: Every Sunday. I like working with Mark. There's not many people I could work with, I must say that. Not because I didn't like them, because you've got to have the same sort of mental thing. You see, I can get up with Mark, and without any rehearsal we can do a quarter of an hour of comedy, just playing off the cuff, backwards and forwards to each other. Like someone playing tennis - I couldn't do that with everybody.

GN: Have you any dreams of becoming a straight actor -

SHUFF: Noo...!

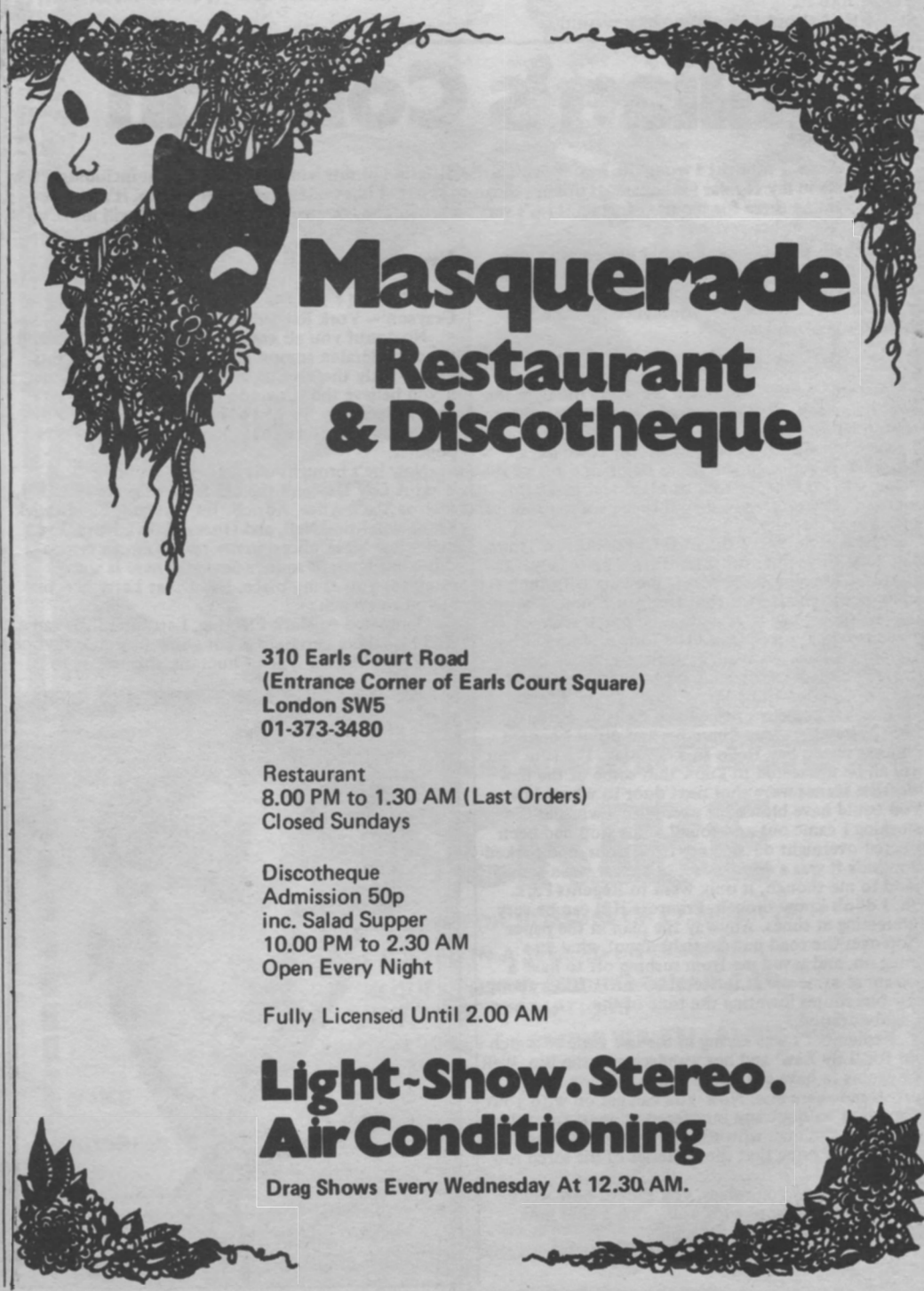
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Continued from previous page.

GN: A lot of people like Frankie Howerd have tried Shakespeare -

SHUFF: I did a season of straight plays, ooh, hundreds of years ago, at the Harrow Coliseum, do you remember that? Remember when that chap used to have it, Alfred Denville, his son was the head chap there? I was in a show in Blackpool, and I had a message, or a telegram or something, to go and see Alfred Denville, so I went to see him and he said (actor-laddie voice) "Ah, I'd like you to appear in my plays", and I said "I'm not an actor", and he said "I've heard about you, that your timing is good" and all this balls. So suddenly a script, about forty thousand pages, arrived - I think we did 'Smilin' Thru' to start with, and then I did about four different plays, and I hated every minute of it. A straight play - there was no comedy in it.

GN: There's something particularly rewarding about it, isn't there, about making people laugh?

SHUFF: There is, if you can make them laugh. I did Greenwich Theatre - take this down! - the year before last. Marvellous place, no microphones, a round stage, no curtains or anything, and I said to him, can I have a microphone please, and he said "You won't need a microphone" and I said I can't shout, and he said "You've no need to shout, just talk in your normal voice." - and he was right! The acoustics are so marvellous there, you've only got to whisper and they can hear you in the back of the gallery.

GN: What kind of people do you think come to the pubs - the same people who would have gone to the music halls?

SHUFF: I suppose you could say that.

GN: Do you think TV will remain the dominant thing, or will people get fed up with it?

SHUFF: I think they're fed up with it now, quite honestly.

GN: You don't like it, I mean, you don't have a set?

SHUFF: Well, let's face it, what do you see these days? The occasional thing worth looking at, the only thing I like watching are the old films. These modern things, they're ridiculous, these bloody documentaries, they're so boring - and it's very much a closed shop, in variety - the same people on all the time, Max Bygraves and people like that, you know.

GN: What do you think about radio?

SHUFF: I think radio's gone to cock quite honestly - you either get records, or sports results, all things like that. You very rarely get a decent play on, or decent variety - well, there's no variety -

GN: And yet if they brought it back, people would like it.

SHUFF: I should imagine they would.

GN: What do you think about the radio comedy series, things like The Navy Lark, and Does The Team Think?

SHUFF: Well, they've been going for so long now that they've got the same gags all the time.

GN: Are there any really new gags, though?

SHUFF: Well, there aren't really, you've got to tart up the old ones.

GN: I think it's Ted Ray who always says there are only three jokes, on which all other jokes are based -

SHUFF: Actually, there's only seven! Seven basic themes, and all the rest are sort of cobbled round them.

GN: Can you define the seven?

SHUFF: Ooh, yes, well, I don't know if I can after all this whisky - you've got husband and wife jokes, you've got the queer-boy jokes, you've got the man in the street jokes, and things like that, and they're all connotations of each other.

I had a lovely - did I tell you this gag? There's this Irishman in a bar, he's got this bit of paper with all these numbers and figures and things on, and this Englishman is stood next to him. He says "You look very studious" and he says "Aaah, well, Oi'll tell yer what, Oi'm goin' ter be the foirst Oirishman to go ter the sun. The fockin' Americans have been to the moon, and the fockin' Russians are goin' to Mars, Oi'm goin' to the sun."

So the English fella said "Well, you're a bit daft, 'cos you'll be burnt to a cinder the moment you get there", and he said "Aah, Oi've thought o' that - Oi'm goin' at night."

COLLAPSE OF WHOLE PARTY OVER THE SCOTCH GLASSES!

SHUFF: Have you finished now?

GN: Tell us what you think of Gay News.

SHUFF: It's worth doing, but I'm afraid, very much afraid that you won't be recognised. People, they're frightened to accept it. I wish to God they would... I could be wrong. At least they can't do anything to you police-wise can they?

GN: They can, all our small ads are illegal. According to the Attorney General, a gay ad is exactly the same as a prostitute's ad.

SHUFF: What about all those cards in the shop windows? In the West End?

GN: What about all the computer dating, and all the hetero ads?

SHUFF: Don't they do them for that?

GN: No, and they're very obvious. I mean, they're looking for cock, or cunt.

SHUFF: I've seen some of those in Archer Street, you know, you've got 'Lady wishes to meet gentleman with leather gear' and all that balls, well there's only one answer to that, and they don't get done. I think you're very brave to run the contact ads - I really mean that.

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please.

The Marrow is a bit naughty, although what he's getting at is fairly obvious. That Larry is a greedy boy.

He also sings a couple of standards - Second Hand Rose and Only A Glass Of Champagne - in his own inimitable way. Stories about all his ills and pains also appear, as well as descriptions of little adventures he's had. Shut That Door turns up here and there, as well as him doing the original song version.

With Christmas coming up a lot of people will be buying this for their parties and festivities. Larry never goes too far, so Mums, Dads, Aunt Flo's and the rest are not going to be outraged too much.

Have a listen, you will get a few laughs if you are in the right mood. You wait until I make my record, I'll show that 'Gay Day' Larry a thing or two.

Queens at the Palladium

Well loves, did you see it? Wasn't it a gorgeous gay event? All the stars were there, and there wasn't just one queen there either. Apart from HM Queen Elizabeth and The Queen Mother, lovely ladies both of them, there were those pianist lads - Liberace

and Elton John - and Danny La Rue looking more fetching than ever. Such stunning gowns he wears!

Liberace's wardrobe was as fabulous as ever and he was changing his creations every two minutes. Someone forgot to light his candles though. He had a little competition from Elton, who seemed bent on showing from where he gets his fashion inspirations.

Danny was up to his usual standard and he did some sexy numbers with the chorus boys.

Of the rest of the stars Jack Jones and comedienne Carol Channing were superb, and Carol's little piece with Liberace was very amusing. The Jackson Five were delightful. I couldn't keep my eyes off that boy Michael Jackson. Knows his showbiz that kid.

Particularly of note was Roy Hull and his Emu, who kept me in stitches throughout his act.

A very enjoyable show and such a regal evening.



Fear Of Separation

Feedback

The article entitled 'The End Of An Affair' (GN9) fell on sympathetic ears as I read it, and rekindled a fear I've tried to live with for almost two years. It was then that I met, and hopelessly fell in love with, the most wonderful young man from Africa (I hesitate to mention the country or even my own name as association with either could lead to serious difficulty for him with his sponsors in this country).

Since we have been together we've both been conscious of the fact that political instability in his country of origin could lead to our immediate break-up. This, together with the usual uncertainties that accompany any alien's life, has troubled me since he first exposed me to the wonders of guiltless homosexual love, characteristic of someone with his cultural origins. His influence has dispelled the guilt ridden attitude that was a feature of my perso-

nality when we got together. He not only taught me to love, but gave me faith in myself. Unfortunately we're rarely together as we met as students and are both now continuing our courses some distance apart. Naturally we get together as often as we can, but with all the uncertainties the future can't be charted and holds the terrible possibility of that abrupt end.

We make the most of what few opportunities we do have of being together, but being gay, society heaps difficulties upon the confusion and uncertainty. We would grab at the chance of appending our names to a bit of paper if it would ensure our staying together, here or anywhere else, even if that may be a bourgeois convention.

BK

Friendly Outlets

- GAY NEWS will always be on sale at the following pubs:
- MARSH HOTEL (Mike & Eileen) Canute Road, Southampton.
 - Semi-Gay Disco every Thursday night. Also: THE ANCHOR INN (The Viking Club), East Street, Southampton. Saturday nights - Girls only (Ask for Jan).
 - THE PUBLIC HOUSE, not just another bookshop. 21 Little Preston Street, Brighton. Phone 28357.
 - LE FAUNE Restaurant, 23 Praed Street, London W2 1NJ. Tel: 01-723 5170
 - Thanks to SHANE'S CLUB, 71 Compayne Gardens, West Hampstead, London NW6 for selling Big GN.
 - THE PAVILION CLUB, 123 Shardlow Road, (A6), Shardlow, Derbys. Tel: Shardlow 581. Open Wed, Fri, Sat & Sun from 8.00pm.
 - THE LORD ROBERTS, Canal Walk, Southampton, (June & Mike).
 - THE GLOBE, Bernard Street, Southampton. 'Always a warm welcome from:- Kath, Dick & Peter
 - THE ROBERT BURNS, 9 South Front, Southampton 'The small pub with a BIG welcome:- Doris & Dennis'.
 - CLUB CONTINENTAL, High St. Below Bar, Southampton. (Disco) "Strictly Gay".
 - THE GREEN MAN, The Place, Winchester, Hants. Your Host - David M. Powrie.
 - PRINCESS ROYAL, 172 Wellingborough Road, Northampton. Your Hosts - Pem and Vim.
 - THE NIGHTINGALE CLUB, 50 Camp Hill, Birmingham 12 (021-772 2665) sell Gay News. (They also get a gold star for the best address we have seen so far for a club or a pub.)
- Gay News, wishes to thank the management and staff at the Colherne and the Boltons (at Earl's Court) and the Champion (at Notting Hill Gate) for their help in letting us sell Gay News in their establishments. Gay News will regularly be on sale in these three pubs in West London.
- The DisKOtheque (D O K), 2a Lowndes

Court, London W1 (off Carnaby Street) regularly has Gay News on sale. Thanks.

Gay News thanks Roddy and The Masquerade - the paper is always available at the door. Masquerade Club, 310 Earls Court Road, SW5.

The Father Red Cap. Boys Only, Girls Only and Mixed Disco's. Gay News is always on sale.

Valentine's - Georges Club (off Gay Street), Bath. Gay News is always on sale.

Thanks to "LOS CHICOS", 312 Old Brompton Road, Earl's Court, for selling Gay News.

Thanks to DON JOHN.S, one of the North's foremost Gay Clubs, for selling Gay News.

Ronnie will be selling Gay News in THE GREEN ROOM at The Wheatsheaf, Goldhawk Road, Shepherds Bush.

When you stay at MAGGIE'S PLACE Hotel you can also buy Gay News to read in bed.

A wide selection of books, periodicals, pamphlets and posters on gay liberation is available from the Gay Liberation Book Service, P.O.Box 40397, San Francisco, Cal. 94140, U.S.A. Write for free price list (send 2 international reply coupons for airmail). Overseas orders welcomed. The service is operated by the group which publishes Gay Sun: fine a radical gay liberation paper. In exchange for four international reply coupons you can get a sample copy of the paper.

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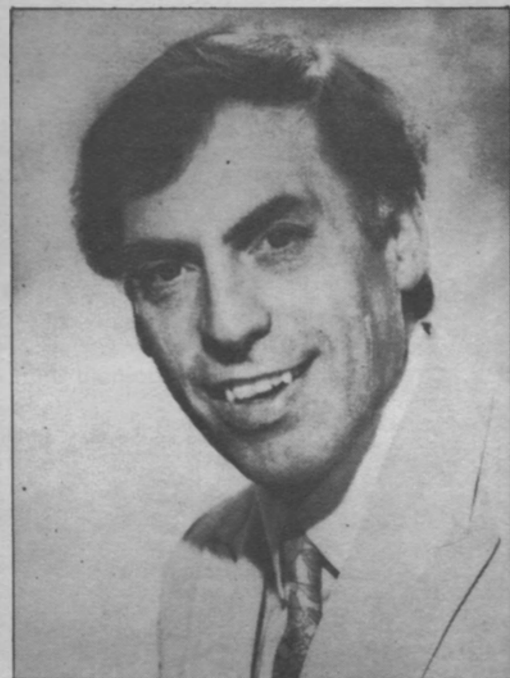
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THANKS



Two Right Royal Evenings

CROWN MATRIMONIAL at the Haymarket Theatre.

I once knew an obscure silent film star whose every other sentence involved famous people. She'd speak of meeting Scott Fitzgerald at a dinner given by the King of Spain, but on asking further questions about them, she had very little else to say. I was reminded of her whilst watching CROWN MATRIMONIAL as the first scene set in Marlborough House has the Queen Mary asking her son, on his return from the continent, "How was George of Greece, and did you see Carol of Rumania?" This sort of name dropping is all very well provided it is going to lead somewhere, but apart from a few words, nothing further is mentioned of these famous personages.

Likewise I felt at times as if I were visiting Madame Tussauds, so much did these players resemble the real people in face and dress. Although the plot is familiar, interest is held throughout by the course of events and the dialogue given to the stage Royals. Who can presume how these characters would act and talk when in the privacy of their homes. The author Royce Ryton has used his imagination well. Aided by

naughty London in the early 1800's (did I detect some rather risqué lyrics well hidden under the blaring orchestra?), a syncopated modern style tune that owed a lot to the song 'The best is yet to come', all the way to a tender ballad sung by Prince Albert. The title song 'I and Albert' is tuneful, and the 'Victoria and Albert Waltz' is a haunting theme used when they first meet. Somewhere in the second half

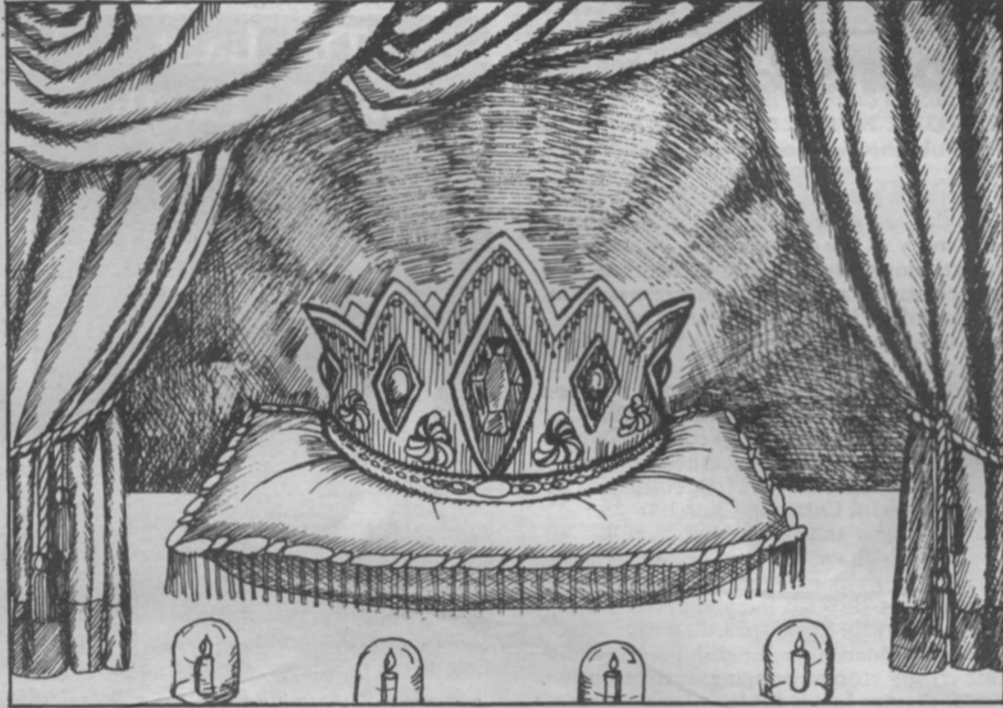


Illustration: Jean-Claude Thevenin

Wendy Hiller, portraying Queen Mary, one senses the feeling of royalty and grandeur in her every move. Peter Barkworth playing Edward 7th reminded me of that monarch's smile and warmth, whilst Amanda Reiss received an ovation on her first entrance for her uncanny resemblance to our present Queen Mother at that time. I was less happy with Andrew Ray's impersonation of George 6th, feeling he was too young for the role, but in his one big scene he was extremely moving. Lastly the costumes and sets are first rate, and just how I would imagine the interior of a Royal household would look.

I AND ALBERT at the Picadilly Theatre

When one reads of delays of an opening night, hears stories of early previews over-running by 45 minutes, and of the leading man being taken ill and the understudy taking over at short notice, then the signs are surely there that 'something is rotten in the State of Denmark', or in this case at the Picadilly Theatre.

What possessed that fine director John Schlesinger to become involved in all this? I would call it 'a pageant with music' as it turned out to be the most talkative musical I've yet come upon. The musical score manages to range the entire field of music in one evening, commencing with an oompah pa song about

Disraeli stops the show whilst performing conjuring tricks and singing with great panache the song 'When You Speak with a Lady'. But this song is out of place with the character and plot so that it takes several minutes to settle back into 'the plot'... and oh how that plot goes on and on without really reaching any point. Polly James plays Victoria competently enough, ranging from young womanhood to old age, though one wonders what became of her middle years. At one time the character she portrays was aged around the late 50's, but there she was giving an impersonation of a woman of 70 - no in-between, alas.

Sven Bertl Taube makes a handsome leading man as Prince Albert. He has a good singing voice and is suitably stiff and solemn as the part calls for. Aubrey Woods and Lewis Fiender play two roles each during the evening as Victoria's ministers and bring light comic relief to the proceedings. The show would be lost without the two stairways placed on either side of the stage and a great deal of the action is performed on them which involves the cast running about on them 'til one gets almost dizzy watching. After Albert dies, the stage is draped in black mourning, both costumes and curtains are black and there is a feeling of 'death in the family' which is almost prophetic of the show itself.

Barry Conley

Agonised And Irrepressible

Cavalleria Rusticana and Pagliacci
SADLERS WELLS OPERA at the London Coliseum

The agonised and irrepressible twins Cav & Pag returned to the London Coliseum last month in John Blatchley's production for Sadler's Wells, which up-dates both operas to what appears to be the fog-end of the 50's. They are both set in the same Sicilian village, and the action of each opera now takes place only six months apart. The agonies of rustic life in what are the most famous examples of operatic 'verismo' are on the surface, therefore, not given a fantastically realistic head-start. With this as background, one might be forgiven for thinking that life in rural Sicily is relentlessly tragic. (Imagine two such dramatic deaths in a community of just over a hundred in only six months!)

But no matter how often these operas are performed, or in what manner, they still make an incredible dramatic impact; they still continue to work on an audience. There is a lot in this production, which I thoroughly respect. Many points have been rethought and re-interpreted, points which truly add to the audience's understanding of the operas. One in particular seems completely successful - the deletion of the ear-biting as a form of challenge before the duel. Instead, Alfio flashes his flick-knife, an action which sets the matter into immediate perspective.

The production was mounted in September last year during a period of financial austerity at the Coliseum, but Blatchley has made it plain in an interview (published as part of the programme notes) that this had nothing to do with the austere style of his staging. (One gently raked platform does for both Cavalleria and Pagliacci, and the fluted, metallic grey back-drop remains throughout the evening.) Around 80 per cent of audiences in this country watching a performance in the original language does not understand what is being sung. Blatchley believes that too often these audiences have in the past been compensated for their lack of understanding of the libretto by "over-described decoration" and "an over-expressive, larger than life style of acting". He feels that this style has permeated all operatic production in Britain, and is himself seeking to establish a subtler

approach in the confines of the Coliseum, where one hopes every word may be understood by the audience.

There are two basic premises behind the stark, uncolourful staging. First, the obvious notion that without the fussy detail the audience will be nudged into concentrating on the work itself and not on the pretty accessories.

The second idea raises more interesting and far-reaching questions. Blatchley holds that the events of Cavalleria are "essentially plain and classical". And with this I would agree. Certainly, it cannot be doubted that the earlier opera does have greater dramatic strength than the play within a play of Pagliacci. It's true, too, that if we interpret "classical" as meaning Greek classical, then it is certainly true that Cavalleria displays the dogged singularity of plot and dramatic purpose typical of Greek drama. It has no intricate Shakespearean (or perhaps more aptly Veridian) sub-plot, and respects all three unities of time, place and action. But does "plain" simply mean thin? Is opera always more effective when it tells a clearly delineated story?

Even without John Blatchley's programme notes, his economical staging (which incidentally includes such props as a child's pram, bicycle, cash register and what looks like the remains of a World War I ambulance lorry from which the actors perform in Pag) after an initial shock reaction does justify itself

and intensifies the drama. Blatchley is well served by a sensitive and highly musical cast.

Margaret Curphey sings Santuzza with an exceptionally poignant lyricism and appropriate sense of desperate fatalism. While I had gone to the Coliseum still expecting to hear Rita Hunter's sharp-edged, powerful and always deeply dramatic soprano, my disappointment was quickly quietened by Margaret Curphey's achingly pathetic interpretation of the role.

While occasionally, both she and Robin Donald, who plays Turiddu, sounded strained in some of the higher passages, she lacked none of the committed passion so vital to the part. The big test of "Voi lo sapete" was encountered with masterly "breadth" and drive, though lacking to some extent in articulation, and phrasing. My only regret is that she is made to look so dowdy. One wonders how the 'heart-throb' of the village would have taken it into his head to rob her of her virginity in the first place!

Ann Hood, playing Lola, both musically and dramatically seductive, is unfortunately decked out in a costume more appropriate for Olympia in "The Tales of Hoffmann". She sings her delightful little solo, which contrasts so pungently with the harsh tone of the Santuzza-Turiddu encounter, with pure tone, and characterful delicacy.

Raimund Herinx gave a startlingly aggressive edge to his portrayal of Alfio, the murderously jealous husband, whose all-consuming hatred is aroused by Santuzza, who then quickly regrets her passionate outburst. There is no doubting Herinx's musicality, and here, as in the Coliseum production of Berlioz' "Faust", in which he stunned us with his account of Mephistopheles, he gets to the very heart of the character, and clothes its every movement and involuntary twitch with a breathing reality.

Roderick Brydon drove the Sadlers Wells Orchestra to even greater and more exhilarating heights, getting every ounce from Mascagni's big "production numbers", and moving orchestral interludes.

Pagliacci seemed to me less of a triumph. Although I applaud some of the production details, (the narrator of the Prologue, here magnificently sung by Derek Hammond-Stroud with every syllable crystal-clear and true, appears in actor's dressing-gown instead of the usual clown's costume, for example), the dramatic conviction carried by all the central characters in Cavalleria has not spilled over into its successor.

Anne Evans as Nedda has a more accurate soprano than Margaret Curphey, but somehow her voice seems less subtle, less flexible, less moving. She certainly looked every inch the part, but she failed to capture the audience's sympathy, and her final murder seems less of a tragedy than just deserts.

Canio, too, seems here more of a pastiche of a



Anne Evans and Norman Welsby in 'Pagliacci'.

Photograph: Sadler's Wells

Chicago hood than a man tragically consumed, possessed by the image of one woman and her infidelity. Gregory Dempsey gave tremendous energy to the part, but vocally he lacked the dynamite declamation necessary to bring off the final solo "Pagliacci non son".

One singer, however, seemed completely in control of his part, both dramatically and musically. It's a pity then that Silvio, though central to the plot, has relatively little to sing when the part is interpreted with so much artistry as by Norman Welsbey. The rich timbre of his baritone voice reverberated into every niche of the auditorium, he phrased every line with matchless understanding for musical line and dramatic effect, and beguiled Nedda with truly glowing sonority.

Orchestrally, the opera is near impeccable under John Barker's precise yet passionate direction.

Robert Marshall

Dilly'N'Starr

HULLA BALOO at the Criterion Theatre, Piccadilly

Good news for fans of those talented drag artists Rogers and Starr is that they are now to be seen in the West End in a new revue HULLA BALOO. Harold Fielding had the unusual idea of pitting the combined talents of these two with local comedian Jimmy Edwards and that 'Laugh-In girl', Chelsea Brown, and it works well.

The curtain rises to show a public convenience with 3 cubicles on either side of the stage and that more or less sets the tone of the humour for the rest of the evening. Rogers and Starr score early on with one of their popular numbers 'Rape' and again in the second half with their famous 'Beyond the Freud' number which was so popular with the audiences at the Hampstead Theatre Club where they had 2 successful seasons of late night revue 2 years running. Roy Starr repeats his amusing 'Dear Marje' takeoff of Marjorie Proops, and Michael Rogers follows with his rather cruel Dietrich impersonation, descending the toilet stairs impeccably gowned in a transparent salmon pink shimmering dress.

In the second act the two of them proceed to demolish 'Gone With The Wind' with their hilarious portrayals of Mammie and Prissie the maid. It was interesting to note how enjoyable Jimmy Edwards can be when he stops ad-libbing. His talk on gardening 'Are you listening, Mary Whitehouse?' involves some useful information on the growing of roses: 'First

get your beds ready, go easy with the trowel and don't give 'er more than 5 inches to start with...' and he gets good participation from the audience with his song about Enoch Powell. Chelsea Brown looks good and has several numbers to sing, including the title song, an obscure Duke Ellington number 'Tulip or Turnip' and one of Michael Rogers' own songs 'Powder My Back'.

Giving good support to the stars are two goodlooking boys, Ted Merwood and Roy North, and the talented Marcia Ashton, well known to fans of the Roy Hudd Show on TV and to anyone with a long enough memory as the star of the original production of 'Cranks' - nice to see her back in town. The finale involves a hilarious song all about Bums, titled THE END - AND A SONG IN PRAISE OF IT featuring Rogers and Starr in fabulous white creations cut low at the back to expose both their pretty behinds. A fun evening tinged with blue humour, but nothing to really offend anybody.

Barry Conley



Photograph: Tom Hustler

Blood Suckin'

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE VAMPIRE by Anthony Masters. Published by Rupert Hart Davis, £2.95

Count Dracula and vampirism seem to be attracting more attention these days. The continued success of Hammer's Dracula series of films, starring the 'Prince of Darkness' Christopher Lee, still fill cinemas which are usually only half full is proof of this. The Count Yorga vampire films have also attracted a considerable following amongst the general public.

So it was inevitable that some new books would appear on the subject before very long to cater for this renewed interest in vampires, both legendary and 'real'. Two have been published in the last month, the first is *The Natural History of the Vampire*. The other is *The Dracula Myth* by Gabriel Ronay (W. H. Allen, £2.75), which I shall review in GN12.

Anthony Master's *Natural History* etc. is invaluable to those fascinated and intrigued by the blood-sucking myths and legends. Vampirism has been with us from earliest history and apparently few countries have escaped from having dread superstitions and evil deeds concerning those condemned to be known as vampires.

Masters explains why, in his opinion, this type of 'undead' tormentor is so deeply rooted in the dark unconscious corners of our minds. Also he comprehensively describes their activities around the world and the legends that accompany them. Included too are details of what Masters calls 'real' vampires. These include the infamous Gilles de Rais, the French mass murderer who was executed for killing hundreds of young boys and girls. The emphasis was on boys, for in the words of the author, 'Gilles was a rampant homosexual'. The children after being kidnapped were not only sexually abused and tortured, but were used for orgies involving massive blood-letting.

Another 'real' vampire was Fritz Haarman, who was executed in Germany in 1923 for the murder of twenty-seven young boys between 12 and 18. Haarman was nicknamed the Hanover Vampire and

was doubtless responsible for many other killings, for six hundred people disappeared in Hanover during his reign of bloody terror. Of these many were boys between 14 and 18, and a good proportion of these have been attributed to Haarman and his accomplice Hans Grans. Haarman was a homosexual and after picking up his intended victim, he would take him back to his cook-shop. He killed these unfortunate boys by fatally biting them on the neck. The horror of his deeds were magnified when it was alleged that the flesh of his victims not eaten by himself, was served up for consumption at his cook-shop.

The book is full of amazing facts and information about these blood demons, and it ends with accounts of the most recent outbreaks of vampirism. Apart from historical accounts there are also chapters on the vampire in literature and the cinema. No area of the vampire phenomenon has been missed and the amount of research undertaken must have been considerable. Masters is also not without a sense of humour and irony, a perfect example being the title of the book. The Epilogue at the end reveals some of the author's personal thoughts on the vampire.

In conclusion, a well documented book, unveiling a serious study of one of man's oldest superstitions. I expect the sale of garlic flowers, wooden stakes, crucifixes and holy water to increase considerably if this book is bought by many people, especially if it is read in the dead of night.

Denis Lemon

Wildelife

THE UNRECORDED LIFE OF OSCAR WILDE by Rupert Croft-Cooke. Published by W.H. Allen. £3.50.

Of the many books written about Wilde, I find Rupert Croft-Cooke's biography *The Unrecorded Life of Oscar Wilde*, the most revealing.

The descriptions of Wilde the man have often been confusing and the conflicting accounts of his infamous activities, usually from doubtful sources, have made the truth a difficult thing to find. Croft-Cooke discounts many of the numerous myths that have surrounded Wilde. As a result this book is a truth-

ful, unsensationalised biography and with the details of what brought out the worst of hypocritical Victorian society, it all combines into an enlightening piece of writing.

I disagree with Croft-Cooke's analysis of Wilde's plays and other works. To me they are some of the most rewarding, humorous English literature and theatre written. Although the author does not deny Wilde's obvious talent, he somewhat underrates it. But what is so enjoyable about this book is the honest, comprehensive study of this famous figure, without all the frills and the unsubstantiated stories.

Wilde was a fool, a vain one at that, when

he brought Queensbury to the courts for libel, but the course fate took, apart from ruining him, was to show the world a disgusting example of ignorant, inhuman laws and the fickleness and shallowness of people thought to be friends. As a homosexual, Wilde was really no more outrageous than many other gays who lived in that same period. It certainly would not be difficult to find people today who enjoy and seek the same type of sexual fulfilment that he did, and in the same quantity.

The saying 'you can do what you like as long as you don't get (publicly) found out', was as true then as it is today.

Wilde's story is well known to most people, so there is no need for me to reprint it here. What I can do is praise Croft-Cooke's book as an important contribution to the wealth of literature already available on him. I know that a number of Wilde-ologists will disagree with my opinions, but I argue that I would rather know about Oscar Wilde than about a mythical, scandalous hero.

Denis Lemon

Goblins & Faeries

THE EROTIC WORLD OF FAERY by Maureen Duffy. Published by Hodder and Stoughton, £3.50

The title is possibly misleading, the book is not a collection of erotic faery stories, but a serious study of the development of the faery/folk mythology. More deeply it examines how each successive stage of folk culture was influenced and often brought into being by the various societies that have existed in Britain for the past 1,500 years.

The book begins with the contrast between the great cauldron of myths and religions which spread from country to country in pre-Christian times and the intolerance of other religions and suppression of folk culture by the ever powerful Christian Church.

From the new and frowned upon folk mythology which came out of this suppression, Miss Duffy takes us on an interesting century-by-century trip through faeryland. She discusses very lucidly Shakespeare's plays, King Arthur, the Renaissance, English painting, the Gothic creepy stories, bringing us right up to Arthur C Clarke, James Blish and modern sci-fi fantasy.

Although the author at the beginning apologises for the book being "necessarily superficial" I did not find it so, and the range of legends, plays, paintings and poems it examines is considerable. One of my favourite poems as a schoolboy was Christina Rossetti's "Goblin Market" but now its real sexual content has been brought to my attention I shan't ever be able to read it in the same light again.

To sum it up this is a very well researched, constructed and thoroughly enjoyable book.

Bob Fletcher

One To Forget

SHADOW GAME by Laurence Eben. Michael Joseph, £2.50

After many months at last a new homosexual book. I paid without thinking and on Sunday curled up with my new book. But what a disappointment. I found the style of writing very hard to read, the characters hardly emerging from the background to become alive. Instead of associating yourself with the hero, you found you couldn't really care less.

The only difference about this book is the new problem of racial barriers imposed by the South African Government. But even this part of the book is vague and you cannot really hate the police. It must be very difficult to write a good homosexual love story now. There will never be another to match "Giovanni's Room" by James Baldwin.

So it is with regret that I say "Shadow Game" will not become a classic of homophilic love, but another forgotten 'queer' book amongst many hundreds which sprang up and died similar deaths.

David A. Johnstone

Clapcrap

VENEREAL DISEASES by R.S. Norton. Pelican paperback, 35p.

This was described recently in the *Evening Standard* as a new book. Well it's not. The book was written ten years ago and reflects the moral attitudes of the medical profession at that time, although trying to hide them in long clinical terminology.

Degrading references, as usual, that V.D. can even be transmitted from man to man and the queer assumption that passive homosexuals, who play the role of the woman in a homosexual partnership, sometimes get rectal infections. Some of the more obvious moral attitudes can be seen clearly as with the warning to parents that the home is the location for sex, with 50 per cent of boys and 43 per cent of girls, and that hazarding the potential good name and happiness of their offspring by

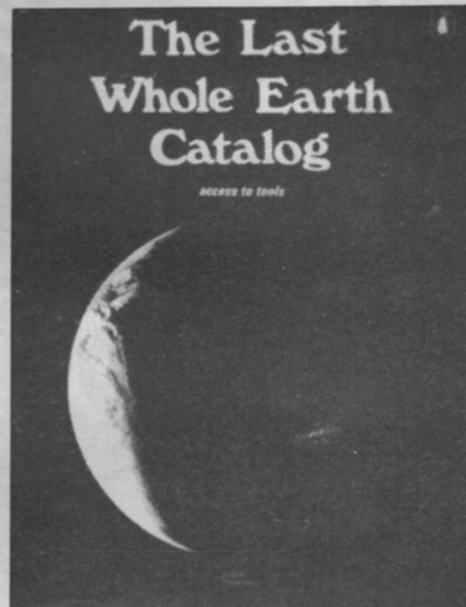
giving too much liberty, too early, has no place in their ideas of an adequate upbringing.

As a history book it is interesting - to find out that the first recorded reference to the clap was in 1378 and the pox in 1530; slaves with VD from Africa mixing with the home grown variety from southern America; to find that St Denis is the patron saint of syphilitics, and details about the introduction of blood test diagnoses in 1906, and the use of penicillin from 1943.

The addition of more recent statistics to an old book does not add to its relevance today, and it must be viewed in this light.

The most recent reference is 1970 and does not include any information about the more resistant strains, or their cure, which have made their insidious way from South East Asia. As a history book, OK, but I think a new one would have been more worthwhile than trying to revamp existing material. For now VD is the world's second most common disease next to measles.

Martin Corbett



These two illustrations come from *The Last Whole Earth Catalog*, recently published in this country by Penguin at £1.75. Apart from weighing 21bs 11oz, this book is an amazing, illustrated scrapbook of tools and accessories needed for survival on the planet Earth. Scanning through the 450 pages of this mammoth catalogue will keep the purchaser interested and amused for many days and evenings.

Mariposa Codpiece

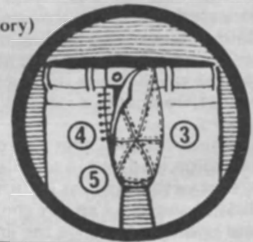
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Fireside Fantasy

ELRIC OF MELNIBONE by Michael Moorcock. Published by Hutchinson £2.00

Although Elric of Melnibone has only recently been published, those familiar with Michael Moorcock's Elric cycle will be pleased to know that this is the first of that series. But even if you have not read any of the previous works, it will not stop your enjoyment of this highly recommendable fantasy story.

Melnibone is a mythical island city whose inhabitants have ruled the world for ten thousand years, but for the last five hundred of their history they have only ruled themselves. During this last period, the Young Kingdoms have emerged from the darkness of dictatorial rule and as a result the whole world is moving into a new era, leaving behind the traditions and ancient rituals that have survived for so long.

Elric is the 428th Emperor to sit upon the dragon throne. The tale is about how this red-eyed albino prince battles against fearful sorceries and treacheries to keep his throne. It is also concerned with Elric coming to terms with his worthy ideals, that seemingly have no place in the destiny of his ruling the crumbling, fabulously rich island city.

The heroic, noble deeds that eventually overcome the powers of evil and darkness and the usurpers who convert the Dragon Isle, is not enough for one to dismiss the sadness and tragedy of a world that is changing and will never see again the glories of the past. Elric's dilemma is that he realised that change must come and the future holds no place for Melnibone and its ways.

It would be wrong of me to compare this book to Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings*, but the level to which the sympathetic reader can find himself involved in the story, creates strong similarities, between the two.

For those with an adventurous imagination, this is an ideal tale for reading in a comfortable armchair on a cold winter's evening, in front of a blazing, friendly fire.

Denis Lemon

Joseph Hansen

FADEOUT

A NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

An unusual thriller, in two respects. One is that the investigator, though ruggedly masculine, is thoroughly and contentedly homosexual, and that his homosexuality (and that of several others) is an integral part of the plot. The other is that Mr Hansen is an excellent craftsman, a compelling writer and a social observer. *The New Yorker*

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Clapcrap Books

Rags To Riches

THE RAGMAN'S DAUGHTER directed by Harold Becker. Screenplay Alan Sillitoe. Starring Simon Rouse, Victoria Tennant, Patrick O'Connell, Leslie Sands. Released by 20th Century Fox.

The Ragman's Daughter is one of those films which make me want to be able to write more vividly, more tenderly, because it stained my eyes with tears, not because of its sloppy sentimentality, but because of its simple poignant reality. It's one of those films one falls in love with, one wants to see it over and over again.

Filmed almost entirely on location in and around Nottingham, it traces, largely in flashback, the brief spirited youth and inextricable fast decline of one of yer average Nottingham lads, or perhaps he's not all that average; he is in fact a sub-conscious revolutionary. He doesn't work — he won't work. He steals for kicks, for money, and this is what attracts the girl to him. She's wealthy; her Dad's a kind of Nottingham mafia regime. When yer short of cash, he gives you a pittance for your bundle of old clothes.

Stealing's exciting and the boy's good looking, good in bed, but she won't go away with him — likes her monied security as well. He falls in love with her of course. Gets her pregnant; gets caught burgling. Approved School. His hair's cut; he emerges stooping,

unattractive, youthful vitality gone, the grey drag of life on his shoulders. She got married while he was inside, killed in a motor accident. They used to ride madly on his bike without accidents, but that was in the brief period of youthful freedom fate allowed.

We also see the boy ten or fifteen years later, married, kids, living in a tower block. That's not as friendly as the old terraced houses, where you met the neighbours at the row of loos behind the terrace. Nottingham's as grey as ever. He's got a soul destroying job in a wholesale dairy. Gets the push for stealing a pound of cheese. His life with fifty million others has congealed in a drab rut. Super movie.

David Seligman



Victoria Tennant and Simon Rouse, plus horse, in 'The Ragman's Daughter'.

Strange Trivia Of Rosalie

THE STRANGE VENGEANCE OF ROSALIE directed by Jack Starrett. Starring Bonnie Bedelia, Ken Howard, Released by Palomar Pictures International. Distributed by 20th Century Fox.

8pm in a cinema in central London — 10 people in the stalls. The film showing, is being advertised in underground stations and sparsely in newspapers, but the posters don't really show what it's about, ie, scantily dressed girls aren't the main subject of the film after all, which is made by an unknown director and cast. There have been a few very tiny write-ups in the papers, but no mentions as far as I know on the telly cinema programmes. In other words, the film has received the minimum amount of publicity without even having the good start of having a famous name. There are lots of good films which get this treatment and deserve better; after a loss making two week run in the West End of London, they disappear forever, never to be seen in the rest of the UK. *Johnny Got His Gun* was a recent example of this. There must be something wrong somewhere.

This particular film, *The Strange Vengeance Of Rosalie* — well I don't think it'll be missed very much. A pleasant, modern but unimportant tale about an American travelling salesman who is held hostage by a crazily lonely Indian girl in New Mexico. Although I believe the intentions of the makers were reasonably serious, the film succumbs to what are fast becoming the cliches of the modern American cinema, as it makes great play on the disappearing wilderness of America, and the inability of the average suburban American male to cope with any situation outside the confines of his motorised plastic environment.

It is a technically superb film; the colour photography makes the best of the glorious New Mexico scenery and the soundtrack is 100% audible, a rarity in modern films. Nevertheless, it doesn't really lead anywhere and isn't really successful either as a piece of



Bonnie Bedella in 'The Strange Vengeance of Rosalie'.

entertainment or as a piece of serious cinema. Not to be wholly negative, you might well find it an easily forgettable, pleasantly flippant 106 minutes.

David Seligman

Out Means Out

HAMMERSMITH IS OUT directed by Peter Ustinov. Starring Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton and Beau Bridges. Distributed by Cinerama Releasing.

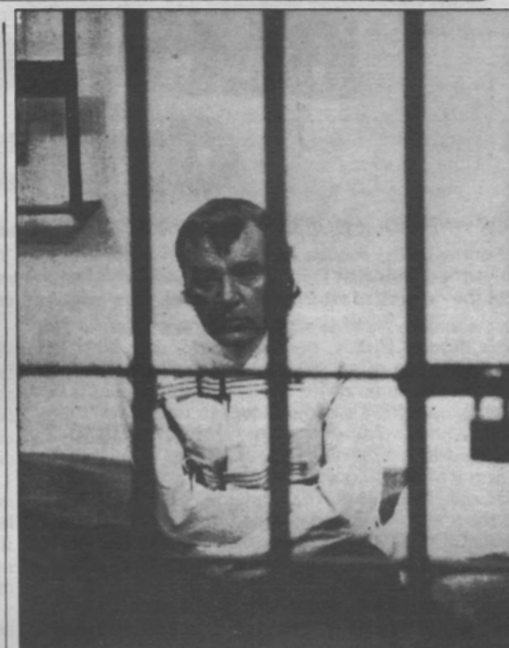
Hammersmith Is Out is an attempt by Mr Ustinov to transfer his own particular brand of acute satirical observation, from the TV chat show to the big screen. The idea in this film is to DO America, and I expect you'll appreciate it too, providing you're an Oxford don or

similar breed of heavy intellectual, as most of the funnies and everything else are presented under a thick veil of over-intellectualised dialogue which baffles the audience into a kind of stunned silence of embarrassed laughter, at the sight, or rather sound, of their cult heroes

Burton and Taylor, spouting a load of meaningless dialogue.

The story? *Hammersmith* is a kind of English gentleman imprisoned in a straight jacket in a mental hospital, run by a zany, but run-of-the-mill Ustinov-type middle-European psychiatrist. *Hammersmith's* one goal in life seems to be to triumphantly beat the system by making more money than any of its rulers, like owners of oil wells, etc. So you see there are some novel ideas which just aren't used. There are also some good performances too, like Beau Bridges'. He plays the warder who helps *Hammersmith* escape and then becomes his minion as they go around taking over big business. Elizabeth Taylor is adequate as their girl friend but her performance is rather too closely modelled on Karen Black's in that far more successful American satire, *Five Easy Pieces*. As I said before there are some good jokes, targets include American food, stupidity, big business etc, but they have little visual impetus and any that there is, is completely and utterly dampened by the soul destroying turgid dialogue. In about 100 minutes there are about two really funny lines and the end product is boredom and yet more disenchantment for cinema goers.

David Seligman



Richard Burton in 'Hammersmith Is Out'.

Cough, Cough Hint, Hint

We would have liked to have included a review of "Made" starring Carol White, which I found exciting and interesting, but after 3 phone calls to the distributors ANGLO-EMI, no stills were forthcoming. I decided that if the distributor couldn't be bothered to send me the stills to illustrate a favourable review of one of their films, I couldn't be bothered to review it.

David Seligman.

Horror Fills The Bill

During a fortnight when the new releases have been dominated by a host of serious films, all of which have been abject failures, it was pleasing to witness the return to form of British horror movies. The latest double bill from Anglo-EMI, *Tower of Evil* and *Demons of the Mind* is three hours of glorious escapism, being sexy, exciting and entertaining. It is in-

teresting to note that of the ten or so cinemas I have visited over the last fortnight, the one showing these lovelies was the only one even approaching half full.

David Seligman



"Do you come here often", from 'The Tower of Evil'.

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Between The Grooves

ROCK AND ROLL QUEEN — Mott The Hoople — Island ILPS 9215

Following the success of Mott The Hoople's All The Young Dudes hit single and the critical acclaim they received for their first CBS album, Island Records have issued a record made up of tracks from the four albums they recorded whilst on that label. Now who said anything about recording companies cashing in?

It is understandable why Island have released this album though. Firstly, the Motts never sold that well in the past, and this is the way that the company can try to recoup some of its losses. Secondly, now that a lot more interest is being shown in the group, many people who have only recently turned on to them may want to hear their previous efforts.

Some of the tracks included on this album are Rock and Roll Queen, the old Kinks hit You Really Got Me and Keep a Knockin'. all of which were very popular at the Mott's live gigs over the last few years. In fact some of the tracks here are from tapes made of live performances.

In comparison to the Mott's CBS album, this record doesn't come off that well. No David Bowie for one thing. But many of the tracks radiate an energetic raviness that makes it fun to listen to if you play it loud enough. Basically though, Rock and Roll Queen is for newly acquired fanatical converts and the group's new legion of groupies.

SECOND TAKE — The Searchers — RCA SF 8298

Pye Records have in their catalogue a record titled A Golden Hour With The Searchers, which contains all the tracks they were well known for, including all their hit singles from the group's mass popularity days.

This RCA album also contains their hits, such as Sugar and Spice, Needles and Pins, and Sweets for my Sweet. But the songs have been re-recorded. Unfortunately the lead singer of the days when the group first released these big sellers, Tony Jackson, left them many years ago, and his voice is at times sadly lacking from these new recordings.

The present Searchers do their best though. Some cuts don't equal the originals, despite better recording facilities, whilst others gain considerably from being re-recorded.

Generally a pleasant enough album. But it is only likely to attract those who remember the Searchers from their golden past.

ALL TIME GREATEST HITS — Tony Bennett — CBS 68200 (2 record set)

If you are an admirer of the silky, romantic voice of Tony Bennett and you don't possess many of these tracks on other albums, this double set is very good value.

Reasonably priced at £2.99, you get twenty of the numbers Tony is best known and loved for. Included are I Left My Heart In San Francisco, I Wanna Be Around, The Shadow Of Your Smile, Stranger In Paradise, Who Can I Turn To and For Once In My Life. Also there is his version of (Where Do I Begin) Love Story.

The tracks cover the twenty odd years Tony has been recording, and are an interesting way of hearing an artist's development.

As I said before, this is great value for the lover of well-sung and arranged sentimental music, from a singer who has proved his worth over the years.

THERE IS SOME FUN GOING FORWARD — Various Artists — Dandelion 2485021

John Peel's Dandelion label is alive and well and is still producing sounds from the outer limits of rock/pop/folk/weird music. This 99p sampler displays some of the talents currently recording for Dandelion and is a delightful collection of oddities and goodies.

If you want to hear examples of the work of Tractor, Medicine Head, Coxhill-Bedford Duo and Bridget St John then this record is for you. Even if you think you can live without knowing the wonders performed by these artists, give them a listen. You may be pleasantly surprised/amazed.

ALREADY HERE — Redbone — Epic EPC 65072

After having a couple of albums released in this country, Redbone finally broke through with their smash hit single Witch Queen of New Orleans.

Since then though, they haven't managed to produce anything as popular, and this album isn't going to help matters. It contains all the time worn musical cliches, with very little else. The songs are weak and the music is much the same as what they have produced before. Even the Red Indian rhythms they incorporate into their sound do not help the album out of the depths of mediocrity. Their version of the Coasters classic Poison Ivy makes one yearns to hear the original, whilst the extended track that follows it is just long and boring.

Production is good. but with uninspired arrangements, light weight material and poorly delivered vocals, the album stands no chance of attracting anyone's attention except their staunchest fans.

THE BEST OF OTIS REDDING — Atlantic K60016 (2 record set)

This double set of Otis Redding's finest recordings is a must for any collector of soul music. And if, like me, you have only battered singles, and worn-out mono albums of Otis, this collection of twenty-five tracks is essential.

Otis's untimely death robbed soul music of one of its greatest performers. Not only did he lay down some of the best music in this field, but also through his work with brass sections, changed the whole concept of soul music. His influence also did much for rock, for as a direct result of his pioneering with the use of horns, many of the ideas he developed in his music, helped expand the range of rock and roll generally.

Otis died in 1967, so obviously these recordings date back well into the 60's, but despite their age they still sound as exciting, moving and original as they did when first released. You will see by looking at the album's sleeve that this set really does contain the Best Of Otis Redding.

BEDTIME STORY — Tammy Wynette — Epic EPC 65186

Although extremely popular in the States, Tammy Wynette has only recently gained a wider audience here. The inclusion of some of her biggest US hits, such as Divorce and Stand By Your Man, on the soundtrack of the film 'Five Easy Pieces', helped considerably in bringing her to the attention of the public.

Tammy Wynette is the archetypal white female country and western singer, and this new album of hers, Bedtime Story, very much shows why. Most of the songs are of the sad, tearful variety, with a few numbers in a happier vein included for a little light relief.

This type of music is very much a matter of personal taste. So to those who are part of the growing number of devotees to C & W, Tammy's singing is as good as ever, and there are some very fine snatches of steel guitar throughout the album.

PRIVATE PARTS — Peter Straker — RCA 8319

What may well prove to be one of the most important releases of 1972 is Private Parts by Peter Straker.

The term 'concept album' is an apt title to describe the record as a whole, for although the songs can be played separately they are all inter-related. The content of the album deals with, as the title suggests, the personal and intimate sides of life, and the awareness of someone coming to terms with their sexuality. Explicit references to bisexuality and impotence will add further to the controversy Private Parts is likely to cause. But the sincerity and openness with which the lyrics deal with these subjects can be seen as an example of the seriousness of the work.



Private Parts is not the sort of project you can classify or categorise. Musically the album draws from many styles, rock being the underlying factor, but the use of full scale orchestration takes it above the limits or classification of that genre.

The music and lyrics were written by Ken Howard and Alan Blaikley especially for Peter Straker, who they saw as the ideal choice for conveying the important relevance they feel the album will have. Ken and Alan who are highly professional and experienced writers in the pop world, have been responsible for a large number of hits. Recently Elvis Presley had considerable success with one of their songs. For them, Private Parts is a very personal statement and has been a venture they have been planning for some time.

Jamaican born Peter Straker had a much acclaimed starring part in the original London production of 'Hair'. Since then he played one of the leading roles in the film 'Boy Stroke Girl', and earlier this year had a minor hit single. Peter incidentally will be performing the whole of the album live at the Queen Elizabeth Hall on Friday 1st December. He will be accompanied by a forty piece orchestra and a choir.

Private Parts is much more than just another pop album. In a society where standards are continually changing and an individual's morality depends more on that person's insight, rather than accepted norms, the word content of this album becomes highly pertinent to those aware of the altering structures within their own lives. Peter Straker's talents communicate the worth of the lyrics and in a world which often fears explicitness, it should not be difficult for many to realise the importance of this recording.

JOHN DAVID SOUTHER — Asylum SYL 9003

The newly formed American Asylum label has so far produced some of the best recordings of singer/songwriters and groups around at the moment. The most successful artists to date being Jackson Browne and The Eagles, John David Souther is the latest addition to this growing roster of extremely professional and developed performers.

Souther sings all his own material and plays guitar on most tracks. The songs and singing could be described as country/blues, with a fair amount of rock thrown in for good measure. That's not really a classification, for attempted categorisation of the work of solo musician/composers is an injustice to the individuality of such artists.

Like the Jackson Browne album, this first album of Souther needs to be heard a number of times before its worth is apparent. That can be a disadvantage to an artist nowadays, particularly in an industry where new talents are having their records released fast and furiously by disc companies.

But if the initial attraction of Souther's voice and gentle, thoughtful backing inspires you to buy the album, you will find that continued listenings will bring out the rewards.

TAKIN' YOU THERE — Various Artists — Stax 2369008

Without a doubt the Stax Takin' You There sampler is the best soul compilation album to come out this year. And priced as it is at 99p, it is also the best value.

Amongst the hit soul cuts included are Isaac Hayes Shaft, Frederick Knight's I've Been Lonely For So Long, Jean Knight's biggie from earlier this year, Mr Big Stuff, and the recent chart-buster In The Rain by The Dramatics. Other standouts are Rufus Thomas's Funky Penguin. The Sould Children's chart success Hearsay, the most underrated soul track of the year, I'll Take You There by the Staple Singers and a funky reggae cut from William Bell titled Lonely For Your Love.

Of the other tracks Booker T & The MG's Melting Pot, which opens side one, is guaranteed to get your feet tapping, if not dancing. Love Means by Carla Thomas is another great song, that should have received more attention than it did.

In all there are twelve excellent slices of contemporary soul. And at such a low selling price it is a must for collectors of good pop music and for the parties that'll be happening in December and the New Year.

SMOKESTACK LIGHTNING — Mike Harrison — Island ILPS 9209

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

of Mike Harrison, and is a vast improvement on his first.

Originally a founder member of Spooky Tooth — a sadly underrated and missed, by some, rock group — Harrison should at long last get the recognition for the excellent rock and roll singer he is.

This album was recorded at the famous American Music Shoals Studios, and the use of that studio's session musicians adds the sort of backing that is completely in sympathy with Harrison's voice.

Side one contains four fairly lengthy tracks. The highlights being the old Fats Domino song What A Price and Joe Tex's Wanna Be Free. But the outstanding cut of the album is the extended version of the classic blues number Smokestack Lightning.

Island Records (and Chris Blackwell's) faith in Harrison has been instrumental in allowing him the chance of showing us what modern rocking and rolling is all about. They have been well repaid for their continued support of this fine, expanding talent.

RIVER DEEP MOUNTAIN HIGH — Ike & Tina Turner — A&M AMS 7039 (maxi-single)

Although I do not usually review singles, I think it is necessary to let you know that one of the all time classic pop cuts is available again. It is River Deep Mountain High by Ike and Tina Turner. On the flip side are A Love Like Yours and Save The Last Dance For Me. No serious collector or lover of pop music should be without these tracks, especially the former. All three were produced by Phil Spector and all demonstrate the incredible 'wall of sound' that was so distinctive about the recordings he was involved in.

Ike and Tina Turner are still one of the most exciting acts around, but I doubt if they will ever equal the magnificence of River Deep and the other tracks recorded from their period of involvement with Phil Spector. It's about time that the other Spector masterpieces of modern music were re-issued too.

Denis Lemon

WANTED. STREET-SELLERS to

sell, you guessed it, GAY NEWS. You make 3p a copy. We can't sell them all ourselves.

GAY NEWS desperately needs a typewriter or two (preferably desk models).

If you really feel like it, how about renting us an IBM electric? Please

Drag and Cabaret

ROYAL VAUXHALL TAVERN
372 Kennington Lane, SE11. (Vauxhall)
Regular Comper - Pat Kelly - with The Keltones.
Thurs (Alt) Mr Tammy or Honey

Friday, Mr Tammy Monday, Bow
Saturday, Lee Paris Wednesday, Lee Paris
Sunday, (Lunch) Bow. New Act Starting Soon
Sunday, (Night) Mr. Tammy.

ROYAL OAK, 62 Glenhorne Road, W6
(Hammersmith) Drag every night. Regular
artists include Jean Fredericks.
ELEPHANT & CASTLE, South Lambeth Place,
SW8. (Vauxhall) Drag every night except
Tuesday Regular Comper Jackie. Recommended
by Gay News for happy and friendly atmosphere
SKINNERS ARMS, Camberwell New Road.
Tuesday Nights Only — "LA DUBARRY"
OXFORD TAVERN 256 Kentish Town Road, NW5
(Kentish Town) Drag on Tues, Wed, and Thurs.
Resident host Perri St. Clair. Partly gay on these nights

THE NEW BLACK CAP, 171 Camden High Street,
NW1. (Camden Town Tube).
Drag every night with Tony Page.
Mon. - Thurs. - Sat. with Marc Fleming.
Tues. with Sandy Graham.
Wed. with New Dumbelles.
Fri. with Nicky Young.
Sunday (lunch) with Marc Fleming & Mrs Shufflewick.
Sunday (evening) with Perri St. Clare or Sandy Graham.

Alan McGorin is Gay News's super salesman at The Black Cap. Be nice to him, he works very hard.

Father Red Cap, 319 Camberwell Road, SE5.
(Camberwell Green).
PALACE OF DRAG — Drag every night.

The following artists are proud to announce they are appearing at the Father Red Cap: Lee Paris, Tammy, Colin Cordell, Alvis & Odell, Lee Tracy and Len Morton.

THE CRICKETERS presents a dance and drag show at Battersea Town Hall on Monday 20th November. Admission 50p from the Cricketers or comper. IN AID OF LOCAL O.A.P.'s.

THE CRICKETERS. Battersea Park Road, SW11.
(BR Battersea Park).
Sun. The Triblettes. Fri. Various Artists.
Tues. Steel Band. Sat. Singalong & Dancing.
Wed. Various Artists. Comper/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.

THE BIRD IN HAND, Heath Street, Hampstead, NW3.

THE SHIP AND WHALE, 2 Gulliver Street, SE16.

THE IMPERIAL, Richmond High Street.

THE GREEN ROOM, The Wheatshaf, Goldhawk Road, Shepherds Bush.

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...

* Chaucer.

Personal Ads

REPLIES TO BOX ADS: when replying to a box ad please write the box number on the envelope...

East London Gay Guy seeks Gay Friends. Box 513
Very Good Looking Young Man, early 20's, longish hair, seeks same to cane and/or be caned by...

Oxford and area. Man, early 30's, professional so discreet, yet relaxed and even human, wants to meet men or women, same age group. Interests: Arts, kicking dead leaves about in Blenheim and ?Box 458

Lonely, like me, this Christmas ? Genuine guy, early 20's, wants to share holiday with student/young fella. Have own luxury flat, London. No camp please - photo with mine - thanks. Box 517

Double Pad (Also Bedsitter £4) West London Box 509
Peaceful gay freak needs room in shared house or flat. Up to £6 rent p.w. Phone Dick at 435-7726.
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

Employment

House-Owner, 33, Peckham, seeks helper for a few hours each week to clean, paint and maintain house. Good Pay. Possibly live in after Xmas - own room - low rent. Box 484

Clubs

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

Classified

House Purchase. Anyone living London area interested in joint house purchase (or co-ownership scheme) please write Box 501
Tamlia Motown Records Sale. 20p. Mondays at Dicks Inn Discotheque.

Classified Ads continued Page 14.

Postage costs are very high, so when you write to us, could you please enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the reply - if you want a reply, that is.

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.)

Display Ad Rates

Prices quoted on request.

Accommodation

Gay Guy 26 (Israeli) seeks accommodation in London. Like to share with Guy(s), any age. Box 435
Gay Girl, Professional, would like share flat in SE London with 2,3, 4 others. CONTACT Terry King, 2 St.German's Place, London SE3.

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.

If you are GAY, male, female, lonely, happy, depressed, miserable, welcome to CHALLENGE. Weekly social meetings at three London branches. Please join us for a drink and a chat. Ring Peter 717 4399 (7-11pm)

Campaign for Homosexual Equality London Information Centre, 22 Great Windmill Street, London W.1. Tel: 01-437 6117/8. Office now open daily Noon to 10pm.

Gay Civil Rights Group now forming. Information from Frank Honore, Room 405, Hughes Parry Hall, Cartwright Gardens, London WC1. Telephone: 01-387 7501.

CHE Cardiff group - Sat 18th Nov at 10.30 am, Michael Launder speaks on the work of FRIEND. Tony Ryde speaks on National CHE. Chapter Arts Centre, Market Street, Canton, Cardiff.

Stepney : CHE group forming around this area, and including the other parts of East London not catered for. All classes welcome. First meeting mid-November. For details ring Mike: 01-476 7980.

Jewish Homosexual Liaison Group holds its first National Think-In on Sunday November 19th from 2pm to 10pm at West Central Jewish Club, 23 Hand Court, High Holborn, London WC1. (Tube to High Holborn, Central or Piccadilly line) Guest Speakers - Dr Alan Untermyer, Francis Treuherz & Antony Grey. Further details: Simon J Benson, J.H.L.G., 21a Donne Place, London SW3 2NH.

Manchester University Homophile Society - social events, campaigning - open to all-meets Thursdays, 8pm, meeting room 4, University Union, Oxford Road - contact, John Elbert, 81 Egerton Road, M/C.14.

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.

from Sappho Publications Ltd., BCM/Petrel, London WC1.

CHE All London Political Action Group, 22 Great Windmill Street, London W1.

CHE Cardiff now meets at Chapter Arts Centre, Market Street, Canton, Cardiff every other Monday. (Nov 20th etc.) Gay News will be on sale.

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

Oxford Gay Action Group. Regular meetings will take place on Sundays from October 29th at 8pm in the Gardener's Arms, Plantation Road, Oxford.

LEEDS G.L.F./C.H.E. Joint Office, 153 Woodhouse Lane, Leeds.

Fellowship in Christ the Liberator, Communion service 8pm, Sundays, West Kensington. Details: FCL c/o 61 Earls Court Square, London SW5

Gay Esperanto Group. For details of next meeting telephone 01-637 1220

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

University of Bristol Gay Students Society for all homosexuals, male and female. Contact Trevor or Clare through the Social Action Office at the Union or phone Tony, Bristol 32669, or write to Gay Students Society, University Union, Queens Road, Bristol BS8 1LN.

CHE. New local group forming in Crouch End. Contact Derek Brookfield, 7 Briston Grove, Crouch End, London N8.

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. 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

SCOTTISH MINORITIES GROUP

Postal enquiries:- SMG, 214 Clyde Street, Glasgow G1 4JZ.

For meetings in **ABERDEEN** and **GLASGOW** ring John Breslin (041-771 7600). For meetings in **DUNDEE** ring Len McIntosh (0382-452433).

For meetings in **EDINBURGH** ring Mike Coulson (031-225 4395) between 1pm and 10pm any day.

GAY LIBERATION FRONT GROUPS

GLF Action Group meets Fridays at 7.30 pm, at GLF Office 5 Caledonian Road, N1.

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.

East London GLG, meets Thursdays at Agitprop, 248 Bethnal Green Road, E2.

South London GLG meets Thursdays at Minet Library, Knatchbull Road, Brixton.

Camden GLF meets Thursdays at Forrester's Hall, 5 Highgate Road, Kentish Town.

Leeds GLF meets on Fridays at the O.S.A. Lounge in the University Union. Meetings open to all.

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

Aberystwith	Essex University	Heading
Bath	Folkstone	Sheffield
Bristol	Greenock	Swansea
Bedfordshire	Hull	Sussex
Birmingham	Keele University	Brighton
Belfast	Lancaster	
Cambridge	Leicester	LONDON
Cheltenham	Leeds	South London
Canterbury	Manchester	West London
Cardiff	Newcastle	East London
Colchester	Norwich	Camden
Derby	Oxford	Youth Group
Durham	Portsmouth	Religious Group
Edinburgh	Potteries	Women's Group

London School of Economics GLF
London Counter Psychiatry

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, Rath 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.

Have A Thrust For Christmas I'm Not Going Camping This Winter

BACKED WITH

Kay Why

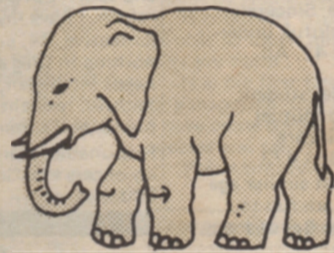
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Two Amazing Eileen Dover Songs on Thrust Records (TS 69)

Send 60p for one copy or £1 for two (cheques & P.O.'s payable to Thrust Records)

To:- THRUST RECORDS,
494 Harrow Road, London W.9.
Records Sent By Return.

BRIGHTON



ANOTHER PINK ELEPHANT HAS OPENED

At 131 Kings Road opp. West Pier Corner Regency Square

Opening Times: Mon - Sat 2.30 pm - 11 pm
Sun Noon - 2.30 pm 7 pm - 1 am

A warm welcome awaits new members and members from Queen of Clubs and the London "Pink".

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.

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

CAMPAIGN FOR HOMOSEXUAL EQUALITY.

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

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
Sat Dec 2nd - Hampstead Town Hall, Haverstock Hill. Disco, Groups, Lightshow, and Bar. Tickets 50p
Fri Dec 22nd - Lime Grove Baths, Shepherds Bush.
Fri Jan 12th, 1972 - Fulham Town Hall.

DISCO First Sat of each month at the Odd Spot Coffee House & Grill, Sir Simons' Arcade (Behind T.S.B.), Lancaster. Tel. 2750. 11 pm to 4 am. Bring a bottle. Gay News will be on sale.

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

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.

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.

Reading Gay Alliance weekly social, Wednesday. Weekly disco. Admission to each 20p (10p students). Both at the Railway Tavern, Stanshawe Road, Reading. No Membership

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 snadwich bar.

Love - Kisses - South London G.L.F. 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.

KINGS ARMS, Liverpool Street, London. (corner of Pinder Street)

Tube/BR Liverpool Street, Buses 8,8A, 22, 6, 47, 87. 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. Dick's 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 every Wed Comp Tricky Dicky.

Leeds G.L.F. presents a FANCY DRESS DISCO on Nov 20th. Contact their office for details. Parties, Socials every fortnight.

Sussex G.L.F. Disco every Friday 8-11 pm, at Stanford Arms, Preston Circus, Brighton. Only 20p.

West London G.L.F. presents a dance at Hampstead Old Town Hall on December 2nd. Tickets 50p; Disco, Groups, Lightshow, and Bar.

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