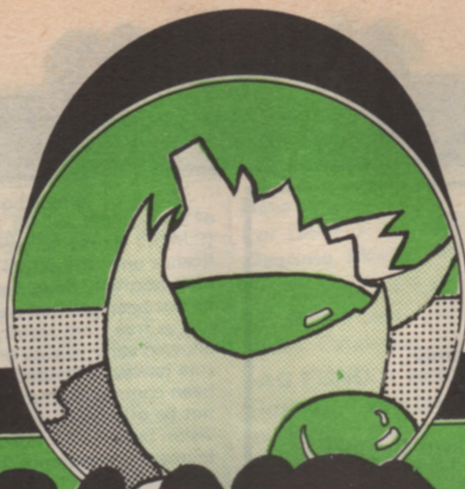


20 PAGE CHRISTMAS
ISSUE + FREE GAY GAME



GAY NEWS

10p

STORY ★ PETER STRAKER INTERVIEW ★ BANNE **D MONTY PYTHON SKETCH ★ GARLAND:**

SECRETS OF STARDOM ★ CALENDAR ★ HAPPY

'DON'T HOLD IT AGAINST THEM THAT PERHAPS IN OTHER PEOPLES' EYES THEY ARE NOT NORMAL MEMBERS OF SOCIETY, THEY ARE NORMAL IN THEIR OWN EYES'.

JUDGE JAMES



JUDGE ARTHUR JAMES' COMMENT WHILST SUMMING UP EVIDENCE OF GAYS IN OLD BAILEY TRIAL. BUT GAY SISTER ANGELA WEIR IS STILL FREED.

CHRISTMAS ★ ROBIN MAUGHAM SHORT

How They Castrated Monty P.

LONDON: Sources at the BBC say that censorship at the Corporation is reaching insane proportions. They are either worried about the renewal of their Charter in 1976 — or there is interference, from some person or persons nominally designated as "Someone Higher-Up".

Apart from the Wilde sketch from a programme of series three of Monty Python's Flying Circus, other things to be censored include part of a song in which a character sings: "I'm getting pissed tonight", whereas, in the same episode the words 'piss off' were allowed to be broadcast. It seems that you're strictly limited to the number of 'pisses' in one show.

A competition in which contestants were given 12 seconds to summarise all the volumes of *A La Recherche Du Temps Perdu*, one contestant claimed that his own hobbies were golf, strangling animals and masturbation, after which the MC remarked he must have let himself down a bit on the hobbies there — "golf isn't very popular round here". This, too, was banned. Apparently you are not allowed to say the word 'masturbation' on comedy shows, although it would be permissible on the news, in 'serious drama', or documentary.

A rather childish and commendably

'silly' sketch in which a wine taster was being asked to give his expert opinion on various vintages of 'wee-wee' was hacked out of the show completely on the grounds that the second wine appeared to be rosé. (The BBC bosses, knowing very little about 'medical matters' assumed, without any reason, that this was intended to be 'menstrual urine'!) A thought that never occurred to the writer or the cast and in all probability would never have occurred to the general public!

Their only logical complaint could have been that the so-called rosé came from someone suffering from a disease of the urinary tract or who'd been eating a lot of beetroot. Menstrual Urine! Who's getting paranoiac.

Any further example of this kind of censorship will, of course, be passed on to this important newspaper. The above article has absolutely nothing to do with Graham Chapman, who wishes to remain anonymous.

J. Martin Stafford, BA Explains

The news that J. Martin Stafford, BA — member of CHE's Executive Committee — had urged Lord Longford and the Director of Public Prosecutions to take private action against *Gay News*, naturally enough caused somewhat of a stir within CHE itself and in the gay community at large.

Mr Stafford felt it necessary, therefore, to give an explanation of his actions. His memorandum was circulated to local groups of CHE and to delegates of CHE's National Council (which will be reported in *Gay News* 14).

The item that horrified him was "what purported to be a photograph of Lord Longford in a naked state". J. Martin Stafford, BA, makes it clear that, though he mentioned his position within CHE in his letter to Lord Longford, he did not suggest that he was acting on CHE's behalf.

He writes: "I am convinced that the Gay Liberation Front and all bodies and publications of a similar persuasion are a potent menace to the cause which I embrace and a hindrance to the realisation of ends which I — and no doubt most other people in CHE — esteem desirable. For let us be quite clear about this: GLF, by the outlandish appearance of many of its adherents, by the lunatic extravagance of its professed aims, and by the blatant indecency of its publications, makes social acceptance and further law-reform less probable, not more so; since almost everything which it does, says, and is — far from dispelling prejudice and assuaging potential sympathisers confirms all their gravest apprehensions that homosexuals are freakish perverts . . . etc etc etc".

He continues: ". . . there is absolutely nothing in GLF or *Gay News* with which any person who held a position of responsibility or who had any concern to maintain his own good name and reputation would wish, or could afford, to be identified, however erroneously".

Still linking GLF and *Gay News* together, he believes they give an impression of homosexuality as misleading as that offered by Dr Reubens. He urges CHE to "disassociate itself from all jargon-happy idiots and to renounce their theories as mistaken; their recommendations as impracticable."

He writes: "I therefore took the view, by which I abide, that any lawful means of eliminating this menace was justified, and proceeded to conspire its ruin."

After a further paragraph of attack on GLF and *Gay News* during which he suggests that in himself homosexuals will see they have "at least some spokesmen fit to plead their cause" and also that "some homosexuals have the sense to reject the idle pretensions of revolutionary fanaticism", he concludes by asserting his intention of remaining on the Executive Committee of CHE "until 1975, or at least until it suits me to leave." And ends: "The role I play can not, alas, be a very constructive one (sic) but perhaps a restraining influence is not altogether without value."

At CHE's National Council, delegates having read Mr Stafford's hysterical memorandum (for those of us with less intelligence than that Mr Stafford claims to possess found the path from a cartoon of Lord Longford to the "idle pretensions of revolutionary

fanaticism" a little difficult to follow), proceeded to give the little fellow a severe trouncing. He sat it out with his usual cool and it was only later in the day that he delighted his fans with one of his celebrated stamping performances.

Mr Stafford told the council that *Gay News* should be suppressed and "all its shallow and immature gestures eliminated" since it confirms all the worst impressions of homosexuals that people already possess.

A delegate from London (Kensington group) pointed out that Mr Stafford's action was entirely antagonistic to all the law reforms CHE seeks because he represents himself as a spokesman who wishes to impose restrictions. "He has done everybody a grave disservice", concluded Peter to loud applause.

The chairman of London's Putney group remarked that for a homosexual to "recommend that heterosexuals should take legal action against homosexuals was utterly abhorrent".

The chairman of the Brighton group, speaking with controlled anger, said that Mr Stafford's action was outrageous in itself, but his "arrogant explanation has added fuel to the fire; the excuse that he is speaking only for himself is rubbish", said John, "until now Martin Stafford has been a joke. But unless he is removed he will become a menace".

It was a delegate from London (group 1) who rose to associate himself with Martin Stafford. In a peculiarly confused speech he insisted that he "strongly associated himself with *Gay News* and had even renewed his subscription. Yet when he saw the relevant cartoon "I was shocked, I thought it in gross bad taste". Clearly the concept that merely being shocked by something is reason to try and get it prosecuted in the most punitive way, still exists.

Finally two resolutions were put before the Council. The first, from the Croydon delegate, said: "This council disassociates itself from the action of Martin Stafford over *Gay News* and deplores that a member of the Executive Committee should consider such an action". Three people voted against this.

The second, put by Bernard Greaves of Cambridge said: "This Council welcomes *Gay News's* existence, applauds its editorial independence and thanks it for its contribution to the homophile cause while not necessarily agreeing with everything contained in it". Again an overwhelming show of agreement with two votes against.

Martin Stafford embodies all the negative, depressive, death-dealing qualities of the acutely self-repressed homosexual. It is most unfortunate that he has acquired a position on the National Executive Committee of CHE. He admits he will not support his colleagues and states he will always try to act as "a restraining influence." His efforts at restraint have hitherto only been exercised within CHE and, while acutely disturbing, have had

no relevance to the gay community at large. But in this case he has moved outside CHE to attack (in what is potentially the most vicious way) the efforts of another group of people (homosexual and heterosexual, unaligned to any organisation) to bring those much needed elements of contact, communication and information to both gay and straight communities.

Whenever Martin Stafford goes on one of his anti-life rampages, he falls back on the fact that he was elected to the Executive Committee of CHE this year with a majority. "Ten months ago the voting figures confirmed beyond all dispute that my views command considerable support; for after submitting myself to election on a question of confidence I was returned to the EC, not only at the top of the poll, but by a very impressive lead."

This reads well. However it must be pointed out (as indeed the vice-chairman of CHE, Tony Ryde, did point out at the

council) that Martin Stafford won 95 outright votes at the election, less than 10 votes ahead of his nearest rival. Out of a potential electorate of about 2,500 at this time, this is less than considerable, certainly not impressive. These facts, of course, only reflect on the inertia or lack of interest of CHE's membership at large in electing their representatives. It also means that the other members of the Executive Committee are in the same position. However, it must be remembered that the other members of the EC are aware of this and only act after collective agreement and do not go off on individual rampages claiming a massive, but mythical, support.

Roger Baker

ED: We repeat again and again and again — *Gay News* is linked in no way whatsoever with any organisation.

Calendar Boys

WELLINGTON: New Zealanders are getting a little hot under the collar because of a cover-the-naughty-parts all male nude calendar being published in Wellington.

According to the NZ press the calendar, which will be sold by mail order will have "six full-colour pages of naked young men." One paper said: "Some show the models in a full frontal position."

The company that's publishing the calendar says it's doing it because of the calendar's artistic merits.

A spokesman for the calendar's publishers said: "There is nothing indecent about our calendar. All the models are shown in natural poses."

One interesting feature of the calendars is that they come equipped with strips of sticky paper to obliterate the models' genitalia or any other parts of the body one might find offensive.

What the NZ papers are up in arms about is that the models on the country's first male pin-up calendar are New Zealanders.

It is a spin-off from the New Zealand male nude book *Sons Of The Southern Seas*, which it's said has sold well in Europe.

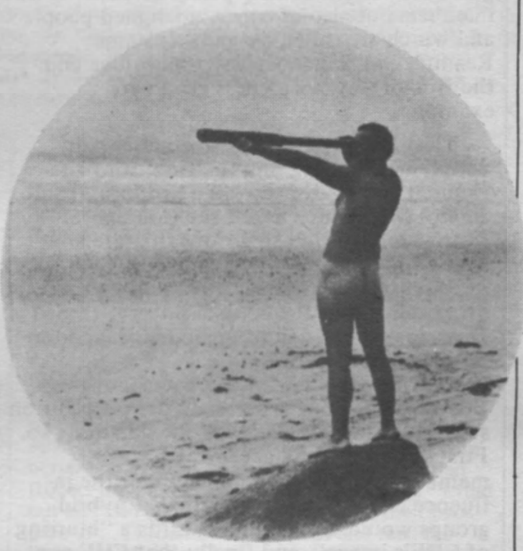
The publishers' spokesman said: "We believe that women are getting over-exposed. Men have beautiful bodies too."

NEW YORK: The usually staid *Ladies Home Companion* has entered the battle of the male calendars with its own tasteful, sepia variation on the theme.

The majority of the models in the LHC calendar look bored and some appear far from the husky masculine image the calendar strives for.

The LHC calendar may be full and nude but the last thing it is is frontal. Most of the models have found some way of turning away from the camera, giving an overall impression of coyness.

The American calendar is being imported and sold by Walton Street Stationers of London for £2.50



Devil Murder

READING: The London Airport murder the press dubbed as a gay killing was said to be the work of an "agent of the devil" at Reading Crown Court when the murderer was sentenced to life imprisonment.

Douglas Geddes, aged 23, a chef from Birmingham, was found guilty of killing Paul Duval (22) whose body was found near Heathrow Airport, London, on July 5. Geddes and Barry Woodard (28) of Walsall, had both pleaded not guilty to murdering Paul.

When Paul's body was found the papers said that the area was a well-known trolling ground and intimated that this was just yet another gay murder.

At the time *Gay News* reported that even Slough Police admitted the gay-tag was rubbish. "As far as we know, only fishermen go there," a police spokesman told GN.

During his trial, Geddes told the Crown Court jury that he might have stabbed Paul, but he couldn't remember. "It was the two of us, I can recall it."

He said that he and Woodard had driven down to Slough with Paul and taken him into a field where they got out of the car. He said: "Woodard held him and I put the knife into his body once, and a second time."

The Court's clerk then read the murder charge to him for a second time and he changed his plea to guilty.

Geddes said: "I am nocturnal. I just stay awake during darkness hours and just move about. A few days before this trial I was blessed by a priest and I was a devil worshipper."

Woodard's trial proceeds.

Watch Out

LONDON: Although denied by the police that the practice of using agents provocateurs in Earl's Court is happening at all, it is apparently becoming standard police procedure in that area.

The scene of these activities, which have been widely condemned, is in Wharfedale Street, which runs directly behind the popular Colherne public house. A GN newsman had heard rumours that plainclothes police officers would be in action behind the pub

after 'closing time'. This information came from two, usually reliable, independent sources, both of whom overheard the conversation of a group of five plainclothes officers.

The rumours turned into reality, for in court last week, a 34-year-old carpenter admitted persistently importuning men for a homosexual purpose. He was fined £25.

Sergeant William Smith told magistrate Mr John Hooper that after speaking to two men in Wharfedale Street, Michael (the carpenter) then approached him and asked, "Do you want to come back to my place?"

"You weren't in uniform, I take it?" the Marlborough Street magistrate asked him. Supposedly not, and Sergeant Smith sounds as if he must be rather attractive.

When asked by *Gay News* if agent provocateur methods would be a regular occurrence from now on in Wharfedale Street, the station officer of Chelsea Police Station first replied, "I don't know what you're talking about".

After having the question explained in more simplistic terms, he then stated, "These methods aren't being used. Apart from that, there's no comment I can make"

Gay News ventures to suggest that those people who may be in Wharfedale Street, or the near vicinity, late at night, should take the utmost precautions to ensure that they are not entrapped by these dubious means. Any developments in this situation will appear in this paper.

GLF Books Are Back

LONDON: The decision to ban *Gay Liberation Front* publications from the CHE London Information Centre has now been reversed.

The change of mind came at a co-ordinating committee meeting of the Campaign For Homosexual Equality.

CHE's London management committee have decided to put GLF literature under the counter at its Great Windmill Street Information Centre.

The Co-ordinating Committee, which meets quarterly, is senior in the CHE hierarchy to the monthly meetings of the Management Committee — and it has the final say.

Running, Jumping, Standing Committee

Two decisions of considerable importance to the national development of CHE were made at the organisation's National Council held in London on November 25. The Council agreed to recognise hybrid groups and also agreed to set up a Standing Committee on promoting legal equality.

A little background is necessary to explain the implications of these decisions. CHE's National Council is a quarterly event and is attended by the National Executive Committee and delegates from CHE groups all over the country. Unusually, the National Council is one of CHE's best events since it promotes a feeling of unity and togetherness among the widely separated groups. People from different parts of the country meet their colleagues, learn of their activities at first hand and come to understand each other's local problems in a very realistic way. But in order to have a voice in the Council's discussions a group must first be recognised by the Council. This is usually a formality. When the Council met in September 1971 it was agreed that the criteria for group recognition should be that the group should consist only of CHE members, that there should be ten or more members registered in the national CHE headquarters.

Since then however the homophile movement has expanded and gathered strength. In many places this has meant the evolution of groups that consist only partly of CHE members but also of other, unaligned people and which are called by another name: Reading Gay Alliance, Gay Cambridge and the Bristol Gay Awareness group are examples.

This development has worried certain people within CHE and the first thing the Council had to discuss was a proposal from Bristol CHE which asked the Council to restrict recognition to groups that are comprised only of paid-up members of CHE.

Discussion was brisk, mostly against the proposal, and in the course of it we learned a great deal about conditions outside London relating to gay groups.

Derrick Stephens, the convenor of the Bristol CHE group who made the proposition suggested three reasons why he had done so. First he felt that by accepting non-CHE members groups could come under the influence of GLF. Then he felt that hybrid groups would contribute towards a "blurring of CHE's image", and finally that CHE as a whole could come under the influence of GLF.

The delegate from Cardiff felt that the proposal was "too rigid, too narrow and had no flexibility". In Cardiff he reported, the local GLF had become less and less in sympathy with national GLF and had disbanded. But most of these activists now came along to Cardiff CHE meetings and they had found

no particular differences in outlook. "There are no reds under the bed in Cardiff", he claimed.

He indicated that the tradition of open meetings was a help to nervous or shy people who didn't want to give their names and addresses first, before getting involved. If the proposal was agreed Cardiff CHE would have either to expel group members or leave the National Council - and he felt it would be the latter.

The Tyneside guy said it would deny local groups freedom, would give the impression that CHE was an inward looking organisation, would result in people leaving CHE, would prevent people joining and anyway was technically impossible to implement.

Bernard Greaves explained the situation in Cambridge, explaining that a hybrid group was the only solution. "We must overcome sectarian division within the community", he said, "Gay Cambridge has a tradition of open meetings and we must destroy any thought of a secret society. This proposal is just about petty-minded, bureaucratic tidiness", he added.

Martin Stafford said he felt the proposal was unworkable but that it was nevertheless laudable. "Concern with CHE's image is correct, we must consider it seriously or we will have no corporate identity of any kind."

We heard that when Reading was just a CHE group there were 13 members, now there were more than 100. "And what can you do with 13 CHE members except sit around and discuss constitutions. Let's get on and do things and get an image in that way".

The proposal was defeated and group recognition went ahead.

For some time it was felt that CHE's aims and objectives were a little vague and confused. Earlier this year they were broken down (by the PPB system) into detailed and precise parts. The first objective, thus examined was "to promote legal equality".

The working party laid its proposals before the Council which were accepted, and this means the setting up of a Standing Committee charged with co-ordination of all CHE's efforts in the legal/police field.

In practical terms this means that handling examples of discrimination, harassment etc will no longer be a matter of inconclusive discussions, perhaps letters to relevant bodies and papers, but will be tackled in an efficient manner on all possible levels.

Lighters Strike Twice

SHEFFIELD: The city's council is setting up a team of vigilantes, under the encouragement of Festival-of-Lighter Sir Ron Ironmonger, the council's leader.

The vigilantes will be uniformed and will patrol the council's housing estates in pairs. They will be able to use their power of citizens arrest at people they find breaking the law on Sheffield Council property.

At first, the council admits, the vigilantes will only be patrolling the flat-blocks to try to stop vandals' damage to the buildings.

But the Labour-leader of the council, Sir Ron, is a self-confessed supporter of the Festival of Light, the moral rearmament group run by Mrs Mary Whitehouse and Malcolm Muggeridge.

Sir Ron told the Workers Press: "What we are faced with - and this is on a national scale, not just in Sheffield is a breakdown in law and order. A loss of respect for your neighbour and his property. Something needs to be done."

He has given his personal endorsement to the creation of a private police force within the 500,000 population city.

What should worry Sheffield's gays is whether Sir Ron's enthusiasm for Mary Whitehouse will encourage him to extend the power of the vigilantes to become moral police. Generally his support for Mrs Whitehouse's campaign brooks no odds. You either lend your name or you do not - it's quite simple.

The Festival of Light is known to be violently anti-gay. And gays in other cities should start worrying about when their seemingly benevolent councillors will start a private police force along Sir Ron's lines.

Shuff Goes On Record

LONDON: Mrs Shuffewick, Britain's leading drag comedian, has gone on record again, for the first time in a decade.

Decca went along to the Black Cap, Camden, to catch Shuff's act for a long-playing record that should be released early next year.

Mrs Shuffewick has had two records released in the past. But these are now both deleted. Decca's new Shuff record is due for release on April 1.

Dial VD Advice

A telephone advice service giving advice on venereal diseases started on Saturday 2nd December in Greater London, where about half of all British cases of VD occur. People who dial 01-246 8072 will hear a recorded message.

Gay News Social Services

Christmas Extensions

LONDON: As we know that a fair number of gays in the West London area will be around over the Christmas period, we thought you might like details of the holiday extensions the most popular of the pubs in this area will be having.

In fact the four main pubs, The Colerne and The Boltons in Earl's Court, The Champion at Notting Hill Gate, and the Queen's Head in Tryon Street, Chelsea, will all be having the same extensions. They

are: Christmas Eve, till midnight; Boxing Day, also till midnight; and New Years Eve, till 12.30 am.

Please check with the pubs yourselves to see if they are open at all on Christmas Day.

Bona News Service

The Wrong People

Shooting of the film version of Robin Maugham's famous gay novel "The Wrong People" will start early next year. The screenplay has been written by Murray Smith and the film will be made entirely on location in Morocco.

Hollywood star Sal Mineo, who now lives in London, will be directing the film. This is his first appearance on the other side of the camera.

The story of "The Wrong People" tells of a rich gay living in Tangiers, who uses his influence on a timid, closeted schoolteacher to procure him a boy from the approved school at which he teaches.

If the screenplay does not differ too much from the original, it should make for an interesting movie and give our censor of celluloid a few headaches.

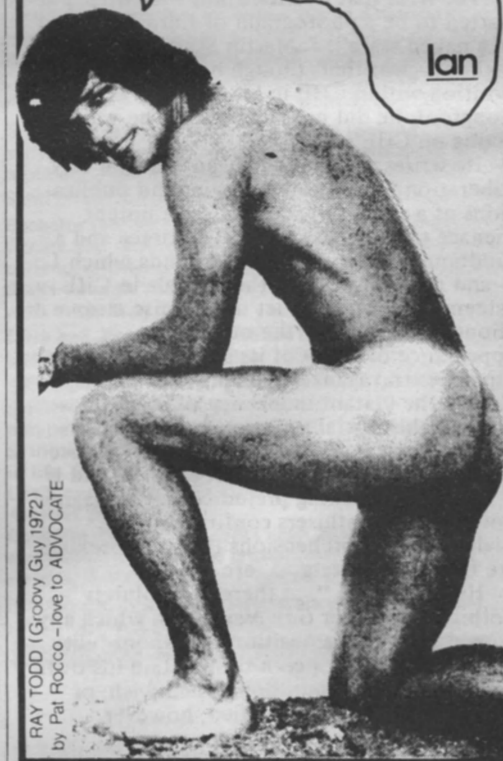
Bona News Service

Heading North?

Expatriate Scots check out with smg

We wish all GAY NEWS readers, sporan fondlers + JD Grinspoon a Verry Merry Christmas and a Guid New Year in 1973.

lan



RAY TODD (Groovy Guy 1972) by Pat Rocco - love to ADVOCATE

No Ding-a-Ling For Mary

LONDON: The BBC has broken with tradition by ignoring a call from Mrs Mary Whitehouse who wants Chuck Berry's hit record *My Ding-a-Ling* banned from radio and television.

When the BBC went on playing the record on Radio-1 and television's Top of the Pops, Mrs Whitehouse packed her bags and set off to Washington to start cleaning up television in the USA.

Despite Mrs Whitehouse's letters of protest to the BBC and Sir John Eden, the Minister of Posts and Telecommunications, the BBC went on playing Chuck's record and a spokesman said: "We've still had no complaints."

Mary Whitehouse wants the record banned because, she says, it is meant to encourage masturbation.



Phonogram, the record company that releases the Chuck Berry record in this country, described Mrs Whitehouse's criticisms as "ridiculous" and added that there was a longer version of the song on Chuck's LP which had been available since July.

The company said a cinema manager in the North of England had phoned to say how popular the record was at his Saturday morning children's matinees. The children sang along with it and even made their own ding-a-lings.

To the children a ding-a-ling is a piece of string with a bell on the end. Only Mary Whitehouse had thought it had anything to do with masturbation.

And the BBC went on playing the record on Radio-1. When it came to Top of the Pops they played the record, but showed no film of Chuck performing. Instead there were a series of stills of Chuck Berry, drawings, and a dance by Pan's People, the show's resident gymnasts.

Within days Mrs Whitehouse, who is secretary of the National Viewers' and Listeners' Association - which she formed herself - was off to take on the job of cleaning up the USA at the request of President Nixon's adviser on pornography, Mr Charles Keating.

As she left Heathrow Airport, London, Mrs Whitehouse, who was clutching a copy of the report on pornography by Lord Longford's self-appointed committee on the subject said: "We are hoping to co-operate with an American society with the same aims as our own to try to reach a better understanding of the way violence and sexual permissiveness can be reduced in broadcasting."

Mrs Whitehouse will make a coast-to-coast tour of the United States looking for dirty meanings in television and radio shows.

TIRED OF ALL THOSE "P...ELEGANT" PUBS AND CLUBS?

Then come and meet Dave and Dudley at the

"HARROW" STONEY STREET, LONDON SE 1.

(Only two minutes walk from London Bridge Station)

Enjoy a relaxing drink in a truly warm and firendly atmosphere. As we are a "free house" we can offer a very wide range of different beers to suit almost every taste in luxurious yet truly comfortable surroundings.

Christmas All The Year Round

Christmas is a lonely time for many gays. Yes. But let's not get too self-indulgent yet awhile. Christmas is a lonely time for lots of other people too. It's a lonely time for the very old who have outlived, become separated from, or ignored by their families. It's a lonely time for the divorced, the widowed, for those men and women who just don't happen to have got married. It's a lonely, bleak time in institutions. It can be a lonely time in the family circle when the ring of faces is only made bright by the reflected glow of a television show canned before the leaves fell from the trees. Sometimes the cruelty of Christmas seems to outweigh the sweetness of its message.

Cruelty? Because instead of bringing peace on earth and goodwill to men, Christmas merely underscores alienations that during the rest of the year are either submerged or easier to tolerate. Not just between gay and straight, but between young and old, attached and unattached, blood and water. Of course, Christmas is supposed to serve a precisely opposite function and much time is spent at this time of year paying lip-service to this myth from the fatuous rhymes in cards and the banalities of Victorian hymns (mistakenly called carols) to the whole carapace of empty phrases that emanate from Canterbury, Rome and Windsor.

Christmas is a time when barriers are generally reinforced, not melted. We are reminded of the less fortunate, the weak, the sick, the distressed and perhaps some people are stirred enough to buy cards from a charity and thus ameliorate the minor stab of guilt. But compared with the money lavished on unspeakable toys, on aggressive displays of illuminated decorations for the streets, on advertising displays for commonplace cigarettes packed in tinsel, a fiver on cards for multiple sclerosis is tokenism of the worst kind.

Why just at Christmas? Multiple sclerosis exists the year round. Why pancakes (which are nice) on one day only; why bonfires (which are nice) on one day only? We jump like rats to a bell and shake out our required responses when required, then wrap them up and put them away until next time. Christmas builds barriers.

Also it promotes a wholly unreasonable selfishness, rationalised into 'it only comes once a year' (hear the bell?) or 'we're only doing it for the kiddies, have another gin-and-tonic'. Is there any wonder that half the population dread Christmas when the other half is ruthlessly enclosing itself in an impregnable cocoon of self-indulgence. The rich man stays at his table and the poor man is forever at the gate.

Is there any wonder that the suicide rate rises quite sharply during the Christmas period. Psychiatrists who, of course, once they have detected a phenomenon must instantly explain it, sought a reason for this suicide increase. It was suggested that the central figure of Christmas, the Christ-child, is a symbol of unattainable perfection and that when faced with this concept many individuals become acutely aware of their own imperfections, their own failures and are thus brought towards a suicidal state.

It's my guess that they feel so bloody rejected and alienated, so fed up with seeing lights behind windows, so put-down by the relentless cash-bang of the High Street that oppressions felt during the rest of the year, but handled, rise sharply to the surface and get trapped in the cul-de-sac of the mind.

But the symbolism of Christmas is potent, complex and reaches far into the unconscious. It asserts certain standards, certain patterns of behaviour and certain ways of life, projected as ideal but rarely questioned.

In the west it is impossible to escape the influence of the myths; so impossible that the idea of escape never occurs. Christmas has undoubtedly inspired some of the greatest painting and music the world knows. But whether it is projected through *Messiah* or through a clumsy message picked out in cotton wool on the shopwindow, the assumptions remain the same. Christmas encapsulates the systems of society which, of course, utterly reject the homosexual who is left kicking on the edges of the festival trying desperately to find a way in.

The central tableau is a family scene, the prototype, if you like, of the nuclear family,

a single consumer unit given its consumer goods in the form of gold and frankincense and myrrh. The concept of the family is central, is firm, is essential. But the Holy Family is a strange one with a father who is not a father, and a mother who remains a virgin. So we have, in one image, one of basic contradictions — an assertion of procreation, of new and hopeful life linked with a complete repression of sexuality and sexual love.

How do gay women relate to the Virgin Mary? Talking around one gathers that many lesbians have a strong need for children, yet reject the essential male interaction. AID is a strong subject.

The imagery goes further with a statement of social division, not unity. Consider the attendants on the scene: the shepherds and the magi. The proletariat and the establishment. They meet in common worship in a stable. But they remain divided, their roles are set and the unity of common worship is a sleight of hand designed to suggest an equality that never exists. Paul sent the converted slave back to his master, still a slave.

This concept is a meaningless gesture that has been chucked around through the centuries. It has been revived in the plays dedicated to Moral Re-armament where industrial disputes are settled by shop stewards and management finding a common faith — which is about as relevant to strikes as every-one patronising the same tailor.

All these things are implicit all the time, but are asserted in strength at this time of the year. As I suggested earlier, it isn't just gay people who are lonely at Christmas, but those who feel lonely and bereft at Christmas but are not gay, do at least have in-built defenses to sustain themselves against this barrage of conformity. They know they have the potential to take part in this festival of family and capitalism.

The gay person has no such defenses. At this time of year if he or she is at all sensitive then they must see themselves as alone and quite outside the structure everyone else seems to be celebrating. I said earlier that gay people were trying to find a way in. Such is conditioning. Is it something one wants to find a way into? Even those gays who remorselessly claim that there is no difference between homosexuals and heterosexuals must, at this time, realise, somewhere, that this is too simplistic a view.

For sex (what you do in bed) is repressed out of the Christmas story and the root of homosexual alienation at this time must be sought elsewhere. Sex is irrelevant. The homosexual just doesn't fit into the way society works and that's that. And Christmas brings this home with force.

There are two things that gay people can do about this situation. One is already being done. That is — to get together over Christmas. Both GLF and CHE are having open parties and encouraging those gays who are physically alone at this time to get together for the holiday: "Not necessarily on a sexual basis, just brothers and sisters seeking a friendly and warm relationship", as GLF's newsletter so neatly expresses it.

The second thing is less easy. And that is to acquire an attitude of mind, a way of thinking in which Christmas and the terrible strictures it implies upon the gay community becomes irrelevant, where the images have no power to hurt and reject. To reach a stage where there is no need to find a way in because it isn't worth getting in to; where the gay alternative is better and more rewarding. And not just for a week at the end of December, but all the year round.

Roger Baker

apart from extra rations for American troops. It won't make the destruction of crops, fields and villages as well as the continual massacre of innocent civilians an easier burden for that truly God forsaken country to bear.

Even here in Great Britain, will the few days of loosening up and declaration of love and friendship for the rest of humanity, really mean anything will be different once the holiday is over. All the fine words and gestures are soon forgotten as New Year's Day hangovers take their place. Do black people really expect to be treated as equals next year as a result of Christmas? Will women suddenly find themselves freed from the oppression of being classed second class citizens? Will material wealth still be the most popular way of assessing a human being, rather than looking for strength of character or conviction? Am I expected to believe that gays will no longer be classified as sick or perverted, and be released from the intolerance and misunderstandings that have been their lot throughout the course of history.

I'm not as bitter as I may sound. It's just that I would be kidding myself if I thought Christmas could really do anything it is sup-

posed to do, except increase the ringing of cash registers, worry parliament with rising inflation figures and kill a few score more people on our roads. I truly wish that the dreams of Christmas were as real as advertising executives make them seem, but the world has got to change and evolve a great deal before this period of over-indulgence and mass commercialism will mean much more than heartburn and lots of empties.

Christmas for many hard working people is a holiday and a time for relaxation and enjoyment. I like to think that I fit into this category of reveller. But I have no time for bigots and hypocrites who, for a couple of weeks preach religion and righteousness, and before you know it are back into the same non-thinking, exploitative patterns they left on the 24th December.

Despite my lack of confidence and somewhat harsh attitude towards the Christmas 'spirit', I hope that you all will have a good time, and perhaps give a little thought to the injustice and inhumanity so many have to endure. As gays we know something about that. So isn't it only right that we should at least be aware of the plight of countless others.

Denis Lemon

★ Christmas - Fantasy Or Fiction ★

I was going to make this a very heavy anti-Christmas article, decrying the brash commercialism, the intensified loneliness it brings to so many, especially gays, and the 'Guess who's coming to dinner' situation of taking the boyfriend home for Christmas, or facing the family alone — "What do you get up to in London then?" "When are you going to get married?" Or could it be Birds Eye Frozen Turkey warmed up on the bedsit gas ring, or a big anti-climax. Christmas is the time when for some reason expectations rise in a silvery, glittery, fairy-tale fantasy, filling the mind with false hopes which can never be fulfilled, hence the big Boxing Day depression.

Really, I suppose, I rather enjoy Christmas. I'm very selfish. I love excesses of rich food and good wine, receiving exquisitely wrapped gifts, and watching a surfeit of movies on the telly; all the bourgeois trappings in fact. I don't even find Boxing Day an anti-climax, because the movies are usually better than on Christmas Day.

Momentarily back in my Woolworths plastic gold comfy bum easy chairette, pretending to be a kind of male Gloria Swanson, my ideal fantasy Christmas would begin on Christmas Eve, with a long, slow, luxurious dinner in the company of my fantasy ideal boyfriend, who is a 21 year old, unpretentious, but intelligent Cockney lad of medium build, with brown hair, blue eyes and slightly tanned skin. In fact he's so elusive that every time he comes to see me he arrives through the wall floating under a purple plastic halo, decorated with green tinsel, surrounded by a

soft white mist. Long, soft, beautiful sex, accompanied by Judy Garland records from the four silver speakers, one attached to each of the four posts on the chintz curtained four poster bed. Christmas morning is spent opening presents of antiques and camp, coloured glasses, in front of a roaring tinsel-clad open fire. At lunchtime friends arrive. Another meal; this time a traditional gargantuan dinner followed by hours of horror films in my basement cinema.

To all of you reading this I hope Christmas will bring you a little bit of happiness; and remember it's better to sit smiling and winking over some delicious fantasy in front of the telly than weeping in a corner. And that's really all the consolation I can offer you, without being patronising, but don't forget the Boltons and the Biograph re-open on Boxing Day.

David Seligman

★ Christmas - I Like It ★

I do like Christmas, it's the hassles beforehand that I can't stand. I like it in spite of Christmas cards from people I hate and had hoped didn't have my address. I hate the frightening possibility that they might be silly enough to arrive unannounced and expect drinks, mixed nuts and good will. I resent having to lay in a bottle of cheap sherry for these occasions.

Thank God they only last for an uneasy half-hour with nobody saying much, after the inevitable joke about the turkey has been laughed at noisily, by whoever said it and his affair.

I hate the garbage in the stores which you can buy any old day of the year, suddenly masquerading in even more gaudy packaging as suitable Christmas gifts.

I loathe it when the greengrocer round the corner appears to stock only assorted citrus fruits, nuts and sprouts.

I got annoyed last year when I spent two fruitless (pardon the pun) days searching for fresh chestnuts to shove in the goddam turkey and ended up with two cans instead.

Apart from all this I do enjoy the three days of the holiday. It's nice when every-

thing's well organised, lots of really good food the superior booze the guests didn't get, presents, some of them deliberately silly, most good although I generally spend Christmas only with the people I really like who know me very well.

And it is nice to be properly indulgent and lazy, forgetting all your problems for a few days in being piggy. It's really pleasant to sit in front of the colour telly (I do love colour, it makes the bad programmes really hysterical) and get stowed.

People do get a great deal more relaxed and therefore pleasanter to be with, so in spite of the last minute panics, the high pressure sales displays, it's a nice comforting time. I like it — so there, David Seligman!

Bob Fletcher

★ Christmas - Season Of Goodwill? ★

I have very mixed feelings about Christmas and all that it implies in the countries which celebrate this age old Christian/pagan festival. I am not a believer in organised religion, for most of them I view with a mixture of cynicism and despair. But at the same time I like to think myself tolerant of those who do profess faith in such institutions. So long as they don't try to dictate or violate my own search for spiritual awareness.

The doctrine of peace and goodwill is mighty fine, but is Christmas the only time to preach such ideologies? It will mean very little to the people in Ulster, a strongly religious country, I'm afraid. That country will need more than carols, turkey and the

Queen's speech to heal the festering wounds that scar it and its population. I doubt if the Pope's message to the world will do much for the bitter Orangemen of Belfast, or even the extremists of Catholic Londonderry.

What will Christmas mean to Vietnam,

Fun Calendar

JEAN FREDERICKS invites you to an even more exciting season of fancy dress rave-ups.

Fun Balls

— IN FANCY DRESS (or casual).

at the PORCHESTER HALL, THE QUEENSWAY, LONDON W2.
Groups, Bands, Discotheques, Licenced Bars, Buffet
Prizes for BEAUTY PARADE - First £25. Second £15. Third £7.50p.

WELCOME '73. A New Year Gala - On Saturday December 30th.

Glitter and be Gay from 7.30pm until half past midnight. Theme: Miss Winter Wonderland.
Tickets: £1.50 in advance *, £1.75p at the door. (Out of town guests PLEASE book early).

AQUARIUS LOVE BALL. on Saturday February 17th, 1973. 7.30 to 11.45pm.
Theme: A movie or T.V. personality. Tickets: £1 in advance *, £1.20p at the door.

* Tickets In Advance: Sec. Mr J. Watson, 55 Bloemfontein Road, London W12, England.
Telephone: 01-743 9930 or 01-788 4154.

KEEP THESE DATES - TELL INTERESTING FUN FRIENDS - INTRODUCE A NEW FRIEND

Here We Are Again

Most people are superstitious to a certain extent, and we at Gay News are no exception. With the publication date of this edition falling on the 13th December, and the last issue of GN being the twelfth, we decided not to tempt fate and have left the number off the front cover. The mistletoe that takes its place is a fair exchange we think and we hope that you all take advantage of it.

As we mentioned before, this will be the only edition of GN to appear this month. Our second publication date would have fallen in the middle of the Christmas holidays and as that wouldn't have been much use to anybody, we are taking a holiday along with the rest of you. Consequently Gay News No 14 will be out on the 10th January, 1973.

We have tried our best to make the Monster Christmas issue as entertaining as possible and hope that it fits in well with the time of year. At first producing a Yuletide Edition of a gay newspaper seemed a fairly difficult task, but after a fair amount of discussion and planning the issue began to take shape. And what you are holding is the result. A special thanks to all the people who sent us suggestions.

Personal Ads

We have tried not to be too serious in this GN, but there is one particular problem we have to tell you about. And also explain our present course of action.

As you all must know, gay personal ads are illegal. Male homosexuals are allowed to make love in private if they are over twenty-one, women if over sixteen, but we are not allowed to encourage people to get together. And as far as we can ascertain, this goes for gay women too. This results in the ridiculous state of affairs whereby a very large section of the population is discriminated against because of their sexual preferences. And to advertise for companions or friends is, in the eyes of the law, akin to prostitution.

That, in our opinion, is a disgusting slander against gay people, but at present we are powerless to do anything about it. Gay News tries to at least ignore these archaic laws, by running a personal ads page (illegal page) but it could eventually result in us being prosecuted. This we are prepared to be, if necessary, although we would prefer not to be, as it could seriously interfere with the publication of Gay News.

So the present position is that we take a chance and hope that it will not be too long before we no longer have to subject ourselves to the possible wrath of the courts. But whilst being prepared to take such risks, we think it somewhat pointless to invite prosecution, so we have asked you not to place ads if you are under twenty-one and male. We have also stipulated that explicit references to sexual acts or preferences should not appear in our ads.

We of course, don't care a tinker's curse what you say, but the Director of Public Prosecutions' office and similar bodies do. And the best way to avoid unwanted attention from the law, is by keeping the ads as simple as possible, and keeping descriptions of your particular sexual preferences for when you make contact with someone who replies to your ads.

Unfortunately over the last few editions it has become increasingly apparent that many of you are going into detail and that gives possible prosecutors just the excuse they are looking for to bring us to the courts.

The area in which the ads are becoming noticeably more explicit is in the leather/S&M section. So we ask you to tone down your ads or we will have no choice but to tame them down for you.

We hate discrimination as much as we dislike censorship, and hope that any advertisers for people with similar tastes in leather and S&M will not think we are solely clamping down on them. Leather *et al* people have for far too long been put down by other gays, as have transvestites, transexuals, denim and rubber 'admirers' and all

the other people who have slightly more adventurous tastes than most of us. This in our eyes is terribly wrong. The struggle of gays for social acceptance, understanding and tolerance is hard enough without discriminating against ourselves.

So will the people who find that they can't quite say what they want to, or have their ads slightly amended by us, please not think we are adopting the same intolerant attitudes as the others who seemingly are against them. To us you are all gay, your preferences are your affair not ours, but as we have to cut out explicit references to sexual acts or organs, so must we apply such restrictions to S&M and CP enthusiasts.

We know this will not be a popular decision with some of you, but for the sake of Gay News, please bear with us until such times as all gays can say whatever they want in their ads. Incidentally, if we find it impossible to rephrase an ad without losing its entire meaning, we will return it to you so that you can make the necessary adjustments.

Your views and opinions are most welcome on this course of action of ours and we look forward to hearing from you, no matter how strong your criticisms.

Christmas Greetings

The joint editors and members of the editorial collective of Gay News would like to take this opportunity to wish all our readers and contributors a very happy Christmas and an eventful New Year. GN would never have survived beyond our first few editions without your help and support, and we gratefully thank you for continually buying the paper, for being constantly critical of our mistakes and errors of judgement and for giving us the type of encouragement that makes it all worth while.

In particular we would like to send greetings and thanks to the following: Carl and the rest of the crew at our printers; Brian Dax and all the other girls and boys at Time Out; Jim Anderson and Felix Dennis plus the rest of the gang at OZ; Roger Hutchinson and the IT crowd; the managers and staff at all the friendly gay pubs and clubs that enable us to sell copies of the paper in their establishments; Graham Chapman and his gorgeous household (responsible for many a hangover); William Hamling MP; our solicitors (especially the lovely Anthony in the criminal department); the gay organisations around the country who have given us considerable support and encouragement; all the shops, newsstands and small distributors who help get GN to you; Mick's fish and chip shop; all our friends for putting up with us during the last few months; Peter MacMillan for not hesitating to lease us an office; members of CHE, SMG and Antony Grey of the Albany Trust and NFHO for making sure enough people initially heard about us; a very special thanks and lots of love to Sandi, our amazing typesetter, and all the other beautiful people, unfortunately far too numerous to mention by name, who have given so much of their time and energy in helping to make sure Gay News has regularly happened.

Also we send a large helping of love and thanks to all the people who have given financial support to Gay News, no matter whether it was a pound note hastily thrust into the hand of a GN seller at the Coleherne (Earls Court), a cheque that arrived just at the right moment, or a very welcome donation from a gay organisation.

But the biggest kisses and thanks go to our faithful readers and those brave enough to take out a subscription in the early days. To all of you, have a really great Christmas holiday and an amazingly happy New Year. See you all in January.

Gay News Editorial Collective

hundred dollars will be permanent charter members of the council but with merely a voting right. The entire charter membership will vote on each additional future member of Men Incorporated and determine all new members' status and responsibility in the City of Men.

This City of Men is to be a city of men only, located in an isolated tropical area where its members may live as they see fit and desire without local official interference. It is to be patterned to a great extent after ancient Greek culture and the addition of those elements of other cultures which enhance and promote its goals for individual and group communion, happiness and success.

You are invited to extend this same invitation to five other men of your acquaintance whom you feel would fit into this envisioned City of Men. But you must act within sixty days to be considered for Charter Membership.

Should you desire to take advantage of this utopian opportunity, send your \$20

application fee, full photo (clothed or otherwise) physical description, educational background, professional or trade experience, and a frank and detailed statement of your personal preferences in private relationship with other men. This last item gives us the opportunity to make sure that our membership includes the type you desire to be associated with and live among. If you have a special male friend with whom you are living and wish to join as a "pair", each should fill out an application and each naming the other as his paired "buddy" for the records. However, all details of application as stated above must still be submitted in full for the confidential records of Men Inc.

You may not wish to take advantage of this opportunity, but be sure that you make this opportunity known to your friends without the slightest delay. They may have been waiting for just this opportunity of a lifetime!

Send details and application fee to N. Barbee, 2115 W. Alabama, Houston, Tx 77006.

WHEN IN LONDON – LIVE LIKE A KING, OR A QUEEN THEN – IF YOU INSIST!! – WE EVEN SERVE YOUR BREAKFAST TO YOUR ROOM – ALL VERY DISCREET!!

ON YOUR OWN £2.50 – WITH A FRIEND £4.50!

Maggie's Place Hotel

TELEPHONE: 01-603 2389

21, AVONMORE ROAD, KENSINGTON, LONDON W14.

a superb french restaurant . . . near marble arch . . .



le faune

23 praed street london w.2
(01) 723 5170

last orders 11:30 pm

Whatever Next?

The following letter is currently circulating in gay circles around and across the USA. Gay News suggests you write for more details before sending off any cash.

November 6, 1972.

Box 795
Radio City Station,
New York, NY 10019

Like so many hundreds and thousands of men today, you doubtless have found life to be boring at times, even extremely lonely. You have periods of depression when you faced unsolvable hostile forces about you in society. Yet, you have dared to hope and to dream of the time when you would find fulfillment and a happiness which every man deserves. You have tenaciously hung on to your dream, hoping that somehow, someone and in some place you could find that incomparable friend and companion with whom you could spend your life doing those things you want to do without public or official interference, sharing your dreams together in a place where you would have rest and contentment and bliss!

If you still nourish and cherish that dream, you can make it come true now. At last a band of dedicated men have banded together to make such a dream a reality and to do it in the shortest period of time possible. The group is Men Incorporated. They envision a City Of Men in a tropical locale where mutual fulfillment and mutual co-operation may provide a life free of problems, pressures, social condemnation, official interference, and personal frustration. This fantastic opportunity offers complete involvement, in many love. Two hundred charter members are now being selected to prepare the plans and do the foundation work to make this City of Men a living reality.

Charter members will control the organisational setup of this tropical paradise and screen all future members. You are being offered the opportunity to join this charter

membership, provided you act within sixty days. Since the Charter Members bear the responsibility of making this City of Men a success, these Charter members have the right to make a personal investment in Men Incorporated and to become officers in charge of planning and organisational set-up. Their decisions are binding upon the corporation in all matters which come up for consideration. Each Charter member who invests one thousand dollars to Men Incorporated for the purpose of establishing the City of Men will be appointed to a governing post with authority over his specific department in the City of Men. Charter members investing five hundred dollars have voting rights in all matters coming up for decision, but have no specific governing authority. They, however, will hold advisory positions of importance. Charter members investing less than five

SHANE'S

WEST HAMPSTEAD'S GAYEST NIGHT CLUB
is now bigger and better
at

1 Broadhurst Gardens, NW6
Telephone: 01-624 9838

Featuring two bars plus snack and dinner services.
SHANE WISHES ALL MEMBERS AND THEIR FRIENDS
A VERY HAPPY CHRISTMAS
reminds them that the club will be open over Christmas and New Year
(except Christmas Day)

CHRISTMAS CRACKERS

The Ballad Of Snow White And The Seven Gay Dwarfs



A jealous queen was once obsessed
With mirrors on the wall
And one day made the vain request:
"Who's the fairest of them all?"

"Oh mirror give me your answer true,"
When much to her distress
The mirror said: "It isn't you,
It is the camp princess".

This put the queen in such a state,
She freaked the princess out,
Who fled from the old bitch's hate
As she was chased about.

The queen with a malicious smile
Then left that teeny gay,
Who quickly disappeared meanwhile
And wandered far away.

She reached a cottage open wide
And entered with delight,
For there were seven stalls inside
But nobody in sight.

She said: "It's no good waiting here"
But peeping out she found
That seven dwarfs were lurking there:
It was their cruising ground.

Wanky and Randy went in first,
Then Bashful and then Peepy,
Then Sucky with his raging thirst,
Then Gropey and then Creepy.

The dwarfs were overjoyed to see
A gay so pure and sweet,
And followed in a row when she
Sat outside on a seat.

The dwarfs grew anxious when she said
That Snow White was her name:
The watchful queen, they knew with dread,
Would see her on the game.

The mirror told her all too well,
It pierced her jealous heart;
She mixed a potion, cast a spell
And used her blackest art.

She put the mockers everywhere;
To poison poor Snow White,

She threw an apple in the air:
The princess took one bite.

Alas, the fruit was meant to kill.
The dwarfs each shed a tear,
Thinking her dead when lying still
And placed her on a bier.

In vigil they stood side by side
And silently they wept.
Still wondering if she really died,
Or if she only slept.

They heard a horseman far away,
And as he came in view,
They saw a prince handsome and gay
Whose body well they knew.

They welcomed him with great delight
Into that sordid place,
And when he saw princess Snow White
He bent to kiss her face.

The apple fell which did the trick,
To everyone's surprise,
The gay was neither dead nor sick
But opened wondering eyes.

The queen watched from her mirror; she
Was freaked out of her mind
And died in dreadful agony —
A warning to her kind.

"Let every queen give up her crown,"
They cried, "Let's have no more.
All royalty should be put down."
And each one cried "Encore!"

They formed a commune from that day,
Which numbered three times three,
And said "Far better to be gay,
And to be proud and free."

Their gender roles went overboard,
They spurned the ancient lore,
And in harmonious accord
Were happy ever more.

J.E.

This ballad will be performed as a 10-character mime at the GLF dance at Shepherd's Bush on December 22, for which it was specially written.

Wilde Times At The BBC

The following script for the Wilde sketch, stolen from Graham Chapman, with his permission, is one whole sketch and a bit censored from programme 12 of the current series of Monty Python's Flying Circus. See also the news story on How They Castrated Monty P.

The script is presented in its original form, as duplicated by the Light Entertainment Group of BBC TV, but we have reset it word for word with its original layout, so that it's possible to read — the BBC seems a bit mean with duplicating ink.

SUPER CAPTION. LONDON 1895

SUPER CAPTION. THE RESIDENCE OF MR OSCAR WILDE.

SUITABLE CLASSY MUSIC STARTS.

(MIX THROUGH TO WILDE'S DRAWING ROOM. (STUDIO) A CROWD OF SUITABLY DRESSED FOLK ARE ENGAGED IN TYPICALLY BRILLIANT CONVERSATION LAUGHING EFFETELY AND DRINKING CHAMPAGNE (REAL CHAMPAGNE)

PRINCE OF WALES

My congratulations Wilde. Your play is a great success. The whole of London is talking about you.

WILDE

There is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about and that is not being talked about.

(THERE FOLLOWS FIFTEEN SECONDS OF RESTRAINED AND SYCOPHANTIC LAUGHTER).

PRINCE OF WALES

Very witty. Very very witty.

WHISTLER

There is only one thing in the world worse than being witty and that is not being witty.

(FIFTEEN MORE SECONDS OF THE SAME)

WILDE

I wish I had said that.

WHISTLER

You did Oscar you did.

(MORE LAUGHTER)

WILDE

Your Highness do you know James McNeill Whistler?

PRINCE OF WALES

Yes we play squash together.

WILDE

There is only one thing worse than playing squash together and that is playing it by yourself (PAUSE) I wish I hadn't said that.

WHISTLER

You did Oscar you did.

(A LITTLE LAUGHTER)

WILDE

More champagne Shaw.

SHAW

If you please.

PRINCE OF WALES

I thought you were a tee-totaller Shaw.

SHAW

I am a beer tee-totaller your majesty not a champagne tee-totaller.

(LAUGHTER)

WILDE

Dear Bernard. He hasn't an enemy in the world and none of his friends like him.

(LAUGHTER)

WILDE

I'm working well tonight.

PRINCE OF WALES

You must forgive me Wilde but I must get back up the palace.

WILDE

Your majesty you are like a big jam doughnut with cream on top.

PRINCE OF WALES

I beg your pardon?

WILDE

(AT A LOSS) Er . . . er . . . er . . . er . . . it was one of Whistlers.

WHISTLER

I didn't say that!

WILDE

You did James, you did.

(P.O. WALES STARES EXPECTANTLY AT WHISTLER)

WHISTLER

It meant that like a doughnut your arrival gives us pleasure and your departure makes us hungry for more.

(LAUGHTER)

WILDE

Right! Your majesty is like a stream of bat's piss.

P.O.W.

I beg your pardon!

WILDE

It was one of Whistlers.

WHISTLER

It sodding was not.

SHAW

He merely meant your majesty that you shine out like a shaft of gold when all around is dark.

(RIPPLE OF AWED APPRECIATION)

WILDE/WHIST.

RIGHT!

WILDE

Your majesty is like a dose of clap.

WHISTLER

Before you arrive is pleasure but after a pain in the dong.

P.O.W.

What!!!

WILDE/WHIST.

It was one of Shaw's.

SHAW

Right you bastards . . . I meant er . . . er . . . er . . .

WILDE

We've got him Jim.

SHAW

Er . . . er . . . er . . . I meant . . . er . . .

WILDE/WHIST

We've got him . . . we've got him. Come on Shorey . . . come on Shorey.

SHAW

(BLOWS HELPLESS RASPBERRY)

(MURMURS OF APPRECIATIVE APPLAUSE)

ALL

Excellent, excellent!

(TO BE ENDED BY ANIMATION WHICH TAKES US INTO . . .)



THE HET IS ON HOLIDAY

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PLEASE MAKE CHEQUES/POSTAL ORDERS PAYABLE TO GAY NEWS SUBSCRIPTIONS

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NAME

ADDRESS

I wish my subscription to commence from issue number

TRADE ENQUIRIES WELCOME. (Single copies available 10p plus 3p postage.)

The Grinspoon Gourmet Column

This Week — Orgy Food for Pouffy Parties

Well, my loves, my charming bosses (ooh and are they bossy!) have given little me the honour of presenting you with just a few tiny ideas to make your sugar mummies and daddies happy over the festive season (you'll need sugar daddies to make some of these 'dishes' or you'll be up the Yangtze for the rest of the year! Never mind though, I hope to tell you all about budgets in the New Yearette) but I got out of it by getting my lovely Auntie Hilda to write it for me.

Miss Hilda Grinspoon's Hints For Parties

That naughty nephew of mine has been badgering me for a few recipes for his comic. He's a 'doll' really, but he does go on so! Well, he tells me he wants some aphrodisiac* recipes to get his parties to go with a swing. I can't think why because whenever I've been to them they've been the sort of affairs where one can't hear oneself think for Mick Jaguar records blaring out the sort of noises associated with the local abbattoir — or a Turkish brothel — (Oh I've been around a bit you know — I took young Julian in 1967 to a lovely place in Constantinople, oh, we had a lot of fun). Last time it was so hot I just had to go and compose myself in his bathroom — but unfortunately it was fully occupied. It looked like the wrestling scene from that Jane Russell film *Women In Love*. I could swear I saw that lovely Mr Reed in there, as large as life and twice as active. Ah well, you young things really know how to enjoy yourselves. We claimed to have done a thousand things in my heyday, but I've never actually met anyone who's done the Black Bottom, we were all much too prejudiced. But I wander — well I did find some ideas for food to tickle the palate — a friend of a friend of that lovely Norman Douglas gave me one or two hints from his vast store of knowledge. But for aphrodisiac food you've got to be in the mood — and that's half the battle!

(*He spells it afro-disiac)

Drunkard's Soup (Soupe a l'Ivrogne) —

Julian's naughty uncle used to have gallons of this when he lived in a Paris garret in the '20's. It's supposed to sober you up!

Thinly slice 1 lb of onions (Spanish easiest) and cook them in a heavy-bottomed pan until soft and transparent. (Don't let them brown). Season with fresh ground pepper, add two-thirds pint of beef stock, simmering 15 mins. (If you use a stock cube, simmer first with an onion, carrot, some parsley and two sticks of celery for 10 to 15 mins. It's called 'improving') — sieve and then use. Then add ½ bottle of champagne — the better the champagne the better the soup. Let it come to simmering point (below boiling point) then take the whole rind off half a camembert cheese, cut it into thin slices and float these on top to form a covering. Bake in oven pre-heated to gas mark 7 or 425F for 20 mins. After 15 mins add some dried breadcrumbs to soak up the fat and return to oven. Serves four amply.

Anchovy Toast — (Anchovies have long been famed for their lust-provoking virtues) Cut some slices of bread, toast nicely, trim to any shape required. Have ready a hot water plate (you could put mixture into a bowl, place in a pan of very hot water) on which put four ounces of butter; let it melt; add the yolks of four raw eggs, one tablespoon of anchovy sauce (good delicatessens and Fortnum's should have it Nepaul (Cayenne), pepper to taste. Mix all well together, dip toast in, both sides; let it well soak into the mixture. Serve very hot, piled on a dish and garnished with parsley.

Sweet and Sour Pork — (a pleasant change for Christmas fare)

- A. 1 lb loin of pork (expensive cut!)
 - 1 tbsps. Sake (Chinese/Jap) or dry sherry.
 - 2 tbsps. soy sauce (most delicatessens)
 - 2 tbsps flour
 - 1 tbsp cornflour (supermarkets etc)
 - Oil for deep frying (large pan)
 - B. 3 green peppers, quartered, seeded.
 - 1 round onion (4oz quartered)
 - 1 carrot (4oz cut into small wedges and boiled 8 mins)
 - 1 bamboo shoot cut into small wedges (tinned — delicatessens,supermarkets)
 - 2 slices pineapple (tinned, each quartered)
 - 5 tbsps oil
 - C. 6 tbsps sugar
 - 4 tbsps soy sauce
 - 1 tbsp wine or dry sherry
 - 2 tbsps wine vinegar
 - 4 tbsps tomato sauce
 - 1 tbsp cornflour mixed with ½ teacup water
- 1 Cut up pork into 1 x ½ inch cubes and mix well with other ingredients, except oil.
 - 2 Fry pork in deep oil until crisp and golden brown. Turn out onto plate.
 - 3 Heat frying pan (the bigger and heavier-bottomed the better) add 5 tbsps oil and saute B ingredients. (To saute is to fry quickly without burning ie stirring well)
 - 4 Mix C ingredients in bowl and add to sauteed B ingredients in pan.
 - 5 When mixture boils up, add mixed cornflour, stirring all the time (use a wooden spoon—)
 - 6 Add the fried pork and mix well. Serve hot. (Good with plain boiled rice)

Julian says there's nothing like hot pork and when I said it was to be sweet and sour he said, 'Oh well there's no accounting for taste' — half the time he talks in riddles — but they always gobble it up at his parties. I've always enjoyed a bit of pork, it's so versatile.

The dear boy had to have this recipe included, he says it reminds him of 'Halcyon days with the Navy'. I can't think why — he was too young for national service . . .

Bananas in Navy Rum

Two bananas each.

Slice the bananas longways, putting them into a well-buttered dish (fire-proof) sprinkling them well with brown sugar. Put another layer of bananas and repeat until full, then sprinkle sugar over top, pour dark Navy-type rum over the top at the rate of one table-spoonful per banana. Dot it with butter and bake in the oven for 30 minutes at about gas mark 4–5 or 370–390F.

Julian assures me I'm writing all this for 'a load of old queens' but old queens don't read comics — at least I hope they're above that sort of thing, although I heard Prince Charles has been known to browse through the occasional *Dandy* and *Beano* . . .

Hilda Grinspoon (Miss)

A Queen's Christmas Message

My husband and I, at this time of year, are glad to be able to pass on to you all our best wishes. As I lie here on our snake-skin rug in front of a blazing row, I like to think of you all at your hearthsides wearing see-through tulle and figure-hugging mini-briefs.

This, above all, is a time of year, when we think of our dark-skinned friends with their enormous attributes in the Commonwealth. We must also think of our yellow-skinned friends, who make such a charming addition to any soiree — well Keith certainly thinks so.

On our recent tour of Canada I was very touched. Up to Christmas we have been very busy with official visits to King William IV of Hampstead, The Royal Court, High Wycombe Air Base, and the Earls Court Wimpy House. We are proud to report that

the general spirits of the Great British Public are high and the economy of picking-up is improving.

We have not cheapened ourselves, we are merely making inroads into Europe, as we come closer in our hearts to delightful butch Danes and the people of Marseilles.

Anyway, must close now darlings, Keith's just come back in — and I do mean in. Love to you all and to all the 'members' of the Commonwealth.

Love and kisses,

Keith and 'Brenda'

Gay News Christmas Presents

The Gay News collective is a generous bunch, and we would love to give gorgeous Christmas presents to everyone. But we're broke. If we had the money here are some of the presents we would give, and the people we would give them to.

- To London Transport — the stock of exhibits from the Transport Museum at Clapham to replace rolling stock on the Northern line.
- To Danny La Rue — *Liberace*
- To Selfridges — an instant boycott by all the gay staff and customers of the store, which might make the bookstall manager think twice before telling us there would be no call for *Gay News* there.
- To Lord Harwood — an LP of Leonard Bernstein's opera *Candide*, hoping it would inspire him to put it on at the Coliseum instead of another *Merry Widow*.
- To Alexander Walker (film critic of the *Evening Standard*) — a secretary, so that he doesn't crack his nails on a typewriter, thus giving away the fact that he's a . . . journalist.
- To Bass Charrington — vast profits from owning the majority of gay pubs in London.
- To All Gays — a "Welcome" from Bass Charrington.
- To GLF — lilies — and thanks for the laughs.
- To CHE — carnations and a computerised membership files.
- To CHE and GLF — the capacity to love and understand (if not to agree) with each other.

- To All MPs — a copy of *Gay News*, so they can tune in to the realities of the situation.
- To F.I. Litho — yet another cheque for printing *Gay News*
- To Anthony Newley — a nice modern theatre where he can stage all his shows — in *Formosa*.
- To The Governor of Holloway Prison — a big bunch of flowers for allowing Myra Hindley half an hour of light and air.
- To The Festival of Light — a power cut.
- To The National Theatre — the collected plays of Oscar Wilde to re-

mind them of what they have been ignoring these past nine years.

- To The GPO — a two year work study programme of interfering with and losing so much of our mail and for indecent relationships with our telephone.
- To Mary Whitehouse — a pair of ear plugs and a sleeping shade.
- To the BBC — the retirement of Mary Whitehouse.
- To ITV and London Weekend Television — programmes as good as the commercials.
- To Sir Gerald Nabarro — more lady chauffeurs like his last one.
- To Lord Longford — a halo.
- To Malcolm Muggeridge — an airport at the bottom of his garden.
- To Edward Heath — a cabinet made up of ex-grammar school boys.
- To Harold Wilson — a political party
- To David Bowie — an appearance at next year's Royal Command Performance.
- To Larry Grayson — some original jokes and a black mark for telling fibs.
- To Chris Welch (of Melody Maker) — a record player and a job on the financial Times.
- To The Daily Telegraph — a losing law suit with *Private Eye*.
- To The Sunday Telegraph — Richard Ingrams as editor.
- To The Evening Standard — an ad in *Gay News*
- To *Private Eye* — a bathchair on the cliffs at Hastings.
- To Martin Stafford BA — A 'Glad To Be Gay' badge and a lifelong subscription to *Gay News*.
- To Chelsea Police — a dictionary to look up the words 'obstruction' and 'malicious'.
- To Kensington Police — a manual on 'How To Care For Your Camera'.

GRAND XMAS FAIRY QUEEN'S BALL

Friday December 22, Queen's Hotel, Westcliff-on-Sea.
Licensed Bar 9pm–1am.

Compere and DJ

Tricky Dicky

Prizes for the most original and humorous costumes!
Crowning of the fairy queen at midnight!



Tickets £1 or £1.60 (including return coach fare from Liverpool Street) from Tricky Dicky's disco at Dick's Inn, King's Arms, Pindar Street, EC2. Or from Tricky Dicky, 203 Clayhall Avenue, Ilford Essex (enclose SAE).

SHORT STORY

The Boy From Beirut

There had been no time to change into uniform after the day's walk. And now as I walked back after a late dinner with some friends to the flat I shared with a friend, I was mildly hoping I would not meet the Provost Marshal, when I observed a civilian leaning over the side of the little bridge which spans the Barrada. I noticed him because for a moment I thought he was going to throw himself into the water, and it occurred to me that since the Barrada is only a few feet deep at that point he could be extricated easily. However, as I walked closer to the bridge I saw that he was looking not at the water but towards the gharry horses on the other side where drivers waited for stray fares. As I crossed the bridge he greeted me in Arabic.

"Good evening."
 "Good evening to you."
 "You speak Arabic?"
 "No. Only a little." I began to move away.
 "Are you an officer?" From his black suit and tie I guessed he was an Arab waiter from the hotel.
 "Yes."
 "Do you speak French?"
 "Yes."
 "Why did you stop when you saw me standing on the bridge?" He spoke French with only a slight accent.
 "How did you know I stopped?"
 "I was listening to your footsteps."
 "I just thought of something, that's all," I said evasively. He turned round and stared at my face.
 "You're sure there was no other reason?" It was my turn to stare at him.
 "What's it to do with you if there was."
 He smiled nervously. I noticed as he smiled that he was quite young — only about twenty-three or so. I had thought, perhaps from his neat dark clothes or perhaps from the little sags of flesh under his eyes, that he was older.
 "Excuse me, please, if my question was indiscreet."
 "Indiscreet?" I felt I was getting out of my depth.
 "Yes. There obviously was a reason." For a moment I could think of nothing to say.
 "Please tell me what it was," he said. I checked a stupid impulse to run away and forget I had ever seen him.
 "Oh well, if you insist. I thought you were going to jump in."
 "To kill myself?"
 "Yes."
 He laughed, rather pleasantly. He sounded relieved of some worry.



"You have never seen me before?"
 "Never in my life."
 "And I have never seen you before in my life," he said, smiling up at me. He was small and delicately made, more like a Bedu than a Syrian, with wide eyes and a firm mouth. But his hands twisted nervously together as he stood looking at me.
 "You wonder now what my question was about," he said in such a friendly way that I did not like to rebuff him. Besides, I was rather intrigued.
 "What was it about?"
 The haunted look had vanished, and he was now almost cheerful.
 "I had never seen you before, but I wanted to know if you had seen me before," he said.
 "But how could you have seen me if I did not see you?" he asked smiling.
 "In lots of ways. You might have been looking the other way, for instance."
 "In lots of ways. That's it. In lots of ways. I might have been asleep." He seemed to relish his mystery.
 "Will you have a drink?" he asked suddenly.
 "I think every place is shut."
 He fished in his coat pocket and produced a half bottle of brandy.
 "There's a coffee place still open where the drivers go. We can drink this there if you like."
 I hesitated. I was not dressed as an officer.
 "All right."
 The dingy cafe was not far from the bridge. I ordered two Turkish coffees and two glasses.
 "At least the coffee is on me," I said as he poured out the brandy. "That's enough. Really."

"I'll show you how to drink this stuff," he said, and poured himself out a full tumbler.
 "Sante."
 "A la vôtre." He drank deeply.
 "What's your name?"
 "Faris."
 "How old are you?"
 "Twenty-one," he said. "How old are you?"
 "Twenty-six. Do you work in Damascus?"
 "I used to. But now I work in Beirut. I have only come here to see my mother. Tomorrow I shall return to Beirut." He swallowed another gulp of brandy. His face was flushed and his fingers writhed nervously.
 "Are you a Christian?"
 He saw what I meant and smiled. "Yes. But nowadays many Moslems drink."
 "I know. What is your job?"
 "I work in a shop."
 "What kind of shop?"
 "I work in Beirut."
 "But what kind of shop?"
 He did not seem to hear my question. Suddenly I saw that his hands were trembling. I looked up at his face. He was staring at a gharry driver sitting at the next table. I glanced at the driver. He was a stout, red-faced man in a tattered black coat. There was nothing frightening about him. I turned to Faris. Then I noticed he was not staring at the driver but at the whip which was leaning against the wall by the man's table.
 "Faris. Faris."
 "Yes?" He turned away with an effort.
 "What kind of shop do you work in?"
 "Do you see that whip?" he said. He was breathing heavily.
 "Yes."
 "Oh, it is cruel, cruel. Look out of the window. By the lamp-post, do you see that horse? Look at the way the haunch bones jerk

out of its flesh. Look at the skeleton of its ribs. And if a fare comes the driver will lash it into a trot with that whip. He will lash it until blood comes."
 He paused for a moment, staring wildly.
 "You want to know about me, don't you? Well, I'll tell you. I was born on a farm. I grew up with animals. I was the only child and I had no friends to play with. But the animals were my friends, and my parents who were good Christians taught me to be kind to them. When my father died the farm was sold and my mother brought me to Damascus. I was about twelve years old and I remember quite well I was standing one wet day on that bridge where we met, when a horse pulling a gharry slipped and fell. The driver leapt down with his whip and began slashing it. The frightened horse stumbled again and sprawled on the ground. The driver got furious and struck it horribly with his whip. I was frightened. But I could bear it no longer. I rushed to the driver and begged him to stop. I tried to snatch the whip away from him. Then he raised his whip and slashed me across the face. And while I stood dazed he slashed at my chest. I ran away crying to my mother, who told me that men were cruel to animals because no-one had taught them that animals are our friends. I promised that evening I would dedicate my life to stopping cruelty to animals."
 He drank deeply and coughed. His eyes were glittering.
 "As the years went by I discovered and tried to stop all kinds of cruelty to animals. In the east we treat our animals far worse, I am told, than you do. I fought against this cruelty. You have no idea how many devices men have



for being cruel to beasts. There are the long raking whips of the gharry-drivers, the spiked goad for the poor little donkey, the sharp thong for the mule, the bar of nails attached to the camel's cheek so that it must follow the caravan or the nails stick into it, and the long spurs of the riders. All these I tried to stop. I tried to prevent animals being beaten beneath their load day after day until they dropped dead. And when I got tired or despondent I would think of that horse on the Barrada bridge. I would think of the blows raining down on its heaving flanks, and I would go on working. I met others who felt as I did in a society for preventing this cruelty, and gradually we began to make progress by teaching drivers that animals were their friends and by stopping, partially at least, the manufacture of some of the more cruel devices."

He lowered his voice so that it came out with a curious hissing sound. His fingers never stopped writhing together as he spoke.
 "A year ago my friends made me join a political youth club. Previously I hadn't been much interested in politics, but at this club I saw for the first time the importance of laws and freedom. It was as if I had lived all my life without being able to see the stars and the moon but now could observe them for the first time. I now had a second cause, the cause of my country's liberty. I volunteered to take a part in the demonstration which was being planned. Well, I dare say you heard about it. The crowd got out of control. There were accidents and property was damaged. That night three members of our committee were arrested by the French police. I was one of them. They wanted the names of the rest."

All his limbs were trembling now, and his eyes were staring horribly into the corner.
 "I was put into a cell by myself. The door was slammed, and I was left alone until noon the next day, when a soldier came in and fastened a bandage tight around my eyes.
 "What's that for?" I asked. He said I would see in time. He told me to strip. Then I understood. I was going to be beaten. The bandage was so that I could not see who was beating me. The soldier tore the last clothes from my body when he heard footsteps approaching the door. Then I heard a click as the door opened. I heard the stamp of his feet as he sprang to attention. I heard two people, two people, walk into my cell."
 His voice had sunk into a hoarse whisper, and his hands were clenched together.
 "Then I heard one of them say, 'Quel joli buste a fouetter!'"

I started. The whole timbre of his voice had changed. The accent was so perfect and vivid that for a moment I thought I recognised the voice.
 "What a nice body to beat!" he repeated.

"Then I heard the whistle of the whip as it screamed down on my naked body, and my flesh was seared with pain. I tried not to cry out, but the anguish was terrible as he lashed into me. Then suddenly as the fresh bars of pain pierced me and I felt the blood trickling down my sides, I thought, 'This is how the poor horse feels when his flanks are slashed by the driver. My body is quivering like his. Blood is oozing from me as I have seen it from him.' Then I must have lost consciousness, for when I woke up sticky with blood I was alone.

"I could recognise the voice of the man who beat me. The other man never spoke. The soldier told me it was an English officer, but I think he said that because he knew I liked the English. But I'm never sure. I'm never sure."
 He gulped down his brandy. "If you'll excuse me, I feel rather ill. I think I should go home," he said thickly.

We got up. He stood trembling by the table.
 "After a bit they got tired of beating me about, and I was released. I returned to Damascus." He was still still staring at the whip.

"The next day I was walking along the street when I saw a driver slashing at his horse. As I ran forward to plead with him, and if that failed, to wrest the whip from him by force, suddenly I thought, 'That horse might be me and it isn't'. And I..."

His voice came in hoarse gasps.
 "I was glad. I was glad. Suddenly I wanted to say to the driver, 'Go on. Lam into him. Slash him hard.'"

He swayed a little and buried his face in his hands. Then he looked up with bloodshot eyes.

"Perhaps I'll get decent again. Perhaps one day I'll look at those starved horses on the bridge and feel as I did as a boy. It was all right then. I hated it then. I swear I did. I've come out the wrong side now, that's all. I'm just vicious. And I work in the right place."

He began to retch, and stumbled to the door. I tried to help him.

"Leave me alone, I beseech you. Good night," he said quickly, and rushed away.

The squalid proprietor came in to be paid for the coffee. He spoke in French so I asked him if he knew where Faris worked. He gave me a wink.

"I don't know if you'd call it work. He's the boy in a brothel in Beirut."

Robin Maugham

The Boy From Beirut is taken from *The Black Tent and Other Stories* by Robin Maugham. Edited and Introduced by Peter Burton, to be published by W. H. Allen in the Autumn, 1973.

The Green Room

GEORGE, JEANNETTE & RONNIE
 from the
 GREEN ROOM
 of the Wheatsheaf, Goldhawk Road,
 Shepherd's Bush
 would like to wish our patrons
 A MERRY CHRISTMAS
 and a
 GAY, PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.

Christmas Holiday Opening Times
 Christmas Eve Extension Till Midnight
 Christmas Day 12.00am—2.00pm Only
 Boxing Day Extension Till Midnight.
 New Years Eve Extension Till 12.30am.

CHARLES AND GARY

At The
**Father
 Red Cap**

Camberwell Green,

Wish All Customers And Friends A
 Very Happy Christmas And A
 Prosperous New Year.

The Garland Legend

The Stars Have Lost Their Glitter



There is a moment early in the film 'A Star is Born' after Judy Garland has sung 'The Man That Got Away', when James Mason describes to her his feelings on hearing a great singer. He makes the comparison regarding a prize fighter, or a great dancer, that it is something one senses from within when in the presence of a true performer. I've been fortunate myself to have had this experience in the theatre a few times. Years ago in Paris I saw Edith Piaf, and this tiny woman dressed in a simple black dress reduced me to tears by the mere sound of her voice. The effect of Billie Holiday, in my opinion the world's greatest jazz singer, was likewise an experience I shall always treasure. The lives of these three women, Piaf, Holiday and Garland had many similarities — their love lives seldom ran smooth, their reputations for taking drink and drugs all helped ultimately in destroying them before their time. I hasten to add that there have been other performers who led more stable lives yet had the same ability to hold their audience.

With all show business immortals it is difficult to be objective. My theory is that they fall into two categories: some people idolise them, and others abhor them. Very rarely is there any in-between opinion.

In the 3-year period since Garland's death, two books have been written about her. One by singer Mel Tormé ('The other side of the rainbow') and one by her last husband, Mickey Deans titled 'Weep No More My Lady'. The former is a somewhat hard-hitting account of her work with Tormé whilst filming a weekly television series in Hollywood. At first reading one feels a sense of betrayal in its laying bare of so many incidents that occurred. But through it all one feels the admiration that Tormé felt for her as an artist when she disciplined herself enough. The latter book is much more on the side of Judy, painting the studio and her early up-bringing there as the cause of her decline in later years. Neither book, in my opinion, manages to relate the true story, and it's to be hoped that some future book might be nearer the truth. The co-author of 'I'll Cry Tomorrow' (Lillian Roth's searing biography) Gerrold Frank is supposed to be starting a book on Garland shortly, and I have high hopes of this one when it is completed.

The Legend Begins

Born Frances Gumm in 1922, both her parents and two elder sisters were variety performers. Frances joined the two sisters in a singing act when she was 3, and they moved out to California by the time she was 5. Soon after this move her father became ill, and the trio of youngsters became the main support of the family. There have been many varied stories as to how she got her stage name. The most popular seems to be that they arrived at one theatre to find the electrician had wrongly spelt their name in lights as The Glum Sisters, and that, followed by the suggestion of George Jessell, another performer on the bill, they changed to become the Garland sisters. She herself chose the name Judy as she liked the popular tune of that time, written by Hoagy Carmichael.

By 1934 the act had broken up and the following year she auditioned for Louis B. Mayer, and when signed by Metro was the first player at MGM to have been given a contract without taking a screen or sound test. Her first film in 1936 was a short entitled EVERY SUNDAY in which she co-starred with Deanna Durbin. For unknown reasons Metro dropped their option on Durbin, who went on to become one of Universal's brightest performers within a few years. Judy meanwhile, went on to make a series of unimportant family type pictures.

One early film THOROUGHBREDS DON'T CRY saw her co-starred with a young Mickey Rooney, and they subsequently made a further 7 films together over the coming years, as well as making many personal appearances and stage performances together. At a later date, the much married Rooney was asked why he never got around to marrying Judy at some



time or other. He replied that they were at all times the closest of friends, but having grown up together he came to regard her almost as his sister.

She was 17 when she made THE WIZARD OF OZ but managed to fully convince audiences everywhere that she was as young as the character of Dorothy was meant to be. It was in this film that she first sang 'Over The Rainbow' which was to stick to her for the rest of her career. Her daughter Liza tells an amusing story of her mother being cornered in the ladies room of a night club by an inebriated woman fan who kept babbling "Judy, don't you ever forget that rainbow. Whatever happens, never forget that rainbow." "Why madam", replied Judy, dramatically flinging her black feather boa over her shoulder, "how could I ever forget the rainbow? I've got rainbows up my ass".

For her performance in OZ she received a special Academy Award as Best Juvenile Performer of the year. At that time she had already begun her battle against over-weight, and was put on a strict diet. Many people con-

tend that her persistent use of diet pills, slimming pills and stimulants during her youth started her on the collision course she was to follow for many years. Three films with Rooney followed in quick succession and she was then given LITTLE NELLIE KELLY in which she had the dual role of mother and daughter. During the making of the film she announced her engagement to composer, orchestra leader David Rose. He had just divorced that ace-comedienne Martha Raye, and both the studio and Judy's mother raised objections, but the marriage took place.

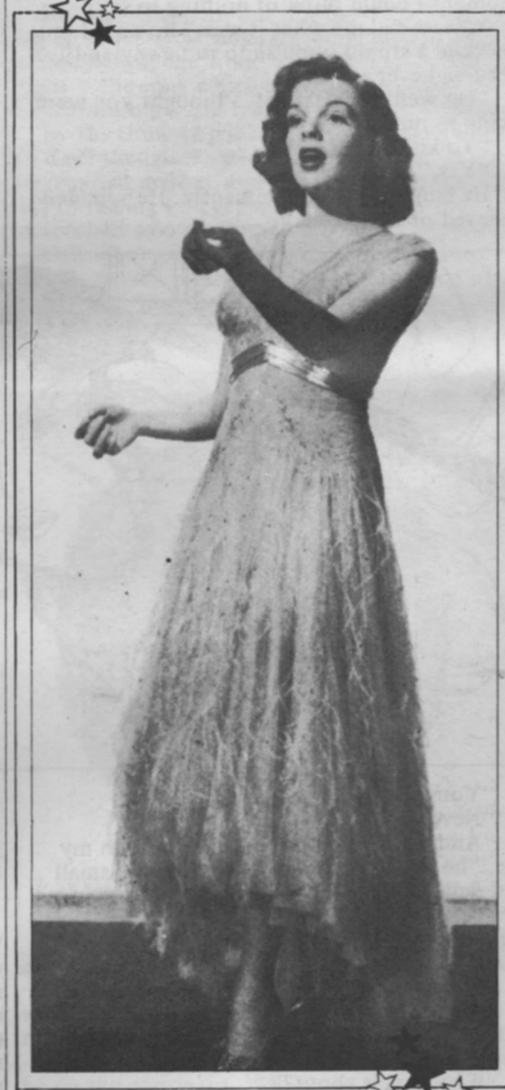
Another two films with Rooney followed (Metro were never slow to take advantage of a good thing) and one of the leads in the all star musical ZIEGFELD GIRL. Then in 1942 she received solo star billing for the first time in FOR ME AND MY GAL which introduced Gene Kelly to the screen. By now she was also doing many personal appearances throughout the country, making records and starring in radio plays. Her marriage to Rose virtually came to an end when she began making extensive USA tours, all the while returning to make more films.

She met her second husband Vincente Minelli when she worked under his direction in MEET ME IN ST LOUIS and married him shortly after completing the film. Mary Astor, who played her mother in ST LOUIS, said in her book what a warm-hearted loveable child Judy was when Astor worked with her first in 1937. She then went on to say how the cast of ST LOUIS were often kept waiting around the set for Garland to appear. When Astor marched into Judy's dressing room and berated her about this, Judy replied that she felt tired and exhausted so often. One can assume by this story that already the years of strict dieting were beginning to catch up with her at quite an early age. Indeed it was in this film and her next UNDER THE CLOCK (in which she had her first non-singing role) that I first noticed her nervous mannerisms, which were to increase as the years went by.

Guest appearances in ZIEGFELD FOLLIES and TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY, and then THE PIRATE with Gene Kelly, in which she first showed signs of her ability for good comedy playing. Kelly was set to co-star in EASTER PARADE with her, but broke his ankle during rehearsals, so Fred Astaire was

coaxed out of retirement to do the picture. The film went on to become a top box office winner of that year and Metro immediately planned a reunion of the two in BERKLEYS OF BROADWAY. But by this time the pressure of work, and the years of pills caught up with her and she was withdrawn from the film.

She did manage to film the delightful IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME and do a guest shot in WORDS AND MUSIC (her last teaming with Rooney) but after being set for the lead in ANNIE GET YOUR GUN, she was too unwell to keep up with the pace of the production schedule and was again removed, suspended, and sent off to a clinic. She recorded all the songs from that Berlin score before filming began and these have become a



rare collector's item as they were never issued commercially. I have heard these recordings and they vary in singing quality. She lacks her old vitality on the comedy songs, but is in excellent form on the song 'I Got The Sun In The Morning' as well as a new song written for the film by Berlin but eventually dropped from the movie. The completed film starring Betty Hutton was only a moderate success, and one wonders whether it might have fared better had Garland been able to complete it.

After 3 months recuperation, a stouter Judy returned to Metro to team again with Kelly in SUMMER STOCK (known here as IF YOU FEEL LIKE SINGING). This opus did little to enhance anyone's career, and as it transpired was to be her last film made at MGM. She was set to replace June Allyson in ROYAL WEDDING, but once more was unable to keep up with the pace of filming and Jane Powell replaced her.

In 1950, despondent and full of insecurity Judy made the first of several suicide attempts. The following year she began divorce proceedings against Minelli. By now her movie

NOSTALGIA EXTRA

career seemed to be at an end. She then met Sid Luft, a one time pilot, and also producer of several B films, and he became her agent. It was Luft who persuaded her to come to London and star at the Palladium Theatre. This was to be her first stage appearance in many years in England. On the first night the audience was packed with anxious fans who wanted her to succeed and wipe out the anxieties of the previous years. Succeed she certainly did, with a smartly packaged act that included a line of dancing boys to fill in when she went off-stage to make several costume changes.

At the time I was one of a large band of autograph collectors, and near her hotel one night I spotted her car and ran quite a distance to catch up with it outside her hotel. I arrived puffing heavily for lack of breath to find her sitting in her car for a moment alone. Seeing me at the window she immediately expressed concern for my welfare. It is only a small incident, but I recall her interest in a complete stranger as a typical example of her kindness.

After her fabulous success here she returned to play at the Palace Theatre in New York. She was taking her concerts very seriously in those days as a friend once told me Garland used to be in the theatre several hours before the show in order to rest and be at her best. She subsequently married Luft. On reflection, her life with Luft was one long series of legal battles against a variety of people, and finally between themselves involving the custody of their children. But if it did nothing else, it did bring her back to the screen once again in the finest performance of her career. A STAR IS BORN had previously been a successful dramatic picture starring Janet Gaynor and Frederic March, and in the new musical version Garland grabbed her screen comeback chances in both hands and delivered the goods. When Academy Award time came round the following year she was nominated as Best Actress, but to most peoples' surprise, failed to win. Years later Judy was to declare that though she lost out on the Oscar, she gave birth to her son Joe around the same time, and that he was reward enough for her.

However, from there on she rode the crest for several years doing her concerts both here and in America. Her recording career was also revitalised and several albums released during those years show her voice at its best. Around this time she began to gather a large following of homosexuals at her concerts, who were eager to applaud each and every thing she did at these shows. Perhaps the majority of those audiences saw in Judy a loser who was fighting



back at life, and they could themselves draw a parallel to this. In a reported interview with Liza Minnelli, she tells of her mother once wisecracking "When I die I have visions of fags singing 'Over The Rainbow' and the flag at Fire Island being flown at half mast." One should also remember that she still managed to retain all her 'straight' admirers over the years, though of course these people were less exhibitionistic in their reaction to her concerts. During her run at the Dominion Theatre in London her work would vary from day to day, so that attending on a Monday night her voice might be bad, and yet a few nights later she would be back on form.

After separating from Luft in the late 50's she once again returned to the screen in a cameo role in Stanley Kramer's JUDGEMENT AT NUREMBURG. This time she received a nomination as Best Supporting Actress of the year but was by-passed once more. Undaunted by her lack of success with the Academy results, she again acted for Kramer in A CHILD IS WAITING, supplied the voice for the cartoon film GAY PURREE, and then came to England to film I COULD GO ON SINGING. Dirk Bogarde said in interview that their big dramatic scene towards the end of the film was written between them, and that they rehearsed it through one afternoon, going on the set late that day and filming it in 'one take', a rare thing in cinema filming. It remains a compelling scene, and as I recall has sad echoes of her own life. "Tell me why do I throw away all the good things in life and just hold on to the rubbish?"

Returning to America after completing the film she then signed with CBS for her own series on television. In spite of employing top guest stars of the calibre of Lena Horne, Jack Jones, Ethel Merman, Peggy Lee and Mel Tormé, the series were not successful and CBS dropped their option after the first 26 were completed. During this period she saw a lot of Glen Ford though the romance ceased almost as suddenly as it began.

Once again she returned to the Palladium for two midnight shows with her daughter Liza and scored a tremendous success. She then toured around the world and there were incidents in Australia where she failed to turn up on time and audiences became hostile. Her travelling companion was Mark Herron, an unknown actor, and after much haggling with lawyers as to whether she was legally divorced from Sid Luft, Herron became her 4th husband. They separated six months later and he disappeared from the scene.

20th Century Fox then signed Judy to play an ageing musical comedy star in their film of the current best seller VALLEY OF THE DOLLS, but the film was completed with Susan Hayward filling the role. Garland gave a fascinating interview to LIFE Magazine at the time declaring she was fired by one of the executives whilst having her lunch in the studio restaurant. She need not have worried, as the role amounted to hardly any screen footage when finally completed. After announcing her engagement to a young publicist, which came to nothing, Judy got together with her ex-husband Sid Luft to fulfill a series of engagements both in New York and touring America. She had a wide success in New York but there were a series of cancellations, late

arrivals and angry audiences on tour. At Christmas, 1968 she met the man who was to be her fifth husband, Mickey Deans, a night club manager. They flew to London in January 1969 and proceeded to make plans to wed here.

Another parallel with Edith Piaf occurs here as both women in their last wedding photographs appeared so tiny and frail, and both had married attractive younger men. There the similarity ends as Piaf's wedding had throngs of people waiting outside the church to wish her well. On the other hand somebody in Judy's entourage gave out a list of expected wedding guests to the press, but according to reports afterwards none of them showed up. She must have felt this snub deeply, and again her reception at the Talk of the Town where she appeared for a 5-week run was often greeted by hostile audiences. I attended one of these shows and fortunately that night she appeared on time, but I was shocked at the disintegration of her voice. Even so on some songs there were traces of the old vitality and magic. Her strange attitude towards the audience also puzzled me. It was almost as if she were attempting to antagonise them. The run completed she and her husband stayed on in London and for a few months she ceased to make newspaper copy.

I heard the news of Judy's death over the radio on a summer's day that June. Somehow it was easier hearing it that way than seeing it written on a newspaper placard, but it still came as a shock even allowing for the many years of suicide attempts, walkouts, and firings associated with her. She has gone from us in body but fortunately she left us a legacy of many fine recordings and screen appearances. I make no apology for paraphrasing a line from her song 'The Man That Got Away' for my sub-heading, as indeed the world is a little less lustrous without her artistry.

Barry Conley

Footnote to Judy Garland

On Christmas Eve BBC Television is screening for the first time a programme called 'Judy - Impressions of Garland'. According to the lady at the Beeb, "The film captures the essence of Judy Garland as a person and a performer. There will be extracts from her films such as 'The Wizard of Oz', 'Meet Me In St. Louis', and 'A Star Is Born'. Taking part in the programme are friends and those who worked with her, including Dirk Bogarde, Mickey Rooney and her daughter Lisa Minnelli".



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Peter Straker- A Man Of Many Parts

Peter Straker is someone many bosses of the recording industry just can't make out. "They think I should be a soul singer or do reggae, just because of my ethnic background. They're not prepared to accept that I'm into totally different music," he said, when Gay News interviewed him.

He's tall and languid. He'd been to a party the night before then gone straight on to the BBC radio programme Open House with Pete Murray as part of the promotion for his new album, *Private Parts*.

Dressed in black, he curls himself elegantly into an armchair in the darkest corner of the room. Until he switches the lamp on there are times in the failing November light off Holland Park when it seems we were talking into empty space — and that empty space is talking back to us.

He's just woken up. He's been sleeping most of the day, after that party and the radio show.

He says: "I came from Jamaica 17 years ago, but that's history now. Before I went into *Hair* I was on the road with a band but it was nothing.

"I think I did nine auditions for *Hair*, it was just nerve-racking and farcical. I didn't know anything about the musical, I was touring at the time and my manager phoned me and asked me to come back to London for the auditions. I'd done auditions for shows before, so I refused. In the end he came down and dragged me back to London and then the nine auditions started.

"I was in *Hair* for about 21 months, and I really liked it but I got fed up with it after about a year or so. I got fed up and I had to leave and find something fresh to do."

Peter Straker is half-actor and half-singer. *Hair* used both those talents, and it made Peter Straker. Now he has released an amazingly honest album called *Private Parts*, baring his soul in a way that could never have been done in terms of pop music before *Hair*.

He says: "Hair, as a musical, has broken so many barriers entertainment-wise and in so many ways. It's a very ingenious musical. "But it touched on every major topic of today — and that was three years ago. We were due to open in July, but that was held up until the Lord Chamberlain's office (which censored the stage shows) was abolished.

"Apart from the flower-power aspect, it dealt with all the important subjects, like pollution, disarmament and so on. I reckon that's why *Hair* has lasted so well, even after the flower-child culture has more or less died.

"Because the critics are so blank in their imaginations they always go back to *Hair* every time a new musical with rock music opens, like *Godspell* or *Jesus Christ*. They always say something like "It's very nice, but it lacks the zest of *Hair*."

"But they don't go back to Rogers and Hart every time an ordinary musical opens. Critics can only talk about the forms they know, so they classify everything into one of those forms.

"A criticism is just the personal view of one man or one woman, and it forgets the thirty or so actors, umpteen technicians involved and all the money that has been put into a show, and even if it's a bad show it's still had a lot of money poured into it.

"In two hours a man is going to come in, and make up a lot of people's minds about a show — and some of them don't even sit all the way through a show. I think critics are

very over-rated, and, generally, superficial.

"I was the victim of bad reviews with *Girl Stroke Boy* (Straker's first movie, and certainly not his last. For G/B he dropped his first name) which wasn't all bad, although it had many faults."

Straker played a boy whose boyfriend takes him home. The boyfriend's parents don't seem to realise that their son's girlfriend is a boy. What they object to is her/his being black.

By this time Peter Straker was warming up waking up. He said: "The reviewers were just trying to make it into a vast racial transvestite mountain. It would have been alright if they had just stuck to the movie's failings as a comedy. And there were many, which I think were the fault of the director.

"When I read the script it was just hysterical but it didn't turn out as well as it should have. But it was the chance of a lifetime. A first movie with just three principles, and the others were Joan Greenwood and Michael Hordern.

"We were talking about the movie and they said that I was going to be labeled as one thing or the other because of the part, if I took it. So I said I didn't mind. The moment I knew I was making the movie I was conscious of what was going to be said about it and me. We have been offered some things to do already, but they have been very strange and I haven't wanted to do them.

"*Girl Stroke Boy* opened at the Prince Charles, which didn't give it much of a chance but it had quite a good run for that cinema, then it turned up again this year as part of a double bill with something called *School For Virgins*. I thought that was ridiculous, the movies were so different."

Girl Stroke Boy may have had a rough time with the critics but it has opened new avenues in Peter Straker's career. "I've had quite a lot of other scripts to read, but they all seem to be the same part, and I don't want to do the same thing twice. It gets boring. Most of the things I have done so far have been seen to be controversial, and I don't expect anything to happen without a hassle."

Some time ago he released a single of Jacques Brel's *Carousel* — which got precisely nowhere commercially. So he went on acting. And *Private Parts* is his first return to the recording studios since *Carousel*. It, too, is a spin-off from *Girl Stroke Boy*.

He says: "Ned Sherrin, who produced *Girl Stroke Boy*, has a wonderful talent for getting people together, and he introduced me to Ken Howard and Alan Blaikley, who were going to write a theme song for the movie for me to sing. But that fell through at the last moment, and we started to talk about the idea that became *Private Parts*.

"Almost every time I have been auditioned for any part the producers have said: 'What bag do you see yourself in?' I don't. It's the same with record producers in this country they think I've got to sing reggae or soul just because of my ethnic background.

"*Private Parts* happened this way really. When one is faced with making an album, one is faced with problems of what one is

going to record. You can write all your own songs, like Leonard Cohen upwards or downwards, depending on how you see him. Or you can sing a selection of all the old songs everyone else does.

"The third option is to record an album of entirely new material. Ken and Alan said they wanted to do a 'concept' album and we started to talk about our ideas — it has taken nearly a year to talk about — about a 'concept' (their ideas and my ideas). They had to work very hard because they had to come up with all the material for the album.

"RCA were absolutely marvellous. They let an unknown singer get on with a work like this. And they put a lot of money into the project. And Ken and Alan just gave me the songs and let us get on with recording them. The sound was left up to us.

"Everything on the album has happened to me, but not necessarily in the order the events come up in on the album. We talked about so many things we didn't have space to put on the album. We have tried to go through a whole pattern from childhood through the first sexual experiences and so on, through bum trips and the death of my father. It's very personal to me."

We asked him to expand on this, but all he'd say was that Denis Lemon had found the right word when he called the album 'explicit' in Gay News. "That's the best word I can think of to describe the record," he said, as the lady from the costumiers arrived to measure him up for the clothes he's wear at his Queen Elizabeth Hall Concert.

He wanted it in black, he said, handing round the Harrods chocolates. He'd been thinking of having medieval trumpet-style sleeves. Velvet would be nice they agreed, for the coat he'd wear over the black shirt and trousers — trumpet sleeves on the shirt of course. He'd been thinking of having studs on the inside of the coat so that, if it ever came open, it would flash silver. The costumier lady thought this would make the coat too heavy. Why not have a nice beige lining and maybe a row of studs along the inside edge. All was agreed over another Harrods'chocolate.

Peter Straker was getting excited about the concert by now. They'd been having a little trouble with the sets. He'd wanted a big sweeping set, but the orchestra took up so much space, that idea had to go. They were still working on it. Whatever it was going to be, it was going to be dramatic.

He remembered a Dusty Springfield single he wanted to play. He said: "I'm sure it's here somewhere — I play it almost every day" as he went through a pile of records, looked under the ornaments and moved the cushions.

He said: "Private Parts is just an expression of sexuality. It's a personal expression of what has happened, although I couldn't look at a specific thing and say that it is something that happened at some particular time in some particular place.

"I don't know whether we will ever come to terms with sex, because it is the most important part of our lives, no matter what form the sex takes.

"The normal thing is for people to grow up and for men and women to go out together and then procreate. Fortunately *Hair* broke down an awful lot of barriers for me. I tried not to get uptight about anything. The only thing I got all uptight about on the album was when we did the song about my first sexual experience.

"I think it's on the third track, in the song about best friends in childhood. You know, the best friend you always have, but you can't accept your sex with him or her, and don't see it as anything odd.

"Children have a very different way of seeing things. It's not innocent, they are aware. If you put a lot of children together they'll notice that one's black and another's yellow and so on, but they don't care.

"We moved through that and we moved through the first time one is conscious of the opposite sex — and that's important, because we all go through that, whatever happens afterwards. I'm aware of gay people, but I'm not very aware of the gay organisations.

"The album is very personal because I discussed everything with Ken and Alan. We tried to be explicit — as explicit as Jacques Brel.

"They probably know more about me than anyone else. I welcomed their involvement, because I didn't want the responsibility of sitting down and writing something for myself to do. Nothing that was written was presented to me as a *fait accompli*. We'd talk about what they'd written. For instance the track called *While You Were Dying* is an account of my feelings when my father was dying, and that was possibly the most personal thing to do on record."

He can't find that Dusty Springfield single but it was "divine. We're booking a table for Dusty's show at the Talk of the Town. Come along."

Peter Straker is a Scorpio in this Age of Aquarius, and he says: "That's important, very important."

Interviewers: Peter Holmes and Denis Lemon.

Public Parts

LONDON: It wasn't exactly her cup of Earl Grey, but the old lady in the front of the orchestra played her harp happily and smiled at Peter Straker as he performed his *Private Parts* at the Queen Elizabeth Hall.

Staging a concert starring a largely-unknown singer, such as Peter, is something of a risk. Staging it as a public performance of the singer's latest album is probably more of a risk, especially when *Private Parts* is a work that's adult enough to make radio producers' rising eyebrows make up for their receding hairlines.

But taking risks is the job of a pop promoter, so we shall have no more of the commercial considerations of this concert.

Suffice it to say that *An Evening With Peter Straker* was a remarkable success. The success was remarkable not because we had any doubt about Peter's ability as a singer — he'd shown his talents in *Hair* and on several records. The success was remarkable because he managed to put over to an auditorium of people one of the most personal pop works I've heard for a few years.

For the first half of the concert — the first side of the record really — he was coming down from the high of tension that he'd been building up for the last two months, worrying about the concert. It ended with the most surprising piece of the whole evening. Peter put over his feelings about the death of his father, in the song *As You Were Dying*, as powerfully in public as on record. Perhaps the feeling of personal involvement by the audience was greater at the concert. For Peter, an actor as well as a singer, turned the empty laughter at the end of the song into a macabre, mocking laughter echoing down its emptiness.

It had never struck me until then just how horrifying and bizarre that song is, telling of his father's suicide by hanging.

By this point he'd gained confidence and the rest of the concert reflected this. Peter seemed to be enjoying it as much as the audience by then.

He was confident, but not over-confident, which, I feel is the general feeling behind the second half of the work, apart from a *Bad Night* — the song which attempts to convey his fear during a bad trip.

By the time we got to *What More Is There To Say?* the last song in the cycle, Peter Straker had arrived, and was irradiating the sort of feeling you get when you watch the established solo performer.

Considering that Peter's only made three records as well as being in the London cast of *Hair*, and of the disastrous *Mother Earth* musical you can't really classify him as a big-name singer. I'll rephrase that: you couldn't — until the Queen Elizabeth Hall concert on December 1.



He'd got up early in the morning and walked around Holland Park singing every number in the *Private Parts* cycle.

His next singing engagements will probably be on the continent. "People in this country just aren't into this sort of music," he told me after the concert was over.

He may be wrong, for the crowd at the QEJH demanded an encore. And by the time he'd finished Ken Howard and Alan Blaikley's work (*Private Parts* is written by them) there was nothing left for him to sing. So he had to go back to *Who Killed Cock Robin*. Then he had to come back again, and again, and again.

Even though the horns in the orchestra didn't seem as interested in Richard Hartley's directions as the lady harpist, who carried on regardless when one of her strings broke, it might just be that people in this country are willing to accept *Private Parts* as an important pop work, which owes much to the French *chanson* style, and also the Great British Public might just accept Peter Straker as an important figure on the pop scene and not just a left-over from *Hair*.

Peter may not sing reggae or soul but it wouldn't hurt the GBP to give Peter's *Private Parts* two listens — it's even better the second time round.

Peter Holmes

THE GREAT CHRISTMAS PARTY GAME

Lock the door, turn up the heat, stack the record player and make your way to the great Christmas swing. The game is designed for two, three or four people. Get a dice or some means of selecting numbers from one to six, and play it just like snakes and ladders (remember?). For counters use coins, signet rings, debris from the dinner table. The first one to throw a six starts.

Devised by Richard Adams, Roger Baker and Jean-Claude Thevenin

Lord Litchfield offers you a lift in his car. Refuse and go back 1.

Bristol Gay Awareness Group

Get stoned, miss 4 throws, remove 3 items of clothing.

Meeting with Danny la Rue. Miss 2 throws while you compare lipsticks.

That nice man in the cottage turns out to be the fuzz. Back 2.

You've been together for 3 months, go on 2.



Gaylord Hauser sends you Vitamin B. On 2.

You are taken for Germaine Greer in the street. Go on 2,

You've been together 3 years. Go back 2.

Photos Studio.

The cast of Hair cums to your parties. Back 3.

You bash the queer basher back. Go on 10.

Confrontation with Sappho. Stay and argue through 2 throws.

Manchester CHE Office
Put back all your clothing. Fall asleep.
and miss 4 throws.

You think Lunch is the magazine of the Monday Club. On 3.

Andrew Lumsdens speaking to you again. Go back 5.

Selected in a CHE

Alan Brien makes a pass at you. Scratch your head for 2 throws.

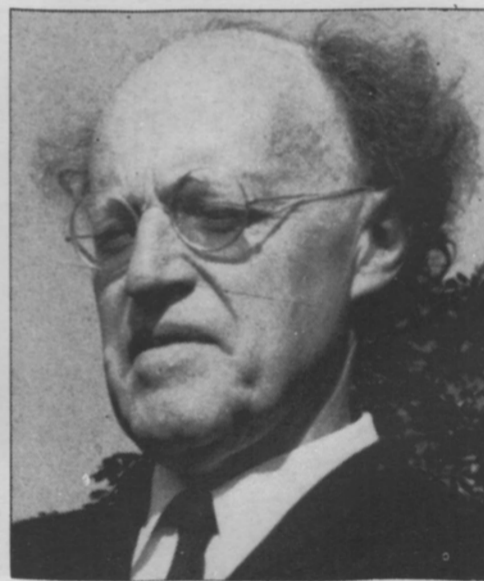
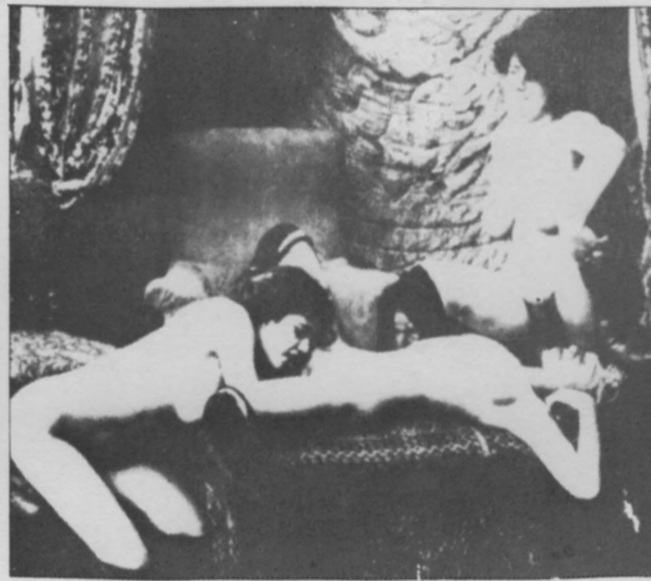
You actually understand more than 1 page of Come Together. On 2.

Get lost in the Gay Ghetto. Miss a throw.

You mean you can remember Guy Mitchell? Back 2.

You have a bumper dope harvest in your window box. On 3.

Reading Gay Alliance
Have a ball, remove 2 items of clothing and miss 3 throws.



THE ONLY FULL TEXT OF THE REPORT BY THE LONGFORD COMMITTEE INVESTIGATING PORNOGRAPHY

PORNOGRAPHY

THE LONGFORD REPORT

You walk along Oxford Street in your Maidenform Bra. On 3.

You are mentioned in Lord Longford's report. Back 10.

Arrested for wearing nail varnish. On 4.

For you Judy Garland still lives. Forward 3.

The Biograph
Remove 3 items of clothing, and watch movie for 4 throws before proceeding.

You get no kick from champagne. Back 2.

The Gay News Collective cums to your parties. On 3.

You are asked to appear in a blue movie. Miss a throw while you think about it.

To you, Lunch is just meat and veg. Go on 2.

You have hysterics at your awareness group. Go back 2.

He says hello and you say goodbye. Back 2.

You don't know where the Biograph is. Go on 3.

		Jill Tweedie makes a pass at you. Go on 2.			Join CHE. Stay immobile for 3 throws.			You sit through an all-night screening of old Vera Hruba Ralston movies at the NFT. Go forward 3.
The Guardian publishes your letter with only 2 mistakes. Go on 2.					You are written up in Jeffrey. Go back to the start.			
		Invited to Alice Coopers' party. Move on 3.	The Colherne				Julian D. Grinspoon kisses you. Faint and miss a throw.	Blessed by Troy Perry. Float on 3.
You pick up Anthony Gray in error. Go back 2.			You meet a charming child who later asks for £5. Go back 10 squares. Put 1 item of clothing back on.		Sell 50 copies of Gay News in the Reform Club. Go on 4.		You turn up at a Challenge meeting. Sleep through 2 throws.	

PRIVATE EYE



The Cottage on the Corner
Wait until there are at least 2 of you in here before you move. Second one in waits until he is joined. Last one in waits 3 throws then gives up and moves on. Remove 1 item of clothing.

	You call Los Angeles from the GLF office. Back 6.	
Lauren Bacall dances on your juke box. On 3.		You are wearing more than 2 gay badges. Back 3.

d by Boy ck 3.
You've had more than 10 lovers this year. On 4.
Appear on television with Tony Ryde. Back 3.
the lead Back 1.

		You think a man should be Miss World 1973. Forward 5.
	You've never had an Albany Thrust? Back 2.	
Fail an audition for Oh Calcutta!. Shrink back 4.		Your scarlet, ankle strap wedgies are nicked by Princess Margaret. On 4.
Champagne with Peter Maxwell-Davies. To hell with the gossip, move on 4.		Lost your KY. Ease back 3.

On Hampstead Heath
Remove 2 more items of clothing. Get laid but catch a cold. Go back 7.

		You went to see Deliverance twice? Back 3.
	You met through an ad in Gay News. Forward 4.	
		You are sacked for being gay. On 3.

The Scottish Minorities Group
Have an argument with Ian Dunn and sweep out on your next throw.



NATIONAL ENQUIRER 15'

More Than Year After Death ...

JUDY GARLAND IS STILL NOT BURIED

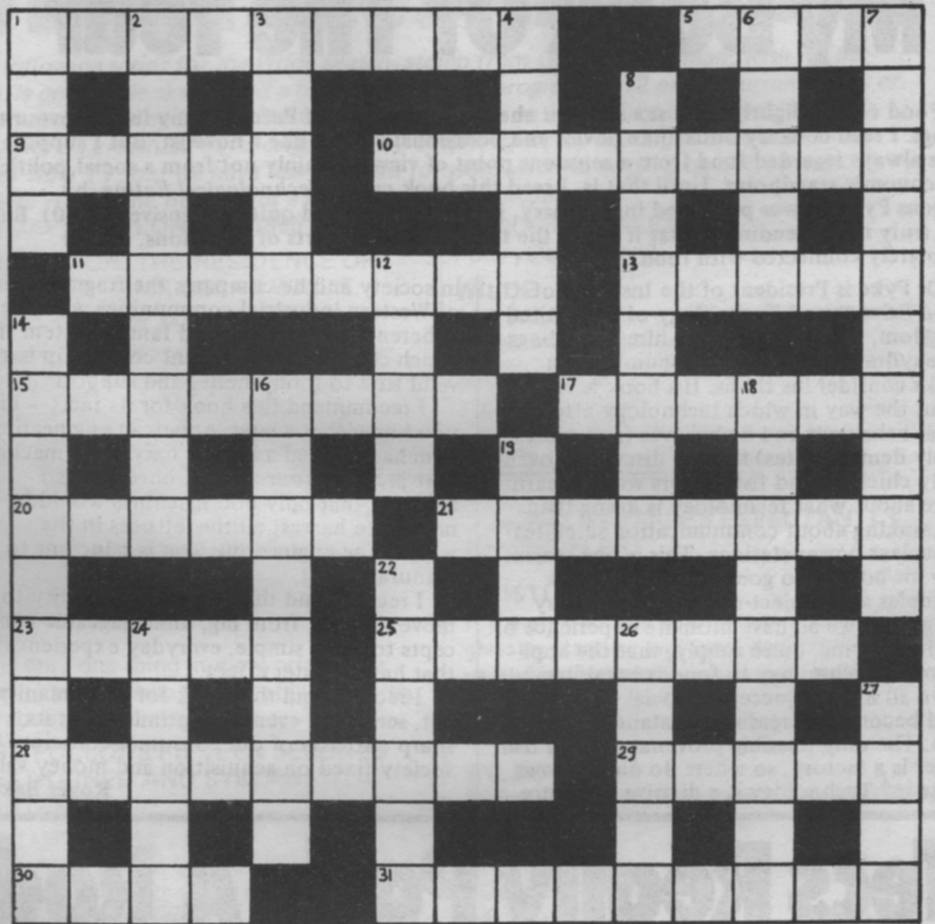


	Gay News refused your article on gay lamp shades. Miss a turn.	
You score on the Master Cutler. Go forward 4.		

Put one item of clothing back on. Meet Dora Bryan and Lord Olivier. Stay chatting and miss 2 throws.

		Win second prize at a Jean Frederick's drag ball. Back 2.
		Ned Sherrin invites you round for coffee. Run screaming back 4 places.
	You are caught going to a John Hansen revival. Back 3.	

A Sauna in Sheffield
Remove 2 items of clothing and only move when 3 people are in there with you.



Clues - Across

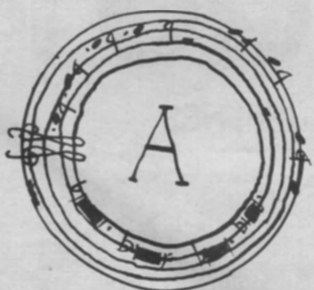
- 1, 14 dn Group responsible for wishing you a Gay Christmas! (9,10)
- 5, 28 Our theatre production - but not a musical (4,2,3,4)
- 9 Male following nipple has to be paid (5)
- 10 Gays beware of this blue man on the landscape (9)
- 11 CHE wants a performing 16 year old to be this! (5,3)
- 13, 4 dn That long ten? No, short really. (3,2,6)
- 15 These vary concerning the age of consent for homosexuals (8)
- 17 Home of a famous het and is honoured initially with first class return (6)
- 20 This story is probable with tongue in cheek (6)
- 21 Well known London Club has a rosé addition to this (8)
- 23 What did Uncle Tom and his nephew get up to in here? (5)
- 25 Gay News reporter fined and told not to do this (8)
- 28 See 5 ac
- 29 Employment follows a sailor - not very nice (5)
- 30 Tea starts at a quarter to five and this is included twice! (4)
- 31 SOS - Do time for a lot of us (9)

Clues - Down

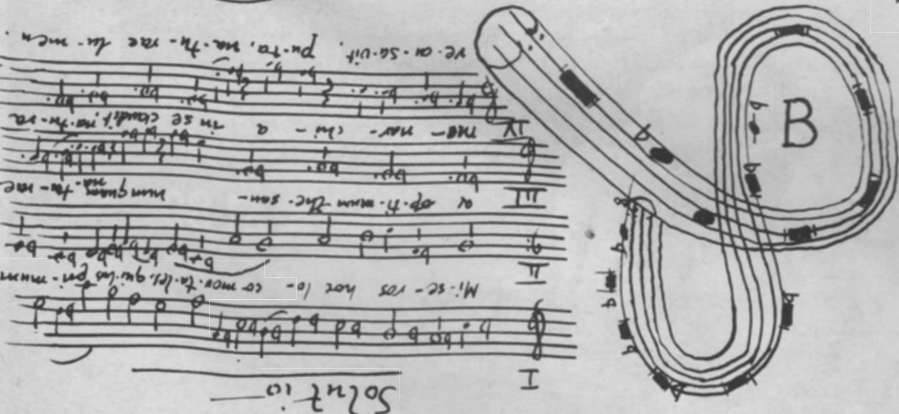
- 1 Satisfies hunger and adapts 30 ac (4)
- 2 Good condition when added to 21 ac creates a popular gay rendezvous (2,3,4)
- 3 Nothing added to the mixed game produces the end (5)
- 4 See 13 ac
- 6 Butch or bitch have this course (5)
- 7 We test teas - of success perhaps (5,5)
- 8 An excited cock does this as would a gentleman for a lady (6,2)
- 12 Does the cane bring you out in spots? (4)
- 14 See 1 ac
- 16 Is 50 and the Queen follows for this surrounded guy (8)
- 18 Principal fanny surrounds nothing to produce an accurate number (4,5)
- 19 Is enclosing two fifties but we're still prey to them (4)
- 22 Doctor and artists add the place of the seal to regulate their behaviour (6)
- 24 Nips acceptable in love but not from wasps (5)
- 26 Backside covers Martin initially to prepare for war (5)
- 27 Gay this goes to these quarters (4)

The solution to Gay News' first crossword will appear in the next issue (10th January, 1973)

A Puzzle-Canon for Gay News.



Miseros hoz loco mortales,
quibus primum ac optimum thesaurum,
quam naturae monarchia in se claudit,
natura recusavit, puta, naturae
[Paracelsus: de vita longa]



The parts combine in any way; they can be superposed & reversed ad lib, A with itself in different ways, similarly with B also with each other. I offer one possible solution to 4 voices, which combines each with itself, & with the other. One canon has no ending - it weaves in perpetua.

Translation of Latin

In this are those mortals wretched, from whom Nature has excluded her first & optimum treasure contained within Nature's monarchy - that is - the LIGHT of NATURE.

Christmas Greetings
Peter Maxwell Davies

Give A Friend Some Fun For Christmas

Don't be alone in enjoying the monster Christmas Gay News. Give a friend a little pleasure from December. No matter where your friend lives we'll help you, and we'll go on helping you give that friend a little pleasure every fortnight next year. Pleasure means Gay News. Christmas means presents. Give your friend a subscription to Gay News for Christmas. Remember make it special and start the subscription with the monster Christmas Gay News.

I enclose £1.20 for 10 issues/£2.30 for 20 issues. Start with issue (Copies are posted in a sealed envelope). Please make cheques/postal orders payable to Gay News Subscriptions, and send to 19 London Street, London W2 1HL. Tel: 01-402 7805

PLEASE SEND 10/20 ISSUES OF GAY NEWS TO:

NAME: ADDRESS:

Please enclose the following message with the first issue you send:

I AM:



Photograph: Tom Hustler

My Book Of The Year

Food comes slightly after sex and just ahead of the music of Purcell in my list of favourite things. I read cookery books like novels and occasionally cook like a novelist. But I suppose I have always regarded food from a sensuous point of view, certainly not from a social, political or economic standpoint. Until that is, I read this book called *Technological Eating*, by Magnus Pyke. It was published in February, is slim (107pp) and quite expensive (£2.50). But it is truly mind-bending in that it bends the thought into all sorts of directions, not all intimately connected with food.

Dr Pyke is President of the Institute of Food Science and Technology of the United Kingdom, but before pelting him with slings of rehydrated potatoes and spun-protein steaks consider his thesis. His book is really about the way in which technology affects social behaviour and he believes (and most surely demonstrates) that by discussing oven-ready chickens and fish fingers we can learn more about what technology is doing than by thinking about communication satellites or nuclear power-stations. This is one reason why his book is so good, so readable, his examples and subject-matter are everyday things that we all have intimate experience of.

He is saying, quite simply, that the application of technology to food is breaking down all hitherto accepted social structures; food becomes increasingly distanced from man. The only possible provenance for a fish finger is a factory, so where do dietary laws come in? Technology is a divisive influence

in society and he compares the fragmentation of Western industrial communities with the coherence of the extended family system "in which claim to quite distant cousinship is a valid title to food, shelter and support".

I recommend this book for its facts — did you know that a large American engineering firm had devised a lettuce harvesting machine that picks up four rows at once. It is so efficient that only 600 machines would be needed to harvest all the lettuces in the world. The engineering firm is reluctant to manufacture it.

I recommend this book for its ability to move thought from big, unmanageable concepts towards simple, everyday experience that has a greater effect.

I recommend this book for its humanity, wit, sense and eventual optimism, for its sharp criticism of our consumer-conscious society fixed on acquisition and money value.

Roger Baker

Tecs Really Pack A Rod

A QUEER KIND OF DEATH; A PARADE OF COCKEYED CREATURES; I, SAID THE DEMON — all written by George Baxt, Jonathan Cape, at £1.05 each.

The above three books are not new publications but I like them so much I feel they are well worth bringing attention to. All are detective novels, the first *A Queer Kind Of Death* is, strictly speaking, the only gay one of the three. This concerns the departure by electrocution of one Ben Bentley, actor and model, from the world of the living. What a world it is as well, slick, bitchy, homosexual Americana, it positively glitters with decadent (in the best sense) wit.

The main suspect of Ben's murder is his 'room mate' Seth Piro hotly pursued in more ways than one, by the best kind of gay detective, brown and beautiful Pharaoh Love. This isn't cheap humour, this is high glorious camp satire and fun with a surprise ending to beat them all, a gem.

A Parade of Cockeyed Creatures introduces another detective, recently deprived by death of wife and son, Max van Larsen. This one concerns the disappearance of Tippy Blaney a poetic but vigorous seventeen year old with parents of doubtful character. Max is helped in his search for Tippy by one Sylvia Plotkin, twelve stone of cuddly kosher sense and sensibility. As Tippy's school-mistress she is everything a teacher ought to be, but never is, and a good portion of the novel is devoted to relationship with Max, which reaches a satisfying conclusion.

Lots of camp characters, a necrophile classmate, 'The Prince of Darkness', a dirty old man with a taste for twelve year olds, plus an assortment of thugs, kinks and general erotica. Nice.

I, Said The Demon is the last word in 'a laugh in every line' humour. Baxt has in this book refined the style of the earlier two into the most superslick distortion of reality. Pure celluloid fantasy most of it, I literally cried with laughter at the most amazing plot and caricatures of characters that has ever crossed my well-read path.

Max van Larsen again, cross with Sylvia Plotkin, because she has written a book on their previous case together. So had Max, and not even a love as great as Abelard and Heloise, Mark Anthony and Julius Caesar, can remain unscathed when Sylvia becomes a literary celebrity. The case this time concerns the disappearance in 1932 of crooked Judge Kramer, his mistress and forty-thousand dollars.

The craziest characters yet, Lita the Judge's wife, a prima donna who sings in a soundproof room, Chloe and Romona, two ex-Ziegfield girls approaching ripe old age in the Gothic monstrosity of a Church they live in. Also starring a seeress from Seventh Avenue, Gypsy Marie Rachmaninoff whose son is a hunchbacked peeping Tom called Quasimodo, the divine, divine Madame Vilna ex-star of the Yiddish Theatre who delivers lines that will send you rolling over the floor.

This is the best of the bunch, a really slick piece of work, lines like... "When did you last see your husband?" "Half way up the Empire State Building swatting aeroplanes." ... setting the general tone.

A great book which would make a nice present for a friend with a movie camp sense of humour.

Bob Fletcher

Everything You Want To Know About Headhunters Before It's Too Late To Ask

PANJAMON, by Jean-Yves Domalain. Translated by Len Ortzen. Rupert Hart-Davis; £1.95.

If you are fascinated by the idea of twentieth century head-hunting (in Borneo, not Earl's Court) this is a book for you. The author is a young zoologist, with a penchant for snakes, who hitch-hiked to Sarawak and became the guest of a Dayak tribe who still take pride in decorating the communal longhouse with captured heads ('panjamon' means 'cutting off heads').

While enjoying a monumental booze-up on *tuak*, rice wine, Jean-Yves accidentally asked for the chief's daughter in marriage, by using a traditional form of words in praising her dancing. He accepted his fate philosophically — the alternative might have been the addition of a white head to the collection — and stayed with the tribe for many months, becoming a proficient hunter, and keeping up his reputation as an accomplished drinker. He also seems to have established some sort of a rapport with his fifteen year old wife.

Incidental experiences included elaborate tattooing using soot from the candle flame and a hardwood needle, and some coolly described initiation rites including a trench full of red ants, and twenty two days surviving alone in the deep jungle. Domalain's descriptions of the jungles and its animals are clear and interesting, and if he fails to bring the people of the tribe to life in the same way, perhaps that is because of the immense distance between the world of the Dayaks and our own.

On one hunting expedition, he avoids attack by a boar, kills a fine stag with poisoned darts from a blowpipe, and heads for home with the meat. The following quote illustrates the terse, intriguing quality

of the best passages. 'I heard a short growl some distance away, which I could not at first identify... then I saw a boar, much nearer than I had thought... I slipped the blowpipe from my shoulder and, keeping my eye on the boar, I fumbled for a dart. The animal was only thirty feet away. It was a fine target for a blowpipe.'

'Piff!' In reply came a loud growl. The animal spun round and sighted me at once. In such an event, according to the 'Hunters Manual', the thing to do is to put one knee to the ground and point the spear-tipped blowpipe at the charging animal, not forgetting of course, to jump aside at the last moment... I received a violent blow and was sent flying several feet into what is called a bearded palm — a small tree covered with inch-long prickles... However, at that moment I was far less interested in the flora (in spite of the pricks) than in the fauna. Luckily the boar had 'swallowed' the spearhead, had run full-tilt into it and was literally impaled on the blowpipe; which did not prevent it from flailing about and kicking up the Devil's own row. Despite its awful wound, it managed to get to its feet and prepared to charge me again. Just then the end of the blowpipe got caught in the foot of a tree and broke off. The boar fell to the

ground and stayed there, blood bubbling from its mouth.'

This and other hunter's tales enliven the book, which is translated by Len Ortzen, although the occasional pedantic phrase does ring false. Eventually, although accepted by most of the tribe, Jean-Yves makes an enemy of the witch-doctor (almost Rice-Burroughs, this bit, with quarrels by the river and the attempted poisoning of our hero). He packs his precious notebooks and films, and makes an efficient escape, employing some tricks which should have

made his Dayak teachers proud of him, if they survived the man-trap and a snare barbed with poisoned darts, which he set to stop them following him.

'Panjamon' is a good read, although perhaps it's worth going to the library rather than buying it, and I recommend it as a present for any friends with the wanderlust — if head-hunting and live insects for dinner are their trip, they'll vanish tomorrow, otherwise you should find them more than ready to appreciate home comforts.

Suki J. Pitcher

Paper Covered Thrills

ALL IS WELL by Dick Vanden, Olympia Press, 70p.

Another gay goodie from Olympia Press, *All Is Well* is a much more (dare I use the word) serious book than *Frost*. It's the story of a man's long and tortuous path to reasonable honesty and his inner being. His relationships with his wife and children are vividly portrayed especially with his son Chuck, a 16-year-old sharing his bed with another boy.

Father really begins to come out after he accidentally takes some Mescaline and is saved from the horrors of a bad trip by his son. This turns into the most beautifully described acid trip I have ever read. Vanden slowly and compulsively takes us through a man's mind as a whole new way of thought hits him with the power of a space rocket.

This is an intricate, beautiful, fantastic, red raw honest novel which at the expense of sounding trite every gay ought to have. Get it, could be good for you.

Bob Fletcher

FROST by Richard Amory. Olympia Press, 70p.

The American way of life in sunny California is the background to this fast (incredibly plotted) gay thriller about a father planning to kill his son told against a landscape of black-white relationships, sexcapades and drugs.

It's a fast moving but a complicated story. The sexual encounters are unbelievably (wow) exciting and by this I mean the sensually sexy and not silly unbelievable porn fantasy. I must say though I enjoyed it much more as an erotic novel than a thriller, but those who like the author's 'Loon Trilogy' will find it well worth reading.

Bob Fletcher



The Beardsley Book

The above is 'The Lacedaemonian Ambassadors' by Aubrey Beardsley. It is taken from *Beardsley*, a well documented biography recently published by Pelican at 50p.

Fascinating, if academic history of one of the most interesting Decadent artists. At times it is bewildering, especially about Beardsley's sexuality. But the pictures are nice.

Jean-Claude Thevenin

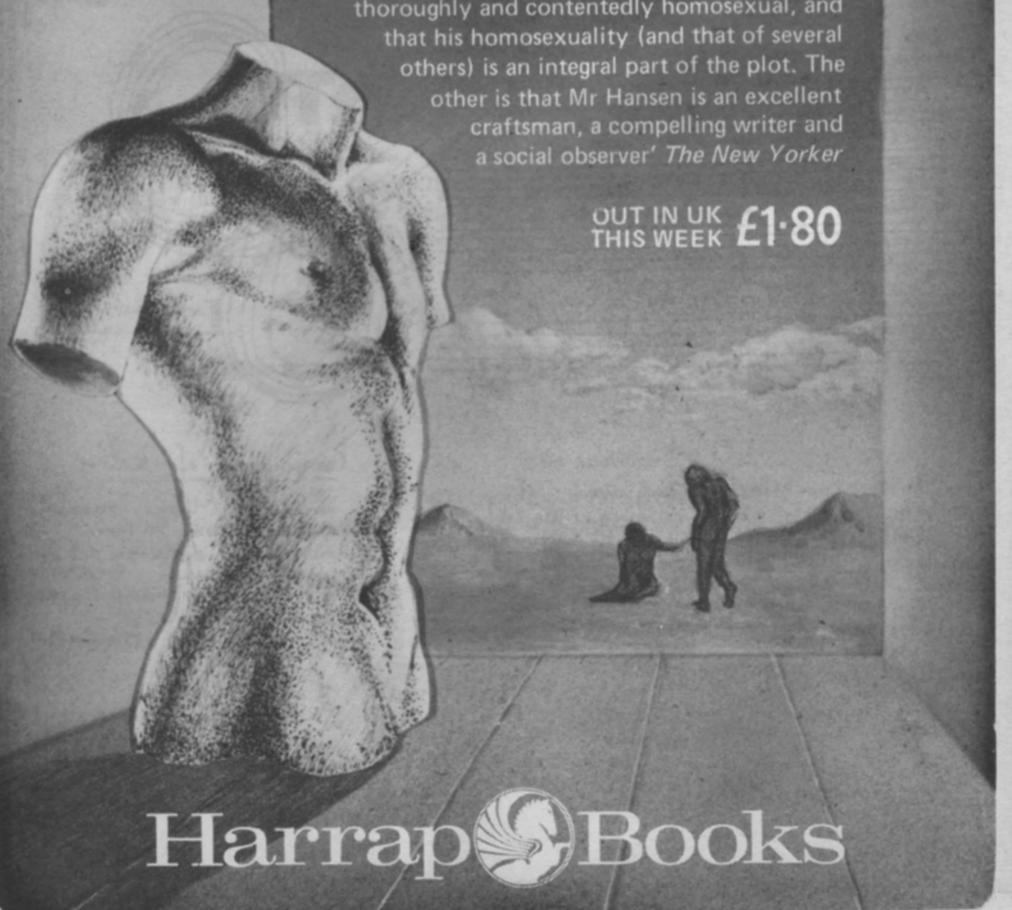
A California thriller about a special kind of private eye
Joseph Hansen

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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YULETIDE STAGE

Theatre For Christmas

Someone in the editorial collective decided it would be a nice idea if I would select what I thought were suitable shows for our readers to see at Christmas, as that's the time of year a lot of folk take an occasional visit to the theatre. Firstly take into consideration that we go to press 3 weeks before the actual Christmas week so do check the daily papers to ensure the show you wish to see is still running.

Now it rather depends on the type of show you want to see, and who you are going to take along (if anybody) so I'll try and categorise those that I consider the best ones.

If you are considering taking along a parent, aunt or anyone approaching middle age, settle for GONE WITH THE WIND at Drury Lane Theatre which has enough glamour to appeal to them, or if you feel a straight play would be preferable I suggest one of the following:

LLOYD GEORGE KNEW MY FATHER at the Savoy Theatre which is a light comedy not likely to offend anyone, and skilfully played by Celia Johnson and Sir Ralph Richardson. Another safe bet is CROWN MATRIMONIAL at the Haymarket Theatre which is the story of Edward VIII's abdication and would especially appeal to people over 40 who can recall the era when this story took place, and THE DAY AFTER FAIR* at the Lyric Theatre stars the lovely Deborah Kerr in a charming romantic drama.

There are quite a few shows that you can take a child to and that won't bore you in the process. TOAD OF TOAD HALL is playing at the Jeanette Cochran Theatre, ALICE IN WONDERLAND performed by 10 foot puppets at the Mercury Theatre, Notting Hill Gate sounds interesting, and a new musical version of THE WATER BABIES is due at the Cambridge Theatre, starring Neil Reid of 'Opportunity Knocks' fame, with music by John Taylor, the talented composer of 'Charlie Girl'.

If just you are involved in this theatre trip then let me first mention what is still, in my opinion, the best straight play in town, THE PHILANTHROPIST at the Mayfair Theatre. This forerunner of 'Butley' is also set in a college and is likewise all about one of the 'losers in life' and it's an extremely enjoyable evening. Certainly the next best production

in town must be LONDON ASSURANCE* at the New Theatre. If you fancy a 'period piece' and enjoy first class ensemble playing, this cannot be bettered. My third choice for straight theatre is undoubtedly PRIVATE LIVES at the Queens Theatre, for its witty script and star performance by Maggie Smith, but whether or not you'll be able to get a seat is another matter entirely.

Which leaves us with the musicals and one revue. HULLA BALOO* at the Criterion Theatre is a fun evening and Rogers and Starr with their blue tinged material will give you a lot of laughs. The two religious musicals are still with us: GODSPELL* at the Wyndhams which I found delightful, and JESUS-CHRIST SUPERSTAR at the Palace Theatre, which I didn't care for but everyone else did so I might be wrong. THE DIRTIEST SHOW IN TOWN* is still running at the Duchess Theatre and though I missed a few of the jokes along the way I found it at all times enjoyable. APPLAUSE at Her Majesty's Theatre is hard to get tickets for, but worth the effort to enjoy Lauren Bacall's star presence, and as we go to press Tony Newley's latest musical THE GOOD OLD, BAD OLD DAYS is about to open at the Prince of Wales Theatre and if the score is anything to go by ought to be worth the visit.

One last word regarding theatre prices which are getting higher each year. If you really find front stalls too expensive, but don't care to be sitting a mile away, I can recommend the back dress circle at those shows marked * as not being too expensive and not too far away. Also the back stalls at Mayfair Theatre for THE PHILANTHROPIST are inexpensive and of course both the Jeannetta Cochran Theatre and Mercury Theatre with their children's shows are reasonably priced.

Barry Conley

Yuletide Arts

Watch it 'Time Out', or the Culture Vulture's Guide to Christmas

Far and away the most interesting theatre happenings this Christmas are taking place at The Place (Duke's Road, close to Euston Station). Let me try to dispel the myth at once. All that goes on there is not for the devoted few, nor is it the obscure, didactic and deliberately esoteric stuff that the opponents of modern dance would have us believe. Sure, it's nothing like what's going on at the Garden. (And I say that with a huge sigh of relief!), but a good deal of it is clearer, more honest and certainly less cluttered. If you've never been to The Place, I can recommend it from many angles, besides the originality of its production. The price is right to start - tickets are usually 60p and 90p. The atmosphere is very relaxed and unpretentious. Definitely no dressing up! But despite all this, the audience is well mixed. The Place may have the informality of a club, but there's no feeling of everyone having to wear the modern equivalent of the 'old school tie'.

From December 18 until January 6 the resident London Contemporary Dance Theatre present a number of new works and the first London performance of a new piece by Robert North, one of the Company's lead dancers, entitled 'Brian'.

'Dance Energies', a new work by May O'Donnell receives its world premiere on the opening night of the season. Also in the programme is Richard Alston's 'Tiger Balm', remarkable not only for Robert North's stunningly sinewy (and full frontal nude) performance as the tiger (no gasps in this audience) but also for the sometimes elegiac, sometimes anarchic choreography, which sticks irrevocably in the mind. The programme is com-

pleted by Robert Cohan's 'People Alone'. Here we encounter members of the Company in a series of solos, in which each expresses his or her own private misery, linked by comments from an updated version of the Greek chorus (they don't sing of course, and wear what looks like satin jump-suits, but don't let that put you off, they're great!)

Cohan (who is also director of the Company) was seriously ill earlier in the year. The original premiere was postponed several times, since he was not able to devote the time to it that he had anticipated. In fact, I understand that the work is still evolving. But when I saw it for the first time back in the summer, I was bowled over, so I am anxious to see how it has developed in the last few months.

Another highlight of the season is the British premiere of a work by American choreographer, Lotte Goslar, who is known for the clever use of circus elements in her shows. It's entitled (temporarily) 'Goslar Piece'.

At the London Coliseum, Sadler's Wells Opera has gone 'light' on us. Over the Christmas period there will be just two productions on show - 'The Merry Widow' and 'Die Fledermaus'.

Dec. 21 Merry Widow
22 Die Fledermaus
Theatre closed until
27 Merry Widow
28 Die Fledermaus
29 Merry Widow
30 Merry Widow

Jan 1 Merry Widow
2 Die Fledermaus

At the Royal Opera House, things are somewhat more varied (there's always the incredible ugly sisters of Messrs Ashton and Helpmann in 'Cinderella' to give things a fun lift off, even if nothing else quite matches them).

Dec 21 Così fan tutte
22 Afternoon of a Faun/Giselle
23 Matinee - Cinderella
Evening - Così fan tutte
Theatre closed until
26 Cinderella (matinee & evening)
27 Così fan tutte
28 Rigoletto

29 Così fan tutte
30 Matinee - Swan Lake
Evening - Cinderella

Jan 1 Nabucco
2 Rigoletto

On January 3, Covent Garden sends off that 'Fanfare for Europe' with an extravaganza, that every megalomaniac opera director dreams about. Think of a name, and the betting's that he or she

will be there, dear departed excepted of course, (But come to think of it, they will have to have a trump card somewhere!) Described as 'A Celebration in Words and Music', in the honoured presence of Her Majesty The Queen and His Royal Highness The Duke of Edinburgh, the artists taking part include such diverse personalities as Elizabeth Schwarzkopf, Janet Baker, Laurence Olivier, Judi Dench, Regine Crespin, Tito Gobbi, Alberto Remedios, and Peter Pears. There will be the Trumpeters of the Royal Military School of Music (obligatory if there is to be an authentic fanfare I suppose) and even the not always so angelic Wandsworth School Boys Choir (Director Russell Burgess) will be represented. The whole programme is devised by Patrick Garland (just back from his Broadway production of 'Hedda Gabler') and John Copley. The designer is Carl Toms, the conductor Colin Davis.

Just in case you are tempted (and the price of the tickets should quickly destroy any inkling of that - stalls at £10) let me quote from the booking leaflet - Evening Dress and Decorations. Now let your imaginations run riot!

The National Theatre at the Old Vic has but one offering for Christmas. From December 26 to January 2 (the theatre is closed from mid-December until Christmas) they will be presenting the Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur 'whiplash comedy' (I?) about the raucous goings-on of tabloid journalism in the twenties. Astonishingly, the play has never been performed here before, although it has been filmed twice. The Observer said 'Don't miss it' and somehow I've managed to do just that. Maybe this will be my golden opportunity, considering the frugal diet otherwise available. Perhaps some kind soul will even join me! (Don't all rush, but offers please to Box 999). No we don't get review tickets for the National Theatre, or any other theatre, more's the pity. We do it all for love!

Before the Festival Ballet's inevitable performances of Tchaikovsky's 'nutcracker' (the title's enough to send any self-respecting American into

STOP PRESS REVIEWS

Caroline Films have entreated me to leave a small space to mention their film "GOLD" now showing in London at the Classic Piccadilly Circus. Hailed by its publicists as a saga on the "new American dream", it is a film obviously made with great love and dedication, very much related to the 1967 vintage, San Francisco hippy - Take off your clothes and live; do your own thing syndrome. I love these ideas, but honestly I don't think the film works effectively; the political, ie anti-Nixon, Stars and Stripes, capitalist, thinking is presented through some very leaden mostly verbal imagery. Commercially made films such as Nicholas Roeg's "WALKABOUT" have succeeded in expressing these ideas with far greater clarity.

The music is great and there are one or two beautiful visual scenes, notably when a couple make love through a gorgeous kaleidoscope of trippy colours. If you're a connoisseur of the Underground and anything new in the cinema then don't miss this one; otherwise, well...

David Seligman

Phil Spector's Christmas Album - Apple Records
At long last the incredible, ageless Phil Spector

guffaws of laughter) take over at the Royal Festival Hall, there are still a few choice orchestral concerts to keep the music fiend happy.

On December 14, Ivan Kertesz returns to the orchestra of which for a short time he was Principal Conductor - The London Symphony. The programme consists of Mozart's Six German Dances, his Serenata Notturna (K239) and Brahms' Liebesliederwalzer. He is joined by Lucia Popp (currently singing Gilda in the Royal Opera's 'Rigolletto') for excerpts from Strauss' 'Gypsy Baron' and 'Die Fledermaus'. I suppose we have to celebrate in the appropriately jolly style!

At the Queen Elizabeth Hall on December 15 Janet Baker teams up with Raymond Leppard and the English Chamber Orchestra for an evening of early Italian and English music - Albinoni, Cavalli, Monteverdi, Dowland and Handel.

Alfred Brendel gives a piano recital at the Royal Festival Hall on Sunday 17 December starting at 3.15. He plays music by Schubert and Beethoven.

The London Symphony under Andre Previn (their present conductor) performs Brahms' 'German Requiem' on Tuesday December 19. The soloists are Sheila Armstrong and John Shirley-Quirk, supported by the LSO Chorus. Stephen Bishop plays Mozart's Piano Concerto in C (K 467) in the first half of the programme.

The last strictly live musical event before the Festival Ballet and opera films vanquish the South Bank takes place on December 20, when Andrew Davis (gladly not a relation of Colin) conducts the English Chamber Orchestra in a performance of Berlioz' 'L'Enfance du Christ'. John Shirley-Quirk is again one of the soloists, this time joined by Peter Pears, Patricia Kern, and Thomas Allen. They're in the QEH while that monstrous procession arch is erected next door.

Meanwhile over at the Royal Albert Hall, the BBC is sponsoring the first ever series of Winter Proms, beginning on December 29 - eleven concerts, ten conductors and eight orchestras.

Robert Marshall

Christmas album has been re-released. The record was originally issued in 1963, but has been deleted for a number of years. With the passing of time it has become a prized possession amongst collectors of 'pop' classics. Also a large demand has built up for the disc each Christmas, as it has been a favourite with Radio 1 and 2 around this time of year.

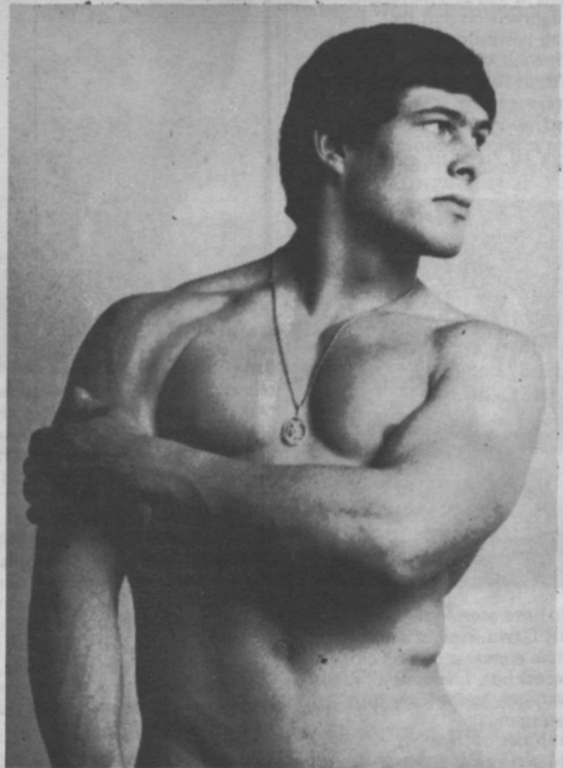
When the record was made, only mono facilities were available, and Spector was the undisputed master of single track recording. So instead of the separated horizontal sound we have come accustomed to with stereo, from Spector we get a vertical 'wall of sound', the layers of which are filled with an impenetrable mass of backing tracks, with the lead voices rising to the top. Forgetting the technicalities, songs such as Rudolph The Rednosed Reindeer, I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus, plus many other Christmas standards are featured, all sung by Spector's stable of artists of the time. These are The Ronettes, The Crystals, Bob B. Soxx and the Blue Jeans and Darlene Love.

Phil Spector's Christmas Album is an epic of a record, apart from being completely in keeping with this Yuletide season.

Denis Lemon

QUORUM

THE MAGAZINE OF THE GAY WORLD



Published during the first week of each month

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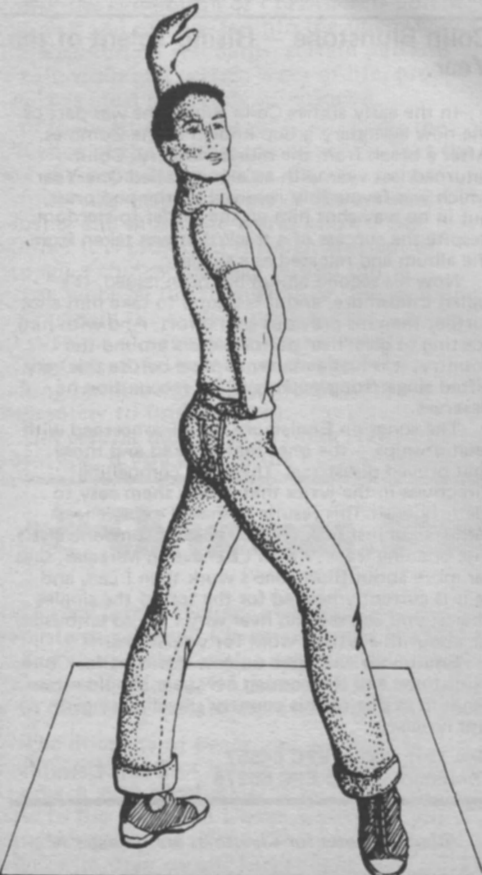
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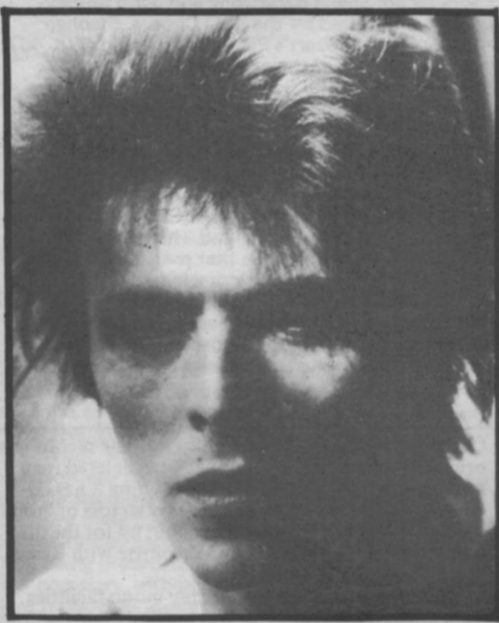


Artists And Records Of The Year

David Bowie - Artist of the Year

It at first seemed like a difficult task to choose just one artist out of the scores of successful ones currently recording. But thinking back over the last year, it soon became apparent that one performer stood head, shoulders, faded jeans and eye shadow over all the rest. It is of course, David Bowie, the man who brought showbiz and glamour back to rock and roll.

Bowie's major release this year was the brilliant *The Rise and Fall Of Ziggy Stardust And The Spiders From Mars*. No other album has received such critical acclaim or enabled an artist to be rocketed with such speed to the pinnacle of his profession. Even Alice Cooper's Mrs Mary Whitehouse upsetter *School's Out* pales in comparison.



Ziggy Stardust is made up of a series of songs, and even if it isn't a concept album as such, all the tracks are inter-related. Amongst the basic futuristic themes are apocalyptic visions of the world of tomorrow. These are told in part by Bowie as a narrator, and also by the mythical superstar 'Ziggy Stardust', who is Bowie himself. One of Bowie's main attributes is his insight into what he is and what he is expected to be. And accordingly he plays the part of a superstar placed on a pedestal to the limit. Through this kind of awareness of image and of the medium he is working in, the lyrics, although extravagant, never sink to the level of just being pretentious or embarrassingly self-conscious.

Roxy Music - Group of the Year

No other group has amassed such a strong following over the last year as Roxy Music. They have also caused a fair amount of controversy amongst rock purists, who have found it difficult to come to terms with the wild mixture of music and electronics the group deliver. But a hit single removed most of the sceptical criticism they initially received.

Their album, *Roxy Music*, is certainly one of the strangest to be released in 1972. The record defies all attempts at categorisation and its acceptance depends on the limitations of taste the listener may or may not have. Even if you find the album difficult to relate to at first, it is worth the effort of hearing it a number of times. If one analyses the Roxy's sound, apart from the electronics and use of modern phasing techniques, the underlying inspiration seems to come from fifties rock and roll.



On stage, Roxy Music have seemingly been following the footsteps of David Bowie. Their stage presentation, physical appearance and clothes are extreme almost to excess but, like Bowie, they are into entertainment as much as they are into producing good and exciting music.

Despite the limited number of 'live' appearances by the group and the sparse air-play their album has received on the radio, the last few months have been extremely eventful for them. In 1973 I expect Roxy Music to reach both a far wider audience and receive even greater acceptance of their most original style.

Roxy Music - Island ILPS 9200

Bill Withers - Soul Artist of the Year

Soul music isn't just screams and wild dancing, as Bill Withers undeniably proves. Soul is the amount of depth and feeling an artist puts into a song, and Withers certainly doesn't hold anything back.

His *Still Bill* album contains some of the most memorable and moving adult songs, about love and relationships, that I have heard this year, and is

Recently Bowie has had two of his previous albums re-released. They are *Space Oddity* (1968) and *The Man Who Sold The World* (1970). Both are important records, which were way ahead of their time when first issued. A new single by Bowie, *The Jean Genie*, has come out during the last couple of weeks. The title is, of course, a word play on Jean Genet, the French author, who is perhaps best known in this country for his novel *Our Lady Of The Flowers*. The lyrics are stranger than ever and their meaning is best left up to the individual listener to fathom out.

Apart from success in the recording field, Bowie has also been responsible for bringing entertainment back to rock concerts. For too long groups and solo artists have had trite, lack-lustre stage acts. But after a David Bowie concert, audiences will be reluctant to accept the mediocre, slipshod stage presentations of the past.

Bowie's theatrical, uninhibited professionalism when giving a 'live' performance, has broken through many social barriers and taboos. And everywhere audiences have reacted enthusiastically to his assaults on accepted convention and narrow-minded morality. Mind you, he has brought out the worst forms of imbedded puritanism from many rock journalists. But make no mistakes, if Bowie is limp-wristed then Muhammed Ali is queen of the fairies.

The terms Glam Rock and Gay Rock have been invented to try and categorise Bowie and the few other rock artists who have progressed beyond the rigid conformity that has governed the stage presentation of rock/pop groups in this country for quite some time. Even the puppet prancings of Mick Jagger look mechanical when compared to the high energy performances that Bowie gives.

Incidentally, Bowie is giving a concert at the Rainbow, Finsbury Park, on 24th December. I couldn't recommend a better, more spectacular start to the Christmas holidays. I also expect David Bowie's recordings and performances in 1973 to be a significantly influential to the modern music scene as they have been during the last year.

The World of David Bowie - Decca SPA 58

Space Oddity - RCA LSP 4813

The Man Who Sold The World - RCA LSP 4816

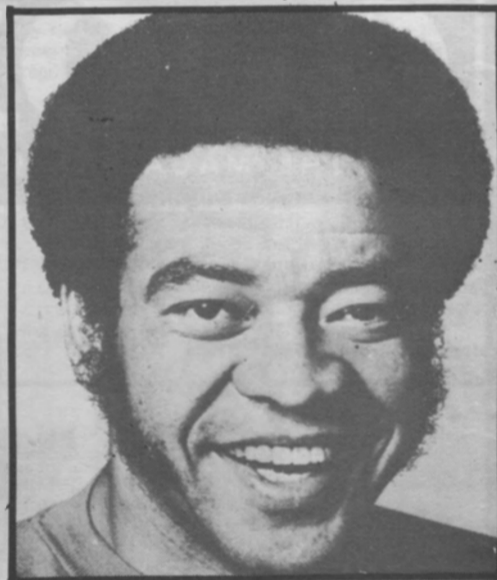
Hunky Dory - RCA SF 8244

Ziggy Stardust - RCA SF 8287

The Jean Genie - RCA 2302

frequently to be found on my turntable.

Withers recent concert appearance in London showed that his talents aren't just limited to a



recording studio. As a member of the audience at that gig, I was impressed by the warm, responsive two-way relationship he created between the stage and the crowded auditorium, as he sang his sensitive rhythmic songs about matters which touch us all at some time or other.

Purists may prefer to stick to the wilder aspects of soul music, but Withers, with his *Still Bill* album especially, will make soul music many new friends and admirers. His previous release, *Just As I Am*, also contains some very good material, including the song which looks like becoming a soul classic, *Ain't No Sunshine*. Through these two albums and his hit single *Lean On Me*, Bill Withers has firmly established himself as an outstanding new talent, who one can expect even greater things from, next year.

Just As I Am - A&M AMLS 65002

Still Bill - A&M AMLS 68107

Seals & Crofts - Folk Artists of the Year

Whilst not working in the traditional areas of folk music, the American duo, Seals & Crofts are certainly the most pleasing contemporary folk artists performing and recording today.

At present their current release, *Summer Breeze* is highly placed in the American album charts, and this comes as no surprise. The record is filled with happy and sincere songs, that tell of love, life, a passing season and the things that all too quickly pass us by. There is also mention of the duo's religious convictions, but without any undue pressure being placed on the listener to be converted to their particular beliefs.

James Seals and Dash Crofts with *Summer Breeze* deliver a series of often beautiful, relaxing and rewarding experiences for those who care to listen. This is an album I shall play for some time to come, besides eagerly awaiting their subsequent releases in 1973.

Summer Breeze - Warner Bros, K46173.

Tamla Motown Album of the Year

There is no looking back for Diana Ross. After an extremely rewarding career with The Supremes, she has continued her success as a solo artist. And her *Greatest Hits* album shows why. Most of the songs are of the high standard one expects from Tamla Motown, whilst a few are bound to remain firm favourites for some time to come.



This compilation record of Diana's contains all her hit singles, plus some of the best tracks from her past albums. The twelve cuts selected make for very good value, and the inclusion of the full six minute version of *Ain't No Mountain High Enough* is an added bonus.

As I said earlier, one expects a high quality performance from Motown artists, and this album is a perfect example of how good records from them can be. You can rest assured that many fine sounds will be coming from the company and its stable of artists next year.

Diana Ross Greatest Hits - Tamla Motown STMA 8006

Taj Mahal - Blues Artist of the Year

One of the most important exponents of the blues alive today is Taj Mahal. Although still only a young man, his performances to date, whether in concert or on record, have been some of the most significant developments in this particular area of music.

Traditional country blues have always been the basis of Taj's sound, but over the last few years he has impressively experimented with all aspects of his music. No two of his albums are alike, and the originality of his latest release, *Recycling The Blues and Other Related Stuff*, surpasses even the best of what he has issued before and makes me wonder what he is going to do next. The other album he has released this year, *Happy Just To Be Like I Am*, is a necessary addition to any serious collection of modern blues.

One thing I always love about Taj Mahal is his wonderful sense of humour, which he successfully instils into all his music.

Taj is a great blues artist, and hasn't had to wait for recognition till he was either in his old age or dead, before people have become aware of his potential and significance.

Happy Just To Be Like I Am - CBS 64447

Recycling The Blues & Other Related Stuff - CBS 65090

Reggae Record Of The Year

Reggae has had a long hard fight to gain mass acceptance in this country, but the soundtrack album from the Jamaican film *The Harder They Come*, may well prove to be the record that gains this music the wider audience it deserves.

The album is made up of tracks from various artists. Particularly of note is Jimmy Cliff, who sings four numbers, including the title track and a very beautiful song called *Many Rivers To Cross*. Other excellent contributions are made by lesser known reggae artists, such as Desmond Dekker and the Maytals.



If you have always thought of reggae as a rather limited musical form, give this album a listen. It's a cert to change your mind, and will become an essential ingredient of any party you are holding or attending.

The Harder They Come - Island ILPS 9202

Rock Album of the Year

To pick one rock record out of the hundreds issued during the last twelve months was nearly as difficult as picking out the most important and influential artist of the year.

But an album by a little known American guitarist is my choice. It is the first recorded outing of Roy Buchanan, who plays some of the cleanest, captivating guitar I've heard in a long time.

Whilst the backings are adequate and the singing bearable, it is the guitar playing that is always to the front. As it should be, for one doesn't often have the chance of hearing such excellent rock musicianship. Roy Buchanan makes it all sound so simple too, but as any guitarist or passionate follower of rock music will tell you, some of the things he lets loose come solely from years of playing and practising, and are only likely to be heard from the most proficient of artists. Of the inclusions in Buchanan's playing, apart from rock and roll, the most noticeable are country and blues.

As an introduction to this man's work, I suggest you listen to *Sweet Dreams* which opens side one, and the mind-boggling *The Messiah Will Come Again* on side two. If these two tracks don't immediately convert you, nothing will. So if you want to hear something a little different to the usual heavy rock sound being produced by the majority of bands, then make the effort to hear this album, you won't be disappointed.

Roy Buchanan - Polydor 2391042

Laid Back Album of the Year

The term 'laid back' has come into use frequently during the last year. Basically it refers to a relaxed, unhurried musical style, but in no way means that the quality of the sounds is impaired.

A perfect example of this style is an album called *Naturally* by J. J. Cale. His music is a combination of blues, country and rock influences, whilst he delivers the vocals in a gravelly relaxed manner.

No single track stands out from the rest, but this does not mean that there are any duff tracks included. All make for worthwhile listening and the album comes into its own if heard late at night, when one is relaxed and doesn't want anything too overpowering to cope with. Cale's guitar playing is nothing less than stunning and one hangs onto every note of the never overlong breaks he allows himself. The *After Midnight* track on side two when released as a single in the States sold extremely well, and I recommend you to hear this cut as an introduction to the album.



Naturally is one hell of an album, by a musician/composer of the highest calibre. There will be more recorded delights coming from him next year, when it is also planned for him to come over to this country for concert performances.

Naturally - A&M AMLS 68105

Colin Blunstone - Rising Talent of the Year

In the early sixties Colin Blunstone was part of the now legendary group known as The Zombies. After a break from the music industry, Colin returned last year with an album called *One Year* which was favourably received by the pop press, but in no way shot him up the ladder to stardom, despite the success of a track that was taken from the album and released as a single.

Now his second album has been issued. It's called *Ennismore*, and it is bound to take him a lot further than his previous solo effort. And with him starting to give 'live' performances around the country, it is just a matter of time before this very gifted singer/songwriter gets the recognition he deserves.

The songs on *Ennismore* are all concerned with relationships - the ones that worked and those that proved disastrous. There is a compelling directness in the lyrics that makes them easy to identify with. This results in shared experiences rather than just listening to those of someone else's. The opening track, *I Don't Believe In Miracles*, says far more about Blunstone's work than I can, and as it is currently headed for the top of the singles charts, you can see and hear why I am so enthusiastic about this artist's work for yourselves.

Ennismore will open up new horizons for Colin Blunstone, and the coming year should establish him as one of this country's leading singers and lyricists.

One Year - Epic EPC 64557

Ennismore - Epic EPC 65278 Denis Lemon

FILM REVIEWS

Films Of The Year

1972 has been a year when less feature films have been made than ever before, and this may have something to do with the fact that what films there were, were of a consistently high standard. The lack of money, and audiences has seen further massive closures of cinemas, particularly Rank Organisation Odeons, and vast areas of suburban London are now without filmic jollification. Where cinemas remain, seat prices have risen, and it is unusual to pay less than about 50p for your evening's entertainment. As a confirmed film freak, I still believe that there is no better way of spending an evening than at your local Classic or ABC. The bleak hollows of Haverstock Hill, South Harrow and Burnt Oak look even more morose without their garish red Odeons, and thousands of old age pensioners and bored teenyboppers have lost their only escape from sordid reality. The lack of money on the production side has meant directors have tended to make their movies on location, which has greatly added to their realism. Most of the really fine films, because of the ever crazy, impossibly unaware, monopolistic cinema owners in this country, have hardly been shown. Furthermore, advertising by the ABC chain in the local press, the means most people use to find out what's on at their local cinema, has been sparse and uninformative to the extent of killing many potential successes stone dead.

The British film industry, except for its slight over enthusiasm for making comedy films based on TV series, has produced some splendid films, free from foreign finance and specifically British. I don't mean this chauvinistically; several films such as *Family Life* and *Made* have really managed to get to grips with life in Britain as it's lived today. *Clockwork Orange* about the Great Western World urban disease, greatly benefited from being made here.

My British film of the year is *Dulcima*, written and directed by Frank Nesbitt and starring John Mills and Carol White. Based on a short story by H. E. Bates, John Mills beautifully characterises a gregarious, ageing, naturalistic farmer in the West country, who falls in love with a girl from the farm down the valley, who comes to clean his ramshackle pigsty of a house. Both White and Mills give a simple, charming, loving performance as the oddly assorted couple, in this realistic yet fantastic, funny yet sad, little film, with its unyielding affection for the beauty of the English countryside and its real characters.

The American cinema has undoubtedly entered a new phase during 1972. The flamboyant, ridiculous, Hollywood wealth image has finally been irrevocably overthrown, and a new wave of fast, realistic, made where they happen, entertaining films with a widespread appeal has taken its place; the two best examples are *The French*



Delores Taylor coping with life in 'Billy Jack'.

Connection and *Prime Cut*. The former set in New York, successfully combines a documentary picture of New York with the exciting story of the relentless search and tracking down of a drug ring, by a tough cop. *Prime Cut* does the same thing for modern rural America, being a gangster movie set in Kansas.

The traditional Western too, continues to change beyond recognition, from the dull patriotic crap for which those hallowed names John Ford and Audie Murphy, were in various ways responsible. The transformation is magical and gives us in 1972, two totally contrasting Westerns. One *Chato's Land*, directed by Michael Winner, is a tough, deliberate, visual, thinking masterpiece about a half breed Indian who is relentlessly and insanely pursued by racially crazed townfolk, who finally perish in the desert. The moral overtones of the movie, which suggest that the oppressed will finally secure the demise of the oppressors, through the justness of fate, have many parallels with present day minority problems, and the fact that society will inevitably, illogically, crucify those who are different, who don't fit in in some way. Charles Bronson's performance as the half-breed is deeply haunting and the bullies are superb characterisations. Winner's fine direction and visual style makes fantastic use of the scenery, and creates a masterpiece of realistic suspense.

The other outstanding Western *Dynamite Man* from *Glory Jail*, directed by Andrew McLagen

and starring James Stewart and George Kennedy, is effectively a big send up of, if you excuse the phrase, the Western myth. The story concerns three old style bank robbers who are released in the early twenties, after serving forty years.

The film is a delight with its array of eccentrics, believable sentimentality and sympathetic affection for its characters that makes *Dynamite Man* from *Glory Jail* my second place film of the year.

There have of course been some real bums, like Michael Winner's *The Nightcomer*, based on Henry James' *Turn of the Screw*. It altogether had the appearance of being made during the three days Michael Winner had in England, between making *Chato's Land* in Spain and *The Mechanic* in Hollywood. One is so used to expecting so much from Winner, that this version of the story, made without the slowness and careful thought and atmosphere necessary to this type of subject is just a big let down. Historical/Epic film of the year is *Lady Caroline Lamb*, see my review in this issue.

Another real bum was *The Godfather*, a gigantic con that tries to make out the Mafia are really quite nice people. In fact they're really the nice family in *Golders Green* you'd like your daughter to marry into. It's also about 2 hours too long and downright boring. There was also the dreadful *Rentadick*, 92 minutes of meaningless banter that was so bad it's very celebrated script writers had their names removed from the credits. Talking of overrated films, you'd think *Fuzz* was another *Godfather*. Really it's a kind of mildly amusing American 'Carry on Constable' without the camp. If it's Burt Reynolds you fancy, you'd far better see him in *Deliverance*. His acting is as bad as ever, but nevertheless, it's a worthwhile film, an adventure drama about pollution and a nightmare canoe journey four men make down America's last unpolluted river.

Other notable films this year were, from Australia, *Walkabout* and *Outback*, which in their own ways showed the horrors of that land very succinctly. Comedies: there were two very original and entertaining products; *The Ruling Class*, a bitter satire on the English upper classes, their strange habits and ridiculous way of life, with Peter O'Toole as a schizoid Earl who believes he is, and acts out Jesus Christ, and later on Jack the Ripper. *Pulp* is a send up of just about everything from Hollywood to package holidays, with Michael Caine and Denis Price sending themselves up beyond the point of no return. On the musical front, both *Cabaret* and *The Boy Friend* were outstanding and novel examples of the genre. *The Boy Friend* is my musical of the year. Certainly Ken Russell's most successful effort, it is a charming, escapist, camp pastiche of the 1930's and that period's theatre and musical films.

Every year there seems to be one film which shakes everyone who goes to see it into a rigid appraisal of their lifestyle and attitudes. Last year it was *Sunday Bloody Sunday*, this year *Billy Jack*, which most unfortunately has hardly been shown outside central London due to the vagaries of Columbia-Warner. Story aside, *Billy Jack* is about the need to evolve a different lifestyle, within the practical limitations of the reality in which we live. Set in contemporary mid-West America, *Billy Jack* is half Indian, half white man and is hated and bullied by the local townpeople because of the way he protects the wildlife they want to shoot, and his involvement with the free-school in the desert outside the town. A school where all kids can go and do and create what they like, away from their parents who paranoically seek money, goods and success. The crux of the film lies in the scenes where the kids go into the town and are stoned by those jealous of their freedom, and in the un-rehearsed, unscripted segments where some of the townfolk are invited to the school to air their grievances in discussion. Again a highly moral film, in which the oppressed ultimately react violently to the oppressors, the parents. *Billy Jack* played by Tom Laughlin who also directed the movie, is a man neither black nor white, rich nor poor, or interested in making money. He therefore doesn't fit into any of the ghettos. Films like these are far more relevant to gays, than obviously homosexual movies like *Fortune* and *Mens Eyes*, since they clarify our position in society. It desperately cries out for a quick change in our attitudes to all those who are not good, money-loving, white, middle-class citizens. It is now up to you to persuade your local cinema manager to show what I would say is the film of the year. David Seligman

Films For Christmas

If you're planning a Special Christmas visit to a West End Cinema, the film I most recommend you to see is *Lady Caroline Lamb* at the Empire cinema, Leicester Square (see my review). It shows daily at 2.30, 5.30 and 8.30.

At the Odeon Marble Arch, one of the most reasonably priced, luxurious and comfortable cinemas, you can see *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, the latest adaptation of Lewis Carroll's classic of our inner minds. This version promises to work more successfully than most, with music by John Barry and a magnificently eccentric cast, which includes Peter Sellers, Spike Milligan, Dennis Price, Flora Robson, Dudley Moore and

Fiona Fullerton as Alice.

For the addicts the latest carry on, *Carry On Abroad*, shows at the Metropole Victoria until December 27th and for Alistair Maclean addicts there's *Where Eagles Dare*, also until December 27th, at the Astoria Charing X Road. If you'd like some rather more original British comedy you can see Dick Emery flaunting and camping his way through *Ooh, You Are Awful* at the Astoria and Metropole

from December 28th, or Danny La Rue as several good women in his first film, *Our Miss Fred*, which is showing at the ABC Shaftesbury Avenue.

There aren't any new epics this Christmas so 20th Century Fox have rehased the mammoth and ridiculously lavish 1962 version of *Cleopatra*. More famous at the time for the dramas on the set than for its narrative performances, it's certainly worth a look at if you're keen on historical films, or fascinated by the Taylor/Burton mystique. It's showing at Studio One, Oxford Street.

After all the sweetness and plastic tinsel of the Christmas festivities, you might like to see a couple of films with slightly acidic tongues. Kubrick's well publicised and deservedly highly praised *Clockwork Orange* is showing at the Warner West End, Leicester Square; and breaking all box office records at the Odeon Haymarket - it's now in its eighth month - is the *Ruling Class*, a bitter, entertaining, delightfully destructive attack on the British upper classes with Peter O'Toole giving his best performance to date as the schizoid Earl.

Happy movie viewing this Christmas.

David Seligman

West End Cinemas Footnote

Since writing this feature certain changes have come to light. *Cleopatra* is no longer showing at the Studio 1. *Where Eagles Dare* is no longer running at the Astoria. It has been replaced by *Ooh you are awful*, but *Carry on Abroad* continues at the Metropole until the 27th. I wrote "for the addicts" before seeing it. It is in fact the best *Carry On* for ages, and literally had me screaming with laughter non stop for 90 minutes. The extreme blueness of the jokes, plus the riveting satire of those deserving targets, Mediterranean resorts, with their charming unfinished hotels, really make an entertaining film, which has a brilliance in its caricatures, which I am sure will ensure it is regarded as a British comedy classic by the NFT in about 30 years time. In support is a little publicised, exquisite, delicate, amusing and exciting thriller *Ransom for a Dead Man*, directed by the unknown Richard Irving; it is as superb as Hitchcock's more brilliant efforts; a highly recommended double bill.

Alistair Maclean fans who missed out on *Where Eagles Dare*, can see the latest adaptation of his work, *Fear is the Key*, starring Barry (Vanishing Point) Newman at the ABC (twin cinemas, the other shows *Our Miss Fred*) Shaftesbury Avenue. I have only seen excerpts, but it seems reasonably thrilling. Rather ironically, although mainly made in the USA, it was financed by a British distributor Anglo-EMI.

D.S.

All Star History Show

LADY CAROLINE LAMB Writer/Director: Robert Bolt, Stars: Sarah Miles, Jon Finch, Richard Chamberlain, John Mills, Margaret Leighton, Ralph Richardson, Laurence Olivier. Music: Richard Rodney Bennett, played by the New Philharmonia Orchestra. UK Distributors: Anglo-EMI. Cert. 'A'.

'Lady Caroline Lamb' is an eccentric, sensitive, vivacious, extreme young woman who dazzled and shocked the prim, extremely hypocritical London society in the 19th century, with her flaunting of every ridiculous convention in her exuberance and concentration of her energies into extremes, whether they were horse riding or her passionate love for Lord Byron. Her husband, William Lamb, although a Whig, is conservative and unimaginative and loves Lady Caroline deeply. In as much as he can show it, he is shocked and saddened by her scandal-making affair with Byron, and not only for the sake of propriety either. The film is basically about the collision course of natural romanticism and natural unrestrained living, with the hard conventions of society.



Richard Chamberlain at his prettiest in 'Lady Caroline Lamb'.

It differs from most other historical films I have seen in that the characters like Wellington (Laurence Olivier), and other legendary historical figures appear as real people with feelings and failings, rather than the cardboard moving pictures of other historical films: it is in fact a series of fascinating character studies. Sarah Miles' performance as Lady Caroline Lamb is the best performance by any actress I have seen this year. She manages completely to become the person she is playing and to transfer this person's intense feelings to the audience.

London society is shown as colourful, lavish, sad, and there is a good deal of subtle, delicate send-up as well as accurate historical detail. Who better to talk about the genius of the film than Robert Bolt the writer/director, who says: "I find out all I can about my characters and their background... I look at the pictures and read the literature of the period and try to pick up the flavour of their thinking. The glamour of the past, of high living, gives me the freedom to explore a style of speech, an elegance. We make a mistake in judging the aristocracy of the early 19th century by the standards of today. I hope first and foremost that the audience will leave the cinema feeling they have had their money's worth in mere entertainment. I have a faint hope, as a sort of bonus, that they will leave feeling a little encouraged about life in general and their own lives in particular."

Bolt certainly succeeds in his aims. Basically because he unpretentiously produces the almost perfect film which has universal appeal. It is romantic, instructive, and entertaining. Recommended.

David Seligman

Well Engineered

THE MECHANIC Director Michael Winner, Stars: Charles Bronson, Jan-Michael Vincent. Distributor United Artists. Cert AA.

'The Mechanic' is an interesting film about the inner character of a middle-aged, declining, professional assassin. A necessarily cold and completely unemotional man, a wife or girlfriend would wreck his cool; he's forced to make use of a society prostitute. He is also vaguely homosexual in his feelings and fascinated by the young man he decides shall become his apprentice, who he subconsciously realises will be his successor.

The film would have been compelling, rather than just interesting, if Michael Winner's latterly



Jan-Michael Vincent in 'The Mechanic'.

acquired, rather tough, unsubtle, fast style of direction hadn't masked a lot of the feeling of desperation and extreme isolation I think the character was supposed to have. Charles Bronson is miscast. His ability to play parts requiring a blank, expressionless coldness and no more, works well in Westerns, but is not sufficient in films like this, in which a deep character study is the base.

The serious stuff is interspersed with exciting action scenes, where Winner's superb talent creates some scintillating suspense.

David Seligman

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VAUXHALL,

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The Vauxhall Will Be Open, Featuring Drag Every Night, Over The Holiday (Including Christmas Day).

GAY NEWS CALENDAR 1973

JANUARY



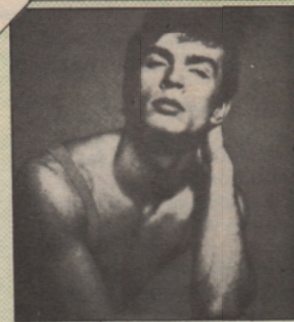
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FEBRUARY



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MARCH



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APRIL



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MAY



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JUNE



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JULY



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AUGUST



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SEPTEMBER



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OCTOBER



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NOVEMBER



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DECEMBER



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