

No 19

# GAY NEWS

10p

Exclusive: Edinburgh Teach-In

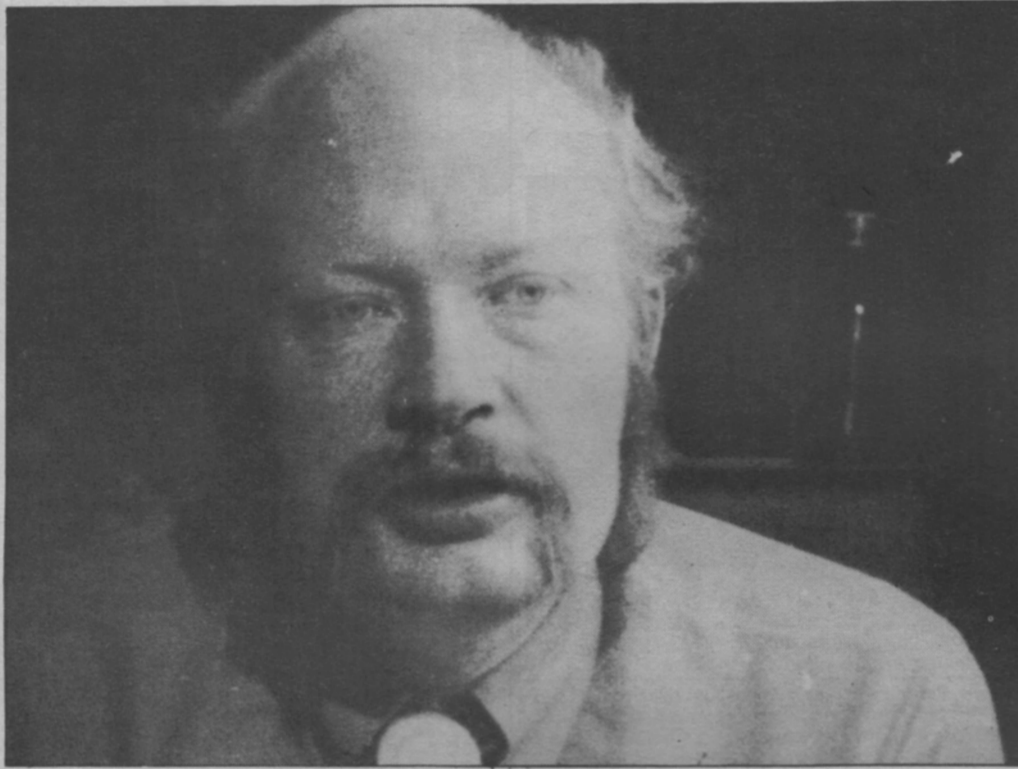
Sam Green — Gay In Action

## Would You Rob A Bank For This Man?

See Page 3







Sam Green as he appeared on Granada's 'World in Action'.

## Pride And Prejudice Great Britain Sees Gay In Action

The subject of World In Action on March 5 was devoted to the question 'Are public attitudes to homosexuality changing?' and specifically dealt with the case of Sam Greene, a Liberal councillor from Durham who, despite openly admitting his homosexuality, ousted the Independent councillor who had held the seat for 18 years.

In short, the answer seemed to be no change at all, at least from Sam's fellow councillors in Durham. The same dreary platitudes were trotted out whenever they were on the screen, the only exception being Labour councillor Esther Ashby's rational and humanist views.

After a desperate initial attempt at a show of tolerance — "Homosexuality is a condition, and people accept it for what it is. This has been brought about by the change of law." — the distinguished councillors seemed only too eager to put the boot in. "Sheer disgust" was expressed at the idea of men holding hands or kissing, and pubs in London were mentioned where these disgusting and decadent practices could in fact be seen. The inference was that this dreadful state of affairs might spread to the impeccable Durham hostels if people weren't on their guard.

One of the more curious examples of the twisted logic that was used occurred when it was agreed that not to have admitted his homosexuality would have left him open to blackmail, but the majority view was that there was no place in political life for an admitted homosexual. It was agreed that an admitted homosexual MP would not be a possibility for many years, although there was no discussion as to whether there were any unadmitted homosexual MP's at present in Parliament.

"Sam works hard for the Ward, but we don't welcome him into our circle of friends... We wouldn't send him away, but we wouldn't ask him for a drink or into our own homes."

Although it was suggested that the subject was even more repulsive to elderly people, Sam's constituents proved this incorrect. Canvassing produced such replies as "Everybody's life is his own", "It's your private business", "I don't know anything about it but it was used against you to lose you votes, and I think that was a dirty trick". All these comments from elderly people.

An interview with Sam's mother proved sympathetic if negative, but unfortunately even she seemed astounded at what she had raised. "It's different when it's your own," she said, "you have to learn to live with your grief, then face the world. You can't blame the general public if they don't understand, because they don't experience it."

Two boys kissed on camera at a Gay Lib meeting in Newcastle, but 18 of the 30 members present declined to be filmed. Enough said. Proof that Gay News reaches the far north was in evidence when exclusive stories from earlier issues were quoted as examples of police harassment.

All in all a rather shallow and disappointing programme, but in Sam's words "People must be tolerant of homosexuals in Durham, otherwise I wouldn't have been elected."



Durham councillors: "Sam Green ..... we wouldn't ask him for a drink or into our own homes"

## Sex Change For Ernie

NEW YORK CITY: It took a bank robbery attempt to do it, but 26-year-old Ernest Aron is going to get his sex-change operation. Aron was the transvestite bride of 27-year-old John Wojtowicz, who is one of two persons facing trial in a bizarre attempt last August 22 to hold up a Brooklyn branch of the Chase Manhattan Bank.

The robbery attempt left Sal Naturile, 18, dead and Wojtowicz and 21-year-old Robert Arthur Westenberg facing probable prison sentences. But the nationwide notoriety which Wojtowicz garnered as "the gay bank robber" interested a movie producer who plans to do a film on the incident.

So far, Wojtowicz has received only \$7500, of which \$5000 has been set aside for legal expenses. The remaining \$2500 will pay for Aron's operation.

If the movie, to be filmed in New York by independent producer Martin Elphand does well, Wojtowicz could be sitting pretty when — and if — he gets out from behind bars. He is to receive two per cent of the net profits.

Elphand produced *Kansas City Bomber*, starring Raquel Welch. Al (*The Godfather*) Pacino, who bears a strong resemblance to Wojtowicz, has viewed videotapes of the drag wedding of Wojtowicz and Aron over a year ago, but there has been no definite word on casting.



John with Ernie, his bride, on their wedding day.

### 9-hour Siege

Wojtowicz and Naturile held nine hostages for 16 hours after the bank was surrounded by police. They were taken by an FBI limousine to Kennedy International Airport, where they had negotiated a plane to make their escape. But at the airport, Naturile was shot and killed by an FBI agent and Wojtowicz surrendered.

During the siege, Wojtowicz had told radio interviewers over the phone that he was trying to get money for a sex-change operation for Aron. He released a hostage after Aron was brought to the scene. But Aron, who had committed himself to Kings County Hospital after a suicide attempt, was afraid to go in.

The pair were reportedly breaking up just before the robbery, and Wojtowicz became involved in it as a desperate attempt to hold on to Ernest by giving him the thing he most wanted: the operation.

The \$7500 was paid to Wojtowicz, who is being held in Manhattan's West Side Federal Detention Centre in lieu of \$200,000 bail,

## Light Spreads Darkness

Doomsday for Festival of Light supporters has now been declared 27 March, when the controversial David Bailey documentary on Andy Warhol and his friends and associates from The Factory will be televised by all ITV companies. The organisation offers five carefully chosen quotes from reactionary sources to help those who do not watch the programme, but who do wish to complain to the Independent Broadcasting Authorities, and advises those who feel they should view it first to 'Pray for God's protection before the programme comes on.'

Their handout states 'Let's not be silent! Silence gives consent!' Exactly, and that applies to us, the gays that they hate and label decadent perverts. So if you feel that viewing this programme has not turned you into a psychopathic rapist, murderer or necrophiliac, we suggest you too either

for the releases from his family and Aron.

Aron, who received the \$2500 Dec 26, described his plans for the surgery while visiting Wojtowicz in prison Jan 4. He said he was going to see Dr Benito Rish, who will perform the operation, and an appointment with a psychiatrist would be set up "as soon as possible. He gives me a form which I have the psychiatrist sign and mail to him... It's to legally protect Dr Rish in the event I commit suicide or something."

The first operation, to be performed in mid-January at Yonkers Professional Hospital will be castration. Aron will be in the hospital only a few hours; the surgery itself takes only 20 minutes under local anaesthetic.

Aron described it matter-of-factly: "They make a two-inch incision in the sac, remove your testicles, tie off your glands and valves, then sew you back up... Dr Rish said it would be like having a tooth removed."

Aron, who prefers to be called "Elizabeth Eden", and plans to legally change his name when the operation is completed, says that ordinarily the testicles are burned in the hospital's incinerator. However, he asked Dr Rish to place them in a vacuum jar or in formaldehyde and return them to him.

"John wants them," Aron explains. "I don't want Dr Rish to know that. He thinks it's strange that I want them. Most transsexuals are glad to be rid of them."

After the removal of the testicles, Aron said, "My body stops manufacturing male hormones and my regular dose of female hormones has a double effect because it isn't being counteracted by the male hormones any longer."

Aron has been taking hormone pills for some time.

"Dr Rish usually likes you to wait about six months before completing the second part of the operation", he said. "During that time, your hips develop, and your body hair recedes. Your beard doesn't completely disappear, it just slows down. However, you don't have to wait, you can finish the operation the following week if you so choose."

"The final operation costs an additional \$1650," Aron elaborated. "You are put under complete anesthesia. That operation takes from 16 minutes to four hours, depending on how large your organs are and how much rerouting has to be done."

"Your penis is split. Your prostate is not removed. Your tube for urinating is left intact, just cut short. Then your split penis is used as a lining for your new vagina. Your vagina is only as long as your penis. You can have an extension, but that costs \$500. It just stops at the end and is lined with the skin of the penis."

"You are in the hospital for three to 15 days and have pain for two to three months. You can have sexual contact after the doctor says the healing is completed."

Aron, who participates in transsexual group therapy sessions run by Dr Leo Wollman, a Brooklyn gynecologist, says that transsexuals who have had the operation vary greatly in their ability to achieve sexual orgasm.

Two thirds said they can't reach orgasm at all," Aron noted. "One third say they can. It is a very individual thing. Each person is different. There is no guarantee."

ED: This story is reprinted from *The Advocate*. Much love and thanks to them.

Front cover photograph by Eric Stephen Jacobs, of the American magazine GAY.

phone or write to the Independent Television Authority (London telephone number 01-584 7011) or your regional ITV company. In both cases the Duty Officer will be pleased to note your comments.

Refuse to allow this handful of narrow minded bigots to dictate what you can watch on your TV set. There's an On/Off switch on every receiver. Enough said?

## Myth Exposed

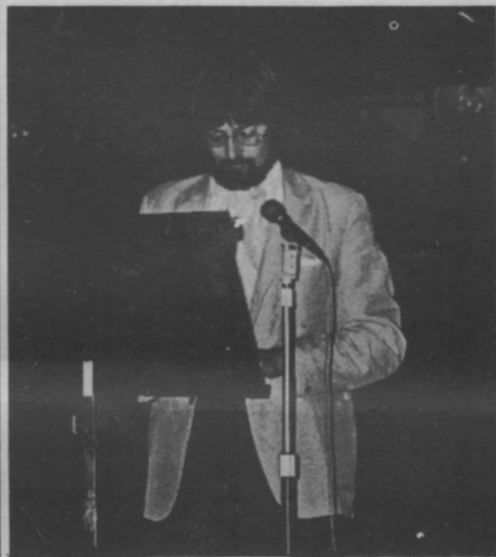
DUBLIN: Talking of the 'myths of mental illness' at University College, Dublin, Dr Victor Mayer of the Maudsley Hospital, London, said that homosexuals could not be forced by judges or psychiatrists to change their sexual orientation if they did not wish to. However the behavioural approach to illness (which includes aversion therapy) did work for some diseases such as nocturnal enuresis (bedwetting) and obsessive compulsion.

# A Day Of Constructive Harmony

The long-awaited Teach-in on Homosexuality took place in the George Square Theatre, Edinburgh on Thursday 8th March 1973. After 8 months of careful planning, the event was over in 8 hours, but in these 8 hours many truths and valuable pointers for gay people were spelt out. It was a day of constructive harmony, a Teach-in to remember for all time.

I don't propose to go through all the speakers and what they said in strict order, but will concentrate on the parts of the event which — in my mind — were the most stimulating. Perhaps I am not the best judge, because I was heavily involved in the organisation of the Teach-in. I hope others will contribute here.

It's difficult to estimate exactly how many people attended the proceedings because, as is usual for such events, there was a certain amount of coming and going both of speakers and individuals in the audience. According to the programmes issued at the front door, not less than 600 students staff and general public were present during all, or part, of the Teach-in. We generated 34 column inches of comment in the National Press before the event, and 52 inches during and after the Teach-in, including the Editorial in the Glasgow Herald on Saturday 10 March which was highly favourable to the gay community in Scotland and constituted a major break-through in the attitude of the Scottish establishment press. "Homosexuals suffer enough by way of social stigma and gratuitous insults, not to mention blackmail threats, without having the weight of the law held against them . . . The trouble with the Crown Office Statement is that it does not support the law (of Scotland) as it stands. The Scottish Minorities Group are right, therefore, to press for law reform." What were the qualities of the men and women who took part in the Teach-in which contributed to this measurable change of heart in Scotland?



Ian Dunn, of the Organising Committee of Teach-In, introducing the programme.

The organisers were absolutely determined to engage people of the highest calibre where possible. Their personalities and achievements mattered more than their armchair qualifications. The best halls and dining facilities were secured at low cost, and travel costs were reimbursed to speakers from outside Edinburgh. Determined appeals were made for funds from both Universities in Edinburgh and £100 was raised in this way. The University of Edinburgh also recognised the Teach-in as an Official Event, thus making it the first in the UK of its kind. The fledgling Edinburgh University Gay Group threw a far from dis-jointed party the night before, and Heriot-Watt Students presented a fabulous Gay/Straight Disco, with late bar, immediately after the Teach-in.

Michael Coulson was the first speaker with the simply titled subject "Being Homosexual". He set the tone of the day with his candid account of his life-style which received admiration and respect. Dr Jock Sutherland of the Andrew Duncan Clinic, Edinburgh, was most disappointing. Not only did he not illuminate his audience on "Homosexuality, Personal Maturity and Social Values", but his giant Clockwork Model of society (where one event or development must inexorably follow on from another) seemed quaint and out-of-date. About the best thing he said (and that said condescendingly!) was: "Rather than attack the homosexual we should turn our concern to what is wrong with our educationalists." Hannah Rogers — "Relations Between Gay Women and Gay Men" — quite



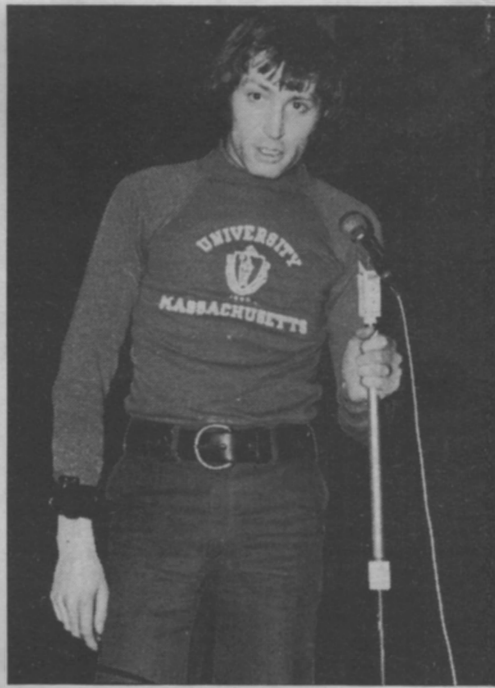
Hannah Rodgers: "I'm a feminist".

literally stepped in at the last moment when Suki Pitcher had to fly back to London on the morning jet to be present in Court. (Her case was dismissed

and she was awarded costs — good luck Suki). Hannah frankly described her anger (a creative emotion) at being doubly oppressed in society: first as a woman and secondly as a lesbian. Women neither have sufficient independence nor full legal recognition. "I consider that the organisations (CHE, SMG . . .) are just sub-groups," she said, "I'm a feminist . . . it's the whole thing." Hannah does not accept the word "gay" as applied to women: "Call me lesbian, for this conveys the sense of completeness and the idea of love."

The Rev John Gray was highly controversial and captured the headlines in the Press the next day with "Kirk Split on Homosexual Issue" in the SCOTSMAN. He said that he had great compassion for homosexuals, but that it "is a misfortune to be homosexual". He saw only 2 or 3% in the population with "glandular abnormalities — meaning we understood, the "permanent" homosexuals — but many others are depraved and they are criminals." The audience was not at all happy with these pronouncements! There was further outrage when John Gray said that there were men in Edinburgh who "were homosexuals for kicks" simply because they had tried everything else. Well, at least the reactionary view was aired and firmly nailed by the Convenor of the Church's Moral Welfare Committee who announced later that Mr Gray's views were not those of the Church as a whole. He described John Gray's views as showing great ignorance on the subject. While tidying up after the Teach-in I discovered a hastily scribbled note in the Reverend Gray's own hand. It said: "I managed at least to attract some vituperation! I must go now." He had also carefully counted the size of his audience during his speech. The title of his talk was "Homosexuality — Christian Reservations about Current Attitudes". The afternoon session was completed by Father Fabian Cowper, Roman Catholic Chaplain at York University, "A Catholic Perspective on Homosexuality" with interesting information on recent developments in the Netherlands; and by Michael Steed, lecturer in Politics, Manchester University, on "The Political Context of Gay Liberation."

The documentary film COME TOGETHER (GB 1971) was screened twice during the evening meal break. It is an excellently made film, and proved an ideal lead into the first speaker of the evening session, Denis Lemon on "The Gay Press — A Need For Communication".



Denis, of Gay News, talks about the Gay Press.

Quietly and effectively, Denis outlined the history of the setting up of GAY NEWS, the newspaper you have in your hands now. He described the other publications now in existence, and explained their differing functions. The unsatisfactory state of the Law concerning contact ads (a vital GAY NEWS service to the community) and the irritating state over the distribution of the newspaper were mentioned. Denis called for more solid response from the lesbian readership. GAY NEWS was open to all, and favoured no one viewpoint. Councillor Ian Christie spoke next on "Law Reform and Social Attitudes". Ian is a highly regarded educationalist in Edinburgh, and a publisher of books such as "Holmes Arithmetic" the bane of Scottish Primary School kids. He was also publicly speaking on behalf of the SMG Law Reform Committee. His speech was tremendous, spellbinding, forceful and very, very Scottish in flavour. The SMG strategy was clearly mapped out, and Antony Grey, Michael Steed and even David Levison for the Church of Scotland, paid their due respects to the SMG Bill.

Professor John Gagnon, visiting Fellow at Churchill College, Cambridge, and Professor of Sociology at State University, New York, described "Recent Developments in Sexual Research". He is admirably qualified to do so, being a former Trustee of the Kinsey Institute and the joint author of several Papers. In a fascinating and moderately complex talk, John described our changing attitudes to sexuality and research into sex. The question of etiology has dominated all discussion for too long. It was not, he said, a question of how you became homosexual but rather one of how you came to shape your whole life. Our homosexualities are shaped by the categories in which we place our-



Prof. John Gagnon and Glensy Parry exchange ideas.

selves. People who are homosexual have to sort out all the same problems as people who happen to be heterosexual. Indeed, once we have coped with our home, our job, our feeding and clothing we find we have fundamental common links with everyone else. Although Professor Gagnon was not in favour of any more research on homosexuals, he nevertheless ascribed the crucial shift-point in US society as being the publication of the first Kinsey Report. This report — despite its imperfections — was the first social and sexual book-keeping which allowed people to see for themselves just how common homosexual experience was. His talk was laced with much good humour and he paid sincere tribute to the contribution of the women's movement and the gay movement in challenging the biological limitations of the world. And he reminded us that the proportion of copulation between any two humans which results in babies was 10<sup>-3</sup> (one thousandth!)

Glensy Parry — "Gay Women and Women's Liberation" — paid warm regard to John Gagnon in her talk. She won her audience's heart (and its respect and attention) with her disarming presentation of very radical concepts of sexuality. Notwithstanding her comfortable brown dress, she explained "I'm in drag tonight!" "Truths," Glensy said, "are not like Golden Nuggets which are waiting around for you to pick up". You have to engage on a process of self-discovery. She described other theories on life-styles, in particular her monosexual constructive possibility. Glensy gave us the best quote of the whole teach-in: "I can think of nothing more unnatural than playing the violin." The Rev David Levison was the final speaker. He gave a clear and progressive statement to the Teach-in on the position of the Church of Scotland on homosexuality. He described himself as a Christian Socialist. Not reading from his prepared statement, he announced that he believed the Spirit of God was working through the Gay Liberation Movement, "shaking the foundations . . . not allowing us to settle down — you're forcing us to move on — I'm listening and learning here today." Pretty good stuff! The Church of Scotland agree and proclaim unequivocally that the "homosexual is a complete person, with the capacity for the highest physical, spiritual and intellectual attainment, and should not be the subject of gratuitous sympathy." However, his two views betrayed evidence of condescension (as Antony Grey finally pointed out). David Levison accepted this criticism.

Professor Morris Carstairs, Department of Psychiatry, Edinburgh University, summed up. It was good to note that he used the word gay without the reservations he had in 1970 and 1971. Professor Carstairs himself recognised this when he described the social change in Edinburgh since the famous "Traverse Trial" of 1971. "This has been a Teach-in about human sexuality", he said, "I hope there will be further opportunities to continue this fruitful topic."



A friendly word - Cllr. Ian Christie talks with Prof. Carstairs.

Councillor George Foulkes thanked the Joint Universities Organising Committee for their work. In return, the Committee are indebted to Tom Scott, Heriot-Watt University Chaplain and to George Foulkes for their fine and relaxed chairmanships of the Teach-in sessions.

Ian Dunn

**All gay women should read SAPHO (30p inc post) regular monthly magazine BCM Petrel London WC1**

## Joan's Other Love

A 'scandal' story currently appearing in both the British and American press is that Joan Baez, the folksinger and one time close friend and reputed lover of Bob Dylan, had a lesbian love affair eleven years ago. The item has been published under such headlines as 'The two lives of Joan Baez' and 'My other love life, by Joan'. At the time of going to press we haven't yet seen what the imaginations of the Sunday sensationalising/gutter press have dreamed up to lead into this honest revelation.

Joan stated that: "One of the nicest whatever you want to call it — loves of my life — was a woman. It was something that happened when I was 21, and not since then. I'm more male orientated now."

Well known for her radical political thinking and actions, 32-year-old Joan is separated from her husband, David, who served a term of imprisonment for his anti-Vietnam war activities and for refusing to be drafted. Joan has custody of their three-year-old son. She said she was "bisexual" in an interview published in early March by the Daily Californian at Berkeley.



Photograph: R.I. Poff

Later she told reporters, "I'm not sure if the term 'bisexual' is the right one. I may have been wrong in talking about it. But I know it's important to a lot of people."

"If you swing both ways, you really swing," she said. "I just figure, you know, double your pleasure."

GN's reaction to these disclosures and opinions is 'Right on, Joan' for 'coming out'. It certainly isn't wrong to talk about it.

Perhaps her example will encourage others, especially those likely to receive the media's attention, to follow suit. Unfortunately we do not have a good enough photograph at present to do Joan justice, otherwise she would have been the first individual to receive the notable honour of being our inaugural Gay of the Month.

## Gay Women On Television

At least two GLF women members appeared on ATV's programme "Women and Education" on Saturday February 24, 1973.

The programme started with a somewhat badly-edited film showing the different schooling provided by Cheltenham Ladies' College (the 'Eton' of female public schools) and that offered at a large comprehensive.

This was followed by a discussion in the studio, in which many complaints were heard of different curricula as between boy pupils and girl pupils.

A denim-clad girl with short hair wished to know why boys should not be able to have lessons in cooking and sewing, and why girls should be unable to take metalwork. Both this girl and another in the audience were wearing GLF badges.

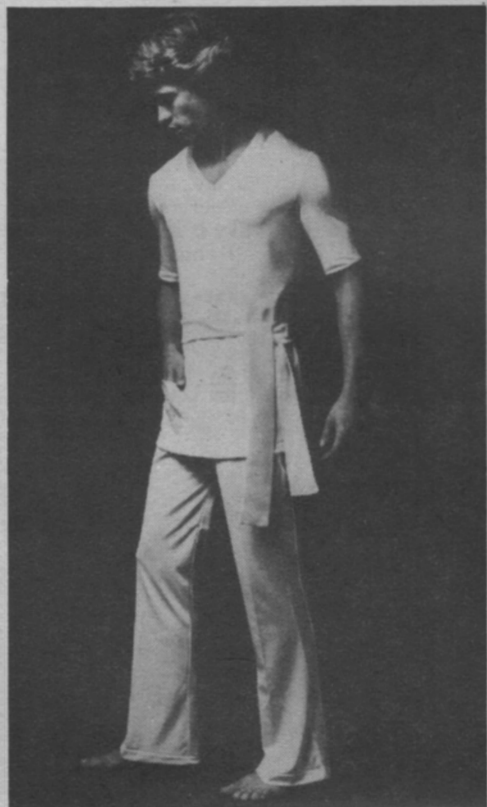
The discussion ended without any definite conclusions being reached, in fact it was abruptly broken off as the programme had "run out of time". That old excuse rears its head in so many TV discussions with audience participation. It seems to crop up — on both BBC and ITV — just as some interesting points emerge. The only programme to follow was a five-minute (presumably recorded) religious item, so there was really no excuse for the sudden ending.

Steve Williams

# Crushproof In Clinches

International Men and Boys Wear Exhibition, Earls Court, London.

So many requests have poured into the Gay News office in recent weeks for a fashion spot that our roving reporter was despatched, pen in hand, to Imbex at London's Earls Court to view the latest offerings from just about every name in the international fashion scene. It was in many respects, a disappointing expedition. Although our reporter was dazzled by the exhibitors, their goods for the most part, failed to inspire. British manufacturers appeared to have failed to provide any real variation on last year's themes. The casual denim look seemed to share the limelight equally with soft woollens (jackets and trousers as well as sweaters) but neither seem to have changed in any respect.



Natty nightwear by Hom.

The most exciting display came from Hom of France who, as always, took pride in showing us what the well undressed man should be wearing. They have produced a dazzling range of briefs and matching T-shirts in stretch cotton that are guaranteed to show your figure at its best. In common with the rest of their range, the T-shirts featured the exclusive stretch tail which fits below your cheeks and will hold the shirt in place all day long without any of the so common midriff bulge.

It's a long time now since I last wore pyjamas but Hom have managed to break away from the traditional flannel two-piece and have produced the Bijama, which may

well tempt me into them again. Bi, because they are designed to be just as good out of bed as they are in. Described as being perfect for loafing and relaxing the makers claim that, made in heavy silk weight Arnel they are cool and crushproof, even in clinches! Certainly they represented the best in nite-wear that I have seen.

Bona Toes (who else) were showing the best footwear although there was little to distinguish their exhibits from current styles. Boots and shoes still feature flared and platform heels and soles. Those illustrated are in kid leather in a variety of self and two-tone colours, retailing at £16.95. For casuals they offered a range of lively sneakers in brilliantly coloured suedette with candy striped rubber soles and heels in red, beige, brown, dark blue and pale blue at £8.95.

South Sea Bubble had a very lively stand, the highlight of which I felt was the brushed denim and corduroy suits for him and her (illustrated). His suit has contrast piping and buttons on jacket revers, sleeves, blade seams and pockets, and on pockets of jeans. (Jacket £8.50 and jeans £4.50) Her corduroy suit features a zip front blouson jacket and 24" flare jeans again in a variety of very strong colours. (Jacket £6.50 and jeans £4.70)

The only new look in trousers that I could find were from Koratron who showed flared trousers with deep turnups. The side seams curve round to meet at the back seam just below the waistband — a new variation on the saddle-seam theme.

This year's exhibition lacked the sparkle that one expects from an international fashion showcase, even after allowing for the quality of the exhibition staff. Perhaps it would have been better if more of Britain's smaller designers had been given space if necessary by reducing the size of some of the foreign displays which, whilst they would certainly have taken prizes at the Ideal Home Exhibition for their standards of decorating, failed to show clothes of sufficient quality to justify the prices. Dare we hope for better next year? If present trends continue then the age of the peacock will pass rapidly into the pages of history and the market in demob suits will boom again.

Bona Fashion Service



Step out in sneakers by Bona Toes.



South Sea shuffle?

## NEWSETTES

### ● Recruits to Gayness

**BIRMINGHAM:** In a truly stunning piece of illogicality, Dr Phillip Cauthery of the Birmingham Institute for Sex Research advises junior hospital doctors: 'The truly promiscuous male has little enjoyment of intercourse. If he does find himself really liking it and the woman, he generally becomes impotent.' He goes on to state that as a result 'this fairly considerable group of inadequate young males are potential recruits to homosexuality.'

Mightn't you have the cart before the horse Dr Cauthery? Couldn't these 'truly

promiscuous males' who become impotent and 'potential recruits to homosexuality' be latently gay in the first place? It is time that the myth that one can 'choose' one's sexuality (or be seduced away from it) be firmly refuted, and it is sad to see a so-called expert falling for the hoary old tales propagated for so long by the 'straight' establishment.

### ● Gayest Place in Town

**PARIS:** The play that is almost literally rolling them in the aisles in Paris these days is La Cage Aux Folles at the Palais Royal. It is without question the greatest farce since Charley's Aunt.

The night I went there was not a dry eye in the house. "Folles" is French slang for homosexuals and the action concerns two homosexuals who run a drag club in St

Tropez and who have lived for years as a happily married couple.

One of them, however, has a heterosexual past as a result of which he bore himself a son. The farce begins when the son arrives to announce that he is about to marry the daughter of a distinguished and highly conventional MP and that the prospective in-laws intend to call on the bridegroom's parents.

The two "Folles" have only two days to change the character of their marriage from the unusual to the usual. The result without a trace of vulgarity, is quite brilliant.

The play has been written by one of France's greatest comedians, Jean Poiret, and he plays opposite an equally remarkable comedian, Michel Serrault.

*ED: The above is reprinted from Sam White's Paris, which is a regular feature in London's Evening Standard. Love and thanks to them both.*

### ● Anxious Chelsea

**LONDON:** Kensington and Chelsea, who are already worried over rising VD cases in the Royal Borough (see GN18) are particularly anxious that women and (presumably) passive homosexuals should be aware of the dangers of contracting the disease. Dr D J Sherboom, the Medical Officer of Health emphasised that these two groups could be unaware that they have it and advised regular blood tests. Advice and treatment at clinics is free and strictly confidential.

### ● Double Blackmail

**LIVERPOOL:** A man who in December pleaded not guilty to blackmail, changed his plea to guilty and was given a suspended prison sentence of nine months and fined £25.

Steven Sherlock, aged 41, who with a man names Chapman posed as policeman and provocateur respectively, demanded £40 from a retired professional man in return for preventing prosecution and publicity.

Chapman had previously received payment from Mr X, but when he thought he was losing control over his victim, induced Sherlock to compromise the man who then handed £40 to the pair. Chapman was earlier gaoled for two years.

### ● Dressed to Mug

**USA:** Nowadays the vicious crime of mugging is becoming a more common event in Great Britain, though we still have it easy compared to the epidemic proportions this activity has reached in the United States. The mugging problem has become so enormous there, that only cases where more than 500 dollars (£200) is taken, the injuries are bad enough to need hospital treatment, or a weapon is used, are reported by the press and the other forms of media.

A recent development in this heinous crime wave is described in the following case: 'Jackie Jones of Washington was robbed and beaten Saturday at about 7.45am by five female impersonators, one armed with a brick, who pulled him from his car in the 1400 block of Girard Street Northwest, and began striking him. The group fled with some cash and a black notebook.'

The victim has fortunately recovered from the incident, but the perpetrators of the attack sounded as if they were 'dressed to kill'.

### ● Growing Up Gay?

**BIRMINGHAM:** Rumour has it that the 'infamous' Dr Martin Cole, whose controversial film 'Growing Up', which included scenes showing masturbation and coitus caused storms in many tea-cups last year, is preparing a film dealing with homosexuality as part of a general series of documentaries on sex education.

### ● In The Flesh

**LONDON:** If the thought of seeing Ross McWhirter and Mary Whitehouse in the flesh (so to speak) thrills and excites you, here is your opportunity. For on Tuesday, 17 April, those spokesmen for the Silent Majority will be speaking at a mass rally at the Central Hall, Westminster at 6.30pm. Music will be by the Salvation Army Silver Band and Ismael and Andy. Sadly, Cliff Richard is not billed to appear. Admission is free, and presumably you'll be given the chance to express your viewpoint as well as listening to the puritanical nonsense spouted by this frustrated minority. Don't miss this important meeting, and remember, ladies and gentlemen in drag, (unless it's foolproof) will find admission difficult.

The event is jointly arranged by the Nationwide Festival of Light and Mary Whitehouse's brainchild, the National Viewers' and Listeners' Association.

### ● Back On Sale

**SCOTLAND:** Distributors and newsagents please take note that copies of Gay News seized in a series of raids on five bookshops in Edinburgh have been returned by the

authorities. It is safe to assume that whilst the paper was in 'custody' it was thoroughly scrutinised by those that matter, ie the police, the Lord Advocate (his equivalent in England is the Attorney General), the Crown Agent's office, and they must have all come to the decision that GN is a completely acceptable (and respectable) publication, personal ads and all.

Apparently the only magazine removed by the police in the raids that has not so far been returned is OZ.

Mike Coulson of Edinburgh SMG received an interesting telephone call on the evening of the raids. To Mike it sounded suspiciously like a policeman at the other end of the line, despite the fact that he called himself 'Roberta'. Mike assumes that they were checking the validity of the SMG contact listed in GN's information columns.

This information has been relayed to us by the Half Acre and A Cow Association (honest) of Edinburgh.

### ● Haunted Cottage

**LIVERPOOL:** Toilets at the rear end (!) of East Prescott Road, Liverpool, claimed by local residents to be the 'haunt of homosexuals' are to be modernised, and manned by an attendant. A suggestion that casting couches be provided and the colour scheme changed to lavender and silver has been rejected.

## Police Cottage Spying Curbed

**CALIFORNIA:** Furtive surveillances of public restrooms (cottages) — a police tactic used to gather evidence against homosexuals — has been sharply curtailed by the California Supreme Court recently.

The High Court overruled a Los Angeles man's conviction for oral copulation because he was spied upon by a plainclothesman hidden in the plumbing area of a public men's room.

Such conduct is a violation of a citizen's right to privacy, the decision said, and violates both the Federal and State Constitutions.

Chief Justice Donald R. Wright wrote the unanimous ruling.

Leroy Triggs was convicted solely on the testimony of Los Angeles plainclothesman Richard Aldahl, the decision explained, and because that testimony is excluded Triggs cannot be retried.

Aldahl testified that he observed Triggs enter a public restroom in Arroyo Seco Park in Los Angeles. About ten minutes later, another man went into the men's room.

Aldahl, the decision said, was accompanied by two other plainclothes officers. The three hustled into the "plumbing access area" of the park's restroom building where Aldahl watched Triggs orally copulating with the other man.

Aldahl, the decision explained, had not seen Triggs or his companion doing anything suspicious before they wandered into the restroom.

The court ruled that such action constitutes a violation of the Fourth Amendment to the US Constitution, which bars "unreasonable searches".

To do otherwise, Justice Wright said, "would permit the police to make it a routine practice to observe from hidden vantage points the restroom conduct of the public . . . and would permit spying on the 'innocent and guilty alike'."

*ED: This story was written by Robert Bartlett and appeared in a recent edition of the San Francisco Chronicle. GN suggests that any future Homosexual Reform Bills in Great Britain should include a clause limiting the powers of the police to use agents provocateurs or entrapment methods, with particular reference to the case mentioned above.*

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



# Here We Are Again

To start this edition's Here We Are Again, we would like to remind you that we have now moved to new premises, and are no longer operating in any way from GN's original address or telephone number. The move to the new offices happened fairly quickly and we hope that our sudden departure from Paddington did not inconvenience any of you. Post sent to our old address is being regularly collected, and as some of you know, calls to GN's former telephone number are being redirected to our new number by GPO switchboard operators.

In future, please remember to send all correspondence, news, articles, subscriptions, ads and box number replies to our new home, the address and telephone number of which are printed as a further reminder at the end of this piece.

## Sparsely Furnished But Ever So Clean

The greatly increased amount of floor space we now have at our disposal makes it difficult to hide one immediate problem. We are very short of all types of office equipment. If any of you have any desks, chairs, cupboards, filing cabinets, shelving and light fittings you are not using or don't need, we would be most grateful if you passed them on to us.

On a lighter note, one asset we do possess is a bath, which gives our basement headquarters a somewhat 'penthouse' feel. Even EMI House does not have such facilities available for the general use of their staff. Our patio garden will also prove to be invaluable during the warmer months later this year — editorials from between green carnations. With such luxuries it seems a shame that so much of our work is done sitting on the floor, as there aren't enough desks and chairs to go round.

## Personal Ads

Recently, members of GN's editorial collective have been seriously discussing the importance or advisability of gay contact advertisements in the paper. Amongst ourselves we have vastly differing opinions, ranging from the reasoning that personal ads are still an essential means of communication for people who, through no fault of their own and for a variety of reasons, are lonely or isolated. On the other hand, it is argued that the ads just serve as a service for sexual extremists, or do not help establish friendships or relationships beyond the level of basic sexual gratification. No doubt readers have their own opinions and ideas on the worth of the personal ad service we run.

As we consider this subject to be an extremely relevant issue, we think that it is time a featured article about ads was published in GN. To make this venture as comprehensive as possible, we ask you to write to us and let us have your opinions and thoughts on personal ads. Also, let us know if you have found them to be of any use, for whatever reason you may have taken advantage of the service. If you feel that this means of communication is dangerous or unnecessary, please let us have those comments too. We are planning to go around gay pubs and clubs to cassette record spontaneous reactions to and feelings about personal ads, as well as getting the opinions of non-gays, legal authorities, members of the church and MPs. The final text of the feature will also include the uninhibited and completely honest opinions of GN's editors, which, because they are so widely diverse, will certainly cause a fair amount of controversy.

Gay contact ads are illegal and GN's editors could possibly face crippling fines or terms of imprisonment, or both. We would prefer to avoid such consequences but at the same time do not want to sell-out by accepting the hypocritical and

cobwebbed reasoning of the law as it now stands. A prosecution could well terminate the existence of Gay News. Think about that and the other points we have raised, then write to us.

Incidentally, an editorial statement concerning personal ads will appear in the next edition of the paper.

## Cottaging — Problem, Valid Outlet Or Myth?

Another controversial subject that arouses all kinds of responses, is that of 'cottaging'. To the best of our knowledge there has only ever been one serious, reasoned study of this gay phenomenon, that being Laud Humphrey's remarkable and, in our opinion, socially beneficial book titled **TEAROOM TRADE** (A study of homosexual encounters in public places). It is published by Duckworth at £3.25.

Two of GN's editors will shortly be starting work on an investigation into 'cottaging' as they feel the longer this subject is ignored or forgotten about, the longer it will be before gays, as well as non-gays, come to definite conclusions or are enlightened about the use of 'cottages' and those who attempt to make contact in them. Because these activities primarily concern male homosexuals rather than their female counterparts, we hope that women readers will understand why this investigation is necessary. Their opinions though, are most welcome, and will possibly prove to be most revealing on a 'pastime' that appears to be only indulged in by males. But is that statement correct to start with?

As with the Personal Ads feature, we must have your help and co-operation. We need your thoughts and opinions, and descriptions of your experiences, if any. So many myths surround 'cottaging'; isn't it high-time then that we looked at the 'problem' ourselves, for surely gays are the people who most need to, above all other members of society.

## Confidential and Anonymous

As both the subjects are of a delicate and controversial nature, all correspondence in connection with the Personal Ads and 'Cottaging' features will be treated in strict confidence, and anonymity will be guaranteed, unless you specifically state otherwise. The success of these two investigations/features depends ultimately on you.

## Deadlines and Dates

The next edition of Gay News will be published and available from 4th April. Deadlines for that issue are Friday 23rd March for copy, letters, etc, and the morning of Tuesday 27th March for advertisements.

Gay News Editorial Collective.

**FOOTNOTE:** Our new address is Gay News, Basement, 34d Redcliffe Square, London SW10. The telephone number is 01-373 0586. Come down and see us some time.

## Personal Opinion

# Telling It Like It Is

I apologise for using the slightly over-used cliché to title this piece, but it is the only phrase that adequately conveys my retrospective impressions of Scottish Minorities Group's recent Teach-in on Homosexuality, held on March 8 in Edinburgh.

A full report of the day's event is already available in this edition of GN, so I'll try not to repeat what is already said there. What I want to do is to give one individual's reactions to the proceedings, and the ideas that come to mind as a result.

The turn out for the Teach-in was encouraging, taking into account that the general public's attitudes to gayness in Scotland are discriminatory through to being dangerously reactionary. Don't forget too, that the 1967 Sexual Offences Act does not apply to Scotland, where all forms of homosexuality for men are still officially illegal, even if the authorities don't resort to more than a small amount of prosecutions. What was important was that well over half the people who attended were non-gays, a commendable achievement on the part of the SMG members who arranged and advertised the day's proceedings. One disappointment, generally shared, I think, by the organisers, was that a considerably greater number of parents, with or without gay children, did not take advantage of getting to know a little more about one of the most misunderstood sexualities.

A wise decision by SMG was to invite not only aware speakers and members of the gay community, who are totally committed to the struggle of enlightening public opinion about gayness, but to also allow rather staid representatives of the establishment to publicly express their views. The obvious ignorance and foolishness of these speakers did more for the homosexual cause than a bus load of already 'converted'. Of particular significance were the reactionary, completely negative ideas of Rev. John Grey, Minister of Dunblane Cathedral, who shocked and amazed the whole audience and the rest of the speakers, with his condescending

'compassionate' attitudes. They were so removed from modern reality that Fr Fabian Cowpeer, Roman Catholic Chaplain at York University, and Rev David Levison, of the Church of Scotland Moral Welfare Committee, spoke strongly against his dangerous and misinformed thinking. The Scottish press picked up on this division of opinions, quoting Rev Levison's more progressive retorts against the damaging and out-dated remarks. Even this changing, important reaction — unthinkable a few years ago in Scotland — left one still worried by the established Church's 'tolerant' way of relating to homosexuals. This area of the gay struggle, extremely relevant to all Christians, who are also gay, will continue to be a topic for much discussion and shows a need for a more positive insight on the part of the Church. Indications of possible change and a general rethinking were there though.

It was refreshing to hear Professor John Gagnon, formerly of the Kinsey Institute, deliver an illuminating speech on recent developments in sexual research, making amends for the confusing, far too clinical approach of Dr Jock Sutherland of The Andrew Duncan Clinic, Edinburgh. One thing I won't forget in a long while is Professor Gagnon's answer to the question "Are there such things as normal and abnormal?" He replied "No."

Campaign for Homosexual Equality's executive committee member Michael Steed and Edinburgh Councillor Ian Christie impressively conveyed their subjects, both of them leaving me with a confirmed conviction that the contributions to and involvements homosexuals must have in politics, both parliamentary and social, are a growing necessity.

Hannah Rodgers, replacing Suki Pitcher

at short notice, dealt with her subject well. But it was Glenys Parry who all of us present at the Teach-in will remember for some time to come. Glenys's direct, often amusing approach, allowed some of the most radical and revolutionary ideas on women's liberation and role playing sexuality to firmly implant themselves in my mind. These enormously important issues are relevant not only to gays, but to the whole of society. Glenys has also added a new word to my vocabulary, 'monosexual' — meaning a self imposed restriction to just one sexual role.

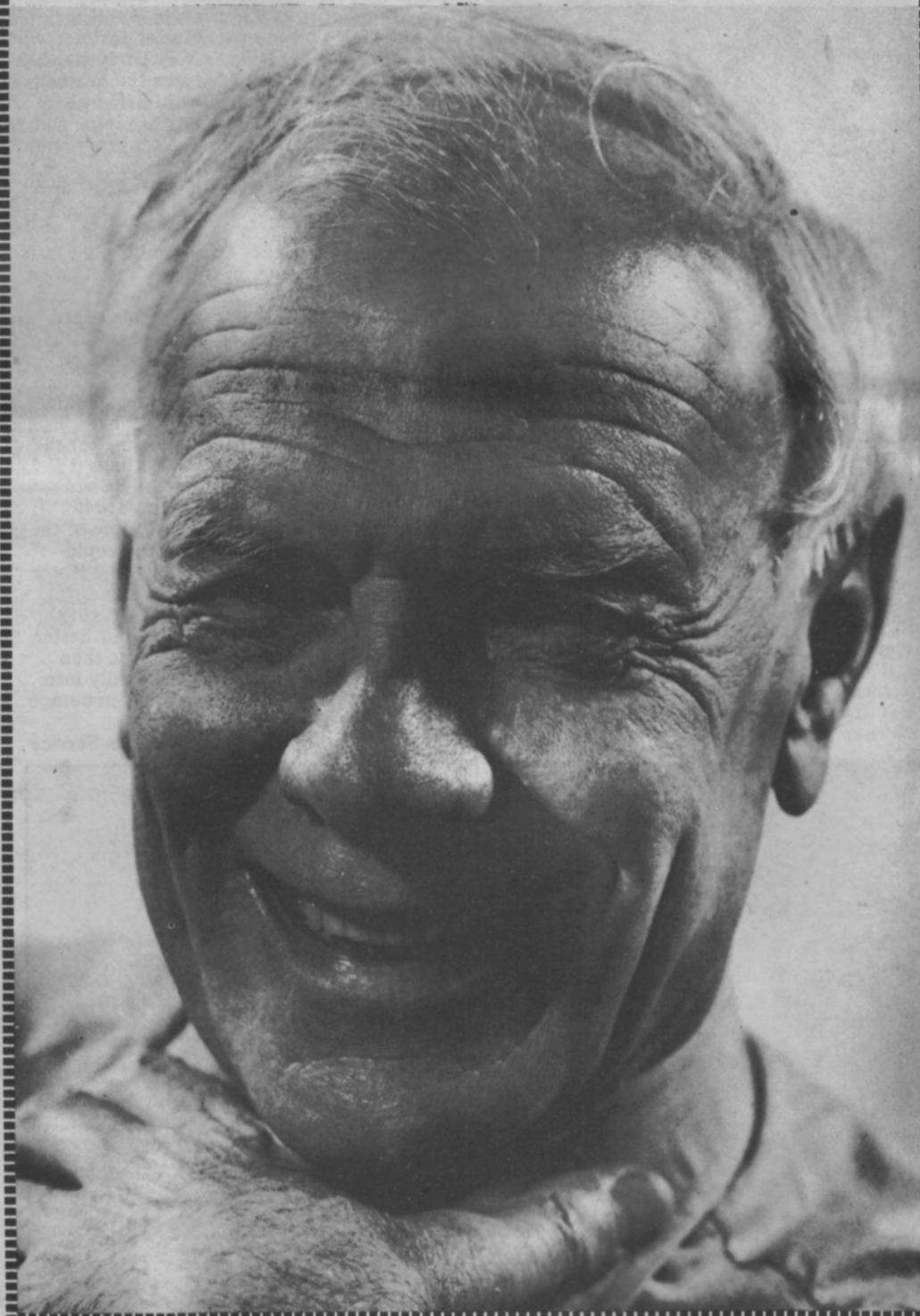
I spoke myself, or rather self-consciously stammered my way through 'The Gay Press — A need for communication.' To attempt to monopolise the word communication was not to be my lot, for the very essence of the Teach-in was COMMUNICATION.

I know that I have failed in not repeating many points and particulars already covered in the news report on the Teach-in, but please try to view this piece as an individual's reflections on a most successful gathering, that was informative, at times both entertaining and startling, and very much an affair at which all present responded, participated and learnt something.

On a day when the whole of the country was horrified and overwhelmingly grief-stricken by the outrageous bombings of the Provisional IRA in London, it was a most fortunate experience to be involved in, and aware of, one of the most positive gay events held in a long while. I would like to see Teach-ins on Homosexuality become a common occurrence in all towns and cities in Great Britain. The various homophile organisations, following the pattern laid down by SMG, should not find this too difficult a task to arrange and successfully execute. The necessity for these Teach-ins is clearly indicated as there is still a frightening amount of discrimination, misunderstanding and prejudice displayed generally on the subject of homosexuality. And it is not just for non-gays that similar public events should be arranged, gays — you and me — still have a lot to learn about ourselves, especially in regard to the situation of gay women. For me, the inconvenience of travelling to Scotland was a small price to pay, for such a positive and invaluable experience that never strayed from 'telling it like it is'.

Denis Lemon

# MUG OF THE MONTH



Photograph: Godfrey Argent Camera Press London

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# Goodness Had Nothing To Do With It



— It's better to be looked over than overlooked.



— The man I don't like, doesn't exist.



— My life is an open book. Ahm just looking for someone to read it.



— Your interior is as lovely as your ulterior.



— I hear the call of the irresistible



— "Are you showing contempt for this court?" No, I'm doing my best to hide it.



— Have a relaxative.



— Modesty never gets you anything. I know.



— I used to be Snow White but I drifted.

Mae West will be 81 in August. She still keeps in touch, though. She went to the Hollywood preview of *Heat* in a stud-stacked limousine looking, said Robert Colaceillo, "like an over-sexed platinum raisin". Which is just the sort of goofy writing she was inspiring way back in 1912. No change. And now she's produced another record, walloping ten straightforward rock numbers on the head. The voice is astonishingly soft and supple, more so than that of Dietrich who is a good ten years her junior. West is relaxed, incisive, confident. Underscoring her single entendres is less effortful. She projects and once again one realises that this is a character from the theatre, and particularly the music hall or vaudeville, than from the screen.

As far as I can find out this is Mae West's third album. The first came before 1964 and included some of her famous film numbers like *They Call Me Sister Honky Tonk* and *Frankie and Johnny* (and hers is still considered about the best variation of this well-hacked number: she delivered it in *She Done Him Wrong*). Then in 1966 came *Way Out West* on which she was billed as a "sensational new rock 'n' roll discovery". Well maybe. On *Great Balls Of Fire*, her latest 'release', she repeats the attempt.

Listening to these two records and watching a few of her movies, it strikes me that one of Mae West's great characteristics is her detachment, or perhaps sheer lack of involvement with her surroundings. Over and over again on the screen she lumbers on, mutters a few things to herself and lumbers off again, leaving everyone to carry on unravelling whatever situation they were in when she arrived. It was with some amazement that in *The Heat's On*, one actually saw Miss West pick up a telephone and partake in a tiny bit of actual plotting.

And so it is with her delivery of these often standard rock songs. Certainly the words are sometimes altered slightly. It says *Happy Birthday Sweet Sixteen* on the sleeve. On the disc it comes out *Happy Birthday Twenty-One* and is a cool appraisal of strapping lads. The title song is suitably restructured but throughout Mae West delivers the songs as though they are nothing to do with her at all really. One feels that at any moment she will lumber out of the studio, leaving the instrumentalists doing their nuts as they were when she condescended to come in on the session in the first place.

This isn't necessarily a bad thing at all. On the sleeve she stands leaning slightly backwards against what looks suspiciously like a portable Victorian bathtub but it is most likely a small white grand piano or a Liberace side-table. What she is doing is displaying her gear: the hair, the eyes, the lips, the diamonds the lengthy white fur stole. They are nothing to do with her, they are just for us to admire.

Wherever, underneath all that, Miss West lurks she could well decide to lumber away again and leave the fur and diamonds still propping up that bizarre piece of furniture.

She has been called the world's greatest female impersonator (by whom: Susan Sontag? Jonathan Miller? Ned Sherrin? Alexander Walker?) and there is a deal of truth in that. For her essence has always been over-emphasis. She is one of the few women who could make people laugh at overstated female attributes. In the 30s she was a freak: we are more used to it these days. The extraordinary quality of her appearance and style was pointed up by the presence in her films of some ingenue creature — Rochelle Hudson, Margaret Perry, Mary Roche — who personified sweetly dimpled, soft and manipulated women left bobbing in the wake of the waves of self-determination thrown up by the West galleon. And there were the grotesque, older, critical women on the other hand — Almira Sessions and particularly the bad witch of the east, Margaret Hamilton, playing in best Arthur Lucan fashion in *My Little Chickadee*.

Many of West's battles with censorship in the past (she went to jail for 10 days in 1926 and was released for *good* behaviour!) has revolved around her own interest in the daring fringe of the gay world. She wrote a play called *The Drag* in which most of the characters were gay, and *The Pleasure Man* demanded a number of female impersonators. She is probably the fag hag extraordinary; she doesn't tap the emotional traumas of Garland or the intellectual appreciation of Garbo. It is all straight from the shoulder, carnality rampant ("My what large and sinewy muscles" she remarks on seeing Randolph Scott, in a line striking in its candour) and great fun. She never takes herself seriously, we are told. I wonder. Watch her, in *Go West Young Man*, prowl round Scott placing an exploratory hand somewhere in the region of his left buttock. As Alexander Walker points out, when attracted to an available male, she produces "a rutting note uttered very softly and very close to him. Her love call."

There isn't much rutting on record. But enough of the squeezed lines, the almost asthmatic asides to please the fans. *Great Balls of Fire* has perhaps a couple of lapses — a very crass bit of dialogue to introduce a number called *The Naked Ape*, and a track where canned laughter is applied, presumably to imply an audience reaction, but which becomes increasingly irritating.

Roger Baker

*Great Balls of Fire*: produced by Ian Whitcomb. String and horn arrangements by Jerry Styner. *The Hot Rockers*. Vocal by The Mike Curb Congregation. MGM 2315207.

## Religious Instruction?



Illustration: Jean-Claude Thevenin

When I was a small boy, my stomach rebelled against milk-puddings & my soul against 'God'. I did not inherit my mother's ideas about what was good. I inherited only her obstinacy. Her victories were only apparent & short-lived. She made me learn Collects by heart & took me to Matins for which she tried to flatten my defiant hair & confined my neck in an immaculate starched collar. In summer I sweated onto the collar so that throughout the service it was cold and slimy. Since my discomfort was pleasing to God (or rather to what they called God, but I could not then distinguish between these opposites), God was displeasing to me. An ex-Brigadier read the First Lesson which generally recorded the smiting of the disobedient by God's chosen cheats & butchers. The Brigadier too was evidently 'chosen' & ranked high in God's army which figured so prominently in hymns. As for God himself, the Lord of Hosts, I pictured him as the King of Clubs enthroned on Mount Sinai, quivering & fuming with indignation. The face of the parson, who cringed obsequiously before him, was distorted with reverence & his pronunciation of the holy name rhymed with 'blood' instead of with 'sod'. He & the Brigadier resembled Jesus & God respectively — except for the latter's beards; for the parson was in agony & the Brigadier reverberated.

I was meant to love & worship & was forced to go through the motions of worship, but nobody could force me to love the omnipotent martinet whose wrath had to be appeased by starch & studs (back & front), by artificial faces & voices, by the loud, tedious flattery of the 'Te Deum' & by the boastful, vulgar gladioli on his altar. Love? What I loved was wild flowers, melodies in minor keys and mud. Perhaps I owed my subsequent relish for falling & tackling at Rugger to my growing contempt for the cleanliness which was next to godliness.

The change from resentful conformity to scepticism & contempt was marked by a series of incidents which began at my prep school. There, as the prospectus assured my mother, Christianity was the basis of school life. Indeed we prayed twice daily in the green-painted, corrugated-iron chapel &, on Sundays, crocodiled to the parish church, wearing, instead of our workaday caps, still straw hats with scarlet hat-bands. This new form of reverence tallied with what I had already learnt about God's insistence on stiff, uncomfortable raiment. (I had not yet noticed the discrepancy between God's dolled-up congregations & Christ's "Take no thought for raiment"). But God's Word, which was read during Services & scripture lessons, had begun to seep through my day-dreams and odd snippets of it rang true & tallied with other snippets, so revealing a general sense poles apart from straw hats, studs & starch.

So when Cuthbert Bullough, M.A., Headmaster, chose 'Revenge' as the subject for a weekly essay, I based mine on "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord" and on "Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also". I was vaguely aware that my essay was an implicit deprecation of the gallant punitive expeditions which had resulted in the British Empire. Had my intelligence been more than mediocre, I might have been mischievously explicit: — "Kill father, steal his land & then convert his orphan to 'Thou shalt not kill' & 'Thou shalt not steal'; erect smelly corrugated-iron chapels amidst majestic trees & astonishing wild flowers; corrupt black boys into pleasing God by the gift of Christian sailor-suits, thus hiding all but the least beautiful parts of them." But I was neither mischievous nor bright. Nevertheless my essay was explicit enough to drive a wedge between Bullough, Headmaster & Divinity-teacher at a Christian school, &

Bullough, teacher of patriotically-slanted English History. Attack is the best method of defence. He attacked me with the full weight of his authority. The others' essays must have praised doughty deeds with special reference to Sir Richard Grenville & his ship. Anyhow they were God-pleasing enough to pass without adverse comment. Mine, based on a germinating interest in God's Word was so un-God-pleasing that his magisterial sergeant-major spent a whole school-period taking vengeance on me for my dislike of vengeance, & the other boys revelled in my humiliation as he continued to spout vituperation & ridicule. I stared down at the horizontal grain of the lid of my desk, making new resolutions:

"Christians are treacherous; hide your thoughts; mug up their phrases to placate them; with the dishonest, dishonesty is the best policy; the crowd sides with the powerful & loves to persecute; God is not God or good; God is the opposite of God; so there must be a God for him to be opposite to; trustworthy God; true God; God of wild flowers & mud; God purified or pretentiousness; still small voice."

Such was the substance of my thoughts as I stared at the lid of my desk. They were then in the foetal stage, but the humiliation made them leap in the womb. Later they were born, grew & at last became articulate. I thank Cuthbert Bullough, M.A., for his unwitting part in the midwifery & almost dare hope that I helped him as he helped me. I also thank my female 'entourage' at home whose God-pleasing magnification of irksome minutiae had, from the age of 9, driven me out along country lanes looking for wild flowers. Their magic was heightened by their names — Musk Mellow, Cranes'—bill, Tansy, Wormwood, Scabious, Fennel, Pimpernel.

The women encouraged me by giving me the necessary books. What they never knew was that I shared my flowers, my music, my thoughts & my love of mud with a group of lovely imaginary companions. Together we rolled down dirty slopes, explored woods & marshes & gave imitations of the parson & the brigadier & of women scolding or putting on sweet smiles. Together we wept with laughter & slept in bed, writhing in mutual embrace. These imaginary companions were all male. I was already 'queer' at the age of 9. I have not changed. Neither can I see any contradiction between my 'queerness' & God's word like the contradiction which exists between God's Word and its wilful misinterpretations

by successive generations of 'Christians'. Much later I saw that 'Christians' are the successors of the scribes & Pharisees whose ostentatious piety Christ repeatedly challenged, exposing the meanness & dishonesty that lay behind their 'facade' ('whited sepulchres'). But the exposure would have been far from complete, had he not, at the cost of his life, proved the murderous potentialities of self-righteousness. This surely ought to have discredited Pharisaism for all time. Not so. The disease is universal & ineradicable. Christ was taken over & institutionalised by those that had no eyes to see the point of his life & death &, having acquired robes, power & status, they added to their blindness the determination to remain blind.

But I must now go back to what happened at my Public School where I learnt that, if I were to translate my day-dreams about beautiful male companions into action with real companions, I should be committing a sin which was so abominable that it was unmentionable. Theft was called theft, but the sin which I had already been committing in thought for five years could be referred to only in euphemisms & circumlocutions. The favourite word for it was the thunderous quinquasyllable 'Immorality'. Theft, cheating, bullying, arrogance & idleness were not immoral. The word was reserved, like the punishment of instant expulsion, for loving a neighbour body & soul.

This new revelation of God's requirements came at a bad time. In succession I had chicken-pox, measles, bronchitis, tonsillitis, & sinusitis. I was despised & persecuted by me contemporaries in my own House. I 'looked on & loved' a contemporary who was in my Form but in another House & inaccessible. Love & immorality were doomed to remain imaginary. Heaven was excluded from earth by watch-dogs & spiked railings. Merciless morality. Immorality & immortality? Why not? More biblical snippets accumulated in Scripture lessons: — David, the 'comely' boy who slew the swaggering giant with a pebble; Jonathan; their love, 'passing the love of women'; their exploits & hardships; their indissoluble mutual loyalty. Scripture prep: — Learn Psalm XV by heart, a Psalm of David: "Lord, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle & who shall rest upon thy holy hill?" Answer: — "He that sweareth unto his neighbour & disappointeth him of though it were to his own hindrance. "Loyalty again; that was IT. I clenched my fists & my eyes filled with tears. Loyalty in sharing; loyalty in mutual defence against packs of hounds; loyalty in Immorality.

I thought of David's toughness, his generosity in sparing Saul, his wit in escaping from the Philistines by feigning madness, his mastery of the harp & of words. David deserved love. My constant dread & misery neither deserved nor attracted it. To be my 'David's' Jonathan, I must fight the Philistines. This thought, combined with the accumulated misery of two years of illness alternating with persecution, goaded me into action. I routed the Philistine pack single-handed. Their resistance was feeble. I then marched into the presence of majestic prefects & lectured them about what I had done. To my surprise they were delighted. Otherwise I was in the mood to hector the Headmaster. The fight was the turning point. The Philistines became obsequious. I ceased to contract diseases. I was rapidly promoted to the highest position. There would have been ample opportunities

for the growth of friendship, but by that time 'David' had left. His father had died & he was indispensable on the farm. He was that sort, a fact which he soon proved by dying of overwork. I could never have been worthy of him. But at least I had chosen well, fought well & if, as the Ancient Mariner suggests, love is a truer form of prayer than the 'vain repetitions' & the 'much speaking' that go on in churches & chapels, then I had also prayed well.

Organised Christianity has so discredited itself throughout history not only by murder & rapine but also by successive mutually contradictory orthodoxies — from the brutality of Inquisitors to the anaemic sentimentality of Victorian hymns — that the discerning young are rebelling against compulsory religious instruction. If their rebellion succeeds, they will, like Hercules, wash away centuries of bullshit from Augean stables; but enveloped in the bullshit lies the very Truth & hatred of hypocrisy which are inborn in the young & which actuate their rebellion. Cleanse the Augean stables with the cold river of rationalism & away flows the Truth together with the bullshit. Set fire to a wheatfield where thistles predominate & you destroy the necessary wheat — but not the deep-rooted thistles. Expel an evil spirit without substituting a good one & the evil spirit re-enters with a gang of even worse ones — a principle which, coming from the gospel, is substantiated by English History.

Had I, as a boy, been able to rebel successfully against the vulgar god of studs & starch, I should not have been stung into deducing the existence of a beautiful opposite; I should not have had in me the dry tinder which a spark from the XV Psalm could ignite. In any case, being free from instruction, I should have been ignorant of the Psalms' existence & I should have dismissed Christ as a satisfactory monosyllable for expressing disgust. Hearing perhaps about miracles like turning water into wine, I should not have been intrigued by the possibilities of mass-suggestion. I should not have associated friendship with merit & loyalty. I might well have raped & murdered children.

This essay is an argument for the retention of biblical instruction by whatever bullshit it is accompanied & despite the bullshit inserted into the book itself by Jewish & christian priests. Modern bullshit will probably take the form of ever-so-jolly pop hymns & open-neck shirts — a reaction against studs & starch — but it will be none the less loud, vulgar, artificial & intolerant towards unfashionable thought. Meaningless smiles instead of meaningless solemnity. From the ages of 9 to 16 — & sometimes much longer — humans excel at the amusing but bitter game of 'Spot the Liar'. They will be a disoriented mess if the ubiquity of liars goads them into cutting themselves off from the chance of spotting the Truth which the liars still unwittingly purvey.

For a few hundred years after his death Christ was portrayed as beardless & young. This was consistent with his mischievous schoolboy-like leg-pulling of the scribes & Pharisees which is the main theme of the gospel. They would hardly have bothered to crucify a gentle faith-healer. But he deflated their dignity & endangered their authority. Jealousy fear & fury motivated the crucifixion. During subsequent centuries the sculptors portrayed him, most inappropriately, as bearded & super-headmasterly. This change was one of the many steps taken by the scribes' & Pharisees' successors to substitute anti-Christ for Christ.

## A Public Inquiry - Gays & The Church

Shocked by the fear and unhappiness of thousands of people, a leading publisher in the field of homosexuality is initiating a serious and public inquiry into the present attitude of the Church towards homosexuals.

Because of the social pressures which are still operative, it is virtually impossible to assess the number of homosexuals in Britain, but if we are to accept the most conservative findings of the various official and unofficial committees which have attempted to enquire into the incidence of homosexuality, it becomes fairly clear that the British homosexual population is in excess of four million people! One needs to take into account the fact that many people are reluctant to disclose homosexual interests, and also that the last responsible enquiry took place quite some time ago. In fact it can reasonably be anticipated that the figures could be substantially more than previously estimated.

Most intelligent people in the country are now realising that society needs to adjust its outlook towards homosexuals in the interests of humanity and kindness, and the recent laws of 'consent' constitute a step in this direction. Naturally one cannot legislate changes in public opinion and the undue fears and misconceptions about homosexuals can only be undone by passage of time and by good Public Relations on the part of homosexual organisations. Publishers of 'gay media' in particular, should publish with responsibility. There are many facets of the law which still need to be revised before these several million people can feel safe and secure as legally accepted members of society. Thousands of homosexuals are STILL living in fear and unhappiness in spite of revised laws!

Religion plays a very vital part in our lives and many thousands of homosexuals are greatly concerned about their relationship with their churches. Roman Catholics feel that they are unable to participate fully in the sacred functions of their church as long as they are 'committed' homosexuals. The Confessional is a vital preliminary in the partaking of Holy Communion and a homosexual who is stable and adjusted towards his homosexuality

cannot properly enter the Confessional if homosexuality is to be regarded by the church as being sinful. Only a homosexual who already feels guilty can do this. In this, and in many other ways, are homosexuals made to feel that they are 'outside' the church?

Since the early days of Man and in the history of the Old Testament, every man was required to procreate the race and the family image was as sacred to society as it was to the church. Is the situation still the same today? Must we necessarily procreate? Must sex be regarded as being for this purpose only? If this is so, then the homosexual is still against the order of things, and should still be regarded as 'abnormal' and undesirable.

It is necessary to know the answers to these questions, and the publisher is now speaking to many people of high public standing in the Church; in Psychiatry; in Public Welfare and in the Government, with the intention of forming a Committee of responsible Public Figures, whose names will be formally published.

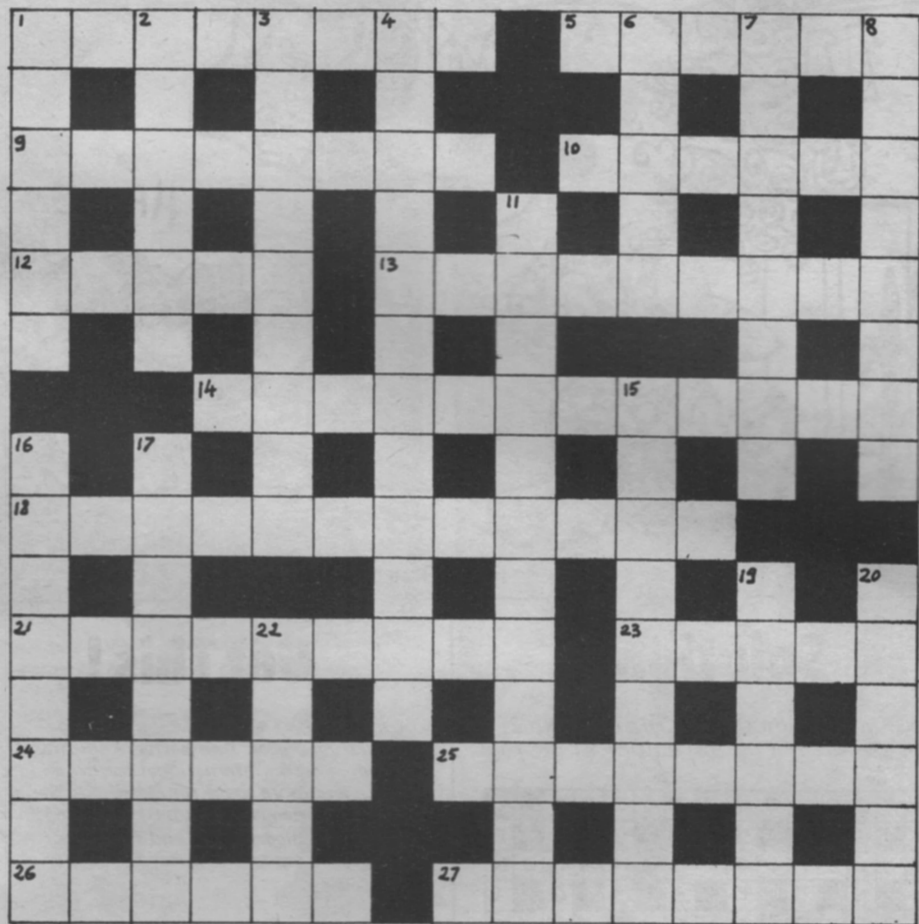
Once formed, the Committee of Enquiry will undertake to approach the leading members of all denominations of the Church to ask their views. The results of all discussions will be documented and published in book form.

It will be the policy of the committee to ENQUIRE ONLY, and it is NOT the intention of the publisher to attempt to influence, advocate or conclude. The resultant publication will be co-ordinated and cross-referenced so that conclusions can be left to the general public. All proceeds from sales will be donated to a charity chosen by the Committee, all figures to be published in the national press.

Don Busby (Publisher)  
Studio Publications, 200d Raiton Road, Herne Hill, London SE24.



# GN Crossword No 3/73



Clues – Across

1. Let's go at the end of the show (5,3)
5. Purgatory on board but beautiful on the sea shore (6)
9. Rent involved with the Alps establishes anew (8)
10. Queen follows short baronet for a change (6)
12. Alcohol sounds suitable for rad fem? (5)
13. Organ worth roughly a thousand for underground resident (9)
14. Concerning near muddled dream shows way of approaching an affair (4,8)
18. Adventure course (7,5)
21. Publication time of CHE associate mag or enjoyable arrangement with a friend (5,4)
23. Disapproval of a good man gives us a lift (5)
24. Royal Horse Artillery's wit produces ghostly double (6)
25. Ballet dancer (8)
26. Long necked spade useful for one's own craft? (6)
27. Implement for cracking Gay News' old symbol? (3,5)

Clues – Down

1. Vehicle poetically before producing progress through life (6)
2. Very quiet has nothing mixed for sisters' mag (6)
3. Equine period or more likely a time of progress (6,3)
4. Drag at Camberwell Green, thanks to St Nicholas? (6,3,3)
6. Hampstead and Westminster have different varieties (5)
7. Blind dates can be allowed on the hills (3 - 5)
8. Saint encloses a helpful card and Eastern prostitute (8)
11. Theatrical or otherwise, a popular sight! (5,7)
15. NUR's light motor cars! (8)
16. Hussars cap's sequel to Male International (6,2)
17. Don has to go North of Trinidad (6)
20. Condition – North for New York's island (6)
22. Hot electric radiator provides more than warmth and shelter (5)

The solution to the above crossword will appear in Gay News No.20.  
The solution to GN Crossword No.2/73 is on Page 10.

## If You Think You've Got Problems

We've often asked readers to send us clippings that might be of interest to us, and one we got a few days ago from the Sunday Independent of Dublin set us thinking. Entitled 'Dilemma of a Transvestite', the letter was from a 20 year old male, hung on the rafters with guilt about masturbation, 'bad' deeds with other fellows; dressing up as a girl' and possible impotence. The writer has been going out with a girl for a year, and in fact thinks he loves her. He asks whether he should break off the relationship to prevent her future unhappiness; does the fact that he enjoys dressing as a woman mean that he is a homosexual; and what is the best way of getting over his problem without going to see a doctor, which he can't face.

The anonymous journalist who answers this tormented young man sensibly assumes that the basis of his problems stretch back into his childhood and admits his/her inadequacy to deal with it. 'You must take your courage in both hands and approach your doctor. There is no reason why you should feel ashamed to face it. A doctor's job is to help people, not to sit in judgement. And you can be sure he has heard it all before.'

Perhaps, but in our experience the majority of patients have been told 'Find yourself a nice girl and settle down; it'll be better when you're married; pull yourself together; this is

more a job for a clergyman than me' or one of the many variations on these themes. The doctor who is skillful in dealing with psychosexual problems is rare indeed, and you'll be lucky if your general practitioner is one of these.

We've had many requests for a Problems/Advice column in Gay News, but as we felt inadequate to deal with the more serious worries and anxieties as well as a lack of time, we've waited until we could secure the help of qualified and experienced gay befriending services before we felt we could offer this service. Anonymity will be absolutely respected.

Letters giving us permission to publish will be passed on and replied to in our columns. Pseudonyms can be used.

With letters marked 'not for publication' you will receive a personal reply, again in strict confidence. There will be no pressure to join any gay organisation, and of course, all sexes are welcome.

Look for a column headed (thanks to Simon and Garfunkel) **Troubled Waters**.

If you want to use this service, write to us at:  
Dept T/W,  
Gay News,  
Basement,  
34d Redcliffe Square,  
London SW10.



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"Haven't you had him yet? He's this wonderful young man who came round and positively took over my whole kitchen..... he wouldn't let me do a thing; he did absolutely everything. He brought all the food round, shut himself away in my kitchen and – well, you saw the results."

"Yes, but I think I'd rather have seen Steven."

"Oh I know darling, but I thought he wouldn't be safe with all us girls if he showed his face, but naturally he'll appear and serve all the food he cooks, from intimate little soirées to enormously grand weddings and christenings. I'm certainly going to have Steven – always."

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Fiscal Drag.

### Solution

This is the solution to GN Crossword No.2/73,  
which appeared in the last edition of the paper.

C	R	O	S	S	P	U	R	P	O	S	E	S	E	S
O	G		N	R	U	I	F							
C	O	L	E	H	E	R	N	E	M	A	N	O	R	
K	E	O	E	S	S	G	I							
O	R	D	E	R	A	M	E	N	B	L	U	E		
F		S	L	N	B	E	N							
T	A	S	T	E	D		T	W	I	N	B	E	D	
H	A	M					F	E	L					
E	N	C	H	A	N	T		L	O	R	D	L	Y	
N	R	N	I	A	C		P							
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H	O	U	E	A			E	L						
W	I	N	D	S	O	R	C	A	S	T	L	E		

### Get This!

As from Issue 20, Gay News will never be the same.  
We're getting bigger. And better. Four more pages,  
more news, better international features, more  
pictures, and more space for classifieds. Sadly  
though, our price is going up by 5p. But 15p is  
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The New Movies...

# Sex, Horror & History



"Haven't you examined me somewhere before?"

**EAGLE IN A CAGE** (Cinerama Releasing UK), directed by Fielder Cook has a cast that reads like a Who's been Who at the Royal Court Theatre — John Gielgud, Ralph Richardson, Billie Whitelaw, Kenneth Haigh, Ferdy Mayne.

The eagle is Napoleon (Kenneth Haigh) in exile on St Helena, ill, ageing and generally in decline, accompanied by the last remnants of his loyal entourage, thirsting after his lost glamour and power. Adding to the moribund atmosphere of decay is Sir Ralph Richardson a failed diplomat with a panache for exotic cookery who has been assigned to guard Napoleon. Gielgud is another delight as an excessively doddering, immensely eccentric statesman despatched by the British government to suss Napoleon out.

The film is essentially a group of character studies of famous figures from a segment of history. It has slipped quietly into the West End three years after it was made, with a minuscule amount of publicity and posters which don't give a clue as to its subject, or even make it clear that it's an historical film. It's been mercilessly cut and the print used, even in the West End, is blurred and scratched. Nevertheless, this film succeeds better than many a large scale epic in conveying the plight, feelings and atmosphere surrounding a celebrated figure in his decline. As you can probably imagine from the cast list, it is beautifully acted, and the screenplay is poignantly written with a sting in its tail that does much to divert the unthinking awe in which we probably previously held Napoleon.

**THE LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS** (Hemdale Distributors) is directed by Roger Corman, that unflinching perpetrator of garish and entertaining low budget horror movies. This particular example has become something of a cult movie amongst his fans, and cinema buffs in general. Some seventy minutes long, it was shot completely in black and white over a period of just TWO DAYS.



".....and it came with the pot".

It succeeds admirably in being the ultra bad movie, a complete spoof, not only of horror movies, but of urban suburban life in general, and is often quite nihilistic in its portrayal of characters, as completely hollow, naive and futile. The main theme is a vampire plant, and this is liberally sprinkled with a hypochondriac Jewish momma who prepares a meal which has cough mixture as the first course, followed by chow mein with cod liver oil and policemen a hundred times sillier than those in Fuzz. Imagine a horror goon show set in the Neasden of New York, and you've got the **Little Shop Of Horrors**, a wholly original and entertaining cinematic experience.

**BLUEBEARD** (Cinerama UK) directed by Edward Dmytryk is about an impotent Austrian aristocrat played by Richard Burton, a Nazi sympathiser with a penchant for marrying pretty girls and promptly murdering them. Within 124 minutes he manages to get through Raquel Welch, Virna Lisi, Nathalie Delon, Marilu Tolo and Karin Schubert.

The film succeeds convincingly in entering the bounds of extreme madness as each girl is popped off in an ever more bizarre fashion, always after they have demanded his sexual prowess.

The most entertaining encounters are with Elga (Virna Lisi) a camp songstress who can't stop singing songs from **The Boy Friend** and Erika (Nathalie Delon) who convinced her lack of success in bed is her fault, employs a prostitute to teach her the gentle art of seduction and gets seduced by the prostitute.

It is also a very well executed film visually, with masses of vivid colours and fabulously rich looking sets. Slightly over long, it's nevertheless a fascinating and unusual horror sex comedy.

**THE CREEPING FLESH** (Tigon Pictures) is directed by Freddie Francis, the Roger Corman of the British film industry, who over the last twelve years or so has been responsible for countless low budget movies, many of them horrors. During his Hammer phase (1964-1969), he was responsible for most of their better product. Like Corman's, his films have a delightful air of cynicism about them, but being a former cinematographer, he has a technical polish superior to Corman's, often managing, as in **The Creeping Flesh**, to create a feeling of highly coloured splendour, and flamboyance within a very low budget.

In **The Creeping Flesh**, his first film since the highly successful **Tales From The Crypt**, Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing play two brothers, one a doctor in charge of a cruel mental hospital and one a scientist, who are both conducting experiments on the human brain. Cushing brings the skeleton of an ancient man back from South America, which he finds returns to a fleshy condition

when it touches water, after he spills some liquid on one of the fingers, which expands, becomes fleshy and penis shaped. He then cuts it off and places it in a jar, a typical Francis touch.

The plot, as in most good horror movies, is elaborately complicated, and needless to say, involves strange experiments, mental illness and monsters. What makes this and most of Francis' films very watchable is his skill — the monsters are really frightening, and his cynicism makes the characters in-

credible enough to be utterly believable in an unbelievable way; the script allows him plenty of scope to take us into a beautiful mystic non-reality.

Whatever you do, don't stay for **BLOOD BRIDES** (Tigon Pictures) directed by Mario Bavo, the other half of the double bill, a Spanish/Italian co-production set in France, that looks quite interesting visually, but is killed stone dead by the dubbing, an over literal American translation of the dialogue that doesn't make a grain of sense.

## Pungent Satire & Pathos

**THE NATIONAL HEALTH**. Director: Jack Gold. Screenplay: Peter Nichols, based on his play. Stars: Lyn Redgrave, Jim Dale, Eleanor Brown, Colin Blakely, David Hutcheson. Distributor: Columbia-Warner.

**The National Health** is an acutely funny satire on hospital life in a small men's ward — the "Sir Stafford Crisp Ward" — of a large London general hospital. Each of the beds is occupied by a representative English tea stained caricature, all living in some kind of fantasy world which is reinforced by those panaceas of hospital life, basket weaving and bed pans. Their reality is astonishing as they sit in a static situation accepting death, and doctors doing things to them without their knowing the cause or effect.

There are all kinds of comic fantasies, like an old man dying with a cup of tea in his hand, and beautiful send-ups of those television hospital series, where all is cleanliness and romance, but essentially the humour is bitter and attacking, using aspects of the doctors and patients and their attitudes to satirise the whole nation — the whole meaning and atmosphere of that name **National Health**. The grey skies, strikes, white bread, 'putting your best face on it', talking proudly of how well your son is doing when he never comes to visit you, keeping up appearances, bowels and sexual repression, preservationists and flowery hats.

Everyone in the hospital is obliviously suffering under this sickly conglomeration, except for Mackie, beautifully played by David Hutcheson. The performances are universally outstanding but his is very memorable as the only realist of them all: Dying of cancer, he just wants to be put out of his misery and loudly condemns the futility of the starched white sheets and the paranoid obsession with the goodness and glory of keeping people alive, making them better — "Their futility, ugliness, loneliness won't disappear with their ulcers."

A very pessimistic black comedy that as well as being enormously funny, I could say perfectly truthfully that I haven't laughed so much for years, makes through its humour, some exceedingly searing points about our ridiculous existences. Do please go and see it.

All film reviews by David Seligman

**THE PARADE'S GONE BY** by Kevin Brownlow. Published by Abacus at £1.75.

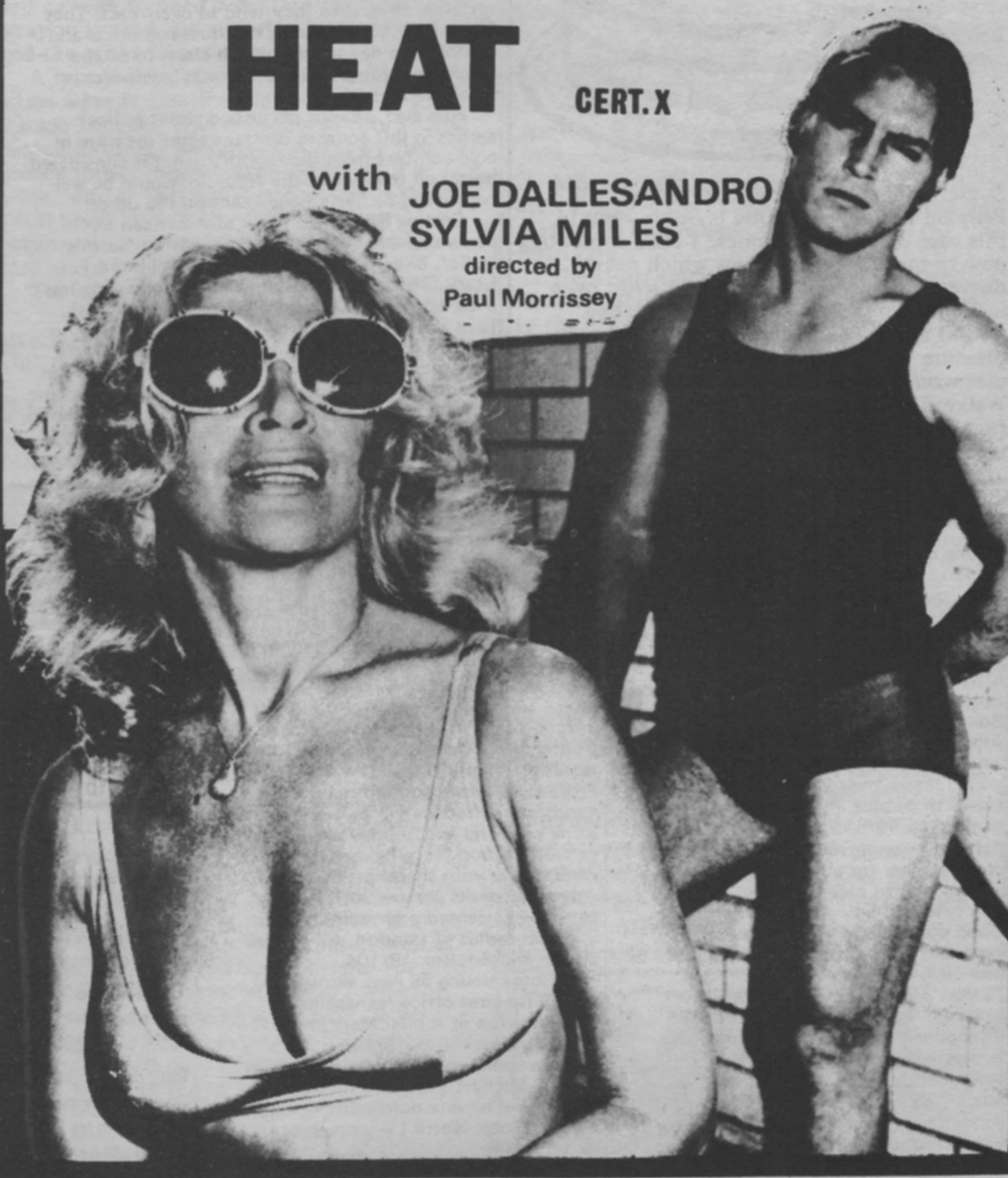
**The Parade's Gone By** is a composite general account of the silent film era at its height (1916-1928), which in an easily readable form traces the development of this cinema in this formative period, through its actors and directors. A factual account, laying stress on the facets of their characters and personalities which had as much influence as technical progress. There are biography chapters on Chaplin, Swanson, Selznick, Keaton, etc etc and the book is liberally illustrated with stills from the films. A very good introduction, I would say, for anyone interested in the silent era.

David Seligman

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# For All Who Love Poetry

*EPIGRAMS OF MARTIAL*, Hart-Davis MacGibbon, £2.95

*ODES OF HORACE*, Penguin Classic, 40p.  
*POEMS OF CATULLUS*, Penguin Classic, 40p. All translated by James Michie.

*'When you say, "Quick, I'm going to come," Hedylys, I go limp and numb. But ask me to hold back my fire, And the brake accelerates desire. Dear boy, if you're in such a hurry, Tell me to slow up, not to worry.'*

This and other treasures come from James Michie's translations of Martial's Epigrams. These three poets ought to be read by all who love poetry and even those who don't.

All poetry should have a timeless quality about it, and bear reading in any time or environment. Although I have never read any of James Michie's original verse, these translations are quite effortless and approach faultlessness. While keeping as close to the original as possible, he doesn't ape the Latin metre where it will detract from good English verse.

Of the three poets, Martial is the most recent. A Spaniard who went to Rome and became known as a sharp witted writer of pithy little epigrams, amusing, rude and sometimes downright dirty. There are perfect gems of translation from Michie as the above example shows. He is not mealy-

moued or coy in this, calling a cock a cock when necessary, and sometimes even when it is not. In spite of being written nearly 2,000 years ago, these snippets of verse seem quite pertinent for today, and are good to browse and dip into.

Although Horace's work is essentially Roman, and gives us an idea of Roman life, the picture is not as immediate as that given by Martial or Catullus. Horace's odes, which are so often quoted in translation are some of the most beautiful in Latin verse, both sensuous and evocative. Michie's translations capture this perfectly.

The poetry of Catullus is very much more that of contemporary Roman mores. It is humorous, bawdy and therefore was considered not fit for complete translation (in English at least) until recently. Victorians seem to have destroyed most of the complete texts of his work, and the previous parallel texts had huge chunks in that naughty language Italian, and the rest in barely adequate prose. Again Michie does a superb job, keeping the atmosphere, and rendering the lot into fine contemporary, racy verse.

You don't have to read all these books from cover to cover in order to get full enjoyment from them. They're there to dip into. Try them.

**Maron,**  
(See Martial's Epigram, Book 9, XXX11)

The revelations of hostility, brutality and hate will not come as a surprise to those of you who have followed the recent history of the United States. For those who haven't - remember that the nastier manifestations of the American life-style have been crossing the Atlantic at an ever increasing rate.

Denis Cohn

## Cooking On A Budget

*POOR COOK*, by Susan Campbell & Caroline Conran. Sphere Books, 60p.

At last, this excellent and good-looking cookbook is available at a poor-cook-type price. Until recently it cost £2.10 in hard-back which rather defeated its object.

The recipes are good, easy to understand and cheap. Even if your knowledge of cooking is limited to opening tins of baked beans, this book will enable you to produce some really interesting (and delicious) food without demanding too much skill. Most recipes use inexpensive ingredients and the cheaper cuts of meat.

It has a good introduction on basic kitchen requirements and clear diagrams on choosing meat, boning chickens and preparing meat so that a minimum is wasted. Now that food prices are so colossal, especially meat, it is an essential book for cooks or would-be cooks.

Two recipes to whet your appetite:

### EGGS IN BAKED POTATOES

6 eggs  
6 large potatoes  
Butter  
Top of the milk or single cream  
Salt, and freshly ground pepper  
Parmesan cheese

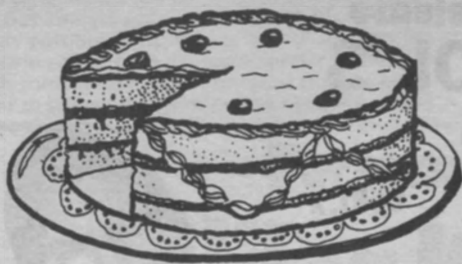
Bake the potatoes in the oven, Reg 2½/315 degrees, for two hours, cool a little and through a hole in the top scoop out enough of the insides to make room for an egg. Put in a knob of butter, salt and pepper. Break an egg into each, add a little cream and parmesan and bake in a hot oven, Reg 6/400 degrees for about 15 minutes or until eggs are set.

## Painful Pleasures

*TALKING ABOUT CAKES* by Margaret Bates. Penguin. 40p.

*VEGETARIAN COOKERY* by Janet Walker. Mayflower. 40p.

Possibly our greatest cook (well, certainly our greatest cookery writer) was Eliza Acton (1799-1859) and she had this to say about cakes: "... more illness is caused by habitual indulgence in the richer and heavier kinds of cakes than would easily be credited by persons who have given no attention to the subject..." and she calls them "sweet poisons". Today we tend to be more disciplined, but even so Miss Bates' book may well tempt too much. I should think every sort of cake and biscuit is mentioned including Three-cornered Puffs and Queen Cakes.



Something for everyone then. As with all Penguin Handbooks, good lay-out - but in this case an unreliable index. I tried something new to me called Continues which nearly drove me mad ("bake prettily in a hot oven" indeed!) but were quite super in the end.

But as my friend Gavin says, there's no pleasure without pain and to me a meatless diet would be difficult to say the least. Janet Walker fails to persuade me even to try it. In fact her book contains little indeed that isn't in other straight (as it were) cookbooks.

I feel that there are better or more inventive treatments of eggs, cheese, salads, vegetables, soups, cakes and preserves in other books. Only her selection of savouries suggests genuine main course alternatives. However, if you want a fairly all-embracing recipe book that excludes meat and fish totally, then money is well spent here.

Roger Baker

## When In Doubt, Over-React

*GETTING BUSTED - Personal Experiences of Arrest, Trial and Prison*. Edited by Ross Firestone, Penguin Books. 50p.

Regular scanners of Gay News will have now read several accounts of police arrests and trials in this country. The Champion 'Was It Drag or Was It Not' case and various Coleherne incidents spring to mind. If our boys in blue are called to deal with anything outside their immediate and narrow frame of reference, and minority group practices are certainly that, then they tend to over-react. They are not helped of course, by those hysterical and exploitative newspapers which claim to be the spokesmen for the 'silent majority', whoever or whatever that is.

However, anyone perturbed about police tactics in this country can take some measure of cold comfort from the fact that what is considered brutal on this side of the Atlantic, would be welcomed as positively benevolent on the other.

Getting busted is a book of American experiences, and contributors range from Norman Mailer, Billie Holiday, Lenny Bruce, Timothy Leary (30 years' imprisonment for possessing less than half an ounce of marijuana), Johnny Cash, Joan Baez; many of your favourites and mine, in fact. For me, the jewel of the collection is Terry Southern's 'Gross Weirdness at the Barricades', an account of police brutality at the 1968 Democratic convention in Chicago, which includes the immortal line 'I was sitting in Lincoln Park with Burroughs and Genet!'

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23rd April

Guest Celebrity Judge : Prizes

Classified and Employment Ads  
continued from Page 15.

**Young man required** as valet/companion to young business executive with country estate Kent. Good salary + car. Telephone M J C Platt, Borough Green 2523. Box 19/52.

**Undergraduate (male)** must have lucrative temporary job in SE or central London 17 March to 8 April. Box 19/50.

**Amateur (but good) photographer** would like to hear from handsome young males, over 21. Good fee, copies of photos. Please send photograph. Box 19/51.

**Attractive young models** required by photographer for all types of modelling. Recent photos please to Box 19/53.

**Gay coloured boy** seeks domestic work. Good cook, hotel and restaurant experience. No slave drivers please. Box 19/54.

**22 year old** seeks modelling work - anything legal considered. Box 19/55  
**Young man (25)** fed up with civil service seeks interesting full time employment Southend/London area. Box 19/82.

**Actor (21)** ends tour 1st April, seeks work from that date. Preferably theatrical but financial profits take priority. Equity, clean driving licence, trained, good physique. Box 19/110.  
**Driver/houseman 21-35** required for male aged 39. Good wage plus accommodation London. Discreet masculine type only. Box 19/83.

**Male single.** Would like position as Personal Assistant. Will travel and will work hard for the right person. Wage not so important, anything legal considered. Box 19/84.

**Male student 24,** seeks male friend 21-30, Barking area. Box 19/100  
**Guy 39** keen on music, art, ballet, architecture, books etc, needs and wishes to give love rather than sex. Letters with photo answered promptly. Box 19/101.

**Young man 26** seeks London position as valet or man Friday. Box 19/102.

**Professional man London** requires handsome attractive young guy for some weekend and holiday driving, ag to Wales. Good fee, all expenses. Please write with snapshot. Box 19/103

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# Nothing Is Sacred



Nighttime camposity in Swiss Cottage - Rogers and Starr.

**SPRING BIZARRE** at the Hampstead Theatre Club, Swiss Cottage, NW3. (Until March 31)

Admirers of that excellent drag team Rogers and Starr will be pleased to hear they are back in another late night revue called Spring Bizarre. A charming opening number 'Not Another Spring' has the two stars dressed as Dresden shepherdesses together with Marcia Ashton and Michael Boothe as porcelain figures bemoaning the lusting of people in the spring.

As in their previous shows, nothing and no-one is sacred with them. Their targets this time include: an admirable take-off of the Queen and Princess Anne chatting over food served to them on their tours, two charlatans at work in an office, and a high spot in hilarious bad taste as they discuss the Crucifixion, referring to Christ as a homosexual with twelve husbands and an ability to perform good party tricks.

Certainly one of the biggest show stoppers was when Michael Rogers parodied the song 'New Fangled Tango' as he tells the plot of 'Last Tango In Paris'. Their amusing blue tinged song sung to various members of the audience titled 'Have You Ever Had One of Those Days?' is another highspot in the show.

We are even treated to two Broadway previews when they perform 'No Time At All' from the currently running 'Pipkin', and the cynical Stephen Sondheim song 'Who's That Woman' from his show 'Follies'.

Marcia Ashton has a show stopping monologue titled 'At The Party' early on, and later in the show an amusing song called 'Owl'. Michael Boothe completes the cast of four, doing well in several solo songs. Altogether a highly enjoyable 90 minute show, and I see in the programme that Rogers and Starr will also be appearing in 'Sarah, Be Divine' at the Jeanetta Cochran Theatre, Southampton Row for two weeks opening on March 19th.

Barry Conley

She decides to stay on at the villa for the day and makes arrangements for her husband to telephone her there.

Her lover arrives at the villa and they argue when he gives her an ultimatum to go with him to Cannes or end their affair. After he has left, a woman friend of hers arrives, who, it transpires, was one of her husband's mistresses.

In the conversation between them Duras again demonstrates her understanding of the female sex. A touching moment occurs when the discarded mistress asks the wife if the husband has found a new lover. Suzanna answers as kindly as she is able, that there are now several women in his life. It is in this moment that we see the different attitudes between these two women. The wife, resigned to her life of being cheated upon and the friend still hurt at being discarded for a new love.

In the second act when her husband phones her, Suzanna almost reaches a state of hysteria as she discovers that her husband already knows of her affair. Her lover returns, and as they continue to argue and bicker we learn the full extent of the lies and deceits regarding their affair.

As you can gather from this brief analysis of the plot, very little happens, and there are numerous pauses and mysterious silences, but somehow I never felt that they were pretentious.

This play has been touring around for several months and it is good that London theatregoers have been allowed the chance, however brief, of seeing Eileen Atkins in the title role. It is a fascinating performance of a woman suffering from apathy that will linger in my mind for many years to come. Dinsdale Landen as her lover lends strong support, and Lynn Farleigh makes a telling appearance as her friend.

Barry Conley

Liza With A Z burst onto the British television screens on Sunday evening, March 11. I say burst advisedly, because from Liza Minelli one is given no half measures. From the moment she bounced, white suited and urchin cropped, onto the stage till the time, fifty minutes later when she mopped her sodden brow in the wings, the energetic Ms Minelli radiated an eager and infectious enthusiasm to a progressively enraptured audience.

A widely diverse range of material displayed Liza's singing, dancing and dramatic talents to the full, beginning with Fred Ebb and John Kanders' optimistic new song 'Yes' and followed by 'God Bless The Child' sung with obvious personal involvement. These were followed by the self indulgent title song and over-done five minute piece called 'It Was A Good Time'.

Reappearing, completely clad in scarlet, a long-legged, sensuous, quivering Liza ripped through a red hot sexy rock routine, 'I Gotcha', to lift the show back to the high level at which it had begun, with a not inconsiderable amount of assistance from Bob Fosse. From this number on, much of the show was stamped with his brilliant style of choreography. The dancing was wild and loose for 'Son of a Preacher Man', precisely controlled and shaped for 'Bye Bye Blackbird' and wittily emphatic for a real show-stopping routine 'Ring Them Bells'.

There was a surprising but pleasing soft and mellow rendering of Aznavour's 'You've Let Yourself Go' before a bowler-hatted Liza belted her way, vaudeville style, through 'My Mammy', partially delivered on one knee.

Predictably enough, a selection from 'Cabaret' rounded off the show, happily including some of the songs Liza never sang on film.

For those who were unlucky enough to miss the screening, the complete production has been issued on CBS 65212, under the same title, Liza With A Z.

Not merely a recording of a television show, it stands firmly on its own merits as an engagingly varied compilation of Liza Minelli's many facets as an entertainer.

Norman Pratt

## Liza With A Zing

Filed nearly a year ago at New York's Lyceum Theatre, America's first one-woman special for two years, the Bob Fosse production of



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# Trovatore Too Tarty

**IL TROVATORE** — Sadlers Wells Opera at the London Coliseum

Il Trovatore is Verdi's supreme singers' opera. In other words the music is full of the most rich and memorable melodies, whilst the dramatic possibilities are strictly limited.

Strange then that John Copley has chosen to go for such a spectacular treatment in his new production which was first seen earlier this season at the Coliseum. The sets are breathtaking, in the style of his earlier successful production of Carmen (Stefanos Lazaridis was the designer for both productions). But the dramatic tension of the latter work is missing in Il Trovatore and after a while the sets tend to get in the way of the singing; massed battalions of soldiers all dressed up with nowhere to go!

As for the singing of the principals, the present cast gives a good account of itself, even though there are no great and memorable performances.

Most enjoyable of all was undoubtedly Katherine Pring's Azucena. Verdi himself was greatly attracted by this character and had originally intended to call his opera after her. She is certainly the most credible character of the whole work. Katherine Pring gave a most impassioned and clearly articulated performance, making the most of the real human emotion of the aggrieved daughter — a more successful approach, perhaps, than the symbolic "Angel of

Vengeance" school. As the opera proceeds, one finds oneself waiting expectantly for her next appearance on stage.

Margaret Curphey has grown into the part of Leonora, which she now sings with much greater confidence. There are weaknesses though, particularly in her renditions of some of the coloratura passages. The flatness of the character portrayed is attributable more to her material than her performance.

Manrico (Tom Swift) is a slightly more rewarding part. Boldly sung, there was a little too much of the military heroic in his performance for his love for Leonora to come through convincingly. As the evening proceeded, his singing seemed to gain strength and sureness and in Act IV he was outstanding.

John Kitchener's Luna was rather tame. This diminished the sense of antagonism between Luna and Manrico so that their rivalry (around which the plot revolves) is largely missing. His singing lacked fire and precision (particularly in 'Il Balen')

The orchestra under Nicholas Braithwaite performed magnificently. The rich orchestral score was brought to life by some fine ensemble work, particularly enjoyable in the repetitions of those volleying chords which Verdi used extensively as a unifying device throughout.

But in the end, one was left with the feeling that a more austere production would have given the music a little more of a chance to win through, and helped the singers to establish their characters more strongly.

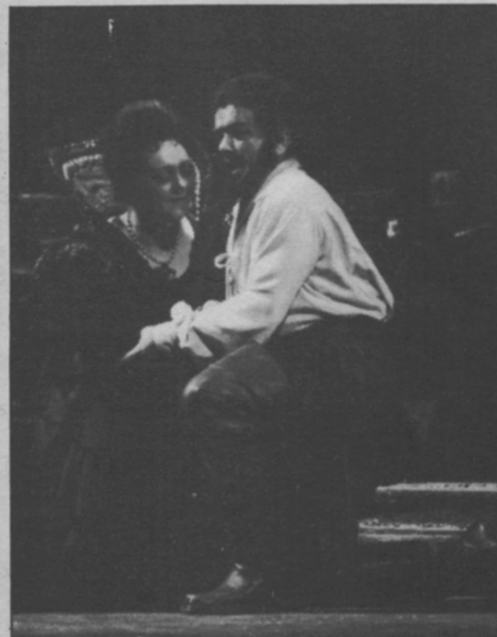
Michael Mason

## Torturous Love

**SUZANNA ANDLER** at the Aldwych Theatre Strand, WC2 (until March 24th)

The heroine in Marguerite Duras' latest play, Suzanna Andler, is another of her long-suffering rich women who is bored by life. She has been married for 17 years to an unfaithful husband who has had a string of mistresses. Recently she herself has taken a lover, but this affair is already floundering and she finds herself unable to make the effort to end the relationship.

As the play begins she is looking over an empty villa in the South of France with a view to renting it for a month in the summertime. The rental is high and though knowing her husband can well afford it she feels incapable of making a decision on this.



Margaret Curphey vs. Tom Swift.

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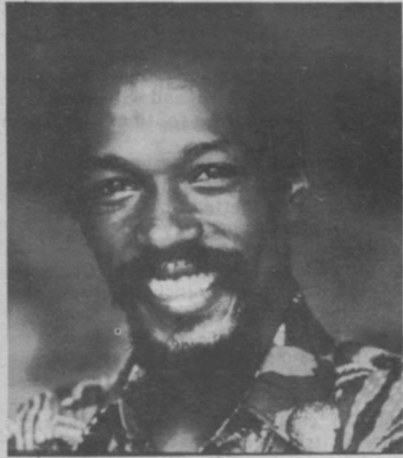
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## Fresh Revolutions

**PEOPLE... HOLD ON** — Eddie Kendricks — Tamla Motown STML 11213

The loss of many of Tamla Motown's leading artists to other record companies, eg the Four Tops to ABC/Dunhill, Gladys Knight to Buddah, the Spinners to Atlantic, has obviously been quite a blow to the label. Rumour has it that others will be departing soon. But one good thing likely to result from the shakeup is that many of Motown's neglected and second-rank artists will emerge to fill the gaps left by those who have left.



One of the leaders of a new generation of Motown talent should certainly be Eddie Kendricks. On the strength of his recently released second album, he justifiably deserves to attract a good deal more attention and popularity. Kendricks, a former lead singer with the Temptations, has cleared up all the mistakes and mediocrity that marred his first solo venture.

His new record, *People... Hold On* displays remarkably more depth and originality than his initial release, but without settling for a formula that replaces triteness with pretentiousness, a trap fallen into by too many Motown artists. The lyrics display a sensitivity to social realities, and are forcefully put over by Kendrick's singing, his voice sounding stronger and more confident than before. The arrangements and production never obscure but complement the choice of material.

All ten tracks included have something to recommend them whether it's the title track *My People... Hold On* where the use of ethnic African rhythms produces an almost hypnotic effect on the listener, through to the multi-layered sound and gradual build-up of intensity on the 7½ minute *Girl You Need A Change Of Mind*.

In short, it's a little severe, but if Kendrick lost a pile of medals in that first misdirected album, he has more than earned them back. *People... Hold On* is a determined attempt to do the right thing the right way, and nothing has been spared to underline the nice-to-know fact that Eddie Kendricks is quite sincere about it.

**SOUL CLASSICS** — James Brown — Polydor 2391057.

It's fairly difficult to find something original to say about James Brown that hasn't been said on numerous occasions before. Brown's better recordings say far more than words, for his infectious, inimitable brand of soulful funk has dominated the singles charts, in America if not here, for many years, justifiably earning him the title 'King of Soul'.

His latest release, *Soul Classics*, is a collection of his best known hits, concentrating on his most recent successes such as *Sex Machine*, *Call Me Super Bad*, *Make It Funky*, *Soul Power* and *Hot Pants*, but including tracks like *Cold Sweat*, *Night Train*, *I Got You*, *It's A Man's Man's Man's World* and *Papa's Got a Brand New Bag*, which are the very basis of his continuing reputation and popularity.

The album contains a total of fourteen cuts, making it good value as well as an indispensable inclusion in the record collection of any discerning soul enthusiast.

**AERIAL PANDEMONIUM BALLET** — Nilsson — RCA SF8326.

*Aerial Pandemonium Ballet* is an odd release. It is, in fact, a re-issue of selected tracks from Nilsson's first two albums, *Pandemonium Shadow Show* and *Aerial Ballet*, plus one number that hasn't appeared anywhere before. But it isn't just a straightforward transfer of some of the best songs on the earlier recordings, because most of the cuts have been remixed, some have been edited, whilst others have new

vocal tracks to replace the original ones.

Why Nilsson has gone to all this trouble, escapes me, apart from giving a Nilsson fanatic like myself the opportunity to spend happy hours comparing the different versions of songs such as *Everybody's Talkin'*, *River Deep—Mountain High*, *Don't Leave Me Without Her* and *One*. Missing though is the incredible compilation of Beatles' songs under the collective title of *You Can't Do That*.

I have always regarded *Pandemonium Shadow Show* and *Aerial Ballet* as significant developments in rock/pop music, perfectly illustrating the excitement and rewards that can be obtained from its unceasing explorations of new sounds and techniques. In time I expect more people will realise fully the exceptional talents displayed on these recordings. This makes *Aerial Pandemonium Ballet* all the more a puzzling release. As I said earlier, fascinating for me; perhaps of interest to people who have only recently become acquainted with his multi-dimensional music.

**SHOOT OUT AT THE FANTASY FACTORY** — Traffic — Island ILPS 9224.

Traffic's latest album, with over a year's gap since their last, is sadly disappointing. At one time they were one of my favourite bands, completely original and alone in the corner of rock music they had claimed for their own. But like their last album, which I also found unsatisfying, this release seems to do little else but mark time, offering nothing one hasn't heard (and done a lot better) on numerous occasions before.

Five extended tracks make up the album, but they never rise above the level of glorified jam sessions. And we know Stevie Winwood can do a lot better than that.

Solution: (or how to make Traffic one of the world's most amazing rock bands again) A telegram to Dave Mason, saying come back soon, all is forgiven and forgotten.

**ANTHOLOGY** — The Steve Miller Band — Capital EST-SP12 (Two record set, priced £3.25)

This double set is subtitled *The Best of the Steve Miller Band*, and it very nearly is. Personally I would have included some tracks from his brilliantly original first album, *Children Of The Future*, and a couple more from Miller's equally good second release, *Sailor*. To make room for them I would have left off some of the numbers taken from the *Your Saving Grace* and 5th albums. But all the obvious cuts are

here, such as *Space Cowboy*, *Living In The USA*, *Journey From Eden*, *Baby's House* and *My Dark Hour*.

Steve Miller, with his constantly changing band, has produced some of the most important and inventive rock music over the last six years, although much of his work has gone unnoticed and unacclaimed. This unfortunate lack of recognition makes me wonder who this two-record set is going to appeal to, even if it is generously priced at £3.25. Admirers and addicts of Miller's valuable contribution to rock music will already possess the albums this selection of cuts are taken from. But his musical career is far from over, so perhaps this 'anthology' will serve as a useful introduction to those who have only recently discovered the delights of the Steve Miller Band.

**BROTHER** — Lon & Derrek Van Eaton — Apple SPCOR 25

I fail to understand why Lon and Derrek Van Eaton's first album, *Brother* has received the rave reviews it has collected, especially in the American rock press. For I find this debut outing rather unexciting. Admittedly the impeccable production of Klaus Voorman is excellent, as are the arrangements, but the songs are weak to lifeless and the Van Eaton brother's voices don't inspire me to comment anything more than saying they are passable.



They sound a little like the Beatles on a couple of tracks — a fairly frequent occurrence on albums recorded by Apple artists, ie *Badfinger* — but without the inventiveness that made that sadly defunct unit such a joy to hear. The whole venture sounds rather empty, surprising for an Apple record, whose releases are usually never less than interesting. *Brother* unfortunately, isn't. Nice cover photograph though.

**CLASSICAL MOODS** — Various Composers and Conductors — Philips 6747041 (two record set £1.50)

I don't usually review classical music, but I'm making an exception with a recently released two-record set called *Classical Moods*. Reasonably priced at £1.50, the two records serve as an excellent showcase for the many fine, full-priced stereo recordings available on the Philips label.

I have always found this company's versions of 'serious' music to be of the highest standard technically, and the interpretation of them by notable conductors such as Alfred Brendel, Henryk Szeryng, Bernard Haitink and Heinz Holliger has very rarely proved disappointing.

*Classical Moods* features first class ensembles of musicians like the Concertgebouw Orchestra and English Chamber Orchestra. The music included is perhaps the better known (and much loved) classics, their popularity stemming from the romantic imagery they overwhelmingly evoke. Amongst the compositions presented are Handel's *Oboe Concerto No 3*, Mendelssohn's *A Midsummer Night's Dream Overture*, Beethoven's *Violin Romance No 2*, Saint-Saen's *Danse Macabre*, Tchaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet Fantasy Overture* and Albinoni's *Oboe Concerto No 2*.

In conclusion I have no hesitation in suggesting *Classical Moods* is worthy of your attention, for it is no less than an ingenious collection of beautiful music, which the record company hopes will whet your appetites for other classical recordings in their catalogue.

**THE MERCURY MOBILE DISCO-THEQUE (Vol 1)** — Various Artists — Mercury 6338153.

If your taste in soul music tends to be for the more discotheque orientated variety, you need look no further than *The Mercury Mobile Discotheque* for complete satisfaction.

The album contains fourteen superbly recorded slices of contemporary soul, all guaranteed to generate excitement and to keep dancers moving at any party or club. Particularly worth mentioning are the tracks by Joe Tex (*I Gotcha*), Jerry Butler (*One Night Affair* and *Ain't Understanding Mellow*), Bill Brandon (*Stop This Merry-Go-Round*), and Jimmy Castor (*Bang Bang*). But other artists such as Chuck Brooks, Marion Love, Don Covay and the Krystal Generation contribute much to making this compilation such a success.

All record reviews are by Denis Lemon.

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