

N°20

GAY NEWS

15p



A Star Is Born

**NOW
20
PULSATING
PAGES**



**A Smile
On Every Cheek**

Bournemouth May Play Host

BOURNEMOUTH: The town may play host to next year's (1974) national conference held by the Campaign for Homosexual Equality.

Paul Temperton, CHE's secretary, told the Bournemouth Times: "Next year's conference will definitely be on the South Coast, and Bournemouth is on the cards. It will either be Bournemouth or Brighton. Certainly Bournemouth has been very helpful to us in negotiations. We also have a local group in Bournemouth."

Short-Listed This Year

Paul Temperton said Bournemouth had been short-listed for this year's CHE conference, to be held in Morecambe in April. But CHE left it too late in applying to the resort's publicity chief, Joe Finn, and was told that all the facilities it wanted were already booked.

CHE had applied to use council-owned accommodation free of charge — a concession usually given by the town if a conference is big enough to mean money to the shop-keepers of Bournemouth. CHE's estimated 3,000 delegates fitted the bill for this.

Weymouth turned this year's conference down flat after stormy council debates and some members of the council claiming that if CHE were allowed to hold its conference at the resort it would do "enormous damage" to the town and that conference delegates would "seek innocent boys".

Space Problem

But Mr Finn told Gay News: "If we had room for the conference it would normally not have gone before the council for approval. The normal procedure is that I book it up and then the Mayor's Hospitality Committee finally gives the go-ahead for financial arrangements."

Mr Finn discounted Weymouth councillors' fears that CHE's conference delegates would turn the town into a South Coast Sodom. He said: "People make a mistake by thinking that everyone involved in the campaign are homosexuals. This just isn't true."

Paul Temperton added: "It's absurd. No homosexual is going to risk the aggro likely to be produced by accosting people."

"Although heterosexuals chat up birds all day long it doesn't work in that way for homosexuals. To suggest people are in moral danger from a conference is ludicrous. Nothing could be further from the truth."

Almost Fully Booked

But whatever publicity-man Finn may think, there are already rumblings of objection. Catering and Entertainments Committee boss, Alderman Bill Forman said: "Next year at the Pavilion we already are almost fully booked."

"We are even taking bookings for five years hence. Generally I think in this day and age these people are entitled to their views — we even suggested to them some private hotels they might like to use."

Councillors' attitudes will become more apparent when we get close to the actual conference.

Gay Morecambe Plans Finalised

MORECAMBE: Final arrangements for their first annual conference by the Campaign for Homosexual Equality are well under way, and the first session is due to start on April 6.

The three main papers for discussion at the conference deal with The Law and the Homosexual, The Future of the Homophile Movement in Britain, and a searching paper on Gay Life Styles, which poses some questions which could be regarded as contentious.

The registration fee for the conference is 50p, and any members of CHE or the Scottish Minorities Group can attend. The conference ends on April 8.

Gay News will attend the conference from start to finish, and a complete report will be published in Edition 21.

Students Want Gay Lessons

EXETER: School students meeting at Exeter say they're getting a raw deal with sex education. They're going to ask their teachers to include lessons on all aspects of homosexual behaviour during their school's sex education programmes.



Photograph: Tony Ranzi

NSS newsagents in Earsl Court Road, London. Prostitution ads here, but no Gay News or gay organisation ads.

Hypocrisy And Censorship

One of Oxford's leading academic bookshops, Maxwells, which is owned by Robert Maxwell, the celebrated Hungarian businessman and former Labour MP, has suddenly decided not to sell Gay News.

The Queens College, Oxford.

Dear Gay News,

I am an avid reader of your paper and eagerly await the publication of each new issue which I have always been able to buy from Robert Maxwell's Bookshop, around the corner.

But alas, Mr Maxwell has decided he stocks just about every other alternative publication that appears regularly, and although his window prominently displays all those trendy radical books about left politics, the occult and so on, he will no longer sell Gay News.

We will all, I hope, take out subscriptions, but that is not the point. We no longer expect W H Smugs to be interested in this sort of paper, but for all his 'liberalism' Robert Maxwell is no more sympathetic to Oxford gays.

Roland

Maxwells was the first shop ever to stock Gay News, so we rang them up in search of an explanation.

GN: I'm one of the editors of Gay News, can I speak to one of the directors please?

Maxwells: They're all in a meeting, and anyway I don't think they'd want to speak to you, Maxwells don't stock that kind of thing. GN: But you did for fifteen issues.

M: It was a mistake. The manager ordered them. Are we still Maxwells? I don't know. GN:!!!! Silence... As you know Maxwells often boast how they stock a wide range of literature, regardless of its political colour. M: I don't know, I've never been into the shop.

GN: You work for Maxwells, and you've never been into the shop?

M: Yes. I've never been downstairs. I thought it was scientific. I'll tell them you rang, but I doubt if they'll ring back.

N.S.S. Newsagents, in the Earsl Court Road in West London are reportedly the

busiest newsagent in London, if not the country. Next door to a busy Underground station and in the heart of what is indisputably gay London, they stock large numbers of all the underground/alternative papers and the more unusual occult and mystical papers. Their advertisement boards outside makes for fascinating reading, with its ads for charter flights, gay flat shares and male/female prostitution, but they recently refused to take an ad from CHE.

We have approached them on several occasions over the last year only to be loudly abused by the Manager, so I rang him hoping for further education. He said N.S.S. didn't stock Gay News because a distributor called Moore Harness once gave them fifteen copies and they didn't sell (we have never been distributed by Moore Harness) and anyway the police had told him not to sell it. "Did they also tell you to take down the prostitution ads?" "No!" "Well how about the newsstand 400 yards down the road? They've never had any trouble from the police, nor have any other of our stockists anywhere." "Now look here..." He was beginning to get angry. "So it's alright to display prostitution ads, but not sell Gay News." "Yes." He slammed the phone down.

We know that N.S.S. have at no time had any copies of Gay News, but the local police have been known to make censorship tours of local newsagents. We rang Kensington Police Station who admitted telling newsagents not to sell specific magazines, "where a complaint has been received."

ED: May we suggest to gays living in either Oxford or London's Earsl Court district that they boycott the shops mentioned in the above news item. Also, could we ask you to make repeated requests at these shops for Gay News and other gay papers. They might eventually get so bored with this line of action, it may even put an end to the blind hypocrisy and prejudice displayed by both establishments.

The Party's Over Now

And now, the world mourns the death of Sir Noel Coward. He was 73 when he died in Jamaica on March 25.

Sir Noel hadn't been well, but all reports said that his death was peaceful and sudden. He has no immediate family now living.

He was knighted when he was 70 for devoted service to the theatre. 'The Master' as he was called for nearly half a century, was one of the best known theatrical figures in the world.

His best known works include Blithe Spirit, Bitter Sweet, Hay Fever, Cowardly Custard, The Vortex and Private Lives, which is still running in London's West End.

Tributes to Sir Noel have poured in from around the world. Television networks have shown special dedications and obituaries, and newspapers made his death front page news.



In our next issue, Gay News will include a feature on Sir Noel Coward... the man they called 'The Master'.



Gay and non-gay Women's Lib demonstrators sit-in at Trafalgar Square Post Office.

The Day the Office Shut

On March 10th, three thousand women at last got the chance to air their views about a Government proposal to pay family allowances direct to their husbands. Sympathetic sisters from GLF and Sappho were very much in evidence at the rally in Trafalgar Square.

After the speeches, a group consisting largely of GLF women occupied the Trafalgar Square Post Office — where family allowances have previously been paid out to mothers. Word got around and there were soon two or three hundred women and children sitting on the floor under the watchful eye of the manager and staff. Police moved in, in strength. The manager was forced to shut the 'office that never closes'. And a stream of uniformed police women trotted in to cries of "That's right. Leave the women to do the dirty work". They started to turn the demonstrators out, and the atmosphere grew tense. One woman was dragged out by her hair, her young daughter running after her in tears. Mothers hugged their children to them and tried to comfort them. But one by one they were pushed out into the excited crowd gathered at the back entrance.

A disturbing end to a day of good humour and unity.

Photograph: Carl Hill



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EDINBURGH 1

5 February, 1973

Ref C.A./69

Michael Coulson Esq
Scottish Minorities Group
9 Moray Place
EDINBURGH 3.

Dear Mr. Coulson,

You wrote to me on 8 January asking for further information with regard to two points. The answers are as follows -

1. It is not today the general policy of the Crown Office to take proceedings when cases are brought to its notice of homosexual acts between consenting adults in private. Indeed, although for the reasons set out in the Crown Agent's letter of 9 July, 1970, these cases seldom reach the notice of the criminal authorities, there was a case recently of sodomy in the north of Scotland which was ordered not to proceed when the full facts were brought to the notice of Crown Counsel.
2. Generally speaking homosexuals have no reason to fear the consequences of reporting instances of blackmail or robbery when by doing so they may reveal unlawful sexual conduct. There was a case recently in the Edinburgh Sheriff Court of this very kind and no action was taken against the victim in the blackmail case. It is, of course, not possible to do other than generalise on this subject as, of course, every case requires to be considered in light of its own circumstances.

As I mentioned to you at our meeting lesbianism has never been a problem for consideration in the Crown Office.

Yours sincerely,
Norman Wylie

NORMAN WYLIE

Lord Advocate Reassures Scottish Gays - Up To A Point

The top political-legal job in Scotland is the post of Lord Advocate. His opposite number in England is the Attorney-General. The Lord Advocate since June, 1970 has been Norman Wylie, QC. The Scottish Minorities Group has been pressing him for 12 months (both in his capacity as Lord Advocate and as an MP) for a new statement as to Government Policy towards the 'in private' prosecutions under the 1885 Act.

SMG were never satisfied with the Crown Agent's statement of 9 July 1970 that 'these laws are enforced in so far as it is possible to do so'. The 1970 letter was heavily couched in illiberal terms such as 'indulge in such conduct', 'seducing young boys' and 'female perverts'. The present letter was sent to SMG on 5 February 1973, and this new statement goes a long way to laying anxieties to rest. There are three points to be made:

- (1) Sexual activity between men in private is not made lawful by the Lord Advocate's policy statement;
- (2) The letter might have said - but does not - that blackmailers are viewed with special displeasure by Scottish judges and magistrates, and that they usually receive stiff sentences where sexual blackmail is involved.
- (3) The SMG Bill proposes 16 and 18 as 'consenting thresholds.' At the moment there is no age of consent to in-private homosexual sex in Scotland.

The 1973 statement simply underlines SMG's long held belief that the 1885 act must be repealed no matter how 'disused' it now is. Councillor Ian Christie, a member of the SMG Law Reform Committee, visited Westminster on 10 February in order to arrange a general meeting of SMG members and Peers who have already expressed interest and support of the Bill. I will report again once the Bill has been accepted in the Upper House.

Ian Dunn

Newssettes

Editorial Stand on Gay Reform

GLASGOW: Sympathy is something of a cruel, nauseating word to homosexuals. Understanding is closer to being condescending, but equality is something else. That's why many eyebrows fluttered when the usually middle-of-the-road Glasgow Herald came out with its editorial about homosexual reform recently. In the wake of fairly detailed reports about homosexual activity in Scotland, the Herald finally had something to say. Something quite unexpected.

In a very honest looker-on view, it said that homosexuals generally 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 editorial continued: "If there has been a good reason for Scotland remaining out of step with England or Wales over homosexuality, it stems from a genuine reluctance to legislate over an issue over which people are unpredictably divided between various degrees of tolerance and abhorrence.

"But among many, an understandable if futile determination exists to repress homosexual activity altogether.

"Certainly society deserves to be protected from corruption, particularly where the young are concerned. But what consenting adults do in private is not, as a rule, a matter of public concern. The trouble with the

crown office statement is that it does not support the authority of the law as it stands. The Scottish Minorities Group is right, therefore, to press for reform."

That's the way the Glasgow Herald reported it. Very fair, and perhaps not so very square.

Mystery Blaze

LOS ANGELES: A church which housed both a Protestant and a Jewish homosexual congregation has been destroyed by fire. Nothing was saved, and Los Angeles police have filed a report stating it was caused by 'suspicious circumstances'.

The fire is still under police investigation. It brought attention on the Jewish group and brought out additional details of its operation. The church went under the alternative name of the House of New Life.

Massive Police Crackdown

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE: Police activity has sent a cold chill through the very gay bloodstream in Newcastle. Police have mounted a heavy watch over cottages, and since mid-March, many people have been stopped, questioned, and some have been arrested. Gay bars have also come under close scrutiny. However, there's one slender breakthrough. Two plainclothes members of brother fuzz chatted up one of our special friends in one of Newcastle's gay bars and asked if they could come along to the next local GLF meeting with their superior to explain the current police activity in Newcastle. Gay News will be there too.

Gay Charity

BRIGHTON: Brighton's meritorious 42 Club made a profit of £100 from its Christmas Pantomime, and last week, it donated it all to the local branch of the Peoples' Dispensary for Sick Animals.

Tony Stuart, the club's secretary, pointed out that they wanted to hand over a lot more money to the PDSA, but it just didn't work out that way. However, the 42 club has already announced plans for its week-long summer show, 'Summer Madness' which has been set down for Sunday July 29 at the new Wagner Hall. Tony Stuart says they've also decided to donate the proceeds from the show to the PDSA.

Nudes Still On Ice

GLASGOW: Scottish Television looks like standing firm on its decision to save its viewers from a scene in one of its productions which shows a naked homosexual chasing a young priest across a graveyard to rape him.

STV made the colour special last year, and spent about £6,000 to do it, but the network's hierarchy had second thoughts about it when they looked over that oh-slightly gay scene.

Says STV: "The time isn't ripe for showing it at present." Gay News believes they mean: "It's a beautiful little scene but we'll keep it for board room parties".

They also say, though, that they have in no way banned the film. They say it's being 'shelved' temporarily until STV feels that its viewers are good and ready to watch that well described scene without being emotionally hurled across their rooms...

The film is a semi-documentary titled 'A Film As Much For As About Lindsay Kemp', featuring in well produced fashion, some of the life of 32-year-old mime artist Lindsay Kemp. Naturally Kemp is disappointed at STV's decision, putting it down to cold feet.

STV won't comment about suggestions that a homosexual inference has changed their mind about showing the special. They still insist it's 'Just not the right time yet.'

Censorship Shines Down Under

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA: A short, sad tale about censorship and oppression. Australia's newest (and one of the very very few) gay publication, 'CLOSE' went on the streets around Kings Cross and selected gayer areas on March 16. By late March 17, copies were almost impossible to get - proving the need for the publication. On March 18 a newspaper report said that Vice Squad police raided an un-named newspaper office in Kings Cross, seized copies of a homosexual newspaper, and questioned three young men in connection with its publication. On March 19, three young men and a woman had charges laid against them, and 'CLOSE' went out of publication.

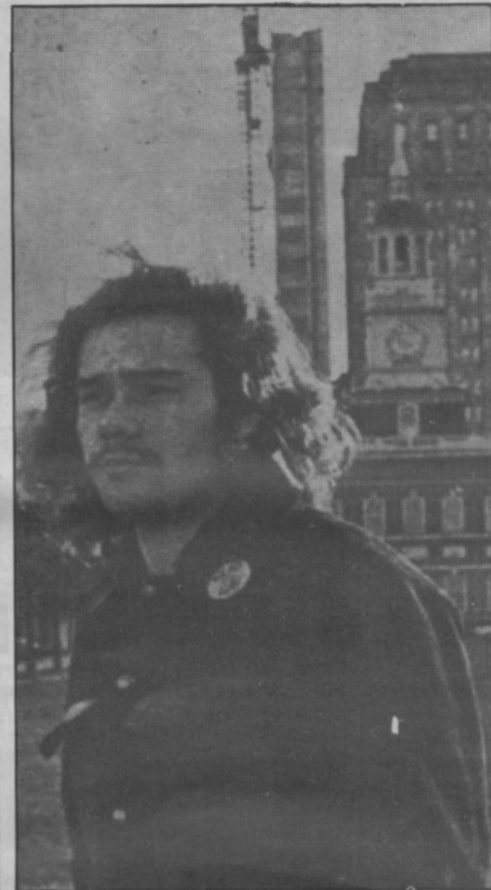
Even Better Than Tangiers

WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND: According to United States semi-government 'Univat Student Tourist Advisory' writer David Sherman, some parts of New Zealand might be the place to visit. Sherman is midway through a college report about the best places to visit, and in his rather weighty description of New Zealand, he makes a startling statement about Wellington being

the world's most popular centre for all sorts of homosexuality. He goes so far as to say that young Maori boys have a desire for American men. Sounds slightly like garbage, but if it's true, perhaps Gay News should do a lengthy feature on New Zealand.

Gay Protest in Vain

PHILADELPHIA: It just wasn't Mark Segal's day. He and his Gay Raiders tried to take their grievances to the Supreme Court in Philadelphia, but the court chamber was closed for repairs.



Mark Segal on his grey gay day.

And even if Segal and his controversial Gay Activists had got into the chamber, they would have been 173 years too late to get a hearing from the court.

Segal showed up with a few of his Raiders at Independence Hall with the original intention of handcuffing himself to the defendants box in the old supreme court chamber, which was the highest court in the nation before the Federal Capital was relocated to Washington in 1800.

In a last minute switch, Segal handcuffed himself to the bannister on the stairway leading to the second floor of the old building, overlooking the Liberty Bell with its famous inscription 'Proclaim Liberty Throughout all of the Land unto all the Inhabitants Thereof'.

The Segal zap was designed to underline the point that gay people had no liberty.

But the cry of liberty didn't do much for Segal. Within a few minutes after he'd handcuffed himself to the stairway, he had been removed from the building by members of the city council's Civil Disobedience Unit. He was detained for an hour by police, but no charges were laid.

Selling Troubles

GN's super street seller Simon Benson has been having a bit of trouble lately. On Friday, February 23rd, he paid a routine visit to the Imperial public house in Richmond, where a large crowd gathered around to buy their copies, but almost immediately a young man behind the bar who called himself the manager intervened. "We don't want that paper in here. We don't agree with it. It's a load of shit." Simon knew that the man wasn't whom he claimed to be and vociferously insisted on seeing the manager who had previously given him permission to sell GN there. When eventually his wish was granted, he politely asked if he could sell the paper. "No! Out, quick." Simon tried to reason with him but there was no response.

Judging from the amount of copies he later sold outside the pub, most of the Imperial's customers seem to welcome Gay News, and as several of them said, if it wasn't for Richmond's gays, the manager of the Imperial wouldn't be making any money.

Incident number two took place the following evening in Heath Street, Hampstead near the Bird In Hand and William IV pubs. It was closing time and Simon was doing a brisk trade outside the Bird in Hand when he was approached by five youths, one of whom asked him if he could look at one of the papers. Simon asked him to buy it and the boy gave him 10p before proceeding to tear it into small pieces, saying "Fucking queers, you're all bent. I want to smash your glasses before I go." He then threw the small pieces at Simon, saying "Are you fucking bent too?" before walking away.

A few minutes later they reappeared - "We're going to get you." Simon was understandably getting frightened, so he went into the pub and explained the situation to the manager - "It's none of my business." Back

in the street a passer-by miraculously came to Simon's aid, and announced his intention of calling the police, who in fact arrived just at that moment.

The youths started walking away again, but were brought back, sullen and silent. Feeling more secure now, it was Simon's turn to indulge in aggressive verbiage. "I'm fucking bent like the rest. What are you going to do about it?"

The police were extraordinarily sympathetic and invited him to press charges, but explained because there had been no actual physical assault, they could only do so on his initiation. This is in fact a frequent ploy they use to smooth things over and prevent them having to appear in court on Monday morning, doubtless a rest day. Nevertheless, they escorted Simon to the local underground station and saw him safely onto his train.

Simon Benson is Gay News's most stalwart street seller, selling more than 500 copies of each issue in pubs all over London.



Showing at the Biograph, 'Staircase' and 'Psycho', two films about sexual repression. The ideal programme?

Trollerama Profit Machine

LONDON: One of our financial wizards, who's also one of London's favourite film and book reviewers, has done a bit of deep thinking about the good old Biograph Cinema in Wilton Road, Victoria, which is owned, for the record, by Wilton Cinemas from the head office at 15 Berkley Street, Mayfair, where we've known cases of people actually dying from chintz and sequin poisoning.

Our worthy reporter tells us that its owners, Philip and Sid Hyam, have indicated that the annual profit of the Biograph is around £61,000. A healthy sum to show from the operation of one of London's best known trolleramas, which also doubles as an outlet for many a fine movie and quite a bit of police entrapment.

The City Fathers have had their eye on the Biograph for some time, presumably because of its wonderful redevelopment potential. And just in case anything unforeseen should happen to what's become one of the most intimate and best known theatres, the building has been insured for a lofty £100,000.

Lesbians Doubly Oppressed

If a woman is a lesbian, she's doubly oppressed. First as a woman and then as a homosexual.

That's the way Jackie and Babs, the joint editors of the magazine 'Sappho' see it, and it's how they describe the raw deal handed out to lesbians in society today at a recent meeting of the Golders Green Intergroup.

Jackie and Babs said that despite what a lot of people would like to think, the Women's Liberation organisations were extremely hesitant to openly admit lesbian members. They had the idea that lesbians would have a bad influence both on its members personally and on its reputation.

The joint-editors made it clear that they were firm supporters of Womens Lib, working through the 'Women In Media' group, but they found it a sad reflection on the state of the organisations that they weren't liberated enough to be able to welcome their gay sisters wholeheartedly, especially since homosexual women were more likely to be deeply concerned with the issue at stake.

Jackie and Babs also told of the continual harassment of lesbians in the armed forces. Jackie quoted personal cases of girls who suffered humiliation and even dismissal as a result of homosexual inclinations. She said that women in the armed forces had no legal redress against interference with their personal belongings, in cases where evidence was required against them. She said that when it was a matter of homosexuality, women were in a far worse position in the armed forces than men.

On the question of adoption and fostering, Jackie said that many so-called 'adoptable' children would probably never become adopted because of attitudes towards lesbians.

She said that it was obviously more important to the children to get the chance of having a good home with two people who loved them than a long wait in an institution for a conventional couple with often a chancy outlook. And sometimes, this conventional couple never materialised.

Jackie and Babs said they hoped that more involvement in problems like these on the

part of heterosexuals would do a lot towards breaking down barriers to further tolerance and understanding.



Jackie Forster talking about gayness at Hyde Park Corner last year.

Change For The Chilterns

CHILTERN: If you're writing letters to the Chilterns Group of the Campaign for Homosexual Equality soon, you'll be able to save space on the envelope. They've changed their name. Now it's simply 'The Gay Chilterns'. They say the old name was too unwieldy. The Gay Chilterns have changed their venue too. From now on, their meetings will be held in a pub next to the Beaconsfield Railway station.



The haughty-cultured cottage at the junction of Brook Road and Gateshead Road.

Things Ain't What They Used To Be

It's a sad, sad tale that some of the world's best patronised cottages are in the gun . . . at least they're in for a touch of redecoration and supervision. Ugly word.

Close to home, Elstree Council's General Purposes committee workers have just finished a conservative attempt to clean up those invidious public conveniences in Brook Road. Those were the loos, went the report that sparked off the cleanup, which became a target for vandals and strange after-dark meetings for young men.

Well, they've fixed all that. The council reckons it's just about wiped out the problem by doing a lovely repaint job inside and planting some very attractive shrubs outside.

From Liverpool comes the same sort of report. Residents who live near the East Prescott Road cottage have been telling their local council member terrible tales of goings-on in the temporary sanctity of those walls. And Liverpool's Environmental Health and Protection Committee is having none of that, so very soon, they'll be painted and manned by a full time attendant.

Over in San Diego, California, the Law has taken a much tougher line on activities in the

de-light-bulbed rest rooms in Presidio Park and Balboa Park. They mounted a special 'Sex Offence Patrol' and nabbed 59 men of assorted ages in three days.

The police made it very clear in their statements to the national press that the offences were all 'solid', meaning that something more than making eyes was happening. They charged the men with misdemeanor, lewd conduct and with oral copulation.

The result - a busy day in San Diego's court of petty sessions, new light bulbs for the rest rooms, and two daytime 'rest room guards'.

Melbourne, Australia - where being gay still means happy - police have continued to make things very tough for regulars who spend a lot of time in the cottages in the progay suburb of South Yarra. A few weeks ago, young plainclothes members of the police force there mounted guard over a block of conveniences in a park, followed a few likely people inside, stood quietly and observed, followed them out, and escorted some of them back to their waiting police car. There has already been a great gay outcry over those tactics in Melbourne.

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Photograph : Carl Hill

Photograph : Gay News

Photograph : Tony Ranz

Here We Are Again

Price increases are never popular, even if one is getting more for one's money. But as our Editorial on page two explains, we have reluctantly had to raise the price of Gay News. The cost of producing GN is probably a lot more than you realise and despite our gradually growing circulation, we have rarely achieved a break-even figure on the cost of an issue and, as anyone involved in the business world will know, sooner or later the whole works will come crashing down if one doesn't do better than that.

Our appeals for donations and loans at the beginning of January brought in enough to keep us publishing through the first couple of months of this year. But we never got anywhere near reaching the amount we needed to guarantee a long-lasting existence, and you can't go on asking people for money forever.

The alternative course of action we have taken is to increase our cover price, and with this extra revenue, in addition to rising sales figures and increased advertising, we should now be a viable financial proposition. You may remember that GN went from twelve to sixteen pages and we absorbed the cost without passing it on to our readership.

More For Your Money

From now on GN will be twenty pages. The reason is twofold. Firstly, to give you something extra for the new price. Secondly, we are finding that sixteen pages didn't give us enough space to include all the news and articles received. Everything was becoming very cramped and some held-over items were not being used because they would have been out of date by the time the next issue was published.

We feel most of you will now realise the necessity of our inflated price and we thank you in anticipation of your continued support. Believe it or not, some people, despite our past appeals, are still under the impression that we are making small personal fortunes at the gay community's expense. We sometimes wish we were. Then, at least, we wouldn't have to worry so much about money. But if any of you ever get the urge to check out what we tell you about the finances of the paper, you are most welcome to come round to our office and have a look at the account books.

Save On Subscriptions

Our price increase has meant that we have had to revise our subscription rates, and, at the same time, we decided to fall in line with most other periodicals and offer six months (thirteen issues) or one year (twenty-six issues) subscriptions. This is why our new sub rates appear to have risen so sharply. In fact it is now cheaper to have a subscription to GN, as we offer you a small discount if you wish to receive the paper by post, and no longer charge for postage. We will, of course continue to send copies in sealed, plain envelopes.

Could we remind those of you who subscribed to GN from the start, that you have now received your twentieth issue, and that it is time to re-subscribe. There should be a renewal form with this edition, so to avoid delays, or you missing an issue, please let us have your new subscription as soon as possible. Alternatively, you may use the subscription form printed in the paper. All subscriptions taken out before our price increase will be honoured, but if you feel like sending us a little extra we won't refuse it.

The Personal Ads Too

The cost of running our personal ads service has become quite a burden, so we are increasing the price per word from 2p to 3p. Non-commercial ads also will now cost 3p a word, but the box number charge for both types of ads remains unchanged. We are sorry for this further price rise, but if the service is to operate as efficiently and effectively as it has done in the past, we have no choice. In future commercial and classified advertisements will cost 7p a word, with display advertising remaining at the same rates, which we will be pleased to quote on request.

New Design

You will see that we have slightly changed the format of our pages. We think this makes the overall look of the paper much cleaner and less severe. Over the next few months new ideas will be incorporated into our basic design which will subsequently result in GN looking a lot better and more professional.

What Do You Think?

We look forward to receiving your comments, reactions and criticisms about all the changes in the paper, from the price increase through to the design alterations. Also, we would like to have your opinions about what you would like to see in the paper now that we have four extra pages. In the past GN has often changed because of the feedback we have received from you, so don't disappoint us, keep your letters, moans and advice coming in.

A Sense of Humour

One thing we have always tried to include in the basic structure of Gay News is a sense of humour. Sometimes our particular brands of humour have caused controversy and condemnation, ie the Lord Longford/Cliff Richard 'cartoon', although we believe that most of our 'funnies' have not become quite as notorious.

To be completely serious all the time is a bore for everyone, and what newspaper exists today that doesn't incorporate something amusing into its pages for a little light relief? It is important too that we also have the ability to laugh at ourselves.

If any readers would like to contribute cartoons, humorous articles, etc, and not just pieces of 'camposity', even though there is room for these too, please get in touch with us. Would moralising, reactionary right-wingers and prudish, ever-so-pure left-wingers, who think we should at all times be absolutely serious about everything, please save their time and ours, by not bothering to write to tell us that our encouragement of humour is despicable.

Gay Short Stories

To date we have only published one gay short story. This is partly because the standard of stories we have received has not been high enough. By this we do not wish to put down the stories and articles rejected in the past, for any self-critical writer, amateur or otherwise, must realise that it would be as unfair to them as it would be to our readers, if

we put anything that is below a certain literary standard into the paper. Just because we don't use a piece of your prose it doesn't mean to say that you should stop writing and developing the talents you feel you possess.

We hope to encourage budding writers by regularly publishing the short stories they send in to us. When GN goes to twenty pages in a few issues time, we will have the space to include such items. Money and material permitting, a possible future venture will be to publish an anthology of the stories printed in the paper.

Our New Venture

On the back page you will see the first advertisement for the now operative Gay News Mail Order department. We initially hope to supply you with books, most of which are relevant to gays and gayness. Please note that when buying a book from GN, we pay the postage. We intend this to be a speedy, efficient service, with no item taking longer than fourteen days to reach you.

One of the reasons for starting a Mail Order service is because many of you have told us that you have found difficulty in obtaining gay books, including the ones reviewed in GN. So to make life easier for you, as well as saving you any possible embarrassment at conservative and unadventurous bookshops, you can now get your gay reading matter from us. There is no truth in the rumour that we have undertaken Mail Order to stop you buying gay literature from W H Smith's or Menzies.

We would very much appreciate your help in enlarging the range of books we stock. If there are any titles missing from our list that you think are worthy of inclusion, please drop us a line. In the future we intend to expand the Mail Order section by producing our own posters and other worthwhile delights for your pleasure.

New Outlets

We ask you again to support us by sending in the names and addresses of newsagents, bookshops and gay pubs throughout Great Britain, that may serve as useful outlets for Gay News. The paper's circulation must progressively increase during 1973, and you can play an active part in making sure this happens. Also we welcome individuals who are willing to act as private distributors for GN, whether they sell half-a-dozen copies to their friends and acquaintances, or endeavour to keep the customers of gay pubs and clubs regularly supplied with each new edition we bring out. If you can help in any way and would like some details, please contact Peter Mundy at Gay News.

Dates and Deadlines

The next edition of Gay News (No 21) will be published and available from 18th April. Deadlines for that issue are Friday 6th April for copy, letters etc, and Monday 9th April for advertisements. Don't forget that we have changed our address to: Gay News, Basement, 34d Redcliffe Square, London SW10. Telephone 01-373 0586.

Gay News Editorial Collective

Apology

Gay News would like to apologise to Serena Wadham who took the photographs which illustrated our news story about Women's Rights rally and demonstration in February. The item was published in GN17.

At the end of the piece we stated that we had tried to obtain 'more exciting pictures' but had been unable to do so because NATSOPA, one of the print unions, was on strike. This piece of copy was inadvertently left in, because at the last minute Serena Wadham came to our rescue and provided us with two excellent photographs.

This mistake was further complicated by us saying in the same editorial footnote that the pics were taken by Angela Phillips of Time Out. Of course this is incorrect. We would like to thank Angela though for attempting to get us the photos we required.

Once again, we offer our sincerest apologies to Serena for this error, and hope that it has not caused her any embarrassment. We promise to be more careful in future, honest.

Gay News Editorial Collective.

Solution

This is the solution to GN Crossword No 3/73, which appeared in the last edition of the paper.

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Troubled Water

In GN19, under the heading 'If You Think You've Got Problems' we announced that we would be running a Problem/Advice/Help column. This service is now operative and will appear in the paper under the title **Troubled Water**.

If you are worried or anxious about any matter, large or small, drop us a line to the address at the end of this piece. Your letters will be published along with the answers or advice. Anonymity will be absolutely respected if you so desire, or pseudonyms can be used if you wish. Alternatively, if you would prefer your letter not to appear in print, please clearly mark it 'Not For Publication'. You will receive a personal reply, again in strict confidence.

Helping with the more serious or difficult problems which we at GN may not feel qualified to answer, will be an experienced gay befriending service.

We assure you that there will be no pressure to join any gay organisation, and of course, all sexes are welcome.

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

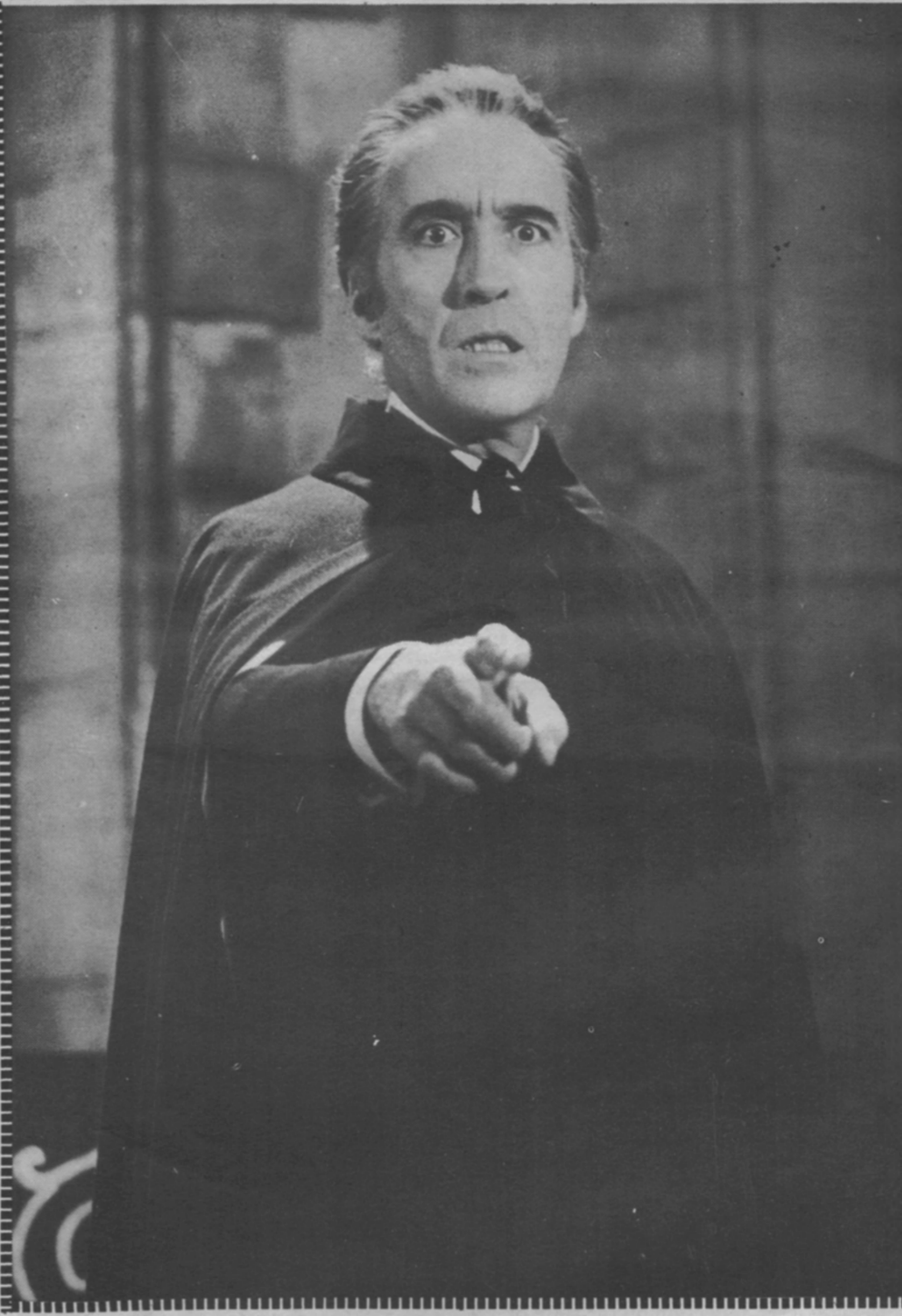
Stop Press

GN Cares

We've had a number of complaints from GN subscribers about the length of time copies take to reach them.

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DRAC OF THE MONTH



Photograph: Alan Gason/Tramper Films

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A toast to the media from Andy Warhol.

There's Nothing Behind It

It was simply not worth the fuss. Either that, or one of the year's finest publicity campaigns. When the long awaited documented supposed exposé of Andy Warhol finally made it to an estimated five million television screens, it just didn't do all the things it was supposed to do.

It didn't seem to have too many 'vile and offensive scenes' that kept self-appointed public watchdog Ross McWhirter awake at night . . . it didn't really expound with great anti-establishment issues which seemed to be one of the key causes behind the temporary shelving of it . . . and it didn't even stop the lady on the Thames TV switchboard knitting.

So why the fuss? The IBA says it's fine by them from time to time to toss in a couple of adult expressions, which explains why Thames and their wisened experts let David Bailey get away with one too many 'fucks'. We hope that Ross McWhirter doesn't get upset reading that.

Perhaps the most distressing part about the over-publicised show was that it just didn't tell anybody very much about Andy Warhol. It was laden, perhaps bursting, with cleverness, but as a probe into the Warhol mind by David Bailey, it fell short.

And in the wake of slightly self-indulgent but certainly brilliant works like Heat, Trash etc, it's grim to think that a special on Andy Warhol should be awarded a disinterest tag.

David Bailey was totally justified when he said that the decision to ban the special for a while was a fine example of cold feet.

It's also a frightening show of strength by Ross McWhirter. If he can manage to have Andy Warhol snatched away from sight for a while, imagine the games he'll be able to play with 'News at Ten' or perhaps 'Opportunity Knocks'.

As for Andy Warhol, it did become a chance — one of his first — to tell the world what he was all about. In a mild way, he did it . . . and he chose a bed scene with David Bailey to do it. But in keeping with the McWhirter demands for decency, Andy remained quite dressed, and we know that David Bailey at least wore a hat.

If it was really a serious attempt to take everything Andy Warhol does seriously, it slipped away. Until, perhaps, the final minutes, after a too-bad version of 'We Love You Andy' by his production entourage . . .

In a way, it was perhaps a great display of a self-indulgent David Bailey, who took on someone he perhaps didn't understand so well after all.

And in pandering to what he thought was

something oh so trendy and today, he told us more about the mind of David Bailey.

Sylvia Miles, who's been catapulted to dizzy heights of star potential, was floored by the show. She told Gay News the morning after the show that she was totally bored.

Said Sylvia: "It was a bloody bore. The biggest bore I've seen in a long while. It didn't say a thing about Andy. I'd say that David Bailey just didn't get the time he wanted with Andy, because that's not the Andy we know. It was a bore."

Naturally, Andy Warhol himself hasn't said much about the programme yet, but he did say it neatly just before those welcome credits. He said: "If you want to know about Andy Warhol, just look at the surface of my paintings and films and me. Here I am. There's nothing behind it."

The national press has already condemned the programme, and if what we hear is right, the public is slightly irate about it all.

The Gay News collective has this to say: **DAVID SELIGMAN:** I was mesmerised by the television and its depiction of the Warhol life style. It reinforced my own fantasies about making films, and made me want to live like him.

JEAN-CLAUDE THEVENIN: (in a delightful French accent from somewhere under a pile of artwork behind the fridge): I think it was one of the best television programmes I have ever seen.

TIM SKINNER: Carefully taken by the hand by David Bailey and led through the path of fantasy to something that didn't really exist. Stood on my head and conned beyond belief. A rather mediocre production by a man who should be able to do better, and it taught me nothing about Andy Warhol.

DENIS LEMON: An absolutely fascinating hour of television. In my opinion David Bailey had very little to do with the success of the programme, for from the very first scene, Warhol was completely in control of what was happening. Subsequently, we didn't see a documentary about Warhol, instead we saw an Andy Warhol television show.

I take it that after becoming the laughing stock of Great Britain, Mr Ross McWhirter will keep his sexual fantasies and hysterics to himself.

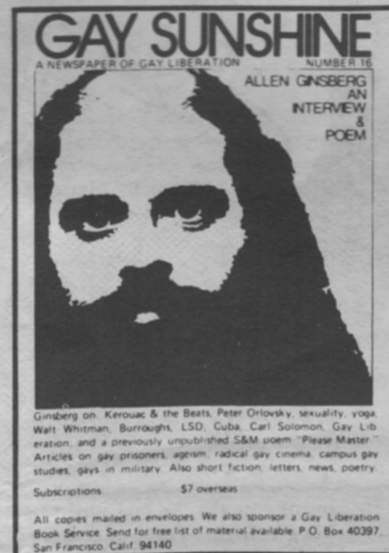
Newsettes

● No Election Locks for Trevor

BRISTOL: Breakthrough Department. Trevor Locke, who was the convenor of the Bristol Gay Students Society, has been elected to the post of president of the Bristol University Union. Not long ago, Trevor failed in the CHE Executive elections where he won little support for the student platform he represented. Twenty-four-year-old Trevor starts work with the University Union in July.

● Goodbye To Cottages

LONDON: Where else. We hear that the cost-conscious City of London Common Council has come up with a penny pinching innovation. It's closing down forever six men's and three ladies' public loos. The council figure on saving £21,000 a year by doing it. But it was all rather sinister. The man who rubber-stamped the suggestion was Mr Frank Steiner the chairman of the council's planning committee. He told a hushed meeting that 'Observations have been kept of the various conveniences and a list of the strange people who frequented them'. We say that such a survey must have kept some council men busy for quite a while. Hope they had fun.



● Social Survey of Gays, By A Gay

LONDON: A young Australian thinker who hit town 18 months ago has taken on a bold move which takes the whole gay activist push to task. Peter Tatchell, of 29 Sinclair Gardens, London W14 (telephone 01-603 7158) told GN of his plans last week. He's launched his own efforts to conduct a survey into the social structure of gay people. He wants to hear from as many gays as he can. He wants to know about their social standings and their social hangups, and he says the results will help sort out what he says is an inequality in the stand taken by already established gay activist groups. And from what we hear, Peter is standing by his telephone now waiting for your call.

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HERE AND NOW

CHE holds its first annual conference at Morecambe this week. 'Gay News' asked Antony Grey, managing trustee of the Albany Trust and chairman of NFHO to assess the recent progress and future tasks of the homophile movement.

'People who are trying to be bridges must expect to be walked over', Sir John Wolfenden once remarked; and as the pioneer bridge of greater understanding between homosexual and the 'straight' world, he should know. I quite frequently think of Sir John's words when I am engaged in some of the more tortuous of the many discussions which my work involves me in with people inside and outside the homophile movement.

Perhaps the biggest need of all is for communication — a need which 'Gay News' is valiantly and increasingly effectively meeting. Communication not only between the various gay groups and individuals who are currently getting down to the many-sided task of helping themselves and others, but also communication with the non-homophile world which still has so much to learn and to understand about homosexuality.

Since 1970 the homophile movement has made some very significant steps forward. Gay people have established themselves in a way they have never done before in this country, as having a distinctive point of view to put forward (indeed, varied points of view on some issues) and positive contributions to make *as gay people* — which is the really important point. While there is a long way to go before the majority of us can come out fully in all aspects of our lives and be completely open about our homosexuality with everyone we meet in our family, social and business circles, all branches of the homophile movement, from the 'radicals' to the 'conservatives', can feel satisfaction that the task of lightening the burden of secrecy formerly carried by millions of our fellow men and women has begun.

Since 1970 the florescence of Gay Liberation, the consolidation of CHE and SMG, the emergence of Sappho and Challenge, of 'Gay News' and of 'Lunch', and of other groups and magazines, are collectively signs of a welcome realisation that self-help is the most effective form of help for gay people in creating a general awareness in society that we are a significant and varied segment of it.

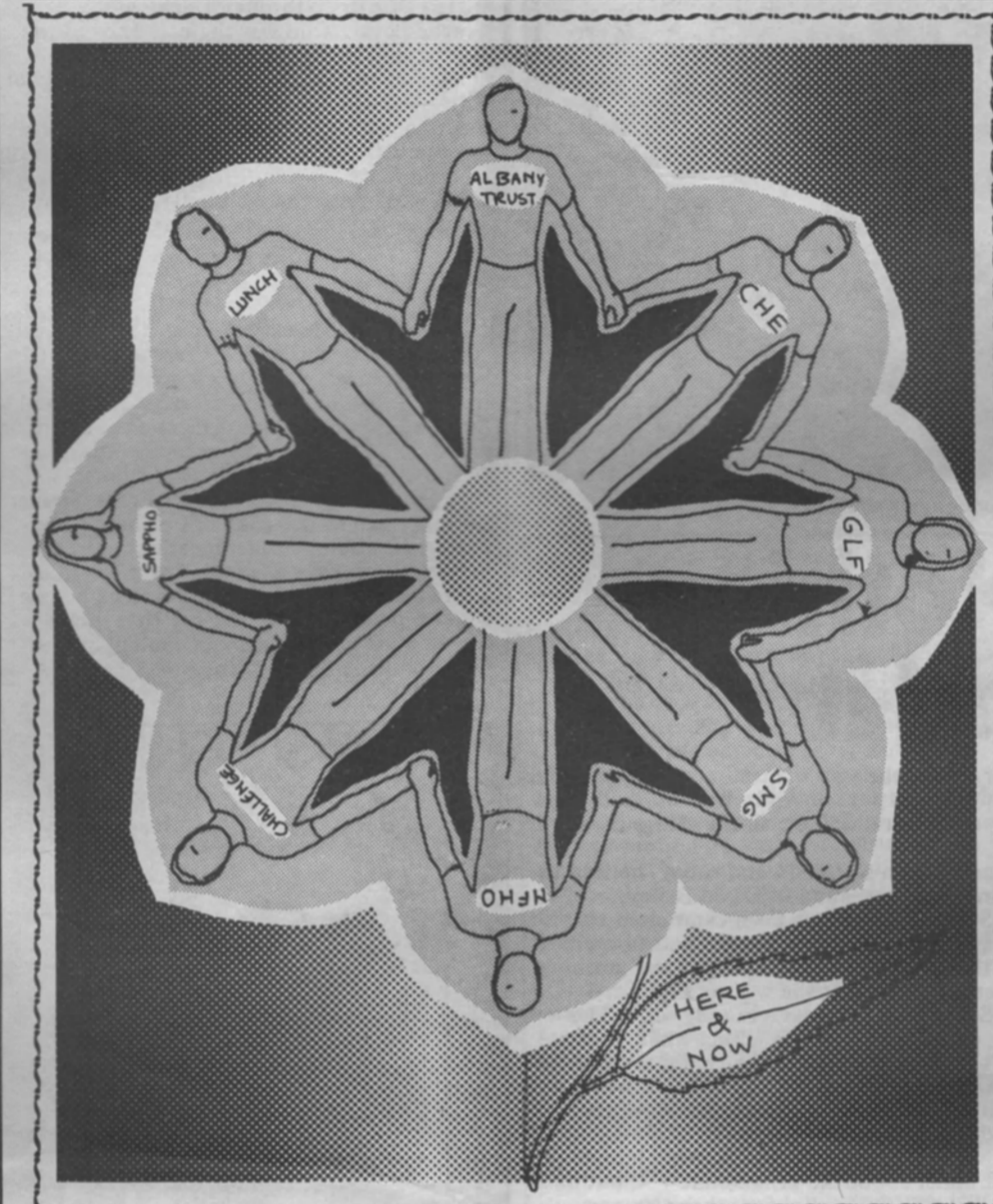
The 'movement', however, is still only reaching a tiny fraction of the total gay population — and it is to be hoped that its leaders won't succumb to the seductive notion that they are the authentic representatives of all Britain's homosexual and bisexual millions. (Immersion in continual homophile committee work and campaigning must not foster the delusion that we have invented homosexuality!) The insights and active involvement of mixed and straight organisations, such as Intergroup and Parents' Enquiry, which sets themselves specific and extremely constructive roles in breaking down prejudices and providing practical help are also invaluable. That is why NFHO — the National Federation of Homophile Organisations, set up as the result of a conference on "Social Needs of the Homosexual" held at York University in 1970 — welcomes and feels strengthened by a wide spectrum of concerned member groups and aims at providing a forum for discussing mutual aims and strategies.

As chairman of NFHO I am pleased at the whole movement's vigorous growth (including that of groups which aren't yet in Federation membership). We have now nearly 20 organisations with us, representing some 6000 people.

Not everyone in the movement though, has fully grasped the value of NFHO as a common meeting ground and some still tend to 'do their own thing' first and present it to others as a *fait accompli*. Such fragmentation can only dissipate energy and resources which are too scanty to be squandered. If the habit of doing so takes hold, I do not believe that the homophile movement as a whole (or any single part of it) will make any swift progress in the matters which concern us all — and in some of them, we may even find ourselves going backwards. This is a situation which it is incumbent on us all to avoid if we possibly can, by stifling *amour propre*, not succumbing to ego trips and taking all possible positive steps towards better mutual understanding and goodwill.

The areas which are of especial concern in this respect (not listed in any order of relative importance) are (1) law reform, (2) counselling and the provision of help for isolated, unhappy or disturbed gay people, and (3) general social advance.

With regard to law reform, everyone in the movement is agreed that the 1967 Sexual Offences Act, while a vital step forward at the time and probably all that could have been obtained from the Parliament which



passed it, cannot remain the last word in homosexual law reform. There is still a hard road ahead before homosexuals achieve full legal parity with their heterosexual brothers and sisters, and even the Scottish Minorities Group's new reform Bill does not ask for this. At Morecambe, CHE will be discussing an interesting paper on alternative law reform strategies. I hope the delegates will bear in mind that the Sexual Reform Society (successor to the Homosexual Law Reform Society) has for the past two years had a working party studying all the laws relating to sexual behaviour, and that this working party's report — which it hopes to publish later this year — is likely to be uncompromising about the need to sweep away a lot of Victorian mumbo-jumbo affecting the freedom not only of gay people but of everyone. Bishop John Robinson's lecture on "The Place of Law in the Field of Sex" (recently published by the SLRS and obtainable from 32 Shaftesbury Avenue, London W1V 8EP, price 20p) does not, of course, precisely forecast the working party's detailed recommendations, but it is in tune with its general thinking in saying that the law's function in this field is not to prohibit but to protect, not to enforce but to safeguard persons, their privacies and freedoms. The implications of this philosophy are far-reaching and will be spelled out by the working party in its recommendations.

Also the civil rights concerns of our movement must surely extend beyond sexual law reform; discriminatory laws and practices against other sections of the community (most especially women) have a direct bearing upon homosexual rights; so do the existing censorship laws and their practice — which has frequently involved the ignorant and bigoted assumption by prosecutors and judges that homosexual literature and activity is in some obscure way more 'corruptive' than its heterosexual equivalent. Freedom of speech, of expression and of life-style is in my view the most fundamental of all civil liberties: which is why I am such an ardent supporter of the abolition of all censorship (please join the Defence of Literature and the Arts Society if you haven't already done so) and of the National Council for Civil Liberties (ditto).

Effective counselling is a skilled task which can only be performed effectively by those with enough insight and self-discipline to recognise the need to prepare themselves adequately. Throughout its 15 years' existence, the Albany Trust (which was originally set up alongside the Homosexual Law Reform Society as a registered charity to promote psychological health, and which has assisted and advised many thousands of homosexual men and women) has been very conscious of the lack of such skilled help

almost everywhere in Britain, and of the need to harness the abundant goodwill of the many people — gay and non-gay — who wish to lessen the personal misery that so many experience at one time or another in their lives. Although the Trust only set out to act as a referral agency, passing on enquiries to the most appropriate sources of professional or other help — which might be therapy, medical, legal or religious advice, counselling, befriending, a welcoming social group or other supportive steps — it very soon realised that all too often the help needed did not exist when and where it was wanted; and so the Trust slid willy nilly into doing casework itself. This burgeoned to such a scale, after the passing of the 1967 Act, that in 1971 the Trustees asked the Samaritans to take over personal interviewing on the Trust's behalf (not such a big change as it might seem, since Michael Butler, the Samaritan's Deputy Director at St. Stephens, Walbrook, who now does this work, is also a Trustee of the Albany Trust and deputy chairman of NFHO).

Other counselling and befriending services, notably Friend, have also come into being during the past two years and both the Trust and NFHO consider that closer co-ordination of these agencies' work, and in particular the establishment of more effective links with the counselling professions and the social services is vital if all those seeking help and advice are to be dealt with adequately.

This need was underlined at a two-day counselling conference of homophile and non-homophile counselling agencies held at Rugby last October, when the National Marriage Guidance Council acted as hosts. This led to positive proposals for closer co-operation, exchange of information and the promotion of training. The Albany Society Ltd — a limited company which is also a registered charity having the same object as the Albany Trust and with a number of people involved in Friend, Parents' Enquiry and other homophile counselling activities on its board of management — is currently exploring the possibilities of developing more cohesive counselling services for the movement as a whole.

Perhaps the best commentary on the relevance of this is contained in the following extracts from a letter which the Albany Trust recently received from a Catholic priest who has done some valuable counselling work for gay people for the past several years. He wrote: "I have been on the fringe of homosexual counselling for the past seven to eight years, and I have come to the conclusion that some very serious rethinking in this matter is urgently necessary. There has been a proliferation of organisations all dealing with homosexuality . . . which attract some people who are no doubt well-inten-

tioned but often singularly unequipped to help effectively . . . It is necessary to establish ONE national organisation to help solely with the counselling of men and women homosexuals. It should have first-class accommodation and facilities so that it can be seen by the whole nation to be the efficient, organised public body for this work. Its aims should be clearly defined and adhered to always. Its methods efficient and designed to achieve a worthwhile end. All those who work for this society, either professionally or voluntarily, should be very carefully screened . . ."

His last point — the need for anyone who is serious about counselling or befriending others to be willing to submit themselves to a properly structured training scheme — is in my view, crucial, and the Albany Trust and Albany Society Ltd are now working on the development of such a programme with the help of professional people and the homophile counselling agencies.

Such activities may sound somewhat unglamorous, and even pedestrian and bureaucratic, to some readers; but they really are essential if the lot of gay people, and their treatment at the hands of those from whom they seek help is to improve. Unfortunately it isn't always possible to give a blow-by-blow account of this type of discussion and negotiation in *Gay News* or elsewhere; consequently the Albany Trust and NFHO are sometimes accused of "doing nothing" and — by one recent correspondent — of wearing a "stifling cloak of middle-class respectability" in contrast with more carefree and youthful groups. Be that as it may, there is a rather fundamental misconception about the Albany Trust which needs clearing up once and for all. I hope that I have already said enough to make it clear that the Trust is more than just a relic of the '60s and that it still does many useful things for homophiles and other sexual minorities. But, being a registered charity, it is NOT and cannot be a homophile organisation or a members' club. It does not seek to enrol supporters in order to provide them with a service (apart from sending out periodic information about its activities). Like all charities, it exists in order to enable one group of people — its donors — to help other people — those who come to it for help, advice and information. So although it is chronically impoverished (having only the certainty of receiving half the annual income it needs in order to survive), it does not look for the type of supporter whose first question is: "What's in it for me?"

The Trust's sphere of action, indeed, is complementary to, and in no sense competitive with, the equally necessary but different work of a participatory democratic members' body such as CHE. There are some things which it is possible for the Trust to do which a 'homophile' organisation cannot, and vice versa. This, it seems to me, is both commendable and useful, and no sense of rivalry exists (in my mind at any rate) between the Trust and the homophile movement; indeed the Trustees believe that the stronger the movement is, the more effective the Trust's work can be — and we have shown this practically by financial and other help given to the movement over the years.

The social advance of homosexual people to take their rightful and unashamed place in a fully understanding and educated national community is something which we all wish passionately to see. If we have not yet overcome the last obstacles to this, the goal is visibly nearer: recollecting the claustrophobic atmosphere of hushed whispers and lurid 'News of the World' court reports of long gaol sentences for "serious offences" between consenting males which were the only contexts in which homosexuality was publicly mentioned twenty years ago. I am not unoptimistic. Sex education in this country, while still both fragmentary and rudimentary in many schools, is improving; and the open and commonsensical atmosphere of the Edinburgh University Teach-In, reported in the previous issue of *Gay News*, would have been unthinkable in that city (and probably anywhere else in Britain) even five years ago. The Albany Trust and representatives of NFHO member organisations and of GLF are increasingly frequently asked to talk about what it means to be gay, not only to "in-group" meetings but to professional and church groups and in educational establishments. Beyond education there is the dawning of an atmosphere throughout the country in which gay people can live full lives and breathe freely in all circumstances that other citizens can. This, and nothing less, is our goal; we are on the march and let's all make a real effort to ensure that any scalping hatchets we may carry are used on anti-gays and not on one another. If we can keep such precepts in mind, 1973 will see the homophile movement grow stronger and more effective. If we don't, maybe it doesn't deserve to.

Antony Grey

Personal Opinion The State Of The Game

On the eve of the first national Campaign for Homosexual Equality conference, it is perhaps necessary for those concerned to reflect a little on the position, and image of Britain's largest gay organisation and its relevance to the position of gays in general. CHE, whether it is true or not, has the reputation of being middle-class, bureaucratic and formal. With this image, CHE is not going to become a mass gay movement. I would really like to say to an awful lot of people in CHE that an engagement diary full of various types of committee meetings isn't really any long term solution to a celibate existence.

We have reached a stage where most people have a reasonable material standard of living, where many people are reasonably happy about flouting the law, although a change in the age of consent for male homosexuals is of course, very necessary. The main problem besetting homosexuals and apparently everyone else, is that we can't communicate with each other or with the world outside our ghettos, whether they're pubs or gay groups. The majority of the population still seem to see homosexuals as mannish, tweedy women or wispy, camp young men who work in hairdressers or Kings Road boutiques. How many of us can live monogamously or communally without continually rowing about petty nuances which are simply a manifestation of our possessiveness for our partner in unhealthy monogamous relationships. But is communal living the answer with its effect of diminishing individuality? The fact that many of us are ruled by fantasies which dictate that our partner is a sort of Adonis type character means we are often very lonely.

As a gay man I have virtually no communication with gay women. There is the Gateways club which is as enclosed as a nunnery; Sappho; Arena 3; Gay Women's Lib, vital but miniscule. Except for Sappho these groups are very exclusive, inward looking, hostile, and suspicious of gay men, who express an unfeeling contempt for them, separating them as "lesbians".

They will talk of "homosexuals" (gay men) and "lesbians" (gay women). The Women's Liberation movement is inwardly hostile to gay women; they seem to have the same indefinable fear of their sisters that the men have, something much more deeply

rooted than a fear of being touched. The establishment are so afraid of lesbianism, they haven't even invented a law against it.

No remedy for these problems will be found in a change from a capitalist to a communist, or fascist regime, nor the lowering of the age of consent to 16. Why can't we begin to accept or at least recognise the importance of each individual whatever their background, opinions, physical appearance. Ask people to change by all means but do so gently, sympathetically. Remember some of us come from liberal, academic backgrounds and find it easy to spout verbal revolution. Others may be committing far more mind blowing revolutionary acts, many coming out as gay with parents and friends in a small provincial town, or, despite all the pressures put upon one by a systemised heterosexual media, escaping from that environment to London or another large city, to live as our sexual feelings tell us.

What are we going to do about a society which expresses and accepts nothing but married/family/heterosexuality in its housing, tax and welfare systems! Even the script for your favourite television comedy show makes this assumption.

How are we going to equate our struggle for freedom and recognition with that of the train driver or gas worker, who's expected to support a wife and family for £19 per week.

These seem to me the relevant issues for CHE to discuss in Morecambe, feelings, not rules or intellectualisations. If there's going to be a broadly based gay organisation, its got to be fairly unstructured and above all based on spontaneous feeling, a feeling which is communicated to ALL GAYS.

David Seligman

Tricking And Trick-Cycling

A growing despondency and doubts about the plague of fervour-filled folks and their patent-promises and cures for lonely gays is bothering me.

It seems just any odd body can set themselves up as a counsellor/befriender/breast-feeder and dispense mixtures of advice, computer-dating, penfriend lists, phone numbers, interviews and therapy which result in an indigestible emotional mess for the recipient. These peddling meddlers then disappear, leaving a wake of unfulfilled commitments and disturbed emotions. While more come and go in larger and larger numbers.

WHERE DOES THE VICIOUS CIRCLE START? For it is vicious!

Does it begin in gays deluding themselves that their own relationship blocks can be resolved for them, by some 'expert' and refuse to recognise the reality that no-one other than themselves have the antidote?

Does it begin with incomplete personalities who resolve their own emotional deficiencies through advising failure people in the role of oracles?

By battenning on each other both seem to be perpetuating an irresponsible fraud.

I haven't yet recovered from hearing (some MONTHS ago) an answer by a counsellor to a question about the qualifications of a counsellor.

"Experience," came the reply. Further probing revealed that this 'counsellor's' training had been precisely that. Experience of meeting or corresponding with people, enduring every imaginable sexual hang-up, without having a single qualification in social, medical, psychological or religious training.

At the moment homosexual parents with children are being 'counselled' by someone with no qualifications whatsoever and whose own children are chronically disturbed and receive no psychiatric help!

The garbage of shattered personalities pile up. The majority of these wrecks, turned off 'help' of any kind, wreak their own havoc in the gay scene. A few, in pathetic pieces, may find their way to a bona fide responsible counsellor, who more frequently than not, is already overstretched coping with human wreckage.

IT SHOULD BE THE CONCERN OF ALL OF US that those who are contributing most effectively to the rehabilitation of gays, are in danger of going under themselves. Their own personal lives are eroded more and more. One real samaritan (with a small s) said to me: "they all cease to see you as a person — but as a public service, an institution, available to them exclusively at all hours of the day and night for limitless periods."

Not only are individuals affected in this way, but gay couples at whose union so many seem to need to warm their hands, without giving any thought to the stresses they add to the relationship's already built-in tensions on top of the pressures by society.

There's no gainsaying that gays are highly sexed and aware people — more so, perhaps than straights. But this is no excuse for letting their predatory drives invade the privacy of individuals nor the intimacy of couples. The straight world does respect the sanctity of engaged or married couples. It's time the gay world did too. Hand cuffs off the outheld hand of friendship. Clasp it by all means, but don't grab it possessively.

If the present state of irresponsibility continues unchecked, by both counselled and counselling, the gay life style deserves to be a sub-culture — and we have only ourselves to blame.

Sappho

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Earl Thompson

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And Suddenly There Was Sylvia Miles

Forget routine. It just doesn't work with Sylvia Miles.

There's a well-worn method of dealing with people who fall into that treacherous 'star' category. You rummage through all the old files, you scan the pages of 'Who's Who' in show business, and you look at all the old movies.

But it's just not on with Sylvia. She's suddenly happened to people, and Andy Warhol's *Heat* has given her an enormous medal which nobody has really been able to explain.

But with only a few three-minute roles in movies that didn't stun the world, a too-brief part in *Midnight Cowboy* that did floor the industry, and a decade Off Broadway, Sylvia Miles has total eligibility to apply for one of the nicest little jobs in the business. Being a star. An old-fashioned, mink and diamonds, film star. The sort that died when MGM had their last great auction.

Because right now, the world is fresh out of true film stars as such. Not updated ladies who make movies, records and television shows. But out and out films. Nothing else.

When we arrived to start what turned out to be a two-day session with Sylvia, she was doing all the right things. Fixing her face for half an hour and ordering coffee. Her press agent was taking a telephone call from Denmark for her and her agent's assistant was collecting piles of her reviews for her to browse through.

When Sylvia emerged from her mirrored bedroom, she floated into the drawing room and sank gracefully into a chair. Every movement, it seemed, came from one of those 'how to be a star' manuals.

Sylvia Miles has won some pretty enormous international acclaim. For most people, it began when she played the part of the casual whore in *Midnight Cowboy* in 1970, which won for her an Oscar nomination. She didn't get the award, but she did whip up a lot of interest. But it stayed down there for some time.

Dennis Hopper had moderate plans for her in his 'Last Movie', but scissored most of her out of the rushes. What did make it onto the screen was full of anxious caged-up exuberance.

Then MGM decided that after going to a lot of trouble filming Sylvia in a bit of 'Going Home', they'd axe the lot, because, as they gently put it, it didn't measure up to the much-needed General Public standards.

From there, it started to show signs of activity. Cannon Films, who operated as independents, took a clear look at Sylvia and turned out a gutsy part for her in 'Who Killed Mary Whatsername'.



Paul Morrissey took over last year when by something more than accident he put Sylvia opposite Joe Dallesandro in a movie about Hollywood in the unseen film depression. The movie was *'Heat'*, and it's made Sylvia drastically important.

Not just because it cast her the way she says she likes to be cast — in a role where she has something of value to say — but because it gave birth to a star. Probably by accident, and probably not the way anybody thought it would turn out, but suddenly, people are full of Sylvia Miles. Ethnics think she has something to say, the critics can't explain it, and the gay crowd has found a new Garbo. That's how one New York newspaper put it.

Sylvia sat down, lit another cigarette, and gave that one a lot of thought.

"I think actually when you kind of look at some of the women who have had enormously large gay followings, that they respond to a kind of honesty you find in gay people.



"And I must say what I think of this gay thing. I don't think of gay as homosexual by the way. I think that being gay is being happy and gay as opposed to a sex thing. If that happens, okay. A homosexual could be a sort of closet person walking around, and that doesn't mean just gay to me. I think of being gay as more of a free sexual society. It's not necessarily anything else. It would take in a vast amount of people.

"I think that all young people except perhaps middle class kids read the gay papers. I mean everybody reads something like *After Dark* and I think we're living in a kind of bi-sexual society. I think it's nice. But I'm not all that camp like a lot of women. But I know I have a large gay following.

"I was trying to work out why even back when I was doing shows off Broadway, and it's pretty interesting.

"I think it has a lot to do with the humour. Certain women have certain kinds of humour that gay people respond to. I can't see any correlation to Judy Garland, but I seem to get the same sort of following sometimes.

"I kind of like having that audience though. I love those people. Not because of an ego thing. I think it's because they're a tremendously loyal audience. Also they accept you for yourself. Gay people seem to let you do what you want to do and you don't have to look for gimmicks to please them. It doesn't mean it's clever. They're not around forever, and if I do a lousy show, they're as entitled as anybody else to find a new favourite star.

"I think I managed to get that audience because back in the start I've been so much into what I was doing that I never bowed to other peoples' gimmicks. I can't explain it clearly. I love those people and I'll work hard for them."

Strange, in a way, perhaps, considering Sylvia's roles to date have been totally het. The seduction of John Voigt in that bedroom scene in *Midnight Cowboy*, and now in *Heat*, everything a young man ever wanted. At least, everything a young man with heterosexual desires on the spur of the moment might like to have.

Sylvia has no immediate answer for it. She doesn't think that her suntanned, fairly exposed body is the epitome to every hungry young man. She doesn't go along with the theory that the female body — clad or not — is for the heterosexual male only.

Heat has given Sylvia a sensational kick back into mass audiences. If the British national press is a true indication, no single female actress has got as much potential or as much going for her. The Sunday Nationals all came out with glowing praise, hailing her as the new superlady. Oddly enough, nearly all the press coverage has been gloating over its understanding of this 'bold new approach to life'.

In a way, there's a certain sadness that Sylvia's 'rebirth', if you like, has come out of the exposure through a film that had to fall into the underground category.

And these days, an underground film becomes just that if it is made by people who aren't in a union. Has it had any effect on Sylvia?

"Of course it doesn't worry me. It's underground if its crew isn't a union crew. Warhol has no crew at all, and even a non-union crew is no crew. Paul shoots the film and Jed who edits the film is on sound and travels about with Andy co-producing, and that's it. It's not ad-lib, it's not even improvised, it's created at the moment. With *Heat*, there was nothing to improvise on. We made it up as we went along.

"*Heat* was a bit different from *Trash* and *Flesh*. It had a sort of structure the others didn't have, but that structure was imposed on it not by Andy to make a Hollywood product, but by me as an actress with a certain kind of technical wherewithal built in. I structured it as I went along. But *Heat* wasn't built to be a slick, quick flashy flick. To be honest, I thought *Trash* was technically much more complicated and involved than *Heat*. *Heat*'s a bit odd for Warhol because it has a start, a middle and an ending but it's turned out to be the one the critics seem to love best."

Sylvia Miles, said one of her best friends, has a beautifully 'lived in' face. Which is the sort of thing they might say about an 'establishment' artist, and not the sort of person you might imagine Andy Warhol casting opposite Joe Dallesandro.

But casting opposite Joe apparently has its off stage benefits.

"I love Joe," said Sylvia, as the BBC TV men came tramping through the suite to set up their sound gear. "He's predictable. Not artistically, but when he says No, you don't take it as No. You're supposed to think opposite him. If he says he doesn't want to

go somewhere, he wants to go somewhere, but he likes being talked into it.

"And he's got a wonderfully warm body. You can't touch him without feeling nice and warm. Which to me is always an utter sign of adoration. He's sweet and very instinctive. Some people say he doesn't really act with me. They say he doesn't say much, but I think his presence does most of it. He's one of the few young people with that sort of presence.

"Joe's not square at all. He's very cool. He's only 23, and he's got two children from two different lives, and a lot of people don't seem to realise he's been going strong since he was about 16. I'm very comfortable with Joe. We spent a lot of time together all around the world and we've been thrown together a lot where we've had to be alone. His personality is sort of malleable. I'd like to say something not nice about him, but I can't, you know, something juicy, but I don't think there is anything. I like him... I understand him, and it's because of that that I did the film. You see, I saw him in *Trash* and I just knew we would be right opposite each other. He's still and calm and I'm volatile."

According to Sylvia, who was battling now to get a lot across because of the parade of BBC men out onto her balcony, she had a heavy hand in getting the role for herself. In the nicest way, she engineered her role.

She tells the story about seeing Joe, and feeling totally enthused about the possibility of working with him. It was a case then of being seen with Joe at the right places as often as possible, and after Andy had seen enough of that, Sylvia allowed herself to be at the right place when the phone rang. It was Andy Warhol, who was just wondering whether she's considered working opposite someone making a film in Hollywood.

"They had an idea of doing a sort of updated *Sunset Boulevard*, using that old Tropicana Motel in Hollywood," she said, "and I felt a bit happy about that because I hadn't been to Hollywood for a long time.

"I remember saying I liked the idea, and I asked them who I'd be playing opposite. They told me it was Joe.

"I told them 'What a clever idea'. What they didn't know was that I had my wardrobe packed. I couldn't wait. But it was fun. I mean don't you think it would be fun working with people that you liked and being paid for it and the film turning out better than you ever thought it would?"

Apparently Sylvia has always had a sort of feeling about being a star. She wanted it and worked at it. Off Broadway she started with *'The Iceman Cometh'* in 1957 and had



an open-and-close Broadway non-success in *'Riot Act'* in 1963. The theatre closed because of a national newspaper strike.

But it was then that she wanted to be a star. And until now, she's just been flickering. With one Warhol movie done, where does she go? She must be more than careful to choose the right thing.

"I don't know. I'm in a sort of dire predicament. I'm not complaining, because I did get what I wanted. I wanted to do my thing my way, but I didn't know the price. And the price isn't just tiredness or a few wrinkles or a few black roots with a couple of greys coming through. Those grey ones came from Dennis Hopper and *The Last Movie*, 20,000 feet above sea level in Peru.

"Artie Shaw explained it to me the other night. He said that being a maverick had a lot of drawbacks, but it also had a lot of payoffs. And that's right. You know, in Hollywood, they think I'm a bit of an odd-ball. They still say I'm a star, and that's nice.

You know, they remember *Midnight Cowboy* and I never asked for it, but I'm still dining on it. So because I've done it Miles Way, I don't know what to do next. There is somewhere else, but I haven't found it yet.

"What you seem to forget is that *Heat* was a hell of a gamble. It was underground and it could have been lousy. It had a lot going against it. They shot it in 16 millimetre and the film looked grainy, and we took a shot at the fact that we could have been ruining our careers if it came out badly, but I got to Cannes, I got to Venice, I got to Germany, Vienna. You tell me what actress got accolades in Vienna in the last 20 years. They were likening me to Elizabeth Bergener and the great European actresses of 50 years ago. So it works. I've created the place, and I have to now find the right vehicle.

"It mightn't be with Joe. It can't be right now because he's doing this *Flesh and Blood and Son of Dracula*, and that's going to tie him up for three months. He is a Warhol. He's committed to the factory. I don't know."

For the time being that screwed it. The men from the BBC were ready. We'd overstayed our welcome by well over an hour, and Pascal, our photographer, hadn't been told about taking pictures. Good excuse to come back, and we accepted the invitation. Lunch on the patio, she said, and a quiet Sunday morning chat.

That night I sat through two screenings of *Heat*. Sensational. Where did this star lady come from?

So it was a more educated, better organised return visit to the hotel on Sunday. And Pascal brought more than enough cameras to go around.

Sylvia and agent Pat Green were almost lost in the pile of rave reviews of the movie in the Sunday papers. Sylvia had moved into a bigger, ritzier suite. Five rooms and enough chandeliers to give anyone crystal poisoning. Someone rang from Paris, someone else brought in fresh coffee, and apparently we'd just missed Sean Connery by a few minutes. He'd arrived before us and had breakfast with Sylvia.

London was overcast and wet, so the promised morning on the terrace didn't happen.

Sylvia wore a lot of black velvet. There was no evidence of a sleepless night on her face and she had a lot to say.

Amid clinking coffee cups and elegant smoke rings, Sylvia mused about the totally unexpected way the national press went into a mild raving spin about her performance.

"Why? The critics don't say that sort of thing about people do they? Some may have been short but they were brilliant."

The reviews, as it turned out, were nothing short of glowing. Even the conservative *Sunday Times*, not usually known for its praise of non-U affairs, was left awestruck by Sylvia's support to Joe.

The only newspaper with a different opinion was Glasgow's morning daily, the *Daily Record*, which gave a very deep report on the movie, by saying "Heat is an unsavoury piece of work laced with sex, lesbianism, self-abuse, poofs and permissiveness."

Which sums it all up very neatly. The rest of the world is wrong.

Perhaps the secret about Sylvia Miles' aura is that sudden 'switchability' of her roles. It happened in *Midnight Cowboy* and it happened almost throughout *Heat*. A case of placidness one minute, followed by a fury that borders on insanity. But as she pointed out, it comes easily when it's ad-lib.

"It's not too hard," she explained, "when you consider the reason. We're asked to make up a lot of dialogue, and when it gets low, we have to flip out of it, and a bit of rage is the most natural way to do it.

"It happened in *Heat* when Joe said to me 'I'm a star'. I just reacted the way I'd react



Photograph: Pascal Danot

if someone had just upset me. 'You're a star... mouse-time USA', to which he replied 'Fuck off'. That did it for me and for the person I was in the movie, who was also a very real me. I naturally got angry. Furious. And no matter what I said or did, it was all captured by every camera. I just allowed myself to get frustrated, and I reacted to it. It was all very, very human and very uninhibited.

"Actually, everyone in *Heat* was frustrating. The landlady was frustrating, the daughter was frustrating, the lover was frustrating, the producer-friend was frustrating, the ex-husband was frustrating. And Sally was frustrated by everyone. She was a totally frustrated character. It's a fantastic picture really, because it is totally frustrating, and as for the plot, nothing works. And that's really because nobody ever wrote it so it wasn't designed to work out. It's a very true account of life."

Who likes *Heat*. A lot of pro-Warhol people naturally, and many un-Warholed people will suddenly become pro-Warhol because of it. Its audience is an unexplicable cross section of people. Gays and conservatives, businessmen and frustrated women. It's the same in the United States.

Sylvia says the audiences in New York is often totally middle-aged.

"There's a sign in the box office in the

theatre that's showing it saying 'Half Price for Old Age Benefit Cardholders'. So here we have 65 to 80 year old people spending half the day watching *Heat* because they have nowhere else to go. But they apparently like it and understand it, and they don't know that they're watching an underground film. Sometimes they see pornographic films, and they just sit through it like it was a musical. Maybe it's because a lot of people identify *Heat* and movies like it with their own life. Because life in America is very much like *Heat*. It is all about frustrations. It is very much a grainy portrait of life."

So what about Sylvia Miles the star? If what the critics say is true, every other female movie actress had better accept the idea that there's only room for one at the top, and it won't be them.

Sylvia herself is a little more conservative about it. She admits that being a star would be very nice, and she certainly fits into her £100 a day hotel suites with ease, but she can't quite see it happening to her.

And being a star, in the true sense of the word, can happen to only a few people. Her history isn't cast, and if someone decided to show a Sylvia Miles film festival you could watch it in less than half an hour. So her track record won't have a lot to do with it.

Maybe Sylvia is a sort of social climber,

using the best going vehicle to get there. And hell, she's doing it.

But she is not a social clinger. She's not a social moth. *Heat* has done for Sylvia Miles what *Giant* did for James Dean, but Sylvia is going to be around to live very comfortably on its legacy.

Interviewers: Tim Skinner and David Seligman

Five Day Heat Wave In Spring

Tuesday: *Heat* the hot rave is going to open on Thursday, and what's more at a previously respectable Rank house in Victoria. The publicity men put on their track suits. They've got 48 hours.

Wednesday: 2pm - I arrive at a small preview theatre in a Soho strip club alley for a press show; there's I.P.C. magazines, BBC2's 'Film Night' and several other exceedingly non-sexual journalists. A friendly girl from Vaughan Films, Andy's crusading British distributor, offers us drinks. The bottle opener won't work, but there's no fluster, until Jimmy Vaughan himself appears, veteran campaigner against the film censor, he absentmindedly shakes hands but his eyes look sad. At the last moment the censor has insisted on a four minute cut. "There's too much fellatio on the film already." Laugh, shrug of shoulders. We make sympathetic noises, but Jimmy Vaughan is really quite upset and disappointed.

Friday: 11.30 am. We're interviewing the crux of *Heat*, Sylvia Miles at her Mayfair hotel. The publicists are alternately uptight and nervously elated. We're late, we have no camera. The Metropole cinema is too large. Sylvia thinks it ought to be showing in an art house. She's wrong, this is a big one; the Metropole had its largest matinee audience yesterday for 9 months. Enter Sylvia and everyone's quiet and relaxed. She's beautiful, controlled, sincere and very hypnotic. The teeny boppers have got David Cassidy: gays want Sylvia Miles. Her film is a parody of Hollywood and its remote big stars whose films were tailor-made to fit a pre-designed image. Sylvia is real. There's no entourage, no wardrobe - just reality, strength, enthusiasm. There's not much time. We're going to come back on Sunday.

Sunday: She's moved into a mammoth suite, all mirrors. It could be a film set. After 3 days of nearly non-stop interviews, she's still beautifully composed, and the publicists have obviously been influenced. They're warmer and much more human as they pore over the universally rave reviews in the Sunday press. She's amazingly ebullient for coffee time on a Sunday morning. I'm hazy and my belt hangs limply from the top of my trousers. "A nice Jewish boy shouldn't go around with his thing hanging out," she quips. I don't even blush. We talk some more. It's not like an interview. After a week when seemingly every newspaper and magazine has had a self-congratulatory interview with Ross Hunter, producer of *Airport* and the new musical version of *Lost Horizon*, purveyor of wholesome family entertainment and Royal film performances, she tells us about the unimaginative casting by the Hollywood establishment. After seeing her in *Heat*, Hunter went around ecstatically praising her performance, but refused to consider her for the part of the whore in *Lost Horizon*. The part was given to Sally Kellerman and the character altered to a Newsweek journalist. "I'm an official jet set beautiful person for fourteen minutes of film" says Sylvia. She's off to Paris.

David Seligman

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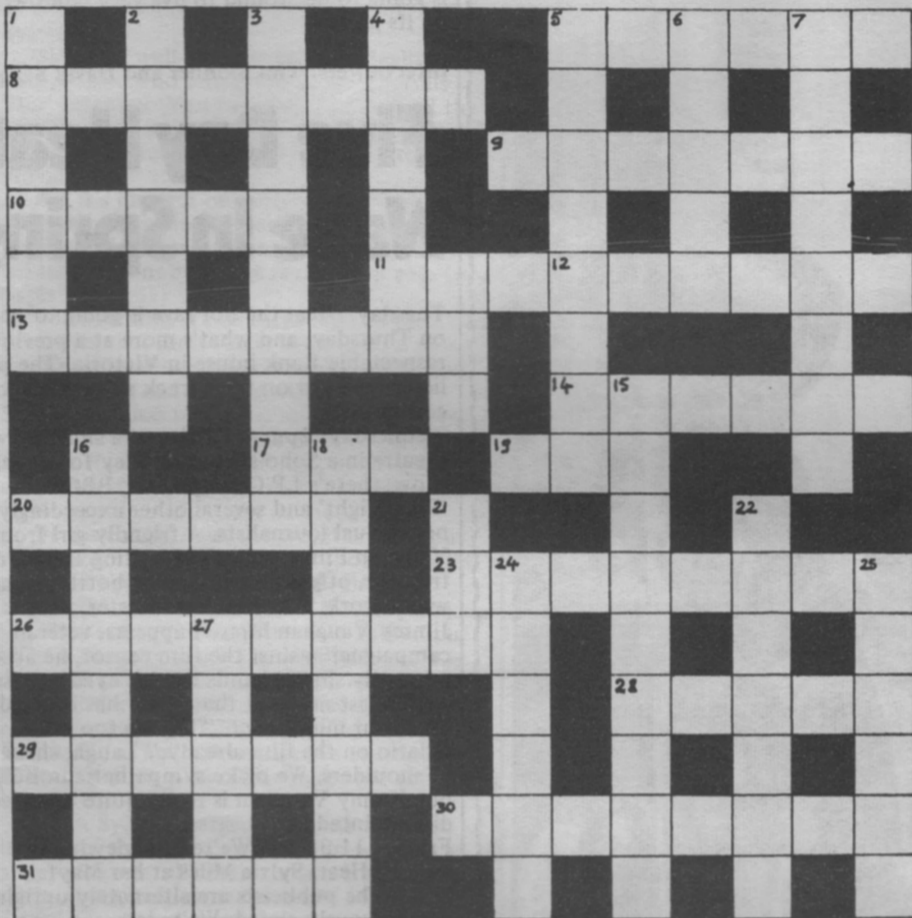
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GN Crossword No 4/73

By John



Clues – Across

- 5. Cunnilingus? – do this and find out runs the adage (4,2)
- 8. There's something about one of these for many of us (lyrically for all of us) (8)
- 9. Doctors meet first class Company Secretary – initially to make these pictures (7)
- 10. Sometime ago a sister had this fertile spot (5)
- 11. There are 498,000 gays in Britain is an unconfirmed one! (9)
- 13. In them, I gratefully go abroad (8)
- 14. Do they read Sappho? – It's a sad lie! (6)
- 17. Initially trembling that is felt round your neck (3)
- 19. College servant – what a swizz! (3)
- 20. Outsize friend of Little John? At least he's got the right time (3,3)
- 23. Perfumes contain these indispensable qualities (8)
- 26. Most up to date news has just been interred? (3,6)
- 28. Mechanical man has trouble with his right boot (5)
- 29. Super french satyr for hungry gays (2,5)
- 30. She will take charge of young ones (3,5)
- 31. I leave a singer who becomes cross (6)

Clues – Down

- 1. Mineral found under smoking remains on dry land (6)
- 2. Hold your pants up with contents of the last icon! (7)
- 3. Price for superior travel? Very well! (5,4)
- 4. A stroke popular at sea or in bed! (6)
- 5. KY helps sex to go this way (8)
- 6. Can provide a nip when 1dn but unpleasant if attached to you in numbers (5)
- 7. Slopes drawn with ruler and pen by the sound of it (8)
- 12. Kate attempts to hold afternoon refreshment (3)
- 15. A quiet leguminous plant meeting with slang orifice becoming visible (9)
- 16. Rowing number points to desirable but illegal age (8)
- 18. Sound example but really only moments (8)
- 21. Pointless – eyes accept the invitation (3)
- 22. Cold blooded guy? – Gee, a mixed up crib! (7)
- 24. His Coq au vin was divine at Brackenbury Gardens! (6)
- 25. Dog like perpetrator of cross words? (6)
- 27. The Franco/Roman farewell to go out (5)

The solution to the above crossword will appear in Gay News No 21.
The solution to GN Crossword No 3/73 is on Page 6.

Star Trek A Fortnight Of Stars

As Forecast by Monsieur Pierre Lundi



ARIES MARCH 21 - APRIL 20

Improve your appearances and conduct. Follow through plans already made. Avoid misusing your authority and make an effort to conserve your energy. You can capture the interest of influential people and persuade them to back you financially. Emotional problems around the 9th.



TAURUS APRIL 21 - MAY 21

Help out when asked and try to correct past mistakes. Try not to cause jealousy and tension and don't allow yourself to feel too discouraged when things go wrong. Be careful on the 18th – watch out for someone who may be prone to jealousy or violence.



GEMINI MAY 22 - JUNE 21

Make an effort to strengthen your social connections and be willing to co-operate with others. Don't avoid worthwhile friends or take chances with your health. Friday 13th will be an upsetting and confusing day – stay calm!



CANCER JUNE 22 - JULY 23

Avoid involving yourself in other peoples problems. Instead spend time developing new methods of improving your business. On the 7th you must take strong steps to cure a condition that has been worrying you for some time.



LEO JULY 24 - AUGUST 23

Stay calm and optimistic and be prepared to go along with changes. Nothing ventured, nothing gained. Avoid arguing over your beliefs, especially with a loved one. Remember that patience is a virtue. The 16th is especially favourable for travel.



VIRGO AUGUST 24 - SEPTEMBER 23

Thrift, resourcefulness and a replanning of your schedules will pay dividends. Try to avoid being possessive and secretive. The 12th will be a good day to contact clinics. A romantic affair could round the day off nicely for you though.



LIBRA SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23

Do avoid allowing yourself to become entangled in unwise alliances. Don't push yourself too hard to make people take notice of you. Others are more worthy of attention than you at this time. You will be successful in establishing a calm home atmosphere – romance will benefit. The 15th will be an excellent day for romance.



SCORPIO OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 22

Be careful of whom you trust this month – there are many wolves in sheeps clothing in your flock. Handle your responsibilities with care. Being helpful to others will pay you great dividends. Tread carefully on the 11th during the day.



SAGITTARIUS NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 21

Avoid doing things extravagantly. Put great thought into your actions. Take care with money. Faith in human nature should pay you dividends and you will have much social success. Have care on Friday 13th – watch out for your employers affairs.



CAPRICORN DECEMBER 22 - JANUARY 30

Avoid passing judgement on others. Let he who is without guilt cast the first stone. A very good time for helping others, especially your elders. There should be some substantial improvements in your surroundings. On the 6th service above the call of duty puts you in a class of your own.



AQUARIUS JANUARY 31 - FEBRUARY 19

Make a big effort to act more forcefully and to deepen ties of romance. Make sure that you don't avoid splendid business opportunities which may come your way. On the 15th you should be where the spiritual vibrations are good – you will need comforting.



PISCES FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20

Don't mix business and pleasure and watch your work load – you could take on too much. Reviewing your budget at this time should pay you great dividends. Be very careful on the 11th – pay attention to detail or you risk spoiling a major project.

BIRTHDAYS



Star Arian is of course David Cassidy, born April 12th 1950. You share with him a wide diversity of interests and abilities. You will always have an intuitive knowledge of what others want of you. A good year ahead for you – Uranus in Cancer will help your emotional situation considerably.



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FOLLOW-UP YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT THEY'RE GOING TO DO NEXT!!

Butch Cassidy-A Tango In Fleet Street

It's Those Cheeks That Did It

To put it ever so gently, it's our turn with David Cassidy.

The pop papers, the nationals and the glossy weekenders have told close to all there is to know about him. The huge Murdoch pop-to-parliamentary papers wrote so much about the world's favourite David that they almost ran out of adjectives — a major disaster in Fleet Street.

We know so much about David Cassidy. We know his shoe size, we know the times he likes going to bed, we know he likes his bacon crunchy, we've been told in many ways he's got spots that worry hell out of him, and we know he loves weeny undies.

The very responsible Sunday Times magazine even went to great lengths to tell us about his best friend Sam Hyman, who doubles as his roadie. Sam, explained The Times, was his confessor, his camping-riding-surfing friend.

Which was information that bored some, interested that huge army of fans, and excited a lot of gay people.

So, in a way, thanks to the way the world's press probe works, there's very little we can't read about David Cassidy.

Except the answer we'd all like to hear. Is he, or is he not gay? It's been suggested and it's been defended. One newspaper even stated very definitely that contrary to the wave of rumours, David Cassidy was not homosexual.

Before we commit ourselves, it's important to stress one point. We'd be delighted to know David was gay, but if that was the case, who gives a damn anyway. To prove or not to prove is not why we're here.

In the very nicest and slightly nauseating way, David Cassidy is the sort of person we'd like to think was gay. He's got that gently-rounded angel face, a fluid body that looks good in whatever it's dressed in, and a bum that, according to so many people, is his crowning glory.

And like it or not, David plays on it beautifully, giving a lot of his boy fans just as hard a time as the girls.

If you can scrape away the forgiving sentiments of the fan magazines and look at Cassidy for yourself, you'll fast understand why we may nominate him for this year's 'we hope he is' award.

He is totally suggestive. There is nothing too conservative about his clothes, and we understand from the people who make his clothes that he does not use a pair of socks because he doesn't have to.

His pants are always skin tight to the knees, revealing a well-kept, well-exercised, nicely developed body. When he moves on stage, he often defies all the rules of 'hands off' and makes it all so enviable.

Then there's that now-famous Cassidy thrust, which does terrible things to most people in the audience. If only . . . we mused.

Just what he's trying to say is no secret. Or at least, just which part of his flexible, young anatomy he feels gets the point across best is not hard to guess.

To the fingertips, he is delicately precious. Outstretched and, from the book, balletic, his hands glide down his body and always seem to end right alongside the Cassidy crutch, which emerges nearly always from beneath a wide leather belt.

Then, friends, there is that wondrous weapon that bounced into everyone's favourite picture pages — his secret weapon — his fantastic bum.

Bums are not altogether new to us at Gay News, and it's never been a case of 'seen one . . . etc'. But the Cassidy bum is one we'd like to have more of, more often. It's classic,



and very un-American.

Until now, people who've written and talked about this huge tidal wave they've called Cassidymania, have put the biggest part of David's electric charm down to the way girls want to mother him, hug him, and take him to bed and give him all he wants.

Needless to say, David's huge-and-growing army of boy-fans include a vast number of gays — teenage and anyone — who'd like to do exactly the same thing.

Dean Savage, a Middlesex 19-year-old, comes vaguely close to summing up part of it when he says he'd go anywhere he could just to watch David Cassidy. He says it's not sexual, but it's a more electric attraction than any other he's known.

Dean, by the way, is a bar attendant who works in Hampstead.

Naturally enough, there will be a huge crowd of Gay News readers who believe that Bopalong Cassidy is schmaltz — too watery for our pages . . . that they'd prefer an analysis of Marc Bolan, but it's the sudden thrust of mystique surrounding David's ever-so-private life that seems to have set the gay world agog.

The personal writers have told us that he's just like any other 22-year-old boy who's been shoved headlong into stardom. That's quite wrong. David's history with the Partridge family had a lot to do with it for a long time, but it wasn't until he looked into his mirror and found a rather wonderful bum developing — perhaps — that he made his own personal thrust into the plastic world of show business.

Nobody's ever really managed to get an answer from David as to his sexual preference but it's been hinted at in nearly every story that's been written about him.

Nancy Holmes wrote in the Daily Mirror on February 9: "He picked up a favourite American girl friend who is an exchange student in Florence and took her skiing."

On May 11, Rolling Stone's Robin Green got closer when he wrote . . . "Last night, he was nice. He was a really good fuck." Jill shook her head.

Sam Hyman: "Some people can be complete with someone in their own sex, but I can't, and neither can David."

In Disc on September 16, Michael Wate quoted David as saying "Now it was time to meet the press. I better put on some theatrical tan number two," he joked, "for this little scene Ruth Aarons would cringe at the thought of me appearing bare faced."

New Musical Express carried a semi-analysis of David by Julie Webb on November 4. She wrote: "Last time in Britain, it was noted that Cassidy wore thick Pan stick make-up. He comments: 'Sometimes I wear it, but not all the time. It depends on how I feel and how I look. If I've been working hard and I'm really sort of pale and drawn, then I do. But if I have a week or two to relax for pictures, there's no need.'"

Kenneth Browne tossed in a quick character saver in Woman's Own when he wrote . . . "there's nothing effeminate about him."

Then Melody Maker, in an excellent explanation of David's musical value as opposed to his physical stimulus wrote of their attendance at a party being thrown for David by Radio Luxembourg. "The wine was flowing in the studio, and as the in-jokes about the whole affair were passed around, David admitted, on the air, that he wanted stuffing."

The Sunday Times on March 18, carried a right on account of the Manchester performance, written by an obviously awestruck Ian Jack, who added the nicer touch: "There were occasionally refreshing touches of innocence, however. Not least was the one from the disc jockey compere David Hamilton who was wearing a fetching little dungaree two-piece. 'We've got a ten-minute interval now, so you can all go out and have a wee wee.'"

Interesting to note that the queue outside the boy's room was just as long as the one outside the little girls' room.

On March 18, the Observer came back with a go-getting front page picture of David, guaranteed to sell out. It showed him in full bum flight. No face, just his billion dollar bum with a starry patch on his right cheek.

Melody Maker summed a lot up in their headline: "Darling David and those Billion Dollar Cheeks". The Sunday Times got it together by writing about "The Side of David Cassidy that Really Turns Them On."

Of course, it's nice to see David's mum looking after him on his whirlwind tour, and it does send a gay flutter through our ranks when we hear quotes like this one from her lips: "He's just like a Nureyev to pop music. It's fantastic. I've never seen anything quite like it before." So it's quite obvious that mum's with David all the way, even down to his last sequin. Lucky boy.

The balletic aura about David has certainly given rise to a few questions about masculinity. If you've seen him live, where it all turns out to be a very ad-lib affair, you'll understand what we say when we think it's all been learned out of books, but corny as it may be, it's very attractive, and pardon us for saying it, but he does it better than even Mick Jagger.

David's agency is ultra protective about letting the right people interview him, and there's always an agency man stalking around in the shadows watching to see that nobody asks too many of the wrong sort of questions, which could-explain the absence of many publications from those conferences. But the unprinted comments are interesting enough.

Some of our colleagues, who spent what they claim was 'a long time alone with David' emerge half convinced that 'there's a bit of gay in him.' Some deny it completely and others say it's absolutely right. At these news conferences, David is every bit the star. Perhaps, as one reporter put it, he would have looked better draped across a throne.

We hear the rings he wears mean 'nothing much', but that his handshake is firm and manly. When he speaks, it's quiet and soft.

David Cassidy — the originator of what's obviously going to be known widely as Bum Rock — is almost 23, but he's still a boy. Fans and newspapers alike will see to that. He started being a boy a long time ago, and he'll be a boy for years. Everything about him is totally boy. His figure, his voice, his face, his clothes, and best of all, his bum.

At home, the Cassidy camp is closed territory to all but a few very close friends. Sam Hyman is the closest. He lives there.

It's almost total seclusion — the price David must pay for what the world's star-makers have done to his life. He can't go anywhere without being trailed by a colleague. He can't mix with the kids and he can't drive on public roads.

On tour it's his own private jet or his own private yacht. It's nearly always dark glasses and collars-up.

A hell of a way to live if you're gay, but then again, who ever said David Cassidy was.

We'd just like to think he was, just as gay-haters claim they know for sure he's not. It would be a happy breakthrough for the whole idea of open homo-emotionalism — because that's probably a more honest way of saying it — if David Cassidy was. That's all.

And if we were right, if David Cassidy and all that goes with him was gay, what does it matter. Nobody should switch off their admiration for him, because being gay or being non-gay has never yet stifled a performer. And we all have a nagging theory that the very best entertainers are gay.

If you set about reading this in the hope of finding a definite verdict about David Cassidy, then you'll be totally disappointed. He has all the attributes and we have all the desires.

And until we get a definite answer, we'll just have to go on hoping. Meantime, we'd hope that David and Sam enjoy themselves.

Tim Skinner

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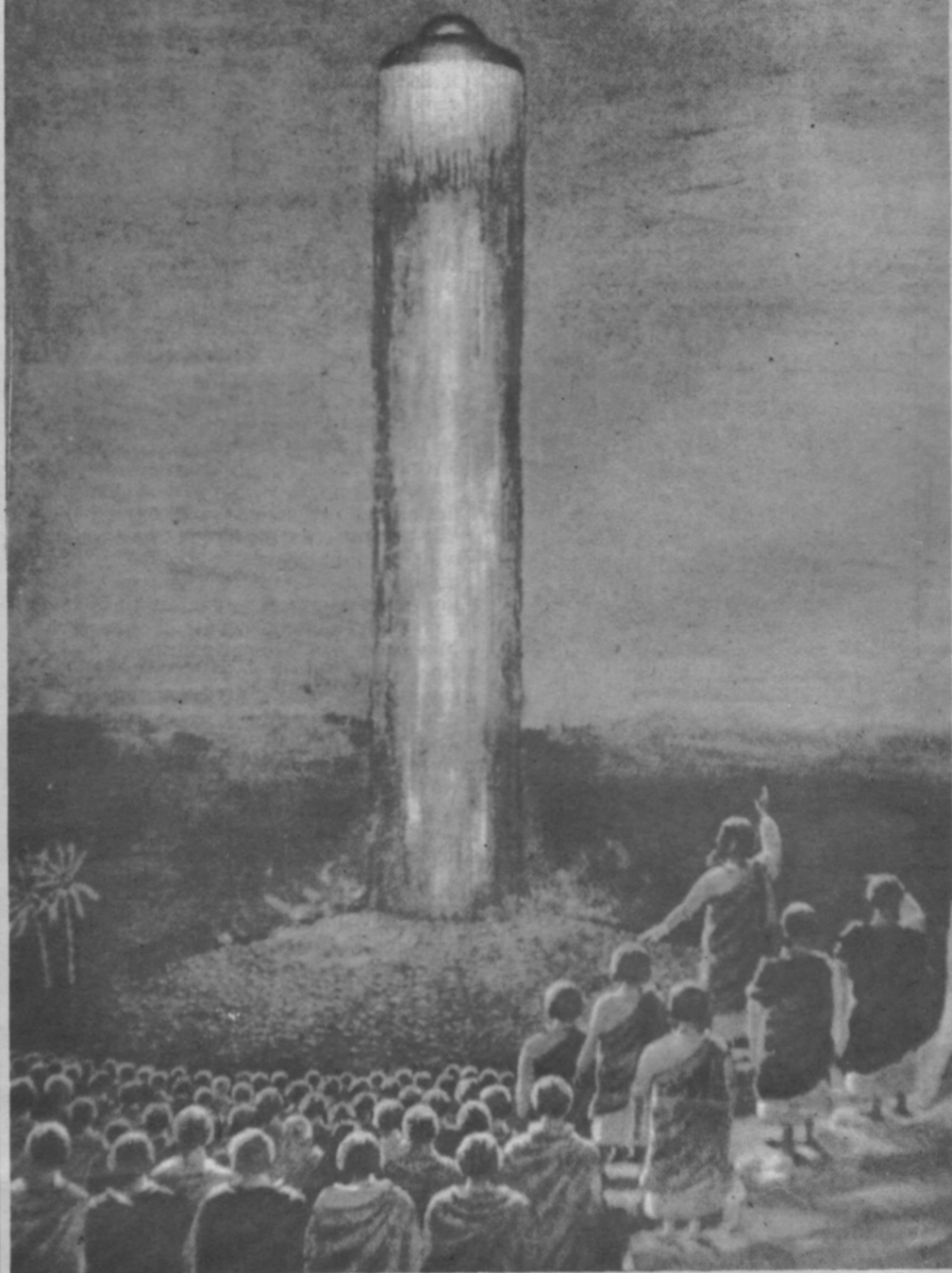


Illustration: Kiril Terziev

The above illustration is Kiril Terziev's interpretative drawing of Moses leading the Israelites when the Lord came down on Mount Sinai. It is taken from *The Eternal Subject - Chariots of Yesterday, UFO's of Today* by Brinsley Le Poer Trench, published by Souvenir Press and priced at £2.50. Apart from having a truly incredible name (he is also heir presumptive to the Earl of Clancarty), Mr Trench is currently chairman of the worldwide UFO movement Contact, and formerly was editor of *Flying Saucer Review*. He is a renowned authority of ufology and other related phenomena and has previously written five books on the subject, including *The Sky People* and *The Flying Saucer Story*, as well as regularly contributing to numerous magazines.

With such a background, I expected Mr Trench's new book to be as fascinating and rewarding as his previous works, but there is little in it that he has not exhaustively written about before in his earlier studies of flying saucers and the supposed reasons for their continued observation of our planet. His basic theories concerning UFO activity are still good though, as are his ideas about and interpretations of historical and biblical events, with the emphasis he places on us possibly being a hybrid race, planted on earth by mysterious visitors from outer space.

Apart, though, from the already converted, *The Eternal Subject* will be interesting and compelling reading to those not already convinced of the reality of such phenomena. Many of the ideas and theories will at first sound far fetched when approached with

only a minimum of knowledge of this often mystifying subject, but the newcomer to this area of the unknown may well be influenced by Mr Trench's persuasive arguments. Sceptics and cynics of course, refuse to contemplate such possibilities and dismiss the many sightings of unidentified flying objects as being the products of the imaginations of cranks and fanatics, but anyone with an open mind who reads this book is unlikely to continue to reject out of hand the information and facts collected on UFO's.

The Eternal Subject then is recommended to the curious and the uninformed, rather than to the serious student of ufology, but both will find Kiril Terziev's drawings one of the most stimulating aspects of the book, along with the allegedly 'real' photographs of flying saucers.

Denis Lemon



Read This Book

HOMOSEXUALITY FROM THE INSIDE by David Blamires. Published by the Social Responsibility Council of the Religious Society of Friends, Friends House, Euston Road, London NW1. Price 20p.

The Quakers have traditionally been the religious group most tolerant to ethnic and sexual minorities. Latterly, their tolerance has grown into a subtle yet positive encouragement of such ideas as gay liberation.

In *Homosexuality From The Inside*, David Blamires manages within 40 pages, not only to clearly state the position of the homosexual within society, but also to sensibly but forcibly advocate the need for law reform and a clear change of attitude from the straight world.

The introduction accepts that at least 1,000 of the 20,000 Quakers in Britain are likely to be homosexual, and condemns the attitudes of much of the Christian community in deeming acceptance of a person only if all affections for other members of the same sex are repressed. The coverage given by the media to homosexuality has not given rise to a general consciousness of what it is like to be homosexual. It is the hope of the book to clear up the many misconceptions which exist, and also to tackle to date the basic changes, such as the 1967 act, which have taken place since the Quakers last approached the subject of homosexuality in *Towards A Quaker View Of Sex* published in 1963.

The first chapter deals with attitudes towards homosexuality. The Quakers believe that every man and woman has 'inestimable value within the universe', that it is vitally important for everyone to develop in the way which is best for them. Society should do more to allow homosexuals to do this. The assumption by much literature on the subject that homosexuality is a disease is dismissed, and it is suggested that homosexuals who are severely disturbed by their condition do not necessarily want to become heterosexual, but are suffering from the effects of the attitudes of a guilt-making society which they feel is condemning them. Aversion Therapy and other corrective treatments are completely dismissed as a 'violation of a personality'.

The following chapter, 'Sexual Roles and Orientation' examines the mistaken stereotyped ideas of what constitutes masculinity and femininity. His or her sexual preferences are incidental to being a human being. Our feelings and character vary from individual to individual, whether we are heterosexual or homosexual.

There is then a section which acknowledges the difficulties of recognising coming to terms within oneself, and the way family pressures often seem to suggest no alternative to marriage, particularly as regards girls. The difficulties of adjusting to one's condition in a hostile environment, and the trauma of telling one's heterosexual friends and parents, are explored thoroughly.

There are extended references to the thoughts and work of the Gay Liberation Front, the saga of gay personal ads and IT's prosecution under the conspiracy laws. The book condemns what it calls "the extraordinary state of affairs whereby advertisements are held to be corrupting morals even though the acts envisaged by them - ie sexual behaviour between consenting male adults in private - are not a crime. Cottaging is discussed frankly and factually and the insecure nature of pubs and clubs which can be raided at any moment are discussed at great length. Is it these which prevent us from making anything other than sexual contact with the people we meet? Isolation is the reason people go to gay bars says the book, 'because it is here their particular outlook on life will be shared'. The fact that opportunities for most homosexuals to meet others are comparatively rare and anyway confined, leads to the predominantly sexual

flavour of the pub or club meeting. The final section of the book deals with the difficulties and premise for forming a permanent relationship.

Homosexuality From The Inside is an exceedingly perceptive, clearly written summary of all our positions within society today, as well as being an admirably informative dictum for the usually uninformed, misinformed heterosexual.

David Seligman

Nearly All Good Advice

DEAR DOCTOR HIP POCRATES by Dr Eugene Schoenfeld. Penguin, 25p.

There has never been a medical handbook for the layman quite like *Dear Doctor Hip Pocrates*. Its subtitle, 'Advice Your Family Doctor Never Gave You' perhaps explains why. This slim volume is a compilation of the most informative, humorous and amazing questions and answers that have appeared in Dr Hip Pocrates Syndicated column in the American Underground press. Dr Hip Pocrates is in fact Dr Eugene Schoenfeld, whose knowledge of the reactionary attitudes of many of his colleagues in the medical profession led him to believe that a problem/help/advice feature in the more liberated press would be of benefit not only to those with awkward questions, but would generally inform all readers of 'delicate' matters.

As sex and drugs still cause misinformed, emotional responses from most people, including and specifically family doctors, the majority of questions are concerned with these two subjects. The secret of Dr Hip Pocrates success is partly his ability to give advice in a clear and straightforward manner and perhaps more significantly, the way he answers problems with a 'hip spoonful of sugar'. By that I mean his answers are highly amusing, their bluntness complementing his particular sense of humour.

For example, this is one of the less serious questions and answers, which appears under the heading 'Detective Work'.

In a question about swallowing semen you said that this practice 'would be more easily detected in your friend (the source) than in you (the swallower)'. How can you tell?

Dr Hip Pocrates: By the twinkle in his eye.

My only complaint about the book and subsequently of Dr Hip Pocrates, is that on the one question directly related to gayness, 'Fears Homosexuality', the advice he has for someone finding great difficulty in coming to terms with their sexuality is to seek medical advice. Oh come on, Doc, you above all others should know better than that. Resorting to a psychiatrist should be the last thing you think of. In America, as in Great Britain, there are many gay organisations or befriending services who are far better equipped (please excuse that phrase) to deal with such problems. Usually a friendly but positive assurance that there is nothing wrong or bad about being a homosexual is enough to give someone sufficient confidence to accept what they are. The main 'problem' is the discriminatory and intolerant attitudes of society.

A black mark for that one Doctor, but the rest of the book contains first-rate information and advice, especially the pages which deal with venereal diseases and drug abuse.

Denis Lemon

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Photograph: Vaughan Films

Sparks Fly In Hollywood

HEAT: An Andy Warhol Film directed by Paul Morrissey, with Joe Dallesandro and Sylvia Miles. Distributed by Vaughan Films. Cert 'X'.

Heat caricatures present day Hollywood and in a motel run by all American caricature, Fat Lady, the guests are Joe, former child star who's come to Hollywood to look for work; two brothers who have sex together in a nightclub act, and the lesbian daughter (Andrea Feldman) of Sally (Sylvia Miles), ex movie queen and latter day game-show panellist. Joe is in some way subject to the sexual contortions of them all.

Sunset Boulevard updated, say some. Rather than Wilder's subtle aspersions on Hollywood there is rough, sexual, pseudo-realism that is thoughtfully amusing. Instead of the palatial house with ornaments and memories, a motel surrounded by noisy traffic, a sexual frankness that reaches beyond the bounds of heterosexual/homosexual/bi-sexual labels. But the ornamental palace remains in one form. Sally seduces Joe in her very own thirty six room house, where rather than harking back to her days of stardom, she's more obsessed with lack of finances and advancing middle age. Former hubby is living with a "very talented" 40 year old juvenile, so she couldn't really help being anything but abundantly heterosexual, could she?

Warhol films really exist on two levels — as an intellectual satire parodying sexuality, a farrago of campy debunking many an American dream. Cool, relaxed, hip, Dallesandro with a naturalness and spontaneity, so obviously without the system's hangups. And Sylvia Miles aping the declining actress becomes a new superstar, heterosexual and a gay hero.

It's more polished technically than any previous Warhol movie, which means the "lay" cinemagoer won't be freaked out by its improvisation. In fact it's still improvised, and it's going to be seen by audiences all over the country for whom it's going to be a revelation. You never know, you might get irate coach loads of Warhol film fans, turning up at Festival of Light meetings to protest against their obscenity.

Incidentally one of the best scenes where one of the nightclub sex act brothers is having a jolly old wank by the motel swimming pool, has been cut by Mr Murphy, trying to protect us as usual from facets of our lives. But conservative cinema chains like Rank are now prepared to show Warhol movies, so perhaps the days of the Murphy regime are numbered.

David Seligman

Other New Movies

THE HEARTBREAK KID (Fox Rank) directed by Elaine May is the latest in a long line of Neil Simon scripted comedies to hit the screen. It has the rare attribute of being directed by a woman and tells the light whimsical story of a nice Jewish boy from the Bronx, who while on his honeymoon in Miami falls hopelessly in love with a banker's daughter from Minneapolis. What follows is a variety of comic situations as our hero wriggles from one marriage to another. It's a trivial film but a funny one, and the very American caricatures are very believable and delightfully acted, particularly by Charles Grodin and Jeannie Berlin as the Jewish couple and Eddie Albert as the other girl's father. Elaine May's skilful, detailed and caustic direction squeezes every drop of humour out of what could have been a very predictable film.

BAXTER (Anglo EMI/Group W) sets out to show why Roger, a twelve year old American boy has a speech defect; he can't pronounce his R's. His parents, too selfish Los Angeles high livers have divorced and mother and son have come to live in London. Prior to his inevitable nervous breakdown Roger meets some fairly affectionate people, but they've all got their own lives, and none of them can give him the dedicated love and feeling of being wanted, that might lift him out of his zany isolation.

Despite a script by Reginald Rose that often verges on the ridiculous with its syrupy sentimentality, and some pretty shoddy direction from Lionel Jeffries coupled with a couple of deplorable performances from Britt Ekland and Jean Pierre Cassel as the couple who befriend him, Baxter is an accurately formed case history. It does show clearly how warring parents destroy their children and that there is no substitute for a love and care from Mum and Dad.

FAUSTINE (Border Films) directed by Nina Companeez is a very, very French movie. The film carries romanticism to an extreme — a sixteen year old girl, who during her first summer of sexual awakening is sent to stay with her grandparents in the country. Amidst beautiful scenery, greenness, and music by Chopin, Schumann, Liszt and Tchaikovsky a number of romantic and sexual encounters take place, between the girl and various members of the gargantuan, cultured, bored family who live in the large house nearby. Waxing lyrical, a hot sensuous summer in 97 minutes.

PSYCHOMANIA (Scotia Barber) directed by Don Sharp, with Nicky Henson, Beryl Reid and the late, great, George Sanders, is a splendidly violent, anarchistic movie about a group of immortal Hells Angels who return from the dead, to destroy enumerable supermarkets and policemen. It's very entertaining.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JUDGE ROY BEAN (Cinerama) directed by John Huston, is a deliberate compromise between his creativity and the box office, with a popular subject and an attractive cast list ranging from Ava Gardner to Anthony Perkins to Paul Newman. It's one of those slow-moving dreamy, nostalgic, romantic, vaguely humorous Westerns that is anything but wild, tracing the progress of self-appointed judge and former outlaw Roy Bean, with his rigid love of actress Lily Langtree, as he develops Vinegaroon, Texas from the charm of its wooden huts, rule of the pistol violence, and mayhem to a civilised, developed, thriving, lawful (strictly on Bean's terms of course) community.

The film is overlong, has an exceedingly insipid script which for me laid on the sentimentality just a bit too thickly and incredibly. Most of the funny lines are rather laboured and the situations largely predictable. Huston is eventually the movie's salvation, providing you shut your ears to the dialogue and concentrate on the marvellous visual effects he creates. There are other gems too, like Anthony Perkins early on as a corrupt priest and the brilliant Stacy Keach as a scurrilous outlaw (Bad Bob).

There are also a couple of exceedingly touching scenes towards the end when Bean attempts to see his idol, Lily Langtry. Not only are there no seats, but he is robbed and attacked by the man he bribes to let him through the stage door, and he never sees her. Finally Langtry visits Vinegaroon after both the town and Bean have died. She arrives at a deserted station to be greeted by the two



Paul Newman presiding over 'rough justice'.

remaining extremely doddery citizens, who show her around the Roy Bean Museum.

I must regretfully say though, that taken as a whole, this film will be a disappointment for stalwart Huston fans. Others, perhaps searching only for an entertaining western will find it a weeny bit slow, but reasonably acceptable, and quickly forgotten.

All Film Reviews by David Seligman

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Fresh Revolutions

THE SUPREMES, Produced and Arranged by Jimmy Webb — Tamla Motown STML 11222

There is no doubt in my mind that this is one of the best Supremes recordings ever. But to be fair, it isn't just The Supremes who are responsible for the artistic success of the album, because they joined forces with Jimmy Webb to produce this classic album.

Little needs to be said about The Supremes. They are consistently one of Tamla Motown's top selling groups, with Diana Ross's departure making little difference to their popularity. What does emerge about them is that they are capable of a lot more than most people would have given them credit for.

For Jimmy Webb, who produced and arranged the record as well as singing and playing piano on it, this is not the first time he has combined his talents with other artists. Many of you will remember the enormously successful *A Tramp Shining* album which made Richard Harris into an overnight singing star. There may be a few of you who know of the beautiful *Sunflower* recording he created with Thelma Houston. Webb also is seriously attempting to establish himself as a solo artist, his last record, *Letters*, doing much to further this ambition. But it is on joint efforts like this new one with the Supremes where everything seems to work so perfectly.

I won't go into the intricacies and technicalities of the recording for two reasons. Firstly, I could analyse and break down each song, vocal and arrangement for pages, which ultimately would become a bore for both you and me. Secondly, no amount of raving will portray, or convince you of the album's worth without you eventually



having to hear it for yourselves. And that's what those of you who are still reading this review must try to do. In American this product of the Supremes/ Webbs collaboration has been almost totally ignored. Hopefully a recording of this stature, depth, beauty and near perfection will not be so badly treated in this country.

PASS THE CHICKEN AND LISTEN — The Everly Brothers — RCA 8332

The Everly Brothers returned to Nashville to record their latest release, *Pass the Chicken and Listen*. It was there that they originally recorded many of their greatest hits, eg, *Bye Bye Love*, *Bird Dog*. These recent sessions haven't produced anything quite as memorable as those early recordings, but that is not to say that this isn't an immensely enjoyable record.

The Everlys gathered around them some of Nashville's 'ace' session musicians, secured the remarkable production ability of Chet Atkins, and picked some of the best songs by contemporary writers. There is little to fault in their versions of John Prine's *Paradise*, Kris Kristofferson's *Somebody Nobody Knows*, Mickey Newbury's *Sweet Memories*, Petty/Hardin's *Not Fade Away* or Roger Miller's *Husbands and Wives*. The most impressive song on the album though is *Lay It Down*, a beautiful stirring number written by Gene Thomas. Also of note is *Watching It Go*, which features some very tasty mandolin playing.

It's good to see the Everlys back in the recording studios, for *Pass The Chicken and Listen* is an album that grows on you after repeated listenings.

GREATEST HITS — Jackie Wilson — Brunswick BRLS 3004

GREATEST HITS — Various Artists — Brunswick BRLS 3006.

It's good to see the old Brunswick label re-activated, even if the majority of artists now appearing on it were originally on other labels. The four initial releases resulting from this 'come-back' are all 'greatest hits' packages. They are from The Chi-Lites, Tyrone Davis, Jackie Wilson and an assorted collection of tracks collectively titled *Greatest Hits by Various Artists*. It is the last two records that hold the most interest for me.

Jackie Wilson must be one of the most schizophrenic singers on the

THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON — Pink Floyd — Harvest SHVL 804

I've been a close follower of the Pink Floyd's musical development ever since they first started performing and recording. Their *Saucerful Of Secrets* and *Ummagumma* albums regularly get preferential treatment on my turntable and never fail to spark off something in my imagination that sets my mind free to go wandering as it will. (Historians please note the shades of 1967 psychedelia creeping into that last sentence.)

But to be serious, the Floyd's studio work over the last couple of years has gradually become more and more disappointing. They don't seem to have progressed at all, all too often resorting to sound effects and flash recording techniques to make an impact. After a time one gets a little weary of these earth-bound gimmicks and longs for the group to pick up where they left off in their inventive and uniquely space-oriented days.

The Floyd's new release, *The Dark Side Of The Moon* will also keep me waiting for something more exciting and original to take the place of their earlier recordings. On only two tracks do the group get anywhere near the magic they once possessed. These are *Time* and the rocking *Money*. There's nothing actually wrong about the record, it's pretty and all that, and the sound effects play nice games between your speakers, but is that really music or is it muzak? The lyrics fall flat throughout, as does most of the album. If Pink Floyd still want people to think of them as serious musicians and composers, they will have to do a lot better than this recording in the future.

BILLION DOLLAR BABIES — Alice Cooper — Warner Bros K56013

Question: What current album release is comprised of the following subject matter? Necrophilia; a sad tale of lost love involving a man called Mary-Ann; the rape of a hitch-hiker by an aged lady; the gross self-adoration of a pop star; electioneering; the biting and eating of 'sick things'; the generation gap and 'Mothers Lib'; a rotting sweet tooth; social ostracism and extravagant babies.



Answer: *Billion Dollar Babies*, the latest twelve inches of pleasure from Alice Cooper.

Alice, in case you don't know, is the grand gargoyle of camp, neo-tackiness and rock & roll. And, as I'm sure his countless fans around the world will agree, his new album is an experience not to be missed.

In the distant future, when historians look back to the 1970s, you can bet your most prized David Cassidy record that Alice Cooper will be recognised as an important, if somewhat bizarre, social phenomenon, very much reflecting the times he lived in. Be part of history now, get into the strange, weird and wonderful world of Alice Cooper.

THE VOICE OF JAZZ Volume One — Billie Holiday — Verve 2304104

I don't profess to be an expert on Billie Holiday's career, but I have been a fervent admirer of her recordings for over a decade. One thing I have learnt though, is that there has never been, and probably won't be again, a jazz singer to equal the uniqueness of Billie Holiday.

Polydor Records, starting from March, will be issuing a ten-volume collection of her albums, one album coming out each month. They will appear on the Verve label, whose catalogue is now owned by Polydor. The records will cost £2.25 each and will be issued in their original form. By that I mean they won't have to suffer being electronically reprocessed to give a stereo effect.

No doubt the release of this set of recordings is planned to coincide with the renewed appreciation of, and interest in, Billie Holiday. This is largely due to the success of the film *Lady Sings The Blues* in the States. It takes its title from, and is based on, Billie's autobiography. The movie is due to open in London in April and it is expected to receive the same critical acclaim as it has in America.



The first volume contains fourteen numbers, some recorded in the studio and some 'live'. Amongst them are many of the songs immortalised by Billie, including *The Man I Love*, *He's Funny That Way*, *Travelling Light*, *All Of Me*, *Body and Soul* and *Strange Fruit*. There is also a first rate version of *Blue Moon*. The period most of these cuts come from, the middle to late forties, is considered to be when Billie Holiday was at the peak of her career. And as she was exclusively signed to Verve/MGM in those days, one can expect the subsequent volumes to be equally good. Hopefully I will be able to review each album as it is released. The collective title of the series is *The Voice Of Jazz*, which to me seems a most appropriate choice.

JUST BEING MYSELF — Dionne Warwick — Warner Bros. K46186.

Dionne Warwick has been finding success a little elusive recently. To my mind she has been going through a transitional stage, trying to break away from the format she stuck to throughout most of her previous career, but at the same time not wanting to lose the individuality which established her as a major artist.

Dionne's latest album, *Just Being Myself*, has not been too well received by many critics, their reviews tending to dismiss the new direction she has chosen as being just a synthesis of already proven styles, without her adding any originality to the performance. This I feel to be a very unfair appraisal.

On *Just Being Myself*, Dionne joins forces with Holland, Dozier and Holland, the songwriting/production team who are responsible for many of Tamla Motown's finest recordings. They had an enormous string of hits to

their credit with that company before branching out on their own and setting up their own studios, production company and record label. Admittedly, H-D-H have a distinctive sound, but one which is very adaptable, and subsequently of great benefit to the artist they are working with. And as *Just Being Myself* demonstrates, this amalgamation of talents results in an extremely gratifying and sparkling musical experience, the funk of H-D-H at all times complementing the sophistication of Dionne Warwick.



The task of singling out particular tracks to serve as an introduction to the album is a difficult one, for all the songs equally contribute to the overall success of the recording. My personal favourites are the title cut (*I'm Just Being Myself* and *Come Back*), but try to hear the record all the way through before forming any opinion.

FREAKIN' AT THE FREAKERS BALL — Shel Silverstein — CBS 65452.

Shel Silverstein's main claim to fame is the role he plays as songwriter-in-chief for the American band Dr Hook and the Medicine Show. That group recently made the charts with *Sylvia's Mother* and are currently battling with the BBC over the banning of their latest single *The Cover Of Rolling Stone*. The BBC mustn't allow advertising you see.

It's a shame Silverstein hasn't restricted his activities to just writing for Dr Hook, because little can be said about *Freakin' At The Freakers Ball* apart from saying the twelve tracks are totally tasteless and inane and the worst failing of all is that it is completely boring.

Most records that attempt to be humorous don't make it, and I can't imagine *Freakers Ball* managing to evoke even half-hearted titters and giggles from British audiences.

TRUE STORIES & OTHER DREAMS — Judy Collins — Elektra K42132

Judy Collins rarely makes an album that is not enjoyable from the first track to the last, and her new release, *True Stories And Other Dreams*, is no exception. What does distinguish this record from her others though, is that a large proportion of the songs, both the words and music, are written by Judy herself. As usual, she uses her eclectic good taste to pick the rest of the material included. The best songs by other writers are *The Dealer (Down and Losin')* and *Stephen Stills' So Begins The Task*.

Of the songs written by Judy, I find *Song For Martin* and *Fisherman Song* particularly moving, whilst the 7½ minute anthem-like *Ché* represents her *tour de force*. The lyrics are both sincerely beautiful and politically potent, without becoming exaggerated or pretentious.

Despite her obvious talents and the losing of the tag 'folk singer', Judy has not met with a remarkable degree of success in the UK. Two of her singles, *Amazing Grace* and *Both Sides Now* made the charts, but apart from that most people seem to be missing out on one of the finest singers (and writers) of contemporary songs.

Denis Lemon

**"My Dear,
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"Well darling, I'll let you into my little secret. All the thanks for the coq goes to Steven."

"Who's Steven?"

"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."

"My dear, you aren't the only one....."

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Salon Splendour



A chandelier and tinsel extravaganza, here's to a return of big production.

LA TRAVIATA - Sadlers Wells Opera at The London Coliseum

It only needed the curtain to rise on John Copley's new production of *La Traviata* for the audience to be tipped into the lap of the Paris demi-monde. There was well deserved applause for David Walker's opening set, a deep lush dining chamber decorated by demi-mondaines with crystal smiles and silver laughs. Deep browns and oranges and reds coloured some of the most authentic gowns one is likely to see in a period piece of this time. The mood of the evening was set.

All that was needed was the right Violetta. John Copley has found her in Josephine Barstow. She starts with the distinct advantage of looking the part. *La Dame aux Camélias* in life was a slender creature with the frailty common to the consumptive. Often portrayed by strapping rosy-cheeked sopranos, the willowy Josephine Barstow made Violetta's decline into sickness so much more convincing. From her opening coquetry, through her swelling love, to her final extinction, the role was superbly conceived from a dramatic point of view.

No less careful and sensitive was her singing. Flighty coloratura, expressive parlando, and the most broad lyrical phrasing in her expansive moments were a delight to hear. Particularly in Act IV were her varied accomplishments seen to advantage. Her singing flickered between the unnatural strength of the dying and the thin (but clearly projected) pianissimo of sickness.

Alfredo (John Brecknock) gave a youthful and heroic performance, a young aristocrat without the cynicism of the habitués of the demi-monde salons. His love is passionate and deep enough to take Violetta by storm. His bold singing seems to take an extra fire in his duets with her, inspired no

doubt by the heroine's fine voice, in a way that gives credibility to the depth of their love.

Little remains of the other characters. They form a kind of bas relief against the chorus, before which Violetta and Alfredo work out their love. This is a justifiable way of approaching the work. It does not, however, mean that no demands are made of the minor roles. Ann Hood's Flora is a low-key but alluring cameo. Geoffrey Chard as Germont Pere, though was clearly not to the manner born. His manners in fact were good rather than grand, which made his Act II scene with Violetta unconvincing. He politely requests rather than boldly appeals to her to leave Alfredo. So that when Violetta accedes, it does not ring true, knowing as we do the strength of her devotion to Germont Fils.

But this is a magnificent production. John Copley and David Walker have worked a special kind of magic on the setting, and Josephine Barstow and John Brecknock carry the enchantment on to the stage, supported by an imaginative and flexible performance from the orchestra under Nicholas Braithwaite.

Michael Mason

Jump For Joy

JUMPERS - The National Theatre at the Old Vic

Still playing to packed houses at the Old Vic, Tom Stoppard's latest play, *Jumpers*, has to be seen to be believed.

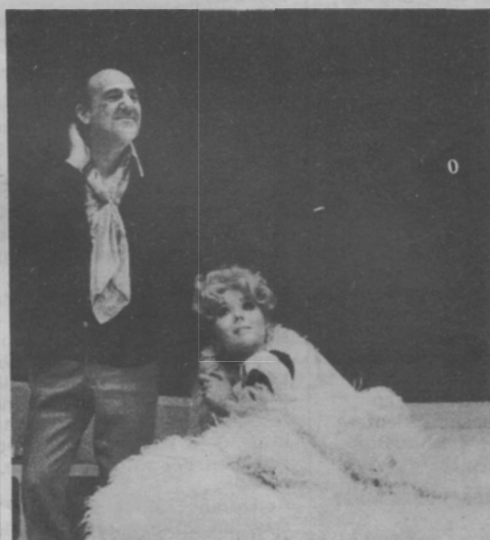
Relying again on what is essentially a simple central conflict, Stoppard has shown us more of his hilarious, verbal virtuosity. The breakneck pace of the dialogue leaves one almost speechless. The two main protagonists are George, Professor of Moral Philosophy (but one remove from the bottom of the academic hierarchy - the Chair of Divinity) and Sir Archibald Jumpers, Vice-Chancellor of George's university.

Archibald (Alan McNaughtan) is a jumper by name and by nature, a philosophical, social, political Vicar of Bray. George is, on the other hand, the token believer on the staff; the idealist who, even though unsure of what he believes in at any one moment, is nevertheless dedicated to the search for the Ultimate Truth that he believes lies behind the lives of mankind. Profound cynicism matched against an almost naive optimism offers a central argument rich in comic possibilities.

Michael Horden was, quite simply, outstanding. His Professor was wildly eccentric; not a superficial ditherer in a 'Carry On Professing' style, but a fully shaped character with a delightful oblivion to everything happening around him in which he is not directly involved. The mannerisms are sustained throughout without a falter. He handles the fast and furious script with the most acute sense of timing.

Alan McNaughtan is most enjoyable. His smooth, well-oiled performance as the pragmatic, lady-killing, university administrator provides a well-judged balance to Michael Horden. He is patronising, mocking and totally self-composed. He deals with poor George like an indulgent father humouring a capricious child, for the sake of convenient access to George's wife.

Alas, Diana Rigg was ill on the night we went, but Maureen Lipman gave a good account of Dottie, the singing star who quits emotionally at her peak, but still boasts of a



Diana Rigg and Michael Horden in 'Jumpers'.

train of worshipping admirers. Her marriage to George is a strange theatrical one. Born of an adolescent passion as a student at his feet, their relationship still contains a warm affection that seeps through her volatile arrogance and his myopic egocentricity.

The three of them sail blithely through political upheavals (with the return to power of the Radical Liberals - delicious New Think) assorted inconvenient cadavers, spritely gymnasts, and other Awkward Situations.

All this, and a careful production by Peter Woods. His unobtrusive use of the Old Vic revolve added greatly to the pace of the evening.

But in the end it is Tom Stoppard's flood of wit and Michael Horden's consummate skill that stick in the mind and make this such an unforgettable evening.

Michael Mason

The Headlines

THE FRONT PAGE - The National Theatre at the Old Vic.

This 41-year-old American play finally made its debut on the London stage last July at the National Theatre and since then has been playing to packed houses at each performance. The thirties was a rich decade for American theatregoers, with such names as Elmer Rice, Clifford Odets, Robert Sherwood, Maxwell Anderson and the co-authors of this play, Ben Hecht and Charles McArthur. Several of these writers' plays have failed to reach our shores and the only reason I can think of for this omission is that they were considered too American for our tastes.

Two films have been made of this play, the first in 1933 and the second being *HIS GIRL FRIDAY*, filmed in 1939 co-starring Cary Grant and Rosalind Russell with great success. The direction of this production is admirable. The pace is exhilarating, occasionally pausing to allow us to catch up with the action, then resuming its fast pace. The action takes place throughout in the news room of a criminal court in Chicago filled with reporters standing by for the dawn hanging of a murderer. Their personalities and conversations are both witty and interesting.



Alan MacNaughton and Denis Quilley.

The sudden escape of the condemned man puts the entire building into a state of chaos and we follow with interest the double dealings that occur regarding the arrival of a reprieve which is conveniently kept secret for political reasons. The star reporter, Hildy Johnson en-route to New York, arrives to say his goodbyes to his colleagues, and gets the scoop of the year when he is able to hide the escaped man. Will the other reporters or the police discover where he has hidden the man? Will the 'lady of the evening' who has

befriended the criminal give the game away? Can he stall off his bride-to-be and her mother until such time as he has written his exclusive interview? Being a real cliff-hanger, one can never anticipate the next twist.

Denis Quilley portrays Hildy with all the dash and verve that one imagines a first class crime reporter to have. Anna Carteret as his fiancée and Mary Griffiths as her mother are suitably bemused by the confusion around them. Maureen Limpan is excellent as the 'lady of the evening' typically in character of that period. Invaluable support comes from David Healy, Paul Curran, Alan McNaughton and David Bauer.

Barry Conley

Balling

On the evening of Thursday 22nd March we joined the pilgrimage to Porchester Hall, Queensway, for the ritual of another Drag Ball, organised by irrepressible Jean Fredericks. Some people may have been deterred by the fact that it was held mid-week and tickets alone were £1.20 which we felt was rather expensive.

Comments were made that it was "the same as usual", but the evening did not pass without incident. One of the cottages overflowed, which mattered little to those wearing stilletoes and platforms. Others had to risk getting a bootie full. Another minor disaster was when the photographers camera was incorrectly set, and he had to retake all the carefully posed photos.

The drag competition, based on 'The Decadent Thirties' theme was won by a marvellous sixty-seven year old 'Dilly Girl' whose outfit looked as though it had been on ice for forty years. Prizes were also awarded to both the contestants in the 'David Bowie Face' competition.

Music was provided by a group calling themselves the 'Dicky's Delight', who were at their best playing Creedence-style rock. The Deejay was Steve Jones of Radio One.

If you like drag it's all good fun, but one wonders if Jean Frederick's balls will ever lose their novelty.

Stuart, Ray and Trevor (The Dragettes)

Tennessee Williams

SMALL CRAFT WARNINGS at the Comedy Theatre, London W1

The new Tennessee Williams play has transferred from the Hampstead Theatre Club to the Comedy Theatre, Panton Street, London W1. Most of Williams recent plays have not been seen in this country, so take the chance to see this one if you are a devotee. Though even devotees may be in for a disappointment.

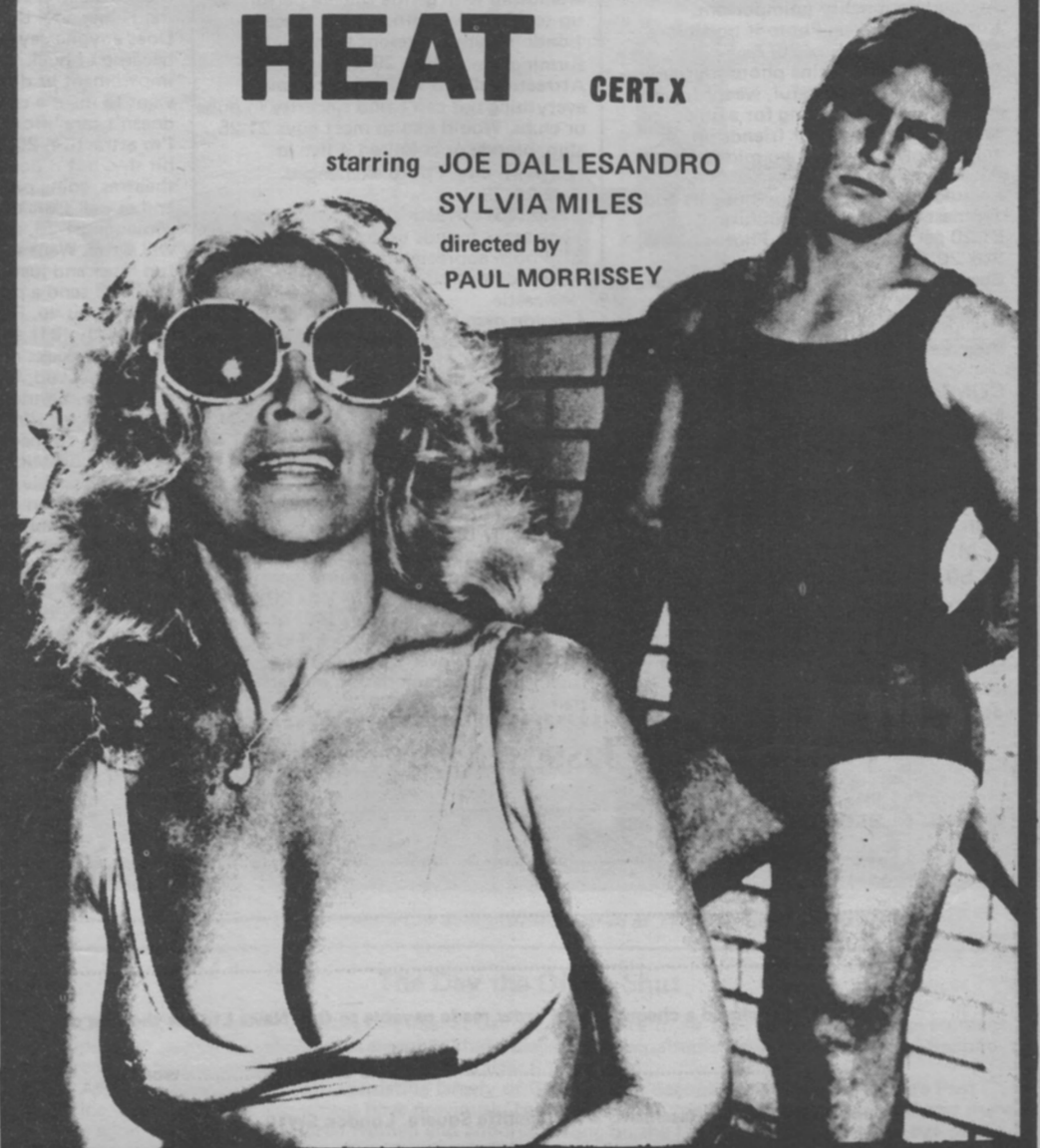
Mike Mason

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* Chaucer

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Personal Ads

Londoner, long-haired 26, attractive, loves books, theatre, music. Wants to meet attractive, cheerful fun people 21-25. Photo please to Box 20/1. Homosexual? Need help? send SAE to Confidential Friend, CHE, P O Box 171 Bristol BS99 7ND. Attractive young models required by photographer for all types of modelling. Recent photo please to Box 20/2. Oxford area: Bachelor seeks sincere friend 21-35 for outings, theatre etc. Holidays. Photo appreciated. Mine returned. Full details please to Box 20/3. Active broadminded Caledonian (40) sincere 5'9" blue eyes, brown hair, 11 stone, good condition, one owner, seeks amiable reliable younger pal (over 21) permanent relationship, holidays, weekends share life general interests own home London. Photos please, exchanged. Jock Box 20/4. Discreetly gay chap (28) own place wants friends 21-33 or younger. Phone Ray St Albans 54057 or write. Photos exchanged. Box 20/5. Coloured gent required with good physique by sculptor (Kent area) other interests theatre sailing travel photography and need for friendship. Photo appreciated. ALA Box 20/6. German (38) non effeminate, own car wishes true friendship with gay person. Age and nationality unimportant. London Kent area. Photo if possible sincere contacts. Box 20/7. International magazine photo-journalist, materially successful, weary from war and riot is searching for a quiet sensitive boy 21-25 for friendship, enjoyment and love. I am mid-twenties. ALA Box 20/8. I would like to draw body-builders and gymnasts for my next exhibition. £1.20 per hour. London. Photos please. Box 20/10. Bored London male (50) wants to make new friends. I'm free in the afternoons. ALA Box 20/11.

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Slim guy (skinny) 6'2" (38) with own very modest pad in city centre (Edinburgh) needs slim male or female to restore interest in life after long period of non-participation. ALA Box 20/9. Male (30) resident Manchester but free to travel, would like to hear from others with view to friendship. Very varied interests. ALA Box 20/12. 29 year old Londoner, attractive, would like to meet small and slim young men under 9 stone any nationality (over 21) ALA Box 20/13. Young Londoner (26) Hackney area, well built, wants sincere friends anywhere. Photo please, returned with mine. ALA Box 20/14. Anyone in London area (22-30) interested in puppetry? If so please write Box 20/15. Young man (29) recovering from broken affair needs a friend to rediscover the joy of living (25-29) Box 20/16. Professional man (39) 6', London flat, seeks attractive young man 21-25 for uncomplicated sincere friendship. Photo appreciated. Box 20/17. Life is for enjoying - gay guy (28) wants some more friends to enjoy it with him, around the same age or younger (over 21), maybe someone special. Currently living in the Manchester Liverpool area, but mobile. Photo appreciated but not essential. ALA Box 20/18. Quiet London male 27 would like to hear from some friendly people (21-40) ALA Box 20/19. Wet, cold monotonous and exhausting. Young guy wanted to crew small sailing boat (2 narrow berths) Solent most weekends. Owner early 30s from Midlands. Photo and other details appreciated. Box 20/20. Hayling Island. Luxury house-boat for sale. 75ft permanent mooring. Ideal permanent home or weekend retreat. Yacht mooring adjacent. Low outgoings £9000 ono. Box 20/21. Male (42) would like to meet younger person (over 21) for close friendship. Photo appreciated. Berkshire. ALA. Box 20/22. Fair (28) interested in modelling, also want to meet friends, active guys, any nationality. ALA South London. Box 20/26. Gay male (29) night-shift worker seeks friends (22-29) middx area. Box 20/27. Lancashire leather/denim guy (31) good looking, well built, wishes to contact others (21-35) with similar interests. Interests, photography, motoring, wrestling. Box 20/28. Young man (23) would like to form close friendship with gentle sincere person age up to 40 to live with at your place in London. I am at present living Birmingham. Box 20/24. Attractive slim 5'7" 25 said to have everything but can't find sincerity in pubs or clubs. Would like to meet guys 21-25, slim, blonde or coloured. I live in Northern city. Photo exchanged. Box 20/25. David (25) attractive, Newcastle-upon-Tyne seeks friends up to same age, over 21. Photo appreciated and returned. ALA 7 Tweedmouth Court, South Gosforth, Newcastle. London man (35) slim, square looking, unruly, interested in meeting hirsute active friend. Photo appreciated. ALA Box 20/23. Londoner (30s) slim seeks active well built friends, possibly body builders. Photo appreciated. ALA Box 20/29. Mature student, arts, radical Christian, seeks sincere young friend for lasting friendship (over 21) Box 20/30. Londonguy (21) attractive, interested in denim - especially Levis, seeks similar. Offer intelligence and genuine warmth. Photograph essential. ALA Box 20/31. Lively, intelligent bachelor (40) of good appearance and gay outlook seeks youthful guys over 21 for lasting friendship. Accommodation in Merseyside pad if required. Box 20/32.

Aberystwyth needs news on gay/bisexual/liberation scenes going on. Please write ALA. I am 21 and attractive. Nick Crawford, Garden Floor Flat, Portland House, Aberearon, Cards, Wales. Canadian designer (24) wide interests, discreet, seeks honest relationship with intelligent, communicative, perhaps creative soul. Photo appreciated. Box 20/33. London-Amsterdam-Paris. Sports car and 32 year-old driver leaving 18/20 June for 2 weeks would welcome passenger. Box 20/34. Hi there beautiful long-haired people. Gentle attractive graduate (26) with various interests wants company. If you are 21-25, cheerful and enjoy life, write to me. Would love a photo. ALA Box 20/35. Midlands bachelor (35) professional type, 6', fair, dependable, warm hearted, natural personality, trim and considered good looking. Interests: cinema, music, countryside, disco, seeks non-camp, non-promiscuous 25-40 active type for lasting friendship. Photo appreciated. All genuine replies answered. Box 20/36. Gay boy 5'8" tall, slim, not effeminate, lonely, seeks same for lasting friendship. Birmingham Midlands area. Photo please. Box 20/37. Gay telephonist seeks connection with gentleman wishing to settle down in Coventry area. My interests include history and most branches of the arts. I am 25, fairly domesticated, have my own flat but need a friend. Box 20/38. Young, attractive, active 29 seeks young friends (over 21). Box 20/39. Young man (22) Warwicks, shy, lonely, good looking, very interested in music and cinema, seeks similar, well built. Photo please. Box 20/40. A house is not a home when there is no-one there. Very true. If there is a man around who can change this, Ken (25) would be interested to hear from you, especially if you are between 22-28 and looking for a lasting friendship. Photo please. Box 20/41. Man aged 50, own place Central South Coast, seeks active hirsute friends. Age, colour, creed no barrier. Box 20/42. Slim young Irishman living in London wishes to meet active, non-effeminate gay for lasting friendship. Box 20/43. Young good-looking masculine seeks friends, (Adonis or Hercules) over 21 for friendship. Photo appreciated. North. Box 20/44. South Oxfordshire. Two guys 39 / 43, own home, car, would like new friends. Photos. Box 20/45. Berkshire. Two guys (40) own home, car, would like new friends. Photo please. Box 20/46. Young man (23) interested in modelling (no fee required) on a Sunday only in Brighton area preferably. Not effeminate or muscular. Box 20/47. Young man (23) would like to meet young coloured man for friendship and correspondence. Interests include light music, theatre, swimming, photo-modelling, etc. Box 20/48. Does anyone gay feeling uncomfortable because of buck teeth, overweight, an impediment or disability or whatever, want to meet a cool gay (26) who doesn't care? Box 20/49. I'm attractive, 25, live in London. A bit shy, but it doesn't show. Like music, theatres, going places, staying home, and oh, all sorts of things. I hope that someone 21-26, perhaps with long hair, will write. Want to meet a cheerful, fun-lover and just see what happens. PLEASE send a photo. Promise to write if you do. Box 20/50. Young guy (21) enjoys cinema, theatre, discos etc, seeks nice guy any nationality 21-24 years old, for sincere, meaningful friendship. London Box 20/51. Good looking slim smooth guy (21) would like to meet sincere effeminate guy. London/Midlands area. ALA. Photo if possible. Box 20/52. Active man studying rights of minority groups - sexual, racial, political - will appreciate meeting or writing to other adventurous guys interested also in music, travel. Vintage car, motor bike Gladly share flat. Box 20/53. 29 year old Londoner masculine appearance wishes to meet slim Oriental 21-27 possible lasting friendship. Box 20/54.

Shy and lonely Norwegian boy (29) art student (painting) slim, wants to meet a friend to fully enjoy his stay in England. If you are an intelligent, nice boy of my own age or younger (over 21) please write and if you send a photo I will be very grateful. Box 20/55. 36 years, nice looking East Midlands active male invites replies from younger males (over 21) with photos returned with mine. Can accommodate and travel. ALA. Box 20/56. South London guy (33) active, gentle, sensitive, needs everlasting love with non-effeminate friend. Must be genuine, affectionate, reliable. Photo appreciated. Box 20/57. Guy (30) seeks muscleman for friendship. Photo please. Box 20/58. North Wales, entertainer (27) spending Summer near Rhyl seeks friends of similar age for outings etc. All letters with photos answered. Box 20/59. Young man in early 20's (over 21) wanted to bum around Europe with similar for the next 2 years plus. First stop Germany, then possibly France or anything else that takes our fancy. Leaving mid-September 1973. If you are gay, bisexual or straight and pseudo-intellectual who's temporarily fed up with the rat race, please get in touch with Richard, Southampton, Box 20/60. Box 20/60, please contact the Gay News office as soon as possible. Young man, tall, goodlooking, well built, looking for West Indian or Middle Eastern for friendship. Photo please. Box 20/61. Aspiring rock singer (25) needs guarantor for P.A. H.P. agreement. You sign, I'll pay, possible remuneration. Presently employed, and well paid, 'they' prefer homeowners. No risk. Box 20/62. Londoner, dark (38) own house in Central position seeks slim dependant friend. Asians very welcome. Box 20/63. Young guy, SW London, confused about life and therefore shy and unconfident at times, needs penfriends, of BOTH sexes, possibly leading to meeting. Photo appreciated but not essential. Box 20/64. Lady painter (22) needs the encouragement of an understanding person. Box 20/65. Active young man (27) desires unity with an Adonis man. Photo appreciated. Box 20/66. Portsmouth area. Male (40) seeks younger guy (over 21) for permanent companionship. Own place. Photo appreciated. ALA Box 20/67. Sailor seeks gay guys to crew weekends holidays etc. Sailing experience unnecessary. Intelligence and healthy physique essential. Personal beauty and humour appreciated. Write Box 20/68. Young brown eyed slim male (26) handsome and debonaire, seeks similar for warm friendship. Box 20/69. Attractive blonde gay boy (35) would like write and meet butch lesbian friends also active coloured men Southampton or London area. Box 20/70. Attractive young male graduate seeks similar (24-32) for genuine friendship. Phone number appreciated. Box 20/71. Medical man (45) gentle nature seeks well built masculine friends for sincere relationship. Looks, race, background of no significance. Disillusioned with the rounds of pubs and clubs W8. ALA Box 20/72. Slim, fair (26) is anxious to meet small, younger boy (over 21) likes denims, old levis, for friendship. London. Box 20/73. 29 year old seeks sincere warm companion (22-35). All areas - distance no problem. Photo ensures ALA. Box 20/74. Slim good looking (24) visits East Coast Whitby-Hull regularly would love to meet similar gay friends for friendship. Picture exchanged please. Box 20/75. Shy guy (21) needs sincere friend aged 21-26. I am 6', dark hair, very slim and car owner. Surrey and South London. Photo appreciated. Box 20/76. Leeds area. Young male (30) slim, friendly personality, good home-maker, requires lasting friendship with active male 30-40. All letters with photo answered. Will return the same. Box 20/77. Active guy (33) seeks friends 21-25. Own flat, Photo appreciated. Box 20/78. Guy (28) South Coast, 6'2" tall, heavy build, reasonably well-off, transport, own place, seeks younger male (over 21) any area for friendship. ALA Box 20/79. Professional male (25) not effeminate, likes denim, wishes to meet same. Photo please. Box 20/80. Attractive midlander (27) slim, seeks trendy young Londoner with own place. Sincere lasting relationship sought. Photo appreciated. Box 20/81. 30's male seeks friend for lasting friendship. Active males around 30-35 only reply. Photos exchanged. Genuine replies only. Box 20/82. Shy guy (28) seeks sincere non-effeminate friends 21-30. South Lincs/anywhere. Photo appreciated. ALA. Box 20/83. Would you like to meet a stimulating, understanding young university lecturer, South London? Helpful personality please. Box 20/120.

Sincere attractive male 30 seeks holiday companion Essex/London, under 33 for Sept 10 fortnight, Nov 5 week any country. Photo please. Also friends/penfriends. All letters answered. Box 20/118. Good looking young New Zealand guy very fit and masculine wants to meet other similar types. Facial and other assets unimportant, but masculine personality essential. Americans and Canadians particularly welcome. Box 20/119. Good looking shy guy 37 seeks sincere home loving guy 20s-30s (over 21) with view to permanent relationship. Photo appreciated, returned with mine. Box 20/121. Attractive 35 year old desires active coloured or white friend London or Southampton area. Age (over 21) no barrier. ALA Box 20/122. Two non-effeminate youths 21 and 23 living in London seek similar (over 21) in other parts of the country for occasional weekends. Photos please. ALA Box 20/123. Amateur botanist, nature lover, photographer companion wanted for project on summer weekends by Londoner with car, tent, etc. Box 20/124. West London/Middlesex man 28 seeks friends for evenings and weekends, 21-33 non-effeminate types for sincere and permanent friendship. Photo please (returned) ALA Box 20/125. Oxford male 34 seeks slim short friend 21-28 with sense enough to want reliable long term friendship. Box 20/126. Northern masculine fair haired male non-camp 30s with own place, would like to meet a married male with active interests for discreet friendship. Would consider single person. Box 20/127. Alan - Happy Birthday. - Love Robert. Gay male 38 London seeks Chinese and Japanese friends over 21. ALA Box 20/128. Leather/denim boy 23 North East area 6'2", slim, attractive, seeks friends 21-25 any area. ALA photo please. Box 20/129. Active broadminded Caledonian, 40, sincere 5'9", blue eyes, brown hair, 11 stone, good condition, one owner, seeks amiable younger pal over 21 for permanent relationship. Holidays, weekends, share life. General interests. Own home, London. Photos exchanged. Jock. Box 19/15. Young and lonely gay seeks slim, gentle blonde (over 21) for loving relationship. Your photo for mine. Box 20/85. London leather guy (29) seeks friends and pen friends anywhere. Box 20/86. London Asian (24) seeks sincere permanent relationship with mature person. Box 20/87. Thai guy (21) slim, tall, dark, interested movies, music, fashion, cook, seeks permanent friend (over 21) or share flat. Must be in London. Photo appreciated. Mine by return. Box 20/88. Young man (26) inexperienced and discreetly gay seeks similar, preferably near Winchester or in London. Photos exchanged. ALA Box 20/89. Girls? Pleasant young man (26) gay but wishes to meet trendy young girl for friendship. Photos exchanged. ALA Box 20/90. Who will help me pick up the pieces of my life after broken love affair? Young gay seeks sincere and lasting relationship with youthful, slim and pretty boy (over 21). If you believe in truth and faithfulness write now. Photo please. Box 20/91. Madly affectionate but not madly good looking (31) seeks genuine friends over 21 who like him are interested in music, photography, theatre, in London area. Photo please. Box 20/92. Active young man, London, quite attractive, seeks another well-built (21-35) for lasting friendship. Absolutely sincere. All letters with photographs answered. Photo returned with mine. Box 20/93. Bachelor looks late twenties although 46. Good looks, active, seeks well-built young man 21-35 for permanent friendship. Considerate and sincere. Photo returned with mine. All letters with photos answered. Box 20/94. Two guys (27 and 35) wish to meet others (21-30), London and Southern England. Photo appreciated. Box 20/95. Shy 22 yr old looking for guy between 21-25 for friendship and help with amateur dramatics. Own car, flat, Croydon area. ALA. Box 20/96. I love cats and used to love people. My faith is shattered at the moment after broken love affair. I'm young and gay and seek loving relationship with pretty and sincere young boy (over 21) to help me restore my faith in human nature. Swap your photo for mine. Box 20/97.

Accommodation

Nottingham gay household has one vacancy for suitable young man. No strings. Photo please. Box 20/108. Young man 25 seeks other to share flat Stockwell area. No ties. Own bedroom. Colour TV. £8 per week. Ring Robin 733-6823.

Personal and Classified Ads Form

Please insert in the next issue BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE. Please find enclosed a cheque/postal order made payable to Gay News Ltd for the sum of £..... for an Ad of words. Send to Gay News, Basement, 34d Redcliffe Square, London SW10. NAME ADDRESS

