

N°22

GAY NEWS

15p

**Bowie
Extravaganza
To
Rock
Gay
Ghetto**

**Fleet Street
Freedom
Shock
Page 3**

**Jenny
Fabian
Sex
Surprise
Page 10**

The Advertising Campaign That Never Happened

GAY NEWS came to political blows last week with the political power which rules the mass-selling musical newspaper, 'Melody Maker'.

In a nutshell, Gay News went through the usual procedures to place a small advertisement in 'Melody Maker', and 'Melody Maker' said no.

The advertisement we wanted to place was one which was to tell our price, our usual content, and our sales outlets. A comprehensive, compact, but totally inoffensive advertisement.

We chose 'Melody Maker' as the right publication to carry our advertisement because of the comparatively large number of gay advertisements carried in the classified pages of that newspaper in the past.

We bungled. Almost by return mail came the cold letter from Mr John Jones, the advertising manager of 'Melody Maker', explaining that our advertisement was simply 'unacceptable'.



181-188 Fleet Street London EC4P 4AA
Telephone 01-353 5011
Telex Specpress Ldn 267449
Telegrams Cables Natrapress London EC4
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Our ref: JAJ/LH 11th April, 1973

Peter Mundy, Esq.,
Gay News Ltd.,
34d Redcliffe Street,
London S.W.10.

Dear Sir,

With reference to your letter and cheque dated 10th April, we regret we are unable to accept this advertisement and accordingly refund your cheque for £1.86.

Yours faithfully,

John A. Jones
Advertising Manager

When we rang Mr Jones to uncover their reasons for refusal, we were bluntly told that the words 'gay' and 'homosexual' were unacceptable in any advertising material in 'Melody Maker'.

It seems a change in policy has gripped the musical giant. Last Autumn 'Melody Maker' gladly ran our advertisement.

The advertisement we sought last week was almost a repeat of our previously successful placement.

It was to have read: "Gay News, Europe's largest selling independent newspaper for homosexuals, 15p fortnightly. Containing news, features, interviews, fashion, reviews, entertainment and information. Available from all aware newsagents and bookshops. Subscription rates: 13 issues for £1.90, 26 for £3.75. All copies posted in sealed plain envelope. Please send crossed cheques or postal orders to Gay News Subscriptions, 34d Redcliffe Square, London SW10. Tel: 01-373 0586. Sample copies 18p inc postage. Trade inquiries welcome."

Somewhere in that advertisement, the hackles of the scrutineers at 'Melody Maker' stood on end to the extent where they were forced to exercise their power of veto.

And in no way were they willing to reconsider their decision.

You be the judge. Here's a sample of the gay and pro-gay small ads carried in the past in 'Melody Maker':



PERSONAL

10p per word

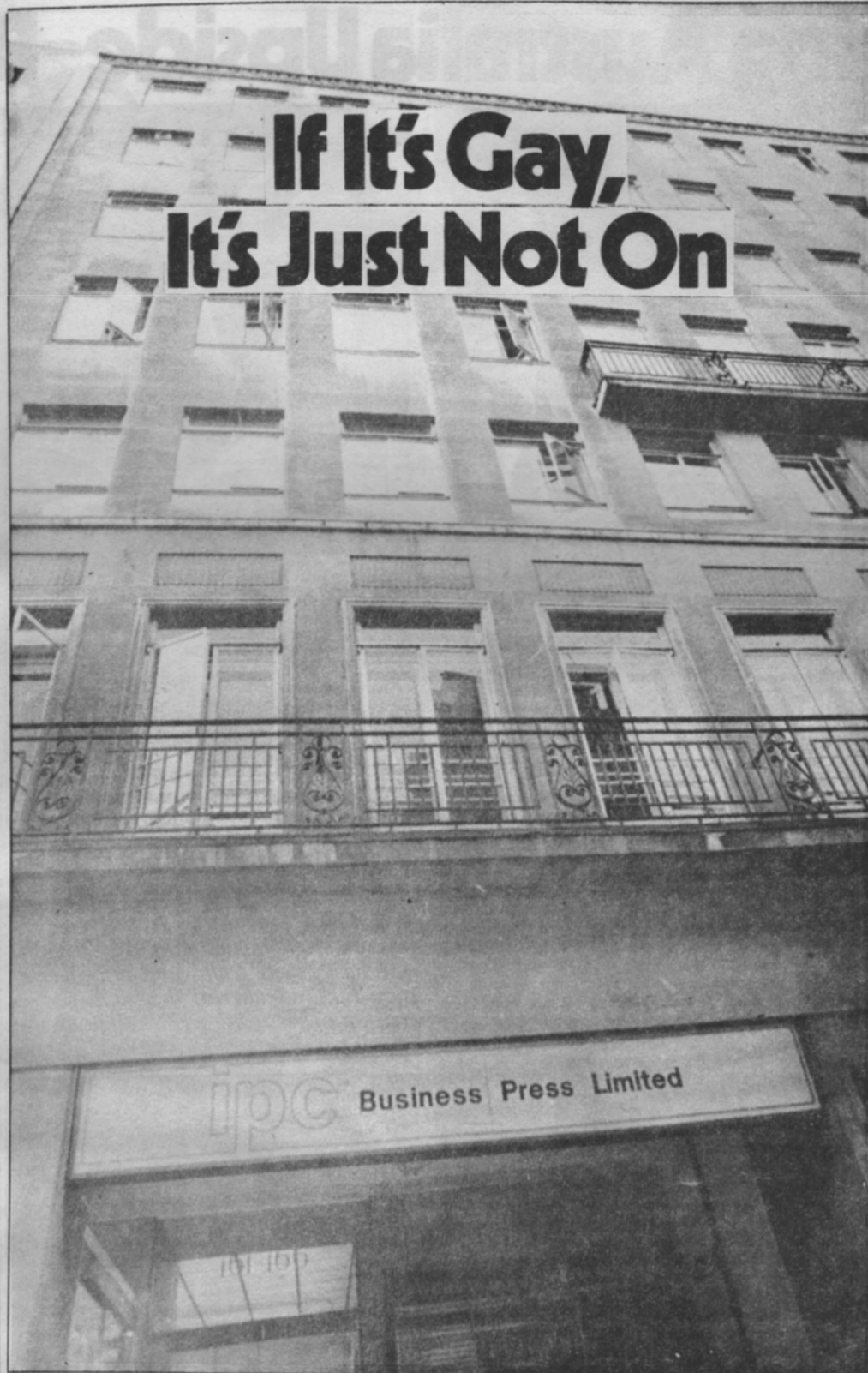
ATTRACTIVE GUY, 18, seeks similar. Photo please, all replies answered. Box [redacted]

LONELY GUY (23), seeks similar for close relationship, photo appreciated. Reply guaranteed. — Box [redacted]

BLONDE BUBBLY freak craves friendly uninhibited guy. — Box 6641.

LEATHER BOY, 24, seeks similar for friendship. Photo with letter please. — Box [redacted]

MALE LONER, 19, Scotland, seeking same anywhere. Box [redacted]



GOOD LOOKING boy, seeks similar. Hertfordshire. Photo please. — Box [redacted]

MAKE FRIENDS WORLDWIDE! Goodlooking guys from all continents seek correspondence/friendship with guys in Britain. Details and sample photos free, Hermes, Berlin 11, Box [redacted] Germany.

GUY seeks denim leathers, ex-Skinheads, guy's friendship. — Box [redacted]

ATTRACTIVE MALE, 22, seeks sincere young guy for friendship. London. Photo please. Box No [redacted]

We'd like to think that 'Melody Maker', which comes under the ever-growing umbrella protectorate of the IPC combine was worried about losing sales to Gay News.

Maybe though, that's unwarranted optimism. Although we'd dearly love a chunk of their often-publicised six-figure circulation.

But it does lead to an all-important question. Just which magazines and newspapers here in 1973 are still bound by terrified tradition which still puts words like 'gay' and 'homosexual' in the 'out of bounds' category?

A frightening percentage. To that end, we spent half a day last week asking the various editorial and advertising decision-makers in and around Fleet Street whether they would accept the same advertisement from Gay News.

Sadly, the outcome was predictable. Of 26 publications, nine gave a complete and flat refusal, 10 said they would probably reject the advertisement, but that as a courtesy they would look at the advertisement first; two possibles, and five acceptances.

Here's the way the ring-around-Fleet-Street went:

Evening Standard

EVENING STANDARD: "Not at all" to both a display and a classified advertisement. The Standard would not discuss it further.

Evening News

EVENING NEWS: "We'd probably refuse a display advertisement. It's a family newspaper and people would object to their children reading those words. We would probably accept a classified one though, but we'd insist on seeing the copy first."

DISC: "No. We've had complaints when we've run such things before. It's IPC policy."

ROLLING STONE

ROLLING STONE: "Yes, why not?"

THE GUARDIAN

THE GUARDIAN: The Advertising Office put it like this: "I cannot give you a quick answer. You must send a copy of your advertisement to our advertising manager."

THE Sun

THE SUN: "I'm afraid we will not accept either a classified or a display advertisement from you. The advertising manager and the editor would say no."

The Daily Telegraph

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH: "No."

THE SUNDAY TELEGRAPH: "The advertising manager would have to see the advertisement before we make a decision."

THE SUNDAY TIMES

THE SUNDAY TIMES: "The editor would have to see any ads for sex magazines. The decision would have to be made higher up."

Daily Mail

THE DAILY MAIL: "No."

THE DAILY EXPRESS: "No, we wouldn't be able to help you."

spare Rib

SPARE RIB: "We have in the past, and we will again. Certainly."

VOGUE: "Was that 'gay' and 'homosexual'? The editor would not accept those words."

Daily Mirror

THE DAILY MIRROR: "No."

THE TIMES: "Sir, we would have to see a copy of Gay News and the advertising copy before coming to an opinion."

THE OBSERVER

THE OBSERVER: "We would have to see the ad first. A classified advertisement may not be out of line. We have accepted an ad from Lunch. It would be okay, I think, as long as the ad was simple."

Time Out

TIME OUT: John Lloyd, the editor said "It's perfectly alright with us except for gay ads which solicit sex."

SPECTATOR: "It sounds alright, but before we made any decision we'd have to see a copy of the paper and the advertisement."

NEW STATESMAN: "Our solicitor is at present looking into the matter to see if it is legal or not to carry such an advertisement."

TVTimes

TV TIMES: Advertising manager Mr Trott laid down the policy: "It's highly unlikely that we'd accept such an advertisement. We are a family magazine."

NEW SOCIETY: Steve Goldsmith, the editor, put it this way: "I see no reason why not, but I'd have to see a copy of Gay News as well as the advertisement copy first."

Kensington News POST

THE LONDON NEWSPAPER GROUP: It's a collective of nine local publications including the Kensington Post, Chelsea Post, Paddington Mercury etc. Advertising Manager Roger Checchi was extremely friendly. Said Mr Checchi: "I see no reason why not, but I'd have to see a copy of the advertisement first."

PLAYBOY: Emphatically "No". And, for the record, Playboy made it clear that they wouldn't accept similar advertisements from United States gay publications either.



IT: "You can have 'homosexual' in headlines if you want."

And that's the story. The publications on our side were largely the publications with comparatively small circulations and broad minds.

The blunt refusals were generally predictable.

It still doesn't ease the temporary heart-ache we suffered after the refusal by 'Melody Maker', but it did explain to a large degree that all-embracing dictatorial policy by IPC.

And it still doesn't make the special problems of telling the world about Gay News any easier.

Photograph: Pascal Danot

Gough Whitlam— Turning Australia Upside-Down

I'm Australian. Let's get that straight. Not the sort of 'hand over the heart and bow to the flag' Australian, but still very prone to having a love affair with the country itself.

And if what I read is right, being Australian has been — in the past — one of the luckiest things that could happen to a person. Mainly because nothing ever happened to Australia. Nothing really good, yet nothing really bad.

No wars, no riots, not even a mild revolution. Even Australia's great Vietnam moratorium rallies were held after careful talks with the various state's police forces.

Which explains the kind of unnerving feeling that rippled through that great sun-tanned land when Australians suddenly discovered that their country was being talked about all around the world. That suddenly, something had happened to Australia. That a man called Edward Gough Whitlam had been elected the nation's first Labor Prime Minister in 23 years of Liberal government. That the great machinery of change which had for nearly a quarter of a century had faded into near oblivion had started screaming back into life.

He's quite a man, this Gough Whitlam. With his 'hot line' to Australia's capital of Canberra firmly in hand, he flew into London last week to sort things out with Queen Elizabeth and to iron out a bagful of issues with Britain.

When he landed at Heathrow airport, there were traces of those old massive global tours by the late President John Kennedy. Security men hung from balconies, strong-arms hovered in the crowds and newsmen almost trampled each other to get pictures.

Australia itself had an insatiable hunger for news of his flit to the other side of the world. The huge Channel Seven television network which has some 30 major and provincial stations around Australia, virtually followed every last sneeze of Mr Whitlam with an incalculably expensive satellite hookup which lasted for the entire tour.

Up-Anchor

The reason for his visit to England has never really been spelled out in monosyllables, but it has not been — despite what many media people have chosen to interpret — to cast off the final ropes which have held Australia to Britain since Queen Victoria added the 'great new land' to her collection six months before she died.

But he did come to England to change a few things. With England's bagging by the European Economic Community, Gough Whitlam says he sees Australia as a super power in Asia.

As soon as he landed, he assured newsmen that he had a deep respect for England, and that would never die. He also knows that Australians treasure the traditional ties with 'the mother land', even in the face of changing relationships.

And right now, he could do with a little British help. He's made it clear that he's not at all happy about those French nuclear tests in the Pacific, and he's asked Britain to put a bit of weight onto the decision-makers in Paris to stop them.

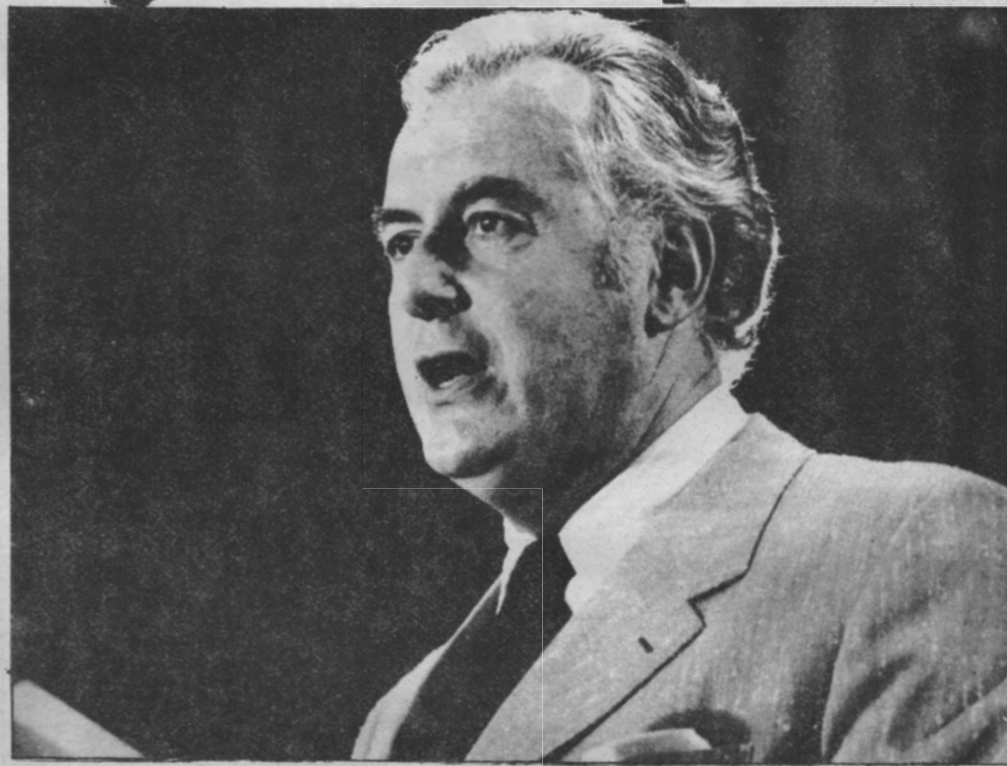
Drama

So for some time, England and Australia will continue to have a happy relationship, but it will be changed dramatically.

Because 56-year-old Gough Whitlam is a man of speedy change.

In his first three months of 'rule', he got in there and sent Australia spinning.

- * He ended conscription.
- * He withdrew every last Australian serviceman from Vietnam.
- * He has freed from jail all Vietnam draft dodgers.
- * He sent a stiff note to the United States abusing it for continued bombing of North Vietnam.
- * He sent his foreign minister to England in February to 'cut the last formal tie' with Britain.
- * He's ended the 'ten pound Pom' era by literally slicing the old immigration system. Britons are now aliens, and those who want to stay must swear allegiance to Australia and not to the Queen, and the only Britons who'll get entry tickets are the ones whose skills will help Australia.
- * There is no longer a White Australia policy.
- * He has warned Paris that unless the Pacific tests stop, then France will have to deal with Australia.
- * He has banned all South African sporting teams from ever passing through Australia.



ED: This week's decision by Gay News to take an analytical look at Australian Prime Minister Gough Whitlam may seem a radical departure from Gay News policy. In fact, it is just that. The very reason for Gay News must surely be not to isolate news and comment which is purely gay . . . It must recognise news which is worthy of publication, be it gay or non-gay. And with the hope that non-gay readers will join gay readers in a kind of integrated understanding, we will continue to print news because of its news value. Because of security, geographical problems and deadlines, GN was unable to speak with Mr Whitlam, so our feature is written by Tim Skinner, who has closely followed the progress of the Australian Prime Minister since he knew him as leader of the then opposition party. GN plans to feature specials on other state, EEC, religious and public figures whenever necessary.



- * He's ended vital exports of wheat to Rhodesia.
- * He's told his ministers to prepare a reformed Divorce Bill.
- * He has proposed the total abolition of Capital punishment.
- * He has put a clamp on the exports of minerals.
- * University education is to become free.
- * He has ordered the establishment of a national cut-price drug industry.
- * He is setting up a National Health system and free Day Care centres.
- * Women will get equal pay.
- * He has almost torn away all censorship. Portnoy's Complaint can even be read legally.
- * He has declared the dying kangaroo a protected animal, and anybody found killing them will be dealt with severely.
- * He has outlawed the kangaroo skin and meat industry.
- * His Government has taken over a huge property and given it back to the Australian aboriginals, and for the first time, aboriginal language and culture will be taught in schools.
- * Pensions have been raised.
- * He has ordered the withdrawal of all

- combat forces from Singapore and Malaysia by the end of this year.
- * Eighteen-year-olds have been given full voting rights.
- * Annual leave for public servants has been increased from three to four weeks.
- * A national superannuation scheme is to be established.
- * The national minimum wage has been increased.
- * He has offered to take over the seven Australian State railways.
- * He has opened talks with and given full recognition to Red China.
- * He has closed down the Australian Embassy in Taiwan.
- * He has closed down the Rhodesian Centre in Sydney.
- * He has removed all sales tax on contraceptives.
- * He removed excise duty on wine.
- * He has given his blessing to legalised abortion in South Australia, where the driving age is 16, and where state Premier Don Dunstan QC opens Parliament in pink hot pants, and wears white snake-skin suits to 'King of Pop' crowning ceremonies.
- * Mr Whitlam has even abandoned the Commonwealth fleet of Rolls Royce and

Daimler cars for locally built Holdens and Fords.

And that's only part of the list of changes. In all, Gough Whitlam and his men have introduced no less than 160 new Bills.

What's he like? The man who has taken Australia by the tail and turned it upside down, giving it a good shake at the same time.

I've interviewed him several times in the eastern states in Australia, but it was different then. He was Leader of the Opposition, doing everything in the Whitlam rule book to win support. In those days he gave television interviews almost whenever they were called for by TV news directors. Now he's Prime Minister, the only TV appearances he makes are those he asks for, along with a once-a-week nationally televised Prime Minister's News Conference.

But he has always been very precise, saying just what he wanted to say. Sometimes, said several newspapers, to his temporary detriment.

Temper

He's thrown a glass of water over the head of Governor-General Sir Paul Hasluck, he's called former Prime Minister Billy McMahon a 'queen', and Chief Justice Sir Garfield Barwick a 'bastard'. He called another former politician something which Hansard corrected slightly and printed as 'runt'.

As a national leader, he's carefully looking to imagery. He has a full time TV producer, young women select his ties, he's thrown away the hair-oil, and he wears trousers with big flares and turnups. He's 6'4", which means he could have looked General de Gaulle or LBJ in the eye with ease, he's handsome and physically ultra fit.

If ever a nation's leader looked like winning a gay following, it must surely be Gough Whitlam.

Not because of anything about the man himself. He is every bit a non-gay. But his platform, his radical ideas and his close affinity with the university generation in all Australian states has brought him closer than any Australian Prime Minister has ever been to the gay voice.

Gay action groups in Victoria and New South Wales have already recognised this, and to that end, they've officially appealed to him for recognition, or at the very least, a hearing.

As yet, there's been no reaction from the Whitlam camp.

In a way, Gough Whitlam's background isn't the sort of breeding ground for Labor Prime Ministers. His father was a Commonwealth Crown Solicitor and was a member of the United Nations Human Rights Commission.

Mr Whitlam went to school in private institutions before being admitted to the Bar. His wife Margaret is the daughter of a judge, and they have four children. One is a professional diplomat and another is in a merchant bank. A very middle-class circle, which didn't help at all in his rise to power in the strictly-working-class Labor party.

In London last week, Mr Whitlam didn't have a lot to say in public. He confined most of it to people like Prime Minister Edward Heath, Foreign Minister Sir Alec Douglas Home, and the Royals at Windsor Castle.

I wonder what he called the Queen. It's a safe bet he invited her to drop in for a barbecue down on the Whitlam farm in Canberra.

And it's no great surprise that he didn't stay around to see a movie in the West End. He had to get back to Australia to judge a competition to find a new Australian National Anthem.

Tim Skinner

BUSINESS EXECUTIVE (30)

Varied Portfolio of Property in London and home counties.

Country Estate Kent. London Flat. Requires a Valet/Companion. Driving licence an advantage, but not essential.

Salary by negotiation + car.

This is an interesting & rewarding position for an honest and reliable young man.

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M.J.C. PLATT.
Borough Green 2523 Evenings
or 828-6661 during the day.

Gays Set For Better Deal In USA

NEW YORK, MONDAY: Sweeping changes to some state laws in New York seem certain to bulldoze old legislation, clearing the way for a 'revolutionary' deal for gays.

The Chairman of the New York Gay Activist Alliance, Bruce Voeller, told Gay News by phone this week that amendments to the State's Administration Code would hopefully include a special clause which covered total elimination of discrimination against homosexuality.

The GAA has prepared a draft to be submitted for inclusion in the amendments. It states that along with all anti-discrimination laws which make it an offence to discriminate on the grounds of skin colour, religion etc, it will probably become an offence to discriminate on the grounds of sex orientation.

The GAA called a news conference at its New York headquarters on Wednesday, and among the people who have promised to attend are Congressman Eleanor Norton and several Senators.

The Alliance will outline at the conference the need for state recognition of homosexual equality in every imaginable form. The inclusion of an anti-discriminatory clause in New York's Administration Code will make it mandatory for gay people to be treated

equally in the fields of employment, housing and public accommodation. It will make it an offence to discriminate against them.

Sodomy Laws to Change

The GAA also seems sure of getting a satisfactory response to its appeal for the repeal of the New York laws which make sodomy between two males an offence.

The push from the Alliance has already been accepted in principal, and it feels that the State's attitude is moulded almost to the 'rubber stamping' stage.

The specific law on sodomy has already been repealed in eight states, and this fact will be a heavy piece of evidence in any plea by the Alliance.

It also wants the State's nomenclature committee to re-classify the term 'mentally defective' which many law courts often pin on people in cases involving homosexual people.

It feels that the term 'mentally defective' is totally wrong, and it has told the committee that its social stigma is grossly unfair.

Bisexuality OK For Under 30's

WHEN Albany Trust managing Trustee Antony Grey addressed Integroup Golders Green last week, he whipped up the air when he said the general ignorance in the community about the true facts of homosexuality was astounding.

He said that these barriers of ignorance just had to be broken down, and that Integroup was a vital part of the effort to do just that.

Mr Grey said that he'd rather not see 2 or 12, but 12 hundred such groups throughout the country.

He said that not enough was done by organisations to break down the isolation and alienation that existed between society and members of minority groups, which included nearly all homosexuals, and certainly 'bisexuals'.

He said that nowhere near enough was done in schools to include homosexual or bisexual understanding in normal sex lessons. He quoted an American professor by saying that bisexuality was the 'natural behaviour of the uninhibited'. He said it was largely accepted these days by most people under 30.

Antony Grey is also the National Chairman of the National Federation of Homophile Organisations. He said that Integroup and Gay News were the two most encouraging events on the gay scene.

He said that the exclusively-gay groups should be regarded as halfway houses towards complete integration... which he defined as total acceptance by society of its members as people, regardless of their sexual preferences.

He said that considering Integroup's express purpose was to bring together gay and straight men and women in a relaxed and open environment, and to keep an even balance, the group's existence was an excellent start towards real integration.

In Trouble Again

It seems that Gay News Distribution and Advertising Manager Peter Mundy will go to any lengths to finally win a story in our pages.

And he did it this week in great style - selling Gay News at the Pig and Whistle in Little Chester Street, Belgravia.

Peter was doing his routine distribution marathon on the premises. In the doorway he stood when the police car arrived. Peter continued to sell the paper as the car parked for ten minutes, watching him closely.

Then two lawmen - one in uniform and one CID man confronted him, took a copy of the paper (one of our best issues, so they will, hopefully, subscribe), and took his name address and all the usual particulars.

They left Peter vigorously selling Gay News, with the warning that they had their thoughts set on prosecution.

Church Clash On Gay Claims

LONDON: The very foundations of the Church of England are rumbling.

Since Dr Donald Coggan, the Archbishop of York's statement last week that the church had many homosexual clergymen in its ranks, the reactions have come thick, fast and with wary caution.

It shocked the Bishop of Edmundsbury, the Rt Rev Leslie Brown. He's worried about the effect the statement will have on the image of the church.

Dr Brown said that there was no indication that the Church attracted more men of homosexual inclinations than any other profession. But he also said that gayness in his ranks would not mean the need to relieve any such man of his post. He said he'd keep an eye on him and help him overcome his 'difficulty'.

Birmingham's Bishop, the Rt Rev Laurence Brown, said he hadn't encountered many 'sexually perverted' clergymen during his years in the ministry.

But Dr Coggan won't repent. He still insists that he hasn't made it sound exaggerated. He says that people don't know just how high is the percentage of men and women who are homosexually inclined.

When he was asked whether he had come across any individual cases, he said that he came across people with pneumonia and people with broken noses, and it stood to reason that he'd also come across homosexuals.

SPRING GAY CRUISE along the River Thames.

Tricky Dicky Disco

FRIDAY 11th MAY

leaving 8.30pm Westminster Pier
returning 12 midnight.

Large boat. Covered & Heated.

Licensed Bar. Tickets £1.20

from R. Scanes. Cheque/PO with SAE

203 Clayhall Ave. Ilford. Essex.

Bobby's

PRIVATE GUEST HOUSE

BED & BREAKFAST served until noon

50 Egremont Place - Brighton

Tel: Brighton 683961

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Easy Reach of Station
Close to Seafront. Bars and Clubs
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US Gay Centre Burns

BUFFALO, N Y: Fire has completely destroyed the newly-opened Gay Services Centre in Buffalo.

The big building housed the Mattachine Society of the Niagra Frontier, and was a complete gay centre, including a library, meeting rooms, recreation space, television rooms, a theatre and a restaurant.

The fire started in the library of the three-storey building, and within minutes, most of the top floor was alight. Firemen evacuated people from the building as the walls started to cave in.

At first police suspected arson, but they've now put the cause down to faulty electrical wiring. The official damage estimate stands at 20,000 US dollars (£8,000).

Offers of help have already started to pour in. The group is now looking for urgent alternative accommodation.

Tell-Tale, Minister Slated

Any minister who breeches the trust of a member of his congregation by telling the member's employer that he's homosexual is guilty of 'pastoral incompetence', according to Tony Cross a Unitarian Minister at Catford, who addressed a recent Campaign for Homosexual Equality Teach-in in London.

Tony was one of the eight speakers at the day meeting at the Friend Centre which attracted a crowd of about 70.

The morning session was fired off nicely by Rose Robertson of Parents' Enquiry. She told, like only she can, about her work with parents who needed special counselling when they 'discover' that they're the parents of a gay son or daughter.

Michael Launder and Doreen Cordell also spoke. Ms Cordell called for the removal of all punitive laws bearing on sexual expression. She said the law was out of bounds trespassing in this field.

Ike Cowan spoke on the legal aspects of being gay, and said that law reform had a long way to go before there was real equity between all men, regardless of their sexual orientation.

Trevor Locke was next, and he expressed concern about the legality of CHE groups with members under 21. Ike came back to reassure him that members aged between 18 and 21 had no cause for worry, but members under 18 were a worry.

Dr Theo Schlicht spoke on the Medical Aspects, and kept stressing that homosexuality wasn't a medical problem. He refused to get bogged down in a conversation on hormonal aspects, but he did bring up a pathological theory into one aspect of homosexuality by mentioning some studies done on identical twins.

He said that these twins, separated at birth, showed a concordance in adult life of sexual orientation. This simply meant that if one twin was homosexual, so was the other... at least, in most cases.

Unitarian Minister Tony Cross told the meeting two real-life stories. He told the story of a minister who married (or blessed the union) of two homosexuals in London in a simple service in the church's manse, instead of the Church proper. He said the Church was still to be used by gay people, and that it will be a couple of stout-hearted men and an even stouter minister to have the ceremony performed out in the open.

He also said that even though the Bible made for some almost impossible ideals, it IS possible to achieve them. Someone asked Tony whether Jesus was a homosexual, and Tony said that if Jesus was gay, he wouldn't have known himself, because as a Jew, the culture forbids expression of homosexual activity.

The final speaker was Tony Ryde, who spoke on Law Reform, but before he launched into anything, he called for a vote to determine whether the audience wanted to hear about Women's Lib and Gay Women instead. The vote broke 50/50, and Tony went ahead with his prepared talk. He explained the current position of CHE on progress with law reform.

Ian Dunn

Newsletters

Now . . . Victory at Haringey

HARINGEY: Flag waving time for CHE at Haringey. The tables have turned in their battle to get into a local primary school for a night-time meeting. A lot of stiff opposition, headed by a very starchy Ms Berkeley-Smith (Education Committee Chairman) thwarted CHE's efforts to get into the school 'in case something unpleasant was left under the desk for the students to see.'

CHE didn't take no for their answer, and a strategic tussle between CHE and a few councillors ensued. But the reaction from the male members of the council was totally unexpected. The welcome was warm, and they brought the matter up again at a full meeting of the Haringey council. CHE won praise and the question of homosexuality was treated with total open-mindedness.

Now Haringey CHE says it's chewing over the idea of asking the Education Committee to bring its methods of sex education up to date.

And Now She Explains

MORECAMBE: A little late, but so was the explanation. Not that the Morecambe CHE conference is well and truly history, it appears quite a few local council members were invited to attend the opening, or at least one of the meetings. One of the invitations was sent to Ms Elaine Kellett-Bowman, the local member of Parliament.

She didn't attend, but only a few days ago, we learned the official reason. "Ms Kellett-Bowman does not accept engagements on a Sunday."

Naturally.

Police Crackdown in Dagenham

LONDON: There's a big police crackdown on what's been described as a highly organised 'boy sex racket' around Dagenham.

Police have been told that boys — some as young as 15 — operate a rota system around some public toilets to sell their services for 'a few shillings'.

One police officer says the boys are apparently unaware of their moral and legal danger. They say that in some of the cases reported from Dagenham, some of the boys are almost involved full time in the racket. The police have also warned people paying the boys. They say they're leaving themselves wide open to blackmail or robbery and prosecution.

Men For Rent

HAMBURG: The first male brothel in Europe should have opened this week — but didn't. Conservative in that the gentlemen were selling their favours to ladies only (£10 short-time, £40 the night), plans were sabotaged when the authorities refused planning permission.

The Mietmanner (men for rent) answered a three-page questionnaire regarding vital statistics, how many times a day, and for how long. The enterprising owner believes he'll have his planning permission fairly soon, but at those prices, English lady tourists had better stick to their vibrators.

Gay Church Boom

LOS ANGELES: The first gay Synagogue has been established in the United States, and it has announced its intentions of applying for membership in the National Council of Churches.

Gay churches began their rise to what's become a boom in the US only four years ago. Today, there are 43 congregations in 19 states and London, and a total of well over 15,000 members.

Well known Rev Troy Perry, the foundation pastor, is sure now that the church's application for membership in the inter-denominational national council will be sent, but he's not so sure about its reception. He seems to think it may be held off for a while purely on the grounds of sexuality. He says the body may decide to shelve its decision pending a 'five year study'.

Mr Perry says that he has performed 250 gay marriages, or as he puts it, 'services of holy union' since the church was founded.

Police Crackdown in 'Boy Ring'

NEW YORK: A special 'Chicken Squad' has been formed by New York police to deal with an organisation which deals in boy prostitutes. The boys are aged between 11 and 18. They have been recruited out of town and told to hang around bus and rail stations and bars used by gays. A reliable report says that if the boys do not bring back £40 (100 US dollars) a night, their so-called protectors sometimes beat them up. Police have so far made 64 arrests.

Cliff Skips Away

LONDON: England has lost Cliff Richard for a while. Right on the heels of all that publicity he won for scoring third place in the Eurovision Song Contest, Cliff found a barrage of cameramen at Heathrow airport last week when he flew to Australia.

He flew down to the sun for a nationwide Gospel tour, which will take him to every Australian state as well as both islands of New Zealand.



Heavily disguised as Cliff Richard, he rushed through the army of fans waiting to welcome home Elton John and slipped aboard his Qantas jet almost unnoticed.

Cliff is due back next week to start work on a new movie.

Hello Love — Thud

SHEFFIELD: A Doncaster man was given a suspended six-month prison sentence last week for robbing and bashing a man who called him 'love'.

Alan Jones, 20, of Balby, pleaded guilty to robbing Kenneth Davies of 90p, and also to assaulting him. He was also ordered to pay £30 compensation to Davies, a fine of £40, and also to repay the 90p.

Jones had accused Davies of being a 'queer' and had struck him several times because he was annoyed by Davies calling him 'love'.

Blackmail Claim in Old Bailey

LONDON: An 18-year-old boy described in the Old Bailey as a male prostitute has caused a former Naval Commander to have a nervous breakdown.

The court was told that Michael Kilbane of Paddington had threatened the unnamed ex-commander that he'd disclose their illicit relationships to the police unless he gave him £200. Previously, the former commander had given Kilbane £250 for a holiday, and £200 when he claimed falsely that his mother was ill.

The court was told that Kilbane made a living by charging for his services. He met the man in the Haymarket. After two meetings, the money for the holiday changed hands, and later the cheque for Kilbane's 'sick' mother was given to the youth.

The 'blackmail' cheque for £200 was paid, but the court was told that the former commander finally had a breakdown and told the whole story to his wife and to the police.

What a Gay Day . . . For the Papers

BOSTON: A Methodist minister performed a wedding ceremony for two gays last week in Boston's Old West Church. And the newspapers had a ball. "A Gay Game" one of them called it. "A Bit of a Gay Joke", said another. But the minister ignored the objections of the church superiors and the critics and went ahead with the ceremony.

Twenty-four-year-old Robert Jones and Harry Freeman, 25, said they met while studying in the ministry. They said they wanted to reaffirm their commitments to each other in a public ceremony. "It's important," they said, "to do that in a church, because God is part of our lives."

Male Chauvinist Prostitutes

NEW ZEALAND: Three Auckland men sentenced to one month's imprisonment for prostitution were recently freed by the New Zealand Supreme Court. Justice Woodhouse noted "the words 'common prostitute' have always been understood as applying to women", and doubted if a man could be a "common prostitute" under existing law.

More Gays than Badgers

LONDON: For readers unable to obtain the indispensable London Evening Standard, we print the following item recently printed in their Londoner's Diary:

'Lord Arran, veteran campaigner for Homosexual Law Reform, has just got his bill to protect Badgers through its Committee stage in the Lords. But his elation is tempered with sadness. As he remarked to a colleague: "There weren't so many supporting my Badger's Bill as my b-s* Bill," to which the other noble Lord replied: "No, but then, there aren't any badgers in the House of Lords, are there!"'

*NOTE: The word the Standard was too coy to print was BUGGERS.

Police Help? Oh Well

NEWCASTLE: The big shoulder-rubbing night with the curious lawmen of Newcastle-on-Tyne has finally happened, and what an anti-climax.

Reports have been running thick and fast about increasing police activity in Newcastle, and as a result, two policemen asked to local branch of the GLF whether they could attend their next meeting. The GLF readily agreed, hoping for a breakthrough in gay/police relations. Detective Inspector McFadd and his 'friend' came to the meeting, but launched an appeal for help in their probe into a murder case which happened in Newcastle about three years ago. Police apparently think that the killer of a 12-year-old boy may have been gay, and to that end, they've asked that anyone who may be able to help should contact Det McFadd at Newcastle Police HQ.

Naturally, the GLF members tossed in their share of questions, including a few aimed at finding out more about the stepped up police activity. Mr McFadd didn't agree that there was any increased police activity and said that action was only taking place after receiving public complaints. He did, however, make it clear that there was a new vice squad in Newcastle, which explains a lot.

Gay Suicide Deaths High . . . Priest

BOSTON: "Suicide," says Father Paul Shanley, the full-time archdiocesan minister to youth in Boston, "is now the Number One killer of young gay people."

In an interview in the National Catholic Reporter, Fr Shanley said that back in the days when pot was the issue, kids came to the cities because they couldn't find anybody at home who understood about drugs. "Now," he says, "there are drug hotlines and counselling in the suburbs, but kids about 15 years old are leaving home to come to Boston's gay scene. And it's the same reason. They don't have anybody at home to help them sort out their sexual confusion."

"Now," he continued, "we have kids being given shock treatment for having an interest in people of the same sex. To me, that's like giving shock treatments to people who've become afflicted with the disease of adolescence."

Amazing Fact Department

LONDON: From the gee-whiz file. John and David, whoever they may be, have just made a stunning report to the Southampton Humanist Society. They've just done a quick head count, and according to them, there are four million homosexuals in the United Kingdom. And that stunning statement, complete with headline, made it onto the front page of the Southern Evening Echo in Southampton.

Give It To Your Newsagent

If you are having difficulty in obtaining Gay News from your local newsagent (or bookshop), please cut this out and give it to your local shop.

Dear Newsagent,

You may have been asked for Gay News on a number of occasions, but have been unable to find out where to order it from. At present it is not available from any of the major distributors and is supplied to you directly by us.

Gay News comes out regularly every fortnight and copies are either delivered or sent by post to you on a sale or return basis. The retail price is 15p and the usual discounts are given.

Gay News consists of twenty pages of news, features, interviews, reviews and information and in less than a year has built up a large circulation. Our publication is quite unlike any other newspaper available and features many items you will not be able to read about elsewhere. You will find that our readership is extremely loyal and will continually support your establishment if they can regularly obtain copies from you.

If you wish to order the paper or require further information, please contact Peter Mundy, at Gay News, 34d Redcliffe Square, London SW10. Telephone: 01-373 0586.

Thank you for taking the time to read this. We look forward to hearing from you.

Joint Editors of Gay News

Laurence Bell Dies

LONDON: Laurence Gardner Bell, better known as 'Bell the Bounder' was found dead in his London house last week. Police who found him also recovered a quantity of drugs. Bell was 36.

Bell was accused during the 1960s of being a 'scandalmongering homosexual'. He was involved in the Profumo affair, and figured boldly in a criminal case which involved a guardsman on vice charges.

Borstal Again for 'Gay Roller'

LONDON: Sixteen-year-old Stephen Bryan of New Cross is paying dearly for what he described as 'rolling a queer'.

Prosecuting Counsel at the Old Bailey said that after getting into conversation with a 24-year-old man outside a public toilet block, Bryan was invited back to the man's house for coffee.

Once inside the house, the court was told, the man was bundled into the front room where he was punched and kicked until he was unconscious. He was then robbed of most of his cash and property.

A judge found Bryan guilty of robbing the man of £75 in cash and property, and he was sent back to Borstal.

101 Ways With KY

USA: Sha Na Na, the American group whose stage act recreates the rock and roll scene of the 50s, and dress to match, have revealed the secret of their wet-look, ducktail hairstyles — it's all done by KY!

Values . . . Slightly Bent

NEW HAMPSHIRE: Figure this one out. Under a New Hampshire anti-abortion law, a doctor can be found guilty of a felony if a woman dies during the abortion of a 'live' fetus. BUT, if the woman dies during the action of an 'unformed fetus', he's only guilty of a misdemeanour. That's one for the angry young lady department.

Bottoms Up . . . But Only For Girls

LONDON: It's all a question of relativity. It's OK to look at the bare buttocks of a woman, but not the same fleshy part of a man. At least, it would seem that way after an incident in The Sun and in Titbits magazine last week.

It began when The Sun refused to carry an advertisement for Titbits because it carried a picture of a group of male buttocks. According to The Sun, it was of 'questionable taste'.

A few days later, the Sun came out with an array of pictures of the same part of a group of young ladies. No questions asked.



Sun Editor Bernard Shrimley explained it all this way: "If you will compare the material that was submitted to us for advertising, and the material that we have run editorially, you will see that there is a distinct difference between the two."

That's quite true. The bottoms in Titbits were male and the bottoms in The Sun were female. Which, when you think about it, is quite a reason.

WE ARE IN THE HOLIDAY TRADE

Book,

A room with a view and you in Terrano. A famous cosmopolitan and Gay suburb of Palma at the Hotel Rosamar, which is in the centre of all the action.

But,

If you like sea food, Stay at the Club Nautico, surrounded by yachts and pleasure craft, it will give you the impression that you are on a little island. Hotel guests become members of the Club Nautico (Yacht Club) and are invited to attend all the Social Events.

For these and other Gay spots, apply to ALL ABOUT TRAVEL, 25a Merton High Street, London SW19.



Photograph : Thanks to a GN reader

The Stardust Trail

Back from the world, pausing only for a few days to shake the dust from his make-up and to smooth out his skin-tight epidermis, Starman David Bowie prepares for his marathon assault on the senses and sensibilities of Britain. For six weeks this King of Queens will be disturbing the peace from Aberdeen to Torquay with his own ferocious brand of violent eroticism, leaving a trail of shattered fans of all sexes in his wake. Over 150,000 idolaters will have witnessed the royal progress by the time it finishes in mid-June.

We shall be there with the best of them, strewing pampas grass and feather boas in his path as he makes his triumphal entry into Earls Court on Palm Saturday (May 12th), the opening night. 17,000 of us. All expecting the unexpected.

Ticket sales won't have been hurt much by the great question mark hanging over the whole display - is this his last tour or not? The rumour that he is leaving the rock stage to make films is strong enough to send the most complacent scurrying to the box offices.

If he does choose films, a hot tip for his first one is a version of the book 'Stranger In A Strange Land'. This wierd arch-fascist farrago, which first caught the lime-light as Charlie Manson's Bible, sounds tailor made for the 'Mean Man' mask which Bowie has revelled in wearing. From the deceptively sweet Hunky Dory through Ziggy to Aladdin, the image has been getting harder and more explicitly violent. Should be a film to see if it happens.

Maybe he is right to quit when he is ahead, but this tour should show that the demand for his demonic stage act is still alive. The whole Ziggy creation came as a shock to the system when it was most badly needed. Here is a chance for his disciples to show that his flaunted sexuality, stylised arrogance and vicious camp are still badly needed on a rock scene that is all too often limp and placid.

Michael Mason

CHE Grand May Ball

FRIDAY 11th MAY 1973
FULHAM TOWN HALL

8pm - Midnight

LIVE MUSIC

TICKETS £1.00



Photograph : Pascal Danot

Easter Bonnet Shindig

For the most beautiful creation ever to waft into the Green Room at the Wheatsheaf, Steve Couling of Kensington took the honours for the best Easter Bonnet in the business. The Easter Bonnet contest attracted about 40 entrants and about 450 people to the hotel on Sunday. Lee Stevens and Mr Honey did the judging, and for his brilliant success, Steve took off a set of bathroom scales. In our pictorial record of the screaming success, that's Steve with judge Lee Stevens and George and Jeanette MacFarlane, who run a nice tight pub.



Photograph : Thanks to a GN reader

A Cassidy Clanger? Maybe Not

It seems not all the world agrees with GN 20 which probed the great David Cassidy aura. Surely, some said, we had to be joking.

But thanks to the people who took the trouble to write in about it all.

Fact is, though, it's not over. Along with the mail about our David Cassidy story came a photograph of Bopalong David with his best friend, Sam Hyman, who's always apparently just a few feet away when the cameras are around.

It's one of those pictures you dare not even give a caption.

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NUDE BOYS AND MEN

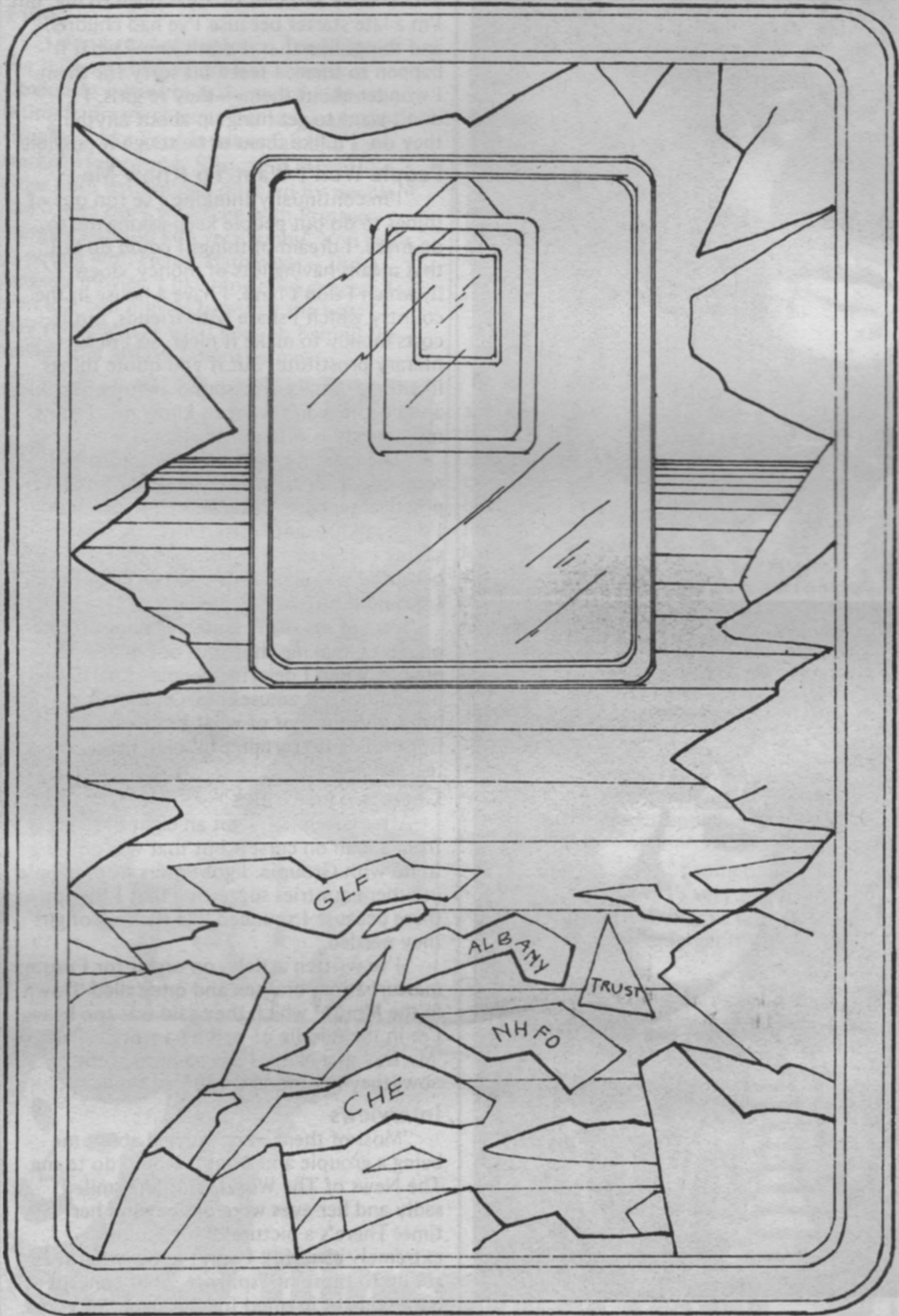
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Who Holds The Reins ?

An Open Letter

To The Homophile Movements



To an outsider, the homophile movement must look like a ten ton truck being driven by a herd of demented elephants on a glacier. Paralysed with paranoid fear of one another, they seem devoid of unity in steering in one direction. Co-operation appears to be impossible and their splinterings to be piercing the heart of homosexual liberation. They are only glad to be gay when they aren't together. GLF masturbates marxist monologues at CHE meetings and CHE members look for GLF *under* the bed instead of trying to come together *inside* it. Male chauvinists bar women from their clubs and will not lift a finger in support of women's liberation. Female chauvinists exclude men from their organisations and refuse to campaign with their brothers. Solidarity seems as remote as an orgasm in the Festival of Light, and one might conclude that with gays like *this* — who needs Mary Whitehouse?

Could it be that the ethos of the homophile organisations provide the reasons for these divisions? Perhaps if we look at where power lies in the gay scene we may find some of the answer.

GLF defies description as an organisation, it is a movement. It moves chimerically and elusively without hierarchy or leaders or official spokesmen. Everyone is a member who says so, yet no-one has membership. GLF is vibrant, stimulating, provocative, chaotic and colourful. It is also dull, boring, repetitive and uninspiring. GLF has only the image of a moment and the moment is intense or vacuous depending on the image on which one is focused.

CHE and SMG are hierarchical organisations and their hierarchy cannot ignore the

will of their members. Their leaders can be challenged and removed. One can argue about the degree of democratic control within them, but control there is, and participation in decision-making. GLF, CHE and SMG are political organisations as well as being socially orientated. The non-political organisations tend to be dominated by 'personalities', those whose charisma makes them leaders in their social scene. This is where I believe the greatest divisions are generated. Discontent and frustration with leadership has no outlet but through back-biting, gossip and intrigue. Here fragmentation begins, for the only solution for dissenters is to break away and form a separate organisation. The organisation newly formed will have no new objectives or aims but will permit the new leaders to play off old scores in the public arena by stabbing out at their rivals. This is the malaise of the homophile movement. It is fed by apathetic membership whose prime concern is to be part of a comfortable, complacent clique. The history of the homophile movement is largely the struggle for power by personalities, the jockeying for position of ego-trippers while the majority silently let them take control of organisations and leave them impotent.

What needs to be asked is — In whose interests are these fragmentations? Are these divisions necessary on the grounds of principle or tactics in changing the status of homosexuals in our society? If homosexuals are not interested in changing the status quo then they should be honest and admit that their overriding self-interest is in proliferating the number of clubs and bars which will provide for their social needs. Of course there must be places to meet social needs where

one can relax and be free but it is the hypocrisy of parasitic homosexuals who bleed the activist members in their efforts to effect change which undermine the objectives of organisations in the homophile movement.

The NFHO, formed to draw the gay organisations together, is thought by many to be inept and lethargic at everything but pushing them further apart. Its initials are said to stand for 'No Fucking Help to 'Omosexuals'. The Albany Empire likewise is seen by many gays as a relic of a patronising past. Both organisations create a monolithic yawn of boredom as they organise yet another plethora of meetings. The NHFO and the Albany Trust have declared the provision of counselling facilities to be their major objective. There already *are* counselling facilities in six provincial towns and in London provided by FRIEND. The NFHO member organisations have only to back these with manpower and money to extend these facilities all over the country. Yet only CHE and SMG have so far officially supported FRIEND with tangible help. In the two years of FRIEND's existence neither the NFHO nor the Albany Trust have given any practical assistance whatsoever and continue to arrange for more chit-chat about counselling. Perhaps the NFHO member organisations aren't very rich but the Albany Trust had an income of £10,000 last year. FRIEND has an income of less than £500 a year and a far wider and larger network of befrienders and consultants than the Albany Trust had before it ceased counselling for lack of financial resources two years ago! True, FRIEND has no paid staff and its voluntary

workers meet expenses largely from their own pockets, but what has the Albany Trust done since 1967 that is substantive? How much of the Trust's income was donated for the provision of counselling and how much was actually spent on counselling? If FRIEND isn't the counselling service the Trust and the NFHO want then *when* are they going to offer some concrete proposals as to how it might be improved? FRIEND organised and paid for a pilot training scheme for befrienders for the benefit of member organisations. It will shortly be ready for the NFHO to scrutinise. CHE has declared its willingness to make FRIEND autonomous in the interests of the homophile movement. The NFHO must make up its mind whether it intends to back FRIEND or to provide a separate counselling service as an alternative, not in ten years, but *now*. The need is known and undisputed, but who if not FRIEND is going to meet it?

Counselling ought to be the concern of the whole gay movement. In this area if in no other there should be co-operation and commitment to provide a national uniform service. That service should be altruistic enough to be beyond petty rivalry and trusted by all homosexuals. If the homophile movement does not take up the challenge that FRIEND offers then it will be because the ego-trippers have won the day and gay people will again suffer at the hands of those who represent nothing more than self-interest.

Michael Launder
April 10th 1973

Somewhere To Live—Gay Problem Probed

Reaction to the report in GN 21 about an accommodation problem facing gay people has already had good response.

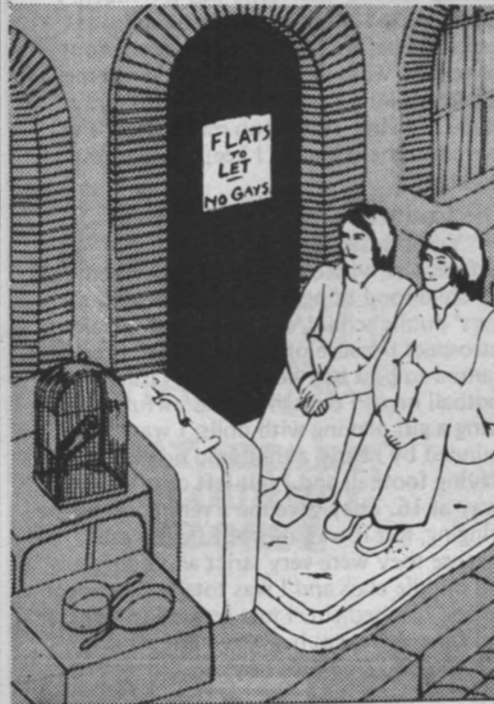
First reports show that there is a sizable amount of discrimination against people openly admitting to being gay by some accommodation agencies.

Other agencies are totally unworried, but some have shown some resentment about two young men sharing a flat. With girls, it's a different story.

To this end, Gay News has begun a probe into the accommodation agency business, and our findings will be published in GN23.

We have also had good response from readers with individual reports of discrimination, and if there's one you know about, it'd help if you let us know.

Naturally, it's all totally confidential, unless you want it any other way.



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TRADE ENQUIRIES WELCOME



"I'm A Lesbian...I'm Not A Very Efficient One"

We talked with modernistic, bi-sexual Jenny Fabian, co-author of the best-seller 'Groupie', which turned out to be a saga of her life as one of those girls who followed around pop music groups on their hectic tours.

She was the writer who insisted that survival depended on a continual supply of dope and sex.

A sequel is 'A Chemical Romance'. It deals with the acid-oriented lifestyle which enveloped her life after the publication of the book 'Groupie'.

It contains some searing comments on the giant publicity machines which sell books and films, and it gives vivid descriptions of a trip around the world in an LSD euphoria.

We started by asking Jenny how autobiographical, and how fantasy-based her books are.

"They're both. They're obviously autobiographical, but I don't have to stick to fact. I can pervert it, exaggerate it, or enlarge on it. I am more autobiographical than others. Groupie was quite close to my truth, but not the truth of somebody else's experience as a groupie. You can say it's my perception of the truth as I see it in a certain way. I don't want to burden readers with the oppression of being a groupie, I wanted to write a book that goes behind the facade of sexual cynical adventures which some people accuse my books of being.

Gay Groupies

"There are some, more in America than here; most of them are very sad; maybe not all. I only met my first proper homosexual about two weeks ago. He was the typical one, the mincing steps and the high heels and the nasal American voice. They're homosexual in the sense that they probably don't want to have sex with girls. I don't meet many men who I find will admit wanting to sleep with men as well; most of them want two girls. So if you're in a dazed situation and your man friend asks you to provide another girl, you sometimes think in the back of your head why not another man? I haven't done that one yet.

"I became a groupie because I was bored. I liked sort of rock music. I preferred it to the sort of music my parents would listen to, a sort of BBC music. The combination of acid and electric acid music together just took me into fairyland and the musicians were the symbols. If something's making magic for you, you want to fuck it I guess. I saw a haunted young man with purple eyes who lifted my feelings up. I've been fucked by the music before I got backstage. It's very sexual that music; I'm a bit bored with it now. I like the Rolling Stones and Bob Dylan. Some of the new groups do come out with some good sounds but I don't hunt around for them. I don't go to live shows any more. I like Rod Stewart very much; he's very phallic, but apart from that, I don't know. Somebody told me Rodney's gay. Is that true? I have no experience of him at all. I don't go around like that anymore. I live in the country and write and then come to London to whiz around for a bit.

A Chemical Romance

"That book (the hardback version) is published by my one time agent Talmy Franklin. Talmy was my original agent, Franklin my publicity man and groupie, and they came together and started a publishing house which published A Chemical Romance which contained descriptions of my agent under the guise of a name called Mason Radar. He's virtually blind, and it's a very funny story having a blind agent, him leading me around, me leading him around. I don't know why I didn't give up and use their real names.

"The movie moguls were very boring. Some of them were very depraved — their imaginations. Certain movies they made would be dealing with depths of obscenity and degradation. Nice movies! Roman Polanski and people like that, they must be quite depraved.

"I got bored with people continually passing joints in my books; we briefly mentioned acid in the first book. We called it A Chemical Romance because the drug is



essentially LSD in this book. I tried to write what it's like to be on an acid trip, the insanity of what was happening being whirled around interviews was too much. I had to make it sane by taking acid. I was backstage before. Now I was suddenly out front. I do what happens. If they push me out front, I'll go as far as I can within my frame of living. It was too much. Now I've moved to the country, I keep my address secret.

The Country — An Anti-Climax?

"Yes, I'm terribly bored. Writing's torture. I've written a screenplay on some of my childhood things, because I lived in a boys' public school which was very freaky in retrospect because of the sex thing. I really wanted to be a boy because my father was a football hero. I thought it was awfully boring being a girl playing with dolls, I was surrounded by nearly a thousand boys all playing football and I felt left out. I ran away at 16. They gave me a very good upbringing, but it was a sort of freaky one because they were very strict and bourgeois and middle class and I was totally disrespectful and disobedient. I just wanted to fight, and then there was heavy trouble when I started going out with boys.

My Father And My Sex Life

"My father's always calling me a communist and things. We just can't meet on any level at all. If I describe my relationship with men in a Freudian sense I will love men who will never love me back, because I consider my father didn't love me in a way a father should love a daughter. There was no physical touch between me and my mother. I can say this is why I enjoyed being

promiscuous. I'm a lesbian as well — I thought that was obvious. I'm not a very efficient one because girls are awfully troublesome. They're quite emotional aren't they?"

We asked about her relationship with Alice in the book.

"Well, I have a new girlfriend now, Alice, I thought she was lovely. She's all spiritual and wonderful and in the end proved completely sexless in bed. Apart from that she's a really funny girl and I see a lot of her. We fought over a man as well which is always fatal."

We said how surprised we were that she said she only met her first male homosexual two weeks previously.

"Yes, that I was totally aware of."

The public school was different. "This is a man who's allowed to live and dress up as the fantasy. Don't forget that all the boys dressed identically. You had to be able to spot the boy behind the uniform. I knew it was going on but it didn't worry me, because I had no clue about masturbation or lesbianism. I was merely curious about the fact that I was a girl and they were boys.

Bisexuality

"I'm a bit short-sighted. I can see things as I see them. I may not be able to see beyond that. I don't know what sex or gender anyone is really. We have to be bisexual. It just depends how far you'll go to demonstrate a feeling within yourself. If you have a deep friendship with someone the sex should make no difference if you feel sexually attracted. I have my reasons why I'm physically attracted to certain types rather than others. I don't like girls with big tits. On the other hand I may soon find that I

do, because I haven't had a girl with big tits yet. There's all kinds of areas open to me, but I'm a late starter because I've had children and things like that. I don't know what'll happen to them. I feel a bit sorry for them. I wonder about them — they're girls, I don't want to get hung up about anything they do. I'd like them to be tough if possible.

People Won't Want To Know Me

"I'm continually thinking I've run out of things to do but people keep asking me to do more. I dream of things I could do but that means having lots of money, doesn't it, which I don't have. I have a house in the country which I share with friends, but it costs money to make it nicer, so I'm a literary prostitute. But if you quote things like that, it makes me sound awfully horrible and people won't want to know me. I think my honesty is often my failing as well.

"The man in the Times said I wasn't romantic. I try to answer questions in a practical sense. If I was on half a mandrax I'd be talking quite differently. He was saying I was less romantic than others because I was clinical or cynical. He meant I was hard bitten.

"Part of me really enjoys playing around on paper, making those cut out images of people. When I describe people at parties I like doing it; it amuses me. On the other hand, the concept of what I'm doing, which is intruding on certain privacies, makes me feel sick.

Corsets And Orgies

After Groupie, "I got an eight page letter from a man on corsets but that was nothing to do with Groupie. I got letters from people in other countries suggesting that I fly out there because I sounded like the sort of girl they needed.

"I've written articles on orgies for Forum; masturbation, oral sex and one called 'Down in the Mouth' which they said was too heavy. I'm in the middle of writing a story called 'My Day as a Nun'. I have a porn agent now; they ask me and I sort of do it.

Interviews

"Most of them were worried about me being a groupie and what it would do to me. The News of The World said: She smiled sadly and her eyes were old beyond her time. There's a picture of me looking extremely cheerful. I don't know what they get up to those newspapers. What concept have you got in mind for this paper of yours, Gay Lib?"

We correct the usual incorrect assumption, and give her the spiel about us being a national newspaper for all homosexuals.

"Gay News. What does that mean? — homosexuals not bisexuals?"

"Bisexuals as well."

"Maybe I could write something for you and earn some money. But you are exclusively for homosexuals which means you are excluding the other sex. If you call yourself homo, it doesn't mean man man, it means woman woman too. I find homosexuals make charming companions. I mean it's a well known fact. It's a well known fact isn't it that lots of women enjoy homosexuals' company, and a lot of men treat me like a lesbian meaning that we have a girl to girl relationship. I can't keep myself contained to one sex or another. When I write about sex, I bring in both men and women equally."

Threesomes And Masturbation

Threesomes — "are a different process emotionally. It's one extra thing complicating a relationship. That's what my third book is going to be about. Two girls love two men and the two girls meet and fall in love, and they're sort of mirrors to each other because their situation with their men is very similar and they fall in love and have an affair. I slipped this in to my masturbation article which was written for an underground paper called FLOW, who wanted an article on radical sex. I said masturbation was radical sex. I spent two pages defending masturbation as radical sex, arguing with the dictionary and the Bible which they cut out of it finally and just published the dirty stuff.

"When I did 'Down in the Mouth' I

thought I'll just give some descriptions of what it's like to have your mouth fastened down onto a cock or a cunt. I went into some sort of romantic phallic worship at the end. I don't know what was too heavy for them. It might have been the chick who tasted of earth, I don't know. People do taste of funny things don't they, but they can't bear to read about it. I've been insulted endlessly.

Films

"I don't read newspapers. I don't like the telly very much either. I love films. Obviously I want to make movies. It's the ultimate dream to put your words up there visually. I like Frog intellectuals and commercial Hollywood. Real good things like older ones written and directed by people like — you can't go wrong with Preston Sturges because he's very funny. You can't go wrong with Henry Hathaway — those gangster movies. I like movies in general, I even like bad movies to watch the way they're made. It's what goes on behind the movies that always fascinates me.



"I haven't seen any Warhol movies but I saw the TV programme about him. I'd only be interested in the Sunset Boulevard one — Heat, and Trash. I do quite like his concept of natural rapport or natural craziness, but sometimes it's not quite clever enough for me. But he is clever; he is a hero, but he's an untouchable. I saw the discussion afterwards with Bob Harris the television hippy. He had a talk about Warhol with George Melly, old Longford's aunt or niece or something, and Tony Elliot of Time Out. It was awfully boring and George Melly was very drunk and went on and on, but it was the discussion that improved the quality of what I'd actually seen, which made me respect Warhol more because I realised how ambivalent he was. They got trapped. I watched them being trapped in trying to defend Warhol.

"I hate being drunk. I sometimes drink a good wine if I'm sure it's very expensive. I quite like Pimms, but they've taken all the numbers away. You only get it in gin now, which is boring." Interviewers David Seligman and Peter Mundy



Photographs : Penny Slinger

Quick And Cheap In The West End

I've written this for those of you going to the West End theatre or cinema who want to eat for less than a pound and want something different from the regulation fish and chips and roast beef. Good restaurants where they do exist in London are fantastically expensive and generally horribly snobbish. The general run of eating places are universally second rate, and pseudo-American tourist orientated. (Old Kentucky, Tennessee Pancake Houses, Wimpy Bars etc.) and the nearer central London you are, the worse they get. You could sum London up gastronomically as expensive, shoddy and greasy. There are, however, a few oases in the desert.

Pizza has arrived in London. Not the super large, enormously thick American variety with numerous exotic ingredients, but a scaled down English variety, which is nevertheless substantial, tasty and cheap. The three main chains are Pizzaland (44 Cranbourn Street, Leicester Square and Shaftesbury Avenue); Pizza e Pasta (Haymarket near the Carlton Cinema and Charing X Rd, between Cranbourn Street and Trafalgar Square). Pizza Express (29 Wardour Street and 10 Dean Street).

Pizzaland's all have a cheese and tomato base plus whatever variety you choose — mild onion, turkey etc, 35p—60p. Pizza e Pasta, marginally more expensive, uses slightly more exotic ingredients — olives, pepperoni etc. Service can be a little erratic — try shouting in Spanish.

Pizza Express is similar to Pizza e Pasta but better service. All three chains are licenced, glass of wine about 15p—20p, carafe 80p—£1. Sweets are pretty ordinary, ice cream, apple pie etc, but Pizza e Pasta's ice cream is genuine Italian and worth trying. A pizza, glass of wine, sweet and coffee will cost you about 80p—£1.

American style hamburgers, not to be confused with the rather anaemic soya extract Wimpy, is four, six or eight ounces of pure beef in a roll with chips or baked potato, and a selection of delicious relishes and sometimes salad included in the price, 35p—80p depending on the weight of the meat. You can choose between four ounces or eight ounces, six or twelve ounces. Unless you have a particularly gargantuan appetite, the smaller sizes 35—50p should be more than sufficient.

Very centrally situated is the American Hamburger next to the Warner cinema, Leicester Square. Across the road in Pantou Street and Irving Street there are two branches of Charco American Hamburger Restaurants, in both cases adjoining Gardeners Steak Houses, the newest and one of the best chains: the service is extraordinarily attentive, you get real whipped cream on your coffee and there are some quite worthwhile and massive sweets like Hot American Apple and soft ice cream. Although slightly outside the West End, Hamburger City next to Goodge Street station is also worth a

visit. Generally empty: service is fast and the hamburgers very tasty.

Greek restaurants have been springing up at an enormous rate recently. Many of them are terrible rip offs, but if you go to the right ones, you can have a tasty, reasonably priced unusual meal. Contrary to the much held opinion, Greek food is not usually spiced.

The two best cheap Greek restaurants are Anemos at 34 Charlotte Street and the New Kebab House a few doors down. Start with Humus, a tasty creamy substance and Pita (Greek bread) followed by either two or three sticks of kebab (usually pork or lamb) with salad. Finish with a Greek sweet, which will taste very, very sweet. Greek wine is 80p—£1 per bottle.

Anemos is small, overcrowded and very atmospheric — book a table. The New Kebab House is larger and more conventionally decorated; the food is just as good as Anemos'. Just north of Tottenham Court Road station on the left, there's a slightly scruffy looking kebab house that's also a fish and chip bar. It's nice inside with lots of swarthy Greek customers and nonchalant waiters in need of a shave. You can have the works for about 70p, but it's unlicensed.

If you really haven't the courage to try something new, go to the Stockpot at 40 Pantou Street, off Leicester Square. Helpings are large, the food well cooked and remarkably cheap; soups, egg mayonnaise etc 6—10p, main courses like shepherd's pie, goulash etc 30—40p, all fully garnished with those old faithfuls peas and chips. A variety of sweets, mainly fruit pies, ice cream etc at 8—12p.

All the places mentioned above are used regularly by me during my constant movie going excursions to the West End. Although prices and details were correct at the time of writing, they are all liable to change, so check the menus outside the restaurants.

Happy eating!

David Seligman

ED: Since this article was written, VAT has come amongst us. Therefore, you must expect to pay a little more at the above restaurants.

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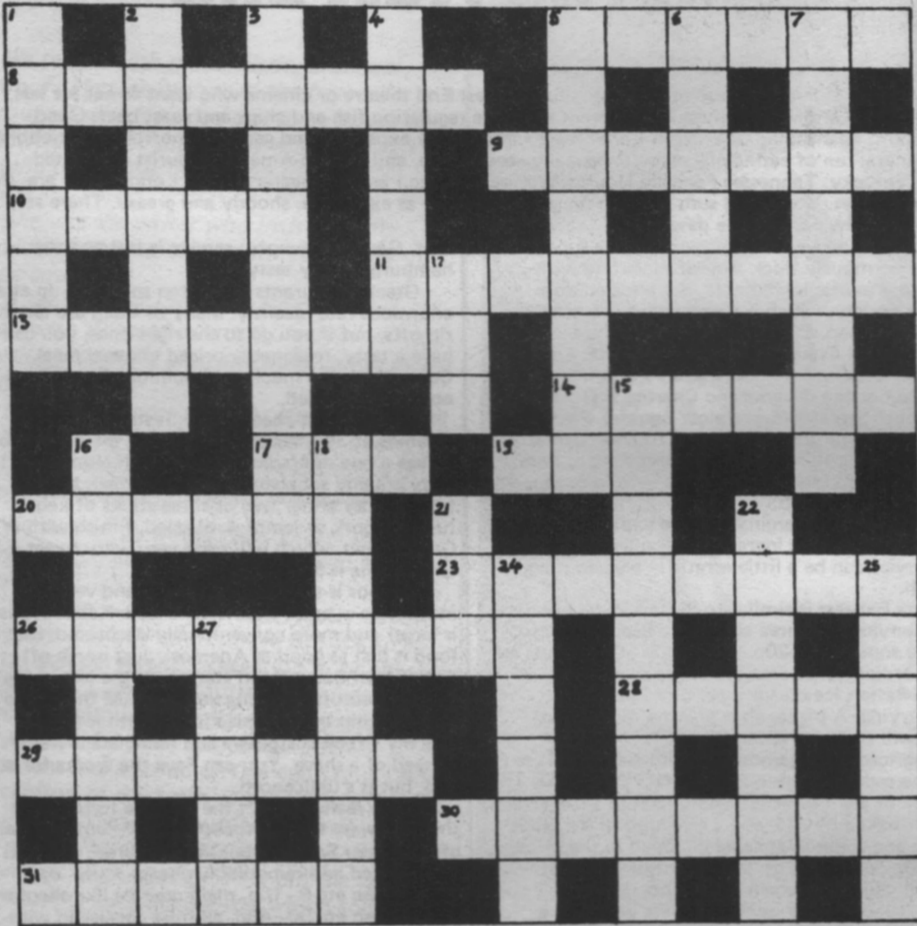
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GN Crossword No 5/73

by John



Clues – Across

- 5.9ac Question for Prince of Denmark (2,2,2,3,2,2)
- 8. Had CHE a point inside? Painful! (8)
- 9. See 5 ac.
- 10. Colour of bream? Yes, forever. (5)
- 11. We add a digit to our age at this interval (5,4)
- 13. Where the chickens are? (3,5)
- 14. Substitute (6)
- 17. Their Serene Highnesses (abbrev) (3)
- 19. Employ (3)
- 20. Descriptive of some Queens – soft and irritating (6)
- 23. Remains of a fag found in these? (3,5)
- 26. 600 Queens on the pier here this month! (9)
- 28. See 16 dn
- 29. A naval one gives shelter to sailors (7)
- 30. Extremely lazy to bind nothing and point to the French (4,4)
- 31. Familiar form of address – expensive that is! (6)

Clues – Down

- 1. Cock cover (6)
- 2. Part of the masticating apparatus (3,4)
- 3. Tented house for Bank Holiday amusement? (4,5)
- 4. Super gay night club in NW6 (6)
- 5. If at first you don't succeed, have one more than this (3,5)
- 6. Familiar name for a famous Queen? (5)
- 7. A thing ----- is a joy forever (2,6)
- 12. Have to include this animal doctor! (3)
- 15. Smothered a second time? (9)
- 16.28ac. Uncomfortable position for those not wanting to make a decision (3,2,3,5)
- 18. Ray's come to find a tree (8)
- 21. Another name for a prick (3)
- 22. Opposite of naked woman (3,4)
- 24. The elder in sore tangle (6)
- 25. One of a Group – looking for someone? (6)
- 27. Ulysses was beguiled by these of the Lotus (5)

The solution to the above crossword will appear in Gay News No. 23.

Star Trek A Fortnight Of Stars

As Forecast by Monsieur Pierre



TAURUS April 21 to May 20

If your life doesn't improve in the field of pleasure and money this month then you really can't be trying very hard. A new moon on the 2nd links with Venus until the 11th which is a particularly good omen for you. Make the most of

any opportunities. From the 12th onwards you could find that friends will be able to help with money matters. An excellent month for dealing with the practicalities of day to day life.



GEMINI May 21 to June 20

May is going to be a very busy month for you – the outcome of it all depends on how you manage to cope with the stresses and strains that you will encounter. Time spent in the early part of the month developing your home interests could well pay dividends. A very good time for romance, particularly for more mature Geminians.



CANCER June 21 to July 20

A personal wish could very easily be fulfilled in the first week of the month. Don't give your heart away too easily, especially on the 17th. The 9th to the 13th look especially good for money matters and career. Follow up every tip you receive about new jobs. The 13th should be a particularly auspicious day for romance.



LEO July 21 to August 21

The first two weeks of May could be especially good for money matters. Pay great attention to detail in any letters that you may write – they could have very important results for you. The 14th will be an accident prone day for your partner – take special care when travelling by road. The 17th will also be a bad day to undertake anything other than short journeys.



VIRGO August 22 to September 22

Be bold – in the first two weeks of the month you will find great success in anything you try to do. This will be an especially good time for all matters connected with friendships and partnerships. Romance could blossom. The 12th and 20th could very easily be days on which you will show spectacular financial gain.



LIBRA September 23 to October 22

I'm afraid that the next two weeks are not going to be the best that you will have, especially around the middle part of the month. The aspect of Mars to Uranus on the 17th bodes ill for you especially on any matters concerning business and domestic partnerships. The 13th is the only really bright spot for you – money matters could improve then. Romance is in the offing.



SCORPIO October 23 to November 22

A very successful time ahead for all those in the field of advertising and public relations. Money matters could be improved as the result of a new partnership. Take very great care in all legal matters – try to postpone decisions in this field until the latter part of the month. A gamble on the 13th could pay off very well. New friends will bring sparkle to your social life.



SAGITTARIUS November 23 to December 20

The next two weeks should be a generally favourable time for you but you could encounter a few unexpected problems which will have to be

resolved. The 13th is a good day for all matters relating to employment and an unfulfilled desire. Romance will be in the offing at the same time.



CAPRICORN December 21 to January 19

Everything should go very smoothly for you. Your social life will blossom and you should be in great demand. Love affairs begun at this time will get off to a very good start and should flourish. Don't take unnecessary chances with your money and avoid gambling – the results could be very handsome if you exercise discretion. Take care on the 14th – don't push your luck or you could come unstuck.



AQUARIUS January 20 to February 18

You may well experience a change with far reaching consequences in your domestic affairs in the first two weeks of the month. The 11th will be a very good day for moving house. Be very careful when travelling on the 14th – accidents could well result from a journey. Take great care with your money on the 17th – neither a borrower nor a lender be. Romance will blossom from the 12th.



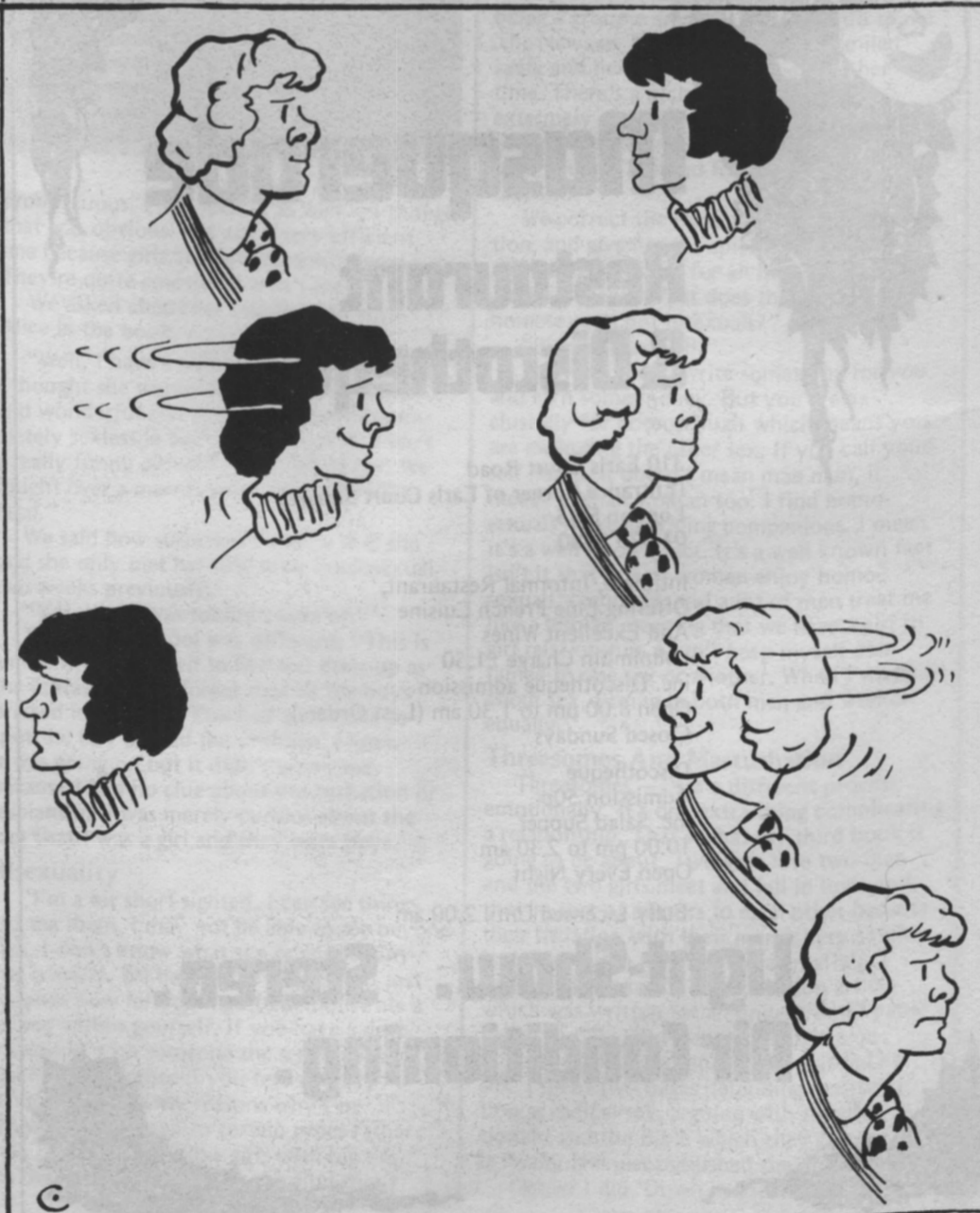
PISCES February 19 to March 20

A very mixed period ahead for you. Money matters may not work out too well for you unless you exercise caution and common sense, especially around the 17th. A health problem could be resolved in the early part of the month if prompt action is taken. The 8th and 13th could be very good days for you as regards your social life and you may well find people seeking you out on those days.

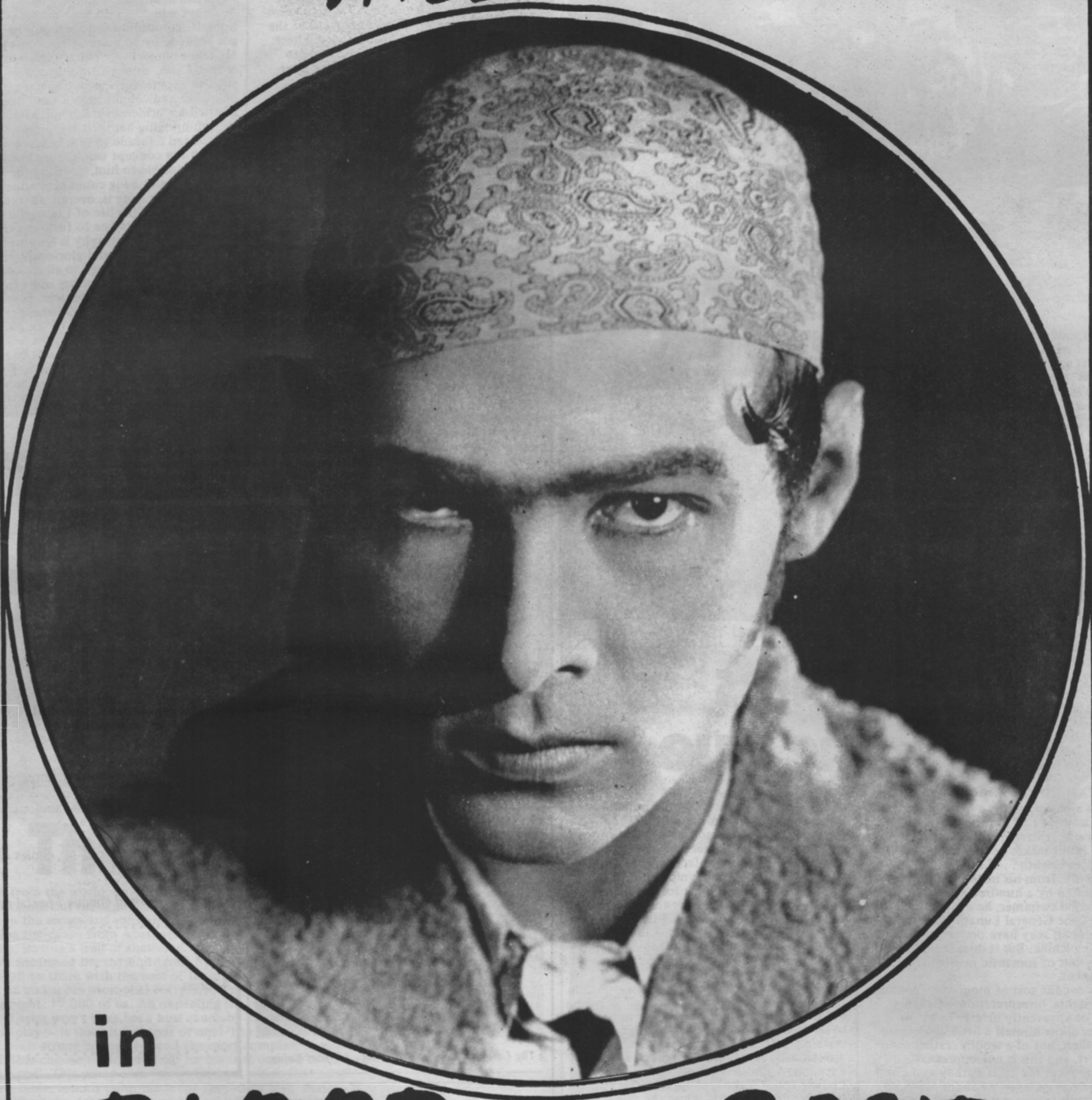


ARIES March 21 to April 20

Money matters should take a turn for the better in the early part of this month, the 10th and 13th being particularly important days. The middle part of the month from the 12th onwards should bring renewed strength to an old attachment and perhaps a new one. Think very carefully before you take decisions – an error of judgement could have very unfortunate consequences for you.



Rudolph
VALENTINO



in

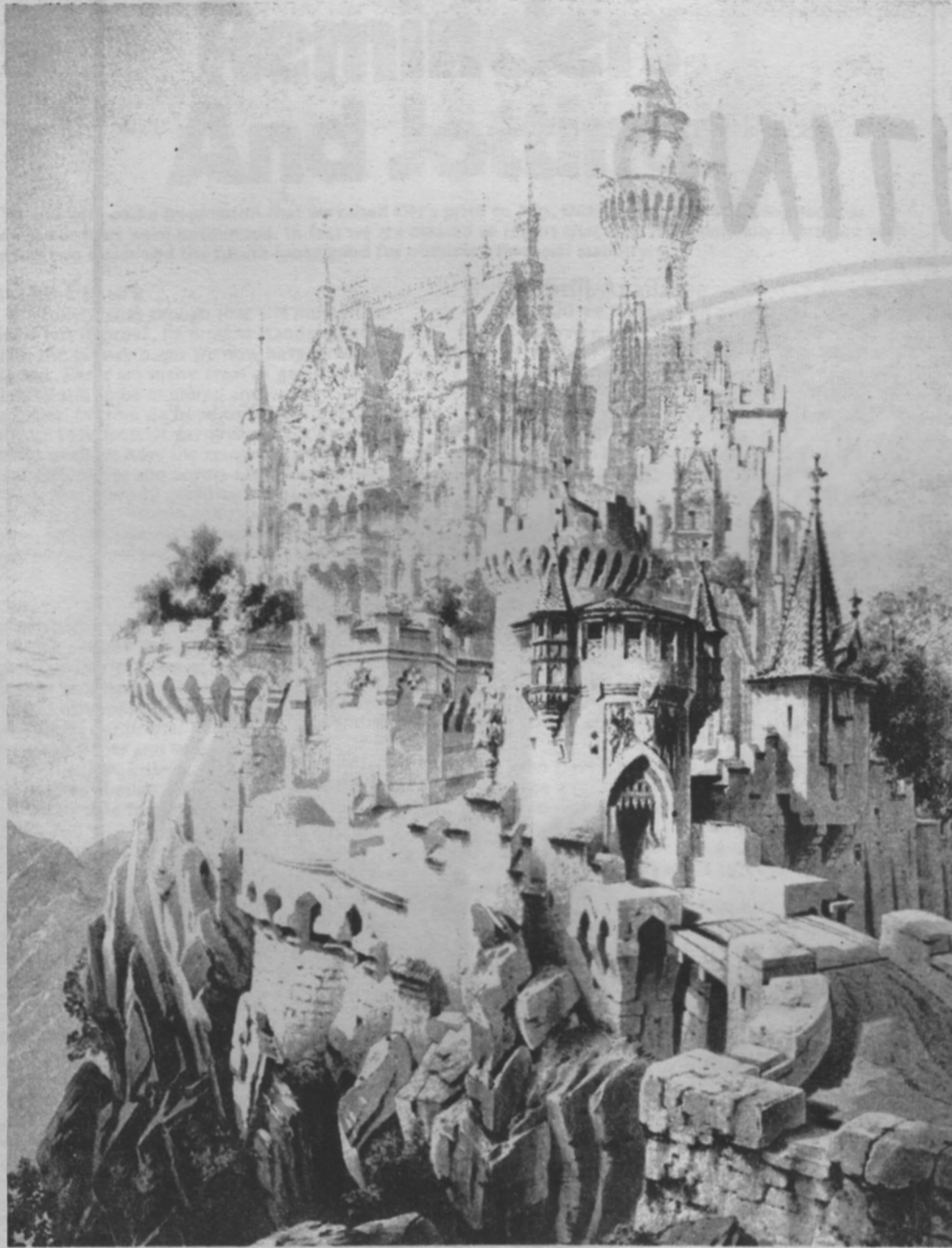
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A proposed design for Falkenstein Castle, 1883.

(Monochrome reproduction of colour plate.)

Fairy Tales Can Come True

THE DREAM KING by Wilfrid Blunt. Penguin £2.00

Mad as a hatter, gay as a brush, besotted about Wagner: such is probably the popular view of Ludwig II of Bavaria. In this cool, uncommitted biography, Wilfrid Blunt does much towards rearranging the first thought, playing down the second and explaining the third. Mr Blunt makes no great claims for his work: "There is still the need of a definitive biography in English . . ." he writes. What we have is a clear, unhurried, factual account of the king's life, from his birth in 1845 which happened in the palace of Nymphenburg and was celebrated by a hundred-gun salute in Munich, to his mysterious death forty-one years later — a good swimmer, he drowned in shallow water and took with him Dr von Gudden, director of the General Lunatic Asylum of Upper Bavaria, by then the king's guardian. Ludwig himself may have preferred to die like Brunhilde, jumping astride his horse into the overflowing Rhine. But it does seem entirely appropriate that the man whose life reads like a living play-out of romantic masochism, should end in such creepy, anti-romantic circumstances.

This is not the sort of biography in which to seek insights, interpretations or even a synthesis of apparently diverse facts. Mr Blunt does allow himself a little conjecture now and then, but of a woolly, rather sentimental sort, and this is not oppressive. Because he takes the facts as they come and makes no attempt to relate them, it is sometimes difficult to assess the author's viewpoint, especially about Ludwig's alleged madness. In the first chapter, Mr Blunt writes: ". . . for some time to come, Ludwig did not really betray symptoms of abnormality other than shyness, hypersensitivity and a dreamy romanticism". If these things are symptoms of abnormality, then nearly everyone I know possesses them. What I think is meant here is that these symptoms were to grow to enormous stature as the king grew older. Much is made of his neurotic, or morbid shyness, and we find that at the Linderhof palace the dining room had a mechanically operated table that allowed the shy king to eat without the "distasteful presence of servants". But on the other hand he was always affable with equestrians, grooms, coachmen, cooks and soldiers. Obviously he wasn't abnormally shy with everyone.

It was, rather, the pompous civilities of the court, the pressures from his ministers, the basic boring job of being a political king that repelled him. And he would retreat from responsibility into what appeared to be shyness. When he arrives at the final stages of the king's life and the conspiracy of ministers to have him certified insane, Mr Blunt presents in a couple of well-argued paragraphs, a good defence against the

charges. Ludwig, he suggests, was not mad in the commonly accepted sense at all: ". . . he did what many people would like to be able to do but cannot . . ." The situation was certainly difficult and bound to end disastrously. As absolute monarch and with a seemingly limitless supply of funds, Ludwig could make real his fantasies that stemmed from Versailles and the Sun King and from the German legends made palpable by Wagner. Yet this meant a rejection of those duties demanded of an absolute monarch; and of course conspicuous consumption of great wealth (even when it isn't public money) causes jealousy and hate among others.

And Ludwig certainly spent his money. Largely on the famous castles of Neuschwanstein, Linderhof and Herrenchiemsee, but also on lavish entertainments, presents and indulgences. Much money was invested in Wagner and Mr Blunt points out that if for nothing else, the world is in Ludwig's debt for leaving us those toyland castles and those truly great operas. The castles have taken, in tourist fees, more revenue than was originally spent on them. Wagner was lucky in finding Ludwig who was besotted by *Lohengrin* at the age of 13 and who regarded the composer as hero, saint and god. In one sense Mr Blunt's biography has that useful effect of making one want to rush off and explore in greater detail the incidents he recounts in his straightforward way. What sort of games was Wagner playing, exactly?

On the topic of Ludwig's homosexuality, Mr Blunt stays very cool indeed. His attitude seems to be that it was a fact, unfortunate perhaps, but there, so it must be mentioned

but not really explored. Commenting on the source books he has used, the author writes: "Major Chapman-Huston's book (*Bavarian Fantasy: the Story of Ludwig II*) . . . unduly stresses Ludwig's homosexuality." To be fair, Mr Blunt is clearly not interested in psycho-sexual explorations; if his interest is weighted anywhere, it is in Wagner's operas, the castles and the glamorous concoctions with which Ludwig decorated his life. What an 'undue' stress on homosexuality might consist of, I don't know, but I should guess that it was certainly more important to the dynamic of the king than is admitted here. Mr Blunt quotes from the famous secret diaries, but handles them with great reservations, suggesting that they might be forgeries.

The presence of Ludwig's homosexual lovers throughout his life is hinted at, and only the last liaison — with the young actor Josef Kainz — is dealt with in any detail. And this, incidentally, is a passage of bitter comedy as the poor lad is put through the most tremendous hoops by the arrogant king. Ludwig's easy association with grooms and stable-lads, and the reference to elaborate parties when "sometimes the better-looking young soldiers were made to strip and dance together naked", suggests an undertow of carnality that must have affected Ludwig's makeup. His diaries are full of retribution and determination to cease his homosexual activities: "The important thing is as far as is possible to get out of the habit of it . . . no further fall before 3 June . . ." Clearly there was great conflict here, between basic sex (and as king he probably found it easy enough to come by) and the highest ideals of pure spiritual friendship. Mr Blunt's suggestions are curious: "It was a great pity that he (Ludwig) was no dog-lover, for might he not perhaps have found in a dog the faithful friend that always eluded him in man?" As far as I can remember there is no good part for a dog in *The Ring*, and the girl Ludwig nearly married — Sophie, sister of the Empress of Austria — won her way into his favour by struggling through arias from *Lohengrin* and *Tannhauser*, an enterprise for which, apparently, she was not ideally equipped.

Today we may not know very much about sex and the sexual impulse, but we are

willing to rate its importance to the individual quite highly. Without destroying his admirable detachment, Mr Blunt could profitably have drawn on certain elements of current thought to relate Ludwig's sexuality to the other points of his life. For it appears that the way in which Ludwig dealt with his own sexuality, without help, information or precedent, reveals a tremendous strength of will. Mr Blunt in fact expresses neatly what Ludwig could have done but which would have meant betraying himself: compromise. Apparently he nearly got seduced by an actress: "Is it not possible?" Mr Blunt conjectures, "that Lila, had she seduced him, would have shown him that such an experience was not as alarming as he had feared? Might he not then have married his princess (ie Sophie) after all and, though bringing her little happiness, have maintained a facade to satisfy the world?" Though the concept would have been incomprehensible to him, "passing for straight" is something Ludwig could never do.

The Dream King is, overall, an excellent introduction to the life of Ludwig: as I suggest, it prompts one to further explorations and the bibliography is helpful here. The book is lavishly and gloriously illustrated — the castles are revealed in all moods, in all details in many colour plates and I think that almost every character who pops up in the text is portrayed somewhere — even apocryphal stories like that of the singer who "accidentally" fell into a shallow lake, hoping that the king would come to her aid and thus begin a perfect romance. The illustration shows Ludwig staring moodily into the sky and rapping his fingers impatiently on a little table while the lady, up to her bustle in water, seems understandably peevish that her trick has failed.

Roger Baker

Available from Gay News

The Dream King

By Wilfrid Blunt

This sumptuously illustrated paperback about one of history's most fascinating and bizarre characters — Ludwig II of Bavaria — is available from the GN Mail Order Service, 34d Redcliffe Square, London SW10.

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The Last Attachment — Ludwig and Josef Kainz.

Paperbacks

GREAT BRITISH TALES OF TERROR — Edited by Peter Haining — Penguin — 50p.

Tales of Terror is perhaps a misleading title. Afficionados of blood-and-gore, spine-chilling fiction will find little satisfaction in these pages. But if you like well-written Gothic "terror-romance", this book makes compelling reading. Peter Haining has formed a well-balanced collection of 30 short stories by such illustrious creators of the Gothic novel as Matthew Lewis, Anne Radcliffe, Mary Shelley (of "Frankenstein" fame), Thomas de Quincey and Sheridan Le Fanu, as well as lesser known authors.

The tales are rich in beautiful, pure maidens, heroic knights, tears, swoons, demons, castles, ruined abbeys, love and treachery. They weave the atmosphere of eerie, uneasy, preternatural gloom common to the Gothic genre, but failed to inspire one single qualm of "terror" in this perhaps insensitive reader. A very enjoyable book.

Sandi Rutenberg

THE EXORCIST by William Peter Blatty. Corgi 40p.

This lame horror story, a runaway best-seller in the USA, made little impact on the British market when it was originally published in 1972. And no

wonder. It's something of a metaphysical prick-teaser in that it promises a lot, but in the end delivers nothing except loose-ends of plot, two-dimensional characters and perhaps the dullest detective yet to make print.

There is probably enough material for a good short story, but extended to 300 pages, this story of a film star's daughter possessed by an ancient Iraqi god is stretched dangerously thin.

If you've got a spare afternoon with absolutely nothing else to do, well . . . But the inevitable 'film of the book' must surely follow, and I'd wait for that.

Denis Cohn

WHAT TO DO TILL THE DOCTOR COMES, by Hudson & Thomas. Mayflower, 50p

Leafing through the index of this thorough little book I came across the entry 'vagina—objects in' and knew I was hooked. I glimpsed items on Epistaxis, Cestodes, Brucellosis and anticipated the certainty that I had them all. It was only when I came across 'Fireworks — swallowed' that I began to suspect something must be wrong.

I hadn't read the title page properly. The full title is, of course 'What to do till the doctor comes — a life-saving fact book for parents.' Nevertheless, with child or without, here is a compact book about reasonably common ailments, with plenty of sensible advice. And you never know when you're going to find a foreign object in your vagina, do you?

Denis Cohn



Games People Play



All the lonely people - Hermione Baddely and Peter Wingarde in 'Mother Adam'.

MOTHER ADAM at the Hampstead Theatre Club, Swiss Cottage, London NW3.

Charles Dyer's new play **MOTHER ADAM** involves game playing among people. The programme states that this is the last in his trilogy about 'lonely people', the other plays being 'Rattle of a Simple Man' and 'Staircase'. Here is an interesting link for those that saw the latter play, in that the mother depicted here is also a bed ridden arthritic old crone who spends her time looking through a mirror at the street below, and commenting on the people seen in reflection. In 'Staircase' we only heard of her; in the film version she was seen.

Nothing much occurs in Mr Dyer's play, but it is his observation of the two characters that holds our interest throughout. The son, an obvious schizophrenic, wastes away the time by inventing new games for them both to play, giving new names to the days of the week, and addressing his mother as either Mammles or Mrs God. He is constantly searching for the truth as to who his father was, and forever imploring his mother to allow him to open the mysterious trunk placed by her bed. He is used to disappointments in life, and the opening of the trunk proves yet another let down for him. He exerts his power over her by forcing her to do daily exercises, from which she tries to escape. She, in turn, taunts him about his masculinity, and suggests several times how happy she would be to see him wed. But we soon realise that this is mere talk, and she would hate to lose her power over him.

Having seen the lightweight 'Department S' so often on TV, I had forgotten how powerful an actor Peter Wyngarde can be with the right material. As for Hermione Baddely, I have admired her work in revue and straight plays for many years, though in the past she has sometimes lapsed into overplaying. But here, as the harridan mother, taunting and goading, she never puts a foot wrong. The author would have to look far to find two finer performances for his play than those seen here.

Barry Conley

Cleo In Concert

CLEO LAINE at the Festival Hall and other Theatres.

Cleo Laine is currently touring the country in concert, and to those who have already seen her in concert, this is good news indeed. To the average public, Cleo's occasional television appearances have shown her to be an excellent 'singer of songs', be they jazz or pop. However, for many years she has been proving her multi-talents in other fields, but unfortunately much of this remains unknown to the general public. Before discussing her London concert I should like to rectify this.

In the late 50s she appeared with great success as Madame Y in Sandy Wilson's musical 'Valmouth'. I next saw her giving a poetry recital at the Royal Court, followed soon after at the same theatre by an intense performance in a West Indian play. Shortly after, she played a maid in a short lived comedy, together with Robert Morley and Ruth Gordon, and more than held her own against these two great comedy 'hams'. Appearances in such diversified items as a children's musical 'Cindy Ella', Kurt Weill's opera 'Seven Deadly Sins', and Shakespeare's 'Midsummer Night's Dream', convinced me further of her many talents. It was not until the early '60's that I first had the opportunity of seeing her give a one-woman show at Lewisham. During that evening she ranged from folk song to German Leider, and reprised part of her 'Seven Deadly Sins' success. Since then she has played four years in succession at the Festival Hall under the title **SPRING COLLECTION**, and it is with this current programme that Cleo is again touring around Britain.

I don't intend to list all of her songs, as no doubt she will be varying her selection, judging from the imposing list on the programme. There are the expected songs: Bread's "Make It With You" featured on her last album, "Palma Bossa Nova" by Dankworth, "Sit Right Down and Write Myself A Letter", an oldie revived on her forthcoming album, "On A Clear Day" which with this arrangement becomes the definitive version of the song, and her reprise from 'Showboat', the lovely Kern melody "Bill" which she sang so touchingly and freshly it was hard to believe she'd been performing it these past 20 months. Then there is a song which she has made her own over the years "Please Don't Talk About Me" - the 'beg off' tune she uses after all those encores.

From her new songs, Previn's "Control Yourself" rightly brought the house down, with Cleo

reaching some high notes she probably didn't know she had. Bessie Smith's "Gimme A Pigfoot" in her hands becomes a raucous and vibrant, low down comic blues. Several songs opening the second half were unannounced and though very enjoyable, remained anonymous. "Wish You Were Here" is an interesting song in the form of a letter sent to an absent lover... The standard "Stardust" as sung by a foreign singer who learns the lyrics phonetically but wrongly is riotously funny. A lyric by Shakespeare "You Spotted Snakes", becomes a haunting poem with its Dankworth melody, and follows his music set to an Ogden Nash piece titled "Euphoria". But out of some 30 entries, were I to choose a favourite, it would have to be Michel Legrand's "You Must Believe In Spring", the perfect mating of music and lyric to form a poignant moment amongst an evening of many highlights.

For further details of Cleo's tour, see Sunday Times or Sunday Observer.

Barry Conley



Battle Of The Sexes

COLLABORATORS at the Duchess Theatre, Catherine Street, London WC2.

Making a welcome return to theatreland after a 6 year absence is Glenda Jackson in John Mortimer's new comedy **COLLABORATORS**. Though billed as such, the theme of a failing marriage made it difficult at times for the artists involved to maintain a steady level of comedy.

The set of an old London house in the 1950s shows every sign of being the home of a large family, being littered with children's nappies, toys and plastic bottles. The husband, a tall, gangling unsuccessful lawyer, is also a part-time writer, and their home is invaded by the arrival of an American film producer who offers the husband the chance to write a film script about modern marriage. There are various allusions to the producer's accent being uncertain and as portrayed by Joss Ackland, I was uncertain whether he was meant to be an American, or just an Englishman with a phony accent.

The husband is having an innocent flirtation with a woman from his office, and when she turns up at his home intent on a sexual affair, he has a change of heart and discourages her with a lie. Meanwhile, his wife threatens to leave with the producer, expecting an angry reaction from her spouse; he replies "be my guest".

The heavy moments are lightened momentarily by the couple performing a burlesque on ballroom dancing. There is one amusing idea, wherein they sing a medley of songs, substituting the word 'dance' for a 4 letter word. There are endless permutations possible (our couple sing quite a few, including 'Dancing on the Ceiling' and 'Dancing Cheek to Cheek') and who knows, John Mortimer may well have invented a good party game for the future.

At the finish I felt exhausted from listening to the pair's verbal exchanges, and watching their dalliances, but their decision to stay together doesn't ring true, though the wife seemed to have no alternative.

In this role, Glenda Jackson proves how much the theatre has missed, while she has been occupied in playing Queen Elizabeth and all those highly emotional screen ladies. Her marvellously chiselled features, a gamine fringed hair-do, and her beautifully distinctive speaking voice are a welcome delight. Most of all, it is her intelligent performance that holds this play together. John Wood is

the perfect co-star to her portrayal, though I kept wondering why an intelligent woman would marry such a man, after a previous unsuccessful marriage.

Director's Macbeth

MACBETH - The National Theatre at the Old Vic.

'The play's the thing' quoth Shakespeare, although in this case I think he would agree that the direction is the real star of the show. As with 'The Front Page' Michael Blakemore once more demonstrates to the full how to get the best out of his material, turning a well known classic into a 'NOW' production.

From the moment the curtain rises to a darkened stage and the strange sound effects blare at us across the footlights an unusual production was inevitable. The three witches, beautifully contrasted, filled the stage with their strange chanting and prophesies. The slow motion effect used in the scene following is eerie and compelling. So it continues throughout the play, many moments brilliantly highlighted by ingenious ideas.

On the strength of his performance in these two Michael Blakemore productions, Denis Quilley automatically becomes the new matinee idol of today. Although he has been around for years playing nondescript roles in musicals and revues, his sudden triumph at the National Theatre is well deserved. An actress whose talents I had not taken seriously before now is Diana Rigg. I take it all back however, after watching her 'Lady Macbeth.' The hidden depths of passion for power are subtly presented in her performance. It seems unfair to single out any other performance when the whole cast, as in all productions at the National, give such notable support.

Barry Conley

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ALONE AGAIN, NATURALLY — Esther Phillips — Kudu KUL 6

The immediate problem that comes to mind when artists make a really outstanding recording, is how they are going to equal or surpass it with the follow-up album. Esther Phillips has solved that possible dilemma by ensuring that she only sings the very best material available and that the songs are ideal for her vocal range.

Esther Phillips started her singing career during the 1950's when she was thirteen, performing at Johnny Otis's club in Ohio and travelling with his famous 'road show' which toured all over America. In those days she was known as Little Esther and achieved chart success with a number of singles. But by the early 1960's she had developed a serious drug problem. Throughout that decade she struggled against her heroin addiction, until 1969 when she finally 'kicked the habit' and rehabilitated herself back into society by resuming her career in the Los Angeles area. Not long after, she obtained a recording contract with Creed Taylor's Kudu label.

Now there seems to be no looking back for Esther. Although her comeback album *From A Whisper To A Scream* was not a big seller in the UK, it sold well in the US and re-established her as a leading songstress. Her new record, *Alone Again, Naturally*, is an ingenious collection of first rate songs, put over in her own inimitable style. The arrangements are a mixture of jazz and soul and, with the impeccable production, create a perfect backdrop to Esther's singing. Her voice is a little similar to the late Dinah Washington's at times, but not enough to become irritating.

Ms Phillips's sophisticated phrasing and the 'light and shade' effect of her vocal delivery draws out every iota of passion and emotion contained in songs like *I Don't Want To Do Wrong*, *Let's Move and Groove Together*, *Do Right Woman — Do Right Man* and *You And Me Together*. No less moving are her versions of two beautiful Bill Withers songs, *Let Me Into Your Life* and *Use Me*, and Gilbert O'Sullivan's *Alone*

Again (*Naturally*) only gains in stature from her treatment of it. Black sisters and Womens Lib supporters will appreciate and support the sentiments expressed in the monologue that introduces *Georgia Rose*, as well as in the words of the song.

When an artist like Esther Phillips returns from the hell of addiction with such positive force and feeling, she deserves all the encouragement we can give. The number of fine performers, such as Billie Holiday, Charlie Parker, Janis Joplin, already claimed by hard drugs is forever rising. It's heartening to know that Esther Phillips will not be on that fatal list.



OOH LA LA — Faces — Warner Bros K56011
HOUSES OF THE HOLY — Led Zeppelin — Atlantic K50014

Rod Stewart, lead singer with the Faces and superstar solo artist in his own right, is on record as saying the following about the group's latest album *Ooh La La*: "It was a bloody mess... it was a disgrace."

Allowing for Mr Stewart's artistic temperament, I find that *Ooh La La* is the most pleasing of the recordings he has made with the rest of the Faces. Although there is nothing particularly exceptional about the album, it does showcase two sides of good rocking music. The standard is set by *Cindy Incidentally*, which made the top five in the charts as a single. Of the other tracks, *Silicone Crown*, *Borstal Boys*, *If I'm On The Late Side* and the title track contribute to making this an above average collection of contemporary rock.

I wish I could say the same about the fifth album to be released by Led Zeppelin. After taking over a year to write, record and package *Houses Of The Holy*, their efforts are likely to be thought of as the non-event of 1973.

Once upon a time Led Zeppelin were the heaviest of all the 'heavy' rock bands, that term being more or less invented to describe them when all other descriptive adjectives failed to communicate the intensity of their music. But you won't find any cuts like

Whole Lotta Love or *The Lemon Song* on *Houses of the Holy*. It is a completely uninspiring and disappointing venture, that is also poorly performed and recorded. Some bands, despite the inferior product — sorry, music, they are producing still manage to reach the top of the album charts, but it is only a matter of time before the public reacts against such negativity and then even the most fantastic of record covers won't save them from obscurity.

GASOLINE — Chip Taylor — Buddah 2318074
WILLIS ALAN RAMSEY — A&M AMLS 68158

Everybody has their own special likes and dislikes, and when it comes to music, tastes and prejudices tend to be extremely varied. I try to experience and be aware of most of what is happening in contemporary music. There's quite a lot going on if you have plenty of patience and know where to look. But when it's late and I have had my fill of getting to know albums I have to review, I tend to play five or six albums more than any others. This 'personal hit parade' changes every now and then, although at present it is fairly static. Roxy Music still enthral me, as does Steely Dan's *Can't Buy a Thrill* album and Dion & The Belmonts' 'live' collection of oldies. David Bowie's *Aladdin Sane* is compulsory listening and Really by J J Cale is ideal for playing in the early

hours of the morning. And Willis Alan Ramsey's initial release and Chip Taylor's solo record *Gasoline* get onto my turntable most nights.

Both the last two albums mentioned have been available for over a month, but most people will never hear them unless some BBC DJ 'discovers' them. Commercially they are probably doomed, but make no mistake, they are both extremely good and look as if they will become lasting favourites of mine. Chip Taylor is primarily a songwriter, having had considerable success when P P Arnold and Billie Davis recorded *Angel Of The Morning*. The reggae version did well in the black community too. The Hollies made the singles charts with his song *The Baby*. It was a welcome departure from that group's usual preference for 'formula' songs. As far as I know this is Taylor's debut release, although throughout *Gasoline* he sounds like a seasoned veteran.

Chip does *Angel Of The Morning*, but the outstanding tracks are *Gasoline*, *Lady Lisa*, *Oh My Marie*, *Dirty Matthew* and the beautifully haunting *Londonderry Company*. Sometimes the lyrics tell strange little stories, other times they are concerned with intense but very human relationships. The main musical influences are rock, with a dash of country and the production and arrangements are near perfect and in complete harmony with the moods and images Chip Taylor creates.

It has taken A&M Records (UK) a few months to get around to releasing Willis Alan Ramsey's first American Shelter recording. Limited potential they no doubt think, but that doesn't stop it from being a very fine album. Country blues, a touch of Woody Guthrie and Bob Dylan, a bit of cajun and country and western influence, emerge from Will Alan's performance. His versatile guitar playing is similar to Ry Cooder's at times, and, as anyone familiar with that gentleman's music will agree, that can't be bad. 'Laid back' is a term that could well be used to describe Ramsey's style. Surprisingly, for a first release, there is very little to find fault with, the whole venture resulting in a totally satisfying and funky affair.

Fully realising the unfortunately limited appeal of these two albums, I can but advise you to hear them for yourselves.
IT'S NOT LOVE (BUT IT'S NOT BAD) — Merle Haggard & The Strangers — Capitol EST 11127

The two day International Festival of Country Music held at London's Empire Pool over the Easter weekend has caused the record companies to release an enormous amount of recordings by country and western artists. One of the best is *It's Not Love (But It's Not Bad)* by one of the 'kings' of country music, Merle Haggard and his back-up band, The Strangers.

Haggard is a bit of an old reactionary at times, as some of his past songs show, but nevertheless he has been one of the major influences in the current surge of interest in this genre. Nearly all of the youthful country bands that have sprung up recently, name Merle Haggard as one of their main sources of inspiration.

It's Not Love (But It's Not Bad) is a well balanced selection of eleven songs, with the title track, *It's Not Love*, *New York City Blues*, *A Shoulder To Cry On*, *Dad's Old Fiddle* and *Somewhere To Come When It Rains* standing out as obvious highlights.

If you want to hear the finest in contemporary, but not that far from traditional country and western, you need look no further than this new album by Merle Haggard and The Strangers.

LADY SINGS THE BLUES — Original Soundtrack featuring Diana Ross — TMSF 1131

I must admit that I had my reservations when I learnt that Diana Ross had been chosen to portray the late Billie Holiday in *Lady Sings The Blues*. To my mind, a successful pop singer, no matter how experienced or professional, was the wrong choice. I felt the role needed to be played by a mature, more jazz orientated performer. But after seeing and hearing Diana, I withdraw all previous misgivings. She displays an unexpected amount of acting talent, which is impressive when one remembers that this is her screen



debut, and her singing and phrasing captures perfectly the essence of Billie Holiday's style which made 'Lady Day' into the jazz legend she has become.

The film, loosely based on Billie's autobiography of the same name, is unfortunately pure 'Hollywood', in its interpretation of her life. The absence from the script of musicians such as Lester Young or Teddy Wilson, who were incredibly important influences on Billie's career, is unforgivable. So too is the glossing over of much of the pain and humiliation she had to bear during her struggle for success and recognition.

The one factor that saves *Lady Sings The Blues* from being a grossly misleading fantasy is the excellence of Diana Ross's performance, of which the best musical moments are captured on the soundtrack recording. I should point out though, that the first album of this two-record set contains some dialogue from the film, which tends to make the songs a little short and bitty, although this does not occur on the second record. The evocative music score is by Michel Legrand.

LOVE, PEACE & SOUL — Honey Cone — Hot Wax SHW 5010

Love, Peace & Soul is the fourth album to be released by Honey Cone and it sadly displays a marked decline in the performance by this three girl vocal act. Earlier in their career, when they were producing hits such as *Want Ad*, *One Monkey Don't Stop No Show*, and *Stick Up*, they threatened to topple the Supremes from their elevated position as America's number one girl group, but the type of material they are currently producing is unlikely to have any impact on anyone.

This new recording mostly relies upon the same cliché ridden songs that never break away from formulae that have proved successful in the past. Even with material like *Stay In My Corner*, *Honey Cone* manage to

capture little of the feeling that made it such an enormous hit for The Dells. And their version of *Smokey Robinson's Ooo Baby Baby* just doesn't compare with the treatment recently given it by Donnie Elbert.

Despite the sympathetic production and the often full and sweeping arrangements, there is little on *Love, Peace & Soul* to recommend.

WILSON PICKETT'S GREATEST HITS — Atlantic K60038

It is quite a few years since Wilson Pickett notched up his first worldwide hit with the classic *In The Midnight Hour*. From those days, right up to and including his most recent recordings, he has displayed an inventive and original approach to whatever material he has used. Pickett, unlike many other singers in this area of music, hasn't been content to rely on accepted styles and has experimented with the many aspects of the soul genre. His covering of songs that have already been top twenty entries for other artists has often produced exciting alternative versions to the originals. When Pickett recorded *Lennon and McCartney's Hey Jude*, he added a dimension to the song that even the Beatles hadn't dreamed of, and with the help of the stunning guitar work of Duane Allman, made that cut into one of the all-time great soul classics.

There are a total of twenty four cuts on this two-record set. Reading the track listing is a little like reading a hit parade, for Pickett has had a remarkable amount of successful records. There are no obvious omissions and titles such as *In The Midnight Hour*, *Mustang Sally*, *Funky Broadway*, *Land Of 1000 Dances*, *I'm a Midnight Mover*, *Don't Knock My Love*, *Hey Jude*, and *You Keep Me Hangin' On* still sound as impressive as they did when first released.

Whilst no-one could replace the late, great Otis Redding, Wilson Pickett amply shows that he is in the same class.



LAST TANGO IN PARIS — Gato Barbieri and His Orchestra — United Artists UAS 29440

Despite what GN's music critic may have to say about *Last Tango In Paris*, the soundtrack is one of the most memorable features of the film. This recording is the 'original motion picture score', not the soundtrack, for the music used in the movie was performed by a smaller group of musicians. On the 'original score' album, a larger ensemble is used. This in no way detracts from the enjoyment of the music, as the composer, the Argentine jazz tenorist Gato Barbieri, enlarges on the themes and mood pieces used on the soundtrack. Barbieri potently plays his wailing, screeching sax magnificently throughout the record, the complexities of the Latin based melodies combining well with the more conventional soundtrack instrumentals.

The film *Last Tango In Paris* may soon be only a vague memory, as its vast amount of publicity is forgotten with the release of more sexually explicit celluloid creations. The 'original score' though, has far more of a chance of staying popular and providing many with some fine musical experiences.

Denis Lemon

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Elusive Success



Arthur Lowe and Rachel Roberts 'dictating'.

OH LUCKY MAN! Director; Lindsay Anderson. Script: David Sherwin. Music: Alan Price. Stars: Malcolm McDowell, Ralph Richardson, Arthur Lowe, Dandy Nichols, Rachel Roberts, Mona Washbourne, Graham Crowden. Distributor: Columbia-Warner.

Once in a while a movie comes along that blows your mind so sky high that you emerge stunned, zombie-like at the end, sure that your image of the world has been finally shattered or fulfilled. *Oh Lucky Man* in the company of *Billy Jack*, *Billy Liar*, *The Go-between* and *Sunday Bloody Sunday* had that effect on me. An epic satirical tract on the English civilisation, lifestyle, rot inducing culture; of a young man in search of that magic sparkling purple ball – success, in our supposedly crumbling, but always alive diarchy, composed of on one side, politicians and on the other the blue blooded wealth, with the Police and the Army sliding into whatever niche is most comfortable.

The film is based on a scenario McDowell wrote of his own life and expands on his goonish images as a travelling salesman for 'Imperial Coffee', to create a bitter, horrific,

often funny, amoral exposé of a journey; through Northern life, big business, British justice, politics etc. The episodes are linked by Alan Price's poignant lyrics:—

"We all want justice but you've got to have money to buy it – Only a fool would close his eyes and deny it . . .

On and on and on and on we go, round the world in circles turning, gaining what we can."

As the song's lyrics emphasise the simplicity of corruption, the dialogue, vitriolic in the extreme, presents the insanity. Sir Ralph Richardson as a steely businessman, when confronted by a crazed Scottish professor, whose invention he's misused, comments "Give him a barley wine and two valium."

Oh Lucky Man is a difficult movie to describe or criticise with its numerous plots and ideas which are going to shatter everyone in a different way, constructively. It is an amazing nihilism of our basic beliefs, which anyone who ever goes to the cinema can't afford to miss.

David Seligman

Nostalgia To Nausea

THAT'LL BE THE DAY (Anglo-EMI) takes a charming backward glance to late 1950s adolescence through the eyes of Jimmy McInane (David Essex), one of the period's unsettled lads, who tries attending deck chairs, looking after his mum's shop, sexual promiscuity, and working in a holiday camp and fun fair (amusingly with Ringo Starr). Eventually he plumps for pop music.

Although he's not a particularly honourable lad, it's a slightly whimsical tale as he drifts entertainingly, but rather too easily to be true through life (script by Ray Conolly). I liked the film best when it was observing the dress and mannerisms of the period, and this was when Claude Whatham's deft, light and skilful direction really came to the fore.

It was nice to see Billy Fury again as Rocky Storm, leader of a holiday camp pop group, dare I say, looking as beautiful as ever.

Touring with *That'll Be The Day* is **RADIO WONDERLAND**, a remarkably candid look at the life/work style and moral attitudes of Radio One disc jockeys. Alan Freeman alone, emerges as reasonably likable. Very perceptive – recommended.

THE TRAIN ROBBERS (Columbia-Warner), written and directed by Burt Kennedy with a rousing musical score by Dominic Frontiere, is an enjoyable, relaxing western with 'Duke' Wayne, Ben Johnson, Rod Taylor, Bobby Vinton and a busty Ann Margaret, who go on a daredevil trip across the Mexican border in search of gold and a reward. Nostalgic men of old spirit, they survive all, including a heavy gun attack from 20 men or more. Ann Margaret emerges without a finger being laid on her, only to double-cross her mentors; expansive shots of beautiful scenery abound.

Generally underestimated, Kennedy is one of the best directors of westerns around, and in this movie his parodies of the styles of Ford and Leone come off with spectacular success. Connoisseurs of the genre shouldn't miss it.

TOM SAWYER (United Artists) directed by Don Taylor. I'm very fond of cinematic extremes. Just as I love the shattering reality of *Oh Lucky Man*, I'm a sucker for the schmaltzy musical like *Tom Sawyer*. Although the characters in this new version of Twain's classic are fairly authentic, the narrative meanders somewhat, but maintains Twain's spirit in never taking itself very seriously, while the serious sequences remain credible.

Tom Sawyer is a truant in a curiously all-white American Deep South, who prefers fishing and swimming amidst everlasting sunshine and beautiful scenery to going to school. Don Taylor directs with a humorous verve and an obvious affection for the ebullience of childhood fantasies and adventures. The children, particularly Johnny Whitaker as *Tom Sawyer*, give cynically virtuoso performances as earnest sun-drenched innocents. They must all be the children of Beverly Hills divorcees. I enjoyed it immensely.

TIFFANY JONES (Hemdale) directed by Peter Walker in a style clumsily akin to a *Carry On*, is about a large, uniformed president of an Eastern European communist country, Eric Pohlmann of course, who falls in love with dolly London model (Anouska Hempel) after seeing her picture in a newspaper. He comes to London to seduce her and they quickly become involved with plots on his life and position. Coups and counterplots abound, with revolutionaries and a deposed king dragging up to disguise their identity etc.

The situation is ripe for parody and deliberate bad acting of a script seemingly borrowed from at least ten other films, but unfortunately the cast and director have plumped for an attempt at straight comedy, whose single gem is Bill Kerr as one of the American arms dealers, made to look like George C. Scott in *Patton*, he provides a smile or two.

David Seligman



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Provincial Info

IPSWICH: The Sea Horse Inn. (Young crowd, occasional drag)

SOUTHPORT: Queens, Promenade, ballroom bar. Gays welcomed by 'Louise'. The 'Baron's Bar' of the 'Scaribrick', Lord Street.

STRATFORD ON AVON: The Queens Head, Ely Street.

BOURNEMOUTH: Club: White Rabbit, Side Entrance, 140 Commercial Road. Open 9pm to 2am.

NEWPORT (MON): The Kings Head Hotel (Lounge Bar), High Street, opp. station.

Pub: The Waterloo, Commercial St, (by the dock gates).

ST ALBANS: Pub: The Boot.

BURNLEY: Pub: The Cross Keys.

LANCASTER: Pub: Farmers Arms, King Street, "Landlord pro gay".

SCARBOROUGH: Pub: The Cliff Inn, Huntriss Row. Hotel: The Granby, 1 Queen Street, reasonably priced private gay hotel.

BATH: Pub: The Regency (opposite Theatre Royal). Club: Georges Club.

CHELTENHAM: New Twenty Club, 20 High Street, Telephone 25821.

PLYMOUTH: Pubs: The Lockyer, Derry's Clock, Lockyer Street (Oak Lounge - Back Bar). The Phoenix, off Union Street. The Valletort.

NEWCASTLE: Pubs: Eldon Grill (Variety Bar) opposite Grey's Monument, Grey Street. Royal Turks Head (Red Rover Bar), Grey Street. Grapes Vaults, Grey Street. Royal Court Grill, Bigg Market (rough). Chancellors Head, Bigg Market. County Hotel (Nancy's Bar), foot of Westgate Road.

SUNDERLAND: Club: Ro-Ko-Ko, The Promenade, Roker, Sunderland.

CHESTER: The bar of the Blossom Hotel.

WINDSOR: Pubs: The Ship and the Three Tuns, both near the Guildhall.

MORECOMBE: Mason's Arms. Queen Street, Thursday through Sunday.

PRESTON: Pubs: Grove Hotel, Fylde Road. Bull and Royal Cockpit Bar. Men only.

BLACKBURN: Pub: Merchant's Hotel, Darwen Street, by GPO. Drag shows. Partly gay club: Top Hat Club.

NORWICH: Pub: Studio Four, Anglia Studios.

BEDFORD: Pub: The Barley Mow, Bromham Road.

MANCHESTER: Pub: Union Hotel, Princess Street, women, men and drag. Rembrandt, Sackville Street, Trafford. Back bar and mostly men. Cavalcade, junction Wilmslow Road and Barlow Moor Road, Didsbury, Sunday lunch time. New York, Richmond Street, behind Union Hotel, Women and men. Mechanics, Sackville Street. Clubs: Samanthas, back Piccadilly (off Newton Street). Ban on women and admittance restricted to members and guests only. Picador, Bradshaw Street, Shude Hill. Rockingham, Queen Street.

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AYLESBURY: Pub: The Britannia.

DUNSMORE (NEAR WENDOVER, BUCKS): Pub: The Fox.

THAME (OXON): Pub: The Jolly Sailor.

CANTERBURY: Pub: The Queen's Head, Watling St. Lounge Bar.

CHATHAM: Pub: The Ship.

CARDIFF: Pubs: Royal Hotel (Roberts Bar), St Mary Street. Royal Oak, St Mary St (Best after 9pm.) Club: Showbiz Club, Hope Street. (Mixed).

WARRINGTON: Pub: The Higher Seven Stars, Bridge Street.

BRISTOL: Pubs: Radnor Hotel, St Nicholas Street. The Ship (by Colston Hall).

BIRMINGHAM: Pubs: Crown, Station St. Trocadero: Temple Street. Victoria: by Alexandra Theatre (the most popular). Pub: The Victoria (near New St Stn). Clubs: Grosvenor House, 326 Hagley Road, Birmingham 17. (Tel. 021-429 4678) Smart; bars, lounge, discotheque, hotel accommodation, etc. Nightingale: 50 Camp Hill, Birmingham 12. (Tel: 021-772 2665). Less formal; bar, dancing, discotheques every Tuesday. (Moving later this year). Baths: 385 Sauna, High Street, West Bromwich.

NOTTINGHAM: Pub: Roebuck, Mansfield Road. "Members only" Bar on the left - tell them you're gay - the landlady is too.

Pub: Dog and Partridge, Parliament Street, New Victoria Development.

Club: Mario's Restaurant, Stenford Street, off Castlegate.

EDINBURGH: Pub: The Kenilworth, Rose Street. Scottish Victoriana. The Abercromby Hotel (downstairs Bar), Abercromby Place. Very new, very gay, with coal fires and Georgian furnishings.

GLASGOW: Pubs: Studio One, Byres Road (top of). Mixed pleasant crowd, artists, students. The Duke of Wellington, Argyle Street. Large and busy. Club: The Close Theatre Club, Gorbals Street. Join at door or a member will sign you in. Restaurant. Good plays. Very popular.

In SCOTLAND all pubs close at 10pm and are closed all day Sunday. Hotels have 7-day licences.

LEEDS: Pubs: Great Northern and Hope and Anchor. Club: Charley's Briggate. Members and guests. Free in the week, pricey at weekends. Mostly men.

LIVERPOOL: Pub: The Lisbon, Victoria Street, Liverpool 2. Private Lounge: The Bonaparte, Temple Lane, Liverpool 2 (entrance "C", Temple Buildings). "Strictly gays only". Opens 9pm, bar from 10.30 when doors close. Closed Mondays. Clubs: The New Bear's Paw, Dórrans Lane (off Lord Street) Liverpool 1. Open 10.30pm to 1am. Also open for lunch; closed Mondays. The Archway, Hockenhall Alley (off Dale Street) L.2. 10pm to 2am. Closed Wednesdays. Men and women. John's Gay Bar Royal (next to 'Ascot'), Wood Street (off Hanover Street) Liverpool 1. Closed Tuesdays. Men and women.

BLACKPOOL: Lucy's Bar, Talbot Square.

Club: Pepe's Club, Talbot Road.

We shall be listing provincial pubs and clubs more regularly in future, and would be grateful if all readers could send us information.

THE GIGOLO. Kings Road, London SW3.

THE PINK ELEPHANT CLUB, 8 Newport Place, London WC2.

THE MASQUERADE CLUB, 310 Earls Court Road, London SW5.

THE DOK CLUB, 2a Lowndes Court, London W1 (off Carnaby Street).

THE COLEHERNE and BOLTONS PUBS in Earls Court and the **CHAMPION** notting Hill Gate. **THE QUEENS HEAD,** Tryon Street (off Kings Road), London SW3.

THE FATHER RED CAP (upstairs bar) Camberwell Green, London SE5.

THE GREEN ROOM of the WHEAT-SHEAF, Goldhawk Road, Shepherds Bush, London.

THE PAVILION CLUB, 123 Shardlow Road, (A6) Shardlow, Derbys.

THE GREEN MAN, The Place, Winchester, Hants.

ROKOKO CLUB, Roker, Sunderland.

PRINCESS ROYAL, 172 Wellingborough Road, Northampton.

THE NIGHTINGALE CLUB, 50 Camp Hill, Birmingham 12.

MOULIN ROUGE, 72 Worrall Road, Clifton, Bristol

VALENTINES - GEORGES CLUB (off Gay Street) Bath.

THE REGENCY, opposite Theatre Royal, Bath.

DON JOHN'S CLUB, Silver Street, Doncaster.

THE UNICORN BOOKSHOP, 50 Gloucester Road, Brighton.

BRISTOWS PAPERBACKS, 4 Bride-well Alley, Norwich.

BETHNAL ROUGE BOOKSHOP, 248 Bethnal Green Road, London E2.

LE FAUNE RESTAURANT, 23 Praed Street, London W2.

SHANES CLUB, 1 Broadhurst Gardens London NW6

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