

GAY NEWS

N°53

15p

FORTNIGHTLY

Eire

— part two of the Gay News Irish Special looks at the situation of gays in the Republic. Pages 5-6

Peter Katin

— outcome of CHE's meeting with Tunbridge Wells Council. Page 3

GLC Scandal

— council's behind-the-scenes threat over gay information. Page 3

The Hole In The Wall

— and the adventures of an egg!
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The Molly Parkin Interview

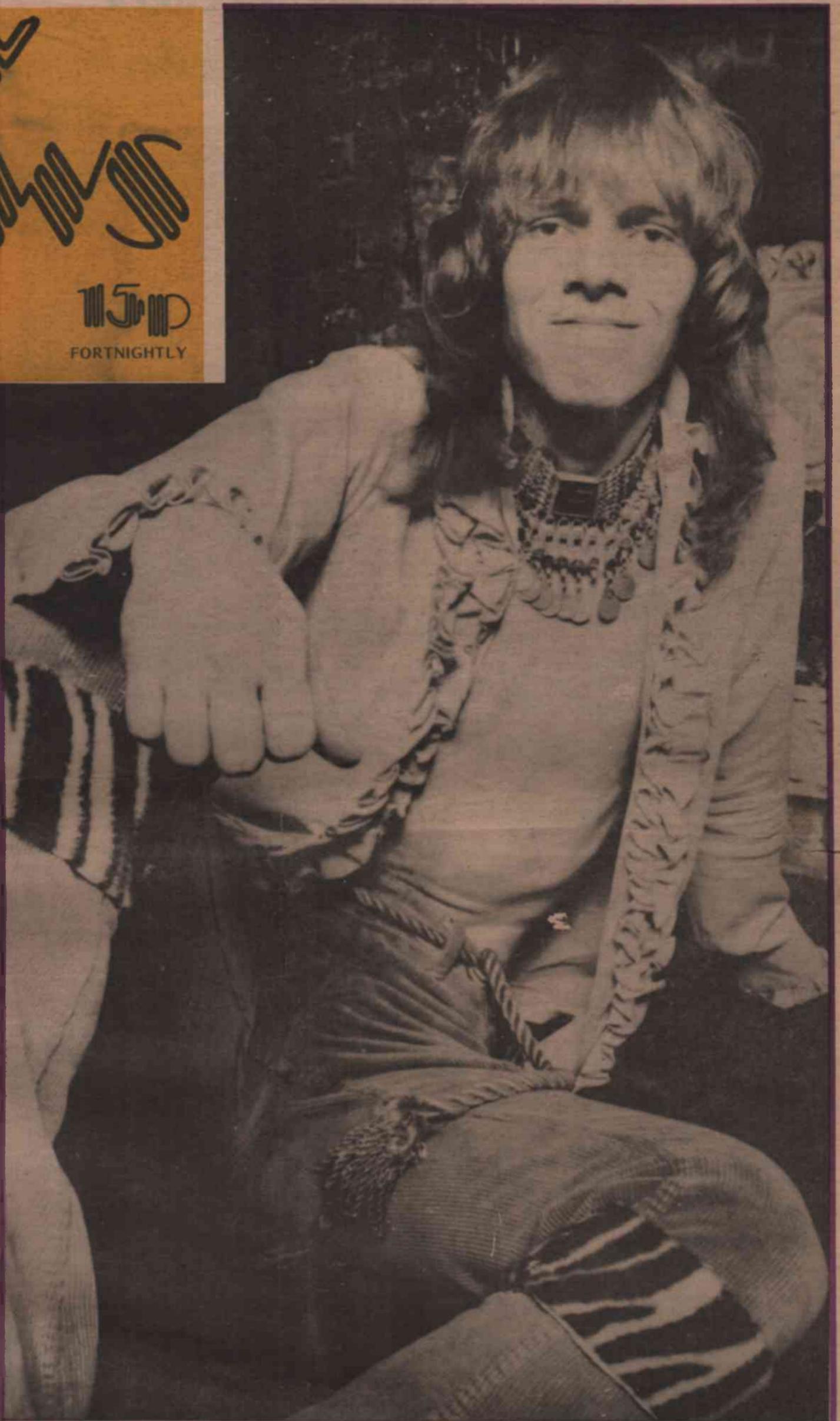
— the Evening Standard's controversial columnist on fetishes, fashion and feminism. Page 13

Needlework

— the first of a new monthly column in which Crotchet reviews the new classical releases. Page 16

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— an ambitious scheme to mount a gay arts festival in London. Page 7



SING A GAY SONG

Adorning our front cover in such an attractive way this issue is Chris Robison, whose recently-produced American gay LP *Chris Robison and His Many Hand Band* is described as "possibly the definitive New York gay album." This quote comes from Peter Burton's article on the gay rock scene—pages nine and ten inside. Peter has taken a look at the albums on sale in the States (unfortunately they aren't easily available here) and given his opinions about musical content, lyrics, style etc.

Other overtly gay musicians, who aren't afraid of singing about their gayness that Peter features are Mike Cohen, Lavender Country, Paul Wagner and Steven Grossman.

Photograph: Hal Wilson



Number 53

August 15 - September 11

Tin-Pot Town Hall Tyrants

One step forward, two steps back—we're all doing the Town Hall Two-Step.

Tunbridge Wells Council has backed down on its shameful decision not to allow Peter Katin to give a benefit recital for the CHE groups in Kent. And they backed down because of a loud public outcry which made them look foolish. That public outcry arose from an appreciation that the gay angle on the concert—the fact that it was a benefit for CHE—was irrelevant to the question whether Peter Katin should or should not be allowed to play in the Assembly Halls.

Had the convenors of the three Kent CHE groups proposed to stage a gay orgy, to demonstrate the number of positions available to homosexual lovers with a grand piano, then perhaps the question of sex might have legitimately entered into the council's discussions. Peter Katin's recital, we are reliably informed, is not to be that exotic, and it is therefore not relevant to raise the issue of homosexuality.

So we can rejoice a little that, in this particular instance, the tin-pot gods of local government have been brought rudely to their senses.

It would, however, be easier to rejoice were it not for two other stories in this issue, reflecting on the sanity of local councillors and their inability to appreciate when sexuality is and is not relevant.

The first story involves, to their eternal shame and discredit, the councillors of Edinburgh. These worthy sages decided to refuse the International Gay Rights Congress a civic reception. As a general rule, a civic reception is given away free, with coloured brochures of the city, to any group which holds a conference in Edinburgh. Were the Transglobal Confederation of Left Hand Egg Whisk Salesmen to hold their annual convention in the city, their request for a reception would sail through *nemo contra dicente*, and the less dilapidated city elders would be decked out in holly and tinsel and dutifully wheeled into position to extend a warm welcome.

However in the case of the Gay Rights Congress, Tory leader Brian Meek imposed his own private three-line whip on his gaggle of councillors. First he stuck his nose in, and his neck out, by professing the usual sort of myopic outrage at the idea of homosexuals meeting in his fair city. Then he contacted the other members of his gang, telling them that they had better back him up in the council debate if they knew what was best for The Party. And with one honourable exception, the sheep all dutifully bleated their support. A handful of timid Labour councillors fell off the fence into the laps of the Tory party, and ensured that the Congress would not be welcomed in Edinburgh. And for the time being, Brian Meek grins like a Cheshire cat—if the good folk of Cheshire will forgive the geographical displacement.

There is, however, a small ray of light at the end of the tunnel. The vote will probably be challenged in October. We can only keep our fingers crossed that Meek will then get his come-uppance.

But that's Scotland, I hear you cry. That's the provinces—indeed the provinces of the provinces. So what's different about Swinging London? Sweet Fanny Adams.

The Greater London Council is, if anything, even more culpable than Edinburgh for its behaviour in a recent incident involving CHE and *Gay News*.

A Covent Garden based charity called Street Aid publishes a paper called *Use It!* which contains information for young people visiting London. Last year's issue mentioned CHE London Information Centre and *Gay News* as sources of information for homosexuals. This year, at the last minute, the Greater London Council forbade Street Aid to mention either. And they backed up their autocratic command with a brazenly naked threat to withdraw their 'no strings attached' grant of £2,000 unless their instructions were unquestioningly followed.

But even more shameful was the way in which they communicated this decision (if 'communicated' is the right word). Nobody got on to Street Aid to tell them "take out CHE, take out *Gay News*." Instead there were just nebulous threats about "not including offensive material." When pushed to explain what they meant by "offensive material," the GLC clammed up. They refused to say what they objected to. In the end, Street Aid managed to pick up whispered rumours via the London Tourist Board, rumours that said "remove anything to do with homosexuality."

A public body makes a decision about public funds, and then appears so ashamed of its petty prejudice that it won't even dare say what it decided. The situation is almost unbelievably ludicrous. Or maybe it was just that councillors were too embarrassed even to mouth the word "homosexual."

The Tunbridge Wells affair showed that half-wit bureaucrats in local government can be shown up for what they are. Let us earnestly hope that the idiocies of their peers in the capital cities of Scotland and England can also be terminated.

Otherwise we will all have to pack up, and go and live in Tunbridge Wells!

Gay News Summer Break

This is the last issue of *Gay News* before our summer break. Issue 54 will not be on sale until Thursday September 12. The news and features departments will be closed until Tuesday August 27. But the office will stay open to deal with subscriptions, mail order, sales and advertising.

Your letters

Gay News welcomes letters from its readers on any subject of special interest to homosexuals, including comment on items published in *GN*. Owing to space limitations, please keep your letter as short as possible (200 words maximum). Letters must be signed, but the writer's name and address will be withheld if the writer requests it. Send to: *Your Letters, Gay News, 62a Chiswick High Road, London W4 1SY. GN cannot forward letters to correspondents unless stated.*

'Come off it!'

London W2

Dear Gay News,

Ike Cowan, in criticising Mr Madigan for advocating "strong, dignified reasonable, mellow persuasion to defeat prejudice and oppression" makes the statement that "almost every victory over oppression that one can think of has been won, not by dignified reason and persuasion but by force and clamour" (GN52). This is a generalisation which no historian would ever make.

There is a time for discussion and a time for conflict and much depends on the issues at stake and the conditions at the time. Some of the most important reforms in our own history have been achieved by Parliament in reasoned debate. If Ike Cowan believes that the homosexual society is oppressed to such an extent today that only shouting and violence will achieve its liberation then he is logical in his conclusion although not accurate in his facts. But the evidence is to the contrary. A great deal of the oppression is in the minds of a minority of homosexuals although there are some who have just cause for complaint.

Ike Cowan is one of those concerned with further Parliamentary reform of the laws on behalf of CHE. I must warn him that if he proceeds on his course with "force and clamour" he and his colleagues will only come away from Westminster with a flea in their ear. They could equally well obtain this result with less effort by spending a night in an unfumigated doo-house.

You yourself, I am sorry to see, tend to endorse this approach in your Editorial when you exclaim "Living as we do in a parliamentary idiocracy which washes its hands of anything to do with social revolution we have to raise the questions and arguments ourselves." Come off it! We can all raise the questions and the arguments. What we require are the answers and we will not get them from society by melodramatic and hysterical performances such as are rightly condemned by David Longstaff and David Lloyd (letters, GN52) in your columns.

I am glad to read that you are about to take a well-earned holiday. Have a good rest and come back thinking.

Ian Harvey

Gay Bank Holiday

3, Millards Hill
Midsomer Norton
Bath
Tel: Midsomer Norton 413465

Dear Gay News,

From 23rd August to 1st September, Bath Arts Workshop are staging a Festival, this year called "The Last Festival". As part of the festivities, Bath Gay Awareness Group is organising a leafletting campaign in Bath, a gay picnic, a gay disco, and an exhibition/information stall. If any GN readers still haven't arranged to do anything for the Bank Holiday Weekend (Aug 23-26), why not come to Bath and join in? For further information, and accommodation (camping and crashpads) phone Pat Campbell on above number.

Bob, Don, Pat, Tricia
Bath Gay Awareness Group

An editorial indulgence

London W14

Dear Gay News,

I want to send you a belated expression of thanks and congratulation on your excellent newspaper, which amazes me as it goes on from strength to strength. It is impossible to put it down till one has read every word—or fallen asleep through sheer physical and optical exertion.

If I may make a suggestion—surely your devoted and delighted readers are due for (and would be delighted by) a *decent-sized* photo of Denis Lemon and his splendid colleagues! Why should you be so modest and self-effacing when so many of us would welcome and treasure the photos of those who are affording us so much pleasure—and instruction—every fortnight?

E J Localock

ED: How large is decent?

Literary suggestion

London W6

Dear Gay News,

May I suggest as an added attraction to your excellent paper that you publish a gay novel in serialised parts. Any authors among your readers?

Robert Campbell

Proud to be gay

London SE5

Dear Gay News,

Reference to David Longstaff's and David Lloyd's correspondence (GN52) headed 'Embarrassment of Many?'

OK, David and David of Bristol, maybe we can pass off "the grossly over-estimated 300 gays", in the Gay Lib Anniversary Gay Day in June, as journalistic licence, to further gay pride.

What really angers me about your totally paranoid, cloistered and reactionary letter, is that you were disgusted and disappointed at those of us who were demonstrating to ourselves and others that we were enjoying being gay openly sharing our sexuality, and bloody well letting the straight spectators know it as well.

This, David and David, is what Gay Liberation was about (at the Stonewell in New York); is *still* about, and will *always* be about. The article was headed 'London Remembers', and although some of us in GLF do, I think you two rank amongst many liberal, reactionary gays in our multi-gay community who have bloody well forgotten!

How you can actually come to our celebration of the spearhead and catalyst of the principles of Gay Liberation, and then actually turn round (and I mean literally, turn around) and spout your disgust and disappointment at people who are proud to show that they are gay; glad that in a few hours of sunshine they could turn round and show contempt for the "members of society" melting in the trees; that we are *not* to be forgotten; and that "abiding by the law" has no relevance to us at all. We reject as we always have done, concepts surrounding words like "acceptability", "conformity", "law-abiding", "behaviour" and "irresponsible".

Sometimes I wonder whose side you are on. Obviously you haven't come to grips with gay oppression, as others have. Perhaps you are oppressed yourselves but don't recognise the fact. From your letter, it's bloody obvious.

Lloyd Vanata

Make our presence felt

London SE24

Dear Gay News,

I read with disgust the whining, priggish garbage written by David Lloyd and David Longstaff in GN52 concerning the June 23rd Gay Day in Hyde Park.

Why should we be "responsible citizens" of a society that oppresses us, "law abiding" to laws that persecute us? This society tries desperately to deny our very existence—all the more reason to make our presence felt.

The gays who would not join the group must have had very little self-respect (exactly what society wishes of them) to walk on past. It is the 'closet queens' such as they and you who are "irresponsible" in crawling to that sacred cow, the "general public." Your frantic desire to apologise for being gay is no way to further gay people's rights. You've got to make and take your liberation—society will help you not a bit.

As one of the most vocal in the "camp remarks," my impression was that the straight passers-by were very favourable; laughing maybe, but that's a start to good relations as opposed to hatred. How odd that the indignation at my overtly 'gay' behaviour should come from gay people! How indicative of the authors' self-hatred! As failed heterosexuals that is how this society will patronisingly tolerate you. I meanwhile will continue to shout "Pooft in, hats out!" and damn you if you aren't angry enough at gay oppression to sympathise—you oppress yourselves.

Alistair S H Kerr

Mohammedan culture

Isleworth

Dear Gay News,

Recently in your paper I have read, what one often hears elsewhere, that Islam is more generous to homosexuality than is European culture. I wonder whether this statement does not give a false interpretation of the true facts.

Mohammedans generally live in under-populated countries often with a high infant mortality, a situation similar to that of Europe in the Middle Ages. In both cases the birth of as many children as possible is the prime social need. Therefore every Mohammedan man and woman is expected to be a parent as often as possible, so that an unmarried Mohammedan is rarely if ever to be found. Insoed, I have personally known Mohammedan (and pagan) homosexuals, to whom the insistence that they be married has produced great emotional strain in them, which they have been unable to avoid.

Nevertheless the polygamy, which exists in their social structure, means that Mohammedan men, if they are able to avoid marriage, are not placed in the same position as unmarried European men, who, in a monogamous society, add to the number of unmarried and disappointed spinsters. Therefore, European society has always hoped that, if a homosexual man is completely denied that outlet, he will in desperation give attention to some otherwise unloved woman, for women have generally exceeded men in number.

Therefore, while Mohammedan culture may be able to be more generous than can European culture (at least as it was until the recent past) to homosexual 'side kicks',



Illustration: Garry Cobb

this is nevertheless within a heterosexual society, it is only 'two-way-cock' dissexuality. I may be wrong, but I doubt whether what we mean by 'homosexuality' would be as generously treated in Afghanistan as it is beginning to be in England.

John Brewer

Disturbing intolerance

London W1

Dear Gay News,

A H's letter 'Prissy and deep pink' (GN51), in which he describes hippies as "unsavoury characters" indicates a sad and disturbing prejudice and ignorance that exist in the gay world. It angers me to observe amongst an oppressed minority, an intolerance—and equal oppression—of similar groups. If the only aim of gay groups is to be assimilated within an unjust society, with no thought to the plight of other minority groups, I for one want no part of it.

The other letter on Turkey, "Throw caution to the wind", puts the matter in a better perspective. I, too, have often visited that country and have been amazed and delighted by the relaxed attitude towards gays. I thought that Derek James was in fact referring to my favourite Turkish Bath, called 'Yeni Debayerzit', and also felt that he made it very clear that the countryside was much more attractive, but that he also, quite wisely, omitted giving too many details and information about these places.

I enjoyed 'A letter from Afghanistan' immensely—can we look forward to any more articles of this kind?

P Mackeson

ED: Derek James will be writing about India in his next article on the East. It will be published in one of our September issues and concludes his current series of travel features, although it is hoped that Derek will contribute an occasional column thereafter.

Tom, Dick & Taxman

Saffron Walden
Essex

Dear Gay News,

One of the ways in which gays—and especially gay couples—are discriminated against is in the matter of inheritance and the law relating to gift tax and capital gains tax. Let me explain. A het couple marries and the husband buys the house. There is no gift tax between spouses, so when the husband dies he can leave his house to his widow without its value radically effecting the gross value of his estate upon which estate duty will be charged. In other words the wife's position as regards the family home in which she has lived during her marriage is recognised and safeguarded—quite properly.

Take the case of a gay couple—Tom and Dick typical of a very large number of long-established partners. They have lived together for anything up to 40 years (I know of just such a case). Tom was self-employed and had a flat of his own in London. He is 10 years younger than Dick who was the Managing Director of an Engineering firm and had a house in the country. They both retired recently when Tom sold his flat and they both went to live at Dick's house in the country. Because of his age (over 70) Dick, in the normal course of events, is likely to die first, though Tom suffers from arthritis and is becoming increasingly lame.

Naturally Dick wants to make provisions for Tom by leaving him the house, or by making it over to him at once. However, the price of property has so rocketed that the capital gains tax would be enormous. If nothing is done until after Dick's death, Tom will have to sell the house which they have shared for 30 years in order to pay the estate duty as there is not enough loose cash in Dick's estate to avoid this. Even if Dick were to sell the house now, though he would not have to pay capital gains tax on it as it is his only residence, they cannot buy a new one jointly and avoid the payment of duty on Dick's share of the new house when he dies.

Gay lawyers please suggest a way out of this one.

Noel Currer-Briggs

Our mistake

London SW3

Dear Gay News,

Re the cover of your 51st issue: Edward Carson never led the Prosecution against Oscar Wilde; he defended Lord Queensberry in the "first trial". And, to do Carson justice, he recommended the Crown not to prosecute thereafter. In the two cases which ensued (Regina v. Wilde and Taylor) he took no part.

John de la Rue

Council back-pedals on Katin

TUNBRIDGE WELLS: Tunbridge Wells Council has backed down on its decision to ban the CHE benefit recital which was to have been given next month by Peter Katin.

The council's about-face followed a meeting between representatives of CHE and two council officials. The meeting, which was held on July 29, lasted for over one and a half hours. A press release was issued shortly afterwards which blandly announced that the recital could not go ahead on September 13, as originally proposed, because of the controversy that had surrounded the ban. But if CHE would submit new dates, the Amenities Committee would consider them and make its recommendations to the full council meeting, probably in October.

The press release regretted that there had been what it called a breakdown in communications, and said that the July 29 meeting had been useful. Mr MacGuffog, the amenities officer, had been put in an embarrassing position because of the publicity that had followed his decision.

Mr MacGuffog, a full-time paid official of the council, had turned down the Peter Katin booking, explaining "As this is to be



promoted by CHE and in view of the nature of your organisation, this is not the type of concert we want to hold in the Assembly Hall." He did not, at any time, as far as

Gay News could discover, take the matter to his committee for their opinion. When the July 29 meeting with CHE took place, he was accompanied by W E Battersby, the council's Chief Executive. It was Mr Battersby who said that CHE's next application would be considered by the Amenities Committee, rather than by the Amenities Officer alone.

Local residents had almost unanimously derided the decision made earlier. Letters to the *Kent Courier* immediately after the affair had been numerous and scornful. Peter Katin had himself appeared on television shortly afterwards to tell of his amazement and disgust at the council's behaviour.

The CHE delegation (Jeff Day of Medway Group, Ross Burgess of Tunbridge Wells Group, and Wallace Grevatt of the Executive Committee of national CHE) made its feelings about the affair very clear to the council. But they told *Gay News* afterwards that Mr Battersby had gone out of his way to be helpful, and they hoped that the next booking would go through without the sort of fuss that had surrounded the previous one.

Photograph: Geoffrey Rivett

Harrogate says no to CHE

HARROGATE: Campaign for Homosexual Equality is already running up against opposition to its next annual conference.

The organisation put in a request to Harrogate District Council, asking if it was possible to hold the 1975 conference in the town, which is among the top league of British venues for such gatherings.

The application was considered at committee level and a recommendation that it be turned down was subsequently submitted to a meeting of the full council.

Cllr John Marshall attended the full meeting and told of the tremendous success of this year's Malvern conference, putting forward an argument that Harrogate should extend an invitation to CHE.

Unfortunately, the majority of councillors was against such an invitation—only four members out of a total of 60 voted against the committee recommendation.

What really angered John was the fact that the discussion took place in private, after the press and general public had been excluded. He asked the Chief Executive why this was, and the official replied that if the Council even mentioned the word "homosexual" in a public debate it would incur odium.

John told *Gay News*: "The councillors were like a lot of old maids—they were very embarrassed at having to talk about this at all."

North London alerted

LONDON: Determined to get themselves noticed, North London CHE are mounting a vigorous publicity campaign to attract the attention of MPs, educational establishments and newspapers in their area.

Robert Price is contacting people in the area to explain what the group is doing and what it hopes to achieve. Members have offered to address meetings and organisations who would be interested in hearing from them.

They will shortly be announcing plans for a 'care' agency to cater for gays in the area who may have particular problems they wish to discuss.

Brighton conference

BRIGHTON: Following the CHE Activist conference decision to hold a workshop on trade unions and employment, the Brighton CHE group have decided to hold a conference on this subject in their town.

The actual date has not yet been finalised, but it will be sometime in September. Anyone interested is asked to contact the chairman of the Brighton group, Graham Wilkinson, at 3A Montpelier Villas, Brighton.

New Home for Woman

LONDON: Alida Baxter, writing in the latest issue of *Forum* about women's magazines, says "The day when I open a women's magazine and a free sex aid falls out instead of a little plastic gadget for smoothing off cake-icing, I'll know that cultural revolution has finally arrived."

And scarcely was the ink dry on the paper when *Woman* announced that the new incumbent of their 'Evelyn Home' column was to be none other than Anna Raeburn, *Forum* Projects Editor.

Anna, who was featured back in GN26, is not noted for her sponsorship of little plastic icing smoothers.

GLC threatens Use It!

LONDON: *Use It!*—an annual publication giving free information for young visitors to London—has apparently been black-mailed into dropping all gay information from its 1974 issue by bureaucrats at County Hall.

The info-sheet, which is produced by Street Aid Charity operating in Covent Garden under the direction of Jean McNeil, receives a £2,000 grant each year from the Greater London Council, to cover its production costs. The GLC grant is received by Street Aid via the London Tourist Board.

Jean explained to *Gay News* that the affair started last year, when *Use It!* received some misleading coverage by the national press. The *Sun* had blown up the listing about gays to such an extent that they called the whole sheet a guide for homosexuals. The *Telegraph* had also run a

defamatory article.

A retraction was subsequently printed by the *Sun*, and Street Aid received a letter of apology from the *Telegraph*.

But, when it came round to grant time again, Street Aid was dismayed to hear that the GLC was reluctant to give any money for the 1974 edition. At this stage the Council would give no reason.

Eventually though, the Tourist Board received a letter from the GLC which said that some listings in the bulletin had caused offence—in fact that the publication was of a scandalous nature—and that no grant would be forthcoming unless these passages were omitted.

However the GLC, in all its wisdom, didn't say which particular items were offensive and it was only via whisperings from County Hall that the Tourist Board learnt that it was the gay information and that relating to abortion that were the flies in the ointment.

Now let's recap on the gay information given in the 1973 *Use It!* which by all accounts caused such offence. Under the heading 'People', the sheet stated: "Gay people will find information in *Gay News* or from Campaign for Homosexual Equality . . ." and CHE's address and telephone number followed.

Jean told us that at this stage Street Aid was very worried about losing the grant altogether, especially as a lot of the work on the current *Use It!* had already begun. So, they came up with a compromise.

The staff decided to change the reference to abortion and call it pregnancy advice; drop the reference to CHE; and list *Gay News* in the reading section on the back page.

The Tourist Board, who Jean said have always been very cooperative, thought this was reasonable, and pre-publication work went ahead.

"Then, the day before we went to press," continued Jean, "the Tourist Board asked us to remove all references to GN." Apparently there had been further whisperings from across the Thames and the GLC had threatened that there wouldn't be a *Use It!* next year unless this directive was obeyed.

That is why you'll find a blank space in the 'Reading' section on the back page of the publication, between *Rolling Stone* and *Sunday Papers*. That's where we should

have been!

We got on to the press office at County Hall and asked Eric Blackburn which particular committee dealt with Street Aid's grant. He couldn't tell us immediately, he said, but did inform GN that the GLC gave grants to organisations "with no strings attached. The organisation receiving the grant is free to use the money as it likes."

Who's pulling the wool over his eyes? He called back a while later and told us that he had been through to all the Council committees likely to be responsible for the provision of the grant. "No one is directly involved with Street Aid," he said. He advised us to contact the Tourist Board, who he said were probably responsible for giving the grant.

But we had been told differently and so we contacted Street Aid again, to see if they could remember who had signed the GLC letter to the Tourist Board.

From memory, one of the staff told us that he thought it was a Mr Huntley, who on further investigation at County Hall turned out to be D H P Huntley, the GLC's Planning Committee Clerk.

Whether Mr Huntley had a touch of amnesia at the exact moment we phoned him we're not sure, but when first asked about a grant going from the GLC to Street Aid, he informed us that this was given by the Tourist Board.

We told him that was not what we had heard and asked whether he knew anything about censorship of *Use It!*

No, he didn't! So then we told him that he had signed the letter from the GLC Planning Committee, which had spoken of the offence that was being caused by certain items in the info-sheet.

That jogged his memory! "Oh yes, there were certain things that members of the Council [meaning the Committee] didn't like," he said. And afterwards a letter had gone to the Tourist Board, asking them to ensure that these items be left out. "The letter came from me," he admitted.

He added hastily that the decision had been made by committee members. "I was not party to the discussion."

We asked if there was anyone we could talk to who could give us information on the discussion, but Mr Huntley didn't know anything about that.

It seems that, unless pressed, Mr Huntley knows very little at all.

USE IT!
Free Information for Young Visitors
1974

Reading

"Time Out", weekly, 15p. Lists films, theatre, music, art galleries, political meetings, special events, places to eat, etc. Always gives admission prices. Often offers discounts for a few weeks.
 Evening Standard and Evening News Daily, 4p.
 Evening News London
 Evening News (boroughs), 25p, music and art news, plus story of big music events throughout UK.
 Sunday Papers. Use starts on Sunday while the British read the papers. The factors who colour opinions, see "Times and Observer" 7p and 10p.
 General info. See "Use It!" for more info on living in London.
 Visitor's London 1974. Interesting places and how to get there. From London Transport & London Works, 25p. Present 1974.
 Descriptive personal guide to London.
 Metropolitan London Guide 1974. Practical guide, includes map of London, good on things to do, shopping, but not specially for young people.

Back page of *Use It!* shows white space where *Gay News* entry should have been

Election help needed

MANCHESTER: With a General Election in the air, CHE members and groups will be sending a new questionnaire to candidates in as many constituencies as possible in England and Wales. SMG will be covering Scotland and we hope USFI can do Northern Ireland.

The exercise is crucially important as it gives us an opportunity to publicise the principles of our Law Reform proposals and to find new allies in the next Parliament.

Separate model covering letters and questionnaires have been drafted for candidates who we know from earlier approaches to be broadly favourable, those who were uncertain, those who were against, and those whom we haven't heard from before (please send CHE national office, now, copies of any correspondence with existing MPs if you haven't already done so.) The questionnaires include a question about extending the Anti-Discrimination Bill to cover discrimination on grounds of sexual

orientation.

By the time this issue of GN appears the election could be only just over a month away. So there is a lot of work to be done now—hundreds of covering letters to be typed and envelopes to be prepared so that they can all be sent off the minute the election is announced; then following up non-repliers by phone or by personal visit.

If you can help in any of this work (whether you are in CHE or not) please drop me a line now c/o CHE national office (or leave a phone message there) preferably giving a phone number and the sort of times you can be contacted, so that I can put you in touch with whoever is handling your area. It's in the interests of all gay people to support this exercise—and if you're not going to do any work on it, please send us some money instead!

Paul Temperton
CHE EC

After-hours drinking at gay disco

LONDON: When police raided a gay disco at the Peacock Diners' Club in Old Brompton Road, Chelsea, they found that drinks were being sold outside licensed hours.

This was stated at Marlborough Street Court, when one of the licence holders, Ramon Nante, of Mitre Road, Lambeth, pleaded guilty to summonses for selling liquor to persons not permitted and supplying drink after hours.

Nante explained that he had been told over the phone by his solicitors that he was able to open for three hours during the afternoon. In fact, when the police entered at 4.40pm he believed he was within the terms of the licence.

He added that the whole incident was a misunderstanding and he had since surrendered the licence. He was ordered to pay fines totally £150.



Anna Raeburn—new job

Photograph: Gay News Photo Library

Labour man challenges Edinburgh vote

EDINBURGH: Labour Cllr Tom McGregor says there is "every chance" that he will challenge the decision of Edinburgh Council to deny the International Gay Rights Congress a civic reception. Such a challenge would be made at the next full meeting of the council in October.

Tom McGregor's motion calling for a reception was defeated by a narrow margin of 32 votes to 29. His speech in favour of the motion was brief. During the twenty years he had served as a councillor, there had been many conferences held in the city, but "so far as my memory serves, we have never refused some form of civic hospitality." He had hoped that the debate would simply be about the principle of whether or not to hold civic welcomes, but "certain biased and prejudiced remarks" had turned the matter into a debate on the pros and cons of homosexuality. "We must discuss the matter... there are real human problems to be debated."

Bailie Ms Phyllis Herriot, also Labour, seconded the motion. "We must highlight the inadequacies of our legal structure," she said. Not to hold a civic reception would be "discrimination."

Conservative Cllr Malcolm Knox, assuming that the conference was organised by the students association (which it is not), said that it was "a typically irresponsible act" on the part of the students to ask for a civic reception. "I candidly do not believe that these people are welcome in our city."

Nor did Tory Cllr Betts-Brown. "It is one thing to offer protection against a misfortune," he said. "It is quite another to give an accolade. I hope this Congress will achieve one of its stated aims—to bring understanding to an unfortunate minority." Describing gays as "misfits" he thanked God that "we are all normal here."

One Tory Councillor who had the courage to defy the under-the-counter, three-line whip applied by party leader Brian Meek, was an Episcopalian priest, the Rev Gordon Reid. "I have no doubt about the merits of trade unions and of big business in many ways, but I think the immorality practised by both those groups is far greater than any immorality on the part of homosexuals. For God's sake, and I mean that in its literal sense, welcome this congress."

50 councillors out of a possible 69 had listened to the debate; 63 actually voted. Although voting went mainly along party lines, a number of Labour councillors did not take part in the vote, one or two voted with the Conservatives, and the motion was therefore lost, even though the Labour party has an overall majority in the council.

Cllr Reid reacted swiftly to the defeat. He telephoned the news to the Bishop of Edinburgh, Kenneth Carey, and persuaded



Labour's Tom McGregor backs Congress

him to hold a reception for the delegates, to which all other churches would be invited to act as co-hosts.

But the congress organisers themselves moved in and said if the council would not hold a reception for them, they would arrange their own reception, and they would be inviting all town councillors to come. Cllr Reid said that if such a reception took place, he would very much like to be invited, and would contact other churches to get them to send representatives.

Congress organiser Derek Ogg told *Gay News* that he was feeling "very buoyant just now. Things have gone very well for us and, while we were naturally disappointed with the council's decision, we are delighted with this new initiative from the churches. We will be glad to have them along."

The organisers have also announced that the date for the conference has been brought forward. Too many local hotels will be closed between Christmas and the New Year, so congress will now run from Wednesday December 18 (reception at 9.00pm) until Sunday December 22.

Donations can be made by bank giro to the International Gay Rights Congress 1974 account at the Bank of Scotland's Head Office, The Mound, Edinburgh, a/c no. 00457985.

Robert Roth, of the American Gay Activist Alliance of New York, said he was certain that the GAA would be represented. He thought that Bruce Voeller would try and attend. Johannes Werres' German gay press service 'Gay News' is also publicising the event in his country.

Kilts, critics & 'queers'

LONDON: Another nasty piece of tittle-tattle has appeared in the infamous *Daily Express*.

F Richardson, of Enfield, wrote to the paper's TV critic, James Murray, challenging his remarks about the recent CHE television programme.

Mr Murray had wondered if homosexuals needed a whole hour of television to present their case.

The writer assures the critic that they do—and a lot more too, "because it is TV that is largely responsible for the tendency to make fun of 'queers'."

"Through knowing a homosexual, I have realised the hostility and subsequent suffering that society still inflicts on such people. TV has a lot to answer for in building up this ignorant, biased viewpoint."

The celebrated Mr Murray replies: "The human race has been taking the mickey out of homosexuals since the beginning of time. Mothers-in-law and short, fat people with hairy legs are also food and drink to comics. As a Scotsman I come in for a certain amount of leg-pulling about what I wear under my kilt. But I'm not asking for a valuable hour of TV time to explain to the insensitive public how I cry myself to sleep every night."

Well! We're not at all concerned what Mr Murray wears under his kilt, it's what goes on under his cap that worries us...

YL gay seminar under fire

BRIDPORT: Steve Atack, the gay rights organiser of the Young Liberals Executive, is to lead a discussion seminar arranged by Bridport Young Liberals, on bringing homosexuality into school sex lessons.

The local secretary, Julia Saunders-White explained: "We hope that through bringing this into the open we can destroy the Victorian attitude so many people have towards homosexuals."

In their campaign, the Young Liberals are aware that they face considerable criticism. The Chairman of the senior branch, Andy Bell, has said that gays can very well campaign for themselves. "They do not require a political organisation to campaign for them."

Local criticism has already been experienced. Chairman of the Bridport and District Council of Churches, Rev E J Webb, said he was not aware a discussion session had been arranged. His council had debated this subject earlier when it was felt the campaign aimed at seeking publicity.

"Personally," Mr Webb stated, "I would not regard this as very favourable publicity."

Preparing for the evening which the group hopes will be "exciting and fruitful," Julia Saunders-White indicated concern felt by members on discrimination—"whether it be race, religion, sex or sexual habit," she concluded.

Wherefore art thou Romeo?

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON: According to Martin Seymour-Smith, writing in the *British Journal of Sexual Medicine*, Shakespeare was no homosexual, but the Bard did have a physical relationship with a man.

Mr Seymour-Smith has been looking at claims that 126 of Shakespeare's 154 love sonnets were written to a boy. He has concluded that Shakespeare was "a heterosexual who, suddenly and to his own shock and surprise, found himself the victim of homosexual passion."

And not only was the Bard prey to the passion, Mr Seymour-Smith says. He actually succumbed—around sonnets 34-36.

Today, at least, we need not be shocked at Shakespeare's behaviour, Mr Seymour-Smith says. Indeed he sees Shakespeare as "a pioneer in the exploration of that most enigmatic of all manifestations: human sexuality."

And after "his one slip" [our italics], Shakespeare does write the last 28 sonnets to a woman.

We presume that makes it all right, in Mr Seymour-Smith's eyes.

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Gay holidays from CHE

MANCHESTER: CHE has launched the first of its new services for members. Called CHE Travel Service, or CHETS for short, the service is offering a comprehensive programme of winter holidays designed for gay men and women.

With prices starting at £32, the holidays range from weekends in Paris, Amsterdam and Copenhagen, to a week in Benidorm and a New Year's Eve cruise to Hamburg. The first holiday begins on November 1.

Commenting on the new service, Barry Jackson CHE Travel Coordinator said "CHE isn't all serious campaigning and pressurising. We want our members to have fun and be able to relax and enjoy themselves as openly as they like. I think Malvern was the first step in showing the new face of CHE; there, people could actively politicise or have a relaxing holiday weekend or a combination of both."

"Up till now, the only gay holidays available have largely been exploitative and rip-offs. Now one of the homophile organisations itself is offering a programme which is designed by gays for gays. What's more, any profits made will go back to CHE rather than into shareholders' pockets!"

CHETS have produced an attractive brochure which details all the features of the various holidays and which points out that it is Britain's first exclusively gay travel service. Another 'plus' of the CHETS weekends is that departures are from Manchester, Birmingham and Edinburgh as well as London. They are run in conjunction with British Airways who have helped with the printing of the brochure. Summer holidays and holidays in Britain are already being planned also.

Glad to have gays

GRAVESEND: Pubs are there to make money. Gay pubs are there to make more money than most. The simple facts of life.

The most nauseating thing about the brewery trade is the way in which company executives in recent years have treated their gay customers. We are told at the paper that "we won't have that sort of person in our pubs," when the same company is coining it hand over fist in their crowded gay bars.



Mine welcoming hosts at The Kent

Which is why a recent article in *Truman Times* comes as something of a breath of fresh air. The piece features The Kent in Gravesend High Street. "Doris Gamman and The Kent are known all over the world, not only as a very friendly pub where no outsider stays outside for long, but also as a gay pub. Doris says: 'I like their trade, they're fantastic spenders, and they'd do anything for you.' In fact the dancing part of the bar is decorated with modern display sculptures provided by one of these customers."

Nothing remarkable about that—until you consider the track record of other breweries who have cropped up in *Gay News* before.

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Dutch law reform report

HOLLAND: As a positive outcome of the International Gay Scene fringe meeting held at the Malvern Campaign for Homosexual Equality conference, a copy of the Speyer Report has been received by CHE from the Dutch homosexual organisation, COC.

This report was the basis of the successful Dutch law reform, which took place in 1970, and has since been used as such in Norway and Denmark. COC now hope that CHE can use the information within the framework of their law reform demands.

The report itself is a lengthy treatise—29 pages in all—which deals with the pros and cons of the withdrawal of Article 248 Bis of the Dutch penal code. The report is prefaced by an explanatory memorandum written by CHF Polak (then Dutch Minister of Justice) recommending its acceptance.

This statute, before being quashed, read: "An adult who commits a sexual offence with a minor [16 to 21 years] of the same sex, whose minority he knows or should reasonably suspect, shall be punished with a prison sentence for a maximum period of four years."

Ko Sterken, general chairman of COC, informs us that at the time that the paragraph was withdrawn it was already almost totally neglected. Student working groups on homosexuality had been started in 1968 with members of 18 years and upwards, and the COC had members at that time of 16. Now the Dutch organisation has no age limit at all.

The report was prepared by a committee, led by Prof Dr N Speyer, Professor in Social Psychiatry of the state University of Leyden. The committee unanimously agreed: "that there is no objection of a medical-

hygienic and psycho-social nature against the abolition of Article 248 Bis of the penal code and that, on the contrary, many advantages can be cited for the abolition of this article."

Of the fifteen professors consulted on the issue, only one was in favour of the retention of the article.

Two arguments brought for its withdrawal by the parliamentary bills committee were: (a) By maintaining the article, the possibility of blackmail is encouraged, whilst conversely, these blackmail opportunities may tempt youngsters to provoke adults to commit homosexual acts. Moreover, this situation encourages violence, robbery and theft, of which elder homosexuals become the victim; (b) There is no clear reason to protect homosexual young people between the ages of 16 and 21 to a greater extent than the heterosexual young people.

A considerable proportion of the Speyer Report is devoted to discussing the acceptability of the 16 year age limit.

It comes to the conclusion that a young person of 16 is quite capable of forming her or his own opinion, not least concerning sexual actions. Moreover, especially in the case of homosexuality, it must be assumed that by the age of sixteen, a permanent propensity has already been established in the great majority of cases.

This statement dispels the common fear that a heterosexual youngster could be diverted by "seduction" into permanent homosexuality. Based on these considerations, the report committee concludes that, generally speaking, a minor of 16 years and older will not be made a homosexual by homosexual contact.

Eire: A long, hard struggle ahead

SOUTHERN IRELAND: This two-page special feature is the second part of *Gay News*' report on the gay situation in Ireland. This time we are concentrating on the Irish Republic. Denis Lemon and Jeff Grace spent four days in Dublin talking to the people who are involved in the gay movements over there, in an attempt to understand and hopefully to convey to our readers just what sort of struggle our Irish sisters and brothers are engaged in.

Therefore, the other articles on these pages are basically interviews with those people who are working on gay rights issues and the sexual freedoms movement in general.

Let us start with basics—the population of Eire is about two and three-quarter million. Of this number, three-quarters of a million people live in the capital, Dublin. This city appears to be the gay mecca of the province, attracting people from around the country, in much the same way as London attracts gays from all over the British Isles.

One of the greatest problems which besets the Irish gay population is that of isolation. It is a large country, and for un-come-out gays living in small villages on the west coast, their problems must seem insurmountable.

The law, of course, is similar to that which exists in Scotland and Northern Ireland. Homosexuality is outlawed totally and even consenting adults are liable to heavy fines and prison sentences, although it seems that the guardians of the law turn a blind eye or are not aware of what is going on.

But it is the Church—predominantly

the Catholic Church—which has the sexual freedom of the country within its grip. Not only is this a gay problem but it encompasses the heterosexual world as well. The Church has not lost its hold on the people of Eire and the ideology that sex is *not* to be enjoyed still prevails. Each person that we spoke to agreed with this and blamed the Church for the medieval atmosphere, still lingering over the province.

The press can also take part blame for the ignorant and bigoted attitudes which hold strong. Two of the country's national newspapers—the *Irish Press* and the *Irish Independent*—do not recognise that the word "homosexual" exists and continually refuse to run stories about the gay organisations.

However, the most liberal of the country's journals, the *Irish Times*, does recognise the existence of gays and will print articles relating to their activities. Indeed, while in Dublin Denis was interviewed by a staff reporter and the resultant quarter-page article was fair and constructive. He was pleased and a little surprised to find that his comments had not been sub-edited out of all recognition.

The stifling social climate takes its toll too within the organisations. Our roving reporters were made aware that there has been considerable in-fighting and bickering amongst members of the various organisations. These we have tried to ignore as much as possible in the following articles, in order that the factual information about the history of the gay movement and what is actually happening now is the dominant theme.

In any case, the gay rights fight in Eire is still very young and inexperienced and

almost all sexual rights organisations around the world seem to have gone through an initial teething period.

And it now seems, with the emergence of the Irish Gay Rights Movement, that gay people, with the one common interest of being gay, are getting together. One of the most important developments is the proposed gay switchboard, and we cannot stress too strongly what a real and positive contribution this will be to the movement once it has been set up and is in operation.

Denis and Jeff also noticed tension and some animosity in the city generally. Their last night in Dublin was eventful, with three unrelated incidents which illustrate just that. The first was while Denis was having dinner with a group of gay brothers. A heated discussion broke out and one of the party physically threatened another and the matter almost became a fist-fight.

Then, later in the evening a party of gays, including Denis and Jeff were thrown out of a pub which has quite a large gay clientele. They were evicted with the words: "We don't want any of you lot in here."

And the evening culminated in our reporters and some friends being witness to a brawl in which an innocent by-stander got pushed to the ground and knocked unconscious. The gay link here is that one of the three guys involved in the fight was being accused of being "queer" by the other two.

The gay social scene in Dublin is, by English terms, pretty bleak also. The three gay pubs that our team visited seemed to be predominantly straight. It was the disco that appeared to be the only public venue where a free, liberated atmosphere

predominated.

This was refreshing, as was the wine and cheese party held over the weekend by IGRM. The movement organised the party at short notice because they had had several enquiries from people new to the gay scene (the disco basically), who wanted to know more about the movement. Out of the party, held in one of the members' home, several definite pledges of support resulted.

So, to sum up, as far as sexual matters in Eire are concerned, things have stood still for many hundreds of years, and this is largely due to the attitude of the Church.

Therefore, to fight on homosexual, contraception or abortion issues is very difficult. There is a long and hard struggle ahead for those people advocating any change at all.

Despite the fact that much of the scene appears to be disorganised and rather depressing, there are a number of courageous, totally-committed people who are fighting very hard for the oppressed gay population. And this is in spite of the fact that many of their brothers and sisters have not extended them their support. Indeed, many 'escape' to Britain and our slightly more relaxed sexual climate.

We take this opportunity to thank all the people the *Gay News* team met while on their trips to Ireland. *The hospitality was tremendous.*

We must ensure that we give our gay brothers and sisters in Ireland our moral support and take an active interest in their struggle. Remember—it wasn't so long ago that we were in the exact same situation!

Gay rights—history & emergence of IGRM

DUBLIN: Tracing the origins of the gay movement in Dublin could cause any outsider quite a headache, for the beginnings—if not actually shrouded in mystery—are confused to say the least.

Gay News spoke to Alan Gibson, who was the first person in Southern Ireland to contact the Campaign for Homosexual Equality in England. This was in May 1973, and out of that first enquiry a CHE group was convened.

Alan says his reason for initially contacting CHE was because there was no gay organisation at all in Eire at that time. "I knew there were several members of CHE England in Ireland and we called a meeting to see if there was any interest in forming an Irish group."

There was little response to this meeting, but it became clear that an Irish organisation was what was wanted. "Let's be nationalistic—Ireland is a different country," said Alan.

The CHE group, however, didn't really run—"we got together but nothing happened."

Then, an organisation called the Sexual Liberation Movement was set up in Trinity University, Dublin, this being as a result of the conference held in Coleraine in October 1973.

Edmund Lynch, who has been involved with gay liberation in Dublin since the outset, explained that a lot of the people who attended SLM meetings were gay, although it ran as a broadly-based organisation tackling sexual attitudes in general. A symposium was held in February 1974, sponsored by SLM in Trinity, at which Rose Robertson was a guest speaker.

"SLM is composed of 90 per cent non-students even though it emerged from Trinity," said Edmund.

Later the Union for Sexual Freedoms in Ireland was formed, to extend to both North and Southern Ireland. The whole idea of this organisation came originally from Dublin.

Edmund explained that he was one of the chief architects of this movement, but when he met the steering committee he discovered that he was the only one who wanted it as a totally gay organisation.

What had evolved out of meetings of USFI, said Alan, was that there was a general feeling within the Union that it was an "umbrella organisation"—rather like the Civil Liberties group in England.

Edmund told us: "I see USFI as a talking shop, a liaison committee between all the other minority groups."

He further told us that in early June a new organisation had been set up in Dublin—the Irish Gay Rights Movement—which had come out of the realisation of some SLM members that there was a need for an exclusively gay rights movement.

"IGRM is an independent organisation, but we are applying for observer status within USFI." When asked whether IGRM would affiliate itself to CHE, Edmund, who told us he was speaking for the new organi-

sation's caretaker committee, said that the movement would certainly cooperate with the English Campaign.

Asked about the membership of the various organisations, Alan told GN that there were about 40 people that he knew of who were CHE members. SLM didn't have membership as such—people just drifted in and out of meetings.

"In the beginning [of SLM]" said Edmund, "there were about 40, then it gradually dropped to about 10 and the girls decided to leave it, in the same way as they disaffiliated themselves from USFI."



Edmund Lynch—IGRM

"The Irish Gay Rights Movement, so far, has about 24 members "but we've only been in existence six weeks." The organisation intends to have subscriptions and will try to encourage people to join the Movement at social functions, which include a weekly disco.

The constitution of the organisation has yet to be drawn up, although a working document has been circulated to gays, explaining the policy and aims of the Movement.

Fundamentally, the Movement is to work on different fronts to improve the present situation of gay women and men by obtaining basic human rights as citizens of the state of Eire. To help achieve this, six working groups have been set up under the following headings: legal reform, educational, branch promotion and liaison, media, CARA, the telephone information/befriending service, and social activities.

Funds are being obtained from the discos at present and will hopefully come from subscriptions in the future. The money being made at the moment is to go to setting up the telephone service and to run IGRM's office. The movement has premises suitable for the office and telephone service, but these have not been occupied yet.

The telephone has not yet been installed, as the area where the premises are situated has no free lines available. But it is hoped that this service will start in the very near future.

Already the organisation of the phone service has been worked out and members of the clergy (all-important in Ireland) and the medical profession have been approached and have assured their support and assistance.

David Norris: gay lecturer

DUBLIN: David Norris, who is senior lecturer at Trinity College, the University of Dublin, is quite a character. He came out as gay some time back and is now involved in all the organisations which are working in Eire at the moment.

His brief within the Irish Gay Rights Movement is concerned with education and law and he still attends meetings of the Sexual Liberation Movement and takes part in their activities. Indeed he went along to the demonstration which was organised to mark the world day of protest against the treatment of Irish homosexuals outside the Department of Justice in Dublin.

Talking of the gay library which IGRM intends to set up at its office, David told *Gay News* that he felt this idea was a good one. "We need it and there has been quite a good response."

He explained that there was a complete and utter ban imposed on gay books. Even within the University, students could only get books which were considered to be in some way erotic by making a special request to the chief librarian.

Peculiar situations arose where the library banned a particular book, yet the same book in paperback form could be found on bookstalls in the city. David had enquired why this was and had found out that it was just the hardback editions that were banned.

"The censorship act is falling to pieces because of the paperback revolution and the censors cannot keep up with the reading they have to do."

David championed the concept of a purely gay organisation. He told us that he thought it idiotic that gays within SLM were fighting the contraception issue.

"First we must define our own aims, then we can lend our support to other things," he said.

The root of the problem in Eire, went on David, was the fact that the Catholic Church controlled sexual matters. And when the Church put out any sort of statement relating to sexuality, it bunched together all the areas of oppression—homo-

sexuality, abortion, contraception etc. So it was in the gay community's interest that the gay organisations should keep discreet and just fight gay rights issues, letting anyone else who wanted to fight on other fronts to do so.

David explained that he had been involved with gay rights since the outset in Eire. He had gone along to the first SLM meeting and then had attended the symposium held at Trinity. "I went to the discotheque afterwards and was terrified that someone from the University would see me jiggling around," he told us.

Asked whether there had ever been plans to form a gaysoc at the University, David replied: "No, they don't want it. The people in the University are idealistic and they want these wider social, sexual aims. I fought for a specifically gay society but the University didn't want it."

When the decision had been made at an SLM meeting to form a purely gay organisation, it had been decided at the same time to do this outside the University. This was particularly good from one point of view, because it meant that the University problem that active members of any organisation were only around for four years was not experienced.

Also there was total apathy within the University. "The majority of gay people at Trinity don't even go to the meetings of SLM."

The telephone information/befriending service, CARA, was the most important thing as far as IGRM was concerned said David. This should be put into operation as soon as possible, but it was imperative that the organisation was worked out before the start. "Once it is in operation you mustn't let people down."

As a personal footnote, David has a great love for the writings of James Joyce, and has just completed a book about the lesser-known incidents of Joyce's life. This is to be published soon. Also, David has agreed to contribute some articles to *Gay News* in the near future.



The recent gay rights demonstration in Dublin with David Norris (far left)

Photograph: Jeff Grace

Photograph: The Irish Times

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SLM~working for liberation

DUBLIN: To get information on the background of the Sexual Liberation Movement, the University-based organisation and first real meeting-place for Dublin gays, which operates from Trinity College, *Gay News* reporters interviewed Peter Bradley, who was responsible for SLM's emergence in November 1973.

Peter explained that the Student Welfare Officer at the University had put up a huge notice on the campus stating that he wanted to set up some sort of sexual freedoms organisation. No one answered it, though it was there for weeks.

"Then I saw it quite by chance," said Peter. And he was the only student who had gone along to enquire about the possibility of a group.

The first meeting was advertised in the student press and around 20 people turned up. About half were from the university and half from outside. Since the initial meeting in November, the movement has held weekly gatherings.

The aims of the movement are "to fight sexual oppression and work for sexual liberation" said Peter, "and originally we said particularly with women and gays, because those were two groups that were most obvious to us."

To put these aims into practice, the group has provided a meeting-place where people can talk about their sexuality and be accepted.

Until now the movement has had no membership fee, but in order to get University recognition the group is going to have to levy subs on members.

The University has always been cooperative towards SLM's operation, and has never objected to the fact that the Movement caters for non-students as well as members and staff of Trinity.

"All other college societies are purely for students, but we have got the introduction of non-students accepted," Peter told us.

Asked whether SLM would become involved with the new organisation, Irish Gay Rights Movement, Peter said that he didn't know. IGRM had in fact been set up at a meeting of SLM, because some members felt that there was a need for a purely gay organisation.

Peter said that probably there was a need for such an organisation, but pointed out that only one member of IGRM had turned up at the demonstration organised by gays and members of other sexual freedoms organisations, which had taken place outside the Department of Justice to mark the world day of protest called by the Norwegian homophile movement, Forbundet.

He felt that gay movements had to make stands and participate in demos etc, "and I think that IGRM will have to do this in the future."

Talking of the gay switchboard, which is about to be set up, Peter told us that there had never been any intention to inaugurate such a service from within the University. "Before the split happened within SLM, we had already got an office and had paid the first month's rent. That was outside the University and a phone service was to be operated from there."

He felt that it was very important that the switchboard should be run independently of any particular organisation, so that it would not push any line. It would be the first contact that many isolated gays would have with others who had accepted their gayness. "At that stage you are dealing with people who are fucked up, and are in no mood for political back-chat from anybody," he said.

In practical terms, Peter thought that IGRM could get the switchboard operation off the ground, but felt that if members of the two organisations could get together the task would be a lot easier. However, their differences were irreconcilable, and the caretaker committee of IGRM, in his opinion, could not be easily swayed on this or any other issue.

Returning to the aspirations of SLM, Peter told GN that the organisation was trying to broaden things and get people interested in other sexual issues. "I don't think we ought to concentrate solely on gay rights. I think it's a bad tendency to restrict yourself that way."

One immediate priority, in Peter's opinion, was to get the cooperation of the press in Eire. There had been no report of the demonstration in two of the country's leading papers. The *Irish Independent* had actually had a board meeting concerning a report which had been written about the demo, and had decided not to include it in their journal.

"There's so much else to be done—in regard to the law in particular."

Also, another area to tackle was the Church. SLM had written to the two Dublin Archbishops. The Movement had received a sympathetic reply from the Protestant Archbishop but no answer at all from his Roman Catholic counterpart.

The problem was that Southern Ireland was ruled by a very inelastic ideology. "There are hardly any underground sub-cultures—no viable alternatives that people can drop out into—and that applies to everything, economically, musically and sexually," Peter concluded.

Disc~jockey extraordinaire



Photograph: Aiff Grece

DUBLIN: The city of Dublin may not have a liberated gay atmosphere, but it does boast a rather extraordinary gay disc-jockey.

Hugo MacManus, who hosts the weekly discos organised by the Irish Gay Rights Movement, is not your run-of-the-mill disc-spinner, who throws in a few words between each record. He has a very definite style—all his own, and wears the most bizarre clothes. The night *Gay News* reporters attended one such disco, Hugo appeared wearing leather trousers and a colourful shirt. But these were soon dispensed with and he danced on the balcony above the crowded dance floor clad in red underpants, adorned by an enormous bunch of fruit.

But not only is Hugo an entertaining DJ, he has some very definite ideas about the gay rights movement in Ireland. He became involved after returning to Ireland from Amsterdam, where he spent eighteen months.

"When I left Ireland my idea of being gay centred around one bar and nothing else, because there was no gay awareness and there still really isn't."

But the atmosphere in Amsterdam had opened his eyes. Gay awareness over there was established, although he felt that it was a little clinical.

"In Ireland, the main thing is not that homosexuals are repressed but that the whole spectrum of sexuality is repressed—there is no sexuality in Ireland."

An interesting point which Hugo raised as a way that the gay population in Ireland could fight repression was linked with the fact that Eire is so very committed to the EEC. He explained that he is in contact with several European gay organisations.

"At the moment the EEC is very embarrassed that little old Ireland is only just talking about the pill," and he felt that one way of drawing attention to the struggle would be by united action of various gay organisations within the Common Market, aimed at embarrassing the Irish government over its gay viewpoint at the EEC Assembly.

In fact he suggested a good way of causing the Irish government embarrassment might be to get a test case heard at the European Assembly.

But Hugo thought what was even more important was to educate the ordinary folk in Eire. The majority, he said, were not even aware that homosexuality existed.

Women's Liberation

DUBLIN: *Gay News* reporters spoke to Ruth Riddick, who has been involved with women's liberation and is joint secretary of the Sexual Liberation Movement at Trinity, and asked what she felt about the state of Women's Lib in Eire.

She told us that she had been very sad when the women had split from the Sexual Liberation Movement. "My initial involvement with SLM was on the basis of it being a joint venture—both men and women—and I do think there is a definite need for a serious meeting place between men and women here."

Asked whether she thought it possible that the women would join the newly formed Irish Gay Rights Movement, Ruth said that she didn't really know. She thought it probable that some would take an interest at the outset—indeed there had been three women present at the inaugural meeting of IGRM—but she thought it likely

that if they were dissatisfied with the organisation then they would split up and form yet another group on their own. And many women in sexual freedoms movements, like herself, were not gay.

Ruth championed the SLM, stating that there was a very real need for its continuation. "When I went to the first meeting I thought it was really great—there was such a non-aggressive atmosphere and people were talking about ideals of which I'd never heard before."

And a meeting place where women could talk about their ideas on liberation was particularly important because the women's movement had not grown in Eire to anything of any great importance.

As a footnote, when interviewing both Edmund Lynch and David Norris, who are involved in the setting up of IGRM, they both stressed that the organisation would welcome women members with open arms.

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Gay festival for West End?

The lunch-time season of gay plays projected for the Almost Free Theatre in Rupert Street, Soho, already announced in *Gay News*, looks as if it is going to happen. The idea was put up by Ed Berman's Inter Action group which has already mounted seasons of feminist plays and plays by new British writers. A number of leading writers, among them Maureen Duffy, Laurence Collinson and Jeremy Seabrook, have expressed practical interest but there is still time for anyone else to submit scripts.

Suresa Galbraith, the Inter Action member who is coordinating the season, wants to create a caucus of gay people who are willing to give their assistance to the project; stage managers, graphic designers, a business manager who can cost the season and stage staff are all required. The season is planned to run from the end of September through to the beginning of December and it is hoped that at least three plays will be staged during this period. Lunch-time drama, which is so popular at the moment, must be brief, so scripts should be no more than 50 minutes long.

There is also the possibility of creating a sort of revue-form for one production. That is, instead of presenting one play, putting together many short sketches and perhaps songs ranging in subject matter through all aspects of gayness, sexism and role-playing, material being only a couple of minutes long perhaps.

And a fringe . . .

The Almost Free Theatre can be used during the afternoons as well, giving an opportunity for spin-offs. Any gay group or individual can put on an entertainment or a happening after the play: poetry readings, recitals, discussions are all

possible, something to attract the audience after the show is over. The only condition is that these things must be free to the public. There is, too, space for hanging pictures, so any artists or photographers who feel like getting together an exhibition might like to seize the chance.

It is quite clear that if this opportunity that Inter Action is offering is correctly used, then we have all the possibility of presenting what amounts to a gay festival running in London's West End for two months.

The initial decision as to what is produced and what is presented during this festival will be made by the gay caucus and the members of the Inter Action commune together. The project is not a simple one to put together and anybody interested should be prepared to devote a good deal of time to it. If anyone is interested in taking part, in any capacity whatsoever from wardrobe mistress/master to scene-painter, will they please contact either: Suresa Galbraith at Inter Action, 14 Talacre Road, London NW5 (01-267 1422) or Roger Baker (01-242 2638).

A gay event of this proportion is something people tend to dream about. Well . . . can we make the dream a reality?

Hinge & Bracket take the High Road

Perri St Claire and Lesley Warren are taking their own musical revue—'An Evening with Hinge and Bracket'—to the Edinburgh Festival.



Photograph: Image Photography

Joining the Doctor and Dame Hilda will be the celebrated London Tenor, Richard Day-Lewis.

The show is being directed by Steward Trotter and produced by Robin Fairfield. Hinge and Bracket, who took GN's drag award in the 1974 Oscars, have become firm favourites in London and the home counties, and have recently appeared in Hastings and Norwich, as well as at a meeting of the British Music Hall Society.

Tickets for the Edinburgh show cost 75p and can be obtained from Box ABT, Festival Fringe Society, Royal Mile Centre, High Street, Edinburgh (enclose sae).

Bracket speaks at London Monday Group

One half of the drag duo—Perri St Claire, alias Bracket—was the guest speaker at a meeting of the London Monday CHE group, on August 5.

Perri gave an entertaining talk to just over 100 people at the meeting, held in the upstairs bar of The Chepstow, Chepstow Place, Bayswater.

The Monday Group has an interesting line-up of guest speakers at the moment. Peter Thompson, the head of the Festival of Light spoke on August 12.

Len Richmond, joint editor of *The Gay Liberation Book*, who presents a weekly gay radio show in San Francisco is booked for August 19, while on September 9, the club is looking forward to an address from Anthony Blond, who made a name for himself by being the first publisher of *Jean Genet* in England. Stephen Murphy, the film censor, is to speak to the group on September 16.

Monday Group meetings, all held at the Chepstow on Mondays at 8pm, are open to members and non-members alike—though the latter are liable to be asked to take out a subscription to CHE.

Stuart & The Sombrero

LONDON: Stuart Patterson (our advertising/circulation manager) and a party of ten (including his mum) were celebrating Stu's birthday on Tuesday week.

The mixed party intended ending their evening at the Sombrero Club (also known as the Yours & Mine) in Kensington High Street, and arrived at the door of this so-called mixed venue at about midnight.

They were told by the doorman that the club was 'men only' and they would therefore not be admitted. The club, according to the doorman, was exercising its right to change the rules as it saw fit.

Stu explained that he had been in the club only two days before, when the patrons had included boys and girls. The doorman said that the club was only allowing certain girls in the club.

"I then said that the majority of us were either on the *Gay News* staff or in some way connected with the newspaper," Stuart told us the next day.

"I don't give a fuck where you're from, you still can't come in," replied the doorman.

Stuart informed this unhelpful member

of staff that *Time Out* as well as ourselves listed the club as one that was mixed.

The doorman's reply: "I don't give a shit, you can carry what info you want."

GN has received letters of complaint about the club in the past. The main criticisms have been about the club's treatment of women—whether gay or not—and the general attitude of the staff towards customers.

Stu's ruined evening now confirms the earlier written complaints . . . So, you have been warned!

Perth is number one gay city

AUSTRALIA: At the continuing sessions of Australia's Royal Commission on homosexuality, G T Tillet, an anthropologist, claimed that Perth had proportionately more homosexuals than any other city in Australia.

He said there were at least 25,000 men in the city whose sexual relationships were exclusively gay. He did not include bisexuals, married homosexuals, or those with religious problems who had given up sex altogether. He said his figures were estimated from conversations with "informants."

Madigan's log

Probably won't be too popular for saying it but I thought the CHE television programme on Sunday July 21 a coy, corny, pathetic piece of film. I wanted to hide. It left a sickly taste in my mouth and a childish whine in my ears. I feel we should be above excuses and explanations; indeed, I thought we were.

How thoughtful of those people to write in a couple of issues back to say nice things about my scribbblings. They were not loyal old friends, honestly, nor were they *nom de plum* I vested myself with for the occasion. But I must admit that the photo which appeared alongside the column was of me, though, I like to think, not a true likeness. It was taken by an Italian count two years back and he was pretty pissed and so was I. What I'm trying to say is that I don't mind being ugly but I want to be ugly in my own way and that snap didn't capture it.

There is a danger, for a London based publication of this kind, of becoming too London orientated. The editors are aware of this and, I understand, are determined to provide a national newspaper for national interest and with national news. So I felt I was doing my little bit on July 27 when I ventured into Norwich to investigate the one pub listed in GN—the Studio Four.

I got there around half nine on that Saturday night and found twenty seven people in a small bar, some women but mostly men, collected in groups looking rather cliquy and studiously ignoring strangers—rather like a corner of the Champion. I got a pint in and asked a flint-faced fellow with the beginnings of a beard if he came from Norwich. No, he said stiffly, he'd only been there for five minutes. Shortly after I asked another; no, he was a Canadian travelling around. Then another, a middle-aged fellow, but no, he and his chum were from Islington but they often came to Norwich for weekends.

By half ten the place was packed but the atmosphere was still self-conscious. The barman with a horseshoe moustache boosted my morale by feigning to take an interest in the alligator tooth hanging around my neck and smoothing his hand over the hair on my chest. "Hope you don't mind," he said, "might be the only chance I get." "Carry on," says me, "I'm chutteu!"

Towards eleven the Islington fellow came over and said there was to be a party upstairs. I had misgivings about not being invited but then the barman with the horseshoe moustache made the invitation explicit and showed me the way to go. They were licenced up there till one o'clock, he added.

Upstairs was a very large room where dozens

of people had already congregated. A tanned young man in a vest with tinsel round his shoulders sat on a dais playing the DJ with microphone and records. He announced that this was a twenty-first birthday party for Chas, though who Chas was I never discovered. Couples were dancing in the centre of the floor. More people poured in and it was difficult to get to the bar. Sandwiches etc lay on a table apparently for the taking—well anyway, I took some. Suddenly I noticed how friendly and relaxed the atmosphere had become. There wasn't much room to move but strangers spoke as if they'd known one another for years and everybody danced. I tried to imagine a comparable gathering in one of the London pubs but couldn't. "Do they have this sort of thing every Saturday night?" I asked a Norwich fellow when I found one. No, not every Saturday, he told me. How often? Oh, about once a month.

I went back to the country house I was staying in around midnight feeling very pleased with Norwich and a little abashed at myself for having expected to find the same up-tight provincial attitudes I remember in that city ten years ago.

The Italian count I mentioned above told me that when he first arrived in Britain he could speak no English. On his first day here he found himself in Oxford Street and, wishing to cross the road, went looking for a zebra. He found one and was about to use it when he saw the notice *Pedestrian Crossing* and, not wishing to be thought a bugger, walked on a couple of blocks till he found another which was signed for 'pedestrians' as well. The poor fellow apparently walked the length of Oxford Street cursing the *malaise Anglais* before he flung his reputation to the winds and crossed anyway—all of which goes to illustrate that homosexual equality has many practical little facets that might otherwise be overlooked.

Leo Madigan

Gay News Oldies

Back copies of *Gay News* Nos 1-7, 9-11, and 13-19 price 10p each, and Nos 20-24, 28-32, and 35-52 price 15p each are available from Gay News Oldies, 62a Chiswick High Road, London W4 1SY. Orders for 10 or more are post free, otherwise please add 6½p per copy for post and packing. The current or forthcoming issues are 15p plus 10p p&p.

THE HOLE IN THE WALL

"Oh God," muttered the Love of My Life, "another bloody day," and crawled groggily but succulently from our bed. Not that the Love of My Life is exactly one of those interminable moaners, you understand, it's just that getting out of bed is a terrible problem for him under any circumstances. Where most people need their eight hours in order to be comfortable, he would really prefer about twenty, and though rarely up before eleven he is usually yawning fit to split his face by about half past three.

But this particular day—a Thursday, if I remember correctly—was to be different. Today the man was coming to mend the wall.

Now this word 'wall' needs a bit of explaining. It's not really a wall at all, but rather a place where there used to be and now definitely should be a wall, if only to stop clumsy sleepers from tumbling out of our bed and down the stairs. But over the years of persistent neglect on the part of our slum landlord (who, poor impoverished capitalist that he is, has only had a paltry couple of thousand pounds in rent from us during that period) it has become a sort of disaster area of crumbling plaster and viciously sharp laths. We tried to patch it up ourselves once, whilst the burgoning hole was still a comparative junior of a couple of feet or so across. But one evening shortly afterwards, and without the slightest warning, the whole new slab which I had so laboriously built into the hole, fell out again, squashing my Love's smallest teddy bear almost beyond recognition. And after that the hole grew apace.

Anyway, the imminent arrival of the Man made loafing about in bed and dreaming of jelly-roll bums an impractical proposition, so after throwing the alarm-clock at the wardrobe (the only way to silence its unbearable racket ever since the little knob fell off the top of it), breakfast became the uppermost thought in our minds. And breakfast, in our house, can be a supremely trying occasion, owing to the five cats who live with us. I can never, nowadays, remember exactly how we came to be permanent hosts to quite so many of God's humbler creatures, but here they undeniably are (and that's not even counting the dog downstairs or the sparrows in the attic). Most of the time the furry five are reasonably docile: we keep them out of our bed by the simple expedient of closing the bedroom door at nights, and when they learned a few months ago to open it again, we took the handle off, and that put paid to them. But at mealtimes, and especially at breakfast-time, they are impossible to ignore. The awful wailing cacophony of five frantic voices, all yelling simultaneously and in occasional ear-splitting harmony to be fed: they don't seem to realise that Kattomeat has gone up to seventeen pence a tin, and it always sets the dog downstairs to barking.

But once they had been pacified, there came

the business of the Egg. It happened that on the night before this particular Thursday morning, the Love of My Life had been reading again—a pernicious habit to which of late he has become firmly addicted, absorbing sponge-like every piece of printed matter he can lay hands on from Baudelaire to the back of a bus-ticket. As a result he has become a walking repository of irrelevant information, and today's choice fact had been culled from one of the previous Sunday's newspapers. It concerned the theory that, provided you choose a suitable landing area (such as next door's garden) it is possible to throw an ordinary egg high into the air without it breaking when it comes down again. Something to do with wind resistance or gravity, I think. But anyway it's supposed to work.

"Let's try it," said My Love. "Go in the park and do it," I pleaded, "not in the kitchen." But he hadn't brushed his hair yet, and anyway the Man was coming. And it wouldn't take long. So the cats and I retreated to a safe vantage-point behind the fridge whilst he, oblivious as always to any hint of failure, let fly with the breakfast.

Now, let it be clearly understood that the Love of My Life is a most beautiful person. He pays his taxes like an honest citizen, is unfailingly polite and friendly to visitors (except when he doesn't like them), and has rather a pretty little bum. But, when all's said and done, it would only be honest to admit that he is just the teensiest bit clumsy.

He hurled the egg as though he were trying to hit the moon with it. It shot upwards like a bullet from a gun, only to come to a dead halt a split second and eighteen inches later against the kitchen ceiling. There, briefly, it stuck, as a yellow and glutinous blob oozed nauseously from its underside. Then it fell, depositing itself with ballet-like precision on the edge of a plate which had long ago been abandoned on the corner of the eye-level grill. The plate rocked perilously, and with one accord my Love and I leapt for it. But we missed, only succeeding in knocking it towards the window, where the whole mess of broken egg mixed with the remains of last night's steak-and-kidney pudding was suddenly whooshed out into thin air by the extractor fan. As we watched, it seemed as though it would be years before it hit the ground. The trouble was, we could see where it was going to land.

"But you shouldn't have been sunbathing in this weather," I protested to the Girl Downstairs leaning out of the kitchen window. "We've had this year's summer already—last Tuesday it was and you should have done it then. And anyway, I have a friend who runs a hairdressing salon where ladies pay small fortunes to have quite similar things done to them. Although not from such a height."

"And I think it quite suits you," added my Love helpfully.

But eventually we relented, and agreed to help clean her up. The simplest way, obviously, would have been to wash it all out, but Linda cried that that would ruin her perm. So we got her to lie full length on the sofa whilst we tried to comb the mess into a bowl. We got the worst of it out, so that it was only a bit sticky, and then she suggested a dry shampoo. But the powder mixed with the egg, forming a sort of steak-and-kidney cake on her head. My Love fashioned it gently into a cute little twenties hat-shape, and wanted to try and bake her in the oven. But the dog kept trying to eat it, so in the end we had to give in, and telephone our expensive friend to come and do a professional repair job.

Even now, over a month later, Linda still complains that she gets the occasional whiff of dried egg from her hair, which embarrasses her at the Bingo. To cap it all, the Man never came, and the hole is still where the wall once was.

Tony Hasamer

Star-gays with Merlin

August 22nd to September 22nd

VIRGO



The long wait for VIRGOANS is over. Nearly a year ago, when 'Star-Gays' first appeared, the series started with LIBRA and has since worked its way through the Zodiac, reaching full circle with VIRGO. Of course, VIRGO has been mentioned in despatches quite regularly, even receiving honourable mention when CAPRICORN and TAURUS Friends were discussed. Until now they have been somewhat neglected overall. The balance is redressed herewith.

Although the name of their sign may suggest virginity, VIRGOANS are seldom as virginal as they let people believe. Frigidity of a kind, possibly. But because of nervous dispositions, insecurity, and a desire to make friends first, rather than sexual coldness. VIRGOANS often hide a warmth and experience, pretending it's all so new, and what a shock it is that two people could actually do that together. Don't be fooled: VIRGOANS probably found out about it all first, but just kept quiet in case too many others got into the act. VIRGOANS radiate a strong sex appeal which, together with their distinctive personality, combines a come-hither smile with a sharp dig if the smile is taken at face value. Very confusing and disconcerting, which just about sums up the VIRGO character.

The trouble with VIRGO is that they really do mean what they say. It's little use complaining when invited back to coffee, and that's all you get. VIRGOANS just open their expressive eyes, and ask innocently "What else did you expect?" and I swear on the sacred tablets of Tophet, that they honestly mean it! They glow with such sincerity and charm, one can even forgive them for making rather inferior coffee. VIRGOANS are not exactly nature's natural field, or on TV. But Service, in the humanitarian sense of working for the good of mankind, really plays an important part of their lives. Harness the strengths of a VIRGOAN'S emotional need to be of Service and you have a power-house of energetic enthusiasm which will leave their fellow Earth-sign CAPRICORN looking like a particularly sluggish snail. But I stress that humanitarian aspect, as VIRGOANS would hate to be put into similar positions as 'Rose' or 'Mr Hudson', placed firmly below stairs.

Sometimes the boundless enthusiasms turn inwards, with VIRGOANS exerting their energies to themselves and their little illnesses. Scratch an ailing VIRGOAN, and blood poisoning will set in, or that mild indigestion will prove to be an emergency appendectomy. It's a plethora of VIRGOANS who form those queues that aggravate the likes of you and me when we rush out to chemists to replenish our bedside cabinets with life's little essentials. VIRGOANS make good nurses, male or female, excellent social workers, efficient organisers, always finding something to do. On the other side of VIRGOAN characteristics there is a curious tendency to line up a soft touch for a free meal and a virginal bed. Something of a con-man, in a disarming manner, and really rather successful.

(Surprisingly, a large number of VIRGOANS are found hustling. Just how they combine the essential business negotiations with the services they are expected to perform is almost worth the experience of finding out for oneself. Needless to say, charm, innocence, and dazzlingly convincing excuses for not coming across after that expensive meal and those innumerable drinks, carry them through deeply intelligent conversations far into the early hours, and into an undisturbed bed. As the immortal Alice said, and she must have had VIRGOANS in mind, "Curiouser and curiouser.")

Not that all VIRGOANS are Midnight Cowboys. Far from it. Mostly, they lead devoted lives, perhaps looking after aged parents, or visiting their sick friends. Or working until all hours to clear a rush job. The sheer physical activity of the most mundane task releases the inner tensions, and allows the adrenalin to flow. Just as well, as a tired VIRGO will have the sense to get to bed and not stay up to nag. They hate criticism, but won't mind relating the latest tit-bit of gossip with a fiendish delight; only if it's about someone else, naturally.

VIRGOANS have curious relationships with other people, often preferring to remain aloof and yet welcomingly enticing. Just think of Queen Elizabeth I, who was called the Virgin Queen, but who was born a VIRGO. No need to elaborate, just work it out for yourselves, then apply the lesson to VIRGO friends. Better still, turn to this column in the next issue of Gay News, and read the concluding article in the present series of 'Star-Gays'. It will be headed VIRGO & FRIENDS, and promises to reveal all!

The Queerwolf

The Queenwhite Mountains are my home.
I haunt
Hermaphroditic slaloms of Vermont
But at nightfall queerwolfishly I go
Down to the valleys, macho-green, below
And, leering, sidle up to yummy youths
And catch their cocky eye and make my moves:

My paws, my claws, my fangs hiss SODOMY.
Oh dear, some fox has wised them up to me
HE MAKES HIS MOVES, they cry,
HE'S ON THE PROWL!

I scuttle to my mountain top; and howl.

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— Eric Bentley

Aches & Pains

Although gay people are less reticent today about admitting their gayness to their own doctors, and although it is to be hoped that doctors are a bit more enlightened on the subject than they used to be, it is still true that a lot of gays are reluctant to discuss their particular problems with their local GP. For this reason, and because gay problems may be of general interest to our readers, we have installed our own resident doctor. If you have any medical problems which you think are related to a gay life-style, please send them to ACHES & PAINS, c/o Gay News, 62a Chiswick High Road, London W4 1SY, and we will print them and the doctor's reply. Please keep your letters brief and to the point. The doctor has also promised to answer some who do not want their letters printed, if a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed. State CLEARLY if you do not want your letter printed. Naturally, all correspondence will be treated in the strictest confidence.

THE THIL



GAY NEWS

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SING A GAY SONG

Some aspects of gay rock

by Peter Burton

We never did find out what "Me and Julio"¹ were up to down by the schoolyard. We were a bit surprised when Ian Mathews sang "Do Doo Ron Ron (When He Walked Me Home)."² We had our suspicions about what the "Something Strange"³ was which Peter Frampton, in the old Herd days, sang about. We all knew about "Lola",⁴ but she was a pretty exceptional case. Most of the time we've been left guessing.

Guessing about what?

Gay rock, that's what. Where is it?

And the term gay rock is used in this context to cover any kind of gay popular music.

For those who like to read, it's easy enough to pop down to the friendly neighbourhood bookstore (even W H Smiths) and find a novel or polemic volume of homosexual interest. It's not that desperately difficult to find either a play or a movie with some kind of strong gay appeal—after all, even if the production is obvious, anti, or over-camp, the talking point is still there. For those of us with an interest in painting—well, David Hockney and all his lovely young men spring instantly to mind. But there's plenty of art of a homophile nature. Even gay ballets have started to make a strong showing. Classical music? Tchaikovsky is a good, if obvious, example. It's a fairly well accepted thesis that Tchaikovsky wouldn't have composed the way he did had it not been for his homosexuality.⁵

But where are the exponents of gay rock? They seem to be so thin on the ground that they are well nigh invisible. Certainly it's difficult to think of a recording British gay rock artist.

What about David Bowie? most people will say. Not really. He's a very different case. Fine, so Bowie came out. But he's hardly writing gay rock songs. Other than "Queen Bitch"⁶, how many overtly gay Bowie songs can you think of?

But that's just Great Britain.

America, on the other hand, is an entirely different cup of noodles.

In front of me, as the typewriter clatters away, are seven American gay albums. Six of them are on small, independent labels. One of them is on a major record label—the first gay album (excluding the comedy album *God Save the Queens*) to have been issued by a major record company. These albums vary in quality and content. They range from polemical and boring, to romantic, to downright, honest, raunchy homosexual rock and roll. But, in a strange kind of way, the contents don't matter. For the simple fact that these albums exist is what is important. Exist they do. But they exist only in America. As far as it is possible to ascertain, none of them are likely to get either British release or distribution. So unless you have contacts in America, or are a jet-setter, it's going to be fairly difficult to come by copies of any of them.

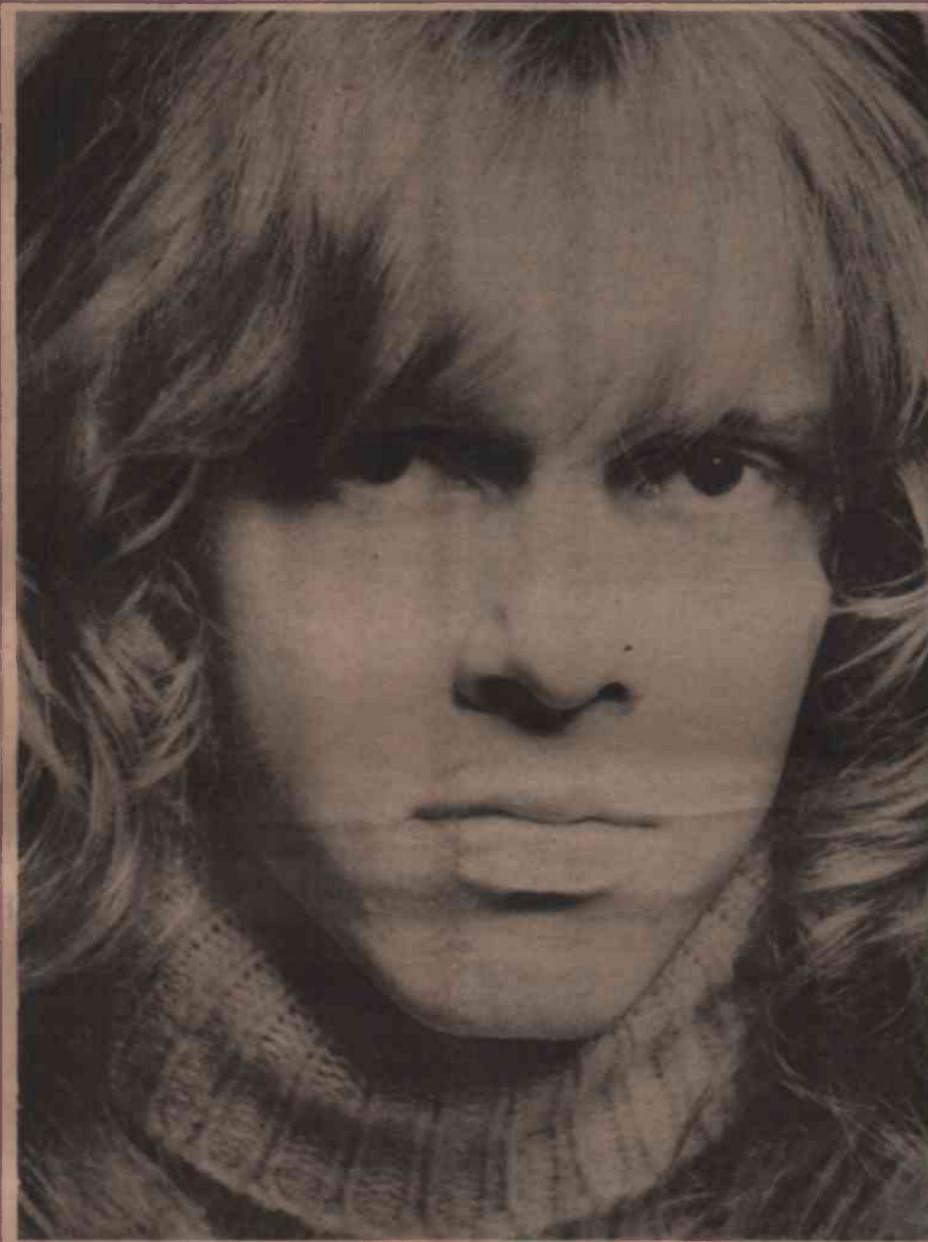
Of the seven albums (there may well be more, if there are they haven't yet come my way), two have a wide appeal. The other five have somewhat restricted horizons. It is these five we will examine first.

Michael Cohen used to be (may well still be) a New York taxi driver. His first album appeared under the title *Mike Cohen*⁸ and was released in 1973. The record label is a bit difficult to work out; but it seems to be Diadelphous Stamens Inc: A Not For Profit Corporation. Cohen has written all of the songs on the album; and the material ranges from somewhat convoluted and difficult lyrics heavy with homosexual awareness to classically simple lyrics which, at their best, remind one of the early Paul Simon.

The most notable song on the album is called "Ward Six (Special Care Unit)", which was inspired by a short story by Anton Chekhov. The lyrics are simple, clear and have a haunting pain about them:

*With sunken eyes that hide the scar
his madness takes him very far
he drifts where lovers learn to weep
he lands where darkness covers sleep
and children sleep
and cry for water in the night
O in the night . . .*

*And like my messengers of old
he rides his stallion in the cold*



Chris Robison: "I am not the only one to know your own sex can be fun . . ."

*I saw him breathe his fiery breath
I saw him leave the house of death
while I was starving
for salvation or a sign
O just a sign . . .*

So the song continues through two further subtle verses. The strength of the song lies in the allusion as opposed to the obviously stated. It is a fine piece of craftsmanship (strangely reminding me, in places, of some Oscar Wilde poem) which would fit well onto any album—be it homosexual or heterosexual. In Mike Cohen's case, it is his subversive songs which are the most persuasive. As homosexuals, we have to live with heterosexual art, in this instance heterosexual rock. There is no reason why homosexual rock should not as easily clutter the airwaves. But it is the subversive which is the most beguiling. A hint of something unknown—as in the previously mentioned "Something Strange"—is infinitely more captivating than the obviously political.

Mike Cohen has been lucky. Obviously his first album found its way into the attention of those with power to do something about it. For following the first album, a second appeared. This time the packaging was slicker, more professional. Most important, Michael Cohen's *What Did You Expect?*⁹ appeared on a small, but distinguished, label: Folkways Records.

*What Did You Expect?*⁹ is some of the best from Mike Cohen and some new material. Strangely, "Ward Six" is not on this new album, but, as with the first, the best songs are the simplest, the ones which insidiously worm their way into consciousness. Of this the two best examples are "Couldn't Do Without" and "Bittersweet" (based on a Leonard Cohen poem).

*Lavender Country*¹⁰ originates out of Seattle; and is distributed by Gay Community Social Services of Seattle. This community has been involved in a counselling service, community centre, gender

identity clinic, VD clinic, and has provided extensive resources in community education through speaking engagements and symposia. In 1973, one of the major undertakings of the community was the amassing of financial resources for the *Lavender Country* album.

The album strikes me as very much country and western orientated; and as such it has, for this country, a double limited appeal. For if someone is going to consider putting out a gay album here it is unlikely that they would consider a gay country album.

In my notes on this album is the comment: "Too political for it ever to have the chance of moving beyond the confines of the initiated."

Obviously gay activism has been, still is, of immense value. Especially in America where it is helping to evolve an awareness of gay culture (awful expression, but unavoidable). But . . . and it is a BIG but . . . the heavily homosexual material always seems as oppressive as oppressive propaganda by anti-gays. Lyrically *Lavender Country* shows, to my personal taste, too much awareness, and not enough art. It's easy to appreciate what the community have put into the album, but appreciation doesn't excuse the boredom the album induced.

Eric Bentley's *The Queen of 42nd Street*¹¹ only just slips into this collection of albums—slips in by one song, the title track of the album. Bentley is better known as a theatre critic, as one of the major translators of Brecht, and as author of such books as *The Theatre of Commitment*.¹² *The Queen of 42nd Street* is a collection of Jacques Prevert's poems¹³ with a musical setting by Joseph Kosma. In the original French version, "The Queen . . ." was about a woman, but on the album, in this translation, Bentley has turned the woman into a gay guy, and set the whole in New York, where he has performed the song at dinner clubs.

"The Queen of 42nd Street" has a lot in common with Bowie's "Queen Bitch". She (and this is a good instance of using a switch in gender identity legitimately) is tacky, a bleached blonde, aging, dressed far too gaudily, in fact, an obvious queen. But the song she sings is life affirming, she doesn't care. She's happy and that's all that matters.

This is the way I am. Yes, I'm just made this way

And when I want to laugh, why then, I laugh all day

I dig the guy that digs me, so how am I to blame

If the guy that digs me is not every night the same?

Well, that's the way I am, I'm made this way you see

And what more do you want? What do you want from me?

Bentley's delivery is sub-Coward, and Kosma's music has a nicely decadent Thirties feel to it. If only for this one song, *The Queen of 42nd Street* is an album well worth trying to get.

The final album in this first batch is almost completely romantic. Paul Wagner sings gentle love songs with titles such as "But I Love You", "I Don't Know", "Need Your Love Too" and "Meadows of Peace". This album, *To Be A Man*¹⁴, has a different feel about it from the others. It doesn't hector, it doesn't make any promises, doesn't make any claims, isn't there to make any great statements. The message in this album comes across simply because it doesn't try; simply because the songs are romantic and gentle.

However, of the albums written about above, it would be difficult to honestly say that any one of them is totally entertaining, totally enjoyable, worth spending hard-earned pennies on. Each has interest if you're especially interested in what is happening by way of gay rock music. Outside that the pleasures are there, but mainly they are small pleasures, one or two songs per album, maybe only stray lyrics.

Steven Grossman and Chris Robison have both produced albums which do have a great deal to offer, albums which are well worth collecting.

Both Grossman and Robison are New York boys. Both have written New York albums with a definite sense of that most exciting of cities about them.

Steven Grossman has the distinction of being the first self-confessed homosexual rock artist to have a homosexual album released by a major record company, Mercury (a label Grossman shares with Rod Stewart). Moreover on his album, *Caravan Tonight*,¹⁵ Grossman seems to be aiming only for a gay audience. He isn't in the least concerned about the heterosexual who may have an interest, may simply have read a review and purchased. For the ungay, lines like

*And I don't want to go down on my knees
and elbows*

And not have you do the same — the same

would be fairly difficult to follow. Or would they? Is it simply a naive assumption that straight people don't know what gay people do in bed? They must have a pretty good idea.

Caravan Tonight is obviously an autobiographical album. Steven Grossman is writing about what he knows and what he has experienced. "Out", for example, is a clever little song about telling parents and family of gayness. The punch is in the fact that the word gay isn't used until the very last line, though words for gay are suggested at the blank ends of each verse. "Circle Nine Times" is about one of the best of the Greenwich Village gay bars, the Ninth Circle. But Grossman has his personal hang-ups and in this song he is explaining that

*There's something that still isn't right
All this boozing and cruising does nothing more*

Than to give me the pain in my song.

Though Steven Grossman has accepted his homosexuality, he hasn't accepted a lot of the problems, personal emotional problems, which seem to be part of being homosexual. (Is that remark asking for

Continued on page 10

continued from page 9



Steven Grossman, the first come-out gay artist on a major record label

trouble? Probably, but let it stand.) He's not happy about promiscuity, but he is aware that it exists, and his awareness pushes him in the direction of further understanding. Both "Circle Nine Times" and "Dry Dock Dreaming" are about casual sex. "Dry Dock Dreaming" is about the truck-parking area down by New York's East River. Gays congregate at these empty and unlocked trucks—the area is known as The Trucks—for instant sex and, incidentally, all too frequent muggings. (Any-

one who watched *The Detective* on television recently will recognise The Trucks in the long and aggressive riverside frisking scene). Grossman understands instant sex as a product of loneliness:

*Oh Lord won't you help me, I'm tired and stoned
I'm anxious and angry and want to go home
But not all alone.*

Possibly this album works so well, lyrically particularly, because it is so auto-

biographical. Throughout—even on the less good tracks—there is a painful honesty. Grossman is confiding his problems to us, he is sharing his excitements and discoveries. There is no happy ending to *Caravan Tonight*; the final track is "Dry Dock Dreaming" and the ultimate lines are far from happy lines.

*Well what I do to your body I can do
to your head
Oh do to your head—well, come on mister
let's do it again
Oh Devil won't you leave me I'm turning
to stone
I'm anxious and angry and want to go home
But please not alone.*

But knowing you're capable of fucking someone's head is going a long way to understanding why you shouldn't do it. And he who fucks heads always runs the risk of fucking his own.

Chris Robison's album, *Chris Robison and His Many Hand Band*,¹⁶ is completely unlike any of the other albums written about in this piece. In many respects all of the others want to explain, want people to understand a point of view, want understanding. Chris Robison doesn't ask anything. His album is there. And that's it. There really aren't any messages about it—except "Go with the flow; enjoy what you are."

Even more than Steven Grossman, Chris Robison has written a New York album; possibly the definitive New York gay album. He has captured the speed, the hang-ups, the feeling of anticipation which seems to hover like a dust cloud over New York. His lyrics are powerful, often touchingly beautiful. His music ranges from raunchy-honest-to-God rock, through gentle melody, to a sheer sing-along anthem.

Track one, Side two; "I'm Looking For A Boy Tonight" is probably the most direct and straightforward gay song yet written:

*I'm lookin' for a boy tonite
I know to some of you out there
it may not seem quite right
But I am not the only one
to know your own sex can be fun
That's why I'm looking for a boy tonite*

is the chorus verse, and it says it better than anyone else has managed.

It is the sense of sheer pleasure in his homosexuality which makes Chris Robison so unique. He doesn't appear—on record, at least—to have any problems. Creatively, Chris has achieved a nirvana-like state of complete acceptance of himself and if anyone is shocked, well, he seems to say, they don't know what they're missing.

More than anything *Chris Robison*... is a sexual album. There is a romantic air about most of it but when Chris sings

*Feel the love all around you
And every day it will astound you
Ride your rainbows through the air
And you will find your castle there.*

it is glaringly apparent that at the end of that rainbow that's a bloody good fuck.

And surely— isn't that what it's all really about? It's all very nice to think in non-sexual terms, but sex is fun. All those boy/girl/moon/June songs are really about boys and girls getting it together. Why shouldn't there be joyous celebrations of gay guys and gay girls getting it on and enjoying it? That's what Chris Robison is writing about.

Enjoying being homosexual. All of the others, it now strikes me, don't seem to have much fun.

Chris has the good fortune to be beautiful and talented and good copy; he's received a fair amount of press, most of it good, in America. Not just in gay publications either, he's been favourably noticed in everything from *Cashbox* (the leading American music trade magazine) to *Rolling Stone*.

Chris has a second album ready for release; *Manchild*. He says of it that "It

has been in the works for over a year. In its music and words I try to paint an overall picture of what it's like to grow up, to deal with love, sex, boredom, death, sadness, and elation." It should be worth waiting for.

But why are there no British gay albums? Why are there no likely releases for any of the albums discussed above?

Surely it is no more risky for Phonogram to release *Caravan Tonight* than it was for Elektra to release (and hype like crazy) the Jobriath album.¹⁷ It's a pity we can have Chris Robison on Elephant's Memory's *Angels Forever*,¹⁸ and not have the individual and unique solo album.

Obviously British record companies feel there is no demand for gay rock, and that any demand there may be is not worth considering. Of course, the ludicrous air-play situation with the BBC must contribute to an unwillingness to put money into anything that is unlikely to get into the BBC's top thirty formula playlist.

Legality may have something to do with it. For America hasn't had a change in law; homosexuality is still against the law in most states. Yet under an atmosphere of theoretic legal oppression gay culture flourishes (clubs and bars are a damn sight better Stateside, too). Here the change in the law has helped to bring about a hoped-for integration. Somewhere up there, amongst Our Betters, there is someone saying:

"Gay rock? What's that? And who wants it? We've changed the Law. What more do they want?"

It is interesting to consider—If the law had not been changed, if we were all still committing a crime each time we clambered into bed with another man or boy, would there be a set of gay singer/songwriters writing and recording in this country?

It seems highly likely.

Notes

- 1: "Me and Julio Down by the Schoolyard" on *Paul Simon* by Paul Simon, CBS.
- 2: "Do Doo Ron Ron (When He Walked Me Home)" on *Tigers Will Survive* by Ian Matthews, Vertigo.
- 3: "Something Strange" on *Paradise Lost* by The Herd, Fontana.
- 4: "Lola" on *Lola versus Powerman & the Merry-Go-Round* by The Kinks, Pye.
- 5: See *Tchakovsky* by John Warrack, Hamish Hamilton.
- 6: "Queen Bitch" on *Hunky Dory* by David Bowie, RCA.
- 7: *God Save the Queens* by Sandy Baron, A&M.
- 8: *Mike Cohen* by Mike Cohen, Diadelphous Stamens Inc.
- 9: *What Did You Expect?* by Michael Cohen, Folkways Records Inc.
- 10: *Lavender Country* by Lavender Country, Gay Community Social Services of Seattle, Inc.
- 11: *The Queen of 42nd Street* by Eric Bentley, Folkways Records Inc.
- 12: *The Theatre of Commitment* by Eric Bentley, Methuen.
- 13: *Selections from Pares* by Prevort, Penguin.
- 14: *To Be A Man* by Paul Wagner, Trilogy Records & Tapes.
- 15: *Caravan Tonight*, by Steven Grossman, Mercury.
- 16: *Chris Robison and His Many Hand Band* by Chris Robison, Gypsy Frog Records Ltd.
- 17: *Jobriath* by Jobriath, Elektra.
- 18: *Angels Forever* by Elephant's Memory, Polydor.

Mike Cohen, *What Did You Expect?*, *Lavender Country*, *The Queen of 42nd Street*, *To Be A Man*, further information should be available from The Oscar Wilde Memorial Bookshop, 291 Mercer, New York, New York, USA.

Caravan Tonight; it should be possible to order this through any of the import shops around London. Harlequin Records at 60 Dean St, W1, currently have a number of copies in stock, price £3.25.

Chris Robison and His Many Hand Band; further information from Gypsy Frog Records, Suite 400, 888 Seventh Avenue, New York, New York 10019, USA.

All other titles mentioned should be available from either new or second-hand record stores.

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NEW YORK NOTES



The 5th Annual Gay Liberation Parade moves out of Greenwich Village

The annual Christopher Street Liberation Day March assembled for the fifth time at noon in Greenwich Village on Sunday, June 30. For those who have never been there, here are some impressions that attempt to convey the feel, the sight and the sound of what is the largest public manifestation and celebration of gayness in the world.

The march has by now taken on ritualised aspects; from experience everyone knows how to get the most out of it for him or herself. Should one go stoned is the first question. Your reporter, partly in the interests of writing an objective account, stays sober, but friends promptly light up after breakfast. And how early to arrive? Not too early, when the roped-off, empty streets at the gathering point (a block from the site of the Stonewall riot) contain only forlorn clusters of people anxiously eyeing the subway exits for new arrivals. But not too late either, else one won't have time to say hello to all those people one doesn't otherwise wish to meet during the rest of the year.

The march is a slow river that flows upstream through New York City, along sleepy Sunday Greenwich Village streets lined with sympathetic closet spectators, turning at Eighth Street onto the Avenue of the Americas (all New Yorkers call it Sixth Avenue, but for once we don't mind the grandiose name), moving then through the low-lying brownstones of Chelsea, up past Times Square in the midday sun, up through the steel and glass canyons of the West Forties and Fifties, past the Hilton Hotel where two years ago gay activists were beaten and thrown down the escalators while attempting to leaflet, and finally breaking free at Fifty-Ninth Street to stream into Central Park, where the post-parade rally is to be held.

Along the way, people keep jumping out of the parade onto sidewalks, clambering up lamp-poles to see how long the parade is (fully unlimbered it spreads over 15 city blocks). When we faggots march, occupying the central avenue of a great city block by block by the thousands, we say in effect: "Take a good look at us, here we are on our day, massed and super-visible. This is our world too, you know, and despite all instructions to the contrary, we aim to enjoy ourselves in it."

Do the drums of a revolutionary lavender dawn beat too loudly in those last sentences? If so, one can add that such a large parade consists inevitably of people who are mainly strangers to one another, and that not surprisingly, the usual nervous and uptight cruising persists during the march, eyes darting behind and before one, shoulders hunching with unrequited passion.

Fashions, or the politics of the soul: this year one does not see the wild aureoles of hair, the kaleidoscopic gladrags, the earrings through nose and ears, of previous parades. Gone too are the bacchantic snake dances that used to spontaneously erupt, stomping and weaving through the parade. *Ave atque vale*, GLF and LSD!

We have all weathered a sea-change, moving in five years from the acid tropical isles to the Nixonian icecap. And now it is a different look one sees among the gay men: trim, manly and self-contained, neat beards and moustaches, close-cropped hair, drab blue and tan denims.

And when the old genie is unstopped, it appears like a relic from a different era. Viz the delightful young fellow, with black beard and sparkling eyes, who runs around behind and before us, distributing coloured stars which he pastes on people's foreheads. He comes up to us: "Pick which colour you like." We look at each other as he dances away, a red, a white and a green star on our three foreheads now, shrug and grin "Wonder what he's on."

A young woman and her gay male friend quietly walk in front of us. The woman's unobtrusive good looks are highlighted by blond hair, further touched up by a bit of lipstick and rouge; her blouse and skirt are unremarkable. Twenty blocks later the recognition suddenly occurs: one notices the sleek whorls of blond hair on the legs below the skirt—Christ, it's a boy! Somehow, though, drag is not the right word here: the gait is neither striding nor swishing. I stare from the rear at this perfectly androgynous

creature, fascinated but uncomfortable. S/He is a harbinger of things to come.

I leave my friends and run ahead to where the parade will debouch into Central Park for the rally afterward. Standing at the entrance to the park, one sees the whole parade pass by: banners from Kent State Gay Liberation; Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Albany, NY; groups from Chicago, Texas, Washington, DC, Mississippi and Canada. One reads the signs:

- "Patty Hearst, Come Out Now!"
- "Betcha Can't Be One"
- "In N Ireland, Roman Catholics are fighting for their civil rights. Here in New York we must fight the church for our civil rights."
- And, standing amidst the straight couples clustered on the sidewalks, one hears the comments:
 - "Some of the women are so feminine."
 - "Harold, I just saw someone I know!"
 - "A few of them are quite obvious and blatant."
 - "They walked a long way" (3 miles, in fact).

Earlier, one had heard different kinds of comments from the paraders: "I remember you from two parades ago.—Yes, what was I wearing?"; "I can't believe it but I actually saw another guy from Kentucky here today" and, for the first time at these annual rites, the greeting, spoken quickly and with an embarrassed smile as friends met and kissed: "Happy Gay Day".

Leading the parade is a vast contingent of thousands of lesbians, children in arms, singing and swaying to the music of their own marching band ("Hail, Hail, the dykes are here / What the hell do we care, What the hell do we care" repeated hundreds of times over). Here is an Amazon Nation truly, full of exultant vitality and a militant territoriality ("just try and break our ranks!") that is quite lacking in the rest of the parade.

I rejoin my friends as everyone breaks ranks and heads through the park to the rally site. Central Park is rather wilder than its downtown London equivalents, full of bosky ravines and long playing fields, and as the thousands of paraders move under the trees towards the rally, the effect is of a vast and oscillating Seurat come to life and magnified many times over. The crowd figure announced is 43,000, although to an eye conditioned by previous parades and Vietnam peace marches, 15,000 to 20,000 would seem more likely.

The rally itself is a disappointment, and in ways that are somehow symptomatic of the difficulties of the Gay Lib movement itself. The best speeches and the best singing come from the women, although a huge majority of the crowd is male (the more militant lesbians having split for their own separate rally in the park).

We gay men are left to be entertained by a charismatic but quite straight black singer, Alaina Reed (last year's rally star was also a straight woman, Bette Midler, 'The Divine Miss M'. One asks oneself as a gay male: where are our troubadours, our eloquent spokesmen). Then we are harangued on our sexism by a spokeswoman of the Lesbian Liberation Front. Vociferous boos and hoots greet this lecture from half the audience, until the woman is forced to stop speaking, while the other half, having been through all this before in consciousness-raising groups and GLF, stand around sadly shaking their heads.

The best, if hardly the most rabble-raising, speech is given by feminist Kate Millet, who begins by saying it has been a long five years since the first march (so it has, thinking back to the first gay march in 1970, when those of us at the head of the parade climbed a hill in Central Park, turned back to look at the thousands approaching us below, and trembled). Millet notes that, in the most precarious way, we have accomplished a new life style, an androgynous mix that represents the best parts of 'liberated' gay lives, but adds that it is a life style with its back to the wall in America.

After the rally, and dessert at a nearby restaurant, my friends split for the baths. I don't want to go (tomorrow, Monday, is work), and so go home instead. Returning home, the elevator man, looking at me, examines my sunburned and grimy face in the mirror, and says, "This is your kind of day." He is black and I am white and red-haired, and it would be too much trouble to explain why, for sure, it has been my kind of day, if hardly in the sense that he meant.

Andy Dvosin

Carry on Eugene



Erna Von Schrach as Josephine Baker

Bella Di Maggio as Sarah Bernhardt

The cast of La Grande Eugene, the cream of Parisian decadence, decided it was time to show off their glittering feathers and immaculate make-up. They chose Rome for their escapade this summer, but no doubt they'll feel like coming to London in the near future. La Grande Eugene are renowned for perfectionism in the art of drag, genderfuck and gay spectaculars generally. The particular attention given to the costumes and accessories made it the drag show to see in Paris for the past few years, at the club of the same name. The name itself comes from some infamous and legendary drag queen. Carry on, Eugene!

Jean-Claude Thevenin



Erna Von Schrach (left) and Bella Di Maggio relaxing out of drag

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TROUBLED WATER

This column is devised as a means of offering help, advice or information on problems relating to homosexuality. The letters are handled by Icebreakers, a team set up to handle a telephone service, whereby isolated or unhappy gays can ring up any evening and discuss their difficulties, directly, with other gay people. The main characteristics of Icebreakers are that all its members are openly gay, have come to terms with their gayness, take no sort of authoritarian approach and the outfit is not related to any gay organisation—the entire range of gay groups, services and outlets is used. Strict confidence for letters and telephone calls is assured. The number is 01-274 9590, every evening 7.30-10.30pm. All sexes are welcome to use this service.

The letter published in this column are selected from the many received each week. Every correspondent receives a personal reply as soon as possible; both letters and replies published may have been edited slightly. Unless specifically mentioned in the column, we cannot forward letters from readers to the writers who present their problems.

Send your letters to Dept TW, Gay News, 62a Chiswick High Road, London W4 1SY.



Illustration: Gerry Cobb

Black lovers only

The first time I had sex, 20 years ago, it was with a half-caste boy in Liverpool and my gay life since then has revolved around black people to the point where I am, to a large extent, identified with them. I have no guilt feelings about this, because my involvement is total—I have been active in race relations and community work for many years, and am held in high regard by people prominent in these fields who would be astonished to know I was gay. At one time, I was rather proud of the fact that I have never had sex with a person of my own race. But now my friends—

both black and white—have started telling me that this attitude is unhealthy, that I have developed an obsession and should change my life-style. The trouble is that there is a psychological barrier which none of them seem to understand. I am just not turned on by white people, though I accept that they could be just as satisfactory as sex partners. There seems little point in consulting a psychologist, who would probably try to put me off gay sex altogether. Basically, I don't want to change. But I have to recognise that life is not what it was, and that the majority of black people one meets today are looking for something more than just friendship—a sugar-daddy, perhaps, or a flat-share. As I get older (I am now 40) I can see that it is going to be more and more difficult for me to have meaningful relationships. So what do I do in this situation? Is group-sex, with black and white, the answer? If so, where do I find it? I can't be the only person with this particular hang-up, judging by the number of personal ads in GN specifying black friends.

Negrophile, London

—Firstly, how splendid it is that your love of black people has led you to join the fight against racism and prejudice. As you probably know, a sickeningly large number of similarly inclined white gays make no such effort, many indeed appearing to 'compensate' for their 'weakness' by adopting extreme right-wing and racist attitudes and political affiliations. Gay people have everything to gain by linking up with other oppressed groups in the struggle against those forces ranged against us. Also, the experience of deep mutual knowledge between people of different cultures, each afflicted by its own stereotyped image, is an excellent antidote to the myth and ignorance that effectively divide the various ranks of the ruled. But no man is an island, and the aware person must ever bear in mind that here in the UK as in most parts of the 'developed' world, he or she lives in a deeply and all-pervasively racist society. This is not to speak merely of prejudice in the commonplace meaning of the word, though that exists loathsomely enough. It refers to the dominance of a set of norms and values, unspoken and largely unquestioned, based on the Judeo-Christian tradition which, not at all coincidentally, is also the tradition of colonialism and imperialism, economic and cultural, of sexual repressiveness and of capitalism, be it private or state variety. In such an environment, the white gay (or straight for that matter) is not free to love his/her black brother/sister without the environment imposing on the relationship interpretations and meanings inimical to the liberation of gay and black people. Let's look at a few examples.

One of the ways white bourgeois society copes with its endemic sexual hang-ups is to project all the 'bad' bits on to black people who are then regarded, with a mixture of envy, loathing and fear as oversexed inferiors neither capable nor deserving of 'normal' (ie white

bourgeois) human dignity or respect. In seeking out a black sexual partner, is a white gay unwittingly reinforcing this widespread attitude, if not falling victim to it? If he/she is not—and of course it by no means follows that all black/white relationships exist on this basis, nor that if they start on it they cannot pass beyond it as true love and knowledge supersede the initial misconceptions—how does he/she cope with and attack the syndrome in other whites? Friends, for instance, who murmur of one's black lover: "I bet he taught you a thing or two."

How does one's partner relate to the black struggle at large, with a white mate? Is the black-seeking white gay encouraging gay Rufuses to cop out of solidarity with other black people into the overwhelmingly white and middle-class gay scene where his situation could very well parallel that of a servant in a Victorian bourgeois household, protected by and benefitting from the very institution responsible for the poverty and oppression when he escaped? (A Rufus is a black person who, out of feelings of racial inferiority, compulsively chooses only white partners). Is the white partner ready to accept that his/her friend may come to need to desert him/her to establish black pride and identity with other black people? As you state, life is not what it was and I suspect that black pride rather than mercenary motives as you rather insultingly suggest, is a likely reason for the fruitlessness of your recent endeavours.

In any case, black people don't exist so that white liberals or revolutionaries can assuage their guilt feelings by loving them. If some black young people are indeed looking for material rewards over and above 'just friendship' then why the hell shouldn't they when in this society it's the whites who have the homes, jobs and salaries? No matter how identified with blacks you feel, your interests and theirs do not—and through no fault of yours individually, but because of the way society is structured—cannot in all respects coincide because you can't opt out of your privilege-bestowing whiteness any more than they can evade the consequences of racism by cultivating an Oxbridge accent. Racism benefits the group to which you belong (white middle-class) which is why racism exists, because it's the white middle class who run society in which we live and that can be changed by political means only.

Which leads of course to Gay Liberation, howsoever called. It seems a great pity that you have in your eagerness to fight racism omitted also to engage its ugly twin, sexism, and that many of your friends and colleagues would be 'astonished' to learn you were gay. Your black friends should be able to tell you the answer to that one—the leaf is taken from Black Power's book, and it reads: Come together! Come out! So, come and join us in CHE or GLF and, with other gay people, perhaps learn that it's great to be gay, openly and proudly so, and link arms with us and other put-down groups in the attack on race discrimination, sex discrimination, age discrimination (you're not too old at 40!), and

all the other things that would deform men and women and stop them being free. But free we shall be—all of us, all oppressed people, everywhere.

Love and strength.

Low sex drive

I don't know what to do as my affair doesn't like me cottaging. But I'm lucky if I get sex with him once a month. I've tried all ways to get it more often, but he just says that everyone doesn't want it every day. At the moment I am getting it about four nights a week—the nights I don't see him. If he finds out, that will be the end of a three-year relationship. He is good company in other ways. I don't really want to finish with him, but what can I do to get him into bed at least once a week? He is 33 and I am 28. But I'm not the only affair he has had that has found him sexless. There were two before me, and both finished with him because he would only go to bed a few times a year. I first got to know about him when I met his last bitch affair. I thought no one could be as sexless as he said he was, but now I've found it's true. I hope you can print this as he may read it and change a bit.

(Name and address withheld on request)

—One of the great problems often found in forming homosexual pair-bonds is the matching of the two people's sex drives. Your lover's need to have sex only once a month is no more unusual than is yours to have sex every night. Virtually nothing of this is mentioned in advice columns or marriage-guidance tracts designed for heterosexuals simply because it is still basically assumed that in heterosexual marriage the husband calls the tune and the wife gets her sex when he needs it and demands his conjugal rights. So we find one of the penalties of a gay couple trying to pattern their relationship on a heterosexual image. Your references to 'affair' and to 'bitch', and the suggestion that your lover would break off the relationship if he knew you were being unfaithful, seems to suggest that both of you are into a heavy role-playing scene; yet your natural urge, for a more vivacious sex life, is forcing you to contest this pattern and causing unhappiness. There is nothing automatic in a gay relationship: fidelity, for example, is a matter of common discussion and agreement. And your lover has no more right to impose his sexual starvation diet on you than you have to impose your sexual gluttony on him. You obviously want the relationship to continue, so it must be reconstructed, using different standards from those of the heterosexual world. But to try to communicate through the pages of GN will be less satisfactory than actually talking to each other about it. And remember too, that if he has already lost two lovers because of his low sex-drive, then he also may be feeling a bit unhappy and insecure. It is doubtful whether you will be able to make him want sex more often, but you can try to point out that you really want the relationship to go on but that you must be allowed to satisfy your quite natural desires. Hopefully you will have enough going for you both in other areas to ensure this. There are far better reasons for breaking off a relationship than infidelity.

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She insists she is Willesden Welsh, lives at Notting Hill in a house the outside of which has been painted electric blue, and has only recently discovered that she can wear jeans successfully. As I arrived, she was busy ushering out an interviewer from *Forum*, for which magazine she had been busy enlarging on her sexual fantasies. She is The Unsinkable Molly Parkin, former fashion editor of *Novo*, *Harper's Bazaar*, and *The Sunday Times*, present star of Saturdays in *The Evening Standard*, and First Lady of the Liberated Novel (*Love: All, Blond & Briggs*, £2.75). She talked to *Gay News*:

Gay News: How did you get started in the fashion world?

Molly Parkin: My getting into fashion was in quite an accidental way. I went to art school, having had this beast of a woman who wouldn't give me good marks for English, and the whole world opened for me because I was at art school with wonderful free-thinking people, and coming from a rather tight Welsh chapel background, I suddenly saw another world existed. When I got married, I continued to paint, and at the end of that marriage I couldn't paint any longer because I couldn't bear to be in the solitude of my studio. I wanted a gregarious job, and so I met, at the Royal Court, some wonderfully gay boy who was in the Wardrobe there and he'd made a leather hat for Sheila Allen, a friend of mine, who was playing Lady Macbeth, and I said to her, "Christ, what an incredible white leather hat"—and so she called him up and he made me one, and we got together, and I had the eye for colour. He was terribly good on the machine—I can't machine, I could never make anything—and we started making hats and bags and everything for Biba's when Biba's had just opened in that little chemist's shop in Abingdon Villas. Then we were selling and selling to Biba's and doing so well, and people started coming to my house in Chelsea and it got a bit out of hand and I said to him, "This is crackers, you know, we're supplying another boutique—there weren't boutiques then, only Biba's—we'll open our own." So we did, and we did very well. I'd been in that business six weeks, and I went to a dinner party at Len Deighton's who'd been at art school at the same time as me, and there was somebody there who was to do with IPC. They'd just put *Novo* on the market, it wasn't going well, but this chap said "No, don't close it, put in a new Fashion Editor and a new Editor," and he put Dennis Hackett in from *Queen*, and he offered me the job! Well, I laughed because I didn't know anything about fashion except for doing the little hats and bags, but that was to my specifications, what I liked myself; but I knew about colour and he offered me the twelve pages of colour to do and I got those girls in that office to get in from everywhere all the furs and jewels; I divided it into five colour zones: all the reds, which meant you have to get in rubies, garnets, ambers, whatever, and at the same time all the red furs, and that meant fox, dyed red, dyed coney, whatever it was, and that spread was red. The next one was to be all white: getting diamonds, pearls, that sort of thing, and it looked incredible. It went like a bomb and each month I used to think, "Christ, what shall I do this month?"—it could be all purple, violet or blue, or one month, which was very successful, all silver, and that was superb.

GN: Why did you leave *Novo*?

MP: I began to feel that I was repeating myself, you know how you can, I had a little bit of *deja-vu* and I thought, "This isn't right," so I left *Novo*. **GN:** And then did you go directly to *Harpers*? **MP:** First I did a lot of different odd things—television and all that sort of thing, Late Night Line-Ups, and then about eighteen months later *Harpers* was wanting to give itself a new face lift, so I went in there and it was the most unhappy job that I ever had because I was at such variance with their politics. They're extremely right-wing and I'm extremely left-wing and I didn't know who the bloody hell I was writing for since the people who buy *Harpers* and who you're meant to be catching, which is essentially upper-class Group A, were so abhorrent to me that I just was very uneasy the whole time and they were always saying to me, "More up market"; it's a cry that I shall hear to my death bed. I only stayed to do two and a half issues; there were constant battles, but of course they were memorable because I discovered Sarah Moon, who, when I found her in Paris, was only doing snapshots of her friends. I gave her the Paris fashions to do. It was very reckless and when I came back from Paris they nearly went berserk and said who the fuck—well, they don't talk like that at *Harpers*, do they? But I said, bear with me, and she did an extraordinary story, we worked it out together, of this woman, wearing these incredible couture clothes and always in the picture somewhere this little child, not exactly sucking her nipple but certainly with his cheek pressed against her naked breast, and in the end the last one is she's lying on the floor and she's dying and this little child's got a candle and it was very poetic and most memorable. When I came back and we showed the slides to *Harpers*, some woman there who's got a superior position, she just had her jaw dropping down and she turned to me and said in a very cold voice, "Molly, dear, do tell me, what is that little creature doing in the photographs there?" **Cunt!**

GN: And so you left *Harpers*!

MP: Right. And then the *Sunday Times* for some reason asked me to co-edit the Look pages with Mark Boxer, but I said that it wasn't a visual job, just a matter of taking a black and white photo, you haven't got colour, the photo's going to be badly printed and the rest of it, but they kept saying they wanted me for the flair, or God, I don't know what it was, so I went there. Well, I don't type, I don't do shorthand, I can't quite manipulate a tape recorder; Hunter Davies said to me, "Would you just write something about five hundred words to go with this, Molly?" and I said, "I'm sorry, Hunter, I can't do that," and he said, "Why the hell not?" and I said, "Well, I don't write," and he said, "Well, would you type these things for me?" I said, "I don't type," and he said, "What the bloody hell are you in the job for?" and I said, "I don't know, either," and he said, "Next week you go out and do an interview." That was the breakthrough, of course, because I went off, I did the interview, I didn't know what



Photograph: James Wedge

The Divine Ms M A conversation with Molly Parkin

the hell to ask the girl so I started off at rock bottom. I said, "How many pairs of knickers do you have?" and she said, "Thirty-seven." From there I never looked back. I always asked very ordinary questions and got these extraordinary answers.

GN: The thing that struck me at the *Sunday Times* is that you were, in a very real sense, fashion yourself. I don't mean fashion-clothes but fashion in the larger context of the scene. It wasn't so much what you did about clothes—clothes were one of the outward manifestations of fashion—but you were in that area, you knew the people, you knew what was going on.

MP: That's true.

GN: And you were as much a part of fashion as the clothes you were writing about. Was that how you felt, or were you not conscious of it?

MP: I've never been conscious! My natural ambience is just at home really. It has nothing to do with swinging, and my life in London or wherever it is, is very much to do with people who are working. **GN:** You did say, in one interview I read, that at art school you cut your hair and wore outrageous things, things like that.

MP: I would say I am a clothes fetishist. Shoes, high-heeled shoes, excite me. I don't go into low-heeled shoes, although we're perverse enough to have a badminton court in the back garden and it means I've got to get into plimsolls which make me desperately unhappy, and when we go on our ten-mile hikes in the country with all our kids, I have to get into wellingtons, but I buy them with the highest heel that's possible. I feel more attractive and sexual when I've got a sort of an empathy with the clothes I'm wearing, but that doesn't mean to say that I have to have expensive clothes, just something a little bit quirky for me. I've come to equate all those Lauren Bacall in the high shoulder suits as being the epitome of glamour. When I was a very impoverished and rather lumpy little teenager, I couldn't aspire to them; now I understand, because I've got a terrific sense of my own style, what goes together to make a look. I've changed radically in my appearance since I've left the *Sunday Times*. I was growing my hair out grey then, and nobody knew that because I wore hats for two years because my fringe was very long. Under those hats it was all grey, but the edge of the fringe was still dyed black, because you have to have confidence to have grey hair. I let it grow grey and I cut it in that short, helmet style and it looked too butch; I mean, I like a lesbian look. Women in suits, with a sort of little cane, I think that's incredible. But it just looked a little bit ugly and I did my face in a particular way with very sharp red, dark red lips, and the red nails and everything, and that made the hairstyle look dated, the Vidal Sassoon sort of crop thing, so then I let it grow, and it still looked horrible, so I permed it and that was perfect, because that comes to be like the Lucille Ball look of the forties/fifties, but still being grey. It's a silly colour. People can't believe it's your own. So I hit on that, and always I'd worn black because black is the most slimming for a start, and it also spells individualism and non-conformity, and if you wear it carelessly it's got no... with... same time it is chic, especially with silly things like pearls, which somebody like me shouldn't really wear. So I did black to the death, and I thought what shall I do know, and nothing looked right then except white, and I thought, Christ, white's so bloody expensive to have dry cleaned or washed all the time, I need a man-made fibre. So I went to

Martha Hill and she made the whole set of outfits, seven interlocking pieces, drip dry, then I worked out to have a scarlet rose to go with the mouth and nails and the little earrings, and I'm still in that look.

GN: You did say you only recently came to use denim, which is a very individual admission to make.

MP: That's incredible, yes, because jeans came in after my youth, and I always thought, isn't that a terrible shame, that these jeans have come in just when I'm too old to wear them, that's what I thought, and also they go with plimsolls and things like that; they need that whole, sloppy, casual thing and my legs and my height are too short—and I can't have those plimsolls!—so I forgot about jeans. But I was always very sad, because I thought it was very witty to have jeans and the sequined jacket, or jeans and a pillbox hat, and jeans and pearls, and I thought, there's no way round it, and only two weeks ago, it's as recent as that, my husband had a pair of jeans up there; I said to him, "I think you're getting a bit old for jeans too," because he's taken suddenly to the big check American trousers which are gorgeous. You can get them now in Harrods, and he found those to be much wittier for him than jeans, so he said "Right, I'm going to throw these away." I said, "Wouldn't it be wonderful if I could wear these?" Well, he's very tall, my husband, and he looks very long and lean, and I thought bloody sod; you know, he's got that shape. So then I thought, let's have a laugh in front of my own mirror, get the jeans on. I tried them on—they fitted perfectly! It was incredible, both pairs, and his legs are very long, but you see with these heels it gives me six inches. I'm 5'8" instead of the 5'2". And they were perfect. I came out and he said, "Good God!" and that was it. I'm suddenly in jeans and now of course I can't wear anything else. I wear them with a Missoni jacket, and I've come to them; it's incredible, that. **GN:** The Lauren Bacall and Marlene Dietrich look can only be carried off successfully by somebody who is a bit older, who knows how to wear it, how to move, who has the attitudes appropriate to them.

MP: Yes, it's a wonderful sort of careless insouciance, and a terrific confidence in your own sex appeal: you see, I've got that.

GN: Why do you think that fashion is such a foggy thing for men?

MP: Is it?

GN: Oh yes.

MP: In what way do you mean?

GN: A homosexual man can stand a couple of paces back from a woman and see her as an ideal woman, and people who read *Harpers* and *Vogue* are perfectly willing, perfectly happy, to be led by the nose by a homosexual designer. Do you think that is so?

MP: I can't think of a straight designer, male designer, can you? And if he says he is he's lying through his teeth.

GN: Why is it such an exclusive thing for a designer to be necessarily homosexual?

MP: Well, if a child were to say, "I want to be a dress designer," the father would go berserk, wouldn't he? And he would steer him in another direction; it's something that I find very difficult to answer, that. I would be led by a male homosexual designer; I think that they just let rip with their imagination more, don't they? I think they make better designers really than women. What they do is, they're designing for a fantasy woman. They don't themselves have relationships, sexual relationships, with women, and since they're designing for a dream woman who is always necessarily very slim and goddess-like and very

beautiful and perfumed and elusive and all of that, they have this image which women possibly have of themselves. When male homosexual designers present these fantasy clothes for fantasy women, it calls to some poetry in every woman, and she sees that as being herself, that's probably it. I do know one designer who does bloody awful clothes who's a heterosexual and he designs lumpy things in man-made fibres which are more like pinafores than anything else. I'm sure a lot of women buy them because they buy them to wear in the house or when they're doing the floors and all of that, but that's not what you call fashion and design. So I expect there are heterosexual designers, but they're nothing to do with the fantasy which is fashion, and fashion is fantasy, fun and up and over the top, and I like that aspect of it, although I like the ordinary problems but I rather like the ordinary problems to be presented in a joking way so that you can all laugh together. But there is a part of me which is very addicted, to the Rogers and Staff fantasy of feathers and sequins and furs. I've always been extremely popular among homosexuals, I mean of homosexuals of both sorts, and I wish that the taboo in me had not been quite as strong as it had, because I held back from the female homosexual side and now it's too late because I'm in this extremely happy marriage. I can't get involved with women in the way that Chanel or Colette dabble with everything. I would like to have dabbled more.

GN: Jill Tweedle once said, when asked why she didn't go in for female homosexuality, "It's just another thing, it's just as deep and important as my heterosexual relationships so that I just don't think that I have the energy or the time or the dedication for it."

MP: But I wish to hell I'd done it before this one, why didn't I do it then? Because I was frightened of being sucked into very absorbing relationships, that's what it was. And it was also written large in my head, "LESBIAN!", you know, you are a lesbian. What I am is highly sexed and able to encompass everything, but it took this man, my husband now, to point that out to me, because I was too petrified to discuss it with anybody else, the fact that I was drawn to women as well as men I found deeply shameful and something I must stifle.

GN: I think it becomes more shameful in one's mind if one can't make it compatible with one's attraction for men as well, don't you agree?

MP: Yes, I would. I think that the thing of wearing trousers, which I came to along with everybody else, not when I was young, I mean in my mid-thirties, really, that is a wonderful thing if you're at all dominant, and I am dominant. That is a wonderful thing, you know, to be able to sit astride and stride along in your trousers and that's what I'm enjoying about the jeans. I'd like a man's suit, you know, I have got a wonderful little man's suit, very mannish, and that is one of my favourite things of all.

GN: You are a liberated lady anyway, so you don't really have to fear what people say about you or even think about you.

MP: No. Nothing touches me or upsets me at all now. A girl came to interview me from a newspaper, a provincial newspaper, and she came in bristling—they had sent her up, you know—she came in bristling with hostility having read my book, a girl in her mid-twenties, a university graduate, a sort of smutty creature, and I recognised the hostility; I knew why it was there—she'd read the book and she loathed it. And she came, she saw the colour of the house, bright blue, and she loathed that; she came in prepared to do a hatchet job. I don't do hatchet jobs because I find them anti-life, but this girl came in wanting to do that; and I'm so experienced in the art of seduction, professionally, with words, as well as sexually, that I completely seduced her: I enchanted her. By the end, she went out, she was almost at the brink of falling in love with me and totally confused. She didn't know what the bloody hell to write, you could tell it in the article. One line was for, the next was against, and I thought, serve you right. I was very cruel and wicked, but I thought, for coming in with that terrible aggression on her face, I'll do you right in, and I got her right like that.

GN: You wrote the book for people to have fun reading it.

MP: Yes, it's meant to be funny, that's the whole point of it.

GN: I thought it was a riot from start to finish.

MP: That's right, that's very good, that's the right reaction.

GN: It's an entertainment as much as *Rogers and Starr*.

MP: Exactly, given in the same spirit. The *Telegraph*, of all people, gave it a rave review. Christ, I mean it's far from being written for *Telegraph* readers, but that wonderful man there, he gave it the lead rave review, and he said it was the funniest novel that he'd read for years and that was wonderful to me, because *The Times Literary Supplement*, my God, that review which was the first to come out, that listed every single perversion. It was a wonderful review, it was very funny, and then it said to complain of lack of wit, imagination or any intelligence at all in the writing would seem extremely churlish after one has been offered this voyeurism all the way through, and I thought that was very good, because it did list every single thing and I had to laugh at that.

GN: But you didn't plan the men in any depth as you did the women.

MP: I did that purposely: I wanted them to be sort of cardboard characters, real clichés. My tongue was in my cheek with those sketchily outlined things because so many things are written the other way round with the man the main thing, and then these ridiculous cardboard women surrounding him, so I just revered it.

GN: Fashion has gone away slightly from the great eclat that you gave it. I don't think anything's particularly happening at the moment and it's awfully hard to actually write about anything.

MP: I have far more fun with my own clothes now than when I was in fashion because you get it up to your eyeballs, you're sick of it, but now I'm much more relaxed and I really have more fun, I suppose, with my face and hair. I'm not shown at the best advantage at this moment, but I would've got myself up like a dog's dinner if the *Forum* man hadn't stayed so long, and I love all that, you know, I think that it comes back to applying it on yourself.

GN: Glamour. You're a very glamorous lady.

MP: I love glamour. I think it's a wonderful web to spin.

Good intentions

THE GOOD COMPANIONS — Her Majesty's Theatre, Haymarket, London W1

Space and datelines prevent me from discussing all that I feel is wrong with this musical version of Priestley's famous novel. Composer Andre Previn and lyricist Johnny Mercer, faced with the difficult task of writing songs which sound professional to our ears, yet retain the echoes of the corny material such touring concert parties would use, have succeeded well. The fault lies in the adaptation, and in several cases the casting. In the first half, the lengthy establishment of the three characters where the 'Good Companions' meet, takes far too long for its own good, and subsequently we learn very little about the troupe themselves.

In the acting role of their saviour Miss Trant, Judi Dench is all one could wish for. Her previous singing venture in 'Cabaret' allowed her some good belters which she handled well. Here, she is given two ballads which expose her husky voice to bad advantage. John Mills has played the Jess Oakroyd 'type' in previous vehicles, so he's on familiar territory. His well performed dance routine stops the show, but his singing voice, alas, does not carry into M row, so that my companion truly believed the song "Ta Luv" to be titled 'Harlow'. Talking of show stoppers, Previn & Mercer have written a ring-dinger in "Stage Struck Struck", which Marti Webb as Susie Dean is fortunate enough to perform. As in past musicals, she proves herself a capable performer, but fails to ignite the stage with her big song. Along the way, some good intentions have sadly gone astray.

Barry Conley



Ray C Davis in the musical version of The Good Companions

We're English Now

LA TRAVIATA — English National Opera Company at the London Coliseum, St Martins Lane

And so the last ties with Sadlers Wells Theatre are finally cut as the Sadlers Wells Opera Company changes its name to the English National Opera Company.

The change of name was a goal towards which Stephen Arlen had worked hard in the last years of his life. As Managing Director of the company from 1966 to 1972, he was the Moses who led the children of Sadlers Wells to the Promised Coliseum. And following the move, he was insistent that the company's new name (which obviously had to be changed from Sadlers Wells sooner or later) should recognise its position as the country's leading permanent opera company.

If the name change did not take place until after his death, it was at least fitting that the first performance given by the new-styled company should have been in aid of a new fund to support aspiring young singers, called the Stephen Arlen Memorial Fund.

No less fitting was the choice of opera—Verdi's *La Traviata*. Verdi is, after all, an operatic composer pure and simple (no half and half nonsense like Mozart and his *Eine Kleine Horn Concerto*, or Bizet who had similar proclivities towards the symphony orchestra). And *La Traviata* is probably the most popular opera he ever wrote.

It certainly packed them in for an immensely pleasurable performance at the Coliseum. This was not a new production, but the Copley version that was first seen in March last year, 'stolen' from the old Sadlers Wells company.

the evening. What she lacks in resonance, she amply makes up for in her range of dramatic expression. And nowhere was this clearer or more enjoyable than in Act II when, confronted by Germont Pere, she pleads to stay with his son.



Charles V's costume for the English National Opera's first new production

This particular scene was all the more moving thanks to another notable performance from Norman Bailey. A rather more debonaire Germont Pere than is usual, he was in remarkably fine voice. His portrayal leaned heavily on the sympathetic warmth of the role; here was no autocrat, but a man who deeply loved his children. The roundness of tone, and the effortless accuracy of every note he sang made such an interpretation completely convincing.

Less convincing was Keith Erwen as Alfredo. Perhaps there was something amiss with his acting, but certainly there was something amiss with his singing. In Act I he gave us a pretty fair send up of a lyrical Neapolitan tenor, or a swinging gondolier—enjoyable at first, but rather misplaced as the drama developed. Fortunately, the worst excesses of his opening scenes were abandoned in later acts.

Finally a word about the orchestra. Excellent. And if that is a word that needs elaboration, then I will record that Charles Mackerras returned to the rostrum (for this performance only) and showed just how fine an instrument the new company has, buried in the orchestra pit.

The company's first new production will be a staging of Verdi's *Don Carlos*. Just to whet your appetites, the new production will include previously unheard music which Verdi wrote for the opera but cut before the first performance. Andrew Porter, who has provided the English translation, dug up the music in the Paris Opera Library. Colin Graham produces, Christopher Morley designs, and Charles Mackerras takes charge of the orchestra for the first performance on August 21.

Oh, and you can get car stickers from the Coliseum bookstalls that say English National Opera!

Michael Mason

Now showing

American film comedy in one of its most extreme forms has been gracing our screens during the last fortnight. The film isn't totally successful, but provides a fair amount of entertainment.

FOR PETE'S SAKE (Columbia-Warner, director Peter Yates) is another vehicle for that ugly, but comical and highly talented, lady from Brooklyn, Barbra Streisand, who delights elderly ladies and old homosexuals, with her ability to attract the love of handsome men regardless of her looks. This time the man is Michael Sarrazin, her cab driver husband, who's finding working through college rather pricey.

Ms Streisand doesn't just help her husband by taking a nice routine job. For Pete's Sake would not be a zany comedy if she did. She becomes a high-class whore, and subsequently, and almost compulsorily it seems in current mainstream American cinema, becomes involved with the Mafia, before finding herself pursuing a herd of cattle through the streets of New York.

The film isn't quite fast-moving enough, nor the script quite witty enough to make it a really great comedy, but it is spattered with some delightful Jewish/Black ethnic quips, and is consistently amusing. It is directed with a smooth competence that makes it very watchable.

THE HOUSE OF MADNESS (Pan European, director Juan Lopez Moctezuma) is a well dubbed Mexican horror film that opened in London recently without a single press or trade show, or publicity of any kind. I wouldn't be at all surprised if it doesn't meander around the circuits shortly in equally restrained fashion and if you ever patronise horror films, I advise you not to miss it.

Basically, Moctezuma has taken the old idea of the vast isolated mental hospital where evil goings-on occur, and transformed it into a kind of adult Grimm's fairy tale. Obviously he has had far more time and money at his disposal than horror directors are usually given in Britain or America, but it is equally obvious that he possesses more talent than Freddie Francis and Roger Corman put together.

Slowly, with enormous subtlety, he creates a genuine atmosphere of madness and schizophrenia in the mental home where the inmates have taken control, and makes the most crazed schizophrenic play the role of the leader. It's an evil excessive film presented in a totally original style, culminating in a semi-orgiastic ceremony that looks at times like a Rubens painting.

David Sellman



Ann Curtis' costume design for Rodrigo in the Coliseum's new Don Carlo

What was new was the singing of Violetta by Valerie Masterson, who has never performed this part in London before. After a certain roughness in the first Act (a small frog in the throat, perhaps) she returned to the fray in Act II and simply delighted an appreciative audience for the rest of

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Let my people come



Gay director Phil Oesterman (left) and members of the London cast

With the American production of *Let My People Come* still playing to packed houses in New York's Village Gate Theatre, a new London production will shortly be opening at the Regent Theatre.

Described as a "sexual musical," seven young men and seven young women frolic through the piece, clothed or naked, working through every combination and permutation of human sexuality (including two male gay numbers and one very touching female gay song). There is no heavier "message" than that sex is fun.

And what about the English reserve of ours? How did the director manage to get the cast out of their clothes and persuade them to sing numbers like "Cunnilingus Champion of Company C" and "Fellatio 101"? English reserve is just a myth, said director Phil Oesterman, put about by the English themselves. "This cast has been fantastic to work with."



Photograph: Carl Hill

ALL GAY WOMEN SHOULD READ

SAPPHO

REGULAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE (40p including post)
BCM PETREL, LONDON WC1V 6XX

Potpourri of feminism

THE FEMINIST PAPERS, from Adams to de Beauvoir—
 Edited and with Introductory Essays by Alice S Rossi (Bantam Books, 60p)

No one who believes in the fundamental principles of Women's Liberation should be without a copy of *The Feminist Papers*, a carefully planned potpourri of major feminist writings spanning nearly two centuries. It is edited by Alice S Rossi, a well-known sociologist who has been in the forefront of the women's movement in America.

Dr Rossi has chosen 32 extracts from such classic works as Mary Wollstonecraft's *A Vindication of the Rights of Woman*, Friedrich Engels' *The Origin of the Family*, Simone de Beauvoir's *The Second Sex*, and—the daddy of them all—John Stuart Mill and his legendary epic, *The Subjection of Women*.

In the course of the 700-plus pages we encounter a diversity of women with assorted backgrounds and beliefs—from moderates to radicals, practising Christians to atheists, social rebels to the comfortably off.

My own particular favourites include a thought-provoking essay on "Sex and Temperament" by the noted American anthropologist and writer, Margaret Mead. Ms Mead succeeds in pinpointing the underlying malaise of our society, thus: "Our own society... assigns different roles to the two sexes, surrounds them from birth with an expectation of different behaviour, plays out the whole drama of courtship, marriage and parenthood in terms of types of behaviour believed to be innate and therefore appropriate for one sex or the other." She goes on to develop this theme: "We must recognise that beneath the superficial classifications of sex and race the same potentialities exist, recurring generation after generation, only to perish because society has no place for them." Right on, Ms Mead.

Emma Goldman's piece on 'The Tragedy of Woman's Emancipation' is worth reading, if only to show up the inconsistencies of a professed anarchist. Despite her commitment to the view that "revolution is thought carried into action," the Russian-born Ms Goldman apparently made enemies of both moderate and militant elements

in the women's movement. I found myself warming to her on one page, and fuming at her irrationalities, her peculiar paradoxes, on another. "The problem that confronts us today... is how to be one's self and yet in oneness with others, to feel deeply with all human beings and still retain one's own characteristic qualities. This seems to me to be the basis upon which the mass and the individual, the true democrat and the true individualist, man and woman, can meet without antagonism and opposition. The motto should not be: Forgive one another; rather, Understand one another." Having said that, she goes and spoils it all with the following fatuous proclamation: "Until woman has learned to... stand firmly on her own ground and to insist upon her own unrestricted freedom, to listen to the voice of her nature, whether it call for life's greatest treasure, love for a man, or her most glorious privilege, the right to give birth to a child, she cannot call herself emancipated." Yuk!

Virginia Woolf's *A Room of One's Own* was first published in 1929 and is still very relevant to the women's movement today. This anthology contains an abridged version of this intimate, personalised essay which should whet the appetite for more of Ms Woolf.

Dr Rossi has done her homework and given each writer a comprehensive introductory essay: more than just a potted biography, each essay makes interesting reading in its own right.

All in all, a well-balanced and informative book which can be picked up and scanned at leisure, or read in depth. Every feminist should have one.

Veronica Harvey

Liberated eroticism

MOUTH OF THE DRAGON: A Poetry Journal of Male Love — Edited by Andrew Bifrost (New York, £1)

Perry Brass in one of his poems in this collection observes that "the world of beauty has no tact: / it hits you smack in the face / with its kind of polished ugliness," and this sort of polished ugliness is the keynote of this exciting journal. The images range from naturalistic similes such as "the day / was so hot it seemed / to curl & lie there like a testicle hair / caught suddenly in your throat" (from a poem by Andrew Bifrost) to philosophic reflections such as "metaphor is my means of control" (from a poem by Joseph Canarelli).

The volume contains two superb lengthy poems by Emilio Cubeiro which are excellent exercises in vernacular pornart and hiptalk:

"which brings us to hey man gotta dime / So I can go into that men's room and commit a crime"; a 'Modern Love Lyric' by Jonathan Williams (who lives in Yorkshire) delightfully entitled *He Promised Me Love But Gave Me Nine Inches*; a piece of nostalgia by Thomas Meyers (who lives in Yorkshire with Jonathan) on a box of boy's photographs "not jacking off / but thinking about it"; and forty other polished-ugly rushfucks and driftwood blowjobs.

This First issue of what promises to be an important gay quarterly is a fine sampling of gay activism infused with erotic vitality. GN has specially imported a limited number of copies, available for £1 each (including p&p) from Gay News Mail Order, 62a Chiswick High Road, London W4 1SY.

Rictor Norton

Refreshing view of love

LOVE — Rosemary Haughton (Pelican, 40p)

The work of Rosemary Haughton is quite new to me. She is described as "one of the leading thinkers on the Catholic Church in England today," so it is perhaps understandable that I approached this paperback with a touch of nervousness. No need to, it is the most human, thoughtful and wise essay one could hope for. Ms Haughton begins by rejecting various definitions of love and then, by using real examples and drawing on her highly eclectic reading, begins to suggest other ways in which love might be defined and points us towards looking at the many aspects of its nature.

Wisely, Ms Haughton spends a good deal of time discussing the way in which children are brought up, in various societies, showing that what we call, perhaps, the distorting or deforming influences of the bourgeois family unit, occurs in virtually all cultures, and that the commune,

or extended family unit has been proved disturbing in the Israel Kibbutzim and that this is "one of the oldest known methods of producing a conformist society." Even more controversial is her comment that "even bad and disturbed relationships in childhood give more chance of developing a capacity for love later than the absence of any long-term relationships."

This belief that love rises supreme over all difficulties does not lead her to claim that all is for the best and that we must accept distortions complacently; far from it. She is acute on why the exploitation of impersonal sex is an unlikely setting for love; and on the love of David and Jonathan she says briskly: "It has often been suggested that the relationship was homosexual, as if this made it valueless." One wonders why the strident oversimplifications of Ms Whitehouse are always being bandied about instead of thoughtful voices such as Ms Haughton's.

Roger Baker

Simple and straightforward, but...

THE LAWBREAKERS — Ray Jenkins (Penguin Education, 30p)

This is a book about the law for students at school and college, published by the Education department of Penguin Books in the Connexions series.

I glanced through the book and learnt quite a lot about the law, which I'm sure, in common with most, many adult members of society are ignorant about. The book gets my approval for the simple and straightforward way it tackles our legal system.

But one particular passage, relevant to this review, that caught my eye was the one concerning homosexuality.

I reproduce it here: "Homosexuality is now among the nine per cent of offences over which *no one* in the police has any discretion at all. Gone are the days when policemen hid in toilets to try and obtain evidence. Homosexuality, together with murder, incest, rape and race relations offences, is for the sake of uniformity

referred to the Director of Public Prosecutions. This in part relieves some policemen from having to spend time in court as prosecutors."

Mr Jenkins hasn't been reading our columns lately, has he? Otherwise he'd know that policemen do still hide in toilets to try and obtain evidence.

I telephoned him to get his comments on this rather blatant mistake and received a most cooperative response.

Mr Jenkins did not try to defend his mistake, but informed me that his book was being constantly altered as the legal processes of this country are changing. He told me that if I furnish him with concrete evidence (press cuttings etc.) backing up my claim that the police still keep vigils in public loos, then he will change this paragraph accordingly.

This I will do—and I look forward to the next edition of this informative book.

Jeff Grace

The curate's egg



Photograph: Courtesy Dublin SLM

almost completely the emotional depths of which gay women are capable. (Frequently, it is these deeper feelings which precede the purely physical attraction between two women—"homo-emotionalism" is Dr Charlotte Woolf's description.)

There is far too much emphasis on butch and femme, on stereotyped role playing. Mr Varah appears to be making allowances for us all the way, and practically apologising for our having rejected men. He refers to "those few cases where a lesbian speaks with contempt of male fumbling" (I would put it as more than a few). He goes on to say that "Most tomboys grow up to be sexually rewarding wives"... rewarding to whom? Of course—it's the man's pleasure that counts! Later, he cites those "borderline" cases who can, if necessary, be "adjusted" to marriage: "They will still be able to love women sexually, but will have added to their repertoire [sounds like a public performance] an ability to tolerate or even enjoy sex with men, and not merely for the sake of having children." (So, if you do happen to swing both ways, make sure you swing a little more towards the male of the specials—if you're a woman, that is.)

On the credit side, Chad Varah does show a lot more insight into female homosexuality than the average 'text-book' psychiatrist. Needless to say, he is light years ahead in his thinking, of his fellow clergy, many of whom still regard homosexuality as a sin and are steeped in totally false ideas of deviant behaviour.

In conclusion, Mr Varah appeals for "an end of one law for the majority and another for the minority... What is universally important is that each person should find the sexual partner who suits him or her in every way, including the degree of dominance or submission, initiative or passivity, and sexual predilections." His is a compassionate view, a Christian Lib view which will go some way towards enlightening those who are intrigued by—and ignorant of—gay women. But I, for one, would have welcomed an attempt to probe beyond the sexual, and to explore the much more complex question of relationships between women. After all, *Forum* does call itself "The International Journal of Human Relations".

Veronica Harvey

LESBIANS: The Christian Lib View — Rev Chad Varah (Forum, August edition, 40p)

Chad Varah is no male chauvinist pig and, of all men, I suppose he is well qualified to talk, or write, about gay women, as he has met many of them through his work as a specialist in sexual problems, with the Samaritans. But his article, 'Lesbians', in this month's *Forum*, is still very much a man's eye view of what to him, and to all men (whether straight or gay), must surely remain a totally alien scene. And, like most men, he dwells on the mechanics of the act and ignores

Art of living

THE GREAT ESCAPE: A Source Book of Delights and Pleasures for the Mind & Body (Bantam, £1.50)

The Great Escape is not a catalog, more fun than a manual, and as compelling to read as a novel. In short, this is a fantastic book and one of the cheapest ways to open your own window to the universal, and the Universe.

It differs essentially from a book like 'The Whole Earth Catalog', which was primarily concerned with ecology and survival, thus restricting its audience to the few who were already concerned with this important matter. *The Great*

Escape is more about adding some enjoyment and pleasure to your own life, right now, and without impossible effort or much expense. Its philosophy is: make a hobby of your life!

The book has been written by a lot of different people, mainly American writers, but all having particular and different tastes. Whatever your personal interests are, there is most certainly something written for you in the book, at least one chapter or paragraph where you'll feel at home. And fortunately, the book is attractive enough to find it difficult not to go on reading about the next subject.

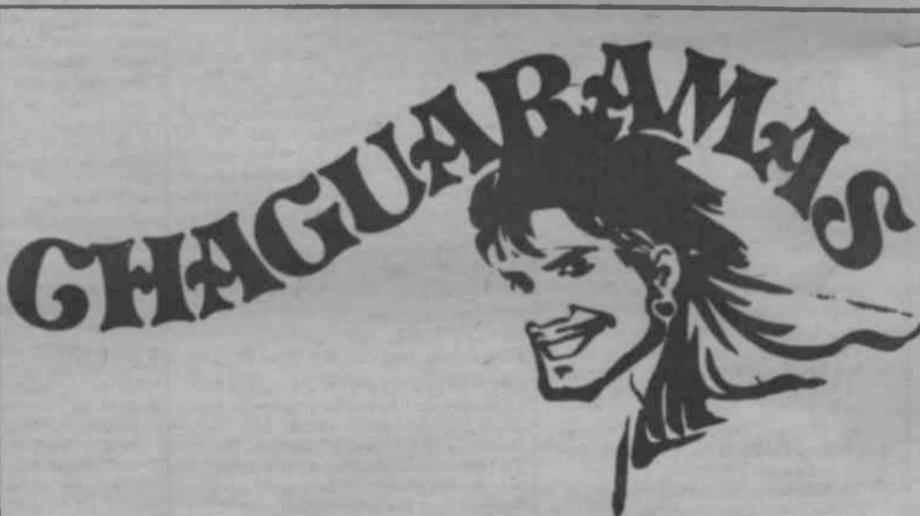
It tries and almost succeeds to encompass any known subject. To pick up but a few, here are some examples: Are you into composing music, star-gazing, keeping a diary, motoring, sexual research groups (het, bi and gay), air-gilding, archeology, I Ching, extra-sensory perception, gay baths, flowers, ballooning, home-made stroboscopes, computers, ashrams, belly-dancing? I have to stop enumerating, but the list goes on forever, and with every subject treated the authors had the good taste to give you the references and addresses needed. And if there is a subject that you would like to see added, or write about, the authors say they will welcome your contribution. How do you enjoy spending your time, that's what *The Great Escape* is all about.

Jean-Claude Thevenin

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Album of the month

FULLFILLINGNESS' FIRST FINALE - Stevie Wonder (Tamia Motown)

With *Fulfillingness' First Finale* comes what is one of the most awaited albums of '74, the long-awaited follow-up to *Innervisions*. The album contains ten original songs, all of them tending to prove that Stevie Wonder, despite the accident he suffered last year, is still the musical genius of his previous creations, and getting better all the time.

The title gives us an indication that Stevie has conceived this album as a transition, feeling that he had reached a new stage in his life and personal spiritualness, which is reflected in his music.

It would be quite impossible to decide which is the best track, all of them are permeated by the vibrating, warm energy that characterises Wonder's vocal and musical styles, and all are satisfying whether you want to dance to them or just listen.

In my opinion "Smile Please", a song about the hope for brighter days and social harmony, "Heaven Is 10 Zillion Light Years Away", a lovely, accessible tune with spiritual overtones and "Boogie On Reggae Woman" are the first side's highlights. At the disco I was at last night, everybody was dancing like mad when they put on the reggae track, and I wasn't the only one to be literally transported by the music.



On face two, "You Haven't Done Nothin'" is a punchy rock 'n' roller in the tradition of "Superstition". "Please Don't Go" gives the listener a taste of the variety of expression Wonder's music can take, with all the qualities of yet another hit. The album itself comes up as a pop masterpiece, and is certain to be acclaimed as such.

Jean-Claude Thevenin

Top sounds

Dick's Inn - London's Gay Discos

- 1 Rock the Boat - Hues Corporation (RCA)
 - 2 Rock Your Baby - George McCrae (Jay-Boy)
 - 3 Can't Get Enough - Barry White (Pye)
 - 4 When Will I See You Again - Three Degrees (Phil Int)
 - 5 Funky Music Turns Me On - Yvonne Fair (Tamia Motown)
 - 6 Bus Stop - Olivier Sain (Contempo)
 - 7 I Shot the Sheriff - Eric Clapton (RSO)
 - 8 My Thang - James Brown (Polydor)
 - 9 I Found Sunshine - The Chi-Lites (Brunswick)
 - 10 Lovin' Man - Hodges, James & Smith (20th Century-Import)
- Camp Re-Vamp - Wish Me Luck as You Wave Me Goodbye - Gracie Fields (Starline)
- Compiled by Tricky Dicky, week ending 10/8/74.

Assorted platters

STARRING FRED ASTAIRE - (CBS)

All the songs from six of Fred Astaire's best remembered thirties musicals are featured in this deluxe two record set, reasonably priced at £2.78. For many of the songs, it is their first outing on long playing record, the old 78 versions having long been deleted, so the set is doubly welcome by Astaire admirers.

Irving Berlin's music is featured in the songs from 'Top Hat' (which became Astaire's theme tune over the years), 'Follow the Fleet' and 'Carefree'. George Gershwin's music, and brother Ira's witty lyrics are represented with the selection from 'Shall We Dance' and 'Damsel in Distress'. However, if I had to choose favourites, it would be Jerome Kern's great score for the film 'Swing Time', with the peppy "Pick Yourself Up", cynical "A Fine Romance Romance" and wistful "The Way You Look Tonight".

Enclosed inside are pictures and stories of the films, which add to the nostalgia. So many of these songs became standards, and it's interesting to note how many received their first vocal treatment from the great Astaire.

Barry Conley

FREEDOM FOR THE STALLION - The Hues Corporation (RCA)

This is an album of three distinct styles.

There are four pop-gospel style songs, not quite as bad as the New Seekers, though the words, tunes and harmonies are just as trite. The dedication of their performance rescues them.

The next style is featured on three slow numbers by manager Wall: Holmes, pieces of music rather than songs, including the candyfloss "Off My Cloud", an exquisite trip into Gladys Knight/Dionne Warwick country.

And then there's the three mainstream soul songs: "All Goin' Down Together" a mid-tempo Temptations groove with slick chord changes; "Rock the Boat" (also a Holmes number), the current hit with its infectious rhythm; and the title track, the sort of relaxed number that hooks you so you play it over and over all night.

Buy it just for these four masterpieces, you'll get more mileage out of them than many a more consistent album.

Phil McNeill

HOLIDAY - America (Warner Bros)

America's cosmopolitan place. You'll find Irish O'Sullivan, Australian Bee Gee's, Anglo-Greek Cat Stevens there as well as singing cowboy CSN&Y. Sounds mawkish, doesn't it? And yet in common with all those embarrassing bedfellows, these four lads' facility is touched with enough genuine tenderness to actually communicate if you'll go halfway to meet them.

The music is consistently light and polished, and singing clear and bright, the words summer flowing. But take a step back and the precise enunciation becomes rapid, the songs empty, the whole muzak. *Holiday* is a good title: easy-going acoustic guitar-based rock with orchestral flourishes that requires only relaxation on our part. Most of the tracks are succinct enough to be singles, my favourite being "Tin Man". Glad to see it getting some airplay.

Phil McNeill

US - Maceo (Polydor)
DAMN RIGHT I AM SOMEBODY - Fred Wesley and the JB's (Polydor)

How can you cope with a machine like James Brown? If you're as poor as me you'll buy the superb single "My Thang"/"The Payback", sampler for the two double albums—that's right, two double albums!—the recent gem *Payback* and the import *Hell*—while here we have two single albums mostly written by James and Fred, presumably cut while the "Minister of New New Super Heavy Funk" was changing his gold lame suit.

Fred Wesley's album is like a parody,

a splintered session with the tightest band in the universe showing off their usual tricks—the one that stays on the dominant chord nagging away and refusing to resolve, the zombie chants, the one with strings—interspersed with pleasantly pointless raps, snatches of JB hollering over faster-than-light riffs, and irritating acapella singing. If you don't already know if you like it try the single.

Maceo I take to be Brown's saxophonist, and good though he is he doesn't rate a whole album. He solos continuously, and his limited range soon gets tiresome. This record is less confident, humorous, bizarre than Wesley's, a competent essay in Party Music that sounds unlike the JB's. Minister steps in to sing one brilliant ballad, but they're doing it to death here I'm afraid.

Phil McNeill

ROCK YOUR BABY - George McCrae (Jay Boy)

This must be one of the best stereo recorded albums I've heard since The Temptations' *Masterpiece*.

If you were one of the thousands who could only stand still when "Rock Your Baby" was not spinning, then be prepared, for on this set George McCrae sets out to kill us all.

Pure disco classics every track, pulsating rhythm and ooh, that voice! George McCrae? Well from what I hear, George and his wife Gwen have been singing since the late sixties. But it was not until three or four years ago that things began to look up for the McCrae's and when Messrs Casey and Finch appeared recently complete with "Rock Your Baby" that was it.

So don't sit there—go out and get this album (after I've got my copy) and expect big things from it. It's a monster!

Stephen Edwards

EUPHRATES RIVER - Main Ingredient (RCA)

The main ingredient missing from this set is that extra concentration that changes an album-with-a-great-single into a great album. The great single, of course, is "Just Don't Want To Be Lonely", so reminiscent of the Chi-Lites' "Have You Seen Her" with its light fuzz guitar, brief opening rap, emotional singing—he even quotes it!

Strangely enough they draw comparison with the great soul album-makers by doing Stevie Wonder's "Don't You Worry 'Bout a Thing" (nearly as good, spoilt by a circus-like violin line) and Seals/Croft's "Summer Breeze", which was the Isleys' third hit from 3+3.

MI's claims to their own sound lie in jerky violin lines which are a little aggravating and a lovely lead voice tinged with the Temptations' high lead that swoops and slurs to unexpected places—though the backup harmonies sometimes clash a bit. Particularly worth a listen are "Looks Like Rain", "Summer Breeze" (such a good song) and the title track by the same writers where the Afro/Oriental sound pioneered by Norman Whitfield is relevant to the words for a change.

Phil McNeill

I WANNA BE SELFISH - Ashford and Simpson (Warner Bros)

Are Warner Bros giving their soul acts the cold shoulder? The brilliant Tower of Power get no promotion whatsoever, while here we have Motown refugees Nick Ashford and Valerie Simpson with an outstanding second album, and there isn't even a single to push it at a time when the English charts boast as much grits as the American and a new soul act seems to break every week.

Every track here glitters with the relaxed sophistication and instinctive imagination of Nick and Val's "Ain't Nothing Like the Real Thing" standouts from a consistently beautiful record being the title track, "Ain't That Something", and "Main Line", the most exciting God-song ever.

Stand aside, Diana and Marvin, this is the real thing.

Phil McNeill

Needlework

PETRUSHKA - Pierre Boulez, New York Philharmonic (CBS 73056)

BEETHOVEN'S PIANO CONCERTO NO. 5 (The Emperor) - Glenn Gould, Lgodold Stokowski, American Symphony (CBS 72483)

"I never knew such things went on in the music world... until I read Needlework."

Needlework is the whimsical name we settled on for our new monthly column in which we take a look at some of the more interesting records of concert/classical (call-it-what-you-will) music.

And what better way to start such a column than with a masterpiece. There is no need to mince words about Pierre Boulez' version of *Petrushka* with the New York Philharmonic, for it is indeed a masterpiece. Boulez' long-standing love for Stravinsky's music, and his understanding of the composer's work, has seldom been more obvious than on this new record from CBS.

The most distinctive characteristic of the orchestral playing is its clarity and precision. The New York Phil has a good track record in this respect (with Russian music in particular it would seem—remember Bernstein's version of the Shostakovich Fifth?) and Boulez relies heavily upon this ability. Listen in particular for the tight pizzicato string playing, and some of the astringent woodwind passages.

Clear articulation, however, is not enough in itself. The moving spirit behind the performance is the insistent rhythmic drive which Boulez sustains throughout. *Petrushka*, as he recognises,

is first and foremost a ballet, even though we are more accustomed to hearing it in the concert hall. It is dramatic music, music written to accompany physical human movement, and it is in remembering this fact that Boulez manages to outshine so many other 'elegant' performances.

The score used for the performance is the complete original 1911 version.

Curiously enough, it is the lack of motive force that makes Glenn Gould's performance of Beethoven's Emperor Concerto rather dull listening. 'Dull' may not be exactly the right word, for the Gould/Stokowski record is in some ways bizarre. The 92-year-old Stokowski takes the concerto at a snail's pace. The virtue of his chosen tempi, a virtue which was apparent in some of Klemperer's late Beethoven recordings, is that the harmonic texture of the work is carefully laid out before the listener. It is rather as though one were being offered a text-book simplification to help one 'understand' the music. Listen to that exhilarating transition at the beginning of the Rondo, the hesitant phrases of the piano leading into one of Beethoven's most attractive themes. On this record, the piano is more desperate than hesitant, and the theme enters arthritically.

And yet this is a recording worth buying as a 'second' version. Glenn Gould is far less idiosyncratic than usual, and his account of the solo piano passages leads one to hope that he will record a further version of this popular piece.

Crotchet

Short plays

Midsummer singles releases and you will notice the lack of well-known names. Take note as well of the new entries into the national charts, there you will see lots of new names. The silly season brings more 'once only' hit artists than any other time. Fontana for instance bring out two records that both rock along, strong hit potential groups: Ice Cream singing "Shout It Out" plus Slack Alice whose lady lead singer is in fine form on "Motorcycle Dream". Must dedicate this to the London Motor Sports Club sometime.

ABC records are pushing out records fairly quick in succession. Three Dog Night are a safe bet with "Sure as I'm Sitting Here". Their good name in the business creates attentive listening which brings sales. A new name Cole Younger debuts with "Don't Stop" (ABC) he has a specific style which is very personal, singing directly at the listener and giving the impression that the song is sung for only you.



Cole Younger

On to Soul, the music that makes many disc jockeys take up that risky occupation. Be thankful for Tamia Motown who always fill the gap if you don't know what to play next. Two new names on the label, both ladies, Yvonne Fair whose "Funky Music Sho' Nuff Turns Me On" practically speaks for itself and this powerful opus is knocking 'em dead not only in the Old Ken. Road but at Camberwell Green as well. Then Gloria Jones, writer, producer and back up singer for T Rex, showing off with "Tin Pan People", she can sing. That's for certain, perhaps

not commercial enough though you will sit up and take notice.

Invictus also have a new addition to their label with Tyrone Edwards, but "Can't Get Enough of Your Love" is weak compared to the ladies aforementioned. Playing to the US servicemen in Germany are the group 100% Pure Poison, the lead vocal does a fine impersonation of Stevie Wonder on "You Keep Coming Back". The musicians are competent but this won't overwhelm you with emotion.

The specialist Soul music company Contempo are certainly churning out some goodies. Four funky numbers in succession, best being the instrumental "Bus Stop" by Olivier Sain, punchy brass and bass, immediate reaction from dancers will make it a disco hit. Funk review number two from the African Music Machine is "Mr Brown", a vocal tribute to the self imposed Godfather of soul, strong for all-nighters. Two not specially musically talented gents are Freddie Mack "Kung Fu Man" and Joe Frazier "Try It Again" who really should not have bothered, if anything Joe wins on points.

Oldies that Contempo-Raries label, go forth on the Contempo-Raries label. Recent re-issues by Ketty Lester and the Teddy Bears have been most welcome. This month we get the gimmicky, gun-slinging Olympics with "Western Movies" a reminder of those Saturday morning matinees and the hollering for Randolph Scott. Soul goes deeper when Doris Duke's classic "To the Other Woman" is playing; sad story telling with quite a few listeners putting themselves in her place. The northern sound completes the revival threesome "There's Nothing Else to Say Baby" by The Incredibles. It's quite lively and may even reap pop rewards.

From varying sources I've heard that Tamia Motown are re-releasing the Diana Ross and Supremes classic "Baby Love". This number made number one on the Stateside label exactly ten years ago. If music does go in circles the Beeb will soon have to dig up that old film again to play at the end of the Top of the Pops. I'll be watching out for it, won't you?

Keep cool.

Tricky Dicky

Molly & Jennette

WELCOME FRIENDS
OLD AND NEW
TO THEIR DISCO
AT THE

Father Red Cap

CAMBERWELL GREEN

EVERY THURS AND SATURDAY
8.30pm till 11.00pm

DRAG SIX NIGHTS A WEEK

Tomorrow's World presents: Playguy & Pin Ups Ball

Hammersmith Town Hall, King Street, London W6
SATURDAY - September 6th, 8.00pm to Midnight

Admission £1

Band: The Ron Hall 5
Disco: Dragmobile with D J Rodger & Mel
MC: Mr Jean Fredericks
Cabaret: The Fabulous Ritual

Male Beauty Parade: In suit and in bathing suit.
Valuable prizes if you have the physique & nerve. Ring John 743 9930.

Two fashion judges will also circulate to choose the best
'Pin-Up' (in drag) (Gatsby & 50's)

COME AND HAVE A BALL!

Dicks Inn

Discotheques

SUMMER BANK HOLIDAY DANCE

Monday 26th August
Angel Hotel, 109 High Street,
Ilford, Essex
8.30pm 'til 12.30am

'SEASIDE SHUFFLE'

Saturday 14th September
Royal Albion Hotel, Old Steine,
Brighton, Sussex
9.00pm 'til 1.00am

BOTH DATES - D J TRICKY DICKY

Arabian, E2 - re-opens Wednesday Sept 4th

GN's Mini-Guide

This guide relies on your information, so if you find any inaccuracies, please don't just tell all your friends - tell us.

* indicates regular drag shows.
D indicates regular drag shows.

in SCOTLAND all pubs close at 10pm and do not open Sundays. Hotels have 7-day licences.

ASHTON UNDER LYNE

Pub: Laughing Cavalier, Market St, Stalybridge (Thurs)
Club: Gaslight Club, 211a Stamford St

AYR

Pub: Caledonian Hotel (upstairs public lounge)

BANBURY

Pub: The White Lion, High St

BARNSELY

Pub: Queens Hotel (Venturer Bar)

BARRY, Glamorgan

Pub: The Barry Hotel (Lounge Bar) Broad Street

BATH

Pub: Garricks Head, Sawclose
The Regency (opp Theatre Royal)
Club: *Valentines, 14 George Street

BEDFORD

Pub: The Barley Mow, Bromham Rd

BELFAST

Pub: Avenue Bar, Rosemary Street
Europa Hotel (Whip and Saddle Bar), Great Victoria Street

BIRMINGHAM

Pub: The Trocadero, Temple Street
The Victoria, John Bright St
The Viking (downstairs bar), Smallbrook, Queensway, 8-10.30 nightly, gays and friends only.

Club: *Grosvenor House, 326 Hagley Rd

*Nightingale, 50 Camp Hill, B12

BLACKBURN

Pub: The Merchants Hotel, Darwen St (D)

BLACKPOOL

Pub: Lucy's Bar, Talbot Square

Club: Pepe's, Talbot Road

BOLTON

Pub: Peel Arms, 423 Halliwell Rd
Prince Williams (upstairs), Bradshawgate

Club: Labour Club, 16 Wood St (upstairs bar)

BOURNEMOUTH

Pub: Norfolk Hotel (basement bar)

Club: Gigs, The Triangle

BRADFORD

Pub: Junction Inn, Leeds Rd

BRENTWOOD

Pub: The Prince Albert, Warley Hill, Tues, Fri and Sun only

BRIGHTON

Pub: *The New Heart and Hand, 80 East St

Spotted Dog, Middle St

Greyhound, East St (upstairs bar only)

Cricketers, Black Lion St (weekends)

Hope Lawns Hotel

*Heart & Hand, Ship St

Club: New Curtain Club, East St (men)

*Regency Club, Regency Sq

42 Club, Kings Road

Pink Elephant, corner of Regency Sq

St Albans Club, Regency Sq

Queen of Clubs, Bedford Sq

Longbranch Club, Grand Parade

Rest: Lorelei Coffee Lounge, 5 Union St

Disco: GLF disco, Marlborough Hotel, Prince's St, 1st & 3rd Fri, 8-10pm, 20p.

BRISTOL

Pub: Radnor, 30 St Nicholas St

The Ship, Park Row, nr Red Lodge

Club: *Moulin Rouge, 72 Worrall Rd, Clifton

BURNLEY

Pub: *The Cross Keys

CAMBRIDGE

Pub: The Stable Bar, Green St (off Trinity St)

Rest: *Scaramouche, Catherine St, Tali: Cambridge 43570

CARDIFF

Pub: Royal Hotel (Roberts Bar) St Mary St

Royal Oak, St Mary St

Club: Snowbiz Club, Hope St

CANTERBURY

Pub: The Queen's Head, Watling St

CHELTENHAM

Pub: The Beaufort Arms, London Rd

Irving Hotel, High St

Club: New Twenty Club, 20 High St

Rest: El Toro, Fairview Rd

CHESTER

Pub: Bear and Billet, Lower Bridge St (Sun only)

Foregate Bar, Blossoms Hotel, St Johns Street

CIRENCESTER

Pub: Black Horse

CLEETHORPES

Club: *Birds Nest, Boating Lake, Kings Road, Sat and Sun only

CORK

Bar: Imperial Hotel Bar, South Wall, La Chateau, Patrick St (mixed)

DERBY

Club: Pavillion Club, 123 London Rd, Shardlow (7 miles)

DONCASTER

Club: Don Jon's, Silver St

Underground, off Silver St

DUBLIN

Bar: Bartley Dunnes (beside Wendels Hospital), St Stephens St

Rices, St Stephens Green / 5th King Street Corner

Larry Tohin, Duke St (off Grafton St)

Disco: Good Karma, Great Strand St, off Capel St. Every Sat 11pm-2.30am

DUNDEE

Pub: Gauger, Seagate

DURHAM

Pub: The Three Tuns, Old Elvet

Nevilles Cross Hotel

EDINBURGH

Pub: The Kenilworth, Rose St

The Abercromby Hotel, Abercromby Place

The Baillie, St Stephen St

EXETER

Pub: Horse & Groom, Longbrook St

FERNDALE, South Wales

Pub: *Salisbury Hotel

GLASGOW

Pub: Duke of Wellington, Argyle St

The Strand (downstairs bar), Hope St

Rest: Classic, Renfield St (after bar hrs)

GOUROCK

Pub: Bay Hotel, New Bay Cocktail Bar, Pierhead, Sun only

GRAVESEND

Pub: *The Kent, High St

GREENOCK

Pub: The Jolly Sailor, Clyde Sq (saloon bar, Weds only, 8pm onwards)

GUILDFORD

Pub: The Royal Oak, near multi-story car park

HELSTON, Cornwall

Pub: The Bell, High St

HOLMFIRTH

Pub: Royal Oak, Upper Thong, near Holmfirth, Yorks

HUDDERSFIELD

Pub: The Commercial Hotel, High St (men only bar)

The Amsterdam (mixed)

The Grey Horse, Chapel Hill (Sundays)

HULL

Pub: White House (Chicken and Cocktail Bar), Jameson St

Royal Station Hotel, Paragon Sq

Centre Hotel (London Bar), Paragon St

ILFORD

Club: The Cavalier Club, Ilford Lane

IPSWICH

Pub: The Cock & Pye (Saloon Bar) Upper Brook St

ISLE OF WIGHT

Pub: The Hole in the Wall, Market St, Ventnor

The Plough, High St, Shanklin (public bar)

Club: Regency Club, Sun Hill, Cowes 5188

Medway Queen Night Club, Newport 5460 (D)

Rest: Ryde Queen Boatel at Wight Marina, Newport 4751

Stable, 105 High St, Old Village, Shanklin

LANCASTER

Pub: Farmers Arms, King St

LEEDS

Pub: The Spinners Arms, Leeds Rd

Hope & Anchor, Call Lane

West Riding Bar (Back Bar) Wellington St

Club: *Room at the Top, 207 North St

*Charleys Club, Lower Briggate

Cafe: Flamenco, New Briggate

Disco: Leeds GLF Disco fortnightly, contact their office for info

LEICESTER

Pub: Dover Castle, Dover St

LIMERICK

Bar: Royal George (Cocktail Bar) O'Donovans, 1 Lower Glenworth St (off O'Connell St)

LINCOLN

Pub: Ye Olde Crown, Clasketgate (lounge bar)

LIVERPOOL

Pub: Ye Cracke, Rice St

Lisbon, Victoria St L2

The Denby Castle, Mackins Hey (off Dale St)

Club: New Bears Paw, Corrans Lane

Sadlers, Wood St (off Hanover St)

LLANDUDNO

Pub: Rembrandt Bar, Washinton Hotel (on the sea front)

LONDON

Pub: The Bird Cafe, Columbia Rd, E2, Tel 739 9411. Drag every Thurs

*The Boltions & *The Coleherne are near each other on Old Brompton Rd (Earls Court tube)

*The Champion, Bayswater Rd (Notting Hill Gate tube)

The Chestow, Chestow Place, Notting Hill W2 (upper bar only), Fri Disco

Cricketers, Battersea Park Rd (D)

Dog and Trumpet, Great Marlborough St, W1

Duke of Fife, 350 Katherine Rd E7 (East Ham tube)

Elmhurst, 131 Lordship Lane, Tottenham N17 (D)

*Elephant & Castle, South Lambeth Place (Vauxhall tube) (D)

*Father Redcap, Camberwell Green SE5

Golden Lion, Dean St, off Shaftesbury Ave W1

*Horse & Groom, near Pig & Whistle (Sundays only)

*Imperial, The Square, Richmond

*The Laurel Tree, Camden Town (Camden Town tube)

*The Lord Raglan, St Martins Le Grande EC1 (disco) Tues (D)

*Martins Bar, The Castle, Richmond

*New Black Cap, Camden High St (Camden Town tube) (D)

*Pig & Whistle, Little Chester St SW1

*The Queens Head, Tryon St (off Kings Rd, Sloan Sq tube) (D)

*Royal Vauxhall Tavern, Vauxhall Cross (Vauxhall tube) (D)

*The Royal Mail, Upper St, Islington (Angel tube) (D)

Royal Oak, 62 Glenthorpe Rd W6 (D)

*Ship & Whale, Gulliver St SE16

The Salisbury, St Martins Lane WC1 (Leicester Sq tube)

*Union Tavern, 146 Camberwell New Rd SE5. Disco Mon & Tues (D)

*Watermans Arms (upstairs bar), Water Lane, Richmond

*The Green Room at the Wheatheaf, Goldhawk Rd (Goldhawk Rd tube)

*William IV, Hampstead High St Half Moon, Putney High St, Putney Bridge (D)

Club: A&B Club, 29 Wardour St W1 Apollo, 3 Wardour St W1

*Chagauramas, Neal St WC2 The Escort, 89a Pimlico Rd (Sloan Sq tube)

Festival Club, 2 Brydges Place, WC2 (Leicester Sq tube)

*La Gigolo, Kings Road (Sloane Square tube)

Louisa, 61 Poland St, W1 (Oxford Circus tube)

Mandy's, 30 Henrietta St WC2 (Masquerade Restaurant & disco, Earls Court Sq, SW5 (Earls Court tube))

*Paint Box, 29 Foley St W1

*Peacock Club, 259 Old Brompton Rd SW10, Tues(D)

*The Pink Elephant, 8 Newport Place, WC1 (Leicester Sq tube)

Rockingham, 9 Archer St, W1

*Shanes, Broadhurst Gardens, NW6

Toucan Club, 13 Gerrard St W1 Vortex, 62 Tachbrook St, 828 9581

Yours & Mine, Kensington High St, W8 (Ken High St tube)

Disco: *Arabian Pub, Tricky Dicky disco every Wed, Cambridge Heath Rd, E2 (Bethnal Green tube)

*The Bull and Gate, Kentish Town Rd (Kentish Tn tube)

*Centre, Broadley Terrace NW1 every Fri 8-12midnight.

*The Catacomb, Old Brompton Rd (Earls Court tube)

*Dicks Inn, Father Redcap, Camberwell Green SE5 every Fri

GLF, Prince Albert, corner of Wharfedale Rd and York Way, N1. Adm 15p every Tues, Fri and Sat

The Molin Disco Club, c/o The Angel, 14 Crosswall, EC3. 2 mins from Tower Hill Stn, 5 mins from Aldgate St. 488 3338/674 4004. Fri & Sats (girls only)

*South London GLF Disco every Sat at Brixton Gay Community Centre, 78 Ralston Rd SE24, 274 7921

*Tricky Dicky Disco (Mon & Thurs) Kings Arms, 213 Bishopsgate, EC1 *Liverpool Street tube)

Rest: Chagauramas, 41-43 Neal St, WC2

La Casserole, 338 Kings Rd, Chelsea, SW3

La Popote, Walton St, SW3

The Last Resort, 294 Fulham Masquerade, 310 Earls Court Rd, SW5

Nell Gwynnes Kitchen, 43 Crawford St

The Sabah, 34/8 Everholt St, NW1. 388 0131. Just by Euston Stn.

Simple Simon, 234 Old Brompton Rd, SW5

Le Richelieu, 277 New Kings Rd, SW6. 736 4432

Coffee Bar: The Coffin, Members only, Disco

The Macabre, 23 Meard St, W1 (opens 11.45 am)

LUTON

Club: *Pan Club, Bute Street, open nightly, weekend cabaret

MACCLESFIELD

Pub: Waters Green Tavern

MANCHESTER

Pub: The Mechanics, Chorlton St Union Hotel, Princess St (D)

Rembrandt, Seckville St

Cavalade, Wilmslow Rd

Didsbury (Sunday lunchtime)

New York, Bloom St

Club: Napoleon's, Seckville St

MERTHYR TYDFIL

Pub: Red Cow Hotel, Glebeland St

MIDDLEBOROUGH

Pub: The Grand Hotel

Club: The Rendezvous, above the Grand Hotel, Thurs Fri Sat

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE

Pub: Royal Court Grill, Bigg Market

Royal Turks Head, Pouchinello Bar

Eldon Grill (Variety Bar), opp Greys Monument

Grapes Vault, Grey St (men only)

County Hotel (Nancy's Bar) Westgate Road

NEWQUAY, Cornwall

Pub: King Mark (Sat lunchtimes)

NEWPORT, Mon

Personal Ads continued from page 17

Young denim guy digs wrestling. Seeks mates to join in. Photos exchanged. London/Home Counties. Box 53/20. Young goodlooking N London guy seeks young guys 21+ for evenings out and general good times. Many interests. Photo please. Box 53/21. Vancouver, Jim, 19 July. Don would much appreciate further contact. Box 53/22. Elder brother type youngish 40, comfortable home, would love to hear from shy or lonely boys over 21 with unusual interests needing understanding pal. Write in complete confidence. ALA. Photo appreciated but not important. Box 53/23. Attractive, intelligent young guy, slim, black hair, blue eyes, seeks guy similar age, 27, for friendship. Photo appreciated. Box 53/24. Depilated guy, intelligent, good natured and non-camp, would like to meet similar. Box 53/103. Attractive Essex guy, 24, seeks good looking companion similar age. Various interests. Photo please. Box 53/25. Like wrestling? Squash? Tennis? Golf? Fishing? Chess? Big bikes? Music? Seaside? Arts graduate, 35, Sussex coast, looking for a match! 6', 175lbs, 42/34/38. Photo please. ALA. Box 53/26. I'm fiftyish (London) gay. Have known great loneliness. To all gays whatever age (21+) or colour who are truly lonely, outcast, misunderstood, I offer sincere friendship, love and deep understanding. My love to all gays. Box 53/27. Aldershot, 39, seeks friends. Reply with photo. ALA. Box 53/28. Surrey, early forties, seeks gay friend for corresponding and meeting if compatible. Box 53/29. Lonely, shy boy, 21, Richmond/Kew, tall, dark, interests classical music, orchids, countryside, desperately seeks similar caring boy 21-35. Hopeful lasting friendship. Possibly share your place. Genuine replies only. Photo appreciated. Box 53/30. Gentleman, 50, own country estate, seeks active friend similar age, West Sussex area. Photos exchanged. Box 53/31. Student, 23, likes leather, denim, boots, seeks friends London area. Box 53/32. Italian guy, 28, musical, seeks correspondence with similar English guys who can write in Italian or French. Box 53/33. Male, 30 years, slim, fair hair, pleasant looking, sense of humour, likes travel, some music, sea, sand, like to meet genuine friends. Photo appreciated and returned. Box 53/34. Young craftsman seeks active friend 28-55, sincere. I enjoy countryside, music, steam trains, doing job well. Prefer central South but anywhere considered. ALA. Box 53/35. Would a rider take easy going pillion for rides? I'm 26, have leathers and helmet. ALA. Box 53/36. Active, mid-twenties, central London, seeks young attractive guy 21+ for friendship. Must be non-camp. Please write. Box 53/37. London, attractive 24, seeks younger (21+) non-camp dolly companion. Genuinely genuine Box 53/38. Railway and tramway enthusiasts welcome to group not previously advertised. Outings, meetings in London. Box 53/39. West Berkshire, male, 21, denim lover, seeks similar for friendship. Box 53/40. Ch.Hovp. Should the boy on the 08.25 Paddington-Didcot-Leamington, Sunday 28th July, wish to continue our discussion, please write. Box 53/41. London/NE England noncamp working class friends 21 to 30, also military wanting weekend base. Box 53/42. Boxes 8, 17, 96, 115, 130 of issue 45 contact Box 53/43. Footballer, 30s, wishes to meet boxers, wrestlers, or other footballers for regular training sessions. Box 53/44. Presentable boy over 21 offered genuine friendship/home. Essex. Box 53/45. Professional guy, 38, reasonable-looking, straight, strong character and dry humour seeks similar, early 30s who thinks love, stability, own home is what he wants. North Surrey. Box 53/46. Leather and wrestling. Dutchman, 38, visiting England soon seeks guys interested in free style wrestling. Box 53/104. "Kent country". Debonair neat business gent, middle age, own business, confectioners/novelties, seeks young nice looking boy friend 21+ for companionship and part-time help, and will welcome as VIP Guests anytime including weekends. Box 53/47. Good looking, 23, wants to meet similar for friendship. Photo please. Box 53/49. Leatherman, Herts, 40, seeks similar view to friendship. Also rubber interests. Box 53/50. Active young modern, 22, diesel railway enthusiast wishes to meet others also American friends anywhere. Box 53/51.

London, 43, lonely, seeks sincere friends, 21+, colour, age immaterial. Box 53/52. Attractive Londoner, 30, would like to meet active guy or couples for friendship. Box 53/53. 28 male seeks gay friends 21-35. I am shy, well-built, live in SE, can travel. Interests music, theatre, travel. ALA. Photos please. Box 53/54. Manchester, tall attractive 22 year old male, will be interested to hear from any goodlooking man who are looking for permanent friends. Photo please. Box 53/55. Leather/denim guys, especially motorcyclists, sought by tall slim blond 28, London area, for friendship. Photo appreciated. ALA. Box 53/56. Londoner, East Ender, 28, attractive, active and well built seeks masculine guy 21-35 for friendship. Also body-builder for training partner. Photo please. ALA. Box 53/57. N London Continental active 60 like to meet coloured or dark guy 21-23, sharing weekends or travelling seashore. Photo appreciated, returned. Write fully interests. Box 53/58. Established couple 26/29, varied interests, seeks younger friends 21+. Photo appreciated and returned. ALA. Box 53/59. Young man, 28, North London, wants to meet active companion/s. Box 53/60. Very lonely guy, 27, living in Liverpool, seeking loving friendship. Not bad looking, so I'm told. Would like to meet other gays between 21-30. Box 53/61. St Tropez: open sports car leaving London late August, seats available, share expenses. Tel Ian, 01-940 7370. Carl B ex-RAF Stanmore: like get in touch, have a lot to offer after years. Phone 01-546 9519. Bob M, please send Alan Court, 23 Grayling Road, N16, your new address. Seaman, 38, muscular, seeks pal. Interests bodybuilding and photography. Box 53/76. Brown haired, slim, 21, mad on horses, swimming, cars, seeks well built, good looking for friendship. Photos. London/Essex. Box 53/77. Young spiritualist, 25, intellectual type, very psychic, numerous interests, settling permanently in Cambridge this September, wishes meet new friends, any nationality, in Cambridge area, also SE London area. Photo please, exchanged with mine. ALA. Box 53/78. Londoner, 28, sincere, sensitive, un-camp, seeks similar for loving friendship. Photo appreciated. Box 53/79. Soldier, 4 weeks leave November, would like to meet young man 21+, anywhere, own car, for friendship. Send photo, must be handsome. Box 53/80. Foreigners on holiday, students any nationality, Continental, Oriental, male 21-28, slim, modern, happy personality. If lonely in Central London, friendly welcome, and hospitality offered. Interests travel, languages, photography, food, clothes. Write with photo. Box 53/83. Rocker with bike, leather jacket and jeans seeks mates in denim, leather etc. Photo for exchange. Box 53/84. Francy a free holiday, South coast? I am 29, would like the company of a guy 21-25, in large flat. September 16-22. No cost involved, all expenses paid. Please send photo, ALA. Box 53/86. Londoner, retired, seeks friend for occasional daytime visits, gay chats. Box 53/87. Advisory service. Can I help you? For people lonely, want somebody to talk to, I try to help you. 01-749 0016, Ronald.

COME AND WORSHIP with the Fellowship in Christ the Liberator, Metropolitan Community Church, London. For further details please write PCL, 61 Earls Court Square, London, SW5.

After break-up of life-long affair, active, good-looking, 42-year-old writer seeks younger, non-affeminate friend over 21, any race. Intelligence and sense of humour a help. Recent photos please. Box 53/90. Londoner, 34, seeks companions for Autumn holiday Morocco, Xmas holiday Amsterdam (houseboat), Spring holiday skiing Italy? Also companion for skiing practice, Crystal Palace each week and camping weekends South coast. Box 53/91. Gent, 38, discreet, spends much spare time alone in solitary pastimes, seeks another any age over 35 with same interest. Box 53/92. Cheshire gay 30, shy type, wishes to meet genuine active male for lasting friendship. Box 53/93. I'm new to gay scene, 30, reasonably well built, seek friends for friendship, weekends, holidays. Photo appreciated. Genuine. Birmingham/Midlands. Box 53/94. If you are a genuinely athletic type 25-40 (and musical) seeking real companionship with similar 39, why not reply without obligation. We can't meet otherwise! Box 53/95. Approaching 50, seek a younger friend (34-45) to help retain youthful outlook. Hopefully for long term. Possibly teacher or civil servant. Surrey. Box 53/96. Affair 28/33 seeks similar friends for outings, companionship, Salisbury area. Box 53/97. English, 33, seeks young Oriental friend 21+ Hereford-Shrewsbury area. Photo appreciated. Box 53/98.

WEST LONDON Gay-Together Group interested male physique art, photography, naturism, would welcome new members. Photo (returnable) appreciated. Box 53/108. Middleaged writer seeks lasting gay friends, especially Chinese, Oriental, age immaterial (over 21). All replies answered. Box 53/109. 8'2", 35, love/life to share. London/Cambridge area. Interested? Box 53/114.

Gay Gemini seeks friend in Bournemouth. Photos exchanged and all letters welcomed. Box 53/110. Two rubber and leather guys, 28 and 32, wish to hear from similar for friendship. We have own house in West country. Photo please. Box 53/111. Surrey. Lonely gay, 43, with TV tendencies, seeks affectionate friendship of same age. ALA. Box 53/112. London guy, 30, varied interests, tall, slim, reasonable looks, still seeks similar for sincere lasting friendship/life share. If you are seeking same please write. Box 53/113. Young man, 21+, in need of love and affection, sought by older guy for friendship. Box 53/116. Londoner, 28, wishes to meet middle aged workmen (45-65), building site workers, roadman, lorry drivers etc for sincere friendship. Photo appreciated. Box 53/117. Francisco M, SW18. Remember our New Year's Eve walk? If you or any friends see this, please write. Ian, Box 53/118. 21-35 straight looking guys contact lively, cheerful 28 year olds. Photo please. Box 53/185. Leather guy sought for friendship, by slim 25 year old, also kit wanted in small sizes. ALA. Photo. Box 53/119. Derby-Nottingham, 43, seeks friend 30s. Many interests, theatre, arts. Will travel. Photo please (returnable). First advert. Box 53/120.

YOUNG ACTORS Londoner, 40, great admirer of the acting profession, would like to help out young actors or any young guys, 21+, needing a genuine friend in London. Photo appreciated. Box 53/121.

Goodlooking London guy, 23, presently working in night club (so free during days) seeks really sincere friend, similar age, nationality unimportant. Love travel, theatre, cinema, markets and Monty Python. Photo please, mine returned. Box 53/122. Male affairs. West London, seek quiet, active young man (21+), non-smoker, who wants mothering. Box 53/123. London professional, 30, rather overweight, seeks similar friends 25-35 for mutual support in combating surplus fat. Box 53/124. Sincere young man, 28, London, seeks similar (animal lover) for friendship and hopefully eventually find flat/house lease/purchase. Genuine replies please. ALA. Box 53/125. Anyone with own place London prepared to meet for company, perhaps friendship despite my 54 years, please write. Box 53/126. Sincere English boy, 28, tallish, athletic, good looking, seeks non-Western guy, especially Chinese, who is quiet, unaffected, and 21-30, for serious friendship. Please write with photo returnable. London. Box 53/127. Student, Indian origin, vegetarian, attractive, seeks active friend 21-30. Photo appreciated. Box 53/128. Introvert Cancerian youngish fotty sports enthusiast but wide interests excepting mechanical would be happy to meet Pisces/Scorpio perhaps in twenties/thirties. Coventry area. Utterly genuine. Box 53/129. Please help me. I am 28, lonely, live in Bradford, Yorks, ALA. Box 53/130. Bedfordshire. Active 40s seeks quite younger friend 21+. Photo exchange. Confidential. Box 53/131. Lonely attractive guy, 28, own home North Midlands, seeks anywhere for a nice attractive, non-camp interesting young guy 21+ for a longlasting friendship. Box 53/132. Steve, 28, attractive and friendly, seeks genuine friendship with active guy. North London. Box 53/134. Guy 43 seeks friends 21-35 London. Box 53/135.

Male, 21, goodlooking, would like to meet young, beautiful male model types 21+ for good friendship. Photo please. Box 53/136. Bachelor retired South coast wishes to meet active man over 35, nationality unimportant. Box 53/137. South Wales. Mature schoolmaster, 45, offers free weekend accommodation to those seeking sympathetic ear and father figure. Genuine. Box 53/138. Ian from Oldham. It's been nine months. Don't end it now, as I love you too much. Love, Ray, Oldham. Genuine, sincere, thoughtful, 21, North London guy would like to write/meet same for lasting friendship. Photo if possible. ALA. Box 53/140. Guy 28, every advantage (including looks) and totally sincere yet often miserable due to deep rooted problems seeks another 21-34 either similarly hung-up or with incredible understanding. Photo, alas, essential. London. Box 53/141. Life begins at 40? Englishman seeks sincere black friend, any age over 21, to help prove it. Personality more important than looks. Box 53/142. Sincere Negro friend sought for lasting friendship by 27 year white guy. Photo ensures reply. Box 53/143. Can anyone give me instruction in canoning? Thames/Medway area. Box 53/144. Slim, athletic guy, 37, SW Essex, seeks companions. Interests: railways, dogs, outdoor pursuits, rubber. Box 53/145. Masculine young teacher with own car and bungalow wants to meet good looking friend 21-27 in SW Surrey. Haslemere area. Box 53/146. Nobody lonely 21/30 warm, good, attractive, seems to want understanding, comfort, affection, hospitality, from sensitive, intelligent, pleasant, good-looking man 59. Essex, near London. Box 53/147. Slim, attractive 28 seeks tall, well built masculine friend 25-40. Photo appreciated. ALA. Box 53/148. Lonely. Would like to meet understanding active guy for friendship. No S&M types. Box 53/164. Merseysider, 24, seeks friend 21-24. Box 53/168.

28s man, unmarried, Italian living in Milan, holding managerial position, speaking English, French, Spanish, German, would meet gay friends travelling through Italy. Only masculine, 40-60 years. If right person ready to move and work North Europe. Write to Cartaindella' N. 39.784.350 - Fermoposta Cordusio - 20100 Milano - Italy. Private driving instructor needed for young man. Box 53/166. Fair slim 26, average looking, discreet, living Kent, short distance London, hopes for lasting friendship with active male 28-40 who feels the need for love and affection. Genuine only please. Box 53/167.

GRADUATE, 26, LONGISH HAIR Interests include photography, music, cinema, seeks similar 21-29 for permanent friendship. Box 53/169.

Young 28, lonely, seeks active guy 21-35 who would share life and interests (mine varied). I have my own flat, and make living really worthwhile. Photo appreciated. Box 53/170. S Wales. Young 45, new to scene, would like to meet active guy 40-50 for friendship and share life. Must be loving and kind. ALA. Photo appreciated. Box 43/171. Coventry. Executive, 38, with own accommodation seeks the company of a young guy over 21 for occasional visits. Will help with any expenses incurred. Box 53/172. Chinese, Thai, Malay etc. Brighton area. Active, young 50, non-camp, with luxury flat, car, seeks Oriental friend for evening/weekend music, movies, theatre, travel. Possible flat-share. Box 53/173. Newcastle, Eldon Grill, we met but briefly over a year ago, you were alone, I was with others, you were from London, I was from Leeds. Do please write - John. Box 53/174. Active slim denim guy, 27, digs pop music, hot cars and ground wrestling. Any takers? Photos exchanged. London/South. Box 53/175. Birmingham 22 year old seeks slim, boyish, reasonable looking boy, similar age, for loving and lasting friendship. Photo appreciated. Box 53/176. London bi-guy, 28, seeks genuine friends. Box 53/177. London, sincere, slim, thoughtful, 27, seeks affectionate, slim, younger friend 21+. Photo returnable. Box 53/178. Box No. 470 please contact Box 53/179. Young friends sought who are sincere, between 21-30, and mad on classical music and opera. My age 28. Box 53/180. London, dark, slim, attractive, late twenties, general interests, seeks attractive, hirsute, active professionals for sincere lasting friendship. Photo and telephone numbers but ALA. Box 53/181. Ordinary bloke, graduate, gentle Londoner, 35, seeks gentle younger friend 21+. Photo would be nice (returnable). Box 53/188. Londoner, 43, quiet but sympathetic, tallish, slim, average looks, would like to hear from older people (60 plus, no upper age limit) with view to lasting friendship. Box 53/189. London, 24, seeks longish-haired non-camp unbearded guys 22-26 for sincere friendship. Photo essential. Box 53/190. Londoner? Talk it over with someone older. Genuine, discreet, sympathetic. Half hour from Swansea/Cardiff. Box 53/191. Active Oriental? Good looking intelligent English boy would like to meet you. Box 53/192. Manchester student, 23, literate, presentable, seeks friends 21-30, possible sharing. Photo please. Box 53/199.

Accommodation 10p per word, Box Number 50p, outside GB £1.50 Free flatshare for young guy with two graduates (24) in return for tidying our Islington flat. Box 53/70. Battersea area. Own small room & TV in large mansion flat, all, including telephone, in a month's rent in advance £35, sharing with 3 others. Young sensible man required. Phone 622 6922. Second male, own room, share cottage £10 pw. 643 3111. Wanted, 2 persons share house London W3, £7.50pw inclusive. 749 6245 evenings. Self contained flat, SW2. Lounge, 1 double bedroom, 1 single, kit/diner, bathroom, WC. £90 per calendar month (£20.77 pw). Telephone 437 6227. Torquay area. Permanent accommodation required by guy 22, Sept onwards, furnished or unfurnished. Box 53/71. Super new converted furnished flat in Surbiton (18 min to Waterloo), suit 2/3 young men at £20 per week. Two fitted bedrooms, bathroom and separate lavatory. Carpeted throughout, new furniture. Telephone Eunice Paxman 399 4731. Pleasant bachelor, 58, offers hospitality, accommodation, odd nights, weekends, to younger guys. 01-670 2603 after 6pm. Straight looking guy, 25, seeks accommodation in London from September 16th, for 4 months or longer. Box 53/72. Glasgow (West): three bedroomed flat required by students from September. £80 monthly. Box 53/73. Transsexual (25) wishes to share accommodation with any understanding person/persons (London). Box 53/74. Large bedsitter, kitchen available. Harrow area for two women. £10pw. Box 53/75. Indian, quiet, clean, reliable, working in Wembley Park, seeks accommodation. Own room, friendly, but no strings. Box 53/81. Required: single furnished room, sleep only, Earls Court or Fulham area. Box 53/82.

MERLIN OF STAR-GAYS needs two rooms in someone's pleasant flat to live and work. Preferably Brighton or London. From August. Write to Box 53/89. Flatshares, bedsits, flats available all areas. 01-732 6724 evenings. Durham area: permanent accommodation in country cottage if compatible to domesticated 21-30 age group. Share expenses. No involvement. Owner mature sympathetic Scorpio. Full details. Box 53/100. Bedsitter, desk telephone, welcome to new colour TV, 66-25 inch heat and light. Close to Bakers Arms, Leyton. I'm in the 40s. No strings. 539 3095 evenings to midnight. Genuine enquiries only please. Cambridge area, young guy, 25, requires shared or separate accommodation as from September 7. Box 53/101. Graduate, 26, flat hunting West London or share present flat wants similar guys to share. Box 53/182. Domesticated, non-affeminate graduate, 26, needs flatshare/bedsit in Wandsworth, Wimbledon, Richmond area. Reasonable rent please. Box 53/183. Wanted, young guy share luxury flat with 2 others, own room, London area. Non camp. Reference required.

Box 53/184. Purley. Furnished rooms in pleasant house near Station. Ready September. Phone 01-504 2691. Gay couple (teacher & civil servant) quiet and domesticated, unable to extend year-long occupancy of present accommodation, urgently seek rooms (self-contained?) within reach of Chelsea. Maximum rent £18pw. Tom or Mike 769 2410 after 5. Young male models required for nude film work, good pay. Mr K Hurl, Thornes Cottage, Woodcock Lane, Hordle, Lymington, Hants. Vacancy for two friends to manage Country Club East Anglia capable of running Bar, Dining rooms and Kitchen. Controlling Staff. High standards expected. Self contained flat, good remuneration and commission for right couple. Box 53/150. Quiet non-affeminate guy, 24, seeks similar for partnership in boarding kennels. Box 53/151. Oxford. Room in luxury flat for professional guy around 30. £12pw. Very discreet, straight type, possibly Christian. Photo appreciated. Box 53/113. Young man would like to share spacious flat in Kingston Vale overlooking Richmond with adamant non-smoker. £12pw, 546 3537. Teacher, 41, requires from mid-Sept furnished accommodation, cooking facilities, within 4 miles radius Greenford, own room, space for large number books, etc, essential. Phone after 7th September 997 1808, 6-10pm, ask for George. Young guy 18-28 wanted to share modern house N London. All amenities, own room, reasonable rent. Full details, photo if possible. ALA. Box 53/154. Barge double bedsitter available Chiswick for two responsible males sharing. Fully equipped, centrally heated. Please ring 994 0082. Single luxury bedsitter. Garden position. Constant hot and cold. Central heating. Serviced and linen laundered. £38 per month in advance. Tel: 672 5337, 7-10pm. 3 bedroomed flat above shop in East Dulwich. Fully furnished. Suitable for three or four sharing. £60 per month in advance. Also deposit. Tel: 672 5337, 7-10pm. Chiswick W4. Converted flats: 1 garden, 1 bedroom, lounge, fitted kitchen, coloured bathroom; ground floor, 99 year lease, £12,000. Three 2-bedroom, lounge, fitted kitchen, coloured bathrooms; ground floor & first floor with balcony, 99 year lease, £12,000. Owner 994 5306 or 995 9482. Tub Hotel, W4. Nice rooms, M&C, TV. Long or short stay. Homely atmosphere. 34 Barrowgate Road, Miss E Thistleton, 994 5306 or 995 9482. SW12. Guy/s wanted for flat/share or S/C flat or bedsit. Private. Phone 673 1113. Turnham Green, W4. Two pleasant rooms available in quiet house; own bathroom; no cooking facilities. Suitable couple/singles. £8. 994 0929 evenings. Professional guy, working Nottingham, seeks room/bed 2-3 nights a week to save long trek daily. Box 53/155. Bournemouth area. Composer/pianist requires self-contained unfurnished flat. Two years' minimum let from end Sept. Around £10pw. Box 53/156. Young guy, likes movies, seeks similar share flat. 5A Theatre Street, SW11. Shepherds Bush, near Green, 4-bed, terrace house, electric CH, rewired etc. £19,500. 749 2448 evenings. Derby professional, 30, offers share own house with similar, or occasional overnight accommodation. Box 53/157. Young couple urgently require 2-bedroom S/C flat Swiss Cottage area. Box 53/158. Nottingham. Student (twenties) seeks bedsit, flatshare from September within reach of main stations. Box 53/159. Guy 21-30 share comfortable home, Thurrock, Essex, own room, £8 week inclusive. Box 53/160. Professional non-camp guy, 20s, seeks similar to share modern flat Luton. Own room, colour TV, phone. Box 53/161. North Cambridgeshire. Quiet young guy to share small house. Own room. Reasonable. Box 53/162. Young professional to share W4 house, own room, £8pw incl. Phone 995 4263. Exeter. Professional woman offers separate accommodation in beautiful farmhouse to independent person (or couple) wishing to live in peaceful rural surroundings. Possibility for someone interested in market gardening to make own living. Box 53/195. Spain. Civilised intelligent guy, very good looks and physique, offered temporary home with super bisexual lively couple. Box 53/196. Non-camp guy, mid-twenties, wanted to share small self-contained flat in N2 with similar. £10 per week inclusive, except telephone. Box 53/197. Free Central London accommodation, modern block, offered to masculine lorry driver under 28 by relaxed handsome male in TV and films. Photo if possible. Box 53/198.

Classified and Display Ads: The box number service is not available to commercial advertisers. Where discovered, literature advertising commercial enterprises will not be forwarded to box numbers. SEMI-DISPLAY (Boxed Classifieds in bold type) £1.50 extra. ALL ADS MUST BE PREPAID. DISPLAY AD RATES—prices quoted on request; contact Ad Manager Stuart Patterson.

Holiday Accommodation 10p per word, Box Number 50p, outside GB £1.50

A cottage in Cornwall. Bad and breakfast £2. No restrictions. Ring Mike, St Ives 5480 (day), 5652 (night). Oper. all year round. All male gay guest house Southsea, full or part board. Ring Portsmouth 811 246 for brochure. Cornwall. Olde Worlde cottage. Seconds from beaches. B&B £2. St Ives 7672. Bournemouth. Gay & homely B&B £1.90. 0202-25284. Cornwall: Holiday accommodation B&B for gay people. Tel: 072-681 2063 Paul. Brighton licensed small hotel. B&B from £2. Tel: 0273 67710. Court Craven Hotel, 2 Atlingworth Street, Brighton. Relax and feet at home in spacious country house near Bath. Full board. Trains met. 022 16 3299. Torbay, Devon. Bed/breakfast £2, dinner option, John and Alan, Hamilton House, Whitstone Road, Paignton.

Employment 10p per word, Box Number 50p, outside GB £1.50

GIRL OR BOY FRIDAY Required for well established small group. General office duties plus driving essential. Good salary and conditions. Sadrian Limited, 33 Holland St, W8. 01-937 2069. Executive, clerical, sales, catering jobs, top salaries. Enquiries after 6pm. 01-732 6724. Employment Ads continued on page 19

Personal & Classified Ads Form

Please insert in the next issue. Number of words. per word + Box Number fee. Please find enclosed crossed cheque/postal order made payable to Gay News Ltd for the sum of £. Send to Gay News Ltd, Classified Ads, 62a Chiswick High Road, London W4 1SY. Name. Address.

To ensure that your advertisement(s) appear under the correct heading(s) please tick the appropriate square(s). Mixed Personal [] Women's Personal [] Men's Personal [] Employment [] Accommodation [] Holiday Accommodation [] Services [] Market Place [] Travel [] Entertainment [] Meetings []

Employment Ads contd from page 18

Models wanted by amateur photographer for male costume studies... Young goodlooking guy wants well paid work... London Irishman, 28, barman, sick to death of the long hours...

Architectural, design, and surveying projects. 723 8770. Original model clothing designed and made with you in mind... HAIRCUTS IN EARLS COURT by experienced hair stylist. 373 7331.

Entertainment

10p per word. No Box Number service available. 'MR PLAY-GUY BALL' Hammersmith Town Hall, Sept 14 (Sat). SOUTH LONDON GLF DANCE Saturday 17th August 8-11.30pm at Surrey Hall, Binfield Road, SW4...

Bioscopia Film Club monthly screenings. Details see. (No blue films). Film Club, 10 Zodiac Court, London, Road, Croydon, CR0 2RJ. 3rd ANNUAL WINDSOR FREE FESTIVAL August 24-September 2. Info: 0642 592069.

Masseurs

30p per word. No Box Number service available. Message by young masseur. Hampstead. Peter 267 2991. CUTE, FRESH FACE Mike, 21. Qualified masseur, professional model. 01-578 0320.

Market Place

20p per word. No Box Number service available. 'Action Friends': a new gay international magazine for Males Only... Young musician, 21, seeks interesting work... Mouthwatering magazines! Send see to Johnny, BM/FBGM, WC1V 6XX.

Services

20p per word. No Box Number service available. 'Stop Press Opportunities.' Would you like to have your own business? Well don't delay: act today! No canvassing... MORTGAGES FOR GAY PEOPLE jointly, or on single income... YOUR PRINTING carried out quickly, cheaply and well.

General Information

All listings in the General Information columns are free to bona fide gay groups and organisations. Only information submitted in writing will be included. Please send details to General Information, Gay News, 62a Chiswick High Road, London W4 1SY.

GAY GROUPS SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

-CHE POETRY GROUP meets the last Friday of every month at 8pm above the Lamb & Flag on Rose St, W2 -GAY AMATEUR FILM GROUP now meeting to plan activities. Recruits welcomed both sides of camera (8mm). 04-476 7980.

GAY WOMEN

-BRIGHTON. Meets Thurs to explore political, personal and social aspects of sexual love between women. Ring 29093 and ask for Wendy or Sandy. -CAMBRIDGE GAY WOMEN'S GROUP. Details write Alison, c/o Last Exit Bookshop, Mill Road, Cambridge or phone 64757.

-SURBITON/KINGSTON GAY WOMEN'S GROUP. Come and find out for coffee and a chat. Lots of activities planned. Contact CHELIC at 437 7363 -NORTH EASTERN GAY WOMEN'S GROUP meet regularly in Newcastle. Contact Sharon at Chester-le-Street 5648 or Judy at Newcastle 811016.

GAY GROUPS

-BATH GAY AWARENESS GROUP PO Box 86, Bath BA1 2YQ. -BRISTOL GAY AWARENESS GROUP. Contact Eddie Cherris, 5 Muller Avenue, Horfield, Bristol 7. -COMMUNITY. We are now running a group for bisexuals on Mon nights. Ring us at 01-485 2136 or 01-586 3545.

SWITCHBOARDS INFORMATION

Britain's First GAY SWITCHBOARD: 01-837 7324. Every evening 6-10.30. Your hot-line to the gay community. What, when, how, where.

COUNSELLING / BEFRIENDING

-CENTRE. For men and women. Tel: 01-262 9595 or 01-723 5889 for counselling and advice on medical, venereal, legal, psychological, religious, alcohol, family or general problems.

SCOTTISH MINORITIES GROUP

-ABERDEEN, Gregory Fenwick, Sec, 69 Park Street, or telephone Denis Wilson (0224) 20576. -BORDERS/CARLISLE, contact Janette Husband, Sec, Carlisle Council of Soc Service, (0228) 25517 office, (0228) 21557 home.

GAY LIBERATION FRONT

-GLF INFORMATION. Although the office is closed, all postal enquiries concerning GLF should still be sent to 5 Caledonian Road, London N1. -AULT EDUCATION GROUP. Meets every Thurs 8pm at Talma Rd, Brixton SW2.

-EDINBURGH SMG BEFRIENDERS. Tel 031-229 3527 Wed Sat & Sun only 6-9pm or write to SMG c/o VOC. 11/3 Colme St, Edinburgh EH3 6AG. -PEOPLES CENTRE, 33 Mansfield Road, Nottingham. Tel Nottingham 411227. Help, advice and information for gays. Thurs evenings 6-8pm.

IRISH GAY LIB MOVEMENT

-GAY LIB SOC, Students Union, Queens University, Meetings Thurs 8pm. Phone Belfast 24803. -COLERAINE, Don Gill and Pat Knight, New University of Ulster Sexual Reform Movement, NUJ, Coleraine, Co Derry, phone Coleraine 4141 ext 319.

TRANSVESTITE / TRANSEXUAL

-TRANSSEXUAL ACTION ORGANISATION for transsexuals under therapy only. Contact Angelo Nicol, 01-965 2520. -TRANSVESTITE SOCIAL GROUP. Send see to Sam Cash, 10 Hosack Rd, London SW17.

CAMPAIN FOR HOMOSEXUAL EQUALITY

There are over 70 local groups. For details and membership information contact their offices at National Office, 28 Kennedy Street, Manchester M2 4BG. Tel 061-228 1985. Or contact London Information Centre, 22 Great Windmill Street, W1. Tel 01-437 7363.

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-DURHAM. Contact Sam Green, 41 The Avenue, Durham City. -GAY WOMEN'S LIB (North London). Meets at the Crown and Woolpack, 397 St Johns St, EC1 (Angel tube), 8pm Mon.

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Liberal Liverpool pussyfoots

LIVERPOOL: The Liberal party of Liverpool has given a polite two fingers to the Young Liberals in its newsheet *Focus*.

Referring to the YL's resolution that homosexual education be provided in schools, the Old Liberals point out hastily "You may recall that in 1973 the Young Conservatives at their Assembly passed a resolution to include homosexual and other sex teaching in schools. In 1974 at the Young Liberals' Conference a resolution was passed to include the discussion of homosexuality as a part of sex education in Secondary Schools."

"Young Liberals are renowned for their honest and forthright thinking on all subjects, but they do not have the responsibility of looking after and caring for the people of this City. You know that your Liberal Councillors would never agree to the discussion of such delicate matters in our Secondary Schools without consulting all parents first."

Or, in other words, once you actually get power, honest and forthright thinking doesn't matter a damn any more!

Chester Bank Holiday

CHESTER: The local CHE group is planning a Bank Holiday Dance on Sunday 25 August, to be held at the Chester Curzon Hotel, Woexham Road, Chester, from 8.00 to midnight. Tickets, which will cost £1.50, include a buffet and cabaret. Any money which the group makes will go to CHE National Funds.

The group has made arrangements for those people who want to stay overnight to stay at the Chester Curzon Hotel at special rates—£4.50 per person (including VAT, service charge and breakfast). People who want to stay at the Chester Curzon should make their bookings with the hotel direct, mentioning that they are going to the dance if they want the special rate.

Applications for dance tickets should be sent to Leslie P Davies, 18 Garden Lane, Chester CH1 4EN enclosing a stamped addressed envelope. Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to Leslie Davies.

Military junta terrorises gays

BUENOS AIRES: The Argentinian underground gay organisation, FLH, has just published a report on the plight of gays in Chile.

According to the report, the Chilean junta groups homosexual amongst the country's revolutionary organisations, along with workers, students and patriots. A well-known gay from Santiago, a Uruguayan nicknamed Lola Punales, was recently assaulted, raped and castrated by a detachment of the regime's troops. Such occurrences seem to be commonplace in Chile today. The victims' bodies are left in the streets for days to intimidate the population. People with long hair, beards, red clothes or mini-skirts run the risk of arrest.

Reports had been received of a similar wave of attacks against gays during the 1950s. In these cases, gays had been drowned—some with weights tied round their necks.

The Latin American gay movement already regard Punales as a martyr and are calling for war against the Chilean regime.

Gay News
Germany

More dreaming spires

OXFORD: To clarify further what is happening within the Oxford group of Campaign for Homosexual Equality (see report in GN52), we have received some additional information from their publicity person.

A CHE general meeting was held recently, to which all members of the former Oxford Gay Action Group were invited. The CHE chairperson said at the meeting that the telephone service was still advertised under the Action Group's name, but was now being run by the CHE group.

The gay library, housed in the telephone service's office, has been reorganised by CHE members, and all social events at the Stage Club recently have been arranged by the CHE group.

It was therefore agreed that the telephone service and library be under the auspices of CHE and carry their name and that all funds made at future social events go to that group to help in providing these services.

The group is holding regular monthly meetings and has set up five sub-groups which are headed: liaison, social, activist, Reach and Friend.

HGU may become CHE branch

HARROW: Harrow Gay Unity are seriously considering becoming a branch of Campaign for Homosexual Equality.

Discussion is taking place at the group's weekly meetings, held on Mondays in the clubroom of the Goodwill to All, to gauge the attitude of members on this question.

Seven years for blackmailer

EXETER: David Lowden, of Truro Drive, Exeter, who blackmailed a gay man after giving him a lift home, was jailed for seven years at Exeter Crown Court recently.

The Court was told that Lowden, who denied the charge, gave the man (referred to in court as 'Mr X') a lift, after meeting him in the cottage at Blackboy Road, Exeter.

Prosecuting, Mr Victor Watts said that when they got to the gay man's flat, Lowden demanded £70, saying that he was an expensive male prostitute.

Mr X refused to pay and the accused said he would expose him as a homosexual to his employer and everybody in the area.

"I managed to get him out of the house by threatening him with a pair of garden shears. Then I took his car number as he drove off and told the police. I was terrified," said Mr X.

The recorder, Mr Charles Ingle, told Lowden, who had two previous convictions for similar offences, that he had lied in his statement to the police and also for most of the time in the witness box. "The public must be protected from people like you," he said.

Police drag show

BANGKOK: Thai police have been dressing in drag in order to clamp down on gay bars and night clubs in Bangkok that feature naked male go-go dancers.

The raids follow a newspaper campaign against the premises. Police officers disguised as transvestites entered two bars and arrested their owners and four go-go dancers on charges of conducting obscene shows. All six were fined and then released.

The police said they were forced to dress up as women to gain entrance to the bars because the management could easily spot a policeman in normal plain clothes.

Brightening up the Bulletin

MANCHESTER: Responding to criticisms of its national newsletter, *Bulletin*, CHE has set up a working party of four members to brighten up the publication and turn it into a useful house journal.

Local groups will be asked to supply more news, and there will be information fed back from the Activists. The working party is also considering a change in the layout and design.

The four members of the group are Howarth Penny, Barrie Kenyon, Peter Naughton and Wallace Grevatt.

Spanish gays arrested

BARCELONA: Police moved in on one of Spain's most notorious cruising areas, the lighthouse in Barcelona harbour, and arrested 16 gays, following a complaint from a member of the public.

The area is very secluded, hidden in tall bushes, sugar cane and reeds. The arrested men have been accused of causing a public nuisance because there is a public beach nearby.

The story was reported in the paper *El Correo Catalan* under the one-word heading 'Success'. Spain has the harshest laws against homosexuality in the whole of Europe.

Gay News
Germany

NALGO gay group

NOTTINGHAM: Howard Human, a NALGO member from Nottingham, is starting a gay group for members of the union's Health Services Branch. A workshop at the CHE Activists' Conference discussed ways in which unions could be mobilised in support of the gay struggle, and Howard's move follows that debate. Several NALGO members attended the workshop.

To join the group, write to Howard Hyman, c/o Flat 3, 108 Foxhall Road, Forest Fields, Nottingham NG7 6LH, and he will be able to supply you with further details.

Gay picnic

MANCHESTER: A National Gay Picnic is to be held in Manchester on Sunday August 25. If you'd like more details about this event, ring John, Gordon or Terry on Manchester (061) 225-9779.

Gay Marxist alive and well

MANCHESTER: *Gay Marxist* is flourishing and has just produced issue number five. In the latest issue, Steve Cohen writes about the history of the German gay movement, based on articles from Canada's *Body Politic* and an internal document of the American Socialist Workers Party. And still on the German theme, Margaret Coulson and Carol Smith examine the situation of women in Nazi Germany. Martine O'Leary takes a critical look at Wilhelm Reich and his writings. Steve Cohen writes up the Homosexual Liberation Front of Argentina, and Philip Conn looks to the future after Lancaster 74.

Copies of *Gay Marxist* can be obtained from Side Door, 7 Birch Hall Lane, Longsight, Manchester M13 0XJ for 20 (including postage).

Fowl language

LONDON: Babs Todd of *Sappho* and the Women in Media group told us that she was horrified recently by the sheer ignorance of a Labour Minister about homosexuality.

The incident occurred when a group of women from Women in Media went to give evidence to the committee of enquiry into the proposed legislation on sex discrimination. Each was briefed to raise a particular issue, and Babs raised the question of homosexuality. She said that the preamble to the Bill should make it clear that the provisions of the Bill covered discrimination on the grounds of sexual orientation as well as gender.

Which brought the extraordinary remark from Gerald Fowler, of the Department of Education and Science, that such a move would "open the doors to pederasty"—a remark neither Educated nor Scientific.

North London GLF

LONDON: When the GLF office closed in February and the Gay Switchboard took over, it was agreed that the GLF address would remain the same and the office collective decided to run discos to clear up all the debts.

The collective which has been running the discos now announces that it has indeed been able to pay off all GLF's debts, and members want to get GLF in North London back on its feet again. The pressures of dealing with GLF correspondence, providing speakers for organisations and groups who want them, as well as running the discos at the same time is proving a bit too much for the small group.

At their next disco, therefore, they are hoping to get new faces to join them. 200 people regularly attend the discos, so the nucleus of a strong new GLF group should be fairly easy to find.

Stockholm paper condemns age limit

STOCKHOLM: The Swedish capital's leading morning newspaper, the independent *Dagens Nyheter*, recently published an editorial calling for an end to the legal age discrimination against both gays and children.

Slamming the 15-year-old limit for sexual relationships with children, the newspaper pointed out that it is dangerous for society to enforce laws which have no basis in reality. In this case, statistics show that one out of every five Swedish youngsters makes his sexual debut before reaching 15.

Calling for an elimination of any age limit and supporting only laws to prevent a child from being lured or enticed into sexual relations, the editorial also attacks the 18-year age limit for homosexuals.

"The homosexual has it hard enough as it is, as deeply rooted as the sexual prejudices are in today's liberated Sweden."

Kurt Schiller

CHE & GLF work together

SUSSEX: Since the CHE conference at Malvern and because of the new image of go-ahead enthusiastic radicalism which emerged from that organisation, the Sussex group of the Gay Liberation Front has decided to cooperate more closely with the local CHE group.

Members of both groups are being encouraged to attend meetings of the other and become members of both. The joint liaison officer is John Gough.

The GLF group are delighted with the recommendation recently made by the amenities committee to the Brighton Borough Council to treat applications from the group (for letting and using corporation property) strictly on their merits and not to discriminate in any way.

If passed by the council later this month, this will mean an end to the three-year ban imposed by the previous council, and the GLF committee propose to hold a grand gay ball at the Corn Exchange next summer in celebration.

Meanwhile, the group continues to publish informative leaflets for distribution. Titles include 'An analysis of some attitudes to homosexuality', 'A brief history [of GLF]', 'Dawn of a new gay', and 'Some words to parents'.

Puerto Rico may relax laws

SAN JUAN: A Bill has been introduced into the Puerto Rican Parliament which proposes that homosexual acts between people of 18 and over should be legalised.

Up to now, homosexuality has been regarded as a "crime against nature".

Local gays confidently expect that steps to reform the law will have been taken by Parliament by the end of this year.

Gay News
Germany

Publications

LONDON: Two more gay publications have folded, *Jeffrey* and *Lunch*. Recent last-minute attempts to save both titles have failed, and neither will be published again. However, two new gay magazines have just been started—*Just Us* and *Gay Times*.

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