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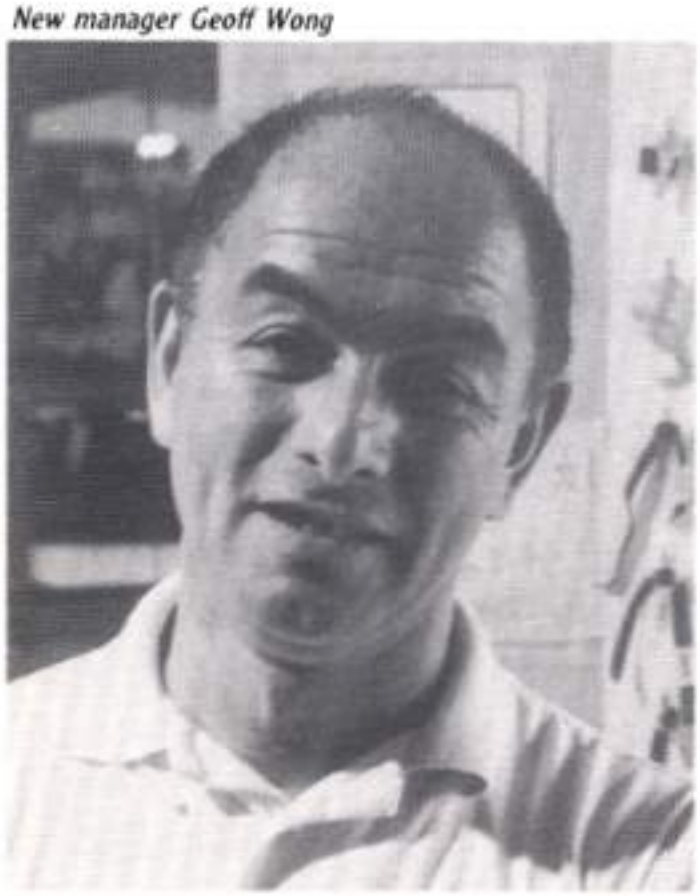
New manager Geoff Wong



POWERSTATION GYM

The Power Station Gym in London's Kings Road seems to have gone through more managers than a first division football club, even a recent one that tried unsuccessfully to turn the place straight. I used to go there a lot, but I got so fed up with all the chopping and changing that I, like many others, stopped going to the place. But now things have changed for the better and under the new management of Geoff Wong, the gym is now getting back to how things used to be.

Geoff is a likeable, soft-spoken Northerner, wh has spent all his life in Physical Education. He spent 3½ years in the army as a PT instructor and then moved on to university to teach.

The first thing that I noticed about Geoff's new regime is that the place is completely spotless, new equipment has been added since my last visit and Geoff is managing to attract more and more serious body-builders.

If you have never been to a gym before, Geoff will put you through your paces and work out an individual programme for you. You can pop along at any time but it is always advisable to make an appointment first. You can give Geoff a ring on 01-351 5718.

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PHYSIQUE 89

On the subject of bodybuilding, the 3rd Annual Lesbian and Gay Bodybuilding Championship "Physique 89" is to be held at The Palace of Fine Arts in San Francisco on June 24. If you are going over and/or entering you can write to them for further details at Arcadia Bodybuilding Society, 1455 A Market Street, Suite 221, San Francisco CA 94103 USA.

CHEZ MAISIE

It is now two years since Maisie Trollette packed her shopping bags and disappeared down to Brighton to become a seaside landlady. It is only just now that I have had the chance to go and stay there. It is a typical seaside hotel with the added attraction of TV (not Carla), showers and tea and coffee-making facilities (something I really do appreciate) in every room. It's called Rowland House and it's in St George's Terrace Brighton, very **WELL WORTH THE VISIT**.

Maisie took us to The Oriental which is a small, very crowded bar. The cabaret that evening was Andre

Gold medallist Michael Morse

Adore, who went down exceptionally well, who got a standing ovation for his Marilyn Monroe. Then it was off to The Beacon Royal to a packed disco, and some of the sexiest men in Britain.

I D CARDS

There has been a lot of talk in the press of late about the introduction of ID cards, with the Police Federation coming out in favour of compulsory cards for everyone. So the usual line up of politicians are telling us all that if we do not break the law then we have nothing to worry about carrying one. But can you imagine what would happen in, for instance, a Gay Pride march with the police checking everyone's ID. It would not be long before a comprehensive list of gay people was made. I read this morning that the Government is thinking of privatising the police computer; for the list to fall into the hands of some right-wing organisation would be horrifying. Watch out, Big Brother may be nearer than you think.

LAMBETH

As I am sure you read in the last issue, both in Dafydd's Showbiz column and in mine, we are concerned about Lambeth Council's charging a £13,000 sex encounters license fee for venues wishing to stage strippers. In spite of writing to the leader and the Gay Advisory Committee along with the majority of Labour councillors, they have not bothered to reply in any way. But I did get a reply from the Leader of the Conservative Group and the SLD. But then again, having watched the Labour group in action I don't suppose they have yet learned how to write.

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Gay men are living in fear of violent gangs on the streets of South Wales

Murder hunt police turned gay community 'upside-down'

A SIXTY-two year old gay man was murdered and suffered "horrific torture" in his own home at the hands of a man who "held fierce anti-gay views" and had "contempt for homosexuals", a South Wales court has heard.

And in the wake of the trial, the local press has featured allegations that Newport's police turned the town's gay community "upside-down" during the murder investigation.

Gay men, says the Newport-based *South Wales Argus*, were harassed, humiliated and "made to feel dirty" by police seeking the murderer, and officers have no sympathy for gay men who are "living in fear of violent gangs" roaming the streets of the town.

62-year-old Danny Denbury was found dead in his flat in January 1988.

He had gone there with Christopher McGovern who had "posed as a homosexual" and who left the flat hours later leaving the gay man "trussed up and choking on his own blood".

During the eight-day trial at Newport Crown Court, the prosecution alleged that McGovern had "fierce anti-gay views" and a "contempt for homosexuals". He is now serving a life sentence for murder.

"The gay community was turned upside-down during investigations into the Denbury murder," writes Sara Tudor of the *South Wales Argus*.

"I was well cheesed off during the murder inquiry," said one gay man, a senior county council worker. "I was ready to help find the killer, but when the fifth pair of police constables arrived on my doorstep to ask questions, I was annoyed and felt harassed."

Another gay man said: "Police came to my home and my parents didn't even know about me being gay. I was made to feel dirty — as if I was committing a crime by just being a homosexual."

And the conduct of the trial has also been criticised. "It was unnecessary," said Neil Wooding, chairman of Newport's Aids Support Group, "for two elderly gentlemen to give evidence about their relationships with Mr Denbury in such intimate detail. They have lost credibility in the town."

Furthermore, says Sara Tudor, "discrimination and prejudice" against gay men "is now backed by something more sinister — organised and violent attacks".

One gay man was attacked while walking home from a Newport nightclub.

"I was with a friend and we took a short cut through an alley way. Three blokes, who I had seen outside the club, came towards me and before I knew what was happening they started beating me up," said the man.

"My friend managed to get away but they left me in quite a bad way. It was a frightening experience, and I was furious that they had done it in such a cowardly way, three against one, simply because I'm gay.

"Attacks on gays are becoming more sinister in the Newport area because they seem to be organised in advance. I know 'queerbashing' gangs are common in London, and things have got worse for the gay community in Newport."

And, in another attack, the gay council worker reports that he was "glassed" and beaten up by five young men.

"I had stitches in my head and stomach, but I gave them as good as I got and three came off badly. It was very bad, but I know it happens quite often now.

"It's mostly young lads from about 16 to 22. It's difficult to say why the younger generation seems to be more hung up on homosexuality. It could be something to do with the age we're living in now."

Neil Wooding blames the way the media has sensationalised Aids as the "gay plague" and the fact that Section 28 has "upped the stakes against gays".

And, adds the council worker: "It's not a free society. Many gays in Newport don't feel safe walking the streets now. And they definitely wouldn't get any satisfaction complaining to the police."

Detective Superintendent David Hill of Newport police disputes this, however, and says he is "dismayed" that gay men are reluctant to report attacks.

"We know the gay community is vulnerable," he told the *Argus*, "and we treat their cases at the same high level as all assaults.

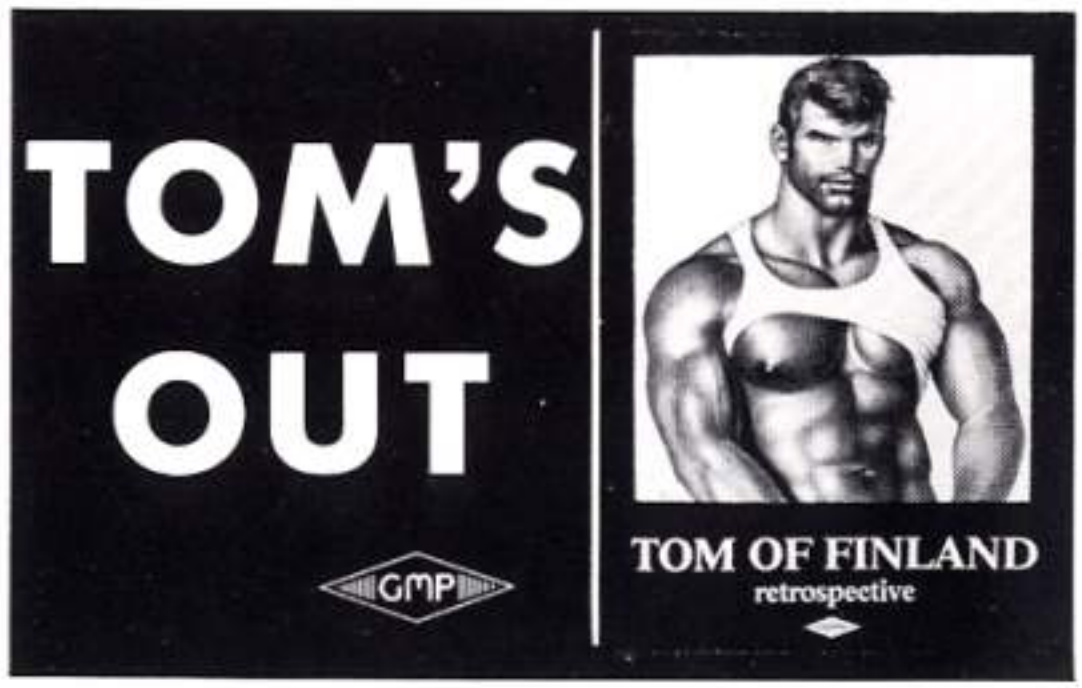
But victims of attack, says Sara Tudor, are reluctant to press charges for fear of having their private lives dragged through the courts.

"It's a lottery," concludes Vincent Beasley of the Gay London Policing Group, GALOP. "Sometimes people are dealt with very well, but more often than not, people choose not to go to the police because of fears of harassment and prejudice.

"Society has driven gays to public toilets. Police spend their time charging adult men with 'gross indecency' rather than sorting out the real violent crime."

PHOTOGRAPH: THEMIS MICHAELIDOU

MEMBERS of the London Anti-Fascist Action organisation protesting against the sale of right-wing literature in the Merck M shop in Ganton Street off Carnaby Street in the capital's West End. Some of the literature has, says Anti-Fascist Action, called for gay men to be castrated as they were in Nazi concentration camps — without anaesthetic.



Going out on Tuesdays

David Smith previews Channel Four's new lesbian and gay series

"EVERY time a Hollywood actor puts on a dress they give him a fucking Academy Award," says gay writer and actor Harvey Fierstein.

But, he adds, gay actors spend their whole lives playing heterosexuals and it counts for nothing.

These remarks come in *Playing Gay*, one of the many items to be shown in the new Channel Four lesbian and gay series *Out on Tuesday* beginning on February 14th and running until April 4th.

Fierstein, who has recently completed the film of his internationally acclaimed stage show *Torch Song Trilogy*, is a confirmedly "out" gay performer.

And he lays great store by the notion of the "gay sensibility". "We know things that heterosexuals will never, ever know," he says.

But being honest has brought with it a crop of problems. When he wanted to film *Torch Song Trilogy*, the story of the life and loves of a drag queen, Hollywood financiers were only interested in the sections of the play with the least gay content.

It was only with a supportive small independent film company that he was able to retain control over how the play eventually went onto the big screen.

Hollywood, says *Playing Gay*, is loathe to put money into gay projects for a mass audience whom the producers perceive to be anti-gay from the outset.

And gay actors are either fired and told to get out, pushed into pigeonholes and given ridiculous roles, or forced into lying and being deceptive every moment of their lives.

There are, says American gay film critic, Vito Russo, in the programme, four or five Hollywood megastars of the order of Elizabeth Taylor who are gay but whose "bankability depends on their duplicity".

Fierstein says he had an affair with a major American actor who for weeks insisted that no one should even know the two were seeing each other.

"There are people in Hollywood who do not make a single move without pretending."

The programme makers also talk to straight actors who have played gay roles — Patricia Charbonneau in *Desert Hearts* and Gordon Warnecke in *My Beautiful Laundrette*.

The love scenes in the two films were shot in completely contrasting ways.

In *Desert Hearts*, director Donna Dietch choreographed the whole scene between the English lady professor and the Nevada wild girl and the shoot took twelve hours.

Whereas in *Laundrette* Warnecke and Daniel Day Lewis just went into a little room with the crew and ad-libbed with a bottle of champagne.

Patricia Charbonneau has hardly worked since, and doesn't want to do another lesbian part for fear of being typecast. Warnecke just "hopes" that *Laundrette* hasn't affected his career.

But one actress who takes a strikingly different view is Lonette McKee, one of the stars of Donna Dietch's latest project, *The Women of Brewster Place*, a four-hour mini-series about the lives of eight American black women, including a lesbian couple, from the 1930s to the 1970s.

McKee would eagerly take on another lesbian role. Black actors, she says, are already "cut out so much" that it hardly makes any difference.

From Looking For Langston

Playing Gay is an enthralling, informative and warmly humorous piece of documentary, marred only by the unpolished voice of the interviewer and link man.

It sticks admirably to one of the stated principles of the series — that it should speak directly to the gay audience and not try to justify our existence to the straight viewers, a trap which has all too often swallowed up past attempts at gay programming.

This trap yawns ominously and threatens to engulf another item entitled *Relationships* which has a counsellor explaining the problems lesbians and gay men have in "their" relationships while some of the interviewees go dangerously near to being sorry that lesbian and gay relationships can be different to heterosexual ones and have different attendant problems.

The whole thing is saved however by an injection of humour — both stages as well as unintentional.

And the same joyous "in joke" humour informs Richard Kwietniowski's *Alfalfa*, an "alternative alphabet" of gay culture from AC/DC, Bent and Clone to Excess, YMCA and Zipper.

More serious consideratons will however prevail in *Out in Africa* on gay activists in South Africa, in Isaac Julian's stylish *Looking for Langston* about black poets of 1920s Harlem and Stuart Marshall's *Desire* about sexuality in Germany from 1910-1945.

Prominent lesbians and gay men already booked to introduce one of the eight programmes are writer Beatrix Campbell, actor Ian McKellen, black American essayist Audre Lorde, lesbian comedy cabaret duo Parker and Klein, Julian (Joan Collins Fan Club) Clary and DJ Paul Cambaccini.

Gambaccini hosts the first programme on February 14th which includes, in the light of Section 28, one item examining whether or not homosexuality really can be promoted.

For this item, the programme makers have consulted psychologists and people who in the course of their lives have changed their minds about which gender they actually fancy. And top advertising agency Saatchi and Saatchi have been brought in to produce a promotional campaign designed to sell homosexuality to the Great British public.

OUT-TAKES

IF the propagandists are genuinely interested in promoting fairness for homosexuals, they will stop their noisy antics. The public has had enough of their posturing. The Yorkshire Post.

GAY people like to dance, you know. They're not any different, they're humans. Look at it this way, we're three reasonable looking guys. There are gay guys. If they fancy us, it's only natural. Luke Goss of Bros.

THERE are so many gay people in showbusiness who keep quiet and must worry every day of their lives about being found out. If they let it be known, as I've done, they'd find it a tremendous help to their peace of mind. Bill Buckley, formerly of *That's Life*, now with the BBC's *Holiday Programme*.

I SEEM to be receiving a lot of letters recently from teenagers of both sexes who think they may be gay. Agony Aunt, *The East Grinstead Observer*.

AIDS may have contributed to increasing disapproval of homosexuality . . . but greater censoriousness appears not to have led to more support for discrimination against gays. Tolerance of homosexuals as teachers in schools, colleges and universities or as holders of responsible public office, while not high, has, if anything, increased since 1983. Report of the Central Statistical Office's 19th edition of *Social Trends*.

I HAVE been punched and spat at in the street, threatened with knives and broken bottles in the Tube; I have had cans, wood, screwdrivers, fruit, coins, paint and stones hurled at me from passing cars. Peter Tatchell on the continuing adverse affects of the 1981 press campaign against his parliamentary candidature in the Bermondsey by-election.

Pride badges now available

COPIES of the 1989 Lesbian and Gay Pride badge are now available from The Upper Street Bookshop, 182 Upper Street, Islington, London N1 in exchange for a donation to the Pride funds.

Badges can also be ordered in bulk (at 25p, for resale at 35p, minimum order of 50) from the same address.

The Lesbian and Gay Pride Week's Committee, now starring actors Michael Cashman, Ian McKellen and Simon Callow, has booked South London's Kennington Park on Saturday June 24th for the annual festival.

And the committee is appealing to people to become "Friends of Pride" for a minimum donation of £10 towards the estimated £40,000 cost of this year's twentieth anniversary of the birth of gay liberation in New York's Stonewall Riots.

Friends of Pride will receive a regular newsletter, a copy of the Pride programme and discounts on T-shirts, badges and other merchandise.

Cheques should be payable to LAGPWC or Pride 89 and sent to Pride 89, BM Pride, London WC1N 3XX.

Letter from Poland

Have you ever heard of Poland? Yes. You must have heard of Walesa and Jaruzelski — but I presume neither is any more gay than John Paul II, though some old queens claim to know him quite hmmm . . . personally. Well, I should rather start with facts instead of *rumours*. So . . .

Poland — a country in Middle Europe, 312,000 km (God knows how many square miles that is), population of 38 million, capital — Warszawa (Warsaw), 1.8 million inhabitants, other big cities Lodz, Krakow, Wroclaw, Gdansk . . . Stop! No, this you can find in every encyclopaedia if you want.

But you probably won't find there any information about the fact that homosexuality and homosexual acts haven't been mentioned in the Polish Penal Code since 1932. It won't inform you either that the age of consent is 15 for both gay and straight people . . .

No! Don't ring your travel agency asking for the next flight to Warsaw. Poland is not a gay paradise. Why? There's always a difference between the law and so called 'public morality". In Poland I'm afraid that difference has become a yawning gap.

One of the major factors contributing to this situation is the fact that more than 90 per cent of the Polish population (including members of the Communist Party) consider themselves Roman Catholic — think of Ireland.

Apart from this, Poland, having previously been a very mixed society, became, after World War II, nationally and culturally very Polish. Jews had been exterminated by the Nazis, and White Russians and Ukrainians were cut out of Poland by boundary changes. In such a homogenous society you can hardly find any tolerance for virtually any minority, be they Jews, Jehova's Witnesses, punk rockers or gays.

The situation is not improved by the Social-

Slawek Starosta

ist Government, though in its principles it is not hostile towards us. But the Government always — and especially nowadays — has a very strong opposition and must work hard for allies. There is only one powerful moral force that wants to cooperate with the State and it is . . . the Catholic Church.

So however strange it may sound — the Polish status quo is guaranteed now by both the Socialist State and the Catholic Church. This may be a partial answer to why Poland is not a gay paradise; and why, even though homosexuality has been legal for over fifty years, there is not a single open gay or lesbian public person such as an actor or musician; why gays still complain about police harassment though there is no legal basis for such actions; and why gays are married, have children and so do not see any reason for a gay and lesbian movement in Poland; and why . . . Stop!

It sounds like a list of complaints (and in fact it is one) but it might give you a rough idea about what is still to be done.

The Polish gay and lesbian movement is a brand new invention and it faces the situation mentioned. So our activities are focussed around three main purposes.

The first is to challenge negative stereotypes of gays and lesbians — well, we know them well. The Polish media are quite in favour of our rights and if a gay subject appears it's usually treated at least without hostility. But the taboo is still very strong.

The second aim is to raise the gay consciousness and this has so far been achieved with meetings, discussions and other social activities, for example there is a library with gay books and magazines and a bodybuilding section in the Warsaw gay group, and the Wroclaw group is showing gay movies like *My Beautiful Laundrette* and *Victor Victoria*.

The third purpose of course concerns Aids. We have been the first to make a safer sex leaflet for gay men, and a support group for PWAs and people with HIV has been established. We also distribute leaflets and condoms among gay men.

Anybody wishing to get more information, or to help with condoms (there is a big shortage of condoms in Poland), or to send us gay books or magazines as well as financial aid is kindly requested to write to Waldek Zboralski, PO Box 130, PL-00987 Warsaw 4, Poland.

BRIEFS

A NINETEEN-year-old gay man has been found not guilty at the Old Bailey of a **manslaughter charge** brought against him after a lover died at the end of an S&M sex session involving poppers. The case was thrown out by the judge because the prosecution had failed to prove that the poppers (a mixture of amyl and butyl nitrites) had been more than a minimal cause of death.

THE management of the **London Lesbian and Gay Centre** is hoping to raise £500,000 by the end of March from banks, financial institutions, local councils and the gay community to buy its premises which are being offered at half price by the London Residuary Body.

MEMBERS of **Birmingham's Lesbian and Gay Rights Group** are to establish a network of people interested in researching lesbian and gay history. The group can be contacted c/o Key Books, Digbeth, Birmingham B5.

THE York branch of the befriending organisation Friend has launched a **new social and support group** for gay and bisexual men, particularly those who are new to the area or who feel isolated because of their sexuality. Meetings on alternate Fridays began on February 3rd. Details are available from York Gay Switchboard on (0904) 411399 (Thursdays 7-9pm) or from Friend, PO Box 284, York YO1 1TX.

DENMARK is on the verge on introducing **new laws** which will give gay couples the same legal status as married ones.

AT least **one man in five** has had sexual contact with another man during his lifetime, say the results of a nationwide survey of United States men carried out by the Kinsey Institute.

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Club Round-up

The Flamingo Club in Blackpool must be able to boast the largest 7-night-a-week gay club in the UK, if not Europe. Basil opened the latest extension "The Catwalk" and "Garbo's Bar" on Christmas Eve. To a packed club he presented a refurbished upper floor with 3 new bars and an extra dance floor. It had been done to a very high standard and is a credit to him and Blackpool. I went up after the opening night, when his special guest was Rustie Lee, who provided 40 minutes of jokes, songs and a few games for a laugh. Rustie went down very well and looked **FABULOUS.** I am sure that we will be seeing more of her in the clubs in 89.

1989 will see lots of things happening in Manchester. We see the closure of Gay Life, which limited though it was, did provide a local gay magazine for Manchester. This now leaves HIM and Gay Times as the only mags to cover the UK, so remember to get your copies now.

With Garth and his boyfriend at Tubos Bar

Also in Manchester we see the sale of New York New York and High Society, the new owners as of yet have not revealed themselves. Also in Manchester at the No 1, rumours still abound as to the sale, but as yet we have no firm details. The No 1 incidentally seems to get busier and busier, and the clientele gets even more attractive.

I heard that Lily Savage had been ill recently — nothing too serious. At one time it was thought that she had measles — I thought that you only got that as a child — but all is well and Lily, the trouper that she is, is back to work.

Seems that Rockshots in Newcastle hosts a new men-only night on a Tuesday or Wednesday and the club is very hot! Some friends from the North East have been raving about it, so if you are around this might be the midweek spot you have been looking for.

Panama Jax in Glasgow is celebrating its 10 years of gay nights on Mondays. They also have a very busy Wednesday night I am told. This year I believe that they are planning lots of party-theme nights to celebrate. As I reported also in Glasgow, you have the lovely Benny at Bennets which, after a recent re-fit is busier (can it be) than ever.

A lot of you have been asking why Heaven was closed on Christmas Eve. At the moment I am not able to answer but as soon as I am able to speak to David Inches I am sure that all will be revealed. I am sure that it wasn't done to spoil the eve in London, but as soon as I have info I will let you know.

Confettis in Leeds hosted what was hoped to be a celebrity-packed evening with the proceeds going to Yorkshire Body Positive. A lot of you have complained to me about the lack of celebs at the bash, so it was very nice to hear that Chris Biggins was able to along and assist in the auction. Ed Huntingdon popped in: isn't he a dish!!! and also Steve Grant from Tight Fit, but where were all the other celebs that night. I did however hear that over £1,000 was raised and that Chris is going back next month to present the cheque. Chris incidentally is one of the best panto dames around at the moment.

Having spoken to Jayne County's manager Warren it appears that the outrageous Jayne is back in the UK after 2 years in the US and will be doing a club tour in the near future. (Birmingham and Southampton in Marhc).

On the subject of tours, I have not seen Tony Denton for ages, where are you?

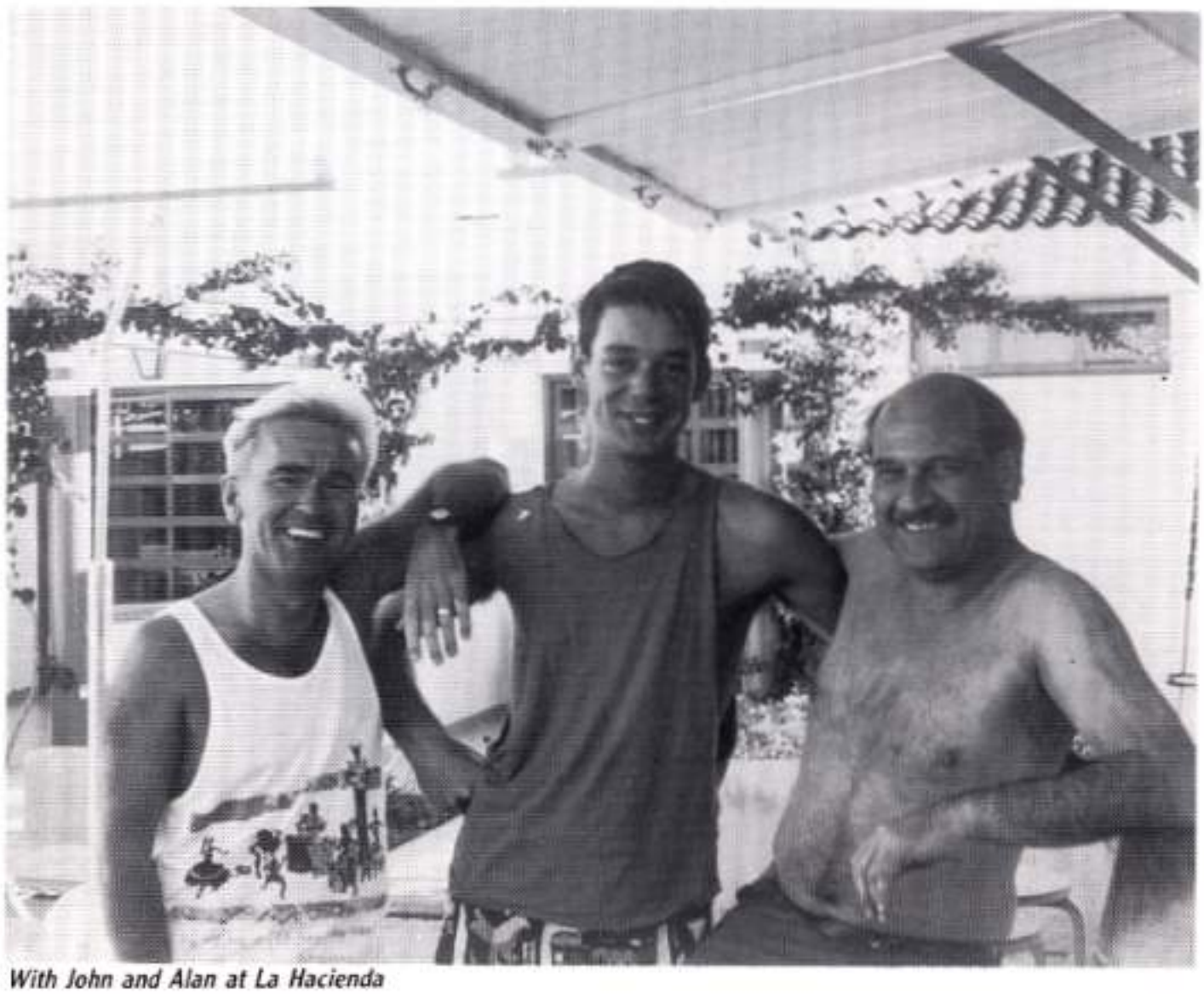
Also, the supposed Supremes Tour was having a lot of setbacks when one of the clubs complained that the girls in the line up were young enough to have been the original Supremes daughters!!!

The Gemini Club (aka 42nd St) in Huddersfield is now only gay on Sunday Evenings. I am sorry that I was not able to tell you before Christmas and New Year, some people did go hoping that it would be open. Kitty said that it was a last minute decision. It marks the end of a rather infamous era. As you know I was the owner from 1976 to 81, with the club causing quite a lot of stir in the area. The club has had several owners since, including Basil (Flamingo) and Peter (Monroes in Whalley). I do hope that the Sundays will continue as it was always a place East/West/North/South met in the middle of the country.

Well that's all for now, but a quick thanks to everyone I saw in the Canaries last month. It really was nice to meet you all.

Love John

Gay Gran Canaria



With John and Alan at La Hacienda

Once again the year was started with a quick visit to the Canary Isles, actually Gran Canaria, and the resort of course, Playa del Ingles. If you want fun in the sun in winter, then this is the resort. The temperatures are usually around 70° F during the day, the week that we went we had two partially dull days; the rest was sun, sun, sun. The sun there can be very strong and I would recommend a high factor sun cream. We did see a few lobsters around that week, which can make a holiday very unpleasant.

Uranian have moved from Villas Blancos to a new complex, still on the Campo Golfo area, but with a more easy access to the shops, buses and taxis. The wonderful Thomas is still looking after everyone at Uranian and when I called round, the crowd were having a great time, even the 'Head Girl'. Those on holiday that week will know what I mean.

The La Mirage complex operated by Uranian are twelve bungalows around a pool and are very private. I found that they were much larger than previous bungalows and fitted to a very high standard. The bathrooms (and I am very fussy about bathrooms) are very roomy which is a good thing when there are two people sharing. The pool area has plenty of room for all the sunbeds so no fear of having to rise early in the morning to grab a bed. All in all the complex is very nice and **WELL WORTH A VISIT**. The week I chose to go was full and business was very brisk. So if you are planning to go get booked soon.

I popped around to see Jim at the Man Around Complex which was also fully booked. I saw Alan, the dishy afternoon barman, who was just pouring a drink for John Jenks, ex-Nightingale in Birmingham. John was telling me that he has now left the pub trade and was having a well earned rest. Mind you 3am at the Nilo Centre may not be called a rest by some people. So what was I doing at the Nilo at that time of day? — Reporting.

The scene in Playa del Ingles still centres around the Jumbo Centre from about 11-2.30 with the Centre Stage, a superb bar and it is busy every night (though closed on Tuesdays) — Thursdays it's drag and leather night. Nicky from Chester gave us an impromptu 15 minutes and went down very well: even Mellisa Manchester was singing along. After the Centre Stage quick visit to the Berlin Bar (**FAB** liquer coffees) then a visit to Gareth at Tubos bar on the top floor. Gareth has spent some time and effort with this bar and all to his credit that it is very busy, past the Jomatoq Sex Shop (**WELL WORTH A VISIT** for those little things you might need — they have video cabinets that show all the latest American videos) then to Metropol Disco to dance away. Frederico the ever so friendly barman waiter is an absolute gem and speaks very good English. So after the Jumbo for a late night it's up to the Nilo.

The Manhattan and Kings Bar are still the main discos & Claudios also **WELL WORTH A VISIT**.

The week that I was in Playa del Ingles it was very full of familiar faces so a quick hello to Ray and all the gang from Chester and to the Uranian Crowd. It's nice to see and hear that you all read HIM. I even saw it for sale at a Spanish Supermarket.

Thanks to Malcolm, Jeff (No 1) and Robert (Paradise Middlesborough) for being a constant (well they had to be, I was the driver) companions for the week.

If you are planning a trip to the Canaries, Uranian offers very accommodaton and remember that it is all year round. If you want any more info then please write to me for a fact sheet.

✸

Having decided once again to spend Christmas away it was a double treat to be invited to La Mamounia Hotel in Marrakech, Morocco for a few days.

The hotel is famous for its association with Winston Churchill during the war years. It has just undergone a major refit and the new hotel is magnificent. From the entrance hall where you are met by a bank of TVs (the hotel is satellite-linked to each room) to the beautiful Olympic-size swimming pool, there is an air of luxury.

The hotel offers a range of rooms with either an Atlas view, magnificent at dawn, a Garden view, or a Koutoubai (The Old Mosque view). We had an Atlas view with a huge balcony, the rooms are furnished in Art Deco style to a very high standard, with even the window shutters controlled electronically from your bed.

As well as the double rooms, the hotel has suites of infinite variation and luxury. The Winston Churchill Suite was adjacent to ours and was really beautiful.

Also in the grounds there are two private villas for hire. Joan Collins uses these when visiting the hotel: she opened Regines Nightclub at the hotel last year.

The hotel has five restaurants and once could spend a week at the hotel and never venture into Marrakech. But do so, it is an amazing city and teems with excitement and it's not threatening like people think.

The hotel is available as a package holiday and when you realise that 1 night al-la-carte cost £150 then the package deals are excellent value.

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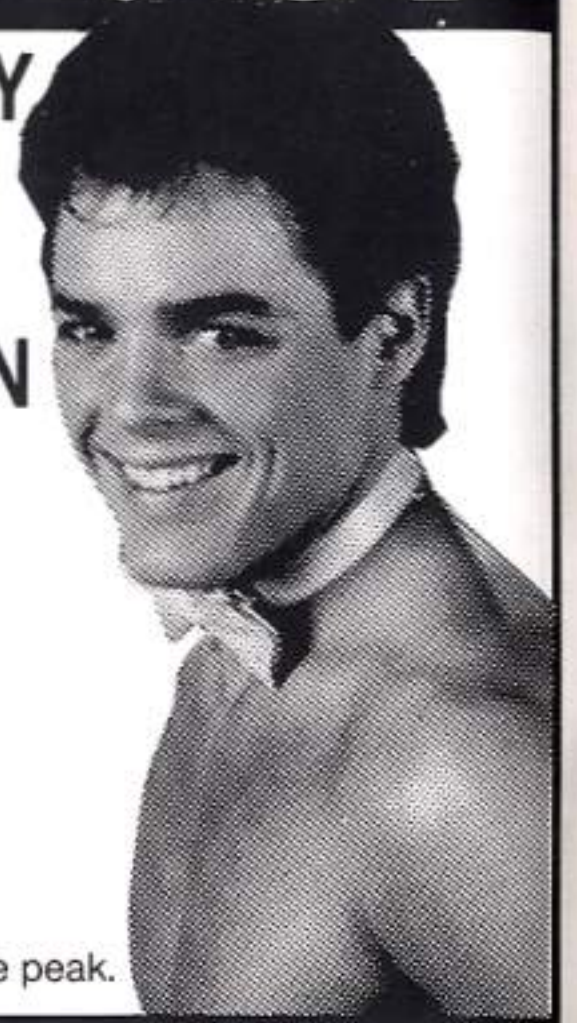

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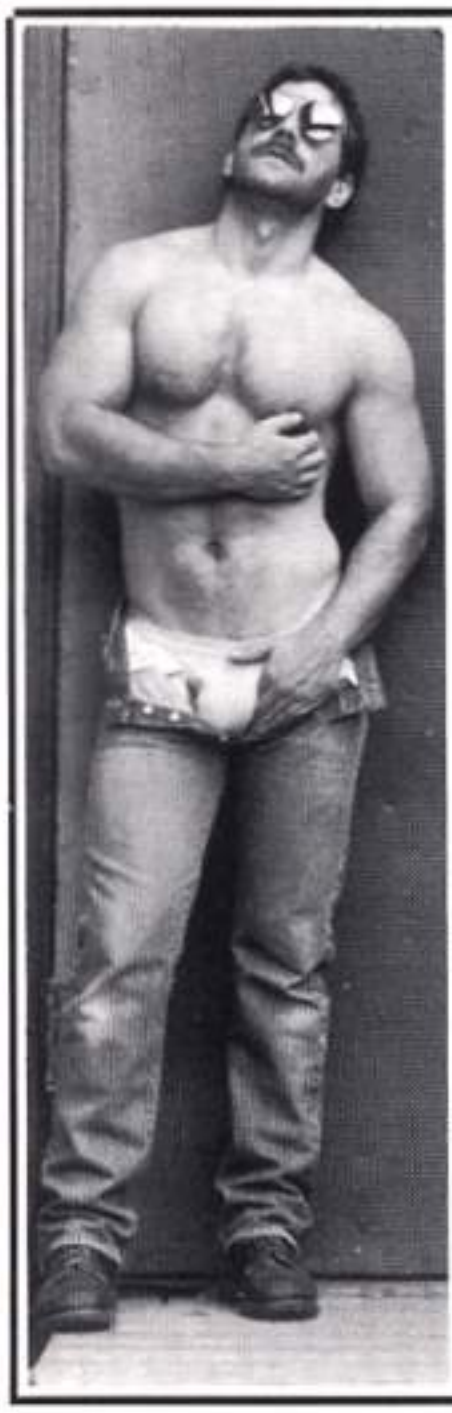

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Hello readers. Welcome to this exciting article for those of you who prefer their perversions with sequins on. I suppose that there must be occasions when you have all had a bash at it. How many of you I wonder, pack a frock for your holiday in Ibiza or the Canaries, just in care there's a party? Anyway, sequins are safer than leather. I refer to the occasion when a horde of marauding liberation lesbians stormed the Coleherne and upset the leather queens. The screams could be heard at the exhibition centre where I was attending a function. Fortunately the Royal Tournament was on at the time. So I enlisted the assistance of several marines and flew to the rescue. What a shattering blow to find that Britain's finest are terrified of lesbians too. The whole hair-raising (yes, my wig came off in the affray) rigamarole was brought to a close when Beryl, who had shinned up a pillar and was impersonating a cobweb, shit herself and rendered the most devastating fart and rendered the whole mob unconscious!

The following day the marines were so unwell that they couldn't perform their famed "Rescuing a hairstyle from the top of a cliff" routine and instead we were subjected to the Dagenham Girl Pipers.

Beryl maintains that it was the shock that brought on her attack of Trannyism (she is in puce this month . . . it's a colour . . . I think). The saddest part of the whole proceedings was that while Beryl was hanging from the ceiling and the commotion was at its height, the landlady (Breda, now of the famed and fabulous Vauxhall Tavern) glanced upwards and tottered and remarked I must dust that ceiling.

Oh dear, I had better start again. I promised our most revered Editor that I would never embarrass him again by mentioning his tendancy to adorn himself in frocks. What the hell, he is not here at the moment. He is in the studio photographing a stunning hunk for next month's issue. Dafydd is muttering incoherently and jabbing the keyboard of his word processor in a way that might suggest a hint of envy. Over in the news department they are engaged in a heated philosophical debate as to whether mange-tout are a suitable accompaniment to Bird's Eye Steak House Grills. Meanwhile I am looking over the rainlashed rooftops of Camden Town. The guttering is broken just above the window so John Addy is prancing about singing (?) "By A Waterfall". How can that queen be so cheerful, surely everyone can't be so **FAB**. Just another day in the humdrum world of gay journalism.

Now what shall I write about? Perhaps I should reply to my correspondence. Excuse me whilst I investigate my in-tray . . . . . .Well really I seem to have been inundated with a letter. Not a very nice one either. Obviously someone is jealous of my excess of loveliness. Still, I shall be merciful to "Trevor of Sheffield". Well, let's face it, it can't be easy living there. Even the local council seem aware of the fact that any poof forced to live there may self destruct. For those of you not aware of the situation there is a great disco up there called "Rockies" (in fact it's the most mega-fab and wonderful club, and can I please have another booking Michael?) where the management have built a lovely gallery for all the queens to pose on. Sadly the local council are of the opinion that (and here's the camp part) people might throw themselves from it onto the queens below and so won't let them open it. Does this sound wholly logical to you? Hopefully by the time that you read this, the situation will have been resolved. If not, let me know Michael and I will send

ADRELLA

you up some of my tame butch lesbians to have a go at the local council.

Before I am snowed under with complaints that I am being Yorkshire-ist (or is it regionalist?) I should point out that I am a native of the county myself. I am from York. I don't go back very often though. I went home for Christmas a couple of years ago and the whole city appeared to be closed. Then there was the time that I went back there and took Ms Savage to visit. She wasn't pleased, in fact she got so irate, chasing me all over town, hurling abuse etc that I took fright and sought sanctuary on the roof of the Minster. La Savage summoned all of her demonic powers and hurled a bolt of lightining at me. I can tell you we pissed off very quickly when the place burst into flames. Lily was so embarrassed that she promised to give up witchcraft for ever!!!!!

I am rambling a bit aren't I? I am finding it a bit difficult to concentrate today. By the time that you read this the series will have been running for weeks, but due to publishing deadlines I am writing this in the full and glorious knowledge that Sable will be returning to my screen in *Dynasty*. When she ruled the roost in "The Cobbers" people used to mistake her for me all the time. (Well how many people do you see slinking round Gateways in an evening frock murmuring "Oh Jason, Oh Miles, it's your baby, my grandchild?) If public opinion is anything to go by then I shall have to lose a little weight to look authentic. (It seem compulsory for people when meeting me to utter "Oh haven't you put on weight" or "My you have lost weight") I must admit that I am rather like a human concertina. I'm sure that "THEM" in the news dept are only discussing food because they know that I am on a diet. At the moment I am on those high-fibre organic biscuit things. (Recipe . . . take one dried cow pat . . .) Eureka!!! I have just discovered that the packet they come in tastes even nicer than the contents.

Another reason for the diet is the shock of seeing myself (heavily disguised as a man) on TV. One or two of you may have referred me refer to an ethnic transvestite friend of mine called Ebony. She used to hostess and compere at the Hippodrome (she is feeling much better now thank you). She is actually my sister, and why not? . . . Blake Carrington used to have a black sister in that fabulous monument to the art of American TV drama! You know . . . The one where Blake used to be married to Alexis who had a cousin called SABLE . . . here I go again . . . concentrate, dammit.) Back to Ebony. If you have never met her you will recognise her immediately, she is black and always wears turquoise blue. (She bought 3½ miles of turquoise fabric at 20p a furlong in Brixton market). Well, she and I applied to be contestants on *Treasure Hunt* last year. For some reason the producers seemed to like us and so . . . on 23 Feb we face the prospect of making utter fools of ourselves in front of 8½ million viewers. To make matters worse, we were not allowed to wear frocks!!! Wincey didn't want to be out-glamoured. Of course I can't reveal what went on, you will have to watch it. You will know me — I am the one behind the spectacles, impersonating the side of a house in multicoloured stripes and sweating profusely, and for fans of the programme who may have doubts, the programme is totally genuine. Everything is kept totally secret. Kenneth Kendall is kept in the dark so that people like Ebony and myself can appear totally thick and totally embarrassed. (I am just seeing how many times I can get in the word totally, had you noticed). Seriously though, we have both been fans of the programme since it first started. We had lots of fun and left with our illusions totally intact. Brilliant, how many quiz shows subject their viewers to a couple of rampant fairies. Top marks to Chatsworth Television and Channel 4.

Well I must dash off. I must do my hair and start dressing up for tomorrow evening. Sable's on!!!!!!

With love, Adrella.

Vivat vivat Regina

'I don't suppose you want to hear about the Regina Fong who was flung out of the St Petersburg palace in 1917 from a top storey window hitting a dust cart and ending up in Peking.'

To tell the truth, that wasn't what I'd come to hear, but it's classic Regina Fong fare, so let's have it. **"I had to wend my way back to Europe,"** says the self-styled Russian princess, **"and the Windsors took me in. Queen Mary never really got on with me though. We always jostled each other on the balcony. At her funeral I threw my pearls under the feel of the pall bearers and they dropped her coffin. They've never spoken to me since and Lizzie banished me to Fong Towers in Berkshire**

"I go round to Clarence House sometimes. The Queen Mum and I have a knees up and we go on a pub crawl but we only wear very *small* tiaras when we go out."

Such shy, retiring modesty, I was not prepared for. What I really wanted to know is who is the man beneath the translucent riches of the red wig of Regina Fong — cult drag star at Paradise and the Black Cap on the North London gay circuit.

The only connection with royalty for the real Reg Bundy is the fact that he was born in Windsor. His early destiny to go to White Lodge, the Royal Ballet School, **"never worked out"**, so he just **"went off and jumped about being a dancer"**. **"About ten years ago,"** he tells me. **"I met one of my old dance teachers who said, 'What are you doing now?' When I told him 'I'm doing a drag act!' hs reaction was 'Oh no! I thought you were going to get into the Royal. You were brilliant!' But you see, no one had ever told me! No one *ever* tells you if you're any good or not. So that was the end of that."**

There are no regrets, however. Reg **"trod the boards"** for many years as a dancer — in panto at the Palladium, working in *Fiddler on the Roof* for two years and appearing in nightclubs and on television.

He had film roles in *The Slipper and The Rose* and *Oh What A Lovely War*. **"I had a great part in that,"** he says. **"It was left on the cutting room floor."** He's still in the film but you have to see it in the cinema. On the telly he gets cut off the edge and disappears off the right hand side behind the control buttons.

Eventually having **"done"** dancing and film he decided he wanted to be an actor and went off to rep and did **"loads of bits and pieces"** including a tour of *The Tempest* in France and Germany.

"Then I fell in love. That's why I can never understand anyone falling in love because it's the worst thing in the world. People fall in love and give up their flats and move in with each other and I think 'For fuck's sake! What *is* the matter with you?

"The guy I was in love with, was involved in the film industry, and I was at that point where as an actor at the beginning of a career people were phoning me up to go for jobs. I was getting offered the jobs and this bloke kept

Minor member of the Russian Imperial Family, refugee from the Revolution, turned cult North London drag queen REGINA FONG is back in the theatre next month in Neil Bartlett's investigation into the life of the ostracised Victorian artist Simeon Solomon.

on saying 'Don't do it!' He was a big movie star and he said 'Something better will come along!' But people stopped phoning after a while, work stopped coming in and I was distraught. Then of course the boy friend and I fell out and there was total hatred all round."

Reg got into drag by accident. "**I don't like drag.**" he confesses. He never has and he still doesn't watch it. "**Except Lily Savage, I adore Lily because that's entertainment, pure entertainment.**" But Reg was in the Black Cap one day and was asked to use his choreography skills on a Christmas show for a drag trio. One of the queens dropped out at the last moment, and Reg decided he'd worked so hard on the routine that *he* would do it. And the legendary Disappointer Sisters were born.

From the mid-70s on, they toured all over the country and in Europe for nine or ten years and the reaction was "**Rave, Rave, Rave**". But he still can't understand the phenomenon. "**Why,**" he asks, "**do queens pay money to see three men dressed up as women miming to records?**" Reg still enjoys the performances — with his current trio Triple X — as "**a piece of theatre**" and has a good time doing it. But he remains mystified about the attraction of drag, even with his role as hostess at the Black Cap's weekly amateur nights — a role that has achieved cult status in recent months and attracts an adoring band of fans.

The amateur acts are only rarely — in the form of Zsarday and The Divine Miss M — a draw in themselves. What the fans come for is the only drag queen in London who captures the spirit of the late 1980s. Gone are the days of the silver screen which brought us the classic mime artist's performance of Judy Garland. Gone are the days of the transistor radio and Diana Ross. This is the age of popular television, the quiz show and the soap powder commercial.

With more than a nod in the direction of children's television (She Ra and Lady Penelope), Russ Meyer's schlock sex and horror movies (Sweet Suzie) and tacky science fiction (Barbarella) Regina Fong gives us the real icons of today — Cilla Black, Marti Caine, Janet Smith, Edwina Currie and Anneka Rice.

"**It's off the wall,**" says Regina, "**and it's funny.**" But he still doesn't understand the cult and is scared of beginning to analyse it. He doesn't have much self-confidence, he says, and analysing the show would lead to "**paranoia**" which would be disastrous.

The key to the popularity, however, is almost certainly the audience participation. The tapes for the ever growing list of mime vignettes are almost all brought in by fans. And it's the fans who were responsible for starting the synchronised dancing to Regina's finale number — Helen Shapiro's *Tell Me What He Said* which Reg pinched off an amateur who turned professional and "**went off to Kettering to become the carnival queen**".

North London amateur night devotees had been looking for an anthem ever since the murder of the much loved Rose Marie and the loss of her *Bobby's Girl* of which the audience had demanded as many as thirteen renditions in a row. Now the fans have Regina and the dance is becoming so popular that Channel Four television are planning to film it for a dance programme.

Meanwhile Regina is moving on. He's back in the theatre from March 1st in a new production of Neil Bartlett's much acclaimed *Vision Of Love Revealed In Sleep*. The show has been expanded from a one-man show to include Regina and two other leading drag stars — Bette Bourne, founder of the legendary Bloolips and Ivan Cartwright who has outraged audiences with renditions of such taboo personalities as Myra Hindley.

Jokingly pandering to those who think that drag queens together will always fight, Reg says that "**Bette Bourne arrives at 5 past 11 in the morning in a taxi that has to be paid for. She refuses to talk to anybody until she has had at least two pints of hot cocoa. Ivan is always having dramas and chewing plates. Neil Bartlett is the most swept up queen I've ever met and I sit in the corner behind a screen and refuse to talk to anybody till I go home. So there, that's how it's going.**"

In reality though he talks with great excitement about the forthcoming show which focusses on the forgotten life of the once loved mid-19th century artist Simeon Solomon, protege of Swinburne, Burne-Jones and Rossetti. It will, says Reg, be "**beautiful**", "**stunning**", "**manic**", "**chilling**" and in parts "**very, very funny**". Neil Bartlett is, he says, "**brilliant, a man who says "There should be a sign up in every theatre saying 'you're not in Kansas any more, you're not in a theatre you're in another dimension'. Before you even sit in your seat you have gone through an experience.**"

With loving care the show's designer Robin Whitmore is recreating the deep rich colours of Victorian art and the haunted vision of Solomon paintings of youths and angels. And director Bartlett is sculpting the drag queens into visions of Pre-Raphaelite beauty, into the "**angels**" and "**other worldly beings**" who help the central character to rediscover the forgotten life of the artist.

"**Solomon was famous,**" says Reg, "**but all the books say is that he was arrested for being a homosexual in 1873 and he died a drunkard in poverty and obscurity. That's the official record of it. But he didn't die till 1905. His best work came after he was found guilty of cottaging but Victorian society just dismissed him. They just totally ignored the man.**"

The focus of the piece, he adds, flits between Victorian times and the present day. Homphobia, ignorance and hatred in the age of Aids hysteria are, says Regina, still as potent as the hypocritical powers of Victorian ostracism. "**Nothing ever changes.**"

Book those tickets, NOW!

● *Visions Of Love Revealed in Sleep* is at the Drill Hall, 16 Chenies Street, London WC1 from March 1st-18th. Tel: 01-631 1353. The play then transfers to Glasgow's Tron Theatre for a week.

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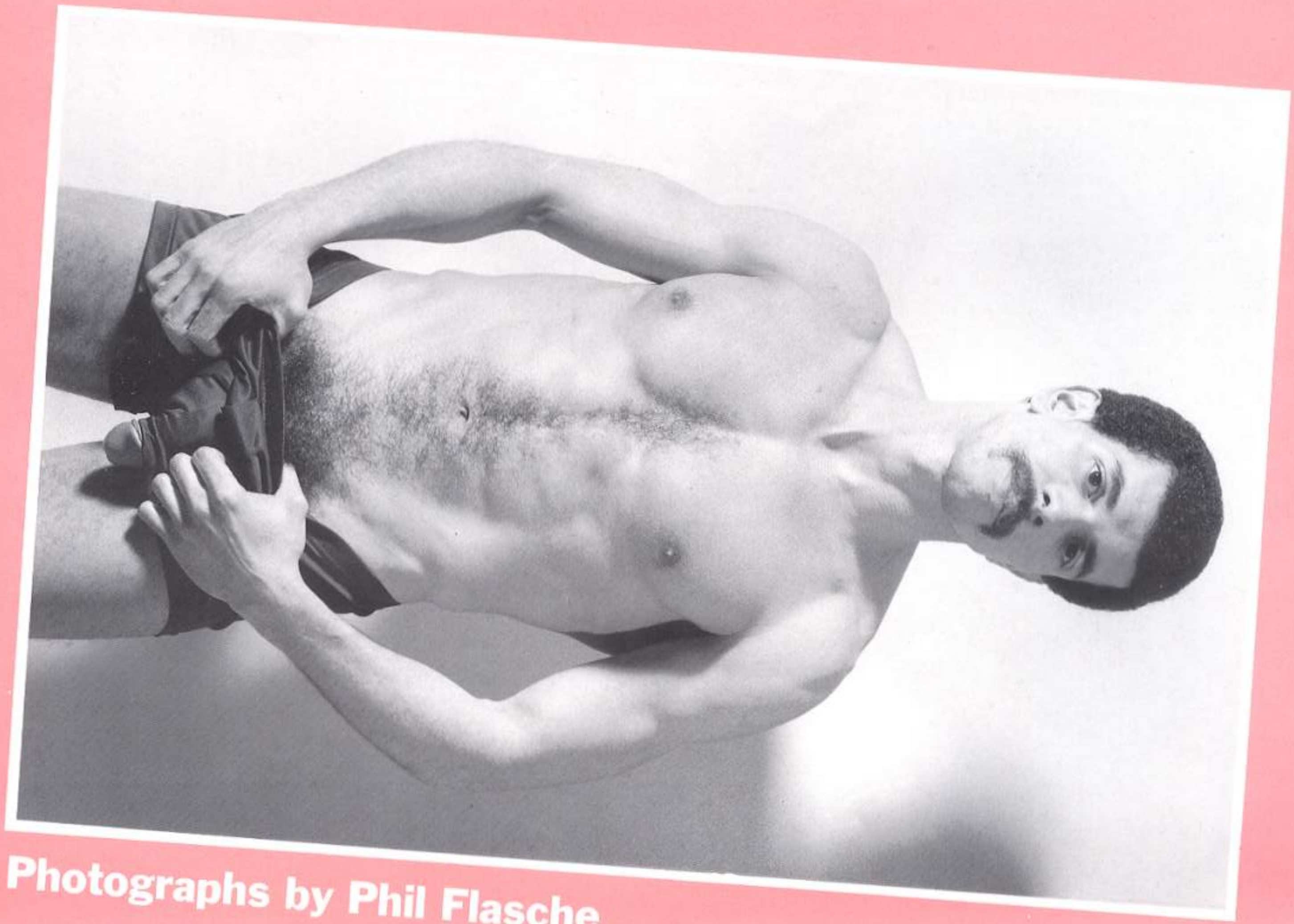

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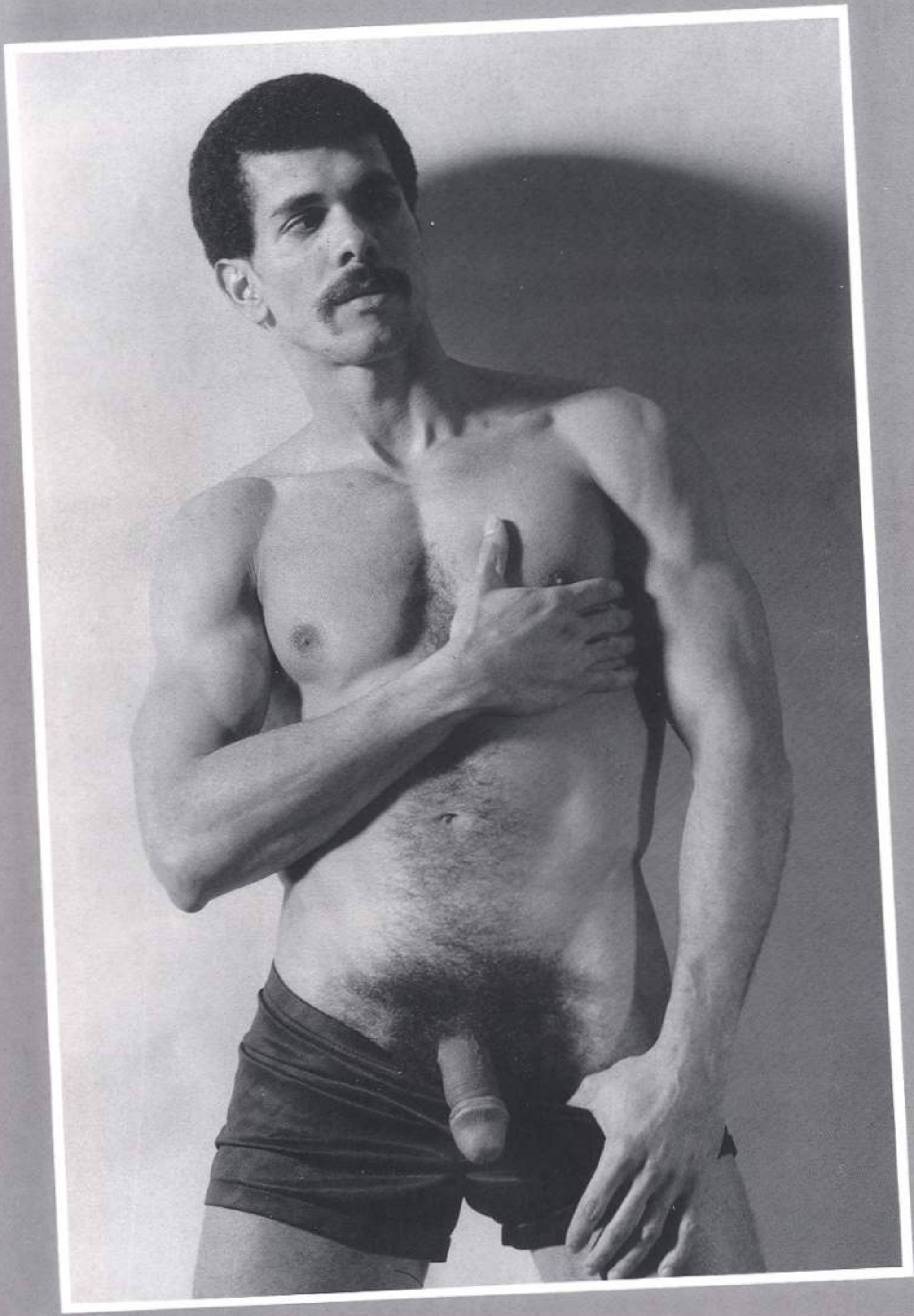

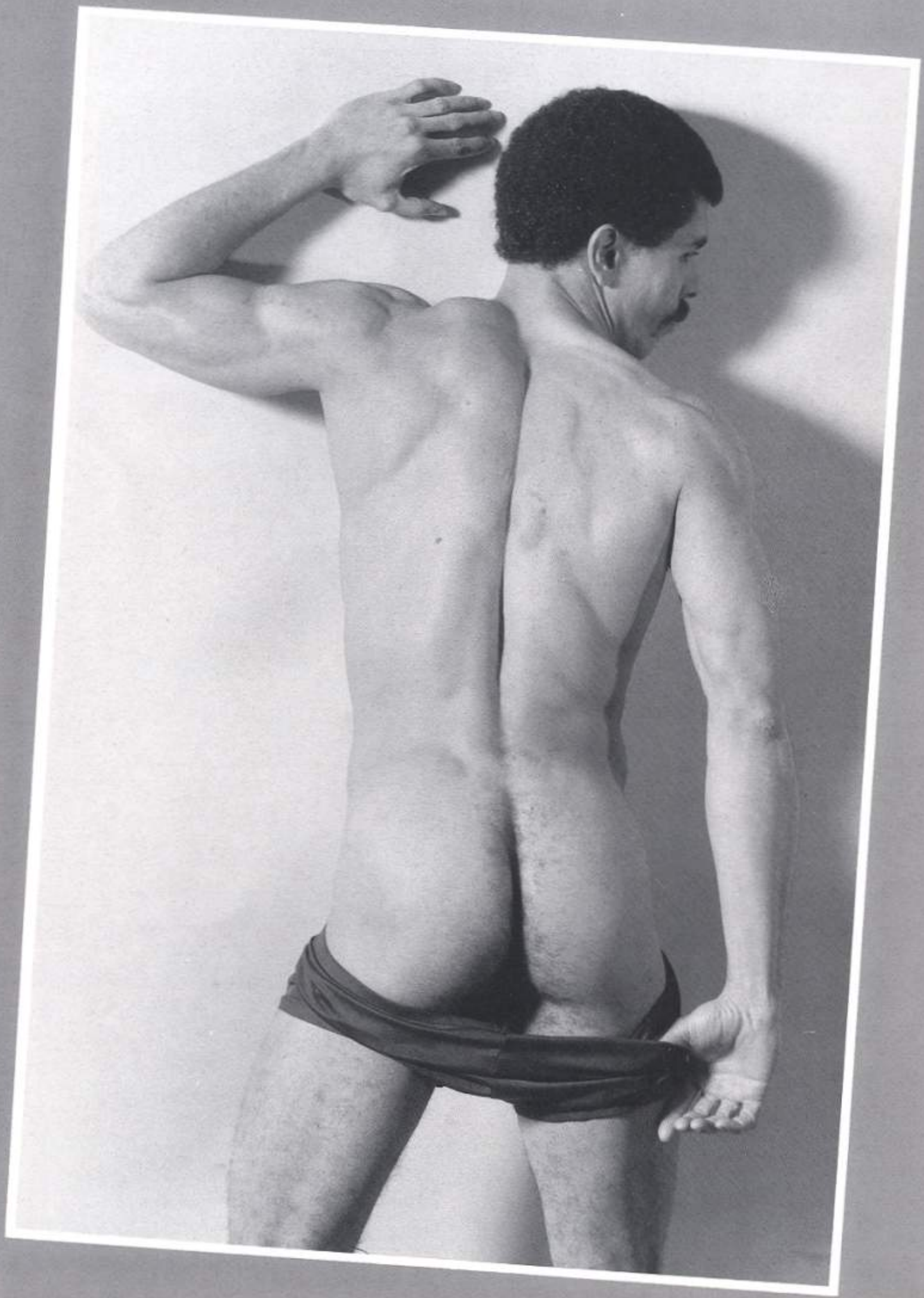

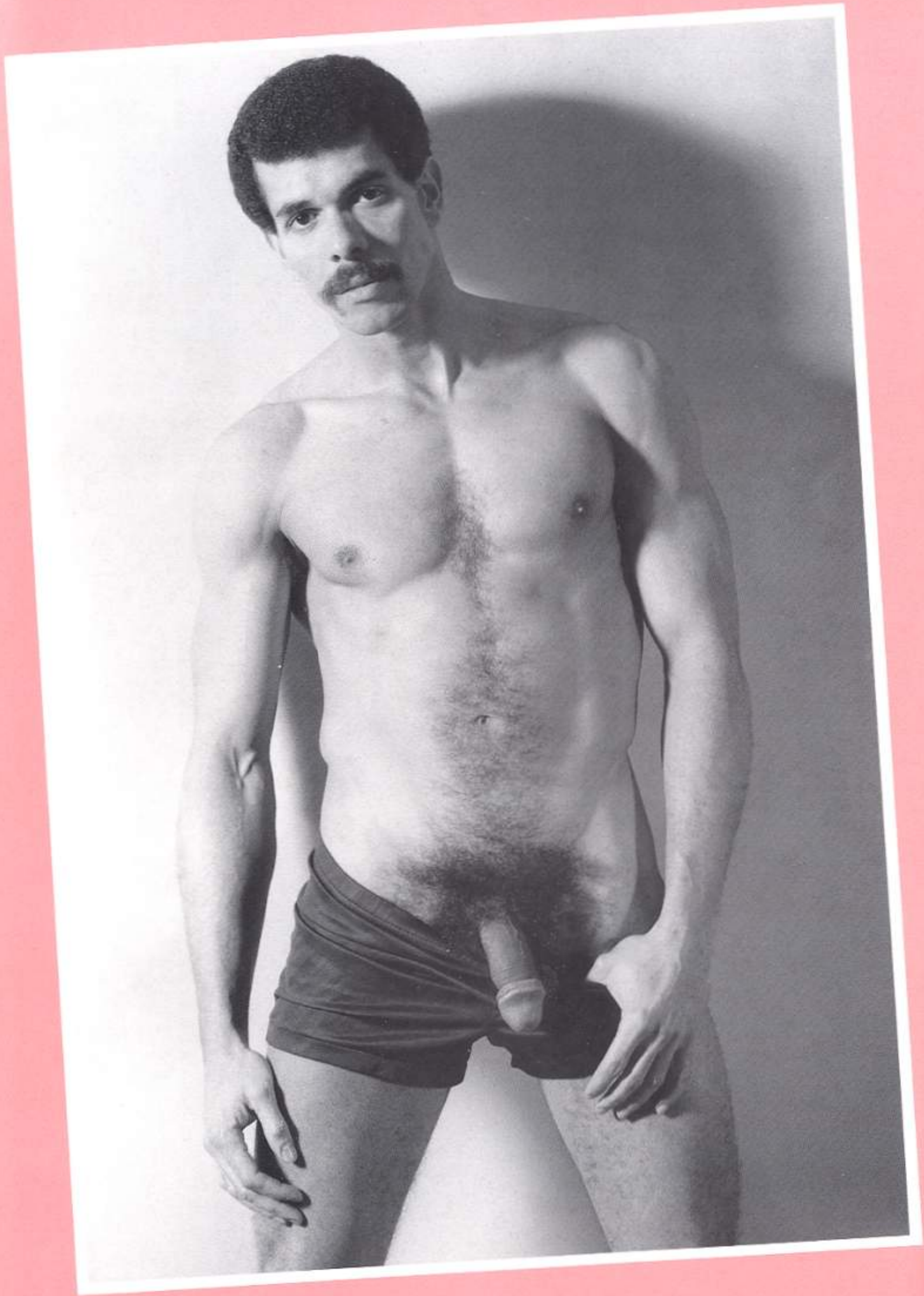

Pam says . . .

Hi Girls!

Well what a FAB year it's been for Pam; although one has to admit it isn't the easiest thing in the world leading a double life: One minute I'm Pam the Superstar, Pam the Sexy Sixties Psychedelic Anything Goes Groovy half of PEGGY AND PAM, the Up and Coming Cabaret Act so far exclusive to The Two Brewers and New Zealand House (Don't ask me why); the next minute Whhsh! . . . Down I go and here I am, Plain old Pamela, the landlady of the very nearly internationally known Two Brewers in Clapham High Street. Wonder Woman's got nothing on Pam.

Lots of people have told me I've got a sharp tongue and so it comes as no surprise that I've ended up writing this sort of article. That is when I'm not doing what I do best. Serving the customers I mean. It was very hard over Christmas. Kevin, my husband said it was hard all the time but I only thought it was hard down in the bar. Kevin said I don't know the difference between hard and easy. I find that a little unnecessarily critical. I know easy when I see it.

Which brings me rather nicely to Peggy, my sister. Peggy and I are inseparable. We're like two pees in a pot, sometimes I feel we're joined at the hip and then I realise that she's just gone the wrong way in one of our dance routines. I always know exactly what my sissy's thinking about. Morning, Noon and Night which isn't hard because Morning, noon and night Peggy is thinking about MEN. More of that later . . . Pam Promises!

Anyway it's time now for little me to get on with what really matters . . . Gossip . . . Dirt Dishing . . . and I don't mean any old rubbish somebody's dreamed up to make a name for themselves like that Cow Nina Muskrat. Pam means Truth . . . Pam Promises . . . But first I think Peggy wants a quick word . . .

Peggy says . . .

Hello Possums!

After my loud-mouthed Sister I thought I had better introduce myself. Well, we've known each other for years . . . enough about her, now Me. Well! Being infamous for my Dame Edna Everage, Star of TV (Wish You Were Here . . . 3½ seconds) you may be surprised but I am still available. I've even been thinking of going to the Penny Farthing on a Friday night for a spot of Omie Hunting on their Lonely Hearts Night. Keen? Well you'll have to be better looking than John Addy, have more hair than Beryl Derbyshire, and the personality of a Dafydd Jenkins! What else? Oh yes, hung like Tony Starr. Just a mo while I pick Pam up off the floor. So you've got to be Handsome, Hairy, Friendly and Well Hung . . . I'll take the first Donkey that turns up . . . Oh dear Pam's poking me. I think she's impatient to get back to the issue in hand . . . stirring the dirt.

December was Panto time. All the girls dressed up as boys, all the boys dressed up as girls and all the pantomime Cows dressed up as Maisie Trollette, or so it looked, perhaps it was the

other way round. Casino Productions, the same company that brings us those brilliant Follies Berzerk shows, charmed us this year with THE ALTERNATIVE CINDERELLA starring Maisie Trollette, Stevie Marks, Scott St Martyn, Dave Lynn, Pip Morgan and many more, thought we really couldn't see why they needed so many ugly sisters. Then again there were quite enough in the audience on the night we went. We sat right in the front and had a Bona Eve. We even got free Munchies! And by that we mean a handbag full of Smoky Bacon Crisps lobbed right at us by the ugliest of the uglies. Still we like a bit of Pork.

Bad News for Adrella. Rumour has it that there's an army of furious cleaning ladies after her blood. If she throws as much as one more peanut, they say, she'll be off that stage quicker than you can say "What d'ya mean I'm always doing Shirley Bassey numbers?" Don't say we haven't warned you, Peter. (Pam suggests you try using Coconuts then if the audience throw them back at least you'll see them coming).

Talking of cleaners anybody had the pleasure of sitting through a Sandra and Lucia performance yet? No? Well, if you think seeing somebody throwing the entire contents of the Pubs ashtrays over somebody elses head is as witty as we do then catch them quick. Peggy was livid. She said there were at least six good dog-ends in hers. We spent hours after the show grovelling about on the stage floor trying to match the lip-stick shades.

Sad news for Lola Lasagne. Many times now according to her, she's been refused for "Stars of the Future" at the Royal Vauxhall Tavern. It's got so bad she's having to do professional bookings instead. Never mind, Lola, there's bound to be someone out there who hasn't heard you do "Boogie-Woogie Bugle Boy" yet. And from reliable sources you're no bad barmaid. Catch her at the Royal Oak (Nantie Drag).

Have you seen Pink Gin do their Circus routine. Isn't it FAB!! According to some people it's even more of a scream when Duncan Macann falls off the stage wearing that elephant costume. (Unless you're sitting in the front row!) Whoops, Duncan, a few less Dry Ciders might be wise or Steve Drake, your partner might just tell you to pack your trunk. J for Joke!

What about Lily Savage getting the Mumps!!!! Well that's what we heard anyway. Everybody knows what swells up when you get that, apart from your face we mean. V.P.! (Very Painful) Imagine trying to hide that under a tight leopard skin frock. Be ling having four Boobs! Anyway by the time we met Lily face to face it turned out it was only the Flu. So somebody out there is spreading silly old rumours. As IFF!!! By the way Lily, we loved seeing you in THE BILL under the blue rinse oops we mean lamp. So that's where the expression Lily Law comes from. Is it true you wore all your own drag?

Remember that nice pub TRAFFIC down Kings Cross way? Well it's had a bit of a face-lift and now they call it THE CITY. Our spies tell us that if the population is anything to go by it should've been called THE VILLAGE. Not that we noticed. We went there for a drink and tha takings doubled!! B for Bitch!!

Hey, Notice ow many pubs are doing Amateur drag nights these days? LOADS!! Peggy and Pam want your opinion on this. Is it a good way of introducing new acts to a wider public . . . or is it a very cheap night's entertainment for the Management? . . . Hmmmmm . . . Answers on a contract please.

Been in the Brief Encounter lately? Busy huh? . . . Clean huh: . . . Hmmm . . . Well we thought if they're not going to buy a new carpet they could at least polish the old one. We were going

Gossip

to wear our best Stillies but we ended up in sling-back wellies. H.V.O. (How Very Odd) Let's hope the latest clean up campaign is an improvement. Less Art Deco girls; more friendly faces.

Anyone trolled down Oxford street lately? Notice the King's Arms Pub, after years and years Stan and Gordon have handed over the pumps and beer-mats to wonderful Denis and Doris (ex Queen's Head, Chelsea) It's well worth a visit but on Sundays take along your own self-raising flour as Doris' Yorkshire Puds were flat last week. Or was it her singing? Keep those knickers on Doris. We *all* know what it looks like by now!! (Even Peggy's seen enough)

So there we are. Our first page. Hopefully next time we'll be able to spread ourselves a little wider. Who knows.

PEGGY AND PAM SAY WHAT'S IN AND WHAT'S OUT FOR 1989

OUT	IN
ACID HOUSE (Sorry but it's noisy, silly and you can't understand the words like Helen Shapiro)	**ACID BATHS** (Quick, no meess and there's nobody left to complain anyway. FAB!)
BACK BARS (Dark, unfriendly, depressing and easy to get left out.)	**BACK-GAMMON** (Safe, colourful and you can even get a magnetic version)
CYCLE SHORTS (Always the wrong sort of person wearing them!)	**CULLOTTES** (They cover up your knees)
DESIGNER JEANS (Messy and impossible to iron)	**LACE CHAPS** (Need we say more?)
FRUIT MACHINES (Noisy and those flashing lights give Pam Migraines)	**FRUIT SALAD** (With plenty of Cream!!)
PISS ARTISTS (Who needs them?)	**DRAG ARTISTS** (IN! IN! IN!)
HEAD BANGING (Was it ever in enough to be out?)	**WIG BUTTING** (believe us a two foot Bee Hive covered in Lacquer is a lethal weapon!!!)

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0898 - 300 - 131

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BIRMINGHAM
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Sissy Señor

"How was it for you?", asked continually. If I hear it again I shall feign deafness and if that doesn't work I shall resort to withering looks and pointed silences. Christmas and New Year were both fabulous, thank you very much, out of the country in Madrid it takes on a while new meaning. So if you can stand non stop tapes of high pitched tuneless Spanish children singing Jingle Bells over and over again, in Spanish, then I thoroughly recommend it for next year.

My return to Blighty was somewhat marred by the usual final demands for payment, late Christmas cards from people I hadn't sent them to and the annual rise of the tube and bus fares. A rise of 12.5% to be precise.

I am well aware that for those of you who live outside of London, the subject of the tube is probably boring and uninteresting, and you probably can't fathom why it is that Londoners go on and on about it.

Briefly, London is served by the most appalling underground system I have ever had the displeasure to use, expensive, dirty, slow, inefficient and in some cases, dangerous. Having just seen Madrid's small yet cheap and efficient system, you wonder why we, or rather LRT can't come up with a few solutions other than raising the fares.

But back to Madrid. Iberia flew us there and back and made us late there and back. We had a little hotel on the edge of what is Madrid's equivalent of Trafalgar Square, Piccadilly Circus and Oxford Street rolled into one. Quiet it was not, and as nothing opens until at least midnight a siesta is essential. But it is not easy to sleep through the above mentioned singing children, constantly honking cars, (more of them later), and the shouting queues outside the Burger King. The Burger King, and the Macdonalds are worthy of mention, simply because they both boast security guards with not only handcuffs and truncheons, but also guns. Ordering a whopper standing next to an armed 18 year old with acne is not the most comforting way to satisfy hunger pangs.

Perhaps the reason that their Metro is so good, is the fact that their roads are mad. Nobody would dream of stopping at a yellow light, or at a pedestrian crossing for that matter. And why honk once when you can just keep your hand on the horn, especially if it means you scare everyone into jumping back onto the pavements, and out of your way. You don't look left and then right to cross a street in Madrid, you look skyward and then pray, very very hard.

The Spanish go for God in a pretty big way. On every street there is a religious artifact shop, where everything from full priests' drag to a statue of Jesus, complete with stigmata, is available at a price. The churches and cathedrals are so top heavy with gold and jewellery you could be forgiven for thinking you were visiting Ratners.

Imagine if you were some ignorant uneducated 14th century Spaniard popping in to ask for a quick intercession, you would be pretty awed by it all. No wonder the Inquisition got away with so much for so long. Their Christian charity does not however extend to their social security system. If you don't work, you don't eat, hence the distressing sight of six year olds dancing for money and cripples praying in the street with cribs and money boxes in front of them.

The contrast to this is the constant parade of fur coats. Everyone owns one, or five, in various different colours, including pink and red, and if you lodge any sort of objection, whether political, moral or aesthetic, you are rewarded with a look usually reserved for the criminally insane.

Madrid is lucky in its situation, hardly any rain and blazing sunshine all year round, though winter is a bit chilly, a walk through one of the parks is rewarding and stunning. Nobody does parks like the Spanish, I never thought that a park could be described as camp, but after Madrid I've changed my mind. If you're not walking up an avenue of statues then you have a panoramic view of something else, and fountains seem to be something of a national obsession. Everywhere you look the first thing you see is a fountain, or two.

Sex mad, is perhaps the best way to describe the men, that and anally obsessive. Not content with going only so far on that oh, so, special first date, they continually try to flip you over and slip you a porky. Any mention of condoms or safer sex is met with a blank stare. Even the ultra camp ones seem to be on some sort of macho trip. The Spanish don't get fucked, they just fuck other people, and as they don't get fucked I assume they just fuck the tourists. After a while it does get a bit trying, but perseverance is met with rewarding conversation in some cases.

Madrid is a much neglected holiday spot, there's no beach, but it's well worth a visit to sample a cosmopolitan city that moves a little slower than most. Slower than most, except the traffic that is.

You have to remember that there are no signs anywhere and that no one speaks English, (and of course we don't speak Spanish); but it doesn't really matter that you set out for one place and end up in another as they are all worthwhile, and even if you do get hopelessly lost you can just park yourself on a pavement and sip dry sac until you pass out.

Finally, for the alcoholics amongst you, the measures are huge, and I spent a fair amount of the time travelling around on the floor of various taxis. Spanish champagne compares very well with French, and they sell that, but not much else at the airport. The airport, incidentally is one of the most boring in the world, so take a book, your knitting or a couple of aspirins if you still haven't shifted the hangover.

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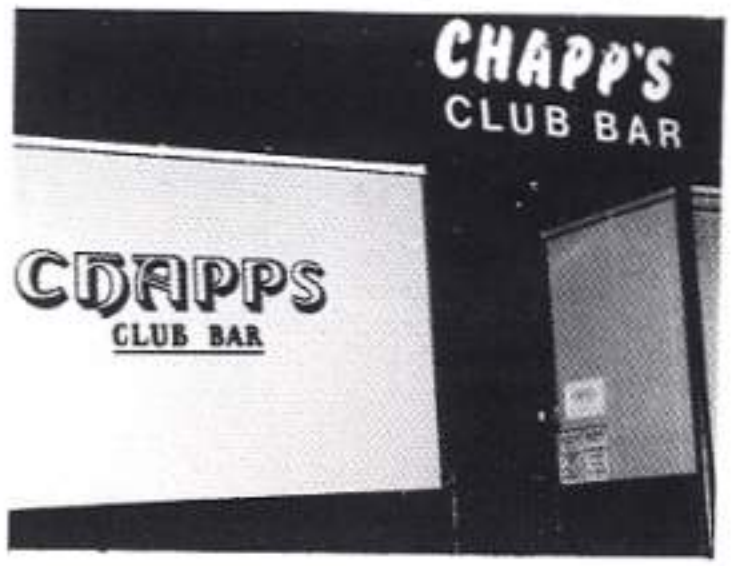
POD'S SCOTLAND

There was a time, not so long ago when the only gay venues in Edinburgh were THE LAUGHING DUCK, THE KEY WEST, or FIRE ISLAND. Last year all this began to change. First, CHAPPS opened and cornered the leather market, then, contrary to popular belief, FIRE ISLAND didn't burn down, but did close its doors after ten years as the mainstay on the Edinburgh scene.



Angie baby

QUENTIN'S HIGH CLASS CAMP

On the demise of FI it became obvious that there was a demand for a new, gay seven nights a week disco. QUENTINS filled this gap with its arrival on the scene last December. Since opening it has become Edinburgh's most up market gay disco, and effervescent manager, Stuart Mars is currently doing everything he can to make a night out at QUENTINS a night to remember, with a good variety of music, cabaret, and party nights. It reminds me of the old TUESDAYS club when it was at its height, and provided it retains its high profile door policy and fun atmosphere I don't see why it shouldn't go from strength to strength.

Variety seems to be the spice of life at QUENTINS. Every Monday there's THE CRASH CLUB, an alternative to the usual dance sounds, and on a Wednesday night you can enter THE BLUE ZONE. Thursday is Hi Energy night with live cabaret and special promotions. Stuart hopes to have one big act every four to six weeks with up and coming cabaret on the other Thursdays.

The atmosphere inside the club is very relaxed, and straights are welcome, as long as they can cope with the campness of the decor and some of the clientele. QUENTINS door prices are very reasonable and future events include the return of MAN TO MAN on 23rd February.

It took from the beginning of December to January the first for the club to really take off, but now it looks sure to establish itself as an ever more popular part of the Edinburgh scene . . .

THURSDAYS AT CHESTERS

Over to the West now, where yet another one nighter has been spawned. From 10.30pm on a Thursday night The Mardi Gras, in Dunlop Street, plays host to CHESTERS. At the time of going to press CHESTERS was preparing to hold its opening bash, so I'll have more details next month, however it does boast a dance floor that moves up and down between the two levels of the club . . . as their publicity says, "Check it out" . . .

BILL HEADS DOWNTOWN

Staying in Glasgow for a while, and Bill Grainger of Fire Island fame has picked the 1990 city of culture for his new venture DOWNTOWN. Why Glasgow? Well Bill feels it is an exciting place where things are happening. DOWNTOWN doesn't Pet Clark get everywhere, opened on February 3rd, and is the new home of the old Fire Island sound and light system so quality is guaranteed. DOWNTOWN can hold up to 300 people, and isn't intended as a threat to BENNETTS, although Bill does feel healthy, clean competition is good for the clientele and that Glasgow at present needs an alternative to the established BENNETTS. DOWNTOWN can be located at 200, Broomielaw, just a stone's throw away from the city's gay pubs.

ANGIE GOLD EATS 'EM UP IN EDINBURGH

Angie Gold made a triumphant return to Edinburgh the other week, playing CHAPPS Club Bar. Unfortunately the turn out could have been better, Edinburgh Queens just don't seem to be going out as much these days, however, there are plans for a return visit at Easter with hopefully a more enthusiastic response. Despite the size of the crowd Angie gave her usual first rate performance, which included everyone's favourite Eat You Up.

CLAWS OUT FOR THE ROCKY HORROR REMIX

Every now and then a big name cabaret or act ventures North of the Border and over the last year it's been nice to see the likes of Lily Savage travelling up to Scotland. However, more and more local acts now seem to be coming into their own, and each month I hope to be able to review some of the better ones. CLAWS OUT IN CABARET are one such act. An Edinburgh group, they formed early in 1988 and perform a 30 minute ROCKY HORROR CABARET. The set consists of a number of Hi Energised songs from the film, including Science Fiction, There's A Light, The Time Warp, Sweet Transvestite and Rose Tint My World.

Cal Grant and Kerry Hamilton bring an innocence to the characters of Brad and Janet, which is visibly shattered during Sweet Transvestite as they are relieved of their clothes. Frank N Furter is of course larger than life and Tim Leith as Riff Raff impishly evil as he climbs and swings from fittings around the dance floor. Karen Melville as Magenta has by far the strongest voice, and like the rest of the act just oozes enthusiasm. Since making their debut on the club circuit they have played a number of the gay venues in Edinburgh and Glasgow, including the Gay Solidarity Event, Lark in the Park, held in Edinburgh's Princes Street Gardens. The last time I caught the act they seemed to be having an off night, but I've got a strong feeling they'll be back with a bang.

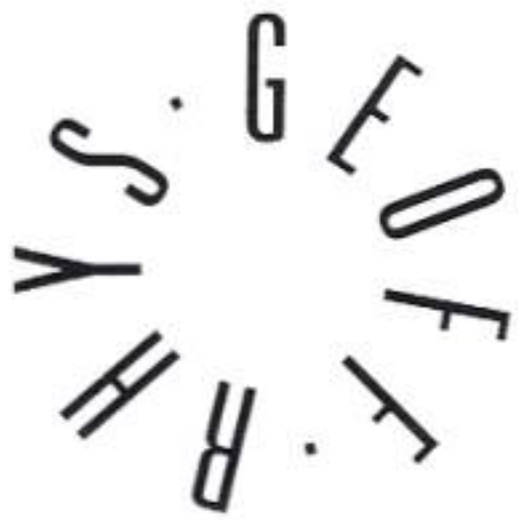
DUCK RISES FROM ASHES

The disco below THE LAUGHING DUCK pub burnt down towards the end of last year, but then I'm sure you already knew that. What you might not know is that since then, it has had a complete face life, and is now open and ready for business resplendent in a new violet/blue colour scheme. Gone is the old seating and in are shelves and bar stools. Unfortunately the dance floor is still tiny but then some things never change.

Well that's about it for now. Next time round I'll be reviewing RUBBA LUVVA, and reporting on my visits to . . . well, that would be telling!

So until then, Be Happy.

POD



FIRST AIDS DEATHS

Recent weeks have seen the first deaths from Aids of two Cardiff men.

Within a couple of days of one another, two very popular and well-loved friends deid in the city — one, after a very short illness, another following 12 months of suffering with courage and determination admired by his many friends.

Both Emlyn and Chris will be fondly remembered and greatly missed by both their families, loved ones and numerous friends.

Chris Jordon, who was 27, was probably one of the best known, and much loved, gay persons in Cardiff. He had numerous friends not only in Wales, but also in London, Birmingham and Manchester.

He was most noticeable because of his height, he was only about 5' and often joked that he could buy most of his clothes off the peg from Mothercare.

He will be remembered most for his love of the leather scene and often appeared in Cardiff gay pubs and in Tunnel dressed in full leather.

Our best wishes are sent to Norman and also to Emlyn's family.

Wales

SWANSEA'S PALACE CLUB – 100 YEARS OLD

Swansea's Palace Club has just been celebrating its 100th birthday — it first opened its doors on Christmas Eve 1888, not as a gay club of course, but at that time as an old time music hall.

It was known as the Swansea Pavilion, offering live entertainment. During its 100 years the building has been used as a music hall, cinema, bingo hall, straight disco and now as the city's only gay club.

The name Palace first originated in 1904 when it became known as the Palace of Varieties.

But in 1911 the hall pioneered cinema in Swansea and became known as the People's Bioscope.

In the early twenties the Palace reverted to the Palace of Varieties, becoming a cinema again during the war years. In the mid-1950s a repertory company came to the building and it became known as the Palace Theatre.

For several years it was home to Swansea Little Theatre and in 1961 became a bingo hall before changing again to a straight disco, eventually becoming Swansea's first gay club.

JUMBLE WANTED TO BOOST FUNDS

A jumble sale is being held in Cardiff during March to help boost funds for the Cardiff Aids Helpline.

Chris Jordan — much missed

If you have any unwanted clothes or other items that could be passed on to someone else please contact CAH on Cardiff (0222) 223443.

PLAY SAFE T-SHIRTS NOW ON SALE

Snazzy new Cardiff Aids Helpline T-shirts are now available.

They bear the Helpline telephone number and logo on the front and the message "Play Safe Now - Ask Me How" on the back in red, white and black.

They cost £5 (£4 for the unwaged) and are available in one trendy size only, large, from the CAH office by calling Cardiff (0222) 223443.

WEST WALES – A GAY VOID ? ?

A conversation in Swansea's Palace recently developed into a general moan about the lack of facilities for gays in West Wales, (writes Jon Gower).

True, there are several gay pubs, or at least pubs where gays are welcome but outside Cardiff and Swansea and the universities at Aberwystwyth and Swansea, facilities for gays are few and far between.

Apart from a recent attempt in Haverfordwest to hold ad-hoc gay evenings, there are, to my knowledge, no gay social clubs in West Wales, which make up the two counties of West Glamorgan and Dyfed.

Full marks to Haverfordwest taking the initiative — but what about all the other areas?

If facilities aren't available whose fault is it?

Straights aren't prepared to help — so it's down to the gay community itself. And the community is far from being active in this way in West Wales.

A couple of years ago a club for both straights and gays set up in Swansea with the aim of giving the gay community a broader outlook than pubs and clubs. It started well with a group of active, willing volunteers. But they soon became despondent by the lack of support they received from the rest of the gay community. The club is now dormant.

If gays aren't prepared to become actively involved in creating social events and outside interests for themselves then there's little point moaning about lack of facilities. And there's no point in relying on others!

Gay life can be full or as empty as the gay community wants to make it. Unless someone is prepared to make the effort then gays will just have to put up with things as they are.

But if anyone is prepared to stand up and say we'll do something then let us know at HIM Magazine (see address at bottom of the page) and we'll help co-ordinate things and publicise them to make them as successful as possible.

. . . and if I'm wrong and there are gay social clubs in West Wales, let us know so we can pass on more about them to others who may be having a lonely and sometimes confusing time as they come to grips with their gayness.

★ The same applies to all parts of Wales, Gwent, Mid and North Wales. Is there a total absence of gay life in the North???

GAY BOOKS NOW ON SALE IN SWANSEA

Swansea, at long last, has a bookshop selling gay press books.

It is something that has been lacking in the city for years now, but Emma's Bookshop in Brynymor Road is stocking gay books of various types.

At the moment the shop is only into gay literature in a small way but the more trade it does will encourage a greater variety of books for the gay community in the future.

Emma's sells books of all types, but is very much into 'alternative' literature and certainly deserves support.

GAY STUDENTS

The Lesbian and Gay Society at university in Cardiff held a social evening at the end of January — just one of several activities they organise throughout the year. Unfortunately no-one let me know of the event, so we couldn't publicise or run articles about the society in this column. If any member of the society or from any of the Welsh universities and colleges cares to drop me a line, maybe we could put that right in 1989.

CHAPTER ARTS CENTRE , CARDIFF

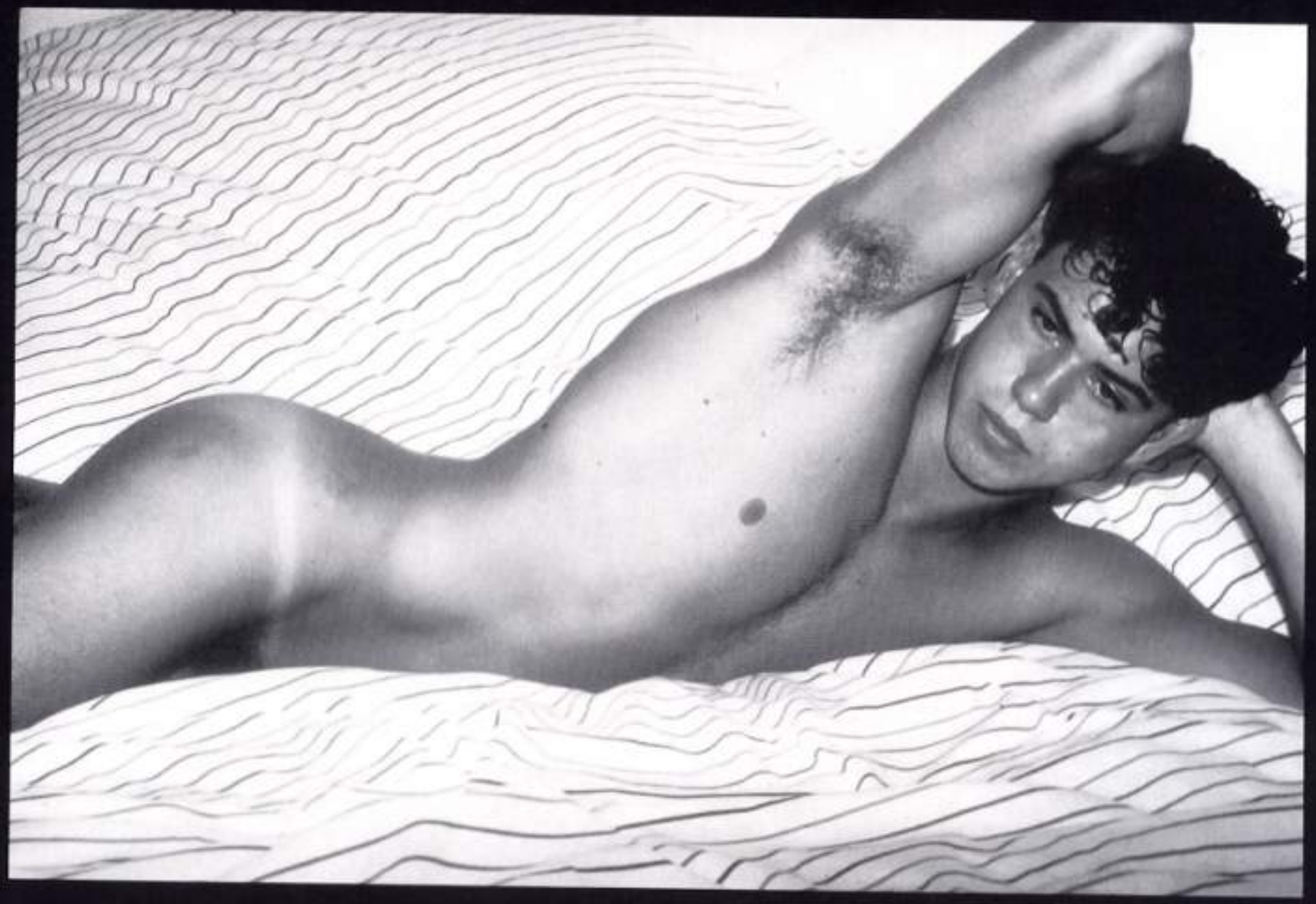
Regular gay activities, including films, take place at Chapter. Further details can be obtained from the centre on Cardiff (0222) 396061.

CARDIFF GAY CO-OPERATIVE

Some years ago a gay co-operative was formed in Cardiff — one of the aims was to provide a social centre for the city's numerous gay men and women. What has happened to it? Has the idea been scrapped?

Perhaps one of the organisers could drop me a line so I can let the many members know.

About Wales is edited and compiled by Geoff Rhys with pictures by Mike Barry. Swansea reports, courtesy of Jon Gower. Articles for inclusion in the next edition of HIM should be sent to Geoff c/o The Kings Cross, Mill Lane, or Tunnel, Bakers Row, Cardiff. Jon can be contacted c/o The Palace Nightclub, Swansea. Geoff can also be contacted via Prestel MBX 919994100. The deadline for each issue is the 15th of the month prior to publication.



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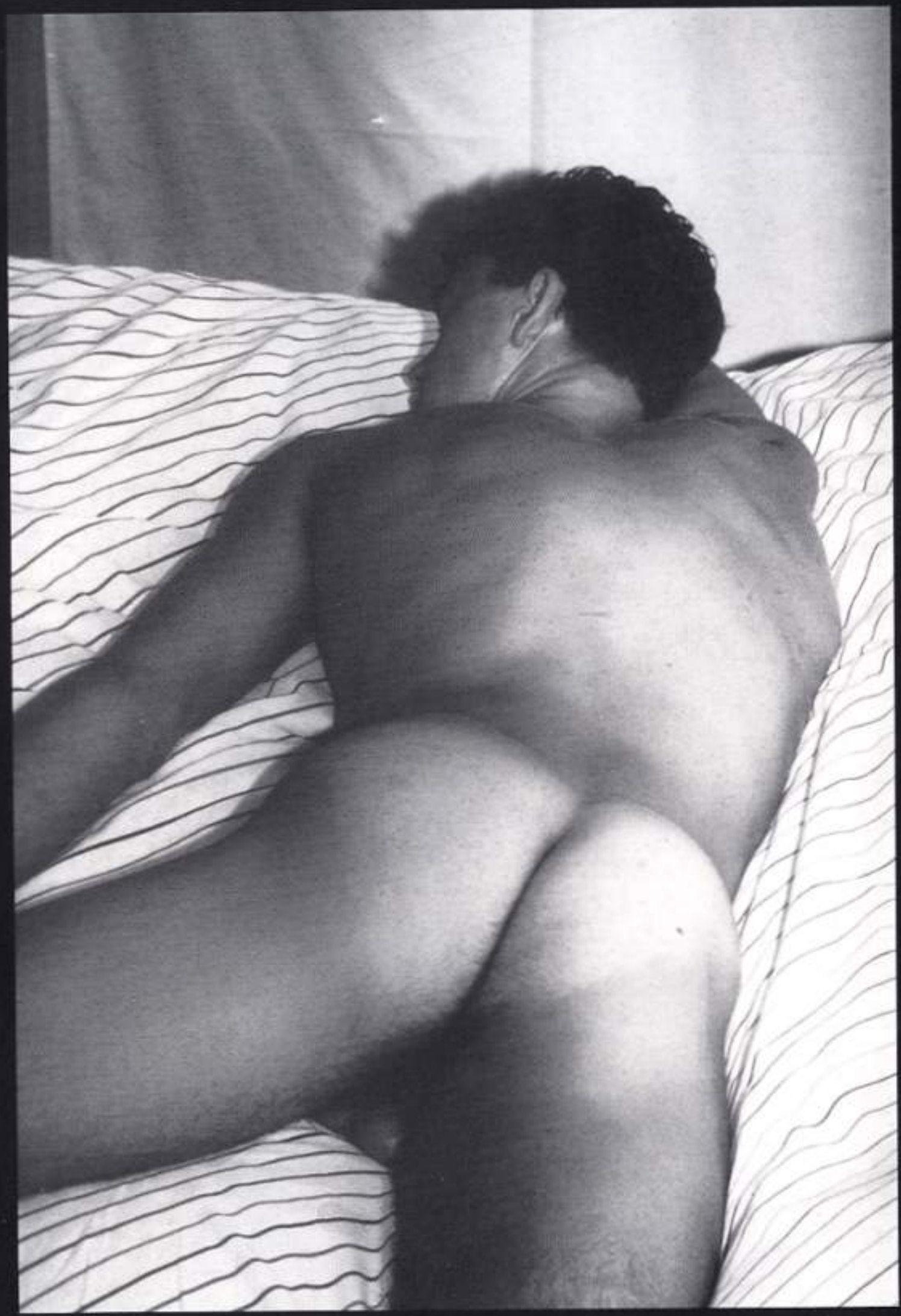

PINK PAGES

MENS PERSONALS

NORTH

Jeans, Videos & briefs

Cumbria/anywhere. Couple seek mates for safe fun, into jeans, videos and briefs. Any nationality welcome. Can accommodate. Photo appreciated. Box 21HM016.

Former prefect

North Yorks. Firm training for 21-35s, from former prefect (38). Phone helpful. Box 21HM017.

Leather protected

Leather protected property in good condition, 50 years old, seeks new partner. Box 21HM009.

Wining, dining, friendship

Enjoy the finer things in life? Couple 28-32, own home and cars, invite guys over 21 to join them for wining, dining, friendship and fun. Phone and photo if possible please. Box 21HM010.

Massage, photography,

Manchester/anywhere. Attractive guy, 33, into naturism, massage and photography, likes to pose for photographs, seeks similar. Box 21HM011.

Slim fit 35

Lancs. Slim, fit 35 seeks smooth guys 21+ for fun and friendship. ALA. Box 21HM012.

Intelligent non smoker

Cumbria. 24, inexperienced, straight acting, seeks intelligent non smoker for discreet friendship/relationship. Box 21HM 013.

Pipe smokers

Pipe smoker seeks similar. Photo of you smoking a pipe appreciated. Box 21HM014.

Isle of Man

Isle of Man/anywhere. 23, good looking, seeks guy 23-35 for friendship and possible long term relationship. Box 21HM015.

Singles or couples

South Durham/North Yorks/Cleveland. Couple, early 30s, seek singles or couples for friendship and or interesting letters. Local or nationwide. Photo appreciated. Box 21HM 001.

Two leather guys

Liverpool/Anywhere. Two leather guys 30/32, good looking. 5'4"/6", slim, non scene, masculine. Seek singles/couples for friendship. Box 21HM 002.

Balding 37

North Yorks/Anywhere. Balding 37, own home, wants friend 25-35, straight acting, outings, safe fun etc. Frank letter and photo. Box 21HM003.

Seeks Bodybuilder

Leeds. 28, seeks bodybuilder, 21-35. Asian/White. To teach me. Inexperienced. 1-1 friendship. Photo with letter please. Box 21HM004.

Photo/phone

Novice, seeks strong minded guy for relationship. All aspects. Guys 21-40. Send letter/phone with details. ALA. Box 21HM005.

Combat kit, battledress, boots

Combat kit, battledress, boots wearer, wishes to meet ex-NCO types for specialist training and fun. Tall, 42, sociable and presentable. Box 21HM006.

Enjoys denim/uniforms

Humberside/Anywhere. 33 year old, 5'10", slim, tache, enjoys denim, uniform and other, seeks fun and friends. Photo please. ALA. Box 21HM007.

Athletic guy

South Yorkshire, athletic guy, 39, non camp, non scene, wishes to meet genuine guy for interesting relationship. Box 21HM008.

SOUTH

Clean shaven

South London/Surrey. Guy 25, clean shaven, seeks similar guys, 21-32. Photo please. ALA. Box 21HM035.

Drummer guy

"Drummer guy" 24, based south, seeks Drummer "Daddy", 27-40 for Daddy-type relationship. Leather/rubber/mind trips. Professionals only. Bikers especially welcome. Photo/phone number ensures a reply. Box 21HM039.

Discreet seeks sensitive

Brighton, 28, shy, inexperienced, discreet seeks sensitive guy 21-28 for friendship/relationship. Photo/letter please. Box 21HM032.

Tall, slim 32

Kent. Tall, slim, 32 own house/car seeks smooth guy in twenties for genuine loving relationship. Photo appreciated. Box 21HM033.

White sports socks

Surrey. Guy 26, inexperienced, into white sports socks, sportswear, jocks and briefs, seeks others with similar interests for fun/friendship and to teach me all about gay life. Send frank photo. My photo returned with yours. ALA. Can travel. Box 21HM034.

Wrestling & gym

Glos/Hereford. 35, muscular, good looking, uncomplicated professional type, enjoys wrestling, gym and home, seeks similar types anywhere. Photo please. Box 21HM036.

Muscle and hair

Ascot Berks. Guy 35 seeks fun and friendship with guy 21-40. Photo please. Into hair and muscles. ALA. Box 21HM037.

Bournemouth guy

Bournemouth guy, 24 seeks guy 21-23 for friendship, relationship. (first ad). Photo please. Box 21HM038.

Not bad looking

South/Anywhere. Guy, 25, 6', tache, medium build, safe, non camp, non smoking, not bad looking, seeks similar or better hunk. 25-35, friend, companion, lover. Photo. All letters answered. Box 21HM 024.

Bi-Guy

Surrey, Berks, Hants. Bi-guy, 43, non scene, average build, lonely, seeks similar novice, or experienced, 21-40 for friendship and fun. Interests, music, theatre, eating out. Can travel or accommodate. Frank letter, photo and phone number appreciated. Box 21HM025.

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Portsmouth. Good home wanted for one affectionate, caring but lonely heart. Present owner 27 year old Oriental, 5'6", stocky build, non camp and non scene. Box 21HM027.

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Skinhead seeks other

SKinhead seeks other cropheads/rough mates. Meeting/correspondence. Photo appreciated. ALA. Box 21HM026.

Leather trousers/biking boots

Guy seeks mates 21-25 in leather trousers and biking boots for friendship. Photograph please. Box 21HM028.

Needs kind gentle uncle

Bournemouth/anywhere. Quiet shy non scene, 42, badly needs kind gentle uncle 50-65 for warm, regular friendship. Box 21HM029.

Discreet friendship

Berks, very inexperienced, 28 seeks similar for discreet friendship, 21-26. Box 21HM030.

Fun, games and friendship

Hants/Surrey/Sussex. 27, clean cut, energetic, masculine, seeks similar for fun, games and friendship. Photo and telephone. Box 21HM031.

EAST

Blond, goodlooking

Chelmsford 33, 6', blond, good looking, seeks similar 25-35. Photo please. Box 21HM 023.

Oriental 23

Norwich. Inexperienced Oriental 23, lonely, seeks fun friends, 21-35. A photo ensures reply. Box 21HM021.

Southend guy

Southend guy, 22, sincere, good looking, fair, slim, 5'8", seeks similar nearby, for fun and friendship. Photo and phone please. Box 21HM022.

Must be straight acting

Suffolk, 25, professional guy, seeks similar, 25-35. Must be straight acting, non smoker. Photo ensures reply. Box 21HM018.

Professional guy

Colchester. Professional guy, 38, new to area, interested in meeting guys 21-30. Prefers outgoing types. Box 21HM 019.

Uniform worker

Essex/London/Anywhere. Uniform worker, 26, 6ft, real good looker, seeks similar. Anyone interested. Photo please. ALA. Box 21HM020.

WEST

Leather biker mate

Guy 28, seeks leather biker mate in full gear for fun and friendship. Photo, phone number means ALA. Box 21HM049.

Straight acting, discreet

Glos/Bristol anywhere. 32, straight acting, discreet, honest seeks similar 21-35 for friendship or more. Your place. Photo essential. Enjoys swimming, gym workouts. Box 21HM050.

Swimming/gym

South West/South Wales/Gloucester. Straight acting, 32, non scene, sincere, enjoys swimming, gym workouts. Seeks similar 21/35 for friendship, hopefully relationship. Can't accommodate. Photo essential. Box 21HM045.

Steel/rubber/leather

Aggressive guy requires tough mate. Steel/leather & rubber boot work. Muddy wet conditions. ALA with photo. Box 21HM046.

Straight looking guy

Devon. Tall, slim, straight looking guy, 25 seeks friends around same age. For fun and friendship. Box 21HM047.

Visit Amsterdam

Retired gent seeks handsome, slim, non hirsute escort 21-25. Visit Amsterdam gay spots for two weeks. I pay expenses plus a fee. You kiss passionately and often. Send details self, photo, fee required. Box 21HM048.

Discreet friendship

Mid cornwall, 44, non scene, sincere seeks guy 35+. Box 21HM040.

Handsome slim guy

Exeter. Handsome slim guy, 21, non effem seeks similar, 21-25 for discreet friendship and fun. Photo please. Box 21HM041.

Insure respectful reply

Bath. Guy 29 seeks strong minded leather guy. Photo and instructions ensure respectful reply. Box 21HM042.

Athletic guy

Athletic guy, 24, good looking, seeks strong minded combat guys 21-30 in uniform and boots. Photo and phone number ensures reply. Box 21HM043.

Non scene non drinker

Bristol. I am early 40s, own business, non scene, non drinker, seeks one to one only. Unless you live in Bristol, you would have to be prepared to come to me as I cannot leave my commitments here. This is a genuine request to the right person. Age and nationalisy immaterial. Photo appreciated. Box 21HM044.

SCOTLAND

Seeks hairy mate

Edinburgh. Attractive healthy 37 seeks hairy mate 21-30 for fun. ALA with photo. Box 21HM054.

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Doctor/medical student

Edinburgh/Borders. Doctor or medical student wanted by sincere, quiet non camp or scene professional, 49, for afternoon fun. Absolute discretion assured and expected. ALA, but those with a photograph first. Box 21HM055.

Haggis lover

Highland/Grampian haggis lover seeks fellow haggis for fun and winter warmth. Box 21HM051.

Highlander, friendly 30s

Home abroad, highlander 30s, friendly, straight looking, educated, handsome, hirsute, wide interests, including briefs, massage, driving, wants friends 21-35. Genuine, healthy, discreet, non scene, non effem. Initially as pen pals. Photo and detailed letter. ALA. Box 21HM052.

Toy guy

Edinburgh. Executive guy 48 seeks black/white toy guy, 21/24. ALA with Photo. No time wasters. Box 21HM053.

WALES

Moustached hairy

Anywhere, 22 year old guy, 6'2" tall, moustached, hairy, seeks friends 24+ for genuine friendship/relationship. Photo please. Box 21HM068.

35, hairy

Anywhere, 35, hairy needs discreet masculine guy for excitement. Photo please. Box 21HM067.

Guy next door type

32, seeks guy next door type, 21-30 for friendship, fun. Likes most things. Photo and phone please. Swansea. Box 21HM065.

Discreet friendship

North Wales/North West. Inexperienced 31 seeks similar, non effem, 21-30 any colour for discreet friendship. Box 21HM066.

MIDLANDS

Tall, good looking

Oxford. Tall good looking moustached 25 seeks that special friend for fun times and maybe more. ALA. A photo helps. Box 21HM063.

Skins, leather, rubber

Staffordshire, hunky mid thirties seeks strong active, skins, leather, rubber guys for fun times. Box 21HM064.

Tall slim fit

West Midlands 38, tall, slim, fit, preferably non scene, seeks similar for friendship with view to 1.2.1. relationship. Photo appreciated. Box 21HM 060.

Blond, goodlooking

Bromsgrove/anywhere. 30, blond, good looking, seeks similar, 25-30, straight acting. Detailed letter and photo please. Box 21HM061.

Are you blond?

If so, Midlands guy, 25, dark and hairy, is hoping to hear from you. Discretion absolute. Reply guaranteed. Box 21HM 062.

Pagan naturist

Athletic pagan naturist, interested in the male arts. Correspondents anywhere. Box 21HM 056.

22, lonely

Staffs guy, 22, lonely, seeks similar. Box 21HM057.

Rubber etc

Leicester. Domesticated 22 year old, seeks strong minded male 30-50 for long relationship and fun. Like rubber etc. Good friend. ALA, phone no. Darren Box 21HM058.

Skins, squaddies, bikers

Uniform professional guy seeks others. Skins, squaddies, bikers, truckers. Discreet. Photo, phone ALA. Box 21HM 059.

LONDON

Judo & boxing

Slim guy, 39, seeks black guy 22-35, slim, for friendship. Likes judo and boxing. Box 21HM091.

21 outgoing

Blond, good looking 21, inexperienced but outgoing seeks guy under 25 for friendship and fun. Photo please. Box 21HM092.

Seeks friend

Leytonstone guy 30 seeks friend 21-26. Genuine friendship. Photo/phone? Box 21HM093.

Caring & sincere

Male nurse, caring and sincere, mid 20s, seeks similar guy for friendship or long term relationship. Box 21HM095.

Jocks, shorts

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Big brother

Big brother wants little brother for safe fun, affection and leather fantasies. I'm determined, strong minded, American writer, late thirties. Super safe with own flat in Central London and Los Angeles. You are over 21, attractive, masculine, trustworthy. Someone who needs a firm hand from someone who likes to make the decisions. Live in possible for the right guy. Photo essential. Box 21HM098.

Motor Bike rider

Central London guy seeks slim leather clad motorbike rider. Photo please. Box 21HM085.

Leather guys

Two leather guys, 28/41, seek new friends, 21/45. Ideal opportunity for novices or experienced guys. Detailed letter, photo, phone please. Box 21HM 090.

Leather/rubber/uniform

Guy 41, well into the leather/rubber/uniform scene, seeks strong minded friends, 30-50 for genuine relationship. Box 21HM094.

Goodlooking 29

London guy, good looking 29, seeks smooth friend 21-25 for lasting relationship. Phone/photo. Box 21HM084.

Blond tache

Gay 37, blond tache, lives in Kensington. Seeks tall, active guy with tache for relationship. Photo essential. Box 21HM086.

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Attractive non camp

E15 area, attractive non camp guy, 35, seeks mate, preferably small build and height. Photo and phone please. Box 21HM087.

Just moved to Fulham

London, Hants. Just moved to Fulham. Lonely 40 year old, looking for new friends and maybe, with luck, a 1-2-1. Box 21HM088.

Motor bike rider

Central London guy seeks slim leather clad motorbike rider. Photo please. Box 21HM089.

Two guys

Two guys 26/32 handsome, clean shaven, muscular. Large collection leather toys etc, seeks attractive guys 21-35 with similar interests for mutual fun. Novices welcome. Send photo, returned. ALA. Box 21HM 069.

Swimmers physique

Muscular swimmer's physique, 32, seeks athletic/well built, 21-35 exhibitionist preferred. Enjoy massage and videos. Photo important. Box 21HM070.

Teddy bear

Teddy bear, 42, into leather/rubber etc is looking for strong minded, like guy. Box 21HM 071.

Amateur photographer

Amateur photographer seeks guys who would like to model. Athletic/sports type. Free pics or fee. South London. Send photo. Box 21HM072.

Let's meet and talk

London guy, 43, seeks understanding friend with a firm hand. Maybe you too? Anyway, let's meet and talk about it. ALA. Box 21HM074.

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Two guys

SW London/Surrey/Anywhere. Two guys 30, non effem, working class, seek similar hunky guys 21-35 for safe fun. Can accommodate. Send photo and detailed letter. Box 21HM073.

Straight looking hairy

London/Gloucester/South. Novice, 25 years old, straight looking, hairy, seeks strong friends for fun education. Anything considered. Will travel. Photo and detailed letter essential. Box 21HM075.

Leather guy 42

Leather guy 42 seeks strong minded guys for friendship/relationship. Photo please. Looks and age unimportant. Box 21HM076.

Detailed letter please

Guy 40 available for strong minded guys. Detailed letter please. Photo appreciated. Box 21HM077.

Slim, fit, good looking

Straight acting, 28, slim, fit and good looking seeks strong guy, 25-35. All letters answered with a photo. Box 21HM078.

Hairy, shy

Guy 23, hairy, shy, seeks guys any age to teach beginner. Photo and letter please. Box 21HM079.

Leather man, Londonb ased

Leather man, London based, non scene, seeks mate 21-30 for 1-1 live together relationship. Photo please. Box 21HM080.

Inexperienced 35

South London/Surrey. Inexperienced 35 seeks guys 21-30 for friendship and fun. Photo pref. Box 21HM082.

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Hunk for fun

Guy 22 year old, inexperienced, seeks hunks for fun and friendship. Box 21HM083.

NATIONAL

You under 30

HIV+ seeks same for friendship etc. I'm 21, you under 30. Send a photo please. Box 21HM100.

Moustache/hairy chest

Anywhere. 24 year old lad, good looking, moustached, hairy chest, seeks genuine guys for friendship/fun. Photo please. Box 21HM101.

Like to meet new friends

I am 41, 11st, 5'8". Like to meet new friends 55-75, anywhere. Photo please, returned. Box 21HM102.

Amateur photographer

Amateur photographer seeks exhibitionist under 25 for photo sessions. Enclose photo. Box 21HM103.

Cigarettes

Cigarettes. Men smoking like men. Box 21HM099.

INTERNATIONAL

Spain, really good looking

Hello! Big brother wants little brother, 21+. I am 23, 1m, 81cm, 70kg. Really good looking, good body and with no problems of any kind. I live in Marbella, Costa del Sol. I am looking for a penfriend for safe fun, affection and who knows . . . If you are planning a visit to Spain for the holidays, let me know. Also I can visit you anywhere in Europe, or if you ever feel a little lonely, write to me. You will not be sorry. I promise you better if you send a photo. Ciao, be good meanwhile. Box 15, 190 Malaga, 29080, Spain.

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Rome resident

Englishman 35, resident in Rome, seeks live-in houseguy prepared to accept strong minded boss. Travel expenses will be paid. Photo and phone ensures quick reply. Box 21HMROME.

501 and leather jeans

Slim guy into Levi 501 and leather jeans seeks similar. Photo please. Box 21HMSPAIN.

Attractive Polish guy

Attractive Polish guy, 34 years old, would like to correspond with guys from all countries. I have black hair and moustache. My interests are: friendship, love, travel, holiday exchange, nature, music, sexy photos, magazines. If you are black or white, please write soon. Please come and visit me in Poland. I live alone, please make me happy. I will answer all letters with photos. German, English and Polish only please. Write to Czeslaw Toczek, SKR Pocztowa 258, 35-959 Rzaszow 2, Poland.

Wolfgang, Germany

Handsome, friendly German guy. Outgoing and loving, wishes to correpond with Black English guys. I work in the travel industry and I visit Britain very often. I am genuine and sincere. Please write with photo, and let's be friends. Box 21HM104.

EMPLOYMENT WANTED

Tony

Builders labourer type, 24, brown hair, seeks employment. Box 21HM Employ 1.

Unpaid

Guy 30 seeks hard, unpaid work. 0983 527825.

Finance

Smart, quiet, reliable ex-banker, 25, seeks finance/clerical related work in West Midlands. Loads of exams and (unfortunately) a short jail term to my name. Box 21HM Employment.

Black Winston

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Jack

Ex army bodybuilder, 28, tall, handsome, seeks part time occasional work. Please write to Box 21HM EMPWANT.

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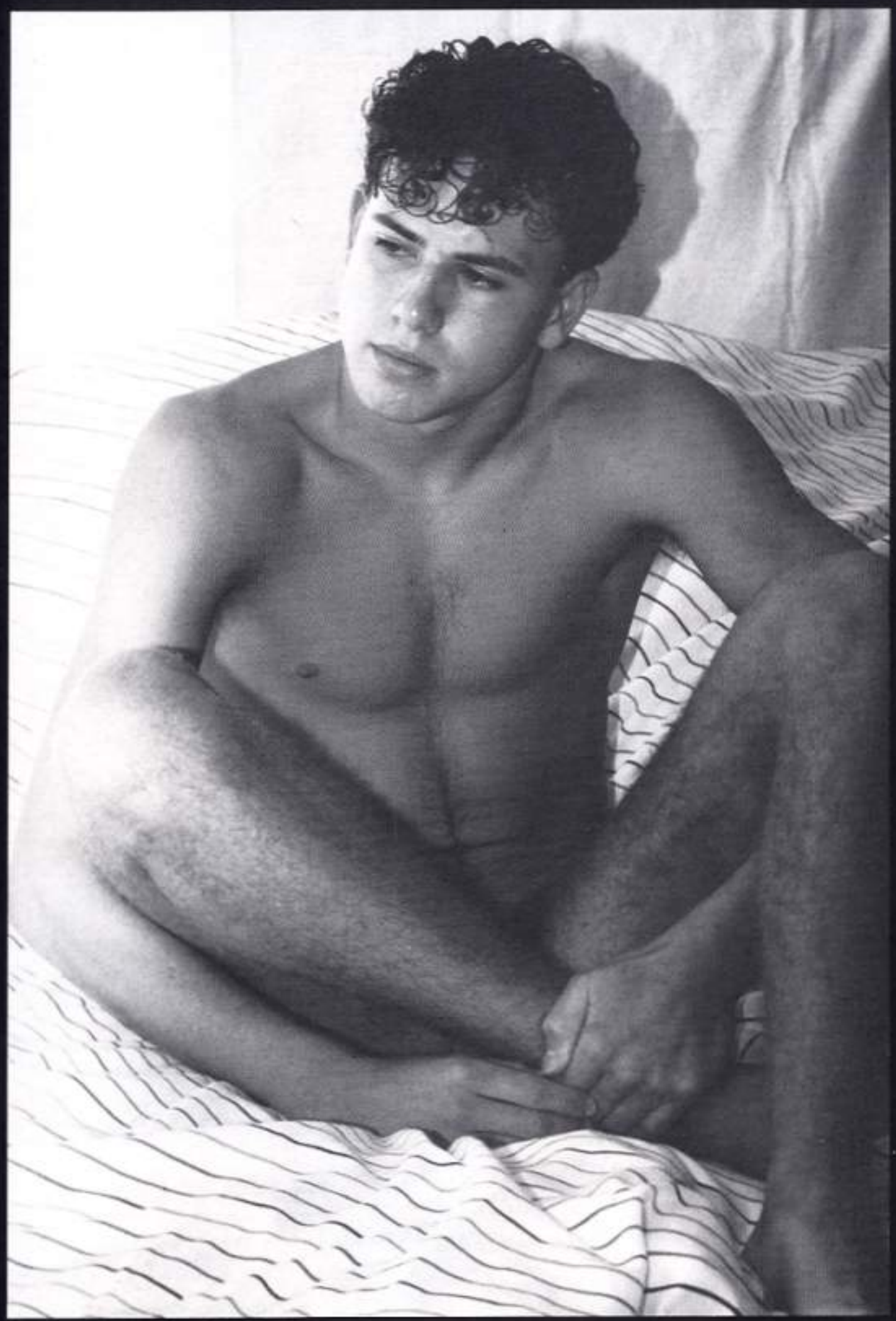

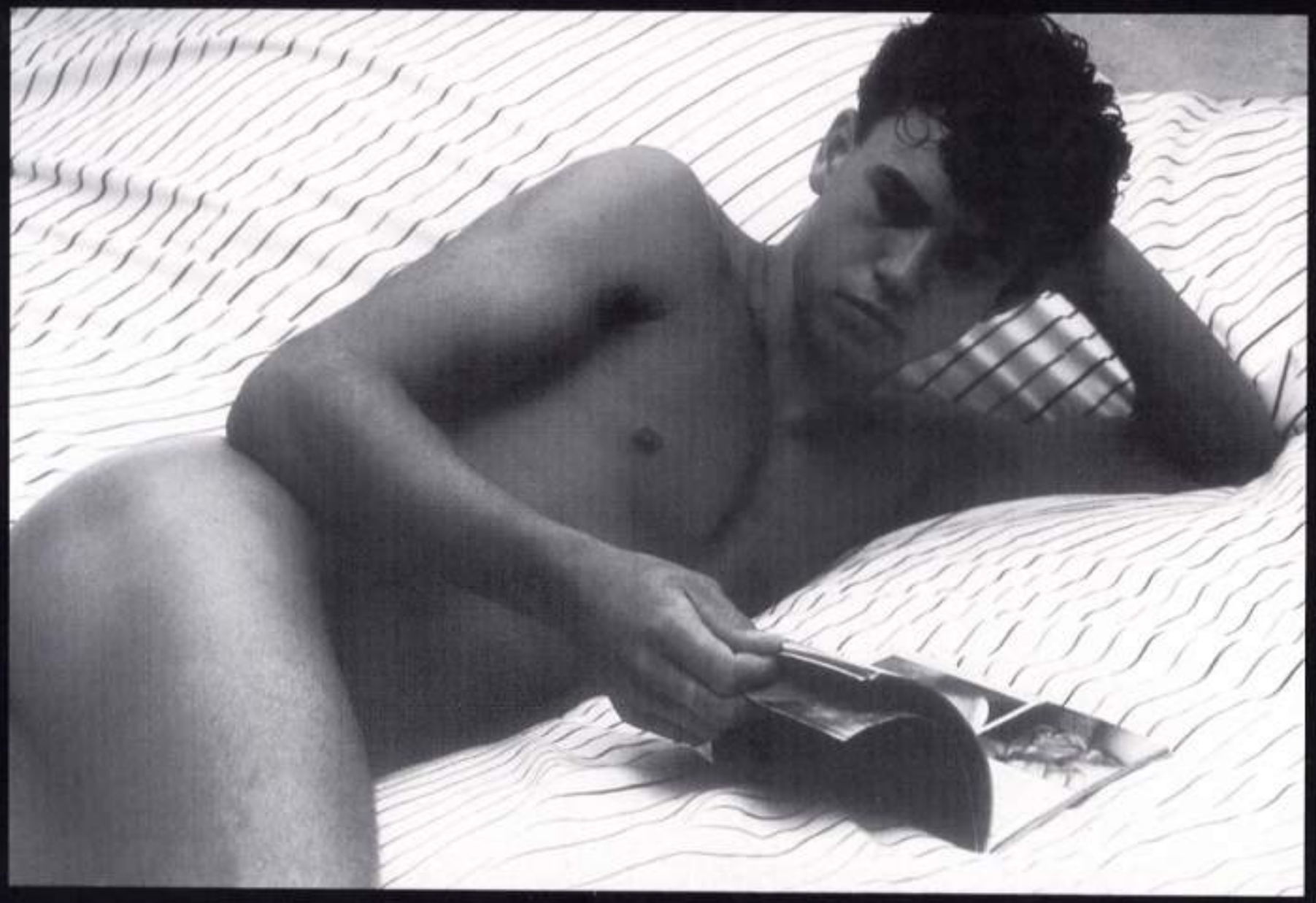

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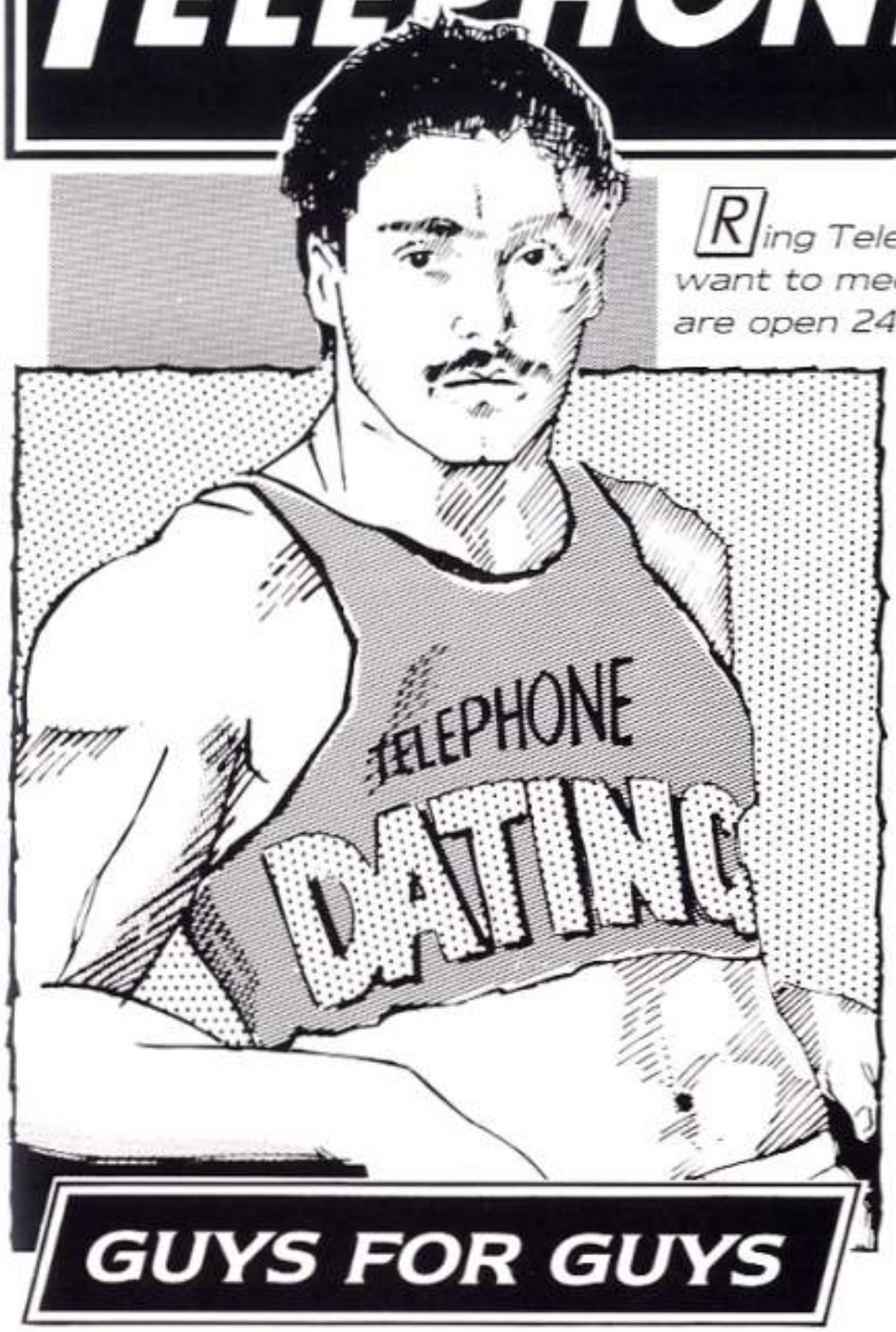

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...If you go to a sauna...

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D'you come here often...?
Excuse ME, I saw it first...
Fancy a coffee, mate?
Fancy a mate, mate?
I've got a Mate, mate...

I Was A Teenage Harlot

Short Story by Rupert Smith

The acrid smell of urine and cheap disinfectant assailed my nostrils. My stomach churning with fear and excitement, I entered the dank temple of lust, where furtive shadows approached one another, merged for a few seconds of hurried activity, then parted, returning to suburban homes satisfied but guilt-ridden. I sat, the door locked, in a rancid cubicle, the walls a testament to the depravity of its previous occupants, scrawled accounts of extravagant sexual athletics or crude, anatomically obsessive drawings. Soon I caught the glint of an eye through a hole in the wall, the eye of a nocturnal hunter, curiously bright; an animal's eye, not quite human. Hardly knowing what I did, I opened my door. Within seconds, he was there . . . What happened next was hideously sordid and, when it was mercifully over, I strolled across the cricket ground to where I had left my bicycle, cursing the fate that had condemned me to this life of joyless searching, exiled from the warmth and companionship I could see all around. No I must go another way . . . "

Such is the stuff of many a tortured fantasy. Teenage sexual experiences, particularly in cottages, seem to bring out the gothic streak in otherwise mild-mannered gay writers. Any young man reading the above would understandably be put off sex, if not for life, then at least for a week or so; however, when it comes down to it, with the absence of wonderful social opportunities all around, a bit of cottaging is not to be scoffed at as a reasonable way of getting some experience and satisfaction. Satin sheets and champagne it may not be, but it beats football, Duke of Edinburgh Award Schemes or religion as a way of working off all that undirected sexual energy.

Teenage sex is such an exciting subject, partly because every reader of this magazine (with the exception of pre-teen readers) can share the experience, partly because it has the aura of illegality, of jailbait fantasies, of confused young men with smooth bodies and large, ever-ready penises. Heterosexuals have made an industry out of recycling their memories of early fumblings in those eternal "my first time" movies, in which writers, directors and actors expend mind-boggling amounts of energy trying to find a new angle and wring fresh laughs out of this overworked and rather tedious subject. Think how much more exciting the relatively virgin territory of teenage gay sex could be! French directors could make wry, warm-hearted tragicomedies out of it, full of delicate humour and eroticism; Hollywood could be far more boisterous with gangs of high-school jocks getting into all sorts of jolly scrapes in their competition to suck off the football coach. For British film-makers the field is wide open: achingly romantic Oxbridge fantasies (a perfect vehicle for the next generation of Anthony Andrews/James Wilby/Rupert Graves actors); grittily realistic accounts of growing up gay up North, in which a young working-class boy has several experiences under clammy canal bridges, cycles a lot and looks wonderful in grainy black and white; or a sophisticated tale of over-educated, terribly concerned Londoners who worry about politics and their health, talk a lot (screenplay by A Famous Writer) and have very little sex. Finally, and an undoubted box-office sensation, there is the true vulgarian approach, a sort of "Carry On Up The Bum" concept, heir to the line of St Trinian's and TV sitcoms. For this latter genre, I humbly offer as a rough scenario my own teenage experiences, working title **I Was A Teenage Harlot**. Some key scenes follow.

Opening scene: The Boy stands by the side of lake, gazing into the middle distance. His bicycle is thrown on the ground nearby. Summer, early evening.

Boy: Oh, why is my life so complicated?

Close-up: a duck surveys him quizically, and quacks.

Boy: It's alright for ducks. They have such simple lives. Why can't I be like them? They would never do the terrible thing I have just done . . .

The scene dissolves, and cross-fades to a schoolroom. The rest of the movie is a series of flash-backs leading to the crisis point just seen (a ploy to keep the critics happy). In the schoolroom, a gang of boys are laughing and joking together in innocent masculine camaraderie. The Boy sits slightly apart, a look of troubled introspection playing across his breathtakingly perfect features. The director can supply some dialogue here about sexual conquests, comparing cock-sizes etc; The Boy remains curiously aloof, his eyes only slightly betraying his interest in the mention of cocks. Then the mood turns nasty.

Other Boy 1: Way-ay, you're a poof aren't you mate.

The Boy: So what if I am?

Other Boy 2: He's a bender, a fucking queer.

The Boy: Come here and say that.

A fight ensues; lengthy close-ups of slow-motion wrestling. The Boy wins. A few scenes of agonising self-questioning, preferably with The Boy staring into the mirror ruefully examinging his bruises, follow. Cut to:

The Party Scene. The Boy arrives with his girlfriend, who he has been dating in order to turn himself straight. She clings possessively to him. Everyone views the boy with great approval, but he is clearly in a state of internal confusion, as another vague tremor across his chiselled features betrays.

The Girl: Shall we . . . go somewhere?

The Boy: Oh . . . If you like.

The Girl: Don't you want to?

The Boy: I don't know . . .

The Girl: It's not true what they say, is it?

The Boy: What do you mean?

The Girl: That you're a . . . that you're a . . .

The Boy: Say it. Say it.

The Girl: That you're a god-damn queer.

The Boy: You . . . they . . . oh . . .

He stumbles off, inarticulate with rage and confusion. Hardly knowing where he is going, he runs through the town until, out of breath, he stops to rest against a lamp-post outside a pub. He is startled by a voice, unlike any voice he has heard before: sly, insinuating, effeminate.

The Voice: My, you look quite exhausted.

The Boy: Who said that?

From out of the shadows emerges a bizarre figure, middle-aged, rather too well dressed, his hair carefully combed to cover his bald spot but obviously dyed, a ring on his chubby little finger.

The Voice: Just little me.

The Boy: Oh my God, I've read about people like you . . . you're a . . . one of . . . What do you want with me?

The Voice: I thought you might like a little drinkie with me.

The Boy: You mean this is a . . .

The Voice (exultantly): Yes!!! A gay pub!

The Boy: Oh my God.

The Voice: Come inside. You know you want to . . .

The Boy (torn): I can't . . .

The Voice: I'll buy you a nice drinkie . . .

The Boy (his voice like a robot, under the control of the sinister manipulating figure): Half a lager and blackcurrant please . . .

They go in. The pub scene should be as obvious as possible, with various freaky types ogling The Boy with intent to recruit him to their sad little underworld. Eventually, unable to refuse the large numbers of drinks he is bought, The Boy becomes drunk and accepts an invitation of a life from a hyper-masculine lorry-driver. On the way home The Boy, succumbing at last to his true nature, gives the lorry-driver a blow-job. Subsequent scenes should explore his guilt at this episode. Then finally it's on to the big set-piece, the Cottage Scene. In order that this scene should not appear too squalid, the designer would do well to copy the set for the equivalent scene in **Prick Up Your Ears**, in which the toilet was at least ten times larger, cleaner and more glamorous than any cottage I've ever been into. If the budget is tight, perhaps the original sets could actually be borrowed.

The Cottage Scene: shadowy figures move with an almost balletic formality around the dimly-lit convenience. Suspense fills the air. The Boy enters the cottage. A complicated, barely-understandable game of cat and mouse begins; lots of arty close-ups of furtive glances could be effective here. Then it's straight to the whammy as The Boy engages in frantic, furtive (but explicitly shot) congress with his anonymous lover.

The Duck Scene: brings us full circle. A few exchanges between Boy and Duck follow.

The Boy: Why me? Why must I alone bear this terrible burden? Why have I been singled out? Why not my brother? Ah, but he must be heterosexual, he's in the TA. Oh God it will kill my parents.

(The Duck quacks reassuringly)

The Boy: You're right. I musn't succumb to despair. I'll be brave. But oh, what a long, lonely road I must travel. I don't know if I can make it alone.

(Another Duck joins the first one. They paddle around then, as the music builds, fly off towards the setting sun.)

The Boy: So long, little fellas! Remember me . . .

(He stares at the water, thoughts of suicide racing through his mind. Just as he seems determined to end it all, a new resolve courses through his young, gazelle-like body. He stands firmly).

The Boy: No. I won't let them win. I'll show them all.

(He pedals away, whistling merrily. The music soars.)

Although only a first draft, this scenario seems destined for great things, and could be the **Alfie** of the Eighties. Queues round the block for **I Was A Teenage Harlot** can only be a few months away. Think of the lives it could change! Switchboard, the Samaritans and all the youth groups would have their work halved! A string of sequels (telling of The Boy's first romance, his burgeoning political involvement, his crises over monogamy, his interior decorating plans) are in the pipeline. And then there's the merchandising to consider (Harlot T-shirts, condoms, personal appearances in shopping malls, the inevitable stab at chart success with a record of the same name) . . . I always knew I suffered through my miserable teens for a purpose.

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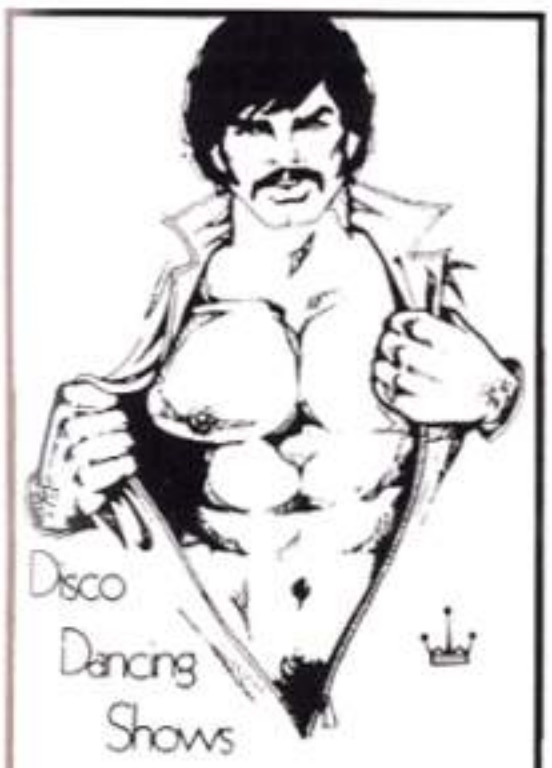

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The late 80s gay man: DJ Colin Peters

Colin Peters fails to look out of place amongst the young and hopping crowd who regularly fill his very popular clubs in the Capital. He fails at little else. Currently running three nights at Busby's, Charing Cross Road (namely *Bang* and *Propaganda*), *Benjy's* in Mile End as well as *Palm Beach* in Streatham, he has seen his successes spiral over the past fifteen years and has become one of the most respected club hosts on the gay scene. Amazingly he's still only twenty-nine and appears, even with close examination, to be nearer twenty-two than thirty.

Naturally, Colin has suffered some criticism from somewhat envious competitors, criticisms that usually include some reference to the type of night-owl supposedly attracted to his clubs, namely 'the hairdresser set' and other 'prissy queens', but a visit to one of the above mentioned clubs soon knocks that idea on the head. His security staff have yet to report an incident of a customer attempting to smuggle in a bottle of peroxide or a selection of multi-coloured *Benders*. His punters are, on the whole, simply out for a good time, dancing and drinking until the early hours, preferring the dance floor to the dark corner, the chat to the heavy cruise. Colin Peters gives them what they want and they keep coming back for more.

Not long out of short pants, Colin began to DJ. As soon as he left school, at sixteen, he spent most of the night hours spinning discs, and the daytime in full employment: "When I left school I went into hairdressing, and also I was DJing with a mobile set-up. That job only lasted six months because one day, when I was walking past Debenhams in Croydon, I saw that they wanted a Display Junior. I'd passed my Art exam in school, so I applied for it, and got the job. All the time I was there, I kept at my mobile disco, doing wedding receptions and twenty-firsts. I was also working for Mecca at straight clubs like *Cinderella Rockerfella's* and *Scamps*.

"I got myself promoted to Assistant Display Manager, but by then the disco work was coming in more and more and I had to be in at 9am every morning; it was doing me in. I mean, I had to organise window displays, Christmas grottos and the staff. Anyway, one day the Director of the store called me up to his office and asked why I was always looking so tired, why I was slacking. I decided there and then that my future lay in nightclubs and I walked out. I cried my eyes out and thought 'Oh my God! What have I done? I've just left a secure job, with a secure income, tax and NI paid for me, what am I doing?' I'd been there seven years and I was scared. Since then I've not looked back".

"I cried my eyes out and thought 'Oh my God! What have I done?' "

Since then, Colin has only looked forward. He has presented a lunchtime programme for a pirate radio station, Skyline, based in South London, worked for Radio Jackie, compered an hotel party for London Weekend Television and has presented Israel's equivalent of *Top Of The Pops*, interviewing such luminaries as Midge Ure and Matt Johnson of *The The* fame. "That's what I really enjoy, interviewing people and compering, talking to people about their lives in front of cameras or on radio. I'm not scared of crowds or of microphones. I'm more scared of something like that (*indicating my tape recorder*) than if I had it in my hand. The microphone that is. I just enjoy making people happy. If I could have a wish come true, I would be a radio presenter on a good station, who's a celeb for old girls and goes around opening supermarkets. That's what I'd really like to do."

Meanwhile, Colin has *Bang* on his plate. The club, held at present at Busby's in Central London, has recently expanded. Monday nights proved so popular that, as soon as *Discotheque* ran its course (a club run by Steve Swindells), he snatched up Saturday nights, which are now equally packed with good-time-boys. *Bang* has a lengthy history: "It was started in 1973 by Gary London and ran for ten years. Then the Hippodrome opened up and he went straight out of business. One week he had seven hundred people in, then the next there were fifty. I was working for him at that time, that night, and it was so depressing. It was a great shame.

"Last year I decided to bring *Bang* back. I negotiated a deal with Gary, bought the copyright to the name and opened. Gary's very pleased. He was sad that he'd lost *Bang*, but he's happy it's been resurrected. He came along to see it open and was very impressed. You know, it's funny how things have gone full-circle, with us doing so well now. The Hippodrome has lost its touch. It's not dead, but I hear it's not doing as well as

This month sees the fifth in the series of interviews entitled 'The Late 80s Gay Man'. Who is the gay man of the late 80s? Does his lifestyle, and do his attitudes, reflect the heterogeneity of today's society?

it should. It's too pretentious. You've got to be on the same wavelength as the people in the club, otherwise they get offended by you."

Colin thinks he has got it right: "I try to play the music that the kids on the gay scene want now. I'm not saying I'm 100% good at it, but I do try to keep in touch. And I listen to what they want to see there, like French and Saunders, rather than, bless her heart, Norma Lewis or Angie Gold who we've seen a hundred times. They are good artistes, but they can be vastly overused. I'm out to get acts for gay people that they can't see anywhere else on the scene. I'd snap up *Bananarama* or *Dead or Alive* if I could. There's such a nice family atmosphere at my clubs. I have my brother on security on *Propaganda* nights, Jamie, my brother, DJing and my Mum, Sheila as Cashier. She used to do the bar, but on the opening night of *Bang* she fell down the stairs and damaged her foot, so I put her on the till . . . I think people like that family atmosphere."

There are rumours flying around about redevelopment of Busby's, that *Bang* will close in the next few weeks: "That, at the moment, is rubbish. Obviously I'm going to tell you the truth, because it's in *my* interest. It's my bread and butter. Having three nights there, I'm the one who knows everything that's going on. Yes, the site *is* up for redevelopment, but not for a long time; it could be months or years. When it *does* happen, I'll have enough notice to sort something out. In fact, I already have done in case something unexpected happens. If *Bang* closes though, it's Busby's that will close, not *Bang* itself. It'll be held at a different venue. *Bang* will survive."

Colin Peters must be one of the scene's most eligible bachelors. Successful, good-looking, with a fine physique, he is surprisingly single, but not out of choice: "I'd love a relationship, but I don't think I'll find anybody in the clubs that I run. Some people have said that I'm basically unapproachable. I'm not at all. I'd love some hunk or good-looking young man to come up and say 'Do you want a drink?' or 'How about going out for a meal some night?' And they never bloody do! I approach people when I'm a bit drunk. Sometimes I come up trumps but they don't turn out to be what you imagined, but you have to keep going on and on until you find the right one. Don't get me wrong, I'm not promiscuous. I don't care what gossip goes around. There's a lot of people who say they've had me, but they certainly haven't. There's no harm in having a cuddle nowadays. Sometimes, when you're sleeping on your own, you wish you had someone to cuddle and you sort of do that. But I'm not promiscuous. I've never done anything like cottaging or hanging around dark corners in clubs."

"I'd love some hunk to come up and say 'Do you want a drink?' "

Colin *had* a boyfriend, but he emigrated to Australia, much to Colin's dismay: "It was a perfect relationship because he understood the problems I was having with the clubs, when we went through a bit of a bad patch, and was very supportive. He wouldn't get jealous and ask 'Who've you been talking to?' And if I came in depressed, he would know exactly how to get me out of it. He'd do stupid things that made me laugh, like going around and opening all the cupboard doors, or turning the cooker on and leaving it. He made me laugh. It was just a brilliant relationship . . .

"He's an actor and couldn't get any work over here, so he went off to Australia. Of course I was upset. I went through a very bad six months when he went, two years ago. But he was very much into his career and he thought Australia was the place to pursue it. I went out there last year and I realised he was right. It was great. I was like a little celebrity in Sydney. People would come up to me in the bars and ask if I was the guy who used to work in Bolts or Spats. There was just no getting away! We still contact each other once a week. There may be the possibility of him coming back, and I might even go out there to live. Not at the moment because business is doing too well. I'm not stupid when it comes to things like that. You mustn't let your heart rule your head."

When he's not enjoying one of his clubs, Colin is either at home, a three-bedroomed house set in the middle of suburbia (Thornton Heath in Surrey), a house he has lived in all his twenty-nine years, or at the gym. When at home, he is planning ahead, working on ideas for the clubs, designing artwork for his advertisements or taking phone calls and making deals. "When I'm not doing all that, I try to go to the gym as much as I can, with a training partner, normally four times a week. When I was out in Australia, I must admit, I had a most fab body. But it's all gone now. There's still a bit of tit there, but it's mostly dissolved . . . I do read a lot of the papers. I even read the *Sun* because the star signs are so good. They're spot on. I'm a Leo by the way. And I do like to see what they're saying about gay people, because if there was anything in there that was horrifically awful, I'd ring them up myself and tell them off. I also read the *Mirror* and the *Sunday Sport*. I read them all: you've got to, so you can keep in touch with what's going on."

As well as having a very close family around him, Colin is lucky enough to have friends: "I've got many *straight* friends, and we go out for meals, or I have them 'round. Although I'm gay, I don't see myself as being any different from the next door neighbour. I haven't got to go to a gay restaurant just because I want to eat, or go to a gay gym to train. Just because what I do in bed is gay, why do I have to be involved in gay things 100% of the time? I don't think that's healthy. Don't get me wrong, I *am* supportive of gay things. I don't simply sit back and say 'Ive got my clubs. Good!' That isn't my attitude at all. Later in the year I want to do some big charity event for Aids research."

On the Political front, Colin Peters has very little to say, admittedly having no interest in either British or World Politics: "I'm not a Political person. I must admit I pick up gay publications and find all you get, a lot of the time, is Political stuff rammed down your throat. I don't think people want to hear that all the time. It pisses me off. I couldn't even tell you the definition of Socialist: that shows how much I know! I think the Parties are all as bad as each other, whoever gets in. Last time I voted for the SDP. I may not even have voted . . . I mean, Thatcher's done a lot of good things, but a lot of bad things as well. They all lie in the end. It depresses me. I hate it."

"They all lie in the end. It depresses me."

Being gay in the late 80s won't be the same as it will in the year 2000, according to Colin: "I reckon in ten years time it'll be totally acceptable to be whatever you want, black, white, brown, yellow or gay. It's just there are a few old fuddie-duddies around, living in the past. I mean, my Nan couldn't believe it that I was wearing ripped jeans. 'Colin', she said, 'How can you wear ripped jeans in my home?' That's her Victorian values. She thinks I should go in there with neatly pressed trousers on. They were brought up that way; it's not their fault. My age group, the gay kids about now, are brought up differently, even straight kids. By the time we're middle-aged, the attitudes will be completely different. There'll be different people in the House of Commons. Look at the House of Lords! They're all half asleep in there. It's stupid, but things will change."

Colin has his sights set firmly on the Nineties, and on next year in particular: "I'll be opening up my own club. My own club, lock, stock and barrel! And *Bang* will be above that door. It'll be mine, without having to lease nights from people who own the clubs. Then I'll be able to have straights hiring *my* club for *their* nights, rather than the other way 'round, which is usually the case. I've got so many ideas for it, from decor to layout and lighting, and I want to put all those ideas into action. They'll all go into that one thing. And it'll be called *Bang*. The future for me means running a gay club. I'll always be doing that. It's what I love."

New York City was the first city to introduce a gay rights ordinance, and it took 13 years to pass. Meanwhile, mayor Ed "Crazy Eddie" Koch banned discrimination in the city government and openly gay police were being hired. In contrast, when West Hollywood incorporated nearly five years ago, a gay rights ordinance was just about the first thing passed by the five member city council — over half of which was gay — but there is still not a single openly gay police officer in the city.

Actually, the County Sheriffs Department is under contract to provide police services and it has not a single gay or lesbian officer out of all its thousands. Since discrimination is illegal, it must be an accident, right? Now the contract is up for renewal and there may not even by any public debate on the matter. Consequently, former Los Angeles policeman Mitchell Grobeson appeared before the council on January 17 to argue for more direct action.

Grobeson, you recall, is the handsome guy pictured in my December column who is suing the LAPD for almost $100 million for the way they hounded him out of his job. Recently, we sat at the French Market Place restaurant, near the spot where he was harassed by a West Hollywood Sherriff's officer who searched Grobeson's car looking for proof he was gay and then told his superiors, leading to the harrassment previously detailed and the lawsuit against the city, the chief of police, and 16 named officers. (I overlooked one page of the filing and reported only 10).

Grobeson has been speaking before every single gay-oriented group in Southern California in an attempt to get local police agencies to change their policies and begin to recruit from gays and lesbians. Since filing his complaint at the end of October 1988 and moving out of the area for protection from cops he says want to kill him, he claims to have spent over $20,000 on his crusade. But as of March 4, he says, he will stop and devote full attention to himself. Perhaps by then a movie deal being vaguely talked about will have become a little more real.

Anyway, he told me the West Hollywood City Council is "a joke" because vice squad entrapment, beatings by cops, and lack of follow-through for complaints of gay bashing are common occurrences. Or common enough — and he had stories to tell. His idea is that they should start their own police department or at least get some active recruitment. And he was angry that for all of his hectoring, all of his unpaid personal appearances, nothing much seems to be getting done.

Interestingly, one place where nothing is getting done is the gay press. I have personally written to a half dozen of the leading gay newspapers in the country and have heard from only one of them about this story. The New York Native, currently in a major decline in quality, ignored two letters. So far as I know, not even San Francisco has covered this story outside Los Angeles. Since there doesn't seem to have ever been any police officer anywhere in the country to bring a suit like this one, I confess to being amazed.

Other local developments on the police front have them harassing bar patrons in North Hollywood and beating gay men in Griffith Park, a large, mountainous area frequented particularly at weekends. This latter report is the more ironic for coming at a time when the police, vice squad, and gay community have achieved a historic accord on how to deal with lewd conduct in the area.

Police will wear distinctive jump suits for off-trail patrols. Mounted patrols will be assigned whenever possible. Clear warning signs will be posted (at cottages, for example) that the area is under surveillance. And deployment of vice officers will be diminished to see whether these measures have the desired effect. The police officer in charge of the park even commented that his impression is that 50 per cent of the lewd conduct arrests in the park are due to people coming in from other towns who are not part of the local gay community. It does seem unfair that *soi-disant* "straights" should be responsible for bringing this aggravation down on the rest of us.

But such progress may be illusory. Nearby Long Beach, home of the Queen Mary luxury liner, has a police chief who recently told gay leaders he'd be willing to hire gay police. Grobeson promptly went down to apply and found the chief busy claiming he was misquoted.

TEXAS TYRANT

The worst incident of gay violence in the last few months has not been from the famous "skinheads" — the youth corps of Tom Metzger's White Aryan Resistance (WAR), but from a judge in Dallas, Texas. Still suffering from the reputation for hatred and bigotry it gained a quarter of a century ago when President John F. Kennedy was assassinated there (classrooms of local school children, informed of the news, burst into applause), the city of oil millionaires and poverty reeled under the massive outpouring against Jack Hampton, who said he let a murderer off with less than the maximum sentence because his victim was a "queer".

"I don't much care for queers cruising the streets picking up teenage boys," he told a local newspaper. "I've got a teenage boy". So he sentenced Richard Lee Bednarski, age 18, to a 30 year term for murder instead of the maximum life sentence that was possible. It is, of course, unethical for a judge to let his personal life interfere with the dispassionate administration of justice.

What happened was that Bednarski and at least one friend went cruising in a Dallas gay neighbourhood on May 15 to "pester homosexuals". After jeering at some, they decided to beat two gay men and invited them into their car and drove to a remote spot. Then, Bednarski ordered the men to undress and when they refused, he pulled out a gun and shot them dead. Apparently the judge did not object to teenagers prowling the streets for people to attack. He'd have been a wonder in Germany about 50 years ago.

"Just spell my name right," he told the press. "If it makes anybody mad, they'll forget it by 1990," when he comes up for re-election. (All Texas judges are elected rather than appointed, thus providing, it's said, "the finest justice money can buy.")

However, on Dec 19, over 200 demonstrators demanded his resignation at a demonstration outside his courthouse and the next night over a thousand rallied for his resignation — including three city council members and representatives of various other public officials, such as a rep from the office of State Treasurer Anne Richards (she made herself famous at the Democratic Convention last year by saying that George Bush "was born with a silver foot in his mouth.")

The state judicial commission is considering the matter, but meanwhile it has not been only gays who have objected, but a broad range of citizens who are afraid of what would happen if other people got the idea that killing queers — or spics, wops, kikes, greasers, for that matter — wasn't considered as serious as killing a white man.

Salvatore Catapano

"I want to apologise for a poor choice of words describing the victims of the Bednarski case," Hampton said Dec 22. He does not seem to have apologised for the sentence he ordered, however. Grrrrr.

This reminds me of Judge Danile H. Weinstein of the San Francisco Youth Authority last year, who ruled on February 25 that Khalid Smith, 17, was guilty only of manslaughter for plunging a foot-long butcher knife into the chest of his neighbour, George Smoot.

The judge said Smoot's behaviour was "reprehensible" for allegedly coming on to the kid. Apparently Smoot's behaviour was more worthy of the death penalty than that of Smith. The case was a cause celebre last year in San Franciso because the police arrived on the scene and immediately believed everything the young man old them. Several cops have since been disciplined for conducting an incompetent investigation.

Similarly, there was a 20-year-old in Houston, Texas last year who claimed to have assaulted 60-70 gay men. He was sentenced to death August 14 for murder, but his attorneys are appealing the sentence on the grounds that he didn't plan any of these killings, he just hated gays so much he couldn't control himself. Suppose he felt that way about Jews, or defense attorneys? And without remorse, what makes them think he wouldn't do it again?

And while I'm on the subject of injustice, consider former art dealer Anthony Crispo, who was found not guilty last year in New York of charges stemming from the torture and alleged rape of a New York University graduate student after a Sept 20, 1984 (the courts are slow) party at the Crispo Gallery on fashionable 57th St. The three men Crispo hired who beat and tortured him, he said, got off because he admitted he liked "a little pain" and "light S&M". Defence attorneys had a field day dragging out details of fisting and the like that had nothing to do with the events in question. And the press ate it up, bandying around the victim's name to add shame to his other suffering.

Understand the situation: Crispo has been implicated in the murder of fashion design student Eigil Dag Vesti, stunningly beautiful, in February 1985. Known as the case of the man in the black mask, the bizarre sex/torture details attracted attention at the time. Bernard Le Geros, who worked for Crispo, was convicted but says he carried out the crime at Crispo's orders and in Crispo's presence. So why is this alleged human allowed loose? Because testimony of an accom-

US Gay

plice is not sufficient evidence to obtain a murder conviction in New York State.

NECROLOGY

Among those who died last year whose names should be mentioned before the year is entirely forgotten is Laud Humphries, 57, a professor of sociology at Pitzer College in California. He died August 23 after a 14-month battle with lung cancer. His best known works are *Tearoom Trade: Impersonal Sex in Public Places* (1970) and *Out of the Closets: The Sociology of Homosexual Liberation* (1972). A "tearoom" is Yankee talk for "cottage".

And then in November, psychic and astrologer Frederick Davies, well known in the popular press in both London and New York, and famous for his many movie star and celebrity clients, less known was that he was also an authority on the tarot. The cause, in the only obituary I saw, was listed as "pneumonia".

MEDICAL AMUSEMENTS

"Making a statement to our young adult readership is immensely important and responsible: Safe sex can save lives," explained Bob Guccione Jr, editor and publisher of a music magazine called "Spin". He not only runs a regular column on Aids each month, he got the manufacturer to donate 300,000 Trojans — one of the best known US brands of condoms — and gave one away in every newsstand copy of the November issue. Mostly people tore them out, of course, without buying, but subscribers had to mail in a postcard to get theirs. Twenty of the magazine's distributors refused to handle the magazine that month.

Also in the issue was an article on Salvatore Catapano, who has patented a procedure for using the typhoid vaccine to fight Aids. Subsequently, San Francisco's respected Project Inform sent a three-page letter objecting to the "Aids is syphilis" theory and reporting that most of the PWAs they know who use Catapano's procedure had no results and bloodwork that continued to decline.

Meanwhile, all three television networks have agreed to support an ad campaign for condoms and the varieties continue to proliferate, along with clever and fun packages ("Recycled Condoms" is one). Now, Mayer Laboratories has announced MAXX condoms, offering 24 per cent more head room, 10 per cent more length, more width, and 25 per cent more overall volume.

"A larger penis is not necessary for sexual pleasure, but the man with a larger penis needs a larger condom for comfort and protection," says company president David Mayer.

You already know that British condoms are larger than US standard and that Japanese rubbers are smaller, right. But did you hear the joke about Gorbachev trying to buy a plane load of condoms from Reagan? "What size?" asks the actor. "Twelve inches," says the Soviet. So they all arrive marked "Made in USA — MEDIUM"

And just in time, too! "The Journal of Sex Research" cites a Kinsey study of 2,770 men who measured their willy from the belly to the tip, along the top. The average was 3.89 inches soft, 6.21 inches hard, and — surprise! — "shorter flaccid penises enlarge more during erection than longer ones." But did you know a related finding was that gay men had slightly better endowments than non-gays? True.

Also reported by doctors is that the larger the testicles the greater the quantity of ejaculate. Just thought you'd like to know.

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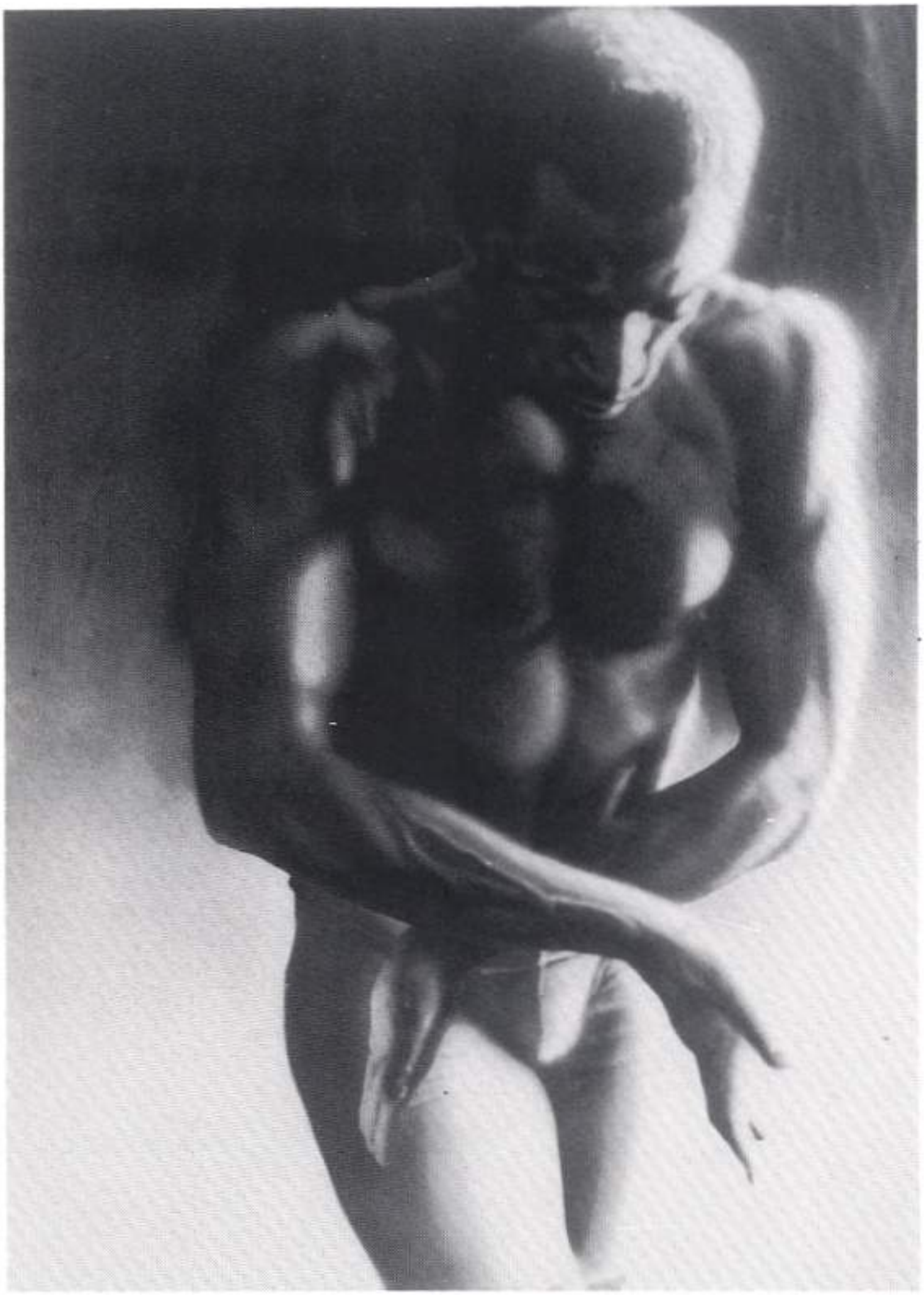
SCIENCE FRICTION

The striking drawings on these pages are by a young Liverpool man, Colin Dempsey, using an air brush. His inspiration comes from all forms of life, some of his paintings having an air of science fiction about them. Unfortunately we cannot show some of Colin's more exciting male nudes.

Colin does take on commissions and can be contacted through the HIM office.



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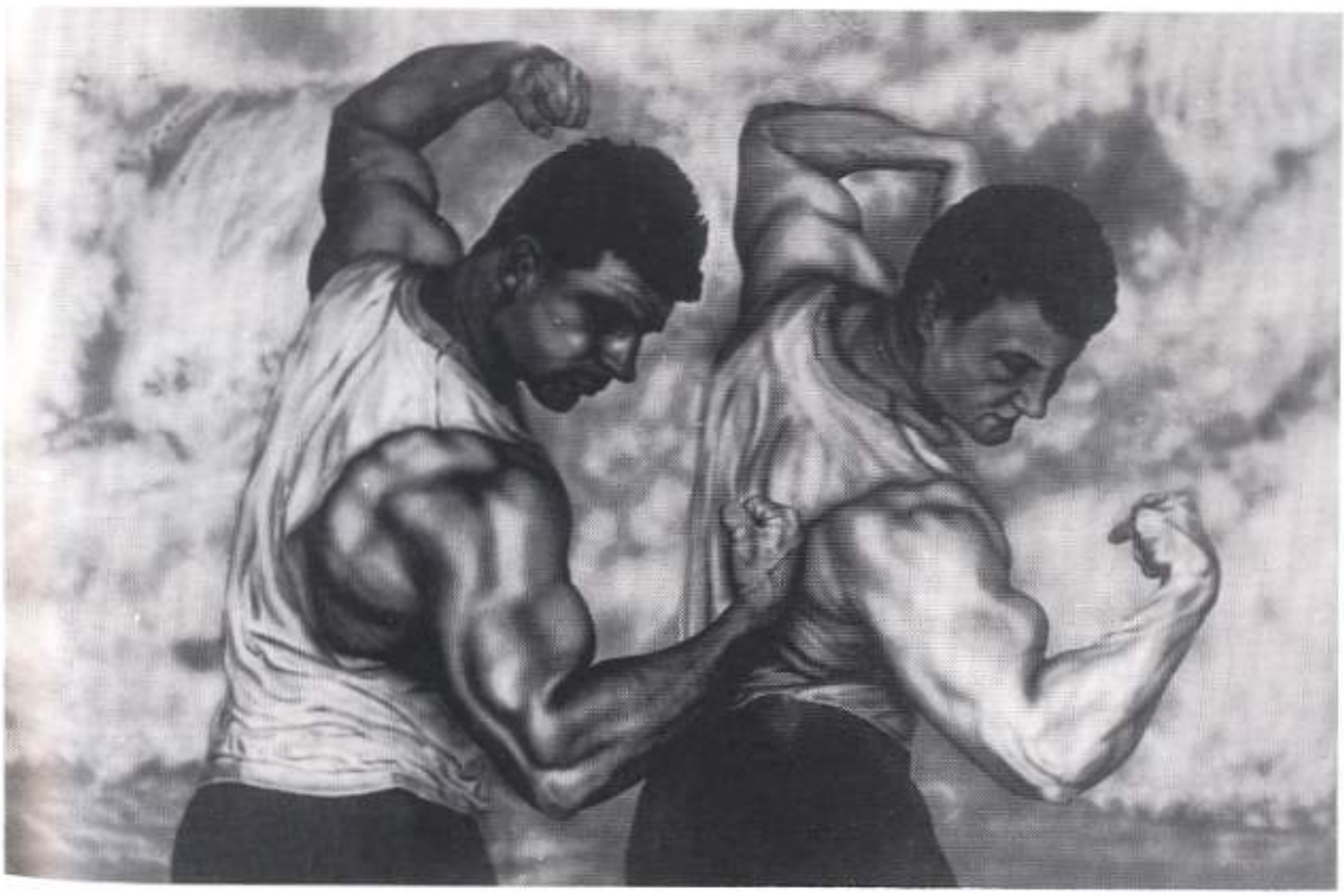

Showbiz

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SUZIE LAVERNE

SEEN AT TOUCH BALHAM

Contrary to popular belief I am not the nasty bastard that people would believe. I find great joy in finding acts that are both new and talented. Even in a raw state, just a glimmer of talent is enough to set me off enthusing. Talent these days gives me a real buzz. Well, this act is half way there. It's new. In the talent department I am afraid that this act has a long way to go. After an incredibly long intro music section this act finally took the stage in the first of a series of outstanding costumes. Unfortunately beautiful constumes appear to be as far as this act goes as far as entertainment is concerned. The performance was abysmal and consisted of striding up and down and then for a change, back and forth, as an animated clothes horse. The miming was way out, and the choice of records uninspiring. In total, the act was on stage for thirty minutes, in which time it performed an incredible five numbers. The rest of the time was spent in the dressing room, changing. But worse was to come, for a finale we were treated to a Donna Summer impersonation. Admittedly, the record was not Donna Summer and Suzie claims that it was not a Donna Summer impersonation, but with the fock and the wig, the movement and everything else, I and a lot of other peoole thought that it was. Well for me I am afraid that that was the final straw. An unforgiveable faux pas. After the performance I was treated to a chat with the gentleman claiming to be the act's agent, though Ms Laverne claims not to know him, Mr Lee Cocks, an ex-stripper, who berated me saying that I could not appreciate talent, and that the act should be allowed leeway because he was Portuguese and so he found difficulty in lipsynching English. Mr Cocks, I certainly can appreciate talent, Portuguese, Lebanese or Cotswolds. What I cannot appreciate and will not tolerate is for customers paying out good money in admission charges and drink prices and not getting value for money. An act that I shall certainly look out for, and avoid.

SADLERS WELLS ROYAL BALLET ON THE MOVE

NIGHTINGALE CLUB TO CLOSE ? ? ?

Sadlers Wells Royal Ballet is to uproot from London's Sadlers Wells Theatre and head for the Midlands and Birmingham's Hippodrome Theatre. The move has been on the cards for some while now and the final temptation of an extra £2,000,000 from the Arts Council and Birmingham City Council and the latter's offer of spending over £4,000,000 on improving the facilities at the Hippodrome was the final attraction. The company will remain part of the Royal Opera House organisation. How is this going to effect Birmingham's Nightingale Club which stands on the site that the council want to turn into studio space for the company? Last year they offered the Committee £1,500,000 for the premises, which was turned down. But now I hear it is to be subjected to a compulsory purchase order of just £500,000. Not enough surely to find alternative central premises.

CLOCKWORK ORANGE FOR LONDON

As part of The Royal Shakespeare Company's London season in November they are to mount the first ever stage production of the Anthony Burgess play *A Clockwork Orange*, the cult movie from the sixties. This year RSC has increased its touring commitment and will be on the road with *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and a theatre-go-round style tour of *Romeo and Juliet*.

WIZARD OF OZ TO TOUR

The RSC's mega-success this winter has to have been the Christmas production of *The Wizard of Oz*. Nominated for no less than five Olivier Awards, this wonderful musical is to undertake an extensive national tour. More details soon.

ASPECTS OF ROGER MOORE

007 Roger Moore has been signed to play the lead in Andrew Lloyd Webber's latest musical *Aspects of Love* due to open at The Prince of Wales theatre this spring.

BLEAK TIMES FOR LONDON

Bums are noticeable absent from London Theatre seats at the moment. Many of the major shows are closed, including *Follies*, *42nd Street*, *South Pacific* already closed and others, including *Chess* due to follow. Let's hope that this does not make the London producers even more conservative than they already are.

ELSIE AND NORM FOR CHESTER

One of my favourite pieces of theatre over the past few years has been Bristol Express Theatre Company's production of *Elsie and Norm's Macbeth*. This is to be presented now in a new production by the *Gateway* Theatre in Chester. Elsie and Norm are fed up with the local amateur dramatic group and decide to put on their own two person production of *Macbeth*. Shakespeare, they decide, knows bugger all about writing thrillers and has big casts because he had lots of relatives who he had promised parts to. The ensuing fun makes for fabulous theatre. Don't miss it.

PAUL KERRYSON'S OPENING SEASON

Undoubtedly one of the country's most talented and exciting directors, Paul Kerryson has just released more details about his first season as artistic director of Oldham's Coliseum Theatre. The line-up includes Alan Ayckbourn's *Chorus of Disapproval* followed by *Stepping Out* and *Breaking The Code*. This last production written by Hugh Whitemore tells the story of Alan Turing, the guy who broke Germany's Enigma Code and so helped bring about the speedy end of World War 2. Alan was gay and *Breaking the Code* tells his story. I for one will be making tracks to Oldham.

DR WHO MEETS THE NEIGHBOURS

Coming to London is a new *Doctor Who* — The Musical. The Doctor's assistants are to be played by *Neighbours* stars Kylie Minogue and Jason Donovan.

BACK IN THE SWING

Back in August I had word from acts that they were having trouble with *Olivers Club* in Chester. It appears that the lovely Adrian Noble has been in hospital since last July, now he is out and things are getting back to normal. Adrian tells me that the club is back totally gay from Tuesday to Saturdays, with an alternative night on Mondays.

LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME

ROYAL LYCEUM THEATRE EDINBURGH

A Scottish translation of Molière's *The Miser* was tackled very impressively by The Royal Lycuem Company some years ago. Unfortunately the same cannot be said for their current production. Not only was the translation disappointing, but the technical ability of the company fell far short of what one has come to expect.

The production was neither fish nor fowl, with director Hamish Glen never seeming to have made up his mind how he

wanted it played. The action ranging from pantomime to farce, with spare male flunkies I could not see the logic in casting a female, Una Ailsa Macnab, complete with false whiskers, as the dancing master.

Irritating padding appeared throughout, with musicians and dancers on stage looking as bewildered as the audience as to why they were there.

Molière's humour, which is sharp and witty became parochial in the extreme, with banal references to the local areas thrown in for belly laughs. The only saving grace of the evening was Mary Riggan's superb portrayal of the much suffering Madame Jourdain. She at least managed to display some control. *(Chris Eon)*

COLE PORTER / ELAINE PAGE

Elaine Page is to return to the scene of her past major triumphs and will be playing in Cole Porter's *Anything Goes* at London's Prince Edward Theatre, opening in the early summer. It is here, of course that she created the stage *Evita* and later appeared in *Chess*.

Lee and Jimmy

Gossip from the Dressing Cupboard

THAT WAS NO LADY THAT WAS GEORDIE

Well, you could have knocked me down with a feather! (I would perfer a riding crop, but never mind) Just who did I see coming out of an Earls Court restaurant but male stripper Geordie. Nothing unusual about that (the Coleherne's just around the corner) but on his arm was a young lady, and they walked off into the sunset looking all dewy-eyed and romantic. All this will come as a surprise to his last paramour, the fabulous Candy Du Barry . . . well Candy and half the regulars at the Market Tavern. Is it romance in the air, I asked? Well Geordie is keeping tight-lipped. Which is more than can be said for other parts of his anatomy.

NO SHOW , NO , NO BOOKING

Lily and Adrella, as High Society, are fighting mad. They received a phone call asking them to do a roadshow at a club in Liverpool recently and turned it down because both were working elsewhere on the Monday concerned. Imagine their anger when they received irate calls from Liverpool guys who had gone along to see them and were told after getting into the club that they had not bothered to turn up. Lily and Adrella would like to hear from people who were at the club that night so they can find out what really happened. They send their apologies to their Merseyside fans, but they were not at fault. They never accepted the booking.

TERRY ALCOCK LEAVES VAUXHALL

After many years as entertainment booker at the Royal Vauxhall Tavern, Terry Alcock has left the tavern. The job has been taken over by the much loved Brendan Murphy. Brendan, well known to regulars of the Vauxhall is a wise choice for the job. His contacts and style have made him a lot of friends in the business.

MR GAY UK 89

Entries for this year's Mr Gay UK to be held at Blackpool's Flamingo CLub are pouring in. Entries so far include ROCKSHOTS - NEWCASTLE, THE BLOCK at TOUCH, NICKLEBY'S ALTERNATIVE CLUB - SOUTHEND, THE BLOCK at SILKS, THE TWO BREWERS - CLAPHAM, BENNETTS NIGHTCLUB - GLASGOW, THE EXCALIBUR - STOKE ON TRENT. Other venues are registering daily. Looks like this is going to be a mega-year.

NO SHOW , NO , NO BOOKING TWO

Jimmy Trollette and Lee Paris, together one of the best double acts around were recently advertised at various venues in the North as part of an Extensive northern tour. Trouble is nobody bothered to tell Jimmy and Lee. It appears some agent went round all the clubs offering a Jimmy and Lee show without first checking with Jimmy and Lee that they were available. Jimmy and Lee were advertised extensively. The lovely Lee Paris said that someone had phoned them to enquire about a tour, but they could not at the time required undertake it. But nobody had bothered to tell the venues, or for that matter Jimmy and Lee that they were billed as appearing. Jimmy and Lee want all their northern fans to know that they are looking forward to a northern tour, it's being negotiated now, but please don't blame them, or for that matter, the venues. Neither were at fault.

Candy can do?

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Ever thought about all the work your poor old heart does. Even when you are deep in the land of nod it goes on pumping away. 24 hours a day it does its best trying to keep you alive and well.

And what do the majority of people do to their tireless workhorse in return? Very little. They consume too many calories, gradually building a dangerous, restrictive padded cell of fat around their most important organ. Or they puff away noxious fumes that threaten to cut off the very supply of oxygenated blood that is circulating that the heart depends on for its very survival, your survival. The oxygen that is circulating is polluted — no wonder so many find it hard to breathe when having to run just a few steps to catch a bus.

Performing everyday chores, things that many take for granted, even the simplest of tasks, would be impossible if the heart, and its much needed oxygen supply were not in good condition.

Have you ever stopped to think just how many times a day your heart beats? I will give you an idea. For a person of average fitness, say of 25 years old, this figure would be around 100,000 beats. To take this figure just one step further it represents almost three quarters of a million heartbeats a week. For an overweight or severely out-of-condition person this could be considerably more. Now, to function most efficiently the idea is to get the most and best blood supply to the heart and have it pumped around the body with the least exertion: in other words, having a lower resting heart beat and one that is strong and regular.

Obviously when you exercise hard your heart rate has to rise in order to pump oxygenated blood to all the areas needing it. But when at total rest your heart should be functioning at nominal strain. This is not the case with people who smoke heavily and/or have a calorie-laden diet. For those people, climbing just a few steps can take their rates to a dangerously high-risk level.

Before I go any further I suggest that anyone who falls into either or both of the above categories go and visit their doctor for a check-up to evaluate their heart condition. A simple test may tell you something vitally important to your health and may encourage you to re-evaluate your current bad habits.

Most people have occasional splurges of junk food or alcohol when at a party: this is noly normal. Everything in moderation, it is said. Well this is OK when applied to food and drink, but not to smoking. Smoking and your heart are arch enemies.

Taking care of your heart does not just mean not endangering it with fatty deposits or restricting the blood flow because of smoking; it also means exercising it. The heart is a muscle too, a very powerful one and it has to be exercised to increase its strength and endurance.

There are many exercise forms that stress the heart adequately enough to keep it in good condition. What you do for your heart depends on many things. Obviously an elderly person cannot suddenly take an Olympic marathon programme, but in fact something as simple as walking can encourage good health. Even something like a vigorous bout of spring cleaning stimulates the heart to a degree! However, I suggest that the best plan of action to get your heart and your lungs along with the rest of your body into really pristine condition is to undertake a graduated circuit training routine. This can be performed with or without weights and can vary in intensity according to your needs and current condition. It can be done equally well at home or at your local health club, even in a swimming pool.

Aerobics is still quite popular since its incredible beginnings years ago. These days you have your low impact aerobics which makes certain of having both feet on the ground at any one time, which is less stressful to joints and your back than the high impact variety. Aerobics (joint stress aside) is a great way, if taught correctly, to keep those pounds at bay and it tones up your heart as well. It gives you a small amount of muscle tone but does not shape your body the way a weight circuit training programme does. Nevertheless, it is cheap and quick and providing that you have adequate footwear and a good flexible surface, plus an experienced teacher, the benefits to your fitness are well worth it. I will bo into more detail of this form of exercise in a future article.

But circuit training with weights is probably the best all-round programme there is. You get a good degree of muscle shape and tone although because of the very nature of the exercise, muscle growth is minimal, minimal but nevertheless noticeable.

The cardiovascular programme should involve large muscle groups and the exercise should have two characteristics:
They should be done at relatively low intensity, so that you can keep exercising for 30-60 minutes at a time.
They should be rhythmic, meaning that there is a brief rest period for the main muscle group when another muscle group takes over.

The aerobic exercises should be performed at least three days a week for a desirable training effect to occur.

Before going on to describe the programme, I would like just to clarify two terms you have probably heard relating to exercise, one of which is pertinent to this article.

AEROBIC / ANAEROBIC

Human beings are able to move because of muscle contraction. Muscles pull on bones and cause limbs to move, thus forcing your body to move. The muscles use energy to contract in two ways: aerobically and anaerobically.

Aerobically: With Oxygen

Aerobic exercises are those where the demands of muscles for oxygen are met by the circulation of oxygen in the blood. This article is concerned with exercises of an aerobic nature. These exercises, although strenuous, are rhythmical and are performed at less than all-out intensity. During exercise, there is a brief period for the main working muscle group (during which another muscle group does all the work) and the bloodstream brings nutrients to the muscle cells and removes metabolic waste. This allows the movement to continue for a long period of time.

Anaerobic: Without Oxygen

Anaerobic activities are those where the oxygen demands of the muscles are so high that the available system cannot supply adequate oxygen. Sprinting is a typical example of an anaerobic exercise. This is why athletes appear to be gasping for air at the conclusion of a short race. They are in fact in "oxygen debt" and the oxygen that they are desperate to replace will cleanse their bodies of lactic acid build-up that occurs from short intense exercise.

CARDIOVASCULAR TRAINING

The cardiovascular training effect occurs when you are working your heart muscle at 70%-85% of its maximum rate. Maximum rate is the fastest that your heart can beat and still efficiently pump blood to your body. As age increases, so maximal heart-rate (safe levels) decreases, as do the target zone levels. As a simple example, a 25 year old should reach the target pulse rate of between 140-170 beats a minute with a maximal safe level of around 200 beats per minute. By contrast a 45 year old would have corresponding levels and limits of 124-150 and 176 beats/mins respectively.

To check your pulse rate, the simplest way is to place two fingers on your wrist about 1" down from where the hand joins. Feel around until you get a pulse. Simply count the beats for 15 or 30 seconds and multiply by 4 or 2. This is a fairly accurate reading, but for more definite results I suggest taking your pulse for a full sixty seconds.

THE WEIGHTS CIRCUIT

The programme that I'm outlining is a very simple one and can be added to or expanded on. The quickest and thus most effective way to perform the circuit is to use machines. Making up and dismantling weights takes too much time and so detracts from the benefits of the circuit.

Do one exercise and move on immediately to the next, no resting! Check your pulse to make sure that you are within the target zone. After a while you will know instinctively when your heart-rate is at its correct level.

Aerobic conditioning is an integral part of total fitness. Don't forget your heart is a muscle too and it is no good looking muscular on the outside if you are lacking on the inside.

To summarize, here are the benefits of an aerobic programme.

- Increased ability of the heart and blood vessels to supply oxygen to the body.
- Increased blood volume.
- Increased lung capacity, ability to transport oxygen into the blood and remove carbon dioxide from the blood.
- Better stamina, longer duration of effort before exhaustion.
- Decrease in body fat.
- Reduced stress and tension (very important in this day and age)

PROGRAMME

Situps

Lay on back, raise torso bending knees and exhale totally. Return to start and repeat.

Bench Press

Select lightweight or BP machine, moderate hand spacing on bar. Push to arms length over chest, lower under control and repeat.

Bench Rowing

Select a medium-weighted D/B and place it on the floor on side of the bench. Place one knee and supporting hand on bench, other leg just slightly bent. Grasp D/B from floor and pull up as high as comfortably possible alongside body. Keep back flat. Lower weight and repeat.

Squat

Grasp two lightweight D/B. Stand erect, heels on a block of wood 12-16" apart, toes out. Bwend at the waist and squat down to parallel keeping back flat and head up. Exhale on way up to start position. Repeat.

Military Press

Use shoulder press machine and grasp bar with a shoulder width grip, facing machine. Press bar to arms length, standing or sitting, lower and repeat.

Lat Pulldowns

Grasp the lat pulldown machine bar with a 36" grip, facing machine and in overhand position keep head forward and, contracting back muscles, pull bar down to shoulders. Perform exercises seated or kneeling. Return to full arm stretch position and repeat. Exhale up.

Incline D/B Press

Select two medium weighted D/Bs and place them either side of an incline bench. Set the bench at an angle of 30°, grasp the D/Bs, push them to arms length laying back on the bench. From this position lower D/Bs to chest elbows out at the sides. Press back to arms length, exhale up.

COMPLETION OF ONE CIRCUIT

Repeat the circuit as many times in a 30-45 min period (depending on your fitness level) as you can. Keep weights light enough to enable you to perform 12-15 repetitions per exercise, more on sit-ups. Check your pulse-rate regularly to make sure you are in target pulse zone.

Him Doctor

FIRST WET DREAM ?

Dear Ray,
The experience of your reader (HIM 18) who "came" while riding a bicycle reminded me of an equally unexpected ejaculation.
I was about 13 at the time, unaware of my gayness and uninitiated to the delights of orgasm. Hopeless though I was at sport, I was forced to join in the qualifying swimming trials for my all-boy high school summer sports day. With the afternoon running behind schedule the teachers started holding races with at least 15 boys competing for swimming space across the width of the pool. I got off to a flying start despite much frantic collision of arms and legs. About a third of the way to the finishing line I was shocked to discover that I was up there with the leaders. Limbs were still bashing limbs when I suddenly felt a wierd sensation in my loins and I lost all my strength at a stroke. I was overtaken on all sides and finished a poor last feeling hardly able to drag myself from the pool.
At the time I thought I had pissed myself with excitement, thinking that I had a real chance of avoiding my usual sporting humiliation. It was some months later that I discovered (I thought "invented") proper masturbation and realised that being in such close contact with all those thrashing near-naked boys had been the "climax" of my sporting career.
Stan (London)

Dear Stan,
I have selected your letter from several I've received on the subject of spontaneous and unexpected ejaculations. Ron of Cumberland recalls coming in from a hill walk in blizzard conditions and "creaming" as he stood warming himself in front of a huge log fire. Sean from Liverpool remembers his first ride in a British Rail sleeper when the vibration of the train caused him to ejaculate as he lay face down in his bunk.
A regular correspondent of mine, who shall remain nameless, links these spontaneous events with the letter in HIM 17 about earliest orgasmic experiences. He writes "My first erotic impulse came when I was about 11 years old. I wrote a poem about a horse — the riding of a horse. It was about me seeing a man ride this horse on the sea-shore. I actually had a vivid memory of his silhouette at sundown. I saw the image of this horseman moving across the horizon. It was the most enduring picture of anything I had ever seen.
"My poem won the class prize. The teacher read it out. The hush in the room . . . the gentle, velvet trail of the master's voice . . . the air was electric — and I got this hard on, really hard. It was agonizingly painful. I sat there behind my desk terrified that I would have to walk forward to receive class applause but, fortunately I was not afforded that garland. But I sat there dreaming that I was on the horse and could ride for ever towards the blood-red sun.
"I told my best friend about the horse and the poem and my hard-on and it was on that day that we found the secret place (we all found a secret place, didn't we?) and began that most important life-long habit. For the first time we masturbated, we compared and we took hold of one another . . . two serious faces examining two perfect miracles"
I am grateful to readers for sharing their memories in this way. Maybe we are off the medical beat but it is good, sometimes, to really savour the joy and innocence of sex. I'm legitimately in the game of Health Promotion and this kind of thing is what it's all about.

WELL, FANTASY THAT !

Dear Ray,
I guess that, like most guys, I enjoy sexual fantasies when I'm having a wank. I'm pretty good at it and my mind is really carried away so that I almost believe that I actually am with my regular lover even though he is living fifty miles away.
The trouble is that the fantasy is actually becoming better than the real thing. I really go wild when I'm drooling in my imagination about what Jack and I are going to do when we next get together. I pump away harder and harder and, in due course, reach a "King Size" orgasm which splatters the spunk around the place like the Trafalgar Square fountains. Then when Jack arrives and we go to bed together it isn't half so good. Indeed the last time he came over it was an absolute disaster. I couldn't "cum" at all and he went home in a huff. But as soon as he'd gone I started to think about him and, lo and behold, out spewed the semen with gay abandon.
What's the answer. Obviously Jack means a hell of a lot to me or I couldn't think about him in the way I do, but I'm afraid I'll lose him if I don't perform better in his arms.
Victor (Plymouth)

Dear Victor,
The power of fantasy can be very strong and is usually a healthy way of improving the quality of masturbation. However, you have highlighted a danger which is always present when the object of the fantasy is too close and similar to real life expectations from partnered sex. Imagination knows no bounds but sex with a partner is constrained by the limits of practicality and so can prove less satisfactory than fantasising about the same partner. As a twice-a-day wanker I, too, have developed a powerful ability to fantasize but I concentrate my "pictures in the mind" on wildly extravagant scenarious which could never occur in real life. For example, as a "semen freak", a mind-blowing recurring theme of mine is to go swimming in a pool of the stuff produced by an army of naked masturbating marines. This is so far removed from credibility in a real life situation that it in no way

PHOTOGRAPH: ALBERT SWORD

interferes with the action when I'm actually in bed with a lover.
Try it, to see if it helps.

IT'S F****** DIFFICULT

Dear Ray,
We've corresponded for years and you know my pen name. I'm a middle-aged homosexual and I have recently fallen in love with a bachelor about my own age.
When he asked me to share his bed with him I accepted with alacrity and thoroughly enjoyed stripping, getting into bed and watching him undress prior to coming in, bollock naked, alongside me. After playing with each other's cocks and balls we sucked each other off and then he asked me to fuck him. So far, so good.
The difficulty arose when he wanted to fuck me. I am of light build and he is big and heavy so that when he mounted me he squashed the breath out of me. Also, I've got rather a tight arse-hole and, though his prick isn't very long, it is very thick, so he was unable to penetrate me. This was a great disappointment to both of us. I had so looked forward to being fucked by him and he so much wants to shoot his spunk up my arse. It is important for both of us to overcome this situation in order to have the maximum enjoyment from having sex together. So what can you suggest?
"Lord Bollocks" (Herts)

Dear "Lord Bollocks",
We have, indeed, been corresponding for many, many years. You must have been amongst those who wrote to me when I first began my regular column in the, now defunct, "Quorum" magazine not far short of twenty years ago. Much semen has flowed under the bridges in all those years. Indeed, after all this time, I am surprised that you are now facing this problem for the first time.
First and foremost an appeal to you to consider the importance of "safer Sex". I don't want to appear too condemnatory of anal sex for fear of discouraging other readers from writing to me, but it does seem a pity that, having got through middle age without it, you should feel so strongly motivated to want to start taking risks now. It is anal sex, particularly in the passive, receptive, role which is by far the most hazardous activity as far as Aids is concerned — and that's not the only disease that can be spread by the back door.
If you feel you must do it insist that he wears a well-lubricated condom. Make sure he puts it *on* before you have it *off*!
You may find it difficult to learn to relax your anal sphinctre to permit entry for the first time in middle age. The thickness of his cock does mean that you will have to be very relaxed indeed. That means plenty of initial foreplay in warm, comfortable surroundings with no limitations on time available. A liberal smothering of KY lubrication is imperative.
Get your lover to lie on his back on the bed or floor with a pillow under his buttocks to raise them so that his erect cock sticks more or less vertically upwards. Stoop down astride him facing his face or his feet as the whim takes you. If his cock normally has an upward bend then looking towards his face is likely to be easier because your anus will accommodate him more readily in that position.
Gradually lower yourself onto him, guiding his prick into you with your hand as you do so. Tell him not to thrust at this stage. Hopefully, with a bit of careful manipulation, he'll quite suddenly slip in with a slurp! This method, for first timers, allows you to maintain control of the rate and direction of penetration at all times. Later on, when the process becomes progressively easier, you should be able to try other positions in which he adopts a more active role. However, because of his weight, you may always have to depend upon standing or kneeling postures. Lying flat on your tummy in bed is, in fact, quite a difficult position for your partner to gain entry because your buttocks tend to close together and so narrow the cleft between them.

COCK SIZE – YET AGAIN !

Dear Ray,
I'm in my early twenties and an inexperienced gay male. I have been concerned for many years that men may be put off sexual relationships with me because of the size of my penis — 8.1" long by 5.6" thick.
I read in a magazine once that the average penis is 6.5" by 3.5". I would be grateful for your opinion.
Matthew (no address given)

Dear Matthew,
Letters like yours, without an address, stir my detective instincts. Why do you want to write in this vain manner? Do you, in fact, possess very small genitalia and is your letter an ego boosting fantasy? Are you merely keen to see your letter in print? Are you, perhaps, having difficulties in establishing meaningful sexual relationships for reason of personality or some other factor and are you resorting to blaming the size of your penis as an excuse to explain away your lack of success?
I am sorry if I appear to have a suspicious mind but you must know that, apart from a few cranks like myself who go wobbly at the knees in adulation of 5" or less, large pricks are almost universally acclaimed. I cannot seriously think that your inexperience is due to a general turning off in response to your 8". It is true that some people are intimidated by large cocks — especially when they are about to be fucked. It is also known that guys with large dicks sometimes experience difficulty in maintaining an erection, because of the weight of the weapon, and find it difficult to gain entry during intercourse but, in spite of these irritations, to be well hung is normally an asset not the reverse.
I suggest you should try to analyse your inexperience a little more deeply than you have done. There's more in this than meets the eye!!!

A BIT COMPLICATED !

Dear Ray,
I'm now 56 and 100% gay but in my younger days I liked it both ways. In fact I had to get married at the age of 20 just in time to legitimise the daughter born to the girl I was going out with. Because I had so many boyfriends my wife couldn't stand it and we were divorced five years later but we remained good friends and had it off from time to time. One night I went to see my ex-wife but she was out and I ended up in bed with my daughter, then 14, instead. To cut a sad story short she became pregnant and had a son and I did time as Her Majesty's guest for incest.
My son by my daughter is now 21 and he's gay. What's more, in spite of the age gap, we're in love and having it off together regularly, in private and by mutual consent of course.
Where do we stand in the eyes of the law?
Anon.

Dear Anon,
As a non-lawyer I think I'm quite relieved that you wrote anonymously so there's no way I can be an "Accessory after the fact".
Actually, since your son is of legal age to consent and since your sexual activities take place in private, I do not think that you are commiting an offence. Incest is a crime between man and woman not man and man. I'd be happier, though, if you were to seek a legal opinion from a more experienced source.
Either that or make sure you don't get found out!

CHILD SEXUAL ABUSE

Dear Ray,
Nicholas (Deptford) in HIM 19 accused you of having condoned childhood sexual abuse in an earlier issue of HIM. You put up a spirited defence, explaining that you have been misinterpreted and pointing out that while you most certainly did not condone offences against children their allegedly harmful effects must not be taken out of perspective. Many abused children do not suffer long term physical or psychological damage. Obviously some do and some don't. May I relate the circumstances of myself and my brother.
I am the elder, now 31, and my brother is only 14 months younger. We were very close and always shared the same bedroom. I remember when I was 13 and he was 12 we found a book that talked about masturbation and read it in bed one night by torchlight. We both tried it that night for the first time and both had orgasms though only I produced a drop or two of spunk. Not long after, on a trip to the seaside, we got talking to a man about 35 who invited us into his private beach hut. He soon brought the conversation round to sex and we all had a wank. We enjoyed ourselves and agreed to return next day. In fact we went back several times, sometimes twice in a day, and it wasn't long before the man was fucking us both quite regularly. I could take him quite easily but my brother was less relaxed and on just one occasion found it very painful. After that he became increasingly frightened about the visits and eventually refused to come with me. I didn't like going alone and that was the end of that.
I grew up gay and still enjoy both fucking and being fucked. My brother, on the other hand, is happily married with two young children. His attitude towards child sex abuse is vitriolic. He says it scarred him for life. I took it in my stride and have no regrets.
Would you care to comment?
Hayden (North Wales)

Dear Hayden,
It is virtually impossible to assess the degree of harm which a child either does or does not experience. In the case of you and your brother who knows where the greatest harm was done. You may not mind being gay, perhaps that was your destiny anyway, but can we be *sure* your experience didn't direct you into homosexuality. If so we must ask the question is that good or bad? On the other hand has your brother experienced even greater emotional trauma? There are so many imponderables that it is far too dangerous to try to justify or condone adults interfering with developing childhood sexuality.

Here is the first new column of 1989 and what a bumper one it is going to be! I am going to try and be brief so that I can fit enough of the new tracks in! There has been that much finding its way onto the market over the last two months that I don't know where to start — well here goes.

Italy has provided a glut of new product over the last few weeks so I am going to be brief and to the point: if you like good typical italo-nrg then the following will be right up your street — extra comments in brackets! **Barbara** *Ciao Boys* (Asia Records, Fast, Tatjana/Sabrinaish), **Tatjana** *Awaka-Boy Boy* (Asia Records, Very much in the Boys vein even down to the male rap), **Buckbeats** *Daydream* (Flea Records, Remixed in Italy much sought after over here doing well once more), **Avant De Sortir** *I Love America* (Meet Records, A fabulous update of the Patrick Juvet classic), **Gary Cooper** *Never Can Change My Mind* (Asia Records, produced by Aleph and it shows!), **Tina Gabriel** *If You Say You Love Me* (Mem Records, If you can't wait for the next Kylie this one's for you), **Chris** *My My My* (Asia Records, old fashioned mindless hi nrg), **As is Lilac** *Come Come Come* (Flea Records), **Jenny Kee** *Hot Love* (Asia Records, My favourite of the bunch Fun Fun-ish but with one vocalist and melodic), **Ross** *Go Go Boy* (Flea Records, Backed with a Ross megamix), **Sabina** *Excited For Love* (Demo-disc Records, sounds like her near namesake), **Malcolm J Hill** *Come Back & Do It* (Flea Records), **Mark Farina** *To My Heart* (Asia Records, lovely melodic keyboards), **King Kong & The DJ'ungle** *Girls It's So Funny* (Flea Records), **Chip Chip** *Everything You Love* (Flea Records, backed with a megamix). Also out now is Mix Energy Two Various (X Energy, excellent megamixer following on from the 1st in '83 featuring the best of X Energy's recent output).

Other Italian releases that are good but not quite up to the standards of the preceding ones standards are: **Julie** *Bring Me Love* (Media Records, Yazzish should do well if you like Yazz sound alikes!). Two more both on Asia Records: **Ciao Ciao** *Don't Go Breaking My Heart* and **Barbara** *Ciao Boys* — both good dancefloor fodder but will they sell — I don't know.

In comparison Belgium and Germany seem to have had a quiet two months, but what they have had are some corkers! **Samantha Gilles** has covered the **Elgins** classic *Heaven Must Have Sent You* (Hi Tension Belgium) in two mixes this is great but wait till you hear the 1989 Elgins version about to come out on Nightmare — it's ace!

Germany's **Bad Boy's Blue** have *Hungry For Love* out on Coconut, this is typical of them but won't probably bring them any new fans. Unusually Polydor in Germany has thrown up a couple of good Eurobeat tracks out, namely **Donna Kay**'s *Give Me Your Body* and **Jennifer Bell**'s *I Just Can't Get Enough*. These are typical Eurodisco and will find many fans, if you are into a dated sound, also dated but one of the two best German tracks this issue **Baccara Return**, albeit with 'New' as a prefix (!), with a distinctly Modern Talking-ish track. **Fantasy Boy** (Bellaphon), this is brilliant if there is any justice in the world this will be the track which everyone will be hearing on their holidays this year — and of course won't be a hit in the UK till September next year! More modern in its styling and no less brilliant than the last one is **Deborah Sasson — MCL** with (Carmen) *Danger In His Eyes* (88 Records) in its rechno-Acid House remix form (not that it is) this is wowing them up and down the country in upfront venues. Bits of Carmen weave into the track that is just sublime — I *Love* it!

As is usual the US and Canada have very few to write about but they do have a couple of goodies. USA first, **Kylie Minogue** has a new track from her LP out there *It's No Secret* on Geffen — probably one of the best on the LP, UK produced, US released **Smalltown Boys** have *Beatski Mix* out on TSR. This is as it sounds a cover version medley but it is much much better than last year's dire Communix released here — worth looking out for. **Modern Rocketry** have pointlessly covered *Get Ready* (**Carol Hitchcock**'s version still strong in our minds) the old **Miracles** classic on Megatone — it's ok if you really like the track. But this month's essential purchases are both on Canadian Power, **Vanelle** returns with *Doctor For Your Heart*. I was always unsure about *Set Me Free* her last one but this is brilliant and will find favour on many floors if given that all important chance, the other one would need no work at all for yet again it is a cover version of an old Tamla classic, as seems to be in vouge these days. Taken from her LP *My Name Is . . .* ***Eria Fachin*** *has the third track to be twelve inched in I Hear A Symphony*. This will find instant favour with nostalgia freaks everywhere. A bit tricky in its drum tacks though, it has the same synchopated rhythm as **Michael Jackson**'s *The Way You Make Me Feel* although much faster!

The UK has not had much of a break either, releases seem to have been unaffected by the Xmas/New Year festivities except at PWL where they have only promoed the new **Donna Summer** record (!) that is due out on WEA soon — this is a good return to form but whether her gay audience will be as open minded over it is another thing — we will see.

Everybody else seems to have been working away like beavers to get product ready for Midem which took place in Cannes, France in January. **Ian Levine** was virtually living in Southlands/Skcratch studio this last month and has some really good songs set for release — look out for new ones by **Sherrie Payne, Elgins, Linda Clifford, Pearly Gates** and many more. He has picked up *Green Olives* for the UK and has remixed it for his Blue Moon label, this is a lot more powerful in the keyboard dept but has lost some of the dynamics of the original.

Already out on his Nightmare/Saturday labels are some of the best things he has put out in the last few months. All these come highly reccommended and are packing my dancefloor at the moment — **Moonstone** with a cover of Abba's classic *The Visitors*, **Gee Morris** (no relation!) with *This Old Heart Of Mine* **Croisette** with *Do You Know The Way to San Jose? (Yes that one!)* ***Miquel Brown*** *with the So Many Men* styled quasi-sequel *This Time It's Real* and two more that I have just got ate **Gazebo** with *Coincidence* (Melodic Euro-energy) and **Evelyn Thomas** with *This is Madness* (Up to her usual standards).

Passion have two to mention **Angie** with *SOS* which is very much in the S/A/W mold and should find a few fans. Next up yet another cover version **Quantize** with *You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling*. If you liked the last **Quantize** release then you will find a lot to reccommend in this one.

Samantha Fox has covered *I Only Wanna Be With You* and updated it in acid house style which surprisingly works very well (Jive Records). Remember **Tracy Spencer**'s *Run To Me?* Well if you do or not there is another version now out by **Cherish** on Instant Karma that will take its place adequately. **Silk & Steele** have a new one out too on Strike. *Don't Talk To Strangers* is the title and has the immortal line "Don't Get Caught With Your Knickers Down!" I like it!

One track that I possess is by a promising young lady called **Sammy Rite**. We had her for a PA at the Flamingo a while back in December and I was given her first record *It's Nice*. This has been causing a stir ever since. But because of the stupid moron that 'manages' her I can give you no other information on the track because he is too thick to supply me with any despite having two months to do so. So in a few months time when you see this in the bargain bins because nobody in the gay press has a clue that the record has been targetted at us so therefore it has had no grass roots publicity you will know where you heard (vaguely) of it first.

The latest in the Megatrax series has come into my possession and this will find a few fans as one side is devoted to the talents of **New Order** and the other is an excellent acid house mix. This is of the more commercial end of the market so this will find pop dance favour too.

Well I knew that there would be a lot to fit in this month so I hope there is not too much to digest at once! As usual all the records are available from myself by post. Send for details (with a large SAE) to BPM Records, 10 Park Road, Blackpool Lancs, FY1 4HT.

Work is now completed at the Flamingo and in **Michael Cashman**'s words on Xmas Eve "I have not seen a gay club even in London as good as this", so that must now be the reason in January our Saturday nights are now as busy as summer! If you have not yet been, come and see for yourselves. Till next month take care of yourselves.

FLAMINGO / BPM RECORDS CHART

1.	**(Carmen) Danger In His Eyes**	Deborah Sasson & MCL *(88 Germany)*
2.	**Fantasy Boy**	New Baccara *(Bellaphon Germany)*
3.	**Hot Love**	Jenny Kee *(Asia Italy)*
4.	**Do You Know The Way To San Jose?**	Croisette *(Nightmare UK)*
5.	**I Love America**	Avant De Sortir *(Meet Italy)*
6.	**This Old Heart Of Mine**	Gee Morris *(Nightmare UK)*
7.	**I Hear A Symphony**	Eria Fachin *(Power Canada)*
8.	**This Time It's Real**	Miquel Brown *(Nightmare UK)*
9.	**I Only Wanna Be With You**	Samantha Fox *(Jive UK)*
10.	**Doctor For Your Heart**	Vanelle *(Power Canada)*
11.	**It's Nice**	Sammy Rite *(White label UK)*
12.	**This Time I Know It's For Real**	Donna Summer *(WEA UK)*
13.	**Divine**	Mike Hemmer *(Time Italy)*
14.	**ABCD**	Radiorama *(Radiorama Italy)*
15.	**The Visitors**	Moonstone *(Nightmare UK)*
16.	**You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling**	Quantize *(Passion UK)*
17.	**Don't Talk To Strangers**	Silk & Steele *(Strike UK)*
18.	**Bring Me Love**	Julie *(Media Italy)*
19.	**Ciao Boys**	Barbara *(Asia Italy)*
20.	**Excited For Love**	Sabina *(Demo-disc Italy)*

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EASTER SUNDAY — Open till midnight
EASTER MONDAY — Open till 3am

Garbo's

Blackpool's most plush and intimate gay bar is now open every day from noon till 5pm, then again from 7.30pm. Light meals served all day. Once in Garbo's admission to **The Flamingo** is completely free of charge.
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MONDAY
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TUESDAY
... is half-price drink night, plus different cabaret each week. Also 2 DJs on 2 floors playing music to suit everyone.

WEDNESDAY
DIAMONDS L'AMOUR SHOW. See Blackpool's favourite (ageing) Drag Queen murder all your favourite numbers.

THURSDAY
Cabaret Night with free pie and pea supper.

FRIDAY & SATURDAY
Wander around the 4 floors of probably the largest gay club in the country. Two DJs on two separate floors playing two different kinds of music. Don't get lost!

SUNDAY
Lunchtime *STAR* CABARET. Lager 60p a pint before 1.30pm. Open till 3pm. Evenings open 8.30pm till late.

EXCLUSIVE TOM OF FINLAND INTERVIEW ▷ ▷

Interview by George Miller

BOURNEMOUTH LEATHER OPEN SECOND NIGHT

Bournemouth Leather has expanded and from February will operate on the first Saturday of every month from the Queen Vic in neighbouring Southampton.

The lads are about to celebrate their birthday with a leather weekend running from Friday 24th Feb through to Sunday brunch on 26th Feb. They are anxious to let any visiting guys know that the recent closure of the Cabaret Club in Holdenhurst Road, where the celebrations included a Saturday night disco and cabaret in the original plans, these will still go ahead but at a different venue.

MEN AT MINESHAFT

Rockies' (Whitworth Street, Manchester) Mineshaft Bar is open as a strict dress code leather/rubber/uniform bar on the first Monday of each month. The Mineshaft is the macho bar in the basement. Cheap drinks, topless barmen and strippers are promised for these nights. Sounds great, let's hope that this leads to The Mineshaft becoming a dress code bar more often. There are precious few bars where leather guys can meet without the intrusion of vanilla, fag hags and lesbians intruding.

MANCHESTER MAN-FEST 89

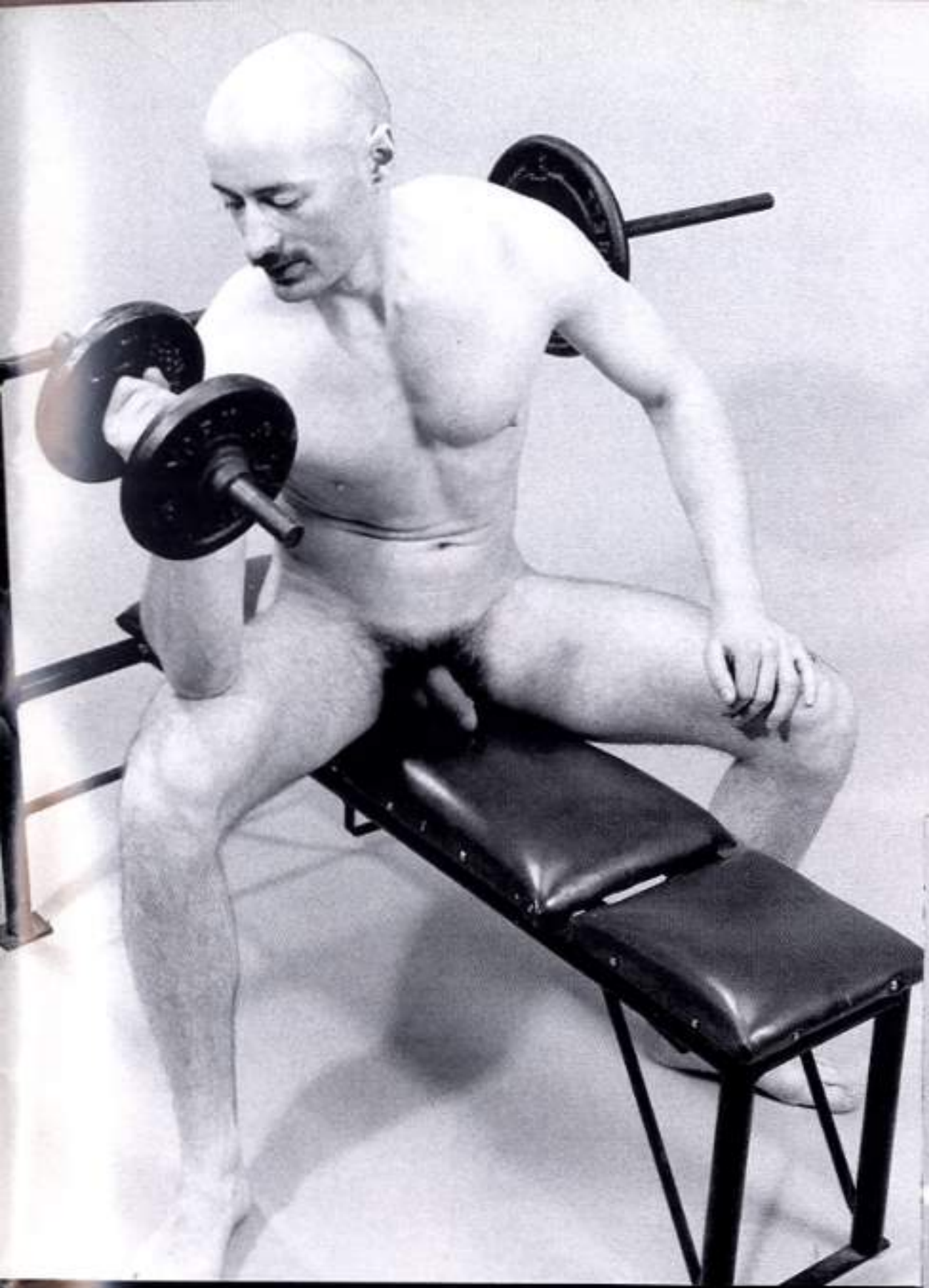
Manchester will once again be hosting a northern Man-Fest this year. After London's week-long festival August 21st to 28th, the fun will then move on to Manchester on Friday 4 November till Brunch on Sunday 6th. Like its London brother Manchester Man-Fest 89 promises to be even bigger and better than last year's.

IMAGE AT THE COLEHERNE BLACKROOM

Upstairs at the Coleherne Wednesdays to Saturdays is The Blackroom, Situated in the Coleherne cafe this late bar is gaining popularity rapidly as a place to be for late night drinks. Wednesdays and Thursdays it is Image, run by Vince Doyle (ex-Thames Leather) the evening is a mix of leather and a growing number of skinheads — a relaxed and cruisy night that is great fun. Not open late, at the moment it is just until midnight, but its growing popularity could well change that. There's also the added attraction of the Eagle Leathers shop, open for all you late-night shoppers. Admission is £1.50.

Q. Where and when were you born?
A. In a small town on the south west coast of Finland in 1920.
Q. What was your family background?
A. My parents were schoolteachers with five children.
Q. When did you leave home?
A. At the age of 19 I went to live in Helsinki, the capital of Finland to study commercial art. Soon after that, the Second World War came and I served in the Finnish army nearly five years as an officer.
Q. Was it while in the army that your passion/obsession for uniforms developed?
A. Yes, from the period comes my strong fetish for uniforms particularly those with highboots and breeches which I still repeat today in my drawings again and again. In fact I had that fetish already as a child.
Q. What did you do after the war?
A. I started studies in music. I wanted to become a composer and pianist. After several years trying I found out that I wasn't talented enough to be a good musician and returned to visual art, working 15 years as artist and art director in an advertising agency. In 1973 I got enough of that and since then I've been a free-lancer concentrating on gay erotic art only. But I started drawing those subjects already in the mid-forties, and my sketches of Finnish lumberjacks were first published in 1957 by "Athletic Model Guild" in Los Angeles.
Q. What was the initial reaction to your erotic artwork?
A. My work was not very popular in Scandinavia in the 50s and early 60s because in those countries gay people were attracted to young girlish-looking boys and my pictures portrayed grown-up masculine men but times have changed and I would say that today I am popular also in Scandinavia.
Q. Where do you live?
A. I nowadays spend half the year in California and the other half in Finland.
Q. What are your main hobbies/interests?
A. Mainly still drawing but music has an important part in my life.
Q. Who are your favourite artists?
A. Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo, Rembrandt, Vincent Van Gogh and Modigliani. I also find the early works of Salvador Dali very interesting. Among the gay artists of today I specially like Entienne because of his humour. I have all my life tried to express something similar. At the time when to be a homosexual was illegal and forbidden and criminal in most countries (unfortunately still is in many places on the earth) I wanted to show the gay men that they should feel happy and proud of their gayness and not guilty.
Q. I have always wished you would one day make an animated gay sex film. Has the idea ever interested you?
A. For many years I wished to make an animation film that would make people laugh, but it is too expensive. I never seem to afford fulfilling that dream.
Q. Can yo tell me something about the Tom of Finland foundation?
A. It was created to build up a collection of my printed and orginal material in its archives. The foundation's purpose is to exhibit my earlier works at least in the US once their collection is big enough.

Photographs by Bryan Derbyshire



Horoscope

YOUR STARS BY JANE

★

Aquarius

AQUARIUS - THE YEAR AHEAD

The major focus this year lies in learning new skills and techniques which can be of use in your career. Don't hesitate about taking up new interests or new jobs because it's time to start breaking out and developing parts of you that life hasn't reached yet. You'll need freedom to act as you want and more space to move in. You shouldn't take on any extra financial committments — because in this area particularly, the trends are unstable, erratic and completely unpredictable. You could easily find yourself earning money from completely different sources before the year is through.

Art, film, music and dance will be significant, especially in regard to earning potential, though it's important to keep your feet on the ground and not to get carried away by idealistic yearnings. Let your romanticism and imagination inspire you, but be prepared to work hard as well, to be patient and to put in the necessary spade work.

Relationships will be a source of learning and fulfillment, and one relationship in particular could either turn your whole life upside down or lead you into previously uncharted waters of self discovery and personal transformation. The pressure is on you now to become more true to yourself, to leave behind the things that have been restricting and repressing you and to turn over piles of new leaves!

Stubbornness and intellectual arrogance can hinder your progress for your routine mental approaches to life's problems will hold you back rather than help you. Fate will show you where and how you ought to let go and be more flexible. Consider new angles, learn new subjects, reach out and contact more people. The more ideas you encounter, the better it'll be for you. Being arrogant and competitive will only lead you into one impasse after another, and unless you change certain habits quickly, you might even be in line for serious health problems. So loosen up, try new things and feel free.

AQUARIUS

(21 January - 18 February)

Link up with others. You need to get out and scintillate at parties or become the leading light of some club or organisation. Be idealistic and remember that your energies will reap greatest rewards when you're using them for the good of the group, whether that's a local political party or the human race in general, rather than for your own personal advancement. Emotional storms will erupt in the middle of the month — keep your head even though everyone around you is losing theirs!

✸

PISCES

(19 February - 19 March)

The opportunity for change and development is close to hand. Grab the chances that are offered, even if it means getting off your backside and taking one or two risks. Be prepared to travel and to make more effort to contact people who could help you. Put yourself about a bit more. Your mind is sharp and competitive now. Some of your preconceptions must change if you are to avoid unpleasant rows and disagreements. Don't make any assumptions and keep an open mind.

✸

ARIES

(20 March - 19 April)

Your financial security and other money matters are the major focus of attention. Put in some hard work now because rewards and fulfillment are promised if you make the right moves. Don't let that hectic social life or friends demands distract you from the nitty gritty of life. You've got to look after yourself first and though you might get seized with impulsive fits of generosity — restrain yourself. If you lend anything this month, you're kissing it goodbye.

✸

TAURUS

(20 April - 20 May)

Go and join Friends of the Earth, get out in the countryside or find other ways to tune in to the needs and pleasures of the natural world. With Mars in your sign, all your natural earthiness is going to be activated — though you might initially express it by spending lots on luxurious goodies and being extra sensual and self indulgent. Your own stubbornness and possessiveness could be at the root of relationship problems — be flexible and tolerant. If conflict flares up you can be sure that you're to blame.

✸

GEMINI

(21 May - 20 June)

Nothing's going to stop you being the belle of the ball this month. You've got so much charm, it's literally oozing from every pore, and all kinds of fascinating, rich and useful people are going to be drawn to you by your personal magnetism. This is not the time to show your claws. If you have to wield the iron fist, make sure you're got your velvet gloves on first. Keep aggression hidden — if you have to criticise anyone, criticise yourself! There's always room for improvement.

✸

CANCER

(21 June - 22 July)

If you're feeling lonely, confused and depressed, then force yourself to be sociable because it will be through some social gathering that you could meet the person who's the answer to all your inner yearnings and longings! Current partners are not to be relied upon, they might leave you stranded up the creek without a paddle! Avoid drink or drugs now — you're already prone to make serious misjudgements about people, and if you indulge too much you're likely to make some totally disastrous move.

LEO

(23 July - 22 August)

Life is like a giant cinema screen this month — reflecting your faults and foibles up there in technicolour for all to see. Arrogance, conceit and stubbornness are almost unavoidable, but if you can be conscious of your inate responses quickly enough, you should be able to avoid the most potentially damaging reactions. Remember that you're the one who's most likely to blame. You want too much, you're too bossy, you're showing off! You can achieve an enormous amount but don't go over the top!

✸

VIRGO

(23 August - 22 September)

Get moving! There's no excuse for laziness! The more you do practically, the better you're going to feel about yourself, about life, the universe and everything. Get yourself into good shape physically. Treat yourself to new clothes or a new hairdo, pamper your body! Develop your creative skills too. As well as making yourself more beautiful, you should also find a lot of success and satisfaction from creating beauty in many other ways. Put those ideas into practice, let inspriation be your guide.

✸

LIBRA

(23 September - 22 October)

Love affairs and all social events are going to flourish this month. Whatever else life has in store for you, you can be sure that you're going to be in for a lot of fun, and that you'll find someone nice to have it with! Check the foundations of your security though — all is not as safe and secure as you think it is on the domestic or property scene, and you wouldn't want to be caught fiddling while Rome burns, would you now?

✸

SCORPIO

(23 October - 21 November)

You're your own worst enemy. You're likely to meet plenty of energetic, assertive people this month, but unless you open up a bit and be less secretive and self protective, you won't be making the impression you could do. Don't get huffy — relax a bit more and control your tendency to get heavy all the time. Do some entertaining. Be generous. Home is the most satisfying place this month — so base your social life there. Surround yourself with comfort and interesting people, and you won't want to stray far from the fire side.

✸

SAGITTARIUS

(22 November - 21 December)

Keep your nose to the grindstone and elbow to the wheel. It's all hard work, duty and responsibility this month and the more effort you put in now, the more time off you can take later. This applies to your physical health too — you should take masses of exercise and start new diets if you want to avoid your past sins catching up with you! Get your money sorted out too or else you'll contract a case of terminal depression. Don't gamble or speculate because your usual intuitive sense has temporarily deserted you.

✸

CAPRICORN

(22 December - 20 January)

Unless you can relax your grip consciously, it'll happen anyway as all your best laid plans start falling to pieces all over the place. Your usual common sense and discipline will desert you. You're extra prone to depression and self doubt now, but don't panic. Go with it, let yourself feel what you're feeling and avoid those gruesome folks who keep trying to jolly you out of it. Success awaits you in anything to do with music, images or self sacrifice — let yourself get carried away from it all by your imagination or Beethoven's ninth!

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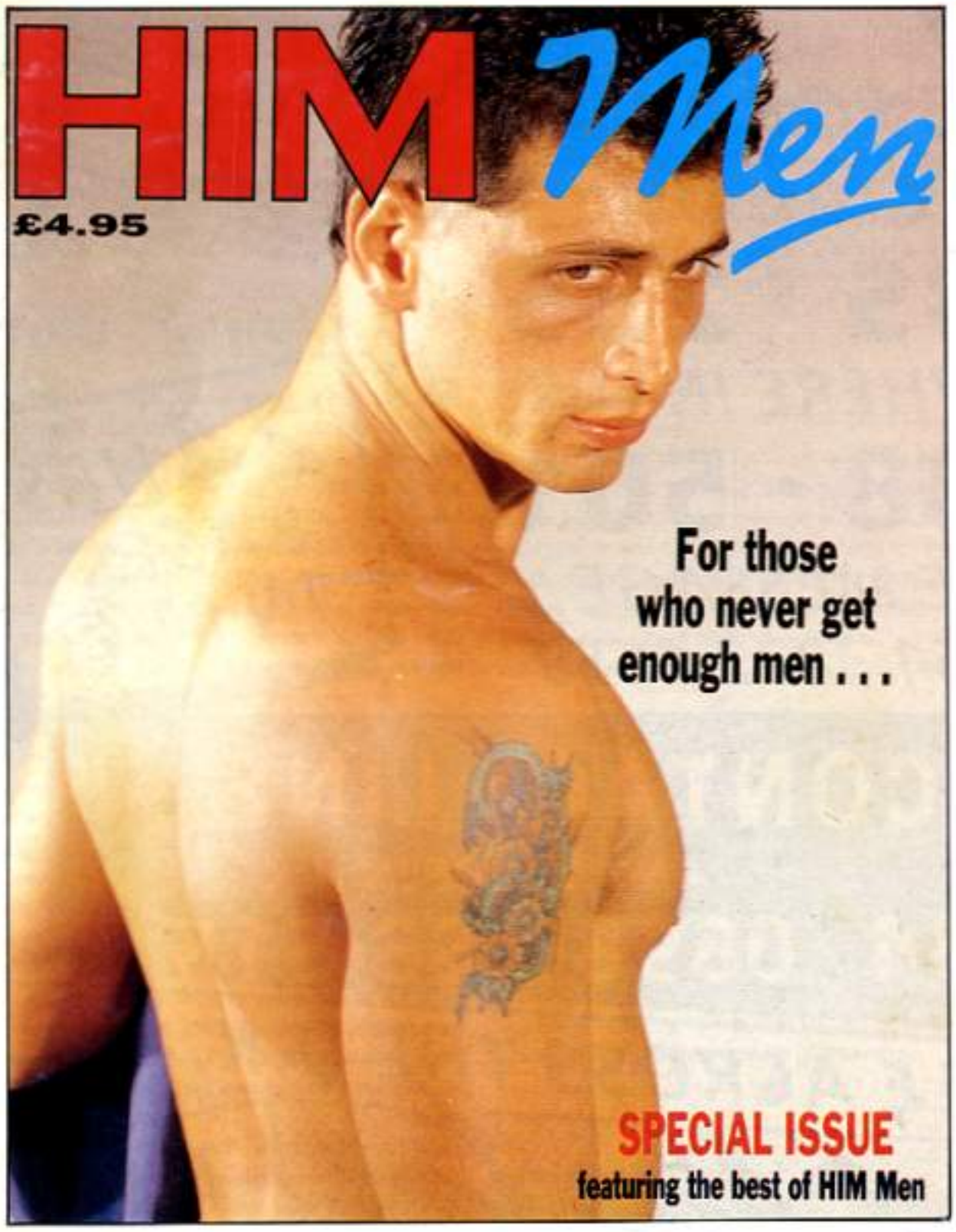

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