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Murder squad holds gay meeting

# Appeal to killer

By Andrew Saxton

"HE is resourceful, determined and is setting his own agenda. I appeal to the man to get in touch with me again."

That was the message which Detective Chief Superintendent Ken John this week gave to the man responsible for murdering five gay men in London in the last 14 weeks.

Det Ch Supt John gave his "get in touch" message at a private meeting with the gay press and activist groups at Scotland Yard on Monday afternoon.

The killer had been in touch with police earlier by phone, but those phone calls stopped abruptly after Fleet Street's hysterical coverage of the murders last week

Det Ch Supt John said there was no doubt that Fleet Street's reporting of the phone calls hampered the investigation.

But he was not giving much else away. He said that police pathologists have clear scientific proof that the killings were all carried out by one man.

And he repeated his call for gay men in London to beware of any man in any bar who wanted to go home with them. He said that picking up strangers was a dangerous thing to do while the killer was still on the loose.

Ken John has not spoken to the killer personally, he said that one of the man's phone calls to police had been partially recorded, but was indistinct when played back.

Answering questions from the gay press, Mr John said that

STOP PRESS

Police issued a description on Wednesday evening of a man they want to interview who was seen in the company of Emanuel Spiteri up to June 12th, the last date on which Spiteri is known to have been alive.

The man sought is 30 to 40 years old, of heavy build, six foot or taller, a full to fattish face, short dark brown hair, clean shaven, with dirty discoloured teeth and casually dressed. At the time he was wearing a short dark jacket and jeans.

Emanuel Spiteri, a well-known figure at The Coleherne, was 42, of medium to stocky build, and 5' 4" tall.

Det Ch Supt John said the man they seek "may have important information about the last movements of Emanuel Spiteri".

He said that the two men had been seen together at gay venues in the time leading up to Spiteri's death.

Ken John renewed his warning to gay men to be careful, and said he hoped that the flow of information would continue.

descriptions of suspects which appeared in papers over the weekend were "speculation" and had not been supplied by police. Again, press reporting that there were "suspects" only hampered the investigation, he

Until police had a description of the killer, giving details of suspects would only put people off their guard. It was imperative gay men in London got the message about being extra careful about who they pick up for

Descriptions of a blond-haired man in his 20s with a pony-tail only conflicted with other reports the police have received. The woman who saw caretaker Drew Collier alive at around midnight on June 7th said he was with a man in his 40s with black hair. Collier was found dead in his flat two days later.

Police said that plain clothes officers were questioning peo-ple on the gay scene, but they

(Continued on page 4)



The biggest Pride ever - and that's official, Full Report, page 3. More photos, page 8

## 60,000 march, 120,000 at party

**POLICE** estimated that marched 60,000 London on through Saturday's Pride parade - double any previous estimate thay have published in past years. Lambeth Council said 120,000 attended the party in Brockwell Park.

The Pride Trust said that donations of £30,000 on the day, plus money raised by London clubs, suggests Pride is on the way to a "surplus" after last year's bankruptcy, festival director Teddy Witherington

Some of the pink donation buckets contained £20 notes.

National publicity in connection with the serial killings may have increased attendance. And on Sunday Pride received unprecedented media coverage.



Aids Quilt panels on the march

"Kennington Park is a distant memory." Pride's press officer Bill Walshe, said. "People used to get excited about 30,000 in that park four years ago. We are delighted with the way things went."
Walshe, beseiged by camera

crews and journalists throughout the day, said he recognized organizers still had things to learn in terms of facilities for the disabled, but said this year's probably smoothest yet.

Seven people were arrested

for minor public order offences.

Officers Scotland Yard had more officers on the march and in the park than usual this year. Police were hoping for leads on the serial killer. Scotland Yard described Pride as "good-natured and well-behaved."

Lambeth Council, flying the rainbow flag on Brixton town hall for ten days either side of the event, estimated 120,000 revellers in Brockwell Park. They reported little trouble, as did both St John's and the London ambulance service.

As the march set off from Embankment at noon, the rainbow flag was much in evidence. The flag, for years a US symbol of gay liberation, is being quickly adopted by British gays.

And there were plenty of pink triangles too.

By the time the march reached Piccadilly revellers were in festive mood. Passing half a dozen construction workers on a hotel rooftop, marchers whistled, waved and catcalled. One held a placard reading: 'Gay.'

The journey from the end of the march at Hyde Park to Brockwell Park near Brixton is fast becoming one of the day's highlights.

Stuffy, sweaty tubes, yes, but a deafening cacophony of whistles accompanied passengers.

At the end of the Victoria line at Brixton, tube officials opened the ticket gates and couldn't let anyone into the station such was the congestion to get out.

Brockwell Park was once again a queer's delight. Increasingly well laid out, the

park resembled one big party with people moving in dozens of different directions, taking in the stalls, the pop acts on the main stage, drinking in the beer tents or getting safer sex advice in the health tent.

Lily Savage's and Bang's joint tent was packed all day and the Heaven funfair very busy. There was no sign of the

threatened Brixton 2000 church

group praying for our 'salva-tion.' Many thirsty gays and les-bians found that in the bars.

The park wasn't that muddy either, as Lambeth officials dumped wood cuttings to soak

up any of the wet. But the women-only tent was a real crush. The Capital Gay photographer was unable to get inside, so busy was it.

And the fireworks at the 10.30pm finale were fantastic.

Last year, as the fireworks went up to Queen tracks, peo-ple held hands and were in tears. This year many people cried at the end of an emotional day - and there were more of

By Sophia Chauchard-Stuart

I have never seen so many women at Pride. Either the Press's discovery of lesbians as a fashionable entity persuaded them to celebrate or there are simply more women coming out now.

Whatever it was, the Press would have been astonished at the sheer numbers of women there. The dykes who had

began sniffing the air speculatively and on wry dyke asked: "Am I the only one with her sphincter relaxing?" Poppers seemed to act like laughing gas and the whole carriage was giggling by the time we were thrown off at Victoria. BR were obviously stressed at the numbers of queers trying to get to Herne Hill - never a popular stop usually. In fact Herne Hill's residents tried to pretend it was not happening, apart from one enterprising newsagent who had thought to stock the top shelf gay magazines for the day.



Dyke posse at the main stage

braved the journey by BR or by minibus from Wales looked shattered by the time the march had snaked its way to Hyde Park. Some women looked ready to have their own party there and then. But the fun did not really start until, ice-cream in hand, they tried to contend with Green Park tube and found out that some sneaky London dykes had got on at the stop before and the tubes were packed. An London Underground announcer suggested that everyone squeeze down the platform and "make some new friends" - slightly difficult amidst the shrill of pink whis-

Once on the tube people

Once at the park, women tend to head straight for the women's tent, this year hosted by Kim and Laurie of Passion Pit. There seemed to be lone dykes searching for it all day looking for their friends who had travelled from nether regions and promised to meet them at 4pm. Some women took the sensible precaution of reserving their own patch of grass and could be seen frightening off contenders for their territory after frequent beer runs. The Passion Pit tent was excellent. Loads of great music from the regular Passion Pit DJs playing everything from dance music to reggae, not to mention DJ Slamma's own esoteric brand of hip favourites.

Having the bar running verti-cally through the tent was a great idea. One side was for women only, the other side was for dykes who wanted to drink with their gay male friends... unfortunately there seemed to be quite a few guys haggling for a drink without a lesbian friend in the hope of being served first. The organized seating area outside the tent looked quite civilised until the day wore on and the effects of too much fresh air and cheap(ish) beer had taken its toll.

Loose shirts and T-shirts, fitted jodhpurs and classic white shirts, beautiful young dykes in flowing dresses. Some women even added to their outfits during Pride and there was no lack of willing lesbians offering to show novices how to attach that tricky harness onto their leather

The open stage had a good mix of female performers... dykes favourite had to be US comic Lea Delaria who went on to perform at the Deeper Love party that night. The crowd in front of the stage was solid all day. Last year it was easy to mingle at the front for the final bands and the fireworks - but not this year.

The fireworks display was fabulous and, for those dykes who had enough energy (and cash) the fun went on into the night. Women took a deep breath and headed for the train station to continue the celebrations. Some braved the male stronghold of The Fridge, others went to The Vox. Most women found parties in Brixton or ended up at the Deeper Love Post-Pride club night at a converted warehouse in Old Street. Lea Delaria performed once more to a packed crowd. At the Vox, Monie Love held court for a very mellow ending



The Underground - hot, sweaty and fun

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