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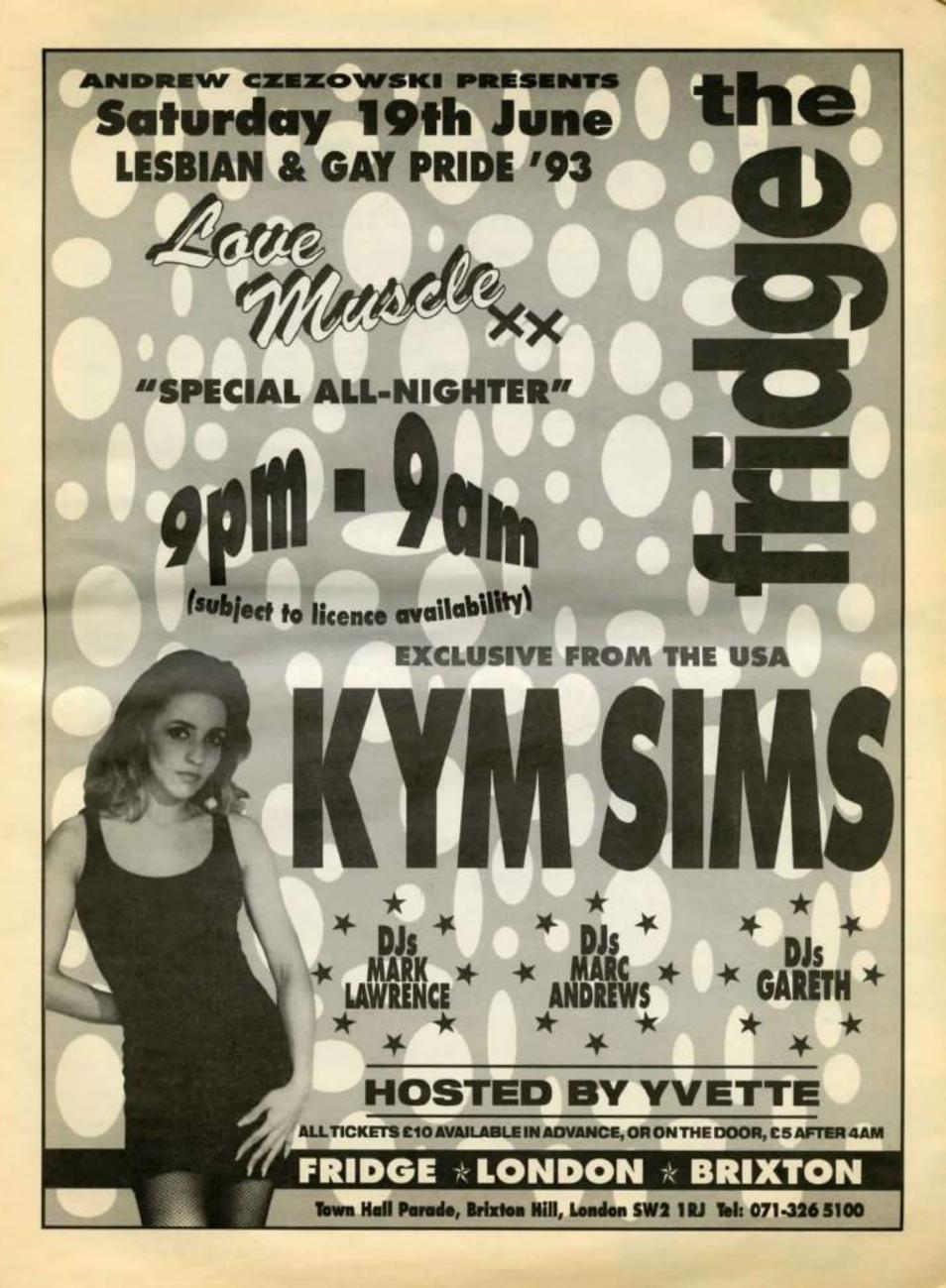
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6-7 > images 8 ➤ enjoying pride day 10-13 ► history of pride 14 > fun with fanshawe 16-19 > up queer street 20-23 ► late night london 26-27 west end women 29-36 > pride festival guide 36 > lily savage 40-41 > icons 44-49 > coming out 50 > community 54-55 > agit-prop 58 > safer sex 61 > the last gasp > tailpiece

pride '93

THIS magazine is brought to you by Milliwres Ltd (publishers of Gay Times) and The Pride Trust. It has been put together with voluntary contributions so that money can be raised to help finance the annual Pride march and the celebrations in Brockwell Park – your celebrations.

When the Pride Trust asked Gay Times if we would like to produce the official Pride souvenir programme, we jumped at the chance. Here was an opportunity to use some of the photographs we had never had the space to print. And what better way to illustrate the spectrum of lesbian and gay experience than with pictures of real people. After all, just one picture can be more eloquent and more accessible than a thousand words.

Pride is about the celebration of lesbian and gay life and community, and so we've brought together some of the best lesbian and gay photographers and journalists, including those from other publications. We have also chosen a large format to present their work as never before. In our view, it Pride is to be truly representative of community, then it must also be about diversity. We hope that with the selection of photographs chosen, we've managed to demonstrate that diversity here.

conceived and edited by

BILL SHORT

design and cover illustration

TONY REEVES

consultant editor

DAVID SMITH

layout

TONY REEVES, GLEN PLATTS and ELIZABETH GRANT

pride section compiled by

BILL WALSHE

photographic research

FRANCES WILLIAMS, BILL SHORT and DAVID SMITH

advertisement manager

TERRY DEAL

photographs by

LOLA FLASH, JEAN FRASER, DELLA GRACE, NIGEL HATTON, LAURENCE JAUGEY-PAGET, RICHARD MAUDE, STEVE MAYES, GORDON RAINSFORD, BILL SHORT, DAVID SMITH, ROBERT WORKMAN, BRAD BRANSON and THE BRITISH FILM INSTITUTE

editorial contributors

JIM ACTON, PETER BURTON, ROSE COLLIS, SIMON FANSHAWE, NICK KIRBY, NEIL MCKENNA, QUIBILAH MONTSHO, LILY SAVAGE, BILL SHORT, DAVID SMITH, RICHARD SMITH, BILL WALSHE, FRANCES WILLIAMS, CHRIS WOODS

thanks to

ANDREW BERKETT, JONATHAN CASH, BRIAN COOPER, ALEX DAWSON, JIM DOUGLAS, MATT FRENCH, MATTHEW HODSON, ROZ HOPKINS, BO JONES, KAZ LLOYD, HETTIE MALCOLMSON, DAVID MEECH, MARK OVENDEN, LINDA POINTING, PAS PASCHALL, ADAM ROBERTS, ANDREW SAXTON, PETER TATCHELL, RALPH WILDE, GARRATH WILLIAMS, TEDDY WITHERINGTON and ALL THE STAFF AT MILLIVRES LTD

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ACORN COLOUR PRINT, LOSCOE CLOSE, NORMANTON INDUSTRIAL ESTATE, NORMANTON WF6 1TW. Tel: 0924-220633

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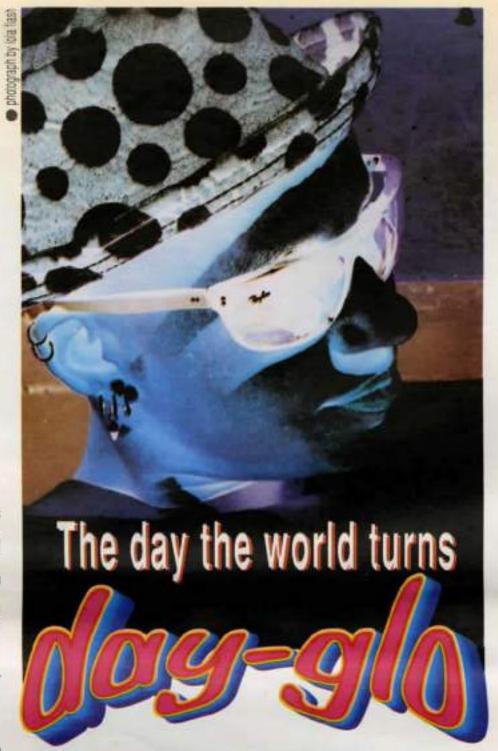
photographs by bill short and richard maude











Pride day is the closest thing to heaven on earth says Frances Williams

EVERY year, on the eve of Pride, a group of witches gather at Beachy Head and make sacrifices for good weather on the big day. Now, I'm not sure whether they are slaying virgin lesbians or what, but, self-admitted cosmic cynic that I am, their spells seem to work.

Sunshine and Pride go together like a horse and carriage. Pride would not be Pride without the shades, sun-tan lotion and bare breasts and pectorals. Considering the temperature is so hot, we are a pretty cool bunch, dressed up in our best, most sexy, most estentatious, most beautiful outfits. What other occasion could demand this sort of concerted effort of style and panache? Pride is a demo, homecoming, riot, family occasion, bacchanal, hen and stag night rolled into one. There is no other day quite like it. Where else are so many people so happy in the same place all at once? Pride easily knocks the spots off the day England won the World Cup and the Royal Wedding.

parade

It is a victory parade of a battle fought by combatants who face prejudice on the streets and in the workplace, from the media and even their own families. Some of our most difficult struggles - to come out, to not be ashamed - are fought alone with no weapons or sense of comradeship. And so our success is a deeply personal one achieved in private at the price of long consideration and often painful self examination. We celebrate only much later when homophobia, oppression and daily denial become transformed at Pride into the fuel for our sense of self worth. Our anger becomes the energy for our joy. Imagine all the tabloid shock horror headlines about pooftas and lezzies, all the

Clause 28s and Clause 25s, imagine the accumulated years of heartache and self doubt, and then think of Pride. Nothing the straight world does to us can stop us from feeling this fabulous about ourselves and each other on Pride day.

Battalions of buses from all over Britain set off in the early morning to be there. Motorway service stations across the country are packed out with visiting hoards of coffee drinking dykes and juice sipping queens getting into gear for their London arrival. For once in our lives, lesbians can go to the women's toilets en masse and not be mistaken for boys. People in the motorway shop know that there is something up but can't quite figure out what.

Aesthetic considerations too preoccupy those heading for the parade; whether to wear your pink

whistle or your metal one, to don denim or lycra, to put on or not to put on lipstick. Clones are slipping out of their check shirt masculinity into something more comfortable and regaling themselves in elaborate butterfly drag, and the lesbian mothers are packing their napples and wet-wipes. Girls are squeezing into rubber vests and boys are pocketing their rubber johnnies. Perfumed, powdered and prepared we hit the London streets like con-

blisters

The march itself gives an opportunity at last to blow your whistle, smile at gawping tourists and run excitedly up to your old friends. There are the faces to watch out for; from famous actors and popstars, to ex-lovers and old school chums. Two words of advice: don't get lumbered with the banner for the duration of the march unless you have Arnold Schwarzenegger muscles and want to impress the boys or girls with your pole control. Take plasters for your blisters. I've never been able to figure out how the men in heels can march for miles and not get sore feet. Like the pair of red dancing shoes that make you dance non-stop, once on, they obviously can't stop trolling about in them.

Pride is also a topsy-turvey day. It is a day when we are in the majority and they can't complain about our 'flaunting it'. Last year, the tubes from Victoria to Brixton were long sausages full of lesbians and gays and their hooting, whooping and whistling. Lesbians in body harnesses and shades swayed from the metal rails as gay boys sat on each other's laps. We swished up escalators and emerged once again into the blazing sun like an underground army claiming back the streets and the sunshine as ours entirely.

funfair

The park comes as a much needed rest. A veritable feast of entertainment awaits you amongst the lush green slopes of Brockwell Park. Shoppaholics are catered for in the Market Area, everything from feather earrings to enormous dildoes, from seguin hats to theoretical textbooks. And then there is he choice of disco from the Women's Tent to the Bang boys, and of delicious food, from veggie pittas to slabs of juicy burger. If you want to become entirely sick you can eat candyfloss and go on the funtair. Huge bursting blooms of fireworks finish off the day.

All in all its enough to make your senses dizzy. With ears full of music, bellies full of food, skin turning brown and lips full of kisses, lazing in the sun at the end of Pride surrounded by friends and lovers is like finding the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Judy, for this day at least, your somewhere



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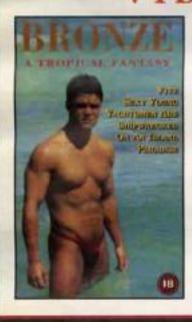
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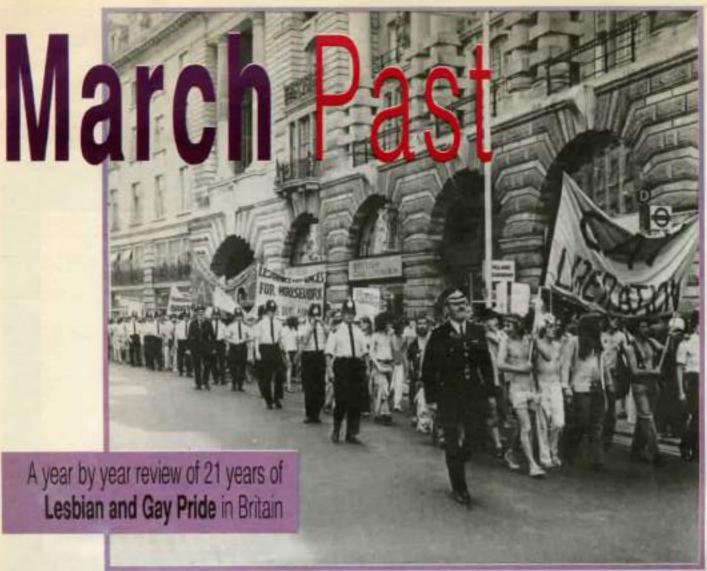
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1976, when Pride's number of marchers boosted from a few hundred to over a thousand



1977

LESBIAN and Gay Pride Festivals

towards the end of June. They commemorate the anniversary of the Stonewall Riots which took place in New York on Friday/Saturday June 27th-28th 1969, when lesbians and gay men reacted violently to a police raid on a gay bar called the Stonewall Inn. It represented a moment when lesbians and gay men fought back, refused to be treated like dirt, and began to have a greater sense of self respect. Out of this event, the concept of Pride took form for the first time in the lesbian and gay movement.

It was a concept ripe for the time, and in Britain too resistance was beginning to stir against harassment and prejudice. On November 27th, 1970 the first march to demonstrate gay solidarity in Britain took place. Around 150 'beautiful gay people' marched across Highbury Fields by torchlight in protest at the prosecution of young Liberal leader, Louis Eakes, for allegedly importuning there.

But it was in 1971 that the full scale demonstration took place in this country, two years after the Stonewall Riot in New York. Around 225 people marched through the streets of London under the banner of the Gay Liberation Front.

1972 heralded the first official Gay Pride march when the date – Saturday July 1st – was chosen especially because it was the nearest Saturday to the 27th/28th June that marked the Stonewall Riots. This remains even now, the determining factor of the date of Gay Pride. 2,000 people marched and assembled for a party in Hyde Park.

1973 nearly saw the demise of Gay Pride when only 300 people marched through London to Hyde Park.

1974 was no different with only 300 people turning up for this hastily arranged march that actually took place on a Sunday.

1975 was disappointing, but 1976 was even worse with only 200 people taking part compared to 90,000 in San Francisco. The Gay Liberation Front were beginning to wonder whether it was all worth it.

In 1976, just when you thought it was all over, 1,000 gay men and lesbians joined forces to make this Pride a year of renewed enthusiasm.

A change in direction in 1977 saw 1,200 people march through Earl's Court to Shepherd's Bush Green. This march will be remembered for the drinkers in the Coleherne gay pub throwing beer cans at the marchers as they passed for "flaunting" their sexuality and rocking the boat.

1980 was the year Pride got nasty. What started as a peaceful march of 3,000 people changed radically when the police arrested one man, Frank. Egan, for wearing a meat cleaver in his hat. In the ensuing rumpus another ten men were arrested. Around 1,200 angry gays and lesbians responded by marching on Bow Street Police Station.

1981 was the first and only year that the Pride march did not take place in London. A last minute decision was taken to move it to Huddersfield as a protest against West Yorkshire Police who had arrested 59 gay men for numerous sex offences. This did not stop around 1,500 people marching.

Partly as a reaction to the male issues involved in the choice of Huddersfield as a place to march, 1981 also saw a group of lesbians decide to march separately under the title of 'Lesbian Strength'. A new agenda forged in the wake of the Women's Liberation Movement informed their thinking. Lesbian Strength continued to take place alongside Pride throughout the 80s.

The heavens opened in 1982 as, back in London, Pride marchers made their way from Hyde Park through town. 1,200 people ended up taking shelter in the University of London Union where Tshirt sales rocketed as people bought new clothes to dry off. It was the first time a post-march festival had ever been held indoors.

In 1983 (when Gay Pride became Lesbian and Gay Pride for the first time) and 1984 the march had an average showing of only 2,000, but things went totally wild in 1985 as 10,000 lesbians and gays marched from Hyde Park to Jubilee Gardens by the Thames for the first full-scale open air Pride festival. Divine sailed past on the roof of a boat and 78 men and women from the Welsh mining village of Dulais repaid the support they received from the lesbian and gay community during the miner's strike by honouring a promise to come to the Pride march and festival.

It rained cats and dogs again in 1986 as 7,500 marchers made their way to Kennington Park in towardial rain.

In 1987 Pride returned to Jubilee Gardens



Arrests on the Pride march in 1980

The first and only Pride to take place outside London was in Huddersfield, 1981

pride '93





WOMEN'S KARATE CLUB photographs by robert workman;
 bill short; nigel hatton and david smith



Lesbian Strength marches were held separately from Pride between 1981 and 1989







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under the watchful eye of the now sadly empty oflices of the abolished lesbian and gay friendly Greater London Council. The attendance figures exceeded even the organisers' own expectations. Capital Gay's front page featured lesblan Peggy Peate on her first Pride march at the age of 93.

1988 was the year when Section 28 of the Local Government Act was put into law describing lesbians and gay men as constituting "pretended families". In the huge civil protests that took place as a result of the policy, closet doors opened across the land and actors Sir Ian McKellen and Michael Cashman lead the Pride march in a new wave of political protest. Attendance records were broken when 36,000 marched to Kennington Park, so much so that much to the displeasure of the

crowds the beer tent ran dry.

1991 was the year that 40,000 flaunted it. Kennington Park got chewed up causing £7,000 worth of damage on the only sunny day in June.

EuroPride last year marked the biggest lesbian and gay event Europe had ever seen, attracting almost 100,000 people. For the first time the march and festival were separated, with trainfuls of lesbians and

Chris Smith, Sir Ian McKellen, Michael Cashman and Paul Gambaccini join the march out and upfront in 1988

gay men arriving in Brixton to Brockwell Park's spacious setting, described by the editor of Gay Times as a 'garden of eden." With its huge turnout and new found

confidence Europride marked the pinnacle of twenty one years of growing power and confidence. Pride has truly come of age.

 Adapted by FRANCES WILLIAMS from an original article by NICK KIRBY which appeared in CAPITAL GAY newspaper on June 26th 1992.















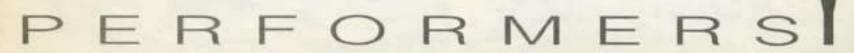




























Simon Fanshawe looks at

I'D ALWAYS grown up with the figure 1 in 10. It had always been the accepted lact that one in ten people were gay. Everybody knew that in a

five-a side match, there was only one player who would really enjoy the showers.

It meant that in every First Division football team there was 1-1. And this meant that it wasn't only Justin Fashanu who was gay, but if you caught Gary Lineker in a weak moment, slightly drunk and with the possibility of a war where both of you could be heroically killed, you'd be in with a chance.

According to the last Population Census there are 21,542,000 men over the age of sixteen in the UK. By simple calculation this suggested that there should be just over two million gay men in Britain. This is almost the whole of Birmingham. And that made sense because, dear God, Birmingham needed something.

But now, according to a new survey in America, we're only one in a hundred. The Allan Guttmacher Institute has just asked 'three thousand, three hundred and twenty one' American men about their sexual habits. And according to the results, ... only one per cent of the total said they were exclusively gay."

When I first read this, it started to worry me. The lesbian and gay community has achieved a lot over the years, and much of it has been based on the tact that we are a significant percentage of the population. If there are more than two million gay men and a comparable number of lesbians in the UK then we can, to use the technical jargon of Parliament, "Kick some arse". If however there's barely enough of us to fill a Portaloo on a building site in a suburb of Wolverhampton then, again to use a technical phrase, "We're tucked".

But the first question which must be asked is: who is Allan Guttmacher? And the second is: why is he hanging around asking men about their sex lives? (The third might be: when they asked 'three thousand, three hundred and twenty one' men, who was the one. . . ?)

Well, it turns out that Guttmacher's not a he; he's a she. In fact he's a series of shes. And here I quote: The interviews were conducted in the interviewee's home, by female interviewers who knocked on the door with no previous introduction." Excuse me?

Picture it. A woman with a Bic biro and a clipboard appears at your front door, rings your bell and asks when you last gave a blow job. At that point you'd do what every sensible person would. You'd throw caution to the wind, whip out the Tia Maria and tell her about the last time you swallowed. Wouldn't you?

The fact is that these statistics have been compiled from the kind of people who would answer their door to a perfect stranger and let them in. Consequently they're not about the population at large, but about the kind of people who let Jehovah's Witnesses across the threshold and who buy cosmetics from Avon ladies. These are the people who take the Reader's Digest, buy incontinence pants from the back page of Saturday's Daily Mirror, and probably list "enjoying Nylon" as a hobby. These

totady

Ina

people think Elvis was a stuffed olive from Mars.

The other results bear this out. According to the survey, men have 16-2 sexual partners, not in a week, nor in a year, nor even in a decade but in the whole of their lives. Which means that if Warren Beatty really did what it's claimed he did, then there are seven and a half thousand men in Wyoming who've never done it at all. Furthermore, apparently 62 per cent of black men reported "receiving oral sex", but only 43 per cent reported

performing it. Which means that someone simply isn't sticking to their side of the bargain. They also discovered that when people were asked about "anal intercourse" - and again at this point I quote - "20 per cent substantially misunderstood what anal sex is". Even if it's never happened to you, just how can you misunderstand what it means? I'd hate to see these people with the instruction booklet for Tampons.

Despite the fact that the results of this survey came from people substantially further down the food chain than Axi Rose, the Right have leapt on them with glee. Politicians, after all don't need to be worried about a mere one per cent of the population. Or for that matter three or, what shall we say, even seven or eight per cent? Funny this survey should come out at around the same time when a million gay men and lesbians marched through Washington. But then if the survey was right that was probably all of us anyway. San Francisco was completely empty that weekend, except for the two dykes who had volunteered to stay behind to feed the cats.

So when you're pottering around London on Saturday June 19th, feeling just that little bit proud, reflect on this. If the survey is right, and there's 100,000 of us here today, then we must be the only political lobby in the country who can get a quarter of its members out on the street on one day. And looking so good too!

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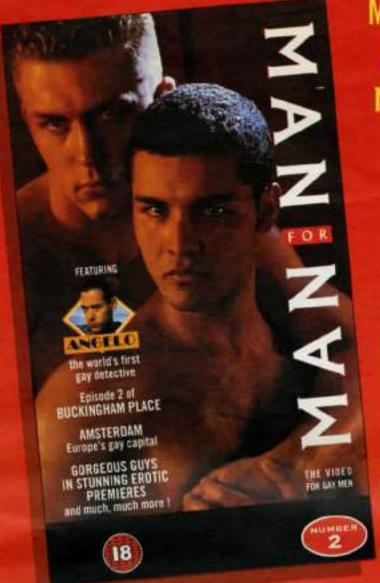






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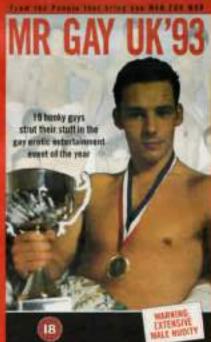
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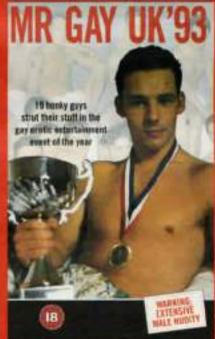
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MANY major cities around the world have 'gay villages' or

downtown areas which provide a focus for queer life. Typically, there is one street where you cannot fail to recognise that you are in a gay-friendly neighbourhood. A neighbourhood which provides a sale space and a social centre, a place where people meet,

New York has its Christopher Street, and San Francisco has the Castro area. Sydney has Oxford Street, and Barcelona has the Ramblas. In the UK, Manchester has colonised the Bloom Street area over a number of decades, but the rest of the country has lagged behind. Only since recently, London has Old Compton Street. It is very much a phenomenon of the 1990s that the heartland of Soho has become a commercially-run Boystown Ghetto.

The capital's gay village has been a long time com-

ing. Because London is such a sprawling city, gay life has always been spread out too. In the 1950s and 1960s, Soho was a residential area for misfits and the arry Beatnik set of the time, and its sleazy bars and unsubtle sex industry became a local point for a homosexual underworld. Here you could live alone, or discreetly with your friend. You could dress flamboyantly or keep late hours, and no-one would bat an eyelid. But as yet, this was no gay neighbourhood. What gay life there was, remained tiny, mostly sordid, and hidden to outsiders. And, of course, illegal.

In the late 60s and early 1970s it was Earls Court which became the place to hang out, partly due to the proximity of the fashionable (and 'swinging') Kings Road. As with Soho, the residential factor was important too. At the time, Earls Court was a place where you could find cheap flats and bedsit accommoda-

tion, and so attracted the single man who had just moved to London. Today, the area continues to boast of several thriving, male-dominated or clone-orientated bars.

As Earls Court became gentrified in the tare 1970s and 1980s, so new generations of single men and women moved to cheaper areas like Camden, Islington, and Brixon, and all these places now have established local gay communities, with cafes, bars, or discos to service them.

But what has emerged in the 1990s is a new trend. Gay men and – to a certain extent – lesbians are re-colonising Soho and the West End. As has been acknowledged, even in the straight media, Central London has a new and bur-

geoning gay bar scene. But the reasons for this development are quite complex. This time round there are no residential considerations involved in this migration. Central London is an impossibly expensive place to live nowadays, and the bedsits have long since gone. However, as home of the film and television industry, Soho has managed to hang on to its liberal, minority-friendly appeal. In recent discussions of the so-called Pink Pound, it has been widely suggested that businesses have been keen to cash in on an emerging Gay Economy - but the economics have perhaps clouded the issue. It is not a matter of who can drink the most beer, or who has the most money to spend. What is really going on, is that the gay scene is adapting to meet the needs of a generation who are more our than their predecessors - an increasingly confident generation of lesbians and gay men whose sense of Pride means that they want to be visible and not ignored.

The West End has seen a remarkable number of purpose-designed gay bars open in the last year. Most are bright, comfortable and stylish, and they offer efficient and welcoming service. But what is most significant about them is that all discretion has been thrown to the wind. Gay magazines are out on dis-

play, homo-erotic imagery abounds. Perhaps, most significantly, many of these new bars have large picture windows which face onto the street. Not only can the customers look out, but the straight world can look in too.

By looking at the range of gay bars we find in the West End today we can map out how the typical gay venue has evolved over the decades. Of course, Soho still retains its traditional gay pubs like the Golden Lion and the Kings Arms. Here, frosted glass or thick curtains keep out the prying eyes.

Less cagey is the Brief Encounter, which opened in 1985 and broke open the closet doors with a pub sign that incorporated a pink triangle. Over-night the over-discreet gay pubs of our darker ages were knocked for six; over-night the straight-run and un-welcoming Satistury was emptied of its gay following. Here, just across the road, was a gay-advertised pub which offered friendlier service.



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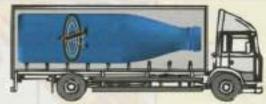
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and open honesty at the same bar prices. But, let us not forget too, just how this new openness had to be fought for. Let us not forget how much flak Brief Encounter took in its early days – simply for letting its customers drink outside on the pevement, visible for all the world to see.

In a similar vein, bars like Half Way to Heaven and The Locomoton have emerged as more public gay venues in the West End. Pubs like Comptons of Soho have become revered as palaces of lun.

But more recently, it was the Village Group bars that broke the mould once more – at first tentatively with Village West One, and then boldly with Village Soho. With a new approach which blurs the distinction between bar and cale, Village Soho caters for a sociable daytime crowd, as well as for night-time revellers. And not only has Village Soho windows on three sides which open onto the pavement, its building is like a landmark at the end of Old Compton St. There is no obviously gay pub sign – just windows full of Stylish Marys, smiling and blowing kisses at the outside world. This trend was soon followed by Kudos and The Edge, both of which are upfront public places to meet in the daytime as well as at night – public glasshouses almost defying people to throw stones.

Nowadays there seems to be no end of new gay business ventures opening up in Central London, and one wonders when saturation point will be reached. Bars like the specious Crews have appeared with an undeniably popular mix of the old-style sleaze and new-style brashness. Here, they hide behind closed doors and yet dance on the bar. Perhaps catering for longer-established needs, this is also the place that Capital Gay described as London's biggest Take-Away. More recently, bars like Sub Station and The Courtyard have opened their doors as gay too.

But it continues to be Old Compton Street which provides that long awaited focal point – the market place next to our own village green. This location is pivotal – not just to the gay bars – but to popular discos like Heaven and Bang, and to the West End theatres too. The new claims for this road have been fairly public as well; already, posters have appeared on tamp posts declaring the area's faggot following. Already, the street has been closed off to traffic twice for camp carnivals, such as the recent Soho Pink Weekend. And already, besides the Old Compton Street bars advertised as gay, we can list several more which are gay-patronised or gay-friendly. Shops like American Retro, Soy, Clone Zone and Studio 40 are obviously catering for the gay crowd too. Cafes and restaurants like the Stockpot and the Polio have had a gay following for years, and have been joined more recently by eateries like the Old Compton Cale.

How long, one wonders, before Old Compton Street is cobbled over-like Gerard Street was to create China Town? And how long, before it is framed at its ends by huge pink arches?

Late Night London, pages 20-23



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Late Night London

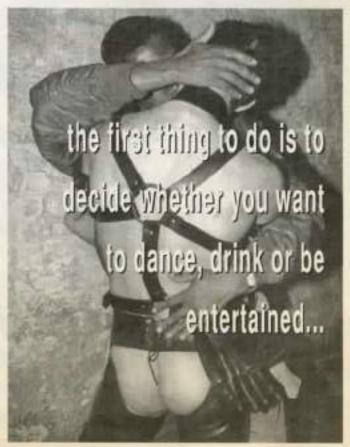
weekend of it then you'll want to know about the discos and late night bars. For those used to smaller or quieter provincial gay scenes the choice of venue on offer in Landon can be mind blowing, and so we're mentioning a short (and inevitably incomplete) selection here. (As most of the venues listed are material about on pages 22 and 23.)

WHEN you're out for a night on the town, one option is simply to 'go with the flow' – following your friends or the crowd you've met – and see where you end up. But if you don't want to wake up alone or find your self abandoned in some grubby gutter at 6am, then it may be wiser to plan your evening beforehand. Bear in mind too, that most venues will be packed over the Pride weekend and so you should expect to have to queue, and to pay a high entry price for the privilege. Be warned as well, that those more used to Birmingham-style beer prices are in for a shock when they pay for their order at the ber.

The first thing to do is to decide whether you want to dance, drink, or be entertained, because London has very different venues special-

ising in each of these needs. Late-licence establishments fall into several categories; smaller pub-sized venues with a stage for the drag act and with or without a dancelloor; big discos offering a roomy dance space and a range of groovers; and specialist clubs catering for those with individual interests – be they of





You can find the Halfway between Charing X and Trafolgor Square, next to St Martin-in-

the-Field





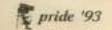




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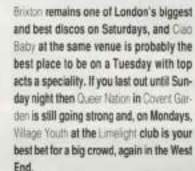
a fashion, sexual or musical nature. Almost all places charge to get in if they serve alcohol after 11pm, although you may avoid this at a pub-style venue if you're inside before 9.30pm.

Late Licence Pubs

Starting with the late-licence pubs, these tend be out of the West End

residential areas popular with single people. Amongst

pubs that are convenient for Brockwell Park, the Value hall Tayern and the Two Brewers both leature live acts whereas the Market Tavern is more of a disco. In Earl's Court, both Brompions and Cope's have late licences, and the Royal Oak in Hammersmith and The Bridge in Putney are close by with more drag action. In North London, the long established Black Cap in Camden is one of the busiest drag pubs, whereas the newer Central Station features all sorts of live cabaret, from strippers to singers.





For Ravers looking to party all night Turnmile on Clerkenwell Road is the legendary

> venue that doesn't fill up until the other places have closed.



On Fridays Shaft opens at Turnmills at 3,30am and runs until around 10am. Saturdays are even busier for the legendary Trade which again starts at 3.30am and never seems to close. On Sundays the FF Club opens at the more civilised time of 10pm but still runs through until breakfast time on Monday morning. And remember to pack your toothbrush.

 Footmite: As a special dispensation for Pride weekend, all London Attitude has been suspended for the period of the festivities. This means that, day or night, you can walk around and smile at people when you feel like it, and be totally honest about what you want. Good luck!



café de paris di mrs wood and friend

Special Interests

Those looking for the darker side of gay life should try London's City and East End areas. Here the London Apprentice is a cruisey three-floored disco and bar which stays open until 5am at weekends. Those into

heavier leather interests might try The Anvil, The Block or else the long established (and strict dress code) Backstreet

West End, Late Bars and Discos

Back in the West End bars like Village West One, Sub Sation, Hash Eleven, and Bar Industria stay open late, are cruisey. and sometimes feature a small dancelloor. For those who think that biggest is always best Heaven is the obvious West End venue at weekends, alongside Bang which is currently open on Saturdays and Thursdays. Wonderland is a new addition to the Saturday club scene and they're opening up on the Friday of Pride weekend as a one off too. The boldly named Ser is mixed and trendy on Fridays at the Cale de-Paris. Outside the West End, Love Muscle at the Fridge in

youth limelight on





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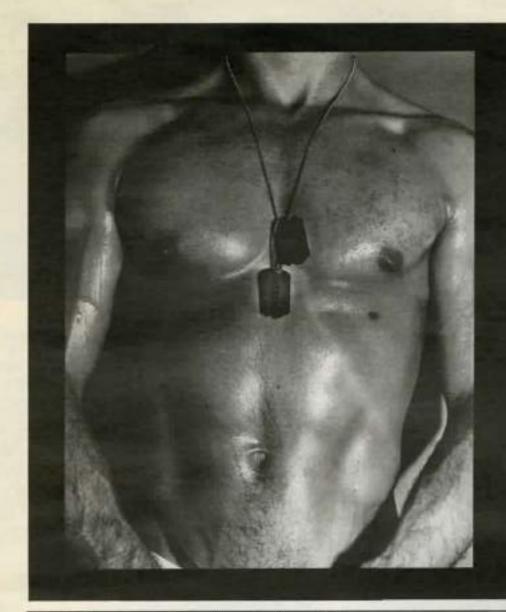
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A Deeper Love

The Post Pride **Women's Party** Saturday 19th June 10pm - 6am







AN INVASION of lesbians is promised for Pride week in London. Beaming down from the North, whooshing in from Wales and stomping in from Scotland, London will be under pressure to give the girls what they want. Take note that alas, the London Lesbian and Gay Centre is no longer with us, and that a full review of special events for Pride is included in the Pride listings. But here's a general round up of what the London scene has to offer.

EAT OUT

London is not thronged with places designed especially for lesbians to have cream teas, but contrary to expectation, there are a few eating places where dykes congregate to chomp cakes and buns. First Out is indeed the first, one and only 'gay' cafe. Its central location makes it a good meeting point if you are in the middle of town. Once you've visited the cafe, navigated, with tea cups rattling, the precipitous staircase, there is a pleasant bar area downstairs decorated in peculiar copper piping and candles affoat in bowls of flowers. Exhibitions by lesbian and gay artists festoon the walls, Della Grace's enlarged photographs of vaginas certainly giving you something to think about as you chew on your lettuce salad. Tattoo is the title of the Saturday women's night there and it is usually busy

with swish dykes ready to set off somewhere else afterwards.

Mildreds in Camden, which is near the canal and the market, is a relaxed bar and restaurant. Though not cheap, it is a good place to hang out and down a bottle of Becks. You are liable to be served by Jill, a friendly woman in jodhpurs, and despite her 'Portrait of a Marriage' garb, sitting in Mildreds has an all American feel, like being a character out of 'Cheers'.

In Islington, the Edward VI also serves food, although you have to walk through the pubby atmosphere downstairs to get to the quiet candlefit tables upstairs. Often up here you'll find lots of women while down below will be lots of leathery men, but there are no set rules and I'll refrain from drawing any conclusions about how men prefer to cruise while lesbians prefer to chat.

West End Women

Frances Williams reports on London's lesbian offerings







If you want to examine this question in more depth, both Kudos and the Edge provide examples of a new breed of exceedingly trendy baricales for gay men. Dykes are dispersed at these venues like currents in a tea cake and they are worth giving a whirl if only to ponder on the greater spending power of the average gay man, the arty decor and the cake displays.

Talking of cakes, the Angel in Islington, has one of the best collections. This spacious modern bar has an almost continental atmosphere and is split pretty evenly between men and women. You can pop in during the day, pick up your freebie papers and drink coffee, alcohol or freshly squeezed orange juice. The Angel, although busy, is very relaxed and the long couches provide a place to sprawl or drape oneself, butch or camp as desired.

BARS & PUBS

If you want to play pool however, then the Duke of Wellington is the place for you. Known locally as the 'Welly," it has a women only back room where you can also play boardgames. There's a pool table too at the Bell, a grotty but friendly pub in King's Cross.Their tea-dance on Sunday, hosted by lesbian legend Jo Purvis, is a fabulous nostalgia trip, from swirling waltzes to lines of gueers miming to disco.

It's not just thespians that gather at the Drift Hall theatre bar. Monday evenings it's women only, and

this quiet spacious bar is frequented often by lesbians who have grown out of the spring bunny stage of life into the more mature variety who'll dissect the latest play. (The Drill Hall has an under 5's creche which you can book if you ring them)

The Wow Bar is tucked away in the heart of Covent Garden, and a smart set of women fill out this swish bar which provides a good place to gossip the evening away. A preponderance of crisp haircuts, lipstick and slinky tops ensures that there's lots to look at in the meantime.

CLUBS

Cale de Paris is not a cafe at all but a trendy club venue which hosts Vanus Flising, one of the oldest established and biggest women's club in Europe. After being ousted from the Fridge, this night has remained very popular with a wide spectrum of all types of lesbian. The plush red and gold decor gives the place an oddly antique look while the music is thoroughly contemporary.

Girl Bar is handy if you want to go out with your gay men friends as well. Hidden away like a secret jewel amongst the boy bars and dancefloors of Heaven (Wednesdays), the corrugated iron roof doesn't detract from its relaxed and stylish feel. Women in designer woolly hats and Vivien Westwood shirts stroll about with designer beer bottles.

Markedly different to Girl Bar, the Ace of Clubs has a much more 'classic lesbian' ethos and you can still dance there to Tim Every Woman'. Opinions divide into two camps. A fan told me "Its great. Its not pretentious, you don't have to be a young fashion victim and worry about this London 'image' thing. You can just drink and have a wild time." A fierce critic countered, "It's the nearest thing to a provincial club London has. It's a seedy hole full of alcoholically challenged women who'd prove how butch they are by beating you up if you looked at their girlfriend."

The Passion Pt (Saturdays) has recently moved home from Industria to the ex-Tantrums location at Hash 11, Wardour Street. Hosted by Laurence and Kim, its always busy, sweaty and a good place to dance, the new venue providing a lot more room and much needed quiet places. Every first Saturday of the month there is a 'Dyke-hag' night when gay boy friends are allowed in as guests.

Other women's clubs include the really naughty ones, namely Sadie Maisie and the Clit Club. While the former has a fun feel the latter takes itself a bit more seriously, and has heavy duty sex shows and other terribly shocking spectacles. Tit-elation yeers into tit torture and back again.

BODY WORK

While on the subject of nipple clamps, check out SH if you want to browse in a sex shop owned and run by dykes. It stocks vibrators, dildoes, harnesses, lube, rubber vests and loads more besides. Staff are triendly and informative.

You can also pamper your physical pleasures in Covert Garden Health Spa which has recently opened its doors to lesbians on Mondays. Towel clad dykes can have a steamy time in the sauna, with a communal jacuzzi, showers, TV room and large sofas for lounging and reading papers. By far one of the most sociable and delightfully relaxing things to do for lesbians in London at the moment, and a welcome change to shouting into someone's earhole at a noisy smoke-filled nightclub. Also recently opened is a gym at Wesley House women's centre, recently privatised and revamped with a large choice of equipment. Lastly, the Bernhard Clinc at Charing Cross Hospital is the only STD clinic for lesbians, and will give you advice on a whole range of health issues.

BOOKS

London can also offer some of the best women's bookshops in the world. Silver Moon pretty much stocks every lesbian related book you could think of and is usefully situated up from Trafalgar Square in Charing Cross Road, while So terwrite, the other women's bookshop, is in Islington, Gay's the Word is London's only exclusively lesbian and gay bookshop while Compendum in Camden has lots of imported American lesbian and gay magazines and books including a specialist collection about tattoos and piercing.

and on the march for LOUAL RIGHTS

For more information on lesbian and gay rights in UNISON, contact:

UNISON.

UNISON Centre, Holborn Tower, 137 High Holborn, London WCIV 6PL

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THE PARADE



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TRAVEL ARRANGEMENTS

THE START OF THE PARADE

To find the start of the Parade, you need to get to the Victoria Embankment. That's on the northern bank of the Thames, behind Charing Cross Station. Because of road closures, coaches will have to approach from the City. Once you have been dropped off, your coach can go to the nearby Vauxhall Coach Park until it's time to pick you up from Hyde Park and ferry you to Brockwell Park.

If you are coming by Tube, use Temple station (on the District and Circle Line) or Charing Cross (BR and Jubilee, Bakerloo and Northern Lines). Steer clear of Embarkment Tube because it will become so packed they will probably close the platforms intermittently.

By bus, aim for Trafalgar Square or Charing Cross station and walk down to the river. If you're in any doubt, just follow the other 50,000!

PARADE ROUTE DETAILS

Please arrive at Embankment by 11 o'clock – as it takes quite a while to get 50,000 people into a line! At noon the Parade will leave Victoria Embankment lied by the Lesbian and Gay Pride benner. People with mobility problems or wheelchairs are encouraged to be at the front of the Parade to set the pace. Turning right into Northumberland Avenue, what will be the country's biggest Conga Line makes its way to Trafalgar Square.

With Neison and his column to the right, and a Queen to the left (The Mall), it's into Pall Mall. At the end of Pall Mall hang a right into St James's Street – an area known for its up market shopping and embassies.

As we turn left onto Piccadilly, one of London's busiest thoroughfares will be brought to standstill. The rest of the world just won't be able to ignore us as we party our way down to Hyde Park Corner and into Park Lane.

With Hyde Park on the left, and Mayfair to your right, it is just a quick blast up to Cumberland Gate where the Parade finishes. Make your own way to Brockwell Park where it gets even better.

If you've never been out and proud on the Parade before you don't know what you're missing. It's electrifying!

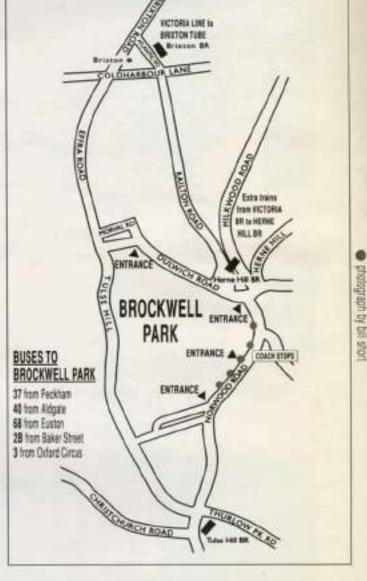
TO BROCKWELL PARK FROM HYDE PARK

As we went to press, London Underground were being unco-operative – despite last year having seen both the Victoria Line and Victoria Station brought to a standstill as people made their way to Brockwell Park. They tell us that they have noted Pride in their diary, and that existing services should cope. If you are going to take the tube to Brockwell Park, then you need the Victoria Line to Brixton. Then walk or take a bus.

Likewise, London Buses don't seem to want to take the apportunity of aiding their finances by laying on buses, or boistering the routes out of town to Brockwell Park and between Brixton and Herne Hill.

But the good news is that British Rail Network SouthEast are laying on additional, and longer, trains from Victoria to Herne Hill. Victoria is just down from Hyde Park Corner, down Grosvenor Place, and Herne Hill station is only a few yards from the entrance of Brockwell Park. So why not let the train take the strain and feel the movement?





SPECIAL ASSISTANCE

For special assistance getting from the end of the Parade to the Festival get in touch with us on 071 738 7644 to book a space on the only buses we are providing. Check your local Dial-A-Ride service too.

SAFETY

Also, please remember that not all people are friendly to our cause or way of life. We don't anticipate any problems on the day, but please be careful. On the way to and from Brockwell Park there will be a police presence. They are there to assist us in having a fun and a safe time. They will be keeping a low profile on the day, but if you are experiencing any problems, please ask them for assistance.

The same goes for Pride Stewards (have you volunteered yet?). Stewards are very special people – stars of the show, essential for the smooth running of the day and the safety of us all – follow their instructions and advice.

DOING IT WITH FEELING

The Cabaret Stage

As the number of entertainment stages at Pride grows, it may be worth remembering why the Cabaret Stage was originally set up, explains Eric Presland.

Way back in the mists of time, before 1985, when Pride Marches could be accommodated in an indoor event at the University of London Students Union, cabaret performers used to entertain the assembled multitudes in the Manning Hall or the Music Room. These were, by and large, not bands, but intimate-style acts performing original material about all aspects of lesbian and gay life (the words were very important!); and they were also distinguished by a commitment to the politics of Pride and Coming Out. I used to call it entertaining the troops.

When Pride went open-air and started its staggering growth - 8,000 to 80,000 in seven years - I felt it was important to continue to provide a platform for those performers, even if the Open Stage (not Main Stage please - all acts should be equally valued) needs something bigger, louder and boppier.

So the Cabaret Marquee was born, and over the years it has tried to provide a showcase for new faces, to loster original material, to reflect the huge diversity of talent which exists in our midst, and (dare it be said?) to help keep alive some of the original spirit of Pride which is sometimes in danger of being swamped by the noise and colour of the Festival.

To some extent we reflect the State of the Art as we find it. This means that on the 1993 Cabaret Stage we have a preponderance of women performers, since lesbians seem at the moment to be far more active on the cabaret circuit.

The lesbian singer songwriter guitarist tradition which grew out of feminist folk is alive and well and rep-



FANNY POWER

resented by Julia Tipton, Hanna Schotten, Adeola, and Sue Popper; while the more recent Dykes-Just-Wanna-Have-Fun strand is there in the bands Atomic Kandy and The Very Good Rock'n'Roll Band. These may be doing 50s-70s. covers, but they pretty much reinvent them as lesbian classics. For stand-up there's Hufty, and we have three choirs - regulars The Pink Singers and the City of London AA Choir, and, making their first appearance, the women's choir The Pre-Madonnas.

Followers of the Cabaret Marquee will be glad to know that we have the return of Quando Quando. Alice and Clare, Katrina and the Boy (leaping from stage to stage all afternoon), Hanging's Too Good For Them (now called Fanny Power) and dancers The Zurafas (rakh shai) and Excessive

Expressions (creative athletics). Most regular of all, thanks to her high-fibre diet, is my co-compere Viv Acious! New faces to catch this year include Richard Taylor, who does traditional Burmese dancing, singeriplanist Mike Higgins, acapella group The Tokans, Anglo-French singer Josee-Fa; and as for High Priest Teachcatah. Lord of the Incas.

This is just a taste of the line-up waiting for you, with apologies to any I haven't mentioned. It all adds up to nearly 100 performers in 25 acts providing a solid eight hours of the most varied entertainment. In fact, I feel exhausted just thinking about it!

THROB a night of pleasure

Were you at Club Together, Pride's fabulous fund raising warehouse party in April? Bagleys Warehouse, in London's Kings Cross. was packed to capacity as 1,700 men and women partied the night away. Well, you've got the opportunity to party there one more time. THROB - A Night of Glitz, Glam and Sleszy Sounds explodes onto the scene at Backeys Warehouse on Saturday 12th June, And what better day could there be for it than the Queen's official birthday? So from 10.30cm till 6.00am all you funky queens, queers and dykes can get down to the music of the hottest DJs around, including Martin Confusion, Smokin Jo, Dave Simmons, Paul Newman, Fat Tony, Laurie and Jamie Peters and many more. Tickets are only £7.00 in advance, or £8.00 on the door, with all the proceedes going to help fund this year's Festival. If you're not going to get your tickets before hand, make sure you get there early because it's going to be packed. Tickets will be available from all the usual lesbian and gay outlets and loads of the bars and clubs. THROB is at Bagleys Warehouse, Kings Cross Goods Yard, York Way, Lon-



MAKING IT EASY

Access provision

We have taken great effort to ensure that the Pride celebrations are fully accessible to all of those who want to take part. Some of the people who wish to enjoy the festivities face additional problems; so this year we are aiming to implement, as fully as possible, our policy on equality of access. People with HIV and Aids, disabilities, caring responsibiliities and health problems have as much right to enjoy the day as everyone else.

We have consulted widely and allocated a budget of £15,000, almost 10% of the cost of the Festival. For the first time, Pride has appointed an Access Coordinator: Mario Kyriacou. Mario's brief is to make contact with the people who may want assistance with access, ensuring that their voice is heard through the planning stages.

As last year, we are encouraging people with mobility problems or wheelchairs to head the Parade and set the pace for others to follow. Along the route, wheelchairs will be available for people who started the Parade on foot but have fired and need assistance. The wheelchairs will be held at the three St. John's Ambulance first-aid stations along the route.

> As the Parade snakes its way into Hyde Park, buses (provided by The Peter House Project, T.H.T. and The Lighthouse) will be available to transport people with mobility problems to Brockwell Park for the Festival. For information about this and any other access services, please contact Pride on 071 738 7644 or our Access Coordinator, Mario on 071-515 0414. This will help us assess the services needed and plan appropriately.

> For the Festival at Brockwell Park, we are erecting a raised and ramped viewing platform with good sight lines to the Open Stage and there will be duck boarding to the main paths in case of heavy ground. Every performance space will have its own safe area, with dedicated access and an accessible toilet near by. Also, within every block of toilets around the park will be at least one adapted toilet. At this point, may we stress that these facilities are exclusively for the use of people who need them. There are plenty of toilets for everyone eise to use.

> Because having so much fun can be hard work, we are making wheelchairs available in the park. These can be obtained, for a refundable deposit, from the coat check as located on the map. There is also a rest area where you can escape for quieter time when it all becomes too much!

> People with children at the Park can feel confident that they are being well looked after in the free creche. It opens with the start of the Festival until late in the day

> Whilst we aim to be as inclusive as possible, we admit that we are still learning. If you think we should be providing particular facilities, please tell us. If you can provide us with your experience or services as a steward, we would be glad to hear from you.

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359 toilets	
170 metres of urinals	
100 festival cleaners	
100 fire extinguishers	
3 first aid stations and ambulances	21,000
8 very full hours of entertainment	
1 safe day (public liability insurance)	6,000
lots of hired equipment	
100,000 friends	The second
and lots of essentials all adding up to	£160,000
For the best day of the year!	No. 1

Lily Savage's tea tent

THE THIRD YEAR - A NEW LOOK!

Roll up! Roll up! Brendan Murphy and Jeremy Joseph are proud to invite you to partake of a cup of tea and a slice of home-made cake. This year finds Lify Savage in Barbary Coast mood and she has insisted that drinking and gambling must be on offer. So, to the grand annual —not to be missed — bingo with its mega prizes (tins of biscuits, wart-removing kits, a weekend on a Canvey Island campsite, we have added a full licensed bar,

TEA TENT GOES BANG

As well as offering all the best gay cabaret, we've joined forces with Debbie Lee and Jamie Peters, so the music will be benging out, and you'll all be beogeying on down. That little 'cutie' (sic) of the medium wave, Jeremy Joseph, will start the discs spinning at 1pm – so to get a good spec you'd better get there early.

NON-STOP CABARET FROM 3 TIL 9

Lify will be hosting right through! And all your favourite acts will be there – Adrella. Betty Legs Diamond. Bob Down... Pegina Fong... Katrina and The Boy... Kelly... Dave Lynn... Tilley... Page 3 stunner Gayle Tuesday... and Many...many more besides!

From eight o'clock H.I.H. Regina Fong will be leading out her usual band of nuts in her usual madhouse style.

BRING YOUR BINGO PENS

Get there early, get your bingo cards at the bar, enjoy a few bevvies (well, get rotten drunk if you like!), have a good bop and don't forget you could win a luxury knitted poodle to diguise your lav rolls in the guest toilet.

HAPPY PRIDE!!

LILY'S TEA TENT: 1pm BANG DISCO

3pm LILY SAVAGE STARTS THE SHOW

4pm BINGO

8-9pm REGINA FONG'S MADHOUSE

9pm till close BANG DISCO

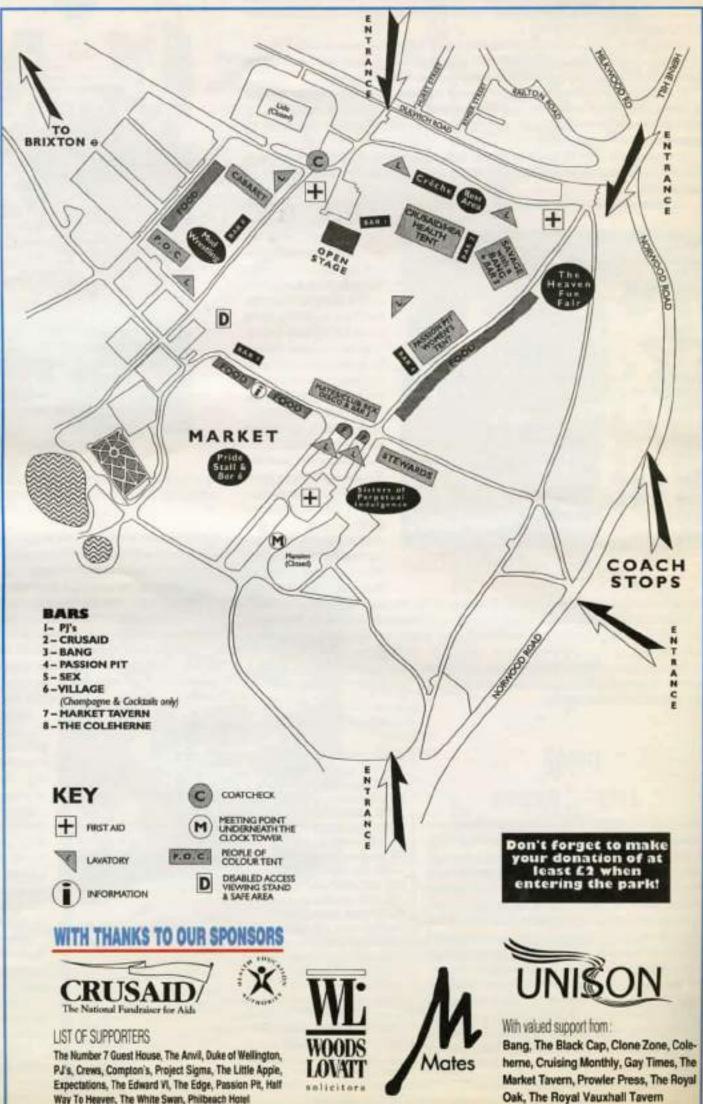


Pride stall

The Pride Shop in the amazing Market Area will be full to the rafters with this year's fabulous T Shirts. If we haven't sold out by the 19th, we'll have all the colours in all the sizes! At the shop you can also get into about The Pride Trust, sign up as a member and check out the latest in Pride style.

But why wait? Turn to the page with the Pride Merchandise advertisement on it and order today. You can also get the magnificent Mugs and beautiful Badges delivered to your home – post and packing free thanks to our friends at MaieXpress and Prowler Press. David Robertson, the Southern Hairdresser of the Year, will be next to the Pride Shop offering the latest in hair fashion – and all in a good cause. So check it out and come away with a new you and some hair-care goodies!

PRIDE '93 JUNE 19TH BROCKWELL PARK





Open stage

Some of the biggest names in the pop business have appeared at Pride over the years, and this year will be no exception. For months our Entertainments group have

been working to provide a line-up with something for everyone. As we go to press, some of the major acts have yet to be confirmed. But rest assured that some of the trendiest pop performers have agreed to appear. Also, because of contractual problems, some of the big name performers who have promised to appear have requested that there is no advance publicity. But we can promise you a day of quality entertainment!

After being absent from the Pride Stage

for the last couple of years, Jimmy Somerville is making a welcome return.

Last year Boy George brought the stage show to a climax with an impressive set that lead straight into the amazing and emotional fireworks display. We are pleased to let you know that Boy George and his band will once again will be giving their all for your pleasure!

As the day on the Open Stage progresses, a host of stars

and performers will be introducing themselves and many of the great names playing. As well as the Conquering Yvetle pairing up with Michelle Collins of EastEndes, favourites Lily Savage and H.I.H. Regina Fong will each have their celebrity guest presenters to host part of this extrav-

Including the P.A. towers, the Open Stage is over 30 feet wide

and nearly 50 feet deep. What we are providing is as good as any star might expect to play on. As for the sound, the

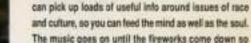
Open Stage boasts 45,000 watts of music power through speakers designed to direct the sound more accurately to the audience – and not the neighbourhood.

A long standing tayounte making another appearance is Hazel Dean, it is two years since Hazel's last performance at Pride, and once her music is licking round the audience, you should start to see them really move. Another singer making her first visit to Pride, and bound to be well received, is the disco tayourite. Rozalta.

Zrazy, the tabulous duo from Dublin, are over the moon about their appearance at Pride and can't wait to offer their sound for your pleasure!

With no screws to hold her back, who knows what may happen when Val Lehman takes to the stage. Just perhaps, the spectacular Julian Clarey will be able to take her in hand – or should all of that be the other way around?

Look out for the amazing RPLA as they take over the Open Stage to give you a performance you won't forget in a hurry! The list goes on and on, so be ready for a great time and some special surprises.



Once again this year people of colour have a marquee where you can get together with friends to hot up or chill out. As last year The Black Experience are hosting, with a great line-up of guest DJs throughout the day. Accompanying the marquee is a mini info market where you

People of colour

other features at the Park

In these pages we have only covered a selection of the days events. Other features of this fun-packed event to look out for include the Market Area. The market is packed with 250 stalls where you can pick up a bergain and cruise through some great ideas for gifts and services.

And as the lights go down, the finworks will go up. Following on from the success of last years emotional and spectacular finale, we can promise you an even more impressive display this year. In excess of 3 cet. of explosive be used to produce over 2,000 explosions to send our message of pride across the night skies of the capital. At the park you will be able to pick up a copy of the Day Programme which will give you all the details you need to ensure you are in the right place at the right time. So don't miss out, come and oxidebrate on June 19th!

Mud, glorious mud

Following its success last year, the Mud Wrestling has a new high profile position for 1990. From 3.00pm you can have the time of your life rolling around in gallons of specially produced, environmentally friendly, mud. And you can do it with the one you love or a complete stranger.

All you have to do is turn up, everything else is provided. If you want! Don't worry if you have never done it before — you can pick up a few tips from the semi-pros, including regulars from Slosh and the Mud Club, who will be leading the activity. There will be a whole range of sizes, shapes and weights taking part so you should have no problem getting a bout in the specially constructed and padded "ring".

If after you've given your all in the ring you're still not convinced about the beautifying properties of mud, just step into the showers to wash it all away.

Women's space

Clad in lipstick to leather we are expecting 25,000 to pass through one of the most popular areas – the Women's Marquee and Disco. Situated to the lar right of the Open Stage, close to the funtair, the day is being coordinated by the crew from the Passion Pit. Party sounds are being provided by DJs Slamma, Queen Maxine, Vikki Red and Princess Julia, with more to be confirmed.

Plans are well under way for some special guests to make an appearance on the day – so keep an eye out for some surprises. When the need for a drink takes you, you don't even have to leave the Marquee, as it is blessed with its own access to the bar next door. There's also easy access to the near-by toilet block.

Of special interest to women may be the Lesbian Archive and Information Centre at their stall in the Market Area. LIAC is unique in the UK—a treasure trove of multi-media, books (fiction and non-fiction), megazines, photos, postcards etc., about lesbians from classical to modern times. The collection has been growing for nine years and leatures items donated from all over the world by lesbians of every race, religion and culture.

The group (based in London's Women's Centre 371 405 6475), like most lesbian and gay groups, depends on the efforts and support of volunteers, so offers of help will be well received.



Health and fitness

CRUSAID AND THE HEA

With the emphasis on getting and staying fit, the Health Education Authority are teaming up again with Crusaid. In one of the biggest marquees in the Park, there is the promise of something for everyone - from the Hackney Women's Football Team to the Hunk Aerobics crew.

Some of Crusaid's success is based on their celebrity connections. So look out for surprise guests throughout the day. Any you come across will be pleased to sign an autograph or have their photo taken with you for the price of a donation to the Crusaid Hardship Fund. From the fund, the charity distributes over £17,000 every month to those with HIV or Aids and in financial hardship in an attempt to help sustain the dignity of these people.

Anyone making a donation to the hardship fund will also qualify for a discount on the cost of registration for the Walk For Life.

Not only the HEA and Crusaid will be represented. Fifty exhibitors - from Terrence Higgins Trust to the Gay Windsurfers club will be offering you advice and information throughout the day. Alongside the exhibitors is a full cabaret line-up. If Manchester's Village Show Girls, Maria Esposito and Katrina and the Boy, to name but a few, aren't tickling your fancy, why not check out the video area. Safer Sex films from around the world, including the Australian and German ones, will be getting a pop-

In a bid to provide something for everyone, Crusaid have also teamed up with Kudos - one of West End London's newest and most popular style bars. The bar and marquee are linked, so if it all gets too much, liquid relief is only yards away.

Continuing on the fitness theme, why not check out the Dynamo Dykes Volleyball team. An experienced team, based in south London, they have arranged for exhibition matches and an open tournament around 5.00pm for anybody interested. You don't need to be an experienced player or even to § have played before, all you need is the urge to try it. The tournament is open to both men and women of all ages, so why not have a go?

All you need to do is register, and you will be grouped with five others to form a team. The games



Hackney Women's Football Team in the Crusaid/HEA marquee

will be 15 minutes long, with the winners going through to the next round. There will be mixed and

It's advisable to be wearing sports shoes and loose clothing, and in the event of a minor injury. there will be basic sporting first aid available.

and women's sessions.

Pride is going greeen

ENVIRONMENTAL

LESBIAN & GAY SWITCHBOARD

LONDON

How many times have you phoned the London Lesbian and Gay Switchboard and not been able to get through fist time? If you get down to their marquee they will be able to tell you in person that they take about 100,000 calls a year!



As they are preparing to move to new offices with more phone lines, you can meet some of the volunteers and find out more about the work and campaigning they do. On offer will be information about their services, what's on in London around the time of Pride and the full range of Switchboard **SOUVENIES**

Switchboard needs more than just your money and interest though. Why not ask them about volunteering, and perhaps the next time you call you will get an even better service.

In the mean time, if you need any help or advice, why not give your local Switchboard a call - they'd love to hear from you.

Everyone involved in Club Together. Debby Lee and Wayne Shires, Lee Freeman, Main Luin, Peter Smith and everyone at Lambeth Council. Toni and Jackie at the Duke of Wellington. Mike McCann, Ray, Paul, Nick and lan and the rest of Clone Zone: Yvette: Lily Savage and Brendan Murphy, Regina Fong and Mig Kimpton. Jeverny Joseph. Neal Cavaller Smith, Peter Cummings, Mindi and Simon and all at Prowler Press. Russ Adams, Rob King, Lesley Sparkes and the staff at PJ's, Jackie and Clare at Between the Lines DTP. Kim Lucas and Laurence Jougey Paget, Ben Bacarisse and Mike Edwards, Jean Paul Ravers, Terry Harding, Gerall Henning and David Randolf Luciene Calabria for the logo. Adrian Flack. Andy Butterfield. Share Collins and the London Green Party. Brian McLoughlin and CMA Leisure. Tim Osder, Andrew Goodman, Julian White, Alex Dawson, Marisa

CLUB SEX with MATES

An orgasm of sound delivered safely courtesy of Mates, the condom people, who are sponsoring the Club Sex Marquee. Get in and get down for some of the loudest sounds of the day and night. DJs include Rachel Auburn, Martin Confusion, Slamma, Princess Julia, Smokin Joe and Jon Pleased Women. Mates and the Terrence Higgings Trust will be hanging out with the Safer Sex message, with info packs and condoms, etc. Mates' Club Sex has its own massive bar to help keep you refreshed through the day, and look out for the Smirnoff Vodka promotion.

It's the general aim of The Pride Trust to make as big an impression as we can on the world, but have as small an effect on the planet as pos-

We all enjoy the once a year Pride Festival, but what about the regular users of the park, and those who live in the neighbourhood? At Pride, we are convinced that we have a responsibility not only to the local community, but to the whole planet. A day like Pride can take a large toll on the environment, and it's our responsibility to ensure that there is as little waste as possible and that we operate in a manner sympathetic to the needs of the planet.

Shane Collins is yet another first for The Pride Trust! Shane, a committed member of the London Green Party (and an election candidate in 1992). has volunteered his services as our Environmental Consultant

As a local resident, he knows what it can be like having to listen to 80,000 watts of somebody else's music all day. So this year we have spent a little extra on the type of loud speakers we use. With the E.A.W. speakers we have commissioned, the sound can be directed more accurately, with less spillage to the surrounding areas.

Last year we had to clear almost 200,000 drinks cans from the park after the festivities. This year we are anticipating having to clear even more. Once again, they will be taken for processing and re-cycling by a local company.

For safety reasons, the bars and food stalls will not be selling drinks in glass bottles. Out of consideration for the people and animals who will return to enjoy the Park, please do not bring any glass botties or containers with you either.

Look out too for the 30 Green Marshals who will be dotted about Brockwell Park. They will be there to assist you in disposing of your litter. There will be skips for general rubbish as well as for specific recyclable items such as drink cans and paper.

The Green Party have won the tender for the cleaning of the Park and early on Sunday, 40 cleaners will move in and cleanse the park of rubbish, getting down to a final hands and knees search. The neighbourhood will have its park back by sun-down the following day, in a clean and tidy state.

THANK

Without the help of countless people, The Pride Trust would not have been able to make its events as successful as they are. The following list may well contain omissions, for which I apologise in advance. And of course, thank you for reading this magazine - I hope you have enjoyed it and found it useful. If you use any of the services, groups or companies in here, why not tell them where you saw their details, and return some of their support. Thank you - Bill Walshe.

Howes, Bistro Carapaco, David Robertson, Jimmy, Pip and all at the Black Cap. Liam Byrne. Paul Nagel. Mario Kyrlacov. Briston Cycles. Kursad Kahrumanoglu. St. John's Ambulance. The White Swan, Red Rooster P.R. The Philbeach Hotel, Will Parsons and Martin Lee, Chris Graham-Bell, Bill Short, David Smith,

Frances Williams, Tony Reeves, Glen Platts, Fitzshelft Grant, Terry Deal. Robert and everyone else at Milivres. Capital Gay Boyz, The Pink Paper and Gay Times. All our stewards, helpers and performers. Stevie Johnston. Chris Sanders. Tony Pithers. Jonathan and Expectations. All at the Gloucester. John Glee-

son. Faul Wide. Roy and the Zipper Store. Richard Maude and Gordon Rainsford, Paul Fricka and the Peter House Project. Kathy Wilson, Ch Insp Alan Webb, Marie Smith, Briston Police and T020, St. John Adlant, Bruce Thominson, Martin, Eden and The Back Experience, Robert Bowen, All our Associate Members, G.M.P. Alastar Clarke, Paul Burston, Viv Acious and Eric Presland, Joseph M Hulewicz, Gloria Mills. Sue Romsay and Kate Sayer at Sayer Vincent. The Scala. Paul Crystal. Paul Oliv er, Warren and the Royal Claik. Peter Evens. Fleur Howard. Lynn. Nicki and the Iceni. Tim Kirkwood. Switchboard. LAGPA. Kevin Moore Sue Sam David Rosen David Sheeton James Slewart and Nick Taylor at Stuart Taylor Associates. Peter Tatchell David. Thomas, Derek Jarman, John Tyler, Nicky Sawicki and ULU. Stove Barksby and not least of all - Simon Throug.

Continuin

Continuing...
The LESBIAN AND GAY FILM FESTIVAL of the Electric Circ. ema. See Tues 8th for details FILMS at the ICA - see Fri 18th June

THE DRILL HALL ARTS CENTRE presents Lip Service in WITHERING LOOKS: An authoritic evening with the Brontes by Maggie Fox and Sue Ryding

'They had me in stitches." Time Out

June 1st - 26th, Tuesday-Saturday 7.30 pm. Fridays and Saturdays hee creche. The Brill Hall, 16 Chenies St., London WC1, 071 637 8270 for details

BEING AT HOME WITH CLAUDE

The performances are superb, the direction is tighter than a rent boy's vest, and if the opening scene doesn't leave you gasping for breath, you're probably dead already" (Time Out). From 28th May at MGM Piccadilly (171 437 3561), MGM Totternam Crt. Rd. (071 636 6148) and Clapham Picture House (07) 498 2242). From 31st May at Manchester Cornerhouse (061 228 2463). Also at selected onemas around the country. Call Out On A Limb film distribution on 071 498 9643 for

Wednesday 2nd June OUT TO SWIM

sing session. Kentish Town Pool, Prince of Wales Road, Kertish Town, Tube: Kertish Town, Meet 7,45pm, Swim 8-9pm. £3/£1.50 concessions. Members £2/£1 (m'ship fee £18/£9). For details Fraser (081 677 9775).

Thursday 3rd June THE WHITE SWAN PRIDE BENEFIT NIGHT

556 Commercial Road, London Et

RAUNCHY LAUNCH OF CROYDON PRIDE

Come dressed as your lavourite Fantasy. Leather, Drag, Uniforms, Denim! Streets Bar, 74 High Street, Penge SE20, 8pm. Midnight.

Disabled access. For further details on Croydon Pride ring

PRIDE BENEFIT WITH SEX

Sex at Cafe de Paris, 3 Covertry Street, London W1

Saturday 5th June

CROYDON PRIDE STAR CABARET

PJ's Bar, 68 Brigstock Road, Thornton Heath, 8pm sll late, OUT TO SWIM. Swimming session. University of Landon Pool, Malet Street, WC1. Tube: Goodge Street: 3.45pm. Swim 4-5om, £3/£1 50 cors. Members £2/£1 (Miship lee £18/£9). Further details ring Fraser on 081 677 9775.

THE LITTLE APPLE PRIDE BENEFIT

98 Kennington Lane, London SE11.

THE PHILBEACH HOTEL PRIDE BENEFIT

30 Philibeach Gardens, London SW5.

CROYDON PRIDE ROUNDERS CHALLENGE CUP & **FANTABULOUS GARDEN BBQ**

Bird-in-Hand, Sydenham Road, Croydon, 10.30am till late. THE BRITISH PRINCE PRIDE BENEFIT

49 Bromley Street, London E1.

Monday 7th June

OUT TO SWIM. Swittining session. Marshall Street Pool, Marshall Street, W1. Tube: Oxford Circus/Piccadilly Circus. Meet 8.45pm Swim 9-10pm, £3/£1.50 concessions. Members £2/£1 Further details ring Fraser on 081 677 9775. SCREENPRINTING WORKSHOP

Would you like to design and print your own t-shirt? Then come along to The Workshop, 81 Lemhall Fload, Hackney, London EB.

Access ground foor Wheelchar accessible. Disabled toilet. For booking and further details ring 071 254 6584.

Tuesday 8th June

DANCE GIFL DANCE (1940) plus CHRISTOPHER STRONG (1933)

A double bill from Dorothy Arzner, the most prominent female director of the 30s and 40s. Part of Lesbian and Gay Film Festiva On Tour. Electric Cinema, 191 Portobello Road, W11 (07) 792 20201

SCREENPRINTING WORKSHOP

For details see Mon 7th June

Wednesday 9th June

AMAZING GRACE (1992) and THE ATTENDANT (1993) Set among the gay mileu of Tel Aviv, Amazing Graon tells of 17-year-old Jonathon's bust-up with his boyfriend and his artraction to Thomas. In The Atlendant a gallery worker's fantasies are brought to life through a picture. Lestian and Gay Film Festival On Tour - see Tues 8th June for details

SCREENPRINTING WORKSHOP For details see Mon 7th

OUT TO SWIM: Swimming session. For details see Wed 2nd

Thursday 10th June

PRIDE DISCO Presented by Hounslow Lesbian and Gay

PRIDE: DAY BY DAY



Group and Hourslow Leisure Services. All lestians and gay men welcome. Montague Hall, Montague Road, Hounslow, from 8pm. Tube: Hounslow Central. Wheelchair accessible. For further details ring David on 081 995 7090 or Rachel on

SCREENPRINTING WORKSHOP. For details see Mon 7th.

CROYDON PRIDE BULLSEYE CHALLENGE QUIZ Bird-in-Hand, Sydermam Road, Croydon, 8pm - till late.

Friday 11th June

CROYDON PRIDE ROOF TOP BBQ.

Hollybush, 2 Westow Hill, Crystal Palace SE19, 8pm - sill late. POLITICAL FORUM. Presented by the Gay and Lesbian Humarist Association. Speakers from the three main political parties, including Ken Livingstone (Labour). The Library, Conway Hall Humanist Centre, Red Lion Square, WC1, at 7.30pm. Tube: Holborn. Access: 1st floor, steps help available. Disabled toilet on ground floor. For further details ring 0926 58450

THE PRIDE BENEFIT AT THE PRIDE PUB 269 Stepney Way, London Et.

Saturday 12th June

THROB: A NIGHT OF SLEAZE AND GLITZ.

Another mega Pride warehouse party at Bagley's Warehouse. Kings Cross Goods Yard, York Way, London Nt., Get your tickets early to avoid disappr

SOMETHING SEXY AT THE ROYAL OAK

A safer sex tun night with Jean T and Double Impact. Amarged by GMFA. The Royal Oak, Glenthome Road, Hammersmith W6. Evening (free before 10.30pm). Tube: Hammersmith. For further details call 071 738 3712.

BAZAAR 93 This annual jumble sale with so much more has raised 043,000 for Aids care in London over the last seven years. Bazaar 93 is THE LAST ONE! At Bazaar 93 will be: Food Chain, The Pride Trust, Crusaid, Oasis Aids care centre, Body Positive, GMFA, and Switchboard, plus stalls selfing books, mags, records, jeans, army gear, bric-a-brac and more. Camden Centre, Kings Cross, opposite St Pancras Station, 12 noon-4pm. Entrance £2. Wheelchair ramp. All monies to Crusaid, GMFA, Royal Free and Body Positive

THE LYCRA LONDON TO BRIGHTON SPONSORED

Raising money for London Lesbian and Gay Switchboard. Meet Nelson's Column, Trafalgar Square, at 10am. For further details ring Martin on 671 736 5053 For sponsor ship forms 071 837 7804

OUT TO SWIM. Swimming session. For details see Sat 5th

Sunday 13th June

HOUNSLOW PRIDE SPORTS DAY AND PINK PICNIC.

The Hounslow Lesbian and Gay Group and Hounslow Leisure Services present three legged, egg and spoon and sack races and more. Food provided. Bring your own drink. Lampton Park, Hourslow from 12 noon. Tube: Hourslow Central Further details from David (081 995 7090) or Rachel (081 892) 1129%

PINKNIC Presented by Lambeth Environmental Services.

A Summer's afternoon of open-air music and cabaret for lesbians and gay men in one of Lambeth's most beautiful formal gardens. Bring a picnic. The Rookery, Streatham Common, London SW16, 2-6pm.

FREE. For further details ring 071 926 9337.

SEX WITH KUDOS

A chance to meet, talk & drink & update yourself on safer sex. Funded and organised by PACE and Kensington, Cheisea, Westminster and Brent Health Promotion Unit. Downstairs Bar, Kudos, 10 Adelaide Street, St Martin's in the Fields, WC2, 3-fipm. Tube: Charing Cross. For further into ring Colin on 071 700 1323.

CROYDON PRIDE GARDEN FETE and OTT CELEBRA-TIONS.

Stalls, lood, cabaret, licensed bar, music, dirty dancing, safer sex demonstrations, celebrity guest appearances and much

Streets Bar, 74 High Street, Penge SE20, 12 noon-midnight. Disabled accer

NO SKIN OFF MY ASS (1990). THE ATTENDANT (1993) and WITTGENSTEIN (1993) "No Skin is one of the highlights of Queer Cinema." Time Out. Wittgenstein is a Jarman classsic. A witty and stylish biopic of the philosopher. The Rio Cinema. 107 Kingsland High St., Ett. (071 254 6677). BR: Dalston Kingsland. Induction loop, wheelchair accessible £4 50/£3 50 core

THE EDWARD VI PRIDE BENEFIT

25 Bromfield Street, london N1.

Monday 14th June

CAPITAL QUIZ Grand Final at Central Station, 37 Wharledale Read, London N1, 8.30pm. Tube: Kings Cross/ St Pancras. For further details contact St John Adland on 071 229 0481. SCREENPRINTING WORKSHOP. For details see Mon 7th

OUT TO SWIM. Swimming session. For details see Mon 7th

CONTEMPORARY LESBIAN AND GAY WRITING

Readings by Peter Robins, David Royle, Chris Payne and Pat. Arrowsmith. Gays The Word Bookshop, 66 Marchmont St.,

Tuber: Russell Square. Further details of this and other literary events call GMP (08: 365 1545) or see the gay press.

Tuesday 15th June

SCREENPRINTING WORKSHOP. For details see Mon 7th

THANK GOD I'M A LESBIAN (1992) and LUNE Thank God. is a documentary that offers lesbians the opportunity to talk about everything from coming out to SM. Lune is the story of a country girl falling in love with a boat-woman. To be screened with My Father is Coming (Monika Treut 1992) Part of The Lesbian and Gay Film Festival On Tour. See Tues. 8th for rietals.

Wednesday 16th June

SCREENPRINTING WORKSHOP. For details see Mon 7th

OUT TO SWIM. Swimming session. For details see Wed 2nd

Thursday 17th June

BANGI WITH PRICE A Pride benefit at Bang, 157 Charing Cross Road, London W1.

FORBIDDEN LOVE (1992) and MY GRANDMA'S LADY CABARET

A funny and touching documentary from the 1950s and 60s. a pot of secret pleasures. My Grandina's. a faritiesy about family histories. To be screened with Salmonberries. Part of The Lesbian and Gay Film Festival On Tour. See Tues 8th for details.

BLACK LESBIAN AND GAY PRIDE CELEBRATION presented by the BLGC. Sounds and performers. All black lesbians and gay men and their friends welcome. The Brixto ian, 4 Nexi's Yard, Covent Garden WC2, 8:30pm till late. For price, access and further details ring 071 732 3885.

LAVANDER RIPPLES 3 London Disability Arts Forum cele brates Disabled Lesbian Pride. A women only workhouse cabaret for disabled lesbians and their friends. Oval House 52-54 Kennington Oval, SE11, at 8pm. Tube: Oval. Accessible. Sign language interpreter. Induction loop. Box Office 071 582 7680. £4/£3 consessions.

FLAMING EARS (1991) and MY FATHER IS COMING (1991). Flaming is a wild and tacky post modern cyber-dyke sci-fl adventure! My Father... by Monika Treut (a Gay Times sward winner) is a fascinating and furny study. The Rio Circ ema. See Sunday 13th for details.

SCREENPRINTING WORKSHOP. For details see Mon 7th

CROYDON PRIDE KARAOKE NIGHT. Sing out at the Holly bush, 2 Westow Hill, Crystal Palace SE15, 8pm Midnight.

CROYDON PRIDE AND BENEFIT AT PJ'S

Customised Star Cabaret oxiobrating the 21st Eve of Pride. PJ's Bar, 68 Brigstock Road, Thornton Heath, form Midnight. VIRGIN MACHINE Gay Times award-winner Monika Treut directs this beautiful and uprearious film which follows Dorothee on a voyage of sexual discovery from Hamburg to San Francisco, ICA Cinema, The Mall, London SW1. For further details of this and other films in the ICA season, call 071 498 9643

Saturday 19th Ju

CROYDON PRIDE TRANSPORT The Croydon Queer Double - Decker Express leaves PJ's Bar, 68 Brigstock Road. Thomson Health, at 10am. Reservations should be made with PJ's bar staff.

The QUEERMOBILE leaves Streets Bar. 74 High Street. Penge, 10am. Reservations should be made with Streets bar

THE CROYDON PRIDE BUS for people with HIV, departs from South Norwood at 10am. Resentations should be made by contacting Ray (081 653 1794)

CROYDON FOLK 5 the CROYDON QUEER BUSCUIT TIN BASHERS BAND, assemble under the Croydon Banner on the Embankment. All Croydon buses will leave Hyde Park for Brockwell Park after the Parade.

nday 20th June

LYCRA: THE MORNING AFTER RIDE Ovcle ride to Highgate Ponds. Bring a picnic. Meet at Nelson's Column, Trafalgar Square, at 11am. For further details ring Tony on 071 708

PRIDE SERVICE Presented by the Lesbian and Gay Chris-San Movement at Hinde Street Methodist Church, corner of Hinde St. and Thayer St., London W1, at 3pm. Tube: Bond Street Oxford Circus/Baker Street. Access: 12 steps. Help. available. Induction loop. For further details please rins 071

PICNIC presented by the Black Lesbian and Gay Centre. Black lesbians and gay men and their friends welcome. Meet at Hyde Park Corner, Exit 3/Bus Stop W at 3pm. £3. For fur ther details ring 071 732 3885. There will also be an Arts & Crafts Exhibition at the BLGC on Sat 26th June. Arch 196, Bellenden Road, SE15, Food & diink on sale, Access, ground floor, not fully wheelchair accessible but help available



HATE this hot weather... It's all very well if you live somewhere posh with a garden, but South Lambeth Road is not the ideal place to spend a June summer.

A sunny day is a beautiful thing if spent in a butterfly-infested country garden with only the hum of a distant combine harvester and cattle lowing in a nearby field to distract you.

If I open my windows for a breath of carbon monoxide I'm treated to the sounds of a Vauxhall summer: domestic violence, traffic, the neighbours record collection (Bob Marley and Jim Reeves played either side of you is an acquired taste!) and the strange sound a fridge makes when it's thrown from the fourteenth floor and lands on a cat!

So I draw my curtains soak my feet in a bowl of water and swig a cold can of Mackeson. If next door are playing Demis Roussos again I can shut me eyes and pretend that I'm sitting on a lumpy couch in Greece. That is until our Vera staggers in to the front room - dressing gown stinking of dandruff and fried bacon - to announce that the dog has done another technicolour vomit in the middle of her bed. I keep telling her to stop forcing the poor thing to have sex with her, no wonder it vomits! Well, when I say sex, she doesn't actually go "all the way" with it, she just writhes on the bed and mimes to Liesi's bit in "I am sixteen going on seventeen" from 'The Sound of Music'

All my pets have got queasy stomachs; I'm beginning to think my two cats are bulimic. I get so led up with it sometimes, that one day I'm going to vemit a tur-ball all over their new suede handbag just to see how they like it!

Anyway, June is always a busy month for me. For a start there's my birthday (the 14th thank you) which means a week of alcohol abuse and then I'm usually inundated with visitors from up North for gay Pride week. Last year my flat looked like a Kibbutz.

I had to give up my bed and share with our Vera. Never again! She uses nylon sheets and when she gets into bed wearing that nylon nightie, well, the sparks resemble Darth Vader and Luke Skywalker in the middle of a barney!

Some of my older friends have commented on how much the London 'scene' (god I hate that expression) has changed, and I've got to agree. When I first arrived in London from the Wirral, I stood in the Coleherne and smoked Sobranie cocktail cigarettes to show that I was really a world-weary sophisticate but I think it was me clogs that gave the game away.

Well, anyway, me nephew - who has just come out (he just did 18 months of a two year sentence) has never seen anything like Old Compton Street. Queer villages are not common-place in Birkenhead so he's fast becoming a 'West End Lovely'. Have you seen them, this new breed of West End gueen? Gone is the old model who fell out the A&B Club and into the Toucan - rat-arsed! The '90s version has got 'Atti-

Usually dressed in black (American Retro de rigeur and shirts that are too small) - with the allimportant accessory the dinky little haversack slung casually over one shoulder - they flit from bar to

To emulate this lovely, one must be able to hold the head high and wear an expression of superiority and bored distaste, one hand clutching the shoulder strap of the haversack, the other brushing the fingers through the hair. The walk is highly specialised, slightly reminiscent of Aunt Sally from Worzel Gummidge; a sort of aggressive mince. That is unless you're a Muscle Mary, then you take it a littie slower to give you enough time to admire yourself in shop windows! To get the walk just right, shove a boiled egg up your arse at the corner of Wardour Street and you should have been able to shell it by the time you reach Dean Street!

Don't get me wrong, I think the idea of a 'Queer Village' is a marvellous idea. The bars are clean, efficiently run and safe. The cafes, laid back and slick. Gay shops abound. Why Clone Zone has something for everyone. Downstairs they even cater to the fisherman, with waders, rubber mackintoshes and long chains with weights on the end, which I assume you hang off the end of your fishing rod!

But there's a lot more to London than posing in the West End. Why not take the tube (if you want to be mugged) or a taxi (spend £7.50 to listen to a cockney racist's views on football) to south London's notorious Barbary Coast? There on the south bank is a select little 'wine bar' called The Vauxhall Tavem. And just a stone's throw from there and the new Secret Service building, is another elegant watering hole: The Market Tavem, Here they caler for the more mature client with a fondness for the leather look!

Further up the road is the stylish Clapham (pronounced 'Clarm') and The Two Brewers - very smart. If you confess to having seen 'La Cage Aux Folles' more than a couple of times they let you in for free.

If you have the misfortune to be in Streatham (usually not pronounced!), then for a bit of light relief you should visit Bang! Or if raving is what you are after, then The Fridge in Brixton is the ideal hostelry.

The East End is alive with gay pubs - amongst other things! Earls Court is still up there with the best of them; even Bromptons no longer resembles the lounge at Terminal One at Heathrow since it changed hands. And as for north London, you can't turn around without tripping over a pub full of puffs! There's The Black Cap, the newly refurbished Laurel Tree, Central Station and Regents. Hammersmith (a great place to come from, but you wouldn't catch me going there in daylight) has The Royal Oak and The Penny Farthing. I could go on, the list seems almost endless. I've left loads out 'cos I'm not the bloody Oracle! Get yourself a copy of a gay newspaper. There are so many these days that the pubs are beginning to look like W. H. Smiths. Or look at the adverts in this thing if you haven't already ripped it into squares and put it on the nail!

So if you're a visitor there's plenty to do. That's if you've got the energy after a parade and an eighthour session in Brockwell Park. I've got a tent again. Bigger this time, and with a bar and creche facilities. Well actually I'm the creche facility. You see, last year people kept dumping their snotty-nosed kids on me and by tea-time I looked like Ingrid Bergman in 'The Inn Of The Sixth Happiness'!

All the acts from what those (hard working - Ed.) gets at Winter Pride patronisingly term 'the pub circuit' will be performing. No speeches. No scap box. The aim of the tent is just to provide loads of laughs, have a good time and feel good about ourselves.

And provide them we friggin' well will! So come and say hello to me and my gang. See you on the day.

Love



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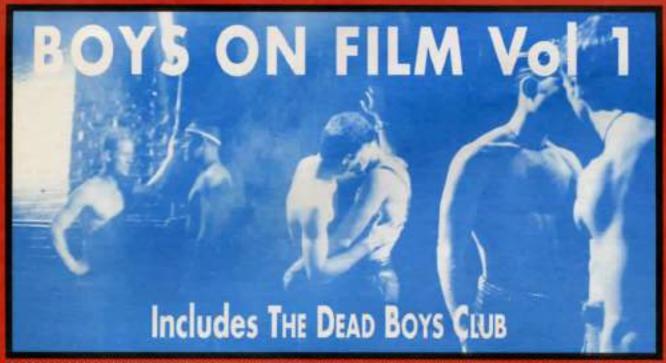
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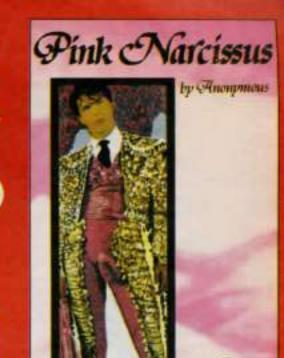
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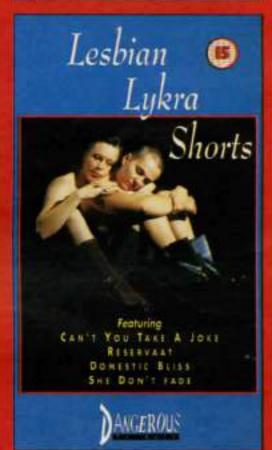
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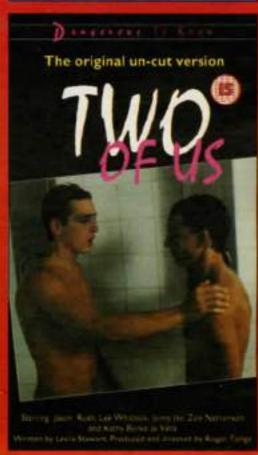


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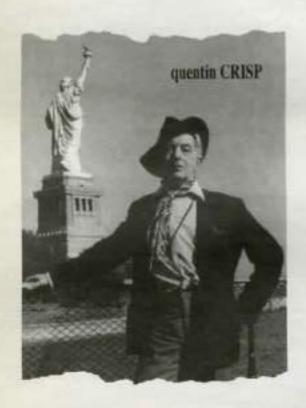
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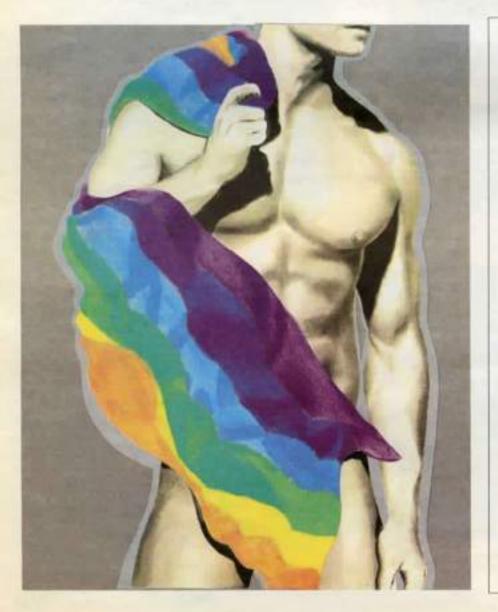
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Jack-in-the-box

by Peter Burton

ond-rate secondary modern school in London's East End in 1960, I already knew what was sexually what. If adolescent sexual experimentation could be measured on some kind of Richter Scale, my ventures between the ages of thirteen and lifteen were at about the level of the 1906 San Francisco earthquake.

I'd managed to bed most of the boys I found physically attractive at school in my year; I'd been compliant with many of those I didn't find appealing but who were either bigger than me or able to do me favours. I'd even managed a two-year ongoing emotional and physical relationship which in some respects set the pattern for those that were to come in the years ahead. But having left school, that ready supply of partners dried up.

Because I was fully aware of my innate difference from virtually all the boys with whom I had been sexually intimate whilst at school, I had no desire to see any of them once I'd started what I considered 'adult life'. One, Andrew, the boy with whom I'd had the long-term relationship, did turn up at home – but, because by then I'd found the more outre outposts of queer life, he was completely thrown when I tried to tuck him, and we never met again.

Because, although still only fifteen, I was at

'out there' there were others who shared my sexual tastes and inclinations. I didn't feel isolated: I was simply like a Jack-in-the-box trying to escape from its confines. Curiously, I was quite oblivious to the fact that what I was, was then against the law. No wonder older men backed nervously away when, having picked me up on a Central Line train or from the upper level of Trafalgar Square, I blithely informed them how old I was. It was then that I started a habit which I've kept up intermittently ever since - adding on years. Currently, I'm admitting I suppose I was 'on the cusp' (to use an expression from a little later in that same decade) between those who still lived secret lives in dread of exposure or blackmail and those born a few years after me who grew up in a slightly easier world. I never

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"I Was never id come out as such ever really "in". Like so

did come out as such – but only because I was never really 'in'. Like so many before me, I found it expedient to become 'a screamer'. Not because I was naturally nelly, but because my announcing myself so boidly enabled me more easily to meet others of my kind. It also meant that my mother and tather had got the picture without my having to tell them – and they invited Danny, my first post-school lover, to move in with us. That's another story – but it went hopelessly wrong when my father too fell in love with him.

I didn't find the years between 1960-1967 difficult – but I was London-born, with a native wit that kept me happily affoat and a prettiness that kept me in sexual demand. Now I recognise my good fortune; then I was too busy enjoying it.

• Peter Burton is features and reviews editor for Gay Times, and commissioning editor for Millivres Books. He has also written for more gay publications than most people have had hot dinners, is author of Parallel Lives (Gay Men's Press), and coauthor of Vale Of Tears (Millivres Books).



once sexually precocious and fully conscious that

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Coming



The three Muskequeers

by Rose Collis

COMING OUT is a process that almost has no beginning and certainly has no end. Do you come out to yourself first, or is that never actually part of it? It's a debate that's as old as homosexuality itself - and we all know how old that is. But for me it all started just twenty years ago.

I was nearing the end of my first year in a notoriously useless south London comprehensive that, significantly, was flanked by both a Family Planning Clinic and an unemployment office. At fourteen, I already knew there were major differences between me and most of the other girls in my year - and I knew darn well it wasn't anything to do with my superior spelling, either. Two years later, as I headed towards O-level failure and a barren spell in the sixth form, I formed my first close circle of teenage friends, all of them in the year above me. Some of them - especially two boys, Paul and Neil - had, like me, been regarded as outsiders who didn't run with the pack. We formed our own pack, camping it up in the school drama club and spending weekends getting deliciously drunk on the finest alcohol Saturday job wages could buy. These halycon days were short-lived: when our new English leacher turned up for my first sixth-form lesson, I promptly fell in love with her. She was beautiful, bright - and hopelessly out of reach. She had pegged me as a bit of a prat, I'm sure, as I could only ever answer her in a nervous, stuttering, twitter and, anyway, I was hardly going through my most physically attractive stage. It was indescribably painful and, of course, made worse by the fact that there was no one to whom I felt I could reveal My Big Discovery: that I was One of Them. I promptly had a nervous breakdown (which nobody managed to notice) and flunked school. My friends, being older, had already left and got jobs and we were separated for a while

By the time I reached nineteen, I was more accepting of what I was - and longing to put theory into physical and emotional practice. Paul and Neil and I were close friends again; however, they still didn't know. But then Fale took a hand - or, rather, Paul did. One day, he upped and announced he was gay. He was in love and was buying a house with his boyfriend. He told his family, his friends and his fiercely heterosexual colleagues on the Northern Line. It was an exemplary piece of com-

ing out and I was much moved. We sat discussing it at his house one teatime and he was describing how surprised everyone had been. "Well," he said, "you can understand it, I mean, just imagine the reaction if you said you were a lesbian... ha, ha, ha, ha. . . " I put down my teacup, "Paul. . . I've got something to tell you...

Now we were two, and counting. A couple of weeks later. Neil came out as well. Straight family and friends (the latter soon dropped us like hot cakes) wondered if it was all a heax. "Did you catch if off each other?" asked Neil's dumbfounded Catholic mother. Of course not - but it sure as hell explained why we had hooked up at school.

And so, with one bound, the Three Muskequeers headed off into the wonder-

ful world of Being Out. We watched our first gay movie together ("Word is Out"): stepped out on our first Gay Pride march together (1979) and our first gay disco (Union Tavern, Camberwell). For months on end - every Tuesday and Thursday evening we would venture out on fruitless forays into the gay nightlife we believed would deliver the sex objects of our dreams. For me, it was even more feverish as I was a two-way virgin, and the hormones, they were a-ragin'. But the Union's mixed discos were not fertile mating grounds - the only other women there were tag-hags (it took me some time to realise that such people existed). It gradually dawned on me that, perhaps, going about with a gang of even the nicest gay boys was not going to further my sexual cause. But then I didn't know any other dykes and I was still too nervous to consider going to a women's disco on my own. There was only one course of action: I started to scan Time Out's Lonely Hearts pages. I was such a chicken I only answered the ads from "beautiful bisexual woman" - I suppose I felt that a close encounter with a real, live lesbian was still too much for me (silly cow). Eventually, I decided to respond to one of the templing replies I'd had and arranged a rendezvous at Notting Hill Gate. She knew what I looked like ('photo, please') but she was still a mystery face to me. So it was that I spent a good fifteen minutes at the station trying not to stare at every



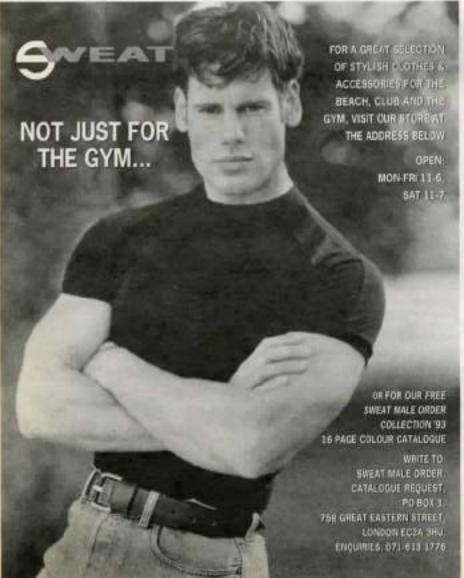
When Kate Bush's doppelgånger came up to me and said hello . . .

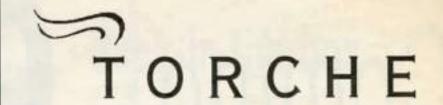
woman who appeared to be walking towards me. Never mind personality - just one thought was on my lust-ridden mind: "What if I don't fancy her?" When Kate Bush's doppelgänger came up to me and said "hello", for some strange reason that thought disappeared. Then we. . . ah, well, that's another story. Suffice to say that this beginning has a happy ending.

 Rose Collis is a freelance writer who has contributed to Gay Times, City Limits, The Independent, Shebang, Time Out, and Tribune, and who is currently completing Outlits and Malits, "a study of infamous lesblans" to be published by Cassell

Everybody has a story to tell. Coming Out is the one experience that is common to us all. For some it's a case of slipping out gently and copping off as quickly as possible. For others it's a long slow slide through tears and anguish. In the 1990s, you can also argue that coming out as a lesbian or gay man is plain sailing, and that coming out as an SMer or as a lesbian mother is a far bigger issue. But we thought we'd let a few people tell their stories here. From the East End of London in the early 1960s, through South London and North Manchester in the early 1970s, into the world of indie bands in the 1980s and the Navy of the 1990s, gay men and lesbians tell their own tale about how it was for them.







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The wilderness years

by Richard Smith

HAD been planning on writing a piece about what a rotten time I had when I was growing up. About how alone and how miserable I felt. But then I started looking through some old photos and remembered something that I'd forgotten for far too long - the friends I had back

The boy on the right in the photos is Paul, my oldest friend. We've known each other since we were four and always went to the same schools. Paul was the first person I ever came out to, but I doubt he remembers it. One night in 1979 (I was eleven) I'd crept downstairs after my parents had gone to bed. There was a documentary on about this singer called Tom Robinson. I knew he was gay. That's why I wanted to watch it – with the sound turned down almost to nothing and my hand permanently over the off switch just in case they came back downstairs. I don't really remember much about the programme except that it was the first time I'd ever heard anyone call themselves what I knew I was. Gay.

then.

The next day at school I felt so empowered I decided to tell my best friend Paul: "I saw this thing on telly last night, right? About that Tom Robinson, yeah?" – nervous laughter – "and he was saying he was gay" – silly giggles – "well I think I am ..." Huge pause. Then we both laughed very loudly and never mentioned the subject again.

Me and Paul passed our 12+ and went to Dr Challoner's in Amersham (end of the tube line, top left), one of the last State grammar schools. About a year later Paul started getting interested in girts. I didn't fancy him at all but I felt so . . . let down. It was the first time it hit home how different I was from the rest of them. Slowly we started to despise each other (more my fault than his looking back) and we didn't really make it up until we were sixteen.

Juppy, the boy on the left in the photo, was the third person I came out to. We were sixteen, a gang of us used to bunk out of school at lunchtimes to go to the local youth club (a pool table, a snack 'n' sandwich toaster and you could smoke – heaven). Walking back to school one time I told him that all the things all the other boys were saying about me were true.

Two years before, I'd had a scene (well, quick wanks at my house before my mum got back from work) with this boy Andrew. We were close, so the boys started saying what they said about anyone that was close like that: 'we were puffs na na-na nya nal' Andrew panicked. One day he just stopped talking to me. He started acting the rigourous heterosexual immediately after.

At the time I came out to Juppy, I was in love for the first time, with my best friend Ivan. Ivan was the most beautiful boy in the school so I'd made damn sure he was my best friend. Ivan was the second person I came out to. I couldn't bottle up my feelings about him, it seemed dishonest. He was a bit of a lad, completely straight, but despite all the whispering, jeers and taunts about him and me (you should have seen the graffiti in the bogs) he stuck up for me and stayed my friend.

The photo was taken in December 1986. We'd all left school that summer and the three of us were off to see The Fall (my twelfth time) and were killing time pissing about on Hammersmith Broadway Station. I was friends with Paul again – a shared love of crap indie bands had brought us back together. By this time I was in love with someone new. This boy called Mark who I'd first seen a year ago across the crowded dance floor at a That Petrol Emotion gig. He was so astonishingly pretty I couldn't stop myself from going up and talking to him. We became

triends and somehow I left in love with him too. And I told him. ("You're still my best friend and I love you like a brother," he said like a total sweetheart.) He didn't even get annoyed when we got pissed out of our minds on his seventeenth birthday (Housemartins, Bull and Gate – I fell all the way down the escalators at Kentish Town). When I missed my last train home he said I could stay at his house in Hillingdon. His mum caught me kissing him in the kitchen and grounded him for two weeks.

Mark went off to Manchester that Summer. Where Juppy and Paul were already. In 1986 we all wanted to go to Manchester. It's where The Smiths came from. And New Order. And The Fall. I took a year out and worked at BBC TV News. I didn't go to Manchester. I chose to go to Sussex University 'cause somehow I'd heard that Brighton had a reputation.

That's when the split happened. It took a while to find it but Brighton was what I hoped it would be (full of people like me). In my first term I got my first real boyfriend. Within two years I was so absorbed in being a full time homosexual that I dropped out of university. And I also lost touch with a lot of those old friends.

Paul went on to become president of the National Organisation of Labour Students (he was a Militant, um, supporter). Juppy, Justin Robertson, is now (annoyingly) one of the best dis in the country. Andrew, a mutual friend told me, reverted to poofery and ran away to Amsterdam. Ivan came out of a long stretch in a Turkish prison a year ago. Mark, last I heard, was a long distance lorry driver.

When I was growing up all of my best friends were heterosexuals. I'm really proud of the way they stood by me, the school pool.

Isn't it funny how things turn out?

 Richard Smith is a regular contributor to Gay Times and Melody Maker, a consultant on the Radio One documentary Pink Pop, co-author of Vale of Tears (Millivres Books), and is now working on Other Voices, a history of gay men and popular music to be published by Cassell.









'Winter of 1986'

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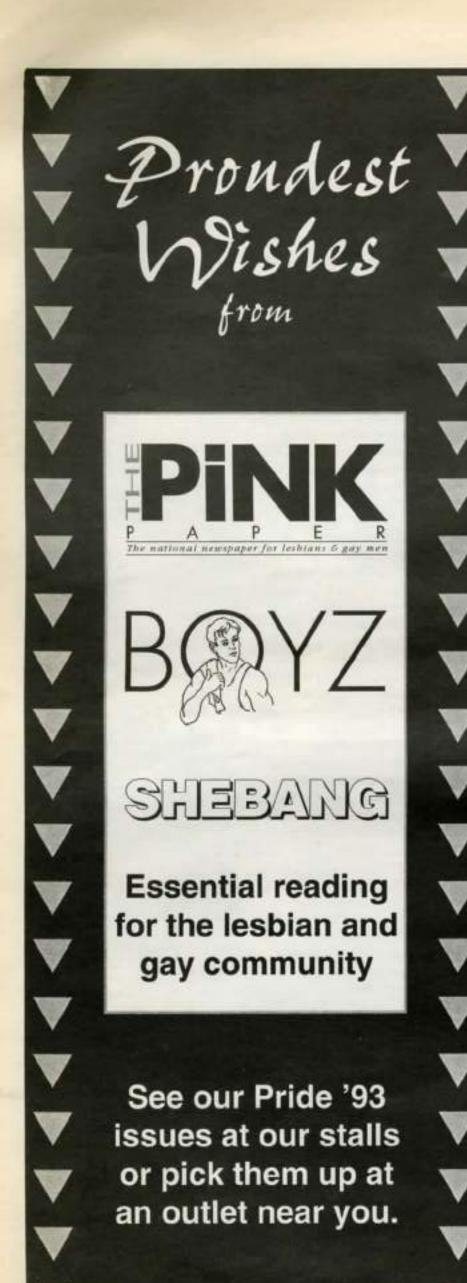
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Coming Out

After having experimented a littie bit with men in my home town of Aberdeen, I decided to join the Navy to get away from

MY STORY began at eighteen.

home

I joined in 1989 and everything was great. The only problem was all the macho crap all the blokes came out with when they went for a drink. I went along with it just to appear one of the lads.

For six months I never even thought about doing anything gay, believing that the Navy had spies everywhere and that they would catch me immediately. Then one Friday, just after I had been selected to represent the Navy tennis team, we had a day off to practise. The weather was so hot no one was in the mood to play, and the others went home. If I had gone straight back to my base I'd have had to go back to work, so I thought I'd go for a pint. Wandering into the nearest pub I soon realised it was a gay bar. I sat in the corner sheepishly all afternoon, getting pissed, and watching what was going on. I then went back to my base,

but feeling a bit drunk and with it being Friday night, I decided to go back out. I found an out-ofthe-way phone box and called directory enquiries. They gave me the number of the London Switchboard who gave me the name and address of a gay pub in Southempton. I knew that not many naval personnel went there.

I went and found the pub, but again sat on my own in the corner feeling very guilty and scared. Eventually someone noticed my distress and came up and spoke to me. He told me of a club and showed me the way there. I lost him soon after arriving, but by this time I was so sloshed that I didn't really mind being on my own. I wandered around for a while amazed at seeing so many incredibly good looking men. I had always believed that the reason I was gay was because I was so ugly no women would fancy me. Suddenly this incredibly handsome bloke came up to me and said in a very deep voice, "My mate fancies you. Do you want to go away with him." I turned to look at his friend who was just as gorgeous, I couldn't believe it was true.

As it turned out, I became very friendly with these guys and another friend of theirs. Over the next two years they helped me change from a paranoid young boy who hated himself into a confident young man who wouldn't after the fact that he was gay for anything.

As I became more comfortable with myself and started to go out more, I began to see people I knew from the Navy. To begin with I would never speak to them but later the odd knowing glance would cross the room.

After about two and a half years, I met an Italian when I was on shore-leave in London. We got together and things seemed to be going well, and



From paranoid young boy to confident young man'

I thought I was falling in love. By this time I was stationed on a ship which had to go away from time to time. My new friend wasn't very keen on this and so I decided to leave the Navy.

I rejoined my ship and told them that I wanted to leave, but they were a bit surprised. During my training I had won an award for the best artificer (technician), I was the Navy's under-22 tennis champion, and I'd just been recommended to become an officer. So, why did I want to leave? I made up a story about not liking it at sea, and they bought it. They said they would let me leave the ship, but I would have to do a ten week trip to the Mediter-

ranean first.

In the

navy

by Jim Acton

The longer I was away, the more I realised I didn't want to leave the Navy. I told my Italian friend but he wasn't very happy. We then decided maybe we could live together until I had served my time. But, as time went on, I didn't think this fair on him and told him we should probably split up. He ranted and

raved that I had led him on and that I'd never intended leaving the Navy. He started saying that if I clidn't keep seeing him he would tell the Navy I was gay. I seemed to be in a no-win situation – either way I lost.

I tried to stay friends with this guy but the threats carried on when I went to visit him in Italy. In the end, I got mad and told him he could do what he liked because I didn't care any more. The next four days were spent with him threatening to kill himself if I left. I used to wake up to see him standing beside me with a Stanley knife at his wrists. All of this was going on at his parent's house who hadn't been told that their son was gay. Eventually I grabbed my bags and tried to get away. He stood in the doorway with a kitchen knife at his throat and said he'd use it if I left. His mum then broke down and made us agree to meet in London on the 1st of January. I agreed, just to get out of the door. I flew back to London and got the train up to Aberdeen to find he had already called. At this time my parents didn't know I was gay.

He called my home three or four times every day saying he was coming to Aberdeen, and I thought I was going mad. I went to London on New Year's Day as planned, but dreading every second. We met and the rows started instantly, and for three days it went on. Eventually he told me he had already called the Navy to tell them I was gay. It was such a relief. I got hold of him and told him exactly what I thought of him. It was great not having to pretend anymore. I got my stuff and left, knowing I would never see him again.

I was rejoining my ship the next day so I went back to Aberdeen and packed my bags. I left for Rosyth in the morning wondering what was going to happen to me. I stepped onto the ship and got arrested on the spot.

I got taken away and locked up – 'for my own protection'. The next day I was questioned by naval detectives. I knew that if I wanted to deny it there was no way they could prove anything. All the regulations were on my side but the problem would be having to work with the people on the ship again – my life would have been a nightmare. I decided just to confess. When I came straight out with it, they seemed to believe that I was trying to pull a fast one just to get out. I gave them places and dates but told them I didn't know anyone else in the Navy who was gay. I thought I'd have been out in a week. In fact, it took four months.

Looking back, I don't dislike the Navy. I think it is a wonderful institution which taught me a lot more about life than I would have learned any other way. I only wish they were more liberal in their rules concerning gay men and women. I truly believe that these laws will change soon. A little too late for me, but not for everyone.

I believe the most important thing I learned in the Navy is 'look out for your friends and they'll look out for you'. thereabouts, living as the youngest daughter in the only black family in Middleton. Middleton is a small town in north Manchester, and I had grown up in this all-white environment from birth.

Both home and school were like this, so I knew all too well the experience of racism in daily life – even if I was unaware of the language to describe it. In addition to this, I was raised a Roman Catholic, I went to a Catholic school, and to church every Saturday and Sunday for Confession and Communion. Needless to say, the word 'sex' was never mentioned in our household, and in my life 'sexuality' did not exist. As for homosexuality, or lesbians and gay men, phew! I'd never heard of them!

Both as a child and as a young woman growing up I came across what I can clearly see now as homophobic behaviour and language. But at the time, I didn't even know what 'lessies' were or what they did, let alone that I might be one myself. I remember once at home, there was a programme which briefly mentioned the term 'homosexuality', and some comment was made by a member of my family which gave me sufficient warning to keep any discussion or doubts about my own sexuality under cover. When I was fifteen, I remember having a conversation with my best friend, Georgia, about my sexuality. We were very close friends for years and one day I just said "I think I'm gay," to which she responded, "How do you know?" I replied that I just knew. She wanted to persist with it and she said, "Well, there's no difference between kissing a boy and kissing a girl." Now, I had never kissed a girl but I was sure that there was a difference. There had to be, because the only kissing I wanted to be involved with was with people of my own

sex. "Of course there's a difference," I said. She said, "Well kiss me then, and we'll find out." Talk about calling someone's bluff! She wasn't my type. I mean, Georgia was my best friend and all, but I didn't want to kiss her! So I said no.

Although i'd known I was a lesbian from the age of thirteen, I was unable to do anything about it until the age of twenty-

three. But I do remember meeting Stephen Morrissey, in Virgin Records, about ten years before he went on to form The Smiths. We'd talked briefly about forming a band together, but nothing ever came of it. Instead, we used to write to each other, and one day I told him that I was gay. He was patronising and sarcastic about what I telt had been a huge revelation on my part, and all he wanted to know was why I hadn't considered his own sexuality!

On the whole, I didn't feel very encouraged by the general reception my sexuality had received. So I tried to have relationships with men. But I could never quite get my head (or body) around having a sexual relationship with a member of the opposite sex. At the time I had a good friend, Gary, with whom I'd attempted to have a sexual relationship, but neither of us had quite been able to get there. When I told him that I was a lesbian, he simply said, "Aw, that's going to spoil my fun." To this day I think that he is gay too, but he'll probably never admit it to himself.

I approached a lesbian magazine 'Sappho', which worked to put isolated lesbiars in touch with each other. Through this channel I was able to meet and attempt a relationship with another black lesbian. However, she was married and had problems

It's in

her kiss

by Quibilah Montsho

with alcohol abuse, and the relationship never got off the ground in any meaningful or positive way.

My coming out only happened properly when I moved from small-town Middleton to the south of the city when I started university. By this time I was twenty-three and felt I had a lot of catching up to do. Eventually I met a

woman after eyeing her up for about two months in advance. Luckily she was free and interested, and I've never looked back since that day.

Coming out for me then, took a period of years, from the day I admitted to myself that I fancied my art teacher Miss Jessop, to the meeting with a woman who helped me face up to the sexuality I'd suppressed for years. On the way, I also had to face up to a great deal of racism, as one of the very few black lesbians on the scene. There was and is very little that the scene can offer to black lesbians and, even today, I only risk visiting the scene when I feel strong enough to handle the racism on it.

 Quibitah Montsho is a freelance writer and still lives in Manchester.

The Metropolitan Police Service wishes those attending Pride 1993 a safe and enjoyable time.

We would like to remind you that thieves often operate in crowded places. Please take special care of bags, cameras and other personal items.

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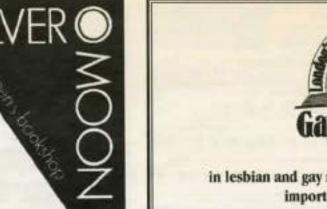
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WITH THE sad closure of the London Lestian and Gay Centre last year you might be forgiven for thinking that the age of community support is over. But far from it. In the capital and beyond, several long established organisations are continuing to soldier on

Centres of Excellence

It's not just Pride which is celebrating a 21st birthday this

summer. An altogether less flam-boyant organisation, Fronti, is celsbrating its gay coming of age too. Launched in late 1971/early 1972 as the counselling arm of the Compaign for Homosexual Equality. this support, betriending, advice and social organisation has almost 20 branches all over the country Friend's London premises, situat in Caledonian Road, play host to a startling array of groups spanning the spectrum of our communities diversity. On any given day the building is used by coming out

groups for men and women, by groups for lesbians, gay men and bisexuals from the Asian, Chinese, Jewish, Cypriot and Hish communities. The London Biserous Group also meet here, slongside social clubs for black lesbians, and older gay man. Friend's premises are – in all but name – a lesbian and gay community centre.

October for local Aids charities when local businesses, groups

and organisations joined lorous for three days of functioning

When the London Lesbish and Gay! Friend were just one of the organisations able and willing to cope with the follout. Perhaps one of the reasons for that closure was that London's disparate groupings proved too diverse to all gather under that one roof in Farringdon. The result is that many organisations and community groups have had to find new places to meet and, sadly, many have become scattered across a wide range

But this re-grouping has also brought benefits. The Commi on pub in King's Cross has become home to many groupe and specialist interest clubs, almost becoming a new centre in itself. The pub has hosted many of the sale sex day workshops organised by Gay Men Fight Aids, and is also where clubs like the Lesbian and Gay Football Supporters Network meet. Since the Centre closed, other bars have helped out too. The filock has taken in the SM gays group, Gummi (an all rubber night) and Bulk, the club for big men and their admirers who revel in chubby bellies and hairy chests.

The London Lighthouse has taken in the guy choral group, the Pink Singers. One of the most active of the Aids centres, the London Lighthouse has set an example to many others across the country, giving invaluable support and providing much needed

the Sorictury in Bournemouth has recently opened its doors too. Plans for the Open House in Manchester are already under way. Like the Lighthouse, all of these hospices provide a focus for peo-

ple with Aids and the larger lesbian and gay community.

Switchboards continue to thrive. London Lesbian and Gay Switchboard has begun the building work on its new premises, with Chris Smith MP, turning out to bless the project. Congrutulations are in order for Lesbian Line too: they are currently celebrating their filteenth birthday.

Konnt also celebrates a coming of age: It has provided lesblans with social networks, advice, and support for 27 years, with over 1,626 members. South London

recently saw the opening of the Black Lectrion and Gay Contry in Peckham Rye, which seeks to "provide a place where people of colour can be free from both racism and homophobia". Wesley House, home of London's Women's Centre has just received a reverse. Renamed as the Women's House of Education, Entertainment and Leisure, or WHEL, it has become a charitable company, launching a new multi-gym, bar and jacuzzi alongside a calender of women's events and projects.

Outside London the demand for Lesbian and Gay Centres is as strong as ever. Buth the Edinburgh and Manchester Centres are still going stroop. In Oxford, Northgate Half, recently celebrated its first birthday with the opening of a new balcony bar and reception area. Already boasting two bars, a disco, meeting rooms and a cate, it provides a blumprint for other similar projects, being totally self-linencing and offering a wide spectrum of facilities and

In a year which has seen a greater emphasis placed on the bar-scene power of the Pink Pound, many support projects have been set up using only will-power and determination. Local prople at a grass roots level continue to strive to provide welcoming meeting places for the increasingly diverse strands of our com-



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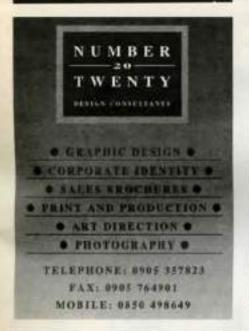
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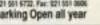
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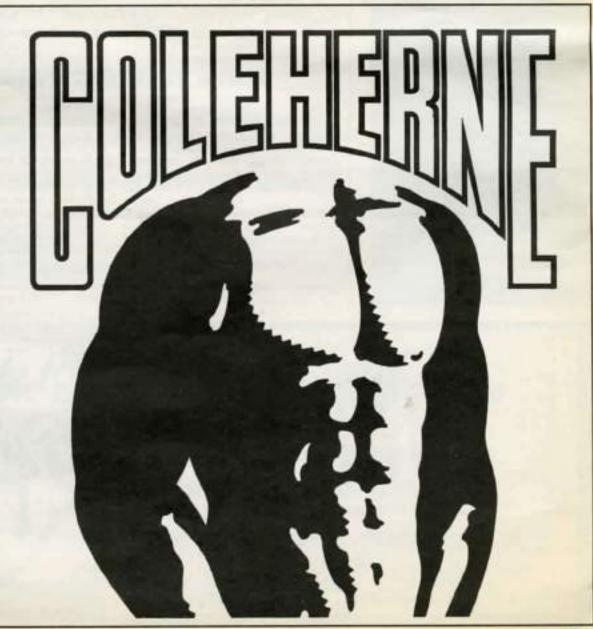


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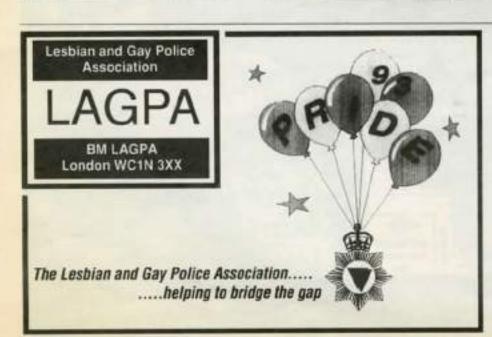
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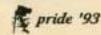
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most of us that probably seems like a daft and patronising question. It's about fucking with condoms, avoiding radiators and not mingling your body fluids. Easy.

Yet as our knowledge of AIDS has increased, so at times have our doubts and insecurities about what is and isn't safe during sex. Since the big campaigns of the 1980s, there's been very little in the gay press about safer sex, other than the 'Keep it up' message. And some people have come out onto the scene since then, who've never had access to comprehensive safer sex information.

Rubber rules

Central to our safer sex lives is the use of condoms during fucking. Whilst early mainstream AIDS education focused on doom-and-gloom, gay AIDS = educators were pushing a pro-sex, pro-condom line. Yet ten years on from the first pro-condom campaigns, people are still contracting HIV, and are going on to develop AIDS. Recent figures suggest a steep rise in the number of cases of HIV amongst gay men in their teens and twenties - a group which has grown up with safer sex. A recent report from Brighton showed that a staggering 23% of gay men testing for HIV in one clinic there last year came out positive.

So have we got it wrong? A recent paper on condom use by gay men suggested that using condoms "is similar to playing Russian Roulette". The author suggests that amongst straight women the failure rate of condoms was extremely high (up to 15%), and that since condoms couldn't always prevent pregnancy, they certainly couldn't stop the spread of HIV.

This is worth dwelling on. The main method of HIV transmission between gay men is still through unprotected fucking. And for gay men who want to fuck, the best way to drastically reduce the risk of intection for yourself and your partners is to use condoms. If you're not prepared to do so, and you're not absolutely certain of yours or your partner's HIV status, then you shouldn't be fucking.

Although we can't give a one hundred per cent guarantee that using condoms is an infallible barrier to HIV, we do know that if we use them properly, and with the right lubricant, the chances of failure are extremely low. And that if we want to fuck, they're the best barrier we've got right now.

Using a rubber properly

Learning to use a condom properly takes just minutes, but it's not obvious. So in simple steps, here's what you do:

- If you're not used to using condoms, practise using them on yourself
- Choose a strong brand of condom such as the Dutch brands, Gay Safe and Safe Sex, or Durex Extra Strong, or Mates Super Strong
- The days when you could slap a bit of lard or Flora on your arsehole and fuck away have long gone. Only use water-based lubes like KY or Sutherland. Beware: Oil-based lubricant (like Baby Oil or Vaseline) or just spit can make the rubber split open
- Look after your rubbers! Be careful of tearing them with your teeth or nails when you put them on; don't use out-of-date rubbers; don't leave air in the teat, but squeeze it out; and use plenty of

Fucking without Flora



 Unroll the condom all the way to the base of the cock after it's hard and before fucking

 When pulling out of your partner's arse, hold the condom tight at the base of the cock, to prevent any cum from leaking

· Always throw your condoms away after you've used them once. If you fuck again, put on a new one

Spermicides

A new problem which has emerged could be lubes which contain nonoxynol-9, the spermicide. In the late 1980s, this product was held up as a weapon in the fight against AIDS. In test-tube conditions, nonexynol was shown to kill HIV, as well as sperm, and many condoms went over to using nonexynol in their lubricants. But recent research is changing the way we view things. Some people's arseholes are highly sensitive to nonoxynol, and can develop a rash or an allergy to it. It now seems that for some people, that can actually increase your susceptibility to HIV being transmitted if you're not using a condom, or if it breaks. So if you have any rashes or feel sore after using nonoxynol, switch to a water-based lube. And remember that spermicides are never an alternative to condoms, but only a useful

Suck it and see? - oral sex

For a lot of us, this is still a controversial question. Should we be having unprotected oral sex, or should we slap a rubber on cocks before they slip

If you visit some parts of the US today, you'll find few people willing to suck cock without rubbers. Yet here, it's virtually unheard of. So why the difference?

In short, this is about each of us weighing up the risks. The risk of HIV transmission through the mouth is very much smaller than through the arse, or through sharing needles. If no cum or pre-cum gets in your mouth, then there's no possible risk whatsoever of infection, so unprotected blow jobs up to this point (and probably beyond) are safe.

It would be a lie to say there was no risk, however. Some gay men have been infected with HIV during oral sex, and so we can't ignore this. It seems that, most of the time, the chances of HIV being passed through oral sex are very remote. since the lining of the mouth and throat are much stronger than that of the arse, and much less likely to bleed (which opens a route for the virus to enter our bloodstream).

But there are times when transmission is more likely. Factors which can increase the risk of HIV transmission are bleeding gums, cuts or sores in the mouth. And inflammation caused by common throat infections, allergies or sexually transmitted diseases (STDs) like gonorrhoea. So if you know you have any of these problems, USE A CONDOM or cut out oral sex until the problem clears up.

If, after thinking about the risks involved in oral sex, you decide to do it only with condoms, or to cut out blow jobs altogether, then that's fine. For some people, no risk is better than low risk, and that's something we should all respect.

Viral load

Some researchers have suggested that part of the reason for the current rise in HIV cases is not so much to do with us having more unsafe sex, but because of something known as 'viral load'. Immediately after someone is infected with HIV - but before their body develops antibodies to the virus - they tend to have a very high viral load of HIV in their cum and blood, and are very infectious.

After a few weeks or months, when they develop antibodies (or 'seroconvert'), the viral load in a person drops significantly. During this period, someone is much less infectious, and this period can last for up to eight or ten years. In most HIV positive people, for reasons we're still not clear about, HIV becomes active again after a long time span, and this time starts to break down the body's immune defence system. This is what allows opportunistic infections to take a hold in people with AIDS, and is what ultimately leads to a person's death. During this time, their viral load rises steeply again, making them much more likely to pass HIV on to other people during unprotected sex.

The safer sex message remains similar today to what it was a decade ago. Or does it? In HIM magazine **CHRIS WOODS** has just started a new series of articles on safer sex for gay men in the 1990s. In this extract, he reassesses what is, and what isn't safe.

According to some, this period of high-low-high viral load may explain why more people are intected in particular years. Many of those infected with HIV in the mid-1980s are now going on to develop AIDS. That makes them much more infectious, and if they're not practising safer sex, it's very easy for them to pass the virus on to others. And of course anyone recently infected is then likely to be very infectious too, and more able to pass the virus on. This, some people think, could lead to 'waves' in the HIV epidemic, one of which we could be expe-

If this is the case, some ask, is standard safer sex advice (fucking with condoms, don't mix body fluids) enough? Are we more likely to pass on HIV, even through activities like oral sex, if we've just contracted HIV or are developing AIDS after living with the virus for many years?

If gay men were more susceptible to HIV transmission through oral sex when the viral load was high, then we would expect this to show up in the statistics. For most gay men, the only time their partner's semen enters their body is during oral sex. Yet if this was as high risk as some suggest, there would be more than just the handful of gay men who can definitely attribute contracting HIV to oral sex. As we've said, even if you're swallowing a mouthful of cum from someone who is HIV-positive or has AIDS, there's no chance of infection unless you have oral health problems. If you do, you should be using a condom.

Clearly this is an area which needs a lot of research, now, so that gay men can make the best decisions about safer sex. But we can still all make informed choices now for ourselves, based on the information we've got.

- This article is printed in much greater detail in HIM no 73, complete with other sections on the use of the Femidom, passive vs active penetrative sex, and risks for bisequals.
- Otris Woods is a freelance journalist, and author of the 'A-Z of Safer Sex', and 'Risks: Understanding the sexual context', in the new edition of the National AIDS
- The National AIDS Help-Line offers free advice, 24 hours a day. Freephone 0800-567123

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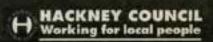
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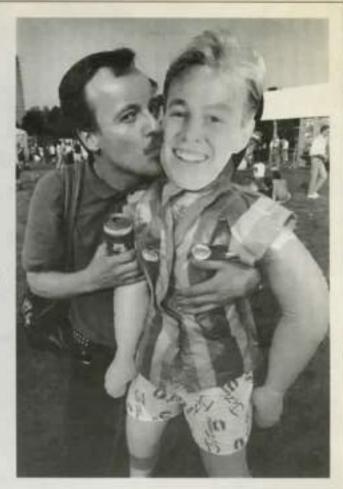
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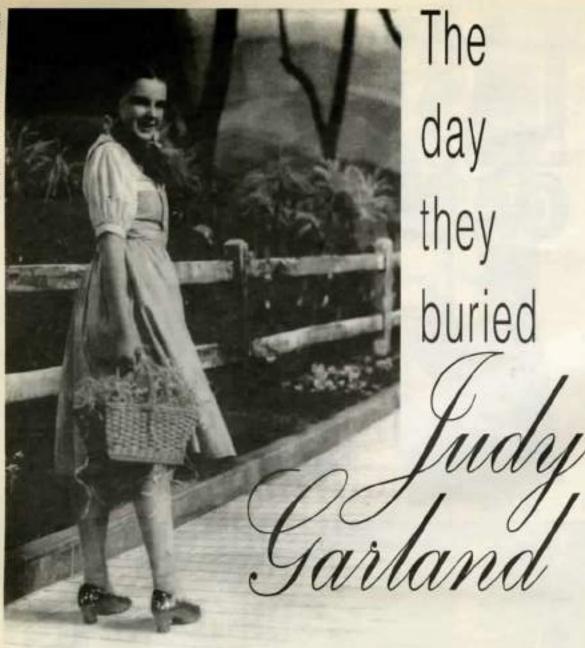












gay – lined the route to Ferncliffe Cemetery that afternoon in New York, Many wept openly as the funeral cortege passed, the coffin hidden beneath a blanket of yellow roses. It was Friday, 27th June, 1969: the day they buried Judy Garland.

Day turned into night. There was a full moon riding high in the sky as just after midnight several police patrol cars and a paddywagon came to a halt outside the Stonewall Inn, a dingy brick-fronted ber with boarded-up windows situated at 53 Christopher Street in the heart of New York's gay ghetto – Greenwich Village.

Deputy Inspector Seymour Pine and his eightdetectives from the New York City Police Department (Public Morals Section) had no reason to believe that tonight's raid on the Stonewall was going to be any different from the raids on other gay bars in Greenwich Village. In the preceding three weeks both The Snakepit and The Sewer had been hit; and The Checkerboard and the Tele-Star had been closed down.

As their reason for raiding the bar the police claimed the Stonewall was selling liquor without a licence. But the patrons of the Stonewall and the other gay bars in the Yillage thought differently.

They knew the bars were only allowed to stay open by the express permission of the Malia. On a wall in Greenwich Village a piece of graffiti read: 'GAY PROHIBITION – CORRUPTS COPS/FEEDS MAFIA'. New York's crime syndicates extorted large sums of protection money from the owners of gay bars. Any who could not or would not pay were either 'persuaded' to pay or were closed down after a visit from the Public Morals Section of the NYPD who enforced the Mafia's stranglehold on the city's gay bars.

The raid on the Stonewall was brief and businesslike. The police arrested two barmen, three drag-queens and a lesbian. The customers were allowed to leave one by one as the police squad set about smashing up the Stonewall a bit. A crowd of these customers quickly gathered in the street outside the Stonewall, augmented by curious onlookers and the rich diversity of gay street people who thronged Christopher Street and Sheridan Square. As each customer emerged from the Stonewall cries of defiance and cheers went up from the swelling crowd.

Catcalls

But the mood of the crowd suddenly changed as the police escorted the two barmen and the three drag-queens to the waiting paddywagon. The crowd booed and uttered defiant catcalls. A cry went up to overturn the paddywagon but it was loaded and away before this could happen. The seething anger of the crowd subsided temporarily only to be whipped up to a greater frenzy as the police escorted the lesbian to a patrol car. She fought the police, managed to break away briefly but was recaptured and dragged to the car. Sensing that the mood of the crowd was turning ugly, Deputy Inspector Pine ordered the car away.

The jeering crowd had become an angry

mob. Shouts of "Pigsi" and "Faggot cops!" went up accompanied by a hall of coins and the odd beer bottle. Hemmed into a small clearing immediately outside the Stonewall, the police decided to seek sanctuary inside the bar itself, bolting the heavy wooden door against the fury of the mob. Inside the bar they can hear the sound of breaking glass and the thuds of bricks and cobblesiones hurled against the door which suddenly files open. A rain of missiles pours into the bar. As the police rush to shut the door, one of them is hit under the eye and starts to bleed.

The police are angry now. Deputy Inspector Pine rushes out towards the crowd and grabs a man who he drags into the Stonewall. The police secure the door again and beat the man senseless before handcuffing him. Outside the mob is howling for blood. An uprooted parking meter is used as a makeshift battering ram for the door of the Stonewall which again files open. The police draw their guns and one says, "We'll shoot the first motherfucker that comes through the door". As they wait for the mob to surge forward someone pours lighter fluid through the broken window – a match

is thrown and the bar is in flames as police reinforcements arrive. It had lasted about 45 minutes.

When they woke up on Saturday the gay community of Greenwich Village found notices put up by the Mattachine Society of New York – the main 'homophile' or gay civil liberties organisation – appealing for calm. But the atmosphere was tense throughout the day and violence was to erupt again that night. By 10pm the mob was on the street again in Sheridan Square. Gay cheerleaders led the crowd in chants:

We are the Stonewall girls We wear our hair in curls We have no underwear

We show our pubic hairs!

Neil McKenna

takes a fresh

Stonewall Riots

look at the

There were an estimated 4,000 gay men, dragqueens and lesbians on the streets that night. As they formed and started to sweep down Christopher Street eastwards to Sixth Avenue, they came up against New York's crack riot squad, the Tactical Patrol Force numbering about 400 men.

Chaos

For the next few hours civil war raged in Greenwich Village. The mob fought the police with everything they had – Molotov cocktails, bricks, cobblestones, sticks and parking meters. It was chaos as the police retreated and then charged again. Trash cans were set alight adding to the flashing sirens of the police patrol cars which eerity illuminated the scene, in Waverley Place a large block of

> concrete landed on the hood of a patrol car which was surrounded by dozens of men shaking and pounding it. The police inside were saved by the timely arrival of the Tactical Patrol Force.

At the intersection of Greenwich Avenue and Christopher Street the TPF were viciously clubbing a young gay man. A detachment of queens, some in drag, rushed over to the scene screaming 'Save Our Sister!' and rescued him.

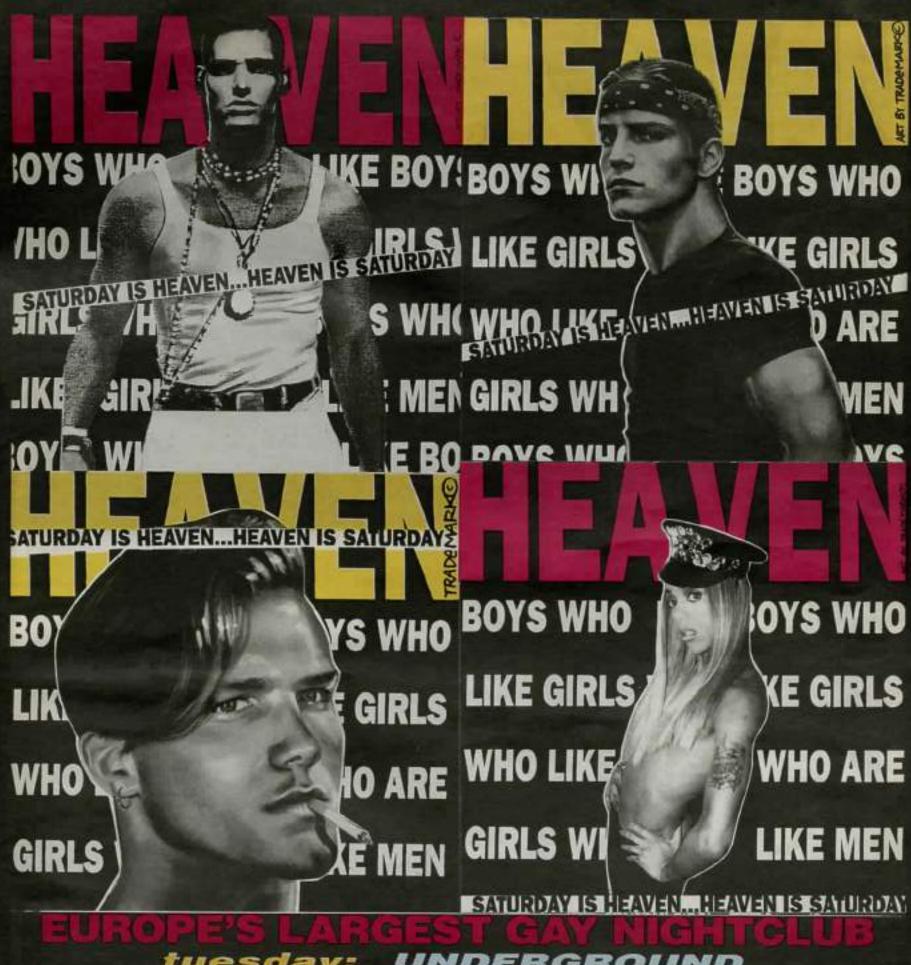
By 3.30am Sunday morning, the riot had burnt itself out. Sheridan Square and Christopher Street looked like a battlefield in Vietnam. Intermit-

tent small incidents took place on the next four nights but the pent-up anger and fury of the gay community had been exhausted and replaced by an emotion they had never experienced before – pride.

Gay poet Allen Ginsberg visited the scene of the riot on the Sunday evening and spoke with some of the gay men who had taken part in the event. Afterwards he said: "You know, the guys there were so beautiful – they've lost that wounded look that fags all had 10 years ago."

But the Stonewall riot and the sense of pride and strength it generated led to lasting and irrevocable change in America and many other countries – including Britain. Within a month of Stonewall the first Gay Liberation Front meeting had been held in New York. The rest is history. Commenting on the significance of Stonewall just afterward someone described it as: 'the hairpin drop heard round the world.'

 This article first appeared in HIM magazine in 1989.
 It will form part of a collection of historical essays by Neil McKenna to be published next year by Cassell.



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