

July 74

Chimaera

Nottingham & Derby C.H.E. Newsletter

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EDITORIAL

First things first. Thank you all for your contributions; we now have our P.O.Box for the year, which means that we can advertise more freely. Thank you again.

Those of us who were among the 800 plus CHE members at Malvern came home with a really tremendous feeling of unity and warm comradeship which would be impossible to truly communicate to all of our friends at home. By now, we have probably gone back to being our normal, rather lethargic selves; full of mental ideals, but lacking the physical impetus to get out and get things together, but I think some of the things we heard and said will keep the flame flickering. With this in mind, I must give you some idea of the mood by quoting the closing speaker of the conference - as I am certain every other represented group will be doing. Kim Friele of Norway said, with great firmness and pride,

"Homosexuality is not our problem, it is THEIR problem - those outside this hall! You should be ashamed of bickering among yourselves; together you should go out and demand your civil rights. Change will not come to you - YOU must make it happen! "

A pity I can't write shorthand or I could have told you all the other things she said.

In the eyes of some of you, Hilary and I might appear to be in danger of splitting the group by holding separate women's meetings; but all of you who attend meetings regularly will have realised how little equality the women have in numbers alone. There are many girls who want to come out at least in part, but who are so conditioned by the rules of our society that they have great difficulty in relating freely to their 'gayness' in the presence of men, just as we know many of the men feel the reverse problem. Our proposed female discussion groups, which hope to improve the situation, could well be interspersed with mixed discussion groups to give some common starting point towards self liberation, genuine awareness of our position in society and a united attempt to change attitudes, both amongst ourselves and those with whom we come into closer contact in our daily lives.

To me, this is where education begins. By going into schools and colleges etc., we only contact a small number of people. By educating first ourselves, next those nearest to us, then those a little further away and so on, we will be like the stones that metaphorically disturb the calm mill pond. Think of how many people we each know and then you will have some idea of how our 1 in 20 minority could reach and affect the whole of society. I think, on reading this editorial over, too many Friends Meeting House evenings must have caused the spirit to move me!

- Heather

 PROGRAMME

JULYThursday 25th GRAND CAR RALLY!

Meet at 7 pm in the car park in Markeaton Park, Derby. 25p per car. Prizes and a booby (of course). Not to mention ale at the end of it.

Would those interested, with transport, contact Hilary or myself or David and Ian so that we can arrange places for passengers?

AUGUSTSunday 4th JOUSTING TOURNAMENT
KNIGHTS IN ARMOUR ON HORSEBACK

This all happens at Belvoir Castle (not Wheat-hills for a change). Time 3.30 pm. admission 50p. We thought it would be an exciting day out. One of those camping trips where you definitely need a can opener. (Heather thinks that's the worst bit of corn I have ever come up with). If sufficient people are interested, we intend to make up a few car loads, so please let us know.

Wednesday 14th at 8 pm. GARRICK evening in DERBY.

Thursday 22nd at 8 pm. LIZ STANLEY will be speaking...

...on women in CHE or some variation on that theme. An active member of Manchester Gay Women's Group, Manchester GLF, a founding member of Manchester Gay Alliance and a CHE Executive Committee member. No more introductions necessary, I think.

The meeting will be in the social room of the Friends Meeting House, 25, Clarendon St., NOTTINGHAM.

Saturday 31st SUMMER SOCIAL at MARIO'S

9 pm at Stanford St., NOTTINGHAM.

SEPTEMBERWednesday 4th COFFEE EVENING at Howard's.

8 pm at Flat 3, 108, Foxhall Road, Forest Fields, NOTTINGHAM.

PROGRAMME (Continued)SEPTEMBER

Wednesday 11th GARRICK EVENING at 8 pm in DERBY

Thursday 19th PETER KATIN

Will be speaking to us at the Albert Hall Institute, NOTTINGHAM (Room 4, at 8 pm).

For a few I am sure he needs no introductions at all. For others, not only is he one of CHE's Vice Presidents, but also a highly acclaimed concert pianist. Though not wishing to be 'typecast' he has made a special reputation as a player of Chopin. His recital at the Malvern conference was received tremendously by everyone.

Saturday 30th SOCIAL EVENING at LA CHIC

9 pm. at Canal St. NOTTINGHAM.

DOG & PARTRIDGE EVENINGS

July 22nd

August 5th and 19th

September 2nd, 16th and 30th.

P.S. For anyone wondering why both speaker evenings are in Nottingham, I was unable to book a room in Derby for Peter Katin's talk. However, Peter will be playing in Derby on September 18th and in Nottingham on December 11th.

GROUP SUBSCRIPTIONS

Group membership subscriptions (75p - 50p for students and O.A.Ps) are due from all those who joined before October 1973 and who have not yet renewed their membership.

P.O.BOX

Now you have it - the Group's new address:-
NOTTINGHAM & DERBY CHE, P.O.BOX 87, DERBY, DE1 1EN.

One of us will collect all of our mail at least three times a week. Here's your chance to write to the press, the T.V.guide - or even to your committee.

 LETTERS

What I have to say will come as no surprise to most of our committee to whom I've made repeated requests for action over a considerable period of time. Indeed, they may have been anticipating something of the kind, since my appeals have been conspicuously unproductive. The perplexing thing is that those I've discussed this matter with agree with me, but nothing happens. I want to make it clear however, that this is not a criticism of the principles by which the committee are guided. Nor is it a criticism of their conduct of the policies with which they've been entrusted. I find a lot to commend in what they are doing and I feel bound to say that it's a job that most of us wouldn't relish. The difference between us is reduceable to a question of priorities in the matter of Group organisation. But what to some may seem a minor point has a major effect which is now becoming obvious and requires urgent attention.

Ordinary business meetings are probably the most tedious and boring aspects of any kind of group. I'm not talking about AGM's, since they are, or should be, lively discussions at which major organisational and general policy lines are laid down. The meetings I'm concerned about are those which are usually held monthly and which have an information and exchange function. At such meetings the committee report upon their doings, and the general membership have an opportunity to indicate their support or otherwise and to bring to the notice of the committee and other members anything that has come up between meetings. These are very important - indeed essential - aspects of organisation, but they have been completely absent since the Group got underway.

I've checked on the record in this respect since I've been a group member and I find that from my first newsletter, which dates back to Sept. 1972 and pre-dates the Group's amalgamation with Derby, not one such meeting has been held. Moreover, on reference to the Group's constitution, I find that ordinary business meetings do not seem to have been envisaged. What this means is that from Sept. 1972 to the present time, the ordinary membership has only had 3 occasions (the 3 AGMs) to tell the committee how we think things are going and to say whether we approve or disapprove. It must never be forgotten that the committee is responsible to the general membership. It acts in their name, on their behalf, and is serviced by group membership funds.

Let me repeat that this is not a carp against the committee; I've already said that I value their work and it's an unenviable task. What I do worry about is their lack of appreciation of the true value of proper group organisation. This brings me to my main point. So far I've talked about the technical aspects and relevance of organisation; and they are of considerable and indispensable value. But, what's more important is the value of such meetings to the group as a means of

LETTERS (Continued)

holding it together. It seems to me that the fact that we have not had regular business meetings has led to the membership becoming remote from the committee and all that's going on. It's my long experience in organisations of various kinds that in the nature of things one must have regular means of communication between the active and non-active members. Without this the whole thing will collapse,

Bill.

A reply by the committee

Being a student based in Hull, Bill only sees the group during the holidays, when many local members are in fact away on holiday themselves. I am sure that this in itself gives a very one sided view of the group but nevertheless there are several points worth answering.

1) The statement that the committee is "serviced by group membership funds" may give the impression, which I'm sure is unintended, that committee members in some way deduct expenses from the funds. I must emphasize that the funds merely cover stationery, postage, speakers expenses and the cost of hiring rooms. Phone bills, meals for guest speakers and petrol used in visiting new members or travelling to committee meetings, national councils etc. are all borne out of the committees' own pocket (and in some cases amount to £20 or £30 per year)

2) As regards the members becoming remote from the committee, the offers of accommodation from more than 20 people, the contributions to the newsletter and the donations of over £20 towards the recent appeals would seem to denote a wide and varied interest in the group by its members.

3) The committee make sure that all members are aware of its activities, since many pages in each newsletter are spent in looking back in detail on what we have done and in anticipating what we intend to do in the future.

4) Most group members know (and those who don't are now being told) that the first, quiet half hour at club meetings or the whole of coffee evenings, present both time and opportunity to discuss points with the committee. So those who wish to interpret that statement as meaning that the coffee evening on September 4th can be considered as a BUSINESS MEETING are perfectly correct.

- the Committee.

 PAST EVENTS AND NON-HAPPENINGS

At last it seems to have been realised locally that Women's Lib and CHE have very similar views on how things should be. Although vacation time meant that most students weren't around, four of the Nottingham Women's Group turned up for a really good discussion at grass roots problem level. Perhaps the measure of our success came later in the evening, when they accompanied us to Mario's for a drink, thoroughly enjoying the non-oppressive atmosphere.

The Garrick evenings have proved a success and will continue. The June 12th meeting was sparse, but as you will see in the campaign report, we were invited at very short notice to talk at Matlock and seven of us went there.

The Saturday coffee evening at John's attracted 20 people - definitely a good night out for everyone there; whilst Gordon's evenings are, as always, a pleasant experience.

Great disappointment was felt amongst those of us into campaigning when David Bell was unable to come as promised. Bob Sturgess stepped into the breach, but he is of course more involved with the media than with education. This was the first time we had used the Friends Meeting House in Nottingham. It is a very good venue for larger meetings. Even greater disappointment for those expecting Ian Harvey to speak. At the very last moment he was stricken with influenza; his telegram arrived too late (the night before) to find an alternative speaker. We attempted to get a discussion evening under way, but all attempts to stir up more than social chat ended in dismal failure.

We hope, with fingers crossed and bated breath, that our next speaker will not let us down - it makes the committee feel very unorganised and continually apologising to the very patient members of the group.

 CAMPAIGN NEWS

In May we were asked to find a speaker or two to talk to a Jewish Youth Group in Nottingham. Knowing only this fact, a time and an address, Bruce, Ian Hilary and I went to Wollaton Park. Horrified, we faced a large room crowded with what seemed at first glance hundreds of teenagers. Calmed down, we then counted 25 people between the ages of 13 and 17 - all agog at seeing their first openly avowed homosexuals. Our introductory talk had barely got under way before the questions started coming at us from all angles;

CAMPAIGN NEWS (Continued)

good questions too, involving their own changing attitudes, reflecting their concern with sexuality, politics, religion and education. As one minority group to another, we all knew about discrimination in one form or another. Our hour stretched to two with the greatest ease. We really came away with the most enormous sense of elation - certainly the most educative evening for us as well as for them. On reflection, we were amazed at the non-appearance of parents who knew what the subject for discussion was to be, also at the ease with which the boys and girls framed their questions, really wanting to know, not just for show. Perhaps more of these youth group meetings are what we should aim for - away from schools with their attitudes set by governing bodies.

June brought a meeting at Matlock College of Education organised by Grainne. This time David, Chris and Sue joined the four previous campaigners in a general discussion on being gay and shortcomings in the educational system of teaching sexuality. One of the girls present expressed real surprise at the very fact that we all walked in saying that we were gay. This was not one of our more mind stretching evenings, but friendly and looking for knowledge. We were also invited to a Departmental Party afterwards, which was a good way to end the evening. I also would like to thank Grainne and Andy for their later hospitality in their caravan.

Hopefully, next term will bring a new invitation for a further teach-in, with the emphasis on education at Bishop Lonsdale. This came up after Char and I did a duologue on 'Revolution and Reform in the Gay Movement' Martin, the president elect, and Chris, the Gay Rights representative are going to organise this. Whilst at Malvern I also got a verbal promise from David Bell to join the panel. May all go smoothly!

- Heather.

 THE PEOPLE'S CENTRE

The People's Centre is situated at 33, Mansfield Road, Nottingham. (telephone 41122). It opened on March 23rd 1974 as an independent aid, advice and information centre, offering help on legal rights, housing rights, welfare rights and women's rights.

It is the joint project of the Child Poverty Action Group, Response, NCCL, Shelter, Fair Housing Group, various Tenant's Associations, Nottingham Community Planning Action and Nottingham Women's Lib Group.

Meetings of all of these are held at the Centre from time to time, whilst various organisations use the

THE PEOPLE'S CENTRE (Continued)

premises. CHE met NCCL here some time ago, which proved very favourable. Our secretary is in the contact book at the centre and we have a number of leaflets and membership forms on the information table. I have put up the new poster plus our PO box number as the group's contact address - also a poster for Gay Switchboard in London. A CHE post card also decorates the window.

I'll be attending the next General Meeting at the People's Centre on June 21st and will be seeking one evening per week when some one from CHE will be around to give any necessary aid, advice and information. Contacts are available who can help us with more professional aid, should it be needed and I can foresee no difficulty in setting up the one night a week 'surgeries'; I am therefore taking the opportunity of asking those interested in helping, to contact me via the PO box or personally.

- Howard.

A VISITATION FROM THE MUSE

Visitors to Malvern heard a song for CHE by Gideon Wagner. Unfortunately, most people said that they could not imagine a more dreadful anthem. Notts/Derby CHE have proved them wrong.

This Poem Has No Title, Since Like School Dinners
(The piece of cod that passeth all understanding)
It Defies Description.

March along together,
Backs against the wall,
Noses to the grindstone -
Never shall we fall!
Stamp on your oppressors;
Smite them with your wands
And though for some it spoils the fun,
We must cast off our bonds.
Rise up and face the taunters;
Spurn their stones and bricks.
Fight! Fight! Fight! Against the Foe!
And kick against the pricks.
Paint your breastplates lavender,
Paint your weapons puce,
And from the total lack of literary style,
scansion or taste, you can immediately tell
that unlike 'Superpuff' this wasn't written
by Br*c*.

Anon.

 ME TARZAN, YOU JANE.

In my last, or should I say first, article about gay women, I mentioned the name of an author Radclyffe Hall. The book which caused the uproar was the Well of Loneliness. It is probably the most widely read book about female homosexuality, both in gay and straight society. It was impossible to get in my local library as it was on permanent order. I used to muse about whose names were on the waiting list and, like others, took out her other books for a comparison. It was the phase of my life where I got hold of everything I could read on the Subject in an effort, I guess, to find an identification. I knew I was not the only one in existence because I had seen and knew the gay scene as it was in Nottingham at that time.

It just was not enough. I look back now through rose tinted glasses at the parties, the public abuse, the shroud of secrecy in which everyone seemed to move. The complicated round of affairs, one night stands and the inevitable return home to questions. I knew I had to find a 'way out'. The duality of my existence became an impossible stress. I felt absolutely swamped and then drained alternatively. I literally didn't know whether I was coming or going. I can laugh now at the picture of myself then; the terrible confusion about what kind of future I could make for myself; the way in which I should appear to be accepted by the girls; the way in which I should appear to be accepted by an employer. There was no in between. It was black or white Masculine, Feminine.

You had to choose a role whether it suited you or not, purely for recognition. The set of rules of boy picks up girl, buys girl drink etc, Me Tarzan, You Jane applied just as strongly to us as they did to straight friends. The jungle law was an absolute replica. Any change about your appearance was noticed and commented on - like something your best friend whispers about B.O. "You'll have to learn to tie better knots than that. You're not fooling anybody." "For Christsake, don't walk along the wall. You're supposed to walk along the outside, not her." And above all "Hold your chest in." Christ knows where I was supposed to put it. You want to try it sometime - hold your chest in, tuck in your ass and stride. When you sit down, keep your knees apart. Don't cross your legs (Femmes do that) From then on kid, it's pints not halves and you've just about made the grade. Once you've had your hair cut, that is. Oh, and your little finger ring - I can't remember whether left or right indicated as butch or femme now.

Then you were ready for public scrutiny; your judge on how well you disguised your feminine attributes. The occasional sorties to straight pubs in the town kept you on your toes. Recognition was defeat and often the finale would be a non too polite request for you.

ME TARZAN, YOU JANE (Continued)

to leave. You didn't argue either. You dressed like a man, so the challenge was that you fight like one, crude and simple. Then back to the consolation of the gay bar and from that one to another not far away. Always somewhere secretive and packed to the seams. A smokey familiarity about everything and everyone. What ever your job or your upbringing, this was the social round of the night-time lesbian. Like Cinderellas coach, you made it home at night as well before you became the proverbial pumpkin in daylight.

Two separate lives. You at the family dinner table and the other you carefully locked in the wardrobe; crept out with in the evening, silently down the stairs, out the door and shout 'Tata' before they see you. Hope to God that all the lights are out when you get back.

I don't think I was ever really fooled by my appearance, but like all masks they work their way in on your personality. Uncover the facets you would never dreamed existed if you had stayed on the straight and narrow. Things you had to say and do because they were expected and not to adhere to meant you were held in some suspicion of jumping on the bandwagon. Not taking your share of the common suffering and opting out when the going got rough. I was homosexual. I played the game because there was nowhere else to go.

There had to be an alternative. I was beginning to lose sense of what was real in me. No - I didn't discover CHE. After months of patient library hunting, I got in touch with Arena Three, the first gay publication in the country. It was exclusively for the girls and provided a much needed nationwide contact. A cross reference of experience and ideas on how the rest of the 5% lived. The shell around the gay scene was breaking. Maybe the effect of the '67 Act was working its way through, I don't know. Gradually, it stopped being a taboo subject. There were no startling changes in homosexual life styles, but there was a growing awareness that 'things were changing'. Not just for them either. It was a relief to me because my 'masculine ego' was taking some bashings and I was fed up with being asked if I was 'on the turn'. Pity, in some ways. I had perfected knot tying by then; I had pint drinking down to a fine art (I still have) and I could stride in a manner that would have made the German army crawl with envy.

However, I eased my lifestyle gradually into what was more myself and I began to see enormous ranges of possibilities in dress behaviour and so on. I took the severe edge off and kept what suited me from my previous experiences. I discarded ties, cuff links and tie pin and became an individual. I still have them. Almost mementoes of a lifetime ago. Gay Liberation is a very popular term now. Some think of it as new to society, but it has its roots in the

ME TARZAN, YOU JANE (Continued)

lives of many thousands of homosexuals; lives going back many years. A generation gap has developed between those who want to liberate society and those to whom society's intolerance is so deeply ingrained from the past that the difficulties in adjusting are almost insurmountable. It is a gap that has to be bridged by both.

- Hilary

THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERPUFF

PART II: DAY OF THE DILDO

With increasing violence, Chuck Bold thrust himself forward. The drops of sweat on his wide forehead coalesced and ran in streams down his sunburnt face; the muscles of his neck stood out like whipcord and his eyes began to close in an ecstasy of physical effort. Again and again, he thrust himself forward; his arms, legs, every muscle, every sinew strained to breaking point. The air was filled with the sound of his breathing and the overpowering smell of the sweat which now bathed him completely. His eyes became tightly closed and his teeth clenched hard. Drawing upon those reserves of untapped energy for which Chuck Bold had become famous, he redoubled his efforts until a terrible groan was torn from his unyielding lips.

"Aaaaaah!"

He lay back exhausted. His heavy breathing was the only sound which now broke the silence of the room. With a look of triumph, he at last picked up a towel, piped some of the sweat from his face and turned off the rowing machine.

"Hey kid! I've just rowed from Putney to Mortlake in 15 minutes. Jumping Jupiter, that's faster than the Eton team in 1923 when they were nearly caught by the Marine coxless pair."

The remark was directed towards Nick Smooth, a lad of some sixteen (albeit stormy) summers, who reclined on a red leather chesterfield idly flicking through the gardening pages of Quorum.

"Huh huh. Pretty impressive. Was that without your rupture support?"

Chuck Bold laughed at his youthful jibe and revealed a row of gleaming teeth which were the envy of every toothpaste adman from St James' Square to Madison Avenue.

"Heartless bitch."

THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERPUFF (Continued)

Nick Smooth blew him a kiss just as the door opened and Miss Clutch entered the room.

"Can I do you now, sir?"

She was a lady of uncertain years - and of gender when the light was poor. Dressed in flowered housecoat, turban and grey wollen ankle socks, she stood in the doorway with a bucket in one hand and a mop in the other, her unshaven chin thrust forward defying anyone to suggest that she couldn't do them now.

Chuck Bold shuddered visibly, but recalling that she was the convenor of the Acton and District Hell's Angels, he contrived a smile not unlike the one he had given to Nureyev at the Paris airport shortly before the latter's spectacular dash to the west.

"Certainly, Miss Clutch, I'm just leaving."

He hastily drew his chinchilla dressing gown around his beautifully proportioned shoulders and made for the bathroom. Her eyes, filled with maternal hunger, followed him as he left the room.

"Lovely man, that Mr Bold."

"Yes, he is."

She gave Nick Smooth a quick, searching glance.

"Known 'im long."

"Not very."

"Yes, lovely man. Course 'e 'as 'is little ways, but who doesn't?" Her eyes now had a dreamy, far away look in them.

"Like 'im wearing that rubber diving suit at dinner. Its not as if 'e's a messy eater and the dining room is damp."

"I think its a rather endearing little trait myself."

Miss Clutch flashed another searching glance at Nick Smooth.

"You staying 'ere long?"

"Probably."

"Hm. Suppose you're the one that shares the master bedroom, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Can't understand it myself. I'm sure it can't be very comfy both jammed into that one bed. I've said I'd make up another in the guest room, but 'e won't 'ave it."

"No, he probably wouldn't."

Miss Clutch's suspicions about Nick Smooth were growing by the second. Then, with a forensic skill which would have left them standing at the Old Bailey, she lunged straight at the jugular.

THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERPUFF (Continued)

"And was it you that left the vibrator plugged in all day during the power strike?"

"I'm afraid it was. I'm sorry."

"So you should be. Downright unpatriotic, that's what I call it. I bet Mr 'eaf didn't leave 'is plugged in."

Vindicated in her suspicions, she now began a tirade against modern youth which was, in substance, entirely familiar to Nick Smooth and to which he was loath to submit. He quietly slipped on his casual snake-skin shoes (by Gucci) and made for the door leaving Miss Clutch in full and uninhibited flood.

He made his way to the bathroom, where Chuck Bold was putting the finishing touches to his nail varnish.

"Gee whiz, Chuck, where did you find her?"

"Chuck Bold blew on his finger nails and waved them around.

"Under a stone. To be precise, "Bona Mops " the employment agency in the high street. I must confess, she's not quite what I had in mind when I specified a chick with a loving disposition; but she does make the most divine Gateau de Peches Mousseline. But don't lets talk about her."

He moved closer to Nick Smooth and, taking care not to smudge his nail varnis, put his arm around the boy's shoulder.

"I've something to show you."

"You've shown me that already."

"I'm not talking about that sweetie, I mean the source of all my superhuman power, the source of all my inexhaustible vitality and, though I hesitate to say it, my incomparable body."

"You mean.....?"

"Yes, the Golden Dildo. Given to me by Tibetan monks in the inaccessible fastnesses of the snow-covered Himalayas, it transmits the life-giving power of Zing; and it is therefore upon Zing that the survival of Western Civilisation and the destruction of Black Het - my fiendish arch-enemy - depends."

"But why should they have given it to you, Chuck?"

A smile crossed Chuck Bold's face as he saw again in his mind's eye that timeless valley with its ancient monastery and its shaven-headed lamas.

"They lacked only one thing in the world which they desired."

"What was that, Chuck?"

"Me."

THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERPUFF (Continued)

Nick Smooth looked up into those deep brown eyes and allowed his cheek to sink a little deeper into the lapel of the chinchilla dressing gown and together, they walked slowly to the room which remained ever locked.

The door was of solid steel with a time lock (by Chubb) all painted in ever such a pretty blue. Chuck Bold carefully turned the combination dials and laid his hand gently on the door handle, which was shaped like a phallus. For a moment, he paused and turned to Nick Smooth.

"One day kid, this will all be yours."

The door slowly swung open to reveal a small room suffused with incandescent blue light and the slightest odour of incense. In the centre of the room stood a small dais on top of which rested a tall glass cabinet. Nick Smooth stepped into the room but until his eyes became used to the strange light, he failed to realise at first that the cabinet was empty. Then he looked at Chuck Bold who was standing beside him. For a moment, neither spoke. His jaw rigid like a rock, his eyes narrowed to cruel slits, Chuck Bold surveyed the empty room. At last he spoke.

"They told me that if anyone so much as breathed on it, half the Blue Meanies in the Metropolitan Police District would be sent here before you could say "Shut that door.". Here I am done up like a dog's dinner in my tat, under starters orders and some rapacious bugger's nicked it. I'm that vexed I could spit!"

"Do you think, Chuck.....?"

"Yes, Nick; I think that this is a job for Superpuff. I see here the unmistakeable work of my arch-enemy, Black Het; scourge of seven seas and four continents, sworn foe of the free enterprise way of life, motherhood and Hughie Green.

To be continued! Will Superpuff regain the Golden Dildo? Will life as we know it cease at the hands of Black Het? Another profoundly tedious episode will appear in the next edition of Chimaera.

LOOKING AHEAD

Plans for a commercial radio station which will serve half a million people in the Nottingham area within the next year were examined at a public meeting at the YMCA on June 10th. There are two consortia applying for the contract.

The Independent Broadcasting Authority panel at this meeting comprised Christopher Bland (Deputy Chairman) Baroness Macleod, Professor Wyn Davies, (Members of the Authority), John Thompson (Director of radio)

Peter Bath (IBA regional officer) and Alan James (Head of national operations and maintenance). The meeting was informed that it would be a popular station with a lot of music and would provide news and feature coverage. It was emphasised that all minority groups would be able to have their say. When the station does come on the air, then I feel that CHE should make sure that it has its say.

Anyone who would like to attend the Welsh Gay Conference at Bangor (November 1st-3rd) please contact Howard, who will definitely be going.

Would you like a mini holiday to Gothenburg? Gothenburg Sweden? British rail are doing two trips Sept. 16-20th and Sept 30th-Oct. 4th. Cost; £26-50 each, If you would like to join a party for this, please contact Hector c/o P.O. box.

EGO CORNER - LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Many thanks for your letter and the newsletter with the unpronounceable title. Your newsletter is easily the best I have ever seen.....

- David McLean (Open University Gay Soc)

On leafletting Derby - from Sheffield CHE.

There were two funny things that happened: firstly, a blind lady had the leaflet read to her, to which she said "eeh, you young people do do a lot for charity" and secondly when a married man (accompanied by wife) said "Homosexuality? Yea, I believe in it, but I'm lumbered with 'er."

- Dave Brown.

NEWS AND VIEWS

PERSONAL COLUMN: Gentleman deaf in right ear with hearing aid seeks lady deaf in left ear with hearing aid.
Object: Stereo.

Scotland supports elastic tights! (The Doctor)

Three pickets arrested during the recent Tampax dispute appeared in court at Havant yesterday, charged with obstruction.

A recent comment on the numbers of contraceptives allowed free by local authorities has stirred an Essex doctor's memory of National Service.

A sergeant, he recalls, was found to be selling at half price, condoms which the army provided free for the use of troops on leave. The charge was read out at his court martial that "... Sergeant X had taken for his own benefit 500 condoms, the property of Her Majesty, The Queen."