

Sept 74

# Chimaera

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*Nottingham & Derby C.H.E. Newsletter*

## NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

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## Affiliated to :

The National Council For Civil Liberties.  
The National Federation Of Homofile Organisations.



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 PROGRAMME
 

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DOG & PARTRIDGE DATES

Rumour has it that the place has gone off for gay people. So bright ideas please on where else we can go. If anyone has other opinions about the D & P, say so. They will remain in the programme as long as people go.

DATES: Sept. 30th. Oct. 14th and 28th.  
 Nov. 11th and 25th Dec. 9th and 23rd.  
 (all are Mondays)

SEPTEMBER

Saturday 28th SOCIAL EVENING at LA CHIC.

9 pm. onwards at 5-13, Canal St., NOTTINGHAM.

OCTOBER

Wednesday 2nd GARRICK EVENING from 8 pm onwards in DERBY.

Wednesday 9th GAY COUNSELLING a talk given by Bernard Rattigan.

This will be held at The Friends Meeting House, St. Helens St., DERBY at 8 pm. (Room 3)

Bernard is attempting to set up a FRIEND group in the East Midlands - anyone who is actually willing to help with such a group should try to attend another meeting being organised by Bernard on Sept. 25th (Details can be obtained by phoning Kirk Langley 502).

The more we advertise the presence of CHE in this area and the more people who consequently contact us, the greater will be the need for a group of people to befriend and help other gays.

Wednesday 16th GARRICK EVENING at 8 pm in DERBY.

Saturday 26th An INTERGROUP SOCIAL at MARIO'S Stanford St., NOTTINGHAM from 9pm.

As usual, we are inviting people from the other groups around the midlands to join us. Should be a lot of fun.

Wednesday 30th COFFEE & GAMES at Howards, Flat 2, 108, Foxhall Road, NOTTINGHAM.

I'm not quite sure what the games are, but we have some imaginative folk in the group.

NOVEMBER

Tuesday 5th For November, we have the only outdoor pursuit of the programme. Its woolies and a couple of whiskies with your packet of sparklers for BONFIRE NIGHT. NOTTINGHAM sites have yet to be announced for the city, but we will let you know as soon as we find somewhere. I hope seriously that we will get a drink before, after or both!

3.  
PROGRAMME (Continued)

NOVEMBER

Friday 15th CHE DISCO at The City Hall SHEFFIELD.

Entrance is 40p and tickets can be obtained beforehand - ask the committee. The theme is 'Bishops and Tarts'.

Friday 22nd BARRIE KENYON - now CHE's Chairman, will be talking to us.

The venue is the Friends Meeting House, 25, Clarendon St., NOTTINGHAM (Rooms 2 & 3). I think the entrance to use is the side one. Time is 8 pm as usual.

Wednesday 27th All UNFIT and would-be ENERGETIC members now's your chance. We are intending to have an evening at the SPORTS CENTRE, DERBY. Anyone interested please speak up so we have some ideas of the numbers wanting to come. BEER refreshment afterwards, of course.

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DECEMBER

Wednesday 11th GARRICK EVENING at 8 pm in DERBY.

Saturday 21st SOCIAL at LA CHIC from 9 pm  
5-13 Canal St., NOTTINGHAM.

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It was hoped to have an Xmas Party on Friday 6th or Saturday 7th. However, we could not get the intended premises in which to hold it. If anyone has any bright ideas (like offering their house for the evening) let someone on the committee know and the party will then go ahead on one of those dates and details will be sent to all members.

Also at this point I would like to mention the Womens Conference again. It's on Oct. 19th/20th at Mario's NOTTINGHAM.

It has come to our notice that some CHE girls have not received their registration forms from Manchester. (Heather for one!) They have been sent out, but if you haven't got yours, I have a supply of spares. It costs 75p. This includes conference papers, dinner and 2 rounds of coffee. PLEASE REGISTER NOW if you haven't already - if you aren't a CHE member nationally, in this case it does not matter at all.

FOR CHRIST'S SAKE COME (And bring your friends!  
Ed)

AMEN,

Love, Hilary.

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 LETTERS
 

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Dear Heather,

I would be grateful if you could consider giving a list of all the organisations and individuals who receive a copy of the newsletter, other than members and prospective members of the Nottingham CHE Group.

I think that other members of the group might find this information useful,

Sincerely - Roger.

Dear Roger,

Thanks for your letter. Not many newsletters go out as extras. Those that do go to the following people:-

Nottingham Samaritans  
 Derby Samaritans  
 Sheffield CHE  
 Howarth Penny, CHE HQ  
 NCCL (People's centre)  
 Womens Lib Group  
 Nottingham Council of Voluntary Service  
 (formerly the Council of Social Service)  
 CHE London Information Centre  
 Gay News

In return, Sheffield CHE send their newsletter CHEEKY, Manchester HQ sends loads of paper and we have had a number of people via the Samaritans, NCCL and the Council of Voluntary Service to join the group. Womens Lib nationally has declared support for gay women and the Nottingham Group will be coming to the Gay Womens Conference in Nottingham on Oct. 19th.

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 THINGS PAST
 

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July 5th brought Rose Robertson to Derby to tell us and invited guests about problems dealt with by Parents Enquiry. This was so well received by a local Samaritan that she rushed off afterwards to talk to one of her clients immediately - torn between good works and continuing the talk with Rose at the Garrick. We were also delighted to welcome Mrs Parry, mother of our well known Vice Chairman Glenys, plus one of my married 'het' friends and her teenage daughter. It proved a good, well attended and worthwhile meeting.

Garrick evenings increase in popularity. The landlord and his wife always appear happy to see us and this is one of the few pubs where we can all get down to a good talk in session without shouting over the muzak.

THINGS PAST (Continued)

The car rally was disappointing in numbers as only three actual vehicles took part, but it was a really good course. Organised by Cara and Jerry (Courtesy of Bishop Lonsdale), we covered 25 miles of rural Derbyshire on paper. Ian in fact covered 60 miles in his eagerness to win, but unfortunately for him, the car full of women got to the Rose & Crown first. Lee and David had a sedate cruise round the course to win a bag of lollipops as a booby prize. Everyone arrived at the pub in time for a reasonable amount of drinking, which kept us all quite happy. August's visit to the Mediaeval jousting at Belvoir Castle could literally be called a wash-out. Torrential rain stopped play as far as most of the group were concerned. Hilary, Char, Pam and myself went and I immediately gave myself a black eye on my car door and began to wish I'd stayed at home too. It would have been great if the sun had shone!

Liz Stanley came to the Friends Meeting House on August 22nd and gave a fascinating talk on genetics and gender roles and how they are influenced by social upbringing. All those present are now well informed on 'free martins' and Turner's syndrome. General discussion followed until thirst overcame everybody. Mario's Social evening brought along some new members - I like the atmosphere there - pity the beer's not a bit cheaper. September brought us to Howard's very pleasant flat for a coffee evening and discussion. Subjects ranged from Radio Nottingham phone-in programmes through the dangers to the gay world from the National Front revival to funny moments Candid Camera style. For a change, everyone present was quite ready and able to join in. We need more discussions on these lines in my personal opinion.

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 WOMENS MEETINGS
 

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When 26 women turned up at the initial meeting at Wheathills, we realised that a real need existed for holding separate meetings. It was decided that monthly organised venues would be set up on Thursday evenings, which would not clash with our usual mixed group evenings and no obvious pressure would be put on girls to join CHE until they gave some indication of wishing to become involved.

The second coffee evening at Ward St. again drew 25-28 people; not all the same as at the original meeting. We were really thrown by the effort required from at least three present to get to Derby at all. General chat and socialising took us along until well into the night.

We hoped for a folk evening at Char's but our 'guest artiste' had by then joined a pop group and was around the country somewhere doing one-night gigs. Still similar numbers for talk but not prepared to enter great discussions. Party night at Wheathills brought them all out, plus three of my own friends - from Newmarket, Oxford and London. An incredible amount of booze and fags kept everyone going until the last departing guest left at

WOMENS MEETINGS (Continued)

4.30 am. My poor cats were all hung-over next day on alcohol and tobacco fumes! Jackie and Chris at Groby next hosted a really super social evening. The food tasted as good as it looked. Still more people came who hadn't been before and had a great time.

We also had a theatre evening in Nottingham organised by Alison, when a dozen of us went to see the Royal Shakespeare Company's version of Marlowe's Faustus with Ian McKellen. Pity it coincided with a Garrick evening when 4 new girls turned up, but at least Liz and David led the move to make them welcome.

I shall be interested to see how many eager hikers turn up for our proposed ramble on Sept. 22nd. Ten miles, Irene tells us, but there will be a hostelry at about the half way mark. Boots on girls and hope it doesn't rain!

Hilary and I are keeping busy helping to organise the Women's Conference in Nottingham on Oct. 19th. We are getting help in a very cheering manner from various members of the group, especially Char. Anyone in the Nottingham area would help her considerably if they could make it to the Womens Lib meetings occasionally. These are also every Thursday evening at 8 pm at the Womens Centre, 26, Newcastle Chambers, off Angel Row.

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 CAMPAIGN CORNER
 

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For some time the Hon. Sec. and myself have been debating the pros and cons of going on the Activists list. Having decided against it for personal reasons, something then went completely haywire. Knowing that Rose Robertson was coming to talk about Parents Enquiry, I daringly (for me) contacted Radio Derby and found to my surprise that they wanted to talk to us - not Rose - about the proposed talk. Hilary and I therefore had five minutes or so air time on a Friday tea-time which we found quite painless. You can't see the faces at the other end of a microphone! We were then invited to go back on Monday night to take part in an hour long phone-in programme. Bruce came along to balance the odds, the studio did provide some liquid refreshment and we three had quite a good time. Unfortunately Radio Derby staff themselves were, for intelligent people, remarkably ignorant about gay people. They were so curious about what made us tick personally that we had to force in a word about gay solidarity, the local group and any other activity than sex. Perhaps we can have another go at them later, especially with the CHE Women's conference coming up in Nottingham. I have also discovered from workmates that my voice is easily recognisable - so much for anonymity!

Hilary and I also went along to Birmingham CHE to take part in a forum on local groups, chaired by our own David Hughes. As Birmingham Women have split off from the group we were vastly outnumbered, but had an

CAMPAIGN CORNER (Continued)

interesting evening although I doubt if we achieved more than tolerant acceptance. No wonder the active women in CHE react strongly at times against the men. Being put down by an already put-down minority has that effect.

Howard has become an activist - the only one from here actually in the register. He would be delighted to hear from anyone else willing to become an activist too. You must be a paid up member of CHE, prepared to be available to speak openly in your own name for CHE and the gay cause. No confidentiality is guaranteed and you may find yourself on TV, radio or quoted in the Press. Howard has an hour of radio time on Radio Nottingham on Friday Sept. 20th. He is also hoping to form a Gay Nalgo group - any health service people interested please contact him via the PO Box.

Looking ahead, we have been asked to give a morning on Sexual Politics to the 6th Form of Belper High School. Two 70 minute periods facing 70-90 pupils + interested Staff members! It would seem that it will be done mostly by the women as the men - willing and eager - will be either at work or abroad. We have asked Liz Stanley to help and also Dave Brown from Sheffield.

- Heather.

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 ON THE LEVEL
 

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Someone was straightening the knot of my favourite Paisley patterned tie. At the time I was standing half cut in the foyer of the Flying Horse. The last Bacardi had hit me like a ton of bricks but not sufficiently for me not to notice that the doorman was stifling gales of laughter. With all the grace I could muster I strode out of the door. Another occasion I accepted an invitation to sit down, turned elegantly between tables and tipped a gin and tonic over the girls knee without even realising the faux pas. Least, not 'til the Butch with her rose toward the bar after fixing me against the back of the seat with an extremely malevolent glare. In the meantime, the girl smoothed over any fears I might have had about truly being fixed (against the seat).

Each evening out seemed to be ridden with hazards and pitfalls for the unsuspecting would be adventuress. One or two friends were for instance very concerned about my sexual welfare and set out with great determination to find someone for me. I did not object because I was too concerned and frankly things could only improve. Well you know what they say about ignorance being bliss. A statement that didn't hold water for very long when things started moving. The first two butch ladies I met I managed to upset within days. I was given all sorts of warnings from one about the other.

"She's no good, she's been with everyone on town."  
I rather suspected that she herself was only about one behind.

ON THE LEVEL (Continued)

About this time, I was getting fed up of things 'femme' and slid violently to the other end of the scale. That's when I realised that I was being weighed up with some concern because I did not behave like a butch should. Pint drinking was about my only redeeming feature. The rest was mere practice plus a few drinks. Anyway, with a little help one evening I was set up and SHE would see me outside in the yard. The only real problem was that she was significantly taller than me and had great potential as a lady wrestler. Now I have not said 'No' on many occasions, but kissing someone and being hauled slowly off your feet and forwards is a tricky situation to feel romantic in. In fact it required super human concentration to remain upright alone. The wet yard of the Roebuck leaves much to be desired for rolling around in. Since then, I have met a number of tall ladies and I have begun to wonder whether it is all a joke. I think they get quite some enjoyment patting me on the head, peering down at me and damn near stifling me to death in a slow dance.

However, back in the bar I graciously let her sit down and stood behind. My friends were beaming with delight at the apparent success of the scheme. Me? I was just about regaining my equilibrium (on two feet) and was desperate for a beer. Especially when I looked down into her shiny black hair and found that I was staring at the none too professional weave of a cheap wig. My immediate thought was "Christ! What else comes off?" Whatever sick jokes came to mind I was going through with this at all costs to save face if nothing else.

It was funny because I could not get the subject of coming off out of my mind all the way to her home. Just like the movies, she appeared out of the bathroom in a frilly nightdress - minus the wig. Things were beginning to look promising at last in the semi-darkness, but I was not to see that precious little else had in fact come off. On getting into bed it was like clasping an armour plated dummy. I was beginning to get the picture that somehow it was all part of the game for me to remove each item including a super-grip ten-hour girdle. Now to the subject of coming off was added another dimension - coming out.

Words failed me and it's just as well - at the risk of censorship, I'll miss what was said and done in the next hours.

Next morning I woke to the family stampeding up and down the stairs. The only route to the bathroom was through our bedroom, so I wasn't surprised when the door opened. I didn't bother turning over to have a look 'til a voice said "Hello!" The voice's tone commanded response so as I turned over in greeting, the girl said: "I would like you to meet my father!" Father's response was: "Oh! Not another one - what happened to the last one then?" Followed by "Anyway, when you get up, how about helping me whitewash the cellar?"

A cup of coffee and baby was I gone!

ON THE LEVEL (Continued)

The grand finale was when her straight friends insulted her as a f-----g queer, she burst into tears, flung herself around my neck and this time my dear friends wiped streaks of her muddy mascara off my face - as well as straightening my tie. - Hilary

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 THE NATIONAL FRONT & THE NATURE OF FASCISM
 

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In Britain today the forces of the extreme right are small; nevertheless, the Workers Movement has already felt their effects up and down the country. Their virulent racist propaganda has weakened and divided the working-class movement. Also, their harassment of immigrants, their violent attacks on picket lines at Mansfield Hosiery Mills, Loughborough and Imperial Typewriters, Leicester, petrol bombing in Brixton, London; attacks on the peaceful Manchester Martyrs March; disruption of Trade Union and Labour Party meetings; fire bombing a synagogue in Leeds and attacks on homosexuals.

From the very beginning, a fascist movement organises for physical struggle against what it considers to be 'enemies' of the nation, eg. militant trade unionists, socialist organisations and minority groups such as Blacks, Jews, homosexuals, who they use as scapegoats to divide the workers movement and cover up for the social ills of capitalism; ills such as housing shortages and high rents and inadequate social services etc.

They are presently trying to hide the true violent and anti working class nature and gain some respectability. This deception must be exposed and they must be nipped in the bud. Their appeals for freedom of speech are a red herring when their ultimate aim is the destruction of all democratic rights won by the working class movement through decades of struggle and the total destruction of the working class movement itself.

The real solution to preventing the growth of fascism was pointed out by Hitler himself, when he said in 1933 "Only one thing could have stopped our movement - if our adversaries had understood its principle and from the first day had smashed with the utmost brutality the nucleus of our movement."

The leaders of the National Front, Webster and Tyndall (ex members of the British Nazi party) understand this well and so must we!

They must be stopped now!  
 No platform for fascists!  
 Smash the National Front!

(The above is an extract from a leaflet published by the Nottingham and Leicester IMG)  
 The two following leaflets were distributed by the GLF at the two recent anti National Front demonstrations.

## 1) A FEW LITTLE KNOWN FACTS ABOUT FASCISM.

In 1928 there were several million women in the German feminist movement. By 1933 no women's group independent of the Nazi Party existed. Nazi ideology allowed only one function for women, that of wife and mother, a situation especially oppressive to homosexual women. In 1933 the German Gay movement was broken up by the Nazis and everything in its HQ was burned. By 1945 hundreds of thousands of homosexual men had been interned and perished in the concentration camps; casualties were second only to those of the Jews.

The National Front have been among the major supporters of the Society for the Protection of the Unborn child and of the Festival of Light; campaigning against abortion and Women's Liberation generally.

The National Democratic Freedom Movement, a splinter group of the NF, have beaten up members of Leeds GLF and smashed their bookshop.

"In times of catastrophe the effeminate man and the emancipated woman arise as symbols of cultural and political decline." -- Alfred Rosenberg, a German Nazi of the 30's.

The authoritarian right wing have always realised that a challenge to male supremacy is a fundamental challenge to the whole system of this society. Fascism uses all the traditional values and ideologies (not just racism), and the fears and anxieties which people have about changes in these, to achieve its authoritarian and repressive ends. Fundamental among these sets of values is that of male supremacy. Women are expected to be passive and submissive and controlled by men; men should be aggressive, dominant and always in control. Fascism uses these male values - to the point of developing a cult of masculinism to help create an authoritarian society where human beings become even more just objects for manipulation and where all warmth and sensitivity are ruthlessly extinguished. The Women's and Gay movements exist to challenge all these male values; Fascism, in its use, must strengthen them.

## 2) Know us!! We are Gay!! We are oppressed!!

Our sexuality undermines the rigidity of a fascist, capitalist ideology based on sexual and economic exploitation. We have no colour to identify us, no one race. But why are we attacked? Because we represent subversion of the most basic kind. We cannot be herded into, controlled and contained within, family units. To destroy the family is to undermine and institution designed for exploitation. For the Left to overlook the grave oppression of homosexuals everywhere is to be blind to the objectively revolutionary potential of sexually oppressed people.

Know us!! We are Gay!! We are oppressed!!

GLF recognises the oppression of people; blacks, working class, gays because they all stem from one single cause; the more efficient exploitation of working people. Our task is to move with the Left to smash the National Front. Loathe as I am, I am going to leave the last word to John Tyndall

"Mein Kampf is my doctrine." -- Char.

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 THE NOTTINGHAM PUB SCENE
 

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For some time it has been apparent that our pub scene is not all its cracked up to be. In Nottingham we have The Roebuck (Left hand bar): The Dog & Partridge (back bar): The Bentinck - with reference to the gospel according to Gay News; and the Forresters (back bar) particularly for the ladies.

People are becoming disenchanted with the D & P. There have been such remarks as 'clinical atmosphere' since it was 'renovated' and they only serve halves in the gay bar. The Roebuck leaves a lot to be desired. The gay bar is friendly enough except for the odd stool being thrown across the room. The pub itself is rather tatty and the other bar caters for some odd customers. The Bentinck is not really a genuine gay bar.

The Forresters, whilst a real old-style tap room, is quite friendly if you go often enough to break the icy reception which meets the 'new' face on the scene. Although it is mainly the girls meeting place, men are frequently seen to be enjoying themselves too.

If we, who are dissatisfied, try to make a move to another pub, we could be accused of driving the regulars away. People could also think that we are prolonging the 'ghetto situation'.

Society, however, is not yet ready to accept us and gay people do have to get together. We must have places where we can meet and be accepted - which is why gay pubs and clubs spring up. Therefore, I feel the time has come for us to find another bar where we can meet in a congenial atmosphere. One new bar in the whole of Nottingham is not really too much to ask.

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 DO YOU CARE?
 

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Whilst not suggesting that gay people are any more susceptible to personal difficulties than are heterosexuals, I would say that some of their problems are of a different nature and therefore need a special kind of understanding and help. Sure, for those with deep-rooted problems, skilled help is available from psychiatrists (I'm aware of some resistance to this, but there are understanding psychiatrists and there are those who need them) or from the Council of Voluntary Service (when Felicity Harding's successor Yvonne Bishop starts in September). However, the sort of help I feel is needed is that sort of befriending in its true sense, to be readily available in particular times of stress or anxiety - perhaps along the lines of the Samaritans, but geared to the needs of gay people.

I'm well aware of the useful work done by CHE, and also the social outlets it provides. There are, however, gay people who are unwilling or unable to join an organisation, or who feel isolated and depressed at times. These may include older people who grew up in a less tolerant atmosphere than today's and are reluctant to disclose their nature to family and friends; those who

DO YOU CARE? (Continued)

lead a double-life; the married; the genuinely lonely and others. In my own experience, 3 gay people have attempted suicide during periods of unhappiness and depression. I was able to help two of these and the third was assisted by a friend. Through my job as a social worker I meet gay people who have been lonely or anxious at times and who have been helped by talking freely in a understanding atmosphere. Sadly, it sometimes happens that I am the only person in whom they have been able to confide.

I appreciate that CHE is a relatively new organisation which is developing in various directions, but surely its members should care enough for the happiness of its supporters and others to provide a service for those in difficulties. If the membership is insufficient, then perhaps interested outsiders could be called on. The point is - do you care?

- a Probation Officer

YNG MN SEEKS SMLR

Having recently been given several copies of the American gay newspaper 'The Advocate', I was surprised to see how different its ads. section was to that in Gay News. Indeed, in comparison, Gay News emerges as a journal of almost spectacular sobriety.

Unlike Gay News, where the usual approach is to preface each ad. with one's home town in emphatic type (BOGNOR, 97; seeks hammer thrower for one last fling), in The Advocate each box is heralded by a headline which gives an appetising frisson of what is to follow. Who could resist paragraphs headed:-

HAVE PADDLE, WILL SPANK/DADDY GAVE IT TO ME FIRST/I DIG BARE FEET  
MEN'S SOFTBALL TEAM IN DRAG (THE CALIFORNIA CUTIES) and  
of course, THE BIGGEST.

What follows below leads one into an abbreviated world where musc.gdlkg. seeks wl.bl.t.yng.dude, but probably ends up with avg.md.agd.hry. Personally, I would prefer to pay a little more and announce myself as from Kentucky, rather than join the embarrassed sprinkling of advertisers who appear to hail from KY.

Gradually one's antennae begin to feel out the meaning of each recondite phrase with growing sureness, to the point where a minor trauma is caused by finding 'Order Airedale puppies from Pat - phone 985-805' amongst the weird scene/humil./oil wrestling.

Again, one is surprised to learn that a certain Mr D.H. (whom most of us know and love) is not too busy playing cricket, football, banking and singing to have time to '...meet similar for social interaction via box 758, Riverside, California.'

And there isn't a woman in sight. In fact, the outlook is grim if you're Non W./Fat/Fem, if you believe that skat is a card game, can't tell a groovy stud from a platform sole and think that SM has something to do with the academy of St. Martin in the Fields.

- David.

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 THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERPUFF
 

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PART III. In hot (and sweaty) pursuit.

The Golden Dildo, source of Superpuff's super human powers has been ripped off and the survival of the western way of life as it is lived at "Shalimar", Cheyne Walk, Chelsea is in the most frightful danger. Now, read on.

Back in the secret strong room, Chuck Bold, better known to the world as Superpuff, began to solve a problem which would have baffled lesser minds; minds such as those of Fred Hoyle or J.M.Keynes.

"Look for clues kid. They always make that one fatal mistake and we have to find it."

Nick Smoothe looked up into those deep brown eyes and sensed the urgency which the cool exterior failed to conceal.

"Could this be what we're looking for?" He held up a drum of scouring powder (the handy size by Vim).

"Great Jumping Jupiter! You might be right Nick; this might well prove to be the clue we are looking for, the fatal flaw in an otherwise perfectly executed plan." He paused, his brain working at breathtaking speed.

"Could it be that this was left here by Miss Clutch, my trusty retainer? Could it be that she, of all people, is in the pay of my arch enemy, Black Het and his fiendish gang: The Blue Rinsers?"

"Gosh, Superpuff," interposed Nick Smoothe, his eyes wide with disbelief, "could it be that Miss Clutch is Black Het - heavily disguised, of course, to hoodwink us.

Without a moment's pause, they both rushed back to where they had last seen the daunting daughter of the dustpan; but they were too late, for whoever she was, there remained only a bucket, mop and a tousled wig complete with flowered turban.

Chuck Bold picked up the wig and looked at it in disbelief.

"Gone, and never called me mother."

"So is the Golden Dildo," interjected Nick Smoothe, "and its not getting any nearer as we stand around here."

"You're right Nick - to the Puffmobile! There's not a second to lose."

Chuck Bold allowed the chinchilla dressing gown he had been wearing to slip from his broad, suntanned shoulders to reveal the unmistakable figure of Superpuff: the gold lame briefs, the skin tight T-shirt emblazoned with the sign of the Dildo, the tights which emphasised - as if they needed it - the muscular thighs. He pulled on his white gauntlets and brushed aside the black curl of hair which fell across his forehead. Nick Smoothe gazed up at him with adoring eyes which could not

THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERPUFF (Continued)

avoid dwelling once again upon the classically proportioned physique which had dazzled everyone who ever saw him at Twickenham or on "Come Dancing," but it was the rugged profile - so often seen on the front page of every newspaper from New York to Tokyo which he saw, as if for the first time.

Throbbing with vitality, Superpuff drew himself up to his full height, threw out his chest and, becoming conscious of the admiring gaze of Nick Smoothe, spoke in a voice that turned the lad's knees to jelly:

"Are my seems straight, dear?"

"Rather more than you are, sweetie."

Superpuff kned him playfully in the groin and dashed out to the Puffmobile parked at a meter in front of the house. To the casual observer, it might have appeared to be a Lambourghini Espada - just like any other in S.W.3; but they would, of course, have been wrong. It was, in fact, a 1939 Bentley Continental, cleverly disguised to look like an Aston Martin DB6 which had been cleverly disguised to resemble a Lambourghini. Thus he was able to travel in some degree of old world comfort without any of the disagreeable stress of feeling it necessary to travel everywhere at something approaching the speed of sound and in constant fear of pressing a wrong button and being ejected 200 feet into the air. The worst that could happen would be for the ice cubes to melt prematurely or the pheasant on the automatic rotisserie to be underdone. At the same time, one could arrive at Henley or Wimbledon and know that one was keeping one's end up - in a manner of speaking.

Superpuff turned the ignition as Nick Smoothe climbed in beside him. The engine roared into life and they screamed away from the kerb in a cloud of blue smoke and the smell of burning rubber.

"Where do we start looking, Superpuff?"

Superpuff selected one of Chopin's cello concertos and slipped it into the stereo cassette player.

"Bona Mops, the employment agency in the high street. They sent Miss Clutch, or rather Black Het to me in the first place; they must have some record of his whereabouts."

Superpuff gunned the engine until the needle was edging towards the 40 mark on the dial. Morning shoppers and tourists turned to watch as they passed.

"God bless you, Superpuff" mumbled one old lady as she managed to scramble to the kerb in time to see the most famous motor in Chelsea roar past.

A young policeman - hardly more than a lad - held up the traffic for him and his youthful heart filled with pride as he caught a whiff of Habit Rouge and a glimpse of those soft brown eyes looking directly at him.

"We're all behind you, Superpuff."

THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERPUFF (Continued)

In minutes, they had arrived outside Bona Mops and they both dashed in -- contriving as they did so to knock over a potted palm and a tall, thin man with a filleted wrist.

"Drama queens! That's all I need, drama Queens!" He picked himself up and brushed the non-existent dust from the sleeve of his pale yellow, sea-island cotton shirt. On the point of expiring, he drew a Belgian lace hankie from his sleeve and held it to his forehead, meanwhile preventing himself from falling by resting his other hand on the counter.

"I don't mind telling you, I'm getting to the point where I could just stand here and scream!"

"Gee honey, I'm sorry. We both are; we'd no idea you were standing so near to the door."

The thin man heard the deep, mellifluous voice of Superpuff, opened his eyes and peeked over his hankie. Liking what he saw, his petulance mellowed and he took the Sarah Bernhardt hand with its lace away from his forehead.

"It's alright dears. It's just been one of those days. I'm Munroe; my friend Sean's not here at the moment -- which is why I'm in such a state. He usually looks after this side of the business 'cos he's ever so masterful with the customers. I'm more what you might call liason -- I liase with our men in the field."

The visitors nodded together in agreement. The division of labour appeared to be both rational and equitable and it was really quite evident that Munroe would be much more at home with liason.

"Perhaps you could help us?" It was Nick Smoothe who spoke. Munroe eyed him closely with something more than paternal interest.

"I'm sure I could, dear. Wouldn't your friend mind?"

"My friend happens to be Superpuff; scourge of international crime, righter of wrongs and protector of widows 'n' orphans!" exclaimed Nick Smoothe, who fairly bristled with youthful indignation at this untoward familiarity.

"Well, dressed like that, I never imagined it was the Queen Mother."

Sensing a degree of animosity in the atmosphere which was hardly calculated to hasten their search, Superpuff interrupted them.

"I'm sure you'll want to help us when I tell you that we are on the trail of the world's most sinister and dangerous master criminal."

"Oooh, I do, I do. Is he ever so dangerous?"

"He's Black Het. Need I say more?" Munroe paled and a cold shudder passed over him.

"You must be ever so brave."

THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERPUFF (Continued)

"I am. But it won't do me a bit of good unless we can trace a certain Miss Clutch whom you sent to work for me some time ago. Perhaps you have some record of where she lives or a forwarding address."

Without further words, Munroe began leafing through long drawers full of filing cards. He was on the point of giving up the search some minutes later, however, when he drew out a black edged visiting card.

"Is this what you're after, dear?" Munroe said, handing the card to Superpuff.

"B.Het. Esq." (alias Miss Nora Clutch),  
Chateau Gloom,  
French Guiana.

"Good Heavens Nick, this is it, the missing link." Nick Smoothe gave Superpuff a hug and plonked a kiss at the corner of his mouth - at the point where it began to curl into one of those devil-may-care smiles which so enchanted the press photographers.

"All we need to do now is arrange transport to the French South American colony of Guiana - which a single phone call to a well placed dear friend in the Admiralty will doubtless accomplish - and with a little more luck, we should have Black Het in the bag once and for all." Superpuff turned to Munroe who was lusting unashamedly by the potted palm.

"And we owe it all to you." Munroe blushed and pulled at a loose thread in his tank top.

"Perhaps there's some way we could repay you?"

"Well, there is one thing; though I'm sure you wouldn't really want to."

"Just spit it out kid. Superpuff never welched on a promise yet."

Munroe pulled more thread from the tank top and turned bright scarlet.

"Would you tell me where you buy your gold lame briefs, I'm sure Sean would like some for his birthday."

"Actually, I design them myself and a little woman I know in Neasden runs them up for me - I'll send you half a dozen pairs."

He turned to his young companion.

"And now Nick, to the Puffmobile!" There's not a second to lose.

They dashed from the shop leaving Munroe standing by the potted palm - a picture of radiant loveliness as the late morning sun shone through the shop window and sparkled on the glitter in his hair.

"Adieu Superpuff; you great butch thing. Adieu."

What terrors await our dynamic duo in the tropical forests of South America? Read another loathsome episode entitled "Dreadnaught - for men." in the next issue of Chimaera.

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 IT'S ONLY 93 DAYS TO CHRISTMAS
 

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Hector wishes us to announce to all his friends that this year he will not be sending Christmas cards.

Instead, he will be making a donation to CHE.

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You too can avail yourself of this service. Send your request, with lots of money, to CHE, P.O.BOX 87, DERBY.

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 NEWS AND VIEWS
 

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NO COMMENT: On Aug.11th, Councillor Eric Pate, a member of the Nottingham Public Protection Committee, was convicted of indecent exposure.

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SPLCIE THE MAINBRCAE: "A complaint was lodged yesterday by sailors who complained that their bum ration had been cut short." - Plymouth Evening Argus.

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THOUGHTS OF CHAIRMAN BARRIE: "Soft drinks to Howarth Penny are like a cross to a vampire."

- Barrie Kenyon

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PARROT KILLER IN CUSTODY: "Richard Butler was found guilty of killing a pub parrot. It was said that he bit its head off, but Butler denied this, saying that the head came off accidentally." - Nottingham Evening Post.

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 DEFINITIVE MOMENTS
 

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CASTOR OIL : a lubricant for Pollux.

CLERGYMAN'S KNEE: choirboy's delight.

CONGO RED TEST: Witch hunt in Leopoldville.

GYNAECOLOGIST: an organ tuner.

HEALTH SALTS: Julie Andrews for inner cleanliness.

HUMAN NATURE: the reason why so many people behave like animals.

INCEST: rolling your own.

EARWIGS: NHS devices used if you lose the hair in your ears.

EUNUCH: one who never has a ball.

EXTROVERT: a girl mainly interested in what is going on outside her.

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