

# MIDLAND GROUP ARTS CENTRE

Carlton Street, Nottingham

## GILDA



Rita Hayworth gave the performance of a lifetime as Gilda, a singer married to a louche nightclub owner in South America. An old flame (Glenn Ford) turns up and gets a job as a gambler at the nightclub. One of the best and seamiest of the Hollywood film-noir cycle in which nothing is as it seems, not even the past..The screening is followed by "OUT OF WHAT PAST?", a talk and discussion led by John Harvey, writer and teacher who is also completing a PhD thesis on American cinema. The talk will be illustrated by film extracts, on film and memory: particularly on the experience of World War Two as traumatic, and on the upheavals caused by the war in the representation of gender roles in the cinema. (The talk follows the 7pm screening of Gilda in the New Cinema), BOX OFFICE 586100.

## FILM SPOT

- 14th/15th MARCH "POPPIES" by GAY SWEATSHOP THEATRE COMPANY at Midland Arts Centre, Carlton St, 7.30pm, 586100
- 15th/17th MARCH "A MAN LIKE EVA" about the life of Rainer Fassbinder, 15th, 7.30pm, 16th, 5pm & 8pm, 17th 8pm only, Nottingham Film Theatre, Broad St.
- 10th MARCH "THE DRESSER", Albert Finney, Tom Courtney, based on life of Donald Wolfit, 7.15pm, Mansfield Community Arts Centre, BOX OFFICE, Mansfield 653309.
- 28th MARCH "GILDA", Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford, Midland Arts Centre. BOX OFFICE, 586100. 7pm (2pm matinee)
- 28th/29th MARCH "THE ROPE", by Hitchcock, James Stewart, Farley Granger, based on a single-set play about two gay men who strangle a friend for kicks and conceal his body in their own apartment, 8pm, METRO CINEMA, Green Lane, Derby, Tel 40170.

## gay info gay info

ADMIRAL DUNCAN, 74 Lower Parliament Sq. Tel: 502727. New venue for hi-energy discos Tues, Thurs, Fri, Sats, 7-10.30pm FREE.

ASTORIA, Greyfriars Gate, Broadmarsh, Tel: 580555, First Monday, monthly disco, £3.00 entrance.

BOLTS at Easy Street, Masonic Place, Goldsmith Street, Tel: 472525. Wednesday disco, 9pm-2am, laser-lit club, £2.00 + free membership then £1.00, (Bolt's members £1.00).

THE FORESTERS, St. Ann St, (back of Victoria Centre. Attractive, cosy, mixed - noisy darts match Mondays - lesbian/gay with friendly atmosphere.

GATSBY'S, Huntingdon Street, Tel: 55323, Formerly Central Tavern, Nottingham's main gay pub, busy weekends.

PAGES OF FUN, 147 Radford Road, Hyson Green, Gay Bookshop specialises in new and back issues of gay publications.

PART II DISCO, Robert House, Canal Street, Tel: 558866, Well equipped disco, high-energy Wed-Sat, 9.30pm-2am; Sunday 9.30pm to 1am. "Blues Club" (leather & denim) meet 1st Friday every month.

# Gay Nottingham!

No. 2.

put together by gay men

## "POPPIES" FOR PEACE

David Benedict & John Wilson in "POPPIES"



"POPPIES", performed by Gay Sweatshop Theatre Company returns to Nottingham as part of its second, highly acclaimed national tour. It was the image of the Greenham women, encircling the airbase and pinning the photos and mementoes of their children on the wire that inspired actor, writer and founder member of Gay Sweatshop, Noel Grieg to write this play.

"POPPIES" is the moving story of Sammy and Snow, lovers in their fifties, whose lives and love are thwarted by Sammy's romantic obsession with a young pilot long since killed in World War Two. It is set on Remembrance Day in a not too distant nuclear threatened London. A state of emergency prevails. Simultaneously the play is set in 1939, and through the delightful device of creating two central, irreverent and dead characters the action swings back forth in time, with these two bizarre, pathetic, loveless and loving creatures exhorting the living to take control over their own lives. The play looks at masculinity and militarism and places sexuality and sexual power firmly and subtly as the central vehicle from which to look at nuclear warfare. It also praises love. And is very funny at times.

You can catch "POPPIES", (if you hurry), at the Midland Arts Centre, Carlton Street, Hockley, on 14th and 15th March, 7.30pm, BOX OFFICE, 586100.

John Wilson, one of the actors in "POPPIES", is making his screen debut in a new British film, "Roach Motel", now on release in London.

## RUGBY VICTORY

Rugby Council has caved in to the five-month-long campaign against its ban on employing lesbians and gay men. The Council has now pledged not to discriminate on the grounds of sexual orientation. Cllr. Jeff Coupe, Chair of the Labour Group said: "It's a total climb-down, a complete victory".

In September 1984, the Tory-led Council said that it would not employ anyone who was homosexual. This led to an outcry and a co-ordinated, joint campaign spearheaded by NALGO (National Association of Local Government Officers) The Lesbian/Gay and Labour Movements, culminating in a 1,000-strong rally in Rugby last November, protesting at the ban, when 18 people were arrested on obstruction charges.

A major rally planned to coincide with Rugby's full Council meeting in February was called off when the victory was known.

The trials of the "Rugby 18" begin on 2nd April at Rugby Magistrates Court.

**peace news**  
FOR  
**NONVIOLENT REVOLUTION**  
FORTNIGHTLY ON FRIDAYS

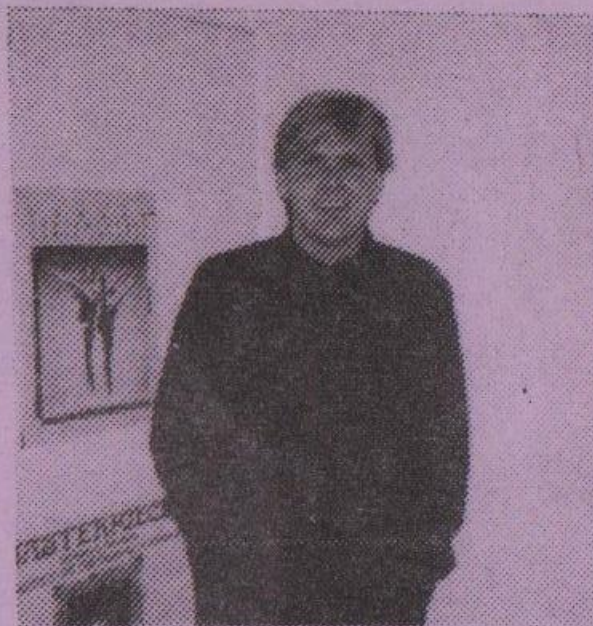
Leicester Gay Action is urging the Leicester City Council to adopt a wide ranging gay rights policy that covers the fair provision of housing, entertainment and employment. The group are also sounding the Council out on the availability of grants for lesbian and gay helplines. The draft policy document has been submitted to the Chairperson of the Equal Opportunities Committee.



Many people have dipped into their pockets to give to the Ethiopian famine appeals but one local man has gone one step further by setting up a new organization which hopes to raise money from a series of promotions for Ethiopia.

Michael Yeomans, (26) of Forest Fields first got the idea of writing and composing his own tape for sale, when he heard the BandAid record at Xmas. "I decided to have a go and things grew from there", said Michael.

A lot of interest has been shown in his ventures, including over thirty advance orders for his five-minute tape called "Tranquility". Further plans include a disco at the Astoria Ballroom on the 11th March with two cabaret acts, compered by Dale Winton of Radio Trent, with celebrityguest, Howard Jones. There is also a sponsored ten-mile walk on the 31st March and so far over 50 walkers have agreed to take part. The walk kicks off from Market Square at 10.30am. "Tickets for the disco are selling well," said Michael "and if we are successful then we will have more functions throughout the year and will continue until the end of the famine," he added. (Anyone interested in donating, offering to help or wanting tickets should contact Michael Yeomans, 93 Harcourt Road, Forest Fields Tel: 782251. Cheques should be made payable to "NOTTINGHAM FAMINE APPEAL ORGANIZATION".



# SADLY MISSED



Had it been a movie there would have been rain. Maybe snow, or a harsh and scouring wind. But most likely it would have been rain. Strange how often films use weather every bit as skilfully as music or dialogue or scenery. Great raging storms are a fitting backdrop to towering passion, soft-focus sunlight caresses the lovers' idyll. And rain. Rain for parting. For a sombre goodbye, rain is a cinematic must. But it wasn't a movie, and it wasn't raining.

It was a summer evening, calm and warm, and the setting sun bathed us in an amber glow. We stood grouped at the church doorway, awkward, unsure, and though none would admit it, just a little embarrassed. Having exhausted our meagre stock of cliches, we had moved on to platitudes. We were unused to being solemn, nervousness sometimes betrayed by instantly regretted flippancy. Tears, by unspoken agreement on the few occasions when our eyes met, were banned. Women may weep, of course, and close family, but workmates don't cry. The very idea. Mere friends must show restraint, a sense of decorum. Mere friends must merely look on. Stoic. As befits real men. The sibilant crunch of gravel heralded the arrival and we straightened, as though for inspection, watching the three gleaming black limousines slowly negotiate the curving drive to where we stood, dry-eyed and formal. A light breeze suddenly rustled through the tops of the tall churchyard yews like an apologetic latecomer through a crowd. Following its swift progress among

the glossy leaves I heard, as if from far off, the shuffling of many feet and the discreet clicks of limousine doors. Someone standing beside me coughed, a tactful reprimand. One does not gaze vacantly at trees, the cough said, show some respect for the... well, for the circumstances. Some respect. We can handle that. That much is quite socially acceptable.

But there was nothing. Not even respectable respect. An odd detachment held me as I looked at the hearse, ablaze with flowers, and found myself offhandedly wondering which of the wreaths had been bought with the money we had collected at work. As the crosses and sprays were removed one by one I tried to catch sight of the names on the black-bordered cards, as though it mattered, as though it were important. A heavy, sliding sound put an end to my pointless speculation and I turned from the sickly-perfumed flowers in time to see the creamy-gold coffin being hoisted onto the shoulders of the pall-bearers. As it was raised high the varnished surface shone in the evening sunlight, reflecting a burnished radiance. One particular dazzling beam caught me unawares and all detachment fled in an intense moment of illumination, of realisation. Cracks appeared in the dam. He is in there, in that box, under that screwed-down lid. The one I love lies in there, cold and dead, and I will never see him again. Ever. But... decorum, restraint, respect. The dam held. I looked at his parents, gaunt with pain and loss, and saw the human tragedy behind that small paragraph in the local paper which told of one more addition to the death-on-the-road statistics. My loss could never match theirs, indeed they would not even be aware of it, so where was my place in their grief? If I must simply remain silent, why was I here at all? Could I not be permitted to embrace them both and tell them that I, too, loved their son, and believed that he loved me in return? Of course not. For our love was young, and still growing. More a quiet and mutual understanding than a definite declaration. We had none of the outward signs by which the straight world announces and recognises love—no rings, no solemn pledges, no pattern of steady dates, no aimless hand-in-hand Sunday strolls. As far as the world was concerned he was merely one among many in my circle of friends, and I in his. So although the departed friend may be sadly missed, and that with the straight world's benign blessing, a man must not overdo the emotion. A real man, that is.

Love—and here lies the deepest heartbreak of gay love—must be denied or diluted to a more acceptable and seemly level. It follows, then, that grief must be similarly curtailed, if not entirely suppressed, so that heterosexual society is not doubly embarrassed. Some may point out that death is seen as the last great unmentionable anyway, and that most people, straight or gay, prefer to ignore it or swiftly change the subject whenever it arises in the course of conversation. But this is just where gay people should be at their most supportive, most thoughtful, and most understanding. For who knows better than we the spiritually paralysing effect of loneliness, of 'alone'-ness, which descends with devastating suddenness upon the bereaved?

The gay man's view of life is often castigated—I've done it myself—as being obsessed with youth and beauty. He is hedonism personified, a boogie-ing lecher with his brains in a jockstrap. But whether we giggle or groan to hear these cliché characterisations, our lifestyles makes us aware, as perhaps few straight lifestyles could, of the relentless passage of time, of our mortality. We fear loneliness, so we pack into places where we can all be alone together. We have a terror of ageing, so we confront ourselves constantly and mercilessly with youth. We seek with such a desperation that we forget how to give love. And so we move in ever diminishing circles.

To find love and then lose it is a hard and cruel lesson, but it is a lesson. All our fears, all our doubts, contribute to the making of us, to our growing. So what if straight society does not allow the full public expression of our love and grief? We surely emerge the stronger for having to find our strength within ourselves. Facing death with dignity we triumph over fear, and learn to live life rather than merely endure it. At death, love does not die. It goes on, mellowing and maturing, for nothing real is ever lost.

**Tommy Barclay**

This article first appeared in MANCUNIAN GAY, August, 1984.

## IN BRIEF

Nottingham is to have its own Lesbian and Gay Sub-Committee to act as a "watch-dog" and ensure full equality in the provision of council services for lesbians and gay men in the city. The Council Leader and Deputy Leader are among five councillors who will sit on this committee. Five lesbians and five gay men are also to be elected at a meeting in March, by the lesbian/gay community.

The first meeting of the new Committee takes place on the 4th April, 7.30pm at the Council House.

The ruling Labour Group of Nottingham City Council is expected to appoint an 'out' lesbian or gay man to work in the City Council's Equal Opportunities Unit. It was one of two new posts agreed on the 20th February, (the other is to work on issues of race). Job adverts should be placed during March.

Both posts were opposed by the Conservative Councillors on the City Council.

An AIDS Steering Group is to be launched in Nottingham on the 20th March in a bid to undercut the media hysteria and provide information and support for AIDS victims, their lovers and families. The first meeting is for professional and voluntary workers involved in the health and social services and research. Further details from GAY NOTTINGHAM, c/o 118 Mansfield Road, Nottingham.

The City Council's own free newspaper, "The Nottingham Arrow" features a short article on lesbian/gay rights in its March edition. The paper is delivered to all households in the City.

## OUT and ABOUT



GAY NOTTINGHAM recently espied BILL SHORT, Staff Reporter for "Gay Times" out in the City. Bill, a former Olympic Sailboat Champion, was in town to catch the social whirl at BOLTS DISCO. Who knows, Nottingham may yet again hit the hotspots!

## MUSHROOM BOOKSHOP

10 HEATHCOAT ST. NOTTINGHAM, tel 582506  
Open 10am - 6pm six days a week

Books for and about gay men and lesbians stocked. Sexuality, sexual politics, feminism and much more. New 'Gay Writing' section.

## HELPLINES

NOTTINGHAM GAY SWITCHBOARD, Tel: 411454, (Mon, Wed, & Thur, 7-10pm.

NOTTINGHAM LESBIAN LINE, Tel: 410652, Mondays, 7-9.30pm.

NOTTINGHAM FRIEND, Tel: 476714, Tuesdays, 7-10pm.

LABOUR CAMPAIGN FOR GAY RIGHTS, Chris Richardson, 21 Devonshire Promenade, Lenton, Nottingham.

## NOTTINGHAM CND

have moved to

UNIT B  
14-18 ST. MARY'S GATE  
LACE MARKET.  
Tel. 581948



NCND membership costs £2.50 (£1 unwaged, £3 more than one person at same address).