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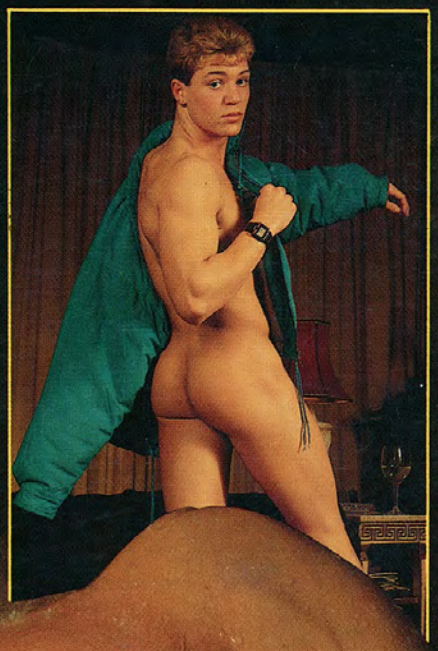
Prowler Press

GOLD COLLECTION

The best of MIKE ARLEN



Cocky Brit spunk boys!

London gay survival kit

'The blond boy grabbed me'

Prowler Press GOLD No. 2

BRIT BOYS: The Best Of MIKE ARLEN

From Prowler Press

Welcome to the second edition of our Gold Collection. Each month we'll bring you a new sexy and informative subject -- perfect for bedtime or for your coffee table.

No doubt you will have heard of *Mike Arlen's Guys* magazine. This issue brings you the best of Mike's photos stretching back more than 20 years. It proves you don't have to go abroad to be sexy! -- thanks, Mike!

This issue also includes Prowler Press's second annual London travel guide. Unlike some other guides, Prowler Press's guide doesn't just list the five biggest discos, though we include these. We also present the mainstream offerings of our city from a gay perspective. We hope you find it useful.

Next issue we'll bring you *Macho Muchachos -- the best of gay Spain* featuring sexy photos by Madrid fashion photographer Pedro Usabiaga, plus travel guide to Spain -- perfect for Spring! Why not subscribe on our 24-hour orderline 081 340 8644?

Write if you have suggestions for future issues! Bye 4 now Prowlers!

xxx Bjorn

All photos in Prowler Press Gold are of professional models over age 18. We and our photographers and writers worked hard on this mag, so unless you want us to set off a smoke bomb in your bathroom don't reproduce any of our material -- it's copyrighted! Mention or appearance of anyone or anything in our mag doesn't mean they're gay, though we don't know why anyone would want to be straight -- it's far too expensive! This mag ©1992 Prowler Press Ltd, 27 Old Gloucester St, London WC1N 3XX. Produced in GB in the European Community for free circulation worldwide.

The boy was I could bare myself.

The first time I saw him was across BANG. He was slightly shorter than me, very light short blond hair that stood up spikily on top. Knee-length shorts displayed perfect smooth calves dusted with a fine golden down of hair, while a flimsy white vest deliberately neglected to conceal his slim but crisply defined upper body. A tiny diamond -- it looked real to me, but what do I know? -- twinkled in his ear as we stared at each other from across the room. He had bright blue eyes like laser beams. He was breathtaking.

He had a small tattoo on his left bicep and I peered closer, straining to make it out without being too obvious. "Sex kitten" it said, and I laughed. I couldn't help myself. It seemed so appropriate. When our ☞

s so spunky
ly control

He licked my neck

☞ eyes met again I could tell he was hurt. He disappeared into the overheated throng of boy-bodies, never to be seen again.

At least, not that night.

✪✪✪

Cruising up and down the aisles of Camden Sainsbury's the next morning, I droned on about this new object of desire until Henri could stand it no more.

"Get over it, you old tart, I've heard it all before. Face it, you probably wouldn't even recognise him again: all pretty boys look the same to you!"

"Henri! How dare you, I've never been so ins-- ooooh! feast your eyes on *that!*" A vision in lycra glided past the frozen peas and we trailed along in his wake, drooling. Alas, our paths diverged at the next intersection, and with a longing backward glance we whisked onwards to the Sara Lee cakes. Henri tossed a Blueberry Danish into the trolley oh-so casually; I looked on in dismay.

"Do you know how many extra laps of the pool I'm going to need after that?"

Henri looked me in the eye. "What flavour ice-cream to go with it?" I felt my resistance collapse.

"Chocolate chocolate chip!" we cried in unison.

In the next aisle a genuine butch and femme dyke couple in their '50s were comfortably squabbling over which brand of razor blades to buy.

"Isn't that sweet?" sighed Henri. "That's me and Paul in 30 years time."

"Oh, how long has it been now? Three weeks?"

"Four and a half."

"Break out the confetti! Paper goods, aisle six..."

"You may mock, we both know it's only jealousy."

"Darling, you don't know what true jealousy is until you've seen my sex kitten."

"If you start on that again I'll thump you. Excuse me-" accosting a bewildered shelf-stacker, "do you sell earplugs here?"

"Unkind, Henri, unkind," leaving the poor woman standing. "After all I put up with about you and Paul... and Silvio... and those twins... To say nothing of your adventures in Quellada..."

Henri launched into some bitchy riposte but I didn't hear it. Suddenly the surroundings faded, for there ahead was my dreamboat sex kitten, even more revealingly clothed than the night before (don't you love summer?), lingering over the fruit yoghurts. I stopped dead; then Henri, who'd been eyeing some other bit of fluff, ran into me with the trolley. The collision sent me sprawling to the floor just inches from where my sex kitten stood.☞

HAMPSTEAD HEATH
West Heath
East Heath
VALE OF
Inverforth House Hospital
Leg of Mutton Pond
MAKEPEACE
LANGBOURNE
Covent Gdn
MILLBANK
A3212
A202
Vauxha
A5200

His earring twinkled

I felt so humiliated I could hardly bear to move. He looked down and, smiling, offered a helping hand. I accepted and struggled to my feet, blushing furiously. His earring glittered. I nodded a curt, embarrassed "thank you" and fled, his smiling face etched in my memory.

"I'll *never* forgive you for that," I hissed at Henri as I dragged the trolley around into the next aisle as fast as I could. "Never."

✪✪✪

That night it was off to the Fridge in Brixton, cruising the boys with a total lack of conviction. Every time I thought I caught someone's eye I'd see my sex

kitten's smiling face and his hand reaching down to help, and I'd break off, hurrying to talk to friends and look unavailable.

"Anything?" asked Kevin.

"I don't know. There's some nice boys but I just don't feel up to it, I can't be bothered."

"Bollocks, Alex, I know you better than that. When you've got that cock in your mouth it'll be worth the effort. That's what you need." Kevin had had a few drinks by this time.

"Maybe. But then I'll have to talk to them, go over the same boring ground, what

do you do, what movies do you like, blah blah blah. What's the point?"

"That *is* the point you bozo, and you know it. You love all that; at least ☞

He grabbed me

☞ you certainly seemed to..."

There was a pause and we just listened to the throbbing music and watched the go-go boys. Their eyes were glazed and they looked stunned, beaten into submission by the bass. Or else it was the drugs.

"Anyway, nobody's interested," I said eventually.

"Don't fish for compliments, kiddo, it's unseemly. You know everyone fancies you so stop making such a meal out of it. Now go and get off with someone and stop cramping my style."

I wandered around in the gloom for a while then headed up to buy a drink. Pressed up against the bar waiting, while a muscle mary with a moustache dug up a can for me, I felt an arm wrap 'round me from behind, the hand drifting gently down over my chest and stomach to nudge under the waistband of my cycle shorts. The hand grabbed me between the legs, a mouth nuzzled up against the back of my neck, biting me, then a tongue darted out to lick me. The barman returned, thrust the beer into my hand and took my money, smiling as he glanced briefly over my shoulder at the boy behind me. I turned around, my body wrapping into his, and my sex kitten pressed his smooth little mouth to mine, kissing urgently and passionately, forcing his tongue almost down my throat.

A young dyke dressed out of Cabaret elbowed us aside. Mouth-to-mouth, tongues still entwined, we edged away from the bar. In a secluded corner I kissed down over his neck, nipped at his sweat-slicked shoulder, lapped my tongue over his beautiful tattoo. He tugged my t-shirt up to my neck, running his hands over my back, up around my shoulders from behind, gripping them, forcing our bodies together as if we might almost break through the intervening skins and become one, a single ecstatically shooting organism.

I pulled away enough to gaze at him. He was as beautiful as I remembered. His earring caught strobe flashes from the dancefloor. "I'm Alex," I said.

"I know. You dropped this at the supermarket.," handing me a card in a plastic sleeve: my work photopass. "Kit."

"Pleased to meet you, Kit." I said before devouring him again.

He lived just around the corner. We walked back arm in arm. A drunk in a doorway burst into peals of hysterical laughter as we passed; we laughed too. Before the outer door of his house was closed I was tearing off his vest, feasting on his nipples, licking his armpits. In the kitchen I molested his while he made coffee, undoing his belt from behind, biting his neck, groping his bum. We took the mugs to his bedroom, and the coffee got cold untouched.

His tongue tickled the roof of my mouth as I fumbled his 501s down around his knees. His thighs shivered beneath my touch and he kissed me harder, harder, until I thought I'd faint from lack of air. He lifted his legs for me to tug the jeans off completely, then lay before me in all his glory, only figure-hugging Calvin Klein shorts remaining. I licked up inside his thighs, slowly, teasing, luxuriating in the firm softness of his flesh. He started to moan and there were definite signs of interest inside those shorts. I bit lightly at the fabric, massaging him with my lips and tongue, then curled around him and nibbled at the sculpted contours of his arse.

His fingers were running through my hair faster and faster, and then he tightened his grip and dragged me back up to his mouth, chewing at my lips and tongue, gulping me down. In a moment he was on top of me, holding my arms down over my head. His hand slipped under my waist, raising me off the bed, then he was pulling off my cycle shorts, my t-shirt and socks, kissing me all the while. He kissed my eyes and ears, my nose, my hair. He trailed his lips through my eyebrows and nibbled my chin. When I took his earlobe in my mouth I could feel the diamond still twinkling against my tongue. The taste of him was heaven.

I slipped off his boxer shorts and we lay there clasped together completely naked, writhing over and over, first one taking command, then the other. He lay on his stomach while I ever so slowly massaged his back, kneading the muscles of his shoulders, rubbing up under his armpits, caressing his buttocks, scratching lightly down the length of his spine. I lay on my back while he slid his hands up between my legs and brought my knees to his shoulders, toying with me until I was almost screaming. I held him down and teased his nipples, flicking with my tongue so lightly it barely touched the skin and then, without warning, bit down hard, while he begged for more.

I knelt before him to roll the condom on, smoothing it out and smothering it with KY. He kissed me again as he trust, and I sucked hungrily on his tongue, feeling him everywhere inside me and around me, my skin alive with electric tingling, his body gliding back and forth, back and forth, back and forth, strong arms enfolding me, a droplet of sweat tumbled from his chin to mine and then my vision dissolved and all I could see was the twinkle twinkle of his earring a million times over.

We lay together all night, talking affectionately, cuddling, doing nothing in the nicest possible way. It was broad daylight outside when we were finally drifting off to sleep. I was just on the verge when it occurred to me and I murmured "Why were you shopping in Camden when Tesco's is just across the street?"

But he was asleep and his only answer was gentle breathing. ✪

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West Heath
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VALE OF
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LANGBOURNE
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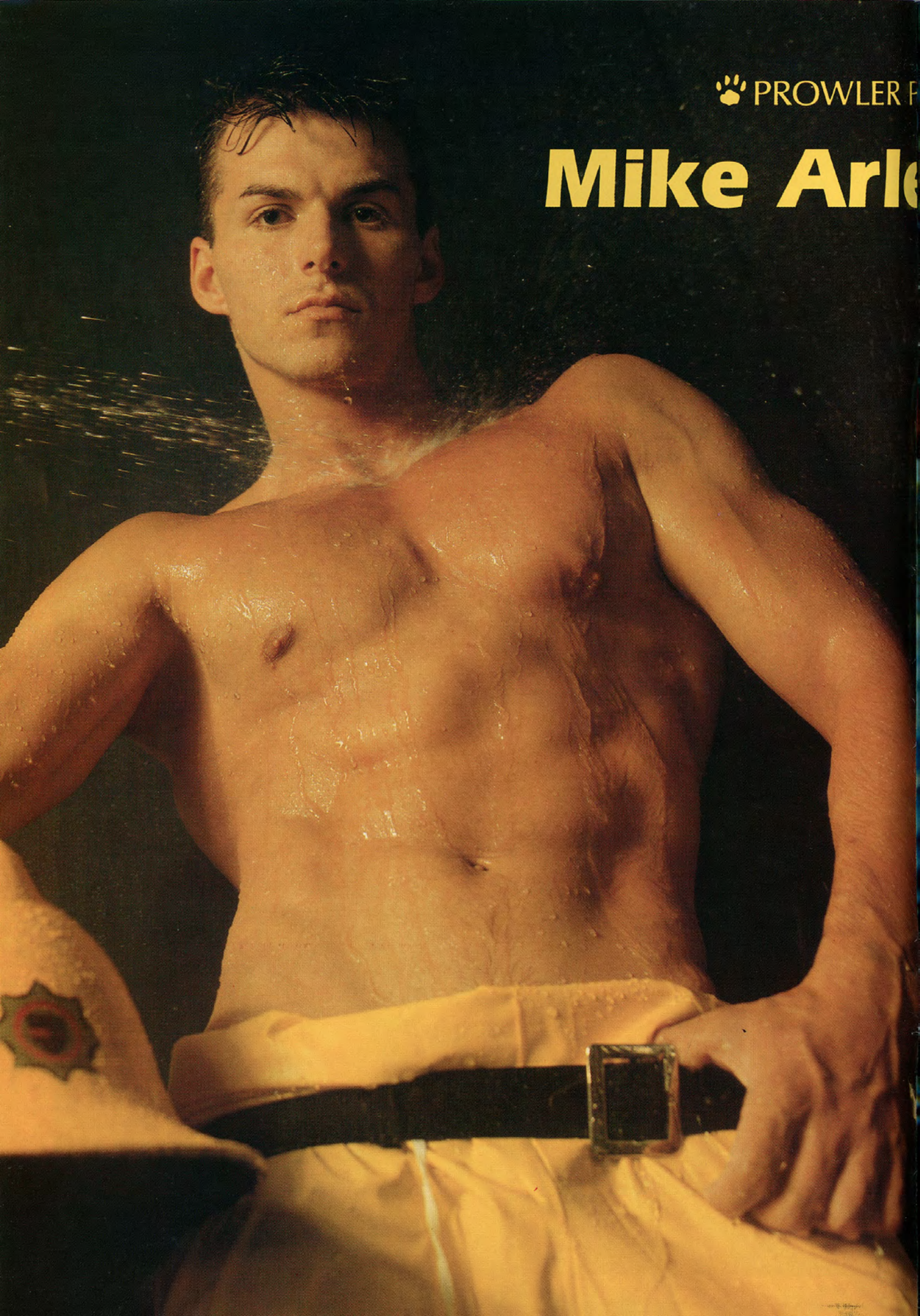
A5200


PROWLER
Mike Arl

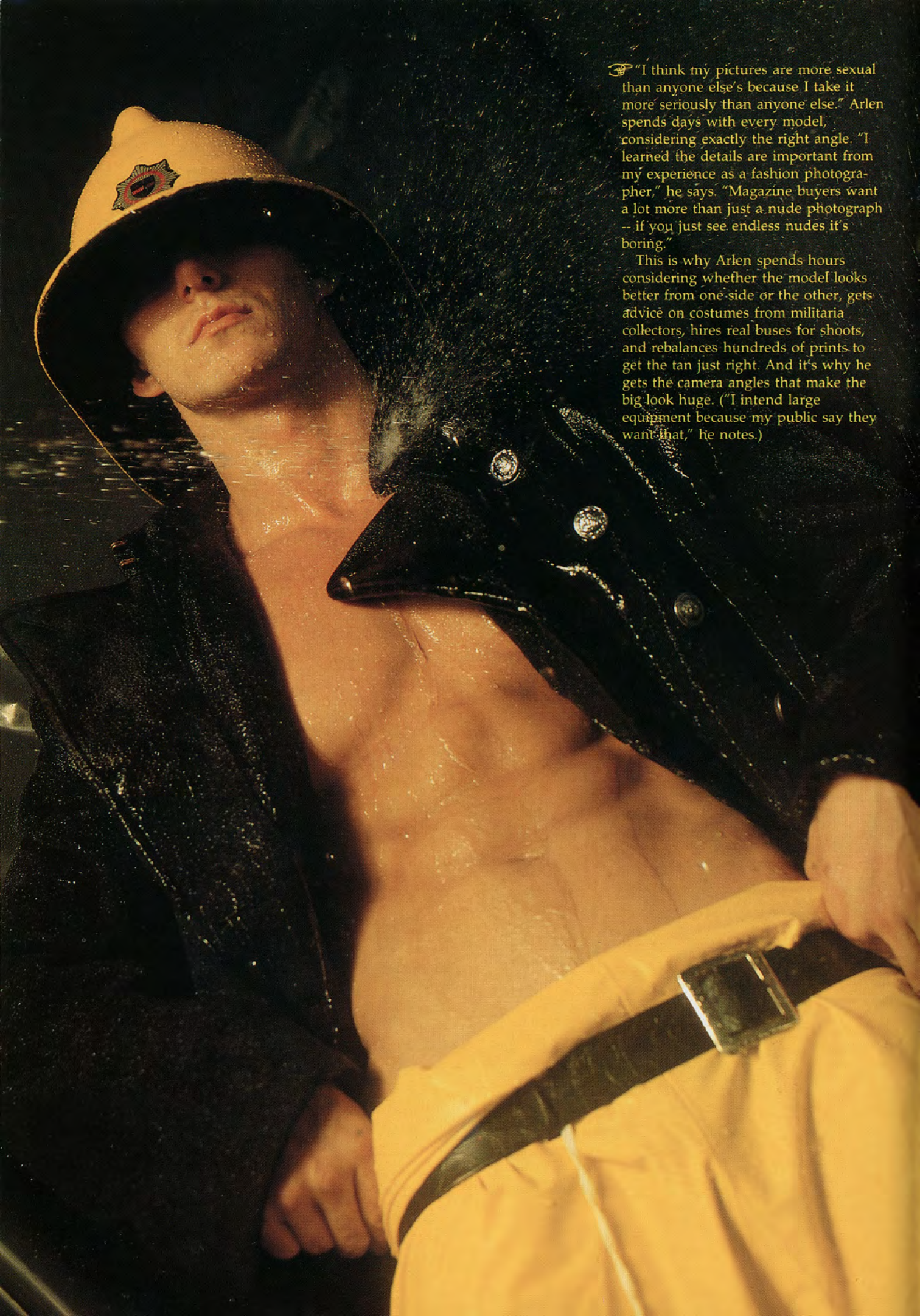
RESS GOLD

en's Guys

Mike Arlen has taken almost every photo in this issue of Prowler Press Gold, and that's just the beginning. Arlen's collection of hundreds of models -- popularised for over 10 years in his own annual magazine, *Mike Arlen's Guys* -- features in the library of most gay-erotica collectors in Britain.

Mike Arlen's Guys is the best-selling gay erotic magazine in British history. This is all the more remarkable since he takes all the photos, designs and publishes the magazine all by himself from his flat in Kensington -- and that the whole thing isn't even Arlen's main trade. In "real life" he's also a well-known theatre reviewer under the name Mike McGrath, and has written profusely for publications as diverse as Womans Own, 19, and Modern Screen (New York).

So what makes an Arlen photo? Conventional wisdom is that Arlen models are just *big* -- they've got big cocks, of course, but they also seem to have fantasy-sized thighs, shoulders, muscles, and tend to show very cocky expressions on their petulant faces. They are fantasies come true. But this isn't just down to the models. ☞



"I think my pictures are more sexual than anyone else's because I take it more seriously than anyone else." Arlen spends days with every model, considering exactly the right angle. "I learned the details are important from my experience as a fashion photographer," he says. "Magazine buyers want a lot more than just a nude photograph -- if you just see endless nudes it's boring."

This is why Arlen spends hours considering whether the model looks better from one side or the other, gets advice on costumes from militaria collectors, hires real buses for shoots, and rebalances hundreds of prints to get the tan just right. And it's why he gets the camera angles that make the big look huge. ("I intend large equipment because my public say they want that," he notes.)

Does he sleep with the models? "Well, I've slept with 1% of them," he admits. The reason: he doesn't fancy most of them, and he is more concerned about making them look good on film; about the model's feelings. In case of the 1%, he slept with them before the session, rather than during or after. "If you can't keep control of the camera, you've got to get the sex side of it out of the way first." You'll see no blurry pictures in *Mike Arlen's Guys*.

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333 837 Teach me...sir!
333 848 Whipping boys
333 835 Shove it in
333 825 Nightclub bang

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333 832 I need to suck
333 859 Fill my hole
333 863 I want to suck
333 853 Let me lick it!
333 826 Burst with me
333 836 All hard muscle
333 875 I want to gobble
333 857 Men going down
333 879 Let's bang harder
333 874 Big black and ready

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333 843 Groin Grinding
333 849 Stroke & poke
333 847 Explicit gay orgy
333 877 Oil me and take me
333 867 I'll take two at once
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333 838 Gay virgin satisfied
333 839 Virgin gays doing it
333 865 Virgin husband needs it

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228 262 I want your length
228 263 Spanking gays at it
228 264 Blow by blow pleasure
228 265 Spank me to the edge
228 266 Red raw xxxx action
228 267 Relieve yourself with me
228 268 Put it in my mouth
228 269 Do it with me

228 251 Oil me and ride me
228 253 Don't pull out
228 255 My mouth wants it
228 257 I'll give you relief
228 233 Sucking good sex
228 237 Aching for inches
228 241 Big boys doing it
228 245 I'll suck you silly
228 249 Get it out and dial
228 259 Get naked & ring me

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Black guy has Danny 333 829
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All in rubber 333 856
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Give me some meat 333 864

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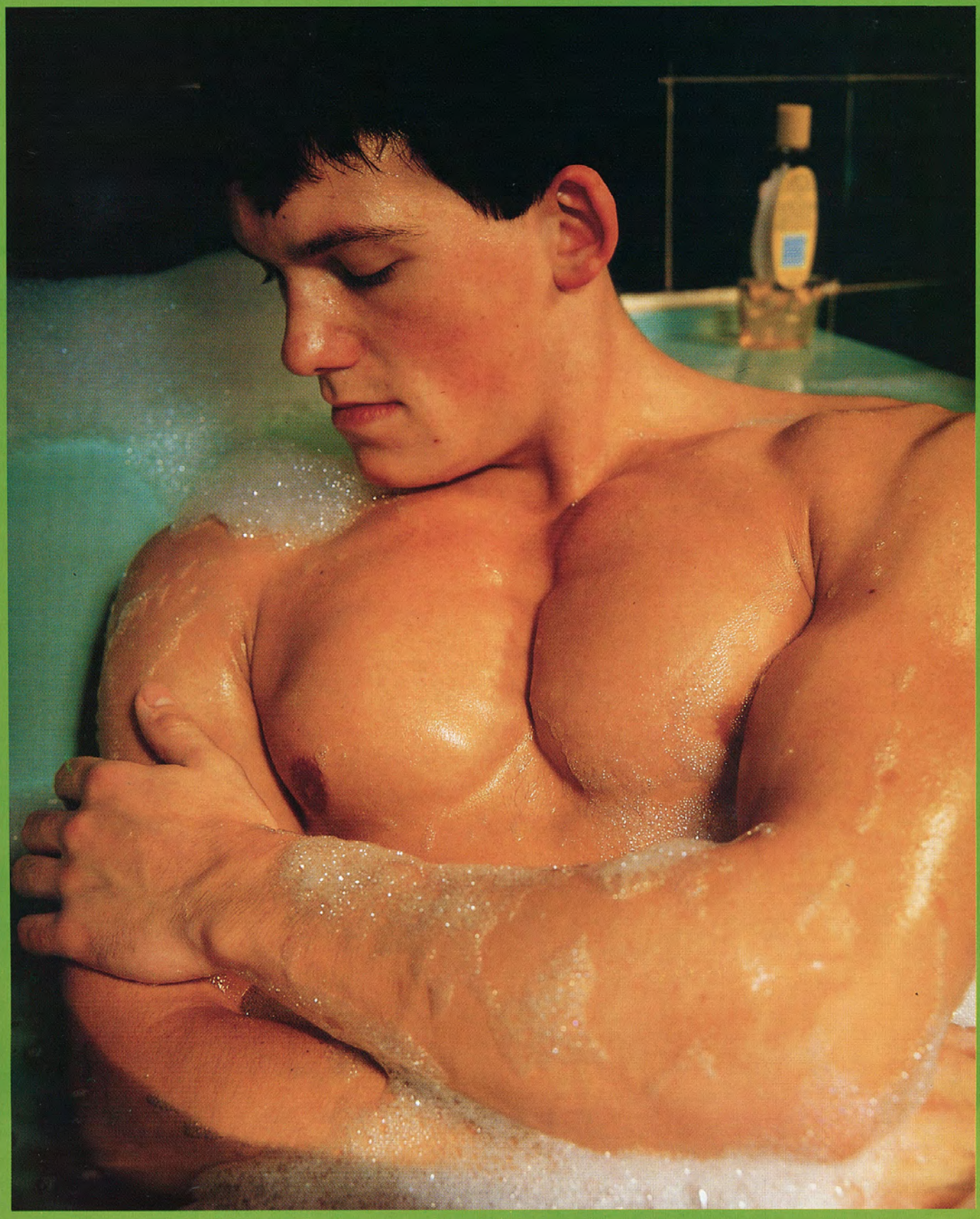
Spunky Dick!

Dick Dyer photographed by Mike Arlen



London photos by Neal Cavalier-Smith

Gay boy

will say they hate it. They're probably lying -- it's trendy to complain about London. But if they really hated it, they wouldn't be here.

London in 1992 isn't just discos full of shirtless muscley boys that don't shut till noon, though there are some! It's 300 gays sunbathing at Highgate Ponds; 35,000 people at the Pride Carnival in Kennington Park; or an afternoon in the beer ☞

Prowler Press's London Gay

s from LONDON

From our Pommy correspondents Neil Cavalier-Smith & Peter Ian Cummings!

by copyreor Stu

Survival Kit

garden of a suburban gay pub. Gay London is unique, once you step outside the door of Heaven (disco).

For those *Gold* readers who have never been here, we can tell you that it's not like the rest of Britain (many Londoners have never been there) and it is certainly not like the rest of Europe (many Londoners don't consider themselves European!).

But don't let this put you off. Though many of the capital's million gay residents are preoccupied with the daily grind of putting on a suit, riding an hour on the underground to go to work, then collapsing in a distant suburb, you will find in London the biggest and probably the most diverse gay scene anywhere in the world. The difference between the White Swan and the Fridge and the London Apprentice approximates the difference (and distance?) between several pairs of countries!

In its 2000-year history London has sprawled over an area hundreds of miles square. Most tourists only ever look at about three of those miles, but Prowler Press will now attempt the impossible: to give you a feel for the culture and attitudes of the place as a whole, and some pointers on how to get the best from Gay London. It's big, exciting, expensive and often overwhelming... but it has to be seen.

Another reason to visit: London just oozes character at every pore. The buildings range from flint walls of 200 AD to monolithic glass and aluminium structures of the 90's. Some of the oldest, tallest, loveliest, and certainly ugliest buildings in Europe are clustered together in a city throbbing with restaurants of every culture, pubs, nightclubs, theatre and music. The old cliché "When you tire of London you've tired of life" really bares out. Here there is something for everyone.

If you live in London, well -- excuse all the things we left out. We wanted to include all 200 gay venues in the Southeast, but that's just not possible. Besides, everyone knows that Prowler Press is biased.

Orientation

The old centre of London is the *City of London;* about one square mile on the north bank of the river Thames. This is the financial district, notable for its architecture (The Royal Mint, Tower of London, Tower Bridge, Lloyds Building) and cutie-boys in suits, but it is completely dead in the evening and at weekends.

Adjacent (to the West), and far more lively, is the *City of Westminster*. Here you'll find Parliament, Whitehall, Downing Street (blocked-off since the reign of HRH Thatcher) Buckingham Palace, Trafalgar Square, art galleries and a few minutes north of the river the thespian "West End". This is where late-night London really swings.

London doesn't have a large gay ghetto but rather many small pockets of gay pubs and discos spread (often 15 miles apart!) all over the city. There are hundreds of gay venues to suit every taste and an efficient underground system to get you between them. For a thorough and

Bus photos by Mike Arlen

LONDON... AND IT'S SUNNY! COME OUT ON JUNE 27!

Gay Pride 1992

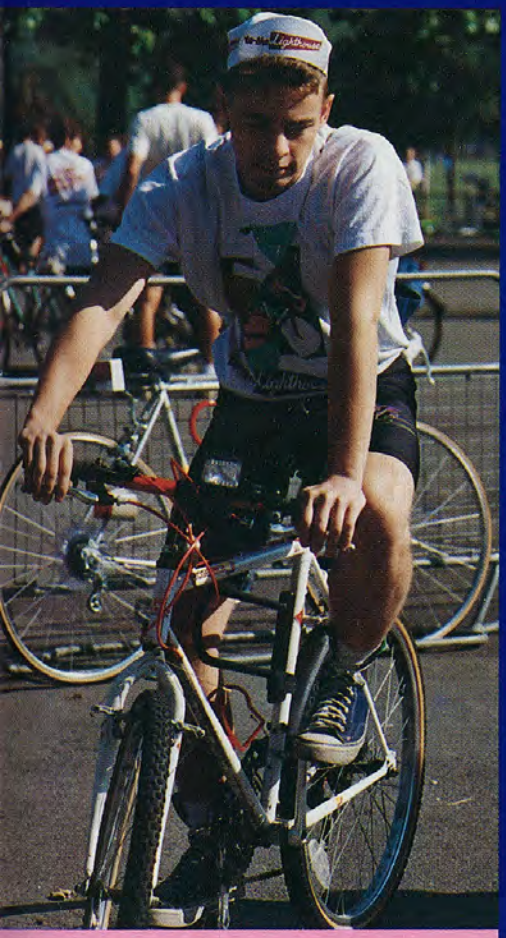
Pride photos by Neal Cavalier-Smith

Each year up to 50,000 British lesbians and gay men come by bus, train, car, foot, or Prowlermobile to London's gay pride march & carnival. That's not counting the few hundred thousand who stand around and watch. If you haven't told anyone you're gay, why not do it this May 27, 1pm, at Embankment tube?

If you are in love, Pride is the experience of a lifetime. In fact it's the experience of a lifetime anyway -- and you might be in love by the time the day is over! With the sheer number of gays packing central London, you'll find time to reflect on what the onlookers think, what your parents would think, what the government thinks, why the press ignores the event, and of the sheer power of our our community (even if it does only come out once a year).

While around 50,000 people go on the march, thousands more just go to the Party in the Park afterward (Brockwell Park, Brixton, from about 2:30pm). It's the biggest free concert in Europe (!) with a huge outdoor disco, food, tons of trendy shopping, and a big stage which in past years has featured Sinead O'Connor, Erasure, Nomad, and Jimi Sommerville.

This year the Pride Committee have combined with other European



countries to launch the biggest event ever: Europride. That means gay people from all over Europe will be coming to London, so watch out for those Dutch boys (and dykes!)

Also watch out for Bjorn, Ian, Neal, Peter, David, Marc, Mark, Jim Hardacre and the rest of the Prowler Press team, at the Prowler Press stand. We sponsor Gay Pride every year, because we feel our sexuality is not something to feel ashamed about or hide. If this is your first gay event, come around and say hello! We'll give you a free coming-out balloon.

xx Bjorn

☞ informative listing of every venue get the Gay Men's Press **London Scene Guide** *(260 pages of listings, tours and comment available from Prowler Press for £5.95: order on our subscriptions form or phone 081-340 8644 with credit card).*

We'll take you through a few of London's more obvious delights in the *Cruising the People* section below.

Arriving

Unlike many other cities, London offers you a collection of good gay hotels. Four gay hotels particularly popular with visitors are the luxurious (£40-£85) Bromptons *(294, Old Brompton Road, SW5. Tel 071 373 6559)*; the large and social (£40-£50 inc breakfast) Philbeach *(30 Philbeach Gardens, SW5. Tel 071 373 1244)* which has a (very small) disco in the basement and the pleasant relatively inexpensive (from £24; £35 double) Halifax *(65 Philbeach Gardens, SW5. Tel 071 373 4153).*

All of these are in Earl's Court, one of London's major gay areas (which is rather clone-y), all are near Earls Court Tube (Warwick Road exit).

Getting about

Both the "City" and Westminster are compact and easily manageable on foot, but the street system is nuts -- with, for example, 17 different Bedford Roads in London. Really you need to have a small book called the A-Z *[Ay-to Zed]* which grid references the entire city. *(Get the "Geographers A-Z", in colour if possible -- it's under £5 from any newsagent or book shop. Don't trust the "Nicholson Street Plan" -- they've straightened out all the curves!).*

Only taxi-drivers and policemen, who both go through a gruelling training, really know where everything is. For short distances "Black" Taxis are swift and reasonable, but never as cheap as the tube. If you're not sure the driver will always give you a good estimate of the cost. You pay what the meter says, plus 10/15% as a tip.

If you use a mini-cab (without a meter), ALWAYS negotiate a fare first. Otherwise, expect to be ripped off.

The London Underground is a quick and efficient way to get about. For £2.50-£2.90 you can get an "All-Day Travelcard" from any Underground station. It also covers you for the bus and local British Rail trains. This is very good value since fares are 40p- £2.20 a ride.

Do check your A-Z though. The stations are closer together than you think and its easy to waste time changing lines and on escalators when ☞ it would be quicker to walk some of the way. I asked the ticket office at Picadilly how many tourists a week took the tube 150 yards to Leicester Square. His response:

"Cor, Thousands mate".

Note that the tube stops running about midnight; after that hail a taxi or get a night-bus. All night-buses start from Trafalgar Square; they go almost anywhere in the capital.

Cruising the People

London has one of the only strictly legal outdoor cruising areas in the country. We are happy to tell you that throughout the summer months hundreds of gays gather daily at **Highgate Men's Pond** *(South east corner of Hampstead Heath: Millfield Lane, N6. Kentish Town Tube. Then bus 214, or walk up Highgate Road)* to lie in the sun, swim in the deep green waters and generally flirt, pose and strut. This area also contains London's only nudist beach, though it is next to the pond inside an enclosure, while the grassy area outside this enclosure is much more cruisy.

Meanwhile, on the other side of **Hampstead Heath** just behind the Jack Straws Castle pub, quite a different form of entertainment takes place. This outdoor cruising area is a year-round evening meeting place for the most uninhibited of guys. Well, we aren't saying this is legal or safe or anything, but it relatively safe compared to just about anywhere else in Britain due to the huge number of people who go there. But don't forget your condoms.

If the outdoor-life is not for you, visit one of London's countless camp tea-rooms. By tea-room we mean: where you have tea. (We are telling you this because our American readers seem to call a cottage a tea-room, so we don't want any confusion. "Cottaging" is the name given to toilet-sex, but UK toilets are far too well patrolled for us to recommend this kind of activity.)

Cruising the Bars

But returning to the bar-scene. There are literally hundreds of bars and one-nighters, so all you'll get here is a resumé of some obvious places to feel the English experience. Ring **London Lesbian and Gay Switchboard** *071 837 7324* to discuss the best bar in your area for your particular kind of people.

After years of movement to the suburbs, with nowhere to meet in central London, there are lots of trendy new pub arrivals in the West End. The two **Village** bars, both near Charing Cross Rd, *(38 Hanway St W1 and 81* ☞

PROWLER PRESS GOLD

London Gay Survival Kit

☞ *Wardour St W1; pub hours)* are both flashy, each on several levels, and with a packed, young and extremely cruisy mix. The minimalist, air-conditioned and huge **Recession** *(2 Brunswick Centre, Bernard St WC1; 100 yds to right of Russell Square tube station; pub hours)* has lots of room and places to sit, with a stripper or other act nearly every night and funky music. Also the gay **First Out Coffeeshop** *(52 St Giles High St, tube Tottenham Ct Rd)* has been redesigned (much improved!) while Brief Encounter's management have opened **Halfway to Heaven** *(7 Duncannon St off Trafalgar Sq)* bar on two levels, for those of you on your way to Heaven disco.

If you want to see the real London, and don't mind travelling way out into the East End, start with **The White Swan***(556, Commercial Road, E1. Tel 071 791 0747. Tube:Aldgate East. BR:Stepney East. DLR:Limehouse. Bus:5,15,40,N95. Opens 20.30 onwards)*. Certainly one of the friendliest (if hardest to get to) bars in London, it's not exactly trendy but it's lively and dominated by a young and working-class male crowd, still welcoming to older people & lesbians. With all kinds of entertainment (Amazon strip, drag, singing, trash disco etc.). This is where you see people dance to Stock, Aitken and Waterman.

The Black Cap*.(171 Camden High Street, Camden Town NW1. Tel 071 485 1742)*. Another down-to earth location, it's been totally revamped and modernised. Friendly atmosphere and some of the campest drag-nights around. It's in the centre of **Camden Town** (*Saturday & Sunday 10am-6pm Camden Tube*) where all the trendiest young Londoners go to the street markets at weekends to look at clothes, crafts and each other. *(Bus:24,27,29,31, 253,134,N2,N29,N90,N93)*.

Edward VI*.(25 Bromfield Street, Islington, N1. Tel 071 226 3849. Tube:Angel. Bus:4,19,30,38,43,73,171A,279. Mon-Sun 12-24.00)*. Just near popular late-night dance-spot **Paradise** (One of the busiest clubs in North London. Two bars/dancefloors. Tends to be very cruisy, young crowd. ASIA--Alternative Thursday night disco).*(Paradise: 1 Parkfield Street, N1. Tel 071 359 6856. Same directions as Edward)*. The Edward has a U shaped downstairs bar and beer-garden, the delightful upstairs coffee-lounge has now be replaced by a leather bar. You can still get a

cappuccino at the **Angel***(65 Graham Street, Islington, N1. Tel 071 253 3996. Open daily. Tube:Angel, then sixth left off City Rd. Bus:38,43,73,214,279,N92,N96)*, it's been modernised with a new open-plan bar and veggie croissants, it's the place to meet in Islington if you're a trendy-lefty.

Heaven *(underneath the Arches, Villiers Street, Charing Cross, WC2. Tel 071 839 3852. Open Tuesday--Saturday, 22.30 'till 03.30, weekends starts at 21.30, but Thursday is strictly straight. Tube: Charing Cross/Embankment. BR: Charing cross. Busses:various from nearby Trafalgar Square)*, is an even bigger venue than Paradise. Built beneath Charing-X railway station it has three floors of bars, dancing, cocktails and attitude queens. It also houses small shops and the best light-show in gay London. Music variable but always fast and loud.

Slightly off the beaten track but also swinging is the Friday night **Palm Beach** club above Streatham Ice Rink (!)... mixed male and female and not too hot, smokey, or packed. Two small dance floors with mega-trash disco sounds. And you get to watch the hockey players through one-way glass! *(386 Streatham High Road, SW16. Tel 081 769 7771. Take British Rail to BR:Streatham, from Victoria. Or Bus:109,133,159,N78,N87).*

The West-Central **Earl's Court** area is thronging with butch-er gay venues, including the large **Bromptons Club** (below Brompton's Hotel, address listed somewhere above) and **Copa's Club***(180 Earls Court Road, SW5. Tel 071 373 3407. Tube:Earls Court,Earls Court Road exit. Bus:31,74,N97. Open Mon-Sat)*. These are where to go if you like moustaches!

Last, but by no means least, the **Brief Encounter***(St Martin's Lane, WC2. Phone 071 240 2221. Tube:Charing Cross/Leicester Sqaure. Normal pub hours daily)*. Just off Trafalgar Square lives up to it's name as the crusiest bar in town. No space to dance (or breathe) and in summer it spills out on to the pavement. This is the epitome of bar-going as a spectator sport.

Oh, and one more thing. If you're not ready to sleep on Saturday night, go to **Trade** *(at Turnmills, 63 Clerkenwell Rd EC1, tube Farringdon, Sat only -- eg Sunday morning -- 3-10am)*. Who would have thought 300 gay boys could dance till

dance night right in the heart of the West End, with several bars and a small gay shop and an often very young crowd. This is where you go for a loud, energetic night of hard dancing.

On Tuesday the only thing worth doing is **Ciao Baby at the Fridge** *(in Brixton Town Hall, Brixton Hill SW2. Tueaday only 22.00 'till 03.00. Tel 071 326 5100. Tube:Brixton; bus 2B,3,59,133,159,N2,N59,N78)*. This mixed lesbian and gay night can be really wild. Brixton Old Town Hall didn't look like this when it was really the town hall! Walls of a hundred TV screens, projections by Tom of Finland, live appearances -- Right Said Fred, Boy George, and Eartha Kitt have all appeared recently -- and go-go boys gyrate from cages on the ceiling. On the dancefloor it's anything goes, but you have to like Hip-Hop/ House/Go-Go to go there because there won't be any Sonia no matter

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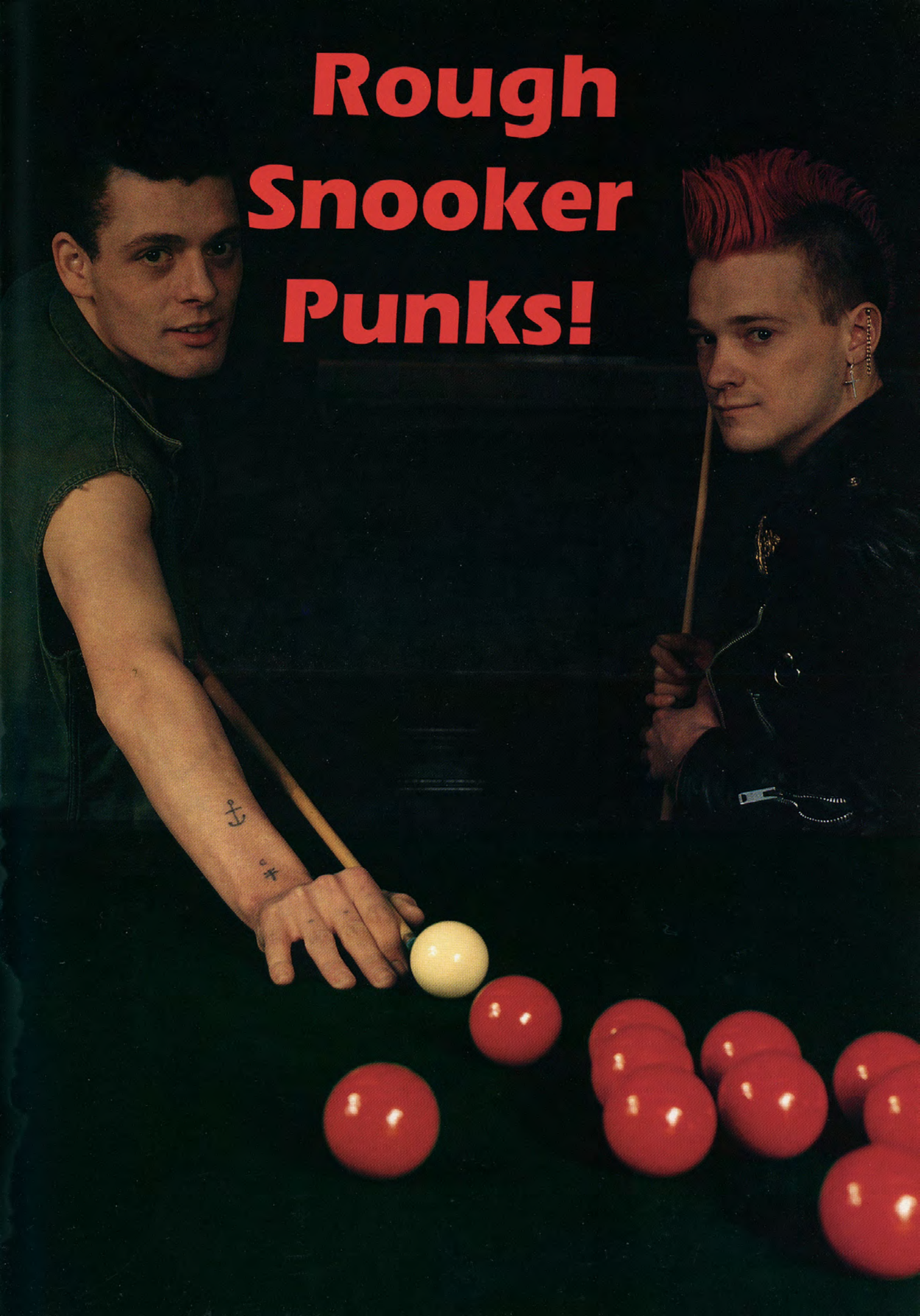
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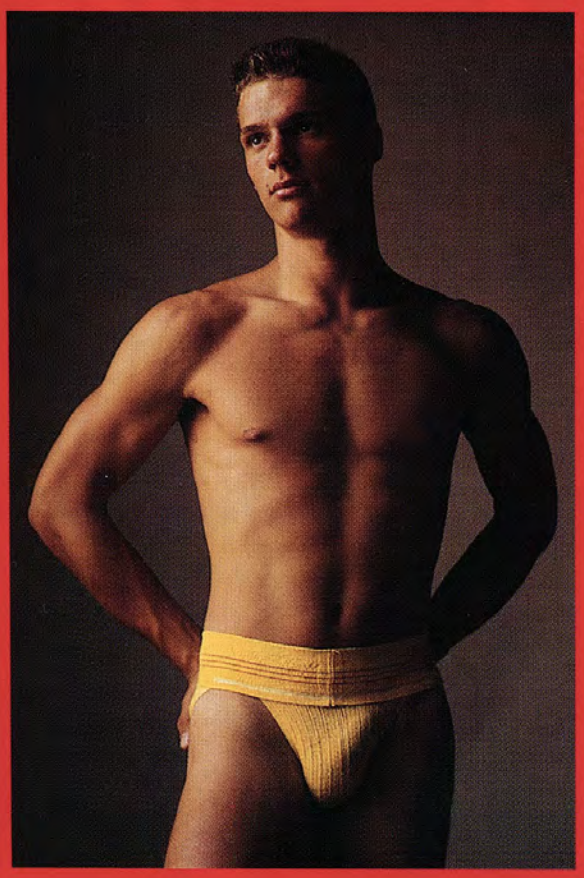

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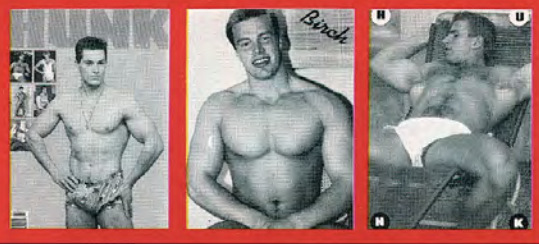

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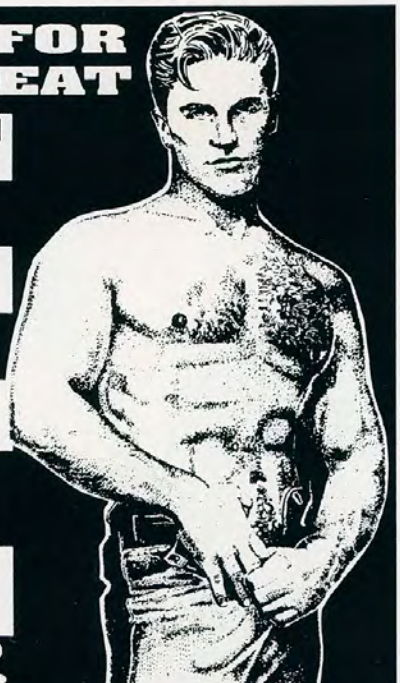

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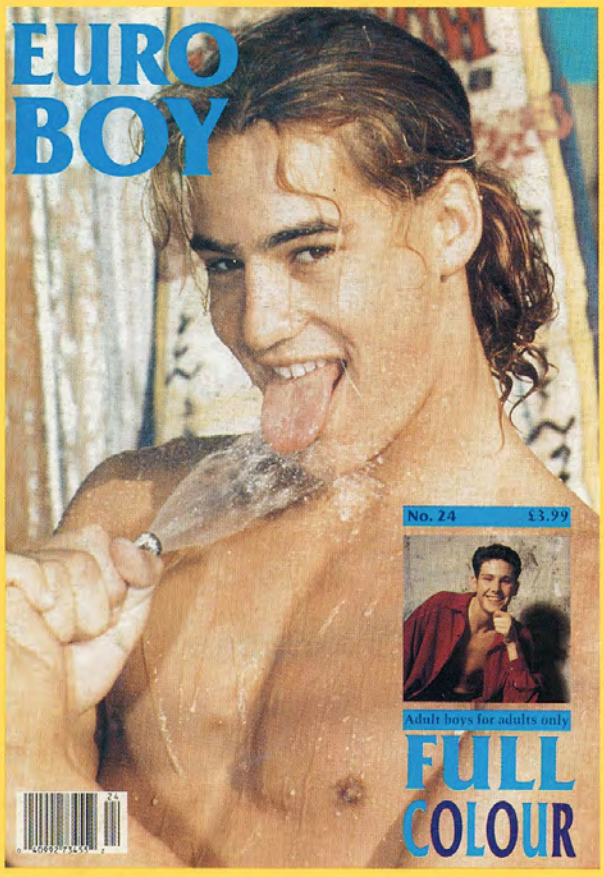

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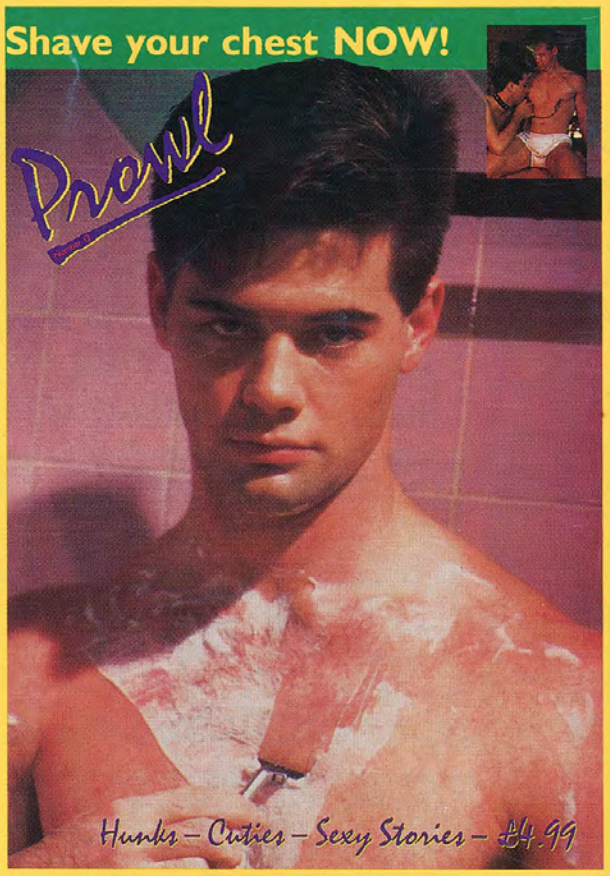

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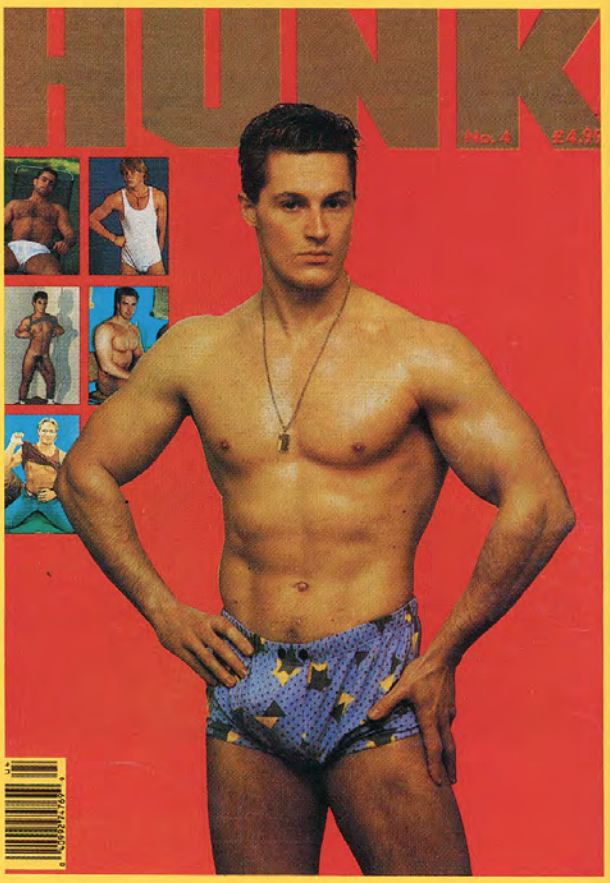

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