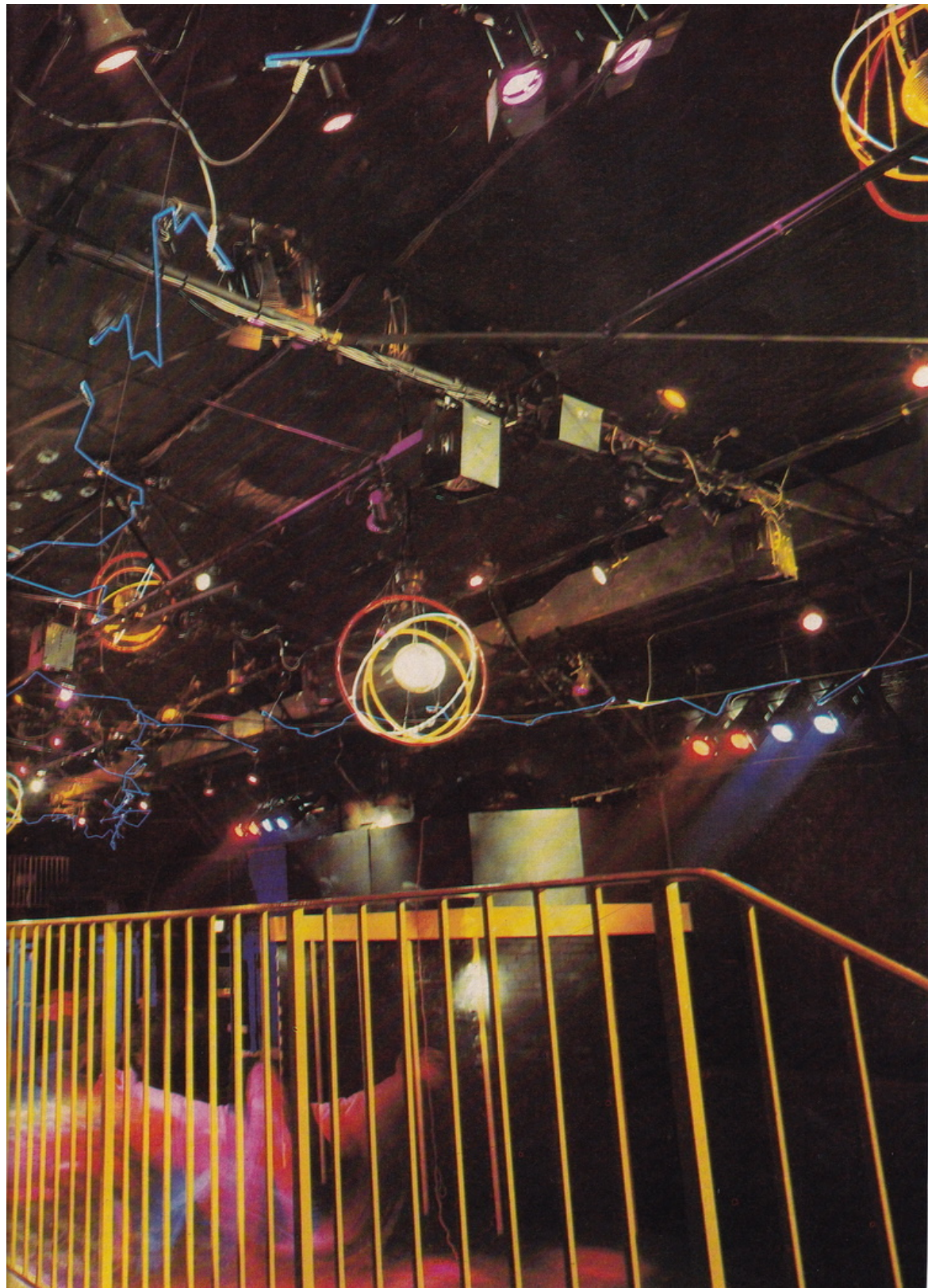


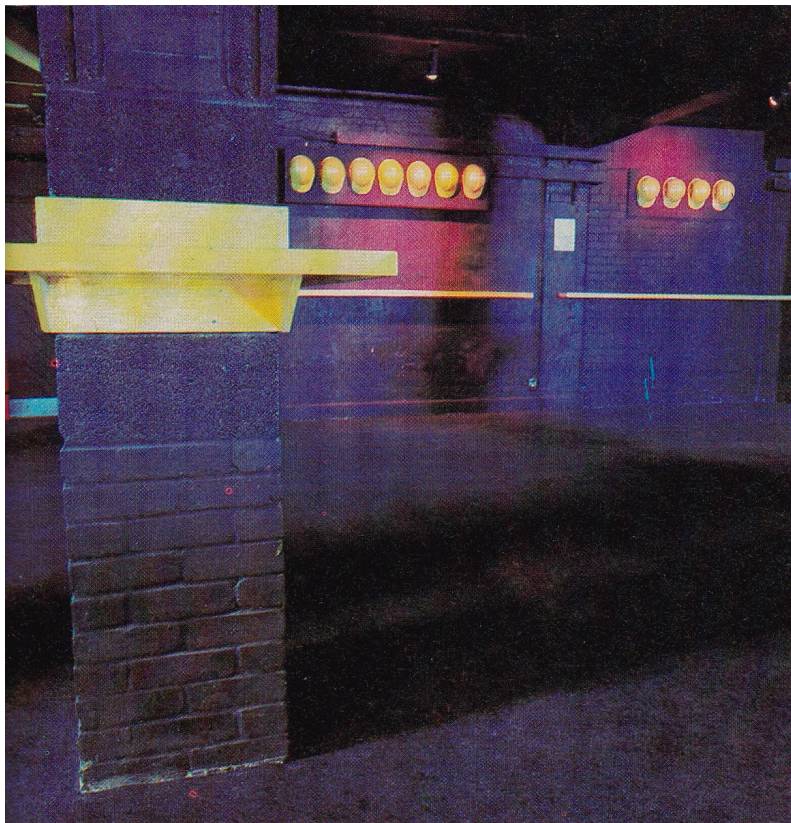
UK HARPERS & QUEEN MAGAZINE - HEAVEN
ULTRADISCO, LONDON - 1980



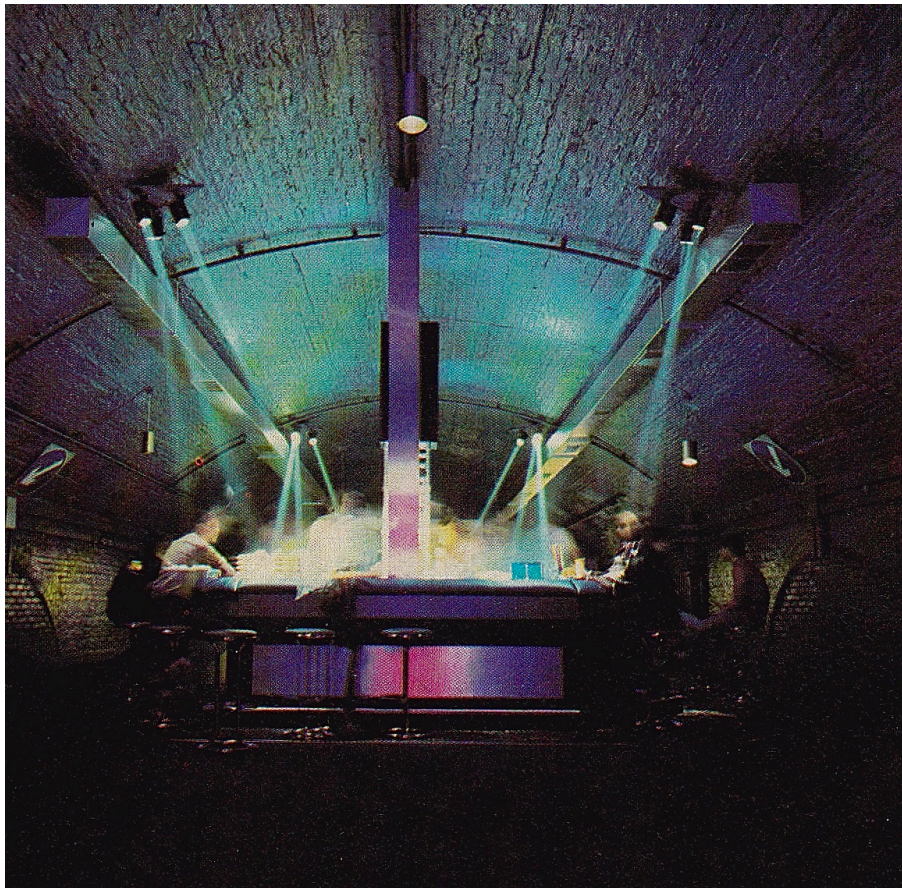
HARD HATS IN HEAVEN

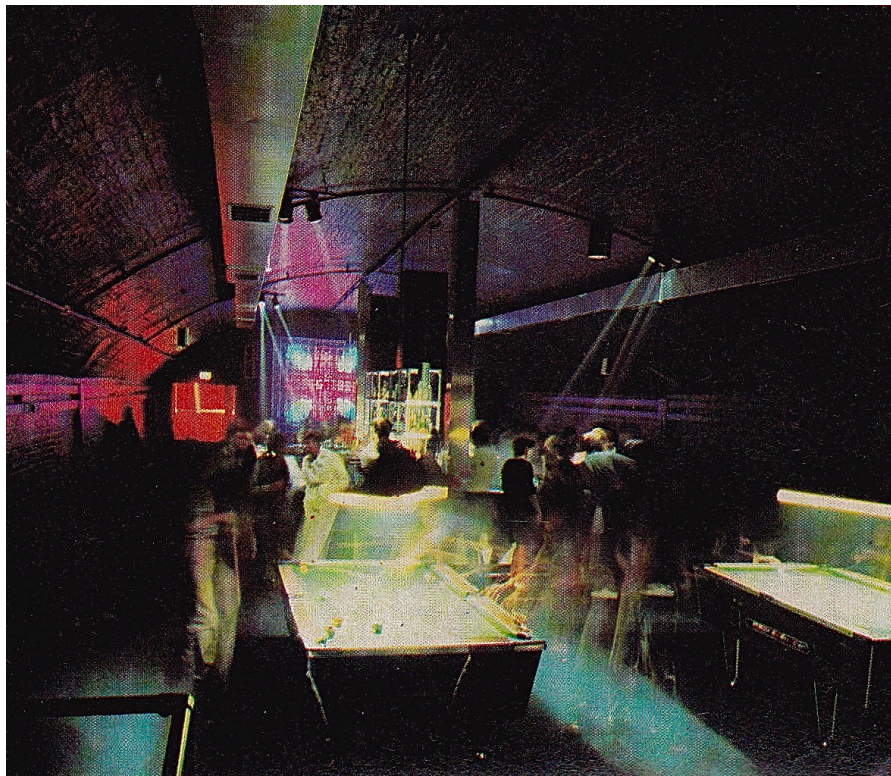
The latest night club under the railway arches at Charing Cross (where the Global Village used to be) is high tech for gay men. KENNETH CARLSON reports

When Jeremy Norman launched the new Embassy club in 1978 he intended it to be predominantly homosexual. But so many straight people spent their nights dancing there that he launched Heaven in December with a strict membership criterion: limited to homosexual or very sympathetic (except Mondays: heterosexual, non-members' night). Mr Norman has sold the Embassy, and *Burke's Peerage* which he also owned, to concentrate on Heaven, which is decorated by his friend Derek Frost of Mary Fox Linton Associates. The budget was £175,000. Michael Fish is a contributing impresario.



Heaven presents an anonymous face: four black doors in the dingy brick walls of a passageway otherwise occupied by stamp dealers, between Villiers Street and Craven Street. In the downstairs bar, black-painted brick walls are punched by a row of construction workers' yellow hard hats, almost a uniform in New York gay clubs, and blown-up colour photographs of pick-up trucks parked on San Francisco streets. The bottles behind the bar are stacked on iron scaffolding painted silver. Beyond an industrial glass-brick divider is the vast disco. Lighting rules here. The walls are black and one has the impression of floating, of being in space. Flashing sequential electric blue lightning, revolving coloured neon planets, stars, moons, exploding worlds are suspended in the void above, augmented by smoke from the smoke machine, which makes paths of light out of the beams of the spots. It is all by Illusion Lighting, 96 Lavender Avenue, Mitcham, Surrey.





Upstairs, running the length of the club, is the Star Bar. The bar is again of silver-painted industrial scaffolding. The walls are cerulean blue. The only lighting is from piercing clusters of pin spots at the corners of the bar and a huge neon X backlighting a glass-brick wall. At the end of the room are pool tables and Space Invaders for those in the mood or pretending to be Dilly boys.

A still-current gay fantasy is that of hard-working sweaty-shirted ordinariness, the sexual power of the working class captured and elevated into style. In the club's restaurant, the sickly pink walls, glittery corrugated tin ceiling and nylon-covered banquettes make you believe you are in a truckers' roadside diner in Iowa. Somewhere none of the members would care to actually find himself. But dreams

.... of Heaven take different forms.

