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Tula and the agony aunt

ANYONE down in the dumps last week should have visited the Mind, Body and Spirit Festival at London's Olympia.

There turbanned crackpots from suburbia — gurus, healers, pedlars of the Anti-Frantic Alternative and believers in elves and goblins — would have convinced them in a trice that in this world there's always someone worse off than yourself.

Terminal gloom could hardly survive the sight of fat ladies from Cheam dancing to the sitar or estate agents from Ascot coughing up a fiver to have their auras photographed.

All this plus trouserless clerks from Purley, laid out like herrings on a slab, at the mercy of hare-eyed healers bent on planting knitting-needles in their backsides.

I took Tula, the dazzlingly beautiful transsexual model, who was in need of a good laugh following a sneering review by Irma Kurtz — *Cosmopolitan's* professionally compassionate agony aunt — of her touching and superbly funny memoirs, *I Am A Woman*.

I tried to explain that being insulted was the price she must expect to pay for being beautiful. However, she didn't cheer up until we reached the Zodiac Garden, where I spotted my son in tights dancing for peace under the sign of the purple pansy.

I boxed him to the ground, of course, and told him to get a job, whereat I was set upon by a group of angry Buddhists.

I might have come to harm had not Tula passed among them with her handbag, knocking six out cold and seriously damaging three others.

What a relief to escape from this unhealthy atmosphere and move on to a Kensington hotel which was celebrating ten years of accommodating the world's top tennis players during Wimbledon fortnight.

Tula, predictably enough, was snatched on entry by a dozen or so racquet-wielding jocks from California, with tiny heads and legs like Bluebell girls, who, having read of her memoirs, I suppose, in the *Times Literary Supplement*, now wished to discuss them with her in depth in a private place.