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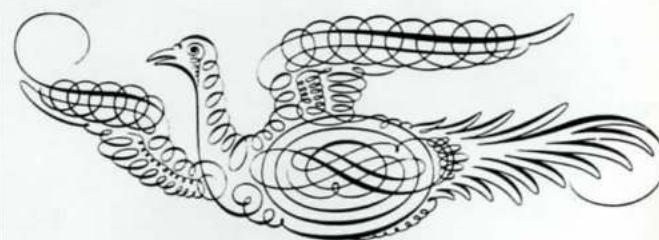
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## WHO CARES ABOUT SEX?

Nobody cares about sex any more. Sex is just a gesture, a mood. You can take it or leave it. It's lost its mystique and possibly we are maturer because of it.

Of course grandpapa is turning in his grave and many a prude is accelerating towards theirs. Generations reared on falsehoods and self-denial have a distorted sense of values.

Yet, ironically, today's younger generation, products of the so-called "Permissive Society" are a fairly creditable lot. They make take sex for granted in a relationship but generally there is a deal less promiscuity than a decade or two ago whatever the prophets of gloom might declare to the contrary.

Sex has simply been brought down to size, neither to be overrated or treated too casually. If anything, sex free from fear and enjoyed totally for its own satisfaction leads to far less frustration in intimate friendships and encourages a degree of fidelity.

The "Pill" has come to emancipate women and it has also, perhaps, helped us to understand the deeper psychology of sexual intimacy. If sex is for enjoyment as well as procreation within a marriage, it is also part of every person's basic need to relax, whether tied by the bond of wedlock or not, and express physically emotions which, denied that outlet, will lead to acute frustration and an inevitable deterioration in a relationship between two people.

And those two people are as likely to be male and male or female and female as boy and girl.

Human nature cannot be regimented and not everybody's need is alike. Discipline is necessary in any ordered society but this should be voluntary and self-imposed, not enforced by legislation. Morality concerns us all but private morality is the concern of the individual.

Adult people, if capable of all other decisions, must be able to live according to their own sexual dictates. One must always add the qualification, of course, that they can do what they like so long as they don't "do it in the street and frighten the horses" or lead into corruption innocents or minors.

Yet sexual exploration, even at pre-puberty stage, is part of the pattern of growing up. We have to find things out for ourselves in order that we might be more complete people as a result. One man's means of personal fulfillment might be anathema to another but such is the pattern of life that there are no caste-types capable of being moulded a whim.

There is, of course, a big danger of pedestalling sex or reducing it simply to an animal act for self-gratification. Both attitudes can be harmful.

Sex is for everybody but ought not to be a consciously-sought objective. Unless two people can spontaneously enjoy it together, neither complying just for the sake of the other, better to forget it. Unsatisfactory sexual relationships can do a lot of harm and lead to worse frustration.

We talk too much about sex today and that is definitely unhealthy. Let's face it, quite often sex doesn't even matter at all. Jeremy is for people who simply don't care about sex — one way or the other. Who have got their values straight.



# briefing



## PIERS

'I'm afraid I've got a bit behindhand — we've been rehearsing this morning, and I must get my packing done because we're off to Spain in the morning — I'd intended to do it yesterday, but I had to go to the osteopath and be cracked all over; felt marvellous afterwards. Then I went to make a will!'

'You must be flying to Spain; don't you trust planes?'

'No, hardly ever.'

'I know — I always say it's Flying in the Face of Nature.'

'Exactly. So I made this will, and they called in two secretaries and we all had to look at each other, and watch each other's signatures. So now I'm ready for any eventuality. Well, I think

that's everything — I'll collect that hat box later. Let's go and eat shall we?'

Thus Jeremy's first meeting with Piers Beaumont, the newest addition to Festival Ballet's list of principals. On the way to the restaurant he asked if we were going to ask him questions: we said not any specific ones, and that we'd wait and see what came out over lunch.

There are few dancers who can portray the heroes of the nineteenth century classical ballets without making them either pompous, priggish or posturing; natural dignity, authority and princely mien, together with an ability to make flesh and blood people of Siegfried, Florimund, etc., is very rare. The only dancers at Covent Garden to have successfully done so have been Philip Chatfield (during the years of his remarkable partnership with Beriosova), Caj Selling (in his guest appearances with Grey, ten years ago), Erik Bruhn and now Piers Beaumont. Blue blood is second nature to him,

and it is a pleasure to see an inately royal prince onstage, and one who identifies so completely with the character, never for one moment stepping outside the part. Of course his appearance is a great aid for such roles — tall (especially for a dancer), possessed of a natural elegance, and with what the Victorians used to call A Patrician Cast of Feature.

He was born ('of Diplomatic parents' he offers), in Barcelona on St. Georges Day, 1944. At the age of nine he went to The Royal Ballet School, and from that time until July of this year he has been part of that organisation. As a student he appeared in the 1959 and 1961 annual student performances at the Royal Opera House (he was Captain Belaye in *Pineapple Poll* at the latter), understudied the acting role of Puck in Britten's opera *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, then did a year with the Opera Ballet. After a further year studying with Maria Fay, he joined the Touring Section of the Royal Ballet in 1963. His progress there was somewhat slower than the mercurial

rise of such contemporaries as David Wall and Paul Clarke, and without any of the attendant publicity occasionally granted them. This, however, has given him time to mature gradually (a necessity with dancers of tall, slender physique) both as an actor and a dancer, so that when the time came to play Siegfried and the like, he was able to present such characters in a fully rounded delineation, quite apart from any technical consideration. This past season has seen an added depth to his characterisations, and a new freedom in his dancing, which is even more noticeable in his appearances with Festival Ballet in *Etudes*. Here, dancing one of the two leading men (whose various solos and pas seem to have been slightly redistributed since the days of Gilpin and Flindt) his dancing has breadth and a sense of daring that I do not recall at the Garden or on tour — but then how many roles in the Royal repertoire demand the sheer dance stamina and good-humoured virtuosity of Lander's enchainements in this work?

To his ability as a romantic danseur noble must be added a talent for acting in character roles; the effete yet stylish Friend in *The Rake's Progress*, the autocratic Arragonza in *The Lady And The Fool*, a demoniac Oberon bestriding *The Dream*, not to mention the fine frenzy of the *Facade* Fox-Trot during his season with Ballet for All — all were completely rounded creations, each an entity in itself.

The idea of a move came last year when he spent two months Siegfrieding various local Odettes in Ankara, with the Turkish company that always enjoyed the special interest of Dame Ninette.

'I fought against going, but then when I got there — and had to take class as well as dance, I realised that I was quite able to stand on my own feet (no pun intended) without a vast organisation like The Royal Ballet behind me. I think that's when I first thought about a change of scene; after all, when you've been with a compnay for fifteen years or so, they've seen you as a student originally and they tend to think of you like that for ever more.'

'Rather like parents.'

'Yes. So from then on, the idea

grew — and here I am, off to Spain with Festival''.

Whilst Festival Ballet's current repertoire includes a few dramatic works in which to enlarge his acting talents (although I can see him doing interesting things with *Witch Boy's Preacher*, and how about bringing back *Vision of Marguerite* and letting him handle Mephisto), his continued appearances in *Etudes* and (added for Spain) *Paquita* should pay dividends on his technique, and *The Sleeping Beauty* (and *Swan Lake* when revived) will gain from his considered portrayals of their protagonists.

The immediate reaction on meeting him is that the courtesy and breeding he brings to his princely roles is not merely a stage act but reality — he is that somewhat slighted term nowadays nowadays "a gentleman", which is a pleasant change in an age when manners tend to be thrown overboard as being incompatible with a Swinging Image — "but then I couldn't be less of a swinger" he reflects, "I don't like pop music, I want to see some glamour brought back to the theatre and I don't really follow fasion — just buy things I like when I see them"; at our meeting he was wearing a black velvet jacket, charcoal trousers, blue-denim shirt and matching tie. Lest this conservatism makes him seem more suited to the House of Lords than Festival Ballet, it should be added that he is far from "square"; he has a disarming manner, a schoolboy grin (seldom seen amidst the austerities of his usual roles), a self-mocking sense of humour, and (rare in the hothouse world of ballet) a realisation that the world does not begin and end in the fifth position. When the dancing stops he joins friends (not, generally, from the profession) rather than the almost family-like communal life of the touring ballet company; or else he retires to his home in the country for a recharging process, as at the end of the Spanish tour when he takes his first holiday for fourteen months. After that, there is a tour of Japan, followed by — Bournemouth!

As we walked back from lunch Jeremy asked him if there are any particular roles he wants to do.

'No, nothing special; I just want to dance'.

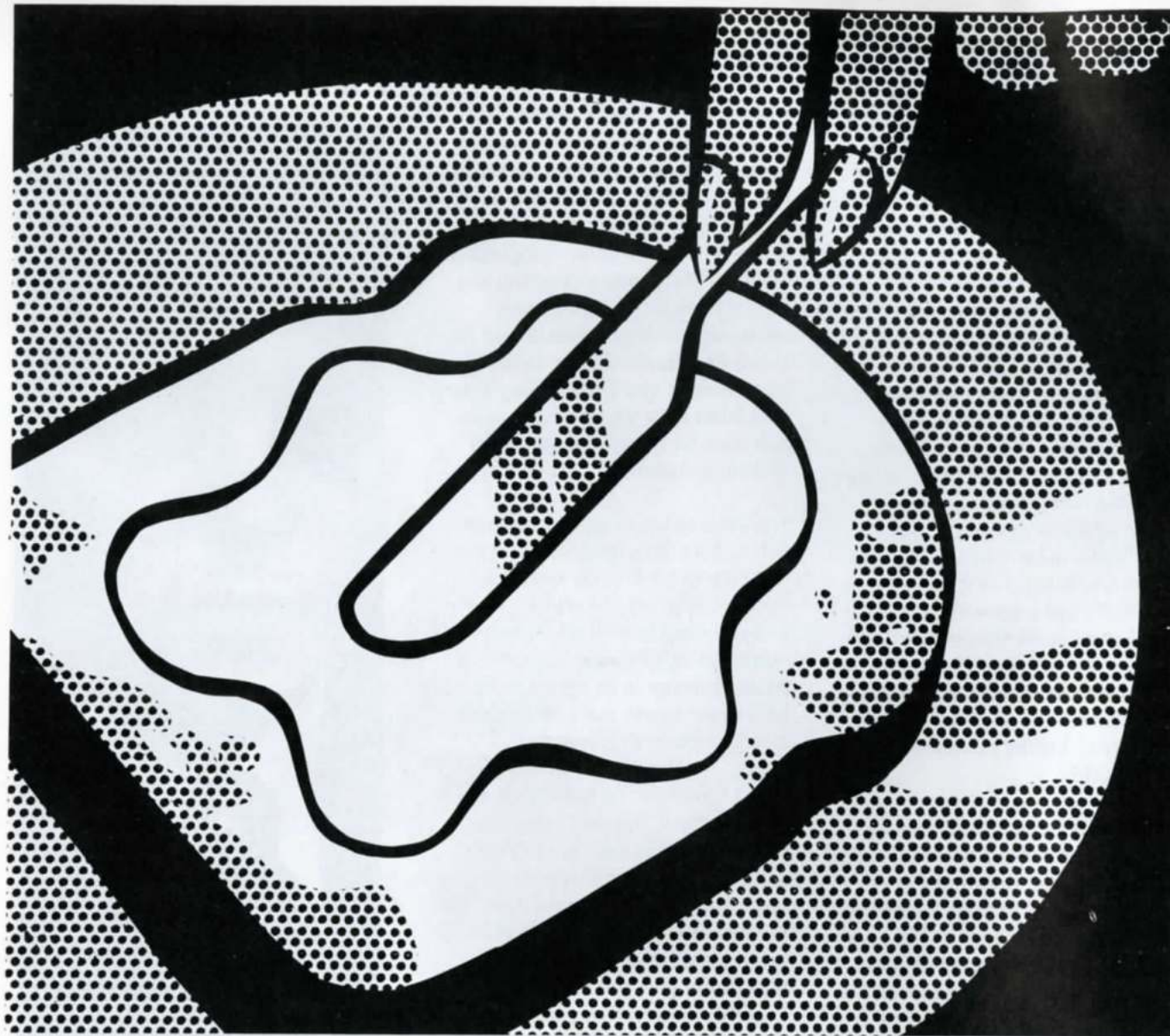
## MIKE



The new Gulbenkian Theatre at the University of Kent in Canterbury staged its opening production in June. Mike Lucas, the newly appointed Director/Manager, presented *The Exploding Dream*, by Richard Drain.

The Theatre, which cost £60,000, was financed by a grant from the Gulbenkian Foundation. It is hexagonal with an open thrust stage, and has a comprehensive light, projection and sound system. It seats 350 people and there is a large foyer for exhibitions; currently showing, is Rauschenberg's lithographs of Dante's *Inferno*. It's well worth a visit, when in Canterbury, and with future productions such as Genet's *The Maids*, and Joe Orton's *Loot* lined up, Mike should put some forward thinking into the whole system of provincial theatre planning.





## KITSCH

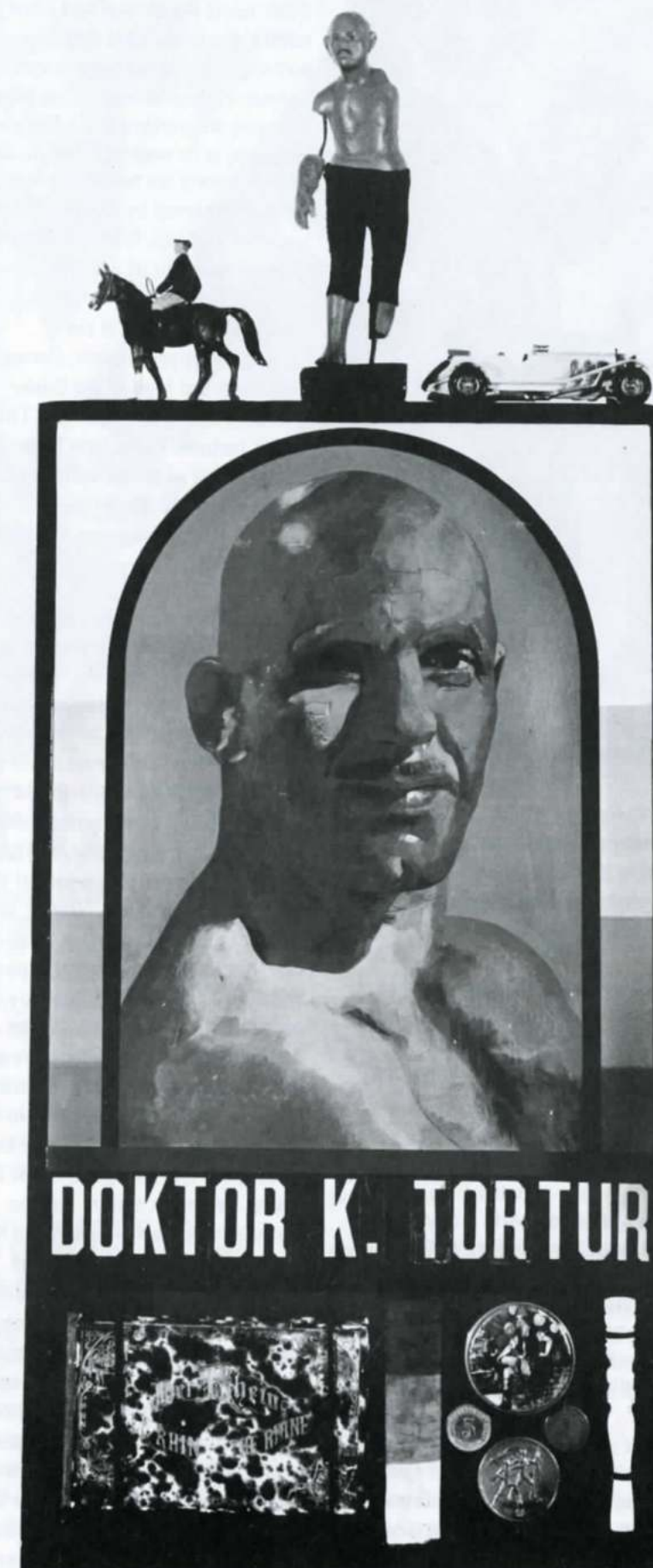
Special ties with America or not, the present showing of mainly U.S. Pop art at the **Hayward Gallery** reveals how little England has seen outside of art magazine illustrations, and the attention it has aroused shows that our appetites have not given up and gone away. Not that the Russell-Gablik project hasn't drawn criticism: the decision of these two establishment critics to firmly pigeon-hole Pop once and for all, and thereby earn themselves a niche in art history, is a move doomed to failure, dealing as it does with a living phenomenon where any boundaries are at best arbitrary. The original surprise of Pop art was not so much that it chose our trash culture as its subject matter, but that it borrowed trash culture's means of promulgating itself, and the less the

subjects were transformed or artfied before entering the sacred portals of the art gallery the more shocking they seemed. The attempt by John Russell and Suzi Gablik to link Pop to hard-edge painting means, for instance, the elimination of the early Rauschenbergs with 'painterly' qualities and the inclusion of some surprising Ed Ruschas. Of course we don't react to the 'classic' Warhol soup cans, Oldenburg's soft sculptures, and the Rosenquist hoardings in the same way as New Yorkers do — our culture has not yet reached that media-mad extreme — but this show may in some respects herald our future.

Supplementing some aspects of the Pop show are recent works by British 'popsters', including the archetypal father-figure of British pop **Peter Blake**, at the **Robert Fraser Gallery** this month. Although the other artists at Fraser's linger on the borderlines of Pop (Jann

Haworth, Jim Dine, Richard Hamilton, Clive Barker), Blake typifies the nostalgia that the movement seems to feel for our recent lowbrow culture. Our heroes — Tarzan, Marilyn, the Beatles — enshrined in the permanence of the acrylic art object, won't fade into oblivion; they live on in the temple of art.

More Pop, a little further out, at the **Hornsey Library**: **Ron Kitaj** and **Eduardo Paolozzi**, showing prints, demonstrate the ultimate fallibility of the label 'Pop' as applied to any artist for any length of time. Kitaj has already rejected the label, and I doubt that Paolozzi feels any allegiance to it. Their heroes are not so much popular as historico-political ones. Even though they have collaborated on a few projects, their orientations are radically different: Kitaj's works make almost totally literary references, while Paolozzi's are



visual and conceptual.

One area where the 'isms' still appear to provide satisfactory boundaries, is Op art. **Victor Vasarely**, the wizard of Op, showing at the **London Arts Gallery**, has been demonstrating for a number of years, that confusion of our retinas is an absorbing pastime, and this probably is the reason for his works being the sine qua non of any modern art collection. The experience of being absorbed by a large Op work is somewhat akin to switching on a light show — an appeal to a psychedelically turned-on generation.

**Bridget Riley**, the most famous of English Op artists, presents a formidable array of new works at the **Rowan Gallery** until early this month. Progressing from her earlier monochrome monochrome paintings, these stridently coloured canvases are no mere eye-ticklers: their monumental presence is similar in some degree to that of the field paintings of Olitski — a challenge to Vasarely's visual jabs. One feels that she will perhaps move the emphasis of her works to a new sort of monumentality, using the experiments in optical effects instead of featuring them.

Whilst we bathe in this flurry of Pop, Op and Americana, New York prepares for a collection of works by young British artists. Before crossing the Atlantic to Macy's department store, a show titled '**Young and Fantastic**' can be seen at the **ICA** this month. The publicity handout states that the 11 artists have been chosen for the 'obsessive realisation of fantastic images in their work': well, the scope is wide, but the statement helps to provide for the predominance of Surrealist works in the show. Mario Amaya and Sir Roland Penrose, organisers of this year's Macy show, have come up with some surprising names — Glyn Williams, Laurence Whitfield, Norman Stevens, Richard Humphrey, Bert Kitchen... — they are not part of the young 'swinging' generation, and one doubts whether the voracious New York public will be satisfied with these quieter, introvert artists. Far from Pop or Op, or our television-disposable-antiseptic-vitamin-enriched culture it is well worth pausing for this taste of illusion, dream and fantasy...

Colin Marcus





## TIMES SQ.

The first sign of summer along the Great White Way indicates that the end of the theatrical season is nigh. The present one has not been the most notable in recent history: of the dramatic offerings, only *Hadrian VII* and *The Great White Hope* have been received with anything like critical and public acclamation, *Forty Carats* and *Play It Again Sam* are the comedy successes, and of the musical entries (Broadway's life-blood), *Promises Promises* stands alone in being the subject of critical raves, although *Dear World* has received some qualified approval due to Angela Lansbury's incandescent performance.

*The Great White Hope* is an explosive piece concerning the disintegration (in various ways) of a Negro boxing champion, which won this year's 'Tony' (the Broadway equivalent of Hollywood's 'Oscar') for the best new play. Top-draw in all departments, it

enshrines the performance of a lifetime by James Earl Jones (another 'Tony' winner) in a production by Edwin Sherin that seems carved from the heartbeat of a race.

*Forty Carats* is the matinee-play par excellence — if there were six a week, those Park Avenue ladies with the blue hair would keep them going. The radiant Julie Harris (another 'Tony' winner, this time as Best Actress) plays a forty-year old divorcee (if you can ever imagine the pixiated Julie being such an age) in love with a boy young enough to be her son. *Play It Again Sam*, written by Woody Allen and starring Woody Allen, is also about a divorcee who acts out his neuro-sexual problems in fantasies, wherein he visualises himself as Humphrey Bogart.

*Promises Promises* is a musical based on *The Apartment*, for which tickets are as spun-gold. Jerry Orbach has won a 'Tony' for his performance in the original Jack Lemmon role, and Jull Jill O'Hara, a chirrupy sparrow who

began the season in *George M!*, is his leading lady. *Dear World* is the third Kerry Herman musical currently on display in New York (*Mame* and *Hello Dolly* being the others) and has a poetry about its music that owes nothing to its forebearers. Angela Lansbury, disguised as a cross between Margaret Rutherford and a Maryinsky ballerina, is its magical fulcrum, and her chief supports are two other dear eccentrics played by Carmen Matthews and Jane Connell. Miss Lansbury is another recipient of a 'Tony'.

Also well-considered is the off-Broadway production, *Dames At Sea*, a satirical look at the Busby Berkeley film musicals on the Thirties, which features Bernadette Peters as the coyest, most winsome heroine of all times, who only takes time off from weeping to give fearsome displays of tap-dancing.

Long-running shows include the afore-mentioned *Mame* and *Hello Dolly*. The former now stars Jane Morgan, a lady whose frequent appearances over here in 'Sunday Night at the London Palladium' have still never really got her in the big league with British audiences. Across the water, however, Miss Morgan is a big draw, and brings glamour and dash to the part of the world's favourite aunt. '*Dolly*', now in its sixth year, and sporting an all-Negro cast, has its most endearing exponent so far — Pearl Bailey; the lady's nightly entrance, awash with red feathers, gets the pandemonium going and causes the police horses outside in 44th Street to prick their ears in wonder. *Cabaret* still has Lotte Lenya leading the fray; it's good to see a Living Legend in action, but the surroundings (castwise) seem to have gotten slightly out of hand. The liveliest show in town, and playing the Palace (which really is the centre of Broadway) is *George M!*, a musical montage based on the life of George M. Cohan, actor-singer-dancer-author-composer-producer. An exhausting character in life, with a less-than-lovely disposition, he is made bearable in this exhumation by the dazzling talents of Joel Grey, the smallest song-and-dance man you ever saw, but also the most dynamic.



## KEN & NED

Ken Russell, the 42 year-old director who completely revolutionised the medium of television documentary by showing Prokofiev's hands playing the piano, dramatising a full-scale orgy for the life of Isadora Duncan, and even more radically, by staging a scene with Dante Gabriel Rossetti in bed with Janey Morris — has just completed his third feature film for the cinema.

Previously disappointing in his ventures into this field — *French Dressing*, and *Billion Dollar Brain* — he looks like making it third time lucky with the United Artists' production of D. H. Lawrence's novel, *Women In Love*. It stars Alan Bates, Oliver Reed, Glenda Jackson, Jennie Linden, and Eleanor Bron. It has been adapted for the screen and produced by Larry Kramer (*In The Heat of the Night*) and Martin Rosen.

Set against the sombre backgrounds of a small mining town, aristocratic

country estates, and the snow covered mountains of Switzerland, *Women In Love* is probably Lawrence's most explicit statement of his sexual philosophy in which he concentrates on the complex relationships between woman and man and man and man.

Ned Sherrin, another recruit from the B.B.C. stable, makes his debut as a film producer on the Columbia Pictures and Carl Foreman presentation, *The Virgin Soldiers*. Four years younger than Russell, he has had his fair share of successes during his television experience.

He joined the B.B.C. in 1957 and became a director on the news/magazine programme *Tonight*, which was networked five nights a week. From there he became creator, producer, and director of the first highly satirical programme on television entitled *That Was The Week That Was*. The success of the series brought a follow-up called *Not So Much a Programme More a Way of Life*, and a third series B.B.C.—3. For these programmes he was presented with three individual awards by The Guild of

Television Producers and Directors.

In 1967 he directed the first musical comedy with a female impersonator in the leading role — Danny La Rue in *Come Spy With Me* at the Whitehall Theatre in London and added another success to his collection.

For *The Virgin Soldiers* Sherrin has been on location in Kuala Lumpur and Singapore before returning to England for the rest of the filming, which took place at Crowthorne in Berkshire.

The film, adapted from the best selling novel by Leslie Thomas concerns the story of a group of young soldiers, who as raw recruits, are sent out to Malaya possibly to lose their lives and hopefully to lose their virginity. Starring Hywel Bennett (*The Family Way* and *Twisted Nerve*), Lynn Redgrave (*Georgy Girl* and *Smashing Time*), and Nigel Davenport (*A Man For All Seasons*), the film also marks the debut of top West End director John Dexter who has been responsible for the National's production of *The Royal Hunt of the Sun* and the Alec Guinness hit *Wise Child*.





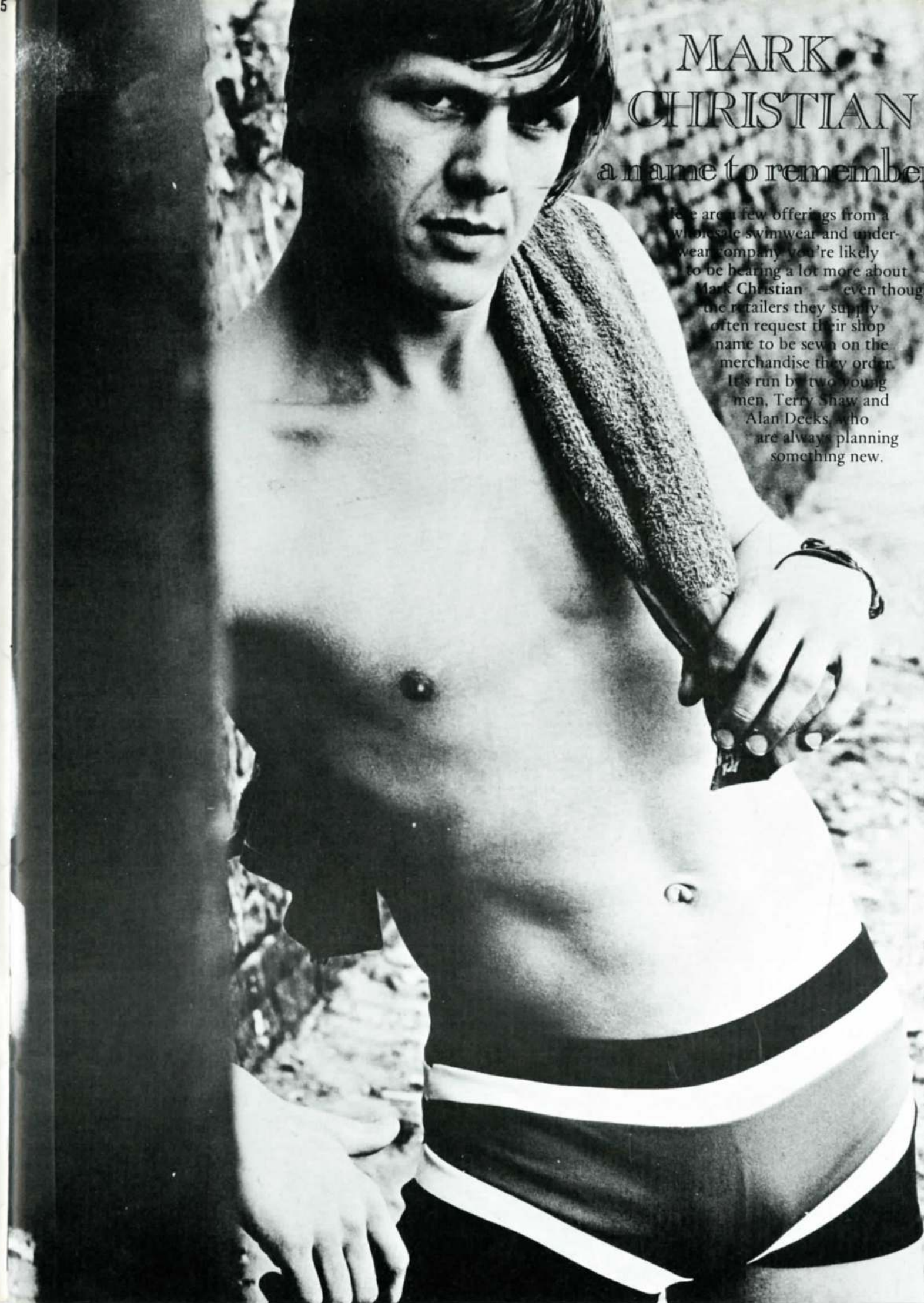
- 1 Ken Russell on the set of "Women in Love"
- 2 Wayne Sleep, a member of the Royal Ballet Company, dances in a somewhat different manner, in "The Virgin Soldiers".
- 3 Eleanor Bron (middle) rehearses a scene with Alan Bates from "Women in Love".



# MARK CHRISTIAN

a name to remember

Here are a few offerings from a wholesale swimwear and underwear company you're likely to be hearing a lot more about — Mark Christian — even though the retailers they supply often request their shop name to be sewn on the merchandise they order. It's run by two young men, Terry Shaw and Alan Deeks, who are always planning something new.

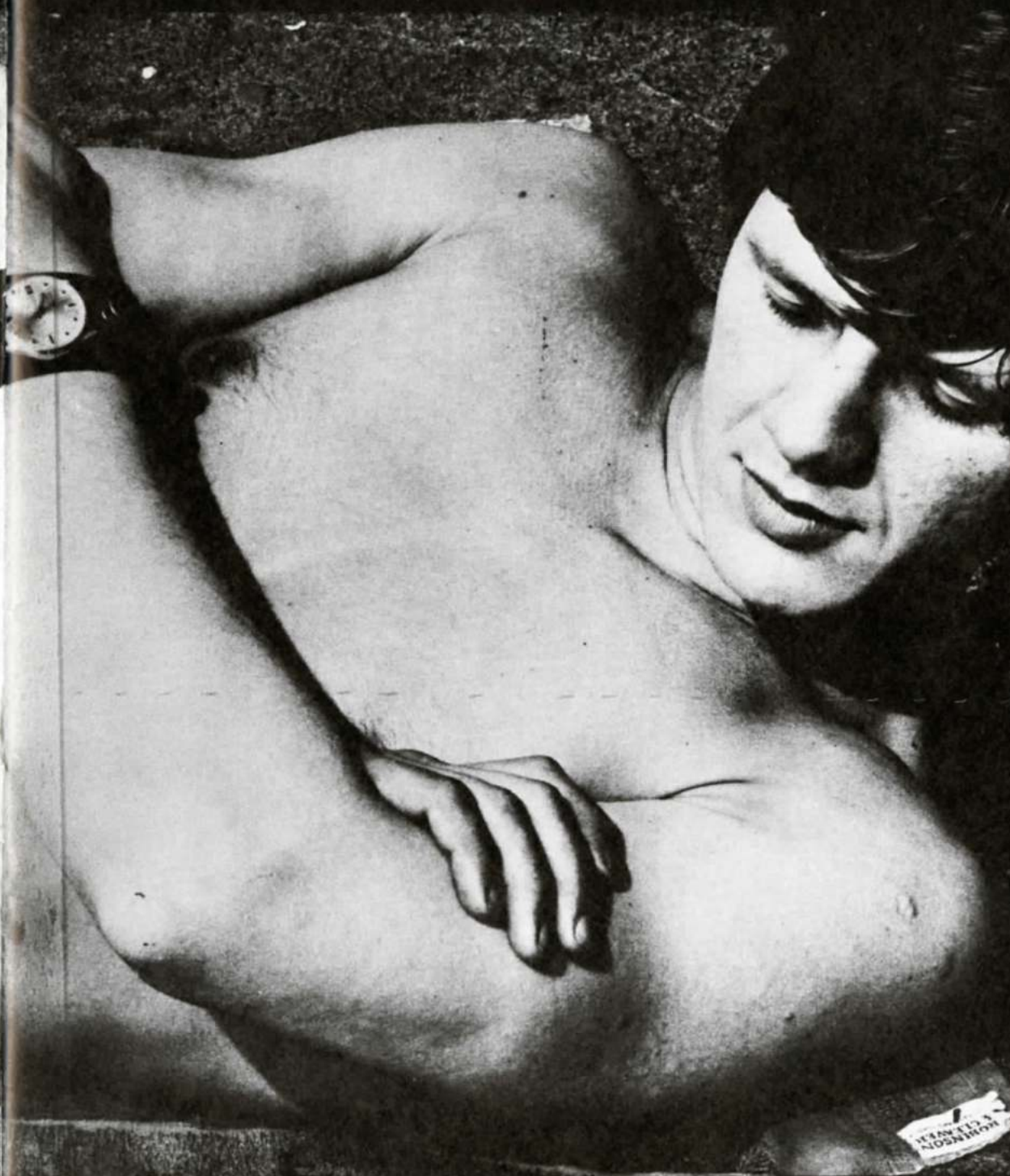
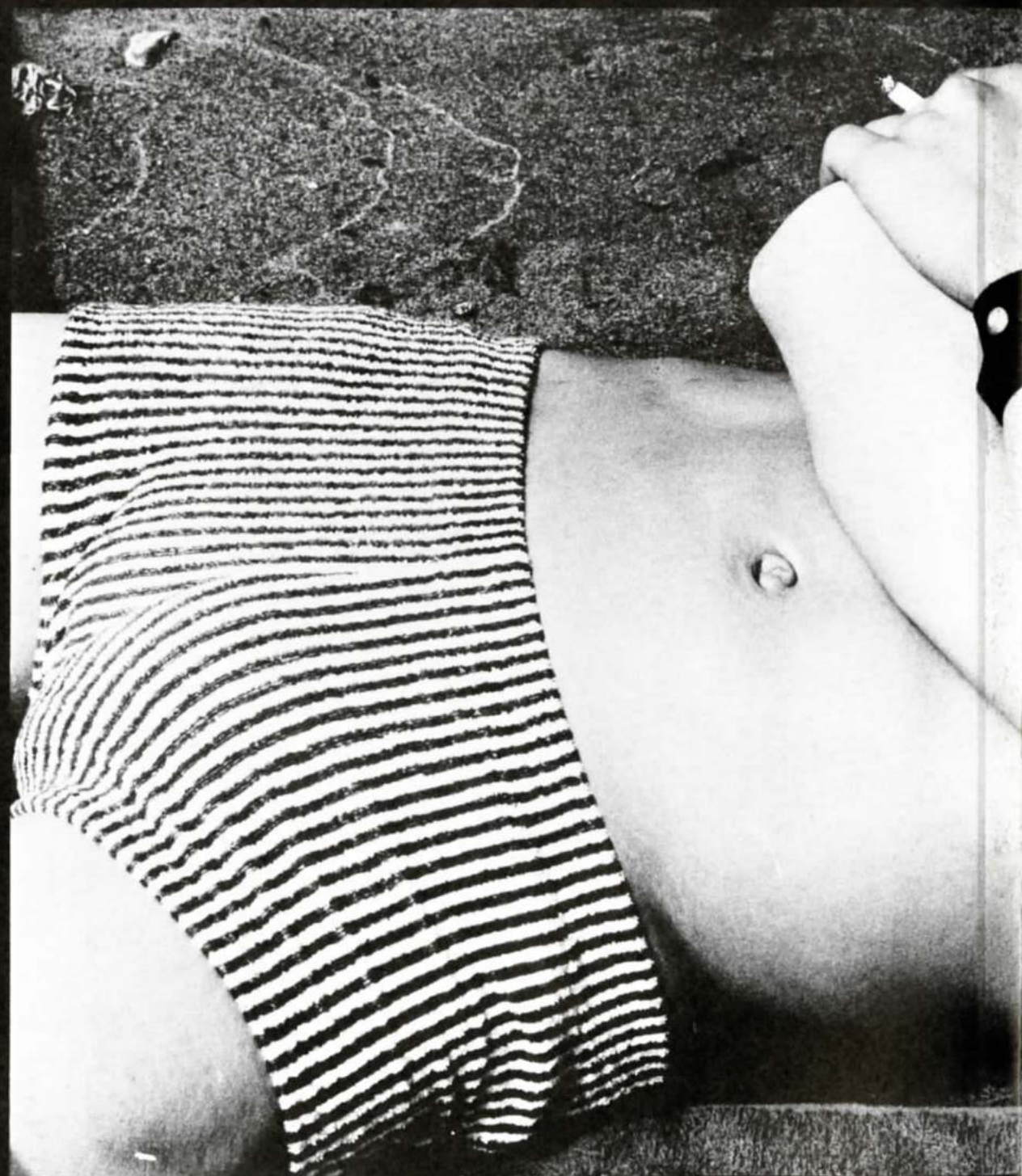
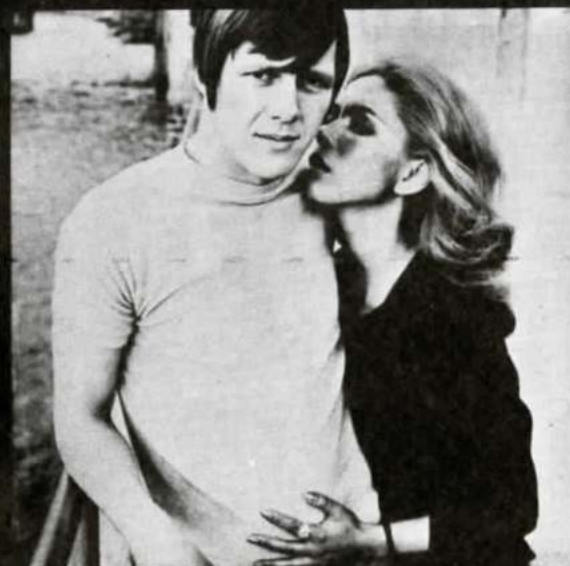




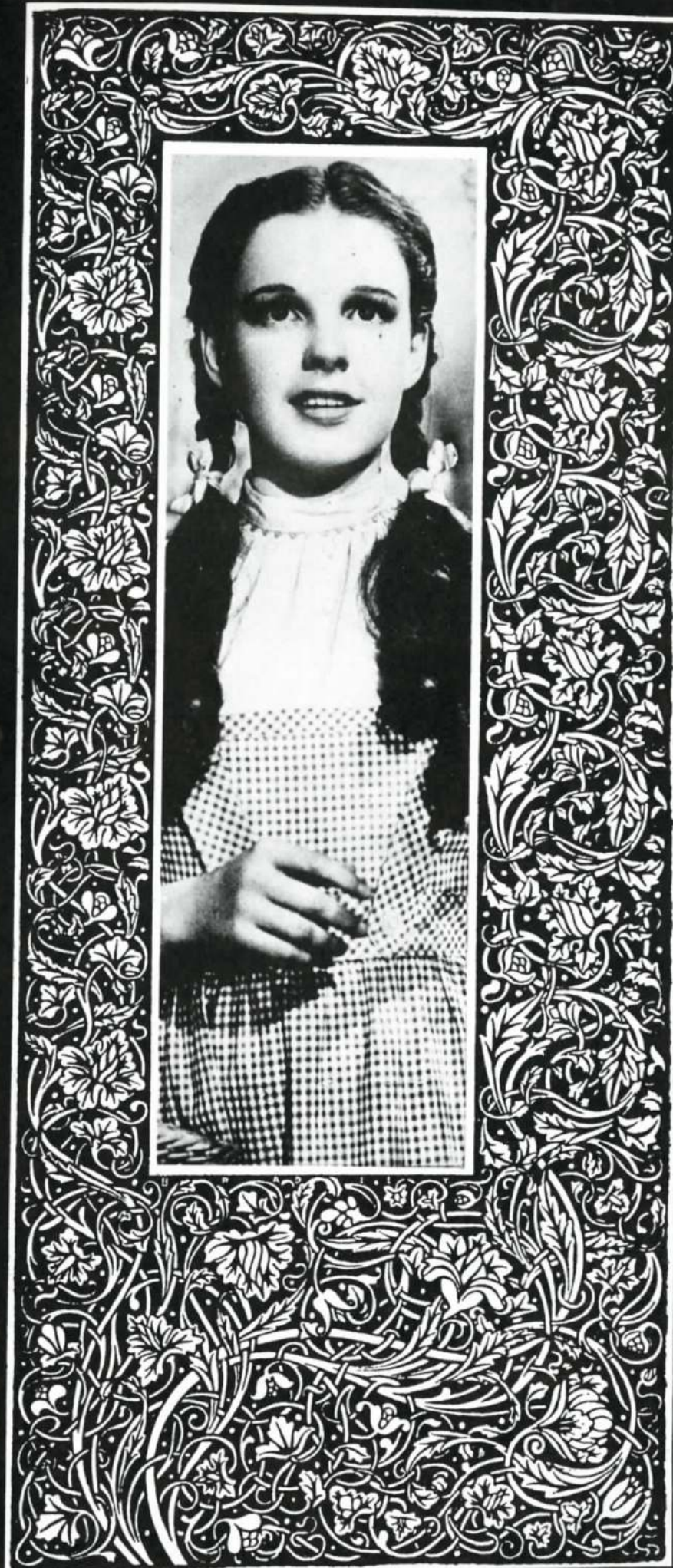
But, incredibly, their newest and best selling line in their underwear range is a transheer 20 denier nylon brief, which is virtually see-through, and 12s. 6d. While it's a problem to photograph, it is absolutely no problem to sell and the boys can't make them fast enough. They are available post free from Mark Christian, 24a, Berwick Street, London, W.1., in black, white, red, lemon, flesh, pink and pale

blue. Bobby Rowe, a young radio technologist, models a few other items from the Christian range for us here. The swim shorts in black, red and white nylon are £3. 10s. from Just Men, King's Road, London, S.W.3., and come in three other colour blends: purple, pink and black; royal, light blue and white or beige, green and white. In the shot with Debbie Delacey, Bobby wears a towelling T shirt at 59s. 6d.,

and matching bikini brief, 25s., both available post free from Mark Christian in royal blue, navy, white, red, tomato, mandarin, turquoise and yellow. In the third shot the Christian design is in white, striped stretch towelling with the stripes in turquoise, lemon, royal blue or mandarin. These shorts are 39s. 6d., post free, and when ordering give a second colour choice in case their stocks are low.







# A STAR IS DEAD

Roger Woodcock

She was a born-in-the-trunk troupier and some say she lived off applause. They are wrong. 'A woman needs more than applause to keep her going', she used to say. 'It's too superficial, too frustrating, and too soul-destroying.'

Even so, Judy Garland seemed to bloom in the spotlight, for as a legend she was revered. And that amused her. One of her favourite stories was that of the two gay boys who were on Long Island when Kennedy was shot. They looked across to the mainland, and not knowing what had happened, watched all the flags being lowered to half mast. 'Hey,' one cried, 'do you think Judy's died'.

She admitted that once she lived on the handclaps and shouts from her devotees, but then she found, when the customers had gone home, that there was only an echo left. And after the echo had died away, she was alone.

Because she was down to earth, even oblivious, when it came to the adulation she received, Garland had lasted well. She had been a star for more than thirty years. She might not have been your singing cup of tea, but the lady certainly had something.

Some would call it staying power, others talent, for although her career had been rocked by law-suits, illness, controversy, four broken marriages, and suicide attempts, she still packed them in.

At the last count, in December last year, she had sung 'Over the Rainbow' 12,478 times, a feat which must make her qualify for some kind of prize. But if you think that has been gruelling for her, you haven't heard the worst.

Life for Garland had not been all roses. She was not just a 'legend', she was human, a fact that newspaper headlines had not let her forget.

Born Francis Gumm, 47 years ago, in a trunk at the Princes Theatre, Grand Rapids, Minnesota, her father, Frank Gumm, was a vocalist who specialised in singing solos and getting the audience to join in on the chorus. Her mother Ethel played the piano.

Garland was brought up on a diet of Garbo, Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Ronald Coleman and vaudeville acts, and made her first stage appearance, quite unexpectedly, at the age of two, when she crawled on stage during her parents' act. Needless to say it was the first, but not the last time she would stop the show.

As she grew up, she joined her two sisters in a song and dance act known as the Gumm Sisters. They neither sang nor danced well, but Judy managed to make an impression on the people at M.G.M. and joined the studio when she was 13. At 14, she was a star in 'The Wizard of Oz,' and the studio gave her 12 starring roles while she

was still in her teens. The camera became her lover.

But things did not run smoothly for Judy Garland. Even at 14 she reckoned she was a 'jangled bunch of nerves'. And it was her nerves which eventually led to a series of sackings from concert bills and film roles.

Her personal life suffered as well. She found it hard to maintain lasting personal relationships and her first four marriages, one to producer Sid Luft, lasting 13 years, failed.

Then, when Judy was fighting a child custody suit with Sid Luft at Santa Monica, in October 1964, her image took a severe battering when Luft told the court she drank excessively and had tried to kill herself 20 times during her marriage.

The resulting publicity did more harm than good to Judy and tongues began to flap in Hollywood, giving her more reason than ever to hate the movie capital.

'Hollywood doesn't like me' she said 'Nobody in that town does. They remember I behaved badly 20 years ago and they still say: Look out for Judy Garland'.

Lonely and dejected, she decided to quit Hollywood for good in 1967. Her house, built around a swimming pool, off Sunset Boulevard, was put up for sale and Judy





# Garland's reflections on herself

tried to patch up her career. At this time, she was broke. 'I owe money to everybody', included the United States Government, who were claiming four million dollars from her. The financial situation might have been enough to finish off a lesser mortal. But not Judy.

'What's the good of being a legend if you are always alone,' she reflected, as she made attempts to get out and about again, to win new audiences and influence them. They were fighting words. But privately, Judy was going through the mill. She really was lonely. So lonely that she sat watching the telephone waiting for someone, anyone, to ring. 'Sometimes I'd call up the operator and ask if the phone was all right,' she said.

Eventually, she found a buyer for the house. She was not sad to leave it. 'It was a dreadful place,' she explained, 'Early Gloria Swanson. And it needed four Chinese gardeners to look after the tropical plants - I ask you; who needs four Chinese gardeners?'

Nobody knew better than Judy that she could do more with the words and emotions of a song than any other singer. All she had to do was prove it. It wasn't hard. Soon she had landed the part of the ageing musical comedy star in the film *Valley of the Dolls*. Things certainly were looking better. Then, disaster. Judy was fired, the part recast, and Susan Haywood

took over. The official studio explanation for Judy's replacement was that she was not punctual and went home early.

Judy attributed it to a much more human failing .....the pressure of life.

The role was a difficult one for her, although much earlier a brilliant dramatic career had been forecast for her after she made *A Star is Born*. The woman she was playing in *Dolls* was too far removed from Judy's own personality; a rude, coarse woman, a woman Garland could never play effectively, although there had been times when her public 'private' image might have led you to believe otherwise.

Her only comment on the sacking was: 'I was brought up to be polite. I know I'm not Dorothy on the way to Oz any more, but I'm not vulgar.'

So she turned to concerts again and, slowly but surely, won back the fickle public who had, for the most part, written her off as another showbusiness failure. Judy pulled out all the stops to make her concerts a success. She filled them with the old songs, unashamed nostalgia at 78 r.p.m., the old Hollywood glamour, and the customers kept crying out for more. It didn't matter to them if she was an hour late for a show, sometimes. That was part of her appeal. And there was always the chance that

she might have another breakdown. The curiosity among her followers was almost Piaf-like.

What was Judy really like? She was a wryly humorous, complicated woman, who was deeply conscious that she was not everyone's darling. She knew that there were lots of people who thought that to actually know Judy Garland must be pure hell. 'But as far as I know,' she said, 'I'm a nice person. I've had temperaments and problems, but who hasn't? she asked adding that if you want fame you have to pay for it. For her, the price was high. And the debt collector called all her life, taking a little more each instalment. Judy was the child star who was never allowed growing pains.

Her problem in Hollywood was that people there were more than cruel to her. She knew they said she drank too much and took too many pills and it upset her. 'What do you do when people talk about you like that?' she asks, 'commit suicide? No. That's messy. Get drunk? No, that's no solution either. What Judy did in fact was to put on her lipstick make sure her stockings were straight, then she marched onto a stage somewhere and sang her heart out.

To watch her, behind the footlights, could be the most electrifying experience. It could be the most irritating. There cannot have been another artist who had

so perfectly worked out how to be offensive and endearing at the same time. But no matter how you took her, there was no escaping that she was the superb professional, pandering, in the grandest Hollywood tradition to the whims of her audience, who in turn pandered to hers.

She kissed hands, shook them as though she were a presidential candidate, and then she dropped names galore.

Then there were the cracks, usually at her own expense. Sometimes they were about drink, or one of the offstage habits people tended to associate with her.

At the Talk of the Town, during her London cabaret season, this year, she cracked: 'I'm going to do something extraordinary. Not only and I going to appear.....(uproar stopped her in mid-joke).....I am going to sing a new song.'

It was this side of Judy which sent up to perfection her image as a legend. No other so-called 'legend' could possibly have been so unlegendary and yet manage to get away with it.

Exactly how you summed up her singing talent, or lack of it, is a mystery. No deep thinking, or analysis, can every hope to explain the Garland phenomenon. Knife-edged, in the high registers, her voice actually demolished a lyric.



She walked a rare musical tight-rope and only just managed to stop herself falling off. Every phrase came out as though it were her last, but her songs, like the majority of her concerts went on and Garland ended up in triumph over what sometimes looked like a lost cause.

The years had worn the voice thin, although she said she listened to her old records and couldn't see that it was all that different. She knew she could sing, regardless of what the critics said. 'I do have a special sound,' she pointed out. And who would dispute that? How else could she have held an audience of 28,000 on a wet night at the open-air Hollywood Bowl and still have them crying for more!

Every time she sang, she poured out her troubles. Life had beaten her up and it showed. That is what attracted homosexuals to her. She created hysteria for them. They wanted to help her, so they clapped the house down after every little gesture and every little joke. They also loved it every time she put her little finger to her mouth in one of those well-rehearsed sobs of joy, the like of which nobody but her could do.

She was small, not much over five feet, and seemed, like Piaf did, to get smaller as the troubles came and went and came again. But she was still attractive in a haggard sort of way. Those big brown eyes still popped out of her head like

king-size marbles and they still moistened, just as they did in the old days, once the applause crashed down on her. Her reddish brown hair was short, like a boy's, and there was still sex appeal of a kind in the face, which was dominated by her generously painted lips. See her and you were in no doubt, Garland still sparkled right up to the end. And so did a few of her showbusiness phrases.

'Everytime I go on stage I have a love affair with the audience', she said, 'but I could give it all up tomorrow and not have one heart-ache.'

'All that happiness, all that heart-ache. It's tough when you try to set it down', she said. She would rather die first and write it as she went along the second time around.

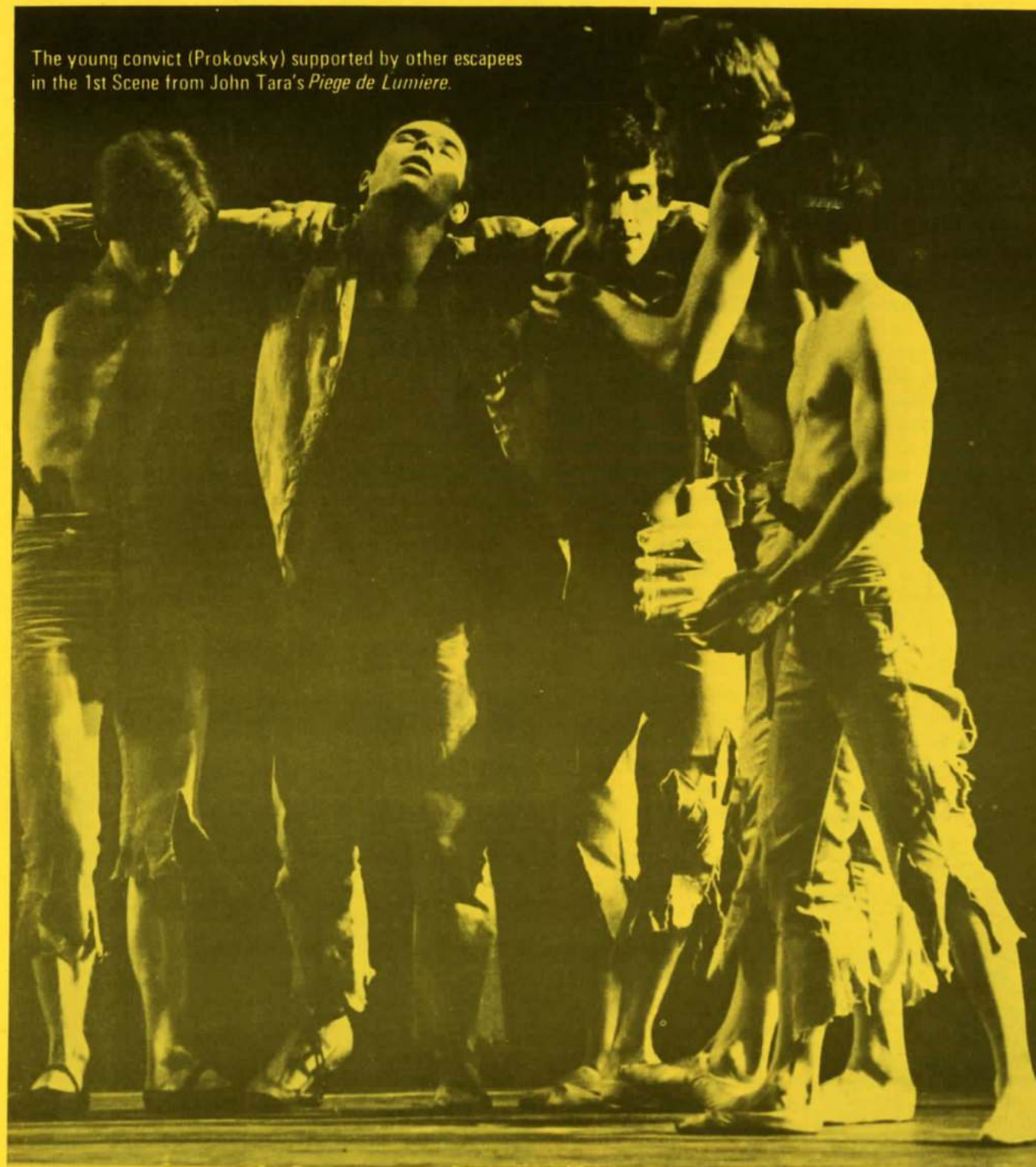
Her last week was one of the happiest she'd spent for some time. She had been out and about, with her husband, laughing and joking with friends of theirs. She ate out quite a lot, and was to be seen recently at the *Casserole* restaurant in Kings Road, and *Kipps* in Finborough Road, which she preferred for its ambiance. However she was quite definitely a home bird, and was very happy in her small house in Cadogan Lane in London's fashionable Chelsea area, where her husband found her dead that Sunday in June.







The young convict (Prokovsky) supported by other escapees in the 1st Scene from John Tara's *Piege de Lumiere*.



## BALLET

The first season by Festival Ballet at the London Coliseum has been a considerable artistic success.

Of the works new to London, Jack Carter's *The Unknown Island* (set to the Berlioz song-cycle, *Les Nuits d'Ete*) was a disjointed series of soli and pas lacking any connecting theme. Ballets

danced to vocal music are notoriously difficult to pull off. The work was danced with eloquence by all concerned, most of whom rose above the excesses provided by Norman McDowell by way of costumes; nevertheless, Gilpin and Prokovsky in vivid chiffon jump-suits with frills abounding, had their work cut out.

The frisson of the first night came with *Piege de Lumiere*,

not seen here since 1954. John Taras' choreography is energetic and somewhat barren for the corps, but of a febrile impetuosity for the principals, admirably matched by a lush and sophisticated score by Jean-Michel Damasse, full of overtones suggesting New York rather than the Outback.

Marvellous at last, in this work, to see Samtsova and Prokovsky actually doing something — rescued from

those everlasting divertissements, and being allowed to get their teeth into something dramatic as well as technical. He, in particular, was a revelation — we knew Samtsova could act, but her partner has always been viewed purely as a virtuoso dancer; now, suddenly, he has acquired a dramatic role that fits him like a glove — he dances powerfully, acts with complete absorption, and looks a believable convict. The third of the principals



in this work, Robert Bestonso, is a spectacular dancer of marked individuality and farouche personality. Carol Yule (a dancer with a rare un-English jump) was good as Barbara, but David Adams' co-ed physique made nonsense of Barbara's aversion to The Preacher.

The third of the new works was *Meadow Lark*, the first ballet we have seen from American Ballet Theatre's boy-wonder, Eliot Feld. Whilst much of the movement was interesting (especially a pas de quatre for Carol Grant and three boys) a lot of it was twee — at least as given by Festival's dancers, which probably emanates from too closely reflecting the Haydn score to which it is danced. Peter Farmer has, as usual, designed a ravishing set of costumes. The work was danced with delicacy by Grant and Dagmar Kessler, open-hearted Romanticism by Dudley Von Loggenburg, and a will to please by Alain Dubreuil. The latter invariably dances this way, which disarms one when his dancing is not quite up to the strength of the virtuoso roles he is called upon to deliver; in *Noir Et Blanc*, for example, he brought a wealth of bravura to the Mazurka but insufficient elevation to back it. This work, which provides an anthology of Lifar's neo-classicism with its plethora of parades en pointe and off-balance arabesques for girls, and endless tours en l'air for boys, needs outside personalities and technicians to fill out its contours, and these were generally absent from Festival's revival. The most satisfying performance came from Helen Starr, both in the *Clarette* variation, where her dancing was delicately phrased and had a limpid radiance, and in the smooth-as-silk *Pas De Deux* with David Adams. Margot Miklosy spun and glittered in her usual sunny fashion, and Janet Lewis's

splendid jumps and whole-hearted approach were a welcome extravagance among so much reticence.

*Etudes* has always been one of the best (if not the best) of Festival's ballets, and the new production with a setting of columns and candelabra looks very good indeed. Samtsova seemed (as so often with her) untheatrical in approach; whilst no one wants a welter of mannerisms, her lack of panache does detract from her dazzling footwork. Nor did her vast tutu do much for her. The two boys danced with considerable élan; whilst neither is the terre tours specialist that Gilpin was, their various appearances were effective. Both could use a shade more flourish in their approach to this work.

The highspot of the season for me (indeed, the highspot of the year's dancing in London) was the appearance of Lynn Seymour as Aurora. Not seen here for three years, one wondered if memory might have played false — but no, there she was, radiant, musical, with that rapturous quality of movement so unique that anyone else dancing a role conceived for her, invariably looks as though they are doing an impersonation. The harmony of her movement is phenomenal, her grandeur is inherent and never forced, and her character-identification is as true here as in *The Invitation*, or any other of her creations. She was partnered by Peter Martins, whose personality is amiable but distant, and whose dancing has an effortless flow that understates and tends to conceal his considerable technique. Among the supporting cast, Starr remains the best Lilac Fairy since Beriosova, and Maria Guerrero proved an exotic Princess Florisse, possessed of startling speed, and the temperament to back it. J.M.

## CINEMA

There are some films which have such a lot going for them that when, like *Alfred the Great* (Cert. A), they turn into complete disasters, one is prompted to ask why? Clive Donner is after all a well respected film-maker and a good technician.

The casting is seemingly adventurous for a multi-million epic. David Hemmings plays Alfred, (22 years-old as the film begins and just about to join a monastic order), with a brooding intensity that looks like a skinny Brando playing Hemmings playing Brando on an off-day. The girl he marries is Prunella Ransome, so promising in *Far from the Madding Crowd*, so lost in this. Her delivery of some lines would make a

schoolgirl Juliet squirm.

As Guthrum, Michael York at least looks the part; big, blond and tough, just what a Dane should be, but he only grunts and groans his way through it all, fists clenched and chin nuzzled in his chest. Of the others in the cast, Colin Blakely (a very talented actor), Alan Dobie and Julian Glover all sink into oblivion; Ian McKellen is adequate in an undemanding role, while only Vivien Merchant as the bandit queen, who incidentally, doesn't utter a syllable, shines through.

More than anything though, *Alfred the Great* looks cheap. There are magnificent sets and costumes (full effort marks to art director Michael Stringer), but they are curiously bare of atmosphere, and more important, people.



Peter Cook and Dudley Moore camp it up in *Ken Annakin's* latest road show

*Monte Carlo or Bust!* Also along for the ride, Tony Curtis, Mireille Darc,

The lighter side of life is nowhere to be seen as Humanity rears its head again in the dark and sombre shape of Joseph Losey's *Secret Ceremony*, (Cert. X)

Three human beings, two playing out a dream, the third, the interloper, the destroyer of illusions. The theme is need. Leonora has lost a child, Cenci's mother is dead. Finding each other on a bus they realise this need by an almost wordless series of events. But Cenci is deranged and she genuinely believes Leonora to be her mother. The latter, who we, in the beautiful opening shot when she removes a blonde wig, discover is a prostitute, is overwhelmed by the baroque elegance presented to her in Cenci's house and decides to carry through the deception.

Leonora moves in and we are enwrapped in the dream-world of Losey that is turned into a nightmare by the arrival of Albert, Cenci's step-father.

Elizabeth Taylor is not only THE movie-star, she is also one of the really great modern film actresses, and as Leonora she sails beautifully through the part, meeting and overcoming all obstacles. It is one of the best performances she has given. The role of Cenci, in Mia Farrow's talented hands becomes sympathetic and greatly demanding of compassion. It is these two who naturally centre-stage the proceedings although Robert Mitchum as Albert and Pamela Brown and Peggy Ashcroft as the aunts all give excellent performances.

But it is a movie which, through the help of Richard McDonald's designs and Gerry Fisher's photography creates an atmosphere essential to the dramatic flow. Cenci's house is cluttered with small 'objets d'art', each playing its parts in the dream-like

quality of the piece. Sights and sounds all mingle in. The death mask on the wall, a music box tinkling, a clock chiming, a casket which flicks open to release a twittering bird.

The George Taboris script is highly intelligent and very poetic and Joseph Losey has wasted none of it. It is one of this director's most powerful assets to be able to use his material to create a stranglehold on his audience.

Unfortunately, *The Most Dangerous Man in the World* does not come up to such high standards.

There is the barn-storming Arthur Hill, some nice editing, and some good location photography by Ted Moore and John Wilcox, but there are too many things missing — continuity in the performances, and certain details of plot — as though someone forgot to shoot them or somebody has edited them out. As I understand it, the director, J. Lee Thompson, did not see the final stages of the movie through, so it is probably the latter. All that is left is some rather promising material.

A much better movie from many points of view is Ken Annakin's *Monte Carlo or Bust* (Cert. U). It is two hours and ten minutes of sheer unadulterated fun, telling, with a series of comic incidents, the stories of five different teams in one of the roaring-twenties' Monte Carlo Rallies.

Being thematically an earthbound version of the earlier *Magnificent Men in their Flying Machines* comparisons are unavoidable. There are the Ronald Searle titles, the Terry Thomas-Eric Sykes duo, the Gert Frobe German, a super comic Ron Goodwin

music score, and of course those machines, all of which have precedents in the earlier film. It also owes a lot to *The Great Race*. Peter Cook's gadget-ridden jalopy could easily have had Jack Lemmon driving. However, it is no carbon copy but a film which has drawn upon many ideas, welded them together and produced a spirited piece of comedy that is fast, furious, and very funny.

The script, fortunately, succeeds in utilising the talent, for it is jam-packed with funny lines and situations. There is a scene in a hotel with bed-swopping and mistaken rooms that is hilarious, and as near to Feydeau as one could wish. Of course, there are longeurs in the piece, but these are compensated for by the fact that everybody is obviously having such a good time. And then there are the cars. Marvellous old machines roaring and banging away throughout. In the light of recent car-angled movies, it is to everybody's credit to see that they don't, for once, steal the show. P.S.

## THEATRE

At the Saville is *Arturo Ui*, the play which Bertolt Brecht wrote about the rise of Hitler well after the event, in 1941, and when he was safely out of Germany.

*Arturo Ui* follows the rise of Hitler to the supreme command of Germany by paralleling his career with that of a Chicago gangster a la Capone.

The most important thing about this production is, of course, that it is enormously enjoyable. This is not only rare with Brecht, it is positively freakish. British directors tend, always, to approach this writer's work with the sort of reverence

usually reserved for Holy Writ. Not so Michael Blakemore. His production is brisk, alive, bustling with humour and invention and, with the possible exception of a slightly slow beginning, totally entertaining from beginning to end. In the title role, Leonard Rossiter finally comes into his own; it is a magnificent performance and made from the stuff of legends

How well this brisk production serves its audiences, how well it serves its author and how well it is served by its actors and designers. The Pinter, on the other hand, which has a



Mike Cantor in a scene from the University of Southern California's 'The Word'.





glittering production, is really dross dressed up and trying hard to fool everyone. The first of the two plays is called *Silence*, and is set in a timeless place, made up from vast mirrors, and peopled by three shadows, Anthony Bate, Frances Cuka and Norman Rodway. The three talk, slowly, carefully, chop sentences and trail quietly away. The play, if it can be called such as it is much nearer to being a poem, is toneless and dull and only redeemed by the production built around it. The second of the two, *Landscape*, has Peggy Ashcroft and David Waller as the caretakers of an empty house. *Landscape* doesn't range as widely as the first play and, in consequence, is a lot less boring. It is, though, a poem, not a play.

Kafka, rather like Brecht in a way, is one of those writers who usually is treated as Gospel and whose work is thought of as being only for the intellectual. Steven Berkoff has remedied this with his versions of two of the Czech masters' short stories, *In the Penal Colony* and *Metamorphoses*. *In the Penal Colony* tells the story of a Nazi-style death machine and its evil inventor and how

The complete cast of the University of Southern California's 'The Word'.  
Mike Carter in 'Comings and Goings'.



he is eventually destroyed by his own machine. *Metamorphoses* tells of what happens in the Samsa family when the breadwinning son, Gregor, turns into a giant dung beetle. Mr. Berkoff has not only adapted both of these short stories, he has directed them and takes the leading role in both. In each field he has triumphed completely and these works are stimulating and as exciting as anything showing in a major West End theatre.

That brings me to the third of the three productions — only it is not so much a production as a company, the University of Southern

California's Drama Division, who played at the Jeannetta Cochrane, in their second London season.

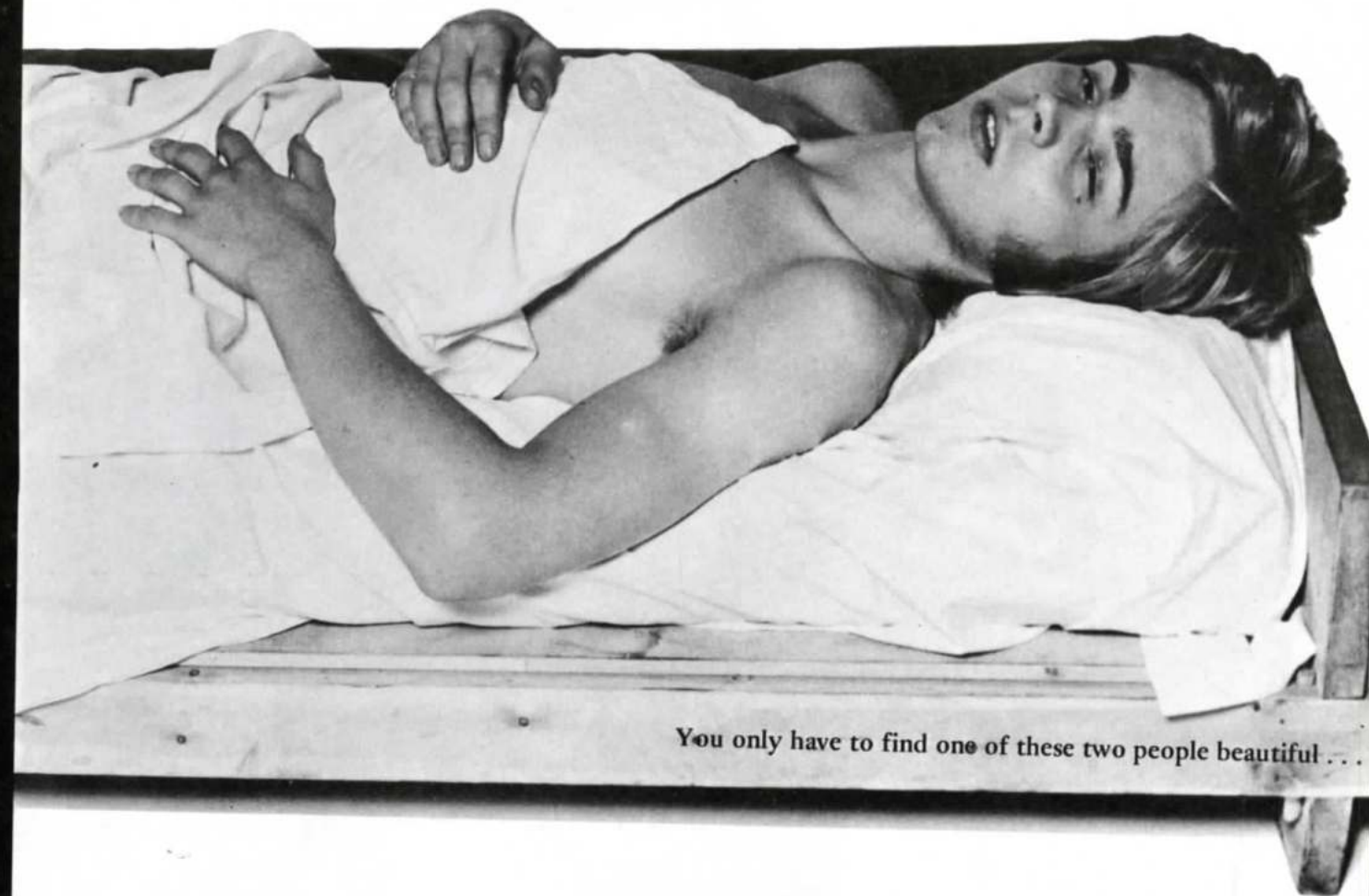
The evening of new American one-act plays is worth seeing for anyone interested in what's happening in the new American theatre and the third production, *Cherry, Larry, Sandy, Doris, Jean, Paul*, written in rhymed verse is one of the best plays to have yet appeared about homosexuals. It gives Gayla Kalp, a star in the making, a good chance to show her mettle as the girl who lives with two gay boys. And they are boys, not screaming hysterical queens, and they are happy and

friendly. A real advance in the status of the homosexual on stage. Maybe now we'll be able to get away from plays like *Boys In The Band*.

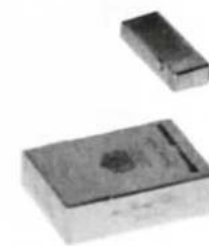
Richard Digby Day's production of *The Merchant of Venice*, opened at the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, on a chilly evening and with a chorus of rowdies outside shouting four letter words — but neither of these facts detracted too much from the many pleasures of the production. Like the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, which opened the season, this play is staged in a more recent setting than Shakespeare's own. Mr. Digby Day begins by hinting that he is going to enact the play according to Tyrone Guthrie's theory that the middle-aged merchant Antonio is in love with the rather boorish and beastly Bassanio. Certainly the first entrance, with Antonio surrounded by young men, one of whom wears a green carnation, suggests this. Somewhere though this aspect, an interesting and perfectly valid one, of the play has got lost and what we have is a charming and serviceable production which sticks pretty faithfully to all the traditions of the play. P.B.



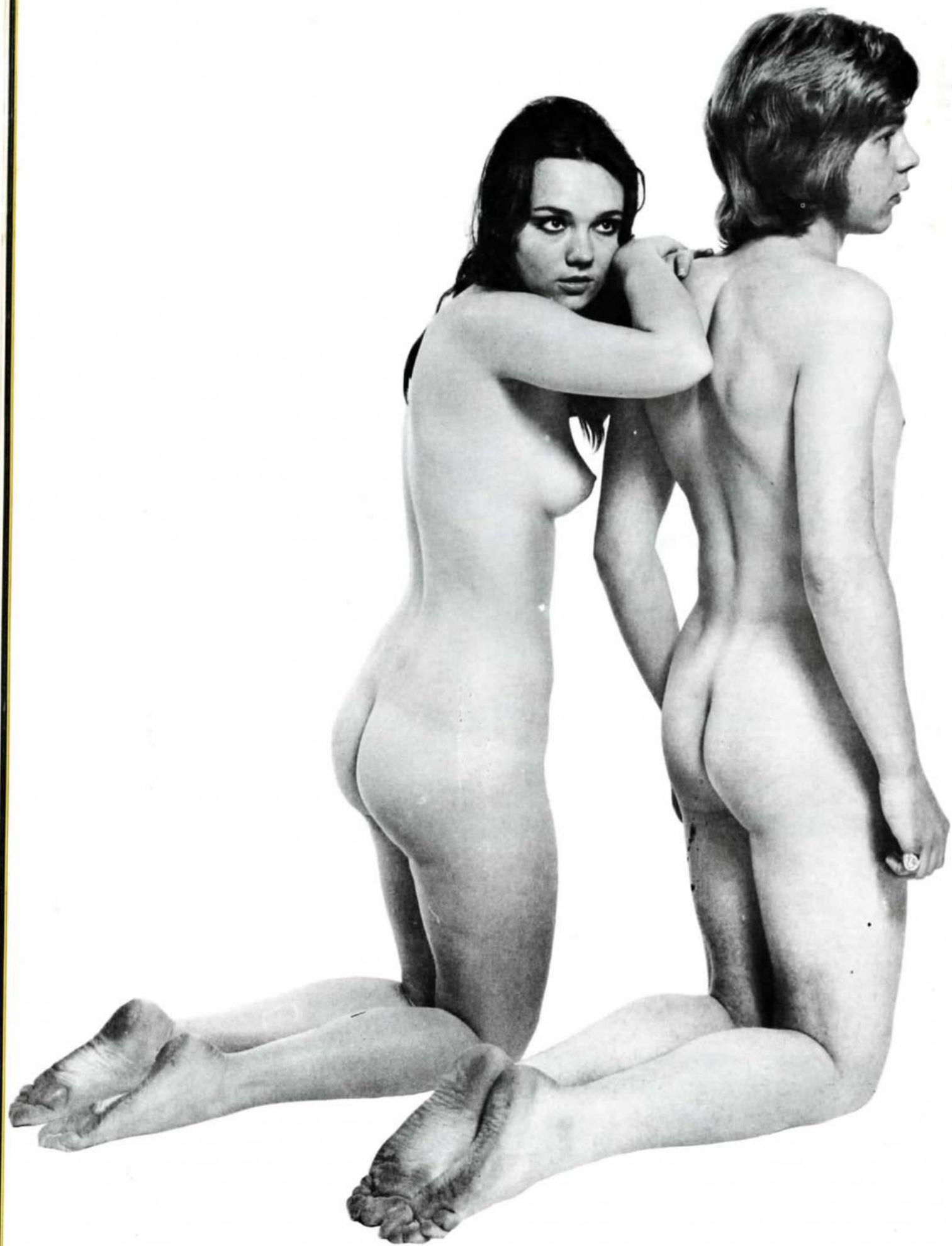




You only have to find one of these two people beautiful . . .

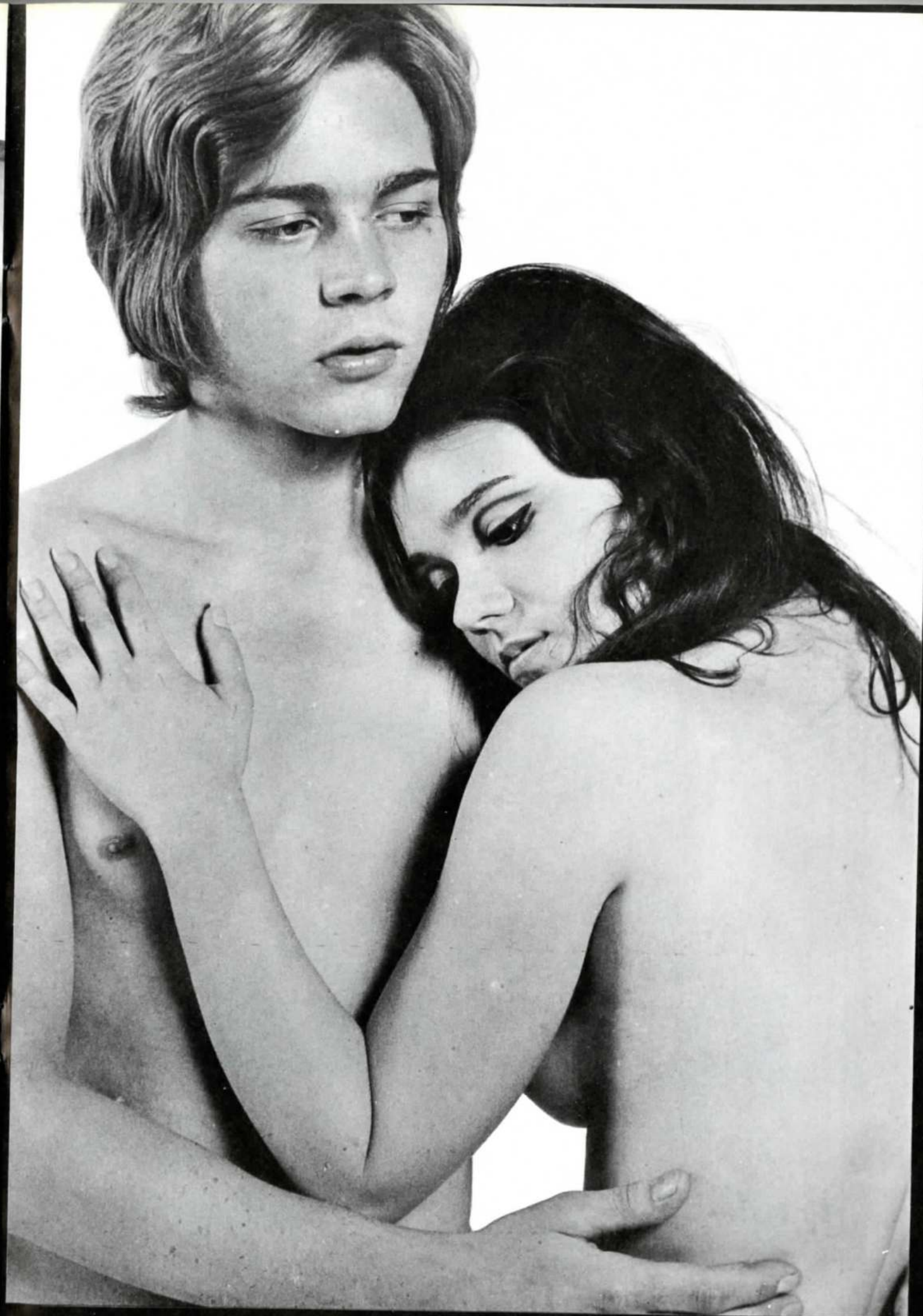






alan and barbara









# TALLER DE MONTEVIDEO





1 Taller de Montevideo in front of their mural designed for the *Sirocco* restaurant in Kensington.

2 Part of *Cronus* in action.

3 A table by Bergallo using perspex, wood, glass and aluminium.



1



Taller de Montevideo was founded in Uruguay in 1963.

There were four. Armando Bergallo, Gorki Bollar, Hector Vilche and Ernesto Vila. They had all previously been to the Taller Torres Garcia. For three years they worked as a team in Montevideo, specialising in mural, architectural and metallic art.

In 1966 the Dutch Government invited them to give an exhibition in Holland. They brought with them the sun of their country, and the imagination and spontaneity of their latin spirit. In a small Frisian village, far away from any centres of culture, they composed their bright coloured works, made of light materials.

In their work there was no urge to preach any theories. The pleasure of spontaneous creation, without pretention, gave the charm to their work.

3



They began to travel. First to Paris and then to Madrid. London was next and here they have stayed.

They designed the kinetic mural for the *Sirocco* restaurant in Kensington in 1968.

And in the Latin American exhibition in Nottingham they represented Uruguay. After this came the *Mutation Phenomena* in which they contributed with many important figures in the French Kinetic Movement.

Since then *Cronus* has evolved.

*Cronus* is kinetic art which uses the human body within the framework of the piece.

Machines move pieces of perspex in motion with the people moving not only themselves but also different shapes. It is a mingling of light movement and sound. It will be showing at the Paris Biennale from September to November.



## Adam Darius

When the American mimic, Adam Darius, hired a London Church Hall for his production of *Vultures*, he didn't expect to be sabotaged almost every night. But then the Vicar hardly expected Darius and his cast of two to be naked throughout the performance. At the end of the fortnight-long engagement, honour was about even.

In an exclusive interview, *Jeremy* spoke to the man who had created the uproar.

Seated on the floor of his flat were his fellow artists Nathaniel Norward and Flora Lushingham. The flat is typical of those in Earls Court — space in which to keep one's belongings, but not much room to live. The bookshelf was varied — containing volumes on dance, drama and sexology. A book of Japanese Theatre was sandwiched between *City of Night* and *Fanny Hill*. 'Don't look

at those', Darius said, 'look at my posters instead'. Framed mementoes of his productions throughout the world covered every inch of wall space. 'These are more me than my books.'

We talked about the play: what was the nudity's effect? 'The nudity obviously heightens the play's interest. I am not denying that it doesn't. I mean that it is living sculpture.' Darius spoke with the vehemence of a man constantly on the defensive.

But what was the main effect? 'I should say that it is for you to judge... I only perform the play which Momoko Hoskawa had written.'

What type of audience had he hoped to attract from his advertising, which had featured a picture of a nude Nathaniel coupled with a heavy black copy line which asked the question:

'Pornographic or Poetic?'

'Audiences that are tired of the commercial claptrap of the West-End, and are looking for excitement theatrically, whether it is intellectual, physical, musical, or just something off the beaten track', he answered.

'I could not give one good godamn why the audience come to my performance. As long as they come I don't mind what their reasons are. As soon as they are in that theatre they are converts to the beauty of my art, and that is all that matters.'

'I don't mind if they want to come and see breasts, flesh or genitalia or just come to have their spine tingled.'

'I cannot be shocked by the naked body, it holds no mystery for me at all.'

Chris Jones







## EARLS COURT

**The Coalherne**, (almost opp. Boltons in Brompton Rd.)

Sister pub to the Boltons. Usually a steady traffic between the two. Judging from the leather-clad patrons on entering, it attracts a lot of motor cycle enthusiasts. Spade Jazz on Sunday lunch-time.

**The Boltons**, (Corner of Brompton Road and Earls Court Road)

Large sprawling pub with seemingly similar people. It gives the impression that it still has sawdust on the floor. Basic and — let's face it — rather common. Can be amusing, though.



## CHELSEA

**The Coalville**, Kings Road, (Opp. Duke of York Barracks)

Victorian pub with newly painted ceiling which is even louder than some of the patrons. On the whole mainly middle-aged with spattering of youth. Always packed with mostly regular clientele. Good on Saturday lunch-time during the summer, as an hors d'oeuvres to a walk along the Kings Road.

**The Markham Arms**, Kings Road, (Opp. Drug Store)

Next pub down from the Coalville. Refreshing and colourful mixture of Chelsea youth. Full Bay window provides excellent view of all that's passing outside. Can get very crushed but pleasantly so.

**The Drug Store**, Kings Road, (1st. pub down from Sloane Square on the left)

Large glarey metallic building. Two bars. Attracts young executives from Richmond who tend to think this is what

Chelsea is all about. O.K. for buying a shampoo late at night but that is about all.

**The Bird's Nest**, Kings Road, (Just past Chelsea Town Hall on the same side)

Pub-discotheque. Free. Good place to watch 18-20 year-olds chatting up their birds. Continuous blaring music provided by the most unattractive D.J.'s in London. Gets unpleasantly hot and very very crowded. Quieter downstairs bar but with rather pretentious decor.

## BELGRAVIA

**The Peg O'Wassail**

Only comes to life on Sunday lunchtimes when it becomes "the" pub. Situated in quiet mews, which soon becomes packed with the overflow of customers. Pleasantly refined, but try not to wear the same clothes as you wore the previous night. People do tend to remark. Afghan hounds do not look out of place here — Morris 1100's tend to.



## WEST END

**The Salisbury** (St. Martin's Lane)

Pleasant pub to have a drink after the cinema or theatre in town. Profusion of mirrors and rather jaded theatrical customers. The Gents' toilet is renowned for its amusing graffiti but don't fall for that 'Look up... look up...

look up... one — it's not so amusing, especially if you are wearing your best shoes.

**The White Bear Inn** (Underneath Piccadilly Circus next to the Criterion Theatre)

Contains a rather mercenary air. It's not that some of the customers are overweight, it's just the size of their wallets. While the other half look as if they'd do anything to help them lose a few pounds.

## CLUBS

**Cafe Des Artistes** (cnr. Redcliffe Gdns. & Fulham Road, S.W.10.)

Bohemianism takes a last stand nightly. Atmospheric. There was a time when it lived up to its name but now just a relic. Very cliquey.

**Le Gigolo** (Kings Road, S.W.3. under the Casserole restaurant)

Most nights it's almost a second Spanish Embassy. Juke box and dance floor. At week-ends you'll come up against a lot of new bodies. It's unpretentious but one can carry inverted snobbery a bit too far.

**The Collage** (Victoria)

Damp, dark cellar. Will never suffer under the label of 'chi-chi'. Jukebox plays 'I've got you under my skin'.

**The Dorian** (World's End, Kings Road, S.W.10)

Best decorated of all coffee clubs. Good dance floor. But somehow doesn't attract as many people as it should. Good place for those who dislike crowds.

**The Catacombs** (cnr. Finborough Road & Brompton Road)

Straight out of the 1950's.

# Gay guide



They even have Bill Haley on the jukebox. Fun place and if you've forgotten what the jive looks like, good place to see it enacted. Dress denim.

Membership if needed, is obtainable at the door.

## LICENSED

**The Revolution**

Very expensive. Gay than most people imagine. It can get unbearably show-bizzy some nights. On the whole, very entertaining.

**The Spartan** (Tatchbrook St., Victoria)

Open evening drinking hours. Stable drinking club with mostly regular customers. Garden pleasant on balmy summer nights. Membership required.

**Yours Or Mine** (Kensington High Street. Under El Sombrero restaurant)

Packed every night with young, slightly pretentious ravers. Prettiest of all the clubs. Staff very efficient. Best dance floor and music. Boutique assistants paradise. Be there at ten to ensure entrance. 10s. admission including snack supper.

**The Escort** (89a Pimlico Road, S.W.1.)

Older drinking club, has drag cabaret twice nightly. Attracts muted swingers. Open Sunday lunchtime. Membership required.

All these clubs are open from 10.30 until 2.00 a.m. and all cost on average 5s. to enter.

**Mandy's** (Covent Garden)

'Nice' club. Silly dance floor in a cage. On the whole, pleasant club and certainly consistently popular. Comparatively expensive. Membership required.



## MAJORCA

Seeing as how the official tourist organs of most holiday resorts do not seem to cater for the gay holiday-maker JEREMY decided they would carry out their own investigations into where it all happened for the gay set. Every month our Cruising Correspondent, Robert Tiffany, will report back from selected spots around the globe, sounding out not only clubs and pubs but also those incognito places which can often become surprisingly

pally.

**Hotel Capitol**, Plaze Rosario 8 Palma. Tel. Palma 22.60.07.

Class A hotel situated in the centre of town near the Cathedral. Comfortable, with most rooms having private toilet and shower. Bar situated on the first floor, which makes it extremely easy to take guests into one's room.

Cost: Single room: 9s. to 14s. per night

Double room: 15s. to £1 per night

**Hotel Villa Polar** Camio Ca'n Morro 41 Porto Pi. Palma. Tel. Palma 23.13.85.

Situated in Porto Pi on the north side of Palma, not far from the Plaza Gomilla. This small pension has a bar and a small sun terrace. Two bathrooms on each floor.

Cost: Single room: 6s. to 9s. per night

Double room: 7/6d. to 15/6d. per night

## BARS

**Bar Petite Pigalle**, Villalonga Terrano. Palma.

A smallish gay bar, not far from the Plaza Gomilla, managed by a rather motherly English lady who has lived in Palma for the past ten years. She knows the score, inside out, and is well able to tell you what, where, and when it goes on in town. The bar has a small garden at the rear, in which most people linger after the other bars have closed. The music is spiced with more than a dash of saccharine and oozes from a

new stereo system, recently installed.

**Bar Venezuela**, Calle Rosa 27. Palma.

Situated in the old part of town near the Cathedral and the Hotel Capitol. American style long bar with a small alcove at the far end. Bernado is the manager. He speaks very little English, but is very helpful in arranging appointments between the clientele. Busy at about 6 p.m. and after 10 p.m. Rather a lot of men in uniform from the nearby barracks but one gathers that their presence is more mercenary than military.

## NIGHT CLUBS

**Tito's**, Plaza Gomilla Palma.

Without a doubt, the best nightclub in Palma. Somewhat like an open-air Talk of the Town. 2 shows per night. During the summer they acquire an international star plus a Spanish ballet or flamenco team. The dance floor is excellent and so is the orchestra (by Spanish standards).

Cost: approx. £10 for two, including drinks

**Sgt. Pepper's Disco**, Plaza Gomilla. Palma.

Very modern attractive place. Has two live groups nightly, interspersed with records. Opens 10 p.m. till 3 a.m.

Cost: Entrance 15s., including first drink

## BEACHES

No beach in Palma itself, just a large promenade leading to the harbour. The campest beach is at Illetas, which is just outside the town.





## BARRY GIBB UNDRESSED

### A Bee-Gee's wardrobe



don't think £12,000 a year for clothes is overspending', says Barry Gibb of the Bee Gees who has won the John Stephen Silver Statuette as best dressed personality of the year.



f the £12,000 a year that I spend on clothes sounds a fortune, all I can say is that I spend it in the same way as Liberace does — for outfits we wear in our work. It just happens that I don't go for sequins and lame in clothes, although on jewellery in the past year I must have spent at least £10,000. This watch alone was £3,000, but I consider jewellery like this an investment for the future.'



he radiance of young Mr. Gibb's gold watch was impressive enough. But each side of the square face was surrounded by a row of beautifully set diamonds and rubies. *Jeremy* gulped suddenly and found himself staring at it in a ridiculous mesmerised manner.



it wasn't for the fact that, conversationally, Barry Gibb is one of the most humble and likeable international pop names, we would think that, at 22, he has achieved too much fame and money too soon. Because he writes as well as sings the numbers which have made the Bee Gees best sellers on LPs and singles throughout the world his record royalties roll up in astronomical amounts. It's little wonder that with an income of hundreds of thousands of pounds a year his standards of living are a little different from the rest of us.



he likes he's more likely to ask for them in as many plain colours as we have than ask for a specific number. So he is likely to get three dozen shirts with matching ties at 12 gns a set. It's the same with cashmere sweaters and leather and suede coats. And his problem is he can be so generous with people that often they only have to start saying how much they like something he is wearing and he gives it to them. So within a few weeks he's back to place another big order.'



is only economy appears to be on hats. He never wears any. But a small fortune goes on shoes: principally white leather and he has boots made in dozens of shades including patent leathers with a mottled effect, impossible to describe. His socks are always plain and dark, usually black, and his underpants plain red, white or black and anything the fans send him — as long as they are plain colours with no pattern. Aromawise, currently he is mad for *Fraiche* by Balenciaga.



he evening *Jeremy* chatted to him, he wore near to skin tight white slacks and shoes with a bright red, fine cotton sweater shirt. But most memorable was a magnificent tan and a head of long hair that seemed to glow with health as it fell across his forehead finishing at the long sideburns.



nd even though most of the males we know might not have the Gibb hair, tan and sex appeal, it's very easy for anyone of either sex to learn that, visually, plain outfits in black, white or red or blue, can do almost as much for us as they have done for Bee Gee, Barry.



Recently he moved from a modern penthouse suite in the city of London at 100 gns a week to a maisonette full of antiques in majestic Eaton Square at 75 gns, weekly — there's economy for you! It is superbly furnished and priceless old paintings decorate most of the walls plus a couple of Renoirs if you happen to prefer your art a fraction more modern. It's somehow appropriate that, even though he's incredibly young, the tenant of all this splendour should have an equally opulent wardrobe.



arry wears mostly red, white, black or blue clothes and loathes dull colours or anything with stripes. He'll order half a dozen made-to-measure white suits at one time, but if he likes a particular fabric he's much more likely to order a dozen of anything.

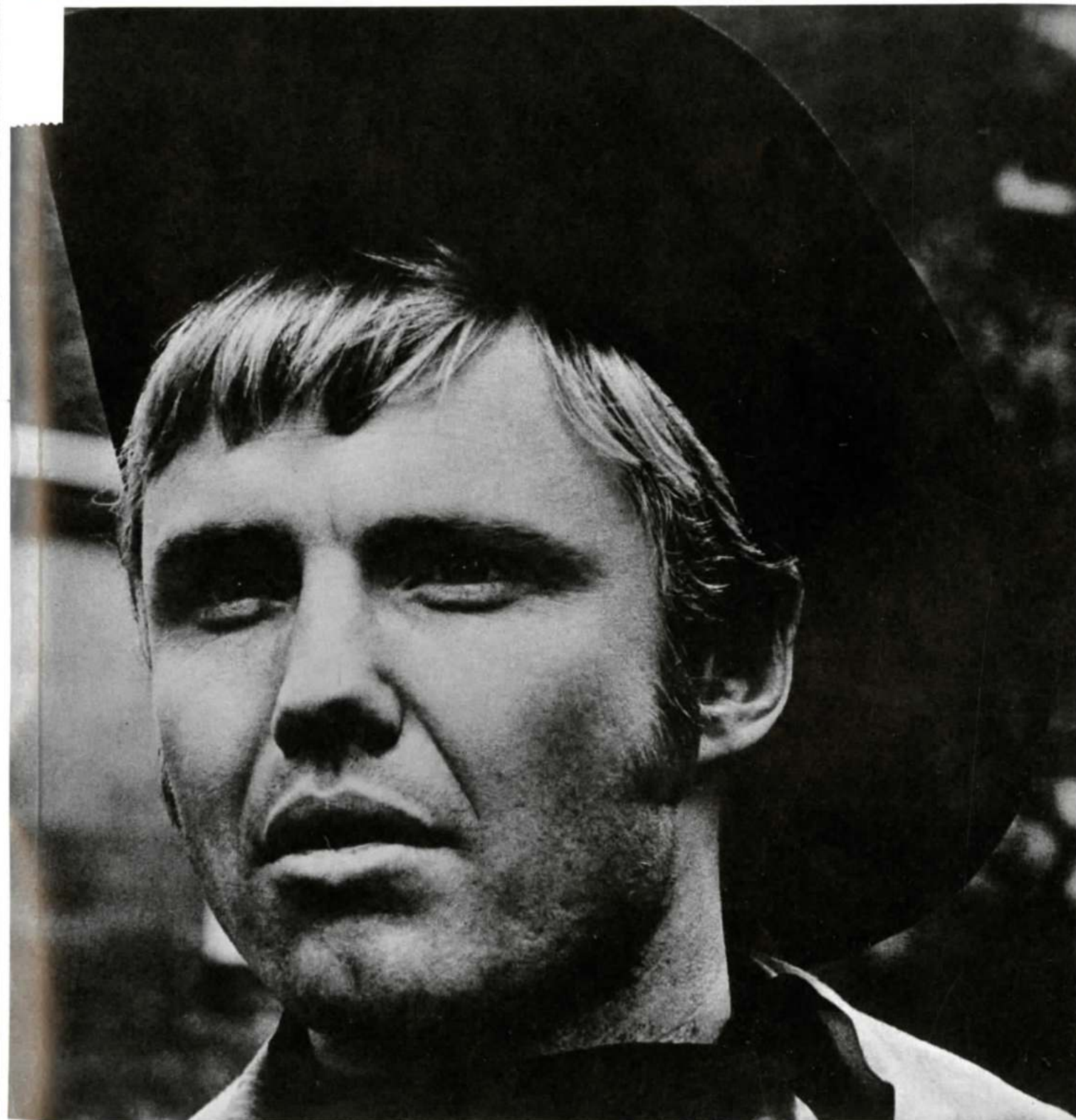
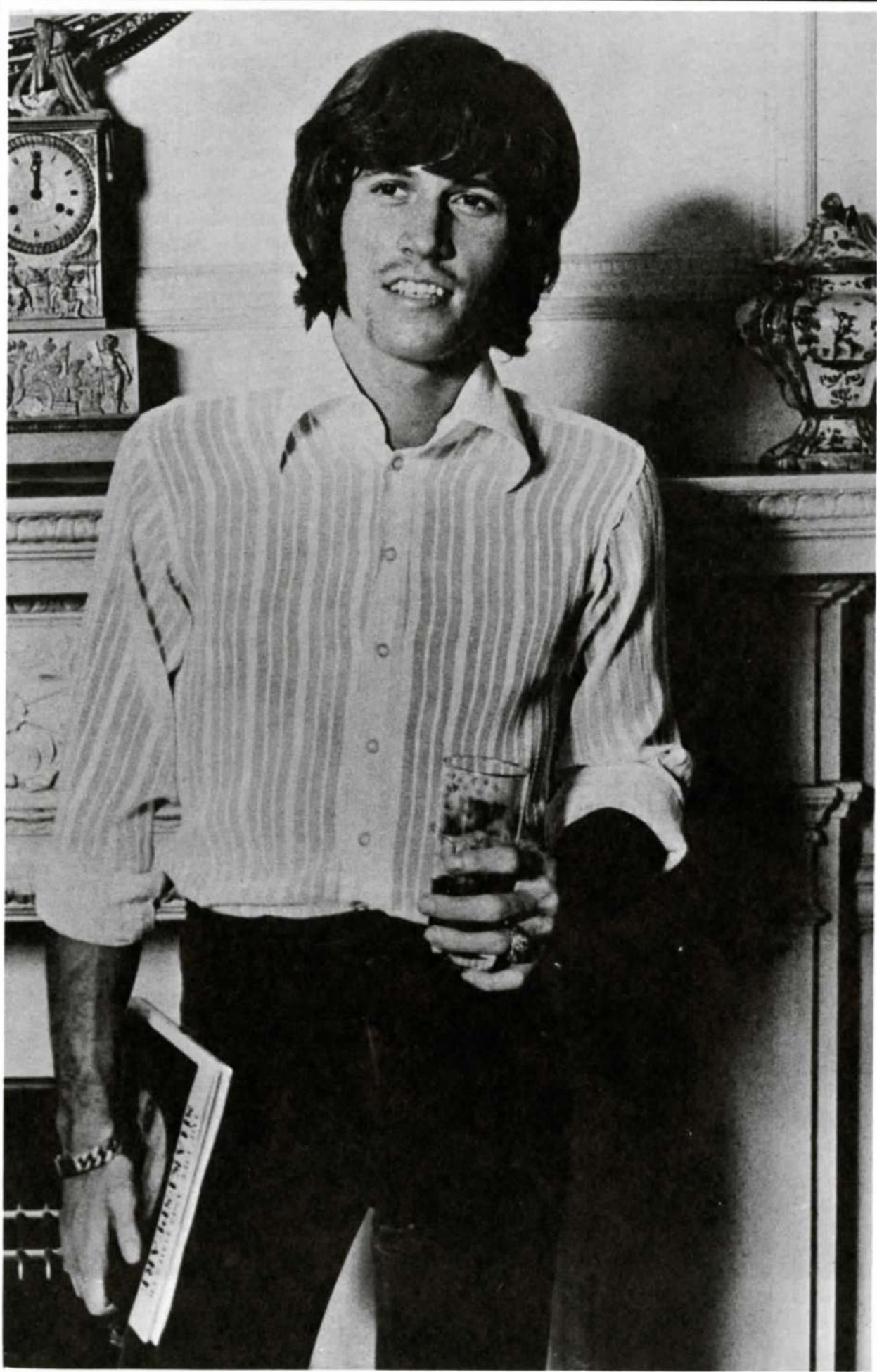


is tailor told us: 'If Barry is ordering monogrammed made-to-measure shirts in a silk



# MIDNIGHT COWBOY

1 Joe Buck (Jon Voight) is a good looking, uneducated Texas youth, and is convinced that he is the answer to the prayers of many lonely, love-starved New York men and women.





So he quits his dish washing job, dons a sexy cowboy rig and sets off East. His livelihood for many years to come, he believes, firmly secured between his legs.

2 Once arrived in New York, friendless and broke, he meets up with Ratso (Dustin Hoffman), a crippled, undersized, petty thief. After being initially conned by Ratso, Joe and he soon become very close friends.

3 Ratso offers Joe a bed in a condemned tenement, that he shacks up in and Joe sleeps contented, knowing that someone is caring for him.

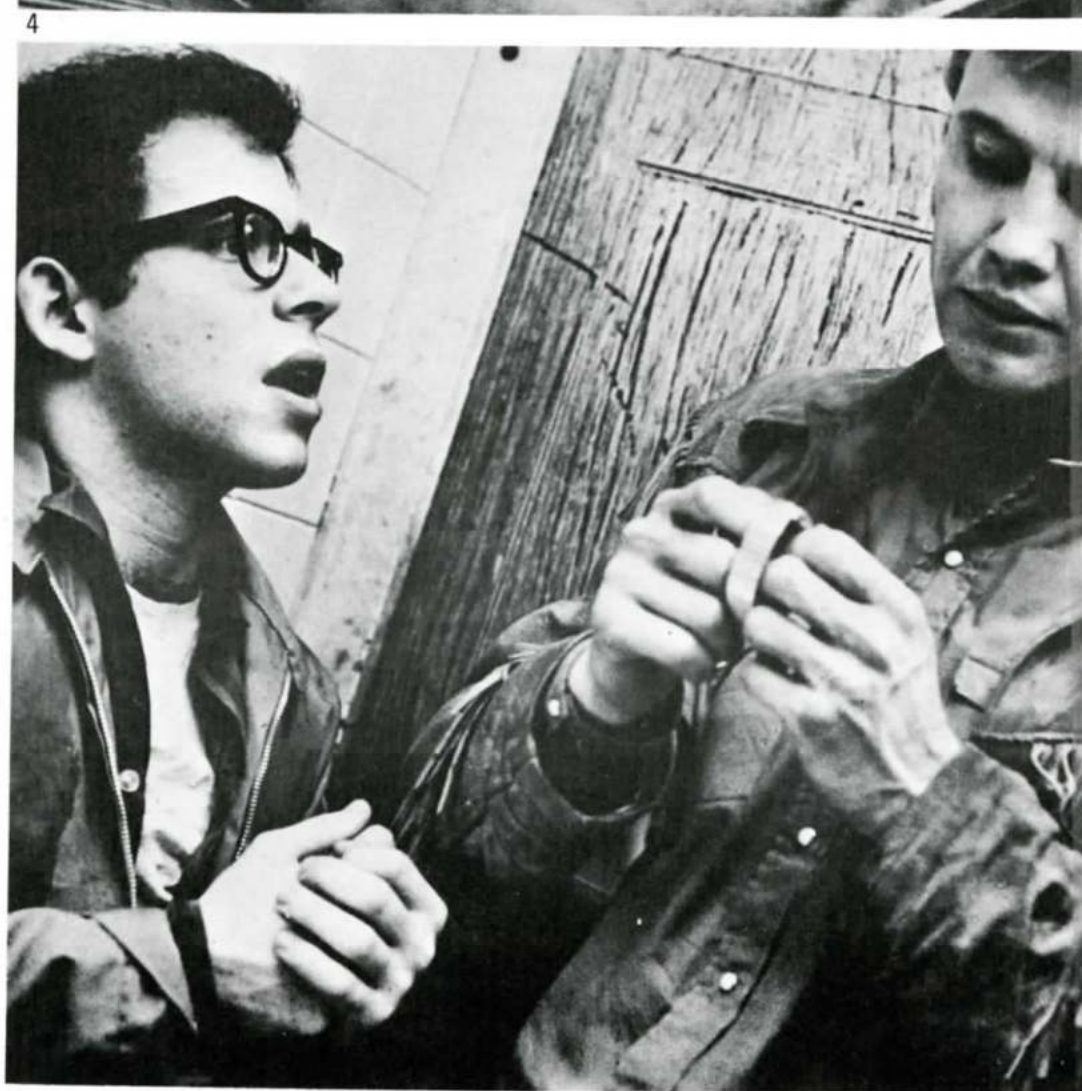
A young student picks him up outside a 42nd Street cinema and fellates him during the film. When Joe discovers the student can't pay for the goods he rifles his pockets in a public lavatory.

4 Money is short and Joe decides he has to start hustling to get enough bread to keep the both of them, particularly, Ratso, who is getting sicker as the winter draws nearer. He tries women but after a few disastrous pick-ups he goes onto blokes.

5 Joe tries again with women, after a rather heady party, but finds he has trouble gaining an erection.

6 As Ratso gets sicker so Joe begins to love and care for him, more and more. He comforts him day and night . . .

7 . . . and, by hustling an old man, manages to get enough money to buy tickets for them both to go to Florida; Ratso's Utopia. They set off in a bus hoping all will be well at the end of their journey.





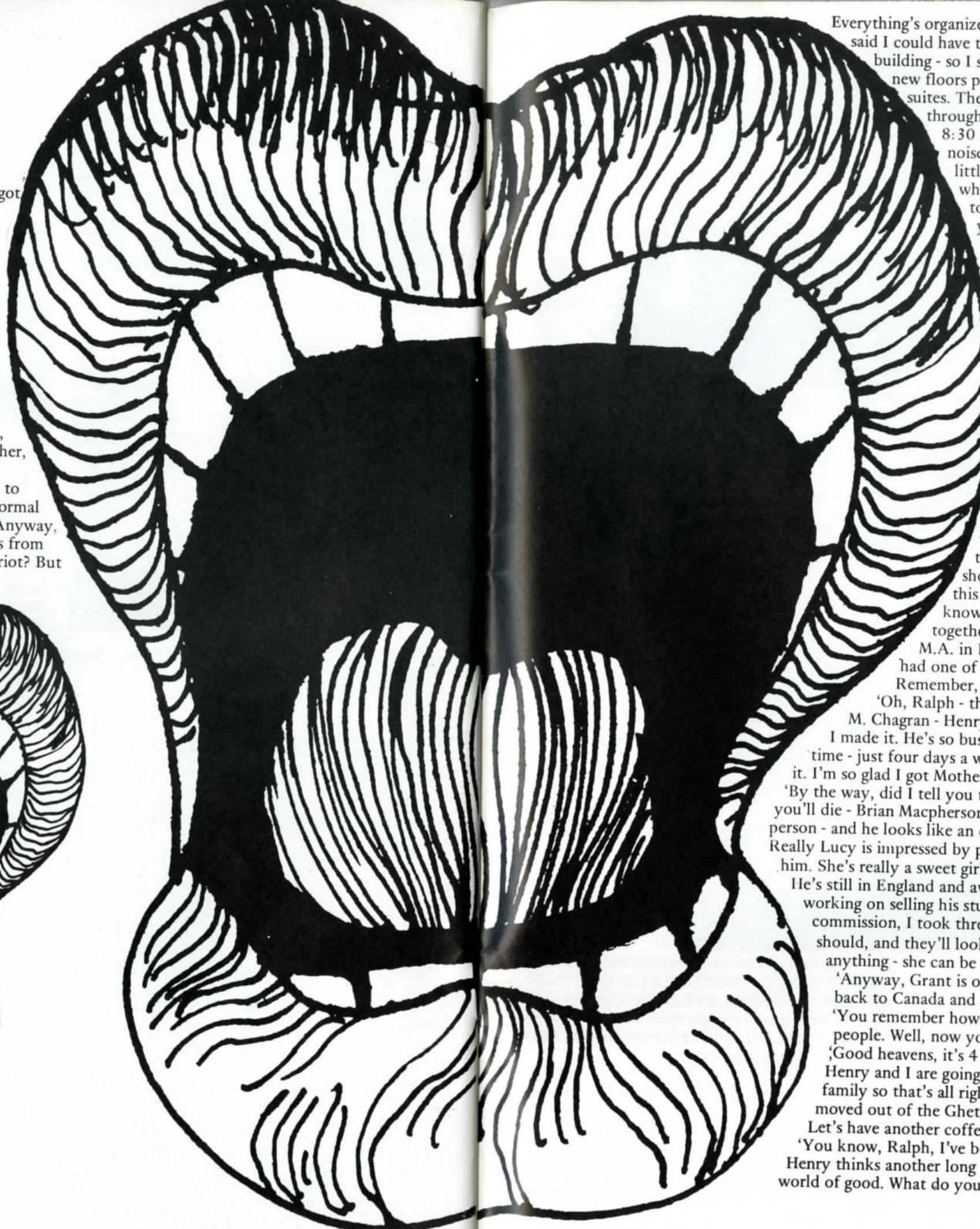
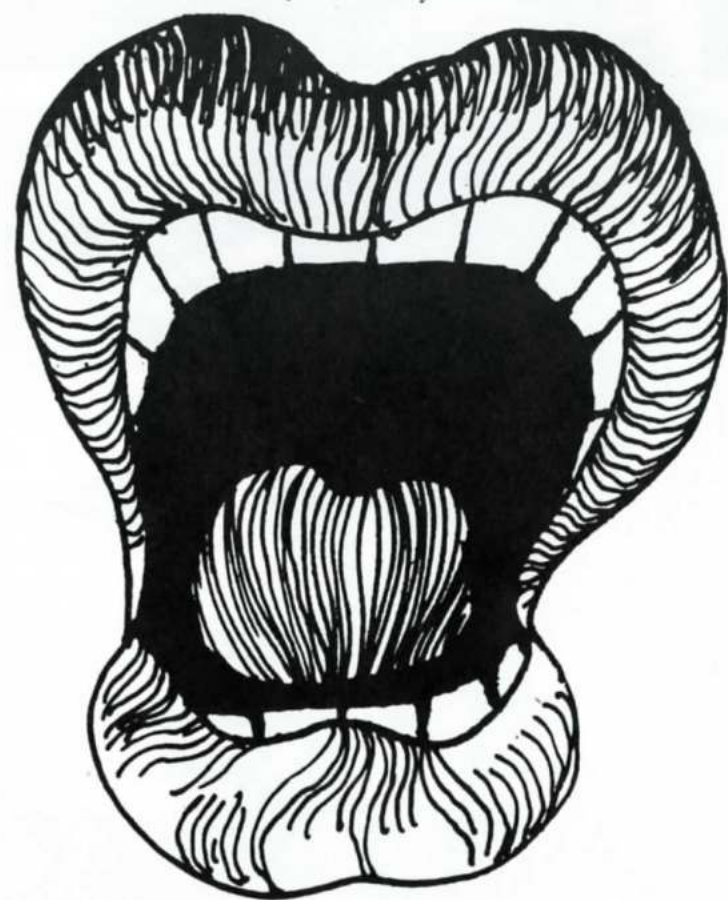
Pamela Rosenbloom was looking wan.

She arrived at *La Mare* the same time as I and we got a table for two, easily.

'Ralph', she exclaimed, 'it's so good to see you. You're looking absolutely marvellous - what a joy to be here at *La Mare* again - I do like it here.'

*'You're looking very good yourself, Pamela.'*

'Ralph, you are sweet, but I've been through absolute hell. Tracy was just driving me - well, I can't tell you - oh, yes, you don't know I changed it from 'Chauncy' to Tracy - it's so much more suitable for a boy, don't you think? 'Well, anyway, I had so much trouble after he was born - and Mother, well, Mother and I almost came to a parting of the ways, but that's another story. I didn't know what to do - I simply had to get a Nanny and get back to normal living again. I can't tell you what I went through. Anyway, I finally got this very good woman from 423 - she's from Scotland, m'dear, and her name's Ivy - isn't that a riot? But she's worked out beautifully and Tracy adores her.



Everything's organized now, thank God. After I got Ivy, Mother said I could have the apartment above ours - she owns the building - so I simply went to work! I had walls ripped out, new floors put in, and a stairway built to connect the two suites. The chaos! You wouldn't believe what I went through... The workmen would come promptly at 8:30 in the morning, and until 5 o'clock - noise, noise, noise - and the dirt - you can't imagine. Poor little Tracy, he cried all the time. Henry was away when the work started and when he got home, he took one look at me and said: 'Pamela, I'm taking you away!' and with that, Henry and I, with Nanny and Tracy in tow, went off to the Plaza for three glorious days. Nanny hated it though you know service people! But everything is super now. You must come up for drinks and see what I've done. Henry and I are in the downstairs part, and Nanny and Tracy are upstairs. Nanny has her own room - lavish, I might add, and her own kitchen, and there's a divine little playroom for Tracy. It's all very well organized.'

*'Well, I'm starting to write.'*

'Ralph! That's wonderful. I think you'd be wonderful at that sort of thing. Henry is head of the Arts Foundation now, and if you'd like, I'll show him anything you've done. I don't like to do this - I've only shown him Mary Lou's work you know, Mary Lou Bonstater. We went to Mexico together last winter. She's a very bright girl - has an M.A. in Fine Arts. Henry thinks she's very talented and had one of her poems published, so I'll see what I can do. Remember, you and Mary Lou are the exception to my rule.'

'Oh, Ralph - this sole is delicious - I must get the recipe from M. Chagran - Henry loves sole, but I don't suppose he'd be home if I made it. He's so busy with the Foundation, and now I'm working part time - just four days a week. We lead a very hectic life, but Henry loves it. I'm so glad I got Mother to put in that good word for him.'

'By the way, did I tell you that Lucy got her divorce and is going out with - you'll die - Brian Macpherson. He's the most utterly pretentious money grubbing person - and he looks like an owl. Henry and I saw them at the theatre last week. Really Lucy is impressed by people so easily - I only hope she doesn't marry him. She's really a sweet girl. She's helping me sell some of Grant's paintings. He's still in England and awfully short of cash, so Lucy and I are really working on selling his stuff. We've been able to send him \$1,000 and, as a commission, I took three of his best oils - I mean, don't you think I should, and they'll look so marvellous in my den. Lucy didn't take anything - she can be so tiresome at times!

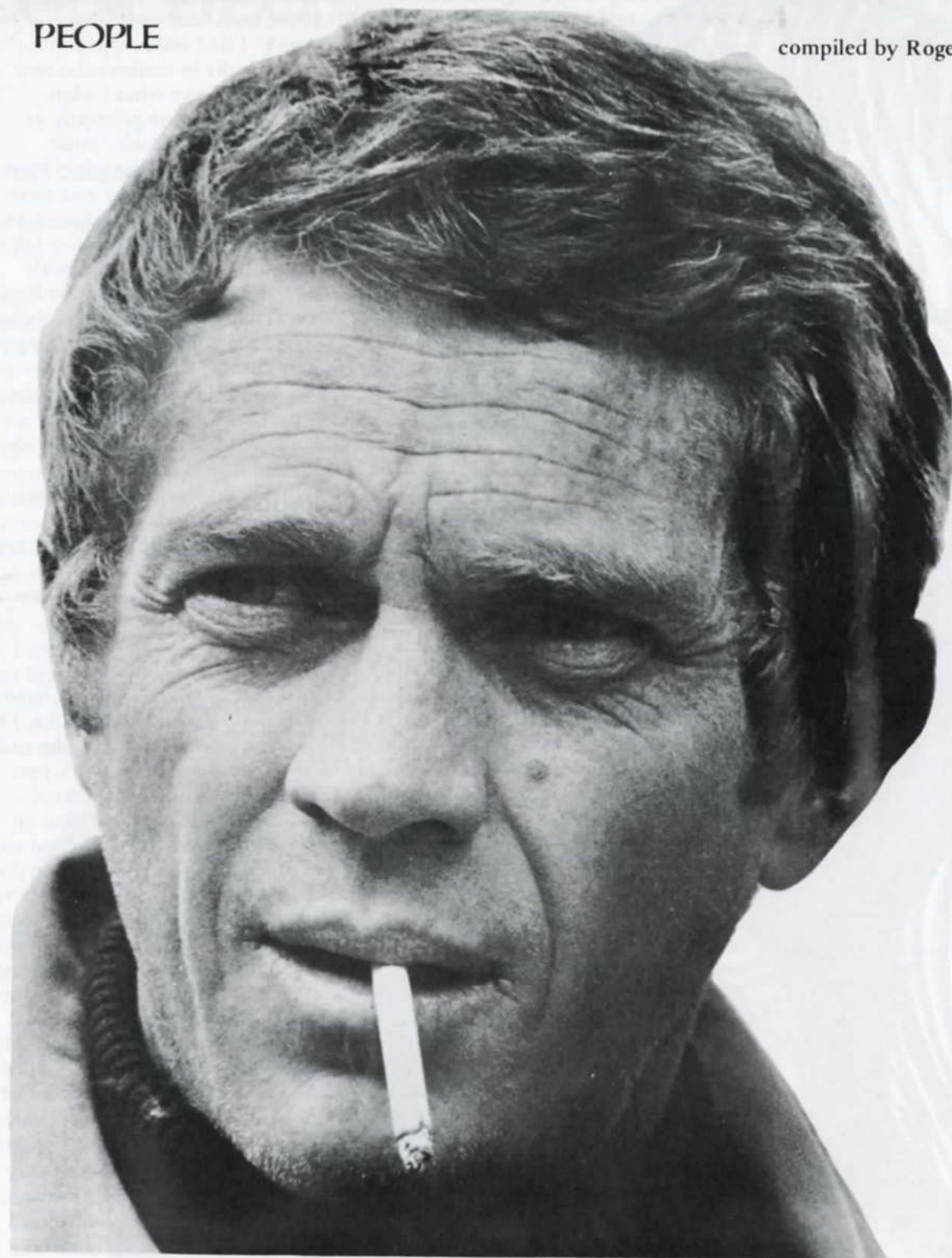
'Anyway, Grant is off drugs now and I think eventually he'll come back to Canada and start painting again. He's ever so much better! 'You remember how he used to mumble. I can't stand inarticulate people. Well, now you can actually understand what he's saying!'

'Good heavens, it's 4 o'clock - you'll think I'm absolutely silly, but Henry and I are going to a Bar Mitzvah tonight. Actually it's in the family so that's all right. We'll just treat it as a giggle. Thank God we moved out of the Ghetto and into civilization before Tracy was born! Let's have another coffee and then I must dash.'

'You know, Ralph, I've been getting the most frightful headaches lately - Henry thinks another long trip to Mexico with Mary Lou would do me the world of good. What do you think?'

Stephen Silverman





## Steve McQueen

It was all very embarrassing. Steve McQueen was supposed to lecture students at RADA recently about the art of making films but, instead, the McQueen teach-in turned into a free-for-all, reminiscent of a badly organised press conference. The students did most of the talking and the star 'obliged' with scarcely audible mutterings.

That Steve kept the date at all was, in itself, something for which the students must have been grateful. But it was all such a waste of time. McQueen started by saying he had never done any lecturing

before and added that he hoped the audience could teach him a thing or two. 'Maybe you could teach me to act,' he drawled, in a nice natured way, trying hard to give the impression that although he could get 1,250,000 dollars a picture, he is still the simplest of All American Boys.

'I'm not a good actor, so I never want to do a stage play,' he told a questioner who wanted to know if he would. 'I get scared on stage and I don't have a good technique,' he said. Then he recalled how he started his dramatic career in 1952, with a one-line part in a Yiddish play, in New York.



'Before I started as an actor, I was just a bum,' he admitted. Then he dealt with another questioner who wanted to know if his passion for driving fast cars created insurance problems. 'I guess it does,' he said, 'But money talks.'

Whether the students did learn anything from McQueen, apart from what fan magazines have said already, is doubtful. And only he can say if he learned anything from them. It seemed Steve was just there to be looked at and those who like looking at him could not have been let down. His face, after all, has been his fortune.

## Christopher Lee

For a vampire, Christopher Lee isn't bad looking. Had he made films in the twenties, for example, he might easily have become a heart-throb. His eyes are large, his mouth, good-natured, and his generous supply of hair, which he keeps brushed back, is turning grey in all the right places. At home in his large Belgravia flat, he does bear a resemblance to his now famous Dracula, but the white face, which he thinks makes him look like a street accident in his pictures, is brownish, suggesting an annual holiday somewhere where it is sunny, or regular spells under a sun lamp.

He is an intense man, talking in clipped sentences, with great enthusiasm, about films. Particularly horror films, having played in little else for the last ten years. His deep voice makes pleasant listening and, as he relaxes in an ageing sports coat, in one of two velvet chairs, in the drawing-room, he conveys the kind of benevolence you would expect from any middle-class father when somebody asks to marry his daughter.

At 46, some think of him as the world's number one living screen vampire and, from America, he recently collected an award for having the most popular fan club. But, despite this 'accolade' and the fact that California's Count Dracula Society has said he is the man who has done most to further the future of Dracula, Lee told us he has little time for his own films, or for his or anybody else's handling of the Transylvanian ghoul.

He told *Jeremy* 'Nobody has yet played Dracula as he should be played. I wanted to do it the right way in the remake of *Dracula*, in 1957, but the producer had other ideas.'

He has played Dracula three times, says he only 'wanted to play him twice, and hopes he never plays him again. He is not, however, ungrateful to Hammer Films, who brought him into the horror business when they asked him to play Frankenstein's monster in the 1956 production of *The Curse of Frankenstein*.

'It was the big chance I had been waiting for,' he told us. 'I'd been an actor for over ten years and I wasn't getting anywhere.' He was put under contract to Rank in 1947, but never got any good parts. Small roles in big films were all he was ever asked to do and he was told he was too tall - he is 6ft 4in - ever to be a leading man.

The trouble with horror films today, he told us, is the poor quality of the stories. 'There are plenty of good ones about, but people just don't pay enough attention to the scripts. Then there is a



tremendous lack of subtlety. They splash blood across the screen and, in my opinion, there is too much of it.' He would prefer to see what he called 'psychological' shocks.

Horror is a word he dislikes. He prefers to call horror movies fantasies. But horrid is a word he applies to production techniques which, in his opinion, result in 'absolutely tasteless pictures.'

Because he feels there is room for improvement, he is planning his own company to produce his own films. He is not in a hurry, but he already has a few ideas about what could be done. Hundreds of horror books are stacked on his bookshelves, which go from the ceiling to the floor, on either side of the drawing room mantelpiece, and there are three more cases full in another room.

He has no doubt that his films will be better than anything you are likely to see now. 'I'm not

knocking Hammer,' he explained. 'You can't knock success. But I do want standards to improve.' Lee is one of that group of actors to whom 'knowing the job' means a lot. He spent years in repertory theatres, radio and television, and doesn't want anyone to forget it. He tends to look down on 'youngsters' who hang stars on their dressing room doors, after one good film part, and reckons that success, these days, is too easy to obtain.

He makes no secret of the fact that he enjoys being thought of as the number one horror picture star, by some, and says he likes being a big fish in the small horror pond. 'Mention this kind of film to anyone and who springs to mind?' he asked us. 'Half a dozen leading actors, I suppose. But they'd probably pick me somewhere along the line. And that's what happens when someone is casting one of these films .....I'm consequently never out of work.'



## Billie Davis



Billie Davis has a face for all seasons. It looks just the same now as it did six years ago - when she was 17 and a top pop star, thanks to that rocking classic, *Tell Him* - but it could have been made yesterday. She is not beautiful and not, at first glance, All Girl. Her figure is boyish, like Sandie Shaw's, and her hair would look just as good on a boy. It is long and dark and falls, in straight lines, past her shoulders. Her fringe looks like a blueprint for fringes and, apart from this, the rest of her hair is quite forgettable.

Billie met *Jeremy* for lunch, told us about the time when she was one of the few girls to make it in the pop business and recalled that those were the days

## Glenn Ford

Being a cowboy comes naturally to Glenn Ford, Hollywood veteran of 64 Westerns. 'You see,' he told *Jeremy*, 'I don't act. I don't pretend to. And I really never set out to become an actor, in the first place. I just wanted to do something in the theatre.' Playing in Westerns, he said, was the easiest thing in the world for him. 'All I have to do is be natural.'

We were invited to meet Mr Ford at the Savoy Hotel. His publicity man said he would talk about his latest film, Walt Disney's *Smith*, but instead Ford talked about 'Bill Holden and me', the house he designed for himself in Beverly Hills, and his next-door neighbour, Rita Hayworth. 'We're always chatting to each other over the garden wall,' he said, painting a domestic picture, giving the impression that theirs was a friendly neighbourhood. And Rita, he said, often lent the Fords 'sugar and things'.

Disappointingly, Glenn Ford hasn't got one of those Technicolour suntans you tend to

when pop music was sold almost entirely on the sexy images of the John Leytons, Adam Faiths and Billy Fury's, who only had to swivel a hip to sell a hundred thousand records. But now, she said, the sex thing was not so important. Even girls could sell records by the hundreds.

Billie might have gone through a few lean patches since her big hit, but she is coming back again, thanks to that face. She is the kind of girl who, probably because she is no beauty, has perfected the kind of personality that automatically makes men and women wonder who she is. Un-showbiz girls like her because she is just like them, and boys like her because she has no apparent frills, just an ability to make good records.

What Billie wants is to become a shobusiness force to be reckoned with. 'I will either be a very big star, so big that nobody can touch me,' she told us, 'Or I'll become a manager. One way or other, I'll make it,' she said, sounding firm, but thoughtful.

Recently Billie has come close to having hits with *Angel Of The Morning* and *I Can Remember* and these two discs have been good enough to make her one of those pop people that pop people find fashionable to like.

Her own tastes in music are simple. Nina Simone is one singer she mentioned. Lena Horne was another.

She did not like her hit, *Tell Him*, and says she would rather forget it. However, she adds that she was quite prepared for it to be a success and, if another of her records makes it, she'll be ready for that too.





associate with Hollywood cowboys. Indeed, his face looks as though it spends so much time in film studios that the sun hardly ever gets to it. And sitting in front of a window overlooking the Festival Hall, in a business-like grey suit, it was difficult to imagine he had ever seen the Wild West, let alone sat on a horse.....until he started to speak, that is. His amiable drawl is unmistakably cowboy and Mr. Ford told us he was an outdoor boy at heart, who liked nothing better than to be down on the range.

'It's because I am a cowboy that there is something of me in every part I've played,' he said. 'It doesn't matter whether it's a villain or a hero, you'll find something of me in it.' Someday, he said, he would like to direct his own western. 'But I wouldn't play in it, I don't think you can do two jobs properly.'

Besides being one of the richest and busiest cowboys in the business, Glenn Ford is a real-life fightin' man. He is a full commander in the U.S. Naval Reserve and recently served three months on active service with the Third Amphibious Force, in Vietnam. Thankfully, he does not advance theories on how the war might end, like some of his colleagues. He simply hopes it will.

As for that film *Smith*, all he said about it was that it had been a great thrill to work for the Disney organisation. 'I'm only sorry that Walt has passed on,' he said. 'I happen to know he always intended to ask me to be in a western, so that's probably how I got the part. Somebody at Disney must have known.'

## Ann Lancaster

Ann Lancaster seems to know a lot of men called Ada. Some are Right Adas. Others are Camp Adas. And she has a lot of jokes about women, and weighing machines on Victoria Station, and two or three involving The Queen. Miss Lancaster, as you will gather from all this, is not a lady to let the party flag.

Apart from her jokes and the fact that she is a very clever comedienne anyway, Miss Lancaster has a nice line in off-stage impersonations. Her Dame Edith Evans is something you ought to hear, and her Rex Harrison must be heard to be believed. So must all the farmyard noises she can make. Then, on the visual side, The Queen crops up again, imaginary handbag trailing, head nodding regally from side to side, and legs moving as only the Queen's legs can move. 'Nobody's ever told the poor dear how to walk,' said the actress, as *Jeremy* nodded, approving the authenticity of the characterisation.

Ann Lancaster is one of those actresses whose face is better known than her name. She has been in most of the top television comedy series, played

screen-wife to most of Britain's top comedians, and stolen the limelight in West End shows galore. Her maid in *Fallen Angels*, for example, with Joan Greenwood and Constance Cummings, won her rave reviews a couple of years ago. She is a Natural and, as we all know, in showbusiness, that is the best thing to be. 'I just love making people laugh,' she said.

She lives in what she calls her 'camp house', in a mews, just behind Westbourne Grove, W.11. *Jeremy* was told to sit on a camp chair while she made some camp coffee and found some camp biscuits in the camp kitchen. Camp, you see, is a word she uses a lot. And she likes present day humour because it is more camp than it used to be. 'You can really let yourself go,' she explained.

She lives alone in her six-room home, but says she never gets lonely. 'People are always coming round for a laugh,' she told us. And the young man who cleans for her is, she says, a 'lovely Camp Ada.'



Greens and browns are the main colours in the softly furnished lounge. There are three bedrooms upstairs and these include what she calls, in her Edith Evans voice, 'My boudoir.'

The overall effect, Miss Lancaster is proud to know, is not one of wall to wall camp, but extreme femininity.

Dear Readers,

Got to admit that it has been an un-lovely month, un-lovely, un-whoosh, un-groove, un-camp, in fact Un-thank. Could be because it started so badly at what should have been a glittering dinner-date at Inigo Jones with a certain debonair French Baron who is very big in the recording biz. Good Baron arrived sneezing and wheezing so much he just able to pick way through Sole Florentine, yet alone chat up German waiters. He indeed has bad dose. The result; next day Baron rallies sufficiently to leave for St. Tropez and your correspondent succumbs to dreadful disease. The fourth was my birthday, Australian chum arrived clutching roses (in shape of wreath) and swears that according to Celeste all will be well with me after Saturn coincides with Uranus on the 18th.

This not so. In fact month gets worse as I get better, this entirely because weather is so fine. I deplore and detest the Summer, wherever you go it brings them out by the hundred. Hair back-combed, Ambre Solaire at the hip, shirts wide open, chest wigs displayed. In short, the looser the top the tighter the bottom. Everyone is so enticing that your Claude Unthank cannot compete. Not that I'm too unlovely you understand, in fact I'm often told I have a beautiful mind but the truth is that I really should lose about six stone. As Dorothy Parker once said 'Fellas seldom make passes at guys who wear trusses!' So you see, the winter months where all those gay young things hibernate beneath stones in Hamburg and Herne Hill are best for me, all is hidden away and the only real competition on the streets is from the meter-maids. (These can now be hired at an hourly rate from Rent-a-hag).

The month in more detail.

Bravest Man award goes to Eamonn Andrews. Invited to 'small party to celebrate end of first series of 'Today'' to find E. trembling in corner, enquired why and found he had offered to pay drinks bill for this 'small end of series party' only to find everyone from sixth assistant-boilerman had arrived. Good time had by all and landlord of boozier in which party held now on vacation in Bahamas and pub being redecorated. At present no sign E. Andrews.

A good month for international travel. Your correspondent visited Scotland and Wales. Of visit to Glasgow little to report except that new ring road scheme is destroying much of city and with it some charming cottage developments. Only other thing of interest: stuck in traffic behind lorry with logo 'Another load of Sherbourne Pouffes'. In Wales, at Investiture, and must deny rumour that when Constable of Castle stepped forward with key on cushion it was key of Royal Chastity Belt.

Back in town a visit to Royal Tournament with its

complement of fellas from the armed services. Needless to say hated all that massed Butchness, after all what was it but hundreds of smelly armpits being watched by thousands of smellier ones. Situation only saved when Australian chum insisted on visit to nearby Fulham hostelry. There must have been some sort of convention on because bar full of elderly men, perhaps A.G.M. of Veteran Campers Assoc. or Crown Topper Wearers Soc. Anyway these loyal subjects of the Queen all rose as one man when contingent from Navy Gun Crew arrived. Within minutes these gallant oldsters were ensuring each brave tar had a drink. Well done!

Hysteria of the Month award goes to a film unit making a promotion feature about Susan George, whose limbs will grace the silver screen soon in 'Twinky'. Within a morning their star was thrown from a horse in Hyde Park, their Director thrown out of a revolving Boutique in Chelsea, their Props department sent the wrong type of car in the wrong colour to the wrong place and their Production Assistant suggested the crew should eat at the doyen of Kings Road eateries, on the 7/6 Business-man's Lunch. Your correspondent ate the 7/6 worth worth of Gruel and retired as terrible things were being plotted all to do with Model Steam Engines!

Bore of the Month award must go to your own magazine JEREMY for its party at spacious but unfashionable studios in beautiful downtown Bloomsbury. Due to extreme darkness unable to tell who was there although did feel a few well known bodies. Also due to extreme heat (by comparison the Black Hole of Calcutta was a fridge!) any normal intercourse was impossible. Arrived with Australian chum but left with potted palm!

Cannot close without mention of 'Dames at Sea' press reception. Producers of this new musical had groove idea of Champagne party on Thames launch. So far so good but so whilst strange Captain circled continuously beneath Big Ben, Press sat below decks discussing such vital topics as 'Who's new at the Gigolo?', 'The New Decor at the Colville', and 'What do you think of the spread of Drag to Kingston?'. Dames were indeed at sea.

Lesson of the Month came at a screening of the excellent John Schlesinger film 'Midnight Cowboy' all about joys and horrors of New York hustler. Resolved never again to be evil to those sad lads of Piccadilly Circus, we must indeed learn charity and put a little bread their way.

Rest of the month too evil to discuss. A tip to those who do find this summer weather stimulating — go to Surrey. Your correspondent did the other Sunday — the entire population seemed to be auditioning for Hair, never before has Claude Unthank seen so much bare flesh outside a radius of five miles from Jermyn Street Turkish Baths.





MAKE IT  
NEXT MONTH  
AS WELL  
WITH  
**Jeremy**