

# JEREMY

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SIX SHILLINGS

THE MAGAZINE FOR MODERN YOUNG MEN



☆☆ FASHION ☆ FICTION ☆ CARTOONS ☆ COOKERY ☆ PICTURES ☆ FEATURES ☆☆





# JEREMY

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THE MAGAZINE FOR MODERN YOUNG MEN



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# THE POSITIVE SOCIETY EXPLODES

It is just twenty years ago since the younger generation revolted against the fashions of their elders. But the revolution was in essence much more than just that. It was the search for an identity, something expressive of a whole new generation of thinking.

It is one of those ironies of progress that parents, striving for a better world in which to bring up their children, fail readily to accept the consequence. For one thing equality in education and opportunity. Today's youth is certainly better educated than the youth of twenty years ago. He has been trained to think and use his mind. An enquiring mind must inevitably lead to the questioning of sacred beliefs and long established myths.

That myths have been exploded, that pedestalled ideals knocked from their perches, is surely but a healthy sign of a generation which cares for integrity, seeks after truth and believes in a world of free expression. Society needs constantly to adjust to the age, and the simple truth of the matter is, that for far too long, the blindly obedient throw-backs from an age where to accept all was the hallmark of breeding, were allowed to reign unchallenged.

The churches of Victorian England may have been bursting at the pews. Church worship was both fashionable and taken for granted amongst the "cultured" classes. If today they are hard-pushed to fan the embers of a dying Faith, it is because self-realisation has unmasked the hypocrisy of our forefathers.

Eggheads pontificate in the Press and on T.V. about the new "permissive Society". Some shake their heads despairingly and talk of the collapse of another civilisation. Greece and Rome tottered they argue. Where is the moral fibre, who will make a stand?

Against what, though, we of a more enlightened age enquire? If there is to be freedom there must also be responsibility. Are young people today less responsible than a decade or two ago? Is Society, in truth, more permissive? If less restrained and a deal more honest is the answer, then at least we see ourselves as we really are. We can begin to know our neighbour.

Human nature is not capable of regimentation. No two people think or act alike and neither is it healthy and proper that they should. Christ recognised the foibles of human nature. He thought no less of the prostitute Mary Magdalene or the extortionist tax-collector Matthew than he did of his beloved Peter. He loved them equally and they in turn loved him to the extent of dedicating themselves to his service.

Negatives don't make good; restrictions don't make perfect. Sometimes stumbling blocks can become stepping stones. What matters is making the world a better and happier place for everybody. Sometimes it means giving of oneself, sometimes real compassion.

There are always minorities in every age who discredit the representative section. Is today's youth only one of protesters? Protests there need to be from time to time and thank God we in Britain, at least, have not seen the voice of democracy strangled.

But surely what singles this age out from all others in recent memory is a real awareness of human life; the problems of people in living out that life as best and honestly as they can.

Our churches may be thinning in the ranks but there is more practical Christianity shown in the lives of the youth of today — quite unconsciously — than was ever practiced by the starched and closeted Victorians with their false values and morality.

The said thing is the Churches have failed to respond to the challenge; failed to get into dialogue with a generation who, sensitive to the needs of the people, and filled with uncertainty

about the future, need desperately to grasp at some sort of anchor.

It is so easy to drift on an uncertain sea where hidden currents can force dramatic changes in direction. Better to set sail on trusted waters.

Getting to know people is getting to understand them and getting to understand them is half way to loving them. It would be a much better world indeed for just a little real understanding.

For "Permissive Society" perhaps it would be better to read "Positive Society". For that surely is what the revolution has been all about? Getting our sense of values straight. Accepting — and happily — that people are no less people and no less worthy and capable of loving because they feel and act differently. The battle for honesty is far from double won, but perhaps some of us, at least, now begin to see less through a glass darkly and more face to face.

JEREMY is a magazine for young men. The years ahead are yours. We but chronicle today. The chroniclers of the morrow will judge those years on you. What sort of heritage will you pass on?

THE PUBLISHER

JEREMY



... and so I said, If I'm going to be this magazine's mascot, will it be the sort of mascot the Guards have...?



TARZAN JUST HASN'T BEEN THE SAME SINCE HE MET THAT BOY IN THE WOODS...!



# JEREMY FASHION

## BLOSSOM out this SPRING

Spring, when young mens' fancies lightly turn to thoughts of love...and part of the armoury is undoubtedly their wardrobe. The flowers bloom, the trees blossom and young Casanovas everywhere put on their plumage.

Clothes can take us out of ourselves. Our mood can dictate our wardrobe, the wardrobe dictate our mood.

Here is a typical day in the life of flatmates Scott and Ashley. We present them as typical of British youth.

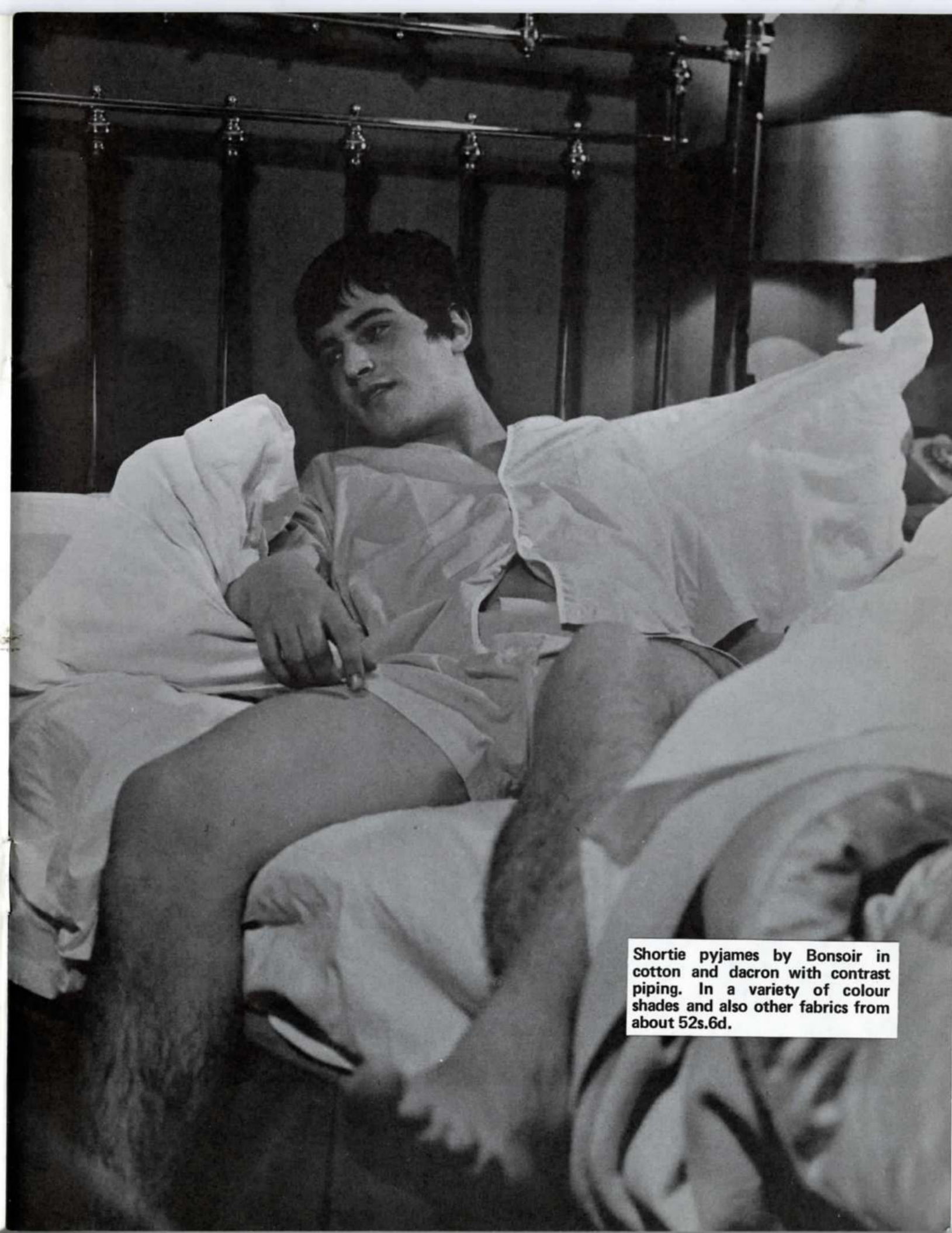
Their budgets, quite naturally, are limited, but both have learned that it sometimes pays to spend a little more on quality. Clothes may not "maketh the man" but they tell us a great deal about him.

So what will the Spring "swingers" be looking for this year? More colour certainly, especially in accessories. Suits have become formal again but more body-hugging. Flares are out, the tubular trousers close on the thigh and straight from the legs are in, so too are turnups, but mostly on flannel and tweed fabrics.

Neck scarfs and roll-neck sweaters have replaced the tie for everything but work and formal occasions. Jacket shoulders are getting squarer and lapels wider, fabrics are lighter and softer.

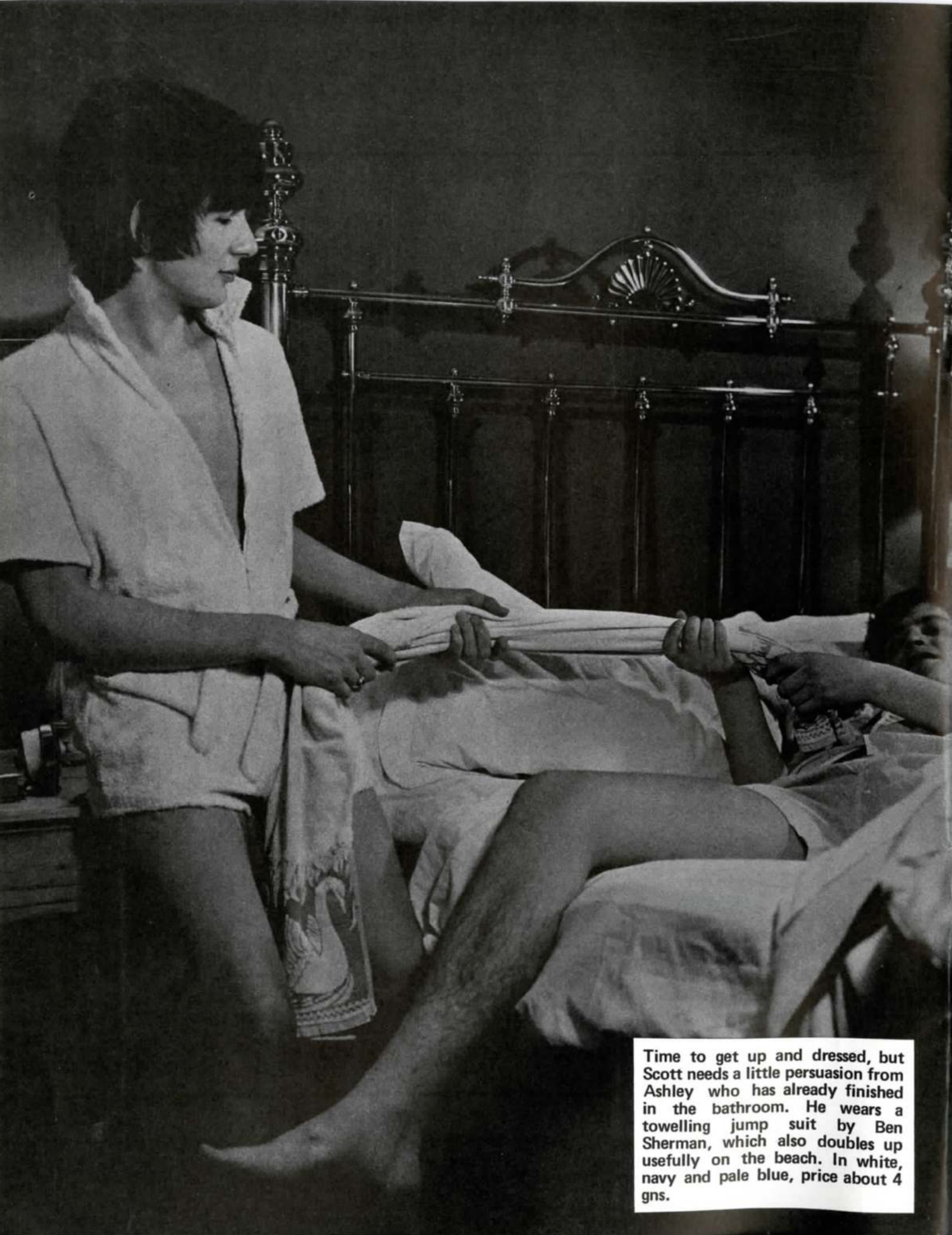
Gaberdine will be big this spring. With a limited clothes budget its best to consider versatility. Select a wardrobe which allows maximum interchangeability.

**william kane**

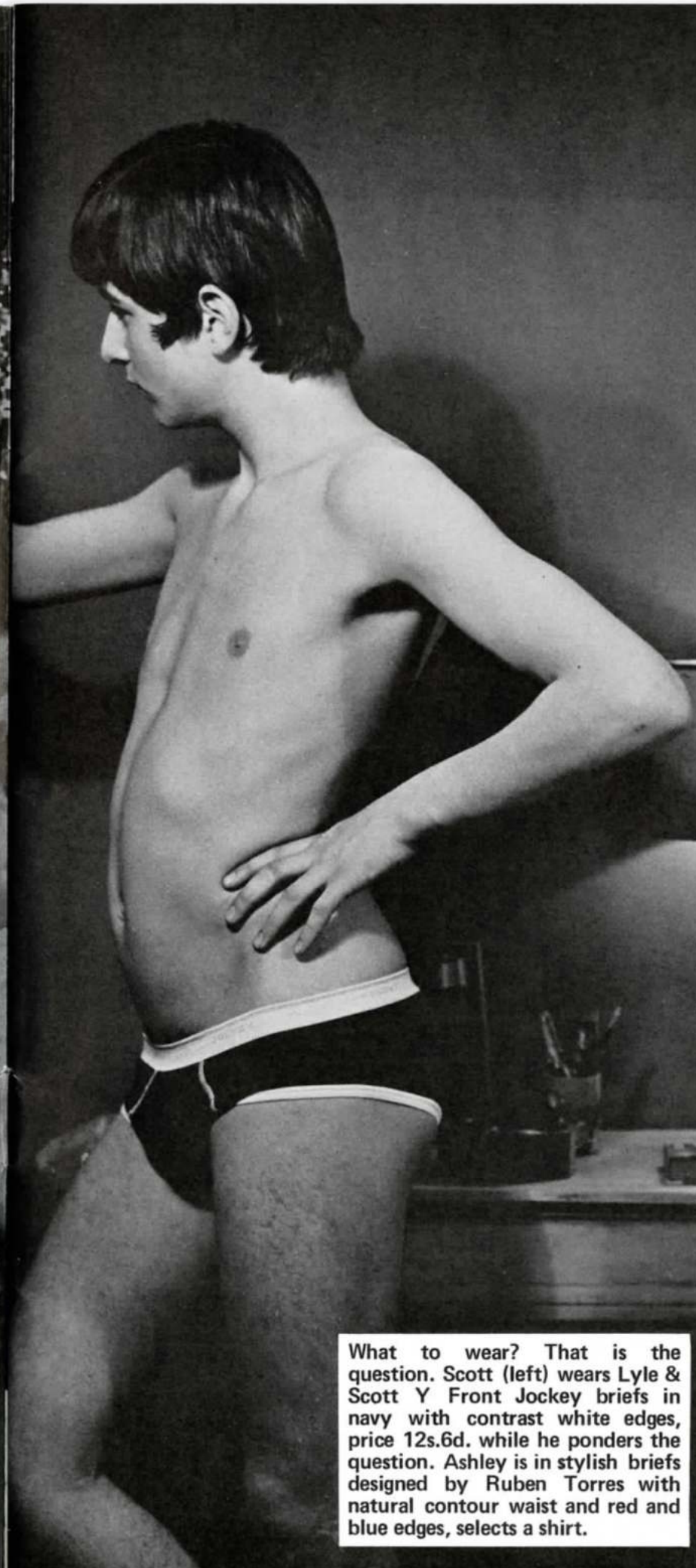


Shortie pyjamas by Bonsoir in cotton and dacron with contrast piping. In a variety of colour shades and also other fabrics from about 52s.6d.

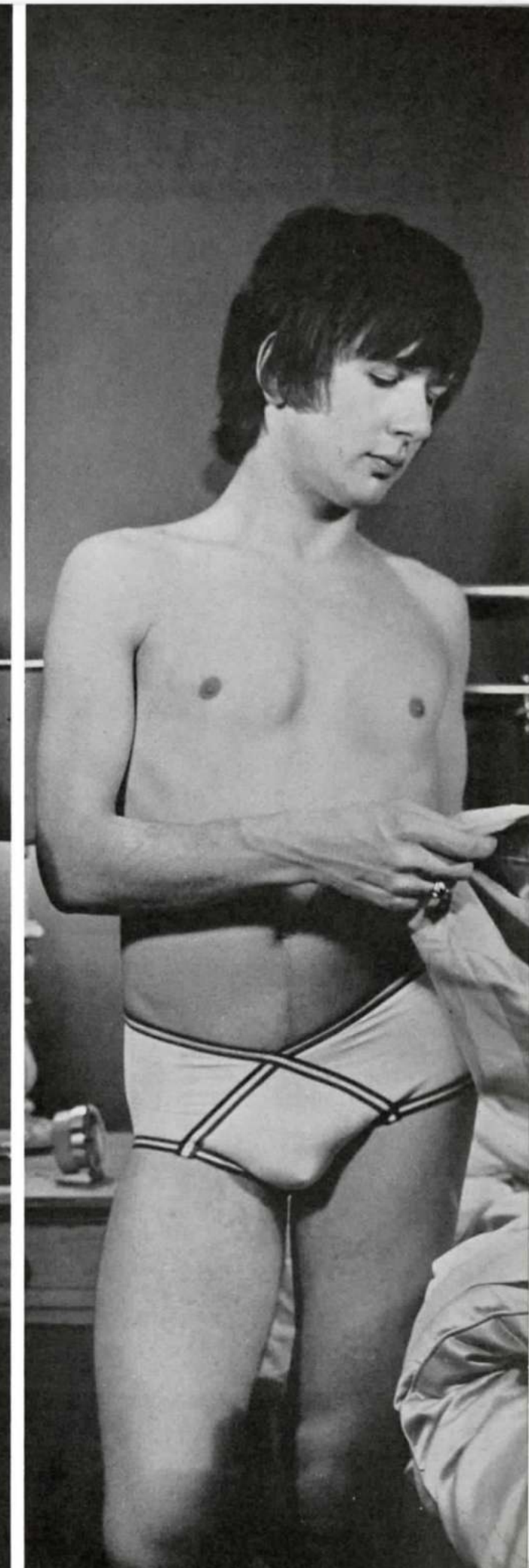




Time to get up and dressed, but Scott needs a little persuasion from Ashley who has already finished in the bathroom. He wears a towelling jump suit by Ben Sherman, which also doubles up usefully on the beach. In white, navy and pale blue, price about 4 gns.



What to wear? That is the question. Scott (left) wears Lyle & Scott Y Front Jockey briefs in navy with contrast white edges, price 12s.6d. while he ponders the question. Ashley is in stylish briefs designed by Ruben Torres with natural contour waist and red and blue edges, selects a shirt.







All dressed up and now the two flatmates plan their day. Ashley wears an eight button (four fastening) d.b. suit in mid-grey with wide lapels and deep waist suppression from Golding House, Hampsted, price £37. The blue shirt with satin stripe and deep wide collar comes from Cue At Austin Reed, 69s.6d. and the brown and blue spotted tie from Turnbull & Asser, 52s.6d. Scott wears a s.b. suit in light grey flannel with stand-up collar, price £41.12s.6d, also from Golding House, and a printed patterned polo shirt in pink, purple, yellow and brown from Way In, 7 gns.



Early evening and Scott and Ashley go visiting friends. Time for more relaxing clothes, so Ashley dons some camel trousers, 7 gns, a tangerine roll neck sweater by Lyle & Scott, 4 gns and a striped orange, yellow and red jacket with press stud fastening which he drapes over his shoulder, 11 gns, all from Golding House. Robert's moss green suede jacket with flap and deep slanting side pockets also comes from Golding House, as do his brown trousers, 7 gns. He completes his outfit with a Peter Golding blue shirt, 59s.6d. and a blue patterned silk scarf, 27s.6d. from Mayur, Princes Arcade, W.1.



# JEREMY REVIEWS

## FILMS

LINDSAY ANDERSON'S *IF...* is the first real success for Memorial Enterprises, the independent production-company owned by Michael Medwin and Albert Finney. The long queues every night outside London's Paramount Cinema have evidently now convinced the distributors that this is a money-spinner and so the country as a whole will be seeing the film, even if it is for the wrong reasons. For *IF...* is in some ways almost too good a film for general distribution. One gets something of an emotional reaction from it that wants to keep the film for one's self, without sharing it with the mass of the population who may, one fears, dislike it; or, even worse, like it just for its colourful photography or its overt sexual content.

The appeal of *IF...* is largely an underground thing. *IF...* is revolutionary, counter-Establishment, death to the gowns, and balls to the world. As the camera closes in at the end of the film on the fanatical blue eyes of Malcolm McDowell as he machineguns the visiting bishops, generals, founders and parents, the realisation of the film is complete: even the audience is part of the old order that Anderson is blowing to pieces. While on the one hand it is dangerous to ascribe hidden meanings to a film of this kind, where the format and narrative are so markedly fragmentary and open-ended, one can see the whole of England as a microcosm in the College House of this unnamed public school.

The headmaster is primarily obsessed with the future, preparing his senior boys for the evils of commerce and big business; the chaplain is lost in the past of religious opportunism, alternately slapping boys' heads and rubbing their breasts; the house-master stands for conservatism, counselling hard work and hard play, and never the twain shall meet; his wife wanders naked through the corridors in a haze of sexual repression and frustration and in a curiously poignant scene fondles the boys' towels and clothes in their changing rooms; the manifestly-evil whips — the upper-class bureaucracy — terrorising their fags and ultimately provoking the final revolt; and the boys themselves, representing perhaps the ordinary public.

Only one real reservation about the production of the film: the slipping into the modish gimmick of alternate colour and monochrome. Why was this done? one should ask, for there seems to be no underlying purpose. Superficially, it might be said that the colour represents reality, and the monochrome fantasy. Yet there is no consistency, as for example in the colour-scene where Mick and Johnny steal a motor-cycle (evident wish-fulfilment fantasy) which leads into the highly erotic scene of sexual intercourse on the floor of the cafe in black and white, to the strains of the Missa Luba. If it is just a visual effect, then the producers are in error, since a film of this quality needs no such meretricious touch.

There are many scenes of high imagic density: the lyrical passage where the attractive and much sought-after Phillips watches his hero Wallace exercising in the gymnasium; the flogging of Mick, which is so acutely painful to

watch; the torture of one erring boy in the Victorian bog while another in the next cubicle idly strums his guitar; the speech-day gathering where the gulf between Establishment and public first manifests itself as the stiff-upper-lip General gives Kiplingesque advice to the boys, and the platform burns beneath him...

If it was Anderson's intent that we should recognise ourselves, then the film can be said to work. If it was his intent to confront us with our own brutality, then the same can be said. But if, as is likely, the implicit meanings of the film are there to be drawn by the audience and Anderson's main concern was that he should entertain, then... it still works. *IF...* isn't the best film of the decade by any means, but one that is firmly of the contemporary period, both in content and manner.

JONATHAN KESTER



"HE'S MY BILL, JUST AN ORDINARY GUY....."

Party time and a couple of elegantly casual outfits to match the occasion. Ashley wears a 3-button s.b. jacket in grey/green cavalry twill with slanting open pockets and deep double rear

vents. The jacket is waisted and has an attractive soft fall wide collar, price £23.12s.6d. from Golding House. The fawn trousers are 7 gns and also from Golding house and he wears with the outfit a blue shirt from Cue at Austin Reed, 69s.6d, and a yellow and orange silk scarf, 32s.6d. from Mayur, Princes Arcade, W.1. Scott opts for a light brown d.b. jacket (3-button fastening) with a gold overstripe and deep rear vents, 19 gns, chocolate brown trousers, 7 gns, and a yellow roll neck sweater by Lyle & Scott, 4 gns, all from Golding House.



AT A TIME when good films are legion it is difficult to decide which are worth reviewing. A critic being what he is, however, you can bet your life he will plumb for a thriller. A simple test for a good thriller is that it should carry you along in spite of the occasional absurdity; ROSEMARY'S BABY (Paramount) succeeds surprisingly well.

One of the great talents that Roman Polanski has is that of creating plausible drama out of an otherwise innocent scene. For this black or, at the very least, dark thriller is concerned with black magic, mysterious deaths and twentieth-century witches' covens. Predictably, the beginning is light-hearted with a young married couple, very much wound up with one-another, as they are shown round a large converted and gloomy apartment building. It is here that the first nagging sense of unease is injected into the story; the caretaker informs our couple, in the nicest possible way, that the previous occupants were two old ladies who were baby-eaters and a witch who conjured up the Devil on winter evenings. It is this sort of innuendo that gradually builds up into a slow climax towards the end.

The husband — a struggling actor, gradually becomes a suspicious character as he befriends the old couple next door and spends an ever-increasing amount of time with them. The wife is by now pregnant and the dear old neighbours persuade her to be treated by a weird gynaecologist who condones the use of hitherto-unknown herbal mixtures. Her health quickly dwindles along with her nerves.

Polanski, who both wrote and directed the film is able to conjure up an

horrific, satanic rape scene in which the weak and weary heroine finally cries out, 'This is no dream — this is really happening.' It's a stunning line which overrides the nudity and the witch-type chantings because up till now she has seemingly not cared what happened. The end is rather weird and I leave you to discover and interpret that yourself.

John Cassavettes acts as well as he directs and Mia Farrow displays ever-increasing tension. Ruth Gordon is the only implausible link in the chain. Gaudily dressed and complete with a Brooklyn accent she is too blatant and adds unintentional comedy where it is not needed.

Finally, that fifteen — second cut by the censor from the rape scene. If his concern is the effect of horror on a film audience then his actions were absurd since he should then have cut about two minutes from the whole film.

If any other recent film needs to be cut, not from horror but from sheer dizzy length, it's A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. 124 minutes doesn't sound long but when you are bombarded with balanced pentameters and rhyming couplets it is. Shakespeare wrote A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM for the revels accompanying a noble wedding, that of William, Earl of Derby, and Elizabeth Vere, in January 1595. The film (or should I say film of a play?) is an excursion through a wonderland of lush green country-side (it was filmed in soggy England) and transports us from scene to scene in the time it takes to make a jump-cut in the editing.

For the uninitiated, the 'play' is set

in and around Athens, where Duke Theseus is due to marry the fair Hypolitia, Queen of the Amazons. Her part is played dressed in a black leather mini outfit with long boots to match.

Bottom the Weaver and a gang of workmen are about to rehearse a play, that of Pyramus and Thisbe, which they aim to show at the wedding-celebrations. A hopeless tangle of affections follow and are not helped in the least by Puck, the hapless fairy. The three couples involved are each matched with their opposites and a series of comic and tragic episodes are then revealed to one another.

Not the least involved are Oberon and Titania, King of the Fairies who have previously quarrelled. Oberon engages the mischievous Puck, who collects magic juice which, when squeezed into the eyes of a sleeping person, makes them fall in love with the first person they see on waking. This spell is put on Titania. She falls in love with Bottom whose head has been changed into that of an ass by Puck.

Thesus, out hunting, ends these complications. The spells are lifted by Oberon who bids the victims think of the night's accidents only "the fierce vexation of a dream". The lovers are correctly paired off and then the play is put before them. This is the best part of the film and it is fitting that it should be near the end.

The parts of Titania and Oberon are played by the actors in the nude, apart from the odd bit of body paint. This and the mini-skirts fail, I think, to make the production a twentieth-century one. The film was shot at Compton Varney in Warwickshire but we don't see enough of the place to make location shooting worth while.

TERENCE THOMPSON



For heavens sake, Julian, NOT NOW!!

## THEATRE

### THE BOYS IN THE BAND, WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.

It was a bold experiment when Richard Barr and Charles Woodward Jr. first produced The Boys In The Band on the New York stage almost a year ago. It quickly proved to be a smash hit, however. Even the critics themselves were probably surprised. It is one thing to praise a play for its sense of real theatre, quite another to expect an evening of bitchy homosexual cross-fire to pack a theatre month after month.

Yet it would be a mistake to view this play simply as an exposure of how the "gay" world behaves amongst itself once the mask of conventional respectability has been shed. The Boys In The Band is a study of human behaviour and if much of it distresses us, particularly parts of the second act when souls are bared for what they really are, then that is simply life.

The first act was both entertaining and promising. If the second act failed to please as much, it was that Mart Crowley had predictably allowed a situation which could have had several interesting twists, to follow out its own destructive end. The relationships we expect to matter really do; the flotsams show themselves as aimless driftwood. Nothing is really surprising and much is sad.

Yet there is a lot of humour. It is a play which thrives on laughter, albeit nervous laughter. The one "straight" character, Alan, played by Peter White, emerges stainless at the end. By comparison his world probably seems the better alternative. Fortunately this is not a self-pitying drama and there are no subtle messages. It "takes us as you find us".

Particularly outstanding are Tom Aldredge, who plays Emory. It is difficult not to overact the part of the limp wristed camp "queen" but he succeeds admirably. Leonard Frey as Harold, the "birthday boy" was also excellent. This is a play well worth seeing if only to remind one of the fact that there is comedy and tragedy in most situations. It is all a question of mental attitudes.

### MAME, THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

If Auntie Mame is not the sort of relative young orphaned boys should be left in the change of, then Ginger Rogers, by contrast, is just the sort of aunt by whom any boy — and many fully grown men for that matter, — would happily be tutored in the finer points of life.

But Mame as a show disappoints. Perhaps we have been waiting for it with baited breath a little too long. What was the fuss all about?

It is a stage spectacle, certainly, it is splendid family entertainment, agreed, but take away Miss Rogers and remove the hit song Mame and a couple of other mildly memorable numbers and Mame becomes a rather dull story dragged out over two long acts with not much to redeem it.

But come back, Miss Rogers. All is forgiven. Are you really the same Ginger who danced so enchantingly into all our hearts with Fred Astaire? Can you be the person of the same name who starred in no less than 71 major motion pictures, all of them box office hits?

Then you defy us all. You are just as lovely, still the same bundle of fun, and you know I detected not a few grandmothers out there in the audience shift a little uncomfortably in their seats as you captivated us with your same vivaciousness and tireless energy. Nevertheless Mame without Ginger Rogers would be like a cream bun without any cream. The first half drags to near tedium and is redeemed only by the show's hit number just before the interval curtain.

This is not a show packed with songs that stay firmly in the mind but it has moments of charm and fun.

Ann Beach who play Agnes, provides some amusing moments and Margaret Courtenay as Vera, Mame's 'Bosom Buddy' stops us yawning too much when the action palls.

### 40 YEARS ON, APOLLO THEATRE.

The new wave of satire that swept in with "Beyond the Fringe" boldly took the lid off life and in poking fun at sacred institutions, especially the Establishment, enabled us to be a little more wholesome in our attitude towards people in power.

Hero worship, after all, can be just as self-deluding as outright opposition. The parson in his pulpit and the school-master at his desk, are mortals like us. Politicians, too, are sometimes human.

There is occasionally a bit of them in all us and in Alan Bennett, certainly, there is a great deal of them.

40 years On is a play set in a boy's public school, and Bennett, who both wrote it and plays one of the lead parts, sends up history and and pedagogy in a charade-packed evening.

The headmaster (John Gielgud) is about to retire after 40 years. Here is a dramatised scrap book of highlights and perfectly ordinary events in his life.

Gielgud is no Mr Chips, but he epitomises his breed. Almost every occasion is one for prayer whether its thanksgiving or for delivery.

When Bennett's charade gets out of hand its the headmaster who comes to rebuke him in the name of priority. Breasts are no subject for an end of term play in front of the parents — and especially his sister. Is there no decency left?

But its Alan Bennett who has us rocking in the seats. Its a very funny play indeed and Paul Eddington, Dorothy Reynolds and Nora Nicholson add to the hilarity.

Tickets for all productions reviewed in Jeremy can be obtained direct by writing to Jeremy Publications Ltd. 30 Baker St. London W.1.

Simon Roxby.





# DISCS

Blood Sweat & Tears CBS/63504

THIS IS THE second album from Blood Sweat and Tears and it's a blatant example of a progressively-based band trying too hard and too soon to be 'cleverly - clever', in an inevitable attempt to expand the frontiers and horizons of their music. Sometimes they play straight rock-and-roll, sometimes they play rock-cum-jazz, sometimes they play folk-rock-cum-jazz-with-soul-C & W. Hardly ever do they play together.

A pity, because of the nine musicians involved here there are several of distinctive merit, notably David Clayton Thomas, lead vocalist, and Jim Fielder, who successfully proves on this album that he could play bass with almost any form of musical ensemble — from Latin dancebands to the Dubliners. Clayton Thomas is good because he is a white singer who has come to terms with the fact that he *is* white; he recognises, in other words, his own inherent vocal abilities and limitations, thankfully avoiding the distorted, nasal bellow-grunts of the you-don't-have-to-be-black-to-sing-soul-man-and-I-can-prove-it singers that litter the scene both here and in the U.S.

B, S & T have adopted a strange, adventurous policy on this L.P. which, admittedly, would have been a major step forward if it had worked. Only the final product gives out that it didn't and by then Columbia Records had probably invested far too much bread in the recording not to release it. Basically, instead of trying to infuse each individual track with one or more varying styles of music, as say for example the Stones tried in *Satanic Majesty*, they have kept each track strictly an integral unit. Folk never merges with the jazz, rock never meets the latin, they're just placed side by side, one after the other, shaken not stirred. At first, several of the cuts sounded like a joke. I had the impression that Frank Zappa could have been present at the final mixing — could this be an advanced, heavily disguised RUBEN AND THE JETS? But gradually it came across as a

fragmented, frustrating, occasionally brilliant experience; like I'd just begun to get into some deep funky rock when POW!, an imitation 'Seven Brides For Seven Brothers' burst out all over the stereo. Very clever Mr. Producer... but why?

The other disappointing feature is the painstaking over-elaboration. Their first L.P. witnessed B, S & T well in control of their material and arrangements. Here they just can't leave anything alone. Last cut, side one, Billy Holliday's 'God Bless The Child', an eloquent, poignant song that begins beautifully is wrenched open in the middle bars by a jarring, totally out of place horn solo which succeeds only in destroying the atmosphere and mood completely. Similarly, the syncopated, purposeless rhythms and limp jazz-feel of the piano and horn section in 'Smiling Phases', breaks up the number into a series of incomplete parts that just never make it as a whole. From those parts it is sadly obvious that the group are more than capable of laying down that number in any one of a dozen ways. Instead, they just *had* to prove how many instruments they could play.

Summing up is simple. Blood Sweat and Tears have reached a stage in their development where the whole group is so intent on chasing progression and bettering their music they run an increasing danger of disappearing up their own arses. The *N.M.E.* voted this album 'The Finest Album To Be Released For Months'. A critic in the *Record Retailer* judged it to be better than almost any contemporary pop L.P., 'including those of the Famous Four'. I think everybody, (B, S & T included), is searching too hard for the new Sgt. Pepper.

...

Cruising with Ruben & The Jets VLP 9237 Verve.

The Mothers of Invention

The Mothers are one of the best bunches of rock-and-roll musicians in the world. This album proves it. Nobody, I mean absolutely *nobody* else could have reproduced the mood of an entire era in a mere forty minutes of (as super-freak Zappa himself alludes to his collection) "greasy love songs and cretin simplicity".

This is no ordinary, overplayed parody of American late '50s rock music. That would be too easy. This almost *is* that music. Genuine to the last boppy-dooay-dooay, authentic through and through each repeated, redundant piano triplet, each shitty chord change, each sickening, sugar-sweet monologue à la Richie Valence, each inane (but *never* ludicrous) set of lyrics. "Cheap thrills in the back of my car/Cheap thrills how fine they are/Cheap thrills all over the seat/Your kinda lovin' just can't be beat.

Perfect. If that had been released in 1956 Zappa would be where Dylan is now; an indulgent millionaire, gently laughing his balls off at the world and occasionally making gramophone records to settle outstanding tax-bills.

Listen to 'Jelly Roll Gum Drop', listen to 'Stuff up the Cracks', a song about... well, dig, "Stuff up the cracks/Turn on the gas/I'm gonna take my life"... Teen Angel all over. Or which came first? The goose or the egg — did Mark Denning really write 'Teen Angel' in '57, or is there the slightest chance that Zappa was Mark Denning?... Ridiculous of course? You wouldn't think so if you heard this album.

To thirty year old Americans this music will bring back memories of drive-in movies, hamburger stalls, goodnight kisses in the back of the Ford to the sounds of the Platters on the car radio, James Dean raincoats, big bust worship, the expressions "DaddyO" and "Real Sharp" with The Spiders laying down, 'It Was The Real Thing That Made My Dingaling Ding', (thank you Ramblin' Jim Martin and Ken the P. for reminding me of that classic).

To thirty year old English cats, now buried in their advertising agencies, banks, account departments and respectable businesses, it will mean storming down the 'Ace' cafe for greasy bacon sandwiches on their 125 Bantams like they were 650 Triumphs, stealing school toilet chains, jars of Brylcreem, tattered copies of *Parade* and groping desperately for the packet of rubbers lodged in the back pocket of their Levis as they made it with Mary Anne behind the Uxbridge Christian Youth Centre bicycle sheds.

Nostalgia. A word that would hardly seem to have a place in the hearts of America's most original 'underground' group. But it's there all right. You can sense the almost reverent feel to some of the tracks. As Zappa says on the liner notes "we made this album because we really like this kind of music... In ten years from now you'll be sitting around with your friends someplace doing the same thing; if there's anything left to sit on..."

Tony Newton



## CARS GO TOPLESS

After the triumphantly-successful re-introduction of the sun-roof as a standard fitting on some models of the Triumph Herald, it was inevitable that some more revolutionary development along the same lines would emerge. And it has. Revealed for the first time at the Geneva Motor Show in March was a new optional extra for Rover cars — an all-glass roof. Made by Triplex, the windscreen people, the roofs cost £125 each and can be ordered for the 2000 and 3500 models through any Rover distributor. They should be seen on British roads for the first time this summer. Other manufacturers are expected to follow suit, and the new glass roof may well become the latest status-symbol among the pace-making set.

Our Man In The Back Seat reports that the roofs have a high novelty-rating — "Imagine riding in an open sports-car without getting your hair mussed". Not only can you see the sun — and the sun see you — but heavy rain makes for fascinating visual effects; and of course the beauties of the night sky are available just for the cricking of the neck. There's no worry about getting fried either; the manufacturers claim that their roof is an efficient heat-absorber. Just in case you don't believe them — or if you want a little privacy — there is a detachable headlining which can be zipped into place.

Time to bring back all those Herald jokes about going through the roof?

## KNIGHT'S GARB IS IN

Far-sighted clothes manufacturers in the United Kingdom are preparing for a new fashion wave expected to break in the U.S.A. and the more-Americanized resorts on the Continent this summer. The new wave is the first major change in outerwear since the short-lived lapel-less jackets of the Beatle Era. It replaces the conventional jacket altogether with a new sleeveless garment called "the tabard". According to the Oxford English Dictionary, a tabard was originally: "a loose upper garment without sleeves, formerly worn out of doors by the lower classes". It was later adopted by the noble knights as a loose cover-all over their suits of armour.

Enthusiastic tabard-wearers make wildly extravagant claims for their garment. It has innumerable advantages over the stuffy boring sports-jacket of the Forties, they say. It makes a first-rate summer outdoor garment, keeping the torso warm whilst leaving the arms free for action. Being loose, it doesn't hamper movement, and the absence of sleeves also means an absence of the Menace of Under-arm Sweat. There's nothing as anaphrodisiac as a sweaty armpit.

Tabards show off the figure to its finest advantage, most of them being open with no fastening at all, though some use a leather thong lacing as an optional accessory. The banishment of pockets also gets rid of those unsightly hip-level bulges.

Another advantage of the tabard is

that it lends itself to a wide variety of combinations — change the shirt beneath and you change your whole appearance. They can be made in any material, though velvet and corduroy look like proving the most popular, and linings of daringly eye-catching material can give added zest.

And the final appeal of the tabard? Its price. They could be on sale in the shops by the early summer for under £5.

Charles Trelawney







# Sentence In Binary Code.

*the prison wasn't a prison, and the  
punishment could be a way out . . .*  
SCIENCE FICTION, by Richard Harrington

IF YOU'RE GOING to lose your body, then the Institute of Corrective Therapy would seem to be as good a place as any. That's where Joseph Turatsky lost his, at least.

After a short imprisonment they told him he was what they called politically undesirable, and conducted him under heavy guard to the Institute's HQ in Greenland. Properly applied corrective therapy, they told him, was what he needed.

The panacea for sedition, they called it. But it had to be done properly . . . and they knew all about that.

The precise method was discovered by Turatsky on his second day. After a night in a cell he was taken to a room remarkable for its air of stark functionality. Here they strapped him to a bench, gave him an intravenous injection, then connected his wrists, ankles and cranium to a complicated set of electrodes.

Then someone pulled a switch set into a wall and everything — as the saying goes — went black.

Turatsky hung in a timeless spaceless void for an eternity . . . then a voice said in his ear: "Hi, bub."

He tried to look around, but was severely inconvenienced by what felt like a sudden lack of a head. In panic he tried to struggle, then gave that up too.

He didn't have a body either.

But . . . he had heard a voice. Pretty remarkable for someone who had recently discovered he had no head, and hence, presumably, no ears. A good trick, that, but how was it done?

The voice said: "No trick, friend. It's all done by electronics. The experts call it a digital micro-pulse, and that's what you think you're hearing. But don't think of it as a voice. You've lost that for good. We all have."

Turatsky considered this for a moment. "We?" he thought experimentally.

"That's right. You and I, and approximately two thousand others, are in electronically-stimulated mental contact with each other."

"Then where are all the others?"

"They're working, bub. We do a twelve-hour shift here." The voice seemed to be very close.

"Want to see yourself?" it said suddenly.

At once, a flash of light dazzled him, seeming to come from directly in front. It settled, and took the shape of a square frame, looking down into a brightly-lit room. Seven white-coated men were standing in the room operating various instruments. Against the far wall a figure in a drab grey coverall was lying limply on a bench. As he watched, a stretcher was wheeled in and the body laid upon it. It passed directly beneath his line of vision as they wheeled it out, and the face stared blankly up at him.

The frame faded.

"That was you," said the voice unnecessarily. "Remember that sight, bub. It's all you'll be seeing for a long time."

In the darkness that had followed the glimpse of life, Turatsky felt again a sense of helpless blindness.

"Where is this?" he asked numbly.

"It won't do you much good to know it," the voice replied. "But you're in the heart of a computer. Not in body, of course, but your mind and identity are separate and whole . . . locked in here. Specifically, you're now part of one ferrite core in a circuitry containing several thousand."

"In other words, you're inside a memory bank."

With an effort, Turatsky absorbed this calmly.

"I'm not dead then?"

"Your body is, although they probably preserve it outside. But your consciousness is alive and will be kept that way as long as possible. We're all lifers here."

"Thanks, friend."

"Call me Hank, bub."

After the initial shock had made itself felt, had become a part of his existence, and then had finally been forgotten, Turatsky settled into his new life without much difficulty.

The hours were long but fatigue was something now unknown, even though there were no distractions to break the routine. For twelve hours of every day, data was fed into his core in binary impulses. He absorbed it, collated it and stored it.

Around him, two thousand inhabited ferrite cores, Hank and the other lifers, did the same.

At the end of the twelve hours they would pool their information, consolidate it into the bulk of the overall program, then feed this by direct link into the huge analogue Defence Computer at Elmira.

Then the cycle would start again. About once every ten days their computer would be closed down for maintenance work, this being the only kind of rest-period the lifers received.

Once, during one of these maintenance breaks, Turatsky heard Hank and four of the others conferring in minimal micro-pulse. Only fragments of the conversation reached him.

Then Hank said to him: "We're planning a mass break-out, Joe."

"You think there's a way out?"

An old lag named Constantine said: "There's a new guy here. Reckons he knows a way. Says he worked on computers before he was arrested."

"That's right, ain't it bub?"

A new micro-pulse, one Turatsky hadn't heard before, said: "Yeah. The way I see it is that we're here



for what they call 'corrective therapy', and we're learning masses of stuff the whole time right? And..."

They never had time to hear the rest of it. The input-circuit warmed up without warning, and binary impulses poured into their cores.

But what the new guy had started to say made Turatsky do some thinking. He let the impulses collect in his core and tried to carry on the man's line of thought.

They were receiving data every day, but what were they doing with it all? It was like catching rainwater in a bucket, then throwing it into the river.

Suppose they held some of it back?

More to the point: suppose *he* held some of it back?

The next rest-period, he took the initiative from the new guy and straight away approached the others on the subject.

Hank was frankly sceptical.

"You say we hold out some of the data?" he said.

"But what's the point? It's no use to us!"

The others within hearing laughed.

"There must be some way out of this," argued Turatsky. "Otherwise why should they preserve our bodies? That single fact seems to me to indicate that they're expecting to get us out of here sometime."

"That ain't necessarily the case," said Constantine. "What if they keep the bodies just for the sake of appearances?"

"Maybe. But this isn't just a penitentiary. We're here for *correction*. This data coming in all the time — it can't all be for defence. More likely it's a subtle form of psychological conditioning."

The new guy said: "Hey! He's got something there." But the others weren't convinced. Hank, in particular, couldn't see what Turatsky was getting at.

As soon as the next shift started, Turatsky carefully analysed the incoming impulses.

A lot of them were of little apparent use to his theory. One was a long catalogue of various fuel-weights; and another a detailed mathematical analysis of inertia-factors on various kinds of moving parts.

But other pieces of data seemed to have rather more bearing on what he was thinking of.

One was a broad summary of human psychology under physical strain. Another, a justification of total defence-preparedness as a basis for government. This latter in particular was likely to be straight propaganda, and therefore very relevant.

At the end of the long input shift, he went through the data collected by the other lifers. No immediate pattern emerged, but Turatsky stored anything at all that he thought might have some use.

Data accumulated quickly and soon he was able to collect more selectively.

The lifers compared notes frequently, but he realised that most of the others had no real idea of what they were working towards, or why. Only the new guy, whose name had been Manton, Turatsky discovered, had any kind of method at all but even he had no really clear conception of how it could ultimately be used.

Once, Hank said to him quietly: "Listen bub, I think you're wasting your time. This propaganda junk

isn't going to help us any."

Turatsky said nothing.

Even he wasn't yet sure how his idea could be put into effect.

Then, halfway through an input-shift, it came to him, and he knew what he had to do.

Input-data was pouring into his ferrite core at its normal rate. He had long since trained his mind to work against this flow and concentrate on other things. Now, not even sure himself of the mechanics of what he was doing, he cut off all incoming pulses. He held the core in a kind of electronic limbo, balancing the pressure of the input flow against the power he found himself able to exert.

Mentally, he sorted the data he held in his memory-bank, then reversed the flow.

From his ferrite core poured a stream of the strongest and purest examples of government propaganda he could find. All his mental energy poured into the effort and for a moment he wondered how long he could sustain it. Out it poured: a paraphrased binary stream of patriotic fervour, as artificially reproduced in his mind as it had been implanted there.

Hank's micropulse came in feebly against the stream.

"What are you doing Joe?" he said, an edge of panic colouring the tone of his electronically-stimulated voice.

Turatsky tried to answer, but before he could do anything he became aware of a total and impermeable quietness.

All the time he'd been inside the computer, he'd never been properly aware of the background sensation of movement and noise. Now in its absence, he was aware of it. An unprecedented silence surrounded him, and he lay inside his core and waited.

In his isolation he thought of Hank, and of Constantine, and of Manton the new guy, and of the others. It worried him to wonder whether he, in his opportunistic use of the raw material available to them all, had in some way betrayed them.

Turatsky opened his eyes.

Sensations threatened to swamp him, his nerve-ends signalled a surplus of information to his spinal complex. There was pressure on his back from a hard bench. And light in his eyes from overhead arcs. And an odour of formaldehyde in his nasal passages. And wetness against his skin. And cold.

The luxury of sensation...

Fluid surrounded the lower half of his body, and trickled away through grooves in the bench he lay upon. He was in a plastic case, and as he moved the sides dropped away and allowed more of the outside air to enter. It was excruciatingly cold.

Overwhelmed by physical sensations he moved experimentally, and rolled off the bench. He fell heavily to the floor, and with trembling arms and legs tried to stand up. Using the top of the bench he levered himself to a semblance of standing, and peered round.

Attached to the casing he noticed a neatly-printed sign bearing his name. Underneath was the legend:

# Rehabilitation Committee

## ESCAPED PRISONERS PLEASE REPORT TO BLOCK D FOR REHABILITATION

He looked around the vast hall he was in, and saw hundreds of plastic cases similar to the one he had been in. Each one contained the body of a man.

In the next case to his lay the body of a small, wiry negro.

On his sign was written the name: Henry Lucas Wilkes.

Turatsky looked at the negro for several minutes, his hands resting lightly on the lid of the case. Finally he muttered: "Sorry, bub."

He shivered, and walked away to find Block D, wondering how long he could successfully play his new role of patriot.

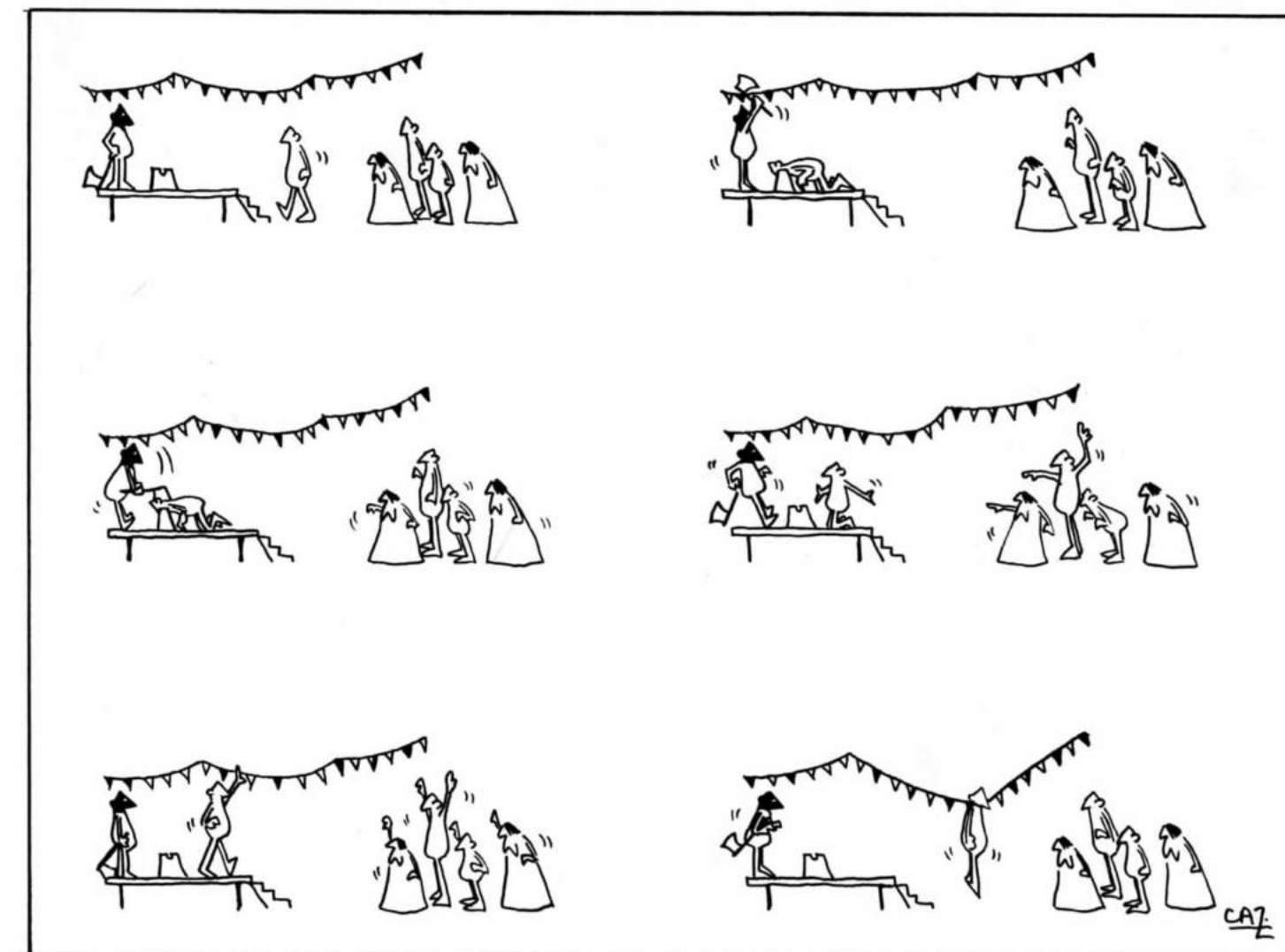
At the end of the next shift, Hank and the other lifers sensed Turatsky's absence.

"The louse", micro-pulsed Hank, spitting into the void.

RICHARD HARRINGTON



I'M WARNING YOU FOR THE LAST TIME, FRED!







# JEREMY GROOMING

William Kane

The Regency dandies were really rather dirty fellows. They may have cut a dash as they promenaded along the fashionable streets of London and other cities, but in their personal hygiene they left a lot to be desired. Their heavy clothing made from brocades, velvets and silks was rarely cleaned, and as for having baths, the habit was strictly taboo.

Queen Elizabeth was reported to have bathed twice a year and even the Victorians believed that too many sessions in the tub led to chills and other ills.

As for bathrooms in private houses, these were luxuries for only the idle rich, and being idle, even baths were regarded as rather a bore. Not surprising, therefore, that with public baths the only facility available to those wishing to lie and soak, the effort and inconvenience involved was sufficient deterrent.

Even in this century the first bathrooms installed in council houses were baffling for the new occupants. Unaccustomed to such domestic luxuries like bathing in their own home other than in a hip tub in front of the fire on a winter's night, and certainly unused to a special room being set aside for this purpose, many thought the best use for the "large receptacle" was to store coal in it — which they did. And needless to add when they felt it time for a bath again, off they popped to the forbidding public ones.

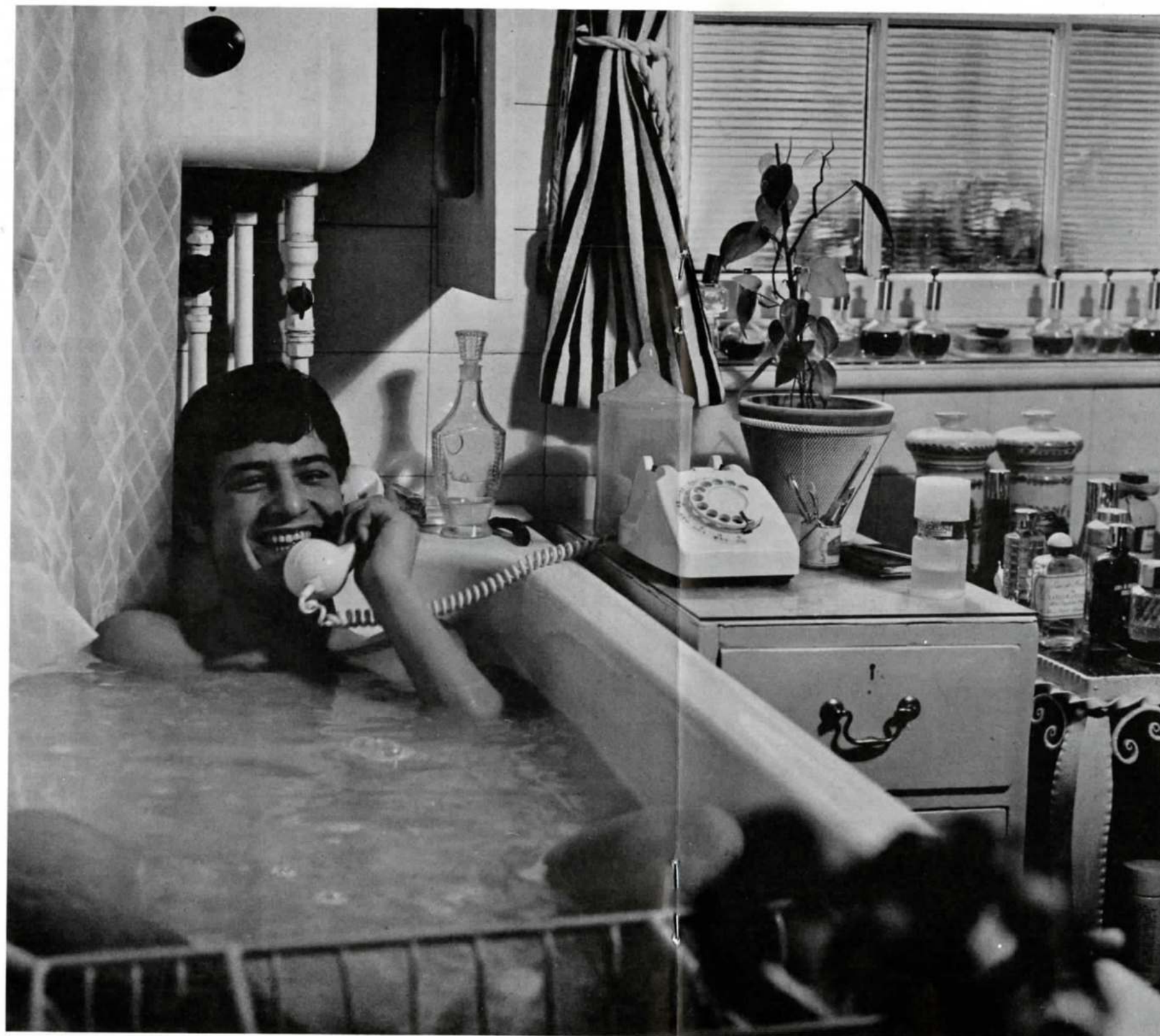
Beau Brummell, concerned about his smelly companions, converted them to the use of unguents. He reasoned that if they loathed washing so much, they could at least check the stale odour of their bodies with a potent Eau de Toilette.

We have become much more enlightened since then, thank goodness. We not only take baths for granted, for many males it is a daily or even twice daily habit.





Baths are not only relaxing, they can be beneficial. Scott luxuriates in a foam bath containing essential oils to keep the skin young and supple. And since he takes his bathing seriously, this is no chore to be rushed. The telephone helps pass the time while he lies back and enjoys it all.



Showers are cleaner than baths even. There are very few American homes without a shower — in fact they sometimes replace baths in small apartments. They are generally more economical on water, quicker to use, especially for a swift fresh up first thing in the morning when minutes are precious, and

exhilarating at the end of the day before going out for the evening or off to bed.

Baths, to be truly beneficial, require plenty of time. No point in rushing them, since they help relax the body and tired muscles. Nevertheless the dirt from your body quickly fouls the water and

ideally a quick shower should be taken afterwards, although if the time spent in the bath is quite brief, this is unnecessary.

The Japanese are bath fanatics. Their public bathing houses are communal affairs where all the family go. First the body is soaped all over and then small wooden

buckets of fresh clean water are poured all over to wash and rinse off the dirt.

Only when the body is spotlessly clean do they actually get into the bath — and then it is a free-for-all. The baths are swimming pool size and men and women swim around or just lie there relaxing.

If you think that your bath routine ends when you jump out of the bath and towel yourself down, you're mistaken. The most important part is still to come.

Always, and I repeat always, use a deodorant. Don't think that because you never show visible signs of perspiration that you don't

## aids to luxury

### In Your Bath

Badedas	
Lentheric Tweed	
Victor of Milan	Foam and bubble baths
Nicholas of the Carlton Tower	
Lancome Douceline	
Fenjal	Creame bath
Kiku	Oil bath
Floris Stephanotis	Bath Essences
Floris Rose Geranuim	
Revlon Moon Drops Collection	Sea Water Concentrate
	Sulphur Foam
	Powdered Milk Bath
	Creame Bath Concentrate

### Soaps

Brut, Woodhue, Aphrodisia, Guerlain, That Man, Old Spice, Floris, Tang

### After-Bath

Kiku Body Cologne	
Kiku Bodysoft	
Revlon Naked Cologne	
Eau de Parfum Spray by Revlon	Colognes, frictions and balms
Dunhill After-Bath Massage	
Aramis Friction	
Lancome Douceline Friction	

*Talcs* — Kiku, Brut, Woodhue, Aphrodisia, Old Spice, Burghley, Lancome Douceline, Tweed, Nicholas of the Carlton Tower, Dunhill, Tang, Aramis and Cedarwood.

*Deodorants* — Mennen, Yardley, Old Spice, Victor, Brut, Body Mist, Aramis, Braggi, That Man, Dunhill (roll on, spray and stick).

*Shampoos* — Polyherb, Silvikrin, Aramis (on a rope) Brut (hang up container) Dunhill foam shampoo, Nicholas of the Carlton Tower, Vitalis, Vaseline.

This is simply a representative selection from a very extensive range. There are many others offering good value within their price range.



sweat. In particular after a bath everybody perspires to some degree.

If your best friend hasn't told you, don't wait to give him the opportunity. Personal hygiene is most important and the sign that you care about over things, too.

You may like to use an after-bath cologne, balm, massage or friction. These are all scented liquids which not only help check perspiration further, but give you a fresh all-over feeling and help close the pores of the skin.

Talcs as well are important. Even when you have towelled yourself seemingly dry, the fact that your body heat is still high will lead to surface sweating. Talcum powder helps absorb this moisture.

The longer you spend before dressing after a bath, in fact, the better. If you have to shave, particularly in the morning, then after the bath is often best because the extra time before dressing gives your body a better chance to dry out.

Towelling robes, of course, are particularly good for after-bath grooming, but remember to have them regularly laundered. Like towels, they quickly become un-fresh and in contact with a freshly washed body are unhygienic.

Just as the enthusiast cook begins to build up a stock of essential herbs to flavour his dishes, so the enthusiast bather will find himself with a growing range of products — an almost bewildering array, in some cases. To the dedicated, bathing can almost become a full-time occupation — but alas, unpaid.

After all, apart from cleaning the body, just lying in comfortably warm water soothes the muscles and relaxes tired arms and legs. It is quite the best way to gain new vitality, especially when exhausted and faced with the prospect of a fairly hectic evening.

Baths after all can be fun, so why rush them? It is surely a sign of sophistication and not moral decay that males now take greater pains over their appearance and grooming habits.

Just as the heat of the body passes into our clothing in the form of perspiration thus necessitating regular laundering and cleaning to keep them fresh, so we need to take steps to ensure that our bodies to begin with are clean and fresh when first we dress.

Body odours can be most unpleasant, particularly for others in your company, and since everybody perspires to a certain extent in all weathers it is wise and courteous to take steps to minimise it with antiperspirants and deodorants.

For the same reason regular shampooing of the hair is necessary, since it is on the head where most people sweat most. This not only makes their hair dull-looking and unattractive, it is harmful and can cause it to deteriorate and ultimately lead to loss in some cases.

So for the male who wants to enjoy his bath and look and smell his best at the same time, here are a few basic tips.

Always allow plenty of time. A rush bath or quick shower is sometimes necessary, but at least try and ensure that as often as possible you are not battling against the clock and you allow enough time to properly relax and take pains over the post-bath stage in particular.

The bathroom ought to be one of the most important rooms in anybody's home, so why not make it comfortable? If you're a keep-fit fanatic, then you'll probably do your daily work out there as well, so it's once place where you may spend a lot of time.

The increasing popularity of the bath cult has led to much new thinking going into the daily soak. There are now even specialist bath boutiques and bathroom consultants who will advise you on planning your bathroom down to the last detail.

If the Hollywood films have made us drool at the mouth over the seeming opulence of some bathrooms, then thanks to glass fibre you too can luxuriate in a sunken pool, a double bath or even a round bath for very much less than you would imagine.

You can have any colour surface effect you care to dream up. If gold appointments make you feel like the supertax class, even these are cheaper than appearance would at first suggest — unless you insist on solid gold, of course. You can have chandeliers that are showers at the touch of a lever, angels that behave rather unlike angels ought to and even baths on wheels that can be pushed into a cupboard and out of sight if space is a problem.

Whatever your bathroom, however, there is no reason why you

shouldn't enjoy millionaire indulgences. Foam baths or bubble baths, for instance, are most enjoyable and, as with everything else, the price of products varies enormously, but many of the cheaper ones are just as good.

It is always nicer to add something to the water and the choice today is extremely wide. Many of the foam and bubble baths contain moisturisers, which are beneficial to the skin. As your pores open with the heat they soak in the goodness, including a deodorant ingredient in many cases.

You can have oil baths, creme baths, milk baths and sea water and sulphur baths, all helping you relax and keep your body young and your skin in healthy condition. There are also perfume concentrates which you can add to simply make the bath water perfumed.

Choice of soaps is important. Any old soap will clean off dirt, but some of the really cheap ones tend to be a bit aggressive on the skin. It is well worth paying a little more for something which contains essential oils and a mild perfume.

Remember that your body needs essential oils to function properly and keep your skin in good condition. The male skin tends to get abused much more than women's, so it is natural he should take extra care of it. Heat, in particular, causes considerable loss of these oils, so a moisturiser, in particular, is a useful ingredient.

Whether you shampoo before your bath, in it or after it, never use cheap household soaps or detergents. These are far too aggressive and will cause irritation of the scalp and damage to the hair. The price of shampoos, like all other products, varies a great deal. You don't need an expensive one, but take pains to choose one which suits your hair condition — i.e. oily, dry or normal hair.

...

Do write with

grooming or fashion queries to

William Kane.



COUNT DRAGULA PACED miserably around the floor of his semi-detached suburban coffin. He was at a loose end this lonely night. Anstruther Arklebloom, his faithful factotum, drinking partner and current boy-friend had just phoned to cancel their date.

Anstruther was in bed with a nasty attack of anaemia.

Drag was most upset. They had been planning to go to the local Hunt Ball, but now he didn't feel like it.

After all, one ball is very much like another ball, Drag thought to himself... and he didn't like hunting for things anyway.

In addition to these considerations, as chairman of the League Against Blood Sports, Drag thought it might be out of place to show his face.

When it came to his love-life, Drag was never very lucky. Most people thought he was a real sucker.

A bright idea struck him. Pausing only to rub a little vanishing cream into the bruise which it caused, Drag hurried to the phone and dialled the number of Cecil Snugge — an old-time friend.

"Cecil baby — what's new," he said cheerfully. "How about coming out to dinner with me tonight? I've found this absolutely dreamy little Italian mortuary just around the corner."

"No thanks Drag," replied Cecil. "I'm not so good these days."

"Huh — you never were love," thought Drag to himself.

"Actually it's very tragic," continued Cecil. "I died again last week."

"Sorry to hear that, Cecil," said Drag with mock sympathy.

"Yeah... well it was nice to hear from you Drag... And fangs anyway."

The phone went dead. Drag hoped it wouldn't start putrefying before the engineer could get in to have a look at it.

There was a sudden knock at the door. "Who's there," called Drag nervously, hoping it wasn't the little old man selling second-hand wooden stakes for firewood again.



There was no answer. Out of curiosity, Drag opened the heavy oak door with a creak. (He had been using a creak ever since the handle had fallen off some six months ago).

A shaggy grey creature with exquisitely-styled fur smiled sweetly at him.

"Count Dragula?"

"Yes indeed. Can I do something for you?"

The grey creature giggled deliciously. "Oooh... I certainly hope so sweetie. Can I come in?"

Drag opened the door to its full width and gestured his visitor into the dying room.

"Who are you?", he asked carefully.

"I'm a querewolf," replied his visitor with a cute wink.

Drag looked surprised.

"Surely you mean a werewolf," he said.

"Look duckie... I know exactly what I am," said the querewolf rather testily. "I want to be your ghoul-friend."

The evening looked brighter already.

"We'll go out and have a drink to celebrate," said Drag cheerfully. "I'll just go and clean my shoes with ox-blood polish."

It took only minutes to slaughter another ox. At last Drag was ready to go out.

Holding hands, they strolled into the Bottle and Jugular Bar of the local boozier.

"Two Bloody Marys please," said Drag to the barman.

A few seconds passed. The two Bloody Marys came up.

Drag's was still alive. He watched her twitching obscenely on the bar counter for a few seconds and grimaced with distaste. Casually picking up a handy ice-pick, he finished her off with a quick thump on the side of the head.

"At least you know they're fresh," said the barman obsequiously.

"Yes love... and so are you," cried the querewolf as the barman scurried off.

Drag cast his eyes around the pub. It was full of the usual Transylvanian transvestites and a few old bats. A shaggy paw tugged excitedly at his sleeve.

"Take a look at that little number," said the querewolf in an awed voice.

Drag followed his gaze.

In the corner, dressed in their Sunday-best kaftans, sat the nicest-looking pop-group Drag had ever seen. Their gear was stacked behind them, and on the bass drum was written: THE ELECTRIC GARLICS.

"Let's snuggle over and get acquainted," he suggested. The querewolf giggled delightedly by way of agreement.

The pair slithered over.

"My, what pretty blue eyes you have," murmured Drag to the lead guitarist by way of an opening line.

"Thank you kind sir," replied the pop-singer sweetly, with a quick toss of his curly golden locks.

"How's about a little necking?" said Dragula. "I fancy something I can get my teeth into. Your arterial blood supply, for instance."

The pop guitarist looked up with wide open innocent eyes shining.

"But kind sir... I am a virgin," he said

plaintively. "My jugular vein is as intact as the day I was born. No-one has ever entered it."

"How charming," muttered the querewolf.

"How challenging," added Dragula. "Come, querewolf, we must away to make plans."

They slunk away to a far corner of the bar to talk over their strategy.

"It's the chance of a lifetime," Dragula slobbered. "A real, honest-to-badness virgin pop-singer. I didn't even know such creatures still existed."

"Perhaps his agent is the other way," suggested the querewolf. "Some of them are, you know... I read about it in the Sunday papers."

"Curse you literary types," thundered Drag. "Let us concentrate on the business in hand."

"The business not in hand," corrected the querewolf saucily. Dragula gave him a withering look.

Just then, the two plotters were interrupted by the victim himself.

"Excuse me kind sirs," said the pop-singer. "But I think you could do me a great favour."

"What's that my little one," asked Drag in his most charming voice.

The singer grinned sheepishly.

"To tell you the truth sir — I came into this bar with a purpose most foul," he said softly, and lowered his beautiful unbroken voice to a whisper. "I was hoping to find a nice kind gentleman to break me in, as it were. I'm just bursting at my chubby little seams with blood which needs to be released."

A delicious shiver ran up Dragula's spine. Reaching behind him he plucked it off and popped it into his mouth. It was indeed delicious... one of the best shivers he had tasted in months.

This was even better than he had hoped. A willing sacrifice.

Pausing only to disinfect his fangs with TCP, Drag's trembling fingers peeled back the flowery collar of the kaftan and exposed the singer's bare neck.

Had Dragula's heart been beating at all, it would have beat more strongly as he opened his mouth, and prepared to take a deep draught of gore.

His pointed fangs pierced the white virgin skin and eased their way through the epidermis.

Then, sinking into the slightly grisly texture of the pop-singer's jugular vein, Dragula took a long, deep swig.

Ten seconds later, he retched violently, and spat it out in disgust. The singer's blood tasted like vinegar.

"Maybe I should have told you," said the pop-singer apologetically. "I suffer from anaemia."

Dragula resisted an impulse to flatten the boy with one mighty swipe. He turned to the querewolf, who was rolling on the floor with laughter.

"What's the big joke?" asked Drag bitterly.

"Oh dearie me, love," said the querewolf. "I think you've been taken for a sucker again. Don't you know it's April the First?"

"No I didn't," retorted Dragula. "But what's that got to do with it?"

"Well", chorussed the pop-singer, the rest of the Garlics and the querewolf in perfect unison. "Don't you realise that it's April Ghouls Day?"

JULIAN PETERS

JEREMY's three-star feature \*\*\*  
the first of a series of articles  
discussing the finer points of  
modern civilised existence. This  
month, top culinary writer PIERRE  
CHAUMONT tells you how to:



THE MYSTIQUE of the great professional reaches its peak in a restaurant kitchen under a famous chef. The mighty man himself, in his white jacket and trousers, like a ceremonial costume, his neckcloth and tall white hat, the *toque blanche*, presides over a score of minions similarly, if less elegantly, clad, ranging from roast and sauce chefs to kitchen boys and porters.

Around him gleaming copper pans hang from spotless walls, on the stoves a dozen or more pots steam and bubble, and in the distance a queue of waiters stands urgently ready for the offerings destined for the dining room beyond.

But cooking is basically a man, a cooking pot, and the necessary raw materials. Anybody, given prescience and a modicum of intelligence can become a reasonable cook. Apply yourself properly and be prepared to practice a dish over and over again and you can be a good cook within your range.

The basic necessities are good utensils. You can buy cheaply, but it is worth paying a little more. First you want three knives — one for peeling vegetables, a second larger one, say six to eight inches, with a bigger blade for cutting fish fillets, and a slicing knife for cutting raw or cooked meat easily. All are sharp and must be kept so with either a sharpening steel or a small sharpening machine. Knives will accumulate as you progress.

Start, too, with three saucepans, two of six inches diameter and one of eight.

Copper used to be the kitchen joy and it certainly lasts longest. The modern pan is of aluminium, which is heavy enough for your purposes and also heats the contents more quickly. Another advantage you have over grandmother is the pressure pan. This costs seven to eight pounds and, although not an absolute must, will save you so much time in cooking vegetables and meat that you will come to depend on it. The one I like best is Prestige.

# BE THE KING OF THE KITCHEN!

Pressure cooking is cooking by steam and you can use your pressure pan for boiling, braising, stewing and steaming. You cannot roast in a pressure pan but you can pot-roast, which is a method of slow cooking by steam in butter or fat, which you can try later on. Because pressure cooking is done at higher temperatures than an ordinary pan it is quicker and more economical. Better still, it has a way of preserving the freshness and flavour of your vegetables. You will get a complete instruction book with the cooker and you should follow its advice carefully and not be daunted by the hissings and steam splutterings that accompany its use.

Next you want a frying pan and also an omelette pan, each about eight inches across. Omelettes are very important for the man living on his own. He can soon achieve a minor reputation for his omelettes if he gives this sort of cooking a little practise, and he can put on his omelette apron, brandish the pan that he keeps for omelettes and nothing else, and make a fine display of expertise. At dinner for two, the omelette can make a splendid course and arouse the guest's interest and even jealousy. But never be tempted to use a big pan and do two omelettes at the same time. One at a time is the rule for omelettes... as it should be for most other things.

Both the omelette pan and the frying pan should be in heavy gauge aluminium, but whereas you wash up your frying pan after use and scour it with a Brillo pad or something similar, the omelette pan is so sacred that you should simply wipe it clean with a piece of grease-proof paper and then place it in a cellophane bag till it is next required.

If your omelette pan does get dirty or burned you will have to wash it, but, once it is dry, you should put a small knob of saltless butter or margarine in it and let this melt over the stove and run all over the pan in order to "grease" it again. Pour

the liquid off, and it is ready for use.

Once again you have acquired confidence and some expertise you may want to buy an electric mixer. That will cost you from eight or ten pounds upwards, but in the meantime you can do very well with a metal whisk or even your ordinary kitchen fork. Although essential for large scale cooking, electric mixers sometimes seem to have a deadening effect, just as a broiler chicken is never the same as a free-range one. You want mixing bowls to go with your whisk and a measuring glass in which the amounts are clearly marked on the side.

Fireproof toughened glass casseroles are very useful. One shallow one with lid about ten inches long and an upright one, about seven inches across, should do to begin with, but remember to have an oven cloth handy for when you take them out of the oven — the casseroles are fireproof but your fingers aren't!

A stove and refrigerator are very important in good cooking nowadays. With gas you can adjust your heat more easily, but electricity does not take long to get used to and it is cleaner and in some ways quicker. In the oven you can use your casserole or metal roasting tins.

Roasting is a process that modern methods have improved. In the old days roasts of meat, turkey etc. had to be basted with hot gravy. Today you wrap the meat or bird in tinfoil, avoid the splashy business of basting and reduce the cooking time.

Another advantage for today's cook is what were once called tinned foods, then canned foods and now convenience foods. This means adding a wall can-opener to your kitchen. A handsome one I saw recently was made of stainless steel. Fish, fruit, ham, soup, sandwich spreads and vegetables, including new potatoes, are available in this category.

Living out of tins, however, is not basically good for your health or satisfying to the cook's prowess, useful as they are.



It is important to eat fresh fish, eggs, poultry and cheese for their proteins, and fresh fruit and vegetables are similarly valuable. Carbo-hydrates as in bread and flour are also needed. Onions, carrots and cheese can all be grated for flavouring, so buy a grater.

Ideally your food should be stored in a cool, ventilated larder with a gauze-covered window to keep out flies, those perennial spreaders of infection on food, and a stone slab to keep butter and milk cold. If you have not got a bread bin, the bread should be wrapped in a polythene bag.

By and large it is best to buy food only as you intend to use it and to throw away any milk or fish or pies etc. that are left over. Absolute cleanliness in storing food and in handling it is essential if unpleasant consequences are to be avoided. Once a meal is over the dishes and pots and pans should be washed up as soon as possible.

You will want a small quantity of herbs and seasonings such as mustard, pepper, peppercorns, saffron (for rice and soup) and horseradish (for sauce). They must be kept in containers with tight lids, preferably the ones you get them in. Flour, too, must be kept tightly covered when it should last for months.

#### MEAL FOR FOUR

One of the secrets of successful cooking is to make simplicity your aim, and it was a piece of advice often repeated by the great Escoffier to his pupils. In other words, avoid complications in your approach. Above all, work within your known capacity. It is better to provide a relatively simple meal that is a success than an involved menu which you fail to bring off.

So make your first meal a three course one and keep each course to a straightforward dish that you have tried out yourself several times. Choose it from only two or three alternatives that you know you can make successfully.

The first course should be either hors d'oeuvres or soup, depending both on personal taste and on the season. An attractive hor d'oeuvres succeeds by its variety, the pleasing colour of its ingredients, and the presentation on the table.

Presentation, of course, is important in everything a cook produces.

The plates must be spotless, and the actual serving dish must also be clean and unmarked with dribbles of gravy or other stains. The cutlery must be correctly set out and any table pieces like salt-cellars or pepper-pots must be polished and bright. If you have flowers, they must not be in too large a vase or arranged so that they obscure vision. If flowers are considered necessary they are best as blooms in shallow bowls.

One of the pleasures of restaurant dining is the arrival of the hors d'oeuvres

trolley with its attendant minion, hovering with spoon aloft to serve the diner's wishes. On a private table they are best presented either in one of the attractive partitioned dishes available in pottery or wood and glass, or in a series of separate bowls on a sidetable from which guests can help themselves.

If soup is to be the first course then you should try to obtain one of those broad metal bowls in which it is often served in French restaurants and, of course, the appropriate ladle. You can then present it with some *ec/att*, and any guest who wants a second helping can come again. Otherwise you must make do with a tureen.

With so many tins and packages of soup on the market, it presents few problems. Soup that you have made yourself from stock with special additions is to be preferred if you have the time to prepare it. The flavour of carefully made home-produced soup is always better than the packaged variety, clever as these are.

**You can make a good general stock in your pressure pan in only 40 minutes at 15lbs. pressure.**

Put three to four lbs of bones from joints and chops, either raw or cooked, in the pan and add fresh or cooked leftover vegetables (not potatoes or peas). Add a few peppercorns, bay leaf, small turnip and carrot and roughly chopped onions. The vegetables should be prepared and chopped if not already cooked, and fat must be removed from the bones. Now add sufficient water to cover. Bring the ingredients to boil without using the cover, then lower the heat to simmering, skim the surface, put the top cover on and bring to pressure. Allow the stock to cool in the pan overnight then skim off the fat and strain and the result is a useful basis for soups and sauces.

The pressure pan should not be more than half full before putting the cover on and bringing to pressure. So that the stock will keep, it should be boiled for ten minutes every second day.

For onion soup take two good-sized onions, two medium potatoes and two pints of stock. Cut up the potatoes and onions and mix them with half an ounce of butter in a large saucepan. Add the stock and seasoning and allow to simmer for five minutes. Then stir and make sure the potatoes have dissolved and thickened the soup. Pour into a soup tureen and scatter grated cheese on top before adding a small amount of cream and serving straight away.

The main course offers a very wide range of choice from fish to roasts. But until you have real confidence in your skill continue to take the simple line.

**So try either an omelette or braised lamb and green peas cooked in a casserole, a very attractive dish to present at the table. If you prefer fish, try halibut steak with a horseradish sauce, or tartare sauce, a mix which needs no cooking.**

Sweets again should not be involved and the advantage of cold sweets is that they can be prepared beforehand. Canned fruit salad, for instance, is an excellent basis when you add sliced fresh apple, and banana and orange segments to it. Or, instead of fresh fruit, you could add an ice cream that you have bought earlier in the day and kept in your refrigerator. Again, four meringues with thick whipped cream between the cases and ice cream make an acceptable meringue glace and you can buy the meringues and cream from a pastrycook. Perhaps, however, you will prefer to present a cheeseboard and biscuits. Your meal will then end with coffee, preferably from a percolator.

**No meal is acceptable today without wine to accompany it and, despite recent increases in duty, there are still modest prices on the market.**

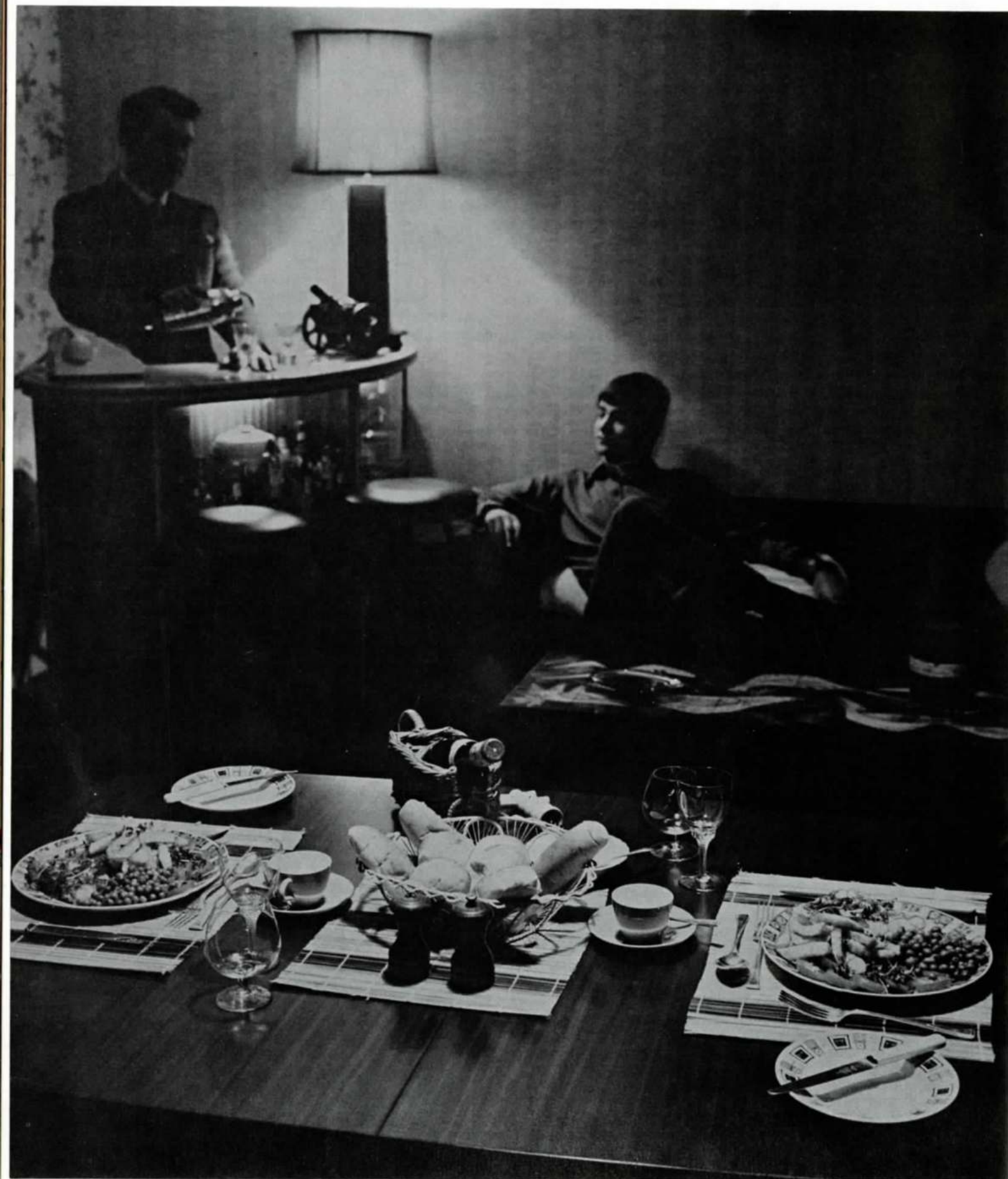
Four people will mean two bottles of wine for the meal. There are two wines that can be drunk satisfactorily right through the meal — hock and champagne. In the first there are well-publicised names such as Blue Nun, Hanns Christoff and Blackfriars, linked with British importers. But you can get a good Liebfraumilch from your local wine store without the brand name for about 12s.9d. upwards. Liebfraumilch means only Rhine wine, so you depend upon your wine merchant's wisdom for the quality. You will pay three or four shillings more for a wine from a good shipper but you can then rely on his name.

If you can run to champagne remember that several cut-price wine stores offer good, *non-vintage* champagnes for around 30s. Moët et Chandon, Mercier, and Veuve Cliquot are examples. Vintage bottles cost 10s. or more above this figure.

Another through-the-meal wine is Mateus Rose in its attractive, squat bottle from Portugal. It will cost you from 14s. upwards and again prices vary if you shop around. It is slightly sweet and slightly sparkling, however, and thus not to every connoisseur's fancy. My own taste would be for a bottle of chablis, named from a little French town with the hors d'oeuvres. Chablis lies between Auxerre and Tonnerre and you should get a 1966 chablis for 14s.6d. or so. This won't be a *Grand Cru* vineyard, but it will be from the area.

With your omelette or braised lamb, whichever you choose for the second course, a bottle of beaujolais will go very well. A 1966 should cost about 11s. For three shillings or so more you can buy a beaujolais from a specific commune under such names as Moulin-a-Vent, Chenas, Morgon, Fleurie and Chiroubles, all worth the extra.

These are, of course, fairly modest wines except perhaps for the beaujolais communes, which can be very good value. Open the bottle at least an hour before the meal and put the whites in the refrigerator, while the reds should stand in a





corner of your dining-room not too close to any fire.

In buying French wines remember that you can be greatly assisted by the words "Appellation Contrôlée" on the French label which ensures both quality and area of growth.

#### RECIPES FOR FOUR

Soup can be made with the onion soup recipe given above or, more time-saving, with tins or packages on the market from Heinz, Knorr and Dulfrance. The latter has a garden vegetable soup mix which you can offer under its nicer French name of "Pot au feu aux légumes". It includes dried leaks, turnips, carrots, celery, onions etc. and cooks in 20 minutes. You add the contents to 1½ pints of cold water in a saucepan and bring to boiling point. Then allow to simmer until the vegetables are completely cooked, which is roughly 20 minutes. This should serve six people but allows for second helpings with four.

If you choose hors d'oeuvres, preparation is even simpler.

You want two hard-boiled eggs, four raw tomatoes, head of lettuce, tin of sardines, grated onion, quarter of a pound of spiced sausage, liver sausage or something similar, quarter of a pound of cold ham and a tin of asparagus.

Slice the hard-boiled eggs, tomatoes and sausage with a very sharp knife. Wash the lettuce and separate the leaves to decorate the plates. Drain off the liquid in the asparagus tin and set out the stalks and sardines in spoke fashion on the basis of slices of cold ham. Add the sliced eggs, tomatoes and sausage and sprinkle the grated onion over the result. It is simple to prepare four plates in advance but you can equally have several dishes and let the guests help themselves to each. Mayonnaise served in a dish with a spoon should be available.

The main course offers you your chance to show skill with an omelette and you should allow two eggs per person. With four people, make two separate four-egg omelettes, one after the other, even if this means a slight delay.

Beat the eggs in a basin and then add two teaspoonfuls of water for each two eggs, plus mild seasoning of salt and pepper. Don't beat the eggs too fiercely. Use two forks and do little more than stir. Put a half-ounce knob of butter in the omelette pan and allow this to warm before pouring in the eggs just as the butter has melted. Put on high heat and after a minute, which allows the bottom to set, tip the pan towards you and loosen the egg mixture from the sides with a spatula and tip the pan from side to side so that the liquid flows and cooks quickly. When not quite set on top it is ready and you slip the palette knife under it while holding the pan sloping towards you so that the omelette can be folded over and eased out on to a warm plate. Divide into two portions and serve at once, and make

the second omelette straight away.

With the omelette you can serve cold tinned vegetables salad, lettuce, and French fried potatoes which you can buy in a convenience packet and heat up in your frying pan in cooking oil.

For braised lamb casserole you need four lamb cutlets, a cup of green peas, one onion, three sliced (or diced, i.e. cubed) young turnips, seasoning and chopped parsley. With a sharp knife slice the onion in thin strips and lay in the fireproof casserole. Trim the cutlets and place them on top of the onions. Arrange the turnips on top and add seasoning and a little sugar. Then put in sufficient water to just about cover the ingredients. Put on the casserole lid and cook in a moderate oven of electricity 375°F or Gas Regulo 4. After half an hour add the green peas and cook for 30 minutes more.

The food should be sprinkled with chopped parsley and served as hot as possible. In fact you can bring the casserole to the table if you use an ovencloth to hold it and have a heat-resistant table mat or another dish to stand it on.

Perhaps, however, you may prefer fish.

For four people you will need a halibut steak of about 2lb. Melt two ounces of butter in an oven dish that just takes the steak easily. Lightly dust the halibut with flour and then scatter a little pepper and salt on it. Now lower the halibut steak into the dish on the melted butter and turn it over immediately so the other side is also covered. Add a further sprinkle of salt and pepper. Your oven should be prepared to a heat of 400°F or Gas Regulo 6 in advance and you simply place the dish in the oven for a few minutes while you soak a tablespoonful of dessicated horseradish in a tablespoonful of water and add a quarter of a pint of double cream. Work this together with a fork and then remove the dish and spread over the fish. Put a lid on the dish and return to the oven for 30 minutes baking.

If you prefer not to go to the trouble of making the horseradish cream you can simply bake the halibut steak as described for 30-35 minutes and then serve with tartare sauce. This requires no cooking and is made with a quarter of a pint of mayonnaise, a teaspoon of capers, and two teaspoons each of chopped parsley and chopped gherkins. Mix these ingredients together in a shallow bowl and serve in a clean dish with a spoon for the guests to help themselves.

The cold sweets are easily brought forward after this while you remove the dishes to the kitchen sink and put the coffee on but don't forget it is on if you go back to the dining room to chat with your visitors.

For further distinction serve a liqueur with the coffee. Kummel has a soothing influence on the stomach but costs about 48s. a bottle. For 18s. you can buy a half bottle of one of several makes

of cherry brandy. Cointreau, Benedictine and Grand Marnier are all distinguished liqueurs, but even dearer than Kummel.

Be resolute about getting all the dirty dishes away before sitting down over your coffee. Soak them in the sink in hot water to which you have added a sprinkling of washing up liquid. It is remarkable how this liquid will drift the grease off the plates and ease your task.

The tedious chore of washing up still awaits you but if you have followed these instructions carefully, and tried your skill out in advance, everything should have combined to make your dinner a success. Next time you can be more ambitious.

#### COOKING DEFINITIONS

BAKING is cooking in the oven using dry heat.

BOILING means that the food is covered with liquid which remains on the boil throughout.

ROASTING is cooking in a hot oven with a little fat and usually means basting the meat or poultry unless it is wrapped in tinfoil.

SIMMERING means just below boiling point which you can tell by the bubbles appearing in the liquid at the sides of the pan.

FRYING is cooking in an open pan with a small amount of hot fat on top of the stove.

GRILLING is done under the red-hot grill of your stove and is used for fish and small pieces of meat. The same griller will do your toast very quickly.

PIERRE CHAUMONT



"MOTHER...!"

## jeremy reviews anew

### BOOKS

BOY-MEETS-BOY is as age-old a romantic story as any other; but it has yet to begin producing its quota of Great Literature. True, there are the stories of David and Jonathan, of Roland and Oliver, the fragmentary tales of the *ephebi* of the Golden Age of Greece. But there is as yet no great story of the relationship between two boys in modern times, told in modern terms.

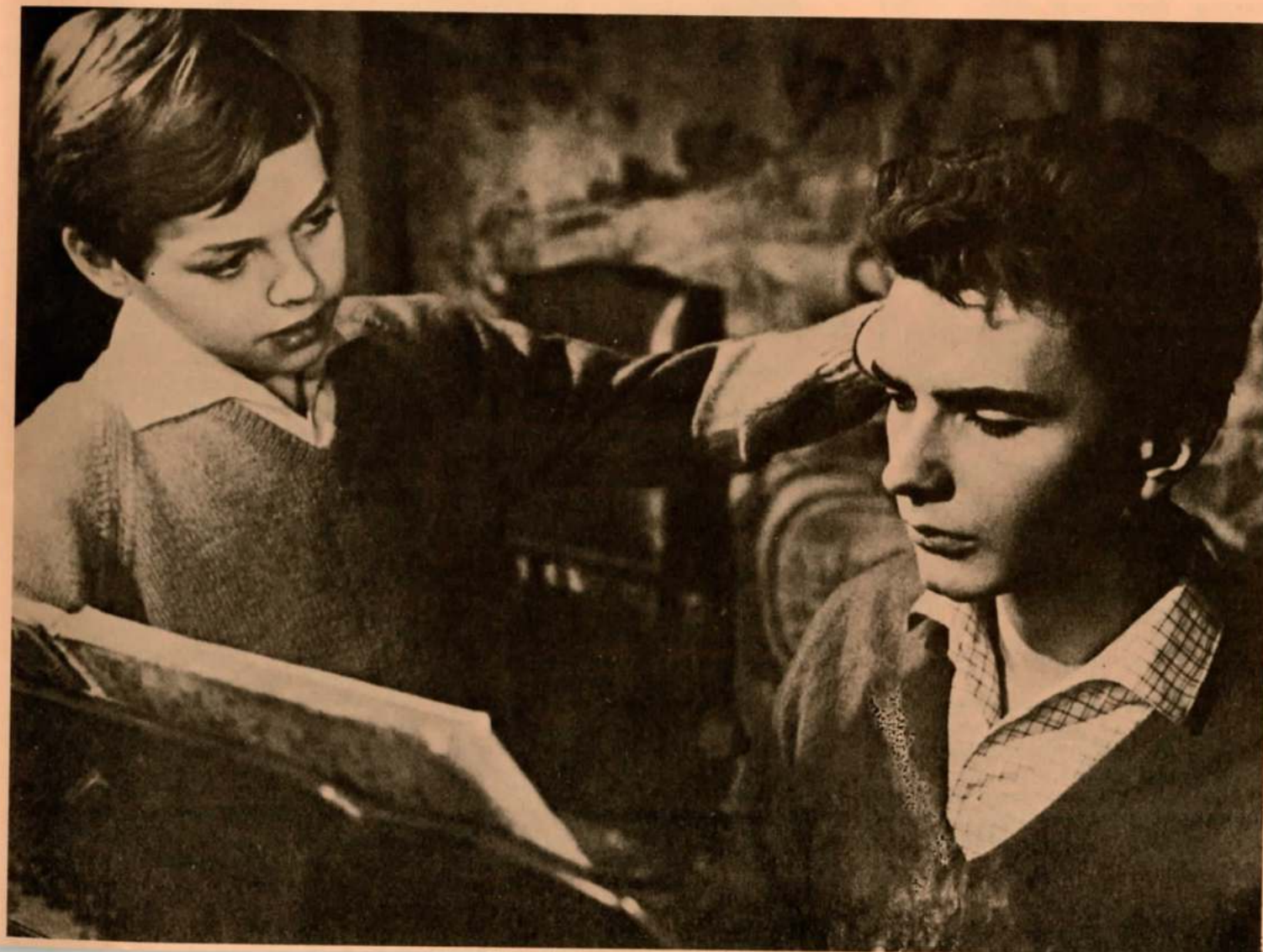
SPECIAL FRIENDSHIPS by Roger Peyrefitte goes some of the way toward remedying this deficiency; but far from all the way. Many will have heard of the novel. Translated from the French, it was first published in England as long ago as 1958. There is now a new Panther paperback edition available at 7s 6d.

The protagonist, Georges de Sarre is

a fine specimen of boyhood:

*General appearance — well balanced. Face: oval, unpretentious. Hair: dark chestnut, always scented with lavender-water. Complexion: even, with a few freckles. Eyes: chestnut, sometimes warm, sometimes icy. Mouth: sentimental. Nose: straight.*

Heir to a Marquisate, Georges is an





innocent fourteen when he arrives at the Catholic boarding school of St. Claude's. Intelligent and perceptive, it is not long before he realises that St. Claude's is not all it might wish to be. Clandestinely, 'special friendships' flourish.

*Watch over your friendships for they may be that enemy, a sermon warns. Let them never become that kind of special friendships which foster nothing but sensibility; for, as Boraloue tells us sensibility readily turns to sensuality.*

As his naivety evaporates like snow on a stove, Georges reveals a ruthless streak. Attracted to his beautiful neighbour, Lucien Rouvere, he arranges that Lucien's established lover should be exposed and expelled. When Lucien, in reaction, turns to religion, Georges has to look elsewhere for the partner for his special friendship.

He finds that partner in Alexander Motier. He is first attracted to him at the feast of St. Thomas the Apostle, when the thirteen-year-old Motier carries the Lamb of Purity in the procession.

*This was a boy of remarkable beauty, about thirteen years of age. The regular features of his face were crowned by a head of fair, wild curls, and lit by a brilliant smile. Like the mystical lamb in Father Lauzon's room, he seemed to be offering himself to be adored. His bare knees appeared beneath the hem of his short red gown.*

And there is the poem Georges sends, first to Lucien, and then to the angelic Alexander; too indelicate, it seems, for the book's translator, but roughly anglicised thus:-

*My dearest, I have sought you since  
the dawn,  
In vain. Now I find you, and it is evening.  
But what happiness! Although all is dark  
My eyes yet  
Can see you*

*Your name spills the oils of life,  
Your breath has all the scents desired,  
Your smallest words are made of  
purest honey  
And your eyes so pale,  
Of all the skies.*

*My heart melts like some luscious fruit.  
Oh! In this heart, my dearest, that  
seeks you,  
Come to rest, gently, like a  
perfumed breath,  
Yet firmly  
Like a seal.*

But, as with love between any combination of ages and sexes, their course does not run smooth. Their special friendship is discovered in the bed; but driven onward by some inexplicable inner magnetism, the young lovers continue in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties.



Stemming from the blighted flower of their friendship comes, in time, the final exposure, the agonizing crises of conscience, and the final echoing tragedy.

Peyrefitte's style is as impeccable as George de Sarre's lavender-scented hair. It is never melodramatic, often prosaic, but occasionally lyrical. Perhaps the peak of the special friendship is reaching during a swimming trip:

*Crossing the meadow, among the willows, Alexander was drawing near, wearing a blue bathing-slip. He had picked a red gladiolus and was amusing himself as he walked, by trying to balance it upright on the palm of his hand. The thin gold chain danced about his neck. He was borne up by the sun's rays, for the grass-blades barely bent beneath his feet. Georges had never dreamed of a more exquisite vision, and he whispered to himself. 'All my life I shall remember that I have seen this, that this happened'.*

But the translation suffers from an over-literate pedantry, with the French sentence-rhythms often preserved religiously and ostentatiously. Such passages as *Had they, as he had done, secretly read all Anatole France? All? Well, at least half: that author's works are numerous and some among them are boring* are hardly fluently anglicised. The

form, too, will seem strange to those used to novels in English. It has the stolid, litanic structure of many a French novel, a plateau more than a range of mountains, building inexorably detail on detail until the abrupt concluding tragedy.

What preserves the book's integrity is the constant thread of Catholicism. The conflict between passion and faith, between M. Peyrefitte seems to say, humanity and organised religion, is reiterated time after time. The priests at St. Claude's include Father Lauzon, whose fanatical devotion to spiritual innocence drives his pupils into acute anguish and, finally in one case, death.

There is Father de Trennes, the mysterious priest who wakes the favoured among his charges in the small hours by wafting roses in front of their faces. And the Superior, as remote as God Himself and as capable of revenge.

The novel is not likely to scrape into the first team, or even the second. Yet it is another indication that there is more than enough scope in this sensitive theme for a first-class novel. Some day someone may do for the love of two boys what Nabokov did for the love of Humbert in *Lolita*. And then we can hail him.

Charles Trelawney

SHOULD CLOTHES BE SEXY? Is there such a thing as an indecent outfit, in fact? Sexuality and fashion have been closely linked together since Eve plucked that apple from the bough and Adam, quite unwittingly, entered the menswear market by running up a snazzy figleaf outfit.

Since then clothes have been used to conceal and even expose the body in varying degrees. The costumes of one period, condemned in their time as being obscene and lewd, have become quite acceptable to another.

If clothes are designed specifically for the sexes, then it is an inescapable fact that sexuality must play a prominent role in their conception.

Yet there are indications we are reaching a neutral period in dress and the definitions are becoming less sharp. Perhaps the equality of the sexes has a lot to do with it. Maybe we have at last accepted — in casual wear, at least — that comfort is what really matters and the requirements of both male and female are similar.

There are many theories and in his book "DRESS OPTIONAL — THE REVOLUTION IN MENSWEAR", Rodney Bennett-England has devoted a whole chapter on the subject of sexuality in dress.

He talks about the codpiece, skin-tight jeans and underwear. Women, he argues, have throughout history resorted to artificial aids to make themselves sexually more attractive. Is there any reason why men should not do the same?

DRESS OPTIONAL is compulsive reading. It has been reviewed throughout the world and was published in the USA last October.

The author, who has just been voted "Men's Fashion Writer of the Year" — the first to receive the award from the Clothing Institute — is well known for his fashion articles in many leading national newspapers and magazines.

The book is packed with information from the history of costume to a peep at the future. It deals with sociological and psychological aspects of menswear, there are interviews with all the leading designers and he describes in detail how the various garments are made and the changes in the male fashion scene resulting in the emergence of Carnaby Street and King's Road as international fashion pacesetters.

The book is profusely illustrated and top designers like Pierre Cardin, Hardy Amies, Tom Gilbey, Peter Golding, Ruben Torres and John Weitz have contributed sketches.

Anybody who takes more than a passing interest in his wardrobe will find DRESS OPTIONAL a must. The author travelled over 20,000 miles gathering material for it and the result is a truly remarkable insight into the whole of the menswear industry from raw material

through to male models and the boutique boom.

The book is published by Peter Owen Ltd., 47s 6d.

# EATS

"The Samuel Pepys" restaurant reviewed by  
PIERRE CHAUMONT.

YOUNG CITY MEN have found a new background for those business luncheons, which are such pleasant social occasions; or for entertaining each other after office hours in the evening. They can even find themselves dining together in the setting of a four-poster bed.

I went there recently with a good-eating companion. Our destination was the *Samuel Pepys* which has recently appeared at Brooks Wharf, off Upper Thames Street, between Blackfriars and Southwark bridges on the north side of the Thames. Upper Thames Street runs parallel with the river across the road from *The Times* building and a large wooden sign soon indicates this new restaurant.

There is plenty of atmosphere, for the building was for many years an old warehouse. It has been cleverly converted into a handsome reproduction of a 17th-century house with every 20th century comfort. There is a downstairs bar with a riverside verandah, and above it is the restaurant which seats 60. It is lined with eating booths and has a raised area, the "And so to bed" section, with a four-poster division, which is actually a curtained alcove.

Fine old dark beams and Stuart-period furniture, with polished table tops to reflect the cutlery, await you, but it's advisable to book your table with Mr and Mrs Roy Paget who are in charge. The serving wenches, bustling around in pink costumes of the period, are nearly all Australians.

We began our meal with an excellent *pate maison* pleasantly spiced, accompanied by really hot toast and lettuce garnishing. Our main course choice was game pie, for which the *Samuel Pepys* is already becoming famous, but the menu was very varied and included duck, pigeon and salmon.

The crust was particularly attractive, light and almost flaky, a pleasant change from the heavy pie-crust that too often spoils such dishes.

We drank a bottle of good quality Liebfraumilch with our food, since hock goes well throughout a meal and we did

not want a heavier wine. There was an excellent and varied choice of wines, however, all at reasonable prices.

We concluded the meal with fresh fruit salad, coffee and liqueurs — in this case Kummel, a pleasant stomach-settler and not so sweet as most liqueurs.

The bill came to just over £4 with the drinks, and an extra ten shilling note took care of the odd pence and the tip.

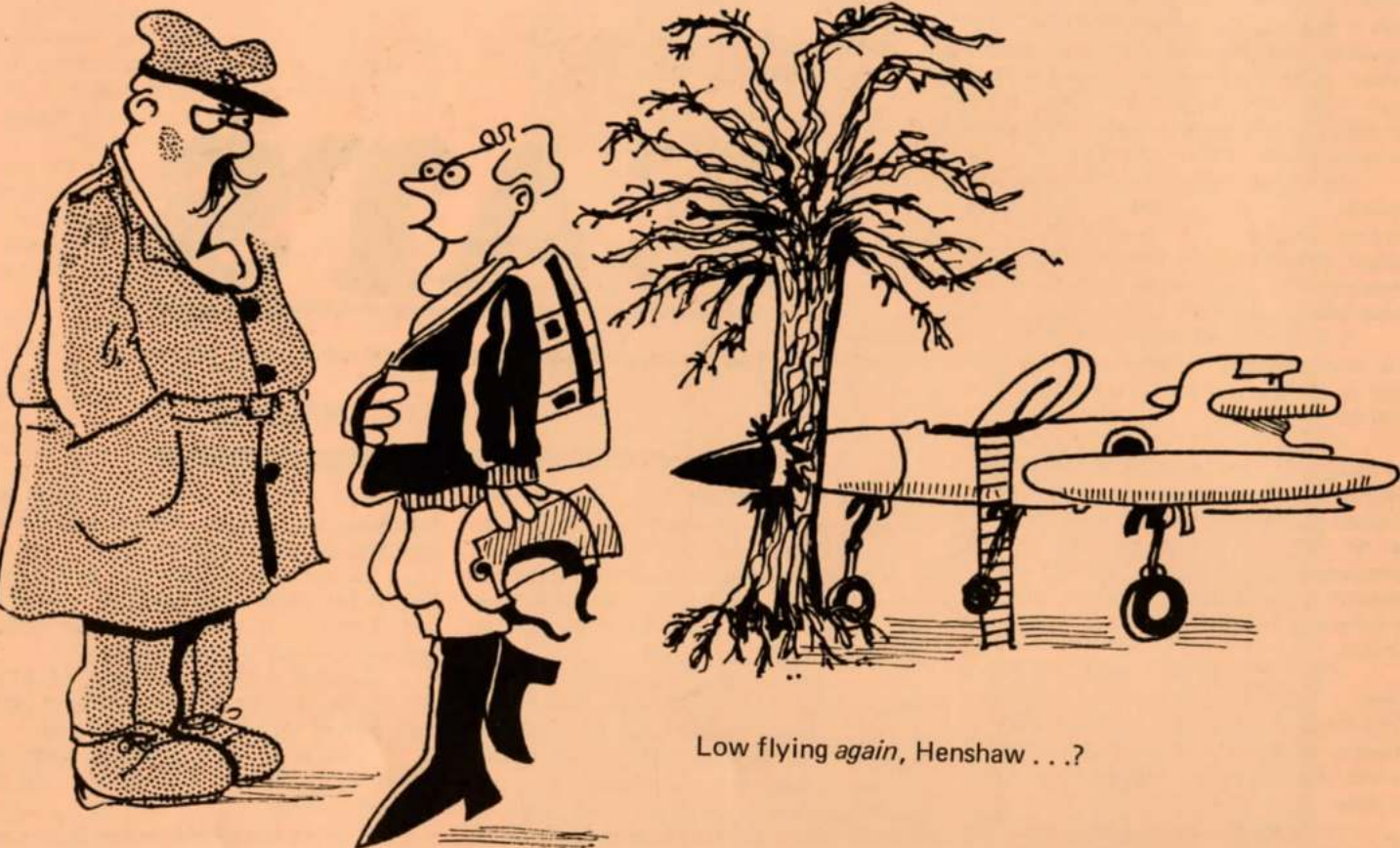
A friendly, quite informal, welcome makes the guest feel quickly at home in his surroundings.

With its big windows looking out on the Thames, the passing barges and keening seagulls, the *Samuel Pepys* is worth a visit for the setting alone. Ask for a window table when you book and have a good look at the menu which is ingeniously incorporated in a volume of Pepys' diary, bound in leather.

PIERRE CHAUMONT







TASTE WITHOUT WAIST

TOO OFTEN, THAT savoury meal you put together quickly can be hell on your waistline. Most pre-packed foods these days are thick with carbohydrates, heavy with fat and high on calories. They're quick, sure; and they're cheap, okay; and they even taste good. But the damage done in ten minutes of ill-advised noshing can take hours of work-out in the gym afterwards to put right.

So the next time you want a quick meal that looks good, tastes good and *is* good for everything except inches, try this little speciality of mine which I call SAVOURY SKEWERS:

- You will need:
- 4 sausages, halved (preferably frankfurter-type, but any savoury chipolata will do)
  - 4 slices of onion
  - 4 bacon-rashers, halved
  - 4 mushrooms
  - 2 tomatoes, quartered
  - 4 metal skewers

Switch the grill on to medium heat, and while it is warming up wrap each of the sausage-halves in the bacon. Grease the metal skewers, then thread onto them alternately the pieces of sausage, mushroom and tomato. When this is done, brush the food with a little melted butter,

then place under the grill and cook for fifteen minutes, turning them constantly and brushing them occasionally with more butter.

Serve on a bed of lettuce with egg-and-watercress salad. (Chopped hardboiled egg and watercress mixed with a little melted butter and a pinch of salt.)

This recipe serves one, but reduce the quantities accordingly if you're *really* trying to slim.

LAWRENCE BRADSHAW

...

THE GAYEST NIGHT-SPOT IN PARIS

IF YOU'RE PLANNING to visit France this year, you must of course be going to Paris, for no trans-Channel trip is complete without at least three nights in the French capital.

And near the top of your list of absolute musts for an evening out is the night-club L'Alcazar.

The club is situated in the Rue Mazarine on the Left Bank, and although it is a little expensive (even by Parisian standards) the price of a four-course meal (about 50fr) will get you several hours of music, dancing and cabaret in the most truly cosmopolitan atmosphere in Western Europe.

Some friends and I were there recently, shortly after it opened, and were pleasantly surprised at the informal atmosphere.

The food is *excellent* (we chose steak from the wide menu), and the table-service is efficient and unobtrusive, with just the right amount of politeness.

First drinks cost 18fr each, but thereafter they're 10fr only.

The cabaret is wild: the dancing-girls are some of the prettiest in Paris and are undraped to just the degree of allure that does not descend into vulgarity; there are two female impersonators who are a total riot; acrobats, magicians, and a singer who sends up the top French stars.

Dress as you will; if you look your best in black tie, etc, then you won't be out of place. But the far more predominant mode of dress in Paris at the moment is the casual effect, and if you find yourself rubbing shoulders with top male French film-stars (we saw two of them on one table) you'll find their wear is ultra-informal.

CLAUDE BROWNE



AQUARIUS

**The Water-Bearer**  
Should those around you criticise you for not holding yourself erect, remember that the feeling's mutual. Don't thrust yourself indiscriminately at your associates, you will only rub them up the wrong way.

PISCES

**The Two Fishes**  
Don't allow yourself to become bored, this is not for you. You may not be feeling gay the whole time, but try to avoid the obvious perils of being in dire straights.

ARIES

**The Ram**  
The opportunities for trade will be very good just about now. Don't turn your back on these unless you have to, as your inbuilt flair for self-advancement should be exploited.

TAURUS

**The Bull**  
If you find yourself in an awkward spot, do not chicken out immediately. You can rely on your friends to help you at this time, and no harm will come of experience. At very least, it will have broadened your experience.

GEMINI

**The Twins**  
Someone will come into your circle of friends who will bring pressure to bear on what will become a sore point if over-exposed. You should not bend over backwards to avoid this, but face up to it.

CANCER

**The Crab**  
An unexpected windfall will buoy up your chances in the summer months. If things do look low, follow your instincts and remember, if you do reach the bottom things can only get better.

LEO

**The Lion**  
For your summer holidays this year, you might like to go camping. This will bring you the advantages of inexpensiveness, good health and a widening ring of acquaintances. If you do go, you will find the climate to your liking.

VIRGO

**The Virgin**  
You can anticipate trouble with the second-class mail in the months ahead. But if life becomes a drag you should re-assert your position and not take things lying down.

LIBRA

**The Scales**  
You have a natural inclination for working in oils, and this facet of your nature should not be played down. Do not feel chained down in any way, let your plastic imagination have a free hand.

SCORPIO

**The Scorpion**  
Try to ward off any motherly approach in the coming months. You must break away from dominance of this kind, and attain your own standards, however innocent you may consider the intentions to be.

SAGITTARIUS

**The Archer**  
If you feel you need a rest or a holiday from your everyday life, maybe you should take a cottage somewhere. Although this may lower your standard of living at first, the final outcome will be to your good.

CAPRICORN

**The Sea-Goat**  
Perhaps this time of the year will be a good one for a cruise, if you can afford it. Ultimately, this will lead to the making of several new friendships, at least one of which will be a lasting one.





# THE ROOKIE

Short Fiction by

JONATHAN KESTER

PFC. FLOYD MELVYN was a rookie. It showed by the ever-present cheroot dangling from his lips, the rakish angle of his helmet and the casual dangling of his chin-strap, the carefully-obscene swearing, and the overall air of nonchalance with which he carried himself. The other Marines in his platoon were tolerant. They knew only too well what one Vietcong raid would do to him. Until it came, let him think he knew the score.

It was raining now, as he picked his way through the smoldering remains of Kin Pho Teo village, the peculiar brand of rain that fell throughout Vietnam. Sibilant, warm and muddy, enemy of everyone except the peasants, and they no longer cared. A scattering of the villagers stood all around, some just watching Melvyn and the other Marines, the rest painstakingly rescuing belongings from the wreckage of their homes.

His platoon sergeant muttered an order, and Melvyn moved away from the others, down to the side of the

houses. Make sure there were no VCs down there, the sergeant had said.

Who are the Vietcong, and who the peasants? It was impossible to tell. The Cong moved at night, covering incredible distances, then disguising themselves in the clothes of the farmers, working in the paddy-fields or cutting reeds in the swamps of the Mekong.

Then the next night they'd move again, perhaps to ambush an American convoy, or sow a village with pineapple bombs and splinter-grenades. Then move on, never stopping for more than a day. And the Cong were everywhere in the Delta.

Kin Pho Teo. Not a name for the history books. No major battles would take place here, nor valorous deeds be done. Just a stinking, filthy mudhold village that had so far claimed the lives of three Americans and seventeen of the Vietcong. Cleaning up, the brass-hats called it with their usual feel for the euphemistic. To Pfc. Melvyn it was part of a long, dirty war which, for

him, hadn't yet properly started.

He walked to the end of the row of wrecked houses, his rifle carried casually in its shoulder-grip, and stopped. The end house still stood intact.

He peered in through the door, and saw the black interior. As if for an audience of his platoon buddies, he raised the automatic rifle and let fly a whole clip into its interior.

A scream of fright startled him, and before he could stop himself he stepped back a pace. The scream came again, and a young boy scuttled out of the darkness and prostrated himself before Melvyn.

He thrust the barrel of the rifle into the boy's shoulder-blades.

"Papers!" he snarled.

The young Vietnamese boy looked up, and with a start Melvyn realised he could be no more than about fourteen years of age. Tears trickled from the corners of his eyes, and ran with the rain down his dirty face. He said something in a high-pitched voice, frantically and urgently.

Melvyn snapped again: "Papers! Come on, buddy-boy, let's have your papers!"

The boy rattled off a string of protest again, and Melvyn wondered how long it would take him to acquire a passable smattering of the language.

He wagged the end of his rifle. "Okay. On your feet."

The boy seemed to understand, and climbed to his feet and stood in front of Melvyn, facing him directly.

Then happened something for which Melvyn could not later account. He and the boy faced each other and it no longer seemed to matter whether or not he was a Cong, or whether he had papers, or that Melvyn was an alien intruder to this country. The rain poured onto them both, seeming to meld and unite them in a tableau in which there could never be comprehension or understanding, yet communication somehow bridged the gulf and a rapport was established. Melvyn saw in the boy's frightened face all the terrible beauties of the ravaged countryside, all the agony of a beleaguered people, all the wounds and pains, the anger and the compassion.

The noise of his rifle dropped slowly as if in shame, and the boy wiped away his tears with a muddy forearm. He grinned, and Melvyn experienced an uncontrollable desire to apologise for firing his rifle.

He reached out, and put his hand on the boy's shoulder, and again came the feeling of identity with the entire environment. The boy smiled again, and Melvyn reached inside his breast pocket for one of his cheroots. Around them, a war had temporarily stopped.

"For Chrissakes, Melvyn!" a voice rasped. "Don't make love to the bastards!"

In a flash a crude grenade had appeared in the boy's hand. He threw it wildly at the sergeant, who had appeared from behind the house, and ducked desperately to the left.

The sergeant fired his rifle on the run, and caught the boy with a clutch of bullets across his chest. He threw himself against Melvyn, and the two Americans splashed to the floor.

A second later, as the boy cartwheeled to the ground, the grenade exploded in a sheet of flame, mud and heat.

When the blast had passed over them, the two men stood up slowly. The sergeant walked over to the blood-covered body of the young Vietcong, and looked down at him.

"Jeez-us!" he swore. "Uncle Ho sure must be short of men." He placed a boot against the boy's chest and turned him so that he lay face down in the mud. He walked away.

Melvyn stood in the spot he had fallen, and looked at the crumpled body twelve feet from him.

So young. . . .

He retrieved his rifle from the ground, shook the mud from its barrel and followed the sergeant back to the other men.

Deep inside him, a new anger slowly boiled. He was still a rookie maybe, and perhaps he had still to see what the others called the war of the men. But his walk was no longer nonchalant, and his rifle was held with the sure grip of purpose.

JONATHAN KESTER



Stand by with the other egg, Mabel. . . . .

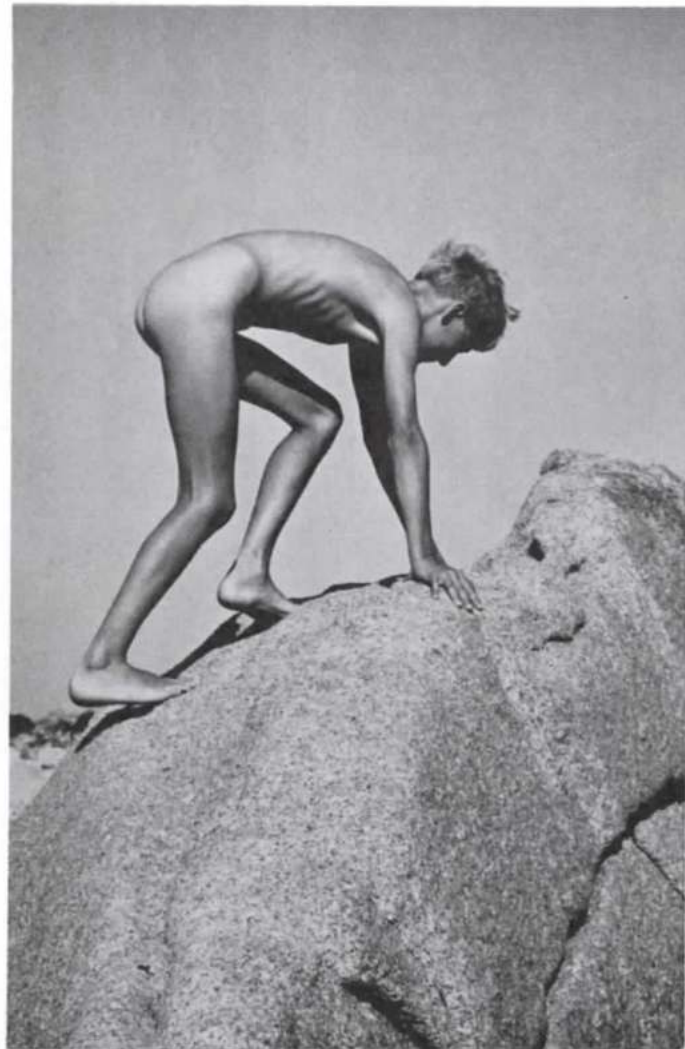


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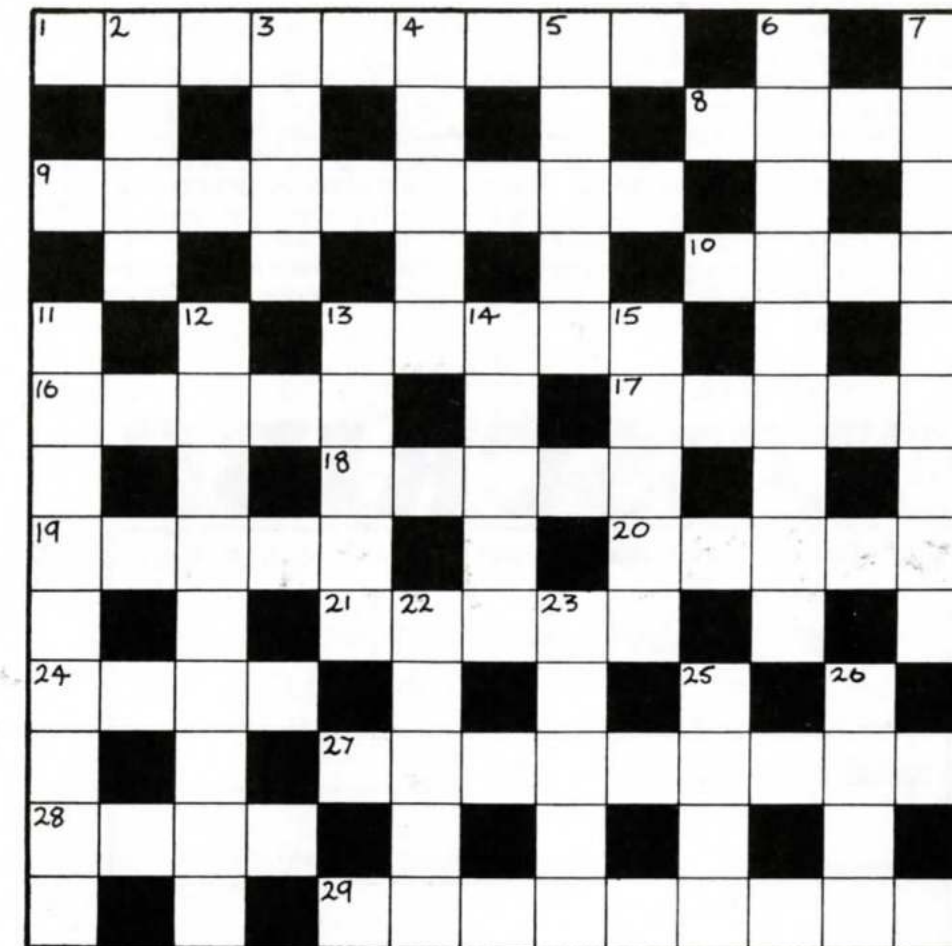
# JEREMY brain bomber

## CLUES ACROSS

1. I'll prove nought will change in this city. (9)
8. Trap me quietly. (4)
9. Medalled actor, muddled indeed. (9)
10. Mix a bit of cast iron. (4)
13. Seen to be wrong after tea is strained. (5)
16. Not 23, but 50 in river. (5)
17. Doctor in bed returns to dismiss. (5)
18. Party in first-class excuse. (5)
19. Form a fungus. (5)
20. Pure in muscle and spirit. (5)
21. It happens in nineteen-seventy. (5)
24. To back in the Eire betting-machine. (4)
27. Learning to recognise a shelf. (9)
28. Sell five, at last. (4)
29. Star-ology? (9)

## CLUES DOWN

2. Wrong time-piece? (4)
3. Got a sore back, love? (4)
4. No war speed around the East. (5)
5. Topless women's warnings? (5)
6. Pembs. tree bends in the autumn. (9)
7. Coach for the Egyptian in luck, almost. (9)
11. Shape I have is developing. (9)
12. Regulating a record player nearly makes us tingle. (9)
13. He darts inside backwards. (5)
14. Innocent one in North Avenue. (5)
15. Look for command in the dictionary. (5)
22. French wine is almost climbing plants. (5)
23. It's wrong to renew when it's not so old. (5)
25. Not quite healthy round a scar. (4)
26. Put a ring in a Gee-Gee to make him excited. (4)



\* Five prizes of £2.2.0 each are being offered to the senders of the first five correct solutions opened after first post on 1st May, 1969. Please send the completed puzzle with your name and address to: JEREMY (Competition), 30 Baker Street, London W.1. Winners' names will be published in a future issue of JEREMY.





# COMING NEXT ISSUE.....

Our second issue, published in about a month's time, will lead off with a six-page photo-feature on that glamour-boy of the death arena: **EL CORDOBES**. Our roving correspondent Pierre Chaumont watched the bullfighting Beetle in action, and gives his eye-witness account of this phenomenal celebrity.

In his second adventure with the Querewolf, **COUNT DRAGULA** meets the Mummy, and a certain Doctor Frank Stein whose creations are always turning him on.

**JAMES BLOND**, the randy dandy with the handy pandy (whatever that may be), continues his fight against the forces of evil, and comes off the better.

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