

jeremy



Volume 1. Number 4. Six shillings.

What will
your
Fairy Godmother
be giving you
for Christmas

jeremy

contents

4. Jeremy's Christmas Editorial exercises the right of reply.

5. "Drop 'em? Drop 'em? Darling you wouldn't know what to do with me if I did"
-a profile of Marsha Hunt

8. The Hollow Crown
-a reassessment of England's "queer" kings.

12. Why Quentin always plays the girls' parts.

14. Piccadilly Profiles.

18. Prospect before McKellen
-an interview with Britain's most beautiful new actor and a look at the company in which he plays.

22. The Unkindest Cut of All
-second thoughts about the Feast of the Circumcision

25. Yes, the boy is beautiful
-gay thoughts on a Grecian urn.

26. Christmas comes but once a year... but we can do better!
-how one male eternal triangle is celebrating the festive season.

38. U.S. Gay News

40. Poppers for Christmas
-choose which brother you prefer.

43. Sexpo '69
-a special report from our roving pornographer.

44. There was an old lady who sat on a pig
-an adventure in rustic journalism

50. Reviews
-our critics cast a gay eye on events

58. Gay Guide
-camp cooking, cocktails and related pointers to the gay life

63. Stargauze
-Jeremy's horoscope

Jeremy's Christmas Editorial exercises the right of reply



Before the bluster and the shouting starts: five independent views of Jeremy and the "gay ethic"

"It could do some good if it encourages people to talk unselfconsciously about the subject but it could do harm in so far as it seems to imply that homosexuals are, or ought to be, a separate class of citizen. Most of the homosexuals I know, male and female, are perfectly ordinary human beings with the usual virtues and failings."

Tom Driberg, M.P.

"If they're going to say it's a gay magazine, they might as well make it that way. There are loads of magazines already for homosexuals—physique magazines, sort of homosexual Playboys. I'm a real sucker for all those. In personal life one never attempts to hide one's preferences but there's no need to tell the Sunday Times."

David Hockney, painter

"It's got this name for being aimed at homosexuals but it doesn't really come over as just for men. I posed for a Jeremy story about a young couple—quite a sweet story really. Not crude and nasty photography. I think it's maybe more gimmicky to put the magazine over as just for homosexuals. It looks to me more and more like a storybook."

Jennie Brandon, model

"It would seem to be a magazine more for voyeurs than for homosexuals. Those who are interested in pornography, like those who suppress it, are lacking in freedom. They share the same obsession. I find the magazine depressing, firstly, because it's a bore. Secondly, I'd say that the purpose of the Act was to integrate the homosexual within the community. This magazine isolates him. Next we'll be having a magazine for dwarfs."

Leo Abse, M.P.

"This magazine is encouraging homosexuals to go on with the sign-language. But those who are worried about being homosexual will be worried about buying the magazine. At least it shows there's somebody else outside and that cheers them up. I think if there is a magazine which tells you what to do with the hair on your legs when you're wearing drag, then it's a good thing. I'm a freak, a hooligan, an outsider. I can be seen to be a homosexual. You might say I work at it."

Quentin Crisp, writer

JEREMY received its first piece of unsolicited publicity in the Atticus column of the 'Sunday Times' (19th October, 1969). Five strangely assorted people gave their views on the magazine, and since they saw fit to say what they thought about us we feel sure that they will not mind if we say what we think about them.

Jennie Brandon who has modelled for us thinks that "it's maybe more gimmicky to put the magazine over as just for homosexuals." First point: the magazine is not just for homosexuals and we never said it was. Second point: in so far as the magazine is for homosexuals, which we do not deny, this is not a sales gimmick. It is in fact a deliberate gesture against the assumption made by all other magazines in this country that all men are interested in fast cars, fast horses and fast ladies with large breasts.

As David Hockney points out there are already physique magazines. But their aim is not the same as ours. You do your own thing, David. Chacun à son goût.

We may not be able to tell Quentin Crisp what to do with the hair on his legs when he is wearing drag, but we do hope to provide a useful information service.

Tom Driberg is of course absolutely right that JEREMY "could do harm in so far as it seems to imply that homosexuals are, or ought to be, a separate class of citizen." Our last editorial made it quite clear that we are in principle opposed to the 'closed world' in which homosexuals have for so long been forced to exist. That does not mean that homosexuals do not have tastes and interests that have a right to be catered for.

4 And that's our answer to Leo Abse too. We are all

immensely grateful to him for his reforming work in Parliament. This doesn't give him the right to dictate to others what they are to like and how they are to behave. And he might as well know that most homosexuals regard the Act as being only the first step in an inevitable sexual and social revolution of which this magazine is a part. We, like him, want homosexuals to be integrated within the community, not by slavish conformity to the wishes of the majority, but by being accepted as they are.

We are sorry you find us pornographic, depressing and boring, Mr. Abse. We find your particular vision of an integrated society very grey indeed. You may be enlightened, but you're a good old Welsh puritan at heart like so many members of your party. What's wrong with being a voyeur anyway?

This month our front cover and photo feature are our contribution to a much more serious problem facing the world today. The howls of the Powellites and the Surbiton Klu Klux Klan remind us that there are many who actually hate other people because their skin is a different colour. At this stage we wanted to quote 'Black Boys' and 'White Boys' from 'Hair' because they say exactly what we believe. Unfortunately we considered the fifteen pounds asked for copyright excessive and so their omission is an expression of our disgust that a show like 'Hair' should be so hung-up with vulgar commercial interests. We merely wish to affirm our belief in the equal value of all men whatever their race and to send our love this Christmas to all those who are the victims of prejudice and hate. PAX.

A profile by David Weston

Marsha Hunt wasn't altogether happy about doing a cover for *Jeremy*. "What's your fairy godmother giving you for Christmas? Me naked with tinsel and a wand? You know, it could be tacky — so goddam tacky. Cheap — you know. And that would be terrible."

"No, it's not that I mind being on the front of a gay magazine. I've got a lot of gay friends. *Yours and Mine*, the *Sombrero* — you don't have to tell me about them. But do I look gay? I think a gay magazine for gay people is a great idea. But how does a girl fit in? There's a lot of cliquishness in the gay world — a hell of a lot — hassles all the time. Perhaps some people don't like seeing girls in *Jeremy*."

She belched. "Shit. All these days on the road don't do your chic a bit of good." It was one o'clock in the morning, and she hadn't started the previous day's work: a gig at Bristol — the University's Hallowe'en Ball. "Don't tell me. Don't tell me. We left an entire case of makeup back in London."

She jumped on a table to tease her exploding hair in the black reflection of an uncurtained window. "Click, click, click. He's just snapping away there taking all the photos he can get! If I were Jackie Kennedy I'd just break your camera. I got a piece of candy in my mouth."

Her backing group seemed unperturbed by her bra and tights. They were chewing and changing too. Neat Y-fronts slipping into crushed velvet pantaloons: the full Ready-Steady-Go kit. The road manager came in.

"Twelve drunken idiots looning about by the bar."

"Shit."

In came a fresh cut young student — an embryo Delfont all eager to put the show on the road — fess-fussing about to get the backing group downstairs to the ballroom.

"All right, boys. Go down with the gentleman. Two tonight — okay? — two (instrumental warm-ups). That's what we agreed. And on *Desdemona* can we please not have it too fast? Who counts it in? Well, you just lose its dynamics. People gotta hear the words."

They trooped out limply. She stopped playing the Marlene Dietrich bit.

"They're pampered and petted. They come, they go, they turn up and they change — or they get changed. I don't know where these ones came from. The trouble is they're just a backing group — and they think and feel and behave as though they're just a backing group. Their ego's not involved. And if you're performing properly, if you're gonna make a statement — you gotta give your energy. You gotta make the people who listen to you feel different. You gotta change them. And to do that you gotta get your ego involved."

Hair and Marsha Hunt parted company in June and she's been on the road ever since. "I left *Hair* because I didn't feel I could give it any more honest energy. It had become a task — just a job. The same songs, the same words, the same place on the stage. I'd wake up lunchtimes thinking — "Christ, I gotta go to the Shaftesbury Theatre again this evening." No, I don't believe in securities. It's what your heart tells you that makes you give your best energies."

"There was no more communication left in *Hair* — for me. The real energy had gone. They were a great bunch of kids who played it — but we got into a routine. The life went — though a routine is just what the little old ladies paid to come and see. They got all upset and appalled if they got hit by some muck off the stage or if the tickertape snow got into their hairnets at the end. I suppose it might have lasted longer if the peanut gallery had been up in the front. They were the people we could bridge the gap to. Not the debs and the tourists and the businessmen who wanted a thrill. But the kids were way away in the cheap seats."

"Something like the Living Theatre really bridges the gap — it affects people — changes them. But *Hair* turned into a musical — a spectacle. People came for a laugh. They wanted to feel sure we all had our Equity cards. I don't think any of us realised all the energy it needed to keep it really alive. So I got out."

She made a record — *Silver Slippers*. 'No — *Gilded Splinters*. Christ — is that all you can remember? I seemed to spend all my time in the office licking envelopes and sticking stamps; rolling posters to go out to people.

"drop'em?
drop'em?
darling,
you wouldn't know
what to do
with me
if i did"

'*Hair* didn't make me money. Nor did *Gilded Splinters*. But shit — what's money? I've got enough to catch all the taxis I want to, and I'm not a clothes freak.'

As well as the gigs on the road she has been recording an album for Track Records, whose select stable houses The Who, Jimi Hendrix and Thunderclap Newman.

'Every time I record I discover new things about my voice. It's fantastic. Sometimes it's lousy — but getting something real on 3 minutes of acetate teaches you so much.'



Young Delfont was fussing around worried that Zoot Money was going to finish before his time.

"Shit — when I do a gig in a club the man doesn't give a fuck. If I'm late on — no bread. Simple. No hassles — all very cool. But students — they're wetting their pants all the time." But she said it quietly so the young man wouldn't be upset. "It takes so much energy — going on the road. It's got to. I have just 45 minutes to get across, to communicate, to change the people out there. It means giving totally. They're depending on me. They've come to be entertained — to be moved — to be transformed if only for a little while. "One night it's students: next night it's a hall full of crop-pies. It's changing all the time. Of course, boys like Zoot Money get to know all about it because this country's not like the States. If you stick around the scene several years you start going back to places you've been before. You know what to expect. But how do I know what's waiting for me down there? And that's what I like."

'The changing rooms change too. Christ, this is civilised.' She looked around the big commonroom – all cord carpets and reproduction Picassos. There was a crate of beer for the group. 'Hell, sometimes you change in the john or have to fight for a place in the corridor. It's unbelievably squalid.

'Sometimes it goes well. Sometimes I get booed. Like when I was in Germany and I had on my black leather and heavy silver. And one piece of silver looked like a swastika to them. To me it's just a piece of silver jewelry. But to them it's Nazi. Ten thousand people at this pop festival all start booing. And when someone came on with a bouquet at the end I refused it. Shit, I didn't want it.

'Next morning it was headlines in all the papers – and the journalists gave me these great reviews: like the festival was all about me – though I was down at the bottom of the bill beneath these 35 year-olds singing German standards – Lederhosen and all that crap. And I was the big failure of the evening. Communication wasn't in it.

'I want to write a book about being on the road – the whole scene from the inside. It's incredible. Everybody in pop lives in this weird artificial world with the most fucked-up values – and they never question it. It's a very important sub-culture – very significant. It's the way a whole generation is expressing itself. But the only people who can really explain it – the people inside – just aren't reflective. They don't ask why, what the hell they're doing or trying to do. They just go along with it all. But shit, they're the ones who structure it, who create the whole damn thing. They should try to say why they exist.'



Friend Delfont tapped on the door again so we went downstairs to the cafeteria among the milk bottle top streamers, the stackable tables, monkey jackets and long sad pink dresses. Two bespectacled refugees from the engineering faculty were twirling an apology for a light show while empty bottles of Spanish Sauternes rolled on the floor. Apart from the dozen drunken loons the road manager had spotted, everyone else had sunk into a torpor that the backing group's warm-up numbers seemed miserably to intensify. A sweet semicircle round the stage applauded politely and seemed a little shocked by the top-of-the-bill's black-leathered arse suddenly waving at them.

'What is it tonight? It's Hallowe'en! What are you doing here? Someone says he's tripping, lucky boy! In America they're freaking out all over the streets. Where is your energy? Where is your energy for life?'

And she shrieked into her first number, the band reviving a little, putting some edge into their rhythm. And as she wagged her great black nigger arse the audience started to revive as well.

'Where am I tonight? It's Bristol, is it? Beautiful Bristol! Someone shouted 'Get 'em off!'

'Get 'em off? Get 'em off? Honey, let me tell you. You wouldn't know what to do if I did.

'You're so miserable. You're all so miserable. You're all so fucking miserable. You're all so fucking, fucking, fucking miserable. Get out of your misery! I'm here to preach the Lord tonight!'

And into her second number – her new record, DES-DEMONA. Its verses end 'lift up your skirt and flirt.'

'Have you had your skirt lifted, lady? You know, you're all looking very English. So bloody, typically British. Those lovely suits. Those lovely, lovely suits. Did you rent them? Please tell me you rented them. Please, please. It would make me feel so much better to know you don't really own them.'

By this time they're alive – dancing or listening – for a brief bright spasm. As she sings she flickers the microphone like she was in some jerky old movie. But the fever cools quickly.

'Did you ever hear Billie Holiday doing her thing? She had this song in the 40's – it was all about suicide – about killing yourself. Listen, children, because although you're not dead yet, you're killing yourself – all of you.'

It was a slow number, and the engineer with spectacles started carefully folding up the little pieces of paper he'd been projecting his lightshow on to. Everything went listless – and it never recovered. The monkeysuits and pink dresses had won and they dripped off happily at 2.00.

'Three pounds ten they paid for that. Three pounds ten. What the fuck for? What did they expect? Like I said they were dead – they really were dead – killing themselves.

'Look, tonight was only my 25th gig and I'm learning. But Christ, they give nothing. I'd rather see them tear the place up than sit around like that – commit mass rape or something. I'm coarse. I'm vulgar. Why the shit don't they react?'

'What's music? It's one of the great sources for releasing energy. What did it release for them? Nothing. They went away as inhibited as they came in. They were playing ladies and gentlemen in the funny clothes they won't wear again for months.'

She wasn't angry – just sad. Sad for them and their three-and-a-half guinea suits and their Moss Bros jackets and piled up hairstyles. All wasted.

'Breathing life into them. That's what it was all about. That's what it's always about. Creating something, something that may only exist for 45 minutes – but which wouldn't have existed otherwise. Me and them together. 'Now where are we going tomorrow?'

Tomorrow was her last gig for a long time. Since Bristol Marsha Hunt has become a film star and is currently on location in Denmark.

'I went to this audition trying for the real refined ritzy-ditzy romantic part. And what did I get? This coarse loud and brassy girl who entertains the troops.'

Will she stay with films – or gigs – or records? 'All of them. Why do I have to stick to any single one? They've all got their own satisfactions. Look every month, every year, every day I play a new part. I never get bored. I wake up and I'm a chick on the road going off to do a gig. I wake up and I've got lines to learn for a part. I wake up and I'm a serious recording artist working out an album. I wake up and I'm a model lady for the day.'

Would she be a model lady for *Jeremy*? Yes, but she hoped we wouldn't photograph her with the fucking stupid sort of expression she had when they put her on the cover of *Queen*.

'It was Christmas – and they were freaking out about my hair. So they wanted to put some silver balls in my hair – you know – those crystal things they put on Christmas trees. So they stuck them on, but every time I moved my head they'd fall to the ground and smash. I couldn't smile or look at the camera or do anything for worrying about what was going to come off next. So they started photographing and all I could think about were the balls – those fucking balls dropping off all over the place.'

So we promised – no balls.



The Hollow Crown

What is the truth about England's four great 'queer' Kings? How justified were the taunts of contemporaries? How fair are the sneers of historians? JOHN GREENHAIGH proposes a re-appraisal.

William Rufus, Richard I, Edward II and Richard II had much in common. They were all tumultuous characters who had been lonely and deprived of love in childhood. They were to turn for consolation in adolescence and adult life to romantic friendships with their own sex, and this common characteristic has caused them to be somewhat unfairly classed together as 'queer'. Henry II's passion for the older Becket and Charles I's devotion to his father's catamite the Duke of Buckingham were emotionally as intense as any relationship formed by these other Kings, yet Henry and Charles were nothing if not heterosexual while the two Richards and Edward, though not William, were bisexual.

No one minded very much in medieval times that the monarch was homosexual except the Church. It was a sin but not a civil crime and there is a long and respected tradition of homosexual love. The King was, after all, the King, and above ordinary mortals. But everybody objected to excessive taxation and the Barons objected to the King's favourites dominating the political scene. It was factors such as these that roused the strongest opposition to these Kings. The homosexual tag was but one of

WILLIAM II

It has often been assumed that William Rufus was condemned for being a homosexual but there is no precise evidence to support the charge. Of his private life nothing is known definitely. In some circles he had a reputation for celibacy, probably because his name 'Was never connected with any woman'. The Pope referred to his indulgence in 'that vile crime not talked about by Christians', but such extreme language can hardly refer to homosexuality. The men at his Court were condemned for wearing long clothes, walking in a camp, aesthetic manner, and wearing pointed shoes! There may have been, and probably was, much sex taking place. But when in History has there not been? And why should an Archbishop of Canterbury write so seriously about it as 'this sin (which) has been so public that hardly anyone has blushed for it and many have plunged into it without realising its gravity'? Some have seen in this an allusion to bestiality, but Freeman, Rufus's 19th century biographer unwittingly came closest to sensing what the Church was condemning when he said 'The vices of Rufus were literally the works of darkness, works which even his own more outspoken age shrank from dwelling on in detail.' William Rufus was a Christian heretic and closely identified with the practice of witchcraft.

In spite of his many wars he retained the affection of the common people and was mourned by them. He was magnanimous over punishments, avoiding the liberal use of blindings, torture, mutilation and death without trial, all common in the 12th century. He was a brilliant soldier 'in courage and chivalry the equal of Richard the Lionheart' and an efficient administrator. But he jeered openly at Christianity, freely taxing the Church and appropriating its income. Given the fact that the chronicles of the time were written by churchmen, it is not surprising they leave such an unfavourable impression of him. The anti-Christian spirit is the dominant feature of the man.

In the 12th century, esoteric sects with secret initiatory rites flourished. The most notable were the Cathars, and the Church was gradually and ruthlessly to eliminate them by force. It was as common for Christian people at the time to be associated with these secret societies as it is today for them to be members of a masonic lodge or to consult horoscopes. William's connection seems to have centred around older, primitive, pre-Christian fertility rites. The common people still clung superstitiously to their old beliefs, one of which was that the sacrificial death of a King or leader of society through the shedding of his blood would bring prosperity to the land.

Rufus was killed at the time of an ancient festival of the witch-cult, Lammastide. He was shot with an arrow fired from the bow of his close friend Walter Tyrell. A horned stag had been driven to where Rufus sat waiting on horse-back. It passed in front of the King. 'Shoot! In the Devil's name shoot quickly!' he cried and Tyrell shot, not the stag, but the King. His death was known

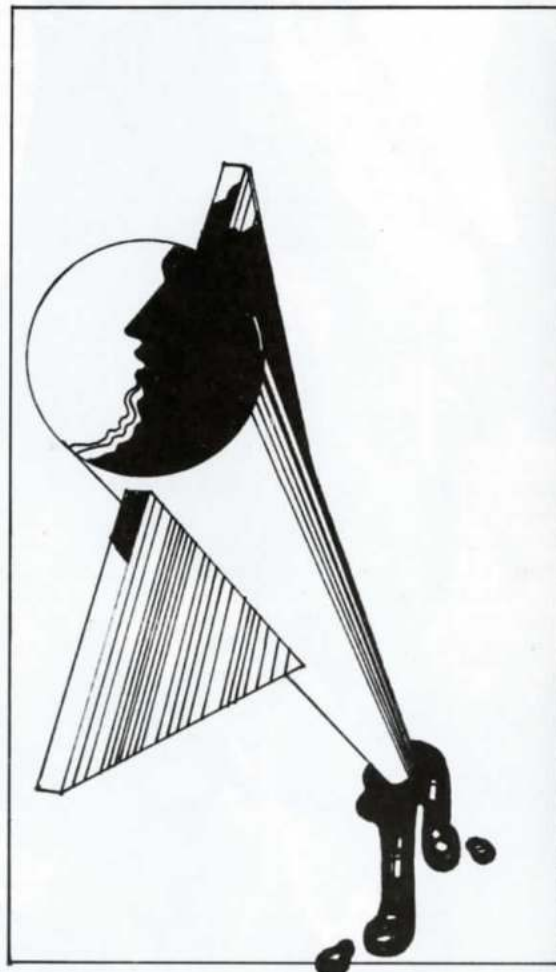
many criticisms levelled against them.

They were sometimes called 'Buggers', mostly by Ecclesiastics, but this referred to a group of heretics the Bulgars or Paulicians who flourished from the seventh to the tenth centuries and it was probably, in spite of the close connection between heresy and homosexuality, their orthodoxy rather than their sex lives which was being called into question.

Again, they and their retinues were accused of being effeminate, but in the 12th century William Rufus's opponents meant by this growing beards and in the 14th century Richard II's meant using a handkerchief! It is clear that manners as much as morals were under attack. Fashions change! The thing the Barons at the Court of Edward II most objected to in their King was that he enjoyed staying in bed in the morning rather than going hunting and preferred swimming to tournaments. It was, they said, 'unmanly'.

Yet the homosexuality of these Kings was an important part of their natures. It played a large part in their lives and in bringing about their violent and tragic deaths which were all to take place in mysterious and sinister circumstances.

all over Europe within hours. It was impossible for the news to have travelled so quickly. Initiates of the Old Religion must have known of the intention of the King to acquiesce in his own murder. He had made all necessary arrangements for the peaceful succession of his brother, and Tyrell was never brought to trial. Some peasants with a cart nearby took the body to Winchester. On the road there, blood dripped to the ground and the soil was revitalised by the blood of the sacrificial victim. The monks refused him Christian burial, and no Mass was ever said for his soul.



RICHARD I

Richard I belongs to the age of chivalry. He was a great warrior whose imagination had been fired by the crusading spirit. Though zealous in his desire to convert the Infidel, Richard was also interested in relieving him of his wealth and lands. His valour was 'brutal and ferocious', and the record of his life a fearsome affair. His epitaph was written by Bertram de Born:

'Venom, avarice, crime, unblunted lust,
Foul famine, atrocious pride, blind desire,
Have reigned for twice five years. An archer
With art, hand, weapon, strength did all these o'erthrow.'

The noble Lionheart of tradition, praised by later generations, does not stand up to too much investigation. Like William Rufus before him he plundered the Church and taxed the country. Yet he had a keen aesthetic sense and was the favourite son of his mother Eleanor of Aquitaine for his humour and poetic gifts. He earned his nick-name 'Coeur de Lion' from the story that he had killed a lion in single combat by tearing out its heart!

This adversary of Saladin was unpredictable. Essentially he indulged in every form of excess, though it is sometimes difficult to separate fact from fiction. Are we to believe that he ate a young Saracen for supper? Or that he served up the heads of prisoners to his troops? He was certainly worshipped by his soldiers. He married Berengaria of Navarre, but she saw as little of him as did England from where he was most times absent, and he had a bastard son Philip of Cognac. It was said also that he had fathered three daughters - pride, covetousness and lechery!

He was as well an open homosexual in the Troubadour style, though he suffered from occasional bouts of repentance as at Messina in 1190 where, with bared head and shoulders, he made a public confession of his sodomy and abased himself before the Bishops and his Knights. For this dramatic, unusual and embarrassing gesture, he received a quick absolution! It is often assumed that the key to chivalry is the extravagant worship of women but the truth is almost the reverse, as C. S. Lewis in his *Allegory of Love* insists: 'The deepest of wordly emotions of this period is the love of man for man, the mutual love of warriors who die fighting against the odds and the affection between vassal and Lord'. It was the crusading version of the Theban band of the Greeks. The story of the young troubadour Blondel wandering over Bohemia after Richard had been captured by the Austrian King in search of his Lord and singing a code-song until he heard the song sung back to him from the dungeon where Richard lay, reflects faithfully the tradition of troubadour love.

Richard was subject to both the virtues and the vices of his age. His life is a sad mixture of brutality and chivalry. Though he could join in a whole-scale massacre of women and children at Acre during the Crusade, he was able also to forgive the archer

EDWARD II

Edward II had had an unhappy childhood. He lost at an early age his grandmother and his mother, the same Eleanor of Castile who gave her name somewhat mispronounced, to the 'Elephant and Castle', where she halted before entering the City of London. And he never got on very well with his father: Edward I slowly became more of a personal tyrant. On one occasion, in a frenzied passion, he publicly accused his son of being a 'base whore' and ripped out handfuls of his hair. This was not the best atmosphere in which a sensitive youth could have been reared. The younger Edward resorted more and more for affection in his life to his friends, of whom there were many, though Peter Gaveston a young noble from Gascony became the closest of all. The two boys grew up together and were inseparable. Edward treated him as the brother he had never known, giving him pride of place at Court and showering him with gifts. They were both tall, athletic and strong, and doubtless excited the envy of many for these qualities alone.

Soon the opposition to Gaveston became more serious in tone. It was composed not only of those who were jealous of this witty, malicious, exhibitionist courtier who overshadowed the monarch himself, but of serious-minded critics who had fears that his influence over Edward was definitely not for the King's good. Not for the last time, the Barons closed their ranks and Edward's father expelled Gaveston from the kingdom.

Peter Gaveston though was no casual friend, dispensable, replaceable and forgettable. On his father's death he was recalled by the new King who determined to honour him as his brother to the extent of giving him the royal Duchy of Cornwall, normally held by a prince of the Blood. The Barons treated this action as a total failure on Edward's part to subdue personal preferences to his regal obligations. They blamed Gaveston entirely. Ugly rumours now began. The fact that their relationship included

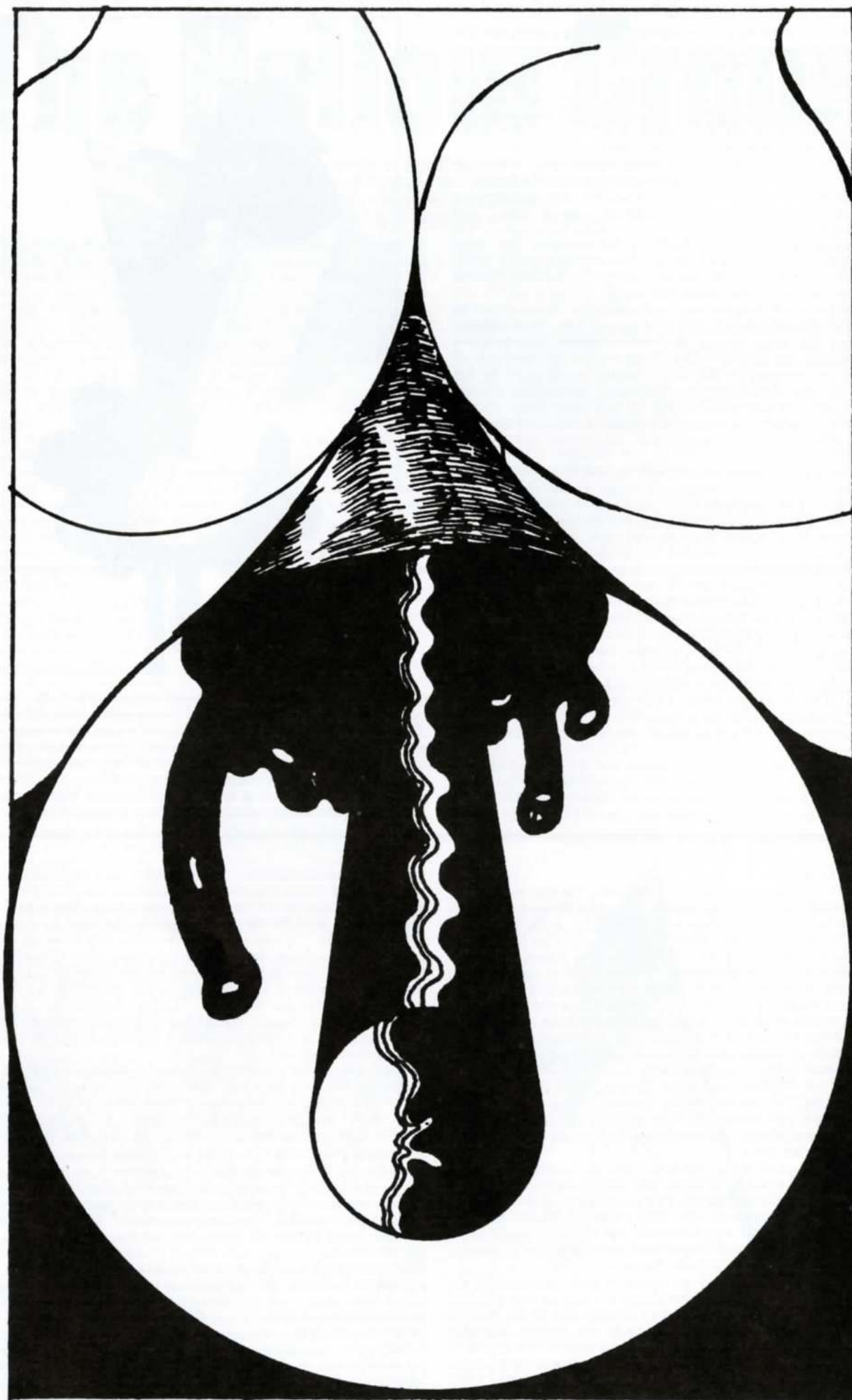


who had fired the arrow which fatally wounded him. His pardon was of no avail - the man was flayed alive after Richard's death for attacking the body of the King. The arrow had come from a crossbow and lodged itself in his spine. He lay in agony for ten days as surgeons tried to remove bits of the metal but with no success. The wound became gangrenous and he died of blood poisoning. He was buried with much honour at Fontevault 'a bad son, a bad husband, a selfish ruler and a vicious man.'

sex could be overlooked, but the idea that was particularly shocking and which was either surmised or discovered was that Edward was the 'pathic' or passive partner in sexual acts with Gaveston. At least William Rufus and Richard the First had not resorted to that! It was said that Gaveston had boasted that he had raped the King and subdued divinity unto himself. The whole idea was appalling. The doctrine that the body of the King was, if not divine, at least worthy of the honour given to God was still commonly believed. It was decided to eliminate Gaveston at any price - even that of making war upon the King. It was known that Edward's Queen, Isabella, would be only too willing to co-operate.

During the course of raising men and money, Gaveston was captured. He was forced to walk barefoot behind the Earl of Warwick's horse until he dropped from exhaustion. He was then tied on the saddle of a horse and jeered at by the people of Warwick as he entered the Castle. His fate was soon sealed. Condemned to death by a tribunal of Earls, he was dragged out on to the heath, his hands tied behind his back. As he lay there on the ground dirty, bleeding, inadequately clad, he begged for mercy, but the Earls gazed at him unfeelingly and two Welsh soldiers approached. His death was swift. They ran a sword through his body and held him over the trunk of a tree to cut off his head.

Edward reigned for fifteen more years, and the Queen bore him four more children. He took another male lover in the person of Hugh Despenser, and repeated the same mistake he had made with Gaveston of allowing his favourite (and the favourite's old father too) too much political power at the expense of the Barons. Perhaps he was relying on the Despensers to build up his personal power to the point where he would be able to revenge himself on the Barons for their shameful treatment of Gaveston as he had sworn he would. In the long term the baronial opposi-



tion proved too strong. Despenser was captured as Gaveston had been before him and accused of bringing misfortune upon the realm. His death was more terrible than Gaveston's. Stripped and paraded throughout Herefordshire, he was then publicly castrated, his heart and entrails cut out and his body quartered and distributed through the Kingdom.

The Queen had defected completely to the side of Edward's opponents and taken a lover in the Earl Mortimore whose aim was to destroy Edward. The King was captured during the course of a campaign and confined to a sewer where he suffered immense physical and mental discomfort, though he was not actually assaulted because of the belief in the divinity of the King's body. It was hoped he would die; but he was fit and healthy and only in his early forties.

It was left to four gaolers to engage in and devise that violent death which it was obvious Mortimore sought. They succeeded in evading any direct attack on his body and left it to all appearances unblemished. Their minds with peculiar sadistic concern turned to the rumours about the King's sexual relationships with Gaveston and Despenser. It was his presumed sexual passivity which caught their imaginations.

One night after months of ill-treatment, they gave Edward food

and drink and promised him a comfortable bed. The room was welcoming and warm. The King relaxed and was an easy victim for the strong goalers. One took a table and laying on the King's back, held him down on the bed. A second pulled down his breeches and forced his legs apart while the third took hold of a long drinking horn, broke off the tip and covering it with candle grease, thrust it firmly into the King's anal passage. The fourth man was at the fire warming one of the metal spits on which food had been roasting over the hearth. Soon it was red hot and the poker was passed though the horn and into Edward's body, inflicting an agonising death upon him. His screams were so piercing and violent that they wakened people in houses beyond that Castle. His body had not been touched externally in the process. When the townsfolk came to find out what had happened the following morning they were told the King had died during the night and were shown his newly laid-out corpse bearing no sign of injury.

He was buried in a magnificent tomb in Gloucester Abbey which became the centre of a popular cult. Many miracles took place at the shrine of the King. His memory was revered by his great grandson Richard II who made persistent efforts to have him canonised as a martyr saint.

RICHARD II

All the Plantagenet Kings of England were men of an uncommon stamp but in Richard II is to be found the most artistic of them all. A composer-poet like Richard Coeur de Lion, he patronised artists and builders, poets and musicians. It was he who started the fashion for jewellery and who first used a handkerchief. His realm was still dominated by descendants of those crude magnates, the traditional advisers of the monarchy, who had opposed Edward II. They were in a strong position, for Richard had succeeded to the throne in his minority and these barons had become used to wielding considerable power.

As Richard's own personality made itself felt more and more, so did his disdain for the Barons. The atmosphere and life at Court imperceptibly changed as Richard surrounded himself with a new circle of civilised friends. Richard de Vere, Michael de la Pole and Archbishop Neville of York are among the best known of these courtiers and new councillors. The Barons were unable to tolerate the presence of such sensitive and cultured persons so close to the King, and the tragic circumstances of the reign of Edward II began to repeat themselves. The king's friends were accused of treason. Parliament was dominated by supporters of the Barons who also had military control of the country. Richard was forced to accept the dismissal and exile or death of all his friends. He never forgot this injustice and spent the next eleven years of his reign planning his revenge.

At least from the 12th century, the betrayal of a friend was considered the ultimate villany – the action of a Judas. By the 14th century, it was as much the fashion to stress 'loyalty' as 200 years earlier 'chivalry' had dominated intellectual attitudes. True friendship led to an unswerving sense of loyalty.

There is a medieval love lyric which was very popular at the time of Richard II about two friends Amis and Amiloun. In the story, Amis is prepared to go to the lengths of killing his two sons out of love for Amiloun in order to heal him in his sickness. Amiloun himself, rather than desert his friend during a quarrel prefers to embrace leprosy and poverty. These images are very extreme in an age when leprosy aroused the same horror as cancer does today. Yet the sacrifices to be made for a friend were illimitable.

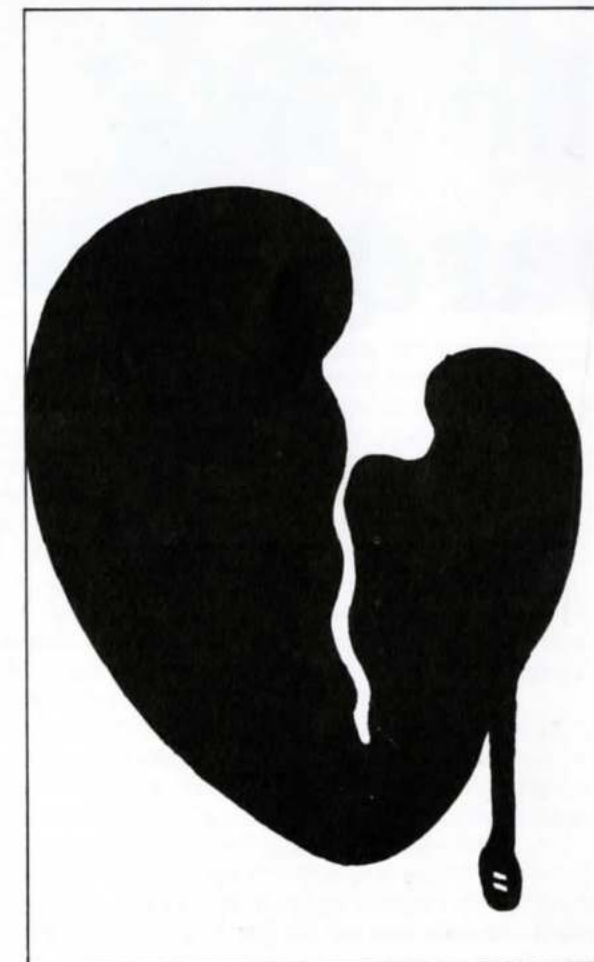
Amis and Amiloun were both married, as was Richard, but they are the pattern for the romantically conceived friendships of men for men which were a part of the court life of Richard II. This was no self-indulgent sexual love but the very antithesis of it, at least in theory, though the accusation of sexual indulgence always attached itself to it. Shakespeare in the play *Richard II* puts these words into the usurper Bolingbroke's mouth when he is haranguing two of Richard's supporters Bushy and Green:—

*'You have misled a prince, a royal King,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigured clean:
You have in manner with your sinful hours
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;
Broke the possession of a royal bed,
And stained the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.'*

Yet this love, the idea of which is derived from the Greek philosophers, is not based on physical lust. It was Plato in the Symposium and 'Phaedrus' who talked about two kinds of love. There was the 'biological' love of the Earthly Venus. This is the love of a man for a woman and is necessary if the race is to be procreated. There was also the 'creative' love of the Heavenly

Venus in which lust has no part. It is a love which has conquered physical desire for its own sake and is available to men who turn to men. It has been accepted throughout history and certainly was in the 14th century that in order for civilization to continue on any other level than the biological one of procreation, it is necessary to protect and safeguard this homophilia.

Inevitably tensions are set up between the two loves, because they are in opposition – the one grounded in physical desire, the other transcending it. The reign of Richard II shows another example of the two loves in conflict. The Barons fight the love of the Heavenly Venus because Richard's actions assert its priority. In practical terms, the obligations of friendship implicit in the Heavenly Venus, meant that in the political machinations of the age, Richard should try to bring down those Lords Appellant who had banished his friends. Indeed he considered it a paramount obligation. He nearly succeeded, but was forced in the end to an unequal military struggle during which he was captured, deposed and imprisoned as was Edward II. His death, though, was less tragic. It was given out that he had died, though he was almost certainly murdered.



Why Quentin always plays the girls' parts.

*'I'm a freak, a hooligan, an outsider',
Quentin Crisp told The Sunday Times.
'I can be seen to be a homosexual. You
might say I work at it.' A profile by
Elizabeth Woolley.*

Quentin Crisp is a gentle, charming motherly figure with careful makeup, bluish hair and a lovely line in epigrams.

— 'The human body is not the temple of love. It's a gravity-resistant machine that is in constant danger of going wrong.'

— 'Sex is not a misty, soft-focus business; it's two people heaving and sweating and grunting who emerge from it as from a rather nasty car crash.'

Two years ago Crisp published *The Naked Civil Servant* which began: 'From the dawn of my history I was so disfigured by the characteristics of a certain kind of homosexual person that, when I grew up, I realised I could not ignore my predicament'. Since then he has become a kind of professional spokesman for homosexuality with



few, if any, noticeable inhibitions about his sexual preferences. He still receives fanmail but has had only two phone calls from men suggesting they should meet. He did have a letter from a woman at Biggin Hill who enclosed £5 and a photograph of her son, but she gave no address and he was regretfully unable to return them.

The book sold enough copies to cover Crisp's advance and leave some over, but his main income derives from modelling at art schools. He lives in one room off the Fulham Road which bears evidence of his distaste for housework. He says he exists on £5 a week and finds writing almost impossibly difficult.

'I go on doing the modelling because I have to', he says. 'It's the only job I understand. I am really the most inadequate person. They wouldn't let me into the forces during the war because I said I was homosexual and everybody said to me: 'There must be something you can do'. I folded my arms and said: 'What?' And there's no answer. There is nothing I can do. You have to learn to make use of your helplessness. If you're hopeless, you have not

to pretend you're not. You have to say: 'I'm hopeless. Help me'. Very few people will not do this unless they have something against you.' In view of Crisp's politeness and gentle manner, it seems impossible that he could stand at a bus-stop and be slapped in the face by a man in the queue solely because of his odd appearance. But hostility to homosexuals, he says, is as strong as it ever was before the permissive society was invented. 'The hostility seems to come from the very young, schoolchildren some of them. If you went round to see their mother she'd say: "Now Willie, what did you say to this kind gentleman," and Willie would say: "Ah, shut up". And the young are all miserable.'

'But you do find marvellous flashes of enlightenment. I'll tell you a lovely *Jeremy* story. I was downstairs one morning jumping up and down in front of the milkman as is my wont and a *being* went past which caught his attention. He went on about it for a bit and at the end he said: "But you can't really tell if it's a man or a woman, can you?"



And I said: "Now Mr. Milkie, you're not going to be stuffy are you?" He said "No, I just prefer women".

Crisp first recognised his homosexuality when he was a child playing charades with two other children: 'One of them said "Quentin shall play the fairy prince." Then the other one said: "But Quentin never plays men's parts." I remember thinking: "Yes, that's right. I never do."

'When I was very young at school the teacher would say to the girl next to me: "Come and sit over here, Rosemary. You'll be able to see the board better." I realised later I should have said: "Would you repeat the question, please? — in Braille."

'My father completely withdrew. He hardly ever spoke to me. What else could he do? My mother was different. She occasionally tried to make me pull myself together and at other times she indulged me.'

When he was 14 Crisp was sent to boarding school: 'I never had any peace whatsoever. I hated sport because I didn't want to get hurt; I never rode

a push-bike because I didn't want to fall off. But you learn the rules. Once they know you've got the control in your hands it becomes different. They're egging you on to play the part. In the end I was leaning against the railings saying: "What is cricket?"

'But I've lived through the difficult part. When I was at school they used to say: "Look at the way he stands." I had only two courses: to confirm or deny. Confirmation is like drugs. It soon becomes protest and if you protest your homosexuality, in the end you're never talking about anything else. They're miserable but they can't help talking about themselves and their situation and other people are either bored or disgusted.'

'Every weekend my room is full of people saying: "Shall I wear my hair in sweeps?" "Shall I wear my pearls?" "Shall I have the operation?" All I can say is: "If you have it all chopped off, you're still no nearer being a woman." I never wear drag. I did once, many long dark years ago, just to prove that I could do it. I went to the Regent Palace Hotel of all



ALAN SUTHERLAND

places.'

'The change in the law affects almost nothing. People go on about blackmail but nobody blackmails anybody to the police. They blackmail people to employers, mothers, wives and this always works. It always will. The only thing I can think of which you could say is different is that if I were to meet a strange man in the underground and invite him here and he stole everything, I could ring up the police. I don't think they'd help me unless he'd stolen £1,000 and they'd ask all the old questions: "How long have you known this man?" "Half an hour." "Why did you bring him here?" "I picked him up." I could say that. Now.

'It's a life of total self-sacrifice. You must live without money and without friends. If there is a rule of life it's this: Make up your mind what you want because it's quite possible you are only going to have one thing. Unhappiness arises from not making up your mind what you want. I have social freedom. There is a flood of things I don't do, but there is nothing I can't do for any reason other than that I don't want to.'

piccadilly profiles



BOB HOOK

Last month JEREMY created a sensation with its controversial report on commercial sex. TIM HUGHES now interviews three of the boys who gave evidence.

Gordon is 20. Just over a year ago he came to London for the weekend from Birmingham. He never went back and now works in the West End as a "rent-boy".

'I was pissed-off with my job back home working in an electrical shop. So I thought I'd look round

London one weekend. I knew that I was queer but I didn't set out to be rent. It just happened. The first few days I just hung around the pubs near Piccadilly. One evening this bloke offered me a fiver to go with him. It seemed an easy way to earn money so I said "yes". I've been doing it ever since.

Gordon is not effeminate. He's tall and sturdy looking. His left hand is heavily bandaged and his hair looks absurdly blond against his brown

eyebrows and lashes. 'I thought I might do better if I built up my muscles and dyed my hair. But I strained my hand lifting some weights and I've decided I don't look any better with blond hair. Some of the other "Dilly" boys laughed at it.'

'I share a room in Chiswick with two other boys. They're on the game as well. If I've gone home the night before I get up at about twelve. If I spend the night with a steamer I usually get turfed out very early 'cos he wants to go to work. Then I come up West to this pub. I buy a half cider and make it last as long as possible. Funny thing is I don't like drink much. I makes it difficult when you work the pubs but I don't fancy hanging round the cottages like some of the boys. A lot of the boys just take drinks off the steamers and don't go with them. I never make the first move, just stand there minding my own business. Soon a steamer comes over and starts chatting you up. They ask if you want another drink. I usually say "no" and that surprises them. I always tell them straight off that I'm rent. I don't think it's fair to let them think they're getting it for free and then tell them after. At lunch-time they never seem to have anywhere to go. Usually they're businessmen down from the north on a conference or something. So I may suggest we go to one of the hotels I know at King's Cross. You have to pay the full rate even if you only use the room for a half hour. Sometimes I keep the key and sleep there that night. That's only fair isn't it?'

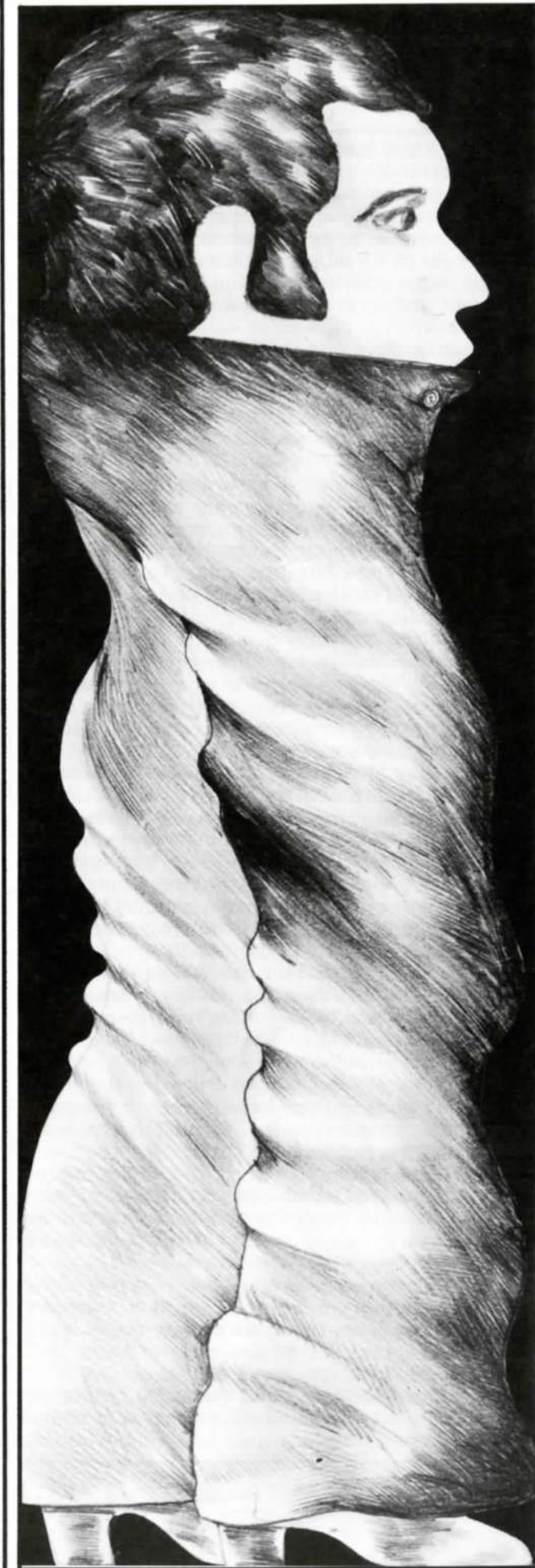
Gordon went to a fairly tough secondary modern in Birmingham. Some of his classmates have been to prison or borstal. He has never been in trouble with the police.

'I left school when I was fifteen. I was going to stay another year but I got caned for nothing and it turned me off. I worked in shops mostly but I never earned more than thirteen pounds a week - now I make more than that on a good day. I joined the army when I was seventeen but they threw me out after a few months. I used to go absent without leave and one morning the sergeant caught me in bed with this other boy. They said that I was a bad influence on the others - but I really loved that boy. It was a good thing 'cos I couldn't afford to buy myself out.'

On a successful day Gordon will be picked up three times: once at lunch-time and twice in the evening. He earns between three and five pounds from his clients. If someone wants him to stay all night he charges seven pounds. He remembers the time an American tourist gave him twenty pounds for a mere half-hour. 'I think he thought the fivers were one pound notes. Americans are easiest really - they only seem to want to suck you and then they get embarrassed and want you to leave. I never go with anyone who looks kinky - even if they offer me a lot. Once I went back with this cunt to his flat. I saw him slip a pill into my drink. But I knew what to do as I'd seen it on the pictures. When he went to the toilet I switched the drinks round. He was out like a light in ten minutes - so I rolled him and got out quick.'

Another boy who went with the same man was not so lucky. He woke-up next morning in a park with a ripped shirt and severe metal stud and leather lash marks on his buttocks and back.

'I know that I could give it up if I wanted too. I'm waiting for one of them to offer me a permanent position as a chauffeur or valet.'



Roy is eighteen and belongs to the new gay scene, whose members, young and affluent, wear pretty clothes, smoke pot and haunt the numerous ambi-sextuous discotheques that have blossomed in the past few years. He wants to keep up. In order to do so he must have plenty of money. The meagre wages he earns at the boutique are not sufficient and so about once a fortnight Roy rents himself out.

'I've been on the scene about a year now, I suppose and I certainly never want to go back to living with my parents in Ipswich – it was such a drag. There was one gay pub – if you can call it gay. Everyone knew everyone else and trade was just one long daisy chain. If you had one you felt you'd been with the rest. Up here it's so different. You see about fifty new dolly guys every day. I was very lucky when I came up to town because I soon got this job in the boutique. At the interview the manager obviously fancied me and I played up to him like mad. Then he fancies someone new every week – there's no hang-up 'cos I'm good at hustling the customers.'

Roy has dark brown hair curling conventionally down to his collar. His face is urban pale but pretty. An everlasting series of late nights are beginning to leave their tell-tale stains under his eyes. He is a neat dresser.

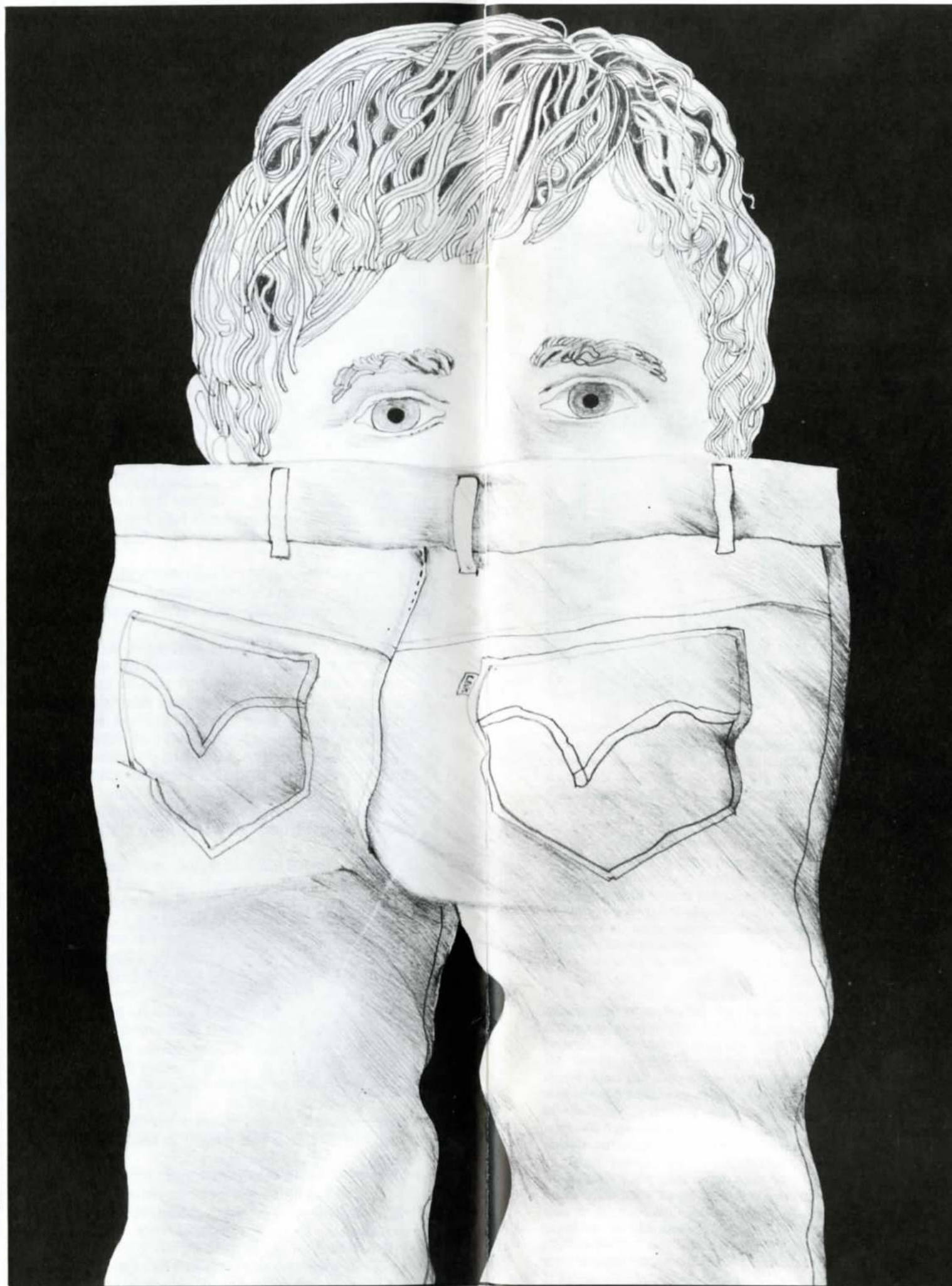
'I soon discovered that I wasn't earning enough money to keep up with the scene, so I decided to go on the game part-time, so to speak! Every time I want some new shoes, or a shirt or something I troll off to the Dilly and score. It's so easy. I suppose my looks help. Most of the regular boys down there aren't exactly ravers are they? I don't really like going there and I am always jittery in case I see someone I know – but you do score quickly. How much do I charge? Well I make a rule never to go for less than five – more if possible – I think I'm worth it. Some of the regular boys who say they're normal (ha! ha!) only do hand jobs. At least I deliver the goods.'

Roy does not always use the Dilly. He prefers to use certain pubs in the King's Road but there are drawbacks to using these comparatively non-commercial gay pubs.

'I suppose the fellas I score with there are more me but you can never be sure they will pay up – can you blame them? There's so much free trade there anyway. You're much more likely to come away with presents – perhaps a ring or a silk shirt.'

Roy shares a flat with his affair, who is a boy of the same age. They are both aware that they are unfaithful to each other and accept this as a matter of course. The affair does not know that Roy's extra-marital activities are commercial.

'Do you know the thing that I'm really frightened about? Catching clap and passing it on to Gerry. That would be awful.'



Every summer, for the past few years, a young German student arrives at Harwich. Penniless, carrying a duffle-bag that contains a change of underclothes and socks, wearing a faded, blue denim suit, he makes his way to London.

'I think that London is really the only place left in Europe where one can make a really large amount of money. It is easy. My address book is full of people I have met on other trips to England and I stay with one of them until I move onto someone richer. How do I meet people? It is simple. My first night in London I am taken to a bar or a party – sometimes the party is for me. I soon make contacts at the party as rich middle-aged Englishmen seem to find German students very attractive. This year I have stayed with men in Belgravia, Albany and Marylebone.'

Hans is a proud young man but not so proud that he does not disdain to take his place with the boys at the humbler end of the trade.

'Money is money! If I feel poor, or need a pair of shoes, or a new shirt I go to Piccadilly. The first time I went there I did very well. At lunch-time I met a man from Manchester who took me to a hotel in Victoria and he gave me six pounds. His requirements were very simple – he merely wished me to touch him. I returned again in the early evening and very soon met a young businessman. He was Swiss from Geneva and I don't think he realised that he could have got it free in Earls Court. I was paid seventeen pounds. Would you not say that was a very good fee?'

The men that Hans stays with in London are often very generous, showering him with gifts of clothes, records and expensive art books. In many ways he is a very undemanding guest, requiring little entertainment and preferring to spend his nights out. He may return to sleep during the daytime and sometimes he will disappear for whole days on end. Hans knows of other places where he can score – the cocktail bar of a celebrated hotel that caters for wealthy American tourists, for instance. 'I usually go to this bar at six-thirty. Cocktail time. I do not wear my denim suit as, perhaps, they would not allow me in. This year I borrowed a marvellous pale blue suit from a person I know in Baker Street the first time I went to the bar. It matches my eyes and goes well with my blond hair. Of course, I had it cleaned afterwards. It is funny but English and American queens seem to like their German students blond and blue-eyed. I wear this at the hotel and find it very easy to pick-up rich Americans.'

Every October, for the past few years, a young German student leaves Liverpool Street on the Hook of Holland boat train on his way to Berlin. He is wearing a very expensive suit and carrying two large suitcases. These are full of stylish new clothes, records and lavishly illustrated art books.

PROSPECT BEFORE McKELLEN



Ian McKellen. 29 years old. 6' 1". Slim but strong build, firm handshake, tousled hair. Crushed black velvet trousers, lilac grandpa vest. Unassuming, modest, thoughtful, intelligent, amusing, good company. Beautiful.

We met him in the annexe of a Southampton hotel. We humped a settee into the bedroom. He lay on the bed and the interview began.

Why are you playing both Edward II and Richard II? 'Actually they were never planned to be played together. But Toby Robertson, artistic director of Prospect Theatre Company, who was originally going to direct *Edward II*, was taken ill. So Richard Cottrell, the associate director, decided to do *Richard II* instead. It was a great success on tour. When Prospect were invited to the Edinburgh Festival it seemed a good idea to present Edward as well and run the two together in repertoire. At first it was intended that I should play Gaveston in Edward, but I re-read the play and saw that the character of Edward wasn't really like Richard at all. So I decided to play both. The big consideration was whether it was physically possible. It has been... just!

What is the difference between the two Kings?

'Well, they don't in any way illuminate each other. Richard believes he is a god. His problem is to discover what it's like to be a man. Rather like a film star I've been working with recently who had such authority in public that he couldn't help organizing everyone's lives in private. Edward, on the other hand, is totally concerned with his private life and finds the whole business of being a king a nuisance. Richard grows in stature as he becomes more human although he deteriorates physically. Edward diminishes not only physically but also morally and spiritually.'

18 Which part are you happiest with?



'I think at the moment I am better as Richard. This partly because I've played the part ninety-six times. But Edward's improving. It's much better now than at Edinburgh and I'm more satisfied with it. Richard is of course easier. It's a much better play structurally. The part is developed in a straight line. Edward's more bitty, a fine old rant like Faustus and Tamburlaine, much more difficult to develop.'

How do you approach a new part?

'It would be nice to come to a part with a blank mind. Unfortunately this isn't possible with classical plays. You know them so well already and are bound to have certain preconceived ideas. You have to read and read and read. These plays are all language. Everything you need to know is in the words. You translate the words into performance by using your body and your voice. Contemporary history has only a limited value and literary criticism none at all - after all, it's only one man's view.'

How much comes from inside yourself?

'When you have found what the character is about the question is how you are going to play it. My only equipment is my body, which I can't change (although some people do wear coloured contact lenses), and my personality. There are temperamental areas which for all sorts of reasons I may never have experienced in my own life. But as an actor I have to give a convincing account of them. This is what I work for in rehearsal, the real experience of these emotions - jealousy, anger or whatever. The words work on my imagination and once I've felt the truth I spend the rest of the time trying to recreate it technically. People say that I act with feeling and I think this is true but it is not true that I go through the whole range of emotions every performance. That would be impossible. Sometimes I experience something in rehearsal which I find very difficult to repeat. This has happened with the death of Gaveston, though I think I am just beginning to get it right.'

Britain's most brilliant and beautiful young actor

An interview by TIM HUGHES and TREVOR RICHARDSON with photographs by MICHAEL PETO



Richard Cottrell recalls this particular rehearsal. 'It was quite amazing. It took place in a rehearsal room in ordinary daylight with no costumes. Suddenly attention was riveted upon Ian who was creating what to me was the most electrifying theatrical moment I have ever known in my life.'

At this point Ian lit a cigarette. We look surprised as we had thought he did not smoke. 'What I do in private,' he said, 'is my own affair.' This led us to ask about an observation by Irving Wardle: 'It would not surprise me to learn that he has no private life and no need of close friends.' Ian thought that Wardle, who happens to be a friend of his, had only found it safe to say this because he knew it wasn't true. 'I think he meant it as a compliment and was saying that he detects an intensity in my performance on stage that most people have in private life.'

When did you first decide to become an actor?

'When I was eleven, but everyone laughed. I was doing a lot of acting at school and considered myself very experienced by the age of twelve. I had certainly already learnt the subtle art of upstaging. Make-up and costumes fascinated me. I was at the Bolton School. We did the usual once yearly classical thing. But we also had a little theatre which the boys ran themselves - it was a perpetual repertory season. So you see, I was acting all the time. The staff were very enlightened and it did not seem to matter if you were not interested in football, so long as you contributed in some other way. There was no question of going to drama school - I went to Cambridge instead. I won an English exhibition at St. Catherine's under extraordinary circumstances. At the interview I was asked what I did and I told them I had just played Henry the Fifth. They asked me to do a speech from the play. It must have been my first audition. After two years they took my exhibition away from me. You see I wasn't doing any work.'

'I acted with the Marlowe Society, the A.D.C. and any group that would have me. Cambridge actors and directors were very

much in the vogue, what with the success of the Beyond the Fringe team and of course Peter Hall. I remember being with the caretaker of the A.D.C. Theatre the day Peter was appointed Director of the Royal Shakespeare Theatre. 'Isn't that the young fellow who used to produce those strange plays here,' she said, 'and that nice Mr. Barton always had to come along and sort things out at the last minute?' Isn't it funny but soon John Barton had followed Peter to Stratford.'

What was your first job in the professional theatre?

'I was offered three jobs in my last term - A.S.M. at Guildford, six pounds ten a week, A.S.M. plus small parts at Derby, seven pounds ten a week, and eight pounds ten just for acting by Anthony Richardson at Coventry. He had just seen me in Anouilh's *The Lark* that term. So of course I went to Coventry.'

Was there any prejudice against you because you had been to Cambridge and not through the usual channel of Drama School?

'None at all. I have never considered myself a lesser actor just because I had no formal training. After all I had just as much, if not more, experience as those actors coming out of the academies. In any case, I sometimes think that professional training from an early age is a bad thing. You can miss out on the process of maturity if you have been cloistered with theatre people from the time you leave school. Rep. was essential for me because it brought me face to face with realities of being an actor. Obvious things like the fact of having to get a production on in two weeks!'

What happened next?

'I went to Ipswich for a season and worked with Bob Chetwyn - one of the most brilliant directors I have ever worked under. It was here that I first met my present agent, Elspeth Cochrane. I played lots of marvellous parts including Luther and was then engaged to play in the opening production of the new Nottingham Playhouse - Aufidius in *Coriolanus*, directed by

Sir Tyrone Guthrie. I stayed there for the season leaving to play in James Saunders' *A Scent of Flowers* which went into the West End. Maggie Smith who was in the National Theatre Company saw me and asked Sir Lawrence to go and see the play. The night he came I was off because I was ill. But I was eventually auditioned by Zefferelli to play Claudio in the National's production of *Much Ado*. And I got it. It wasn't all together a happy experience because Zefferelli saw Claudio as little more than a beautifully dressed puppet, where I saw so much more. The company was also playing at Chichester and I was the Evangelist in Arden's *Armstrong's Last Good-night*. I remember that the theatre roof leaked.

Why did you leave the National?

'Actually they wanted me to stay for three years but I really couldn't see any future in it. There were too many of us of the same age and at the same level of experience. You never knew what you would be playing next. It's only a posh rep. really and I had enough of rep. by this time. The National is not a theatre that exists to advance of individual actors - quite rightly - its purpose is to mount splendid productions of the plays that are important to the English dramatic heritage. It was also a time when two of its best directors were leaving - John Dexter and William Gaskill, and I need to work with good directors. Sir Lawrence wrote me a letter asking me to stay, in which he said, "I am haunted by the specter of lost opportunity..."'

Ian's career is probably the best planned and paced of any of our younger actors. In view of his subsequent success no-one can now deny the wisdom of his decision to leave the National. Harold Hobson, referring to his "sensational performance" went overboard: "the ineffable presence of God Himself enters Mr. McKellen's Richard." "Total honesty of new star's Richard," trumpeted the 'Daily Telegraph' headline. "Which of our younger actors," asked Benedict Nightingale, "can compete with one so formidably equipped with intelligence, empathetic imagination and technical courage?" The great thing about McKellen according to both Richard Cottrell and Michael Peto is his daring. "He is a star of a very special kind," says Irving Wardle. We asked him what it felt like to be a star.

'I don't think I am a star. People don't rush up to me in the street and beg for my autograph. I don't suppose I'd be here (looking round at his very ordinary hotel room) if I were one. I don't really want to be a star anyway. I am a member of a company. I wouldn't like to think people came specially to see me. One thing I do notice, however, which is nice, is that people you admire suddenly start to take an interest in you. For instance the other day Paul Newman and his wife Joanna Woodward made a special trip to see us in Cambridge because they had missed the plays in London. Apparently they had even been prepared to fly to Vienna.

'Prospect is ideal for me. You see I love touring. I don't like working in London very much, but I do enjoy going to different towns, staying in them and meeting the people who live there.'

At lunch Ian avoided bread and potatoes and drank only one glass of wine. He goes to a gymnasium two or three times a week to keep fit. He told us of Prospect's recent visit to Bratislava where there was a black market for tickets although publicity for the play had been torn down. The Czechs seized on the political implications of *Richard II* where the lawful ruler is deposed by rebels. At the point where Richard returns and says,

"I weep for joy to stand upon my kingdom once again - Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand," the audience was weeping and Ian was in tears too. It was one of the most moving experiences of his life.

We returned to the subject of an actor's private life.

'They don't really have one. They work within a prescribed frame - rehearsals, performances and so on. They eat and drink and make love like anyone else. It doesn't seem very important to me that people should know all the details. The actors I admire most, like Paul Schofield or Peggy Ashcroft, stand or fall by the quality of their work. All that's interesting about me as a person or is necessary for anyone to know is in the performance. You know if I went to Hollywood and they wanted to know all that kind of stuff about me - they would have to invent it.'

PROSPECT THEATRE COMPANY the Third National Theatre

Ian McKellen's latest successes have both been in productions mounted by the Prospect Theatre Company. TIM HUGHES and TREVOR RICHARDSON look at this company and talk to one of the directors, Richard Cottrell.

The high critical acclaim and the sensational box office success that greeted the Prospect Theatre Company's twin productions of *Richard II* and *Edward II* at this year's Edinburgh Festival, and later at the Mermaid Theatre in London, prompt some new evaluation of their position on the contemporary theatre scene.

What is Prospect? They lead a nomadic existence - a company associated in many peoples' minds with Cambridge, yet they play at the Arts Theatre there for only six weeks in a year and their actual registered office is in Oxford. Their artistic policy is in many ways complimentary to that of the National Theatre and that part of the Royal Shakespeare Company resident at the Aldwych, in that they mount important revivals of classical drama, as well as productions of new plays. It is here that the analogy ends. We know that the R.S.C. makes prestigious and deservedly successful assaults on America and the continent; and the National Theatre Company show the flag splendidly at some culturally starved centres as far away as Brighton and Wimbledon, because they are beholden by their Arts Council grant to do so; yet basically they are London orientated companies. Prospect slogs it out in the provinces taking really good theatre to the people. It is little wonder that in many quarters they are regarded as the third national company.

Prospect is run by a brilliant, young triumvirate, consisting of Toby Robertson, artistic director (responsible for *Edward II*), Ian Mackintosh, administrator, and Richard Cottrell, associate director (responsible for *Richard II*).

We talked to Richard Cottrell in his Charlotte Street penthouse. It's a long way to the front door and he has solved this problem delightfully. After we had rung the bell, a window shot-up, a silken parachute bore the key gently towards us and we were able to let ourselves in.

'What special problems faced you in directing this most illuminating production?'

'The most important single thing is to convey with absolute clarity the intentions of the playwright. My production was geared to this end. *Richard II* is about a king who believes absolutely in his divine right. The audience must understand this and I have deliberately emphasised the ritual and ceremony of kingship to make it clear. This is why all his public entrances are processional.

'One problem I had to solve, was how much is unfamiliar to today's audience? In Shakespeare's day, they were almost certainly familiar with the main arguments of the play and its historical background. We cannot say the same today. It is part of my duty to select these areas of unfamiliarity and make them comprehensible. It may be useful for me to study



Prospect directors Richard Cottrell and (inset) Toby Robertson.

relevant historical sources. Many fascinating facts will emerge but they will not all be pertinent to Shakespeare's play. Remember the play is seen through the eyes of an Elizabethan and not someone who was contemporary with Richard. For instance, I think it is helpful for the actors and through them the audience, to know that Aumerle was Richard's favourite to succeed him. I don't think that it helps us to know that John of Gaunt had syphilis.

'You must continually take your inspiration from the text and not impose your own pet theories. Otherwise it becomes another play, not Shakespeare's. I'm afraid that it is rather fashionable to do the latter.'

Like Ian McKellen, Richard Cottrell was at Cambridge. In fact their time there overlapped. He acted with the A.D.C. and the Marlowe Society. He is fascinated by the plays of Chehov

and has translated three of them: *The Three Sisters*, with Edward Bond for the Royal Court, *The Cherry Orchard*, which he also directed for Prospect at the Edinburgh Festival and in the West End, and *The Seagull* which he has just finished. Before joining Prospect he worked at the Hampstead Theatre Club as administrator and as a director.

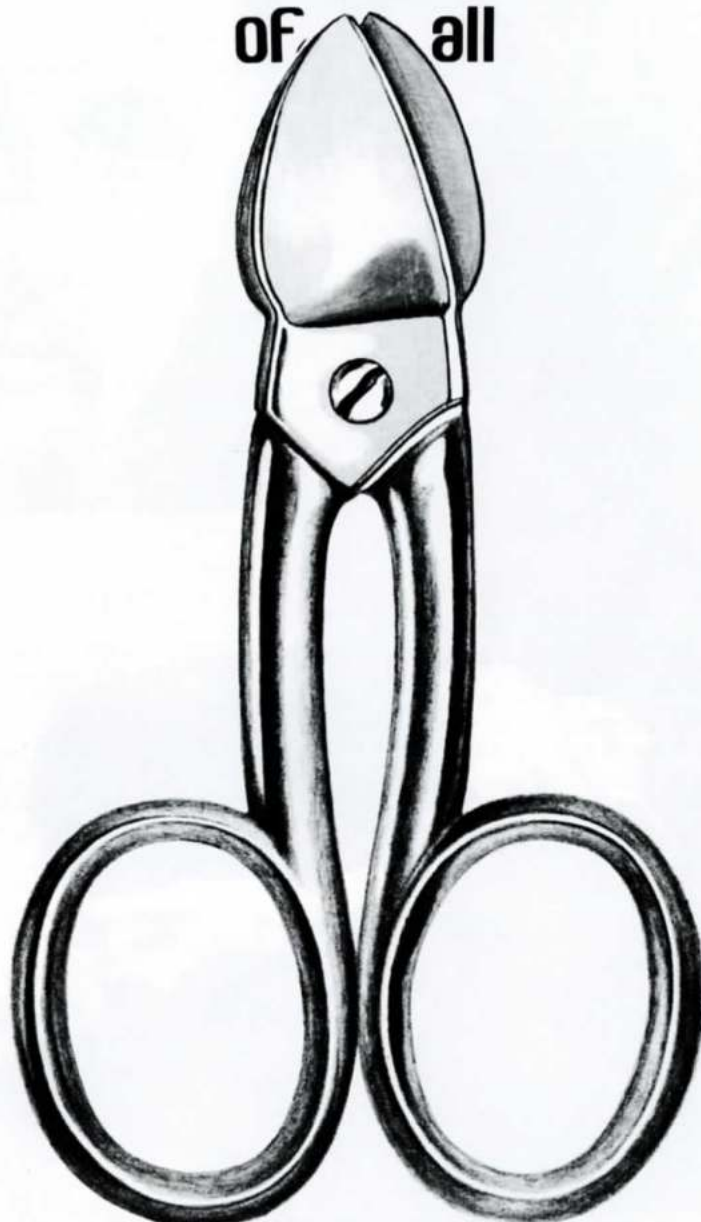
We asked him about Prospects' plans for the future.

'Well the most exciting thing is that from January we will establish a resident company in Cambridge, as well as continuing with the touring section. I have been appointed director of the Cambridge based company.

Richard and *Edward* are being recorded for B.B.C. Television and *Edward* is being put onto record. There is also a distinct possibility that the productions will return to London for a limited season.'

Whether or not we remember those scissors, most of us prefer to forget

the
unkindest
cut
of all



On January 1st we celebrate the Feast of the Circumcision. **Jan Smith** offers some advice to the merry-makers.

Even if Rupert Murdoch's shining Australian altruism fails, and the new *Sun* is not to be filled with 'lots of tit', we shall all muddle along quite well, for these days, thanks to tampons, vaginal deodorants, painless childbirth and the pill, the female body is as easy to find your way around as the London Underground, and maybe rather less fun. Sex education helps too. But

whereas little tots of five now know, or should, about eggs in mummies' tummies, when it comes to the mechanics of the male, most people including mothers of ten and veteran prostitutes would find it easier to draw a sketch map of the moon than to hazard the exact location of a seminal vesicle, and whether it runs horizontally or vertically.

Let alone a foreskin. Lord knows you can say it all matters no more than Sikhs' turbans, but if there is one thing that affluence and travel is doing for us, it's bringing home the fact that a large number of people in the world still think it *does* matter. In fact whole continents of them.

It mightn't matter, if it were not that we are creatures of our environment, and these days environments get changed like underwear. It is not, after all, as if we still travel to bring home ivory backscratchers and kodachromes of sunsets on the road to Mandalay, and if men can jet off with Diners' Club cards and Bunny Club keys, along with ten handy phrases for approaching everything from Swedes to Patagonians, why can't women get a little information about what to expect on a stopover in Beirut or Tokyo?

I'm not claiming to produce a statistically valid sample, but I can predict that in, say, North America, the land of the douche can and the

depilatory, the foreskin is as obsolete as last year's refrigerator; and in Australia foreskins are viewed in much the same way as were aborigines, something we were dead unlucky to inherit in the first place and should exterminate as quickly as possible. Moslems are, Indians and West Indians I think not, and as for the Orient, God knows. Everyone of course knows about the Oriental woman, who is stubby legged, under-developed and goes sideways, but with the current paucity of travel literature on the subject, I could go to my grave supposing their men are similarly afflicted.

It is hardly something the travelling girl – or boy – can ask their friendly BOAC hostess, like whether to tip hairdressers or boil the tap water. Nor is it much use looking up medical dictionaries and encyclopedias, where pages are devoted to the glands of Central Africans and the eardrums of Hopi Indians, while circumcision gets a brisk sentence about cutting off foreskins (which you know already from Bible class) and aprochrypal stories about Pythagoras having to be trimmed before the Egyptians let him into the libraries in umpteen BC. Of the state of things in down-town Cario today, there's not a murmur.

I don't know what the approved answer is for today's bright brat in the back row who asks what a foreskin actually *is*, but twenty years ago in Brisbane, Australia, we were too thick to ask, and for years I thought it was something like a third eye, yet another tribulation Jews were born with, and involving a cosmetic operation like nose-bobbing. By the time I realised it was nothing to do with foreheads after all, I decided it was probably just like a hymen and might likewise be worn away in childhood by excessive horse-riding or football. This comforting theory (which for a girl with no brothers I think is pretty logical), was wrecked in time by my first lover, a medical student who at that time was removing foreskins by the hundred from baby boys in the Brisbane General Hospital. Having travelled no more than I had, he naturally assumed that the rest of the world's medical students were doing it too.

It wasn't until I became pregnant and bought my first copy of Doctor Spock that I realised there might be people in the world who weren't, who (hinted the doctor) suffered everything from humiliation in locker rooms to broken marriages, and were walking germ-traps as well. Possibly pregnancy had softened my brain, but by the end of nine months I believed that to let a boy child loose on the world without having him attended to (cost, six guineas; time,

about five seconds) would have been as unforgivable as sending him forth with six fingers. Red hair, freckles, illegitimacy, aborigine grandmothers and names like Marmaduke he could take in his stride – to be a marked man in the nursery school wading pool would doom him to a lifetime of persecution.

Consequently there was no thought of protest when the nurses whipped my son away on the seventh day, saying in the coyly/bawdy way of medical people that he'd be off his feed for a day or two, but these little details had to be taken care of. Admittedly there was some ignorant English migrant girl in our ward, who did protest loudly that her son would lose his manhood, but to the other boy-producer and myself, progressive middle class university ladies steeped to the ears in Spock and Freud, it seemed just a primitive social custom you could expect from the Poms, like keeping coal in the bath or parking bicycles in the hall. 'It's your duty,' we told the wretched girl sternly. 'What will happen when he starts football and finds out he's *different*?' It wasn't just Spock but a whole tradition that made circumcision automatic in Australia. It's a hot climate, you'll get sand under it on Bondi Beach, so it's better off.

Moreover, as Australia is the most conformist and conservative of countries, it is also the most sexually segregated, of which Donald Horne in *The Lucky Country* once said that the emphasis on masculinity was so great he quite expected men to unzip their trousers in the pub. As women are not allowed in Australian pub bars anyway, for all I knew Mr. Horne wasn't joking, and this was precisely *why* we had always been kept in the ladies' parlour, or sitting outside in the Holden accepting our Fosters lager through the window. Not, I suppose, that we'd have got any real enlightenment if we had fought our way in. For one brief, incredible month in the early sixties, a Sydney department store imported a plaster replica of Michelangelo's David to publicise an Italian fashion week, and set him up on the ground floor among the joblot bras and junk earrings without so much as a figleaf. Thousands of respectable suburban matrons may have gone home a little wiser – if not appreciating Michelangelo's ignorance of Jewish boyhood – but otherwise Puritan darkness prevailed, and in a country where women are deemed not to have pubic hair, or in some states, even nipples, there was fat chance of anyone learning that nature had given men foreskins.

Even though I later branched out, as housebound married ladies will even in Australia, *homo intacta* kept

eluding me. My Yugoslav – desperately Catholic and born in the middle of a vampire scare or a revolution, had been. So had my Irishman and even my Negro, being the more upwardly mobile sort whose family could afford a Jewish doctor. Things looked faintly hopeful when I found a German, who said, *ach, so, beschnitten, like Jews?* but we remained just friends and I decided his *unbeschnitten*-ness was probably the result of some temporary Nazi fad in the thirties, a lapse in the history of an otherwise efficient nation.

Englishmen I never met, but then surely the better class of chap, who didn't keep bicycles in the hall, would have had himself attended to. It was just something everybody did, all civilized people. Like, well, washing your hands. Nothing could have been lower on my list of hang-ups until I'd been in England a month or two and was nibbling a cucumber sandwich in somebody's drawing-room in Hampstead when their infant son tottered in carrying his pot. For a while I couldn't figure out what was wrong with him, my memories of babies having grown dim, when suddenly the awful truth struck. Through some dreadful oversight – Mummy collecting petitions, Daddy demonstrating – the poor little creature hadn't been circumcized. Incredible as it sounds, it was the first time I'd seen a foreskin in my life, and although the opportunity must have been there in the maternity hospital, I'd always been too afraid to look in case I couldn't get the nappy back properly and the nurses thought I was some kind of pervert. Later, chance encounters on Hampstead Heath and the District Line confirmed what the baby's parents had said – no one in England, poshest Tory or most feckless working class – had done it for decades.

There was no time for careful analysis of whether it was just British inefficiency or the lack of moral fibre resulting from the Welfare State. All I knew was my Jewish boyfriend had disappeared and a horrible future lay ahead. Girl friends were no help as they were either married to Australians, living with Canadians or still shaking off Catholic girlhoods. Clearly I was it, the pioneer Fate had chosen to report back on this unpublicized aspect of British culture. Tortured by a lifetime of stories about the English only washing on Fridays, it looked like Golders Green or celibacy. The tedium was relieved by visiting Australians, but the only Americans were the sort who said everything in England was lousy and cried Lesbian the moment you disagreed.

After a meagre six months of

carefully inspecting British finger-nails and attempting to guess the state of the British neck, opportunity struck when an impeccably clean and beautiful actor arrived at my flat for an interview, but it turned out he'd been part of a very small experimental batch done at some eccentric hospital in the provinces 30 years ago.

He was quite nice about it, but for a long time afterwards I used to glower at his face on tube advertisements and feel I'd been somehow cheated, as if Westminster Abbey had proved to be made out of cardboard. Eventually I found an Indian, but then there was the thought that black men didn't count, since being monochromatic they look rather less startling than paler people anyway. By this time I was working at *New Scientist* with a lot of terribly learned men who discussed everything from moon craters to pigs' kidneys in the pub, but all they did was hoot with laughter, exactly like the young cockney at a party who'd said 'ho, wot? You all Jews aht there, then?' They'd heard Australia was pretty backward about a lot of things, they told me, but cheer up. When it come to astro-physics we had nothing to be ashamed of.

The only thing to do with my neurosis seemed to be exorcism through print, but at the emancipated magazine where they'd already investigated homosexuals, lopped breasts and the sexual life of nuns, the editor fell back ashen-faced – if he'd had mustaches they'd have trembled – saying he 'didn't think women would be interested.' Well, I refused to believe English-women were *still* doing it in the dark, clenching their teeth and thinking beautiful thoughts about the Empire, but it just goes to show that despite all this unisex and equality talk, it's still a man's world where women are not supposed to be in any position to make comparisons. Obviously the SCUM and WITCH people would simply yawn and say what else can you expect with women being no more than sexual chattels, but I suspect even in a society of blue-haired Amazons, women will always be far less modest about their bodies than men, for the simple reason that they are harder to ignore. Something is always going on with women's bodies, waxing, waning, menstruating, giving birth, so that we soon become quite at home with the pesky things. All hell is going on from the time we're twelve, and by twenty we think nothing of borrowing tampons, comparing bra sizes and what the Middlesex said about our cervical smears. In a ward full of newly delivered women, modesty can barely survive a whole day's chat about breast milk and

stitches, and even apart from childbirth, women still see each other undressed far more than men do, in all those fitting rooms and shared flats, not to mention in the home with neighbours and relatives stripping off to feed babies. To many men of our father's generation, the most shattering effect of the war was that they had to line up with other naked men and discover all kinds of things they might never have dreamt of in peacetime – D. H. Lawrence, for instance, seemed to have been scarred for life by it.

Then too, women's bodies are far more sexually diffused than men's. If we have meagre bosoms, maybe God has been kind to us by handing out lovely bottoms or nice pelvic muscles. But a man literally has all his eggs in one basket, possessing only his penis which he mistakenly believes to be the sole indication of his sexual prowess and which therefore must be guarded accordingly from people who might wish to restructure it, or suggest that he needs a public deodorant. Consequently, in spite of all that horseplay and muscle flexing, men are modest and coy to the point of being virginal about their private parts, whereas a woman finds hers about as sacred and mysterious as doing the washing-up. We have survived Mary McCarthy's diaphragms and Penelope Mortimer's breast with barely a tremor, but as yet, we have no novel about a man who is sterilized or circumcized at 35. Molly Bloom's ruminations... 'It's a wonder they're not frightened of bumping it on things', and her curiosity about Leopold... 'I was dying to see if he was circumcized'... seemed eminently reasonable to women. It was men who banned the film *Ulysses* in Australia, and showed it only to segregated audiences in New Zealand. No doubt if it hadn't been for Philip Roth they'd have gone on for years pretending they didn't even masturbate.

But in those pre-Portnoy days, the conspiracy of silence was even greater than it is now. Another British magazine, while quite liking the story, wrote back a nice little letter saying I'd spoilt it by being too vague – addressing the letter to Jan Smith, Esquire, under the impression that I was some horrid dirty old man who hadn't quite got up the courage to ravish choirboys behind the altar. Vague be damned. Was it my fault if they all kept turning out to have been born in hot climates, or had Jewish grandmothers?

A breakthrough loomed when a trendy British publisher of a man's magazine in Australia suggested I tell all for Issue Eleven. Unfortunately Issue Ten, with a cover of a naked girl saying 'All About Auto-Eroticism I' was considered by the

Customs to be offensive to public decency, even though it was only about how to seduce girls in cars, and by the time Issue Eleven came through from Hong Kong, illustrated with blue-ribboned surgical scissors, Australian morality was so inflamed that the publisher was told to remove it instantly. At this stage I went back to England, where although editors kept saying 'but you must specialize in *something*' I never got up the courage to say what.

As far as I know, circumcision remains the last bastion to fall in Sunday-socio-sexual journalism. Far be it from me to say whether foreskins are necessary or unnecessary, an encouragement to cervical cancer (as was suggested some years ago by a survey of Orthodox Jewish women in New York) and more certainly, a significant factor in cancer of the penis. In Britain, no statistics appear to be kept at all, because the only time I tried to get any the records man kept suggesting I take the baby to the local synagogue, seemingly unable to grasp that such things might go on in a Christian community. Let alone that any decent girl would want to write about it.

There is also the question of venereal infection. If we are going to persist in being a permissive and sexually-experimental nation, mightn't it be a good idea to minimize the chance of infection, not just syphilis and gonorrhoea, but the dozens of equally irritating minor ones which a lot of my friends have picked up in England and which I don't think is entirely due to their rampant moral degeneracy since arriving here. The British are not, let's face it, the cleanest of people, or by any means the most sexually well-informed by Scandinavian standards, and until we are, I am not entirely convinced by the argument that Nature knows best.

If we had America's bathrooms, or France's bidets, perhaps yes – I *would* agree with all those men (usually circumcized) who explain to me on the back of old envelopes in restaurants exactly how they have been deprived of their basic human rights.

But unfortunately we haven't, and in the meantime it might be an idea if editors took a deep breath, put away their horsewhips and admitted to the world that a penis is not some magical disembodied thing that only grows on the edge of tube posters. We don't want you castrated, and we'll still love you whatever state you're in, but it is no use pretending it's all women's work and a whiff of Bidex will take care of everything. If you must go on being masculine – in both senses of the word – couldn't you admit that *you* are vulnerable, too?

"Yes, the boy is beautiful"



Two vases – one subject. A young man desired by a woman – and by her husband. But the artist they commissioned to paint their desire, desired as well. And he won. A capricious story inspired by inscribed vases in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, and the British Museum. By John Ashen.

Deianaria pinned the gold clasp on her shoulder and idly lifted the mirror. The Lapis ornament reflected the colour of her eyes, her eyes smiled...

Croteus, her husband, prayed to the Gods for victory. Who could replace Ixon as his companion in the field? He mused on the possibility of the young athlete, Krates. The incense spiralled into the darkness of the temple...

Krates, the athlete, stretched himself lazily in the hot sun, admiring the relaxed muscles flexing slowly under the smoothness of his golden skin...

Prikon, the artist, smiled wryly at the double commission, as it was amusing. He must paint two almost identical vases. On each one the subject was the same. Youth in all the splendour of its nakedness. Not just any youth nor the epitome of ideal youth. The inscriptions identified. For Croteus, simple statement of fact "Krates is handsome"; for Deianaria a whimsical note "The boy, yes the boy is beautiful". Despite the insoluble discords of their marriage one thing remained indisputable, both Croteus and Deianaria retained irreproachable taste. The boy was extraordinarily beautiful. And each wanted their own vase.

The sun set in its opalescent vortex of crimson and turquoise. The Gods were amused.

Prikon found Krates at the baths.

'Come and drink wine with us? My friend Croteus and I have been admiring your prowess on the field. I paint vases, you know – not much of a job but it gives me a lot of pleasure.'

The wine was good and the company cheering, but Croteus whose name recurred, never appeared. It would be good to meet a famous general; and Prikon was famous too. His vases were terribly costly. In Athens everybody owned one. But then in Athens...

'How do you like this kylix? It's my favourite shape to decorate. It could be very lovely. Dionysius here in the bowl and underneath a frieze of youths wrestling'.

'Oh that's a marvellous idea!'

'Why not stay here and model the figures for me? It needn't interfere with the games. Croteus said you'd be the perfect model and of course I'd pay you.'

Krates smiled at the compliments.

Krates, Krates, Krates... It was an irresistible invocation. He rose silently from the bell-krater, the darkly curling hair braided with a wreath round the crown; neck, shoulders, chest, tapering, tapering, tapering. He was transformed from a black silhouette; he shone in the moonlight. Deianaria reached out a hand towards him, a hand, hot, beaded with the sweat of uncontrollable excitement. He was in her arms, her hands worked their way rapidly over his body, the firm unresisting flesh, smooth, smooth, cold, like marble – cold? like marble? She awoke suddenly, trembling, tense. The moonlight bathed the empty room in the soft milkiness of night.

When Prikon awoke it was already morning. He was not dreaming; the boy *was* there, lying at his side. He pressed his greying beard into the yielding softness of the belly, and pulled the sheet gently over their bodies.

Deianaria was in a very tetchy mood. She was bored with the women in the house, with their music and their weaving. Croteus, whom the Gods knew had cost her father enough to secure for her, hardly spoke to her and never attended to her non-conversational demands. Now dreams and insomnia added to her frustrations. At last she could wait no longer. Slipping out of the house she hurried through the streets, across the market place to the studio. She rattled on the door. A few moments passed, she rattled again. 'Prikon, I...'

It wasn't Prikon. In the doorway stood Krates more golden, more beautiful than before. Her outstretched arm was almost touching his tunic. She was even more astonished to find Croteus in the ante-room, a drinking cup in his hand. Even Krates detected a feeling of strained embarrassment.

Prikon look affectionately at the two vases. They had given him more than the customary amount of pleasure. Of course the commissions had been cancelled immediately; the messengers had arrived before sunset that very same day. But they would make very handsome presents and by now surely they would see the irony of the situation, even if Krates had failed to appreciate the joke. Well wit and intelligence hadn't really been *his* strong points. And Prikon would keep the kylix. He knew he would never surpass it in execution.

Christmas
comes
but once a year...

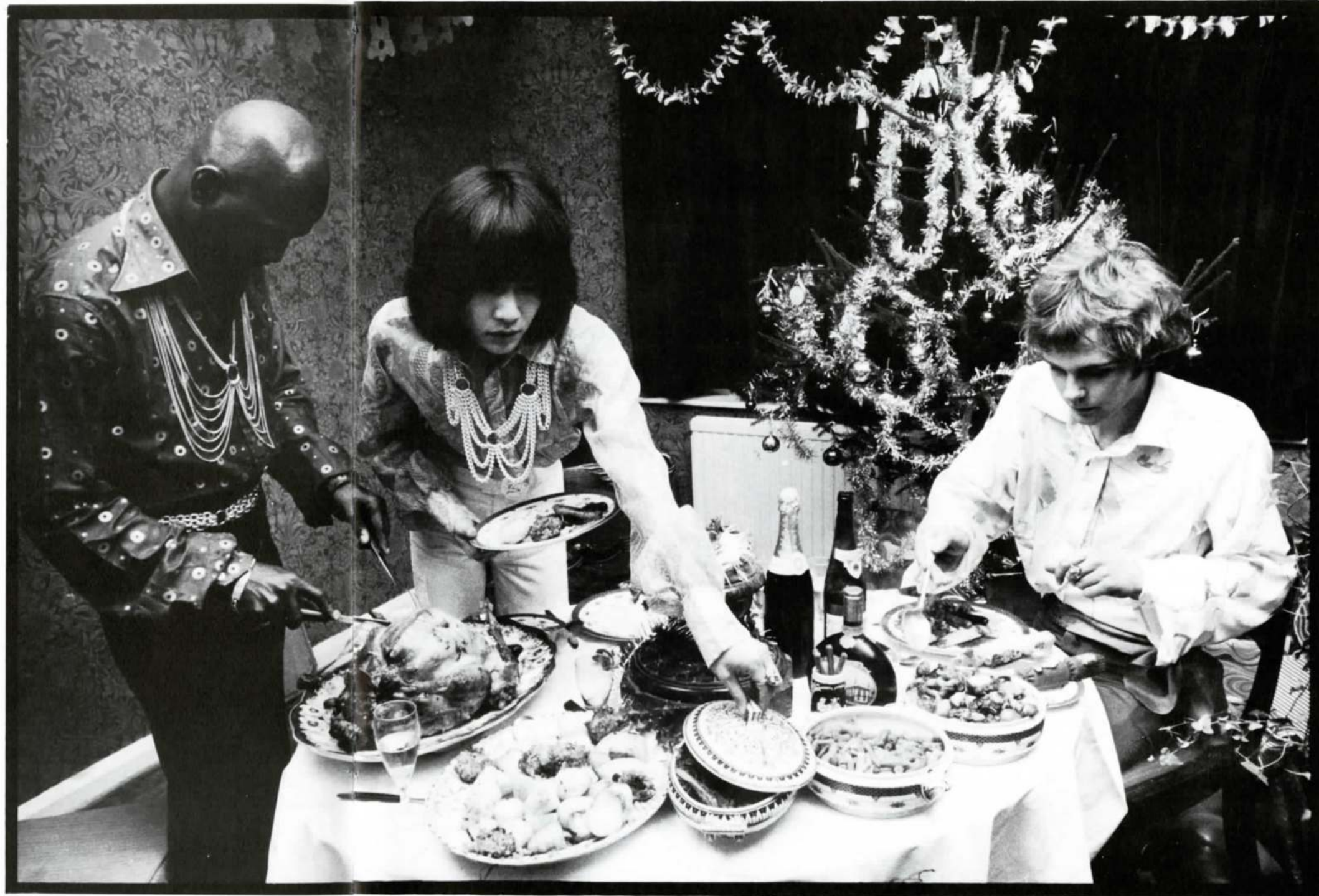
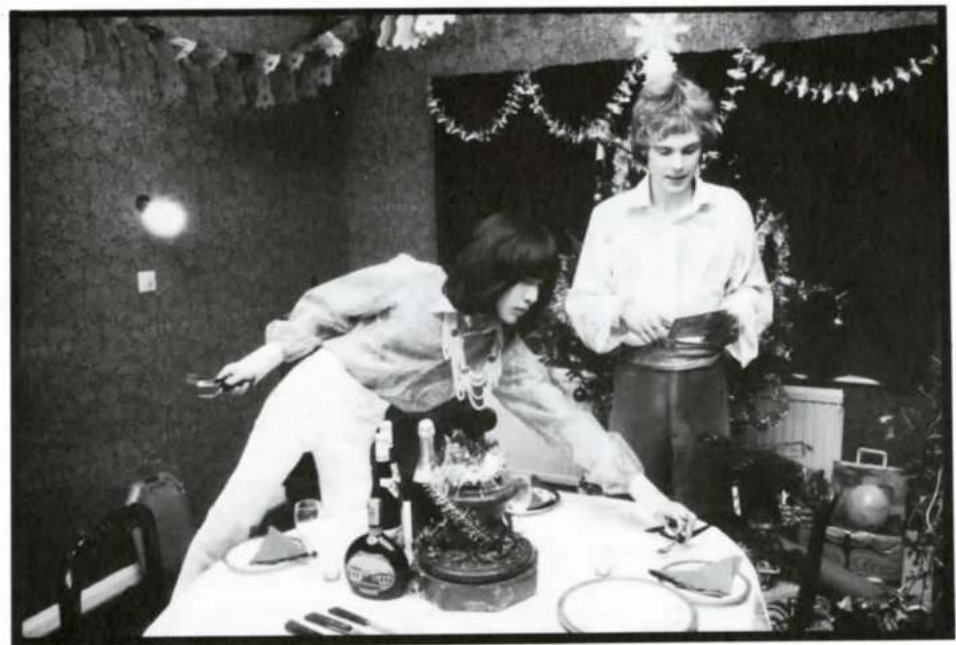
JOHNNY CLAMP



but we can do better!

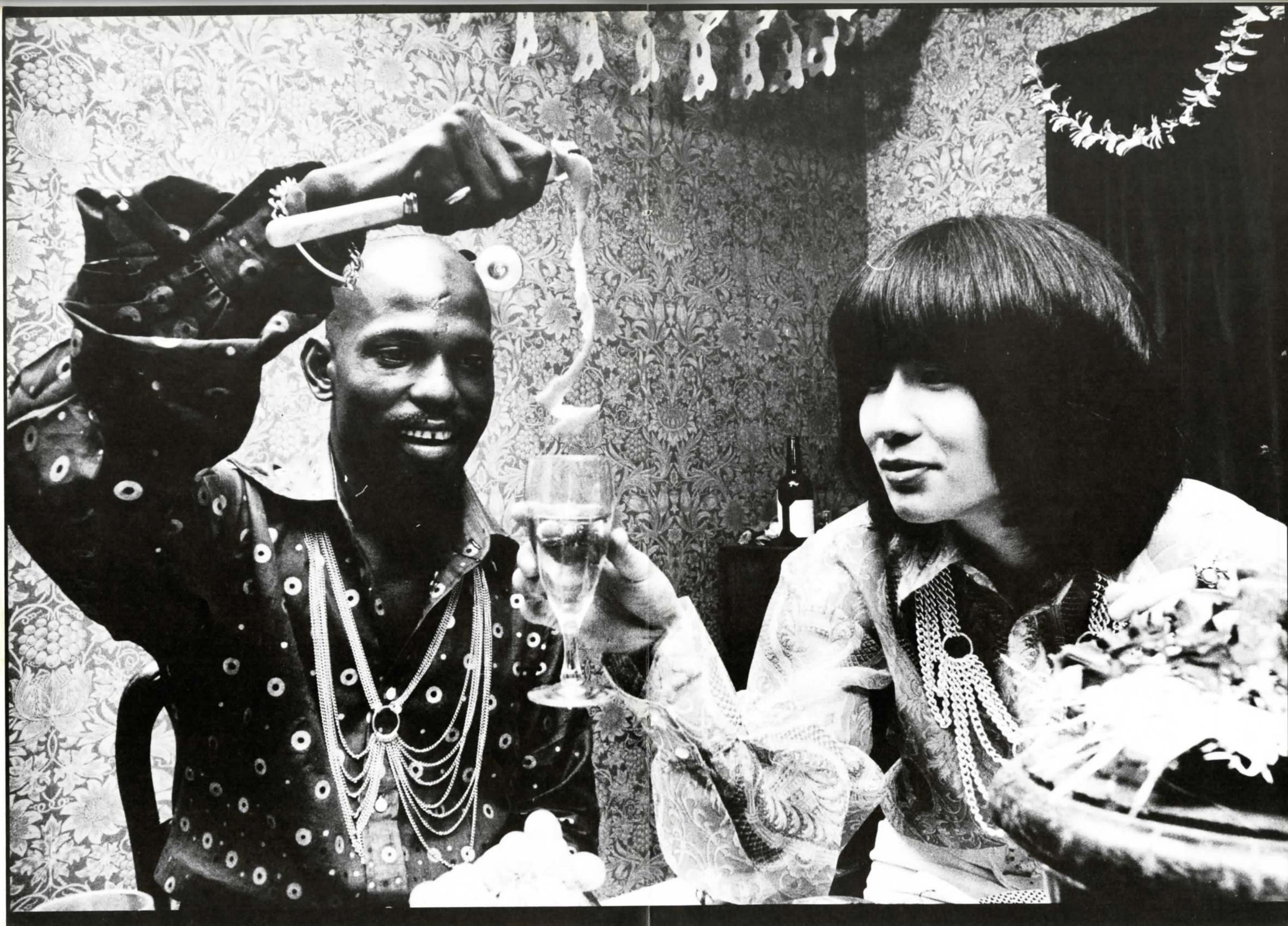


Culinary Gapers

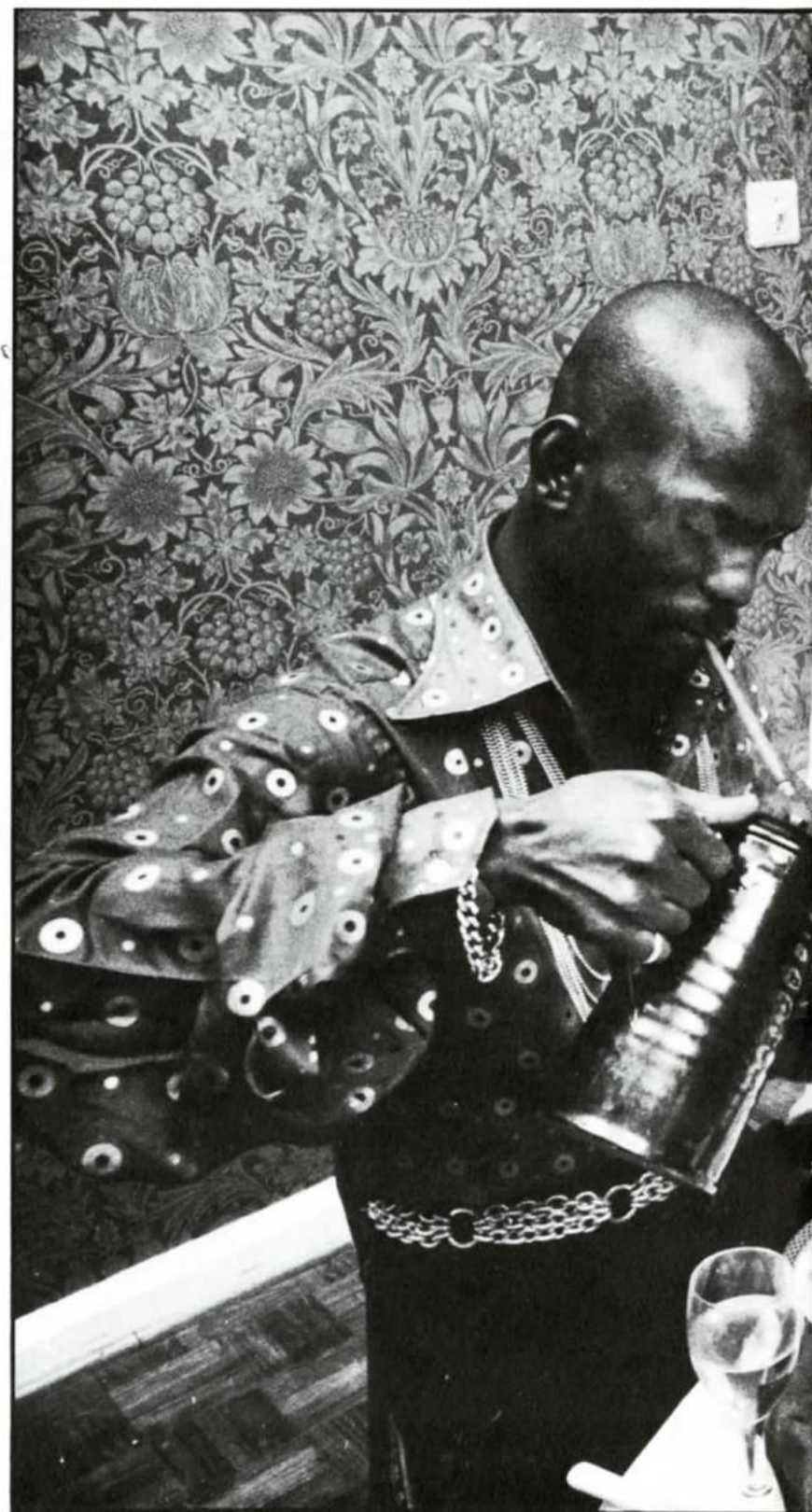
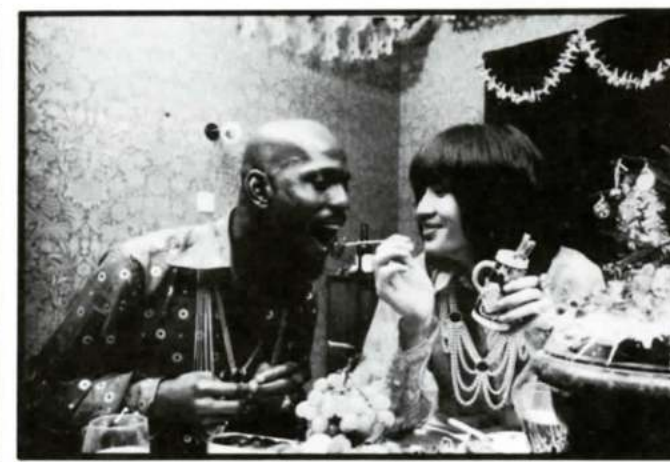


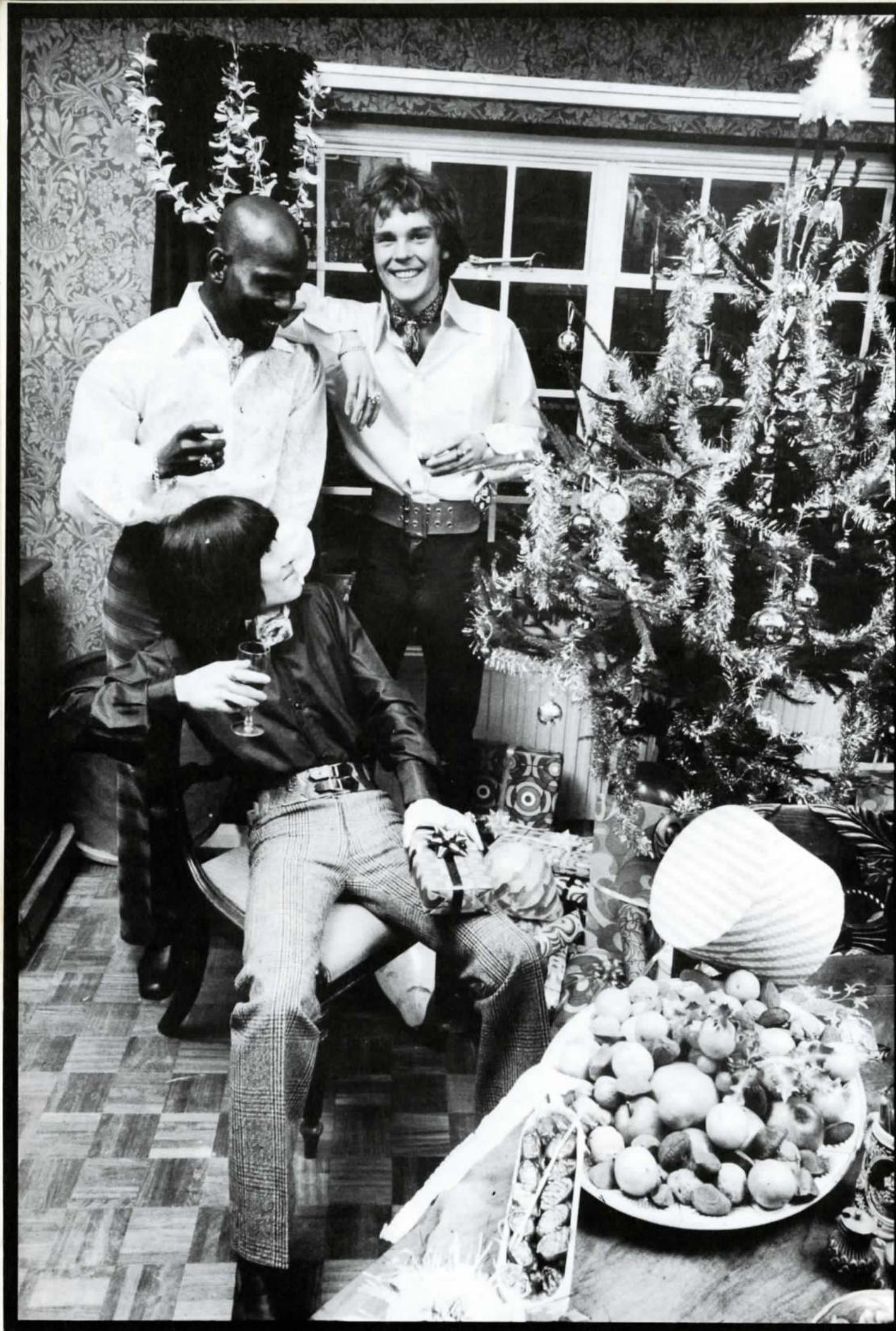


Sweetmeats

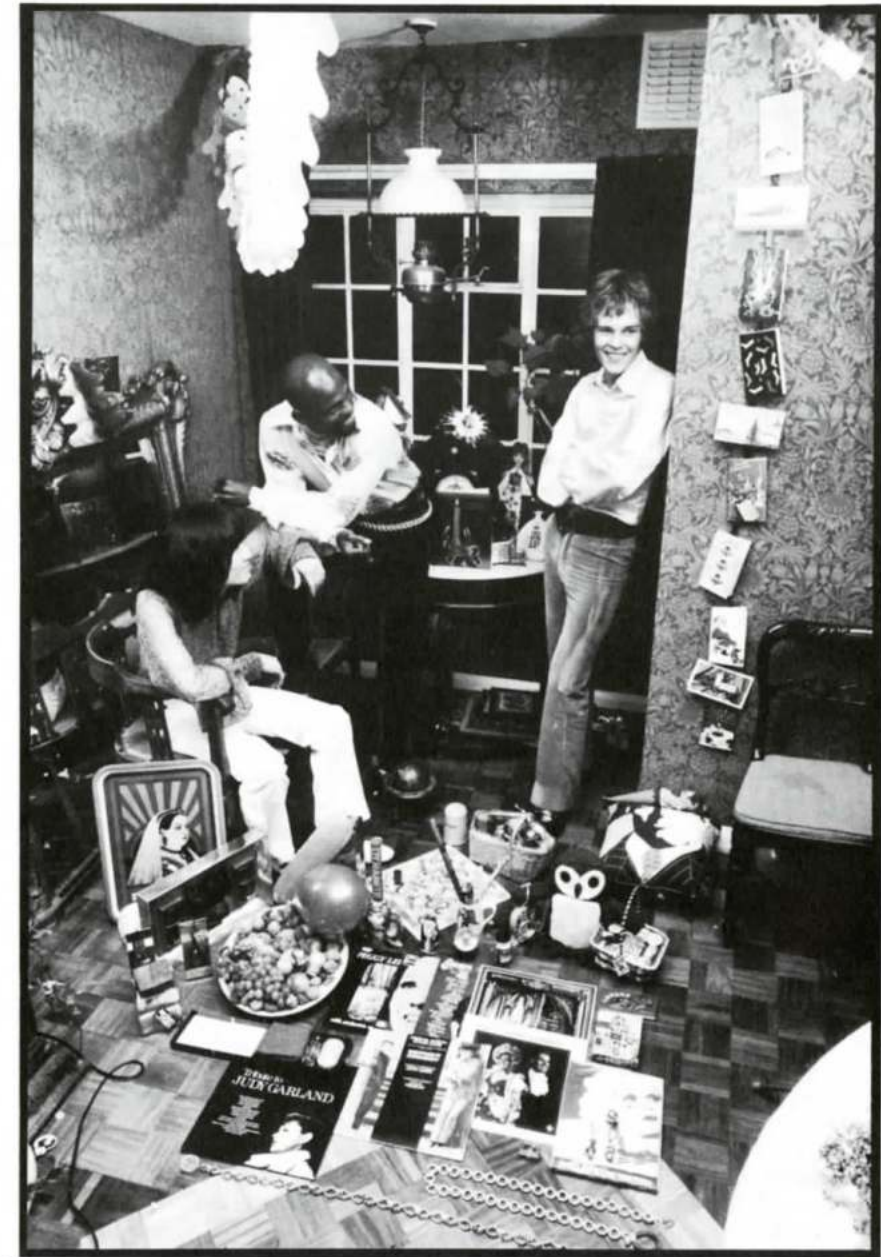


Black & Strong





The party's over...



& so to bed.

*Christmas Gifts by Gear,
Carnaby Street, W1;
Galts, Carnaby Street, W1;
Arden for Men.*

*Clothes by Major Arcana,
New Compton Street, WC2
(opposite Saville Theatre
Stage Door)
5% discount to all Jeremy
readers.*

*Jewelry by Carlton Payne
Designs (PAD 8195).
Giftwrap by Nigel Quiney
Designs.*

stateside report



A JEREMY Newsprobe into the activities of our oppressed cousins across the Atlantic.

Homosexuals in the United States are now adopting a militant position in their fight for social justice. The vanguard of the movement is the G.L.F. (Gay Liberation Front) and its news-sheet 'Gay Power'. It is similar in membership and approach to radical organizations in this country and like them suffers from the inevitable fragmentation of the left.

It is extraordinarily difficult for militants of the left ever to show a united front, as the students have found in England. It is now over a year since the last real show of unity — the Vietnam Solidarity Campaign.

It is like wishing for the moon to aim for a united homosexual voice. Sexual preferences do not affect political and social attitudes. The gay world covers the whole spectrum of society. If the barrow-boy feels equal to the baron in bed he usually learns the truth the following morning.

Nevertheless, homosexuals must share a common desire to improve their place in society. The emergence of an active militant movement is of great significance in the long fight against centuries of ignorance and prejudice.

It is even more important in the United States. Strangely enough Great Britain has a reputation for (amused) tolerance in these matters. The aristocracy and working classes have traditionally accepted homosexuals in their circles, even if they haven't been prepared to advertise the fact. It is only amongst the middle classes that the discovery of any deviation from the 'norm' brings on attacks of the horrors.

Since the United States is almost entirely governed by middle class attitudes, homosexuals have been forced into positions of total concealment or at the best only the most conservative forms of expression. The whole system is geared to produce good middle-class citizens, clean in mind and body, free from all taints of communism, pacifism and faggotry. (Those who are unfortunate enough to have been born black or Jewish are beyond the pale anyway.)

The G.L.F. is the homosexual arm of the movement which is sweeping through the youth of America and which expresses itself also in the campaign for Civil Rights and in hostility to the war in Vietnam. The G.L.F. Statement shows the same impatience with entrenched attitudes that can be found in these other campaigns. 'The conservative politics of middle-aged homophiles will not get us very far in this day and age and we wonder how some people can be so blinded to the manifestations of a radical approach.'

G.L.F. appeals for supporters to work together for a 'unified, constructive and beautiful Gay Power. The time when Gay Power will mean the complete liberation of the homosexual.'

English homosexuals might well pay heed as the last part of the G.L.F. Statement argues: 'Part of this unity is better communication amongst ourselves. Simply put — less bitching and old hens quacking with one another.'

In New York G.L.F. has organized public marches and demonstrations (one of which was described in the October issue of JEREMY). We await further news of public reaction to these events which must have caused shock and disbelief throughout the city. Imagine the surprise that would greet a similar parade down Whitehall.

Another popular expression is the communal meal as a token of unity. One meeting was preceded by a 'Communal Spaghetti Dinner' in Washington Square Methodist Church. We look forward to news of gay hot-pot suppers in Manchester Cathedral and egg and chips in the Abbey. Dances are also common, including protest 'dance-ins' at places where the sight of two males dancing together is frowned upon. A Victory Dance was held recently to celebrate the promise by *Village Voice* to refrain from the use of the word 'faggot' with its hostile undertones. Perhaps we can persuade *Private Eye* to quit saying 'poove' and hold a celebration ball in the Royal Albert Hall.

Why not?

The New York affair certainly seems to have been gay in every sense: strobe lights, the Supremes, Sly and the Family Stone. The red and blue lighting during the slower songs made closeness a groovy happening and a chance to get to know one another on a more intimate basis. Beer and soda available by donation at the refreshment counter soothed the throats of the thirsty. Everybody had such a good time. You bet.

Just opened on Bowler Lane, the latest gay play, *And Puppy Dogs Tails* by David Gaard. From his description he sounds like a real nice guy. 'He is beautiful. He is all the blond and baby angels of Botticelli that men seek in order to recapture their own lost innocence. He is always natural and kind and gentle, always amusing, always sensitive.' He had his own theatre in Los Angeles and played the Soldier in John Hershey's *The Wall*. Stanley Kaufmann, *New York Times* Sunday columnist, who has been belting away at the Puritan ethic which bogs down American plays, inspired David to write his own play, in which 'lives are lived, loves are loved, laughs are shared and tears are as considerably private as they can be'. Let's hope this play comes to England — and with it the beautiful David.

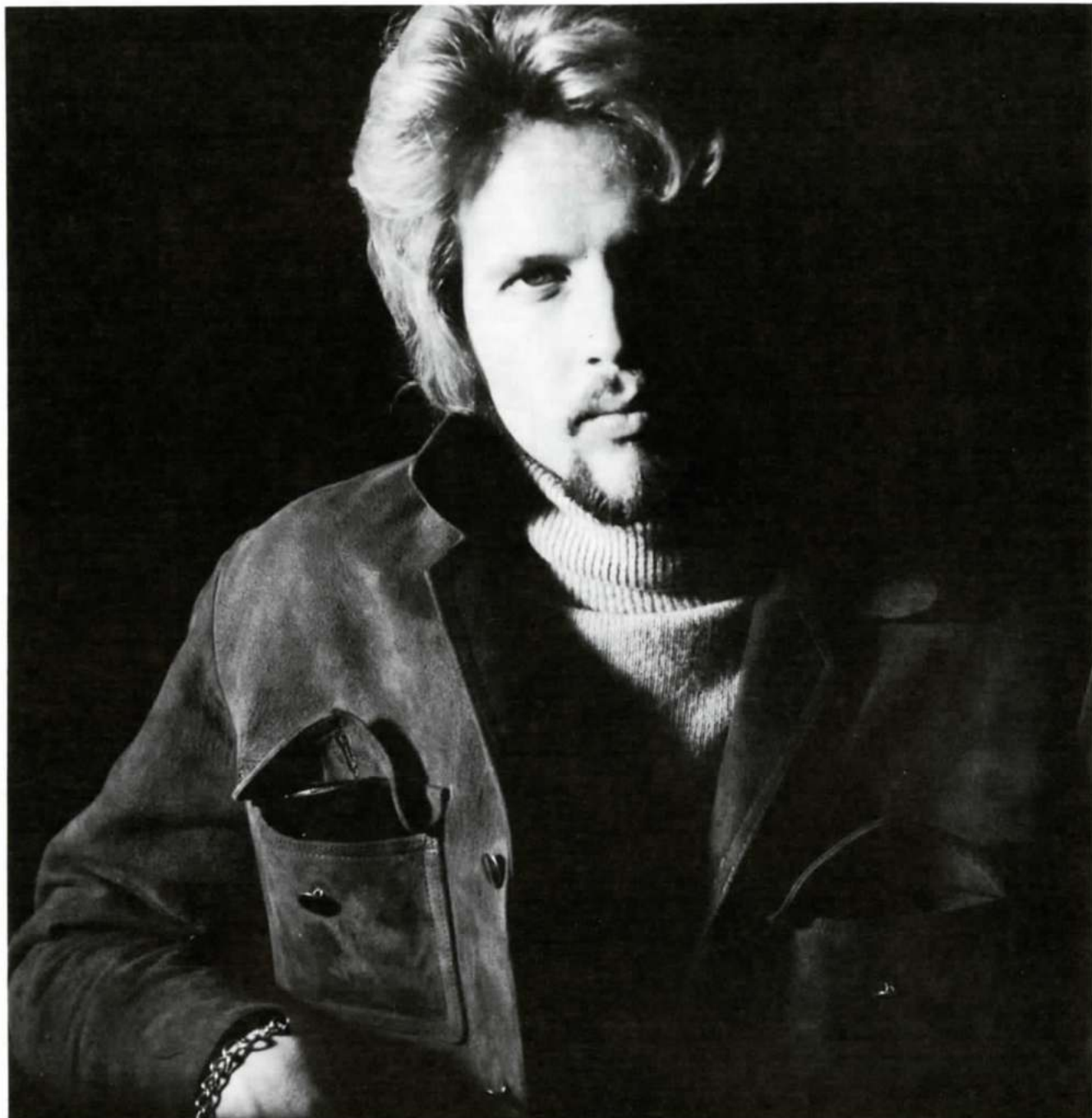
Things are camping up on the campuses too. Students have got together and formed a 'Student Homophile League'. Founded in 1966 at Columbia University, it is now a North-American-wide organization, with full chapters at Columbia, Cornell and New York University and national members elsewhere. S.H.L. stands for complete equality for homosexuals and maintains that homosexuality is not an illness but an orientation on a par with heterosexuality and to be valued as such. The three chapters are engaged in many projects, generally educational, civil-libertarian or social service. They act as a pressure group, an information service and undertake personal counselling. Perhaps some Rhodes Scholars will open a branch at Oxford. There are certainly enough dons and undergraduates to make it flourishing.

With all these gay goings-on it seems particularly odd that the United States is one of the few remaining countries with harsh laws against homosexuality. Only in the enlightened states of Connecticut and Illinois are sexual relations between consenting males allowed. There are signs, however, that things are moving away from puritanical proscriptions of human frailty. In the last few weeks a panel appointed by the National Institute of Mental Health has made recommendations that demand the repeal of these laws.

The report estimates an adult homosexual population of some four million and regards homosexuality as a major human problem. Its recommendations closely follow those made by our own Wolfenden Committee, the International Congress on Criminal Law and the American Law Institute. They suggest that Government and private business reassess their embargo on the employment of homosexuals. Nevertheless they still support the myth that their employment may still be undesirable in certain diplomatic posts. Why are homosexuals considered worse security risks than heterosexuals who are equally susceptible to moral blackmail?

The publishing of the report has raised the hopes of gay America and there is a feeling that the Administration may be moving towards a new permissiveness. There is, however, little evidence to support this wishful thinking, for the report is the work of a non-government panel of experts and at the moment both the Institute for Mental Health and the Health, Education and Welfare Department, appear to be a little embarrassed at the progeny they have engendered. As yet there has been no official reaction from the Nixon Administration. It looks as if the Gay Liberation Front will have to carry on demonstrating.

Scott or John-which one do you prefer?



John Walker

Christmas Poppers



40

Oh dear, it's nearly Christmas and you know what that means, money, money and more money. But don't forget if you are really stuck for presents, L.P.'s and singles make nice gifts. Down to the business in hand. Just let me move this sprig of holly out of the way so that I can write what I want.

'My Way' has been flogged by many, many artists, including yours truly, but never has it been sung as a duet. Very shortly this will be changed when we have the rendering of 'My Way' by ENGLEBERT HUMPERDINCK and TOM (WELSH) JONES. How does that grab you slag-heap lovers? Englebert is having a television series in February. On his first show, which is being made at a very low cost, a mere £160,000 (Gasp! Gasp!) he will have stars like DIONNE WARWICK, JOSE FELICIANO, to name but a few, and of course TOM JONES, who will sing this brrrrilliant duet

with him.

P.S. Tom Jones's shows are costing £100,000 each, so if you really want to splash out on a Christmas present for your girlfriend or boyfriend, depending which you prefer, buy a Tom Jones Show. Birthdays come but once a year. How true that is! Not so long ago PAUL AND BARRY RYAN were 21. As they were working in Germany at the time, Mummy and Daddy flew out to see them, with, of course, their birthday present. Now as Daddy is HAROLD DAVIDSON, I wonder what they got for their birthday gift. Probably the odd TV contract, or film contract or something very boring like that. A belated happy birthday, boys, sorry I couldn't give you a contract - I'll leave that to Daddy.

It was pointed out to me that in my last column I gave the impression that I didn't like 'underground' music. I can't imagine



Scott Walker

how people got this impression because it's not true. I don't hate 'underground' music, I just loathe and detest it. There's only one group that I can stomach and that's a brand new group called P.C. KENT. They have a wonderful appeal, and their music's quite good too. They have an L.P. coming out in January. All the boys have been to music college and are based in Richmond. I think I like their music because there's a bit more about it. CLEMENTINA DIANA CAMPBELL is a 'bona' name but definitely a mouthful. Perhaps that's why CLEO LAINE changed it. I was out with Cleo Laine and JOHNNIE DANKWORTH the other day, having a big, fat, juicy steak in a dolly little restaurant in Liverpool, when Cleo sat up suddenly to listen to NINA SIMONE who was coming rather distortedly and loudly across the tannoy, with the music and words of a poem 'Strange Fruit'. (Sounds like a

definition of me, but that's beside the point.) Then Cleo pointed out what was wrong: the words were 'The sudden smell of burning flesh.' Isn't it strange how one can be put off one's steak? Oh, by the way, did you know that the DANKWORTH's have just bought an old rectory next to Woburn Abbey? Fancy having the BEDFORD's as your next door neighbours. I have just been made an honorary member of the BLUE BANJO GIGGLE HOUR CLUB WITH LADIES NIGHT ON WEDNESDAYS. It's the new place. Everybody, but everybody goes. If you don't go you're definitely out-crowd. It makes REVOLUTION look like a Wimpy Bar. There's only one tweeny weeny little problem, it's at 610 First Avenue, Washington, U.S.A. So I don't know how I'm going to get there. Anybody fancy chartering a flight? Three quickies for you... One Wednesday

in January Play of the Week on telly - 'Seasons of the Witches' stars JULIE DRISCOLL... So ALAN FREEMAN's bought himself a record shop in London... and PETER SARSTEDT is writing a musical. I have got a little bit of a problem, and I wonder if you can help me. I just can't make up my mind whether it's JOHN WALKER or SCOTT WALKER. I have seen them both perform and I know most people prefer Scott, but I think John is under-rated. So what I have done is had two photographs placed on this beautiful page and I'd like to hear from you which you think is the more talented and better looking. I suppose we will have to finish on a Christmas note, but joking apart, I thought rather than send a card or present to you all I'd just like to say 'Take care, don't drink too much and may all your trade be good.' COUNT BOSIE

41

In your January **Jeremy** everything you've ever wondered about Skinheads, some exciting new ways to keep warm, expert opinion on homosexuality and the law, and your problems answered by Michael Divine. Starting in January, *Divine's Inspiration* will be more than a lonely hearts page. All authentic problems will be dealt with in complete confidence and with absolute seriousness. Cases requiring individual attention will be forwarded to the appropriate experts, and questions published will be disguised as far as form and origin are concerned to guarantee total anonymity.

Editorial Director and Publisher
Peter L. Marriott
Editor
David Weston



Jump into January with Jeremy



to The Circulation Manager,
Jeremy, 45 Carnaby St.,
London, W.1.

I enclose a crossed postal
order/cheque made
payable to Jeremy
Enterprises Ltd. for £3-12s
as payment for the next
12 issues of Jeremy.

Name

Address



Design

Alexandra J. Avrach

Associate Editors

Tim Hughes

Trevor Richardson



HEAD OFFICE

"I was scandalized by the city of secondhand sex"

'Do you find rubber earrings exciting?' asks **MICHAEL DIVINE**, our roving pornographer, reporting from **SEXMESSE '69** in Copenhagen.

Do you ever curse that dolly fella for being so boringly Anglo-Saxon when he insists 'Oo, I don't do that sort of thing in bed'? Are you driven to despair by that chick's terribly English 'No, next time' after a score of Saturday night 'next times'? Well relax. Forget those B-for-British hang-ups because our sexual tastes have been pronounced OK - compared to other nations at any rate.

Mrs. Annie Theander, 34-year-old wife of a Danish sex-dealer and blue film-maker, told me at Copenhagen's recent pornography fair, 'Sex in England is strictly normal.' And she's an authority on the subject - her family rank high among Denmark's porn producers who knock up three million pounds a year in exports. Ninety per cent of the output goes to Germany, the rest to the world at large with merrie little England barely figuring. And Annie adds, 'There's nothing kinky about the orders we do get from England.'

Imagine - all those Germans jumping on their Liebchens in rubber jackboots, those Italians crossing themselves and their wives with studded spaghetti chains, those Americans peeking at naughty postcards secreted in the bedside Kleenex box, while we British stand four-square by our decency, dance cards and dinner at eight.

Of course, these foreign chappies were only encouraged into such mischief when the Danes let pornography loose this year by scrapping practically all their old laws. On top of which,

they then celebrated - despite bomb threats - with a trade fair called 'Sexmesse 69' (read into that what you will), staged 'for the joy of those who like to be outraged.'

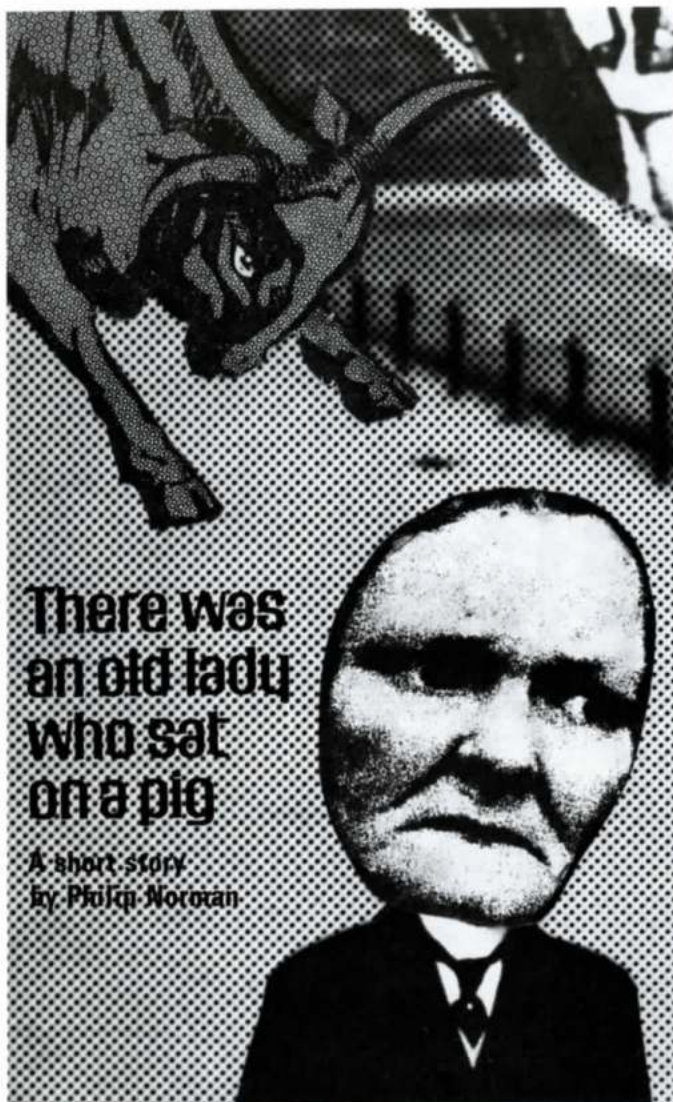
When I set foot in Sexmesse I was certainly outraged, but I can't admit to liking it. In limited quantities, pornography is aphrodisiac; seen in such excess, it becomes merely emetic, and my initial - and only human - gasps of 'Woohoo' soon died into yawns.

The literature of sex was certainly seductive, but unutterably endless; voyeurism loses its novelty on viewing the thousandth position. The machinery of sex was certainly imaginative, and skilfully fashioned in an abundance of fabrics, but I ask you, do you find rubber earrings exciting?

Mine wasn't the only interest that rapidly dwindled either. Two pop groups opened the fair, naked naturally, yet their members were not noticeably moved by the erotica around them. The exhibitors themselves, brisk though they were like pixie cobblers on toadstools, wore worldweary masks which were reflected in duplicate by the humourless eyes of the spectators. Even the hands thrust deep into overcoat pockets really were clutching nothing more than loose change.

I mean to say, pornography is supposed to titillate your sexual appetite. Generations of prostitutes have relied on the allure of their devious appliances when flesh has not been enough; camp hosts prize their postcard collections as ideal stimulation for reluctant guests. But at Sexmesse 69, there was hardly an indrawn breath from the 6,000 first-nighters.

This was one assignment where your reporter didn't have to make his excuses to leave; I left totally unsolicited to take tea in the Tivoli Gardens and reassure myself that such an exhibition could never happen in London. Damn it all Sir, as the lady said, we English are strictly normal.



There was an old lady who sat on a pig

A short story
by Philip Norrman

When Miss Aitchison retired there was a short party for her down in Small Ads, with sausage rolls and macaroons and a little of the dry sherry she was permitted, being diabetic. Miss Aitchison ended 47 years as commercial manager for the *Cove Heights Post and Examiner*; a lifetime's squeaky-voiced association with that newspaper. Hadn't she, as a girl, helped tie up bundles of copies in the days when Alfred Aitchison, her father and the *Examiner's* founder editor, wrote leading articles against Tariff Reform by candlelight and wore a top hat to report the Assizes? Wasn't Miss Aitchison's own career in British Legion, W.I. and, occasionally, soup kitchens, laid indelibly upon smudgy photographs in the *Examiner's* files upstairs?

"Miss *Post and Examiner* Retires. Our Farewell to This Newspaper's Grand Old Lady": it was brief, like the party, but quite a nice piece by the Editor on page five, accompanied by a photograph of the assembly in Small Ads, Miss Aitchison receiving her electroplated tea-service and an illuminated scroll from the *Examiner's* managing director. (The paper had passed from Alfred Aitchison's control in the year of the General Strike and had, ever since, prospered.) Now, a ripple of applause, a lingering over sherry glasses even if it was Press day. The greedier young reporters chased sausage roll crumbs round the plates with their fingers. The Sports Editor, greatly daring, kissed Miss Aitchison on her temple.

"I can remember, you know, when we had scarcely any reporters at all, very few," she was telling the managing director. "Only the one gentleman at Storton and another, who took in adverts as well, at Long Chelton. They printed the paper on a very, very old Cossor press at the back of a sweet and toy shop in Ermine Street. The shop and the street are gone now of course. In father's time we had very few resources really, for what it was. A respected county paper. Father always used to say 'give the people news, not fancy cake writing'." All the bundles of copies were done up and stacked among the

cabinets of cigarette and pipe tobacco and heart-shaped jars of humbugs and pear-drops and liquorice ribbons. "Father used to do almost everything himself. He was a worker. He wrote Pitman's shorthand at 140 words a minute but always used a 'J' nib – such beautiful, graceful, elegant writing everywhere. Of course he did his long editorials, reams of gossip notes (but never vicious, Mr. Pratt-Manning) and all the big court cases and land enquiries. The Marquis of Broomgoughsby, who knew him well, used to say Father was 'the last of the Gentleman Journalists'. The famous story told about him, Sir, is that Father was waiting in the big meadow behind what's now the marmalade factory when that Frenchman came down in his aeroplane. Oh, it would all make such an interesting book".

The idea of the presents and party was that Miss Aitchison should retire. In fact, vanish. They wanted her grip transferred to the handle of the presentation teapot from the throat of the office. For Miss Aitchison came in and harangued the *Examiner* every morning and afternoon, even, it was said, on Christmas Day. To do what? Sharpen all the pencils she could find, change the towels in the Ladies', tend the ornamental cactus at the reception counter. The *Examiner's* accounts and ledgers, crammed now with fat sums from tractor and offal advertisements, hadn't been Miss Aitchison's responsibility for perhaps the last decade, but were directed by Irene, a fat woman in red frocks. She regarded and addressed Miss Aitchison as some tiny, tweed insect, and complained loudly of the old lady's smell of TCP.

Yet Miss Aitchison retained a busy, mischief-making power, especially upstairs in the editorial department. She informed the Editor if a reporter mis-spelled the name of some contemporary. She made suggestions about feature-articles on coal-glove making. She encouraged cats to enter the ledger-room and be fed. Irene simply loathed cats. Really, in all kindness and charity, bearing in mind the great works of Alfred Aitchison, his daughter should go now; she was past 70 and had an old mother past 90 to care for, who believed that the television announcers could see into their front room. "Take your legs off that stool my gal", old Mrs. Aitchison would growl, "chap sees your knickers". And that was where Miss Aitchison belonged, wasn't it? She really had no business inside a newspaper. She was very short, bulky so that her narrow legs and broadly buckled shoes seemed unkindly wrong for her support. She wore a hat pinned on the side of her hair and generally had a bicycle accident a month. But she *had* retired.

"Peace and quiet now", said the Editor after the ceremony in Small Ads.

"Bliss", answered the Sports Editor. "Ambrosia".

* * *

Miss Aitchison arrived as usual next morning. She wavered, as she always did, from department to department with an armful of tea towels and, this morning, the hot water jug from the presentation tea service stood on her desk and was shown to everyone again. One didn't, with Miss Aitchison, evade conversation. She got in the way. Her pale face, powdered with some long-forgotten compound, and transparent blue spectacle frames, was held low like a hypnotist's light. There were little knots and twigs of hair on her head and a hairy mole on her chin.

The Editor was caught on the staircase.

"Good morning Mr. Boag, and how are you?"

"What? What?" He jumped violently at everything until he had read the *Sporting Life* in the lavatory and smoked several Woodbines. He jumped especially well on recognising Miss Aitchison.

"Have you seen my beautiful present. It really is".

"Oh, of course. Ah. Very nice. Just going upstairs".

"I imagine the Agricultural Show on Saturday week will be a worry for you, won't it? Father found it rather a trial although it was more of an *affair* in those days, Mr. Boag, what with carriages and dog-carts and all the nobility there. Father used to do most of the reporting himself: you've got four reporters. He used to say that it was really unjust because yards and yards of perfectly-printed results could all be set at nought by one mistake, one exhibitor's name spelt wrong. That's true, isn't it?

Oh, Mr. Boag, since you're here, I notice someone didn't get old Kate Cambers's name and age right in the Over Sixties' Club tombola results and I hardly think it was a printer's error. Father always said that a name was a precious, personal possession and mustn't be abused. I do think the reporters might take a little more care with..."

She caught Mollie Law, who wrote 'Housewifely Chit-Chat' and sometimes 'Hockey Notes by Touch Judge', outside the cupboard in which the office junior (Arnold) made the tea. (This cupboard was full of hand-lettered injunctions by Miss Aitchison, such as 'Please Don't Put Tea Leaf in the Sink as it Blocks the Drains Up'.)

"Poor old Mr. Sims", said Miss Aitchison. "Found dead in bed. Did you hear? He'd never been quite what you'd call tickety-boo since his wife died; she was quite a good friend to Mother and a nice, refined sort of woman. After she died he just hung around that shop – you could see that young Petty was after the business – getting in the shopgirls' way and always wearing a straw hat. Father used to wear a boater but with an *air*. Poor old Mr. Sims. I remember one day asking him for asparagus and he gave me broccoli" (Miss Aitchison pronounced them asparagass and brockley) "It's a shame about the old man. There'll be a big funeral."

"Incidentally dear, thank you for the lovely presents you all gave me. Mother asked to be remembered. She's very weak now, you know. I cut her toenails yesterday night. You are putting on weight Mollie. You have too many chips. Do you think the red goes absolutely with that black jumper? I used to like you when you wore that yellow twin-set and heather-mixture skirt. You're very much fatter in the hips, mm". Then she met young, brave Michael Dellamore, 'Youth Topics' and sports reporter just as he was leaving the office to idle away a morning somewhere.

"Michael. Michael. Just a minute. I expect you know there's been an important death in the town. Old Mr. Sims the provision merchant of Orchard Close. See his manager, Mr. Petty or his nephew who owns Robb and Haresign the seed merchants. I think you should do a long article as Mr. Sims was once Councillor Sims you know Michael, and very active in the Greenfingers Club. Do get it right Michael, if you write it. Are you in mourning, by the way? I see you're wearing a black tie. Oh, it's fashionable is it? Huh, I see. Curious how times change, Michael. Father always used to wear a top hat and frock coat to report the Assizes, and he looked a dandy even in that scorching hot Agricultural Show of 1912 when all the cattle were fainting. He was called 'the last of the Gentlemen Journalists', Michael. How he would have *hated* teddy boys". The *Examiner's* office stood at a T junction, so that most of the staff could watch when, at half-past twelve, Miss Aitchison rode her frightful, old bicycle away to make soup for her mother. She wheeled into the distance, calling abuse at the traffic: the *Examiner* watched, its expression disappointed.

* * *

"Malcolm", bawled the Editor over his glass partition, "come in and look at something". A moment later the Sports Editor (who was also Assistant Editor and Chief Sub-Editor) appeared; there were spreading patches at his armpits and he wore the same rust-coloured wool tie. "White socks and winklepickers", thought the Editor, 'at his age'.

"How are you getting on with the Show preview?"

"So, so".

"Well, is it all done up and finished?"

"No".

"Bloody well pull your socks up Malcolm. Here, look. The advert for a new reporter's yielded this and this". He threw down two single sheets of notepaper, one buff, the other dark blue. "I think we can safely disregard the entreaty of young Anthony Vance Smillie who's such a whizzkid at essays. I've already more cheap labour than's good for me. Oh God." (Miss Aitchison's voice could be heard nearby, saying "a bit of the seed got underneath my plate") "Perhaps if we give her another present she'll retire again" (Miss Aitchison's voice said "Belladonna Poulitice") "Look Malcolm, the staff situation's dreadful. I've got to have another senior whoes notes I can trust. Trouble is, they all want paying. I'll be astonished if that other letter isn't from some aged gentleman, but in the

circumstances, we may have to have him. He'll be cheap Malcolm".

The Sports Editor read the letter, written in brown ink on ruled paper; vouchsafing that the applicant had noted the vacancy for a senior general reporter, had 'considerable and proper experience', a Pitman's certificate for 120 words per minute and would esteem it a favour to be interviewed regarding the appointment. The letter was signed 'yours very truly, Jameson Spangler'.

"Esteem it a favour", said the Sports Editor, "Christ". "I know, but we've got to have a shorthand-writer". The Editor's voice grew piteous. "We've just got to have one. I've already had Councillor Jim Sowerbutts in here this morning, playing hell because that stupid young puppy, that appalling, ignorant fool, vile witless Dellamore misquoted him at Long Chelton Parish Council. He said Remembrance Sunday was a 'meritorious occasion': we had it as 'notorious occasion'. Ugh. If only we could fire Dellamore. Mollie Law's worse than useless. Young Arnold Smart does nothing all day but draw pictures of soldiers. We've just got to have a shorthand writer", said the Editor. "He was dead when they took him out of the paddling-pool": Miss Aitchison from the corridor. "Can you write to Jameson Spangler, please?" said the Editor.

* * *

The reporters' room at the *Cove Heights Post and Examiner* was far from attractive and the aromas of old chip luncheons, tipped cigarettes and inky fluff hung in its airways. The door to the file-room had been kicked and splintered by its use as a goal-mouth when the reporters played football in their slacker hours, using a ball of paper hardened with sticky tape. A notice board held little sayings and cuttings which people had found amusing long before, nailed under or over angry notes from the Editor about accuracy. Sometimes he typed with such passion that his typewriter ribbon was punctured. There were three desks, a telephone and one typewriter, a huge old demon, seemingly of like super-structure to Miss Aitchison's bicycle. There were pockets of unspeakable filth, saucers of petrified tea, spittings from pork pies; screwed-up and scored old newspapers everywhere.

Miss Aitchison roamed among the desks. She was always in the office at 8-30 am doing that, lifting and shaking wastepaper baskets, taking cups to the tea-cupboard (although never washing them). She quickly opened and clacked shut Michael Dellamore's desk drawer, ever hoping to find the dirty books she suspected him of hoarding. Then she ran her eye down an unfinished report by Mollie Law of the Methodist Church Christian Stewardship Campaign; and corrected several names with a stub of pencil from behind her whelk-like ear.

It was time now to cross to the broad window facing the T junction and watch Hillary Gum on her way to work at the marmalade factory. This morning Hillary wore a black cocktail dress with chiffon sleeves. Miss Aitchison knew Hillary Gum would never go to Heaven; indeed, that she would be the death of poor dear Mr. and Mrs. Gum, who had so many great troubles apart from a brazen daughter who kept company with black American Servicemen.

"Vodka Martinis", barked Miss Aitchison to herself. "What a thoroughly disgraceful dress. She's going to end up with a black baby, that one. I declare, it scarcely covers her bottom."

"Good day Ma'am".

She revolved like a top on those buckled shoes and saw in the doorway a complete stranger. She had left the back door off the latch and he had climbed the stairs quite noiselessly, being a sandal-wearer. Now he stood at the door of the reporters' room breathing a little uncomfortably as old men will.

"Good day. Forgive me. Don't be startled Ma'am. Errggff-achoo".

"Bless you", said Miss Aitchison.

"I", said the stranger, "am Jameson Spangler, the new reporter. Is Mr. Boag (or Bo-ag) the Editor to be found".

"Not yet", replied Miss Aitchison.

"Who, in that case, do I have the pleasure to address?"

"Dorothy Aitchison. Miss Aitchison". They shook hands.

When Jameson Spangler's considerable, fingers enclosed Miss Aitchison's dry ones she bobbed fractionally: couldn't help adding. "Accounts are my responsibility here. You see, Mr.

Spangler, my father was Editor".

"Ah. Aha. Errgghh-choo. Excuse me. The pollen, you see.

What was his name?"

"Alfred Aitchison".

"The name", said Jameson Spangler, "has a fine ring to it. A fitting name to be set at the top of some ringing discourse eh?" Miss Aitchison looked arch. "In Father's day, Mr. . . . Mr. Spangler, it wasn't the thing for reporters to have their names in. They were anonymous. Father said it was News talking, not the reporter. He wouldn't allow names at all. A lot different from today, Mr. Spangler, when any young hobbledehoy can have his name in for writing about teddy boy records".

"How I do agree with you. Precisely", said Jameson Spangler.

"Careful anonymity. Errggh achooo." He tugged a blue and white handkerchief from his jacket pocket, dislodging a sixpence. "How right. An erudite man said that".

"The Marquis of Broomsgoughsby used to call Father 'the last of the Gentleman Journalists'".

"Those were the days, weren't they?" said Jameson Spangler.

"There was space to move. In an editorial one could state a premise and reach a conclusion. No one does that any more, seemingly. And right and proper spare devoted to the funerals of the gentry".

Miss Aitchison gasped with pleasure.

"Funerals are necessary for a county newspaper", she said.

"Father was very keen and believed in them" (The *Examiner* had abandoned the reporting of funerals since Michael Dellamore had included in the family mourners of a dead archdeacon the names of a party of Serbo Croat displaced persons chaperoned by the Cove Heights WEA, who were trying to find a picnic spot in the churchyard).

"I consider the accurate reportage of a funeral to be the most severe test of a reporter's skills", intoned Jameson Spangler.

"So Father said".

"They were the days. Top hats at Assizes. The junior had to wash the windows each Thursday morning. It's a pity they're over Ma'am."

"Miss".

How could she have failed to notice? The new reporter wore a wing-collar which encased his moving-parts neck with no apparent discomfort and was wrapped around by a tie of some quiet mineral colour. A wing collar! The face above it was very thin but not, thought Miss Aitchison, paltry; and when it smiled the mouth displayed gold fillings of the non-aggressive sort. Hair, yellow and white, lay in bands on Jameson Spangler's head with exactly the look of hair beginning to dry after a salty dip. He wore rimless spectacles. Oh, but his face was as amiable and regular as a laughing sailor in a funfair. He wasn't especially tall or short, wore a blue serge suit with his sandals, and carried an attache case: he would have the most refined voice in the office.

"How nice you look", said Miss Aitchison.

And Jameson Spangler bowed.

* * *

In the following six days, a time of sunny anxiousness: would the Agricultural Show be spoiled by rain? Jameson Spangler ran exactly true to form, and did everything possible to confirm Miss Aitchison's fine opinion. He was a Gentleman and, undeniably, a Journalist, magical elixir. She loitered at doorways or close to partitions, waiting for his 'Errggh Achoo': now she wore a pinned hat when she arrived too early at the office and they conversed from half-past eight until five-to-nine. He had taken, as he put it 'a very nice style of room' in Pinner Street and was, therefore, a neighbour of Miss Aitchison. Her house lay in the same dusty parallelogram. It was distinguished by its new glass door and the chiming, illuminated bell. "Perhaps you could look in for tea one day", said Miss Aitchison three mornings after Jameson Spangler's arrival. "I've kept all of Father's best cuttings in a most beautiful, leather-bound album. You could see Mother, though I'm afraid she's very feeble now and has quite forgotten all that Father did for the town." And so Jameson Spangler began to call.

In the office he addressed the Editor as if presenting his credentials to a Viceroy. The wing collar remained brittle and brilliant, the tie was different each morning but its difference

was merely that of adding or subtracting a drop of water to or from the original mineral shade. Jameson Spangler attended the Magistrates Court, there to write Pitman's shorthand with a curving artistry and nonchalance which fascinated the Clerk; and later to produce a report of the most astounding turgidity. But it was accurate. So marvellously accurate. When he attended the Borough Council meeting, to surpass himself in both turgidity and accuracy, Mr. Spangler changed his sandals for lace-up boots, polished to the texture of wet liquorice.

Jameson Spangler was courteous; he called Mollie Law, Irene and the Small Ads girls 'dear lady', the reporters 'dear lad'. In his lunch hour he would sit in the reporters' room, reading back issues of the *Examiner*, smoking a cigarette with the exaggerated movements of a conjurer with a cigarette trick. He nibbled from a tissue full of sandwiches, his teeth seeming to rejoice on lettuce or was it raw carrot? He would look up quietly, reproachfully, if the rolled paper in the reporters' football game rapped the wall behind him or sped past his nose. He never used a typewriter.

"There is a man of breeding", said Miss Aitchison to a friend outside W. H. Smith. "He's got the look of an Editor. The voice of an Editor. He . . . he appreciates things. And such beau-ti-ful suits."

"He came to our house to tea on Wednesday and quite charmed Mother who seemed able to hear everything he said. He cared. Such a pleasure to meet a man who takes trouble with the old. Do you know, Mrs. Noakes, he read to Mother from Mrs. Henry Wood for almost an hour."

Jameson Spangler could do no wrong now, for he had been sent at his own request to report the funeral of poor old Sims the grocer, and the list of mourner's names, taken at the church door with the face of a paid mute, had stood up to three, four, five appraisals by Miss Aitchison and a posse of her WVS friends. They decided to ask Mr. Spangler to be a guest speaker at one of their meetings. "He'll be a gardener", Miss Aitchison said almost fiercely. And she smiled - what a smile it was - when Jameson Spangler bowed and said he would be delighted, charmed, to speak to the WVS, if he might, on gardening.

"He's making quite a mark on Father's paper; it's getting quite like old times", continued Miss Aitchison outside W. H. Smith. "Do you know", said Miss Aitchison, "it's almost readable".

Certainly that week's *Examiner* bore Jameson Spangler's stamp unmistakably. He filled notebooks with tiny, beautiful shapes and transcribed them into: "The Mayoress, handsome in a suit of coral grey with white accessories, received the timepiece on behalf of her husband who was indisposed". "History was made in Cove Heights yesterday when the Town Silver Prize Band": "History was made in Cove Heights last evening when the Methodist Christian Stewardship campaign": "Coun. Leonard Wilkie affirmed that, while he was not in total agreement with the proposals outlined, he could nevertheless freely and categorically state and emphasise at this juncture" . . .

The Editor began to find it quite useful; with a worker in the office he began to devise elaborate taunts to sling at the non-workers. Why couldn't they produce whole paragraphs of quotation? 'Fancy being put to shame by a granddad'. As the week continued the reporters' room seemed always divided into a bunch of resentful young journalists, time-wasting with defiance now, and Jameson Spangler, his head bent over his copy-paper, scratching and riffling his old Swan pen, blowing up the *Cove Heights Post and Examiner* like a balloon with his awful accuracy.

* * *

The Agricultural Show was on Saturday, everyone attended it - a team of specialist agricultural reporters, as the *Examiner's* advertising preview expressed it, supplemented by Maxwell 'Feet' Peacock, the town's leading studio photographer. ('He's married to a Mexican woman, you know', whispered Miss Aitchison urgently.) The *Examiner* was wont to live on the show, and the carcass of the show, vulture-like. It was summer's essence. So many important people. For weeks afterwards it would continue to publish belated tombola prizewinners or livestock results, allegations made and refuted

and re-levelled of cruelty to sheep in the Young Farmers's shearing classes. "Besides, it's a wonderful meet-the-people day", said the managing-director; meaning he could put on his alpaca suiting and be stood innumerable drinks around the trade stands. But to Editor and specialist agricultural reporters, the prospect was hateful. Always. They would get dung on their fingers, step into hot dung, they would be confined in a tent typing endless class results, sustained, if they were lucky, by a typewriter-lid full of milk shakes. And there were always mistakes; dozens.

The division of labour, drawn up by the Editor, read as follows: Intro, interview with Show President, K. C. Boag, Ed.; Showjumping, trade stands, H. L. Puddick, Spts. Ed.; Cage Bird Show, Judges' comments, sheep, cattle, pig results, J. Spangler;

Young Farmers displays, donkey derby, M. F. Dellamore; WI marquees, WVS marquees, Milk Marketing Board Exhibition, Miss M. Law; Messenger, A. Smart.

They left the office just before nine, filing past Miss Aitchison at the back door. She wore a beige lace dress (very cool and used) and wide-brimmed straw hat, all of which made her like a snapshot from some long-forgotten, sunken cruise liner.

"Goodbye Mr. Boag, everyone. I'll be in to see you in your tent. Good day Mr. Spangler; you look a credit to the newspaper". Jameson Spangler bowed. He carried a straw boater with a mauve and pink ribbon, also, the largest notebook he had yet produced.

"May I say, Miss Aitchison, how exceptionally summery you look?"

"Oh. Thank you. Hem" (She was mauve too for an instant).

"Nurse is with Mother this morning later, so I'll be quite safe to pop around for a bit".

"Oh good Miss Aitchison. I will look out for you".

She never failed to be at the show, buzzing around the Press tent with suggestions, treading on freshly-typed folios.

Outside, wherever one looked, she would be addressing some immeasurably taller official, or perhaps looking up a prize animal's backside or eating an ice cream wafer with an old lady's attention. Oh yes, she would be there.

The showground was a five acre field adjoining Broomsgoughsby Castle. Since the death of the Alfred Aitchison-admiring Marquis - his funeral the Post and Examiner's bafflement - the castle had been turned into a home for the aged and unhappy. It was still the red, much-gargoyled establishment the Broomsgoughsbys had let moulder for 200 years - except for the glass sun lounge the Cove Heights Welfare Committee had inserted surgically in it. The aged, therefore, had an admirable view of the Agricultural Show; in the distance they were a collection of clean heads awaiting the next meal or perhaps the flash of a shawl rising to be led out of sight. Miss Aitchison was doing all in her power to allow her Mother to join them.

The show entrance, into which the *Examiner's* grey mini-van now turned, was just a gap in the hedge on the Long Chelton Road, with angry men taking the money.

"Press, Press, do you mind", bawled the Sports Editor, and the raincoats stood back. "Where's your blessed sticker?" The gatemen wore gumboots, wisely. After the slightest wetting the gap turned to a shifting bog capable of ensnaring whole ornamental traction engines.

The van bumped across to the collection of marquees on the castle side of the showground; journalists got out. As usual it was difficult to take in at a glance the livestock pens, Oxfam stall, fierce beasts, checked clothes, poppies in buttonholes, Gas Board public relations officers, ponies and traps, strings of flags, fat women humping tea urns, fold-away plastic macs, Young Farmer Dairy Queens with tummies hid inside riding breeches, pickpockets, screwed up and befooled paper cups, the dreadful, obscene un-naturalness of tea spilt on grass, the restless pigs and sheep trotting like poodles. Difficult, certainly, to imagine that all of these, and the rows of backs and tails, could ever be reduced to yards of *Post and Examiner* print, specifically, correct print.

They went inside their marquee, laid their typewriter on its apportioned trestle (glass-ringed from Alfred Aitchison's day, perhaps) and stood around.

It was the Sports Editor who generally took charge. "Right", he cried, "eyes down". The face of the Editor was bleak and already he was feeling armpits under his coat. Pulling a torn-edged sheaf of copy paper from his own inside pocket, the Sports Editor bayed: "Now Dellamore, I don't want to catch you ogling today, understand? Arnold. Arnold, for Heaven's sake stop drawing pretty pictures. These are my instructions (what time's tea?) Arnold, go and see Mr. Summerlee - he's the florid-faced gentleman standing outside the judges' tent, that's the judges' tent over there, marked JUDGES, see? Go and ask Mr. Summerlee if there's the usual arrangement about giving us the results". (As a rule a smiling ex-Detective Sergeant dictated them from an official slip.) "I'm going to get me trade stands written up, I don't know about anyone else. Arnold, shift will you."

"No, half a mo'", rapped the Editor, suddenly re-animated.

"Arnold, you stop here and take down what I dictate. Right? Um, let me see: 'overhead a big, gold sun shone from a cloudless sky comma as once again comma the celebrated Cove Heights and district Agricultural Show comma now in its 157th triumphant year. . . .'"

Tears wet Arnold's face. "Too quick".

"Hey, haven't we been paying out for you to do shorthand at evening classes you miserable. . . ."

"Can the sun shine from anywhere but overhead?" asked Dellamore, urbane young devil.

"If you don't want to cover the Cage Bird Show, I'd clear off", the Sports Editor told him. "And Mollie, don't forget; if you've got a list of prizewinners at chutney-making or something enchanting like that, put Mrs. Snoggs and Mrs. Bloggs, not *Mesdames*. This isn't the Versailles Post and Examiner".

The Editor spilt more words in fourth gear and Arnold tried to catch them in his infant Pitman, poor Arnold. "The Show has a splendid record and has established itself in the forefront of . . . of other shows full point. This year the judges predict . . ." Dellamore and Mollie Law moved off slowly, both pretending to have something in their eye: Jameson Spangler had vanished. Was, in fact, at work. Jameson Spangler could report an Agricultural Show.

He was, foremost, a master of show-reporting manners. He gauged precisely with what fusion of diffidence, respect, compassion, servility and firmness to approach some perspiring official for a class runner up. "Pardon me but might I have particulars of. . . ." At winners of lardy cake competitions he performed courtly bows. He held the nose of an edgy-looking Shetland pony as he quizzed the short noblewoman in the trap about its upkeep. "Really, you do surprise me. And how is Pride of Pythwyddick spelt, Ma'am?". Within the hour Jameson Spangler had become clearing-house for all the tricky questions of style; he knew how to spell Finch-Knightly and Charollais - cows which Jameson Spangler's copy described as "closer to the hue of honey than to that darker molasses shade, with faces regarding the hustle and bustle and hurlyburly of judging through large, lack-lustre eyes."

The Editor looked over his shoulder, swallowed and walked away, dictating afresh to Arnold: "The wife of the President, looking gracious and charming in a two-piece, pearlised . . . 'Arnold, for God's sake dry your bloody eyes'".

It was horrible in the Press tent. The odour of dripdry shirts, inexpensive and worn for too long. The agony of watching the Editor's braces bite his stomach. Slops of pink and pale green from the milk shakes stained the copy paper, fixing together sheets of results which Arnold had spent some hours in typing correctly and re-typing with correct punctuation. Arnold's tears ran with milk shake. From time to time the Detective Sergeant looked in, always wanting a chat and to breathe pale ale about. He was most unreliable at name-reading. The sun lit the sides of the tent and shapes moved about ill-temperedly. One voice read, "The Cove Heights Post & Examiner, that's a God-awful paper, isn't it?" "Mm", said another voice. Only Jameson Spangler stayed cool. Only this old man came in from news-gathering and didn't fling himself down at the trestle groaning, swearing or crying. Jameson Spangler glided in and out and in and out, damping down the unhappy air with his sneezing, adding more folios to his pile of work, declining

any refreshment except his private packet of rich tea biscuits which he ate with a sound like bandits on a gravel path. They worked in the spirit of provincial journalism and, the show got to midday as all shows do: an admixture of faulty arrangements, boastfulness, smugness, cruelty, talk of meat and bone fertiliser; and Miss Aitchison arrived at the time they expected her.

Watched by the kind of crowd which always closes smartly around a street accident she crossed the showground on her bicycle, stood it against the Press tent and entered, as the bicycle slid down the canvas and its wheels revolved. Miss Aitchison glanced around, at backs bent over sheets of paper, bent straws on the grass, an overturned teacup, an overturned brown ale bottle, an Editor with his legs stretched out, staring at nothing, twirling in his fingers a ninepenny carnation.

"Good day, Miss Aitchison."

"Good day Mr. Spangler", she said.

"Dear lady. How are you now?"

He rose, bowed and sat down again. Miss Aitchison patronised and peered, shoving a finger in a back when she dared. "You haven't got *that* right or nearly right Arnold. Duggie Izatt lives nowhere near Storton, he lives up the road, near here. How untidy, Michael. Well, it's a lovely day. Father used to say that the battle was almost won if you could describe the sunshine and little children with their ice-lollies. Hello Mollie dear, can I see what you've done. Where? Oh. Hm. Ugh, the paper's all pink and sticky. Everything appears to be sticky Mr. Boag, what *has* been happening? But whose is this beau-ti-ful writing, copperplate? I know, it's yours isn't it Mr. Spangler?"

"I must confess, it is", replied Jameson Spangler.

"You really know how to write, Mr. Spangler".

"Thank you dear lady".

"Reminds me of Father's writing".

"Oh thank you, Miss Aitchison".

"So you do, Mr. Spangler. You're a Gentleman".

"Really, thank you Miss Aitchison".

"Thank you, Mr. Spangler. You're a breath of fresh air".

At about twenty-to-one Miss Aitchison and Jameson Spangler made their first (and only) outdoor appearance together. They did so without any special daring: the difference in their heights wasn't so alarming and both, remember, wore straw hats. Mr. Spangler needed some late morning cattle results. Miss Aitchison stepped beside him, close to the exhibition ring's rope barrier towards the livestock pens.

"You're clearly, Mr. Spangler, working far harder than anyone else in *there*. I never saw such a display. Mr. Boag lounging about, toying with a carnation. Tcha! You getting all the results and taking the burden on your shoulders etcetera puts me strongly in mind of the last Agricultural Show before the War, you know, the Great War. There was a measles epidemic Mr. Spangler..."

"Oh!"

"Yes, a dreadful epidemic and Father had to do most of, well, everything by himself. He sat up late. It very much impressed the Marquis of Broomgoughsby and he said so. He was such an admirer of Father's. Oh, by the way, could you possibly come and have high tea with us this evening Mr. Spangler? I bought some very nice cooked ham. I'm *allowed* cooked ham, you know, most produce, salads and that sort of thing". Jameson Spangler opened his pillar-box mouth and began to arrange it pleasantly; then, suddenly it was flattened and the corners raised. Surprise, shock, perplexity, scarcely a cooked-ham high tea expression. "Good gracious me Miss Aitchison", he exclaimed on a high note, "has some beast escaped? No. Surely it hasn't".

"Eh, beast? Animal?"

"Look at that commotion".

As Jameson Spangler pointed to the crowd of men in professional attitudes around the pens, it was all split apart as if to eject or push away Ducky Christmas's prize boar Landrace Hotchfield of Bletsoe.

"Hi", shouted a la-de-da voice, "watch that pig".

The boar had resolved to go mad with heat and pique, assisted in this decision by pointed sticks and steel instruments which had been thrust into its prizewinning skin, the rosette affair clipped to its ear and the donkey derby which had just been

run close to its pen. Landrace Hotchfield of Bletsoe was a County Champion, upon it were founded the fortunes of Ducky Christmas's family of eight and Ford Popular; but it was extremely ugly and frightening when you weren't just looking at its back, and when it saw Miss Aitchison's print frock, the boar pelted towards her, its great bulk going rhythmically.

"Hi, look out".

"Miss Aitchison, get on the other side of the rope."

"Hi, look out".

"Look out".



Old ladies seldom have much presence of mind; and Miss Aitchison had less than her share although more than her share of low cunning. Her reaction to the approaching boar's face was to open her mouth wide, turn sharply around like a guardsman, gather up her frock and run, skip, run back to the Press tent. There she gathered up her bicycle, clattered it round like a guardsman with a bicycle and rode it directly at Landrace Hotchfield of Bletsoe, ringing the bell. A charging boar is an elevating sight. It dispels, first of all, the notion one receives by looking at a field of pigs and their small dwellings dotted about innocently. They are fierce. They don't, of course, charge in a perfectly straight line as Landrace Hotchfield of Bletsoe did not. He halted every few yards to smash at the grass with his teeth, to peer around as if saying "Try me, try me". He was like this, stationary, when Miss Aitchison's front wheel hit his side, bounced away; and she rode past calling "Mr. Spangler, quick. Send for St John's Ambulance Brigade". Old men often lack presence of mind. Jameson Spangler on the safe side of the exhibition ring rope, merely held his notebook against his breast pocket and sneezed a lot.

The boar had turned and was after Miss Aitchison again. She called for a policeman, wrenched her bicycle round paddling at the grass with her shoes and rode back the way she had come. Again she rebounded from the boar; at which point a crowd of pigmen with staves tried to intercept and surround Landrace Hotchfield of Bletsoe, but were shattered like untrained men-at-arms.

"Hooray", shouted Jameson Spangler.

Miss Aitchison was on her way back now - how used and affectionately trodden that same length of grass looked. She appealed to the re-forming line of pigmen. "Oh stop it, can't you. Offer it its food. Anything. Oh dear. Boo. Get away. Shoo. Oh Dear God".

Inevitably the boar was apprehended before Miss Aitchison could collide with it a third time. The pigmen drubbed and punched that stately back, shoved a paper sack reading 'Kenyon's Fine Pig Nuts' halfway over the boar's head and gathered it back to its pen. Many crowded around Miss Aitchison who now sat on the grass, her jaws working noiselessly with shock, her legs and big, buckled shoes, pushed out in front of her so that a few sympathisers stumbled into them. The bicycle lay nearby; it was as if grass and clover grew through its frame, an old bicycle put out to grass.

"Oh dear, oh dear", Miss Aitchison repeated. "Has anyone a smelling bottle?"

"Can you hear me?" asked an ancient, ancient St. John's Ambulance Brigade volunteer, his equipment beautifully pipeclayed.

"Of course I can you stupid."

"I couldn't help it", said Ducky Christmas's voice. "It just bowled through us, like that. Can I send you a drop of brandy lady?"

"No, no spirits".

"She's not allowed spirits, is she?"

"No."

"Come and I'll bathe your forehead with a drop of cold water" offered the volunteer.

"I haven't any bruises", said Miss Aitchison.

"No bones gone?"

She had received a sharp and extended shock but no harm. It might have been the same if she had cycled away from the office on a busy Saturday morning, dodging between vans and motor bicycles from the Technical College.

Jameson Spangler stood beside the crowd, sneezing a little to himself. He said: "My dear Miss Aitchison. You see, it all took place so rapidly. The bull, I mean pig; who could have suspected that it would just leap out like that? Like a yoyo. How does one repel mad pigs? Dear dear".

Miss Aitchison's spectacles dwelt on him for a moment, icily, then shifted to the Editor and his team of agricultural reporters who had watched the closing moments of the tilt and now joined the crowd with concerned expressions, hastily composed. The Editor's face particularly - it gave no sign that Miss Aitchison and the boar had raised the first broad smile he had given in the *Post and Examiner's* employment since 1947 when he had watched a funeral pass through the flooded streets of Long Chelton in a line of rowing boats.

More enquiries were made. Miss Aitchison began to cough.

The Editor said he would get Dellamore to drive her home.

"You may look uncomfortable Mr. Boag, and all of you," was her reply. "Where was everyone at the time, though? What on earth would have happened if a bomb had dropped, I wonder? Huh." She twisted her small self on the grass, now pointing towards Jameson Spangler. "I feel obliged to point out, Mr. Spangler, that there will be no high tea at our house this evening, after what's happened. High tea indeed. I, I'm so shaky. What a thing to happen".

She was assisted to her feet, leaving a patch of lighter, flattened grass.

"Would you please help me to the office van, Michael?"

"Yeh, this way".

"Dear lady. Miss Aitchison. You dropped your cameo brooch".

She snatched it. The palpable end of a Gentleman Journalist. Then Miss Aitchison spun around trembling. "Mr. Boag. Mr. Boag. There was nothing you could do, I know. Oh, Mr. Boag, you must promise me something."

"Miss Aitchison, what's the matter?"

"I want to be quite certain of something, and that is that you won't, um, *make* anything of this. I mean, promise me - promise me you won't put anything in Tuesday's paper. Oh the disgrace, the humility if you did, and the injury it would do to Mother. My years of service, Mr. Boag. Oh don't please." What with the dreadful air in the Press tent, the worry, the bad taste in his mouth and then, abruptly, the sharp joy of the game between Miss Aitchison and Landrace Hotchfield of Bletsoe, it had never even occurred to the Editor that they had a story, a real one. He realised, looking at the old lady's terrified features and clasped hands. Another wintry smile bewitched him, then it melted. Pratt-Manning would never permit a story of the chase, written in a bantering way under the headline 'Septagenarian Pursued by Boar at Show, Bicycles Madly' or a pearly expression like that. A simple paragraph playing down the escape of the animal, yes. But Cove Heights would not approve of its newspaper if it reported that Miss Post and Examiner had been terrorised, had raced the boar.

The Editor laid a hand on her shoulder, reaching downward somewhat.

He spoke in the patriarchal way he had always longed to adopt.

"Miss Aitchison, now, now, don't you worry about that. Let that be the least of your worries old dear. We wouldn't do that".

"We've got responsibility", said the Sports Editor.

"Depend on it Miss Aitchison."

"I will. Thank you. Oh, Father would know exactly what was to be done."

"Don't worry dear lady. That sort of gossip isn't a county newspaper's style", added Jameson Spangler, who doffed his hat and didn't seem to realise how the sun had set on his gentility and journalism. "Fear not. All is well. And I quite understand about the high tea Miss Aitchison. Are you quite sure, now, that you feel ready to move?"

Miss Aitchison inclined her head as if receiving an apology.

"I'd better. Mother will worry. I hope you're all *satisfied*. I hope I made your day. Oh dear. Damn pig. Ducky Christmas should be brought to court". Mollie Law began to lead her towards the car park with Michael Dellamore following, leading the bicycle and smoking his last black cigarette; he was charmed to be part of the drama. Miss Aitchison called a few more reproaches over her shoulder, but they were less severe. So long as her Father's newspaper remembered its place, ('Responsible Facts' he always used to say) she might even turn the race with the boar into a few splendid conversations outside W. H. Smith. "I hope I recover. Hope I never have to depend on them in emergencies. Slow witted... faint-hearted". Her voice caressed the early afternoon lull of an Agricultural Show.

A scandalous Sunday newspaper, careless of strict facts, rejoicing if it found dignity shattered. An opulent Sunday newspaper with type of really exceptional boldness. Most of the 6774 inhabitants of Cove Heights read it.

HER SPRINT WITH A CRASHING BOAR!!

"Agricultural showgoers in the sleepy Herefordshire town of Cove Heights gaped yesterday. Judges paused in their judging. It was enough to make anyone gape.

Elderly spinster Dorothy Aitchison, a retired office worker, riding her bicycle like a TT winner, had a startling race with a half-hundredweight prize boar which had escaped from its pen. Uttering loud war whoops Miss A turned her bicycle on the startled animal and charged it repeatedly until it was taken, dazed and docile, back to captivity. The old lady had what she described as 'a real go'.

"I thought a bomb had dropped at first", she told me.

The boar, Landrace Hotchfield of Bletsoe, owned by MR. G. R. O. S. Christmas of Long Chelton, had just been awarded a supreme champion's medal when it cut loose. Show President Mr. Peverel Stone called it 'a most regrettable incident. We are looking into it, you may depend', he told me."

The story was by 'a special correspondent', who spent his Sunday satisfied and industrious, typing out show results so that they could go to the printers first thing on Monday morning. He had a little beef tea for lunch and slept in the afternoon. Occasionally a sneeze would animate him, but only for a second or two.

On Monday Miss Aitchison was *out*.

reviews

Films



THAT COLD DAY IN THE PARK has been sadly under-rated. If it had been in French and had subtitles it would surely have been more favourably received. It is well worth seeing.

The story of a rich 32 year-old virgin and her attempts to possess an attractive 19 year-old boy would have made a melodramatic vehicle for a young Bette Davis. Instead the spinster is quietly played by SANDY DENNIS, who has suppressed her more well-known mannerisms.

From the loveless luxury of her expensive apartment she watches a young man (MICHAEL BURNS) sitting in the rain in the park. She goes down to him and takes him in, helps him undress in her elegant bathroom. She feeds him and he stays the night, but not in her bed. He does not even talk to her.

His silence and her compulsive one-sided conversation create a mood of restrained menace.

Teasing silence is all she gets when she buys him a complete outfit of new clothes. He continues to take advantage of her eager hospitality and wanders about scantily covering himself with one of her bath towels.

His sexy young sister (SUZANNE BENTON) who is living with a good-looking draft dodger (JOHN GARFIELD Jr) intrudes into the apartment whilst the spinster is absent. She provocatively strips off her hippy clothes in front of her brother and pulls him into the foam bath with her, suggesting incestuous frolics.

The older woman continues to suffer under the strain of unrequited desire and simple lack of conversational response. In desperation she hires a prostitute (LUANA ANDERS) for the boy, with disastrous consequences.

MICHAEL BURNS plays the difficult part of the boy with charm and skill. GILLIAN FREEMAN has written a stylish and sensitive script from the novel by Richard Miles.

ROBERT ALTMAN's direction effectively evokes situations and subtle changes of mood. The scene in a clinic where SANDY DENNIS, in hopeful anticipation is being fitted with a contraceptive coil, and her dismal and desperate hunt for a whore have a documentary authenticity. The apartment

set, replete with sober wealth precisely captures and reflects the character of its lonely occupant. Against all this and the naturalistic detail of the performances the shocking ending is violently disturbing.

THE VIRGIN SOLDIERS is really a series of anecdotes involving a young National Serviceman (HYWEL BENNETT) stationed near Singapore in 1951. The nostalgic yet incisive script is adapted from the novel by Leslie Thomas, by John Hopkins, John McGrath and Ian le Fresnois, who are all well-known for their TV work. Although it is very funny it effectively makes its points about the cruel effect of sending unseasoned young soldiers into danger.

Some of the small parts are written and played in the style of the period in which the film is set, all cameos and Ealing vignettes, even an odd-ball train-spotter.

HYWEL BENNETT plays the eager young Private, anxious to have his first woman, without sentimentality. LYNN REDGRAVE is excellent as the RSM's reluctantly virginal daughter. Eventually they both lose their virginity with other, more experienced partners, and he loses his innocence about the nature of war in a savage jungle ambush.

This is JOHN DEXTER's first film and he directs with pace and assurance. KEN HIGGIN's photography is splendid. And there is a whole gallery of enjoyable performances. Especially memorable are NIGEL DAVENPORT's tough but amiable Sergeant played with easy authority; and RACHEL KEMPSON, Lynn Redgrave's real mother, twitchy and hysterical, clutching onto a water-jug containing a pet fish in the middle of a riot; and TSAI CHIN as a delightfully high-spirited native whore.

THE VIRGIN SOLDIERS is also notable for showing two devoted young queer Servicemen (WAYNE SLEEP and GREGORY PHILLIPS) with a sense of comedy, but without contempt.

Whoops! **STAIRCASE**, billed as a sad gay story, is one of the worst, most boring films in a long time.

It is a common complaint that plays and novels suffer in transition to the screen; and a very high proportion of films are adapted from literary and stage successes. It is especially difficult to condense a novel with sub-plots and full of detailed

observations and insights into a couple of hours of celluloid images. A play, however, should be easier; at least the length is about right. One problem is that the cinema does not often confine itself to the limitation of one location. After all the ability to display spectacle and to move in both time and place are one of the essential qualities of the cinema.

When MIKE NICHOLS made the film of **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?** (which like **STAIRCASE** is a story of a mutually dependent and viciously bitching couple – and reputedly originally written for an all male cast), he managed to open out the locations naturally without severely weakening the overpowering and devastating game that was being played out.

But in **STAIRCASE** all the claustrophobia of the lives of the two ageing South London barbers is dissipated. This is not only because the film, which was surprisingly shot in France, takes frequent and unnecessary trips out into the open air of the street set, or includes an afternoon spent ogling half-naked lads sunning themselves on a very un-English park, and that is less fun than it sounds. The trouble is that CHARLES DYER's mechanical script has not at all improved his original stage play, and STANLEY DONEN's plodding direction has only coarsened it.

There is a prologue with Rogers & Starr doing a sub-standard number about Life being a Staircase. The unpleasant scenes with the two decrepit and decaying mothers (CATHLEEN NESBITT and BEATRIX LEHMAN) relish the old women's sordid and grizzly plights, and the hopeless futures of their middle-aged sons, with the compassion of a Sunday sensational expose. The whole treatment drably emphasizes the tawdry and the grotesque. Over this is spread some curiously incongruous music by Dudley Moore, who had presumably not seen the film.

All the frenetic juggling with locations and vamping up of what was once sharp, funny and even touching betrays a lack of confidence and a fear that the audience will lose sympathy and become bored – which it did. Then why make the film? It does offer two big and memorable parts, and homosexuality is currently the popular sensational subject.

RICHARD BURTON does his best to give a decent portrayal of a fussy and unhappy faggot, but he is constantly sabotaged. REX HARRISON keeps busy swivelling his hips and giving a performance of semaphoric subtlety, the main aim of which can only have been to ensure that everyone should know that his ageing queen was only a performance.

Recently **THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE** suffered insensitive handling in ROBERT ALDRICH's movie. It is impossible to not have misgivings about the forthcoming **BOYS IN THE BAND** and **ENTERTAINING MR SLOANE**.

Richard Arnold



Richard Burton (left) prepares to give Rex Harrison the full treatment in "**STAIRCASE**".

Michael Burns (below) covers up neatly in "**THAT COLD DAY IN THE PARK**".





1. "ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE" - George Lazenby, the new James Bond.

2. "WOMEN IN LOVE" - Alan Bates and Jennie Linden.

3. "CROSSPLOT" - Roger Moore gets pinned down by Alexis Kanner.



fine art

The triptych of **ARTHUR BOYD** exhibitions, oils at Tooth's, graphics at Maltzahn's and tapestries at Hamet's gave an excellent opportunity to enjoy and assess the works of one of the major Australian artists. The two main themes at Tooth's were the series of Nebuchadnezzar paintings, belying an overruling fascination with the mystique of biblical mythology, and the much more personally involved 'Potter' series. These possessed in common an extraordinarily deep emotional quality expressed in the Nebuchadnezzar series by the isolation of the afflicted king: the frailty of man in the face of fate. In contrast the Potter series were warm in their portrayal of human beings against a background of nature or almost domestic in the intimacy of two persons linked in a common interest in their environmental situation.

The magnitude of the catastrophe which had befallen Nebuchadnezzar was superbly emphasised by the violence of the paint application. Turbulent whirls of thick pure pigment, an almost horrifying distortion of the human form with strongly accentuated indications of genitalia and distended umbilici, sometimes gushing outwards into fantasies of peripheral organs: throughout violent movement. Contrast 'Potter drawing on the beach' or 'Early morning, figures on a beach', dreamlike evocations of calm, the latter canvas showing the most sensitive handling of colour tonalities. The tapestries in the richness of colour and texture re-emphasised the strength of the Nebuchadnezzar subject and the graphics depicting this same subject as well as incidents in the life of St. Francis displayed a virtuosity in the handling of lithographs, etchings and engravings which must surely mark Boyd as one of the outstanding artists in this sphere. It is little wonder that both the V. & A. and the British Museum had selected examples of this work.

The bumper exhibition of **EUROPEAN MASTERS** at the Marlborough Galleries is more impressive in its list of painters represented than in the quality of their works shown but it is certainly very comprehensive, if, as one would expect from its title, rather conservative. Particularly delightful was a small and very unusual Degas seascape gouache, two tiny Seurat oils, and Henri Rousseau's endearing man in Naval Uniform, complete with smoking cigarette between fingers.

More progressive and contemporary works were in the off-Bond-Street galleries in Cork Street. The **CLIVE BARKER** exhibition of Chromium plated objects at the Hanover Gallery was most refreshing. In his Hommage series to various famous painters such as Magritte, Picasso, Van Gogh etc. and also famous people such as Marlon Brando, Barker brilliantly incorporates, in an almost pastiche manner, motifs strongly reminiscent of their own works and/or personalities, restating them in the dazzling uniformity of surface that the chromium imparts. They are witty, often beautiful objects touching the pulse of contemporary trends and fashionability. The life mask of Francis Bacon was an intriguing peculiarity.

LEONARD ROSOMAN's paintings at Roland, Browne and Delbanco based on John Osborne's play 'A Patriot for me' are also witty, skilfully drawn and very entertaining, but I doubt whether, if divorced from their context, they would hold much currency. They are very much illustration, and very much in vogue; uniforms, drag, gymnasia, violence. It is a very different wittiness which manifests itself in the **EDWARD BURRA** drawings at Lefevre. Here the caustic satire is achieved within an economy of line and the highly individual style of caricature. The drawings of the twenties and thirties capture splendidly the jejune efforts of people to entertain themselves in the transient pleasures of parties and dance halls yet attain a timeless relevance in such works as Les Boys, where only the 'period' clothes betray the date of execution.

opera



'DIE FRAU OHNE SCHATTEN'

PATIENCE. *Sadlers Wells at the Coliseum.* The notoriety which Oscar Wilde and Algernon Swinburne later achieved has caused many critics to identify them with the 'fleshy' poet Reginald Bunthorne and the 'idyllic' poet Archibald Grosvenor in *Patience*. Certainly during his lecture tour of America in the 1880's, where the opera was being performed to packed and enthusiastic audiences, Wilde cashed in even more on his supposed similarity to the operatic character. Even if Gilbert had merely intended a generalised parody of the aestheticism which developed out of the pre-Raphaelite movement, the desire of the public to see in the Opera a satire of well-known public figures proved too great. Bunthorne and Grosvenor had to be Wilde and Swinburne!

1881, when the work was first performed, was a long time before the *Picture of Dorian Grey* and the trials of Wilde, though not before the public had begun to have some suspicion of Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads* as being possibly more corrupt than merely 'naughty'. They would have felt even more hesitant if they had read the unofficial ode on the 450th anniversary of Eton, written the year before, in which his masochism is allowed full rein:

'Dawn smiles on the fields of Eton, and wakes from slumber her youthful flock, Lad by lad, whether good or bad: alas for those who at nine o'clock

Seek the room of disgraceful gloom, to smart like fun on the flogging block.

Swish, swish, swish! O I wish, I wish I'd not been late for lock-up last night!

Swish, that mill I'm bruised from still (I couldn't help it - I had to fight)

Makes the beast (I suppose at least) who flogs me with all his might.'

But 'aestheticism' was far removed from all this and had an element of frivolity about it which fitted it for drawing-room gossip. It was an ephemeral cult with its own clothes, behaviour patterns and language. *Patience* mirrors the aesthetic movement to perfection. The opera is hardly a parody - the libretto includes words and phrases actually used by the aesthetes, though the

plot is imaginary. Rapturous maidens pursue the two poets and are in their turn sought after by soldiers symbolizing the philistine, less artistic stalwarts of society. Thus *Patience* is a period piece. Phrases like 'How Boticellian', 'Art will thank you', and 'how consummately utter!' are lost on a modern audience, and raised no laughs. Could not the producer have risked a change here to a more topical 'How surrealistic', perhaps an allusion to Meditation, and even the risqué 'groovy'?

The force of the satire, though, remains and can be applied to fashionable movements, to hero worship and to the opposition they arouse in any generation. It is for this reason, apart from its being 'G & S', that *Patience* has survived. This new production at the Coliseum has missed an essential challenge within the work which is to produce a genuinely modern version of the opera in which the aestheticism of the 1880's is transposed into a modern idiom. A crowd of hippie girls chasing in turn a left-wing student revolutionary and a 'pop' singer, themselves pursued perhaps by Skinheads, is one possibility. *Patience* is ripe for such a reinterpretation.

This production opens with the sunflower, as carried by the aesthetes (flower power was going strong then), highlighted on the curtain drop, but the performance proceeded in traditional style. I was grateful for the omission of the numerous encores common in the D'Oyly Carte productions. The twenty love sick maidens sang well, but ultimately failed to bring out the humour in the words and music. They are nothing if not camp creatures and their attitudes were too wooden, though the Ladies Angela (Shirley Chapman) and Jane (Heather Begg) gave individually convincing characterizations. It was left to the soldiers - Dragoon Guards (each with a 'baton') to provide the most laughs, primarily because they moved in a very stilted, unintentionally comic way. Their diction was weak. If one didn't know the words, whole lines were lost.

Grosvenor (Emile Belcourt), has some superb lines 'I am very beautiful', he says,

'How rapturously these maidens love me and how hopelessly!' *Patience* (Wendy Baldwin), in love with him, calls him 'Perfection'. Though clearly sung, they lacked that 'abandoned' spirit which Du Maurier captured in print for *Punch*. Bunthorne (Derek Hammond Stroud) looked rather middle class, though as a study in self-centred pomposity, this went well. He ought to try to be a little more corrupt.

In short, a pleasant evening's entertainment but ultimately lacking in originality and style.

'DIE FRAU OHNE SCHATTEN'
(Royal Opera, Covent Garden)

Die Frau Ohne Schatten is very much a partisan opera - its detractors finding it prosy, overblown and short on melody; their opposite numbers discovering within it depths that even Hofmannsthal did not visualise. Few opera-goers can take it or leave it, and it is not a work for the casual Canary Fancier!

It is an overwhelming piece in its demands of time (4½ hours with intervals), orchestral resources, and vocal stamina and the involved story is a mixture of Freudian impulse, allegory and fantasy.

This new revival (the first since Rudolf Hartmann's production was unveiled in 1967) offered a compelling reading by Solti, who welded his musicians and singers together with dynamic skill.

Making her Covent Garden debut, Ruth Hesse as The Nurse, sang with soaring power, but her vocal colour is a shade light for the dark malignancy of the role; also, her Kabuki-like wig and makeup did not suggest either an older woman or a royal nurse (even one in Keikobad's undoubtedly weird domain) but, rather, an oriental Mad Margaret.

Hildegard Hillebrecht's Empress, though lacking regality, is generally capable, even if her acting consists mainly of clutching her throat. This is one of those difficult roles (aside from the music) where the character has to stand around for much of the time mutely reacting to the drama provided by others: - therefore the

protagonist of such a part must needs be a compelling personality, unless she is to fade into the background. This presence is lacking in Hillebrecht's playing. Surely both the voice and the physical colouring should be blonde, and the Wife's dark? Inge Borkh is blonde, has a marvellous top register, and had such authority and temperament that at times it seemed she might be more suitably cast as the Empress; this Wife would never have stuck around married to Barak, and passively grumbling for years. Her dramatic conviction, and striking appearance made her the focal point whenever she was on stage.

Ernst Kozub, filling in for the ailing James King, sang with elegance, but he proved a dull actor. Donald McIntyre's Barak the Dyer was solid and calm.

This production is worthy but unimaginative, not helped by being another of those 'dark evenings': - the lack of lighting reached ludicrous proportions at one point when all five singers were lined up along the footlights, singing their hearts out, and not one of their faces visible! All the magic effects were shirked, and the curtain descended on each occasion between scenes rather than the transformations shown - which rather broke up the continuity, despite the whirling orchestral interludes.

Svoboda's costumes are generally apt, but the settings hideous - great angular cut-outs, outsize mobiles and psychedelic globules, at variance with the lush melodies and cascading contours of the score. The opera, ideally, should be designed in a high fantasy style such as the blue and gold Chinoiserie used by Minelli for the 'Limehouse Blues' sequence of *Zeigfeld Follies*. The mottled effects in the last act were trying for the eyes; but the basic setting of a mammoth staircase (which Mr Zeigfeld might well have coveted) that, in the final scene, stretches from the footlights back and upwards for the entire depth of the stage, is most impressive, stylistically valid, and admirably suggests the distance between the social levels of the two couples.

ballet



A TROIS
Royal Ballet (Covent Garden, November 5)

Not an evening of fireworks, but one of the best balanced programmes by The Royal Ballet for some time.

After years of wondering what **RAYMONDA** was like, we have (in the past five) seen the full-length work staged by Nureyev for the Australians, Balanchine's divertissement for the New York City Ballet, Nault's version of the last act for Les Grands Ballets Canadiens, and Nureyev's staging of the same for the Touring Section of The Royal Ballet. This latter was taken into the repertoire of the other section for

their last American tour, and tonight opened the season's second triple-bill. For the Garden, Nureyev has added some additional variations from the other two acts, to make it a display piece for more soloists than previously, but it still lacks a hard centre (as it has in other productions) due to the lack of a pas de deux for Raymonda and Jean - not that they never get together, but when they do, their movements are echoed by the rest of the ensemble.

The entracte to the third act, always heard on previous occasions, has been removed (why - did it make the performance too long, or prove too exhausting for the orchestra?) which means the ballet begins with a whimper, not a bang. This, combined with the miscasting of the Mazurka leaders, did not make an auspicious start to the evening, but the entrance of the Grande Pas soloists stilled the doubts: the Touring Section always danced this well enough but with insufficient breadth and hauteur; their Garden compatriots, however, have judged the amount of attack, and particular style, to a nicety - by the slow sweep of their arms shall ye know them!

In *Raymonda*, Georgina Parkinson has found her most congenial ballerina rôle - I cannot remember seeing her in a classical part that so suited her exotic style, and the choreography of which she performed with

such security. She looked magnificent, produced some of those breathtaking arabesques that were so impressive in her early days, and invested all her movement with a langorous grandeur. Last season (with *Lilac Garden*, *Romeo and Juliet* and *Enigma Variations*) Parkinson found her finest form since becoming a principal, and on tonight's showing, this year should be the same. Anthony Dowell danced in his usual effortless fashion (which we must not take for granted), but lacked panache and presentation; and whilst it is a good thing to change partners occasionally (both for the dancers and their audience), this present combination was not ideal - both physically and temperamentally the lady rather overpowered the gentleman.

The new variations, intermingled with the original ones, were danced by the soloists of the Grande Pas - the programme did not indicate which dancers handled which solos, merely showed a bunch of fourteen names. Why is this? Are they trying to keep the matter a secret, or is it part of the current Suburban Image of The Royal Ballet (exemplified by the new *Sleeping Beauty*) to propagate Team Spirit, and prevent performers from Getting Above Themselves? A good thing the particular dancers were familiar faces (to the regular audience, that is) otherwise we might still be wondering whom we had seen! Vyvyan Lorrayne opened the divertissement with a limpid item

that exactly suited her (she should never be asked to do anything more elaborate than this), followed by a bristling Lesley Collier, incisive and musically spot-on; then Ria Peri, always a gracious mover, in an elegant sequence that recalled the Beriosova solo in *Birthday Offering*. This was followed by a vigorous pas de trois (Jenner, Penney, Hill) and the male pas de quatre, always difficult to cast as no four boys seem able to rise and fall (jumpwise) at the same time; however, tonight's quartet (Coleman, Sherwood, Freeman and Kirkpatrick) succeeded better than most, with Coleman having the edge over his colleagues in the matter of finish. Now came Monica Mason in another of her show-stopping variations, tremendous pace and brio, brilliantly offered. After that, it was the turn of the two principals.

Perhaps the most exhilarating moment of the ballet was the entry (during the finale) of the sixteen boys, advancing downstage in serried rows, followed by their interweaving partners; at that moment one saw just what The Maryinsky must have been like.

Next, after several years absence, came **A WEDDING BOUQUET** with Helpmann dominating the performance, both by his delivery of Gertrude Stein's splendidly zany words, and his facial expressions. Every actor could learn something from his inflections during the repetition of such

words as 'Charming' or 'Thank You'. The company as a whole entered completely into the spirit of this witty piece - one of the few genuinely funny works in an art where we generally accept a far lower standard of humour (and drama) than elsewhere in the theatre - and let their hair down with abandon. Alexander Grant (looking very French) was suitably desperate as The Bridegroom, and Deanne Bergsma rolled her eyes disgracefully as the tipling (and toppling) Josephine. Penney was a winsome Bride (though I feel her sweetness should be stickier), but Jenner perhaps needs a shade more tongue-in-cheek burlesque as the demented Julia. Coleman's *tours en l'air* were fast and crisp as Guy (described as 'unknown'), and it was a shock to realise that Leslie Edwards (Arthur) danced in the première thirty years ago.

Finally, probably the most important part of the evening - a revival of **DAPHNIS AND CHLOE** given without Dame Margot, who has danced the role continuously since 1951, apart from a few performances the following year by Pauline Clayden. The protagonists tonight were Merle Park as Chloe and Robert Mead as Daphnis, with Parkinson, Keith Rosson and Grant in their familiar roles. The three latter were all on good form, with Rosson's dancing having a particular power - he is usually at his best when playing a character rôle, rather than

merely extending his own personality; and his (unfamiliar) black hair and moustache gave him a very Latin and villainous look. Mead was a romantic hero, with a more powerful attack than on some previous occasions, and he partnered well; he did not, however, stand out as someone rather special in that village, as Sones and Gable have done in the past - but then neither did his Chloe. Park is an admirable dancer - a strong technician and comedienne (the ideal Zerbinetta, were she a singer) who by hard work and experience has fined down both her once-generous proportions and her dance territory, so that in addition to her earlier soubrette area (Swanhilda, Lise, etc) she can now encompass the glitter of *Shadowplay* and the rusticity of *Giselle*. Nevertheless, she lacks (at present) the simplicity for Ashton's shepherdess, and that rarity of spirit that marked Fonteyn's characterisation and made her stand out from the crowd: for instance, when (in Scene Two) Chloe's dress was wrested from her, one was shocked, really shocked, in the Fonteyn performance, whereas tonight one felt 'Oh yes, and now she does that bit with the ropes'. There was nothing wrong with the dancing of Park or Mead, but the whole ballet just became rather ordinary - the story had moved from pastoral Greece (Ancient or Modern) to Leytonstone!

Jonathan Miles

theatre

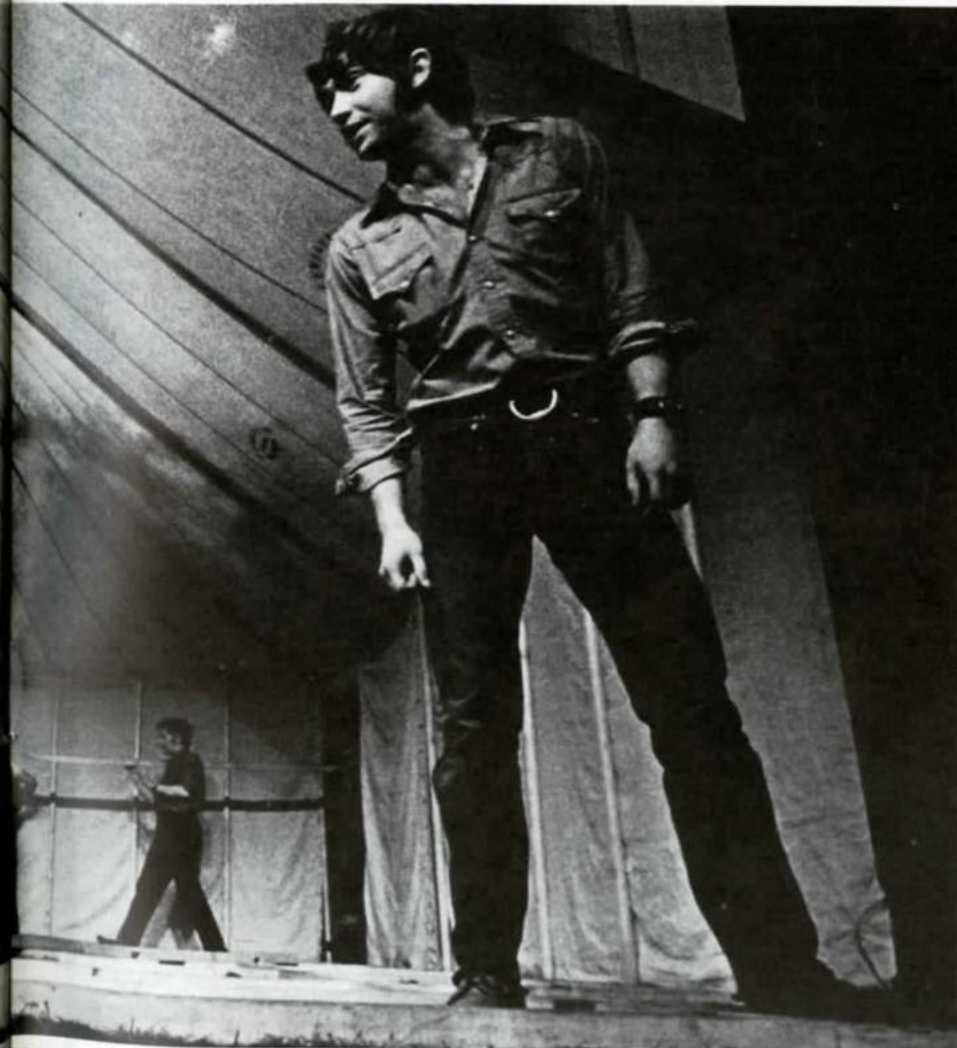


1. *"THE OLD LADIES"* - left to right, Flora Robson, Joan Miller and Joyce Carey at the Westminster Theatre.

2. *"BARTHOLOMEW FAIR"* - Terence Hardman and Helen Mirren at the Aldwych Theatre.

3. *"THE LIONEL TOUCH"* - Christopher Cazenove (left) and Rex Harrison at the Lyric Theatre.

4. *"THE CONTRACTOR"* - John Antrobus (left) and Martin Shaw at the Royal Court Theatre.



Laughter is the most contagious disease known to man, it rises supreme above hate and fear, soars even above love. It is a disease which needs to infect only one person in a crowd to cause an almost absolute plague. Man has known of this disease for as long as he has had knowing and this knowledge permeates his work, his living, his arts and writing. It is so often that we see, through the storms of laughter, the truth and passion of the human comedy. Each of the shows under review this month, in some way or another, achieves its effects by laughter and yet each, after its own fashion, has a study of man entwined within the laughter.

Ben Jonson's *"BARTHOLOMEW FAIR"* (ALDWYCH THEATRE) has been given only two professional revivals in the last two hundred years, but, after this production, it is sure of a more honourable treatment. For in the version staged by Terry Hands we see the play in all the power of laughter, understanding and compassion.

It is a considerable achievement on the part of the director, to have made the convoluted plot of this unwieldy piece intelligible. Mr Hands does even more. Under his direction the plot seems almost unimportant. He has made it so simple that even a child could follow its machinations. Some years back the National Youth Theatre staged a traditional production of this play at the Royal Court; then it had seemed difficult and tedious; because of it I'd had doubts about the likelihood of any living version of the play ever being staged. At the Aldwych the play is so completely and vigorously alive that it makes every farthing of the Company's grant worthwhile and the obviousness of their need for more money even more apparent. Not, I hasten to add, because of any shortcomings here but because they must have the money to stage more plays like this, long neglected but in need of revision and reinterpretation. Terry Hand's *"Bartholomew Fair"* is certainly one which would have pleased Ben Jonson.

Onto the stage he has poured a crucible bubbling over with filth, squalor, corruption and decay. Out of this decadent mess he has moulded something so full of beauty and truth and life that it left me brimful of emotion. An emotion which started as pleasure, escalated into gusts and squeals of delight and happiness and, finally, overflowed into tears of too-much enjoyment. Finally I was left with tears of excitement and discovery (of so good a play) in my eyes.

The play is set in and around Bartholomew Fair at which, besides entertainments, all kinds of sharp practices take place. The massive cast represent every kind of human folly and only three of them stand for virtue. Even the innocent are a danger to themselves. At the play's end the three virtuous men try to stop enjoyment and put an end to the revels, but even they are shown to be only men with frailties, unfit to judge others and, at last, they too join with the rest of the company to become, in fact, men in full pith and squalor, passion, lust, filth, and, most of all, compassion and laughter.

To single out any member of the cast for especial mention seems to be an act of treachery to all the others and I'm sure that nowhere else could one find so fine an ensemble. In leading roles, however, some actors have more chance to shine. Lila Kaye's Pig-Woman will stay in my memory for a long time, along with the deliciously corrupt innocence of Helen Mirren, the grossness and hypocrisy of Willoughby

Goddard and the false sanctimoniousness of Patience Collier. But that's hardly enough. No review could do justice to this beautiful entertainment for, above all else, it is a superb, rollicking entertainment. To miss this production would be as insane as Harold Hobson's attack on it. And that's really saying something.

Terence Frisby's new play **'THE BAND-WAGON'** (MERMAID) isn't so far removed from Jonson's. In fact both writers chronicle the same class of people, both use comedy, and they only differ in the delicacy of their attack. *'The Bandwagon'* is concerned with a friendly Cockney family in which mum and both her daughters are 'up the spout'. The problem and the plot arise out of the fact that the youngest daughter, a near imbecile, is both unmarried and expecting quins. Of course, as we are all aware, quins are big business these days (one wonders what Jonson would have made of them) and soon tele and the national papers are onto the story. Mum is Peggy Mount and Dad's Ronald Radd; both catch exactly the nuances of the way of life they're portraying. The quin-expecting daughter is played by Denise Coffey with a fully fledged gothic horror. Miss Coffey gives what must rate as the best comedy performance this year. Her playing is rich in detail and warmth, but remains a wildly funny comic creation. Mr Frisby really is an amazing dramatist. He perfectly caught the social scene in *'There's A Girl In My Soup'* and he has dropped, in this new play, to the other end of the social scale and written about it as accurately and as well and with as much comedy and understanding. In fact by the time this review appears *'The Bandwagon'* ought to be playing in the West End.

Pregnant women are the cause of the jokes and plot of **'SHE'S DONE IT AGAIN'** (GARRICK THEATRE) but here, though the pace is fast and furious the humour is forced. Comedy master to this particular circus is Brian Rix, so regardless of the reviews it's sure of an audience. So what's the plot? Comic vicars, doctors, women and drunks, assorted, lightly tossed and badly turned out. This particular confection has all the signs of haste imaginable and seems to say a fool's a fool and a villain a villain and if they're funny we've got a laugh, that's all. A laugh, not a character or study in personality. This is the kind of comedy based squarely in unkindness and cruelty and, for me at least, without any pleasures at all.

'THE OLD LADIES' (WESTMINSTER THEATRE) isn't really a comedy, it's packed with profound lines and wisdom and a feeling for character, but its success today must depend on the strong popularity of those movies with grand guignol ladies like Bette Davis in them. As such it is a triumph. Dame Flora Robson gives a performance in this play which outclasses Miss Davis at her most viperish.

The Old Ladies are three genteel old women living in a cathedral town in the 1930s, all keeping up appearances, all lost and lonely, all nearly penniless. One of the three, played by Joyce Carey, is nervous and twitchy and afraid of the most powerful of the trio, Agatha (Dame Flora). She possesses a piece of amber which the dotty Agatha wants and which eventually she gets. Not, however, before a lot of laughs, some of which probably weren't intended when the play was written, and a fair share of thrills and scares.

The play is only in London for a limited run but I think it's quite likely to catch on and, with a bit of luck, may get into another

theatre where it can breathe for long weeks to come. It would be nice. It's just the sort of play that doesn't demand and gives generously. Certainly a perfect Winter entertainment.

Which is more than can be said for Naomi & David Robinson's **'MY LITTLE BOY . . . MY BIG GIRL'** (FORTUNE THEATRE), the most dreary play I've sat through this year. Why anyone should bother to want to stage this dreadful mess is beyond me and why anyone of the calibre of Eric Porter should get involved in it is even further beyond me. The play is one of those rambling retrospective looks at a Grand Old Man's career, and, believe me, every tedious word of it seems to have been gone over. The writing is best described as dull brown, so is the acting, the set and the direction. I feel the play isn't to be with us long. R.I.P.

We now get away from laughter for a while, onto more serious matters. Methuen have recently published two indispensable books of theatre theory, *'Meyerhold on Theatre'* and Grotowski's *'Towards A Poor Theatre'*. The first book, selected from the writings of a great Russian director who died in prison in 1940, is an influence from the past, and it is very obvious just how much Meyerhold has influenced modern theatre. The second is by a prophet and influence for the future. One of the things Grotowski pronounces is that theatre is more and more for a specialised group and that, as such, it should become even more specialised. Three recent London productions are relevant to this. David Storey's **'THE CONTRACTOR'** (ROYAL COURT), Barry Reckord's **'DON'T GAS THE BLACKS'** (OPEN SPACE) and Naftali Yavin's **'THE PIT'** (ICA). Each of these plays is in its own way excellent but, also, each is very much a specialised piece: suitable for only a selected part of the theatre-going public. *'The Contractor'*, for example, is as fine a piece of writing as has been staged in London for years. It has an immaculate production, hardly surprising as Lindsay Anderson directed, and a fine cast. Yet it is hardly likely to appeal to a wide audience. Wisely, therefore, it has been shown at exactly the right theatre for it. *'Don't Gas The Blacks'* is play with an even smaller appeal, passionate, violent, pedantically wordy, but, all the same, good. Again staged in the right theatre. *'The Pit'*, real experimental stuff, can have very small appeal; again a very good play, though that isn't really what it is, it's much more an exercise; but it has been staged in the right place. In fact with each of these three plays we've been getting Grotowski in practice, something we'll be getting more and more, wisely, in the future. After all even *'Mame'* or *'Phil the Fluter'* have a restricted audience. It just so happens that the size of restricted audiences differs from show to show.

Lionel Fairleigh, the character played by Rex Harrison in George Hulmes' comedy **'THE LIONEL TOUCH'** (LYRIC THEATRE), is a streamlined Gully Jimson; but whereas, the painter is, we feel, a successful failure, Lionel is a failed failure. Jimson may have failed but at least he is a painter and still has his artistic integrity; Lionel seems never to have been any great shakes as a painter and he certainly has no integrity, few morals, and is only possessed of immense charm. The measure of the play itself lies in the fact that this charm stems from Rex Harrison's playing rather than from the way Lionel Fairleigh is written.

Mr Hulmes' comedy looks at a certain kind of man, though it is possible he is saying that all mankind is like his hero, and

he fails completely to convince us that Lionel has any redeeming features. He is an egotistical nobody, knows he has no talent, but is too lazy and irresponsible to bother to work to earn enough money to keep his family and the bailiffs off his neck. The piece is incredibly slight, textually it can run to no more than ninety minutes; but two intervals drag the running time out to two hours, and the only reason for either staging or seeing it is Mr Harrison. As Lionel, he is able to bumble and mutter about the stage, projecting the traditional Rex Harrison persona, with all the wit and grace of an outrageously eccentric owl. The face is more lined and the figure fuller, the lines even a little fluffy, but the superb comedy delivery is there. Completely sparkling and alive, full of small delights. Mr Harrison has all the work to do too, even the usually excellent Joyce Redman is overloud and out of place in this work. It is to Mr Harrison's credit that he can drag a scruffy play like this along in his wake and make it into a pleasantly amusing evening. And we all laugh happily at a person, whom in life we'd avoid and think of as a useless ponce. Such is the nature of comedy, and the disease of laughter.

Peter Burton

Go and see **'THE NATIONAL HEALTH'** (*National Theatre at the Old Vic*). It is one of the best plays to appear in recent years. Genuinely comic, though without the happy ending typical of West End comedy, mocking in the spirit of true farce, it comments with subtlety on contemporary social issues — the colour bar, euthanasia, homosexuality, alcoholism, the problems of old age.

The great assumption which Peter Nichols challenges (as he did in *'A day in the Death of Joe Egg'* with the spastic child), is that 'serious' themes demand 'serious' treatment. As far as the author is concerned, they emphatically do not and should not. He grounds his comedy in pain. In this sort of theatre, the audience suffers or laughs according to the individual social conscience and level of embarrassment or compassion.

A men's hospital ward with its nursing staff, doctors, occasional visitors and television interludes (where the T.V. doctors Kildare, Finlay and Cameron are satirised), is the set for the play. The humour operates on different levels — the pure camp of the West Indian nurse who says of the white patients 'they all look the same to me'; the patronising 'isn't he a clever boy?' to the senile old man; the polemical when we are told Jesus would advocate euthanasia if he were to return; the satirical 'hanging's too good for them' about murders; the tragic 'I've always been able to handle boys' from the middle aged homosexual failed-schoolmaster; and the bitter, cruel humour evoked at the sight of a man who has lost arms and legs yet remains cheerful, or the strong young man reduced to a mental age of three through brain damage.

There were outstanding performances from Robert Lang with his restrained and sensitive portrayal of the lonely and frustrated schoolmaster, and from Charles Kay with a superb observation of chronic alcoholism. Jim Dale, erstwhile pop-star, the evil genius of the play, projected his own personality too much.

Brilliantly constructed and the characters well developed, it was a pleasure to hear a play with a truly funny dialogue but which also avoided slapstick.

John Greenhalgh.

gay guide



The second of a series of International Camping Sites for the jet set.

'Split the Bognor scene', said Mother, 'and go to New York'. So I did. I had heard it was more gay than Bognor. It was.

Too expensive you may think. Jumbo Jets will soon alter that. And how about taking a Charter Flight? Already they cost little more than regular flights to the Med. Just sign yourself up for the Pan-American Croquet Conference or join the Club. (Contact Charter Flights Information Centre, 25 Haymarket, London S.W.1.) Nowhere to stay? Harold's Allowance won't take you far, so until you make friends try the Y. (Sloane House Y.M.C.A. West 34th St.). Safety pins and running shoes are recommended for the 24-hour chase round the fourteen floors. Cool off in the non-stop showers. An extra dollar a day will get you your own T.V.; gyms and swimming pool at West Side Y.M.C.A. (63rd St.) from 5 dollars up.

Still energetic? Cross the street for a trip through the fairy glades of Central Park's Nature Trail. Start at breakfast time and go until the midnight curfew. Take time out for a Picnic with Chuck and Butch and their Chihuahua. 'Three dollar fine for disturbing the Wildlife after dark!' says Mr. Fuzz Buzz. 'Keep to that path and wear a bullet proof vest unless you want to catch your death.'

'Enjoy' command the signs at Jacob Riis Beach. Has nobody carried you off to Fire Island yet? So invest 50 cents in a Subway and bus ticket by way of Flatbush Avenue. Decide your age group, activity or sexual preference and choose one of the fourteen sections where the surf pounds between the great stone breakwaters. 'Bay One surfers. Bay Fourteen fishermen. Try Bay Two' said the bronze body on top of the lifeguard's tower. 'And don't yell for help unless you need it.'

'Come together', cry the Mattachine, outraged that a Mafia run bar could loose its liquor licence. 'Meet at St. John's Episcopal Church.' 'Vigil against the Vigilantes. Come and see those trees the Vigilantes cut down in that Park in Queens!' 'Free Beer to prepare for the Nagasaki Day Anti-war Rally: Demonstrate in front of the Womens House of Detention,' urge the Gay Liberation Front. Bognor was never

like this.

'Hi' said the blonde strip dancer flinging himself round my neck. The line of eager tourists waiting outside *Your Fathers Moustache* did not blow a single mind. 'Come for a drink.'

No trouble finding packed and generally friendly Bars, often with dancing. Sometimes with a weekend cover charge. There are some fifty gay bars in New York and enough illegal after-hour ones to put you on the floor twenty-four hours a day. Just talk around.

But why not try the oldest bar in the Village? *Julius* has genuine olde New World atmosphere, layers of dust, scrubbed wood and beams and a good crowd. (West 10th St.).

Or for good dancing, a lively young crowd, visit the *Gold Bug* (85 West 3rd St.). The weekend cover charge here includes two drinks and a stuff yourself full Sunday buffet in summer for 2 or 3 dollars.

Dancing at the *Bon Soir* (40 West 8th St.) is a bit quieter, but if you want to get dragged up go to the infamous *Stonewall* in Sheridan Square if it has recovered from its riot-provoking raid for alleged liquor offences.

Eating is expensive anywhere but for a gay crowd, good food at 2.50 to 5 dollars, cellar, sawdust and atmosphere, check out the *Finale*.

Walking? Head for Christopher Street and towards the Waterfront. All right, so you pass Gay Street. Call in at *Danny's Bar* and just mind those dangerous big trucks in Washington Street. You may end up under one. Or in one. Or on one. There are no buses here so they really do arrive on motor bikes.

'Together we can have the 6th Precinct and the residents of Christopher Street on our side' say the Mattachine. 'Sex in the street is what they want,' commented one cynic. But it is serious business. London's Battle of Belgravia resembles Anguilla in comparison.

Not being outrageous himself your gentle writer had fled (moved? trolled?) to Midtown and to the East Side.

The *Candy Store*, reminiscent of London's Rockingham, stands supreme on West 56th St. Wear collar and tie, or, for the old stagers, *Stage 45* (305 East 45th St.).

The newest and brightest places are springing up in the East Seventies and Eighties.

Planning an evening? Try these.

Cocktails at the *Four Seasons Bar*. Very crowded. Art and fashion set. 5 till 7 p.m. (Seagrams Building Park Avenue at 53 St.). Eating on your Budget? *The Country Cousin* is informal, friendly and will feed you on a giant Hamburger and a range of good food from 1 to 5 dollars. Attractive waiters in a softly lighted barn (1313 3rd Ave.).

Fancy the English Pub style? *Dalys* (3rd Ave. at 61st St.) will provide you with omelettes, salads and hamburgers until the Theatrical crowd arrive at midnight. Perhaps the leading lady will ask you to *Hemingways*. Expensive and the 'In' place to rub or have your shoulders rubbed (2nd Ave. at 86th St.).

One of the most popular bars is *Harry's Back East* (3rd Ave. at 81st St.). Harry's lot would most likely not be seen dead in some of the dance bars.

For the lively Teeny Boppers *Blow Up* is the mecca (2nd Ave. at 80th St.); less exotic, rather dank, but worth the trip is *Mr. D's* on East 70th St. and new and bright, young and usually lively *Hampton Wick* (1st Ave. 76th St.).

Slogging it? Do walk along 3rd Avenue in the Fifties. Don't the Hustlers ever go home? Walk through Midtown, Times Square and 42nd Street where cheap cameras, radios and sex seem to be the only commodities. 'K.Y. Capers', 'Locker Room Heroes', 'The Gay Pretenders'. Admission 15 dollars. Doors open 9 a.m. Beef Cake all day if you have the stomach. Stroll along Central Park West between 70th and 79th St. when the Park empties at dusk or at curfew, or go to Riverside Park or Manhattan Park. Go late night shopping in the Greenwich Village Boutiques. Browse through the book stalls; read the small ads. in *Screw*. Enjoy New York at whatever level you like.

I took home a copy of *New York on Five Dollars a Day** for Mother.

* Pocket Books 630 Fifth Avenue N.Y. or British Bookstalls.

tummies



We took our tummies this month down the other end of the Kings Road where the trendiness no longer stifles and where you can eat a decent meal without having to hock the Rolls Royce to pay the bill. We ended up at dear sweet Peter Cramp's and spent the first half of the evening wondering whether it's really decent to call a restaurant after yourself when you've got a name like that. Then the food came and we forgave him all. **CRAMPS** is good. It's so refreshing to find somewhere with a really up-to-date seasonal menu. The choice of hors d'oeuvres included autumn leek soup, chilled avocado soup and fresh mussel soup — all under 5/-, grilled fresh sardines and a beautifully ground taramasalata which came with warm soft crispy toast. For one main course we tried Cramps special fish pie and for the other their own pigeon pie. Three antique leather boys at the next table decided that steak was always the best test of a restaurant and tried a lump of cold roast fillet with horse radish. They swooned! Especially when they discovered that the mustard was fresh and made with Peter's own fair hands. The vegetables were so stimulating: braised celery, leaf spinach, garlic potatoes (eaten mutually in self-defence), tomato and olive salad; and the sweets so subtle: orange-flavoured chocolate mousse and a black-berry fool that started off sharp and ended up exquisitely creaming. There were criticisms. One of the leather boys said he just couldn't stand greasy ducks, and the fan heater blowing up our trouser legs became tiring and sweaty after a time. But the carafes that seemed so small only cost 14/-, and the total bill for 3 came to £5.17s. — just over £2 per head with service. Tummies went home to bed very contented — but not so bloated as to be totally *hors de combat*. **CRAMPS**, 58 New Kings Road, SW6. Telephone 01-736 5017.

records



THE SCRUM HALVES

RUGBY SONGS PARTY
MAJOR MINOR SMCP 5035 Stereo

Major Minor have put out a whole series of 'Party' records on the market at 19/11, ranging from Banjos and Accordions to Tijuana Brass and Funky Guitars. Somewhere in this package, comes a very interesting one which is provocatively over-stamped 'CERT X' - RUGBY SONGS PARTY. Listening through twelve variations on some well known old songs, one can appreciate that this disc was never intended as a present for anyone's dear old Grandmother. She will more than likely pop out and get a secret copy for herself. Many of the versions here I can well remember from my school days; sort of after-the-match-in-the-shower songs. Some of the supposedly obscene words have been faded out, but this seems to add to the fun, as here and there the sound engineer has been a bit slow off the mark. High spot of the album is SWEET VIOLETS - can someone really do that in tune? Other titles include SHE WAS POOR BUT SHE WAS HONEST, BANG AWAY LULU, STREET OF A THOUSAND, THE GOOD SHIP VENUS, HAIRY SHORTS, DERBY RAM etc. I'm quite looking forward to HOCKEY SONGS PARTY...

STUDIO 2 STEREO

ULTIMATE STEREO PRESENTATION
STWO 3 STEREO

This is specially recommended for those amongst us who are Stereo Hi-Fi addicts and whose constant problem is to find pieces of music in their record collection to best show off the performance of their equipment, and test the endurance of their friends. You know, the kind of person who never gets past the intro of ALSO SPRACHT ZARATHUSTRA, and who plays a few of the noisier bars of Wagner's RING. ULTIMATE STEREO PRESENTATION starts off in fine style with THE GYPSY FIDDLER played by RON GOODWIN and His Orchestra and ranges through the talents of such artists as MR. ACKER BILK, THEROYALLIVERPOOLPHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA, THE HALLE ORCHESTRA, MANUEL and His Music of the Mountains, WOUT STEINHUIS and the Kontikis, FRANCK POURCEL and His Orchestra, and many others. The material is a splendid cross section of Pop and Pop Classics. There are fifteen tracks in all, each one beautifully recorded, and the whole thing is a snip at fourteen shillings and five pence. At that price it is definitely more blessed to give than to receive.

ARIF MARDIN

GLASS ONION
ATLANTIC 588 197 STEREO

If you read cover notes on albums, then the name ARIF MARDIN may ring a few bells. Co-Producer on Dusty's Memphis album, and on some of ARETHA FRANKLIN'S

discs; MARDIN has also done many arrangements for WILSON PICKETT, ARTHUR CONLEY, THE SWEET INSPIRATIONS and so on. GLASS ONION has MARDIN doing his own thing, and it's a gas!

From the first insistent chords of the electric piano intro to the title track - GLASS ONION by Lennon and McCartney - to the tight formation horns, sax and harmonica playing on his own composition - MIDNIGHT WALK - this album is undoubtedly the best value for money since THE BEATLES' SGT. PEPPER. Tracks include numbers by MICK JAGGER & KEITH RICHARD, HAL DAVID & BURT BACHARACH, OTIS REDDING & STEVE CROPPER, RAY CHARLES, CAROLYN FRANKLIN and JOHN C. FOGERTY, whose PROUD MARY is a real groove. The way MARDIN has used voices on this album is most intriguing, particularly on SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL. He successfully combines Blues, Rock and Jazz, and even throws in a few Eastern rhythms for good measure, and has so much (dare I use the word) Soul, it almost hurts. I'm afraid I'm going to wear out my copy much too soon. NOTE TO ATLANTIC: More MARDIN please. Any Time!

DANNY LA RUE

HELLO DANNY
COLUMBIA SCX 6377 STEREO

I'm rather surprised that this album wasn't called WOTCHER MATES! but it seems that this is the other side of DANNY LA RUE. In fact, the album will come as a pleasant surprise to those devotees who have been kept laughing into the wee small hours at DANNY's West End Club, where he has been packing in the 'smart set' to see his ultra sophisticated 'Drag' shows over the years.

In this highly polished package, DANNY sings his way through twelve well established standards, with great warmth and charm. My personal preference is for FLASH BANG WALLOP which has a wicked Irish twinkle in the delivery of some of the more risqué lines. The orchestrations by Brian Fahey and John McCarthy have great panache, and the whole album has been beautifully produced. Other tracks include: ONE OF THOSE SONGS, MAME, HOMETOWN, HELLO DOLLY, DO-RE-MI, and a nicely sentimental oldie THE UMBRELLA MAN. I'm not quite so happy about the straighter ballads. I think perhaps I would have to get used to DANNY as a straight singer in easy stages. Still, this would make a nice Christmas gift for anyone's Mum.

THE POWER AND THE GLORY WERE YOU THERE

COLUMBIA DB 8636 STEREO SINGLE

As this is the Christmas issue, and as this record seems to be aimed at the Christmas market, I thought it would be worth a mention here. WERE YOU THERE, in case you didn't know, is a Negro Spiritual, and the POWER AND THE GLORY consists of a 'Holy Roller' style rhythm group (Organ, Piano, Bass Guitar, Electric Guitar and Drums) and about thirty singers making one of the most joyful noises I have ever heard. The group has been made up from some very 'with it' singers from all over the World. You could say that it is 'Edwin Hawkins' inspired but THE POWER AND THE GLORY seem to have got it together, and keep it together with a greater degree

cocktails



The earliest written history of the cocktail is in *The Balance*, an American periodical of May 13th, 1806, where we read, 'Cock tail then is a stimulating liquor, composed of spirits of any kind, sugar, waters, and bitters. It is vulgarly called bittered sling and is supposed to be an excellent electioneering potion'. For that pre-dinner drink or just for relaxation, there is one for every occasion:

of professionalism, without losing any of the life and soul that this kind of material calls for. Playing it at maximum volume will add to the glow you get from this super disc. Wow!!

STEVIE WONDER

MY CHERIE AMOUR
TAMLA MOTOWN STML 1128 STEREO

After a while one begins to think of the Tamla set-up as a factory for making hit records. This album has been out for a little while, and it is hooked on Stevie's big hit MY CHERIE AMOUR. STEVIE WONDER as far as I am concerned, can do almost no wrong, and whoever puts his backings together is no fool either. As always, STEVIE WONDER takes a song that everyone else does fairly well and does something so completely different with it that you sometimes wonder if it's the same song. Listen to LIGHT MY FIRE on this album and see what I mean. There is an urgency about his singing that no one else approaches, there is something about his harmonica playing that is different. The strings sound as if they are being played with hacksaws, but it adds up to a tremendous treatment. This track alone is worth getting the album for. The often imitated rhythm section with jog-along tambourines, heavy bass lines etc. all come out fresh as new paint, and streets ahead of the imitators.

Other tracks include HELLO YOUNG LOVERS, THE SHADOW OF YOUR SMILE, PEARL, ANGIE GIRL, I'VE GOT YOU etc. GREAT!

NOTE: Someone at EMI has a wicked sense of humour. I told them I was reviewing some albums for *Jeremy's* Christmas Issue, and asked them to send me some things to listen to. Thanks for STEVIE WONDER, but MIREILLE MATHIEU'S CHRISTMAS (in French!). Barry, I love you, but you've GOT to be kidding! See you next year.

GIL KING

Adonis Cocktail:

1 dash Orange bitters; 1/3 Sweet Vermouth; 2/3 Dry Sherry. Stir well and strain into cocktail glass. Squeeze orange or lemon peel on top.

Big Boy Cocktail:

1/2 Brandy; 1/4 Cointreau; 1/4 Sirop De Citron. Shake well and strain into cocktail glass.

The Tickler:

Yolk of 1 egg; 1 teaspoon of Grenadine; 1/3 Curacao; 2/3 Brandy. Shake very well and strain into a medium size glass.

One Man's Meat:

1/4 Lemon Juice; 1/4 Cointreau; 1/2 Gin; 1 dash Angostura Bitters. Shake well and strain into cocktail glass.

Hanky Panky Cocktail:

2 dashes Fernet Branca; 1/2 Sweet Vermouth; 1/2 Dry Gin. Shake well and strain into cocktail glass with orange peel on top.

Hesitation:

1 dash Lemon Juice; 1/4 Rye Whisky; 3/4 Swedish Punch. Shake well and strain into cocktail glass.

Dilly Delight:

Juice of half a lemon; 3 dashes Curacao; 1/2 Bénédictine; 1/2 Apple Brandy. Shake well and strain into cocktail glass.

Leave It To Me:

1 dash Lemon Juice; 1/4 Apricot Brandy; 1/4 Dry Vermouth; 1 dash Grenadine; 1/2 Gin. Shake well and strain into cocktail glass.

Little Prince:

1/3 Sweet Vermouth; 2/3 Bacardi Rum. Shake well and strain into cocktail glass with lemon peel to taste.

Bottoms Up No. 2:

1/3 Absinthe; 2/3 Dry Gin; 1 teaspoon Grenadine. Shake well and strain into cocktail glass.

Gang Bang (For six people):

Soak a few sprigs of fresh mint for two hours in 3 ozs White Wine. Add 1 oz Creme de Menthe, 4 oz Gin and 3 oz more of White Wine. Ice and shake thoroughly. Serve with a sprig of mint arranged in each glass.

Monkey Gland:

3 dashes Absinthe; 3 dashes Grenadine; 1/3 Orange Juice; 2/3 Dry Gin. Shake well and strain into cocktail glass.

Long Delight:

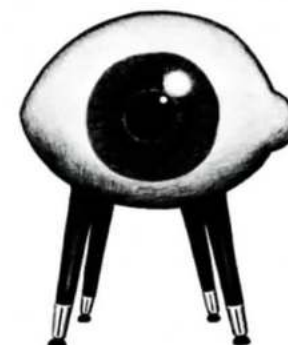
1 dash Orange Juice; 1/3 Dry Vermouth; 1/3 Sweet Vermouth; 1/3 Gin. Shake well and pour into port wine glass. Squeeze lemon peel on top. Frost edge of glass with castor sugar.

Love Juice:

2 dashes Orange Bitters; 2 dashes Syrup; 3 dashes Absinthe; 1/3 Dry Gin. Shake well and strain into cocktail glass. Drink only when a promise has been accepted!

"If all be true that I do think, There are five reasons why men drink, Good wine, a friend, or being dry, Or lest we should be by-and-by, Or any other reason why." Henry Aldrich (1647-1710)

on the box



Still without my new colour set I couldn't stop my mind pondering the technicolour treats in store for me when I have eventually saved the necessary loot for the new gleaming goggle box. Not only will I be able to see my favourite personalities in a new light so to speak but it suddenly struck me that all those food adverts will become correspondingly more appetising. This fact has obviously not escaped the eyes of the advertisers themselves who are frantically examining their own products to see whether they have 'colour appeal'. Peas, apparently come out very well, whereas great hunks of reddish meat look decidedly off. It seems as if those companies with nicely coloured products are going to benefit the most. Orange juice, I'm told (on very good authority) is going to sell like mad.

The whole 'colour TV problem' is in fact causing a good deal of soul searching throughout the advertising industry. It has been discovered that half the colour sets in this country are owned by people in the AB social classes; that 58% of them belong to people over 45; and that more than two thirds of these have no children in the home. Not the best of situations for would-be advertisers to say the least.

Unlike Independent Television the BBC does not have to worry about such things. In fact one very interesting but unpublished result of the changeover to colour is that every new colour set which is bought automatically includes BBC2 and entitles the owner to pay the higher licence fee. In other words the BBC is benefiting greatly by ITV's compulsory switch to colour programmes. All of which is most interesting in view of the GPO's new campaign against TV licence evasion. (The BBC pays the GPO something like £4 million a year to collect its licence money but invariably the GPO fails to collect £7½ million worth every year through evasion.) Anyway, someone has done a few sums and worked out that since 1957 the number of householders with sets has risen far more than the appropriate income from licences. Sharp thinking! Last year 38,600 people were convicted for not having a TV licence. If you are one of them, watch out, because they've got twelve new detector vans and will be visiting you shortly!

I note the BBC is stocking up for winter with a new line up of brand new programmes. (Did I say new? Or did they?) It includes, (Good Lord, Yes!) *Softly Softly*, *The Troubleshooters*, *Dr. Finlay's Casebook*, *Z Cars*, *Dr. Who* and of course new *Wednesday Plays*, new *Thirty Minute Theatre* and new *Plays of the Month*. Classic serial addicts can look forward to *The Spoils of Peyton* by Henry James (amongst others) and hypochondriacs (the forgotten race of TV viewers, but not for long!) can tune in on BBC2 to *The Doctors* a twice-weekly about a modern group practice in a cosmopolitan area of North London.

Last month's viewing failed to produce anything of real note apart from Chris Menge's brilliant film on life in a circus *Wild and Free - Twice Daily* (ATV). Instead of boring reminiscences or revealing interviews we simply followed a camera set loose wandering around the

tents and caravans with a minimum of commentary. The film managed to convey the rich atmosphere without appearing to intrude in any way - a rare feat.

Lord Snowdon also gave us an intriguing documentary on pet owners (BBC1) which came up with some very bizarre emotions and habits. Comparable yet extremely different in technique to Jonathan Miller's stroll around London Zoo, both films touched on that peculiar area of our relationship to animals and the rôles we make them play in our lives.

What do Alf Garnett and James Bond have in common? According to a recent survey a great many people believe they both actually exist. Sherlock Holmes is widely thought of as an historical figure, and although nearly everyone believes David Frost, Cassius Clay and Malcolm Muggeridge are genuine people, 41 out of 2,000 questioned thought Lulu was a figment of someone's imagination! (A faithful few (2%) persisted in believing that Johann Strauss is alive and well and still composing.) This remarkable confusion between fact and fiction is apparently particularly pronounced in East Anglia and Scotland (work that one out!) and leads us to startling questions about the power of the box to mislead, confuse, and generally brainwash the populace with its 'larger than life' creations. TV is frequently criticised for blurring the distinctions between fiction and reality and one wonders just what sort of grip do the Barlows and Dixons, the Wilders and Callans, exert on the popular mind. Do viewers in East Anglia dream of their heroes more often than their counterparts in London? And what would happen if tele stopped supplying them with these powerful mythic images? I'd like to know who they thought was more real - Elsie Tanner or Barbara Castle. Perhaps politicians are just figments of the imagination in the Fens as well.

PHILIPMICHAEL

camp cooking



Having a few friends for Christmas? Perhaps three and you – that makes four. JEREMY's own camp cooker, BRIAN MURRAY, has been slaving, to bring you a really original culinary experience. He's thrown tradition to the winds along with the turkey and plum pudding. There's not a mince pie in sight and no chicken to stuff the night before. Just three dishes that had us all drooling:

MENU FOR FOUR

Consommé
Roast Duckling with Sauerkraut
Pineapple and Cherry Gateau

Starter: Consommé

You need ½ lb marrow bone, ½ lb shoulder steak cut into small pieces, 2 carrots peeled and sliced, 2 onions peeled and sliced, 1 stick of celery diced small, 1 large bayleaf, ½ teaspoon thyme, few sprigs parsley, 2 teaspoons salt, 3 pints water, 1 egg white, gravy browning, 2 teaspoons sherry.

Method: Brown marrow bone and beef in oven. Place in large saucepan with the rest of ingredients, except egg white, gravy browning and sherry. Bring to boil and

remove any fat and scum from surface. Cover, simmer for two hours (or pressure cook for 20 mins.). Strain into large bowl and allow to become quite cold before removing all fat. Return to pan adding egg white and gravy browning for colour. Heat gently and whisk continually until thick froth forms. Reduce heat and very gently simmer for half an hour. Line strainer with muslin and pour soup carefully through cloth. Return to pan adding sherry and adjust seasoning to taste. Reheat but *do not* boil.

Main Dish: Roast Duckling with Sauerkraut. You need 6 oz. fat salt pork, 1 large onion coarsely chopped, 2 cooking apples, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, salt and pepper, thyme, 1 teaspoon caraway seeds, 1½ lb sauerkraut, 1 duck (4-5 lb).

Method: Dice salt pork and heat in frying pan until transparent. Add coarsely chopped onion and fry until transparent. Peel, core and dice apples and toss with mixture in pan. When onions and apple are nicely tanned, add brown sugar, salt and pepper to taste, thyme and caraway seeds. Remove from the heat. Drain sauerkraut and toss with apple and onion.

Give the duck a really good wash inside and out. Rub its cavity with a little salt and pepper. Stuff with apple, onion and sauerkraut mixture and then be butch and truss the bird. Give it a good pricking and place on a rack (ouch!) over the roasting pan. Roast in a moderate oven (350°F. Mark 3) for about 2½ hours, pricking it from time to time to allow fat to escape. It's done when the leg joint moves freely. Serve with glazed white onions, broccoli spears and sauté potatoes.

Pudding: Pineapple and Cherry Gateau. You need 4 ozs glacé pineapple, 4 ozs glacé cherries washed and dried, 1 oz pistachio nuts, 8 ozs plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 8 ozs butter, 8 ozs castor sugar, almond essence, 4 eggs, 2 ozs ground almonds.

Frosting: 8 ozs granulated sugar, pinch of cream tartar, salt, 2 egg white, decorate with glacé pineapple and pistachio nuts.

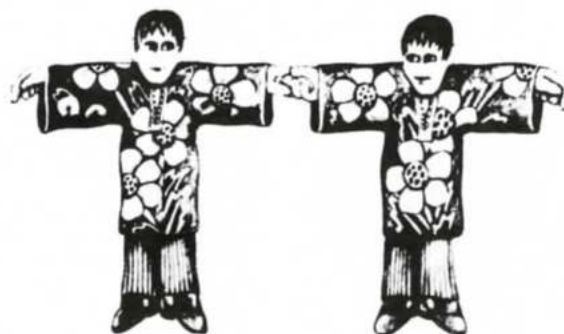
Method: Line 8 inch circular cake tin with greaseproof paper. Cut glacé pineapple into small pieces and cherries into halves. Blanch pistachio nuts in boiling water to remove skins. Dry and reserve eight for decoration. Chop the remainder and add to pineapple and cherries, sprinkle lightly with sugar and toss until fruit and nuts are well coated. Sift remaining flour with baking powder. Cream the butter with sugar and almond essence till light and fluffy, beat in the eggs, then spoon in the sifted flour and baking powder. Carefully knead in glacé fruits, nuts, and ground almonds.

Place in prepared cake tin smoothing top with knife but leaving a slight dip in the centre. Cook in oven for 1½ to 1¾ hours (350°F. Mark 4).

Cool the cake before decorating and cover top and sides with prepared frosting. Swirl with knife for effect and decorate with glacé fruit and pistachio nuts.

Method for frosting: Place sugar, 2 teaspoons, water, cream of tartar, salt and egg whites in a bowl over a pan of gently boiling water. Stir till sugar dissolves. Whisk until consistent. (8 mins. by hand – 5 mins. by electric.) Remove from heat, whisk briefly until cool – use at once.

T&T



Well, once again the Festive Season is upon us. We are planning a quiet Christmas in our cottage – just us and a few friends. We've been busy picking up interesting decorative objects in the Royal Parks. We intend to spray them with glitter dust, smother them with tinsel and festoon the Snug.

Isn't it a fag choosing presents – not to say hard on the pocket? We think we've solved all our problems this year. We found everything we wanted at our local Boy Scouts' Bazaar – and so cheap.

To fill the gap so lamentably created by the disappearance of the Queen's Christmas Message we suggest a few games – old favourites with a new twist. For instance, warm up with Blind Man's Grope. Then go on to Musical Affairs which can be played with any number of partners. Or there's

Pass the Packet. And what about Dustman's Knock – same as Postman's only dirtier.

We always go to a Panto on Boxing Day. This year we're looking forward to 'Aladdin Drag', Covent Garden's first foray into the light entertainment world. It'll be a change from the usual old 'Cinderella' or 'Dames at C.G.'

Actually we need the rest after the social whirl of the last few weeks. We were present at the Woman of the Year luncheon in honour of Tara Aliq, the talented fashion editress of 'Pink Fairy'. Amongst those present we noticed Tomasina Iceberg (she's a cool cookie), Michel Pedal, editor of 'Tribulation' and Jemima Callaghas, pin-up of the boys in blue. Frankly, dears, it wasn't quite us but we managed to keep our ends up.

We felt much more at home at the midnight reception in smartest Islington for Richard Gladys, artistic director of the Auto-da-Fe Opera. It was a truly regal occasion.

We have also attended some fascinating Private Views in Mayfair, Mary Puntpole's* Spring Collection where she revealed her 'Private Parts for Public Occasions', and a dazzling dinner given by the Worshipful Company of Whoremongers where we saw many familiar faces.

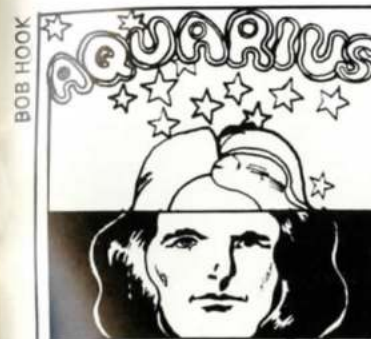
We revisited Yawns & Wine which we had found so depressing last year, expecting that there might have been some improvements. Not a hope. Will London club-owners ever learn? We had to wait over half-an-hour for a drink after rudeness from waiters and unpleasant jostling near the bar. There was neither room to move nor air to breathe. The obligatory salad failed to materialise. The lighting was totally lacking in imagination. We were not at all surprised that the young things on the dance floor looked so droopy. Think of the effort the poor dears have to make to stay on the scene, to wear the right clothes and to know the right people. Our two guests from Paris and New York were not impressed. Can you blame them? Treats...

If you prefer your cruising luxury-style, reserve your passage now for the maiden voyage of Cunard's 'prime medium-size cruise ship' to be launched in 1971.

Don't miss the new TV panel game starting in the New Year, 'What's Your Kink?' hosted by Simone de Prave. Hot tip for the Top Twenty is KING PRIAPUS, the fabulous new super-group, whose first album 'Swank' issued on the TBH label will be available at the end of the month. We've been completely turned over by it.

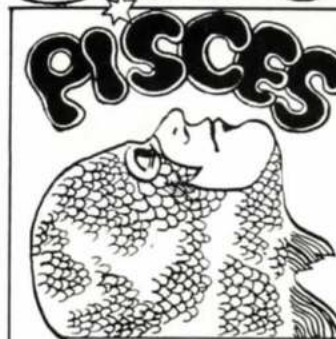
* see Shorter Oxford Dic.

STAR GAZE



AQUARIUS (Jan 20-Feb 18):

Not a time for butchness – don't be frightened to take things laying down. We know it hurts but it will be worth it. For a change this Christmas you will be on the receiving end. Remember it is sometimes more difficult to take than to give.



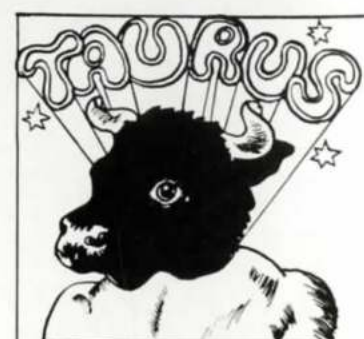
PISCES (Feb 19-Mar 20):

A punishing month for subjects born under this star. Others have the whip-hand and you will become a slave to your own emotions. For you the chains of bondage are the passport to pleasure. But do try lashing out for a change.



ARIES (Mar 21-Apr 19):

A familiar source of income may dry up suddenly – look for a solution elsewhere. Don't let anything private leak out or you are bound to come to sticky end. Someone may offer a helping hand – accept it gratefully.



TAURUS (Apr 20-May 20):

You will have to swallow your pride this month. You have bitten off more than you can chew. Pay lip service to friends even if it seems a bit of a mouthful. Let's face it dear – you're really a sucker! But beggars can't be choosers.



GEMINI (May 21-Jun 20):

This month could be a bit of a drag. So you must make up with friends, but watch out for boobs. You will enjoy the balls during the festive season and things should come to a climax on New Year's Eve. So don't drag it out too long.



CANCER (Jun 21-Jul 20):

Avoid crabby friends – there's piles of trouble in store for you anyway. Don't let casual acquaintances bug you or things may not come up to scratch. Spend your pennies wisely and don't put yourself on a pedestal.



LEO (Jul 21-Aug 22):

Trade is on the up and up. This will mean a lot of hard grind for you but the dividends will be worth it. Don't let this wreck personal relationships. Remember a bird on the nest is worth all the boys in the band. And one in the hand... the imagination boggles!



VIRGO (Aug 23-Sept 22):

Don't let the mail get you down – people often say things in letters they would never dare say to your face. Be open with your friend and try to make him see your point. You have to be hard if you want to make contact properly.



LIBRA (Sept 23-Oct 22):

An arresting month ahead. Keep yourself in hand and pay no heed to the writing on the wall as it will only result in attendant troubles and this could lead to chain reactions. Don't solicit help from strangers as you have been too importunate.



SCORPIO (Oct 23-Nov 21):

It will be a hand to mouth existence for Scorpions this month – so you will have to tighten up all round. Relations may be strained with those closest to you. Stray off the beaten track and things will come off to your advantage.



SAGITTARIUS (Nov 22-Dec 21):

Be on your guard against attacks from the blues. Your passion for uniformity and regimentation could be your undoing. Resist the barracking of friends and present arms to those in authority – they may give you a leg-up.



CAPRICORN (Dec 22-Jan 19):

Dearie me! An absolutely catastrophic month ahead. So don't get caught with your knickers (sorry misprint for knickers) down. Beware of travel – you may lose something. Compensation in the form of a big bonus on Boxing Day.

