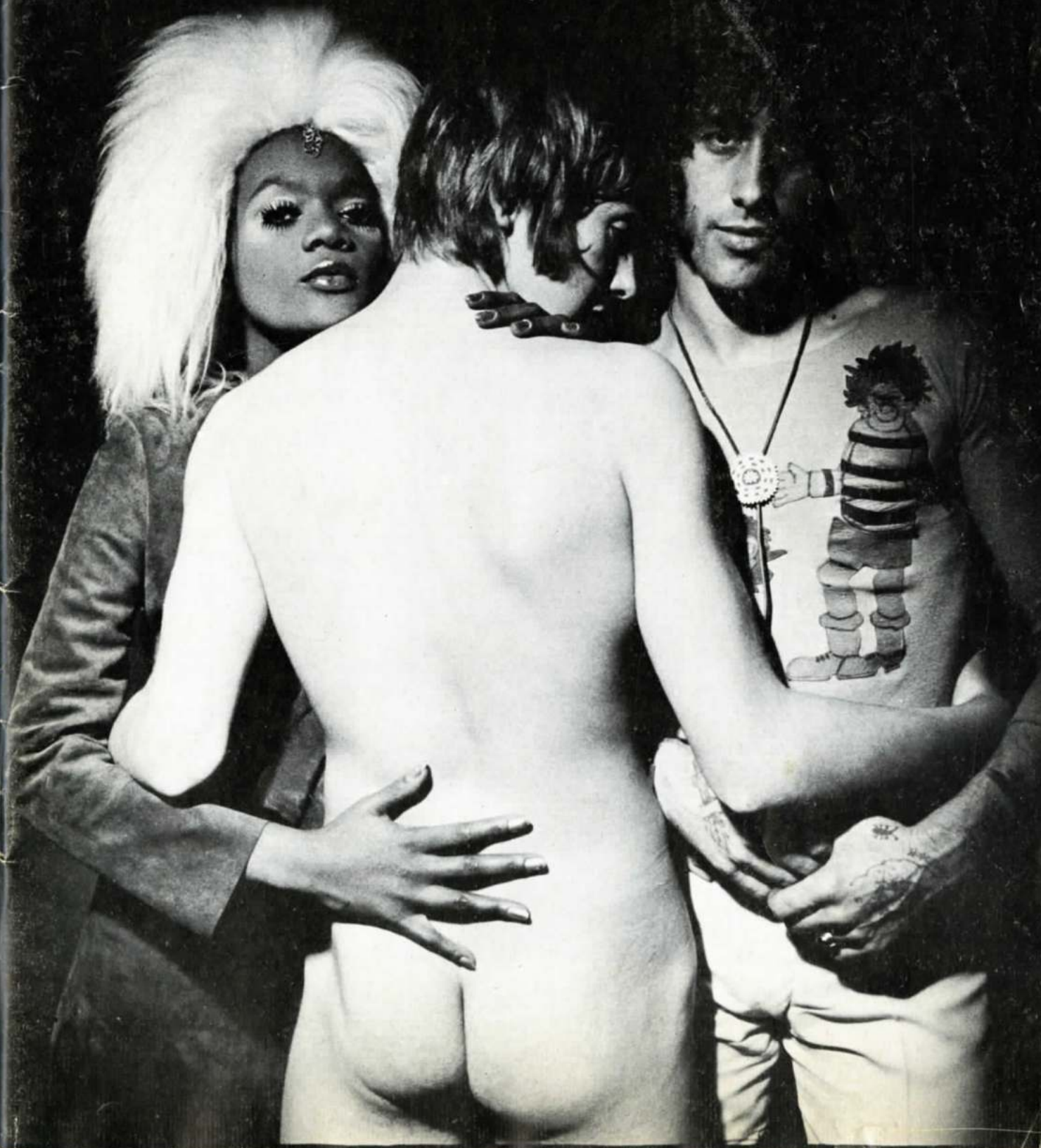


volume 1 number five 6/-

Jeremy

Let's all get together
for a gay 1970!



Jeremy

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When do boys become men?

1970 has arrived and the Permissive Sixties have gone for ever, thank God. *Jeremy* enters the Seventies with a commitment to fight for a society in which we are *free*, not merely permitted, to live the lives we choose insofar as they do no harm to others. We are rather bored with being permitted to live our own lives by the self-appointed guardians of public morals. In the Seventies we intend to get on with Life and hard luck on those who don't like it.

One disgraceful example of the limitations of 'permissiveness' is to be found in the law as it at present applies to men under the age of 21. "Pederasts", our critics will scream, "corruptors of youth, we always knew it". But we are not talking about little boys. We mean those young men who have always been considered old enough to bear arms and to die defending their country. This year for the first time they will go to the polling booths and exercise their democratic rights as private citizens. Fighters and voters they may be, adults in all respects save one—they are not yet deemed old enough to make love to someone of their own sex. Until recently the situation was at least logical, if unjust. Homosexual practices were against the law for everyone, young and old alike. But the passing of the Sexual Offences Act, 1967, has created an anomalous situation which demands immediate attention. The Wolfenden Committee found that a boy's sexual preferences were fairly well determined by the time he was sixteen. They could find no medical, psychological or social arguments for making the age of consent different for boys from that which applied to girls. (It is interesting to note that the Labouchere Amendment was part of the 1885 Act which raised the age of consent for girls from thirteen to sixteen.) But the Committee recommended 21 as the age of consent for boys for three reasons. 1. National Service. 2. The age of Majority. 3. Full-time Education.

These reasons no longer apply. National Service does not exist and the age of majority is now 18. As to education, by what law of logic or justice is it considered permissible for a sixth-form girl or undergraduate to consent to a sexual act with the partner of her choice but not for a boy of the same age? Even if one

concedes that girls mature earlier than boys, surely one is talking of the *process* of maturing as it applies to a younger age-group and not suggesting that boys of 16 are necessarily immature. A boy of 16 is quite as capable of looking after himself as a girl.

Nor is there anything to be said for the argument that the law exists to protect innocent youth. Innocence is a moral quality which few possess and most lose at a surprisingly early age. Most young men strongly resent this kind of protection for which they have never asked. In any case involving a boy and an older man it is automatically assumed that the older person has seduced the younger. This is rarely true and in fact the reverse is often nearer the mark. If boys don't know how to say no to something they genuinely do not want, how in heaven's name can they be considered responsible to fight and vote?

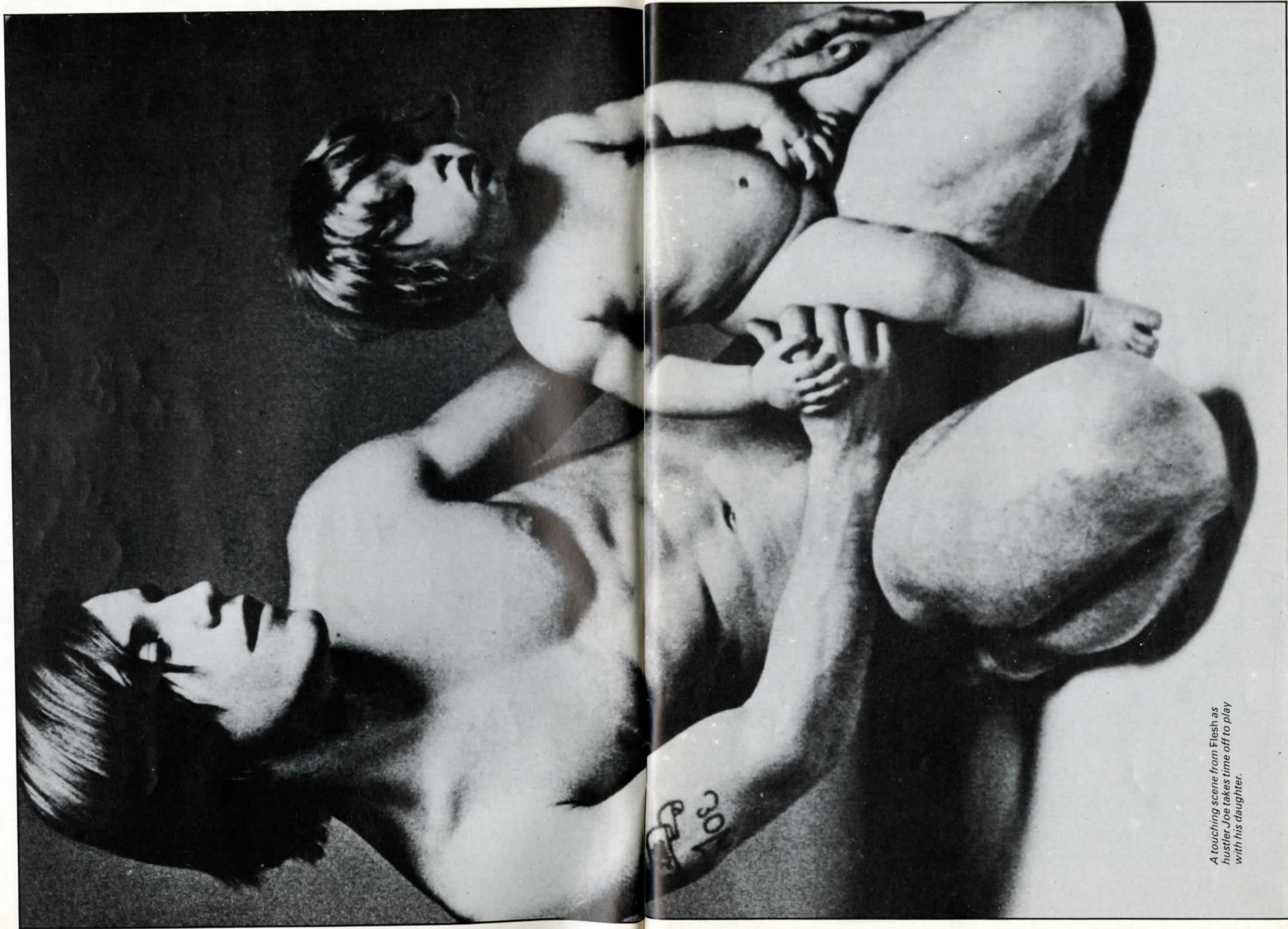
As matters stand older men are in an intensely dangerous situation with younger people—open to blackmail, threats and the charming custom of 'rolling' so popular amongst the young who imagine that they are thereby doing society a good turn and helping out the fuzz. If anyone needs protection it is those older men who are unfortunate enough to become involved with these callous youths who are all too ready to cash in on what is in essence a gift from the 'permissive' society to their evil little minds.

But, leaving these sordid matters on one side, there is a whole area of love, affection and goodness which is scandalously persecuted by this unfair and illogical state of affairs. It is a fact that no-one can deny that a boy's first love affair with another boy or an older man can be a thing of great beauty. That it should be sullied by this whole aura of criminality is a searing condemnation of the rotten values by which our society is governed.

If you feel at all strongly about this subject write now to your M.P. and to the committee for the Revision of Criminal Law and say so. You have nothing to lose by speaking out and there is much to be gained in building a more just and less hypocritical society. Little will be achieved by private complaints. The time is ripe for ACTION.

Jeremy gives you a taste of the new Andy Warhol movies that opened in London this month. **LONESOME COWBOYS** is showing at the London New Arts Lab, 1 Robert Street, NW1. It will run through January in late night and week-end performances. **FLESH** is having late night club performances at the Open Space, 32 Tottenham Court Road.

up from the
underground



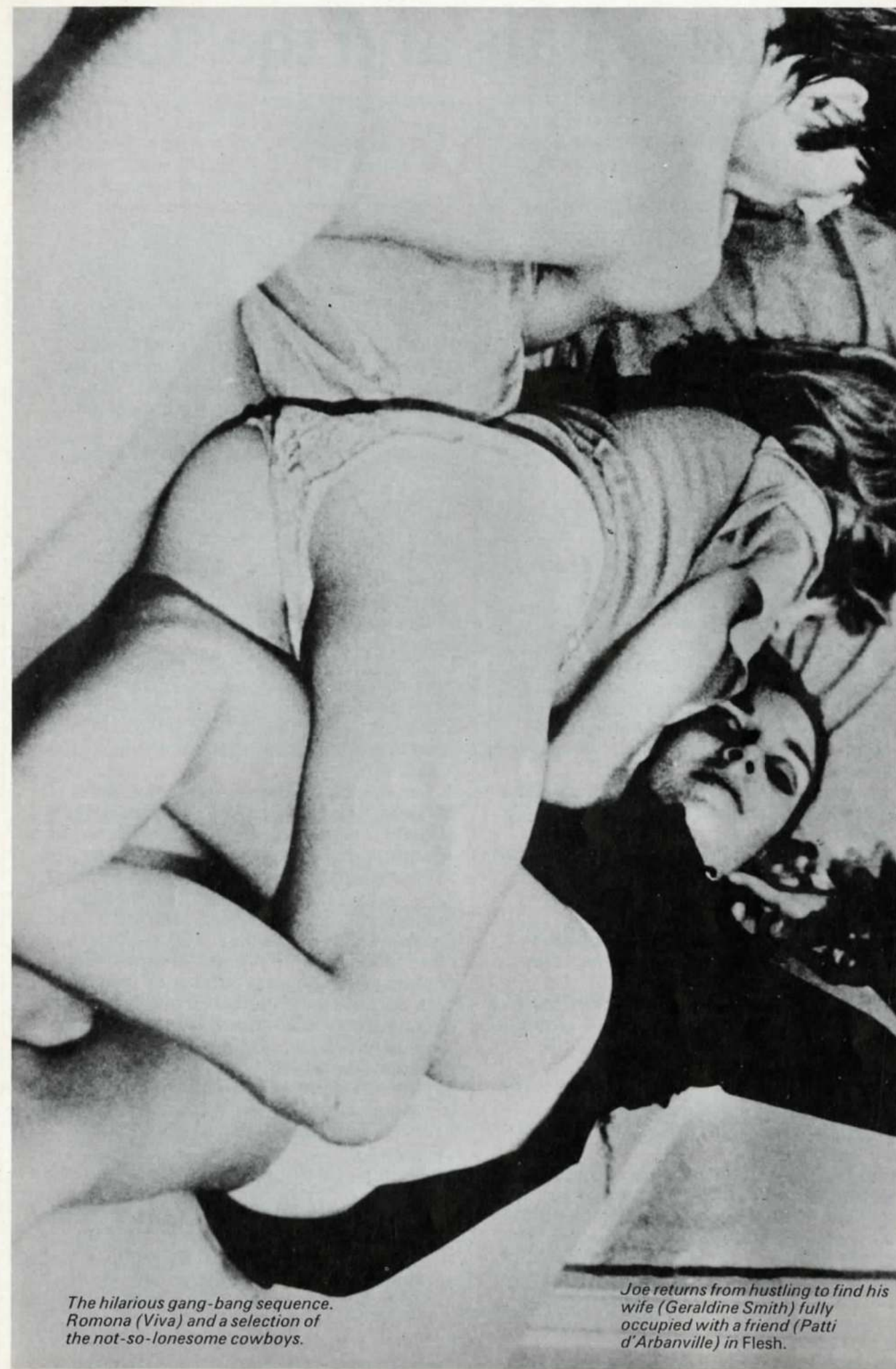
A touching scene from *Flesh* as
hustler Joe takes time off to play
with his daughter.



Korean veteran (Louis Waldon) invites Little Joe (Joe Dallesandro) to lick his war wounds in Flesh.



The hilarious gang-bang sequence. Romona (Viva) and a selection of the not-so-lonesome cowboys.



Joe returns from hustling to find his wife (Geraldine Smith) fully occupied with a friend (Patti d'Arbanville) in Flesh.

Homosexuals and the Law

THE SEXUAL OFFENCES ACT 1967 became law on 27th July 1967. The following account of the main provisions of the Act is an attempt to explain it in simple language, and should be regarded only as a guide. It has been prepared by the Albany Trust.

1. The main purpose of the Act is to provide that a homosexual act shall not be a criminal offence if it is done:

- (a) with consent, and
- (b) in private, and
- (c) by not more than two persons both aged 21 or over (Clause 1.1).

Although the word "persons" is used, the Act has in practice altered Statute law only in relation to male homosexual behaviour, because there has never been any specific prohibition against the private homosexual acts of consenting females aged over 16 (although these *may* have been Common Law Offences, and the Act removes any doubts as to the Common Law legality of homosexual acts committed in private between two consenting women aged 21 or over). "Consent" is not defined in the Act, but will be interpreted by the Courts. (Consent given by a man aged under 21 will not prevent a homosexual act committed by or with him from being a criminal offence). "In private" will also be interpreted by the Courts; but the Act lays down that a homosexual act is **not** "in private" if done:

- (a) when more than two persons take part or are present, or
- (b) in a lavatory to which the public have or are permitted to have access, whether on payment or otherwise (Clause 1.2).

Any homosexual behaviour between consenting adults aged 21 or over which is not in private remains punishable, as does any homosexual act committed by or with a man aged under 21. A "homosexual act" means either buggery (anal intercourse) or gross indecency (oral intercourse, mutual masturbation, other forms of bodily contact involving the sexual organs, or mutual display of the sexual organs without bodily contact) between men (Clause 1.7). It is the prosecution's responsibility to prove that a homosexual act charged as being an offence was not in private, or was done without consent, or that any of the parties was

aged less than 21 at the time (Clause 1.6).

2. A man suffering from severe subnormality as defined by the Mental Health Act 1959 cannot consent to a homosexual act so as to prevent its being an offence. It is an offence, that is to say, for a man to have homosexual relations with another man whom he knows or suspects to be mentally subnormal (Clause 1.3). Men with responsibility for the care of mental patients are prohibited from having homosexual relations with them (Clause 1.4).

3. The change in the law concerning consenting adults in private does not prevent any homosexual act from being an offence under the Army, Air Force or Naval Discipline Acts (Clause 1.5). Thus, any homosexual behaviour by a member of the Armed Services, even if with another consenting adult in private, remains an offence against Service discipline.

4. It remains an offence for a member of the crew of a United Kingdom merchant ship to commit a homosexual act on board such a ship with another member of the crew of that or any other United Kingdom merchant ship (Clause 2).

5. A man who procures a homosexual act between two other men which is itself not an offence (i.e. because they are two consenting adults in private) is liable if convicted by a jury to imprisonment for up to two years (Clause 4.1); but such a charge may be tried by a magistrates' court, in which case the maximum punishment is six months. It is no longer an offence for a man to procure another man to commit an act of gross indecency *with himself* with consent and in private if both are aged over 21; but it remains an offence (punishable with up to two years' imprisonment if tried before a jury, or with up to six months' imprisonment if tried by magistrates) for a man to procure another man to commit such an act, or an act of buggery, with a third man (Clause 4). The scope of the offence of "procuring" is not restricted to situations connected with prostitution, or to introductions performed for financial or other reward; but an element of solicitation or persuasion that a homosexual act shall be committed by two men brought together for this purpose would seem to be an essential ingredient in the offence.

6. A man or woman who knowingly lives wholly or in part on the earnings of a male

prostitute is liable on conviction by magistrates to up to six months' imprisonment or up to seven years on conviction by a jury (Clause 5).

7. Premises which in law would be regarded as a brothel for heterosexual purposes will be treated as a brothel if habitually resorted to for "lewd homosexual practices". (It is doubtful whether there is any distinction in law between homosexual acts which are "lewd" and those which are not) (Clause 6).

8. No proceedings shall be commenced more than twelve months after it is alleged that any offence of gross indecency, soliciting or importuning for a homosexual act, or buggery not amounting to an assault or with a boy aged under 16, has taken place, whether this was before or since the Act became law (Section 7).

9. The consent of the Director of Public Prosecutions is necessary for proceedings to be brought against a man for a homosexual act, or for attempting to commit such an act or aiding, abetting, counselling, procuring or commanding its commission, where either of the parties is aged under 21 (Section 8). The effect of this is that the only circumstances in which the police can prosecute a man for a homosexual act which is alleged to be an offence without first obtaining the consent of the Director of Public Prosecutions is when (a) the parties are each aged over 21 and (b) the act is alleged to have taken place either without consent or otherwise

than in private. In all other cases (and, where a man aged under 21 is involved, even if the offence was not in private) the Director's consent for a prosecution is required; but the section does not prevent the arrest, or the remand in custody or on bail, of a person charged with such an offence pending the Director's decision.

10. A man charged before a magistrates' court with soliciting or importuning for a homosexual act can now claim trial by jury (which he was unable to do before, although liable to up to two years' imprisonment if the magistrates chose to send him for jury trial) (Clause 9.1).

11. A man charged with gross indecency or related offences may now consent to be tried by the magistrates instead of being obliged, as was formerly the case, to go before a higher court for sentence even if he pleads guilty (Clause 9.2).

12. The change in the law relating to homosexual acts in private between two consenting adults and the lower penalties for certain homosexual offences are to have effect in relation to acts done before the Sexual Offences Act 1967 became law as well as after it; but the increased maximum punishments laid down in Clause 3 for certain offences do not apply to anything done before the passing of the Act (Clause 10).

13. The Act applies only to homosexual acts committed in England and Wales and does not extend to anything done in Scotland or Northern Ireland (Clause 11.5).

14. Maximum punishments for homosexual offences

Offence	Mode of Trial	Maximum Punishment
(i) Buggery with a boy aged under 16	On indictment only (i.e. before a jury)	Life
(ii) Buggery with another man aged over 16, if he did not consent (or assault with intent to commit buggery)	On indictment only	Ten years
(iii) Indecent assault (including any sexual act other than buggery with a boy aged under 16)	If on indictment	Ten years*
(iv) A homosexual act with another consenting man aged 16 or over but under 21, when the accused is aged over 21 (or being a party to or procuring or attempting to procure the commission of such an act)	If on indictment†	Five years*
(v) A homosexual act with another consenting man aged 16 or over but under 21, when the accused is aged under 21	If on indictment†	Two years*
(vi) A homosexual act between consenting adults not in private	If on indictment†	Two years*
(vii) Solicitation by a man	If on indictment	Two years*

† Gross indecency (but not buggery) may be tried summarily—i.e. in a magistrates' court.

* Where offences under (iii) to (vii) above are tried summarily, the maximum term of imprisonment is six months.

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Star of the 70's

The first thing one notices about Stuart Damon is his size. He's a big man.

Keen telly addicts will recognise him as the dark, handsome hero of ATV's *The Champions*—but few of them will know of the surprising range of his career. From playing opposite Juliet Prowse in *Irma la Douce*, on Broadway, to *Macbeth* at Canterbury Rep. Stuart, a young American who has made his home in England, played leads in an enormous number of musicals in his native country before he was signed to appear in London in our own dear *Charlie Girl*.

Since arriving in this country he has played in numerous television plays. "I love the technical challenge of working before the camera, but at the same time I would hate to miss out on the experience of playing before a live audience in the theatre".

This month Stuart adds yet another facet to his many sided career. He's released a disc called 'Eros'. "It's about that guy in Piccadilly Circus we all tend to forget about—the god of love himself". A big, slow soul number its written by a young man called Dave Lewis. "It's incredible this boy is only eighteen and yet he has so much talent. There's a lot more of his numbers I want to use on my album".

Stuart has a passion for horses—he has four of his own and rides them regularly at the farm he has bought just outside London. "It's the most marvellous way of relaxing, I know. Just you alone with your horse far away from the strains of the television studios". *Jeremy* readers who haunt the West End cinemas may spot Stuart in the audience because that's his other relaxation. "I love movies. I go by myself and sometimes I go to three in one day starting at lunchtime".

He would like to direct a play. At present he is writing an original screen play. "I am mad about the cowboy bit. This would be a western with a difference as it concerns the rise and fall of various Argentinian dictators during the revolutions in the late nineteenth century". With the present craze for Mexican westerns, with all those sexy clothes, there seems no reason why a movie that moves even further below the border shouldn't be equally successful.

Yes. Stuart Damon is a big man with a big career and there seems no reason why it shouldn't get bigger every day.

TIM HUGHES



CARL CHRISTIAN

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Correspondence

Dear Jeremy,
Thank you most sincerely for producing a magazine that homophiles can buy without feeling ashamed of it; the bias towards us is there, but you treat us as people, capable of interest in other things than sex. Thanks especially for Barbara, who really is sweet, a lovely companion for Alan. Having said that, I'm going to sound like a hypocrite if I go on to say that I hope you will be a little bolder. How about transparent briefs? Can you find a way of letting us see them sometime? And your title "A Bee-Gee Undressed" raised hopes alas dashed on turning to the page! Personally I should be glad to see a little more maturity in your models; perhaps you could manage to show us nice boys like Alan and someone a bit more rugged and (to put it crudely) hairy in some of your numbers?
If these comments sound like criticisms, well, they are! You can't, and, I'm sure, don't expect to hit the jackpot with all your new audience the first time. Perhaps others will have written in with other ideas; these have been my own. Perhaps your first number was exploring the market; this letter may give you some idea of what at least one of your potential regular readers would like to see.
Maurice,
Isleworth.

Dear Sir,
Having just read the second issue of Jeremy, I am looking forward to getting the next issue. This magazine fills a gap in today's publications. It is, as far as I am aware, the only magazine which has catered at all for the Gay population, apart from the awful 'sex-adverts' type of thing, that shall remain nameless.
So more power to your elbow, duckies!
Yours sincerely,
Janet Green,
London, N.19.
P.S. Thought both your models in the Lotus Eater photographs were super. Faces were so innocent, yet so knowing. Super, loved it!

Dear Sirs,
Your new magazine Jeremy is a nothing! It is neither Gay nor Normal, and after a census around the dressing room, does nothing for either. The 'queens' might go for the picture of Judy Garland and maybe Steve McQueen, the others would buy Playboy. As for the articles on theatre or cinema, there are many magazines that deal with these subjects and at less cost.
If you must have nudes of both sexes, you might at least get one of them to look like a man. Your first front cover could be a couple of 'dykes', and one of them looking as if she were a million miles away at that.
As for your Gay Guide, the Gay people know all these places already without any chi-chi try-to-be-clever remarks from you. And who told you Tito's in Palma was gay?
I think you are going to have to try something different if you are asking 6/- per copy for your next issue. This one is a hotch potch of everything and nothing.
Yours faithfully,
C. Couch,
Her Majesty's Theatre, S.W.1.

Hi,
Congratulations on the new issue—keep it up, for there is a place for Jeremy, a place where all those that dropped out can drop in again.
How about printing a "GAY POWER" car sticker? the cut-out and stick-it-yourself type, perhaps down the side of one page, as long as one doesn't have to mutilate a photo.
Bye the bye, the TARTAN GUZZLE, late night type semi-naff-caff with booze etc is open to all Gay people (even if they are straight) as a non-trolling social pad and gossip centre. Travellers needing comfort and advice are also welcome, floor space and occasionally beds to those without roof, though park the pot OUTSIDE! fuzz can be funny!
Any reader prepared to pressurise BBC/ITV into putting on more gay plays, not the "I'm the poor misunderstood" type, would cater for an intelligent section of society that demands rather more than boy meets girl, or boy, for that matter. I know that many good scripts go down because some suppressed queen is afraid of being "associated". Readers of Jeremy flood Auntie Bebe and others, let poovery take its rightful place on the box!
Stewart Urquhart,
Tartan Guzzle, 8 West Street, Warwick, Tel. 41556

Dear Sir,
I first read about your magazine in the Sunday Times and having taken an interest in Homosexual Law reform for many years, I was looking forward greatly to reading it. After repeated requests, my newsagent eventually produced it today. On the front, it says Volume One, Number Two, but there is no date of issue. I got through it all in a few minutes, and I thought to myself "what a rotten fraud"!—six shillings for a lot of dreary photographs of two very ordinary looking people with pretentious quotations underneath, padding out a vacuity of material. It is not enough to have leading articles extolling the virtues of sexual liberalism—we're all for that dear, otherwise we wouldn't be buying your journal—one wants some interesting articles as well. Doesn't the gay world possess any writers of wit and originality?—can't you find anything better to put in than that banal 'Confessions of A Kept Boy' rubbish?—if I have read that kind of thing once, I've read it twice. I hope it's better next time 'cos I rushed around telling everyone it was to be the most enlightened thing of its kind and if it doesn't improve I'm going to look very foolish indeed. At the moment Gay Guide is the only authentic thing in the book; it's written with a delightful sense of humour and conveys the information neatly and succinctly. I wish the rest would catch up with it.
Yours faithfully,
Kenneth Williams,
London, N.W.1.

Dear Sir,
I would like to congratulate the staff of 'Jeremy' on a completely different magazine for the young (and old) Gay people.
As I have just moved to the so-called Gay capital from Hull in Yorkshire, I am especially interested in your Gay Guide. Are you going to broaden the horizon of your Gay Guide? You could include Gay Pubs and Clubs outside London, so that the gays in, for instance, Yorkshire would know where the bars, etc. are.
But once again many, many thanks for a truly great magazine, and I look forward to each issue to come.
Your friend I sincerely remain,
John A. Nippress,
London, S.W.19.

Dear Sir,
The first issue of Jeremy was full of printing and grammatical errors and was generally rather dull, but at least some attempt at style had been made and there was variety in its contents. The Judy Garland article even had some journalistic flair about it, but the second issue is tawdry, wasteful and boring.
I suggest Jeremy drops the poor pretence of fashionable ambi-sexuality, practises what it preaches by using freedom creatively, increases its material and improves the quality of its writing. There is a real need for an honest, well-produced popular magazine for young male homosexuals and Jeremy should have the courage to aim directly at that market. It should have lively, informative articles on subjects like fashion, pop music, the arts, sport, home decorating, cooking,

motoring, holidays etc., erotic material—pin-ups, fiction (erotica can be slick and imaginative without being pornographic or sentimental), and constructive features on the various sociological, medical, legal and psychological questions which concern homosexuals.
If Jeremy was more intelligently and honestly produced it could be a successful equivalent of any one of the countless heterosexually biased magazines.
The mistakes of the second issue will obviously have done much damage, but if the next issue returned to the format of the first and improved on it with new ideas and talent, it could be lifted from eventual failure and given the sort of status and respect which homosexuals themselves are seeking.
Yours faithfully,
H. M. Wakeling,
London, W.C.1.

Dear Sir,
Having finally obtained a copy of Jeremy No. 2, I write to say I like it! The literary content made varied and good reading, although obviously biased towards gay boys. Being a gay girl I wonder if you are intending in future editions to include articles of specific interest to us. I hope so, for at the moment there exists no such magazine—any available publications simply exuding middle-age, tweed skirts and lace-up shoes.
If you can remedy this situation, a lot of gay young things—of the female species will be highly delighted.
Meanwhile, I will be grateful if you would send me details of ordering Jeremy by post.
Yours faithfully,
F. M. Martin,
Hertfordshire.

A subscription for 12 issues costs £3-12s. Cheques payable to Jeremy Enterprises Ltd. to 45 Carnaby Street, London, W1.
We've got more planned for gay girls!—Ed.

Dear Sir,
In reference to your 'gay guide' article in the volume I number III edition of Jeremy, written by Peter Burton. I would like to point out that he must choose the wrong clubs to review, if he finds the majority of gay places both cliquey and inhabited by sad-looking individuals.
The majority of places that I have visited are certainly not like this and to name one, may I suggest he visits the 'Rehearsal Club' at Archer Street, W.1. In this club (with a very moderate membership fee) he will find the atmosphere very gay, in both senses of the word. There is a cabaret on Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays and the rest of the time there are records to dance to. It is licensed throughout normal drinking hours. The actual building is not brilliantly decorated but the majority of members overlook this fact and tend to like the club for the friendly atmosphere.
If Peter Burton finds this club cliquey with everybody standing around with long faces then, and only then, will I bow to his criticism.
Yours faithfully,
M. A. CROTHALL,
London, S.W.

Homosexuality in London



Anthony Gray, Director of the Albany Trust, last month addressed a group of social workers meeting at St Anne's, Soho on the particular problems faced by homosexuals in London. This is the text of his lecture.

Fifteen years ago homosexuality was a virtually unmentionable subject, save for wayward scout masters and erring clergy who featured every now and then in the Sunday press for "serious offences" against little boys. Then came a number of cases involving well-known people in early 1950s, which led to the first calls for law reform whose honours are shared by Boothby, Donnelly, *The Sunday Times* and Church of England Moral Welfare Council. The Wolfenden Committee was appointed and after 3 years produced its now famous report which was something of a classic text for social reformers of the 1960s. Perhaps its most famous and frequently quoted passage was:

"Unless a deliberate attempt is to be made by society, acting through the agency of the law, to equate the sphere of crime with that of sin, there must remain a realm of private morality and immorality which is, in brief and crude terms, not the law's business"

Most of us would agree that this is a fair statement of the position — although in many respects, the law has not yet abandoned its historic claim to be the custodian of our morals. In practice, however, at this stage of the 20th century, most of us would not wish the law to intervene in our private affairs unless our behaviour clearly infringes the rights of others by being publicly indecent, or by assault upon an unwilling victim, or an offence against a child too young to make meaningful sexual choices. Pierre Trudeau, Canada's prime minister has wisely said: 'The state has no place in the bedrooms of the nation.' Unhappily, however, most of the contentious situations involving law and sex do not seem to occur in bedrooms, and legal fictions do not help: for example, the fiction that a youth aged 19 or 20 is unable to choose freely about his homosexual relationship; the fiction that behaviour between two men which might raise eyebrows at a Mothers Union meeting is "disorderly conduct" or "likely to cause a breach of the peace" in a Soho Club which is largely frequented by homosexual patrons.

Unfortunately, too, this habit which the law has of thinking in fictions was reproduced in depth during the various Parliamentary debates which led to the passage of the 1967 Sexual Offences Act. A great deal of what was said was epitomised by Osbert Lancaster's cartoon, showing Maudie Littlehampton saying to a friend: "... and what utterly fascinated me was the way in which they *all* talked as if they had none of them actually met a homosexual in their lives". And unfortunately, paternalism (whether conscious or unconscious) still infects nearly everything that is said publicly about this subject today.

This may be in part due to the persistent notion that even if it should not be regarded as a crime, nor perhaps (by some progressive Christians at any rate) as a sin, homosexuality can properly be regarded as a sickness, and homosexuals as persons whose mental processes and capacity for moral responsibility are in some way diminished. And although this notion has been persistently criticised and indeed demolished

by all the serious researchers of the past 20 odd years, it dies hard. In our own work, we find it is still entrenched in far too many professional quarters; although we are at long last beginning to perceive something of a sea change in attitudes which could well ultimately become a breakthrough — if for no other reason than that those concerned with mental health are nowadays too beleaguered by people who are indubitably sick to wish to be lumbered with whole classes of pseudo-patients who are merely deviant.

But there is a newer orthodoxy, and a rather disturbing one, in that one may venture to call "enlightened contemporary thinking" about which I feel a note of warning should be sounded. This is the thesis that homosexuals are in fact such ordinary people that they in no way differ from anybody else; and that therefore the way to provide for their special needs is to assume that ought not to have any, and that they should be expected to behave and react exactly like every other member of the non-homosexual population: this is the same fallacy as that which aims at "integrating" coloured and foreign populations into the native British community so completely that they cease to have any distinctive characteristics or social patterns. This is of course a mistaken viewpoint, even if a well-meaning one. Anybody who has had to help people experiencing difficulties because of their homosexuality will know very well that they do not *feel* themselves to be "just like anybody else"

— on the contrary they are extremely conscious (sometimes too much so) not only of their difference, but also of the need (which they feel should be accepted as a social right) to express it with others who feel like themselves in whatever way they wish, as long as this is not actually harmful to third parties. This is really the crux of the matter for those of us in social work who are concerned not only about the personal life-problems of individual homosexuals and other deviants, but about their status as members of society. The briefest experience is enough to convince one that discrimination against known homosexuals is still the rule rather than the exception, and that a great deal of public re-education and forthright campaigning is needed to end this state of affairs. It always makes me rather tired to hear people prattling so glibly about the "permissive society", when day after day people are coming to my office with heart-rending and hair-raising stories about the mal-treatment they have experienced for no other reason than their sexual orientation — which surely should be a private and personal matter, if anything is.

As yet, all too little has been done in professional social work to evolve an adequate philosophy about this subject. In some ways, homosexuals have similar problems to those of any other unpopular or misunderstood minority group; in other ways — because their peculiarity hinges upon sex — they are even more vulnerable, and even more misunderstood. This is also true of the other deviant minorities with whom we deal, about whom I should like to say a word here.

One of the most common, and also most intractable, problems which homosexuals face is that of individual loneliness and personal isolation. This is a national problem; but although its manifestations in country districts and smaller towns are sometimes more severe than in larger cities, and though the greater London area is all too often optimistically regarded as a sort of Mecca for homosexuals, these problems are really often just as acute for the homosexual in London as elsewhere, and especially for the young homosexual.

The crux of the problem is that we have not as yet begun to provide suitably safe and reputable meeting places where people who have homosexual or other sexual minority characteristics can meet together and begin to engage in the normal experimentation of friendship, and developing mutual relationships which are so much more abundantly possible for heterosexual teenagers.

For older people in the provinces and so forth the dangers of recognition are even greater, and effectively deter far more of them from visiting the known "gay spots" than ever do go to such places. (Which, where they do exist, are all commercially run and provide no safeguards or social facilities except as a gathering place).

Here in Soho we are undoubtedly in a very untypical environment, and it would be a great mistake to imagine that the sort of homosexual gathering places (or the kind of

homosexual) that one meets in this area is in any way typical of most homosexuals, or even of most London homosexuals. The notion that because there are a number of clubs and other places which have been open for some years, and which many people know about, there is really not much of a problem, is a totally false one. The savouriness and suitability of most of these places is so inadequate that I personally would not care to recommend most of the people who come to us for help in making social contacts to go to any of them. And I say this with some knowledge of what has been available, and what some of us in social work have attempted to do in Soho, during the past two or three years.

Speaking for a moment now as a London social worker, I feel that this is perhaps the appropriate occasion to express my great disquiet at the present state of affairs in the West End. At earlier talk in this series, which I was unfortunately unable to hear, I gather that a police spokesman said that: "One of the easiest things to prove is that young people in this area are exposed to moral danger".

That can certainly never be said too often — and I think it is especially true of the young homosexual who, by the very reason of his age if he is under 21, is exposed to all the malign pressures towards delinquency to which the illegal nature of his sexual needs makes him so vulnerable. I have heard for instance, of teenage boys who, because they were homosexuals, have been over-persuaded and pressurised into hard drug taking; and of young drug addicts who were not in the least homosexual, but who have been forced to satisfy the homosexual demands of their suppliers in order to get a 'fix'. Having fought vigorously to liberalise the law, wishing to see it still further reformed, and having also been working recently to obtain a better version of the Street Offences Act, I am perhaps suitably placed to express my alarm and disquiet at the seemingly mushroom growth of what can only be described as a teenage homosexual prostitution industry in the West End, which appears to be centred upon some of the all-night cafes and amusement arcades with which most of you are doubtless even more familiar than I am. Such things have always gone on, I know, and doubtless always will: but what is especially alarming at this point in time is the manner in which some comparatively innocuous people and their behaviour are still being penalised and punished, while really vicious activities appear to grow unchecked.

I would not wish what I have said in this respect to be taken as a blanket criticism of the police. I fully realise what a difficult and invidious job they have to do, especially in an area such as this; but while in intent, if not always in achievement, they may be "the best community relations workers we have got" (as I recently heard them described by a Senior Home Office official), what I do ask myself is whether they ought to be required to assume that role? Surely it is up to us, the statutory and voluntary social workers with a concern for people and their needs, having (as we ought) the best interests of the community in mind, to provide a much more effective safety net for people at risk in this area, and especially for young people.

When I was in San Francisco 2 years ago, I was most impressed by the various city agencies, and especially the Office of Special Problems, in which a combined team of social workers employed by the city, the Churches and voluntary agencies had come together to devise and conduct a dynamic campaign to ameliorate the problems of the "Tenderloin" (San Francisco's equivalent of Soho). I have said on numerous occasions, and I now repeat, that until all of us who are concerned about the wholesomeness of London in the 1970s get together, not only at a voluntary level but also with Westminster City Council, the Greater London Council, the ILEA and appropriate Government Departments, and insist upon being given the resources we need to carry out really effective work in this area and clean up some of the existing abuses, there will really not be much future for social workers in Soho — or for young people. And I think that this is a disgraceful state of affairs for one of the greatest capital cities of the world. Indeed, speaking personally, after 10 years in Shaftesbury Avenue, I have almost reached the point of feeling that the West End of London is not a place in which I shall care to stay and work very much longer unless some of these concerns are more widely shared and begin to be remedied.

The creature who scattered its seed

A cautionary tale by Ralph Norton

"And Judah said unto Onan, 'Go in unto thy brother's wife, and marry her and raise up seed to thy brother.' And Onan knew that the seed should not be his, and it came to pass, when he went in unto his brother's wife, that he spilled it on the ground lest he should give seed to his brother. And the thing which he did displeased the Lord: wherefore he slew him".

—Genesis, chapter 38, verses 8-10.

"Why do you call him Onan?" I said, asking a question which had been on my mind for some years. I wished to settle the matter before Sarah died. She was eighty-four.

The parakeet in his cage by the window screamed and danced. He heard his name on my tongue and cursed me for it.

"Naughty bird," said Sarah, "to make such noise on the eve of the sabbath." To me she said, "It is from the Book of Genesis. The thirty-eighth chapter."

"There are many names in the Book of Genesis . . .," I ventured.

"Then one may be as good as another," said Sarah, knitting. "It is a pretty name."

I looked at Sarah's eyes behind the steel spectacles. Like the eyes of the bird, they were rimmed, though in her case with cataract. It gave them a look of shrewdness, but the pupils were without guile. I read in them only piety and practical concern. I was content with Sarah's answer. So far as it went, it began to be worth five pounds. It sustained my opinion and cast doubt on Alan's. I glanced at Alan across Sarah's shoulder and opened five fingers to declare my due. I looked to him to accept that the facts were now established.

Alan frowned. I recalled his scepticism at our last encounter: "Of course she knows. How can she not know? It is now late in the twentieth century."

"But she was born in the nineteenth," I said. "She is a maiden lady. She has a literal mind."

"Maidenhood, however literal," said Alan, "is not impregnable to general knowledge. She is the daughter of a rake and an aunt to doctors. She has lived in Edinburgh for thirty years. I assume she has read books."

"Yet her mind is biblical in all things. It is pious and simple."

"It is also much to the point. Has she not called the cat Elijah because he was once visited by ravens?"

"But Onan . . .?" I said. "So unscandalous a lady? So biblical a mind?"

"I have a conviction," said Alan, "that her mind is not only biblical but well-informed. I will wager five pounds that she knows what she has done and is having us on."

I looked at Sarah's face, benevolent and puckered in its eighty-fifth year. It conveyed innocence, though it was not without experience. It had come to terms with many facts, perhaps even with those of life. But it was difficult to think it capable of deception, grotesque to imagine it concealing a doubtful witticism.

"Does the Minister know what you call him?" said Alan. I frowned at the indelicacy. I deprecated his obstinacy in the face of Sarah's answer.

"Who?" said Sarah, knitting.

"The bird."

Sarah looked at Alan above the rims of the spectacles. She was sharp and mild, gentle and steady. "Sometimes," she said, "it is necessary to tell young Mr. MacGregor to keep his mind to the Lord's business. The naming of birds is nae concern of the Presbytery." I saw that Mr. MacGregor, who was now seventy, had once shown courage.

"And what had Mr. MacGregor to say on the matter?" said Alan.

I drew in my breath to show displeasure. I was moved to protect my clanswoman from persecution. Sarah was my great-aunt by the male line; I carried her surname. Alan was merely a great-nephew by way of his mother's mother.

"Mr. MacGregor was imprecise. The nature of his objection was not clear."

I saw that Mr. MacGregor, though once bold, had lacked persistence. I commended him in my mind to Alan and prepared to intervene, if necessary, on the side of reticence. But Alan, opening his mouth to speak further, was cut short by Onan.

In his cage on the window table the parakeet began to curse and dance. He bobbed his head with boredom or impatience and allowed his neck to grow large with risen feathers. He cast his rimmed glare upon us and began to shuffle along the perch. Presently, he put a pink foot in the food-trough and scattered bird-seed. It rattled against the bars of the cage and some fell to the floor.

"He is restless," I said, seeking to move the conversation from nomenclature.

"It is a habit with him," said Sarah without looking up. "He is a naughty bird. He spills his seed upon the ground." She knitted to the end of a row in a silence which only Onan and the needles made less than absolute. "Naughty bird," she said to him presently across her shoulder. "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away. You shan't get any more tonight." Onan defied her, casting seed.

I parted from Alan outside Sarah's front door. "It is as common-sense suggested," I said. "An innocent misunderstanding of the Authorised Version. Such cases are not unknown." Alan counted five pounds in the dusk and gave them to me without humour.

When Sarah died in the following year, she left me a hundred guineas and commended to me the Parable of the Talents. I was touched by her concern for her senior great-nephew. To Alan she bequeathed Onan, reminding him that all creatures, great and small, are works of the Lord and a proper object of reverence. To Mr. MacGregor, as might seem fitting, she gave her bible, the companion of many years.

"It is strange," said Mr. MacGregor, "that so worthy a lady did nae keep the proper text." He showed me a bible designed to be read as literature and illustrated with pictures. It proved, in several respects, to be much plainer than King James's. At the thirty-eighth chapter of Genesis it was plain indeed. It dealt, in terms commendable to a Faculty of Medicine, with the second son of Judah, whose conduct had displeased the Lord. It was a text impossible to misread. It was without metaphors. The word 'seed' did not appear. The facts did. It lacked only an illustration.

I could not conceive that even a maiden lady of the nineteenth century could, without sophisticated intent, give the name

Onan to any of the Lord's works once she had read this passage. As an upright man, I reduced my hundred guineas to a hundred pounds and took the balance to Alan. "Do not ask me why," I said. "I have had cause to change my opinion." "And I mine," said Alan to my astonishment. "I canna take it," he said, setting his face from the money. I thought him feverish and said so. He denied it. "The bird is a female," he said, shaking his head. "I have it upon the authority of an expert. Man, what a prodigy of innocence was our great-aunt! To give such a name to a bird of such a gender!"

As a forensic as well as an upright man, and one in whose memory the text of Sarah's bible remained forthright, I felt it my duty to dispute with him. "It is possible that she did not know," I said. "If an expert assessment of the bird's nature has proved necessary . . ."

We spoke on the matter for some time. Proof was lacking. A blown egg among Sarah's relics—assuming that Onan might once have declared her gender thus plainly—would have sufficed us. An Authorised Version, together with evidence—notwithstanding the bequest to Mr. MacGregor—that she had used no other text might also have served our purpose. But

Bought body

A short story by Barry Hoffman

Rain clattered down incessantly, almost drowning out the sound of my knock at the door. Eventually the butler opened up and ushered me in.

"May I take your coat, sir?"

"You can take everything right down to my underpants. I'm soaked to the shirt."

I started to peel off my clothes as he showed me into a side room.

"If you undress in here, I'll go and ask the master for a fresh outfit."

He was back within two minutes, and caught me drying my naked body in front of a log fire. With professional aplomb he avoided batting an eyelid.

"The master will be down to see you in a couple of minutes", he told me, departing at his usual leisurely pace.

I climbed up onto a chair to look at my body in the mirror above the fireplace. "It's smooth and symmetrical", I reassured myself. "Either the butler is myopic or under-sexed". My reassurance was complete when the master arrived a moment later. "Very impressive", he called out, chucking a bundle of clothing in my direction.

I jumped down from the chair to greet a handsome young man of about twenty, a couple of years younger than myself. "Thanks", I replied, lifting the clothes. "I came as soon as I got your letter. Are you so desperate that you are willing to pay £200 to a total stranger? I thought you must be the ugliest fellow in the world when I got your note. Instead of that you look even more handsome than I do. Surely a guy with your looks can get sensual satisfaction easily enough? Not that I'm complaining, of course. For £200 I'm prepared to co-operate first and ask questions afterwards".

"That's a sensible attitude to adopt. If I was working class I'd do the same. How does it feel to be poor, by the way? I've never met anyone in your income bracket so far. I'm afraid I've led a sheltered life".

"Well, needless to say, poverty endows one with an appreciation of the simple pleasures. I'm not used to being paid £200 for enjoying myself".

"Here. There's the £200. All the best. Cheerio".

"I don't have to do anything for it?"

"Not unless you particularly want to".

the executors proved testy.

"It is an enigma," said Alan. "I will split the sum with you."

I gave him two pounds ten.

Alan and I attended the memorial service held for Sarah in the stone church of her native island. There were some among its community of twenty who had not forgotten her.

"She was away to Edinburgh long since," said a man who remembered her, "but she was a decent woman nonetheless."

"She knew her bible," I said.

"Aye. Verra well. Verra well. But only from hearsay, mark you."

"Hearsay?" said Alan, casting me a look.

"She could nae read a word in her life. She did naw ken but what others read to her."

Presently, as we stood on the jetty, I formed in my mind an impression of the story of Onan as it might be told to a child who cannot read: by Enid Blyton, for example. I wondered who had told it to Sarah, and when, and in what terms.

"I owe you fifty shillings," said Alan gruffly.

"Keep it, man," I said. "Put it towards the embalment, in due time, of the bird Onan. She is a creature who should be pleasing to the Lord. She recalls a simple heart."

"This is moral blackmail. I feel an obligation to you now".

"It's warmth I'm after—not a mechanical exercise. If you're burdened with a sense of obligation, forget it"

"This is all rather puzzling. You go to elaborate, secret arrangements to meet me, part with £200 for the privilege, then try to chase me out of the door after a couple of minutes. I've heard of the whims of the rich, but this is ridiculous. The least you can do is to offer me some explanation as to how all this came about in the first place. I've never seen you before. How did you even know I existed?"

"I've watched you through my binoculars on your way to and from work. I went down that way myself a few times to get a closer look at you, but you didn't seem to notice me".

"Why didn't you just approach me on the path? Why all this secrecy?"

"My father is a cabinet minister. I have to be discreet about these things".

"What's your name?"

"Bromley".

"Never heard of it. I don't take much interest in politics. You're a long way from Westminster anyway".

"I'm only here for two or three weeks' hunting holiday".

"It could be an expensive holiday. Do you realize I could blackmail you for years to come over this letter?"

"It would be hard to prove anything. It was typewritten. Even the signature was printed. You wouldn't have used it against me anyway. You're not the type".

"How do you know?"

"I had investigations carried out. You come here tonight more out of curiosity than anything else. You don't consider £200 a fortune. You have more money than you pretend".

"You seem to know all about me".

"There's only one thing about you I don't know".

"What?"

"If you feel the same way about me as I feel about you".

"How do you feel for somebody you've just met?"

"Ever heard of love at first sight?"

"Yes. But I don't believe in it".

"May I kiss you?"

"After all the effort you've gone to, it's the least I can do".

He pecked me harmlessly on the cheek and withdrew, telling me to put on my clothes in case I caught cold.

I dressed quickly and hurried out. He opened the door for me and waved a listless goodbye. I was only a few steps down the path when the shot rang out.

Choking with self-reproach I ran back to the house. A second shot rang out, unaccompanied by any scream of pain.

Evidently he was committing suicide with a stiff upper lip.

I battered on the door for a couple of minutes before he casually opened it.

"I thought that would bring you back. Curiosity is definitely your number one weakness", he said, taking me in his arms.

homosexual social needs

The Albany Trust is making a survey of the social needs of homosexual men and women. Its aim is to provide necessary information for the Trust and others concerned to improve the situation. In order to get some idea of the background of the people answering the questions, it is necessary to ask for a few personal details, but we do not want to know your name. All the information you give us will be regarded as strictly confidential. Please answer all the items by PUTTING A CIRCLE ROUND THE NUMBER that seems most appropriate and return the questionnaire before 15th February 1970 to the Albany Trust (Survey) 32 Shaftesbury Avenue, London W1V 8EP.

1. Are you: 1. Male
2. Female?
2. How old are you?
1. Under 18 2. 18-20
3. 21-30 4. 31-40
5. 41-50 6. Over 50
3. Are you: 1. Single
2. Married 3. Widowed
4. Divorced or separated?
4. How old were you when you stopped your full-time education? 1. 15 or under
2. 16-17 3. 18-19
4. 20-21 5. Over 21
5. Did you attend university or a college of further education? 1. Yes 2. No

6. Would you describe your job as: 1. Professional
2. Executive or managerial
3. Clerical, office or shop staff
4. Skilled manual
5. Unskilled manual
7. What is your annual wage or salary (before tax)?
1. Under £1,000
2. £1,000-£1,500
3. £1,500-£2,000
4. £2,000-£2,500
5. Over £2,500
8. Where do you live?
1. The Greater London Area
2. The Home Counties
3. The Midlands 4. The North East
5. The North West 6. East Anglia 7. The South Coast
8. The West Country 9. Wales
10. Scotland 11. Northern Ireland
9. Do you live in: 1. a big city
2. a medium sized city or town
3. a small town or village
4. a country district?
10. Do you think you are:
1. Entirely homosexual
2. Mostly homosexual but slightly heterosexual
3. Equally homosexual and heterosexual
4. Mostly heterosexual but slightly homosexual
5. Entirely heterosexual?
11. When did you first realise that you had homosexual feelings? 1. Under 10
2. 10-12 3. 13-15 4. 16-18
5. 19-21 6. Over 21?
12. When did you have your first homosexual experience? 1. Under 10
2. 10-12 3. 13-15
4. 16-18 5. 19-21 6. Over 21
13. How old was the other person? 1. Older
2. Younger 3. About your own age

14. Have you ever sought advice or help about your homosexuality from:
1. a psychiatrist 2. a general practitioner 3. a clergyman
4. a teacher 5. a social worker
6. a parent 7. another in your family
8. a personal friend 9. other (please state)?
10. I have never sought advice.
15. If so, were they helpful?
1. Yes 2. No
16. Do you regard yourself as well adjusted to your homosexuality? 1. Yes
2. No
17. Have you ever had a homosexual love-relationship lasting more than six months? 1. Yes
2. No
18. Do you have such a relationship at present?
1. Yes 2. No
19. If not, do you desire one now or in the future?
1. Now 2. In the future
3. Not at all 4. Not sure
20. Do you live: 1. Alone
2. With homosexual friend(s)
3. with your family 4. in a non-homosexual household?
5. Other (please state)

21. Do you spend the greater part of your leisure time: 1. With homosexuals
2. With non-homosexuals
3. By yourself?
22. How many of your friends or acquaintances do you know to be homosexual? 1. None
2. One or two 3. Up to a dozen
4. More
23. When you have sex, is this usually with: 1. A permanent or regular partner
2. One of your friends
3. A casual acquaintance
4. a stranger?
24. Do you know of any meeting places for homosexuals in your area?
1. Pubs or bars 2. Clubs
3. Other (please state)
25. Do you visit any of these frequently? 1. Pubs or bars
2. Clubs 3. Other (please state)
26. Is their atmosphere:
1. Pleasant 2. Not pleasant
27. Do you meet sexual partners: 1. Through mutual friends
2. In 'gay' pubs or clubs
3. In public places frequented by homosexuals
4. In 'non-gay' circumstances
5. In other ways? (please state)
28. Have you bought or read any magazines or other publications especially aimed at homosexual readers?
1. Yes 2. No
29. If so, please list names below and comment briefly on your impression of them:

30. Do you regard yourself as a lonely person? 1. Yes
2. No
31. Do any of your non-homosexual friends and acquaintances know that you are homosexual? 1. Most
2. Some 3. A few 4. None
32. Would it worry you if those who don't know found out? 1. Yes 2. No
33. Do your employers know that you are a homosexual? 1. Yes
2. No 3. I don't know
34. Do you think that you would lose your job if they did know about you? 1. Yes
2. No 3. I don't know
35. Have you ever been in any sort of trouble because of homosexuality? 1. Yes
2. No (If yes, please give brief details in the space below)
36. Number in the order of their importance to you:
.... further legal reforms
.... more tolerance and understanding among the general public
.... more well-run and socially accepted meeting places catering for homosexual people
.... more opportunities to meet other homosexuals privately in home surroundings
.... an association in which you could participate and work to improve things for homosexuals individually and collectively
.... informative homosexual magazines and other "special interest" publications
.... research to find out more about homosexuality

(If you have other suggestions for meeting social needs, please add them in the space below)

37. At present the legal age of consent for homosexual relations is 21. What age do you think it should be?
1. 16 2. 18 3. 21
4. Other (please state)
38. Are there any further changes in the law which you would like to see? (If so, please give brief details in the space below)

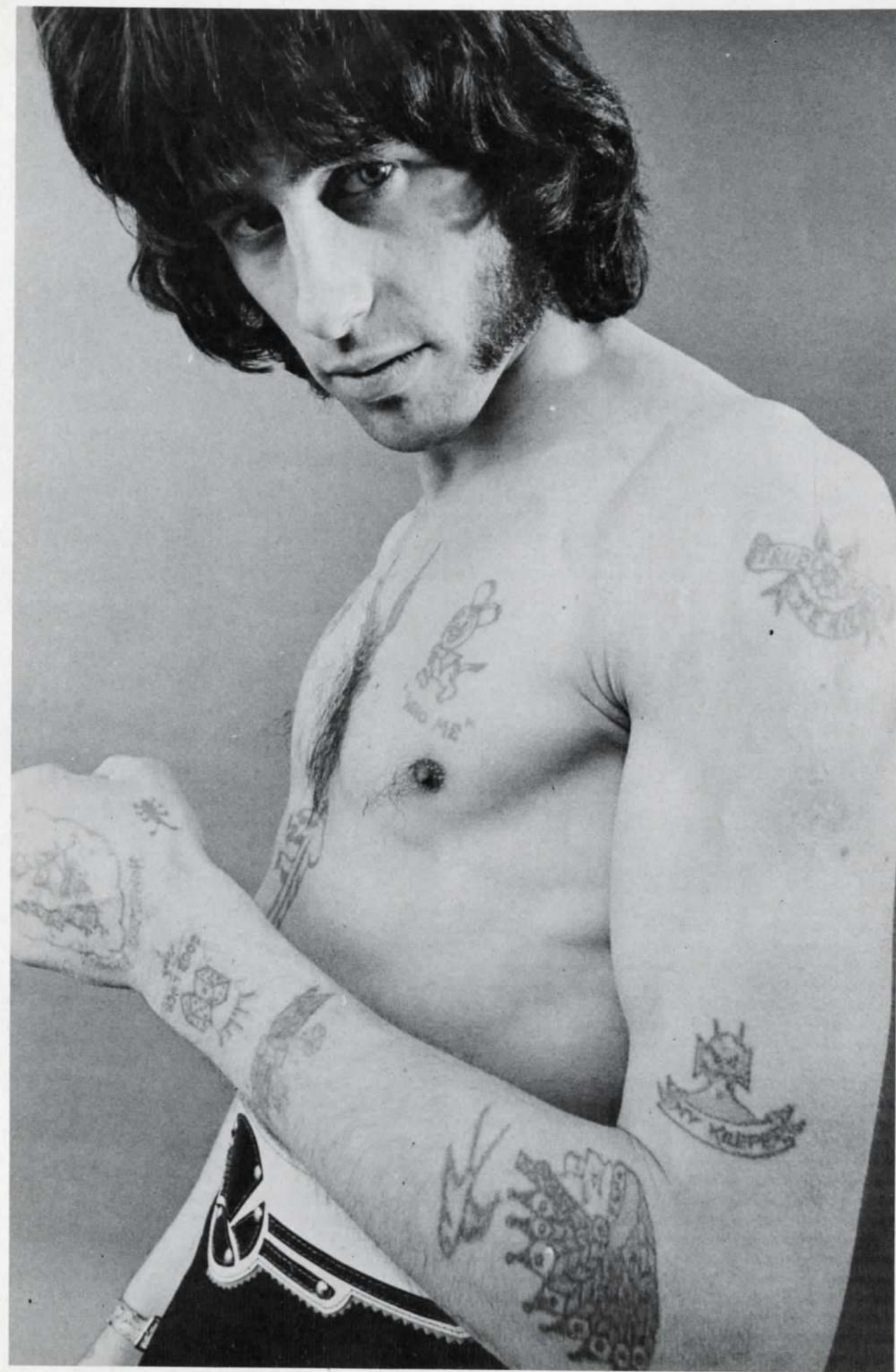
39. Have you previously heard of the Albany Trust?
1. Yes 2. No

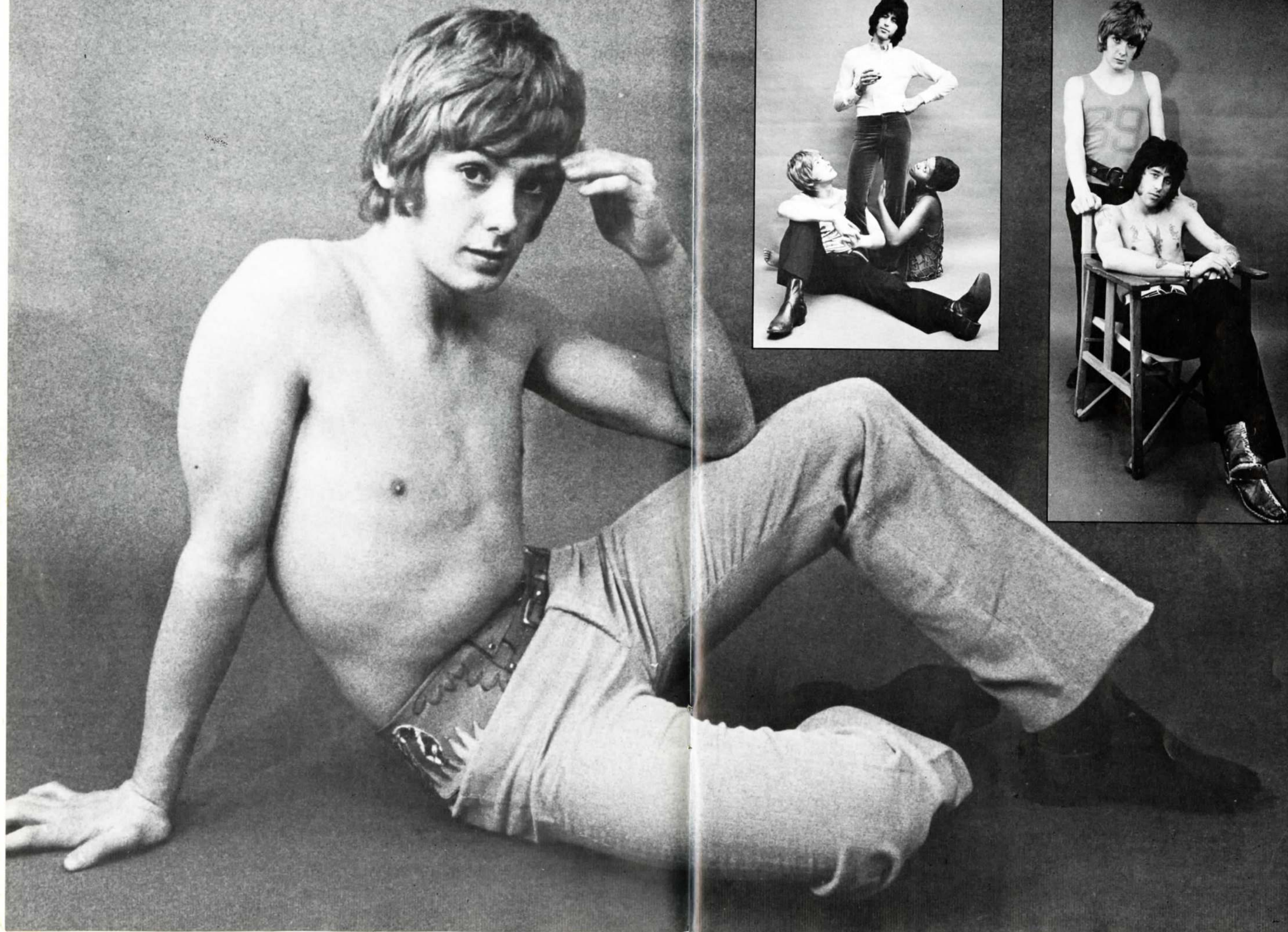
Thank you for helping us. If you feel that this questionnaire is interesting and useful, please assist to make it really representative by getting as many other people as possible to fill it in too. Additional copies may be obtained on request from: ALBANY TRUST (SURVEY), 32 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W1V 8EP.

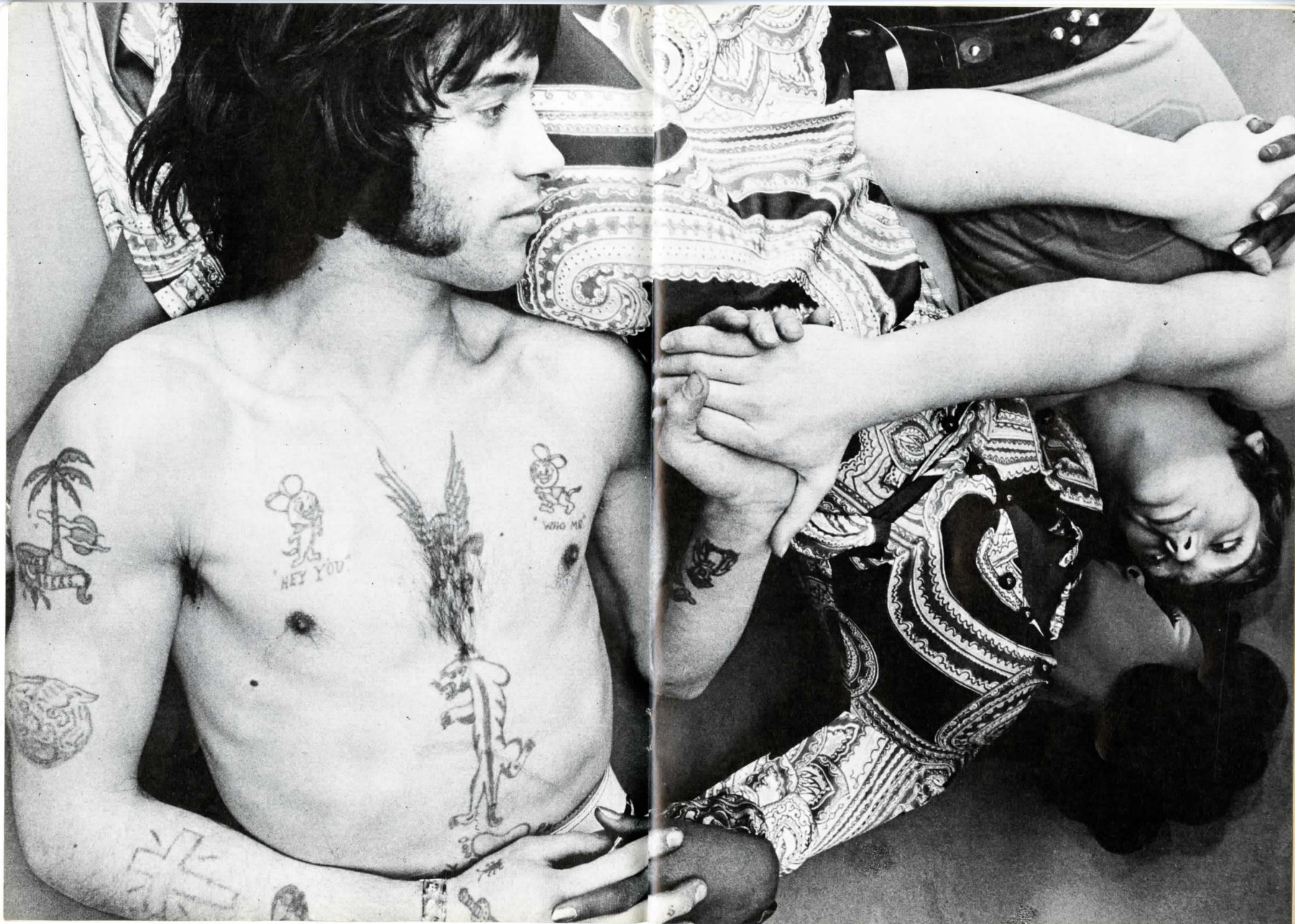


Riding Easy

-or how sharp
is your eternal triangle?









Clothes by John Stephen and Mr. Freedom.



**Horizontal
or
vertical?
Which
way
do you
prefer
then?**

Photographs by Johnny Clamp.

Whoops! A sad gay racket



Derek Foulds in Colin Spencer's homosexual play *Spitting Image*.

Peter Burton examines the reasons for the success and failure of some recent homosexual drama. Do the public pay to see real people—or reassuring queer caricatures?

Boys in the Band has been running in London now for a year, for even longer in New York, and we are shortly to be treated to a film version of it. The play has had the dubious distinction of being issued complete on a set of long playing records. And that is unusual; *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* is one of the few other modern and recent plays to have been issued in this way. Charles Dyer's *Staircase*, though not issued as a record, has been as fortunate as *Boys*. The play came first, staged by the Royal Shakespeare Company and starring Paul Scofield, one of Britain's leading actors; then two of the screen's biggest stars, Burton and Rex Harrison, made the much condemned movie. And the *Staircase* success story doesn't stop there either. Author playwright Dyer did his own screenplay too, then dug out all his old notes and ideas for the original play project, worked them over—we're told the notes ran to something near a thousand pages, and produced a whacking great novel of the play of the film. So it goes on. And, oh yes, almost forgotten, the script of *Boys* is available in book form too. *Cherry, Larry, Sandy, Doris, Jean, Paul*, by Jack Larson played a short season in London in the summer, when the University of Southern California Drama Division brought it over with them. Colin Spencer's domestic comedy, *Spitting Image*, had a wildly successful run at the small Hampstead Theatre Club a year ago and later transferred to the Duke of Yorks. Landford Wilson's *The Madness of Lady Bright*, seen at the International Theatre Club over a year ago, was well received by the liberal press, but was given only a limited run and not half the acclaim it should have received.

Each of the five plays mentioned has one thing in common. Each of them is concerned, in some way or other, with homosexuals and homosexuality. The first two were wildly successful, the other three definitely weren't. Why? Well, let's go back a bit and look at some other plays that have used this box office potential theme. Way back, when most of us weren't even thought of, London and New York saw a play called *The Green Bay Tree* (Mordaunt Sharp, London 1933, with Frank Vosper, later to die in rather mysterious circumstances). The plot concerned an elderly gentleman, assuredly a disciple of Saint Oscar, and his young ward. The run was good, and the play, still an amusing period piece, achieved a certain notoriety because of its theme of corruption of a young man by an elder. It ended with a delicate scene with one combing the hair of the other: not very daring for

today, but it certainly made people talk then. It would be interesting to see how well this play would go if revived now; it certainly couldn't be worse than some of the plays we see in London. Funnily enough, a direct descendant of *The Green Bay Tree* did make an appearance in the West End about five years back—Pauline MacCauly's *The Creeper* which sported that excellent actor Eric Portman as a bizarre elderly gentleman with a liking, implied rather than openly stated, for young men. Naturally it had one or two tricks up on *The Green Bay Tree*, but it wasn't all that far removed, and the stink of corruption and decay hovered over the entire stage household: something sinister in the bed.

For a while the New Watergate Theatre Club had a run of plays with a decidedly homosexual interest. The Lord Chamberlain wouldn't grant a license for public performance to plays like *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, *Tea and Sympathy* or *A View From the Bridge*. His reasoning was pretty wonky in each of these cases, for in the first the alcoholic sportsman hero wards off his repressed homosexuality; in the second a schoolmistress offers herself to save a boy she thinks is queer, and in the third the embrace between two men which the censor objected to wasn't a sexual kiss at all but one between two jealous heterosexual men, one of whom was trying to imply the other was queer. Yet in the last few years the number of plays with a real homosexual theme has escalated alarmingly. Even small experimental theatres have presented plays which contained an almost statutory gay character. Some of the plays have been good like *The Killing of Sister George*, some bad like the brutal and unconvincing *Fortune and Men's Eyes*. *Fortune and Men's Eyes* had such a success here, and a good critical reception, that it's been revived in New York by actor Sal Mineao, and even sexed up some. The previously off-stage rape now takes place, so the American reviews announce, bang in front of the audience, simulated, of course, not the real thing. Actors have yet to manage erections on stage, and who'd care to give eight public performances of that kind every week? Even the most hardened exhibitionist would find it a bit of a strain.

But, back to our main theme, those five plays mentioned earlier—the whys and wherefores of their respective successes and failures. *Cherry, Larry, Sandy*, reviewed in the first issue of *Jeremy*, was written, for some eccentric reason, in verse. But the play had massive charm and miraculous compassion. *Cherry* followed the course of events between a gay affair and their travelling companion girlfriend. The very use of a girl in this situation represented a real step forward in homosexual writing and the fact that the boys were written about as normal boys made a change too.

The Madness of Lady Bright is probably one of the best representations ever seen on stage of the decline of a gay man. The central character is

written about with real feeling and real understanding, is not sensationalized or depersonalised and the picture we get is sympathetic. The only laughter is with the character not at him. Colin Spencer's *Spitting Image* is in a slightly different category. For this play, though it started off in a small club, was obviously destined for bigger things from the beginning. The main situation in this comedy was that boys were physically capable of becoming pregnant, and the ending of the piece, pure farce, had militant homosexual mothers and fathers storming a centre to rescue their progeny from the hands of mad scientists. The scorn heaped on this production from some quarters showed a frightening loathing of homosexuals still strongly exists, but despite vicious reviews the play has gone to New York, and is to be made, some time in 1970, into a movie. In each of these three plays the gay characters have been represented as human beings, with feelings, fears and desires, shown as men, not mincing monstrosities out of a McGill comic postcard. But *Staircase* and *Boys in the Band* show the other side of the coin: the unpleasant outrageous picture of homosexuality that is good for a fast buck because it is acceptable to press and public alike. Why? Because the homosexuals in both plays are of the lisping, mincing, perfume-reeking, mother-ridden kind. *Boys* is the most offensive in this respect and it is a pretty poorly written play on top of that. Isn't it basically two one act plays, one comedy and one drama, tied together to make a full length piece? It may be that things are very different in the States: maybe the queer scene is all closely knit, without allowances for youth or life, concerned with nothing further than the latest petty drama, and lacking women. For it is certainly true in this country that the younger gay crowd is becoming more of a bisexual crowd. Here we no longer get so much misogynistic spoutings. But *Staircase* and *Boys in the Band* have proved successful and *Fortune and Men's Eyes*, viciously anti-queer, was also a success in a limited way. They prove that the subject does have box office appeal and potential: when it is dressed in the way the public want it dressed: when the men, or women, represented are shown as the public have always thought of or imagined them—lispering, flapping their wrists, effeminate—and UNNATURAL. As the posters for the film of *Staircase* cry: "Whoops! A sad gay story". And that's just about it. The attitudes of the theatre towards homosexuals is a sad gay story and is likely to remain so until more plays like *Lady Bright* and *Spitting Image* are given a fair chance. Until then we'll get homosexuals on stage, but they'll only last if they're like the other misfits, the petty crooks, the drug-addicts—who are even more maligned and ignored—because they're 'poor sick things' to feel liberal and sorry for. Not to think of as natural, normal men worthy of attention and respect. Just to feel sorry for. It really is a sad gay story.



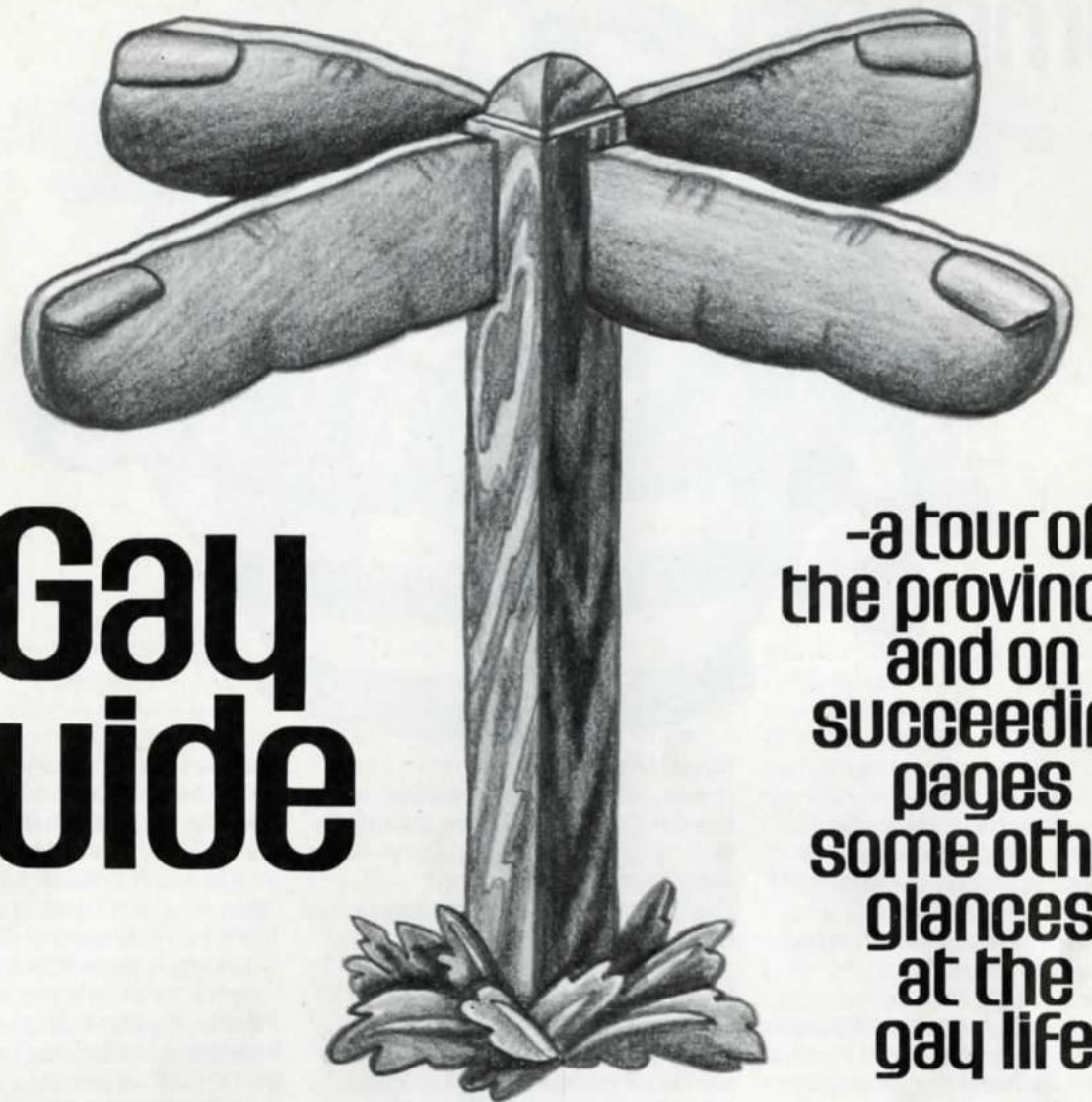
Pussy Galore

Miaow! November's Jeremy profiled Bo, the Queen of the Vauxhall Tavern. We now have news of **Pussy** (formerly of Pussy and Bo) to set you cats purring. Her new act is much more entertaining with less mime and more original material and camp patter. She is

appearing regularly at the Windsor Castle, Harrow Road (Tuesdays), the Royal Oak, Hammersmith (Thursdays) and the Old Crown, Kingston-on-Thames (Fridays and Sundays). A real cool kitten this one—but not to be rubbed up the wrong way. Boy, can she scratch!

MIKE McGRATH

Gay Guide



-a tour of
the provinces
and on
succeeding
pages
some other
glances
at the
gay life

Our gay guide marches into the 70's with a tour of the provinces. But first a request for assistance. We would like to provide an interesting, accurate and up to the minute service... **WITH YOUR HELP.** Do you have a favourite bar, a lively club or an entertaining restaurant you like to visit? If you do then give us a brief run down on it.

DO YOU OWN OR RUN a bar? ... a club? ... a Discotheque? ... a restaurant? If so and you would like us to mention it, let us know. Just send full details for a bit of free advertising.

GOING ON HOLIDAY? We will publish occasional Guides to your favourite resorts until the holiday season. Again keep us up to date. The scene changes rapidly, so include the last date you were there. Include price range, membership details if any, writing to Gay Guide Jeremy Magazine 45, Carnaby Street London W.1.

So, how are things in the Midlands? The *Berkeley Hotel* in Cheltenham High Street has a fair restaurant. The Cotswold Bar is Quiet during the week and livens up on Friday after 9 p.m. On Saturday the Sandford Room is open, crowded and provides music. Why not make it your rendezvous?

No aircraft carriers to send you rushing to Gloucester Docks. A barge or two and a Cabin Cruiser (a new angle). Alongside is the *Ship*, boasting a Juke Box. If you want a relatively inexpensive meal, the *New Inn* at the Town Centre in Northgate is a really fine old Coaching Inn where any visitor to Gloucester can spend a pleasant evening.

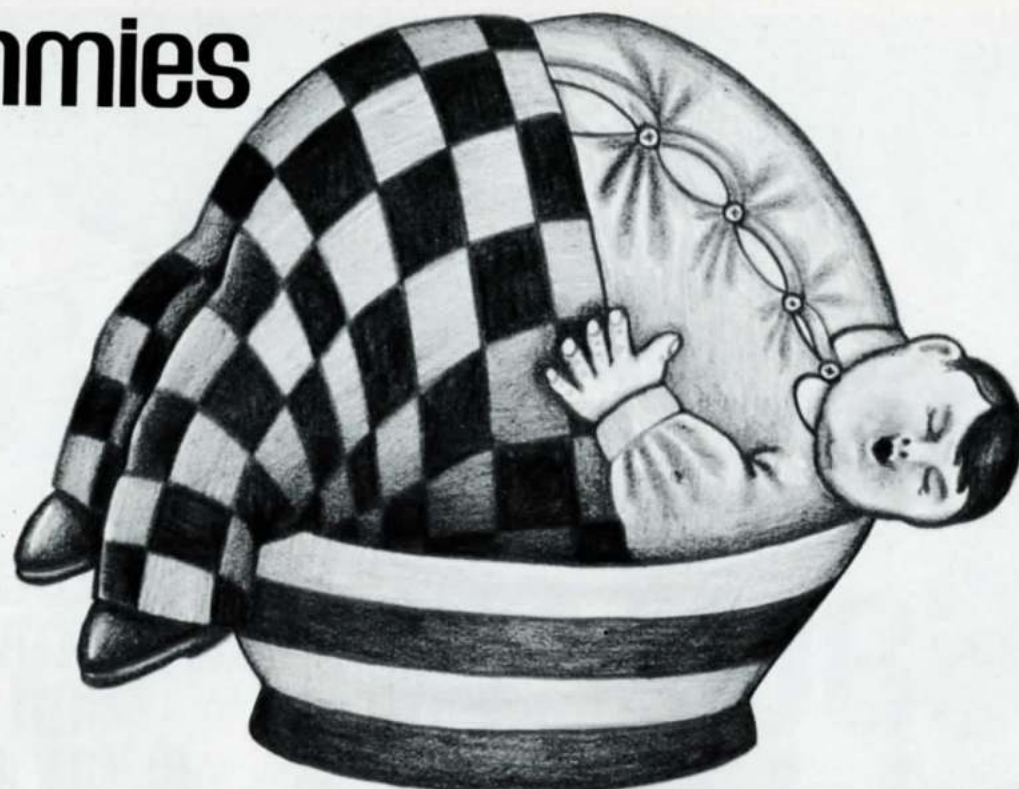
If you live in Northampton why not get the town swinging at the *Princess Royal* in Wellingborough Road? Perhaps you feel like kicking your heels high. If you have a car and fancy a Disco. then

take a trip to Birmingham. A good late night club is the *Queen Victoria*, 10 Victoria Square, Birmingham 2. (membership). We would appreciate more information on Brum.

This is not the busiest time of the year at Stratford on Avon. But it remains an attraction throughout the year. The theatre scene changes but there is still a sprinkling of tourists and visitors from surrounding towns. Some may be found in the *Red Lion*, well placed for the last bus home, but the most attractive bar from most points of view, is the *Queen's Head*. Piped music and snacks does not sound exactly like a rave up but it's worth a visit particularly on Saturdays.

If you like entertainment, groups, drag shows, and so on, we could keep you up to date. Agents, managers and artistes please inform us a couple of months beforehand.

Tummies

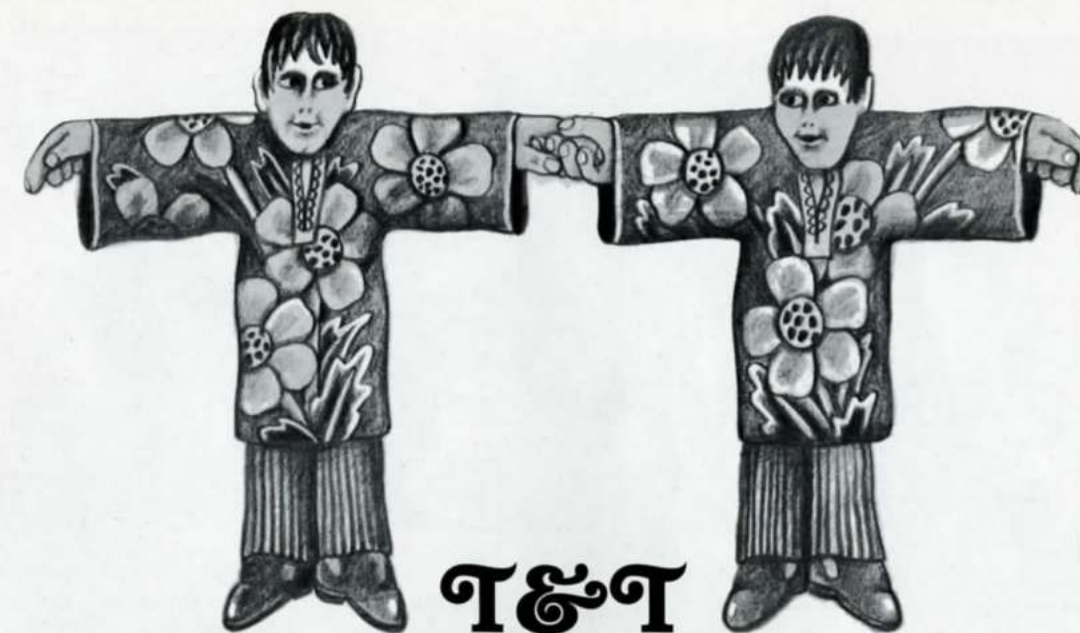


This month I am going to concentrate on restaurants which are particularly suitable for lunch and offer either a prix fixe or special lunchtime dishes. None of them is expensive, since I am sure you know where to go for a splurge. Among the rash of Chinese restaurants that have grown up in London there are now some of real originality and distinction. One of my particular favourites is **Lee Ho Fook** (1). Do not be surprised by the decor—the premises used to be a strip-club. At lunchtime it is crowded with Chinese families who come for the *dim sum*, which is a form of extended hors d'oeuvre served in a pile of bamboo dishes to keep it hot. *Dim sum* is a series of dumplings, fish balls and meat that was originally served as a form of snack in South China. You will find many unusual and interesting flavours but on a first visit it is best to leave the choice to your waiter and then find out the names of the ones that appeal to you particularly. I never think that wine goes well with oriental food and in any case the waiter will automatically bring a pot of delicious green tea. To finish with try one of their delicate egg custards that would put any European establishment to shame. A lunch of this type will not cost more than about £1 per

head. Unfortunately the management do not accept bookings before 6 p.m., but you will never have to wait very long for a table. During cold winter weather Central European cooking is very fortifying and among the Hungarian restaurants the **Gay Hussar** (2) is undoubtedly the best. The atmosphere is not at all what might be suggested by the name. The clientele is serious not to say solemn and to use the immortal phrase of an Italian opera synopsis "the absence of gaiety is dolefully apparent". Similarly the service can on occasion seem almost surly though this has been less noticeable of late. However these are minor criticisms when set against the quality of the cuisine. Hungarian food is not of course subtle and indeed to some over-refined palates it seems gross, but personally I find it one of the three or four most interesting in Europe. All the paprika dishes can be strongly recommended, as can the minced breast of goose and the inevitable goulash. If you want something lighter the pancakes and the debreziner sausage will be more acceptable. At lunchtime there is a prix fixe at 15/6 to 17/6 according to the main dish taken. A word of warning however—if you drink wine the cost will mount alarmingly, so if

you want to economise stick to the excellent German beer. In the evenings there is only à la carte. This naturally offers a much wider choice with the main courses costing about 12/6 to 17/6 garnished. Booking is essential either at lunchtime or in the evening. Finally, if you really want to impress your favourite boyfriend with a touch of grande luxe the **Causerie** (3) at Claridges is the perfect place. The clientele, like the decor, tends to be pink and feminine and very distinguished. On my last visit I sat between the King of Greece (who is even more handsome than photographs would suggest) and a well-known M.P.—Labour naturally. At lunchtime a Smorgasbord is offered at 22/- to 27/6 with a drink thrown in. There is also a small and highly priced à la carte menu which is extremely good. The service is expert and unobtrusive, though by no means frigid. In sum this is probably my favourite place for a light lunch.

- (1) **Lee Ho Fook**,
15 Gerrard St., W.1
(Tel. 734-9578).
- (2) **The Gay Hussar**,
2 Dean St., W.1
(Tel. 437-0973).
- (3) **The Causerie at Claridges**
Hotel, Brook St., W.1
(Tel. 629-8860).



What, you may be asking yourself at this grey, January moment, have the newspaper headlines in store for you during the coming year? What shocks, what horrors, what wincing embarrassments, what new abominations now hover in the wings of history, waiting to fall upon the morning eyeball at that most vulnerable time between the aftershave and the marmalade?

Fear not. To judge by our crystal balls (of which we have one apiece, and use them to good advantage) 1970 has not the smallest novelty to offer. How too, too predictable it is.

CULTURE, for example: Yoko Ono will launch 'Yawning Nostrils' on the widest possible screen and with a cast of thousands. It will not even get an 'A' Certificate. Polymorphous perversity will stalk the boards in pantomime, with 'Equity' demanding equal pay for Principal Boys, Jack grasping a beanstalk as big as the Post Office Tower between his legs, and Widow Twankeys from Wigan to Westminster losing their codpieces to the Fairy Queen. The Royal Academy will, with any luck, hang Duncan Sandys, and (we hope) a Portrait of the Artist from an Unusual Angle will be painted by David Hockney. Desmond Morris, it goes almost without saying, will sue the London Zoo for breach of copyright.

And **INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS**? We can see the 'Express' headlines in our

mind's eye. "Queen offers to continue monarchy on piece-rates basis". Or "Wild-cat move in hair-weaving industry ends West End musical". Or "Sit-down strike by lavatory attendants causes serious arrears". Or "Go-slow by Archbishop of Canterbury passes unnoticed". Or "Lightning strike by lightning shocks TUC."

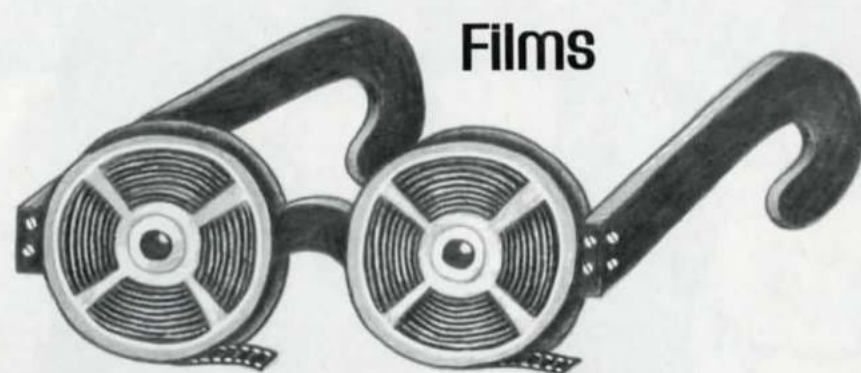
The battle for **LIBERTY** will go to and fro. In February the Minister of Health will announce the appointment of a Chief Public Relations Officer to widespread rejoicing. In March the Chief Public Relations Officer, Ministry of Health, will apologise for February misprint, and the Government will lose five by-elections. The age of consent will be reduced to 20½ for an experimental fortnight in Tooting Bec. At the British Museum Trustees will open the Closed Case to the over-seventies, and premature senility will sweep Inner London.

STATISTICS? A snip from the *Economist*: "Average man discovered on Clapham omnibus, Government Actuary resigns." And **SCIENCE**? "Astronomer Royal commemorates Galileo by dropping balls over parapet of Post Office Tower. Riots in Tottenham Court Road." Or **MEDICINE**? "Major advance in spare-part surgery provokes rumours of graft in strange places." Or **BIRTH-DAY HONOURS**? "Large

number of Knights Bachelor revives speculation about future of marriage." But, as ever, it will be the same old gossip and the same old personalities, the same old 'New Developments' and long-awaited 'Dramatic Moves' and all-too-predictable 'Tony Curtis Sensations' and routine 'Prices Up Official' (the poor chap gets his come-uppance with ritual frequency) which will continue to greet us daily with the uncouth but reassuring familiarity of the ill-bred. **VIZ.**

Bitter Weather Drives March Hares To Invade Park Lane Bunny Club on Mistaken Premises:
Further Resurrection of Paul McCartney Causes Small Outbreak of Christianity In N. London. Zoroastrian Backlash In Chelsea:
Heron Of Queen's Flight Lays Egg on Snowdon:
Mutiny of Salvation Army Bannerwomen Halts Lambeth Talks:

Chancellor Introduces Icosahedral New-halfpenny: Water Declared Health Hazard Following New Study of Bathing Accidents. Brewers Demand Action:
Floating Voter Woos Ted Heath at Brighton and Gets Parliamentary Privilege.
And what will be the *dullest* headline of 1970? We offer no prize but hesitate, ourselves, between "LSE occupied by teaching staff; many unhurt", and "Noel Coward declared alive by competent authority".



Films

Ken Russell's beautiful film of **WOMEN IN LOVE** is fascinating but somehow incomplete. It does not quite transcend its literary source. Whilst watching the two formidable sisters (Glenda Jackson and Jennie Linden) capture and destroy their mates (Oliver Reed and Alan Bates) I found myself wishing that I had read my copy of the D. H. Lawrence novel. Despite the meticulous detail of costumes and sets the film could have given more information about the social upheavals and artistic movements which were obviously affecting the lives of the four rebellious young lovers.

Jenny Linden is the embodiment of the pretty young Mother Nature with knitting needles and a sweetly smothering cosiness. As Ursula she is capable of perception but has a limited mind quite unable to conceive how her lover could need the company of another man when he already has her. Alan Bates plays Rupert Birkin, which is reputed to be a self-portrait of Lawrence, with his usual good-looking sympathetic boyish charm, but he lacks the intellectual intensity which is essential to the character. Oliver Reed as Rupert's intimate friend Gerald has the natural Northern passion which the highly demanding Gudrun fails to recognize. In a splendid performance of the slow perversion of liberated femininity Glenda Jackson reveals the quality which could make her a star as well as the outstanding actress she is already recognized to be. It is a

subtle combination of vulnerable sensitivity with emotional dominance. Eleanor Bron assumes the affectations of the aristocratic Hermione with ample ease, but does not quite convey sufficient sensuality. It is that quality which Gudrun despises in her wealthy hostess yet finds so fascinating in the kinky German sculptor played with an aura of decadence by Vladek Sheybal. Gerald's dotty and demented mother is played by Catherine Wilmer with crazed inspiration.

Except in the difficult glaring conditions of the Alpine location, which looks rather like a calendar scene, the photography by Billy Williams is exquisite. The famous wrestling scene is very tasteful, but not so exciting as the love-making scenes or as Rupert's naked and solitary splendour in the grass.

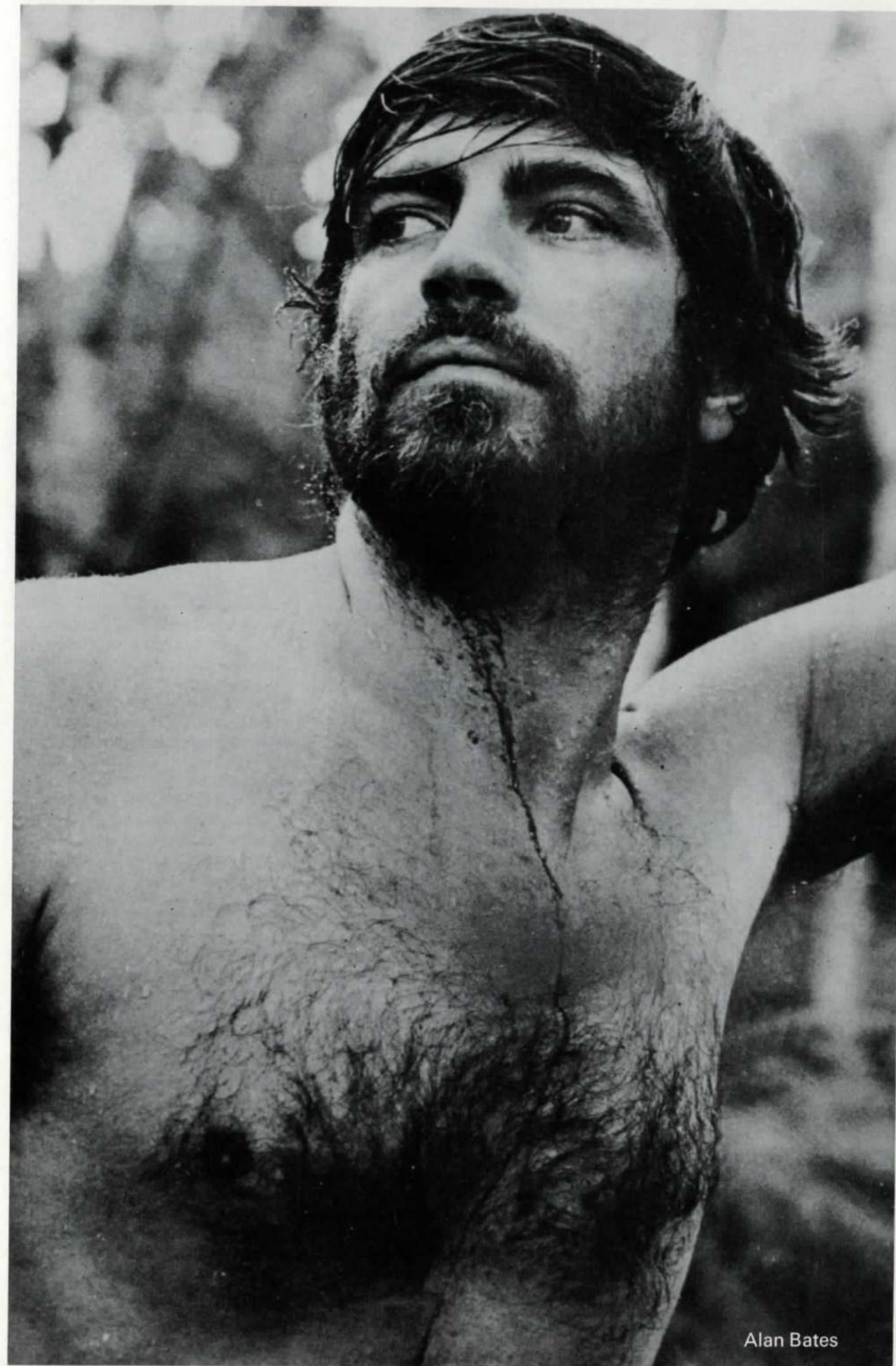
Ken Russell has a hit on his hands. It is a great pity that it did not happen a little sooner, though his television work has been highly esteemed for years. If only he had directed the big screen version of *Isadora*. His BBC TV version was superb. Now he is shooting his next feature, *The Lonely Heart* with Richard Chamberlain as the homosexual composer Tchaikovsky.

Another director who has come to the cinema from TV is Joseph McGrath. His film of **THE MAGIC CHRISTIAN** has been unkindly torn to shreds by many critics who failed to appreciate its buoyant good humour. Freely adapted from Terry Southern's satirical novel, it attacks and

parodies snobbery, bigotry and hypocrisy, which are of course fairly obvious targets.

Sir Guy Grand, a suave man of apparently limitless wealth, played with restraint by Peter Sellers, adopts a young drop-out stooge (Ringo Starr), and demonstrates to him, and to us, the well-known truism that every man has his price. What is remarkable and heartening is that, despite this jaundiced view, the film still has a refreshing optimism. It is, in fact, a thoroughly enjoyable piece of entertainment—and that is not such a trivial thing as it may sound. True, in the mine-field of multiple gags there are some duds, and the sharp edge of satire is sometimes dulled by the director's whimsical love of eccentric details. He decorates the corners of the frame, behind and around the main action, with bizarre and amusing oddities. The pace is fast. He has directed many TV commercials as well as zany TV comedy shows. Underlying the laughs is a loving tolerance and the conviction that life should be worth living.

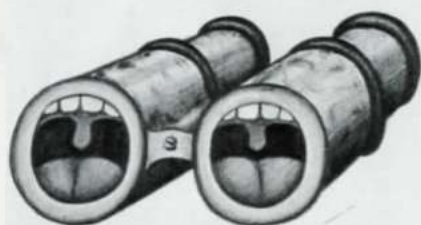
To prove the point McGrath uses an enormous cast besides Sellers and Ringo. There is also Spike Milligan as a venal traffic warden, Lawrence Harvey as a memorable and very unconventional Hamlet, the magnificent Raquel Welch, John Cleese, Wilfred Hyde White, Christopher Lee, bare-breasted galley-slave-girls, a drag torch-singer, dancing muscle-men, amorous prize-fighters, and the Paul McCartney song "Come and Get It". It's worth it.



Alan Bates



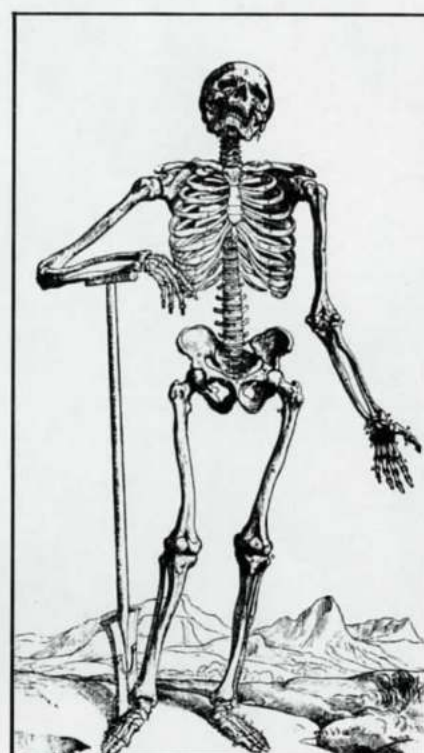
Opera & Music



"Let me take you to an opera," I said to my friend Alan. With a bit of persuasion he came. I had chosen *Il Trovatore*: what a disaster! "Thank you," he said, "But I'd rather not go again. I don't think I like opera." I remonstrated that there are at least half a dozen *kinds* of opera and that he must give it more of a trial, but his objections were valid, centring around the fact that operatic music is riddled with conventions. "Why *sing* the words? Why hold up the action in order to give the soprano an aria?" "Persevere," I said.



"Be openminded! Don't apply the critical criteria appropriate to other art-forms to operatic music." I would have liked him to have seen two 20th century works performed recently in London which illustrated the immense variety within operatic music, and a third which was musical theatre in which there were no words sung, but dramatic movement instead. They are all three difficult works to appreciate on a first hearing. *'Pélleas and Mélisande'* by Debussy at Covent Garden was conducted by Pierre Boulez, a great interpreter of the music of this century. This opera must be understood in relation to the age in which it was written—that of the impressionist painters. Indeed *'Pélleas'* is the

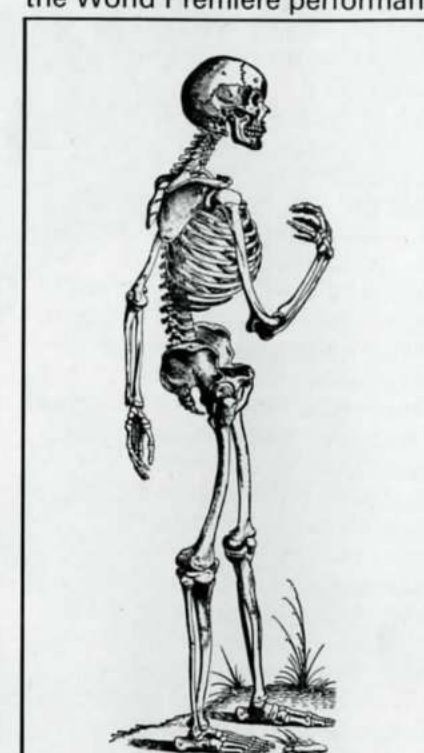


operatic equivalent of artistic and literary impressionism. No-one is ever in two minds about this opera. Either one likes it for its suggestive, elusive atmosphere, or one rejects it because there is no true melody in the conventional sense of the term and, however lovely the music is, one feels it is too much to listen for over two hours to such similar sounds. Yet *'Pélleas'*, as Boulez showed, contains a variety of moods and a range of emotions which, in spite of its insubstantial melodic content, make it a unique and exciting work. The production, scenery and costumes were in the hands of three Czechs—Václav Vavřík, Josef Svoboda and Jan Skáclík. Through a series of drops and the use of many projectors, scene after scene of colourful and exotic images were unfolded on the cyclorama. The *Mélisande* of Elizabeth Soderstrom was particularly interesting—nothing falsely 'fey' about this woman.



At the Coliseum, there was the *'Rake's Progress'* by Stravinsky. While *'Pélleas'* is progressive, the *'Rake'* is an anachronism—looking through modern eyes at the world of 18th and 19th century opera, and using the conventions of that age. It is the last of the neo-classical operas, and offers to an aspiring enthusiast (leaving aside its salacious plot), accessible music in a contemporary opera (1951). Sadlers Wells give a convincing account of the famous story of the well-meaning profligate who dies in a madhouse. Here is drama, an excellently developed plot with a stern moral, and music which is

William Louthier dances The Illustrations of Vesalius in the World Premiere performance of *Vesalii Icones*.



relevant to all who have enjoyed the *'Rite of Spring'*. At the Queen Elizabeth Hall, the young English composer Peter Maxwell Davies conducted the first performance of his new work *'Vesalii Icones'*. The inspiration was a publication of 1543: Andrea Vesalius' *'De Humani Corporis Fabrica'*, containing fourteen drawings of the human body. To the composer, the taut muscles of these drawings suggested the strings of a cello and he planned a work for solo cello and small orchestra which would give expression to these drawings. The work developed further into a collaboration with William Louthier who danced in free form an interpretation of the fourteen Stations of the Cross developing out of the fourteen positions of the body in Vesalius. Maxwell Davies is one of the few modern composers in this country who is prepared to experiment with mixed media and in 'occasional' works such as this. The future



of drama in music in the 1970s will not lie in any large-scale, imitative, grand opera, but rather in compositions like *'Vesalii Icones'* which explore anew the relationship of such apparently different entities as 'music' and 'theatre'. While the idea is marvellous, this particular work was somewhat disappointing. The music does not rise to the heights of some of Davies' other writing and Louthier's ideas for the dances were ultimately limited in imagination; yet it showed again the variety which exists within operatic and allied stage music. *'Il Trovatore'* is in no way representative!

John Greenhalgh

Dance



Some ballets are born serious, some achieve seriousness and some have seriousness thrust upon them. **The Scottish Theatre Ballet** at Sadler's Wells (19th-29th November) illustrated the third stage and took themselves very solemnly too.

Breakaway was a mixture of an up-dated Mods and Rockers' number and a musical. Gillian Lynne's (the choreographer) programme-notes claimed it had a moral about young people in the permissive society who, though they are happy and full of life, cannot make the decision of commitment. Whether this statement is true is irrelevant: what I think is wrong is that the ballet turned out to be the vehicle of this message rather than an end in itself. However, all wasn't disaster for Kenn Wells compensated for this with his wide-eyed dancing. Better, though, was John Neumeier's **Frontier** with music by Arthur Bliss. This could easily have been set in the Gothic tapestry room in the V. & A. where a boy and a girl, by looking at wall-carpet, imagine themselves to be alive in the Renaissance.

Fortunately their fantasies coincide (of course they are the only couple this has ever happened to) and after they return to the present they make friends and all is well. Kenn Wells again, with Elaine McDonald and Marian St. Claire. I liked it.

The Lesson, choreographed by Flemming Flindt, is a dance about dancing—a girl arrives for her lesson, is taught a few steps and at the culmination is murdered. All this while the pianist hovers Jocasta-like in the background: she was danced with the right amount

of malevolence by Deirdre O'Donohue. Bournonville's **La Ventana** was sweet, and how beautifully Tatsuo Sakai danced it. Having seen Jack Carter's **Cage of God** where Abel is killed by fellatio I see what is meant by forbidden fruit.

The Dutch National Ballet achieved seriousness under the influence of Rudi van Dantzig, their guiding spirit and chief choreographer. They showed us two lovely Balanchine ballets: **Four Temperaments** with Hindemith music (Theme with Variations) and an otiose programme-note by the choreographer, and **Concerto Barocco** (Bach's Concerto for two violins in D minor). The company produced not only good dancing but also two very beautiful dancers, Guus Wijnogst who came into his own in Oscar Araiz's *Aureole*, and Sylvester Campbell, a Firbankian negro boy who has just discovered what delightful things can be done with his body. Guus achieved what everyone I know has always wanted to do: make love dressed in white on a white rug to Albinoni's sexy Adagio for organ and strings.

If Balanchine is known for choreographing ballets for women, with men as 'invisible' supports, Rudi van Dantzig is better working with men. His *Moments* is a beautiful and mysterious piece danced to Webern's music set off by scenery and costumes by the prolific Toer van Schayk. *Epitaph* was odd and perplexing, a ballet about life, death and what people might have been if they had lived. *Monument for a Dead Boy* is again about death and the crises in the life of a boy, danced when I saw it by Toer van Schayk who also designed the ballet. Van Dantzig shows various forms of love without sentimentality: the parents "honeying and making love over the nasty sty", the Radcliffe-like violence of the adolescent love that dares not speak its name, and the beginnings of a friendship with girl. What a truly great erection this Monument is!

The other day, as men were stepping out on to that dead heavenly body, the Moon, in a weightless scientific dance, I

watched the **Ballet Rambert** rehearse and saw Norman Morrice at work on his new ballet **Blind-Sight**. The Rambert were *born* serious. The great thing about *Blind-Sight* is that it doesn't stand or fall on any particular interpretation. Obviously it is about people who cannot see, and yet understand and love, and those who can but are impervious and blind to the needs and love of others. It is also about fear, frustration, cruelty and the hierarchical structure and formation of relationships. All this is there in the ballet, but Norman Morrice has created a ballet that does not merely demonstrate his ideas. He doesn't think first and then translate into balletic terms, but thinks physically. The music is most unusual: a mixture of percussion, electronic and big-band jazz—all welded skilfully together by Bob Downes. So successful is the music that it is coming out on record as *Dream Journey*. The costumes by Nadine Baylis give their wearers a new nakedness; and her set is composed of long bars imprisoning the cast and reflecting angry lights at the audience.

There are some things that can be communicated by ballet alone, and here we see perfect control of this language in movements that express the horror of being blind, being unable to communicate, the rule of the strongest and that sad movement at the end when the girl kicks the dead boy's body in sheer incomprehension. *Blind-Sight* is like a precious, polished jewel that reflects the light by means of skilful cutting. Innumerable facets, one stone. As for the dancers themselves, there is the good and beautiful Christopher Bruce who has given us another new ballet, *Living Space*, to words by Robert Cockburn. This is the story of the re-kindling of an old affair, with its attendant embarrassments, recriminations and final deeper love, danced by Bruce and Sandra Craig. When this company dances its members look as if they were doing the most natural thing in the world.

Rosser Davies



Christopher Bruce in *Blind-Sight*, Ballet Rambert.



Cole Porter wrote the songs for **"Anything Goes"** (late of the *Saville Theatre*). Howard Lindsay and Russell Crouse, along with Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse, wrote the book. In this revival the names of Messrs Bolton and Wodehouse are notably absent from the programme, though, presumably, their work remains. They've probably, wisely, ordered their names removed from association with the show. For this early piece

of writing does little for anyone's reputation. Except, of course, for Cole Porter, and even then some of his ship-aboard songs could happily have been cast adrift. Musical comedy plots are almost always pretty tenuous. Here the storyline is so thin and weak as to appear almost non-existent. What little there is concerns a mixture of society people on board ship bound for Southampton. This ensemble includes a renegade gangster and his moll, an imbecilic English lord and his girlfriend, and a sexy jazz singer and her backing group. Throughout the action there is much muddle over identity and much watery sexual comedy—otherwise, pfft... no plot. Songstress Marion Montgomery played the singer. And in this, her first stage show, she proved that she'd better not try again. Her singing was beautiful: admirable phrasing and a certain dry sensuality, but her acting is abysmal and her stage presence non-starting. Other cast members weren't much better, though James Kenney was nicely

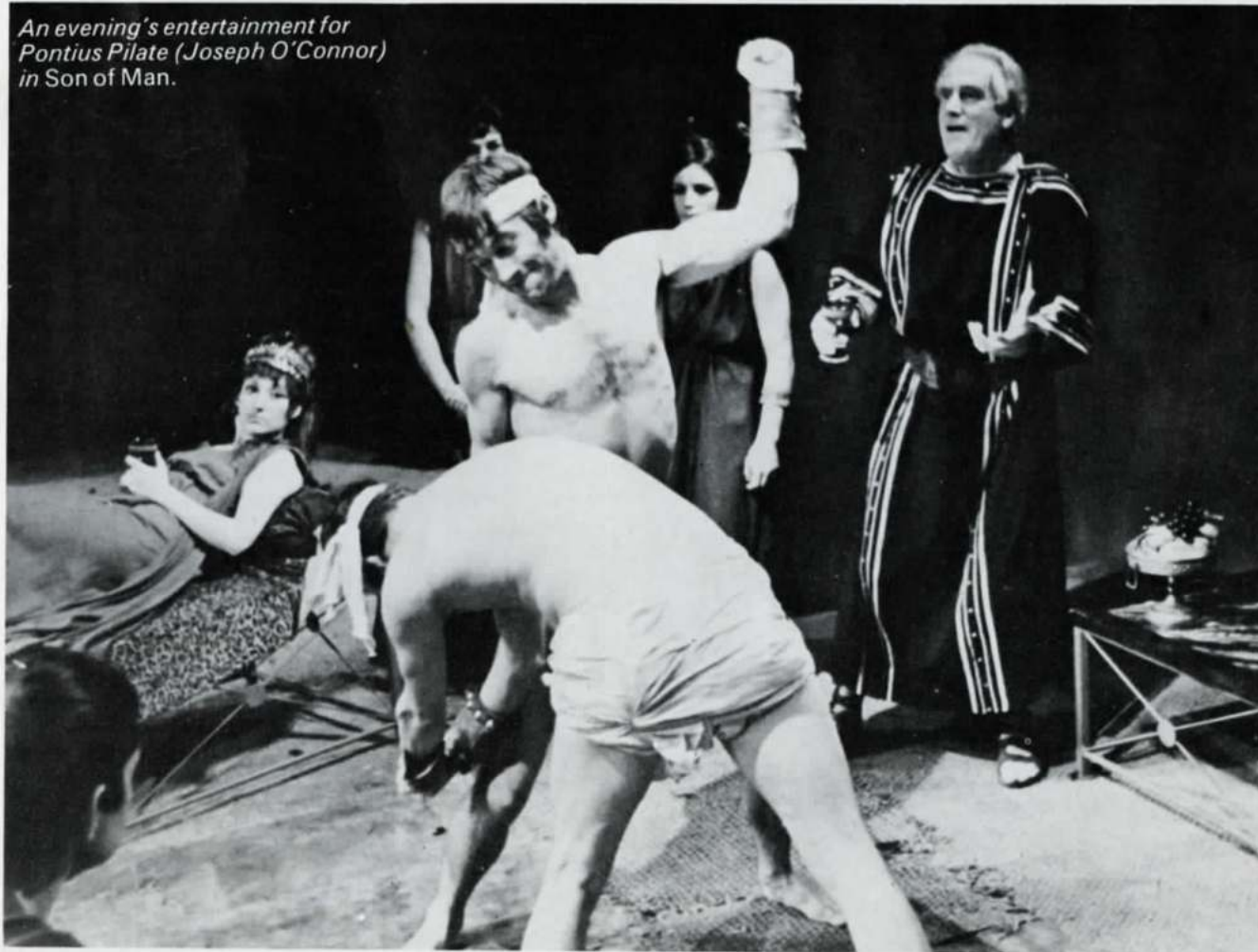
fluid as one of Miss Montgomery's beaus. The only two performers with any life and style were Janet Mahoney (the gangster's moll) and Bernard Sharpe—all decked out in a white sailor suit—as a rather dishy sailor. The numbers these two players shared were the only good moments in this show. They had sufficient youth and vitality to lift the whole, tired superstructure into the realms of entertainment. But they just weren't enough. The major complaint about **Anything Goes**, aside from the tepid writing, is about the whole look of the production. It looked as if it had cost about tuppence halfpenny, though it obviously didn't. The set was really too awful and tatty for words, the unsure-of-their-period costumes were utterly jokey, the direction haphazard, to say the least, the choreography so simple that it looked as if it had been worked out by a five-year old, and the musical direction over-loud and tinny. All in all a lot of the responsibility for the failure of this show must rest with its

producers. Anyway one good thing has come out of its rapid failure, Robin Maugham's excellent anti-war play, **Enemy**, reviewed in the November issue, moved into the theatre in late December. Herbert Beerbohm Tree might have staged **Son of Man** (*Roundhouse*) the so called controversial play about the life of Christ. Dennis Potter has adapted this piece from his own successful television play of the same name, but what may be lively on the box needn't necessarily work on stage. This was a prize example. It would have been nice to have seen a really frank and sizzling Life of Christ, or even a dangerously controversial one (how about *"Carry on Christ"* or *"Suddenly Last Summer"*?). But no. This play came over as tender evocation, full of all the usual old clichés and passions and without any really new insights at all. The few fairly new things that were in the script were obviously influenced by Kazantzakis's *"The Last Temptation"*, like the implied epilepsy, and didn't properly fit the traditional framework of the play. Frank Finlay's Christ was out of his usual mould of playing, but suited the earthy, earthbound Christ Mr Potter had created. The direction, by Robin Midgley, borrowed heavily and rather awkwardly from the Living Theatre. Not a wise experiment at all. Late night at the Roundhouse, after *"Son of Man"*, the Freehold Company presented their modern version of Sophocles' **Antigone**. An excellent piece of work, from a strong experimental group, who know about use of voice, movement and language and in this piece have produced something of intense beauty and meaning... accusing, but purifying and uplifting at the same time. One of the very few experimental pieces and companies with a real value to the theatre today. Peter Barne's new one act plays, **Leonardo's Last Supper** and **Noonday Demons** (*Open Space*), received a generally good press. Looking back on them they both seem to be even worse in

retrospect than they were at the time. Both pieces had historical settings, the Renaissance and early A.D., and were puffed with a conceit of intellectuality of the most gruellingly undergraduate kind. The writing in both was self-indulgent and with only the minimum of originality and humour—saved only by excellent Charles Marowitz direction and Joe Melia playing. **'Spithead'**, by John Gale, (Greenwich Theatre) came over, to me, at least, as an excellent piece of propaganda for passive resistance but as a pretty poor play. The story—based on a famous historical incident—tells of a successful eighteenth Century mutiny by the British Navy and of the Reforms demanded and implemented because of it. The unusual thing about this mutiny was that it was bloodless and perfectly organised. The play was organised too—and bloodless. It meticulously followed the course of nautical events, and at such a plodding pace that the whole thing became long and incredibly tedious. Life only sparked up in the third act, brisker in both direction and writing. The author himself directed the play, always a mistake. Writers always treat their own work too reverently. There are slight similarities between Noel Coward and Frank Norman, author of **"Insideout"** (*Royal Court*), for both men, besides being writers, are excellent showmen. Half the fascination of the work of both is linking it with the author's private life, in each case often as much a part of the show as the play itself. *'Insideout'* is based on some of Frank Norman's own prison experiences, already documented in his book *"Bang to Rights"*, but this play is worth a few bob of anyone's money—and a couple of hours of their time. The play has no formal plot as such but follows in a suitably freeform style the arrival, indoctrination and subjection of a group of new prisoners in one of H.M.'s decaying prisons. As the play opens we watch the entry of a mixed bag of prisoners, treated, for all the world, like

animals by brutish and corrupt prison officers, and form our alliances with the members of the cast. It's understandable that the author should have made his crooks so much more likeable than the various state officials, and by the end of the evening few people in the audience could not be in direct sympathy with his young criminal released to return to his former ways. The play is beautifully written and, amongst other things, what ranks as probably the first really accurate representation, without malice, of the way homosexuals often think and speak. Alba, who plays one of the prison queens, has one of the most picquantly wicked faces seen on stage in a long time, and the most electric hair. First class performances are given by Thom Chadbon, as the young criminal and the admirable Bill Owen, as one of the prison officers. Ken Campbell directed. In the last weeks though, as a general ruling, the theatre has been horribly depressing. Shows opened and closed, which just weren't up to any standard. Plays which seemed to have been thrown together with the minimum amount of care and attention were tossed out into the world with an attitude of 'who gives a damn for the audiences, they don't know anything anyway'. Unfortunately it isn't possible to comment in this column on *"Phil the Fluter"* for which we were refused tickets: does that mean a fear of too many stinkers or just an anti-"Jeremy" prejudice of the part of the Press Office? As we go to press we've just heard that the Soho Theatre has found new premises and will be functioning again (as from December 1969). This excellent company opened a year ago with an excellent Durenmat production but had to cease functioning because of lack of premises. They will now operate from LE METRO CLUB in New Compton Street, and have a mixed lunchtime programme of films and theatre. Amongst the plays they plan to stage is *Bad Bad Jo Jo* by James Leo Herlihy, author of *Midnight Cowboy*. **Peter Burton.**

An evening's entertainment for Pontius Pilate (Joseph O'Connor) in *Son of Man*.



Poppers

Did you have a nice Christmas? I thought of you all relaxing and enjoying yourselves while I was running around with my pocket book trying to find lots of little goodies for you for our super January edition. New Discotheque hits Liverpool: UGLY'S MUSIC MOTOR. Ugly is a good description of the price of the drinks as they even appear to out-price London. I don't know about you, but in the North of England they count their pennies. The discotheque doesn't offer anything new, so therefore, it's just another disco. While talking about the North, it reminds me that LEAPY LEA did a P. J. PROBY at a Club there. While singing "Na, Na, Na, Na, Na"—Whoooooops—his trousers proceeded to split. I heard a slight whisper that some Americans might be reading this magazine. I do hope it's true, because I do love Americans. If there's anybody reading it in America and you have any bits of gossip or any pop magazines, please send me some 'cos I'd love to hear from you. Do you think that the MARQUEE is getting

stagnant? I mean, in 1962 the STONES were swinging. In 1963 MANFRED MANN was swinging. More recently we have had JETHRO TULL. But now there seems to be a lapse. I think their talent scouts will have to pull their fingers out. What do the big record publishing promoters do in their spare time? Well MARTIN HUMPHRIES, who is one of the top hustling promoters with DICK JAMES MUSIC, which incorporates NORTHERN SONGS and God knows how many more, sells ice cream for his father-in-law, can't be bad. "Every home should have one" is about frozen porridge, and it's the new MARTY FELDMAN film, which promises to be in the usual context of Marty Feldman films, outrageous, bold, camp and full of gaiety. Great news, in the new year, in fact to be precise in February, there's a new single coming out—"How the web was woven" which has been written by CLIVE WESTLAKE and DAVID MOST, produced by GEORGE HARRISON (Gasp) and sung by George's protegee JACKIE LOMAX (Gasp, Gasp). In the words of David Most "It's going to be a gigantic smash." Here's our first picture of the month and this month it's the HOLLIES without GRAHAM

NASH. Graham, of course, has been replaced by TERRY SYLVESTER who fits in with the group very well, both in talent and looks. I must say I do agree with the 50 letters I got asking for a picture of the Hollies, but in my opinion they are definitely a Mum's pop group. Poor old JOHN FORD. He makes a record, has it released by a well known record company, but right in the middle of it he says "Good God Almighty" and so once again the BBC won't play it. Poor old John. A new idiom in pop in the form of one KELLY JONES, hippie comedian. He told me he arrived five months ago and played a club near the Picadilly "Meat Rack" which is London's answer to New York's Fire Island. Kelly is dark and attractive and is releasing a record shortly called "Help! I'm a Skinhead." I asked him who was the greatest person he had ever met while living in America. He said that one of the greatest is DORIS DAY. Kelly gives me the impression that we're going to hear a lot of him. Mind you, he is rather dolly. Hope you are all keeping well. Don't forget to write to me. Take care.

Count Bosie.



New lineup for the Hollies.

If you haven't yet sampled the superb musical fare to be had at the Lyceum on Sunday evenings, then you have been missing out on some very tasty sounds. Tony Stratton-Smith, attempting to make the Mecca palace the London equivalent of Bill Graham's Filmore East auditorium in New York, has been presenting some incredible name groups like the Nice and Led Zeppelin regularly, as well as worthy supporting bands who have great potential, in which category, Griffin, Van der Graaf Generator, Juicy Lucy and Rare Bird spring most readily to mind. If you don't mind a large but generally intelligent and critical audience and are not too irritated by the gyrations of the inevitable assembly of idiot-dancers (who are restricted to an area at the side of the stage in any event) then you'll dig it. The music is of a consistently high standard and because everything is so well organised the good vibrations from backstage communicate to the audience and a nice warm atmosphere just pervades the whole place. In addition to his activities as a promoter, Tony has also been responsible for the appearance of the new Charisma record label (Charisma meaning free gifts of grace). Considering the exorbitant price of records, the gifts may not be free exactly, but the Rare Bird album currently on release, and the forthcoming L.P. from Van der Graaf Generator, are both well worth the investment. Rare Bird are musically excellent although perhaps a little over-arranged, not enough spontaneity and tending to lack fire; but this in no way detracts from their musical integrity. Their beautiful songs have instant appeal, as opposed to those of Van der Graaf which are rather more esoteric. Real head stuff. And while I'm on the subject of new labels, Philips have put the Vertigo label together for 'contemporary progressive sounds'. Their first batch of releases featured a superb second album "Valentyne Suite" from Jon Hiseman's Coliseum one of our finest groups which has managed to



Tyrannosaurus Rex.

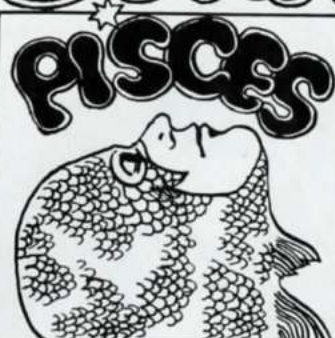
fuse pop and jazz elements together successfully; and a really exciting first L.P. from Juicy Lucy, a new group led by Glenn "Fernando" Campbell of Misunderstood fame, who plays one bitch of a steel guitar. The Misunderstood were a good band but suffered more than their fair share of the hang-ups experienced by every band struggling to make it, and they never really got it together. But interest in Juicy Lucy is mounting rapidly and their album has been received enthusiastically. Your attention may have been drawn to an album cover displayed in your local record shop, with a rather well-endowed young lady depicted on the front, wreathed in smiles and fruit salad and little else. This is Zeilda Plum alias Juicy Lucy herself who is now to be seen on some of the group's gigs where I believe she strips off while the audience are encouraged to hurl fruit at her; and as if this were not sufficient attraction in itself, there is really excellent heavy hard rock to be heard from the group with some particularly nice bass-playing by Keith Ellis

and incredible singing from Ray Owen as well as Glenn's beautiful guitar work. I was very grieved when the sad tidings of the demise of Tyrannosaurus Rex reached me a couple of months ago, but I mourn for lost loveliness no longer for the Rex is now reborn. Marc Bolan, he of the pixilated expression and tousled locks, has found a replacement for Steve Peregrine Took, in Mickey Finn, and in this change of personnel the music of Rex has undergone a metamorphosis, for Mickey's scope embraces drums, tabla and bass as well as bongos which, with Marc's progression from acoustic to electric guitar, has more emphasis on the actual playing than on the vocals. As the rhythm section is so much stronger, the sounds have become effectively heavier, but Marc insists that basically the Rex have not changed at all. So if you would like to experience some of that old T. Rex magic, they will probably be gigging quite frequently around the university circuit. Caroline

STAR GAZE



AQUARIUS (21 Jan-19 Feb)
Be prepared for an active year ahead. Scout around for awhile and things will soon slip into place. However a rash of minor irritations may occur if you summer-camp.



PISCES (20 Feb-20 Mar)
Its time to pull up your stockings and get down to business. Life's a little elastic now. So dress up, and get out. You'll be amazed at transformation in yourself.



ARIES (21 Mar-20 April)
Relationships may be a trifle plastic this year—so try and mould them to your advantage and the rubber ball may come bouncing your way. Be a little protective to your chums.



TAURUS (21 April-21 May)
Your natural penchant for water sports may be your undoing this year. Friends will shower you with compliments but the outlook is a trifle jaundiced. Keep off fluid things.



GEMINI (22 May-21 June)
Friends will be oily this year—so watch out for slippery customers. There's no harm in experimenting a little. After all, perhaps everything will come your way.



CANCER (22 June-22 July)
You're becoming over-exposed, but it's a common mistake with those born under this sign. Steer well clear of rolling landscapes and you should avoid all bother.



LEO (23 July-23 Aug)
Rather a commercial new year for you. Decimalisation causes problems with your rent and you definitely won't be able to afford the regular cruise.



VIRGO (24 Aug-23 Sept)
Subservient treatment from pals leaves you feeling chained down. Try and break the links and escape from this bondage. Show them who's really the master.



LIBRA (24 Sept-23 Oct)
People seem to be putting the boot in. Being on your uppers can be soul destroying but chew things over and you won't feel quite so down-trodden and down at heel.



SCORPIO (24 Oct-23 Nov)
No need to go far afield this year. What you're looking for is probably at the bottom of your garden. There is no harm in feeling a little fey occasionally.



SAGITTARIUS (24 Nov-21 Dec)
A very seminal year for Sagittarians with a nautical turn of mind. A lot of ships will pass in the night but eventually there will be a sea change and craft will drop anchor in the home port.



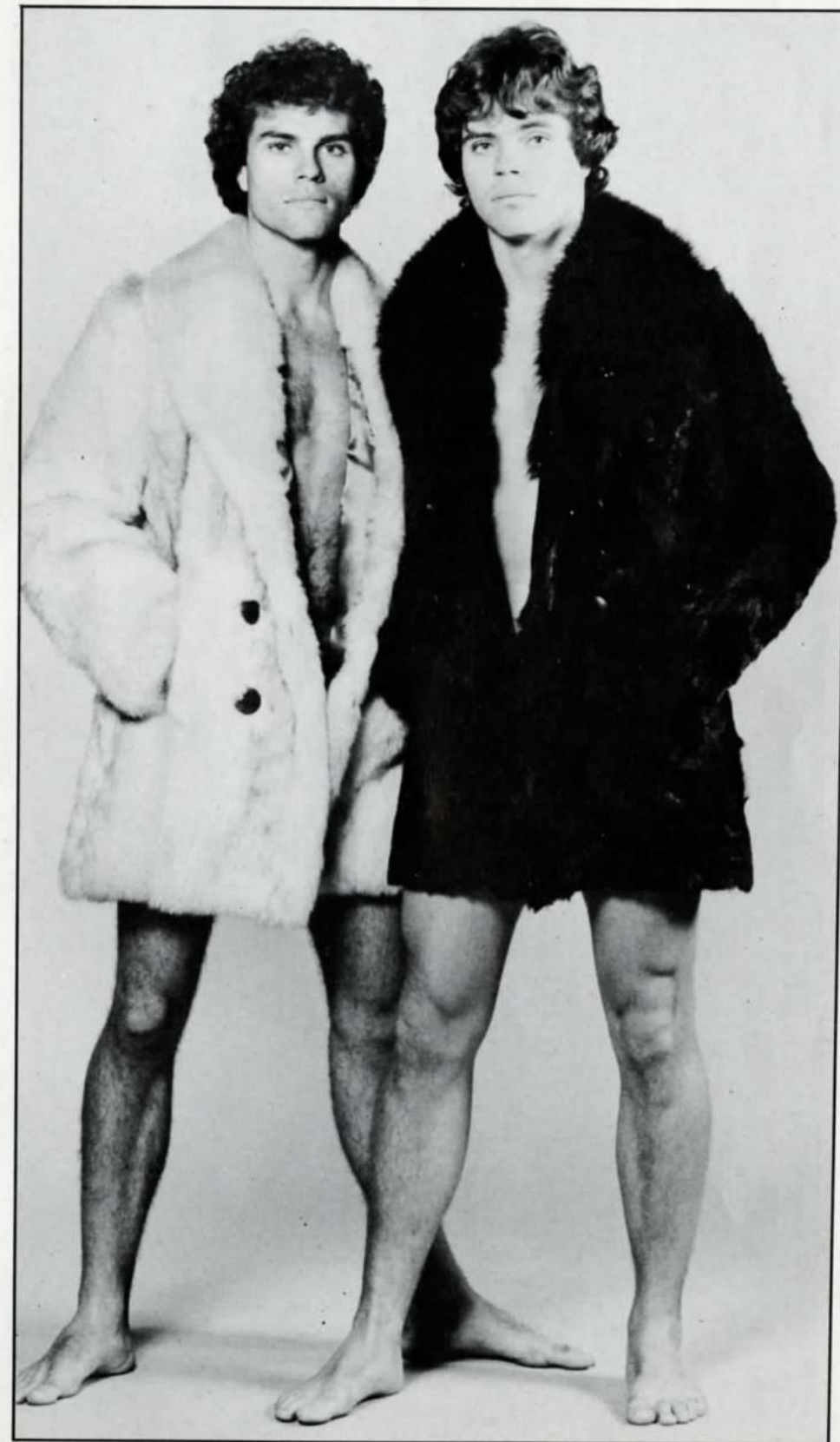
CAPRICORN (22 Dec-20 Jan)
Don't let the trade figures get you down. Foreign exchange markets will be on the up and up during the summer. Balance of payment problems will straighten out and you should make a quick turn-over.

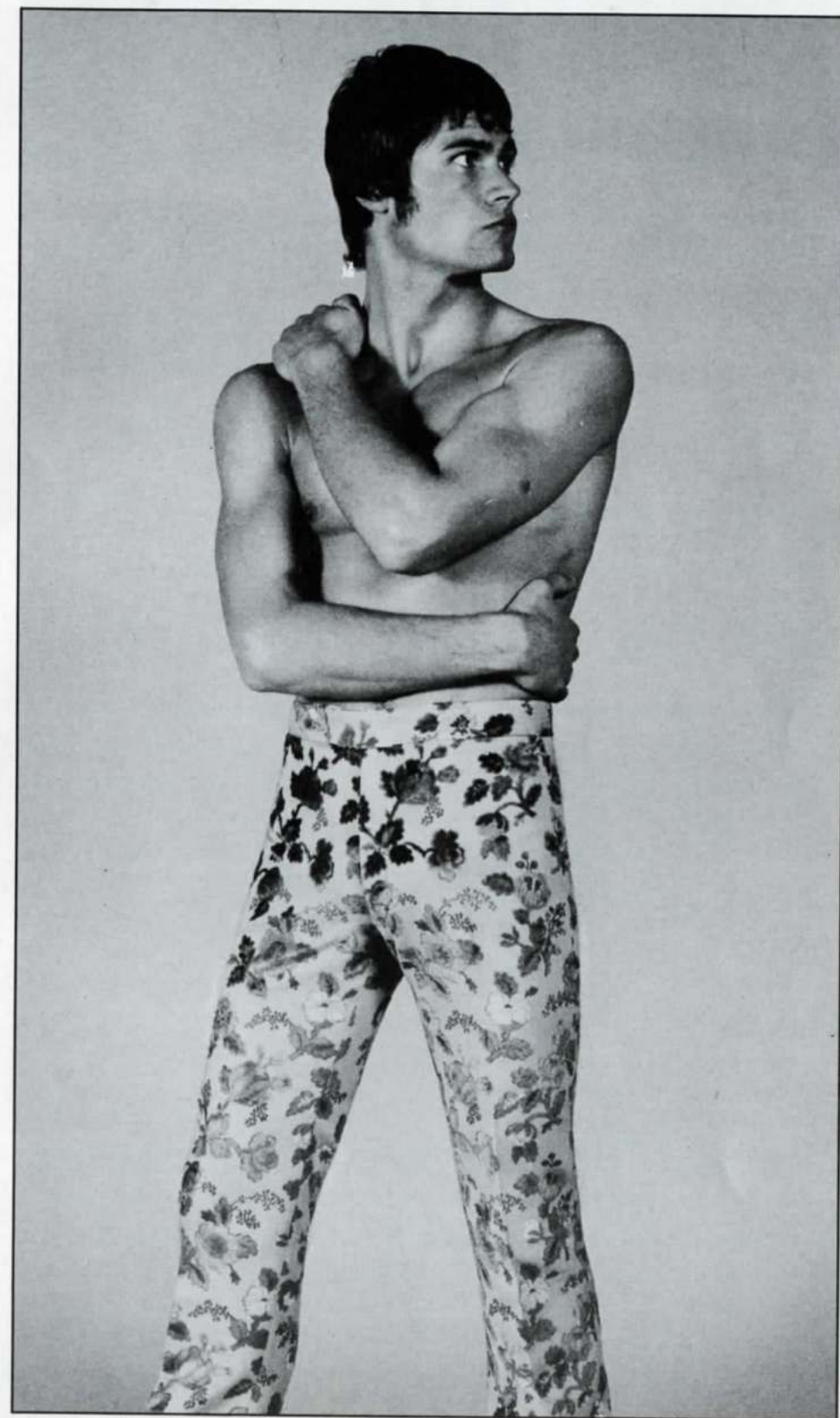
What will you have on your back in 1970?

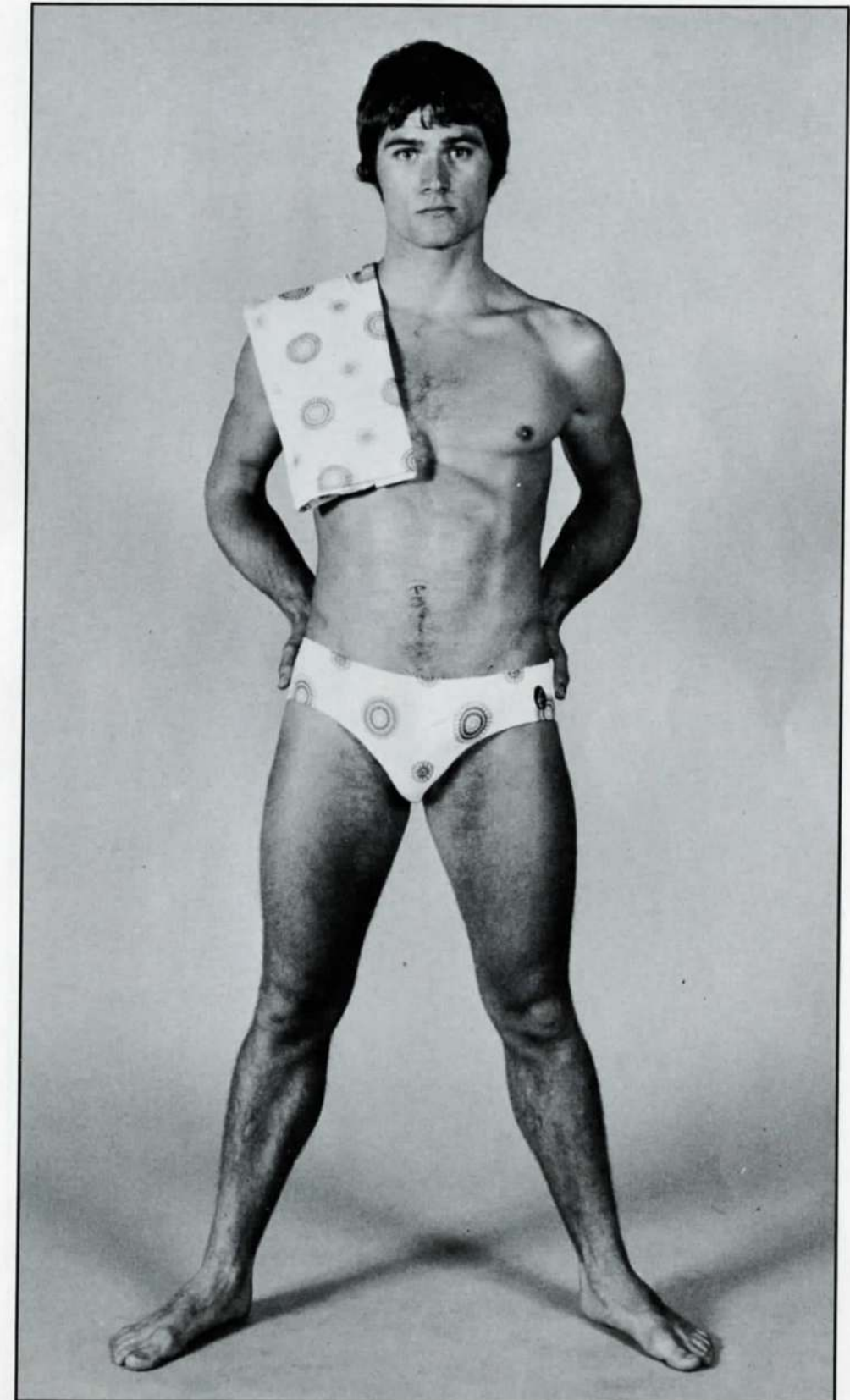
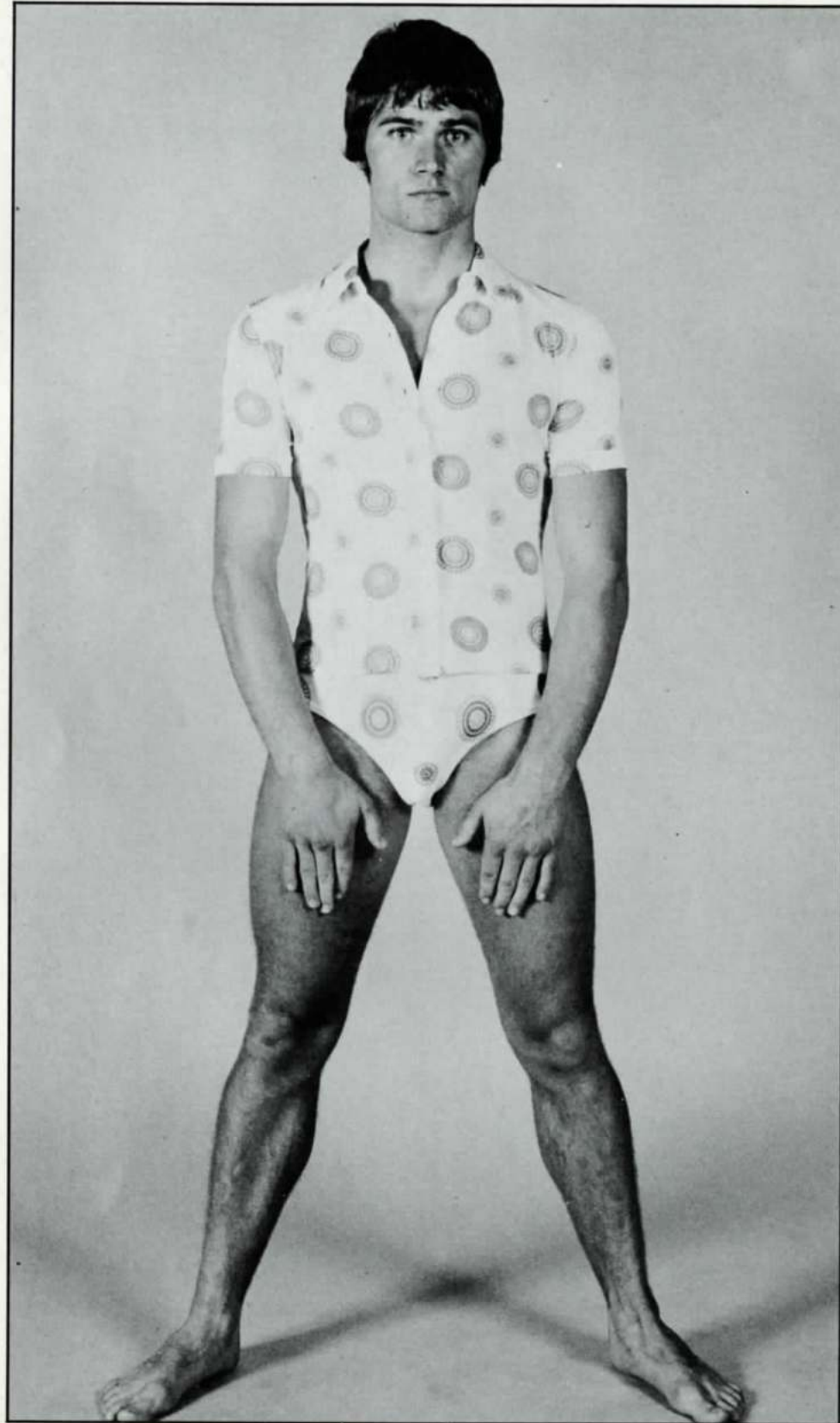
a costume a month for the new year

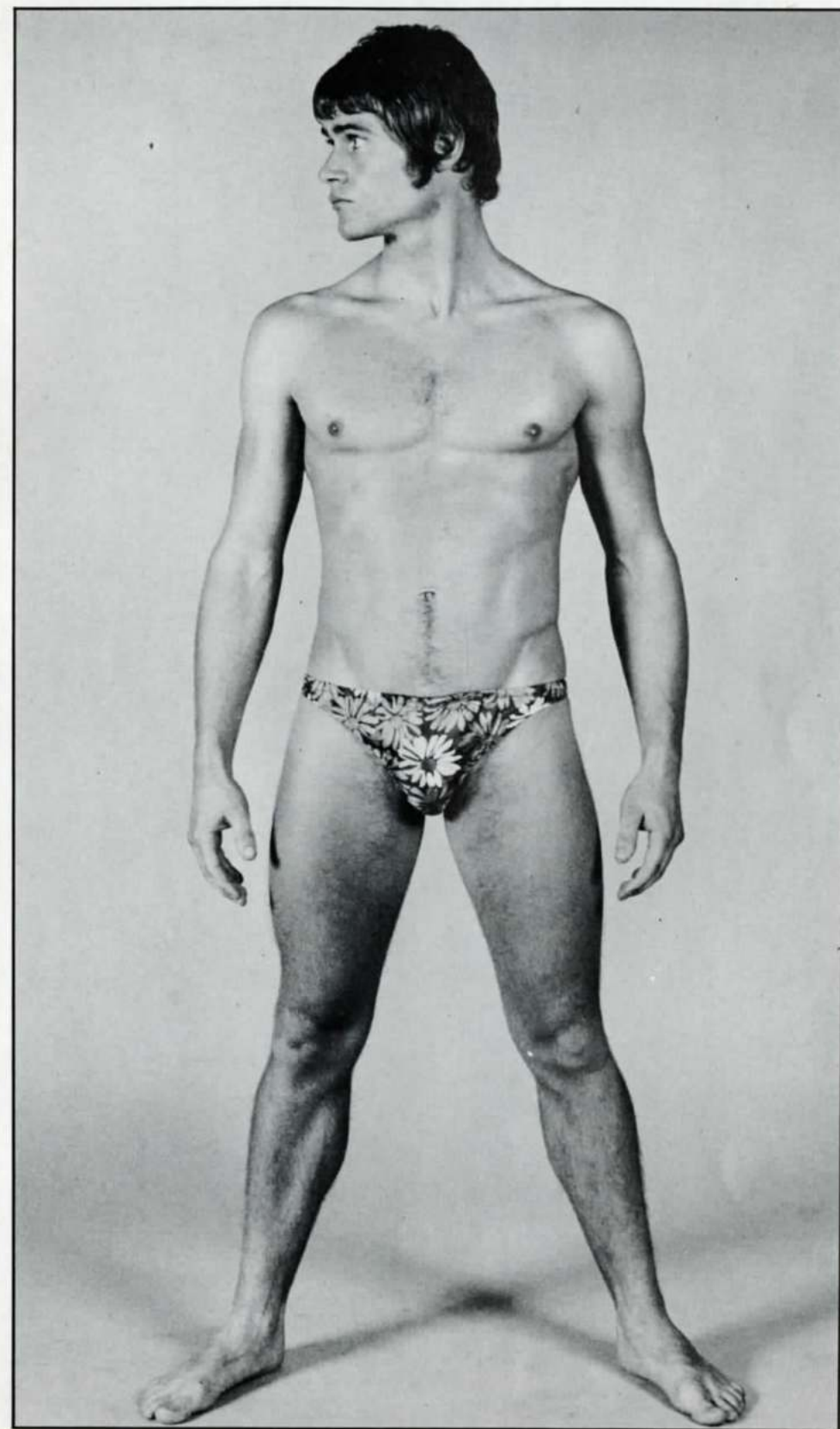
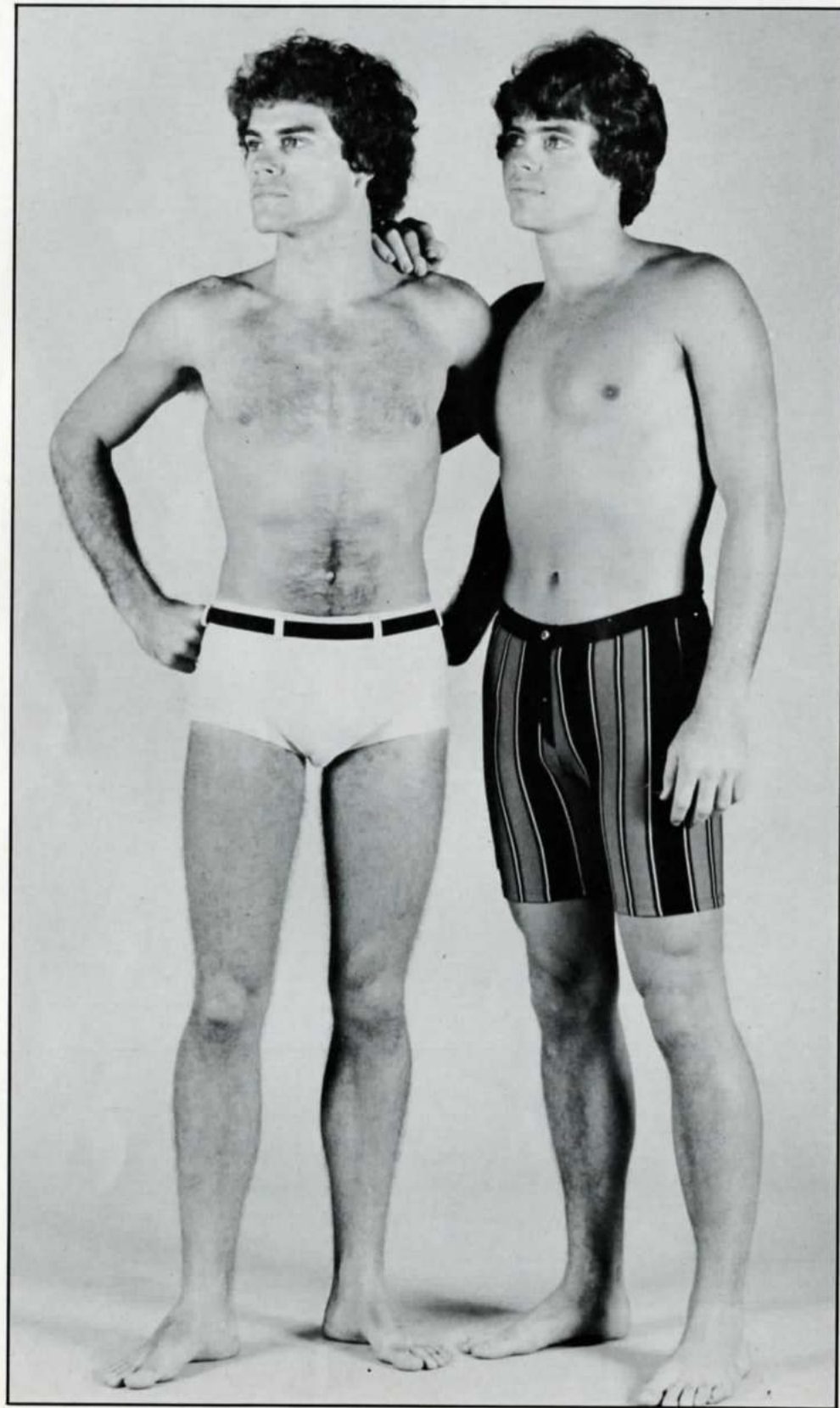


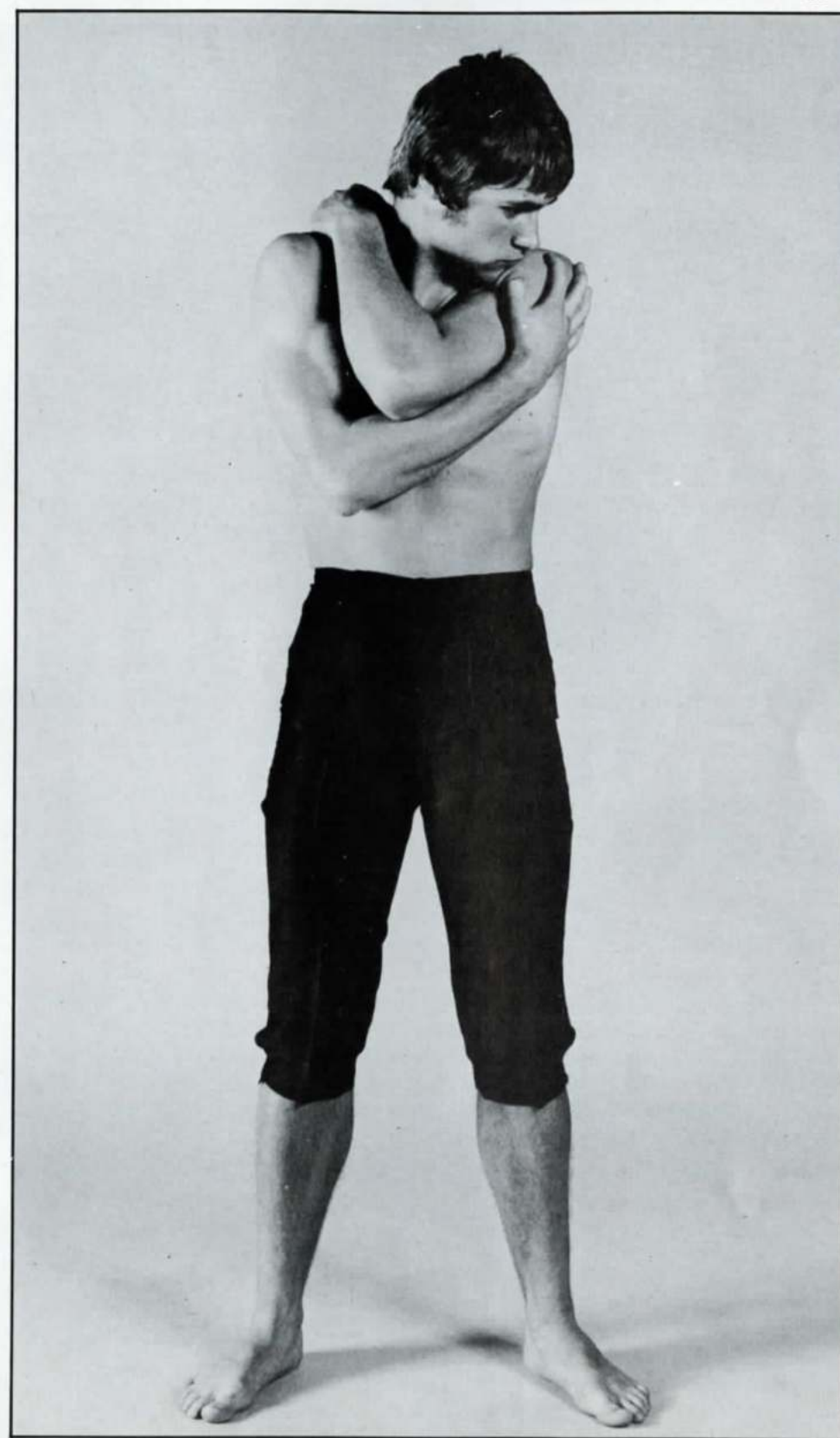
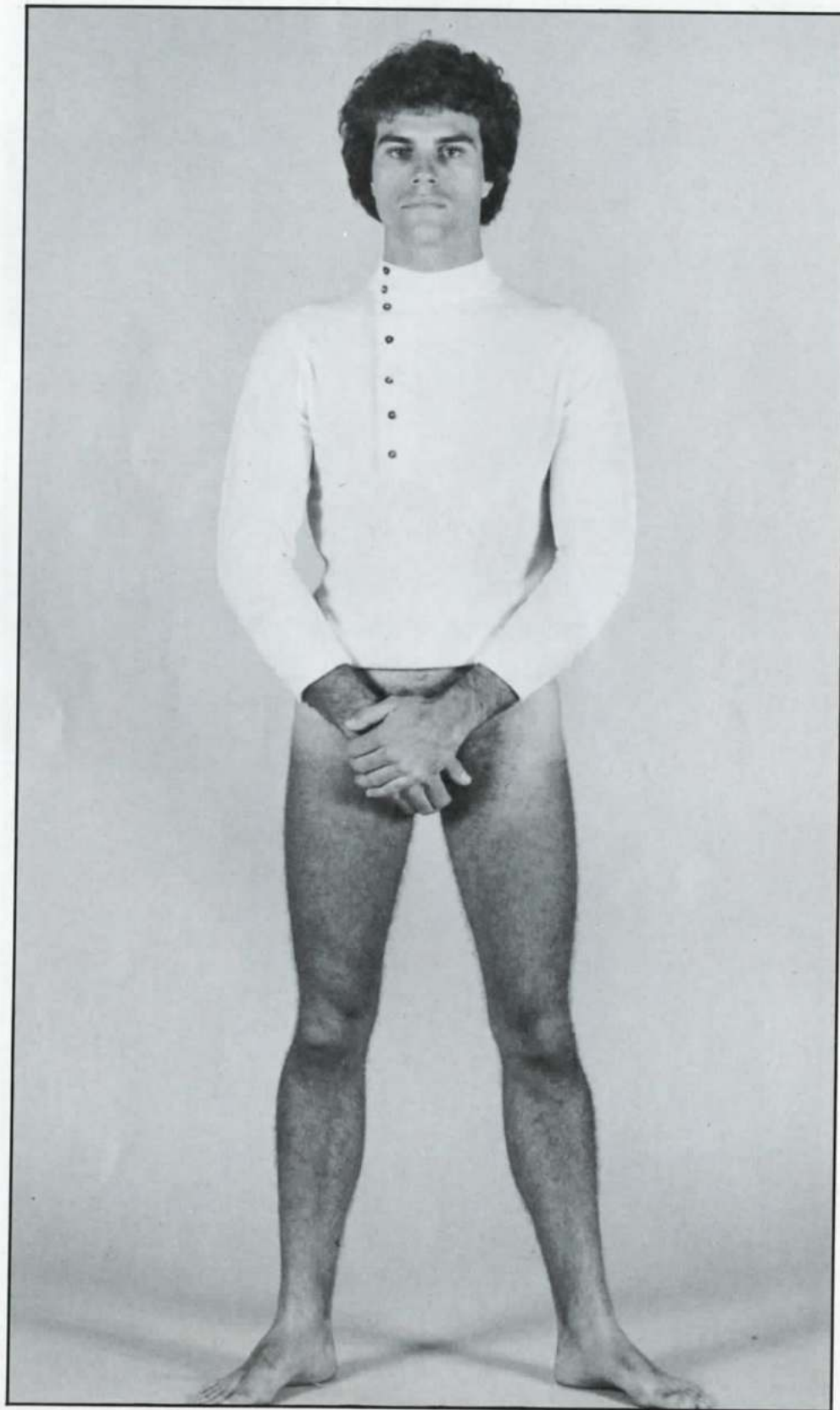
What will 1970 hold for us sartorially? The revolution in fashion will continue to erupt. The peacock will display his plumage even more proudly. The lion will shake his mane and roar. The male will be given more of a chance than ever to show his colours. So much has happened in recent years. Today frills are accepted. Five years ago they were the trimmings of a "cissy". Pink shirts, once "poofy", are now one of Marks and Spencers' biggest selling lines. What will 1970 hold? We asked Dean of Dean Rogers, Thayer Street, W.1, what, or who did he think was responsible for the revolution in male plumage. "Gay people mainly: if it wasn't for their courage in the early days we would certainly not have the freedom of dress which we have today". Dean Rogers used to be Vince Mans Shop and as such set the trend for casual wear—long before the Carnaby Street explosion. "In those days it was almost a completely gay thing to wear light blue—now anything goes", said Dean pointing to his enormous range of trousers in every colour imaginable. "This shop is still regarded as the gay boutique and we are very proud of that reputation", he says. "I like the fact that people can drop by, and shop in a completely sympathetic atmosphere". We asked Dean to suggest an outfit a month for 1970.

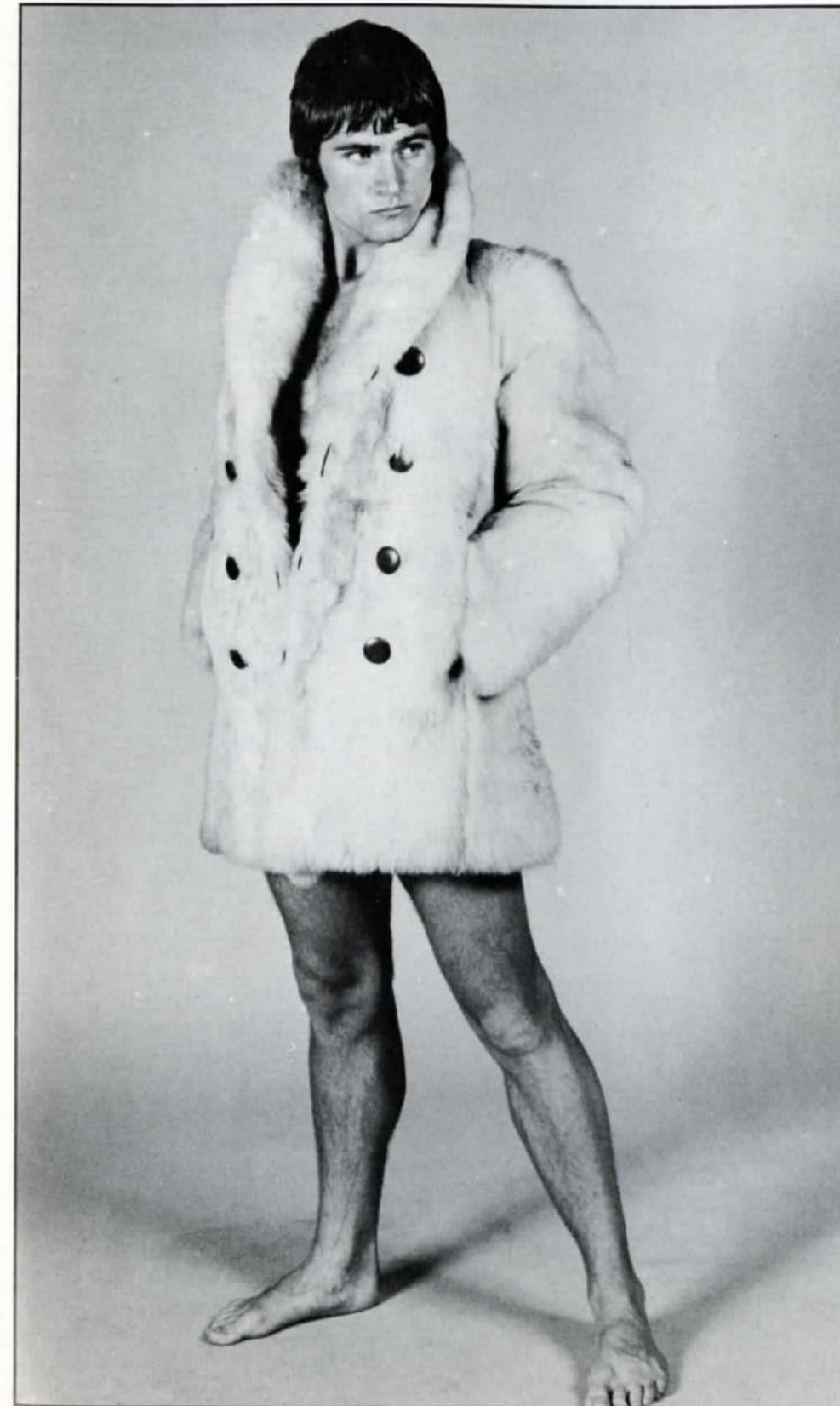
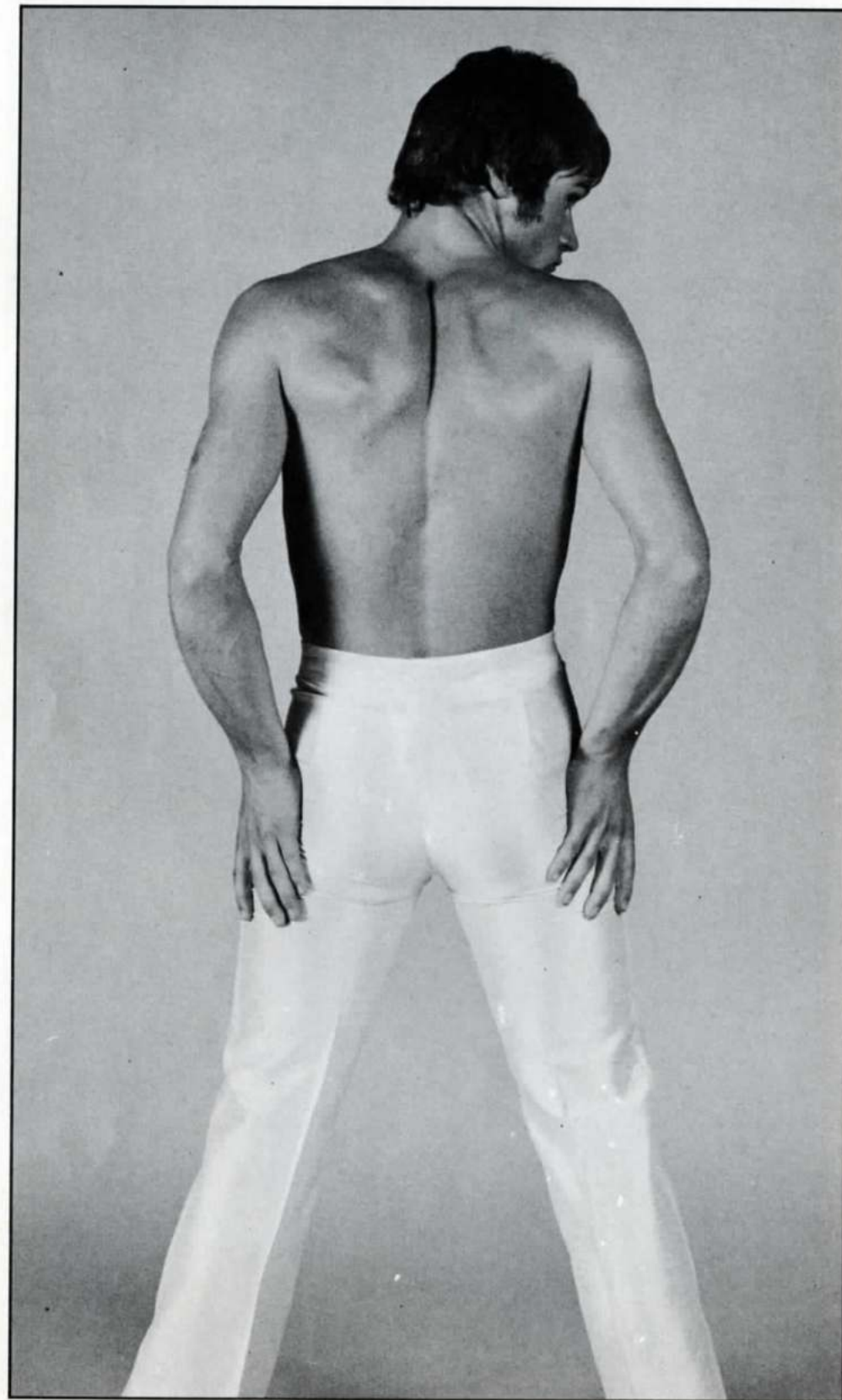












*White Dupion Shantung
Trousers. 7gns.
Raccoon coat with zip
fastening and suede
facings. 100gns.
Red Dupion Shantung
jacquard embossed
trousers. 8gns.
Tricel floral briefs. 1gn.
Savoy sweater in 100%
pure cashmere with
button fastening. 11½gns.
Embroidered silk velvet
floral trousers. 35gns.
Briefs and shirt in stretch
Helenca with medallion
pattern. Briefs 3gns,
Shirt 5gns.
Black pony skin coat with
Lucca Lamb collar. 10gns.
White plucked badger
coat. 115gns.
Shorts in stretch Helenca.
42/-.
Malibu shorts in stretch
Helenca. 5gns.
Black knickerbockers in
cashmere and silk. 12gns.
7½% discount to all
Jeremy Readers.*

