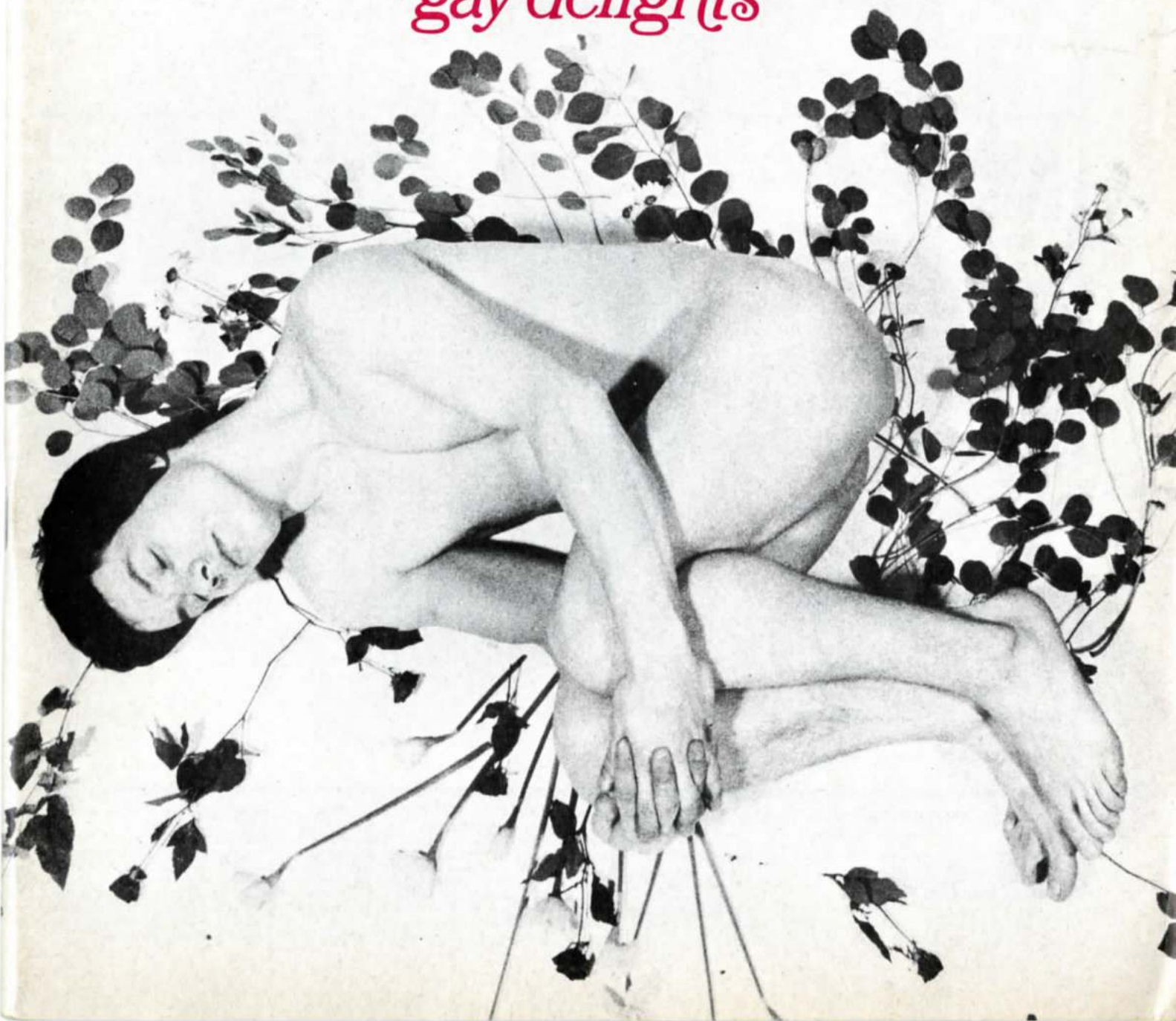


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Jeremy

*Stretched out
for you -
our Valentine
and 63
other pages of
gay delights*



Jeremy

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This month's editorial is longer than usual, and we have given the platform to Antony Grey, director of the Albany Trust. We publish the text of a lecture he delivered to an American audience—but its message has relevance to us all.



Sex and Morality

We in England are so accustomed to being regarded as socially backward by our economically emancipated Western cousins that it comes as a pleasant shock to find ourselves apparently way ahead of America in our legal, social and religious thinking about sexual laws and behaviour. For whereas in England, since the passage in July 1967 of the Sexual Offences Act which legalised homosexual behaviour between consenting adult males in private, only one form of sexual misconduct – namely incest – remains a crime (save for heterosexual buggery, which is almost certain soon to be struck off the Statute Book), in most of the United States, to quote one of your eminent legal authorities, “a quick glance at the maze of laws that concern sex and sexual behaviour may well justify the conclusion that sex is not legal”. In the article to which I have referred (in the *Encyclopaedia of Sexual Behaviour*), Mr. Robert Veit Sherwin proceeds to examine United States laws about sex, and infers that the only safe advice to anyone, even if they are husband and wife, wishing to perform any sexual act other than face-to-face coitus within marriage is “Don’t”. Any variation from this, even between married people, is restricted in all States under one law or another. For you in the United States, therefore, the problem of rationalising your sex laws is not confined to homosexuality; it is a heterosexual problem too – for your laws would appear to make criminals of 95 per cent of the population.

We are all too afraid of giving ourselves away.

In Britain, we had a simpler problem, in one way. But in another way it was more difficult – because homosexuality is the point at which some of the most violent common prejudices about sex are concentrated. Yet we fought a reforming battle on this issue and won, educating public opinion a good deal in the process. So I make no apology for beginning this address about sex, morality and happiness with a few remarks about law reform, and the

relationship of law to morals in the field of sex. If, in dealing with such a potentially contentious topic as sex, law and morals, I seem somewhat presumptuous, perhaps I have some excuse in that I have recently been in the forefront of the battle which has been waged over the past ten years around the Wolfenden Committee's proposals that the private homosexual behaviour of consenting adults should be removed from the scope of the criminal law. My part has lain largely in the Parliamentary and public opinion spheres. It has also involved, almost imperceptibly at first, but of late most importantly, a great deal of social casework which has brought home to me, as nothing else could have done, the real meaning of the law's impact upon some people's most intimate personal lives in terms of human suffering. It is largely because of this casework that I count myself as a radical in matters of law reform where private sexual behaviour and morality are concerned.

The under 21s who, at the stage of their sexual development where experimentation is most likely and help most needed, still remain technically criminal if they behave homosexually, even with another youth aged under 21.

Blunt Instrument

For I have come to believe that, in nearly every situation to which it can be and is applied, the law is an extremely blunt instrument for making people good in their sexual lives. It seems to be that the very notion of a “sexual offence” in law is nowadays rapidly becoming as out-moded as the notion of the matrimonial offence appears to many who are concerned to improve the state of the law about divorce.

I have reached this conclusion for what I take to be the most eminently practical reasons: that, as Professor Herbert Hart has put it, whereas one of the best justifications for any law is that it prevents and alleviates suffering, laws prohibiting

sexual relationships can create misery in quite special ways and in a special degree, because an enforced suppression of the sexual instincts that is not the product of moral belief or a voluntary act of free will can have devastatingly adverse effects upon a person's entire emotional development; and that virtually all forms of sexual behaviour which are properly and necessarily punishable come under some other heading of criminal law – they are assaults, offences against public decency, or breaches of rules designed to protect children. I would, in fact, be in favour of a reclassification of sex crimes in this way, so that the prejudice and stigma which almost inevitably attaches to a “sex offender” could be eliminated before and at his trial.

In saying this, I am by no means ignoring the very important theoretical argument about the law's right to enforce morality which has gone on in England since Lord Devlin gave his famous lecture on *The Enforcement of Morals* in 1959. Indeed, I have naturally been a close student and a minor participant in that debate; and I think that it has been one of the Wolfenden Report's most valuable by-products. But without venturing to weigh the relative strength of the respective arguments put forward by Lord Devlin and his opponents, I still believe that, even if we grant that the law has a *theoretical* right to enforce sexual morality at the level of private consensual adult behaviour, there are some overwhelming *practical* arguments against its doing so.

The hectic premium on youth in homosexual circles has bitter consequences for the middle aged and elderly... The homosexual Peter Pan syndrome needs to be broken.

I by no means underestimate the force of the argument which was so strongly advanced against homosexual law reform – that to remove the private behaviour of two consenting adults from the list of crimes would inevitably weaken moral condemnation of such acts. In the sense that law and morality coexist and underpin each other over wide areas of human conduct, that is undoubtedly true. But even the Wolfenden Committee's distinction between sin and crime, and its dictum that “*unless a deliberate attempt is to be made... 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*” begs the all-important question of whether such behaviour between two persons of the same sex is, in fact, always immoral. As someone (a psychiatrist, I believe, and therefore probably not be trusted in his moral judgements!) has said: “a person's moral value does not depend upon whether he likes boys or girls”.

I do not deny that the law has a legitimate role to play as the reinforcer of morals; nor do I contend that there should be no laws whatever about sex. What I do say is that wherever the law steps in to *force* people to be good, a lot of the virtue in their goodness is lost; for compulsory virtue is a contradiction in terms. If this sounds like a counsel of perfection, let me refer you to that highly important pamphlet by a group of Friends, *Towards a Quaker View of Sex*, whose major theme is that the spirit is all-important whereas observance of the letter of the law is not. In this, the message of the “New Morality” surely has much in common with that of the New Testament.

Fruitful Debate

I am no theologian; but it is striking how quickly the need for a greater self-awareness prompting this Quaker group, the Bishop of Woolwich (Dr. John Robinson), and other avant-garde Christians who only a few years ago were decried as shockingly iconoclastic, has spread even to the

most traditionalist and orthodox of churches. This has led to new and fruitful debate, by no means yet ended, about the proper relationships between law, morals and religion, and to a growing reacceptance amongst Christians of the faith that if there has to be law for the regulation of intimate human relationships, it must be the Law of Love.

I need hardly say that the law of England, although in some respects becoming more humane, is still far from fulfilling such an aspiration. We may soon see a move forward in the matter of divorce. The Home Secretary recently announced that the Criminal Law Revision Committee was to review the whole of the law relating to sexual offences; and in spite of the recent Act, there will still be plenty for the Committee to look at. So far as homosexuality is concerned, the fixing of the ‘age of consent’ at 21; the provisions making all homosexual behaviour by youths under that age still a crime – even with one another; the restrictive interpretation of ‘in private’ as meaning only “when not more than two people take part or are present”, regardless of the actual privacy of the circumstances; the remaining heavy penalties; and the exclusion of Scotland and Northern Ireland from the new Act, all give cause for concern. With the reduction in 1969 of the legal age of majority, and the minimum voting age, to 18, this remains especially true in relation to the under 21s who, at the stage of their sexual development where experimentation is most likely and help most needed, still remain technically criminal if they behave homosexually, even with another youth aged under 21. And there is a wider need for further sex law reforms. Must we still keep all the draconian penalties which stud our Sexual Offences Acts, most of which are unchanged since Victorian times? Is it really socially expedient to retain the present harsh laws about incest? Is our existing attitude to prostitution – making its legal practise a sort of social steeplechase – a sensible and practical one? Are not the various provisions under which public decency is safeguarded ripe for streamlining?

One must disapprove of the promiscuity and selfishness, the lack of any real affection, which is the stamp of so many relationships, heterosexual as well as homosexual... But it is also obvious that the really promiscuous and degraded homosexual has not been helped by the total rejection he has had to face.

The recent changes in our homosexuality and abortion laws, and the possibility of further changes quite soon in the divorce laws, as well as the trend in Government policy towards the provision of more contraceptive advice and better sex education, are all indicative of a changing moral climate. Is this new “permissive society” becoming too tolerant? Are we in danger of rushing down the Gadarene slope into decadence? Or are we merely becoming more honest, less hypocritical, and readier to accept life's realities?

Basic Clash

The basic clash in this area is between individual liberty and authoritarian morals; and while these questions are in no sense party-political, I may say in passing how it has always struck me as odd – to say the least – that the very people who are the ruggedest individualists in their political and economic outlook are often the ones who campaign most hotly against free choice in moral values. When the Wolfenden Committee said, in their famous 1957 report, that there was a realm of morality and immorality which was not the law's business, they added: “*To say this is not to condone or to encourage private immorality. On the contrary, to emphasise the personal and private nature of moral or immoral conduct is to emphasise the personal and private*”

responsibility of the individual for his own actions, and that is a responsibility which a mature agent can properly be expected to carry for himself without the threat of punishment from the law."

The discussion which the Wolfenden Committee sparked off as to the need and desirability of reforming our completely prohibitive homosexuality laws has played a very large part in educating the public at large about homosexuality, and indeed about sex in general. It has also promoted some most interesting discussions among lawyers, philosophers and theologians about the relationship of law and morality and about the nature of morality itself. The so-called "New Morality" movement of South Bank theologians, Quakers and others has begun a serious attempt to rethink the basic Gospel message – an endeavour which has now spread to other countries and to practically every denomination of the Christian Church.

An act which expresses true affection between two individuals, and gives pleasure to them both, does not seem to us to be sinful by reason alone of the fact that it is homosexual.

As the authors of *Towards a Quaker View of Sex* have written: "it seemed to us that morals, like the Sabbath, were made for man, not man for morals . . . We are concerned about the whole content of human relationships, about the meaning of 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself' in the full range and depth of its implications. Loving does not merely mean doing good works; it goes further than feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. It means warmth and intimacy, open-heartedness and overwhelming generosity of hand and spirit. It means to know and a courageous willingness to be known. Loving implies commitment to the other person, involvement in that person's life, whatever it may cost in suffering, whether that suffering comes through being repudiated or through identification and sharing. The life of society desperately needs this warmth of giving and receiving." They go on: "A much wider research on the part of those concerned with modern sexual conduct, and a more open willingness on the part of men and women to assess their own experience honestly . . . Many other groups have already recognized that the kind of morality that includes a vehement and categorical condemnation of the homosexual is not Christian, for it lacks compassion for the individual person and it lacks understanding of the human problem . . .

"Surely it is the nature and quality of a relationship that matters: one must not judge it by its outward appearance but by its inner worth. Homosexual affection can be as selfless as heterosexual affection, and therefore we cannot see that it is in some way morally worse . . . An act which expresses true affection between two individuals, and gives pleasure to them both, does not seem to us to be sinful by reason alone of the fact that it is homosexual. The same criteria seem to us to apply whether a relationship is heterosexual or homosexual."

Striking Comment

And they conclude their chapter on homosexuality – one of the most thoughtful contributions to the spate of discussion about this topic which has occurred during the 1960s – with this striking comment: "The authors of this essay have been depressed quite as much by the utter abandon of many homosexuals, especially those who live in homosexual circles as such, as by the absurdity of the condemnation rained down upon the well-behaved. One must disapprove of the promiscuity and selfishness, the lack of any real affection, which is the stamp of so many adult relationships, heterosexual as well as homosexual. We see nothing in them often but thinly disguised lust, unredeemed by that real concern which has always been the essential Christian requirement in a human relationship.

"But it is also obvious that the really promiscuous and degraded homosexual has not been helped by the total rejection he has had to face. Society has not said 'if you do that, that is all right, but as to the other, we cannot approve of that'. It has said 'whatever you do must be wrong: indeed you are wrong'. 'Only if Society is prepared to revise this judgement and to accept even degraded homosexuals as human beings, can they be helped to face the moral implications of their selfish relationships.'"

I often recollect this passage in the course of my own work as a counsellor of troubled people. I have encountered some very heartless homosexuals – and indeed a few depraved ones: but many more who were deeply conscientious, and desiring only to find another of their own kind whom they could love and cherish as tenderly as a person who is normally-sexed and averagely moral will hope to love their life's partner.

It is in fact impossible to generalize about the morality of homosexual acts, any more than about the morality of heterosexual ones. It is even less possible, in my view, to judge the strength of the sexual temptations experienced by another human being, or the amount of effort involved in resisting them. Bodily inheritance and make-up, temperament, mental habit, systems of personal values, religious beliefs, all vary so enormously from person to person, and yet these differences often do not become apparent until there is a crisis. Then, what is unthinkable conduct to one is compulsive for another. The normally or the weakly sexed sit too easily and smugly in judgement on their fellow human beings, and another life is blighted: sometimes (as those of us in social work are all to sadly aware) destroyed.

Crippled Happiness

Personally, I find it impossible to judge others. This is not to say that I do not think the law may have the right to do so. But I do believe that, if that right is exercised at all, it should be with the greatest circumspection and always liberally tempering justice with mercy. I have seen too many personal tragedies which stemmed solely from the old, bad laws prohibiting any homosexual behaviour between men to do other than fight with all my strength for their repeal. Perhaps the main evil was psychological; the all-pervasive sense of being not only socially handicapped but also an outlaw by reason of his most personal possession – his mode of affection – which has in the past crippled the capacities for happiness of so many a man and youth.

In spite of all the progress in informing the public about these things, and despite law reform, there is still far too little real understanding of the true nature of homosexuality. Very many people, even today, still do not understand that in essence it is about love, and not simply some behaviour which immoral people indulge in 'for kicks'. While unreserved social acceptance of the homosexual may seem a legitimate and urgent goal for 'homophile' organisations to campaign for, it is surely unrealistic to expect most people who are not themselves homosexual to regard homosexuality as being other than a personal misfortune, and thus something that ought not to be accepted too readily or easily as part of the normal fabric of life. We have to remember that in many quarters the prevailing attitude towards homosexuality, even on the part of some quite sympathetic people, is still one of fear. Though the belief is unfounded, many people imagine that homosexuality is something contagious – something they, or their children, might get "drawn into" if it is not socially repressed.

It is necessary for those of us who are working to increase public understanding about homosexuality to assuage such fears – because people are not able to help, to be sympathetic, to realise what other people are going through, unless their own fears are first of all allayed. It is not

enough to be rational, or to ask others to be rational the situation has to be dealt with in emotional terms, by actions and behaviour – and by non-behaviour! – as much as by words.

Common Humanity

In our work at the Albany Trust, casework and counselling loom large, and we are very conscious of the need to fashion a carefully thought out and really constructive approach to the provision of advice and practical help for homosexual people. It is still the case that homosexuality is too often regarded as something which sets a man (or a woman) apart from the rest of human experience. But many, if not most, of the problems and difficulties which homosexuals face are common to both homosexuals and heterosexuals, even though their manifestations and solutions are different and sometimes quite distinct. I am sure that the right approach to them is one which emphasises our common humanity, and does not concentrate either upon the differences in direction of sexual desire or the different physical acts involved. We all of us, whether heterosexual or homosexual, have sexual natures; and we all have our personal solutions (or compromises). Some people find themselves a life-partner to love and live with; others are promiscuous; yet others choose the path of celibacy, and find in it what they regard as deeper fulfilment than mere physical gratification or even human love could give. But the whole point about celibacy is that its virtue depends entirely upon its voluntariness – compulsory virtue is really no virtue at all. The greatest evil of laws which prohibit the private sexual acts of consenting adults is that they purport to decree compulsory celibacy and thereby make it virtually impossible for those affected by them to consider celibacy, or even continence, upon their merits. My own belief has always been that law reform will help to promote chastity and more stable relationships among homosexuals; and I think that most pastoral and social workers with any experience of the subject would agree.

Must the fate of a homosexual be a lonely old age?

Just as we are all sexual beings, we are also all social beings; and our lives, even in their most intimately personal aspects, are profoundly affected by society's attitudes and pressures. We can never escape from each other; and utter aloneness is not a desirable permanent state for anyone, any more than constant togetherness; there is, of course, a great difference between being alone and being lonely; many very busy people are lonely, while one can be all by oneself yet not lonely at all. Loneliness, as my colleague Norman Ingram-Smith of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields has said, is nowadays an umbrella word too often used by distressed people to cloak or conceal (even from themselves) a deeper or more specific need. Nevertheless, it is still a very real phenomenon, experienced by a great many human beings – and certainly by a great many homosexuals.

Loneliness and an acute feeling of isolation is, indeed, the most common single complaint of those who seek the assistance of the Albany Trust. They experience a conscious severance from society to an almost unbearable degree, until quite often they are unable to make any really meaningful contact with other human beings. I remember one man, in his thirties, who, after seven years of emptiness following the break-up of his only homosexual friendship, had reached the crippling stage of neurosis at which he was physically incapable of the effort of speech when faced with an unfamiliar person or situation. And he was only an extreme example of a very common plight which for many gets progressively worse with advancing age.

One must beware of generalising. I know that there are very many gregarious homosexuals, and also those who have achieved happy partnerships. Perhaps as a social worker in the field I see an undue proportion of the others. But they force me to ask myself whether there is anything in the nature or make-up of homosexual people which makes them more prone to this plight of loneliness than non-homosexuals are? Richard Hauser once wrote a rather provocative article in *Man and Society* called "The Drug of Self-Pity", in which he accused homosexuals of suffering more from self-pity and self-righteousness than any other minority. A well-known American psychiatrist has called them "injustice collectors".

Harsh Structures

I thought, and still think, these strictures are somewhat harsh – many homosexuals still collect more than their fair share of injustices – but I have been driven (unwillingly, I must confess) to the conclusion that what too many homosexuals do suffer from is an incapacity to experience and enter into really satisfying and worthwhile human relationships. Of course, this is not an exclusively homosexual phenomenon: many heterosexuals, including married ones, are totally irresponsible and selfish in their attitudes towards and treatment of others. But a high proportion of the homosexuals that one encounters seem unable to commit themselves to anyone; to give, or to love in a relaxed, unselfish way – at any rate for very long. This, I think, is not due to the much-vaunted Freudian caused of homosexuality – overpossessive mother, weak or hostile father and so forth – so much as to the difficulties inherent in all homosexual relationships, which are of course accentuated by the unhelpful social environment in which most homosexuals have to live. Surprisingly, it often seems to escape the attention of researchers into the psychology of sexual behaviour that men and women differ not only physically, but also in their emotional make-up and needs. A heterosexual relationship – which is a union of opposites – differs in its nature from either a male or a female homosexual relationship. And (what is usually completely overlooked) these two opposite types of homosexual relationships probably have more contrasts than likenesses to each other than either has to a heterosexual relationship – because of their all maleness, or all-femaleness, respectively. I do not mean to imply in any way that the love which male or female homosexuals are capable of feeling for their partners is different, or inferior, to heterosexual love – I am simply saying that the respective end-products, in terms of living patterns, are bound to be different. Women, for example, have a far stronger home-making drive than most men do. To the male, promiscuity seems more natural than to the female: and while this may seem morally objectionable to many people, the most cogent objections to it for the homosexual male are probably severely practical – namely, that it usually does not lead to real happiness – rather than moral or theoretical.

A person's moral value does not depend upon whether he likes boys or girls.

In addition, the moral and emotional significance of the physical sex act is of course different for a man and for a woman, not only in their heterosexual relationships but also in their homosexual ones. Adequate attention surely needs to be given to this rather obvious point in any serious system of ethics. It seems to me paradoxical, from an ethical point of view, that so much more fuss has traditionally been made about homosexual "sins" than about heterosexual ones – which are often much more morally and emotionally damaging in the man-woman relationship than any sexual

act is in the single-sex one. Far too much counselling still proceeds on the assumption that the aim for heterosexuals is to help them achieve satisfactory sex, while the aim for homosexuals is to persuade cajole or bully them into having no sex at all. This is utterly wrong, and urgently needs to be superseded by a more adequate conception of what the homosexual, as well as the heterosexual, is seeking through his need for sexual relationships, namely, the capacity for self-fulfilment through loving closeness to another human being.

Unrequited Love

Among homosexuals, as with heterosexuals, there is much unrequited love, which can be a cause of deep, and not always temporary, suffering. I believe that one of the functions of counselling must be to help people to cope with the unhappiness caused by such unrequited love; and this help is not only needed by the rejected lover – the beloved who feels good will but cannot return the same degree of affection needs to know how best to behave in these circumstances as well. This way, much unnecessary unhappiness on the one side and anxiety on the other could be avoided: for even where love cannot be mutual, kindness can; and hostility or panic on either side should certainly have no place in such situations.

A high proportion of homosexuals seem unable to commit themselves to anyone, to give or to love in an unselfish way.

As I said earlier, the homosexual's problems are first and foremost ones of relationships. Once he grows up and leaves the family circle, this no longer exists for him within his own generation, or with the younger generation, as it does for heterosexuals; and this fact itself creates great difficulties. I sometimes think that one of the worst things the Church's teaching has done in the realm of social policy is to over-emphasise the importance and key place of the family unit in society to the exclusion of all other groups, so that the family and its loyalties have become a sort of sacred cow at the dire expense of Christian neighbourliness. The person with no family is very alone – yet the community outside the family simply does not exist in any meaningful sense for most people in our contemporary urban life. This creates an especial dilemma for the homosexual. If he has had no happy or deep relationships within his family as a child, there is but little chance of his achieving any when he becomes an adult and leaves it. He has not been taught how to; and with vulgar denunciation of homosexuality as vile and filthy ringing in his ears, he often believes that such satisfying relationships are reserved for heterosexuals and are impossible for him; he ends up kidding himself he doesn't want them, and that sex without love is sufficient. His fate is likely to be a very lonely old age.

Group Counselling

My own work has convinced me that, in helping homosexuals, not only individual social and pastoral counselling is needed, but also much more group counselling, involving parents, friends and – sometimes – lovers. So often, what the troubled person is really seeking is *reconciliation*: in the first instance, reconciliation with himself; but ultimately reconciliation with those whom he loves and needs to love him, but who are rejecting or despising him. In Holland, where the Dialog Foundation has undertaken some very important and interesting experimental work in collaboration with Roman Catholic and Protestant counsellors, two-day meetings have been held where the parents of homosexual children discuss with each other, with their own children and with other homosexuals. The parents, too, have their guilt-feelings, and the first day

of the gathering is sometimes "the crying day" – for fathers as well as mothers. But the ultimate release of emotions and establishment of mutual confidence is said to be immensely helpful to all concerned. The need for openness – with parents, with friends, with lovers – is one of the prime needs of the homosexual (indeed, of us all). We are all too afraid of giving ourselves away, and any tentative advance by one person all too often leads to precipitate withdrawal by the other.

Another sphere where greater communication and contact is needed is between the generations. The current commercially exploited cult of the young is leading to a state of affairs where the under 25s tend to regard themselves as so radically different in thought, feeling, sentiment, and behaviour from their elders as to be almost a separate species. The result seems to be a growing loss of kindness between the generations. For homosexuals, in particular, this could be tragic – because the hectic premium on youth in homosexual circles has bitter consequences for the middle aged and elderly. In the homosexual world, no less than others, sympathetic understanding and helpfulness between younger and older people is an urgent necessity. The continuity of life, and the need for mutual giving, needs emphasising once again for us all. In this way, the absence of families may ultimately be remedied by the growth of family-substitute units where older homosexuals help the young and the younger care for the old. The homosexual "Peter Pan" syndrome needs to be broken.

Am I being too idealistic? I hope not. I hope it is not being too idealistic to say that there is more to homosexuality than emotional shallowness and one-night stands; or that a man's moral worth does not depend upon whether he prefers other men to girls.

You will see that I believe in the essential similarity of the homosexual's and the heterosexual's dilemma as an individual in society. While there are differences – and while not only the homosexual, but also other sexual minorities such as the transvestite and the transsexual, do have their singular and peculiarly acute problems of isolation and emotional stress – the basic fact for us all to grasp and latch on to is that we are all first and foremost human beings: we are all members one of another, or, as John Donne said, "No man is an Island". We must neither set ourselves apart in, nor relegate others to, a sexual ghetto. For it is only by ultimate integration, and not by sexual apartheid, that we shall all of us realise our humanity to the full. The task before us remains a formidable one. But if we persevere it must surely bring us all, in the end, to a society which offers a happier, a healthier, and a fuller life for everyone. There are enough unavoidable troubles in the world without the addition of sexual misery. Our lives here on earth are very short, and we should not be having to waste a minute of them on such unnecessary or humanly aggravated problems which greater understanding and tolerance could avoid.

This lecture is reprinted by kind permission of The Albany Trust from issue number 11 of "Man and Society", The Journal of the Albany Trust. This is the latest issue of The Journal whose aim is to examine the right relationship between individuals and the community. Other articles include 'Morals and Maturity' by Canon Douglas Rhymes, The Vicar of Camberwell; "Homosexuality and Christian Thought" by Norman Pittenger, now at Kings College, Cambridge and author of the SCH pamphlet "Time for Consent?"; and book reviews by Kevin O'Dowd, Dr. Charlotte Wolff, D. J. West, Dr. Eva Bene and G. A. Lyward. Copies of the "Man and Society" are available from The Albany Trust, 32 Shaftsbury Avenue, London W1V 8EP.

Keep your hair on! Send for a Jeremy Wig



Originally conceived as a disguise for baldness, the wig has now emerged as an important item of the modern man's wardrobe; no longer is it the last desperate attempt in retaining a youthful virile appearance – the exclusive preserve of middle age. Today the wig has a socially accepted status in dress. Its intended purpose is purely ornamental, being worn by young people rather to enhance, than "retain" their appearance.

This revolutionary attitude towards the wig is exemplified by **Julian and Michael of Dukes Hair Studio**. Surrounded by the luxury of the Dukes Hotel, Julian and his partner Michael, both of international repute as successful competition winners for men's hairstyling have created the **Jeremy Wig**.

Their attitude to wigs is based upon the French idea of shaping hair to suit the features. Julian's belief in shaping hair to accentuate the client's personality and features motivated the introduction of London's first hair studio. The Jeremy Wig was evolved by Julian as a means of enabling clients to relax socially while wearing long hair, whilst satisfying the conventions of those occupations demanding a shorter style. Yet wigs can also be created in a short style, to satisfy a customer whose hair is worn long! In the studio the versatility of the Jeremy

Wig is demonstrated. Whilst the razor cutting techniques employed by Julian and Michael are unique they make no distinction between shaping a wig or real hair. This fact is hardly surprising when one considers that the wigs are made from 100% human hair which is razor cut once only and shaped according to the client's wishes. It can then be washed at will without any danger to the actual shape of the wig. Such are the economical advantages of the Jeremy Wig. Nevertheless the variations of the Jeremy hair style were even more amazing and our photographs show both the smooth and the soft curly style. Whilst the Jeremy Hair Style is reminiscent of the Greek Goddess look, each wig is unique, being shaped purely from a consideration of the owner's features. It is because both variations are interchangeable that Julian and Michael are frequently called upon to re-style a wig for a special occasion. A convincing demonstration of the ease and speed with which a wig can be re-styled explains why Dukes Hair Studio is readily visited by its young patrons. Together with a full beauty treatment for men, including manicure, facial massage and cleansing, plus the availability of a complete range of their own cosmetics, Julian and Michael offer the fashion conscious man a worthwhile visit.

IF YOU LIVE IN LONDON WHY NOT CALL IN FOR AN APPOINTMENT:— DUKES HAIR STUDIO, DUKES HOTEL, 35 ST. JAMES PLACE, LONDON, S.W.1, OR TELEPHONE JULIO & MICHAEL 01-493 8600; OR WRITE JEREMY MAGAZINE, DEPT. WIGS, 45 CARNABY STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Christopher Jones

Jeremy Profile of the Month

Until the bare-chested, slim hiped, gently aggressive and suggestive figure of Christopher Jones became the poster symbol for Frank Pierson's "The Looking Glass War", he was a guy you might easily have missed out on.

This, in spite of the fact that he has taken the star role in all of his four films, and also in a television series named "The Legend of Jesse James".

His anonymity is significant. For he has managed to fight against one of the biggest image forming campaigns launched in the cinema for many years. He was launched into films by Warner Brothers-Seven Arts in 1967, by starring in "Chubasco" a mediocre sentimental story set among tuna fishing boats at sea. The theme was basically one of the generation gap, with Jones caught in rivalry with his future father-in-law.

Because of certain similarities with "Rebel without a Cause", the critics, rather unfairly, spoke of his performance as being too akin to that of James Dean to be distinctive. The Dean image was ironical, but it stuck.

After "Chubasco" came his association with the "hip" American International Productions who became definite instigators of Jones the sex-star, and in their own commercially square way began to push him as representative of "the youth of America". They used two channels: the conjecture of "Wild in the Streets" and the out and out orgasmic quality of "Three in the Attic".

In "Wild in the Streets" Jones plays Max Frost, a 24 year old pop singer who becomes President of the United States and campaigns for "compulsory retirement" at the age of 30 and "Retirement Homes" for those over thirty-five where everyone is forcibly fed on L.S.D. Soon afterwards came "Three in the Attic" in which Christopher played Paxton Quigley, a college student involved with three girls. As a punishment for his double-crossing one of them, the girls conspire and lock him in an attic. Here he is made to act as a top quality stud: performing with each of the girls in regular shifts almost continually until he is sorry for his cheating. His latest film - "The Looking Glass War" is the one in which most people are going to see Christopher for the first time, and few can have failed to notice the posters

used to advertise him. They are one of the first attempts to use the male sex-symbol in mass commercial art. All of the Jones' have been quite distinctive. And yet none of them has produced the ecstasy needed to produce a sex-star. One could blame distribution and the poor scripts.

But both of these disadvantages could have been overcome had the star really pushed himself. One gets the feeling that he is not quite giving his all. In fact in his performances up to now there has been a quality of apathy and negation. One suspects that he is far wiser than his producers give him credit and that he's going through a phase of film making which is very much beneath him.

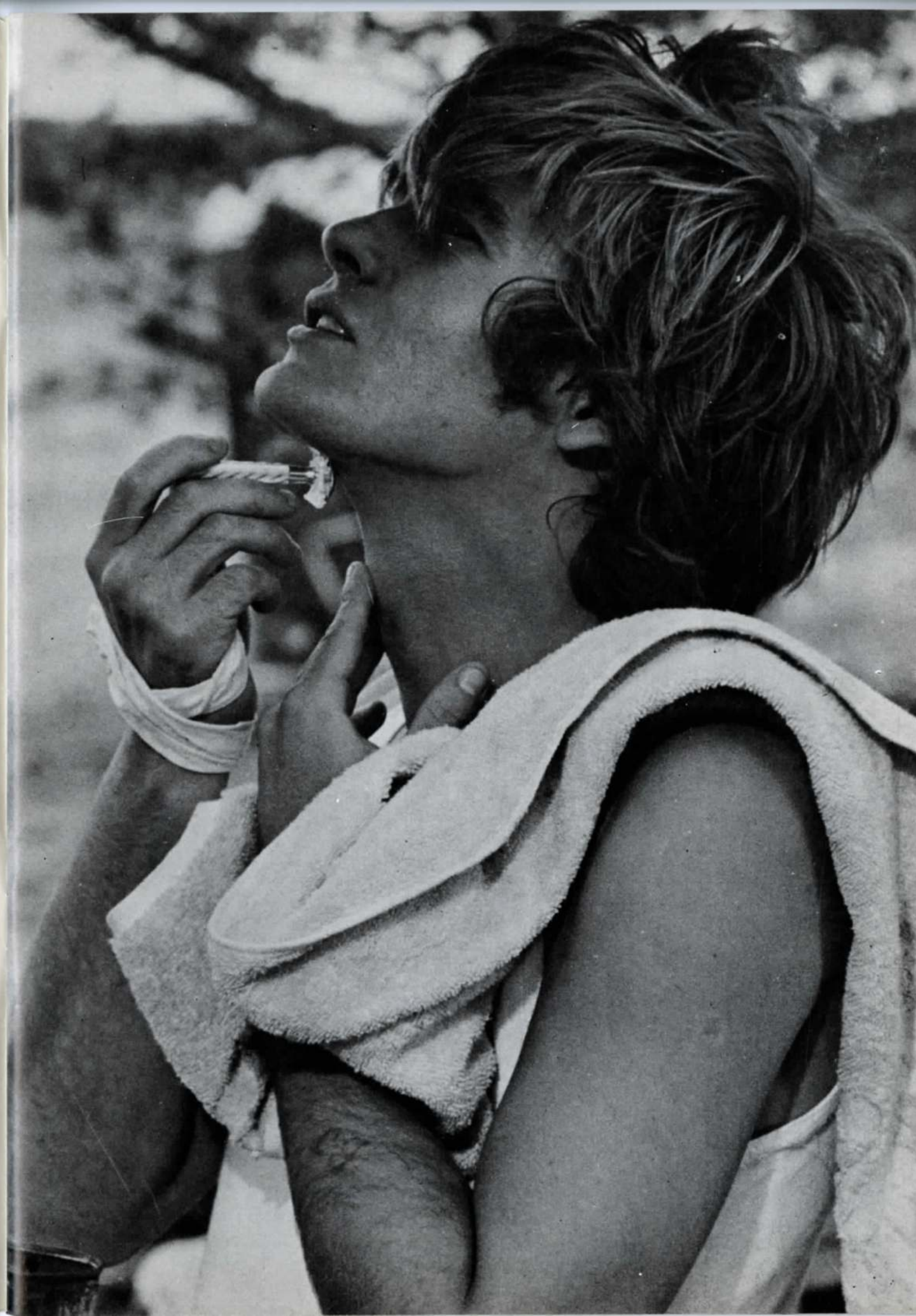
His background shows the conditioning of an interesting mind. He was brought up in an orphanage and of his life there he has this to say: "I'm not whining, I liked it there. I had a lot of friends. At four I had to fight the six and seven year olds for position. At ten I fought the sixteen year olds. Finally I shared the top-dog position with the one kid I could not lick".

At sixteen he left the orphanage to join the army but soon left. "It was just like the orphanage", he says "except that the food was better and the penalty for running away worse". Having left he spent many months labouring on a building site before joining a school of acting in New York.

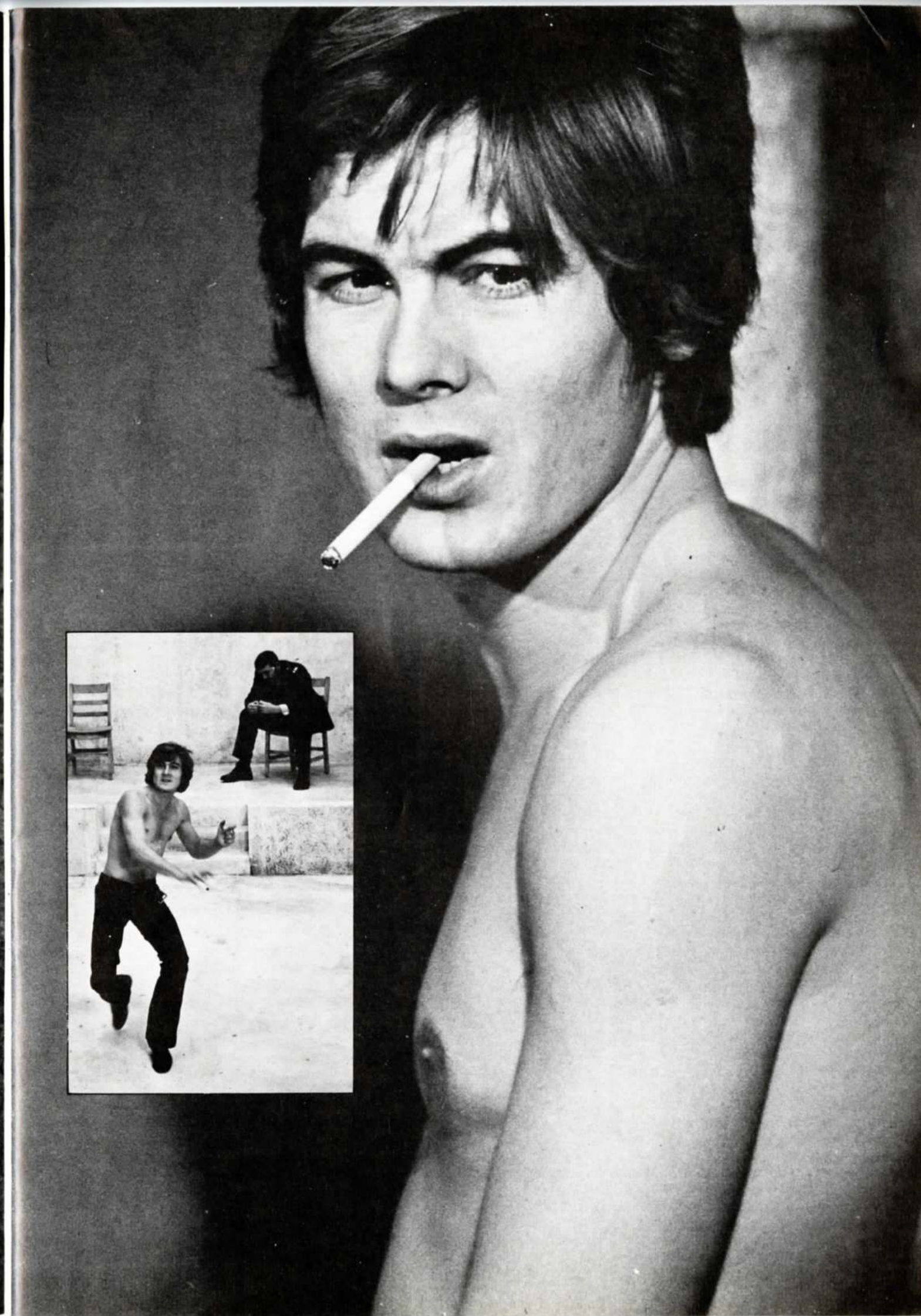
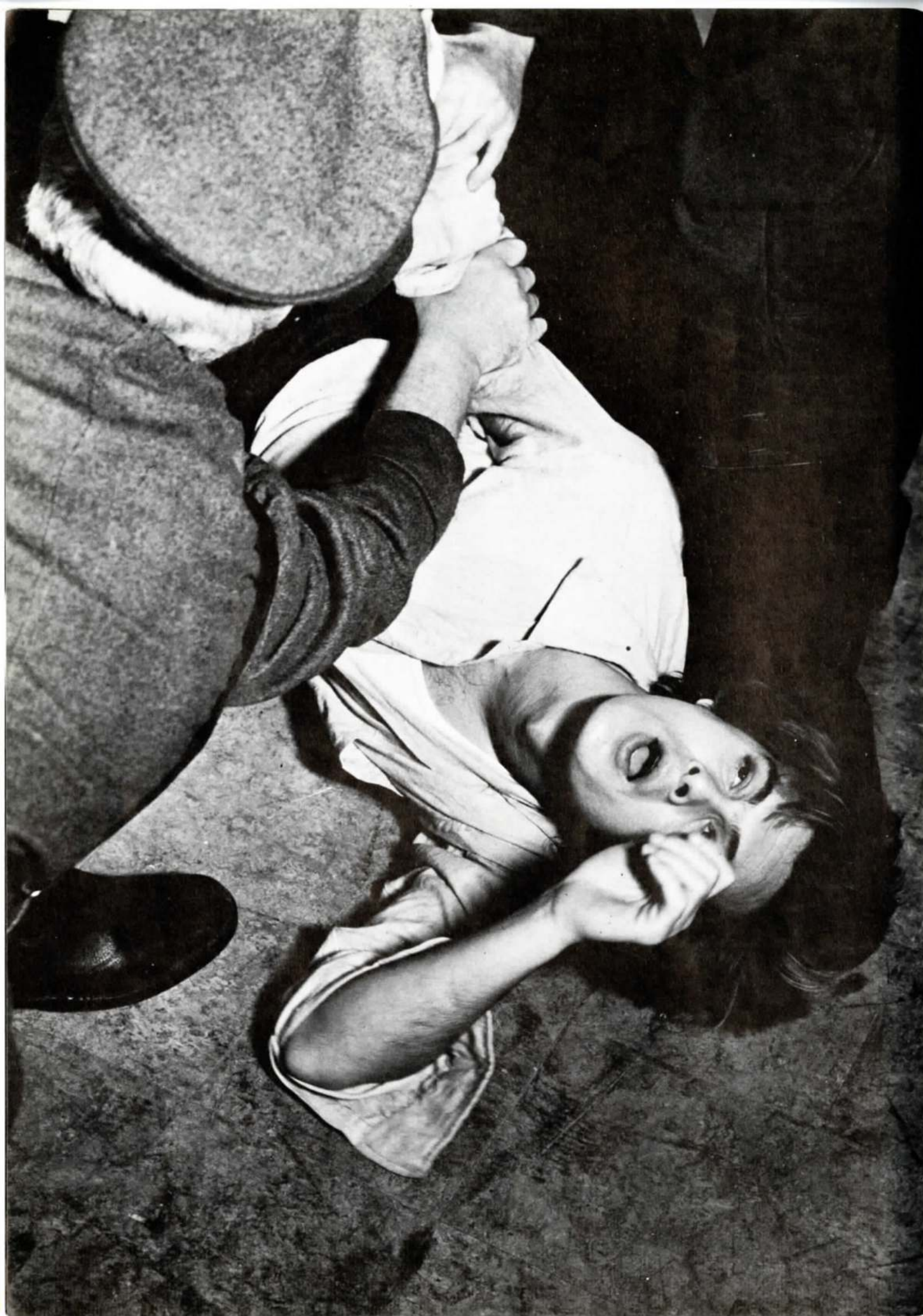
Astrologically he is Leonian with a few qualities inherent from Virgo - a combination not to be underestimated. "I may not look it, but I am a conservative. Only through discipline can you find security and love in this world. I have a two year old daughter, Jennifer, from my 5 year old marriage to Susan (Susan Strasberg - now divorced). The only influence I want is over my kid". What will the Seventies hold for Christopher Jones? He will certainly not be content for ever with any mediocre sex-star image or even with comparisons to James Dean - "Dean was kinda like a little boy . . . kinda sweet. That is not the casting for me. I know how to handle myself. I don't see myself as one of the misunderstood generation. I'm not a flower person. I eat flowers!"

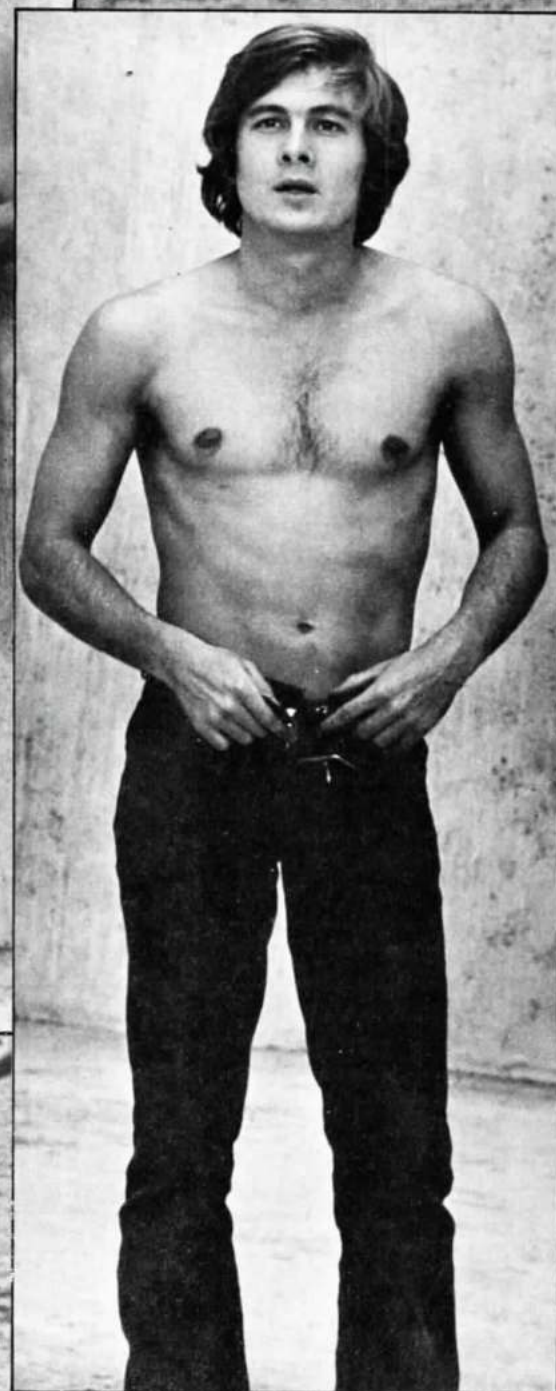
Grrrr! Those Leos are capable of anything!

A profile by Jeremy's own Chris Jones.









What is the Albany Trust?



Part 1 of a series about organisations for homosexuals.

Jeremy readers have asked us to give them more information about the Albany Trust whose name has frequently appeared in our pages. We have pleasure in reprinting below the recent pamphlet published by The Albany Trust: "The Albany Trust and its work".

The Albany Trust was founded in 1958 to promote psychological health through research, education and social action.

It is especially concerned with psychosexual difficulties and has so far worked mainly upon the personal and social problems of homosexuality, having been set up by some executive committee members of the Homosexual Law Reform Society who wanted to provide a channel towards advice and practical help for people experiencing personal worries or social difficulties over sex.

Since the Sexual Offences Act of 1967 (which legalised the private homosexual behaviour of two consenting adults) became law, the Trust's interests have extended to other areas of sexuality, such as transvestism and transsexualism, and varieties of heterosexual behaviour sometimes regarded as deviant. This is not because it is now less concerned to help homosexuals – indeed, the number of homosexual people seeking its advice and aid is greater now than ever before – but rather is due to the fact that in the freer atmosphere created by recent social reforms more people with sexual difficulties of various kinds are approaching the Trust for assistance.

Research

Only the broadest possible programme of research and education can increase understanding of human sex drives, emotions and behaviour, and ultimately dispel ignorance and lessen intolerance. The Albany Trust endeavours to create healthier community attitudes towards sex in all its aspects, and to stimulate and assist research in the fields where this is most needed.

The Trust has carried out or been associated with a number of researches into various questions connected with sexual behaviour. Notable among these was a comparative psychological research by Eva Bene, PhD, into the early family relationships of homosexuals and non-homosexuals. Dr. Bene is completing a further research into the effects of various forms of psychiatric and medical treatments undergone by people with homosexual tendencies.

The Trust has collaborated with Universities in several research projects, and is also in touch with Government departments and grant-giving foundations. The Social Science Research

Council has shown interest in plans for a major study of the community adjustment of British homosexuals, which it is hoped will begin at Birmingham University in 1970 with former Kinsey Institute sociologists participating. The First International Symposium on Gender Identity, sponsored jointly by the Albany Trust and the Erickson Educational Foundation of New York, was held in London in July 1969, and was attended by professional delegates from the United States, Britain and several Continental countries. This was the first such meeting of world specialists interested in problems of gender identity and sex reassignment therapy. The Trust is convinced of the need for much more large-scale research into human sexuality to be carried out on a co-ordinated, interdisciplinary basis, and it hopes that the growing recognition of this need in academic circles will before long lead to the establishment of an institute or research centre to plan and carry out a systematic programme of such work.

Education

The Trustees intend to continue the pioneer work of their first Chairman, the late Mr. Kenneth Walker, FRCS, in promoting more adequate sex education and a better general understanding of sexual behaviour. Preliminary discussions with the Departments of Health and of Education and Science, the Health Education Council, the Marriage Guidance Council, the Family Planning Association and other bodies concerned with sex education and counselling in personal relationships will ensure that the Trust's work in this field is as effective as possible.

Albany Trust Winter Talks, with guest speakers covering a wide range of social topics, are given in London between October and March each year. Speakers on the Trust's work are provided on request to outside organizations and groups, and information is given to the Press, radio and television when opportunities occur.

Man and Society, the journal of the Albany Trust, first appeared in 1961 and it is hoped to publish at least two issues a year in future. The theme of **Man and Society** is the right relationship between individuals and the community. Topics dealt with in issues so far published have included (in addition the Trust's own field of work) loneliness, adolescent delinquency, abortion, prison reform, the theory of punishment, civil liberties, and censorship. Copies of available back issues are obtainable from the Trust.

Other Albany Trust publications include a newsletter, **Spectrum** (issued approximately every two months), an occasional series of "Talking Point" pamphlets on topical subjects (the first two of which, **Homosexuality and the Sickness Theory** and **The Citizen in the Street**, were published in the autumn of 1969), **Some Questions and Answers About Homosexuality** (3rd edition, 1969), and **Arrest: A Guide to the Citizen's Rights** (produced in collaboration with the National Council for Civil Liberties).

Social Action

The Albany Trust deals with numerous requests for help and advice (over 500 a year in 1968 and 1969). It does not attempt to provide long-term

treatment or supportive counselling, but endeavours to put those who come to it into touch with the best available professional medical, legal, religious or social assistance throughout the country. The Trust's network of such professional contacts is already wide and is constantly extending, as is the range of help given. In the course of this work, the Trust has found that the most common problem affecting homosexual people (who form about three-quarters of its caseload) is an acute sense of loneliness and isolation experienced by those who often find it difficult to accept themselves and at the same time feel they are not accepted by others. This dangerously isolated loneliness is often especially troubling for adolescents and young adults.

Such young people are increasingly seeking the Trust's aid in resolving family difficulties and problems of education, employment and personal relationships, and a growing amount of parent counselling is being undertaken.

Whether or not they wish for treatment which aims to reorientate their sexual desires (not always a realistic goal in the present state of medical knowledge), many of those who approach the Trusts are urgently in need of understanding and help for their psychological, spiritual, medical, family and other social difficulties. The Trust's experience in advising hundreds of homosexuals and others with 'deviant' difficulties – and also their parents, friends, wives and husbands – has made plain the urgent need for a national psychosexual counselling service where anyone with a sexual problem can obtain immediate sympathetic and expert advice, and which will be able to call upon psychiatric, medical, legal, religious and other professional supportive resources for those needing longer term therapy or other help. The demand for such a comprehensive service comes from all over Britain, and pending its creation the Albany Trust is collaborating with other social and welfare agencies (such as Councils of Social Service and The Samaritans) in seeking to meet some of the most pressing needs in a necessarily interim fashion. Ultimately, it is hoped that the necessary large-scale finance will be found by the community to establish the professionally staffed, full time counselling centres which are required, especially outside London.

To see the early establishment of such a service is only one of the Trust's aims. It also hopes that changing legal and social conditions will open the way for a much more realistic approach to the social needs of homosexual men and women, and that these needs (as well as those of other sexual minorities) can be provided for in more positive ways in the future. Further progress in public education about these needs is one of the Albany Trust's primary objectives.

Provincial requirements feature largely in the Trust's thinking; while necessarily based upon London, it is a national organisation, operating nationally. Staff activities during 1969 included a three-day visit to Northern Ireland, a meeting in Edinburgh with the Church of Scotland's Moral Welfare Committee, a day seminar for social workers at York University on "Coming to

Terms with Sexuality" (jointly organised by the Trust and the Yorkshire Council for Social Service) and several other provincial visits and meetings.

The Future

The Albany Trust depends entirely upon voluntary support. Several thousands of people already know of its work, and have given donations. But its income is too small to sustain even the present level of operations indefinitely – let alone to extend them in the many other ways which are so much needed. The Trust is urgently in need of more funds: less than half its annual expenditure is guaranteed by regular subscriptions, and the work planned for 1970 and beyond requires a substantial and immediate increase in income.

If you sympathise with the Trust's aims, please will you help? A gift of money, however small, will be gratefully acknowledged (unless you prefer to give anonymously). For a minimum donation of £2 10s. 0d. a year you will be placed on the mailing list and sent the Trust's publications. The Albany Trust is a registered charity, so that contributions pledged annually for a seven-year period under a Deed of Covenant give an additional benefit to the Trust by enabling it to recover from the Inland Revenue the income tax which the giver pays on the covenanted sum. Deeds of Covenant also enable the Trust to plan ahead knowing that it has a minimum assured annual income, and so they are especially welcome.

Besides contributing to its funds yourself, please get as many other people as you can to subscribe to the Albany Trust, and express your support for the Trust's aims as often as possible. The human needs confronting the Trust are real and compelling: we must not fail to meet them or lose any opportunities to hasten progress towards a more humane society. The Trustees hope that you will wish to join them in supporting this worthwhile effort.

ANTONY GREY
Director



Editor's footnote: The Albany Trust can provide counselling assistance far more extensive than Jeremy's attempts to help readers who write to us with their problems. We suggest that anyone in need of expert and experienced help writes to The Albany Trust, 32 Shaftsbury Avenue, London W1V 8EP.

The Trust will in the first instance send copies of the pamphlets "The Albany Trust and its work" and "Questions and Answers" and will try to arrange further information and assistance. In future months Jeremy will run articles on other organisations for homosexuals, including some for lesbians.

Jeremy Fundies -the fun underwear



Peeping Tom

Present your credentials in peeping tom. Made in see thru stretch lace. Colours: yellow-white-skin-black-red. Price 12/6.



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Made in super smooth brushed nylon for super dolly people. Colours: virgin white-red-orange-black-royal. Price 12/6.



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Made in glitter nylon to shine in the dark. Colours: black-white-red-skin-yellow-pale blue. Price 12/6.

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the barbarians

A short story by Philip Oakes.



During the night Tyler awoke to hear a pig beneath the window. At first he could not identify the sounds, the drunken gutturals and the greedy breathing. Half asleep he kicked the woman beside him. She groaned and rolled over, one shoulder shining like a melon, the smell of her sweat gusting up from the damp sheets. Tentatively, Tyler stroked her thigh but she did not respond. "Come on" he said, "be nice to the tourist". She muttered something unintelligible, and he pulled away. After a while, when the sounds began again he slid out of bed and opened the window.

The pig looked up at him, its eyes like holes in its narrow skull, its flank rasping against the stucco that gave it relief. "Go to sleep, pig" said Tyler. He watched it saunter away on dainty feet, and climbed back into bed. As he lit a cigarette he saw something dart across the far wall. A cockroach, he thought. At least they were clean; scavengers, eating only paper and scraps they found lying about. He did not mind cockroaches. Nor, in the last resort, did he mind a pig beneath his window, or a lazy whore in his own rented bed. It was all experience.

Tyler was writing a book. He had come to Athens with an open mind, and he was eager to absorb the scene. He believed in being receptive, in taking it all in. He had little money. He was living as cheaply as possible in a ratty hotel, but the advance that he had managed to prise from his publisher would run out soon. What would happen then he was not sure. In a way he regretted the money he had spent on the whore, but sex was necessary. It was therapy and background material at the same time. He ran his finger down her spine but she did not move. In an hour he would wake her he promised himself. Maybe in two. Everyone needed their sleep. He felt warm with anticipation, pleased that he was able to arrange things to his liking. Everything would pan out, all was in order. His clothes were neatly folded on a chair, and he could feel the thin hump of his wallet tucked between the mattress and the springs of the bed.

From somewhere in the room he heard the rustle of paper. The sound was repeated and he sat up in bed, drawing hard on the cigarette until he burned his lips and hot ash tumbled on the sheet. He swung his feet on the floor and felt unsuccessfully for his slippers. Bare-footed he crossed the room to the light switch and vainly pressed it down. He struck a match and saw that there was no bulb in the light socket. The match guttered out, and momentarily blind in the rush of darkness he felt something frisk over his foot. Grimacing with distaste he ran back to the bed. It was no longer funny; the room was alive. He pummelled the pillow and lit another cigarette. The packet was almost empty. What was left would not last him till morning. A pain in the back of his neck woke him hours later. Sunlight glared from the white walls and the pig grunted beneath the window. There was a cigarette burn in the sheet, and slivers of silver paper lay on the floor beneath his

jacket. Tyler felt in the pocket and took out a bar of chocolate. One corner had been stripped of foil, and the exposed chocolate had been nibbled by many mandibles. Tyler pulled the sheets off the bed, and the woman hugged herself in the sudden chill. "Out" he said. "Now". She was older than he had thought, and her feet were dirty. She smiled and stretched out her arms. "Encore" she said. He remembered her saying she spoke some French.

He shook his head, frowning when he held out her hand. "No more money". He watch the pig while she got dressed. When she had gone he washed himself all over, using his last bar of Lifebuoy, and stroking a deodorant in his armpits. I may be poor, he told himself, but by God I am clean. The money, though, was becoming a problem. He had to do something about it.

While he ate breakfast in a cafe across the square Tyler had his shoes shined. He pierced an egg and as the pale yolk floated on the oil filming his plate he stared at the head of the boy kneeling at his feet. The hair was close cropped and held the sunlight like the satin pile of a chair.

The boy stood up and held out his hand. Tyler paid him and scowled when the hand remained beside his plate, thin and grimy against the table cloth. Another demand, he thought.

"What now?"

The boy smiled ingratiatingly. "Cigarette?" he said. Tyler turned out his pockets in dumb show and spread his hands. "No cigarettes".

The boy slipped his arms through the braces of his shoe box and went out of the cafe. At the door he counted his money and tucked it inside his shirt. Tyler paid the bill and walked towards the British Institute. There were oranges on the trees in front of the Palace where Evzone guards in their crisp skirts and pantomime shoes turned and stamped on sentry duty.

Tyler was pleased he had not brought his camera with him. He did not wish to join the ring of sailors photographing the guards. One of them whistled as the guard about faced. "Oh you peach" he called. Tyler turned his back and walked on up the hill.



Inside the library of the Institute it was cool and restful. Tyler sat down and opened an air mail edition of *The Times*. The thin paper crackled in his hands. It was some time before he realised that he was being watched by a man across the room. He put down the paper and stared back. The man smiled tentatively and crossed to where Tyler was sitting.

"May I join you?" he asked.

Tyler pushed the paper away. "If you wish".

"My name is Nicholas Thanakis" said the man, extending a plump frown hand, "you are English I think". He was short and stout with receding fair hair and a round, gentle face. He wore a white suit and a tie of heavy red silk. Tyler nodded and they shook hands. "My name is Bruce Tyler" he said.

Mr. Thanakis drew a cigarette case from his inside pocket and opened it. "They are Players" he said, "our own cigarettes are..."

"Inspid" suggested Tyler.

Mr. Thanakis smiled gratefully. "I have difficulty in expressing myself. English is not an easy language".

Tyler was aware that possibly he had been rude. "Not that I dislike Greek cigarettes" he said "It is simply that they are weak".

"Inspid" corrected Mr. Thanakis.

I've offended him, thought Tyler, seeking and finding a reproach in the correction. "I admire Greece very much" he said warmly.

"I admire England" said Mr. Thanakis, "I wish to speak English".

"You speak very well" Tyler assured him, "your pronunciation is excellent".

Mr. Thanakis inclined his head slightly. "Thank you" he said. "I hope to improve". His phrasing was a little stiff.

"Are you visiting Athens for the first time?" he asked.

"My first visit" said Tyler. "I have to go to the Islands at the end of the week".

Again Mr. Thanakis inclined his head. "Excellent" he said, "they are very beautiful." He glanced shyly at the note-book in Tyler's pocket, "You are a writer perhaps?"

Tyler nodded, a little flattered. "I am writing a book on Greece."

"In that case" said Mr. Thanakis "let me be your guide. I will take you to see what you should see and you will improve my pronunciation".

A phrase projected itself on Tyler's mind: 'Live off the land'. He had seen it somewhere before, in a magazine article dealing with pioneers. He could not remember any more of the text but the words detached themselves and sat like a caption beneath a portrait of Mr. Thanakis. He smiled gratefully. "All right" he said.

They went to the Acropolis where they were almost alone among the great white pillars that rose into a clear sky, scoured by sunlight and constant wind. Mr. Thanakis gestured across the city towards Piraeus where tangled girders still choked the harbour.

"There are always barbarians" he said "there is always destruction". A gold bracelet shone on his left wrist. Tyler looked past the bracelet and over the city. "Yes there are" he agreed.



He allowed Mr. Thanakis to talk without restraint, hearing only what he wanted to hear. He knew the history of the Acropolis and disregarded the flow of instruction that poured from his companion. Mr. Thanakis spoke of the Turks and the various invaders that had looted the city. "So many barbarians" he said emotionally.

Tyler looked at him, concealing his amusement. "You have a great deal left" he suggested.

"We are poor" said Mr. Thanakis. "We have no money and only relics of a culture. We are impoverished".

Tyler looked pointedly at the bracelet. "So I notice".

"I was not speaking of myself" said Mr. Thanakis. "I cannot complain; I have been fortunate. I was speaking of my country. Greece is poor, therefore the Greeks are poor. It is a spiritual matter".

Tyler nodded: "I can understand that".

"We feed on our past. We were a race of heroes" said Mr. Thanakis, his round face flexing into an expression of unconscious nobility. "The heroes are dead and buried and their virtues have gone with them".

"I'm sorry" said Tyler inadequately.

Three ravens circled the capitals of the temple behind them, and settled comfortably on the white stone with an air of proprietorship. Mr. Thanakis pointed to the resting birds.

"They are more at home here than the Greeks" he said.

"They have an affinity with the place. We are the visitors now".

They lunched together, Mr. Thanakis paying the bill, and in the afternoon, drove to the coast. The road was very bad with deep, dust-filled holes that could not be avoided. An advertisement for petrol was repeated on most of the white farm walls. It appeared even on buildings a long way from the road. Parties of women in the fields stopped work and waved as the car drove by and occasionally Tyler waved back.

"They wave at every car" said Mr. Thanakis, intent on his driving. "They even wave at buses. Nothing stops but they go on waving. Why, do you suppose?"

"I used to wave at trains when I was a child" said Tyler.

"I think everyone does something like that".

Mr. Thanakis stopped the car beneath a clump of trees at the side of the road. "It is very demonstrative" he said "I cannot ever remember doing anything like that".

He locked the car and Tyler followed him down a steep path to the shore. The beach was firm and the water shallow, reaching far out over pale sand.

"Swim if you wish" said Mr. Thanakis, "there is no-one here. I will watch". He sat down and rested on his hands.

Tyler stripped off his shorts and loosened his belt so that his trousers collapsed over his ankles. The sun was hot on his back and the sea wrinkled rapidly ahead. He kicked off his shoes and ran into the water, shouting loudly as the spray dashed up his legs. It was not deep enough to swim and he floated with his eyes closed, his trailing fingers scraping the bottom.

He stood up and waved to Mr. Thanakis who waved back vigorously, the bracelet flashing on his wrist. Tyler waded to the beach and lay down. The clothes that he had shed carelessly were folded into a neat pile. He lit a cigarette and flicked the match at a sand flea. It hopped away, its horny body reminding him of the previous night at the hotel. He closed his eyes and breathed slowly and deeply, savouring the cigarette.

"Your skin is very white" remarked Mr. Thanakis.

"Like a fish" Tyler agreed, slightly dizzy with the sun and cigarette smoke. "I can't stay out in it. I turn red and peel".

"My villa has a flat roof" said Mr. Thanakis. "One can lie there in a state of nature. In summer I am brown all over". Tyler raised his hand so that a shadow covered his face.

"Like a god" he said dreamily. "All the Mediterranean gods were brown".

"You would be a welcome guest" said Mr. Thanakis.

Tyler lay still, almost stunned by the heat above and about him. "A villa," he thought. "He waved at me when I came out of the water." He heard a girl laughing somewhere along the beach and put on his trousers, missing the legs like a drunk man. He could not immediately stand upright. Under the cloth his legs felt as though they had been rubbed by a rough towel. He had not realised the sun was so powerful.

"What were your plans for tonight?" asked Mr. Thanakis. Tyler tipped a selection of pebbles from his shoe. "None" he said. "I had no plans for tonight."

"Do you know anyone in Athens?"

"One or two Army Officers" said Tyler. "I met them last night in the *Grande Bretagne*".

"You had not arranged to see them again".

"Not particularly".

"I asked only because I do not wish to trespass on your time" said Mr. Thanakis.

"I told you" Tyler said. "I have made no appointment".

He was slightly irritated by the other man's persistence, the good-humoured, inflexible patience with which he covered all eventualities. He felt that he would have had to apologise if he had not been free.

"Come to the Zappeon Gardens then" proposed Mr. Thanakis. "We can listen to the nightingales".

Tyler controlled an impulse to laugh. "Nightingales?"

"Hundreds" said Mr. Thanakis. "Every night they sing. Their song is famous".

"I've heard nightingales" said Tyler.

"Not like these".

Tyler buttoned his shirt and combed sand out of his hair. He said nothing but looked towards the car.

"They have tone and volume and richness" said Mr. Thanakis. "You would not believe my description of their song. It is something you must hear for yourself".

"All right" said Tyler sharply. Somehow he felt that Mr. Thanakis lost whatever dignity he had by soliciting for the nightingales.

The deal was perfectly straightforward. Tyler needed to conserve, to live off the land. Thanakis had a villa. There was no need to bring in nightingales. It was, in a sense, a breach of contract. "Where shall we meet?" he said coldly. Mr. Thanakis stroked his bracelet. "At the main gate of the gardens. I shall be there at eight o'clock". He appeared to be unaware of Tyler's hostility.

They drove back to Athens, and Tyler returned to his hotel. He looked out of his window at the pig which still roved the yard below, swinging its snout over the muddy ground like a mine detector. Unexpectedly it raised its head and looked up, snuffling hopefully. Tyler threw down a crumpled envelope and the pig ate it with an appetite that was funny and frightful. Tyler was glad that he was getting the hell out.



He put on a clean shirt, and smiled at his reflection in the mirror. He was twenty-five years old, single, and to the best of his knowledge heterosexual. What he was doing, he told himself, was not whoring but offering companionship.

People did it all the time. In the nineteenth century it was a career. He tied his tie, and parted his hair. He looked like the portrait of a young author on a book jacket.

Leaving the hotel he crossed the square and walked through the meat market towards the gardens. Acetylene flares burned hoarsely over marbled shoulders of lamb and between the hanging carcasses, their faces dark against the hulks of gleaming flesh, the stall holders cried their wares.

Tyler stopped to have a drink at the *Grande Bretagne*. A group of officers from the Military Mission paused in their conversation while he ordered a brandy and one of them, a major, raised his glass. Tyler nodded back.

The major leaned towards him. "Didn't I see you this morning?"

"At the Acropolis? Yes, I was there".

"You had a good guide."

Tyler smiled unwillingly. "You know him?"

"Everyone knows Thanakis" said the major. "He's a very gregarious chap." He looked deliberately at Tyler, who looked away.

"Been here long?" asked the major.

"A few days".

"This is the place to meet everyone. Everyone that counts. Your own sort."

Tyler glanced about the bar and counted a dozen different uniforms. He was in some doubt as to what the major considered his particular sort. An army colonel ordered whisky in a loud voice and then turned humbly to the woman by his side. "So I told the bastard..." she said.

The colonel bowed his head attentively.

"What about Thanakis?" asked Tyler.

"He's a rich Greek. That about covers it" said the major. "He's a bit of a joke around here."

"What sort of a joke?"

The major smiled. "The usual kind. He has a reputation of sorts. We make a point of warning new-comers."

"Thank you for the warning" said Tyler.

"We thought you ought to know" said the major. "It's your own business of course, but you don't look that sort."

Tyler put down his glass firmly. "What sort do I look?"

"English" said the major. "Our sort." He was puzzled by the question and answered instinctively.

"Your sort?" persisted Tyler.

The major stirred uneasily. "If you like" he said. "It's really not a question of what I like" explained Tyler.

"One moves in the society in which one is accepted. You have classified me. You really think I belong here?"

"I'm not going frightfully deep" said the major. "You appear to. You know best of course." He moved a little way down the bar, away from Tyler, apparently anxious to rejoin his friends.

Tyler followed him: "You might be able to help me" he said, "I'd be very grateful for any sort of free transport in the direction of Salonika. Anything going north. I'm a bit short of cash."

"Nothing to do with me old boy" said the major.

"Transport isn't my line. I share a jeep with half a dozen other chaps. It's a hell of a problem these days. Most people fly."

"They can afford the fare." said Tyler. "Can't you help me out?"

The major shook his head decisively. "Not a hope" he said. "I would if I could of course, but it's really not my line."

"I understand" said Tyler. And so do you, he thought.

He walked out across the deep carpet and through the revolving doors into the street. A shore patrol came towards him, the leading marine scraping his truncheon along the wall, and Tyler crossed the road. He could smell roasting chicken from a basement kitchen and as he walked by he heard the crackle of fat as the bird turned on its spit.

From a distance he saw Mr. Thanakis waiting at the gate of the gardens. He smiled and came forward to meet Tyler, his hands spread in welcome. "If you had changed your mind, I should have been disappointed" he said. "Waiting here alone I wondered what I should do if you did not come."

"I said I'd be here" said Tyler. "I always keep appointments". He was irritated by the tone of welcome, the weary attempt to be romantic and the desire to charm. "I'm late" he conceded.

Mr. Thanakis waved his hand, releasing a strong smell of toilet water with the gesture. "You are here" he said simply. The gardens were curiously empty. Lights bloomed at the meeting of the paths and in the darkness, leaves rustled continuously although there was no wind. They walked together towards the nearest light, Mr. Thanakis with quick precise steps and Tyler, slouching a little with his hands in his trouser pockets. It was very quiet and he heard one of his shoes squeaking. They sat down and he examined the shoe.

"It has been squeaking all day" said Mr. Thanakis.

"Everywhere we went I heard it like a small bird." He reached up to the branches of a bush growing behind them and broke off a small yellow flower. He cupped his hands about it and breathed the perfume. "For you" he said, and placed the flower in Tyler's button-hole.

Tyler brushed the hand away irritably. "Where are these bloody birds?" he demanded. "How long do we wait here?"

"They do not sing to order" said Mr. Thanakis. "Are you uncomfortable?"

"Hungry" said Tyler, aware that he was being rude but unable to prevent himself putting an end to the courtship.

Mr. Thanakis smiled placatingly: "We will eat later. I promise you a splendid meal."

"At the *Grande Bretagne*?" Tyler asked.



In the surrounding darkness a bird began to sing. They both paused to listen but the song faltered and died. "I would prefer to go elsewhere" said Mr. Thanakis, after a short silence. Tyler crossed his legs, unbearably exasperated by the other's discretion. "I'm sure you would" he said spitefully.

Mr. Thanakis patted his knee and Tyler stood up.

"Don't do that" he said in an unnaturally loud voice. His flesh crawled where the hand had rested. He felt foolish and uncouth, too big for his clothes and capable of great rage. For a moment he was about to strike Mr. Thanakis in the face, to expel his suspicion and self-disgust in simple violence.

The nightingale began to sing again and he slowly relaxed.

Mr. Thanakis stood up and buttoned his jacket. One side of his face was rimmed by the lamp light; his lips shone moistly. "I have been wasting your time" he said.

"And your own" said Tyler.

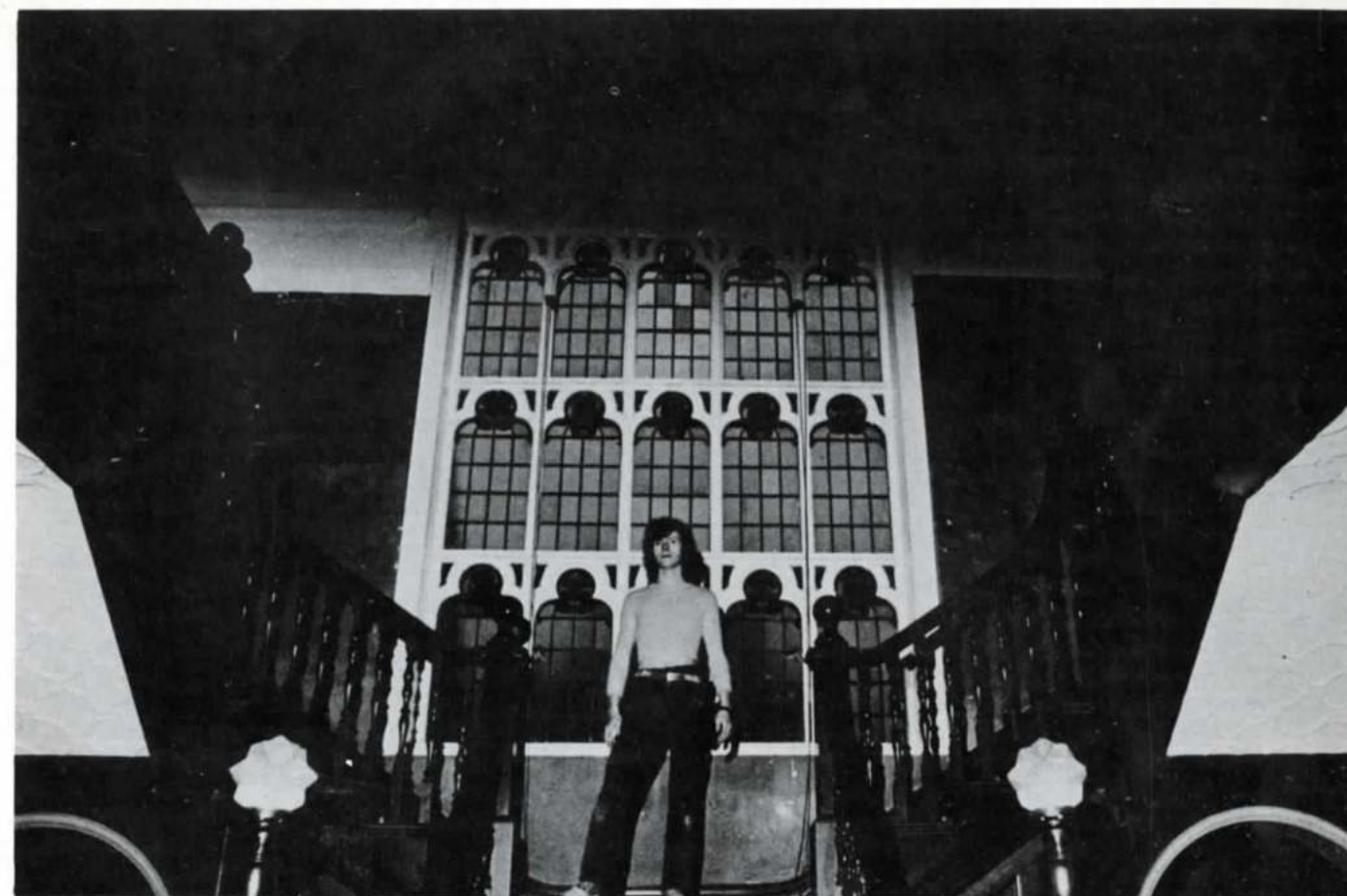
Mr. Thanakis regarded him compassionately and shook his head. "I have enjoyed the day" he said. "I am not ungrateful".

He bowed and walked away in the direction they had come, his white suit fading and finally dissolving into the darkness beyond the trees.

Tyler remained on the bench listening to the nightingales and trying to decide whether they had been part of the bargain or a substitute. One bird succeeded another and the song became a clamour. Tyler covered his ears and went to make his peace with the barbarians.

Bowie FOR A SONG

From Purcell Room to Palladium, from Zen Buddhism to Art Nouveau.
Tim Hughes and Trevor Richardson
break down the prismatic personality of Britain's Pop phenomenon, David Bowie.
Photographs by Johnnie Clamp.



It's a bitterly cold December afternoon. David is rehearsing a "Save The Children" charity show at the Palladium. He is going solo with acoustic guitar – wisely dispensing with the pit orchestra hastily assembled for the Royal Occasion. Princess Margaret and Peter Sellers will be there. There's a hassle over the sound equipment. The management seem unable to produce a supplementary mike for his guitar. Justifiably he's upset with having to make do with one. The gigantic white safety curtain drops in. Isolated in a single spot, against mammoth projections of the Apollo Space Shot, David performs *Space Oddity*. It's spectacularly effective and contrasts strongly with the tatty presentation of the rest of the show. Afterwards David sits quietly with us in the stalls. A strapping Radio 1 D.J. introduces a stunningly bad parade of groups and soloists. He cracks a stream of excruciating gags and occasionally opens his dress shirt to reveal an expanse of rotating stomach flesh. Dusty arrives to rehearse in a trim suede trouser suit. She assumes control of the rehearsal. Out go the pit orchestra. In come her own sixteen session men, sound balancers, backing girls and extra amplifiers. All of us, including David, are suitably impressed by her dazzling professionalism. Another scene, another place. The concrete halls of the South Bank are filling up as the electronic A summons the cultured to an evening's serious entertainment. Half-an-hour later the serried ranks of the sober-suited may be seen on the Queen Elizabeth Hall monitor gravely grooving to the refined sonorities of a Haydn string quartet. Who would imagine that next door in the Purcell Room *Junior's Eyes* are belting out the big sound, warming up a very different audience for the appearance of David Bowie.

The concert is to launch his new L.P. released by Philips. The publicity says simply that it is given by 'David Bowie and Friends'. It is clear that this refers as much to the audience as to the performers. For David is not a pop star in the conventional sense. He is a very switched-on, creative young man, rightly admired by the discerning for his talent and known only to the masses for his guaranteed-success single *Space Oddity*. In the interval the two audiences surge together for drinks and two cultures mingle strangely, the orthodox and the freaked-out. They view each other's appearance, whether bizarre or commonplace, with mixed feelings ranging from amused tolerance to confused mistrust. But all are curiously united by the same artistic experience, whose expression alters with the vagaries of time and taste, but whose roots are constant. Oddly enough the Bowie band looks more baroque than the Haydn mob. After the interval David at last appears. Perched on a stool he begins with some quiet reflective songs, accompanying himself with acoustic guitar. Some 'friends' join him and the sounds become more involved. Finally *Junior's Eyes* plugs in and suddenly there's a really hard sound and one can scarcely believe that its centre is the slight pre-Raphaelite figure who first appeared. The range is incredible. But he says of himself, "I've been grown up for too long." He could never do a whole programme of unrelenting rock and roll, as many groups do. His creativity needs more than one outlet and he has too much to express for one medium. His background is unusually varied – art school, tenor sax with Ronnie Ross's modern jass group, poetry, mime with Lindsay Kemp, films. And even now he feels that he hasn't really begun

to tap all his resources. Mixed media fascinates him and for a time he worked with a dancer and a folk singer. He has started writing a musical based on the life story of "some-one whom everyone's mum and dad loves".

His heroes are rather surprising – George Formby, Nat Jackley, Gracie Fields, Albert Modley – until one realises his admiration for the artist as an entertainer. Modern influences are Jacques Brel, Dylan, Tony Newley, John Lennon and Tiny Tim. The car breaks down. It's raining and we arrive late to take the photos. The house is a stunning and monstrous folly of a place in deepest Beckenham. Light on. Door open. No sign of David. He's just popped down to the shops for paraffin and meat for the night's stew. David takes us on a conducted tour of his mansion – ramshackle yet strangely beautiful in its decay. Sweeping staircases. Huge stained-glass windows. Moulded ceilings. Carved and tiled fireplaces. Liberty print blocks. Art Deco lamps. William Morris screens. There is an almost child-like excitement about the way he pounces on each new treasure. It's infectious.

"We have only been here a month and we've hardly started yet. There is so much to do and it's the wrong time of the year." We wonder he doesn't get professional help. "No. It's my first real place and I want to do it by myself. I'm just getting someone to do the ceilings. Isn't the garden wonderful? It's full of birds and animals." Later outside in the failing light during the photo sessions squirrels leap through the branches and a fox careers across the lawn.

David is a refreshing change from so many of the inarticulate and untalented charlatans currently littering the world of pop. He doesn't think they have anything to contribute, though the public are not taken in for long. Unlike them he has something to say because he has bothered to think about himself, about what he wants to do and how he should do it and about life. He hasn't come up with any startlingly original philosophy but he differs from the herd in having a philosophical attitude to work and life.

**"I'm a loner.
I don't feel
the need for
conventional
relationships"**

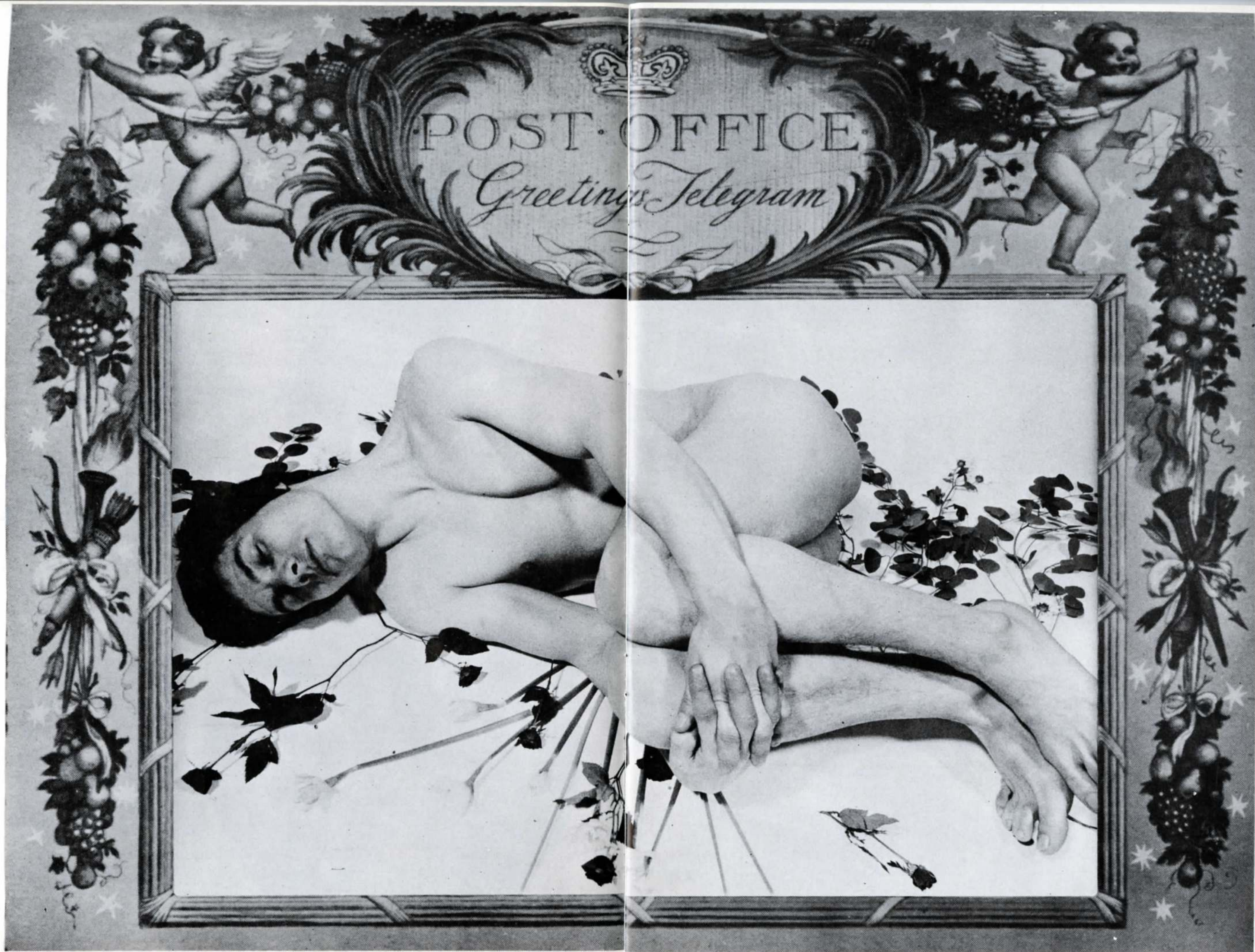
Kerouac made a deep impression on him at an early age and he was genuinely affected by his recent death. He was a practising Buddhist for some time and the discipline of meditation has made him reflective. His outlook is, however, tempered by the exigencies of living in a western

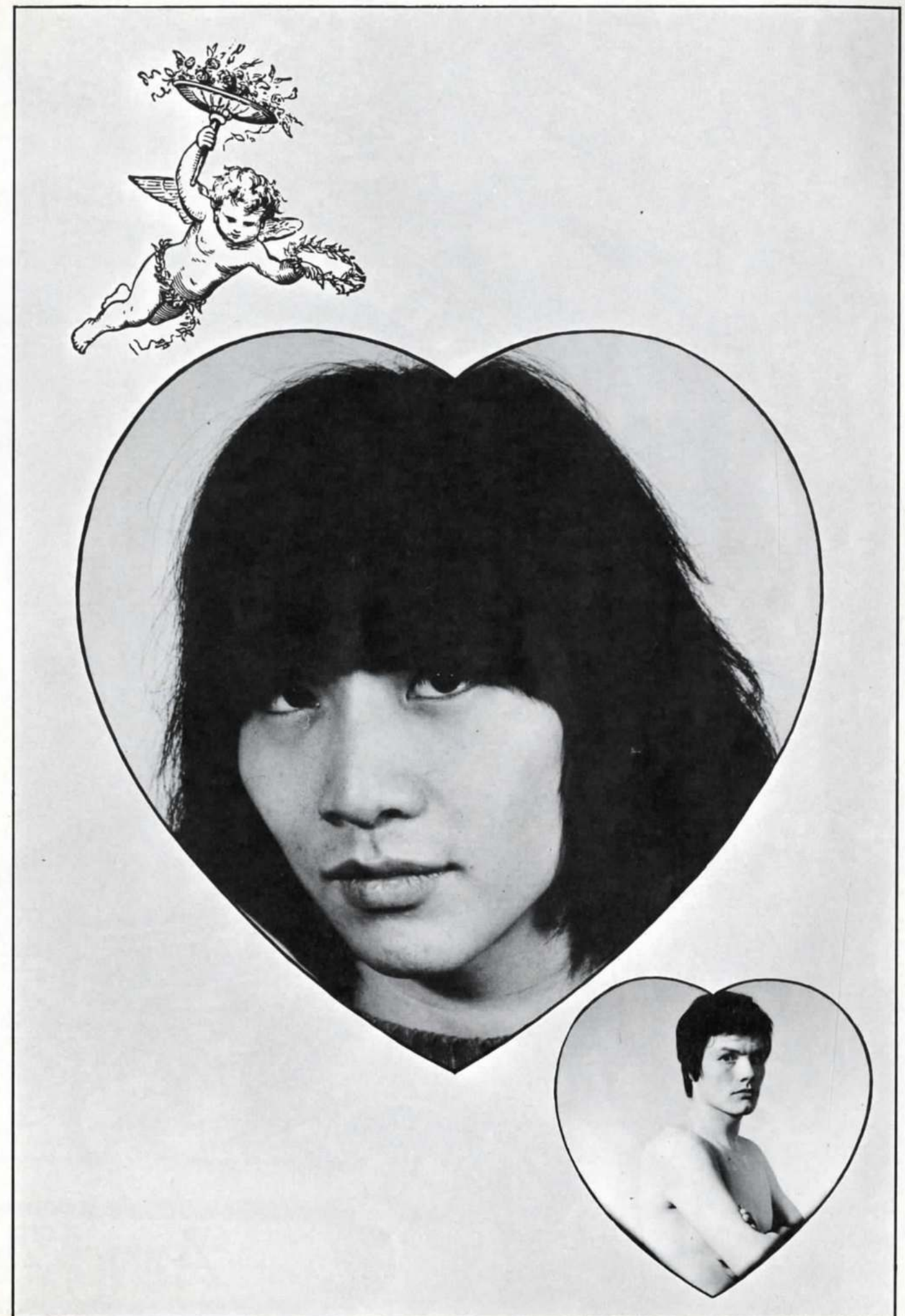
capitalist society and he lacks the mindless realism of so many of his contemporaries. Money is useful. Every bloody hippy wants money to do their own non-capitalistic thing. "Money means that I can afford to furnish my new house as I want." He's not really materialistic – just practical. The same attitude is seen towards relationships. "I am a loner. I don't feel the need for conventional relationships. The few friends I have belong to the period before the success of *Space Oddity*. I was madly in love last year but the gigs got in the way. One needs food. I'm not really part of 'the Scene'. It leaves me cold. I just do what I have to. For instance I want to write songs. At the moment the best way of having them performed is to do them myself. But being a performer gets in the way and I look forward to the day when other people will come along and want to use my material. I have this Arts Lab at Beckenham where there's a lot going on. But I exercise a tight control over it. I have to. Free expression often means chaos, and in any case they need a leader. I don't want to be a leader – after all who wants to be a cause? It's not cliquey like most of these joints. There's hippies and skinheads and nice young people who don't fit into any category. They just come along and if they have something to offer they do it."

It's the midnight hour and the taxi drops us somewhere behind Oxford Street. We plunge down a red stairwell. This is the *Speakeasy* – the club for Top Pop People. David is doing the late-night spot. Someone takes our coats and we make our way to the bar. The drinks are very expensive. The lighting is so murky subtle that it is almost impossible to make out the features of the person standing next to us. We are dimly aware of the other inhabitants. A sprinkling of boys in bone-tight velvet pants held up by redundant broad leather belts whose heavy ornate buckles force one's eyes to mid-riff level. Hordes of girls with deader than dead-pan faces stand in predatory clusters – these are the notorious groupies – 'the Scene's' attendant Furies. Never mind how hideous he really is. Don't be put off by bony bodies, spotty-white skin or bad breath. Just the one prerequisite – if he grooves sleep with him. Unless they are aiming for group sex of a different kind, many are not going to score tonight. They outnumber the boys four to one. It's just not David's scene. The disco stops and a single sharp spot stabs its way through layers of multi-coloured light show. It's David's turn. Perched precariously on two boxes – a luminous elfin face surrounded by an aureole of blond curls – he looks very vulnerable. He works hard. Numbers from the LP . . . Jacques Brel. Some bawdy poems by Mason Williams. Buzz the Fuzz. Throughout the act there is a spattering of blasé applause. Groupies parade. People keep right on talking. No one seems involved. The reaction is disturbingly muted. It's all over and David joins us at the bar. The elfin face looks puzzled. "I can't believe it. The manager says I got a good reception. If that's what happens when they like you – what happens when they hate you?" A marauding groupie gropes him in the crush. "Who was it? I ought to get a fee for that."



*We
hope
you
love
our
Valentine*







Amo, Amas, Amat.





Dear Sir,

Thank you for at last putting a gay magazine on the market which has prospects of becoming very good indeed. I say 'prospects' because I am sure you yourselves will be seeking to improve it issue by issue. I look forward to the articles on all aspects of the arts, the music column (both classical and 'pop') and such things as the food guide; and I hope much more to read on menswear. May I add that I also hope this will not all be (1) not outrageously expensive and (2) excessively 'Twee'?

Of course the major features and photos are most welcome but my only anxiety is that in order to attract a wider circulation such things as 'Diary Dearie' and 'T & T' will become more prominent and further such articles will be in evidence. Obviously they amuse and will continue to do so but too much of it could turn the magazine title from 'Jeremy' to 'Julian' all too quickly!

With very best wishes to Jeremy and all who sail in him—

Yours truly,
Guy H. Crawley
London S.W.

Dear Sir,

May I firstly congratulate you on your magnificent magazine. Its variety of items and articles cater for every taste and interest, and the standard of the work is outstanding by any comparison within the publication world, (gay or otherwise.)

I would be very grateful if you could possibly help me with a few queries I have.

Firstly, do you publish, or would it be possible to obtain from you, a guide to the gay scene (pubs, clubs etc.) in Canada and if possible the major centre of the USA?

However, of particular importance is Canada, especially the gay scene in British Columbia, and the "prairie" provinces. Secondly, would you please inform me, whether or not homosexuality is legalised in Canada as in the UK?

Lastly, would there be any problem in subscribing to "Jeremy" from Canada, and in obtaining the mag in that country?

I would be very pleased and grateful if you could help me in this matter. I trust this letter has caused you no inconvenience.

I remain,
Yours faithfully,
Alan Dudley Plowman,
Rugby.

We're organising a dossier on Canada at this very moment and are hoping for gay information from our readers. We'll be publishing it along with other gay guides in the future—Ed.

David dear,

I hope that you don't mind my using your Christian name, but thanks for the fabulous surprise earlier this month, when I received Copies Nos. 1 and 2 of *Jeremy*. I was thinking another subscription gone down the drain.

In April I got one copy of *Jeremy*, then nothing at all for several months. Then lo and behold bigger and better, two copies of *Jeremy*!!

This is definitely my type of magazine. For sometime, now I've been having another "Male" magazine. But I let my subscription lapse in September last, as the magazine was getting more & more a gawker's Magazine, with nothing else but "Near Nudes" of men. When I first had it, it had all the male Fashions, Stories, Theatre, Films & Books reviews. Most of them have been dropped for the new format.

If your magazine stays in the present form, you cannot go wrong. I like it without Sex. This is a great approach to our society.

I have always said we of the Gay Society should stick more together without all the bickering that goes on.

Gay Power For Gay People! We could get a better deal in life, for all of us!

I enjoy the gay Guide of London, but would like to know of moderate priced Guest Houses, or Hotels in London where the Gay People, from other parts of the country can stay with the usual wants of us Gay People.

I myself live in gay Brighton. Not far away! But if we are to enjoy London to its full, we should have a place to stay nights in London.

At 6 - a copy, however, *Jeremy* I fear will go out of print, without advertisements. I again must congratulate you on the format, & size, of the Magazine, but think it will have to have some sharp price rises to maintain its standard without ads. I myself would be willing to pay up to 12/6d for the magazine, as I think it's a Great Magazine.

What was the problem after April? Was it financial, or format? I've heard rumours that it is one of our more famous Pop Groups whose money is behind *Jeremy*.

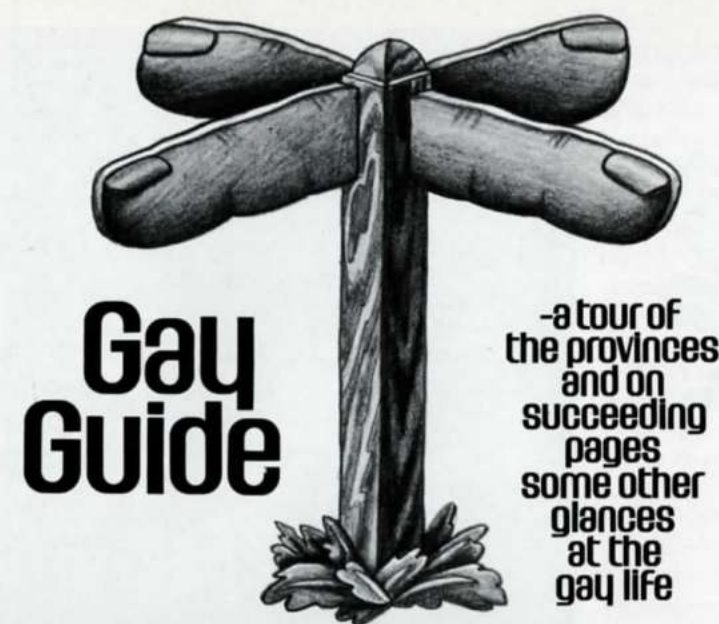
I must also wish you, David and all Your Staff Of *Jeremy*, A Very Happy, & Prosperous Gay New Year.

Yours Truly,
Ray J. Fletcher
Gay Ray, Of Brighton.

Ray dear,

So glad you appreciate all we're trying to do! Don't worry, we're staying at 6 - a copy. We don't need advertisements or pop groups to keep going, just the 30,000 readers we've got already. Can any of them suggest the name(s) of the London guest house(s) you're looking for? We're hoping to set up a gay information service to answer that sort of question in the future.

Yours, David.



With spring on the way, all thoughts will be drawn to the Holidays before us. Where shall we go? With whom? Who will be lucky enough to meet us this year? Perhaps it will be 'Frisco or L.A. again this time, or cruising the Greek Islands, or visiting Expo 70 in Japan. For those craving excitement there are endless nightspots to choose after our days on sun-drenched beaches. My own favourite, following a day in the warm, exotic sand dunes to the south of the town is the bar of the **Clifton Hotel, Blackpool**. Opposite to the North Pier (Entertainment). Open daily throughout the year until Closing Time.

When the tide goes out at **Weston-super-Mare**, where better to go for a drink than the **King William**? For a dinner which is well worth the trip the visitor to this part of the West Coast could do little better than book a table at the **Hole in the Wall in Bath** where the surroundings are as pleasant as the food is famous. This is not supposed to be a Good Food Guide but if you have never heard of it the miniscule **Miners Arms** (not an inn in spite of the name) at **Priddy** on the Mendip Hills between Weston and Bath is exceptional.

A Television advertisement extolling the windswept moors and the quiet coves of Cornwall made us put a tent in the car and set off camping the next day on one of the most enjoyable holidays I have

ever had. There are a surprising number of havens in these coves and bays. After a day fishing on the Pier you may like to choose to visit the **Mayflower** on the east side of **Torquay Harbour**.

"Och! what I like about this place is that it never changes," said the gentleman in legal drag. For those who like the traditional "Pub" on holiday and wish to stay in the Sterling area the **Lantern** is a good launching ground for a holiday in **Malta**. Turn left as you enter Valetta through the Main Gate then turn right and you can not miss it. It is indeed one of the few places not to change annually. Spring and Autumn are perhaps the best times to plan a visit as the Summer tends to be dry and parched.

Increasingly popular with the British tourist, and with a growing winter set, prices are rising steadily.

A Mr. H. Wilson strongly recommends **Gibraltar** to the Pub, Fish and Chip Set. If you are en route to Morocco then Gib. is an interesting side visit, a domestic air flight within the Sterling area and as such can be an attractive proposition for getting to North Africa. Visit the **Sugar Bowl** and ask Sugar to let you have all the latest on Tangier.

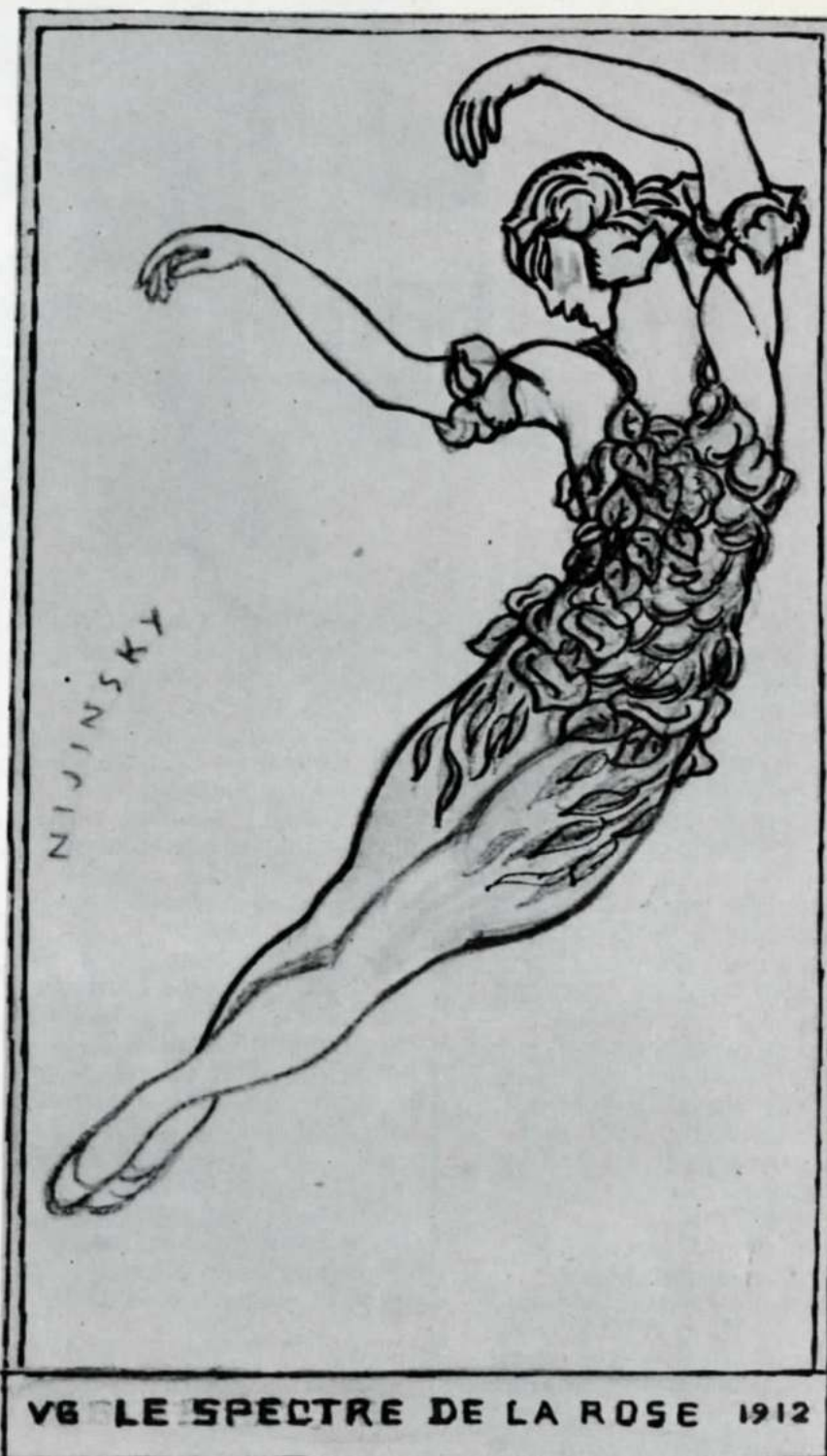
If you do not relish the British Travel and Holiday Association trying to convince our overseas visitors that "Time Gentlemen please" is a quaint custom that should not be missed, and if you have no political qualms then try Spain. A complete guide to Spain would no doubt be very instructive. But top place this month is to be given to **Sitges**. You may be rather put off by the old Lady who indignantly pointed to the gay young thing who entered her hotel from the beach and remarked, "I should never have stayed here if I had known there were nothing but queers on the sands opposite." The old lady has now left but if you wish to find the hotel it is the **Calipolis**. The most popular bars are the **Comodin**, the **Incognito** and **Duncan Bar**. Next door to each other in the village the **Capri** and the **Felix Bar** are also quite interesting to visit and after 1 a.m. the **Pacha Night Club**.

Dance



Christmas is a time for ritual, mystery and love – when the classics are once again brought out, when children see ballet and pantomimes, often for the first time, and when we remember previous festivals and old loves. Apart from the ballet classics little has happened in the world of dance – *The Nutcracker* at the Festival Hall, and again at Covent Garden together with *Cinderella*, and on the telly *The Sleeping Beauty* for the second time.

But what I most enjoyed was the wonderful Sale at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, on the 19th December, of costumes and curtains from the Diaghilev and De Basil Ballets. The audience was glittering; Vanessa Redgrave, David Wall, Anthony Dowell, Antoinette Sibley, Dame Marie Rambert, Sir Sacheverell Sitwell, Sir Frederick Ashton, Anton Dolin, Peter McNery and dear Patrick Proctor in a royal box. The organising genius of the spectacle was Richard Buckle, who, when we get to Heaven, will have staged the whole show. On stage the costumes were worn by the beautiful Festival Ballet dancers. They included Nijinsky's original *Swan Lake* costume of gold, green and black, the incredible and imperial dresses from *The Firebird* by Gontcharova, the primitive peasant garb by Roerich for the sensational first performance of *The Rite of Spring* in 1913, and the famous unisex blue velvet



Nijinsky as le Spectre de la Rose. From a private collection

costume by Marie Laurencin for *Les Biches*. Snatches of the original choreography were recreated from memory by Madame Lydia Sokolova, a veteran of many of these ballets. We wept a little, for these costumes will never again appear on stage. However, all is not lost from view, for the Museum of Performing Arts in the guise of the Lilac Fairy has preserved much of the splendour for us for hundreds of years by buying, from private funds,

and reproduced by Courtesy of Sothebys.

most of the important costumes and curtains, which will now be kept in the country. Eventually, when the Government sees fit, they will put them in a Museum yet to be erected. Vanessa Redgrave bought a thousand pounds' worth of costumes, which were very hippy and will make her look more and more like Isadora, whom she played so wonderfully last year. We had already seen the costumes pinned up in picture frames,



Nijinsky dancing "L'Oiseau d'Or" From a private collection and reproduced by courtesy of Sothebys.

surrounded by music and wreaths of incense, in an exhibition arranged by Pip Dyer at the Royal Academy, which until then had always been a stuffy place. When I first began to like ballet at that heavenly age of fifteen, male dancers were still very much in the shade, and somehow I got the feeling that they were meant to be less important than women. Michael Somes was then the best and most popular male dancer. Yet looking back to Nijinsky who flashed through the air from the East and created sensations in the West, it is clear that there was a lull in the days of my youth. All this was exploded by Nureyev who sprang out of the arms of his Russian captors and inspired a bevy of young male dancers. From then we haven't looked back. This has affected everybody's dancing, on stage and off. Now, boys when they dance are more extrovert than girls. In fact, in many clubs, especially the skinhead ones, it is quite accepted for boys to dance *without* girls! At the beginning of the last decade I went to dancing class at my State school where two and sometimes three rather genteel ladies with monocles and lorgnettes taught us

collection and reproduced by courtesy of Sothebys.

steps for the waltz, quickstep, cha-cha and rock. The idea behind this was to perform uninteresting movements and show no individuality and certainly no feeling – which would have been difficult anyway as the girls we danced with were monstrous, large, acne-ridden and now all have five children. This sort of dancing is dead and sterile: there never was nor could be *ball* room in the ballroom. Only pooves did it. Dancing now is alive in everyone. Remember last year's song that went something like 'You've got soul, it shows by the way you walk.' It does. The Sixties will be remembered for producing Mick Jagger who was attractive to both men and women in the way he moved. There isn't a special way for women to move and one for men – unisex clothes mean unisex movement, which is what dear overblown Isadora would have liked. This doesn't mean that classical ballet (*revenons a nos moutons*) is dead. The *Nutcracker* at the Festival Hall disproves this. This production looks good, with its chocolate-box artificial proscenium arch and its several different casts. The children on stage, and in

particular Susan Holland as Clara, were so unaffected and when occasion demanded it were noisy and obviously a nuisance. The women actually looked as if they were at a rather smart party instead of being actors passing bitchy comments about each other. Of all the casts Galina Samtsova and Andre Prokovsky were probably the best by a *grand jete*. Prokovsky rightly refuses to wear the absurd icing-sugar wig, and smiles endearingly at his partner. Obviously someone to watch is Graham Powell, who did the cocky Jig meteorically. Admittedly this is an old-fashioned production, but nice in the nicest possible way and ideal entertainment for starry-eyed children of any age. The Royal Ballet revived *Cinderella* for Christmas. In it Ann Jenner made her debut, dancing the part with sweetness and just the right amount of sadness. I don't find Prokofiev's music at all suited to the ballet: it's not dramatic in the right places. If only Tchaikovsky could have had a go at it. Sir Frederick Ashton and Sir Robert Helpmann, those two *grandes dames*, were the Ugly Sisters, at whom the audience fell about laughing. I didn't. There is something odd about the audiences at the Garden, especially the stallholders. The more they pay for their tickets, the less critical they become. When the Bolshoi came this summer and prices were astronomical, the stalls screamed approval. There are people who think that if they pay six quid for a seat the performance is going to be worth it, and the Bolshoi wasn't. The opera audience there never likes anything and the ballet audience adores everything. Once balletomanes enter that ornamented theatre the fairies cast a spell on them and criticism is forgotten – it's very sad and does ballet no good at all. I sometimes think that if yours truly were to don tights and tutu (which some think I already do) and just walk up on that stage there would be thunderous applause – and why not? **Rosser Davies**

Opera & Music

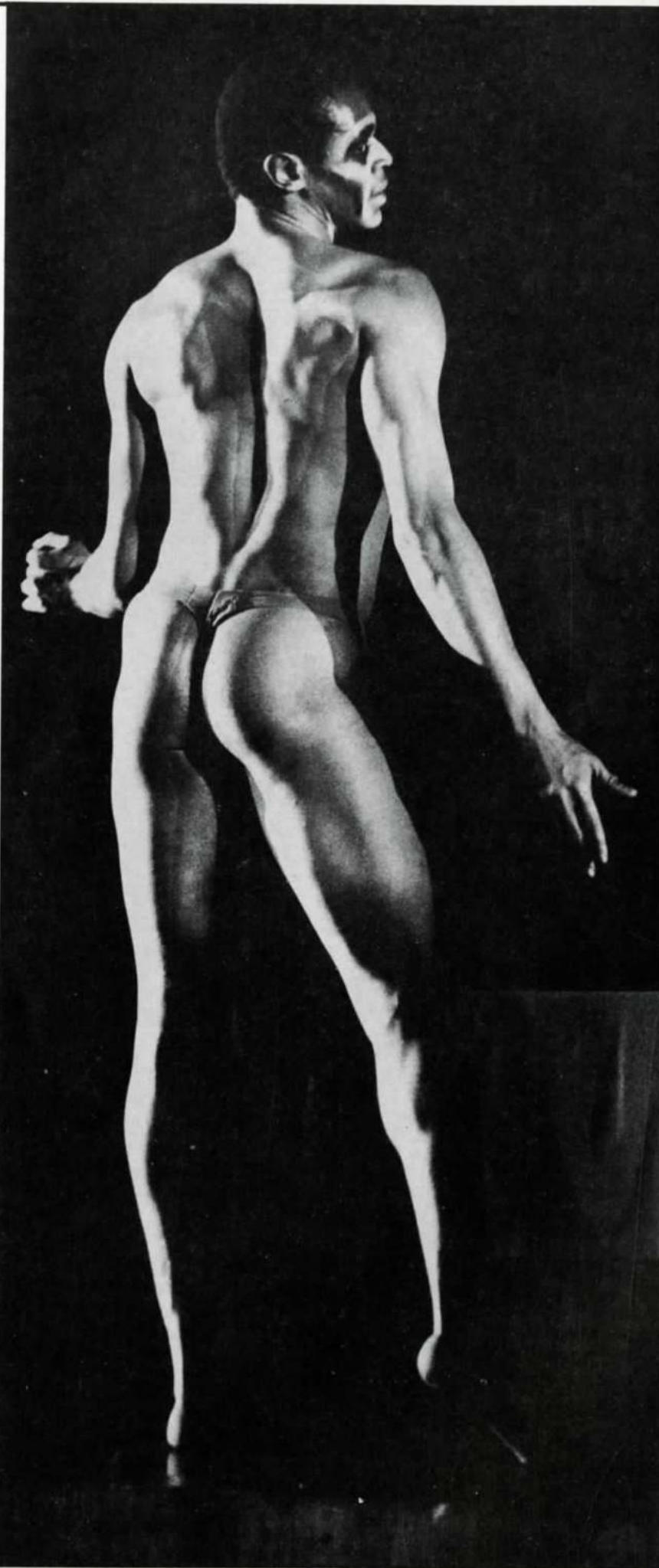


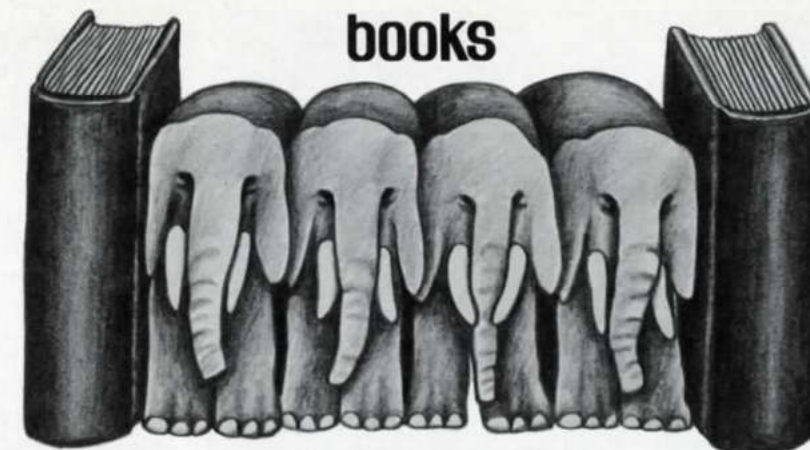
Dr Johnson once described opera as an 'exotic and irrational entertainment!' It seemed an excellent description for the two works which Sadlers Wells mounted at the Coliseum over the Christmas season and January — Prokofiev's *Love of Three Oranges* and Malcolm Williamson's *Lucky Peter's Journey*. Both are fairy tale operas, highly amusing and enjoyable, and (in theory at least) more suitable for children than say *The Flying Dutchman*. The pantomime features in each were successful and appealing, as they can be in *The Magic Flute* when handled with care. It is excellent that Sadlers Wells has always included in its repertoire operas which are intended for younger audiences. Ravel's *L'enfant et les sortilèges* and Humperdinck's *Hansel and Gretel* immediately spring to mind from previous years. To *Love of Three Oranges* and *Lucky Peter* came far more children than are usually seen among Coliseum audiences. The Prokofiev was the same production, by Peter Coe, as seen at Sadlers Wells in 1963. It looked as good as new. The sets are interesting and intricate and good use was made of the Coliseum auditorium in creating the atmosphere of the *Commendia dell'Arte* play which inspired the opera: audience as well as stage hands become involved in the comedy! Truffeldino, Pantaloon and the host of drolls, comicals, farcicals, tragicals, courtiers and so forth gave a spirited performance. The entertainment would have been a bit more riotous had the audience made more effort to join in the fun. Superlative lines like 'I languish for my Three Oranges' hardly raised a laugh on the night I went. Yet the work has all the ingredients for hilarity — people descending from the roof on pulleys, the pantomime dame figure of the Cook in Creonta's castle, and a wealth of marvellous conjuring tricks. If only regular opera goers were a little less serious about comic opera! The cast worked together so

much as a team, it would be unfair to single out individual performances. *Lucky Peter's Journey* is based on a Strindberg fairy story, and was commissioned by Sadlers Wells Opera. It is a delightful work, but in a way less suitable for children than *Love of Three Oranges*. The plot has been too intellectualised. 'The Steward's aim,' says the programme of one of the characters in the opera, 'is not so much a liberal one as a hope for self-glorification.' One poor mother near me was struggling with this herself let alone trying to explain it to her eager son! By way of compensation there were 'Lucky Loki' posters for all fortunate children — well done! It is high time, though, that a concerted effort be made to write an opera which will genuinely involve a child audience. Children are only too willing to commit themselves in a theatrical context, as anyone who has watched an audience at a Punch and Judy show realises immediately. Regrettably, in spite of its other merits, 'Lucky Peter' did not exploit the possibility of child participation in the drama. I think the children remained uninvolved with what was taking place beyond the proscenium arch, though many were undoubtedly mesmerised by John Cox's imaginative production. The bulk of the singing falls to Geoffery Chard in the title role, and to April Cantelo and Jennifer VyVyan who play no less than four different parts each — rats, birds and finally saints! The diction was excellent: almost every word could be heard clearly. If you like the music of Richard Strauss, you will enjoy this new opera. Like *The Violins of St. Jacques*, it is influenced by other composers' styles of composition, but Williamson is a craftsman and writes highly pleasurable, if old-fashioned, music which is easy to listen to. In the Rosebery Avenue theatre, The D'Oyly Carte company have been singing and playing their way through Gilbert and Sullivan. I took advantage of their visit to the capital to make my

acquaintance with *Princess Ida*, one of the operas less frequently done because of the difficult role for the heroine — which demands a guest artist. I was favourably impressed by the work. (Incidentally, why do we never hear that late rarity which involved Gilbert and Sullivan in so many acrimonious exchanges *Utopia Ltd*?) The performance of 'Ida' itself was disappointing. D'Oyly Carte are slipshod in their acting and singing. *Princess Ida* gave the impression of being drastically under-rehearsed. D'Oyly Carte have come to rely on regular audiences of people who take G & S on faith. The atmosphere in the theatre was nostalgic. Memories went back way beyond the days of Martyn Green! When the copyright ran out nearly ten years ago, it was said that the greater competition that D'Oyly Carte would face would lead to improved standards and ideas, but unfortunately they have stuck to the same anachronistic formulae as before. They ought to be involving new singers, directors, attitudes and techniques. Perhaps someone will persuade David Bowie to sing Nanki Poo!! Further words on Peter Maxwell Davies' new work *Vesalii Icones*, presented by the Pierrot Players in the Queen Elizabeth Hall and mentioned in last month's *Jeremy* as an exciting example of a modern creation for the musical stage. The work was written for a small instrumental group and two soloists — cellist Jennifer Ward Clarke in a flowing white habit, immobile, and dancer William Louth black torso, constantly active. Both performers occupy the stage and the contrast between the static, permanent figure of the cellist whose musical message flowed inexorably on, and the dynamic, passionate dancer experimenting with his body in a wide assortment of dance techniques, was compelling. It is rare that a music critic finds photographs to accompany the text which are as beautiful as these of William Louth.

John Greenhalgh.





Readers frequently write asking us to suggest serious books on the subject of homosexuality. The following suggestions for further reading come from "Homosexuality, some questions and answers", itself an excellent short introduction to the subject, available free from The Albany Trust, 32 Shaftesbury Avenue, London W1V 8EP.

D. J. West: Homosexuality (Pelican Books)
 Bryan Magee: One in Twenty (Corgi Books)
 Michael Schofield: Sociological Aspects of Homosexuality (Longmans,

Green)
 Anthony Storr: Sexual Deviation (Pelican Books)
 Alex Comfort: Sex in Society (Pelican Books)
 Wainwright Churchill: Homosexual Behaviour Among Males (Hawthorn Books Inc.)
 John H. Gagnon and William Simon (ed.): Sexual Deviance (Harper and Row)
 H. M. Ruitenbeck (ed.): The Problem of Homosexuality in Modern Society (E. P. Dutton & Company, Inc.)
 John Wilson: Logic and Sexual Morality (Pelican Books)
 Towards a Quaker View of Sex

(Friends Home Service Committee)
 Norman Pittenger: Time for Consent? (S.C.M. Press)
 H. Kimball-Jones: Toward a Christian Understanding of the Homosexual (S.C.M. Press)
 H. Thielicke: The Ethics of Sex (James Clarke)
 The Wolfenden Report (Report of the Departmental Committee on Homosexuality and Prostitution, Cmnd. 247, H.M.S.O.)
 L. Crompton: Homosexuality and the Sickness Theory (Albany Trust)
 Man and Society (Journal of the Albany Trust)

THE RAG DOLLS



Simon Cooper

The ferocious high-fashion world of London and New York and the men-women and women-men who cater to the kinky tastes of the boutique set

THE RAG DOLLS
 Simon Cooper



6s

The ferocious world of London and New York and the men-women and women-men who cater to the kinky tastes of the boutique set.

CORGI BOOKS

Theatre



In the last issue of *Jeremy* mention was made of the re-opening of **Soho Theatre**. After their production of Durrenmatt's *One autumn Evening* (at the *Open Space* in 1968) they had to cease functioning due to a lack of premises. But December 1969 saw them back again. They've opened their doors this time at the **LE METRO CLUB** in New Compton Street, and their first programme was of short films. For now they are functioning as one of London's lunchtime theatre/cinema clubs. Their policy is to run a week of films, and follow this with a two week run of a one act play.

Their first play, which ran throughout January, was James Leo Herlihy's **Bad Bad Jo-Jo**, originally seen in the States as part of a well received triple bill by the same author. Herlihy, it is almost needless to say, is now famous here as the writer of *Midnight Cowboy* but that piece of work is far from being his only admirable contribution to the world of cinema, theatre or letters. This play, which has a running time of about forty minutes, is concerned with a writer of super-Bond type thrillers. His books, we gather, are gory, sick, full of the most nauseating of American sentiments. He has written a whole series of eminently successful novels about an old American mom and her idiot son, Jo-Jo, who scour the world to hunt out Commies, perverts, Niggers, Jews and anyone else likely to commit unAmerican activities. On a good day Jo-Jo can kill twenty Commies before breakfast. The books have been a wow hit success, — and author Kayo Hathaway has found himself awarded that ephemeral

accolade of these recent years, he's become "King of Camp". (Which he thinks is rather sweet). The title may be sweet but he certainly isn't; he doesn't possess a single virtue and is utterly and deliciously vice-ridden. And in the portrayal given of him by Harold Innocent he has more than a hint of good old Auntie Oscar about him. Those pursed rosebud lips, the languid beckonings with a lazily extended hand, the epigrammatic manner of crushing and squashing his victims. He also represents America, vast, jovial, avaricious and, though superficially a benefactor, nothing but a monster predator.

The production was excellent. Director Frederick Proud didn't overstress a thing. Any message implicit in the play was left for the audience to find; there was no avant-garde screaming and shrilling here, and he presented the play simply and unadorned. His three actors, Harold Innocent, Lawrence Trimble and Nigel Anthony drew the very best from the meat of the play, though Harold Innocent's Kayo was so stunning a creation that it will stay in mind for a long time. In fact it should be seen elsewhere as soon as is convenient and possible. The second production by this company will be of Heathcote William's *The Local Stigmatic*, a play seen first for a couple of Sunday night performances at the Royal Court some years ago. Mr. Proud directed a revival of the play at the excellent Studio Theatre in the Oval just before Christmas. For Soho Theatre he has amended his ending and it will be interesting to see just what happens now. Soho Theatre is a very welcome addition to the fast decaying London theatre scene; they are neither intensely political, nor especially wayout; so far they seem to have the best interests of theatre at heart. Small scale, micro-plays, seem to be very much the order of the day at the moment; two opened in the West End recently, one to

survive, one to die quietly. *I've Seen You Cut Lemons*, (lately at the *Fortune*) starred Robert Hardy and Diane Cilento, was directed by Sean Connery and was a wordy and histrionic study of incest and insanity. It gave Miss Cilento a chance really to stun us, as she so rarely gets the opportunity to do on stage these days, but otherwise there was very little to recommend this over-wordy and miscalculated piece. A great pity, for incest is still one of the human subjects that needs real in-depth theatre exploration.

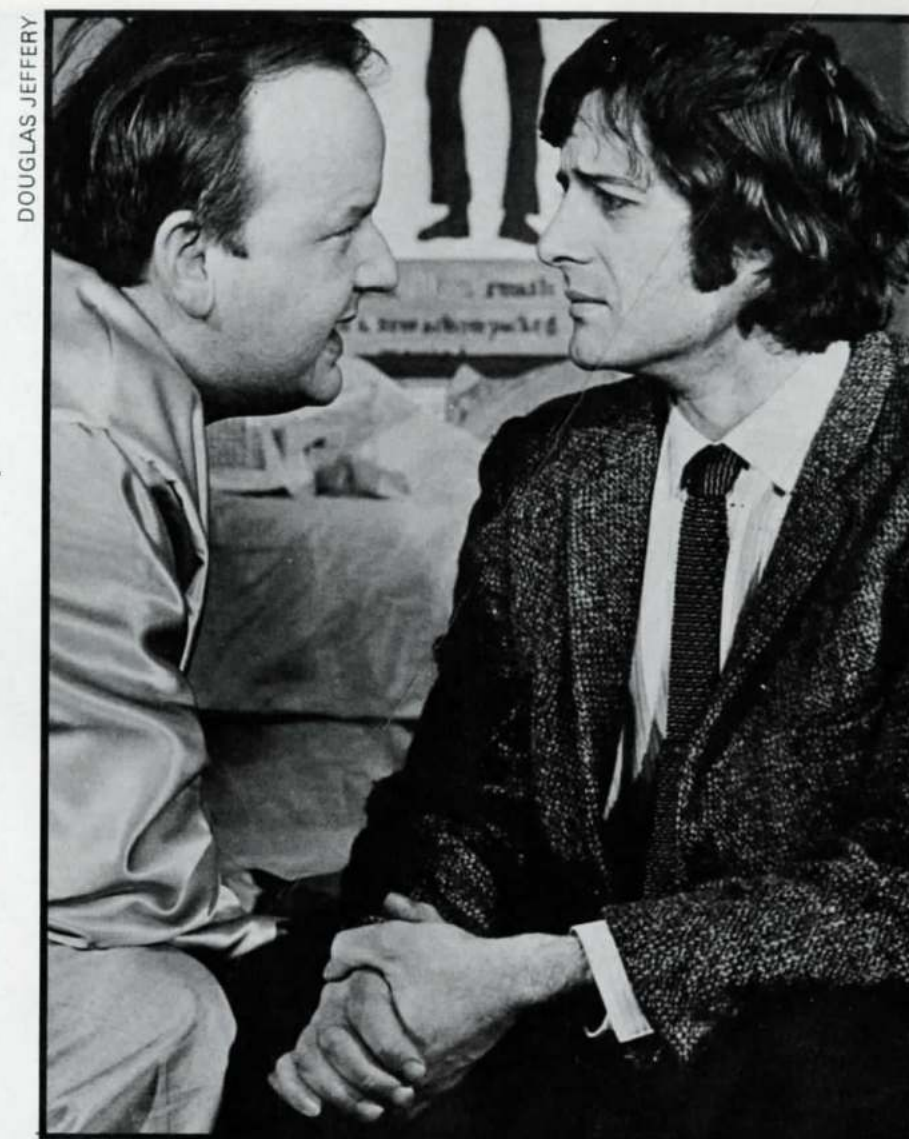
Robin Maugham's *Enemy* (*Saville*) has already been noticed in these columns. It was reviewed after the Guildford opening, but in the months between, whilst the play had an extensive tour, it has improved enormously. At Brighton, the last stop on the tour, things had tightened up a great deal, and by my third viewing, when the play reached the West End, had become even more economical and enjoyable. Lord Maugham has eliminated some of the overly sentimental passages of dialogue, paring down and refining his text so that now it stands like a cleaned skeleton, firm and fine and without anything unnecessary on it. Some have complained that the play is dominated by stereotype figures and in a way this may be true. But these are figures that mean something. No one could be the least offended by the handling, either in writing, direction or playing, of the homosexual theme. It flows perfectly naturally, is a human dilemma, and not just a cheap thrill thrown in to titillate the audience. The acceptance by the normal English soldier of the German's love for him is touching and real. It comes from human understanding and fellow feeling. In these two roles Dennis Waterman and Tony Selby give performances which really shine out. Each is detailed and controlled, and builds carefully and well towards the inevitable tragic climax. Neil Stacy has become much more believable now as the

English officer who breaks up this bizarre Desert War liaison; originally he was too clipped, something of a caricature, but now he has become as well, cold, clinical, probing and enormously frightening. He represents officialdom at its most alarming.

Into the Royal Shakespeare Company's London repertory has come Trevor Nunn's production of Tourneur's *The Revenger's Tragedy*, (*Aldwych*) first seen three years ago at Stratford-on-Avon. This play is a micro-play too, though not in the same sense as *Enemy*, *I've Seen You Cut Lemons*, or *Bad Bad Jo-Jo*.

This play is a microcosmic study of decadence and evil, and when seen in conjunction with the excellent *Bartholomew Fair* brings up some interesting and depressing thoughts about today's drama and today's dramatists. For where today have we a writer, for the stage, capable of giving us a play with such depth, so much passion and life, such incredible life as any of the plays of the Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists? Modern novelists try to work on a large canvas, but playwrights today seem to lack courage. Why? Is it something to do with the state of our existence today, when we have to pare down every feeling, every emotion, every thought to extract and analyse each tiny move we make? It may be so. For more and more today are our plays concerned with one tiny, probably stale, sentiment. Probing and working at it like a surgeon lancing a boil, niggling away until all the puss it contains is out, but not at all concerned with the putrefaction of the flesh around. Oh, if only a playwright with breadth of imagination and power to establish it squarely on paper and stage would rise up and give theatre guts and earth again!

The Revenger's Tragedy is one of those marvellous, jumbled pieces in which all the cast end up dead, or seem to. Only one of the minor notables is left alive at the end — he virtuous and, one suspects, likely to bore this degenerate



Kayo Hathaway (left, played by Harold Innocent) and

Frank Jones (Lawrence Trimble) in "Bad bad Jo-Jo"

court to tears in no time. Everyone in this play, directed by Trevor Nunn as the darkest of black comedies, is corrupt; there are no lighter shades. The tangles of the plot are knotted up with lust, rape, incest, murder, patricide — the whole gamut of twisted feeling. And the laughter adds to the cumulative horror of it all. For each time we laugh we are stopped and chilled by some moment of sheer horror. The Royal Shakespeare Company actors attain, in each tiny part, their usual high standard (they always seem so much more of a team than the National Company). But the play really belongs to Ian Richardson, as the sweet young man, the Revenger of the title, who is perverted and corrupted by his own desires for revenge and is eventually destroyed by them. Patience Collier gives a performance of

extraordinary sexual depravity as the lecherous mother. A brief look at some of the Christmas shows. The Royal Court's *The Three Musketeers Ride Agin* gave us a chance to see ravishing Rachel Roberts giving an outrageous bravura performance as Milady De Winter. Percy Herber, stalwart of so many movies, gave us a good Long John Silver in *Treasure Island* (*Mermaid*). It was interesting to see Hayley Mills as *Peter Pan* (*New Victoria*); and good to see old friends Ratty, Mole, Badger and Toad (Nicky Henson) still going strong in *Toad of Toad Hall* (*Strand*). Nothing in the batch lives up to last year's *Gulliver's Travels* though. Now there was a show. Why doesn't someone revive it in the West End?

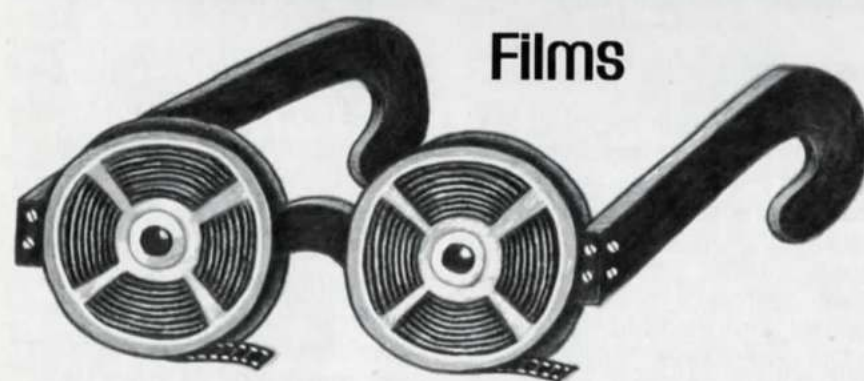
Peter Burton



"Gold Diggers of 1933"



"Paramount on Parade"



Films

If you are able to get to the British Film Institute's National Film Theatre under Waterloo Bridge on Monday evenings Philip Jenkinson is presenting a series of illustrated lectures on **THE**

EVOLUTION OF THE MUSICAL. Far from being dry or academic it is something of a camp night out. The excerpts from the Busby Berkeley classics of the 1930's 'such as *42nd Street*, *Dames*

and the *Gold Diggers* films, were full of superb invention, glamour and visual style. They deserve a much wider showing. The series will continue with clips from films of the sublime Jeanette MacDonald, and include delights from the 40's and 50's.

Present-day Hollywood plays it much more safely, mainly revamping big Broadway successes as blockbusting vehicles for stars like Barbra Streisand. In *Hello Dolly* she has ample opportunity to display her undeniable show-biz professionalism. And it was an attractive idea to have the laconic Clint Eastwood as a singing cowboy in **PAINT YOUR WAGON**.

But the film musical sadly seems to have lost some of its spirit, although current pop music is teeming with life and talent. At least there ought soon to be a film of *Hair*. At last two of Andy Warhol's films, **FLESH** and

LONESOME COWBOYS previewed in last month's *Jeremy*, are getting a few restricted screenings. Despite the wilful amateurishness that is a common quality of much Underground cinema these two homosexploitation films are quite entertaining.

Lonesome Cowboys features an encampment of cowboys who half-heartedly rape Viva, Warhol's exquisite 'superstar'; but they are really more interested in who is going to get to sleep with beautiful young Tom Hompertz. It looks as though everyone had a lot of fun making the movie. The improvisation is very rough, Taylor Mead as a comic nursemaid is fairly tedious. Little of what was shot appears to have been discarded. Some judicious pruning would have been a good idea. One of the best moments is when Eric Emerson demonstrates to Joe D'Allesandro how his ballet

exercises at the hitching post build up his rump and help hold up his gun belt. Viva has already been seen here briefly in John Schlesinger's *Midnight Cowboy*. She has a natural flair for improvising dialogue in front of camera even when her co-star can scarcely manage a single grunt, and she has the magic of true star quality. *Flesh* is a little more polished, but is still pretty rustic in technique. The subject is the big city world of a handsome New York hustler (Joe D'Allesandro, again,) whose wife sends him out on the streets to earn money to pay for her girl-friend's abortion. He is picked up by an old man who sketches him nude, whilst chattering on about Michaelangelo. He is blown by a girl who thinks she should have her perfectly adequate breasts enlarged by silicone injections. Whilst she grovels around at crutch level

and he stands with his back squarely to camera they are watched by two less convincing girls who sit and flip through old movie magazines. He gives a few tips to a couple of novice rent boys on 42nd St., and goes to bed with a Korean war veteran. Finally after a hard days grind he goes home to his wife and child, and his wife's girl-friend. His attitude to life is tolerant - "Nobody's straight."

Everybody's got to do what they've got to do. What other people think doesn't matter." *Flesh* is erotic and ironically amusing, but eventually its unending, unrelieved obsession with sex palls and it becomes slightly boring and rather sad. If you want more excitement try **DOWNHILL RACER** starring the stunning Robert Redford, or **THE LOOKING GLASS WAR** featuring *Jeremy*'s beautiful profile of the month, Christopher Jones. **Richard Arnold**

Poppers



Deep Purple

My word, it's nearly Easter isn't it? I just thought I'd cheer you up before I said "Hello". And how are you swinging Poppers? Everyone all right? Good.

I don't know if you have heard yet, but the latest escapade from that dynamic duo, John Lennon and the Japanese Wonder, is that they plan to film the A6 Murder. I personally think that when the Americans dig a hole in the side of the moon to see what's in the middle, after they have finished with the hole they should seal it up with those two dolly people inside, and then they can shout their heads off.

Boys will be boys, but sometimes they can go a little bit too far, as was the case in Manchester recently. Four leather boys went into a Coffee Bar, and because the Juke Box didn't contain the records they wanted, they decided to put petrol in the tomato sauce. After they had gone out, a dear old queen arrived and covered her chips with tomato sauce. Luckily they got the lady in time. She'd only got up to three horse power. If I had anything

to do with it, I wouldn't bring the birch back: but two hours in my dressing room and, ducky, they wouldn't do it again!

Well the North of England will never be the same without the *Beatles Monthly*. I think the boys are very mean, myself, still it's their lives. While talking about the Beatles, I see Ringo has bought another house, so that makes £200,000 worth of property. I personally would rather have my semi-detached. If the Beatles decide to take the \$1,000,000 per night that Sid Bernstein plans to pay them for the Olympia Pop Festival how much tax will they have to pay? That leaves room for thought.

Do you think that the BBC.2. Man Alive series portrayed an accurate documentary on Disc Jockeys? Did you spot Count Bosie? If only Auntie knew!

Oh! By the way, many congratulations to Kenny Lynch on his OBE! Tom Jones to play the Kentucky Derby Ball in May, and he is only getting \$15,000. Hardly worth his trouble. "Tnu Chance La-Shalom" —

the Hebrew version of "Give Peace a Chance." but I think they are wasting their time. That poor little country is being got at again. Still I mustn't interfere in politics. Why don't the BBC clean up and make a fortune, and show all those 6.5 Specials again? What a wow — Scoo Boo Bee Doo! And of course, not forgetting the ITV with Ready, Steady, Go.

The picture of the month, for want of a better word must be described as very camp. It's Deep Purple. John Lord who leads and formed Deep Purple is a genius, as he uses music to break down the barriers of Classical, Jazz and Pop. To prove this, just take some time out and listen to Concerto for Group and Orchestra (Harvest SHVL767).

Well Poppers, keep writing all your thousands of letters, sorry I'm exaggerating again — Keep writing, Mum.

Count Bosie

STOP PRESS

The Scaffold are coming back to Liverpool in March to make a crazy film. Then they propose to sell it to the highest bidder. Any offers??

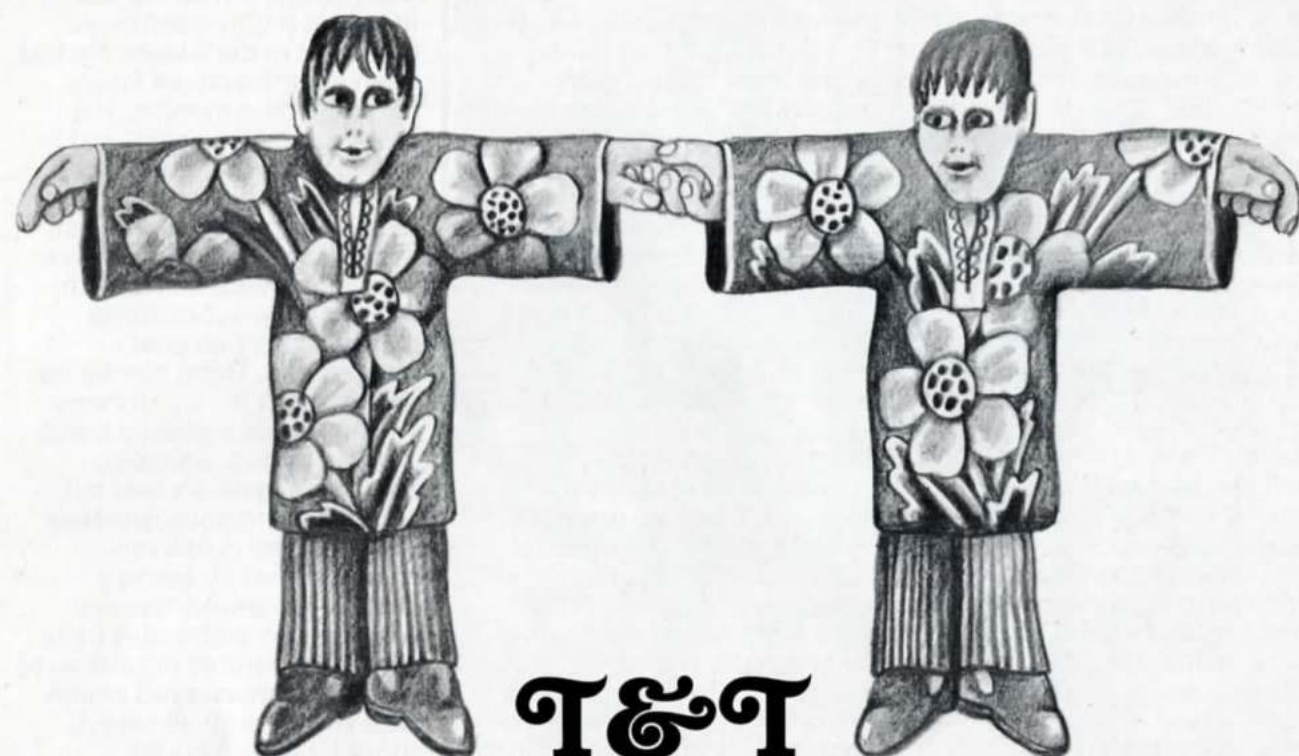
It is a lamentable fact that, despite the multitudinous numbers of British groups that have evacuated these shores during 1969 for the wide-open spaces of America, audiences in Britain have so far had neither sight nor sound of one single American group of anything like the calibre we have lost. Led Zeppelin, Fleetwood Mac, Cream, Ten Years After, Jethro Tull — these comprise but a very few of the hordes of British names that England has hardly seen this last year. And what have we received in return? It is difficult to recall any names at all when it comes to the crunch. I have vague recollections of the great, the inimitable Doors — who were such a drag in the flesh . . . and I don't mean that quite literally; the Jefferson Aeroplane were on the same tour and were mightily depressing live, although their albums are so superb; there was the extraordinary Captain Beefheart . . . well, I could never see what all the fuss was about in the first place; Country Joe and The Fish came and were one of the most abominable bands I have heard in my life. This gruesome selection was hardly fair exchange for The Nice, The Zeppelin and The Stones. But one must live in hope. The close of the year brought Delaney and Bonnie and Chicago. The beginning of 1970 saw the arrival of Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young. Can things be looking up at last? If so, it would be very nice to see **Santana** over here, a group first formed in San Francisco. They are, as yet, little known in England although their first album has been high in the American charts for almost two months. With members including an American negro, a Cuban, a white American, a Mexican and a Puerto Rican, the group has a novel line up for their 'underground' classification consisting of lead guitar, bass, drums, conga drums and bongos, and is just as integrated musically as it is racially. Most of their music relies on the entrancing effect of the Afro-Cuban rhythms

produced by the conga and bongo drummers, and the subtle patterns of the cross rhythms which are introduced. This basic rhythm is joined by the bass, played very straight but very heavily by an extraordinary guitarist who looks as if he could be a refugee from the Harlem Globetrotters. These three, then, form an amazingly heavy basis above which the guitar and drums can solo as they will. Unfortunately, at times the drumming and guitar work seems uninspired (or perhaps this is only due to my predilection for the superior skills features by Page and Clapton, Bonham and Baker, in Led Zeppelin and Cream). They are, however, along with vocals, quite adequate, since most of the emphasis is on the rhythmic patterns and tonal colour set up by the massive rhythm section. Santana have an original and intriguing sound and there seems to be a possibility that this could become the basis for a new form in music. Their work is complex, although it does not require the intense concentration demanded to listen to someone like Tony Williams, and I am sure that a lot of people would enjoy it if we are lucky enough to see them here in the future. And how would it be if some enterprising individual brought **Johnny Winter** over too? He would give all the mums and dads and skin 'eads a laugh, if nothing else!!

Winter has risen from comparative obscurity to the dizzy heights of being one of the most highly paid blues guitarists in the States. He has been a controversial figure for some nine months. His proponents have said, and with some truth, that he is the finest white blues guitarist to have appeared in the last decade. His opponents have said, again with some truth, that his only outstanding feature is his personal appearance. There can be no doubt about it . . . Johnny Winter would certainly stand out in a crowd. Standing something over six feet tall and weighing approximately ten stone, he is forever distinguished by being a cross-eyed albino. Several well-known authorities have expressed serious doubts as to whether a cross-eyed albino with silver hair well below shoulder length could possibly be anything but a hype.

At the time when Winter was launched on an unsuspecting public amidst a furore of publicity, an album was simultaneously released entitled, appropriately enough, "Johnny Winter". The record received both good and bad reports from critics on both sides of the Atlantic; Johnny Winter immediately dropped from sight and nothing more was heard about him in England except for the recent release of his second album, which is a great improvement on the first. In America, however, he has spent the intervening period building up a truly fanatical following. On stage it must be admitted that he is a striking figure. Playing with a backing group that is adequate but not inspiring, his guitar work, and vocals are shown to their best advantage and few could deny that at times he *is* good. I can think of no other white performer in America today who shows ability such as his. I have heard that plans are afoot to bring him to England soon. I do hope so. It is about time America sent us some of their best instead of all their worst.

Caroline



on board S. S. Titania

Hi, landlubbers! Bored with broken bones and all that too butch après-ski, we decided this year on a Winter Cruise. After all, dears, it's a little chilly for that sort of thing in London at this time of year. So off we trolled in search of sun and fun, and here we are lolling on our deck-beds with a dolly steward at hand to minister to our every need. Our ship has followed an old trade route through the Azores where we felt distinctly queasy. At first we thought it might be an attack of mal-de-mer, but then we realised it was only something we'd swallowed the night before. Of course we're on the Captain's table every night, which is very grand, but we can't help feeling that even so the dishes look more appealing on the lowlier tables. Such is the price of fame. We've been privileged to see the whole of the ship. The First Mate has had us up on the bridge several times. We've groped our way through the galleys and inspected the crew's quarters which we found most accomodating. But the biggest eye-opener was in the boiler room where

a very experienced stoker was busy greasing the screw. He told us that he'd been at it for forty years. As we staggered back to our cabin, listing slightly to starboard, we could well believe it. We awoke the next morning to find our gunnels all awash. Highlight of the cruise so far has been the Captain's ball. Silly us, we hadn't brought a thing to wear, so we had to improvise. We made an awful mess of our cabin rolling around in tons of egg and breadcrumbs and created a sensation by appearing as a couple of fish fingers. Needless to say we carried off the prize for the most original costume. Our first port of call was Ponce in Puerto Rico, a gay island famous for its exotica. Slipping down the gangway we observed the scantily-clad inhabitants proudly displaying their goods on the quayside. We have to report that some were very good indeed. We made straight for the fabulous Wankinki Beach where we strapped on our equipment and dived into the spume. All went swimmingly until our snorkels got caught up in some nasty tentacles. However, a divine lifeguard

came to our rescue. We'd had our eyes open for sunken treasure, but we'd never expected anything like this. Burly, bronzed arms soon pumped us back to life again and we returned to ship none the worse for wear. We are now steaming through the Bahamas and have just been amusing ourselves by tossing tasty morsels to the flying fish whilst hysterical hearties are hurling quoits at each other on the games deck. Now at last we are in the Radio room rapping out TAT to all our fans. No-one seems alarmed by this morning's warning that we are lying in the path of Hurricane Hermione. Oh dear, even as we speak to you the ship has developed a nasty roll. We can see the sailors battering down their hatches. It's suddenly gone all dark and everyone's groping madly. What a queer sensation! Someone's ringing a bell. It can't be time for luncheon... Glug, Whoops, Glug! (At this point, radio communication was lost between Jeremy's office and S. S. Titania. T and T were washed up on the Cuban coast where they are being held for illegal entry - Ed.)

Fancy Yourself?

Maybe we would fancy you, too. And much more important, so would our readers.

Jeremy is looking for cool beautiful uninhibited models for our photofeature and advertising ventures. So if you have ambitions in that direction send a set of portrait, face and full length photographs for us to put in our model files, together with your name, address, telephone number, and measurements.

Model Files,
Jeremy,

45 Carnaby Street, London W1.

Tummies

In a Soho that has become increasingly vulgarised and Appicella-ridden it is a relief to visit a restaurant such as the **Escargot Bienvenu** (1) which is solid, old-fashioned and serious: the entrance proves this by a faded cutting from *Le Figaro* describing festivities there to celebrate the coronation of George VI in 1937, and a wartime photograph of General de Gaulle at his most messianic. The cuisine is standard bourgeois with a carte de jour written in the purple ink beloved of french restaurateurs; the menu is well chosen with a good balance of cheap and expensive dishes. Amongst the hors d'oeuvres the eponymous snails (16/- a dozen) and the fresh sardines (7/6) may be particularly recommended. The main dishes range from excellent *Tripe à la mode de Caen* (10/6) to *Entrecôte Double* with *Sauce Bearnaise*

(43/- for two) and there are always excellent fresh vegetables including such rarities as fennel and *manges-tous* (very young peas cooked whole in the pod). Other dishes that I have sampled and enjoyed have been *Souffle Suisse* (7/6) and *Pot au Feu* (15/-). The wine list is very well chosen with all the French regions represented especially Alsace and Bordeaux: an unusual feature is the delicious dry cidre bouche from Brittany (12/- for a flagon). The service is expert and attentive with waiters who have seen long years of duty there; in sum this is a restaurant that can be visited with confidence and where one can spend as little (or as much) as one likes. The **Colombina d'Oro** (2) is another quiet and serious establishment which offers Italian food without any of the compromises that are made by its more trendy rivals. It is therefore very popular with the Italian community in London. The menu, which is small, has a Tuscan bias and all the dishes are cooked to order, so that a meal there is a leisurely process; yet this does not matter as the tables are widely spaced giving a rare feeling of

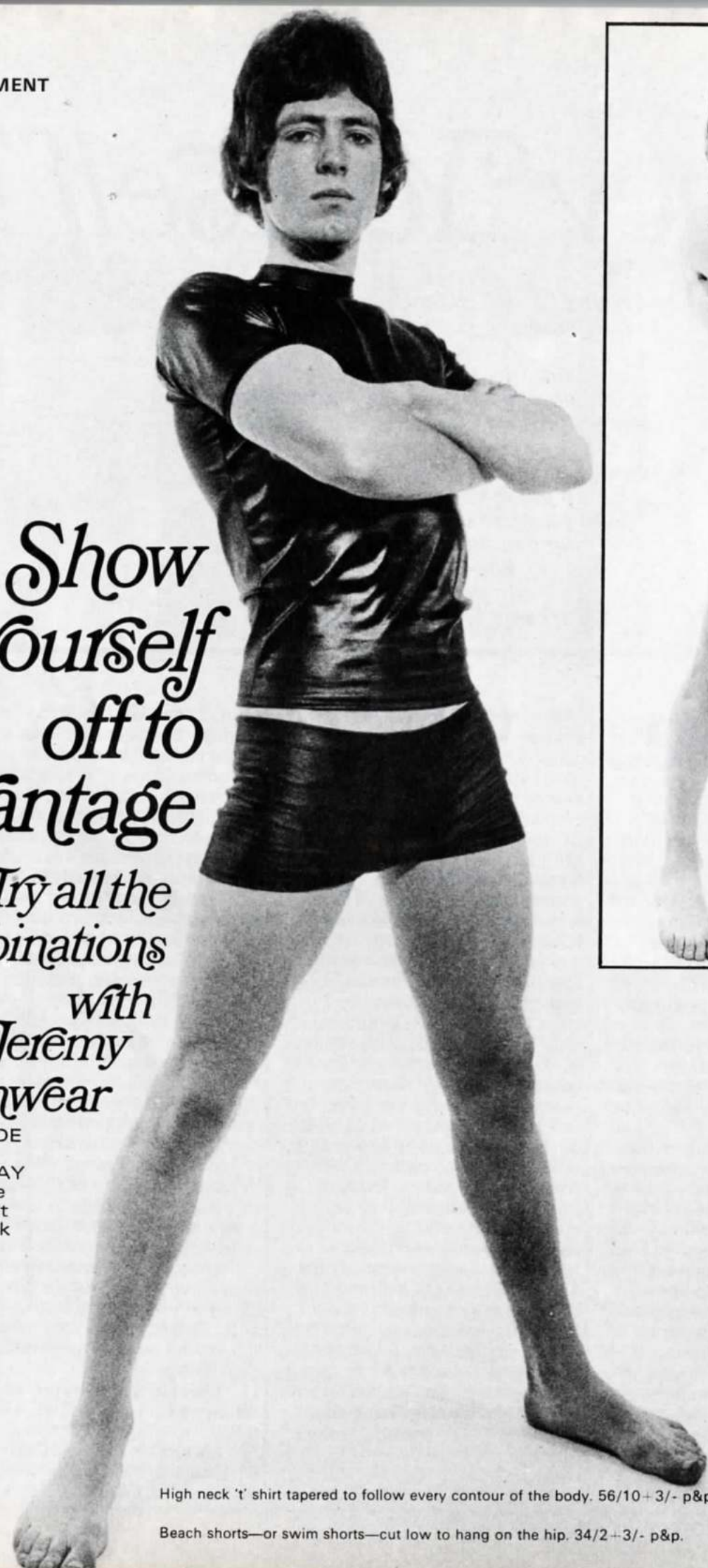
calm. The cuisine is not perhaps as adventurous as it might be, and I would welcome some of the Tuscan specialities such as *Cacciucco* (a fish soup with red wine) or *Pappardelle con la lepre* (hare with pasta) that are never seen in England. Nevertheless all the standard dishes are well done; the pasta is properly *al dente* and is wholly different from the soggy mess that is all too frequently met in places that should know better - the cost from 6/- to 9/-. As befits its regional loyalties the meat dishes are of a very high standard and I have enjoyed their *piccatina di vitello alla marsala* (14/-), *entrecôte pizzaiuolo* (17/-) and the *cotechino con fagioli* (14/-). I have not tried any of their sweets, though the *panforte di Siena* looked interesting. The wine list offers a good selection of Italian bottled wines and they have a very good *chianti classico* from Antinori, though at 32/6 it is fully priced; and the coffee is of proper spoon dissolving ferocity. (1) **L'Escargot Bienvenu**. 48 Greek St. W.1. Tel. 437 4460 (2) **La Colombina d'Oro** 61 Dean St. W.1. Tel. 734 6875

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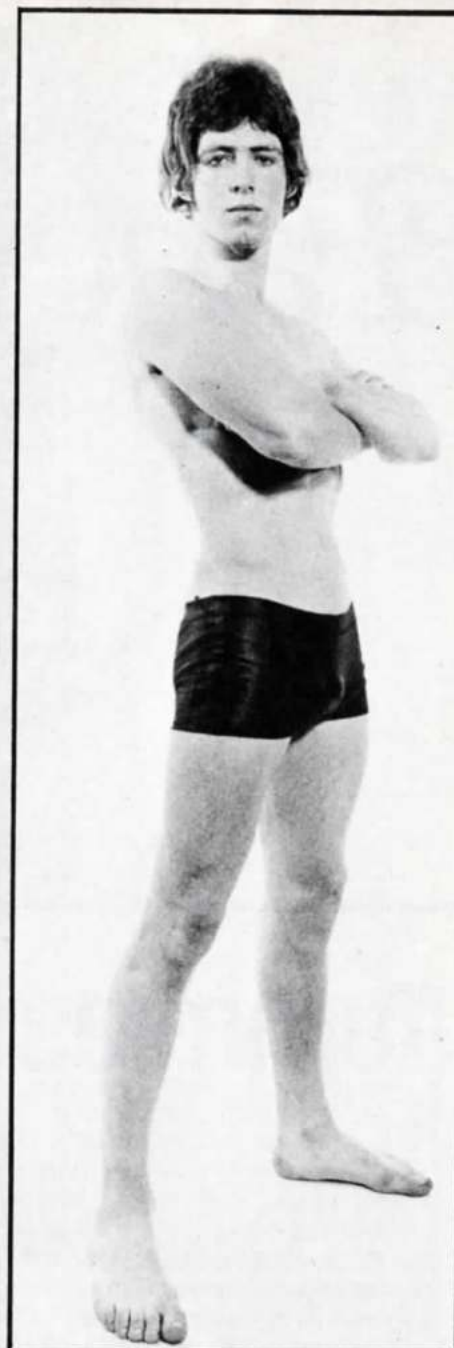
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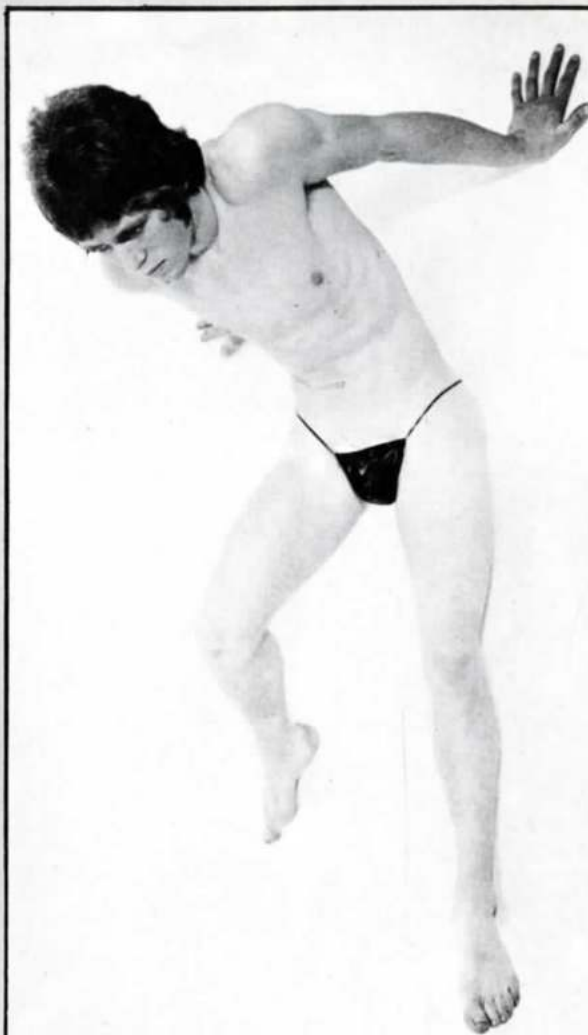
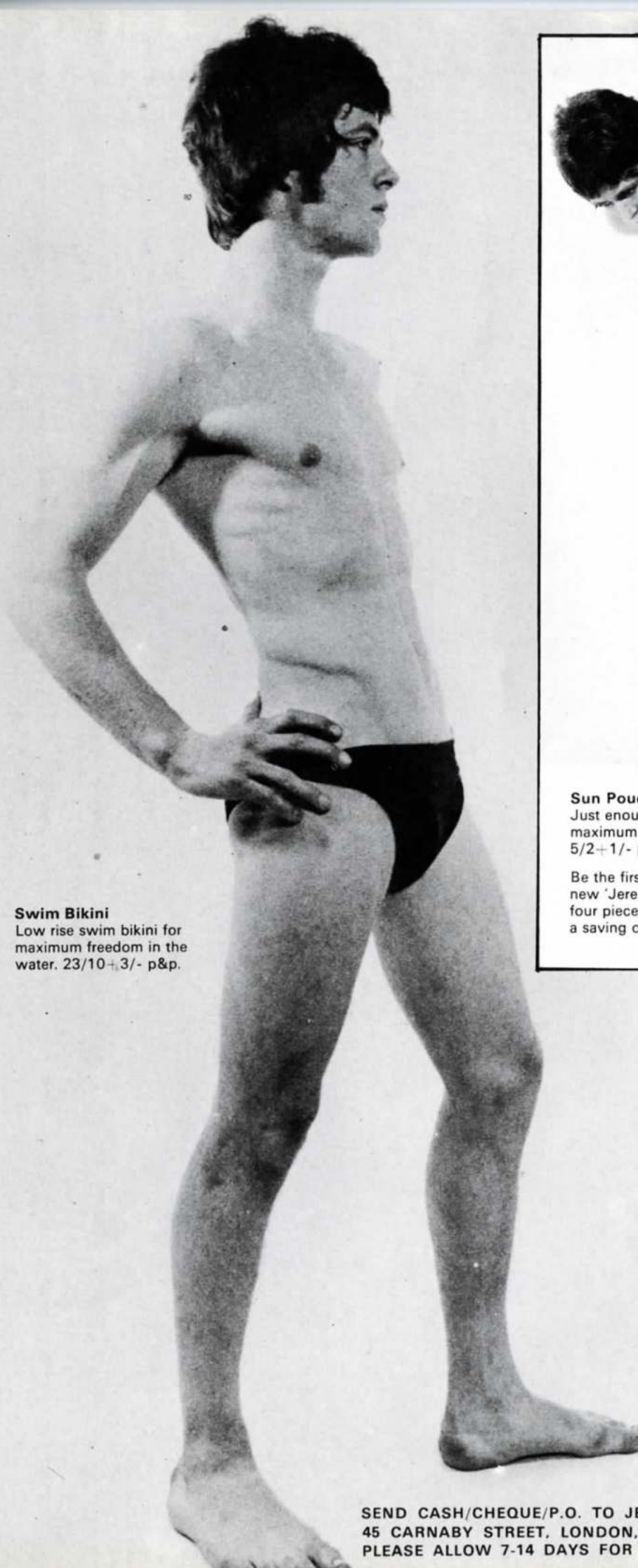


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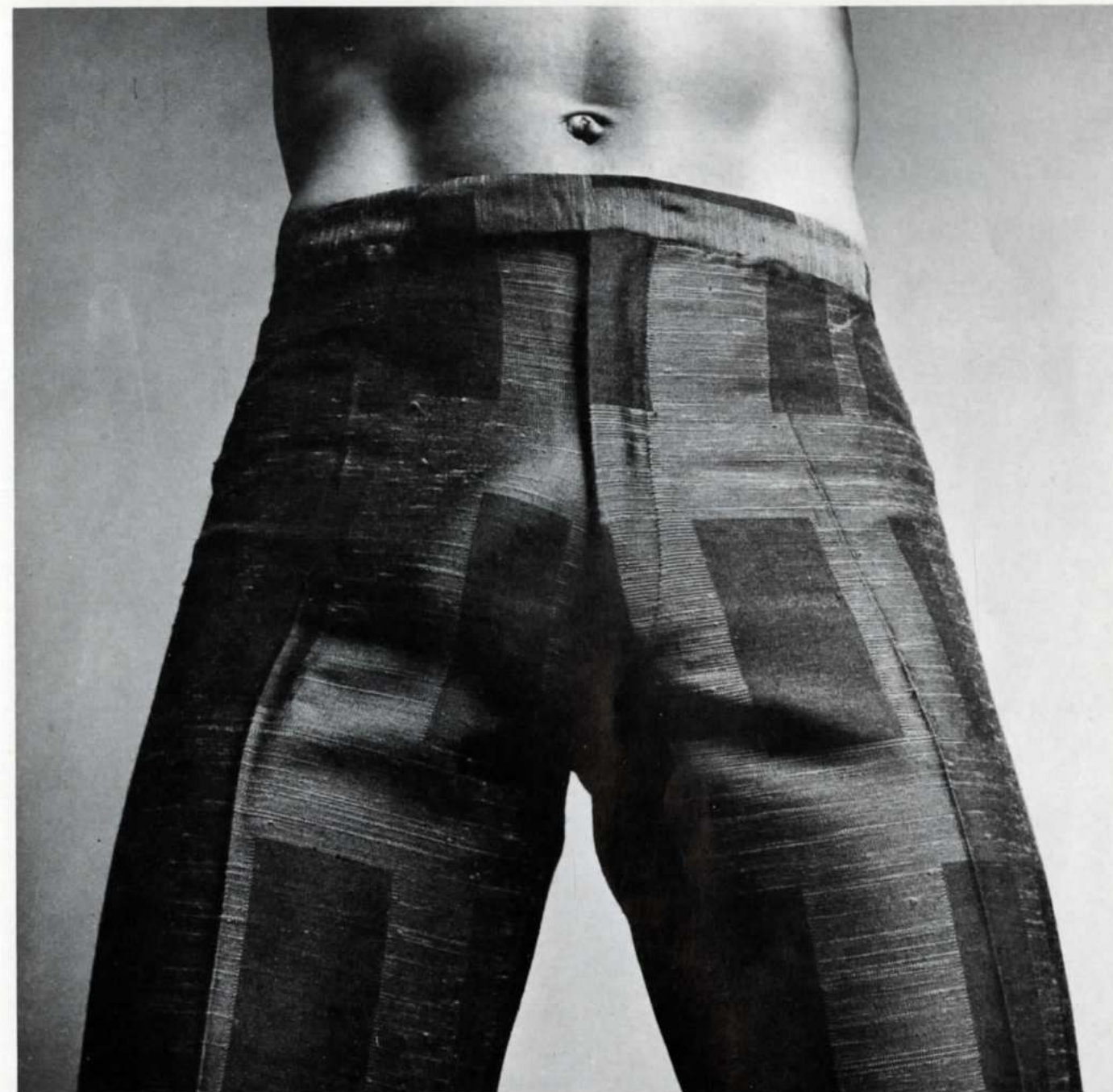
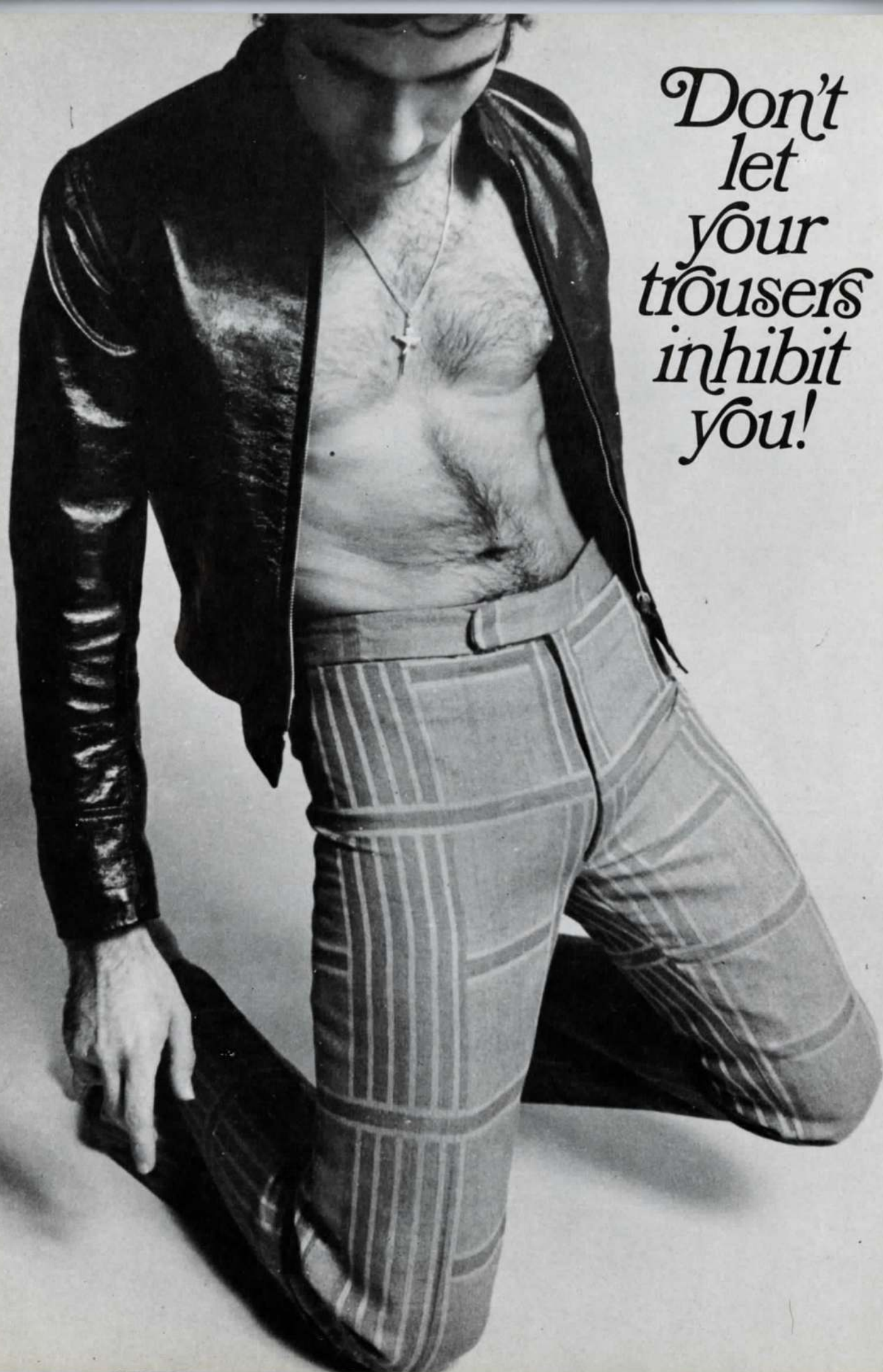


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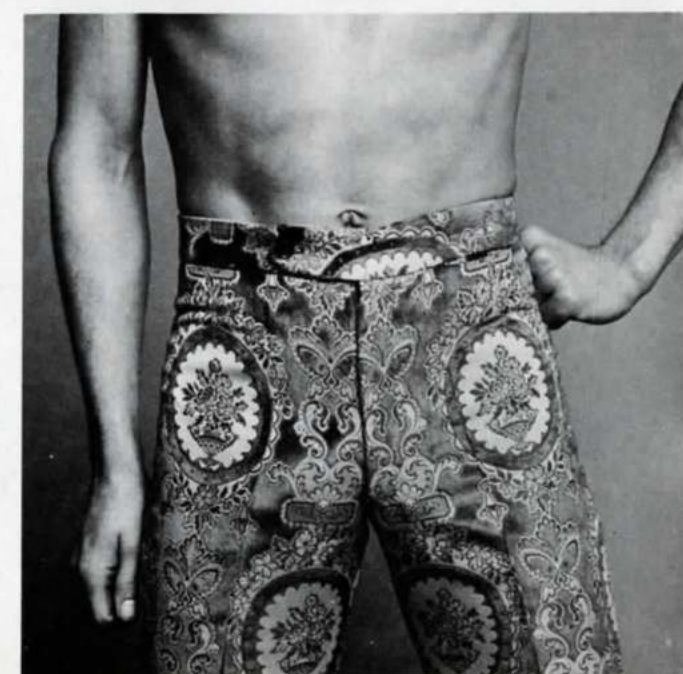
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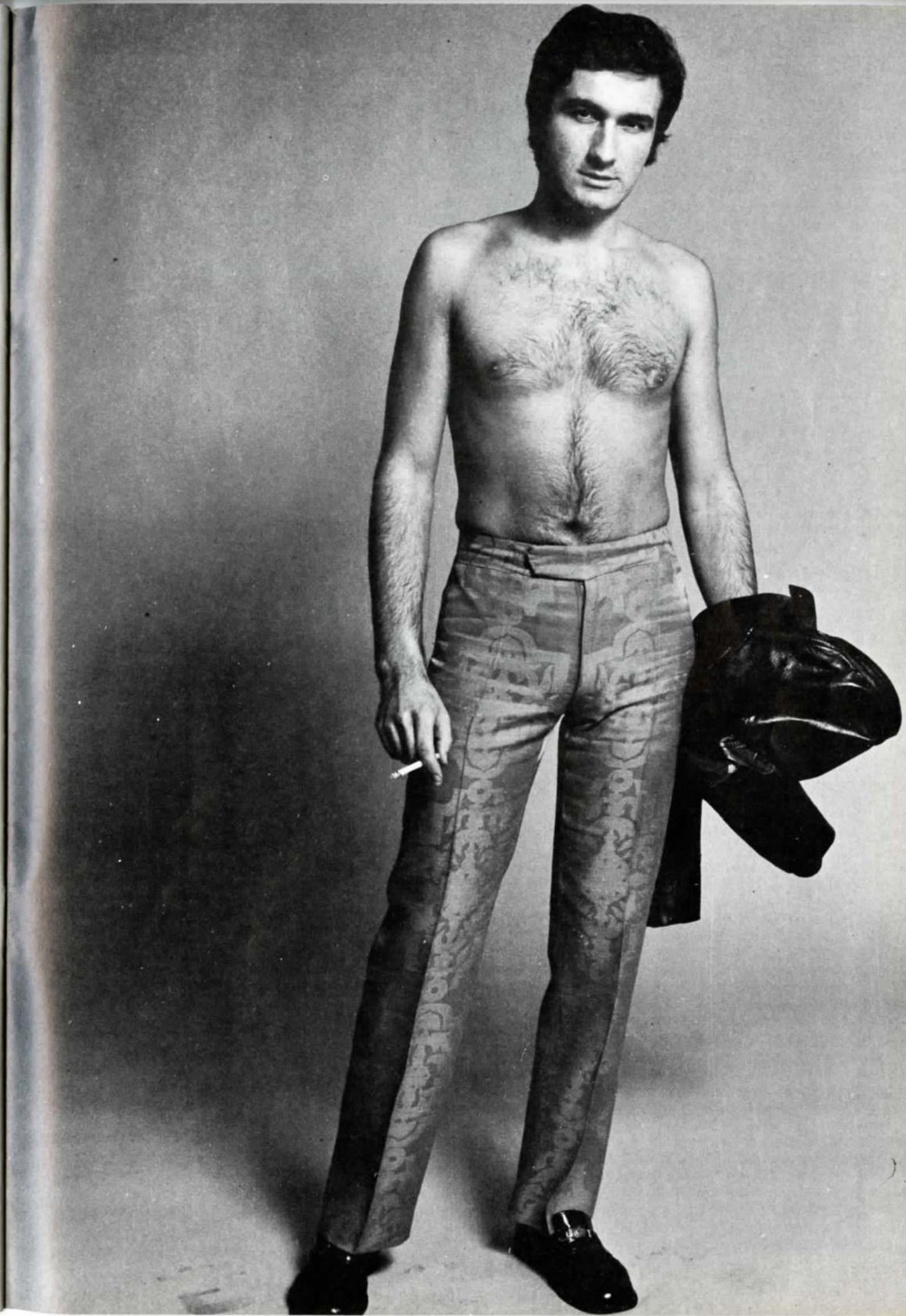
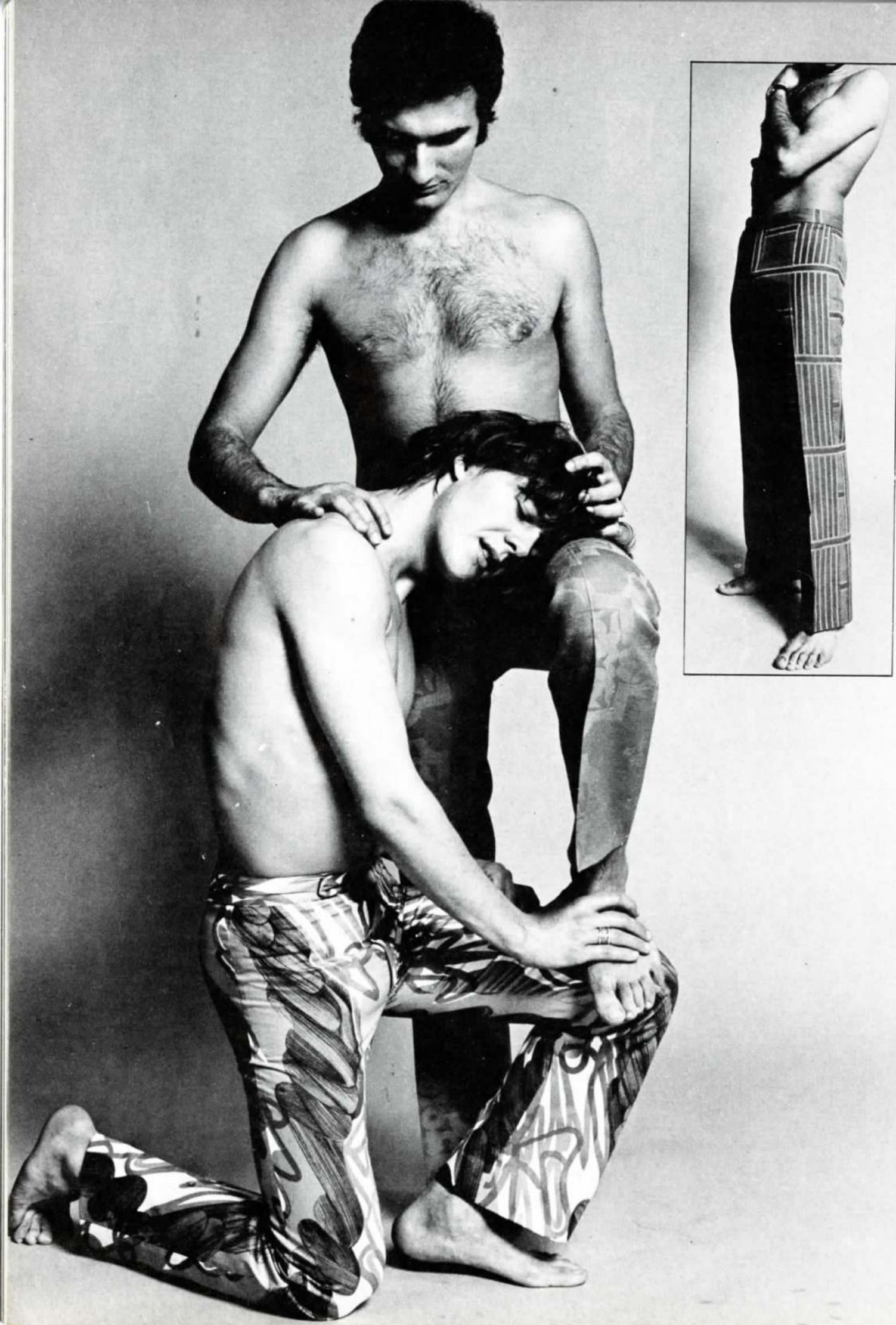
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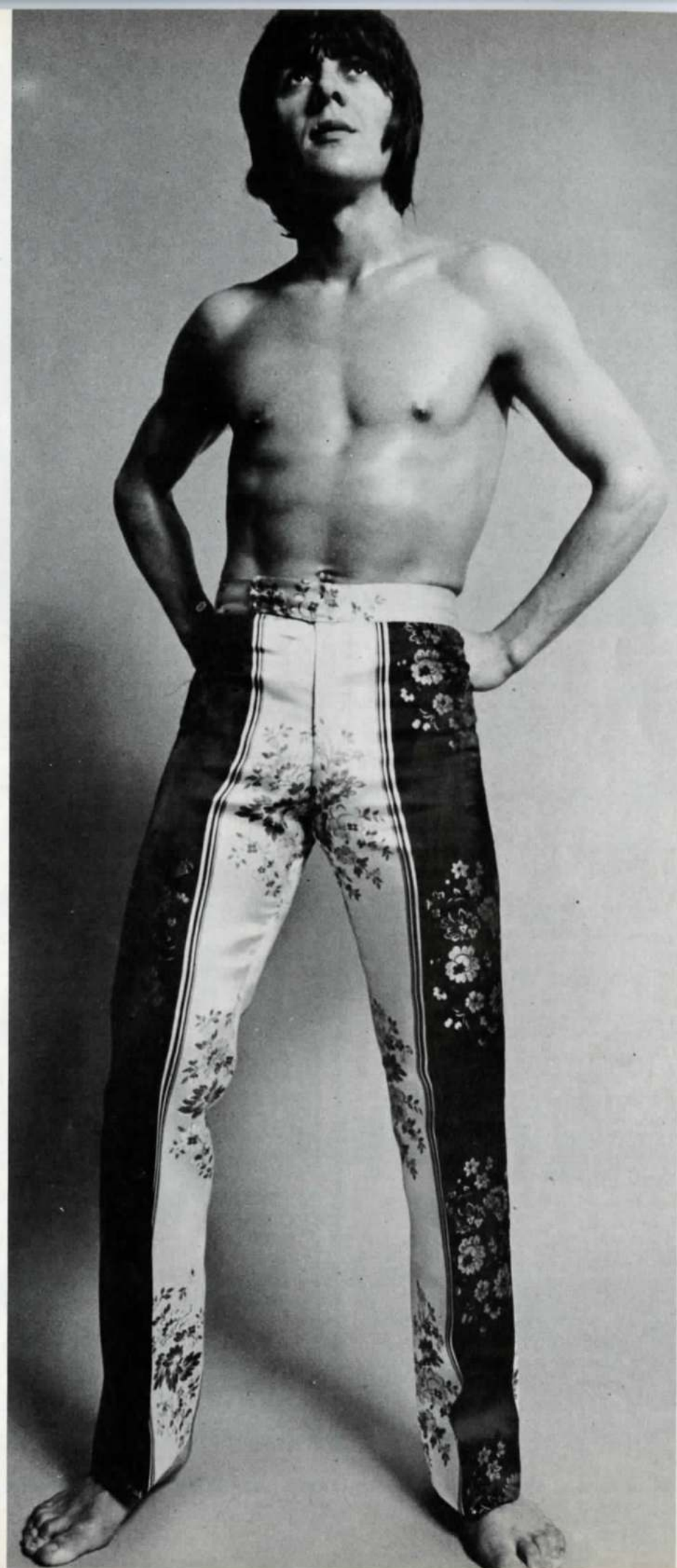
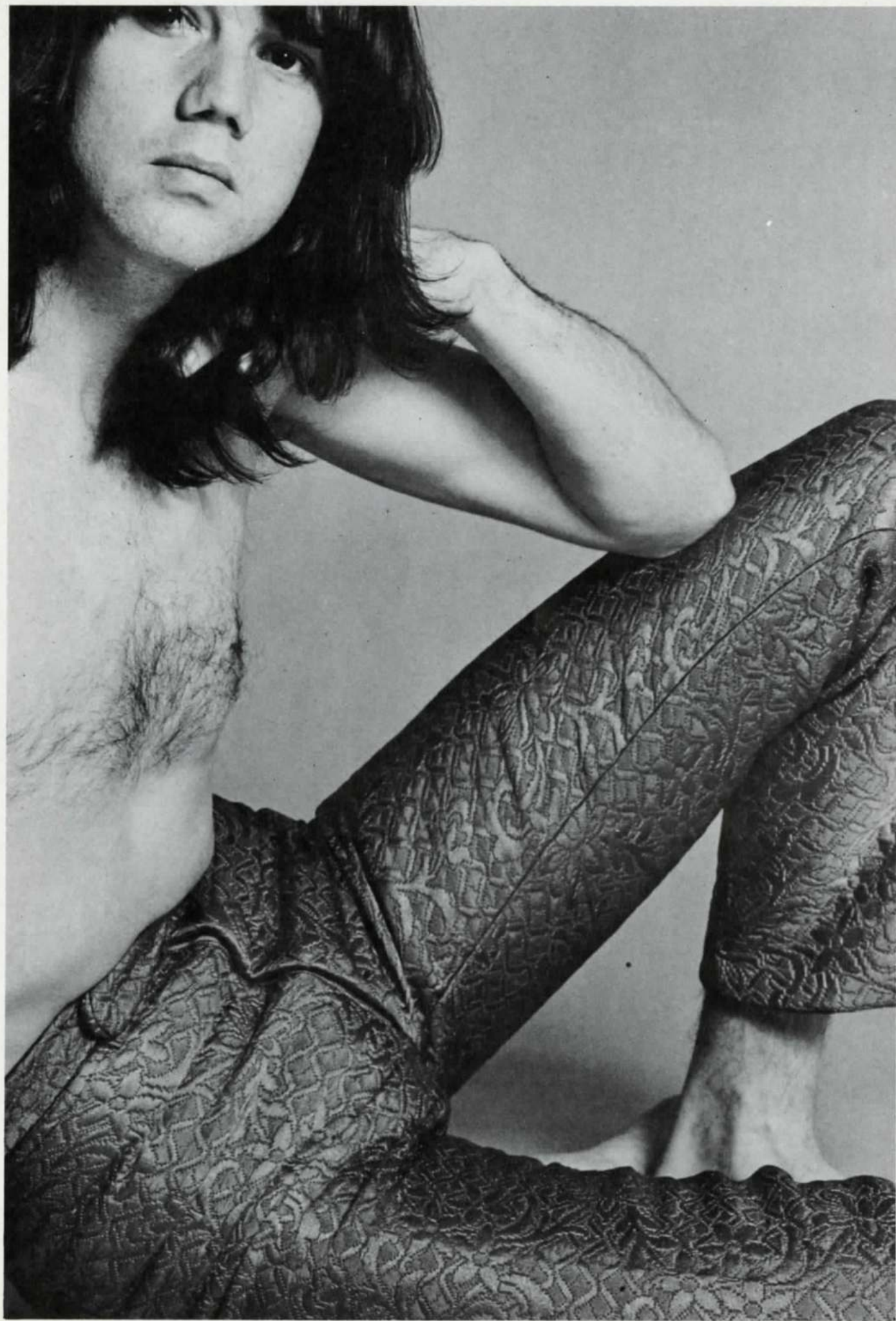
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This photograph of Robert Sherman and Laurence Trimble in "The Body builders" is from the "Art and Homosexuality" issue of Synthesis, the new magazine of the arts. In the same issue "Queerest Haiti", photographs of Patrick Proctor, the Gay Cinema, Gay Pop, and Homage to Virginia Woolf. Send now for a special introductory offer comprising:

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Why not a holiday with a difference this year? Have you ever considered a sketching holiday and then thought of all those dreary picture hats? Here is a chance for you to come to Cornwall and pot from your imagination or sketch a model in congenial company. It's time you had a change from the Mediterranean and took a holiday in the West Country anyway! Jeremy Box 101



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STARGAZE



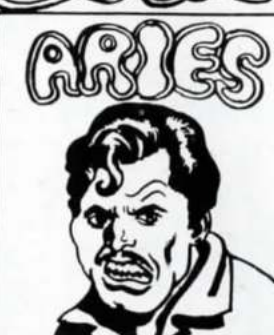
AQUARIUS (21 Jan-19 Feb)

During the cold weather you will become more withdrawn. Don't be short with your friends. The balls are in your court and proper handling could give much pleasure. You like things in their place.



PISCES (20 Feb-20 Mar)

Pisceans can be very hard and often stand out in a crowd. It is because of this prominent nature that you must beware of rivals. There will be stiff competitors to deal with, but with luck you should rise above them.



ARIES (21 Mar-20 April)

Rams are usually on top of things but now is the time to change and let someone else have a go. Take things easily this month. Relax, and everything will slip into place. The outcome should be pleasant.



TAURUS (21 April-21 May)

Avoid Cancerians (Crabs) this month. They could make you very irritable. Keep things up to scratch and don't attempt to manipulate your friends into difficult positions. You could come to a sticky end.



GEMINI (22 May-21 June)

This month you will feel new friends around you. One in particular will come your way. He may be pushing and cause you some pain but it will be worth it in the end.



CANCER (22 June-22 July)

This is the time of year when Uranus is affecting others. Beware of things going on behind your back. Being a Crab you have a social obligation so don't misuse your gift by delving too deeply into other affairs.



LEO (23 July-23 Aug)

This is your time of the year for new trade (in business) and a rise in your social circle. Ring the changes and vice versa. Big things are coming your way. You will be surprised how much you can fit in if you try.



VIRGO (24 Aug-23 Sept)

You will receive a large packet from a stranger. Don't be frightened. Open it—it could be something nice to eat. If you get an unexpected bill, swallow your pride and pay up. It will save you a lot of trouble.



LIBRA (24 Sept-23 Oct)

You will get an invitation to join a chain of your friends at a party. They will be singing 'Daisy Daisy'. You always manage to fit in with people wherever you go so remember 'it's all give and take'.



SCORPIO (24 Oct-23 Nov)

You have a sting in your tail as things pile up at the end of the month. You may pick up a good trip from a casual 'friend'. Beware—he may take you for a ride.



SAGITTARIUS (24 Nov-21 Dec)

Keep clear of public places and avoid men in blue. You have seen the writing on the wall—it could apply to you. A new acquaintance may cause you to be clinical and feel clapped out. Don't infect others with your problems.



CAPRICORN (22 Dec-20 Jan)

You will find the solution to a long standing problem and because of this your social life will shoot ahead. There may be a few flies in the ointment but once the problems are stripped bare everything will be at your fingertips.

In next months Jeremy -

In the next issue of Jeremy the inside story on all those Skinhead boys.

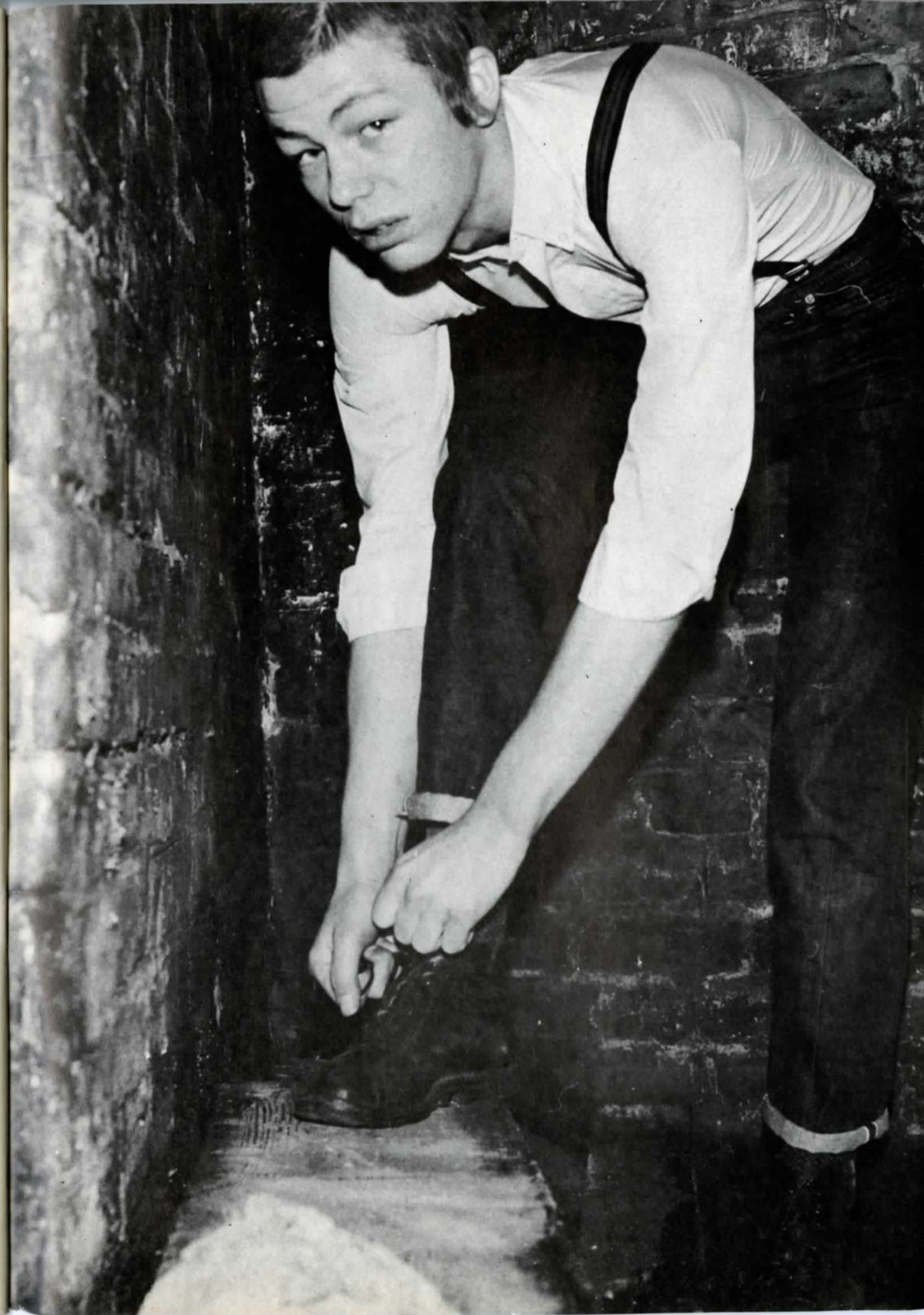
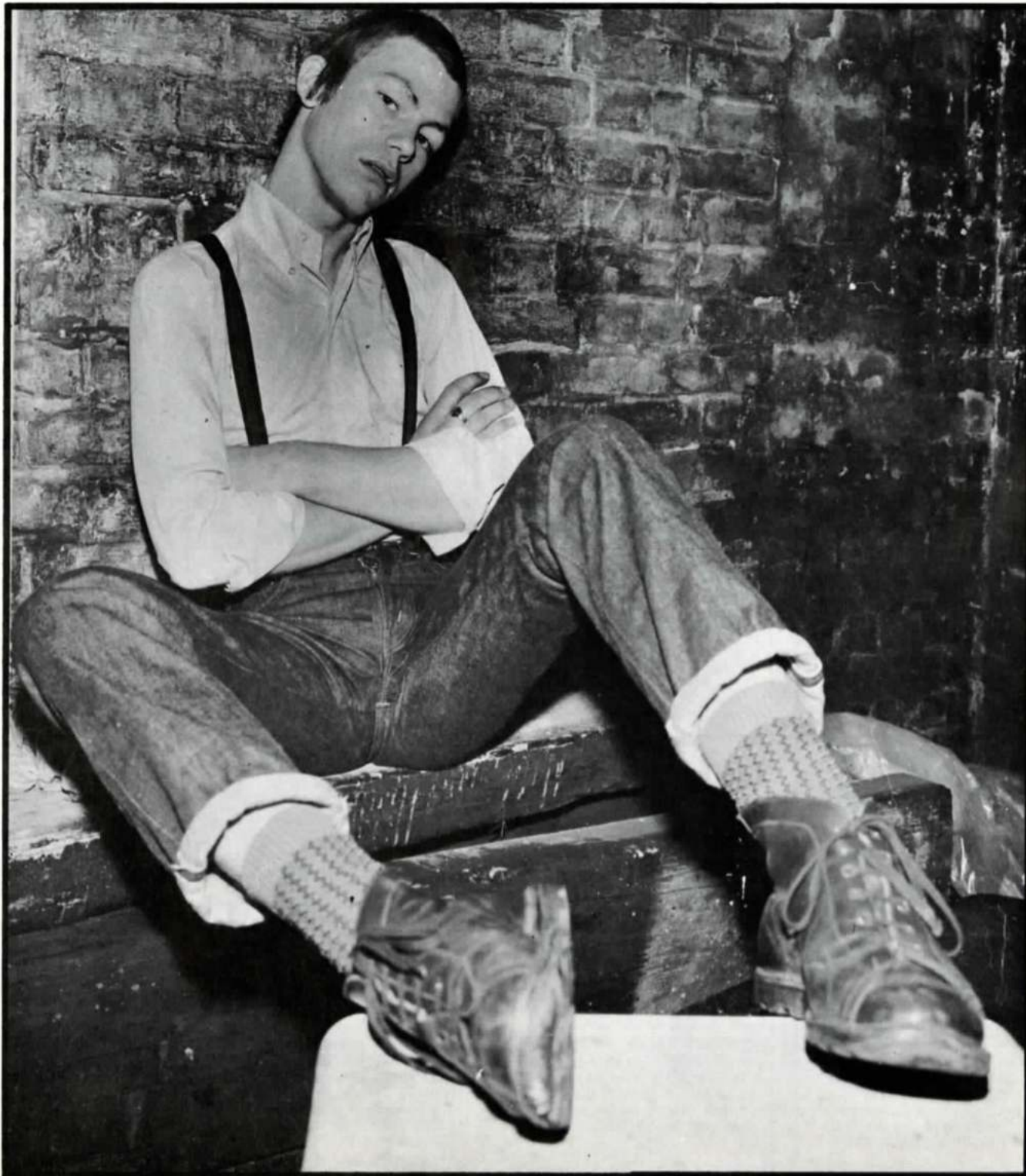
—More about the "queer" Kings of England.

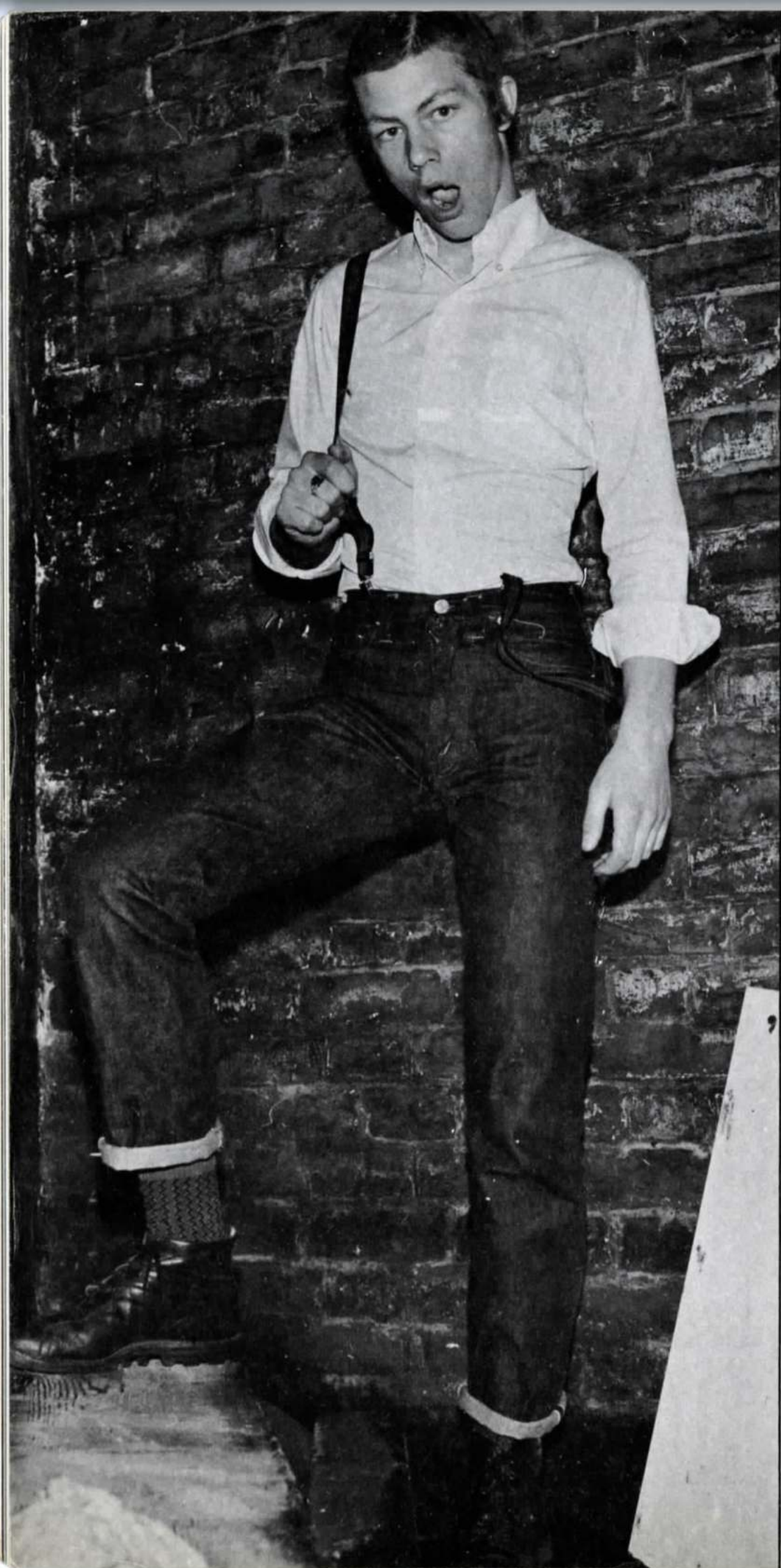
—part II of our series on homosexual organisations.

—what happens when flesh rubs on flesh in the wrestling ring

—plus our ever widening gay guide, opera, ballet, film, theatre and book reviews.

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