

Scream

Volume 1, Number 8, Six shillings.

free
badge
offer
P.17



**Edison Lighthouse by the Sea
A Lingering Look at Skinheads**



... a unique 'get away place' in peaceful surroundings for those genuinely seeking the rare opportunity to relax in an informal atmosphere.

Some have come here alone, to relax or think, or at a turning point in their lives—others, with a companion—and some who feel themselves to be socially or spiritually isolated and seek a sympathetic environment.

If you feel you might be seeking this sort of atmosphere write to Jeremy Box No. 101.

enter a man's world at GLINTS

* The largest collection of colognes and grooming aids in England.

* Complete facial treatments by a qualified consultant.

* Our new 'hairdressing stable' is now open.

Ring 01-493 1500

or come and see us at

GLINTS Grooming centre for men
68 South Molton Street, London W1



CONTENTS

4 Editorial

5 Jeremy all at sea with
Edison Lighthouse

10 I'm Going to London for
Christmas • short story

13 Jeremy Face; this
month; Brian

20 The True Story of a
Vampire

25 Skinhead; a lingering
look at skinheads

29 Gay Guide

30 Books

32 Faces of Summer
fashion feature

39 Films

41 Hangups

42 Dear Jeremy

43 Theatre

45 T&T

46 Stargaze

HAIR- PIECES FOR MEN

by Julian & Michael
Fully Guaranteed

Undetectable – Handmade
From Finest European Hair
Free Private Consultations Arranged
For the first time in England.
50% discount on all hairpieces
which usually sell at 150 guineas.

Maximum charge 75 guineas
Call in for an appointment.

JULIAN & MICHAEL

35 St. James Place London SW1
or telephone 01-493 8600



Editor & Publisher
Editor
Design
Staff Photographer
Advertising Manager

Peter L. Marriott
Peter Burton
Ian McGee
Hunter Reid
Rupert Toben

© 1970 JEREMY MAGAZINE. Published monthly by Jeremy Enterprises Ltd. 45 Carnaby Street, London, W.1 (Telephone 01-437 7332/6010). Advertising circulation and subscriptions to the above address. All reasonable care taken with unsolicited artwork and manuscripts, no responsibility can be accepted in the event of accidental loss or damage. Return postage must be enclosed. All rights reserved. No part of this magazine may be reproduced in whole or in part without the express written permission of the publishers. All characters in the fiction of this magazine are imaginary, and any similarity between these and persons living or dead is purely coincidental. Printed by Briant Colour Printing Company Ltd., 651-657 Old Kent Road, London, S.E.15. Distributed by Moore Harness, 11 Lever Street, London, E.C.1.

OBSERVATIONS UPON VACATIONS

The Tourist season is upon us—that extraordinary time when millions of people fling off their drab weeds, symbols of fifty weeks pent-up inhibitions, and tear off like migratory birds of paradise to foreign parts where, aided by anonymity and strengthened by strangeness, they behave in ways that mother decidedly would not like.

The gay world in particular becomes positively frenzied. Never noted for its caution, the last remnants are now flung away with happy squeals of abandonment. Body-hugging shirts open to the navel and tight white jeans (no room for underpants, of course) are peeled on to reveal all.

The success of all this doubtfully subtle subterfuge varies according to the natural talents of the user. In the end, however, no amount of polish can make a well-worn boot look like a new shoe.

This is not meant unkindly. The truth of the matter is that the inevitable frustration suffered by so many is self-inflicted. For not everyone will enjoy merry romps in the bushes at St. Tropez or stunning success in the Plaza Gomila.

For many it will be long and fruitless hours on the Spanish Steps 'looking for trade' and for them the commercial understones of this unfortunate word (to describe humanity's sublimely creative act) will take on a more immediate significance. Then the birds of paradise will encounter the birds of prey and will emerge ruffled from their experience with the professional predators—not to say ruffled.

Not that anyone can be blamed for preferring the vision

of being locked in the arms of a latin lover to the reality of selling insurance in Acton. It is scarcely surprising that the victims of a society which holds security and superannuation as its chief gods should need to let off steam once in a while.

It is a pity though that the dream so often turns into a nightmare. And even if some should be fortunate enough to meet their Adonis, how many would have the courage to desert their safe gods for the Unknown God?

It is a sad fact that the promiscuity of the gay world which is its principal symbol of liberation should also be its cruellest form of bondage. So long as people believe that the loving relationship may offer more than the casual act, then their experience, however exciting in their variety and multiplicity, can only be expected to leave a bitter taste.

Don't get us wrong. We are the last to suggest that there is anything *wrong* necessarily in wanting to have a little sex for fun. But our advice—for what it's worth—is don't expect too much and don't be surprised if having got your hand in the bosom (as it were) you find a viper there.

Meanwhile we act as hosts to the thousands of tourists from all over the world who come to Great Britain looking for those same things we apparently have to go away for. JEREMY welcomes all visitors to this country. We hope you find it as gay as you expected and that our readers will be open with their hospitality.

If you see a visitor looking lonely, go right up and be friendly. It could be you.

jeremy productions present ray dory david taylor (of edison lighthouse) in A ROMP BY THE SEA introducing rosetta hightower



cameraman: hunter reid
screenplay: peter burton



Rosetta Hightower came to Great Britain three years ago, from the States where she'd been one of the Orlons, "From 1960 to 1968". But she left the group, who are no longer recording now, because she didn't see anything else happening with them. Soon after she arrived here she was signed by the Toast record label, and released her first solo disc, *Pretty Red Balloons*. She wasn't exactly satisfied with the way her career was going but contract legalities prevented her from

recording, so she started doing sessions—often working with Madelaine Bell, another Stateside refugee who's also starting to make it here. Her latest record is the theme song from a book, which is certainly a new idea. Both the book and the song have the same title: *The Persuader* (the book comes from Cassell and the record from C.B.S.). The song was discovered by Rosetta's publicist, Mike Gill, who'd read the book and spotted the song in it. At the time we talked

the record, Rosetta complained, had caused interest but been given little airplay. "They don't seem to think the records right for their programmes because only bubble-gum's selling now. But that's all that's gonna sell, the public doesn't have much choice when that's all they get to hear on the radio." She wants to start doing cabaret again, mostly out of this country though, and is representing America at the Knokke-Le-Zoute Festival in July. She's recently

finished a television series and is one of the singers interested in singing—no lines about branching out in all directions. "I just want to sing and be successful at that. I'll be happy." Though she still has family in America she wouldn't want to live there again and even said that the money would have to be really good before she'd work there either.

"It's just too violent there—everything," she explained, and that's an opinion we can all agree with.



Rosetta Hightower



David Taylor



David Taylor and Ray Dory are two of the young men with hit group Edison Lighthouse, whose recent "Love Grows," did so well in the charts. David is the small one, and Ray the one with all the "beef".

David's nineteen and Ray's twenty and they've known each other—and the other members of the group—for years. They all come from around the same way, Windsor, and have played in small local

groups together.

About a year ago, when they were playing in a group called *Greenfield Hammer*, they went for a song audition. The song was the Tony Macauley/Barry Mason number

which turned them into Edison Lighthouse and made them pop-stars. Currently they're working on a new single by the same song writing team and preparing a long-player.

They should have been on an American tour when we did our pictures of them, but the usual hang-ups with work permits cropped up and the tour has had to be postponed until the Autumn. Still

they do have a long player out in America shortly, prior to British release, though it seems it's uncertain if the same record will be issued in this country.

Both boys said that once they'd become more established they'd like to do cabaret, both said they loved gigs and intend to carry on doing them—not drop out and become a recordings only group. David and Ray write a lot of material, though they used more of their own stuff before they hit the big time—"We have to keep the act fairly poppy because of *Love Grows* ... Audiences expect it."

The group go to Stockholm in the middle of June to appear in the Festival. And influences and admirations? Well they admire Marmalade and the Hollies, but don't think they've been influenced by them.



Ray Dory





Johnny felt guilty and nervous as he bought his return ticket to London. His actions were almost furtive, as though he were afraid that even now his conscience might assert itself, might control his hand movement and restore the precious, hard earned money to his pocket. His relief when it didn't was mingled with a strange despair. Now he really had to go, he had to leave his mother to her private grief, having already been exposed to the public version. The tears in her voice as she had pleaded with him transferred themselves to his own seventeen year old eyes for a moment so that it was with a sense of shock that he recognised the object in front of his eyes as the hand of the ticket puncher.

He boarded the train and sat in the window seat of an empty compartment. All his life, as far back as he could remember, Christmas had just

been an ordinary day for him and his mother. More like a Sunday really, because they went to church, but that was the only difference. But since September, when he had started to work in the factory, he had been giving her two pounds a week out of eight he earned, hoping that she would not have to work so hard, hoping that she would smile more often. And all the time she had been saving it up so that they could have a proper Christmas for once. And while she was doing that he was busy making the first adult decision of his life. One of the men at work had told him about it six weeks ago, had told him what was going to happen in London at Christmas. The excitement had built up inside him from that day, and finally the decision had made him, not the other way round. He had talked about it at work, and sensed the interest of the other men, but he seemed to

I'M GOING TO LONDON FOR CHRISTMAS

a short story by verity bargate

a visit to London for a protest rally didn't turn out quite as expected

take his courage off with his overalls because all he could ever say to his mother was how hard her day had been and then tell her how his had been and that was all. He read a lot and had a stamp collection. He loved his stamps. Just looking at them made him feel foreign and knowledgeable.

Finally, two days before Christmas Eve, he came home in a different mood. They'd had some drink at the factory and this had given him a confidence and self possession that, in its unfamiliarity was comfortable. "Mum. I'm going to London for Christmas. Some friends of mine have asked me down. They say it just won't be the same if I don't go. I can't let them down. But I have to go tomorrow night, the day before Christmas Eve, otherwise I'll miss the beginning. I'll be back late on Boxing night". He didn't look at his mother as he spoke, and started out of the room, embarrassed at the length of the speech he had just made. All she said to his departing back was "Friends? I didn't know you had friends". That was all she had said that night, but the next morning at breakfast it had all poured out.

About the chicken she had bought and the crackers and some ribena to go with it all because that would look like wine. And she had looked vulnerable and angry and unhappy and ugly all at the same time. Johnny had felt a pain that he couldn't understand, and then had felt awkward and clumsy and horribly young.

Now, sitting on the train that was taking him away from Birmingham for the very first time in his life, excitement gradually overcame all the other feelings. He didn't dare to move in case it should all prove unreal. And then he slept for a bit and when he woke up the view from the window was the same as it had been before, rows of ugly houses and smoke and factories, so that for a moment he wondered if he had slept for too long and the train was now going backwards. He didn't like to ask anyone but just then a man came in and took half his ticket away, and said that they would be in London in five minutes. He had a hat on and looked quite important, so Johnny supposed that it must all be all right.

He had a snack at the station and then set out to

walk to Piccadilly. He had to ask the way several times, and people gave him funny looks, and one man even said that he was too young to know. He walked carefully, looking about him, absorbing shapes and smells into scars across his mind, and wondering whether the people in London always left their curtains open or only when they had bright shiny Christmas trees in the window. He wondered if the people who were looking at him were interested in him or curious to know where he was going, or if they looked at everyone with the same rather furtive did-he-seem-to-be-looking-at-him way. Most people in fact didn't look at him at all he finally noticed, but just in case anyone should he walked smoothly and with assurance, trying to conjure up from somewhere the confidence that had been his so fleetingly a few weeks ago, when he had made his decision. He could feel it showing outside but inside him was just an empty space again, and he realised uneasily that the drink must have had more to do with his plan than he had realised at the time. It was cold and dark now and he quickened his pace, wishing for a moment, but regretting

it instantly that he was home with his mother.

He looked behind him and saw a bus that said Piccadilly, looked ahead and saw that the lights were red and jumped aboard, wondering if this was cheating, if he shouldn't really have walked all the way. He sat down inside with his little overall bag. It was a shilling to Piccadilly he was told in answer to his sudden question, when he had realised that he didn't know where Piccadilly was and it might cost him ten shillings. The bus conductor was a tired little man with grey hair. He looked as though at one time in his life he might have smiled a lot but had given up because he never got smiles in return, but Johnny couldn't be sure. Maybe he had just never smiled anyway. He certainly wasn't tonight. Johnny was the only person on the bus and he suddenly wished that he smoked or bit his nails, something that would make his hands move and not feel so clammy and heavy resting on his knees. Anything to stop him feeling guilty for sitting on the man's bus. Suddenly, 'Here you are, son' came gently and unexpectedly at him from the little man and he bundled himself



off the bus with a muffled thank you to the conductor who was a human being after all, someone who might even have been shrewd enough to have noticed the way the use of the word son had suddenly made Johnny want to blow his nose.

And then he saw them. About a dozen young people in orange fluorescent jackets handing out leaflets and carrying banners. Forty eight hour fast for Biafra. He joined the little group huddled round Eros. They were welcoming and warm. A girl with a thin face and long dark hair started talking to him in an easy manner, so that he forgot his shyness and found himself talking freely for the first time in his life. She was impressed when he said that he had come all the way down from Birmingham. She herself had come from Watford, but all the others lived in London. They had a paper cup of hot soup between them, and when, once he dribbled she wiped his chin on her rough sleeve. As it grew darker and colder they huddled together for warmth, talking in low intense voices, about what was wrong with the world and how they would put it right if they had the chance. The usual things that young people say. Johnny did not understand all the

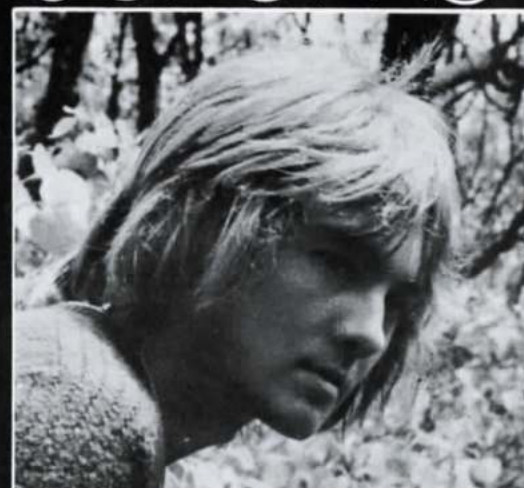
words she used. What, for example did anarchy and escalation mean? And what were his terms of reference? The factory, his mother, the News of the World? As the girl, Jennie, got more and more intense he found himself merely mumbling assent or dissent, whichever he felt the subject called for. Finally his responses became dictated only by the tone of her voice; his mind was busy despising his mother and his schooling, and blaming himself for not even attending the schooling that had been offered to him. So that now, when he met someone who was lively and pretty and interesting he had nothing to say.

He wondered where they were going to spend the night and where he would be able to clean his teeth. Then he noticed that some of the others were already in their sleeping bags, and he had a moment of panic. He hadn't got one and it was incredibly cold and snowing. He hadn't got the money for a hotel and anyway that wasn't what he was here for. He was here because he believed in what these people were doing and wanted to join them. Jennie was still droning on and he suddenly thought that the funny thick brown cigarettes that she was smoking might not contain only tobacco after all. Even he had heard of pot and he started to move cautiously away, because this too was something he did not feel able to cope with. But Jennie held his arm and asked him to unzip her sleeping bag for her.

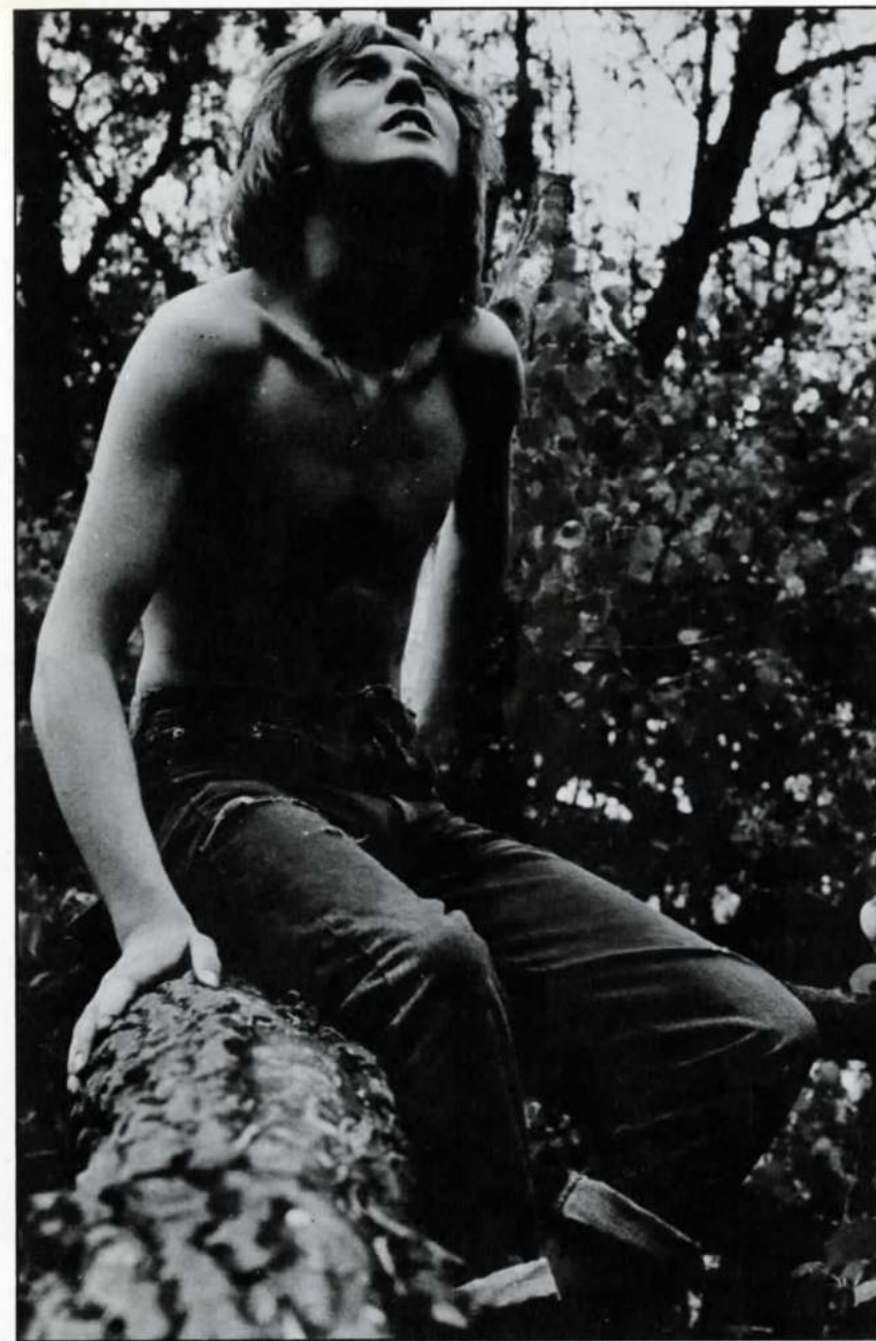
His mother had always taught him manners, so he undid the bag and then started to move away. But Jennie was holding onto his arm very tightly. 'Aren't you going to join me, Johnny? You're free and emancipated and young and virile and all this is just an excuse for a party really. Of course we care about Biafra but none of us are fools enough to really starve. We've got our pot and some of us have speed and we're just going to have a lovely, lovely time. A forty eight hour trip. That's what you came for isn't it?' Johnny ran. The last thing he heard was 'Chicken, Johnny, chicken . . . ' He didn't stop running until he saw a bus with Euston station written on the front. He clambered on and his face was wet with tears and his breath was coming in ugly gasps. His side hurt and he longed to be alone. Humiliation was like bile in his mouth. It was the last bus to the station the conductor told his back and it would cost him one and six.

When he got off the bus at Euston the station was shut. A big new shiny steel and glass world closed to him as all the other worlds seemed to be. A sign outside the station said No trains until the day after tomorrow. He sat down outside the station and wept like the child he was. He stared at his big ugly hands and wept again. He had only just realised. Nobody else at Piccadilly had had hands like his. Maybe some of them were big and ugly, but none of them had been black.

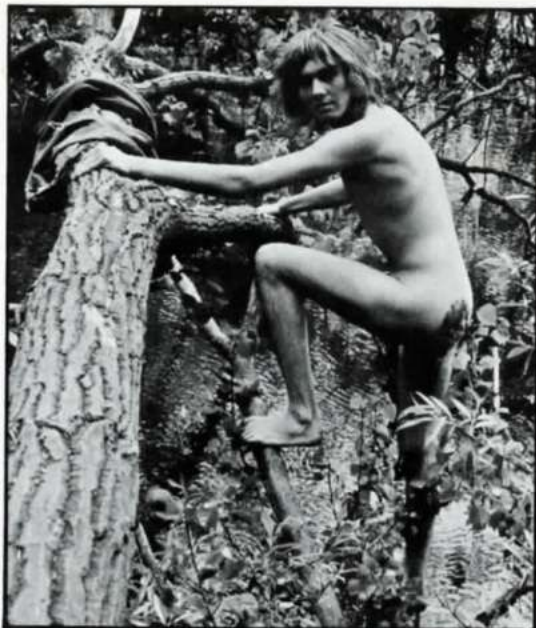
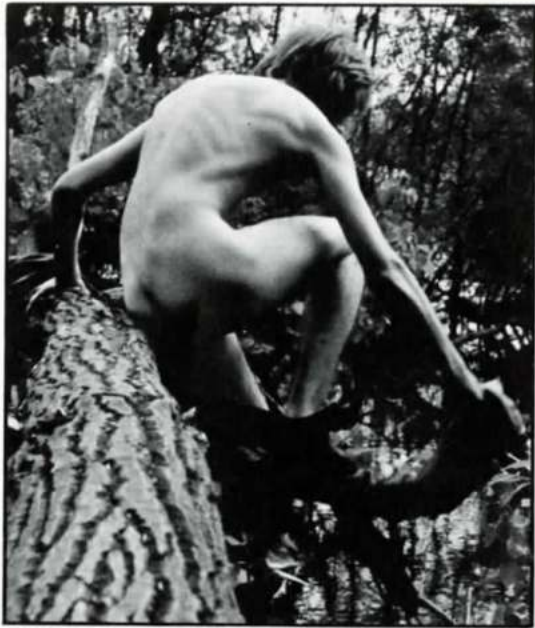
Jeremy



Face



Hunter Reid



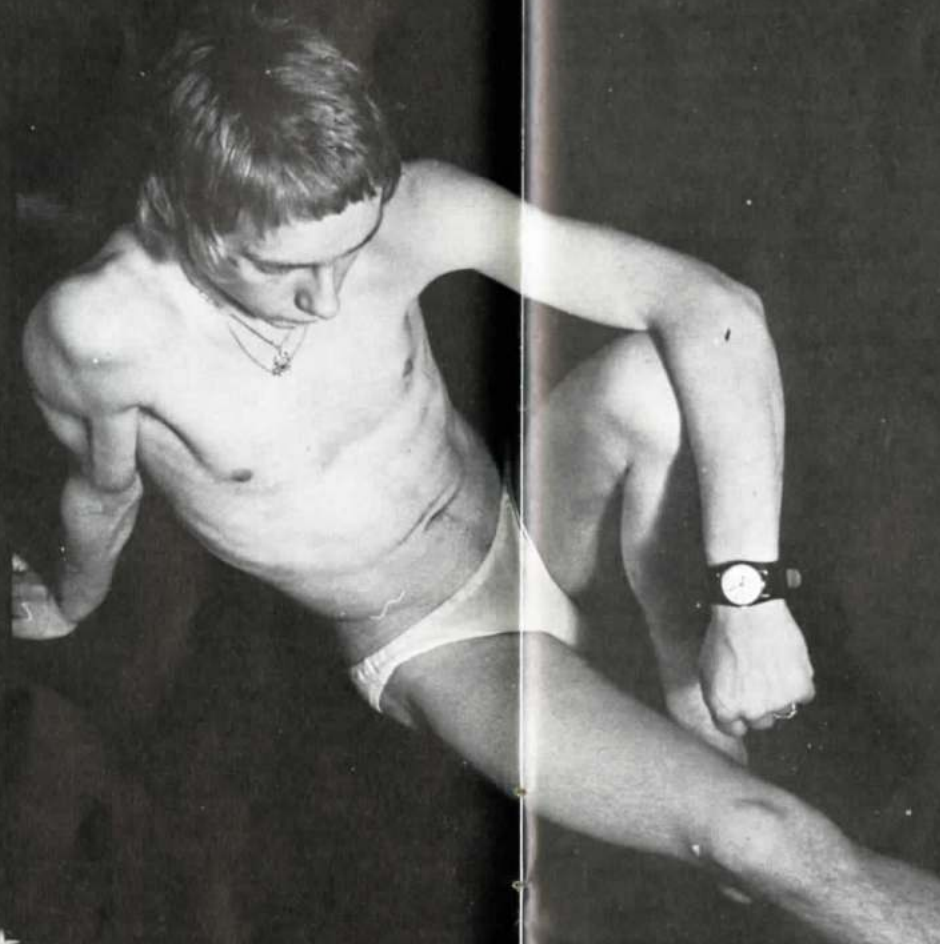
ADVERTISEMENT

JEREMY FUNDIES

Jeremy presents a package of exciting stimulating underwear for the modern male. For personal indulgence — or the perfect gift.



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



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



Package Deal
Made in teez towelling for hot summer nites. Colours: turquoise-pale blue-yellow-white-sugar pink. Price 12/6.

SEND CASH/CHEQUE/P.O. TO JEREMY INTERNATIONAL, 45 CARNABY STREET, LONDON, W.1. STATING SIZE (S. M. L.) AND SECOND COLOUR CHOICE. PLEASE ADD 1/- TO FINAL ORDER FOR PACKAGE AND POSTAGE AND PLEASE ALLOW 7-14 DAYS FOR DELIVERY.



The True Story of a Vampire

Count Stenbock's story originally published in the 1890's, shows that all vampires don't go in for the ladies.

VAMPIRE stories are generally located in Styria; mine is also. Styria is by no means the romantic kind of place described by those who have certainly never been there. It is a flat, uninteresting country, only celebrated by its turkeys, its capons, and the stupidity of its inhabitants. Vampires generally arrive at night, in carriages drawn by two black horses.

Our Vampire arrived by the commonplace means of the railway train, and in the afternoon. You must think I am joking, or perhaps that by the word 'Vampire' I mean a financial vampire. No, I am quite serious. The Vampire of whom I am speaking, who laid waste our hearth and home, was a *real* vampire.

Vampires are generally described as dark, sinister-looking, and singularly handsome. Our Vampire was, on the contrary, rather fair, and certainly was not at first sight sinister-looking, and though decidedly attractive in appearance, not what one would call singularly handsome.

Yes, he desolated our home, killed my brother—the one object of my adoration—also my dear father. Yet, at the same time, I must say that I myself came under the spell of his fascination, and, in spite of all, have no ill-will towards him now.

Doubtless you have read in the papers *passim* of 'the Baroness and her beasts'. It is to tell how I came to spend most of my useless wealth on an asylum for stray animals that I am writing this.

I am old now; what happened then was when I was a little girl of about thirteen. I will begin by describing our household. We were Poles; our name was Wronski: we lived in

Styria, where we had a castle. Our household was very limited. It consisted, with the exclusion of domestics, of only my father, our governess—a worthy Belgian named Mademoiselle Vonnaert—my brother, and myself. Let me begin with my father: he was old, and both my brother and I were children of his old age. Of my mother I remember nothing: she died in giving birth to my brother, who is only one year, or not as much, younger than myself. Our father was studious, continually occupied in reading books, chiefly on recondite subjects and in all kinds of unknown languages. He had a long white beard, and wore habitually a black velvet skull-cap.

How kind he was to us! It was more than I could tell. Still it was not I who was the favourite. His whole heart went out to Gabriel—Gabryel as we spelt it in Polish. He was always called by the Russian abbreviation Gavril—I mean, of course, my brother, who had a resemblance to the only portrait of my mother, a slight chalk sketch which hung in my father's study. But I was by no means jealous: my brother was and has been the only love of my life. It is for his sake that I am now keeping in Westbourne Park a home for stray cats and dogs.

I was at that time, as I said before, a little girl; my name was Carmela. My long tangled hair was always all over the place, and never would be combed straight. I was not pretty—at least, looking at a photograph of me at that time, I do not think I could describe myself as such. Yet at the same time, when I look at the photograph, I think my expression may have been pleasing to some people: irregular features, large mouth, and large wild eyes.

I was by way of being naughty—not so naughty as Gabriel in the opinion of Mlle. Vonnaert. Mlle. Vonnaert, I may intercalate, was a wholly excellent person, middle-aged, who really *did* speak good French, although she was a Belgian, and could also make herself understood in German, which, as you may or may not know, is the current language of Styria.

I find it difficult to describe my brother Gabriel; there was something about him strange and super-human, or perhaps I should rather say *præter-human*, something between the animal and the divine. Perhaps the Greek idea of the Faun might illustrate what I mean; but that will not do either. He had large, wild, gazelle-like eyes: his hair, like mine, was in a perpetual tangle—that point he had in common with me, and indeed, as I afterwards heard, our mother having been of gypsy race, it will account for much of the innate wildness there was in our natures. I was wild enough, but Gabriel was much wilder. Nothing would induce him to put on shoes and stockings, except on Sundays—when he also allowed his hair to be combed, but only by me. How shall I describe the grace of that lovely mouth, shaped verily '*en arc d'amour*.' I always think of the text in the Psalm, 'Grace is shed forth on thy lips, therefore has God blessed thee eternally'—lips that seemed to exhale the very breath of life. Then that beautiful, lithe, living, elastic form!

He could run faster than any deer: spring like a squirrel to the topmost branch of a tree: he might have stood for the sign and symbol of vitality itself. But seldom could he be induced by Mlle. Vonnaert to learn lessons; but

when he did so, he learnt with extraordinary quickness. He would play upon every conceivable instrument, holding a violin here, there, and everywhere except the right place: manufacturing instruments for himself out of reeds—even sticks. Mlle. Vonnaert made futile efforts to induce him to learn to play the piano. I suppose he was what was called spoilt, though merely in the superficial sense of the word. Our father allowed him to indulge in every caprice.

One of his peculiarities, when quite a little child, was horror at the sight of meat. Nothing on earth would induce him to taste it. Another thing which was particularly remarkable about him was his extraordinary power over animals. Everything seemed to come tame to his hand. Birds would sit on his shoulder. Then sometimes Mlle. Vonnaert and I would lose him in the woods—he would suddenly dart away. Then we would find him singing softly or whistling to himself, with all manner of woodland creatures around him,—hedgehogs, little foxes, wild rabbits, marmots, squirrels, and such like. He would frequently bring these things home with him and insist on keeping them. This strange menagerie was the terror of poor Mlle. Vonnaert's heart. He chose to live in a little room at the top of a turret; but which, instead of going upstairs, he chose to reach by means of a very tall chestnut-tree, through the window. But in contradiction to all this, it was his custom to serve every Sunday Mass in the parish church, with hair nicely combed and with white surplice and red cassock. He looked as demure and tamed as possible. Then came the element of the divine. What an expression of extasy there was



in those glorious eyes!

Thus far I have not been speaking about the Vampire. However, let me begin with my narrative at last. One day my father had to go to the neighbouring town—as he frequently had. This time he returned accompanied by a guest. The gentleman, he said, had missed his train, through the late arrival of another at our station, which was a junction, and he would therefore, as trains were not frequent in our parts, have had to wait there all night. He had joined in conversation with my father in the too-late-arriving train from the town: and had consequently accepted my father's invitation to stay the night at our house. But of course, you know, in those out-of-the-way parts we are almost patriarchal in our hospitality.

He was announced under the name of Count Vardalek—the name being Hungarian. But he spoke German well enough: not with the monotonous accentuation of Hungarians, but rather, if anything, with a slight Slavonic intonation. His voice was peculiarly soft and insinuating. We soon afterwards found out he could talk Polish, and Mlle. Vonnaert vouched for his good French. Indeed he seemed to know all languages. But let me give my first impressions. He was rather tall, with fair wavy hair, rather long, which accentuated a certain effeminacy about his smooth face. His figure had something—I cannot say what—serpentine about it. The features were refined; and he had long, slender, subtle, magnetic-looking hands, a somewhat long sinuous nose, a graceful mouth, and an attractive smile, which belied the intense sadness of the expression of the eyes. When he arrived

his eyes were half closed—indeed they were habitually so—so that I could not decide their colour. He looked worn and wearied. I could not possibly guess his age.

Suddenly Gabriel burst into the room: a yellow butterfly was clinging to his hair. He was carrying in his arms a little squirrel. Of course he was bare-legged as usual. The stranger looked up at his approach; then I noticed his eyes. They were green: they seemed to dilate and grow larger. Gabriel stood stock-still, with a startled look, like that of a bird fascinated by a serpent. But nevertheless he held out his hand to the newcomer. Vardalek, taking his hand—I don't know why I noticed this trivial thing,—pressed the pulse with his forefinger. Suddenly Gabriel darted from the room and rushed upstairs, going to his turret-room this time by the staircase instead of the tree. I was in terror what the Count might think of him. Great was my relief when he came down in his velvet Sunday suit, and shoes and stockings. I combed his hair, and set him generally right.

When the stranger came down to dinner his appearance had somewhat altered; he looked much younger. There was an elasticity of the skin, combined with a delicate complexion, rarely to be found in a man. Before, he had struck me as being very pale.

Well, at dinner we were all charmed with him, especially my father. He seemed to be thoroughly acquainted with all my father's particular hobbies. Once, when my father was relating some of his military experiences, he said something about a drummer-boy who was wounded in battle. His eyes opened completely

again and dilated: this time with a particularly disagreeable expression, dull and dead, yet at the same time animated by some horrible excitement. But this was only momentary.

The chief subject of his conversation with my father was about certain curious mystical books which my father had just lately picked up, and which he could not make out, but Vardalek seemed completely to understand. At dessert-time my father asked him if he were in a great hurry to reach his destination: if not, would he not stay with us a little while: though our place was out of the way, he would find much that would interest him in his library.

He answered, 'I am in no hurry. I have no particular reason for going to that place at all, and if I can be of service to you in deciphering these books, I shall be only too glad'. He added with a smile which was bitter, very very bitter: 'You see I am a cosmopolitan, a wanderer on the face of the earth'.

After dinner my father asked him if he played the piano. He said, 'Yes, I can a little,' and he sat down at the piano. Then he played a Hungarian csardas—wild, rhapsodic, wonderful.

That is the music which makes men mad. He went on in the same strain.

Gabriel stood stock-still by the piano, his eyes dilated and fixed, his form quivering. At last he said very slowly, at one particular motive—for want of a better word you may call it the *relâche* of a csardas, by which I mean that point where the original quasislow movement begins again—'Yes. I think I could play that'.

Then he quickly fetched his fiddle and self-made xylophone, and did actually, alternat-

ing the instruments, render the same very well indeed.

Vardalek looked at him, and said in a very sad voice, 'Poor child! you have the soul of music within you'.

I could not understand why he should seem to commiserate instead of congratulate Gabriel on what certainly showed an extraordinary talent.

Gabriel was shy even as the the wild animals who were tame to him. Never before had he taken to a stranger. Indeed, as a rule, if any stranger came to the house by any chance, he would hide himself, and I had to bring him up his food to the turret chamber. You may imagine what was my surprise when I saw him walking about hand in hand with Vardalek the next morning, in the garden, talking lively with him, and showing his collection of pet animals, which he had gathered from the woods, and for which we had had to fit up a regular zoological gardens. He seemed utterly under the domination of Vardalek. What surprised us was (for otherwise we liked the stranger, especially for being kind to him) that he seemed, though not noticeably at first—except perhaps to me, who noticed everything with regard to him—to be gradually losing his general health and vitality. He did not become pale as yet; but there was a certain languor about his movements which certainly there was by no means before.

My father got more and more devoted to Count Vardalek. He helped him in his studies: and my father would hardly allow him to go away, which he did sometimes—to Trieste, he said: he always came back, bringing us presents

of strange Oriental jewellery or textures.

I knew all kinds of people came to Trieste, Orientals included. Still, there was a strangeness and magnificence about these things which I was sure even then could not possibly have come from such a place as Trieste, memorable to me chiefly for its necktie shops.

When Vardalek was away, Gabriel was continually asking for him and talking about him. Then at the same time he seemed to regain his old vitality and spirits. Vardalek always returned looking much older, wan, and weary. Gabriel would rush to meet him, and kiss him on the mouth. Then he gave a slight shiver: and after a little while began to look quite young again.

Things continued like this for some time. My father would not hear of Vardalek's going away permanently. He came to be an inmate of our house. I indeed, and Mlle. Vonnaert also, could not help noticing what a difference there was altogether about Gabriel. But my father seemed totally blind to it.

One night I had gone downstairs to fetch something which I had left in the drawing-room. As I was going up again I passed Vardalek's room. He was playing on a piano, which had been specially put there for him, one of Chopin's nocturnes, very beautifully: I stopped, leaning on the banisters to listen.

Something white appeared on the dark staircase. We believed in ghosts in our part. I was transfixed with terror, and clung to the banisters. What was my astonishment to see Gabriel walking slowly down the staircase, his eyes fixed as though in a trance! This terrified me even more than a ghost would. Could I believe my senses? Could that be Gabriel?

I simply could not move. Gabriel, clad in his long white night-shirt, came downstairs and opened the door. He left it open. Vardalek still continued playing, but talked as he played.

He said—this time speaking in Polish—*Nie umiem wyrazic jak ciebie kocham*,—'My darling, I fain would spare thee; but thy life is my life, and I must live, I who would rather die. Will God not have any mercy on me? Oh! oh! life; oh, the torture of life!' Here he struck one agonised and strange chord, then continued playing softly, 'O Gabriel, my beloved! my life, yes life—oh, why life? I am sure this is but a little that I demand of thee. Surely thy superabundance of life can spare a little to one who is already dead. No, stay', he said now almost harshly, 'what must be, must be!'

Gabriel stood there quite still, with the same fixed vacant expression, in the room. He was evidently walking in his sleep. Vardalek played on: then said, 'Ah!' with a sigh of terrible agony. Then very gently, 'Go now, Gabriel; it is

enough'. And Gabriel went out of the room and ascended the staircase at the same slow pace, with the same unconscious stare. Vardalek struck the piano, and although he did not play loudly, it seemed as though the strings would break. You never heard music so strange and so heart-rending!

I only know I was found by Mlle. Vonnaert in the morning, in an unconscious state, at the foot of the stairs. Was it a dream after all? I am sure now that it was not. I thought then it might be, and said nothing to any one about it. Indeed, what could I say?

Well, to let me cut a long story short, Gabriel, who had never known a moment's sickness in his life, grew ill: and we had to send to Gratz for a doctor, who could give no explanation of Gabriel's strange illness. Gradual wasting away, he said: absolutely no organic complaint. What could this mean?

My father at last became conscious of the fact that Gabriel was ill. His anxiety was fearful. The last trace of grey faded from his hair, and it became quite white. We sent to Vienna for doctors. But all with the same result.

Gabriel was generally unconscious, and when conscious, only seemed to recognise Vardalek, who sat continually by his bedside, nursing him with the utmost tenderness.

One day I was alone in the room: and Vardalek cried suddenly, almost fiercely, 'Send for a priest at once, at once', he repeated. 'It is now almost too late!'

Gabriel stretched out his arms spasmodically, and put them round Vardalek's neck. This was the only movement he had made for some time. Vardalek bent down and kissed him on the lips. I rushed downstairs: and the priest was sent for. When I came back Vardalek was not there. The priest administered extreme unction. I think Gabriel was already dead, although we did not think so at the time.

Vardalek had utterly disappeared; and when we looked for him he was nowhere to be found; nor have I seen or heard of him since.

My father died very soon afterwards: suddenly aged, and bent down with grief. And so the whole of the Wronski property came into my sole possession. And here I am, an old woman, generally laughed at for keeping, in memory of Gabriel, an asylum for stray animals—and—people do not, as a rule, believe in Vampires!



A Lingering Look-skinheads on a night out

Like the members of any other group skinheads are individuals. They identify with the group in certain obvious external ways, just like the bowler-hatted commuters from the stockbroker belt or the bearded hippies nesting on Eros. To the general public they are most famous and feared for 'aggro' but to imagine that all skinheads are aggressive is to judge solely by appearances and to believe all that the popular dailies say.

In fact, the most obvious characteristic of the group for anyone who has skinhead friends is their ability to enjoy life. Much of the milder 'aggro' (as for instance towards

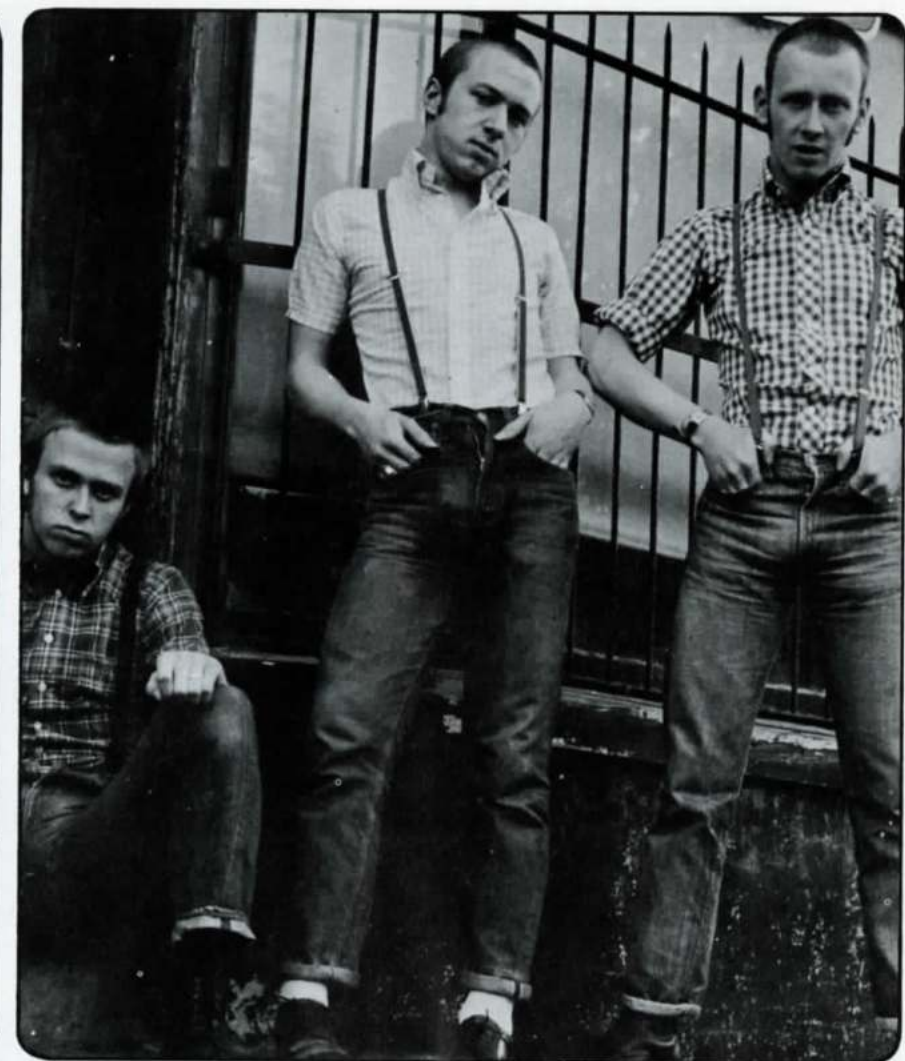
teachers) is part of their sense of the funny. It amuses them to see discomfited people whom they (often rightly) regard as pompous and even aggressive. Aggravation rather than aggression is the essence of 'aggro'. Again, as with any other group, the majority suffer for the excesses of the few. Most skinheads are out for a good time. Their real enthusiasms are harmless enough—football, clothes, girls (not always), music.

Football provides the group with a perfect means of expressing its solidarity. In London favoured teams are Chelsea (Shed) and Tottenham (Spurs). Skinheads like to feel

they have taken control of a locality, a school or a team, and express this in bold slogans proclaiming SHED RULES LONDON. Spurs skinheads hit back with SHED WANKERS.

Drugs are fairly popular. Not the despised pot of the listless hippies, but, significantly, pep pills.

The 'in' music is Reggae and Blue Beat—energetic and uniform, almost monotonous—and the dance steps are simple and regular. The complications of progressive pop and all the with-it-ness of that world "pisses them off" and can lead to aggro. Big dance halls, like Mecca and Top Rank, are skinhead palaces.





Pictures: Hunter Reid
Text: Trevor Richardson

GAY GUIDE

Some time ago, in these columns, I attacked various clubs for being too "piss-elegant" and cliquish. Latest club to open in London, **The Masquerade** (entrance at the corner of Earls Court Square), could well have fallen into this select little grouping but I'm, pleased to say, doesn't at all. The club is run by two of the boys who had the *Ohh-La-La* which used to be above *By Appointment* and, obviously, has a rather attractive restaurant connected to the club. In the restaurant food is French and costs around £2 a head and is well worth visiting. The club-discoteque, downstairs from the restaurant, is large, well designed and extremely comfortable. All too frequently clubs are tiny, cramped places, with sweating walls, stinking loos and impossible service. It is an absolute joy to be able to describe a club as spacious, not at all cramped, with pretty and efficient waiters and, this is important (*not just camp*)—decent loos. Membership isn't compulsory, but, for those wanting it, costs two guineas a year, members thus gain admission at 8s instead of the 10s charged to visitors. The club isn't open on Sundays—which means that it's habitués will make it to work on Monday morning—but on Monday nights the disco changes and has a steel band. Costs on Monday nights go up very slightly

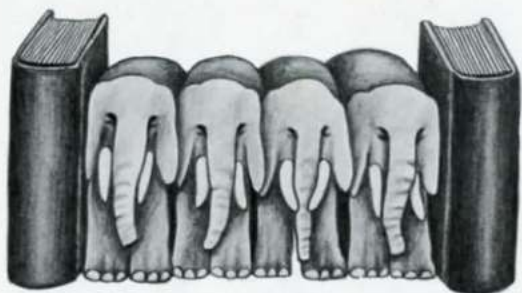
(members 10s, non-members 14s 6d) but the marvellous atmosphere generated makes it well worth it. Certainly with the advent of *The Masquerade* a lot of the other clubs will have to look to their laurels and do something about their tiredness if they wish to retain any business. Strongly recommended. Dotted around the West End, especially in the Soho area, are a host of amusing little drinking clubs, some with that tight-little-band atmosphere, and some, almost like rather wild parties. One of the more entertaining of these clubs is **The Toucan** (13 Gerrard Street, W1). The premises are small and compact, though it never gets too close for comfort there and the atmosphere could best be described as convivial. *The Toucan* is one of those clubs where everyone seems to know each other and if they don't know you they soon do. The juke box selection is suitably topical and loud, lighting dim, and drinks not over-priced. Membership is cheap at 10s 6d per year. One of the old favourite pubs is still **The Boltons** (Earls Court Road at the junction with Old Brompton Road). For years this particular pub has been a popular weekend spot and recently, on both Fridays and Saturdays, it has been so packed that it's been

almost impossible to get a drink. The regulars make a pretty mixed bunch, some stunning, some just stunningly weird, some in semi-drag, some just a drag, but all full of shrill bounce and life. Music is insistant and loud and a decidedly strange mixture, I've never understood why sometimes we get the complete soundtrack of (I think) *The Jolson Story*, but usually records are more recent, Supremes through to *Get Home*.

Below are some addresses of clubs and pubs which form the first part of our Gay Guide. This will be added to each issue, and sometimes, even, clubs be dropped from the list.
The Masquerade; 310 Earls Court Road, corner of Earls Court Square. Open: Monday—Saturday: 9.30—2.30. Bar closes 2.00. Membership, but not compulsory. Discoteque.
The Toucan; 13 Gerrard Street, London, W1. Licensing hours. Membership 10s 6d per year. Juke box.
The Boltons; Earls Court Road (junction of Old Brompton Road). Public house, with usual licensing hours. Upstairs and downstairs bars in week, plus second upstairs bar Friday and Saturday. Juke box.
The Union Tavern; Camberwell New Road (nearest tube The Oval). Public house, licensing hours. Drag, Wednesday, Thursday, Sunday, Reggae (skinhead night), Tuesday.
The Dorian; 440b Kings Road, Chelsea. Membership £1 per year. Admission 4s members, 6s guests. Open Friday & Saturday. Not licensed. Juke box.



TELL YOU WHAT: YOU'RE KING
AND I'LL BE QUEEN



Books: The Other Love 'Vonnegut 'Paul Bailey

A work of considerable interest, but at the same time considerably lacking, is H Montgomery Hyde's **The Other Love** (Heinemann, 60s). This lengthy volume, subtitled *An Historical and Contemporary Survey of Homosexuality in Britain*, promises a lot of interesting material, and, in some cases, this promise is fulfilled. On the whole though the book is something of a disappointment.

Montgomery Hyde is probably best known for his authoritative transcription of the Oscar Wilde trials and, needless to say, Wilde makes an appearance in this book. That is exactly the trouble, far too much of the material in the book is over familiar, fine, maybe, for a popular work but, in my opinion, not required in a book which seems to claim, as this one does, to be more than just a jolly read.

All of the historical section must surely be familiar to anyone at all interested in homosexuality, and a sizeable chunk of the book is a lingering look back. The sections of the book which are of most interest, though frequently not detailed enough, are those which deal with the contemporary scene and the reforms which, slowly but steadily, are coming about. Where, however, is a dictionary of *polari*—the gay slang—such as Gordon Westwood attempt-

ted to compile in his excellent *A Minority* some years back? And what about a bibliography, there is one, but it's much too sketchy to be of any use to anyone wanting to do a lot more reading into the subject. This is a book which has probably much more of a popular appeal, but which, even so, needed to have been written with much more care, with much more research, and, in all honesty even more length. Paul Bailey's first novel *At the Jerusalem* was received with tremendous acclaim and his second, **Trespasses** (Cape, 25s), is as deserving of equally as much. This is an experimental novel in the very best sense of the word, it is no mish-mash of cut out pages, jumbled words, and no plot or characters, it is a finely conceived piece of writing about an emotionally insecure, emotionless young man.

Ralph is recovering from a nervous breakdown and the book takes the form of the diary he writes whilst convalescing. Into this diary he puts his memories, fears and his feelings and through his fragmented writings we build up a picture of both him, the mother who loved too well and who he spurned, of the wife whom loved him too much and killed herself, and of the homosexual friend. Each character

comes alive, but is written about not concisely but in such a way to make the reader build up a picture. It is extraordinarily difficult to convey exactly how good a book *Trespasses* is, but to me it stands out as one of the finest books of the year.

Another novel, though that's hardly the right term for it, which is an absolute must is Kurt Vonnegut's **Slaughterhouse 5**, (Cape, 30s). Vonnegut has written a novel which is a mixture of autobiography, science fiction and war memoir, into this he has poured a wealth of humour, an abundance of humanity, and an enormous outpouring of concern and feeling for mankind.

Some critics have compared *Slaughterhouse 5* to *The Pilgrim's Progress* and in many ways the comparison is apt, the Bunyan book is, in my opinion, a terrible bore, whereas the Vonnegut is totally compulsive reading which cannot be put down. The plot of this revolves around the Allied raids on Dresden during the last war, and the incomparable destruction they wrecked. Locked into this story is the autobiographical fragment (the author actually survived the fire raids as, whilst he was a P.O.W., he sheltered in a slaughterhouse in Dresden), and a really whacky, at times thoughtful science fiction

piece.

Slaughterhouse 5 is a superb novel and a superb piece of anti-war writing, as such it is almost assured, already, of its place as a modern American classic.

Another classic, but a classic hoax, is **Naked Came the Stranger** (Barrie and Jenkins, 30s) by Penelope Ashe. This is the book which umpteen people wrote together in as appalling a style as they could muster. They then went ahead and sold the novel and the film rights for fantastic sums, watched the book shoot to the top of the Stateside bestseller lists, and then told all.

The book could have been amusing, alas, it turns out that the only good thing about it was the publicity and the joke. The novel itself is a real bore. And certainly not a patch on the sheer glossy entertainment in Gwen Davis's **The Pretenders** (W. H. Allen, 35s). This is exactly the kind of torrid, sex, riches and sin saga that *Naked Came the Stranger* is trying to send up. Here we get riotous entertainment, without the Ashe crashing tedium. So—you see—there's even a fine art in turning out this kind of novel, and obviously various gradients in this kind of writing. A new paperback imprint under the Granada publishing banner is Paladin, who are to

specialise in popular egghead paperbacks. The first few are excellent, good, serious, but layman stuff, and all very nicely produced. Particularly interesting to our readers are Jeff Nuttall's **Bomb Culture**, a whistle stop look back over the last few years and the culture that's grown up in the shadow of the bomb, and Timothy Leary's **Politics of Ecstasy**, a kind of freak-outs Bible. Strangely enjoyable, and really worth getting is Bernard Heuvelmans's **On The Track of Unknown Animals**. A lot of this book (much questing for mythical or little seen beasts) seems sound natural history and even the bits that sound a wee bit wonky make amusing reading. Paladin certainly looks like being a good imprint and even the prices are reasonable, between 8s and 15s. Now available in Panther are all of the excellent Colin Spencer novels. These six books form part of Panther's Spencer month and, with possibly one exception, all could be strongly recommended. The titles are **An Absurd Affair** (6s), **Poppy, Mandragora and the New Sex** (6s), my favourite, **Asylum** (6s), a strange muddled and nightmarish work which falls below the author's usual standards, and his superb interlocking novels, **Anarchists in Love** (6s), **The Ty-**

ranny of Love (7s), and **Lovers in War** (7s).

Readers who've enjoyed *The True Story of a Vampire* might well be interested in a slender but informative volume about the author, an elusive 1890's character, called Count Eric Stenbock. **Stenbock, Yeats and the Nineties** by John Adlard (Cecil and Amelia Woolf, 63s) makes a useful addition to the evergrowing library of books on the period—and, thankfully, makes a change from the usual, seemingly never ending stream of literature about that other famous homosexual, dear old Oscar.

Peter Burton.

Kurt Vonnegut: "Slaughterhouse 5" ... "A modern American classic."



SEVEN FACES OF SUMMER

Written and photographed by Mike McGrath

Vic Gerrardo was so popular running the Tartina Restaurant in London's King's Road that bodies of every race, colour, sex and creed attended the establishment daily and paid far more attention to him than the menu. While every wife likes her husband to be popular, Mrs Gerrardo found this mass adoration a little trying on jaded nerves and was pleased when Vic's catering company offered him another excitement to run at Dunstable, Beds, called the Good Table Restaurant. It seems the country air didn't help much, for unfortunately they have since parted.

Our picture shows a side of Vic never before revealed to diners at the Good Table. His pink cotton tie, 15s, and matching underbriefs, 10s 6d, are printed with Disneyland characters and are from Mark Christian, 24a Berwick St, London, W1. A card to them will quickly tell you your nearest stockist.



By public demand we are compelled to feature Michael Walsh again whom, after the last issue of Jeremy came on sale, prompted extremely eager letters from many corners of this green and pleasant land. The mention of Michael working on a building site inspired phone calls pleading or demanding to know where. He did, in fact, move on to become an assistant film editor, but confirming his current state has become a problem as we go to press. Leaving messages for

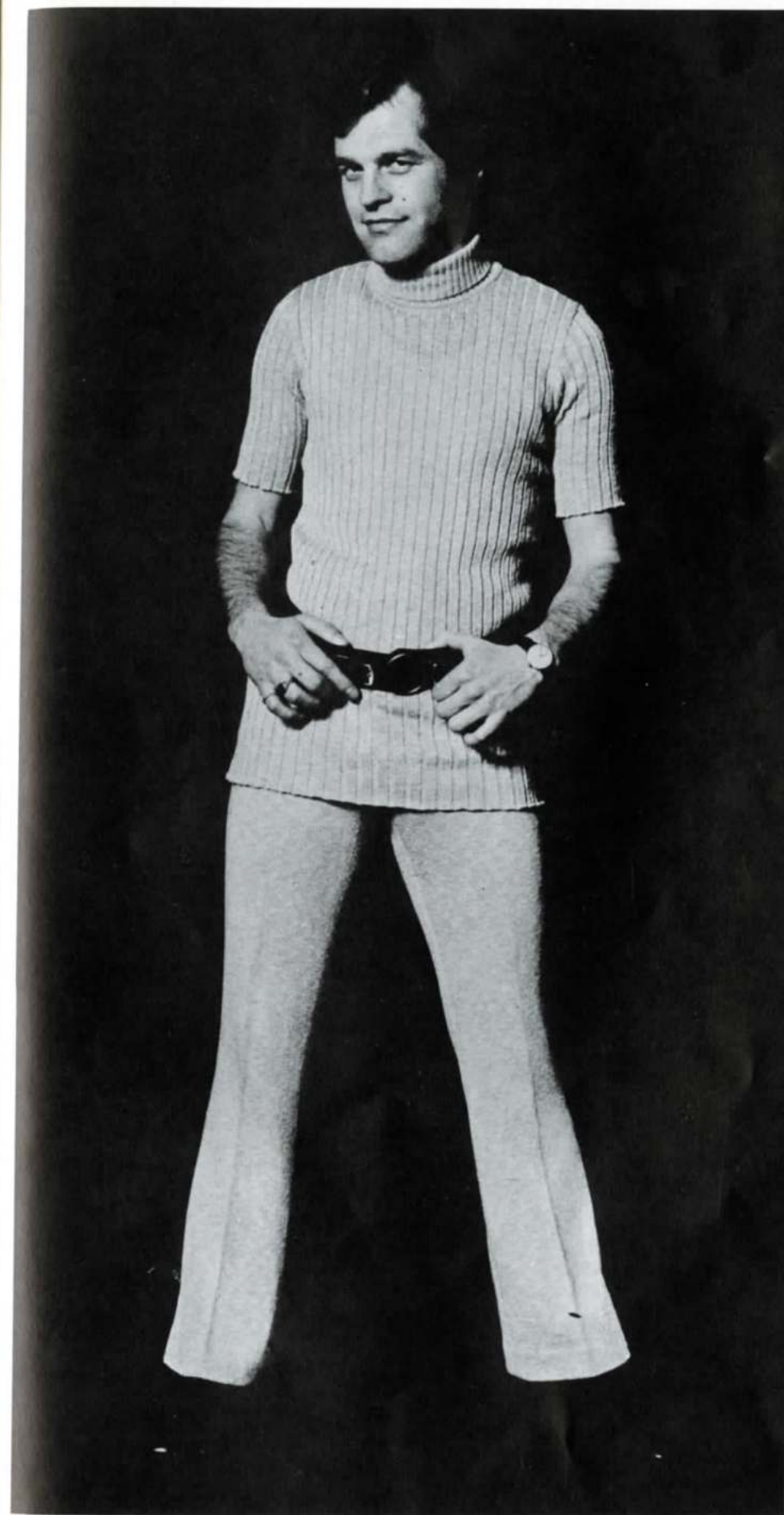
him has brought no reaction, so maybe he has subsided under all that fan mail.

Blonde Cindy Steeden is going from strength to strength in her modelling career and has just left for Istanbul with an American magazine photographer. Their cotton voile navy and white shirt and blouse called Milano are both 5 gns, by Anthony Rome Shirts, and for your nearest stockist drop a card to them at 29-31 Scrutton Street, London, EC2.



At 3 am. one morning one of my talent scouts among the Earls Court Road night people discovered Ray James when he wandered, by chance of course, into the Wimpy House known to intimates as the Fluorescent Caprice because of the tragic fluorescent tubes that festoon its ceiling. Twenty four year old Ray was just back from the States where he had worked for a security firm for awhile who sent him to wealthy parties to keep an eye on precious stones that glittered and glowed from the ample bodies of New York socialites. The American navy filled two more years of his action packed past, but now Ray is quite happy to have a quieter life running his own ice cream van.

His black wool knitted trouser suit is reasonably priced at £6 19s because it's designed by John Stephen and made up by him within what is left of the British Empire. Six bone buttons decorate either side, plus a buckle on the tie belt. It's also in white, navy, red, aubergine and can be ordered by mail from the John Stephen Department Store, 33-34 Carnaby St, London, W1, if 5s is added for postage and packing.



No wonder the Masquerade discotheque club at 310 Earls Court Road, SW5, is the most successful of London's new gay night spots. Besides a restaurant with slightly sensational food it has Roddy Barnes in charge of the signing in book. But because of the club's popularity he never gets an opportunity to take up any of the invitations he receives to holiday on Mediterranean yachts or take airline tickets to romantic places. So although mentioning ones yacht or private plane doesn't help much, he's not against forcing down large vodkas and tonics without too much persuasion.

Roddy's beige knitted trouser suit of a man made fibre is imported from the Continent by John Stephen. He's a size 38" chest, but the 36" fitted him perfectly. It's also in light green or pale blue, is 18 gns with the polo neck and the leather belt is 50s extra. With a crew neck and matching tie belt it is 19 gns. Can be ordered by post from the John Stephen Department Store, 33-34 Carnaby St, London, W1, if 5s is added for postage and packing.

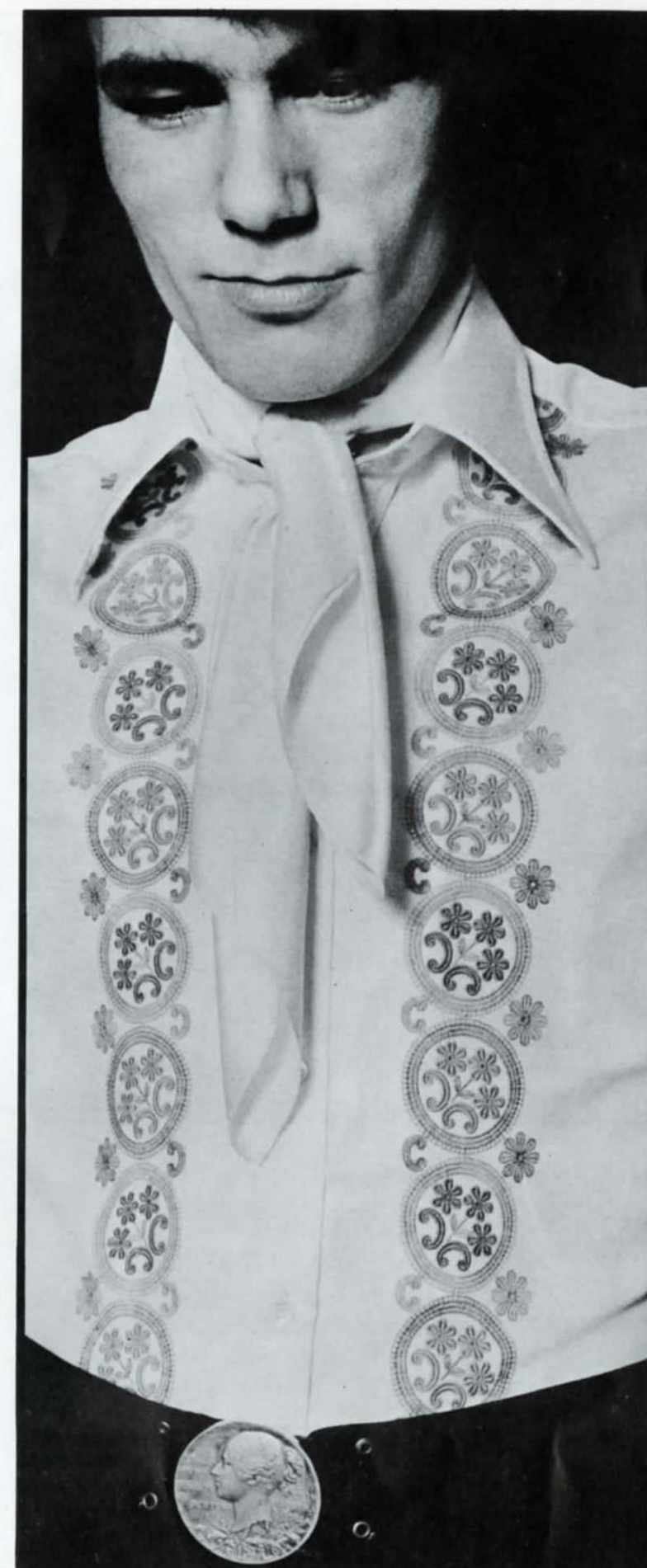


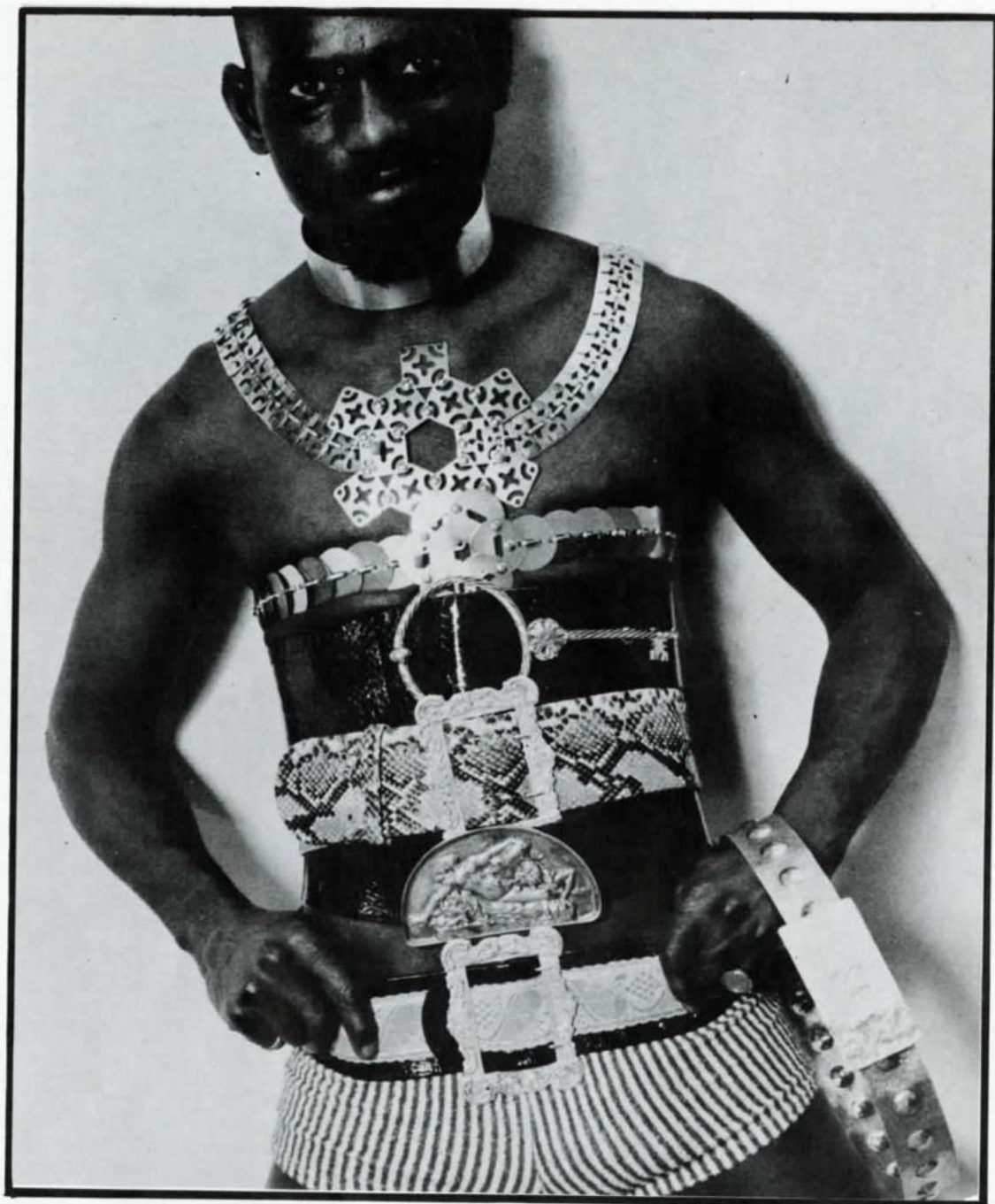
Young Allan Warren caused impact on a number of people a couple of years ago playing the young brother in "Here We Go Round The Mulberry Bush". He's just telerecorded a leading part in "The Right Prospectus", a new John Osborne play specially written for television, that will be screened in September. But when he's not been acting in the last two years he has developed into quite a photographer taking faces we know and love like the late Judy Garland, Liberace and no less a revered personage than Jonathan King. It's sometimes a problem getting him at BEL 8993 because aspiring actors and models realize that as he only charges 10 gns a sitting, Allan isn't aiming at vast profits. It's all I can do to keep body and soul together charging more than twice that.

Allan regularly samples the delicious Arabic food at the new El Tarab restaurant in Old Brompton Rd, SW5, on a corner next to the renowned Coleherne pub, which is why he arrived with the chuckling owner, Anna Antonios, whom we forced into the picture. Allan's singlet in turquoise and black is called a tank top, is 17s 6d, and designed by Marshall Lester for Scott Lester Ltd. The copper neckband is £3 5s from Carlton Payne in the basement of 26 Ganton Street, London, W1.

Several pages would be needed to fully chronicle Danny Stewart's momentous past. You name it, he's done it, with quite a taking way as several beauties of the parish have come to know. At various times Danny has been a ladies' hair stylist at a top Mayfair salon, a merchant seaman, a truck driver, a singer/compere at a London cabaret club, and the last time we heard was that he was working on one of those boats that go from Westminster pier to Greenwich telling trippers through the loud-speaker system the magical story of London's river past. The only aspect of his changeable past that Danny regrets is an unsuccessful marriage in South Africa and a daughter he hasn't seen for two years.

This magnificent white cotton Pekay shirt by Anthony Rome has blue embroidered coins and is £5 15s 6d. It's from Dean Rogers, 6 Thayer St, London, W1, and can be ordered by mail for 2s 6d extra.





It seems appropriate that a jewellery designer as striking as Carlton Payne has an equally impressive background. His family were carpet dealers in Istanbul and Carl's earliest memories are of being taken in a caravan of camels and horses across desert wastes when his father searched for merchandise to stock in his bazaar. His agile mind turned to making offbeat necklaces in his teens, and for the last few years in London he has sold several leading jewellery firms some of his best ideas to wholesale around the country.

Recently he opened his own wholesale and retail business in a basement off Carnaby Street beneath a girl's boutique called Catherine Buckley at 26, Ganton St, W1. And while he does much spectacular jewellery for girls, his men's belts take some beating if you're looking for the unusual. They start at 50s in black or brown leather with brass anchor buckles. Our picture shows a cross section of his belts plus a neckband which are becoming increasingly popular with both sexes. Carl calls them collars and the one he wears here in brass is £9.

Going down, the stainless steel square linked belt with ornamental buckle is £7 10s, as is the one below of circular steel links. The 3" dark brown snakeskin belt with the handmade brass key buckle is £9; the next is python with a silver plated brass buckle at £12; and the black leather wet look number with an erotic design on the brass buckle can be yours for £8. My favourite is the one of silver thread brocade with a silver plated brass buckle for £12. And if you're lucky at bingo this week Carl has one in studded silver for £45 which rivets attention. They can all be ordered by mail for 4s extra.

Mick Jagger in two scenes from "Ned Kelly" — the film directed by Tony Richardson due to open in London on June 25th.



MOVIES



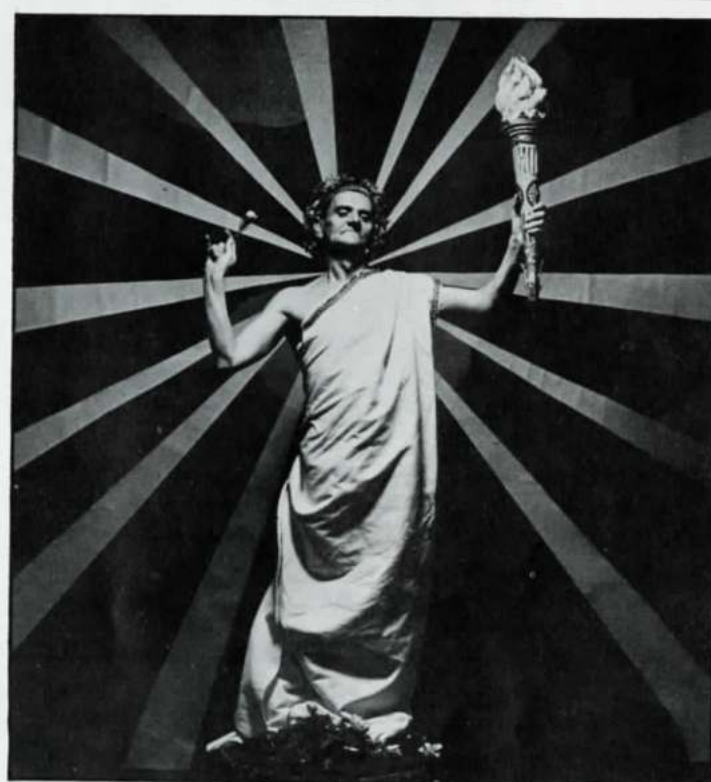


Ascyllus (Hiram Keller), right, and his boyfriend, Giton (Max Bron), chained together and about to become slaves in a scene from "Fellini's Satyricon". As yet there's no date for release.

Hiram Keller with Capuncine, on board the slave ship, in "Fellini's Satyricon".



Raquel Welch as Myra in the movie version of Gore Vidal's "Myra Breckinridge".



John Ivor Golding as the Mayor in "Trouble in Molopolis", an independent movie shown at the recent Festival of British Independants and deserving a much wider showing.



hangups

Dear Sir,

Recently, whilst tidying my sixteen year old son's room, I discovered a copy of your magazine. Although reluctant to comment on the reason for his interest in **Jeremy**, the discovery of its existence amongst his belongings, together with other events, lead us to believe that he has possible homosexual tendencies.

Having now read the magazine myself, I am impressed by the quality and sincerity of its content, which prompted me to write to you for help and guidance both for my son and for myself. Whilst prepared to accept his homosexuality, I am obviously anxious to protect him from the potential dangers of promiscuity and drugs in the West End.

Yours sincerely,
J. T. (Mrs)

Dear Mrs J. T.

Obviously this discovery must have caused you an amount of mental upset, though you certainly seem to be behaving in a sensible and calm manner. It would be a good idea to have a quiet talk with your son about his apparent homosexuality, though the finding of a copy of our magazine is no definite guide as to his sexual leanings - a lot of completely straight people do buy **Jeremy** just for fun, and we aren't aimed exclusively at homosexuals. Have a nice, understanding mum chat with him, try to find out what exactly his sexual leanings are, don't remonstrate, that could only alienate him, try to understand. Sixteen is the age at which a lot of people start their sexual experimentation, and, to use a real old cliché, this all may be just a phase he's going through. If he is really homosexual he will appreciate an understanding mum, and turn to you in times of stress, rather than away from you if you proved hostile. It may be, however, that he's not completely "gay" but bisexual. Anyway, whatever you find he is, if he's a sensible boy he'll know how to keep away from the pitfalls of the West End, and, eventually, without too many hang-ups, find his own level.

Dear Hang-Ups,

I have been having an affair now, with a boy of the same age whom I love very much, for some months. We have had all of the usual sexual relations but there is one thing I like to do which he objects to and says is dirty. During the course of our sex I like to take him in my mouth, he always stops me, and says that it is wrong, which hurts me. I have heard that this is a perfectly normal sexual practice with both sexes, and, therefore, feel it can't be wrong. Can you please advise me on this?

Yours faithfully,
L. L. G. (Twickenham)

Dear L. L. G.

What you describe is a normal sexual practice which Kinsey, in his famous report, indicates is preferred by many people to full intercourse. Provided the genitals are clean there is certainly no hygiene problem. It is common for many couples to bath, or at least make sure they are clean, before performing any sexual act. So don't worry about this at all, talk to your affair about this, and try to sort it out between you.

Dear Hang-Ups,

I am 22 and good looking and bisexual, tending more to boys than girls. But for the last four years or so I've done nothing about the homo part - due to a mixture of repressions. I've been mixing in the wrong milieu, the hippy set rather than the gay, and now I want to - no need to express the other half of my sex drive. I don't really dig the camp duckie gay boy bit, which I do not function well in after years of head scenes. I've got to get onto it though before I get neurotic. Where to find beautiful long-haired boys? Where to begin. This really is a rather serious plea, and I'd be more than grateful if you've got any suggestions.

Thanking you,
Adrian.

Dear Adrian,

It surprises me, quite a lot, in fact, that on your head scene you haven't found any of the types you seem to want. Without wishing to appear too glib or flip - what's happened to all this "love", which the hip scene talks about, love which, they always spout, doesn't know any barriers? The one club you mentioned in your letter seems to cater to the type of person you express interest in - though, as with all clubs, you're going to run into the twee types. As to clubs - well, we do run a **Gay Guide** - so just follow that each issue and let's hope we turn up trumps for you.



FRIENDSHIP MORE ENDURING

Chers messieurs, Congratulations on your excellent paper. My only sorrow is that it could not be left lying about. The pictures are too numerous and prominent. It is perhaps difficult to strike the right balance in order to 'get across' at a high enough level.

I own that it is impossible to assess things quite objectively and that I see them as an elderly man persuaded into marriage by social pressures and leading a typical family life of urgent preoccupation with exasperatingly unimportant matters. But, as T. S. Eliot says in *The Cocktail Party*, "I see that my life was determined long ago And that the struggle to escape from it Is only make-believe, a pretence

That what is, is not, or could be changed." So when I look out from within this old body, through imperfect apertures, the thing which troubles me most is what E. M. Forster calls the "undeveloped heart," which cuts off the natural instinct of romantic friendship. Love is an intellectual emotion and we do no service to enlightenment if we allow it to be confused with the sexual vulgarities of the mass media. Could we not drop that bastard graeco-roman word which savours of the psychiatrist's clinic? We do not think about the sexual activities of every man and wife we meet, although they may be called heterosexual, and there is no need to do so in the case of friendship. Let sex be as natural as it comes but remember that the idealistic and intellectual aspects of

friendship are at least as important. Some things are more enduring than the 'permissive society' which may be in danger of being swept away by 'law and order,' and I wonder if you could not run a series on the great friendships and their achievements or great authors over the centuries. There is more than ample material.

Amities,
A.G.B.
PARIS, XVIe.

MINOR MATTERS

Dear Jeremy,
Two points.

1. If we are to press for the age of consent to be reduced to sixteen, please let us have photographs of sixteen-year olds. With so much sex instruction on BBC there can be little innocence left at that age.
2. Why, when so many young people are neglected by their parents, cannot bachelors and spinsters adopt such children?

Yours faithfully,
G. Finch.
Epsom.

NOT BOLD ENOUGH?

Dear Sirs,
Having recently discovered your new magazine, I write to offer my congratulations on what I think will be a super monthly for the Seventies. At last we have a magazine that can be unashamedly read and enjoyed both by gay folk and by the more liberal minded members of our generation. Not wishing to be too critical I should like to see more fiction and articles about the gay life in addition to your fine editorials and usual features.



With regard to the pictorial aspects, I think the technical quality of the photography is superb, but feel that a little more boldness in the posing and dress of your models would be generally applauded. Perhaps we could see some of your models clad in mini-briefs, posing straps and hipster shorts, together with more nude poses insofar as is legally permissible. I shall now confirm my support for JEREMY by placing a regular order with my newsagent. Wishing you every success for the future. Yours faithfully,
D. Roberts (23)
London, E.3.

Two notable failures were Albee's *Tiny Alice* (reviewed in our last issue) and Peter Shaffer's *The Battle of Shrivings*. This second piece was given the full-star treatment, Sir John Gielgud, Patrick McGee and Wendy Hiller, glorious set, by John Bury, and really classy direction, by Peter Hall. But it fell terribly flat. Why? Because, in my opinion, it was such a terrible, pretentious play. The dialogue, between the aesthete and the voluptuary didn't have any heart in reality, it came across as a flimsy structure of pointless words, bad jokes, and feeble epigrams. Albee, in *Tiny Alice*, at least managed to contrive some beautiful sentences and some polished epigrams. Shaffer isn't an intellectual writer, he's, at best, the new Rattigan, and, as such, should stick to plays like his own *Five Finger Exercise*.

Margaret Leighton returned to the West End stage in a small, but at times very witty, comedy called *Girlfriend*. This ran for only two weeks, though it deserved much better notices and a much longer run. The trouble seemed to be that the press couldn't quite take a play about a boy in love with a character of dubious sex. The final message, something like "just love, it doesn't matter who", was admirable and came at the end of a pure theatre, rather than a lecturn, piece. Hampstead Theatre Club have had some interesting plays in their current season. Notable was David Hare's brilliant *Slag*, about three militantly feminist teachers, a revival of *The Fantasticks*, only because of the songs, and the Rogers and Starr late night revue—the best of the drag shows to have hit the theatre in recent months. Certainly Mr La Rue is as tedious as ever, though dutifully packing in the mums and dads, and poor *Birds of a Feather*, which moulting

rapidly, was almost offensive. It wasn't drag—it didn't have any guts at all, it was all pure ersatz.

Best thing to have happened in the London theatre for a very long while has been the much awaited, and much praised, Carol Channing. In her Drury Lane show (*Carol Channing and Ten Stout Hearted Men*) she brought back all of the magic of theatre, all of the sheer excitement and glamour of the word star, and all of the pure enjoyment which seems to me to have been missing for too long. It was well into the run when I went but even then her rendition of *Diamonds Are A Girls' Best Friend* was given the kind of reception which is only rarely accorded at a first night. Her ten stout hearted men have witty and polished choreography, the settings are simple, but look lavish, the orchestration and choice of musical numbers excellent.

Lindsay Anderson's Chekhovian production of David Storey's fine play *The Contractor* has moved from the Royal Court into the Fortune, and should be seen by anyone wishing to see an admirable example of modern writing for the theatre, written, directed and acted with subtlety and not the usual bludgeoning.

Classics at the Mermaid can be daunting and the offering of the two parts of *Henry IV* are very depressing. For some obscure reason they're staged as if the plays are being rehearsed by a strolling troupe of eighteenth century players in an old barn. This doesn't add to the plays and only helps to bring out, as one might expect of this particular theatre, the bawdy and the earthy. Hence we get a lot of rollicking, frolicking and mucking around, very little history, or politics, shallow human relations and only one notable performance. This is from Graham Crowden as Henry

theatre



IV, and if only the rest of the players had been on the same scale we'd have had a classic production, not a classic muddle.

Of course homosexuality still crops up in the theatre with the regularity of a cuckoo popping out of a clock. Latest piece to feature it strongly has been John Hopkins's *Find Your Way Home* (Open Space). This play is concerned with a middle-aged man, bisexual by nature, who, at the opening, has left his wife to return to his boyfriend, ditched a year previously. The situation has great promise, and if handled carefully, could produce a great play. It is a pity that Mr Hopkins seemed unable to write in terms which met the situation instead of ones which turned it into a piece almost suitable for a woman's magazine.

At some points the play has moments of unbearable truth, all too often though these are ruined by an unreality which is almost unbelievable. The long final scene, with the bit of bona trade from upstairs reading, to the husband, from the lover's diary, is banal and totally unreal—the kind of thing which went well in *Heart in Exile* type novels well over a decade ago. The play belonged, in fact, to the wife, tellingly played by that superb actress Margaret Tyzack. Her pain was real, was believable, did affect the audience.



Billy Hamon and Honor Blackman in "Who Killed Santa Claus?"

Heathcote William's *AC/DC* (Upstairs at the Royal Court) is a very bizarre and compelling piece. It is a nightmare Leary or McLuhan fantasy, sometimes frighteningly accurate about situations, always perfect with its dialect of the underground—the stoned, jazzed, freaked out, fucked up generation we belong in now. One viewing of this isn't enough—it requires seeing several times for its full impact to come across. *AC/DC* introduces to British audiences a stunningly beautiful and more than competent actress called Pat Hartley, whom we're sure to be hearing a lot more of.

The return of Honor Blackman, in an amusing play called *Who Killed Santa Claus?* (Piccadilly Theatre), is a real treat. She plays one of those growling, tough, bitchy ladies—so beloved in the movies and of a class we get too few of on stage. She is the centre of a comic and alarming murder plot, is surrounded at her annual Christmas party by the team who work with her on her ever popular children's tele programme, and each of whom is distinctive and eccentric, and glides through it all with an effortless that is breath-taking and a whiplash tongue which could even make audiences flinch. *Who Killed Santa Clause?* is a short, compelling,

vastly entertaining evenings theatre. The bitchery and back-biting get laughs and the chilling moments really do exactly that. Plays like this, just entertainments, are becoming scarce—it's good to welcome this one.



Noel Davis, he's the camp make-up man, in "Who Killed Santa Claus?"

Small theatres continue to flourish and the best of these, The Soho Theatre, has been staging some really good things—in recent weeks we've had a fine short piece by James Leo Herlihy, ideal complement to the previously seen *Bad, Bad Jo-Jo*, two interesting and well designed plays by Arrabal, an amusing revenue, *Low Moan Spectacular*, an effective piece, slightly homosexual, by John Grillo, and a promised exciting future programme.

Certainly anything must be more exciting than the new Wesker play, *Friends* (Roundhouse), which is yet another essay into this particular writers own personality and problems. It is a top heavy, over-indulgent work and rather like a man who's eaten too much vomiting. In this case the vomit is not food but a too richness of ideas and theories which just don't jell together at all. To make matters worse this is a work so personal that it examines the author's own failure searchingly and in great detail. Sometimes, but only fleetingly, the emotions that come through are very painful and very genuine. Not often enough, however, to make us care at all about any of the people on stage. The nearest we get to involvement is with the dying Jewish sister, played with a compulsive intensity by Susan Engel.

Peter Burton.

It cannot have escaped your attention that one of H. Wilson's more sinister moves was to announce the General Election after our last issue and to hold it before this present one. There was a lot of talk at the time about the factors which persuaded him to a June election, but there can be no doubt that his principal motive was the entirely cynical one of preventing this magazine from bringing the full force of its publicity to bear upon the courageous campaign we fought as Gay Power candidates in Brighton (Pavilion and Camptown).

Our policies were firmly rooted in three basic issues: the gradual extinction of the good old cottage once a beloved part of the English landscape (Environment and Development); the almost exclusive use of the handbag by women (Civil Liberties and Sexual Prejudice); the important contribution of Gay Power to the problem of population explosion (Third World). Nothing trivial, as you can see.

Well dears, it's quite clear that we have a long way to go before the Great British Public accepts the idea of an *elected* queen. We were absolutely staggered at the prejudice and ignorance with which



we were confronted even in these enlightened constituencies. If you have never been heckled in public, you just can't imagine the embarrassment.

Anyway, we lost our deposits (NOT for the first time!) and frankly we're not really sorry. The House of Commons has been described as the most exclusive club in the world; so it may be, but it's hardly the gayest.

We understand now why the sovereign stays out of politics. It's no place for any self-respecting queen.

By way of post-election relaxation we trolled over to Camden Town to see how the girls were getting on at their favourite haunt, the Dutch Cap. In spite of all precautions – you couldn't see us for corduroy – our reception was still less than cordial. 'It isn't Ladies' Night', a voice growled and a particularly junoesque lady menaced us with a pint of mild. Conversation was rather monotonous as everyone appeared to be called Charlie or Joe and to work on the tubes (or buses).

Fortunately the situation was saved by the cabaret given by Miss Dolly Dill, a tough little number who would have put Vesta Tilly to shame. Looking like a

cross between a rocker and a navvy, she riveted our attention with some butch imitations (her Marlon Brando was thrilling) and a stunning song and dance routine, hampered only by an unnecessarily obvious length of lead piping. After a rousing chorus of 'We're all girls together' we tottered home a little wiser for seeing how the other half lives.

Have you read Dr. John Presto's fascinating book 'The Divine Cucumber and the Decapitation of John the Baptist'? It sets out to prove that J.B. and his disciples were a phallic-worshipping Gay Power mob and that Salome behaved so bitchily because of her unbridled penis envy.

Treats in store... The new musical 'Oh! Bogside', the touching story of Bernadette Devlin, starring Dana and backed by Guinness. The Festival of London Bores, organised by Woman's Own and Handyman. A chance for *ordinary* people (the silent majority) to demonstrate their solidarity and their defence of decent living.

Son et Lumière on Hampstead Heath. We have a feeling that's not going to please everybody.

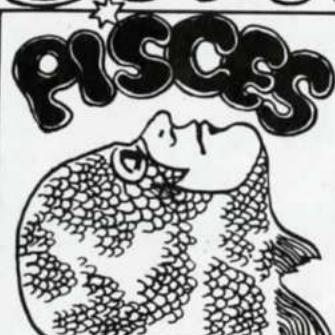
STARGAZE

BOB HOOK



AQUARIUS (21 Jan-19 Feb)

Your recent activities have been taking too much out of you. It's now time to slow the pace a bit or you'll find yourself too worn out to stand, and that's a situation no one wants. Take things easy and don't push it too hard.



PISCES (20 Feb-20 Mar)

It's all very well to be tough and pushing but sometimes this makes people wary of you. Watch yourself or you'll find, by pushing too hard, you'll put friends right off. Remember all relationships should be a mixture of give and take.



ARIES (21 Mar-20 April)

Continue to forge your way ahead and you'll find things constantly picking up for you. If you remain bright and with these little lifts will help a lot and elevate you personally and professionally. Be careful though trying to hard might mean you find you're picking up things you don't need.



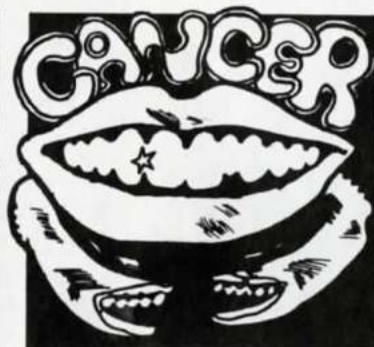
TAURUS (21 April-21 May)

There, you see, we told you selection would make things better for you. Things will have straightened out for you considerably - no more hangups for us to worry about now. Keep it steady and things will blossom in the most comfortable manner.



GEMINI (22 May-21 June)

Don't be vague - it puts people off and might muck things up for you. Keep a tab on that dizzy mind or you'll find some red faces and embarrassing situations cropping up which you could well do without. No one likes crossed dates do they and sometimes they can lead to boover.



CANCER (22 June-22 July)

A run of lively luck over the last month will continue and influence your personal relationships. But remember to watch yourself and not give too generously - generosity makes friends but it's all too easy to find that by spending without caution that you've bought something you didn't bargain for.



LEO (23 July-23 Aug)

Ooh, you butch thing you! Keep it up too, it's a great improvement on that image, let friends see you don't take it laying down all the time and they'll respect you much more. Don't let it slip though, friends will comment and you might find you're disappointing them.



VIRGO (24 Aug-23 Sept)

We said you needn't have worried about that boring old lack of energy. You've been bursting out all over the place in the last few weeks. Just the encouragement of the Sun and start of Summer. Keep it up - don't let it get slack now, the Summer fun's just beginning.



LIBRA (24 Sept-23 Oct)

Your balance of payments may be getting a bit out of hand - it's all those nights on the booze which you just can't manage. Things seem to be getting soft for you and it's not at all surprising, too many excesses will keep you down for a lot longer than you want to be.



SCORPIO (24 Oct-23 Nov)

Play it cool, you can't be a real hot thing all the time (much as you'd like to be). If you keep the heat on you'll burn yourself before your time and that would be a pity for you and a disappointment for others. So cool it, baby, and you'll keep burning a lot longer.



SAGITTARIUS (24 Nov-21 Dec)

We warned you. But, don't worry, this one could maybe be the one. So ride it easy and watch what happens. Play things carefully, don't shove it too hard cos' if you do you might well break something precious.



CAPRICORN (22 Dec-20 Jan)

Come on out of yourself, show yourself around and get yourself noticed. It's the only way to meet people and make friends. The world's not a frightening place so long as you know how to launch yourself onto it.

JEREMY BADGES!

A lapel (or anywhere else) badge printed in bright red on white with our own get with it message:

GET DOWN TO IT WITH JEREMY!

All you have to do is send a s.a.e. to the Jeremy office, or ask at your nearest club, for a **free** Jeremy badge.

Get yours now and see just how many Jeremy readers you can spot.

WHAT'S GOING TO BE THE EVENT OF THE YEAR?

Every Month
Direct Subscriptions
from
45 Carnaby Street
London W1
01-437 7332/6010
Limited stock of
back numbers (3, 5, 6, 7)
available.

Please send me the next...
issue(s) of JEREMY starting
with No... for which I en-
close cheque/postal order
for £..... N.B. 1 issue 6/-
6 issues 35/- 12 issues 70/-
Plus 8d per issue (postage
& packing)

Name.....
Address.....

Unpublished B/W photographs of "Jeremy Face", 6½" x 4½", available at
two pounds per set of ten, post free.
Or if you prefer, ten 35 mm. colour slides for the same price.
Please allow seven to fourteen days for delivery.

