

Volume 1, Number 9, six shillings

# Jeremy

**FREE  
CLUB PASS p.47**

**The drug scene-Norma Green-  
Marie's rude songs-  
Surfing photofeature**





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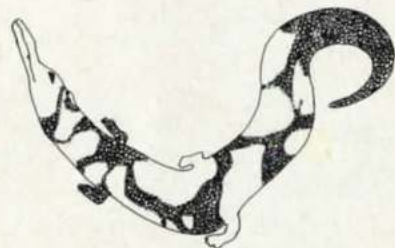
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## OPENING..

Here it is, what you've all been waiting for, another super issue of JEREMY, jam packed with goodies. But seriously... we think we're improving with every issue, and hope that all of you agree with us. We know that we're certainly working harder each month, in an effort to bring you something really worthwhile.

We are very pleased in this issue to have some superb drawings by Peter Farmer, best known in this country for his theatre and notable ballet designs. Verity Bargate, whose story so many people liked last month, has written a piece on one of Soho's characters, Rosie, who died recently, and Rev. Kenneth Leech has written an informative article on the drug scene for us.

Regular features are as lively as ever, Mike McGrath has found two real dollies for his fashion feature, and we think Hunter Reid has really excelled himself on the surfing pictures. This issue introduces you to our sparkling new pop columnist, Michael Hogue, who has written about a rising new star, Norma Green. We hope you'll follow his column every month and get real insights into the showbiz scene.

Any ideas or suggestions, for features or stories, are always welcome—we have to cater to such a large market that it's impossible to think of everything and everyone's tastes. And don't forget, if you have problems, and frankly, who doesn't?, write to HANG-UPS and we'll see what we can do.

The Editor.

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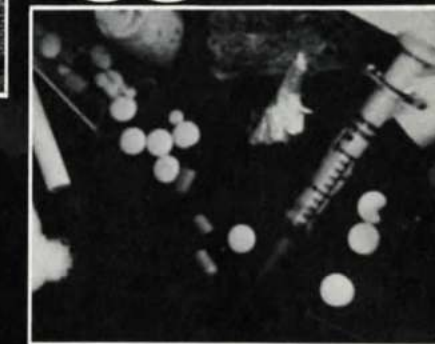
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## SHE IS A STAR!

Some people won't have heard of her – yet. Some people might not have heard her first record, **Thank You, Darling**, but those who did won't forget it in a hurry. Norma Green

is her name and JEREMY found the record, and the publicity, so intriguing that we sent along our lively new pop columnist, **Michael Hogue**, to find out more.

To interview Norma Green is an unenviable task, she does not answer questions as such, but delivers forth monologues that seem as if they'll never end. Why bother to interview her in the first place? Well, because already in her all too short career, she has achieved an almost cult like following among those that latch onto something good before it is devoured by the public at large. It will take some time for people to recognise her talent on a scale that will make her a star. There is no doubt in anyone's mind that she is a strange lady, but there is character there, which, even if you don't like her singing, will leave a lasting impression. She is white and can sing, there are those who would have it that she's black, but she's not. It's not important, her voice is almost "too good to be true". She's not good and a lot of the things she says aren't true.

Leamington Spa is where the game started some twenty or so years ago, you would be forgiven for thinking that she came from Brooklyn, she's like that and her American accent is "oh so good". And she's a star, we'd heard this, so we went to see for ourselves, and it's true, you can't deny that. Why she is a star no one is quite sure, except her, of course.

At her temporary stopping off point between pent-houses, at a hotel in Bayswater, something vaguely resembling an interview was attempted. Drinks

were ordered and it was hot that day, and even more so later. So the interview began...

**MICHAEL HOGUE:** How do you account for your extravagant taste in apartments?

**NORMA GREEN:** It's quite easy, through my parents. I remember that they had to struggle up until the time I was eight or so, and then my father took over this hotel, and he has a lot of taste for paintings and decoration. So have I. We all like beautiful things, I love nice surroundings – then I don't have to go out every night, just sit at home and watch the television.

**MIKE:** You are reported to dabble in black magic, is this true?

**NORMA:** Well, I know a lot about black magic, since I was a child I've known people in circles, but I'd never join one. I know it exists, but I wouldn't practice, I prefer to practice white magic, to put a block on black magic if I can, you know? If I knew that someone was doing something to someone else then I'd certainly help them. I'm a religious believer, I believe in God.

**MIKE:** Have you ever put a spell on anyone?

**NORMA:** I refuse to answer that. It's a secret. I haven't practised black magic, I just cancelled out a bit of black magic, I'm a white magician. I just stopped someone doing something evil, there's nothing wrong in that, that's good!

**MIKE:** Why are you here?

**NORMA:** You mean in this world? To help people, that's my main goal in life – to help people. It sounds

far fetched, I don't care about myself. You see the strange thing is I feel I should be doing something and I don't know what it is. Yet I know it's something to do with music people are so strange, you simply can't throw religion in their faces. Sometimes I wonder if I've got the strength to do anything. But I believe I'm being guided, this voice I have was given to me.

**MIKE:** Would you like to make a film?

**NORMA:** Yes, I would like to be in films, because I think I know enough about life to be able to perform anything. That's why I have so much confidence in my singing. I know enough about cruelty, love, hate and attempted murder, I've nearly experienced *that* myself. What I meant was I nearly died with someone trying to kill me. Look, I can't deny I put a spell on someone, but the spell I put on them was white magic and there's no harm in that. This person was practising killer magic and that's the worst. I stuck a little sign under this person's desk, a religious sign, and ruled out the Ram, the thing that was there. That's all I did, it made her ill for a couple of weeks, she kept running to the toilet. But she just wasn't able to practise. If I had my way I wouldn't let anyone harm anyone.

**MIKE:** Have you ever been in love?

**NORMA:** No! I have never been in love in my life. I have experienced infatuation, it's nearly the same,

but infatuation is more like a sickness, love is a sickness in a way, you know? I can't find anybody who understands me.

**MIKE:** Do you understand yourself?

**NORMA:** Yes, I'm a very difficult person to live with, I realise that, I've never had luck in love. Flirtations, yes. But I'm the steady type, you see. I haven't got time for anyone that's just passing through.

**MIKE:** Do you like children?

**NORMA:** Yes, but I don't wish to have any. I'm not ready for any yet and I don't think I'd be capable of looking after them as my love for show business is so strong. I believe you have to live with someone for quite a time to get to know them, there's no such thing as a virgin getting married these days. I don't think it quotes in the Bible that you should be a virgin when you get married. It's like all walks of life whether you're married or not, you could be married and after a time want a divorce. If you live together with someone and suddenly want to push off, it's the same thing, there's no difference. From the beginning of time there was no such thing as a marriage ceremony, we, Man, made that. The thing is, you get together with somebody and plan a family, to a certain extent that is a responsibility, although the human being you have borne is in the flesh yours, but in the spirit not, it is in its own thing and in time it will drift away from you, al-





though it will still have love for you.

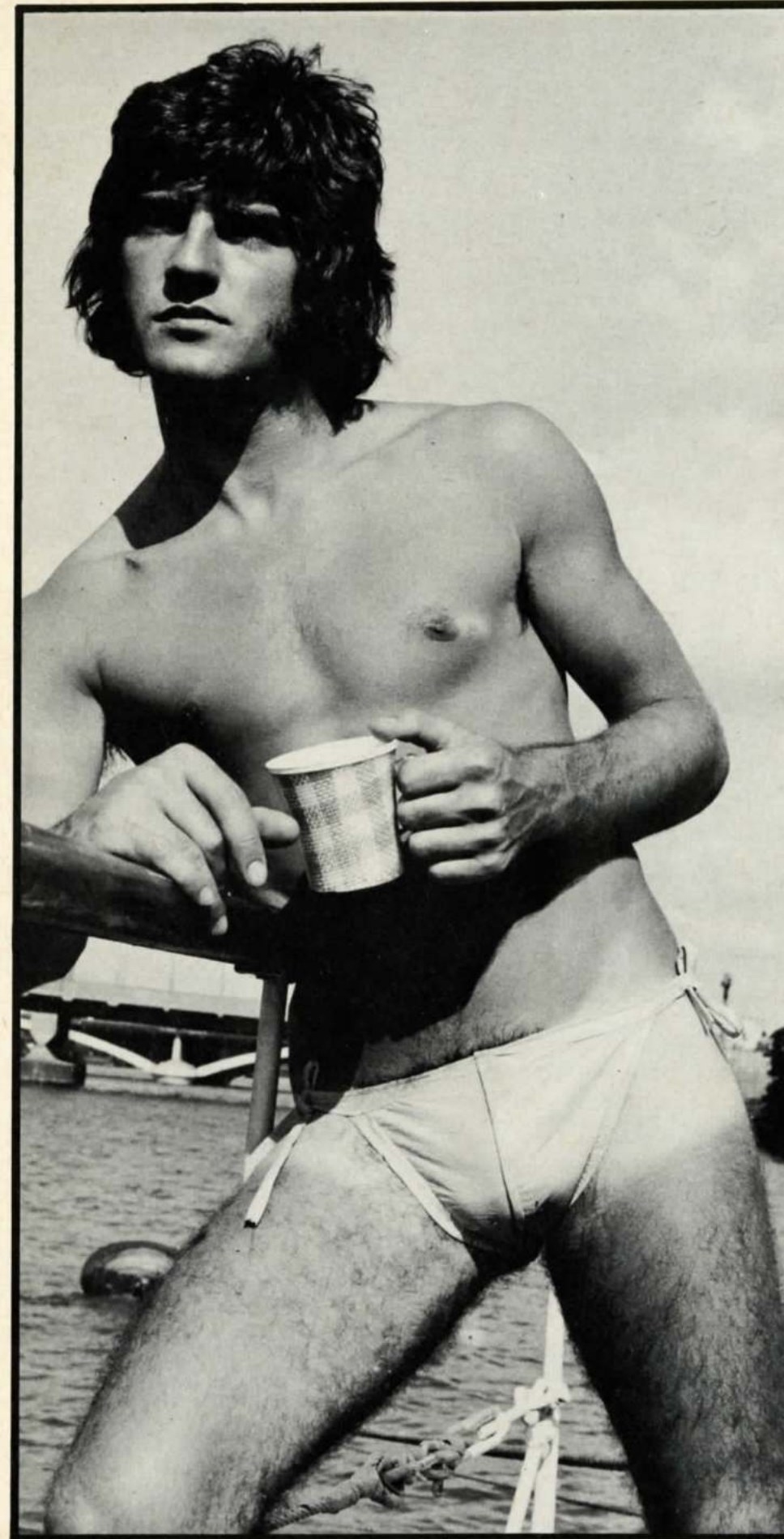
**MIKE:** Do you go to Church?

**NORMA:** Yes, I was there yesterday and the day before, I've been there almost every day now. I'm a Jewess, but I've been going to the Church across the road, because I don't know where the synagogue is. It doesn't matter what type of walls they are as long as it's for God. As a child I was in the cathedral, in the church, in the chapel,

in the Roman Catholic thing, in the Vatican, I have been searching about religion and God does exist. He's shown himself to me so many times that I feel strong enough to talk about it. It's people who are wrong and God is right. Without religion I would be lost.

It was at this point in the interview that it became clear that further verbal onslaughts on the part of Miss Green would produce

something akin to insanity in the writer, so, making lame excuses about having to go to a meeting for the rehabilitation of snails with double hernias, that the writer fled. And there it ends, tearing down the stairs, with the parrot hurling inanities and herself launching into a monologue on the delights of basket weaving in the Congo. Her voice fading away in the clammy Bayswater air.



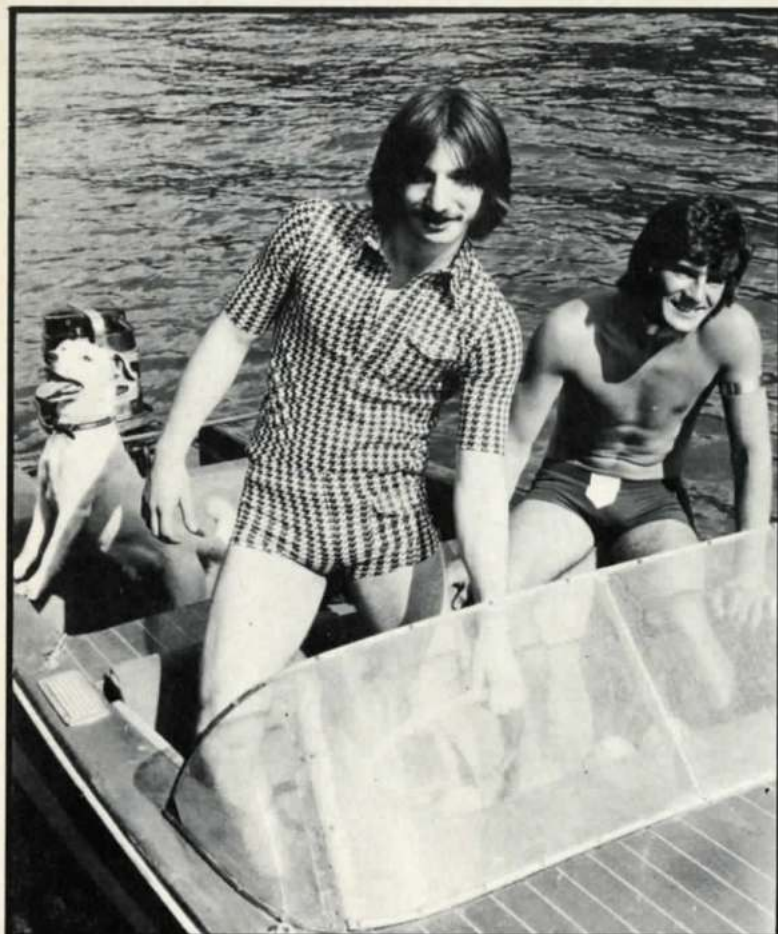
# COULD HE MAKE IT BIG. WHAT DO YOU THINK?

*One look at Nigel English here will explain why he caused considerable impact when he arrived on my particular scene five years ago. He was studied so avidly by eager eyes when he walked into a party I was giving that several bodies nearly passed out. A few days later I grabbed my box brownie and captured some of that 19 year old appeal on film. I showed some of the shots to a modelling agent who immediately demanded to represent him and had one of the pictures put into a casting directory just going to press..*

fashion by  
**Mike McGrath**

*Those of us in complete control of our waists just might look as effective as Nigel English wearing this bikini brief made of Nairn's poliskin. It's 3 gns, and there are matching slacks that look merely magnificent if you can find 15 gns in a bottom drawer. Both come in yellow, white, black, blue, tan or red and can be ordered by mail direct from the designer, Alan Sievwright, 19 Hyde Park Square, London, W.2.*





John Rich takes the wheel in a blue and white dogstooth beach set of French cotton from Dean Rogers, 6 Thayer St, London, W.1. The shirt is 5 gns and the shorts are 3 gns. Nigel's navy and white Helenca shorts have a white patch pocket on the back, are 45s, and a card to Mark Christian, 24a Berwick St, London, W.1, will tell you your nearest stockist. Nigel's brass collar is £9 and the armband at 2 gns, are from Carlton Payne in the basement of 26 Ganton Street, London, W.1.



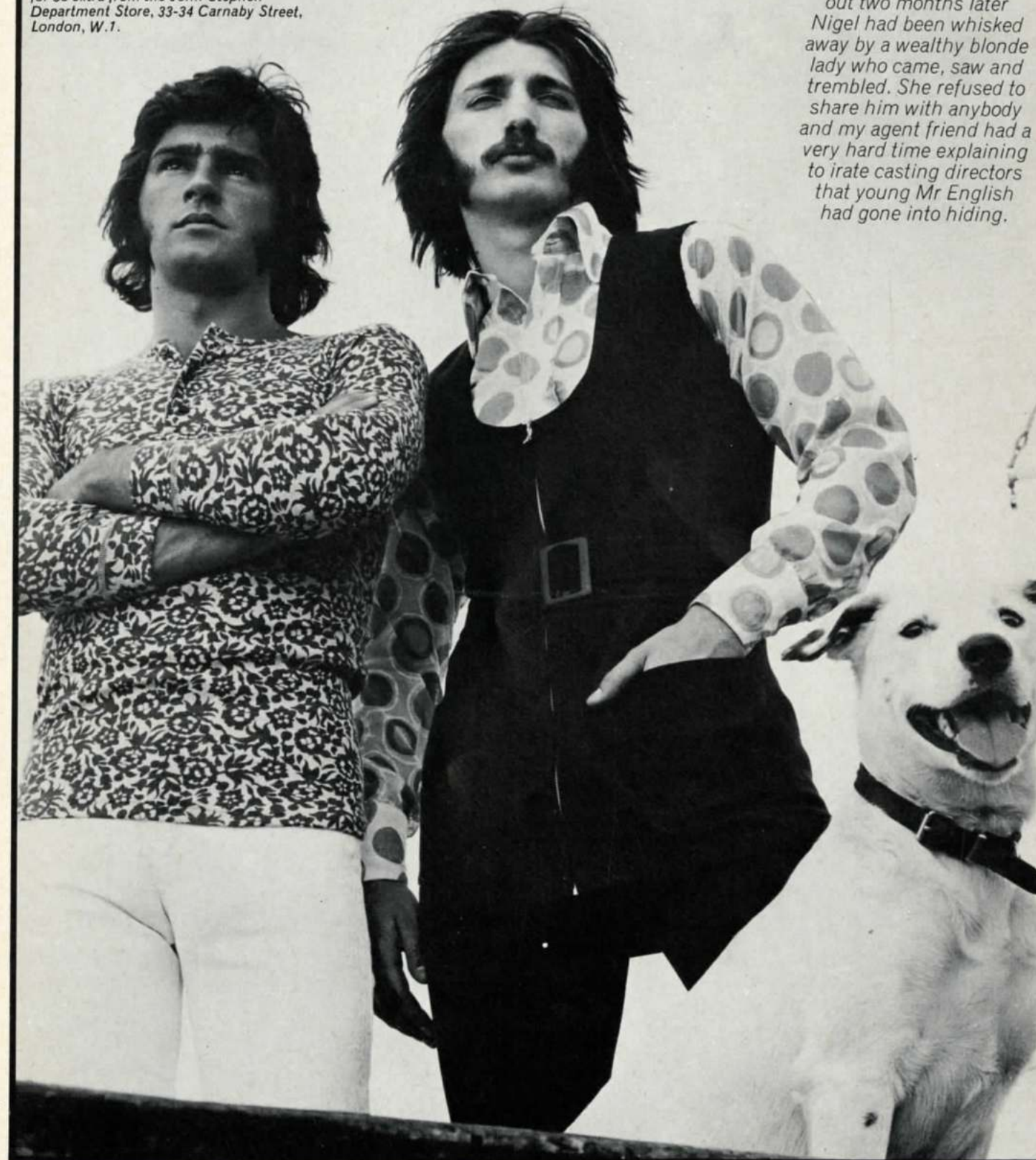
When you're on a yacht cruising up the Thames why not rest awhile. Supervised by the ship's dog, Fred, John does, wearing a contented expression and a black cire bikini that is 3 gns, from Dean Rogers, 6 Thayer Street, London, W.1, and also in red or white.

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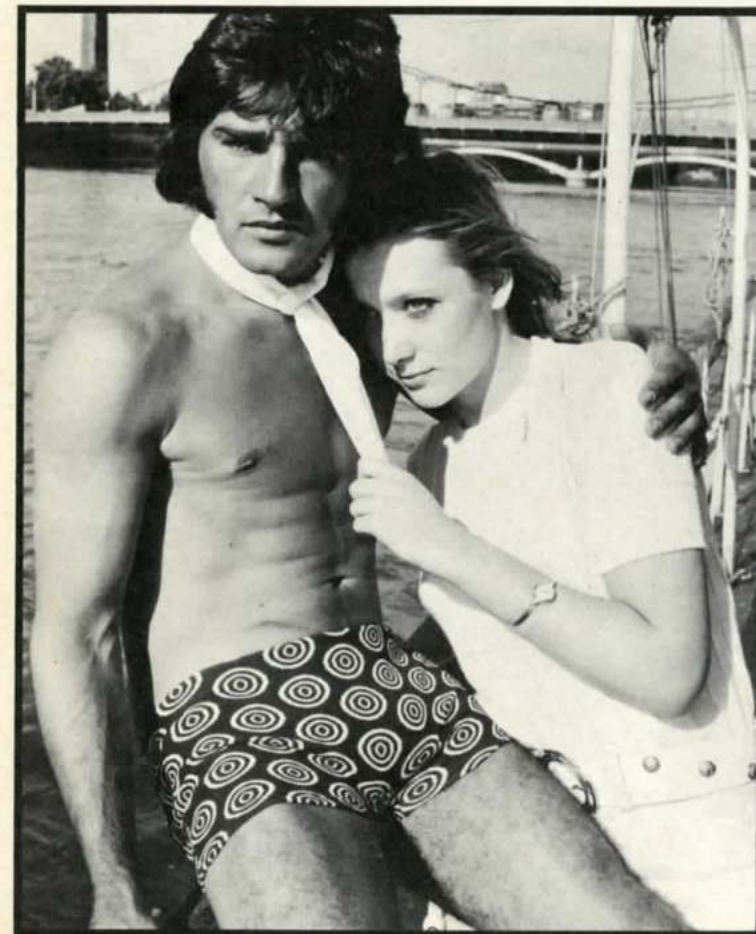
Nigel dominates in a natural and blue cotton vest that is £1 from the "I Was Lord Kitchener's Valet" dept. of the John Stephen Department Store. His white Jacquard slacks are 5 gns. John's Terylene and cotton see-through shirt at £5.15s, is white with blue and beige circles and comes in several other colours. His sleeveless navy blue jersey suit is 14 gns, and also in black, sandalwood, chocolate and bottle green. It can be ordered by post for 5s extra from the John Stephen Department Store, 33-34 Carnaby Street, London, W.1.



Nigel had worked in shops, on building sites and as a painter and decorator at various times. While the idea of modelling appealed to him it didn't work out too well. For by the time International Model came out two months later Nigel had been whisked away by a wealthy blonde lady who came, saw and trembled. She refused to share him with anybody and my agent friend had a very hard time explaining to irate casting directors that young Mr English had gone into hiding.



Nigel's beige canvas suit from LIPS is 14 gns by Take 6 at 66 Wardour St, London, W.1 and branches. It's also in turquoise, white, pink, red, yellow, lime or olive green. The black snakeskin belt featuring two Chinese ladies on the buckle is £6 from Carlton Payne, in the basement of 26 Ganton St, London, W.1. John's white patent leather waistcoat is £33 from Austin Reed of Regent St, London, W.1 and branches, and they are also in black. The white cotton slacks are 5 gns. The impressive sunglasses by Correna are from 49s 6d. The shoes by Topper of Carnaby Street are from 79s 11d.



A year later I was taking fashion pictures in Beirut and stumbled across him on the beach as he sunbathed with a redhead in a bikini. He was working as a croupier in a local casino and apologised for any problems caused by his disappearance. Eighteen months later he happened to be sitting at the next table to me at a nightclub in New York – with another lady of course! We chatted happily until he mentioned wanting to return to London to attend acting school. Then the lady assumed a very sour expression and one got the impression Mr English provided so much hysteria between crisp sheets that she had no intention of giving him up without a bitter struggle.

He escaped nonetheless. And a card came from Portugal awhile later telling me he was working as a stuntman on a movie called "Hammerhead".

When he finally hit London Town again to attend drama classes I was optimistic as he has a deep bass baritone speaking voice which has to be heard to be believed.

He has since played a croupier and a ghost on two shows telerecorded in a new Millicent Martin TV series being screened soon. And he has a few lines and some smouldering looks in a picture rather appropriately titled "The Man Who Had Power Over Women".

John's yellow sun shorts in Nairn's poliskin with the lacing effect are trimmed in black and 5 gns. They are also in white, black, blue, tan and red, all with contrasting trimming. They can be ordered by mail direct from the designer, Alan Sievwright, 19 Hyde Park Sq, London, W.2. A motor boat happened to be driven past by an old friend of Nigel's, Cynthia Summerton, who joined the boys for a drink. Nigel's navy and white Helanca shorts here with the circular pattern are 45s. They are also in other colours from Mark Christian, 24a Berwick St, London, W.1. A card to them will quickly tell you your nearest stockist.



At 24 Nigel realizes he's entering the acting world at a dramatic period when 90 per cent of actors are out of work. Despite his enormous potential I'm wondering if he has the ambition and persistence to keep at it. For not being the plainest pebble on the beach he's always receiving invitations to join people on their barges to cruise down the Nile or at their chalets in Switzerland for a little skiing.

The mustachioed young man here is John Rich who provides excitement in Hackney for five months of the year and returns to Manchester at the end of September to study at the university. Tony Bostock kindly lent us his twin diesel yacht 'Kyrlewe' for the pictures. It is destined for charter work and the refitting was being inspected by the ship's dog, Fred, who wandered into camera range when the mood took him.

The boys were raving about a discotheque club run by Herman Leitner in Covent Garden called Mandy's which seems to be by far the best of the gay licensed clubs in London's West End right now and full of overseas visitors. It's at 30, Henrietta St, W.C.2; membership is 3 gns. a year; admission is 5s. for members and 10s. for guests. A rather elegant and motherly French lady, Louise Chambon, is the receptionist there and thinks so much of the magical atmosphere of Mandy's that she has shut up her house in Paris and might never go back!



The boys are both in nylon see-through T shirts with slash necks by G Wear which are 17s 6d. Besides black and white these are also in red, pink, lemon, midnight blue or star blue which is a pale shade. Nigel's hipster swim shorts by G Wear are cotton poplin and 23s 6d, in white, emerald, orange, marine and red—all with contrasting trim. They can be ordered by post from Paul Roland Ltd., 2 Canbury Park Road, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey. Those Correna sunglasses are from 49s 6d. In our final shot the boys wear a little Aramis cologne for men and what nature gave them.





# River

There is a feel of Autumn in the air as I stand by the river in the early evening light. Brown leaves rustle on the slightly damp ground. It rained today, and the leaves of the plane tree above me rattle together. The globes of the lights along the Embankment bend away on either side in a slight half circle. A bay in the very heart of London. A Chelsea bay. On one side is the bridge covered in lights and, near it, on the nether bank, the fun-fair, also a mass of coloured lights. It must be empty there tonight though, for although it is a still night no sounds are carried across the river on the occasional cool breezes. To the other side of me I can see towers and chimneys and feel the presence of industry. Smoke rises into the sky. And now an explosion of white steam or smoke, from the flour mill, white and straight against the purple blue sky.

Patches of light, upon the far bank. The squares of office and factory windows, lights where, probably, watchmen walk.

The river itself has no colour. It is an imitation. A copy of everything which surrounds it. A mirror which catches the lights from the fair, the factories and the other buildings. But, though it has no colour, it has a marvellous life and potency. The potency is so strong that it pulls me down here, to this unfeeling parapet, almost every night. To stand. Watching. The life of the river moves so constantly. It laps and gnaws at the foundations of the wall I lean against, it ripples peacefully around the supporting colonnades of the bridges which span it. It carries, happily, the little river boats.

A police launch chugs downstream towards Greenwich. The river activates for a brief moment and then becomes calm and lapping still again. Moored on my side of the river are four small row-boats and one larger one, each tethered by an orange buoy. I wonder, as I stare at them, how they got there. Who left them? How did they get away? Somehow I don't picture the boats being towed there, I imagine a man in each, rowing them, abandoning, and then swimming ashore.

There are very few people, though it is still early. An Indian woman walks carefully along, wrapped in a trailing sari. She is almost the only person to have passed in the hour I've stood here.



It is late. We have been sitting, talking. And drinking tea. These last weeks we haven't had enough money to afford both tea and coffee. We're bored with coffee anyway. Or so we say. But somehow tea does seem more soothing. More of a drink. Not sticky powder.

My three guests do not quite feel what I feel for the river, but they stand and gaze over it and make jokes and conjecture. It is late, it is



cold, it is dark.

The two boys are dressed in thin summer clothes and they shiver. They are lovers and one is my friend. I want his lover. But he has said no to me. This refusal determines me to get him. He knows this and is playing a game with me. Leading me. Taunting me. It is impossible to tell what the outcome of the game will be. My friend knows of this game. Knows what I am after. I warned him before I started. I hate shifty, sly seductions. They are mean and uncomfortable. The game fascinates him. He hasn't, yet, slept with the boy, but they have a relationship.

They stand a little away from me and talk in the hushed whispers of lovers. This frustrates me and makes me shrilly talkative, brittle, harsh and funny. The girl is amused by my antics and tales. She links her fantasies with mine. I don't know her well but she has a sense of fun and joins in. Does she feel anything about the situation which envelopes the three boys she stands by the river with?

We laugh. I've told her about my fantasy of filling, late one night, the Thames with crocodiles and savage tropic fish. We laugh as we imagine the faces of the river men the next morning. Steering their boats up and down stream in a cold London semblance of an African river.

There is a chill mist creeping over the river. We stand and watch it and watch the bridges slowly disappear. We call car headlights "dragons-eyes", some in red and some in orange, and, as they accelerate, imagine the dragons chasing some delicious prey. The mist rises and whirls. We all shiver.

I boast that I am not feeling cold and force myself to laugh and say they "have no blood". The two boys want to return to my flat for further hot drinks. But I do not want to offer any further hospitality. I want to be alone to think about the boy. . . .

How like a Whistler river it all is, in this chill mist.

We drift slowly back across the dead road and walk up the quiet side street. Even King's Road is without life. We stop and chatter outside my door. A boy, we know him, he does not acknowledge us, clatters by on the other side. We part and I climb the stairs to my flat.

*A Short Story by Peter Burton*

*with drawings by Peter Farmer*



It is hot. This August is not yet, then, truly Autumn. The sun blazes mercilessly down upon me. The river stinks today. I gaze down at it sniff disdainfully. It may have called me but it keeps me for only a short time. I turn sharply, dart between the cars, and hurry home. I think of him.

It is another night. I am alone again. This time I sit upon the parapet. My back rested against the curling Victorian lamp. I am slightly drunk. Wobbly. The evening has been spent with an old man of letters. A grand old man. He is sixty odd years older than me and has seen everything from the invention of the telephone, through Casement and Oscar Wilde, to Moon landings. Which bore him. He is absorbing. Like a discursive book. He plucks names from the air and wraps a story around them. Then passes on. We supper together often, he and I, a simple meal, a glass of wine.

I had continued to drink in my own flat. Cans of iced beer. About six of them. They have mixed with the wine and now I sit wobbly on this river wall. The water is without colour, it is just blackness. It is so dark and unfeeling that it almost, this once, seems without life. I look down into it and wonder that anyone could drown themselves in it. And I tremble slightly because I remember the times I've stood and thought...

Sniff with irritation at my weaker self. And jump from the wall and hurry home.

Why do so few people use this peaceful part of London, one of the nicest river spots? I always wonder as I sit in the evening and see no one.

This evening I stand in a slightly different spot. Further along the Embankment. Near to the steps which lead up to the bridge. A bus stop is behind me and buses stop and spit out passengers. Traffic trickles across the bridge but the usual lateness of the hour sees an ever diminishing flow of buses and cars. Though I am further from the pleasure gardens than usual I hear sounds from them. Wisps of shrill laughter, screams of fear and delight, and music. Whistling in the air. It is damp. Mist is coming up river again tonight.

A man walks across the bridge and stops at mid-river. He looks down at the dark, swirling waters. Is he going to jump? Is he thinking of jumping? Or he is just a romantic



captured, as I am, by the magic of the river?

A girl and boy hurry down the steps, off the bridge. I didn't see them on the bridge. They must have been walking on the far side. She is dressed in fringed jeans and a bright, clinging sweater. He wears motorcycle gear. They've probably come from one of the Batter-



sea ton-up cafes. But they don't seem to have a motorcycle.

There are people about tonight. I have no peace. I want quiet and I want people and talk. I don't know what I want. The constant scurrying of people distracts me from thoughts of him. And boys seem to look like him. I wonder about the progress of the relationship. Have they had sex yet?

The kitchen of the flat. Bare. Uncovered boards. An armchair, a shelf for books and magazines. Pictures of pop stars pinned to one wall and a vast Madame Colette on another. Looking into the room. A pile of scrap paper on the floor and a mug with pencils in it standing near, where I jot down ideas, notes. Bits and pieces for stories or articles.

The window is open onto a wet night. I hear tugs hooting on the river and catch a glimmer of light from the illuminated bridge. The rain splashes in through the open window and I move to close it. But I don't. Instead I stand and stare out, over the garden at the back, and think of the river. The rain blows into my face and I let it trickle, like tears, down my face. Water.

A shrill whistling. I am absently aware of it. The kettle has boiled. Tea has to be made. They are both here for the evening.

It is later. They have left. It still rains. Autumn is here. *He* must return, very soon, to his far away university.

It rains all the time now. August is out. September is here and already I await winter. The river is furious. The rain lashes it. The wind whisks up little, brisk waves. There are no people about at all and very little traffic. The rain even tries to hide the buildings on the other side of the river. Mournful river boats go occasionally by. They are the only life. I am soaking. Standing in a too small overcoat and Summer shoes. My hair matted and heavy, slicked down to my head by the weight of the rain. Tears run down from it into my eyes and tears from my eyes, hot and salty, run down my face. I lick them from my lips and swallow the salty water.

We met today, in the West End. He was buying clothes and books, preparing for his return to his studies. He looked as beautiful, as mournful, as ever. That lank hair, falling straight and smooth, like curtains, on either side of his face. The too big mouth. The knowing, mocking-me, eyes. Not at all beautiful. Hardly pretty. But exuding such a sexual power. We talked a while and then walked to a coffee bar and drank hot chocolate and ate Danish pastries. We both know that the game is almost over, in a kind of deadening emotional stalemate. It was quite dark by the time we left the coffee bar and



walked together to Charing Cross underground station.

As we walked into the station we could see the river on the other side. Uncaring. Then we bought tickets and climbed on our District Line trains.

There is a feel of winter in the air as I stand by the river in the early morning light. The brown leaves have all been blown away and soon, I feel, there will be frost on the ground. It has been a cold night and I have been unable to sleep. The empty branches shiver in the dawn and point their bony fingers accusingly at me. "What are you doing here?" they seem to ask. The lights on the bay, my Chelsea bay, have been put out and there is an absolute peace, calm and lack of humankind. No traffic disturbs me. No man walks near. No animal, appears. Even the factories are still.

The sky is white. The river is a mirror. It is an imitation of the white sky and the grey and red buildings along its' banks. The boats that float, moored but moving, are dead boats. The houseboats, which I passed as I walked to my favourite spot, appeared as gutted corpses.

In this cold early morning I can imagine I am the only person in the world. London belongs to me. But I feel no desire to run and claim, to take possession. I could not sleep so I came down here to calm myself and though I am not tired I have no energy. My limbs do not want to move.

The only part of me that is full of life, tumult, energy, is my mind. It will not cease from working, churning over. Last night I read four hundred pages, drank several cups of tea, talked. Endlessly and, in the end, to myself. But I could not tire myself.

The river flows down towards Greenwich. The boats move slowly towards the open sea, towards a certain kind of freedom away from the narrow London river. But the sea has boundaries too.

He went away today. Back to his Midlands university. That is why I stand by the river thinking. That is why I cannot sleep. We didn't say goodbye. Why should we? We were hardly friends. We had just been playing a game. He has gone away and, when he returns, he will seem dull and I will not want to know him. If he asked me I should say no. NO.

River. River. You watch it all. You don't know, do you. what we, up here on these banks, put ourselves through? You watch it all. But you have no feelings, you cannot care, concern yourself, hardly at all affect our lives. But you call to us and bring us down to your banks. In your mute way you try to calm us.

I still think of him. Think, No. I never could bear to lose games.



**high flying**  
**fast flying**



**flying**  
**hard**





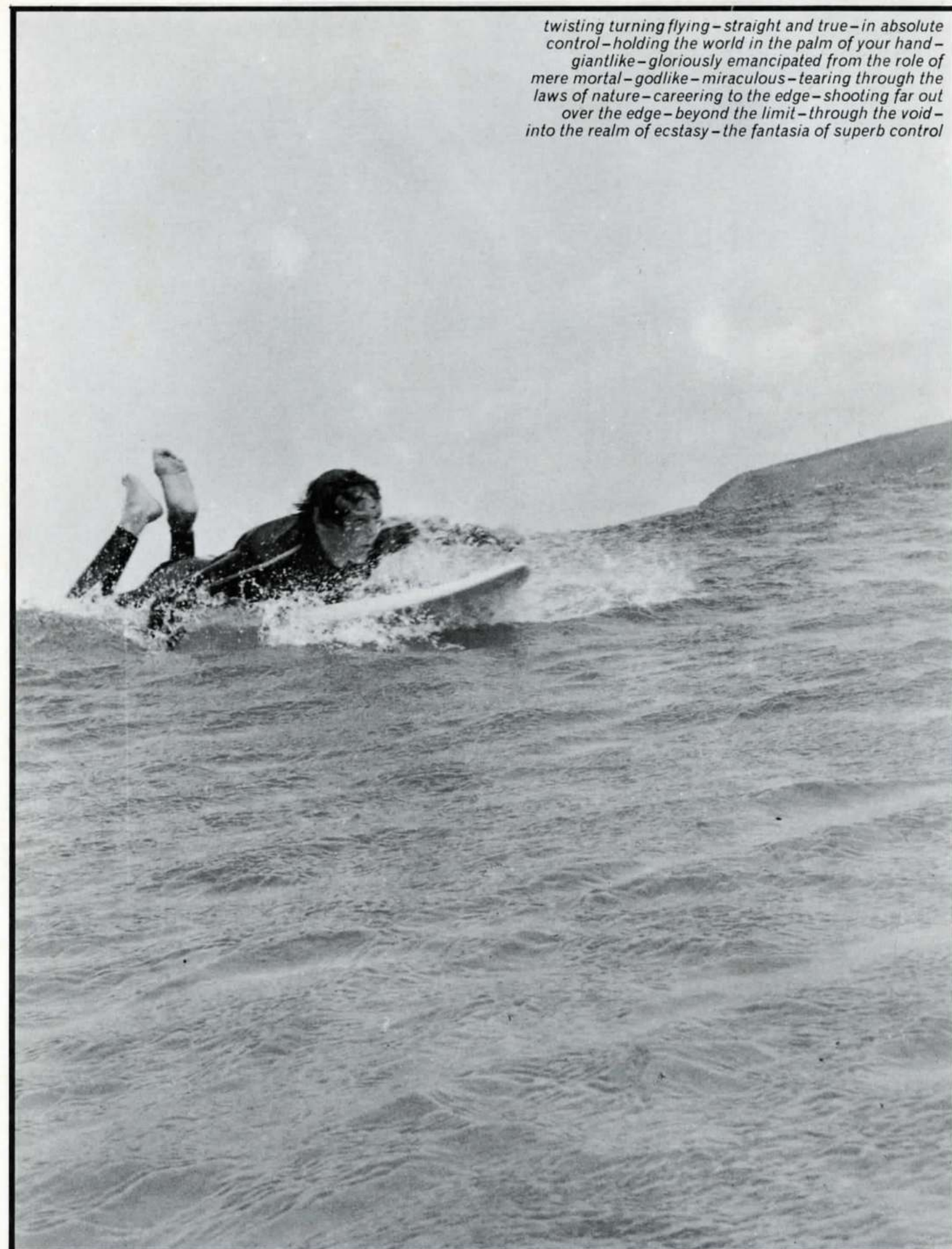
*hard-fast-flying all the way-feeling the flow-the  
force of the all-consuming sea-curling into the womb  
of a roller-giving your body to the sea-controlling the  
element as it controls you-exploding through the  
roller-gripping the surf-caressing the foam-pure and  
white-gently-firmly extracting the power of the ocean*







twisting turning flying—straight and true—in absolute  
control—holding the world in the palm of your hand—  
giantlike—gloriously emancipated from the role of  
mere mortal—godlike—miraculous—tearing through the  
laws of nature—careering to the edge—shooting far out  
over the edge—beyond the limit—through the void—  
into the realm of ecstasy—the fantasia of superb control







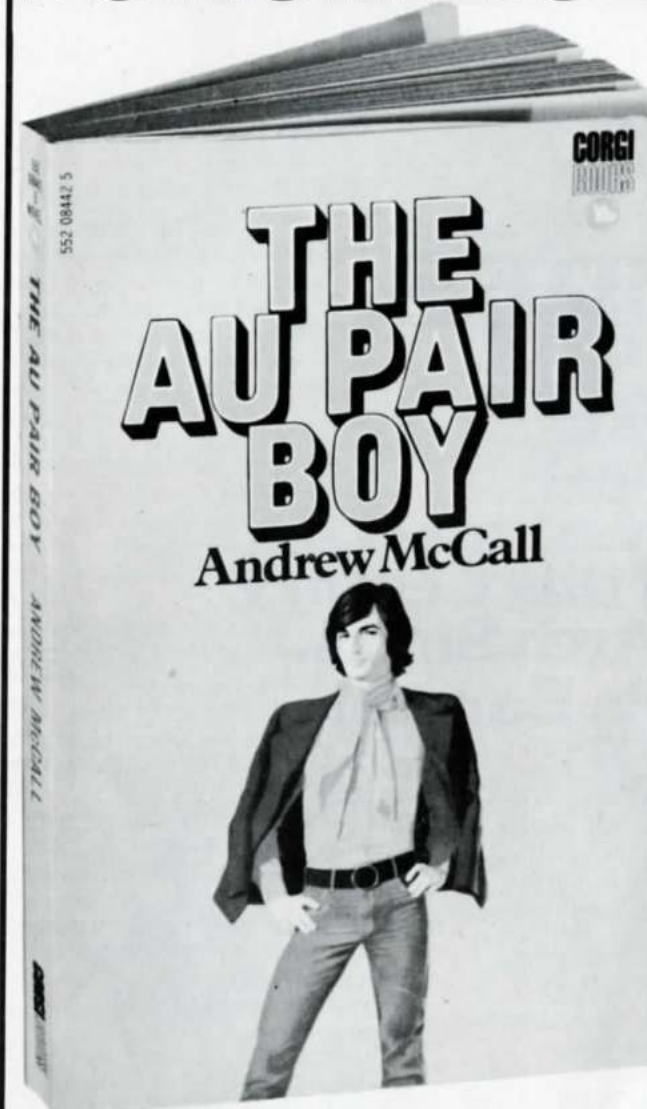




so it is finished - on the beach once more - happy - relaxed - complete in the knowledge that you can get there any time - that you can take up your board and groove with the surf any time you want - knowing that the sea is waiting to join with you in the magic - now you are a man again - proud and free but mortal and happy - no need of fast cars and great cities - relaxed - enjoying simple pleasures - lying in the sun - the sea playing gently in your ear - the sound of the surf - and friends talking - laughing - playing



## YOURS FOR SIX BOB



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round his little finger; who  
gave his body to do it and  
who almost lost his soul in the  
process

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**CORGI BOOKS**

## Fleeting Moments

**OVERKILL**  
You with the mogul face  
mask,  
Fear not to cast your spear,  
You cannot slay me more  
for I already am  
a man transfixed,  
a man's who's dead to  
everything  
but your hot fire.  
My death's for ever with  
the promise of your wound  
when only mortals weep.

**FALL GUY**  
I saw young David  
then  
I never saw another butterfly.

**PRESENT AND CORRECT**  
Sebastian says the lovely ones,  
they have not yet been born.  
But oh! he's not the future  
tense in his home-made  
trousers.

**LIVING IN THE NOW**  
The last lamp burns  
in dusty nook:  
'Tis time to leap  
before you look.

**FORGIVENESS**  
The grapes  
bombard the earth,  
the vines  
a wilderness.  
And you . . .  
you take this fruit  
until your fangs are red.

Oswell Blakeston







# PLEASURES OF PAST TIMES

**A Glimpse of Homosexual Life  
in the Early Part of this Century.**

**By Timothy d'Arch Smith,  
Author of 'Love in Earnest'**

Much has been written about the history of homosexuality in England but the emphasis has been laid on the scandals in high places, of the proclivities of bishops, princes, the successful actor, artist or writer, and little attention has been given to the behaviour of the man in the street whose part in such matters is just as important as that of the blue-blooded or influential. Reasons for this choice of material are not far to seek, for not only is it of more general interest to write of people famous in other walks of life than that of sexual behaviourism but documentary evidence of the renowned, especially if they were involved in criminal proceedings, is a good deal more accessible.



The existence of a contemporary document, printed in a German quarterly magazine for sexual reform in 1910, enables us to discover a little about everyday homosexual life in London in the reign of Edward VII. The article has never been translated into English and was written for a

German readership by a foreigner whose acquaintance with English customs was not always very deep. The author, whose name was I. L. Pavia, for instance, underlines the fact that heterosexual Englishmen never kiss on greeting and seems faintly surprised that the nod of the head is a common form of acknowledgment between two friends meeting by chance in the street.



It is interesting, too, to find that the homosexual slang of the day differs very little from our own: *Drag*, *Camp*, *Chicken*, *Cottage*, *On the Game*, all appear in Pavia's short list of jargon. A few expressions have almost vanished: *B.M.*, *Aunt*, *Tip the Velvet* (perform anilingus), *To Bottle* (to fellate), *To Buck* (to troll).

He points out that the English drink a great deal, irrelevantly quoting *Pickwick Papers* to make his point, and suggests, probably rightly, that English homosexuals drank a great deal both to drown their sorrows and to give them courage to carry out what they knew to be illegal. He was fascinated by pub-

life and here is his description of a typical queer pub in London in the year 1909:

*At one table sits an elderly, timid-looking Uranian [the word for homosexual coined by the nineteenth-century reformer, K. H. Ulrichs, and used more on the continent than here] who is topping himself up with whisky mixed with hot water, sugar and lemon; he looks anxiously at everyone who comes in, greeting his acquaintances with that famous nod of the head we have already spoken of [here Pavia breaks off to quote, again quite irrelevantly, from Thackeray]; a more intimate friend speaks to him, he answers monosyllabically while he smokes his cigarette with a drawn and tired expression; and so he sits there for two or three hours, drinking one whisky after another, smoking one cigarette after another, until the pub shuts; then, with a pretty unsteady gait, he goes home. At another table sit three young people,*



*elegantly dressed, smoking thick Egyptian cigarettes; two drink whisky-and-soda, the third, who postures around*

*very affectedly, has just got himself his sixth crème-de-menthe. As soon as it is someone's turn to pay, that person gets up, gives his order to the bar and carries his glasses to his companions. While the one who is paying is waiting for this drink to be poured, it may happen a soldier-friend will saunter into the pub and stand next to him at the bar; the two acknowledge each other with a nod, whereat the following dialogue, almost always with exactly similar words, is carried out: The Urning who is buying the drinks (casually): 'Do you want a drink?'*

*The Soldier (just as casually): 'Thanks'.*

*The Urning: 'What will you have?'*

*The Soldier: 'Bitter' (i.e. the so-called Bitter-Ale, a cheap sort, twopence a glass).*

*The man then gives the order and pays, leaves the soldier standing at the bar and joins his friends with the other drinks.*



*In a corner near the end of the bar two red-nosed Urnings are sitting who continually drink whisky diluted with a little water. The conversation of one is*

*already very garbled, the other speaks with that slow, exaggerated emphasis which is common to the speech of the confirmed alcoholic. In another part of the room one can see a young man in tails and top-hat with a stupid expression on his face who smiles at everyone and is quite clearly completely drunk. He is inviting complete strangers to have a drink, even the barmaid and the landlord, and although it is strictly forbidden for publicans to serve drunks, they still do so because he is ordering expensive brandy and Apollinaris and because he is well-dressed.*



Pavia tells an amusing story about the Empire Theatre, Leicester Square, the balcony of which was a famous trolling area for homosexuals. The theatre was often very full and the box-office official would usually reply to a request for a seat, 'Yes, but unfortunately standing-room only'. One evening an obvious homosexual arrived and asked for a ticket. 'Yes,' replied the official, 'but unfortunately sitting-room only.'

## AN OLD MAN OF LETTERS

"An old man of letters" was the term I used to describe, in *River*, Gerald Hamilton, known to many people as the original of Arthur Norris in Christopher Isherwood's *Mr Norris Changes Trains*. Gerald, whom I first met eighteen months ago, was exactly as briefly described in my story, extraordinary, grand, able to talk lengthily and wittily about a whole host of famous people, met and known throughout his long life.

Early in June Gerald died, ironically whilst the newspaper strike was on - for publicity was almost lifesblood to him - and we had to inform the press of his death and arrange for some kind of farewell notice. Both my designer and myself will miss Gerald, Poor Fucking Gerald as he called himself to intimates, and gratefully remember the many enchanting evenings we spent with him.

**Editor**

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are doing

will be DJ?  
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# MARIE'S RUDE SONGS!



## Maurice Gibb and Barbara Windsor in the Marie Lloyd musical

SING A RUDE SONG, the Ned Sherrin/Caryl Brahms musical based on the life of Marie Lloyd, has made a timely appearance in the year which celebrates the centenary of the birth of the Cockney singer still affectionately thought of as "Our Marie".

Playing the title role is a girl who's as much from the East End as Marie Lloyd, Barbara Windsor, and starring with her is ex-Bee Gee Maurice Gibb, in his first stage role. The combination of these two popular performers, along with some amusing lines, new songs and some firm old favourites, make

this show an obvious hit and Miss Windsor seems to possess, too, that subtle something extra which means she's starting to get a following, small in its beginnings but definitely there, such as some especial, female, stars get.

Listening to the ovation Barbara Windsor received on the evening we saw the show made me wonder about Marie Lloyd, and the sort of appeal she had, and how widely flung it may have been. It's very easy to picture "Our Marie", the East End's own Patron Saint, with a following similar to that which someone like the late Judy Garland

had. Just think of the titles of some of the songs: "When I Take My Promenade", "The Boy I Love", "My Old Man . . .", and then ponder them. Don't they have exactly that ambiguous, almost bisexual appeal which made Judy Garland's songs, and her act, so especially popular. Remember how so much of the Marie Lloyd act was made up from ambiguity, not so much what she said, as the way she said it. It's very easy to imagine wasp-waisted Edwardian gentlemen, replete with boyfriends, hurrying off to see "the outrageous Marie Lloyd". Easy to imagine the giggles, and how her





by Sissy Spacek

lines, interferences and innuendoes, would have been repeated at the gay parties at the turn of the century. And easy to imagine the tears shed when she died, after a life, like Garland's, which was difficult and painful to the very end.

A great deal of this is caught in **Sing a Rude Song**. All that rather impressive, and incredibly nostalgic, sense of theatre linked with a cruel personal life. In a lot of ways the show is similar to **Funny Girl**. It follows that same pattern, in-

domitable spirit, hardship, moments of supreme glory, and great emotion. The songs, the old ones, Marie's songs, are well tried, are fitting, too. Barbara Windsor really catches at songs like the yearning and sad **Happiness**, or

the opening bars of **The Boy I Love**, and brings a lump to the throat and a tear to the eye. She most likely isn't a bit like Marie Lloyd, but then she's the next best thing. She doesn't try to imperson-

ate, she is something just a little larger than life herself.

Maurice Gibb does well in his small part of Marie's third husband, a drunken Irish jockey, Bernard Dillon. He doesn't have a great deal

to do, but the little he does he does well and most attractively. He shows, yet again, that pop can offer something of value to the theatre, and not just a striking (that should read as very dolly) appearance.



original cast recording available on Polydor 2383 018



# Rosie for Rememberance

Timothy Cotter. Timmie. Phyllis. Second hand rose. Rosie. By the time I first met him he was Rosie. A rambling, shambling, second hand Rose. Irish. Alcoholic. Homosexual. Bellowing aggression at times, but gentle, gentle, gentle.

Amusing and infinitely endearing.

Rosie died in May 1970 in Brixton prison. He chose to go there rather than pay a £5 fine. He left a very empty space. I find it hard to believe that Rosie will never come trundling down Archer

Street again bellowing 'Fuck off' followed by the inevitable 'Do what?'

The following is one of the stories he told me. I have left it in present tense and exactly as I wrote it at the time intentionally.



I suppose he must be in his fifties by now. Difficult to tell with an alcoholic. Some men dislike him, but only those who feel threatened by homosexuals. I feel the same threat with lesbians. . . I do not really understand them, and therefore I am afraid. But Rosie I love.

Most of my conversations with him are early on Sunday morning when I go out for the papers. He is usually sitting on the wall at the end of Archer Street, looking benevolently about his domain. I sit beside him and we share an apple or a cigarette.

'Hello Madam. Can I have a spray of your perfume? It might be my lucky day today. One of the famous gentlemen of the theatre might come by and like the look of me.'

I usually tell him what he was shouting to the world at large the night before. . . 'Honest to God, Madam, it's not me talking. It's my system. You're the lady who lives up there aren't you? Opposite my bedroom in the doorway of the Musicians Union. How is your husband? Now there's one. If I got into bed with him Madam, I swear I'd never get out. Oh, Beautiful.'

'No go, Rosie. He only loves the ladies.' His paper flowers and tinsel wreath flutter as he assures me he would become a lady for him. An insignificant man passes. 'One of the big boys at the C.I.D.' Rosie says in his conversational voice. 'Sometimes', he adds confidentially, 'when I get a bit noisy they have to take me in to West End Central police station. But they look after me. If anyone is in my cell they turf them out. I get a mattress you see. . . Oh, Madam, I have such a story to tell you. The night before last it was rather cold, so they let me in to see 1, a Virgin. Can you imagine. . . not really the film for me. Anyway, I was sitting there asleep when a very

high class gentleman tapped me on the shoulder. Honest to God Madam, I fell off my seat. He smelt so beautiful. And the diamond in his ring was so big, Madam, I thought I'd faint. Anyway, he asked me if I would like to come back to his flat in Knightsbridge. Of course, you may not believe it now Madam, but I used to mix with the class you know. Ever since the vicar pulled my little velvet knickerbockers down when I was eight years old, so help me God. But that's another story.

We arrived at his flat. Very nice you know, with carpet on the floor and the walls. Well, we went into the bedroom and there was this heart-shaped bed. Like that well known lady of the theatre. But that wasn't all Madam. As true as I sit here, there was also a coffin. Beautiful pink satin lining. Pink is my colour of course. . . you do look beautiful this morning Madam, with the sun shining on your hair. Whatever will people think of a lady like you sitting here talking to someone like me. . . anyway we went into the bedroom and he gave me five pounds. Then he took all my clothes off me, and when, naturally, I walked towards the bed, he turned me around and made me get into the coffin. Well, real gentlemen often like strange prelim-

inaries, so I got in. Then he put this little night shirt on me. It had frills all round the neck. I felt like a babe in arms again.

Then he went out of the room. I dropped off to sleep, but I can remember thinking, this a strange way of going about things. Then I woke up and he'd come back into the room in long flowing robes, looking like a gentleman from the Church of Rome. He had a taper in his hands and was lighting all the candles around the coffin. Then he started chanting in Latin, and swinging incense and looking very sad. He pulled my little shirt up and looked at my body. Then he pulled it down again and went on chanting. . . I was a bit disappointed to tell you the truth Madam. Then he started sprinkling me with Holy water, still mumbling away. He made me open my mouth and he started to stuff it with cotton wool. Madam, I woke up in a flash then. Because he started to close the lid of the coffin Madam. I tried to get out and the coffin fell over and so did the candles. I got to the bed to get my clothes but he got there first. So we just went to bed as though nothing had happened. Well, he had paid me. But aren't people funny Madam? I mean, I like variety, but what could we have done with me inside the coffin and him outside? I'm only human, not a Black and Decker drill. Anything in the papers?

I look forward to my little chats with Rosie. Each week he has a tale to tell. Well, he's been on the game for thirty odd years, and Sunday morning is the only time he's sober enough to tell me about things. And I'm convinced his stories must be true, because I'm quite sure Rosie has never read Genet.

**Verity Bargate**

# FACTS

## about drug misuse



by  
**Kenneth  
Leech**

The misuse of certain centrally acting drugs is a well-established phenomenon which people on the young gay scene in the West End of London at least can't fail to notice. The interrelations between the gay scene and the drug scene, however, have varied from time to time. Experimenting with drugs is, of course, common among club-goers, both homosexual and heterosexual, in London. But chronic drug abuse and dependence is commonly associated with changes in sexual behaviour and orientation, and, in the case of intravenous drug use, the ritual of injection may be seen in orgasmic terms. One American Freudian psychiatrist writes:

"Over and over again one hears addicts describe the effects of their injection in sexual terms. One addict said that after a fix he felt as if he were coming from every pore. Another said that he used to inject the solution in a rhythmic fashion

until it was all used up, and said that this was akin to masturbation albeit much better."

Drug use is common among the very disturbed psychopathic members of the gay scene, and the existence of subcultures of lesbian addicts and young gay pillheads is well-known. The association between psychosexual disturbance and drug use can, however, be misunderstood. It is not that homosexuals are more "prone to" drug use than heterosexuals, but rather that the very alienated, disturbed young person, in certain circumstances, is likely to turn to drug abuse as one possible means of avoiding sexual frustration. One can therefore expect to maintain a minority of drug addicts on the gay scene.

The drugs used in the UK for their effect on the central nervous system fall into four broad categories. First, the sedative, hypnotic and tranquillising drugs. These are *depressant* in





action that is, they reduce motor activity, are consciousness-contractors, "slow you down", and may be used for sedative or hypnotic (sleep-inducing) effect, as in the case of barbiturates (Tuinal, Nembutal, Soneryl, Seconal, etc.) or other hypnotics (Mandrax, Doriden, Mogadon, etc.) When misused, these substances produce a state of intoxication similar to alcohol. The barbiturates are drugs of physical dependence, common agents of suicide, and abused on a large scale by middle aged and elderly women. Recently, young heroin addicts have begun to crush and inject barbiturate capsules ("fixing sleepers"), and this has led to serious physical complications, abscesses, overdose, and maybe death. The milder hypnotics and tranquillisers can be dangerous, particularly if mixed with alcohol, and this combination is something to be warned against in the strongest terms.

Secondly, stimulant drugs, principally of the amphetamine type (Dexedrine, Durophet, etc.) maybe combined with a barbiturate (Drinamyl, Desbutal, etc.) or with another hypnotic (e.g. Durophet-M), and other drugs similar in action to amphetamine (e.g. Preludin, Ritalin, cocaine). These substances increase motor activity, "pep you up", bring about wakefulness, reduce the appetite and lessen fatigue. Large amounts of these drugs can lead to severe mental disturbances and to a psychological illness similar to paranoid schizophrenia (amphetamine psychosis). There are

particular dangers when young adolescents misuse amphetamines, for, in a state when his mind is twisted, a young person may be incapable of learning the many lessons about personal relationships and particularly about sexuality which need to be learnt in these years, and as a result, at 18 he finds himself at the same stage of maturity as he was at 14. It is at this point that the presence of opiate drugs may be disastrous, for he may turn to heroin, a mental pain-killer, as an attempt to make up for his inadequacies and make his position bearable.

Thirdly, opiate drugs (morphine, heroin) and other narcotics (e.g. Physeptone). These drugs, like the sedatives, are depressant in their action. They are very quickly physically addictive, are usually injected intravenously, and kill both physical and mental pain. Heroin addiction has increased since 1963 among very unstable young people, often with marked psychopathic personalities. The "Piccadilly junkies" belong to this group: they are very rootless, disturbed, isolated youngsters, with a wide range of psychosocial difficulties and problems of which their addiction is only the most recent and most visible symptom. Among this group, the process of injection has assumed the proportions of a religious ritual and a powerful sexual substitute. The Velvet Underground's LP has a fantastic track "Heroin" which catches the ecstasy combined with the "nullifying" experience of heroin.



Fourthly, the "psychedelics", synthetic mind-expanding drugs (LSD, STP and methoxy derivatives of amphetamine) and the cannabis products (marijuana, hashish, synthetic THC, etc.). This group includes both powerful drugs which can alter consciousness and also mild intoxicants such as raw cannabis. Cannabis is a pleasure-giving drug with a long history of use in different parts of the world. Many of these drugs do produce adverse reactions of a disturbing kind ("bad trips"), and there are many cases of people who, as a result of such bad experiences, have become permanently damaged and have never returned as whole persons. One can classify bad acid-type experiences, some of which apply to cannabis also, under three heads. First, psychotic disorders, including the accidental intoxication of children, chronic intoxication, schizophrenic reactions, paranoia, acute paranoid states, prolonged or intermittent LSD-like psychoses, and psychotic depressions. Secondly, non-psychotic disorders including chronic anxiety states with depression, somatic symptom and difficulties in functioning, acute panic states, and anti-social behaviour. Thirdly, neurological reactions including convulsions and permanent brain damage. A survey of adverse reactions to LSD in Los Angeles County between 1966 and 1968 showed that, from 1584 questionnaires, 2389 adverse reactions to LSD and 1887 to cannabis were reported. Although cannabis is neither a true psychedelic

nor a narcotic but a mild intoxicant, chronic misuse can lead to serious personality changes and deterioration.

In the field of drugs affecting consciousness, accurate information is essential. At Saint Anne's House, Soho, we have, through our weekly seminars and in other ways, been able to disseminate a good deal of material around the West End drug scene. The misuse of centrally acting drugs is in one sense a side-effect of a revolution in medicine where many of these substances have proved of invaluable therapeutic use. The "drug problem" is more likely to be resolved by a calm and balanced approach than by a fanatical, propagandist or reactionary attack, which has already done incalculable damage. In fact, panic and unbalanced reactions to drugs can often be more harmful than the drugs themselves. One feels sometimes that many of the opponents of cannabis have experienced the worst effects of the drug without having taken it!

#### For further reading

Norman Imlah, *Drugs in Modern Society*. Geoffrey Chapman, 1970.  
Kenneth Leech, *Pastoral Care and the Drugs Scene*. SPCK, 1970.  
Kenneth Leech and Brenda Jordan, *Drugs for Young People: Their Use and Misuse*. Pergamon, 1967.  
J. H. Willis, *Drug Dependence*. Faber, 1969.



## GAY GUIDE

Last year **The Stud** was gutted by fire, the club closed down and appeared to be gone for good. It's back, however, still at the same address (61 Poland Street, W.1.) greatly tarted up, much improved and joins the list of elegant gay clubs as opposed to the old-style of cramped and camp clubs. Not, however, that we can praise whole-heartedly. The night we went down the management weren't exactly brimming over with friendship and welcome, and this is a complaint which various of my friends have made. One of the nicest things about the recently opened **Masquerade** is the friendliness of all concerned, and club managements, please note, friendliness does make a difference, you'll find customers coming in if you go all out with that bit of charm and staying away if you don't bother.

However, enough carping, the decor is fabulous, and obviously cost a bomb, the discotheque is well equipped with all the latest, and best records, and a nice atmosphere from the patrons. One mistake is that the club has an age limit, sorry dear, if you're not twentyone *nanty* the entrance. Surely that's going to keep people away by the coachload, young people are the

lifeblood of the gay world and it really does seem insane not to allow them in.

A club, somewhat similar in style to **The Stud** is **The Catacomb** (279a Old Brompton Road, S.W.5.). Here things are much friendlier, the atmosphere really is alive, the club is always crammed, and it is a without prejudice club. Which means that there's no snobbery, no distinctions, anyone can join, and anyone can enjoy themselves.

Whilst talking about snobbery mention ought to be made of the mythical Brighton gay scene. And, believe me, it really is a myth. Brighton is one of the unfriendliest and most hostile places anyone could wish to visit. Just try to get into any of the clubs down there, the atmosphere is so icy that it'll freeze you to death. As for the pubs, well, they aren't much better, though, as they don't have membership (who said they didn't, that's the impression we got when we were down recently) it is possible to get a drink. For far too long Brighton has been boosted, in gay circles, as the great gay seaside resort. It isn't. There may well be a gay scene down there, but it's very strictly for the locals only, steer

clear if you're a daytripper or down for a holiday. They don't want you, and what's more, they make it very clear.

After that little bit of bitching a few nice words about three places which aren't gay but which have charms of their own.

**Smithy's Kitchen** (372 Kings Road, Chelsea) does really great, and very cheap, take away meals, and is just what the Kings Road has needed for years, it's open later than most of the eateries in that part of the world, and, honestly, the costs just aren't at all Kings Road. **The Nuthouse**, in Kingly Street, W.1., does very good, and reasonably priced health food, to be eaten there, or to take away, and for health food fanatics is recommended because the atmosphere is better than at **Cranks**.

Lastly, **Crocodile** (in Lexington Street, Soho, W.1.) has some really good clothes, they're trendy, but not in a cheap and nasty trendy way. The stock is wide, they have some great velvet trousers, voile shirts, absolutely wild boots, and fabulous suedes and leathers. Well worth going along to. So good, in fact, that we hope to carry more about then in a later issue.

## LISTING

**The Stud**; 61 Poland Street, W.1. (01-437 1837). Open Tuesday to Sunday from 6 p.m. to 3 a.m. Strictly members only, at 3 gns a year. Not licensed (but licence pending). Discotheque.

**The Catacomb**; 279a Old Brompton Road, S.W.5. Open every night, 10 p.m. to 3 a.m. Members only, but not impossible about joining. Membership 25s per year. Entrance 4s members, 5s guest. Not licensed. Juke box.

**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. Discotheque.

**The Toucan**; 13 Gerrard Street, London, W.1. 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.



# BOOKS: OBSESSION THE AU PAIR BOY THE PERSUADER

Gore Vidal, an author we must all adore and respect, praises highly George Hayim's **Obsession** (W H Allen, 35s) on the flyleaf. Why, is difficult to understand, the book is tedious in the extreme, confused and, very probably, obsessively autobiographical. All writers, we know, use material from their own lives but in most cases the material is of some interest. Mr Hayim's novel is totally flat, without wit, grace, story or style.

The narrator is a middle-aged man, his nationality is more than a trifle obscure, who lives most of the time in Paris, and whom, at the outset of the story, meets, and falls in love with, an aggressive Algerian French youth. Their affair, which takes up the entire length of the book in agonising detail, moves from Paris to London, and becomes more and more obsessive on the part of the older man. In fact it wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that he takes leave of his senses. In the end things work out well, notably for the boy, but nothing is really resolved and the book trails off rather than comes to any definite conclusion.

**Obsession** is a very apt title for this book as it records every tiny detail of the relationship between the man and the boy, Mr Hayim doesn't have enough idea, however, of how to use his material to the best dramatic effect. The sheer obsessiveness of the writing, finally, drive the reader away from the book, frustrated by the boredom of it.

In quite another category is Andrew McCall's **The Au Pair Boy** (Corgi Books, 6s). This is one of those brisk novels, much in vogue these days, about the rapid rise of a total nothing, in this case a French au pair boy, to a position of some *dolce vita* prominence.

Dishy young Jacques Deschamps arrives from France and takes up his position as young-man-about-the-house to a well off, but not very happily married couple. Soon he's having a raging and passionate affair with the English rose wife and, at the same time, mingling in seamy Soho haunts. The affair breaks up and he moves on to the lavish gay circles we read so much about, but, all too rarely encounter. Here, it seems, his fortune is made. A tin-legged, middle-aged,

wealthy man takes Jacques under his wing and promotes him as both a model and designer. Success is just around the corner and Jacques finally makes it when he marries the turned on deb daughter of a distinguished peer.

**The Au Pair Boy**, like the recently reviewed **The Rag Dolls**, is first class light entertainment. The writing gets a bit sloppy at times, and, at one point one of the characters changes personality completely. None of it matters though. The book tells a good story, keeps moving and, as any good book should, keeps the reader stuck into it until the very last page.

Robert Pollock's **The Persuader** (Cassell, 30s) covers similar ground to both **The Au Pair Boy** and **The Rag Dolls** but is also a much tauter book, written with more insight and a good deal more control. This time the story involves one Dan Sinclair, a brilliant public relations man, and his campaign to create the successor to Twiggy and Jean Shrimpton. The girl in question is called Jackson and the campaign works so well that she's soon a household word. Alas, however, poor Dan, he's become too cocksure of himself and develops an acute case of megalomania. His lust for power causes his business to crumble (not to dust though), and at the end of the book he is a slightly chastened man.

Mr Pollock knows his material well and knows exactly how to handle it, the book really grabs attention, shifts at a whip-cracking pace, and, as with the novel reviewed above, is impossible to put down. Strongly recommended for those wanting a good, straightforward story, with lashings of character, thankfully not over much sex, and some nice bitchy lines to remember.

The last novel this month is **The Green Leaves of Nottingham**, by Pat McGrath (W H Allen, 25s). This is a tough little book about a boy returning to his slum environment after a term in a remand home. The author wrote it when he was only fourteen and it is obvious that he possesses a talent far beyond his years. The characters, situation, and locals are all admirably evoked, and this book suggests that we will be hearing a lot more from Pat McGrath in the

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future.

Two books on theatre which are worth looking at are **The Truth About 'Pygmalion'** by Richard Huggett (Heinemann, 42s) and **The Third Theatre** by Robert Brustein (Cape, 45s). The Huggett is a look at the dramas which led up to the first production of Shaw's 'Pygmalion' and the Brustein is a collection of reviews by a distinguished American critic.

Into his **Pygmalion** book Mr Huggett has crammed a wealth of superb material. There were dramas, massive theatrical dramas, connected with the opening production of this play, but, even more so, there was comedy, outrageous, idiotic comedy, with three enormous stars, the two leading players, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree and Mrs Patrick Campbell, and the author/director Bernard Shaw. Mr Huggett is to be congratulated on capturing all of this so well — there really are places in the book where one has to laugh out loud. The book is illustrated with some excellent cartoons of the period.

Robert Brustein's collection of essays and reviews are mainly about the new, young theatre of America. His writing is wise, without being pedantic, thoughtful, and full and feeling and sense about events which cause much of the new, political theatre. He is one of the very few critics writing today that it's possible to agree almost wholeheartedly with and, at the same time, enjoy reading.

Maeve Gilmore's biography of her husband, the late Mervyn Peake (author of the **Gormanghast Trilogy**) starts off very well, it is simply and concisely written, it catches at feelings and emotions, fleetingly but touchingly, and presents a simple and uncluttered picture. As this short book progresses the picture becomes blurred and hazy, Peake gets lost in a welter of trivialities, and the picture that his widow has started of him never gets completed. Never-the-less **A World Away** (Gollancz, 40s) is worth reading to any admirer of this strange man's work and, one hopes, will be followed by some more comprehensive volume at a later date.

PETER BURTON

### The truth about 'Pygmalion' by Richard Huggett



SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE  
as Professor Higgins

MRS PATRICK CAMPBELL  
as Eliza Doolittle

The standard of plays we've had recently make me wonder why British managements don't just give up for the Summer. The plays seem to be as tired and exhausted by the intensive heat as the ever restless audiences. All in all, at this time of the year, there seems to be very little point.

A play like Robert Anderson's *I Never Sang For My Father* (Duke of Yorks) certainly isn't likely to keep captive any audience on a sultry summer night. It's difficult to see why Raymond Massey, not seen on a London stage for over thirty years, should have decided to return in so pedestrian and lumbering a vehicle. The tedious plot is concerned with a father-son relationship, which doesn't exactly inspire, and which, even worse, never gets anywhere. Mr Massey doesn't come across as the most exciting actor I've ever seen either, though the elderly ladies in the audience seemed to love him. George Baker is decidedly insipid as the spineless son, and the only performance with any real theatre and style came from Catherine Lacey as the dying mother. Vivian Matalon's direction is totally flat and the set, by Brian Currah, must be one of the most awful to have seen the light of days for decades.

The brief *La Mama Season* (Royal Court) was worth a visit, regardless of those sour-bellied critics who complained that this company weren't what they used to be, or that they were resting on their rather formidable reputation. The

## DULL DAYS OF SUMMER. THEATRE BY PETER BURTON

programme comprising of Jarry's *Ubu* and Arden of Faversham whacked out into the audience as a stunning, alive, beautiful and gripping theatrical experience. *Ubu* was widely funny, outrageous in writing, direction and playing, and the dark, haunting Arden, with very little dialogue and an especially gruesome castration scene, enormously impressive. *La Mama* showed that when experiments are good they are incredibly good and, let's hope, some of their inferior British imitators will have watched, learned and will, maybe, now improve.

James Roose-Evans *STAGE TWO* opened a London season at their new premises (109a Regent's Park Road, NW1) with a short, dream-like programme consisting of two works, *Dreams* seemed much derived from 2001 but was starkly beautiful and contrived to shift some of that particular movies' effects onto the stage. Deaths and Entrances, the longer but lesser work, was a montage on Death and decay. Basically the grass roots showed through too clearly, though the standard of presentation and performance was high. Even so, after a year in existence and of working together, it would have been nice to see something totally original and completely the company's own.

Up at Hampstead Theatre Club the Tenth Season has just finished. Last offering in this season was a play called *Mr Kilt and the Great I Am* by Kenneth Ross. Much of the dialogue reminded of Joe Orton, many of the situations had great comic, sometimes tragic, possibilities. However the writing seemed much more suited to a slightly surreal comic novel, and the direction was so bad that the play only rarely took off. We were treated to several amusing comic cameos though, Patricia Hayes as a possessive mum, Peter Baylis as a dillatante police chief, and Brian Oulton as a depressed priest. The last of the batch of late night revues at Hampstead, Maggie and Frank, outclassed all of the previous offerings. This South African pair have an enormously individual style and presentation, write all of their own material, and are funnier than anyone we've seen in this country for a long, long time.

The Soho Theatre, best of the lunch-time theatres, have had some good shows of late. The John Bowen play, *The Waiting Room*, directed by the author, and with a first class performance by Anna Cropper, was especially good, interesting, but depressing was David Selbourne's *Samson*, and enjoyable was John Grillo's *Number Three*, a very black comedy with a first class performance, as usual, from Henry Woolf. It is good to see that this enterprising company have just been given an Arts Council grant, small groups, in which-ever of the Arts, always need help, it is nice to think that these days they do stand a chance of getting it.



Margaret Lockwood  
in *Lady Frederick*  
(Vaudeville) which will  
be reviewed in the  
next issue.

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# MOVIES

Besides a flock of pop groups "Woodstock" offers the odd nude to titillate tired palates.



No wonder I go to the National Film Theatre at Waterloo so often. Watching film successes of the thirties and forties is a lot more stimulating than sitting through most of this year's products. For despite our technical superiority in movies now they are turning out some of the most appalling rubbish.

For the pop-minded **Woodstock** will have some form of magic. It's a three hour marathon shot in documentary style showing how half a million young bodies gathered for three days outside a small town in America. They thrilled to watching many pop personages including Jimi Hendrix, Joe Cocker, the Who, plus Joan Baez and John Sebastian swearing in a most unnecessary manner. When torrential rain came down many of the gathered multitude lay about in a mud bath. Quite a few stripped and one gets the impression that some of the best nude footage

ended up on the cutting room floor. Warners will make a lot of money with **Woodstock** as it's ideal for the *Easy Rider* type of audience whom, one imagines, smoking pot or on an LSD trip. At the press show the projectionist appeared to be on a trip too. He put one reel on the projector by mistake and the audience had to sit through fifteen minutes of scenes we'd already watched once.

## A Cure For Insomnia?

In **Ned Kelly** Mick Jagger shows us times were hard for Irish immigrants to Australia a hundred years ago. The outback was a lawless place and the Kelly's tended to shoot their way out of most situations until Ned was hung by the neck. Tragically I dozed half way through and can only commend the authenticity of Jagger's Irish accent.

If sport and particularly running is your scene you will appreciate **The Games**. It tells

how Michael Crawford, Ryan O'Neal and Charles Aznavour train for the Olympic Games in Rome and the intrigue leading up to it. Stanley Baker is around as Michael's trainer with his full range of menacing expressions. It's very competently made and should appeal to the sports-minded. Unfortunately I only pick up a bat or ball when I intend to do someone an injury.

George Sanders in drag!

**The Kremlin Letter** is a major disappointment because its director, John Huston, used to produce magnificent pictures at one time. I reeled from the preview theatre punch drunk from suffering a baffling script that involved spying in numerous Continental climbs. Its one relief from monotony was watching George Sanders who, for no explained reason, sat playing in a nightclub setting in one scene wearing drag and a long blonde wig.

Barry Scott provides one of the rare amusing moments as a female impersonator in "Goodbye Gemini".



**The Gay Deceivers** had a brief run in London and could appear at independent cinemas near you anytime now. It amusingly tells how two normal young Americans fool the draft board into believing they are homosexual so they can avoid army service. Thinking spys from the board are watching them they move into a group of houses furnished and run by a gay landlord. **The Gay Deceivers** is a funny idea worth seeing. It's only marred by one scene when an unfortunate queen caked in slap tells how one tires of promiscuous living and needs true love. Because these lines were being delivered by this particular body I sensed the stomachs heave of most of the audience as one.

If you appreciate Shirley MacLaine and Clint Eastwood then watch out for **Two Mules For Sister Sara**. It's a Mexican western about how Shirley disguises herself as a nun to avoid being

interfered with by oversexed gentlemen of the olde west. Shirley is always marvellous, Clint is no strain to look at and it's a novel approach for a western.

## Thank Heaven for Barry Scott!

Unless you have plenty of stamina don't rush to **Goodbye Gemini**. It could be the dreariest movie of the year. Judy Geeson and Martin Potter are 20 year old twins who don't react too favourably when good-for-nothing Alexis Kanner attempts to blackmail Martin. So they don white cloaks and hoods and Martin murders him with a knife. Judy tracks Martin down to a hotel room where he is hiding and she realizes he is a mental case. But it is too late. He strangles her and then gases himself. Making a movie like this makes me feel the producer and director were also desperately in need of some mental overhaul. *Goodbye Gemini*



is only lightened by the appearance of female impersonator Barry Scott. He makes an impressive screen debut in a bedroom scene where he's leading young Mr Potter astray.

## Bill Bailey





Dear Hang-Ups,

I must be a basically shy person. Whenever I go into shops, or have to meet new people, I get flustered and nervous. I think that they must be able to see that I'm queer, and laugh at me. Shops make me most nervous, especially record shops or boutiques, where there are good-looking boys working. They always seem so assured and calm, which makes me feel worse than ever.

Yours sincerely,  
Tony (Manchester)

Dear Tony,

Don't let people intimidate you. No one at all is better than you, we're all born equal and it's up to us to see that we stay that way. If you think shop assistants are sending you up ignore it, it's probably just your imagination anyway. You don't say, in your letter, that you're a screaming queen, and the tone of the letter doesn't suggest it. If you were I don't suppose you'd have this problem. Most gay men aren't at all obvious, and with all the lively male fashions these days it's almost impossible to tell who is and who isn't. You're worrying unduly. Just remember that you're no different to anyone else, and that you're as good as the next man.



Dear Hang-Ups,

I am a homosexual, and have been so since I was a teenager. This has never been a problem of any sort to me, and I completely accept my sexual nature. One thing has started to worry me lately though, and it is most unexpected. Recently I've found that I've started to fancy girls, not all the time, just sometimes. I don't know what to do about this as I'm honestly not sure about how I should go about things with a girl. What do you suggest?

Yours sincerely,  
William (Brighton)

Dear William,

Yours is a problem which is arising quite a lot these days, gay boys are becoming girl conscious. And not before time either.

Doubtless you mix with girls either at work or in any of the clubs or bars you go to. It's certainly unlikely that you are completely devoid of feminine company. Strike up a relationship with some likely girl, become friends, get her confidence, and, by doing so, gain confidence in yourself. Once you have some kind of sound relationship, and it doesn't have to be deeply emotional and difficult, you will find sex coming naturally. And there's no need to worry about lack of experience with girls. Most of them have, as you yourself have, a sure instinct about what to do.

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## members only

Dear Sirs,

I would like to thank Miss Crothall for her flattering remarks about this Club, in your last issue. However, I would like to make it very clear to any of your readers, who are inspired by Miss C's letter to pay us a visit, that this is a Members Only Club, and as such is governed by police regulations which state that only registered members may be served at the bar, and that new members must wait 48 hours for this doubtful privilege! At no time is anybody ever admitted unless they are accompanied by an already established member, as it is against the law to allow non-members to buy drinks.

Well, P.K.,

It seems to me that you are a bit of a mental masochist, and if this situation has arisen frequently, as it would appear to have done, it would seem you possibly derive some subconscious pleasure from it. However, in these days of added stress, in both the hetero and homosexual worlds, relationships have to take a much greater strain. Hence, in both cases, we seem to be getting shorter, often more intense relationships. Make the best of what you have, enjoy it whilst you can and bear in mind that it's much better to establish good relationships with friends. Friends are more likely to last you a lifetime, it's unlikely any affair will.

Because of this, casual observers are unable to gain admission, and we are therefore able to retain the intimate and friendly atmosphere which members agree is our greatest asset. As most club owners know, an unknown person seeking admission could, to say the least, be undesirable, and might even be a member of the police checking to see if the British laws on licenced clubs are being kept. This maybe rather hard on the genuine lonely person, or tourist, but there are very few of these, in comparison to our extensive membership who are kept happy by this arrangement.

If any of your readers are interested, may I suggest that rather than be refused admission they find themselves a member—and there are well over a thousand of them in London, the Home Counties and indeed the world—to bring them along.

In the meantime, may I mention that we do not cater for extremists from the Gay or the un-Gay world. In our mixed atmosphere the accent is on having a good time without being "sent up", regardless of one's sex, size, age or colour.  
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## cri de cœur from lancashire

Dear Jeremy,  
Having only just been introduced to "Jeremy" I must write to say that I think it's fabulous. Its articles are informative, well-written and amusing, the pin-ups are great and for me it's the tops. A magazine like this is long overdue and it will fill many needs. As a young homosexual I find it very difficult indeed to make contact with people of my own interests. Would it be possible to start a directory through yourselves where we could

write in and ask for names in our own area? I'm sure it would be a great success and I for one would willingly start it off.

If this is not possible please, please, please give a gay directory for the Manchester area.

Once again, many thanks for a great mag.

Sincerely yours,  
Alan Towers  
Manchester

*We do wish we could do what you ask but there are great dangers involved and at the moment it's just not on. We will however give you the gen on the Manchester scene soon—Editors.*

## cruise news

Hello There Jeremy,  
As a newly grounded 'bird-of-passage' and subsequently recent subscriber to your magazine, I must write to say how much I appreciate it. At long last we've got a mag which I consider a major break-through in homosexual literature. Thank God you refrain from the sordid, blatantly erotic and generally vulgar articles which seem to infect the pages of many of your inferior rivals. 'JEREMY' is a serious, (Well, most of the time) sensible and



thoroughly intelligent addition to the ranks of 'Gay' literature . . . most of which has nauseated me for ages . . . Here's to you all and LONG MAY YOU REIGN!!

However, being an inveterate globe-trotter (I've just returned after several years in Greece, Turkey and the East) I should like to see articles on 'Gay' places abroad; countries and cities which would prove 'happy hunting grounds' for your readers, in all respects. Not merely lists of clubs, bars and hotels as in your 'GAY GUIDE,' but travelogues of more general interest, dealing for example with customs, attitudes, places to see, local food, where to tread carefully and where to let your hair blow wild and free!! This would surely help the more timid amongst us to plan a trip abroad without many of the attendant neuroses and last minute qualms, which can assail even before one's feet have left home shores, not to mention those nameless horrors which often seem to lurk in the midnight capitals of exotic lands. Articles and reviews dealing with various aspects of art could also add a new dimension, for example; John Lennon's by now infamous collection of drawings, the Rodin sculptures at the Haywood and currently, Picasso's exhibition, would, I feel sure, interest a large percentage of your subscribers . . . a word here about your own PHOTOGRAPHIC 'essays,' your profiles on well known personalities, your short stories—MAGNIFICENT! You certainly have the knack of

finding interesting and BEAUTIFUL subjects! CONGRATULATIONS and long life to your strong right arm . . .!!!

Yours most amicably,  
Michael Hankon.  
LONDON, S.E.17.

## upinarms

Dear Jeremy,  
I and some of my mates have become regular readers of JEREMY and we think it's wonderful. But we wish you could get a little more bold in your stories and photos. Why can't we have a picture of a completely naked boy front view? What harm could there be in this? There would be nothing indecent unless the boy had a "hard-on".

I and my mates are all soldiers and needless to say we're all gay. We think it's unfair that because we're servicemen, like sailors, airmen and merchant seamen, we can't have homosexual relations in private without risk of criminal proceedings. We do, of course, have them, but it's always a risk. We never go near the "Dilly" and don't like long-haired rent boys. We have our own places for pick-ups and we get good clients who look after us well, especially around Windsor.

Yours,  
Four Gay Soldiers.

## friendship

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.

A.G.B.  
PARIS, XVIe.

## O.K....

so what is going to be the event of the year?

Oh, it's the gala at Kensington Town Hall, you coming?

H'm, who's going to be there?

Well, I know for sure Rogers and Starr will, because I was talking to . . .

Yeah, but how much will it cost?

I wrote up to get mine as soon as I heard, while there's still plenty, so it only cost me a pound, but you can get them on the door for 25 bob, if there are any . . .

Of course there'll be some, when is it anyway?

It's on September the Fourth at 8.30 to one o'clock.

Oh, there's bound to be tickets left on the night. Who's doing it, then?

Jeremy.

Have I still got time to write off for a ticket?

Of course you have, but you'd better hurry

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