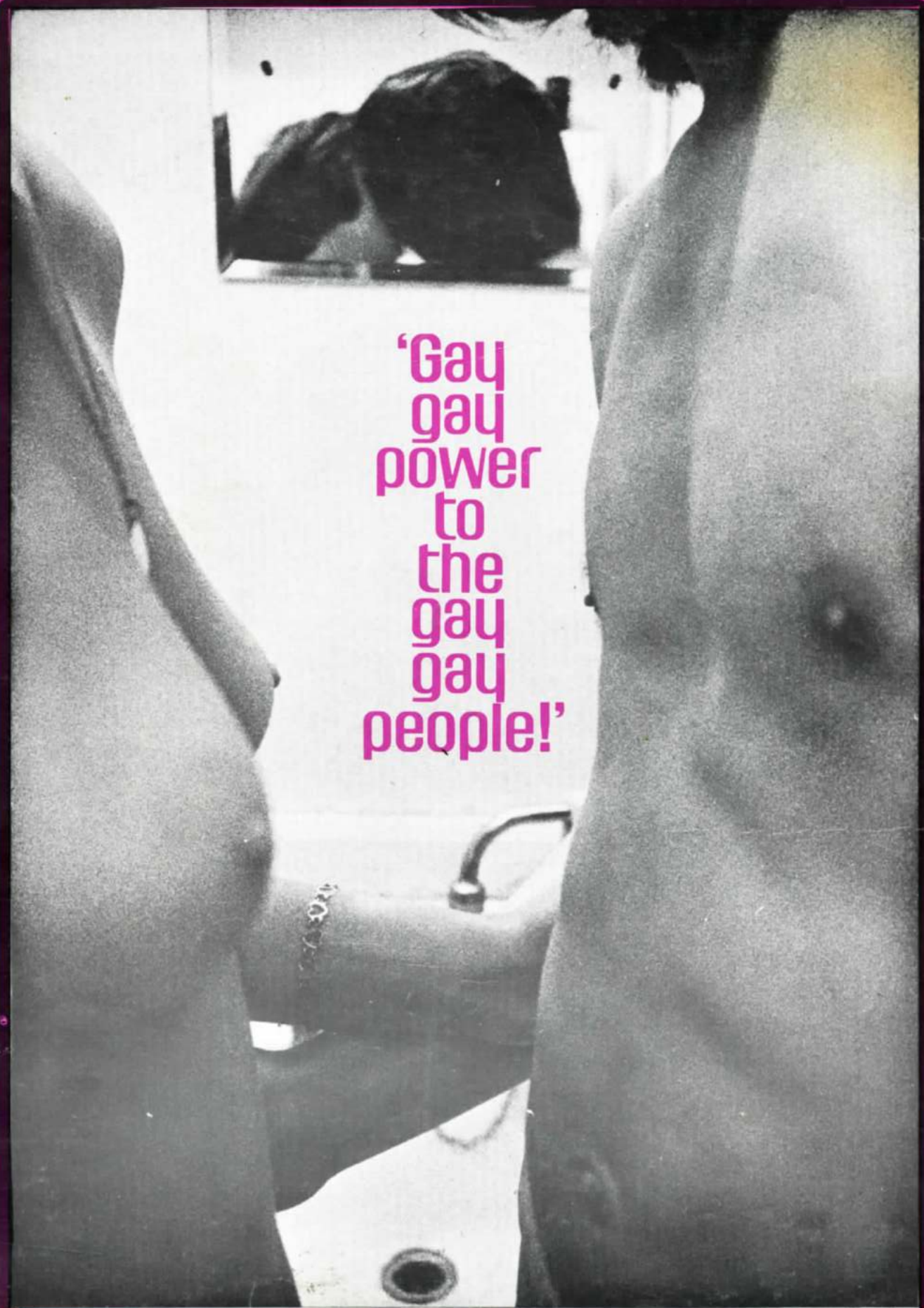


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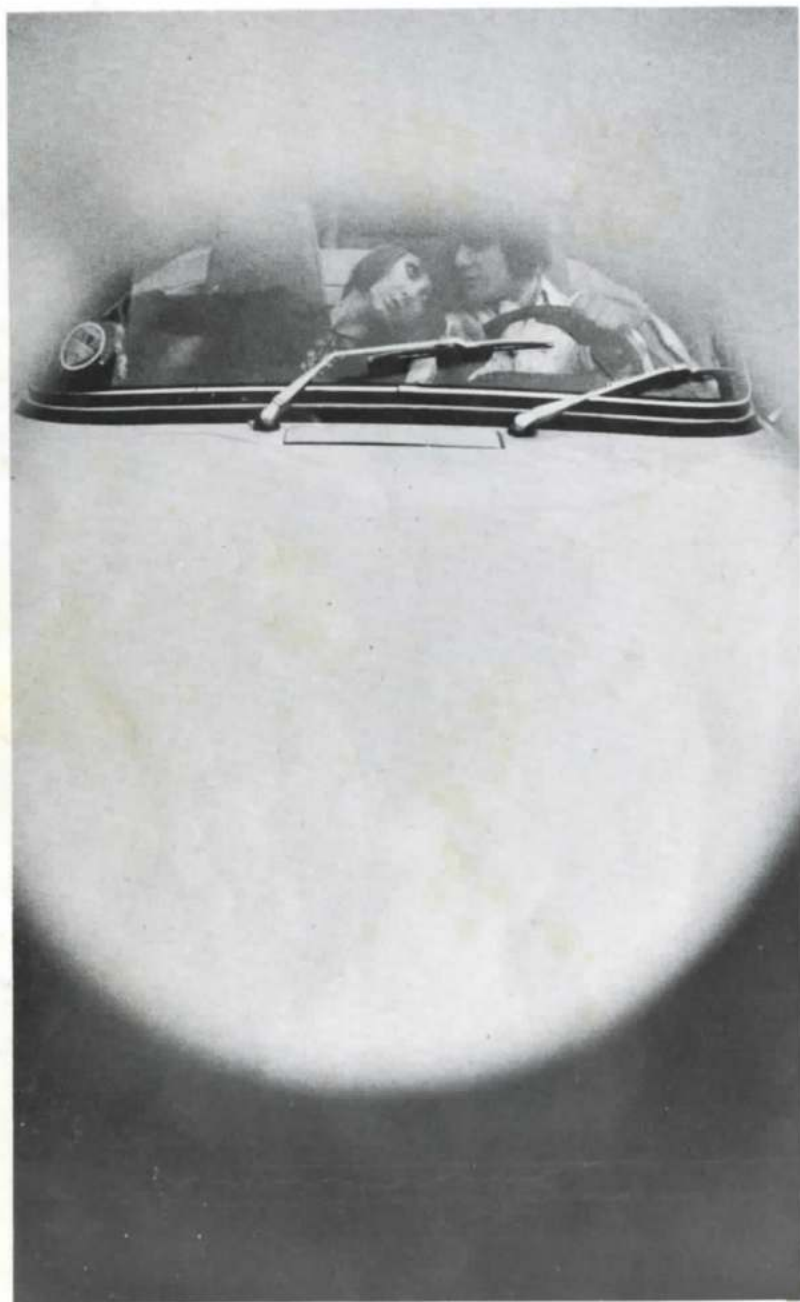
Volume one. Number two. Six shillings.



'Gay
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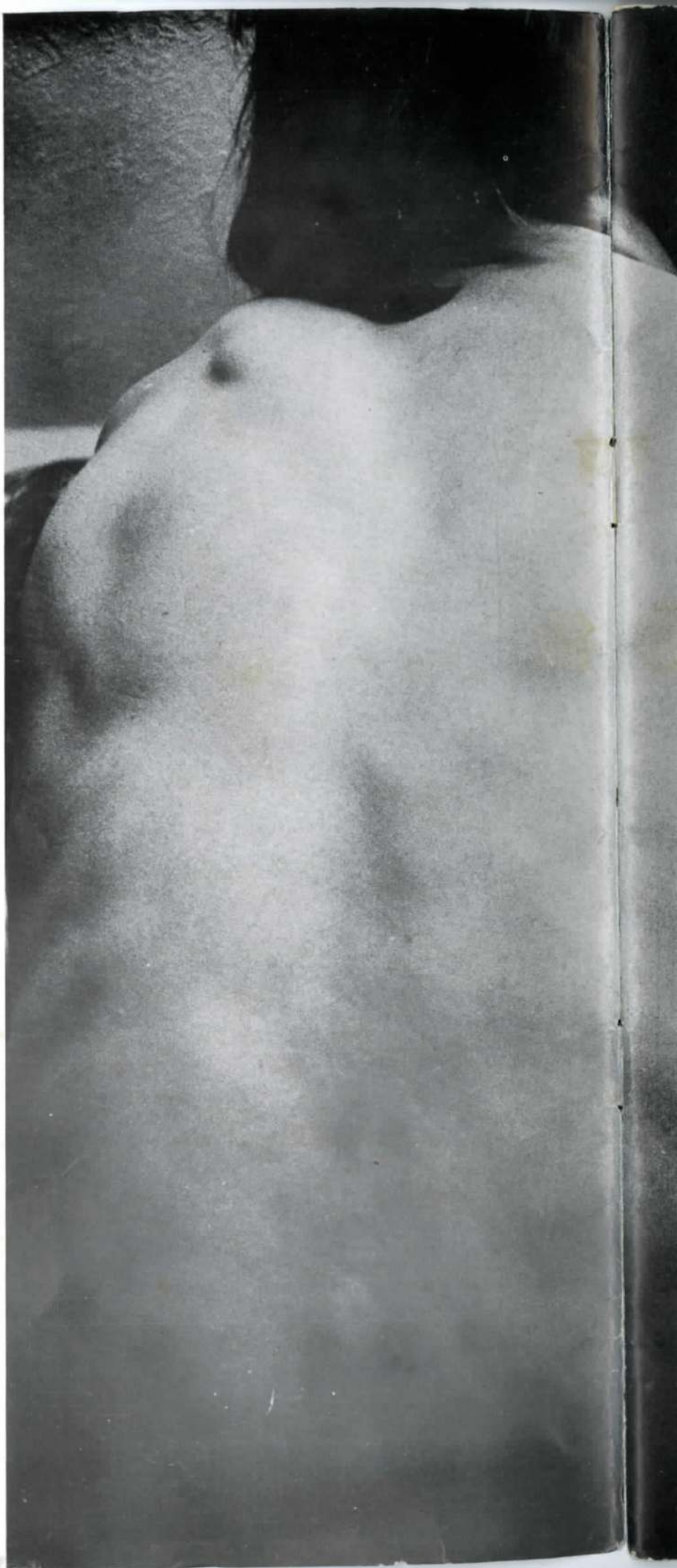
Jeremy

Volume one. Number two.



17. Lotus eater

"Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,
In the hollow Lotus-land to live and lie reclined
On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind.
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curl'd
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world."
This month's photo feature dreams through the life of a contemporary lotus eater. He is gay and carefree – and has a girlfriend he plays with from time to time. He conforms to none of the normal stereotypes workwise behaviourwise – or sexwise. He is one of the new people *Jeremy* is all about, for whom the conventional categories of boy-and-boy or boy-and-girl or girl-and-girl are less important than the feeling between the people involved.





4. Towards a new gay ethic

What freedom can we really allow ourselves in our so-called 'permissive society'?

5. Reviews

Our critics look at the latest happenings in films, plays and books.

9. How the Graduate became a Midnight Cowboy and learned to love soufflés

A profile of Dustin Hoffman in New York, by Jane Wilson.

14. Gay gay power to the gay gay people!

A report on the new gay militance that has got America's wrists flapping wildly.

38. Girls suffer too from Portnoy's Complaint

If you are seized by secret

lusts for those alluring, black-haired Jewish boys – you're not the only one.

40. "A lot of people would say I'm depraved..."

A kept boy talks about his sugardaddy, and explains how it all started off.

42. Keep your hair on

When all about are losing theirs . . . Rodney Bennett-England explains how to keep your lovely locks lovely – and attached.

44. The Sergeant who smacked little boys' bottoms

A short story by Philip Norman all about one of those gym masters.

49. Gay Guide

Focus on the latest film, theatre and social chit-chat.

53. t & t

Where the gay people have been this month and exactly what they've been getting up to together.

54. Correspondence

Letters about the harassment of gay subscribers to UNI, the Danish bimonthly.

Towards a new gay ethic

What kind of world for us in the 'Seventies'? An increasingly candy-floss, plastic, depersonalised, synthetic way of living, or a society where we matter to one another. The choice is largely ours. For most of us are creatures of habit more than we are victims of circumstance, whatever the various prophets of political or psychological fatalisms may say. The next decade is ours to mould. Everyone desires happiness. Perhaps too many seek it: one of the universal truths buried in most religions and philosophies is that we are only happy when forgetting our need to be.

Living is dangerous. Freedom is dangerous. The young of today rightly demand their freedom: but freedom alone is not enough. It needs to be used creatively.

How? Not, surely, by idolising as precious to us above all else a freedom which leads to nothingness – no artistic expression; no activity of thought; no dedication to any cause beyond ourselves; above all – because this frightens us most – no commitment in love to another person.

Our freedom is ours to use as we wish. So let us *use* it! Or else, critics of the "permissive society" (whatever that means: who can 'permit' what is ours of right?) may have a point if they find in this generation only a refusal and a shying away in the name of 'freedom' from all sentimental ties which threaten us with roots and stability.

It is good to cast off taboos which have become harmfully constricting. And the much-vaunted 'sexual revolution' still has far to go before the irrational fears, ignorance and guilt bedevilling most people's thinking about sex are swept away. Society is still far too ready to punish "sex for fun". But if the apostles of more and better orgasms for all are doing a useful and necessary job, is their message adequate? Will The Pill, homosexual law reform, abortion on demand, and VD cures that are prompt and painless bring the sexual millenium?

Traditional moral rules fail because they fossilise some important truths into prohibitions, and so are rebelled against. The real flaw in uninvolved promiscuity as an exclusive sexual diet is not that it's wicked, but that it doesn't usually bring lasting or deep satisfaction, even at genital level. Most people who try it grow up after a while. This is as true for the gay as for the straight. And perhaps even more necessary.

There's nothing more lonely than the disillusioned 'gay'

person who's never had relationships – only brief encounters. Homosexuality is now a discussable fact of life, and that is good. Deplorably, though, so much that is discussed about it is ignorant, prejudiced or downright malicious. There is room for enlightenment. Homosexuality and ethics aren't linked together often enough, and then only in a totally negative way: "Homosexuality is wrong". Full stop. But it was Sigmund Freud who wrote, to an American mother, "Homosexuality is assuredly no advantage, but it is nothing to be ashamed of, no vice, no degradation, it cannot be classified as an illness".

If Freud is right, it is not what you are, but how you live that counts; if there is vice and degradation in the gay world, it is because there are some vicious and degraded people around who incidentally happen to be homosexual.

But most gay people are neither vicious nor degraded, and as the authors of *Towards a Quaker View of Sex* said, "Homosexual affection can be as selfless as heterosexual affection, and therefore we cannot see that it is in some way morally worse".

Possibly this view is becoming more widely accepted today, and perhaps it may even have gained the assent of the majority before the 1970s end. But not yet awhile. Anyone who's under the delusion that the very limited legal reforms of two years ago meant that henceforth "anything goes" is living in dreamland.

In 1969, while local counsellors oppose proposals to open adult homosexual social clubs because "the youngsters in the youth clubs might be perverted," gay kids are being slung out of the same youth clubs; gay men still lose their jobs on mere suspicion that they're "one of those," and the only advice which can legally be given to a gay boy who hasn't reached his 21st birthday is "DON'T."

Hypocritical? Maybe, but it's Progress compared to 1959. That progress wasn't won without a hard fight to liberate homosexuals from the straitjacket of silence imposed by a persecutory law. Now that the first step towards freedom has been obtained for them, gay people should use it in responsible ways to earn a rightfully equal place in the life of society.

Responsibility? Well, we can at least start with what we owe to ourselves. And love? "Love your neighbour as yourself" may seem impossible – especially if we happen to hate ourselves. But it's the essential bit.





theatre

Two of the major popular theatre pieces this month suffer, on opposite sides of the balance, from the same fault.

"Dames at Sea" (Duchess) is one and the Dudley Moore Show, otherwise known as "Play It Again, Sam" (Globe), is the other. The fault with both plays is that they are both too clearly aimed at sexually defined audiences.

Dames at Sea, with an excellent cast of six, is an affectionate pastiche on the type of musicals which were superb shows in the Thirties and have become, in the economical Sixties, superb camp shows. It is very much a sign of the times when a show which calls for a cast of thousands makes do with a company of six, and though this means much camp, it doesn't make the show look exactly right. "Dames" fondly guys the shows in which Busby Berkely was choreographic king, when designers like Erté filled stages and screens with incredible designs, and stars like Fanny Brice, Ruby Keeler, Eddie Cantor and Dick Powell, really were stars.

The plot to this slender show follows all the usual traditions with poor little

small town girl arriving in New York, joining a chorus line and, after many trials and tribulations, making it as The Star (congratulatory telegrams from Noël and Gertie and *everyone* else.) It is a well tried formula and one which rarely fails; today the most likely twist to this sort of story would be to have a small town group making it to The Top. No doubt that is yet to come. "Dames at Sea" has been a real smash Off-Broadway, with a Clive Barnes Stamp-of-Approval, but over here it is difficult to tell just how it will fare. If you love old movies or camp it's a great show; if you like musicals you may well adore it but, somewhere, something is lacking. The satire is sharp and witty, the songs are much better than most we've had in musical comedies recently and half the performances, at least, are worth remembering — treasure Joyce Blair as the diamond hard star. But it needs a bigger cast with much more use of the stage. Camp alone is not enough. The show seems to be aimed at devotees of Busby Berkely musicals, and there must be thousands of theatregoers whom aren't familiar with them. Who'll go after the camp-followers have departed? Beautifully written and staged numbers, like Joyce Blair's torch song "That Mister of Mine" might well

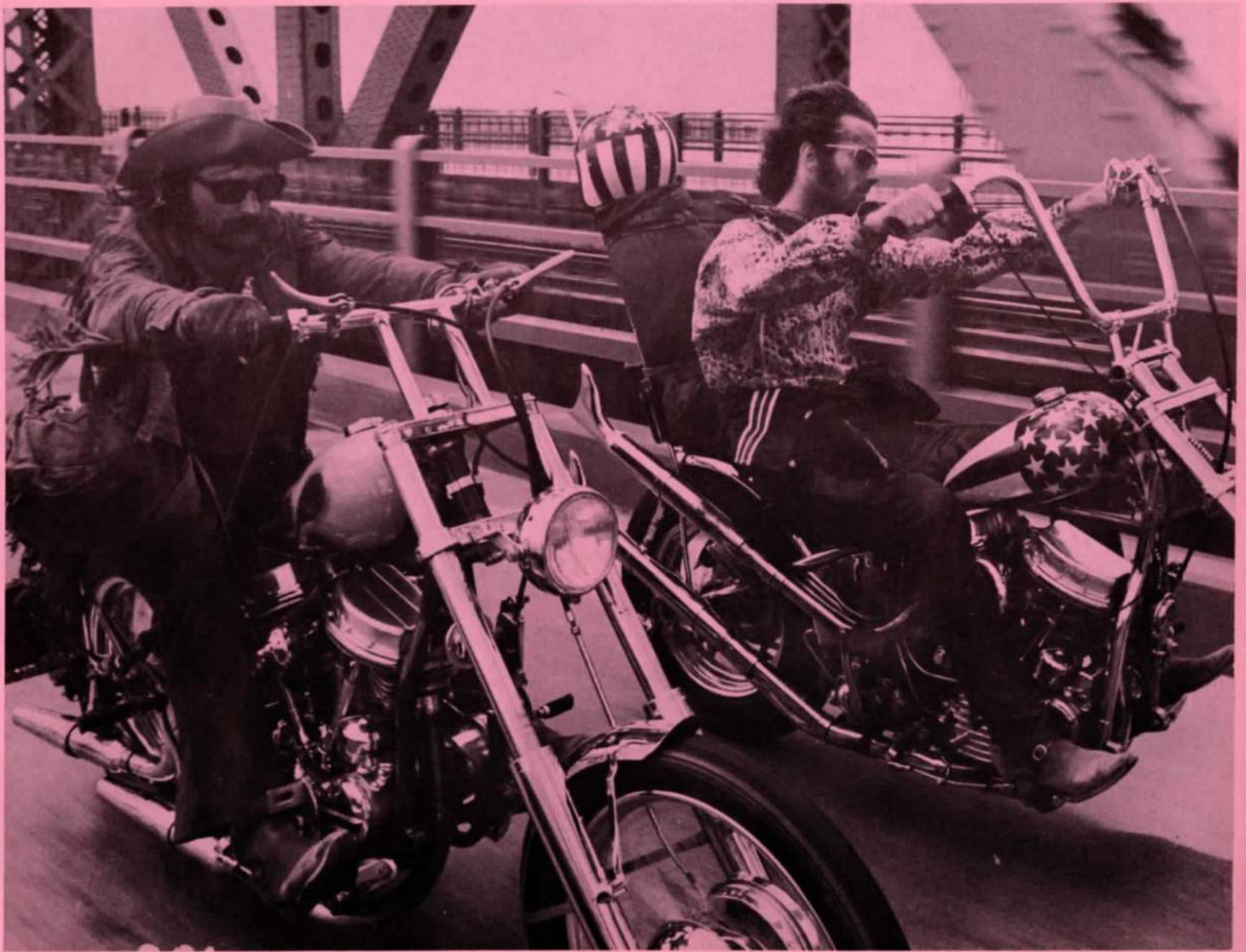
miss completely with the musical comedy fans. It would be a pity, but this show might have the same fate as that other excellent spoof — also with Joyce Blair, some years back, "Little Mary Sunshine".

Play It Again, Sam will provide a real treat for Dudley Moore fans and for those proverbial tired businessmen. And it is at these last that this show seems to be most specifically aimed, for it is packed with delicious girls and easy jokes, little else: a soufflé that has been shouted at, for — though it may have risen a little — the centre has decidedly fallen. American-Jewish comedian Woody Allen, not everyone's cup of tea anyway, wrote this show as a vehicle for himself, and he's still going strong in it on Broadway. Mr Moore has adapted it to suit his own talents for London, and in the adaptation a lot has been lost. The hero of the play, Sam, is a film critic whose wife has just left him. He wants to find, pretty rapidly, a replacement, and the plot — stretched even further than one would have thought possible — shows his feeble endeavours. This is all an excuse to get the girls on stage and to shovel in the cinematic jokes. But British audiences aren't so movie-mad as their Stateside counterparts, and even the transatlantic flow of U.S. comedy

television shows to this country hasn't shortened the distance between their humour and ours. Allen and Moore are, like their national humours, different. This may have been a better play left as it was. Dudley Moore is, though, as fey and loveable as ever and he is well supported by Lorna Heilbron and Bill Kerr as the ghost of Humphrey Bogart.

The Magistrate, Arthur Wing Pinero's farce, has arrived at the Cambridge as this year's Chichester transfer. The play is assured of a great success in London both because of the players and the plot. For who can fail to enjoy the sight of law and order emeshed in coils and nets of their own devising, and most especially when these forces are represented by a magistrate played by Alastair Sim?

Mr Sim plays a Magistrate who, late in life, has married a devious widow, Patricia Routledge, with a young son. The son, however, is not quite the junior his mater would make out — she has lopped some years off his age so as to appear younger herself — and his high jinks land all in trouble and in court. Alastair Sim and Patricia Routledge are surely the ideal Pinero players — imagine them as the Telfers in "Trelawny of the Wells" or as the rakish Lord and his schoolmistress wife in "The



Schoolmistress" — and they do this play full justice. Mr Sim gives an outstanding performance, a mass of nervous tics and gestures, Victorian but still human; and he is firmly matched by the rich comic playing of Miss Routledge. This is a completely enjoyable production which sets its sights neither too high or too low and which fully deserves every success. Sir John Clements directs, but the part he took at Chichester has been taken over by Robert Coote. "The Silver Tassis" was staged rather daringly by C. B. Cochran forty years ago with a brilliant cast that included Charles Laughton and the young Emyln Williams. The play, already refused an Irish première by Yeats, folded after eight weeks and has had to wait forty years for another London showing. It was given performances in Ireland in 1951 and aroused a great deal of hostility; and even today it is still a controversial play. Most of the play is concerned with the usual O'Casey Irish, tenement dwelling, Guinness swilling, loud, lively, coarse and undernourished — where the women suffer from childbearing and t.b., and the men from drink and football, and where the children run wild with snot trickling down their upper lip. It is

the second act which is so stark different and expressionist, and which is the cause of the trouble. After we have seen the valiant boys unwillingly march off to war we see them at war. It is a splendid scene, beautifully set by John Bury, and its anti-war, anti-waste implications lift it way above works like "Dingo" or "Oh, What A Lovely War". The remainder of the play has the heroes from the wars returning, broken and shattered, wasted and embittered, lyric, invalid and sad. The play isn't perfect by any means; it would almost be a fault if it were, but it is a towering monument, one which had to be disinterred and which is sure to spark off a revival of interest in O'Casey. Strong, detailed performances are given, amongst others, by Richard Moore, the footballing hero who loses the use of his legs in the war, Frances Cuka, and Patience Collier. Even Helen Mirren shows herself a better actress than usual and Sara Kestleman shows, once again, what a fine actress she is becoming. **Forty Years On** soldiers on at the Apollo where Emyln Williams has taken over the Gielgud role. Though he isn't the actor that would spring to mind for the role his individual playing makes it

something completely his own. There is no echo of Sir John. This is a livelier, though no less fusty, portrayal and one which is well worth seeing. Heather Chasen has taken over from Dorethy Reynolds and Nora Nicolson's replacement is Gwen Nelson. Author Alan Bennett remains in the play. **Papp**, Kenneth Cameron's anti-Catholic play has opened the Tenth Hampstead Theatre Club Season. This is worth a visit if only to see the exquisite set by Stefanos Lazaridis, all cobwebs, gilt, and faded glory. It is very much a camp play disguising itself as meat for the intellectual. It is worth seeing for some excellent jokes and some ideas which it is interesting to develop away from the theatre. **Peter Burton.**

K. D. Dufford hears **K. D. Dufford** ask **K. D. Dufford** how **K. D. Dufford** 'll make **K. D. Dufford** (by David Halliwell, a Quipu production at the Lamda Theatre Club). A clue to the thinking behind this intriguingly entitled new play by David Halliwell is to be found in the manifesto for Quipu Productions which he

founded with the Director, David Calderisi, in May 1966. In it they state: "Contemporary existence is fragmented and it is difficult for the individual to maintain a fixed view of himself and other people. We exist in a schizoid world. To express anything of this world the artist must be schizoid... Objective truth is unobtainable. We are subject to one another's shifting viewpoints. There are many views of the same phenomena. What goes on inside our heads is at least as important as what goes on outside them. The one-viewpoint-play can no longer deal with experience. Plays must enter into the minds of characters." This theory has provided David Halliwell with both the subject matter and the technique of his new play, in which he tells the story of the murder of an eight year old child. Keith Dufford (Kenneth Farrington) is a former warehouse worker from Yorkshire now eking out of his savings a lonely and paranoid existence in a London bedsitter. He desperately wants to prove to himself and to the world that he, K. D. Dufford, is not an insignificant human being destined to die without trace, and yet his paranoia prevents him from forming even the most fleeting contact with other



people, let alone the rest of the life outside his bedsitter which, the papers announce, is carrying on quite nicely without him. His enormous sense of failure is exploited by a fellow Yorkshireman, Geoffrey Thagney (Tim Preece), a compulsive talker who latches on to Dufford and takes him to meet the moronic Lubb family with and off whom he lives. Catching sight of their young child, Janet, Dufford realises in a flash the course of his own destiny and decides to create his own immortal legend by murdering the girl and filming it for posterity. This, briefly, is what happens; but the interest of the play is in the way in which the story is told through the various eyes of the characters concerned. Each sequence is re-enacted four or five times so that the 'relative' truth and meaning of the original incident is underlined. Dufford sees himself as a superman who, once decided upon the decisive act, controls and manipulates the course of events exactly as he wishes. He lures the girl to his room, orders Thagney to play his part as cameraman, and executes the murder with symbolic precision. Thagney's version however, considerably distorts the murder scene

and introduces an element of sexual perversion, whereas the girl's mother has looked upon the apparently polite and diffident Dufford as a potential Prince Charming who, by ridding her of her domestic purgatory (including her daughter), will lead her into a new existence. In addition to these angles on the story another dimension is provided by the glossy 'film version' of the celebrated murder case which contrasts forcibly with the recurrent film sequence of the actual violent murder scene as recorded on Dufford's own cine camera. Although this technique of dramatic narration is fresh and stimulating it does pose certain problems. Are we to take each version of the story as the way in which the characters told it to the world, or to themselves? How far are we to understand Thagney and the Lubb parents to be actually implicated in the murder? At times the author seems to indicate that the girl's murder is perhaps the result of a collective (if unconscious) intention on the part of all concerned. And if this is the case then the corollary would appear to be that all of us to some degree are capable of sharing in the violence of Dufford's action; or if not of sharing, then we are



at least guilty of publicising, manipulating, and exploiting the act for our own purposes. K. D. Dufford attempted to immortalise his own legend and shock the world: he ends up merely entertaining it.

FILMS

Easy Rider

(Cert. X. Colour. 95 minutes).

A frightening view of America and her attitudes. Dennis Hopper directed and it won for him an award at the Cannes Film Festival for the best film by a new director. Hopper also plays a leading part with Peter Fonda. They are two 'free' personalities crossing America on motor cycles to get to New Orleans in time for Mardi Gras. The trip is financed by the illegal sale of hard drugs. Their experiences across the country are by turn happy, tragic and violent. So much space has been given to this film and Messrs. Hopper and Fonda, any more would be superfluous. A marvellous social documentary, beautifully photographed, powerfully directed. Much of the dialogue is ad-libbed and it works. You'll probably

need to be patient and queue.

Battle of Britain

(Cert. U. Colour. 131 mins.)

'Battle of Britain', which could very easily be sub-titled *Battle for Britain*, is an oh-so exciting account of the sixteen weeks when the Allies were at the mercy of the Hun! The British fighter strength was 600, the Luftwaffe's 2,500 and it was only thanks to German blunders that Britain pulled through. If there hadn't been so many Bosch mistakes, all the heroism in the world — and there was plenty — couldn't have done the trick. The air battles are superbly photographed and horrifyingly realistic. Also beautifully illustrated are the 'dog-fights' on the ground as well as in the air: these happened so frequently on both sides, it's little short of a miracle that any form of success was achieved. Several well-known names appear in the film, but it's the airplanes that are the real stars. United Artists should certainly get their money back on this one — it's a natural for those who were there, and also for those who are curious — even though they feel they shouldn't be — about what it was like at the time. A little clinical in approach perhaps, but a terribly well produced and directed movie.



Laughter In The Dark

(Cert. X. Colour. 104 minutes.)

Wealthy art dealer Sir Edward More (Nicol Williamson) forms an uncontrollable passion for Margot (Anna Karina), a sleazy cinema usherette/slut. Taking every possible opportunity to visit the tatty cinema where she works, he finally engineers a meeting, promises her a flat and his protection. Sir Edward's wife (Sian Phillips) discovers the liaison and walks out taking their small daughter (Kate O'Toole) with her. He then moves his new mistress into the house. But Margot arranges for her other lover, Hervé (Jean-Claude Drouot) to move in as Sir Edward's assistant. Hervé poses as a homosexual to avert suspicion (!!) and between them the lovers start to bleed Sir Edward financially. Disaster! When on holiday, a motoring accident causes Sir Edward to lose his sight and Margot promises to stay with him. They move into a villa with Hervé as a silent third party, and thereafter the film moves into the blackest of black comedies. Nicol Williamsgives a compelling performance as the dupe. Anna Karina looks tarty enough, but could have been so much more blowzy. Jean-Claude Drouot is about as menacing as Fernandel.

How the Graduate became a Midnight Cowboy and learned to love soufflés

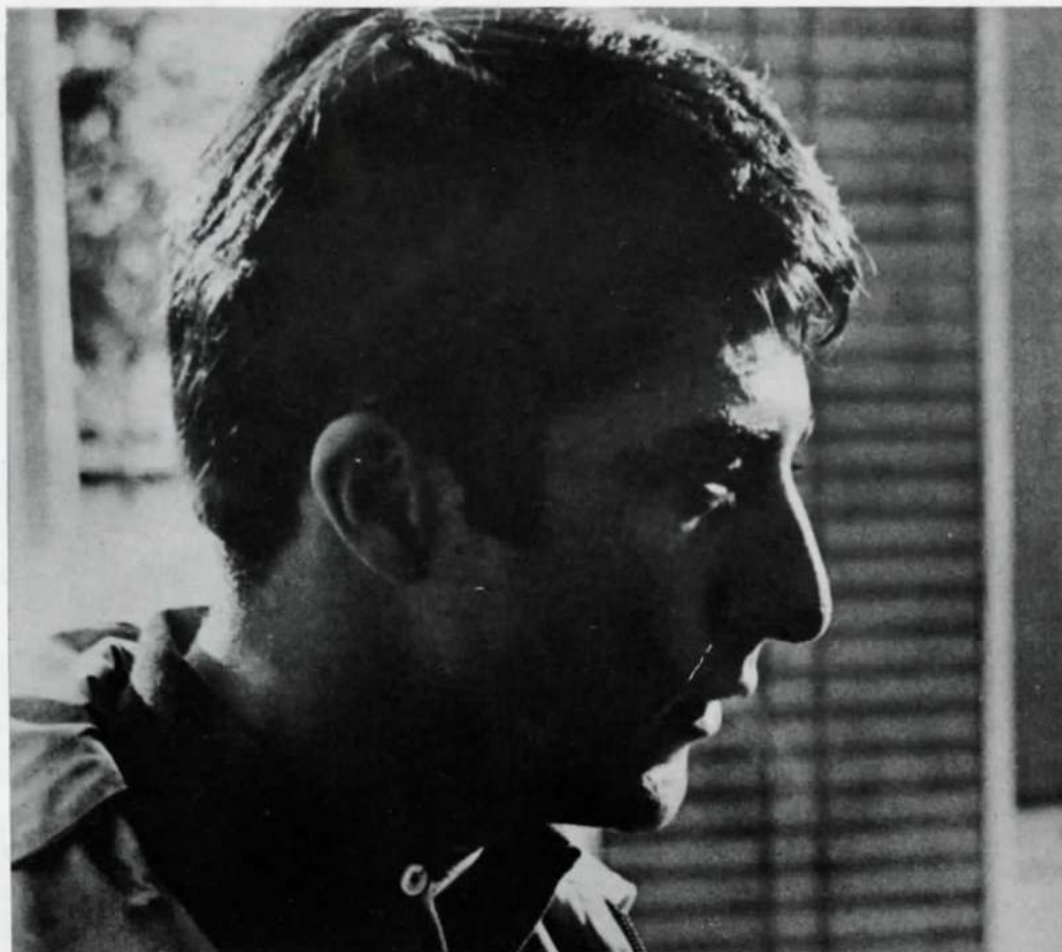
Last month *Jeremy* told the story of *Midnight Cowboy* and the love affair between Ratso and Joe. Now Jane Wilson looks closer at Dustin Hoffman, the star who played Ratso. She interviewed the anti-hero of '69 in New York.



'Film acting seems to me a very female profession... you are used, told what to do and how to think.'

It had taken several weeks to arrange an interview with Dustin Hoffman. First he was filming *Midnight Cowboy* in Manhattan, then he opened on Broadway in the comedy *Jimmy Shine*, and now he was out in the further reaches of the Bronx making *John and Mary* with Mia Farrow. Things had not been going well. Shooting was behind schedule, and Hoffman was reportedly in a state of terminal exhaustion brought on by the Great New York Thespian Feat, which involves filming all day and packing a Broadway theatre every night. His part in *Jimmy Shine* required continuous frenzied activity, some piano playing, a few songs, and a bout of energetic dancing with beer cans strapped to the soles of his feet. It kept him on stage, centre stage, every minute of the evening. The studio had paid off the theatre to release him from matinees, and had provided a limousine to whirl his overtaxed person from bed-to-set-to-stage-to-bed-to-set-to-stage for six nights and days each week. Meanwhile, New York columnists alternated between respectful accounts of the sums of money he was to be paid for future films, and waspish comments suggesting that he was getting decidedly uppity.

Hoffman's cavernous limousine had been sent to transport me out to the Bronx, and as the slums slid by outside the tinted windows I prepared myself for a bad scene at the Biograph Studios. He was now granting two half-hour audiences a week – while he had his lunch. Mia Farrow, true to form, was not seeing anyone at all. Apparently the two stars got on well enough, though he had been quoted as saying that he tended to avoid all conversation about meditation. His own preferred form of introspection, when



he had the leisure, was a daily session on the analyst's couch.

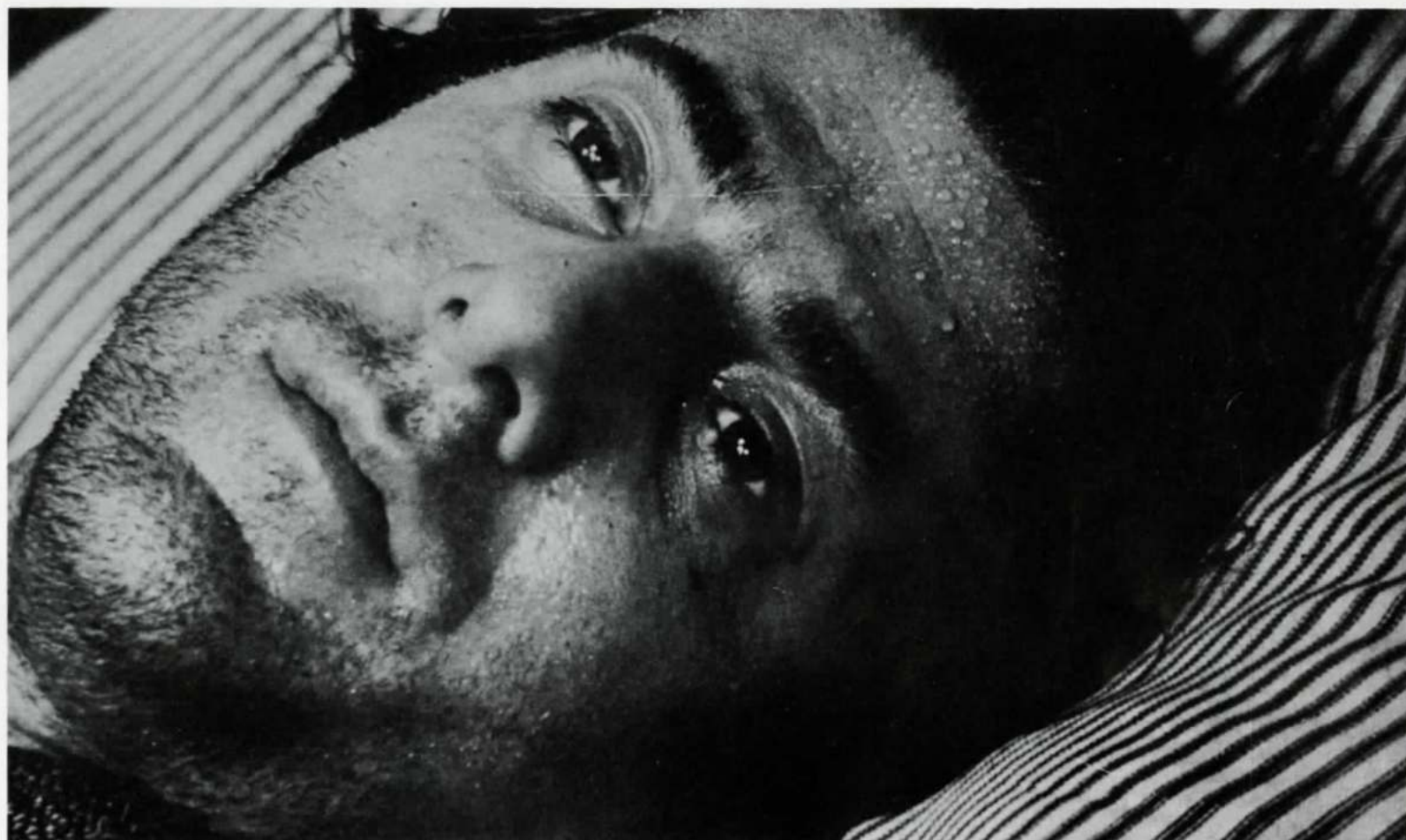
Hoffman was in his dressing room, limply contemplating a steak and salad. He pushed the latter across the table to me, as a gesture of goodwill and welcome. He is small, too small certainly for hero or lover, and a good head smaller than Vanessa Redgrave, as he had gamely demonstrated by appearing on stage with her at the Academy Awards. He recently referred to himself as "a stump of a man", in astonished response to a tailoring company's suggestion that he should model some of their suits. His face is ordinary, adenoidal, and slightly lugubrious, but he has about him now the sexy gloss and confidence of new-born success. Beneath the orange make-up he was obviously tired, so it seemed friendly, as I ate his salad, to inquire after his health. "I asked the doctor for some shots of vitamin B12 to give me energy," he said, prodding his steak, "but he said just to eat a balanced diet and maybe have an iced coffee with plenty of sugar in it before the show in the evenings. I didn't want to work this hard, but I had to make *John and Mary* now. *Midnight Cowboy*, in which I play a bum, will be released next month, and then it will be maybe a year and a half until *Little Big Man* comes out, and in that I play an old man in a mental hospital. So my manager kept on at me to do this picture in between – 'You gotta come back as a human being!' he said."

John and Mary is about two human beings who pick each other up in a New York bar and, pausing only to determine whether it shall be his place of hers, go straight home to bed. Next morning they set about making one another's acquaintance. A modern love story in which the usual dénouement comes

almost before the credits. Hoffman likes character parts best, but his manager thinks that the fans want him back as he was in *The Graduate* – more or less. Hoffman may in fact have a better instinct about this. The film industry is in a state of shock about the box office success of movies without stars, like *The Graduate*, and *If . . .*. What these films do have are the new faces of good young actors rather than the expensive presence of familiar stars, who come to each new role trailing clouds of old associations from earlier films.

Hoffman had had his daydreams about becoming a star, but he certainly had never thought of himself as a potential sex symbol. Now he reacts to his female fans with baffled enjoyment. "It was quite a new thing, and very titillating, to have girls come up to me on the street. Every time it happens I'm flattered, though I know it has nothing to do with me. I guess these young girls feel they can act out their fantasies at me because they know I'm inaccessible. I'm not going to do anything. But at the theatre one night there was this girl who came backstage and started throwing her arms around me and saying she wanted me and all that. So I said 'Okay – you want to come back to my apartment right now?' She was terrified – but I'm sure there are some who'd say 'You bet'. I don't understand it, and I started to think back and wonder if there was ever anyone who impressed me that much. Once I saw Eleanor Roosevelt! I was checking coats in a theatre, and she gave me hers. I remember thinking 'This is Eleanor Roosevelt's coat! Boy!' I guess that's about the nearest I've ever been to what these kids seem to feel.

"Often when they came up to me in the



street they would just say 'Are you The Graduate?' They didn't even know my name, and I could see in their eyes that as far as they were concerned they really were talking to Benjamin Braddock. I realised, suddenly, how easy it would be to go along with this, to let them think I am that innocent person who walks around with *The Sounds Of Silence* playing in the background all the time. That's one way your private self could get completely taken over by your public self. It's very seductive. I wonder if James Dean became the myth in that way. It must be dangerous because then you would begin to feel omnipotent — since you *are* the myth, you can't die."

Hoffman's easy reference to James Dean just about dates him. He is fully 31 years old, says he feels square, can't dance (offstage), feels panicky in discotheques, hates parties — "What are they for?" — and never notices a new fashion until it's on its way out. "I've always thought of myself as being behind the times somehow. I'm just not attracted to whatever it is that's going on right now. The Fifties, when I was in my teens, were very dull — so sometimes I think it must be marvellous to be 18 years old today. But then the mass media spend so much time glorifying and exploiting the whole youth thing that I end up sick of it. There seem to be only two words at the moment — 'beautiful' and 'groovy' — and I hate them both."

During the filming of *The Graduate* Hoffman was nagged by a feeling that he was much too old for the part. "I told Mike Nichols that I was worried that the audience just wasn't going to buy it that I was supposed to be 21 years old. So I looked at the part as a character role really, and tried to remember

how I felt when I was that age back in 1958. I made no attempt at all to give it a feeling of the Sixties. I've made a film that exploded, but I'm not responsible. I happen to be the actor who was in it, and anybody else who had been cast in that part would have had happen to him what has happened to me. Whatever it was that made young people grab on to that picture was Mike Nichols's doing, not mine."

The idea of responsibility, or anyhow of some definite relationship between how he behaves and what happens to him, seems to be very important to Hoffman at the moment — perhaps because things have been happening to him so fast recently. Since he so emphatically denies responsibility for the success of *The Graduate*, I asked when he expected to feel less passive about the progress of his career. "With *Midnight Cowboy* — that's *my* character. I loved that part so much — the limp, the dreadful New York accent, the plate of bad teeth, everything. I don't know how *Cowboy* will do commercially, but it's a good film. Supposing it's badly received, knocked all over the place, and I'm really slammed by the critics — that'll take care of me. They'll agree, finally, that *The Graduate* was all Mike Nichols." Hoffman's enthusiasm for his part in *Midnight Cowboy* may be gauged by the fact that it is really a supporting role (although he gets equal billing with Jon Voight, who plays the title role), and it is one which he accepted about the time when *The Graduate* really began to take off "I used to say to myself that if ever I became a star I would still be an artist — that I would go after a particular role and that I wouldn't care how small it was if it was a really good one. But now I see that this just isn't going to be so — I

do care how small the part is. I saw *Cowboy* recently, and I sat there thinking — 'Jeez — I wish I was on the screen a bit more. Jon Voight's on the screen an awful lot — boy, this picture really is about *him*.' I think now that if a small character part came along that I liked I probably wouldn't do it, and I'd rationalise it by saying to myself that I'd rather save that character for a big part some day, and not waste it now."

Later, when I had seen a preview of *Midnight Cowboy*, it seemed quite unlikely that Hoffman could be in much doubt about either the film's success or that of his own performance. He plays a repellent small-time con-man and pilferer, sick, crippled, rat-like and filthy, barely surviving alone in the unimaginable squalor of a boarded-up New York slum tenement. Enrico Rizzo is to be seen and heard every day in the run-down bars and cafés and on the sidewalks of the seedier parts of New York. Hoffman has minutely observed every gesture, mannerism and whining accent — and he makes a tragic and riveting figure of this piece of city flotsam. It is an astonishing piece of acting, and one guaranteed to thoroughly discourage all fans of Benjamin Braddock. But now he was clean-shaven, and playing a human being again, at his manager's request, so I asked him about his feelings of responsibility for the current picture, *John and Mary*. Hoffman scrutinised his shoes under the table. "Well — this one is more the director's really, more Peter Yates's." In his pre-*Graduate* Off-Broadway acting days, Hoffman had had a very bad reputation with directors. The moment seemed appropriate to broach this subject. He was very cool about it. "That's true," he said. "I used to go

crazy with directors before I had this success. Now they leave me alone a bit, so it isn't as bad as it used to be." Apparently it was still bad enough for the director of *Jimmy Shine* to leave in a huff just before that show opened on Broadway. "I always knew I was right in the decisions I was making," he went on, "and that they were simply *wrong*. But they get panicky when they don't know anything about you. So the first two good parts I had Off-Broadway the directors wanted me fired. Fortunately they were fired first by the producers. I don't know... the guy who has the creative power is the director, so you have to have a great deal of envy for that guy. Film acting, in particular, seems to me to be a very *female* profession, in the sense that you are used, told what to do and how to think. You're fussed over, you don't have any control over how the film is going to be made, or what takes of you are going to be used. You're like a toy in a doll's house."

Hoffman has in fact done some directing, and was working as a lowly assistant director Off-Broadway when his career, as he puts it, "began to turn". At college in California he took some courses in acting simply as a distraction from his failures in other subjects. By that time he had given up an earlier ambition to be a concert pianist — "I just hadn't the discipline" — and was thinking of taking up medicine. By contrast a little light acting seemed most relaxing. "For the first time I had found something I could do without much pain. It wasn't any great positive choice, yet once I got into it I found I had the discipline. But I always thought I would be a director eventually, that I would act only long enough to get a good knowledge of the stage."

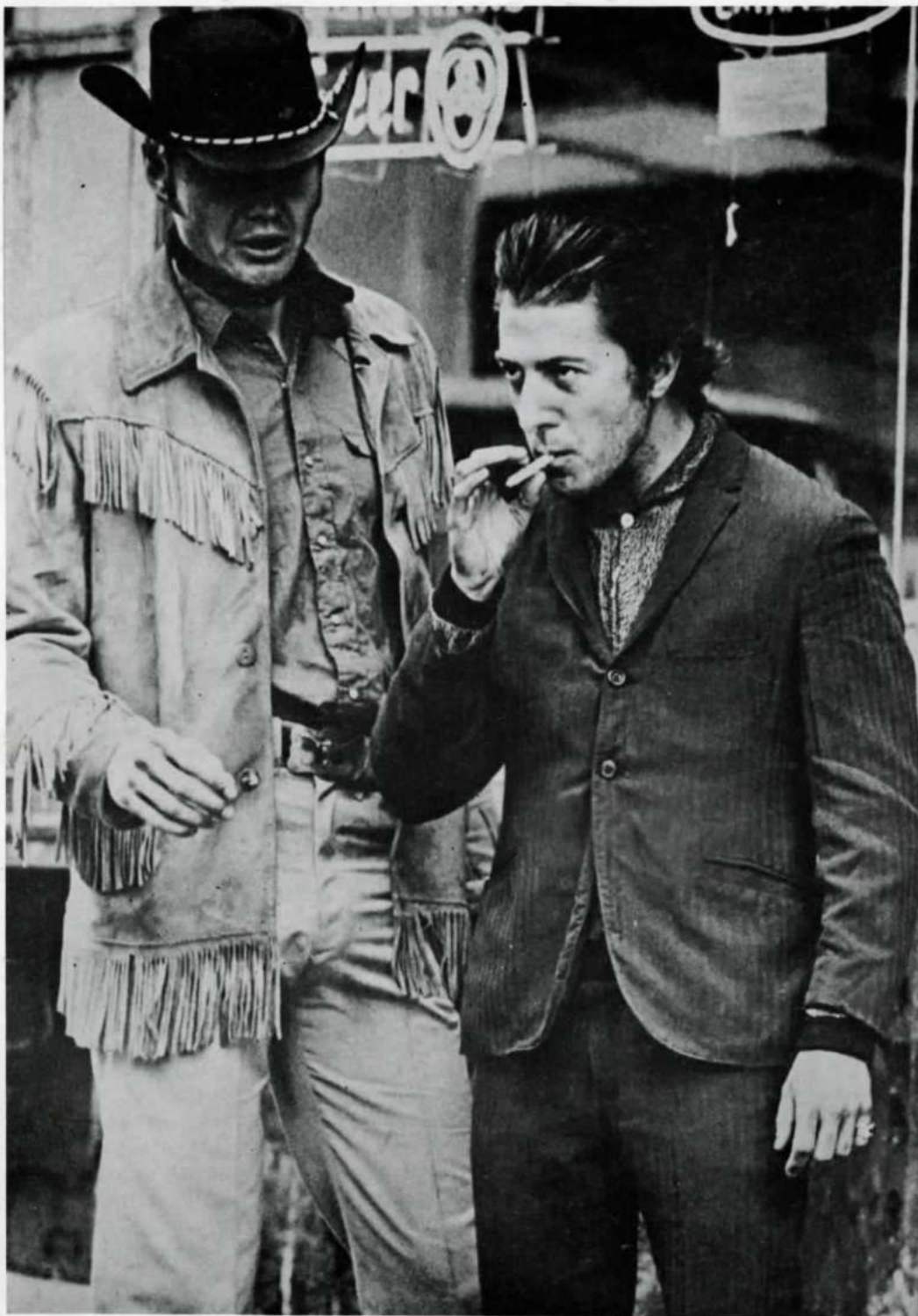
As it turned out, when he arrived hopefully in New York at the age of 20, he couldn't get enough work to earn a living, let alone learn anything. The early Sixties were his Years of Struggle. He slept on floors in friends' apartments, got into debt, checked Eleanor Roosevelt's coat, and did all the usual casual labours that fall to the lot of the resting actor, together with one or two less usual ones such as a job in a mental hospital where his duties ranged from playing Scrabble with the patients to holding them down for shock therapy. By the time he became assistant director of *A View From The Bridge* in 1964 he had given up any idea of an approach to direction via acting. But out of the blue he was asked to read for the part of a homosexual in a play called *Harry, Noon And Night*, and to his surprise he got it. Eight months later he played a very old man in *The Journey Of The Fifth Horse*, and then in May 1966 he opened in *Eh?* For this he won a prophetic note from Stanley Kauffman in the *New York Times* — "Mr Hoffman is only in his twenties. Perhaps — the insanities of the theatre world permitting — we will be allowed to watch an extraordinary career develop." At some point between the closing of *Eh?* and the filming of *The Graduate*, Hoffman took five weeks off in Italy to make something called *Madigan's Millions*, produced by Sidney Pink. Something of the quality of this movie may be deduced from the fact that it has yet to surface in an attempt to take advantage of the unexpected sudden fame of one of its stars. Hoffman has never voluntarily mentioned this screen debut in an interview, and it was



at first generally assumed that *The Graduate* was his first movie. Joe Levine offered to buy up *Madigan's Millions* at one point, but Hoffman didn't think it was quite *that* embarrassing. He was paid a round and handy 5000 dollars for the job, and after years of scratching around for survival Off-Broadway, it must have seemed a royal sum.

Now, of course, he is a corporation, with accountants and a business manager who invests his money and sends him monthly statements of how much he has got, how much he has spent, and how much he is likely to have next month. To date he hasn't had the time to do much spending, but a serene and beatific expression settles on his face whenever he thinks about his money. "To realise that suddenly you're wealthy, and that hopefully you're going to be even wealthier — it's a terrific feeling!" Hoffman was paid 20,000 dollars for his performance

in *The Graduate*; but tax and his debts took care of three-quarters of that. Within a few months he was back collecting his 55 dollars a week on the unemployment line. His price per picture now is about 250,000 dollars — and rising fast. Hoffman comes of standard middle-class Californian tennis-playing stock — his father has his own furniture business — and he evidently adapts fast. He remarked, rather querulously, that he only gets 20 cents in the dollar after tax on anything he earns over 200,000 dollars a year. But for the moment his bank account means only a warm glow in the pit of the stomach, an end to desperate arithmetic in the head, and a certainty that life in the future is going to be easier in all sorts of small ways. Hoffman thinks of money as a way of speeding things up, of cutting corners, and he also hopes that his new economic status will give a boost to his chances of becoming a director. "I think everything will be easier



now. It's all a matter of economic power. If they feel you have the draw, that your name can make people pay money, then there is also an idea that this name can be transferred, so to speak, to other areas, that it can do something quite different and will still make money and attract people. Of course if you try something else and fall on your face — then suddenly you can't do anything. People are very impressed by any kind of power. The reason I don't go to parties now is that I get a feeling that I'm being paid more attention than I'm due. When you're in a conversation and you're nobody, you can say something foolish without being paid special heed. But when you have the power of stardom, and you drop some inane remark, there's always going to be someone who'll say 'How interesting!' instead of just letting it go by."

Hoffman congratulates himself on not having exploited his success in *The Graduate*

with endorsements and commercials. "Get what you can! Certainly. But at the same time shrewdness, quite apart from anything to do with artistic integrity, tells me that I will have more longevity, and more respect, the straighter I play it. Of course my responsibilities are only to myself at the moment. Comes the day when I marry and have children, and start to fill out that fantasy I've always had of a home and family, then it's going to get tougher because suddenly you really want that money." Hoffman's domestic and familial fantasies are evidently strong. At the time when I interviewed him he was living in a Greenwich Village apartment with his girl friend of the past three years and her five-year-old daughter. He remarked, in passing but with great seriousness and obvious satisfaction, that they had recently bought an excellent washing machine. As soon as *John and Mary* was finished

Hoffman married his girl and set out for a long honeymoon in Europe. Thinking ahead to the expenses of matrimony he had already pondered various possibilities for selling out, and notably that of being offered an incredible amount of money to do a really bad, awful film. "I know I wouldn't do it, but I'd like to see it happen. I'd like to be tested." He is oddly preoccupied with tests of one sort or another, and with different forms of courage and cowardice. One of the reasons for his strenuous objections to being made a symbol is that he thinks that anyone said to be such should have shown some special courage. "I haven't done anything at all courageous. I heard that the Italian Anti-Defamation League were giving United Artists some trouble over *Midnight Cowboy* because of the name of the character I play — Enrico Rizzo. I had a little fantasy about this. I imagined a couple of Mafia guys coming up to me after the picture opens and saying — 'Don't you ever do a part like that again, right!' The first thing I would do would be to say 'You're right, absolutely right, definitely right. I'll do anything you say. Just don't hit me!'"

In the studio after lunch the sad stand-ins for Mia Farrow and Dustin Hoffman — ordinary, homely approximations in size and shape — were disposing themselves about the set at the direction of Peter Yates, while the cameraman prepared for the next take. Miss Farrow sat plumb in the middle of everything on a stool, strumming on a guitar, singing softly to herself, and ignoring everyone. She wore a babyish dark brown dress with an old-fashioned lace collar, and she looked alarmingly delicate and neurasthenic. The scene was to be in John's bachelor apartment in New York. He had cooked dinner for Mary. To one side of the set an elegant glass table was laid for dinner, apparently by a champion table-dresser from *Ladies Home Journal*. From the opposite side of the room Dustin Hoffman entered, wearing an oven glove and bearing a perfectly risen soufflé. As he served this to Miss Farrow, they talked lightly about common difficulties in following the diagrams in manuals of sexual technique. Then they discussed the loss of Mary's virginity at the age of 16 to a boy scout. For the first few takes there were problems with positioning Hoffman during the serving of the soufflé. Attempting to follow directions he contorted himself horribly and fell off his chair. Miss Farrow giggled at all the wrong moments in the fatuous dialogue. With each new take yet another perfect soufflé appeared, and each time Hoffman and Miss Farrow had to eat some more of it. He began to get impatient, to clown around, and to embroider his part of the script, pushing it from tenuous decency into ribaldry. Noisy guffaws broke out from all hands in the studio, and I remembered that he had said he would rather make people laugh than move them to more complicated emotions. When the director shouted: "Okay — can I see Mia in her eating position once again," Hoffman muttered "Okay, let's get on with it! There's a whole world waiting outside!" When the final shout of "Cut!" announced that the take had at last been successfully completed, Hoffman happened to have a mouth full of soufflé. He gave a savage and exultant yell of relief, and the soufflé went flying, most disgustingly, in all directions.

Gay Power!

Gays of the world unite! And take inspiration from the new militance that has been stirring in America this summer. The New York Review of Sex reports on the gay demonstrations that followed a recent attempt by a police raiding party to close down The Stonewall Bar, one of the favourite haunts of New York gays.

Rocky Longo was standing in Washington Square Park last Sunday listening to speeches about gay power, when an affectionate friend came along and asked him if he cared to participate in an afternoon of discreet homophile adventure.

"Later baby," Rocky said. "Right now I'm here to demonstrate for gay power!"

Marvo Margo Dubrovnick was standing there smoking a Virginia Slim, when an old sweetheart asked him where she he got his her summer wardrobe.

"Later, dahling," Margo said, flicking his her cigarette holder. "I'm here to demonstrate for gay powher!"

There are nearly one million gay people in this city and 800,000 people, if organised properly, can pretty well get whatever they want.

Marty Robinson, the Mattachine Society.

Olivia Dram was standing there too, when a straight male individual asked her if she wanted to make sweet love with him in a nearby bush.

"Go fuck off," she said. "I ain't got no use for your limp ego! I'm here to demonstrate for gay power!"

Sigkraw the Indian was standing there gnashing his teeth and tearing his hair, wishing that *someone, somewhere* would do *something* beside demonstrate for gay power.

"It's a hoax!" he cried. "Damned fags aren't

even holding hands. Nobody's even looking up the chick's skirts. How's a pornographer supposed to get a story out of this?"

Sigkraw was right, there was no work for a pornographer at the gay power rally last Sunday. It was all part of the "new" self-conception homosexuals in the city are trying to attain for themselves, mainly that of decent, godfearing tax-paying folks, a little different than the rest of us perhaps, but deserving of as much respect as any members of the community. Gay power is the name of the game, and while it might take sum unliberated heterosexuals a little time to get used to the idea, apparently it's here to stay. The movement developed rather suddenly after the police attempted to close the Stonewall Inn on Christopher Street, a month ago. The Stonewall, a homosexual gathering place of wide popularity was classified as a club, and did not have a liquor license, giving the police the perfect excuse they needed to move in - which they did, arresting certain gay cats, and threatening those who failed to see the humor in the situation. Outraged local citizens, patrons of the hall, protested the event, leading to the great Stonewall riot during which the homosexuals as a group threw off some of their "sissy" image commonly accepted in the lesser suburbs and demonstrated some solidarity with each other for the first time in history.

Sunday afternoon was only one of a series of rallies and meetings designed to perpetuate the new togetherness. Leaflets were distributed:

HOMOSEXUALS ARE COMING TOGETHER AT LAST

To examine how we are oppressed and how we oppress ourselves.

To fight for gay control of gay business.

To publish our own newspaper.

THE STREETS, BARS, PARK BELONG TO THE PEOPLE!

GAY POWER TO GAY PEOPLE!

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

and: Whether your way is "straight" or "gay" all people were created by God.

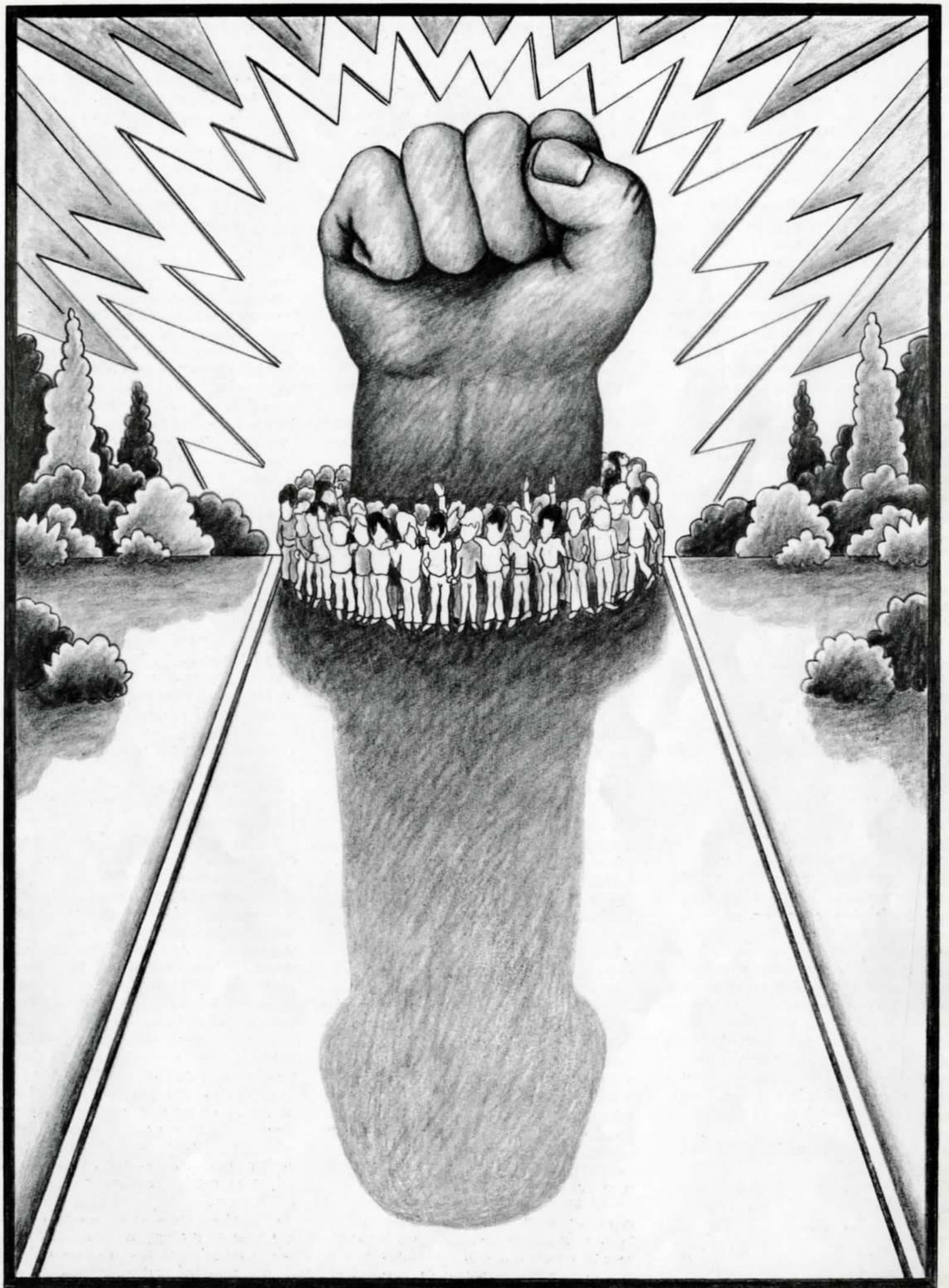
Sigkraw the Indian was not a gay power advocate, in fact he was a noted heterosexual rapist famous for his All-american masculine approach to life's little problems, mainly mad flight from them, so he sat in the shade of the cool banyan tree and tried desperately to avoid bodily contact with the homosexuals. Just yards away, though, 500 men and women of all persuasions, but mostly gay; listened to Martha Skelly, Marty Robinson and Sister Marlane expound on the why's and wherefore's of gay power.

'Those who are limp of wrist are at it again.' ABC News.

"The homosexual has been beaten and blackmailed for 2,000 years," Martha Skelly said. "Now he's tired! He's tired of having no voice in the government, he's tired of being the scapegoat everytime a reign of terror is instituted! He's not a criminal! He deserves an equal place in society! And we're ready to take that place! During the Stonewall riot, I'm proud to say you showed all these people just how far this 'sissy queen' image can be carried by sending 4 cops to the hospital!"

"Yey, Martha!"





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Marty Robinson was next – and he too spoke about the power homosexuals might have in the near future if they organize properly. He also attacked the common fear of homosexuals in straight middle-class areas.

"They don't want to know about our kind of love! They don't want to know about *any* kind of love! We have a lot to offer this society, not only in the arts, but from the point of view of our own culture! We can give this country new ideas!"

The recipients of this oratory were wildly appreciative. One fellow began walking towards the speakers, singing "What the world needs now – is love, sweet love." When the sheer bulk of the crowd prevented him from getting any closer to the core of the event, he began talking about his LSD experiences, then he began singing again, then Olivia Dram, with all the money she has, told him to shut up, that people were trying to hear the speech.

"I'll be quiet," he said. "Very sorry, very sorry."

"Then shut up already," Olivia said.

Sister Marlane, another female advocate of the cause, and a current candidate for Mayor of New York on the Salvation Party Ticket, pulled up on roller skates to say a few words. Two young fellows wearing lavender armbands helped her remove the skates.

"While you're down there, honey . . ." she said coyly, patting the left fellow on the head. He arose and told the crowd, "She doesn't have what I like," to which laughter and applause were generously awarded. She patted him on the head once more.

"The government has got to get out of the morality business!" she said to wild cheering.

"I'm for legalizing prostitution . . . for legalizing drugs! We have the right to be wrong! I'm running on the Salvation Party Ticket – I'd like to extend the city limits – share the garbage with everybody else!"

They let her know they dug her.

"I'll love you all – one at a time!"

"Whoaaa!" they cried.

Then an impromptu march on the Stonewall was arranged. The lavender armbands were distributed around, the people lined up, with Robinson and Skelly in front, and two men carrying a homophile banner, then they were off – moving down the block, on the sidewalk very orderly but noisy. Sigkraw the Indian, with the poor sense of humour typical of his ilk, refused the armband, and followed the parade along from across the street for fear that his picture would be snapped marching with the homosexuals, and his reputation ruined among the dens of harlotry that he frequents. I, of course, accompanied Olivia Dram on the march – in her MG sports car, with a bottle of *Tango* in the glove compartment. That's what you call being liberated. Eh, folks?

As they marched along, chants were offered:

"Give me a G!"

"G!"

"Give me an A!"

"A!"

"Give me a Y!"

"Y!"

"Give me a P!"

"P!" – etc.

"What do they spell?"

"Gay Power!"

"Gay, gay power to the gay, gay, people!"

"We're fags and we love it," they shouted with arrogance, as they passed the patrons of O. Henry's, sitting outdoors on Fourth Street. Olivia and I pulled up and commenced with our serious reporting.

"Do you know what this is all about?" I asked a man sitting with wife or paramour at an outside table.

"I know what it is," he said with a twinkle in his eye that rapidly turned to an evil gleam.

"What do you think about it?" I asked.

"I think someone is in bad need of help. I think some of these people should actually be committed to publicly directed institutions."

"That's a typical attitude," I said. "It's ignorant and it's malicious. What do you do for a living?"

"What's with you fella?" he asked me. "Are you one of those people?"

"Why no," I said very defensively. "But to tell you the truth, I do enjoy doing it now and then with *Beasts of burden*, ho, ho, ho."

With that I whipped my bottle of *Tango* around and splashed him in the face; then Olivia and I split for her car where we hopped in and pulled off immediately, leaving dust and chaos behind us.

"HO, HO, HO," I cried as we rode into the sun. As it happened, there was an onslaught on the Stonewall, although a small rally was conducted in the park across the street closing with "We shall Overcome," a song which though it has been recorded and sung the world over, is still open to new vocal interpretations – as proven last Sunday:

We'll walk hand and hand . . .

We'll walk hand and hand . . .

We'll walk hand in hand someday, ay, ay,

Oh deep in my heart,

I do believe,

That we shall overcome someday."

"It's not funny," Marty Robinson told me during an interview at the headquarters of the Mattachine Society on the upper West Side.

"There are nearly one million gay people in this city – and 800,000 people if organized properly, can pretty well get whatever they want."

"What do you want?" I asked, getting it all down to the most basic level.

"We want our parks and our bars, the right to cruise, we want to be accepted as adult citizens of this society, with respectable roles to fill."

"We've gotten together mostly for self-protection. When there is a crackdown we're the first to go. The freedoms of the last 3 years are illusions. We don't seek police confrontations, we want power in the legislature, economic power – you hear people talking about civil liberties of everyone else, but you never hear people talking about *homosexual* civil liberties!"

"Well, what people hold your movement together? Do you attract, say, the cat with a family in Scarsdale, who just comes down to New York occasionally, and gets into it?"

"There are a lot of homosexuals who can't or

won't come to a rally, but who realize the benefit of a strictly constructive movement – they spend money – money which gives ability to do things."

"You talked about economic power and possibly boycotting a place like Bloomingdale's – do you have any strict plans for something like this?"

"No – what would be the point of something destructive like that?" We're a *constructive* movement, we don't plan to be destructive in any fashion if we can help it."

"But you want the power to do it if you have to . . ."

"Yes, like in Brooklyn, the *Brooklyn Heights Press* got together with the Jehovah's witnesses and started a campaign to close down the Promenade to homosexuals. They played upon people's ignorant fear – upon the whole law and order hangup. Well, the homosexuals got together with a circulation and advertising boycott of that paper, the Promenade was not only re-opened, the editor of the paper – a woman – was fired from her job."

"Isn't it true that gay bars in the west Village area are exploited by the mafia?" It sure is.

"The state liquor authority works hand in hand with the mafia on exploiting the homosexual. And, what's worse, they do it along legal lines – a complete and secure monopoly. If you're not in the right location, or you don't play along with them—they close up."

"Wouldn't that be one of your goals, then, to end that kind of scene?"

"Yes, but our first goals are to get the homosexuals together, to win respectability, then to end some of the harsh and repressive laws such as the anti-sodomy statute. To secure the right to equal employment, to end the anti-soliciting laws – nothing should be criminal! We shouldn't be subject to harrassment from the police."

"Will you align yourselves with the movements, such as Women's Liberation, or the Black Panthers?"

"That's where we have a problem. We couldn't align ourselves with the Black Panthers – too many homosexuals are politically averse to it. Besides, the homosexual is *very vulnerable* to backlash; we try to avoid provoking people. The Stonewall incident was a spontaneous expression of anger, but we avoid any kind of direct confrontation. I'm in this to win, to gain something, not to lose. I'm thinking of the benefit of the homosexual at all times. They wanted to march on the Sixth Precinct, but that would have gained nothing for us. The police have pretty much left us alone for the past six months – they just come once a night and tell us to move from the river, then we drift back in. We don't want to do anything that would result in the closing of our parks, or bars. And it's the same thing – if we went along with say, 'Free the Panther 21'; it's related in a way, but we'd only lose support – the backlash would be more visible against us. We're using our heads – we don't want our heads busted, we don't want to lose what we already have. I know that seems selfish and self-serving – we *do* want a better world but we can't endorse just any groups."



LOTUS EATER

The modern lotus eater
must survive
far from nectar beds
of amarynth and asphodel.
He must contend with
city smoke and daily grime
and all the pain of worrying.
But through it all
he still can live,
and love as gods do,
carelessly.

A contemporary idyll
by Johnny Clamp
and Alfred, Lord Tennyson.
His clothes by John Stephen.
Her clothes by Quorum.





"Round and round the spicy downs the yellow lotus-dust is blown.
We have had enough of action and of motion we."

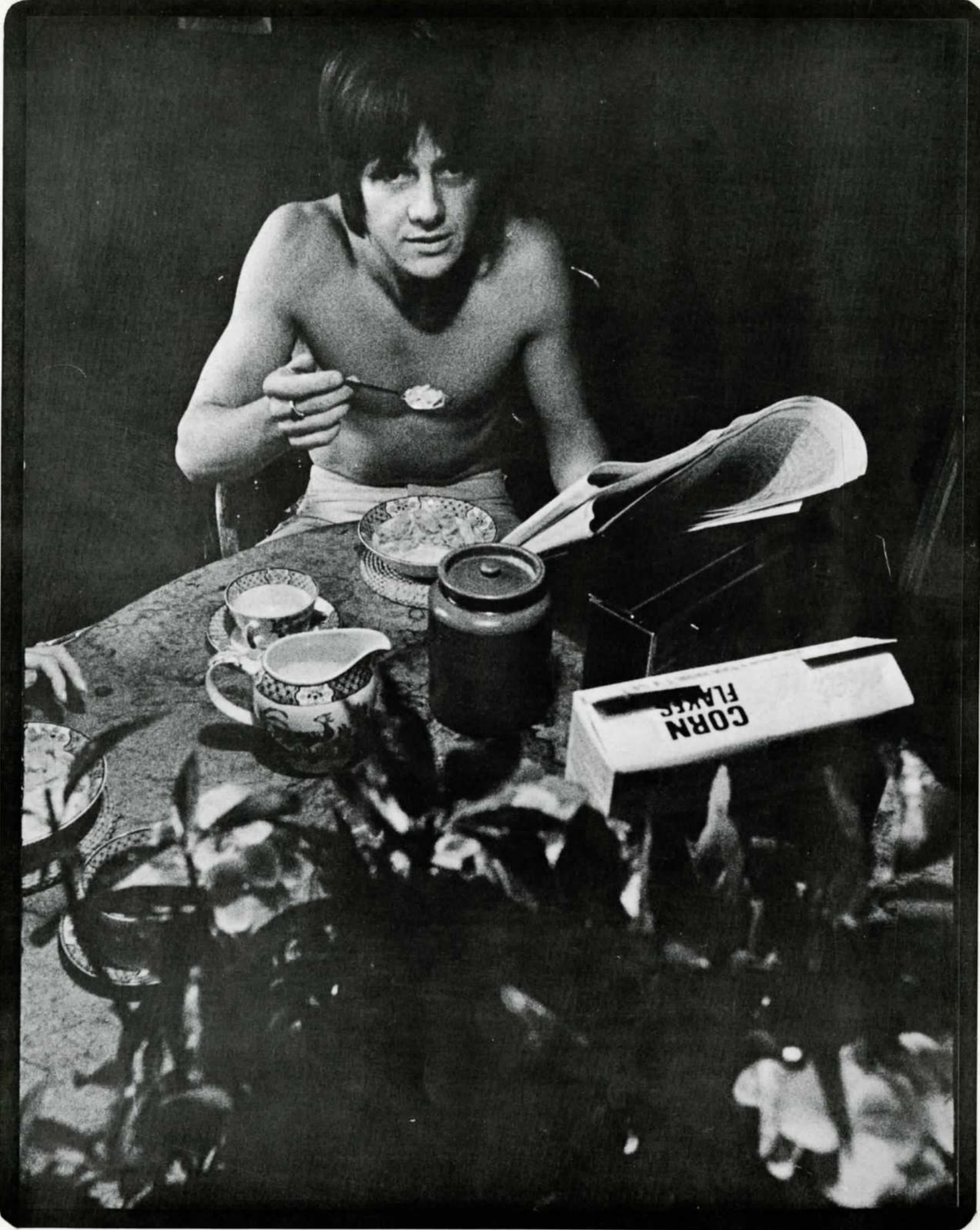


“All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave



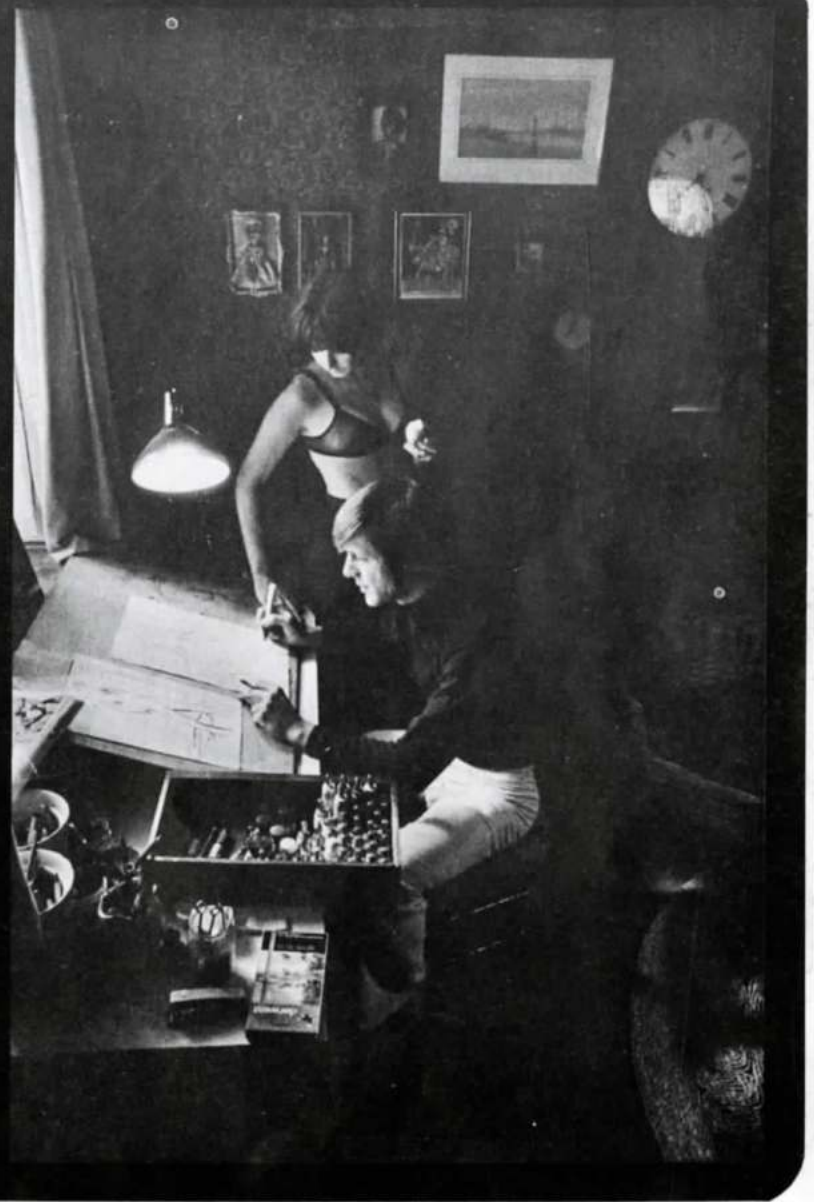
In silence.”

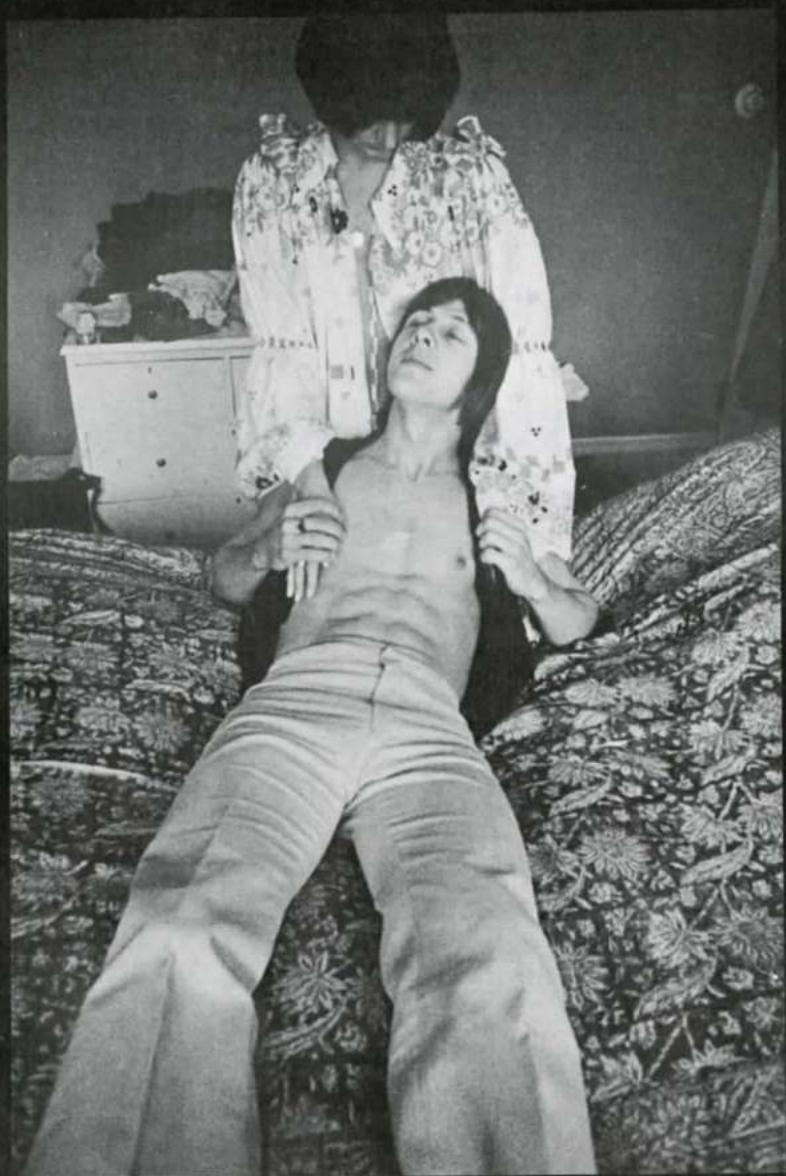
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“There is no joy but calm!
Why should we only toil?”



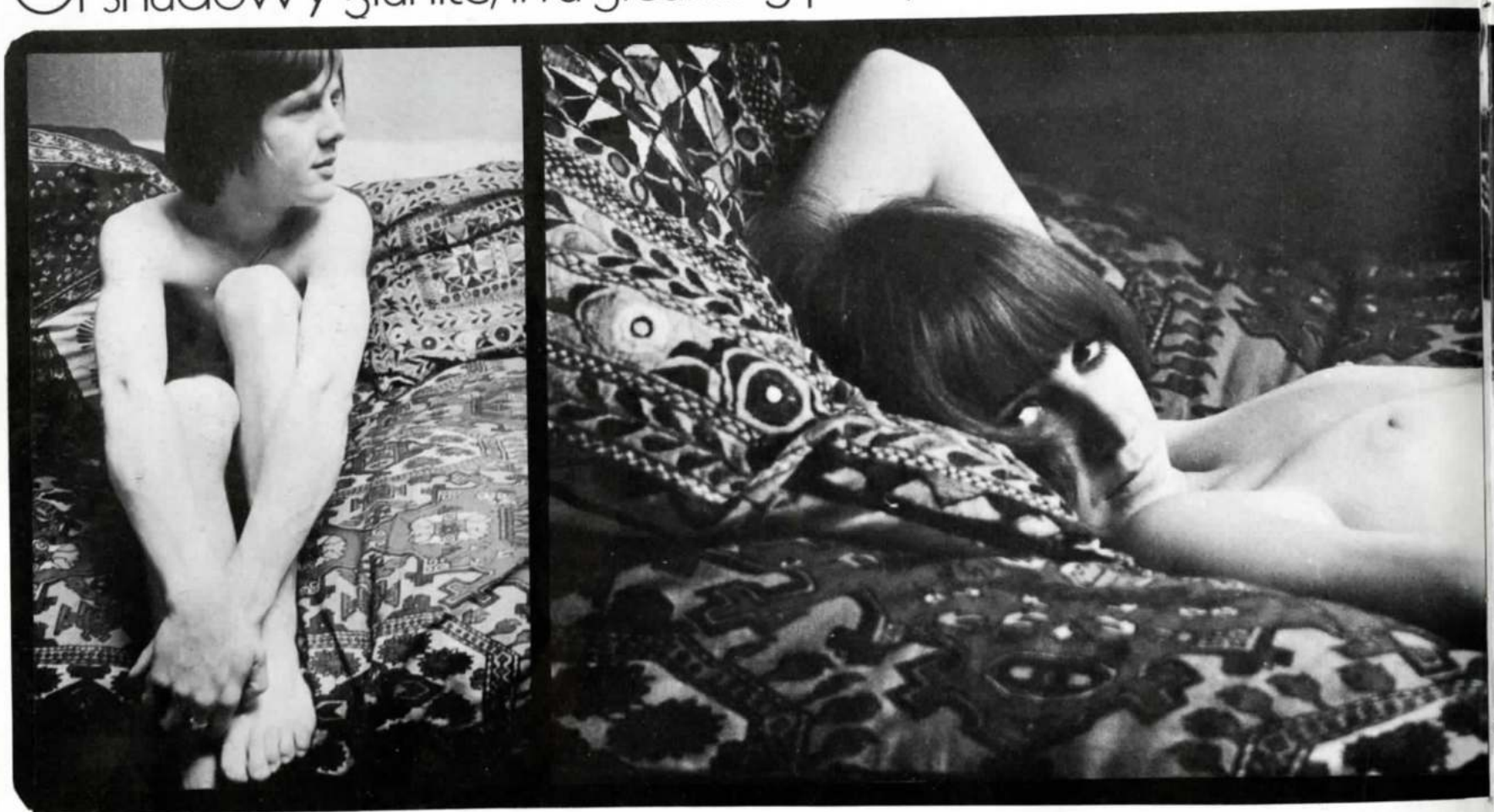


“ah, why
Should life all labour be?
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last?”





“There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;

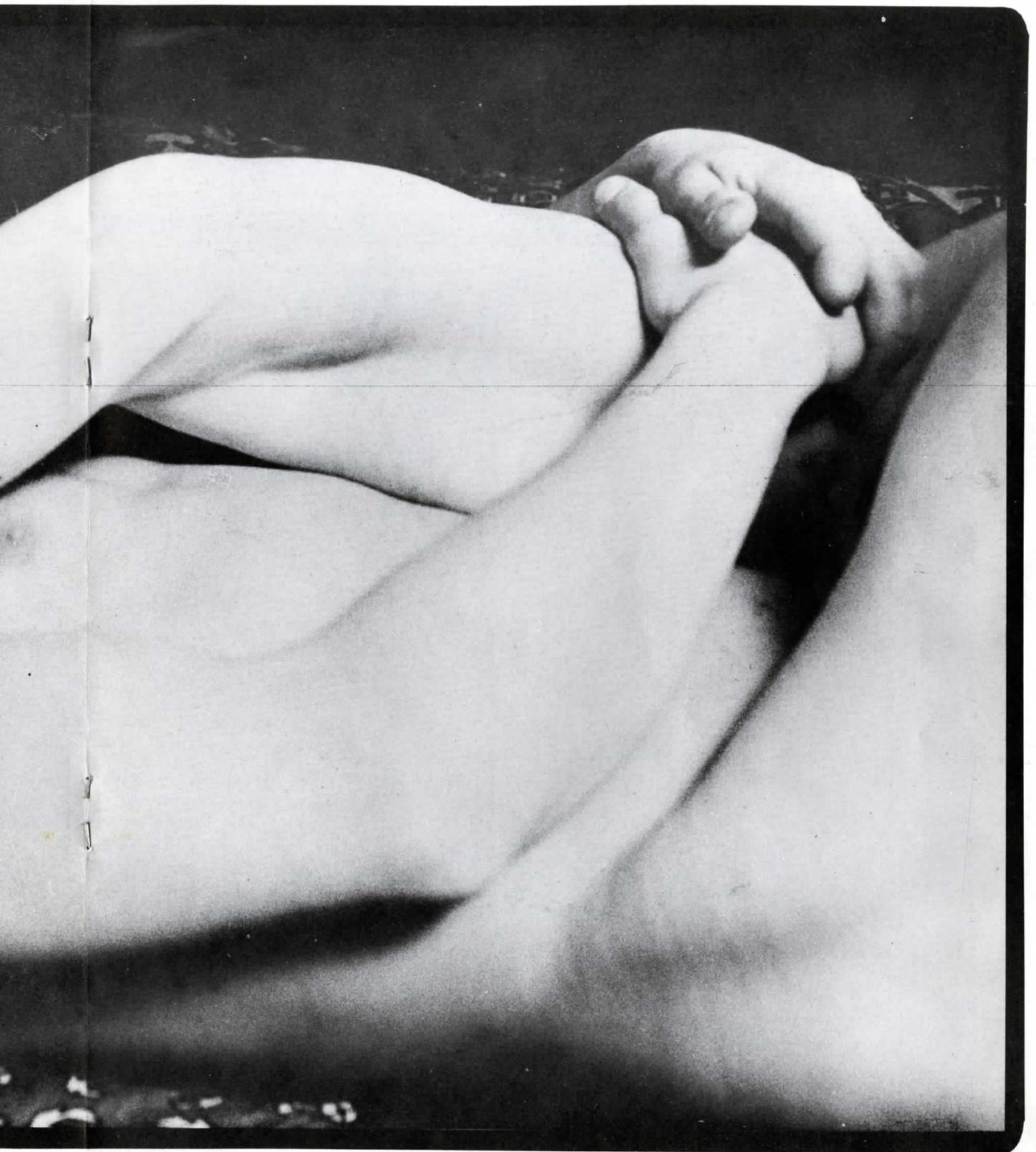


Music that gentler on the spirit lies
Than tird eyelids upon tird eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.”



”
25.









"How sweet it were...
To hear each other's whisper'd speech,
Eating the Lotus day by day..."

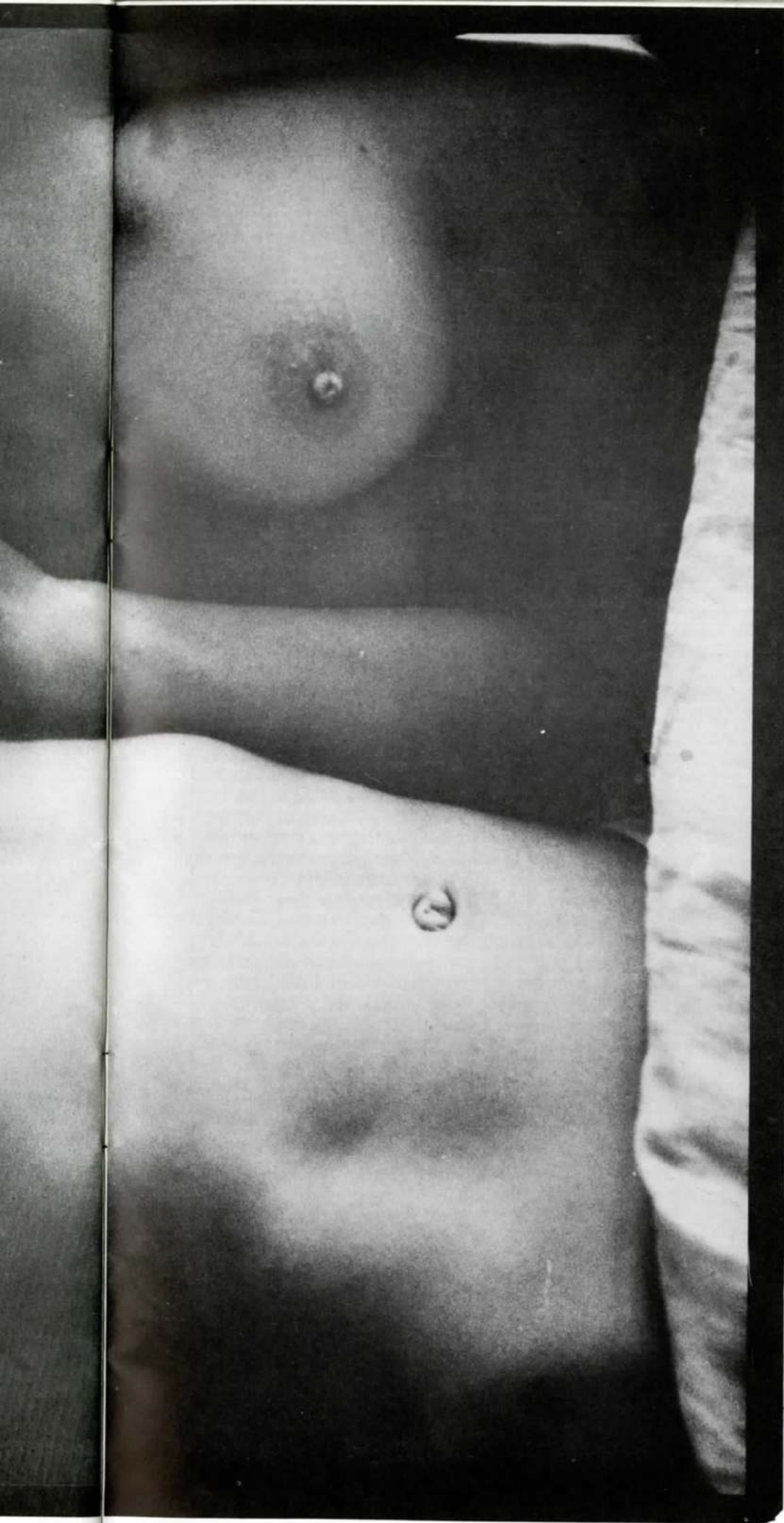












"Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,
In the hollow lotus-land to live and lie reclined
On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind."

Girls suffer too from Portnoy's Complaint

Someday, as Mrs Portnoy tells Alex, you'll be a parent and *then* you'll know what it's like. But as a baby writer there are times when one wishes that Philip Roth and his brethren, not to mention Edna O'Brien, Nadine Gordimer and Mary McCarthy, who miraculously manage to have a foot in both camps, would get themselves born C of E, totally cowed by the thought that their childhoods were about as gritty and trauma-producing as rice pudding. If anyone crystallises the whole problem, grabs it with both hands as it were, it's Portnoy/Roth. And though there may be some neo-de-Beauvoir feminists somewhere still sunk in gloom at yet another example of masculine supremacy – hitting a *lightbulb*, yet! – the most significant chapter for me was late on where Alexander reveals his secret, dark and foul desires for the *shiksas* of the skating rink. All those impossibly blonde girls who could drink hot chocolate without their noses getting in the way! The poor Jewish boy's Peggy Ann Garners, Margaret O'Briens and Jane Powells who would never in a million years go out with anyone called Portnoy, unless he could convince them it was simply an old French name, and that his nose got that way through football.

So *he* thought. For who, says Alex, would ever have thought that Elizabeth Taylor, the very cream of horsey *goyische* girlhood, could ever have had the hots for someone like his Uncle Hymie? For sure enough, while he was skating towards his doom in New Jersey, there they were, the cool blonde goddesses, surely growing toward the day when they would marry the Arthur Millers, Mike Todds and Peter Sellerses. Secretly yearning under their cashmere twinsets for a man who wasn't like their brothers, the Hanks and Freds who flew fighter bombers and drove around the countryside with dead deer strapped to their fenders. For dark, sensitive men, noses, black hair and all, who would violate them exquisitely while explaining Jon dos Passos and the morality of Socialism.

How wonderful, how *just*, to think that even in the New World, Nature can still pull off the ethnological tricks that work so well in the Old. Planeloads of Swedes and Italians eternally passing each other somewhere over Germany, Pinkertons and Butterflies, Othellos and Desdemonas, starry-eyed Miss Questeds setting out for the mystery of the Orient while the Dr Azizes arrive hopefully at Heathrow. The beautiful warp and weft of it all! And where does Australia fit into this divine scheme of things? Nowhere.

Maybe it's just as well they did ban Portnoy out there. In a country where everyone is a nice, safe, normal shade of Anglo-Celtic grey, who'd understand what Philip Roth's on about?

Lusting after Jewish boys! When I was a girl Jewish boys were something that happened in the Bible, Jesus Christ being the last of his tribe though you'd never have guessed it to look at his photographs. And if there were any deer-shooting, plane-flying, types around with crew cuts and suntans, the daygirls had claimed them long ago. No, the worst you could do at St Margaret's C of E, Brisbane, circa 1950, was to marry a Catholic from St Gabriels down the road, if you weren't expelled first for talking to them in the tram with your gloves off, like Diane Cilento.

Still, we tried. Writers, like good cooks, are the ones who make the most of what's available in lean times and for a year or so some of us had a sort of flutter with Popery, sneaking into churches full of graven idols to look at statues of Our Lady of Fatima with our telltale hatbands stuffed in our pockets and our blazers on inside out. It came to an end when some smooth-talking Irish priest lured my girlfriend and me off to the presbytery on the pretext of lending us an umbrella and plied us so full of sherry while remembering how he'd once met my great-uncle, an Irish Home Ruler, that we clean forgot ever to return the thing. Two little

Protestants, he kept saying, rather like an early Christian bishop discovering a couple of Icaeni up to their ears in woad. Truly Our Lady of Fatima had pulled off another miracle. But for the first time in our lives there was the sobering experience of being not Us, but somebody else's Them. Either way, we needed it.

But Jews, no. We had about as much chance of meeting a Jewish boy as we did of saving Max Factor from being run over by a bus – always a favourite daydream of mine – and then we'd have been too dumb to know he was one anyway. Probably the first inkling we had that they'd actually made it into the twentieth century came when our mothers and aunts began rumbling about them daring to come to Australia, with diamonds hidden down their bosoms, to corrupt us all with fancy sausages and thinking of *nothing but money*. But none of them ever found their way as far north as Eumundi, Queensland, though we had a Greek and even a Sikh, and when the first confrontation took place, some years later in Brisbane – that great and seething metropolis, the country girl's New York – it was far less fraught with sexual fireworks than Mr Roth might like to suppose.

Living in the country is never quite the incest-ridden, bucolic romp that city people imagine, a world of haystacks and woodsheds where little girls automatically get the message from leaning over the slip-rails watching horses. Little girls are romanticists, not voyeurs, and my first Jewish man loomed less as a sexual object, or matrimonial prospect, than as an ideal father substitute. He was decisive, rich, successful, talked and unlike my poor father, who was deaf, *listened*. Wore clean white shirts and never drank more than two glasses of wine at meals. Wives! He'd got rid of several. I was only a typist in his office for a few weeks, but it was like working for King Solomon, and though he never said more than a nice good morning to me, the scent of the hat glue in the workroom (he had a millinery factory) was sweeter than the scent of coriander, as evocative to me in later years as madeleines were to Proust. It wasn't just *glue*. It was the scent of an alien culture. Twenty years later, and even if the sign says Brown and Wotherspoon, a hat factory still works its magic.

The job was a vague one, which included collecting the laundry and putting it in his bedroom at the flat where we worked. A Jewish *shirt*, a Jewish *bed*! I read a few books, always hoping I'd come across him praying with all those phylacteries and shawls and things, even if he had divorced three wives and wolfed down pork chops to the manner born. But it was only ever my immediate bosses who got asked to lunch in the kitchen, and they'd have long talks about politics and history and books and opera while I sat in the living room typing out lists and eating apples. I don't know what happened to him, I doubt if he'd even remember me, but if he ever reads Portnoy's Complaint, smuggled past the customs men in a box marked artificial flowers, I'd like him to know we St Margaret's girls has our secret yearnings too. At University, though, it was Catholics who were the equivalent of Portnoy's *goyim*. They had freckles and knobby knees, oh, you could always *tell*, because Catholics had all those children and they all had rickets because there wasn't enough food to go round. But if you were Catholic you got instant solidarity, people to have lunch with in the refectory, whereas St Margaret's girls, being Anglican, spent whole terms overcoming their distrust of Somerville House Presbyterians, while Methodists, let alone state high school girls, might have been Holy Rollers. Like everyone else, I had a distant crush on a boy

called Zell Rabin, who'd have been another Hugh Cudlipp if he'd lived past 34, who reminded us of Clark Gable and certainly didn't look like we imagined Jewish boys might. He was fair, with sleepy blue sexy eyes, and romped around the long polished parquet corridors in white shorts, bouncing a medicine ball and smouldering at us *shiksies*. But Zell was Zell, and anyway we *knew* he could never be ours because he'd been betrothed at birth to a girl in Sydney called Lilly Roxon, because Jews were like Indians that way. Occasionally Zell would buy me a hamburger or attempt to explain cost curves by drawing diagrams with his big toe in the dust, but it was a pure, sisterly love, highly untypical by Roth standards.

The biggest difficulty by far in those days was Catholics, whom we *knew* were told by priests that it was okay to knock off Protestant girls because it allowed the Catholic girls to stay virgins. So much for our knowing. Apart from an Italian waiter, no Catholic ever did more than tell me about the Easter Rising.

My first serious Jewish boyfriend, properly equipped with the right colour eyes and hair, occurred some years later and was definitely a symbolic version of my old boss with the hat factory. He was madly witty and almost insufferably civilized, and clean enough to eat your dinner off. He drank all right, but miraculously never got drunk, and while other Australian girls were helping their Barry Mackenzies chudder on around a ten gallon keg, I was sipping a glass of tequila in some posh, dim-lit bar, being told it was time I did something about my accent and learnt to make scrambled eggs in a saucepan like they did in France. Not only was I a *goy* and a *shikse* but I knew nothing about Italian opera and didn't understand Sidney Nolan. Nevertheless, he gave me a dimension that wasn't there before, in a life that promised to slope neatly and inevitably down to mental retirement at 30 in one of John Pilger's suburban dog kennels.

By the time the next one came along, my scrambled eggs were in cordon bleu class and my irregular German verbs busting for a cosy workout which they never got, alas, because he'd forgotten everything except half a nursery rhyme and had moved on to French. But it hadn't gone to waste by

any means. I knew what a Dow Jones index was, exactly how ten Hong Kong tailored shirts worked out cheaper than one Sydney one, and what sort of bath oil should be used by gentlemen of distinction without making them smell like a whorehouse. I'd also heard all the jokes, and was thus able to laugh in the right places. Virtually a personal finishing school, and better still the thought that if he was doing all this for *me*, a great dopey girl who thought Fanny Craddock was an eighteenth century tart, I could hardly be all fingers and thumbs, like my games mistress kept telling me back at school. Australia is probably the last country left in the world – or was in the forties – where you could grow up without some kind of personal contact with foreigners in general and Jews in particular. Let alone black people, those wretched aborigines we keep *telling* you we never saw until we were twenty, though the rest of the world *knows* every Australian child grew up either with a horde of faithful black retainers, or mowed them down on horseback with poisoned boomerangs. Negroes were even more baffling, as they all kept turning out to be rich as God and actually sending their shirts to laundries, for heavens sake. They began to trickle into my consciousness when I was about 25, massive sexy ladies up to their eyebrows in sequins and fur, and slinky sexy men in Cardin jackets who chatted about racehorses and real estate. Shirley Bassey, Eartha Kitt, Earl Grant, Billy Eckstein, most of them at some stage I got sent to interview back in Sydney, at various nightclubs. Talk about the English sneaking a look to see if Australians still have the marks of the leg-irons! Thanks to all those movies, it was years before I could look at Negro women without mentally seeing them with spotted bandanas around their sleekly laquered heads, trotting after Scarlett O'Hara with a stack of freshly-ironed camiknickers. Negro men were a different matter. We knew about them, thank you, because they'd been around during the war in Brisbane, and some low, loose, utterly abandoned women had actually gone out with them. By the skin of my teeth I missed the American Golden Age, when our big sisters and even mothers moved in a La Traviata whirl of camellias and Lucky Strikes, but on a good day in Eumundi, Q., we little girls of nine could make good pocket money singing on the railway platform when troop trains went by, and disorientated Americans threw us florins instead of pennies. Black or white, we didn't care. My mother, on the other hand, did. We couldn't have made ourselves cheaper if we'd scrambled aboard and given our all. Years later, when I did, I

was surprised to find that those miraculous teeth, shining inaccessibly from a train window in a country town, were real. "All those missionaries, baby," he explained.

No, the age of innocence in Eumundi, Q., is gone forever. The little town where whole families of Greens went through life without the neighbours wondering if they were secret Greenbergs, and where Smith was a fine old English name as far beyond reproach as Higginbotham. (For my first six months in England people acutally thought I was a South African (nee Jan Silberman?) and even sent letters marked Esquire.) When Philip Roth was a beleagured six, being stood over with a knife while he ate his kosher jello, I was a carefree five in a world that white Celtic-Anglo Saxons had inherited indisputably. No *schwartzes* came to do our laundry, baked our pancakes, no Catholics tossed rocks through our windows. No Dutch, no French, no Indians, no Maori, Cape Coloured or even Aborigines. I ask you, what sort of country is that for a writing girl to come from? As Tibby Szabo, the distraught Hungarian migrant in Patrick White's short story, says, it is all stike and bodies.

Australia, a country that is not only terrified of difference, but actually has laws to prevent it, is not the place for confrontations of the heart, the moment of truth when you become not us, but Them. As children we played not aborigines and squatters even, but America's cowboys and Indians. And love, in all its variety and defiance, was secondhand too, gleaned from Europe's, England's novels where landowners married peasants, Tories eloped with working-class, Jews flirted with Gentiles and Kings married Americans.

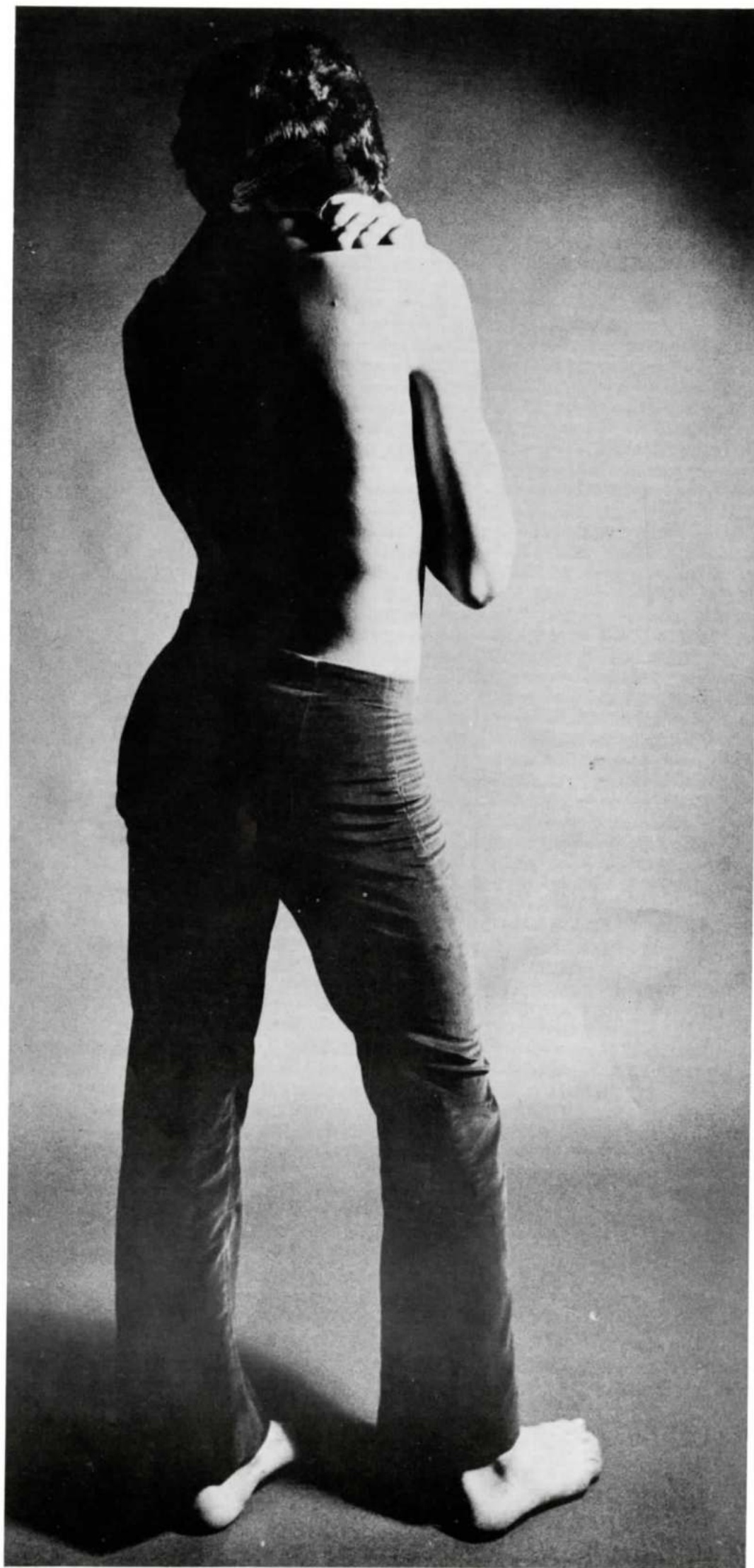
Where one suburb is much like another, where normal, ostensibly classless people stretch from Perth to Sydney in all their decency, their determined *ordinariness*, just like everyone else, small wonder that our literature has barely got off the ground. That Nadine Gordimer in South Africa, better known than our own Thea Astley will ever be, can say she always thinks of Australia as "rather like Siberia". Thanks to V. S. Naipaul, even tiny little Trinidad comes off better than Australia in the literary supplements here.

And yet once it seemed that God was on our side in Australia, that Eros, the first miscegenist, was about to come off his perch in Piccadilly Circus and ginger things up in the White Man's Classless Society. No sooner had we survived the Great American Rape than we got reffos and Balts, a hopeful sign in that it implied *some* kind of recognition, some awareness of difference, but within a few years, before you could say Syzygy or Szabo, they'd changed into New Australians, hurtling pell mell through the wide gate called Naturalisation that leadeth to plastic veneer mixmasters and Holden cars like the neighbours. The old wine was strained smartly into new, look-alive polythene bottles, the flavour destroyed and the sediment of ages swilled down the sink before we writers had a chance to get our hands on it.

I know the same thing happened in America, the emphasis that they're all good Americans now, but not with the amazing speed it happened in Australia. Over there they had time to get their breath, to become fascinating things like Pennsylvania Dutch and New Orleans French and Hunkies and Polacks before they got put into the great all-American melting pot, with the result that American writing has a flavour ours will never have. Apart from David Martin, a European-Jewish migrant who discovered the Greeks that had been around in Australia for decades without anyone writing a sentence about them, and Judah Waten, who has described his Russian-Jewish beginnings in Melbourne, Australians have hardly begun to get under anybody else's skin. A few young men flirt, but strictly academically, with aborigines. Where is the Australian novel about the Chinese – there since the goldrushes of the 1860's – the Lebanese who sold us underwear, the Maltese who sold us ice-creams? Was there no child taking notes from behind the lace curtains, his pulses racing to discover that the world was not simply divided into Catholic and Protestant? Australian writing suffers for the same reason that Australian history suffers – it is all about us and we always win. There is never an Other who comes across our border brandishing his spears, his cannon, his idols or his dietary laws. Or into our bedrooms with vineleaves in his hair, to ravish not only our bodies, but inevitably, our minds.

Jan Smith

*“A
lot of
people
would
say I’m
depraved...
but would
they say
the same
if I were
a girl?”*



"I suppose I've always been gay, enjoyed dressing up a bit, found other boys' bodies attractive. But I first realised it properly when I was 14. I used to earn pocket money cleaning people's cars. I'd go round the streets near home, knock on the door and say:

'Do you want your car cleaned, mister?'

"And I got 5/- a car. Quite a bomb I'd make some weekends - even though it was only Hackney. People down there earn more money than you'd think. And they own more cars. Well, one day this chap - a proper married man with kids - smiled kind of hard at me when he gave me the five bob. I didn't think more about it, but I cleaned his car the next week and he smiled again - and the same the next week. Then the fourth week he asked me if I'd like to go out for a ride after I'd done the cleaning.

"Well, I'd never had a ride in a car like that, and he seemed quite friendly. So I said yes. And as we went along he put his hand on my knee, then moved it up and started tickling me. Well, I quite like it. I wasn't afraid or anything, and it seemed to make him happy. And afterwards, when we got home, he gave me another 5/-. So that was five bob for the cleaning, and five bob for afterwards. Easy money.

"I went back the next week and the week after, and when we started doing more things he paid me more. I didn't like him much - he was a real closet queen: all respectable with his wife and family - and getting dirty little thrills from doing those things to me. But he didn't really seduce me or anything. I quite enjoyed it - and it wasn't really that different from the sort of things that boys do together anyway.

"I suppose I might just have stopped there and I'd never have become a kept boy or anything. But I don't think so. The East End's a very gay place. And though there might be a lot of people there who look 'straight' like me, they're really very gay.

"The next step was when I went up to Piccadilly. I didn't know then it was just a meat rack. All I wanted was an evening in the West End - and I've always liked pinball machines. I've got a real weakness for them.

"Well, I'm playing this machine trying hard not to 'tilt' when I notice this fellow looking at me. And he smiles very nice like the man down in Hackney. He came over and said 'hullo' and bought me a few games on the machine, then he asked if I'd like a drink. Why didn't I come back to his place? But I said 'not likely'. So we went round the corner for a coffee. He seemed all right and didn't push me or hustle at all. So I had another coffee with him when we met a few nights later - and then the third time we went back to his flat and got into bed.

"I quite liked it. It was all very clean and I got a couple of quid for it. But next time I went to meet him he didn't turn up, so someone else offered me a fiver and I went off with him. And before I knew

where I was I was 'on the game': a real hard little rent boy.

"All this was when I'd just left school and was 16 or so. I'd started work at a greengrocer's, not getting much money - and it was so easy. Down the Dilly of an evening - flip off a few steamers in a back alley or their car, or go back to someone's flat. Usually it was all quite straight and clean. Every so often there was the odd pervert who wanted to be whipped or peed on. But that was O.K. I didn't mind what they did so long as I didn't get hurt - and if anyone tried to get nasty I clocked them one very quickly: a sharp one, two.

"But I was very lucky. No real violence, and no diseases. And I made a real packet. If I went back with someone to their flat I'd spin it out, charge them for everything. And if they wanted to go the whole way they had to pay for it. I'd say 'Well, I don't really like that,' and they'd bid more and more - £15, £20, £30 - until I said 'O.K., just for you as a special favour'.

"But I soon got tired of the Dilly. It's a real hustle. It makes you very hard. And the glamour of it soon wore off.

"It was just then that I met my sugar daddy - and I've been with him ever since. He's older than me - over twice as old - 38 at the moment, I think. Not married or anything and not very pretty. Very quiet and ordinary. Wears tweeds, old clothes. He picked me up underneath the arches one night and took me home - and was just very kind. We arranged to meet a few nights later and he took me out for a meal. Very gentle. He didn't seem at all like the others. It wasn't just a sex thing.

"He used to pay me very well and regular, so after a time there seemed no point in going back on the game except when I wanted the cash very badly. So now he looks after me. He's my sugar daddy. He's got a big house near one of the parks, colour television, a nice garden, and he makes me feel really at home: lets me use his phone and bath, and, eat from his fridge.

"I go and stay with him for weekends - and we've been on holiday together. It's very different from everything else before. I'm not in love with him - I sometimes wonder if I'll ever fall in love with anybody - you know, get all stupid and infatuated. But I've got affection. Yes, I'd say it was real affection. The sex thing isn't big - once a week or once a fortnight. Often we just got to sleep without doing anything. But he looks after me - and I like him. Perhaps he calls me at work and suggests we go out to the pictures - or else we go out shopping and he buys me clothes or shoes. Not a lot. When he can't afford it he says so, and I don't mind.

"My mum has guessed, I think, but she doesn't know exactly and she doesn't say anything. Once she got upset about something else and started shooting

off about boys of 18 not knowing what's good for them. But she shut up when she heard my father coming - and if he suspects anything he doesn't let on. Mind you, it's easier to go with boys and be accepted than you might think where I come from. Gay people are treated as natural down the East End. And they act natural. Not slopping their wrists all the time and screaming 'dahling' like the shooshed up queens on the Dilly.

"Don't you think I'm straight? I look it. I go out with girls and if I see a nice one I knock her off. Very nice it can be sometimes - though usually they're teeny-boppers who've no idea what they're doing. For real sex I go out with boys - kids my own age I meet round Hackney. Not poofs or queens. Just nice boys I meet in pubs.

"Yes, I'm the dominant one. If I see something I fancy I go after it and make love on top. I've several boyfriends I see quite regularly. We go out together and perhaps go to each other's houses if our parents are out - or else go to a park.

"But that's what I like about my sugar daddy. There's no need to hide or pretend. He's quite open with his friends, takes me everywhere. Not ashamed. And I've always got his flat to go to if I'm lonely or in trouble. I suppose I owe him a lot. I don't think I'd leave him now unless he found someone else - though I suppose it would be good to find a sugar daddy so wealthy I didn't need to work at all.

"It's thanks to him I'm off the game - except when I need a new suit or something in a hurry. And I'm very grateful to him for that. When I look at some of the 'chickens' who are older than me - 19 or 20 - they're white and spotty with bags under their eyes. Really sick-looking - as though they're on hard drugs.

"I suppose a lot of people would say I'm depraved, letting an older man look after me. But would they say the same if I were a girl? I bet if they see a girl of 18 out with a bloke of 38 they don't say 'How disgusting! How corrupt!' No, they think 'clever girl' or 'lucky bloke'. When I go round with my sugardaddy it's like we're brothers - just that he's older. We really lead a very quiet, ordinary life and we're very happy together. I don't feel exploited - and I'm not on the make so far as he's concerned. It's all very cosy and gentle - the first really stable sort of relationship I've had.

"I suppose it can't last for ever - but I'm very happy. The people at work know I'm gay - but they don't make jokes about it. They just treat me quite normally, go out drinking with me, share everything. If I made a pass at one of them I'd get sloshed with a bunch of fives. But I wouldn't do that. They live their life and I live mine.

That's how it ought to be, don't you think?"

**groom
FOR
improvement**



**Keep
your
hair
on**



Johnny Clamp.

Hairstyles, like fashions, tend to reflect the mood of the age in which we live. Romantic and foppish dress call for a hairstyle which compliments the look; the same tonsorial skills are equally required for the simpler functional styles of clothing.

And both extremes gain vogue as a counter revolution to whichever revolution – romantic or functional – enjoys widespread popularity at any particular time. So often today to be “in” is to be “out” and to be “out” is to be “in”.

Since you can never really win either way, its best to choose a hairstyle which suits you best and this may well be dictated by the clothes in your wardrobe, your personality, job and social environment.

Even convicts and monks no longer have closely-cropped heads as a condition of residence, and that last bastion of the short back and sides, Her Majesty's Armed Forces, are inclined to be more tolerant of the sight of hair beneath a beret or other form of headdress.

There are, of course, still limits. The familiar sergeant-major's cry “Am I hurting you sonny? I ought to be ‘cos I'm standing on your hair”, still reverberates across many a barrack square, although the victims are mere innocents and beginners in the long hair stakes by comparison with some of their less regimented contemporaries.

A man's hair is probably one of the most important things he has got and not unnaturally he wants to hang on to it as long as he can. It's nonsense to say that baldness and grey hairs cannot be avoided. Since your hair is the first tell-tale sign of your attitude towards grooming, it's important that you look after it.

Loss of hair cannot always be prevented. It's a question of physiology – just like some guys always have smooth skins and others a really hirsute coating. One thing is sure, though, whatever extravagant claims may be made about hair restoratives, a great deal of money has been rubbed into lifeless scalps without

success; for no satisfactory cure has yet been found. So preventative care and respect for those luscious locks of yours is the only way to keep your hair on. But if you should still lose it – or some, at least *nil desperandum*. There are many aids today, including transplant surgery, which can conceal your baldness from the gaze of the world and help you go on winning friends and influencing people into old age.

Firstly, how to hang on to what you've got. All hair loss is caused by a malfunctioning of the glands known as seborrhea. This malfunctioning can manifest itself in excessively dry hair or excessively oily, the former being caused by under secretion of the glands which creates skin flaking, often mistaken for dandruff, and the latter in oversecretion of the glands. There are special shampoos to cope with both conditions.

Whichever styling you opt for, always choose one which suits your face. It doesn't always work attempting to emulate the way one of your idols wears his hair, because it may not suit you. Let's face it Harold Wilson would look pretty silly with Tiny Tim's head of hair and Tiny Tim probably wouldn't ring up the dollar bills if he looked like our P.M. Whatever the style, men's hair is certainly being worn generally longer today, even the so-called short styles. Hair has become a major male investment, and no self-respecting guy is going to let a maniac loose on his locks. In fact barbers' bills and hair grooming products account for about five per cent of male expenditure today.

Longer hair does require more care and attention, too. You often hear the “squares” say “I don't mind long hair so long as it is clean and well kept”. If you wear it off the shoulder it certainly needs to be pretty stunning because it's the first thing that attracts the eye.

Everybody should shampoo their hair at least twice a week and oily hair needs it more regularly, although excessive washing can be

harmful and weaken the hair. Even if it looks healthy and remembering that there is no means of getting hair back naturally after you have lost it, an occasional visit to a trichologist is advisable: these are the hair-care specialists who can help you keep what you've got. By microscopic analysis of hair samples, they can diagnose any trouble which might lead to hair loss and nip it in the bud – or rather the follicle. Baldness can strike at any age, and although some people have extremely tough hair, neglect can cause it to deteriorate. Trichologists can give you special products to improve the condition of your hair. After all, your hair is just like your teeth – regular visits to the dentist can prolong their life and often only an expert can detect trouble ahead.

General hints for self-care are mild shampoos – never use detergents, because they are too aggressive and irritate the scalp – conditioners to put lustre and life into dull hair, scalp massage to strengthen the roots – particularly in conjunction with infra-red treatment, and light hairdressings. Some lacquers can cause the hair to become brittle and break, so go easy on that aerosol. Always wash your hair if you have been swimming, whether in the sea or a pool, since both salt water and chemically-treated pool water can harm the hair. If you don't use a hairdryer, always towel dry gently. Never, but never, thrust your head into an open fire to accelerate the process. You might solve your hair problems for ever by getting it all burnt off, and certainly the contact with fierce heat will make it lifeless and weak. You do not have to pay out a lot of money on expensive products. Some of the cheaper ones are just as efficient as those in the upper price bracket. Half the time you are only paying for the brand name and certainly the difference lies often in the fragrance or perfume content alone. Last year £750,000 was spent by British men on hairpieces and this year it looks like being quite a bit up

on that. It's not simply a question of vanity. Many men, regardless of age feel insecure and develop complexes once their previously glorious thatch shows signs of receding or baldness. Certainly baldness ages a person in appearance, and many men have been staggered how quickly their youth returns to them (and all the successes, thereof) with the aid of toupees and hairpieces.

These are skillfully made and special care is taken to ensure a perfect blend in texture and colouring with your natural hair. For this reason they are not cheap and usually have to be made-to-measure. Prices vary from about £55 to £150, depending on the area of baldness.

Although hairpieces are quite secure and do not come off with your hat or blow off in a storm, many men shy away from the idea of anything which might be detectable as false.

Hair extension is an ingenious new method which is gaining in popularity and unlike hairpieces you don't ever take it off, because it's woven or thatched onto your existing thatch.

For the purists there is hair grafting, but then that is your natural hair transplanted from other parts of your head, wherever it is strongest. This can cost you the price of a Mini Minor, but such is the price of total deception.

Finally if you pass the point of no return or wish to do a double act (useful for creditors, in particular) you can invest in a wig. Even if you still possess a healthy head of hair, the wig vogue has become popular as a fashion accessory, matching the mood or occasion, or even teaming up colourwise with an outfit.

Fun wigs made from synthetic fibres are cheap – from about 5 gns upwards – although wigs intended to deceive all but your closest and dearest can cost up to £300.

But that is because they are made of real human hair – and real human hair costs as much as gold per ounce.

Rodney Bennett-England

The Sergeant who smacked little boys' bottoms

A short story by Philip Norman



Sergeant Samwich ran everywhere, flourishing his elbows, kicking his feet up behind him as if running on the spot. Sergeant Samwich was tiny and utterly bald and around his neck as he ran, a whistle danced on the end of a lanyard. The whistle, you will soon discover, is important. Each day, Sergeant Samwich growled up Cross Road to school on a 650 c.c. motorcycle which he carefully parked under the tin bicycle shelter before running to take form one, two or three for Physical Education. In winter he stood on the assembly hall stage; in summer, on top of the bank running round the cricket field, dancing on his toes, barking "one-tew, one-tew:" again and again he would descend to the floor of the hall or the field and would start punishing people. These punishments were not done regretfully, for the Sergeant seemed scarcely to regard them as punishments. He called them various kinds of chocolate. "The last person to curl himself inside his wooden hoop will get a present. He will get a present from me. A piece of Cadbury's whole nut chocolate." Sweets were rationed then, but not Sergeant Samwich's chocolate, several cuts across the bottom with the whistle on the lanyard. "Bend," he would command loudly in the sort of drill voice when all the teeth sound locked. Against white PT shorts the whistle made a 'Fwop'.

The boys got chocolate for almost everything: being last to run from one end of the hall to the other, having reasonably dirty gym shoes, for pausing to catch their breath before completion of twenty sit-ups or for not wanting to vault the horse. If they cried, they aggravated the blows. Very often Sergeant Samwich would tell them 'drop your slacks'; his whistle would strike at white and fearful buttocks.

The Sergeant generally managed to give out chocolate at least once every seven minutes in a forty minute class, or sometimes an entire form would have to get in line to receive it. But it seemed done rather affectionately. Sergeant Samwich had an almost brotherly manner of inflicting pain, a certain impartiality of giving discomfort. At the end of a lesson it was his custom to stand at the sliding door at the side of the assembly hall where the boys changed: as each boy finished dressing, took his games-bag and went to leave, the Sergeant would pick him up by his head, put him down and push him through the open door. He could get an amazing grip on the sides of a boy's head without taking hold of the ears. Or else, he would approach someone who was half-dressed and tie his tie, afterwards pulling it so tight that the tongue of the boy slipped out like an ailing cat's.

The Sergeant's favourites were the good sprinters, the boys who owned spiked running shoes and who would grow up with stamina, the boys whose fathers were rich farmers. In form three, a certain Billy Olive was the star. Sergeant Samwich would talk about him to form one and two. "Have you seen little Billy Olive go on the track? He can really shift, can't he?" The Sergeant's crescent-shaped mouth would split delightedly. Billy Olive got away with being cheeky and was never last anyway. Several times Sergeant Samwich palmed a toffee into his hand before picking him up by his head, which one never escaped.

The small, game boys - Stiffy Rooke, the Baptist minister's son, who grimaced through trying so hard and wore such yellow, raggy underclothing - received only generalised cuts of the whistle. It was the fat boys, the slow-witted boys and the nondescript boys for whom the Sergeant reserved his spectaculars. He would run

up and crouch beside someone who wasn't doing thorough pressups; he would take the failure by the ear to the horse and make him try to stand on his head on the vaulting pad. Or Botterill, the boy with the fat, red legs, argumentative Botterill, would be told, "yew Botterill are going to run a quarter of a mile," and the class would be taken to the top of the bank around the field to watch Botterill running and weeping.

It was no surprise that Sergeant Samwich's enjoyment of teaching attracted nobody's attention: small boys are fatalists, soon accustomed to lessons in which every second could bring a purple stab of pain from the whistle, which the Sergeant called Toby. They were silenced by the novelty of a teacher who laughed and chortled about hitting them, who lashed them time after time and never told them it was for their improvement. From his study-window the headmaster saw only a cylinder-shaped man in a white vest and nostalgic khaki trousers, jumping on the top of the bank, shouting commands which must sting or, perhaps, running across the playground with a class list clipped to a board. The rest of the staff liked Sergeant Samwich for being short and bald, for saying 'I dun' instead of 'I did'. They took no notice of his classes and might not have cared if they had. It wasn't a fiery school.

So the Sergeant carried on blissfully cutting at behinds, pulling ears and lifting heads, into the beautiful summer of 1952. In that year's school sports he ran around, directing boys into the competitors' pens, actually blowing the whistle, smiling a Steradent smile at parents, who remarked what a jolly master he appeared. At four o'clock he went home to the Tredegar Private Residential Hotel, had his tea, walked and ran along the beach and went to bed, straight to sleep, at nine. His life was running and cutting; at sixty, he was fit, contented.

But abruptly, a boy arrived at the school, named Glattbach, and he went into form three. Glattbach was tall with a thin, menacing face. His father drove a charabanc. Glattbach immediately established himself as tough by pouring ink into heroic Billy Olive's ear at the bus-stop after school; soon after that he half-massacred Morrissey, form three's best boxer; shortly after that he became a hero himself when the headmaster caned him before the school for saying 'don't fancy one, thanks' when a British Legion official offered him a poppy in the playground during Remembrance Day break.

During these early shocks, Sergeant Samwich was away from school with mumps. On his first morning back, Glattbach appeared for PT in the foulest, dirtiest, most shrunken and creased singlet the Sergeant had ever seen seriously worn. He went up to Glattbach, who was taking off his shoes and socks last of all. He said lelvly: "That is dirty. It is the dirtiest I have ever seen. Take it off and do PT in your bare skin." Fwop.

"A little present of a piece of Cadbury's Strawberry cream for coming to school with the dirtiest vest."

Glattbach just stared.

Sergeant Samwich began the class quietly by relating what happened once when he sent a platoon over an obstacle course, gave them five full minutes start and yet still beat them all back, even the Army's open mile champion. Then, suddenly, as usual, the Sergeant called: "run to the other end of the hall. Last one to touch the wall will get a chocolate-coated caramel. GO" and they all scudded down the hall except Glattbach, who

didn't move. Wheeling on one perfect plimsoll, the Sergeant saw that he was still in that abominable vest, the offensive, dirty vest. "Yew," he said. "I want yew." But nevertheless it was Sergeant Samwich who ran to Glattbach. "Tell me your name." The Sergeant enunciated very clearly, almost exaggerated. "I want to know who you are."

"I'm Glattbach," the boy replied darkly.

"Well Gladbag, here is a nice piece of chocolate for you for disobedience. Bend." But Glattbach didn't. "Bend," repeated Sergeant Samwich, but Glattbach didn't. "I said Bend," cried the Sergeant and gave Glattbach a cut on the hip, another across the small of the back and several more on the seat, reaching round behind Glattbach with the lanyard. Five, six. Then he turned away with the beginnings of the joke which would make the rest of form three laugh in the uneasy, fearful way he particularly liked. "Do that again and I'll thump you."

Glattbach's ten year-old voice sounded almost rehearsed. Louder:

"Do that again and I'll thump you."

The whistle on the lanyard seemed to hang for a second, dazed. "Beg pardon Gladback. What was that?"

"Do that again," said Glattbach, "and I'll thump you."

Glattbach was a hard little boy but he was still only ten. Sergeant Samwich returned to him and with a will began to beat a tattoo all over his back, his behind, the backs of his legs. The blows came so rapidly that the whistle almost faded from sight. After Glattbach danced the Sergeant, whipping, feinting, an arabesque, a thrust perfectly carried through. Enormous tears entered Glattbach's eyes but he didn't cry; instead he roared: "swine. You got my kidneys then. You did. I suppose you know you've drawn blood."

Sergeant Samwich stopped what he was doing. "Now," he said, "Clark. Yes you, fatty chops Clark. Run, Clark, and fetch this Glatbag here's school books. All his books. Fetch his geography book, his arithmetic book and his spelling book. Oh and his homework book. Fetch all of them and bring them here to me, please."

"Now Gladbacks," continued the Sergeant a moment or so later, "I want yew to remain standing like that for as long as I tell you." He had put Glattbach on the assembly hall stage, his arms outstretched, his hands open and loaded with brown paper-covered textbooks. "He looks good now, doesn't he fellows?" the Sergeant cried. "Doesn't he look nice? Move when I tell you and not before, Glatbax."

Glattbach, still in his filthy singlet, still heaving and choking with outrage, was nevertheless broken, the Sergeant thought, and he turned away to supervise jumps over the horse. This was in many ways Sergeant Samwich's most dramatic piece of PT: he stood on the other side of the box, his cylindrical body arched, his arms poised to catch the jumpers; he resembled those members of acrobatic troupes who say 'Holla' and 'Allez' but do nothing at all to speak of. Shoes went clack on the springboard until it was almost Botterill's turn. With an immense feeling of enjoyment, the Sergeant prepared to approach the line of boys with a view to giving Botterill chocolate, but suddenly there was a crash from the stage. All Glattbach's school books were thrown to the floor, he leapt off and ran out of the sliding door shouting: "I'm going to get my bloody Dad."

The sliding door drew shut loudly.

Full of pain and amazement, Sergeant Samwich looked out of the hall windows as Glattbach (the shirt looked dustier, filthier, chalkier in the sunshine) ran up the school's main drive and out of sight; then the Sergeant turned to the rest of form three, a transfixed line of small boys, and he said "I never did in all my life." It was to Sergeant Samwich's credit that he wasn't put out of his stride; he made form three touch their toes repeatedly and lashed the stout boys who could not.

Glattbach returned with his father just as the bell was about to ring for the end of the lesson.

Sergeant Samwich always let his class change a few minutes early so that he could circle among them, tying their ties, so that everyone was picked up by his head. Back went the sliding door; Glattbach came in first, then a man who was exactly like him although adult and wearing a peaked cap with a white plastic cover on it.

Mr. Glattbach walked straight to the Sergeant and said, just as his son had: "Do that again and I'll thump you." He shook his fist in the Sergeant's face, then caught the Sergeant by the shoulder and shook him, as if they were laughing and skylarking together. After that, his arm around his son's shoulders, Mr. Glattbach went across the playground to see the headmaster.

Sergeant Samwich said nothing at all. He just stared, and stood quite still for perhaps five minutes afterwards as form three finished dressing and escaped with untouched heads. Unfortunately form three were not of an age to feel the compassion they should have felt for the Sergeant: a little man, cruelly interrupted in work he was very happy doing.

Glattbach humiliated Sergeant Samwich five weeks later in the boxing tournament; in the presence of the Mayor of that town, several aldermen, an odious, detestable chairman of the board of school governors who had every imaginable decoration for scouting, and a lot of other people.

Actually the arrival at the school of Mr. Glattbach speaking of 'Herod-like tendencies' in Sergeant Samwich did scarcely any immediate harm. A boy who brings in his father because he's punished is never thought irreproachable as a witness by boys, headmaster or teachers: Mr. Glattbach's white-topped cap and sudden breath were not good plaintiffs either.

The headmaster questioned Glattbach and kept telling him not to interrupt; he questioned Tozer, form three's captain who (even when not being questioned) did nothing but twist around uneasily; then the headmaster had the Sergeant in and questioned him apologetically. How

righteous Sergeant Samwich looked in a beam of sunlight, his spit spinning a cobweb on the hanging chalk-dust. The Sergeant said: "I punished Glattbach, Sir, for Misbehaviour."

The headmaster forgot all about it. Being the sort of headmaster who always has one bar of his office fire busted he could not see what a queer new spirit Glattbach was busy introducing to form one's, two's and three's PT lessons. Fresh new tricks; he taught them how to jump forward when the Sergeant swiped the lanyard at them or to put out their arms to catch the sting so that afterwards in woodwork say, or art, they could roll up their sleeves in class and be questioned about the red marks. And Glattbach showed it was really quite simple to duck and weave through the sliding door before Sergeant Samwich caught hold of one's head.

The Sergeant was no longer stinging the boys for a joke; now when he gave out chocolate his lips, not usually noticeable, clamped to one another and the blood seemed to drain from his bald dome. Chocolate became harder yet wilder, not nearly so effective, a flail instead of the brief pierce of pain which had sped PT along so perfectly for term after term; which had produced some rather good athletes, considering.

And oh dear, Glattbach. Glattbach's rebellion grew classier. He ran on the spot combing his hair. On almost every mat somersault he made a loud, noseblowing noise; knocked the smallest boys from the tops of the Sergeant's treasured pyramids. Sergeant Samwich would dance after him and Glattbach would dart off. The Sergeant cut and mistimed the impact on the boy's dirty shorts - he always mistimed it.

Everyone got saucy. Even the son of the Methodist minister did and kept chanting 'oh goodness gracious, oh goodness gracious, oh goodness gracious' after the Sergeant had caught him a vastly useless 'fwop' across one calf with the whistle on the lanyard. Glattbach meanwhile, was bolder. He never actually interfered with the tuning of the Sergeant's motor-cycle, as he shared his father's respect for machines; but each afternoon when the Sergeant lifted the 650 from its stand, the front mudguard seemed to have been kicked, edged, prised further out of true. The fingernail marks on the saddle cover would, in the end, split the plastic.

As Glattbach's insurrection spread to the humblest, goodest boy in form one (Moule) it might have been noticed that Sergeant Samwich no longer ran everywhere. He either walked or slank. One day he left his papers clipped to their board in the small changing-room at one end of the assembly hall - the room in which he

sometimes gave out chocolate on bare behinds - and when he went for the board the next day, the papers were in order but someone had scored the wood deeply with, presumably, a palette-knife. It was psychological war and the Sergeant, who loved the boxing tournament, knew that Glattbach was leading up to some coup at it; some piece of artistry rather than violence.

The tournament was to begin at 3 pm. Albert Blong the school groundsman came in first to retouch the black lines on the Hall floor which formed the boxing ring. Then the Sergeant helped him carry in one of the junior school tables where the referee and the headmaster would sit behind a tiny, ceremonial bell made of something base. The referee was to be an Army careers officer. Meanwhile Glattbach and his sympathisers were changing into soiled PT clothes instead of the wonderfully laundered stuff most of them had brought to school.

Sergeant Samwich had created all the matches, seeing that the Methodist minister's son, for all his late rebellion, was not set against some wild and wavy giant like Botterill. The problem was: who to match with Glattbach, who could and did clout anyone senseless, even in the low part of the senior school. Finally, Sergeant Samwich sitting up late in his bedroom at the Tredegar Private Residential Hotel with the picture of the Army fencing team of 1934 and the blue blanket he preferred to the bedspread supplied, matched Glattbach with Minns K, who had at least the semblance of brutishness and courage.

Just before three Sergeant Samwich went away to the small toilet adjoining the masters' common room, and changed into a white vest with a square, blue-edged neck, his thickest pair of plimsolls and blue gaberdine trousers, beautifully pressed by the Victory Cleaners. He took a new board with the names of all the boxers and their houses clipped to it and, holding the whistle on the lanyard so that it should not jump around foolishly when he entered the hall at a run.

The school possessed rows of maple-coloured seats with perhaps five tip-up seats to the row. These were arranged around the ring lately painted by Albert Blong and were crowded with mothers, fathers trying desperately to look as if the whole business of boxing was very familiar to them. The Army careers officer was just sitting down: he was a bad-tempered man capable of putting real venom into the words 'Box On'. The edge of the stage was piled with spare boxing gloves: despite white laces here and there they looked like large, old deposits of manure. The pairs of boys came in from their classrooms as





**The Sergeant
was no longer
stinging the boys
for a joke...**

**Glattbach was,
of course,
expelled...**



their turn arrived, but they could remain in the hall, sitting in the back rows after their bout. There would be no individual winner except the House with the largest number of winners. The headmaster and Sergeant Samwich held a brief dramatic conversation, which ran:

"Good afternoon Sir, is all well?"

"Oh, yes. I was just about to ask you if all was well."

"Yes Sir, quite. The boys are in their classes."

"I hope they don't grow noisy."

"No Sir. That would not do."

"Well, fine, I think we can make a beginning."

It started, Glattbach and Minns F being the fourth bout.

The Sergeant moved about the ring – really a ring since it was completely hedged in by the pointed toes of parents, aldermen, well-wishers etc. The Sergeant still wore his whistle but forebore to use it as all the rounds were begun by the Army careers officer on the bell – di-ding.

Sergeant Samwich's instructions were confined to 'Now, touch gloves'. Sometimes the Army careers officer called both boxers from the ring to lecture them. Smack, bop, smack: a few bitten-back tears. Little boys when they box sling their fists and screw up their faces when a blow catches them on the cheek.

Read fought Cooper, Moorman fought Child with no perceptible winner, except that Cooper cried and roared rather less than Read. Then Heptinstall (Sergeant Samwich in happier days used to call him Heptinstallion) fought and rather beat up Botterill; after which it was the turn of Glattbach.

His entry provoked the kind of gasp they gave in the brave days of prizefighting. It was as if Glattbach had entered the assembly hall wearing a golden dressing-gown with a mass of eagles and CHAMP embroidered across his back. The headmaster frowned deeply. Glattbach's singlet was the most disgracefully dirty one he had ever laid eyes on: his shorts were the same and his gym shoes were – were black. The colour black. Sergeant Samwich's face and head turned a deep purple with disappointment.

Minns was better but his clothes looked smutted. Close by the Sergeant heard a parent say: "what a dirty pair of little articles these are." He advanced on Glattbach, who gave him a brief but inviting smile.

"Glatbag," (the Sergeant's whisper made him seem to fight for breath). "You are the dirtiest . . . the dirtiest. I will have to find a way of dealing with dirty little boys like you and him," whispered the Sergeant. "Your vest. If you could only see your vest." The Army careers officer interrupted by ringing the bell.

It became quite obvious that Minns should never have been put in the ring with Glattbach; he was continually swiped across the ears and drubbed in the chest. "Your guard Minns, hold up your guard," suggested the Sergeant, alarmed at the spots of blood around Minns' nostrils. But still Minns was clubbed and rocked by Glattbach. It could scarcely continue. Without looking at the Army careers officer Sergeant Samwich got in between Glattbach and Minns, stretched out his arms and said, "well, I don't think all this punishment really should go on," but Glattbach hit him.

Glattbach hit him.

Sergeant Samwich felt that strangely geometric area of pain which only an exquisitely-timed thump on the nose gives. The boy must have put every bit of his power into the punch which made the Sergeant stagger back into the toes and knees of the parents, which sat him in the lap of Crimp the French and Biology master, and laid him for an instant across Crimp in the attitude of a tough baby compelled at last to sleep by a transvestite mother in a chalky gown. The crowd gave an animal roar (so it seemed) and Glattbach's voice was heard, apologising.

Crimp and a breathless father assisted Sergeant Samwich, his lanyard flung rather girlishly around his neck, to his feet. The hall was bathed and edged in pink and his nose ached and stung. "Oh dear," said the father, revealing that he might be quite a nice man, "are you all right mister?"

"Caught a packet," added Crimp helpfully.

"No. Yes. Thank you. Please leave me." The Sergeant squared up against the conical pain.

"The boy hit me. How do you return a blow like that?"

Here was the headmaster in his pin-striped grey suit and St. Edmund Hall tie. Looking less concerned than unbearably embarrassed, as if caught fornicating.

"Sergeant Samwich. Are you hurt?"

"Shall I send for Matron?"

"No, no, no, no," the Sergeant choked, "no, no. Not at all. Perfectly fit and ready to go back." He freed himself and moved back into the ring where Glattbach and, to a lesser degree, Minns, were standing around wearing expressions of exaggerated boredom. The parents gave a burst of applause: the Sergeant bowed to them, half said, half mimed. "Cheers. Thank you. Thank you."

"And now Glattbach," he was saying when Glattbach hit him again, a beautiful blow, scarcely the blow of a child; a blow of such force to lift Sergeant Samwich into a horizontal

position, laying him on a brief hover before pounding his small frame in its now dust-soiled vest onto the Hall floor and keeping it immobile there for a full twelve minutes as Glattbach's jolly rebels cheered; the Sergeant's swift-stinging, man-making regime, the method which had produced one or two useful athletes in its time, crashed irreparably.

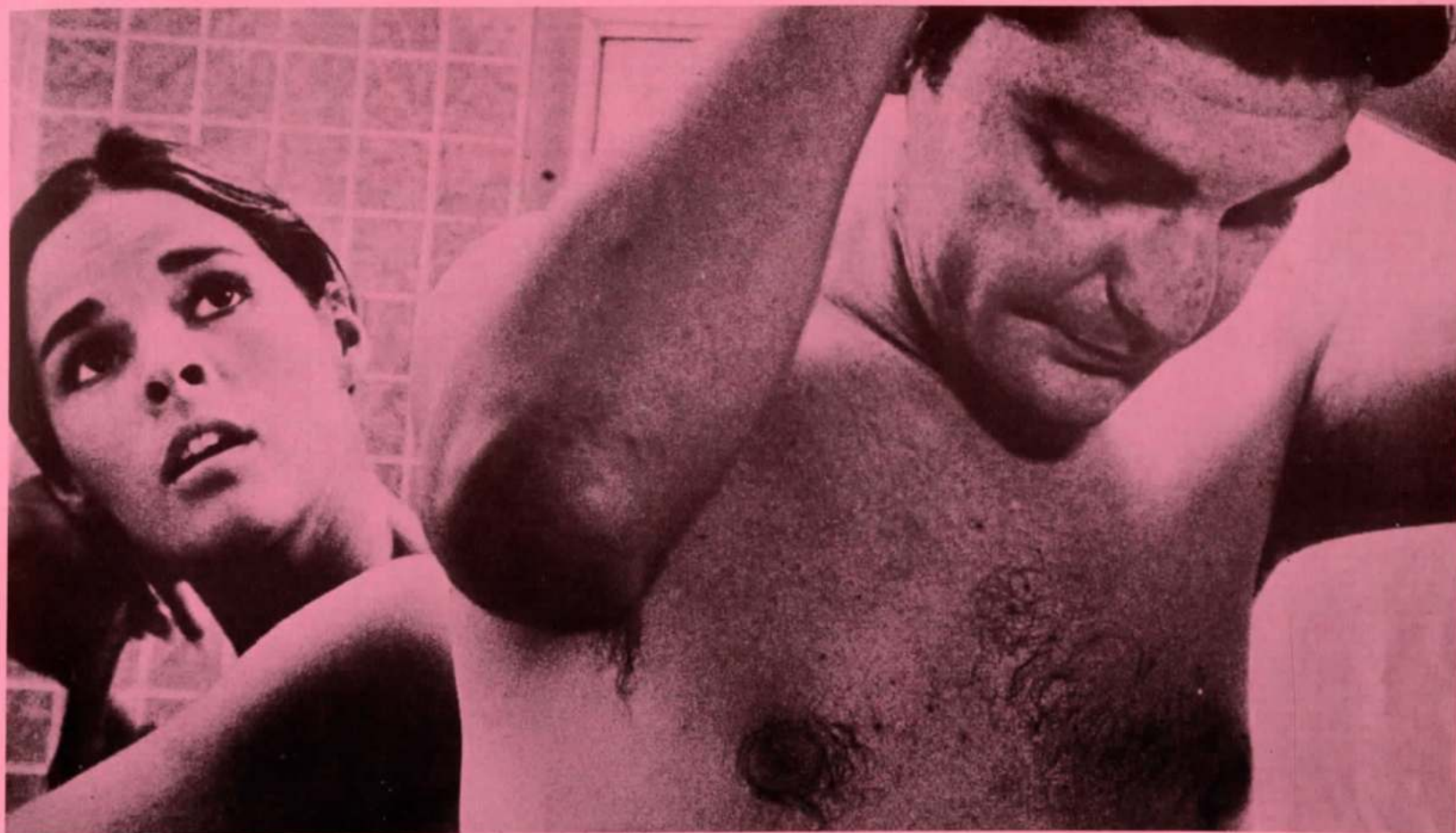
Glattbach was, of course, expelled. "Not a bad exit really as exits go, was it?" remarked his father to the other charabanc drivers in their accustomed four-ale bar. There were some things which were to be able to harm Glattbach, but expulsion from that small, social-climbing and pasteboard school was not among them.

Sergeant Samwich of course, resigned. And if you had seen him stretched on his blue blanket at the Tredegar Private Residential Hotel on the night of the resignation, you would have cried until you choked. Sergeant Samwich looked out of the window, a piece of soft sky, and heard cars revving up far away on gravel. You might have called his face expressionless.

For a time he worked as a porter at the County Infirmary, wearing the longest white coat imaginable. The job boiled down to wheeling dead people away or half-dead old men from private cars into the hopeless wards. Then Sergeant Samwich crashed his motor cycle and slithered along the wet tarmac of an unusual junction, feeling that a hundred-thousand Glattbachs were cutting him and tearing him. But the Sergeant's body remained firm as an unripe Conference pear. Behind his back at the Infirmary they called him the Iron Pygmy. And then Sergeant Samwich got another instructor's job, at Slepe Lodge School. It had more teachers and more pupils – girls. The Sergeant rode into it one optimistic morning at five to nine: he now owned a Corgi scooter which gave him the impression of sitting up for a biscuit when he rode it.

On the stage of the assembly hall, jumping before and backing, the Slepe Lodge third form went all out to impress him with their agility; they jumped too, and bent and stretched and touched the floor. And conspired in their skimpy blue pants for Sergeant Samwich's downfall. For now he was a different Sergeant whose tongue kept trying to fall out and whose palms felt like old tea towels. He wasn't someone who slashed a cord at a boy's behind without a second thought: someone who picked a boy up by his head for a joke.

He was a pervert and would end up in prison.



Goodbye Columbus

FILMS

Goodbye Columbus (Cert X. Colour. 102 minutes.)

Brenda Patimkin (Ali MacGraw) is rich, spoilt and a brat: comes from the right side of the tracks, i.e., Westchester, New York: recently had \$1,000 nose operation. Neil (Richard Benjamin), recently discharged from the army, has no ambitions for the future, from the wrong side of the tracks, in this case, the Bronx. The happy pair meet by chance at an expensive country club. He finds out all about her, calls her and makes a date. Invited home to dinner, he meets the family, which gives him the jitters. Mother (Nan Martin) is ambitious for her children, and shows it. Little sister (Lori Shelle) is even more spoilt than Brenda. Brother Ron (Michael Meyers) is a nice guy, but dumb. Father (Jack Klugman) is hardworking, ruthless where the well-being of his family is concerned, extremely generous and far too indulgent. Neil and Brenda embark on an affair which hits an all time high in careless rapture, but in the final analysis, destroys them both. Very fine performances from all concerned with a special mention for Ali MacGraw, who can't fail to become a very big name indeed in the not too distant future. This is the sort of film, that once its general release is over, keeps popping up at Classics and similar cinemas.

The Libertine

(starring Catherine Spaak and Jean Louis Trinitignant directed by Sasquale Festa Campanile)

If you still haven't seen this delightful little film at the Cinecenta and you feel in need of a few reassuring observations on marriage with a capital 'M' then why not give *The Libertine* a try? A rich Italian industrialist dies and leaves behind him not only millions of lire and an ingenuous, wide eyed widow, but also a secret 'mansion of love' lined from floor to ceiling with mirrors, and equipped with every conceivable love device that a happily married man could desire, including home movies of himself making love with a variety of mistresses solo and en groupe. Faced with this startling revelation of a side to her husband she was obviously excluded from, his widow (Catherine Spaak) proceeds to devour the latest sexuological textbooks she can lay her hands on, attends medical lectures, and generally gets down to further study of the human male, her knowledge of which has been so devastatingly demonstrated as 'incomplete'. All this while she fights off the dashing young family lawyer who is understandably eager to try out the mirrors. Gradually initiated (on paper at least) into the more esoteric demands of male sexual appetites the young widow decides to 'have a few practicals' and exploit her late husband's pad. She meets and attempts to seduce her medical lecturer (played by Jean Louis Trinitignant) and, despite his apparent coolness (or is it cleverness?) eventually succeeds. He, however, is a match for her new found sexual sophistication and there is a poignant scene in the car as they drive back to Rome from a country weekend, where he allows her to toss all her clothes out on to the autostrada in a fit of defiance, and a large male crowd gathers to watch him refuel at the petrol station.

She refuses at first to marry him, despite his insistence, but finally realises she has at last discovered a man who will treat her as his wife with all the invention and passion men normally reserve for their mistresses. He symbolically smashes and destroys her adopted 'mansion of love', not because he is jealous of the blue films she has shown him and in which she prominently performs but because he knows he loves her and can totally fulfil her in marriage. Happy end! Happy Days!

BOOK

The Mask Behind the Mask:

a Life of Peter Sellers by Peter Evans: (Leslie Frewin, 30/-).

Everyone knows Peter Sellers the star, the character actor, the goon; but it appears that very few people know Peter Sellers the man. Even the author admits "I've known Peter Sellers for almost fifteen years and I thought I knew him pretty well. When I started to research this book, I realised I didn't know him at all." Peter Evans gives an interesting account of a man whose basic insecurity has gained him more enemies than friends. Perhaps enemies is too strong a word, but in this book, Sellers does not rate as the most popular guy in town. He is by turn, generous, inconsiderate, helpful and thoughtless. Knowing him must, in fact, be rather like knowing all the characters he has ever played rolled into one. The early chapters contain the most original material. Born in Portsmouth on 8th September 1925 of

show business parents — he made his stage debut two weeks later, carried on to the stage by comedian Dickie Henderson (senior, of course). Sellers is the great-great-grandson of Daniel Mendoza, a Portuguese/Jewish heavyweight boxer from London's East End who was the champion of England in the bare-fisted days of boxing. Known as the Light of Israel, Mendoza was lionized by society, gave boxing lessons to the then Prince of Wales (later George IV), yet he died poor. Sellers' grandmother, professionally known as Ma Ray, launched what was probably the first revue company in Britain. Her daughter Peg (Sellers' mother) went into the shows which flourished during the First World War. In 1921 Peg met Bill Sellers, a café pianist who could also drive, two qualities Ma Ray needed at the time for her show. After terms had been agreed, Ma Ray discovered Bill wasn't 'a Jewish boy'; but nonetheless, Peg and Bill were married at the Bloomsbury Registry Office in 1923. As a child, Sellers didn't have the theatre 'bug' — which was the greatest possible disappointment for mum. But fortunately for her peace of mind this state of affairs didn't last. The story of his start, his meeting with Spike Milligan, the slow upward trek to the indefinable 'star status', his two broken marriages, his 'death' and recovery make fascinating reading. But at the end of it all there is still just a teeny weeny doubt as to whether Peter Evans *knows* Peter Sellers yet. He has done the most extensive research, and has spoken to just about everyone who has ever had anything to do with his highly complicated subject. But just how close did he get to the real man?



Kyle Johnson, the 17-year-old leading actor in Gordon Parks' *The Learning Tree* was picked for the part some three years ago without knowing anything about it. He has never studied acting and is still not sure that's what he wants out of life, although on his present showing, he has no need to worry. He is a keen drummer, but equally enjoys reading about international politics. A versatile lad! He had been cast in the NBC-TV Special *Losers Weepers* which was about the Watts troubles when Gordon Parks spotted him. And from that moment he never looked back. Kyle Johnson won the role of Newt in *The Learning Tree* at his first audition, and immediately started kidding his

mother as to who brought in the most household money. His mother is Nichelle Nichols, otherwise known as Lieutenant Uhura, in the *Star Trek* television show.

"It's nice" says Kyle "to have people like her around if things like this are going to happen to you. She has certainly been a great help to me in teaching me how to study a part and how to conduct myself on the sets." Gordon Parks is delighted but not surprised at the quality of young Kyle's acting in *The Learning Tree*, which was an invited entry at this year's Edinburgh Festival, "I knew he was my boy" he said. Parks himself is quite a boy. Born on a

farm near Fort Scott, Kansas, on November 30th 1912, at the age of 16 he went to St. Paul, Minnesota to live with an older sister. He has been in his time a bus boy, a piano player in a honky-tonk, a lumberjack, a railroad dining car waiter, a professional basketball player, and an aimless wanderer. Then, in 1937, he found himself watching a newsreel film of the Japanese bombing of the *USS Panay* in China.

"I was transfixed," he says, "and I doubt that I knew then the meaning of the word, but I decided on the spot that I wanted to speak my piece with pictures and words." How he acquired his camera, learned to use it and struggled

against formidable odds to compete, is told in his second autobiographical book "Choice of Weapons".

After choosing his weapon in 1937, Parks matured professionally. He became in 1942 the first Julius Rosenwald Fellow in photography; later he worked with Roy Stryker of the Farm Security Administration. For FSA, he travelled all over the United States and through Alaska, making social documentaries on the plight of America's 'forgotten men' of the land. He then became a Standard Oil Co. photographer for five years until 1949 when he joined *Life Magazine*, and became one of the world's most highly regarded professional photographers.



Ian McKellan

As well as taking photographs, Parks acts, produces, directs and composes music. The symphony orchestras of New York, Philadelphia and Venice have played the Parks Piano Concerto. Needless to say, he has written the music for *The Learning Tree*. He says "I don't work to full capacity - I wish I could - only about 75 per cent of capacity. I think anyone who works at 75 per cent of total capacity, if talented, can be successful. I've only taken one vacation in my life - I stayed home and wrote music." Meanwhile, back at home, there's news that the Abbey Theatre Players will be performing Brendan Behan's autobiography *Borstal Boy*, adapted by

Frank Mahon, on Broadway, next April. A great day for the Irish! Robin Maugham's new play *Enemy* will have its World Premier at the Yvonne Arnaud Theatre, Guildford on Oct. 7th. The whole thing is based on one of his war time experiences in the Western Desert when serving with the Eighth Army and the cast includes Dennis Waterman, Tony Selby and Tim Seeley. Directed by Ronald Eyre and designed by Voytek, a London run is planned after the Guildford season. Ian McKellan has scored an enormous personal triumph in his Edinburgh Festival performances of Marlowe's *Edward II* and Shakespeare's *Richard II*. We in London will have the opportunity of seeing Ian in the flesh at the Mermaid Theatre soon. And he's been preserved on celluloid in *A Touch of Love* (British Lion), a super weepie starring Sandy Dennis and based on Margaret Drabble's novel "The Millstone". Meanwhile down in the suburbs, the Friends of Wimbledon Theatre are trying to double their 700-strong membership in 1970. More power to their elbow! One gets an excellent evening's entertainment at Wimbledon. If you are interested in details of the club's aims and activities, write to Mavis Oswald, 12 Roundacre, Inner Park Road, S.W.19. *Forsyte Saga* refugee Eric Porter is making his directing debut in October when he directs and plays the leading role in *My Little Boy/My Big Girl*. Written by American authors Naomi and David Robinson, it gives Susan Broderick her break in her first West End part. Theatre not known on going to press. **Jo-Anne.**

October First nights

2nd: Promises, Promises.

Musical version of *The Apartment* with Anthony Roberts and Betty Buckley playing the Jack Lemmon and Shirley MacLaine film parts. (Prince of Wales Theatre).

4th: A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Both by the English Opera Group (Coliseum, St. Martin's Lane).

8th: Masquerade.

Royal Ballet (Covent Garden).

9th: Patience.

A new production by the English Opera Group (Coliseum, St. Martin's Lane).

13th: Cologne Opera Company.

At Sadlers Wells Theatre (Roseberry Avenue).

15th: She's Done It Again.

A new Brian Rix farce with the usual company of players. (Garrick Theatre, Charing Cross Road.)

16th: The National Health.

The National Theatre Company. (Old Vic, Waterloo Road.)

October premieres

2nd: Royal Hunt of the Sun.

Charity Premiere in aid of the Children's Fund Association at the Odeon, St. Martin's Lane. (Rank)

20th: The Battle of Britain.

H. M. The Queen will attend the Royal Gala Performance in aid of the RAF Benevolent Fund and the Royal Air Forces Association at the Dominion, Tottenham Court Road. (United Artists)

22nd: Staircase.

HRH Princess Margaret will attend the Royal Charity Premiere in aid of the Dockland Settlement and the Pedro Youth Club, at the Carlton, Haymarket. (Twentieth Century Fox)

30th: The Mad Woman of Chaillot.

HRH Princess Margaret will attend the Royal European Charity Premiere in aid of the Invalid Children's Association at the Warner, Leicester Square. (Warner-Pathé)

gay guide

for boys and girls.

Le Duce.

(*D'Arblay Street, W1*). A terribly friendly coffee club where membership costs according to age, and is never more than one guinea. So youngsters get it at real bargain prices. The clientele are chicken in their middle teens. No one's going to stop you dancing cheek to cheek - and you'll probably find someone to egg you on. It's never too crowded, and even if there were too much of a crush the oh-so cool air conditioning would keep the temperature down. Coffee, coke, milk and all sorts of soft sweet things.

Club Edouard.

(*Crawford Street, W1*). A spanking brand new club licensed until two in the morning. No jukebox but a terribly efficient D.J. keeps the rhythm going. The clientele are in their late teens to early twenties and though it can get very smoky, it can be frightfully friendly too. Membership costs two guineas a year and entrance is 5/-, but you get a juicy green salad for that.

Carousel Club.

(*6 Panton Street, W1*). Next door to the Comedy Theatre but not a side-splitter. Atmosphere just a teeny bit sombre, but the regulars like it that way, and they should know, shouldn't they? You can break in if you try hard enough. Membership shouldn't run you up more than a guinea.

The Stockpot.

(*40 Panton Street, W1*). Now this is opposite the Comedy Theatre - which only goes to show how gay these comic theatricals can be. Just the place for a quick refresher before the last Tube, so it gets very crowded as midnight approaches. Not expensive and very cheerful. All sorts drop in from time to

time, including, it's rumoured, in her time, the late great Miss Judy Garland. (Hope you enjoyed the super pictures of her *Jeremy* ran last month.)

The Champion.

(*1 Wellington Terrace, Bayswater Road, W1*). A very mature sort of pub - by no means your young and flighty crowd. It can be crowded so you'll have to waggle your elbows, duckies, if you want to push to the bar.

The A & B.

(*Rupert Mews, W1*). A well-established establishment with a well-tryed and regular clientele. Most of the friends you make here will be in their late teens or early twenties, and though membership costs one guinea you won't have to pay any entrance.

Two Decks Club.

(*6 Rupert Court, W1*). Terribly strict membership only rules here, but there's a drinking licence till 3 in the morning, so you can get your money's worth if you try. It's built like a ship, which should please all of you with happy naval memories, downstairs being the quarterdeck, upstairs the cabin. There's an occasional cabaret with supper and a terribly friendly waiter service.

Buzzy's Bistro.

(*11 Kings Road, SW3*). Food can be too too super. Clientele frightfully regular and loyal too. If it's expensive sometimes then it's well worth the little bit of extra. The menu is small and set - but each delicious dish is individually cooked and served up. You can rub shoulders with some real celebrities if that's the way your fancy takes you - and you're safely off the regular tourist beat.

Zia Teresa.

(*6 Hans Road, SW3*). Hardly the campest place in the world, but the food's good and we can't be gay all the time, can we? Part of the Spaghetti House chain, so a real cheapy with efficient service. So convenient to Harrods and the Way In - not to mention all those other groovy Knightsbridge hangouts.

Conca d'Oro.

(*54 Red Lion Street, WC1*). Holborn's such a dragsville that this cheap little oasis shouldn't be missed. The patron is terribly friendly and has been known to buy drinks on the house. So don't delay - it might be your lucky day! Simple Italian cooking upstairs and down.

Ah Bistro!

(*66 Heath Street, NW3*). The name is a pun, in case you haven't guessed. But you don't have to appreciate that sort of joke to appreciate this sort of food. Upstairs they enclose you in oh-so-intimate wooden stalls. Nice cheap wines and a fresh French menu. Do get there early, or you'll never squeeze in.

Chez Solange.

(*35 Cranbourne Street, W1*). Not the gayest place in this gay city but super food and a marvellous chance to rub shoulders with the upper crust. But you must pay for the pleasure, pleasurable though it is.

Le Cellier du Midi.

(*28 Church Row, NW3*). If you want to be happy you must bring your own bottle because the *Cellier* isn't licensed. Garlic dangles from the ceiling and you really must book if you want a sniff at a chair. Funny how few gay restaurants we've got to offer this month - but the real gaiety's in the partner you take, n'est-ce-pas?



records

Battle of Britain. (*United Artists Records – UAS 29019*). A super record composed and conducted by Ron Goodwin, with the sole exception of track 8 side 2, "Battle in the Air", which was composed by Sir William Walton O.M. and conducted by Malcolm Arnold. Such a disappointment! This 4 min. 51 sec. track simply doesn't match the impact and melody of the rest of the album. It conjures up visions of insects buzzing about on a lazy summer's afternoon – a far cry indeed from the drama of the Battle of Britain. But the rest of the album is everything that film music should be. Watch out for track 4 side 1,

"Work and Play". This could do the same as "Lara's Theme" did for *Zhivago*.

Midnight Cowboy. (*United Artists Records – UAS 29043*). "Everybody's Talkin'," sung by Nilsson is the first and last sound on this record. And most appropriately too, for everybody, but everybody, is talking about the film, about Dustin Hoffman and about Jon Voight. The music supervision is under John Barry, who has also written five of the tracks, which, like all John Barry's work, blend so beautifully into the theme of the film. "He Quit Me Man" sung by Leslie Miller and "Jungle Gym at the Zoo" sung by Elephant's Memory both have life and zip. But track 2 on side 2, "Old Man Willow", is just too, too dreary, perhaps because it drags on for more than seven minutes. But a very listenable record.

The Best of Bond. (*United Artists Records – UAS 29021*). *Dr. No, From Russia With Love, Goldfinger, Thunderball* and *You Only Live Twice*. All these excerpts from the now legendary James Bond films on one record: can't be bad. John Barry and Monty Norman manage to conjure up musical pictures for every single scene and location: you must be completely lacking in any sort of imagination if you fail to get the picture. Movie music at its best and most lasting.

Promises, Promises. (*United Artists Records – UAS 29011*). This is the Broadway cast album of the musical version of the film *The Apartment*. Music composed by Burt Bacharach (his first invasion of Broadway), lyrics by Hal David. A score much in the Bacharach style, but not really as melodic as it could be,

although the closing number on side 1 "Turkey Lurky Time" is very bright. What has been happening to musicals in recent years? It used to be so simple. No matter how much music fashions changed, the basic plot was always the same – boy meets girl, boy loses girl, boy gets girl: all very right and proper, you knew where you stood, a musical meant an evening's gay escapist entertainment. But in the last few years, well! Our musicals have been queer to say the least! We're all for progress, aren't we?; but now you really can't tell if you're seeing a social documentary, a cynical look at life or what. *Promises, Promises*, to judge by the record, really doesn't seem to know what it is. Someone ought to whisper in Mr. Bacharach's ear. His film music is excellent, but there is absolutely nothing in *Promises, Promises* which could possibly be remembered in five years time, let alone twenty or thirty.

T&T

Back from the hols! We were appalled to see that London Transport, not content with wrecking the Circle Line, now seem determined to force us onto the streets, by a scandalous increase in fares. We were sorry to have missed Dylan and all those pretty people on their contact-high on the Isle of Wight, but we hope to score at the next love-in on the Isle of Dogs. The *abbronzati* (sun-tanned he-men for those who missed out on Capri this year) are desperately trying to preserve their pigments. We have already seen some very patchy marriages between nature and the bottle.

We saw the latest craze on the Riviera – le strip-tease garçon! Enterprising club-owners please take note.

Lucky us. We are to have yet a third opportunity to see the Royal Family Film. Our friends in court circles tell us that it is known in the Palace as 'Corgi and Beth'. Which brings us to yet another royal commercial success. *Just Men* have bought the exclusive rights on Tony's super design for his uniform as Constable of Caernarvon Castle. They are bringing out a new line this autumn and calling it The Transvestiture Suit.

More gear news. *A & B Modes* have opened a uni-sex boutique, 'Hermophrodite', at their Oxford Street store. We particularly liked their wet suit in stretch latex (the Wimbledon look) complete with dinky little matching troll-boots. Trevs liked the Grenardier grey, but Tim went overboard for the Pea green.

After lazy summer cruises round

the Serpentine, Squatting Days are here again. Following the fall of Piccadilly, proposed targets are the gothic splendours of St. Pancras Gents, the Windsor Line at Waterloo and – a real hand-bag smash at the Establishment – the superloo at Victoria. Seriously though, why don't they put that spare phallus at Tottenham Court Road to good use?

Why is Dicky Buckle knee-deep in Nijinsky's old tights? He's organizing Sotheby's auction of Diaghilev costumes.

We can't wait to see the new high camp musical, 'Fag', opening at the Palace Theatre next month. This highly successful off, off-Broadway show, presented by impresario Lew Trade, brings together for the first time Clunt Eastwind, Sybil Horn-Dike and the Duragon Girl Pipers. Guess what? Auntie BBC has taken it into her tiny mind to convert the Roundhouse into a tele studio for Ice Spectaculars. What next – the Living Theatre on Ice? All that horrid blue flesh, and ghastly goose pimples galore! Whoops, mind where you're putting your skate, duckie!

We have thought for a long time that lovely Lee Sutton's beautiful bel canto has been sadly wasted. We are delighted to hear that she has secured the coveted role in the Queensway Opera Society's forthcoming production of "Carment" at the Porchester Baths.

Stop press! Afficianodos of Italian films please note. Now shooting in Rome, Federico Fellatio's latest movie, 'I Succhianti' (The Suckers).

Love to you all,
from Trevs and Tim.

Correspondence



This month's letters are taken from a correspondence between Michael Holm, who edits the Danish bi-monthly *UNI*, and Tony Smythe, the General Secretary of the National Council for Civil Liberties. They concern the harassment of Mr Holm's organisation and its members in this country by arbitrary and still unexplained censorship on the part of the British Post Office. Letters to and from Mr Holm's Danish headquarters have been opened and their contents confiscated by the authorities in this country without the senders or the addressees being informed. In publishing this correspondence *Jeremy* hopes to hear from readers who have had the misfortune to suffer from similar harassment. We shall publish more letters detailing other such abuses, and have commissioned legal opinion to prepare a feature setting out the individual's normal rights in such circumstances.



DK 4633 Ostervang,
Copenhagen,
Denmark.
19.8.69.

National Council for Civil Liberties,
Camden High Street,
London, N.W.1.

Dear Sirs,

Members of our organisation in Britain have informed us of your Council for Civil Liberties and we certainly would want some advice from you. Our organisation is fighting for the rights of people with homosexual inclinations, it is international, serious and well known in most countries. We edit a bulletin, named *UNI* bimonthly and do also sell or give advice about all literature on homosexual topics.

Our problem is the mail to and from England. Most letters which we receive have been opened by the British Exchange Control. We understand that things like letter secrecy, in most countries considered to belong to the most elementary human rights, do not exist in Britain, and that the Exchange Control has the right to check the letters. But how comes, that in so many cases when the letters are resealed they arrive here empty? It is possible that one sender can forget to put his letter in the envelope, but when this happens twice or more every week, then something is wrong. You know well how delicate the situation of the homophiles in England is. They don't write pornographic letters to us, but letters about many of their most intimate problems, and they want help. You can imagine how they must feel when their letters are lost, by whom – and to what purpose?

The other problem is our letters to Britain. Roughly 50 per cent of what we send does arrive. Of course, several of our books contain more or less nude photos, but with a few exceptions they are not pornographic. And our bulletin for members certainly is not. All these lost letters – is it legal or illegal theft?

One difficulty for us with these matters is that most British members or customers are much too scared to dare to protest and they won't let us quote their names. But there are exceptions. One example: we sent in March a registered letter, in fact this letter was sent by myself personally to a friend in England. The letter contained a book *African Boys* in which some of the boys were nude; people are nude in Africa at times and there was nothing obscene in the book. And the letter also enclosed an interview I had made with several Danish designers. This interview did not contain one single word which could be considered obscene. The letter did never arrive and after a month we gave in a complaint to the post office. Two months later we were informed that the letter had been considered obscene and destroyed! Who is deciding what is obscene or not? What is going on in these people's minds?

There is no other country where post is treated in such a way, not even in Eastern Europe where we have members too. Well, there is one country who also is hysterical about mail coming from Denmark: Australia. So Britain is not quite alone. But could you inform us of what the rights the authorities in Britain have and what rights the persons have to their private mail?

Another thing: when informing us about the destruction of the registered letter they referred to the Postal Convention of Vienna. But this convention also states that when letters are not delivered or returned the post office in the country where the letter was sent should be informed. The Danish post never is informed by the British post (as to what they informed us. If something is seized in other countries we, as well as the addressee are informed about it at once and have the right to complain. In Britain never. We are never informed and had not been, even in this case with the registered letter, unless we had given up a complaint. As we see it, it is theft of other people's property. We do not sell the contents of letters when we give it to the post, we just pay to have it forwarded.

Could you please enlighten us as to the British attitude in these matters?

Very much looking forward to your reply.

Yours sincerely,

Michael Holm.

National Council for Civil Liberties,
Camden High Street,
London, N.W.1.
28th August 1969

Mr. M. Holm,
DK 4633 Ostervang,
Copenhagen,
Denmark.

Dear Mr. Holm,

Thank you for your letter. I am making enquiries into the way in which the British Exchange Control operates, but in the meantime I would be interested to see the kind of material which you have been sending to your members in Britain.

I enclose a copy of a booklet which we have produced. On page 38 there are details of the law relating to censorship of books and matter sent through the post. I especially draw your attention to the Post Office Act 1953 and the Customs Consolidation Act 1876. Although as an organisation we are campaigning for a more rational approach to such censorship, I would like to point out that the consequences for persons convicted under these acts are severe. I had drawn to my attention recently by Anthony Grey a case where a former nurse, Mr. Michael Peters, was convicted of sending indecent books through the post. I have enclosed a press cutting about this and wonder if it is the case you referred to in your letter.

I will get in touch with you again when I have something definite to say about the British Exchange Control and in the meantime hope to hear from you again soon.

Yours sincerely,

Tony Smythe,
General Secretary.

Dear Mr. Smythe,

Many thanks for your most welcome letter and the book. I am sure the book will give me much interesting reading. I got it today and thus have not had time yet to more than glance in it. As our organisation has so many members in Britain we have to read it carefully; it does not seem that British laws are understandable otherwise. They seem to have so many laws just for the sake of having them but there cannot possibly be any rational background.

I send you enclosed the recent edition of our members' bulletin. We also have many books and magazines for homosexual readers. Many of them are of strong pornographic nature, as it is completely legal here. In most countries it also is legal to possess them if they are not shown to minors or sold. Many societies seem to use the young ones as a reason for censorship. Our experience (and the general experience in Sweden and Denmark, where this literature is free) is that the youngsters have very little interest in pornography and if they look at the pictures or read the texts at times they are not very much influenced. Of course if you want me to, I can send you some samples of stronger material - but I am afraid you will have difficulties.

Censorship on obscene matters is so complicated because it gives the possibility to single employees to decide what is obscene and not, and that is always a matter of taste. And it is impossible for us to know in advance what the British customs will say of one magazine or the other. However, I also send one copy of the magazine *African Boys* which disappeared in the case I related in my letter of the 19th of August. I cannot find anything obscene in it, but that depends on what is going on in the mind of the reader of course. This case was not that of Mr. Peters.

Regarding the Customs Consolidation Act 1876, your books state that a person whose books are seized has a month in which to notify the Commissioners of Customs and Excise that he objects etc. But how can this be done if no one is informed that the book has been seized? You hardly start complaining or asking for the book until three-four weeks afterwards, and then the post informs a couple of months later that it has been seized: in case they inform at all - in several cases we never had an answer. And this only when letters were registered; if not registered they refuse to deal with the case.

I know the case with Mr. Peters pretty well, as I was the one who sent the books. I have also seen a clipping from the *Hampstead and Highgate Gazette* about the same thing, also stating me as "practising homosexual". What can that be? Are there practising and non-practising heterosexuals too? In my innocent mind I cannot see anything obscene in the fact that everybody in private wants to read the things he prefers and chose (in fact I think it is an elementary right); but I see it as highly obscene to open other people's private letters and to publish names of others, giving their most intimate sex preferences, without informing the person, not even trying to find out whether it is true or not. But obviously the British attitude is different. Of course, it does not matter to me if they write I am a homosexual (which is quite true) as I live in a country where discrimination in that respect no longer exists; but the consequences could have been tragic if I had lived for instance in England.

I have discussed the matter with Mr. Peters afterwards and it all seems a very mysterious affair to me. One of our representatives in London, who of course knows the British court proceedings better than I do, will talk with Mr. Peters and find out what it is all about - and we will publish the case in our bulletin, as well as we will inform the Swedish and Danish press about what is going on of persecution against individuals in England. The case with Mr. Peters is still going on and he has got public assistance to appeal.

One of the evidences that Mr. Peters had ordered the books was that he was proved to be homosexual. A very strange kind of evidence. Would it be valid against a heterosexual man if a female magazine had been sent to him? If not, it is simply a case of discrimination.

I had sent the two books to Mr. Peters as a gift. I considered none of the books to be pornographic. Mr. Peters could not know if they were or not, as he never got a chance to see them. Another strange thing with this case is that several letters (regular written letters with no obscene word in them) to Mr. Peters from me and to me from Mr. Peters never reached the addressee. However, the police in court seemed to be of full knowledge of the contents of these letters. They must then have been opened and stolen. I will read through your book and try to find out if such a violation of private mail might be allowed. I hope not, because that would be sad for Britain. But after what has happened I feel insecure.

Dear Mr. Smythe, I am very thankful for your help and we here promise you to give all help we can. We understand now how important an organisation as yours is.

Yours sincerely,

Michael Holm.



Why do your stars
always foretell
such dreary things?
Order next month's

Jeremy

to read your own
gay horoscope.
And learn about
camp cooking too.



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jeremy

