**Jeremy Kingston Extract**

**Extract 1**

And, uh, we would go to the Coleherne or to the Boltons and pick up guys and bring them home. And of course these were penal years. These are, this is criminal behavior in those days. And there were some thuggish policemen who would plant bricks on the people on the men he had arrested. So it was to, uh, make quite sure they were found guilty of something or other, I forget his name eventually was out, was exposed.

Um, and, um, and as long as one took care, I suppose I was never, never a great cottage person. I didn't like picking up people in, in cottages. Uh, I preferred clubs or pubs or of course the street, when you walk along and you see someone looking at you and you turn around and you see he's looking and you walk along and then you turn around and he's still behind you.

So you stopping to pretend to be looking into a shop and someone says, got a light or whatever, you know, do you come here often, all that sort of thing.

**Extract 2**

Once went to, uh, was a pub called Deuragon D E U ragon on, uh, in Mare Street street in Hackney. Um, I looked for the, the, the DeuRagon a while ago and it's either closed down or more likely changed its name, but one of the East End had this reputation in those days. They weren't so far as I know any, any. Clubs and, uh, um, hoists or whatever, uh, uh, that you now have in the East end or in Vauxhall and places like that so that they were nearly all,

Sorry. (Takes sip of warter)

There were nearly all, um, in parts of Chelsea or, um, or Earls Court Earls Court was, it was a great center. Now there's nothing there except a Clone Zone um, But going out to Mare Street was like not actually going as far as the North Sea, but a long, long way out from the tidiness of, of, um, Southwest five and the West end and, uh, in the Deuragon uh, there was a stage and a band and, um, uh, a nice, uh, very funny cherubic.

Looking a bit like Judy Garland, if she were a man, uh, compare called some, some called Gay called gay g.a.y.e. Is, um, not a word. It was only recently coming in then, uh, we're talking, I suppose, of, um, late fifties and lots of, uh, East End lads, I suppose, one calls them teenagers, um, In that dark blue suits or dark brown suits or black suits and some with white scarves and all that sort of Saturday night, Saturday, and Saturday night out stuff.

And among the, among the people there was Lord Montague, um, who gave us a sheepish smile. Um, he was there with a girl in seal skin trousers. Um, and, um, so people, people from the audience went up, one guy sang uh, I'd like to get you on a slow boat to China. I remember haunted me all my life, um, that song, and eventually, uh, we had, we drank bitters or whatever it would have been in those days.

And eventually Montague and his party, um, left. And for some reason I followed them out just, and they had a car AA, something or other, and they got into the car. And then I was aware of a policemen on a walkie talkie saying he's just gone for, into the car. Well, I thought, fuck, they, they're still trying to get him.

**Extract 3**

It was a half evening show and the other half was naked boys singing. Um, which is, which is lovely show really, uh, not only show I thought and a row of girls in the front row gazing up with rapture, of course. Uh, and I thought I'm glad to have lived long enough to have lived into this period of this country, which for a much of the time when I was growing up was hostile to things that were important to me, even though I managed to go and doing them.