



**Sexual culture, celebrity and the press
since c.1960**

**Discussion event for Kate Lampard's oversight of NHS/DH
investigations into the activities of Jimmy Savile**

**Adrian Bingham
University of Sheffield**

Interview with Carl Wayne, lead singer of The Move, in *Melody Maker*, March 1968

‘Girls do knock on dressing room doors and later boast who they have slept with. But they’re not all the same. Some are just nice kids who want to have a talk. Some wear tight sweaters and dance up close to the group. It’s bad for the business sure, but males are more frustrated than females and you can’t blame groups for what happens. They live on nerves anyway. I’m not saying they should go around taking advantage of every little scrubber, but some of them just ask for it.’

Interview with Brian Eno, *NME*, 1973

‘One letter started out: “Hi, I am 18-years-old and a good screw.” “I wish these girls would send photographs... In fact, I would like to take this opportunity to exhort, through the auspices of *New Musical Express*, all these young girls who have a definite sexual interest in me to enclose photographs of themselves. I would be more than grateful.”’

Rob Rendall interviews Gary Glitter, *Melody Maker*, May 1973

‘Reviews of Glitter’s new album, “Touch Me,” have singled out the track “Happy Birthday” as a possible next single.

For the uninitiated “Happy Birthday” is supposedly sung by a young man during the minute before his girlfriend reaches the legal age of consent – 16. “It’s really sending it up a bit – a bit tongue in cheek, like most of my things. He staying on the side of the law by waiting to give her her “present”.

“The thing is that I get, honestly, loads and loads of letters from young kids of 13, 14 and 15. Some of them are very, very to the point. The letters come from both sexes, but mostly from girls.

“They say the most incredible things for their age. But, even if one wanted to pursue any of their suggestions , one couldn’t by law, of course. And that’s partly how the idea for ‘Happy Birthday’ came up.”



JIMMY SAVILE

Disc jockey in sheik's clothing

MR. JAMES SAVILE, the most extraordinary disc-jockey in this spinning business, peeled off a cover from a roll of £200 to buy me a half of bitter and said: "Do I need any more noughts on the bank balance?"

"No," I agreed timidly, being a chap who cares for noughts.

"No," said teetotal Jimmy Savile (pineapple juice), who has six teetotal bodyguards to watch over him, his business affairs, and his bank balance.

Mr. Savile has made a record, which is why we were living so dangerously. **AND** he is not going to get a penny out of it.

TALKER

White-haired Mr. Savile—the tingles the changes in colour and has been known to have his hair zebra-striped—offers on Decca an American hit called "Ahab the Arab," out this month.

He talks rather than sings this epic of the desert, sultans and harems. As Jimmy said: "This record had to run for two and a half minutes—and there's nine minutes of talking on it."

"Sinatra could have made it—but he can't sing as fast as I can talk. And Elvis is worried about the release date. He doesn't want it to clash with his new disc."

"I'm not breaking **INTO** the singing business," he declared. "I'm breaking it **UP**."

I think Mr. Savile's "Ahab" is

by **PATRICK DONCASTER**

going to do well. It is amusing. It is harmless—which is why the nuns won't mind.

The nuns? That brings us back to those noughts. Mr. Savile, who has three cars and bought the latest one, a Rolls, for £7,100 "wearing me sensible slippers and no Brightons" (rhyming slang—Brighton rocks—socks) in Mayfair, is giving all the royalties to the Little Sisters of the Poor.

HELPING

"I lived near one of their convents in Yorkshire," he said. "They help the old folk. So I'm going to help the old folk."

Those noughts should be bringing some cheer by Christmas.

STAND by for a vocal inoculation. Here comes another slugging dog.

Name on the label: **VINCENT EDWARDS**. Name in the week's television surgery in millions of parlours: **Dr. Ben Casey**.

Dr. Casey warbles in on the

Brunswick label with the lovely oldie "Don't Worry 'Bout Me."

This is a track from his L.P. that is already a hit in America.

This single is as soothing as cough syrup. I see the prescription being made up shortly in Pop 30.

FOR all victims of the Twist, Dr. Doncaster prescribes "We'll Not Twist Again," a two-sided tilt at the craze by satirists **RYAN BLACKBURN** and **PETER REEVES** (Philips).

They also take the mickey out of disc business on the way. Come in, fellers.

THE DONEGAN

★ **LONNIE DONEGAN** forsakes those serious ballads he has been making and heads back to the folk-spiritual grounds.

"Pick a Bale of Cotton" he sings on Pye—answering a demand by televiewers who heard him sing this. Here is the Donegan I prefer. Must list.

★ "Yesterday" was a Continental jazz instrumental for which British hit lyric-writer Mike Hawker—he wrote the words for most of Helen Shapiro's hits—penned a lyric.

The **POLKA DOTS**, Britain's sickest vocal group, make a polished job of it (Philips).



POP Thirty's War over the America are Red." Britain's first salvo—at No. 27 fires back at No. 26. He could well turn t

Advert for *Woman's Own*, September 1969



The non-flip side of Jimmy Savile

IF YOU ARE
INTERESTED in people,
meet the DJ who looks
so outrageous, can sound
so infuriating—yet works
as a hospital orderly,
lives in a council house,
walks for charity.

Find out what
he's up to, and why.

THIS ONE WILL RUN AND RUN

THOSE who think that Jimmy Saville, the rather strange celebrity merely comes out of a cupboard to be presented on television would be quite wrong.

Not far from the waxwork museum motorists were treated to the sight of Mr. Saville jogging quite happily on his own far from the sight of the cameras.

Still, he was delighted to be recognised by the bustling traffic. Every other pace that he took he raised his right arm in greeting to the motorists.

The impression he gave was of a bleach-haired, wind-up puppet. My own passenger observed: "Did you see that? Do you think it has escaped from Madame Tussauds?"



POP GIRLS AND DJs—BY JIMMY SAVILE

By KENELM JENOUR
DISC - JOCKEY
Jimmy Savile
talked yesterday
about the pop-show
dollies.

The teenaged girls, he said, follow pop stars and disc jockeys around.

"I've met young crumpet that would knock your eyes out," he said. "Fourteen-year-olds with bodies on 'em like Gina Lollobrigida.

"I love 'em. But not in the going-to-bed sense. I

have a laugh with 'em. A cup of tea and a chat."

Jimmy, of the long blond hair and way-out gimmicks, scoffed at reports of after-show sex parties at the BBC for pop girls and disc jockeys.

"I've been on Top of the Pops since it started, and I can tell you that it is remarkably free from that sort of thing," he said.

"But there are lots of dates made by everybody.

After seven years I have lots of girl friends. I have visited their homes, and count their parents as friends, too.

"These young girls don't necessarily want to take you to bed. That is an adult misconception.

"What they want is simply to see you and talk to you. Most important of all they want to tell their friends about it. They want prestige—not sex."

Jimmy, who has been

called "the oldest teenager in the business," added: "Girls go to great lengths to find out where you live, and then camp on your doorstep.

"Once a big sack arrived at my home with 'A present for Jimmy' marked on it.

"Well, there was this chick inside it. She was just seventeen. We had a cup of tea and whiled away an hour together, chatting."

An inquest is to be held today on 15-year-old TV pop dancer Samantha Claire, who was found dead at her home in Watford, last week.

Her diary naming pop personalities will be available for the coroner.