



KALASHNIKOV KULTUR

By Ricky Savage, the voice of social irresponsibility

Between the Chatterley trial and the Beatles' first LP

In the weird world of anniversaries, 1963 is a year to remember. Why? Because it marked the birth of the permissive society and was the time when the sixties really started swinging.

The fifties were grey, stodgy and run by the kind of people who 'hadn't fought in the war so that teenagers could listen to rock'n'roll'. They continued beyond their sell-by date and you were expected to know your place, mow the lawn and not frighten the horses. Never mind the decaying empire or rising unemployment, in 1962 the Tory government of Old Etonians looked as smugly complacent as Old Etonians always do. And then came 1963.

The signs of change were there; in 1960 the Government prosecuted Penguin for publishing *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and lost. Satire was booming. *Private Eye* started in 1962 and put the boot into the establishment for being out of touch, boring and old. Meanwhile, in Liverpool, Brian Epstein had stumbled across four blokes in a cellar who were about to change music for ever.

Now was the time to light the blue touch paper and watch the sparks fly. And the man who did it was an Oxford-educated former Bullingdon Club member and government minister called John Profumo. The last thing Profumo meant to do when he fell in lust with a naked Christine Keeler next to a swimming pool on Lord Astor's estate in 1961 was change society. And anyway, the affair only lasted a few weeks.

But 18 months later things went out of control. There was the small matter of two of Keeler's later boyfriends having a fight over her, guns being fired in a West London mews and rumours about the minister and the good-time girl starting to circulate. So what? Well, this was the age of the Cold War and Keeler had also been involved with a KGB officer. Just to add to the fun and games, Labour leader Hugh Gaitskell died and was replaced by clever grammar school boy Harold Wilson, who saw the chance to make his mark.

When Profumo lied to Parliament about his affair and had to resign it became open season; Keeler sold her story, the sleaze oozed out and *Private Eye* made its name. It may have been a minor tornado in a private swimming pool, but the Tories lost the next election, the sixties started to swing and deference was never the same again.

And the four blokes from the Liverpool cellar released their first LP.

From preloved to reloved

By Cathy Young

Remember the garden pots shop on the corner of Aylmer Parade? For years it advertised its half-price sale and became a local landmark. Well, now Juliet Waldren (known as Jules to her friends) has taken over the premises and reopened it as a retail outlet for local craftspeople and for her internet business, forgetmenots-vintage.co.uk, restoring once-loved pieces of furniture and selling vintage crockery and handmade goods.

Jules grew up in Church Lane, N2, and has fond memories of her mother's hairdressers shop, Joan Carole, also in Church Lane. Jules now lives with her two student daughters near the shop and not far from her grandparents' home in Highgate. With all these generations together, you could say she is of a truly local vintage. She certainly has a strong love of all things vintage and is committed to supporting the local community and doing her bit for the wider environment.

"Upcycling or restoring once-loved furniture not only gives it a new lease of life but also addresses the landfill issue," she told me. "I started creating from my kitchen table and over time my home became a workshop so a showroom or shop was the next step. I needed somewhere close to home so



Local vintage: Jules Waldren in her shop in Aylmer Parade. Photo by John Lawrence

new customers and those who already knew the website could see the items in real life, not just from photos."

The shop is beautifully set out,

with restored furniture showcasing the vintage china and collectables and walls covered in mirrors, photographs and other wall art. There is a selection of handmade jewellery crafted by local artists, fascinators which can be made to order and a variety of handmade soft furnishings, cards, candles and soaps. For those with a quirkier taste, there are large mirrors featuring Audrey Hepburn and Marilyn Monroe and cufflinks and brooches made of tiny Lego people.

And the pots? Don't worry; they will return in the spring when Jules and the shop's leaseholder join forces to extend their premises and sell not only forget-me-nots vintage wares but also garden pots and garden furniture made from reclaimed wood from around the world.

The shop is open Monday to Saturday 10am-6pm and on Sundays 10am-5pm.



Jack Murphy, left, and Oscar Davidson volunteered to help brighten up the Church Lane and Long Lane junction. Photo by John Lawrence

Neglected corner shown some love

By John Lawrence

Back in November, we carried an appeal from Long Lane resident Paula Goodchild for Barnet Council to do something about tidying up the neglected seating and flowerbed area near her home at the junction with Church Lane.

The council has done nothing, despite direct requests from Paula. Unsurprisingly, however, a number of local volunteers were in touch almost immediately offering their help.

Two of them were former Fortismere students Oscar Davidson and Jack Murphy, who recently left university and set up a gardening company called Green Parakeets (www.greenparakeets.co.uk).

With Paula's help, they dug the beds at the corner and put in winter bedding plants, bulbs for the spring and some shrubs. The transformation was noticed immediately.

Oscar said: "In the space of 20 minutes we had comments from three passers-by saying thank you for brightening up the place. There's a lot of

community spirit round here and hopefully people will keep looking after the beds."

Paula said the pair couldn't have been more enthusiastic. Now she's just waiting for someone at Barnet Council to get back to her about repairing the broken brick work.

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