

Prof

It was in my 16th year that I met David – or Prof, as he was known, because of his thick black specs – at a party, where he was sketching in a corner, and not really joining in the festivities. Curious, I looked over his shoulder at his drawings, and I was surprised to see how good they were. He had caught the essence of many of the guests extremely well. Suddenly I wanted him to draw me, and I started up a conversation. He was a bit different to my usual friends, and I found him intriguing. He took me to his home; a flat off Tottenham Court Road in a mansion block, which he shared with his mother. What a woman she was! Apparently the 7th daughter of a 7th son from the Falls Road in Ireland; born a Catholic, but now a rip-roaring New Age practitioner of all the occult arts. Astrology, tarot card reading, mediumistic hypnosis, to name a few of her talents; she was a curious mixture of genuine psychic skills and utter bogus trickery. I was taken to various psychic meetings, and always felt a curious revulsion at any deeper involvement...perhaps a result of my Christian upbringing? .This lady also had a few men friends who visited her for “consultations” of a mysterious nature every week, including a famous (married) footballer of the day. I found her fascinating company, and spent a great deal of time there. Then I got pregnant. At sixteen, with a boyfriend younger than me, even – what to do?? Somehow I discovered the name of a back-street abortionist, and with £15 in my shaking hand, I went alone and had a knitting-needle thrust into my uterus. My God, it hurt! But not as much as it hurt 12 hours later, when I writhed in agony in my own bed at home, with my mother holding a pillow over my mouth to muffle my groans and screams. My romance with David was over, to my dismay; for abortions are no recipe for success in love, I discovered.