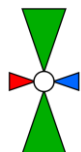


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| <p>&lt;19/c&gt;</p>  <p>Key:<br/> <a href="#">Footprint</a><br/> <a href="#">ConEn1</a><br/> <a href="#">Footprint</a><br/> <a href="#">ConEn2</a><br/> <a href="#">Footprint</a><br/> <a href="#">ConEn3</a></p> | <p>in the country - and a case of Kulta could be sent there for you to collect or even enjoy on the premises. We have 125 cases ready for dispatch, so write now to Kulta/Esquire, Don't forget to give your address and daytime telephone number. A DINNER FOR EIGHT, in a couple of hours and without breaking into a sweat? Impossible! Well, Matthew Fort, Esquire's Food Editor, will be able to show you how it's done on July 23. He'll show you how to impress your friends and he'll talk about the role of the man in the kitchen. We'll be serving Corbieres full-bodied red and dry white wine from Languedoc in France, and we have a Krups Espresso/Cappuccino machine to give away, along with a month's free supply of Lavazza coffee. For your invitation simply send a cheque for £10, made out to Esquire, to Cook/Esquire Lenny's the man they call the Guvnor. He's the king of unlicensed boxing, the most famous bouncer in London. But when a man dies after a scuffle behind closed doors, Lenny is left facing the biggest fight of his career ... Lenny McLean V The Crown by Duncan Campbell THE RINGSIDE SEATS AT THE OLD BAILEY costs nothing. But it's clear from the level of concentration on the brows of the muscular young men and the shoulder-padded young women in the front row that they would have happily forked out for the privilege of being present. This is to be a longer and harder fight than any of them have ever witnessed at Sinatra's or the Rainbow or any one of dozens of warehouses and car parks. This is the decider, the one that could end the career of the king of unlicensed boxing, the man they call the Guvnor. When Lenny McLean is brought up from the cells in his cardigan to stand trial for the murder of <a href="#">Gary Humphreys</a>, there are no spare seats in the gallery of Court 13. Lenny has filled the house again. He stands looking straight at the judge as the clerk reads out his name and that of his co-defendant, Robert Lopez, who is charged with manslaughter and inflicting grievous bodily harm. So what has brought the best known boxer on the unofficial circuit, the best known bouncer in town, the man who has inspired film scripts and tall tales in the snooker halls, once one of the six people in Britain said to be able to bench-press 500 pounds, what has brought him to the dock in front of Judge Richard Lowry and to the possibility of spending the rest of his life locked up with robbers and rapists? THE STORY GOES LIKE this:</p> <p><a href="#">a young man</a> of <a href="#">31</a> called <a href="#">Gary Humphreys</a></p> <p>from came down to London on June 1, last year. <a href="#">He</a> had a condition known as hypomania, which makes the sufferer erratic, irrational and hyperactive. It can be contained by medication and <a href="#">he</a> had been receiving treatment at a hospital in Salford as <a href="#">a voluntary patient</a> just prior to <a href="#">his</a> trip. <a href="#">He</a> had discharged <a href="#">himself</a> on May 30, borrowed some money from a friend and headed off to East Anglia. This was a sort of pilgrimage, as <a href="#">his</a> father, a former Norwich City footballer, had recently died. The journey took <a href="#">him</a> to Harwich, then Norwich, where <a href="#">he</a> tried unsuccessfully to get the medication <a href="#">he</a> needed from the local hospital. But the nursing staff, understandably enough, wanted to check <a href="#">his</a> identity before prescribing the drugs. Frustrated, <a href="#">he</a> set off for London. <a href="#">Humphreys</a> spent the morning of June 1 at</p> |
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|  | <p>Madame Tussaud's and the afternoon, from 1.30 to 7 pm, at the Mayfair Hotel in the West End. There <u>his</u> hypomania was already taking effect. <u>He</u> was pestering people at the bar, trying to butt into their conversations or sit down at their tables and behaving - as far as people who did not know <u>he</u> was ill were concerned - like <u>an archetypal northern wally</u>. Lenny made his name in the unlicensed ring. He was The Guvnor, the big draw, the main event Just before midnight, <u>Humphreys</u> went to the Hippodrome nightclub on Charing Cross Road. It was a busy night and among the crowd there were 28 women from Bournemouth, celebrating a chum's birthday. At 2.10 am, <u>he</u> climbed on to the disc jockey's console and tried to grab the mike, shouting wildly at the swirling crowd below <u>him</u>. To most people <u>he</u> must have seemed simply drunk and <u>he</u> was bundled away from the equipment and dumped six feet below to the floor by a couple of the DJ team. Back with the dancers, <u>Humphreys</u> peeled off all <u>his</u> clothes, started playing with <u>himself</u> and finally urinated on the dance-floor. The security staff were alerted. <u>A naked man</u> was going crackers and had to be dealt with. On duty that night were Leonard McLean, a pugnacious 42year-old from Bow in east London and Robert Lopez, a tall good-looking 33-year-old black man from Edmonton. They swung into action. <u>Humphreys</u> was hoisted off into a private room and blows were exchanged behind closed doors. Lenny McLean said later that he had had to give <u>the chap</u> a 'right and a left' because <u>he</u> was still in a wild, uncontrolled state. McLean emerged from the room rubbing the knuckles under his fingerless black leather gloves. <u>Humphreys</u> emerged bleeding. Lopez gave <u>him</u> a kitchen towel</p> |
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