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MANDATE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE
OF ENTERTAINMENT & EROS

OCTOBER 1977
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SICILIAN NUDES BY
VON GLOEDEN

VINCENT PRICE AS
OSCAR WILDE

PUNK ROCK:
BLONDIE

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WARHOL'S WORLD
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO
HOLLY, JACKIE, CANDY?



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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE
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For fans of sultry dark intensity,
here's Mandate Man Shon Dudas,
featured on page 17.
Photos by Joel Kudler.

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EASY, RIDER!

The outrageously ballsy album cover is worth the price of Discus Records new release, *Slide Easy In* (DS 7017). A hairy, muscular arm and a can. Target model Bruno clenches his powerful fist, thrusts down and grabs a handful of something white and greasy. The label on the can says "Disco" which, as everyone knows, rhymes with the name of a popular vegetable shortening. Get the picture? It's a bold and unmistakable message that only the little old ladies in Dubuque wouldn't understand. But then this album is definitely *not* for them.

The leading vocalist is poet Rod McKuen who this time imparts a new sort of inspiration. He wrote a number of the songs including "Don't Drink the Orange Juice" (written and recorded on March 25, the natal day of Ms. O.J.), "Metro News, Metro News," "Full Moon over the Ansonia" and the title cut. The tune "Slide Easy In" leaves little to the erotic imagination as McKuen breathes heavily and moans while the pounding disco music pulsates in the background. No lyrics necessary. He's not just parodying Donna Summer. You *know* what's supposed to be going on, and it's very likely you will be heaving right along with it.

Other songs include "The Wind of Change," "Never Been a Horse," "Amor," "Forever Young" and "What I Did for Love" from *A Chorus Line*. The latter takes on a totally new meaning in this context. You'll understand that when you hear it. McKuen's vocal efforts are supported by a number of groups such as Chicken Delight, The God Squad, The Moon-drops, Barbara Score, The Vocal Minority and



The thrusting fist on a new disco album cover will clue in the initiated. It's not just those rhythms that are kinky.

something called F.F.A. (The album cover informs you that stands for Future Farmers of America. Oh, really?)

Slide Easy In rides the crest of the disco wave that is crashing loudly over this country from the Atlantic to

the Pacific, an unusual item for sure, one unlike anything you've ever heard. Or seen. Brash, gutsy and titillating in a tongue-in-cheek sort of way, it deserves to be heard just for sheer *chutzpah*. Ahhhhhh....

SOAP DISH

Homosexual rights organizations are moving on two fronts to protect their civil rights in television. The National Gay Task Force filed a petition with the F.C.C. asking it to require stations to survey the needs and interests of the homosexual community in their mandatory public-ascertainment efforts. Meanwhile the International Union of Gay Athletes met with ABC-TV executives in New York to protest the gay character in the forthcoming network series *Soap* as a stereotype that would contribute to the ridicule of homosexuals. Ronald Gold of the N.G.T.F. spoke of the character who enjoys wearing his mother's clothes and wants a sex change operation: "In light of the Anita Bryant campaign, this kind of thing is political murder. They've stopped all that with blacks in television, and it's time they stopped it with us." Rick Gitter, vice president of standards and practices for ABC, disputed that view of the character in *Soap*. He described the character as "a homosexual who feels very good about his homosexuality," not as one who is tormented by it. He added the network has insured that the character is not portrayed as "limp-wristed or effeminate." Some members of the I.U.G.A. (which claims 1450 members in six countries, mostly college-level varsity athletes) left the meeting with the impression that ABC had agreed to "rework" the character, but executives for the network said no such promise had been made, that the character would remain as conceived in the first two episodes. Should *Soap*'s sponsors be boycotted?

MARCO AND ANGELO

When *Mandate* reviewed Jurgen Vollmer's book of male nudes, *Sex Appeal*, an avalanche of mail reflected reader reaction to the photo at right. Most letters said, "Unclothe them, please." Since we aim to please, the brothers Marco and Angelo are on pages 8-11.



MAN DATA

WHO'S WHO AND WHAT'S WHAT

RIVERS OF NO RETURN

Comedienne Joan Rivers and Hal Dresner co-authored a one-hour CBS comedy special called "Husbands and Wives." It concerned five couples who bandy about accusations of adultery with comedy one-liners with the distinctive Rivers touch. At one point, a

homosexual hairdresser was described thusly: "Behind that hair dryer is the meanest queen since Marie Antoinette." As the *New York Times* observed, "Miss Rivers has been around for many years, but it would seem that time is incapable of withering her infinite vulgarity."

CALLOUS LILLY

We've always known that entertainment can be a substitute for reality, but now television negates your need to dine with friends. In New York, a show called *Friends of...* takes you, weekly, into the home of a famous celebrity where you eavesdrop on the conversation of the glitterati, while they finish up the last several courses. When former actor and current financial wizard Richard Ney hosted, his guests included gossip columnist Doris Lilly and actress Joan Fontaine. The gilded Lilly (gilded, as in peroxide) commented that homosexuals don't make good gossip columnists because "They have a

certain viciousness...What *they* think is funny is always a little different from what other people think is funny." Joan Fontaine commented: "They love to tear down women." Lilly agreed: "Yes, it's because women are the competition." A male guest later interrupted to say: "I think Truman Capote destroys your theory about homosexuals and gossip." Lilly: "I don't want to talk about *that*." If *these* are the beautiful people, spare us.

ING AND I

When disco diva Grace Jones reclined across two pages of *Mandate* (September, pp.22-23), we inadvertently omitted the photographer's credit. Francis Ing got that glamor on film, beautifully.

ALL DAY SUCKERS

Men as breast feeders? That was the proposal of a doctor at a Southern medical center symposium who said there were no physical reasons why males can't nurse babies. The doctor claimed that if



Can sucking a pectoral produce milk in a man?

an infant sucks long enough on a male nipple, the stimulation will eventually produce mother's milk—or should we say father's milk? If sucking isn't enough to get the juices flowing, he advises homonal drugs to speed up the process. We suggest he speed back to medical school and learn what he's talking about. Like P.T. Barnum said, "There's a sucker born every minute."

ULLMANN ANTI-ANITA

The latest celebrities to criticize Anita Bryant's anti-gay crusade are actress Liv Ullmann and television personality Virginia Grahame. On separate talk shows, they both decried Bryant's bigotry.

TASK AT HAND

At a meeting of the American Library Association's Gay Task Force, well-known family life expert Sol Gordon delivered a speech entitled "It's Not Okay to be Anti-Gay." He told the rapt audience of librarians, "Scratch an anti-gay and you'll find an anti-black, anti-Semite, Anti-ERA... If we don't all stand together, we'll hang separately...Civil rights should never be decided at the ballot box." Gordon was rewarded with a standing ovation. The meeting concluded with a puppet play written by Kay Tobin, "Flaming Fundamentalist Meets Football Faggot," in which David Kopay applies for a coaching job at Anita Bryant's school and worlds collide.

VINCENT PRICE



OSCAR WILDE

By Douglas Dean

A writer who composes a one-character play and an actor who chooses to perform that character each face certain problems. Can there be enough dramatic conflict in a play with a single character on the stage? Can the actor provide enough color and variety in his performance to hold an audience's interest? The answer was yes when Hal Holbrook did Mark Twain, when James Whitmore did Harry Truman and when Julie Harris did Emily Dickinson.

Both John Gay, who wrote *Diversions and Delights*, a one-man show about Oscar Wilde, and Vincent Price, who elected to portray the celebrated Victorian playwright, must have been well aware of the dangers they would encounter when they undertook this project.

It would please me to report that when the show opened at the Marines Memorial in San Francisco sponsored

to reveal some of the torments he endured in prison.

That's the trouble. The whole thing is a rambling discourse, with the most amusing moments in the script coming not from Gay as a playwright but from Wilde's own epigrams, and with the recounting of the prison experience simply a detail of the facts rather than a re-living of a deeply felt, painful ordeal.

Some believe that Vincent Price's talents were wasted in recent years while he starred in all those horror films. They see his portrayal of Oscar Wilde as a kind of vindication, an overdue emergence of his latent abilities. The truth is, however, that Price never in his early career on stage or screen showed evidence of extraordinary talent; at best he was a competent Broadway leading man (*Victoria Regina*, *Angel Street*, etc.) and a good supporting player in a

As Oscar Wilde, Price poses effectively, holding a yellow rose, and he tosses off a few bon mots with éclat. He is assured and confident, and his timing is expert enough to guarantee a good laugh here and there. But it is a surface performance. His recounting of the prison experience is done with near detachment; it is as if he were describing an event which happened to someone else. He conveys no sense of shame and the pain and the deep sorrow which the real Oscar Wilde must have felt during his time in prison.

In Los Angeles there is currently playing a revival of *Oscar Wilde*, the play which starred Robert Morley on Broadway and in films, and Laird Cregar on stage in Hollywood many years ago. A fine actor named Leon Charles is bringing Oscar vividly to life in this revival, re-creating the famous wit, an essential, but also giving a glimpse into the shadows of a tortured soul, a revelation which Vincent Price's interpretation doesn't come near. This production is playing at the Cast Theatre, 804 N. El Centro in Hollywood, and I urge everyone within five hundred miles of L.A. to see it.

Vincent Price may draw good audiences into the theatre to see *Diversions and Delights*, and since the production is announced to tour for several months it's possible his performance will grow and improve. Undoubtedly many people will be charmed and even touched by his portrayal. But if they have the opportunity to see Leon Charles in *Oscar Wilde*, they will assuredly declare Price's performance pale and ineffectual by comparison.

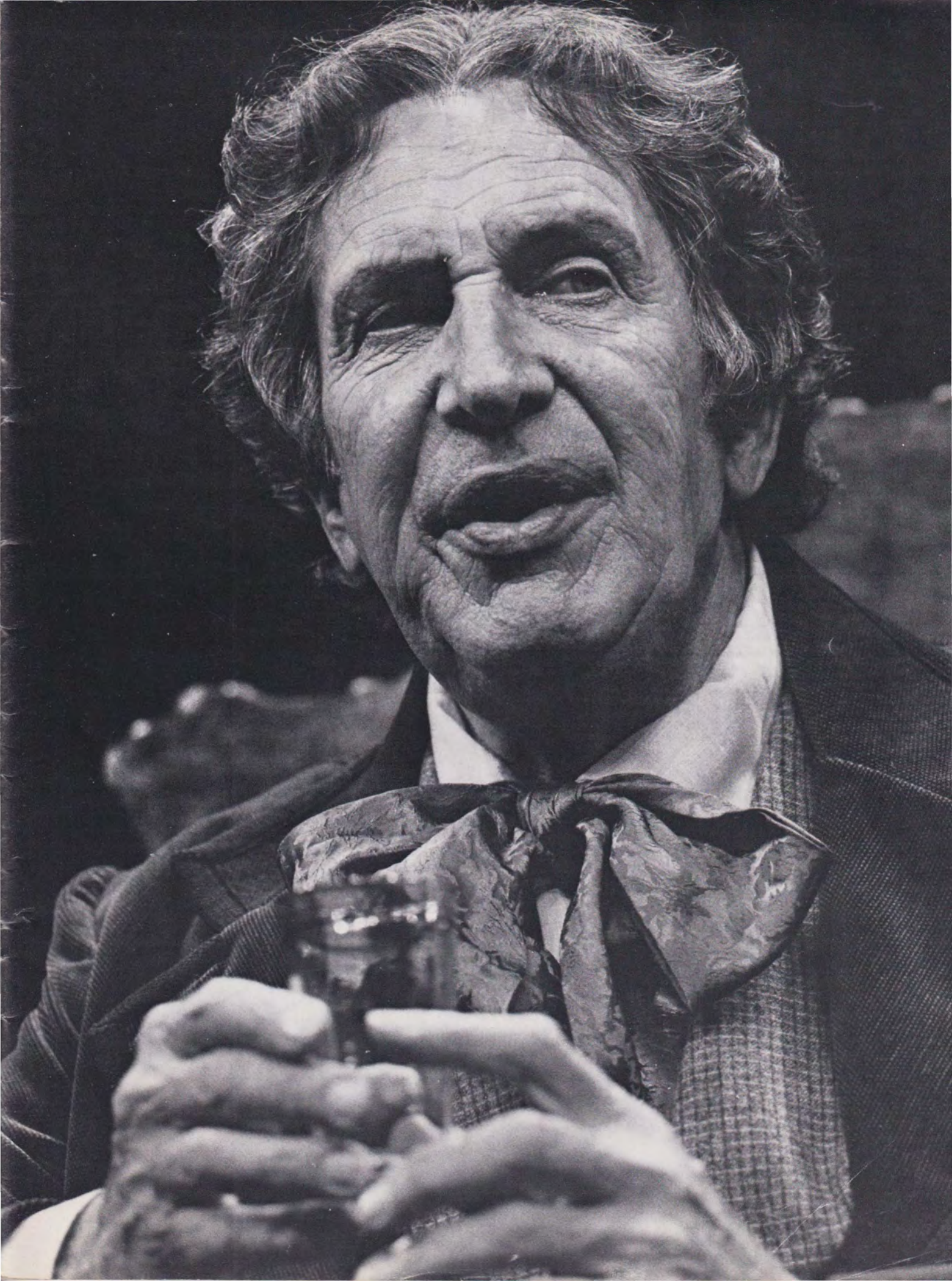
As Wilde, Price poses effectively, holding a yellow rose, tossing off a few bons mots with éclat...

by A.C.T., the gentlemen had met the dangers and emerged victorious from the confrontation. They hadn't.

In a rambling lecture delivered a year before his death in an imaginary Paris concert hall, Wilde, played by Price, discourses spontaneously on many subjects of concern to him. Gay has drawn liberally from Wilde's own writings to supply the moments of humor and wit during the first hour; after the intermission he permits Wilde

series of 20th Century Fox films (*Laura*, *Song of Bernadette*, etc.). In interviews he has frankly admitted that he feels no regret at having done all those later pot-boilers. They provided him with a handsome living, and he has felt no career or creative frustrations.

It isn't likely that his current portrayal of Oscar Wilde will win him acclaim as a long undiscovered genius.

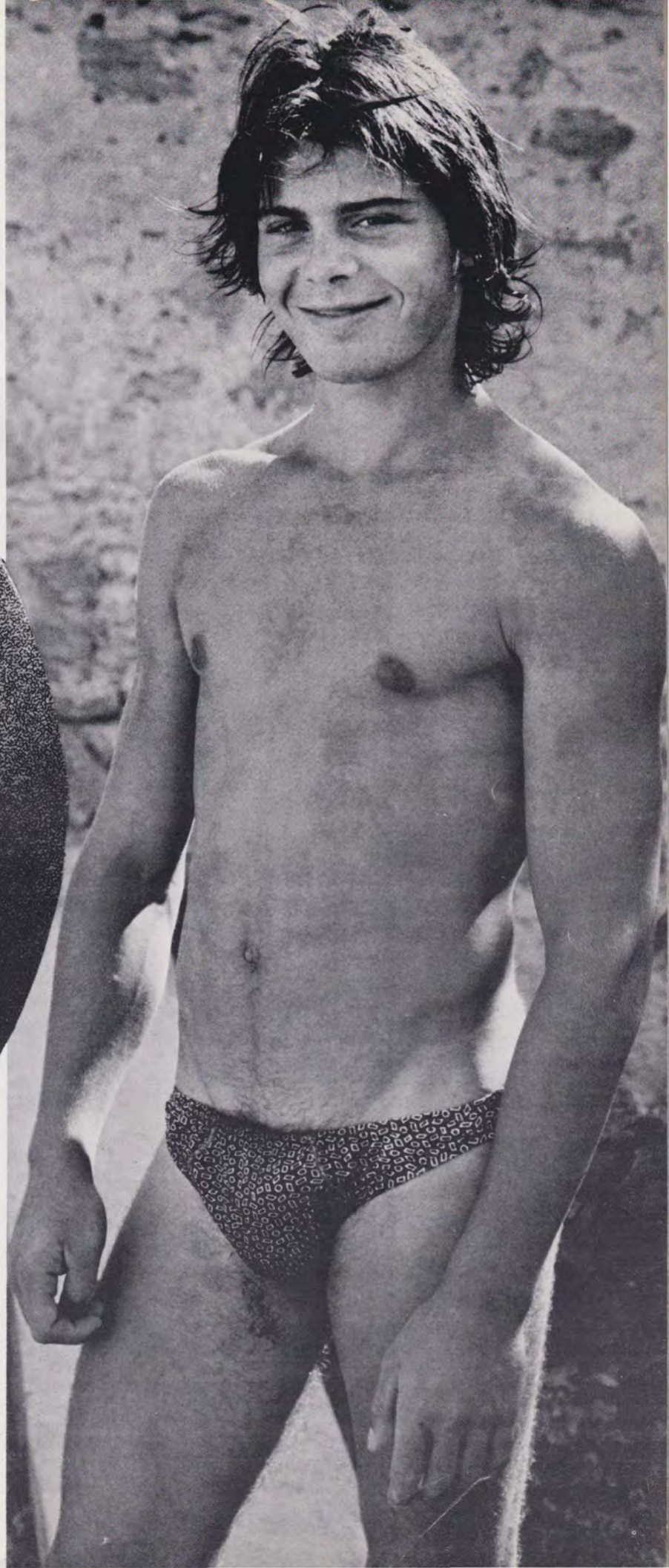




SUMMER AND SMOKE

Photographs
by Jurgen Vollmer





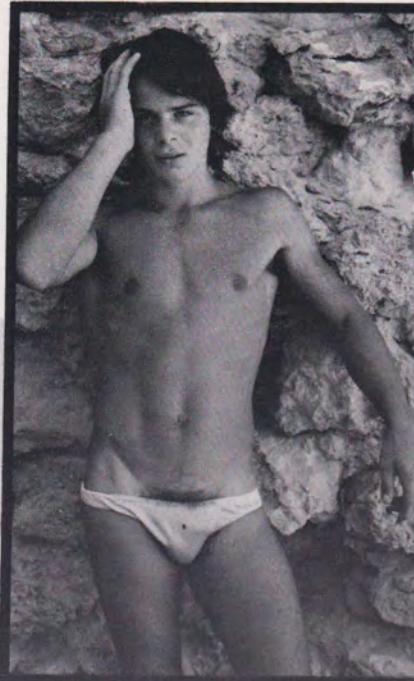
From Southern Italy, that steamy land of eternal summer and volcanic smoke, come two sultry lads guaranteed to light your fire, producing an eruption worthy of Vesuvius or Stromboli. Two brothers, Marco and Angelo, were lensed in their homeland by Jurgen Vollmer. Playful and innocent, they radiate a macho maturity destined to come.

October 1977 / MANDATE

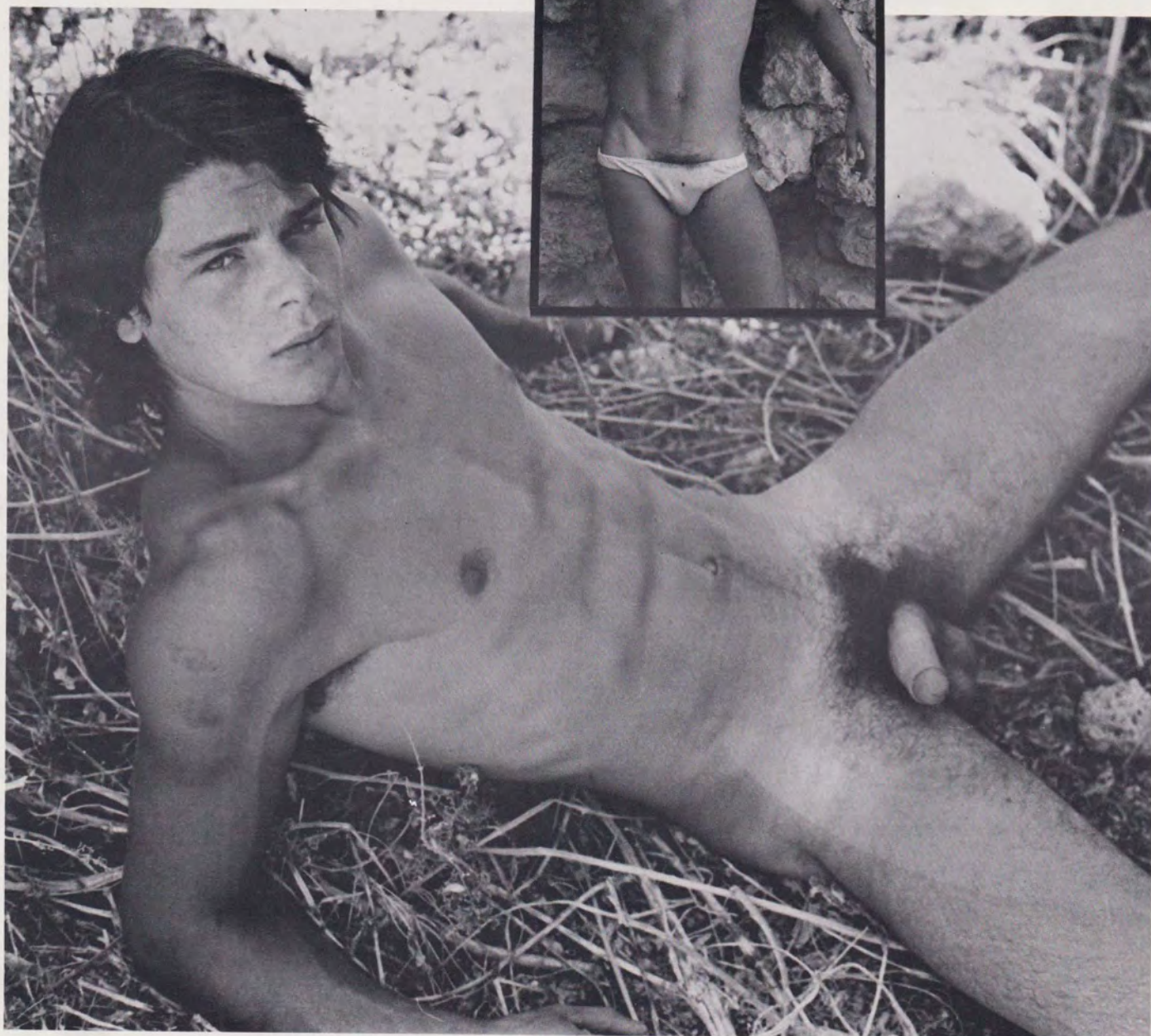
SUMMER AND SMOKE

In a provocative return to nature that speaks volumes about the natural sexuality of Italian youth, Angelo has dark, liquid eyes whose brooding quality is as intense as that of Mt. Etna. Flawless skin, adolescent musculature, a sensuous mouth, he is the epitome of what Sebastian Venable would have pursued with abandon, suddenly that summer, in Cabeza de Lobo.

Photographs by Jurgen Vollmer



In fact, youths from Southern Italy were first made famous by pioneer nude photographer Baron von Gloeden, whose works are featured on page 20. You may want to compare Sicilians of yesteryear and these very today Italians.





Larry Paulette WHAT MAKES A MAN A MAN?

By Michael Llewellyn

Photos by Roy Blakey

For singer Larry Paulette, "What makes a man a man?" is a crucial question at this stage of his career. It's the title cut of his new album on Vanguard (VSD 79386) and it takes on special dimensions because Larry is openly gay, the first uncloseted recording artist to be signed by a major label.

A native of Mingo Junction, Ohio, Larry has long been a rebel with a cause. "Growing up there was dreadful. I thought I was the only person who liked to sing, draw, watch movies and read. Everything I did was considered feminine. I was so uptight I didn't come out until I was twenty. I was driven by 'I'm gonna show those motherfuckers!' But now I don't care if they like me or not. I want to like me."

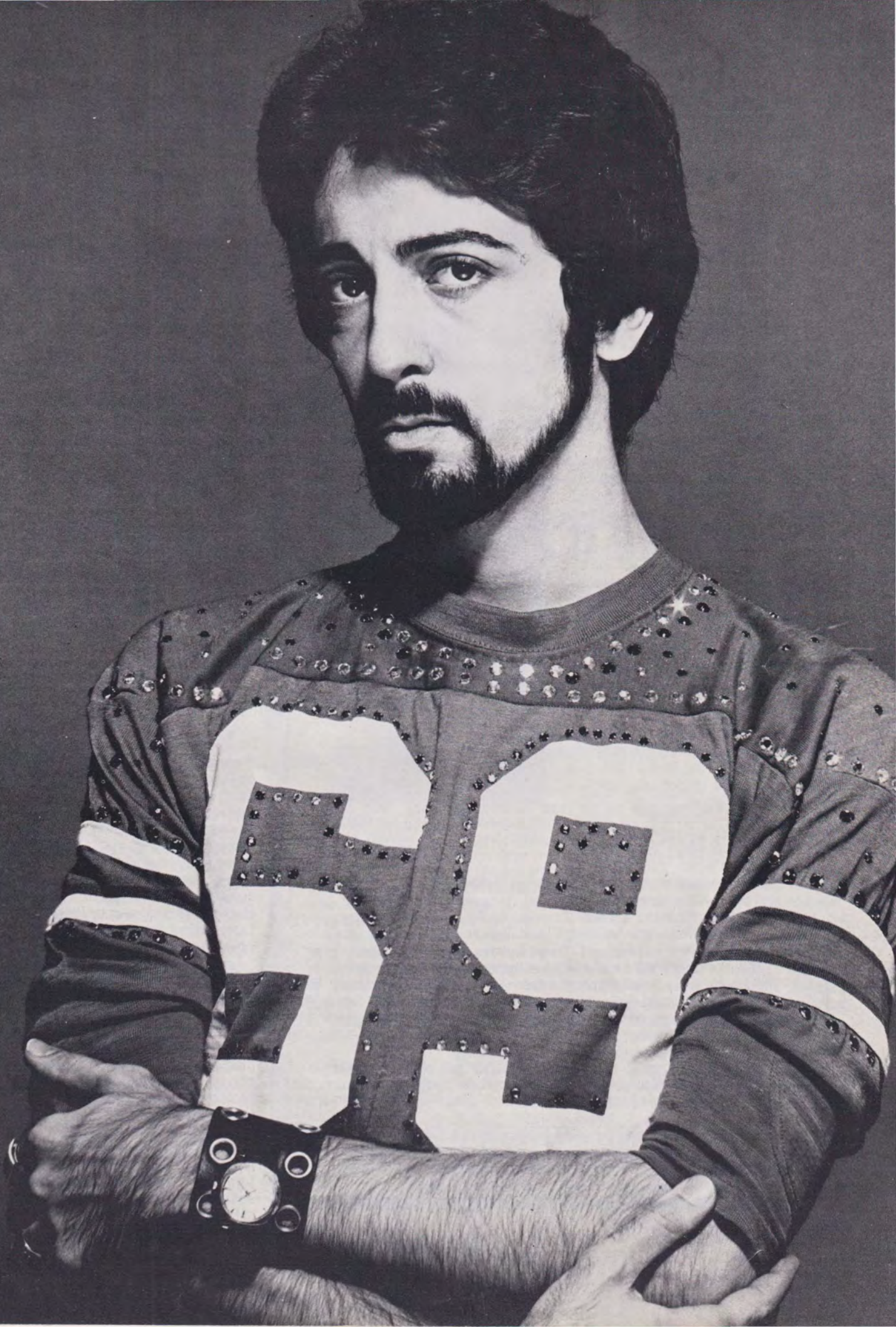
Larry arrived in New York seven years ago and auditioned for a musical comedy class at the H.B. Studio, stopping the class cold with his singing. His work there landed him a

two week engagement at Upstairs at the Duplex, and roles in *Celebration*, Tom Eyan's *Ms. Nefertiti Regrets* and the part of Pilate in the European touring company of *Jesus Christ, Superstar*. His next professional coup was a role in a new show tentatively entitled *Screw*, written by Earl Wilson, Jr. Under a new name, *Let My People Come*, the bawdy sexual musical opened in January, 1974, and Larry played it for 470 (fully clothed) performances and eventually took it to Paris for four months.

All has not been rosy in Larry's career. "Club owners don't know what to do with my act. Booking agents don't know where they could work me in. Television people are leery. Yet straight audiences have been very receptive. I've been a whole revelation for them." What prompted him to walk out of that closet and slam the door? "About 3 or 4 years ago I was playing at Improvisation (a Manhattan club popular with aspiring performers), and this guy who looked like he should be in an executive suite turned his back on me because I made a gay joke. He said, 'You're so damned talented, why do you have to be gay?' Something in me stopped. I made him turn around and face me, and we had a little talk. After that, I decided I couldn't hide myself any more." He added thoughtfully, "Straights are inquisitive about the gay world. They have an image that's maybe sexual or sleazy or a child molester-type thing. The album, I hope, will present a whole rounded personality, sensitivity, a campiness, a humor, a point of view. All those things."

Exuberantly gay singer Larry Paulette has a smashing debut album on Vanguard, What Makes a Man a Man, including the song "Take Me Home With You," with which he, at bar closing time, propositioned actor Alan Evans, far left, in Let My People Come.







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It was at another cabaret, *Catch a Rising Star*, where Larry got his latest break. "Ed Bland (of Vanguard) saw me and liked the way I sang 'What Makes a Man a Man,' and the next day there was a message on my service that he wanted to hear some demos of mine. I didn't have any, so Vanguard gave me six hours of free time in the studio. I put down forty songs for them in two periods." Laurel Dann, a spokesperson for Vanguard, had the highest praise for Larry. "What he did was very, very unusual. One of the problems we have is that our studio is most free in the morning. So when we give away time, it has to be those hours least valuable to us. Most rock musicians have just gone to bed at that hour and can't sing then. Larry came in and sang 20 songs in two hours. It just flabbergasted everyone. What we saw was that even if we hadn't been attracted by his vocal qualities—which of course we were—he was a real pro. We pride ourselves on recording for the connoisseur. That's our logo. We signed Larry because he was professional and he was good. Not because he was gay. Vanguard has pride in what we've done, and we think it's about time a major company made an all-out effort in this direction."

Larry's album is a socko blend of tunes that range from disco to high camp, from rock to torchy ballads. Songs include a hilarious funky Dixieland number called "The Freaker's Ball," the haunting "Triad" by David Crosby, "Take Me Home With You" which Larry did in *Let My People Come*, a plaintive plea of a man in a gay bar at closing time, and a dazzling disco arrangement of "Our Day Will Come" which absorbs new meanings when related to gay freedom. The title cut of Charles Aznavour's classic *chanson* is rendered brilliantly with Larry giving near full tilt to his powerful lyric baritone.

Larry stresses that although the album deals openly with homosexuality, it's really for anyone who loves music. "Our Day Will Come," for example need not be related to the gay movement at all; it's merely a dynamite disco tune which can be interpreted as the listener prefers. "It's up to every man out there to ask himself if he's really exploring his humanistic level, allowing himself every possible feeling a human can feel. Then he can really be a man. I think that's what's underneath the subtext of my singing the title song. What makes a man a *human*."

Continued to page 40

MUSIC:

By Bill Silva

International music hunters, eschewing the costly summer pilgrimages to Bayreuth, Salzburg and Glyndebourne, continue to discover domestic music wealth, closer to home. There are Tanglewoods, Caramoors, Wolf Traps, Santa Fes and Mostly Mozarts enough to keep the most insatiable festival-goer busy.

My idea of a summer of good domestic musickmaking was triggered by a mysterious envelope arriving by mail, containing a photocopy of a rave review of Jon Vickers in a spectacular production of *Queen of Spades*, produced somewhere last summer in Canada. A few days later a slick brochure showed up extolling the current season of that same event, Festival Canada: opera, concerts and chamber music for the month of July in Ottawa. Ottawa?

Ottawa is not, as reported, anywhere near the North pole; it is less than two air hours from New York City, roughly midway between Montreal and Toronto.

These Canadians mean business, and in only a few years have built a national festival that is the country's primary summer arts activity, along with Stratford's theatre festival. Further, Festival Canada is on the threshold of the big time: with proper care and guidance, this could become an international event of considerable impact.

Canada might seem an unlikely contender in the heady, Europe-dominated atmosphere of the musical elite, but take a look. Virtually all the raw materials are there: the city, the facilities and the funds to run them, the support of the resident public and the desire to achieve something really festive musically and theatrically.

Look closer. Ottawa is a genuinely lovely city, one in which I immediately felt welcome and comfortable. It is an inviting atmosphere for an artistic undertaking, filled with flowers and sunshine, lakes and canals and attractive, open people. Non-performance hours can be filled with outdoor activities such as boating and biking; museums and galleries are excellent, and there are many good shops and restaurants. There is a special feeling—perhaps due to the bilingualism, the pageantry



Opera at Ottawa's Festival Canada included Delia Wallis, top, in the "trouser role" of the idealistic composer in Strauss' Ariadne auf Naxos (Photo by John Galt). Below, Costanza Cuccaro and Janis Martin sing Zerbinetta and the prima donna who plays Ariadne.

of Parliament and the appealing mixture of fine old and new architecture—a harmonious blend of Old World and New. Europe without having to go there. Europe with plumbing. A perfect locale for a festival.

The facilities of the National Arts Centre are superb. The complex is a wonderfully realized series of dramatic hexagonal buildings set on (and into) the banks of the Rideau Canal which runs through the heart of the older section of the city, known as "The Hill." The physical plant incorporates a 2300-seat, acoustically excellent

OTTAWA FESTIVAL

Opera/Concert Hall; a 900-seat semi-circular Theatre, with optional vomitoriums, adaptable to thrust or proscenium presentations (doubling as a fine chamber-music room); and a large, completely flexible space called the Studio, used for video productions, experimental mountings and a variety of media mixing. Professional technical areas are absolutely up to the minute—the Centre can be completely theatrically self-sufficient with its own in-house shops for wardrobe design and construction, carpentry and full-scale scene-building, properties, wigs from scratch and even a leather workshop.

The Centre and its activities are unique in that, due to an Act of Parliament in 1966, all support comes from public funds. As such, the Centre and the Festival belong to the Canadian people. That sense of personal involvement can be sensed immediately: the pride and respect for the buildings themselves as well as the arts that are performed in them have joined artist and audience in a particularly positive creative collaboration such as we seldom find south of the Niagara.

These tools in this environment would seem to insure the basic ingredients for important artistic achievement. But a festival atmosphere must, by definition, be a special one, and the magic comes from the quality and imagination invested in programming and performance. And in this respect, Ottawa's festival is still feeling its growing pains.

The concert series was a strong one. A recital with orchestra by Frederica von Stade, which filled the closing moments of the season, had to be a major entry in anyone's musical diary. And the series of complete Beethoven string quartets by the young Orford Quartet throughout the month laid a strong foundation around which the remaining repertoire could be arranged. These fresh, surprisingly mature artists were completely able to meet the challenge of the cycle, playing with assurance and insight, passion and beauty of tone which indicates a bright and rewarding future.

Continued on following page

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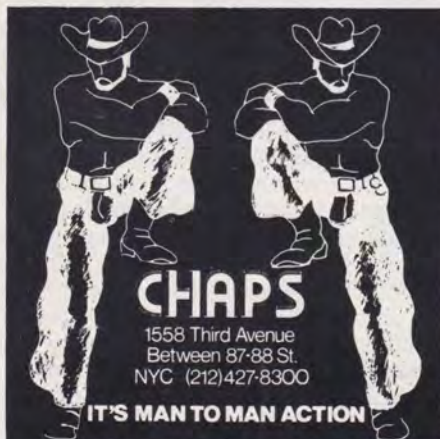


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Selected works played by the Beaux Arts Trio and Trio Tortellier rounded out the programs, which drew capacity crowds.

Lighter attractions, such as the Huggett Family (pushing folk songs and period works from the court of James I) and Les Petits Violons attracted a broader audience, and there were visits from the Academic Orchestra of Stuttgart University and the Montreal Symphony. Not exactly a mind-blowing list, perhaps, but so far so good. The main thrust of this festival is opera, though, and the productions were problematic at best.

A gala premiere of Donizetti's *Don Pasquale* promised much since, properly executed, it is the essence of sparkling *opera buffa*. But anticipation can lead to disappointment. Here the flaccid, humorless orchestral conception of conductor Piero Bellugi, the adequate but unimaginative (and borrowed) Robert O'Hearn decor, and Sonja Frisell's pat and predictable direction resulted in a sadly ordinary, decidedly non-festive mounting which could have been found in any number of provincial theatres. With the exception of the singing of the gifted young American *leggiero* tenor Rockwell Blake (miscast here, but watch for this man as his career develops) and occasional moments from soprano Daniela Mazzucato, vocalism was on the unfortunate level of the rest of the performance.

The major mounting of the the season was a devilish one. Strauss' *Ariadne auf Naxos* is not an easy work to present effectively even in a traditional manner. Riding the crest of the current European vogue of completely restructuring operas for the sake of an innovative theatrical approach, producer/designer team Vaclav Kaslik and Josef Svoboda have created an *Ariadne* as infuriating as it is fascinating. In an attempt to point up the social satire which is the basis of the libretto (and the basis for the Moliere play for which the original version of the opera was composed), the action has been shifted from the time of the Bourgeois *Gentilhomme* to Strauss' time, Vienna just before World War I. The original setting, a Baroque house-theatre, is now a wintergarden.

This updating does not really intrude on the nature of the work or its music. However, the repeated interruption of the music and action by catcalls and stage business from the onstage "audience" intruded mightily. The destruction of the musical and verbal ef-

Continued to page 31

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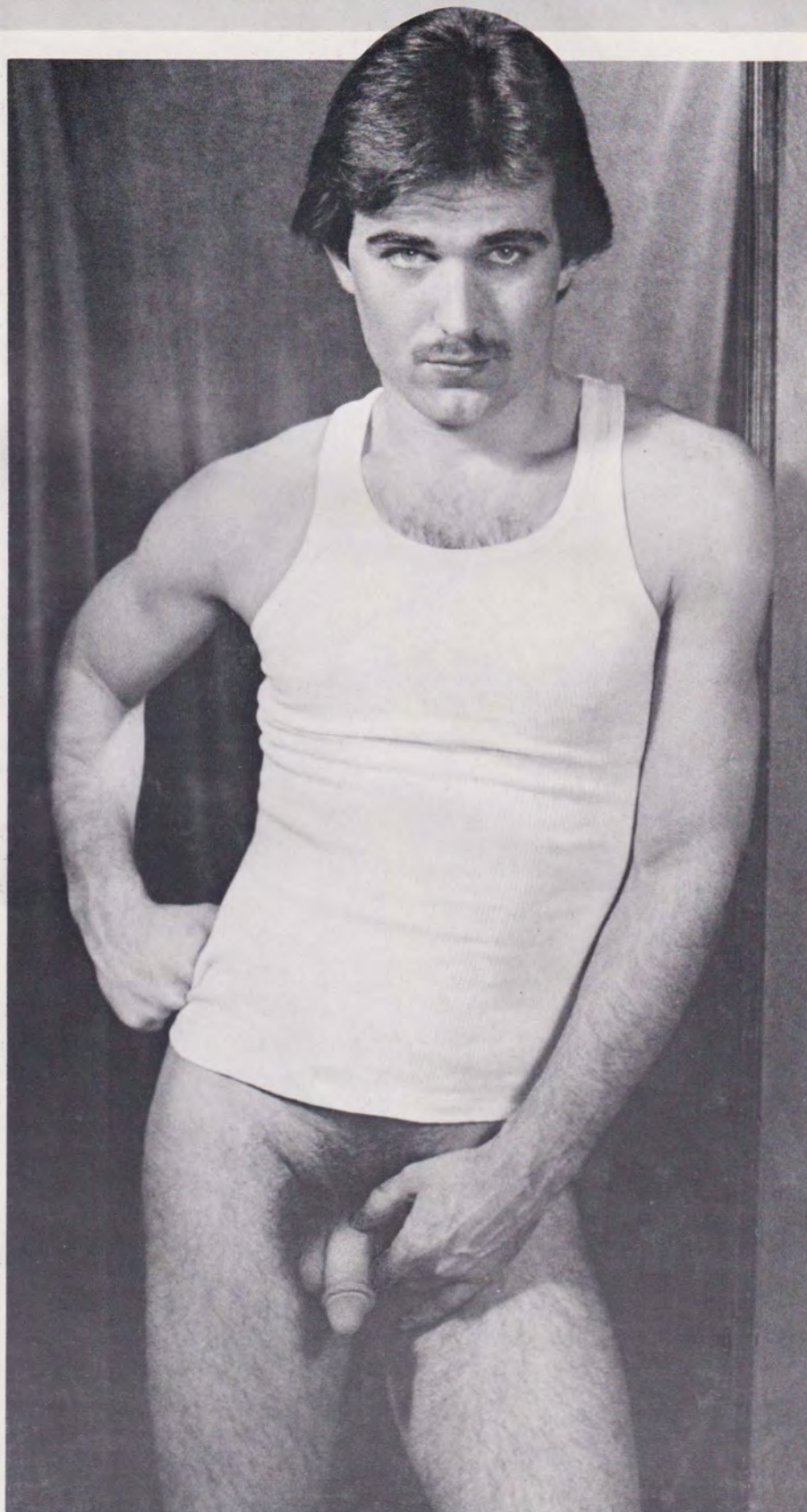
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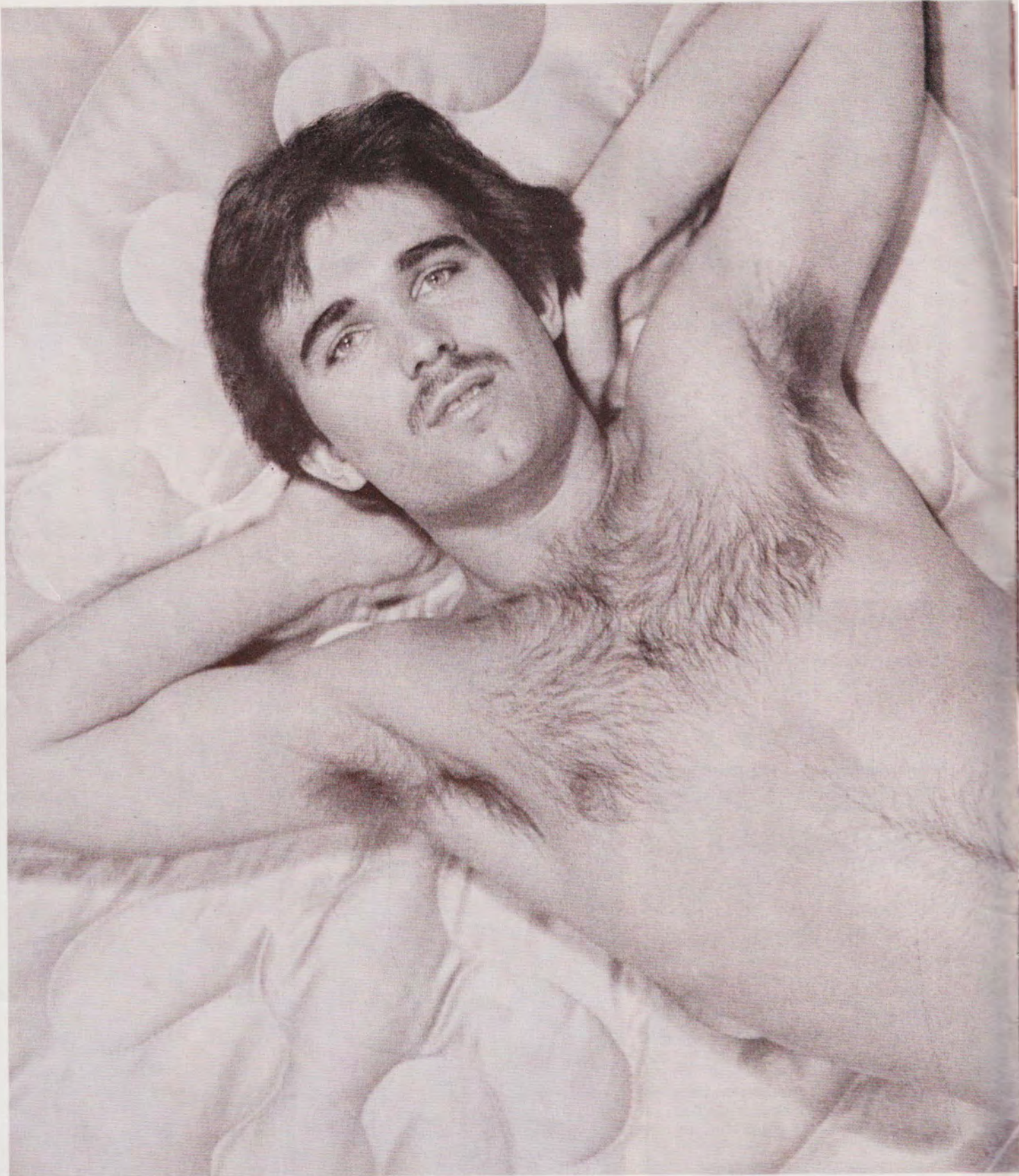
Shon
Dudas

THE MANDATE MAN

His stare is handsomely,
boldy unperturbed.
Mandate coverman Shon—
pronounced "Shawn"—
Dudas is a 24-year-old
Californian of diverse
ethnic heritage; he's part
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Irish and Hungarian. But if
the look is unperturbed,
the facts are perturbing.

Photograph by Joel Kudler





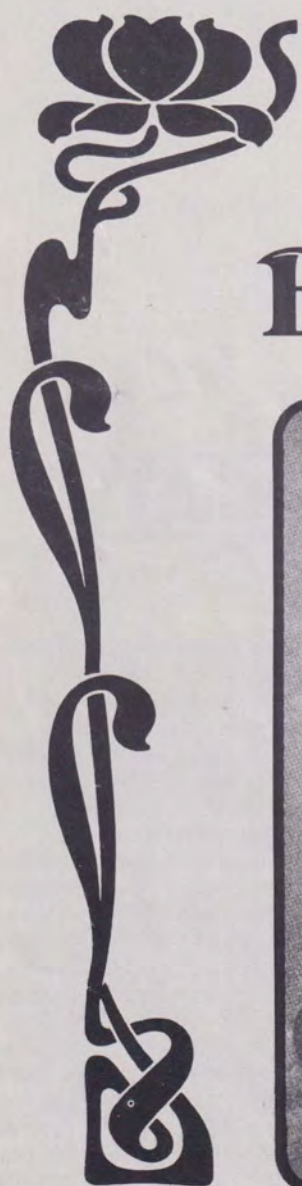


Shon Dudas

THE MANDATE MAN

If Shon Dudas is alive and well and now living in New York, it's only because he has survived a series of mind-boggling accidents. The cataclysms he's endured? A nasty fall in the Amazon while working on a documentary film about voodoo. Burning his buns when his jeans caught on fire on a motorboat in St. Croix. A broken coccyx—yes, we said coccyx—that resulted from plunging off a ladder. Tumbling off and under a speeding motorcycle. Injuries from a major automobile accident. Perhaps he simply lives too dangerously. The accidents occurred in the course of his many careers which have ranged from being an immunization technician for infants to operating a horse farm. He's accident-prone, and you may just wish he'll trip again. Trip right into your life.

Photograph by Joel Kudler



Baron von Gloeden



In the shadow of the brooding, sometimes violent volcano Etna, the ruin-strewn mountainside town of Taormina, Sicily, was a homoerotic paradise found for a self-exiled German baron, who discovered there a land of achingly beautiful youths unashamedly willing to strip away the trappings of civilization to pose as nature made them. Adorning them with togas and garlands, Baron Wilhelm von Gloeden photographed them as neo-classic dreams come to life, Narcissus and Ganymede and Phaedrus. In the process, he created an extraordinary *fin de siècle* collection of male nudes that reflect the subtle androgyny and homoerotic preoccupations of that decadent decade, the 1890s.

Baron von Gloeden was born in Mecklenberg, Germany, in 1856. Plagued by ill health and a deteriorating relationship with his mother's third husband, he arrived in Taormina at age 34. He would remain there until his death in 1931. "I prefer the nobility of my Sicilian lads to the noble title to which I was born," he once remarked. Yet indeed there were other reasons why he never returned to his homeland. Through his life he received considerable sums of money from Berlin, along with strict instructions that he *not* return. That was of little concern to him. Taormina, he had discovered, was a





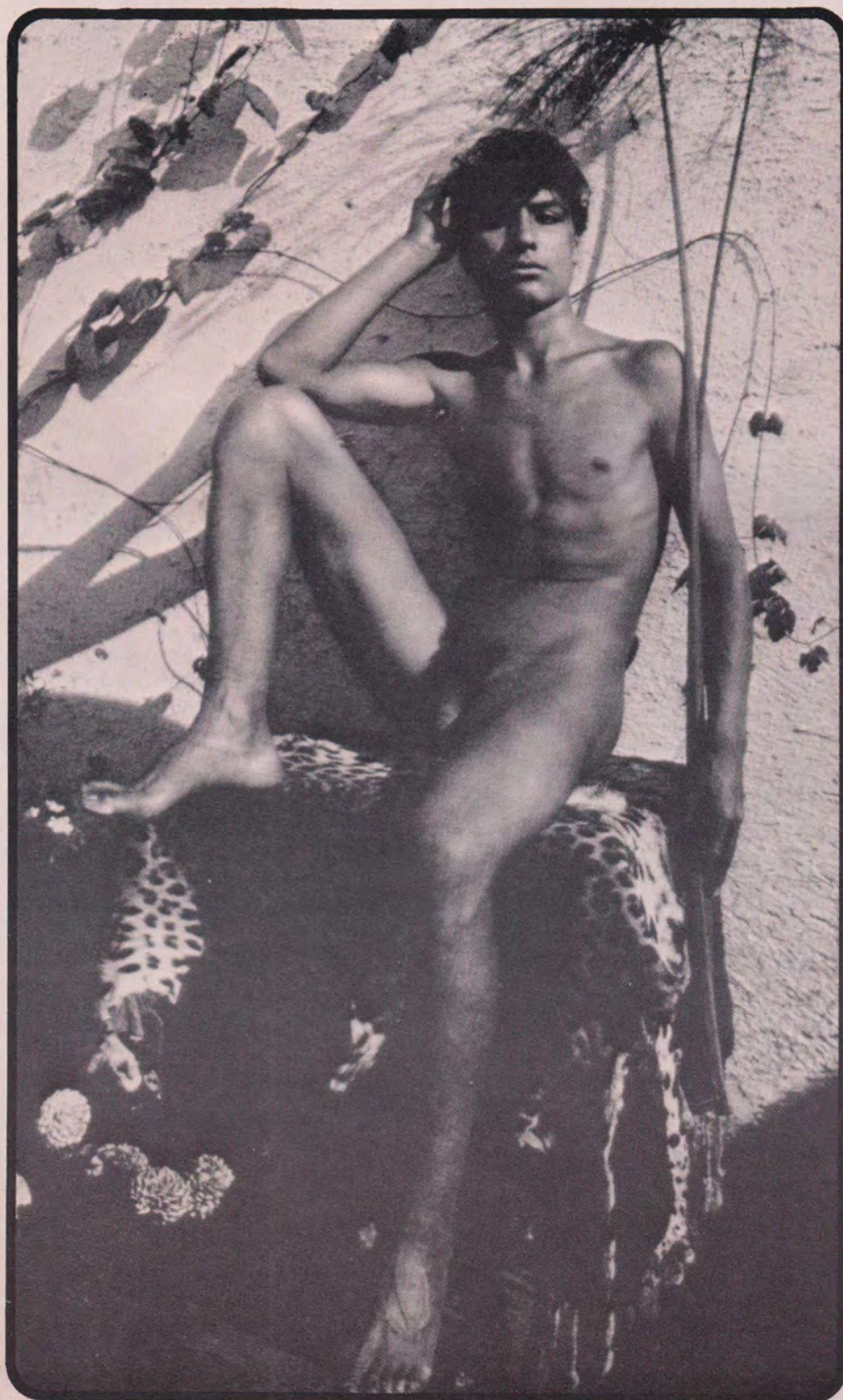
sexual Eden where his passion for boys did not meet the prejudice found elsewhere and his esthetic tastes were satiated by the breathtaking countryside.

Von Gloeden convinced a "companion" to come from Berlin, another young German artist named Gehling, and the pair sent back oil paintings and photographs which soon impelled rich and titled travelers to make a pilgrimage to Taormina. The

Baron's works were well received throughout the world, attracting even Kaiser Wilhelm himself who anchored the royal yacht off Sicily and sampled the pleasures of remote Taormina. Many of the photographs, widely exhibited, eventually wound up in print and in important private collections.

Contemporary photographers would be amazed at the baron's necessarily laborious process. His camera was





hand-made to his specifications with lenses from the Bausch and Lomb works in Germany. After months of study, he mastered the techniques of coating and processing "wet plates" which had to be chemically treated before being exposed in the camera for from 30 seconds to a minute. Through this tedious process, it is astonishing that the baron produced over 3,000 plates in less than 40 years! Most of the negative plates were destroyed by Mussolini's fascist police during a morality crusade, but fortunately several hundred of them survived, hidden beneath the bed of a local peasant couple. Today, autographed and dated (1895-1910) prints made by the baron himself occasionally appear at important auctions in Europe.

As for the models themselves, they were unaffected as human beings or sex objects. A visit to the island today enables the traveler to hear countless stories from the descendants of these lads, tales recounted with pride and admiration. The tourist who today carries his camera openly as he climbs Taormina's steep mountain paths will very likely be rewarded with the winning Sicilian smiles, vintage 1977.

When Wilhelm von Gloeden died at 75, he was interred in the "unbelievers" enclosure in the Taormina town cemetery, only a few feet from the Catholic burial ground which contains the remains of many of his beloved models. Children and grandchildren of these lusty youths still remember the times when important visitors streamed to the baron's home, eager to make purchases and admire in the flesh those boys whose faces and bodies had received global attention via von Gloeden's photographs.

Von Gloeden turned his fantasies into a seductive reality. *Photographs of the Classic Male Nude: Boys of Taormina*, a rare collection of Baron von Gloeden's work, is now available in a lavishly illustrated, 103-page, hardcover edition, for \$19.95. It will be published October 15 by Camera/Graphic Press Ltd., P.O. Box 1702, F.D.R. Station, New York, New York.

GRAND PUNK

Text and photos
by Michael McKenzie



named Debbie Harry—Anita Bryant would undoubtedly feel Debbie is hairy indeed!—who with her four dark young men is called Blondie. Punk chic is here to stay, with Blondie banging out lines like “You had to admit you wanted/the love of a Sex Offender.” Bette Midler, move over. There’s a new babe in town.

When you add outrageous numbers like “Kung Fu Girls,” “In the Flesh” and “A Shark in Jets’ Clothing,” it’s no wonder that Blondie’s first album, *X Offender*, sells out as quickly as record stores can stock it. With a tour of America, Europe and Japan scheduled in addition to their staple New York circuit of CBGB’s, Max’s, the Elgin and My Father’s Place, it looks like Blondie’s cult following is about to expand to massive international proportions. And advance listeners report that no one’s going to be disappointed with their second album, due for release in November, especially with their version of Iggy Pop’s “Funtime.” It’s a shot of adrenalin. Even those who prefer the “I can’t dance, don’t ask me” sheltered life will get pumped up with this get-up-and-shake sound: “I’m gonna get stoned and run around/ All aboard for Funtime.”

“The Hustle” launched disco from a closed circuit in a few clubs and bars in New York’s SoHo and Greenwich Village to the worldwide scene it is now. One hot, bouncy number like Blondie’s “Funtime” could catapult her into international prominence, providing a catchy InterNational Anthem for the punk scene already causing a furor and being banned in both France and Britain. In the 60s the Beatles and their coterie of similarly styled bands influenced everything from hairstyles to lifestyles. So, too, Blondie and the Punk Rockers, of whom Debbie Harry is the Regal Mistress, are going to put a few far-reaching ripples into the culture. The fashion biz, which loves trends anyway, has already jumped the express to Punk City. And what is Punk fashion? Black leather and ripped denim jackets, chains, razor blades, safety pins, pointed shoes, sneakers and lots of studded wristbands. Just a guess, but I think you’ll like it—Punk fashion, Punk Rock, and funky punk Blondie.



Punk Rock’s Regal Mistress is Debbie Harry, opposite, a vision of funky glitz in a Flemington fur and heart-covered drawers. In spite of her look from the waist down, the girl’s no dummy. She founded the Punk Rock group Blondie, along with the four young men above: Clem Burke, Chris Stein, Jimmy D. and Frankie the Freak. At top, Debbie exhorts New York’s Gay Liberation Day crowd.

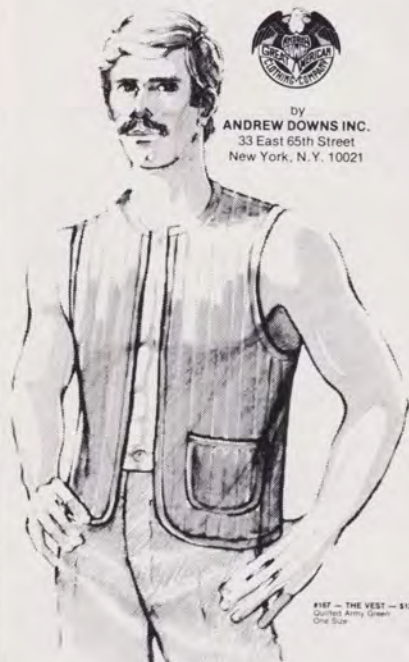
Down on the dockstrip, on Gay Liberation Day, the funky blonde in punk chic spiked-heels and Go-Go Boys tee-shirt swaggered up to the microphone: “I’d like to dedicate this song to Anita Bryant. It’s called *Rip Her to Shreds*.”

Thousands cheered. And bumped and hustled and clapped away as the music poured out into the streets. And when the chorus came, everyone felt it and those who knew it sang it out:

*She’s so tall
I’m gonna rip her to shreds.
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I’m gonna RIP HER TO SHREDS!*
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BOOKS

By Michael Llewellyn

Because of potential libel suits, movie star bios are often merely cautious reports on their subject's lives. But in *Monty*, author Robert LaGuardia has deftly and believably penned a scorching story about one man's inexorable descent into and absorption by hell. Montgomery Clift. Incredibly beautiful and gifted, he revolutionized film acting with an approach that was not (as it is so often mistakenly labeled) "Method," but rather something uniquely his, something countless others would later imitate. Born into a well-to-do family in 1920, Clift appeared in his first Broadway play, *Fly Away Home*, at 14 and was launched on a meteoric career that eventually led to Hollywood and stardom. The idol of millions, bobby soxers, women (and men) who wanted to sleep with him or mother him, Clift was thrice nominated for an Academy Award (*The Search*, *A Place in the Sun*, *From Here to Eternity*). Yet at 32 he lost control of his life and fell into a decline no one could arrest. Not even Elizabeth Taylor, who put up her \$1 million salary to star him in *Reflections in a Golden Eye*, a guarantee for Clift who, because of his unpredictable drug and alcohol-obsessed nature, was uninsurable. He never made the film, the role going, ironically, to another rebel, Brando. At 45 Clift's ravaged body gave out, his heart simply ceasing to beat.

Who, then, was the man behind the mystique? LaGuardia writes: "For those who saw Monty, the real Monty, close up—who lived with him and ached with him—the images are very different. Like a series of takes arriving at the editing laboratory, these memories of an older Monty flicker, out of sequence, with haunting power: Monty walking against the wintry Manhattan wind, his shoulder and hunched body leaning heavily against a black man, his male nurse. Collapsing over and over, in a state of drugged drunkenness, on the floor of a Fire Island summer house, as the homosexual boys and men, fatigued with picking him up, let him lie, and walk over him as if he were a piece of inanimate junk. Waking up in a semi-coma from drugs and liquor in a bedroom of his sepulchral townhouse on Sixty-first Street; being picked up

Continued to page 40

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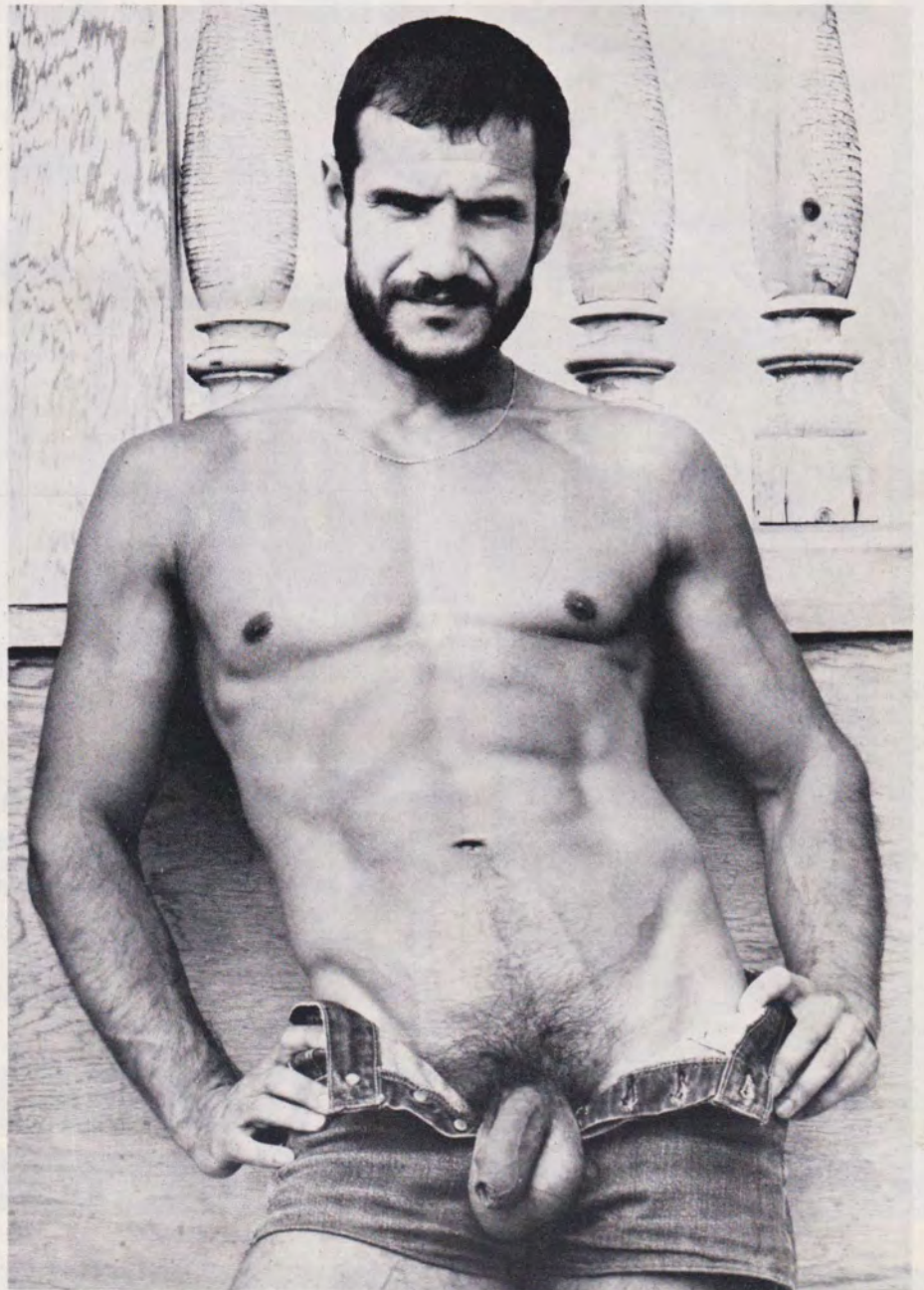
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OTTAWA FESTIVAL

Continued from page 16

fect of the wonderful trios of the nymphs by low camp choreography worthy of the Harlettes, and the absolute loss of the character of Bacchus (one of the great heroic tenor roles) by playing him for cheap laughs, constitute a violation or an important operatic work.

Under the circumstances, musical aspects of the first performance were surprisingly secure. Janis Martin is not a great Ariadne, but she is certainly a very good one; her performance was one of deep emotional and musical content in spite of her obvious distress at what was going on around her. Mezzo Delia Wallis (Composer) and Costanza Cuccaro (Zerbinetta) were the least tampered with in the staging, and both enjoyed a huge success with the public. Wallis is warm voiced and ardent on stage, and Cuccaro delivered a first rate account of one of the notoriously tricky coloratura roles. Tenor Wilfried Badorek provoked laughter from the audience from the first moment he appeared, and not only because of the director's conception. Unfortunately, he seems to be the embodiment of every aspect of the terrible tenor, with a pinched upper register, a painful vibrato and an almost astonishing lack of grace—the complete antithesis of the character he portrayed.

Maestro Mario Bernardi, also somewhat unstrung by the burlesque onstage, retained his composure admirably and led his excellent ensemble authoritatively through the beautiful, complex score. Certain lapses of rhythmic stability and rather odd decisions of tempo marred the flow of the music from time to time, but the overall effect was maintained.

I cannot say that this production did not succeed, no matter how I might disagree with aspects of it. Svoboda's designs are remarkable, imaginative and thought-provoking. And I feel that Kaslik has said what he wished to say: that *Ariadne* cannot stand on its own musical and poetic footing, and must be tampered with to make it work for today's audience.

It is just this sort of personal statement, this sort of experimentation which, like it or not, makes a festival special. The willingness to allow so personal an interpretation, to take a chance rather than retreat into the safe, stuffy territory of standard repertoire and standard approach is what will take Ottawa's festival toward an international niche. Let's hope that chance continues to be taken.

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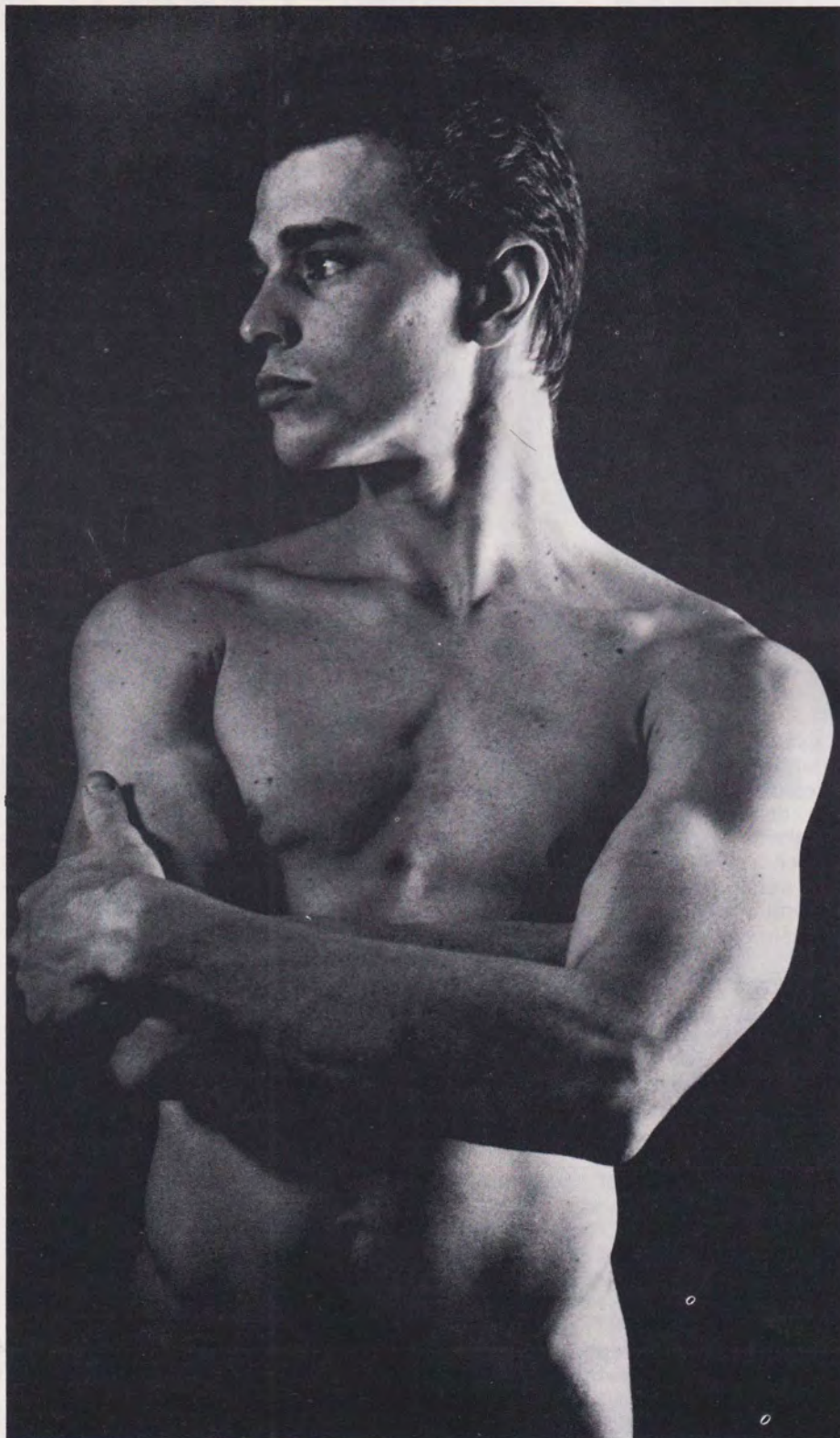
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MEN OF MIEN

Photographs by Crawford Barton

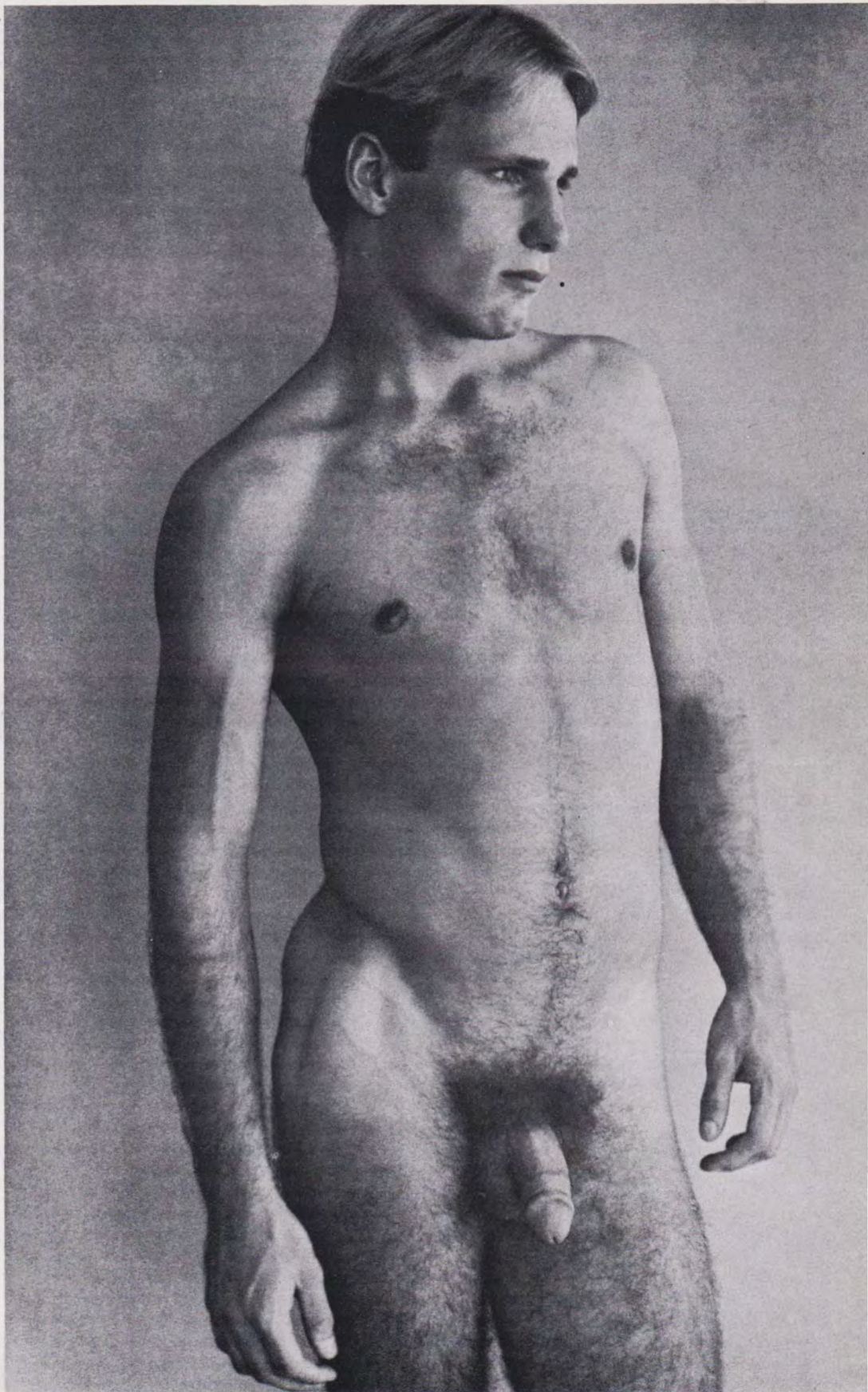
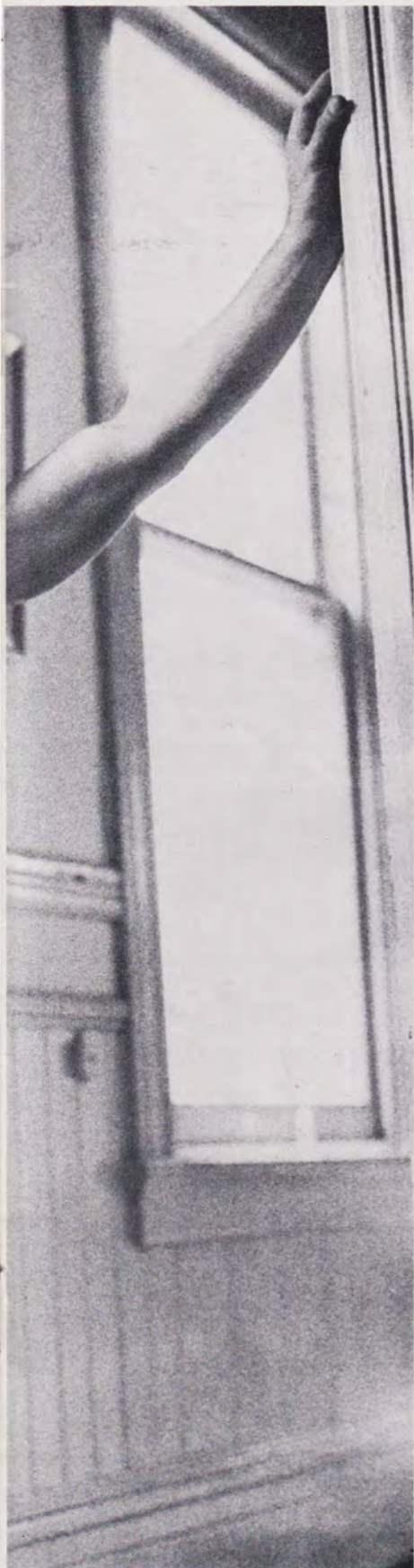
In an unusual folio of studies of the male, San Francisco photographer Crawford Barton has assembled a dazzling and provocative sampling of his works entitled *Beautiful Men*. His models, professional and non-professional, run the gamut from long haired hedonists and leather men to someone who might be the man on the street or the boy next door.

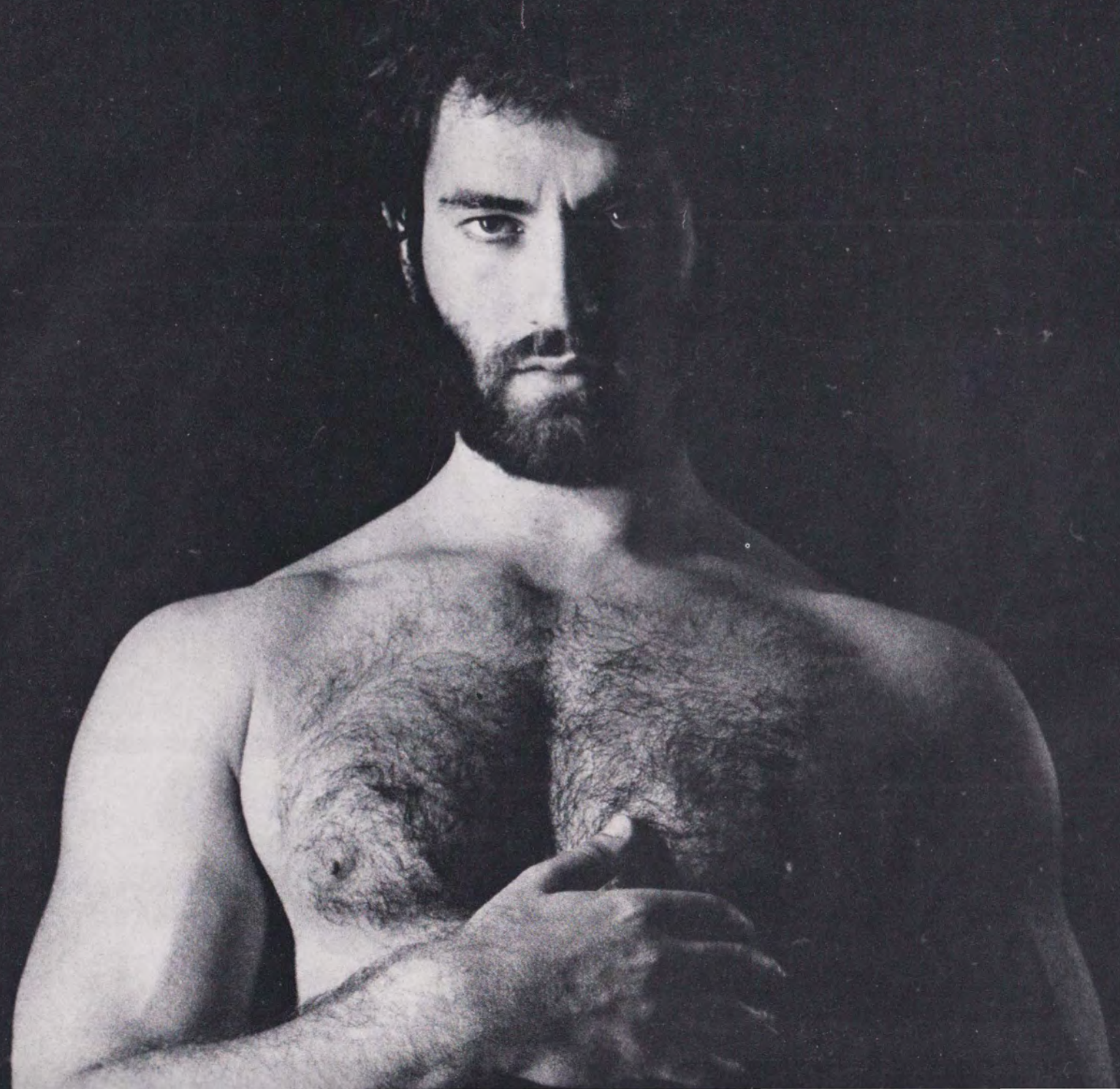
Barton skillfully lensed his subjects in a great variety of moods and settings, indoors and out, clothed and nude. The result is a handsome collection of men who are simply being themselves, each one unique and appealing in his very own personal manner and style. The book *Beautiful Men* is priced at \$15 and is available from Liberation Publications Inc., One Peninsula Place, Bldg. 1730, Suite 225, San Mateo, Ca. 94402.





Photographs by Crawford Barton







MANDATE

Centerfold by Crawford Barton
From his book 'Beautiful Men'

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people
meet



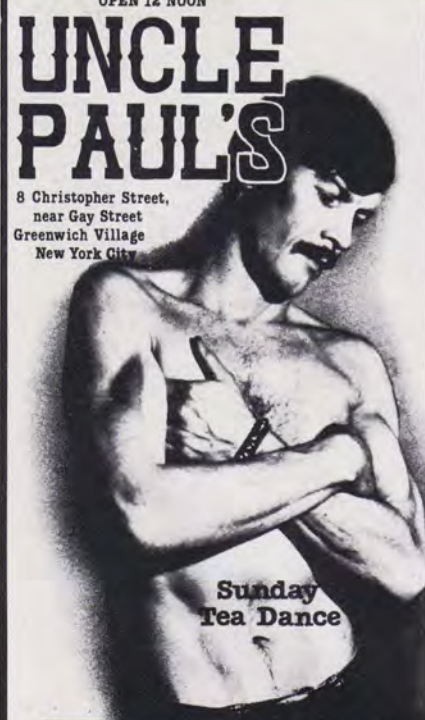
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HOLLY

Continued from page 49

gave her a free room for the night. She shaved her legs for the first time and gave birth to a new persona, the alter ego she had always sought.

"'Holly' came from 'Hal,'" she explains. "When you come to New York and run around with paints and lots of hair, nobody calls you 'Hal.' So we changed it to 'Holly' because I used to whistle for cabs like Audrey Hepburn in *Breakfast at Tiffany's*. Which was something I never had. I had lunch and I had dinner. But I never had breakfast at Tiffany's. 'Woodlawn' comes from *the* cemetery. It had to come from somewhere, so I figured all that marble, all that granite. And it said 'Woodlawn' in the subways."

Holly says the reason she picked New York was because, "*Cleopatra* opened at the Rivoli theatre, and I wanted to go to the premiere. That was in July, 1962. It was the only place to be. The only place left. I wanted to be *Cleopatra*." She paused and added emphatically, "I am *Cleopatra*. And Elizabeth Taylor. I am *not* Farah Fawcett-Majors or Anita Bryant." She has other female idols. "There are so many. They're either dead or they're not. There's Rita and Bette. There is Marlene. All the girls. *The girls*. As far as right now, Barbra Streisand is the only one. But please! She is *not* a diva, but she *is* a diva. And Barbara Stanwyck. She's holding her own."

After La Taylor's *Cleopatra* barged down the Nile and sank, Holly often went to sit in Bryant Park behind the public library. "I was amazed by how small it was. I had expected trees, a lake maybe, something bigger. I thought it was Central Park, see. That's how dumb I was." She was dependent upon the kindness of strangers who wanted a teen-aged boy for various reasons, and for years afterward, her life was one of hustling, of waking up in unknown bedrooms, parked cars and on the streets.

When she was 20, she fell in love with a pressman for the *New York Times* and set up housekeeping with him in Brooklyn. They lived as husband and wife, and she even had a Macy's charge card in her "married" name. He wanted her to become a woman so they could wed, and saved \$3500 for the operation to be performed in Baltimore. In Maryland, she wound up getting stoned and pissed away the money in a few weeks. When she returned to New York still a man, she was thrown out of the love nest in Brooklyn.

Then came Andy and a superstar was born. "I met him at a screening of *Flesh* that Candy and Jackie were at. I was a nothing then. He thought I was just another loud drag queen that looked FABULOUS. Then I was in Jackie's play, *Heaven Grand and Amber Orbit*. I was a moon reindeer girl in the chorus. With sequins and glitter. The play went on at eight, but I used to arrive at four. They had bags of glitter, so I would vaseline my body and bathe in the glitter. I had a little mink bikini with diamond pins in the proper places between my loins and between my cleavage. I would just run up and down the stage screaming, 'Antlers! I have antlers! I have antlers in my ass! I have antlers in my nose! I have antlers in my pussy! I have antlers in my toes! What haven't I got? I don't have *unc*lers!' That was my *big* number, and I would fall onstage. One night I fell—BLAM!!—on top of Roger Vadim and Jane Fonda. They were sitting front row center. I think I said, 'Excuse me' or something. During that time I was so high. We were all very high. Life was high in the late 60s, early 70s. Anyway, Paul Morrissey and Fred Hughes saw me and obviously wanted to know who was this lunatic glittered from head to toe with leaves in her head, screaming. I did *Trash* in the afternoon and *Heaven Grand* at night. At that time we used to go to Max's Kansas City in the late afternoon to eat chicken because they had a free buffet. All your local stars were there at five o'clock to eat chicken. Actually it was pigeon. The buffet consisted of chicken...parts. Bean dip? No. Chili. And Alka-Seltzer. Then you hung out and waited to be discovered."

Trash grossed about \$2 million, but Holly received only \$150 for her work. Her poignant portrayal of the girlfriend of a doomed junkie (Joe Dallesandro) was at once riveting and raw. There were even rumors of an Oscar nomination for Best Supporting Actress. Holly had discovered films, and films had discovered her. As the star of *Broken Goddess*, she affirmed the fact that her performance in *Trash* had not been a fluke. James McCourt of *Film Comment* wrote, "When Holly Woodlawn walks back up the stairs into the dawn, she flashes a back the like of which has not been glimpsed on the screen in too long. It is a gesture which commands: 'If you are being a woman, be a *strong* woman!' The impulse to leap to the top in a single bound to meet the star up there on the world's plateau can best be expressed in another command—to

Continued to page 58

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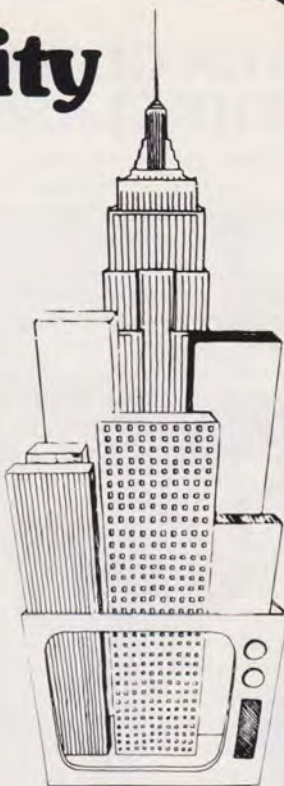
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MONTY

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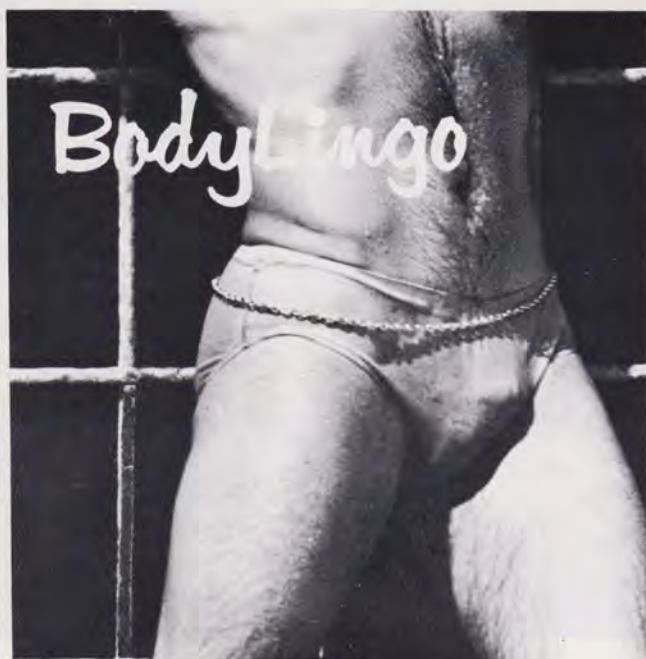
bodily by his nurse and put under a cold shower, in order to face another dose of the life which drove him to this state." The writer spares nothing in describing with graphic agony precisely what the man underwent to reach this pitiful state. It's all there: his near-fatal car crash; the booze and pills; his hebephrenic-like breakdown; his rejection of such films as *East of Eden*, *On the Waterfront*, *Sunset Boulevard*, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*; his strange habit of eating off the floor or other people's plates; his sudden childish behavior and public scenes; his homosexual lovers; relationships with Taylor, Hepburn, Sinatra, Brando, Kevin McCarthy and Nancy Walker. All are delineated with empathy and clarity. As Roddy McDowall put it, all anyone could do was simply hold Monty's hand until the grave. *Monty* is powerful, shocking, bold and captivating reading, an unforgettable portrait of a tragic human destiny.

LARRY PAULETTE

Continued from page 14

Yet, marketing Larry remains a tricky business although his album will easily appeal to straights as well as gays. Homosexual men have traditionally been drawn to female singers such as Piaf, Garland, Streisand and Bassey, and Larry had some interesting comments on that phenomenon. "A woman is allowed to get away with flaunting her sexuality. Some of the rock groups finally picked up on that, but women preceded it. They're more in touch with their feelings than men. When they really hurt over a love affair, well, maybe it's that whole thing about losing a man." Doubtless gays identify with that, but is Larry limiting himself by being openly homosexual? "No. Nobody's really fully exploited. If I were to play some of the gay characters I know, I could spend the rest of my life at it. There are danger queens, 'old queens, flamboyant types, conservative types. There are a million types of gay people, too. Once you get beyond the gay thing, you can explore the whole range of anybody's capabilities."

If Larry succeeds, he will be setting a precedent in the music industry. The handsome, moustachioed young man with the intense eyes radiates full confidence in himself and his beliefs. Mingo Junction be damned. Larry isn't wasting his time by looking back. "I see myself as a child just discovering that the universe is a toy, and that it's there for my enjoyment."



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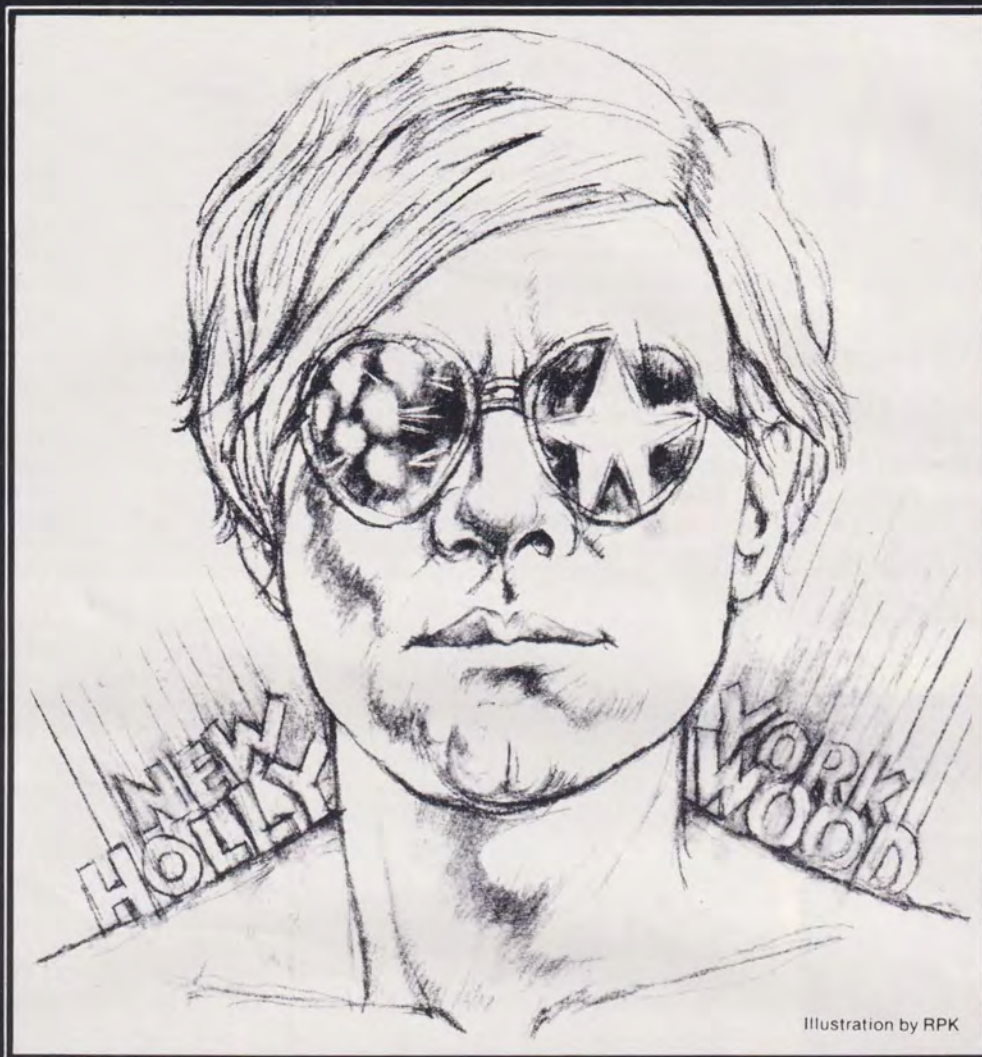


Illustration by RPK

WARHOL'S WORLD

By Michael McKenzie

At a New York flea market recently, two women in their 60s were overheard bickering over an etching. "Three fives or this picture doesn't budge," demanded the stubborn saleswoman, adding, "Whaddya want? Something for nothing? Art? There's *no* Art anymore. Look at that Andy Warhol. Prime example. Someone who'll sell you *nothing for something*. No talent at all, that's what people pay good money for these days." That this exchange probably doesn't surprise you *isn't* surprising. Even John Canaday of *The New York Times* commented, "If a single man has shown the most effective talent for self-advertisement destructive to a general cause, it is Andy Warhol."

Yet Warhol's world, the behind-the-scenes world that produces everything from a (a, Warhol's "novel") to b (*Bad*, his latest flick), continues to fascinate. From Campbell Soup cans through *Flesh and Heat* and *Frankenstein*, to current plans for a chain of Pop-Eat restaurants called AndyMats, the Warhol products just keep coming. Who's involved in the actual production of the Warholiana? And whatever happened to the Warhol superstars, Jackie, Candy and Holly? Here's a look, not at Andy himself, but at Warhol's world, past, present and future.

**"In Warhol's world,
the kinkiest they-
only-come-out-at-
night 60s set gave
way to the glamorous
pets of the 70s."**



If stars of Warhol films, like Perry King of *Bad*, above, are the most visible Warhol associates, Warhol's behind-the-scenes associates actually give shape and continuity to the Pop Poppa's enterprises. At the core of Warhol's world are, clockwise, starting with the large picture: *Bad* director Jed Johnson; Interview gossipiste Bob Colacello; *Bad* co-author Pat Hackett; artist Ronnie Cutrone; Interview interviewer Chris Hemphill; and film businessman Vincent Fremont.

Photographs by Michael McKenzie

Warhol, born something like Andrew Warhola II, somewhere like Pittsburgh, Pa. on about August 6, 1927, graduated from Carnegie Tech and made a bee-line for New York, toting his talent, his portfolio and his body, in 1949. During his first six months in the city, he lived with painter Philip Pearlstein and his wife. An illustration that appeared in *Glamour* depicting shoes climbing the ladder of success secured a job at I. Miller, allowing Warhol to move into his own apartment at 242 Lexington, where he lived with his mother and 40 cats, all named Sam.

By the early 60s he was this country's top shoe illustrator. His first big move was to show the art world that public art—advertising and the media—was also fine art: the Campbell Soup Can, the Brillo Box, Marilyn Monroe...

After progressing to the top of the art world at a conquering pace worthy of an Attila, Warhol bought a 16mm Bolex camera and took on film as an obsessive preoccupation, cranking out flicks like *Blow Job*, *Chelsea Girls* (which, I'm told, was actually 17 films edited down to one), *Empire*, *Kiss* and *Taylor Mead's Ass*. Volumes have been and will be written about whether the films are highly personal or objectively documentary, idiosyncratically innovative or put-on rip-offs.

The transition from the 60s to the 70s is remarkably transparent in Warhol's film career: Jackie Curtis, Candy Darling and Holly Woodlawn are replaced by Monique Van Vooren, Baby Jane Holzer and Geraldine Smith. Thus the kinkiest, they-only-come-out-at-night 60s set paved the way for the most glamorous pets of the 70s. If the end products seem dichotomously opposed, the formula remains intact: creating new movie queens.

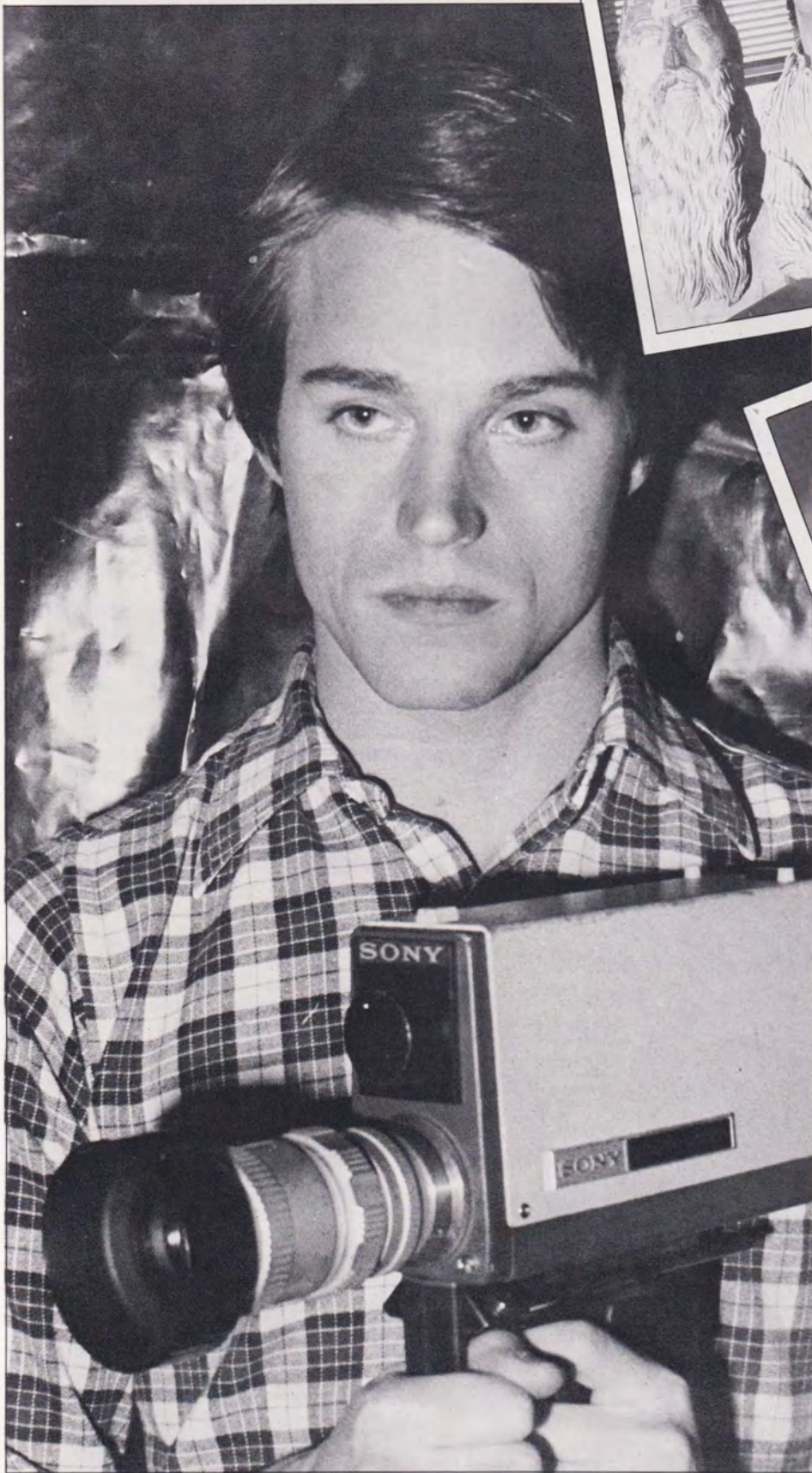
Changing with the time, or even changing the times, presents no problem for Warhol. That's one reason why, when you hear his age, whatever age you hear, you are surprised. Or not surprised. He somehow seems beyond time. It's the changes, Warhol recreating Warhol. The black leather jacket becomes a St. Laurent, the dark sunglasses become clear and pinkrimmed, and the campy, high-pitched voices became a mere monument to the 60s as he gingerly revived the nervous, shy-little-boy stammer that was his during his rise as a shoe illustrator.

Warhol trends are always reflected in the waves of people who surround him, especially his staff at The Factory. Obviously, t.v. sidekicks of the 60s are a far cry from present company like Jackie O, Jamie Wyeth, Halston *et al.* But just as the 60s staff of people like Paul Morrissey, Gerard Malanga and Ronnie Tavel attracted what Warhol considered "the right crowd," those who worked best in connection with his art, so too the 70s staff attracts "the right crowd" for Warhol's present work.

If there remains a definite link to the 60s Factory among present company, it's the outgoing "the kid"-ishness of Ronnie Cutrone. Nicknamed "The Stretcher" by Jamie Wyeth because he stretches Warhol's canvases, Cutrone is often the man responsible for executing the acrylic painting of Warhol's silkscreens *after*, of course, Warhol dreams up the color scheme. Cutrone has also been steadily building up a body of his own visual artistry, pencil drawings, photosilkscreens, 3-D camera work. Born in Manhattan in 1948, Cutrone began by doing bits in Warhol movies: "I started out as a Performance Artist. I used to scale walls, climb up the side of buildings. I booked myself as 'The Human Fly.' But I got out of that scene and I'm glad. It only leads to one thing. The ultimate trip in that scene is to die." Cutrone has made a perfect fit of the St. Laurent jacket/blue-Levi's/dress-shoe look that is The Factory uniform, combining several sorts of chic. He remains the most open in discussing The Factory's past: including his old B&E (No, *not* B&D, but Break & Entry) man friend who would appear at 4 a.m. trying to crash, offering bribes like diamond rings and color tvs. Or the refrigerator stolen from the Beverly Hilton, wrapped with a big red Christmas bow, taken out through the lobby. Nobody at the Beverly Hilton noticed.

Vincent Fremont came to New York in the late 60s, a long-haired California surferboy interested in the movie biz. After meeting Paul Morrissey, Fremont took a job at The Factory, rapidly moving from errand boy into a periphery of more important jobs: doing interviews for *Interview*, writing film scripts and, in time, becoming the man most responsible for the business end of Warhol's film contingency. An impeccable dresser, Fremont, at 26, possesses a mature business savvy that belies his age.

Longtime Factory cameraman for

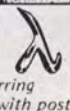


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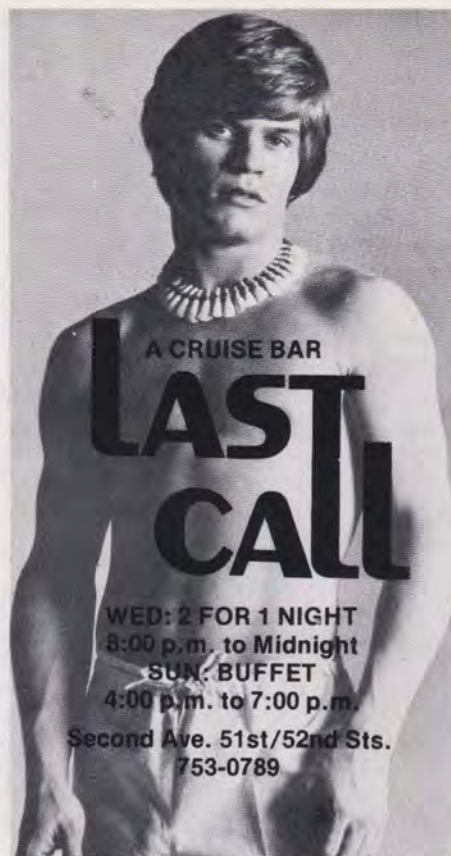
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both video and 16mm, handsome Jed Johnson directed *Bad* and is Warhol's closest friend. By far the shyest at the Factory, Johnson maintains a calm, reserved persona while running a very big show, using an uncanny knack for controlling some sizable egos.

That Fred Hughes, President of Andy Warhol Enterprises, is continually named to "Best Dressed Men" lists is surprising only in that one wouldn't suspect that people bent on such a boring task could possibly have the good taste to select Mr. Hughes. A dashing 31-year-old Texan, Hughes first met Warhol at a fund-raising, \$100-per-paper-plate picnic for Merce Cunningham. Warhol asked Mr. Hughes to help raise money at The Factory, and Hughes has been second in command ever since. He's Warhol's major business contact with the art world. Outgoing, witty, charming, Hughes puts all kinds of people entirely at ease, handling everything from the tip for the coffee man to the proper price for a portrait commission (going rate seems to be about \$55,000). One can expect from Hughes the right thing at the right time.

New boy in town at Factoryland is Chris Hemphill, an excellent receptionist with a voice that can almost crack glass. Hemphill, at 26, has also worked for Jackie O and recently collaborated with Robert Wilson on a book project. He transcribes Maestro Warhol's taped interviews, himself interviews, and assists in the editing of *Interview*.

Pat Hackett began at The Factory as a part-time typist while a Barnard undergraduate. She now contributes to *Interview*, is Warhol's diarist and the most important screenwriter in Factory history, making major contributions to *Frankenstein* and *Dracula*, most recently co-writing *Bad* with George Abagnalo.

The fact that Bob Colacello worked on a college paper (Georgetown) that was founded by Conde Nast is not necessarily what qualifies him to be the gossip columnist for chic society's gossip magazine. What does qualify him is the ambiance he creates, his "take" on people and their reactions to him. For example, Fred Hughes: "So we were at the ---- and it was such a magnificent place! Every piece of furniture was right out of a museum, arranged in the most tasteful fashion. And I turned and said to Bob, 'Isn't this just the most charming place you've ever seen in your life?' Colacello gives me that look of his, you know, and says, 'Well, quite frankly, no!'"

That's Warhol's world.

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Holly. Candy. Jackie. Remember?
We all know what happened to Baby Jane Hudson,
but whatever happened to the Warhol superstars?

ANDY'S ANGELS

As this photo shows one of them certainly endures. Holly Woodlawn is alive and—hell!—in New York City, an evanescent piece of pink cotton candy clearly hanging in there.

Photo by Jarry Lang

MANDATE / October 1977

JACKIE, OH!

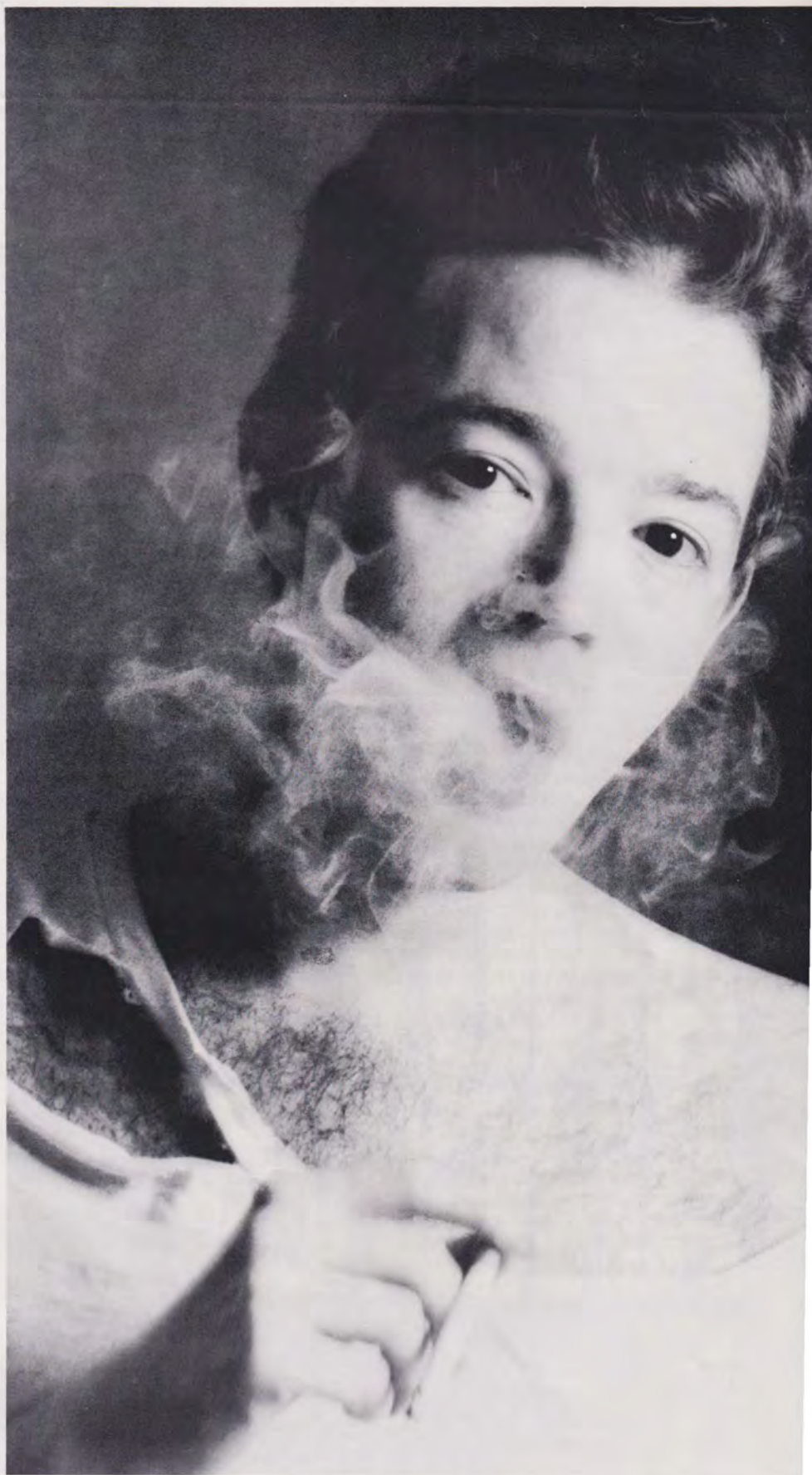
Interview by Michael Llewellyn
Photos by Jarry Lang

"If I don't get outta here, I'm going to hell. That's what being a superstar taught me. I'll tell you what glamour is. It's an illusion, something related to evil, darkness. Artificial and a deception. Look it up in the dictionary."

The speaker is Jackie Curtis, that one-time arbiter of divinely decadent, amorphous androgyny and *Interview* covergirl. After a career of putting on lots more than the Ritz, the ex-Warhol superstar has exchanged his glitter gowns for another sort of work clothes and moved to a small town in his native state of Tennessee. Yet, how you gonna keep *him* down on the farm after *she's* been the dazzling darling of New York's underground society? The chrysalis of cross dressing has been shed, and Jackie, now 30, comes attired in baggy pants, torn tee shirt and short hair.

In a recent interview in New York while being lensed by photographer Jarry Lang, Jackie spoke optimistically about the change, citing lack of work as part of his reasoning. "My head is turned. I feel very good about the move to Tennessee. I have land. I'm the firstborn. I can see bulls and cows there. I'm going to agricultural and business school. I really should learn something. Life in New York was one movie after another. MGM died and the Loew's chain died and I had nowhere else to go." Will he miss the frenetic fame? "No. I know I was just someone the media picked up on. I'm not Horatio Alger or Sammy Glick. You sit under a tree and an apple hits you on the head and you know what to do."

Jackie had a burgeoning career as an actor and playwright in such Off-Off-Broadway productions as *Vain Victory* before getting caught up in that cosmic whirl of Warhol superstardom. "I was a young Gary Cooper. I began writing plays out of desperation. I was consumed by body worship. But no one would put me in a play. I created my own vehicles and found protection in a theatrical identity. The young Gary Cooper looked in the mirror and



"I'll tell you what glamour is. It's an illusion, something related to evil, darkness. Artificial and a deception. Look it up in the dictionary."



saw Greta Garbo. I just realized the strength within myself when I saw that whatever I chose to do soon became the thing that many chose to emulate. But being a trend-setter consumes even more of one than does mere body worship." The idea of transvestism was not Warhol's although it came after their association. "I met Andy during that first big blackout in '65. I was selling flashlights on the street, batteries *not* included. He gave me his phone number and told me he'd make me a star." This led to roles in such films as *Flesh* and *Women In Revolt* in which he played a mother who, among other things, fed beer to her baby to keep it quiet. His rather specialized charisma brought him to the attention of the press, and he went on to write and star in a show called *Glamour, Glory and Gold*. He also appeared at Cabaret in the Sky with Warhol factory-mate, Holly Woodlawn.

"For about four years my life was videotaped. Everywhere I went. Boyfriends. Hotel rooms. I found it great becoming that woman. It was a great feeling to have the wind blowing through your legs when you have a dress on. I won't put it down. The funniest thing is someone asked me to get married. At least I didn't have to go through life without *that!*" He paused and added, "*Everything* was funny. Sometimes so funny you could cry. The fun was projected. It wasn't something you want your kid brothers to do, but now they're doing it anyway."

Jackie moved cautiously before the camera, posing, posturing, sipping a midday beer and dramatically exhaling cigarette smoke for the photographer. "I had to sleep with a typewriter to get where I am. And where am I? In a studio. And I'll tell you something else. Viva and Andy didn't invent the term 'superstar.' I saw it in a 50s article on Marilyn Monroe. I'm not putting superstars down, but I'm tired of living on the subway. My god! It's *Airport 1984!* I've run the gamut and my legs are killing me." He rolled his eyes toward the ceiling and drifted

Continued to page 64

THE PARADISE ROOM



Holly Woodlawn THE GODDESS IS UNBROKEN

Interview by Michael Llewellyn
Photos by Jarry Lang

"I only wish to God America was ready for me. I'm gonna shove my face down their throats. Because I *am* an actress. And a model. I *will* win an Academy Award if it kills me. Maybe I'll have to kill somebody else."

Holly Woodlawn, whose performance in *Trash*, the most successful underground film ever made, catapulted her to fame, is the only Andy Warhol superstar who survives professionally. The star of *Broken Goddess*, *A Scarecrow in a Garden of Cucumbers* and several other films, cabaret chanteuse and one-time Saks model, Holly is a phenomenon that boggles the mind, warms the heart and upends sensibilities. She is unique.

Half Jewish, half Puerto Rican (real name Harold Eisenberg), she eventually settled in Miami with her mother and Polish stepfather. A child of Florida, Holly fashioned an omnisexual Disney World from a personal primeval swamp of misguided childhood, a delightful fantasyland in which she wished upon a star and became one in her own right. She is a special glow of magic and illusion in a tarnished galaxy of ersatz glamour that force-feeds a gullible public such plastic fantastic dishes as Farah Fawcett-Majors. More than anything, through terrifying bouts with booze, drugs and subway shopping bag horrors, Holly Woodlawn endures. Like the hardened showgirl in *Follies*, she radiates, "I've been through it all, and, my dear, I'm still here."

The goddess is unbroken.

She was 15 and had only \$11 when her stepfather kicked her out of the house. She boarded a Greyhound bus and went as far as she could: Brunswick, Georgia. On the porch of a sleazy motel, she was struck by lightning, and the sympathetic owner



Continued to page 38



Candy, Darling!

MANCHILD VENUS

Text and photo by Dallas

She rose out of the gutter, hurdling unbelievable obstacles to become a truly great beauty. A goddess. She lived a unique lifestyle in which fantasy transcended fact. She understood the necessity for Glamour in everyday living. Her name was Candy Darling.

To those few who knew, she was a child of delight who rarely found enough courage to peek through the disguise, to open herself and expose that child. She masked herself as a tough-talking showgirl. Candy Darling. Acclaim and loneliness. Tragedy and beauty valiantly mixed. Manchild and Goddess. The dichotomy is undeniable.

"I have all the icing and none of the cake. I go to all the right parties. I have fans who ask for my autograph wherever I go, I have a white fur, and I'm beautiful. But I don't have an apartment or a lover, and sometimes not a friend...I have all the things that people dream about, and none of the things they take for granted."

—September 26, 1973

Candy was a child posing as a woman in order to do what he *had* to do in this life. Interestingly, Candy's greatest ambition was to portray Joan of Arc onscreen, a woman who also posed as a man to achieve her ambitions. It would have been fascinating casting.

The first time I saw her, a decade ago, August 1967, she was a street queen with bad teeth and worse manners. Raunchy. The second time was in a bar, April 1972. It was the most stunning—one of her favorite words—entrances I've ever seen. She arrived from nowhere, just suddenly *there* in the room. Crowds parted. She was like a madonna, wrapped in head-to-toe chocolate brown crepe. Only the face showed. Powder white with a gash red mouth. Out came her hand putting a cigarette to her lips. Like Joan Crawford in *Humoresque*, she

had three arms extending flames.

By June, the nucleus of our work together had been born. It was called *Blonde Passion* and was to introduce her as a serious tragedian in the Greek vein. It was, in fact, to have been shot in Greece. I was told she would never be taken seriously because, "Candy Darling will never overcome the stigma of being Candy Darling." Stigma? Actually it was *MYTH*. Her myth, self-generated and self-perpetuated. Built on the solid foundation of Fantasy. She believed in it so totally that she made anyone coming in contact with her believe it, too. As synthetic as that may seem, it never even dawned on anyone to ask her real name. When I finally asked, she queried, "What's real about a name?"

A playwright/director/friend of Candy's once said, "Give her back her humility. She's a genius. She came out of the gutter. That's what made her so great." As plans for *Blonde Passion* got under way, he related hair-raising stories about working with her before, tales about her rise to fame. Candy could be ice when she wanted to, when she didn't know you, when she didn't trust you. And there were few people she *could* trust. Ironically, it would take cancer to give her back that lost humility.

April 16, 1973. Test shots of *Blonde Passion*. Time to start creating The Look. The day of the shooting she was nasty, like a spoiled child. Nothing worked to establish a nice working environment. She was impossible. A mention of the old days, the chance meeting in 1967, an attempt to connect resulted in, "We don't talk about then. Because it doesn't matter who we *were*. Only who we *are*." The make-up man, Vincent Nasso, who had the patience of Job said, "Let's just give her everything she wants so she'll have nothing to complain about, and see what happens." She practically crucified him, and it took four hours to get the first shot. She

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was testing, something she did a lot.

An attempt to catch the "creature" inside, that eternal, ageless, timeless beauty, was very difficult. She kept pouting her lips and kissing her shoulder through force of habit. When told she should shed that 50s sex kitten image, she kept talking about things she had been taught by Ron Link and Andy Warhol, and, with every click of the camera, she undulated into another cheesecake pose. I told her a goddess has no genitals, a phrase she liked and repeated. She liked that. Contact. Realizing there was no threat of disclosure, she gave herself.

When she saw the prints a few days later, she looked at them a long, long time before speaking. "I look at pictures of myself, and it's like I'm not made of flesh and bone—just fluffy white clouds. Sometimes I think I'm not long for this world." That was April 27, 1973.

She was a creature of profound sensitivity and astonishing beauty, a caterpillar in metamorphosis, almost a butterfly, who died in her own cocoon. She was obviously a visitor. Cancer made her valiant, noble, brave, delicate, frail, weak, strong, inspiring, human. The perfect end to a perfect myth. It made her as beautiful as a human being could become, making her ready for that Big Trip.

"When the white coats come in and tell you you're dying... that's a very sobering moment in your life."
—September 26, 1973.

She had attained a perfection far too fine for this world, and it hurts when your dreams don't make it in time. It hurts to see her go so young. 27. Hell, it takes that long just to lay the groundwork, to pay the dues, to learn the ropes.

When the chips are down, you see someone's true colors. Here was the Doomed Blonde Goddess. Candy was private in her grief. Her greatest concern seemed to be not that she was dying, rather that she leave something behind. No one knew better than she that the silver screen she had so worshipped had not yet captured Candy Darling. Her most successful performances had been in living rooms and opening night parties. The fear of not yet having achieved immortality was evident. But she kept cranking out that tough dialogue, playing her role perfectly, right through to the end. She even made you laugh when she was on her death bed.

Candy Darling was a direct

Continued to page 68

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When blood boils in Italy, suddenly the word "Mediterranean" is no longer merely a geographic designation. It becomes an adjective indicating not a landscape, but a soulscape. Passionately tempestuous intensity of feeling, volcanically volatile vows of vengeance, psychological intricacy so complicated that nothing can be reduced to simple formulae.

Mauro Bolognini's film *La Grande Bourgeoise* derives its brilliant tension from the discrepancy between an exterior, Viscontiesque world of lace parasols, baroque grillwork and pastel auras, which contrast startlingly with passionate undercurrents of murder, intimations of incest, vendetta vows. Lace masks the "Mediterranean" temperament. From that discrepancy between surface beauty and seething undercurrent, the Italian director has fashioned a subtle masterwork of both stunning physical beauty and complicated philosophical content.

Bolognini's subject is the turn-of-the-century Murri scandal in Bologna. Free-thinking professor Murri (Fernando Rey) has brought up his children Tullio and Linda (Giancarlo Giannini and Catherine Deneuve) in an atheistic environment of ambiguous, not necessarily wrong moral values, isolated intellectually and socially from the Catholic socialists that surround them. When her husband's brutish treatment of Deneuve drives her brother Giannini to commit murder, a complex tangle of factors knots irrevocably. *La Grande Bourgeoise* is not just a pretty whodunit. Without being talky or theoretical, it delves into the whole social, religious, political and philosophical temper of the times to show how a psychological detail triggers a holocaust. Here no motives are simple, no resonances are predictable, no clearly established standards of right and wrong triumph.

Family ties so intense they verge on pathological obsession beautifully define the Italian concept of "family," as in *The Godfather*. Tender touches



Passione Italiana

By John Devere

Catherine Deneuve and Giancarlo Giannini in *La Grande Bourgeoise*.



and prolonged looks subtly suggest incest, giving the film an uneasy edge. Moral ambiguities constantly undercut any clear sympathies one might have; Deneuve's husband, the murder victim, is an unfeeling Neanderthal, brutishly insensitive. Yet he is, after all, human.

The film's thickly textured details all contribute, not just visually, but intellectually. When a tenacious, self-righteous detective kneels at the altar and crosses himself with the exalted fervor of a crusading Anita Bryant, one feels chills of foreboding, even though one does *not* clearly wish those he is investigating to escape.

The film is flawlessly cast and acted. Catherine Deneuve's facade of lazy, lace-draped sensuality crumbles to reveal a lacerated, yet self-centered woman. Her glamorous Chanel commercials notwithstanding, Deneuve is a powerful actress of absolute authenticity here, and of more capability than previous directors have demanded of her. Giannini radiates heartfelt love verging on incestuous passion with such believable intensity that the character he plays could not possibly discern the fine line that divides love from incest; it is precisely what the role demands. Fernando Rey is brilliantly the patriarch.

Ennio Guarnieri's cinematography has gorgeously lush yet subtly pastel voluptuousness; Ennio Morricone's music has alternating sweep and subtlety, and his is a sound (De Laurentiis' *Orca*, Bertolucci's *1900*) that one is hearing more and more of.

American films rarely create (Altman's *Nashville* is certainly one exception) a multilayered world where individual destinies result, not from anything clearly predestined by simple cause-and-effect linear logic, but from the irrevocable intersection of countless factors, each of which can affect the balance and *effect* the destiny. *La Grande Bourgeoise* is such a film, detailing individual lives against an immense historical fresco not provided by a Hollywood cast of thousands milling around in period costumes, but by its script's, its director's and its actors' carefully wrought density. On every level, in fact, Bolognini's *La Grande Bourgeoise* is a beautiful, intricate, emotionally moving and intellectually sound film that, in its rich textures, has the density of destiny.

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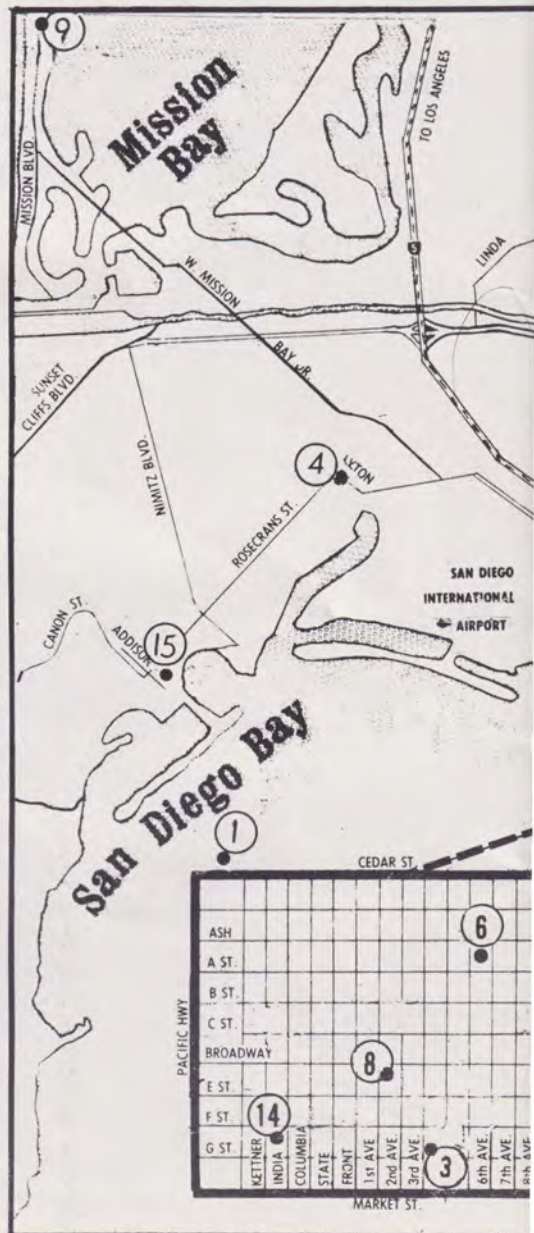
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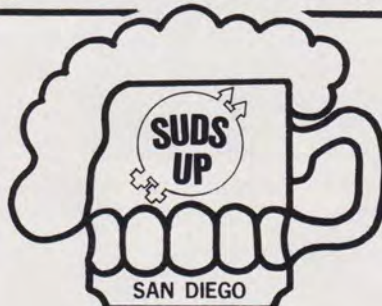
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HOLLY

Continued from page 38

Immortal Films: 'Take that star and shoot her again.' "Goddess is one of Holly's favorites, "because I suffered. Freezing in Bethesda Fountain at five in the morning, stepping on broken glass. Yeah. I suffered."

She would love to make more films. "I would like to star in the remake of every Biblical epic ever made. From *She* to *Him* and *Her* to *Why* and *How*. Can you imagine? I love the Bible. Because Edith Head had a lot to do with it. She knew what to do with chiffon and the Bible and Cecil B. DeMille."

Holly also adores working the cabaret circuit with equal fervor and guarantees you will have a good time. She's right. It's virtually impossible not to respond to her because her act is one of glitzy camp amalgamated with utter sincerity. "It's hard work," she says "because they either love you or they hate you. And you hope to God they love you. It's wonderful to be out there and hear them yell, 'Fabulous! Fabulous! Diva! Diva! And...cojones!' Cojones? "That's Spanish for 'balls.' I am now creating my own language. It's half Italian, half Spanish and one third Puerto Rican. In my act I'm teaching people how to talk in Spanish. I make them all stand up and say *bruta*. Brute. You know, 'Et tu, brute?' And *suciedad* means 'filthy.' I only teach them filth. Cleanliness is nowhere next to godliness. I teach them filth and how to tell the time. Like, it is now six o'clock. You point your left hand up to the world and your right hand down to where it means business. In thirty minutes it will be six thirty. You know you *really* mean

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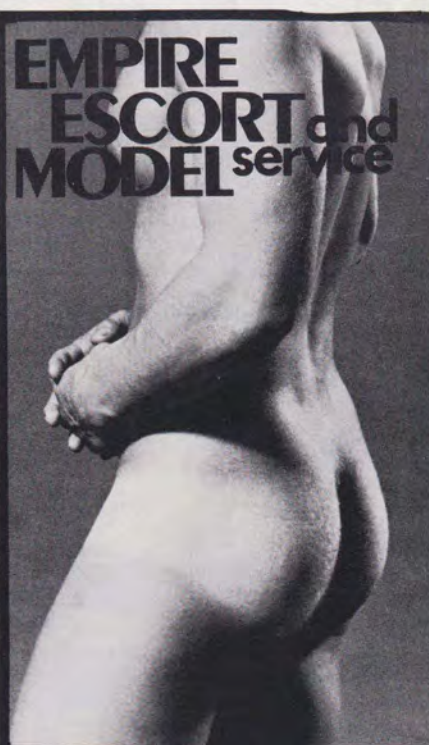
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business when both hands are down there by the groin in between the loins. Which has nothing to do with pork chops."

Personal appearances of various exotic natures remain a part of Holly's ongoing career. "I was Betty Grable at a party last month. These people...what are they called? With the fez? Conventioneers? Whatever they're called in general. The busload from New Jersey. These people were having a party at *La Vie en Rose*, a tribute to Harry James. I don't know why the hell they wanted to drag Betty Grable in there because she just died and he's still alive. You never do that to anybody. Anyway, my roommate works at *La Vie en Rose*, and they asked him if one of the girls in the show would do it. They said 'no' and he said, 'I have a roommate who will do anything for a dollar.' So he called me up and said, 'Holly, do you feel like being a blond?' And I said, 'Yeah, For a hundred dollars.' So I got a blonde wig and went to the party and signed 8 by 10 glossies. I wore this silk *bruta*



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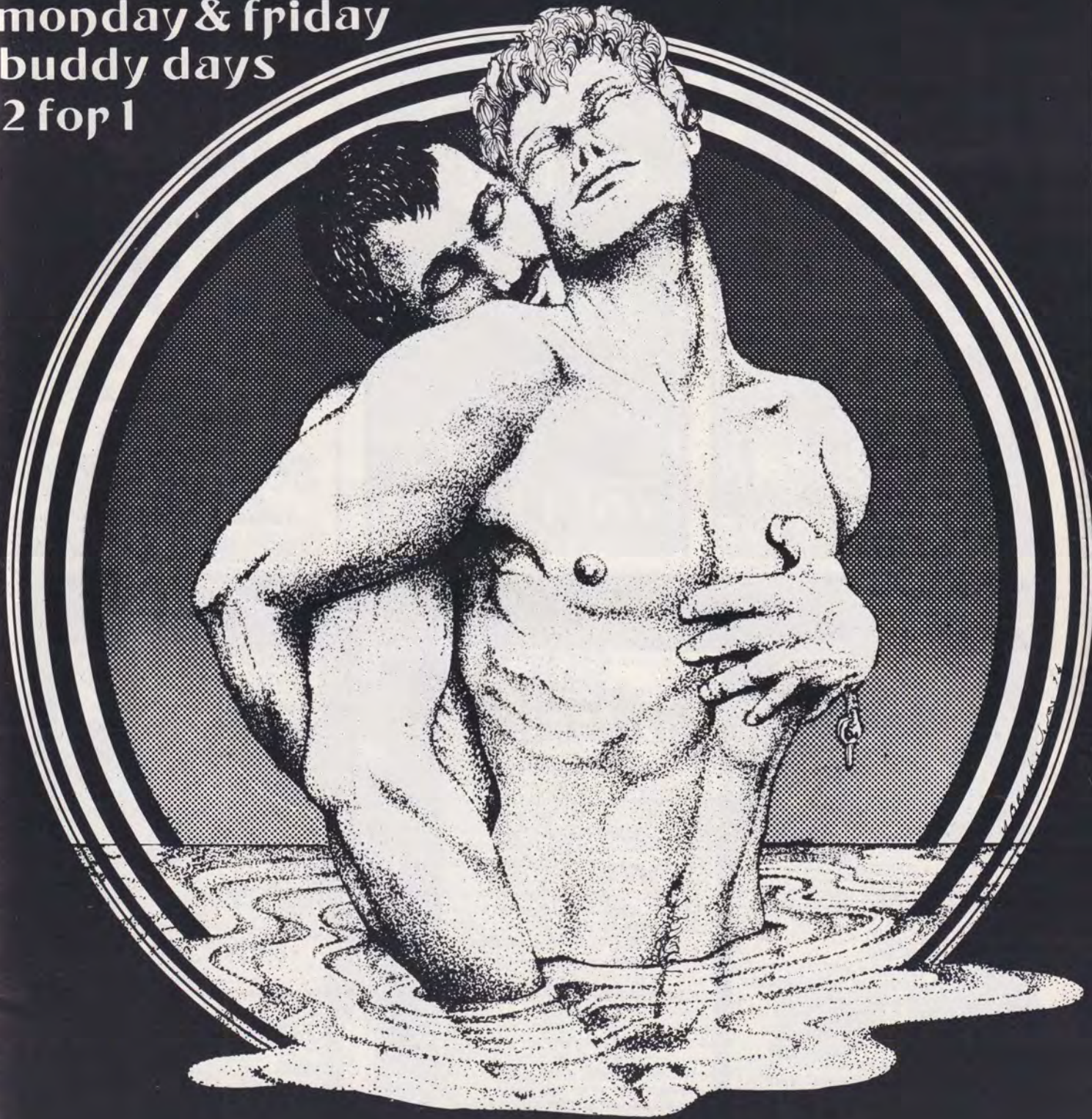
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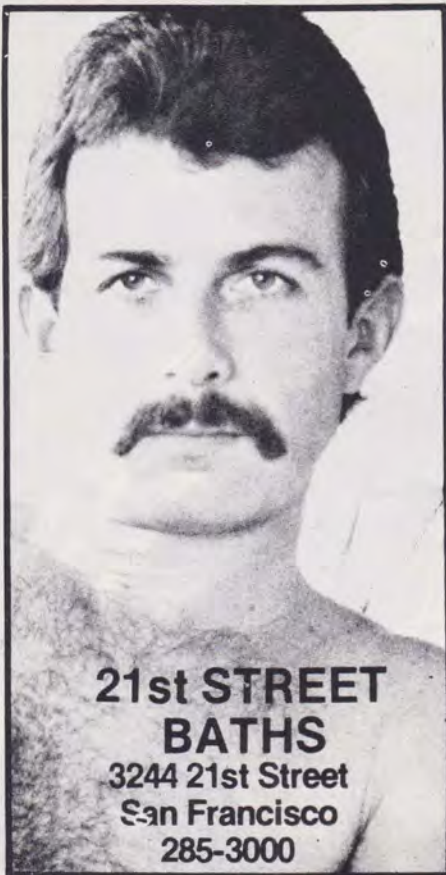


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What does she have planned for the near future? "Lots of interviews. This is my year for interviews. Does *Mandate* sell in Europe? Yes? *Mira!* Europe, I'm coming in the winter. And Australia? Fabulous! That's where the water in the toilet bowls goes the opposite way."

Holly will, in fact, be making cabaret appearances here and there, and, if filmmakers would wise up, more movies as well. Underneath all the glitter and glamour, there is a devastating honesty about the *rara avis* performer. And you are aware of the key to her success in persevering as the only Warhol superstar still active when she confides with a seriousness you know is real: "Hell. I just want to work."

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JACKIE

Continued from page 47

into his own thoughts before bursting forth with, "Hey! You know what I have to do tomorrow? I have to go see the revival of *Breakfast of Tiffany's*. It's how I have to remember New York." Then he looked down at his ripped tee shirt and seemed to reflect on his years in drag and the sparkle of Tiffany's. "I feel so plain now. Like some kid in a Vittorio de Sica movie."

Jackie gave up the drag bit some time back, but he's had difficulty in shaking the image of an ersatz woman. It is a sexed stereotype people wouldn't let him forget. "After Dark wanted to do a spread on me that was like being buried alive. My friend Sandy Dennis had taken a photo of me in a sailor top and blue jeans, but After Dark wanted to run a drag photo from years ago. They didn't understand, said it didn't fit my image. My image! Here I was trying to build something new. I told them they had no release and couldn't run it." A year ago he had a similar problem when he went to Hollywood and auditioned for the lead role in a tv movie, *The James Dean Story*. "I was interviewed by twelve people with one brain. It was *Inside Daisy Clover* all over. I didn't feel anyone in the room but me." When that didn't materialize, Jackie landed a

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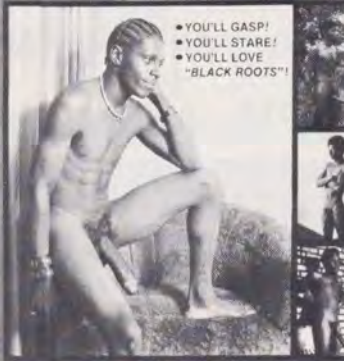
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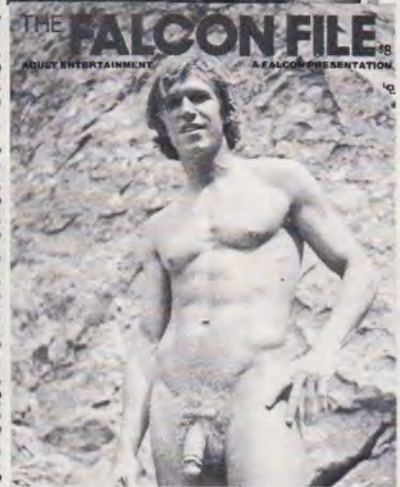
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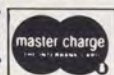
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Rhoda episode. But it had a catch; it required drag. He played a woman answering a roommate ad placed by Rhoda's sister, Brenda. His part ultimately ended up on the cutting room floor. "Later I heard, 'I want you in drag for *Fun with Dick and Jane*.' Well, I don't want to have fun with Dick and Jane. Not like that."

He intends to stay busy in other areas. "I've written a play called *Astral World*. It's not that I don't have anything to do. I have all my poetry together. *Avocado Profanity: A Slim Volume of Velour Classics*. But I'm not going onstage with Holly when we're 84 and do *Hello, Dolly!*" He said he might do drag again but with an altogether different approach. "I'd like to do a musical of *Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?* But I'd do it as an old man in a wheel chair with a shawl wrapped around me. That's not drag. That's character."

The shooting session was over. Jackie Curtis moved out from underneath the lights and sat as the studio grew dim. "Starting at the top you can't look down. The atmosphere is such that Kim Stanley quit and went to New Mexico to teach. Such a light! It left only Geraldine Page and Sandy Dennis." He proffered a notebook with a poem he wrote entitled *The Star*.

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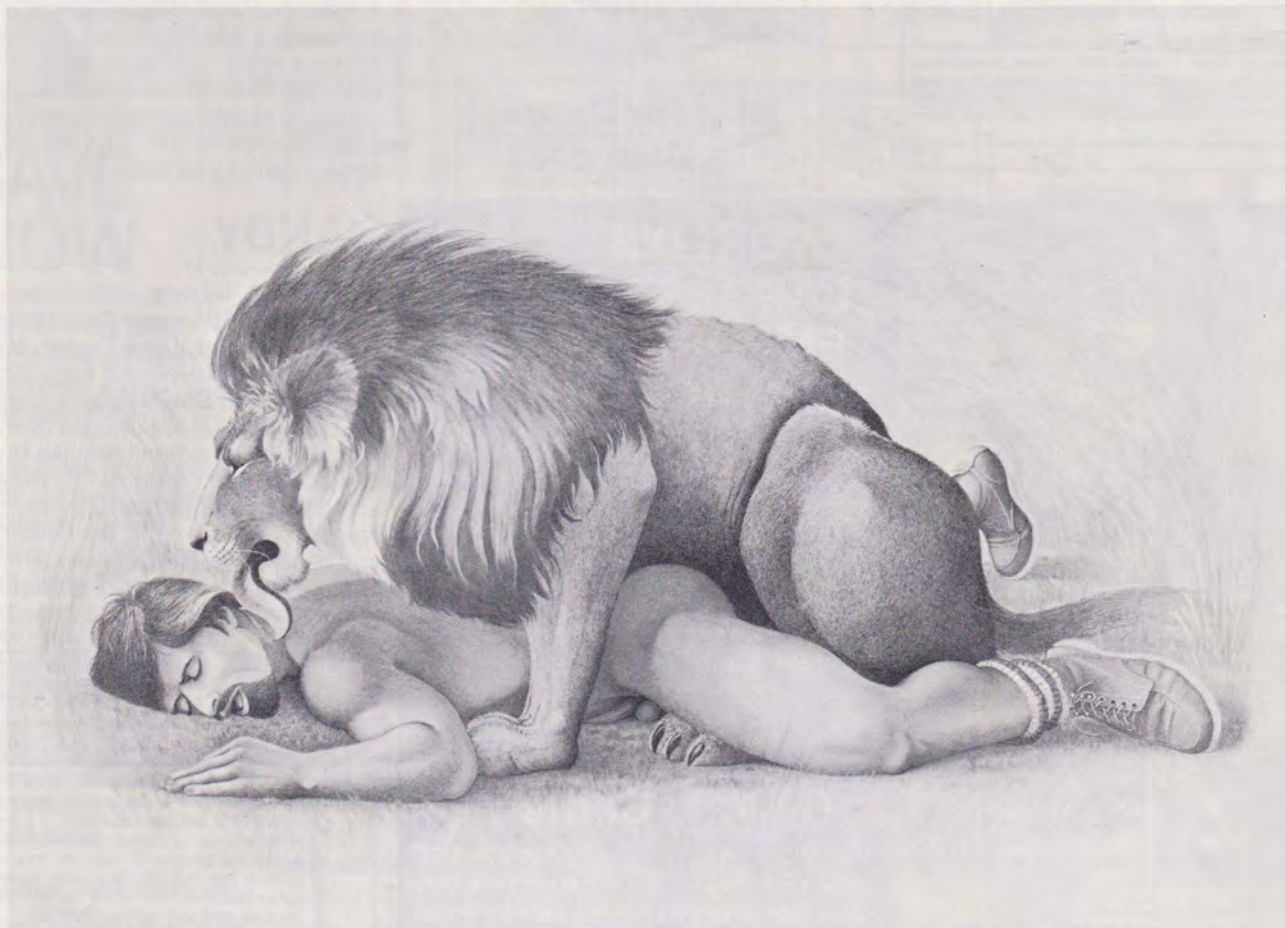
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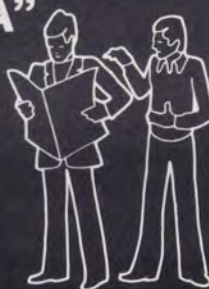
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As written up in Village Voice and Time

CANDY

Continued from page 51

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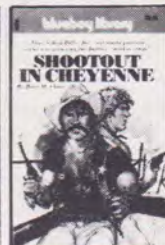
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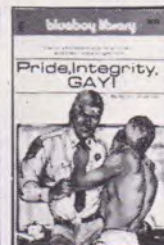
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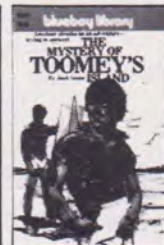
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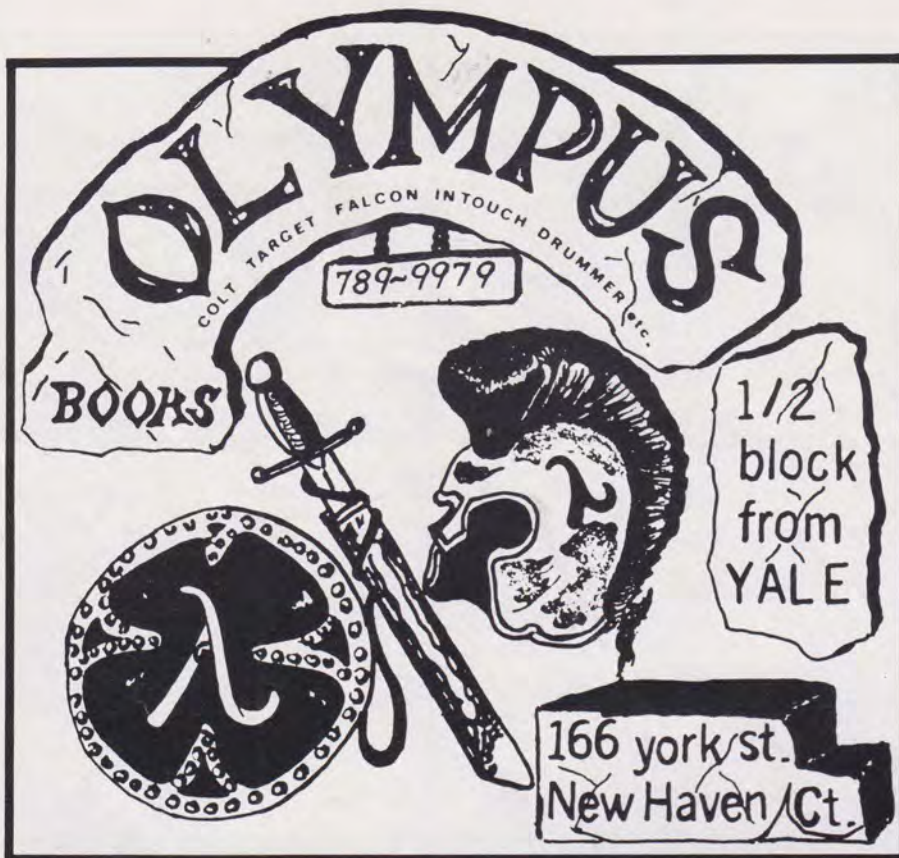
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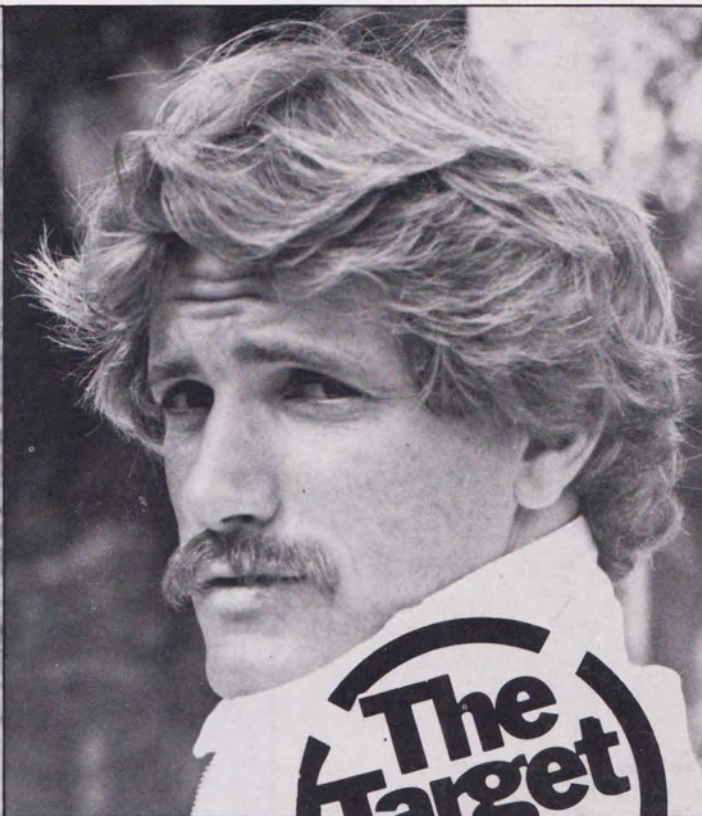
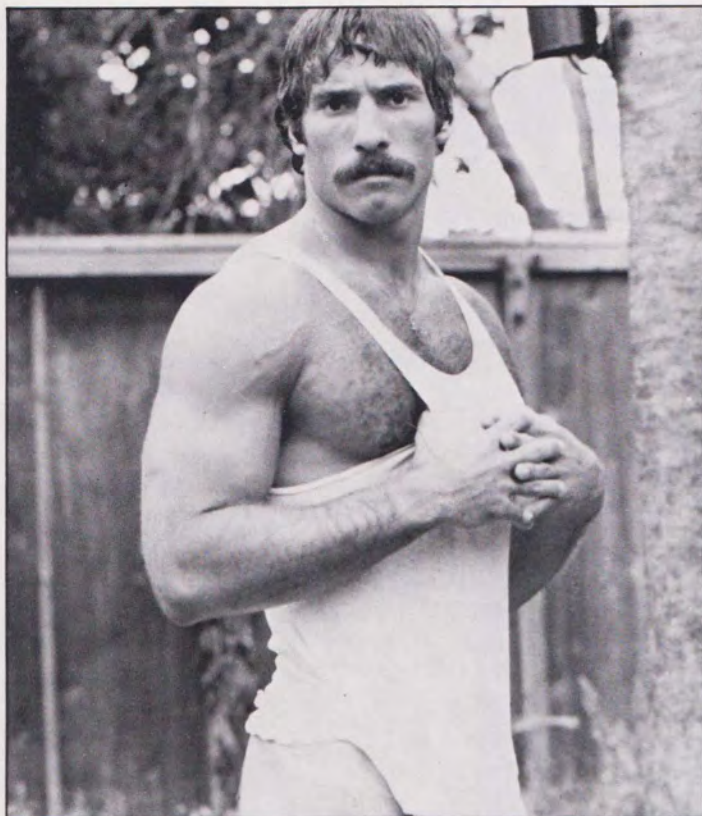
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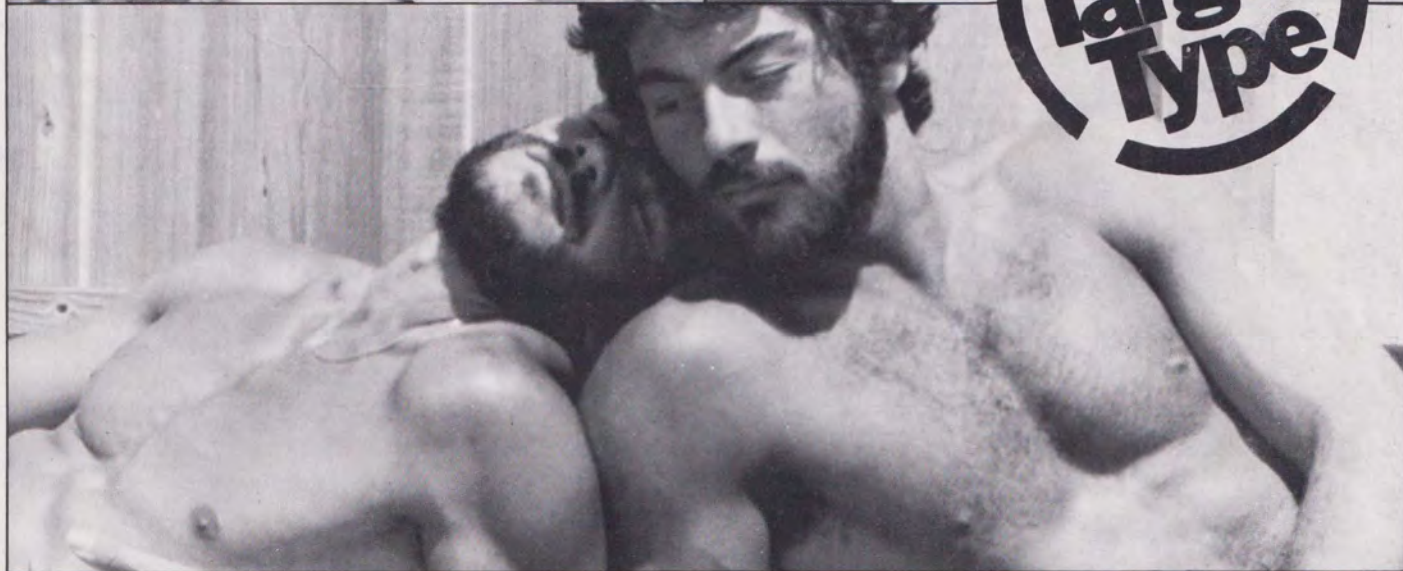
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