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MANDATE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE
OF ENTERTAINMENT & EROS

APRIL 1978
\$2.00

COVER FEATURE:
LEATHER LOOK

FILM: FONDA
AND VOIGHT IN
'COMING HOME'

TRAVEL: GAY
PARADISE FOUND
MYKONOS



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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE
OF ENTERTAINMENT & EROS

ARTICLES

- 5 The Look of Leather
- 10 Movies: The Betsy
- 12 Theatre: Simon Gray's 'Molly'
- 14 Poem: 'Love Knot'
- 16 Nudes: Native New Yorker
- 22 Travel: Paradise Found
- 24 Movies
- 27 The Mandate Man
- 37 Art: Ron Cohen
- 38 Dance Profile: Nijinsky

COVER

Perennial favorite Leidermeister along with his blond buddy Tom help us spotlight our special leather feature this issue. Photo: Colt.

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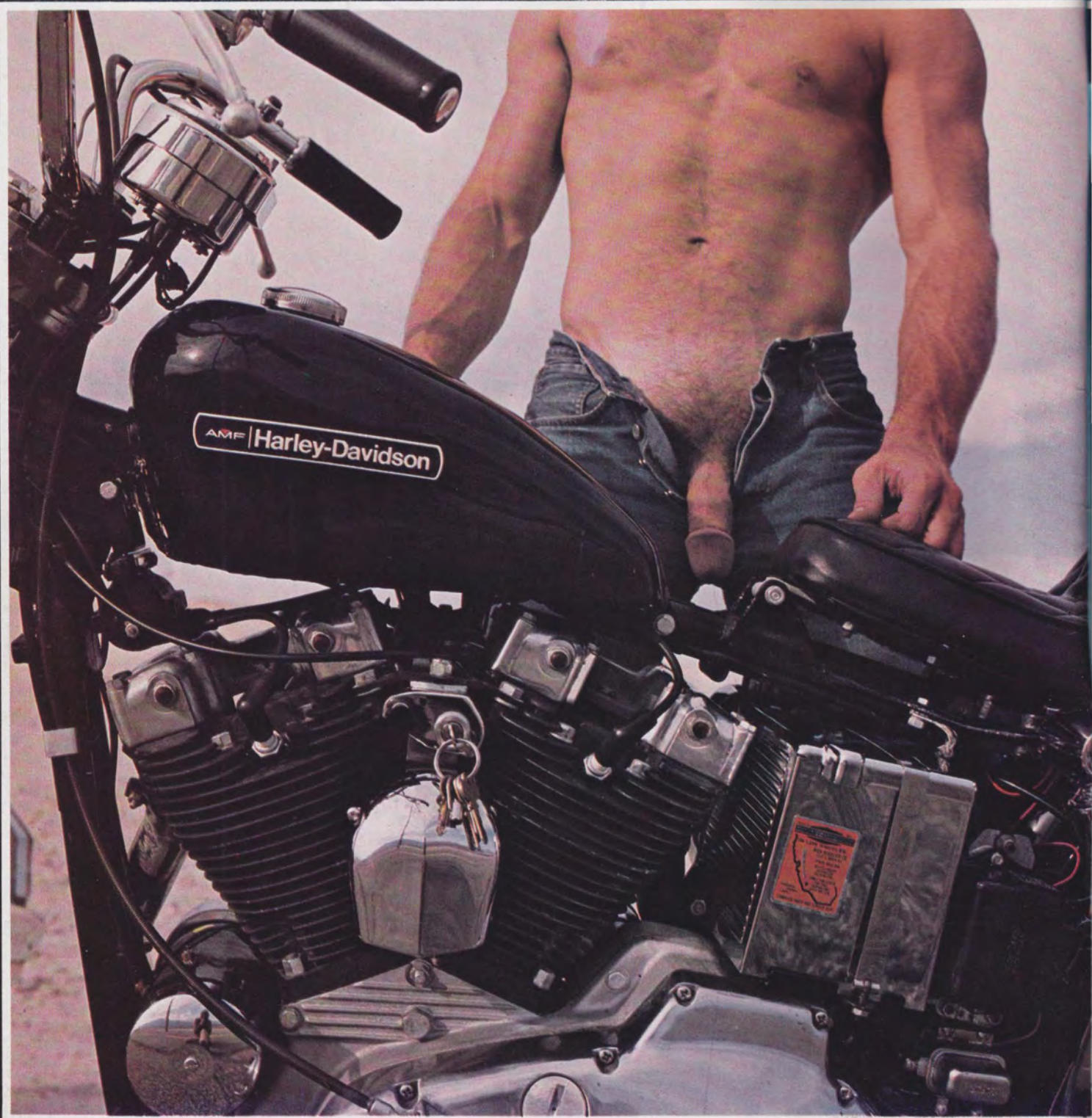
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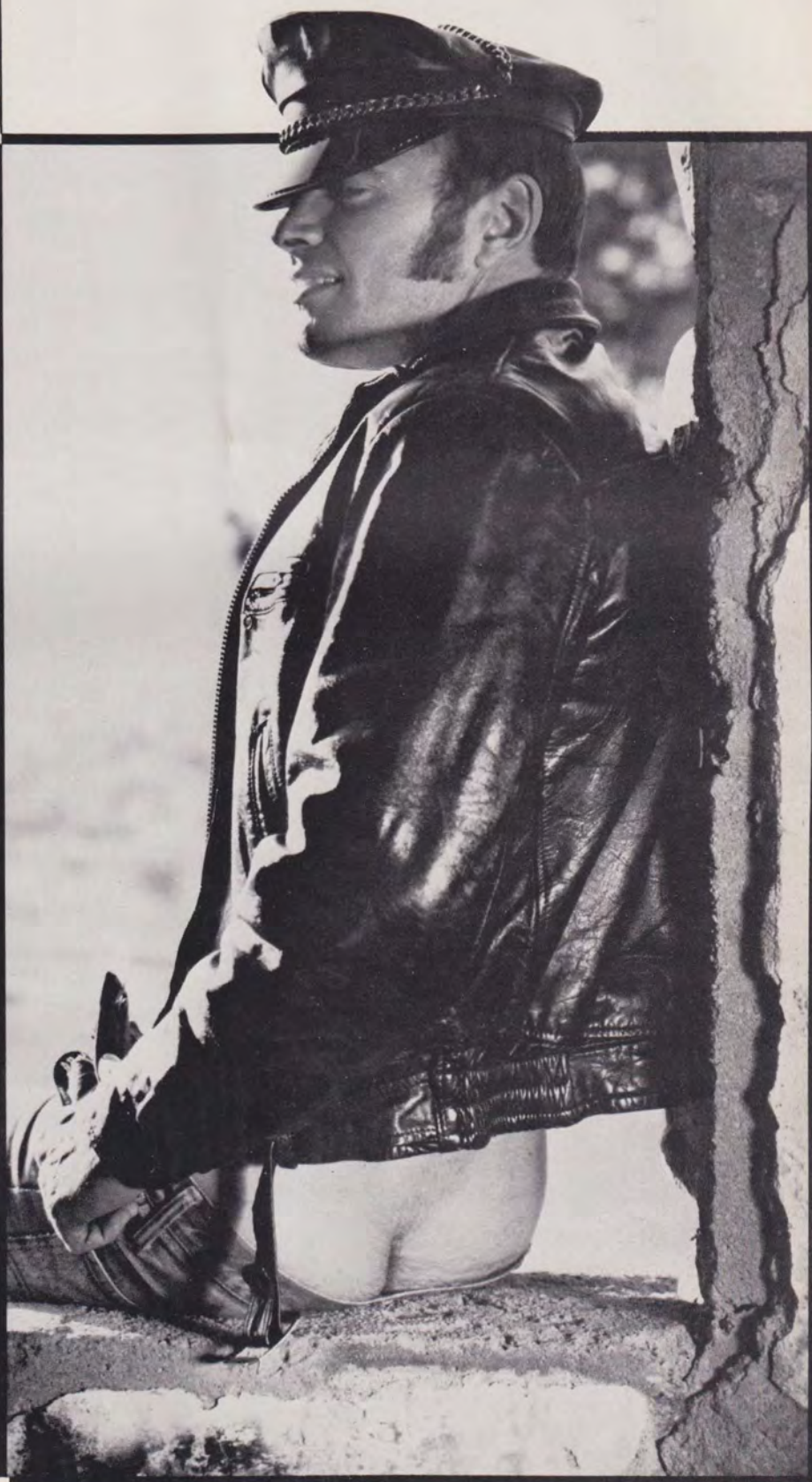


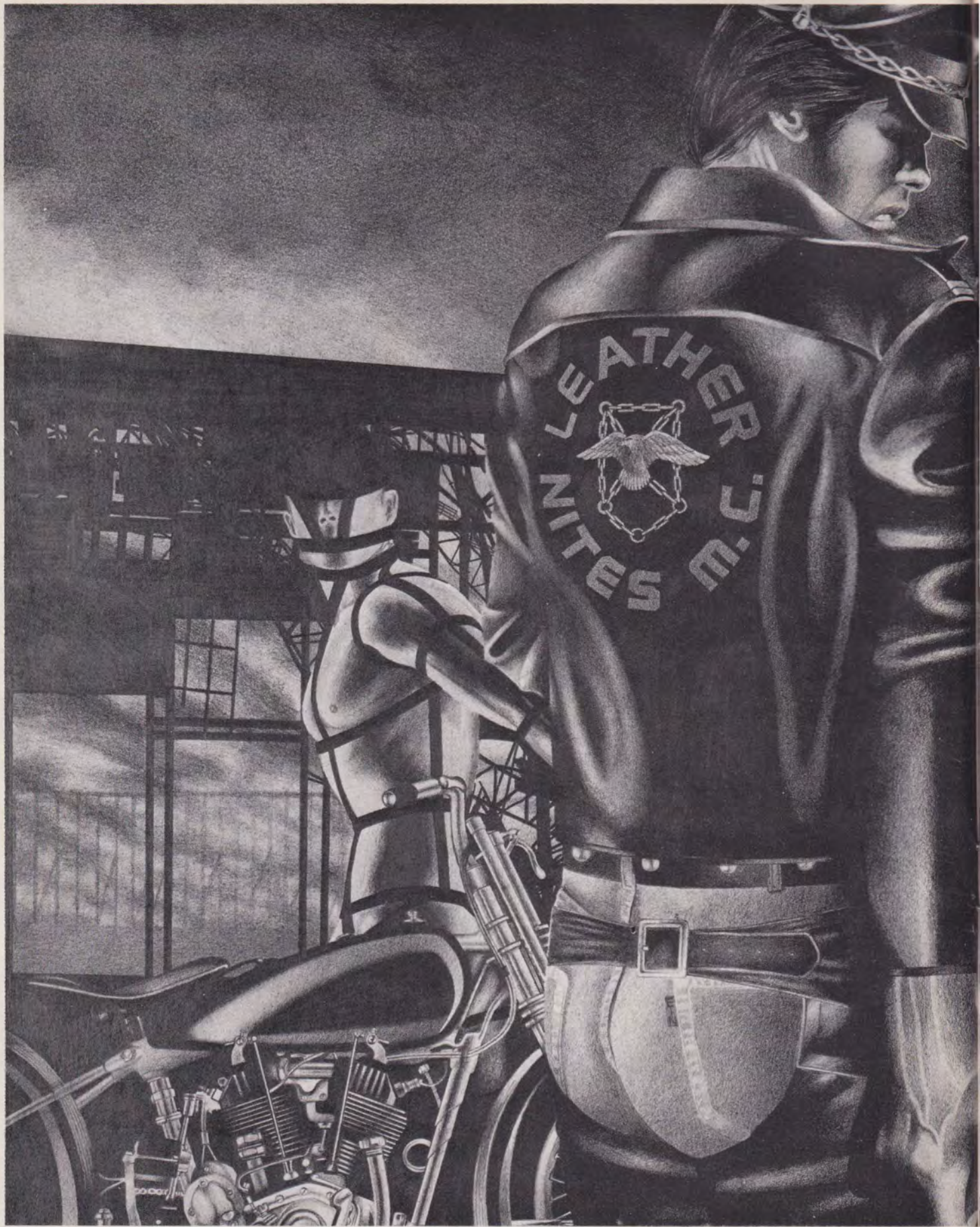
the look of LEATHER

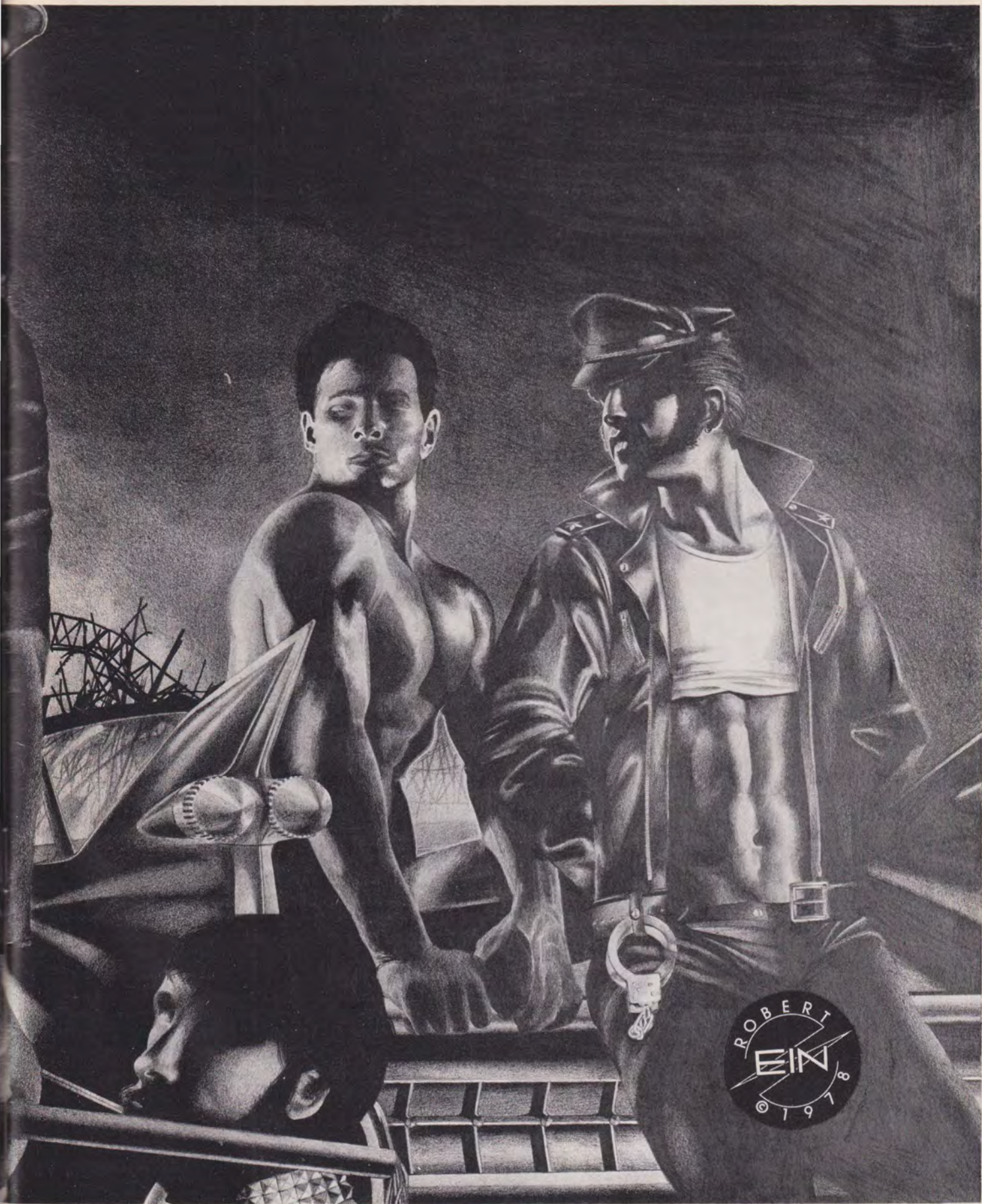
The world of black leather and the men who inhabit it continue to fascinate even non-participants. The man and his bike, opposite, are Erron and his trusty Harley-Davidson. The face may not be visible, but there's definitely something familiar to help you identify this popular Colt stud who literally lets it all hang out. Scott Butcher, right, shows popular leather gear with the indispensable cyclist jacket and cap. And he's letting something else *almost* hang out. These two Colt models underscore that studio's reputation for discovering men who are indeed *all* men, men enhanced by that touch of leather.

On the following two pages, artist Robert Ein examines the nether leather scene with a fantasy illustration set against the background of New York's notorious dockstrip caught up in yet another mysterious fire. His men are garbed in a variety of items suggesting the many varied aspects of this erotic subculture. The basic equipment shown by Scott Butcher is augmented by such fun paraphernalia as handcuffs, studded dog collars, chaps, a body harness and executioner's mask. Such things hinting at violence are not always present with leathersmen, but when they are, remember your boy scout motto and "Be Prepared."

Photographs by Colt









the look of LEATHER

Offering an exotic variation on a theme is Nick Battle, a heavily tattooed and equipped leatherman who's quite prepared to help you live out your fantasies. The leather briefs with that convenient snap-off pouch can be altered to show as much flesh as you like. Fortunately for us, Nick decided to give his all in the photo at left, keeping only his sunglasses and cyclist hat to remind you the scene is still leather. Certainly a young man's fancy would turn to Nick in spring or any other season for that matter. Colt Studios has done it again.

Photographs by Colt



MOVIES: 'THE BETSY'

AUTO-EROTICISM

By the time Harold Robbins' characters have finished intersecting and intersexing—incestuously, homosexually, etc.—a viewer needs a diagram to sort out who did what to whom...



In Daniel Petrie's flashy, trashy film version of Harold Robbins' best-seller, The Betsy, four generations of a Detroit automobile manufacturing family tangle sexily. Laurence Olivier is the patriarch, opposite bottom right, having a love affair with his own daughter-in-law, Katherine Ross. Her son, Robert Duvall, opposite bottom left, knows about the affair and exacts a lifelong vendetta from his incestuous grandfather. The family's stability is upset by a sexy interloper, Tommy Lee Jones, opposite top left, whose mistress is Lesley-Ann Down, also Duvall's mistress. And Jones eventually marries the family heiress, opposite top right, Kathleen Beller, Olivier's great-granddaughter. Further complications result from the fact that Paul Rudd, above right, as Olivier's son, Ross' husband, and Duvall's father, is suicidally homosexual. That's the plot, folks. Photos: Allied Artists.

Eyes smouldering, the sexy British aristocrat purrs: "To fast cars, and the men who race them." The man raises his glass, his voice butchly husky: "To their women, who wait and worry."

People talk like that only in Harold Robbins' novels, and in the movies. And when the movie is based on a Harold Robbins novel, you're certain to get a double dosage of sick chic, glossy glamour, catastrophic sex, and lots of absurd badinage about power and empire-building.

Robbins writes caricatures, not characters, but everybody's kinky psychology has just enough of a Freudian underpinning to ring slightly true. And by the time Robbins' characters have finished intersecting and intersexing—incestuously, homosexually, etc.—a viewer needs a diagram to sort out who did what to whom.

But this sort of flashy trash is one of the things the movies have always done best. Fast cars, fast women, a tinge of Mafia, lots of furs, lots of fur flying.

In *The Betsy*, automobile pioneer Loren Hardeman Sr. (Laurence Olivier) hires a racing driver Angelo Perino (Tommy Lee Jones) to build an economy car. And when Perino enters the family mansion, he's a sexy catalyst who unleashes everybody's libido. The photo caption at left explains who's who in this nutty cornucopia of eroticism; a genealogical table or family tree might help too.

Director Daniel Petrie didn't quite decide how to approach his jet set sybarites, so two distinctly different acting styles make it a funnily disjointed movie. Robert Duvall, Tommy Lee Jones, Paul Rudd, and Jane Alexander play it straight, as if this is a "serious movie."



And then there is Laurence Olivier. As the crotchety old patriarch, Olivier perks things up with a double-whammy hammy performance, mugging mercilessly. Grim and grizzled, he toys with the role, not quite taking it seriously. It's amusing, but it throws the whole film out of kilter.

In *The Stepford Wives*, Katherine Ross was replaced by a robot and, surely, that robot is playing her role in *The Betsy*. She should win the All-American Plasticity Award for somnambulism during performance. Even when indulging in kinky incest (with her father-in-law, sexagenarian Olivier, who single-handedly takes the sex out of sexagenarian!), Ross is a glassy-eyed zombie.

Yet out of this perverse pot-pourri, one thing seems certain: Tommy Lee Jones is destined for stardom. Already seen as Yvette Mimieux's costar in *Jackson County Jail* and as Howard Hughes in a television special last season, he here emerges as an actor of astonishing authenticity and effortless sexuality.

For those who catalogue how Hollywood is handling homosexuality these days, *The Betsy* will undoubtedly be enraging. Paul Rudd plays Olivier's son and Katherine Ross' husband, and his own homosexuality combined with his knowledge of his wife's incest with his father drives him to suicide, a suicide witnessed by a child who grows up to be Robert Duvall. But I'm giving away *much* too much of this tantalizingly tangled plot, and you'll want to experience all of its kinky thrills for yourself.

The Betsy is the sort of movie you love to hate. Trash, glorious trash, gussied up with the likes of Olivier, who's really slumming.





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SCIENCES: THEATRE

By John Devere

The martini-tinged tongue of Tammy Grimes gives the play 'Molly' bite

Sexual frustration gives her voice a nervous edginess. Furtively, with catlike stealth, she sneaks a drink of gin. Her unhappiness makes her wit curdle. Like Anna Karenina and Emma Bovary, she is caught in a loveless marriage, and the sense of her life trickling listlessly through fingers incapable of renewing her life's vitality makes her volatile.

Her name is Molly, and *Molly*, too, is the name of the play Simon Gray has written about marital discontent, meaningless infidelity and the ultimate destructiveness of boredom. Husky-voiced Tammy Grimes magnificently captures Molly's acerbic bite, wry ironies tripping off her martini-tinged tongue with bite verging on bitterness.

Caught in a grey world with an aging, nearly deaf husband (Michael Higgins) and a coyly spinsterish housekeeper (Margaret Hilton), Molly's desperation drives her to commence a sordid little love affair with a gardener/chauffeur, sordid because it is unredeemed by either interest or passion; she takes him simply because he is there.

The first time she offers shy Oliver a cigarette and a drink, he is carrying garden shears, and he lays them down between the two of them, an ill omen. (One may be reminded of the sword of King Mark laid down on the deck to separate Tristan and Isolde.) The garden shears are like an Ibsen pistol; sooner or later, they'll be used. And they are, when the husband's mounting anger makes him insult the young lover. Murder plunges *Molly* into melodrama and, once the shears strike, a wry comedy turns into something grimly sour. Laughs curdle, and playwright Gray is not clever enough to balance his own double-edged concoction.

When the play shifts gears, you hear those dramatic gears grinding, resisting the new turn the plot has taken.

Continued on page 26

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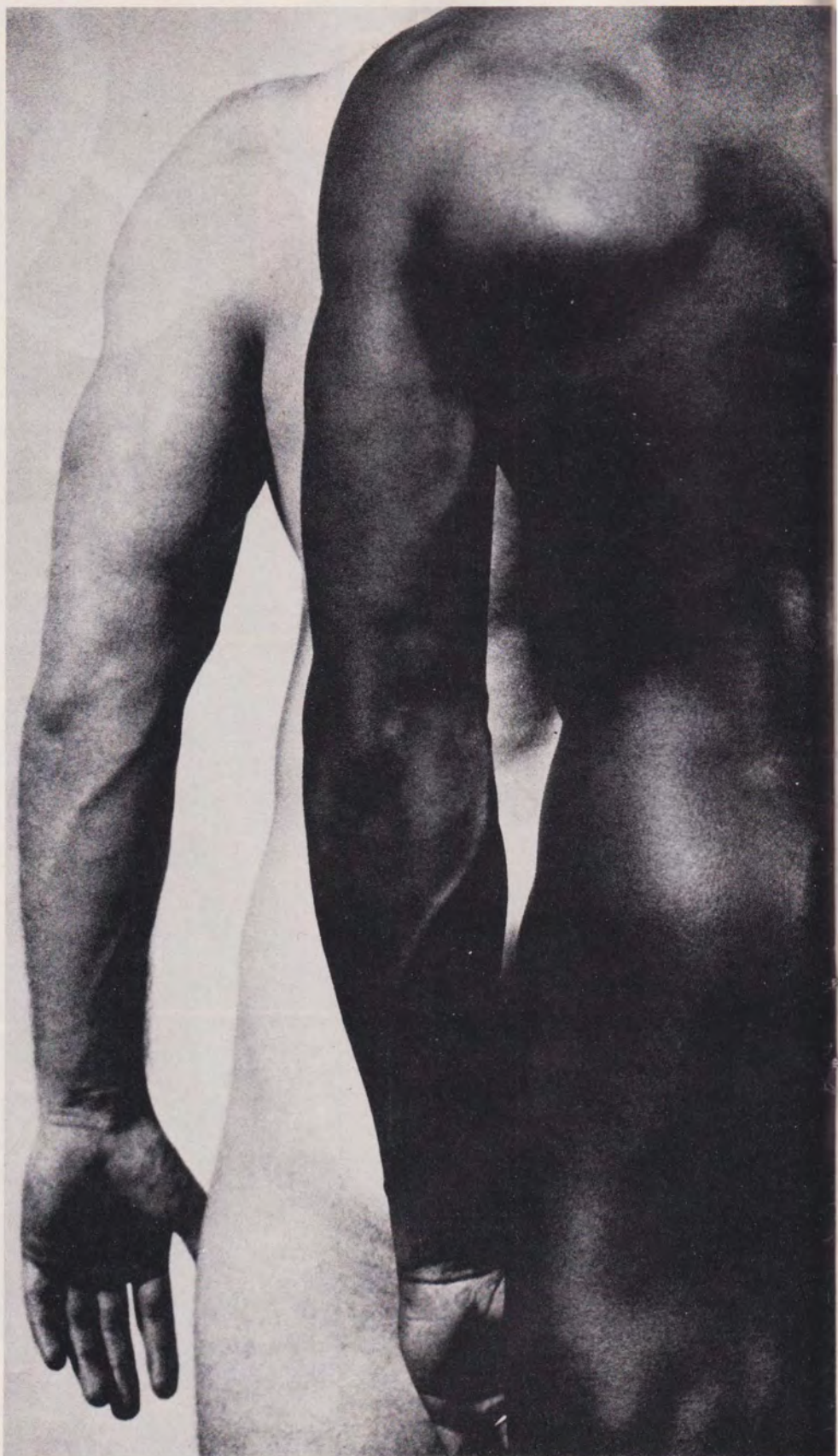


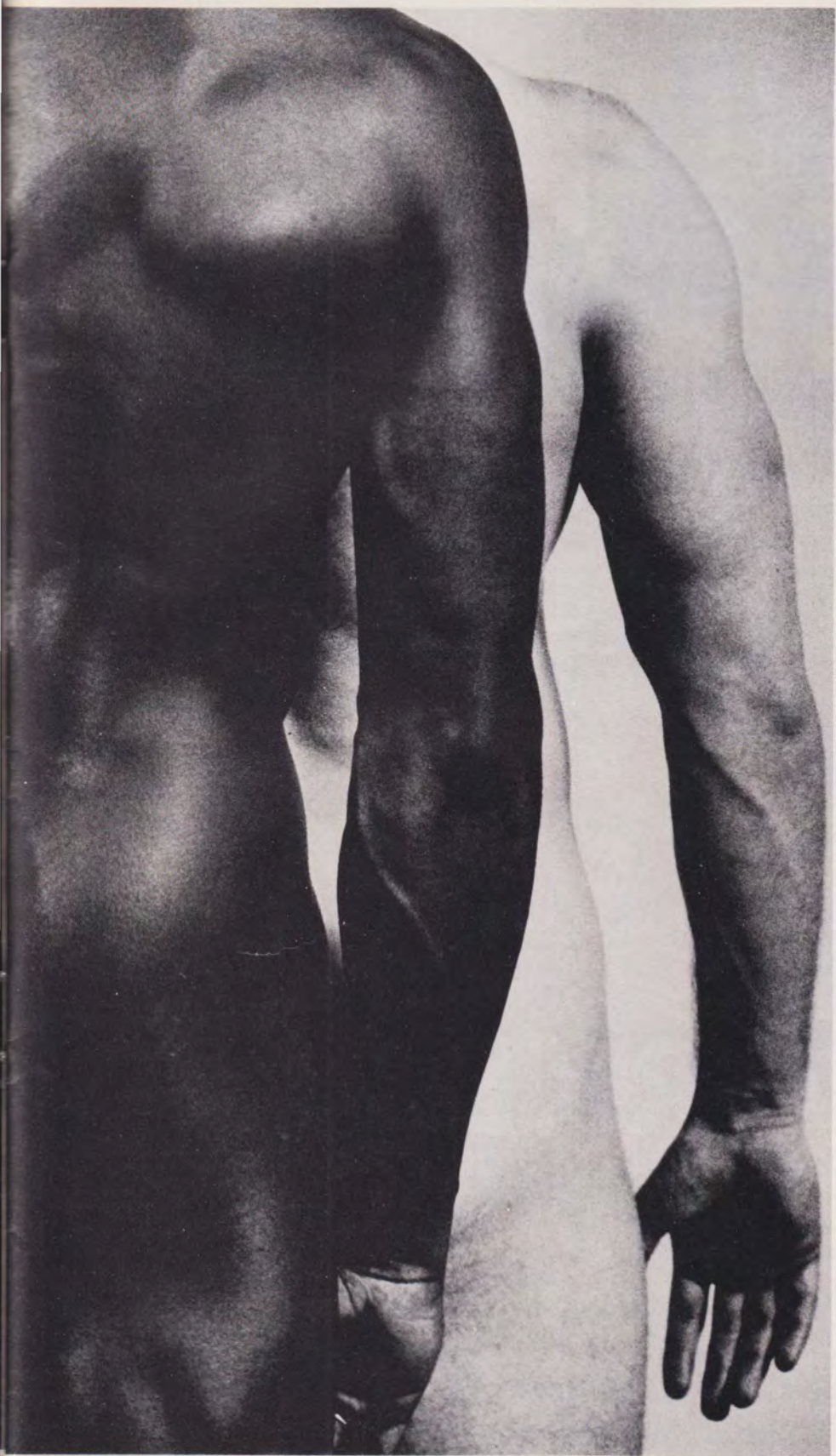
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POEM
**LOVE
KNOT**

By Robert Maurice Riley
Photograph by Carloh





I let him go once
I let him go almost all the way back
To the white starched and ironed world
That had spun him
Where everybody kept everybody's
secret very well
And all tarnished glories lay buried
and hushed.

I threw
All the half-learned lessons
Him and
All of his White ways
Out of my life!
He knew the ropes of that other world;
Was prepared to go back and die in it
With a girl whom he could never love.
I let him go almost all the way back
To *that!*

But I missed his trail through the house
His hair in the sink
His socks in the den
His empty yogurt cups
next to my poetry books
Next to his sleeping head
next to me his scent.

So I went after him.
Lunged my bold black fist
Through straight up-and-down doors
That led to a life half-alive
And took him—
And all of his Liza Minnelli photographs
And Peter Frampton records
And white socks and nature books—
Home!

Today,
Recognized "difference" keeps us going
and
Old-fashioned Love keeps us together.

9/26/77

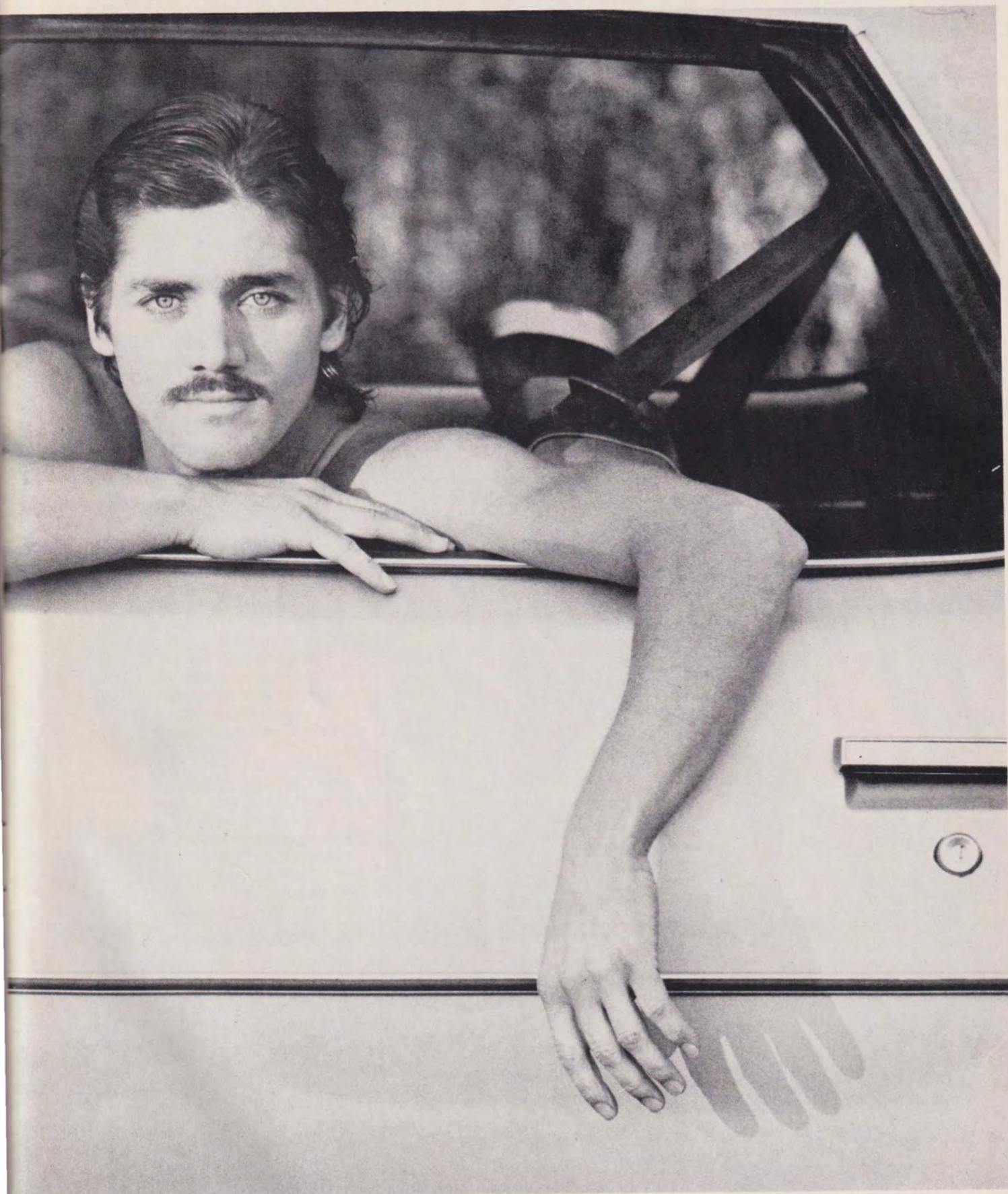
The poem "Love Knot" is an exclusive excerpt from a collection of Mr. Riley's poems called *Lovers*, scheduled for publication in the spring. *Lovers* will be available from bookstores throughout the country or may be ordered, for \$5., directly from the publisher: John/Juan Publications, 10 Stuyvesant Oval, Suite 11-A, New York, N.Y. 10009.

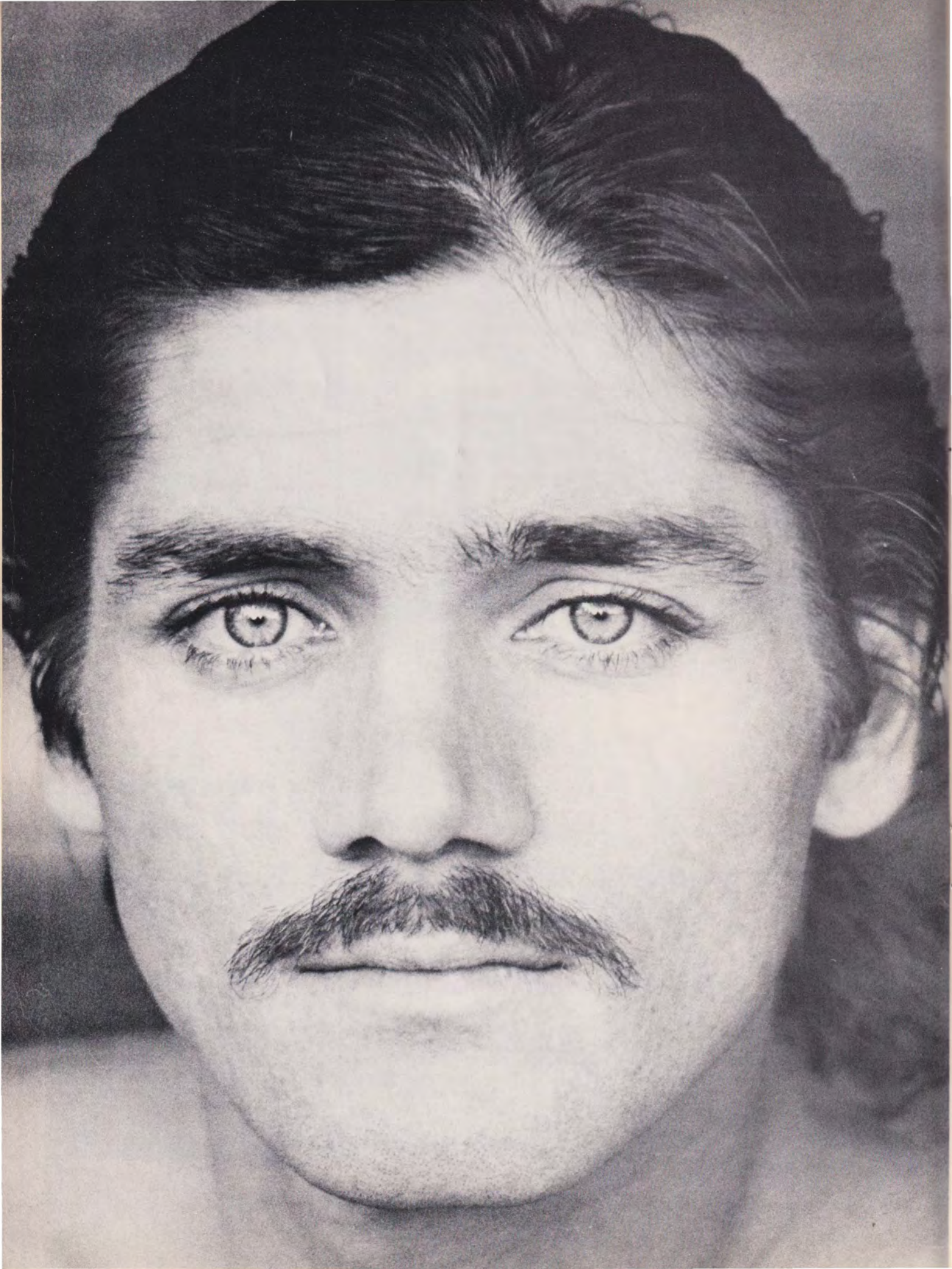


NATIVE NEW YORKER

Photographs by Jurgen Vollmer

The arresting blue eyes are reminiscent of Giancarlo Giannini, blazing with an intensity which is both startling and more than a little "come-hither." They belong to Steve De Luise, a 25-year-old native of New York who reinforces that big city's claim to have something for everybody. In the tradition of that melting pot metropolis, Steve's heritage is a mixture of French and Italian, and the result is definitely the best of both worlds. That Latin/Gallic combination blends quite nicely as evidenced by this exclusive pictorial lensed in Upstate New York by photographer Jurgen Vollmer.





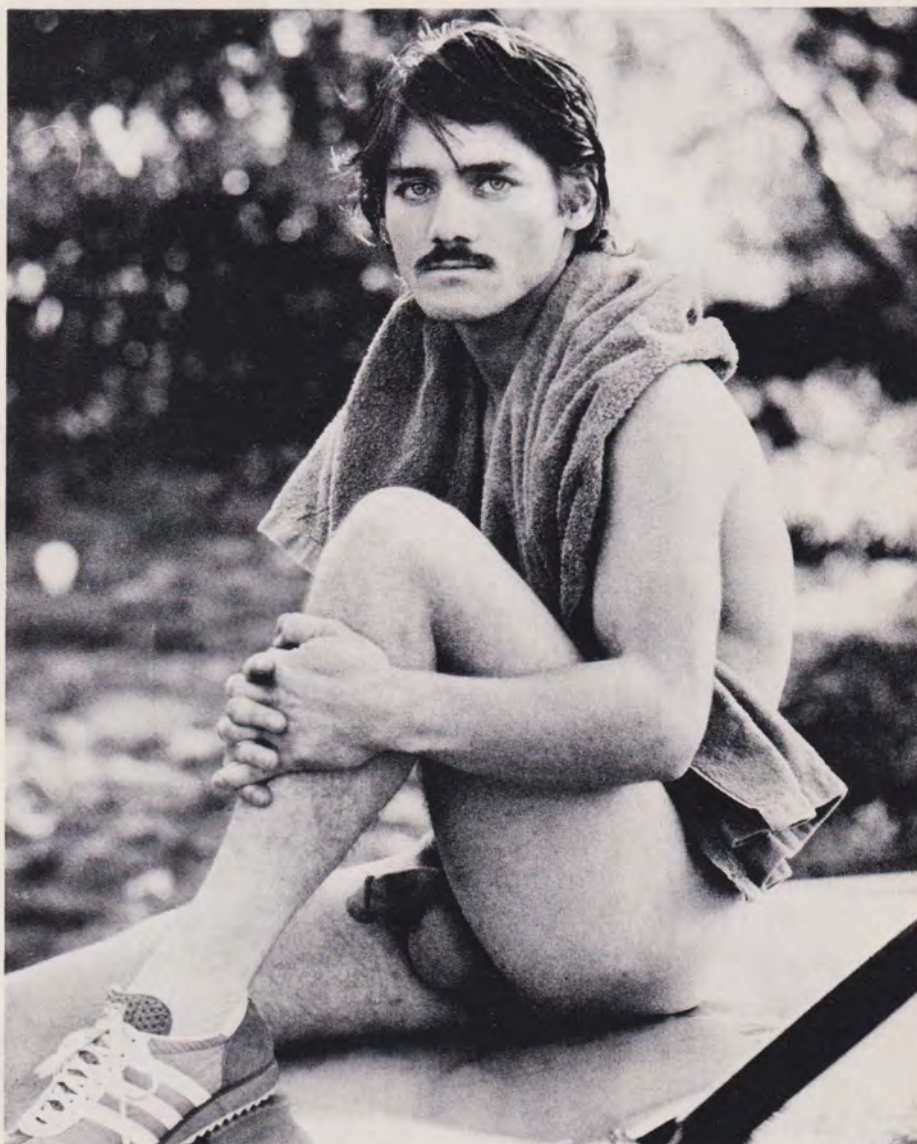
NATIVE NEW YORKER

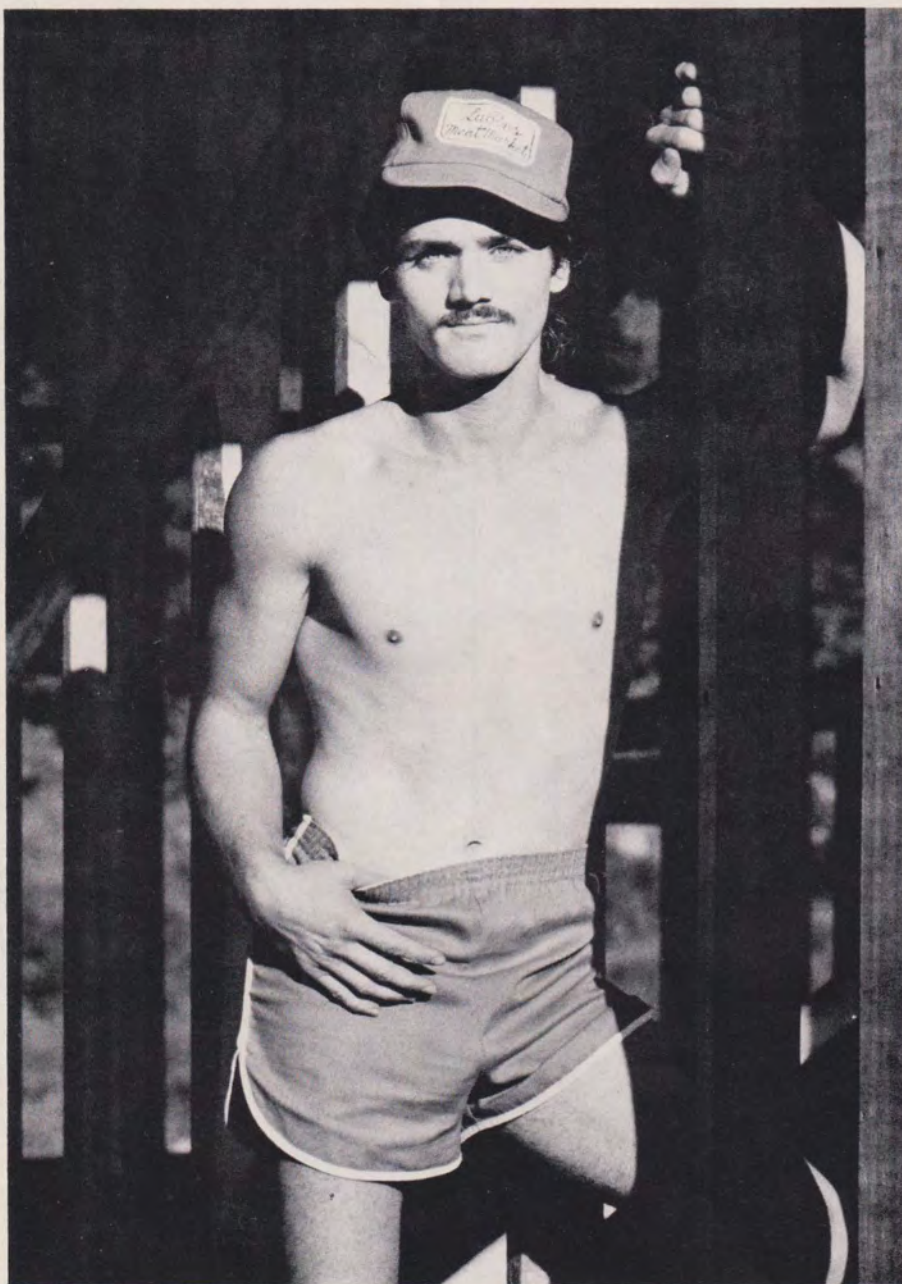
Like the lyrics of the current disco hit "Native New Yorker", Steve typifies the laid-back lifestyle of today's freewheeling young people. His approach to living is casual and easygoing, an unfettered attitude which allows a special freedom to enjoy himself in a variety of ways. Uninhibited, outgoing, a liberated man of the 70s, Steve has it all.

Steve spent four of his twenty-five years in the United States Marine Corps, a tour of duty that took him all the way to the Far East. Completing that obligation, he returned to his hometown and embarked on a new career. Like so many people who are attracted to the glitter and glamour of Broadway's Great White Way, Steve's goal is the theatre. He spends his evenings attending night classes in acting, supporting himself by being a truck driver by day. Somehow he manages to squeeze in daily workouts at a gym where he devotes himself to long, hard hours of strenuous weightlifting and exercise. The results are pleasantly apparent.

His interest in physical fitness began at an early age when he spent many afternoons playing football. His attentions later turned to soccer, a sport becoming increasingly popular in this country. It only takes one look at Steve's powerfully built legs to find proof of what that sort of activity can produce.

Photographs by Jurgen Vollmer



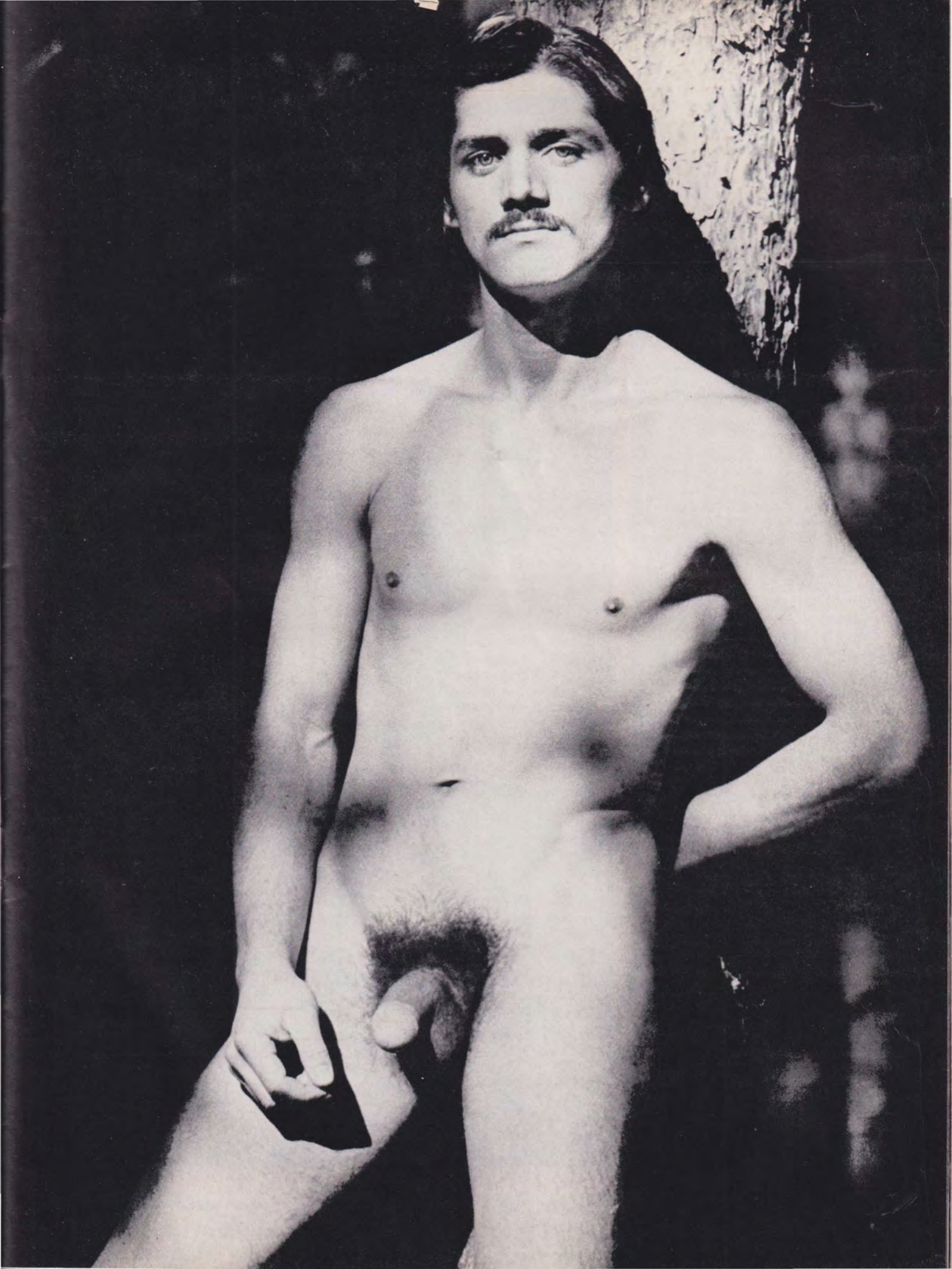


NATIVE NEW YORKER

Photographs by Jurgen Vollmer

Rather than dedicate himself to an exhausting routine of pumping iron, Steve prefers a natural musculature, a torso which is nicely defined without being grotesquely textured. It's all a part of his simplistic approach to things, a desire to *be* without being too much. Not one ounce of fat appears on his flesh as he shows here in an appealing *au naturel* state, radiating a tranquility and serenity as imposing as that of the great outdoors. Steve De Luise may be a native New Yorker, but he also has an inner peace enabling him to retreat from the demanding rigors of urban living.

We think he has just the intensity needed to thaw a very cold winter of discontent. We hope you agree.



PARADISE FOUND

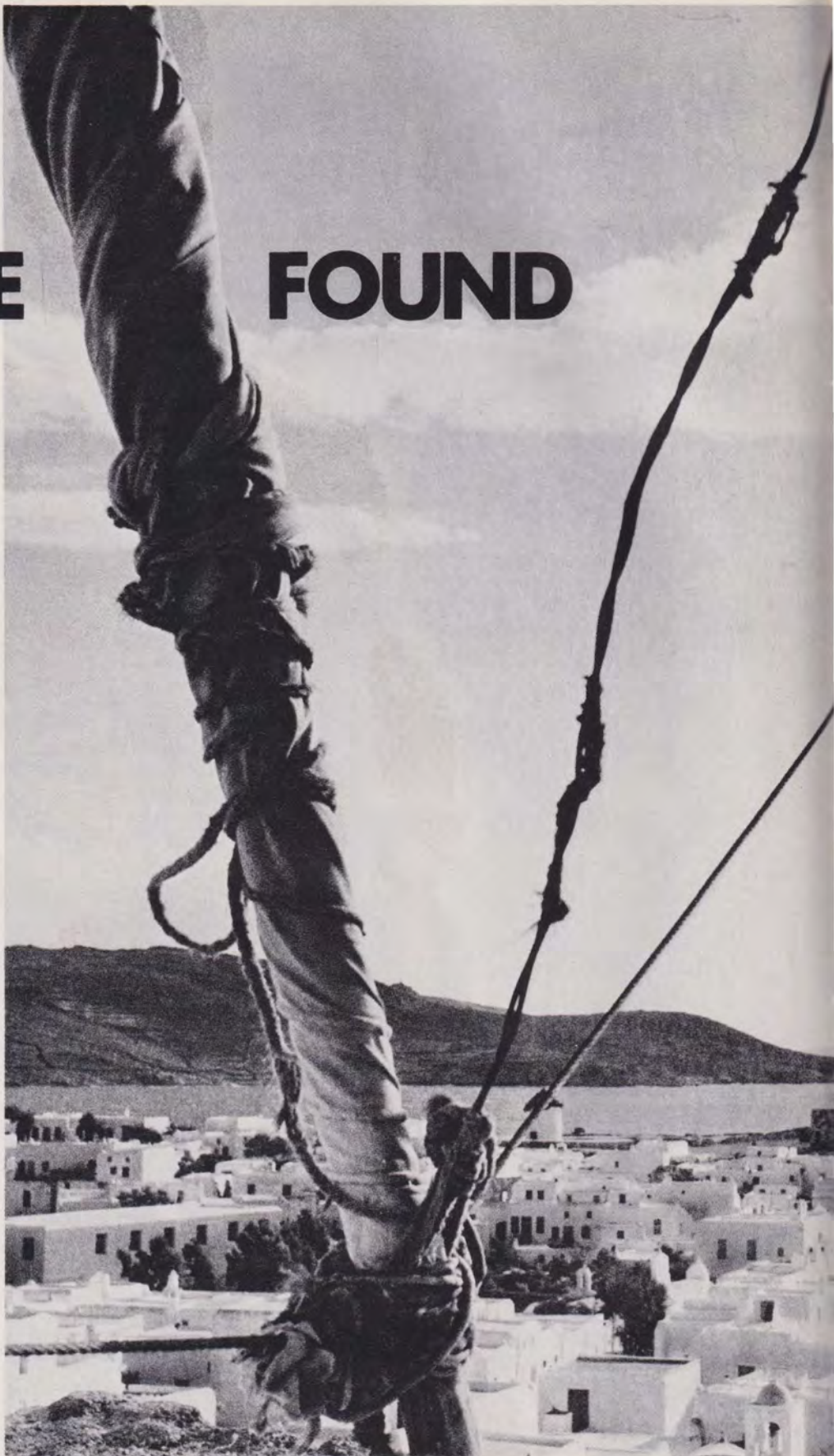
By Robert Flaherty

A tiny, sun-drenched dot in the Aegean Sea, a magic and enchanted island. Sun, a turquoise sea, spectacular beaches and beautiful people from all over Europe and North America—all combine to produce a romantic fantasy perhaps without equal anywhere in the world: fabulous Mykonos. Moreover, the island is a vacation spa for European gays where gay culture and behavior are open and tolerated. With certain caveats, this lovely island may well be gay heaven.

You get to Mykonos by air or by ship from Piraeus, Athen's port. The tiny central village, with its annually white-washed buildings, gleam in the sun in contrast to the dry brown landscape. You know at once you'll like this place. There is a broad promenade overlooking the harbor, the main street of Mykonos, which bustles with activity both day and night. Sidewalk cafes and handsome two-story buildings with balconies and columns, products of an earlier time, dominate the promenade. You can sit here anytime, sipping ouzo or coffee with ice cream, and watch an ever-changing international parade pass by.

Mykonos is crowded during the summer and finding a place to stay can be difficult unless you have advance reservations. Sometimes people with rooms to let meet the boat from Piraeus, and the Tourist Police at the south end of the harbor

White-washed Mykonos has become a gay mecca, with nude beaches, gay discos, an open atmosphere of tolerance, and natives who, like the marble sculpture at far right, have bodies by Polykleitos.





can generally be of some assistance. Unless you have a lover and want to minimize temptation, everyone stays in the town—that's where all the action is and busses to outlying areas stop running about midnight.

Once the hassle of finding a place is solved, the wonders of Mykonos will quickly unfold at your feet. The town itself consists of a maze of narrow, winding passageways (built to confuse pirates) of flag-stone streets and small white houses. What would be the all-white sterility of the town is pleasantly relieved by the colorful wares hung outside the many shops and by beautiful flowering trees—patches of green, red, intense purple. And all of this is peopled by handsome, smiling Greeks.

The tourists, with the exception of the Americans from the cruise ships, aren't bad either. On arriving in Mykonos, you'll be struck by the incredible number of tanned, beautiful men (and women!) from every nation in Europe. And the longer you stay, the more men you'll see, the more often you'll fall in love, again and again. Cruising is a 24-hour activity here, and the island is so small that you never lose track of "that one" for long. If something gets started at a cafe in town, you'll probably see him at the beach and then again that night or the next. In London or New York, what might have been a romance can be lost because the timing isn't right, and you never see each other again. In Mykonos, there's all the time in the world.

And you can afford to be bold in Mykonos; somehow rejection doesn't seem to hurt very much here. Perhaps it's the sun, perhaps it's because there's always someone equally attractive to distract your attention within the next few minutes. And there are all types to choose from: blond, reserved Scandinavians, militaristic types from northern Germany (if you're into that), chic French men, playful Italians with Giancarlo Giannini moustaches, California surfers, and beautiful Greek boys (most of whom are straight or for rent, or *both*). You can have a different one every day or a number of brief romances. With this cornucopia of men, the choice is up to you.

But beware—you have to accept Mykonos for what it is, a vacation playground, not a place where lasting love is to be found. Most people are here to make the most (literally) of the situation, and romance is frequently

Continued to page 51



SCHIZO ERA

By John Devere

Hal Ashby's Viet Nam film is the story of a schizo era, and brilliantly incarnate in Fonda and Voight are the myopically patriotic and the knowingly disenchanted, that whole hawk/dove syndrome that divided people's loyalties...

Her hair teased into a bouffant, her pink dress starched so precisely that it reeks of respectability, Jane Fonda, as a child of the Fifties, arrives at the Veterans' Hospital in 1968 to do her goody-two-shoes volunteer work. Her husband has just gone to Viet Nam and she wants to "do something." She walks into a world gone amok.

Her first day she rounds a corner and encounters a bitter paraplegic veteran, Jon Voight, prone on a cot, angrily wheeling his way down a narrow corridor. They collide. Something both funny and disturbing happens. Somehow his urine container falls, and Fonda is left holding the bag, its yellow contents sloshing out on that starched pink dress. War is hell, Fonda, and this is your first taste of it.

The incident is handled so realistically, Voight is so brilliantly berserk, Fonda so primly surprised that, immediately, director Hal Ashby sets up a situation of intersecting polarities in *Coming Home*. Without ever becoming preachy, screenplay authors Waldo Salt and Robert C. Jones flesh out a dramatic dilemma that is far more than the story of two people of different outlooks coming into confrontation. *Coming Home* is the story of a schizo era, and brilliantly incarnate in Fonda and Voight are the myopically patriotic and the knowingly disenchanted, that whole hawk/dove syndrome that divided people's loyalties.

Haskell Wexler's cinematography perhaps captures too many icons of the era. There always seem to be an

American flag in the background, a television playing the national anthem, a bumper sticker reading "America—love it or leave it!" But these *were* the accoutrements of the Sixties, and *Coming Home* orchestrates them all symbolically, if excessively.

Jane Fonda masterfully underplays as the uncommitted do-gooder gradually coming to consciousness that all is not right with the world. Her evolution is so finely shaded, so nuanced in its increasing awareness, that she surely will be a front-runner in next year's Oscar race.

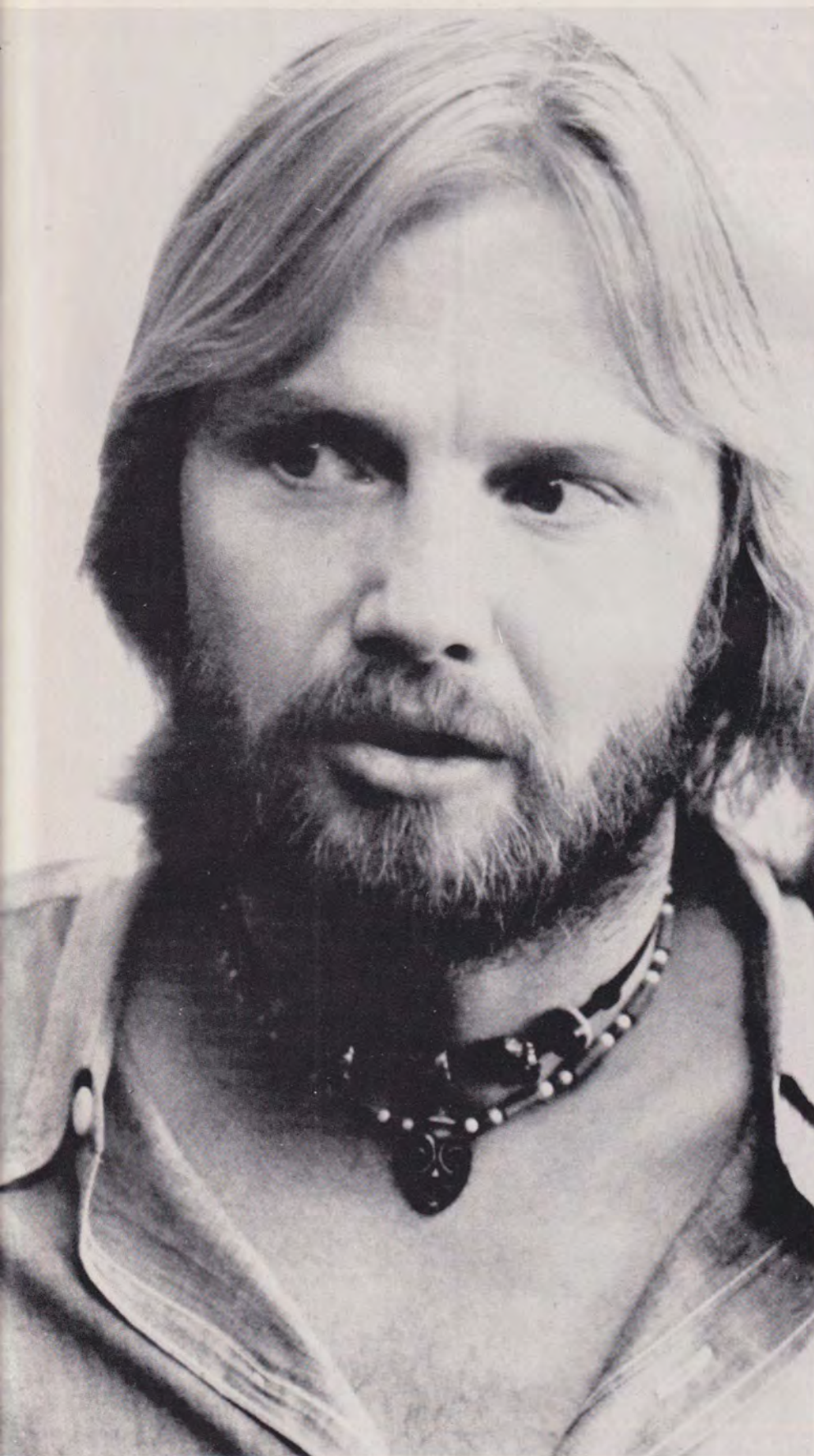
Jon Voight's return to the screen after a four-year absence reveals a welcome maturity; his portrayal of a disturbed and disillusioned veteran is also Oscar-calibre.

As Fonda and Voight begin to become fascinated with each other, as their ideologies criss-cross and begin to run parallel, their relationship onscreen grows with extraordinary authenticity; there is genuine star chemistry here. The extremely erotic love scene between them is one of the most graphic and sensitive ever filmed, especially given the givens: it involves a paraplegic and cunnilingus.

As Fonda's husband, Bruce Dern returns from Viet Nam, his ideology not really changed, but he is so profoundly disturbed that he will never be able to integrate himself back into everyday routine. He even manages to make the film's one unwieldy melodramatic scene (he has bayonet in hand, threatening Fonda and



In Hal Ashby's brilliant recreation of the Sixties, *Coming Home*, Jon Voight, opposite, plays a paraplegic Viet Nam veteran disillusioned with war. His path intersects with that of Jane Fonda, above, whose husband Bruce Dern has just left for Viet Nam. Photos: United Artists.



Voight) believable.

Coming Home is, simply, a great film. A decade after Viet Nam, the time has come, and with it the detachment, to make an impassioned film that seizes the essence of a troubled time. *Coming Home* is achingly effective, so strong that it leaves more than a residue of feeling. It leaves psychological stigmata, permanent images of pain.

OTHER MOVIES

'NIGHT FULL OF RAIN'

In life, when two very different people meet and begin to know one another, revelations come in bits in pieces, as each puts together the mosaic of the other. But in Lina Wertmuller films, reality doesn't happen that way. In their first twenty sentences, her characters mouth every sociopolitical cliché Wertmuller can pile onto their palates. In *The End of the World in Our Usual Bed in a Night Full of Rain*, glamorous capitalistic feminist Candice Bergen meets mucho macho male chauvinist Communist, Giancarlo Giannini and, before they can say hello, they've defined themselves sociopolitically. Actually, *Night Full of Rain* is a fascinating close-up portrait of the mating of opposites, a battle of the sexes combined with a battle of ideologies. Self-consciously beautiful, the film is both maddeningly tedious and curiously comic/cosmic.

'COMA'

Genevieve Bujold is an actress of such persuasive intelligence that she actually makes far-fetched *Coma* seem realistic. As a plucky Nancy Drew uncovering corruption in a Boston hospital, she brilliantly balances paranoia and perceptivity, so that the audience's knowledge that she's *right* and the other characters' certainty that she is *wrong* give the film precisely the sort of Hitchcocky discrepancy of perspective that creates spine-tingling suspense. The most unintentionally funny performance of the year is undoubtedly Elizabeth Ashley's wide-eyed weirdness as head mistress in a zombie factory: strange, strange.

'CROSSED SWORDS'

Easter at Radio City Music Hall, and that monumental Art Deco movie palace's final film presentation is Richard Lester's *Crossed Swords*, with now adolescent Mark (Oliver) Lester in the dual title role of Mark Twain's *The Prince and the Pauper*. Splendidly lavish, *Crossed Swords* sports a spunky cast playing exaggerated roles with relish: Rex Harrison, George C. Scott, Raquel Welch, Oliver Reed. Mistaken identities, derring-do, villains and heroes: *Crossed Swords* is refreshingly lively, a fabulously old-fashioned feast of feisty fun.



THEATER: 'MOLLY'

Continued from page 12

But Gray is a master at creating dialogue with bitchy bite. Unfortunately Molly has no sparring partners and her aphorisms echo in a void.

The play's uneasy truce between comedy and tragedy keeps it from being ultimately effective, so we cannot really elect Molly to that exalted sorority that includes Anna Karenina and Emma Bovary. But almost, almost.

With *Molly* New York's Hudson Guild Theatre again has presented a worthwhile play in a splendidly directed production (by Stephen Hollis).

In his other works—*Butley*, *Otherwise Engaged*—Gray has written plays of character, where wit is a defense mechanism against life's ups and downs. Here, to a large extent, situation replaces character. And *what* is not as interesting, or as dramatically riveting, as *who*.

ART: RON COHEN

Continued from page 37

subways. "I feel I began to see the subways in a very special way, how outrageous they really are. The underground environment with the perspective of the signs. The attitude of the people there. It was often a juxtaposition of slides until I got the right atmosphere I wanted." As fascinating as the photos are, Ron considers painting his first love.

"There are more things you can control and play around with. It's much more surprising to me than photography." And although one is tempted to label his style in certain paintings as photorealism, Ron challenges this. "Most photorealists copy photographs and know their images ahead of time. What's going to happen. And most of them paint very banal, unemotional subject matter. Very still. Mine are full of movement and a totally different kind of energy. My images come out of the act of painting." In an art world still seeking direction after floundering in pop/op obscenities, Ron's work is refreshingly vital and valid. They must be seen in person to appreciate fully their message and craftsmanship.

Ron Cohen's works range from \$400 to \$1500 for the huge portraits. Photographs are \$60. He is represented in New York by Raymond Jacobs, 392 Broadway, 4th Floor, New York City 10013. Telephone (212) JU2-8800. Mr. Cohen also accepts commissions for portraits.

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THE MANDATE MAN

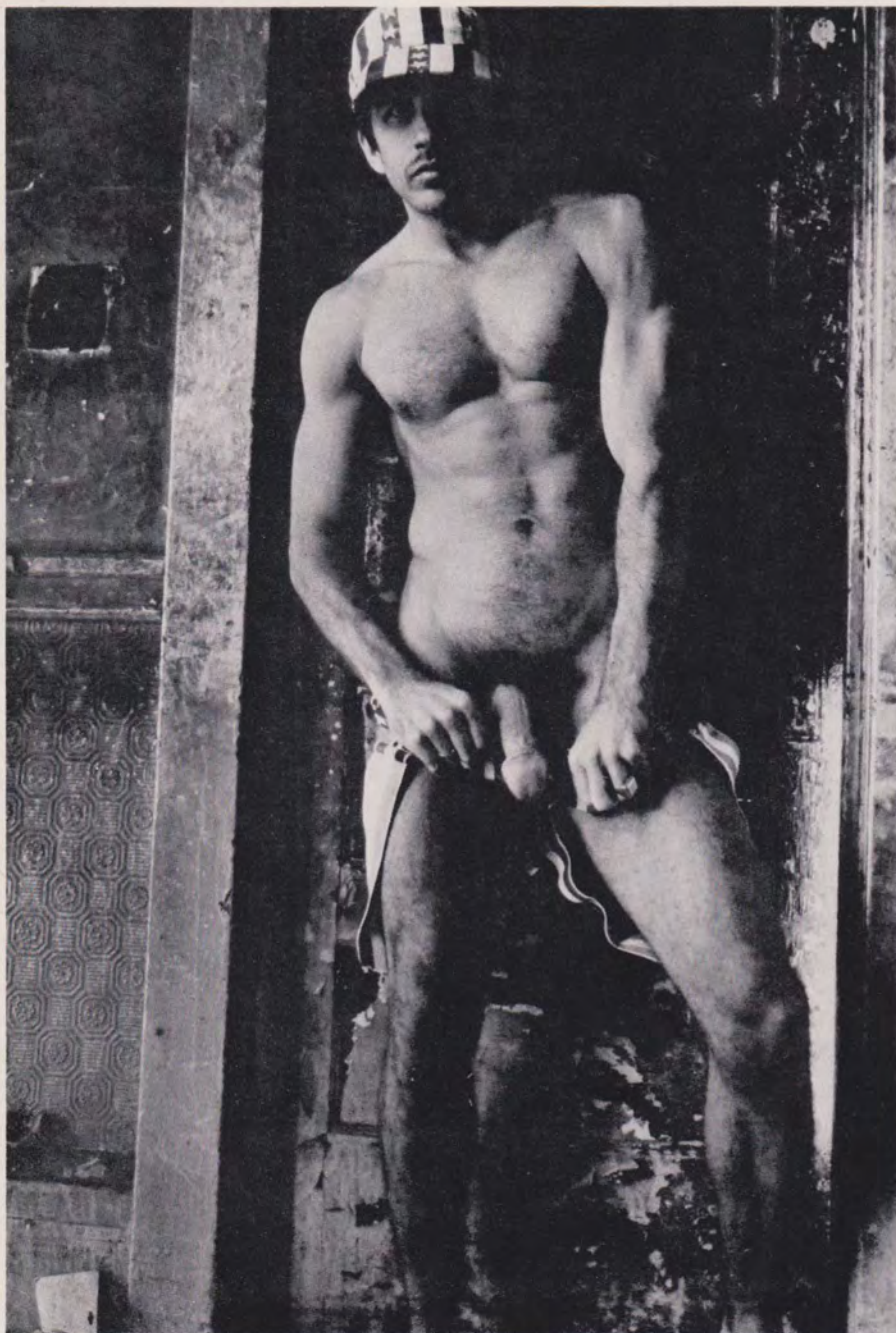


Exactly a year ago, *Mandate* ran a pictorial on a young man named Ron Raz, including the photo above, and because of his rather unique physical features (one in particular) we received an avalanche of mail requesting more photos of this native Californian. Happy to oblige, we have a seven-page spread including a color centerfold of one of the hottest things to hit San Francisco since the 1906 earthquake.

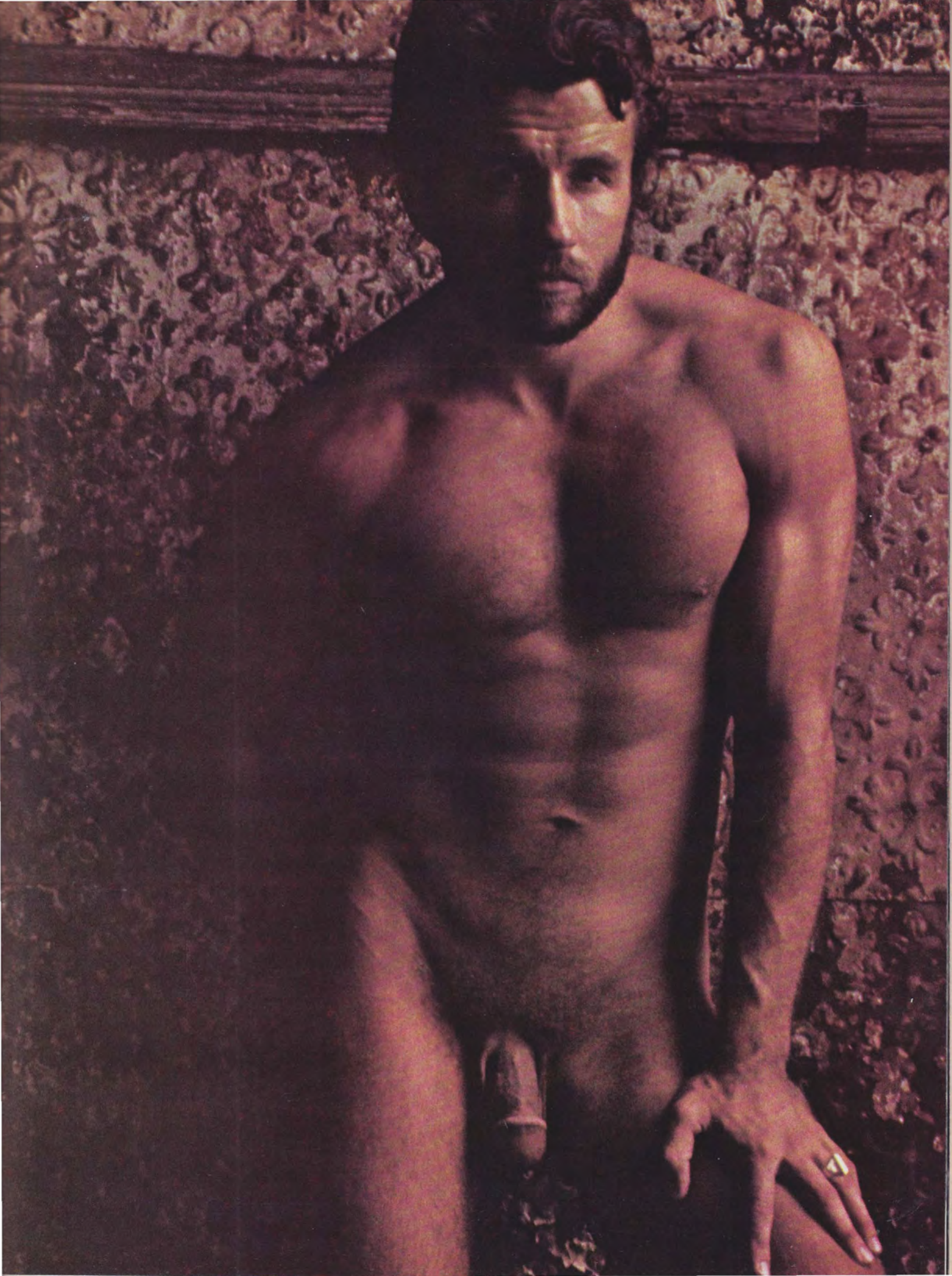
Photographs by Michael Rock

THE MANDATE MAN

Ron was born in San Francisco 28 years ago, a Pisces with a great love of nature. He attended San Francisco City College where he took an A.A. in horticulture. His passion for the outdoors led him to a career in landscaping and we think you'll agree that he adds something very special to the landscape all by himself. That nicely muscled body comes from twelve years of working out; Ron tells us he doesn't want to get too big, but just wants to keep in shape. He's definitely succeeded in that department.



Ron Ray
Photographs by Michael Rock



THE MANDATE MAN

Photo below by Roy Dean
Photo opposite by Arthur Tress

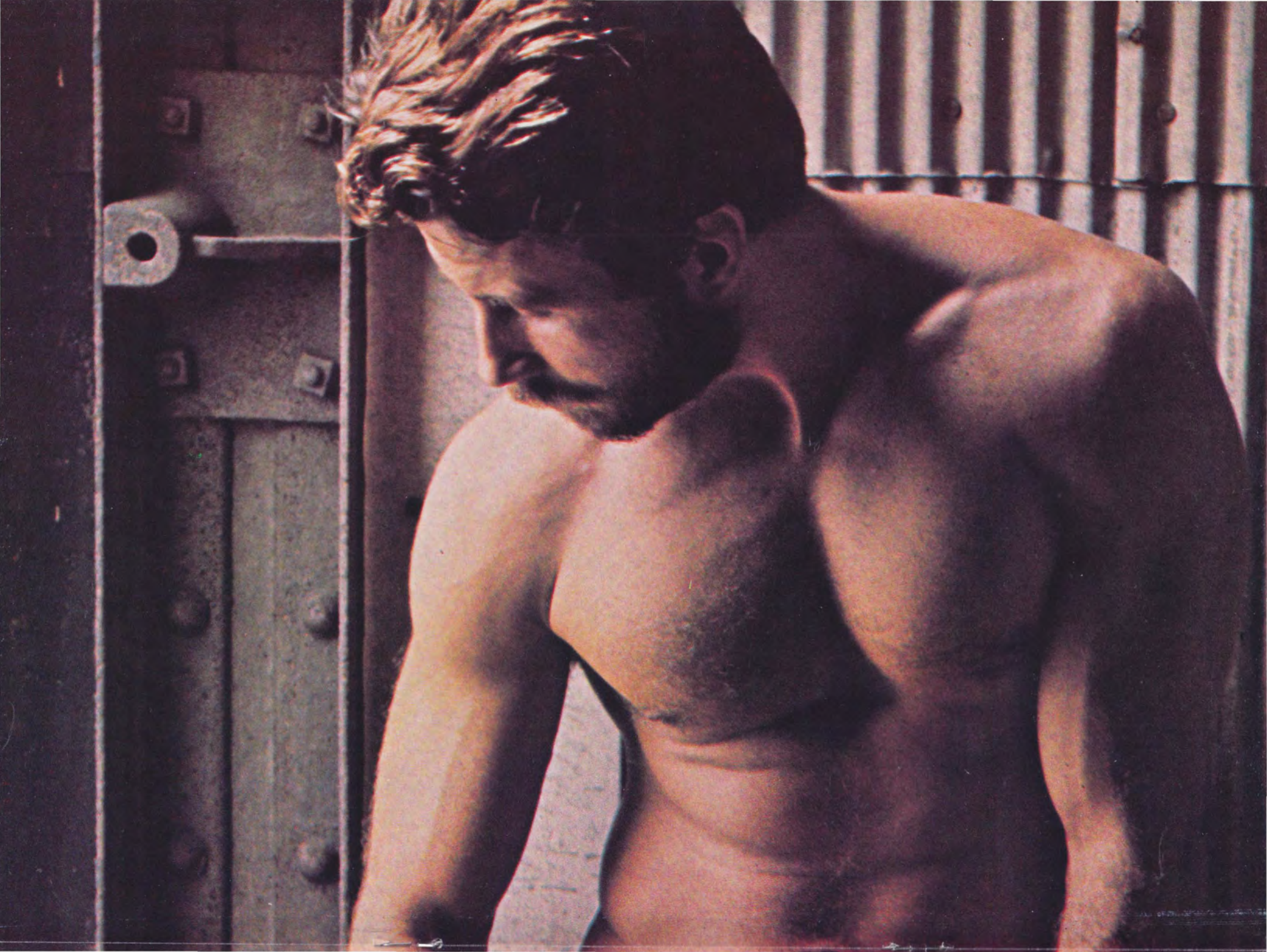
Seen here in the state nature made him, Ron seems to be reaching out like Adam in Michelangelo's painting in the Sistine Chapel. He takes his adoration for flora a step further by being a strict vegetarian and by spending plenty of time backpacking with a buddy. Ron lives in South Laguna Beach, California, but made a trip



east for the provocative photo at right. He admitted to us that he got a little scared when he began stopping traffic in the middle of New York's famous Brooklyn Bridge. With his looks and body, he could probably stop traffic anywhere. As our color centerfold proves...









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The Photographer: Michael Rock

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CHEERS!

The National Institute of Mental Health of the U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare has awarded a half million dollars to the Center for Homosexual Education and Evaluation Research (C.H.E.E.R.) at San Francisco. The purpose of the grant is to create a three-year project to study civil liberties and sexual orientation of men and women who are homosexual or who depart from the masculine and feminine stereotypes. The grant also makes possible the use of the methodology developed by C.H.E.E.R. in a recently completed study, also funded by N.I.M.H. Interviews will be conducted in the San Francisco and New York City metro areas, and the data collected will be used to document cases of discrimination based on sexual orientation and social sex-role stereotyping in public and private institutions. It is hoped the results will strengthen the protection of the civil liberties of gay men and women. With the award of this grant, C.H.E.E.R. has received \$1,200,000 in federal funding during the last year, and this level of funding has established its stature as the major research center of sexual orientation in the country. For more information, contact C.H.E.E.R. at the Psychology Building, Room 502, San Francisco State University, San Francisco, CA 94132. (415) 333-6117.

OVER THE RAINBOW

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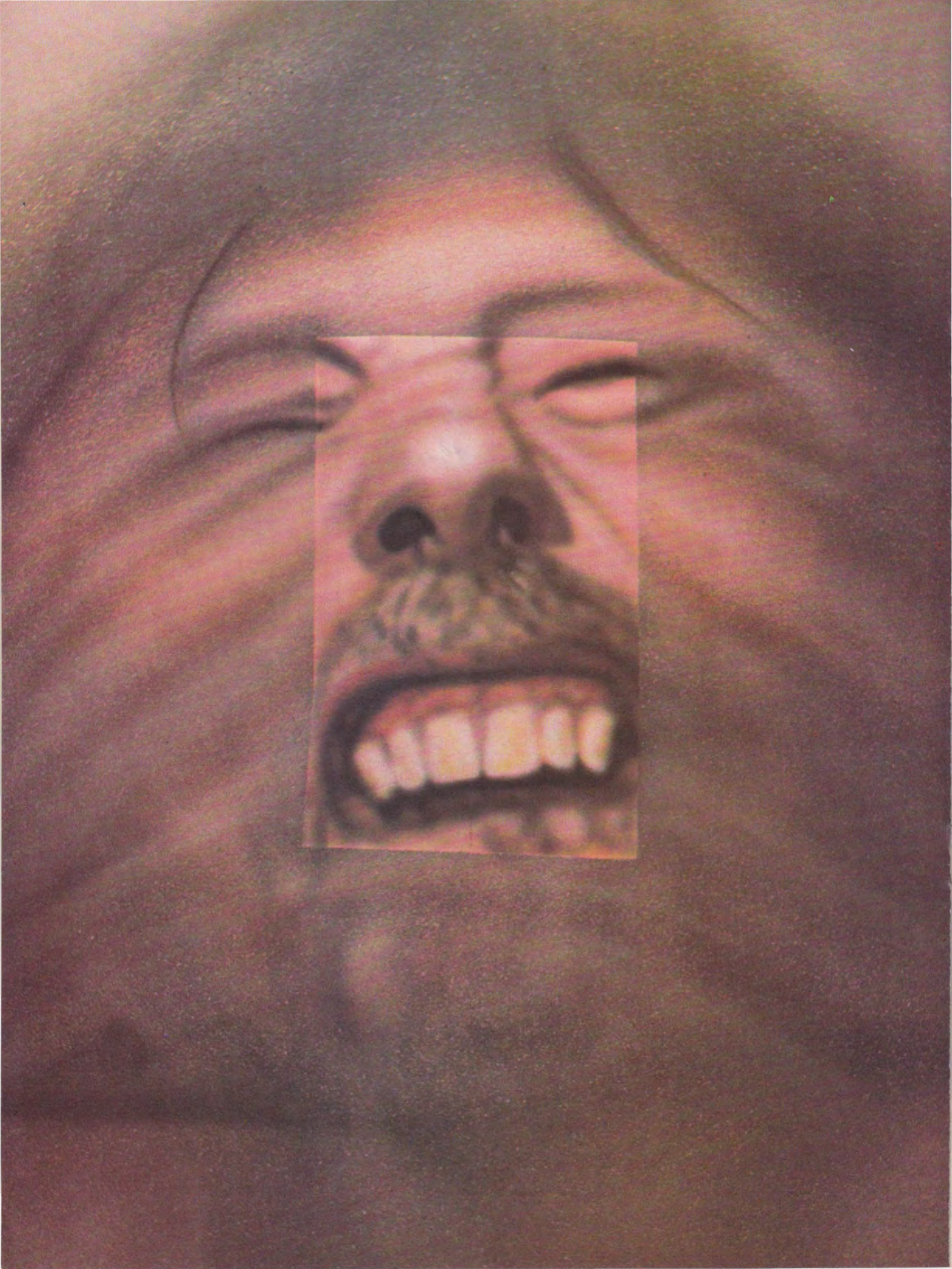


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PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST, FRENZIEDLY

An agonized portrait of what might be a primal scream, everything out of focus except for the clearly delineated mouth. A flamingo executed in a style suggesting photorealism, so perfectly painted that it threatens to fly off the wall. Human denizens of the subway, a hint of sleaze, of the frustrations innate to a metropolis. These are some of the subjects painted and photographed by Ron Cohen, a young artist whose recent show at New York's Les Mouches was extremely well received and much talked about. In an exclusive *Mandate* interview, Ron talked about his unusual works, about what sparked their creation.

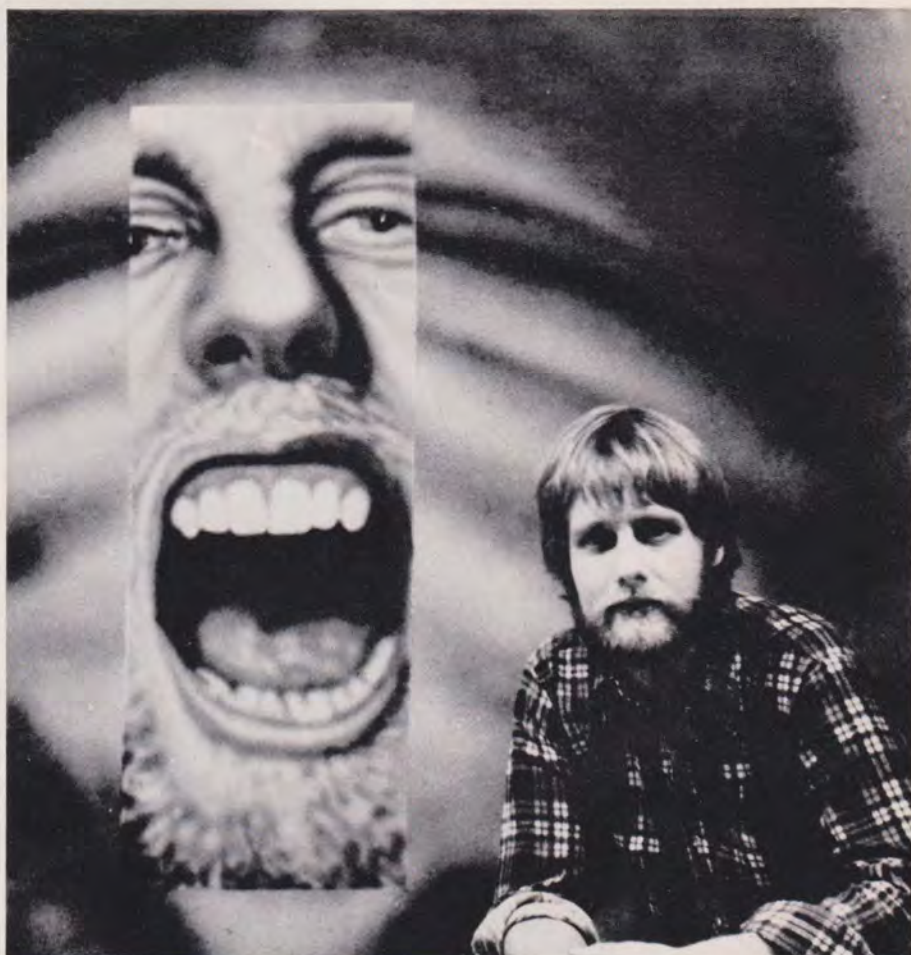
"The portraits came from reading *Journey to Ixtalan* by Carlos Castaneda, when Don Juan told Carlos not to focus on anything, to keep the eyes moving so the vision keeps changing. As I was walking down the street, I started scanning. My eyes weren't focusing on anything." There is another source of influence for these awesome portraits, some of which are of the artist and his wife. "I was looking for something that projected the sort of feeling I have about being alive, in this world. At the time I did them I was very angry and I wanted to capture that anger. I also wanted them to be very strong visually. Something to attract people's attention. I do the out-of-focus part first. Then I show slides until I find something that radiates a certain kind of energy and relationship to what's going on in the background."

His beautiful beasts such as the flamingo, a platypus and an albatrose are no less exciting. "I was very interested in animals and animal photography as well. The backgrounds and environments are out of focus with the animal itself in very sharp focus. The focus forces the animal off the surface and into the room." This effect is heightened by the use of handmade frames which are especially important in the execution of the artist's concept and design.

The cityscape photographs are a reflection of what this native New Yorker experiences daily. Store fronts street corners and, of course, the

Continued to page 26

MANDATE / April 1978



A man and his work: painter Ron Cohen appears above in both the flesh and on canvas, radiating a more relaxed mood than that of the frenzied primal scream behind him and on the opposite page. At left he puts the finishing touches on one of his haunting New York subwayscapes.

NIJINSKY

By William Russo

The interaction of Diaghilev and Nijinsky—fraught with sexual tension—left an indelible stamp on dance, while taking a frightening psychological toll on both of them.



Early this century, male athleticism in dance flexed its muscles and began to steal the spotlight from the tutu'd ballerina. Until then, ballets were usually conceived to showcase the female dancer, with manly grace and style utilized largely in supporting roles. *Literally* supporting roles, since the male dancer functioned primarily as a *porteur*, a human crane whose *raison d'être* was to lift and support the ballerina.

Exalting male dance was the accomplishment of two men. The meteoric career of Vaslav Nijinsky changed the focus and, since Nijinsky, lionization of men dancers has become commonplace. Credit has long been given to Nijinsky, *le dieu de la danse*—the god of dance—for making possible a tradition of dancers like Massine, Lifar, Bruhn, Nureyev and Baryshnikov.

But the feat was not solely Nijinsky's responsibility: the creator of the Ballets Russe, its impresario, a self-styled Lorenzo the Magnificent named Sergei Pavlovitch Diaghilev deserves as much credit. It was he who—so soon after the Oscar Wilde debacle—chose to establish a man as an object of beauty and appreciation. It was Diaghilev who discovered Nijinsky and molded that career into the stuff of legend; and it was Diaghilev who risked finances and personal reputation to bring the dynamic school of Russian dance to Paris in 1909, changing both the history of Western dance *and* the fate of the male dancer.

Diaghilev's *entree* into Paris had many reverberations: his impact on dance has been widely discussed. Immediately he became the center of a resurgence of gay life in Paris, with such as Cocteau and Proust in his orbit. His heroic efforts to make the male dancer important gained him something he treasured more than artistic success: Diaghilev loved Vaslav Nijinsky, and if the thirty-eight-year-old impresario could gain what he desired by casting the eighteen-year-old Nijinsky as a new idol, as a new artistic force, then Diaghilev would spare no effort to put Vaslav among the pantheon of mythic figures. Their interaction—fraught with sexual tension—would leave an indelible stamp on dance, while taking a frightening personal toll: Diaghilev a bitter man, Nijinsky in a hopelessly mad condition.

Like Prometheus who stole the



gods' fire and shared it with mankind, Vaslav Nijinsky seemed to possess something of the divine. Nijinsky would in fact inspire Jean Cocteau to conceive the theory of a poet-angel who would serve as a guardian of the divine, the artist doomed to be destroyed by his inability to reconcile his art to the real world. From playing a series of roles that included demi-gods, androgynous slaves, and mythological beings, Vaslav was given the sobriquet of 'The God of Dance.'

In Nijinsky's first ballet at Paris in 1909, *Le Pavillon d'Armide*, he portrayed Armide's Favorite Slave, wearing a pearl choker and other assorted jewels, resplendent in a frilly costume. truly a polymorphously perverse figure. And yet, effete as the costume (pictured here) was, his leaps were so high that he often failed to come down with the beat of the music, leaving his audiences awe-struck at his muscular athleticism. Part of his fascination undoubtedly stemmed from this juxtaposition of the affected and the athletic, producing a sexual ambiguity that has characterized—or plagued—the male dancers to this day. (Edward Villella and Jacques d'Amboise have gone to great lengths to dispel the male dancer's androgynous image.)

From childhood Nijinsky felt he was marked for fame. The first test of his life was gaining entrance into the



In 1909, Nijinsky made his Paris debut in Le Pavillon d'Armide, at left and above. Designer Leon Bakst painted him at Venice's Lido, opposite page.

NIJINSKY

Imperial Academy of Dance at St. Petersburg when he was twelve. For the welfare of his family, Vaslav needed the security of a career, and such the ballet could provide. He almost didn't make it, until an instructor noted the boy's extraordinarily developed thighs, a hint of his jumping ability.

By 1908, while still a naive boy, Nijinsky found himself the recipient of the attention of a Russian aristocrat. Elegant, handsome, young, Prince Pavel Lvov was infatuated with the young dancer and lavished expensive gifts upon him. Years later in his diary, Nijinsky admitted that he loved the prince, but Lvov introduced Vaslav to another rich patron, a Polish count. It did not take Nijinsky very long to learn how best to further his career.

"Lvov introduced me to Diaghilev, who asked me to come to the Europe Hotel where he lived. I disliked him for his too self-assured voice, but went to seek my luck. At

Nureyev as Valentino tangoes with Anthony Dowell as Nijinsky.



once I allowed him to make love to me. I trembled like a leaf. I hated him, but pretended..." he wrote later, when anger may have colored his re-assessment of their first meeting. Their liason would last four years, longer than the dancer needed to be certain of career success. Surely Nijinsky felt something for Diaghilev to remain with him for so long; of course, too, there were reasons why the boy might be less than enthusiastic: Vaslav complained that Diaghilev's black hair dye rubbed off on the pillows!

Diaghilev was not promiscuous; he had only a few long-term relationships in his life. At the time of meeting Nijinsky, he was having an affair with his secretary, Alexis but that quickly ended. With the 5'4" dancer, the Maestro saw the fruition of two dreams: a glorious season of Russian ballet at Paris, and a boy who would be his property, his artistic creation—molded, coddled, manipulated.

With a new dance company and a lover to perfection, Diaghilev braved outrage and became open in his relationship with Nijinsky. They went everywhere together—and soon became the talk of Paris.

Walking on the

boulevards of the city, they were an odd sight. Ridicule and gossip nagged them. Cocteau, a troupe regular, penned many unflattering caricatures, picturing a heavy man with a monocle and tiny hat, next to a muscular boy. Cocteau was, of course, interested in Nijinsky himself.

But because Diaghilev hired a bodyguard to keep Vaslav free of distractions, Nijinsky became known as the Maestro's



A Diaghilev portrait reflects the flamboyance that lured to him luminaries such as Picasso, Cocteau and Nijinsky.

slaveboy. Igor Stravinsky would complain that Diaghilev's vision was too narrow, that Nijinsky wasn't given the opportunity for expression that he deserved.

Early in the summer of 1909, Nijinsky consented to cohabitation with his impresario; at the time the decision required great courage. The decision was made easier when the dancer suffered typhoid fever and Diaghilev moved him into an apartment and personally nursed his star. Vaslav

agreed to the union—although he feared what his mother would think; she wanted him married, to have children. Yet she never criticized Diaghilev to him.

Associates would later claim

Nijinsky never loved Diaghilev, that he was

forced to submit to the impresario or lose his job. But from Nijinsky's reaction to the honeymoon trip to Carlsbad, thence Venice, it was clear that he enjoyed himself. And why not? A famous Italian poet (male) wanted to dance with him, Isadora Duncan wanted to bear his child, and Diaghilev would give him anything he desired. Nijinsky spent time swimming in the

Venice lagoon, wearing only a skimpy carmine-colored bikini (Bakst's painting of him is pictured); he took long car drives with Diaghilev, was massaged daily, and escaped all the pressures of dance. Like a protector, Diaghilev never burdened Vaslav with financial problems in the troupe—and there were many: Diaghilev was constantly trying to find enough capital for another *saison russe*. Sergé insulated his *grande passion* from the worries that



Nijinsky in Spectre de la Rose in a Cocteau drawing.

might affect the boy's dancing.

According to tradition, Nijinsky had no freedom from Diaghilev. But the *premier danseur* knew what power he held over the *impersario*, and isolated incidents reveal how well Nijinsky could control the most feared 'Orge of Art,' as Cocteau nicknamed Diaghilev. The simplest way for Vaslav to exert his power was to refuse to dance. This he did often; the ballet seasons were constantly marred by last-minute substitutions. As Vaslav grew more secure in his role as centerpiece of the ballet troupe, his absences grew more common. Usually, his refusals to dance were not public. Once, moments before curfewtime, while dressed in his costume, Nijinsky stood—adamant—behind stage, categorically refusing to dance. Diaghilev was in a tirade, cursing and demanding an end to such insolence. Nijinsky simply stated that the Maestro fetch the dancer's camera—which Diaghilev had pawned for some quick cash. Knowing that the impresario could not tolerate public discussion of finances, Nijinsky effortlessly made his point—and had his Kodak again the next day. In retrospect, many specific incidents seem clichéd examples of a certain sort of petty homosexual bitchery.

Like many great artists, Nijinsky had a caustic temperament, an inability to waste time on frivolity in his art. As a result, he was thought to be sullen as well as inaccessible. In the *corps de ballet*, the consensus of opinion was that Vaslav had no personality. As Stravinsky said, Nijinsky was merely the mirror of Diaghilev's latest impression of art. Yet, none could deny that onstage he could transform himself into any character. His tartar cheekbones and slanted eyelids served well in any role. He could be a faun-like innocent or an androgynous seducer. Diaghilev watched these godly transformations proudly, determining to shape his protegee into the ultimate artist.

Nijinsky's roles—Pan, Scheherazade's slave, a mad puppet, the scent of a flower

—were rarely human; he would depict characters half-animal or de-humanized. He could become dark or pale, good or evil, male or female, bestial or mystical—or at least celestial. In no two photographs does he ever look the same. Nijinsky—as Cocteau recalled—once at dinner acted as though he had a crick in his neck; actually he was rehearsing how it would feel to wear Pan's horns. Cocteau saw what was happening: haunted, pixilated, cursed, damned, such alembics could become the stages of madness. "He upsets all the laws of equilibrium," Cocteau wrote, "and seems constantly to be a



figure painted on the ceiling; he reclines nonchalantly in mid-air, defies heaven in a thousand different ways..."

The benefits of the relationship between Diaghilev and Nijinsky were mutual. Biographers of the dancer tend to be prejudiced against the impresario, suggesting that he abused a boy, manipulated him and even hoarded the profits of Vaslav's career for himself. More often than not, Diaghilev is cast as the cruel villain, the Svengali who is all the more repulsive because he forced a boy to lead a life of



'immorality.' But, in some ways, Nijinsky gained more from the union than did the Maestro.

During the years with the *Ballet Russe* at Paris, Nijinsky was still under contract to the Mariinsky Theatre in Petersburg. When Vaslav achieved international fame after two seasons, the Imperial Theatre demanded he return to Russia to fulfill his contract. The idea of leaving luxury and Diaghilev horrified Nijinsky. He turned to his Maestro: by the same logic, Diaghilev was appalled at losing the centerpiece of his dance troupe—and of his love life. When the impresario assured Nijinsky not to worry, that the matter would be taken care of, the dancer never gave another thought to it. If Serge said not to worry, Nijinsky was happy.

The onus of saving Nijinsky from a long-term contract in the provinces of Russia thus fell to Diaghilev. Although he went into hysterics at the thought of losing Vaslav, the Maestro had a plan: at a performance of *Giselle* in Petersburg, Nijinsky came on stage *sans* his athletic

Three Fauns: Left, Nijinsky in "L'Après-midi d'un Faune." Below, Valentino as Nijinsky as the faun. Below left, Nureyev as Valentino as Nijinsky as the faun.

supporter as the curtain rose. Royal members of the audience were said to be scandalized; naturally, Nijinsky was immediately fired. As expected, Diaghilev protested mildly that the dismissal was unfair—but then he exploited the incident



to advantage for his own ballet troupe. The couple left Russia and returned to Paris—and the Maestro mistakenly thought that Nijinsky was now his alone.

With his position in the Diaghilev Ballet now secure, Nijinsky began a play for more power. With Diaghilev in love with him, whatever he desired would be his. And Nijinsky desired the choreographer role that belonged to Michel Fokine, who was then at the peak of his career. The idea that a young man, completely inexperienced, could become a major choreographer was lost on all except Diaghilev. Perhaps because the 1910 season was so successful, the impresario chose to support Nijinsky in the grandiose plan to create ballets. Nurtured by the company of great artists—Cocteau, Ravel, Debussy, Bakst—Vaslav's initial anxieties were allayed. In such company his creations could

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not fail. Diaghilev would not allow such a catastrophe. Of course, the intellectual rigors of choreography bore little resemblance to the physical rigors of performance, but Nijinsky was willing to do the work. Nonetheless, he treated the ballet corps like pawns—never explaining motivation or purpose, merely insisting that they repeat his movements without question. He refused to discuss why he wanted them to do certain unorthodox gestures and steps. They complained that they were treated like chattel; they said Nijinsky's choreography could not be performed.

After Nijinsky began to choreograph, the domination by Diaghilev abruptly ended. *l'Après-midi d'un Faune* was Vaslav's first effort, the story of Pan set to music by Debussy. When Diaghilev said at one rehearsal that Nijinsky hadn't included enough acting to suit him, Nijinsky coldly answered that he was acting with his eyes. Diaghilev made no further comments. Later, at the ballet's premiere Vaslav caused his mentor more grief by ending the dance with a masturbatory gesture which made a sensation. The finale of the ballet gave Cocteau the opportunity to quip, "Of course, Nijinsky makes love only to the nymph's scarf."

The next two ballets of Nijinsky were based on Stravinsky's music: *Le Sacre du Printemps* and *Petroushka*. The former was a scandal, causing fistfights in the audience. So much noise was made by the audience that the dancers could not hear the beat of the music. The latter ballet concerned a biographical theme in Nijinsky's life: a puppet, *Petroushka*, was victimized by a charlatan Doll-Maker who forced the puppet to act against his will. Nijinsky could not have failed to see the parallel between his role in the dance and his life with Diaghilev.

In one proposed ballet Nijinsky wanted to use a homosexual theme. Diaghilev was appalled and tried to convince Vaslav that society was not ready for such honesty. *Jeux* was the ballet, a story about a metaphoric lawn-tennis game. Vaslav was stunned by Diaghilev's withdrawal of support for an expression of this "new kind of love." Nijinsky had heard the Maestro often say he wanted to make love to two boys simultaneously—and for years Diaghilev had rejoiced in his homosexuality, claiming it to be a mark of creativity, distinction and pride. Now, Serge rejected the story of their own style of love. For this Nijinsky would never forgive the impresario. The ballet was produced with two women and a man, all the sex roles clearly heterosexual.

Jeux was, indeed, the catalyst for the deterioration of their union. Diaghilev had grown intolerant of Nijinsky's outbursts of temperament. Their arguments were commonplace. More often than not, they slept apart. Some balletomanes have theorized that Diaghilev, seeing failure in Nijinsky's choreography, was seeking a reason to end their liaison, that he finally realized Nijinsky would never be a choreographer of genius. But this is unlikely: the sole *grande passion* of Diaghilev's life was Nijinsky, who

obsessed him for the remainder of his life.

Vaslav's behavior could no longer be directed by Diaghilev. Jealous if he didn't receive the best notices in the troupe, Nijinsky was argumentative with everyone in the corps. He bitterly denounced Karsavina; Diaghilev called Nijinsky a "guttersnipe," and defended Karsavina's intelligence and sensitivity. Nijinsky was forced to apologize publicly. There could be no doubt that the rift between the two was widening. Once, Nijinsky refused to attend a party with Diaghilev, with the result that, at the soiree, the Maestro broke down and cried, amazing many that he was so emotionally dependent on his dance star.

Dissatisfaction so marked their alliance that a separation was agreed upon; because South America was the next target for the *Ballets Russes*, Serge decided to allow Nijinsky to head the troupe on that tour. In order to prove how much he trusted his lover, Diaghilev would remain in Europe. The two men had been constantly in the other's company for nearly four years at this point; this would be their first prolonged time apart.

Unlike most members of the dancing company, Nijinsky's stateroom was paid for by Diaghilev. Down the hall from him was another member of the corps who had a private stateroom, which she paid for herself. Romola de Pulskey, an amateur dancer taken on the company because her mother was a rich actress and ballet patron, was in love with the *artiste* Nijinsky. She had been trailing him, trying to catch his attention for weeks. Neither spoke the other's language fluently; neither did they have much chance to meet with each other.

Romola often watched Vaslav when he rehearsed in the ship's main salon. Once when she was told to leave the hall by an attendant, Nijinsky intervened, saying she could remain. Later on the voyage, they were formally introduced through a mutual acquaintance. Although they had to use sign language to communicate, they were easy companions. One morning, a week after their introduction, Romola was shocked by a proposal of marriage sent by Vaslav through an emissary. When she learned of Nijinsky's earnestness, she accepted—despite warnings from friends who believed such a marriage would be disastrous, that Nijinsky was under Diaghilev's control, that Romola hardly knew Vaslav. She was also told of his sexual preference; she believed she could change that. Diaghilev was not informed, as Romola and Vaslav were wed in South America.

Why was Nijinsky attentive to this particular girl? Did he really love her? Was his act of marriage merely a show of rebellion to prove his independence from Diaghilev? Did he hope thereby to rupture their liaison? The marriage idea was on his mind for sometime; his mother desired him to settle with a woman and have a family. If he believed Diaghilev would be furious with him, Nijinsky never revealed

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tients who all their lives had been hopelessly overweight . . . they reported astonishing losses of as much as 2 pounds a day at the start . . . 20 to 30 pounds a month . . . as much as 70 pounds lost over a single summer season! — by simply stepping up their fat-burning metabolism and burning, melting, oxidizing 50, 70, 100 pounds of hard-set fat . . . FASTER, SURER than they had ever dreamed possible!

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However, before starting we advise you to consult with your physician to be sure you are in normal health and your only problem is obesity. Individuals with gout, heart disease, diabetes or pregnant women should not use it at all. As a matter of fact, we insist that you show this entire program to your family physician . . . have him check you regularly to make sure you're not losing too much, too fast . . . and advise when you've lost enough. See if he doesn't agree that the "THERA-SLIM-100" road to Lifetime Slimness, including the recommended progressive daily toneup, isn't by far the most effective approach to the conquest of obesity ever developed by medical science.

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it. In his naivete he believed that his friendship with Diaghilev would be unaffected by his action—or that was what Vaslav claimed.

When Diaghilev received news of the marriage, he went into a fury. "As high as Nijinsky has risen, so low shall I thrust him," stated the impresario, according to Stravinsky. Diaghilev fumed for days, indulging in his favorite proclivities with young boys at Capri, to help himself forget Nijinsky. Also, almost as an afterthought, he fired Nijinsky from the ballet company.

Although dismayed by Diaghilev's reaction, Nijinsky insisted he was happy with his new bride—and he had many offers to dance elsewhere. On his return to Europe, however, Vaslav suffered his first severe headache; this was followed by a fainting spell. There would be others. Nonetheless, Vaslav had succeeded in ending not only his alleged sexual repression by Diaghilev, but won artistic autonomy as well.

Nijinsky tried to form his own company at Vienna, but he was not another Diaghilev. Business pressures, choreography, and performing were too much for him. His dance company failed because Vaslav could not handle all the details—and maintain the rigorous demands of his art. Also, he was obsessed with Diaghilev, complaining that the Maestro owed him vast sums of money. Neither man could forget the other; each always reacted vehemently at the name of his former lover.

When the World War began, Nijinsky found himself to be an enemy Russian in Hungary. He was placed under house arrest, detained at his residence for nearly two years. Only through Diaghilev's frantic diplomatic efforts was Nijinsky allowed to leave Hungary for the United States. The dancer would tour America for Diaghilev as payment for the impresario's help in gaining freedom. Nijinsky demanded that the Maestro not travel with the company on the tour; to everyone's surprise, Diaghilev agreed. He returned to Europe as Nijinsky danced across America during World War I. Mysterious illnesses caused him to miss many performances. Near the end of the tour Nijinsky told his wife that members of the troupe were, under Diaghilev's orders, planning his murder.

In 1917 contractual problems with Diaghilev created. There were suits and countersuits, ending with a personal confrontation in which Nijinsky swore he would never dance again.

After making that decision Nijinsky started to keep a diary. Convinced that he was godly, he painted elaborate and abstract pictures to express perfection. He had frantic and sul'en moods. Everything he tried was done with an intense energy—whether driving the dangerous roads of Switzerland or skiing. Several times he was violent with his wife. One day she returned home to hear from the servants that Nijinsky was walking the streets; he had a cross around his neck and he was sending people to church. "Mr. Nietzsche, a

past resident of the town," Romola was told, "behaved the same way before he was put in the asylum." Shortly thereafter, Nijinsky became catatonic, never able to "dance over a cornfield without bending an ear," as Diaghilev was fond of saying.

For the next ten years Nijinsky remained institutionalized; during that time Diaghilev visited regularly. When the Maestro spoke, Nijinsky listened carefully—but more often he played with his fingers and seemed unbothered by his visitor. Shortly before the impresario died in 1929, he tried one last time to bring Nijinsky back to his senses. Diaghilev believed that if he took Vaslav to a ballet, a performance of *Petrushka*, it would awaken Nijinsky. So, like a fatherly protector, Diaghilev escorted his former lover to Paris. The dancer never strayed from Diaghilev's side, but neither did he recognize anyone from the early days of his career. A vacuous smile remained on his face throughout the evening. After the ballet Nijinsky showed more animation; he refused to leave the theatre—but he was helped away. As the dancer was put into his limousine, Diaghilev placed a kiss on his forehead. They never met again; in the summer, Diaghilev died from a diabetic coma.

Of course, Nijinsky's influence had not abated; among those who were permanently affected by knowing the dancer was Jean Cocteau. In his films in subsequent years, one theme remained constant: that of the artist, a post-angel, defender of the divine in man, who is usually torn apart by the forces of the world because neither the artist nor the reality is willing to retreat from his position.

Nijinsky's short career lasted only a few seasons, but his influence transcended his personal plight, in many ways he caused his own demise by fighting his instincts and leaving Diaghilev. But Nijinsky the artist never compromised. And he remained in a twilight mental state until his death on Good Friday in 1950.

He had danced for only four years. But in one of the briefest careers in the history of dance, he brought the male dancer to center stage. There he has remained, athletic musculature in the spotlight.

ERRATUM

Dear Editor:

Thank you for publishing the photographs of three dancers from The Joffrey Ballet in your November issue. The photograph of Gregory Huffman is by Jack Mitchell not Herbert Migdoll. We would appreciate it if you could rectify this error in a future issue...

Yours sincerely, Peter S. Diggins
General Administrator, Joffrey Ballet

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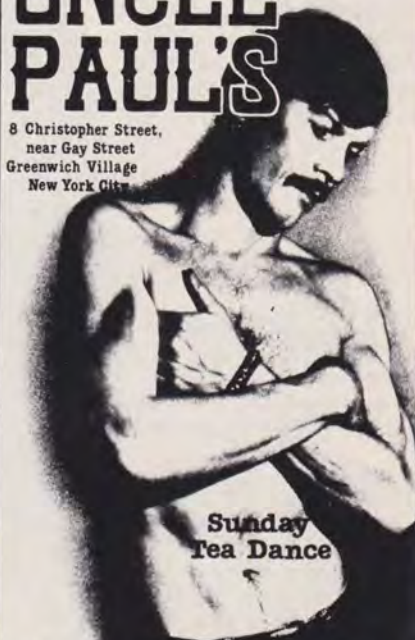


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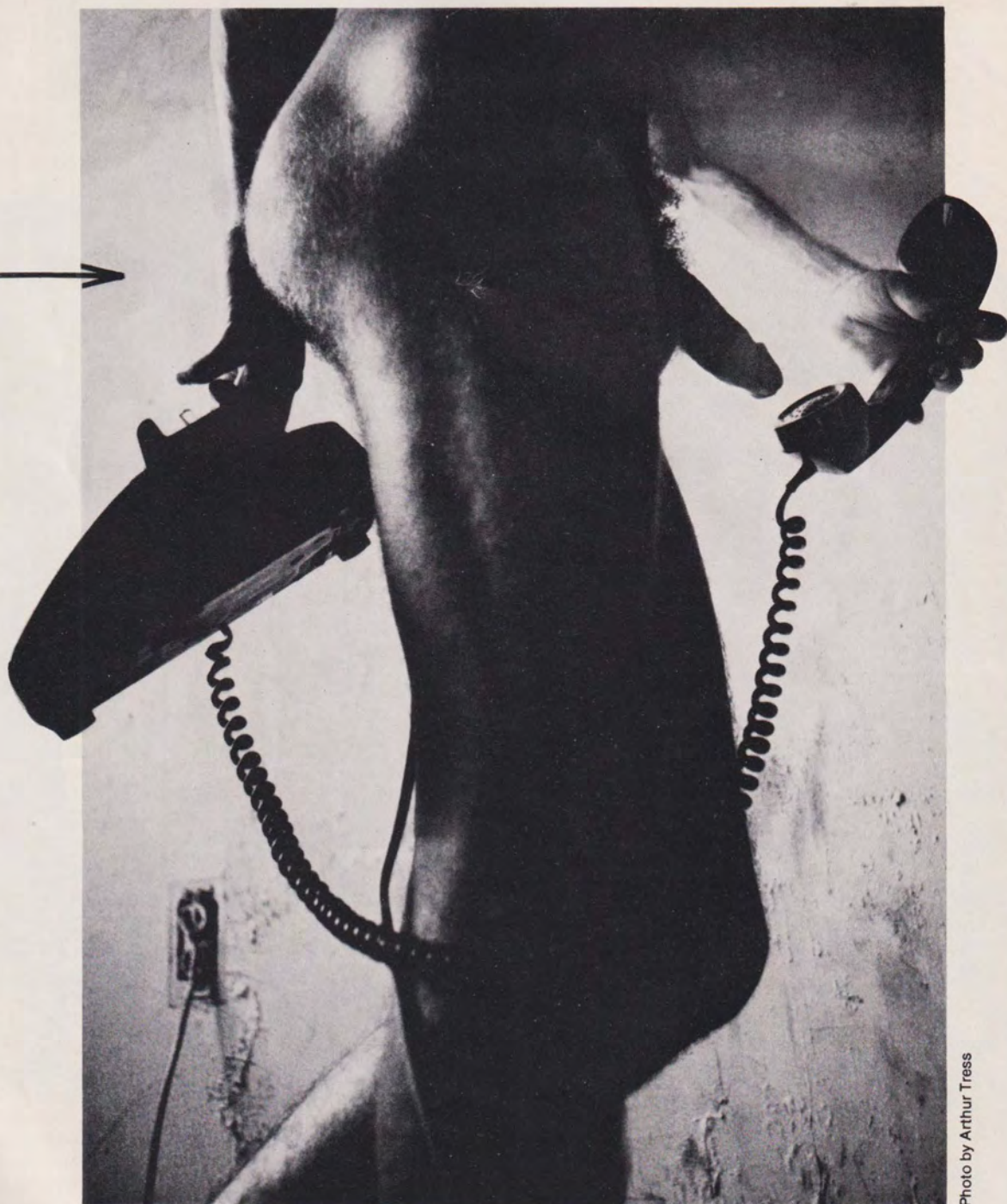
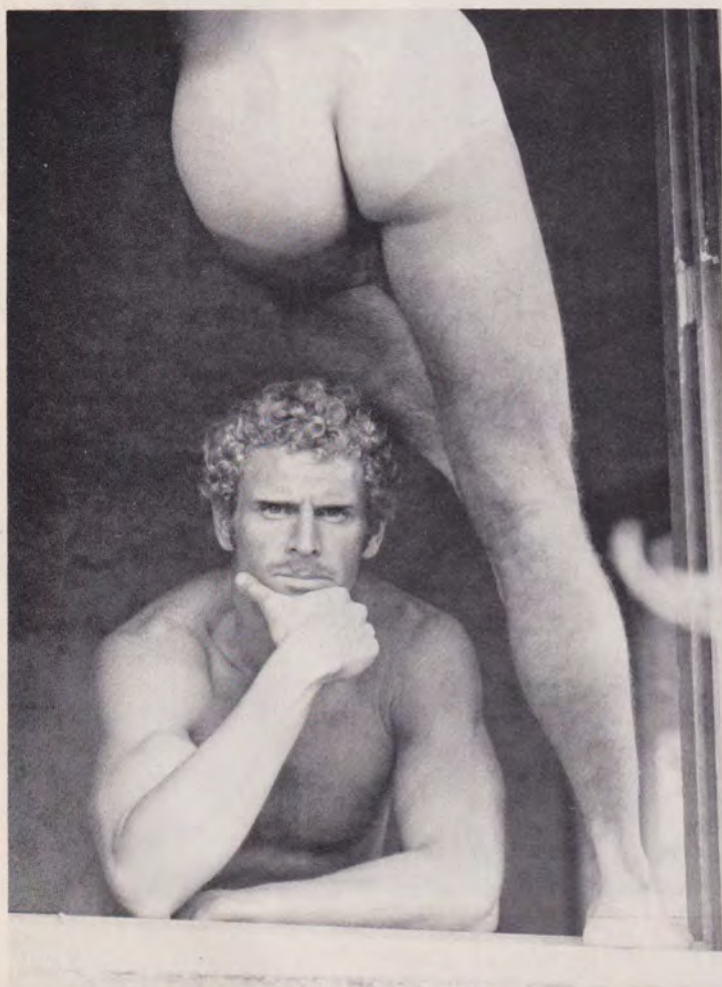


Photo by Arthur Tress

COMING! HONCHO

The first issue, hot and handsome, of **Honcho: The Magazine for the Macho Male**, will hit the newsstands with brute force March 1.

What's *Honcho*? A gorgeous new glossy magazine, very heavy hung, in a handsome "show and tell" format, with heavy emphasis on the "show." Each month, superhot pictorials with lots of big close-ups will put you right at the meat of things, literally. Why, you might ask, is there the need for another gay male magazine on the market? We feel that lifestyles of today's liberated man have changed radically during the last few years and, with this metamorphosis into uncloseted attitudes and a new consciousness and awareness, macho men deserve a publication reflecting this emergence and freedom. *Honcho* will fill that gap with issue after butch issue packed with features, many in gorgeous color, geared specifically to our very special readership. *Honcho* is, simply, different.



In the premiere issue of *Honcho*, on sale March 1, we're running a series of features guaranteed to turn you on unlike anything you've ever seen in print. The photos here all appear in that issue. For example, a fantasy pictorial inspired by the play and film *Equus*; it's called "The Equus Complex," and in it a naked lad, top right, fleshes out his dreams with a very real stallion. And in *Honcho* you'll see some of the wild men of today's wild west, modern day cowboys like those above, who evoke the dusty, sweaty world of the American west of yesteryear, as symbols of rugged,



uncompromising masculinity. And we'll show you more—much, much more—of handsome Bill Nuckells, the handsome honcho in the large photo at left. He's the current Mr. California, and makes his bow in the buff in our premiere issue. Another provocative feature called "Abundance"—with emphasis on the *bun*—takes a backside view of male nudity. The photo at *bottom left* is just one from that abundance of buns. And there's a how-to section on becoming a sexual superman, with a special centerfold spread on exploring your sexual boundaries (if there *are* any!), including a discussion of popular sexual paraphernalia, like the poppers above left.

There's more, of course. Much, much more. If you want to sample *Honcho*, we'll send you the first issue, hot off the presses, March 1. You may use the order blank on page 35. It's for men only.



Photo credits:

Opposite page, left: Colt

Opposite page, right: Roy Dean

Above left: Target

Above: Jurgen Vollmer

Left: Don Hanover

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TRAVEL

Continued from page 23

only for one night (or afternoon, or morning). Longer relationships do develop, but even those last only until another beauty comes along or one party, with a romantic tear in his eye, boards the boat for home.

Just remember that it's unlikely that either of you will move to another country for life-long connubial bliss on the basis of a 6-day Mykonos affair. Sentimentalists and romantics must be especially careful here—not that warning a romantic against falling in love ever did any good.

With this caveat and a room, you're ready for the good life in this paradise called Mykonos. The day usually begins with a late and leisurely breakfast at one of the harbor cafes, where you can have a full "English" breakfast or continental style—bread, jam and coffee. Some of the cafes serve a heavy Greek yogurt with honey and peaches which, with coffee, is a divine way to start the day. Be sure to ask for "Nescafe" unless you like the sweat, thick Turkish coffee the Greeks drink.

After breakfast, about noon, everyone heads for the beach, again at a leisurely pace. There are many beaches in Mykonos, but by far the most pleasant, most active beaches are those on the other side of the island. Buses leave regularly from the north end of the harbor for "Plati Yalou" and from here you take one of the little ferry boats to the nicer beaches. You will have no trouble finding the ferries; just follow the crowd from the bus.

The ferries go to three beaches—Paradise, Super Paradise and Elia. All three are nude beaches (at your option) despite strict prohibition against nudity on all Greek beaches, and at all three there are gay people. As its name might suggest, Super Paradise, however, is the most heavily gay, the most active of all the beaches, and the most beautiful. Paradise seems to cater to the younger, camping set, while Elia is more fashionable and jet-set.

Life at the beach is paradise, or even super paradise. The sand is white and clean, the water azure. Oiled, tanned bodies adorned with nothing but jewelry sparkling in the sunshine suggest Byzantine luxury, opulence and sensuality. Everyone is relaxed, having fun, looking his best. New friends can be made with a smile or a

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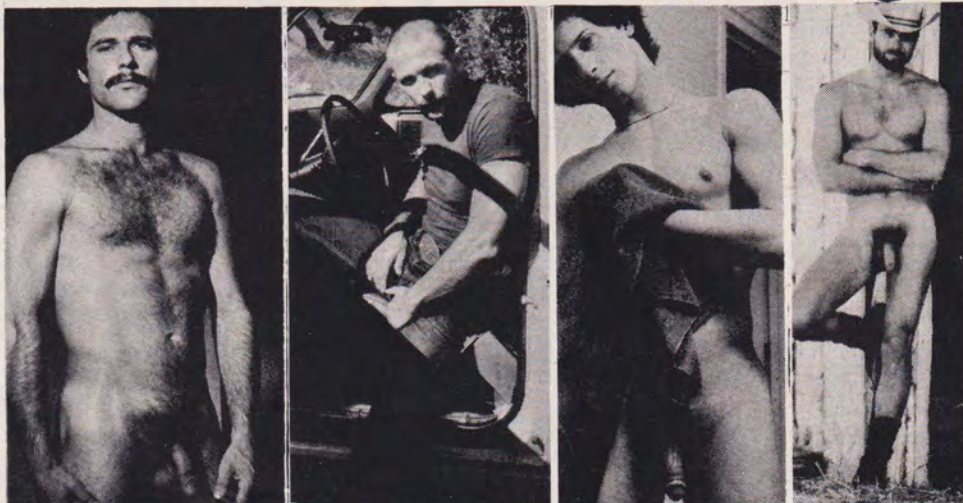
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wink. Between 2 and 4 o'clock, everyone takes a leisurely lunch in the shade of the cane-thatched roof of the beach taverns—some retsina wine and perhaps a marvelous Greek salad of sun-ripened tomatoes, cucumbers and Feta goat cheese.

Then it's more sun and swim, or, at Super, perhaps a walk in the very active hills to the right of the beach. Many a romantic fantasy can be fulfilled on these rocky slopes. Or even better, take a swim with a friend to one of the numerous little coves along the shore where the mountains meet the water. With the twinkling sea, the rocks and the golden light of the afternoon sun, this is a *Swept Away* fantasy even better than the film because it's real and you're in it.

As you might expect, there is always a serpent in Eden, and the Paradise beaches are no exception. Some few days during the summer, a strong north wind, the *melteme*, makes it impossible to go to the beach by boat. Usually, however, the wind provides only a delightful breeze which cools the intense heat of the sun. Worse are the stinging jellyfish—in French, more appropriately called *les meduses*—which can make swimming impossible at times. Fortunately, as well as cooling the beach, the *melteme* blows these nasty creatures out to sea.

The best part of the day in Mykonos is the long boatride home from the beach about 5 or 6 o'clock. The time is quiet, everyone drowsy, satiated, content. Time seems to stop as the little boats slowly ply their way back toward town. It is this time which is, for me, most essentially and wonderfully Mykonos. It is like a meditation—you are here and only here, your thoughts are turned off, the rest of the world seems light years away.

And going home from Super or Elia, you can prolong this tranquility. Three times a day, there are large boats which sail directly from these two beaches to the Mykonos harbor. Although the cost is slightly more this way, you can avoid the crowded bus ride from Plati Yalou to town which jars the afternoon's peace.

After the beach is a quiet time in town. You can have a beer in one of the cafes, take a nap and have a cool shower (in Mykonos the hot water does not always work, but who cares?). Then, at about 9 in the evening, everyone emerges from sleeping and writing postcards for a

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stroll or a drink in the harbor, and what a parade it is. Attractive people in casually elegant resort wear suggest St. Tropez or Marbella of yesteryear; you expect Brigitte Bardot any minute. The French, of course, outclass everyone, but other nationalities, even the Americans, do give it a try.

A word about dress in Mykonos. The atmosphere here is relaxed and very much come-as-you-are or -aren't, with the exception of high drag or keys and leather. If you feel most comfortable in jeans and a t-shirt, that's fine, but if you have a secret or not-so-secret desire for something more flamboyant, this is the place for it. Some of the hottest men wear lots of jewelry (gold this year—looks nice with a tan), flowing pants, elegant shirts. Gay people always have had creative taste, and in Mykonos they let it out.

In their dress, it appears that Europeans (the Germans notwithstanding) are more sophisticated than we are; they seem to understand the concept of androgyny, the simultaneous existence of masculinity and femininity. Perhaps they realize, unlike most Americans, that sexuality is more complex than an exclusive male-female dichotomy in which one must choose one role or the other. That is, they know you don't have to be a drag queen to like nice things. I found it interesting, and not particularly encouraging, that the northern Germans, the Prussians, most resembled American attitudes on this point.

The food in Mykonos—in fact, throughout Greece—is cheap and astoundingly good, and a late dinner can be found at any number of taverns and restaurants on the island. In addition to the usual Greek fare, there are island specialties such as *kalamari* (batter-fried squid), *tzatziki* (yogurt, cucumbers and lots of garlic), and delicious fruits and vegetables with watermelon (*karpousi*) and tomatoes like you've never tasted. Small, broiled skewers of meat—*souvlakis*—are available everywhere. And bakeries, especially those near the taxi stop at the north end of town, offer incredible pastries of all types—a good breakfast or "tea time" stop after the beach.

If you want to follow dinner with the only decent cup of coffee to be found on the island, head for *The Montparnasse*, on the sea along the

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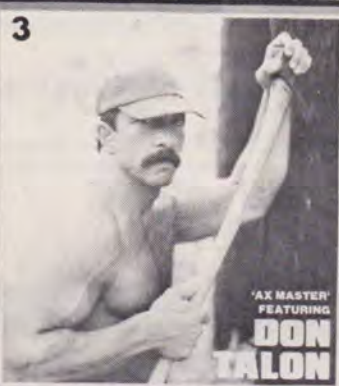


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south edge of town. This gallery / coffee house serves French roast coffee in huge white cups and Metaxa, Greek brandy, in a romantic atmosphere of candlelight and classical music. The art work on the walls is terrible, but everything else is delightful, especially on windy nights when the sea crashes outside the windows on the rocks below. An ideal place for seduction.

Finally, everyone heads for the discos, which are among the most festive in the world. These vary in popularity from year to year, so you should ask someone what's up when you first arrive. This year O'Pierro's is the most popular gay bar/disco and where things begin earliest—about 11 o'clock. Set on a little square just back from the harbor and teeming with people, O'Pierro's has a small, attractive terrace with candles and flowers where the beautiful people sit; inside is a bar, glittering green walls and a very small, very packed dance floor. The music is American and gay—musicals and Motown disco.

And the place is jumping. On any pretense there is a party at O'Pierro's; this year both the 4th and 14th of July were wild. Sometimes a costumed conga line will arrive, wending its way from another disco across town. At this point, the hysteria mounts and dancing on the tables usually begins. Other nights there are shows—the renowned "Carlos" does a fabulous Liza Minnelli drag in silver G-string, black stockings and boots, spectators whistling and cheering him on from below. Is this the new Berlin?

Sometimes after midnight or 1 o'clock, the gay crowd moves across town to *The Marquise* for more dancing and carrying on. The action here is somewhat more sedate but still lively, and this is a good place to meet someone for the night. There is some cruising in the tiny street outside, but all quite public and proper. If you want more spectacle, there is a drag show at 1 A.M. nightly at the nearby *Las Palmas* disco.

There are a number of other discos in town, but they are more mixed and a few, while open to gays, are somewhat hostile to openly gay behavior. *Billy's Club* is an interesting mix of straight and gay tourists and native Greeks. About 1 o'clock, Billy's interrupts the disco sound for Greek music and the Greeks dance their intricate, sensual traditional dances.

One disco to avoid is *The Nine Muses*, the late night and most

expensive disco in town. After making a lot of money from the gay community in past years, this club has recently become very hostile, screening people at the door and rudely expelling gays for dancing together. Unfortunately *The Nine Muses* is listed in all the old guidebooks as *the* gay club in Mykonos. This is no longer the case, and it should be avoided for both political grounds and expense.

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And where to go if you haven't met anyone when the discos fold up? Home to bed is your best bet here; every few nights you will *need* a good night's rest. There is some cruising at the south end of town, but this can be dangerous. A few of the young Greeks are somewhat homophobic and frequently hassle gay people in the darker cruising areas of the city. If you must cruise, stick to the well-lighted harbor area and you shouldn't have problems. But really, going home to sleep is a much better idea.

One of the best things about Mykonos for gays is the general tolerance of reasonably discreet behavior. Walking arm-in-arm with a friend, kissing friends hello, whooping and camping it up—all are fairly well accepted. Greece is an old civilization and the Greeks seem to have learned that people can be different and still get along with one another. Moreover, there are so many gay people here that there is a strong support system, and you can feel as comfortable as in Greenwich Village or San Francisco's Castro district.

Mykonos is truly a gay mecca, and a pilgrimage is in order. You have to see it to believe it. Even if you aren't into the bar or disco scene, you'll enjoy this enchanted island for the warm, comfortable feeling here and the marvelous beaches. At least this is all true today. Let's hope the reactionary forces at work in the world don't destroy this safe haven for gays as they have others.

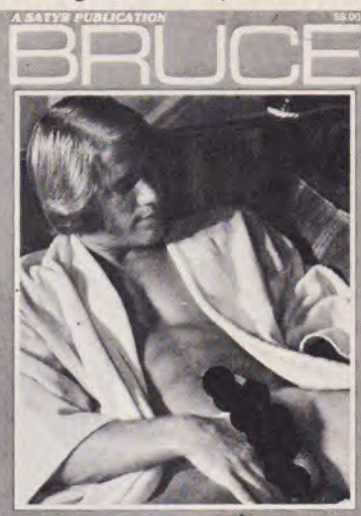
A final note: as you may suspect, for many, the constant and heavy gay scene in Mykonos can get to be too much, especially during a long stay. But there are some alternatives available. On the island, you can go to other beaches; San Stephanos is a nice one and close to town. Or there are day and overnight trips to Naxos (3 hours) or the fabulous archeological ruins of nearby Delos. If you feel you need a 3 or 4-day break, volcanic San Torini (Thera) is beautiful and *very* quiet. Just be sure you really want to leave it all behind in Mykonos, because you won't find it anywhere else.

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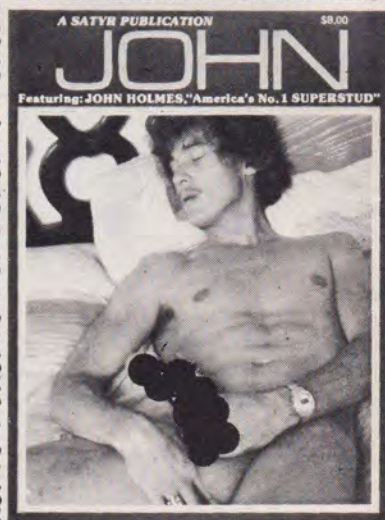
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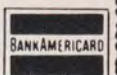
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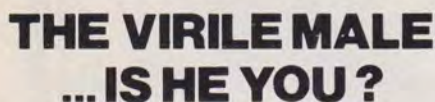
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


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STAYING HEALTHY

Coming in May is a much needed book called *The Gay Health Guide* by Robert L. Rowan, M.D. and Paul Gillette, Ph.D. It is a comprehensive guide to health problems common to homosexually active men and women and offers both clinical information and preventive advice. Written by a psychologist and a urologist, the handbook defines and examines the medical problems related principally to homosexuality in terms of prevention, causes, effects and methods of treatment. For problems which merit medical attention, there is advice on how to find physicians who are particularly sympathetic to the health problems of gays, problems in sexual performance, emotional difficulties and questions and answers about health problems common to gays. An extensive useful appendix lists gay health clinics, gay organizations, gay church groups and telephone referral services across the country. *The Gay Health Guide* will be published by Little, Brown and will be available in bookstores everywhere. It is priced at \$8.95.

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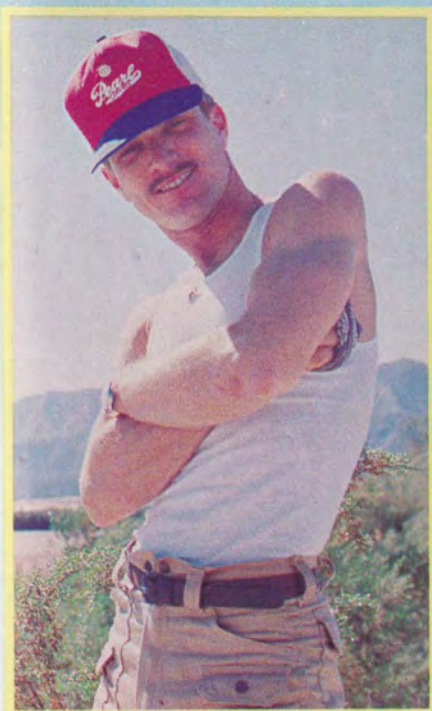
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MANDATA

NO NONSENSE COMMERCIAL

This ad in a classified section of a gay publication recently caught our eye for sheer ballsiness: "Want Money, not you. Last chance—send money to Box 24791, Seattle, WA 98124. I know how to spend it. I promise not to write you and please don't call me." Well, the saying goes that you can't get something for nothing. But here's your opportunity to get nothing for something.

COPING WITH FALLOUT

According the Edward Settel, M.D., a New York physician and medical researcher who specializes in hair care, homosexuals were among the first to seek and receive treatment for excessive hair loss and balding, something affecting an estimated 45 million American men and women today. "It didn't surprise me," said Dr. Settel, who claims gays make up a considerable percentage of his patients. "Homosexuals were receptive to the theory that baldness—hereditary and nonhereditary—was not a hopeless condition. Gay people have always been innovators in the areas of fashion and grooming." Dr. Settel has developed therapy which is a natural alternative to painful and expensive methods of treatment such as surgical transplants, hair weaving and implants which often look artificial. It involves a regimen of external applications utilizing a unique mini-emulsion containing biotin. Biotin is a member of the B-complex vitamin family related to healthy hair and skin in animals. The biotin compound penetrates to the cellular scalp level where it corrects the hormonal imbalance which causes hair fallout. Dr. Settel claims it can also stimulate dormant follicles to produce new hair. In a scientific study of 2,000 patients undergoing this therapy, known as the Pilo-Genic treatment, almost 90% reported reduced hair loss. Subjects experienced reduction of hair fallout from 70-350 hairs before treatment to the norm of 45 hairs per day. Full treatment takes 12-18 months and costs from \$300 to \$500. The Pilo-Genic Hair Research Clinic, directed by Dr. Settel, is located at 250 West 57th Street, New York City, and the treatment may be obtained from specially trained physicians in 34 clinics throughout the U.S., Canada and England.

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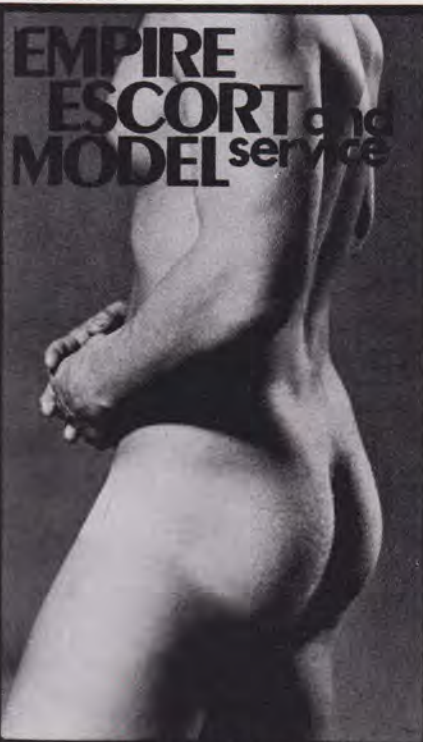
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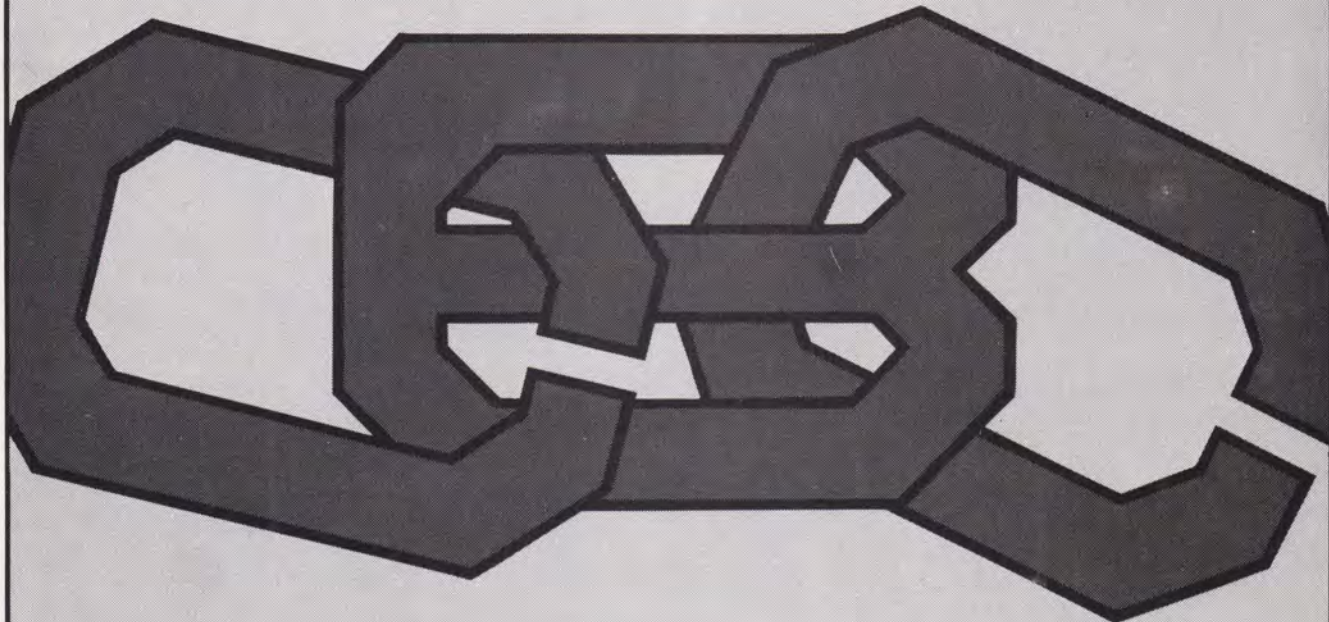
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