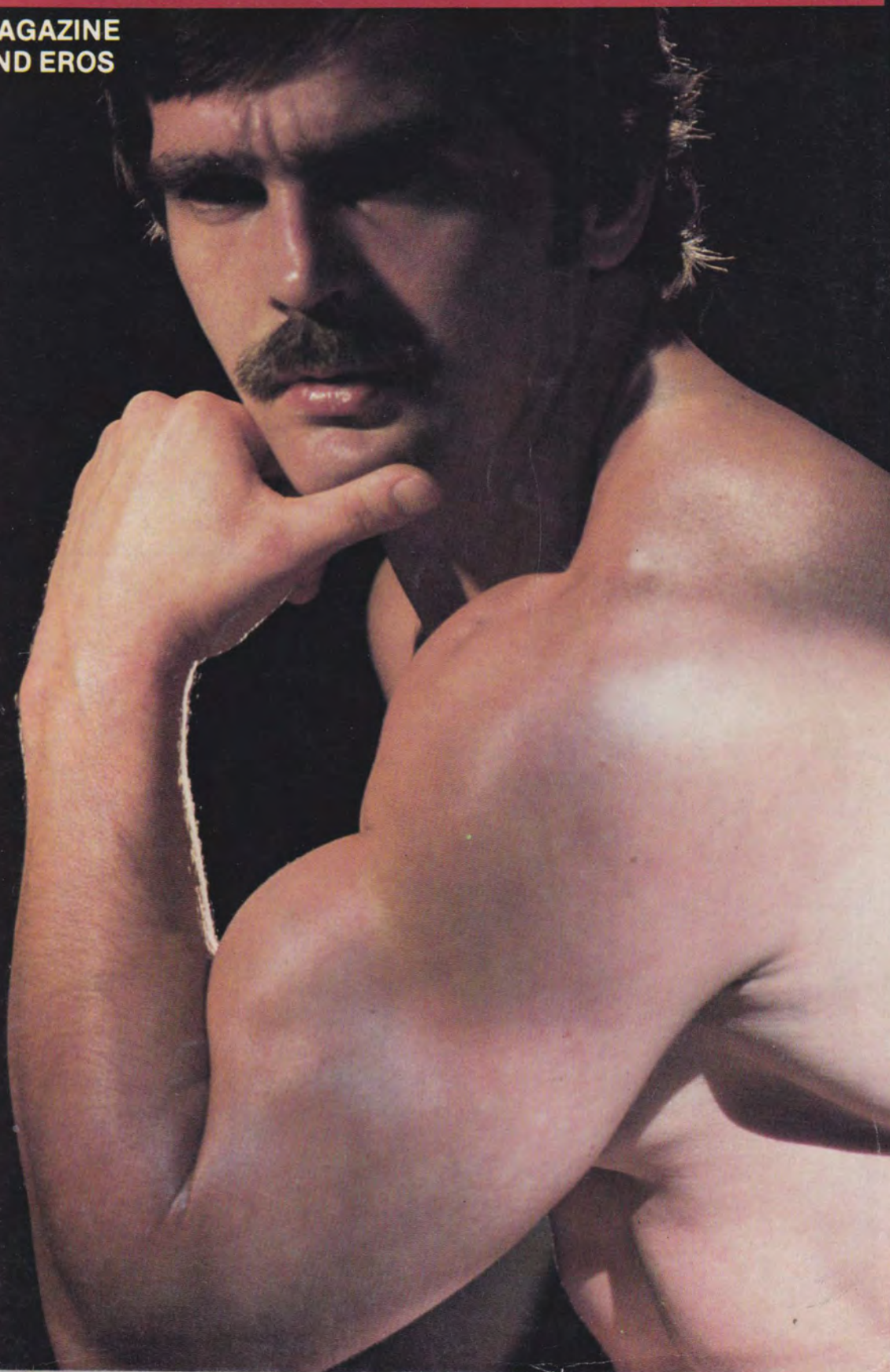


MANDATE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE
OF ENTERTAINMENT AND EROS

SEPTEMBER 1979
\$3.00



INTERVIEWS:
OMAR SHARIF

HOLLYWOOD
NEWCOMER
DAYTON KA'NE

TRAVEL:
CRUISIN'

MORE PAGES

MORE COLOR

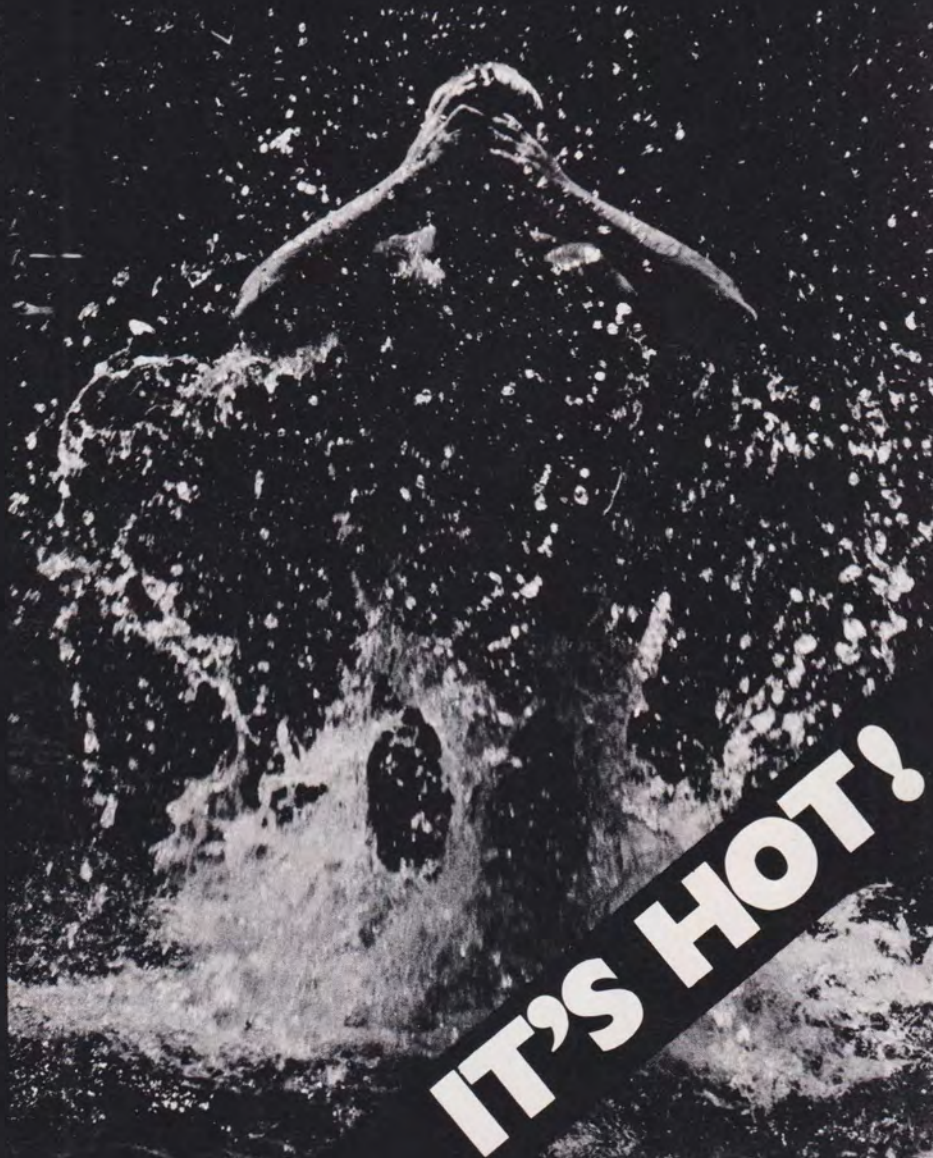
MORE NUDES



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MAKE A BIG SPLASH IN THE BIG APPLE

Photo by P. A. E. A. N.



GET WET in our Olympic size jacuzzi... DRY OFF on our sun deck or in The Dome, a large, atrium-like room with comfortable provisions for lounging and relaxing and a glass roof that lets the sun shine in... WARM UP to our amazing maze, multitude of mirrors, and exotic, erotic murals... STAY HOT with our sauna and steam equipment... Come to The New York Club Bath and join the hottest men in Manhattan...you're all wet if you don't!

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MANDATE

COVER

Colt's new discovery Karl Mann, definitely *all* man, could make you want to violate the Mann act. At the very least, his varied features will undoubtedly make you Mann-ic.

Photo: Colt.



CONTENTS

EROS

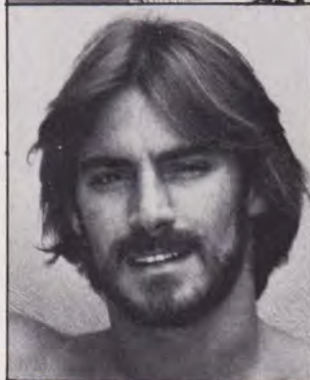
MANN MADE / 15
 TRAINS OF THOUGHT / 35
 HOT STUFF / 51
 RIK / 61
 ANGLES / 66

ENTERTAINMENT

DISC SCENE / 7
 INTERVIEW: OMAR SHARIF / 8
 MOVIES: 'THE MAIN EVENT' / 20
 SHOW BIZ / 32
 INTERVIEW: DAYTON KA'NE / 47

FEATURES

MANDATA / 5
 NOW VOYAGING: SEASCAPE ESCAPE / 23
 ART: ROBERT QUIGLEY / 56
 BOOKS / 19



STAFF

PUBLISHER: GEORGE MAVETY

EXECUTIVE EDITOR / ART DIRECTOR: JOHN DEVERE

Editor: Mark Zweigler • Associate Editor: Michael Llewellyn

Associate Art & Production Director: Stephen Perkins • Associate Art Director: Ron Scarselli

Executive Director of Advertising: Freeman Gunter—(212) 691-7700

Assistant to the Publisher: Beau Moore Assistant to the Comptroller: D. Kaplan
 Southwestern U.S. Coordinator: Robert Sandler, AdMan Graphics—(714) 233-7791
 Southeastern U.S. Coordinator: Sandy Sandler—(305) 467-6551 • Florida Adv. Rep.: Christian Lange—(305) 666-2588
 Contributing Photographers: Roy Blakey, Colt Studios, Jim French, John Gamble, Don Hanover, Jerry Lang, Man's Image,
 Victor Parker, Marc Raboy, Target Studios, Len Tavares, Lou Thomas, Jurgen Vollmer, Zeus

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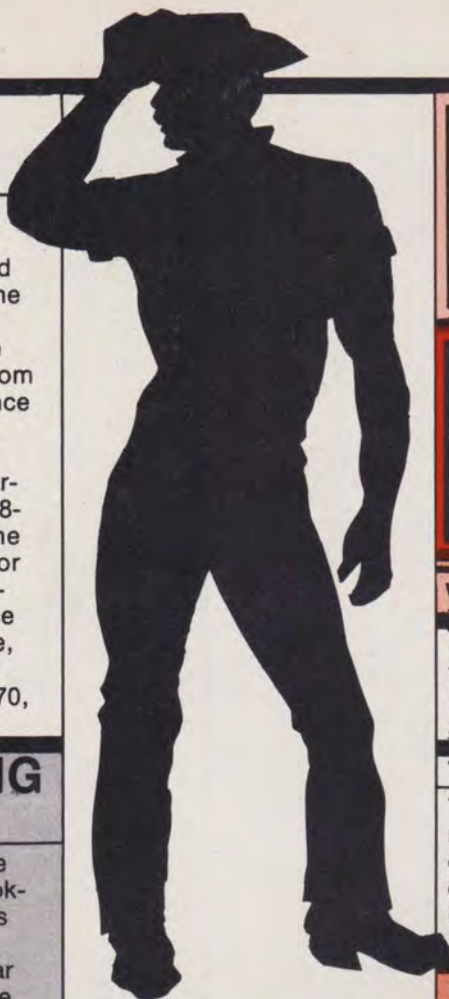
MIDEAST TALKS

The Fourth International Conference of Gay and Lesbian Jews will be held in Israel, July 19-22, at the guest house of Kibbutz Ma'ale Hahamisha in the Judean Hills, 15 miles from Jerusalem. The conference will include workshops, cultural programs, religious services and various other activities. An 8-day guided bus tour of the Holy Land is optional. For further information, contact the Israel Conference Coordinating Committee, Congregation Beth Simchat Torah, P.O. Box 1270, GPO, NY, NY 10001.

NOT PLAYING STRAIGHT

The Gay Theatre Alliance (GTA) of New York is looking for play scripts for its *Directory of Gay Plays*. GTA was formed last year to foster and promote the development of gay theatre by uniting and representing all regions of the country in a communications network, providing resources and information to theatre companies, playwrights, producers, and all individuals interested in gay theatre. *Directory* will be a comprehensive listing of plays about gay people with each listing containing the title, playwright, character and set requirements, a short description of the plot, where the play was first produced, contacts for rights and other information. Publication will be this summer. Playwrights who want their work included should send a copy of their script(s): Terry Helbing, 51 West Fourth Street, Room 300, New York, NY 10012.

Left: A preview of our railroad yard feature entitled "Trains of Thought." Photo: Zeus.



The logo for The Glines' New York festival of four gay plays.

PLAYGAY

Four gay plays, recently performed at New York's westside waterfront leather bar, The Spike, met with enthusiastic audience and critical acclaim. Doric Wilson's new play *A Perfect Relationship* led off the festival, followed by Robert Patrick's *The Haunted Host*, Wilson's much-lauded *The West Street Gang* and Richard Hall's *Prisoner of Love*. Presented by The Glines, the event was under the direction of Michael O'Brien, produced by Lawrence Lane and stage managed by Bill Blackwell. It was probably the most ambitious project undertaken by The Glines, a project of the Cultural Council Foundation which is funded in part by grants from the

MAN DATA

WHO'S WHO AND WHAT'S WHAT

National Endowment for the Arts and the New York Department of Cultural Affairs.

TASTE TREAT

The existence of a new aphrodisiac—or is it an ancient one?—was revealed at a recent doctor's conference in New Delhi. It seems that the Nabob of Awadh kept

more than 3,500 wives and concubines contented with a secret diet he concocted. The contents? A strict composition of fried sparrows, crocodile eggs, fish soup and honey, to be eaten at least three times daily. With all that mob to be serviced, how in the world did the Nabob ever find time to eat?

THESE TWO

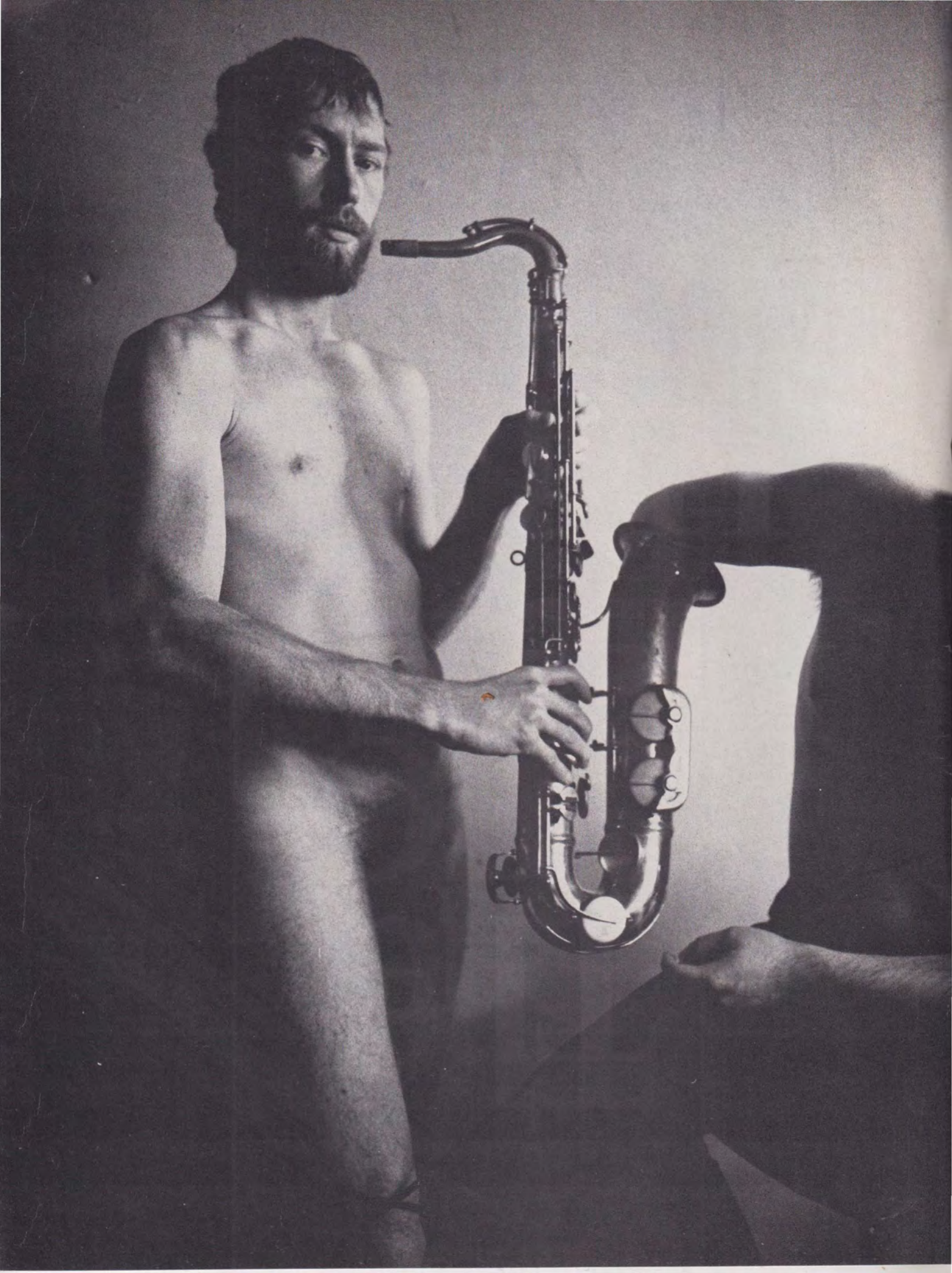
In a feature on Target model Jeremy Brent, below right ("Class Act," June), we ran one photo of Bruno admiring Jeremy's very obvious charms. Readers

clamored for more. More is, uhm...coming up, not in our pages, but in the August issue of *Honcho*, wherein a feature called "These Two" definitely does justice to those two. It'll burn up the national newsstands.



Coming Up: Bruno and Jeremy Brent.

Target



DISC SCENE

By Ian Roberts • Photograph by Arthur Tress

ALBUMS REVIEWED:

Donna Summer: *Bad Girls* (Casablanca Records)

Madleen Kane: *Cheri* (Warner Bros. Records)

Lenny and Squiggy: *Lenny and the Squigtones* (Casablanca Records)

The Undisputed Truth: *Smokin'* (Whitfield Records)

Donna Summer's new *Bad Girls* from Casablanca comes four sides in two moods: in love and in heat, the title song obviously in the latter. A lot of collaborating went on to create this double-decker sandwich of mating odes. What is interesting is how subtly Miss Summer has taken the upper hand over her disco creators, Giorgio Moroder and Pete Bellotte.

Her own three songs, plus a fourth written with Bruce Roberts, reflect a thirst for sentimentality we never got from the Munich period of "Love to Love You Baby" and "I Feel Love." The middle seventies of Moroderized Euro-disco with its fiendish zaps, blips, wipes of silicon sound was the period of disco liftoff; in *Bad Girls*, Miss Summer aims for re-entry into a human-scale planet, out of the high crystalline reaches of her early albums. If she isn't really seared in the tumble, neither does she land very elegantly.

Sides 2 and 3 are given over to Summer's piano lounge essays. Her own "My Baby Understands" even gets a special production credit, shared with Juergen Koppers, although the entire album was recorded at the same studio in Los Angeles. While her songs carry pleasant-enough sounds into the usual first-class engineering style of all her albums, none of them catches fire except perhaps for the torchy, if overblown, "My Baby...." It's not that she does it badly, but Janis Joplin did it so much better that it seems pointless to borrow an unfamiliar style when your own sells so well.

No point belaboring the obvious,

then. Donna Summer may not care to be disco queen of our decade, but the magic is still very much there when she settles into it on Sides 1 and 4.

The "Hot Stuff"/"Bad Girls" combo that hit the FM radios so aggressively could be called the product of a Summer 4, Moroder 6 match. It's a tight, hot, commercial stretch of music. Who's fault is it that we are awash these days in more tight, hot, commercial music than we know what to do with? It sounds a bit like a compromise between Moroder and Summer, as though they are getting bored with each other but dare not quit with such fortunes at stake. Even with an album full of songs such as her own "Dim All the Lights," a fine effort with a minor first of sorts in its use of voice distortion on the diva herself, Donna Summer would be only one of several topnotch R&B singers.

What is wanted, apart from the endless thank-yous to everybody she ever met and the horsing-around with the guys at Rusk Sound Studios, is that startling moment when the world drops away from us and we are off in Moroder's crystal palace. Miss Summer takes us there twice in *Bad Girls* at the beginning of Side 4. On rails of synthesizer steel (the special credit on these two cuts for programming goes to Dan Wyman), Summer shifts to her "white" voice, the familiar one from the old days, the one the Italian Swiss Moroder first found in Germany and seized for its cathedral-like quality of float.

Here's how it works, or an approximation thereof: "Our Love" begins with the customary Moroder motif,

Continued to page 34



INTERVIEW: **OMAR SHARIF**

By George Haddad-Garcia

Back in the international movie spotlight, opposite Audrey Hepburn in 'Bloodline,' Hollywood's handsome Egyptian talks about film, women, and homosexuality.

Omar Sharif lives in Paris, in a beautiful townhouse on an island in the river Seine, not far from Notre Dame. Among his neighbors are assorted royalty, mainly deposed, French film stars, and multi-millionaires like the Rothschilds. Only a privileged few personal friends ever get to see Omar's oasis. "The home is a man's castle, his last fortress of privacy and solitude." So, when he does agree to an interview—and this is only, he admits, to help publicize a new movie he's starring in—he conducts it out in the open. At a cafe on the Champs-Elysee, to be precise. Incredibly, nobody stares at him or even seems to recognize him.

Questioned about this seeming anonymity, he notes expansively, "The French are a very selfish people. They never like to admit that there is anybody richer or better than themselves. Or even equal to themselves—for this reason, they dislike the Americans...Paris is ideal for a movie star because here one can walk down the street, have lunch in a restaurant, and the only people who will turn their heads are the tourists from North America. The French couldn't care less, and I have never, not once, been asked by a Frenchman—or Frenchwoman—for my autograph." Doesn't he miss the signs of recognition?

"After you have been in my position for a few years, the negatives outweigh the positives. The lack of privacy is tremendous outside of France. The things they write or make up, the struggle to stay on top or

somewhere near the top, the nasty mail, the superficial judgements by people whom I have never met...Paris is the only hope for someone like me. When I go abroad to make a film, then I am reminded daily that I am Omar Sharif, the movie star."

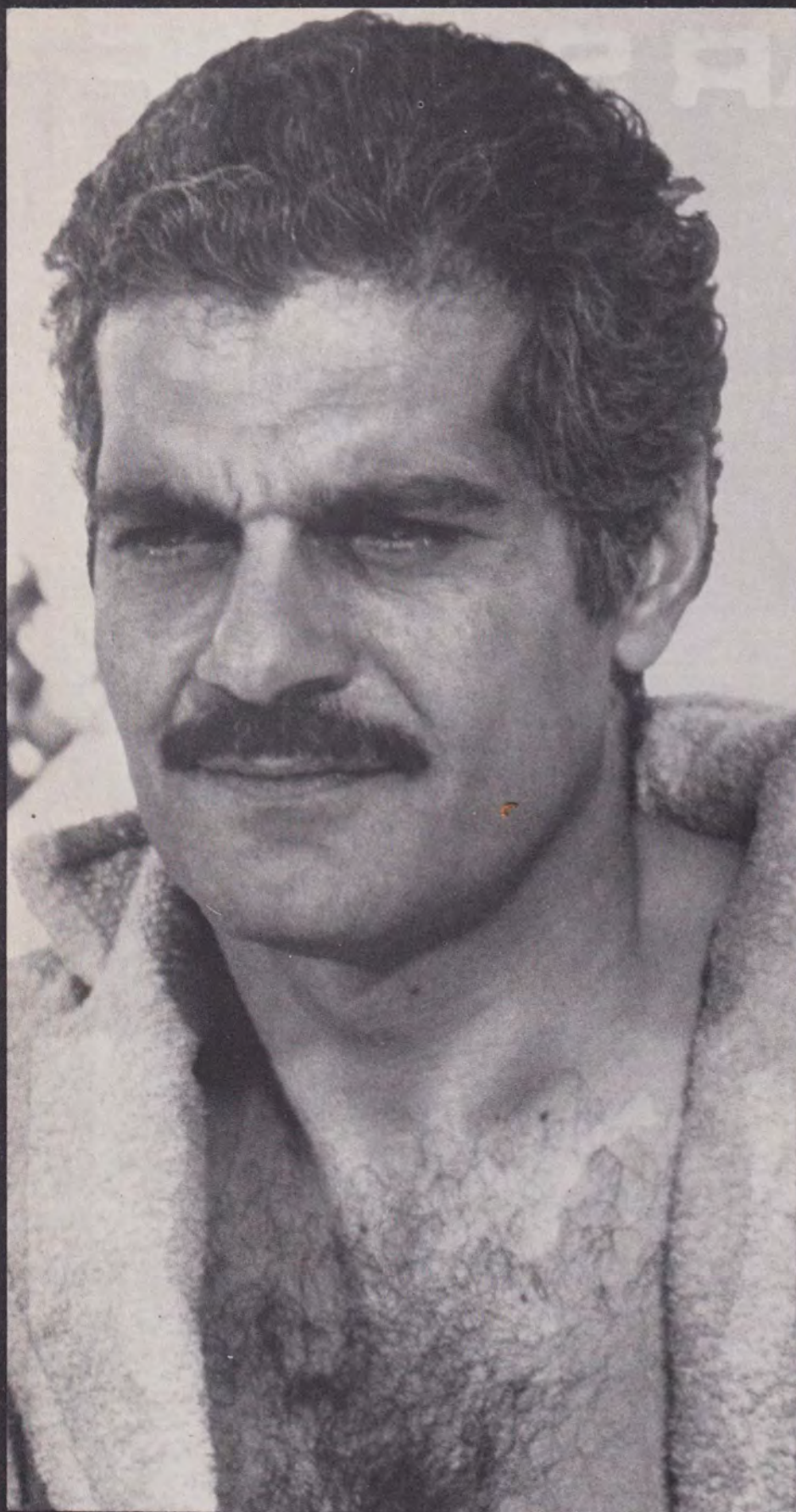
Omar the fantasy figure isn't all that he seems. The Egyptian Moslem was actually Lebanese until he married Egypt's biggest actress, Faten Hamama, and changed his name from Michael Shalhoub and his religion from Christian to Islamic. He had spent much of his childhood in the mountains of Lebanon, in the most European part of the Middle East, and he spoke French as well as Arabic. For this reason, when he grew too superstar-famous for the limited Arabic movie industry, the natural place for him to turn to was Paris. "Our fashions, our entertainment, much of our aspirations and philosophy are inspired by the French," he explains. "We look up to France, and for me the ultimate city was always Paris, not New York or London."

The 50ish, gray-haired Sharif has an extremely handsome son named Tarek; he appeared briefly in *Doctor Zhivago* and is now studying at the University of Cairo. He may follow in his father's footsteps, and Omar says, "In the Mideast, we believe in nepotism. It is unnatural not to. What father or mother wouldn't want to do everything they could for a son or daughter? I am against the attitude that says, don't spoil your child. If a parent doesn't spoil a child, who will?

The outside world can be very harsh, and at least within the bosom of one's family one should feel protected and cosseted.

"I have given Tarek everything he has wanted, except perhaps as much time as I might have spent with him. With a profession that involves so much travel, it is hard to be the ideal father. Luckily, he does have the ideal mother, so things worked out well... I, like most Arabs, believe in destiny. They say if you spoil a child he will turn out bad, but one can never tell how a child will turn out, whether he is spoiled or sternly disciplined. It is destiny. They turn out good or bad, and there's nothing one can do about it. I am lucky my boy is turning out like a champion." Does Sharif mind never having had a daughter (critics feel relieved that he doesn't, because of his self-confessed chauvinism)?

"It was fate," he shrugs. "I was meant to have a son, one child—and I do. You see: fate came true!" He laughs and sips from a cup of very strong coffee and stares out at the passing throngs which include many rather obvious tourists. When one middle-aged specimen in a bright Hawaiian shirt ambles by, Omar notes, "Can you imagine what it would be like to be both famous and look like that man? Sometimes a famous man is tricked into thinking he looks like that man who just passed by; nobody is so relaxed that they never wonder why people are staring and ogling them." He sighs. "Thank God for a city that doesn't believe in ogling."



If he had it to do over again, would he not choose to become an international celebrity? He cuts off the question. "Of course not. I am a relatively happy man. I know things could be far worse. To have no money is one of the worst calamities that can befall a man, and I have come close to that. It's bad enough when a poor man almost loses his shirt, but when it happens to you and you're rich, it's far worse, believe me." As most fans know, Sharif's main passions in life are horses and bridge. He has gambled away a fortune, and this, coupled with poor luck with the horses and his decline in Hollywood from his *Lawrence of Arabia* and *Funny Girl* heights, nearly contributed to his financial demise. Today he claims to be comfortably solvent, and he's back in the swing of things, movie-wise.

"Some actors go on and on, like John Wayne or Better Davis—whether they are good actors or not—and others work for a decade or two, then disappear. For a long time, I thought I might be one of the ones that disappear. The pressures are much stronger in the American and international film industry than in the Egyptian movies, and I have experienced many set-backs and lows. I survive because I do not feel guilty or anxious about this. Always, it is fate, it is destiny that takes a hand in my life and balances the good with the bad, the depressing periods with new popularity and personal fortunes."

Omar first became prominent by kissing a woman in an Egyptian movie. The woman was his wife Faten,

OMAR SHARIF

Sharif on women: "I've slept with everyone."

On Streisand: "More interested in power than in romance."

On Deneuve: "Not an exciting woman. A thick shell."

On Julie Andrews: "Who?"

On Bardot: "She has the sexual appetite of a man."

On Sophia Loren: "Too much protected from other men and from life."

who had never been kissed on-screen. He recalls, "It was a very big scandal. The kiss was thought of like a defloration, and I suppose that the man who gave Hamama that first kiss had to be married to her." Except for discussing her as a movie actress, he won't shed light on their present relationship, nor on whatever happened to the idol of dozens of millions...It was his chance casting in *Lawrence of Arabia* that led to his larger career, and his kissing Barbra Streisand in *Funny Girl* made him a superstar. Regarding that Jewish/Egyptian kiss situation and the Mideast imbroglio, he says, "The Arab-Israeli thing is too complicated to go into here, with many pros and cons on both sides. I find people are much more interested in who I have

slept with than my views on *that* subject."

Who *has* he slept with? He smiles broadly, revealing the famous gap between the teeth. His misty brown eyes sparkle mischievously. "I've slept with everyone...Are you going to print that? You'd better clarify it." Yes? "Well, whatever you think best."

In the past, Omar was usually teamed with an exciting leading woman—whether Streisand, Deneuve, Julie Andrews, etc.—but in his three latest films he is not the male love interest, a sign of changing times and fortunes. The top-billed star of *Bloodline* is Audrey Hepburn and Omar is but one of an extensive international cast. In *Ashanti* the romantic leads are Michael Caine and black model

Beverly Johnson, and in *The Baltimore Bullet* his is teamed with James Coburn in a thriller. Are his romantic-idol days numbered?

He is uncomfortable with the question. "Fate will tell you in due time." After a bit of prodding, he agrees to offer comments on some celebrated women in his life:

Streisand. "She denies we were in love. This is not unusual. Women have to be more careful than men about their reputations. I'm too old and known to care whether everything I say will please the subject of my conversation. But I wanted Barbra very badly, she was unlike any woman I'd ever seen. At first, of course, I thought she was plain and loud and bossy. But I

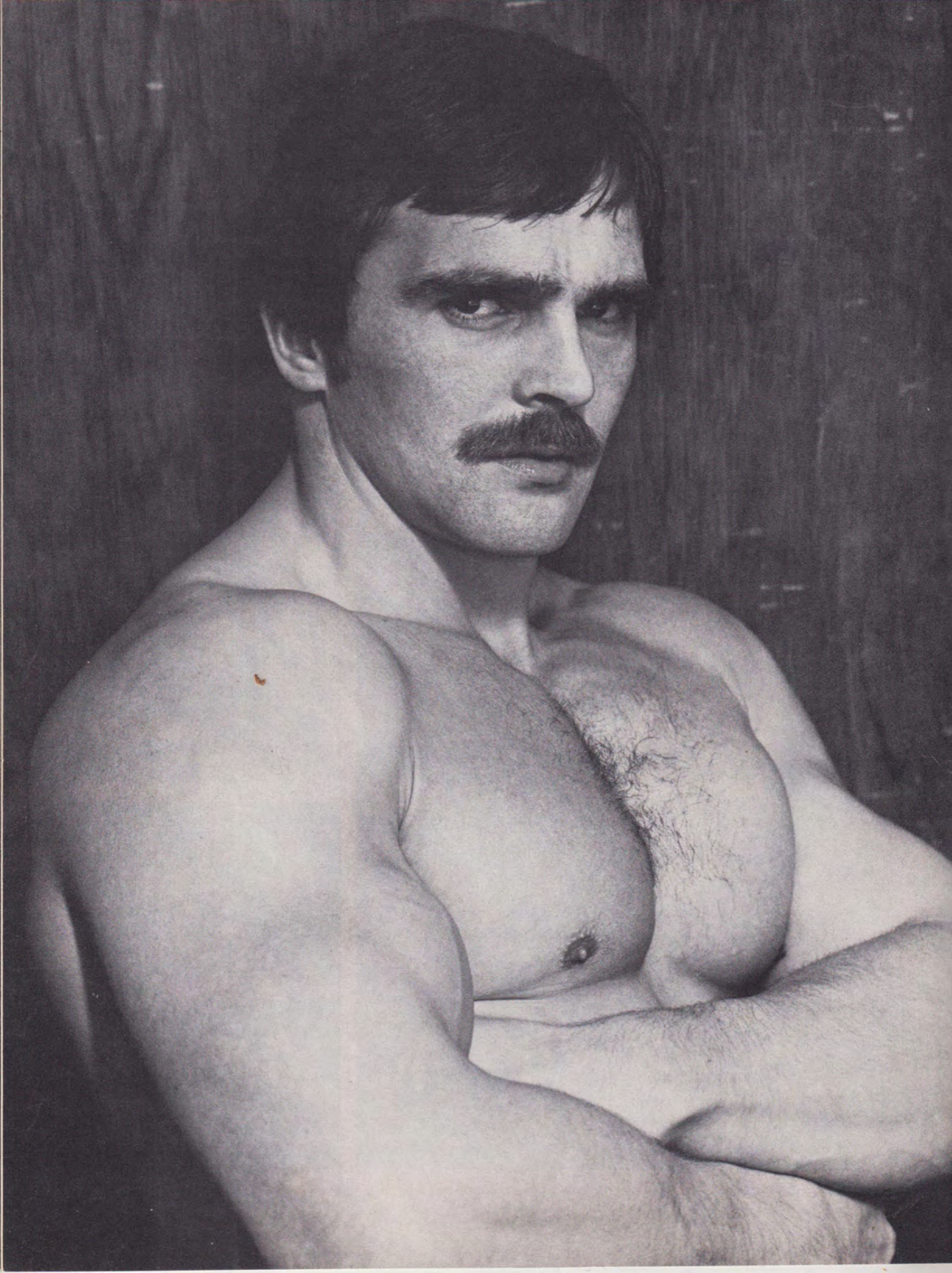
Continued to page 22





Opposite Barbra Streisand in Funny Lady, Sharif, left, reprised the Nicky Arnstein role he originated in Funny Girl, opposite page, left. After attaining stardom in Lawrence of Arabia and Dr. Zhivago, his international films included The Yellow Rolls Royce, with Ingrid Bergman, opposite page, right; the thriller The Tamarind Seed with Julie Andrews, below top; and the historical romance Mayerling with Catherine Deneuve, center. He and Telly Savalas, bottom, are greeted by Princess Margaret after a Royal Command Performance.

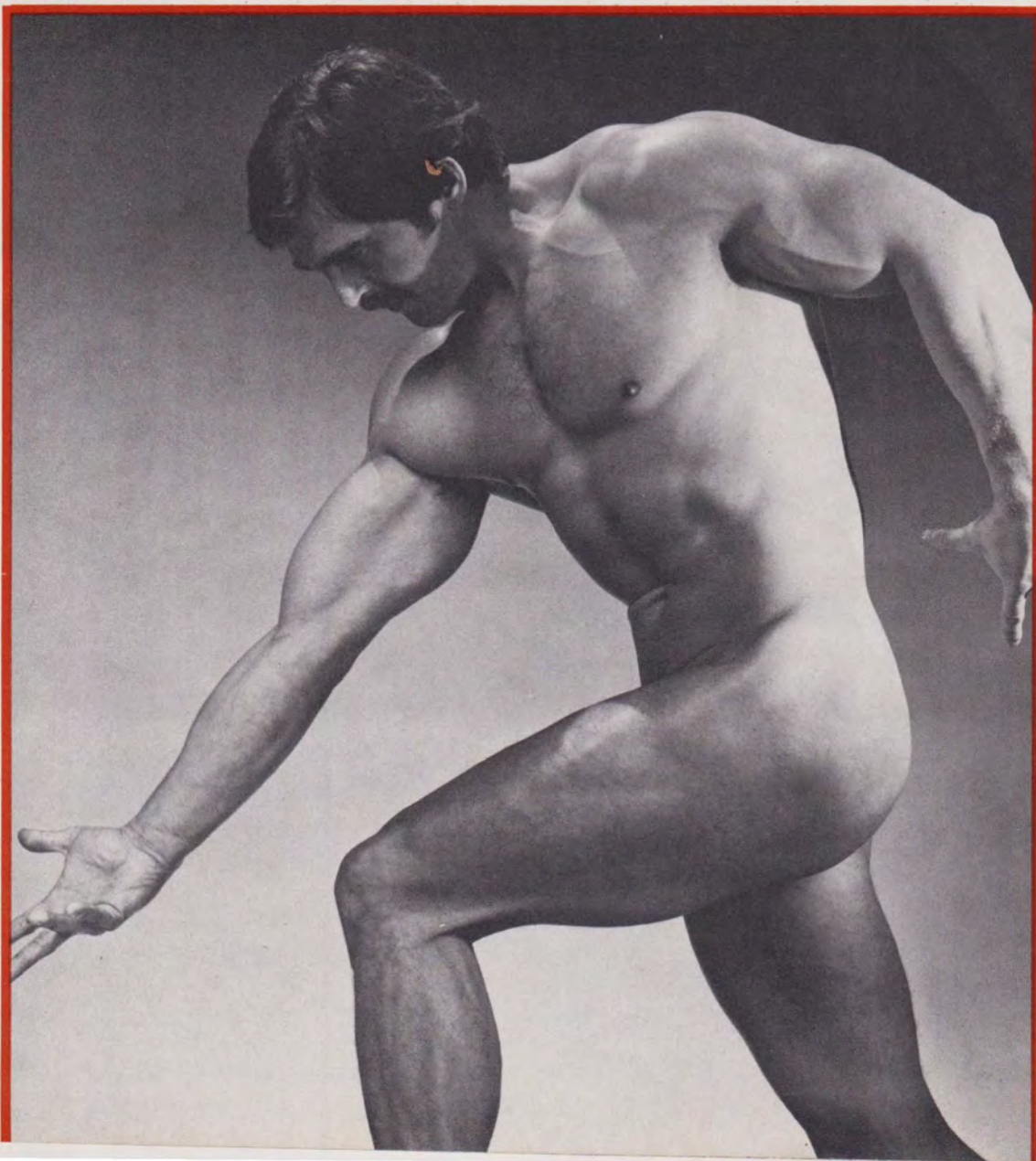


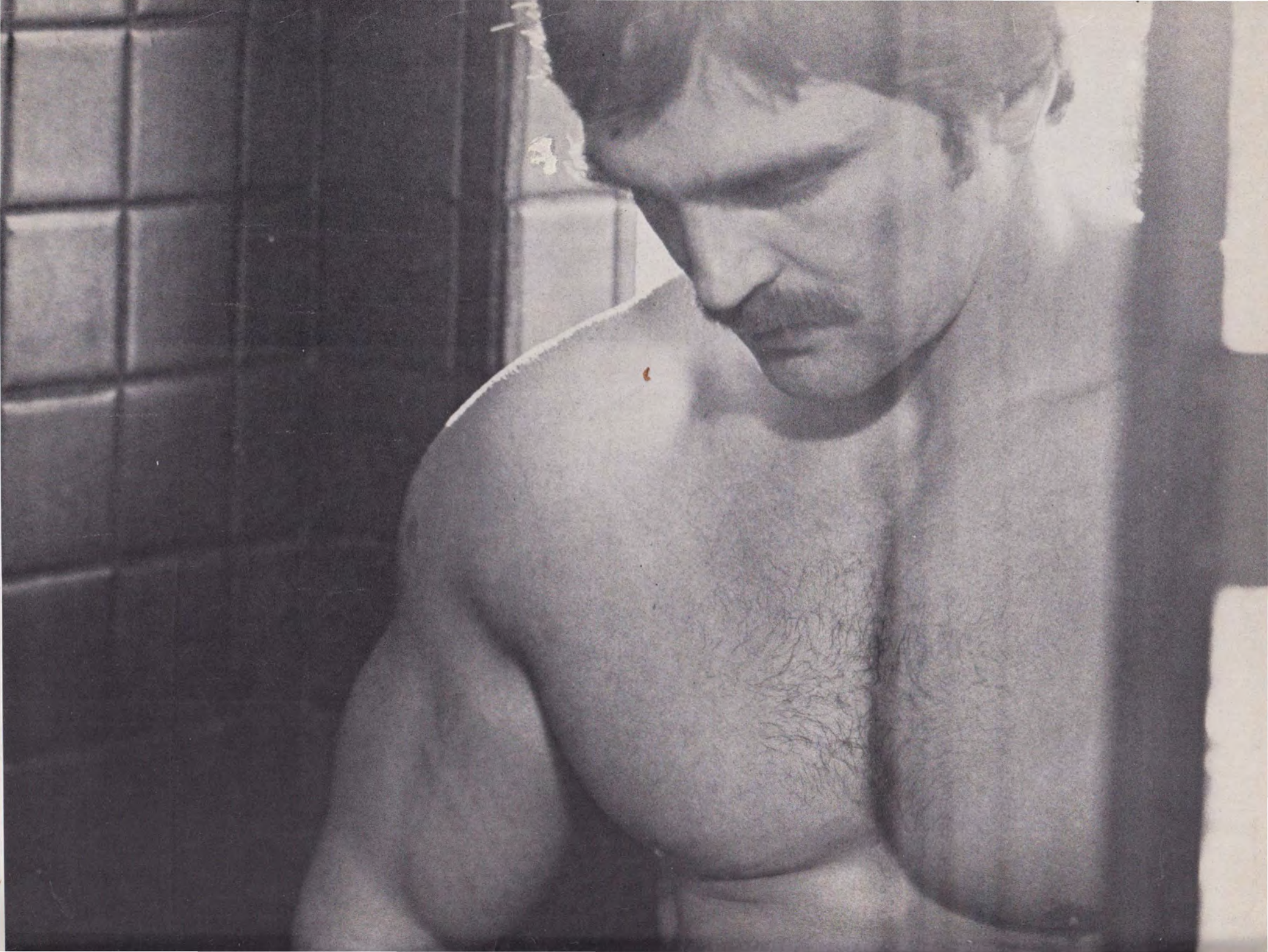


MANN MADE

Looking quite literally like a Greek statue come to life (The Discus Thrower comes to mind) is Karl Mann, a man-made monument to muscled mankind. Marble-like flesh is just one more feature which makes one think he would have been considered food for the gods. As if all this isn't enough, Karl has a face that could launch a lot more than a thousand ships and another physical characteristic which brings the word "classic" to mind. Karl Mann is one of latest discoveries of Colt Studios and if you want to see more of him and the other god-like mortals in that legendary stable, send \$3.50 for *Folio 5*, a complete catalogue of their magazines, movies, novelties, etc. It's available from Colt Studio, P. O. Box 1680J, Studio City, Ca. 91604. Please state that you are over 21.

Photographs by Colt







MANDATE

The Man: Karl Mann
The Photographer: Colt

SHOW BIZ

FELLINICON

For director Federico Fellini, it is a dream come true. He has taken over all of the sound stages, facilities and back lot of Rome's huge Cinecittà, ruling over his empire from an office next to Stage 5, the largest single sound stage in Europe. The reason for all this is Fellini's new film, *City of Women*, a truly massive project. The entire personnel of Cinecittà and outside personnel totalling over 500 are involved, and sets have been built on all eight available sound stages. Of special interest is the giant toboggan slide a half mile in length, to be used in a sequence with Marcello Mastroianni, a star whose career was linked with Fellini by *La Dolce Vita* and *8½*. As if all this weren't enough, Fellini is working with an open budget policy, something attributed to the considerable post-production sales in all major markets. According to Renzo Rossellini, representative of France's Gaumont, the film's backer, "We do not want to limit Fellini in his work and we are prepared to give him everything he wants." Probably the only dark cloud hanging over the

project is the sudden death of composer Nino Rota, who brilliantly scored Fellini's major films.

RIO LOCO

Only a city dedicated to the spirit of carnival would have a Carmen Miranda Museum. The city is, of course, Rio, and the opening of the facility elicited some controversy from Brazilians who feel the colorful performer was not as loyal to her native country as she should have been. Critics of the legendary "Brazilian Bombshell" with the impossibly high platform shoes and outrageous towering head-dresses point out that La Miranda spent the last 14 of her 46 years in the United States and made only one visit home during that time. Brazilian filmmaker Glauber Rocha and critic Ramos Tinhorao attacked Miss Miranda as a "manufactured product" and a beneficiary of the promotional apparatus of President Franklin D. Roosevelt's "Good Neighbor Policy" toward Latin America. Defending Miss Miranda was Henrique Foeris Domingues: "Car-

Miranda, right, honored by new Rio museum.



men was extraordinarily successful in the United States, as opposed to other Brazilians who go there and end up singing badly in second-rate dives." He added a zinger by asked, "Who in America has ever heard of Rocha or Tinhorao?" A member of the Rio de Janeiro State Cultural Council, Ari Vasconcelas, said he felt Miss Miranda was, in her way, promoting Brazil the same way soccer player Pele does it today. Angela Sallet Bueno de Oliveira, an assistant curator at the museum, said Miss Miranda was something of a missionary of Brazilian popular culture. "She always insisted that a certain number of songs in any movie she made would have to be in Portuguese. When she went to the States, Americans were busy with the rumba. They loved the sound of the samba, but they didn't know how to do it. It's a question of national origin. Carmen Miranda showed them." The museum is a modern cement bunker built three years ago in a park across Botafogo Bay from Sugar Loaf Mountain and houses—what else?—lavish exhibits of Miss Miranda's fanciful costumes. Almost a quarter of a century after her death, Carmen Miranda is still causing temperatures to rise.

CASTING VOTES

British rocker David Bowie, whose acting debut in *The Man Who Fell to Earth* was less than earth shattering, has a smash with *Just A Gigolo*, which has the London critics raving. Bowie's definitely a hot ticket at the moment, and one interesting casting possibility is the role of



David Bowie: To play Quentin Crisp on *Gay White Way*?

Quentin Crisp in a Broadway musical version of Crisp's autobiography, *The Naked Civil Servant*. David Merrick is rumored to want Donna McKechnie to star in the Ruby Keeler role

in the Broadway musical version of the Warner Brothers classic *Forty Second Street*. Producer Ed Carlin is after Anna Maria Alberghetti for the title role in *The Maria*

MACHO TRIO

A veritable explosion of Mexican movies is acquainting gringos north of the border with the hottest items since red chili



Mexican Jorge Rivero

peppers. We're referring to some very appetizing examples of Latino beefcake with that swarthy macho appeal unique to their

countrymen. You undoubtedly remember the mucho macho muscleman who played the magnificent Indian chief in *Soldier Blue*. His name is Jorge



Jerry G. Velasco

Rivero, and he's currently starring in *Playa Vacía* (*Empty Beach*), a movie billed as "An empty beach... two women...and one man extra!" We know what we'd do with that one extra man. He can also be seen in the upcoming *Wetbacks* and *Nights in the Cabaret*. Handsome Fernando Allende starred in no less

Callas Story which starts filming in early 1980 in Greece, London, Rome, Paris and New York.... With practically every old property in the world being remade for Broadway, it should probably be no surprise that Alan Bates is being sought to star as the old litch Humbert Humbert in producer Jerry Sherlock's stage version of Nabokov's *Lolita*. How about Brooke Shields as the nymphet?... Lucie Arnaz may be the latest victim of the legendary Streisand clout if producer Ray Stark gets his way. It seems he wants to buy the film rights to Ms. Arnaz's smash Broadway musical, *They're Playing Our Song*, but with Barbra in the starring role. Apparently not everybody loves Lucie.

than four films last year, one of which, *El Pacto* (*The Pact*) broke box office records in Los Angeles with a seven-month run. Fernando recently received the "Ace" (Association of Critics in Entertainment) award for Best Actor in the TV tole of "Carazon Salvage" and Best Actor in the film *La Virgen de*



Fernando Allende

Guadalupe. It has been 25 years since one actor has won in both categories. As for Jerry G. Velasco, he's one to keep your eye on. And with those smoldering good looks, you're not going to need any Visine.

TWO PLAYS BY DORIC WILSON



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UNKINDEST CUT

Dear Sir:

Whenever your magazine has shown a nude Canadian male model in it, they are usually (a) French/Canadian and (b) uncut.

Canada's population is not made up entirely of French/Canadians nor is it entirely a French speaking country, nor are all our males uncut.

A vast percentage of young Canadian males are circumcised. Is it your magazine's policy as far as Canadian models are concerned, to hire only uncut and French Canadian male models?

I enjoy your magazine very much, the photography is superb as are your models, but it just struck me that any time a Canadian appeared in your magazine, they were always French/Canadian and uncut.

Sincerely, D.A.B.
Ottawa, Canada

THE FAN

Dear Editor:

Just *had* to write and give you a great big THANK YOU for your most beautiful achievement—March's Egyptian issue of *Mandate*. Stunning! Fit for a pharaoh! I'm completely bedazzled. (*Mandate* has always been my favorite magazine for male erotica and this issue is *the best*! A worthy companion to your African issue (Dec. '77). The recent Haiti issue also good—especially those Haitian views of Mark Zweigler. God—*what a beauty*!

The March issue really covers the subject, everything from King Tutankhamen to Virginia Christine! Loved it all. A special salute to Jurgen Vollmer for his photographs. And those male Egyptians were *knockouts*—I mean Salad Eldin and camel driver, Ahmed Mobarak. (*He can drive my camel anytime!*)

Loved all the various features, the Bazaar, Egyptian Sex, ManData, Mena House, *all* of it! Being an old movie buff, I loved the 'movie touches' throughout, like Theda Bara, Colbert, de Mille, Liz Taylor. (By the way, Virginia Christine appeared with Lon in "The Mummy's Curse," Universal's 1944 and last mummy film. They are Karloff's "The Mummy" (1933), then "The Mummy's Hand" ('40), "Tomb"

('42), "Lust" and "Curse" (both '44). My own favorite is '42's "Tomb" starring Turhan Bey as the high priest. Only wish you had included good photo of that *Turkish delight*! He was perhaps my first movie dreamboat as a kid. See, even then, I loved the exotic!) Thanks for that photo of Henry Wilcoxon, too! Dig those fantastic cheekbones! A real de Mille asset! "Chic of Araby" spread is a bonus, too.

But the *creme de la creme* was BRUNO! God. Has there *ever* been a more beautiful hunk of dark Latin male exotica than he? I doubt it! Oh, brother. Been under his 'spell' since '72 and that small Colt shot of Bruno in undershirt, one delectable big hairy tit in view. Colt's *supreme achievement* to me. Thank you deeply for even this brief interview. Glad for any info. on Bruno I can find. And these four new photos are "out-of-sight," too! God! He's unbelievable! That dark, sultry, brooding, macho stare of his, page 41. Then those other three body shots—and I do mean *BODY*! Page 43 has a fantastic shot by Tavares. Really something. Shows all his 'fine points', those *fab* hairy pecs, *terrific* hairy legs, and, especially that shot of his buns. Hairy, too, of course! Just *can't* get enough of Bruno! (Seeing this male divinity is almost a spiritual experience!) And thanks, also, for the 44-5 double page spread. God! What can I say? Words—*almost*—fail me! Bruno calls for *all* the adjectives in the book. And then, I need to coin new ones. It's an honor to be of the same sex, exist on the same planet with such an awesome and beautiful male being. Yes, men *can* be as beautiful as women. Don't you agree?

Really *can't* thank you enough for this March media *treat*. I'll be eagerly awaiting your fourth anniversary issue. It will be *hard* to surpass the Egyptian issue!

All best wishes and good luck for *Mandate's* future issues, truly the *jewel* of all the male magazines.

In sincere gratitude, I am one of your *biggest fans*!!

B.C.
Norfolk, VA

We love reader enthusiasm, yes, we do! We certainly take all reader commentary very seriously indeed, and are delighted when Mandate stimulates a reaction like the one above.

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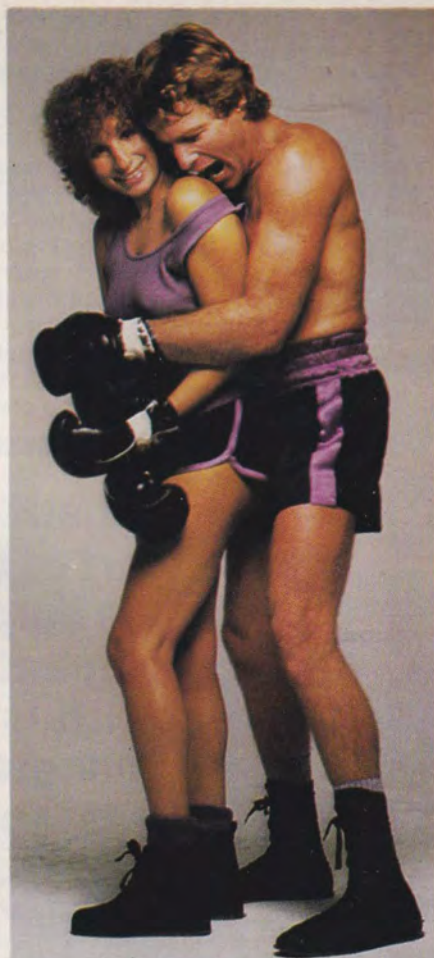
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FILM: MAIN EVENT

Teaming again for another screwball comedy, *The Main Event*, Barbra Streisand and Ryan O'Neal attempt to recreate the funny magic they sparked together in *What's Up Doc?*, which was a smash at the box office. Streisand has, with canny calculation, been teamed with Hollywood's leading men, starring with everyone from Omar Sharif and George Segal to Walter Matthau and Yves Montand. With few exceptions, however, her charisma eclipsed her co-stars. O'Neal managed to hold his own in *Doc* with skilled underplaying which was a viable counterpoint to Streisand's sometimes shrill histrionics; Robert Redford managed to cope by merely being Redford in *The Way We Were*; James Caan did admirably in *Funny Lady*; and few would question that Kris Kristofferson managed to equate things in *A Star Is Born*. Despite near unanimous roasting by the critics, *Star* went on to gross over \$35 million with the leading lady as executive producer. In *The Main Event*, Streisand plays the president of a perfume company who unexpectedly finds herself with no holdings except a retired boxer, O'Neal. The thrust of the film is their interpersonal sparring as they do battle on the road to success in the ring and, natch, with each other. Well, O'Neal's back and Streisand's got him, in a film that will doubtless be another successful notch in the Brooklyn baby's money belt.

Opposite page, clockwise from top left: Streisand muses over a cloudy future as a perfume manufacturer turned fight manager with a lone tangible asset, a retired boxer; Streisand and O'Neal clown for internationally famed photographer Francesco Scavullo; Streisand in the blue car, O'Neal in the pink—sexual symbolism there?—engage in yet another battle of wills; Streisand comes face to face with a big surprise when she accidentally walks into a gym locker room; O'Neal between rounds as he sweats on the comeback trail. Left: O'Neal pulls a punch. Photos: Warner Bros.



couldn't get her out of my mind... However, she is more interested in power and her work than in romance."

Deneuve. "She is beautiful, yes, but not an exciting woman. Not with other actors. She is aloof and very typically French. There is a very thick shell. She is more interested in herself than anyone else, like all actresses in the West. Hamama put her career first when she was not married, but afterward her husband came first. I could

thing, question whether she or a man is more intelligent, and she listens as well as she speaks. There are very few women like her, and I am glad I have her as a friend, because this is much rarer than finding a wife."

Bardot. "She used to live near me, and once she invited me for a visit in her home, which was a rare thing for her to do. She is the eternally sexy blonde, but too sexually aggressive for my taste. She has the sexual

and with this gay liberation movement." How does he feel about gays?

"In my part of the world, we live and let live. It is surprising that in America the government thinks it can legislate morality. In Europe, homosexuality and prostitution and whatever one does in private, is usually legal. It isn't legal in the Mideast, because of Islam, but it goes on and it is tolerated—except for prostitution in the streets. These things exist, whether one likes them or not. In the case of homosexuals, in history they have contributed much to all of us, so why condemn them? They are no less moral than anyone else? It is nature, it is destiny's choice for some people to be one way and some another. Who dares to argue with fate? Just accept it and go on your way, whatever you are."

Will Sharif ever remarry, and what about his current love life?

"I won't remarry, because of many reasons. I am too used to my life as it is. I don't want to be changed. Also, I am now not able to have a typical Mideastern wife; she would be too docile to excite me. Nor do I want a liberated American or a career-driven European. Girlfriends are best for me, but when I work, I have no time for that. I prefer to spend my own time playing bridge.

The horses also take up time, and I have friends and business associates who demand a certain amount of my time. Travel takes up more time, and making practical arrangements, getting used to new places and finding my way around. I am usually a solitary man when I travel, so I do many things for myself, instead of depending on servants and others."

What about the future direction of his career?

"I wonder about that, myself, because the trend now is getting younger and younger. The pretty little blonde boys and the eunuch-types are in fashion. Men over 40, real men who act like men and who have exciting careers and just one woman in their lives are not the vogue. Young audiences like drop-outs without jobs, with 10 girlfriends and a violent streak. The violence is more important than the sex now, and the bad language is more important than writing a good story and introducing characterization." He throws up his hands.

"I can't stand most of the new movies. I don't like everything I appear in. But this is my fate, and who am I to question?"

Omar Sharif on homosexuality:
"In my part of the world, we live and let live. It is surprising that in America the government thinks it can legislate morality....It is nature, it is destiny's choice for some people to be one way and some another. Who dares to argue with fate? Just accept it and go on your way, whatever you are."

not have married another type of woman."

Julie Andrews. "Who?"

Anouk Aimee. "She is my best woman friend. Yes, I do believe it is possible for a man to be platonic friends with a woman, and this is not something people will believe, coming from me. But it takes a special kind of woman. Anouk is, simply, a many-sided woman, good at living her life and being a friend, not just acting for the movies. She is one of the few women I admire. She doesn't fuss over her hair, feel hurt at the least little

appetite of a man. No more details."

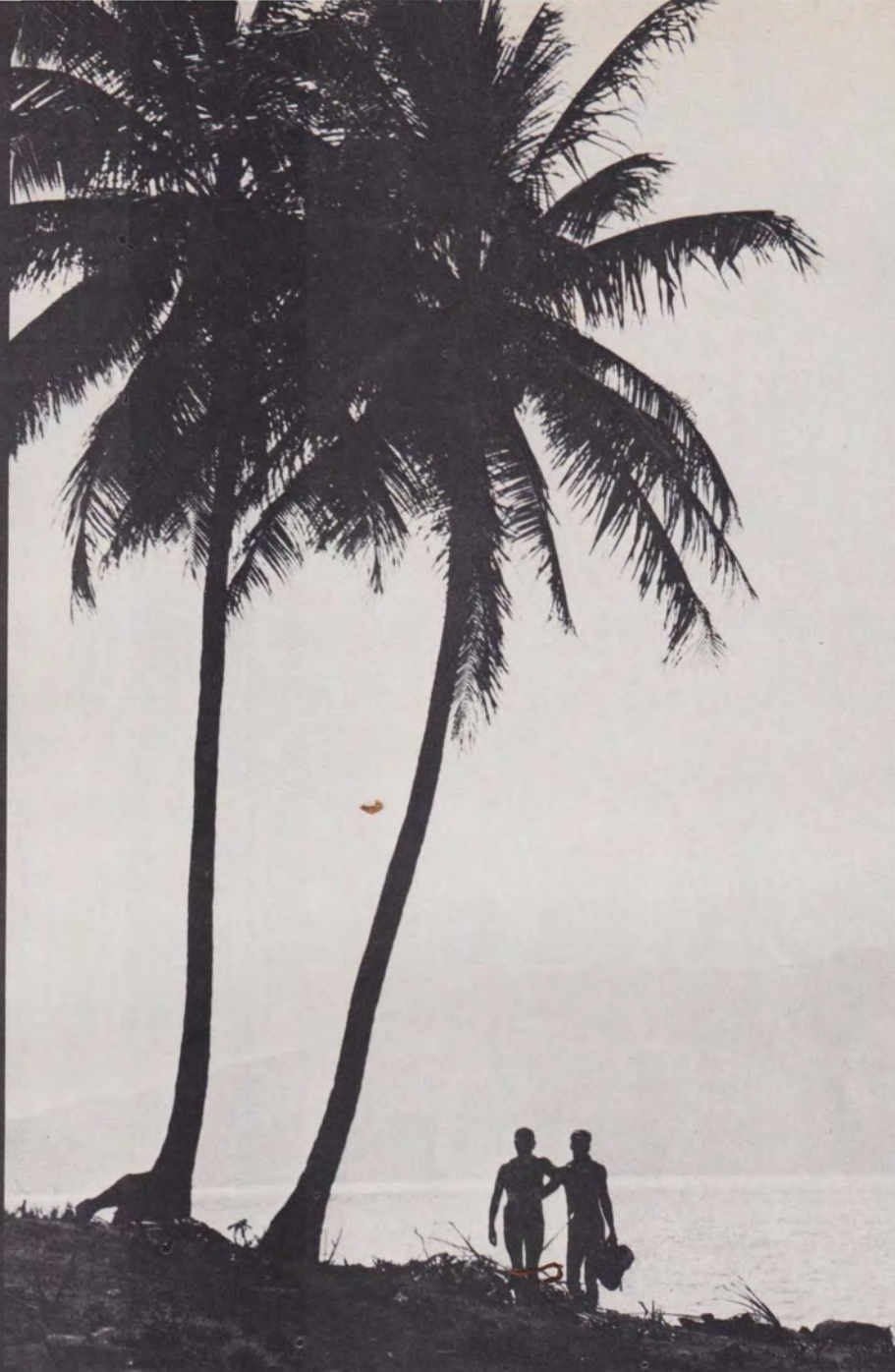
Sophia Loren. "From her films, you would think she is a very sexy and earthy woman, very full of fun. We did a film called *More Than a Miracle*, a fairy tale. Her husband Ponti produced, and I never saw a star so much protected, too much protected from other men and from life. She is a fine cook and one of the best women card-players, but she does not appear to have what the French call *joie de vivre*."

Audrey Hepburn. "She is a real lady, I'm surprised she has become such a big star and stayed one for so long. She is also a devoted wife and mother, and one gets the impression she is making a film only under duress, even though she is so gracious."

Omar Sharif makes no bones about his preference for male company, and his hobbies are conducted in men-only circumstances. Except for Aimee, all his friends are men. "This may be a bad thing, but in my opinion, a man can get by without any women in his life at all, except for a mother and, later on, a mistress. So many men now get on without even that, with more children being raised by their fathers after they have divorced,



Omar Sharif's fondness for horses is visible onscreen and off.



NOW VOYAGING

Photograph by Jurgen Vollmer

Arm in arm with another man on a deserted island in the Caribbean? Yes, a gay man's fantasy can come true. Four all-gay Windjammer "Barefoot" Cruises set sail for sensual adventure four times a year. For more on this dream come true in a tropical paradise, turn the page....

NOW VOYAGING

SEASCAPE ESCAPE

By Mark Zweigler • Photograph by Jurgen Vollmer

Three passengers from the Flying Cloud, a refurbished French cadet ship that accommodates four gay Windjammer cruises a year, spend a liberated, laid-back afternoon in the surf surrounding Salt Island, one of the British Virgin Islands in the Caribbean.

Want to realize the fantasy of lounging sybaritically in the sun on a tropical Caribbean island, far removed from the cares of the world? For years movies and television have glamorized the Caribbean as a gloriously sensual hideaway, where nearly perfect weather awaits the man who worships the sun and the simple life. It's hard to resist such an attraction, which was once the exclusive domain of the rich.

Now, however, it's easy for anyone to go, with major airlines offering any number of reasonable package deals to increase tourism during the current economic crunch. One such opportunity, which has been available for the past thirty-two years, is the Windjammer Cruise, organized in 1947 by Captain Mike Burke to keep alive the tradition of great sailing ships and to make available unique "barefoot" vacations tempered with modern comfort. Over the years Captain Burke has acquired a fleet of sailing ships from such people as Onassis, Vanderbilt, Guinness, the Duke of Westminster, and Krupp, the German

industrialist. All have been refurbished, each sailing to various parts of the British Virgin Islands, the West Indies, or around the world.

Until recently these cruises were always based on the needs of the heterosexual, either married or looking for some kind of romantic adventure at sea, probably in the manner of old Hollywood movies like *Now Voyager*. But with the increase in sexual liberation the Windjammer organization has taken the cue and established four all-gay cruises a year, in April, May, July, and September. Each cruise leaves on a Tuesday and returns the following Sunday, and is more than accommodating to the gay lifestyle. The captain and crew make every effort to see that your voyage is a pleasurable one, without making your daily itinerary too complex.

Depending upon where you live, in the United States or elsewhere, the cost of the trip, including air fare, will vary. The week's voyage ranges from four to five hundred dollars, according to which kind of accommodations you







Photographs: Jurgen Vollmer



choose. The air fare must then be added. The ship normally sails from Tortola, a small island about forty-five minutes by

Left: Two uninhibited voyagers enjoy the pleasure of each other's company in the sensuous sun of the Caribbean. Above: Crew members aboard the Flying Cloud relax at sunrise before hoisting the sails to depart for another of the five islands visited on the Windjammer cruise.



air from San Juan, the major stopping point for the Caribbean. When you arrive in Tortola (by way of Prinair Airlines, which provides a shuttle service), a bus designated for the Windjammer Cruise will transport you to the dock, where the ship, most likely the *Flying Cloud*, will be waiting. You must be on board by noon, Tuesday, of the scheduled departure. Those arriving on Monday can stay aboard that night for an additional twenty

dollars cash, which includes dinner and a welcome party, during which time you can get to know who you'll be sailing with.

Almost everyone mentioned at one time or another that they took the cruise not only to experience the Caribbean but to see what a gay cruise would be like. Everyone agreed that it was worth it.

PASSENGERS

Your decision to go on a Windjammer cruise will

probably not be based only on whether you can afford it, but on what you imagine the other passengers will be like. Out of a possible eighty who could be accommodated, seventy-three took the cruise in April. Their ages ranged from twenty to around sixty. Many of the men could be considered good-looking, and all were personable and friendly. They came from all walks of life, from politics to interior design, and from all over

the United States. And they were definitely ready to have a good time.

On the Monday night before the ship sailed, a party with a steel band was given on deck as people began to arrive. Typically, in a social situation where people gather without knowing each other very well, the general attitude was a little standoffish. But on board a ship there's no way you can avoid people, especially at the first meal in the galley, where everyone is forced to



sit together at big tables. If you tend to be shy, this may be the best way to overcome it forever. To have a good time, jump right in and find out who you're sailing with. You're going to know everyone by the end of the cruise anyway, so you may as well start socializing immediately.

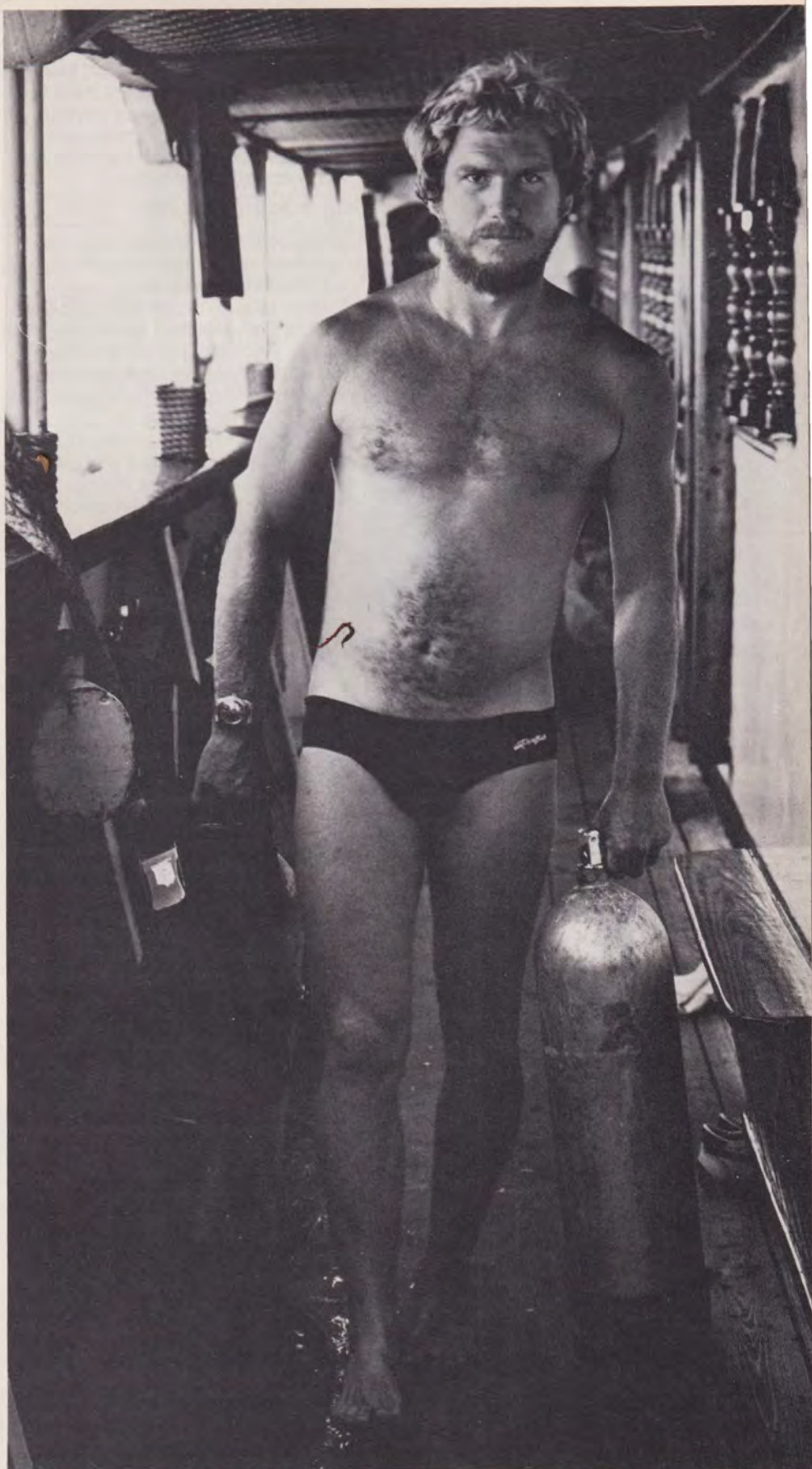
Probably the greatest thing you'll learn on the cruise is how ridiculous role-playing can be; how it can separate you from people who may have some valuable experiences from which you can benefit. Because of the physical nature of a ship, which confines you to a limited space, you can't go home if you think you've made a mistake. You're stuck, so you may as well make the best of it. Actually, there's no need to worry. The common bond of everyone being on the cruise to have a good time will pull the best out of them, and the result will be that you will indeed have a good time.

On the last day, everyone began to get a little sentimental, thinking about the men they had met so quickly and who would soon disappear forever. Based on this thought, many of the men passed out or collected addresses—more for friendship than sex—to ensure the possibility of reliving at a future time some of the moments they had shared during the week. In a way it was like leaving summer camp when you were a kid, but without all the sobbing and carrying on.

This may be the place to briefly mention the subject of sex, which of course will be on everyone's mind. The minute you arrive on board, you can't help but start checking everyone out, for the possibility of who you might end up with in bed. Everything will happen naturally, so there's no point in going into the details everyone knows about already. Fortunately your cabin is available for privacy. All you need do is make an arrangement with your roommate, if you have one, to organize time and need. There's only

Photographs by Jurgen Vollmer

Right: British crewmember Michael, who goes by the nickname of Muffy, prepares to take a group of passengers to Norman Island for an afternoon of scuba diving. Opposite page: On the final day of the cruise, several men soak up the last bit of sun before returning to the Flying Cloud on the hourly boat launch to and from Salt Island.





one thing to remember: if you get involved with someone, there's no place to hide if it doesn't work out exactly as you had planned. You will have to face each other in the glare of daylight, so don't take anything too seriously. Lovers, of course, will not have to worry about any of this....

ON BOARD AND OFF

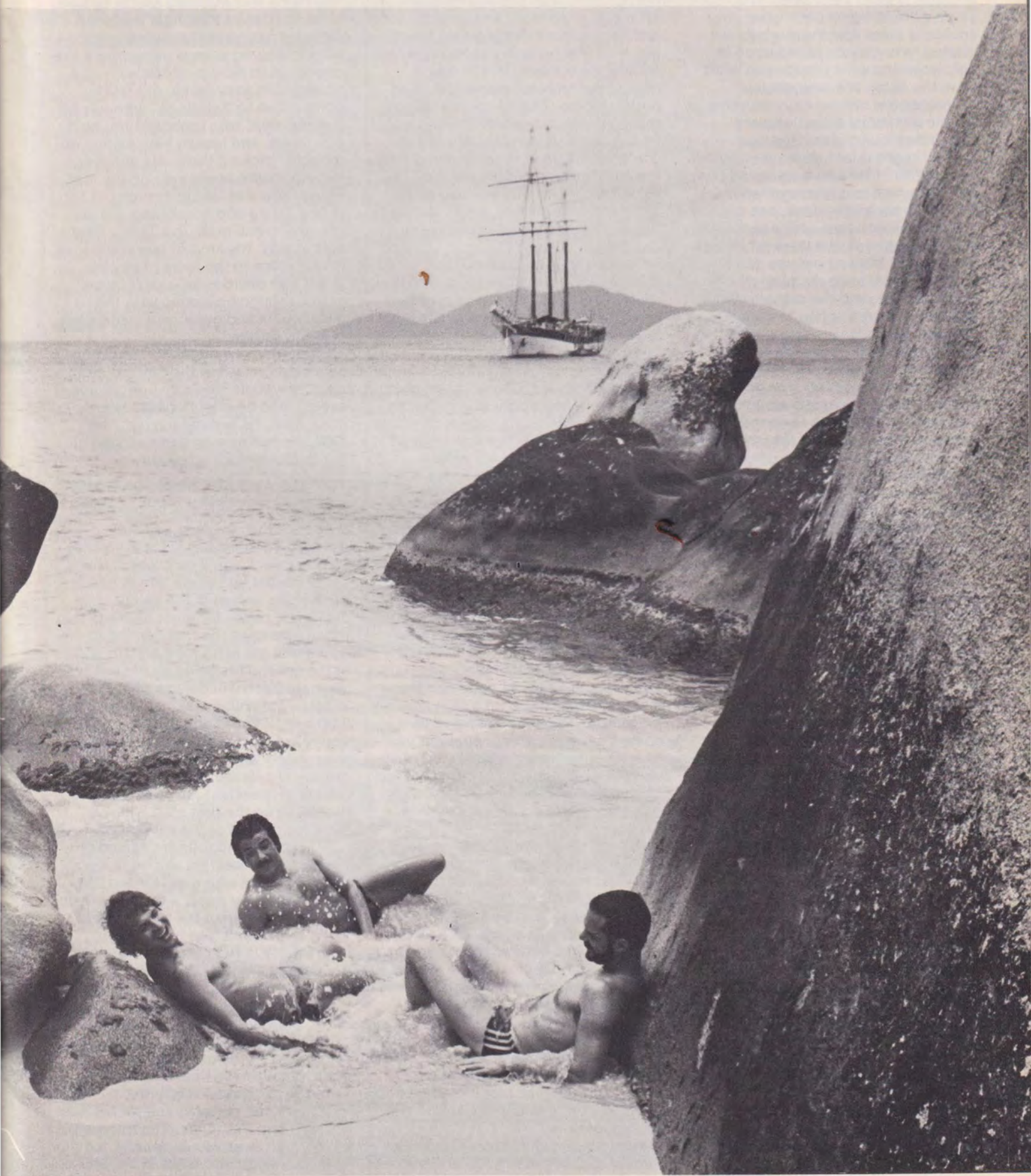
If you go by Drake's passage, as opposed to Treasure Isle passage, you will stop at the following islands: Cooper Island, Roadtown Harbour, Marina Cay, Norman Island, and Salt Island. Each one is a little different, with either more or less palm trees, beaches, and human habitation. Some of the islands have fabulous rock formations with hidden pools you can bathe in, or small caves you can visit by swimming or scuba diving. Some have better beaches than others, where you can lie in the sun and do nothing.

A typical day is as follows: breakfast; storytelling time, in which the captain tells you where you have docked, what you can visit, and the special things the island has to offer; time to do what you want; lunch; more time to do what you want, including scuba diving and/or snorkeling; dinner; still more time to do what you want, until you decide to go to bed. Fun as they are, the activities are obviously limited and a bit repetitive, so be prepared to get used to a laid-back atmosphere. The ship sails for about half an hour in the morning. If you want to be on deck for it, get up early. Sailing time starts around 6:30 a.m. By the end of the voyage, some people had never seen the ship sail because they slept through it. Many passengers wished the ship had sailed more, but it didn't. It couldn't sail at night,

Photographs by Jurgen Vollmer

The Flying Cloud's first stop was Cooper Island, right, a surreal tropical paradise that offered mysterious caves and rock formations, beautiful swimming and snorkeling, and a breathtaking view from the top of the rocks. Easygoing camaraderie both on board and off characterizes the Windjammer gay cruise. After a day of sun and surf, passengers gather around the ironically named "Pussy" bar, left, which seems to have been named after the Flying Cloud's mascot, a small black cat.





which would have been romantic, because it wasn't equipped to do so. If you are standing on deck when the anchor is lifted and the engines are started, you may be called upon to help hoist the sails (motor and wind drive the ship). It's your choice.

Besides the normal daily routine, a couple of special activities were planned on our cruise. One was the last-night talent show, mentioned below. The other was a so-called boat race, in which two teams of ten members each sat on the deck, one behind the other. Two cases of Guinness beer were brought out, the thickest, worst tasting dark brown beer you can imagine. Each team member was given a bottle, and the captain of the team was given a bottle opener. At the "go" signal, he was to open his bottle, drink as much as he could, and then pour the remainder over his head until the bottle was emptied. The bottle opener was to be passed along as fast as possible, with each team member repeating the actions of the captain. The first team to open and empty all of the bottles was the winner. Well! It looked terrible. But we all had a helluva good time dousing ourselves, as well as diving overboard to clean off the goo. What better way to have fun than to make an idiot of yourself in the middle of the ocean where nobody gives a damn. After the race, more the beer was poured into a bowl of champagne, to be drunk by the winning team.

Anyway, the basic choices you have to fill up your day are: eating, swimming, sunbathing, scuba diving, snorkeling, touring an island, sleeping, having sex, or socializing, with a few other festivities thrown in. In other words, life is simple—but immensely pleasurable. It's a far cry from the hurried pace of a big city, which is supposedly the reason you took the cruise. It may take you a while to adjust—or readjust when you get home—but who cares? The change is refreshing.

THE CAPTAIN AND CREW

We had two captains during the week's cruise: Captain Nielsen and Captain MacLeod. Captain Nielsen was Scandinavian. He was also the epitome of what you would imagine a ship's captain to be: tall, well-preserved for his seventy-odd years, spry, humorous, a good storyteller, with a hearty face and a manicured white beard. Captain Nielsen's wife sailed with him. She was the only woman on board, and we all agreed that she was the one who really ran

things. She was much younger than her husband, not to mention quiet, efficient, organized, and genuine. She and her husband made a ship full of gay men feel perfectly at home, which for one week made life the way it should be: relaxed, respectful, without prejudice. This of course helped realize the fantasy everyone had about taking an all-gay cruise, where one could have a great time, far away from the conflicting pressures of the "civilized" world that seemed so far away, so unimportant, while sitting in the sun on a deserted island in the Caribbean.

Captain Nielsen prefaced every storytelling time with a joke. And they were good ones, chosen or rewritten to appeal to a gay audience. His most remarkable trait was that he was a true humanist. He lived beyond the bullshit, as they say, content with sailing his big ships. Not once did I or anyone else experience a note of condescension in his voice, or a patronizing tone in his manner. This honesty of character in both him and his wife endeared the passengers to them so much that tears came to our eyes when, mid-week, the couple left the ship for Europe. Lined up on the side of the *Flying Cloud's* deck, we waved to the captain's wife, who sat on the front of a speedboat ready to take off, and to the captain, who stood in the middle of the boat, arms raised, fists clenched, as if to honor us in some kind of victory. At that moment the new captain, Captain MacLeod, switched on a tape of bagpipes playing "Amazing Grace" in a slow, haunting tempo. The sound seemed to come from everywhere, pushing us beyond ourselves, suddenly culminating in a moment of deep respect for a loved and honored man. The effect was overwhelming. To protect the memory of the event, we spoke little of it amongst ourselves, but everyone knew what had happened: we had all been touched, and changed. It was the high point of the voyage.

Captain MacLeod was different. He was younger, less wise. But he was a rascally, good-natured man, and an excellent participator. At the end of the cruise, we had a talent show—costumed and performed by the crazier passengers—and Captain MacLeod joined in with a lot of jokes and the natural ease of a veteran emcee. He brought his girlfriend on board, and she was hip. It made for an effective denouement to Captain Nielsen's departure.

All of the ten or so crew members were straight (I think). All of them

were black, except one, Muffy, whose real name was Michael. Muffy was an object of desire to almost everyone. Only at the end of the cruise, when, after engaging several passengers in a phoney boat race in which water got splashed in their faces, did Muffy come close to "relations" with any of the gay men, who grabbed him, held him down, and kissed him, as punishment for tricking them. He got over it. His days were spent helping the rest of the crew and taking groups out for scuba diving and snorkeling. He was fun-loving and cute, in a Teddy Bear sort of way; the kind of boy you'd love to introduce to the facts of gay life. But it was obvious he wasn't interested, though he kidded with the passengers and genuinely made every effort to be liked.

Of all the crew members, only one admitted that when the gay cruises were started he was very uptight about seeing men be affectionate toward other men. "It freaked me out," he said, though now he has changed his mind. He thinks it's beautiful.

MEALS AND ACCOMMODATIONS

The meals aboard the *Flying Cloud* are better than average and substantial. There is plenty for everyone, so don't think you'll be cheated if you eat breakfast late or are late in line at the buffets served in the galley or on deck. The policy for most meals is that those who miss the first serving in the galley will get extra food and/or wine at the second for being so patient. Your stomach will decide which shift is better for you. Breakfast is served at 8:00 a.m. If you wake up early and you're hungry, get to the table when the serving bell rings. As the cruise progresses, fewer and fewer men will appear at breakfast, so your chances for eating on the first shift will increase daily. For the earliest of risers, coffee and rolls are served on deck *before* breakfast, which is a godsend for those who need that coffee the minute they arise. Actually, those who drink coffee or tea have it made, since both are served twenty-four hours a day in big pots in the galley. It's not the greatest, but your need will soon override your demand for quality.

Lunch is served buffet-style on deck. It consists of about five cold salads; some kind of meat (normally referred to by the crew as "beaver"); occasionally fried rice (normally referred to as "fried lice"); bread or rolls; pickles, carrots, and so on; dessert; and fruit juice. The trays are big enough to stock up, mostly

Continued on page 64

STARFUCK

There would appear to be no end in sight for the spate of moviestar bios and autobiographies. Tyrone Power's bisexuality has been revealed, as well as his alleged affair with Errol Flynn, and now Marlon Brando and Elizabeth Taylor are going to get raked over the coals. In *Brando for Breakfast*, ex-wife Anna Kashfi wrote that the superstar was not exactly a superlover. She said he was something of a lout in that department with a "seduction technique (which) showed all the subtlety of a guillotine." Once when Brando picked up Miss Kashfi and bore her into the bedroom a la Stanley Kowalski and Blanche, she asked her "abductor" if he had rape in mind. "Rape," Brando answered, "is just assault with a friendly weapon." Miss Taylor is going to be prominently featured in ex-husband Eddie Fisher's self-told story. Fisher was quoted as saying, "Debbie, Liz and Dick (Burton) will never speak to me again after it's finished." Apparently daughter Carrie has talked papa into soft-pedaling the truth about mom Debbie, but Elizabeth is still going to be under fire, definitely at Eddie's own risk. It seems part of his divorce settlement with La Taylor included an agreement that he would never write about their marriage, a minor detail pointed out to him by Miss Taylor's lawyers. But Fisher plans to forge ahead and recently turned down an offer of \$1 million for paperback rights because "It's not enough."

COMING ATTRACTION!

"All True! All Real! See A Man Become A Woman Before Your Eyes!" That's the ballyhoo behind (*Born*

X-RAY-TED

Remember Aldo Ray, the humpy, gravel-voiced Marine who lusted after sultry Rita Hayworth in *Miss Sadie Thompson*? Well, after starring roles in such films as *Pat & Mike* with Spencer Tracy and Katherine Hepburn, *The Marrying Kind* with Judy Holliday and *The Green Berets* with John Wayne, the 53-year-old actor has made an altogether different type of movie. Ray appears in *Sweet Savage*, *Bad Girl of the West*, a hardcore x-rated western and, according to the film's publicist, Ray takes part in some of the sexpo action. Apparently the big beefcake property of the 50s was down on his luck and is offering no apologies for the film, just as Marilyn Monroe never apologized for posing nude in her early days. Perhaps the saddest aspect of Ray's decision to make a blue movie is that he got second billing, after veteran porn actress Carol

A Man...) *Let Me Die A Woman*, a film screened at the recent Cannes Film Festival. This movie concerning transsexualism is



Aldo Ray, then. Now it's a different story.

Connors whose film credits include *Deep Throat* and *The Erotic Adventures of Candy*. *Sic transit gloria mundi*, Aldo.

billed, incidentally, as a "Hygiene Film".... More hoopla: "She fell in love with a... woman! Lost everything but found

herself." This is how they're billing *A Woman Like Eve* which stars Maria (Last Tango In Paris) Schneider, Peter Faber and Monique Van De Ven. It should be tailor-made for Maria. You'll recall she added to the controversy over *Tango* by announcing her bisexuality.... The boys will get their turn in a film directed by German Wolfgang Petersen called *The Consequence*, referred to in *Variety*, simply, as "a male homosexual story.".... Remember Warhol superstud Joe Dallesandro? Joe co-stars with Anita Ekberg (remember her?) in an Italian film called *Killer Nun*.... John Philip Law has been busy in Italian movies, too. His latest is *Ring of Darkness*. Diana Ross didn't exactly wow 'em in *The Wiz* but she may get another chance in the title role of the Josephine Baker film-biography. Britain's EMI is financing the \$15 million project slated to begin shooting in the summer of 1981. It will use period music of the 20s and 30s and some new material written especially for La Ross. Another casting note: Angela Lansbury will star as Miss Marple in Agatha Christie's *The Mirror Crack'd*.... Some interesting new movie titles: *The Bitch*, *The Stud*, *The Hussy* and *Supercok*. And, for those who care, *Dawn of the Dead* is being released overseas as *Zombie*.... There will be two film-bios of Montgomery Clift, each based on best-selling books. *Montgomery Clift, A Legend* is already in pre-production with Marge Stengel, Clift's personal secretary, as script consultant. This one's based on Robert LaGuardia's book, and the film based on Patricia Bosworth's story, *Montgomery Clift*, which many critics found superior, will be released in 1980.

SHOW BIZ

WHO'S WHO AND WHAT'S WHAT

DISC SCENE

Continued from page 7

familiar from *Midnight Express*. To her own lyrics, Summer builds tensely to a refrain ("Our love will last forever...") that throws a chill on the line instead of an easy appeal for warmth. It is like a hook but isn't a hook, it's beyond. It's an affect Moroder fairly patented and used often in *Once Upon a Time* of the winter of 1977. "Our Love" continues further into a Frank Frazetta landscape that reaches almost into a too-much-acid frenzy with Al Perkins' pedal steel riffs. Then the line breaks abruptly to the sailing rhythms of "Lucky," and this is the "startling moment" of the album. Again, Moroder's music with its complex orchestrations of signature signals—telegraphic codes from another universe—percolate under lyrics that somehow escape the gravity of the banal. We go with Lucky for a "ride" and the ride turns out musically to be the *auto-bahnen* of Kraftwerk. It is like a magical mystery tour of a fabulous landscape, this ride, and you don't need drugs to feel its spatial surprises. This kind of music used to be called trippy, perhaps still is, but that word is an insult to the vision Moroder brings to Summer's operatically trained voice.

In her final song, "Sunset People," things fall apart and we are back on earth, if Sunset Boulevard qualifies for that category. As she tells us about "Sunset people, doin' it right—night after night," Bellotte constructs with his drummer and his bassist a system of solid clichés, serviceable to be sure, but not really *magic*. That is the hard thing, certainly. And to have that impulse of magic only once on an album still is remarkable. In disco it is rare. The nature of the music runs to cliché quickly. When disco hits its true altitude, as in "Lucky," it leaves everything else several miles below. The air is very thin up there, but the view, ah!

More Eurodisco with Madleen Kane's *Cheri*, recorded in Paris with a mostly Swedish nexus of talent, Miss Kane being herself Swedish singing Thor Baldursson arrangements. The mixing, done in Munich by Juergen Koppers (who mixed *Bad Girls*), is one of the best productions to appear in a while, more like a froth than a mix.

All of Miss Kane's songs were

written by Michael, Lana and Paul Sebastian and work best as a vichyssoise of fashion glamour taste, cold and not terribly subtle but refreshing. Miss Kane was, like Grace Jones before her, a high-powered model who saw an opening in the disco biz and went for it with an aggressive runway stride. Good for her. We need more pretty faces, pretty voices and half-hilarious music in this silly world.

The title song ranks just after the familiar "Forbidden Love/Fire in Your Heart" track played exhaustively on FM airwaves. And right after that comes the extremely light "Secret Love Affair" with zippy percussion by Marc Chantreau. It is all delightful Fire Island Pines stuff, giddy and heady and chic unto death but somehow not pretentious for a second. And as an added bonus, Miss Kane sings unerringly on pitch. A thoughtful touch, that.

Now, about *Lenny and the Squigtones*, an album of satire, parody and insult from a team of hard rockers: Michael McKean and David Lander met as drama students at Carnegie Tech in 1965 and goofed into a running act that surfaces now in a debut album from Casablanca. Much of it was taken down live at the Roxy in Los Angeles early in 1979. The two and their five companions sound like shot-loose Sha-Na-Na roadies who gave up careers in musicology to have some fun.

As they say, "It's great to be in Hollywood, where we always are," and from there the yocks come often and wry. Most of the jokes are on the movie industry, most of the music stands squarely in fifties, *early fifties* naivete. Remember "Sha-Boom, Sha-Boom" and its ilk? Chuck Berry? These guys have played a lot of pinball, and it shows. Very funny.

Norman Whitfield is the man behind a funk operation known as The Undisputed Truth, whose *Smokin'* just arrived from Whitfield Records. It is he who arranged, mixed, produced the whole affair in Los Angeles, and while it is not really a stop-press matter, it does do the job in an efficient way. If you walked into a record store and asked for undisputed funk, you would probably be handed this album.

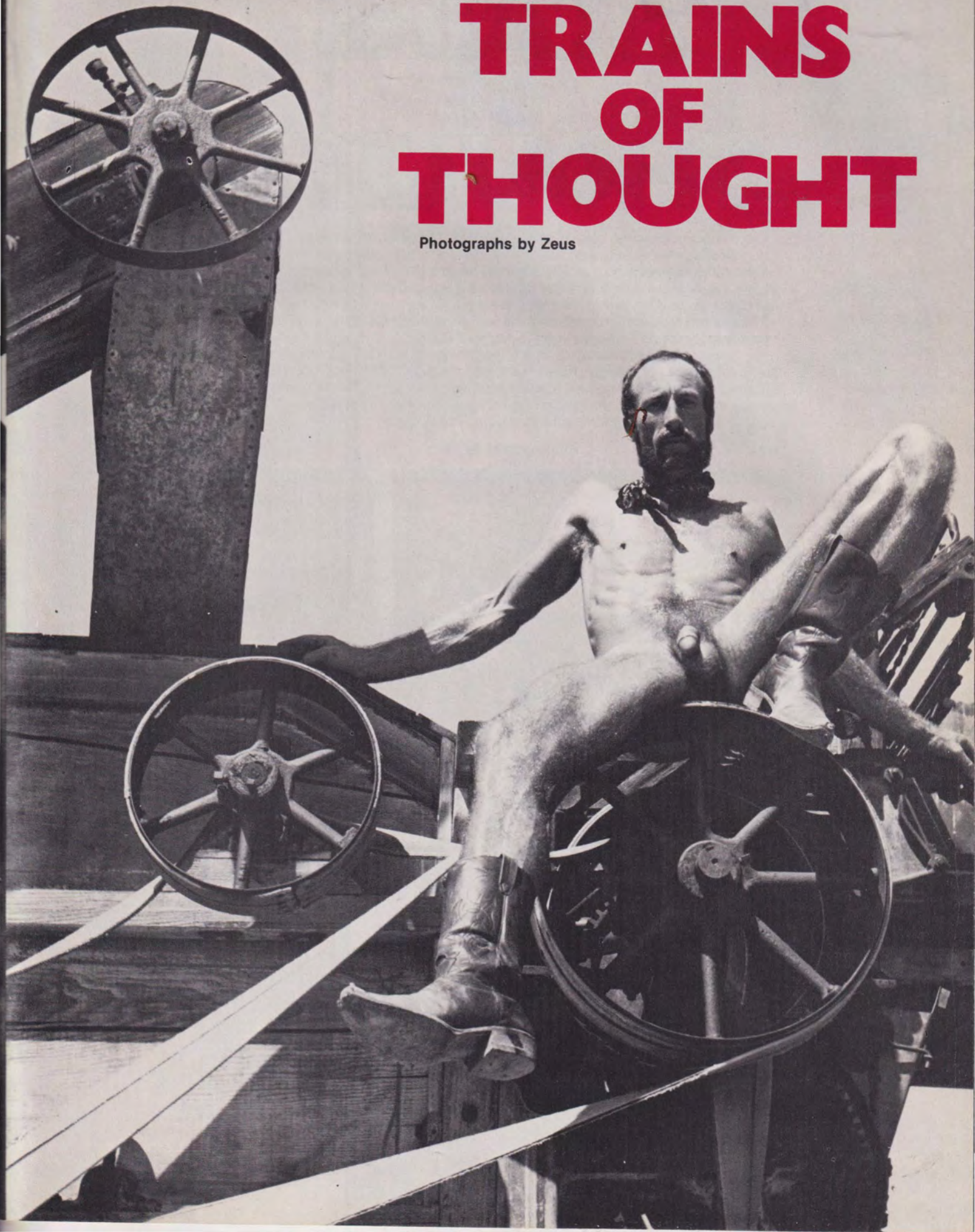
If you don't know about funk, consider it a species of blues as it would sound on Mars. Pioneered by Parliament Funkadelic and given to outrageous stage costuming in lame suggested by the roll-and-pleat school of auto interiors, funk owes its style to the notion that black people find outer space quite liberating. There are little synthesizer effects, as in "Atomic Funk," but nothing serious. Singer Marcy Thomas tells us that "Atomic music is coming to you," and one sees her conducting a tour of Three Mile Island in a high kick-off just before the Big Blast. Again, the idea unspoken but dominant, is that we have nowhere to take our sodden lives but upward, off the planet, or else backward into childhood.

Anyhow, *Smokin'* works out jes' fine, especially in the complicated "I Can't Get Enough of Your Love." But there's no magic. Sorry.

Briefly: Another Casablanca debut, Bad News Travels Fast (they really know how to name a group, don't they?) arrives on an album titled *Look Out*. The trio of musicians who lives in Nice, France, came to the attention of Alec Costandinos, himself no small talent in the disco business. If nothing greatly remarkable emerges from this album, perhaps more will be forthcoming. The Frenchmen are, then, Bernie Arcadio, Dede Ceccarelli and Jaycee Chanavat. Ceccarelli has been an accompanist to Chick Corea and Herbie Hancock, among others. Yet more funk: Whitfield Records sent over a copy of Nytro with their *Return to Nytopolis*, committed in Los Angeles and not up to the veracity of Undisputed Truth but trying, trying. They might try hiring a lady singer and easing off the shopworn shibboleths in their lyrics unless that's the point, as it well may be. What is promised as a "trial by funk" by Townsend, Townsend, Townsend and Rogers (these names!) comes from Casablanca on their Chocolate City label. There is a little story here. The Townsend at the beginning of that list is Ed Townsend, who in 1958 wrote and recorded "For Your Love," which some of us turned up real high on the radios of our Austin-Healeys thrown into overdrive trying to catch up with that biker just ahead. Well, Mr. Townsend and his two sons, Michael and David, and their friend David Rogers have formed a band. They sound fine, if gentlemanly. They don't seem to be headed for Mars in quilted lame suits but rather to Bel Air in brown gabardine. You never know.

TRAINS OF THOUGHT

Photographs by Zeus

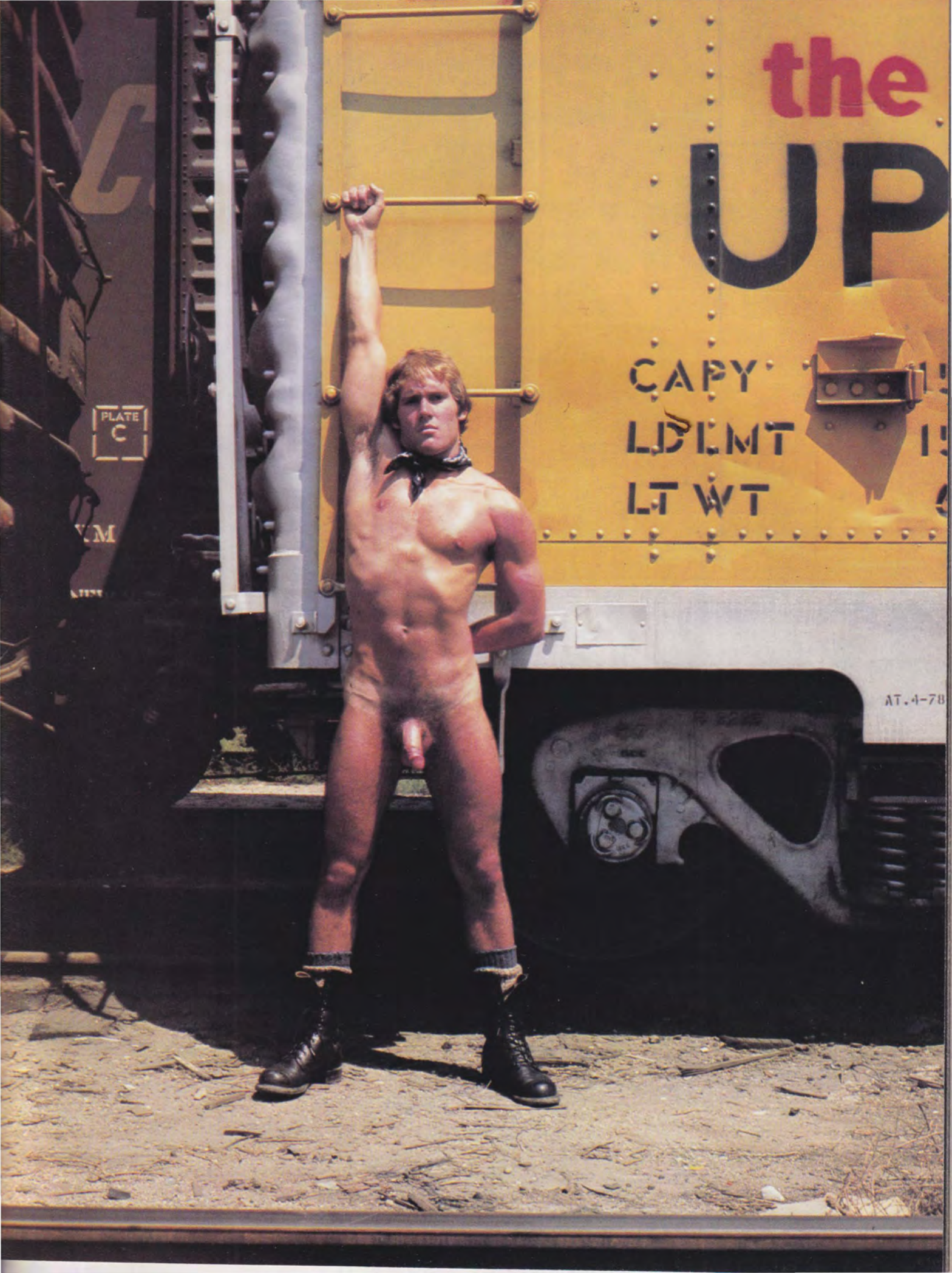


TRAINS OF THOUGHT

Those of us who played with electric trains when we were boys have certainly, since those golden days of youth and innocence, discovered more adult toys. It's amazing what a little bit of puberty can do. A few examples of some very handsome and honcho playthings are the men on these seven pages. Big men who are playing with grown-up sized trains, they happily clambered all over the freightcars in a California railyard. Fortunately for us—and for you—Zeus was there to capture the capricious event and we think you'll agree that it was well worth recording. Blond and muscular Gregg, right—you may remember him, cowboy-hatted, on our December 1978 cover—and his buddies offer something for just about everyone. And if men like the hot, muscular, dark-skinned dude below can't change your *train* of thought, nothing can.

Photographs by Zeus





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TRAINS OF THOUGHT

Cavorting in a manner that just might derail the Chattanooga choo-choo, Gregg at right shows his caboose, while Cody, below, could give you some crazy ideas, which might perhaps best be described as loco motives. In the centerfold that follows, a much-muscled hunk invites you into his own private boxcar, so you can forget the Acheson, Topeka and the Santa Fe, in order to concentrate on him. If these guys had been on Agatha Christie's *Orient Express*, we'd want to stay snowbound in Yugoslavia forever.

Photographs by Zeus



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MANDATE

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BOOKS

By Michael Llewellyn • Photograph by Arthur Tress

BOOKS REVIEWED:

Homosexuality in Perspective by Masters and Johnson;
The Gay Report by Karla Jay and Allen Young;
Gay Men, The Sociology of Male Homosexuality edited by Martin P. Levine;
Sexual Excitement, Sexual Peace by Suzanne Sarnoff and Irving Sarnoff, Ph. D.
Ron by Carl Tiktin;
Dress Grey by Lucian K. Truscott;
Nocturnes for the King of Naples by Edmund White;
The Secret Life of Tyrone Power by Hector Arce.

Currently causing something of a controversy in both gay and straight communities is the long-awaited much-ballyhooped Masters & Johnson tome, *Homosexuality In Perspective* (450 pages, Little, Brown & Company, cloth, \$17.50). It is important to emphasize that this book, the result of years of extensive studies in the M&J St. Louis laboratory "bedroom," is a professional text and not a layman's guidebook. Homosexuality is "put into perspective" from the standpoint of interaction of selected couples—91 homosexual and 57 heterosexual—in a study group comprised of participants who were sexually experienced, well-educated and lacking in sexual problems. Participants were observed while engaging in various types of sexual interactions and interviewed in depth. M&J drew their conclusions from this system.

What has caused the most publicized dissension is the report on two weeks of intensive therapy to treat gay men and women desiring to function as straight. The reported success factor was more than two-thirds of those 67 subjects. The question raised is how *permanent* is this change? There are few gays who can't function as straight if they choose, most of them simply not wanting the difference. A gay male interacting sexually with a straight female does not alter an underlying

need for a same-sex partner. From this standpoint, M&J's conclusions are inconclusive.

As would be expected, there are many interesting, less arguable findings. For example, gay couples communicated more freely, both verbally and nonverbally, about their sexual wants and needs. This suggests that homosexuals derive more sexual pleasure than heterosexuals. The husband rarely asked his wife if she was ready for intercourse, found the vaginal opening, penetrated and began thrusting, 80% of the time in the male-superior ("missionary") position. By contrast, homosexual couples took far longer to engage in non-genital and genital stimulation, savoring their partner's response. Straight women seemed to be conditioned to expect their husbands to know the ropes sexually and did not complain if they were unsatisfied or dissatisfied. M&J suggest that since gays don't have this sort of cultural conditioning they tend to make more of their sexual encounters by making their preferences clear.

Ambisexuals, those men and women whose preferences are equally divided between same-sex and opposite-sex partners, were also studied. Interesting here was the finding that ambisexual men, interacting with homosexual men,

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were highly performance-oriented whereas when interacting with heterosexual women showed much more striving for orgasm. Ambisexual men were reported to engage in fantasies devoid of a need to dominate or be dominated during sexual interaction and little attention was paid to gender of the sex partner. Homosexual males had more violence in their fantasies than either ambisexual or heterosexual males. More straight men than straight women have gay fantasies although it should be noted that these ranged from physical anticipation and performance envy to impulses toward sadism.

It is impossible to recount more than a fraction of the findings in this book, a work filled with tables, figures and statistics which will bewilder the average reader and fascinate others. As the authors state in Chapter One, "As health-care professionals we will only develop a culturally unbiased perspective of homosexuality from continued basic science research and from accepting the clinical responsibility for treating problems of sexual dysfunction or dissatisfaction within the homosexual population." This would seem to be precisely what they have done. Again, the report is not for everyone, debatable in some instances but indisputably significant. *Homosexuality in Perspective* will doubtless take its place alongside *Human Sexual Response* and *Human Sexual Inadequacy* as another landmark Masters & Johnson work.

Three "research-type" books on gay subjects currently make noteworthy reading, the most interesting and comprehensive being *The Gay Report* by Karla Jay and Allen Young (816 pages. Summit Books. Cloth. \$14.95.). The authors recorded, catalogued and analyzed the questionnaire responses of over 5,000 gay men and women ranging in age from fourteen to eighty-two from all over the United States and Canada. The lengthy, very thorough questionnaires are reproduced to familiarize the reader with how the study was conducted. The topics covered are extensive, ranging from gay attitudes toward sadomasochism and masturbation to political ideologies and sexual fantasies. The section on "coming out" is especially thought-provoking. The results are fascinating and enlightening and should be perused by anyone who wants to expand his/her awareness of

the sexual attitudes and lifestyles of homosexuals and, perhaps, expand his own as well. A well-documented, intensely personal and ambitious work.

In *Gay Men, The Sociology of Male Homosexuality*, edited by Martin P. Levine (346 pages. Harper & Row. Cloth. \$14.95), an overview is given of several facets of the gay subculture. Articles by twenty-one writers comprise the scope of the book, covering such topics as "Coming Out," "Gay Baths," "The Aging Homosexual," "Being Black and Gay," "The Male Prostitute," "A Social History of Gay Politics" and others. In some respects, the title is over-ambitious and Levine's compilation is just the tip of the gay iceberg, but it deserves reading nonetheless.

A third book, *Sexual Excitement, Sexual Peace* by Suzanne Sarnoff and Irving Sarnoff, Ph.D. (319 pages. M. Evans and Co., Inc. Cloth. \$12.50) is quite simply just about everything you could ever want to know about masturbation. The husband/wife author team presents a rather dramatic defense of masturbation in its myriad forms, notably its positive uses in adult relationships. Case histories, personal experiences and interviews examine the value of autoerotica for lovers, married couples, singles and parents who want their children to learn a healthy sexual awareness of their bodies. Attainment of orgasm, homosexuality, fantasies and other topics are dealt with as, once and for all, the condemning social taboos against this age-old and much maligned practice are intelligently challenged.

Also of special interest to the *Mandate* reader are *Ron, Dress Grey, Nocturnes for the King of Naples* and *The Secret Life of Tyrone Power*. Ron Starr is the protagonist of *Ron* (By Carl Tiktin, 388 pages, Arbor House, cloth, \$9.95), a man torn between the homosexual and heterosexual worlds, teetering with anguish as he decides which way to play his sexual trump. An old story to be sure, but at least the author writes well and cogently. Some gay liberationists will be offended by the book's conclusion in which Ron decides to take the hetero road. An example of what to expect is this excerpt from the last page. "Lenny-jack (Ron's gay brother) went away completely and Ron, purged,

Continued to page 78

MANDATE



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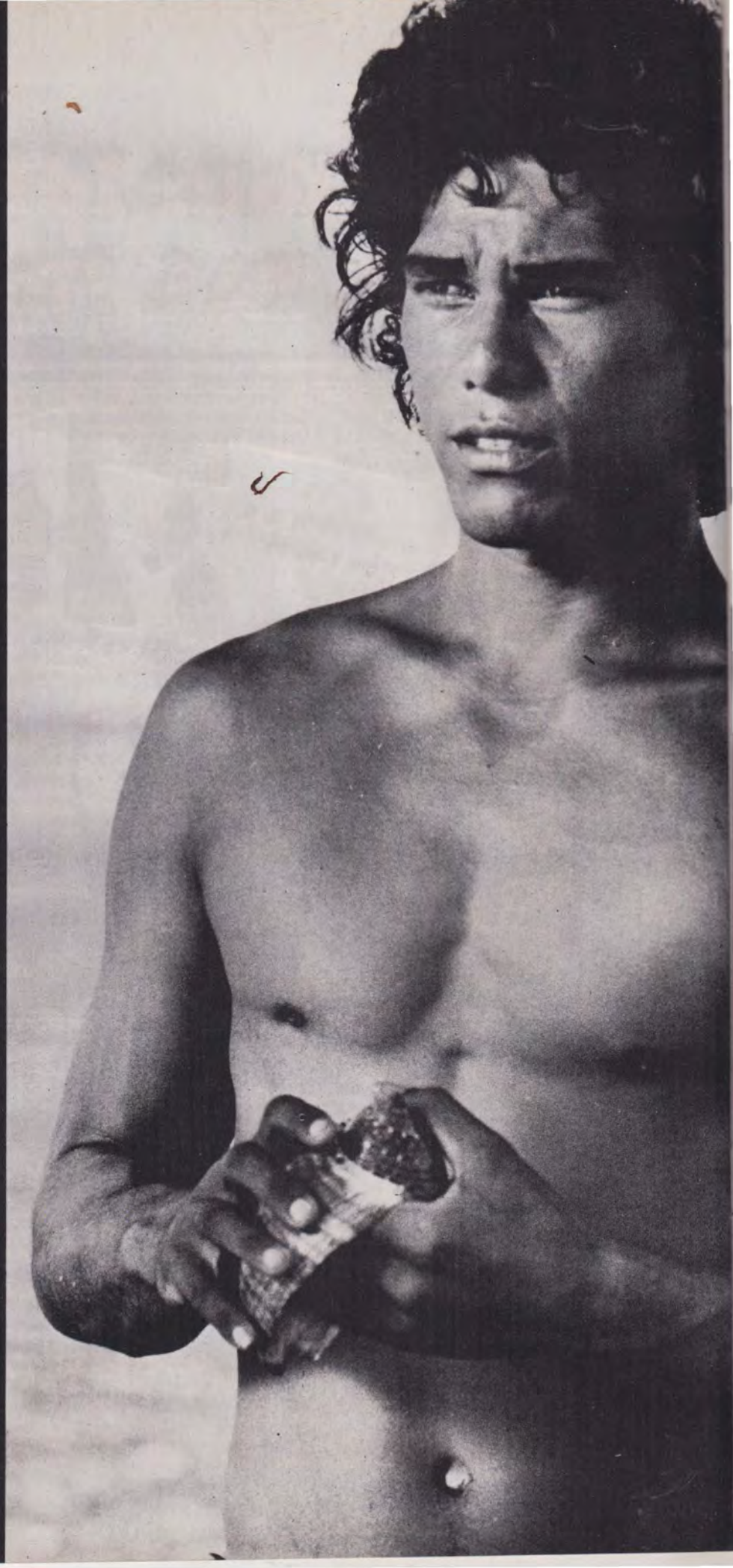
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Tall, dark and exotically, hauntingly handsome, he is perhaps the most fascinating new leading man in Hollywood. Yet it's difficult to imagine 6'2" Dayton Ka'Ne on a soundstage in tinseltown. He seems far more at home lying on the palm-shaded shore of a sandy lagoon, somewhere in the balmy South Seas. And in fact, this male Cinderella was actually discovered on the beach in Honolulu, by the perceptive talent scouts of Italian super-producer Dino de Laurentiis, who starred the complete unknown in the \$22 million production of *Hurricane*, as an exotic sex object with whom Mia Farrow falls in lust at first sight. De Laurentiis has signed him to an exclusive three-picture contract (shades of Stigwood and Travolta).

While on a promotional visit to San Francisco, the dark, muscular 23-year-old, resplendent in a white suit that shows off his deep, deep tan, declares, "I'd never acted before, not in a movie, a play, not even in school. Some people are telling me that's hard to believe, so I just smile. That's a pretty big compliment." Dayton is still having a hard time believing what has happened to him. "It's like a dream, only it's been going on for so long now that I know it's for real, and it's here to stay."

Ka'Ne is a native of Waimanalo, Oahu, the oldest of six children. Before he was able to read, he was an expert surfer, and in high school the athletically-inclined youth went out for basketball and football. Though he is mainly of Hawaiian decent and cares strongly about his disappearing cultural background, he is part Irish. "Some people have told me I have Irish eyes—whatever that means," he grins amiably, "and a few relatives have said I've got an Irish temper! Now that's a little easier to believe."

The Ka'Ne family still lives by the sea in Waimanalo and are a closely knit family, all supportive of native culture to the extent that they have formed the Heritage Benefit Committee which encourages and aid young Hawaiians in learning about their heritage and traditions. "It would be a shame and a crime," says Dayton sincerely, "if one of the most beautiful ways of life on the earth just vanished from view. Already, much of Hawaii is gone. Today, there are as many parking lots, McDonald's and condominiums as anywhere else. The natural land is being paved over and





'Hurricane' was a tempest in a teapot, but it launched a tidal wave of publicity for a muscular 6'2" Hawaiian surfer

DAYTON KA'NE

Off to London to star in Dino de Laurentiis' 'Flash Gordon' remake, Dayton Ka'Ne has only one worry: "London doesn't even have a beach!"

By George Haddad-Garcia

nobody bothers to enjoy local dances, arts or shows—they just sit home and watch *Kojak* or whatever's on the boob-tube."

Being close to the land, the lad is into agriculture, and before his magical discovery, he was enrolled at the University of Hawaii, studying farming and fertilizer for three years. He also worked on a coconut and pineapple plantation owned and run by the school. "I still want to have my own piece of land," he says, sounding homesick already. "I like the idea of raising your own food, or as much of it as possible. It's not too hard or arduous, and it's a whole way of life, very rewarding. It's great exercise, gardening and planting crops, etc. It keeps you fit and makes you humble—the old Hawaiians were not only as fit as most of today's young individuals, but they were almost never senile, even after 80."

Dayton admits shyly that he is a very private person, not because of his new-found status, but because "it's my nature, how I've always been." He seems ambivalent about acting. On the one hand he says he likes it and is appreciative of its rewards (most of his money has gone to his family). Yet he also wants a more "rounded" life and doesn't intend to live permanently, if at all, in Hollywood. He doesn't feel he's in competition with Travolta, Berenger, Katt or any of

the new crop of actors. For one thing, he is a more definite type. His handsome features are a meeting of East and West, and he states, "The talent people didn't think I was *too* alien-looking, because they wanted somebody American and European audiences could identify with. Nevertheless, I know I'm not the guy next door—not on the mainland."

"I'm not positive how far my acting career could go, but I'm not losing any sleep over it. Just what's happened to me so far is incredible; if I never make another movie, I'll still be in *Hurricane*, and I'll always be able to look back on that and see the movie over and over."

But Dayton Ka'Ne, according to de Laurentiis, is destined to go far, with his appealing looks and quiet manliness. His next feature will be *Flash Gordon*, to be shot in London—Dayton's first trip to Europe—in which he will play the Lion Man. "That one's gonna be a terrific story," he enthuses. "I've always liked *Flash Gordon*—adventure stories go big with me, and Mr. de Laurentiis will do it over real well, I'm sure." Besides adventure, the newcomer likes reading history (specifically, Polynesian history), and indulges in surfing and swimming whenever possible. His parents, incidentally, are still working and intend to continue with their jobs as, respectively, a physical therapist

DAYTON KA'NE



In his debut film, *Hurricane*, Hawaiian surfer-turned-actor Dayton Ka'Ne has the unique distinction of being treated explicitly as a male sex object. Not since William Holden in *Picnic*, Warren Beatty in *All Fall Down*, Michael Parks in *Bus Riley's Back in Town* and Paul Newman in *Hud* has a male's erotic charisma been so emphasized. Charmed is Mia Farrow, right, whose father Jason Robards, above, objects. Photos: Paramount.



and head switchboard operator at a Waikiki Beach hotel. "They're proud of me, alright," says Ka'Ne, "but they're proud of themselves, too, and they'd never quit work just because they had a son or daughter who was rich or famous. Work runs in our family."

When *Hurricane* was announced, the two romantic leads were to be newcomers, the results of worldwide Scarlett O'Hara-like talent hunts initiated by Dino de Laurentiis' Famous Films Corporation. The search for the "new Dorothy Lamour" was especially highly publicized, and hundreds of girls were tested, from thousands of hopefuls. The publicity gimmick worked beautifully, but in the end oldcomer Mia Farrow was selected, and the process was denounced by cynics who believed Mia had been the choice all along. Dayton is the first to defend his willowy co-star, who played a 20ish girl although in her mid-30s. "First of all, a few older people have said to me that they really liked my performance and all that, and that's terrific. In the old version (1937) Jon Hall was the boy, and of course, he wasn't Polynesian or anything. In those days, the whole world was white and American, I guess.

"But these people—and I know they mean well—they say that Mia is no Dorothy Lamour. Who said she's supposed to be? The two women are totally different, and I don't think Mr. de Laurentiis was trying to make a carbon copy. You go see us on the screen; Mia is fantastic. She makes you feel like you have to protect her, she's so vulnerable. I think this is one of the few remakes where the new version beats hell out of the old one—pardon my language." Few share Dayton's opinion.

The combination of Mia and Dayton is indeed a potent one, though, and *Hurricane* is breaking box-office records in Europe and Australia, and is foreseen as a huge smash in the Orient and Latin America, which Ka'Ne may visit, to promote the movie. He is its best advertisement and spokesperson, stating, "It's a mixture of a love story, a travelogue, an adventure story, an expose of imperialism, and also a disaster movie, with all the water anybody would want to see in a lifetime. Besides that, the music and the score—and I'm not saying this because I'm in it—is probably the most beautiful I've ever heard of any movie. And I've been to my share of movies. The man who composed it also did *The Godfather*

and a hell of a lot more; he was one of the great musicians and composers of our century." About a week after the haunting soundtrack came out, composer Nino Rota died in Rome of a blood clot in the brain....

The talent hunt for the role of Matangi, the young Samoan chieftain, was completely in earnest, for it was recognized that a standard Hollywood actor couldn't do ethnic justice to the part. Thus, the search occurred mainly in the Pacific area. Out of hundreds of Hawaiians, 30, including Dayton, were videotaped in 1977, and the footage was viewed by the Italian producer and husband of Silvana Mangano. After viewing the tape a second time, he decided he had found his new star. Besides being an adventurous producer of the first rank (he built a

the United States had him covered up, but was there an alternate-take for the still more sophisticated European market? He smiles bashfully, and it eventually comes out that there was. "I never knew they did that kind of thing. Like, for Europe they reshoot everything and make it sexier, and for Japan and the Orient they put in more violence and blood. For Latin America they cover the girls up more modestly—they don't have the nude scene of Moana, my fiancée; I think that was cut out. Someone told me in Iran now they don't want movies where the boy is showing any part of himself from his navel to his knees. But in Egypt they say it's okay to show a guy partly naked, but never a girl! I don't even try to figure it out."

Is Dayton hopeful that his contract

though I've had acting lessons for *Hurricane*. They taught me how to deal with the camera and sound somewhat convincing, but they can't make you into a great actor. I don't know if I'll ever be a great actor, but a lot of stars aren't. I'm more worried about working in England, 'cause there they specialize in making people believe they're the characters they play."

How did the character of Matangi differ from the young Ka'Ne?

"I'd rather talk about the similarities. Like, we're both caught in between two worlds. We respect the old ways and don't question them, but we also like the freedom and some of the materialism of modern society. We have to pick and choose what we want from life, and sometimes we get in a bind and maybe even feel a little hypocritical. But Matangi had a higher social status, and he was going to accept a fixed marriage. That, I could never do. And I wouldn't want to be any kind of chief, with that responsibility. If I'd been a chief, I'd have been too scared to even start falling in love with someone like Mia Farrow. That led to a lot of disaster for everybody."

"We're different only in a few things. Matangi was sort of owned, really pushed around by the white Americans, and I'd never let that happen to me. We value our culture as much as anybody else values their own, and nowadays Hawaiian youth is very proud and rather defiant. That's good, when you consider what happened when the white man tried converting us, pushing us around and propagandizing. There are very few natives left in Hawaii, and almost everybody has some European or Oriental background in them."

What about Dayton's personal life and his leisure time?

"I'm an outdoors guy. I think big, modern buildings are...they're not so comfortable to me. I don't know what it's going to be like, making movies inside building, where everything is artificial. London doesn't even have a beach! I'll have to figure something new out. I don't do many fancy things, I just go from day to day like most people, and I do have someone special in my life. But it's not a forever kind of thing, and now that I'll be moving around I'm going to have to weaken the bonds. But we Hawaiians are romantic at heart, and no matter how far we go, we usually go back to that little grass shack." He laughs. "so long as it isn't empty."

"I can't do drama or musicals yet.... They taught me how to deal with the camera and sound somewhat convincing, but they can't make you into a great actor."

\$4.2 million hotel on Bora Bora, supervised by one of his daughters, to house the cast and crew), de Laurentiis grooms promising new talent, having signed *King Kong*'s Jessica Lange to a personal contract and having unsuccessfully attempted to sign the picky Eric Roberts of *King of the Gypsies*. "The day of the national actor is over," pronounces Dino. "The international actor of various national backgrounds and with a much wider appeal to people all over the world, is accepted and is sought after."

Says Dayton, "The filming of *Hurricane* was full of problems and certain cast members who didn't get along." He won't name names, but apparently Mia Farrow and Timothy Bottoms didn't share offscreen the love they did in the story. "Anyway, everybody's probably read about it, and having been asked about it a million times, I'd rather move on to talking about something else."

What about nudity? Originally, Dayton was to appear nude from behind, in a scene in which he was embracing Mia in the sand, sheltered by some bushes. The scene shown in

will do for him what Travolta's three-pic deal with Robert Stigwood did for the New Jerseyite?

"Lightning only strikes a few times; that's an old Hawaiian saying. You can't duplicate someone else's success, and trying to only makes you frustrated. Just being in a hit like *Hurricane* is satisfying, but my other movies for Mr. de Laurentiis will also be hits, I'm sure, though maybe not as big as this. That's okay. Movies is a job, and the pay is good. I can make more, even in bad movies, than I could doing something menial on Oahu. I don't mean I think it's better, but it pays more, and that money can help get good educations for my brothers and sisters. Things like that is what money should be used for, 'cause I don't need or want any fancy luxuries, except maybe a sports car, something really *wild*!" His eyes light up at the thought, and he flashes a brilliant, almost blindingly white smile.

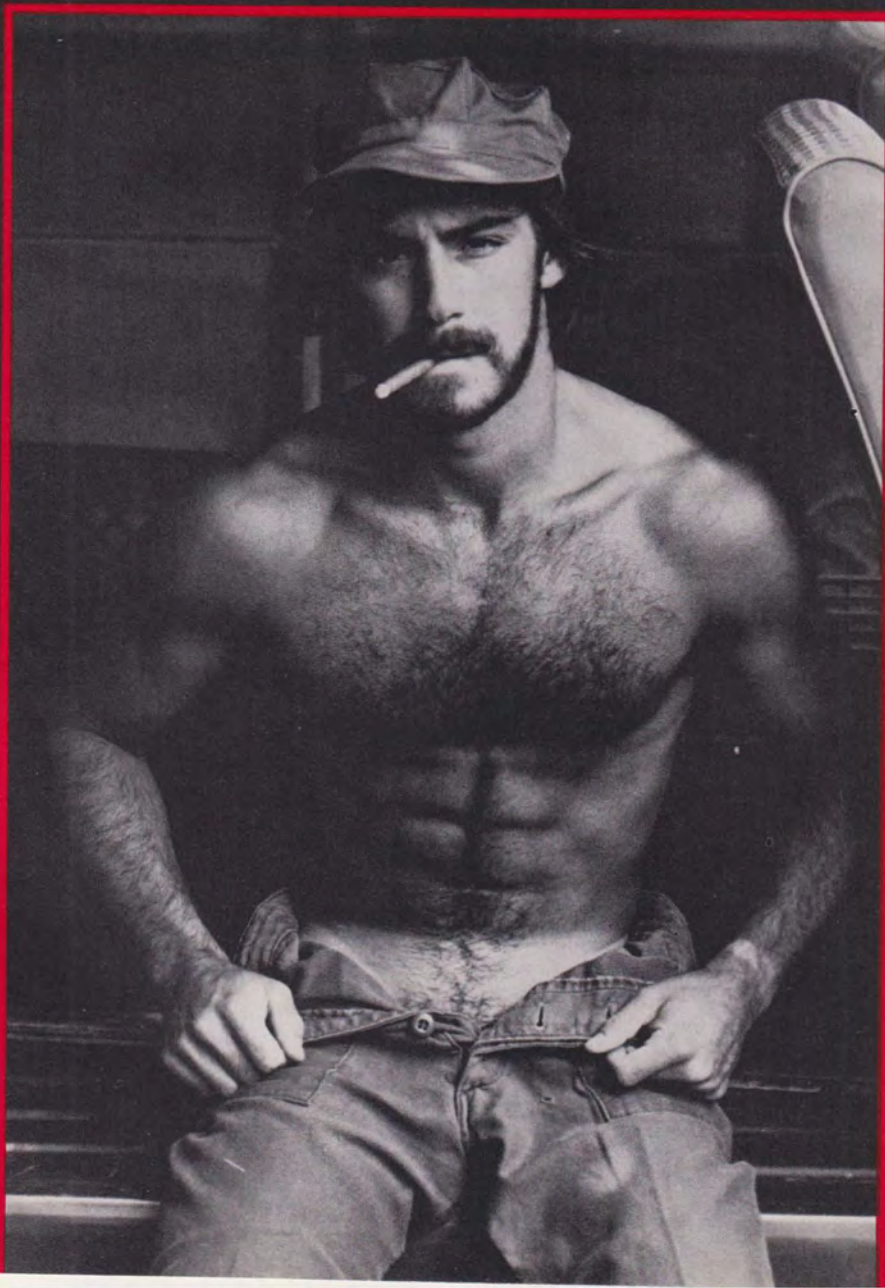
After his contract expires, what does he hope to do in motion pictures?

"I don't know." He shrugs, refreshingly stumped for words. "I can't do drama or musicals yet, even

HOT STUFF

He may not have the sort of vision possessed by Faye Dunaway in *Eyes of Laura Mars*, but Billy Mars has a decidedly powerful gaze that pierces right through you. One look at the photo below and, in spite of myriad sources of physical appeal, your attention is immediately riveted by dark sensual eyes. Then those other appealing qualities begin to get to you. Our photographer watched him get ready for a hot hardhat day on the job and, in the process, Billy showed that he is endowed with plenty of, uhm... charisma.

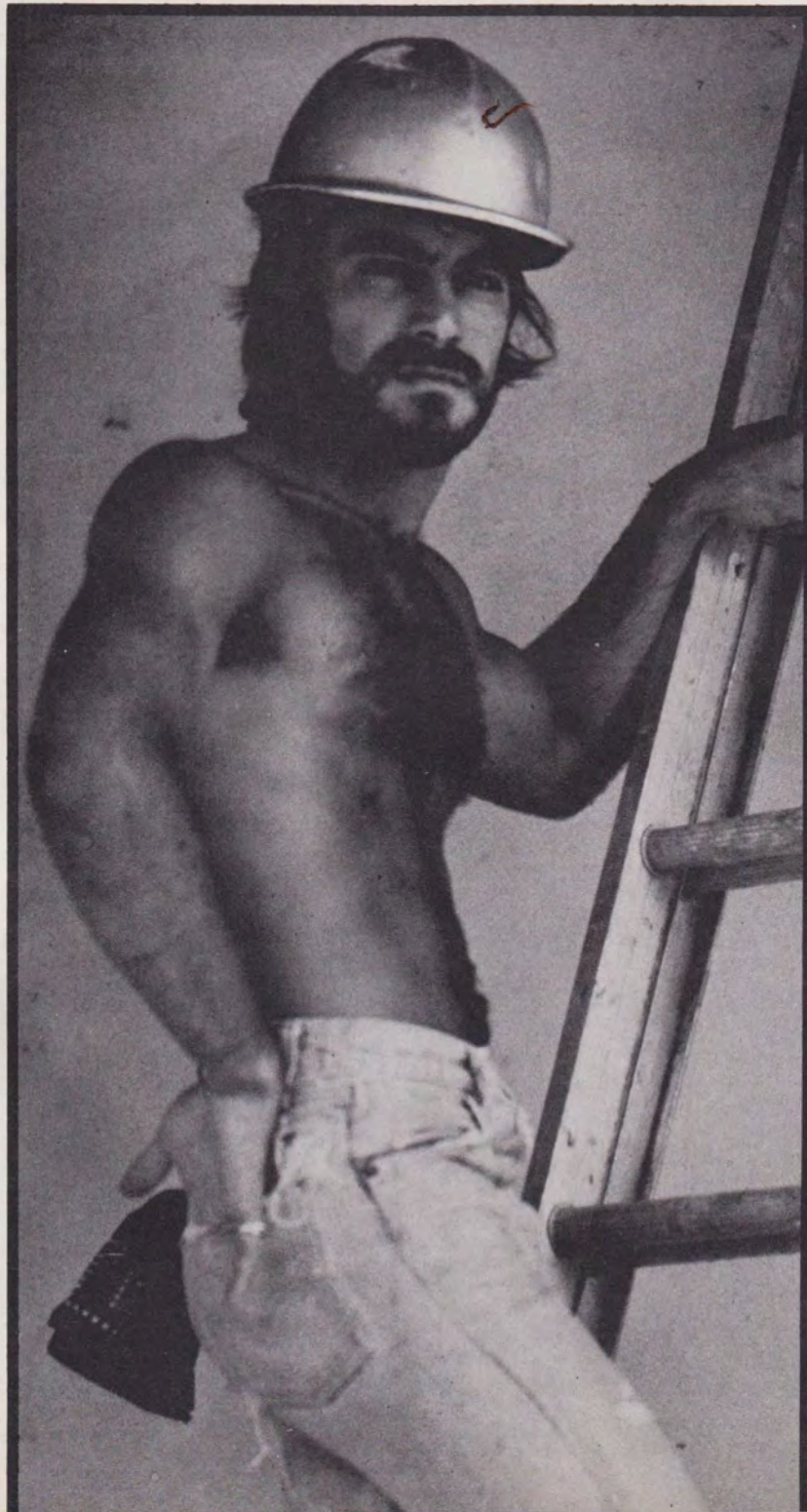
Photograph by Jerry Buzzelli



HOT STUFF

If your own particular fantasies drift toward hardhats, Billy will doubtless turn the trick. Our guy with the come-hither stare takes on an entirely different look once the construction hat goes on...and the jeans come off. Billy can play with our erector set any day, and we'll even supply extra screws. If hardhats represent middle American sensibilities, then we're ready to move to Kansas. Billy Mars is really out of this world.

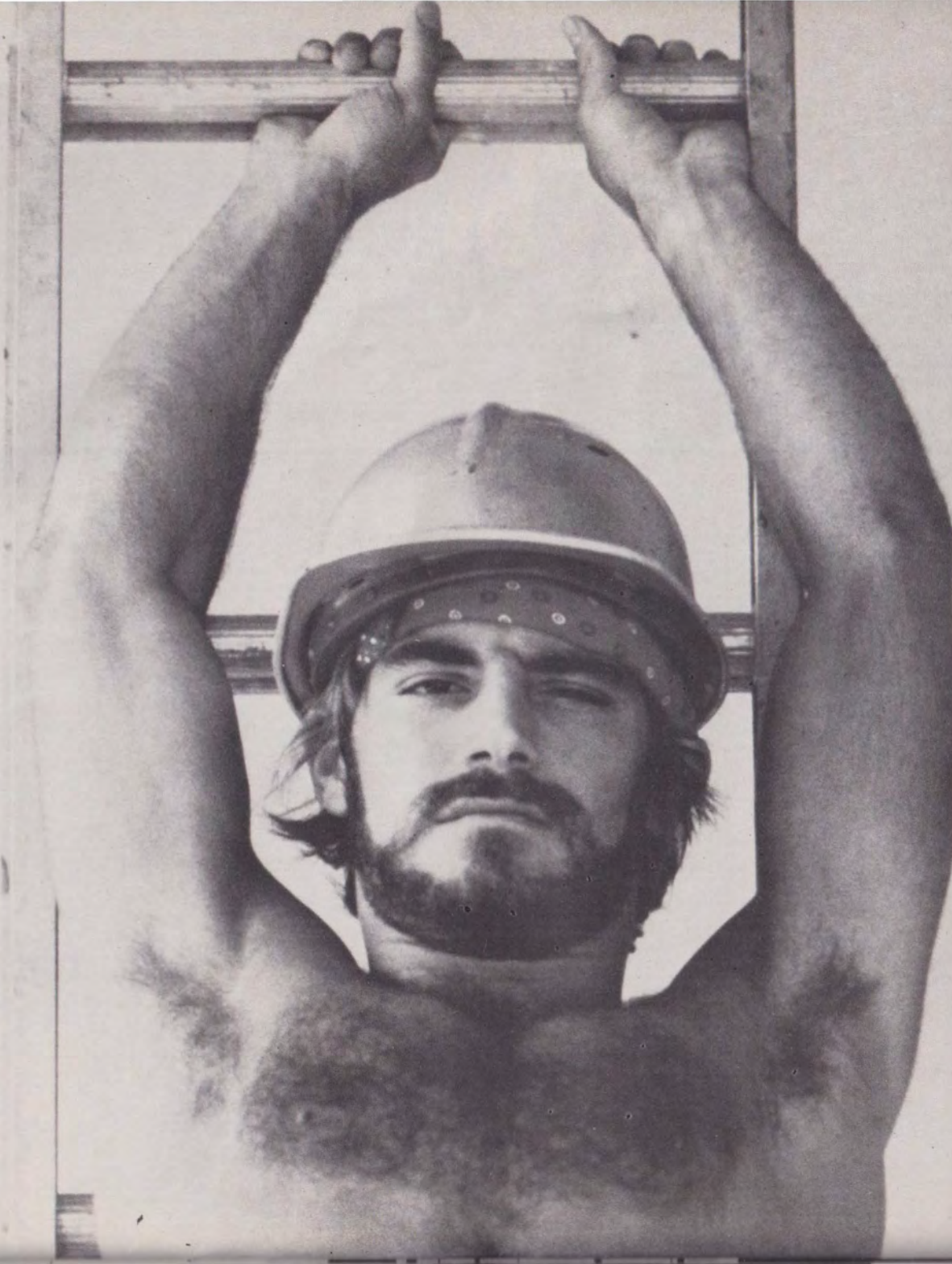
Photographs by Jerry Buzzelli

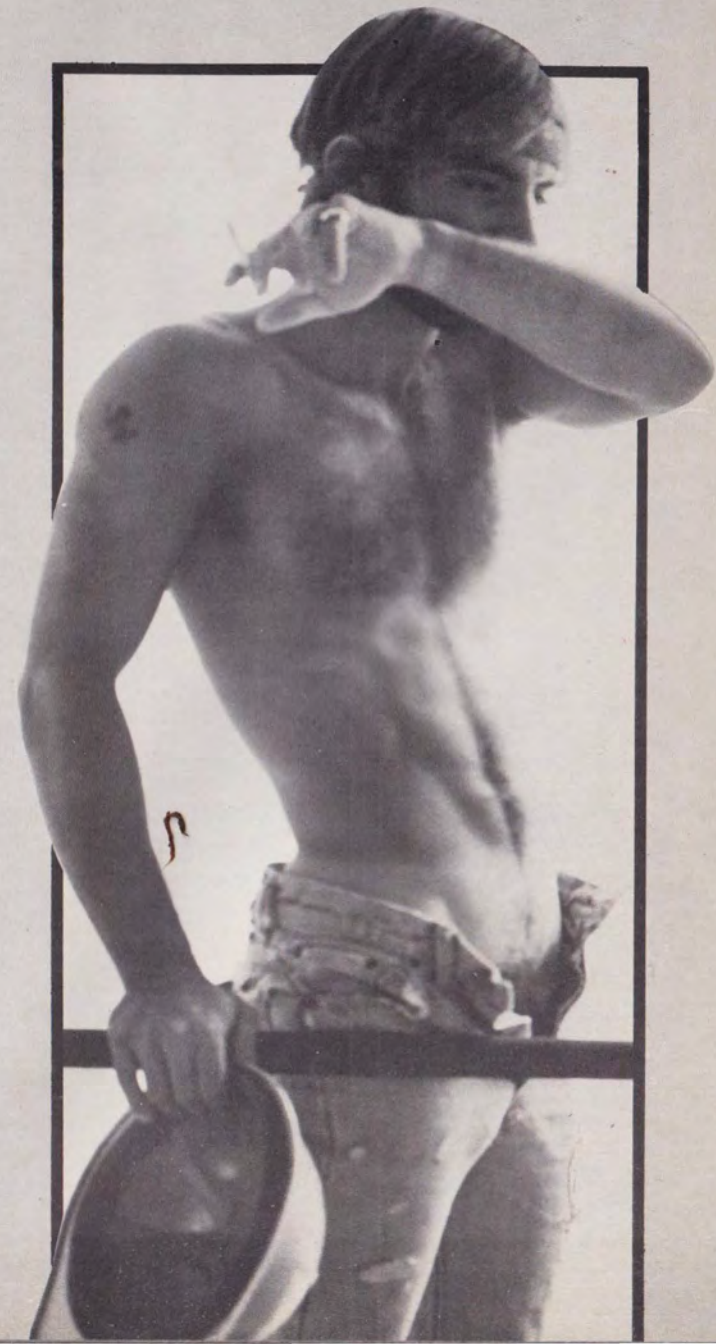
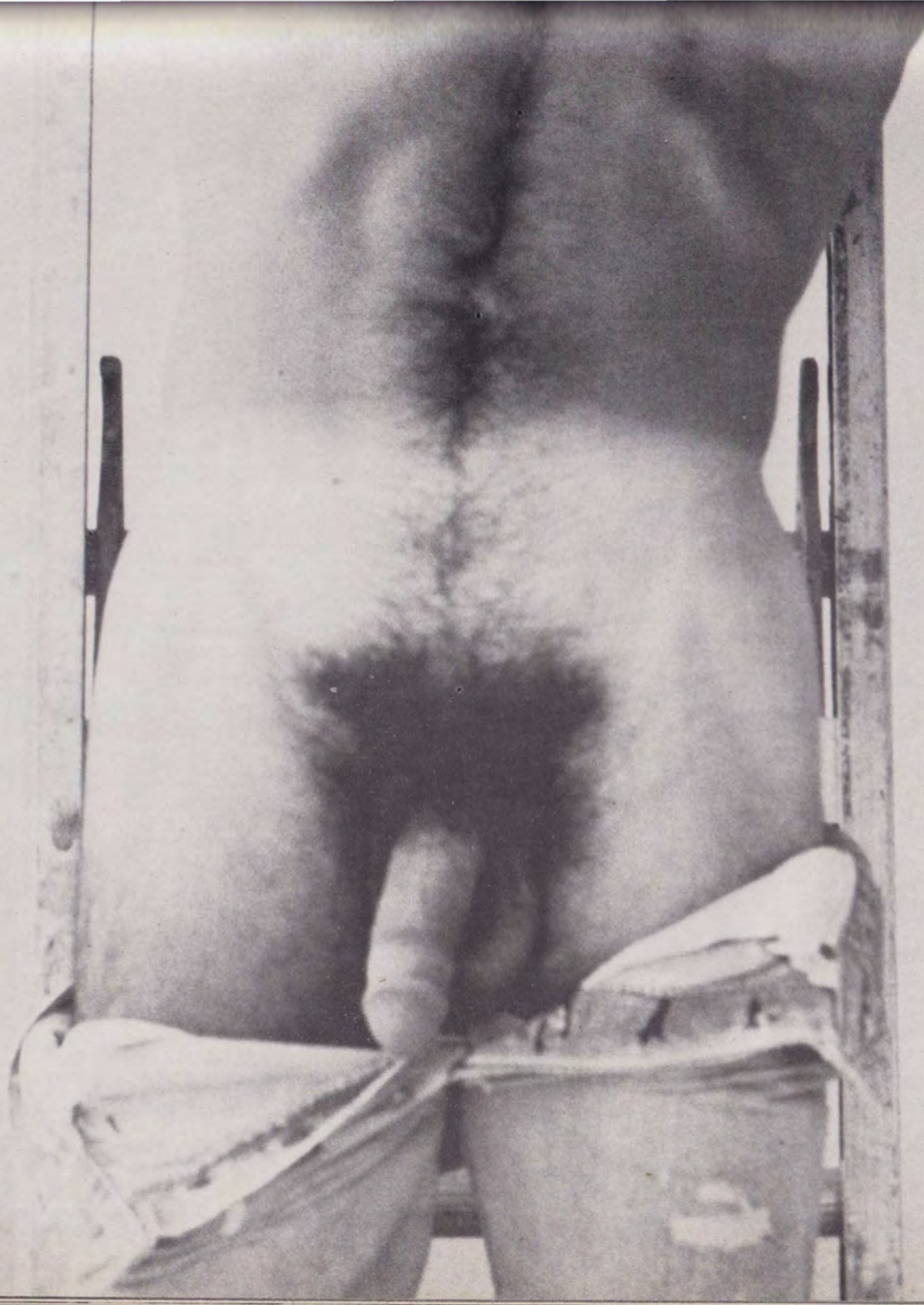




MANDATE

Photograph by Jerry Buzzelli





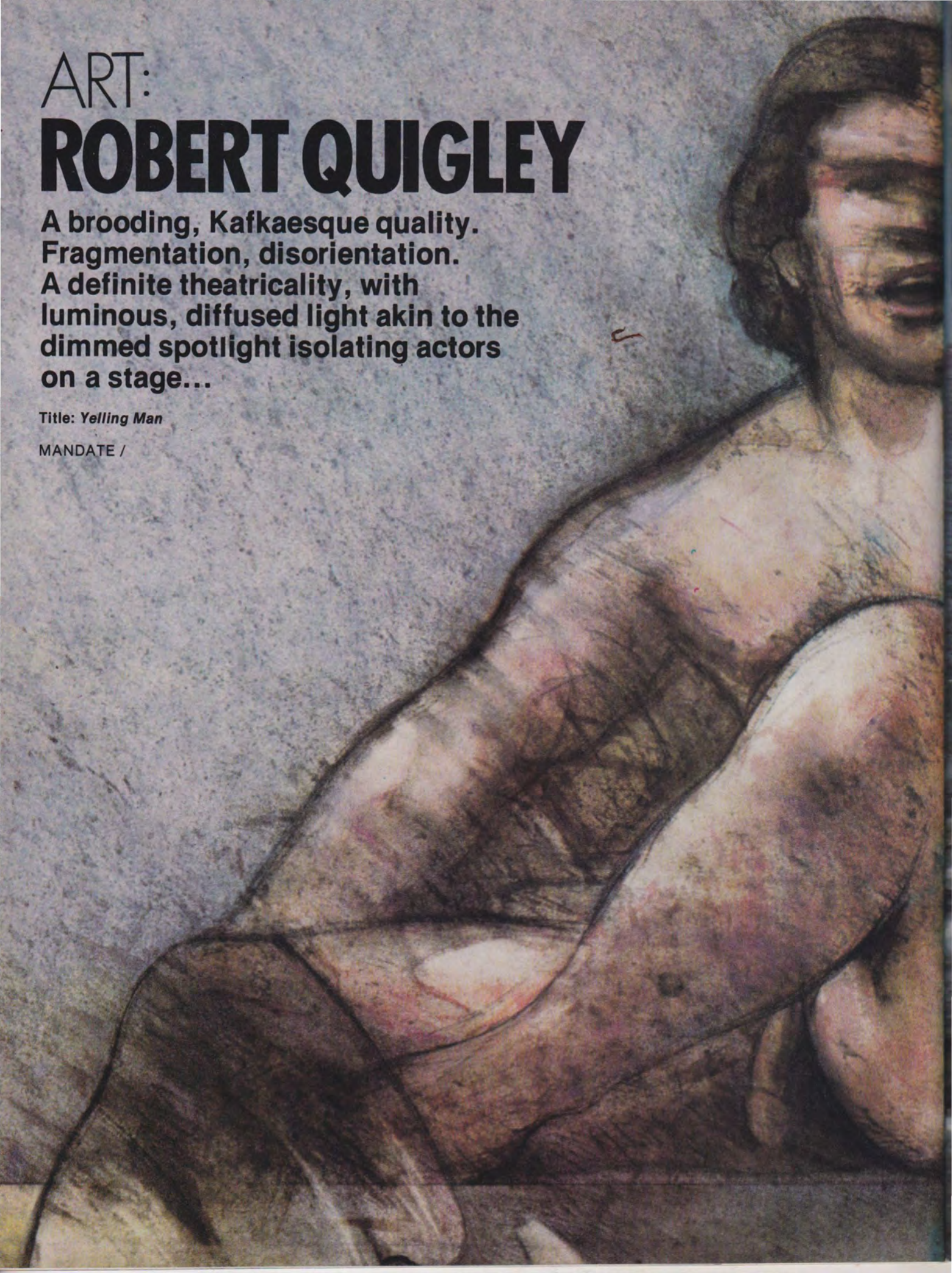
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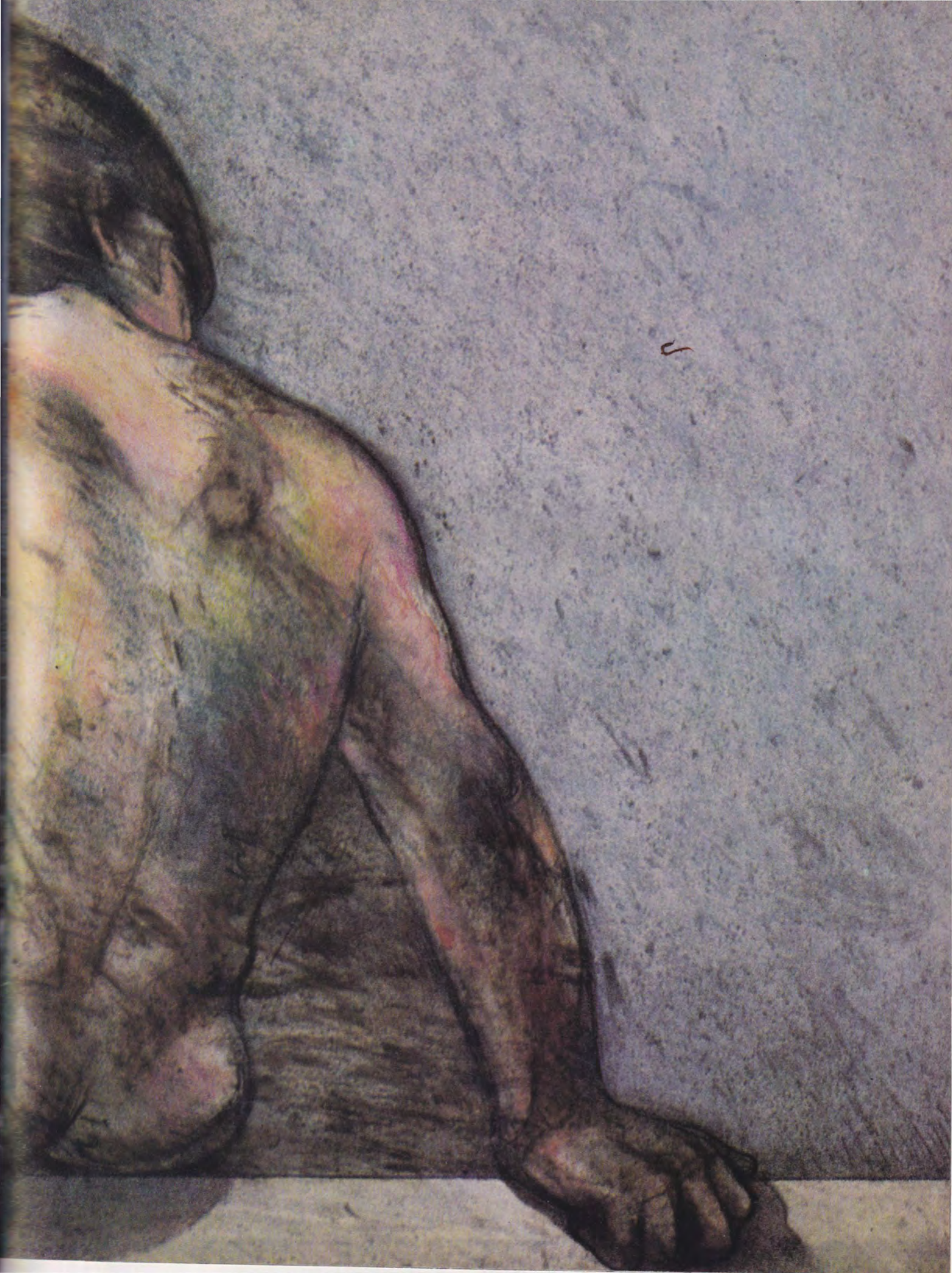
ROBERT QUIGLEY

A brooding, Kafkaesque quality.
Fragmentation, disorientation.
A definite theatricality, with
luminous, diffused light akin to the
dimmed spotlight isolating actors
on a stage...

Title: *Yelling Man*

MANDATE /







RIK

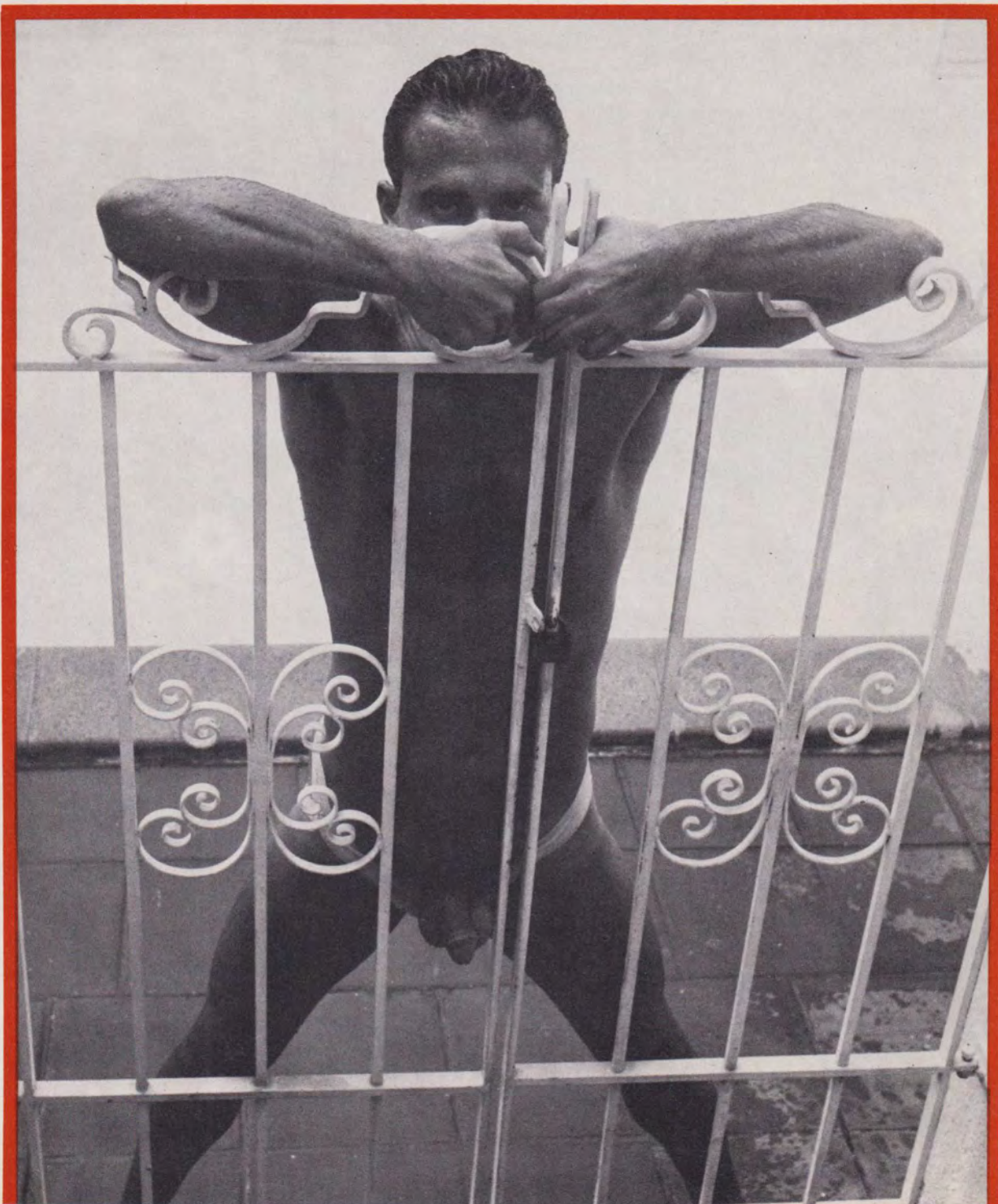
This no-nonsense fellow probably dropped the "c" from his name—Rik—since he is a strong believer in getting back to basics. That passion even extends to his desire to get an all-over tan.

No encumbering swim trunks for this fellow. When he opts for the simple life, he doesn't do it halfway. You can get another glimpse of this all-American looking stud on the following pages.

If that isn't enough, write for more information on Rik and the other men of Zeus, P.O. Box 64250-M, Los Angeles, CA 90064.

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MANDATE

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Continued from page 30

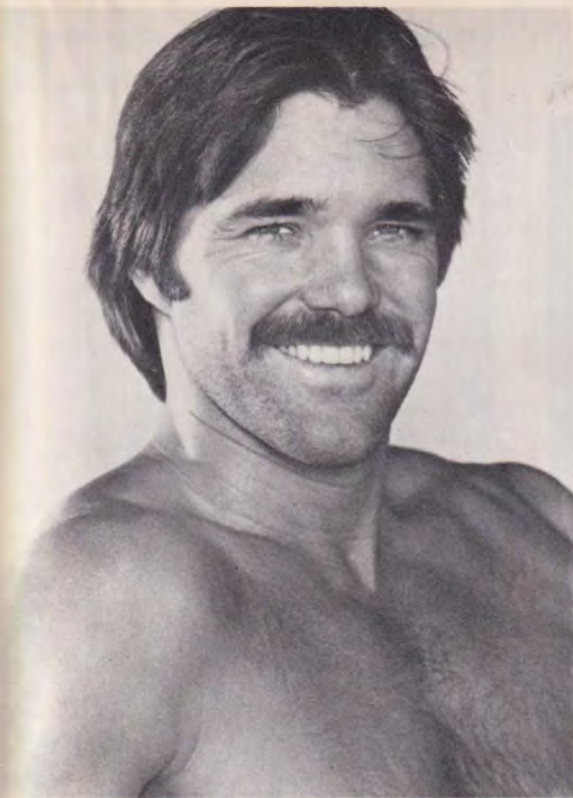
through self-service. Out of fairness to the other passengers, don't take more than you think you can eat, unless you want to feed the fish with the waste that is dumped in the ocean.

Dinner is usually served in the galley, since it consists primarily of hot food. On the second-to-the-last evening, we had dinner on Salt Island, with a big bonfire. The crew informed us that we were going to have a pig roast, but in fact the poor old pig was cooked on the ship and brought to the island, like everything else. The event was short but fun. All we needed was Annette Funicello and Frankie Avalon.

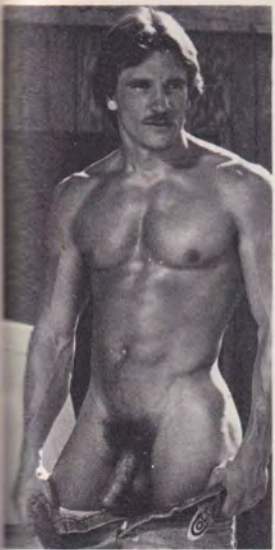
One word of warning: if the ship is pitching back and forth during mealtime, which it did considerably during one breakfast, everything will begin to slide across the table. If you are on the receiving end, as it were, what you see is what you'll get—in your lap. The best way to avoid a mess is either to remove yourself quickly or place everything on napkins (plenty are provided for this purpose), which will stop things from sliding. A knowing person can become hero in a matter of seconds if he sees what is going to happen to that plate of food as it starts to move across the table. I, for one, did not, and became the chump who had to repair to his room covered with pancakes and syrup.

Accommodations? When you find your room you will immediately discover that a ship designed to carry eighty passengers can't be generous on space. Two people could stand in our room. That was it. You'll learn the true meaning of the term "in the closet." Each cabin is equipped with a bathroom, which consists of a wash basin, a toilet, and a shower head in the middle of the ceiling. One twist of *one* knob will let the water out—all over everything. There's no such thing as a shower stall, or hot water. It's lukewarm, and you'll just have to get used to it. Actually, after being in the sun all day, it can be rather refreshing to take a cool shower, except in the morning, when it opens your eyes faster than you think. Each cabin also has an air conditioner, which is essential (the rooms are so tiny they cool down quickly), and a mattress that has made no improvement since the Stone Age. It's hard as a rock and covered with plastic, to avoid water and mildew. Unfortunately the plastic, though covered with clean sheets every day, creates extra body heat with

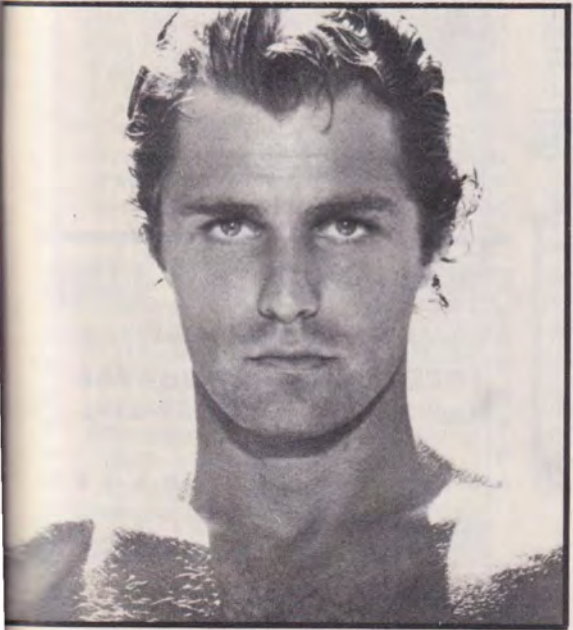
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no ventilation, which means you will more than likely wake up in the middle of the night covered with sweat. You will have to get used to that, too. In other words, prepare to rough it a little. It will make you appreciate what you have at home. But roughing it is part of the reason you've come.

DRUGS

Transporting drugs from the U.S. to the British Virgin Islands is apparently not difficult, though of course you always do so at your own risk. Many of the passengers had marijuana and amyl nitrite, which I was told was easy to get in the Caribbean at a price reasonably below that in the U.S. Some passengers brought cocaine, though the dampness at sea made it hard to manipulate in one of those glass vials that portions it out. The big fantasy, of course, is to get stoned in the middle of the ocean where the cops won't get you. Well, indeed they won't, so if drugs are a part of your lifestyle, do what you must. Just be sure to smoke, snort, or sniff whatever you have left before you return to the U.S., where you will be more thoroughly searched before you are allowed to go home. The last-night party on deck is the perfect place to get rid of the evidence. Needless to say, it makes for an extremely festive occasion. Fortunately the ship won't be moving, though depending upon your condition, you may feel that there's a storm at sea.

SAFETY

Despite the kind but urgent warnings from the captain and crew about the dangers that can befall anybody who sails on a ship, almost every accident that could happen occurred to someone, either on board or off. Several problems are noted here. All of them will be described during storytelling time on board, but it may be wise to implant the following in your mind before you decide to take the cruise.

Sunburn was undoubtedly the worst problem. Because we sailed in April, most of the voyagers from the more northern climate of the U.S. had not

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had a chance to adapt their skin to summer weather. Feet swelled up, backs were blistered, and one's pleasure was noticeably diminished by having to sleep on a hard mattress with a painful sunburn. If you have no chance to condition your skin before you sail, take the sun a little at a time and keep yourself covered until you can stand more. Use a liberal amount of suntan lotion with an effective sun-screen. The tropical sun can be deceiving. During the first two days, a cloud hid the sun and rain fell, but I received a bad sunburn without even knowing it. Later, my feet swelled up to almost twice their size, due to a severe sunburn I got just walking around the deck in bare feet. If you go snorkeling, cover any sensitive areas with a T-shirt. One guy developed enormous blisters across his shoulders from skimming along the ocean's surface, where the water acted like a magnifying glass on his back. Though everyone wanted to return home with a gorgeous tan and lord it over his friends, there wasn't enough time to achieve a fabulous one. The result was a lot of unnecessary agony.

Sea urchins abound in the ocean. The most troublesome ones are black and spiny, about the size of a small fist. One poor chap stepped on one—quite by accident, of course—and suffered his own brand of unnecessary pain. Though we made a joke out of the fact that the best way to remedy the injury was to piss on it (the acid in urine helps remove the barb), it wasn't very funny to the man who had it, though he maintained a wonderful smile nonetheless. Ironically, with a ship full of gay men, not one could supply any healing liquid—at least not until later. The man with the injury initially supplied his own.

Silly accidents can occur on board, like falling and cutting your head on the winding metal staircase that goes down into the ship, or spilling hot creole sauce all over your hand. These are only two of the many things that actually happened to one man who was apparently accident prone and who was turned into a ghoulish by the end of the cruise. Fortunately there were two doctors on board, so the victim came out all right. The captain is well supplied with common medical aids if you need them.

I hate to moralize, but a word of caution should go to those who love to drink. There is every opportunity to get smashed out of your mind. The Pussy Bar (do you believe it?) is open almost

Continued to page 74

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ANGLES

Getting a good look at things from all sides is the best way to evaluate something. This is undoubtedly what Zeus had in mind when photographing Gavin. Whether posing him in boots, bandanna and cowboy hat, or just jock and jacket, they zeroed in on the guy from everywhere. Front or rear, from top to bottom, the camera caught a man's many facets.

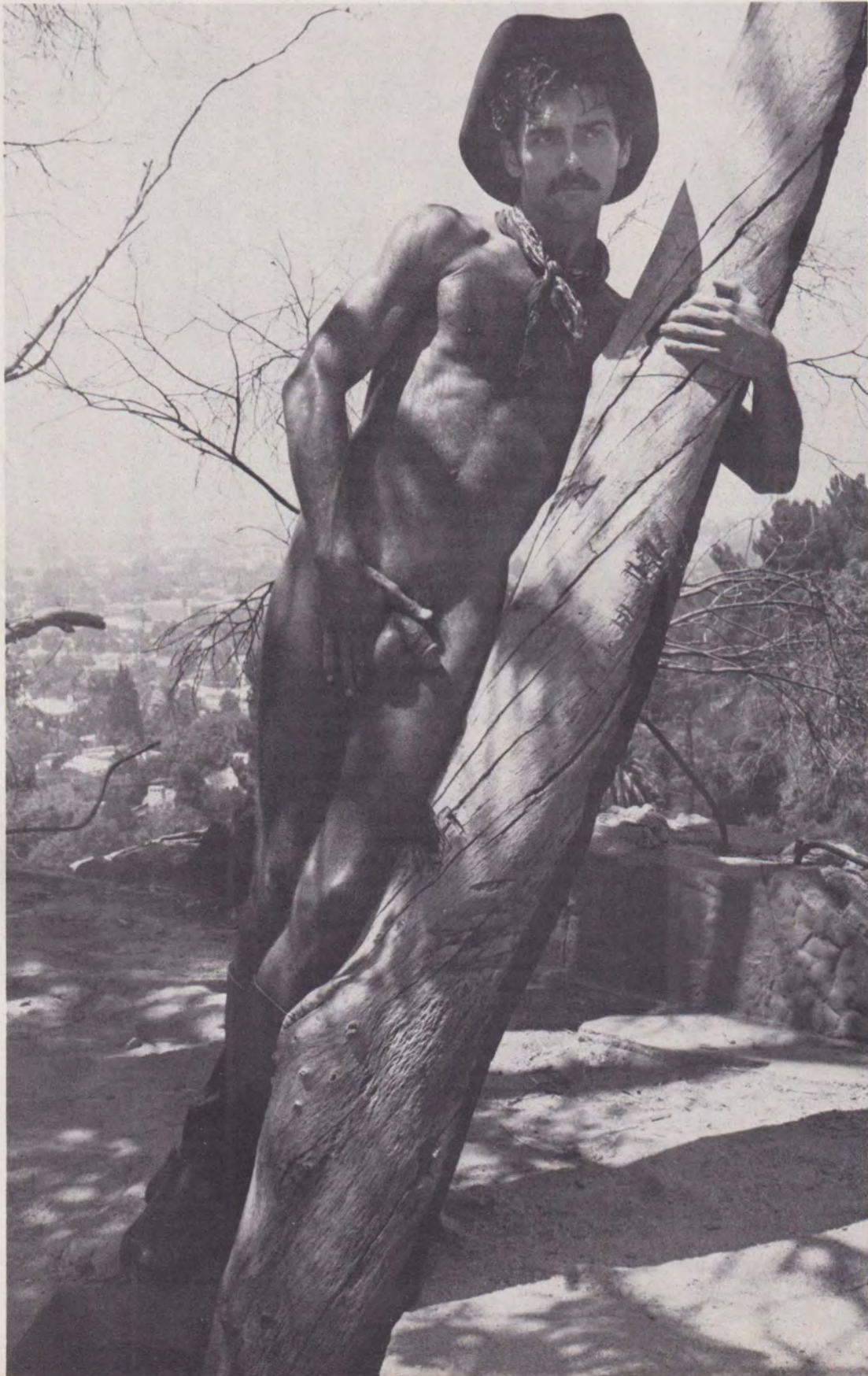
Photographs by Zeus





Whether getting a grip on things or posing with quite a spread,
Gavin radiates a darkly smoldering sensuality that suggests he's been around.
If it's true what those beer commercials say about only going around once
in life, making that trip with Gavin doesn't seem like a bad idea at all.
He could make you feel very at home on the range.

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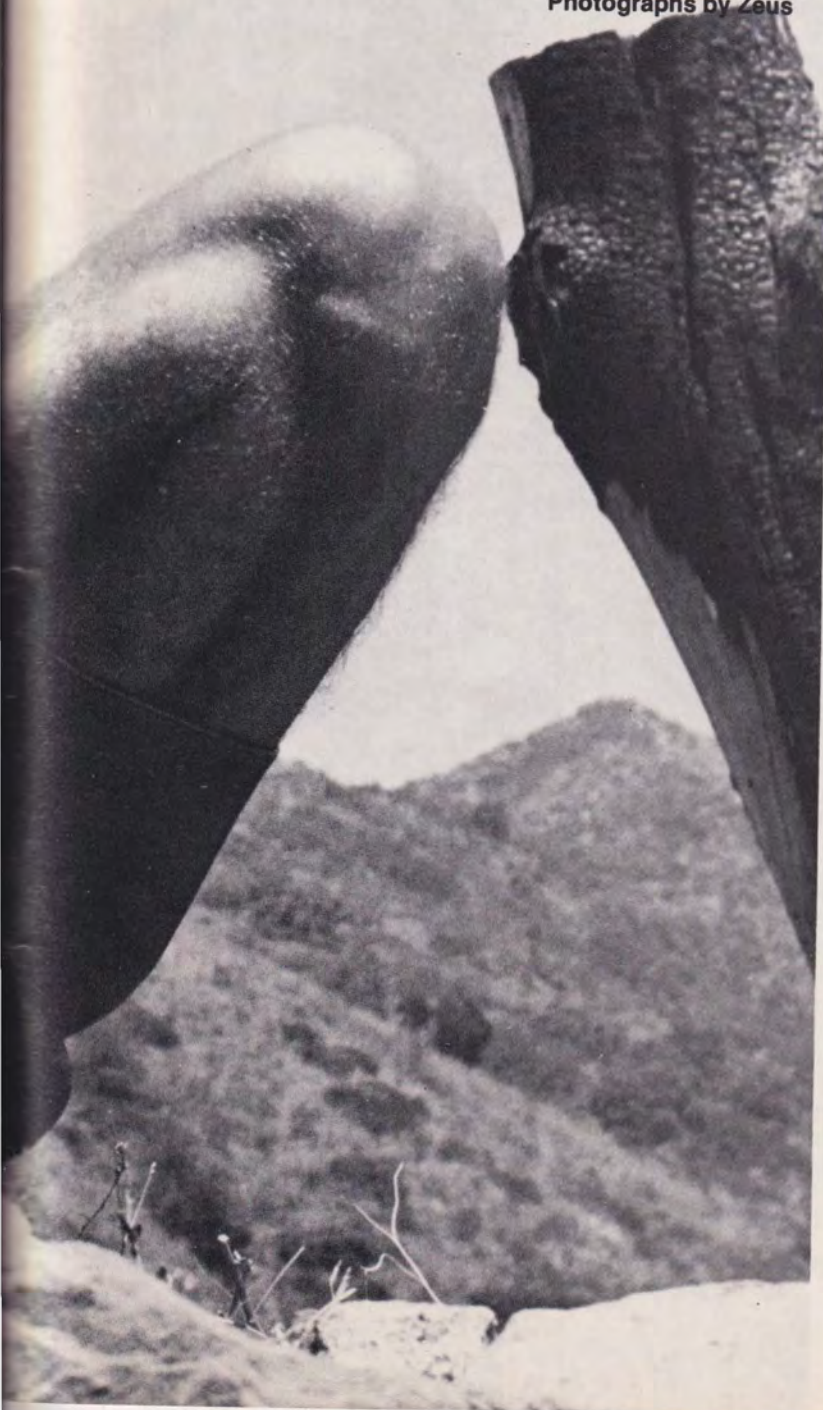




ANGLES

If you haven't had enough of Gavin from this six-page pictorial, you'll be happy to know there's more available. There are photo sets which include 8 b&w, 5"x7" shots, priced at \$6, plus 75¢ postage and handling. From Zeus, P.O. Box 64250-M, Los Angeles, CA 90064. For men only. Please state you are over 21.

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NOW VOYAGING

Continued from page 67

twenty-four hours a day, for which you can purchase a ticket for \$5.00 and have your drinks punched off, and an extremely potent free rum punch (150 proof) is served in a huge metal barrel everyday at 4:00 p.m. This is the real killer. One young gentleman consistently passed his limit and proceeded to fall out of his seat or collapse on deck until it got rather worrisome, wondering whether he was going to disappear overboard in the middle of the night. Fortunately he made it through the trip without injury, but a word to the wise is—well, you know.

WHAT TO BRING

Though it's needless to list what would obviously be appropriate for a Caribbean cruise, like a bathing suit, it may be of use to indicate a few items that you might not think about, if this is the first time you've sailed on a ship in a subtropical climate. Here they are: a light nylon windbreaker, preferably with a hood, in case you get caught in the famous B.V.I. mist, which is the native's term for rain (most likely there won't be any, though we stood in it for two days); a good suntan lotion with a heavy sunscreen if you don't have much or any tan; a hat of some kind to protect your head from the sun, especially if you don't have much hair; pills for sea sickness if you're susceptible; more cigarettes than you think you'll need if you smoke (there are few, if any, places to get your brand, especially in the middle of the night if you can't sleep and you've just got to have one); plenty of matches and/or several lighters; and a shoulder bag made of a water-repellent material (the boat launches from ship to shore don't always pull up on land or to a dock, which means you'll have to jump into the water and wade ashore, and everything will get wet). Besides all of this, a wristwatch can be useful for meeting the scheduled boat launches back to the ship, unless you're determined to forget about time altogether and want to remain on a deserted island the rest of your life. At any rate, the point is to bring enough gear to make you self-sufficient for a week. There's no corner drug store if you run out of something, though your fellow passengers will be more than willing to lend you a hand if they have what you need. Some of the islands you'll stop at will be desolate—four people and two palm trees is the norm—so don't expect much in the way of chic afternoon shopping if you're low on items. Bring enough!

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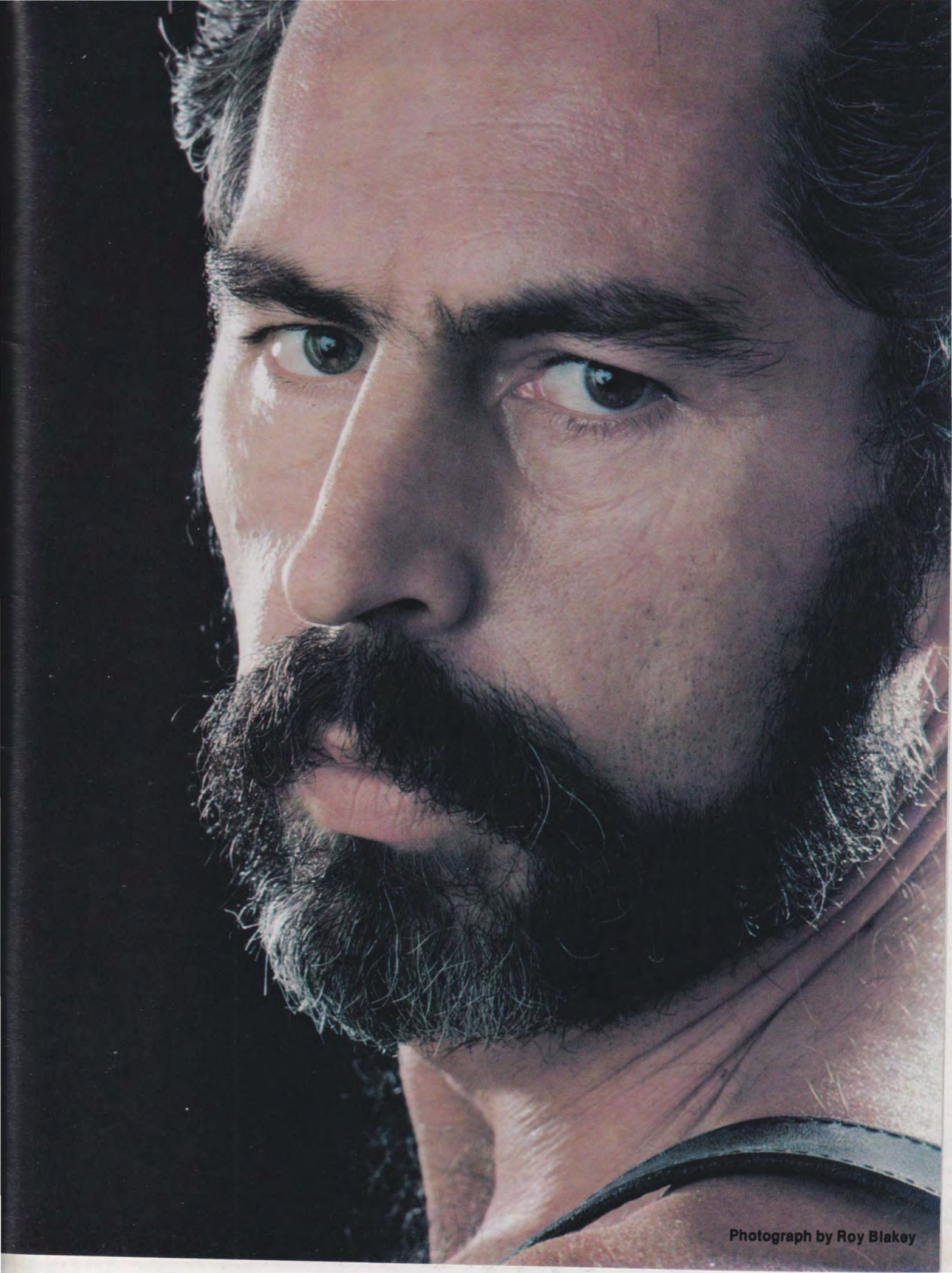
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BOOKS

Continued from page 44

took a deep, free breath. He kissed Doris, hugged Valerie and stuck out his chest proudly." If novels dealing with "coming in" are the reader's choice, *Ron* will not disappoint.

Dress Grey (By Lucian K. Truscott IV, 489 pages, Doubleday, cloth, \$10.95) utilizes homosexuality in a most exploitative manner. In this scathing dissection of the power structure at West Point, the writer uses the murder of a homosexual cadet for a plot vehicle, penning an opening sequence which plays on the exoticism of homosexuality. The gay "issue" is never effectively dealt with or even explored and, equally disappointing, the revelation of the killer's identity will genuinely annoy anyone who is a devotee of convincing, first-rate murder mysteries. The resolution is irksome.

Another disappointment because the lush narrative deteriorates into a monotonous stream of consciousness style is *Nocturnes for the King of Naples* (By Edmund White, 148 pages, St. Martin's Press, cloth, \$7.95). In what purports to be some sort of search for a past love and/or nebulous godhead, the writer guides the reader through a series of nocturnes, moving through erotic worlds in which homosexual love and religious mysticism figure prominently. A dedicated reader might enjoy the ambitious, evocative, often sumptuously rich tableaux. Others will consider it pretentious and, worse, boring.

In an altogether different vein is *The Secret Life of Tyrone Power* (By Hector Arce, 317 pages, William Morrow & Company, illustrated, cloth, \$9.95). The "sensational" subtitle emblazoned on the book jacket, "The drama of a bisexual in the spotlight," is an obviously exploitative gimmick to sell a book implying more revelations about the screen idol's life than are actually delivered. The biography titillates far more than tells, and the reader will likely feel cheated at the end. (If, indeed, he *makes* it to the end). With so many good movie star "tell all" books on the market (Bacall, Tierney, Crawford, etc), a discriminating reader will bypass a work such as this. It's no wonder that Taryn Power is mightily displeased with this slipshod treatment of her father's life and career. He indeed deserves better.

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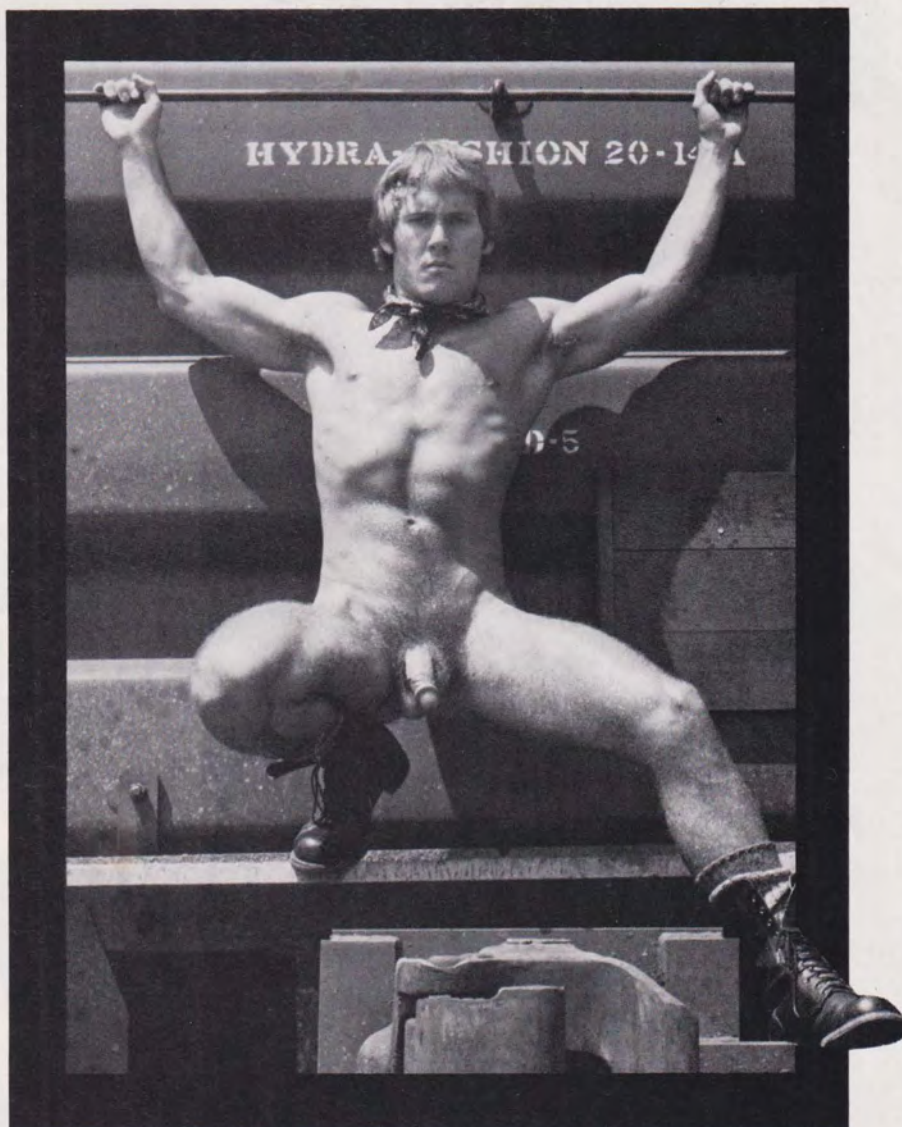
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