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MANDATE

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OF ENTERTAINMENT AND EROS

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INTERVIEWS:
ALAIN DELON

HOLLYWOOD
NEWCOMER
LORENZO LAMAS

THEATRE:
DIAGHILEV
ONSTAGE

INTERVIEW:
RICHARD LOCKE
ON SENSUOUS MASSAGE





VENUS DODSON

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MANDATE

COVER

Richard Locke, for many a symbol of sensual maturity, reveals himself physically and psychologically as our cover and centerfold subject, and speaks out professionally, about sensuous massage, in "Massage Parley," on page 56. Photograph by Roy Blakey.



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Recognized as the century's major cultural catalyst
fifty years after his death,

DIAGHILEV

is onstage, onscreen, at the Met and firmly
in our consciousness, as the man
who manufactured "the modern."

By John Devere • Diaghilev poster by Patricia Dryden

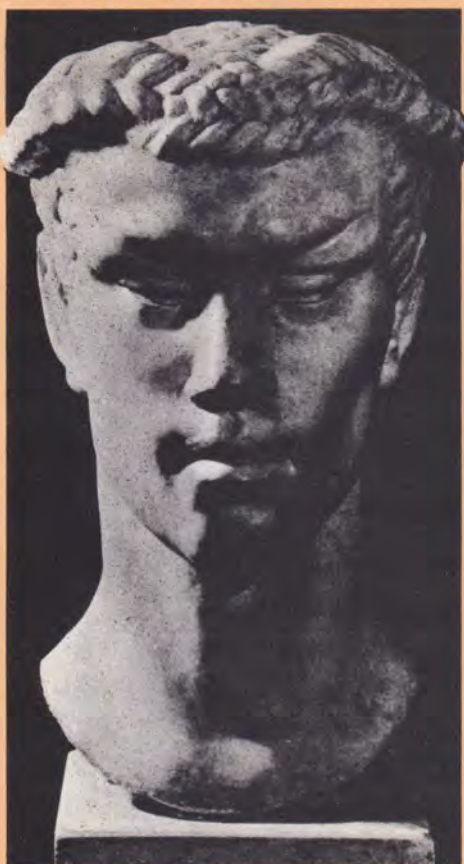
If any single force in cultural life personally closed the curtain on the Nineteenth Century and ushered in the Twentieth, that single force was Serge Diaghilev, impresario *extraordinaire* and confessed charlatan, who nevertheless served as a provocative catalyst to create the "modern." The importance of his protege Nijinsky has been overemphasized because of the dancer's onstage charisma, his sexual relationship with Diaghilev, and his thirty-year bout with madness in a Swiss asylum. But Diaghilev's importance has very little to do with one dancer. Diaghilev had an unerring eye for the new, and a new that would last. After all, Picasso and Stravinsky did not turn out to be faddish novelties, but the major artists of the century. Diaghilev spotted them, cultivated them, commissioned them, and brought them to the attention of the world.

He also spotted the genius of Braque, Utrillo, Rouault, and Matisse, all of whom designed decors for the Ballets Russes. He worked with Debussy, Ravel and De Falla. Never before, and certainly not since, have such colossal talents collaborated. (Today's collaborations between, say, Martha Graham and Rudolf Nureyev come *after* they have already established themselves individually, and are not at all the same sort of original creative ferment.)

It is fitting, then, that a multitude of activities concerning Diaghilev should coincide with the fiftieth anniversary of his death. Diaghilev died in Venice on August 19, 1929. Half a century later, a provocative play by Robert David MacDonald, *Chinchilla*, places him firmly at center stage. New York's Phoenix Theatre recently produced its American premiere and a limited run engagement, with Pulitzer Prize-winning playwright Michael Cristofer as

Diaghilev. (Artist Patricia Dryden did the *Chinchilla* poster at left.)

The Metropolitan Museum of Art has this summer glamorously displayed Ballets Russes costumes, set and costume designs, and related items such as Rodin's sculpture of Nijinsky in a show that captures, in the words of Diana Vreeland, "a tone of savagery, Oriental refinement, extraordinary design and color." With an



Una Troubridge's sculpture of Nijinsky as the Faun captures the dancer's animal magnetism. Nijinsky's relationship with Diaghilev is explored in the play *Chinchilla*.

endearing and decidedly camp detachment, the Museum occasionally sprayed the display galleries with the perfume "Mitsouko," which was created by Guerlain of Paris exclusively for Diaghilev!

Actor Alan Bates will flesh out Diaghilev in Herbert Ross' film *Nijinsky*, scheduled for Fall release. "Homage to Diaghilev," with Nureyev reprising three Nijinsky roles, recently had encore performances in New York (*Mandate*, June 1979).

And to contribute a note of sensationalism to the Diaghilev headlines, Nijinsky's unabridged diary was just auctioned by Sotheby's, the London auction house, the diary describing Diaghilev as some sort of Mephistopheles.

Creativity often has ambiguous underpinnings, and the idea of art as the imposition of the restraining mask of Apollo over violent Dionysian undercurrents has enjoyed widespread popularity, with special help from Thomas Mann. His stories "Death in Venice" and "Tonio Kröger" suggest the artist is the quintessential outsider, whose psychological alienation provides the objective distancing necessary for the creation of art. In fact, the play *Chinchilla* is as much a commentary on Mann's esthetic ideas as it is a biographical play about Diaghilev.

Chinchilla's set designer Hugh Landwehr produced the perfect atmosphere for playwright MacDonald's evocation of homoerotic esthetics, in fact suggesting the very Lido beach where, in fiction, Aschenbach eyed Tadzio and, in fact, Diaghilev died. Real sand at the edge of the stage blends into a beige carpet; mirrors cleverly surrounded by sand suggest pools of seawater. And mirrors at the back of the stage become the mirrored walls of a ballet

‘Chinchilla’ explores both Diaghilev’s biography and Thomas Mann’s esthetics, relating homoerotic obsession and artistic achievement. Like Aschenbach, Diaghilev died in Venice.

rehearsal room. Diaghilev, chinchilla coat turned up to frame his demonic face—has he been made up to look like the Mephistophelean figures who haunt Aschenbach in “Death in Venice”?—strolls the Lido landscape with one eye on esthetics and the other on attractive beach boys. The very physicality of *Chinchilla*’s stage setting allows the play to explore the ambiguity of art, its sometimes “sinister” roots, as Diaghilev’s languidly lolling beach boys become dancers at the barre.

Playwright MacDonald has borrowed much from Mann. I do not know whether or not it has ever been suggested that Diaghilev was one of the models for Aschenbach, but the question is a provocative one. “Death in Venice” was first published in 1911, two years after Diaghilev first astonished Paris. And how coincidental that Diaghilev should die, like Aschenbach, on the Lido in Venice, eighteen years after Mann’s masterwork first appeared.

MacDonald has brilliantly fused

Diaghilev’s biography with Mannian esthetics, peppering aphorisms with insight into demonic creativity, into the psychosexual make-up of the artist, and the relationship between a very Dionysian life and Apollonian art. Like Tennessee Williams’ fevered *Suddenly Last Summer*, *Chinchilla* is a hindsight commentary on an age’s obsession with art and “being artistic.” Sebastian Venable’s mother fed a Venus fly-trap; in *Chinchilla*, Diaghilev’s fly is itself the trap, a trap in which Nijinsky always resented being caught. (His just-auctioned diary articulated his disgust with Diaghilev’s sexual demands.)

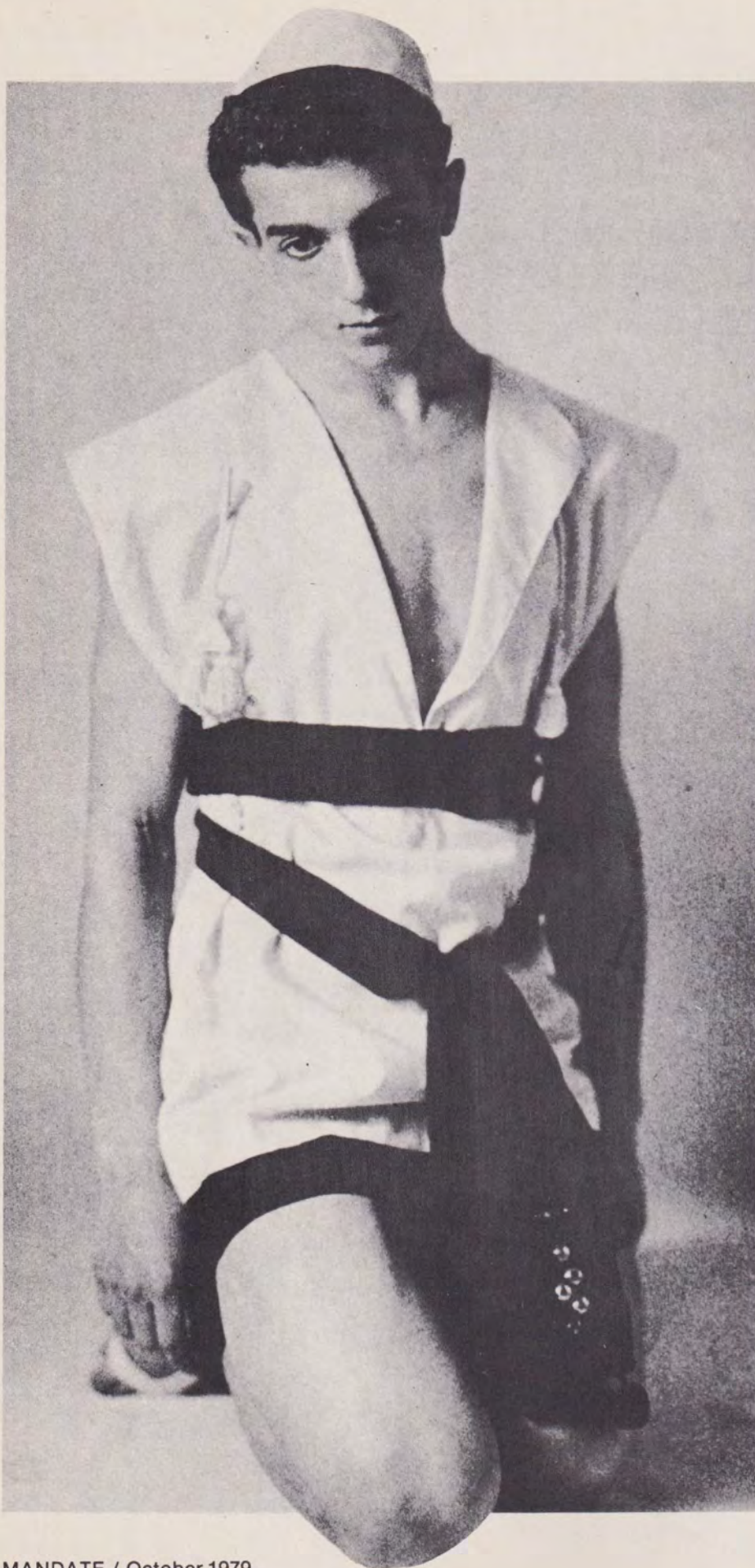
Chinchilla’s major flaw is in its dramatic construction; Nijinsky is eliminated in Act I, and Leonid Massine’s star waxes in Act II. But linear development is not MacDonald’s goal: mood, atmosphere, a cultural climate are. Aphorisms integrated into a tighter dramatic structure would radically enhance the play’s potential. As is, it brilliantly evokes a man, a time and the cultural climate that resulted from the intersection of the two. But Act II especially has nowhere to go, although the dramatic ingredients for extraordinary effect are there, unexplored in real dramatic terms.

As Diaghilev, Michael Cristofer captures the man’s demonic ambiguity with uncanny perceptivity, suggesting precisely the subtle shifts from homoerotic preoccupation to genuine artistic consciousness. His affectation is entirely effective, and suggests the sort of defense mechanism “different” people affect so that their oddity will seem self-willed. He ironically suggests that his interest can turn a beach boy into a cultural artifact, a feat actually performed by Luchino Visconti and a number of contemporary choreographers.

As Nureyev’s Nijinsky evening



Robert David MacDonald’s play *Chinchilla* put Diaghilev and his entourage onstage. As Lido beachboys languor in the background, Diaghilev (right, played by Michael Cristofer) in chinchilla coat with champagne glass in hand, watches his mercurial financial backer (Merwin Goldsmith). In the foreground is the Leonid Massine figure (Joseph Pugliese), who replaced Nijinsky in both the Ballets Russes and in Diaghilev’s affections. Photograph: Martha Swope.



demonstrates, Diaghilev revolutionized dance by replacing full-length narrative ballets and classical esthetics with experimentally different choreography—the flat planes of *Afternoon of a Faun*, for example, or the Cubist fantasia of *Parade*—but the innovations had as much to do with the music itself and the revolutionary decor as it had to do with pure dance. Ultimately, Diaghilev's contribution is not so much a choreographic contribution as a more general cultural one. Stravinsky, Picasso, Leon Bakst, Debussy, De Falla, Utrillo. What a group. Often currents that seem particular "now" do not last. The "now" is often *merely* the "now," and is later forgotten. But Diaghilev's "now" became *the* art of the century. He was no charlatan.

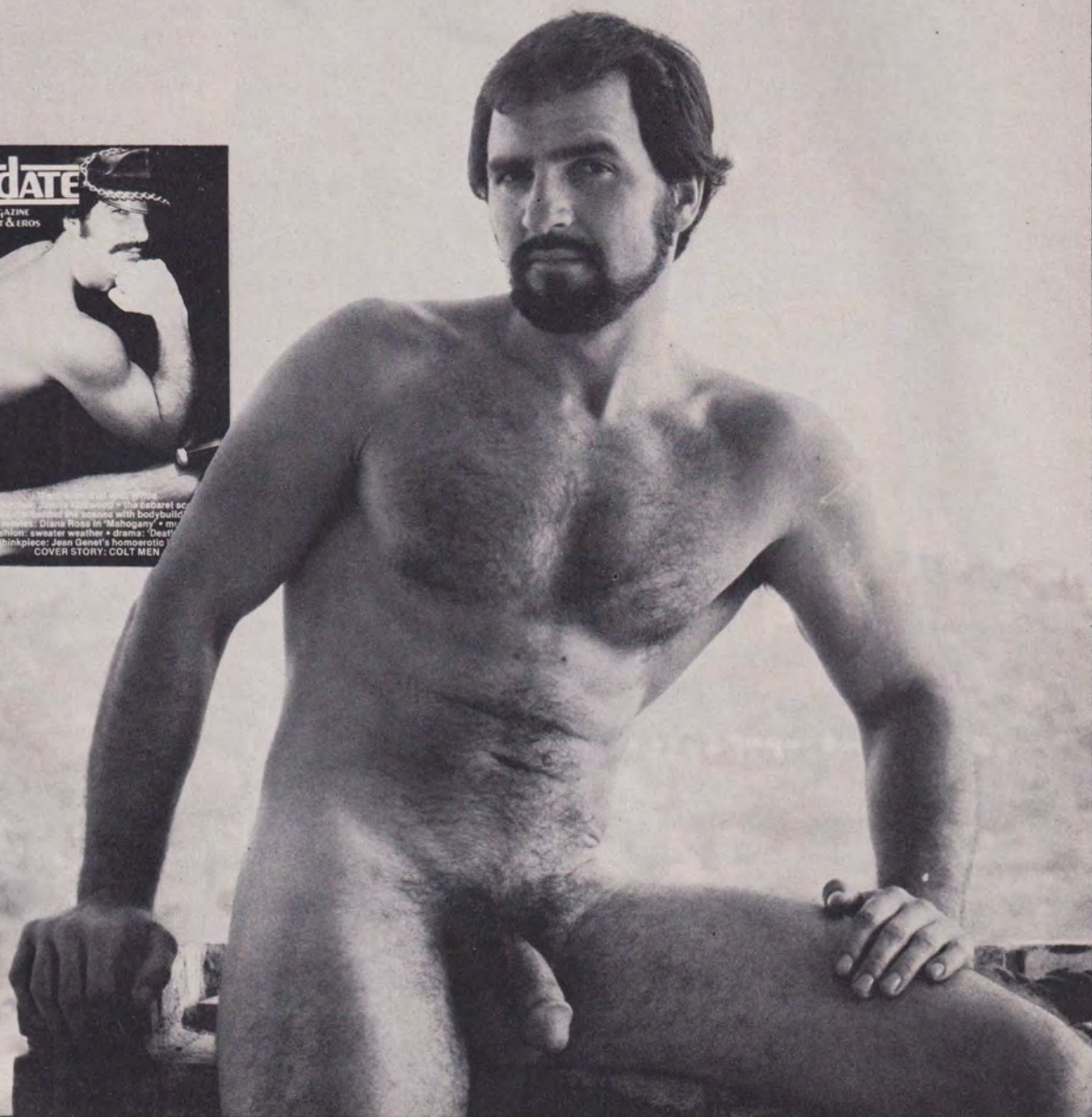
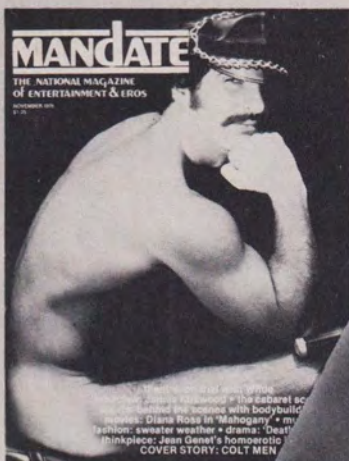
The Metropolitan Museum of Art's costume show, Robert David MacDonald's play *Chinchilla*, Nureyev's "Hommage to Diaghilev" and Herbert Ross' upcoming Nijinsky film starring Alan Bates—all are much deserved tributes to Diaghilev. Charlatan indeed. He was the most discerning creative catalyst of the century. His "now" *became* modern art and we feel, still, the reverberations.

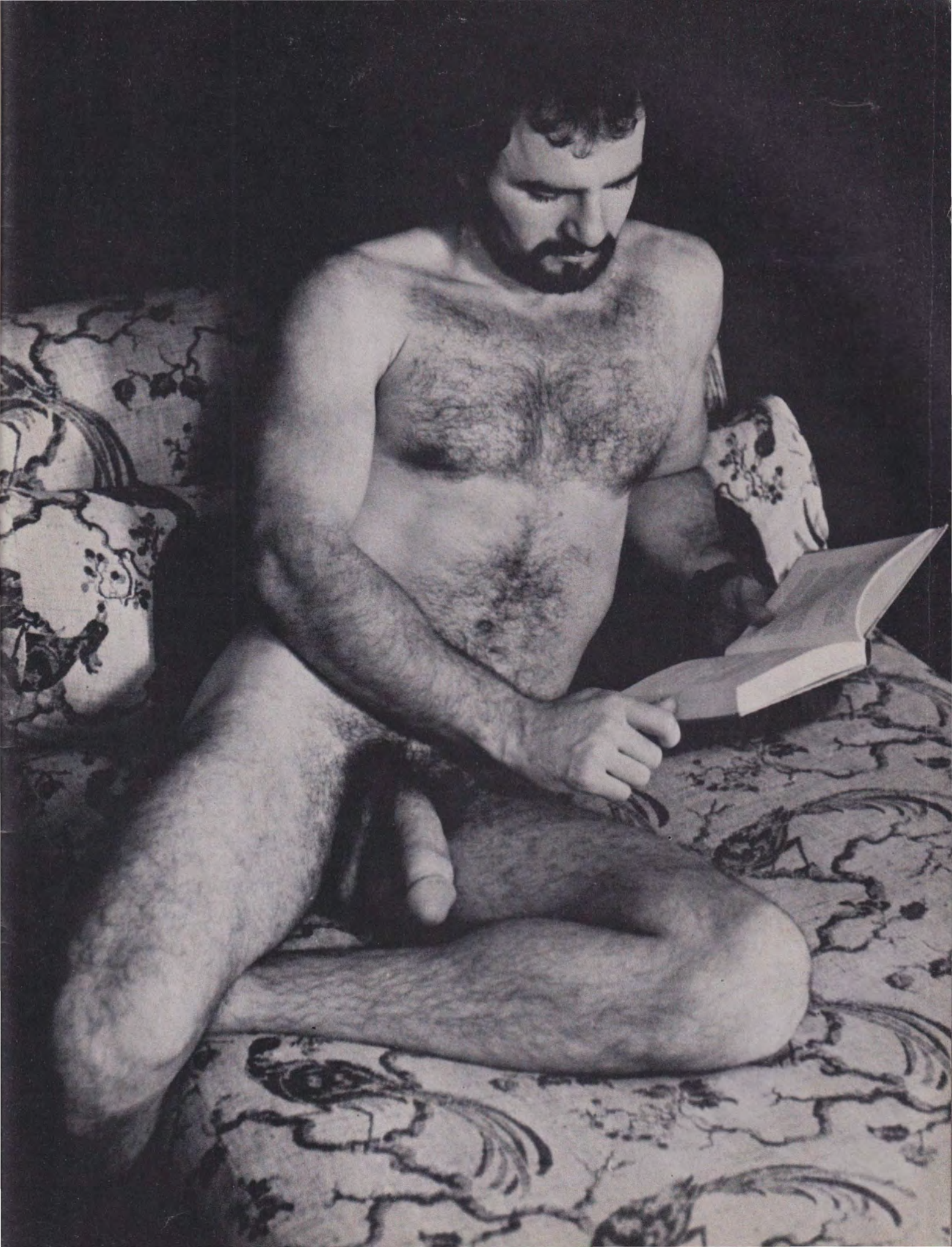
After Diaghilev's break with Nijinsky, Leonid Massine became his protege, and was first acclaimed in the title role in Joseph, left.

ENCORE

Whatever happened to...? Often readers inquire about the whereabouts of some of the top models who, over the years, undraped themselves for your pleasure. The Colt cover of November 1975 *Mandate* turned that issue into one of our all-time best sellers. Four years later, Eros provided us with these shots of a stud who hasn't gotten older, just better. More mature, certainly, in an age where maturity is considered not only desirable but perhaps, preferable. Derek is living proof that it isn't just youth which must be served.

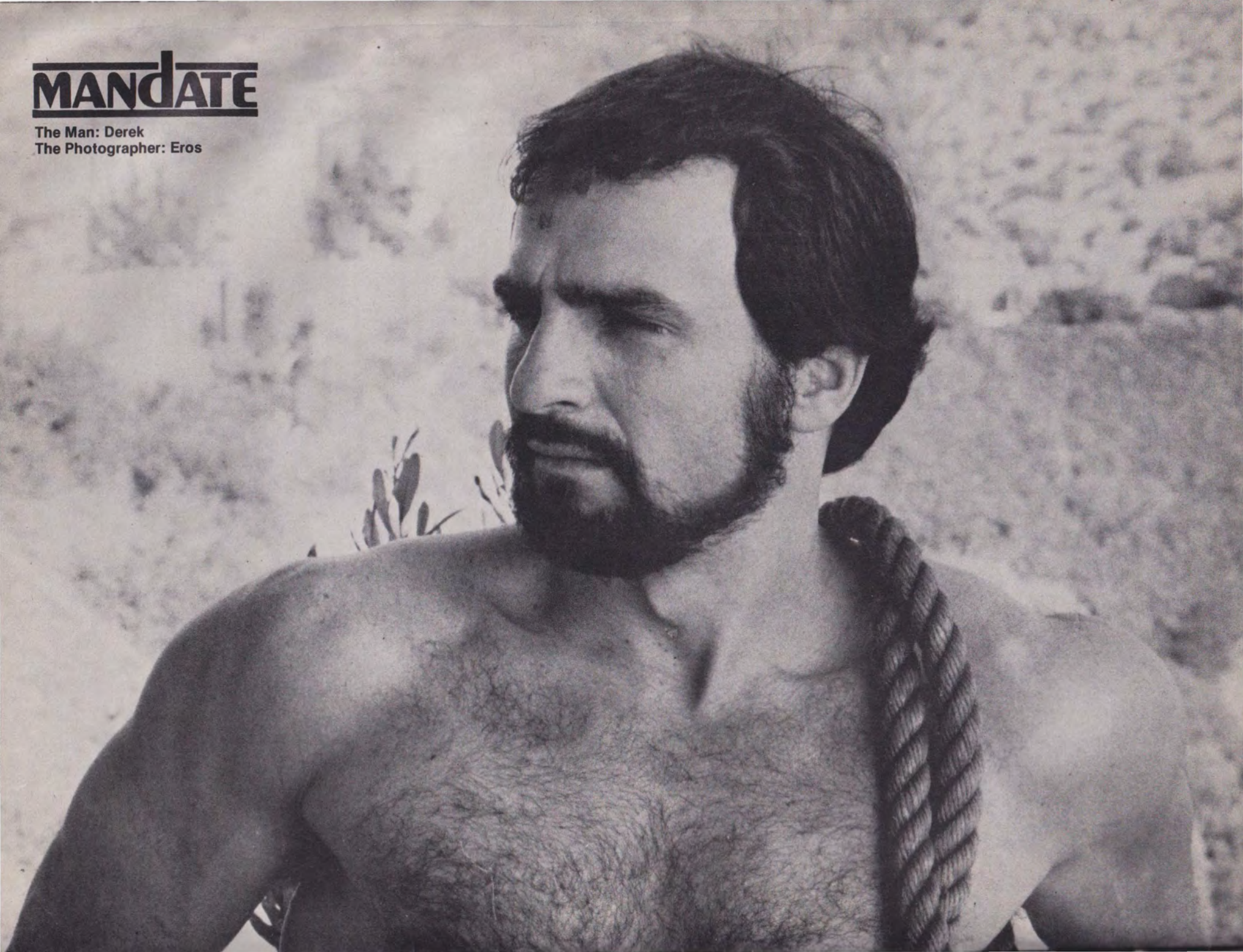
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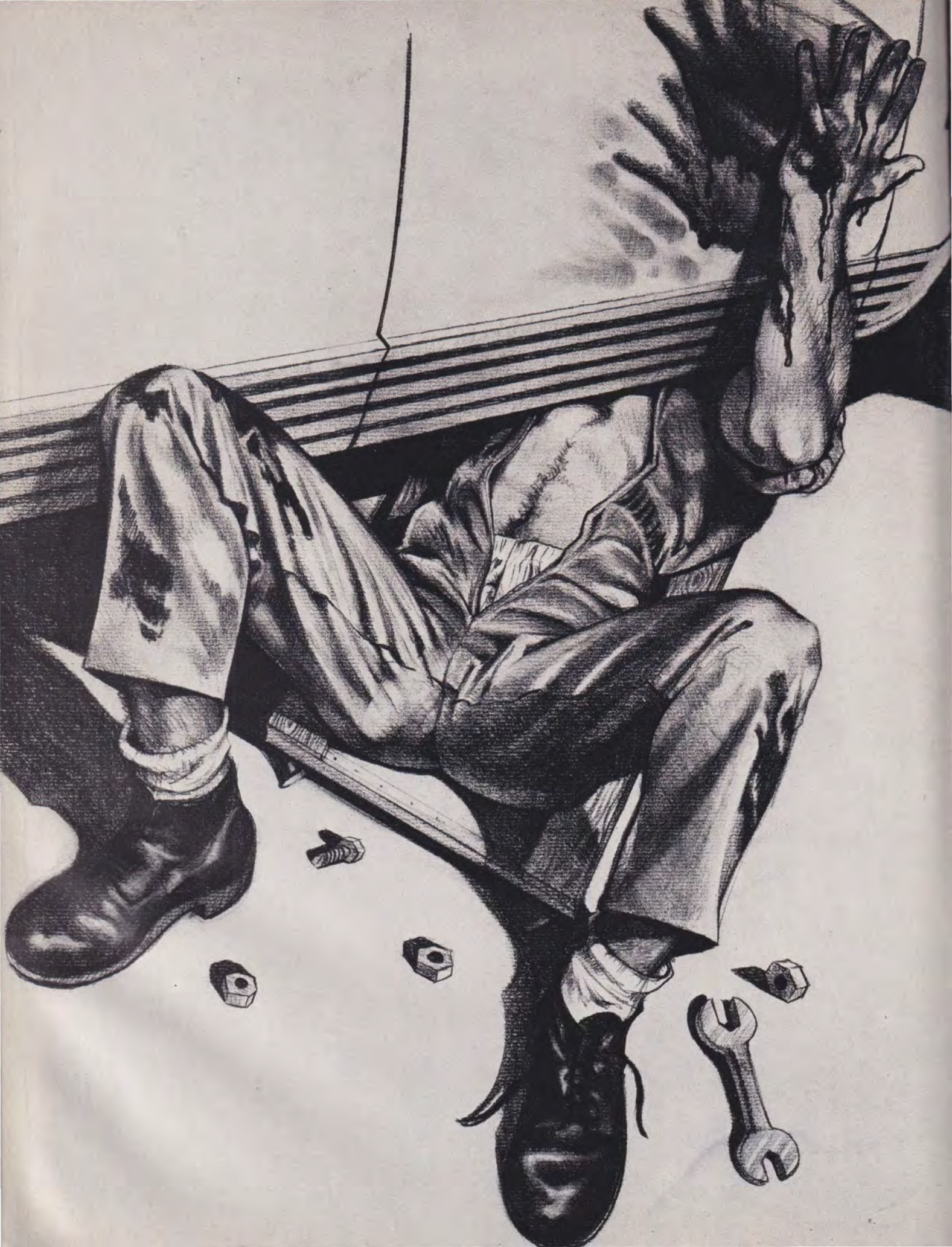


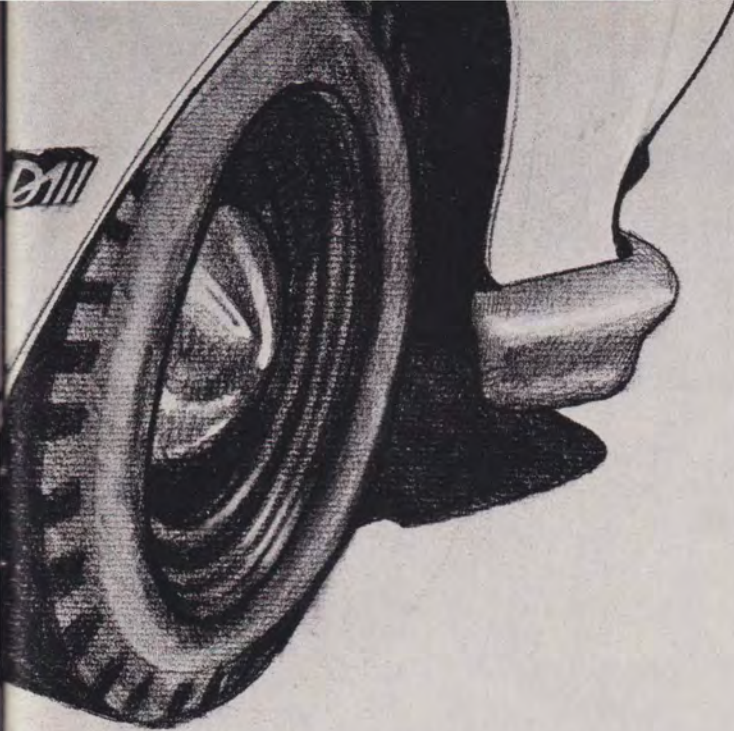
MANDATE

The Man: Derek
The Photographer: Eros









MECHANICAL

By Jason Pierce • Illustrated by David Martin

The endless lines of the early summer gasoline shortage had made the idea of weekend travel much less than desirable. The hot weather that sat over the city became something that had to be dealt with, with no hope of the relief of a leisurely drive to the country.

I joined the throngs of city dwellers whose tempers rose with every degree of the temperature. The whole of the urban population seemed to be living on the edge and standing ready to pounce on anyone who was willing to be the scapegoat for the multinational corporation who had doomed us to the boundaries of the city line.

One of the most galling aspects of the whole situation was my car. It's a hopped up sports number, the pride of Japanese ingenuity. The problem with the car was its insistence on being cared for, even when there was only enough fuel to get it to the service station. And, on an exceptionally hot Saturday, rather than blissing out on the air-conditioning that was the only salvation of city life in this weather, I found myself driving the few blocks down to Sam's Garage.

HEAT

There was a very little bit of salvation in the whole ridiculous situation. The gas shortage was so severe that the stations were all sold out before the weekend had actually started. There couldn't be any lines waiting at the pumps! There was nothing in the pumps! Usually, Saturday was the worst time to expect the workers to pay attention to you; but today, they were all standing around in the office idly wondering about the new change in their lives. They must have been terribly bored; they nearly pounced on me when I entered.

The discomfort of the weather kept me from my usual cruising of the college aged attendants. The humidity that accompanied this particular heat wave made it even more oppressive. I ignored the pleasant greetings; in my mood I figured they owed me that courtesy after all the money I had dropped on them. I must have

Continued to page 76

France's sultriest male star,
from Visconti's 'Rocco' to the upcoming
thriller 'Concorde: Airport '79,'
makes a bid for international stardom.

ALAIN DELON

By George Haddad-Garcia

Alain Delon sits in a private waiting room at the Paris airport. As an instantly recognized international celebrity—nowhere more than in his own, adoring country—he exercises the right not to sit amid the curious public. The man is still extremely handsome, with a feline grace and natty elegance, his extraordinary striking bone structure unchallenged by time. In less than an hour he will depart for Corsica, the land of his origin. "I am a Corsican," he says, even though he was born and bred in and around Paris, seeing the light of day in the suburb of Sceaux.

Corsica is unfortunately the French Sicily, and happens to be homeland to a large percentage of France's criminal underworld. In the past, Delon has been linked in a number of ways with such shadowy figures, and when a man who had worked for him was mur-

why, who and how of the still-discussed case.

Far more willing than American entertainment figures to proclaim his ties with the underworld, Delon has admitted that in the past he was on friendly terms with some of them, that a few had once loaned him money—which he duly repaid—and that they are among his greatest, most loyal fans. While moving about Paris and towns such as Marseilles (France's Chicago), the actor is invariably accompanied by burly bodyguards, allegedly ex-members of the never mentioned underworld. We sit, and a few heavy-set men come in and out. These may well be bodyguards, but one doesn't feel it would be proper to ask. One has been warned in advance that "Monsieur Delon" no longer answers queries about his Corsican pals, and views them very unfavorably.

passing, that the French press "leaves much to be desired." Why? He clamps his thin lips and arches his eyebrows. The subject is closed.

After years as an idol in France and much of Europe—not to mention the French-speaking world—he is hoping *Concorde* will do for him what *And God Created Woman* did for his ex-girlfriend Brigitte Bardot, in 1956. The international cast includes Robert Wagner, another aging pretty-boy, with whom Alain supposedly didn't get along; Susan Blakely, George Kennedy and Sylvia Kristel of *Emmanuelle* in-fame.

"One of the biggest stars of the film," says the actor, "is the *Concorde* itself." According to the Universal information, the supersonic jet is *the* star of the movie, and real pilots were in attendance during the filming in Hollywood and Paris. "This plane is a miracle," he says without much emotion, a personal trademark. "It almost works itself. I did not see *Airport '75*, in which I am told a stewardess had to try to function the 747. With a *Concorde*, this would not be necessary, for it works itself in case of emergency.

"I learned so much about our *Concordes* that I feel like a pilot. I was over-ambitious and thought for a few moments of trying to achieve a pilot's license, but that is too much."

About the plot and whether his character falls in love with Susan or Sylvia, Alain is tight-lipped. "I am told not to make any comments about our film," he mumbles, seemingly uncomfortable that he can't divulge much.

While in Hollywood, Delon was the guest of Paramount super-producer

Delon on Visconti: "He was a genius, but very opinionated. He handled all of his actors like cows. Now I like to work *with* the director. It must be mutual respect."

dered, it was widely believed that that bullet had been intended for the movie star, who is number one in the country, in terms of both box office and fan adulation. A police investigation was launched, but was then mysteriously, quietly dropped. To this day, nobody knows the where, when,

In France, the actor-producer does hardly any interviews, even to publicize new movies. But now that he is ready to make another major bid for American stardom with his starring role in *Concorde Airport '79*, he is gladly talking—but only for foreign publication. He acidly mentions, in





ALAIN DELON



After Visconti's *Rocco and His Brothers* launched his career, Alain Delon starred in major French films like Rene Clement's homoerotic *Purple Noon*, top, in which he played a man psychologically mesmerized by his best friend; in American movies like *Joy House*, center, with Jane Fonda; and in international thrillers like *Scorpio*, right, with John Colicos.

Bob Evans, who declared to the press that the Frenchman has the potential to become one of the few Europeans to become a bona fide American movie idol. No doubt about it: So does Alain. When he is asked why such stellar women as Bardot, Deneuve, Moreau and Annie Girardot have failed to become hot stuff at the Yankee box office, he demurs, "I am no expert, you see. It is my opinion that roles for men in America are much more plentiful. In France, women stars may become as important as men stars. But not, it appears, in America. I don't know if there are any as important to become part of the Top Ten lists...."

"The French actresses are very beautiful, sexy and womanly. Pardon me, but that doesn't appear to be what the American audiences like in a woman star. American actresses are from a very different, um, mold. Like Bette Davis and Katharine Hepburn and most of the newer ones. But French actors are like men everywhere, so they translate better to other countries and languages. This is why men like Charles Boyer and Maurice Chevalier were as popular abroad as in France, and sometimes even more abroad."

It was Bob Evans who convinced Delon to sign with Hollywood's biggest, hottest agent and deal-maker, Sue Mengers. Mengers' stable includes Diana Ross, Barbra Streisand, Ryan and Tatum O'Neal and other celluloid royalty. It just so happens that her husband is also a Frenchman, writer Jean-Claude Tramont, with whom Delon got on famously. "Very witty, intelligent, interesting man," he says, taking one aback with his effusiveness and verbal generosity.

Before moving on to another American production, the star wishes to wait and see how he is received. *Concorde Airport '79* almost has success built in, as have all the films in the *Airport* series, but credit may go to the special effects, to the title star or may be divided among the rest of the cast. Universal is heavily pushing ex-model Susan Blakely, who is doing a series of movies for them, including the upcoming Harold Robbins' *The Lonely Lady*. How did Alain get along with his co-horts?

"It was good," he says unenthusiastically. Most of the time, when he is talking, one gets the impression that the man is quite jaded and takes several of the glamorous aspects of his life and career for granted. "It was



interesting to work with Sylvia Kristel—I did not think that would ever happen!" He chuckles semi-lustily. "I have seen all of her movies, the, um, dirty ones. Most pornographic things are boring and repetitious, but she and the people she worked with made everything very stimulating."

What about the American cast members? "Fine, all fine," he notes drily. One plucks up the courage to ask this attractively imposing personage whether he likes Americans. His response: "Doesn't everybody?" Hmmm.

Delon, a rowdy youth, eventually wound up in the French Navy as a Marine, a period of his life he looks back on with great relish, recounting an episode or two about his womanizing. He also worked as a waiter at one of the ubiquitous sidewalk cafes and as a heavy-load carrier. After he decided to go into acting, for want of making a better living, he was dis-

covered for the big-time by director Yves Allegret, and appeared in such films as Visconti's *Rocco and His Brothers* and *The Leopard*, in the homoerotic *Purple Noon*, in *The Yellow Rolls-Royce*, *Is Paris Burning?*, *Red Sun*, *The Assassination of Trotsky*, and *Scorpio*.

What was it like working for the late homosexual Italian director Luchino Visconti? "He was a genius, but very opinionated. He handled all of his actors like cows. He was said to have changed, later on, but we came to a

In Michaelangelo Antonioni's award-winning l'Avventura, above, Delon and Monica Vitti played contemporary Italians coping with personal alienation. Delon's dapper flair made Borsalino, left, a stylish vehicle about Marseilles gangsters for himself and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

An international western, *Red Sun*, teamed Delon with Ursula Andress, below, Charles Bronson and Toshiro Mifune. For *Borsalino*, right, Delon's and Belmondo's contracts stipulated they would have exactly the same number of close-ups and, in the fight scenes, the same number of punches.



ALAIN DELON

parting of the ways. I am proud of those films, which meant much to my career, but now I like to work *with* the director. It *must* be mutual respect." What about the director's sexual preference? "What about it do you mean?" Did it bother the straight actor? "He was my director, not my child."

One of the few actors of whom Delon has plenty of say is his "copain" (buddy) Jean-Paul Belmondo, with whom he teamed in the gangster smash-hit, *Borsalino*, of which both owned a percentage. The movie reportedly made each of them over \$1

million. Money is yet one more topic which the handsome brunette won't discuss. "Money is very revealing. It tells you how a man believes and what his feelings are. Nobody, not even my woman, knows about my money...." The two men may star together again, for they are the Gallic equivalent of Newman and Redford. Both specialize in unruly anti-heroes. Is it a coincidence that Alain plays basically the same role over and over?

"If an actor is easy—no, sorry, I mean *lucky*—enough to find a role in which the public accepts him and wants to see him again and again, that

is what he should do. Your John Wayne does this all the time, and he once got your acting award even though he is not an actor in the class of Olivier or even Richard Burton; one of them was also nominated that year, I believe (Burton, for *Anne of the Thousand Days*). I try a variation when I have a good script and a good director, but *les flics* (the cops) are very popular with the young people in France, who go to the cinema the most.

"I don't pretend I am Olivier or any of the others. I like variety but I also know what is good for me. In America,





I will do things that are unusual for me, because the cinema there is different. I have not been an airplane pilot before, or worked with a cast of so many names that are important in another nation. Everyone called it teamwork, and at times it was fun, like being part of a soccer team and carrying the ball. But in the future, I want to do films like your own important stars, with two or three important characters only.

"Our way of creating cinema here is on a smaller scale. There isn't as much special effects and so many smaller stories of other characters. In

America, they say there are not enough love stories, and I think it will be romantic to team a French actor with an American actress. This cultural difference makes for audience interest." Whom does he have in mind? He thinks for quite a while, then makes an effort to pronounce the individual names. "Faye Dunaway,... Marisa Berenson. Diana Ross is one of the most beautiful black women; there are so many beautiful black women in America, and often they have more fashion and *elan* than the other actresses.

"I don't know the American star sys-

tem or their names very well, although I have seen their faces in some imported movie magazines from London...In the near future, I don't want to be one of two actors, because I need more time and familiarity to work equally well with an American actor." One gets the impression Delon would also want to be on an equal footing, in terms of billing and the size of his role.

If you don't make it in America, will you be terribly disappointed?

"Well, you see, I do not have unrealistic hopes. I do not want to become one of the Americans. I cannot and don't want to. The Americans like the Americans best, the French like the French,...this is how it is. But it is a big enough market there so that there is room for many new stars every year. And the men with the money and the power of the studio-corporations are more willing to gamble on an established star from a foreign nation than on a newcomer American. It is not gambling with the name of Delon or Belmondo or Bardot. The success may not be what is expected, but there is not the same failure of the unknown, and we can always return to our own homes where we are already big stars.

"I have studied how other foreigners have gone to America and either succeeded or failed. There are some patterns, some secrets and hints one must follow." Would he care to impart some of them? He would not; "They are not secrets, if one tells them. But with the *Concorde* motion picture I am assured of a good beginning. Many people will go to see it—it is my introduction card to America...Now, with the expert help of Mademoiselle Mengers—Madame Tramont, should I say? I will know how to move."

But his own countrymen need have no fear, for he has no intention of abandoning France:

"I think it is good to divide one's time between America and France and also Britain. I have not traveled very much, because French cinema is made in France, almost always in Paris. With American films and Sir Lew Grade (the TV-movie tycoon based in London), the actors go everywhere; before I become much older, I want to see more and more of the world." As for his residence, "France is the headquarters of my heart."

In parting for his plane, Alain notes, "I have always been a Frenchman, so I was lucky. Now I want to be international...."

DISC SCENE

By Ian Roberts

ALBUMS REVIEWED:

Carol Douglas: *Come Into My Life* (Midsong International)

Ted Nugent: *State of Shock* (Epic Records)

Frank Carillo: *Street of Dreams* (Atlantic Records)

David Bowie: *Lodger* (RCA Records)

D.J. Rogers: *Trust Me* (ARC/Columbia Records)

An unfunny thing must have happened to Carol Douglas on the way to the recording studio to cut her latest LP, *Come Into My Life*. After laying down the first side with Greg Carmichael and the gang at Blank Tape Studios, she pulled up stakes and did the flip tracks with John Fitch Jr. and Reuben Cross at Alpha International in Philadelphia. It

couldn't have happened the other way around, because the first side sounds like they phoned it in from Singapore.

With the exception of the title song, strong enough to deserve a second recording under a better arranger, the "A" side hardly delivers the Douglas voice of *Doctor's Orders*.

But the "B" side...well, it may not be art but it's what they like at tea dance:

tight, clear, funk-edged disco on a carpet of rayon violins. And you can actually *hear* Douglas phrase her lyrics in that tough Brooklyn voice that she never pushes because she doesn't have to.

Memorable moments on the album: Michael Saunders' short alto sax solo on "You Ain't Said Nothing" and the bass line on "Treat Me Right" and "Love Sick" by—and slow down for this name—Bobby "Fonkinized" Bird. Jim Beaven's synthesizer makes an all-too-brief excursion on the last song.

Aware as we are that not everybody gets off to disco every single second of the day, we pause for a nostalgic interlude with Ted Nugent, whose *State of Shock* is just out. That is, "just out" the way a psychopathic killer may be said to have left maximum security on a weekend pass.

Nugent's *blitzkrieg* guitar riffs, as in "Paralyzed" or the following "Saddle Sore," take us back to the high old days of muddy rock festivals enlivened by raw excess. We were all younger then, with plenty of brain cells to fry in a delirious conflagration of LSD and amplified yells.

What, then, to make of Nugent's period piece. Give the guy credit for nerve in carrying on ten years after Jimi Hendrix died. To be so committed to a style of music that will forever be frozen in one era takes, among other things, stainless steel eardrums and blind faith that Eric Clapton and Stevie Winwood and the whole school of Brit rockers can appreciate the hard work that went into *State of Shock*. By the way, Nugent wrote all the songs, including the title cut, except for one George Harrison tune, "I Want to Tell You."

More hard rock, not so hard as Ted Nugent, with *Street Dreams*, songs of hasty sex and slow violence by Frank Carillo, who wrote all the songs but for "Out of Time" by Mick Jagger and Keith Richards. That credit should give you an idea who is being imitated here and with so-so success at that. "What's Your Name?" ornaments an anecdote about how to find the courage to say hello to a "babe" with guitar licks suitable for serenading a rattlesnake. This sort of musical

Continued to page 28



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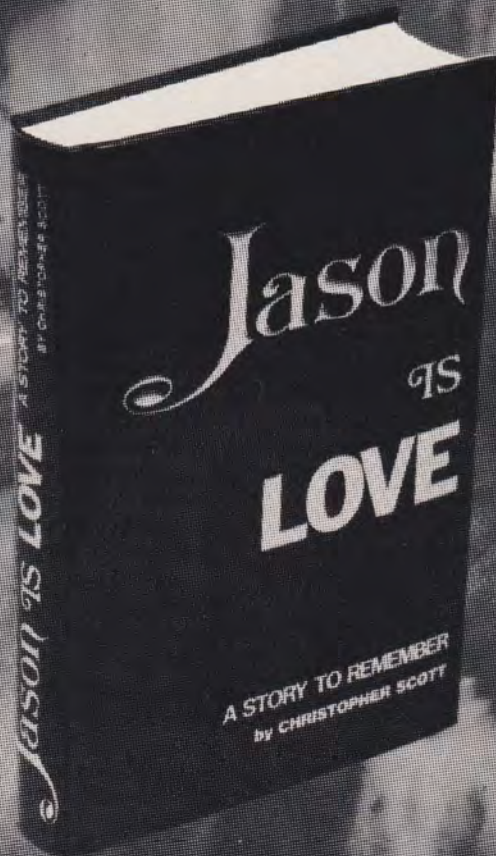
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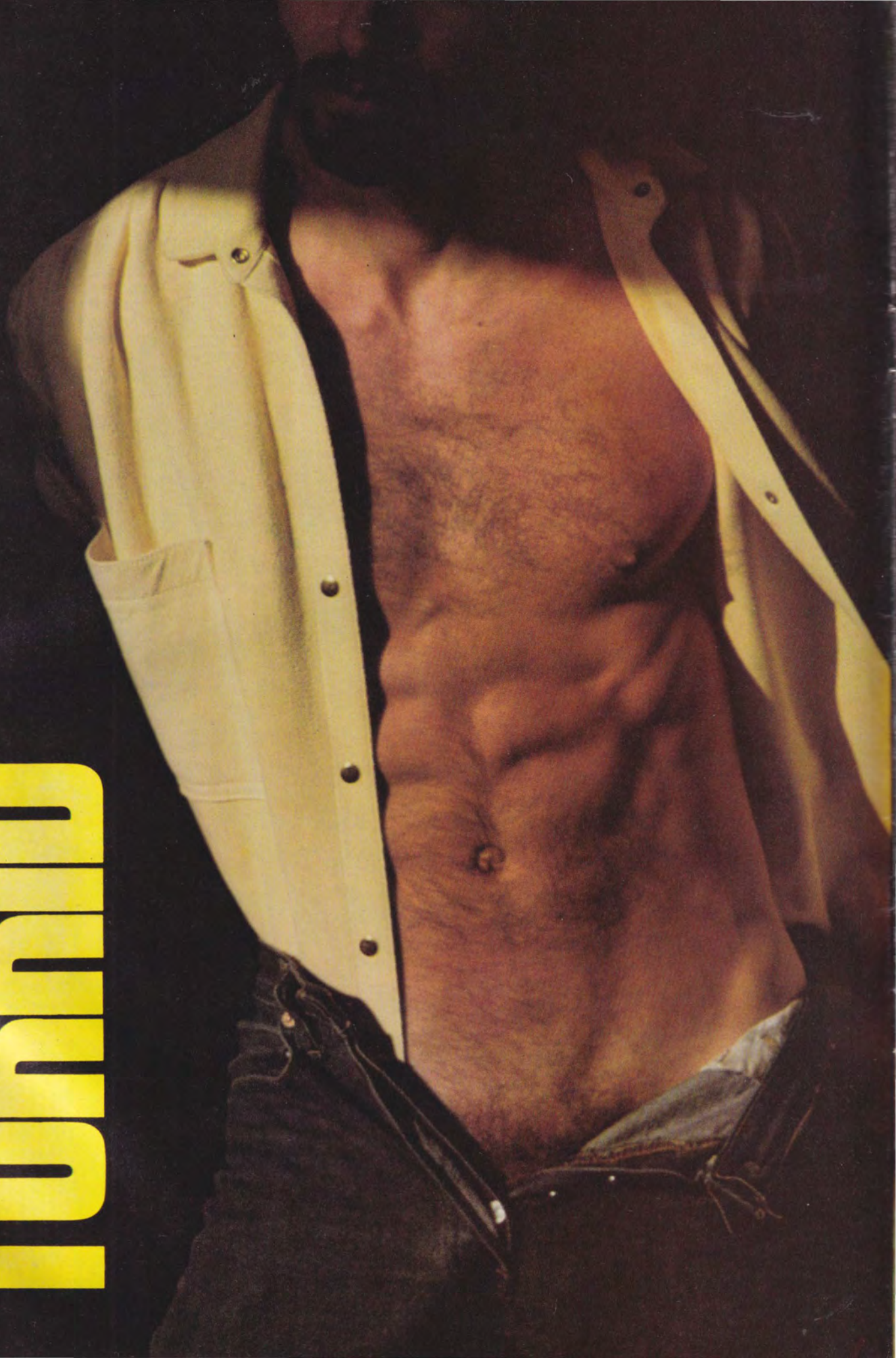
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—by CHRISTOPHER SCOTT—

TORRID



FASHION



The bright colors of the season's casual fashions are definitely destined to set off the dark tans of male flesh.

Sunny yellow. Shimmering blue. Burning red. Hot men.

Above, Natural chamois pleated yoke shirt designed by Glen Patrick Magary, \$190.

Camouflage, New York City. At right: Blue cotton shirt, \$23; green cotton piped pants, \$29; and grey baseball cap, \$8. All by Menora Sport and available from Design Observations, New York City; F.O.B., Los Angeles; and Fast Buck Freddy, Key West.

Photographs by Tom Post

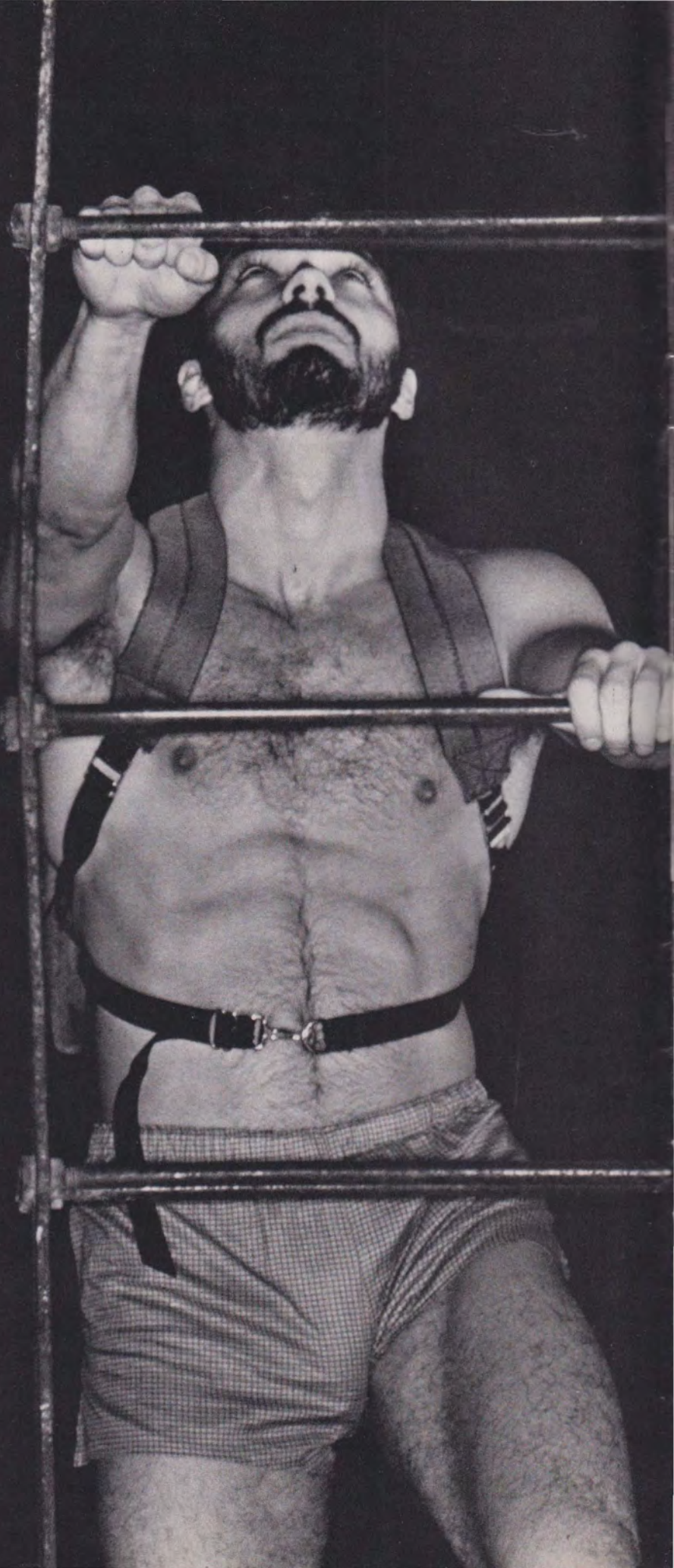
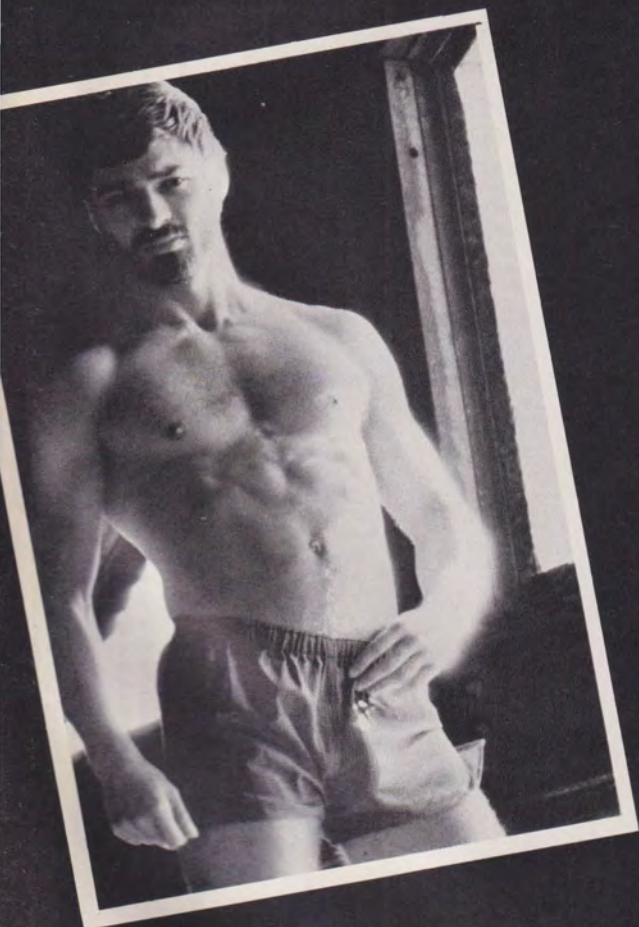
FASHION

Bright, light clothes give that nothing-on, hang-loose feeling that's right for leisure-time activity.

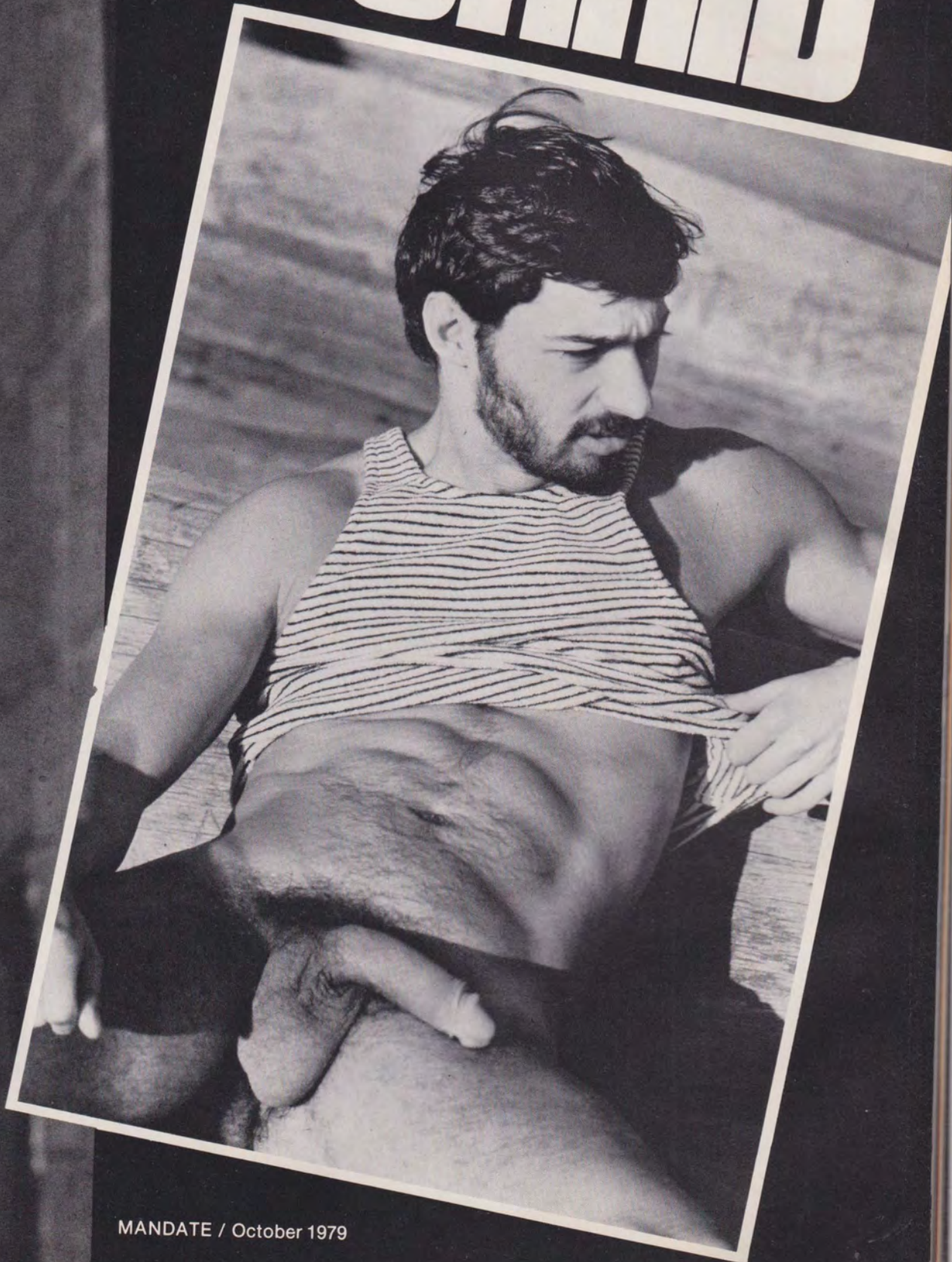
Below: Grid shorts are by Rick Dunnington, \$16. Available from Rev 2, New York City, and the Crow's Nest, Fire Island Pines.

Far right: Striped terry tank top designed by Ron Kolodzie, \$25. Camouflage, New York City.

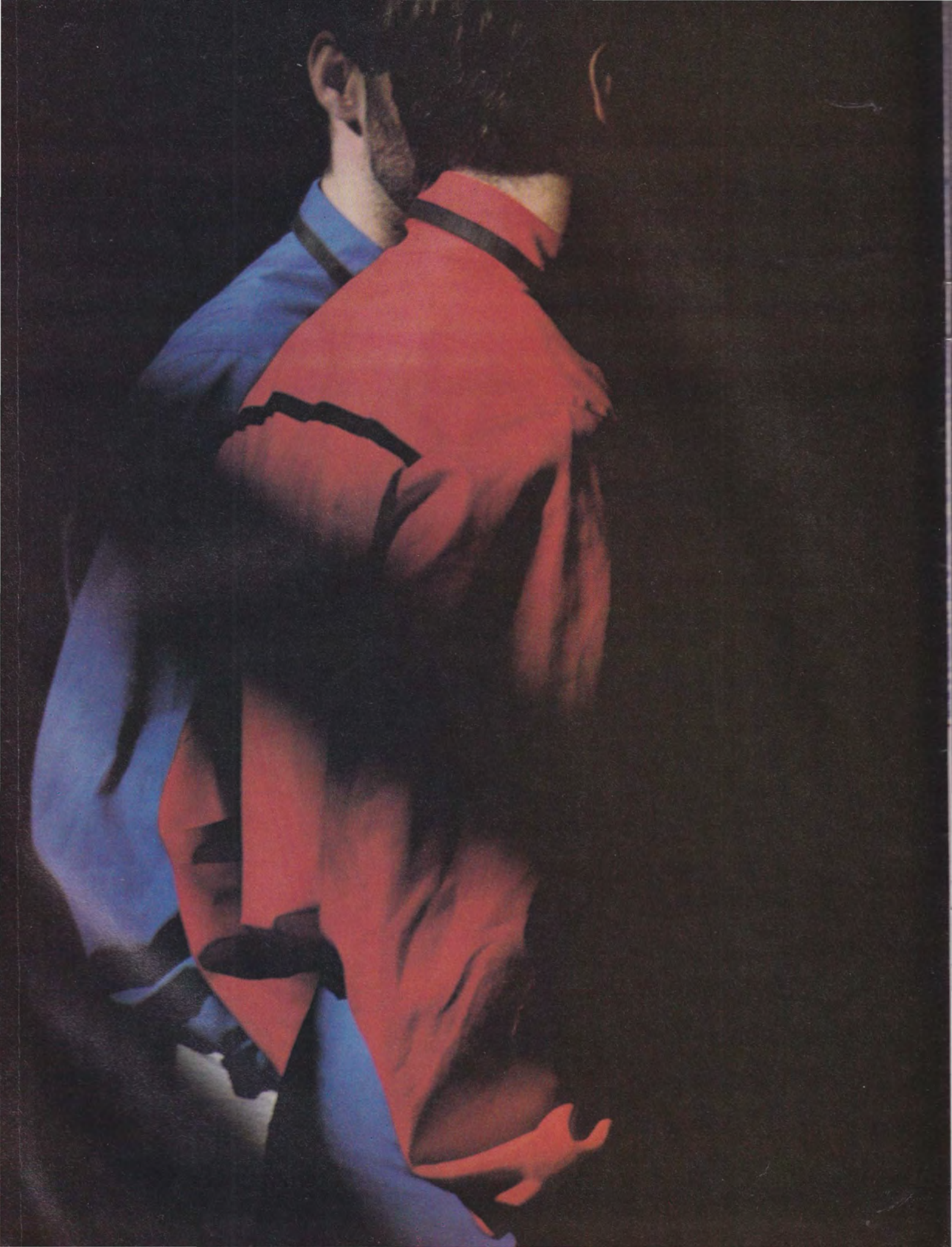
Photographs by Tom Post



TORRID



MANDATE / October 1979



TORRID



Opposite: Deep red and midnight blue meet in shirts by Kevin and Robert, \$60 each. Barney's, New York City, and Hardware, Los Angeles and Fire Island Pines.

On this page: Pink cotton chintz shirt by John Karl, \$25. Macy's, New York and California, and Camouflage, New York City. White seersucker trousers by Kevin and Robert, \$70. Camouflage, New York City, and Hardware, Los Angeles and Fire Island Pines.

Photographs by Tom Post



FASHION

MANDATE / October 1979

DISC SCENE

Continued from page 20

Still elusive after all these years, David Bowie has released the third and last of his albums created with Brian Eno. *Lodger* exploits familiar Bowie overkill, fashionable ten years ago, obviously has an audience. But so long as the J. Geils Band is alive, the audience will have a choice before it. Even the Jagger/Richards song seems lifeless, no small feat.

themes, chief among them the utter ridiculous nature of modern life, or anyhow as he lives it. Under the experimentalist shadow of Eno, Bowie tries to push to the limits what is almost not there, or not felt, blending images into their ironic opposites with heavy emphasis on sexual this-or-that confusion.

Bowie's first side ends with "Red

Sails," but for a neurotic guitar essay by Adrian Belew an almost tangible statement that stands in contrast to the precedent songs. On the second surface, Bowie heads back into his old androgynous mood with "Boys Keep Swinging" with the come-on lyrics of his earlier days: "When you're a boy, other boys check you out." It's still a game or only-his-gynecologist-knows-for-sure, the Bowie tease brought up to date with Eno's wizardry on the synthesizer. But it's also short on impulses that would lead the listener, finally, to care much at all. As self-indulgent and flagellant as he gets, Bowie is nothing compared to Lou Reed, whom we still have to watch kick *himself* around.

Charles "Burn It Down" Bynum handles guitar and Moog and there are 26 credits alone for strings on D.J. Rogers' *Trust Me*, an LP with its heart and soul in Hollywood.

It is hard to know if Mr. Bynum ("Just call me It") or anybody else was feeling particularly inspired here, so slick is this rhythm-and-blues LP. The title song puts Mr. Rogers through lots of "Big Mama" Thornton grunts and groans, but the string arrangements by Coleridge Taylor Perkinson have a Disney ring to them.

The thing is, Rogers has one of those spectacular voices, quicksilver and iron, that in another background could assume great urgency. As it is, he writes solid songs and then decorates them the way Nudie does Cadillac custom interiors. This is roll-and-pleat cocktail lounge music with the exception of a funky excursion in "Never Had a Reason to Dance Till Now," like a brief stop-over in Philadelphia.

Coming up: Disco mogul Giorgio Moroder is busy recording what he terms the first digital disco album for Casablanca Records. The latest technical bonus from aerospace research, digital tracking apparently catches so precisely what is fed into it that all distortions can be wiped out, leaving only those that were intended. Other artists—Stephen Sills, Bonnie Pointer, Randy Newman—have been working in studios in California, where the digital people hang out. But the most spectacular use of this new system surely will come from the man who pioneered Eurodisco, Donna Summer, and the *Midnight Express* soundtrack. Next step: digital *video* discs the size of postage stamps. Who said the future was no fun?

LAMAS

Continued from page 46

of his son's sincere intentions did he get Lorenzo the spot on the *Kojak* he was directing. Nothing much happened for a while, but then came *Grease*. That part could have been played by any attractive young jock, but the fact that movie was a smash hit (the no. 3 grosser of all time) focused attention on the young newcomer. His camera presence and a modicum of acting ability which he is fast developing have served him well. But now that he's in the big leagues, is he fearsome of critics, of failure, of being compared to others,...

"Rex Reed hated *Grease*," he recalls with a smirk. "He destroyed it, literally. But it was a hit. I didn't get in the reviews because it was a small part, but John and Olivia got blasted a few times. That comes with the territory; it may have surprised them, but it doesn't surprise me, because I've seen that all my life. There's a tendency to root for starlets, tolerate stars and detest or find fault with superstars. It's another human pattern. At least people are *noticing* you if they're criticizing you, and I think someone once said (Mae West did) that it's better to be looked over than overlooked.

"About failure, it's only relative. Like, Sly Stallone's flicks after *Rocky* were all called failures, but they made money. If he hadn't done *Rocky* before them, they might have been called successes; it's just that in comparison to *Rocky* they were failures. That doesn't mean a thing. *Grease* was a huge hit but that wasn't my doing—I look forward to having a big hit and being proud it's a hit because I'm in it and making it a hit."

And as for the inevitable comparisons, he is already used to being called the new Travolta, and if he takes up singing he fully expects to

be called the new Andy Gibb, etc., etc. Again, he sees the comparisons as a way of being flattered. "Someday they may be calling somebody else the new Lorenzo Lamas," he smiles. He is amused by tabloid articles that run headlines like "Lorenzo Lamas: 'I Make Travolta Look Like a Sissy'" or "Lorenzo Lamas' Sizzling Affair with Twins!"

"Man, most of that stuff is made up, totally out of the blue. And some of it sounds rather blue, too," he cracks. "At best, it contains a kernel of truth: I did once date twins, but how they found out about it, I'll never know. I like dating and I don't mind being played up a playboy. Dad sure was, in his day." He pauses. "I didn't mean to make it sound like that...."

Lorenzo's next project is a starring role in *The All-Americans*. In it, he will essay a sensitive young football player. Isn't he afraid of repeating himself in athletically-inclined roles and films?

He shrugs. Clearly this young man, who has a good head on his shoulders, doesn't stay up nights worrying about the course of his life or career. "I like playing athletes with an underlying sensitivity and if I'm typecast that's probably meant to be. My dad was typecast as a Latin lover for 20 years and it made him a lot of money. But through that, he's been able to stretch and do some other things. Eventually I'd like to produce and direct. Hollywood films are a business as well as an art; your roles depend on what the public will accept."

Lucky has grown up. The little boy who occasionally used to accompany his dad on to sets and locations is now 6-feet, 2-inches and weighs 180 pounds, all of it muscle and tanned good looks. This chip off the old block is really cooking!

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Body language at its most intensely stylized is what dance *is*, of course, and dance vocabulary, "spoken" by the most gifted choreographers and dancers, expresses limitlessly. The late Jose Limon once toured American college campuses with dancers Louis Falco and Sally Stackhouse and, at a lectern, explained what he was trying to convey with every step and gesture in a ballet called "The Exiles," as Falco and Stackhouse executed each movement passage. After, in costume, the dancers performed the complete ballet. As pure dance, without Limon's explication, "The Exiles" was an Adam-and-Eve ballet of lost innocence, guilt and regret. But, after his explanation, it seemed a work of even more extraordinary dance density, its general line enhanced by subtle particulars, by meaning in movement.

The dance explosion that bombards New York every summer prompts these remarks, for with the Stuttgart, the Netherlands Dance Theatre, the Ballet Nacional de Cuba and Russia's Bolshoi in town, dance-goers have just seen a remarkable international spectrum of full-length narrative ballets and shorter, "abstract" works, concretizing meaning in movement.

The Stuttgart, under the direction of *prima ballerina* Marcia Haydee, maintains the tradition of full-length story ballets established by the late John Cranko; in their repertory this season





**The Stuttgart Ballet
and the Netherlands Dance Theatre
got New York's international dance
season off to a rousing start.**

BODY LANGUAGE

By John Devere

were the already acclaimed *Romeo and Juliet*, *Taming of the Shrew* and *Eugene Onegin*, all by Cranko, and two new full-length productions, John Neumeier's *Lady of the Camellias* and William Forsythe's *Orpheus*.

The Stuttgart's season was remarkable in several ways. Its male superstar Richard Cragun, now over 35, is in greater form than ever, giving Petruccio an awesome athleticism one can compare only to the young Edward Villella's and the young Nureyev's. His dancing now has extraordinary precision and clarity, a laser clarity that seemed almost literally to cut through the air. In *Orpheus*, too, he demonstrated the same fierce, feverish intensity.

An especially noteworthy Stuttgart evening was the *Eugene Onegin* in which guest artist Natalia Makarova portrayed the innocent Tatiana discovering love and romantic rebuke, partnered by Cragun as the coolly cruel Onegin. If dance is body language, Makarova was an extraordinarily eloquent Tatiana, articulating both youthful exuberance and the role's darker dramatic depths with technical brilliance.

Noteworthy, too, is the Stuttgart's decision to continue with full-length dramatic ballets. Neumeier's *Lady of the Camellias* is perhaps handicapped by its music, a Chopin collage. Its heavy reliance on piano seemed inade-

quate, and one wished feverishly for sumptuous Verdi orchestrations, although one entirely understands Neumeier's decision to minimize *Traviata* associations. In fact, this *Camellia* goes back to the Dumas novel, utilizing the image of doomed courtesan Manon Lescaut as a central symbol. Marguerite (Marcia Haydee)



The Stuttgart Ballet's tradition of full-length story ballets continues. In addition to Romeo and Juliet, starring Richard Cragun and Marcia Haydee; left, and Eugene Onegin, with Marcia Haydee as Tatiana, above, the repertoire includes new productions of Orpheus and Lady of the Camellias.

identifies with the character Manon in the theatre, and is haunted by images of the promiscuous courtesan throughout the ballet. Curiously, the character of Marguerite seemed undefined until near the end, when doom-laden choreography communicated more effectively than earlier, less defined sequences. Neumeier might have checked his tendency to depict passion by having dancers roll on the floor; passion *can*, after all, be danced. (On alternate nights, Romeo/Juliet and Tatiana/Onegin were proving it.)

Forsythe's *Orpheus*, to an original score by Hans Werner Henze, is an angst-ridden descent into hell, with hell's inmates writhing on chairs, as if invisible snakes might prevent them from putting their feet down. Playwright Edward Bond's concept for the

ballet is fiercely political, with an effete Liberace-like Apollo seemingly symbolizing aristocracy, the keepers of hell exploitative capitalists, and the "people" contorting in exploited anguish. One is tempted to conclude there is less here than meets the eye, combining choreographic chaos, orchestral cacophony and a murkily confused "use" of myth for purposes of sociopolitical commentary. Its intense theatricality could leave no viewer indifferent; this particular sound and fury signified a pretentious "profundity" long on concept and short on effective actualization.

The discovery of the Stuttgart season was Jiri Kylian's *Return to the Strange Land*, in which, to Janacek music, dancers dramatically coil and contort in tricky choreography that is not *merely* tricky, but a startling

exploration of the body's possibilities. *This* body language speaks a strange, attractive tongue. A riveting sense of the dramatic, a fierce momentum of dance movement never pausing for posed effect, a surprising kaleidoscope of patterns involving two or three dancers, weaving, coiling around each other, creating sculptural effects—Kylian's effects are sculptural yet kinetic.

Cragun's resurgent intensity, Makarova's triumphant guesting as Tatiana, ambitious new works—it added up to an extraordinarily adventurous season for the Stuttgart, buoyed always by its already well-established strengths: Cranko's lovely *Romeo*, Haydee's funny expertise as Kate in *Shrew*, the elegant *Onegin*.

Kylian's Stuttgart ballet was a forewarning of what the Netherlands Dance Theatre would bring. As its director and chief choreographer, Jiri Kylian scored a rousing triumph opening night with *Sinfonietta*, a virtual dance olympics, Janacek fanfares accompanied by athletic choreography—grand jete after grand jete so non-stop the stage hardly seemed capable of containing such energetic exuberance. And the opening intensity never abated; this dance *dances*, accumulating a breakneck momentum, its choreography hurtling forward without respite in an endless display of sparkling fireworks. This is dance as pure dance, with no narrative, but an extraordinary mood created by force, speed and the sheer humanism implicit in such exuberance. This body language was a cry of exultation.

Kylian's *Symphony of Psalms*, to Stravinsky's music, differed in mood, but not in intensity. Alternately penitent and glorying, his dancers let their bodies evolve from arched-over lamentation into upreaching stretches, aspiring like gothic lines toward something ultimate. Above all, Kylian's choreography *moves*. (By the way, Jerry Goldsmith's Oscar-winning "Ave Satani" from *The Omen* derives directly from this Stravinsky score, just as John Williams' *Star Wars* theme is lifted, almost note for note, from Elie Siegmeister's *Sunday in Brooklyn*.) Much of Kylian's success is allied to his choice of danceable music, insistently demanding, bold music that obviously brings out the best in his feverishly fertile imagination. In Jiri Kylian, the dance world has a new choreographer, already very accomplished, of force and originality and sheer theatrical intensity.

MOVIES

FRANK LANGELLA AS DRACULA

Since Bram Stoker's novel *Dracula* first appeared in 1897, the Transylvanian count has wildly proliferated, crawling out of the coffin in 29 novels, countless stage versions, 118 short stories, 200—yes, 200!—movies, and five television specials reaching an estimated 430 million viewers in 17 lands. The gentleman is therefore not exactly unknown. Yet from Bela Lugosi through Christopher Lee, the count's image remained somewhat constant, with an emphasis on ominousness. In director John Badham's new film version, starring Frank Langella, the creepy weirdness is still intact, of course, thanks to rumbling thunder, cobwebs gleaming in flickering candlelight, Victorian heroines in lacy, wind-whipped décolletage (shutters keep banging open). But something new has been added, and it gives the creepy old warhorse new life. Frank Langella plays the count as if he's Lord Byron, a doomed Romantic hero with flowing chestnut locks, swirling cape, eyes brimming with poignant realizations about mortality. Anne Rice's recent best-seller *Interview with the Vampire* movingly suggested the vampire's tragic sense of life, that of not choosing a perverse destiny but of following a grim necessity. Langella's portrayal is smoothly mesmerizing, and will probably have the same effect on audiences that it has on his victims. It is a beautifully controlled performance that defines, for the first time, *Dracula's* sensual appeal. The film is luscious, with understated colors. Its gory scenes are gory indeed, with one man's throat ripped out before your very eyes, and some Linda Blair/*Exorcist* effects that are spine-tingling

indeed. Laurence Olivier and Donald Pleasance are wonderfully crotchety, and Kate Nelligan is unconventionally beautiful and sober as the doomed Lucy. Badham's direction is always stylish, frenetic when it needs to be, and superbly paced for impact.

FLICKING THROUGH THE SPROCKETS

For those wishing to catch up on still-not-seen summer movie releases, a few highlights:

Most surprising performance: Omar Sharif in Sydney Sheldon's *Bloodline*. In the sort of harried husband/philanderer part always played by Marcello Mastroianni or Giancarlo Giannini, Sharif is expertly funny, displaying comic flair and timing no other role has ever demanded of him. He can act.

Hunky debut: Chuck Norris, done to death by Bruce Lee in *Enter the Dragon*, has his own chop-socky kung-fu vehicle, *Good Guys Wear Black*, which has a more convoluted CIA/FBI plot than you might surmise. Lots of musculature coils and uncoils, lots of sinews and tendons stretch.

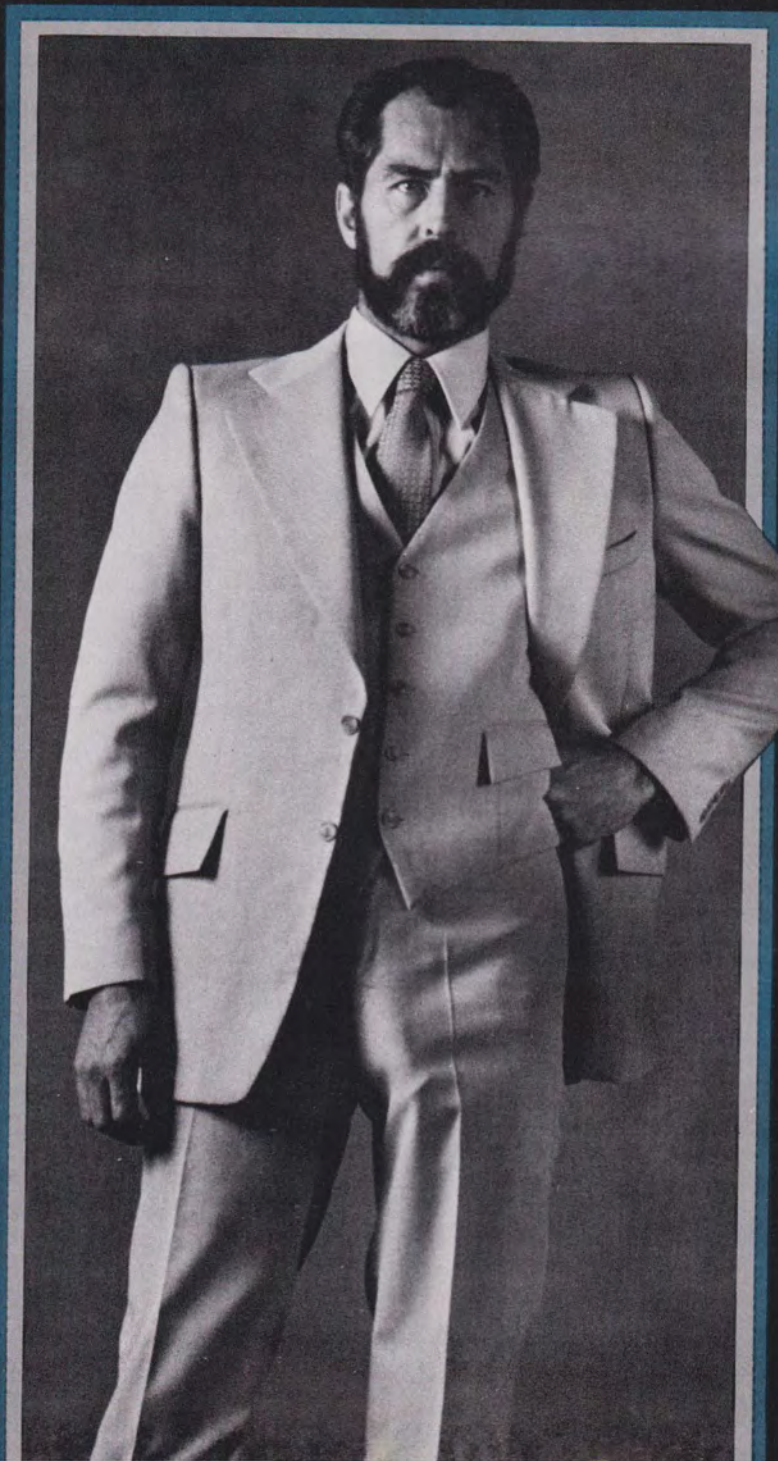
Worst performance: Ali MacGraw in *Players*. She could never act, of course, but her personal trait—snotty condescension—coincided so perfectly with the character Jennie in *Love Story* that it was a convincing melding of actress and role. She is ludicrous when she tries to simulate any emotion.

Fascinating film: Philip Kaufman's *The Wanderers*, an odd combination of realism and poetic stylization, with the dividing line between the two never clearly defined in this collage about street gangs. The film takes off on paranoid fantasies that underscore the characters' Bronx preoccupations. A cast of unknowns performs with extraordinary effectiveness.

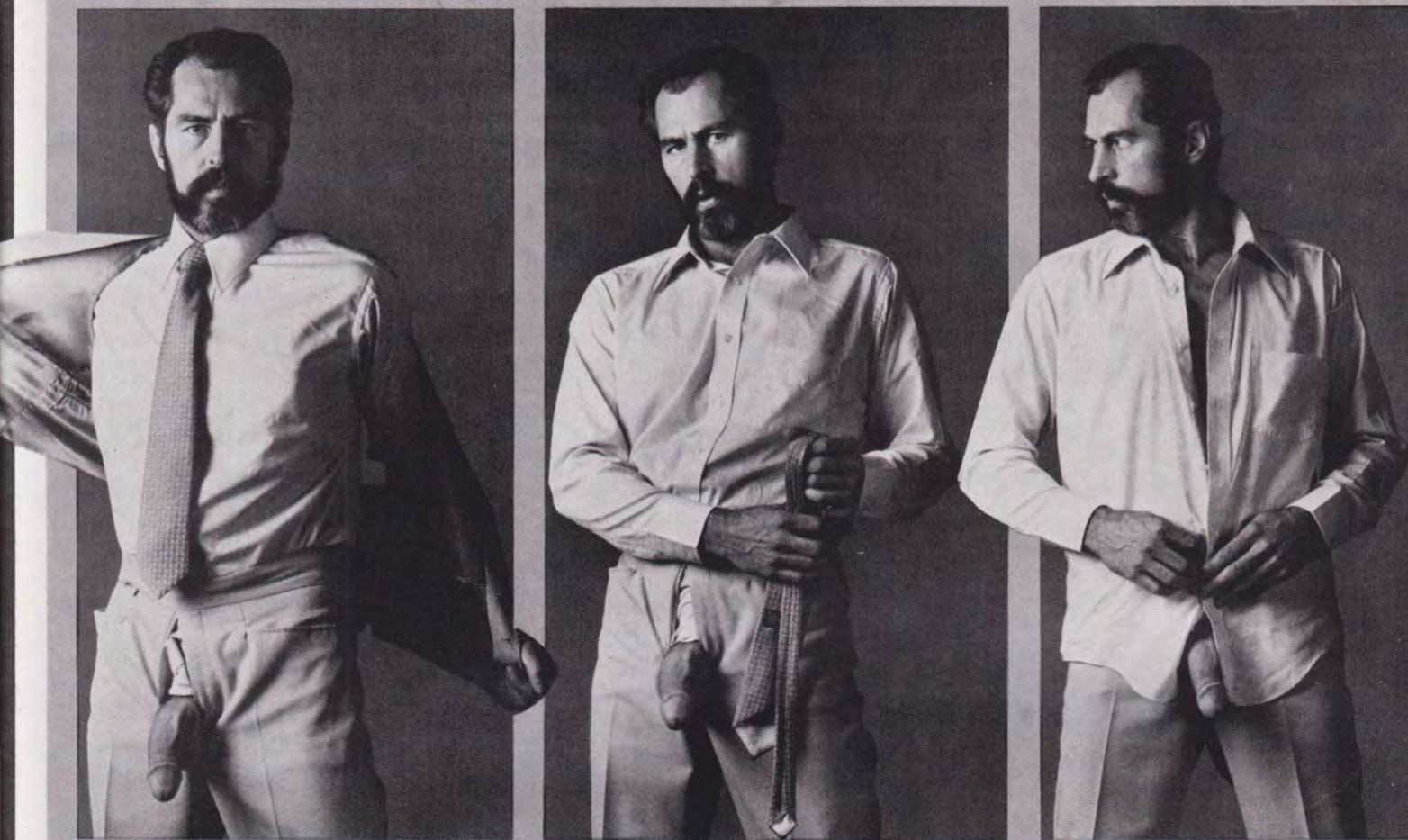
Richard Locke **ENERGY SOURCE**

He comes on the stage wearing a three piece suit. The hard ridges of his mature face make him look like a successful businessman on Wall Street, hardly at all like the person he really is: one of America's most famous male porn idols.

Photograph by Roy Blakey



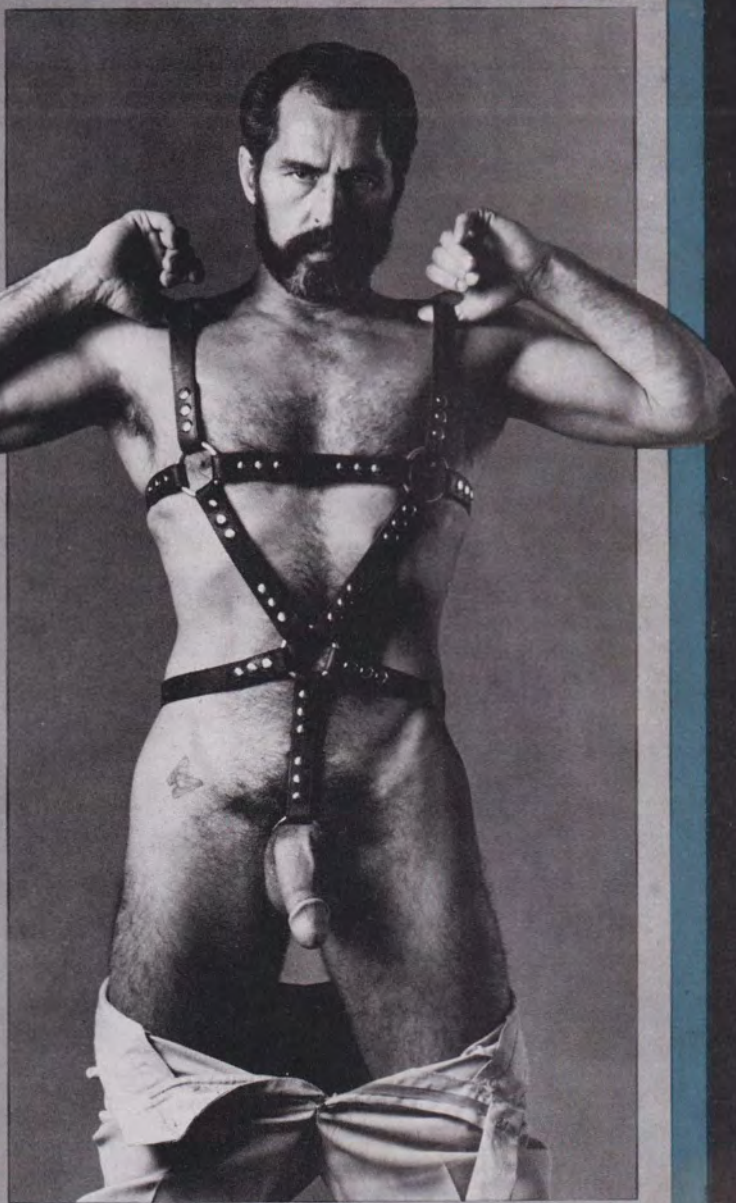




"I think it's important that we get back into the rites of the pagan gods—the virility rites that were so important to humans when we were really close to the earth."

Slowly the jacket and the vest come off. Then the shirt is opened. The crowd has been hushed, but its collective breath sucks in at the sight of the heavy bands of leather strapped across his chest; there is the man they came to see. The clothes come off; one piece after another; the thumping of the hard soundtrack of *Kansas City Trucking Company* plays in the background. The movements are as strong-muscled as the body reveal. There are no playful catcalls from the audience; not like there might have been in another stage show: This is no little boy who needs to be told to "take it off." This is Richard Locke, a man among men, a stud. The music continues its insistent beat and finally he's naked. The leather bands of harness aren't leaving a single thing hidden; the lines of the restraining prop only serve to accentuate the enormity of his body. The whole apparatus is centered on a metal cock ring, drawing everyone's eyes and thoughts down into the oft-glimpsed crotch.

Photographs by Roy Blakey



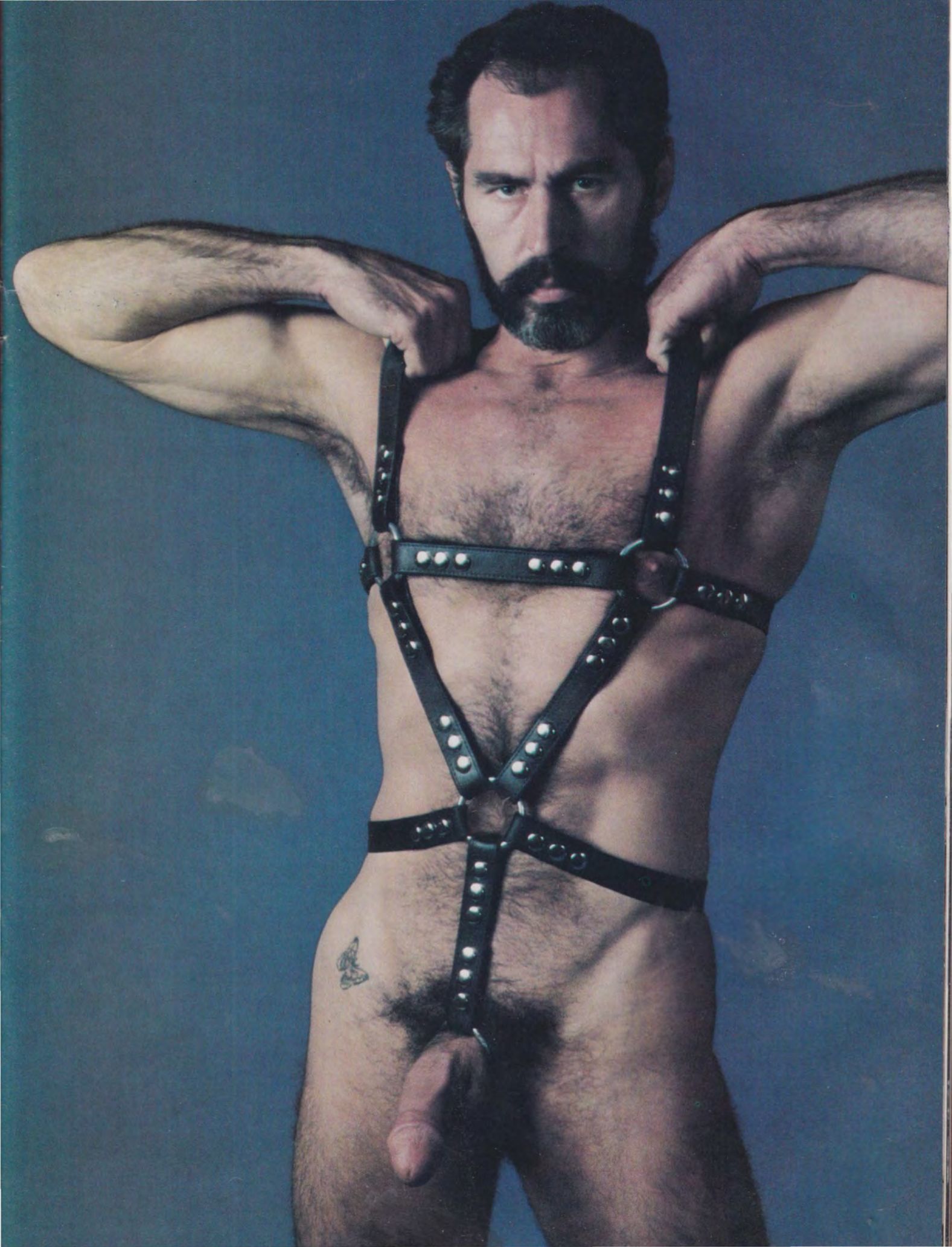
They sit, silently, drinking in the view of their idol: Richard Locke, star of some of the most successful porn films yet. He's standing right there in front of them. The temperature of the theatre rises as sweat and body heat combine to melt an orgasm out of this unique attraction. What sort of man lurks behind the facade of topman that Locke has played on screen so often? Who really is the man we've seen in *Kansas City Trucking Company*, *El Paso Wrecking Corp.* and the soon to-be-released *Los Angeles Tool and Die*? Locke strolled in and sat his 6'1" body down in a large stuffed chair. What would he talk about? What would Richard Locke have to say to *Mandate*?

The interview with Richard Locke follows the color centerfold.
An article on Locke and sensuous massage appears on page 57.

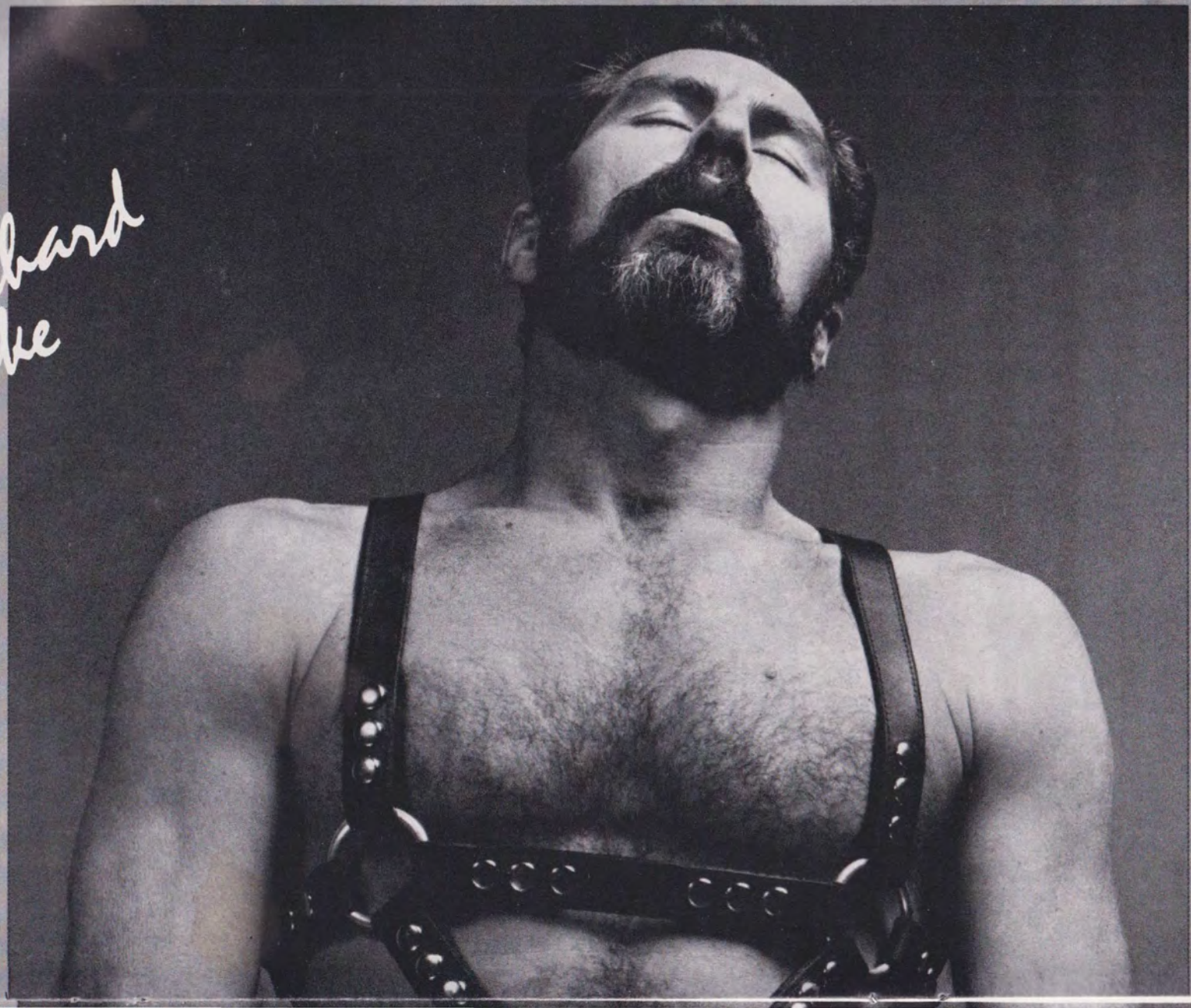
Richard Locke

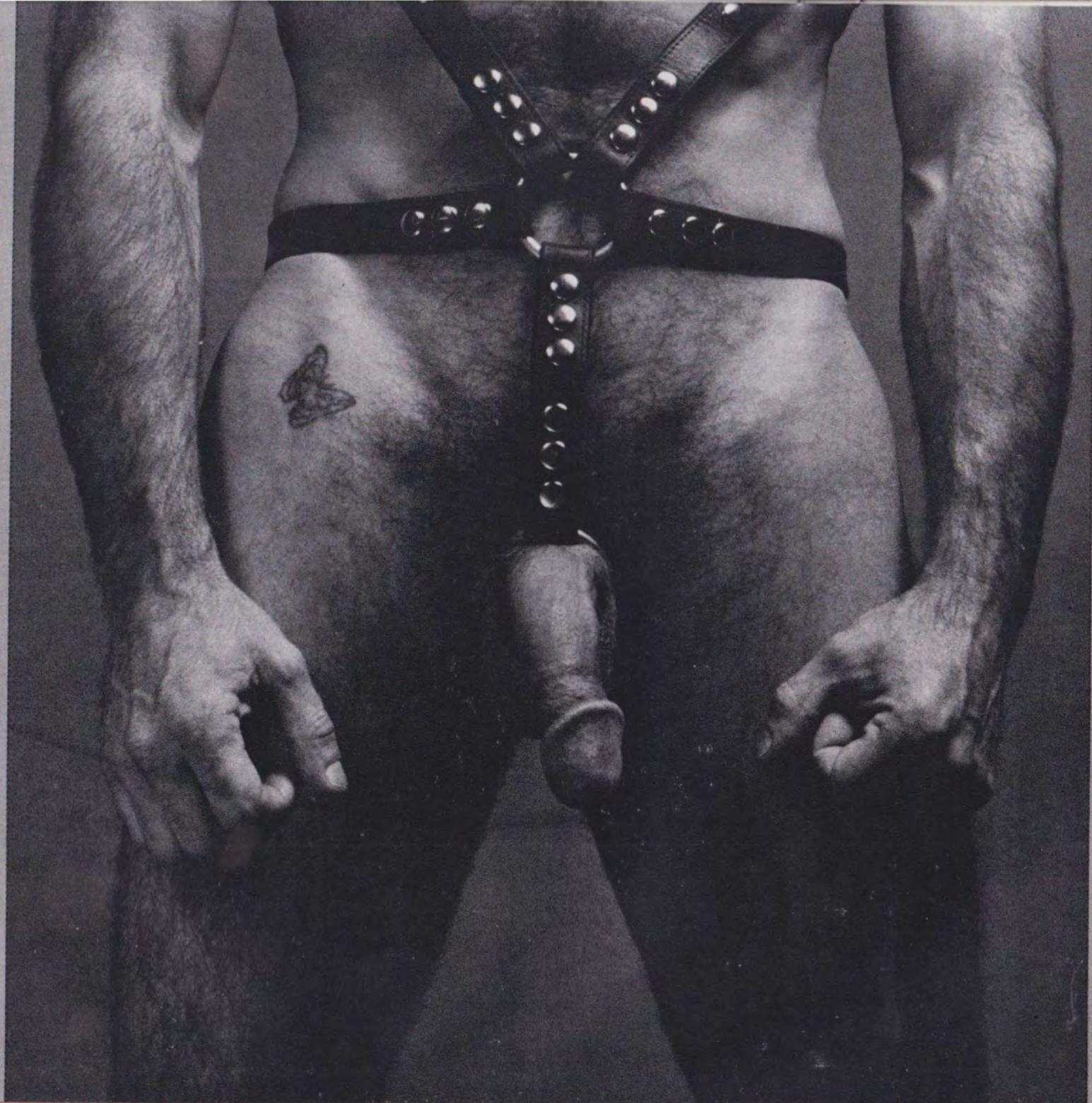
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October 1979 / MANDATE



Richard
Locke



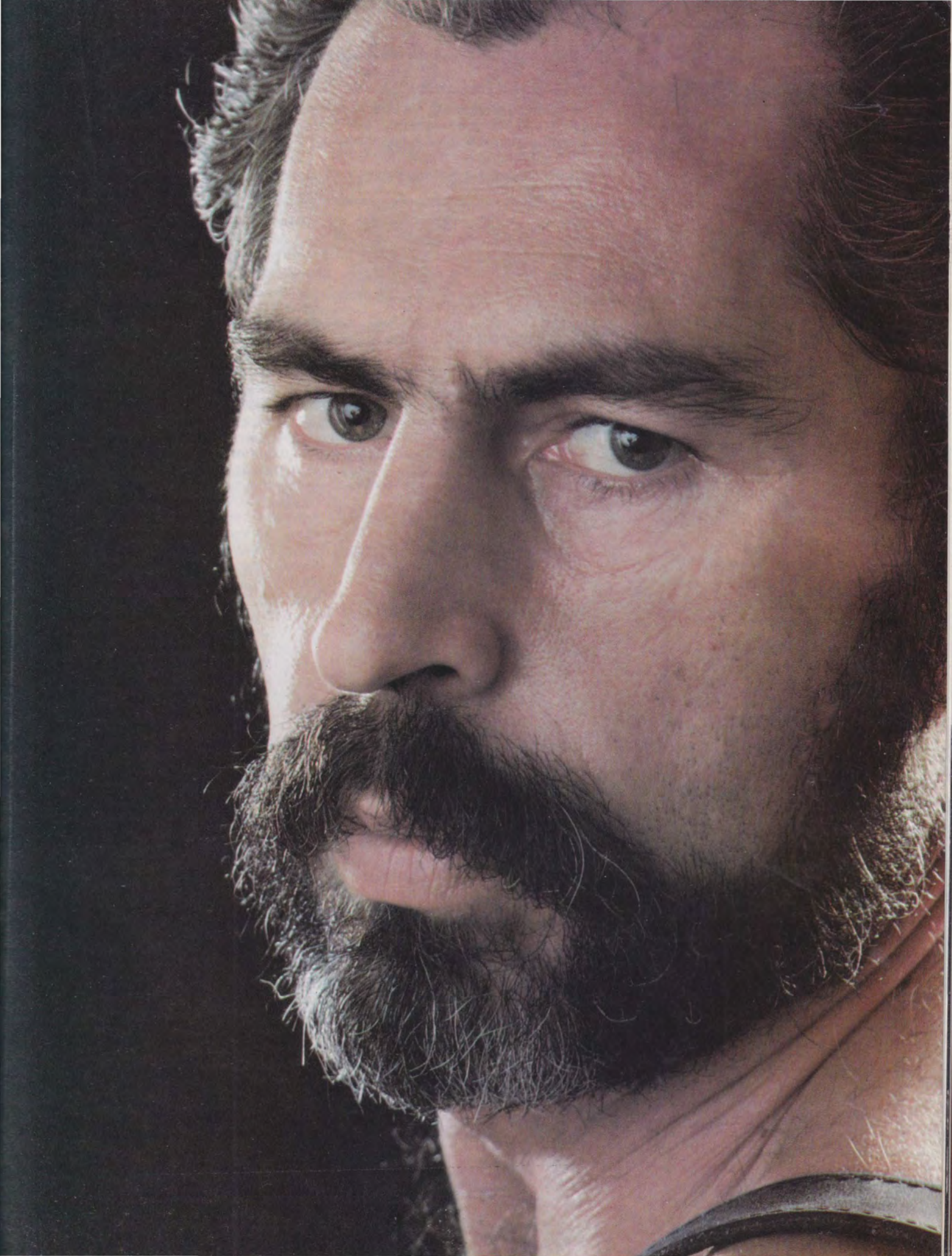


MANDATE
Photograph by Roy Blakey

Richard
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Richard Locke

There was no shyness in his opening speech. None had been expected, but then, neither had the enthusiasm the man had for talking been anticipated either. And especially not his subject: solar energy.

Locke lives in the desert outside Palm Springs, California. When he first went to the power company to have a line run out to his spread four years ago, he learned it would cost him \$400 to have it installed. Then, he discovered a wind generator that would meet some of the minimal needs for electricity in his house for \$380. He bought the windmill equipment and told the utility company to forget it.

After that, solar energy became a new passion. An obsession almost. Solar energy heats his water and home now; his spare time is spent attending solar energy conventions to try to press the importance he gives to the topic. "I'm working with the environment rather than changing it," he says with great conviction. Conviction so great that it's difficult to get him to change the subject.

It's wonderful to know that this fantasy man isn't a one-dimensional cut-out doll who can't talk about anything that doesn't happen on the screen, but there are questions that everyone has about those men who perform for others and here is an opportunity to ask them:

Locke isn't reluctant to talk about sex: "My sex life is always a celebration," he explains when asked how it's so easy, apparently, for him to act on cue, "and I love to celebrate." The broad grin grows as he gets into the topic. He's strongly opposed to organized religion—that opposition is one of the reasons he let himself go so fully when he gets involved in sex: "I think it's important that we get back into the rites of the pagan gods—the virility rites that were so important to humans when we were really close to the earth."

How does he do that? "I spill my seed on the ground all over the place," he laughs at the Biblical injunction. "I spill it wherever and whenever I can. I do it with whomever I can, or by myself—with the moon or the sun. It doesn't matter. I fuck trees! They're not very responsive, but I get off a lot."

Trees? The man believes that Nature is the greatest high of all: that's part of the reason for his love of the natural forms of energy, and certainly one of

the main reasons he lives far from a big city.

But how did he become a film actor? "I've been around theater for years, since college. And once, I even had my own cinema in San Francisco: It was a super-8 theater exclusively, the first one in the country." The smile returns, "I went broke in three months."

"Then I had a few parts in a couple movies. I guess my first one was a cameo role in Artie Bressen's *Dreamer*. There was also a cameo role in a movie that was released as *Forbidden Letters*."

But the real break didn't come until the trilogy of films that have made him so famous. *El Paso Wrecking Corp.* was first. "Joe Gage, the the director, had seen me in *Dreamer* and had a mutual friend approach me. 'Richard, how'd you like to be in a movie they're casting?' 'Great,' I said. 'It's porno.' 'Even better!'"

What do porn stars think of their films? Which ones do they like the most? "I'm most fond of Wakefield Poole's *Take One* and of my part in it. There's a sequence where my friend and I are doing it with our windmill in the background. That's what I really got off on: the windmill being a natural part of the action. I don't think that film ever got enough attention: it was a masterpiece. People were stupid not to make it into a bigger hit; they only wanted suck-and-fuck. There's more to sex than that."

There must be something special about performing in front of a live audience the way he's been doing in a tour that's taken him from San Francisco to Pittsburgh to New York. "There's a fantastic energy flow back and forth between me and the audience. I love it. I love the sense that we're turning one another on. I really get off on that."

Does it bother him to be so clearly identified as a sex person by people in the streets. "Oh, no. It's great. You know I usually stay in the desert. In Palm Springs, people have seen my name in the paper only because of solar energy. But, recently when I've been in San Francisco and New York, people have known me from my films or my show. It's been wonderful.

Why the costume in the show? Why start with a three piece suit? "I left my last suit in the closet when I was fired by an insurance company years ago. But, on this tour, I wanted to be able to identify with the audience. I figured

Continued to page 78

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If your bone structure derives from
Fernando Lamas and Arlene Dahl,
chances are you're good-looking.
If you can act, too...

LORENZO LAMAS

By Ronald Milton

Upon meeting Lorenzo Lamas, the hottest new male property in films, one expects a blond dum dum, probably because he played Olivia Newton-John's blond jock pre-Travolta boyfriend in *Grease*. What one gets instead is a tall, dark, definitely handsome 21-year-old with

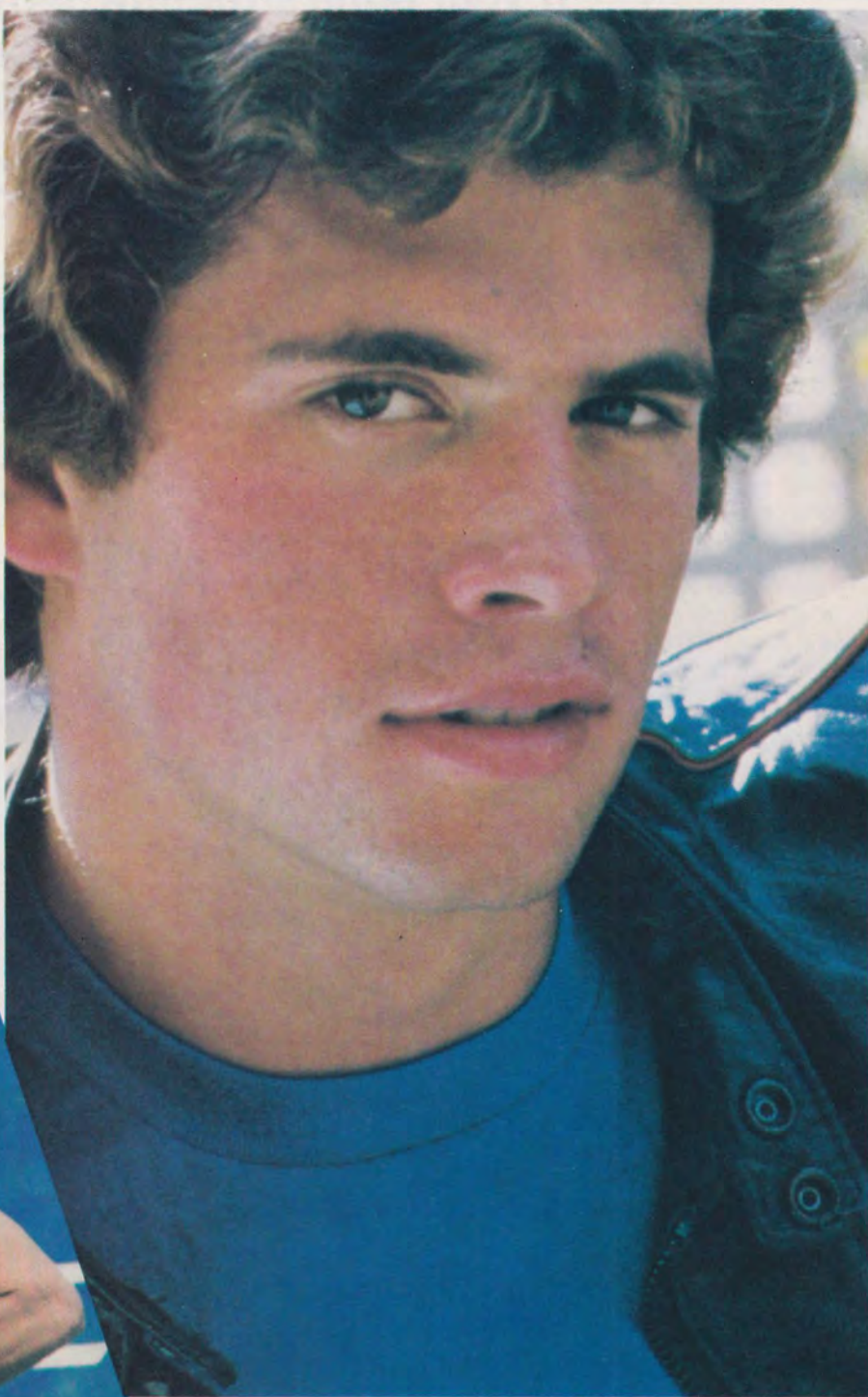
fashion flair, intelligent eyes and an occasionally very animated manner. The resemblance to his father, 50s heartthrob and actor-director Fernando Lamas, is not striking until one sees a photo of the younger Fernando, fresh out of his native Argentina. On the other hand, when



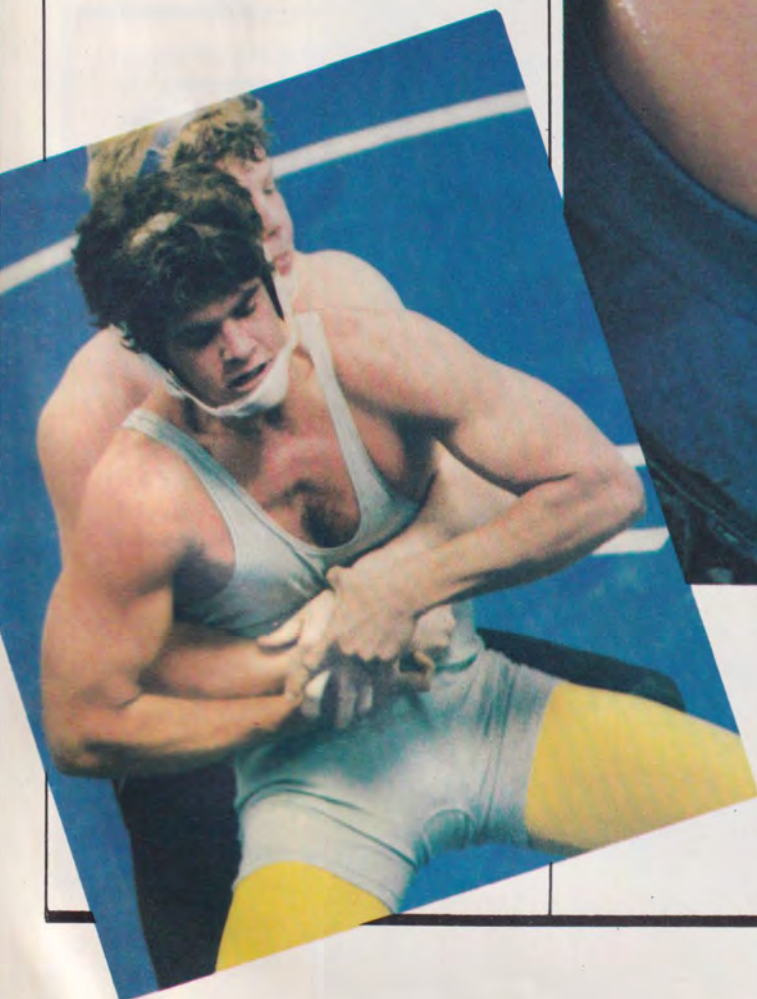
one remarks that Lorenzo looks nothing like Esther Williams, he comments slowly, "I shouldn't. She's my *stepmother*."

The lad's own mother is actress Arlene Dahl, one of Hollywood's most luscious glamor girls of the 50s, from whom his father obtained a divorce in 1969. Ms. Williams had previously had a fling with Fernando, in the early 50s when they co-starred together, but they didn't try marriage until they met again in Rome, in another, more mature picture. By any standards, Lorenzo is descended from Hollywood royalty. However, excessive mention of his famous roots provides mild irritation, and he notes with strained patience:

"All the interviews I've been doing, they ask me about being Fernando's kid. It gets boring, because it's like they all want to find out, can I act on my own? Did I get a job because of my old man? Well, maybe you can get *one* job out of having a famous father, but they sure aren't going to permanently take you off the welfare rolls just because of a name, no matter *whose* it



© MCMLXXVIII American Film Consortium



Hollywood insiders and the movie-going public at large noticed the blond, muscular young actor who played Olivia Newton-John's pre-Travolta jock boyfriend in Grease, opposite page. And that attention catapulted 21-year-old Lorenzo Lamas into four major feature films. Coming up first is Take Down, left, in which he plays a sensitive wrestler.

is!" He grins and smooths the bottom of his trousers so they fall naturally over his leather boots.

Lucky Lorenzo had his screen debut in *Grease* as the sweet but dopey Tom Chisum, the athlete who captured Olivia Newton-John's fancy, if not her knickers. As soon as Travolta took over, Lamas was relegated to a strictly minor role. Nevertheless, *Grease*'s fantastic success rubbed off on the aspiring actor and helped him get further jobs. "Everybody loves success in this town," he says quietly. "It's like a god here. No wonder there are so few churches."

As they say, you're only as good as your last picture, and Lorenzo was quickly signed up for not one, but *four*, features, all to be released in 1979. The first is *Take Down*, a jock tale in the Robby Benson tradition and the first PG-rated film ever to be distributed by Walt Disney. In it, the actor plays a wrestling hero—again, not too smart a youth, one whose lack of intellect threatens his place on the team and at school. Does he fear being typecast?

"No. Not when I'm working so hard and so often, on so many movies." He smiles and stops abruptly. Obviously, at his age he can't do the roles of a Michael Caine or a James Caan, and he points to John Travolta, who seems to be repeating the same roles over and over—that's presumably why Travolta decided to leave *American Gigolo*. "I like the exposure and the variety of doing all these movies back to back, even if the roles in some of them aren't huge ones."

Lorenzo stars in two of the four pictures: *Take Down* and another, which he calls "a surprise—I don't want to strip all the mystery away." He has small but important roles in *Tilt* with Brooke Shields, a pinball saga, and in the big-budget *Promises in the Dark* with Marsha Mason. Additionally, his smash success in *Take Down* has inspired producer Allan Carr to consider Lamas for the male lead in the *Grease* sequel, *Summer School*. Another associate says, "This young man is going places. Definitely. He's better-looking than Travolta and if he can sing and dance, he's really got it made."

His very proud father declares, "Lorenzo has a stage presence. When I was on the Merv Griffin show with him and they showed a clip from *Take Down*, I was impressed all over again

LORENZO LAMAS

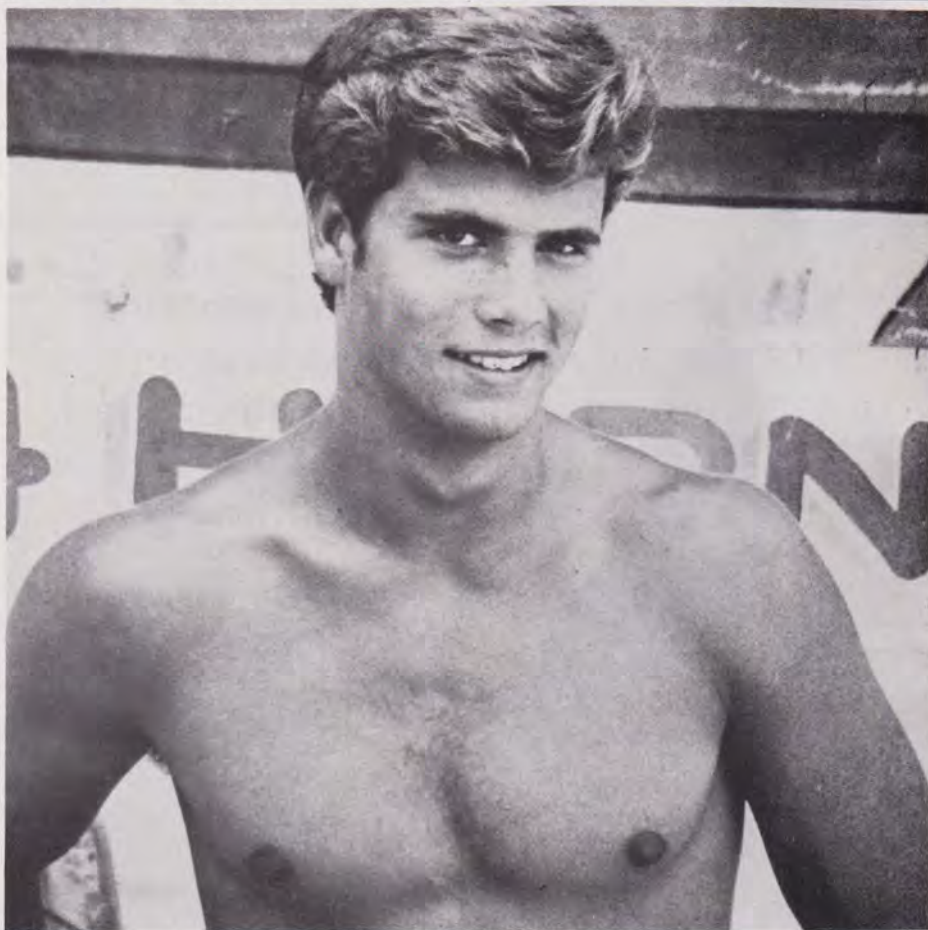
with what he can do. He doesn't even have to do it—he just lights up the screen with his presence. As a director, I know that is something very few people have. As an actor, I am very jealous."

Lorenzo, it appears, will probably attain the superstardom that always eluded his father. Because of dwindling roles (and of course, because of his own talent) Fernando took up directing, and has become a major TV director. He gave Lorenzo his first break with a guest shot in *Kojak*. The boy is sensitive about that subject, stating, "My father being who he is helped get my foot in the door, but once you're in, you've got to produce, and if you have nothing to offer, that door slams on your behind just as hard as it does on the kid from

Topeka."

Ironically, while Fernando was and is an "exotic" type, Lorenzo is one of Hollywood's all-Americans. For this reason alone, he will go farther, since there are more roles for a less "ethnic" type. "When Dad first started acting in America he was very conscious of his foreign accent and he asked one of the higher-ups if he should change it. The guy told him if he lost his accent, he lost his job. That was the novelty." Lorenzo has taken heart from the oft-recounted episode, trying to find his own uniqueness and deliver on screen what nobody else can.

But it's hard, when one's so young. "Most stars are at least 30," he says with relish. Normally, Hollywood talk leaves him uninspired or even bored, and he has already developed stock



LORENZO LAMAS

answers to stock questions. "At my age you're still trying to find your head. I've found mine pretty much, but you certainly can't have the same personality and personal polish you have at your acting peak, say, at 40."

Although he doesn't say so, one gets the impression Lorenzo is relieved that, unlike his father in his own youth, he doesn't have to content with the Latin lover image. Nobody has thought of him in such terms, and in *Grease* he had to dye his hair blonde, wear walking shorts and act vapid. "It was a real trip," he recalls. Any misconceptions about the importance of his role, which might have been developed into a third of a romantic triangle, were quickly shattered on the first day of filming. John and Olivia were clearly the stars of the show. Secondary status went to the old-timers like Eve Arden and Syd Caesar. Then came the Pink Ladies (with Stockard Channing at the forefront) and Zuko's buddies. And then Tom Chisum and assorted others.

Even so, Lorenzo's memories of the production are pleasant. The youth doesn't yet have an oversized ego and feels no competition with Travolta,

passed out yearbooks to the graduates of Rydell High, and in real life the cast members—other than the two superstars—decided to meet again for a reunion in five or 10 years. Lorenzo (nicknamed 'Renzo by friends and some relatives) realizes, however, that Hollywood isn't that closely knit a town:

"You can easily become attached to somebody while you're making a flick. You get into these friendships, sometimes real close, and everyone in front of and behind the camera gets to be almost like a relative to you. But it's a kind of trap, because when you wrap it up, everyone has to part and that can be sad. It's almost better to keep your distance, but that's easier said than done, and it's no way to live.

"Everyone always says they'll see each other again and keep in touch... It's funny, isn't it? I guess it's just human nature. Anyway, it's something to keep in mind."

Growing up as a Hollywood "brat," a term he isn't very fond of, Lorenzo has long been around the rich and famous. He knows how they live, what they suffer from, how they love, what they laugh at. What is that perspective

you have to solve problems from within. I mean, there's no greater survivor than the foreigner in an alien land. That in itself teaches you several lessons.

"I've been able to meet and get to know all kinds of people that reached the top financially or professionally but were lacking in happiness or being contented and at peace with themselves. Human beings really tend to create their own problems. I think that's one reason I've been drawn to animals—they're much purer, and in a way, they're smarter. For instance, animals only kill each other as a last resort, never to pass the time or get a pat on the back...."

When he was a child, Lorenzo Lamas wanted to be a highway patrolman. Later on, he decided to become a veterinarian. Throughout his school years he'd never been very turned on by studying or books, but his interest was always roused by the natural world and animals in particular. He was sent off to military school at one point, attending Adm. Farragut Military Academy in Toms River, New Jersey. That was his mother's idea, and he prefers not to describe it. At school, he went out for sports and earned varsity letters in wrestling, swimming, track and football. During the summers he worked at a gas station, of which he says, "It wasn't anything I'd recommend on a long-term basis." To amuse friends, he used to say he had a job with the Royal Dutch/Shell Group.

Then Lucky—as he was called by certain people who found his classical Italian name difficult to pronounce—was accepted at four veterinary schools. He enrolled at Santa Monica College and after one boring year informed his father he wanted to act. Fernando took a good, long look at his son and ascertained whether he was serious and would be willing to work hard and study his craft. "Most people think all you do is stand up and read your lines," says Lorenzo, "but there's far more to it than that. My dad's had a rigorous training background, more than most. He made me realize acting is, or *can* be, an art."

Only after Lamas Sr. was convinced

Says the 6'2", 180-pound athlete:
"I like playing athletes with an
underlying sensitivity. If I'm typecast,
it's meant to be." Lamas has four
soon-to-be-released films.

Richard Gere or any of the other young star-studs of cinema. "The whole shooting schedule was like a party," he recalls. "The set was kept open and the music was often running. People danced around and visitors stopped in and food was catered or people brought homemade goodies. There were even a few champagne parties. It was like being back in school, but even better."

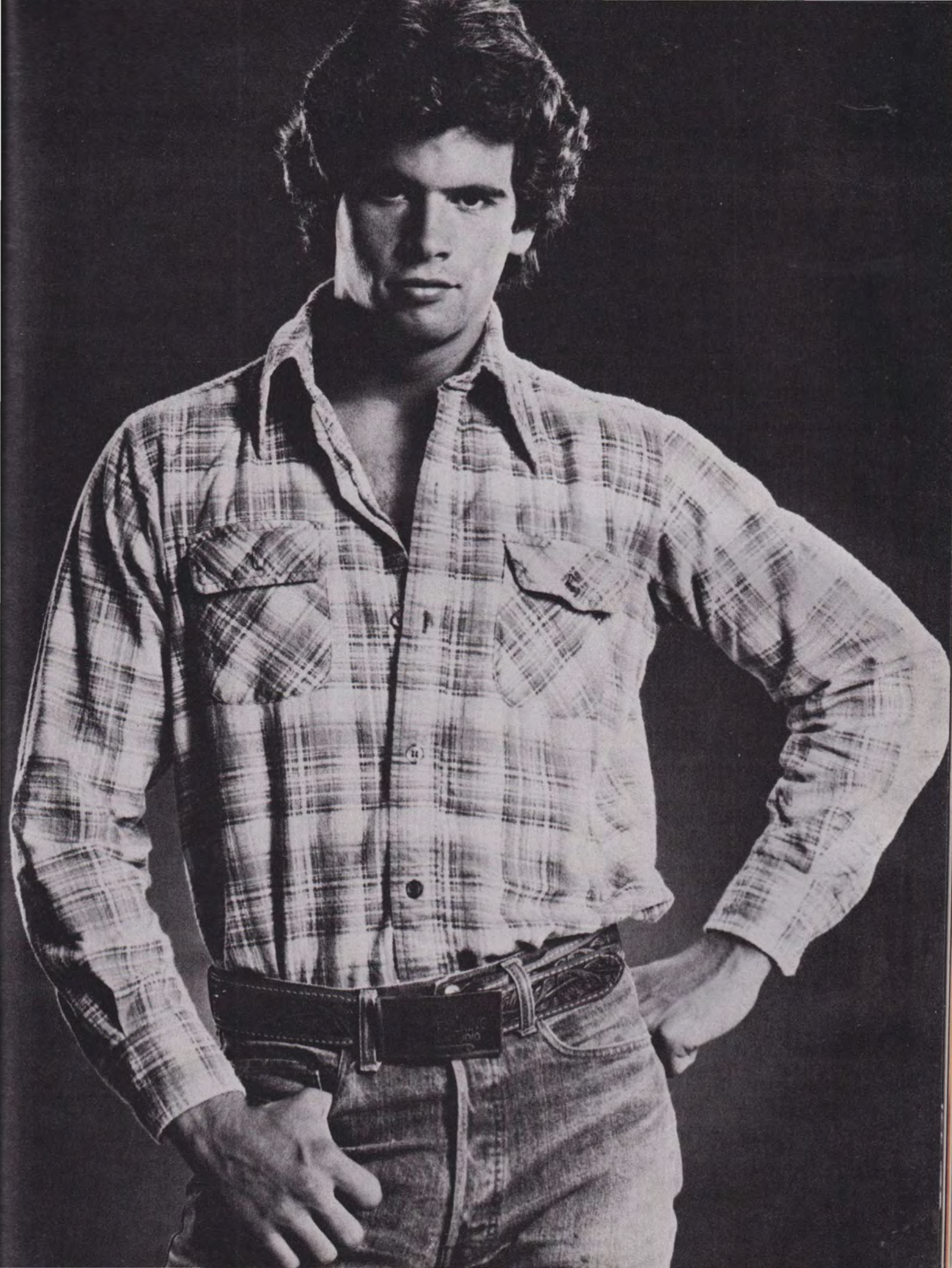
At the end of *Grease*, a blond Lamas

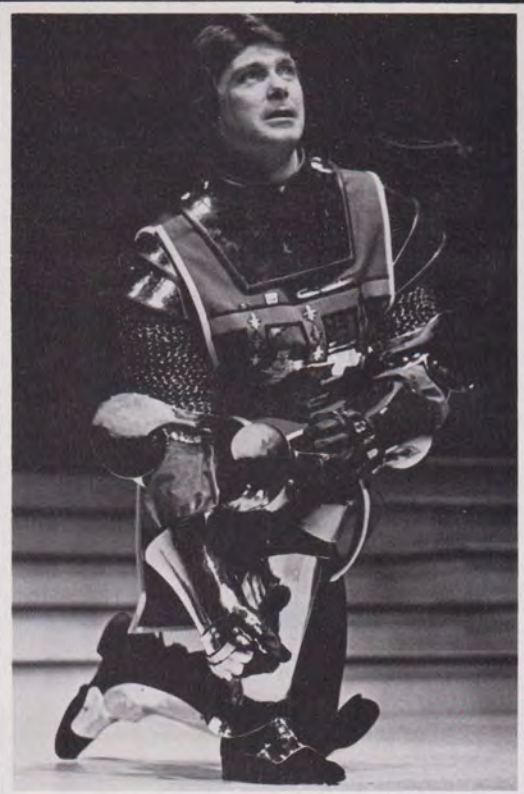
like?

"It's really healthy," he admits, "because you see the true face of Hollywood. This country's obsessed with Hollywood and movies and stars and fame. Everyone wants it, and I'm not going to tell you I don't like what's happening to me, but it really isn't for everybody. Look at the people who have been tormented by it. If you're unhappy or lonely, fame won't solve your problems. My dad's showed me

Continued to page 28

October 1979 / MANDATE





HOT SPURS

By John Devere

**"For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings."
—King Richard, Shakespeare's *Richard II***

Like troubling thunder, distantly drumming hoofbeats rumble ominously, punctuated piercingly by war cries. Swords flash and clang. A death-dealing mace's dark arc through smoky air is met by a phalanx of shields.

Shakespeare's history plays are thoroughly masculine plays, sinewy and muscular plays about fiercely ravenous

appetites for power, about ruthlessness and ambition, honor and betrayal.

At Stratford, Ontario, three of Shakespeare's most virile history plays—*Richard II* and *Henry IV, Parts I and II*—are part of a twelve-play repertory running through October 31. The plays are, above all, about kingship, and Henry IV's line "Uneasy lies the head that wears a

The Stratford, Ontario, Shakespeare Festival is currently performing three of the bard's history plays. In the first, Stephen Russell, right, plays the "degenerate king" in Richard II, whose crown is usurped by young Henry Bolingbroke, top right, played by Craig Dudley.

Bolingbroke becomes King Henry IV, and in Henry IV, Part I, the king's forces form a virile phalanx, top left: Richard Monette as Prince Hal, Maurice Good as Westmoreland, Lewis Gordon as Falstaff, Douglas Rain as Henry IV, Ian White as Sir Walter Blunt, and Stewart Arnott as Prince John. Portrait at right by Zoe Dominic; performance photos above by Robert C. Ragsdale.



HOT SPURS

**"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."
—Shakespeare's *Henry IV***

crown" is a fitting epigraph for these dramas that teem with scheming, with plots and counterplots, with wide-striding soldiers "bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste." The rebel Hotspur is significantly named.

Shakespeare's extraordinarily energetic characters are the sort who cry, as they race into battle, "Doomsday is near: die all, die merrily." In the era Shakespeare depicts—Henry IV assumed the throne of England in 1399—men defined themselves through external action, just as they continued to do in Shakespeare's own day, the age of Sir Walter Raleigh, the Spanish Armada, the beheading of Robert Devereux. Shakespeare was writing about events

that occurred only 200 years earlier; although, with our convenient hindsight, we discern that European history, during those 200 years, moved from the supposed Dark Ages into the Renaissance, codes of honor really did not change much.

Shakespeare was in fact close to the codes he wrote about so fiercely: his histories' conviction perhaps stems from that fact. Elizabeth I and Mary Queen of Scots are not that far, really, from Richard II and the virile usurper Henry Bolingbroke, who later became Henry IV.

Stratford's ambitious undertaking—after all, how often does one have the opportunity to see Shakespeare's histories?—will be



*When playboy Prince Hal becomes Henry V, the burdens of kingship sober him. Richard Monette, right, plays the prince in *Henry IV, Parts I and II*. Portrait by Zoe Dominic. In *Part I*, he leads the king's forces against the rebels Worcester and Hotspur, above left, played by Cedric Smith and Stephen Russell, and is rebuked for his licentious lifestyle by his father, Henry IV, above right, played by Douglas Rain. Performance photos by Robert C. Ragsdale.*

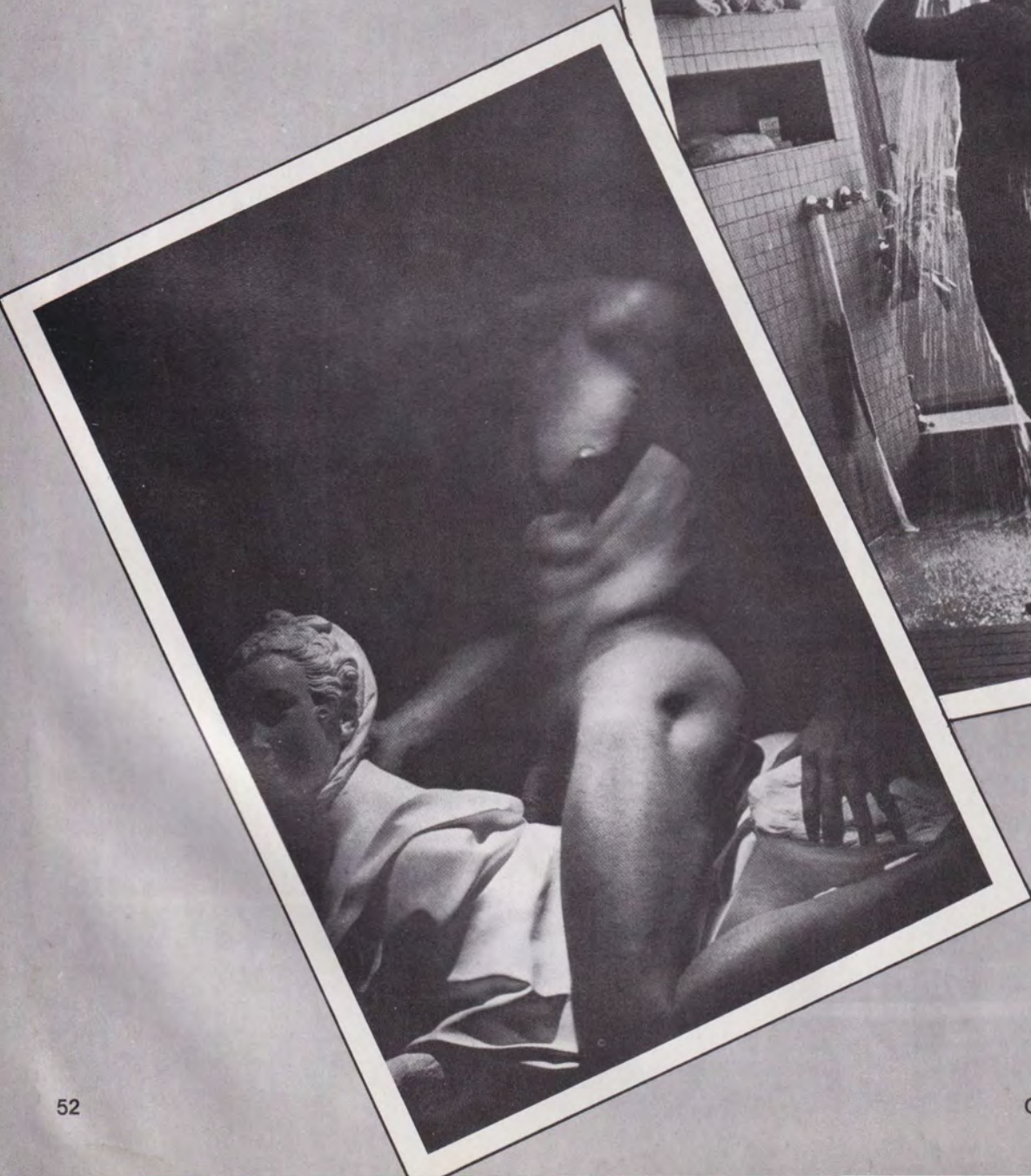


continued next summer, with Brian Bedford as Henry V, and with stagings of all three parts of *Henry VI*. The first three installments in this mammoth undertaking are fine indeed, capturing both the play's historical sweep and personal insights. Each is a fascinatingly realized combination of epic pageantry and psychological probity, showing how, irrevocably, people make history and history makes people. Seeing all three plays at once, one becomes increasingly aware of how events inevitably evolve, how old quarrels fester and erupt into violence again and again, how enemies remain enemies, even through generation after generation: "And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up/Whiles England shall have generation." Shakespeare's accomplishment underscores the fact that most dramas, even entirely imaginative ones not based on history, have false beginnings and endings, that a playwright arbitrarily starts the action at some point and ends it at some point. If the playwright is brilliant, he gives us the entirely false impression that destinies began before the play and continue after it, and this sleight-of-hand before-and-after continuity is



In Henry IV, Part II, Shakespeare's vision darkens, even in comic scenes involving the ribald Falstaff, pictured above with Doll Tearsheet, played by Lewis Gordon and Martha Henry. Photo by Robert C. Ragsdale.

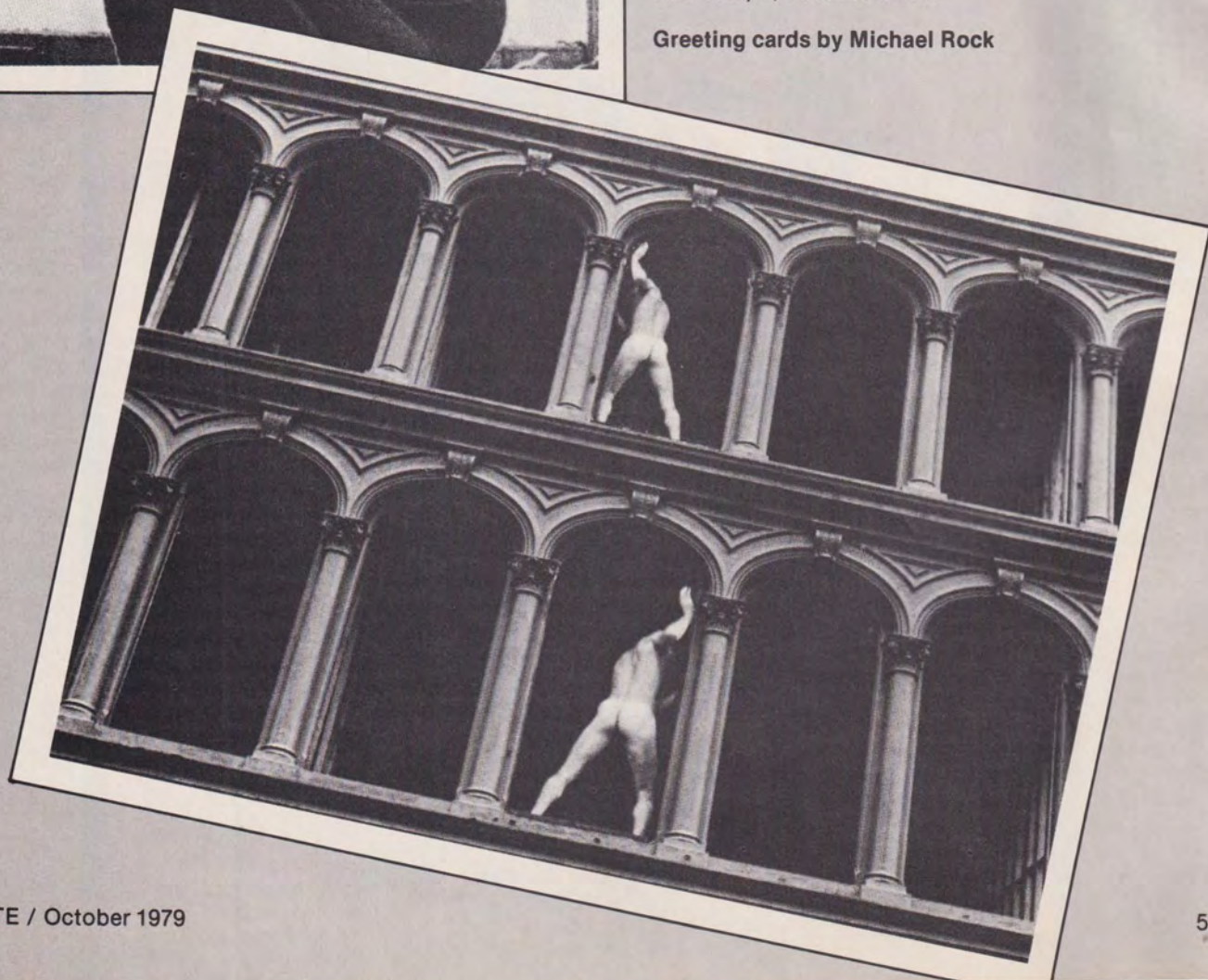
CARD TRICKS





The photograph of a piece of heavy sexual equipment perfectly reflected in a pair of sunglasses of Manhattan's West Side dock strip triggered considerable reader response when it ran as a *Mandate* centerfold exactly two years ago. Responsible for the erotically evocative image was photographer Michael Rock, who has now turned his attention and his camera lens toward the creation of quality greeting cards with subtly homoerotic overtones. These unique items give you a stylish opportunity to say something very special in a very special way; there is no message inside, so you can use them for a variety of occasions, for everything from standard greetings to "Thank you for last night..." The line of cards, called Rock Shots, are available in fine card shops, coast to coast.

Greeting cards by Michael Rock



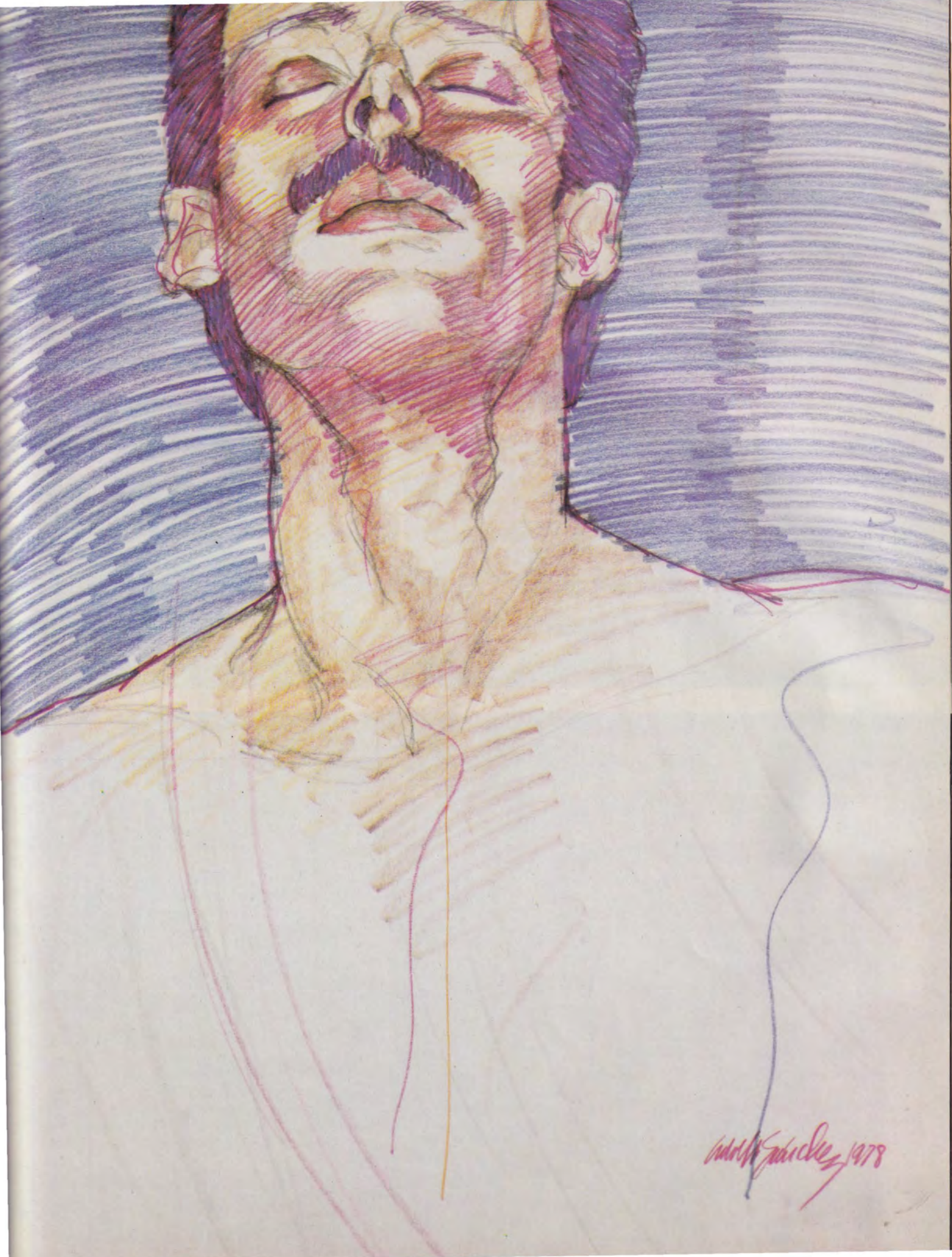
PORTRAITURE

ADOLFO

SANCHEZ

Fine portraiture has become a dying art form, due in part to public's fascination with photography. It is therefore exciting and rewarding to encounter someone with the considerable talents of Adolfo Sanchez. This young, Cuban-born artist works in a somewhat impressionistic mold in his approach to portrait painting and is fond of utilizing colored pencils although he works in other media as well. Sanchez's portraits manage to be both stylized and highly life-like at the same time, and he has an uncanny knack for capturing his subject matter's unique qualities. If you are interested in having yourself imaginatively imaged by this gifted artist, contact him at 250 West 77th Street, Apt. #701, New York, NY 10024. Fees are negotiable.





André Gaudin 1978

MAS

BY RIC

Doubtless you're more familiar with his sensuous work on the porn screen, but in real life Richard Locke, this month's cover and centerfold, is a licensed masseur in Palm Springs. He perfected his legit craft at the San Francisco Massage Institute and gives a sensual—not sexual—massage. Herewith, the star of Kansas City Trucking Company, El Paso Wrecking Corp., and the upcoming L.A. Tool and Die, gives a blow-by-blow description of how he makes people feel good.

"My massage begins by asking the client whether or not he has any medical problems to ascertain whether or not I might do some bodily damage to him. After he has satisfied me that I can go ahead and give him a really good sensual massage in which there is no therapy involved and in which the main and sole purpose is to

make the person feel good. Feeling good is a wonderful way of going about your business to accomplish what you need because the massage has made you lose contact with all those problems which have been bothering you such as phone calls and the heavy work load and the speed of the city life—where you can just lie down and naturally relax and float above the table, so to speak. I generally begin with the feet because a lot of tension is gathered there. I use a circulation stroke on the feet—back and forth with long slow gliding movements with lots of pressure to dig deeply into the muscles and I alternate that with a kneading stroke of the calves and the thighs. I also do what is called an 'elephant walk' stroke in which my whole body moves back and forth and my hand is wrapped around the legs alternatively—back and forth—from the top of the leg all the way to the foot. I do this on both legs and then I go to the torso which is also very

important. There are different strokes that belong there. I do one with my fingers where I get into the muscles in between the ribs and the ribcage. I spread my fingers and pull across the top of the chest, down the side, and then up across the top of the chest again to the center of the bone in the middle of the chest, the sternum. At the same time, I move to the shoulders and around the neck. There is a lot of tension that is held in the neck. It's very important that you work on the neck early in the massage to loosen the neck muscles although you may not really be working on the neck for another half hour. This will allow the body to relax more and to begin to 'float above the table.'

"I also work with the breathing. When I am giving strokes on the chest and around the torso, I follow and go with the clients breathing since going against tends to unrelax people. I do breathing exercises on the shoulders. I push the shoulders at the same time as the client is breathing, in and out,

SAGE PARLEY

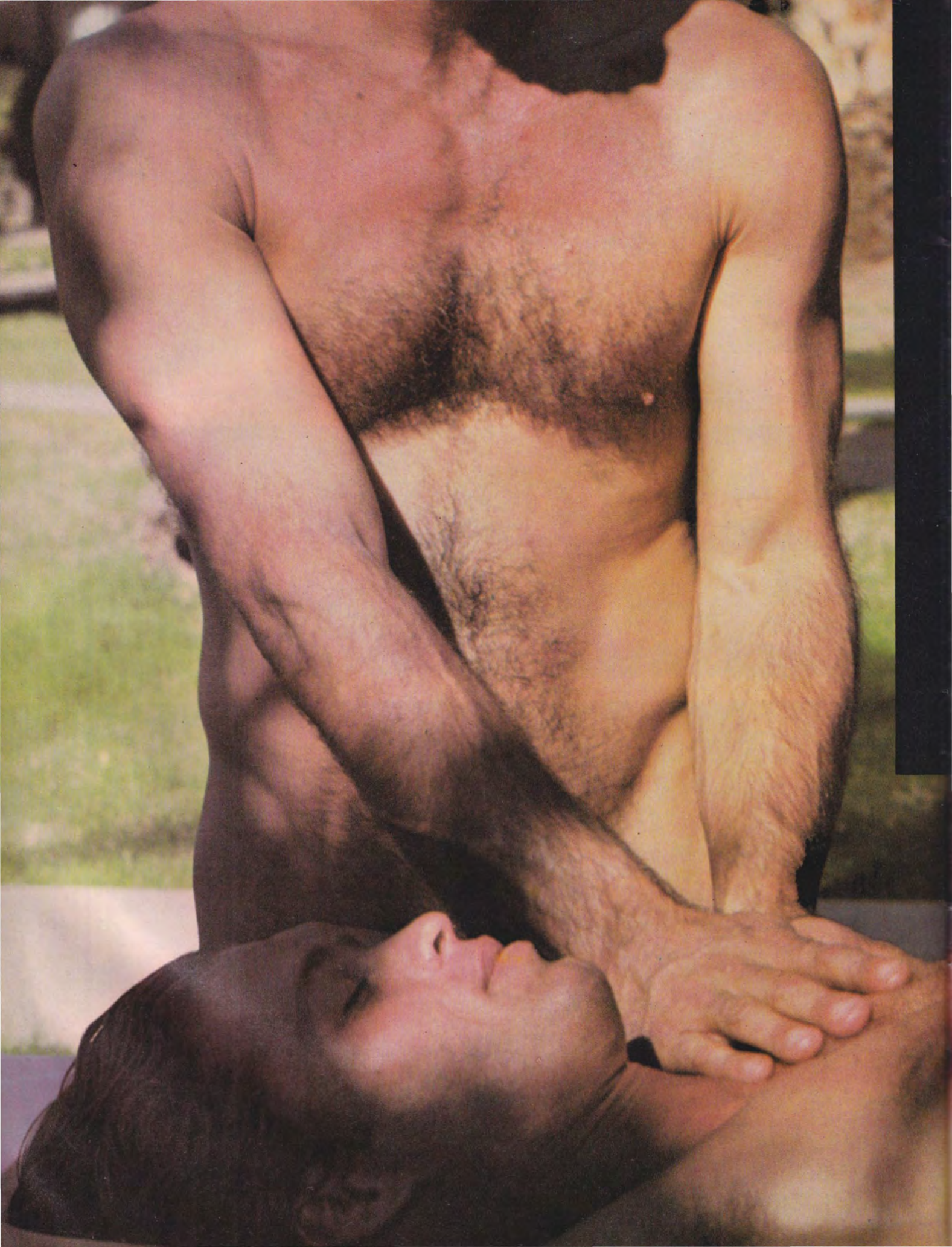
HARD LOCKE

and this exhausts all the toxins that I have massaged out of the muscles. It goes through the bloodstream and out of the lungs. From the top of the torso, I go into the arms and the hands. I use my body as much as possible in the touching and when I work on the hands (a very good example) I sit right next to the client with my buttocks touching his body, my hand holding his arm. Another time I have his arm up against my stomach and chest as I glide down his arm in another circulation stroke very similar to the one I use on the leg, the arm being so small that my hands totally wrap around the arm during the circulation stroke. You can actually see the blood flowing backwards in the veins as you push and glide down the arm. You do the same stroke on both the upper and lower arm.

"When I am finished with this, I do what is called a euphoric stroke. I use long gliding movements from the tip of the hand all the way down through the armpit along the chest cage and

down to the iliac which is just below the waist—long, slow, flowing movements with the hand encompassing as much of the body as possible. I flow back from the iliac across the chest, through the armpit and back to the arm. In doing this, it seems as though I am a ballet dancer because my body moves back and forth with my legs doing sort of a skip as I come around and do these long strokes. The euphoric stroke is fantastic as it really lifts an awful lot of tension and asks the body to relax. I do that with both arms and I go around and to the neck. At this point I do stretching movements. I grab the arms and pull them over the head and pull the client down the table. Then I go to the other end of the table and pull his legs. What I am doing is extending the spinal joints. The tensions of standing up all day are dissipated through this stretch and the muscles are relaxed after holding the body erect all day. The disc in between the the bulge in the spinal column relaxes and allows a

little space which is relaxing to the whole back, neck and spine. I do this just prior to doing the neck and shoulder muscles. The neck and shoulder muscles are very important because depending upon peoples' occupations. For instance, with a waiter you work more on the feet and the arms because they carry heavy weights such as trays and plates etc. with business people, there are tensions at the office, and these tensions are accumulated in the shoulders and neck. I begin long slow sweeping movements from the top of the neck, around the ear, down across the collar bone and around the shoulders. I come back up under and along the shoulder blades and up into the spine and back up a trough that goes along the back of the spine on each side of the neck. There are two troughs, and both of my hands allow the neck to bend up as I press up and then release the head back on the table. It's a long, slow flowing movement that's very relaxing. It hits





Richard Locke practices the art of sensuous massage on the lawn at Dave's Villa Caprice, feeling that the outdoor setting adds to the naturalness of this most pleasurable of exercises. For information concerning Locke's services, write: P.O. Box 1221, Desert Hot Springs, Ca 92240.

Photographed exclusively for Mandate
by Jarry Lang



ATTENTION!

FORMER U.S. MILITARY PERSONNEL HOLDING LESS THAN AN HONORABLE DISCHARGE

The following information was supplied to us in a brochure from the Gay Community Services Center of Los Angeles. Because of its extreme importance, we reprint it in its entirety.

Tens of thousands of Gay Men and Lesbian Women have been discharged from the United States Armed Forces with less than honorable discharges merely because they are Gay. It is now possible to have these discharges upgraded. It is essential that you or your friend begin at once the proceedings outlined herein to obtain an honorable discharge. There is unfortunately a time limit for applications to upgrade these discharges. In 1976 a limited amnesty bill was passed by both houses of Congress and signed into law.

This law was general in nature. All less than honorable discharges received by members of the Armed Forces in all past wars were declared to be subject to review until January 1, 1980. This law directly effects all armed services personnel who were discharged for being Gay. The reason is Discharge Review Boards and Military Review Boards are holding in all cases where the discharges were based solely on homosexuality that the discharge should be upgraded. With proper legal guidance it is now possible for Gay men or Lesbians to have their discharges upgraded to honorable and receive *all* the attendant *benefits*. The reason for this is changing sexual mores. This will not be possible after January 1, 1980 because the statute of limitations on the amnesty bill will pass.

(1) All undesirable and all blue discharges will be upgraded to honorable upon application to the Military Discharge Review Board.

(2) All persons with general or bad conduct discharges given in the last 15 years may apply to the Military Discharge Review Board for an upgrade.

(3) All dishonorable discharged service personnel can apply to the Board of Corrections of Military

Records. If the infraction is more than 3 years old the individual must include a short note as to why he or she did not apply earlier.

(4) All ex-military personnel with bad conduct or general discharges issued more than 15 years ago can apply to the Board of Corrections of military records to have the discharge changed. An explanation of why no application was made in the last three years must be included.

Note: The reason that many people have not previously applied for upgrading is because of the prejudice in general society against Gay people. We suggest that you now apply and list the reason for doing so now as the change in society's sexual mores.

(1) Anybody with a Gay discharge can have it changed unless they were convicted of an offense involving force or conduct involving sex with minors.

(2) Even if you have an undesirable or general discharge you are now eligible for medical benefits immediately at your local Veterans Administration Hospital.

(3) When making applications, go immediately to your local Veterans Administration office and apply for benefits. When your discharge upgrade is completed, *benefits* will be *retroactive* to the date of application.

ARMY

Army Discharge Board
RCPAC
9700 Page Boulevard
St. Louis, Missouri 63132

NAVY & MARINES

Navy Council Personnel Board
Department of Navy
Washington, D.C. 20370

AIR FORCE

Send DD 293 to:
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NPRC-MPR-AF
9700 Page Boulevard
St. Louis, Missouri 63132

COAST GUARD

Department of Transportation
400 7th Street S.W.
Washington, D.C. 20590

For Further Information Contact:
Legal Services of the Gay Community
Service Center
1213 North Highland Avenue
Hollywood, CA 90038
(213) 464-7400 Ext. 246

all the muscles in the neck and the shoulders. I also have a trapezius movement I do with wrists where I go out toward the shoulder blades from the center of the spine along the collarbone to the edge of the shoulder and back. I then grab the head with just my fingertips—no part of my hand holds the head except my fingertips—just across the ridge where the spine enters the skull, where the nerves to the eyes enter the brain. When I hold that ridge with my fingertips, there is a tingling sensation that goes throughout the body, a total relaxation of the body. At the same time I allow my client to breathe very deeply blowing up his whole body with as much as possible into his lungs and then releasing it—three deep breaths while I hold that ridge. I then allow his head to fall back on the table and I do a massaging motion with my fingertips from the back of the head—all the way round to the top and then down to the forehead with very hard fingertip pressure massaging the scalp over the skull.

"When I finish that, I start what I call a sweeping facial where I massage the face with long sweeping motions with my hands and arms. I use the strength in my elbows to go from the chin all the way across the top of the head with my hands. The facial massage begins with the nerve endings in the ridge just above the eyes. There is a small hole where nerves from the scalp enter the brain, a notch just above the pupils of the eyes. My fingers then curve above the upper jaw bone, the cheekbones, around the eyes. I use my thumbs to massage the eyeballs themselves dragging them across the eyes from the nose out toward the temples and my little fingers go underneath the ears and do a motion around the ears. I pull the ears and massage the cartilage there with my forefingers and thumbs. Then I do another sweeping movement with my elbows across the chin, the lips, the nose, the forehead and the jawbone. That just about finishes the face. Then, I grab the client about the waist and ask him to turn over on the other side. I do long slow movements on the back of the legs and the feet, cupping the feet in my hands and doing circular movements around the heel—circulation strokes again on the legs—I knead the calves and thighs with my fingertips—and then I raise the foot allowing the knee and the thigh to stay on the table.

continued on page 72

BUM STEER

A gay bar in Bozeman, Montana? Well, believe it or not, there is. The once "straight" Black Angus disco bar, unofficially renamed the "Queer Steer" by the local youth, was "integrated" by a group of gays who wanted the freedom of dancing with members of the same sex. The mixing did not go smoothly and resulted in some "queer bashing" with one gay man being knocked unconscious. The gays persisted, however, and over a period of time the Angus went almost totally gay. Curiosity seekers have pro-

MAN DATA

vided the place with a booming business, and the gutsy Montana gays plan to integrate more local bars.

ambiguity and homosexual obsession have long lingered around the fringes of Mr. Cavett's psyche. The week after the Jackson/*Mandate* comments, Cavett questioned Mickey Mantle about homosexuality in baseball; Mantle laughingly suggested that, instead of large shower rooms, baseball field locker rooms should have small showers just big enough for two, so that jocks who felt like get-

ting it on could do so immediately. Mantle told Cavett that 50% of professional baseball players were sexually involved with each other.

That same week, Cavett talked with Tennessee Williams whose interview was taped the same day as Mantle's. When Williams first entered, he noted that he had bumped into the baseball players, exiting, and quipped that he (Williams) looked so good he was surprised they hadn't made a pass at him. After that rousing start, Cavett's wife Carrie Nye, sometimes regarded as one of the theatre's most histrionic *female* female impersonators, did a scene from *Streetcar Named Desire*. The scene? Blanche relating her discovery that her fiancé is gay! All of which made us remember that Cavett once told *People* magazine that men had been goosing his ass in men's rooms since he was a teeny-bopper. We'd be the first to admit that, all things considered, homosexuality is a fascinating phenomenon. What intrigues us though is its fascination for Mr. Cavett. We're delighted, of course that *something* attracted Mr. Cavett to *Mandate*. We do suspect, however, that he's the only man in Western civilization who would mistake *Mandate* for a jogging magazine. If he did....

THE MANDATE COVER THAT ATTRACTED DICK CAVETT

When Dick Cavett interviewed Glenda Jackson recently, he revealed the fact that he had bought a copy of the February 1979 issue of *Mandate*, which contained an interview with Jackson. Her name on the cover was *not*, however, what attracted Cavett. A muscular, tanned Target model is what caught his eye, according to Cavett himself. Embarrassed, he confided to Miss Jackson, on the air, that he had been leaving New York for Florida to play a role in Robert Altman's *Health*, when he spotted a magazine cover of a man in jogging shorts. According to Cavett, he assumed it was a magazine about running. He bought it. Much to his *surprise*, said Cavett, it turned out to be a "(pause)...beefcake magazine." He quoted her remarks about star salaries of \$1 million from the interview with Jackson; she acknowledged the *Mandate*

quotation, and elaborated on it.

What fascinates us is Cavett's quirky embarrassment. But, then, sexual



The Target model's running shorts, at right, caught Dick Cavett's eye and he bought the issue, he told Glenda Jackson on the air.

HEADLINE OF THE YEAR

Unquestionably, this award goes to the *Village Voice* who ran this little item: "To Meet a Prince, You Have To Kiss a Thousand Toads." It had nothing to do with fairies; rather, it referred to the frenetic search for true love among the singles in New York's Catskill "Looking for Mr. Goodbar" belt.

BOOKS

Reviews by Michael Llewellyn

THE QUEER DUTCHMAN. By Peter Agnos.

144 pages. Illustrated. Green Eagle Press. Paper. \$4.50.

THE NEW GAY LIBERATION BOOK. Edited by Len Richmond with Gary Noguera (233 pages. Illustrated. Ramparts Press. Paper. \$5.95)

POSITIVELY GAY. Edited by Betty Berzon, Ph.D and Robert Leighton. (220 pages. Celestial Arts. Paper. \$4.95)

THE SPADA REPORT. By James Spada (340 pages. Signet. Paper. \$2.50)

LOVERS, THE STORY OF TWO MEN. By Michael Denny (159 pages.

Illustrated. Avon. Paper. \$4.95)

HEROES OF EROS. By Michael Malone (182 pages. Illustrated. E.P. Dutton. Paper. \$9.95)

In 1725, Jan Svilt, a sailor aboard a Dutch East Indiaman, was accused of having homosexual relations with Bandino Franz, his 15-year-old ward. Bandino was a native of Batavia in the Dutch-owned Spice Islands (present day Djakarta, Indonesia) whom Svilt was escorting to Holland to be educated. This Svilt was doing as a favor to his friend, the boy's uncle. The two were seen in a shirtless embrace, engaging in a "long and passionate kiss." Svilt denied that there was anything improper about the act, claiming that he was merely caring for the boy in a fatherly fashion. The use of burning fuses between the fingers did not elicit a confession, but use of the dreaded "water cure" (in which the victim is forced to ingest massive quantities of water until the belly is grotesquely distended and the bladder about to burst) proved successful. "I am drowned," Svilt screamed. "I will tell you anything you want. What do you want to hear? I will tell you anything your filthy ears would like to hear." Bandino's punishment was merely a return to Batavia so that he would be denied the automatic citizenship given upon disembarking in Holland. Svilt's punishment was appalling. He was given a minimum of gear, a little food and a cask of water and put ashore on Ascension, one of the world's most desolate islands. Ascension is in the south Atlantic, a volcanic land mass with virtually no water or plant life, an uninhabited hellhole where Svilt spent the last five months of his life in a desperate struggle for survival.

He kept a daily journal which contains horrifying tales of swarms of

rats, of feet slashed to bits by the volcanic earth, the eating of raw bird flesh, the drinking of turtle blood and Svilt's own urine, hallucination and the approach of death. The journal was found next to his skeleton by a British sex captain who stopped at Ascension to gather turtles. Svilt's saga seems doubly terrifying because you know it's true. In one of his last entries, he wrote "I am so much decayed that I am a perfect skeleton; and cannot write the particulars, my hand shakes so. I resign my soul wholly to Providence." This from a religious Dutch bookkeeper who had a wife and two daughters back in Amsterdam.

What, then, impelled him to commit the act of which he was accused and convicted? Another entry in his diary queries, "My employers say: 'Christ is good, but trade is better.' My kindly executioners. How many other of the Company's 30,000 servants practice the stupid sins, if sins they be, of which I was accused? Dear Jesus, I am innocent, am I not? The heavens are full of angelic men who look like women. Christ, my savior, should loving and giving pleasure to brothers be sinful? Was it wrong to comfort Bandino?" Obviously the men aboard-ship thought so, believing that keeping a man such as Svilt in their company meant inviting the wrath of God for the sins of Sodom and Gomorrah.

This book makes compelling reading for its style as well as a vivid chronicling of a valiant struggle for survival. Svilt spared few details in describing the extremes of his futile struggle, and some of his descriptions

may make some readers wince. Horror story that it is, the best way to describe *The Queer Dutchman* is as a fascinating, rather unique little oddity.

Of special interest to the gay reader is *The New Gay Liberation Book* edited by Len Richmond with Gary Noguera (233 pages. Illustrated. Ramparts Press. Paper. \$5.95), originally published ten years ago, now revised and expanded with contributions by thirty one writers. Articles range from Christopher Isherwood's "Living with Backlash" and John Rechy's "Open Letter to Anita Bryant" to the works of non-gay writers such as Tom Hayden with "Beyond Anti-Discrimination Legislation" and "When Your Child Is Gay" by Betty Fairchild, mother of a homosexual. This rather catholic compendium also contains features on sadomasochism, transvestism, sexual problems of gay men, a look at gay life in England and Argentina and Gore Vidal's "Bisexual Politics." It is dedicated to Harvey Milk and has a piece on the late gay activist entitled "Learning from Harvey Milk" by Jim Ravaldo and Dick Pablich.

In a similar vein is *Positively Gay* edited by Betty Berzon, Ph.D. and Robert Leighton. (220 pages. Celestial Arts. Paper. \$4.95) with contributions by twenty-one writers whose efforts are aimed at a consciousness raising of sorts. This is an "advice" book with a collection of essays on subjects relevant to the lifestyles of gay men and women. There are practical and intelligent guidelines to dealing with financial and political planning, coping with aging and establishing job security, mental health and "coming out." Authors include Del Martin, author of *Battered Wives*, Don Clark, author of *Loving Someone Gay*, gay Catholic activist Brian McNaught and Douglas Kimmel, author of *Adulthood and Aging*. It's eye-opening and packed with much needed, no-nonsense information.

The Spada Report by James Spada (340 pages. Signet. Paper. \$2.50) is the latest in a spate of surveys centering on gay male sexuality. Spada tallied the responses to a thorough

and extensive questionnaire from over 1000 gays and recorded his findings in this book. Undoubtedly, this work will be compared to *The Gay Report* by Karla Jay and Allen Young (See *Mandate*, Books, August, 1979) which examines the responses of some 5000 homosexuals and lesbians, yet both books stand firmly on their own and do have many differences. Spada's book is divided into six parts: Coming Out, Gay Male Sexuality, Relationships, Women, Problems and On Being Gay. In these sections he assembles the responses to his questionnaire in a logical, highly readable manner and covers virtually every imaginable aspect of gay life. Lovers, drugs, the military, cruising, marriage, medical problems, the law, emotions—these and many more topics are dealt with effectively with bold face type comments. Respondents were called upon by the author to answer graphically about their sexual preferences and practices, and their comments are often quite frank and always fascinating. *The Spada Report* is a provocative piece of fact finding on the pros and cons of the gay "experience" as observed by gays themselves. Must reading.

In *Lovers, The Story of Two Men* by Michael Denny (159 pages. Illustrated. Avon. Paper. \$4.95), a harsh and uncompromising look is taken at the defunct homosexual liaison between Philip Geffer and Neil Alan Marks, examined through separate interviews with the two men. The approach is reminiscent of the Elizabeth Taylor/Richard Burton two-part television drama, *Divorce: His/Divorce: Hers* in which each party was given equal time to emote his/her version of what caused the deterioration of a marriage. An interesting aspect of *Lovers*, and there are many, is the manner in which the two interviews are related to photographs. The comparative reactions are provocative, revealing and more often than not totally polarized. What emerges is a compelling portrait of a complex relationship painted in a non-judgmental, non-proselytizing style which allows the reader to evaluate for himself the good and bad which occurred between the men. The book includes a post-script from both Geffer and Marks and a closing comment by interviewer Denny which contains an on-target statement of purpose. "Like life, love remains an essential mystery. Talking about it is not an attempt to explain the mystery but to call attention to it."

For those fans of movie books, *Heroes of Eros* by Michael Malone (182 pages. Illustrated. E.P. Dutton. Paper. \$9.95) is of note. This pictorial history of male sexuality in American movies shows how the screen image has changed over the years as emphasis shifted from one ideal image to another. Profusely illustrated

with over 150 photographs, the book covers film heroes from Valentino, Fairbanks and Flynn to Gable, Bogart, Newman and Redford to the current crop of Italian macho figures such as Stallone, DeNiro, Pacino and Travolta. It's a visual feast for anyone with an eye for masculine beauty and sensuality.

THE LADIES WRITE

By John Preston

A CANDLE FOR ST. ANTHONY.
By Eleanor Spence (Oxford University Press, \$7.95)
THE CATCH TRAP. By Marion Zimmer Bradley (Ballantine Books, \$10.95)

The ladies have always been good to us. Patricia Neil Warren's *The Front Runner* and Laura Z. Hobson's *Consenting Adult* remain two of the "breakthrough" novels of gay literature, best-selling volumes that projected some of the best gay characterizations.

Eleanor Spence, an Australian novelist for young adults, has joined the ranks of women who write sensitive, important books on gay male themes. Her new book, *A Candle for St. Anthony* (Oxford University Press, \$7.95) is a landmark book in many ways, but especially for its targeted readership: the book is written for and about teen-age boys.

There is no Fire Island action here. The tale is concerned with the glorious growth of a loving relationship between two youngsters living in a Sydney suburb. The climax is the destruction of their Platonic, but obviously homoerotic, friendship by the extraordinary pressures put on them by their families and their peer groups.

The story will be only too familiar to gay men who have grown up in the macho-oriented societies of America, Canada, or Australia. The truly remarkable thing about this volume, though, is the author's ability to rise above the tight restraints that are usually put on the plots of gay-oriented novels. There seems to be some unwritten rule that the two lovers in gay books must either destroy themselves or else walk miraculously into the sunset, hand in hand and wed in eternal bliss.

The two usual clichés have nothing to do with Spence's sensitive recording of the growth of maturity and the presence of hope in the world of teen-

age men.

While *A Candle for St. Anthony* has one of the most unfortunate jacket designs you'll ever see, it still would make an excellent gift for anyone young and close to you who is having trouble with being gay, or with your being gay, or just trouble with the whole issue of manhood and friendship in our world.

A special note needs to be made about a profoundly pro-gay title being present on the juvenile list of a major publisher. Oxford University Press is to be congratulated.

Less adventuresome, and much more commercial, is Ballantine Books' first entry into hardcover publishing, *The Catch Trap* by Marion Zimmer Bradley (\$10.95). This is one of those enormous (589 pages) novels that spans most of the 20th century with the chronicle of the lives of an Italian family. As do all such pseudo-epics, *Catch Trap* focuses on an industry—in this case the circus.

There's all the usual plotting here: the daughter who marries outside the family and slowly drifts away; the woman who marries into the family and must earn her place. There's also the newly mandatory hints of incest and the dark secrets of the past generations.

What is remarkable about *Catch Trap*, though, is that the two major characters of the book are gay male lovers who spend all the decades of the story line struggling with a surprisingly realistic attempt to build a lover relationship. Given the context, it's less surprising that they fall in love and live happily ever after.

If you've been waiting for the mainstream novel that features gay characters in a way that even your mother could understand, this is it. There's nothing special politically, there's nothing new in terms of literature, still, *Catch Trap* is the loudest announcement yet that gay books have become commercially viable.

ASPECTS OF THE MALE

From among white walls splashed with color, line and texture—Cezanne-inspired landscapes in blue and magenta, sketchily done female nudes, craggy Canadian mountain-scapes, abstracts (one so abstract the gallery catalog printed it upside down by mistake)—the male image stands out, boldly. In Stratford, Ontario, a show titled "Twentieth Century Canadian Drawings" spotlights many Canadian artists both known and unknown. At The Gallery on Romeo Street through September 3, the drawings range in style and substance from art school intimations of major international artists to expertly accomplished drawings of startling originality. From Tony Urquhart's modern parody of Leonardo da Vinci's man encompassed by geometry, below, to a compelling self-portrait by Gordon Raynor, at right top, the male image in many fascinating forms leaps off The Gallery's walls and into your consciousness.





Drawings from far left:
Joseph Devellano's "115." 1978.
Courtesy Aggregation Gallery,
Toronto.

Tony Urquhart's "The Men of
Numbers—Version No. 2." 1964.
Art Gallery of Ontario.

Gordon Rayner's "Self-Portrait."
1972. Courtesy the Isaacs Gallery,
Toronto.

Ken Darby's "Working the Horse."
1975-76. Private Collection.



HOT SPURS

amazingly suggested by Shakespeare. So effective are the Stratford productions that, after *Henry IV, Part II*, I immediately started reading *Henry V*, so immediate had Stratford's actors made this flow of destinies.

"For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground / And tell sad stories of the death of kings," says Richard II, foreseeing his own doom. Stratford's cornucopia of actors is so profuse that it has three Richards—Frank Maraden, Nicholas Pennell, and Stephen Russell—and three Bolingbrokes—Rod Beattie, Craig Dudley and Jim McQueen—alternating in repertory in *Richard II*. As King Richard, Stephen Russell has a sinuous, insinuating quality that makes another character's description of him as "the degenerate king" entirely apt. Russell's qualities as an actor make him resemble Richard chamberlain, who brings the same sort of psychological ambiguity to almost every role he plays. It is not so much charisma as some core of impenetrable mystery that is infinitely appealing. It worked against Marc

Russell's Mark Anthony last season, but it works for him as Richard II. Even while smiling, this Richard has a fascinatingly evil edge. There is something forebodingly dark about him, and even his physical handsomeness has diabolical overtones. Ingenious casting pits blond Craig Dudley, as Henry Bolingbroke, against Russell's darkly Mephistophelean characterization. It would be absurdly simplistic to suggest that some sort of actual physical dichotomy is necessary to suggest dark/light, good/evil, God/devil. But the physical dichotomy between this Richard and this Bolingbroke is entirely effective. Craig Dudley is an imposing physical presence, all blond athleticism, and his energetic vitality contrasts perfectly with Russell's less "physical" performance. This Bolingbroke could and *would* usurp the throne of this Richard; the casting is perfect.

Both actors seem actually to incarnate the characters this play, so convincing is the hand-and-gauntlet

mating of actor and role; Russell's aristocratic *hauteur* is the perfect foil for Dudley's fierce energy. These actors could provocatively be cast as Hamlet and Laertes, utilizing the same interacting differences, introspection versus virile action.

Stratford's stable of excellent character actors gives superlative support. As John of Gaunt, Bolingbroke's father, William Needles personifies responsible maturity; his delivery of Gaunt's famous patriotic speech—"This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle/... This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England."—is exemplary. Equally effective is Eric Donkin as York.

Zoe Caldwell, directing, has juxtaposed Richard's courtiers against Bolingbroke's rebels by stylizing the former sometimes severely—they *do* pose a lot—and by contrast the rebels' naturalness is a welcome alternative to somewhat effete foppishness. Designed by Daphne Dare, the production is gorgeously costumed with lions *couchants*, fleurs-de-lys, blindingly shining armor. Pageantry reaches its apex in the joust sequence, when Bolingbroke and his opponent mount immense stylized, armor-covered horses, lances in hand. It is fabulous theatre, making one again realize how fierce theatrical imagination can conjure more effectively than films, for all the movies' supposed "realism."

In *Henry IV, Parts I and II*, the young Bolingbroke has become King Henry IV, and vengeance motifs prepared in *Richard II* reach their fruition, as Henry Percy and his son Hotspur lead rebels against the crown. Mature actor Douglas Rain plays a sober King Henry and, fascinatingly, Stephen Russell has been cast against type as Hotspur. This generation-after-generation theme of blood vengeance is cannily carried forth by casting the Richard II of the first play as the rebel Hotspur in the second. This reincarnation underscores the plays' continuity in an



In *Richard II*, the king (Stephen Russell, right) relinquishes his crown to the virile usurper Bolingbroke (Craig Dudley). Photo by Robert C. Ragsdale.

unexpectedly effective way. But the central focus of *Henry IV, Part I* is neither Henry nor Hotspur, but the king's son, young Prince Hal, under the lascivious tutelage of the profligately funny Falstaff. As Hal, Richard Monette—he played the transvestite fixated on Elizabeth Taylor's Cleopatra in Michel Tremblay's *Hosanna* on Broadway several seasons ago—superbly suggests serious depths beneath a playful exterior, as if unexplored moral resources will one day emerge triumphantly. That is precisely the case, and Monette's ability to suggest sometimes unstated qualities is uncanny. Much is often made of actors' discovering a play's "subtext"; Monette certainly does it by suggesting always that his very *unstill* waters run deep. In him, humor and intelligence combine winningly, and his promiscuously sown wild oats are not seeds spilled on stony ground: from his experience emerges a wisdom that is undivorceable from the profligate life he has led. He *is* the great man who walks with kings and does not lose the common touch.

As the common touch in his life, Falstaff, Lewis Gordon captures the role's charming rascality, the ribald energy, the self-justifying I'll-say-anything-to-save-my-scalp qualities of Shakespeare's perhaps most superb fool. The two plots of *Henry IV*, in both parts, has always bothered me, I confess. The alternating scenes between political rebels and the Falstaff comic scenes have never seemed welded into a coherent, cohesive whole. Fleshed out onstage however, it becomes obvious how effectively Prince Hal allies the two plots, since the comic scenes show him evolving into the man who will have to face the situation delineated by the rebels-versus-crown plot. One plot is comic/psychological; the other is serious/political. Director Peter Moss's energetic direction keeps things moving at such a pace that scene merges into scene seamlessly, fleshing out a unity.

Fascinatingly, in *Henry IV, Part II*, Shakespeare's vision darkens significantly, even in the comic scenes. Falstaff's sometime girlfriend, Doll Tearsheet, is here, as magnificently acted by Martha Henry, a balding harridan, venereal sores disfiguring her, her hard-edged outlook on life giving a dark shadow to the usually bright tavern scenes involving Falstaff. This is, simply,

great acting, again *against* type.

Particularly moving in Part II are the major confrontations between King Henry and the son who has disappointed him, Prince Hal. Their last encounter, when a crown is at stake, is emotionally wrenching, and Monette and Douglas Rain as Henry suggest extraordinary depths of feeling. Retrospectively, this suddenly obvious maturity in Hal unifies the two plays' two separate plots, as the prince's psychological reality is forced to enter the political sphere. Symbolically, he banishes Falstaff, as if to subordinate one plot to the other, the comic to the serious, as he assumes the burdens of kingship, implying, too, how age affects a man in positive ways as a core of character finally emerges from all his role-playing.

In all three of these histories, Stratford's actors again accomplish something significant. These are the best Shakespeare productions and

performances on the North American continent, far surpassing Joseph Papp's at the New York Shakespeare Festival. Papp has, with all good intentions, conducted experiments in pan-ethnic casting which, while sociologically laudable, do not make for good theatre. A social conscience and good theatre do not necessarily have anything to do with each other, and the road to histrionic hell is paved, for Papp, with good intentions. These Canadians produce so *much* Shakespeare, yearly, that practice indeed makes almost perfect. At Stratford this summer, eleven major productions, including other playwrights, are on the boards. Festival director Robin Phillips's expert guidance has recently led Stratford to much-deserved prominence, and I heartily recommend a trip to Stratford to anyone who cares about Shakespeare, good acting, effective theatre or, ideally, a combination of all three.

MODERN DRESS SHAKESPEARE: PRO AND CONN.

Classics are often updated by innovative directors. But Marc Anthony in jogging togs and Calpurnia in Pat Nixon drag may raise eyebrows....

Hamlets in turtlenecks, a mod *Midsummer Night's Dream* on trapezes, a turn-of-the-century *Much Ado* with bicycles and peppermint striped pants—Shakespeare has often been provocatively updated. At Stratford, Connecticut this summer, director Gerald Freedman has produced a *Julius Caesar* that has conspirators in business suits, Caesar in paramilitary Latin American junta uniform, and Calpurnia in Pat Nixon drag. Five screens lowered between scenes show film clips of rioting crowds, battles, mourners. Brutus' and Marc Anthony's funeral speeches are televised on a colossal screen. There is nothing wrong with the decision to update, but once the decision has been made, it really ought to be pursued to its dramatic limits. In the film clips, where are Battista and Castro, Nicaragua's Somoza, JFK and LBJ, the Shah of Iran and Khomeini? Why, when the funeral orations are already being televised on closed-circuit, are there not twenty or thirty television sets tuned

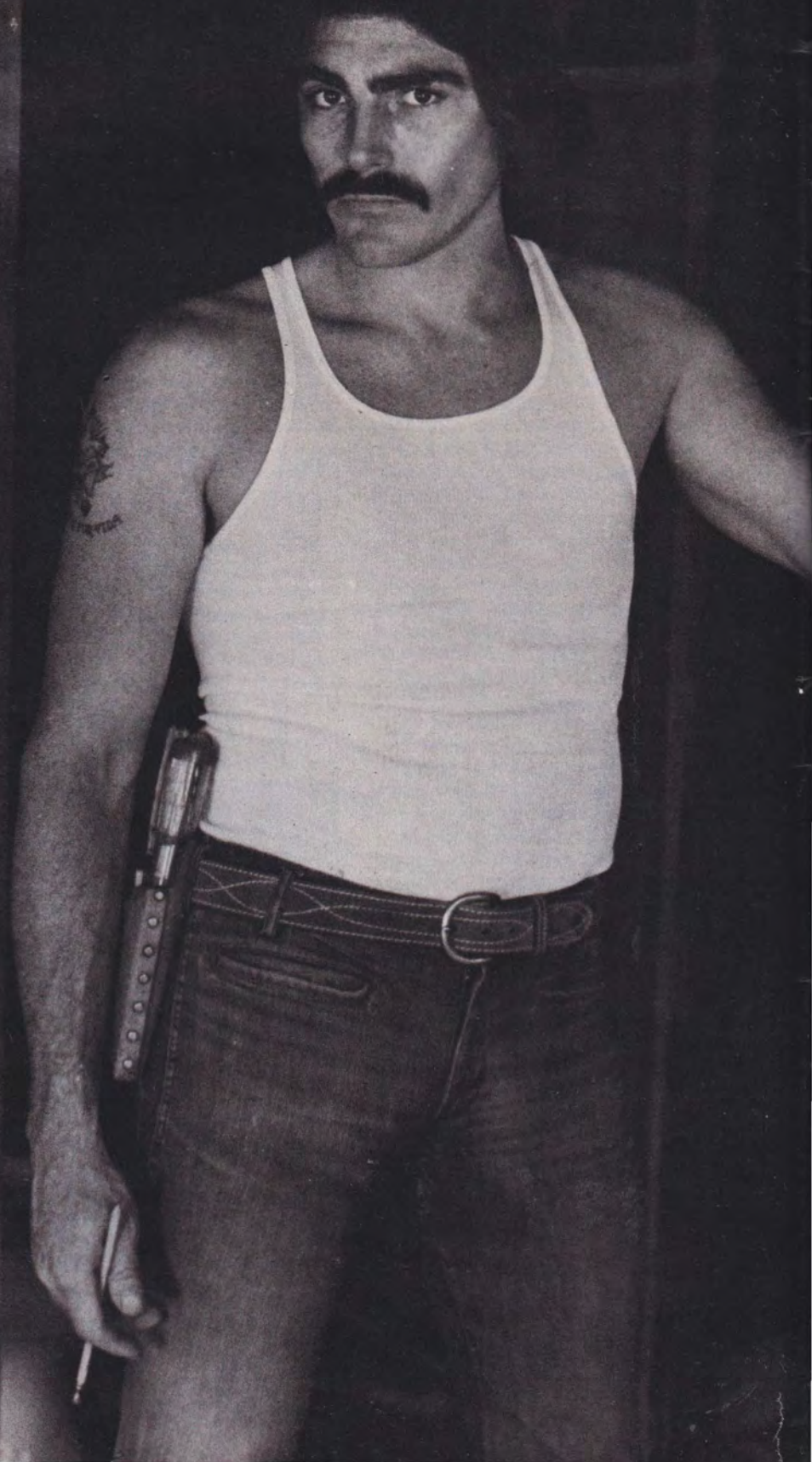
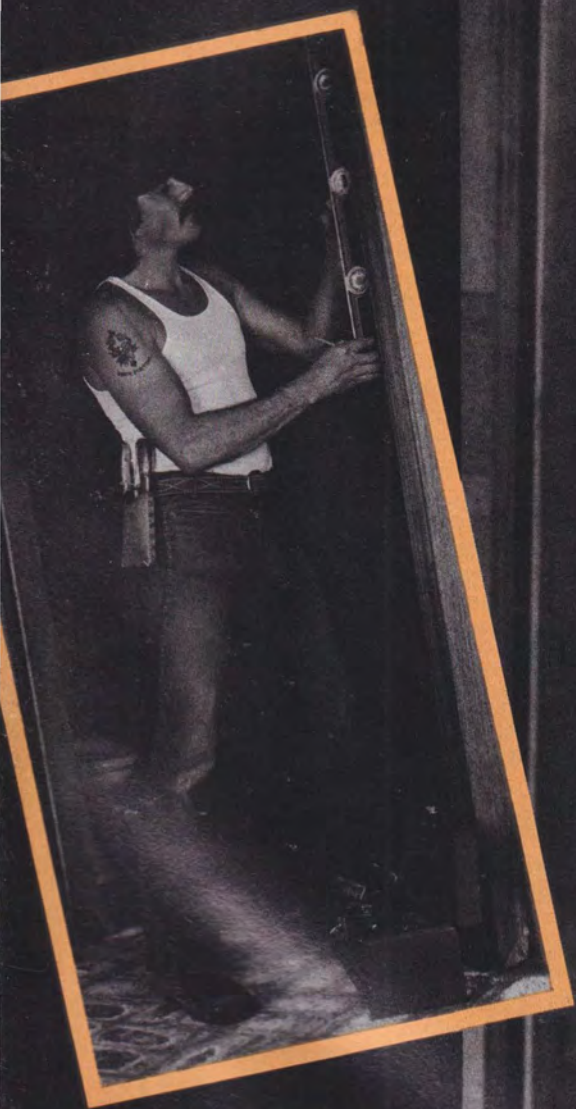
in on Anthony's insincerity, actualizing the media blitz the director has conceived but not quite executed?

The centerpiece of any *Caesar* must be its Brutus, and Stratford's Kenneth Haigh—this summer he also played Malvolio and Prospero—dominates the production only after his funeral oration. Until then, his is a well played Brutus, but one so understated that he tends to merge with the other conspirators inconspicuously. As Antony, James Naughton's virile charisma is fascinatingly juxtaposed with his feline insincerity, especially during the big-screen funeral oration. Harris Yulin's Cassius is quirkily high-strung, vocally shrill and relentlessly unpleasant.

Robin Wagner's stylish setting of sliding boxes and upholstered platforms is beautiful, but movie screens zipping up and down, instead of providing the intended bridge between scenes, halt the flow. It becomes tedious.

Actually, this modern dress production does not particularly illuminate the play, but calls attention to itself unduly. One can hardly pay attention to Shakespeare when one is marveling unduly at the audacity of putting Marc Anthony in a jogger's outfit and messengers in Che Guevara drag. This is very gimmicky Shakespeare that will annoy purists and probably entertain everybody else. Actually one ends by applauding adventurousness but not accomplishment.

—JD

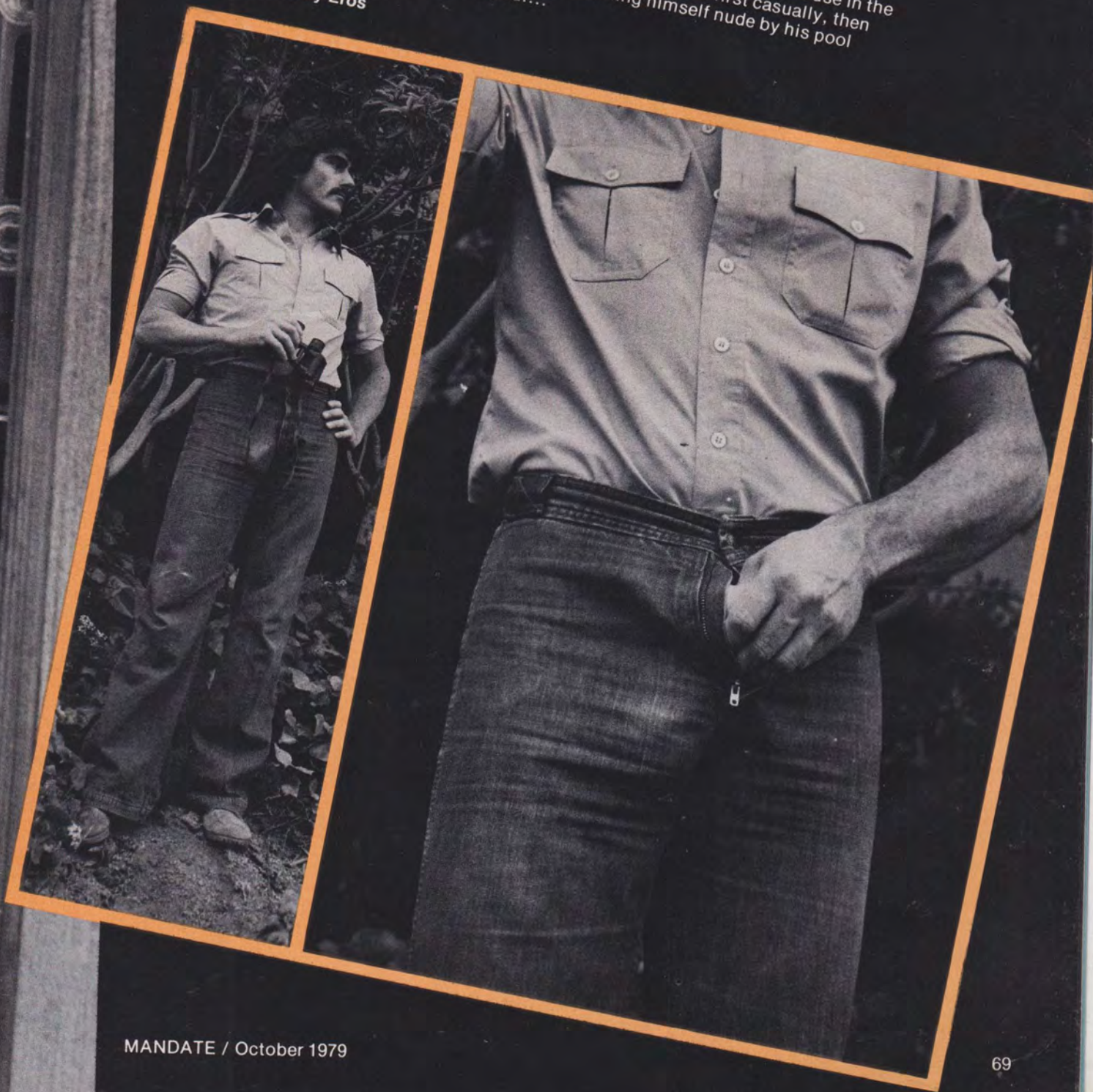


VOYEUR

Occasionally, photographs submitted to *Mandate*, without having any precise narrative direction, immediately intimate some sort of story. Such is certainly the case here. The model named Hud made our imagination run rampant. You can believe our scenario if you want, or make up your own....

The carpenter finishing the door facings on an addition to a luxurious house in the Hollywood Hills finishes for the day. Using binoculars, he at first casually, then more seriously, watches the house's owner, sunning himself nude by his pool down the hillside. A zipper is unzipped....

Photographs by Eros







...What he watches through the binoculars stimulates a sort of awakening, especially when the house's owner stands, stretches languidly, and starts up the hillside. When he arrives, the only tools on display aren't just screwdrivers, levels, saws and hammers. That's our scenario; what's yours?

Photographs by Eros



From Volume Four



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MASSAGE

Continued from page 60

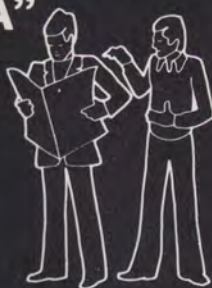
and lift the calf of the foot to a 90% angle. I place the foot on my shoulder and using my chin I support the foot and use both hands on the calf muscle and the thigh muscle. I push down and do as many circulation type strokes down the calf and down the thigh doing a completion stroke over the top of the buttocks around the waist and down to the table and dragging back and doing it again. I do the same with the other leg and then I give the buttock a very good massage. I use my fingertips to dig into the buttocks. I do the opposite side of the buttocks from the side I am standing. As soon as I finish that, I do a pull across the ribcage with my fingertips and the muscles in between the ribs, all around the top to the center of the spine. I then go to the head of the table and using my palms I use circular strokes down the center of the spine all the way to the buttocks and the sacroiliac area. I use my hands and palms again on the buttocks and I drag across the buttocks, across the legs along the rib cage up and around the shoulders to the spine again using the circular stroke. I alternate this three or four times. I lift the shoulder muscles with my forearms and grab with my right forearm using my left hand to go in and under the shoulderblade with my thumb and fingers, digging very deep in and underneath the shoulderblade. I never repeat a stroke more than three times because the client will be bored with the same muscles being worked on over and over. Again I grab the shoulders with my hand and have the client breathe out the toxins as I did when he was on his back. I push on top of the shoulders in order to extract all the air from the lungs to get all of the toxins out. I then go on to the side and do a sweeping movement with my left hand as I do a circular movement with my right hand, my left hand doing a long sweeping movement from around the ear down the neck, along the shoulder. I do the other shoulder in the same manner. Basically these are the strokes I do on the back.

"I have a philosophy about massage and I was given this philosophy by the San Francisco Massage Institute where I trained in 1978. It's a really wonderful massage and the part about the massage that makes it different from other places is that they teach you the strokes and also the attitude



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of the masseur towards the client. Now a lot of people who lie on the table don't have the body beautiful. And every body is different. The thing about each body that is always the same is the feeling that each individual gets when you give him a good massage. The same feeling of contentment that comes after an orgasm comes after a good massage. I don't give people a sexual massage. I am a licensed masseur and it is important to me that I keep my license, so I just don't allow that on my massage table. I'm very serious about massage. I love massage. I like to make people feel good. I like to know that when people come here and get on my table that the tense atmosphere that brought them out to Palm Springs goes away. It is important for people to feel good, good within themselves. I don't pass off my massage as therapeutic although there is therapy in massage. It's very, very difficult to feel bad when you're feeling good. It is also very cosmetic to have a massage because when you're feeling good you're looking good. The massage adds oil to your skin so that your skin becomes supple and pliable and it's not dry and harsh as a lot of bodies get when they just have soap on their body and no oil. I use a wonderful face cream when I do the facial part of the massage and it livens up the skin. When the client leave me, he is smiling. I used to be an insurance claims adjuster and nobody ever smiled at me when I told them their claim was not going to be approved. Now when I am finished with the massage my clients always give me a real good smile. That to me is worth more than the money they give to me because that way I know that I am doing a good job and that I am a good masseur. I know I give a massage that people will remember.

"The majority of my clients tell me that my massage is the best they have ever had. Basically it is because of the attitude—if you have a good attitude about everybody that gets on your table then you're going to give a good massage to everybody. I've done priests, high school principals, policemen, people from every walk of life. I give them a good massage and I know when they get home they're going to do a better job because they feel good. That to me is what massage is all about. The attitude I have is 'Let's get out and help everyone of us to do a better job...in whatever it is we're doing.' That makes the world go around. When people are feeling good, everything goes well and smoothly.

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FICTION

Continued from page 13

sounded like a very cantankerous old man as I growled out orders for the necessary maintenance of the automobile that had been such a source of pride, but now seemed such a hassle.

There was no cool breeze that day. The barometer had no intention of changing. But the alteration that came over my mind was nearly as significant as a weather front passing through the city and turning that horrible day into a Spring delight. I stood standing in the shade while one of the men was working on my car, wiping sweat off my forehead with a handkerchief, and all at once, I took in the sight in front of me. A wave of sweet sexuality cleared my mind as the image forced its way into my consciousness.

I've never figured out how or why that happens. How or why you can just forget the day to day harassments of living and see the beauty of sexuality that surrounds you. I wish I had more control over it; but, anyway, I'm always happy when it happens. I'm always delighted when I am hit hard by the impact of malesex.

The mechanic was riding one of those boards under the belly of the chassis. He had unzipped his jumpsuit to capture any breeze that might miraculously occur. His supine position heightened the maleness that exuded from him. I first of all traced the line of dark, wiry hair that crept down his stomach and disappeared into the exposed top of his boxer shorts.

Boxer shorts! My mind leaped at the sight. I hadn't seen any in years. They conjured up images of deep-rooted sexuality. The cotton hung loose from his belly, the folds clung to bits of his skin where the sweat had been especially heavy. I could fantasize that same fabric clinging to the roundness of his backside, exaggerating the slope of his buttocks just because it only hinted at what was there; it didn't scream out the fact by revealing too much. I could taste the saltiness of his perspiration as the cotton soaked it up. I had to run my tongue over my lips to wet their dryness.

The open zipper of the suit created a sharply defined triangle, almost an arrow that pointed straight into the bulge of his manhood. Once I had started to look at him, there was no way I could avoid following my eyes down his belly into that center of his being. It was all lumped over on his

right side. The crease of the pants tugged up into his crevice and left no room for the lump of flesh to rest easily. The tightly pulled cloth outlined the organs as clearly as if he were naked. The lumps of his testicles hung down, long and heavy, away from his body; the fleshy tube of his sex was so obvious that the line of the ridge was captured by the shadows it created.

I was standing straight up as I continued taking in this sight of unrestrained masculinity: I had to continue the exploration. I followed his legs down to his calves which peeked out between his pants and the beginnings of his socks. The thick hair that stuck out from the skin couldn't hide the heavily developed muscles. I went back up the leg and rested my vision on his thighs, I hadn't noticed just how full they were. I tried to recreate their lines with the help of the chiseled calf muscles. They would have long, thick bands of hair-covered flesh, well defined by clearly shaped muscles.

I went back to the socks. Their white color gleamed in the summer night. They held out the promise for an earthy unpretentious personage. The heavy work shoes were black, for some reason the unraveled shoelaces gave the whole figure a child-like quality. The sweat that came down my forehead now had nothing to do with the weather. It had everything to do with this living symbol of American man that was spread out before me. I could hardly control myself. Sure, I cruised a lot, but I never had felt this need before. I had never had one, single man break through all my filters and affect me in quite this way. I mopped my brow once more, trying to find a way to get in enough time to control these sudden urges.

I drank in more of the figure, more of the total effect of his body as it sprawled, moving only occasionally on the wheeled platform. I honestly think that if he had stayed there for even a few more minutes I would have attacked him. I think that there was enough lust building up that I would have had to find a release. But, then he had made some kind of mistake. I still don't really know what happened, but a guttural swear came from beneath the frame; he must have hit a hand with a tool or something. I could see him jerk up quickly and hear the the muffled words. The sharp pain made him unconsciously strike out a hand and slap the side of the carefully maintained car finish, leaving a clear handprint on the light

enamel.

It was all over in seconds. He slid out from under the car and jumped up. More swears came as he saw the grease on the side of the door. A finger, already swelling from the pain, was carefully held by his good hand. "Oh, mister, I'm *real* sorry."

The blond head that turned to me and looked so very contrite made me feel faint from the impact of his beauty. I was speechless. My mouth moved with a motor-like attempt to speak but no words came out. "Look, don't be that mad at me. Please don't get me into trouble." He took my stammering for anger! I tried once more to reassure him, still nothing could be said coherently.

He stared at me briefly. My continued stuttering threw him off. I guess he did sense that it wasn't rage that had taken me over. His own eyes went down my body and rested on the crotch that betrayed my real problem with a heavy push against the thin fabric of my slacks. A smile crept across his mouth as he took in the sight.

The guy obviously knew that there was trouble ahead, but that it had, nothing to do with his job. With that smirk still wiped right along his mouth he looked up at me. I swept the length of his body once more and couldn't help but notice that the line of flesh sticking from his groin had lengthened. "Tell you what," the voice began with a whole new pitch to it, and a new meaning, "I'll come over to your house right after work and wash the car. I'll even polish it, if you like." The smile broadened. "No charge. Just a good natured gesture to make the whole thing up to you."

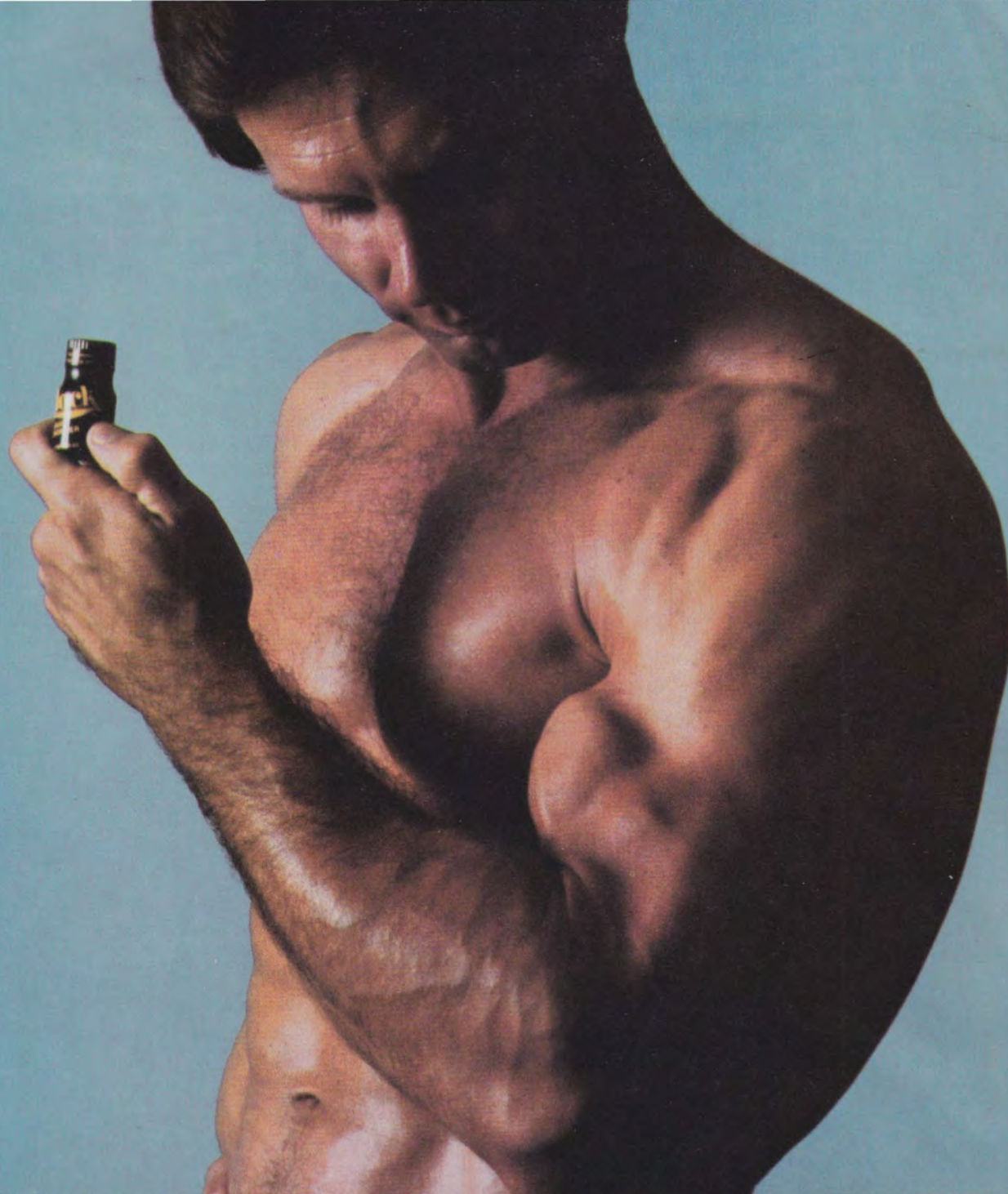
I nodded silently. It was the most I could manage. Somehow the words describing my address forced their way out between my lips. He repeated them back to me.

"I did say no charge. But I sure could use a beer after I'm done here." My head dipped up and down again. It was going to happen! He was going to come to my house! "And, you don't mind if I take a shower at your place when I'm done, do you?"

"Oh, no, not at all."

"I didn't think so." He was going to laugh at me. Or was it with me? "Yeah, mister, I'll polish the whole thing up for you real good."

And, thus, begins the story about how I entertained myself during the gasoline shortage that made it impossible to get to the country. They say you should fight fire with fire: Why not fight heat with heat?



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JUST BLOW IT UP AND BALL IT

RICHARD LOCKE

Continued from page 42

they'd be business men dressed in suits. I wanted them to relate to me. So, I went out and bought my first suit in years."

Were the films easier to do? "At first, I was supposed to start doing a live show a while ago, actually. But it was going to open in San Francisco where I had a lot of friends. I think I was just scared to fail in front of them. I cancelled the night before I was supposed to open." But there's no hesitancy about getting up on a stage now? "None whatsoever."

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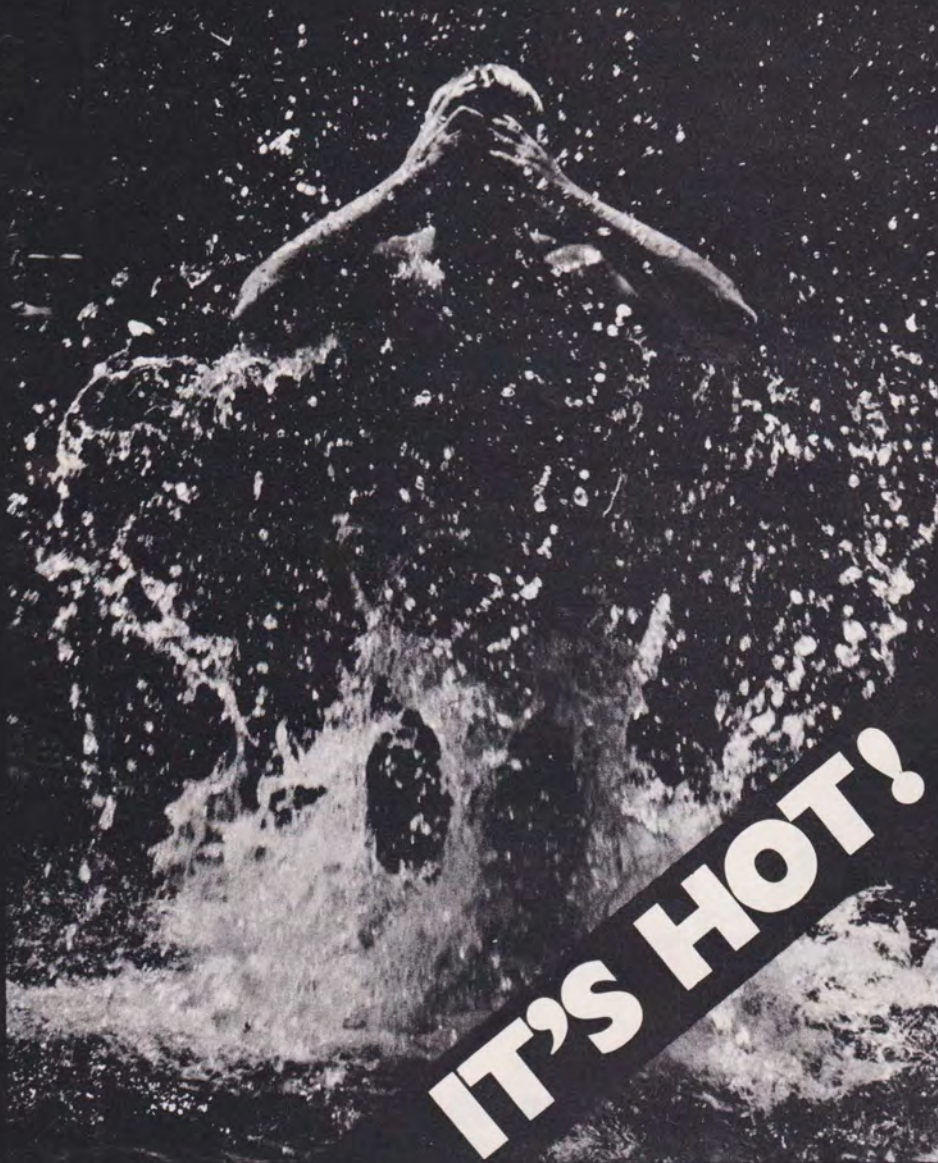
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