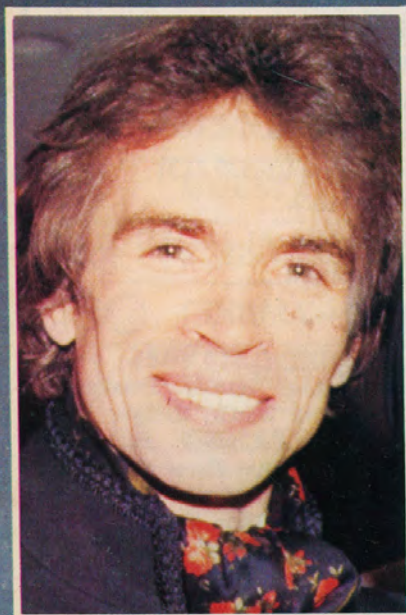




# INTERNATIONAL



IS NUREYEV  
NECESSARY?

NIGHTHAWKS

COVERBOY

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ROSE

of VILLAGE  
PEOPLE

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### STAFF

Publisher/Editor-in-chief  
**Alan Gloak**

Editor/Designer  
**Tony Reynolds**

Arts Editor  
**Ken Lawrence**

Advertising 01-370 1131  
**Tony Simlick**

Subscriptions 01-370 1132  
**Jack Murrell**

### CONTRIBUTING AUTHORS

Peter Argus, Harold Brudenell-Bridge, Dora Burch, Rodger Dee, Barry Duke, Charles Hamilton, David Herbert, Horst Koegler, Michael Leech, Terry Sanderson, John St Clair, Tony Simlick, Chris White, Joseph Winter

### CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS

George Brummel, Colin Clarke, Konrad, Man's Image, Colin Ramsey, John St Clair, Bill Hugh White, Western Studios

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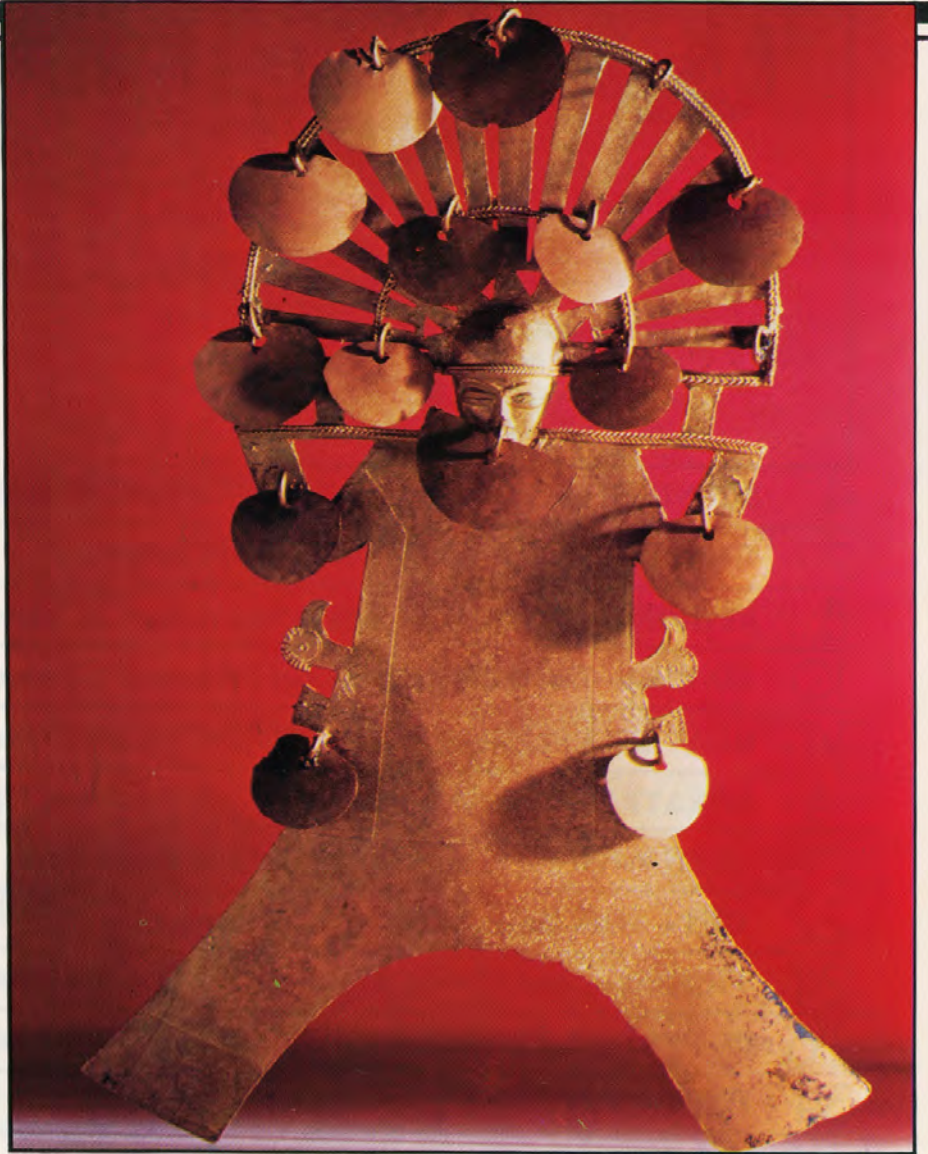
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## EL DORADO

'Gold is the most exquisite of all things' said Christopher Columbus in 1492.

The 200,000 people who have queued and passed through the turnstiles at Burlington House these past sixteen weeks have obviously been of like mind. The Royal Academy exhibition THE GOLD OF EL DORADO is now in its last days (it ends March 18) but there's still just time to see exhibits as beautiful as our illustration 'Muisca pectoral': a human figure in cast gold, loaned by the Museo del Oro in Bogotá, Colombia (photo courtesy of Carlton Cleave Ltd)



## PEPPERLAND

Majorette bands stand in glittering costumes outside the theatre, searchlights cut across the Hollywood sky, and once again the crowds are held back as another Robert Stigwood production hits the silver screen—Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band.

Following his proven formula of producing pop music films like Tommy, Saturday Night Fever and Grease, Stigwood has inevitably moved onto an ambitious Beatles-inspired project.

Not a movie about the Beatles, but about their most famous album—Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band. With production costs of 12 million dollars, Stigwood has pulled together a formidable cast that includes, Pete Frampton, George Burns, Frankie Howerd, Paul Nichols, Diana Steinberg, Alice Cooper, plus his proven superstars, the Bee Gees. Sergeant Pepper will open in London some time in April.



Our picture shows the Bee Gees with George Burns in Pepperland.

## COTTAGE NOTES

The Campaign for Homosexual Equality is setting up a group to look into the question of cottaging. Initially the group's function will be fact finding—especially on such points as aspects of the law, police involvement, and varying attitudes of police and magistrates in different parts of the country. The group is anxious to collect as much information as possible, which will be treated in the strictest confidence. So write to Robert Palmer, Campaign for Homosexual Equality, PO Box 427, 69 Corporation Street, Manchester M60 2EL. In addition the group wants to find out what people's views are about cottaging, so don't be afraid to give your opinions as well!



## FINDING A GUIDE

If you are fortunate enough to be going to America or Canada for a holiday this year, one of your first requirements will be a Gay Guide to help you find your kind of guy, club, disco, whatever. One of the best guides, and also the most comprehensive I have come across, is the Bob Damron Address Book. It is also one of the most up-to-date guides (now in its fifteenth edition). Unfortunately not available in this country, you can get your copy for \$6 plus postage (\$2) from Bob Damron Enterprises, PO Box 14-077 San Francisco, California 94114, USA. Or you can get a copy when you get there from any of the many gay stores in America.

## THE HOT SPOT

Still the hottest disco nightclub in London is The Copacabana at 180 Earl's Court Road, SW5. Large and spacious there is plenty of room to cruise around. If you're into ball games, there's even a pool table. They provide a hamburger and chips service and there are three very good bars. The disco floor is at times a bit small, but very few of us want to actually dance all evening and it's nice to have space elsewhere to chat with friends and have a drink without having your eardrums burst. They're open from 9pm till 2am with entrance Mon-Thur £1.00, Fri-Sat until midnight £1.50, after midnight £2.00. Although membership is not essen-

tial, members (membership £1) get preferential entrance on the busy nights of Thursday, Friday and Saturday. While there, help us to help our advertisers by mentioning that you heard about them in Q. Thanks.

## CRUISIN' 79

Does the idea of cruising the seas appeal to you? or the prospect of messing about in boats along the Adriatic coast? If so you should contact Kurt Foerster for further information on his 'Yachting '79'.



Now in its seventh successful year, they get together groups from around the world and cruise from the Italian harbour of Monfalcone, along the Adriatic coasts of Italy and Yugoslavia until you reach the South Dalmatic region. Besides showing you the interesting touristic places, highlights of the trip are visits to the famous Gay Red Island and the Island of Raab with its famous Nudist Gay Beach. The next trip this year will be from 10th June until 23rd June, so if you are interested write now to K.-J. Foerster, Rotlintstr. 11 D-6000 Frankfurt 1, West Germany.

## CHE CONFERENCE

While still on the subject of CHE, picture if you can the seaside town of Brighton on a Bank Holiday. The August Bank Holiday to be precise. With thousands of cars and coaches making the annual trek to the coast. In anticipation of a day by the sea, the fun-fair, the candy-floss, and the kiss-me-quick hats. But this year it will be just that little bit different, as Brighton will be the host town for the annual Campaign for Homosexual Equality Conference.

The conference starts on Friday August 24th and runs through until Monday 27th August. If you are a member of CHE you will obviously be well aware of the events arranged. But if you're not a member there will still be plenty for you to enjoy, with an impressive three days of discos, concerts and film-shows.

I can't think of a better way of spending a Bank Holiday than cruising several hundred fellow gays in what must be the gayest town in the country.

But a word of warning. If you are thinking of going for the weekend you should start booking a hotel now, as the gay hotels are fast filling up with CHE members. We'll have further information on the events in our July issue. See you there.



### PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT

In January 1978 we reluctantly raised the price of Q. INTERNATIONAL to £1.50. We also stopped being a gay mag and became a magazine for gay people. Unfortunately, due to world trade, the cost of paper (which has to be purchased in Swedish Krone or German marks) rose in price, coupled with wage increases within the print industry.

These increases have now however, after 14 months, forced us to raise our own prices—not by a massive 33½ per cent, the price rise of our competitors—but by a more realistic 17 per cent. We hope (but of course cannot control outside forces) to hold this price for a further year. Until June 1st we will continue to accept subscriptions at the old price, but from that date the rate will have to be increased.

VULCAN, Q. INTER—NATIONAL's complementary magazine — will also increase the price from £1.50 to £1.75, but here we will also increase its number of pages from 48 to 56; a substantial increase, we feel you will agree.

Q Centaur's magazines are now the most firmly established of their type in the UK, the EEC, and by our sales in the USA and Canada, are the largest circulation magazines for gay people produced in Europe.

If you have any comments (good or bad) about us at any time, do let us know, for without your guidance we could be going in the wrong direction.

Alan F. Gloak



GAY PRIDE '79

The dates 22nd June to 1st July 1979 will see the biggest festival of gay events ever held in Europe. This is the fifth Gay Pride Week, held to celebrate our homosexuality, and the tenth anniversary of the Stonewall riots, which brought about the birth of the gay liberation movement.

On the night of 27-29 June 1969, police raided the Stonewall Inn, a gay bar in New York. For the first time ever, gay men and women took to the streets and fought back against the repeated harassment of our community, and within a month the Gay Liberation movement was born.

Gay Pride Week 1979 will mark the growth of the openly gay community with events throughout Britain, featuring many celebrities, and climaxing (sic) with a massive Carnival through the streets of London on 30th June 1979.



Q International hopes to play an important role in the events, as should the *whole* gay community, and we have offered to provide a float for the Carnival, but as of yet we have had little response from the organising committee. Let's hope that this year the Carnival is not just a celebration for a small minority of the gay community, *specially selected and screened by a small group*. Gay Pride is for the *whole* gay community. Out of our unity will grow our strength. Further information about the week's events and the Carnival can be obtained from The Gay Pride Week Committee, 5, Caledonian Road, London N1 9DX.

Sexy underwear is always appealing, and there's none more appealing at the moment than the new range produced by GARDA. Like most Italian fashion companies they have an eye for cut and style that makes anything look sexy. Their latest range for 1979 comes in small, medium and large, and in a choice of white or blue. They can be obtained from Q Mail Order, 60, Kenway Road, London S.W.5. Price £2.25 a pair plus postage.

From the beach at St Tropez to the Lido at Hyde Park, this brief ½" side swimslip will flatter you as never before. Available at selected stores on the Continent, and for the first time in England, direct from Q Mail Order at £4.50 (inc p&p) *Pouched front for full protection*, wear it, get it. Colours: Sunshine Yellow, Royal Blue, Chocolate Brown, Sunburst Orange. Sizes: small, medium, large. From Q Mail Order, 60, Kenway Road, London S.W.5.

The Directors and Editors would like to apologise to the readers of Q International for the quality of printing and finishing on the last issue. We will endeavour, within our powers, to ensure that this does not happen again.

## ? PROBLEMS

The Albany Trust gives a free, confidential counselling service on all sexual problems. The service is open to people of all ages, gay or straight, alone or as couples. Why not telephone for an appointment?

The Albany Trust  
16-18 Strutton Ground  
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# PLAYING THE GAME

I think this is the angriest page I have ever written...

One of these columns a few months ago made the point, and made it forcibly, that gay life at its best involves a degree of commitment to another guy and that if we don't make the effort to get close to somebody in a more than sexual context, we are missing out on the infinite riches of love.

However, have you thought how bloody hard it is to maintain such a love affair, if you also mix in a gay world and have gay friends? Now, that could seem like something of a paradox, but, think about it for a moment. How often do you truly wish your friends well if they set up house with a new lover, do you really want the best for them and hope that they will succeed in staying together, or do you look for the first cracks to appear and wonder how soon one of the partners will be weeping on your shoulders?

I always like to write and speak from personal experience and I can tell you that I have very strong views on this subject and that, since I started my own new relationship, the most goodwill and support has come from my straight friends who all think that my lover is super, that we are right for each other, and that we could last for ages. However, the gay community (I almost feel like putting that word community in inverted commas), has been its usual bitchy self and people have gone out of their way to be selfish and grasping.

My new lover is younger than me, and, having done a lot of fashion modelling, is very dishy. He is totally faithful and loyal, but, because of his pretty face, guys are trying to pick him up all the time,

usually with little regard for the fact that he wears a ring on his left hand and is committed to me. Recently, a friend of his asked him to go to bed and when my lover replied that he was now living with me and perfectly content, the friend retorted, 'Well, I'll just have to get you on your own won't I??' and proceeded to ask him to lunch. Well, you've guessed it, lunch turned out to be at the guy's home, and, after the first two courses, he made a lunge for my boyfriend and got very angry at being rebuffed, so much so, that my guy had to leave before the end of the meal to avoid the whole thing turning into a sort of wrestling match.

His modelling friends regard love, on the whole, as a sort of commercial transaction and cannot understand that he is living with an older man for love rather than for what he can get out of it and they are aghast that he pays rent, washes dishes and generally shares my life rather than being kept. And, to top it all, a couple of my own gay friends asked us round to dinner and tried to strip him at the end of the meal.

Yes, I am angry, bloody angry, largely because we gay men bloody well refuse to grow up and act like responsible human beings. Oh I know there are many decent couples living quietly and lovingly together, but it is not easy for those of us who have to mix with other gays and live in a world which touches the fringes of gay society. How the hell can we have dignified and stable love affairs if other guys are constantly trying to come, literally,

between us and to get one or both of us between the sheets merely to satisfy some passing whim. Aren't people better than that? Aren't we more than just pumping little sex machines that you peel off, use and throw aside after you have done with them?? Where, I ask, is the dignity of man?

I conclude, yet again, and I say publicly, that I would a thousand times prefer to spend an evening with heterosexual friends than the average homosexual . . . and not just because they are no threat and no competition either. Oddly enough, most of them take us much more seriously as a couple than any of our gay friends, and we are able to relax together in straight households and to stay overnight without any fear of ugly scenes or tantrums if we refuse to perform sexually with our hosts. Why the hell should we have to 'sing for our supper'??

I think this is the angriest page I have ever written, but, believe me, it does come straight from the heart, or the guts! I like casual sex as much as the next man, yet I would never dream of trying to make someone who is committed to another guy, I would wish them well and hope that their relationship would last and grow stronger . . . something which would be bloody unlikely unless they had time to get to know each other without outside interference!

If this angry outburst has any message, it must be this; if you see two guys trying to make it with each other, in a deep way, leave them alone, find your own little fling elsewhere . . . 'Do unto others' etc. Hands off, grow up.

CHRIS WHITE

# THE GAY TOWN OF THE DECADE

—the town, in fact, where BARRY DUKE first found himself 'shedding the last traces of closetry'

Anyone remember the old-time definition of the word gay?

No? Well, for your edification the Concise Oxford Dictionary declares that to be gay is to be 'full of mirth, lighthearted or sportive'. Also 'cheeky, impertinent, dissolute, immoral and showy'. So with that definition in hand, and mindful of the more modern meaning of the word, I have no hesitation in bestowing my Gay Town of the Decade Award to that jewel of the South Coast—Brighton.

I fell in love with Brighton in the torrid summer of '76 whilst heavily under the influence of a priapic, ebony Gaul whom I'd met in one of the city's two main gay clubs, the New Curtain Club on the esplanade. He'd come over to my table bearing a plate of chicken à la king and asked me, in dulcet tones distinctly Aznavour, if I would pass him the salt. Our eyes met, our fingertips touched — and it was lust at first sight!

In the heady days that followed, I found myself not so much emerging cautiously from the closet as being forcibly expelled. It was an amazing experience — and an important turning point in my life. For up until my meeting with Xavier, I — who had succeeded over the years in turning timidity into an advanced art form — would do nothing at all which might draw undue attention to myself. Nor, for that matter, would my extreme timorousness allow me to behave in any manner likely to frighten the horses or upset any other conscious life-forms.

I simply did not, for instance, possess that brand of audacity which once prompted a friend to clear his rumpus room of a persistent Jehovah's Witness by informing the infiltrator that he couldn't join the sect as he was 'an orthodox cocksucker'. And I almost died of embarrassment in a taxi when another acquaintance, when



Barry and Xavier—down by the seaside

asked 'where to, mate?' by the driver, drawled 'aw, what the hell. How about your place for a change?'

On another occasion I went into a shocked decline when told of someone who, in a moment of extreme exasperation, poked a sizeable morning erection through his letterbox opening to ward off yet another early Sunday morning offensive by a member of the Salvation Army. Simultaneously he yelled — 'How's this for your Second Coming?' Foolish boy.

This impulsive act proved both abortive and painful. According to my impeccable source, the celestial stormtrooper on the other side of the door exacted a swift and terrible retribution. She smote the fearsome phallus a mighty smite with her tambourine!

But in one short week, Xavier changed all that with his infectious brand of outrageous effervescence that lent a whole new dimension to the concept of gay abandon. In the shortest possible time imaginable he succeeded in ripping away my inhibitions almost as quickly as my clothes.

On the Monday, for instance, Xavier, whose English was streets ahead of my French (which was limited to *bon voyage, coq au vin* and *soixante-neuf*) waved a well-thumbed copy of 'Spartacus' at me, and declared: 'We must go to zis sauna'. (He indicated Unit One at Rottingdean.) I blanched. Never in all my (mumble) years had I set foot past the portals of a sauna — despite numerous temptations to indulge some of my more erotic fantasies.

Now suddenly here was a randy black Parisian, on holiday in tropical Angleterre, trying to persuade me to abandon my almost-but-not-quite virginal body to what I imagined would be several gruelling hours of sweltering primeval passion in a more or less public place. I relented though — and found the experience altogether civilised and exhilarating. Unit One is a clean, well-run establishment and well worth a visit.

Tuesday: 'We must visit ze nude beach,' Xavier insists. One bus ride later, we reach the appointed place somewhere past Rottingdean. It takes some persuasion to get me to expose all, but again I relent. However, I stick close to the



boulders so I can duck out of sight of anyone liable to recognise me. I mean, when you've set out with more hang-ups than a row of gallows, you just can't hope to become the Totally Liberated Person in the space of 24 hours. Meanwhile Xavier brazens it out and struts along the waterline, wearing nothing but a smile, sunglasses and a pair of pastel plimsolls. He attracts a sizeable following...

On a far more public beach we play-wrestle and get very visibly randy; in the streets we walk hand-in-hand while shocked visitors from Rotherham or Leighton Buzzard walk into parking meters. In a cinema we cuddle, and on our last evening together he reaches across the table, grips my hands and weeps. The 'honeymoon' he keeps referring to is over. That the table is in a crowded restaurant bothers us not a jot. Later we cling to each other in the back of a taxi, then shock a few rubbernecks at the station with a lingering au revoir kiss.

Although Xavier proved the key factor in the Gay Liberation of Barry Duke, Brighton itself has to take some of the credit for my shedding my last traces of closetry. For of all the resorts and towns and cities I've visited in the UK, Brighton seems to be the only one that possesses the sort of easy-going ambience vital to a public coming-out.

It's an impression that is reinforced each time I return to Brighton — and I return there often to reacquaint myself with the sizeable indigenous gay population there, and meet (if not actually come to grips) with other gay holidaymakers who find no difficulty in relaxing in bars like The New Heart and Hand, and The Spotted Dog, or clubs like The Palace Pier, The New Curtain or The Longbranch.

Just how good Brighton's reputation is as a European gay centre was brought home to me in Amsterdam, of all places.

A few weeks back I was standing in the Kerkstraat, waiting for a tram to take me and my luggage to the station on the first leg of a trip back to Britain, when I was spotted by the lovely number who had sold me several very naughty Danish Blue magazines the night before.

'Where are you going?' he asked.

'To spend the rest of my winter holiday in Brighton,' I said.

'You lucky sod!' he retorted, enviously.

What higher accolade can one bestow on a town?

Barry Duke



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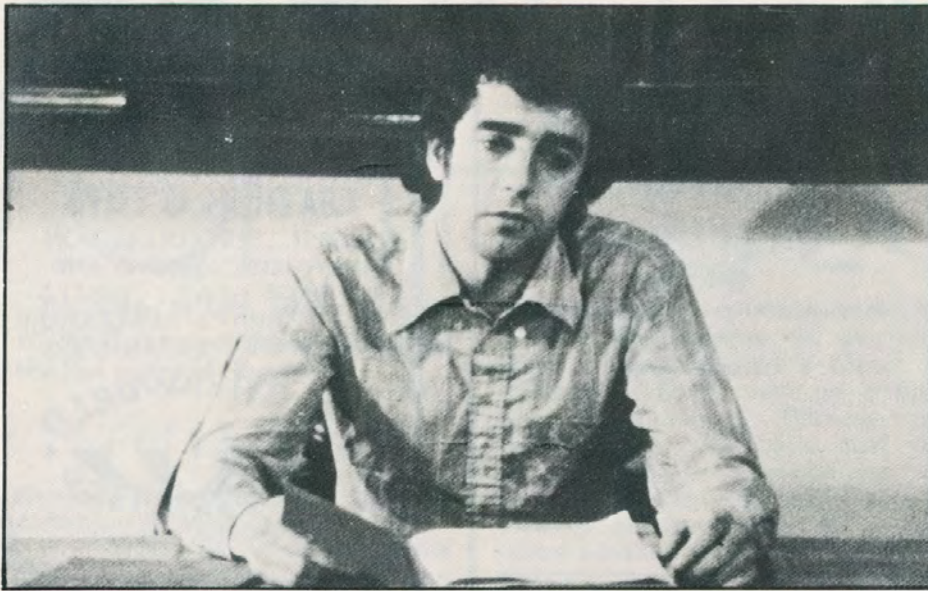
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## NIGHTHAWKS



David Herbert reviews a major new English gay movie.

*Nighthawks*—a new English film produced by two young men, Ron Peck and Paul Hallam, is a very important work indeed. Though modest in its budget (it was made for £60,000, considerably less than the fee of many a director or actor per film) it is brave in its subject and ambitious in its scope. It is the first intelligent and serious gay movie since *Victim*. That film, outspoken for its time, marked a crucial and well-deserved rise in the status of its star, Dirk Bogarde, and though it may now appear a trifle dated and snobbish (in giving the impression that homosexuality is an essentially upper middle class problem) it had an honesty lacking in such sentimental works as *Fortune and Men's Eyes*, which sensationalised its subject, or *Sebastiane*, which over-glamourized it. A film like *Staircase* which cast two obvious heterosexuals as preening queens is not worth serious consideration any more than either *A Taste of Honey* or *Saturday Night at the Baths* which stereotype and thus patronise us. The last of these three was, of course, American but it is to a film like *Dog Day Afternoon* in which Al Pacino gave an in-depth performance as a homosexual who takes his gayness for granted, that one must turn for a meaningful approach to the subject.

*Nighthawks* is not a movie of this calibre; but then it doesn't pretend to be attempting the same thing. It is about the central problem of

coming out, the story of Jim, a man in his late twenties who reaches a cross-roads in his life. He is a teacher in a rough mixed-comprehensive school and he is homosexual. Not obviously so: he's straight-looking, an ordinary unpretentious likeable bloke, but his work and his sex life (a round of discos resulting in a good deal of casual uncommitted screwing) are antipathetic, and he has no adequate social life to bridge the gap. The crunch comes when he is faced by a hostile class (not his own) and he is openly asked if he's bent. He doesn't deny it, his commitment and honesty being related now to his deeper involvement with another man who is making stronger emotional and social demands on him and thus creating a conflict between his nighthawk existence and his growing need for something more settled.

This point is understated in the film—which is to its credit—but it has already led to an undue emphasis being laid on the classroom confrontation. Equally important is the small scene in the pub immediately after this where Jim quietly discusses the situation with his new boyfriend and a couple of sympathetic fellow teachers. There will undoubtedly be those who will take the film's message as negative because it does not promise that Jim's new relationship with his pupils will be any easier than that with his lover. He is getting involved with someone already 'married' to another man, and when the two visit a disco in the final sequence of the film we see Jim unable to tear himself away from its fascination. Neither the problem

at school nor that in his private life will be solved overnight but there is hope in his confrontation with both. In this way the film is unsentimental without being pessimistic. The optimism is that of Edward Bond who in *Saved* similarly expresses the struggle against intensely difficult odds in Len's dogged mending of the chair in the final brief scene of the play as well as in its preface where he claims that true optimism consists in clutching at straws. This is neither contrived nor fatuously upbeat, but realistic.

Ron Peck and Paul Hallam thought my analogy with Bond a fair one when I went round to interview them for *Q International* and a fascinating discussion of their attitude to cinema threw a lot of light on the film, what they hope to achieve through it and what problems they have encountered.

The two artists whose names occurred most in our discussion were—not surprisingly—film directors: Pasolini and Kazan. I drew Paul's attention to the fact that in the programme issued for the screening at the London Film Festival in November he mentioned that *Theorem* had impressed him 'because it was a whole new kind of film and was also tied in with being gay'. Though disclaiming any direct influence of Pasolini, both he and Ron agreed that a more visual, less literary approach to the film is called for. This is particularly the case with the nightclub sequences—all without dialogue—which tell us as much about the central character as do the conversations or the developing narrative. The position and move-

ment of the camera, the montage, the lighting, the selection and editing of angles and shots all make the different disco visits sharply contrasted, so that a development is observed in Jim himself. From the first episode, charged with erotic anticipation, through the hunting and the watching, or the exhilaration of the dancing with Neal (a part beautifully played by Stuart Turton) to the final sequence seen through the eyes both of Jim and his unsympathetic friend, we have a complex, fully-developed presentation which asks the audience to respond imaginatively to the full potential of the medium—a demand all too rare in British cinema. The film-makers refuse to let us, the audience, off the hook as the relentless shots of Jim's hungry eyes make abundantly clear.

Pasolini also cropped up in our discussion of the political implications of the work. During the open debate which followed the screening at the NFT one member of the audience said he thought the film was insufficiently political. This maddens me as much as the familiar rejection of any serious approach to gay rights by those homosexuals who feel we should keep a low profile and be grateful we are tolerated at all. If anyone doubts the political nature and value of this film they should remember that the subject of gay teachers is a very emotive one and should realize that before the film was completed the *Daily Express* referred to it in the context of child pornography. More disturb-

Continued on Page 12

## NIGHTHAWKS

Continued from Page 11

ingly, no school would allow their premises to be used once the film's topic was mentioned, financial assistance was refused by the British Film Institute, whilst the Rank Organisation, the owners of 'Bangs' (the most important gay disco in London) vetoed any filming there as they did not wish their name to be associated with a homosexual work. This is true political repression, though this extraordinary moral double-think is all too familiar in England and is reflected again in the fact that, though the film has received no support from British TV, it was heavily financed by a German television company and has already been screened there.

Both Ron and Paul also admire the frank sexuality of Pasolini's films and Paul particularly feels that to match the heterosexual images we've seen in the cinema with equivalent gay ones is an important barrier to get over. Some people may feel disappointed at the lack of sexual activity shown in the film, all the more so as the locale is very close to that portrayed by John Rechy who in works like *The Sexual Outlaw* is both very explicit and highly erotic in his descriptions of homosexual intercourse.

But Ron finds an absurdity in the fact that two people having sex in a film in no way corresponds to this activity in real life and prefers the strong sexual implications of a scene like that in

Kazan's *Wild River* where Lee Remick and Montgomery Clift converse kneeling fully clothed on the floor. Kazan is his reference, rather than Warhol, whose style the film more superficially resembles, and he further acknowledges debts to Kazan both in his attitude to actors and in the way in which—notably in his later films—he has broken down any sense of vantage point, refusing to take sides or to give simplistic answers.

*Nighthawks* is not a piece of propaganda in any crudely didactic sense, but it is a key movie politically and culturally on account of its subject-matter and the approach to it. It is also a film of varied moods, alternately erotic, disturbing and funny. Its humour is in fact one of its most outstanding features. The scene in which Jim first tells his girlfriend, Judy, that he is gay; the morning-after-the-night-before with the American pick-up; the visit to the art exhibition; the first meeting with Neal; these are all richly comic and beautifully realized. Most significantly, in Jim's relationship with Judy a crucial link is forged between the gay world and a straight audience. This is not just a film for homosexuals. Paul and Ron dislike a ghetto mentality among gays as much as they deplore a discrimination against us, and it is in its demand that gay and straight people learn to behave honestly and accept one another completely that the film makes its strongest appeal. Go and see it, and tell your friends—yes, *all* of them—about it.

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Illustration: Tony Reeves

# Heavenly Pleasure in Katmandu

By Terry Sanderson

Did I ever tell you how I met Paul? It was ever so fateful. He lived a 15p bus ride from me — but I had to travel 6,000 miles to meet him. Yes, it's true. I went all the way to Katmandu to meet the boy next door.

I was on one of those across-Asia-in-a-minibus expeditions where you pay a small fortune to experience gross discomforts, including dysentery, with a group of people whose guts you hate.

The twelve of us had fought each other all the way from London, squabbling over the cooking, which had regressed from 'alright' to semi-poisonous, and eventually reached Katmandu.

Here we were to park ourselves for six weeks prior to embarkation on the journey back.

The others had hired porters and set out into the foothills of the Himalayas on a trek. I had decided to forego that particularly rigorous challenge for the almost-civilised comforts of Nepal's wondrous capital.

I was ensconced at The Withies Hotel, a sleazy establishment occupied by penniless hippies, all of whom had taken the road to Katmandu in order to patronise the drug culture it fostered. In Nepal the use of marijuana is not frowned upon, and the drug was easily obtained. In fact, there were several intriguing establishments catering specifically for junkies.

But six weeks is a long time to be alone in a strange city (and, believe me, they don't come much stranger than Katmandu), so I had decided to try one of these drug parlours to pass the time.

I made my way to 'The Heavenly Pleasure Rooms' which can be reached via a dark staircase over a butcher's shop. I hummed a few bars of 'I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise' as I ascended, to try and cover my growing apprehension.

The Heavenly Pleasure Rooms could not have been more squalid had they been situated in the centre of Katmandu's sewage works. It consisted of two rooms separated by a tatty bead curtain. In the antechamber, where I stood, was a moth-eaten chaise-longue on which,

I supposed, stupefied drug addicts would lay to take their 'trips'. I conjured up pictures of Conan Doyle's opium dens of old. It didn't seem the same.

Through the bead curtain I could see an old man sitting at a table. He looked like a caricature of a Tibetan lama — straight out of *Lost Horizons*. He had a long, straggly, pointed beard. In front of him rested a pair of nicely balanced scales. He was counting a small pile of coins.

As I approached my fears increased. I'd never meddled with anything stronger than soluble aspirin prior to this — drug addiction had never really appealed. But, consistent with my personal philosophy, I was determined to try, at least once, every experience life could offer — so long as it didn't threaten my health. My motto is: if you're not supposed to, I want to.

So, taking my courage in both hands, I stepped through the bead curtain into the room. Was this the equivalent of passing through the Pearly Gates?

The old man's hands moved with a speed beyond human comprehension as he made the coins disappear into the folds of his robe. He indicated the 'menu' hanging on the wall. I could hardly believe my eyes.

'Joints — 5 rupees, Pot Horlicks — 3 rupees; Pot fairy cakes — 3 rupees.'

As I'd never learned to smoke I had to go for a 'pot' fairy cake. They looked like Mary Baker efforts, minute and sufficient for only one gobfull.

I bought two. I've never heard of 'pot' being taken through the stomach before, but I had to take the old man's word that it was possible.

As I was making my purchase, the bead curtains parted and in walked a nondescript, plain, insignificant young man wearing an embroidered Indian shirt. I fell in love with him instantly.

Let me explain. The ten weeks we had just spent on the road through Asia had been ten weeks of enforced celibacy. None of the others on

the expedition were gay — or if they were, they weren't letting on. And anyway, after living in such close proximity for so long, I would have preferred slitting their throats to sleeping with them. So, you can imagine when Paul walked in, he was youthful male flesh, and automatically desirable. He wasn't actually repulsive, you see, so he'd do.

Actually he wasn't that bad — I just don't want him to get big-headed. He has nice eyes, I'll give him that, and gorgeous blond hair . . . and I was so desperate for man, I was seriously contemplating rape.

He bought a 'joint' and sat with me on the chaise-longue.

He looked at my purchase. 'You're a fairy cake,' he said, by way of conversation.

'That's right,' I looked at the unappetising confection before me. 'To tell you the truth, I've never actually . . . what do you call it . . . "turned on" before'. I felt daft saying it.

'Neither have I,' he said, sidling up a little closer.

Perhaps he was attracted by naïvety and innocence, maybe he was one of those people who got a kick out of deflowering virgins. (Well, he was a bit late in my instance, but you know what I mean.)

'Any idea what's supposed to happen?' I said, feeling very unsophisticated and ignorant.

'Well, it's supposed to sharpen your senses, makes things more vivid.'

'What about these "bad trips" I've heard about? What happens then?'

'I don't know to tell you the truth. Perhaps it's like the DT's, you know, hallucinations and things.'

'Surely there are enough bad sights in Katmandu without inducing artificial ones,' I said.

He was from Sheffield and on a similar expedition to ours. Only he had a one-way ticket and was planning to hitch-hike back.

Continued on Page 16

HEAVENLY PLEASURE  
IN KATMANDU  
Terry Sanderson

I noticed that we were putting off the 'trip' as long as possible. Could it be that he was as scared as I was? I was sitting there tensely with a plate of fairy cakes on my lap. I could well have been at the vicarage tea-party.

'I think I'll take these back to my hotel room,' I said eventually. 'I'd hate to have a bad trip here. Somebody might take advantage of me.'

He looked me straight in the eye, and I knew we understood each other.

There comes a time — I'm sure you've experienced it — when a message shoots out between two people, and gets delivered by a single glance.

'You're probably right,' he said. (Isn't it funny that, even though we know exactly what's going on in each others minds, we still have to carry on with the pretence until somebody actually puts it into words?)

'Would you . . . ' — Moment of Truth coming up — '. . . would you like to come back and smoke your joint in my hotel room? Then if either of us has a bad trip the other can . . . well, *do something*.'

'Love to,' he said enthusiastically, and suddenly perked up. The tingling was starting; the glorious anticipatory tingles you get that make you want to say: 'For what I am about to receive, may the Lord make me truly thankful.' We repaired to the Withies.

Mr Withies the proprietor was a beturbanned and bedoomed Sikh. Everything he did went wrong — his exploits didn't just end in failure, but in crashing, re-percussing disaster.

The tiny lobby of the hotel was usually crowded with people complaining about some aspect of the hotel service which had failed to materialise. This time there was a sinister-looking Chinese man in dark glasses, making threatening noises over the counter at Mr Withies, who was gesticulating an explanation. This was distraction enough to slip Paul into my room unnoticed.

The main trouble with the rooms as the Withies was their size. They were microscopic. There was a bed, which must have had antique value, and sagged with defeat. The walls were made of plywood and the curtains at the windows drooped precariously on a piece of string.

We sat uncomfortably on the bed — there was still that all-important 'first move' to make. I was begin-

ning to wonder whether, in fact, my stranger in a strange land had the same thing in mind as I did.

He lit up his 'joint' and I unwrapped my fairy cakes. I ate them delicately, trying not to detect any traces of alien substances within. He inhaled dramatically on the cigarette, promptly went green and then gasped for air.

We both sat there waiting for something to happen. What would it be like? Would I experience psychedelia? Enhanced colours? Magical sounds?

I wanted.

He waited.

We both waited.

And waited.

After half an hour, I began to fell . . . well . . . nothing.

'How is it?' I asked cautiously, half expecting him to do something crazed.

'To tell you the truth, I'm a bit disappointed.'

'You know what I think,' I said, 'I think we've been rooked. I have a feeling there was about as much marijuana in what we've just taken as there is in the average Farley's rusk.'

He gave a little laugh. Then a guffaw. I had to join in and soon we were rolling about the bed with mirth. A hand went round my shoulder and suddenly we were rolling about the bed *without* mirth.

It was happening. Strike up the band! Fire the canons! Sing Hallelujah!

I was going on a trip that would take me higher than any marijuana ever could.

So, that's how we met. I knew there was more to it than just a quick thrill, and we stayed together because one of the members of our expedition decided to stay in Katmandu and work with a missionary. Paul decided to come back with us.

From then on everything took on a new meaning. The sights we saw, the adventures we had, were all made more intense by his presence. I was 'high' without the risk of becoming a pathetic junkie.

It couldn't last, of course. You can only float around three feet off the ground for so long before returning to earth.

I'm glad to say I didn't have a crash landing. When we got back to England, we decided to stay together. And that's how it's been (more or less) for the last seven years.

Katmandu will always have a special place in my memories, simply because it was there that one of the most rewarding phases of my live opened up.

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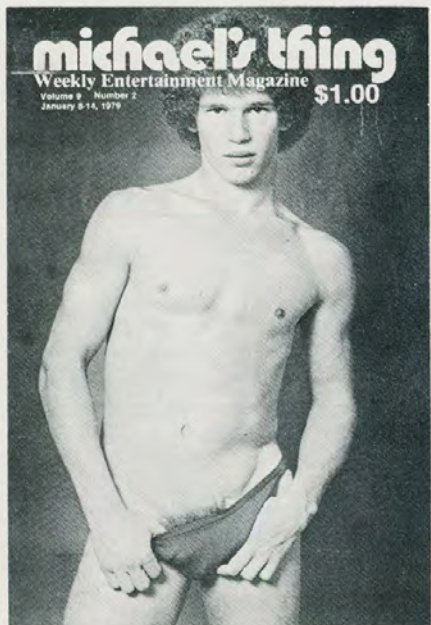
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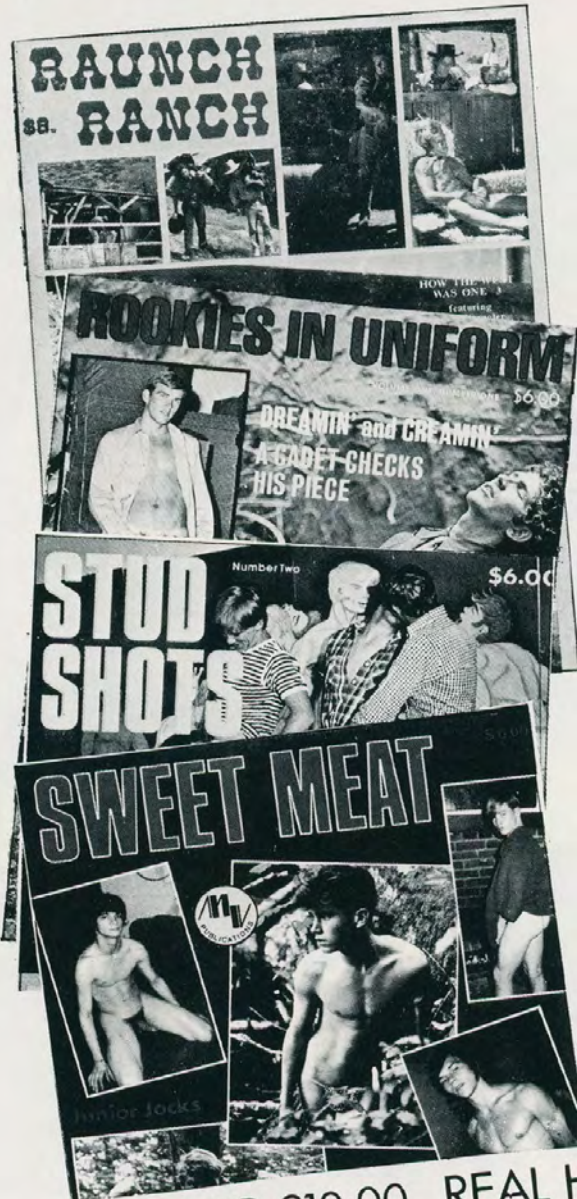
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## CURRENT &amp; CONTINUING

DIANA RIGG in Tom Stoppard's *Night and Day*
**MICHAEL LEECH** comments on some of the London theatre's newest potential long-runners

It's becoming almost the thing to have a gay element in West End plays and a surprising number of them from Agatha Twistie's *Mouse-trap* to *Shut Your Eyes and Think of . . .*, have an almost obligatory touch of gayness. Either that or sudden bouts of nudity, as in the recent Cottesloe production of

*The World Turned Upside Down* when several of the National's choicest bodies, champions all, were suddenly revealed. Some sudden skin-show goes on in *Comings and Goings*, recently at Hampstead — a playhouse always worth watching, since it has provided quite a bit of high-class fodder for the West End recently.

Denis Quilley is a quick-change artist in *Deathtrap*, now at the

Garrick and likely to be so for some time. He plays a failed playwright, who is desperately trying to recoup and revive his flagging talents, now that his once-rich wife has frittered away most of her money. It turns out that the writer is gay anyway, and has discovered an ingenious way of introducing his lover into the house, and getting rid of wifey. This is a play full of twists and turns, and even though the plot can make one squirm sometimes with its improbability, it certainly has some shock-tactic moments that have the audience leaping up in surprise and pleasurable horror. (The basic assumption is that the successful Broadway play is a recipe and can be predicted — even the most likely to be successful can bite the bedsprings however, and *Deathtrap* was no more certain of success than any other thriller before it opened in New York. So murdering young playwrights to bag their unproduced plays, however promising, is a bit thin as a premise — you need to suspend disbelief for *Deathtrap*.)

Perhaps Denis Quilley's portrayal comes a little too hot on the high heels of his wonderful Captain Terri in *Privates on Parade* — there's more than a shade of the army entertainer who gets into drag at the drop of a hairpin in this new character, even if he *doesn't* have a thing for frocks. Yet one has to hand it to Mr Q — he always takes his work seriously and is never guilty of the all-too-easy camp-it-up-Clara kind of gay stage personality that has become so boringly familiar in the West End. He makes the playwright a realistic, gay character, and the sense of frustration and ambition is well maintained. He's ably assisted by Philip Sayer as a gangling, eager would-be writer.

*Gloo Joo* at the Criterion is a Hampstead arrival (as is *Clouds*), but though the story of a Jamaican emigrant and his attempt to avoid deportation is quite funny, it only rarely caught fire for me. It seems like an extended one-acter, although there is some excellent acting and the frustration of the official of Immigration Services (played by Antony Brown) is beautifully delineated. Oscar James, as the immigrant who escapes deportation with a Jewish marriage ceremony, is very good, and the frenetic action of the play owes a lot to his talents.

One of the best plays to come in

to the West End is undoubtedly the new Tom Stoppard at the Phoenix. *Night and Day* is a winner in many ways — and it offers a part to get her incisors into for Diana Rigg. This actress is a joy to watch, and she bites off and spits out the lines with obvious pleasure. Stoppard harpoons a shoal of subjects from yellow journalism to industrial unrest in the newspaper world, and his views are, as usual, fresh and thought-provoking. The play is about journalists visiting an African country which is, they assume, about to burst into the latest war on that torn continent. Tough writers come into contact with a new young upstart journalist who has beaten them at their own game, and also face up to the vitriol of Miss Rigg, who has a few choice lines on the subject of popular journalism. The dialogue is as fast and neat as machine gun fire, spattered with Stoppard stories and witty one-liners. It *does* take a bit of time to get going, but Stoppard

is building slowly and it isn't long before the famous verbal fireworks start. Not to be missed.

Another gay touch is more than featured in the already mentioned *Comings and Goings*. The critics weren't too kind to this play in general, but I found it lightly amusing and at times very funny. It also had one remarkable entrance (two in fact) of tall, good-looking Bill Nighy with no clothes at all — it didn't surprise the cast, but it did cause a flutter in the audience, and if *C and G* hits your area in a regional theatre I hardly think this appearance can be bettered!

Vernon is one half of a gay couple, whose flat is invaded on Christmas by an assortment of odd people usually trying to hop onto a bed, or hopping away from a bed. Nobody seems to care very much for anyone else, except Jimmy (John Normington) the other half of the couple, and Jackie (Jane Wood) a doctor who cares for geriatrics and is a genuine eccen-

tric character. These two understand each other: and most important, author Mike Scott understands *them*. In fact Mr Stott seems to be better at creating character than plot, and the play is a mite meandering with a long and rather plodding first act. Well-played, however, by a good cast and that's getting to be a hallmark of Hampstead.

Along with Hampstead, Greenwich and Stratford East have lively professional theatres well worth visiting for their productions and their atmosphere. — for they attract a local audience, far removed from the tourists of the West End. They also offer new plays and parts in which actors can get their all-important challenges. Which in turn means a challenge for the audiences. Plays like *Night and Day*, offering this quality in the West End are all too rare — but despite this play's popularity most producers still seem to go for rubbish.



in this scene from *Look Out—Here Comes Trouble*, recently in the RSC repertoire at The Warehouse, the four patients in a NHS psychiatric hospital are played by KIERAN ROGAN, DOREEN KEOGH, JANE CARR and BRIAN HAYES. Playwright Mary O'Malley is best known for her award-winning play *Once a Catholic*, still running in the West End after more than a year (photo: Donald Cooper)



LESLEY DUFF—'sweetness and innocence' in *Beyond the Rainbow* (photo: Reg Wilson)

## KOSHER CATHOLIC...

If Walt Disney had ever done a stage musical you can bet it would be like **BEYOND THE RAINBOW**, at London's Adelphi Theatre. It has the sort of whimsical atmosphere Disney was adept at producing. It is set in an Italian village during the present day. The local priest is a sweet, innocent man who is a complete reflection of his flock (with the exception of the malevolent mayor). The peace and tranquillity of the village is broken when the priest receives a message from God (no less) that the second flood is on its way and only his village will be saved, providing they build themselves an ark. Unfortunately all the wood in the village is owned by the local mayor who, not unreasonably, doesn't believe the priest. With the help of his daughter, Clementina, who happens to be in love with the priest, all is finally resolved and the ark is built. When the flood comes the village is saved and even the priest, united with his true love when he gets the wood from God himself, realises that the priesthood was never intended to be celibate.

There is a strange sub-plot concerning the local village simpleton who is impotent but is eventually cured with the help of God and a passing prostitute. Not only is he cured but she is transformed into a wholesome young woman by his love! The constant talk of the more intimate sexual relationships to me seemed incongruous. Any misgivings I may have had, however, were swept away by the sheer force of

the production. It is comparable to the best that Broadway has ever given us. There has certainly not been so enthusiastic a company in the West End for many moons. Everyone looks good, moves well, sounds great and is assuredly having a ball. Heading the cast is Johnny Dorelli, repeating his role of Father Sylvestri after two and a half years in Rome. He has a humanity coupled with honest good sense that manages to hold the whole evening together. Roy Kinnear, although somewhat muted, gives a nice tone to the bad-tempered mayor and Lesley Duff as the ingenue daughter gives us sweetness and innocence without overpowering us. She sings sweetly and dances well—what more can one ask.



a brother/sister relationship—BARRY ANGEL with LEONIE COSMAN in *Bar Mitzvah Boy* (photo: Zoe Dominic)

## ... AND CATHOLIC KOSHER

From memory, **BAR MITZVAH BOY** (Her Majesty's) must be the first musical to have evolved from a TV play. On the box it scored a great success not only in this country but also abroad. It was the sort of quasi-documentary that TV, and particularly the BBC, excel in. It is a slight story about a young Jewish boy who runs out on his Bar Mitzvah because he can see no benefit in joining the 'men' who surround him: a bumbling grandfather, ineffectual father and a sister whose boyfriend's name doesn't even stick in his memory. As a TV drama it worked well but on stage—and particularly the musical stage—there is

always the danger of over-expansion. The characters become more crudely drawn and the story is spread that much thinner. In this show we seem to be back in the old days where everything stops for a quick knees-up and then we carry on again as if nothing has happened. All the principals have at least one big number and all acquit themselves well. In particular I was impressed by Joyce Blair as the epitome of a north London Jewish mother. The only member of the cast who really didn't seem too happy was Barry Angel, who unfortunately has the central role of the boy. The music (by Don Black and Jule Styne) is certainly undistinguished and the whole production has the look of being done on the cheap. Its only saving grace is Jack Rosenthal's book, which from memory is even funnier than the original, if without its truth. At the end of the evening the main impression left is why they bothered at all, since it has failed.

□ **Rodger Dee**

## L'EFFEBO

L'EFFEBO ('the young man') — a 4'6" bronze by ERIC HEBBORN recently on display at the Alwin Gallery in London. Hebborn, virtually unknown in Britain, has lived and worked outside Rome since being awarded the Prix de Rome 20 years ago and this was his first one-man show in his native country. His bronzes, mainly depicting the human figure in movement, are an attractive combination of figurative and contemporary styles. Although the exhibition is now over, the collection will be kept on display until the autumn and is well worth a visit by anyone interested in the male human body.

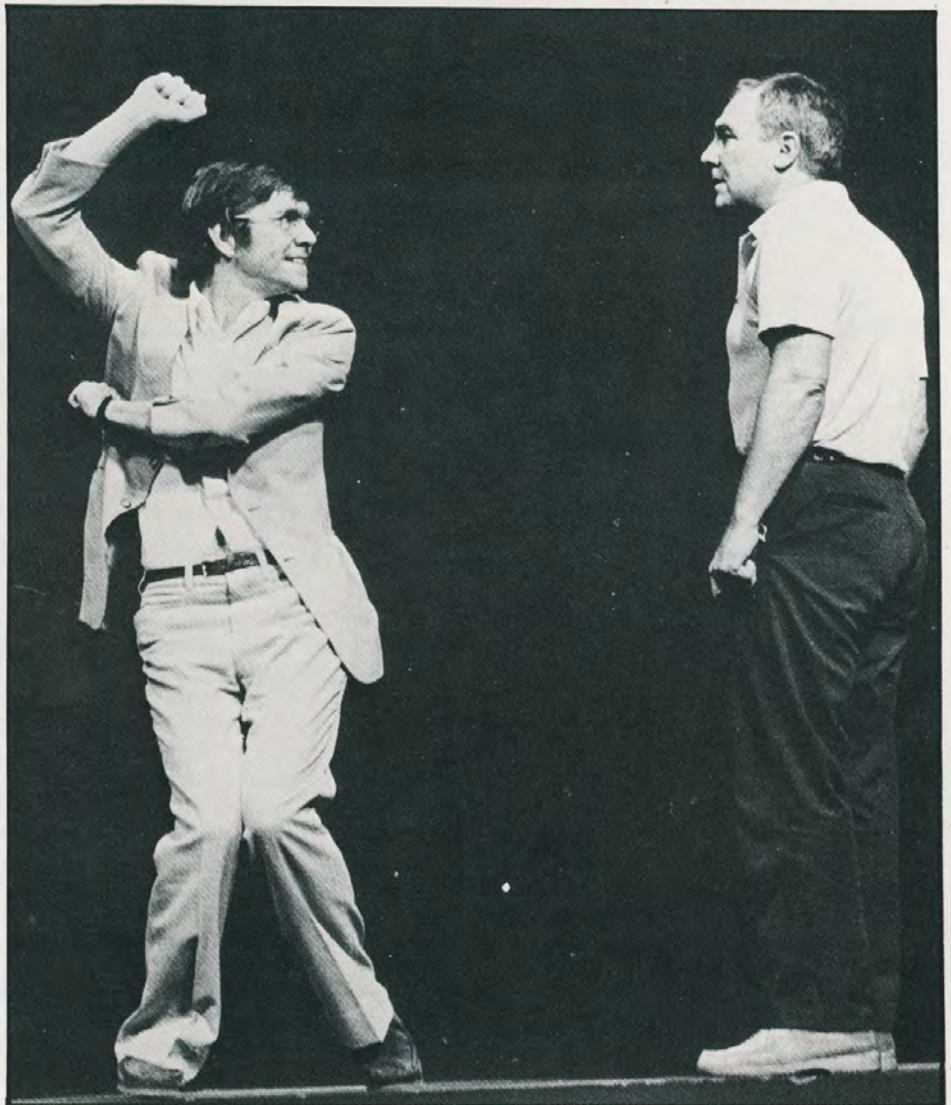
□ **W.P.**



## CLOUDS

Michael Frayn's new comedy, *CLOUDS*, has settled in to what may well prove a record-breaking run at the Duke of York's Theatre. A man and a woman, staff writers on rival Sunday colour magazines, embark on a PR-led tour of the new Cuba. Beset by unending visits to irrigation projects, fertiliser experiments, piggeries and hatcheries, and almost drowned by the volume of mango juice poured into them, their far from congenial reactions also colour their ever-changing attitudes towards their fellow tour members. What a clever chap this Frayn is! To be able to write a political play that doesn't bore the pants off you, but makes pertinent, sly (and usually fair) observations couched in the most witty language, is a quality he shares only with Tom Stoppard. In a setting of the utmost simplicity and elegance (Sue Plummer) and guided by the cool direction of Michael Rudman, the two main characters move like the shifting clouds that overhang the island, constantly shaping and re-shaping. Tom Courtenay's conscientious but disenchanted journalist is possibly the best thing he has ever done in the theatre and Felicity Kendal's lady novelist is a most fetching compound of cuddly feminine charm and applied intelligence. Don't miss it while it still glitters!

□ M.K.



takes two to tango—TOM COURTENAY tries to interest MARK KINGSTON in this scene from Michael Frayn's *Clouds*

## OPERA TAKES TO THE AIR

LORNA HAYWOOD as Etherea in a scene from the English National Opera production of Janáček's *The Adventures of Mr Broucek*, first given at the London Coliseum last December. To the surprise of many (but not to the Janáček devotees) all six performances of this largely-unknown opera were quickly sold out. Imaginatively designed by PETER DOCHERTY and vividly conducted by newly-knighted SIR CHARLES MACKERRAS, one of the world's leading champions of the Czech composer, the opera should not be missed when it returns to the repertoire



# OUT

## A PERSONAL VIEW

Mark Wadsworth, journalist,  
takes a look at the unseen forces  
which keep gays in the closet

Out is the word with special connotations for homosexual people. If you're a member of CHE it means sporting a badge on your lapel which announces to the world 'I'm gay', much as if your proclivity were a political persuasion.

Of course, being 'out' is slightly more complex than the wearing of badges and waving of banners — although credit must go to the activist without whom the less brave would not be accepted. To me the happy state, gay for short, means being at one with self and family, work and friends regarding the most crucial aspect of one's make-up, according to Freud—sexuality.

It's no good homosexuals (henceforth called the majority) dismissing the gay struggle for equal acceptance by protesting that it is the stereotypes they object to.

This claim born of unashamed ignorance is perhaps the most poignant, prejudiced and persistent of their defences against us as a minority. The depth of this institutionalised prejudice is apparent when one discovers that even the ostensibly liberal members of the majority will cry, periodically, 'you don't have to keep talking about it.'

If one probes below that common response it is really saying, if we (the majority) are not reminded that gays exist we will not have to admit prejudice.

Should the person reacting in this Pavlovian way be intelligent enough to query their illiberal outburst then the conclusion seems simple. The reaction is according to institutional conditioning. As gays we have the dice loaded against us whether we are camp or campaigners by nature.

The thorny problem we set our liberal allies is, can they afford to unconditionally bestow respectability on a minority which is likely to change society in some small way?

Gays are spared the same wracked conscience because we believe our lifestyle enriches the fabric of society with a traditional outre.

But the establishment would substitute the word enrich for the more emotive verb subvert with the very pointed implication that our intention is to overthrow or corrupt society.

It is this unfounded fear of subversion which lies at the root of gay suppression.

To illustrate this, one need only look at the similar dilemma of blacks, another minority which has suffered at the hands of the established majority.

Apartheid is based on prejudice and inequality but it has efficiently served to suppress the spirit and aspirations of South Africans unfortunate enough to have been born the wrong colour.

You see it is eminently convenient, though not just for the omnipotent society majority to shove their fellow men in black townships and gay ghettos. This averts the feared disruption of life as the majority know it.

But although gays have not progressed, in general, as far as blacks, more and more of us are no longer prepared to meekly accept the closet as our fate. We may be bombarded by irrelevant clichés about the world's Graysons, Inmans and Crisps but out we are coming. There have been set-backs, however. We would be foolish to ignore the lessons we've learnt.

Gays had a rough ride on the freedom wagon singing 'glad to be

gay' whilst blacks, and I am one of them, brandished the more successful 'black is beautiful' theme to bolster their shattered pride.

The reason for the gay shortcomings would seem to stem from the deeper prejudices encountered by a minority which transcends race, colour and creed.

Harping back to the black dilemma for a moment, we can see that great stress in that struggle is laid on pride (as already mentioned) and history. American author Julian Mayfield, writing in 1958, helps me to elucidate the latter. He said: 'A black kid's got to have his own heroes because if he can see himself in history he can see himself in the future.'

For the gay child, history is also perhaps the most important ingredient upon which the rest of his life will feed.

Upright and proud, we all have the power to undermine the stereotypes encouraged by the reactionary wing of the majority to demoralise us: the poor, dumb black; the limp-wristed, mincing gay.

If we break through these weapons used to suppress our minorities, then the all-important heroes and history begin to evolve.

It is happening. Black success stories are increasing and more and more gay people of all shapes, sizes and dispositions are ruining stereotyping by refusing to hide their inclinations.

Androgynous, bisexual, gay or even sexually ambivalent . . . The hints and admissions are rolling from the lips of the famous like David Bowie, Elton John, Tom Robinson, David Hockney, Maureen Colquhoun, John Curry.

Honesty about our alternative life-style is patently our best defence against oppression. Firm

refusals to invent girlfriends, boyfriends and deceive people because recognition might offend their fragile sensibilities.

The obstacles are there, of course, for both the great and small among our number. Self-interest and institutionalised discretion discourages the famous and ignorance compounded by historical suppression tempts the rest of the frail-hearted to silence.

But gagged we must not be, however big the short term rewards seem. Gay politicians might plead 'special case' because they fear a candid stance on their private lives would alienate the majority of the electorate. But their egocentric argument is unconvincing. We have seen in America how they are happy to manipulate the 'gay vote' in California and indeed the mayoral poll in Washington. So how about some admissions?

We look at San Francisco. But a man called Harvey Milk was that liberal city's solitary 'out' member of the ruling board of supervisors. What's more, the brave politician was abruptly elevated to martyr last year when he was assassinated by a gunman. Harvey was described as an 'avowed gay' by my colleagues in the press—a tribute which recognised his lonely stand.

So, let us dwell on this death of a gay now consigned to the history books, for I believe it provides the salutary lesson we need.

Our contemporary gay hero's final message, preserved for posterity on a tape recorder, was encouragement to closets, especially the famous ones. Harvey's last words were clear and uncompromising: 'I hope that every professional gay would just say "Enough", come forward and tell everybody, wear a sign, let the world know.'

# PAST CHOICE

by Harold Brudenell-Bridge

Dear Frank,

You will no doubt be surprised to hear from me after all this time, but I have often thought of you and wondered what you were doing. It is so long since those carefree days at college; mind you, they didn't seem carefree then - life was very intense, for me at least, when I was sixteen. I took everything so seriously, as you well know - I still do, I suppose, otherwise I should not be writing this letter to you now. Most people would have quite forgotten their friends of ten years ago, but I remember and ponder those days surprisingly often.

There were always four of us, weren't there - you and Robbie, David and me. We were inseparable - do you remember that hair-raising ride up to the swimming-pool at Helensville? Didn't we take Robyn and Kathie with us? I seem to remember Kathie had a crush on Robbie at that stage. And then there was the holiday we all took to the mountains, and you broke your leg the first time you fell off your skis and had to stay indoors. But they were great days - we enjoyed ourselves so much, and yet, you know, I was living in a hellish turmoil then. I both loved it and hated it. Of course, David had a lot to do with it. I think you noticed more than you ever admitted to me - now, all these years later, I want to tell you the truth, and explain exactly what was going on.

David and I were very close, and we were occasionally teased for it - I think you and Robbie were too, but not so much. I never minded that, and I don't think he did either, but as time went on he became increasingly uneasy....



about the intimacy that seemed to be springing up between us. Perhaps he sensed the strength of my feelings and was afraid of what might happen. Anyway, he gradually withdrew from me, and you know that I was the one who finally caused our complete separation — I never could bear half-measures.

More than any other incident in our relationship, I think our visit to the island has plagued my mind most. You know very little about it, because neither he nor I said any more to you than that we had been to the island together for the week-end. It was the beginning of summer, and we had been friends for only a few months. But that week-end, I now feel was the crisis of our friendship, and perhaps of my life.

We arrived, I remember, just after lunch. The cottage, which belonged to my aunt, was on a remote part of the island. Once a day the bus hurtled down the hill to the bay, then roared along the dusty road to the next village. It was a very small place, consisting almost entirely of holiday cottages, and there were very few people around at that time as it was so early in the season.

After we had settled in, David suggested we go for a swim, and I agreed. It was warm and the sun was shining. He was in a mad mood, totally unrestrained — he loved the isolation and freedom of the countryside. So did I, but my delight was Wordsworthian; his was the undisguised elation of a young animal released from captivity. He frolicked in the water, diving and splashing around me like a friendly dolphin. Then he stood on his hands with face submerged, and I took hold of his legs, I remember, and wouldn't let him get back on his feet again, but he deliberately collapsed, caught my ankles and dragged me down with him. And afterwards we lay in the sun to dry, deeply happy — it was heaven.

I always thought him a handsome boy, but that day on the beach he looked particularly lovely. He was slim and fair — that's always appealed to me — but what I loved best about David was his incredibly clear, smooth skin, undoubtedly the most beautiful skin of anyone I have ever known. That day I ached to touch it. But of course I didn't; he closed his eyes and went to sleep — or pretended to sleep — and I contented myself with just looking at him.

Eventually we went indoors and I cooked a meal. We were both very relaxed. I blame myself for generating tension between us when other people were around, but when we were alone I was usually relaxed. I was stupidly jealous of other people talking to him as a rule, even of you and Robbie. But that evening was perfect — we were together; we were alone. We played some records, talked a bit, and then I went

outside to listen to the crickets and the night-owls. He didn't come, of course — my romantic impulses were an object of either scorn or bewilderment to most people, David included. I was only out there a few minutes though, and when I returned he was in bed.

It was then that it happened, Frank. He was lying on his back with his eyes closed. His shoulders, slightly reddened by the sun, were exposed, glowing against the pillow. Beneath the flimsy sheet I could see the outline of his body. Slowly I removed my shirt, looking at him all the while, in a sort of daydream. Then I unzipped my trousers, and stood there naked. I was excited; in those days I was easily and often aroused. I felt active, ecstatic, electric. For a moment there was absolute silence. Suddenly he opened his eyes and looked at me; for an instant a message flashed unmistakably between us, a message whose meaning I have been trying to interpret ever since. Then he turned his face to the wall, switched off the light next to

**We don't realise how important those adolescent moments are. They tease us—haunt us!—for the rest of our lives.**

him, and said quietly and enigmatically, 'Come on, jump into bed.' For a moment I thought he wanted me to get into *his* bed, and I took a step towards him. Then I hesitated, fatally. Surely he doesn't want me, I thought, I stood there for perhaps two minutes. It was very quiet, but my mind was in a furious dilemma and my heart was beating wildly. Finally I crept into my own bed, angry, with desire destroyed.

Nothing more was said, and a few minutes later he was gently snoring, while I spent the next few hours agonizing over what had happened — or hadn't happened. You would be quite justified in saying that I was still agonizing over it now; at least I am still analyzing it all these years later. I am a fool.

The next day was cooler, and so were our spirits. He seemed happy but quiet; I was subdued and also very tired. We swam again, and went for a long walk round the cliffs, but the sparkle of the previous day had gone. He made no reference to the night before, but then he had no reason to, or perhaps his very silence was an indication that it was on his mind — but there I go again,

I'm sorry. That evening when we went to bed he gave no hint of encouragement, although of course I was hoping for it. Some things only happen once, don't you think? In fact I think they only *can* happen once. I had my opportunity that first night but I was afraid to take it and it would never be offered again. I should have taken the risk of trying to put our relationship on a different level then. As it was, I think it began to deteriorate soon after that week-end. Within three months he was moving away; six months later he was hurting me; in a year it was dead.

That was the critical moment, Frank, that night in the cottage. I think it changed my life. No, I don't think I am over-dramatizing it. If I had acted on impulse then, perhaps I could have created something with him that he too really wanted, deep down. I know he went off and lived with Helen a couple of years later, but that didn't last, did it. Before I left the country, I used to see him occasionally in the street, always alone. And I'm sure I'm not fooling myself when I say that his eyes always sought mine when I passed him, but I used to hurry by, embarrassed. After all, I had brought about that final rift, and somehow I couldn't bring myself to heal it again.

But that moment has dictated a whole style of living for me now, Frank. I always hesitate; I never take risks; I never act on impulse; I waste my opportunities. Whenever similar situations present themselves now, that moment flashes through my mind, and almost as if I've been conditioned, I opt out. I see him looking at me and then turning away, and the excitement inside me is pregnant with frustration. We don't realize how important those adolescent moments are. They tease us — haunt us! — for the rest of our lives.

So now you know why we never spoke about that week-end. You probably guessed part of it — perhaps you thought we did go to bed together. That never happened — never. I don't regret it now — or at least I've convinced myself it doesn't matter. But I can never forget David; I've never had another friend like him. I felt closer to him than to anyone else I have ever known.

I don't think I want you to comment on what I have told you, Frank. Don't misunderstand me. It's been a relief to me just to be able to write to you about it — thank you! I've lived with it so long and not said a word to a soul about it. Ten years and another country are a fair distance to have come, but they don't seem to have the slightest effect on affairs of the heart. That's my experience anyway. What do you think?

With affectionate memories,

Your old friend,

Peter.

# COVERBOY

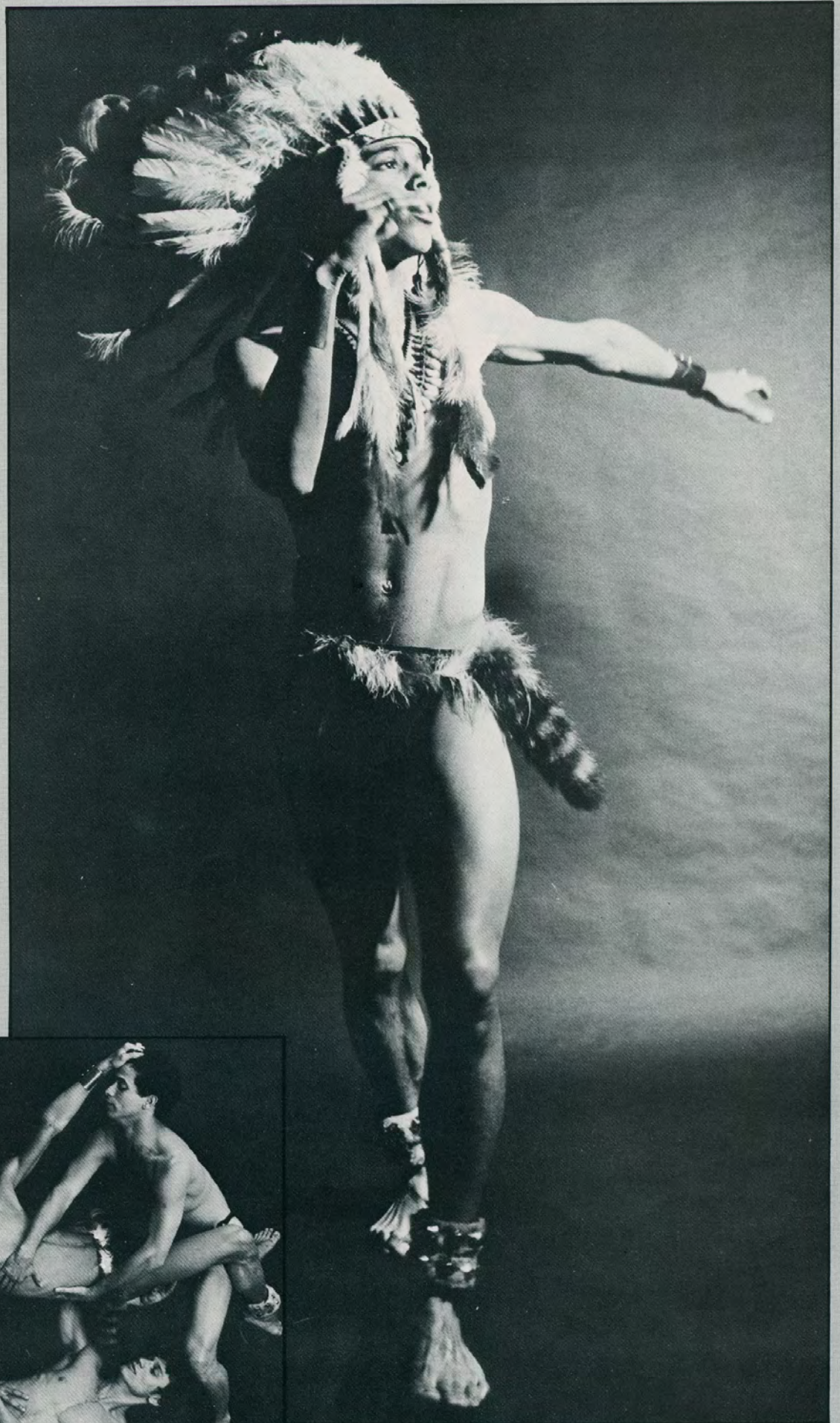


FELIPE  
ROSE

There can be few gay people in England who have not heard of Village People, the American disco group that shot to No.1 in the British charts with 'YMCA'. The music of Village People is pure, pulsating, danceable disco. They are a dynamic group with lyrics that instantly speak of a gay lifestyle and consciousness. Several issues back we featured them in their stage images, images that have come to symbolise the fantasy world of 'gay macho'. The leatherman, the cop, the cowboy, the construction worker and with Felipe Rose—the Indian.

Now for the first time, and only in *Q* Felipe has posed for the camera. Himself half Indian on his father's side (his grandmother was half Sioux, half Cherokee) Felipe has always been a hot disco dancer.





*Photos: Victor Parker*

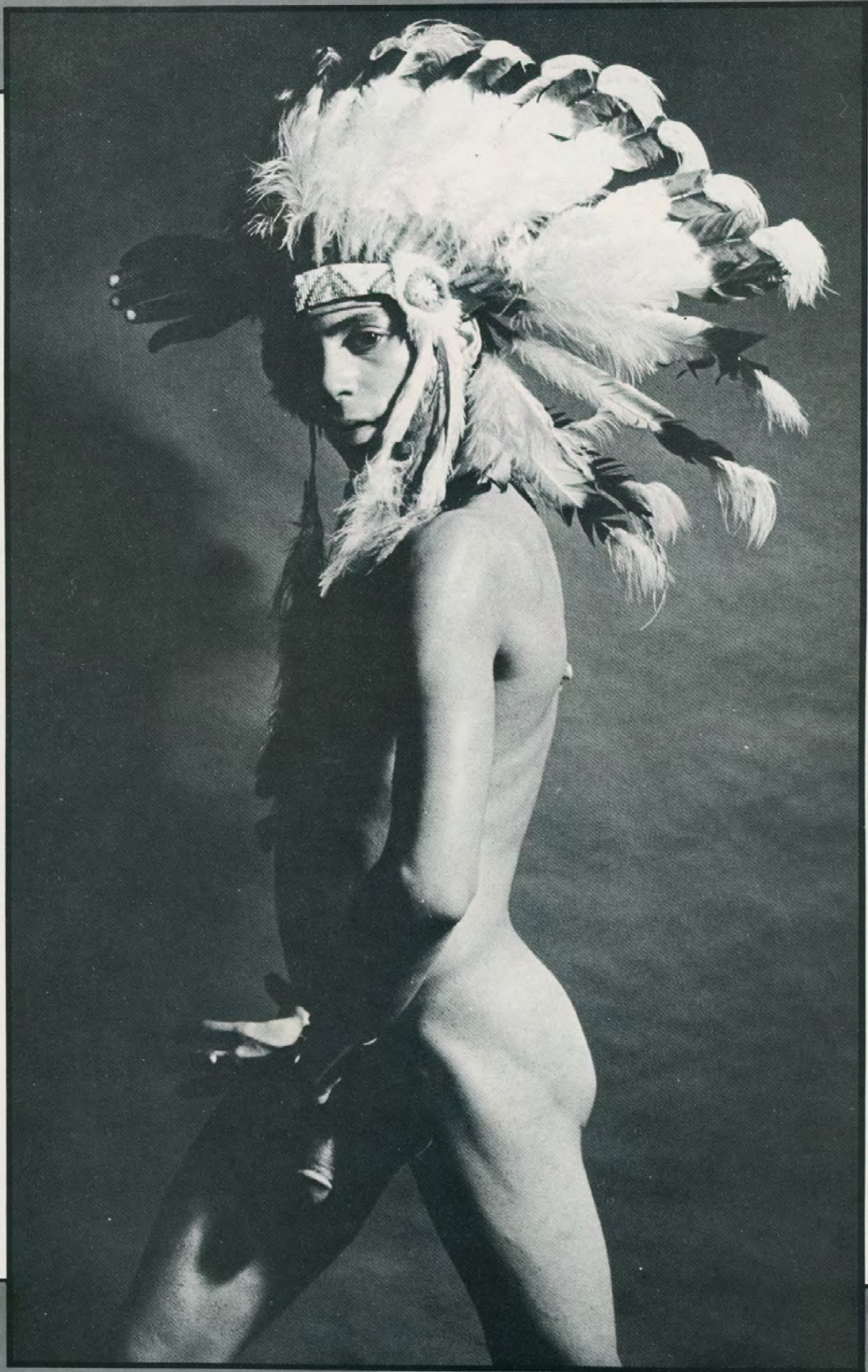


# FELIPE ROSE



The photographs were taken by Victor Parker, a 25 year old New York photographer and set designer who lives both in fashionable upper Manhattan and the raunchy discos of New York.





*Photos: Victor Parker*







Hustler stood before the long cracked mirror and surveyed himself. His skin, sun-bathed from a Spanish holiday, glowed an even gold and slid like soft satin over the bunched muscles as he slowly flexed his arms. Not satisfied with the effect he impatiently tore off the navy blue singlet he wore over his full firm chest and threw it behind him on the disordered bed, a dark blot on the grey sheets. Then, feet apart and legs straddled into his faded jeans, Hustler posed again, eyes critical of his posture. Still not satisfied he wet one hand and damped the curly black hair on his chest so that it gleamed, pinched the dark circles of his nipples, and pressed one palm hard on his abdomen. Was a softening starting there? Was he gaining an extra pad about the waist? His anxious eyes checked and checked again as he breathed deeply, pulling in his stomach till the thin line of down-running hair went steeply in below his rib cage and the waistline of his jeans was slack. His gaze narrowed critically, he pressed close to the mirror to check again that there was no fearful possibility of sag. Relieved he breathed out and let his body go limp, as he felt once more the wave of satisfaction wash over him. He was still in top condition, he was still in the front rank, he could still command the best price in a greedy market. Closing his eyes he ran his hands over his body, his magnificent still-young body, that was his livelihood and his love. It was the only perfect thing in the shoddy, narrow room, scattered with clothes and magazines. What did Hustler care for the seedy setting if the jewel was still in condition, still prime, still in the running?

It was almost seven o'clock, and time to get ready for his evening. Time to slowly soak in a hot bath, to rub oils into his skin, to splash colognes onto his handsome if rather commonplace features. Hustler had that rare combination of deep blue eyes and dark hair, and a profile bequeathed him from an Italian mother. His father he had never known, but from his physique it could well have come

# HUSTLER

from a Liverpool docker — solid yet lithe with a broad chest and big legs. Originally he had been called Henry — Henry! — and being laughed at at school for the ill-fitting name, had changed it as soon as he quitted at fifteen. First for one or two chosen from Hollywood stars, then on reading a short story in a US magazine he had landed on Hustler. It seemed to fit, he liked the short brusqueness of it, and before long after a series of mediocre jobs it became not only his handle but his career as well. Hustler discovered that he had attractions for men, and boldly cashed in on them. He was not truly gay, and for a long time he kidded himself that he was not enjoying the caresses, and above all the admiration of his lovers, yet little by little it was becoming meat and drink to him, for the women, in the already fading past, had never been so ecstatic about his body as the men who wanted him in their beds.

Hustler was not a street-boy however — he met his 'friends' by invitation, at parties, at restaurants, at certain good-quality bars. If he stayed 'on the game' the chances were high that he would hit the skids and eventually descend gradually to lower levels. But Hustler was not well-endowed with imagination (there had never been any complaints about his other endowments) and so he did not consider the future. He lived well, he bought what he wanted and he enjoyed himself. Holidays came free with the right man, and it was curious that although he could have afforded a pleasant flat he chose to live in one grimy room with only the telephone as an essential to his life. He divided his time between sleeping late, long workout sessions at the nearby gym, and a varied and pleasant night-life, with later performances coming easily and without, as yet, any difficulty. He was able to ask indifference in the occasional unattractive partner by discovering their special tastes and acting them out as if in a film. Hustler rather fancied himself as a film and TV actor, and in his sex-roles could

see himself on a kind of interior celluloid projection swaggering about like a tough cow-hand, or a motorbike raider.

Before his bath Hustler opened his diary, a small thumb-marked book with the all-important dates. Monday — the oil man from San Antonio; Tuesday the Birmingham businessman; Wednesday, the would-be youthful actor who liked to be humiliated; Thursday, the policeman, always terrified of being seen and with a guilt complex as big as his ego; Friday — Kenneth. Just Kenneth. Hustler paused and his blue eyes clouded. Kenneth was not like his usuals. He was young, which wasn't particularly rare since quite a lot of Hustler's clients were men who preferred the simple course of paying for their sex, rather than looking for it in public. Yet Kenneth didn't fit into these shadowy ranks, he didn't ask for anonymity, he was — himself. Hustler had been introduced to him at a party given by a famous and very rich TV personality, and Kenneth had not done the usual thing — either chatted him up eagerly while casting greedy glances at his body, or behaved like someone buying a property, arrogant and rude a facade concealing sexual eagerness and probably odd desires. Not that Kenneth had been innocent of Hustler's trade, for coming over and grinning widely at the slightly ill-at-ease young man, he had said 'Hello. Ross has told me all about you. You're Hustler. That's a sexy name!' And he had shook his hand firmly and straightforwardly with no hint of a sudden desire for contact that Hustler, in his youthful prime was accustomed to. They had talked, and for the first time in a long while Hustler had felt an interest in another man as a person, not as a trick. Kenneth seemed to like him as himself, not as a heady masculine image of sexual desire. They had talked openly and easily, although Hustler had swiftly found himself out of his depth, and while interested in the quick flow of Kenneth's conversation, he could not contribute much more than nods and expressions of enthu-

siasm. Hustler was used to despising the men who desired him; a man who was not obviously interested in him as a sexual object found him at a loss. For the first time he wished that he had spent more time in improving his mind as well as his body. Kenneth knew so much! Hustler had often been envious of jewels, or money, or smart flats, or beautiful clothes — now he found himself feeling the same way about a man with a lively, interesting mind. Suddenly Kenneth smiled and said 'goodbye'. Again he shook Hustler's hand, and said with a look straight into the blue eyes 'I hope we shall meet again. It's been very nice talking to you.' He said it as if he meant it, and in reply Hustler could only mumble ungraciously, feeling at a disadvantage.

Later on, in the huge and vulgar bedroom of the TV star, after he had performed the obligatory rites and the famous face had gone from frantic sexual passion to the deep groans of his weirdly-induced orgasm, had bathed and patted the sagging features back into place, the star joined him under the mauve satin coverlet. 'Hm,' he said, wriggling up against Hustler's cool skin. 'You made quite a hit with little Kenneth. He's quite smitten, poor child.' He giggled. 'My dear I should get a commission from you for all the introductions I've put your way. Or at least a free round now and again!'

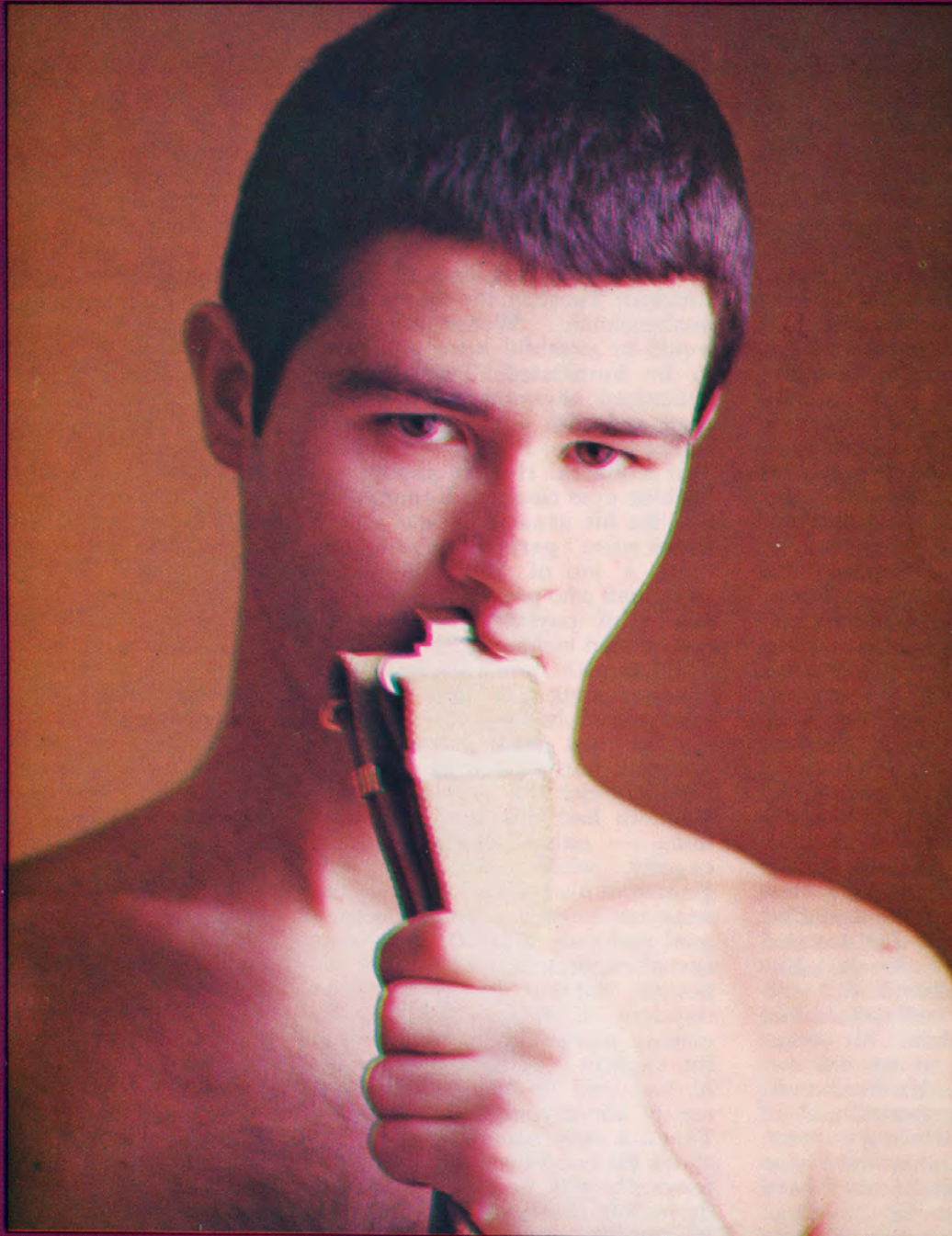
'You get a bargain,' said Hustler between clenched teeth. Normally, in line with the dictates of his trade which stated 'any service rendered provided the money is there' he was somewhat passive, putting up with the floundering wet-fish caresses of the telly-star as part of the bargain. Today he felt resentful, and curiously angry with himself.

'OK, don't get put out,' whinnied the other. 'It's just that Kenneth is quite a catch. Well-off my dear, as well as attractive. If you snag that one my darling, just remember it was old Uncle Ross who put it before you.'

Continued on Page 66

by Peter Argus

# BOY SOLDIER



Uniforms have now become an established part of the fashion world, be they in the form of army surplus or from the fashion houses of South Molton Street.

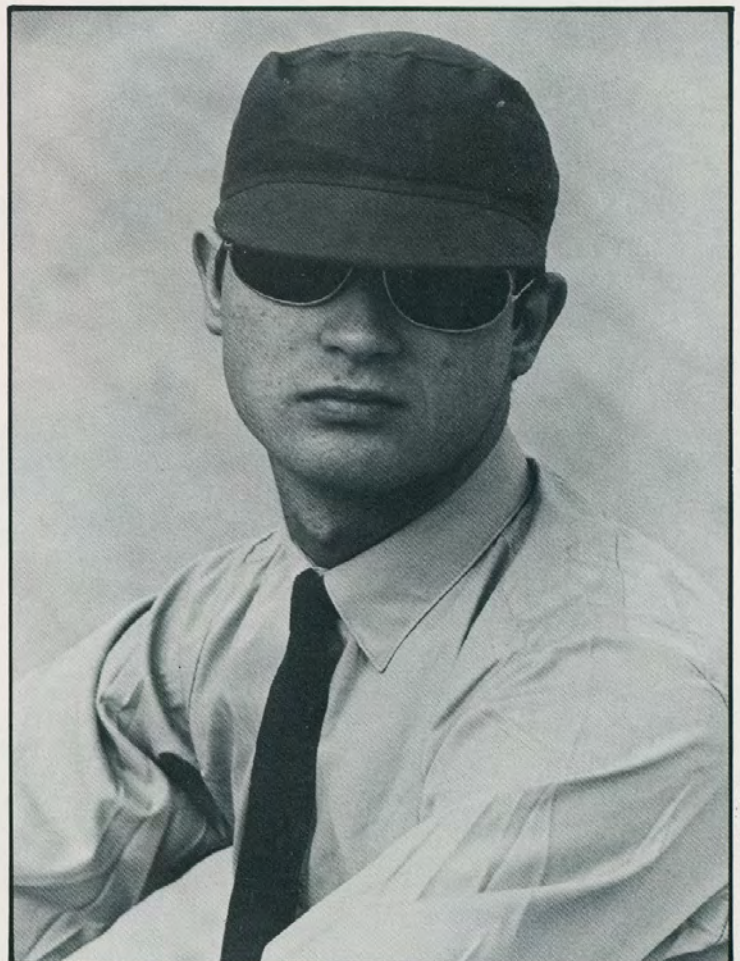
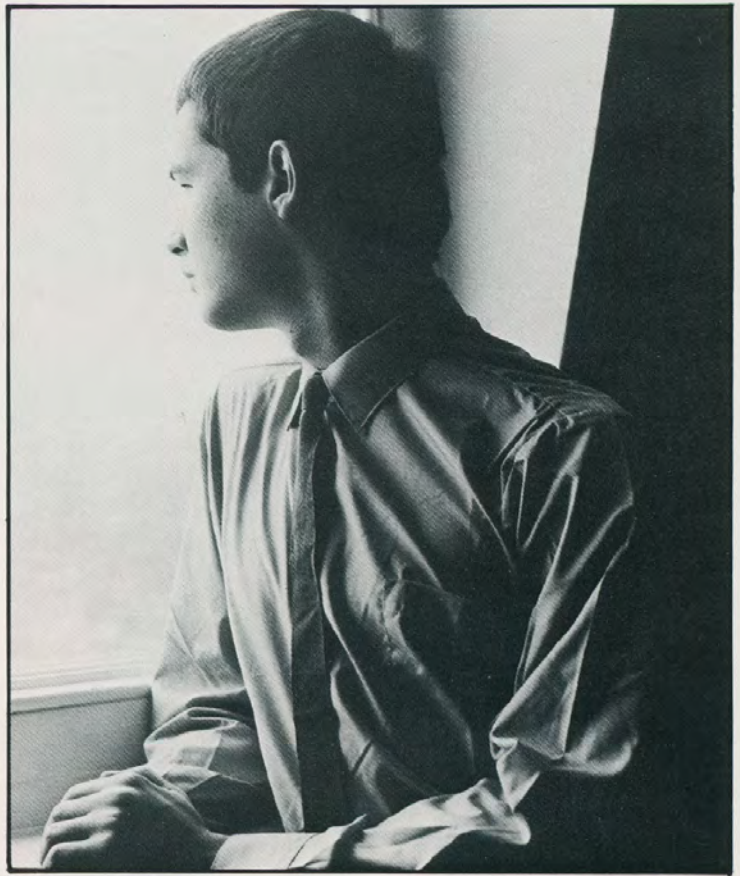
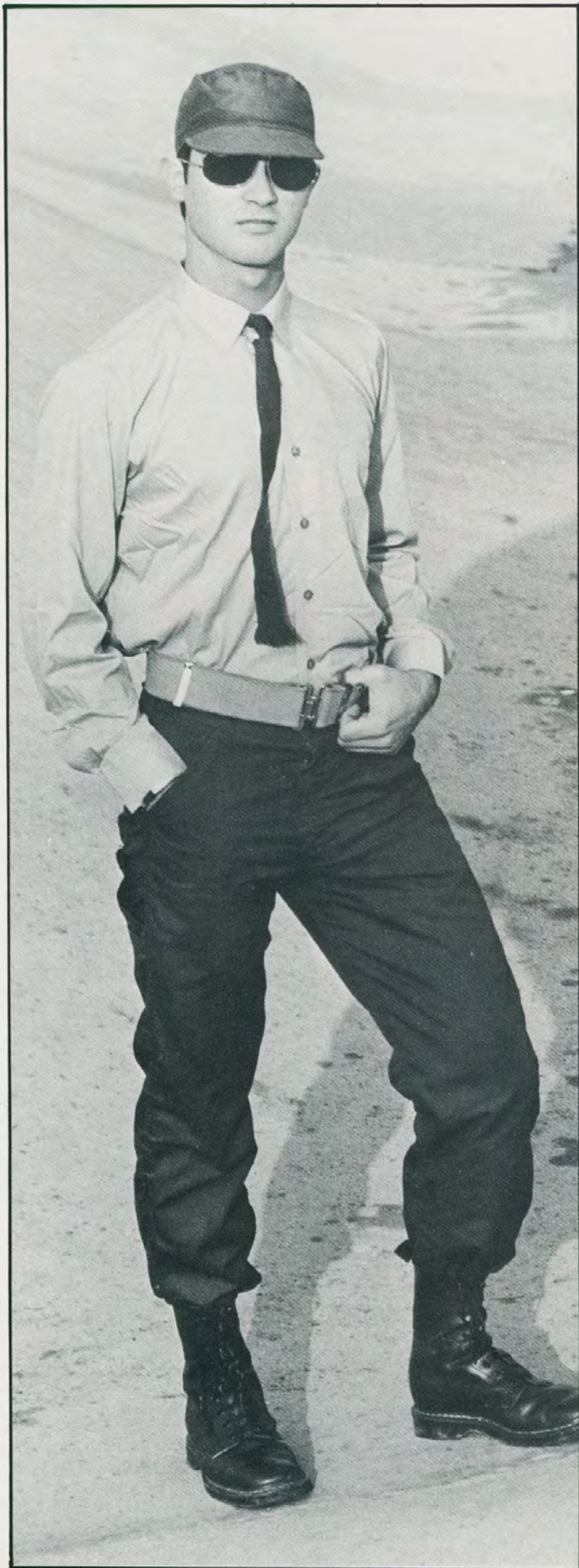
But to many a uniform is reality—for the thousands of men and women in the armed forces it is everyday wear. It can be the busby and red tunics of the Guards or the bell-bottoms and cap of the sailors.

In the gay world uniforms have a special place, and that place is far in the land of fantasy. The image of a masculine man in uniform is one that many of us have conjured up at some time or other.

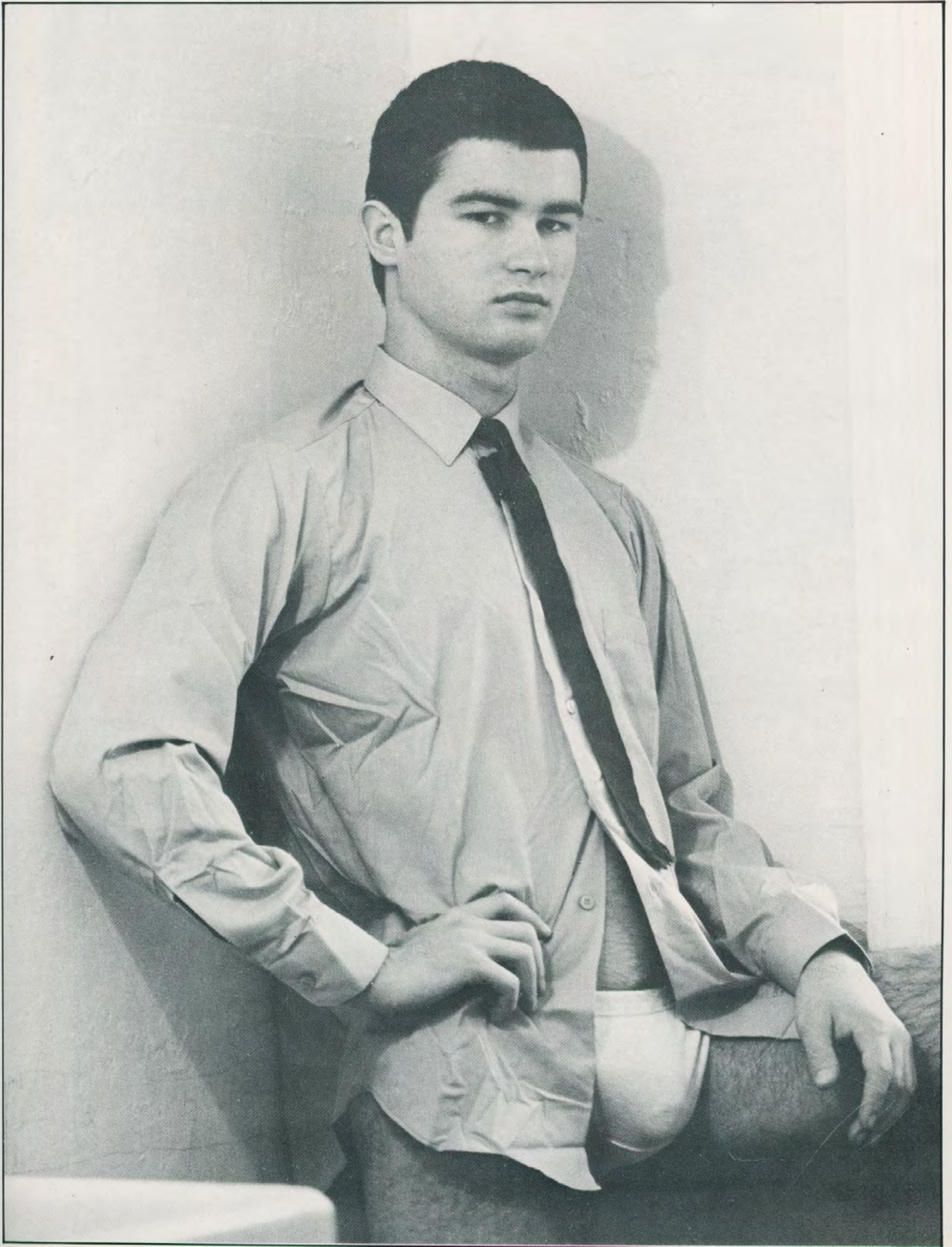
Mark is one such person. For him uniform is a fantasy out of which he can find reality. His elder brother is in the army and when he is home on leave Mark plays out his fantasy with his brother's uniform.

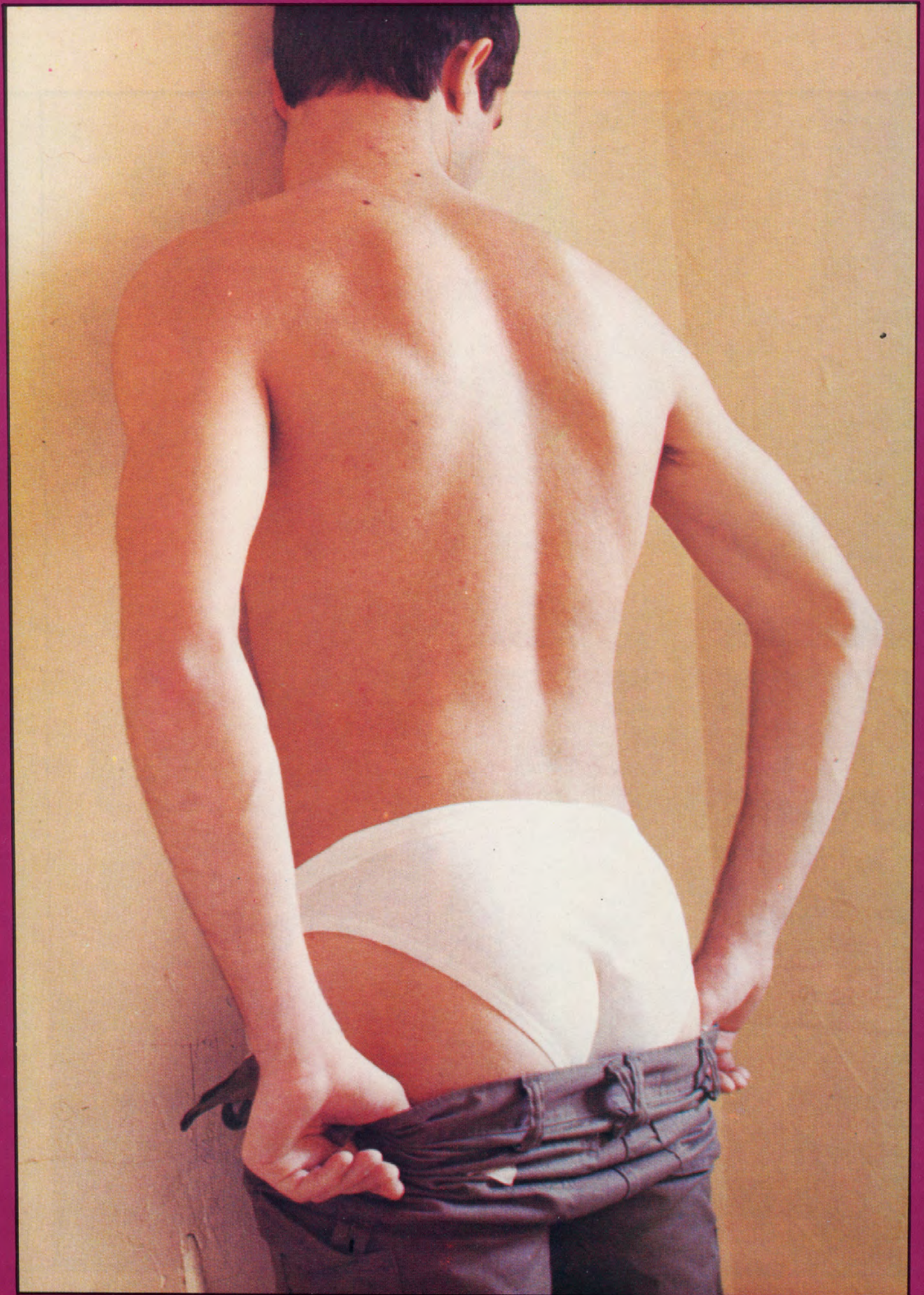
I think you'll agree with us, it suits him. So let's take that road to fantasy with Mark.



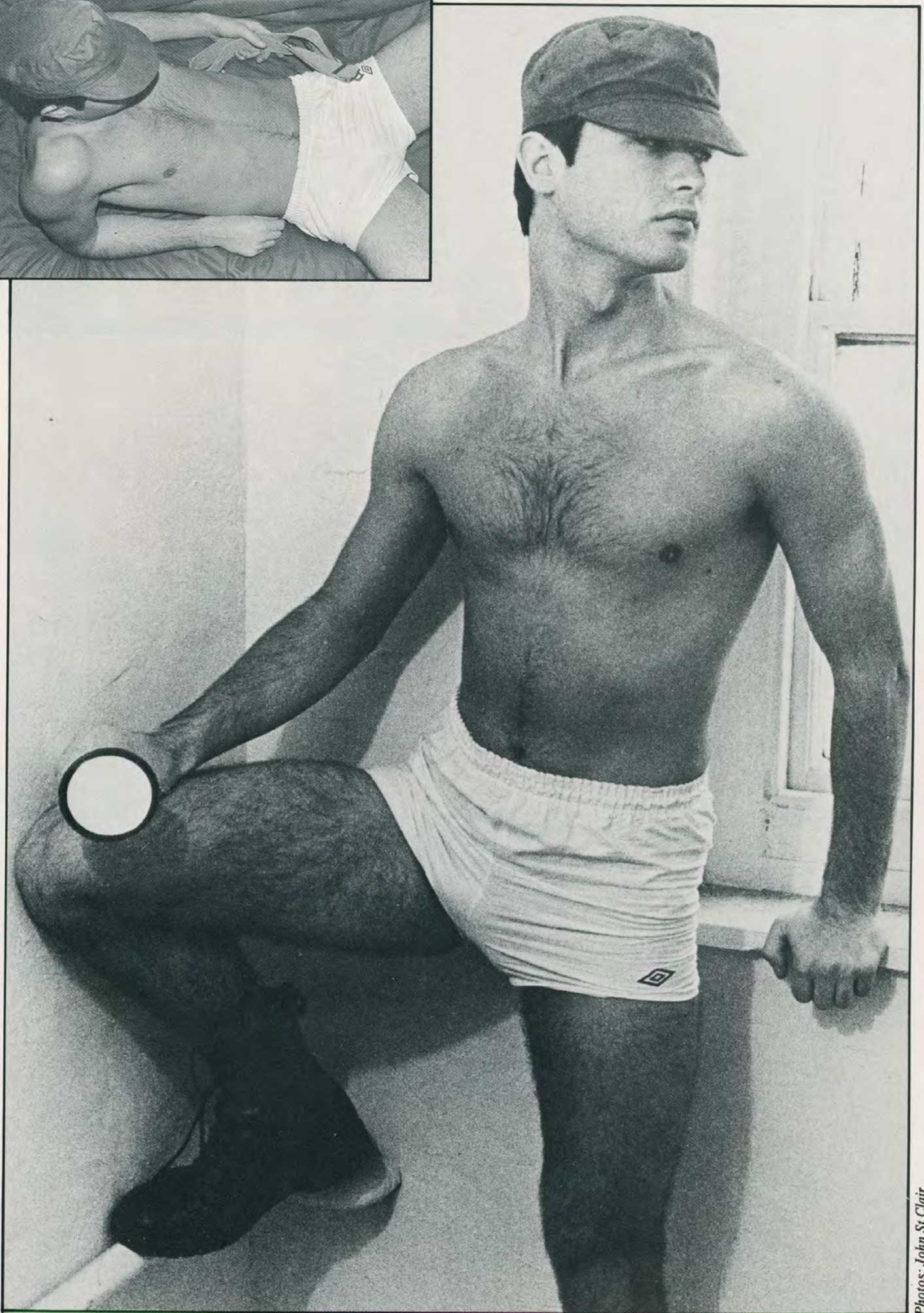


Photos: John St Clair







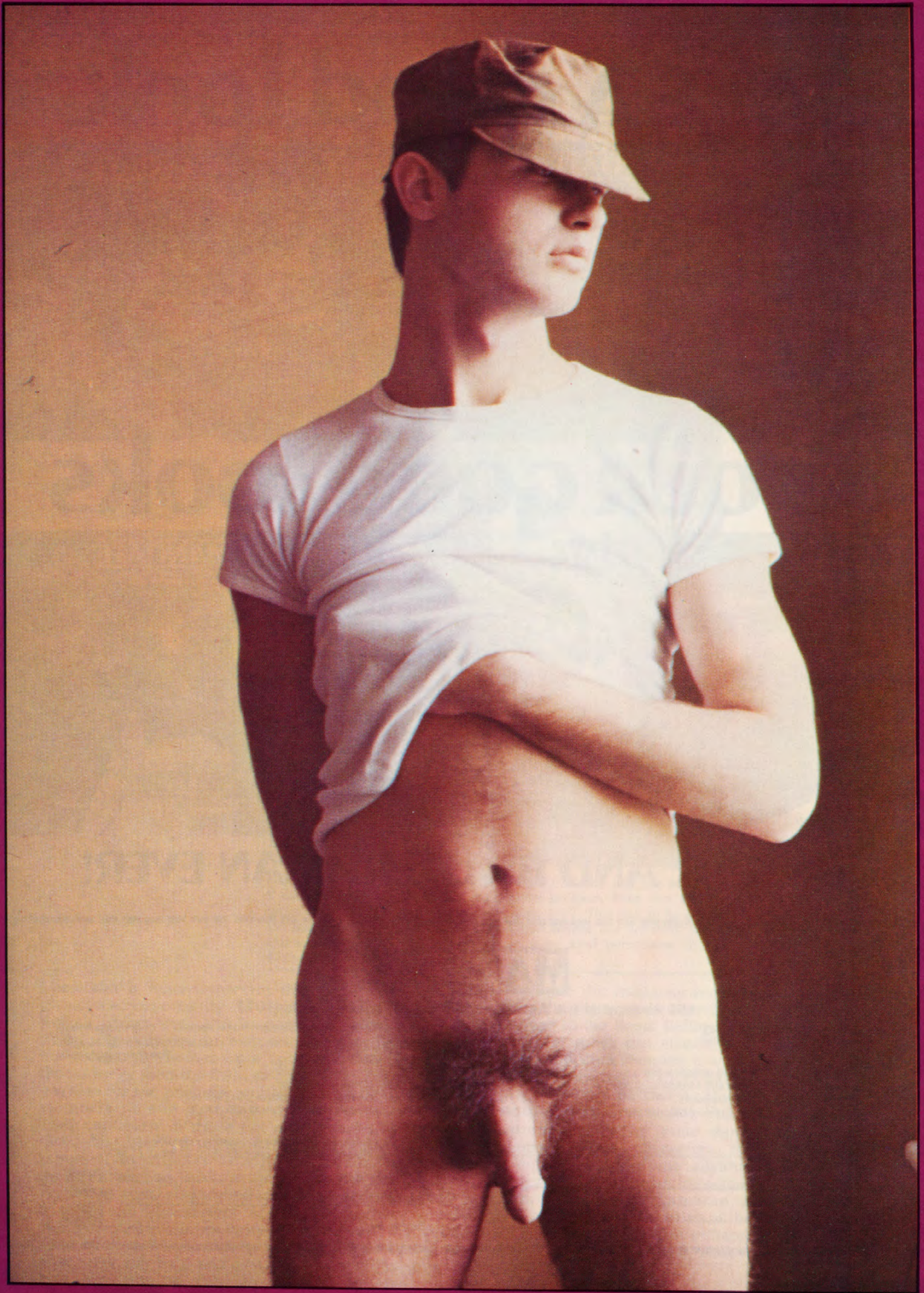


Photos: John St Clair

# FANTASY RECRUIT



All Photos • John St Clair



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# AT OUR GOOD LOOKS



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# IS NUREYEV NECESSARY ?

guest contributor DORA BURCH argues that we are not seeing enough of Rudolf Nureyev these days, and that his ever more frequent absences will prove detrimental to the world reputation of British ballet



NUREYEV is visited backstage by MARIA CALLAS and Mr and Mrs S GORLINSKY at the Palais des Sports in Paris after the French premiere of his *Sleeping Beauty* in January 1977. This was to be one of the last photographs to be taken of Callas before her untimely death three months later and we reproduce it by kind permission of Mr Gorlinsky

I consider it most important that Nureyev should be given the opportunity of appearing regularly with British companies, and in particular with the Royal Ballet, not only for the enormous pleasure he gives to his audience, whether from London or (as happens in the summer months) from so many overseas countries, but also for the example and inspiration he gives to the members of any company with whom he performs. They can learn so much not only technically, but also from his burning enthusiasm and ruthless determination to attain maximum perfection in his own performance, as well as that of his fellow artists. Naturally such singlemindedness sometimes leads to friction and resentment at the interference of this 'foreigner', but the majority will recognise his willingness to share his knowledge and expertise and accept gratefully any help and assistance as well as constructive criticism he can give. One can immediately

recognise the immense improvement in any company after he has worked with them. This particularly applied to the Royal Ballet company and if any readers can remember the standard of male dancing before 1962, and then compare it with today's high standards, now that the male dancer has emerged from his former role of merely partnering the ballerina, they will I am sure readily agree that the improvement has been astronomical. The male dancer now is given well choreographed characters to portray and if the company has had the advantage of working with a 'guest star' one can immediately recognise the vast improvement in performance, as though a breath of air has been let into the arena of the stage.

This leads me to the unhappy position now prevailing at Covent Garden, whose Royal Ballet adminis-

OVER →



HRH PRINCESS MARGARET, Patron of London Festival Ballet, goes backstage after the world premiere of RUDOLF NUREYEV's production of *Romeo and Juliet* at the London Coliseum in June 1977



RUDOLPH NUREYEV with ballerina PATRICIA RUANNE and Artistic Director BERYL GREY at Festival Ballet's first-night party in New York last year

tration have announced that they will not be having ANY guest stars for ballet this season. The reason given for this announcement is finance, but many ballet-lovers feel that the decision is shortsighted and will have far-reaching and disastrous effects upon the London ballet scene. Not only will their revenue be vastly diminished, especially in view of the recent departure from the company of Dowell, Parkinson, and Seymour, but a heavy burden is thrown upon their remaining principals. The argument of the management is that they want to exploit their younger dancers and give them a chance to perform. No one is against this of course, but they will never fill Covent Garden without someone at the top — and therefore revenue will dwindle, and they will then argue that ballet is not paying its way. Overseas visitors will go away disappointed and the magnificent reputation of London ballet throughout the world will be ruined for ever. One can only feel sad and unhappy at the lack of understanding which seems to prevail and regret their policy of keeping out ANY talent which is available, not only Nureyev's, but also many other overseas guests who will now be kept away, when their example could only benefit the company as a whole.

Another excuse from the Royal Ballet management is that when they finally approach Nureyev he is already booked up. Naturally he is not going to sit around waiting to be asked to dance. He has to work and develop his talent and explore every aspect of dance that he can tackle, as we have seen from his vast range over the last few years, when he has performed ballets from Robbins, Balanchine, Martha Graham and worked with the American, Dutch, French and so many other companies throughout the world, bringing his own particular imprint of genius to everything he has

attempted. On the other hand he has always retained his unmistakable elegance in the well-loved classical roles. When one considers the repertoire we have seen recently ranging from his new *Romeo and Juliet*, through *Aureole's* rhythmic beauty, the fireworks of *Corsaire*, the fun of the Dutch *Faun*, and the mad dancing-master in *La Leçon*, and many other ballets too numerous to mention, one can only marvel at the genius of the man, and give thanks for the sheer guts that drive him on year after year, against the killing efforts required to maintain such a high standard.

When one considers that all this talent was Covent Garden's for the taking — a wonderful opportunity that they have squandered over the years — one can only grieve at the apathy at the top. On the other hand London's loss has been the gain of so many other foreign cities where managements have not been slow to realise the rich prize within their grasp, and have had the foresight and intelligence to realise that nurturing this talent was to their own advantage as well as the ballet world as a whole. A short time back one read that New York is interested in offering Nureyev a new production this year, and the same is reported from Paris circles. In their collective wisdom they have realised that he is a phenomenon of our age who must be encouraged and enjoyed to the full, before spent out. One can also applaud London Festival Ballet for offering so much encouragement and facilities to Nureyev over the last few years, which has resulted in some very fine productions and also much financial benefit in passing; and last but not least, given so much inspiration to the company as a whole.

Posterity will judge the relative merits of the Covent Garden policy against that of London Festival Ballet and the rest of the world.

# The City

## With The Mostest

**HORST KOEGLER** invites you to 'come to the cabaret'

Of all the big German cities, Berlin seems to exert a special magic to gays of all sorts and ages. There is simply no other German city offering as many bars, cabarets, hotels, sauna-baths and other facilities, be they of the intimate interior lure or of the more open-air and free-style grapple. There are so many, indeed, that I have great difficulty to recommend any individual addresses.

Berlin has a long tradition of dealing with gayness in a much more liberal way than any other German city I know. Even during Nazi times, when things were really bad for the 'pink squadron', it was still possible in Berlin for one or another bar to continue on its

established line, even if utter discretion had to be observed.

Living during the fifties in Berlin, which was a very different time for the city, with either the Soviets or their East German allies constantly musing about how most effectively to annoy West Berlin citizens, I find the city today completely changed — more streamlined, more neon-lit, more anonymous and definitely more gay in an open way and manner than ever before. I have the feeling and I hear it from people who regularly go there, that some of the city's old charm may be more easily found in the Eastern part of the city. Being a refugee from East Germany myself and having absolutely no sympathy for the so-called German Democratic Republic and the way it constantly humiliates and exploits its citizens, I try to

avoid going to the city's Eastern parts, and so I don't have any real firsthand knowledge of what is happening there.

Anyway, with its multitude of museums, galleries, theatres, concert-halls and other cultural institutions, West Berlin is more than able to keep any culturally minded gay tourist on the move for days without end, let alone the nights. I go there mostly for opera and ballet reasons. Though the Deutsche Oper Berlin has suffered a certain setback under its new general manager Siegfried Palm (whose reputation is as a 'cellist of the avant-garde rather than as a connoisseur of voices), things are likely to improve again when Jesus Lopez Cobos takes up as general music director of the house, a post which has been vacant since Lorin Maazel left Berlin for Cleveland and London.

The ballet company of the house may not be great shakes, though it has just enjoyed a somewhat surprising popular success in New York. It has recently staged a new, very full-length *La Fille Mal Gardée* — not the Ashton model, but an individual version, which the Cuban José Parès based upon the score composed by Peter Ludwig Hertel for Berlin in 1864 — with Eva Evdokimova (who is the company's official prima ballerina) as a very pretty and delicate Lise. Next Valery Panov, who has already choreographed for the company a rather conventional *Cinderella* and a truly stunning *Sacre du Printemps*, is preparing a full-length ballet based upon Dostoevsky's *The Idiot*, for which he intends to use music by Shostakovich.

And no music-lover should miss a visit to Philharmonic Hall — an architecturally much more daring



ROMY HAAG—'an ego-trip of uninhibited frenzy' (photo: Ilse Buhs/Jurgen Remmler)



building than London's Royal Festival Hall, which, of course, houses one of the world's greatest orchestras. Even if they are not playing under their regular chief-conductor, Herbert von Karajan (and it's very difficult to get a ticket for one of his subscription concerts), it's always worthwhile to hear the Berlin Philharmonic, and one can be sure to meet in the spacious foyers some of the most attractive of Berlin's gay clientèle.

As far as the nightlife scene is concerned, nobody should miss seeing Romy Haag's show at her own cabaret-cum-disco near the Wittenberg Platz. A transsexual rather than the usual sort of transvestite performer, he/she is an absolutely unique experience, and his/her twice nightly show materialises as an ego-trip of uninhibited frenzy, matching in its intensity Liza Minnelli or Bette Midler fever. He/she is one of the very few star-performers today Berlin has to offer — the 'Mister Madonna' of the Berlin underground.

For any specific inside information I can only refer you to the Spartacus Gay Guide — it is much more up to date than I could ever aspire to be myself, as on my two or three visits to the city a year I prefer to be with my old friends rather than cruising the bars, saunas and the notorious outside spots at the Tiergarten or the Teufelssee in Grunewald.

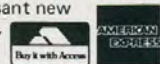
One special note though, which has nothing to do with Berlin whatsoever, which, however, might interest you: that John Neumeier (see my Hamburg report in Vol.3 No.4) has just scored a truly sensational success with his full-length production of *Lady of the Cameliars* for the Stuttgart Ballet — a ballet based upon pure, undiluted and, thank goodness, un-'Lanchburied' Chopin. Designed by Jürgen Rose and danced with total abandon by Marcia Haydée as Marguerite, Egon Madsen as Armand, Reid Anderson as Duval père, plus Birgit Keil and Richard Cragun as Manon and Des Grieux respectively (they are going through the whole ballet — as they do in Dumas's novel too). The new Neumeier is the greatest full-length dramatic ballet I have ever seen. And when you read these lines, he will have staged already another production for his Hamburg State Opera home company: *West Side Story* — no remake of the Robbins original, but a version completely his own. Well, one can only pray that he doesn't turn into a schizophrenic one of these days!



*"As you know, I've been living in a ménage à trois. I'd like you to meet my other third."*

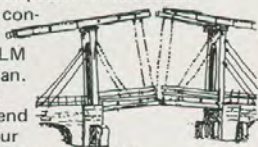
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# 300 YEARS OLD

I had always imagined that Dubrovnik was a grey industrial town in the heart of communist Yugoslavia but having spent a very enjoyable holiday there last September I now know differently. It is in fact a walled Renaissance city unchanged since 1667, constructed on a promontory in the clearest sea in the world and probably second only to Venice in its beauty. The light and colour are pure Canaletto and one is constantly reminded of Venice in the Baroque churches and picaresque piazzas that surprise one round every corner. The main street, the Stradum, was once a sea channel but is now paved over, as is all the city, with limestone blocks polished by the countless feet of tourists to a marble-like finish.

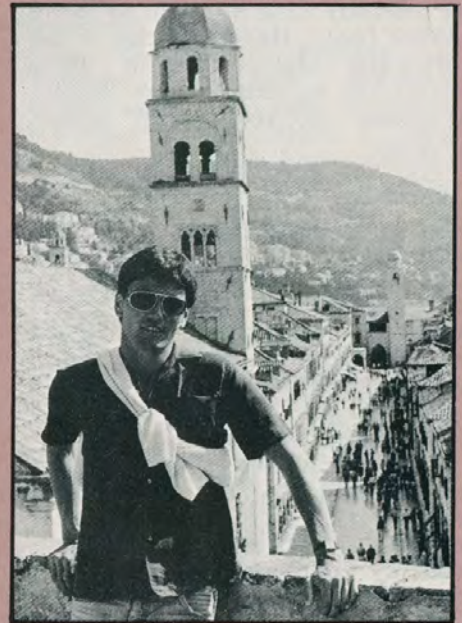
It is here in the Stradum, sitting with a cool *pivo* (beer) that one can watch locals and tourists strolling up and down, meeting and admiring one another, enjoying the pure air and the rich golden light of the westering sun on the limestone buildings. And it is here that one can savour the full variety of beauty of the young men of Dubrovnik. With kid-glove skins and 'Fruit of the Loom' T-shirts they look as smart and as sexy as any to be seen in the purlieu of South Molton Street. In the evenings this is a young man's city; they are everywhere, on street corners, walking up and down the Stradum, lounging insolently against walls throwing friendly insults at each other, in bars and in cafés. The sheer density of male beauty in this city is astounding and it makes the King's Road on a Saturday afternoon look like an audition line for the ugly sisters.

There is no gay scene here; one catches sight of the odd tourist, all eyes, and the nude beach is quite gay, but 'machismo' seems to be all and I found it impossible to meet any gay natives. I made one or two attempts to chat up the local boys without much success; I did manage to get friendly with a law student called Nicky who took me for a ride in his boat and asked me if it was foggy in London, if Birmingham was nice, and did I know

anything about the Football League? After answering all three with a 'no', I asked him one question, namely was he free in the evenings, to which he answered no as he was the chess champion of Dubrovnik and played every night! After that he was less friendly, so my one attempt at a meaningful dialogue with one of the workers was fruitless; I took some photographs of him and then concerned myself more with the pleasures of the intellect than those of the body.

So what does Dubrovnik have to offer? It has a very mild climate, a sea of incredible beauty, due I was told to the lack of algae and the high salt content, great beauty in the city and the surrounding country, and the small island of Lokrum. Lokrum is about fifteen minutes by boat from the old harbour. It is nothing more than a lump of rock covered by rather Disneyesque shrubs and cypress trees. Richard the Lionheart was supposedly shipwrecked here, there was once a monastery, and Maximillian built a palace, but the island bears this illustrious history lightly as apart from a museum all that is left are a few ruins housing an open-air restaurant. The nude 'beach' is nothing more than a few secluded flat

rocks and it is mixed, men and women, straight and gay; when I was there it seemed to be swarming with Germans shouting heartily at each other. Lying nude on very hard slabs of limestone does have its hazards so it is very pleasant after a swim in the crystal



*Your intrepid reporter on the city wall above the Stradum*

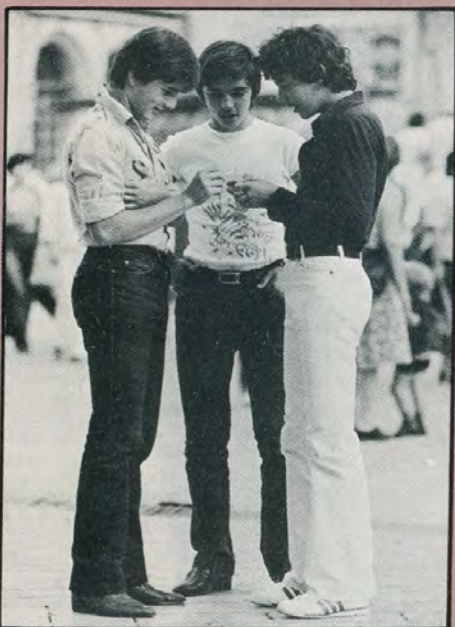


*Watching the locals is an endless source of delight*

# AND STILL BEAUTIFUL

depths to repair to the ruined monastery for *saslik* and a bottle of the local gutrot (quite good actually) under an arbour of vines in the afternoon sun.

Dubrovnik is set in country of varied and haunting beauty and the best way to see it is to take a coach trip. One of



At least some of the locals are friendly

the best of these is south to the fabled kingdom of Montenegro, birthplace of some of the tallest and fiercest soldiers in the world. One follows the coast and then inland round a vast inlet to the ancient town of Kotor, stinking and crumbling at the head of the bay, long vanquished as an important centre for the navies of the ancient Adriatic. Then one takes a heart-stopping road inland over the mountains (why are hairpins so hair-raising?), to the Montenegrin capital of Citinje, a sort of Shangri-La, 2000 ft up, encircled by a ring of mountains. Here in his old palace one finds a photograph of a grumpy Queen Victoria clutching a very young Edward VIII, behind them standing the future Edward VII and George VI; a unique picture lost in this forgotten palace of a once important monarch. Life up here is very hard and the people are poor, and Dubrovnik has a Parisian sophistication in comparison.

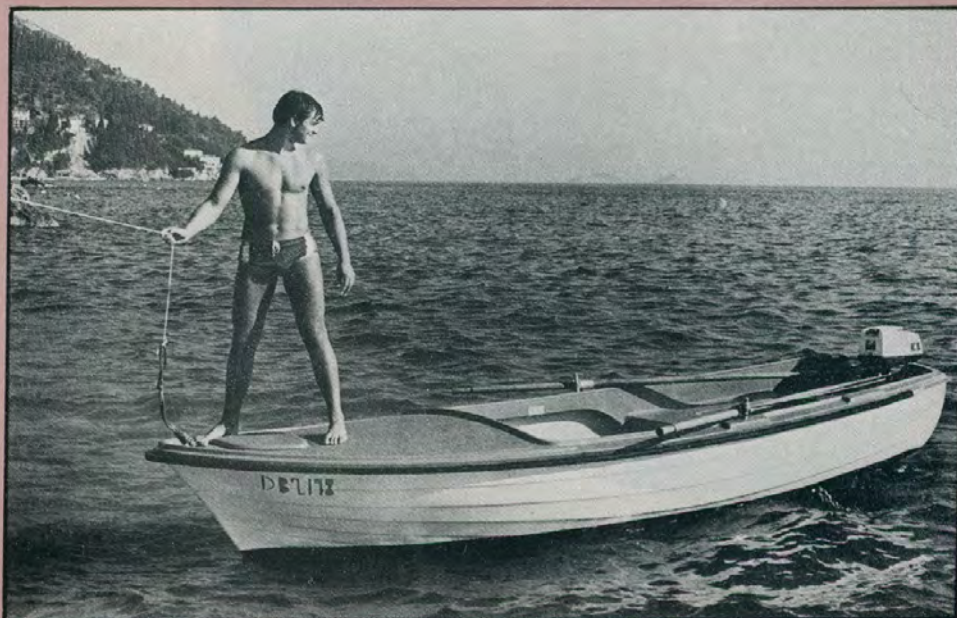
Since the country was for a long time under Turkish rule there is still a strong Turkish flavour to the customs and the people. Ask for a coffee and you are more than likely to be served a thick, sweet, gritty liquid — coffee Turkish style. Another good day-trip is to Mostar in the heart of the Turkish

country. The town, set high in beautiful, mountainous country, has twenty-four mosques and if you are lucky you can still hear at midday a muezzin calling the faithful to prayer.

On the whole the people were not very friendly and this was particularly evident in the hotel; no matter how polite one was, how well one tipped, the staff remained sulky and aloof. Of course it was near the end of the season and looking at the other guests this coolness was not surprising. This attitude was also noticeable in the cafés and bars where the service is interminable and I got quite peeved waiting for my *pivo* on many occasions, although the ever passing beauty was compensation enough.

Dubrovnik is certainly not a gay paradise. If you want that you would do better to visit the Greek islands two hundred or so miles to the south-east. Although not famous for its food, Yugoslavia has an interesting variety of wines and it is fun to try a different type each night for dinner as they are all only about £2. If you like swimming there is a small beach (of the shady type) just outside the Old Town which is good for snorkling (and ogling) as well as the deeper water and rocks round Lokrum. There are numerous galleries, museums, cathedrals and monasteries showing various aspects of the history of the city. For example, in Renaissance times the best ships in the known world were made there and our word 'argosy' comes from its ancient name 'Ragusa'. If gawking at old paintings doesn't interest you then a walk along the whole length of the city walls is an alternative. From their heights one has a breathtaking view of this unique city, the gardens like green handkerchiefs, the minute courtyards, the charming streets all laid out in the original Renaissance design although most of the buildings from that period were destroyed in a catastrophic earthquake in 1667. With all that there is a very mild and sunny climate so that one can return looking expensive even though the cost of the holiday is not much more than a similar one in Spain; I can't wait to go back.

□ John St Clair



Nicky, the chess champion of Dubrovnik

# Dreamy Poet



Graham

Photos By



George Brummel

**Wild Corner**

I recognise that face  
I know that we have met some  
otherwhere  
But not the why or when

On a wild corner  
Of time-space  
Some far abstracted plane  
I kissed before  
Your eyes  
Your hair

And were we lovers then?  
Small piece by piece  
Each fragment into place  
The memories cohere  
Outreaching  
I embrace you once again

**Ivor C Treby**



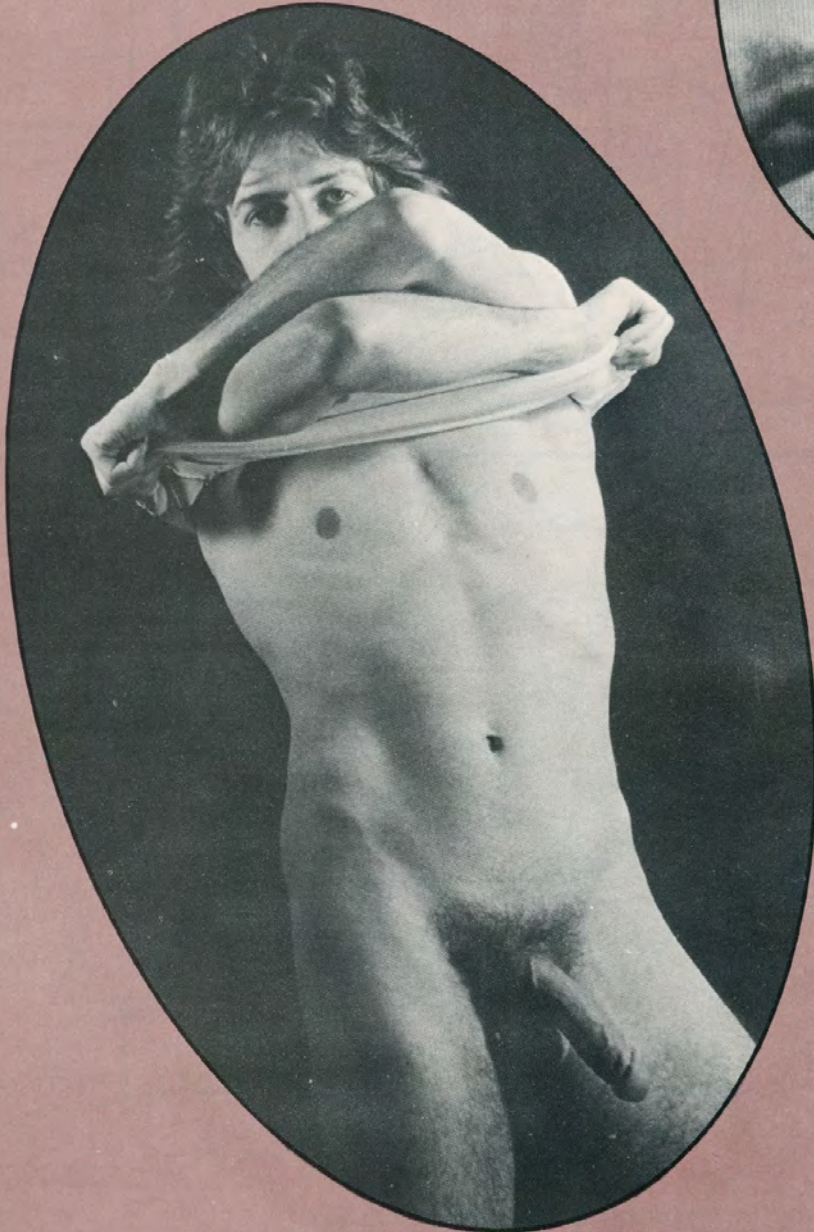
### Seven Years Gone

Tonight I saw him once again  
Standing in THE CHAMPION  
Being chatted up

He never had any trouble that way

I turned and there he was  
Seven years gone  
It might have been last week

Still young, yet now not so young  
Still in company  
Yet still  
About the eyes and mouth  
Unsure  
Still looking



When our eyes met fleetingly  
In those parts of a second  
Something leapt the gap  
I smiled foolishly  
He looked away

And I thought

What can he see in this guy  
He could do better than that!

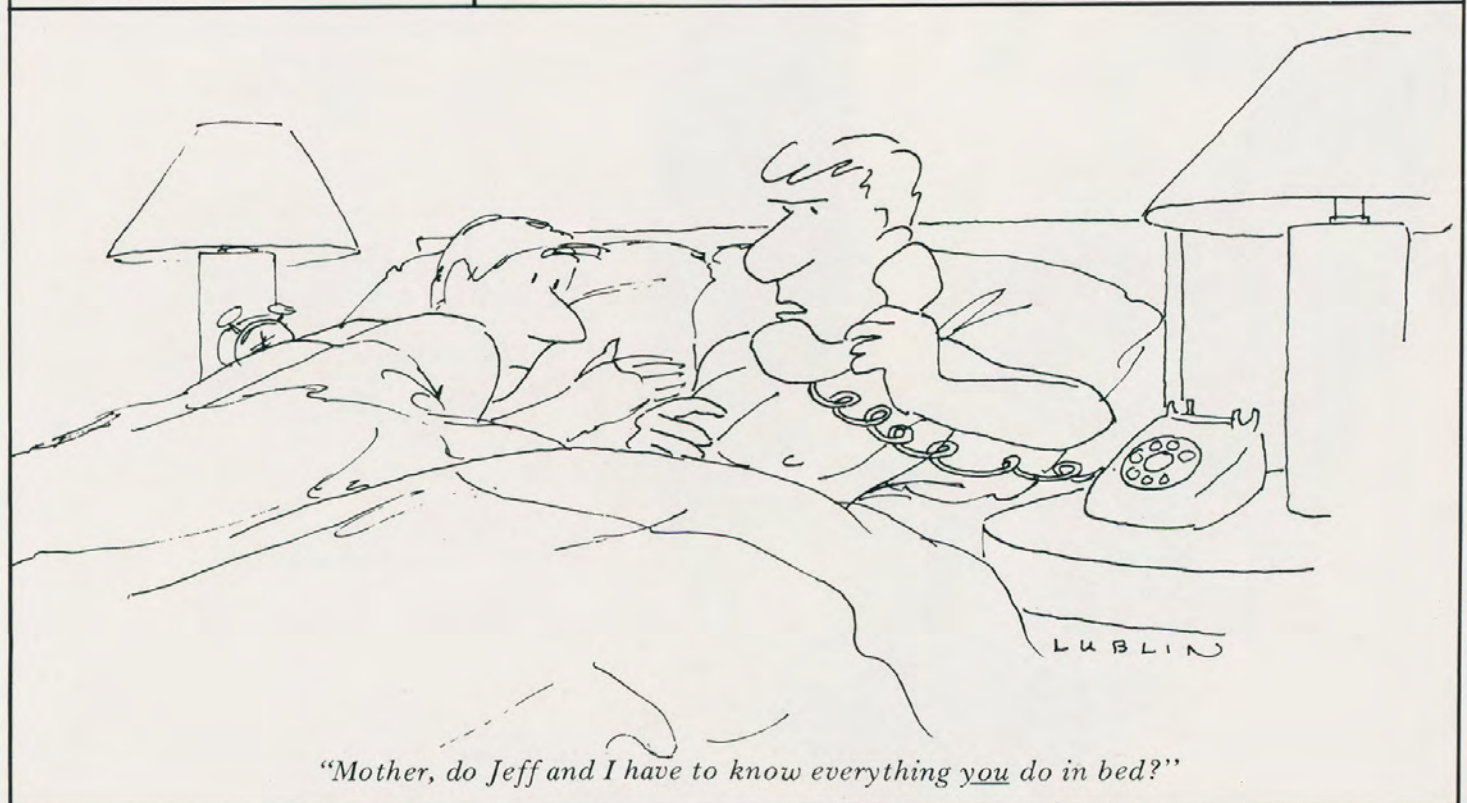
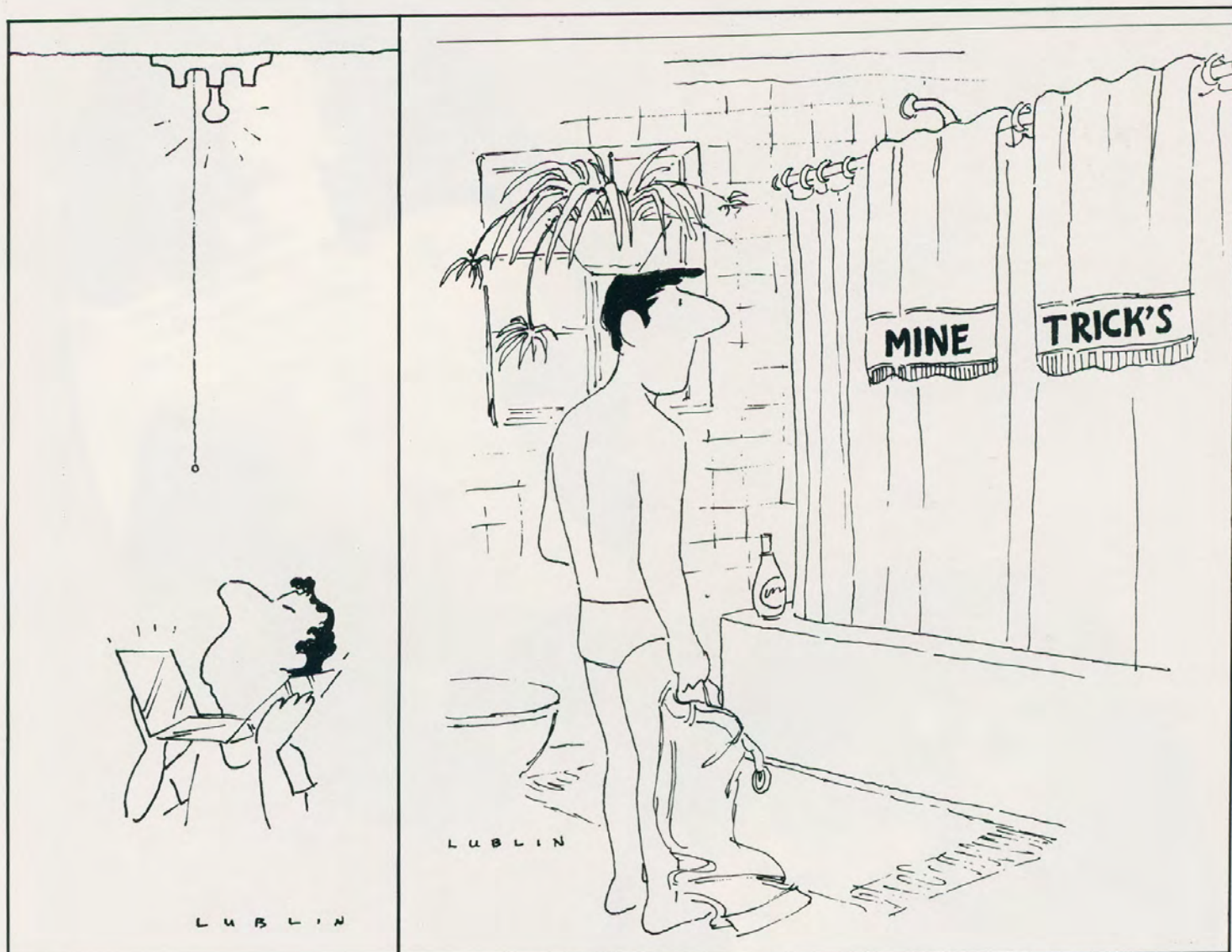
And wondered

Does he ever recall  
Our few  
Brief months of happiness

Before the midnight  
He became a stranger  
And I  
Took fright at loving?

Ivor C Treby

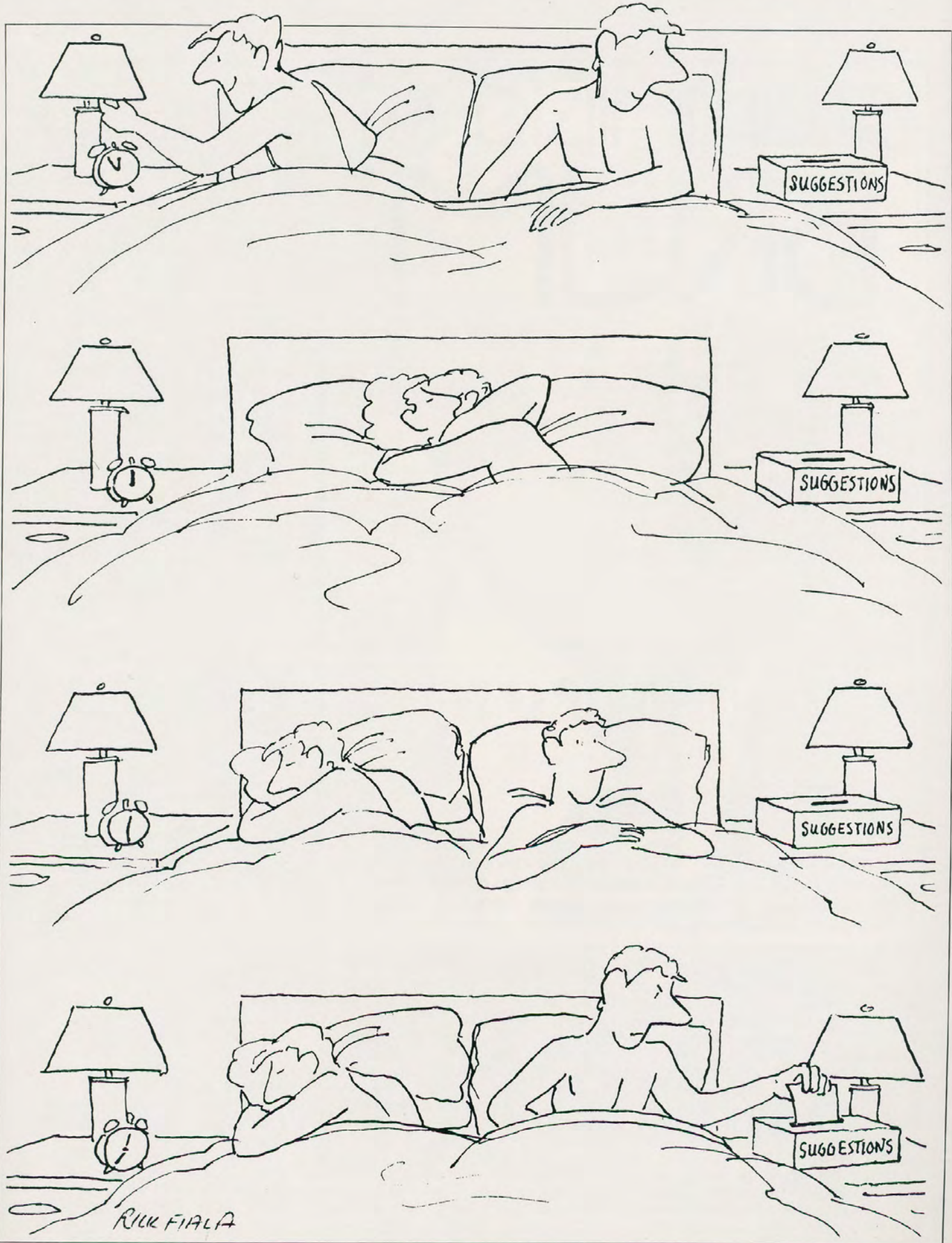
Remember when 'gay' meant you liked to laugh? It still does.



"Mother, do Jeff and I have to know everything you do in bed?"



further cartoons from CHRISTOPHER STREET MAGAZINE



# SLUMMING IN BRUM

**DAVID HERBERT** writes on the recent visit to Birmingham by Glyndebourne Touring Opera—and, in particular, of the company's two David Hockney-designed productions.

Glyndebourne in Birmingham? Can a more devastating cultural shock be imagined? For Sir John Christie's opera company to appear in Oxford — where there is a tradition of culture and intelligence — is one thing; or indeed in Manchester where high standards of music (the Hallé), drama (the Royal Exchange Theatre Co.) and architecture (the present city centre) still prevail. Or witness Leeds, recently enjoying a justified and fruitful cultural exchange with its twin city, Dortmund. But Birmingham? What is its twin

city — Dachau? (It's Pittsburgh in America, that I do know.) Centre of the Black Country, proud antagonist to all that is beautiful (i.e. cissified), the city of Spaghetti Junction, the Bull Ring and the International Exhibition Centre (where those of us unfortunate enough to have to commute to it close our eyes every morning) — Glyndebourne *here*? In the city whose university art and music department was founded on the ill-gotten gains of a corrupt nineteenth-century businessman and whose staff still proudly

maintain his traditions? It's mind-boggling. To see Dudley, Solihull and Edgbaston turn out for the first night (sponsored by: guess who? — Barclay's Bank) was a rare treat — a pageant celebrating the triumph of money over intelligence, style or taste. If five members of the audience for *Zauberflöte* understood one word of the libretto I'd be surprised. But it is the logical extension of Glyndebourne's tradition: opera for the few, the privileged; and in our present age it must therefore be the few with money; hence Birmingham. I hope they enjoyed it.

Glyndebourne Touring Company do have one great advantage over all others — they encourage young singers. To see and hear a Tamino who is both beautiful and intelligent whilst actually looking the right age is rare enough, but to find someone with the right voice for Mozart, as Richard Berkeley Steele also has, is more wonderful still. Some years ago I saw Glyndebourne in Manchester in a performance of *L'Elisir d'Amore*; the Nemorino was Ryland Davies and the Adina Jill Gomez. I have since seen Freni and Pavarotti in these roles and — ravishingly beautiful though their voices were — they did not provide as satisfactory or as moving a performance as did the younger artists right on the verge of discovering their potential as singers and actors. I have never seen a better Queen of the Night than Sunny Joy Langton who had the right vocal strength and could attack top F's with relish. Most impressive of all was the Papageno of Richard Jackson, sexy, intensely musical and wonderfully aware of the audience. Forget the obese cavortings of the stock superannuated baritone: this was a real Papageno. For once I felt close to the sort of theatre Schikaneder ran two hundred years ago in Vienna. Add to this a superbly realised trio of ladies and a dragon who looked like the boss-eyed brother of the St George one killed in the Uccello painting and you'll be aware that the first part of *Zauberflöte* in Birmingham was the real thing.

Then things started to go wrong. I had quite forgotten my real reason for going was to see David Hockney's sets and it must be said that clumsily hung and badly lit though they were, they nevertheless came over as works of art in themselves and, more impor-

tantly, sensitive comments on the opera. They are not — as are Ingrid Rosell's costumes and Svoboda's sets in Friedrich's *Ring*, for instance — integrated with the production. John Cox has a third rate, unoriginal approach to the work, relying on the individual skills of the performers and the genius of Hockney. One's focus was too much on the visual aspect when the scene moved to Sarastro's kingdom. To cast a black singer as Sarastro (even though his name is Willard White) does nothing to solve the vital problem of Monostatos and when the latter is played so badly that he is soundly booed in Birmingham you are in trouble. Pamina, alas, was wooden and quite incapable of coping with *Ach, ich fühl's*, so I concentrated on the sets.

Was it the inferior acting of some of the cast, the incompetence of the Birmingham stage crew, the size of the Hippodrome — or is there really a problem with Hockney's attitude to scenery? Those flat, two-dimensional symmetrical settings look wonderful from the centre of the auditorium and satisfactory from even the end seat of the front row at Glyndebourne (I've sat there before) but not from the side circle of the Birmingham Hippodrome. The house is far too wide, and with insensitive lighting so much is lost. Yet there is no doubt Hockney understands the opera intimately. It is all seen through Papageno's eyes and thus the emphasis is right. Remember that John Bury monstrosity at Covent Garden which was, thank God, banished with the Queen of the Night to eternal darkness? The previous Glyndebourne production (with Luzzati's designs) also had the right naive approach, but Hockney's is more successful. The sets are simple, clear and colourful, in his best primitive manner; the colours bold and primary. Papageno could feel at home in this world yet disturbed at the change of Act II. Enough but not too much is made of the Masonic element and — greatest joy — the animals at the end of Act I, a soppy lion who rolls on his back when he hears the music, a tetchy lovable lizard, a ragged hedgehog and a couple of very silly and supercilious tall animals are irresistible.

I found far less to enjoy in *The Rake's Progress*. Hockney's largely black-and-white designs often look tatty on this stage. Yet



DAVID HOCKNEY (photo: John St Clair)

one could appreciate the brilliant invention of his Hogarth-inspired scenery, notably in the subtly-changing states of Rakewell's morning room, in the wonderfully-realised auction scene (a riot of shading from white through cream and grey to black) and in the arresting power of his Bedlam set. Given this level of visual genius it would be impertinent to pay the slightest attention to the singing actors who were directed in a style so alien to the spirit both of Stravinsky's score and Hockney's sensitive designs, that I felt, when I

closed my eyes, I was listening to the worst excesses of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company. May John Rawnsley, who played Nick Shadow, be condemned forever to playing the Duke of Plaza-Toro: such a fate befits his coarse comic style. If you are working with someone of the calibre of Hockney — and no one would claim John Cox (or even Julian Hope as yet) is that — it is rank arrogance so blatantly to disregard his artistic approach. But then, English opera directors are, sadly, still largely a breed of amateurs.

# FIRE IN THE BELLY

who's your favourite operatic baritone — is it Milnes, Cappuccilli, Glossop, Wixell or Merrill? CHARLES HAMILTON declares his own preference

'Cogent and striking . . . breaking the time-language barrier . . . acting fired by an animal intensity . . . singing trenchant and forceful . . .' These are the eulogies poured by British music critics upon the head of Robert Massard, France's greatest baritone singer.

It has been my privilege to hear many of Massard's performances in Paris and London, and there just aren't sufficient words to describe the man's sheer ability, cast as he is in that enviable mould of singer/actor, a combination all too rare today.

If one has to make comparisons, Norman Bailey comes very near in overall ability, and despite the brilliance of his compatriots Gabriel Bacquier and Roger Soyer, or the younger José van Dam, Massard's work is 'all of a piece' — *il est tout entière à ce qu'elle fait*. Take his Fieramosca in *Benvenuto Cellini* recorded under Colin Davis. The man makes the part his own through his expert characterisation.

I vividly remember his rascally Lescaut in Massenet's *Manon* a couple of seasons ago at the Paris Opéra. Until then I had not heard Lescaut as it should be sung, let alone acted. Every cruel insidious nuance came over, and his ability as an individualist is only matched by his facility for teamwork. His musicianship under such conductors as Giulini, Solti, Prêtre and Boulez alongside such artists as Sutherland, Caballe, Gedda, Cotrubas to name but a few, is of such completeness that his performances in opera and operetta from Britten and Verdi to Offenbach and Lehár show what an extensive repertoire he encompasses. To have heard his Germont père in *Traviata* is simply to have heard the best performance there is, and wherever he sings, be it America, Russia (he was the first Frenchman ever to sing at the Bolshoi), Italy, Japan, Great Britain or wherever, he evokes praise of the highest calibre.

He is a superb example of a singer's ability to transfer his stage presence on to disc. For instance, his full recorded *Rigoletto* for French Decca brings

forth all the praise accorded to singers of the Golden Age, but stand this up against his excursion into operetta — *The Grand Duchess* (Offenbach) — as the zany General Boum and you will realise what a complete artist the man is. His pompous Boum is given full rein without 'going over the top', and his dialogue is resonant and full and shows his ability to handle dialogue as an extension of the singing voice. This is indeed a rarity when we consider the traumas suffered by recording companies when a singer's vocal ability is not matched by his pretensions in the dialogue department.

Ask him to sing a waltz tune and he evokes the essence of 3/4 time as witness his performance in *Les Cloches de Corneville* or Lehár's *Paganini*. Again, balance his Toreador in *Carmen* (in which he exhibits the facility for full exciting tone giving the character that nobility flushed with *matinée-idol* character credibility) with his Valentine in *Faust*. I used to consider Valentine a bit of a non-starter (with his dreary aria) until I heard Massard. He gives *Avant de quitter ces lieux* that simple nobility, extending it throughout the piece, taking away that maudlin sentimental-religioso air which many interpreters instil into Gounod's music.

There is a paucity of French works in the Paris Opéra repertoire at the



ROBERT MASSARD (photo: André Jarde)

moment, and it is an old case of idiot-thinking by the Director, who, in his so-called wisdom, mounts extravagant, international cast productions purely for the benefit of the tourist trade, neglecting the French repertoire which is surely what national opera and its tourist audiences is all about? Who the hell wants to hear *Figaro* in Paris, when *Louise* or *Werther* or *Carmen* should be on the bill of fare?

Massard is represented in this country by Basil Douglas, so let us hope that if Covent Garden don't want him that Massard can be brought here for concerts. I for one, would willingly give my services as a conductor free in that event! That he is unique is an understatement — that he is an artist with fire in the belly is undeniable. His versatility gives him enormous international appeal and once heard he is never forgotten. He is today's miracle.

#### DISCOGRAPHY:

(since the demise of C.R.D., discs are available to order from Henry Stave, Dean Street, London, W.1.)

#### English labels:

Berlioz: *Benvenuto Cellini* Philips 6707.019. Bizet: *Carmen* HMV SLS 913. Gounod: *Faust* Decca SET 327/30. Massenet: *Thaïs* Decca GOSR 639/41 (still the greatest performance there is!) Offenbach: *La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein* CBS 79207.

#### French labels:

Complete recordings: Lehár: *Paganini* Decca 115.190/91. Verdi: *Rigoletto* Decca 115.025/6. Ganne: *Les Saltimbanques* Decca 115.071/72. Audran: *La Mascotte* Decca 115.065/66. Gounod: *Mireille* Decca 115.073/75. Selections: *Rigoletto* Vega 16.208. *Cloches de Corneville* Vega 19.096. *Faust* Vega 16.191. *Baryton et Basses d'Opéra* Vega 16.240/242. *Un grand baryton Français* Vega 28.009/10 (a super disc). *Traviata* Vogue LDM 30.135. *Bohème* Vogue LDM 30.132. *Madama Butterfly* Vega 16.127. *Grands airs d'Opéras* Decca 220.050/54 a feast of opera with Massard, Vanzo, Boue, Doria etc., and the American pirate disc of an ORTF recording of Massenet's *Jongleur de Notre Dame*. The complete *Rigoletto* and most of the selections are in French, but if I can accept *The Ring* in English, well . . .!

Charles Hamilton



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# COME TO THINK OF IT...

NEWS AND VIEWS ON THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT SCENE



PENELOPE KEITH—back to the box soon (photo: BBC)

## NEW PENNY

BBC TV are currently preparing a new sitcom series for **Penelope Keith** with the happy title of *To the Manor Born*, to be put out shortly. Sounds promising, don't you think? But let's give Penny

a crack of some other whips too — she's already shown her mettle as a high-comedy actress of ability, and stylists such as she are not all that common nowadays. Perhaps her current West End appearance as a Shaw heroine will lead to more theatre work

## JOHN CURRY AS SONJA HENIE

the mind boggles! They may both be skaters, but surely the resemblance ends there — particularly as it's a movie that is being planned as **John Curry's** cinema debut. **Herbert** (Turning Point) **Ross** is, we hear, seriously considering a remake of Henie's most successful forties movie (*Sun Valley Serenade*, perhaps?) but rebuilt round a male skater instead of a female star

## THEY'RE OFF!

the Derby is 200 years old this year, and to celebrate the occasion the Royal Academy is to mount a special exhibition. Paintings, drawings, engravings, cartoons, photographs and all sorts of mementoes will be used to recreate the historic atmosphere surrounding the turf's most famous annual event. 'Derby Day 200' will be on view between April 5 and July 1

## POP MOVIES

with the Who's *Quadrophenia* in full swing, **Elton John** and **Rod Stewart** have formed their own movie company to produce their film *Jet Lag*. The film will feature them in person as rival superstars. The film has a £5 million budget and is being produced by their two managers — **John Reid** and **Billy Gaff**. The scripts have been written but shooting has not yet begun owing to Stewart's long world tour. The film will be a comedy along Crosby-Hope lines. Reports that the leading lady might be Stewart's (latest?) girlfriend, **Alana Hamilton**, have been dismissed as 'pure speculation'

## RSC ON TYNESIDE

the Royal Shakespeare Company are currently enjoying their third successive season in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Thirteen productions are being given over the eleven week period, some at the Theatre Royal the others in the University's Gulbenkian Studio. Also laid on have been lunchtime and late shows as well as talks and workshop performances. The last two visits brought average attendances of 60,000 per season and this year's visit seems set fair to top this figure

## FESTIVAL TIME

the fourth in the annual series of annual dance marathons falls in June this year, when **Rudolf Nureyev** will be appearing at the London Coliseum under the auspices once again of **Victor Hochhauser**. Plans for the season were still awaiting confirmation at our press date, but it is certain that Nureyev will be appearing in the productions of *The Sleeping Beauty* and *Romeo and Juliet* which he has mounted for Festival Ballet to such international acclaim

## A LADY PASSING FAIR

what is arguably the most world-famous musical of the century, *My Fair Lady*, is currently going the regional rounds in what is described as 'a sumptuous production'. Starring **Tony Britton**, **Liz Robertson**, **Peter Bayliss** and **Anna Neagle**, and blessed with support from the Arts Council, it has been re-designed (**Tim Goodchild**), re-choreographed (**Gillian Lynne**) and re-directed (**Robin Midgley**). The score, we're glad to say, seems untouched. The show is presently en route through Birmingham, Bristol, Liverpool, Nottingham, Newcastle, Oxford and Cardiff, where it ends up in mid-July

## A REAL COMMERCIAL UNION

it's good news that Commercial Union are sponsoring the new Scottish Opera production of *Rigoletto*. It'll be the first time a non-Scottish sponsor has come forward and the company are highly delighted with the compliment. **Peter Ebert**, general administrator of the company, told us 'without their investment the mounting of this new production would have posed a major financial problem for us — and new productions are essential to the healthy development of the company'. The new *Rigoletto* is due to open at the Glasgow Theatre Royal on April 18 and will also be shown in Edinburgh, Newcastle and Aberdeen

## LOCAL SUPPORTERS

strong financial support from local commerce and industry is claimed by **John Warrack**, artistic director of the Leeds Musical Festival. This year's festival, nine days in May, has been voted a £75,000 budget

## HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

**Edward Berman**, artistic director of Inter-Action, has announced the formation of a new Anglo-American theatre company. Blessed by theatrical trades unions on both sides of the Atlantic, it hopes to field a company of 20 and cover 28 playing weeks, growing to 42 within two years. Britain will see the company between April and August and the US in the remaining months. No stars, equal pay for all are two of the cardinal aims of the company and they will kick off with three productions — **Tom Stoppard's** *Dirty Linen*, plus a new one-acter, as well as a new full-length play from an established dramatist. The experience of playing on both sides of the Atlantic during the space of each calendar year should prove invaluable as a means of cross-fertilisation of budding talent

## CLASHES

the release of the new Clash album, *Give 'Em Enough Rope* (CBS), coincided somewhat unfortunately with the sacking by the group of their manager, **Bernard Rhodes**, thus ending one of the stormiest manager/band relationships within new wave music. Rhodes has complained bitterly about the band's treatment of him, declaring that 'I took them off the street and made them what they are, and now I'm out.' Alas, poor Rhodes . . . Meanwhile the album has become the subject of much critical controversy. The trouble is that The Clash, from the outset, have been seen, along with the Sex Pistols, as carrying the banner of punk ideology. It emerges clearly from this album that it is a banner they carry with difficulty. The directness and versatility of their first album is not repeated in this one. The group appear to have become confused, lashing out in all directions at any potential target. They are writing what they are expected to write, disregarding what they may have in fact learnt themselves. As **Ian Dury** would put it, 'What a waste . . .'

## DANCIN'

keep prayin' that the fantastic **Bob Fosse** musical, *Dancin'*, will yet be coming over here. **Michael White**, the producer, still hopes to be allowed by Equity to bring over the original American cast for an initial spell and then 'go British'. Fosse's show — with no story, no dialogue — is a non-stop celebration of dance in all its guises and has been playing to capacity in NY for nearly a year now

## THE RADIO STARS

it is disappointing to find that the Radio Stars have failed to fulfil their early promise. Their first album, *Songs for Swinging Lovers*, seemed to herald a great deal, but their latest album, *The Radio Stars Holiday Album*, contains only echoes of the group's original wit and polish. The new wave of pop set out from its primacy to rid us of stodgy, grandiose and pretentious sounds, yet this unpleasant stodginess is just what the Radio Stars latest production consists of. Why this has happened is a mystery. The quality of their first album does supply us with the hope that this production is merely a temporary aberration. Let us hope this proves true

## LPO HIGHLIGHTS

the current Festival Hall season by the London Philharmonic Orchestra, ending May, has already provided London with some memorable evenings. Further dates for your diary should include the two guest appearances by **Sir Georg Solti** — in particular, on March 13, when Bartok's *Duke Bluebeard's Castle* will be given with **Sylvia Sass** and **Kolos Kovats** (three Hungarians performing an opera by a Hungarian, in fact). Then on May 10 (with a repeat on May 13) the much-admired new East German conductor **Klaus Tennstedt** will give us his view of Mahler's last symphony, the ninth.

## EASTER PROMS

the 8th annual series of Covent Garden Easter Proms (April 23 - 28) is to include performances of 9 ballets by The Royal Ballet and 3 operas by The Royal Opera (*Parsifal*, *The Barber of Seville* and *Don Carlos*). Tickets in the 'promenade' section of the house (which is the Stalls area but with the seats removed) are priced at £1 and booking for the other parts of the house is now open

## THEY'RE EITHER TOO YOUNG OR TOO OLD

a few years back we had the intriguing spectacle of Robin Hood and Maid Marian (in the persons of **Sean Connery** and **Audrey Hepburn**) in middle age. Now comes an equally intriguing idea from Universal Pictures — Robin and Marian as teenagers! **John Avildsen** will be over here shortly to cast and generally set up the new movie

## THE STORY OF PETER

following the successful *Jesus of Nazareth*, shown here on TV, comes news that Paramount are to follow the path taken by **Lord Grade**. *Peter* is to be filmed in Israel and **Franco Zeffirelli**, despite a heavy work-load, has been persuaded into taking on the project. Zeffirelli's other main commitment this year is a film on the life of Maria Callas with **Irene Papas** as the *diva* (and who better, one might ask) but using the singer's recorded voice on the soundtrack. The film is being sponsored by Associated Film Distributors, the new joint company set up by Grade in conjunction with his brother **Lord Delfont**



THE CLASH—still carrying the banner?



CORINNE BOUGARD and ROBB FLEMING dancing ROBERT NORTH's *Sometimes* for Extemporary Dance Company

## CONTEMPORARY EXTEMPORARY

Extemporary Dance Company, barely three years old and already one of the brightest modern dance ensembles around, is once more on the move. March finds them at Theatr Clwyd in Mold and, during April and May, at Stirling, Edinburgh and Rotherham. In early June they participate in the Bournemouth Festival of Dance. Details obtainable from 5 Dryden Street, London WC2 (01-240 2430)

## VAMPIRES AND WITCHES

director **Herbert Ross** and his producer wife **Nora Kaye** are working hard on a new gothic horror to be shot in Dracula-type locations throughout Europe. Ross and Kaye are simultaneously making *Nijinsky* — both films for Paramount. Meanwhile, with the success of *Watership Down*, another full-length animated movie is on the way — *The Lion and the Wardrobe*. **Steve Meledez** will produce and his brother, **Bill**, will direct it. Let us hope it gives a more faithful impression of the C S Lewis classic than *Watership Down* gave of **Richard Adams**'s.

## TOP OF THE BILL

brewing up for a spring opening is *Top of the Bill*, a saga of the British music hall from the 1860s to the 1920s. Such stars as Vesta Tilley, Marie Lloyd and Dan Leno will be portrayed. Producer will be **Ross Taylor** who will also be responsible for the revival of *The King and I* (with **Yul Brynner**) at the London Palladium this June. Could be two of this year's big ones

## WITCHDOCTORS

North of the border at BBC Scotland, preparations are well in hand for a series about ESP, psychic research and, oddest of all, brain genetics. The makers are particularly interested in the state's alleged involvement in genetic research and how developments in that field could lead to possible infringements of basic freedoms. The series will be called *Witchdoctors*.

## RSC APPEAL

the appeal for the Barbican Theatre launched on Shakespeare's birthday has now passed the £100,000 mark — on the way to the quoted target of £1 million. The theatre, which is to be the future home of the Royal Shakespeare Company in London, is due to open in autumn 1980. Much of this initial sum has come from the City and the RSC is hoping for even more from this source, but there will soon be announced fund-raising projects which should enable admirers of the RSC to make their individual financial gestures

## THE POLICE GROW UP

at last we have this promising new band's first album—*Outlandos d'Amour* (ALMH). That the band have matured is an understatement. These three young guys — **Stewart Copeland**, **Andy Summers** and **Sting** — have come up with a distinctive and original new sound that should take them a long way. Andy Summers once played the part of **Mike Oldfield** in a concert version of *Tubular Bells*, which is perhaps a measure of his talent. All the songs on the album are written by singer **Sting**. His voice is a strange one which is admittedly, like a lot of things, an acquired taste. But what a thing to acquire! **Sting** has quite a big role in the forthcoming *Quadraphenia*. Catch his voice and mood now in this excellent album

## THE BOY LOOKED AT JOHNNY

written by **Julie Burchill** and **Tony Parsons**, this book is subtitled, *The Obituary of Rock and Roll*. According to their own blurb, the authors are 'the only unbiased rock writers in the world — no trips to America, no free lunches . . .' etc etc. That at the time this book came out **Tony Parsons** had just returned from a stay with **Bruce Springsteen** (in America) is, of course, by the by. **BP**, as **Burchill** and **Parsons** are known in the music world, are journalists for the *New Musical Express*. Their book is about as unbiased as a leader column in the *Morning Star*. Think of your favourite group and they've slammed it. 'Until **Eric Clapton**, **Rod Stewart** and **David Bowie** shot off their drunken slobbering mouths in the middle of the seventies' goes one typical sentence. They are also fond of re-telling the very oldest stories in the music world — the kind of stories that went out with **Ready Steady Go**. We are told yet again that **Rick Wakeman** asked **A&M** to drop the **Sex Pistols**. The pair express horror at the fact that **Linda Ronstadt** uses cocaine. How horrific! If you want a more freeminded account of rock and roll, try **Caroline Coon**'s book. Oh, and **BP** seem to have a particular fear of gay people — faggot is a favourite term of abuse for them. They also dislike fat people and anyone un-masculine. They'd probably dislike you



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## FOLK AND JOHNNY COPPIN

at the moment it would be more accurate to call the **Johnny Coppin Band** 'Johnny Coppin and the Johnny Coppin Band'. The future will, of course, see Johnny increasingly united with the band, but at the moment he seems content to let the band develop in its own way. After the break-up of his first group, Decameron, Coppin was all ready to quit the music business. Then he teamed up with **Dave Bell**, but that partnership failed at the time because in those days record companies were signing up everything that had orange hair, spat or vomited over audiences. Coppin doesn't do that. Now firmly back in the folk clubs of the UK, Coppin is happily looking forward to success, with his own independent album, *Roll On Dreamer*, under his belt and a very established reputation. Coppin is living proof that solid determination and hard work finally yield well deserved rewards

## BRYAN FERRY

'I've realised for a long time that I've been disliked, but it's only lately that I've realised that I might actually be hated. It's an unpleasant situation, but one I think I can accommodate. If people hate me, fuck them. I don't need them.' So spake **Bryan Ferry** recently. And when one has heard his latest album, *The Bride Stripped Bare* (Polydor), one can appreciate why people hate him. Six out of the ten songs on it are Ferry's versions of classics — a fact which his detractors claim exemplifies his lack of originality. Ferry has been said lately to be suffering from 'painful self-doubt' and 'self-examination'. Still living in the wake of his disastrous move to L.A. and the total failure of his single 'Sign of the Times', Ferry seems now a mere shadow of the man he was in the days of *These Foolish Things*



DAME EDNA EVERAGE (dragged up as plain Barry Humphries) offers her great British public a token of affection during her December pilgrimage to London (photo: John Timbers)



BERYL GREY

## BAMBOO CURTAIN UP

London Festival Ballet's official visit to China this spring will surely rate as a special feather in **Beryl Grey's** chapeau. She was last there herself (long before she joined Festival) in the early 60's — sightseeing, fact-finding and teaching — and wrote a book about her experiences: *Behind the Bamboo Curtain* (published 1965 and long out of print). Miss Grey is very much *persona grata* with the Russians, too — an intriguing diplomatic double, in fact

## TWENTIETH CENTURY WIT

it's not often these days that we get a movie title that is witty in itself. So praise be to United Artists, who announce the setting up of a **Jodie Foster** movie with the title of *Twentieth Century Foxes*. Perhaps we can next look forward to *Ball at the Avco Embassy*

## WAYNE COUNTY

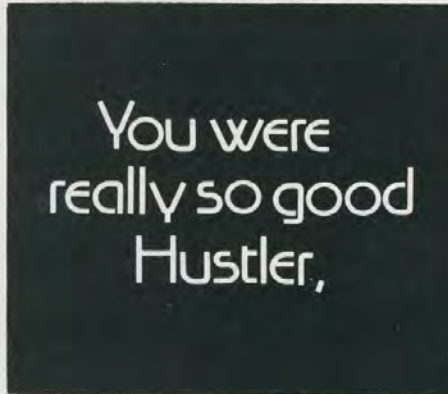
In next month's Q International, **Wayne County**, the transsexual rock star, talks about his sex life and the kinky English.

Kenneth had called two days later and made a date. Hustler had taken more than usually elaborate care for the evening, hardly knowing why. He didn't know what to wear, and clothes were an important part of his business. Did Kenneth want the leather jacket look complete with bulging crotch and tough macho expression? Or should he be more formal? He plumped for a sports jacket and well fitting trousers, an open necked shirt showing the abundance of curly-black hair on his chest. Just as well. They went out to dinner and the torn jeans and Grundy tee-shirt would hardly have worked. They had eaten well, they had felt comfortable together, and they had talked. That was all. Afterwards, as they left the restaurant, Hustler ready for the taxi-ride and the new surroundings, Kenneth had pressed something into his hand and said goodbye. He walked away without looking back, after saying he would phone next week, leaving Hustler feeling oddly frustrated. He was in fact a little irritated, and he went to a dance-club, and for the first time ever actually found himself looking for a partner. It had been a rather chastening experience.

The next time it was the theatre and supper afterwards. Then a ride into the country on a Saturday afternoon, with no more contact than a pat on the knee and a couple of lingering, amused glances. Hustler was beginning to feel inadequate, even undesirable. It came as a relief when on their next meeting Kenneth mentioned a supper at home, and at 9 o'clock Hustler found himself ringing a bell beside an elegant door in smartest Belgravia. The flat was comfortable rather than luxurious, pleasantly furnished and showing not a sign of the fashionable touch of an inferior defecator. At least that was how Kenneth at one time described an acquaintance. Over the simple supper (though there was a bottle of wine that impressed Hustler with its faded label and the dust around the neck) Kenneth talked amusingly, yet never condescendingly, and again Hustler found himself wishing that he could respond. A new desire was growing in him: to improve his mind, to learn things. The meal over Kenneth put on records of shows, and Hustler felt a bit more at home — at least he had seen them, often being taken as an ornament to flossy first nights.

Later, much later, they went to bed. And now the good looking boy

from the back streets came in for his biggest surprise. In all the many times he had had sex he had never had it quite like this. Not that it was kinky, or even unusual, it was just — different. Kenneth made love to him as Hustler, as himself, not as a beautiful body, and in his turn Hustler found himself responding as he never responded before. He was used to being accommodating, he was paid to be just that, but now he wanted to be pleasing to this new and exciting friend. Their lovemaking lasted until dawn pearly the panes of the tall windows, and during the protracted sessions Hustler felt something he had never experienced before. Joy. A welling up of joy filled his body and his brain, suffusing him with a new and intoxicating pleasure. The whole night neither said anything, and it came as a surprise when, after a brief sleep, Kenneth yawned and stretched over him to whisper 'Time to get up Hustler. The maid is due in soon, so we'd better get moving.' Rubbing sleep from his



eyes Hustler lurched into the shower and gave up his exhausted body to hot water and expensive soap. When he came out Kenneth was in a dressing gown with coffee made. Seeing him there in his chair, relaxed and in that rosy glow that a long satisfying night imparts Hustler felt a surge of warmth. 'Screw the maid,' he said to himself. He had anticipated a long lie-in, warmly comfortable with this new lover. Yes, that was the word indeed — lover. He wanted, even now, to take Kenneth in his muscular arms again, and once more drown in this delicious and totally new sensation of joy and well being. But Kenneth was saying something.

'You were really so good Hustler, I couldn't have enjoyed a session more.' Hustler blinked at his matter-of-fact tone. Hadn't he too, captured some of the wonderful sensation? Was it only he, Hustler, who had discovered something during that long and marvellous night? 'In fact it was A1,' went on Kenneth, pouring coffee. 'You

deserve a first class stamp, Hustler, right on those lovely firm buns. More than that you deserve an increase. I want to give you something extra, and here it is.' Reaching into his dressing-gown pocket Kenneth fished out several notes and handed them towards Hustler. The boy looked at them, in curious disbelief. Oh sure it was what he expected — and yet it *wasn't*, for somehow he had thought it would be different. How he didn't know, just not the same as all the others, handing their notes out after a satisfactory 'session'. He felt a curious prickling at the back of his eyes, and since he didn't take the notes Kenneth folded them and pushed them under a saucer, ready to be picked up. Hustler suddenly realised he was naked, and although normally he rather enjoyed flaunting his physique before less-striking admirers, he now wanted to cover himself up, to get dressed, to throw down the coffee, and go. He moved hurriedly, clumsily for one endowed with a natural animal grace, as he pulled on skimpy briefs and trousers, crumpled shirt and jacket. Kenneth watched him, smiling, yet the smile somehow did not seem the same. It seemed sardonic, almost mocking as Hustler lost a sock and went on hands and knees to look for it. Once dressed he mumbled a goodbye, and Kenneth, still relaxing in his chair, merely waved a hand, grinned again and said languidly 'Bye. I'll phone soon.'

Hurrying back to his sordid cubicle in Bloomsbury Hustler berated himself for his stupidity. He had done the one thing that was forbidden — to fall for a client, to become the weaker partner, to lose control of a situation. As he let himself into the dreary boarding-house his hands shook with fear. And once again, as he mounted the stair, that feeling of wonderful joy was remembered and he pushed open his bedroom door with a savage shove that nearly took it off its hinges, and caused someone in a nearby room to shout out a complaint.

Now as he surveyed the grubby diary that sensation, like a siren call, returned to tease him. How his heart had leaped up when Kenneth had phoned, a few days later, to make the date for Friday. Did it really matter, he asked himself, if the other one did not feel the same way? Couldn't he have this little new pleasure as his own, this new joy that made all the other adventures seem pallid and dull? Kenneth need never know if he was careful . . . He was seduced by the thought, yet only for a moment. His essentially practical, commercial

common-sense could anticipate the problems. How could he perform for others if all he wanted, increasingly, was contained in one man? It would be like a drug, impossible to leave, too good to give up . . . His other clients would sense the difference, for in truth his heart would not be in his work.

Hustler turned off the bath-taps and went out to fetch his soap and shaving-gear, left scattered on the chipped and broken table in his room. As he picked them up he caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror, his body naked save for the tight-fitting briefs that cupped his cock and lifted his heavy balls to make a prominent bulge in his trousers. He pulled himself into a more pleasing shape, turning to admire the profile of his genitals in the straining fabric. One hand pressed in his stomach, the hairs forming thin black rings as they curled around his brown fingers, the other hand stroked his cock, slowly and lovingly, the thumb kneading himself pleurably. And all the time he turned slowly from side to side to admire his own body, reflected in the grimy glass. As he did so the memory of Kenneth came fleetingly back, and in a sudden savage gesture Hustler took the little book and ripped out the Friday page, flicking it contemptuously to

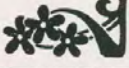
the floor. Then, letting his mind go blank he turned again to the mirror, and with voluptuous pleasure began again to admire, and love, himself.

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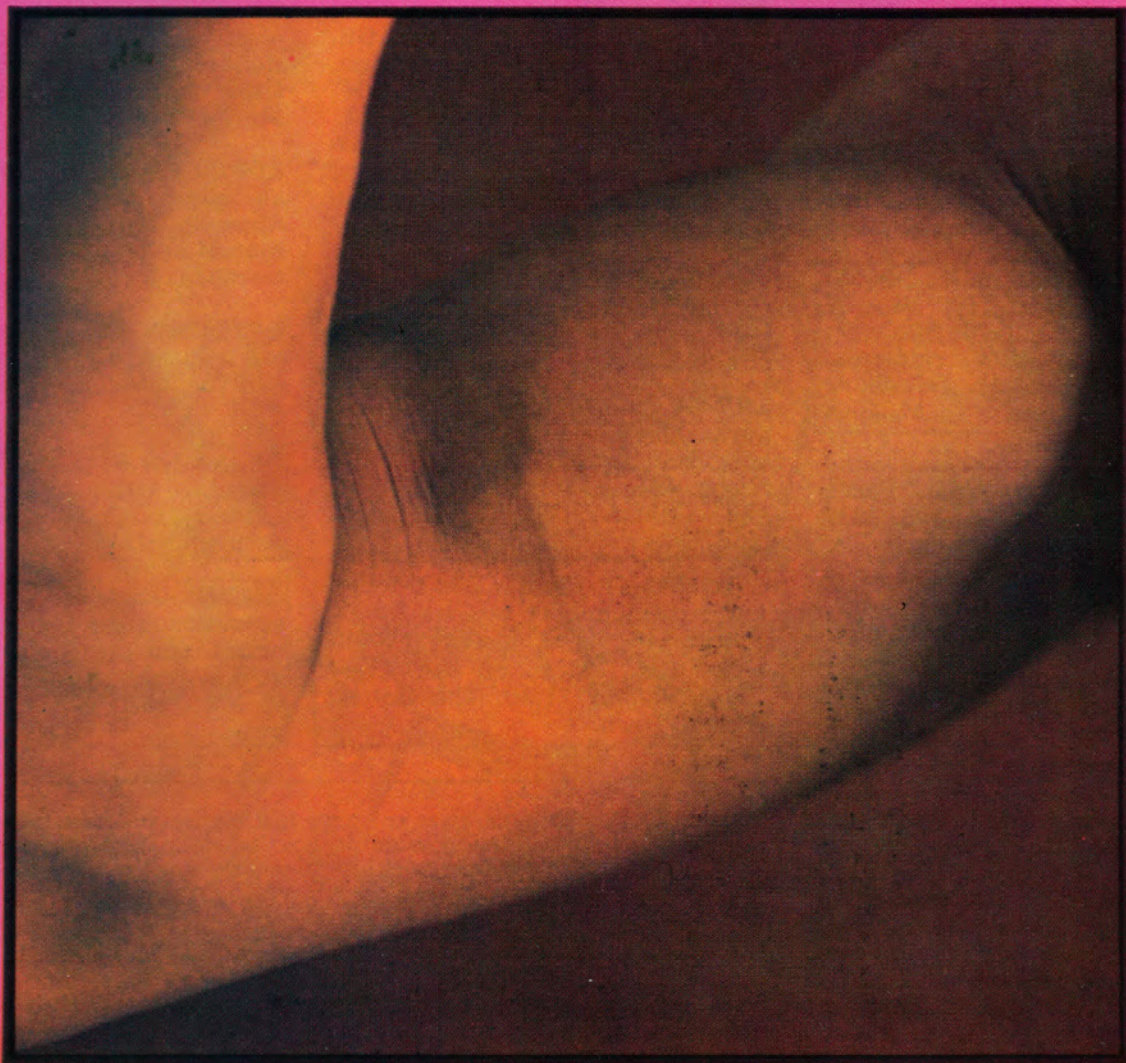
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