michael's thing

Vol. 5/No.33/Week of August 18, 1975

Weekly Entertainment Magazine

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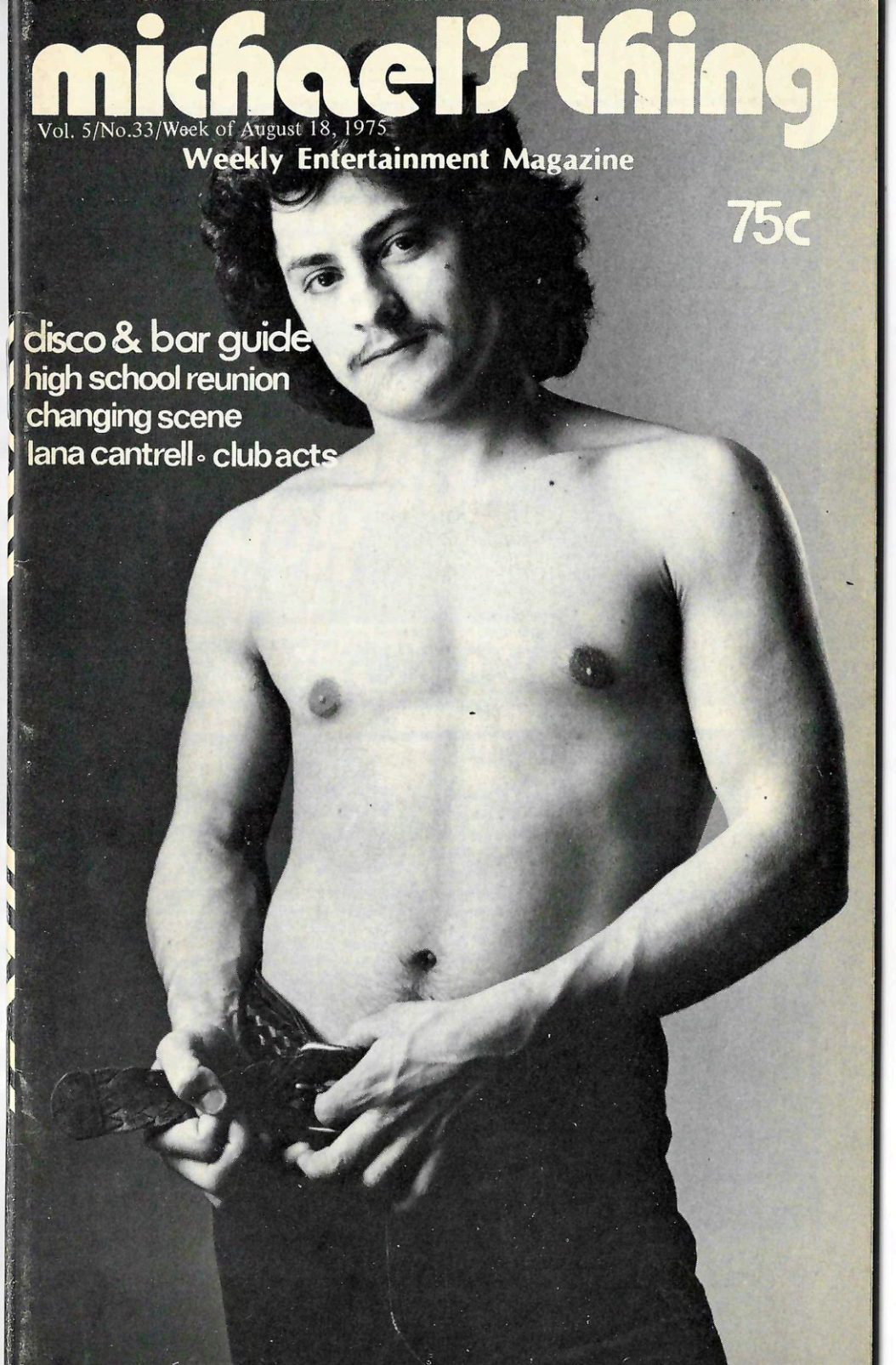

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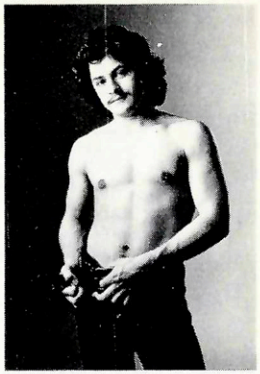

Cover: Gerry Torre, one of New York's more attractive young men, as photographed by Roy Blakey.

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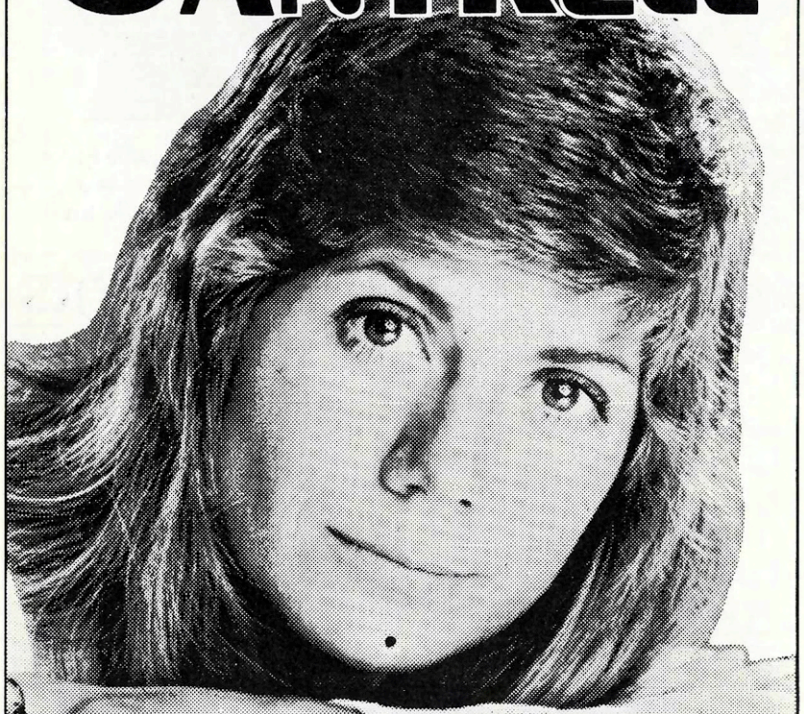
LANA CANTRELL



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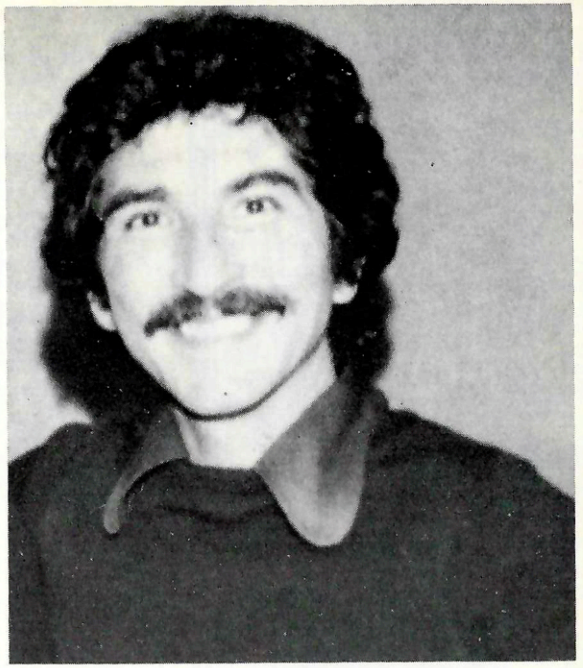

mything

TINY ALICE

Anyone who knows Michael Giammetta knows that I like to eat well, and that my palate is so well-educated that I can certainly not show any tolerance for culinary mediocrity. Mediocrity in people I can put up with (not always willingly) but never in food. When I tell you a restaurant is good, you better believe it is good, not just fair or passable. And if it's lousy, you'll never see me there.

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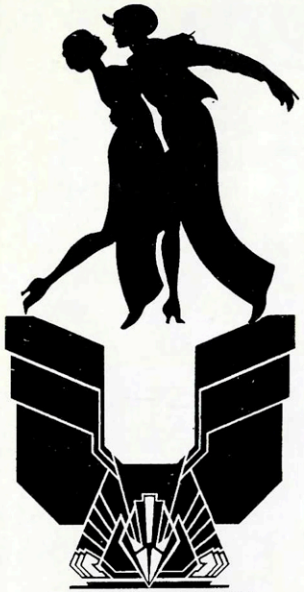
The prices are surprisingly modest with almost every entree in the neighborhood of five dollars, and that is modest indeed. The service is gracious and paced just right. The story can usually be told by the calibre of the customers, and the night I was there, they were first class and prosperous enough to be very fussy about where they dined. They knew they were in the right place, and I agree with them. Tiny Alice is wholeheartedly recommended.

Michael Giammetta

A NEW YORK CLASSIC



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STRUGGLES WITH THE MEDIA:

FROM ENCYCLOPEDIAS TO SOAP OPERAS

The Gay & Women's Alliance for Responsible Media (GWARM) is a nationwide organization dedicated to insuring full and fair portrayal of gays and women in all media. Headed by Leon Heath, Paul Burt and Robin Souza, its national headquarters is located on Lexington Avenue here in Manhattan. And the organization's ambitious roster of current projects includes trying to get gays covered in everything from the leading encyclopedias to the newest daytime TV soap opera.

Among its other activities, GWARM helps to place competent and well-spoken gay liberationists of every profession—from writers and politicians to schoolteachers, military veterans and members of the clergy—on radio and television talk shows. And it actively encourages publishing houses to print and feature positive pro-gay books, such as the current bestseller "The Frontrunner," the exciting story of some humpy and liberated gay athletes, and John Reid's now-classic "The Best Little Boy in the World." Future GWARM undertakings will include escalating pressure on textbook publishers and the Board of Education to present accurate, up-to-date and favorable coverage of homosexuality in their Sex Education courses and to delete ancient negative comments.

GWARM is also working closely, of course, with the National Gay Task Force and the Gay Media Coalition to promote the all-out boycott of the Village Voice by readers and advertisers (Remember—spread the word: Don't buy the Voice) because of its anti-gay bias, and to encourage Channel 13 to fulfill its obligations to minority audiences by airing a weekly "Gay Journal" show serving the gay and enlightened non-gay communities.

But its main emphasis at this time is on the encyclopedia and soap opera projects. According to GWARM, the reason for the high priority on the encyclopedia project is the discovery that, even in this day and age, many young teenaged boys and girls who are beginning to realize that their sexual orientation is gay have "nowhere" to turn for more information on homosexuality and gayness—they can't trust parents, teachers or clergymembers, and they're afraid to seek out openly gay books in the library (if they even know such books exist)—and so they proceed to the encyclopedia in their school or public library or home library.

Unfortunately, although these encyclopedias cover other liberation movements such as women's liberation and other minority groups

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such as Black Muslims in great detail, the information-seeking young gay man or woman is bound to be disappointed. For there is little or nothing on Gay Liberation—despite the fact that this socially significant, far-reaching topic eminently merits a major article. And so GWARM is presently applying heavy pressure to the Encyclopedia Americana, the Encyclopedia Britannica, World Book Encyclopedia and others to demand that this glaring omission cease at once.

Readers of this column can help the highly commendable and long-overdue GWARM effort by writing letters to the major encylcopedia publishers (they're listed in the phone book) suggesting that gay liberation *must* be covered, and that your decision on buying or recommending an encyclopedia in the future will depend on their response. Though anyone can (and everyone should) do this, it is especially helpful for persons who presently own an encyclopedia in their home or who are teachers, professors, librarians, reviewers, etc., to do this. Let's give GWARM a hand in ending the unconscionable blackout on *our lives* and things that are vitally important to us in major encyclopedias. We'll all be better off when this critical battle is won.

GWARM's other preoccupation these days is the daytime TV soap operas, which have millions of viewers (male as well as female) and which have yet to achknowledge the existence of the 10% of the adult population which is gay. How dare they ignore us? How dare they pretend we don't exist and don't make a valuable contribution to society? How dare they claim to be a "realistic" portrayal of life when the gay liberation movement—with its immense political, social, cultural, economic and commercial impact, not to mention its effect on changing lifestyles—is consistently absent?

WBAI radio has a soap opera in which a gay woman is a regular part of the cast. GWARM is suggesting that the TV networks incorporate open, proud, well-adjusted and productive gay characters into some of their soap operas as well. This would add realism and liven up the shows while at the same time ending a dangerous and insulting inaccuracy that insulted and offended millions of gays. Particularly targeted by GWARM for pressure is ABC's new show "Ryan's Hope," which is set right here in Manhattan where the gay community is so large and so obvious. This show, being new, could easily incorporate another character arriving on the scene. And it already includes portrayals of most other minorities and lifestyles found in Manhattan, thus making the absence of a gay liberationist all the more evident and all the more intolerable.

Again, as with the encyclopedia publishing companies, the TV networks and their sponsors are very sensitive to the mail they receive. Let's ALL see to it that ABC-TV receives a veritable barrage of letters asking for a gay activist in "Ryan's Hope." Act now—the sooner the better!

For more information on how you can assist in any of the projects discussed in this article or on becoming a member of GWARM, write to the Gay & Women's Alliance For Responsible Media, 370 Lexington Ave. (Suite 416), New York City 10017.

And, as a footnote to all of the above, a neighborhood gay liberation organization exclusively for Manhattan's Upper East Side has recently been formed and is working with GWARM on its projects as well as on neighborhood-oriented political and social gay lib activities. To join the Eastside Gay Liberation (EGO) group, write to Paul Burt at 123 E. 88th Street, New York City 10028. Gay liberation is fun, it is worthwhile, it is exciting—and it needs your active support. So why not Join Now!

Joe Kennedy

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spotlight

LANA CANTRELL

The French call her "the Australian titi" which when translated means cheeky urchin. And that just about sums up Lana Cantrell. Last month she stepped on the stage of the Olympia in Paris and wrapped up the City of Light. The occasion was the United Nations Commission of International Woman's Year celebration, and in the lineup were the biggest female stars on the international circuit. Lana came out on top. The French do not easily accept entertainers that they have not discovered themselves, but after she gave them belting versions of "This Is My Life," and "A Time For Us," they were screaming "titi"—the French always nickname their favorites. The last singer to have that name bestowed on her was Piaf.

In New York, Lana usually plays the Maisonette or Rainbow Grill, but the times are a changing and Lana is going with them. Actually she's not really changing, but letting her audiences see more of the real Lana. No more slinky gowns and bouffant hairdos. Now it's Pucci pajamas and a Sasoon shag. She's reaching out for a more accessible audience. As she says, "I've remained aloof far too long. The biggest complaint I get from people is, 'why don't you play where I can afford to see you?' "

This coming Sunday, and Monday, Lana Cantrell unveils her real self at the Ice Palace in Cherry Grove. "It will not only be interesting, but wild," she laughs. "I usually work with 15 musicians. I'm used to hearing all that sound coming from behind me. For the Grove I'm starting with a quartet and going on from there. But it's going to be good for me because it will open up a lot of those rooms that I couldn't have worked before.

"I'm still going to do the things I'm known for, but I'm clearing out a lot of the garbage. I'm doing 'Feelings,' a Brazilian song that I heard in Paris. I think it's even on the charts here now. Maybe some Dory Previn. Phoebe Snow is writing a lot of incredible stuff. I'm into a lot of women writers because it seems at the moment women are very much in touch with what's going on."

When Lana was 19 years old, she was one of Australia's biggest stars. She realized there was nowhere else to go on that continent. Because immigration is easier most Australians head for England, but she decided on the U.S.. For the first two years she was booked into the Playboy Clubs, etc. Her first class booking was at the Maisonette and she looks back on it saying, "When I first opened there it was the beginning of a whole new concept for them. They decided to change everything and I was the first. It was supposed to be black tie and everything, but they forgot to tell some people that there was a change. About twenty people came dripping in diamonds expecting a Hildegarde, or somebody like her, and they started to chat all through my entire show. Other people started to scream at them to shut up, and pretty soon everybody was screaming. Then somebody threw a bread roll, and somebody else tried to punch my public relations woman. They missed and she knocked him through a wall. It was mayhem! And all this time I'm singing. It's my first date in New York. I said to myself, 'I am getting through this act if it kills me.' There were people standing up shouting, 'Lana, this doesn't always happen in

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America.' I got through the thing and when I walked off I was hysterically laughing. I think people sometimes really take themselves seriously on stage."

Although she may laugh at some of the things that have happened to her while she's been on stage, she takes her act and its contents very seriously. Anyone who's ever seen her in a club can vouch for that. Be it the old or the new Lana, it's quite a show.

She's also had two flings at the legitimate stage. Several summers ago she did the "Wizard of Oz" in Kansas City. People bug her whenever they ask what part she played. She growls, "Toto the dog!" Lana had fun doing it and says it was a great show. More recently, she did, "On Time," a musical written, produced, directed and starring Alfred Drake. "I did it for six weeks and nobody ever knew what it was about. We did scenes from a lot of different plays! In the course of the evening I played Nina from Chekhov's "The Seagull" to Cordelia in "King Lear." Alfred kept saying it was about the generation gap. I had to sing a song about why do we send all the young men off to war, and one night I looked down and the front rows were filled with disabled Viet vets. It was awful." It also killed whatever desires Lana may have had about doing musical comedy.

However, after seeing a screening of "Nashville," she's hot to do a movie. Any kind of movie, especially if Robert Altman is the director.

From Paris to Cherry Grove is quite a distance but both audiences are slightly mad, and when the fancy strikes them they can be overtly demonstrative. But that's OK with Lana. After all she gives everything she has on stage, why shouldn't she expect the same of her audience. As the cheeky urchin herself said, "It will not only be interesting, but wild."

Michael's Thing

Club Acts

Teddi King
20th Century
David Summers
Marilyn Sokol

TEDDI KING AT GYPSY's

It wasn't announced during her introduction, but Teddi King was once the starring vocalist with George Shearing's band. She was great then, and she is even better now. Some performers sort of crumble into ruins of their former selves, but Teddi King has matured into a woman of supremely professional poise, talent, and stage presence. Above all, she can still sing better than most of the girls around, and her choice of material is perfect for both her style and voice. That in itself is something special, and the audience loved her.

Whatever she sang, she made her own, and she sounds like no one else. When she opened with "Wonderful World," it really felt like that. The audience was silent and spellbound as she took them on very special musical trips with such numbers as "The Best Thing for You Is Me," "Night and Day," "Send In Clowns," "This Time Next Year," "By Myself," "Nightsong," and a fantastic interpretation of "Where Am I Going?" Her hands and face have a superbly fluid eloquence of their own, very adult, very wise and experienced, and very gently sharing.

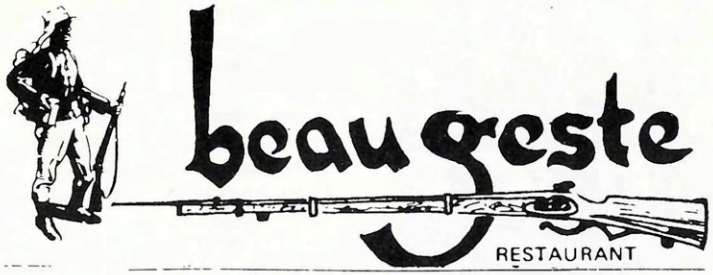
The thing I liked best about Teddi King is the thing I like best about Morgana King; she does not pretend. These are both mature women who act and sound like mature women, not like depressing imitations of dewey-eyed, innocent, brainless young girls who sing lyrics as though they were written in foreign languages unknown to them. You just know these two women understand every word they sing, and they pay you the compliment of singing as though you have shared the same experiences. That is professional and adult and a rare treat.

Gypsy's new Theatre Cabaret is a perfect setting for Teddi King, and she made the most of it. Congratulations to both Gypsy and Ted Hook for presenting such a winner. Remember that name: Teddi King, and don't miss her wherever she appears. It will be an evening you'll treasure for a long time.

Michael Giammetta

TWENTIETH CENTURY

The Thirties, the Forties, the Fifties, the Sixties, etc. They are all a part of this, the Twentieth Century. And they are the decades from which a new group, also called Twentieth Century, takes its music. They come on strong; the Ames Brothers, the Mills Brothers, and the Temptations all rolled into one. But it would be more accurate, I think, to describe them as a male version of a cross between the Andrews Sisters and the Pointer Sisters. That's quite a kick. Their act is slick. It's professional, choreographed, and very well staged. The arrangements by musical director Tom Eaton are beautifully done, exciting. And above all, the voices, of all four young men, Richard Casselman, Geoff Leon, Rob Lund, and Orrin Reiley are wonderful. Their looks aren't half



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bad either. And as you have probably guessed by now, I liked them. This is an act that could bring real singing back into style. And what a pleasure to the ear. It was the fastest forty-five minutes I've spent in a long time, and probably the most entertaining. I think it is seldom that you see the word thrilling associated with a nightclub act, but I would use it here. They are thrilling. (And should anyone in the know care to look them up, they are agentless . . .). The opening number is "Mainstreet," which sets a lush, beautiful tone for the entire act. These four voices fit together so well I could not imaging being able to fit another one into the group. And when they turned to an ardently seductive version of "Voulez vous coucher avec moi, ce soir?" the entire audience said yes. And they don't stop there. In fact, they don't stop at all, going from there to "Holy Moses," and on to some real classics like "Something's Got To Give" and "That Old Black Magic." I saw them at Gypsy's new Cabaret Theatre. (Gypsy, too, has his act together.) And they are supposed to be playing there again, which, if the audiences have anything to say about it, will be often.

Jeremy Stockwell

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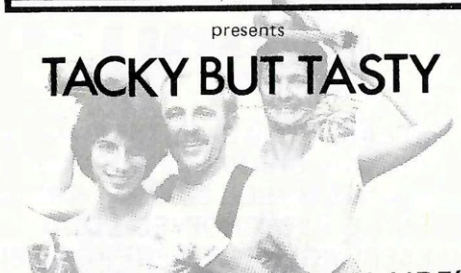

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David Summers

Just about two years ago David Summers got off a bus from Houston, Texas and stepped on the stage of the Truck and Warehouse Theatre and sang, "New Boy In Town." He won a lot of hearts, and broke a few along the way. It was Al Carmines'—and isn't it about time we heard from him again?—*The Faggot* that launched his career.

Since then David has been puttering about in Dinner Theatres and various other entertainment outlets. Three weeks ago he broke in his new cabaret act at the Brothers and Sisters Sisters. From the size and reception of the audience we'll be seeing a lot more of him.

His act hangs on his charm and there's nothing wrong with that. His charm is as thick and creamy as unhomogenized peanut butter and honey, and in the course of an evening he manages to spread it around. He has an open personality and an ingratiating manner in presenting himself and his material. He opened with "Anything Goes" and for the first twenty minutes or so you became quite aware of his vocal limitations.

Every once and awhile his smile and baby blues got him through the rougher spots. He really started to hit his stride in "I Want To Be Somebody's Baby." The song is kind of fun to begin with, but it has a certain sickness underneath. David does it with a naieve drive that makes makes it sensational. When he's himself, and not trying to act out a song, he's delightful. His really big number was, "Cooking Breakfast For The Man I Love." He could sing it anywhere and get away with it. Now only get away with it but carry the audience home with him.

He's got someway to go before he has a complete act, but his candor and self-assurance are enough to carry him now. His talent is undeniable; he's just got to find out how to use it.

Delores Whitney

Marilyn Sokol

One of the nicer things about watching people who do club acts is to watch their progress; how one moment of inspired madness can develop into a fully rounded routine. Marilyn Sokol is the perfect example of this. She's basically an actress, and a superb one at that, who turned to clubs as a further outlet for her considerable talents. Even from the beginning she never confused the two mediums. She used her stage experience to bolster and fill out her club material. Basically she's a comedienne but uses her singing voice to give an extra dimension to what is already a very funny act. You end up not knowing whether to call her a comedienne who sings, or a singer who is funny.

At Reno Sweeney she opened with a Hawaiian number—complete with a livingroom drape that doubled as a sarong—that at times bordered on early Yma Sumac Inca. Somehow it came out as ersatz Yiddish, but Marilyn assured us that the message

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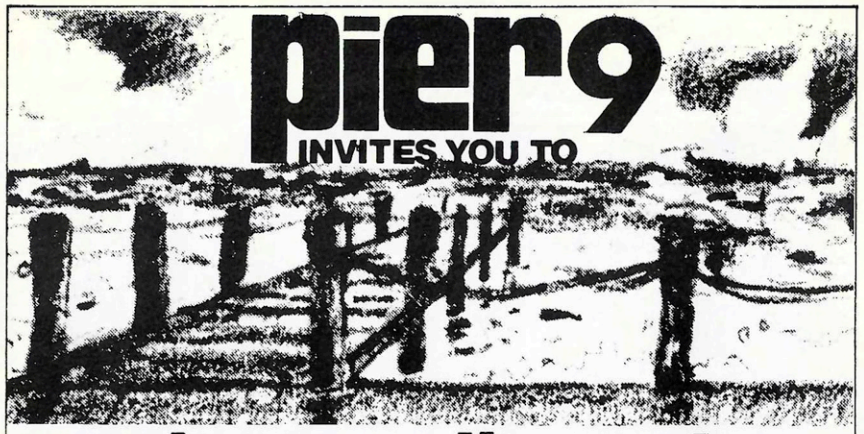
was in the movement of her hands. Then she segued—for those who insisted on taking her seriously—into a demented jazz singer too long on speed. Without catching her breath she went into a devastating take-off on Caterina Valente. When Marilyn starts to pop, her wildness knows no bounds.

Her whole act is a trip. She knows and understands how to work an audience. The act is well paced and really wacky and Marilyn can engineer the moods to exactly where she wants them. From way out in left field she sings—'for the crowd from J.C. Penny's—"My Buddy." Now, if that didn't knock you out, Marilyn saved a Peter Allen special, "My Sister" to completely knock you out. The song is a killer and she does it to perfection. Just as the audience is bravaing for more, Ms. Sokol whips into a raunchy version of "Come On At My House."

Marilyn Sokol gives you a full show and it's big time all the way. She has class when she wants to use it, and sass when it's needed. She's one of a kind, and she's got one of the best club acts around.

D. W.



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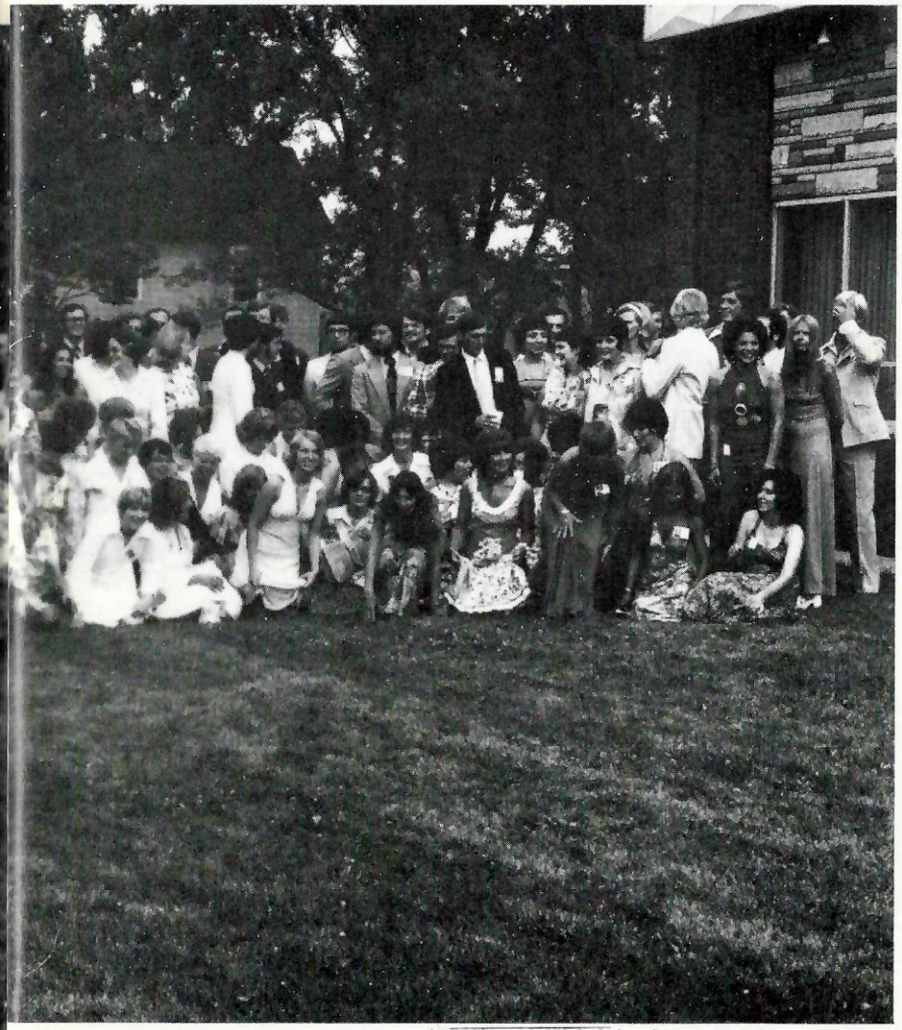

The Class of '65/Warren High School

SALLY EATON'S TENTH HIGH SCHOOL REUNION

This article is intended, I guess, as some form of review. An event of a lifetime, perhaps, this one-shot-only, never-to-be-forgotten moment of truth. But I have to state firmly, however, that something of this nature *can* be forgotten, and for most of us, the sooner the better.

I'm a sucker for the Past. I always wanted to live anytime but now, and adore surrounding myself with remnants of bygone epochs that languish anachronistically in my apartment, giving off an aura of seedy decadence. This reunion was my chance to relive something which, though painful at the time, might be satisfyingly mellow on the second encounter. Or at least intelligible.

I talked a close friend with a Chevy van and tons of heavy leather gear into making the 400-mile schlep across Pennsylvania's picturesque Interstate Eighty to my wonderful hometown, Warren, Pa. My family was thrilled to see me with such a handsome short-haired man, especially when I implied that we were not lovers. We had a wonderful dinner at the local country club while my mother asked him all sorts of terrifically intimate personal

questions. Bruce just beamed and mumbled, as by this time both of us were on our third Scotch.

I was not the most popular member of my Senior Class. Pennsylvania is generally ten years behind the times (at least in the rural northwest) so I can honestly say I grew up in the 'fifties, not the 'sixties. I was the only one with long hair, black tights, a guitar, and "bohemian" ways. As a result, like Janis Joplin, I was "one of the boys," uninvited to the Senior Prom. But, as my mother always told me, I was a "late bloomer." My success in "Hair" went a long way toward making me respectable.

The Reunion was held in a local grange hall. I quote from the Program Notes, discreetly titled *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay* after the play by Cornelia Otis Skinner which was our Class of '65 Production . . . "We wish to extend our thanks to all the ones who helped in planning our Tenth Year

Marsha Egan, Homecoming Queen

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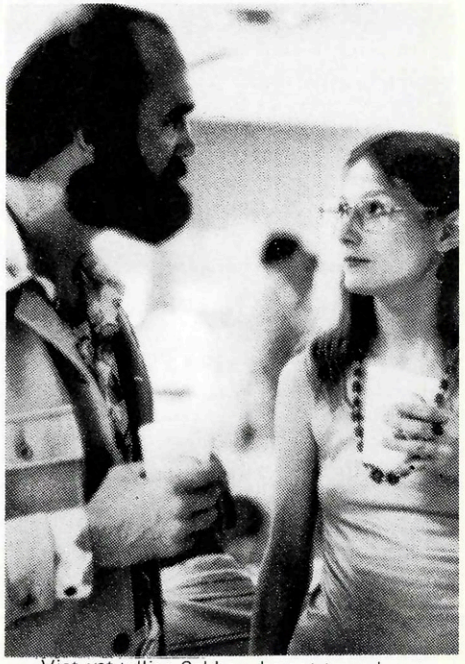
Carol Bloome, Sally's former best friend.

Reunion. . . . Little does one know the preparing, the planning, and organizing, especially about one month before the date. But with the beautiful teamwork of all, we made it, and had a great time doing it . . ."

My first glimpse of my former classmates was shocking. It was what I had expected, but something of the horror of what happens to people who ignore their own potential and bask in mediocrity was too real. At the door we were given little name tags with our Senior Class photos affixed. These, as it turned out, were very necessary.

Here was a sea of familiar faces, whose names were no longer in my mind. The women had all gained at least twenty pounds apiece, but still wore the teased-and-sprayed hairdos and pastel chiffon ballgowns of the late 'fifties. The men all wore those wonderful dacron-polyester sports jackets, short hair and pencil moustaches. If you saw *Nashville* you know what it was like. I decided not



Viet vet telling Sal how he got turned on to grass in Nam.

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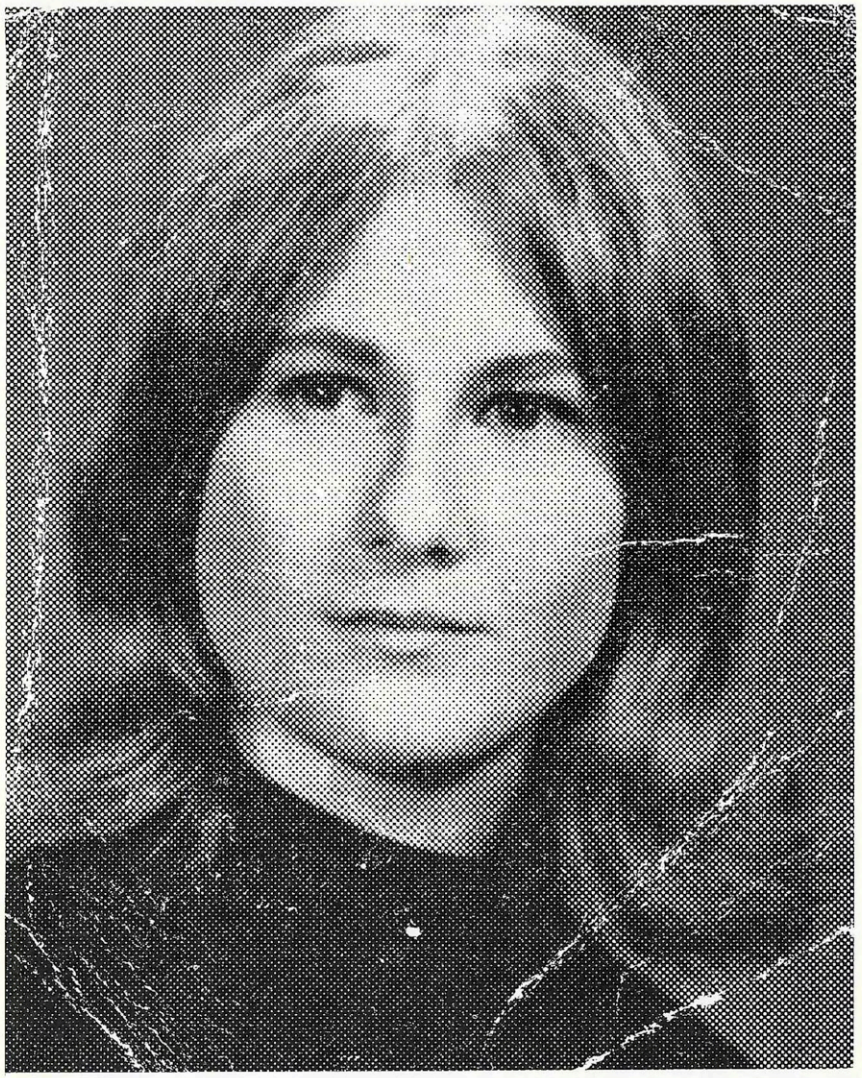
to wear my nametag, but it was no use. They all remembered *me*. Bruce, my leatherman buddy, looked wonderful in his chaps and studded jacket, and I, twenty pounds lighter than Graduation Day, was the only female present without a brassiere.



Warren, Pennsylvania has never heard of platform shoes, Bette Midler, fist-fucking, Disco, S&M, poppers, or The Tubs. When they asked me what I was doing and I told them cabaret, they all said they just loved Liza what's-her-name in the movie. When I told them I meant singing in small night clubs they all told me they loved me in Playboy Magazine. I wanted to ask them if they jerked off on the picture but was somehow unable to get the words out.

When I was in High School I couldn't dance. After the testimonial dinner which included doorprizes for

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Beverly Stein, voted Best All Around, and former cheerleader, with her husband chat with Sally.

those with memories for such trivia as Homecoming Queen (none of the queens came home, unfortunately, which left us with very few males at the party) and Senior Cheerleading Staff, we danced.

I deliberately had worn my platform spikes with the gold glitter on the instep. By dancing time I was crocked, and when I'm crocked, I can dance. I danced. They stared. A circle formed around Bruce and I, tough guy and tart, shaking ass. Drunken used-car salesmen leered, undaunted by their jealous Prom Queen wives. I was satisfied.

After an hour or two of this I felt I had graduated from High School. Maybe that's all I ever really wanted in life, I thought to myself, with a final glance around the room. Little Barbara Raleigh, my best friend, still covered with blue carnations, now a celeb at the local Eastern Star. Chuck Frantz, now an insurance salesman, beaming with pride at his lovely wife from Nashville, Tennessee. . .

The only good thing about Reunions is the chance you get to marvel at the incongruity of your roots. The impact of this one will last a long time; knowing what consequences of what youthful desires Fate has denied me. "There but for the Grace of God . . ." I thought, belting the dregs of my last Budweiser. It's a painful and wonderful thing, realizing that you're glad to be yourself. I recommend it to all of you.

Sally Eaton

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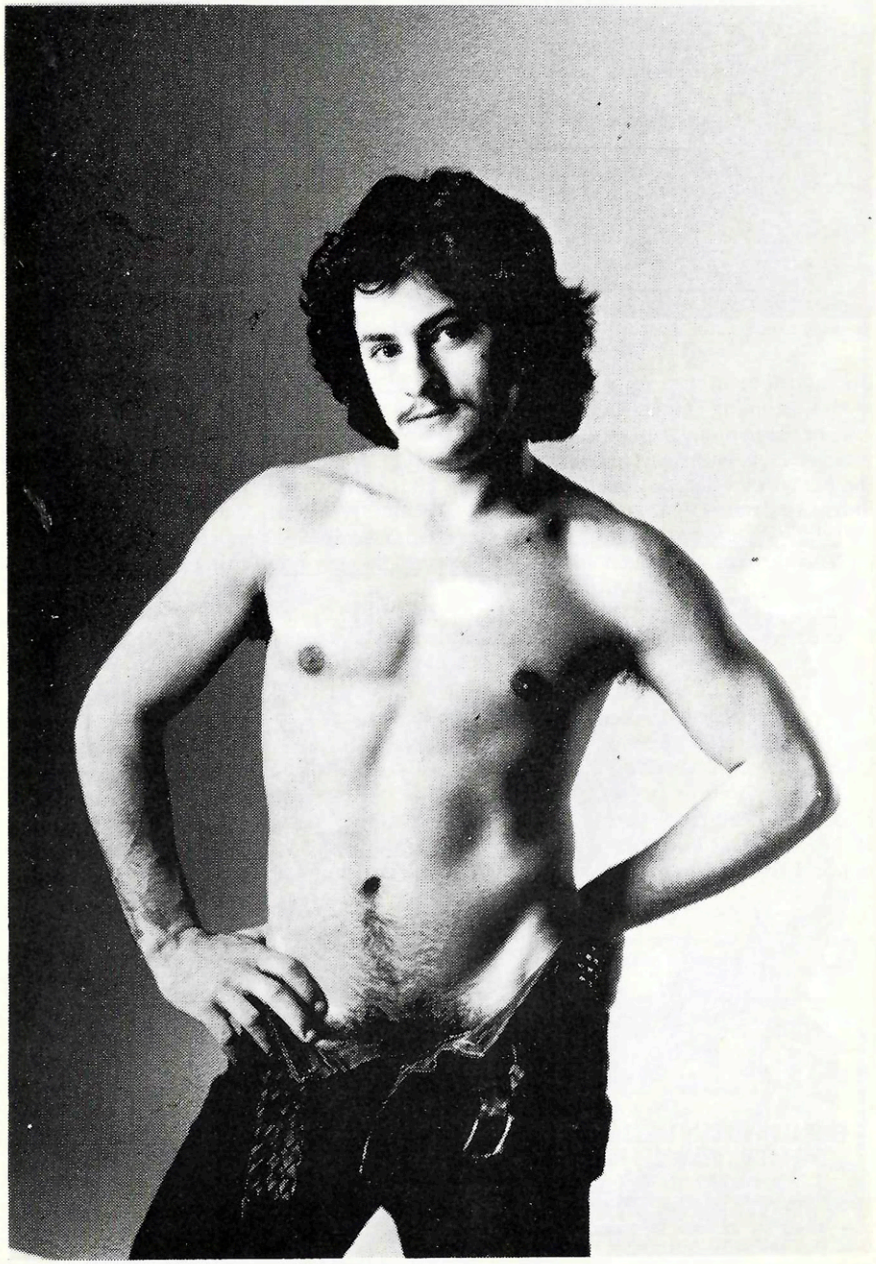
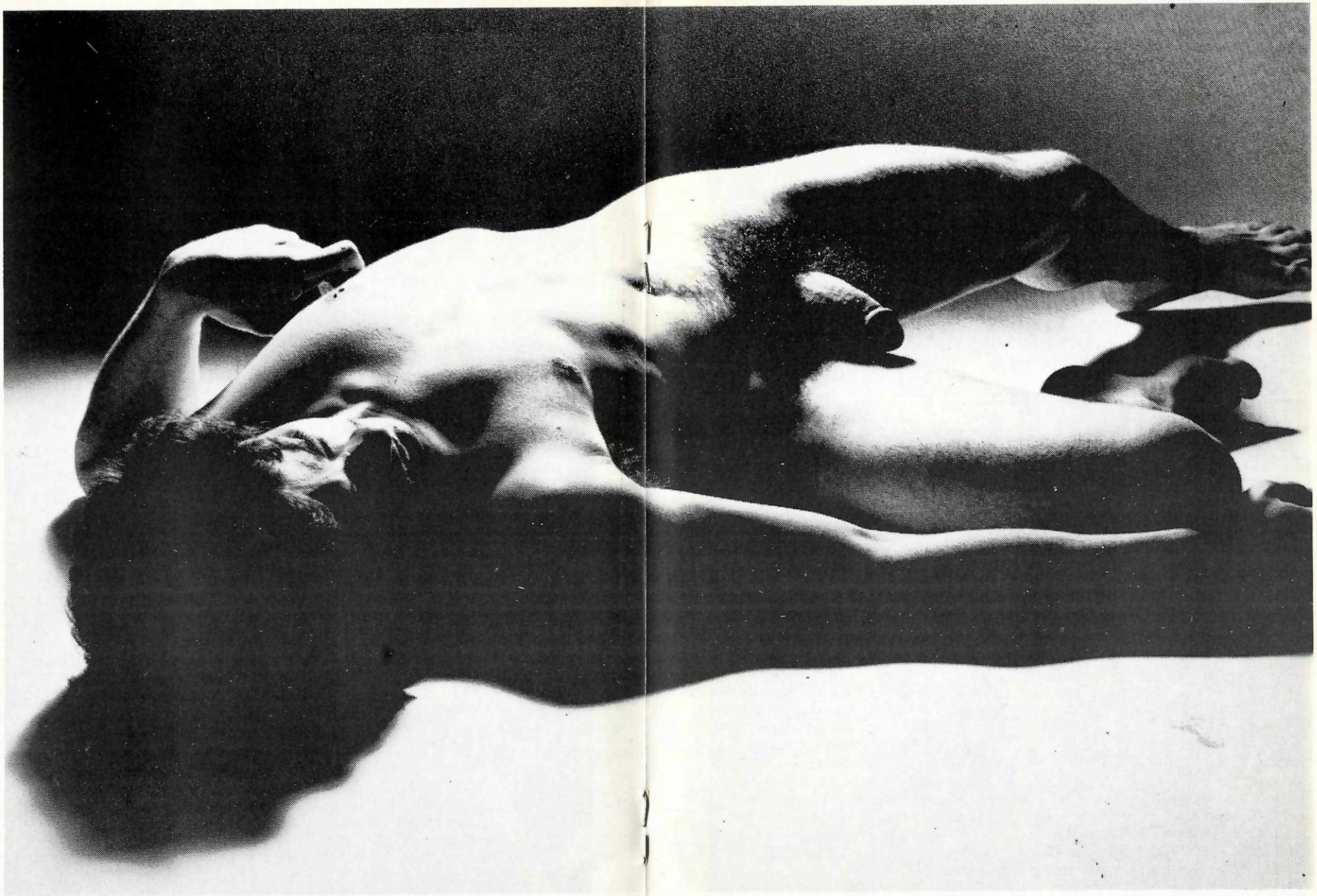
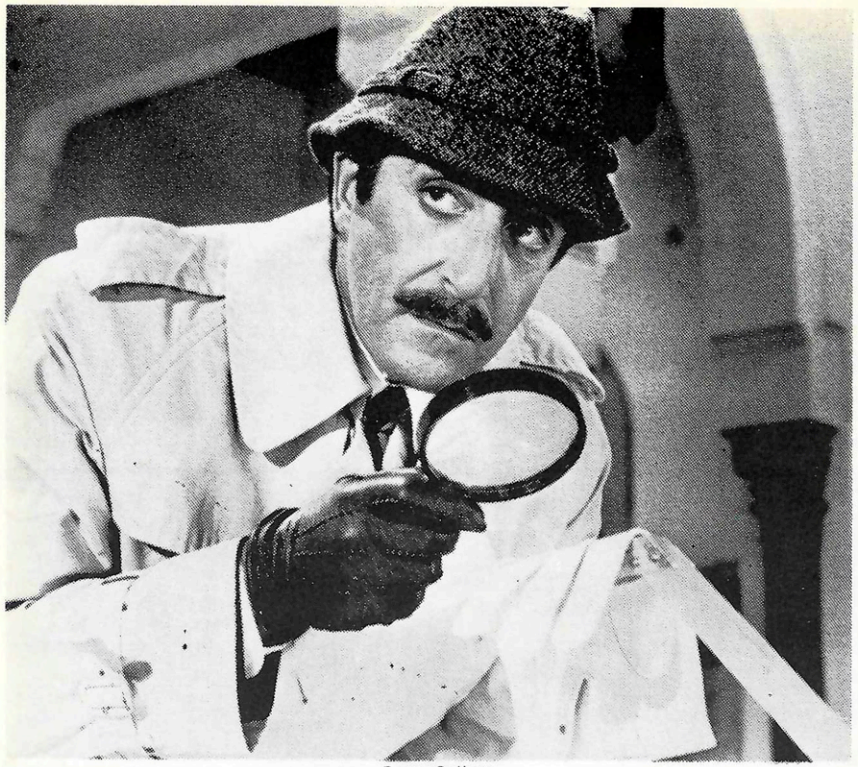


Photos: Roy Blakey



The sensuous young man featured on our pages under the close scrutiny of master photographer, Roy Blakey, is Gerry Torre. He was born in Brooklyn and now makes his home in Manhattan. Sports, especially fishing, both deep sea and fresh water, takes up his spare time. Although city bred he is most at home in the great outdoors. Last winter he was a lumberjack in Maine. He's also a licensed gardner and the lucky people of the Hampton Bays availed themselves of his services for two summers. Although you can't tell it from these photos, he has closets full of clothes and is usually seen sporting some dazzling outfit. When he's not busy he paints apartments.

Michael's Thing



Peter Sellers

flash, trash and fun

"The Return of the Pink Panther"
"Jacqueline Susann's Once Is Not Enough"
"Mandingo"

American film comedy has its king in Charlie Chaplin, the poor little tramp whom society has tossed aside, abused, and ignored. Other screen comics have earned their place on Hollywood's star-filled horizon, but no one has successfully recreated Chaplin's patented hero until Peter Sellers' brilliantly hilarious portrayal of Inspector Clousseau in Blake Edwards' "The Return of the Pink Panther."

Give Sellers a machine and it beats him down every time, whether it's a telephone, a truck, or a vacum cleaner. He can't enter revolving doors without getting stuck, or seduce a woman without destroying her apartment. Sellers works visually and verbally to recreate the bumbling but loveable hero of the French Suretee. Sellers is the Chaplin of the seventies—it's his third screen appearance as Inspector Clousseau (first came "The Pink Panther" and "A Shot in the Dark," also directed by Edwards) and he has mastered the role to a point that his performance is flawless.

The story is quite simple: the Pink Panther, a priceless diamond, has been stolen for the second time. A foreign government calls in Clousseau to recover it. All evidence points to retired jewel thief Sir Harry Litton, The Phantom (Christopher Plummer). As he's not guilty, Litton sets out to catch the true culprits to prove his own innocence so the police will leave him alone. His wife (Catherine Schell) aids him by detouring Clousseau on a gay Switzerland goosechase. We move from an Arabian sultanate to Paris, from the Riviera to the Swiss Alps. The screenplay, by Edwards and Frank Waldman, perfectly integrates the general action while using every available device for a laugh—fully in the film's favor.

Herbert Lom gives a fabulous performance as Sellers' superior who hates the buffoon so that he's maniacally bent on killing him. Christopher Plummer and Ms. Schell are both beautiful, cool, and suave in their roles as the Littons, full-fledged members of the jet-setting *ti-ti-ti* crowd. But stealing the show from all of them is the animated Pink Panther itself, whose appearance in the opening credits is smashing. The credits is a show in itself and not to be missed.

Edwards has given us a hilarious comedy, a return to the slapstick of the twenties and the society comedies of the forties, done with the slickness of the seventies. A fine director ("Breakfast at Tiffany's"), he makes a well deserved and desired comeback with this top money-making hit.

Meanwhile we are faced with an aesthetic problem created by Paramount's "Jacqueline Susann's Once Is Not Enough." While the picture is bad, I enjoyed it thoroughly. Andy Warhol said that "Pop art is liking some thing." I liked the movie, bad as it is, so in finding some category to put it in, I place it alongside Mr. Warhol's Campbell soup cans. (Actually one knows the movie is bad even before you see it by the mere fact that the studio used Ms. Susann's name in the title to insure financial success.)

The problem with the film is the story—it's pure bullshit from

Deborah Raffin, Kirk Douglas and Brenda Vaccaro are part of the jet-setters who set their own standards.

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beginning to end. January Wayne (Deborah Raffin), the film's central character, is a young, attractive virgin incestuously drawn to her father and won't "give herself up" to another man so that she can save herself for Daddy. Daddy, film producer Mike Wayne (Kirk Douglas), whose luck and glory is fading, loves January so much that he goes as far as to marry Deidre Milford Granger (Alexis Smith), the world's fifth richest woman, to keep January in the lifestyle she's accustomed to. Deidre, meanwhile, only marries Wayne to cover up her affair with the Garbo-type filmstar Karla (Melini Mercouri), since the public does not go in for social dyke-types.

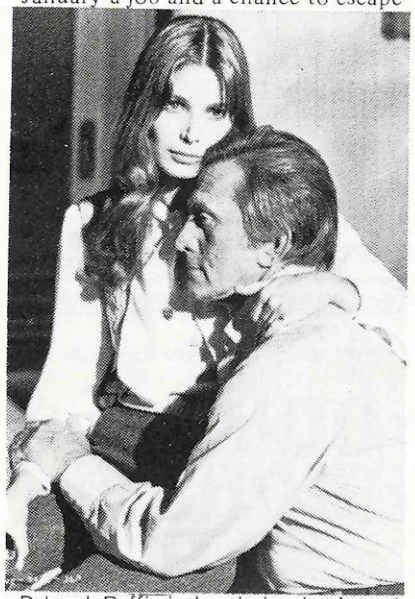
Well the new stepmother sees the potential trouble January can create with Mike so she sets up a match between January and gorgeous superstud David Milford (George Hamilton), a famed, jaded playboy. Deidre also knows David and Karla are fucking on the side, so if she pairs David and January together, she'll have both her public-male and private-famale lovers to herself.

Then January meets Tom Colt

Alexis Smith and Melina Mercouri taking time out to listen to Henry Mancini in stereo.

(David Jansen), a Pulitzer Prize winning novelist whose book was ruined on the screen by Mike. But January doesn't care that father Mike and author Tom loathe and despise each other; Tom is old enough to act as a father figure and January starts an affair with him, curing his impotency in living technicolor.

Finally there's Linda (Brenda Vaccaro), the man-fucking woman's libber who can't write a word but becomes a magazine editor solely by screwing the right people—she gives January a job and a chance to escape



Deborah Raffin is the adoring daughter of Kirk Douglas.

from the predatory world she lives in.

Put them together, line them up and mix them in a blender and you still come out with a story that is so cliched and trumped up that no one will ever really believe it. But director Guy Green, writer Julius J. Epstein, and the entire crew do the whole affair with such style that you never care. The movie is bad, but also very funny and entertaining—and in the end I'd rather look at a Warhol soup can than a Flemish painting of a plump Dutch maiden in a dreary

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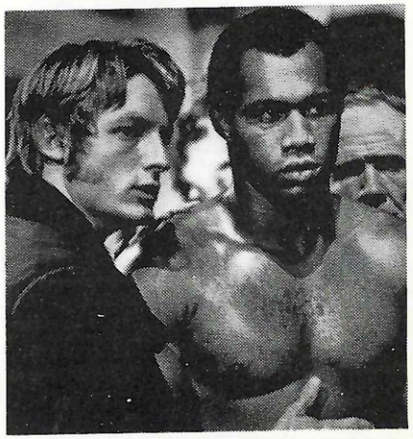
The performances are all competent and professional except for Melina Mercouri, who gives the worst performance by an actress this year, and looks awful. She'd do best to stay out of bright lights. Deborah Raffin makes a fine film debut, but the film belongs to Brenda Vaccaro who steals the whole show as the friend in need who tries to turn January into a fuck-them-for-what-they're-worth-and-leave them type of girl. And that's the whole point of the film, to see how January turns out in the end. Actually, I forget how it does end up but it really doesn't matter. The film's a relaxing feature presentation in the Hollywood tradition, pure Jacqueline Susann in style and intent and as good a film as anyone could ever hope for considering the novel on which it was based.

"Mandingo" on the other hand is a big, bloody, brawling bore. Dino DeLaurentiis attempts to give you the true story beind "Gone With the Wind," to show us what the south and slavery was really like. Based on a controversial best-selling novel, the film is done on a fake-epic scale and never gets off the ground.



MANDINGO with Perry King King and Ken Norten.

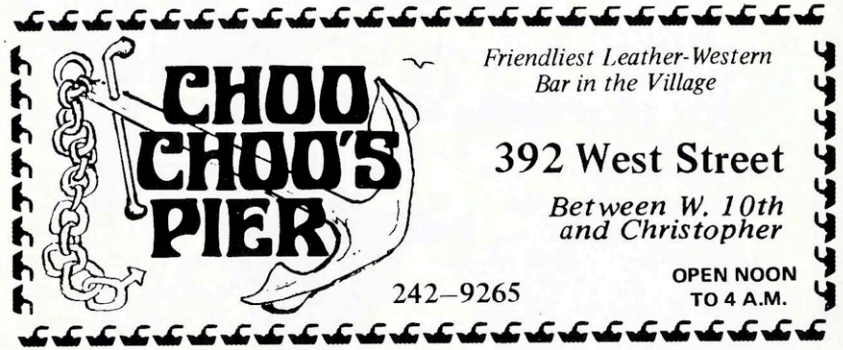
The action takes place on a seedy slave breeding plantation. Run by the aging and decadent Maxwell (James Mason), his son Hammond (Perry King) has sex only with the female slaves on the plantation until his father decides it's time to produce an heir. A marriage is arranged with a neurotic neighbor (Susan George) of dubious virtue. Along the way, Hammond buys two new slaves: a Mandingo stud (Ken Norton) to improve the stock, and a young wench (Brenda Sykes) with whom he has an affair. Everything gets sordid and sticky until we get to a rather stupid ending.

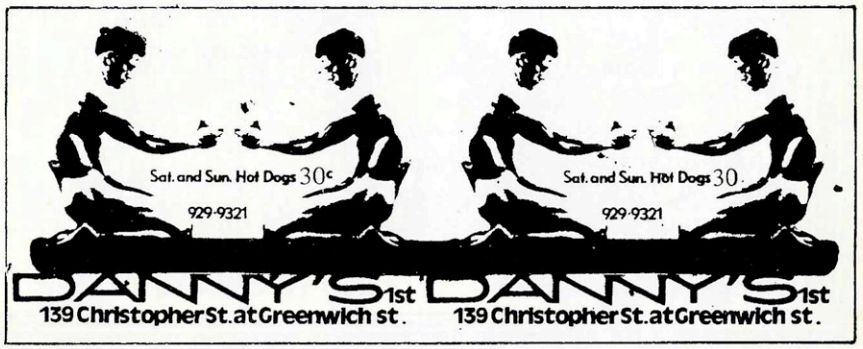
The film just doesn't work at all—you don't feel sorry for the slaves or hate their evil owner enough. The movie never gets you involved. They try to use sensationalism as pure shock value—we're given a to-the-death battle between two slaves, and a death by shooting, boiling in water, and being pierced by a pitchfork, all in one minute's time—but it has no real purpose. The film is said to have the potential to stir up audiences, but I just had enough trouble staying awake during the whole affair.

James Mason is very disappointing as the slave breeder, and his attempt to conceal his British accent makes it absolutely impossible to understand a single word he says. Perry King is a beautiful young actor who gives a passable performance, as does Brenda Sykes. Ken Norton, an ex-boxer who plays the slave of the title, would do best to return to the ring.

Film viewers should skip "Mandingo." Go see Peter Sellers in his Frenchman's drag, or Alexis Smith dyke it up—it's a much more pleasant way to pass an evening.

Craig Scott Druckman





michael's thing Couples Contest

It takes all kinds of people to make this the wonderful world it is. We're looking for readers (actually if you know any attractive illiterates, they're invited to join also) who are couples. All you have to do is send in a picture (or better yet pictures) of the two of you. We'll have our judges sift through the entries and pick out their favorites.

Then we'll share our good luck with everybody. There'll be winners, and runner uppers, and all kinds of prizes for all kinds of categories. We're not announcing the prizes until we see the entrants, but if you win we promise instant notoriety.

Rules:

The rules are simple: All photographs are submitted without reservation. Photographs will be returned if accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope, and while all possible care will be exercised in handling of photographs, Michael's Thing assumes no responsibility for loss or damage.

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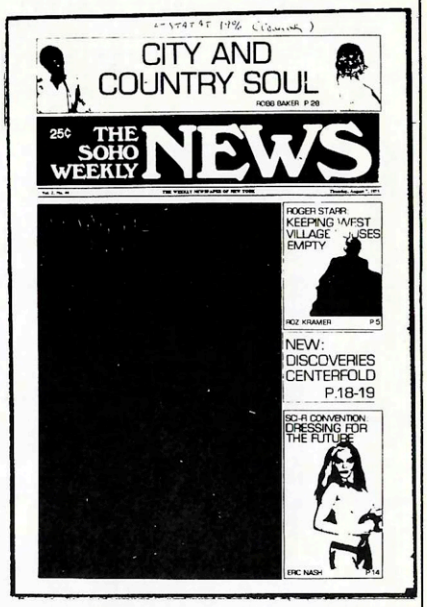
Changing scene

First it was Marc Stevens (old 10½ himself) who switched from straight skin flicks to gay porno. Well to even out the record, Hand-in-Hand film star and Target model, Wade Nichols just finished shooting "The Summer of Laura," the hard-core variation on the theme from '42. Erica Eaton, who co-stars with Nichols, reports that he did just fine. Erica ought to know because she's had the best.

Wade Nichols, a Hand-in-Hand star in BOY-NAPPED!, has fallen head over heels for Laura this summer.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ERIC NASH P.14

Gay readers and advertisers are leaving the *Village Voice* in droves and switching to the *Soho News* . The *Soho News* is a lively weekly that sells for half the price of the *Voice*. Unlike the *Voice*, which at this point is almost unreadable, the *Soho News* has a nice varied coverage of what is happening around town. It's always full of surprises and for a quarter you can't ask for much more.

It used to be that everybody from the Grove went to the Pines on Saturday night. Now Saturday night is the loneliest night of the week in the Pines because *everybody* is over in the Grove. They line up for hours waiting for the water taxis. It seems the big attraction is the Ice Palace. However that's only during the wee hours. At tea time the Grove still makes their way to the Pines, but not a gay soul is to be seen after tea. What a diff'rence a disco makes. Rumor has it that the Pines is almost straight on Saturday night. Tennis anyone?

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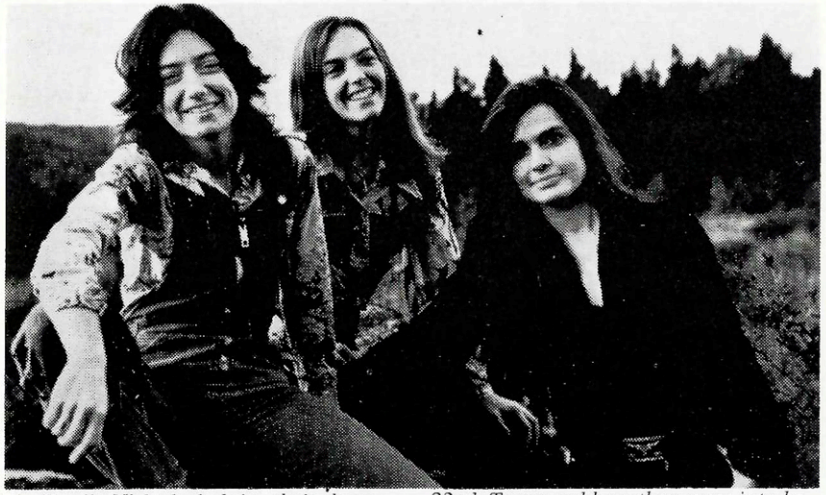
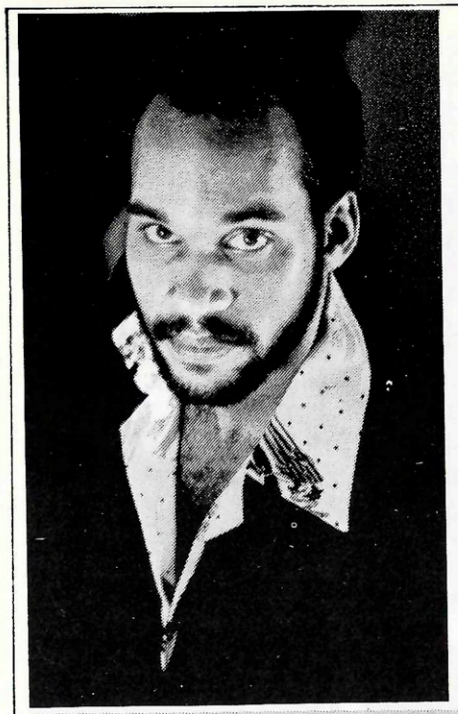
Michael's Choice

Due to budget cuts, **Fools Company** *is out on the streets again! Not only on the streets but in the parks and plazas also.* **W. Boots and Zizi Star** *will be in "No Dust!" On Sunday, August 24th at 3pm they'll be in the Juniper Valley Park in Queens, and on Tuesday, August 26th at 11am they'll be outside at Lincoln Center.*



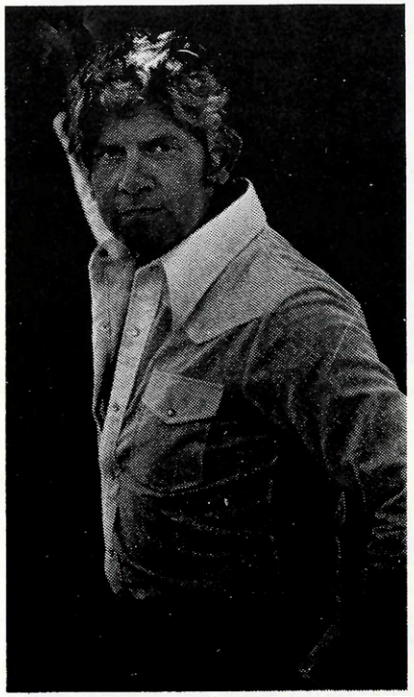
The Deadly Nightshade *bring their charm, talent and beauty to the Schaefer Music Festival in Central Park on Friday, August 22nd. To see and hear them once is to be hooked for life. Be careful, they're habit forming.*



The perfect double-bill is at the Limelight, Monday, August 18. That's when **Ronnie Bailey**, *complete with tapes, and* **Ron Stevens**, *complete with switchboard, join forces for a delightful and entertainment-filled evening.*

Anyone interested in the varied beauty of Salsa definitely has to check out **Barretto** *on Fania Records. Ray Barretto and his orchestra outdo themselves this time and there's not a filler on the album.*

Ronald Dennis *nightly goes directly from his sensational performance as Richie in "A Chorus Line," to a star's turn at the Brothers and Sisters. He's there Wednesdays thru Saturdays, until August 30th. His act really cooks and you're a fool to miss him.*



Robert Helmond *is featured in the Theatre For The New City's production of "The Cuttlefish" by Stanislow Witkiewicz. Originally written in 1922 it has the quality of a surrealist painting and a sense of the comic precariousness of the human condition. It plays thru Sunday, August 24th and well worth the visit.*

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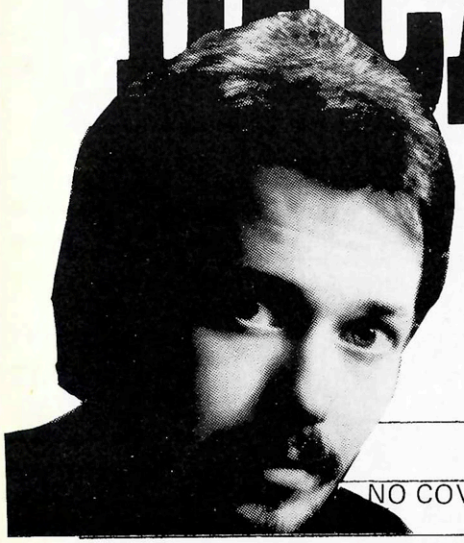
DOUGLAS DECATUR



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Bobby Lux

Wed., Fri., & Sat. Aug. 20, 22, 23

SHOWTIME 11:30 & 1:30

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Speakeasy

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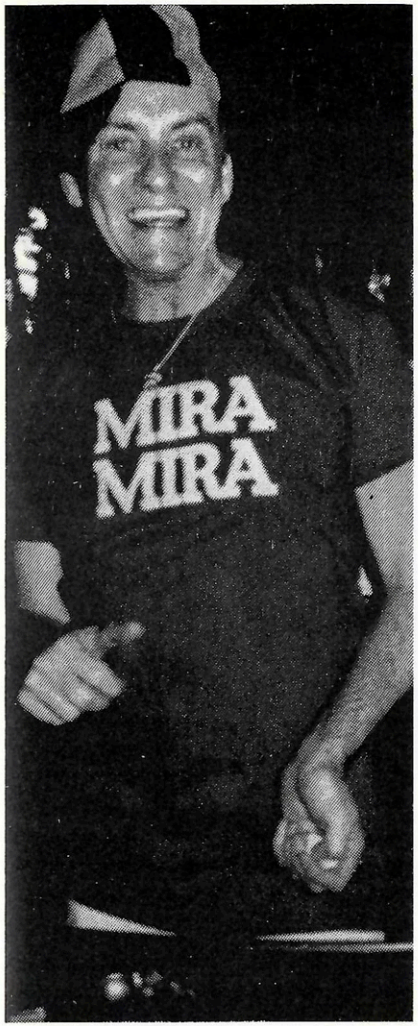
in with george sardi



Look, look, it's George Sardi!

Guess who I saw at the subway "T" room at Bdwy. and 96th St.?? I understand it's one of his favorite haunts and quite frequently at that. . . . Jackie Curtis not getting married. . . . The Thyme & Motion was where Mercedes Hall just did a stint and was at her best. . . . Blonde beauty Doug now mgr of Picadilly Pub. . . . Numbers on west side having new interesting clientele. . . . On the east side there is also a Numbers which was Le Bistro & India House. . . . Is it true that Spanky of the Speakeasy is no longer whoring around now that he has found the love of his life called Martin?? The Elephus reopened on Aug. 6th as a mini cruise disco having an enclosed garden. . . . They will be serving "light" snacks such as elephant burgers (How "light" can an elephant be?). And the boy wonder doing this is a tempting eating piece himself called Tommy Giles. . . . Frankie Brill took his own Scotch to Mexico for the homeymoon. (Have it on the Rocks, Dear) . . . Arty of the Painted Pony still being hospitalized. . . . Our most polite and attentive waiter at Company was Hal. . . . Had a Heavenly meal created by their talented angel of a chef, Benito. . . . They will be having a new decor after Labor Day. . . . The celestial beauties behind the bar were Gary, Greg and Frank. . . . Jeffery, the handome star-eyed host is walking on pink clouds because of a fast heartbeat caused by love and the lucky person is Tod Berry. . . . When you've got it you've got it and the Beau Geste certainly does. . . . Had an excellent meal created by that good-looking French Morrocan spice, Sammy. . . . Our sexy looking waiter was David. . . . Holding down the busy bar action upstairs were Little Danny, a "dream" and tall, tantalizing Tom O'Malley. . . . And let's not forget Terry & Tuck. . . . Right Bob??? Happy to report that Stanley has gained 2 lbs. so that should be a good sign . . . Michael Giametta had a party at the Pines on Fire Island which should have been called "A Stitch in Time" having such noted designers as Gorgio di St. Angelo. . . . Halston . . . Steven Burrows . . . Valentino and

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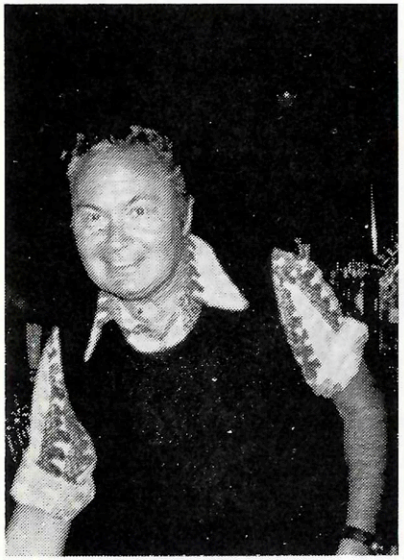
protegee Craig plus Trude Heller, Lady "B," Rita Moreno and a host of others. . . . Appearing at "Out Of This World" in the Hamptons on Fri. & Sat. Aug. 22 & 23 will be that hot tamale Marc Allen Trujillo. . . . Sal & Joe acting like springtime. . . . tra la la. . . . Dashed out to the Grove for one day to catch the Judy Sexton & Johnny Savoy musicale at the Ice Palace. . . . Happy to say their cult of followers were well in evidence. . . . It was one of their hottest and better shows ever and a welcome sight and sound to see them performing once again together. . . . Good show my little darling diva's. . . . (Well who ever heard of a divo?) . . . It was so great seeing so many people I haven't seen in quite awhile. . . . Lil Bier, looking sensational, dashing along the boards with a hand battery-operated twirling fan. . . . It's true and it was hot hot hot. . . . Right, Lil?? Had a lovely lunch in the pleasant surroundings of the Island Queen where Jerry of Bleecker St. Rest. tends bar on the weekend and Jay Richards holds reign on the keyboard. . . . Johnny Pool's exotic fruit drinks are served by the Beach Hotel pool and is mucho busy. . . . Such named concotions are called Peach Flip. . . . Tequila Freeze. . . . Strawberry Basket and Katie Bull Nuts. . . . (The latter is strictly for girls.) . . . The mad mirrored multi-lighted disco in the Ice Palace is right out of fantasy Fellini . . . The Monster I almost didn't recognize because of so many exciting changes. . . . Much of the dining is done in their candelite outside garden and they now have a cruisy 3-sided bar. . . . To gain entrance to said delight, one must pass the portals of their attractive mini disco called "Green Lips" with Sherwood and his wind machine working the bar. . . . The old Club Atlantique shows X-rated or campy movies, and on Weds. it's bingo nite. . . . The Sea Shack now has a square bar located in the middle of the room and there is much greenery all about. Had a most delicious dinner out on the deck overlooking the Ocean. . . . T'was all very romantic and I flipped (not me, silly, my stomach) over our waiter Joey. . . . Kirk Sokla gave that extra added ambiance by his looks . . . body and piano talents. . . . It was a marvelous nostalgic visit. . . . I'll be back for the Sept. awards. . . . Thanks to everyone



Sherwood of the Monster, F.I. looking very much like Phil Harris.

for making it all so enjoyable. . . . Almost didn't recognize Aunt Sophie, his bangs are so long. . . . Chatty Kathy of Casa Paco spent her birthday on Fire Island. . . . Guess what stopped her from talking?? Bike Stop East meets Bike Stop West for the August Bar Awards. . . . David Loring threw an Emerald City type bash. . . . Gypsy was emcee and Juanita Fleming was the class entertainment. . . . Servicing you (from behind the bar for drinks that is) were Jimmy Barret . . . Tony Colado . . . Frank and Bobby and dainty Marilyn . . . Dick Davidson, mgr., was you welcome wagon greeter at the door. . . . Eddie Harris handled the coatroom which became the beer bar. . . . If Bob gave you a cold shoulder he really wasn't

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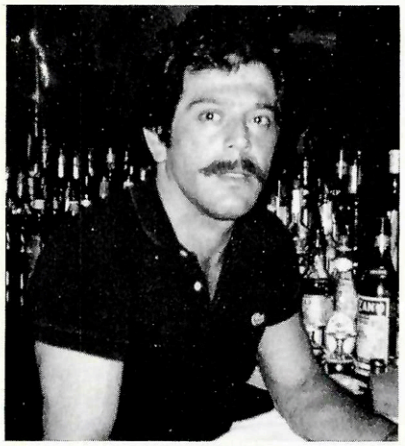
responsible t'was because of carrying all those bags of ice. . . . The weight watchers were wary but the chubby chasers were hovering all about when it came to the deluge of scrumptious food. . . . Such as 85 lbs. meat loaf . . . 33 lbs. ham . . . 60 lbs. potato salad. . . . 15 lbs. shrimp macaroni and 20 gallons of bean salad. . . . Hard-working creators of said enticement were Betty (Beckala) Kevin and Peter. . . . The ceiling was gayly decorated with red and white gas baloons. . . . Then the awards. . . . And the winners were . . . Charles Porter of Bike Stop East & West. . . . Richard of Bushes. . . . Nefty of Nickel Bar, Boot Hill & Picadilly Pub. . . . Jimmy Johnson of Gypsy's. . . . Jerry Cohen. . . . Judy Trieste of Harry's Back East. . . . Sherwood of Monster. . . . Kelly of Kelly's Village West. . . . Maureen (Moe) of the Candle. . . . Jimmy Merry of Fire Island. . . . Ralph (Hanna) MacMahon of Camp David received a special plaque. . . . T'was a warm, friendly feeling that was felt about the place and the crowd loved it. . . . Congratulations to one and all, you deserve it . . . spotted in the crowd were Stefen Verk of Speakeasy. . . . Dennis and Wade of Ty's. . . . Choo Choo of Pier fame. . . . Lon Waring of Edna's Place. . . . Paul, gorgeous bartender of Chalice. . . . Murph of Haymarket. . . . Gus, from Heaven. . . . Fernando who is doing a Carlo Ponti movie which some scenes were filmed at the Eagles Nest. . . . Helen of The Strap (last Sat. nite tending bar that is). . . . Sound of Music closed. . . . Guess they went off key. . . . Ronnie's Roost the only girl's bar on the upper west side now has dancing. . . . BEAUTIFUL BAR PEOPLE PLEASE NOTE: . . . Next bar awards will take place at the Sea Snack and Beach Hotel in Cherry Grove Fire Island on Sun. Sept. 7th & Mon. Sept. 8th. . . . On Sun. at the Ice Palace, Gypsy will do a one-woman show on ice. . . . Showtime 11 p.m. . . . On Mon. will be the "Biggie." . . . There will be the presentation of the awards. . . . A snap . . crackle pop show and a free buffet dinner at the Sea Shack. . . .


Donald Armenti, hot stuff of the Ice Palace, Cherry Grove.

All drinks will be $1.00. . . . On that Sun. & Mon. the Bus A Long will have buses leaving N.Y. at 8:30 a.m. & 7:00 p.m. . . . For bus information and reservations, call 212-679-5810. . . . A special Bus A Long bus will be provided for your return to the city. . . . It will meet the 12 noon ferry from Cherry Grove on TUESDAY Sept. 9th. . . . The Beach Hotel will provide FREE accommodations for 2 to 4 persons per room. . . . Reservations must be made in advance. . . . For more information and reservations, call 516-597-6600. . . . I suggest the earlier you do this the better it will be for all concerned. . . . Now let's hear it out there. . . . Everybody into the pool. . . . Ooops, had so much dish I almost forgot the LAYMATE OF THE WEEK. . . . Donald Armenti of Ice Palace Cherry Grove Fire Island. . . . Always remember that the word Ego is a 3-letter word but it too can become as repulsive as a 4-letter word. . . . Think about it. . . . Ta Ta and as the toast goes, here's looking up your ash (3 letters) can. . . . Love and substance . . . George Sardi

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things Astrology

Week of Aug. 17-24, 1975

ARIES (3/21-4/19)
Mars in busy Gemini keeps you on the go in a mad social round. Travel is favored, as well as telephone and letter business. A need to express ideas is paramount. All well and good, as long as you don't exhaust precious energy in aimless chit-chat or bragging. Keep an eye on your financial and motive resources so you don't spread yourself too thin.

TAURUS (4/20-5/20)
Venus, your ruler, remains in tidy Virgo, your natural fifth house. This will speed the blossoming of a creative project involving new work, or a steady love-affair, in which both love and sexual expression are prominent. Try to be as quitely outgoing as possible; it will add to your charm and ability to attract beautiful partners.

GEMINI (5/21-6/21)
Mercury and Venus in your solar fourth emphasize home life and environmental conditions. The Sun will enter this sphere next week, also, bringing even more intensity. Now is the time to move, decorate, or improve. You are not normally a homebody, but some attention to this area is in order now in order to give you a solid base from which to operate.

CANCER (6/22-7/22)
Full Moon this week will be a heavy social one, unless you are a real recluse. A mad, gay time is to be had, although you may have to watch your drinking or whatever a bit. Financial plans begun a few weeks ago begin to mature, but I'd try to remain conservative yet with expenditures.

LEO (7/23-8/22)
Sun joins Venus and Mercury in Virgo, your financial house, at the end of the week. Money and ways of making it are apt to be on your mind. Creative ability, which is a natural Leo gift, must be employed, along with your natural shrewd business sense. Design something and make plans to market it.

VIRGO (8/23-9/23)
You should be in pretty good shape, with so much emphasis on yourself. It will be a pretty good late summer and early fall for you, with much opportunity for both money and personal advancement. All you have to do now is go out and look for things to do. This is a period of natural good luck.

LIBRA (9/24-10/23)
God knows, it hasn't been easy being you for the past several years. If you've learned to cope with the erratic elements in life, you get a big Karmic payoff, starting next month, with financial or emotional help that will make things a lot easier. But, for now, you have a slightly sterile period to stick out, sort of like your ground lying fallow before re-seeding time. Wait, get your head together, and make plans without anticipating.

SCORPIO (10/24-11/21)
Friends and social contacts further your long-range plans and dreams. A bit of pressure shifts, as you find yourself in closer mental rapport with others. Yours is a shrewdly brilliant sign, although not an intellectual one. Your knowledge of others and their inner motivations is deep and keen, and can help you now to make a lifetime goal a reality.

SAGITTARIUS (11/22-12/21)
Neptune, planet of mystery and glamour, a slow-moving influence, has been in Sagittarius now for about two years. It will stay in your sign for another ten or so. It has just gone direct, which lifts a certain indecisive restlessness out of your psyche. Glamorous you are, in fact more so than you perceive. Take stock of this and work with it.

CAPRICORN (12/22-1/19)
Saturn continues to chug relentlessly thru late Cancer, and will arrive in Leo by the middle of next month. The last two years have been intense and crucial ones for your partnerships and permanent liasons. But, as you have related to others while under stress, so others will begin to relate to you. Your secret weakness is the need to dominate others sexually, and the fact that you rarely show this is just good sense. You'll find out all about this factor and what it means to you in the coming months.

AQUARIUS (1/20-2/19)
Your relations with others begin to come under heavy emphasis, and you will be forced soon to learn something about the more intimate levels of cooperation. A semi-detached quality pervades most of your relations with others, even if you love them dearly, but may be difficult for people to understand. You do not need to change, just to grow like everyone else. Real intimacy is possible and necessary.

PISCES (2/20-3/20)
Neptune, your ruler, goes direct in Sagittarius, clearing a roadblock in your career. You have a good shot now at establishing your image with both yourself and your audience, whoever they are. Partner relations are also good, but let things coast here, without demanding the other person's initiative. Should be a good week.

GENERAL FORECAST: Interesting week, a turning point for most, as things settle down into more permanent structures for the fall. Even if the weather is lazy, it's best to attend to details now, so that undone tasks won't bug you in the future. Love, Sally.

Sally Eaton

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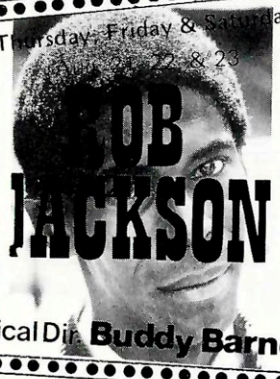

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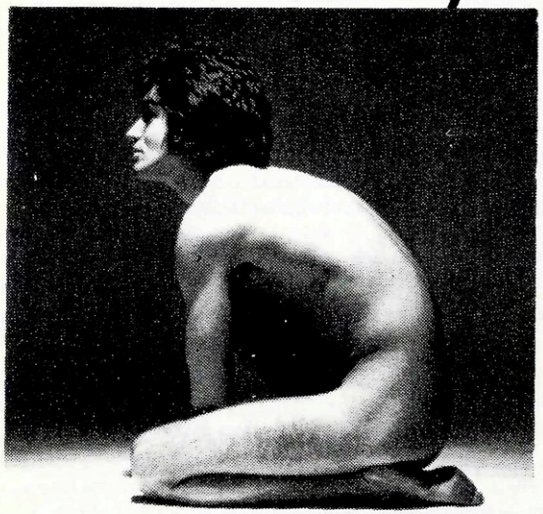

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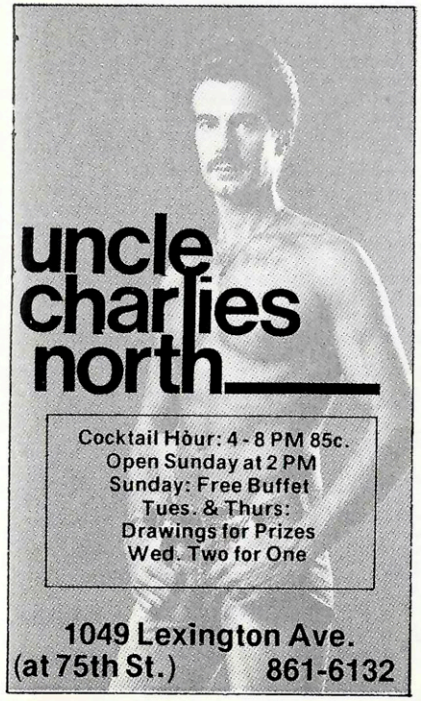

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clip~a~guide

Each of these weekly columns is an accurate and up-to-date listing. Clip and save for a complete United States listing.

MASSACHUSETTS,

AMHERST

Drake's Village Inn, 85 Amity St.

BOSTON

Cabaret After Dark, 15 Landsdown St.
Carnival, 39 Boylston St.
Casa D, 22 Avery Place
Cowardly Lion, 14 Boylston Place
Elite Bar & Rest., 38 Warren St.
HERBIE'S RAMROD ROOM, 12 Carver St.
Ken's, 549 Boylston at Copley Square
Last Call, 22 Avery Place (above Casa D)
MEETINGHOUSE COFFEEHOUSE, 70 Charles St.
Napoleon Club, 52 Piedmont
Nine Knox Restaurant, 9 Knox St.
Nineties, 90 Broadway
Other Side, 78 Broadway
Playland, 21 Essex
Saints, 112 Broad St. (GF)
Shed, 272 Huntington St.
Sporters, 228 Cambridge
Twelve Carver, 12 Carver St.
Twelve-Seventy Club, 1270 Boylston

CAMBRIDGE

Charlie's, 10 Elliot St.
Jack's Bar, 952 Massachusetts Ave.
Performance Center, 81 Mt. Auburn St.
Purple Thursday, 271 Brookline

LAWRENCE

Romeo's Round Robin, Essex St.
Don's Den, Broadway

LOWELL

Majestic, Merrimack St.

LYNN

Lighthouse, 700 Washington St.

MASSACHUSETTS cont.

bar talk

BONNIE & CLYDE'S

With a name that brings to mind rum runners and running boards, BONNIE AND CLYDE'S is located about a block south of Washington Square at 82 West Third Street. The building itself feels like a 30's "speak" as you go down several steps and into an entrance hall. But don't worry about knowing the secret password, for you are most welcome in this cozy bar.

The decor is homey and comfortable with plants and pictures and mementos of previous good times. The bar is long with lots of stools and cruising space. In an alcove, you'll find a pool table—and some good matches. In the back, there's a spacious dance floor and a juke box with good listening and dance tunes. Wednesday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, there's a DJ to keep things moving on the floor. It's up to you to keep things moving for yourself, but that's not hard with the great variety of lovely ladies who frequent this active spot.

The staff, too, contributes to the enjoyment. Phyllis, the day bartender, welcomes everyone with a warm smile and a cold drink. At other times, you will find Barbara, Millie and Mark to offer intoxication and introductions. Keeping everything together is Elaine, a charming hostess, who does her best to be sure everyone has a good time.

And, come Labor Day, Bonnie and Clyde's will be adding a new feature. Their restaurant will be open from five until late, seven days a week and for brunch on Sundays under the able direction of Jerri, formerly of The Vegetarian. We were treated to a sneak preview of the menu, featuring such delights as Caviar a la Recession, Chicken Kiev, and Pecan Pie. The prices are most reasonable and everything on the menu sounds like a real taste treat. The restaurant will be upstairs from the bar and dance floor, and it's really something to look forward to during the August doldrums.

But don't wail until September to seek out this delightful hide-away. You won't find machine-gun toting baddies or a still in the basement, but you will find fun, interesting ladies and all varieties of hedonistic pleasures. So grab your hat and gloves and hop in your Stutz Bearcat and whiz on down to Bonnie and Clyde's. You won't regret it!

MANHATTAN

ANGORA: 239 8th Ave. (16-17St.)
BAREFOOT BOY: 304 E. 39 (1 & 2 Ave.)
BEAU GESTE: 239 Third Ave (at 20th St.)
BETTER DAYS: 316 W. 49 St. (8th & 9th Ave.)
BIG SPENDER: 315 W. 48 (8th & 9th Ave)
BIKE STOP: 230 W. 75 St. (27 & 28)
BIKE STOP EAST: 381 Third Ave.
BLEEKER STREET: 302 Bleecker St.
BON SOIR: 40 W. 8 St.
BONNIE & CLYDES: 82 W. 3 St.
BOOTHILL: 317 Amsterdam Ave. (at 75 St.)
BOOTS & SADDLES: 76 Christopher St. (off 7th Av)
BROTHERS & SISTERS: 355 W. 46 St. (8 & 9)
BUSHES: 23 West 73 St.
CABARET THEATRE (GYPSYS): 330 E. 56 (1 & 2 Ave)
CAMP DAVID: 1007 Lexington Ave. (Bet. 72 & 73 Sts.)
CANDLE LIGHT LOUNGE: 309 Amsterdam Ave.
CARRS: 204 W. 10 St.
CONDOR: 162 11th Ave (22nd St)
CASA PACO: 330 Bleecker St.
CAVE: Bank & Washington Sts.
CELL BLOCK: 372 W. 11 St. (at West)
THE CHALICE: 185 W. 10th St. (at 7th Ave.)
CHOO-CHOO'S PIER: 392 West. St.
COMPANY: 365 Third Ave. (at 27 St.)
COUNTRY COUSIN: 1313 Third Ave. (at 75th St.)
DANNY'S FIRST: 139 Christopher St. (Greenwich St.)
DUCHESS INN: 70 Grove St.
DUPLEX: 55 Grove St.
EAST 58 PIANO BAR: 1065 1st Ave (58th St)
EAGLES NEST: 21 St. & 11 Ave.
EDNA'S PLACE: 858 9th Ave (55 & 56)
ELEPHAS: 383 Third Ave.
GH CLUB: 353 East 53 St.
GIANNI'S: 53 W 19 St.
GILDED GRAPE: 719 Eighth Ave. (45 St.)
GRAND FINALE: 210 W 70 St.
HARRY'S BACK EAST: 1422 Third Ave. (80 St.)
HAYMARKET: 772 Eighth Ave. (45-46)
HUNTING GROUND: 411 3rd Ave (29th)
HOLLYWOOD: 128 W 45 St. (B'way & 6th)
INTERNATIONAL BAR: 733 Greenwich (Perry)
JACK OF DIAMONDS: 1085 Second (at 57th St)
JOHNNY'S PUB: 123 E 47 St.
JOHN'S JOYNT WEST: 204 W. 41 St.
JULIUS: 159 W 10 St.
KELLERS: 384 W St. (below Christopher St.)
KELLY'S VILLAGE WEST: 46 Bedford St.
LA FEM: 85 Washington Place
LAST CALL: 975 Second Ave. (bet. 51 & 52 Sts.)
LIMELIGHT: 91 Seventh Ave. So.
MARIE'S CRISIS: 59 Grove St. (at 7th Ave).
MONA'S ROYAL ROOST: 28 Cornelia St.
MOTHER'S: 267 W 23 St.
NICKEL BAR: 127 W 72 St.
NINTH CIRCLE: 139 W 10 St.
NUMBERS: 2057 B'way (70th St.)
ONE IF BY LAND, TWO IF BY SEA: 17 Barrow St.
ONE POTATO: 518 Hudson St.
PLAYROOM: 67 W. B'way (bet. Warren & Murry)
OMEGA: 347 W 41 (8 & 9th Ave)
PAINTED PONY: 1485 Third Ave. (84
PETER RABBIT: 305 W 10 St. (at West St.)
PICADILLY PUB: 324 Amsterdam Ave. (at 75 St.)
RAMROD: 394 West St. (at 10th St)
RENO SWEENEY: 126 W 13 St.
ROADHOUSE: 570 Hudson St.
RONNIE'S ROOST: 2130 Broadway 75.
SINGLES: 951 First Ave.
SPEAKEASY: Broadway (at 76)
SPIKE: 120 11th Ave. (at 20 St.)
STRAP, THE: 18th St. & 10th Ave.
TIJUANA CAT: 350 W. 46 St. (8th & 9th Av)
TINY ALICE REST: 1068 1st Ave (at 58)
THYME'N'MOTION: 405 Third Ave.
THE ZIPPER: 371 West 46th St.
TOP OF THE PITS: (Continental Baths W 74 St.)
TOMCAT CLUB: 903 First Ave.
TRUDE HELLER'S: Sixth Ave. & 9th St.
TY'S: 114 Christopher St.
UNCLE CHARLIE'S NORTH: 1049 Lexington Ave. (75)
UNCLE CHARLIE'S RESTAURANT: 3rd Ave. at 36 St.
UNCLE CHARLIE'S SOUTH: 581 Third Ave. (at 38 St.)
VILLAGE GREEN: 531 Hudson
WEST BEACH: Christopher & West
WILDWOOD: 308 Columbus Ave. (bet. 74 & 75 St.)
YUKON: 140 E. 53 St.
ZIPPER: 371 West 46th St. (8th & 9th Ave)

BRONX

PLAYHOUSE, THE: 1942 Williams Bridge Rd.
UNO'S CAFE: 1051 Allerton Ave.

BROOKLYN

BROADWAY: 75th St. & New Utrecht Ave
DANNY'S OF BKLYN. HTS: 108 Montague St.
NEW ATLANTIS: Stillwel
PIANO BAR: 103 Montague St.
SHADY LADY: 79 Pineapple St.

STATEN ISLAND

BILL BAILEY'S: 492 Bay St.
MAYFAIR: 3 Hyett St.

QUEENS

ALLEY, THE: 74-05 37 Ave., Jackson Hts.
BETSY ROSS ROOM: 73-13 37th Rd., Jackson Hts.
HIDEAWAY: Hillside Ave. & Parsons Blvd. Jamaica
OUTSIDE INN: Baxter Ave. & Hamptom St. (off 83 & Roosevelt Ave.), Jackson Hts.
SQUARE LEMON: 135-06 Northern Blvd. Flushing
TAVERN ON THE TURN: 172-22 Hillside Ave., Jamaica

WHAT A DUMP: 76-06 Roosevelt Ave., Jackson Hts.

WESTCHESTER

THE PLAYROOM: 590 Nepperhan Ave., Yonkers, N.Y.

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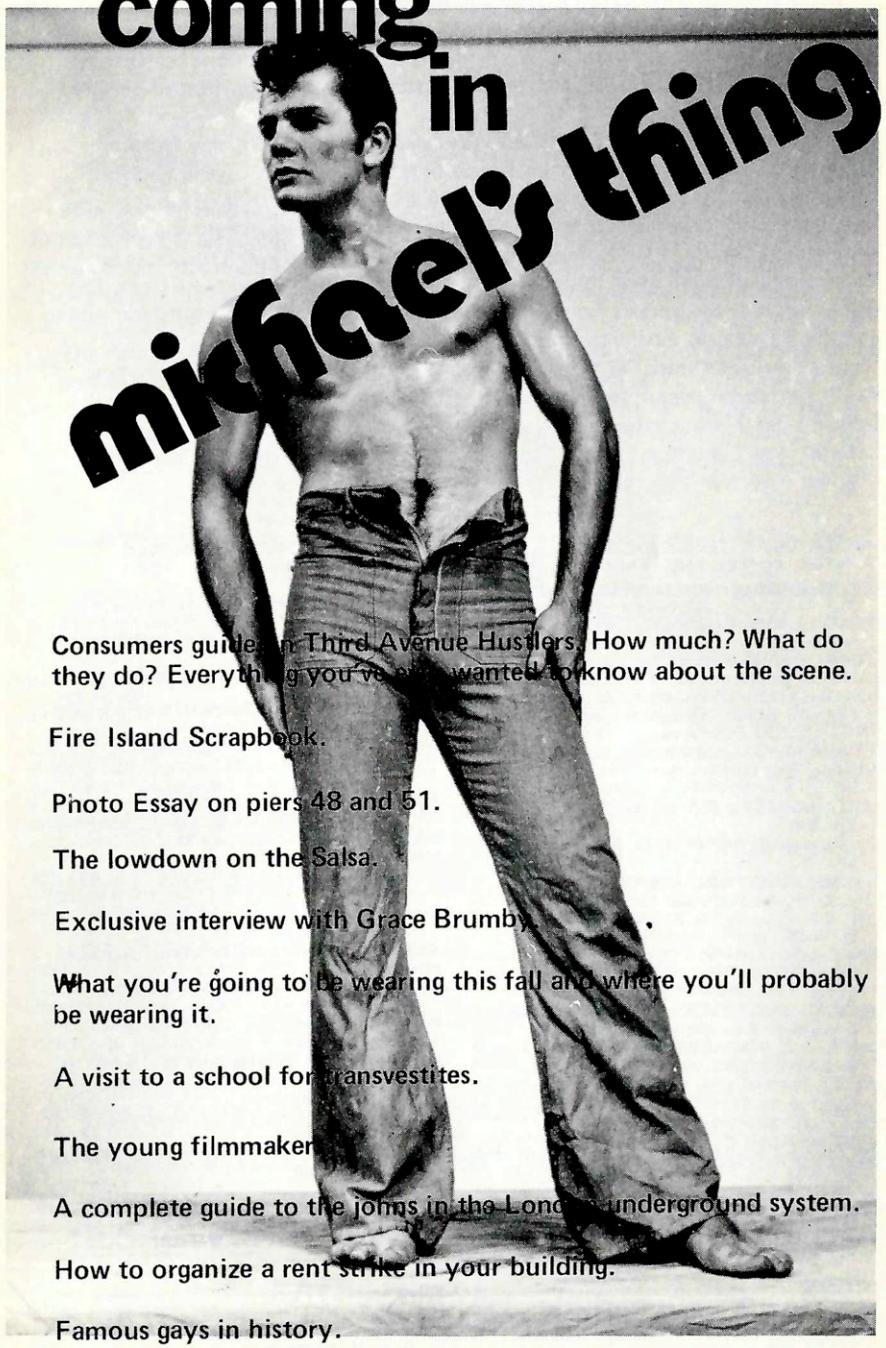

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