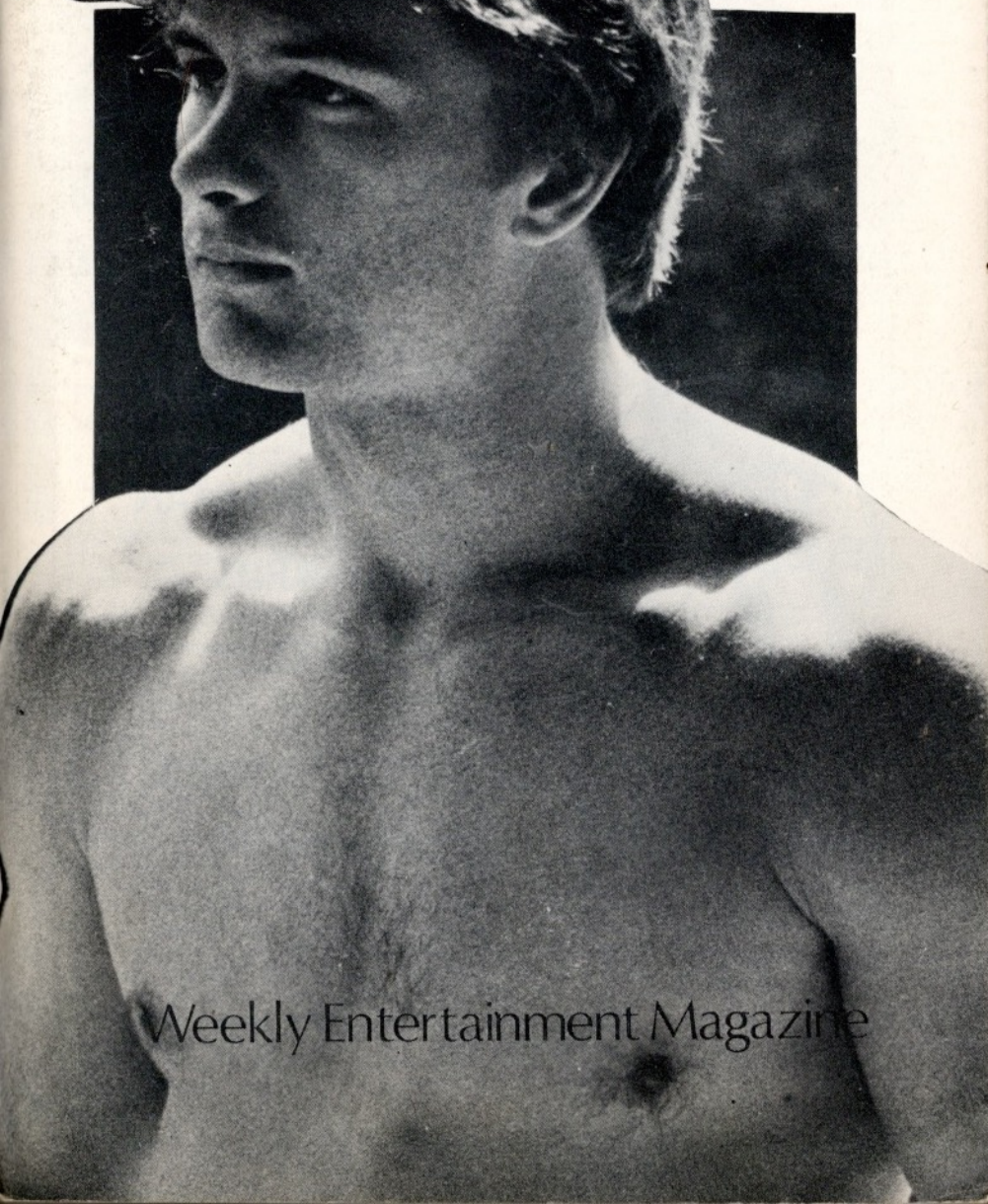


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Vol. 6 No. 12 Week of March 22, 1976

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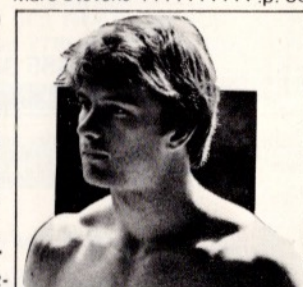
Week of March 22, 1976

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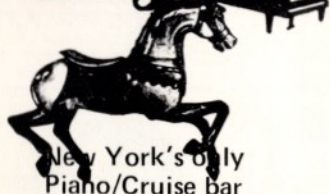
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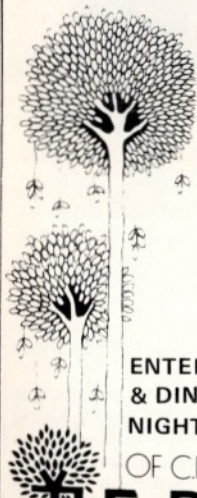
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CHEZ ROMAN

I don't claim to be Craig Claiborne, however, I'm crazy for French cuisine. I also like pleasant surroundings when dining out, courteous and attentive service, and of course, reasonable prices.

Most restaurants in the greater metropolitan area, have very lengthy menus. I happen to be a menu freak, and read them from cover to cover, and I guess I don't have to tell you that it takes awhile to make up your mind, while having cocktails and conversing with your dinner partner.

So it's always pleasing to find a restaurant that has a small menu, and specialties of the evening; not more than two.

I must stop here and admit honestly, that I'm being repetitious, but I rarely do restaurant reviews. I just like to eat good food, like everyone else. Although, I might add, there are some people who will put anything in their stomachs—I refrain from using the word, mouth.

Friends & readers, I've found the place! Being a West-Sider myself, I don't mind traveling to the East Side or the Village. It's on the corner of 3rd Ave. & 80th St.; close to Harry's Back

East, one of the most popular drinking spas in New York. The chef, Benito, speaks French, Spanish and Italian, and is very amiable and accommodating. He studied his art at the Cordon Bleu in Paris.

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The fish soup is one of the best I've had in years. The Steak Au Poivre is worth traveling for even if I lived in Staten Island.

I could rave on like Mr. Claiborne does, but there's no need to. It's a fine restaurant with good food, good service and I highly recommend it. I say this honestly and eat there often. By the way, as yet they do not have their liquor license, so bring your own wine and say Hi! to Benito.

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fact that Whitman's poems went through gender revision and judicious editing until the gay liberation movement made possible more honest printings of the work.

Through flashbacks, Whitman at 29 is shown coping with a family discussion about his future. His father labels him a "disappointment" because he hasn't married and doesn't stick to a single job. Ah, but Whitman claims to be "different" and defends his honor without coming out. (Of course "queer" means "different," too, but that was one word conspicuously lacking from the program.) Upon publication of *Leaves of Grass*, the grossed-out family mocks him for writing "filth, a shameful book." "You are shaming us in front of our neighbors and friends" his straight brother proclaims. Modern times have parents telling upfront gay kids "you're just doing this to hurt me." These scenes were subtle and accurate.

However, this subtlety soon gave way to invisibility. Six years after his initial publication, Whitman sits next to a beautiful young man, obviously not a stranger, during conversation with a publisher. His only concession to this man is to call him "my audience" and claim to "celebrate men like Bill." At one point, he put his arm around . . . Bill? Perhaps, but it also looked like he was stretching to rest an arm on the back of a chair.

Later in the program, Whitman cruises a young trolley-car driver. After this initial meeting with Peter Doyle, we see the two men walking idyllically through the forest as Whitman recites some poetry. It looks like a teacher/student nature walk, with a quiz at the end instead of a fuck. Then, Whitman is fired from his federal clerking job for writing "foul, real dirt" poetry on the job. Then Doyle nurses Whitman to health from a bad illness: Then Doyle helps Whitman down the stairs, because the old man is going back to his family. Only then, in the parting speech, do we discover that these two have spent

THE GREAT GAY RIP-OFF

CBS Television's *American Parade* series perpetuated the great straight denial of gay reality with its March 9 portrayal of Walt Whitman, *Song of Myself*. This program, which purported to deal openly with Whitman's homosexuality, coyly sidestepped the issue. If you knew to look for homosexuality, you could read it in between the lines. There was innuendo enough for anyone. But if you didn't know Whitman was gay, lord knows that CBS made certain that he looked like an-eccentric egotist, not a faggot.

The program began encouragingly enough. The introductory "teasers" (micro-clips from the program) of Whitman with men, in one instance embracing and kissing a young man at the seashore. The voice over announcement spoke of Whitman's "difference," but bragged that he was protected by the First Amendment. Patriotic and cute, but it ignored the

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ten years together! They part with as much emotion as stale pickle juice. Do they kiss? hug? cry? let a choking "Darling . . ." hang from their lips? Hah! They don't even touch! Doyle is known to have been the major love in Whitman's life, yet the program ignores this fact. Doyle is shown as a nurse, companion and temporary physical crutch to the "good gray poet." I mean, isn't that enough???

Chief culprit in this disaster was actor Rip Torn, who played Whitman with all the homoerotic content of Scoop Jackson. One supporting actor in the production reported that Torn steadfastly refused to believe Whitman was gay throughout the filming. Torn's Whitman was a selfish, bombastic egotist who recited male love poetry with the atonal wit of a railroad announcer. The character's compassion was reduced to his nursing of wounded Civil War soldiers. His warmth was limited to conversations with a retarded younger brother.



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Indeed, the only physical interaction Torn allowed his Whitman was with this innocent, feeble-minded brother. The kiss and hug shown in the introduction were done with him, in front of the parents. The message, as portrayed, was very clear. Love between men can only be asexual, and then condoned when one is weaker or damaged. Between equals, there can only be dignified distance and the eternal euphemism of "buddies." YILCH!

If this had been some imaginary character, I would have been content to sigh, chalk up another one to homophobia and wait for the next program. But Whitman was real man, one of the few heroes gay people in America can point to and say, "See, he's one of us." Apparently, Rip Torn, his director and *the network*, refused to deal with the reality of Whitman's known, acknowledged and self-accepted homosexuality. They preferred to allow Torn to surround himself with a Guardol shield. Both director and actor should win Emmys for Stupidity, with advanced citations in Rip-Off. The script by Jan Hartman was truly excellent, with fine potential for warmth and love woven throughout. Unfortunately, homophobia won out and, again, American television has denied us our heroes. "Song of Myself" made apologies where Whitman offered none.

So go find an upfront copy of "Leaves of Grass" and read it. As usual, the book is better than the program.

LORETTA LOTMAN

(p.s.—When I attempted to get a pre-screening of this highly touted program for *Michael's Thing*, to offer a prior review, I was turned down because CBS considered this publication "unacceptable." I should have realized that PR Michael Silver's reactions showed that CBS had something to hide.)

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opera

A LOOK AT LA SCALA, TRIESTE AND COVENT GARDEN: OPERA IN EUROPE

I spent much of February visiting Europe, and during my stay there I was able to attend a number of performances in leading European opera houses. After having complained so bitterly about conditions in our local theatres, I finally was able to learn first-hand whether or not the grass truly is greener on the other side of the ocean. Judging from my brief and comparatively random sample, it is indeed.

I arrived in Milan at 11:30 on a Sunday morning. By two o'clock, I was climbing up to the gallery of La Scala, where I was to hear *Aida*. Having just seen Verdi's work in New York (described here a few weeks back), and finding the Metropolitan's

production lacking in visual beauty and taste, I was relieved to view the opera in Franco Zeffirelli's sumptuous, *fin de siècle* style conception. The colors were smoky and muted, the fabrics soft and luxurious. Most importantly, the mise-en-scene caught the feeling of the opera. Musically, matters were impressive if not truly superior to what I have often heard in this country. Montserrat Caballé originally announced as Aida, had once again lived up to her reputation for wanton cancellations, so the Ethiopian princess was sung by Liliana Molnar-Talejic, who will shortly make her Met debut in the same role. Talejic is an eminently professional singer. Her voice is less than ravishingly beautiful, but her technique is assured and she has a nice way with a high pianissimo. Not an arresting stage presence, perhaps, but still one who can command respect and a degree of interest. Grace Melzia Bumbry provided the most satisfactory performance of the afternoon, offering an Amneris notable for warmth and richness of tone. Bumbry also looked heavenly in her Zeffirelli gowns. The St. Louis-born artist has been singing soprano roles of late, without any notable success. Her return to the mezzo fold would be both wise and welcome.

Pedro Lavirgen, who used to sing with the New York City opera, was an adequate Radames. More interesting than the tenor was the baritone, Silvano Carroli, who made a fierce but expressive Amonasro, and one who shook his fist at the audience when his fiery scene with Aida was interrupted by applause at a crucial moment. Rounding out the cast were Giovanni Foiani as the King, the Luigi Roni as Ramfis. We could use house basses like those two gentlemen here. The conductor was one Edoardo Muller, a new name to me. He had a clear idea of what Aida should sound like, and inspired the Scala chorus and orchestra on to noble achievements. The grand March crackled with vibrancy that

day. Oh yes, the Triumphal Scene had horses and dancing girls, but, more importantly, in this staging, the principals were *not* blocked by the supers during the finale (You see, Mr. Dexter, such clarity really is possible)

The second opera I heard at La Scala (and on two occasions, at that), was *Werther*, conducted by George Pretre, with Alfredo Kraus and Elena Obratsova in the leading roles.

If the newly designed settings and costumes were adequate without being in any way distinguished, the musical portion of the evening was little short of unforgettable. Alfredo Kraus' lyric tenor has grown ever so slightly leaner in sound in the past few years but it is a voice used with infinite sensitivity and technical virtuosity. Furthermore, Kraus cut a perfect figure in the role of Goethe's lovesick poet, and his blazing eyes were as expressive as his voice in the aria "Pourquoi me reveiller." Obratsova, whose appearances with the Bolshoi last summer were very highly respected by many, was a feminine and velvety-sounding Charlotte. The Russian mezzo needs a new French diction coach, but her handling of the text was no more muddy than was Christa Ludwig's in New York a few years back. Although there were one or two edgy moments Obratsova sang with a passion and commitment that swept all reservations away. Supporting artists included Nicola Zaccaria as the Bailiff, Alberto Rinaldi as Albert, and a very promising young coloratura soprano, Daniela Mazzucato, as Sophie. Maestro Pretre fairly threw himself into the music, working the orchestra into an altogether appropriate romantic frenzy. The audience, by and large, was ecstatic, although a small clique booed, evidently out of a misguided sense of chauvinism.

Moving on to Trieste I heard Katia Ricciarelli's first-ever Violetta in *La Traviata* at the Teatro Giuseppe Verdi. The production must have pre-dated the Second World War, and the comprimarios were often laughable.

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but the opera worked, thanks to the soprano, tenor José Carreras, conductor Bruno Bartoletti, and stage director Giancarlo Menotti. Menotti allowed Ricciarelli to offer a Violetta of refreshing innocence. In the first act, she seemed more like a "nice" girl having a party than a wicked courtesan presiding over an orgy, which has become the standard interpretation of the 1970s. Vocally, Ricciarelli handled the rigors of "Sempre libera" quite decently, and went on to some really exciting, emotionally masterful work in the three subsequent acts. Obviously, Violetta is a role that requires a substantial period of growing into, but already the young soprano is on her way to being a Camille to remember for a lifetime. There was electricity in the air when she sang her "Amami Alfredo" to Carreras, who partnered her with grace throughout the evening. A young baritone, new to me, Giorgio Zancanaro, was an able Péré Germont. If the production was hardly a festive one, the singing I

heard in Trieste was more than ample compensation for the six hour train trip from Milan. A further word about Italian audiences: They are exuberant, have a tendency to gab during preludes, but are quick to let the singers know what they think of them. At their best, they are far more generous with their applause than their New York counterparts, with ovations going on for nearly ten minutes in between acts. There seem to be fewer late-comers, in Italy, too.

I arrived in London in time to hear the last two performances by the Royal Opera Company before its departure for a two week engagement at La Scala. The works performed were *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Pagliacci*, and *La Clemenza Di Tito*.

The *verismo* gemini were seen in Zeffirelli productions quite similar to those he designed for the Met, although the settings were on a smaller scale in London. Pauline Tinsley, who quite failed to impress me in any of her American appearances as Elisabetta in *Maria Stuarda*, was, to my surprise, a fine Santuzza. Her grainy voice lacked sensuousness, but her high notes were exciting, her diction extremely pointed, and her interpretation most sympathetic. Gianfranco Cecchele was an engagingly swaggering Turiddu. I can't think of too many other roles in which his crudeness of phrasing would be suitable, but, in this case, the needs of Mascagni's lout of a peasant Lothario were well served. Cecchele has a fine voice and with work and refinement, he could still become a major tenor. Gianfranco Mastromei was a poor Alfio, but the two mezzo roles of Lucia and Lola were nicely done by Heather Begg and Gillian Knight, respectively.

The real interest of that evening lay in the Canio sung by Plácido Domingo in *Pagliacci*. Domingo was in quite good voice, sounding a bit cautious only on one or two occasions. Although I do fear that the role is heavy for him, the Spanish tenor was a commanding figure as the jealous

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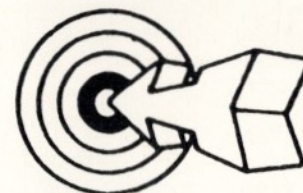
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clown. "Vesti la giubba" brought down the staid house, and "No. Pagliaccio non son" was suitably cathartic. Adriana Maliponte offered a sluttish, none too charming Nedda, but sang pleasantly enough. The third principal was Peter Glossop who sounded rather better than usual in the role of Tonio.

La Clemenza Di Tito, first performed after Mozart's death, has been infrequently performed for the past century and a half. The reasons for this may have more to do with the opera's practically incoherent libretto than with Mozart's score which, if on a lesser plane than those attained by *Nozze Di Figaro* or *Don Giovanni* is nevertheless filled with treasures. If John Pritchard's sluggish conducting muted some of the glory, the singing of Janet Baker (who did begin the evening surprisingly roughly, hitting her estimable stride well in time for her scene in the second act), and particularly, Yvonne Minton, was worth even a swim across the English

Channel.

A semi-operatic but highly pleasant experience in London was a visit to the venerable Sadler's Wells Theatre, where the D'Oyly Carte Opera was giving a Centennial season of Gilbert and Sullivan. I caught a musically polished *Pirates Of Penzance* that was also quite a lot funnier than I ever would have expected. The Savoyards will shortly visit the States, and, on the basis of this single evening in London, their standards of performing the G&S repertoire are still the highest in the English speaking world, and I recommend a visit.

Thus, thoroughly satiated by my three week musical banquet in Europe, I returned to New York, where the City Opera has embarked on its Spring Season, and the Met has busied itself with revivals of *Norma*, *Puritani*, *Rosenkavalier*, etc. Will I be sorry that I came home? Time will tell. In the meantime, it is not unreasonable to look enviously at the operatic treats served up abroad.

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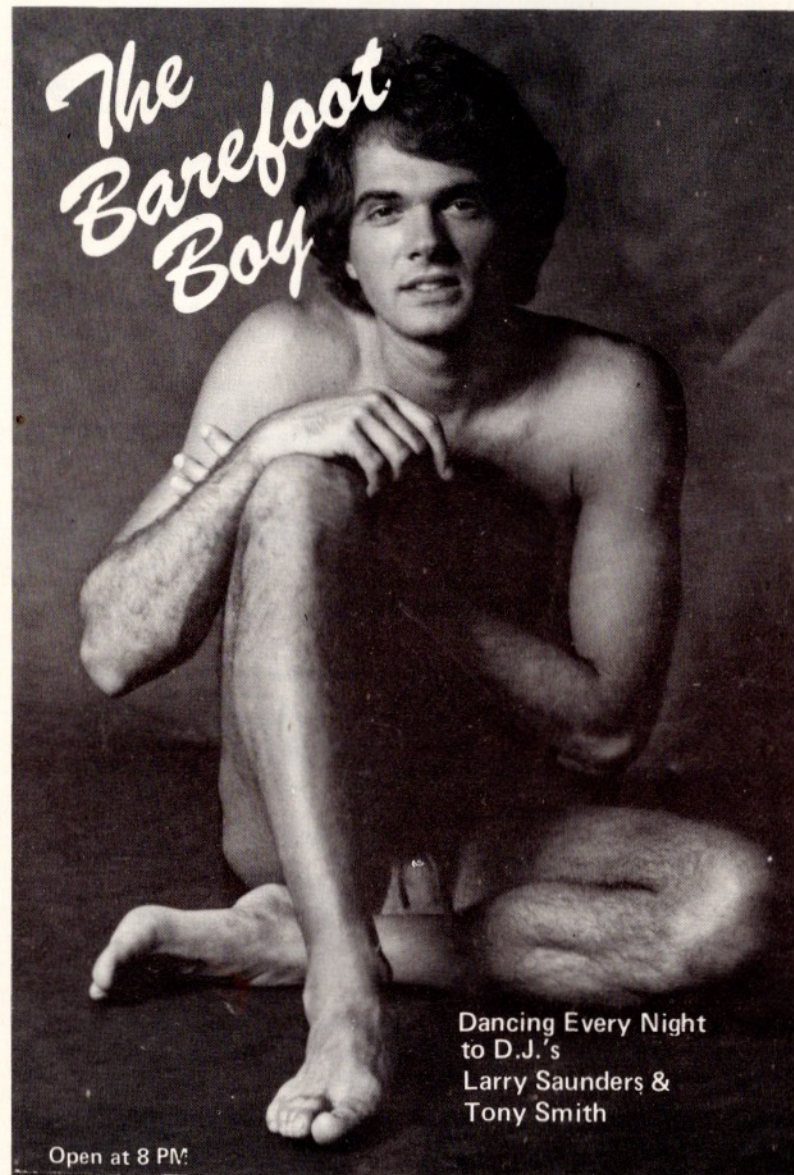
Kenn Duncan

BETTY RHODES AT THE BUSHES

By virtue of her talents and her following, Betty Rhodes is one of the major "stars" of the Manhattan cabaret circuit. She has worked long and hard for this status both in New York and "on the road," by which I mean everywhere else *but* New York. Curiously enough, this vast amount of experience gained from working "the mountains" and the resort circuit probably delayed the singer's total acceptance in Manhattan. The resort audiences are a lot tougher and less attentive than the hip Manhattan cabaret crowd; to reach them, a performer often has to sell harder. The

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predominately gay Manhattan audience is automatically familiar with a wider range of musical material and attitudes.

In Betty's initial appearance on the circuit, at Reno Sweeney, she often seemed unnecessarily hard and cold. Her humor tended to be brittle and bitchy. Although her voice has always been a powerful and beautifully controlled instrument her singing several years ago seemed to these ears, overly emphatic and emotionally uninvolved. After seeing her act recently at the Bushes, I can happily take it all back. Because Betty has.

Betty Rhodes is now doing a club act which cannot be faulted from the standpoint of dynamic vocalism, hip humor, interesting and varied material, control, and personality focus. She is working with an excellent quartet which also doubles on back-up vocals which are beautifully rehearsed and she employs it with great finesse. The power is still there when she wants to

use it but she is learning to be a mistress of the soft-sell. Or at least the medium-sell.

So great is her control of herself, her audience and, above all, her material that she can open her show with a wonderfully un-hysterical *Irma La Douce*. (Why does French material automatically make club singers start waving the flag and tearing their hair?) She follows this with another excellent song about a prostitute, "Our Lady of Love" and builds an initial mood that is sensuous, poignant and compassionate. She then proceeds to comedy and nostalgia and back again with the total confidence that her audience is with her all the way.

Comedy values are important in this act and Betty is highly accomplished at both musical parody and one-liners, absurd gags and some mighty pointed but good-humored dishing. The musical parody comes into play in an astonishing group of

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songs and styles from the fabulous fifties. Such songs as "Happy Just to Dance with You," "Wild Goose," "Mule Train," "Ricochet Romance," "Mr. Sandman" and "Wheel of Fortune" are rendered, amid some very funny patter, in flawless echoes of such singers as Frankie Lane, Teresa Brewer, Kay Starr, and all four Chordettes. Then, when Betty has her audience in hysterics with her comic evocation of that time when sex was called "fascination" and a kiss was, officially, the climax of everything, she suddenly tugs at their emotions and sends them soaring with a straight-forward, full-throated and romantic "My Foolish Heart," complete with cello. She knows just what she is about.

Her serious songs are equally well chosen. There is a unique number about the seduction of a youth of seventeen by an older woman of 31. It is a "Lazy Afternoon" for grown-ups and she pulls it off beautifully.

"Non, je ne regrette rien" is

powerfully delivered in middling French and yet another rendition of the inevitable "Marieke" is given new life by the singer's ever-fresh accents. "Le Troi Cloche," the saga of little Jimmy Brown, sung in English and a-capella with choral work from her band, manages to be at once poignant and exquisitely funny. Betty Rhodes' command of style and nuance is remarkable.

The finale is an absolute killer: it is her tribute to popper-power, a tongue-in-cheek disco version of "Shangra La." It is complete with frenetic Barry White-ish string section work from the lone cello and vaporous squeals from the band. It must be seen to be believed and then you still won't believe it.

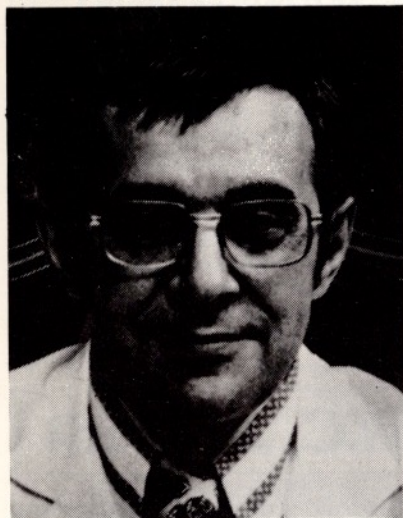
Betty Rhodes has arrived. I am not trying to say that she has yet crossed over into the gallery of all-time show business immortals, but there is no one in town who puts on a better cabaret show than she does.

FREEMAN GUNTER



between the covers

VITAMIN THERAPY AND DORIS DAY



The Book of Vitamin Therapy
by Dr. Harold Rosenberg,
Berkley Publishing Corp. \$2.45

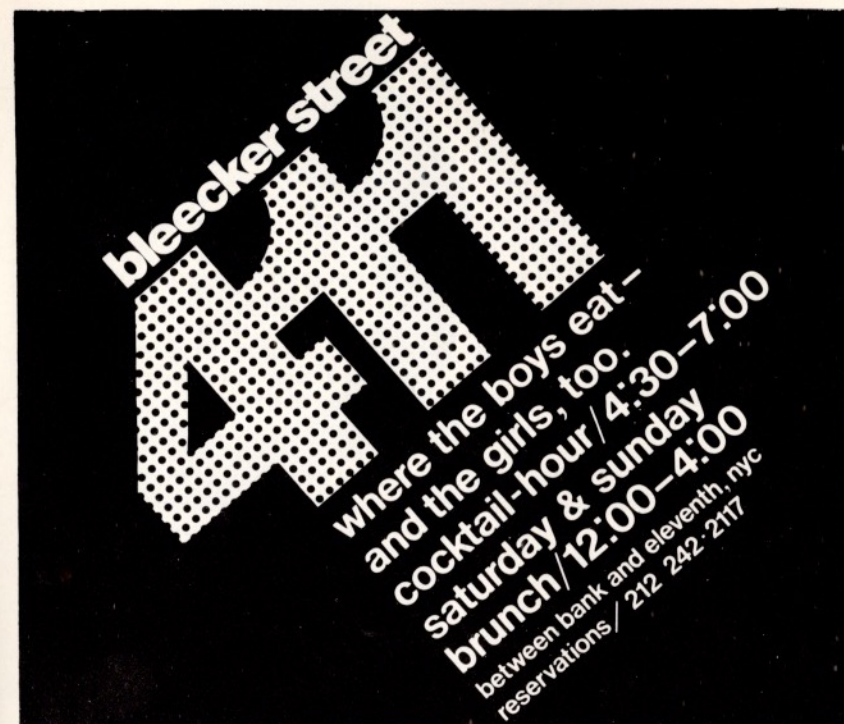
In the interest (self-interest) of health, glamour and feelin' good, I read this book of facts and stories on vitamins. I learned a lot. Dr. Rosenberg's book is interesting and his opinions are well supported. His book has already changed my life. I will never again toast my whole wheat bread. It seems that toasting reduces the effectiveness of the pantothenic acid. This makes the other B vitamins less available, and so on, all logically explained so that I will never again toast.

Fortunately this book is not overly didactic and allows you to make your own decisions about food and vitamins that are suitable for you. The vitamins from A to P, the minerals from C to Z and many food categories are discussed thoroughly. Once you understand the function of the vitamins, clear charts are presented,

broken down by age, weight, height and gender for each known vitamin so that you can calculate (it's very easy) your own personal vitamin regimen. These are all accompanied by cautions and explanations. For example, if subject to more chemical stress than usual such as air pollution, smoking, etc, then you need more Vitamin A. But frequent eaters of liver and sweet potatoes should be careful with their supplements. Too much vitamin A can cause headaches and nausea, although this is unlikely at these normal quantities.

Portions of this book are strangely political. Dr. Rosenberg points out how inadequate the recommended official government vitamin quotas are. The Food and Nutrition Board, the Food and Drug Administration both come under attack for inconsistent variance in levels and ridiculously low values. Some vitamins are on some lists in some years and not in others. As a matter of record, the nutritional recommendations for animals are stricter than for people. Also the food industry's influence on the Food and Nutrition board really makes me wonder. The food industry is blamed for the general decline in nutritional value. Agri-business is big business. 85% of the breakfast cereals are made by only four companies. Nutrition often suffers for the sake of profit. Recently a new strain of tomato was developed with ten times the amount of vitamin A in it as previously. It also had an unfamiliar orange color. It never made it to market. The food industry felt that its strange color made it too much of a risk despite its improved nutritional value.

The vitamin, health and natural food industry itself is not spared criticism. Vitamins are fashionable these days. They are also big business. Are natural vitamins a hoax? Buy synthetic vitamins, recommends Dr. Rosenberg, and save your money. There seems to be no clinical difference. Start shopping for your vitamins at a discount drug store. Avoid overpriced



supplements marked "ecology," "all natural," or "organic."

Much of this book is very unorthodox. Dr. Rosenberg suggests levels of Vitamin C input that are about two hundred times more than most charts advocate. But you have to read his chapter on the Great Vitamin C and Common Cold Controversy to be able to decide what you want to swallow.

DANNY FREEDMAN

Doris Day: Her Own Story with A.E. Hotcher

Few celebrities of recent times have projected so closely aligned a public and private image as has Doris Day; that of a "nice, pretty girl." I like Doris Day and would like to know more about her. Alas, after delving through her autobiography, (305

pages), I know nothing more than before. She comes through that "nice, pretty girl" I've always known. Nothing wrong with that, but one expects a bit more from the autobiography of a public personage.

I'm not asking for or expecting a lot of ghoulish muckraking; just some insight into how this private person (and I don't doubt the authenticity of that image one bit), has coped with, and motivated herself to be, the very successful professional she is. (You may have forgotten in the ten years since her last picture, that Doris Day was the number 1 box-office draw for several years running.)

True, Ms. Day clears up some of the rumors we've all heard; explains them really. Yes, she was friendly with Maury Wills & Elgin Baylor as well as some other ballplayers, because, yes, she likes baseball. Of course, the press played up the interracial angel of fair, blond female star with athletic, black male, ballplayer. Is that all? Yup! And yes, she and her father were

estranged for many years . . . BEFORE he re-married a black woman. Why? you ask. A family fight, what else! All of this it totally believable, and there are no *Mandingo* style overtones, so don't expect any. It's also totally uninteresting. Now it's just not cricket for a reviewer to give things away when writing a review. I haven't. And that's the problem with this new Hollywood story. There's just nothing to give away.

Oh, the promotional blurbs looked good, what with our chaste Doris being first-married to a "psychopathic sadist." Calm down, all you S&M fans. What you get in the way of a "psychopathic sadist" for \$8.95, is a common everyday wifebeater. And so it goes.

There's no good gossip of the sort that would explain why, considering her current very good looks, she was being photographed through multiple layers of gauze over 15 years ago. Or why she refuses to make any in-person appearances, even though offered huge

sums to do so. (She would be good in live performance. I think, if her TV appearances are any indication. She's still a good strong, distinctive singer.)

The format of the book is awkward and merely serves to distract the flow of reading. The pictures are standard and there is a filmography. She doesn't rat on fellow performers, although there are a couple of vague, ambiguous passages about Frank Sinatra, and she is kindly toward Judy Garland, although she goes a bit far in making a comparison to herself.

I really like Doris Day: I think she's a good solid talent and I hope she hasn't quit the business to write.

I can't recommend that even the most ardent reader of movie-bio's run out and spend \$8.95 on this headline translation of Doris Day's life and career. Wait until the paperback comes out.

STEVE HUNT

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"Carmilla" at LaMama



Amelia Haas, McLin Cruwell (foreground)
Robyn Goodman and Joel Brooks (rear) in

Marsha Sheiners' "The Spelling Bee" at
Playwrights Horizons.

CARMILLA
A RAT'S MASS
ROLLS OF GOLD
WHO KILLED RICHARD CORY?
THE SPELLING BEE
WARRINGHAM ROOF

(shades of Agnew?) with possible moves to other states' arts councils. Should this happen? There are arguments either way. Your opinion is of value. If you wish to join the lobby against this Albany cut, write Kent Barwick, Executive Director, N.Y.S.C.A., 80 Centre St., 8th floor, NYC 10013.

* * *

Off-Off Broadway faces yet another economic crisis with the proposed 40% budget cut in funds from the New York State Council on the Arts. If effected, this slash will not only force New York's non-profit producers to drastically reduce their activities, it will also encourage decentralization

Meanwhile, back to the boards, LaMama might be said to have mixed up an S/M delight in its Annex (475-7715) these days. While a bite from *Rat's Mass* might be deadly, there's ecstasy in a fangful of *Carmilla*.

Carmilla is brilliant, subtitled "a vampire tale," but actually a cinematic, operatic fascination with vampires and lovers. It is a revival of an early Wilford Leach/Ben Johnston

nightmare, full of mystical sounds and choral chants, a simple stage piece around a Victorian sofa with screen projections reminiscent of early German horror films. We see Laura reliving her haunted dreams, while on the screen are projected foggy flashbacks and premonitions, faces from the past. And we meet Carmilla, an almost lesbian affair, neither alive nor dead, but a vampire to seduce her.

It's a strangely beautiful piece, completely sung with ululations and soprano arias, a sofa that springs to life with the faces and arms of a hidden chorus. Nancy Heiken and Margaret Benczak are both lovers and victims of an energy that is pure theatre. Seen in dress rehearsal, *Carmilla* had a few accoustical distortions to be worked out, which kept me from hearing the complete libretto. Once bitten, however, I must certainly return for more.

Alternating in the same space, *A Rat's Mass* is a jazz improvisation by Cecil Taylor based on Adrienne

Kennedy's play. Incorrectly advertised as if a finished piece, the work is experimental and deserves liberal attention. There are some good ideas here which could still be shaped into a satisfying event. At present *Rat's Mass* is beyond most audiences.

Here is the scrambled biography of a black girl's mental breakdown, represented as a mass in white robes and candles, sort of a Baptist's wet dream, scat singing and improv movement to wailing saxophones. *Rat's Mass* masks are by Ralph Lee, but used to little effect, as the mass transforms into a scurry of evil fears with the girl imagining herself pregnant with a rat's belly. It's rather painful to watch the repetition of this piece when the work is also about pain, but this may have some appeal to you.

In LaMama's main theatre, *Rolls of Gold* is a revival of Josef Bush's satirical jab at Peronist Argentina, with a spectacular performance by Madeleine Le Roux as Felice Corazon, the Generalissimo's tart. Felice is, of

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course, that movie star who was plunged to fame in "Deep Thorax," and Madeleine is allowed not only to claw the scenery in this one, but also sparkle in a "salsa samba." Theo Barnes appears as a bewigged Latin lackey, while Julia Curry is a campy Thalia and strong match for Madeleine as the widow Polloconpapa. The play as a whole lacks the sting of brilliance, but is much fun for both cast and audience.

In the new plays department, Circle Repertory (924-7100) presents *Who Killed Richard Cory?* by A.R. Gurney, which is based on the poem about the respected man who killed himself. So it's really a rhetorical question "why" not "who," but the play really falls flat, so we end up quickly asking "who cares?"

Leonard Peters has directed the play as an ensemble piece with actors in many roles, lots of mime and some barbershop quartet. These all come across as actors' exercises in stereotypes—which eventually grates



Roger Chapman and Joyce Roehling in Circle Repertory Company's "Who Killed Richard Cory?"

on the meaning of the poem itself. Patricia O'Connell is strong in her work, but not enough to salvage the

piece.

Marsha Sheiness' *The Spelling Bee* over at Playwrights Horizons (LO4-1682) is an absurdist piece that almost stings, but not quite. This All-American contest, with a variety of whiz kids to spell out such arbitrary words as "synthetic" and "proboscis" never comes off with a winner because the kids gang up on the emcee and their parents to prove what bullshit the whole society is. One senses a strong feminism in the one girl contestant, who seems to lead the group in this revolt.

Where the play lacks strength is in its failure to go beyond the plot into something else. Unlike Horovitz' *English Class*, Ms. Sheiness' spelling bee is never really explored for its menacing capacity to break down the words themselves into alienating sounds. Instead, salvation seems to be the message in her media-conscious world. But salvation from what is not really of significant concern.

The Spelling Bee has been directed

by Harold Scott with especially fine performances from Robyn Goodman and Chevi Colton. The rumor mill tells of a possible television special on this one, which would really point up the irony. But as a real sting, a stronger rewrite would point it up better.

Finally, at Theatre for the New City (691-2220), Donald Kvares' *Warringham Roof* is a series of scenes strung together by the set—not enough to call a play. The hotel roof is the locale for a suicide among other urbanites, slowly paced by director Curt Sayblack. Catherine Boyd shows leg and a touch of glamour looking for a suntan. But there was none to be found that night. A trip to the Erie-Lackawana blaze on pier 48 afterward re-kindled fond memories.

DAVID SEARS

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of Cole Porter and Noel Coward. They both came from middle class backgrounds and each came to be regarded as an epitome of sophistication and the *haute monde*. As a follow-up to their highly successful series of "bar plays," the Washington Market Players have mounted a lively review based upon the songs of these two geniuses of light music. The songs of Porter and Coward are of the highest quality; the ambience at Morgan's OLD New York Bar and Grill is intimate and friendly. It would seem that very little could go wrong with the enterprise and, in truth, very little does. The evening is a delight.

David Rubinstein, Richard Bower and Jolly Nelson have conceived a cabaret-style entertainment which intermixes the songs with very little regard for the show contexts in which they originally appeared. They have chosen certain common themes—world travel, Twentieth Century life, and parties—and woven them into a

fast-moving and very entertaining mosaic. A carefully chosen cast of singer/dancers alternates, singly and in groups, in the songs and a single pianist, Richard Bower, accompanies them.

The two men, Jerry A. Nelson, an innocent-looking, baby-faced blond, and handsome, dark Stanley Flood are flexible and efficient partners for the three women, Maris Clement, Karen McLaughlin and Irene Steiner. The voices and the level of the singing are never less than pleasant and competent and, at times, it rises to considerably greater heights.

Dark haired Maris Clement is a lively belter who shines in the brass numbers, like Porter's "Red, Hot, and Blue," and stops the show several times with her Merman-like verve. Irene Steiner, who looks a bit like a sawed-off Gloria Swanson, brings an effectively off-hand detachment to her songs although her "Down in the Depths on the Ninetieth Floor" is not going to give Ellen Greene any nightmares. She is a versatile actress if

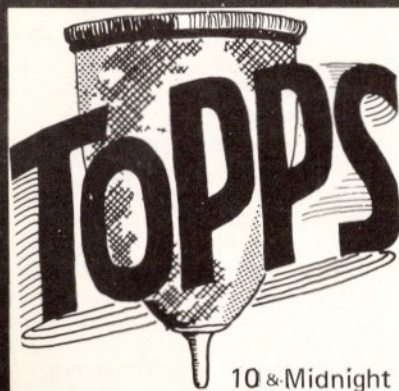
not a torch singer to the manner born.

The most impressive demonstration of skill and versatility, to say nothing of a superior voice, was given by Karen McLaughlin. She proved herself able to render an early Porter song in the operetta waltz style, "Dream Dancing," in a limpid soprano and in perfect style and then talk a difficult comedy-patter song, "I Went to a Marvelous Party" also with impeccable style, crisp rhythm and a perfectly controlled feeling for camp that was wildly funny and yet not at all sloppy or overly broad. The cast, to a man (or woman), does fine work throughout, but Ms. McLaughlin is something else again.

The show suffers in places from the inevitable restrictions of placing such a rich and wide range of material into an arbitrary context but one cannot argue too much with the decisions that have been made. Most of the songs are top-drawer Porter and Coward. The one or two which aren't, Porter's deservedly obscure "So Near and Yet

So Far" for example are included to provide a glimpse of the afternoon off of a genius. The Coward songs have been chosen to compliment the Porter ones; Coward's operetta songs have been slighted, understandably, in favor of the ones that sound more like Cole Porter. This reviewer would have preferred a separate evening of each, but any reservation in this area is just my response to what is, in truth, an embarrassment of riches. There is nowhere else in town where you are going to hear so many good songs, immortal songs, in one place, in one evening. And for \$2.50, yet.

The production is simply staged with only a few props to suggest character and locale. The touches are good ones and the actors work from the bar and all over the room and they make excellent contact with the audience. Certain moments in the staging, but not the singing, fall below a strictly professional level but the success of the evening is not seriously marred by this. The budget is low and



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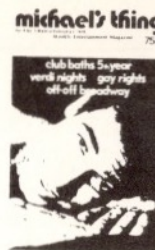
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the room informal; little indiscretions are understood and forgiven among friends. And if you are not friends with Noel Coward and Cole Porter, not to mention with the very talented and hard-working Washington Market Players, a stimulating evening and some very good company, the best company in the world awaits you.

Performances are at nine o'clock Thursday through Sunday nights. If you want to dine, and I strongly

suggest that you do, you should arrive at seven-thirty. Morgan's Old New York Grill, 134 Reade St. (just at the 7th Ave. IRT at Chambers St.) Call 226-8928 for reservations.

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skin flicks part 1

Brian Haines, David Savage and Marc (10½)
Stevens in "Michael, Angelo & David" at the
Lincoln Art Theatre.



Michael, Angelo and David

Remember when a movie star put a small fortune into wardrobe (and started getting ready on Tuesday) for that "in person" bow at the premiere of his or her "latest picture?" Well, simplicity is the sentiment these days.

Marc Stevens and David Savage, stars of *Michael, Angelo & David*, abruptly stopped signing autographs for the wine-and-cheese first-nighters

gathered in the Lincoln Art lobby. "Hafta split now," said Marc. "we've gotta get undressed for our personal appearance."

Sure enough, when they came prancing out on stage Marc and David were clothed in nothing but studied nonchalance. And were ever so apologetic about their flaccidity. Said they'd planned a complete act for their fans but "we're told it's against the law."

Marc said he and David "both like both sexes, we're very sexual." He asked the audience had they read his book. *10½*, and did they have any questions?

A woman in the mezzanine shouted, "I've read your book and I haven't any questions!"

The movie has the same kind of impudent humor, camps a lot, and is completely, giddily, New York. Plus Marc and David do all the things they didn't dare do on stage with and to

everybody in the cast.

Ironically, Joan Crawford—who'd swear on a stack of Photoplay Magazines she didn't make that long-ago loop the meanies still whisper about—is an off-screen character in this porno flick. Michael (Brian Haines) and Angelo (Marco Da Vioni) of the Michael-Angelo Travel Agency are on the phone with Joan a lot.

Michael's been a delirious buff ever since *Sudden Fear*. "I loved your shoes, Miss Crawford, and your eyebrows." Having assured her that all is set for her departure, he adds, "But I don't know why you'd want to make a picture in Alaska, Miss Crawford."

David Savage plays David, Michael's nephew who's sailed in from Naples with a live chicken his only worldly possession. One minute after David hits a New York street a mugger (Manny Delfin) about as menacing as Gene Wilder sticks a knife in David's ribs and barks, "Your chicken or your life."

David's sight-seeing is detoured when he asks Marc (Marc Stevens) how to get to the Empire State Building and Marc sweeps the innocent to his pad with a promise to show him "something a lot bigger."

Stevens, who's made 200 films and could conceivably take a hefty tax deduction for deterioration of the genital area, is in there swinging. It seemed to me that the cameras were concentrating more on the film's relatively new faces, Savage and Haines, though not necessarily on their faces. Both are exceedingly attractive charmers, unabashed rousers and, as Louella O. Parsons used to say, they certainly are comers.

Savage, Haines and Stevens are right in tune with the facetious flavor of the comedy. It's obvious they're having fun together, that the chemistry is right, whether they're balling or bantering. *Michael, Angelo & David* takes up where Mae West left off: a delectable combination of lusty laughs and feverish action.

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He's the guy in the toilet who massages his crotch while watching everybody else's sex trip, feigning indifference to it all (like a Kinsey researcher; there only in the interest of science), and don't you dare touch.

He's the perennial juvenile in the orgy room at the baths who strokes himself for hours flitting around the room to paw everybody who's getting it on, but leave him alone, please, he doesn't want to come yet.

He's yesterday's "trade" who "never did it before" and today's hustler who does it "only for the bread."

When Ron appears in the sylvan setting and sees all those humpy young studs draped nude on the rocks, he

supposedly hasn't the faintest idea as to what sort of picnic is planned. A guy who's stripping for the gambol explains that "We mess around." Although it is obvious that everything being served on the rocks is abundantly male, Ron has to be told that there are no women in this part of the forest.

For days, or what seems like days (after all, it is a two-hour picture), Ron lurks deadpan in the bushes, kneading himself in his jockeys, but never removing them, while getting a bird's-eye view of the various passionate pairings of J. Brian's latest, and perhaps loveliest, galaxy of Golden Boys. (The capitals are used reverently.)

Once *Raw Country*'s own "Mr. Thick" (Dane Tremlle) manages to get Ron out of his briefs for the rawest of the film's raunchy episodes, Ron never gets them back on. You can have *Taxi Driver*, give me a happy ending.

Rare is the film that boasts such a complement of manly men, magnificently built, and oozing sexuality. (There's something here for every taste—promise.) And, as fans of





his earlier works, such as *Seven in a Barn* and *First Time Around*, can dig, J. Brian presumably doesn't know any modestly-endowed dudes.

Raw Country is the best-photographed of Brain's films (the color is superb) and there is a minimum of "Fuck-me-man" and "How-do-you-like-that-dick" dialogue. (Don't you wish everybody would just shut up and suck?)

There will be those who feel that the film's length is too much of a good thing. It's surely not a dish for quickie queens. J. Brian is a man what takes his time and, with such abounding beauty to zero in on, who could blame him for lingering on all the delicious details along the way? Not me. *Raw Country* held my rapt attention from start to finish.

ROBERT GANSHAW





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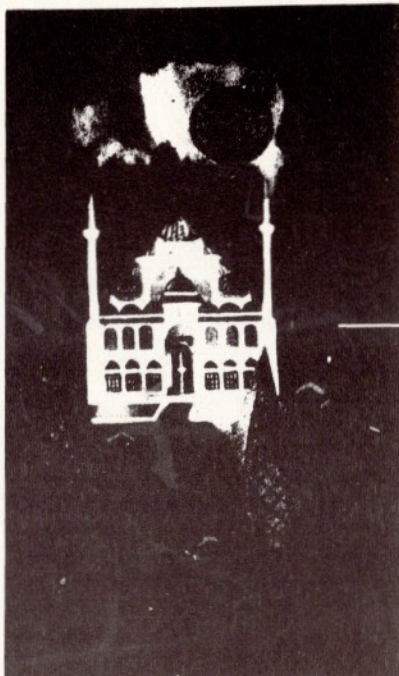
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The transition from spiritual glory to earthly splendor is achieved by a visit to the Topkapi Sarayi . . . This sumptuous oriental palace is situated on a promontory, dominating the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn. The palace is a fascinating collection of buildings constructed during different periods, by many sultans who amassed an excellent collection of Chinese porcelain, and sultan's costumes.



Kirkpinar wrestlings — Edirne

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Sensualize yourself further by shopping at Istanbul's famous Kapali Carsi . . . This bazaar is an exciting, throbbing miniature city of shops and vendors. You can walk into an endless maze of alleyways crowded with jewelry shops . . . silk merchants . . . suede and leather boutiques, all indiscriminately juxtaposed to create a glittering, shimmering corridor of gold and silver, and many different textures.

No trip to any country is complete without meeting and knowing the people who live there . . . The Turks

are curious and congenial people who offer sincere friendship and gracious hospitality . . . Incidentally homosexuality is legal for everyone over the age of 15 . . . For example while visiting the Archaeological Museum of Istanbul we wandered aimlessly through the salons of antiquity . . . laughing out of boredom and fatigue, and not noticing the priceless exhibits of Greco-Roman and Byzantine works of art. We reached the sarcophagus of Alexander the Great, encased in glass . . . Through the reflection we saw . . . a smiling young swarthy face, heavily mustached . . . with a smile as bright as sunlight. He accosted us in his native Turkish . . . but he spoke with such animation and verve, gesturing and guiding us with gentle tugs at our elbows . . . that we went through the salon of antiquity again . . . this time appreciating the Greco-Roman torsos and heads, as much as his own.

The unit of currency in Turkey is

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the lira; it is composed of 100 kurush and exchanges at the rate of 13.80 Turkish lira to one United States dollar. You can export up to 2000 Turkish lira in purchases, but be ready to show exchange receipts for an additional 2000 lira if you want to purchase and export more than the original quota Just a word of CAUTION . . . Pot and hash are very easy to come by . . . Be very careful as a new Turkish law makes it a crime to buy or sell the stuff. If you are caught, the American Consulate will do very little for you . . . The men in Turkey may offer a great deal of enjoyment but a long stay in a Turkish jail is not exciting.

CLIMATE & CLOTHING

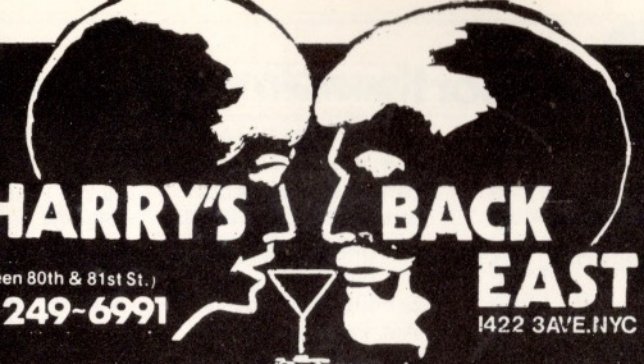
Remember that your itinerary will dictate your clothing. Do not expect to see a city of multi-colored turbans or defecating camels. This is a fascinating and throbbing port of call for the air and sea traveler . . . so go looking your best whether that be Gucci or high denim. (Love isn't

blind) In Istanbul and Izmir, from march to August the temperature ranges from 44 degrees—80 degrees (Fahrenheit).

GULE GULE—ANYONE!

Since you are an elegant and sophisticated traveler I shan't describe in detail the more sleazy cruising havens like Takim Square, which is so reminiscent of Times Square, with its burling noisy traffic and predatory hustlers. As I mentioned previously, sundown is the best part of the day in Istanbul, especially if it's flattering shadows find you in Gulhane Park. Here the cruising is leisurely and almost elegant with a varied gathering of domestic and international gays . . . Be at ease and congenial and you will be charmed into a Turkish delight before the sun rises.

In the Beyoglu, a very fashionable shopping center, and especially on the main street, Istihal Caddesi, the cruising reaches a frenzy of silent communication and seduction. The streets around Istanbul Hilton are a



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promenade for some of the most handsome and muscular athletes in Turkey. The tournament of wrestling in June at Edirne is the rendezvous for these superb looking men. Wrestling doesn't pay very much and often you can find them willing to hustle for perhaps 2000 Turkish lira (approximately \$20 in American money). However if you come across anyone less than superb pay no more than \$12 and no less than \$5 and don't hesitate to haggle.

The Turks invented the wonders of the Turkish bath after a few modifications from the Romans. The most enjoyable "haman" is Sengul Hamami on the street facing Gulhane Park where the action is unending and indiscriminate. The Cukurcuma Hamami beyond the Beyoglu district . . . where the action isn't just hot . . . but torrid. Consequently there's more heat and steam in their "hama" than any other. The in-place for gay people for a long while has been the Kilac Ali Pasha Hamami,

located in the Tophane district adjacent to the Beyoglu.

Spare no expenses on your hotel. The luxuries of the Hilton, The Divan, The Park Hotel, The Pera Palas and The 'Delson will afford water, showers and toilets . . . and generally a restaurant. Third class hotels offer all of the above facilities with the exception of a restaurant. The fourth class hotels are the next best thing to a

Among the most popular bars are the Gondola and the Fuaye, where you must show your passport and the color of your money. In Taksim Square you can frequent Club 27 and Club Fa Tabu on Istiklal Caddesi, and the Melodi near the Hotel International.

Turkey is a country of many beauties which will delight you and tatoo themselves on your memory forever. The most indelible will be the smiling faces of the Mark Spitz's and Omar Shariff's of this magic carpet land.

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BILLY THE KID: 76-07 Roosevelt Ave. Jackson Heights
429-8249 Only Western bar in Queens Good Cruisin'.

BOOT HILL: 317 Amsterdam Ave. 787-9412/Uptown east/west bar Friendly Westside crowd-Western/Leather Fun Drawings for passes to the baths & Adonis Theatre.

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PIER 51: 324 Amsterdam Ave. 787-9585/Westside Western/Leather bar Drawings for passes to the baths & Adonis' Theatre—Friendly & Cruisy.

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Open 8AM daily.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S SOUTH: 581 3rd Ave (38th)/684-6400

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Sun. free international buffet. All drinks \$1.
UNCLE CHARLIE'S NORTH: 1049 Lex Ave (at 75th)/861-6132
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BAREFOOT BOY: 304 E 39th St/532-0290
Disco dancing. Open 8 PM. Fri & Sat only min. \$2 includes 1 drink.

BILL BAILEY'S: 492 Bay St, S.I./447-9745
Disco dancing. Female impersonation shows. Opens noon. Min.

BONNIE & CLYDES: 82 W 3rd St/674-0959
Disco dancing. Women's bar. Min.

FOLLIES: 505 Main Ave, Passaic, N.J./201-472-3222
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LIMELIGHT DISCO: 91 7th Ave. So. Disco dancing open for cocktails Monday night
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Lunch, cocktails, dinner till 1 AM. Fri. & Sat. till 2 AM. Brunch Sat. & Sun. noon to 4 PM

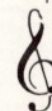
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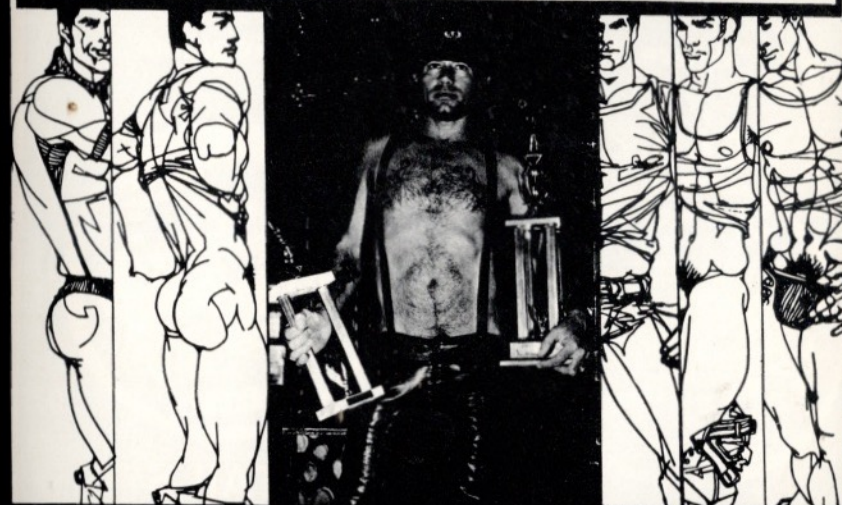
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George Sardi is recuperating from his San Juan vacation. His column will resume next

week. Photo courtesy of the National Archives, (Sardi Collection).

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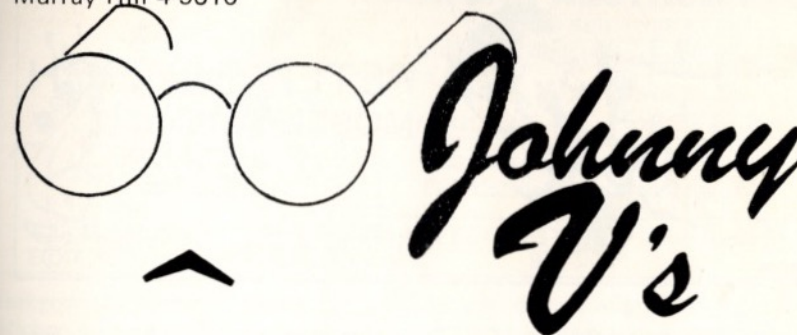
A DAY AT UNCLE PAUL'S

In the three and a half years that I have been writing this column on various subjects of interest to the gay community, I have only rarely mentioned or recommended a particular bar as a good place to patronize. I give praise only where praise is genuinely due. Therefore, I hope that this super-rave review will have a doubly strong impact on readers of *Michael's Thing* and will prompt you to run, not walk, to New York's newest—and friendliest—gay bar *Uncle Paul's* on Christopher Street in Greenwich Village. The address is 8 Christopher Street, which is between 6th and 7th Avenues, just a short walk east of Sheridan Square.

Uncle Paul's opened its doors for business the first week of March, and for me and many others in the gay community, it has already become far and away our favorite drinking spot and gathering place in town. Physically, *Uncle Paul's Tavern* is large and spacious—it boasts the *longest* bar on Christopher Street. Obviously, it is very conveniently and centrally located in the heart of the gay world—at the corner of Christopher St. and Gay St. It has a good juke box and some delightful bartenders, including Art and the especially humpy and youthful Chuck.

But what really makes *Uncle Paul's* something special—and, to my way of looking at things, uniquely attractive—is the totally congenial, casual, non-hassled atmosphere which derives from the fact that it is gay bar owned and operated by gay people for

Murray Hill 4-5610



Lorelei Lee

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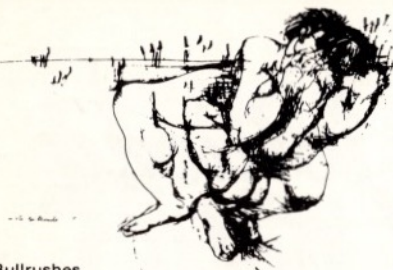
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gay people. This insures that you know you will always be getting your money's worth, and that the employees will always treat you in a courteous and friendly way. There is something really nice about feeling as comfortable in a bar as you would in your own home; about knowing that your drinks are not going to be watered down or overpriced, and that all of the employees are proud gay people who *respect* other gay people. The prices are reasonable, there's no cover or admission charge, and service at the bar is fast and efficient.

The proprietor of *Uncle Paul's* (for whom, obviously, the place is named) is Paul McGuire, a tall and handsome 28-year-old New York native who has been active in the gay liberation movement here for several years and who is well known to those who frequented the Gay Activist Alliance's Saturday night dances at the old, now-gone Firehouse on Wooster Street over the years. Paul held a number of

important positions in GAA and could always be counted upon to volunteer for whatever tasks needed to be done at the Firehouse, from carpentry work to serving beer.

All in all, I cannot think of words lavish enough to praise *Uncle Paul's*. I heartily recommend it to anyone who likes a friendly, homey atmosphere (the way a bar should be)—and to those growing ranks of gay people who realize the importance of supporting gay-owned establishments which are dedicated to *serving* gay people.

Those of us who have known Paul McGuire in the gay liberation movement and who have encouraged him in his plans to open this bar know that it has been a long and agonizing struggle for him. Perhaps this knowledge provided an added sense of accomplishment and pride for all of us who were present at the official grand opening party-buffet for *Uncle Paul's* on Friday evening, March 5th.

I would like to share a little of that

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background information with *Michael's Thing* readers in the hope that it will provide everyone with a greater incentive to visit *Uncle Paul's*, along with an added realization of what a great milestone the opening of this bar truly is in the history of the liberated gay community in Manhattan.

It has now been a full fourteen months since Paul McGuire began planning to open his bar. The major delay he encountered was forced upon him when the State Liquor Authority *denied* him a license needed to open the bar. The S.L.A. denied him the license because of a letter it received on April 25, 1975, from Rev. John D. O'Leary, pastor of St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church on Sixth Avenue in the Village. O'Leary wrote: "I am writing to you about an application presently before you [for a proposed bar at] 8 Christopher Street. At the request of parishioners, and on behalf of other residents of Greenwich Village, I add my voice to theirs

against issuance of a License to [this] applicant. This place of business is located less than half a block from our local Parochial School. Certainly the Village has its share of bars, to say nothing of Christopher Street. Our school is slowly being surrounded. Most importantly, *this type bar* (like 'Julius' on West 10th Street) *attracts a certain daytime clientele that is a source of concern to the parents of our children* [emphasis added].

Believe it or not, Paul McGuire had to hire an attorney (former GAA lawyer Hal Weiner) and file a suit going all the way to the state's highest court, the Court of Appeals, in order to get his license. The court—providing hope for those who believe there is still justice in this world—of course ruled in Paul's favor and found that the S.L.A. was completely out of line in denying him a license on the say-so of some crackpot old priest. In that regard, it was a precedent-setting victory for all gay people and potential gay businesses—and, needless to say,

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for all who believe that the goddamn church should not have a stranglehold over everything that happens in our society.

The fact that *Uncle Paul's* bar is now open and serving hundreds of happy gay patrons every day and night is a tribute to the perseverance and vision of Paul McGuire and to the growing power of and respect for the gay liberation movement in this city and state.

It's been a long time coming, but *Uncle Paul's* is now here and open for business, and those who are socializing there can attest it's been worth waiting for. I cannot urge you strongly enough to drop in and have a drink and a good time. You'll enjoy it—and you will be doing yourself a favor in more ways than one. Victory is sweet, and in this case—victory is ours! Let's make the most of it in the homey atmosphere of friendship and comaraderie that *Uncle Paul's* offers.

JOE KENNEDY

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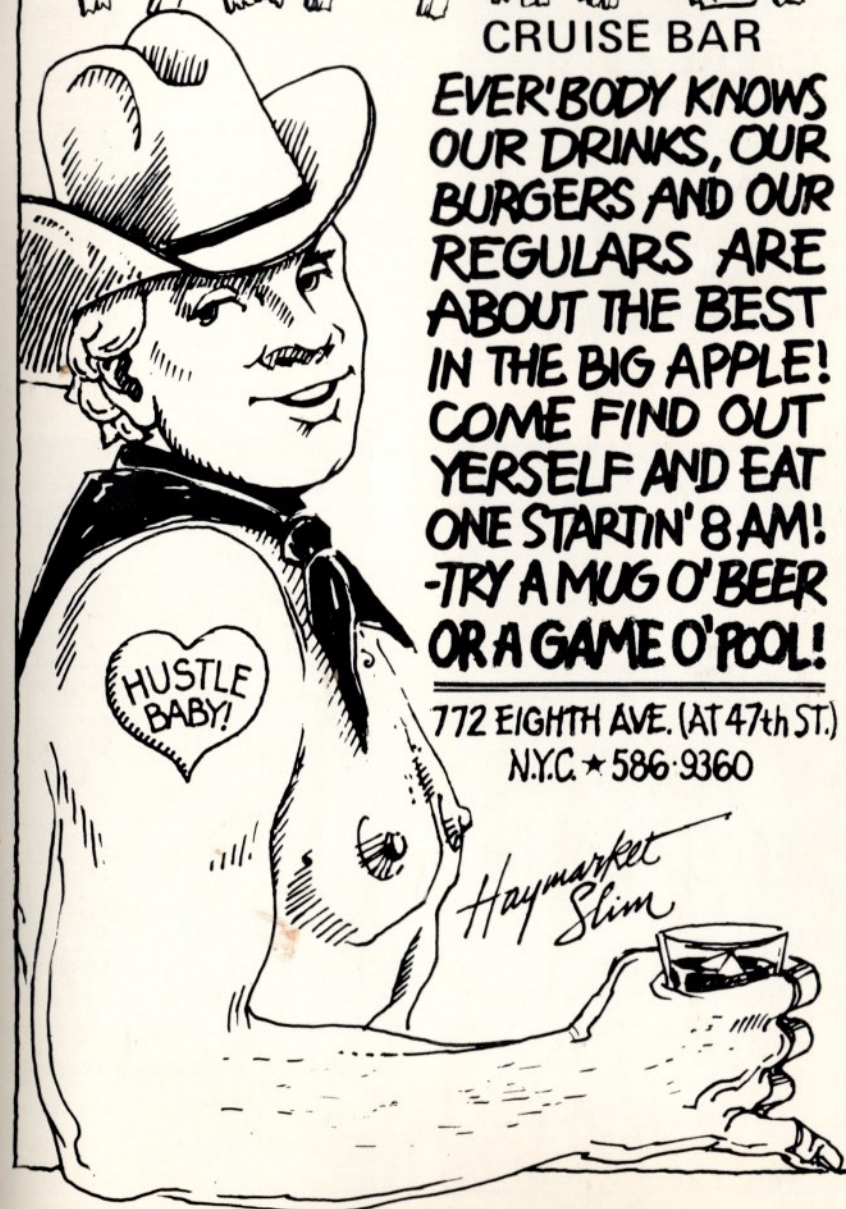
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feedback

Dear Ed.,
To the "bighearted" landlord (Is there such an animal?) in Joe Kennedy's column, (Vol. 6No. 10), who "rents only to good-looking, young gays" rather than to the bedraggled queens of yesteryear, I award a bottle green beer... while those of us with an educated palette appreciate the fine aged wine worth waiting for.

AND further, in reference to Mr. Kennedy's rather stingy observation that contemporary gays are apparently so narrow-minded, inflexible and selfish (*his opinion*) as to render us incapable of living in a non-exclusive society (*our aim*), I suggest a dose of Shoe-Eze for your mind.

If there were to be anything of genuine sadness in our lives, I should think it would be founded in an inability for us to have learned something out of the bigotry and intolerance of others. I wish Mr. Kennedy the joy and happiness in his new home that I find lacking in his column.

Marcel Proust
(I'm 26)
N.Y.C.

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michael's ★ choice

Alexis Del Lago is an enchanted soul with a vivid and limitless imagination. Whatever Alexis wants to do, Alexis usually does. There's something vulnerably chaotic, and wonderfully fun, about the way Alexis attacks a song. The dialogue between numbers is slightly fractured and disjointed but the Del Lago spirit is always willing. Alexis will be at the Seesaw, Lex. and 81st St, on March 29. 650-0667 for reservations.

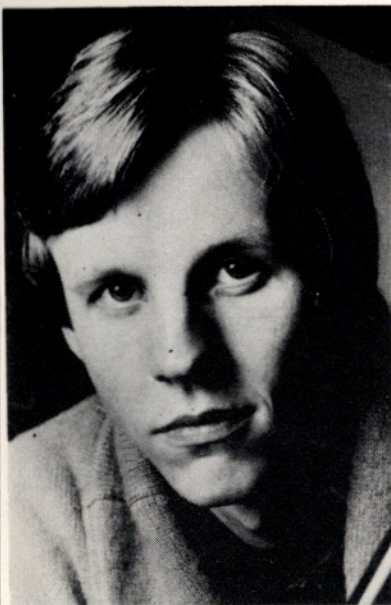


Michael Rock



John Michael Cox, Jr.

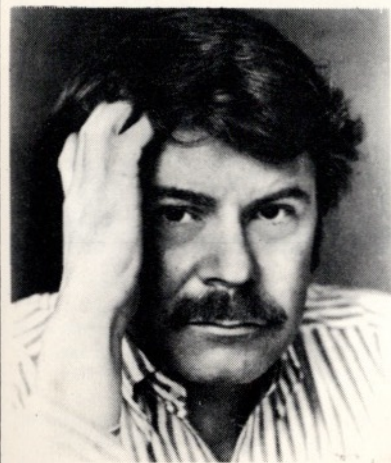
David Bowie invades the cavernous recesses of Madison Square Garden, Friday, March 26. Those who can't make it to the big room can stay home and listen to Bowie's new RCA winner, "Stationtostation" (ATL 1-1327). The good cuts are "Golden Year" and "TVC 15." Like Alexis Del Lago, David has a vivid and limitless imagination, only his is topped by a delicate henna rinse.



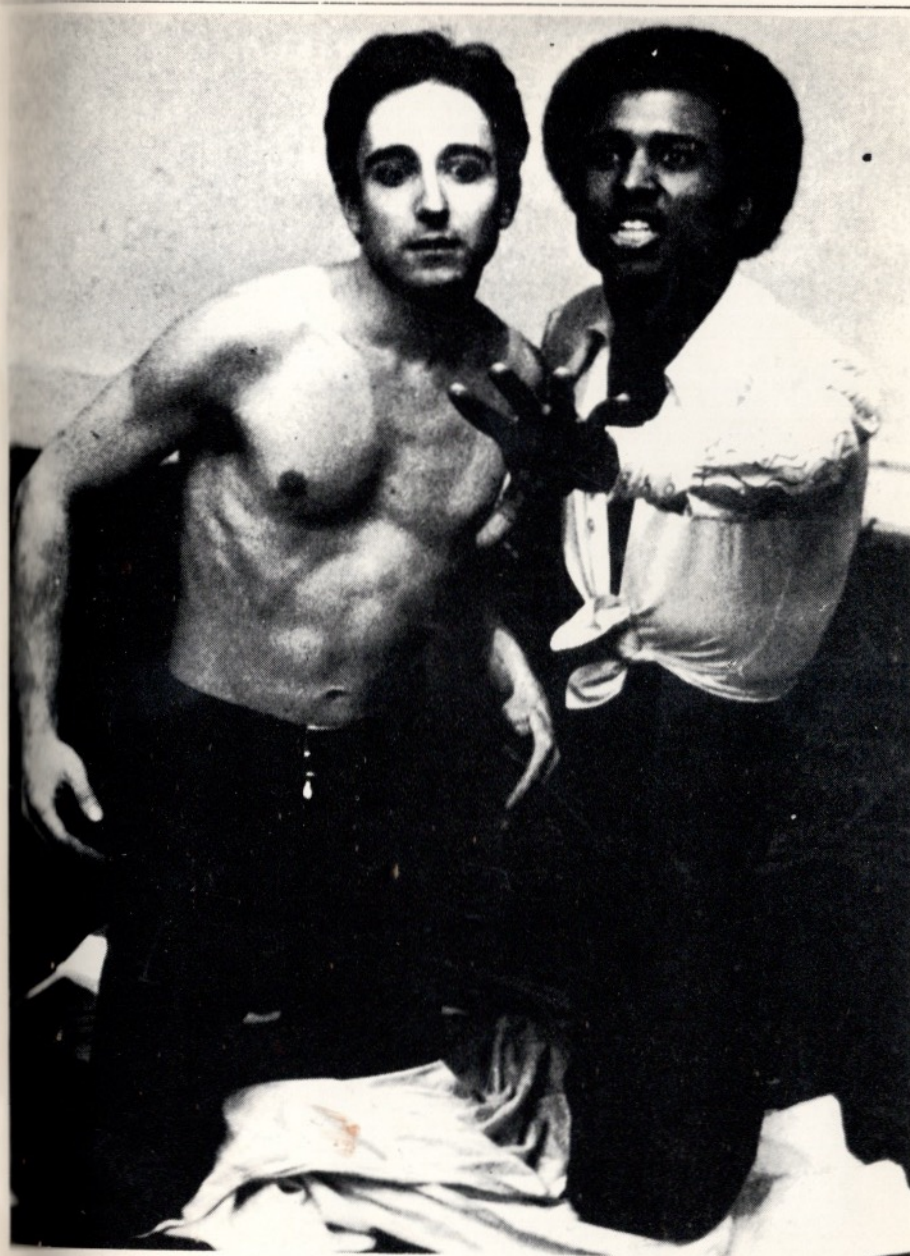
Young, American, virtuoso, pianist **Mark Westcott** makes his New York debut at Town Hall on Monday, March 22, 8:00 pm. Mark has been the recipient of the Rudolph Serkin Award at the Oberlin Conservatory of Music, the highest prize awarded to an American in the 1969 Van Cliburn International Piano Competition, and was the Grand Prize Winner in the International Piano Recording Competition in 1970 and 1972. Sounds like a winner, doesn't he? For the concert he'll be playing Bach, Brahms, Schubert and Ravel. The best news, however, is all seats are \$3.50.



... and Gertrude Stein, alas, began the whole thing when she and Virgil Thomson wrote "The Mother of Us All." The Encompass Theatre is reviving the 1947 opera at King St (between Varick & Hudson St). It runs Thursdays through Sundays evening through April 25th. **Roger Spear** plays a number of roles in the life story of suffragette Susan B. Anthony. It's a must for all liberationists.



Peter Conway, for several years one of New York's top music and dance publicists returns to performing with a special evening of show tunes and cabaret songs of the 'Forties at the Cafe du Centre, Columbus Ave. at 67th St., on Tuesday, March 23. Assisted by composer/pianist John Meyer, the program will include well-known and obscure songs by Rogers & Hart, Cole Porter, Harold Arlen, Dietz & Schwartz, Vernon Duke, and the Gershwins, as well as special material by Bart Howard, Alec Wilder and others. As was the practice in clubs in the 'Forties, there will be no set show times: Peter and John will perform regularly throughout the evening. So just drop in.

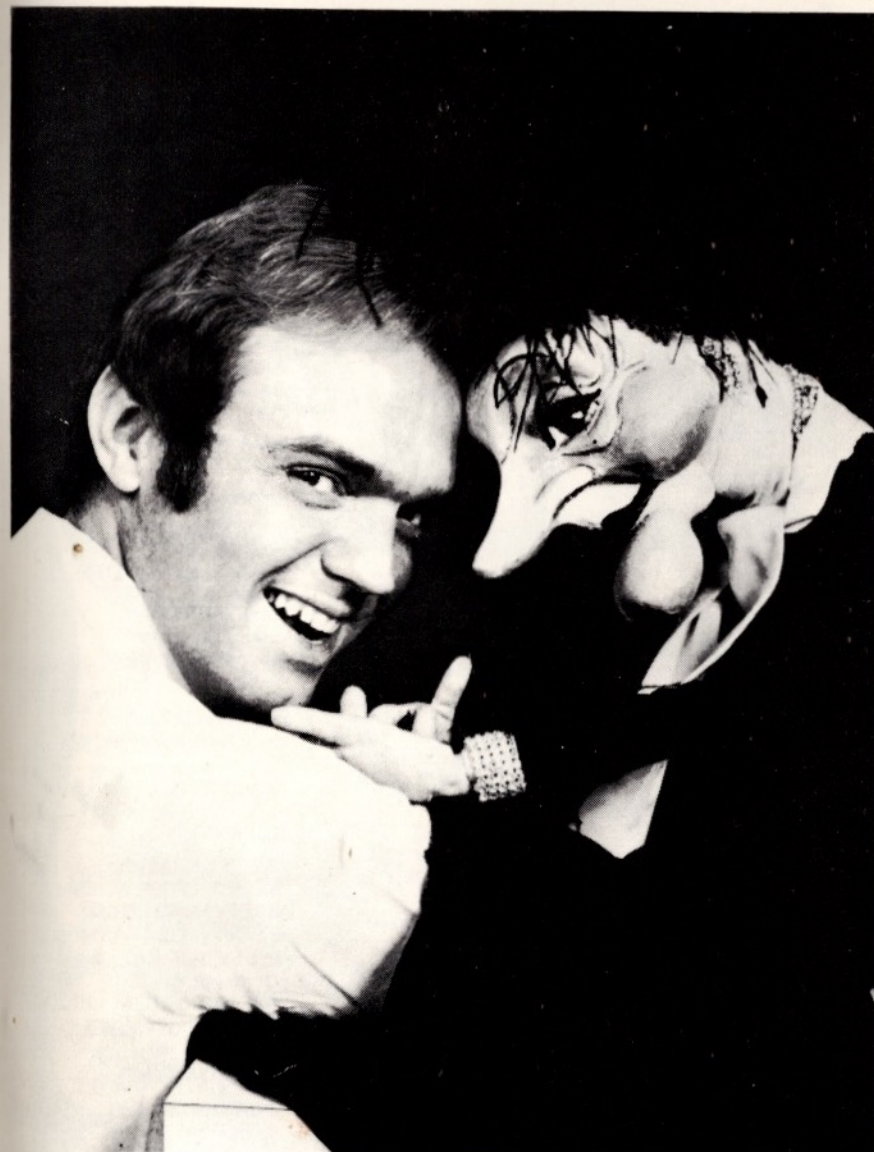


Billy Banner (r) as Jeff entices **Danny Freedman**, as the wealthy but disturbed Neil, into a web of revolutionary fantasy that traps them in death in "Til the End of Morning" playing Thursdays thru Sundays at

the 13th St. Theatre. Mr. Freedman will be remembered by those who have memories, as Mona in the film of "Fortune and Men's Eyes," which won him the Etrog award in Canada. 242-1739 for reservations.

Wayne Juneau

*Direct from a command performance before the Dalai Lama **Harriet Leider** inaugurates a new policy at the Limelight, 91 Seventh Ave. South, on Monday, March 29th at midnight. Ms. Leider's arias are tinged with an infamous piety that has been known to move audiences to tears. She's a one-woman Follies Bergere. The Limelight has a whole new party spirit with Steve and Seymour stirring up the insanity.*



Madame has got a big mouth and a fowl one at that. Almost everything she says is killingly funny. Nothing is sacred when her waspish tongue is wagging. Madame and cohort, Wayland Flowers, are holding forth this week at The Grand Finale, 210 W. 70th St. Wayland is a N.Y. Chapter 1976 Emmy Award Winner and Madame doesn't let him forget it for a moment. 595-4206 for reservations.

the scene

ANVIL: 14th St & 11th Ave

BAREFOOT BOY: 304 E 39th St

BEAU GESTE: 239 3rd Ave

THE BIG DISH: W 12th St

BETTER DAYS: 316 W 49th St

BIG SPENDER: 315 W 48th St

BIKE STOP WEST: 230 W 75th St

BIKE STOP EAST: 381 3rd Ave

BON SOIR: 40 W 8th St

BONNIE & CLYDES: 82 W 3rd St

BONNIE'S RESTAURANT: 82 W 3rd St

BOOTHILL: 317 Amsterdam Ave

BOOTS & SADDLE: 76 Christopher St

BROTHERS & SISTERS: 355 W 46th St

BUSHES OF C.P.W.: 23 W 73rd St

CAMP DAVID: 1007 Lex Ave

CANDLE BAR: 309 Amsterdam Ave

CARR'S: 204 W 10th St

CASA PACO: 330 Bleecker St

CELL BLOCK: 372 West St

CHOO CHOO'S PIER: 392 West St.

COMPANY: 365 3rd Ave

COUNTRY COUSIN: 1313 3rd Ave

DANNY'S: 140 7th Ave. So.

DANNY'S FIRST: 139 Christopher St

DUCHESSE INN: 70 Grove St

DUPLEX: 55 Grove St

EAGLES NEST: 21st St & 11th Ave

GAS PUMP: 1300 First Ave

GH CLUB: 353 E 53rd St

GIANNI'S: 53 W 19th St

GILDED GRAPE: 719 8th Ave

GRAND FINALE: 210 W 70th St

GYPSY'S: 1065 First Ave

HARRY'S BACK EAST: 1422 3rd Ave

HAYMARKET: 772 8th Ave

HUNTING GROUND: 411 3rd Ave

HOLLAND BAR: 354 West St

HOLLYWOOD: 128 W 45th St

INTERNATIONAL BAR: 733 Greenwich St

JULIUS: 159 W 10th St

KELLERS: 384 West St

KELLY'S VILLAGE WEST: 46 Bedford St

NITE LIFE: 85 Washington St

THE LAIR: 70 E 56th St

LAST CALL: 975 2nd Ave

LIMELIGHT: 91 7th Ave So

MARIE'S CRISIS: 59 Grove St

NICKEL BAR: 127 W 72nd St

NINTH CIRCLE: 139 W 10th St

ONE POTATO: 518 Hudson

OMEGA: 347 41st St

PAINTED PONY: 1485 3rd Ave

PETER RABBIT: 305 W 10th St

PEARL'S PLACE: 1854 2nd Ave

RAFFLES: 106 West 43rd St.

RAMROD: 394 West St

RENO SWEENEY: 126 W 13th St

ROADHOUSE: 570 Hudson

SEESAW: 1201 Lex Ave

SINGLES: 951 First Ave

SPIKE: 120 11th Ave

STRAP: 18th St & 10th Ave

TALLY-HO: 267 W 23rd St

TIJUANA CAT: 350 W 46th St

TOM CAT CLUB: 903 1st Ave

TOPPS: 591 3rd Ave (39th)

THE SIDESHOW: 371 West 46th St.

TRUDE HELLER'S: 6th Ave & 9th St

TY'S: 114 Christopher St

UNCLE CHARLIE'S NORTH: 1049 Lex Ave

UNCLE CHARLIE'S RESTAURANT: 3rd Ave & 36th St

UNCLE CHARLIE'S SOUTH: 581 3rd Ave

UNCLE PAUL'S: Christopher & Gay St

UP YOUR DAISY: 42 W 28th St

WAREHOUSE PIER 51: 324 Amsterdam Ave

WALTER'S: 264 W 43rd St

WILDWOOD: Columbus Ave

YELLOW BRICK ROAD: 228 W 10th St

BROOKLYN BROADWAY: New Utrecht Ave

DANNY'S BKLYN HTS: 108 Montague St

PIANO BAR: 103 Montague St

SHADY LADY: 79 Pineapple St

STATEN ISLAND BILL BAILEY'S: 492 Bay St

SANDPIPER: 86 Mills Ave

QUEENS ARCH DIOCESE: 61-06 39th Ave, Woodside

BETSY ROSS ROOM: 73-13 37th Rd, Jksn Hts

BILLY THE KID: 76-06 Roosevelt Ave

PEP MCGUIRE'S: 120-20 Queens Blvd

YONKERS PLAYROOM: 590 Nepperhaun Ave

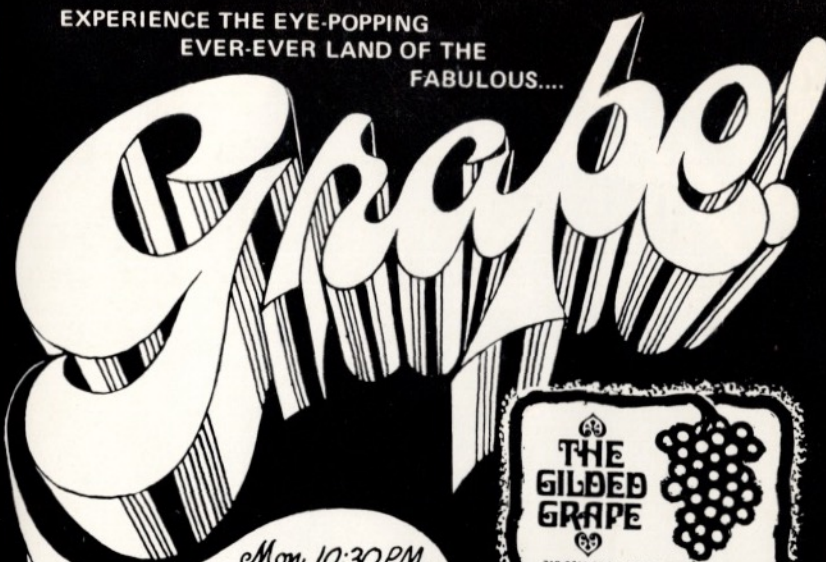
NEW JERSEY THE FOLLIES: 505 Main Ave

THE BELL: 41 Route 4

SEA SHELL: 21 Ferry St, S River

PENELOPE: 611 Central Ave, E Orange

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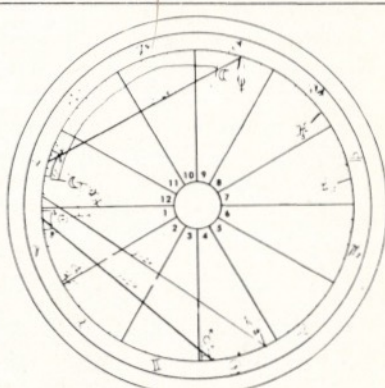
317 AMSTERDAM AVE corner 75th street
787-9412



things astrology

Karma is predilection, in the sense that, our most basic life directives are choices we have made, as to what we liked at the times we made the choices. If our most basic choices get us into trouble we assume usually that we are isolated by those choices. Therefore assumptions can get you into as much trouble as decisions. Especially in predicting someone else's behavior for your own benefit. You must very careful with other people's reality, and positive of your own.

Mar. 24 Moon in Aquarius 5:21 PM
Mercury trines Saturn
Mar. 26 Venus squares Neptune
Jupiter enters Taurus/Mercury enters Aries
Mar. 27 Moon enters Pisces 3:35 AM
Mar. 29 Moon in Aries 3:38 PM
Mercury Squares Mars
Sun in Aries



Mercury Pisces/Aries 3-26
Venus in Pisces
Mars in Cancer
Jupiter Aries/Taurus 3-26
Saturn in Cancer
Neptune in Sagittarius
Pluto in Libra

MARCH 23-29

ARIES (3/21-4/20)

Mars still in Cancer, so indulge cautiously. You can put good trips on people anyway, by will and by wont. The tendency is toward practicality. Late in the week you may get into some debates as Mercury squares Mars. Try to keep your actions closely aligned with your feelings. It will be easy to get off track. The Sun is in exaltation in your sign.

TAURUS (4-5/22)

Your mind may create a deception for yourself, and your mouth may run away with it. Mercury and Saturn are creating a common sense climate in the stars, latch on, and think your criticisms through. Jupiter moves into

Taurus, as a force for consistent rational. The Moon passes through Taurus this week, intensifying feelings in its exaltation in that sign.

GEMINI (5/22-6/21)

Good sense prevails this week though detriments of Mercury could make your debates a little too persistent. Love may be a little blind here as Venus squares with Neptune. Try to be aware of the persona you're using in various situations. You will find persona behind the persona: goals within goals. Keep the whole structure intelligent.

CANCER (6/22-7/22)

You may hear things you would rather

not know this week, just be careful not to read too much into any attitude. No one's best intelligence is always available to them. We have a subjective climate, that has a narrow spectrum compared to all that we are. People's intentions are not always clear to themselves, especially when they're being bombarded with changes. Be patient. There are no paragons of virtue.

LEO (7/23-8/22)

You will find your own philosophical speculation and rational growth, seeping down into your emotional realm and steadying you. The difference between an abstraction, and a gut feeling, is how long it takes. Consider the significance of taste in preference to judgement unless you're called upon to judge.

VIRGO (6/23-9/22)

You will find you are able to resolve problems easily, but the hardest part will be the human factors. Take as much responsibility as possible on yourself as opposed to delegation of authority, if you wish to get things done. There's lot of drive but it's somewhat argumentative and fragmented as to direction.

LIBRA (9/23-10-23)

Western sources of concepts such as Old English, wyrd, meaning fate, destiny, or consequences, has diluted the usefulness of the Eastern concept of Karma. Karma is not retribution of any sort. Karma is a descriptive concept, *that you will do what you will do, because of what you are*, and you will attract sympathetic events to yourself by doing it. Whether these events are detrimental or not depends on the nature of the action. You will have good vibes from friends this week: beware of self-deception in the emotional realm.

SCORPIO (10/24-11/22)

If you find yourself getting pushy this week, try to do it with good humor. People like to be imposed upon, but



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their prerogative should always be clear. Scorpio makes in-depth studies of deception, not to deceive but outmaneuver deceivers, Scorpio who does this usually outmaneuvers himself.

SAGITTARIUS (11/23-12/21)

As Jupiter moves into Taurus, your thoughts turn to practical returns of creative thought. The square of Mars and Mercury can cross communication lines. In the brain, there exists an analogy to experience termed memory. The analogies that are written most powerfully, are our personal atmosphere and climate. But we are not truly aware of our most basic assumptions except as they rule our moods and behavior.

CAPRICORN (12/22-1/20)

Saturn moves through its fall in Cancer, creating over-reactions to basic disciplines. This is a good time to rearrange forms and procedures, but it must be a cooperative effort, for hero's won't be very acceptable this week. Older values or people may earn respect for their integrity. Give open discussions a chance to address your problems.

AQUARIUS (1/20-2/19)

With a Saturn and Mercury trine in the sky, this is a good time for decisions in general. Watch out for mild hysteria in restrictive situations, where you must address a problem. Try to keep your thought one-pointed in discussions. Not good for emotional decisions. Your empathy is strong but not well-inspired this week. Keep the level very practical.

PISCES (2/20-3/20)

Don't be fooled by your own expectations. Everyone puts different emotional value on words, so be prepared to translate a little this week. This is a good week to be a listener. There is ego-threat in the air. People will run off at the mouth some to compensate and reassure themselves.

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