

michael's thing

Vol. 5/No. 15/Week of April 14, 1975

weekly entertainment guide 75c

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The Cover: Sylvia Syms

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my thing

MEET SYLVIA SYMS AT CASABLANCA

musician's musician, a lady's lady, a legend's legend, a mother's mother, and a fabulous broad. Minks were born for her to wear and songs were made for her to sing.

At a smart and glamorous 51, Sylvia Syms has lived. Within the last three years she has faced death twice (once on the operating table and then in a hideous car crash while recuperating). Her eyes and smile have a grace and vitality that any debutante, hustler, or Miss America would envy. She also has a candor that could elect her the first woman president if she unleashed it on the voting public.

Sylvia prefers, however, partying to politics and it's a party each and every night at Casablanca, the exciting entertainment, disco-dance and drink complex at 241 Madison Avenue (at 38th St.). Sylvia Syms is a singer's singer, an entertainer whose taste, style and mellow and throbbing voice have made her a legend in the world cabaret, cocktails and care-free nights. Sylvia's magic is the common denominator that can turn kings, queens, columnists, celebrities and the men on the street into one thing: enthusiastic fans. Her opening night at Casablanca was no exception.

"Whatever we do we must do for the future. I hope that I'm better now than I was twenty or thirty years ago. I think I'm more understanding. I think I've learned a lot about myself, about people. I don't always say I like everything I am, but I've learned to live with what I don't like about me. I just don't think it's fair for people to look back on what they were and not hope, as long as they're still living, to be better than they were."

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Sylvia's treatment of the best of Bart Howard, Cole Porter, the Gershwins and Coleman and Leigh was as good as the best there is. La Syms really knows how to set up her material and her audiences. The payoff, in every case, is enormous: rounds and rounds of wild applause, sighs of shock, emotion and recognition. After the show, Sylvia Syms told me this:

"I will tell you with prejudice that I will never play to an audience as great



Miss Sylvia Syms

as gays are. They are so hip, so sharp, they understand what you're saying long before you say it because they're into it.

"It seems to me that boys, men, gentlemen, particularly homosexual gentlemen have a great preference for women entertainers. Listen honey, if you're not gay at least you can be happy once in awhile — what difference does it make and who gives a damn.

Michael Giammetta

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politics

GAY BILL GAINS IN CONGRESS

Twenty-four members of the United States House of Representatives — a most impressive number indeed — recently held a giant press conference on Capitol Hill in Washington, D.C. to announce that they are now co-sponsoring H.R. 166, the Federal Gay Civil Rights Bill. If passed by both houses of Congress and signed into law by the President, this historic measure would completely outlaw all discrimination against homosexuals (discrimination based on a person's sexual orientation or "affectional preference") in jobs housing and public accommodations throughout the United States.

Of course its speedy enactment into law is unlikely. But this bill — like the gay liberation movement itself — has come a lot faster and farther than anyone dreamed possible just a few years ago, and so ultimate success may be closer at hand than we think! It was less than one year ago, during Gay Pride Week of June 1974, that the Federal Gay Rights Bill was first introduced in Congress. At the time it was given no chance of passage and it had only two lonely co-sponsors: Congresswoman Bella Abzug (D-Manhattan), an ardent and long-time champion of gay rights and a genuine hero to all gay liberationists; and Congressman Edward I. Koch (D-Manhattan). The fact that 22 other Representatives now have joined Abzug and Koch in publicly backing this bill is an indication of the growing support for it.

Literally dozens of the most prestigious and powerful organizations in America — from the National Council of Churches and the

American Psychiatric Association to teachers' and educational groups and large labor unions — have issued strongly-worded public statements urging its passage and affirming the basic correctness of the gay liberation movement's demand for full equality and dignity for healthy homosexuals.

Aside from the ever-popular and dynamic Bella Abzug, the star of the Capitol Hill press conference publicizing H.R. 166 and calling for its immediate passage was the nation's leading gay activist and the person most responsible for engineering the phenomenal success of this bill to date

"Dozens of the most prestigious and powerful organizations on America have issued strongly-worded statements urging its passage and affirming the basic correctness of the gay liberation movement's demand for full equality and dignity for healthy homosexuals."

— namely, Dr. Bruce Voeller, the former professor of biology of Rockefeller University who is now executive director of the National Gay Task Force.

Dr. Voeller deserves the gratitude and the active, unequivocal support of all liberated gays and all fair and open-minded straights for his efforts on behalf of this bill and other gay rights measures in states and municipalities throughout the country. He has also been remarkably successful in getting huge corporations — including one-time archdiscriminator AT&T — to sign pledges of non-discrimination against gays and in many instances even to promise in writing that they will implement pro-gay affirmative action programs to compensate for past prejudice and discrimination on their part.

It is interesting to note that all 24 of

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the gay bill's sponsors in Congress are Democrats. While certainly it cannot be said that all Democrats are good (some, like City Councilman Mathew Troy of Queens, are out-and-out pigs and filthy, bigoted gay-haters) or that all Republicans are bad (a few, like State Senator Roy Goodman and former City Council candidate Rosemary McGrath, both of Manhattan, are right-on as far as gay rights issues are concerned), the fact that all 24 co-sponsors of the gay bill in the House are Democrats is only the latest of many, many facts which prove that on the whole the Democratic party is far more receptive to and supportive of gay liberation issues than the Republican party. This is true on a local, statewide and nationwide level.

Unfortunately, there are no sponsors for the gay bill yet in the other house of Congress, the U.S. Senate. Despite repeated attempts to persuade him to do so, our mealy-mouthed phony pseudo-liberal Senator Jacob Javits has declined to introduce the bill in the Senate. It is truly a shame that Javits was narrowly re-elected last year over his Democratic challenger, Ramsey Clark, who has stated forthrightly that he would be glad to introduce and fight for the homosexual anti-discrimination bill in the Senate if elected.

The 24 House co-sponsors are predominantly — in fact, almost entirely — from the states of New York and California, but there is at least one co-sponsor each from the states of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Minnesota. The Pennsylvania support is largely a result of the magnificent efforts of Gay Raider Mark Siegel of Philadelphia, about whom I have written several columns in the past.

There are two important things that you can — and hopefully will — do to help H.R. 106 win passage. First,

write to your Congressman or Congresswoman. Tell him or her that you very strongly support speedy enactment of H.R. 166, the Gay Rights Bill. Tell him or her that if he/she is not already a co-sponsor of the measure, you would like him/her to become on immediately. Your letters really do have an impact, so please do write — it is especially urgent and critical that you do so if you live outside of Manhattan Or if you live in that part of southern Manhattan (including most of Greenwich Village) which is represented by Congressman John Murphy, the only member of the Manhattan Congressional delegation who is not yet a co-sponsor. The second thing you can do to aid this bill is send your \$15 (or, obviously, more if you can afford it) to Dr. Bruce Voeller at the National Gay Task Force, 80 Fifth Avenue. (Room 506), New York, NY 10011. This will add your name to the thousands who are already members of the NGTF, which is the primary force behind the gay bill.

In closing, I cannot fail to note that the encouraging progress which this bill has made to date as well as similar progress by the statewide gay rights bill in the Legislature in Albany (and bills in other state legislatures across America, particularly in Massachusetts and Minnesota, both of which have openly gay and proud members) should sham the New York City Council into immediately passing the local gay civil rights ordinance which has been delayed there for four long years while a dozen other cities — including Washington, D.C., Detroit, San Francisco, Seattle and Portland, Minneapolis and St. Paul, plus Toronto in Canada — have passed identical laws. At City Hall, even more so than on Capitol Hill, the time for passage of the Gay Rights Bill is **RIGHT NOW!**

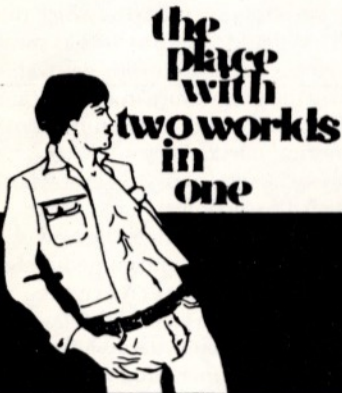
Joe Kennedy

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opera

WAGNER'S RING AT THE MET — Adulterated Gold

That the Metropolitan Opera could produce a Ring Cycle during its period of financial gloom and general artistic doldrums brings to mind Samuel Johnson's remark about the dancing dog—one is less struck by the fact that what transpired was not terribly fine, than astonished that it happened at all. There were three full cycles this season, and, for good measure, several additional performances of the most popular of the four music dramas, *Die Walkure*.

Conductor Sixten Ehrling was given the assignment of leading the cycle after Rafael Kubelik resigned his post as the company's musical director. Not having been anyone's first choice for the job, it is hardly surprising that Ehrling was at best only workmanlike, occasionally mustering a suitably big sound from his players but almost invariably missing the sense and the inner meanings of the music. More often than not, his tempi were tepid and ill-chosen. Furthermore, the demons who possess the casting department at the Met struck again, allowing (or convincing) Nilsson to sing Brunnhildes at only one broadcast Saturday matinee series, giving the other Brunnhildes to Berit Lindholm and, in the extra *Walkures*

Rita Hunter. Leonie Rysanek's unexpected cancellation, due to illness, of all her scheduled Sieglindes in *Walkure* could have been catastrophic, had not Nilsson agreed to perform the role on four occasions. The other Sieglinde the American soprano Janis Martin, sang most agreeably and conveyed a visual impression of youthful vulnerability, too.

Beginning, however, at the top of the Cycle with *Das Rheingold*, Metropolitan audiences were treated to an undersung, underlit performance in the settings and costumes left over from Karajan's attempt at producing the Ring here several years ago. Ehrling's conducting of *Rheingold* was lethargic, although his musicians played with distinction. The choice between Thomas Stewart and Donald McIntyre as Wotan was scarcely worth making. Stewart looked imposing but sang with little volume or quality. McIntyre, in his Metropolitan debut, boasted only marginally better qualifications for singing Wagner in a major opera house. Mignon Dunn's Fricka was flashy but interesting while Wade Peterson made much of the opportunities afforded by the role of Loge. In her Metropolitan debut as Erda, the Canadian contralto Maureen Forrester was placed so far upstage that her committed, intelligent singing could hardly be heard or enjoyed.

The *Walkures* were scarcely any better. Ehrling's conducting was abysmal, making much of the music boring and even such sure-fire moments as the closing bars of the first act seem cold and uninteresting. The first acts went uniformly well when Jon Vickers and Nilsson held the stage, with the heroic soprano thrilling us with the tenderness and passion of her singing. On the occasion when Vickers cancelled and was replaced by

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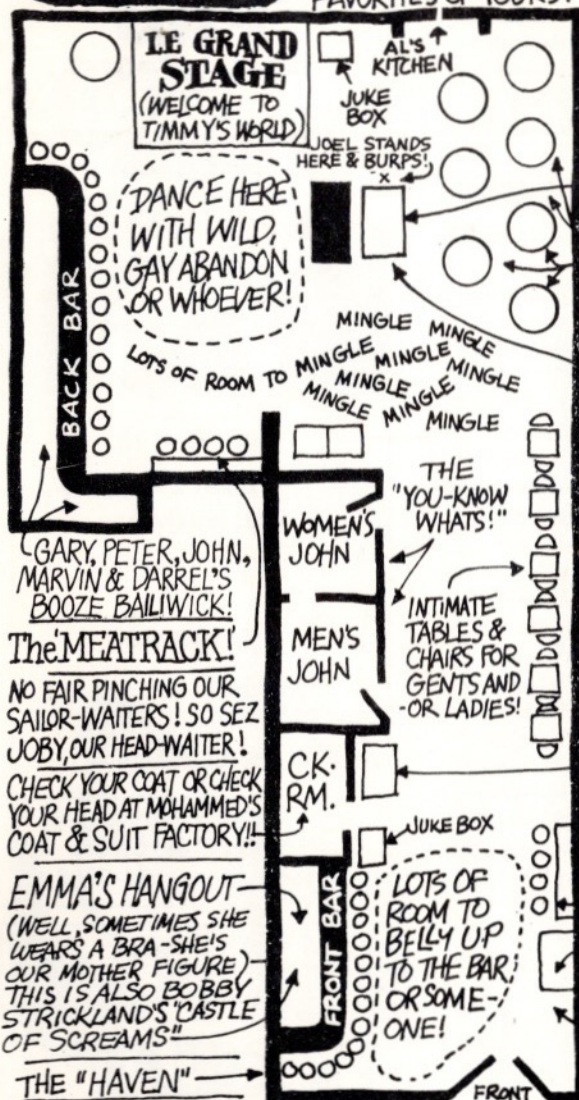
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the deservedly obscure Kolbjorn Hoiseth, not even Nilsson could stem the booing that resulted.

As Brunnhilde, Nilsson had problems with the Walkure's opening war cries, but shortly thereafter settled down to the kind of vocalism

richness and soaring ease of her work. Although Anna Reynolds was undersized as Waltraute, Nell Rankin managed a creditable Guttrune. Hagen was performed by Bernt Rundgren, the imposing Swedish bass who had contributed a sterling Hunding to the

"The net effect of this Ring was half-hearted and sluggish, with great moments being provided by a handful of internationally celebrated artists whom one could hear just as well at home on recordings."

that one is rarely privileged to encounter in any era. On the occasion of her debut as Brunnhilde, Miss Lindholm revealed a pleasant manner and a pretty face, but a voice torn to shreds by poor management. After one Lindholm Walkure I refrained from hearing her again. Given the presence in New York of the voluminous Ms. Hunter, whose warm, sweet, yet ample soprano makes up for her poor stage appearance, it is unfortunate that she did not get to sing in *Siegfried* or *Gotterdammerung*. As for *Siegfried*, not even the contribution of Nilsson, who sang the third act more splendidly than even she had done in my past experiences with her in that opera, made two and one half acts of Jess Thomas (*Siegfried*) or McIntyre (the Wanderer) bearable. Thomas looks like a young hero to be sure, but *Siegfried* is not a mute role. The tenor has no top range left, and his thick, uncomfortable middle and lower registers are grating to the nerves. Ragnar Ulfung, as Mime, has far more voice.

Only the *Gotterdammerung* succeeded as total musical theatre. It is visually the most attractive of the four Met Ring productions and, at the matinee performance, was excellently sung, with the continued and regrettable exception of Jess Thomas, whose work that afternoon made his Young *Siegfried* of a fortnight earlier shine in comparison. Nilsson conquered all even before her Immolation Scene with the immense

Walkures, and Gunther was effectively sung by William Dooley. The Alberich throughout the Cycle was the resourceful and sportsmanlike Marius Rintzling, who kept a straight face although invariably appearing in the same ridiculous costume made worse by foolish make-up.

The net effect of this Ring was half-hearted and sluggish, with great moments being provided by a handful of internationally celebrated artists whom one could hear just as well at home on recordings. Although there was a festival atmosphere at the first couple of *Rheingold* performances, this was soon dissipated by the torpor of many of the subsequent performances. If there is a moral to all this, it is that the Ring, which has become a once-in-thirteen-years blessing in New York, is a special undertaking that requires careful planning for all contingencies. This Ring was cast with all the care evident in planning the Met's Spring tour to Boston. Old-guard Wagnerites were sorely disappointed, and one doubts that many new converts were made on those nights when Nilsson wasn't appearing. The Met is trying to coax gifts by encouraging patrons to wear buttons that read "DONT JUST APPLAUD- SEND MONEY". With a Ring like this, a better recourse might be a visit to the local pawnshop instead of an appeal to increasingly frustrated and "turned-off" audiences.

Kenn Harris

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SOUND VIEWS

THE RCA BLUEBIRD SERIES

Back in the early years of the depression, the latest technical advance in recorded sound was the "electrically recorded" phonograph record.

Yes, it was a major breakthrough from the cone to stylus method devised but hardly perfected by Thomas Edison. The use of electricity to fortify the signal imprint was indeed a healthy step on the road to high fidelity.

At that times, the Victor Talking Machine Company was a pioneer in the field of sound reproduction and a forerunner in the progress of same. Many labels had appeared with the words "electrically recorded" splattered across, using almost any excuse to pass off product and cash in on trend. None quite matched the quality of Victor's newly established "Bluebird" line.

But quality of recording was not the only thing Bluebird had going for them. They had a roster of artists that was to include some of the greatest names in music in some of their most brilliant performances; names like Genn Miller. Names like Tommy

Dorsey, Fats Waller, Bunny Berrigan, Count Basie, Louis Armstrong, Sonny boy Williamson, and Dizzy Gillespie.

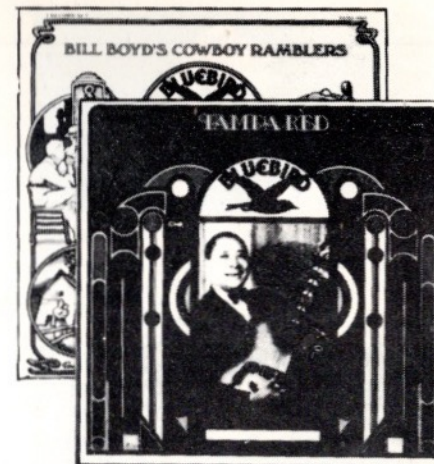
Beginning in 1933 with "The Last Roundup" by Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees, Bluebird endured the thirties and forties. Compared to today's highly sophisticated techniques, the 78 RPM disk seems archaic. Nonetheless, it was the mode of the day. Throughout its existence, Bluebird maintained the highest standard of musical and technical excellence. It wasn't until early 1950 that the label was discontinued, probably to make room



for the industry's newest advance, the LP

In the ensuing twenty-five years, much what was issued on bluebird was unavailable in any form other than 78 RPM. By the late fifties, 78's had seen their doom, what with the LP and the industry's even newer advance, the 45. As the sixties unfolded such wonders as "STEREO", the catalog of Bluebird records

became increasingly unavailable with



the exception of occasional repackaging on the RCA Victor label.

Now amidst the nostalgia oriented seventies, overwhelming demand for the availability of these recordings on modern pressings has led RCA to re-establish a smartly packaged, moderately priced series of reissues on the Bluebird label, featuring the original label design and liner notes furnishing complete discographies and priceless photographs.

Here, for nostalgia buffs, music purists, and those with a taste for the timeless, are the initial five releases in this exciting new series. Jimmy Lunceford, Willie Bryant, George Bryant and his Taft Hotel Orchestra, Bill Boyd's Cowboy Ramblers, Tampa Red, and Benny Goodman. Something for everyone. What lies ahead are more and varied issues carefully being prepared by the staff at RCA under the direction of archivist and jazz historian Frank Driggs. The quality of these these recordings reflects the technical perfection of today's true fidelity recordings. Surface noise and flaws have been removed, and what remains is great music.

If the thrill of the immortals is your preference, fly with the Bluebird for a fascinating flight through the past.

Tom DePierro



A body builder from an earlier generation

book review

PUMPING IRON

Anybody who is bigger than life is bound to attract attention. I once stood next to Kareen Abdul-Jabbar and for a

few fleeting seconds knew what it must feel like to be a midget. It was a sensation I did not enjoy. Several years ago I toured the States and Europe with 22 musclemen from Iran who had an act called *The Ritual Acrobats of Persia*, and whenever they went out in public they never failed to stop the madding crowd dead in their tracks. When I first met them all I could think of was the mounds of muscles that constantly surrounded me. But after a few days of rather close contact we got onto a basic level of communication and I began to think of them as crazy Iranians who were unbelievable dear, and they, I'm sure, thought of me as a demented underdeveloped American who arranged their accommodations, stage setups, and for most of their waking needs.

Whenever I would meet, or make, friends along the way they would always with popped eyes ask me what a muscleman was really like. I was hard pressed for an answer because to be perfectly honest they're just like anybody else. It would have been easy to dwell on their personal idiosyncrasies, but anybody interesting has those. I came to accept their zealous attitude towards their bodies just as one would have to accept a dancer's or singer's dedication to his or her instrument. It's an attitude I don't necessarily understand but one for which I have profound respect. I don't have an ounce of discipline in my entire body. Perseverance I have by the ton, but any dumbbell can survive on that alone. Discipline is a constructive ideal that I have yet to subscribe to.

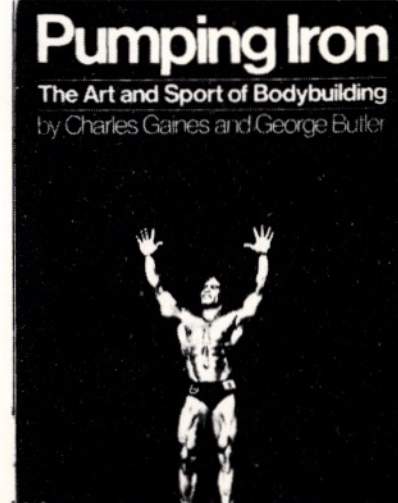
Charles Gaines (with words) and George Butler (with photos) in a new book, *Pumping Iron*, try to explain to us the mysterious discipline of the bodybuilder; Members of a subculture that is neither athletic or artistic by today's standards, but looked upon as merely the vain display of brawn over

matter. Mr. Butler is far more successful in stating his case. The photos are candid, clear and revealing. Mr. Gaines, however, has dipped his pen in purple ink and done, I think, his subjects a disservice. His major problem, in addition to being brainless, is that he allowed himself to become hopelessly infatuated with three of his subjects. He exploits them for his own personal fulfillment and on any front, that's bad news. The world's bodybuilding champion is Arnold Schwarzenegger and Gaines unabashedly calls him "one of the most magnetic men in the Western world today." Now Arnold my very well be just that but the author offers unabashedly calls him "one of the most magnetic men in the western world today." Now Arnold max very well be just that but the author offers no material to substantiate his claim. What he is good at though is explaining in detail the daily rituals and rigors of getting the tits and muscles extended beyond their natural line.

Pumping iron, Gaines explains, is "a savage combination of the slow, heavyweight sets normally done to develop size and the quick high-rep work with lighter weights that develops definition and muscular clarity. In its energy and speed it is very exiting to watch, and murderous to do. Almost immediately the chest begins to hurt — a steady burning at first that turns into a deep raw ache of tissue and grows, so that the hardest sets are done through the most pain. After the second or third set a rhythm develops. The greathing is heavier and deeper. All of it builds and synchs in around the central experience of the exercise: the flow of richly oxygenated blood to the muscle, the flush and tightening of skin as the tissue feeds and swells, coming up warm and heavy-feeling as though the work and pain, or even some of the iron itself (of

the barbells), had been shoved in under the skin. Some bodybuilders will tell you that it feels better than coming. Whether that is true or not, it is one of the finest and most complicated physical sensations you can have."

Now that I never knew and found fascinating to learn. The main problem with the writing is that it's rehashed redneck crap. I have never read a writer who was so unaware of his own vulnerability. In some ways it's touching but for the mostpart it is annoying. To accompany his text he uses large quotes from the bodybuilders themselves and this is where you realize he has failed in his general thesis. Their words are far more sincere than his. As just one small example, Gaines refers to us as fags, while Schwarzenegger, with a realistic look in the mirror says, "When a homosexual looks at a bodybuilder, I don't have anything against that — he's looking and picturing what he would do with him. You have to face it if you have a good body, and it is somehow a compliment to a bodybuilder. Sometimes girls are attracted to your body; sometimes homosexuals are attracted to your

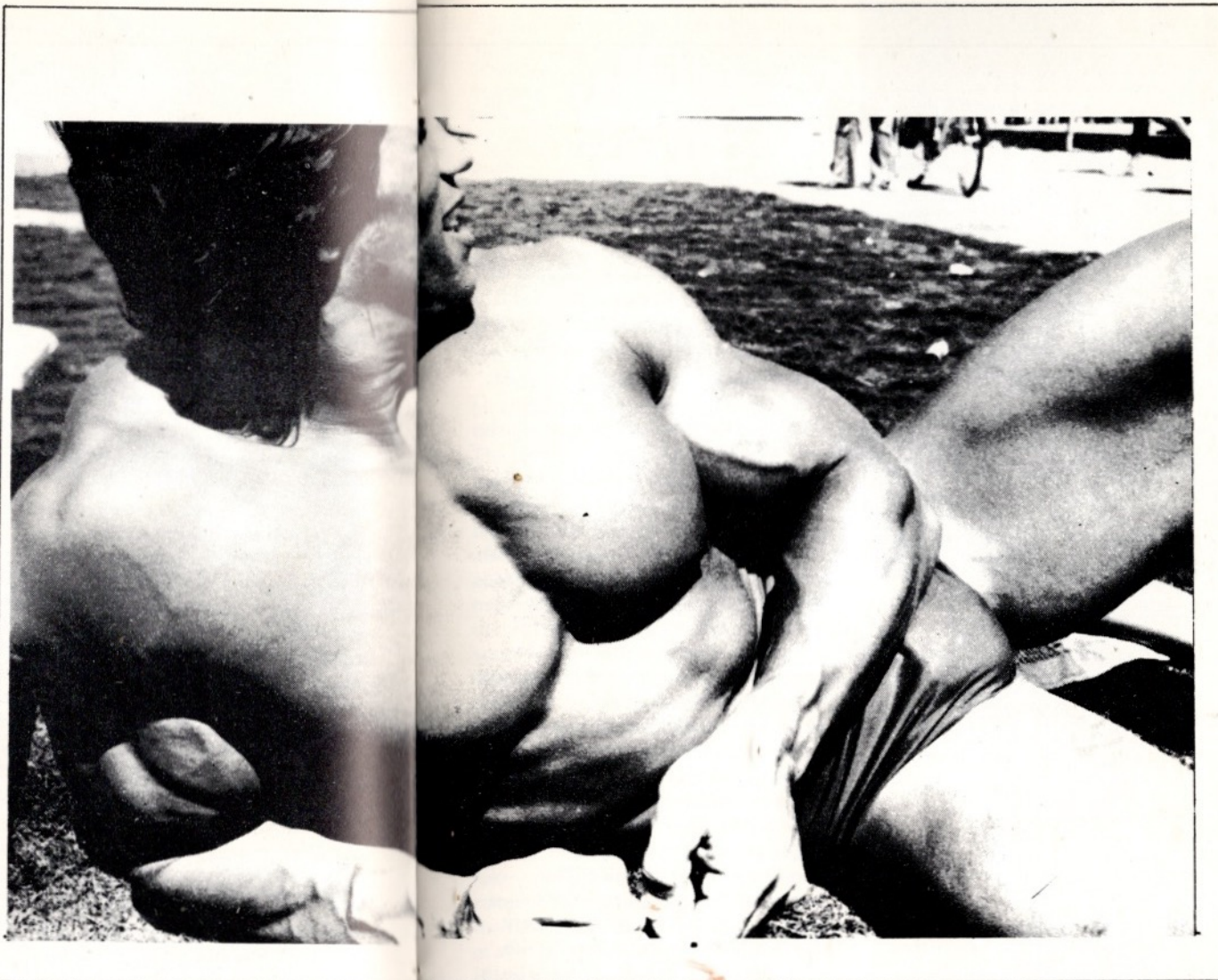


body." The question that is never answered in the book is how does the straight man look on it? For all of Gaines' butch brouhaha his questions are very dainty and his answers a little minty.

It's hard to take him serious when he describes Arnold doing five sets of barbell presses on an inclined bench with: "More than any of the other chest exercises, it hurts. By the third set the enormous biceps that are his most incredible muscles — like two grapefruit on greased tracks inside his arms have begun to quiver, and his upper chest is red and painful-looking as a cyst." In no uncertain terms, Charles Gaines, married and the father of three children, is a camp. One has only to read his prose for proof. And they say *our's* is a love that dare not speak its name!

The book itself is both sad and fun. Sad because all the work is done for a nonexistent audience, and yet fun because when the subjects are allowed to speak they come off as human beings with a heart and soul. You may argue that they're freaks, but show me a true diva or danseur noble who isn't. After reading *Pumping Iron* I'm inclined to grant bodybuilders artist's stature. There's something insanely personal and inexplicable in what they're into.

Probably Mike Katz, one of the major subjects, explains it best when he says, "You know my whole life seems like people have picked on me. I can remember the kids bothering me. I couldn't read that well, you know, and I had eye problems. And you know how kids can be really mean. My eyes sometimes crossed. I had two operations and the kids used to make fun of my eyes. And they used to make fun of the bumper of my bicycle. Little things. And like there was a lady in school, she was guidance teacher who told me that I would never be able to become a college graduate, that it was



Arnold Schwarzenegger, Mr.

impossible, that I just didn't have the intelligence and I should take up Industrial Arts. I used to cry. In seventh grade I can remember the math teacher used to make fun of me and be sarcastic. The used to call me

Olympia, one of the major figures dedicated to body building in the United States

Porky too. That was another they used to make fun of. I don't want to die just another slob. I want to die with my name somewhere at the top. This would give me enough happiness to die with a smile on my face."

If only the rest of the world had Mr. Katz's simple eloquence they would be able to take him and bodybuilding more seriously.

Frank Schmitt



Joel Grey and the charmless and talentless Ann Reinking in *Goodtime Charlie*.

theatre

GOODTIME CHARLEY

It wasn't such a good time, Charley.

Goodtime Charley has garnished seven Tony nominations which is a comment on how desperate the panel of judges were when selecting their choices for musicals this season, but considering its competition there may not have been much choice. However, the Tony nominations this season leave a lot to be desired and a lot of questions unanswered. In fact it's really shameful and downright irritating to see both Geraldine Page and Rita Moreno nominated for best

supporting actress when they are easily in the starring class both in the size of their role and their talents. And the fact that Anthony Hopkins of *"Equus"*, and Cleavon Little of *"All Over Town"*, as well as Dustin Hoffman for his direction, or that the play itself was not nominated, are all outrageous. The only explanations are either bland questionable politics or blind judges, perhaps both.

What can one say for *"Charley"*? On the surface it has all of the necessary ingredients to be a wonderful world of entertainment. As it turns out it is a cumbersome, tepid, and listless mistake. It's like seeing the Fall of the Roman Empire collapse with a whimper instead of a bang. Although the music and lyrics are commonplace and leave much to be desired it seems that it's the talents of both Joel Grey and Ann Reinking that makes the show so bland. Joel Grey who was so dynamic in *"Cabaret"* seems to have left his voice and his charisma at home for this show. He manages to get out the right notes and to be in the right place when he has to be, but it all seems empty and mechanical. His polish and professionalism is so predictable and spiritless that it tends to put one asleep. As for Ann Reinking who was so good in *"Over Here"*, one wonders why she was given the enormous responsibility of the role of Joan. It demands a top-notch talent that is well honed and bursting with excitement. As it is she seems to be in the awkward position of having been placed in a starring role, at least one of this magnitude, too soon. It's not enough that she looks like Joan the maid, she must act and sing it too. If anything Joan of Arc should be an awe-inspiring character; Ann Reinking makes her seem like the standby that got her change to go on. You long for the star to return.

Onna White managed one dance

episode that was on the brink of inspiration, the *"Castles of the Loire"* sequence. But it too didn't quite soar, as it had hoped to. Like the Wright Brothers' first attempt at flying, *"Goodtime Charley"* needs a lot of push.

Hermann Alex Joyce

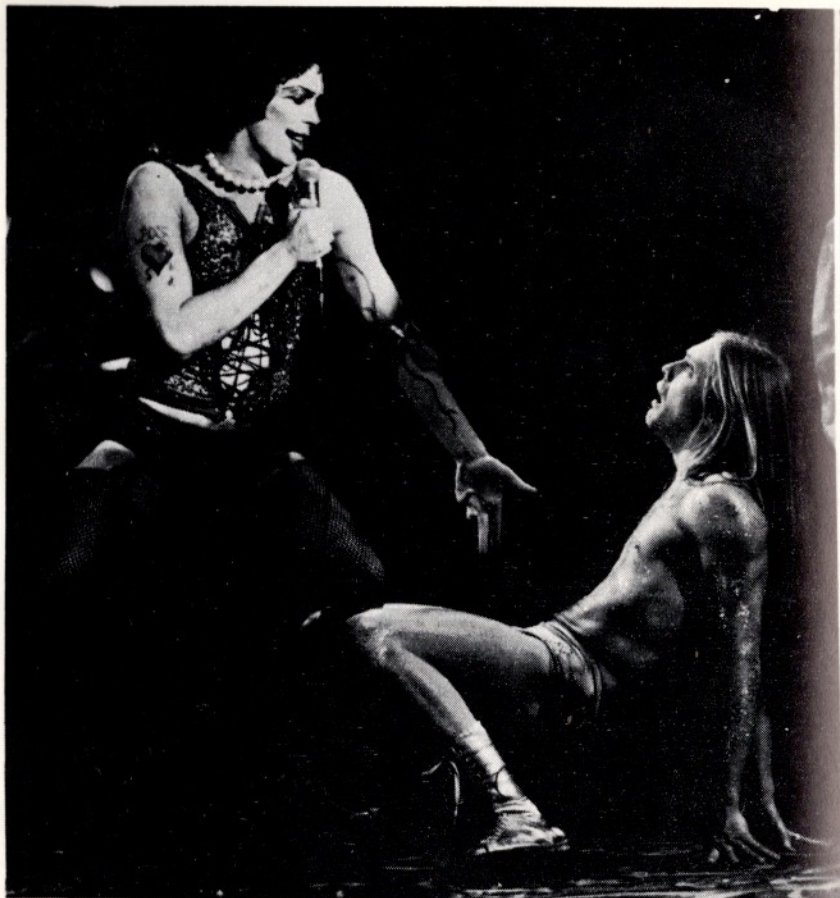
THE ROCKY HORROR SHOW

The Horror of It All

The only real horror in *The Rocky Horror Show* is its glaring lack of talent in almost every department. The fact that it is weightless, as in paper thin, and totally boring is unforgivable. This pre-pubescent travesty on parody was heralded from across the sea, from England approximately one year ago as what might be considered a second coming of sorts. After its overwhelming success in a cabaret theater there its ambitions led it to Los Angeles where again one heard reports of it's being something hot. Now that the show has arrived in the Big Apple it's about as hot as old used up potatoes. To say that it is ancient is difficult, since it takes a long stretch of one's recall to go as far back as this tired show tries to take you. Remember Judson's earlier romps like *"Gorilla Queen,"* and all of the La Mama side show presentations of about ten years ago? Well they were fun to some, and hardly passable to others then, now they would not be allowed on a stage.

One really can't say enough had things about *"Rocky"* because there are so many of them to refer to. The fact that it's outdated when it tries to present itself as fresh, daring, risky and up-to-date, is really rather sad, and totally absurd. The fact that both England and Los Angeles loved it makes one wonder about both





Tim Curry and Kim Milford in The Rocky Horror Show.

locations and even suspect that those rumors about New York being the only place where "it's really happening" is completely true.

But I suppose if one were to take the show at all seriously then one would have to get very angry at it. What a waste of money and time. More important is the fact that it exploits "being different" in the most lascivious, decadent, and cheap way. It panders to the baser qualities of the masses, trying to cater to the tawdry temptations of the lowest in blind commercial tastes. And it does this at the expense of several important issues that can not be taken lightly by

today's consciousness-raising standards. The show should be picketed by anyone valuing individuality and intelligence. It is demeaning to their sensibilities.

HA J

THE NIGHT THAT MADE AMERICA FAMOUS

Talent that treads a sea of worn-out images.

The Night that Made America Famous has its heart in the right place

and a wealth of talent, but not much else. If one is a Harry Chapin admirer, that's a big plus. He sings all of his memorable big hit songs well and even better than on his recordings. In addition he has pleasant, open, warm personality and it attractive to look at. He also introduces several new songs, with a distinct style and flare that makes them unique in that Harry Chapin manner. His melodies are easy-going and clever. His lyrics are intelligently conceived and even when they tend to get to sentimental or maudlin they are somewhat moving. If the show were in concert from there would be no question of its success. But alas it is not. In its present format it is a multimedia, mini extravaganza, geared for Broadway audiences. If one had not already seen all of the post O'Horgan spectacles since "Hair", including "Lenny" and more recently "Sergeant Pepper", then one might find this interesting. However, to

those who have, it is only a mixed bag of cliches and worn-out images. This is a double disappointment considering that its director Gene Frankel is one of the more talented stage directors around. In the past he directed "The Blacks" and "Volpone", two amongst many outstanding theatrical productions. Here he seems to have attempted to cash in on the post "Hair" movement too late and without any sense of inspiration or imagination. Much of it is embarrassingly naive in its approach, and the sets, costumes and dances are on the level of a better than average, expensive, college production. However there were several outstanding voices to consider and several talented energetic dancers to help make the evening more palatable. They include: Kelly Garrett, Delores Hall, Gilberet Price and Bill Starr.

HA J

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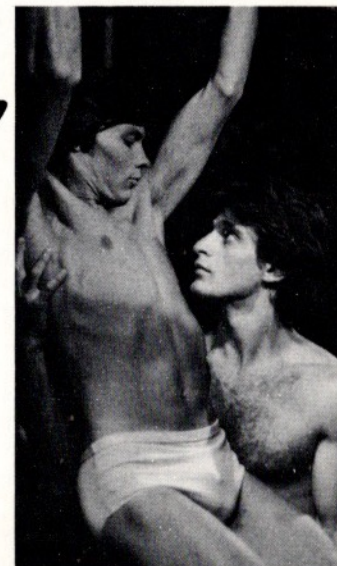
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Jon B. Aroneo

in performance

Mimi Hines is a girl after my own heart. She is funny, she sings simply swell, she is appealing, vulnerable, and she has a beautiful ass. If I could steal her away, I would. (Watch out, Mimi!)

Her present engagement at The Grank Finale is, if I am not mistaken, her first Manhattan appearance since she finished out the Broadway run of *Funny Girl*. She says she comes to us direct from Disney World and all I'll say is boy, do we ever need her now!

Her musical director, pianist Norm Geller, warmed up the opening night audience with a rendition of "I Can't

Get Started." Erroll Garner would have been terrified. After a brief overture, out came Mimi singing "What About Today?" I'm not crazy about the song, but it serves to get Mimi out there and gives her a chance to warm up her voice, quite a voice, at that. She segued into "Sweet Beginning" a really marvelous song from "The Roar of the Greasepaint" which seems to be her theme song. The next song, "There's a New World Coming," further revealed that unique voice and a warm, throaty buzz which is not at all unlike the voice of... dare I say it?... Judy Garland. It was about this time that I noticed that under her adorable, black, to-the-floor chiffon dress Mimi Hines was wearing nothing. And she was looking real good.

There followed an insane rap about frongs, the kind of rap that only Mimi Hines would dare or care to perpetrate. Her timing, her sense of mood and characterization and her inately insane and humorous outlook add up to a talent to amuse and enchant which is rare. Later in the show, Mimi did, as a tribute to Disney, a throwaway imitation of a little mouse lapping up beer from the barroom floor. It sounds stupid, I know, but she can pull it off and make it not only funny but also touching. Mimi has a rubber face, a great clown face. When she commedes it is a funny face and when she sings for serious she becomes prettier and prettier before your very eyes.

Somewhat reluctantly, she got back into a serious mood for "Help Me Make It Through The Night". Well, *almost* serious.

The true quality of Mimi's way with a song was revealed next when she sang Leon Russell's great hit, "A Song For You." This girl has a wonderful voice, big and rich with a lot of depth. Her phrasing and sense of dynamics

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are imaginative and surprising. Mimi makes a beautiful use of contrasts in volume, intensity, color and tempo; she ended the Russell song with an elaborate cadenza that was really lovely. A robust rendition of "Being Alive" from "Company" was her official closer. Before the encores, of course.

For her first encore, Mimi Hines re-entered and did a perfect pratfall. Right onto that pretty fanny I mentioned earlier. She got up and went directly into a beautifully developed and sustained routine about a lady at a piano bar, boxed out of her bird. Here La Hines is in full flower serving hilarity, pathos and vulnerability for just days. Ultimately, still in character as the little barfly boxed on "champaganini", she sang "Are You Lonely Tonight". You could have heard a pin drop.

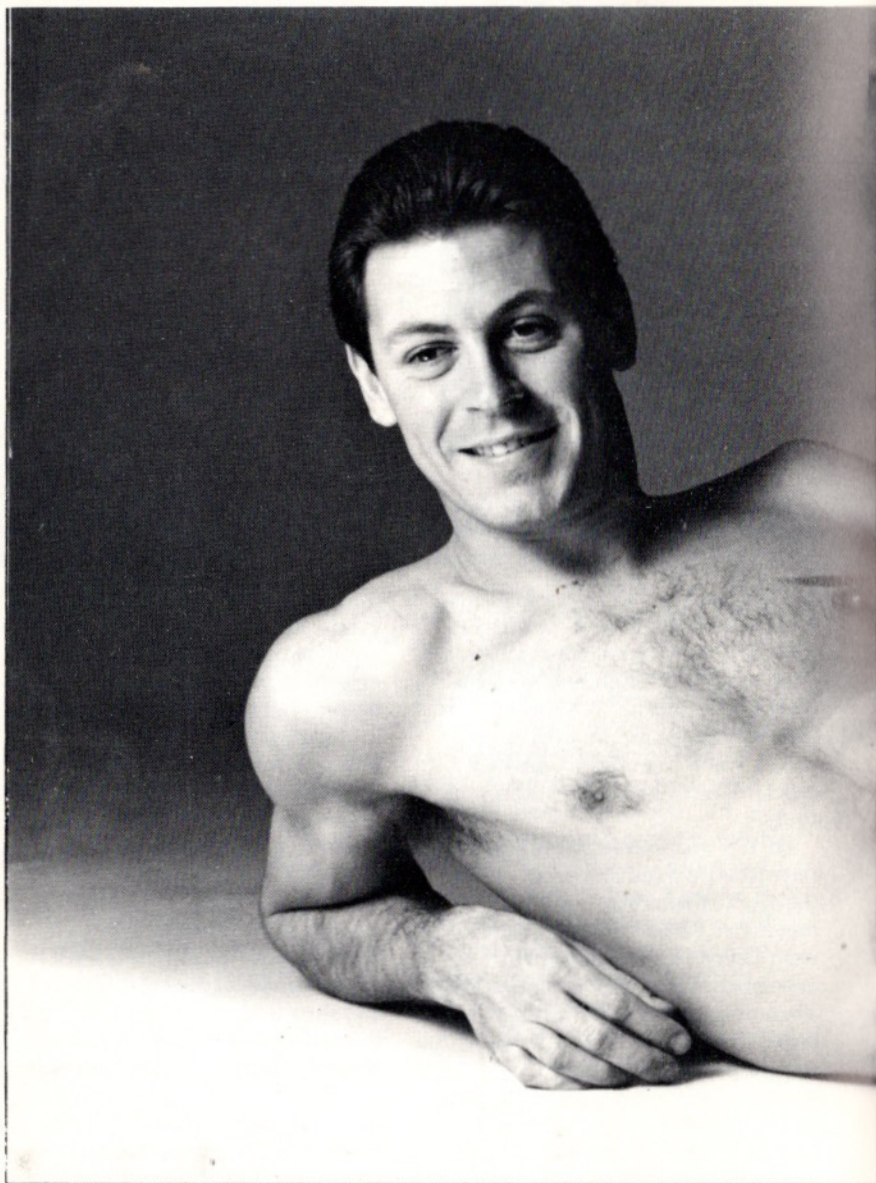
With Neil Diamond's "I Am, I Said" Mimi took the introspective and

deeply personal mood she had just established and enlarged it to include an almost defiant affirmation of existence. "I Am, I Said" grew to become hopeful and positive without losing it's underlying loneliness. Bravo, Mimi, I am, too!

The closer was "If a Picture Paints a Thousand Words...". This song is threatening to become the new nightclub singer's national anthem, but when it's sung really well it can be most effective. Needless to say in Mimi's hands it peed. In spades. A quick reprise of "Sweet Beginning" and she was gone; the audience truly wanted more. Mimi Hines had paced herself so brilliantly that, **although the** act had started slowly, when it was over it seemed all too brief. I hope she is booked back into our cabaret circuit very soon; Disney World is too far for me to go when I am in need of anotehr dose of Mimi's magic.

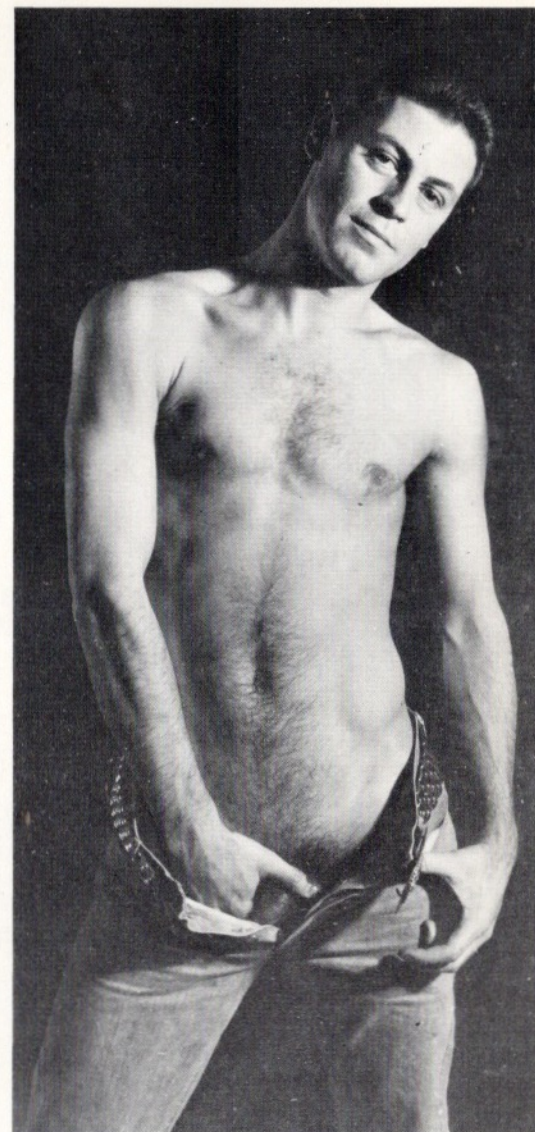
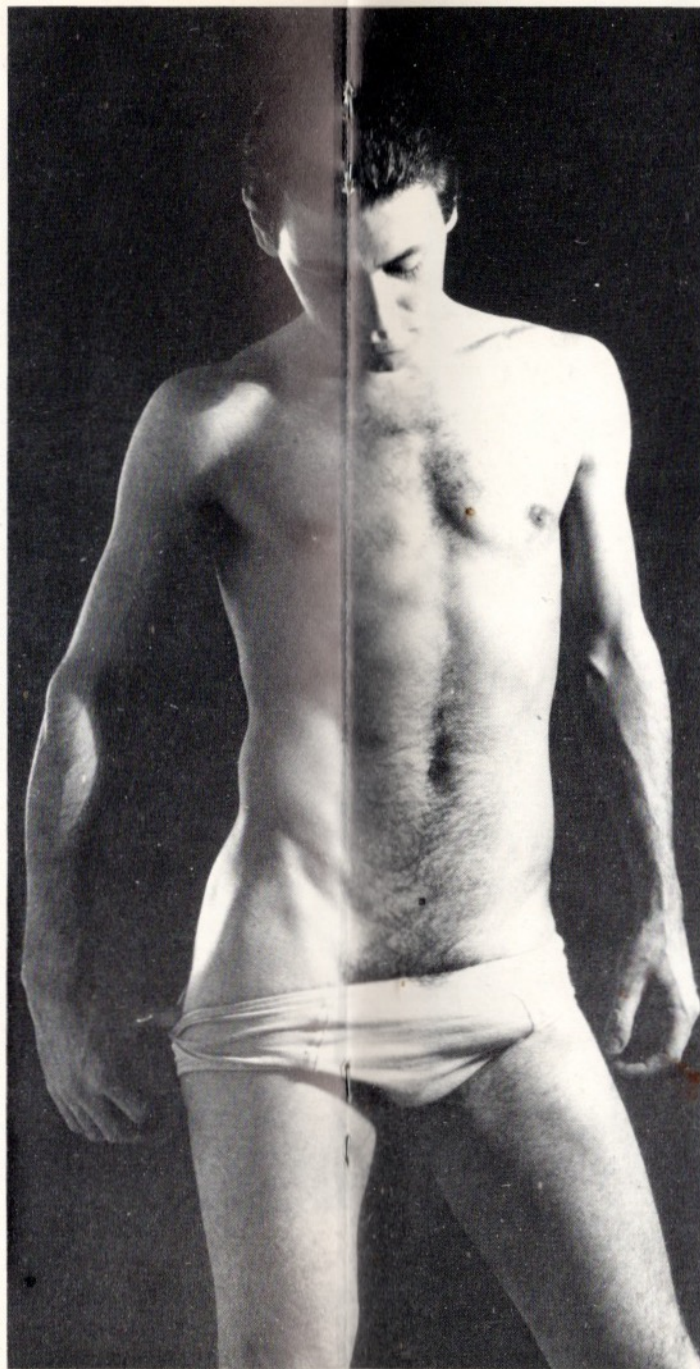
Freeman Gunter

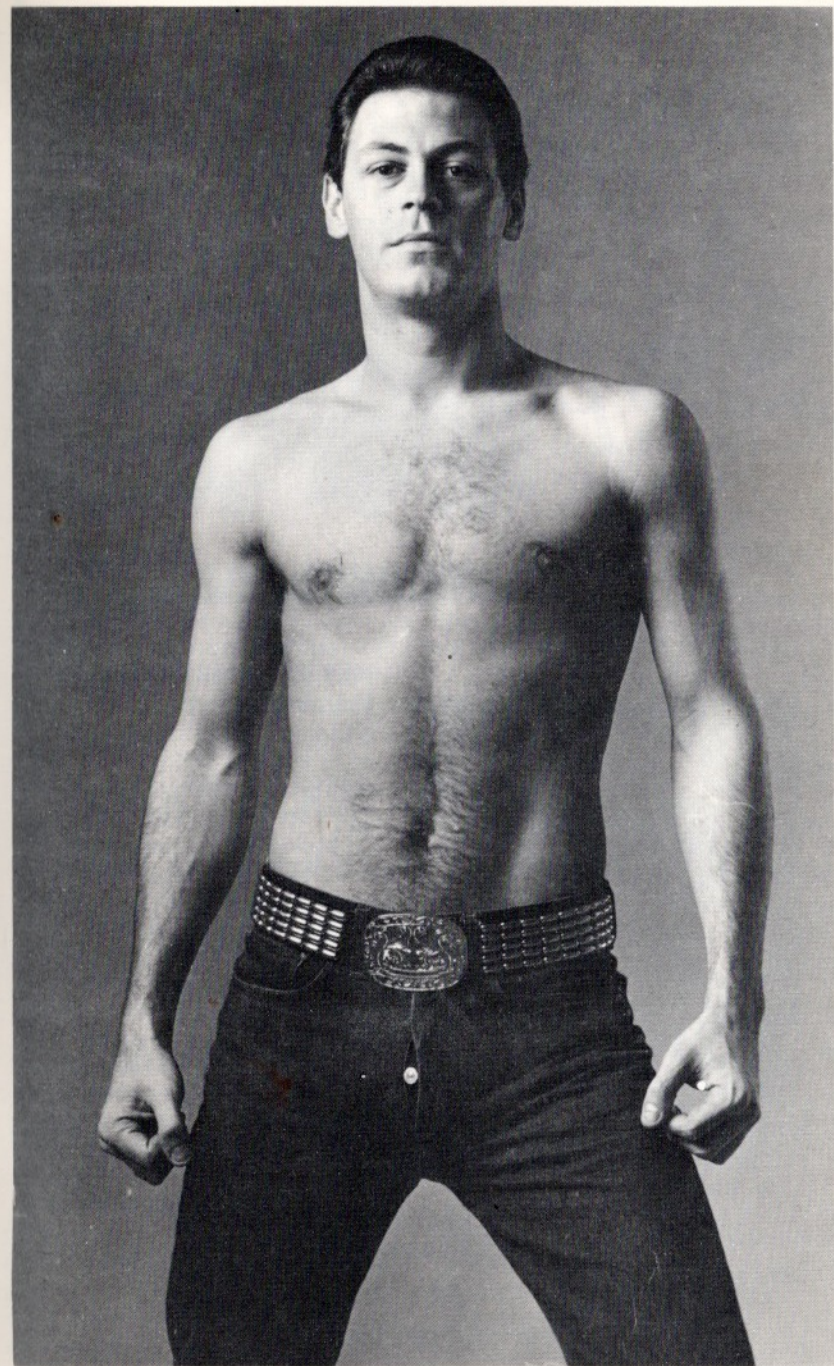
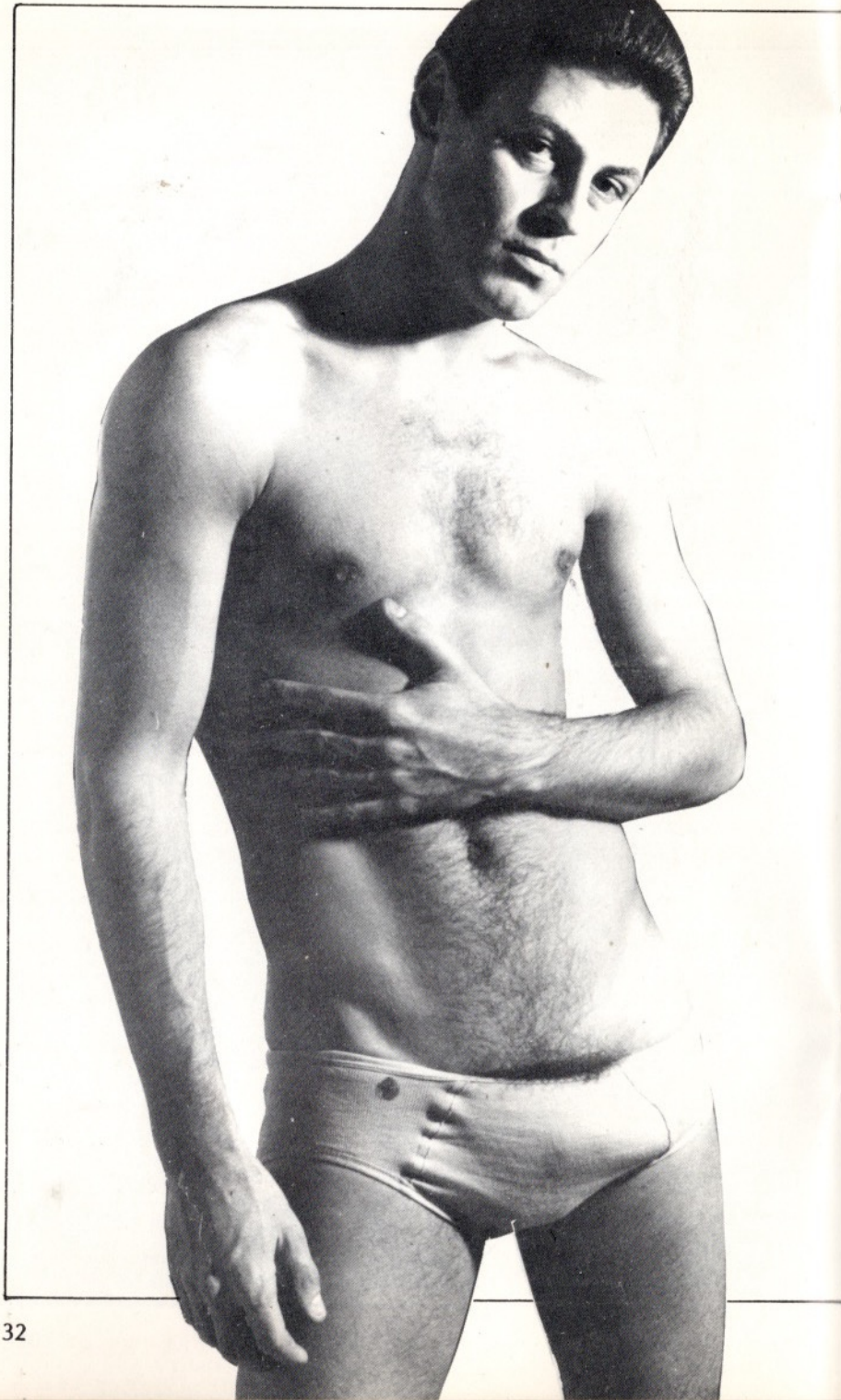
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Steve Townsend, photographed by Roy Blakey





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20th century



TWENTIETH CENTURY:
POLISHING THE
ARTIFICIAL APPLE

If you remember that the twentieth century brought about the discovery of synthetic fibers and plastic that miracle which has totally changed the shape of this planet in the past fifty years then Twentieth Century, a four man tie-and-tails acts, is very aptly named. Looking across my night-stand cum typing-table at all the bottles, jars, cups, spoons, hairbrushes, flowerpots, my razor, my clock-radio, one roll of film, two toothbrushes, and one inhaler, not to mention the keys on this very type-writer, -all man-made incarnations of the same hydrogen and carbon atoms living in the leaves of my alphelandra-it is easy to understand, how four talented men can be impressed by the twentieth century's precision regularity of mass produced shampoo bottles. Impressive, yes-but inspiring, no!

Recently I caught Twentieth Century's acts, both of them, at Gypsy's, that ever-wonderful pleasure garden where the stars come in at night. Even for the early show the club was so jammed that they had to remove the stage and crowd the tables even closer to the piano to make room

for all the standees. The Diva himself dressed in a tight, floor-length, black-fringed lamp-shade, silver sequenced choker, and top hat eloquently decreed that the evening was to be dedicated to Elegance and with that, the four identical mic stands were joined by four Young Men dressed in equally identical tuxedos. After a short, and pointless, sequence of build-ups, they launched into thick, rich harmony with "A Shine on Your Shoes Puts A Melody In Your Heart" swaying in unison and moving their hands in synchronized choreography. Backed by Jeff Waxman on piano, who merely repeated what the four voices were doing, adding little or nothing of this own, a dull bass player, and a conga player who created almost every rhythm in every song without help from the piano or bass, they ran through some clever changes in tempo and finished with a flash. Next, the boys started off with a contagious little chicka-chicka rhythm and jumped into "If It Feels Good, Let It Ride". Unfortunately, every time I started getting caught up by the beat,

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to the extent of tapping my right foot under the table, the band did another one of its "clever" tempo changes. This musical philosophy is very thin ice for a seated back-up musician who does not have to relate to the audience as a stand-up performer because it is very easy to slip beyond good musicianship into self-indulgence. The result of this is that the members of the audience find it hard to get involved in the music and become merely spectators when they could have been participants. Definitely an inferior high.

The next mistake was a break for a little ad libbing, which the lads simply cannot carry off. A rap about Fred Astaire movies was used to excuse (Excuse!?) the tuxedos, and some inappropriate comments about East Siders v.s. West Siders led to the introduction of "Pennies From Heaven" as an ode to Unemployment checks. Throughout the dialogue it became increasingly obvious that these four overly pretty, overly made up, and much too perfectly coiffed fraternity bachelors have a major problem in relating to an audience. Their permanent smiles and calculated stage gestures seem about as genuine as wax flowers, their written dialogue comes out with all the sincerity of an M.C. from the borscht belt, and their off-the-cuff ad libs sound so much like "in" jokes between the boys that they alienate the audience instead of warming it up.

Technically, Twentieth Century makes very good music. The harmony is always lush and occasionally creative, with much good falsetto work, although no one seems particularly concerned with singing bass. This is probably due to the fact that they don't really have a bassman. Consequently, the tightly clustered chord work which they consistently rely on tends to get stodgy and a little monotonous, occasionally weighing

down the beat. This is further complicated by the fact that Orrin Reilly (tallest of the bunch and main spokesman), Geoff Leon, and Richard Casselman all have similar mellow tenor voices—so much so that when they trade parts it is hardly noticable. Casselman does win out, however, with a rich timbre, strong presence, and superior range. I'd like to hear more solo work from him with more back-up singing from the rest of the group. But the joy of the show is new-comer Rob Lund who shone in what was only his second performance with Twentieth Century. His unique and powerful top-tenor voice, coupled with his ability to turn miles of artificial choreography into warm and meaningful communication spotlights him as the one member of Twentieth Century with something more than mass-produced New York Talent. I hope this injection of new and warm blood into the group will have a major effect on the other three members.

Nevertheless, Twentieth Century does have its moments. A clever Stevie Wonder medley, in which they end up singing four of his songs simultaneously, and a great up-tempo rendition of "That Old Black Magic" had the audience whooping and cheering. But in general, the Rockette/clockwork delivery of most of their songs resulted in not "light" but weightless entertainment. When they started "A Shine On Your Shoes Puts A Melody In Your Heart" I felt like I was hearing a direct explanation of what they intended to do that night and why: a polish on your act puts a smile on the audience's face. Fine—but even in what is intentionally light entertainment, there has to be something human and real to share with the people in the first place. Professional polish alone is certainly not enough of a reason for an entire act.

Joe Esquibel



Photo Stephen Kramberg



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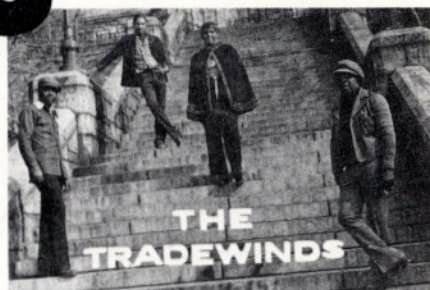
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testimonial

TESTIMONIAL AT THE ANGORA

The invitation arrived at the offices of Michael's Thing, it read, "The Angora Cabaret cordially invites the staff of Michael's Thing and their friends to cocktails and dinner at a testimonial in honor of Michael Giammetta." On the evening of the testimonial it began to snow, eventually becoming one of the heaviest falls of snow and rain that we had this year. When I arrived at the Angora Cabaret located on Eighth Avenue and Seventeenth Street, I was surprised at its size and charmed by the homey quality of its out-of-town looking decor. There is a long bar that runs the length of a cocktail lounge and beyond that is the cabaret area where there are tables and chairs and a small stage. Most of the guests had begun to arrive and were gathered by the bar drinking. I didn't recognize anyone at first until I walked into the cabaret where I saw Freeman Gunter, the editor of Michael's Thing. He was

obviously having a good time seated at a table with Dawn Hampton, her musical director Billy Giddons, and friends. Joe Esquibel a contributor to the magazine, as well as an actor and rock singer, was sitting with them and the conversation was active. I was introduced to Miss Hampton and joined in. Michael Giammetta hadn't arrived as of yet and the proprietor of the Angora was putting the finishing touches to a long narrow table by



Michael, Billy Giddons and Dawn Hampton at the Giammetta testimonial.



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setting up a tablecloth and candlebras.

I went out to the bar area and met Steve Alterwein M.T.'s Art Director who was drinking with Tom DePierro M.T.'s record reviewer. Within seconds John Bowler M.T.'s Manager and Frank Schmitt M.T.'s dance reviewer and man about town joined us. Suddenly, in walked Michael G. with Ron Hirsch, Advertising Director of M.T., Michael's mother Rose and Ron's aunt Ehtel. There was a rush of greetings and soon afterwards everyone was drinking, joking and active in conversation. Michael, was amazed that so many people had turned out to celebrate his testimonial considering the terrible weather and joked that this was a tribute in itself. Amongst the many guests were Arthur Bell, writer, Gypsy, entertainer and owner of Gypsy's. Ty, talking about his new bar Boots and Saddle, the amazing Craig Russell and singer Maria Manville.

The table in the cabaret was ready for dinner and we all sat down to drink, eat and gossip. Gypsy and Craig Russell were the first guests that were persuaded, without much difficulty, to speak and perform on behalf of Michael. I never fully realized how talented each was until I saw them that evening, spontaneously, brilliantly and hilariously improvising their tributes to Michael. One friend after another got up and spoke and entertained, all singing Michael's praises and occasionally roasting him in jest. It was very much like one of those Friars Club celebrations where the humor is outrageous, sharp, and funny.

Maria Manville was in top voice and as loving as ever. At one point Michael was pushed up from his seat to the mike to make a speech. He was then handed a plague and a trophy. Suddenly tounge-tied, and caught off guard he spoke simply, apparently

quite moved by the outstanding tributes that were paid to him, "all I did was to do my thing".

Behind its celebration, the testimonial had a real purpose and it was an acknowledgement by the bar and restaurants in N.Y.C. in appreciation to Michael Giammetta and Michael's Thing for its contributions to the success of the bar scene. It came down to the simple fact that without the attention and the promotion that Michael's Thing has been able to give to the bar scene in the past five years many of them would have floundered and failed. Their gratitude to Michael and Michael's Thing is wide spread and this was the perfect occasion to show it.

A recent cover boy, Greg Kolb, showed up wearing his Michael's Thing "T" shirt and what with the champagne flowing and the good feelings flying high several guests resorted to drooling and pinching.

At one point later on in the evening when everything was mellow, Michael, (who at one time was an entertainer) was edged up onto the stage area by Maria Manville, and with the unfailing courage of a few glasses of champagne under his belt he sang with her. He did a grand job, and I was surprised not having had seen him work before. He still has a great sense of timing and professional skill that could easily get him a return to the stage if he felt so inclined. At one point during his songs he paused and looked out towards the audience area acknowledging both the applause and the friendly cat calls. He squinted trying to look past the bright spots that hit the stage area and said that he couldn't see the faces, but that he could feel the love. And so that's what this testimonial was all about, the gratitude and love for Michael Giammetta and...his Thing."

Herman Alex Joyce



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At the Bar: Ralph "HANNA" McMahon

At the Buffet: Billy Labudd





It's a mystery. Rather, it was a mystery. Tantalizing, twisted, tangled, and infuriating in its complexity. For several years I worked on this matter, compiling dossiers, charts, graphs, statistical analyses, tarot card layouts. I put all my deductive talents to work and came up nothing acceptable, despite my dazzling record of successes with Interpol, the Surete, NKVD, and as a store detective in lingerie at Korvette's. Oh, I found various solutions, of course, but they all lacked class. Other colleagues, known and unknown and living and dead, had worked on this same mystery for many centuries. It has always been a particular problem for those of us who must also suffer the cross of having great beauty. You know the problem: what can we do with a discarded lover who insists on coming back with all the regularity and charm of a malaria attack? I cannot claim credit for the solution (although I'd love to), but leave it to those wily old English to combine the practical with the sentimental and come up with the answer. Faced with this wretched problem, an absolutely genius in Manchester, aged 37 and known to his community as a gentle soul of great

charity, last month invited *his* former lover to dinner... and ate *him*. Not all at one sitting, of course. Now, *that's* class!

Another mystery I've been dealing with (while wearing lovely white antelope gloves for sanitary reasons, *naturellement*) concerns the movtives and/or rewards behind the recent literary efforts of a certain very junior partner in a Columbus Avenue bar (who likes to pose as the sole owner, by the way). It seems this dreary microbe has been writing columns for some periodical (very periodical) in absolute defiance of the unwritten law that bar owners and/or managers do not antagonize all the other bar owners by such efforts. Not considered legitimate competition, you know. I am not concerned with those bar people, but I do think it is quite tragic that this person is so deluded as to believe that his quite genuine talent for washing glasses also qualifies him to attempt writing anything. Even washroom graffiti.

There was no difficulty identifying the body causing such a stir the other night at Harry's Back East. It was Peter Townshend, the highly charged composer of TOMMY, having himself a lovely time and not pretending to be

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Back at the Bar



316 WEST 49th ST. (bet. 8th & 9th Ave.)

just a sightseer. The Winters brothers have also been dashing all over Manhattan looking for all the world like Jean Harlow and the Birdman of Alcatraz out on a date together. Johnny, especially, is absolutely devastating in all that chiffon. Those rock freaks are a bit much, but why not?

It was rather sad to hear about 25 year old Keith Johnson, heir to the Johnson and Johnson drug fortune, being found dead in Ft. Lauderdale from an overdose of injected cocaine. At first it was suspected he might have had dinner at the Poop Deck, but the coroner established the cause of death as due to substances far less poisonous than that. Keith was a lovely guy and widely liked. A bulletin for all those giddy little unisex freaks who adore lunching at Yellowfingers: the Health Department has announced that this establishment has failed two recent inspections and was issued a summons

to that effect. Sometimes you get more than you pay for.

I suppose you must have seen Michael Tilson Thomas around town recently. He is the vastly talented conductor with the Truman Capote voice and ballerina hand movements. And he is rather cute as well as famous. Certainly a lot prettier than Leonard Bernstein. By the way, almost no one is making plans to leave for this years Cannes Film Festival which begins May 9th. The last couple were so dreary and unrewarding that even the evening orgies were a mere shadow of their former selves. I'll sit this one out. And most of the film people I know are too busy making money or plotting to waste their time over there. After all, you can see all of the same people sooner or later at Pearl's.

Tom O'Horgan (you certainly know who he is) has been rumored to be doing mysterious things around town

in that odd little van of his. No one is quite sure what he's been up to, but I've heard some glorious stories, and I do hope they are all true. Some of the most interesting stories have come from a certain drama critic who is also known to be fond of strange wanderings in the night and all that. I prefer to believe everything.

Although I really don't want this to turn into a obituary column, I must also make note of the death of Gertrude Niesen. She was a fabulous singer of another generation, who was the darling of the very social gay and international set of her time. Her appearances at the old Blue Angel and other chic cabarets was always a signal for the most sophisticated people to gather around and enjoy her and each other.

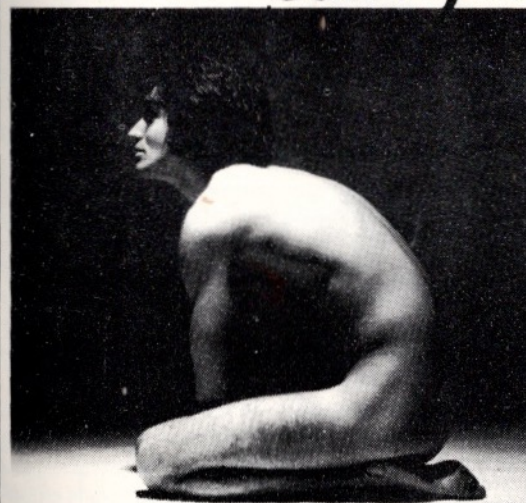
Another mystery I've been able to solve concerns Josef Bush, also known as Angelo D'Arcangelo, author of The Homosexual Handbook and other

books and plays. He had disappeared from sight some time ago, and no one seemed to know what had happened to him. It is my pleasure to announce that he is alive and well and preparing the production of a new play of his at La Mama Theatre. His is a very original talent, and, besides, he's a very attractive number.

I would also like to take this opportunity to deny that I am an overweight Cuban dyke. I happen to be a very lovely young American gentleman with all the right plumbing. I don't know why so many people want to know my identity. It cannot possibly matter, as long as they enjoy my column. I can't use my real name for the simple reason that I also write for many dull prestige publications and also fear assassination from those who find me too truthful to tolerate. I don't know who you are, so why should you know me? Aren't mysteries more fun?

Rose

THE Barefoot Boy



Roy Blakey

NEW YORK'S
NEWEST CRUISE
BAR AND
DISCOTHEQUE

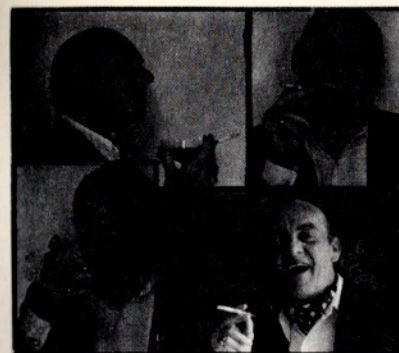
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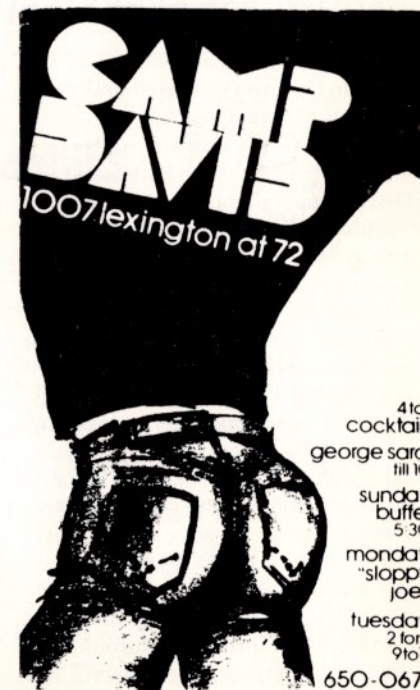
The latest "In" midtown spot is called the "Casablanca"... Clay Cole is your handsome firendly host... Three are 3 separate rooms within the 1 location and the decor is all very far-out eastern... You're up to your ass in Persian rugs from floor to wall to ceiling... Ali Baba and Sinbad would feel right at home... Upon entering to your immediate right is the "Rich's Cafe Americain" room... Which is so named because that is the name of the hot spot that Bogart ran in the now fabled movie called "Casablanca"... It's a rather large supper club with top notch entertainers appearing... Sylvia Syms opened the room and once again added another pearl to her string of many successes... Come May 5th "Gotham" will appear after their heady triumphs of the hinterlands... Walking further to your left opposite the cascading water fall fountain is the Officers Lounge... It's a cozy intimately lit room containing a pool table a few pin ball machines with scattered low-rise seating couches and stools about... But of course the main event is the bar with such well known bar personalities as Commodore George Kelly... Lt. Commander Roger

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blackboard and all the help are now wearing new red tailor-made shirts by George Loyo... My my what will they think of next?? Are back rooms once again back in vogue??? Behind the bar on the day time shift is that blonded haired beauty known as Ken Wayne and the place is the Zipper... Shades of



At Casablanca: officer's club bar tenders Roger Castagner, George Kelly and Jeff Burns.

the memory of the past because Kip Lacey well known personality of the past will be doing gay time this summer at the Sea Shack... Belated Happy Birthday Harry of Harry's

Back East... Next bar awards at Casa Paco on Mon. May 5th... **LAYMATE OF THE WEEK**... The entire cast of "Lovers"; this way you have a choice... Catch this hit musical and you'll know what I mean... The Shady Lady in Bklyn Hgts. soon to open up their kitchen... David Miller is still performing even though his broken arm is still in a cast and the disguise is a muff... Is that an after hours club on the upper west side called "Uptown"??? The Officers Quarters at the Casablanca is having a 2 drinks for the price of 1 on Mondays & Thursdays... That tall good looking job behind the bar at the Roadhouse goes by the name of Bill formerly of Danny's Christopher St... Come May 3rd the indestructable "Peaches" day time giddy bartender of Hollywood will become 60... I call that Gayola and many more luv... Is it true that Judy Sexton is appearing in a home movie with their version of the hit film

"Psyco" and she plays the Tony Perkins part??? Johnny Avella looking fab... I guess all that southern hospitality agrees with him... A real sweetheart is Gwenn Saunders of Uncle Harry's who celebrated her birthday with a surprise roast... Is it true that the waiter Joey at the Painted Pony has stopped taking the pill and wants to retire because of pregnancy... Would you believe that at the Grove on Fire Island the Sea Shck is already opened with Carlotta top chef... Melvina lower chef plus Jon Jon Swarze and Donald Armenti to add to the spice of life... Ricardo of One If By Land 17 Barrow St. is a real sweetheart... Well dear hearts that just about wraps this one up because I've got to start packing and brush up on my Spanish as I am flying down to Acapulco for 2 weeks so my next column will be about the tropical paradise... Enjoy each and every day... Mucho love... George Sardi.

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thing's astrology

Week of April 14-20, 1975

ARIES (3/21—4/19) ... Some permanent decisions, conclusions, or moves could happen this week, but they'll be based on your instinctive appreciation of situations, not careful planning. Go easy with this; better know what you're doing inside and out

before deciding. Good things can come from a real change of heart.

TAURUS (4/20—5/20) ... Some opposition to financial plans can be expected; better to postpone a decision until next week. Major events center around the plans you have made to advance your artistic and monetary interests. Small conflicts are unavoidable, but over soon.

GEMINI (5/21—6/21) ... A week to slow down and take it easy, as your mental processes are more emotional than purely thought. You may feel under a cloud. This will pass very quickly. Money becomes very important, watch where you spend it.

CANCER (6/22—7/22) Good week for you, but watch you don't get carried away with booze. Plenty of interesting opportunities. Something begun late last year may come to a surprising climax.

LEO (7/24—8/23) ... More effort is needed to realize a financial goal. Career emphasis all this month is strong; try to utilize the help other people want to offer, even if it is expressed in conflicting terms. Good week to refine your image, or look for new work.

VIRGO (8/24—9/23) ... Good week for your projects although inspiration may be limited. Better to concentrate on money. Collect old debts; do correspondence work that could have been neglected. Partners help with energy and advice.

LIBRA (9/24—10/23) ... Venus, your ruler, is in a nice spot for you, especially good for long-range affairs and projects. But make sure you have time to spare for yourself. At the first sign of strain, rest and relax. You need

all your strength to work out new ideas.

SCORPIO (10/24—11/22) ... Mars in your fifth house gives you lots of energy to put into lovemaking, creativity, etc., but you may not be getting the cooperation from others you need. **Don't count on them. You must rely on your own inspiration and talents to do what has to be done.**

SAGITTARIUS (11/23—12/21) ... Complicated week, with demands made on your time which may be irritating. Get away from it all, if possible. Rely on yourself. Others are not in a receptive mood.

CAPRICORN (12/22—1/19) ... Mars and Saturn continue in favorable aspect. You should be in good shape, at least in areas which count most to you. Any project can advance now if you take advantage of the current tendencies toward permanence.

AQUARIUS (1/20—2/19) ... Money is most likely an issue. A love affair, also, which could conflict or sidetrack you, as you tend not to want to value security for its own sake. Give yourself a break and make sure you take care of business first.

PISCES (2/20—3/20) ... Screwy week, with many pulls from many directions. Keeping it all together will be tough unless you can stick to a schedule. Relax and flow, without allowing opinion to alter your direction. You know what you need.

GENERAL FORECAST: Petty issues, petty changes. Nothing should be taken too seriously, in other words. Easy does it. Love, Sally.

Sally Eaton



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.

CALIFORNIA

HAWTHORNE

EL CAPITAN, 13825 S. Hawthorne
ROSE ROOM, Cren-Rose Hotel, Rosecranz at Crenshaw

HAYWARD

CHANDELIER LOUNGE, 22615 Mission
DRIFTWOOD LOUNGE, 22170 Mission Blvd.
QUEEN'S PALACE, 799 B St.
TURF CLUB, 22517 Mission

HUNTINGTON PARK

COVEN, 6907 Santa Fe
HANG UP, 7810 Santa Fe
RABBIT HABIT, 7312 Pacific

INGLEWOOD

RUBY RUE, 1103 N. La Brea
VAGABOND, 315 E. Florence Ave.
WILD SIDE, 1321 N. La Brea

LAGUNA BEACH

Andree's Restaurant, 1464 S. Coast Hwy.
Coast Inn, 1401 S. Coast Hwy.
Cottage Restaurant, 308 N. Coast Hwy.
Little Shrimp, 1305 S. Coast Hwy.

LONG BEACH

Caribbean Room, 2129 Long Beach Blvd.
Diamond Horseshoe, 2523 E. Anaheim St. (Wilmington)
Great Expectations, 5101 E. Ocean
Green Owl, 1820 Atlantic Ave.
Haven, 256 Long Beach Blvd.
Hoop's Coop, 2718 E. Anaheim
Inquire Room, 3974 Atlantic
Joe's Place, 2682 Long Beach Blvd.
Lil Lucy's, 1500 E. Broadway
Mike's Corral, 2020 E. Artesia Blvd. at Cherry
Mine Shaft, 1720 E. Broadway
Muster Inn, 2222 E. Anaheim
New Lagoon Saloon, 1415 Santa Fe Ave.
Roman IV, 14 Elm St.
Sam's Place, 1744 E. Broadway
Traffic Jam, 4663 Long Beach Blvd.
Victor Hugo, 730 E. Broadway

California cont. next week

NEW YORK CITY

MANHATTAN

ANGORA BAR: 129 Eight Ave.
BEAU GESTE: 239 Third Ave. (at 20th St.)
BETTER DAYS: 316 W. 49 St.
BIKE STOP: 230 W. 75 St.
BIKE STOP EAST: 381 Third Ave.
BLEECKER 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.
BROTHERS & SISTERS: 355 W. 46 St.
CAMP DAVID: 1007 Lexington Ave. (Bet. 72 & 73 Sts.)
CANDLE LIGHT LOUNGE: 309 Amsterdam Ave.
CASA PACO: 330 Bleecker St.
CAVE: Bank & Washington Sts.
CELL BLOCK: 372 W. 11 St. (at West)
THE CHALICE: 185 W. 10th St.
CLUB CASA BLANCA: 241 Madison Ave. (at 38th)
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.
DUCHESS INN: 70 Grove St.
EAGLES NEST: 21 St. & 11 Ave.
EDNA'S PLACE: 858 9th Ave.
FALLEN ANGEL: 1623 2nd Ave. (at 10th)
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.
GYPSY'S: 1065 1st Ave. (at 58 St.)
HARRY'S BACK EAST: 1422 Third Ave. (80 St.)
HOLLYWOOD: 128 W 45 St.
INTERNATIONAL BAR: 733 Greenwich
JACK OF DIAMONDS: 1085 Second
JOHNNY'S PUB: 123 E 47 St.
JONATHANS: 547 Second Ave.
JULIUS: 159 W 10 St.
KELLERS: 384 W St. (below Christopher St.)
KELLY'S VILLAGE WEST: 46 Bedford St.
LAST CALL: 975 Second Ave. (bet. 51 & 52 Sts.)

Bar of the Week: **Jack Of Diamonds**, 1085 Second Avenue. This new East Side watering spot offers a brunch on Sunday in addition to the usual services of an emporium of this kind. You'll love it.

LIMELIGHT: 91 Seventh Ave. So.
LODGE EAST: 1683 First Ave. (87 St.)
MARIE'S CRISIS: 59 Gove St.
MONA'S ROYAL ROOST: 28 Cornelia St.
MOTHERS: 267 W 23 St.
NEWER CAMP: 411 3rd Ave.
NICKEL BAR: 127 W 72 St.
NINTH CIRCLE: 139 W 10 St.
ONE IF BY LAND, TWO IF BY SEA: 17 Barrow St.
ONE POTATO: 518 Hudson St.
PAINTED PONY: 1485 Third Ave. (84 St.)
PAISLEYS: 320 E 79 St.
PETER RABBIT: 305 W 10 St. (at West St.)
PICADILLY PUB: 324 Amsterdam Ave. (at 75 St.)
RAMROD: 394 WEST ST.
RENO SWEENEY: 126 W 13 St.
ROADHOUSE: 570 Hudson St.
RONNIE'S ROOST: 2130 Broadway 75 St.
SOUND MACHINE: 330 E 56th St.
SPEAKEASY: 2160 Broadway
SPIKE: 120 11th Ave. (at 20 St.)
TIJUANA CAT: 350 W. 46 St.
THE BAREFOOT BOY BUB 304 E. 39th St.
THE ZIPPER 371 West 46th St.
TOP OF THE PITTS: (Continental Baths W 74 St.)
TRUDE HELLER'S: Sixth Ave. & 9th St.
TY'S: 114 Christopher St.
UNCLE CHARLIE'S NORTH: 1049 Lexington Ave.
UNCLE CHARLES RESTAURANT: 3rd Ave. at 36 St.
UNCLE CHARLIE'S SOUTH: 581 Third Ave. (at 38 St.)
WILDWOOD: 308 Columbus Ave. (bet. 74 & 75 St.)
YUKON: 140 E. 53 St.

BRONX

UNO'S CAFE: 1051 Allerton Ave.

BROOKLYN

BROADWAY: 75th St. & New Utrecht Ave
DANNY'S OF BKLYN. HTS.: 108 Montague St.

NEW ATLANTIS: Stillwell Ave. & Boardwalk, Coney Is.
PIANO BAR: 103 Montague St.
SHADY LADY: 79 Pineapple St.

STATEN ISLAND

BILL BAILEY'S: 492 Bay St.
MAYFAIR: 3 Hyett St.
SANDPIPER: 86 Mills Ave., So. Beach

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

LONG ISLAND

CENTRAL HOTEL: 1290 Smithtown Ave., Bohemia
C'EST BON: 2520 Merrick Rd Bellmore
COLONIAL INN: 27A Blue Point
DEE GEE'S: 150 Woodbury Rd. Woodbury
GUY'S & DOLLS: 91's Steight Path, N. Babylon
THE GROTTO OF THE PURPLE GRAPE: Montauk
HAPTON ATTIC: Montauk HWY, E. Hampton
HWY. Bridgehampton
FRIENDS: 25A St. James
LINDENMERE: Sedgemere Rd., Center Moriches
MARIE'S DOCK SIDE: 9th St. Lindenhurst
PAL JOEY'S: 2457 Jerusalem Ave., N. Bellmore
PACHEZ: Three Mile Harbor Rd. E. Hampton
RENE'S: 234 Main St. Hempstead
SILVER LINING: 175 Cherry Lane, Floral Park
YATCH CLUB: 25A St. James

dining out



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BEAU GESTE: 239 Third Ave. (475-9724). Continental. Expanded lunch menu, dinner, excellent. Sunday brunch. 7 days.
THE BLEECKER STREET: 302 Bleecker St. (YU9-3907). Continental. Garden. Dinner, Sat. & Sunday brunch. 7 days.
BROTHERS & SISTERS: 355 W. 46th St. (765-7848). Continental. Garden. Dinner, late supper. 7 days. 683-5860
CASA PACO: 330 Bleecker St. (989-9050). Mexican Lunch, dinner. Saturday & Sunday brunch. 7 days.
COMPANY: 365 Third Ave. (MU3-9033) American & Continental Lunch & Dinner, Fri. & Sat, Midnight Brunch. Fabulous Sunday Brunch. Sat., Sunday brunch.
COUNTRY COUSIN: 1313 Third Ave. (879-6614). Continental. Dinner, Sunday brunch. 7 days.
FALLEN ANGEL 1623 Second Ave. Continental. Dinner, Sunday-brunch. 7 days.
FEDORA'S: 238 W. Fourth St. (CH2-9691). Continental. Dinner. Closed Tuesday.
GRAND FINALE: 210 W. 70th St. (595-4206). Italian. Dinner. 7 days.
GRENADIER: 861 First Ave. (753-2960). Continental

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JOHNNY'S PUB: 123 E. 47th St. (355-8714). Continental. Lunch, dinner. Monday-Friday.
LODGE EAST: 1683 First Ave. (At 87th) (289-9856). Continental. Dinner. 7 days.
MONA'S ROYAL ROOST: 28 Cornelia St. (G. Village - CH2-9557) French Cuisine. Dinners-Tues. Thru Sunday.
ONE IF BY LAND, TWO IF BY SEA: 17 Barrow St. (255-8649). Exquisite Continental. Dinner. 7 days.
ONE POTATO: 518 Hudson St. (691-6260). American. Lunch, Dinner, Sunday brunch.
PAISLEY'S: 320 East 79th St. (744-1750) Italian & Sea Food Dinner, supper. 7 days.
RENO SWEENEY: 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900). Continental-American. Dinner, supper. 7 days.
RONNIE'S ROOST: 2130 Broadway. (874-5070). American. Dinner, Tuesday - Saturday. Sunday Brunch
SAZEKA HOUSE: 533 Hudson St. Creole-New Orleans. Lunch, dinner, Saturday & Sunday brunch. 7 days.
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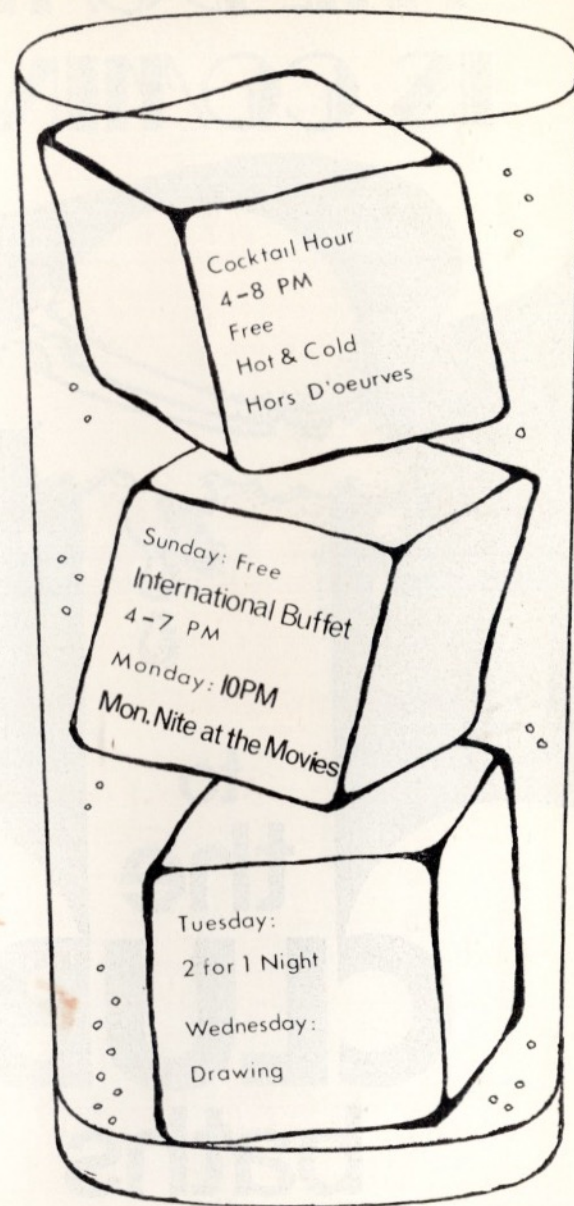
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