

michael's thing

Vol.5/No.19/May 12, 1975

weekly entertainment guide

75c



interview: lola pashalinski
cabaret reviews
antonioni's "the passenger"

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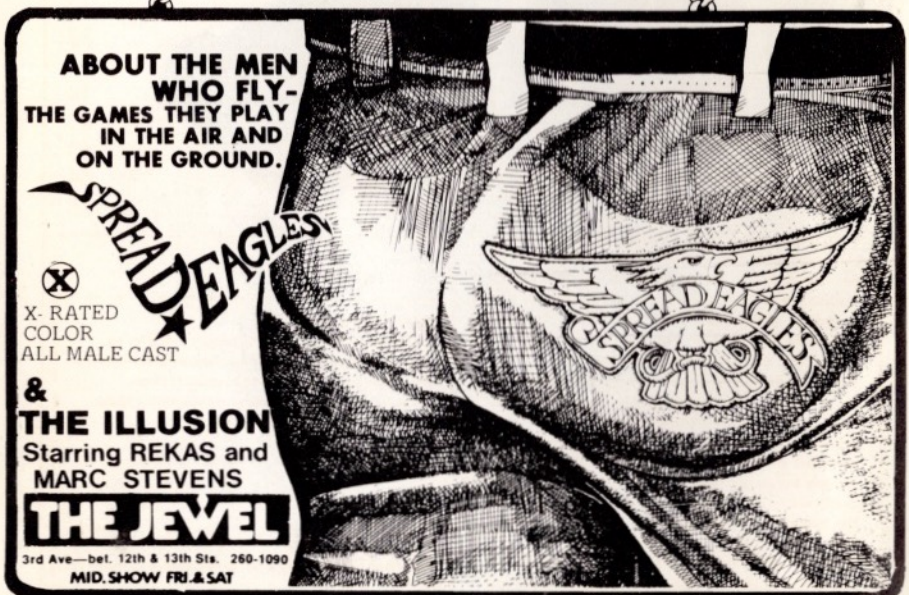
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Editor

Freeman Gunter

Art Director

Steve Alterwein

Manager

John Bowler

Advertising

Ron Hirsch (787-8934)

Contributors

Joe Kennedy

Jack Doroshow

Frank Schmitt

Herman Alex Joyce

Kenn Harris

Freeman Gunter

George Sardi

Joe Esquibel

Paul Vanase

Tom DePierro

Richard Roberts

Robert W. Richards

Mark Hallech

Daryl Stoner

Rose March

Roy Blakey

Stefen Verk

Miss Sally Eaton

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The cover: Richard Weiss in "The Marriage Museum".

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letters

Attention: Joe Esquibel

If you could clear your typewriter table of the clutter of all the bottles, jars, cups, spoons, razors, toothbrushes, and maybe even clean that keyboard you wrote of, perhaps then you'd be able to see and gain insight into a group called 20th Century you so ruthlessly reviewed.

As I have been a fan of these multi-talented white tied and tailed men for some time now, I protest your review. I have watched this group grow from their initial appearance at the Continental Baths into the fully developed, well put together act I saw at Trude Heller's two weeks ago (*Growing* isn't a trait of "artificial flowers"). They work hard, constantly adding new material, a symbol of the progress and driving ambition so representative of the 20th Century.

EACH one of the members of this group has an individually vibrant sound. They combine their efforts however in an attempt (quite successful in its accomplishment) to *blend*. They choose their material carefully and have been choreographed to compliment their well thought out look... Polished perhaps, but with a shine that glows—that makes people tingle when they listen and certainly come back for more (as the packed house may indicate).

I must end this letter hastily as I am on my way to hear 20th Century at TownHall—in The Age of Elegance—a title quite fitting for the

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majesty (sic) of their sound and
look.

Yours truly,
Susan Cohen

Dear Editor,

I am so glad that you at Michael's
Thing have the courage to print
negative reviews when you feel
that they are warranted. Surely, not
every nightclub act which appears in
an advertiser's club is fabulous. I am
thinking, in particular of Joe
Esquibel's recent review of
Twentieth Century. I, too, feel that
they are just a bunch of plastic
chorus-boys.

Keep up the good work and hold
high the torch.

Sincerely,
Marvin Kamminer

*The photographs of Lana Turner that
appeared in Vol. 5, No. 17, April 28, were
by Joel Kudler.*

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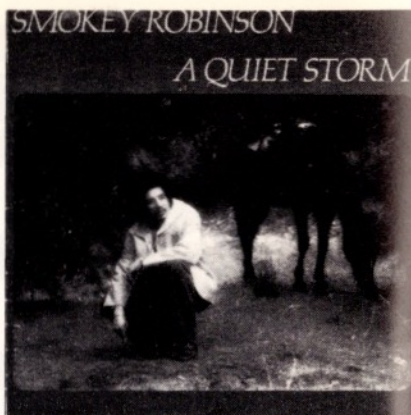


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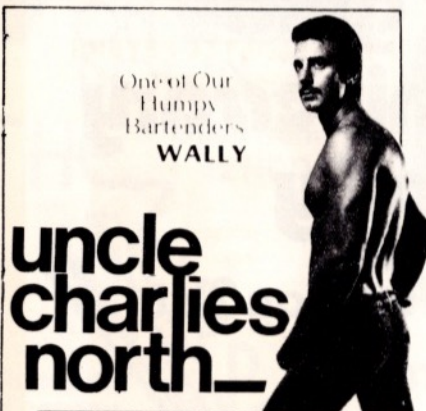
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SOUND VIEWS

"A QUIET STORM"
SMOKEY ROBINSON
(TAMLA 337)

In discussing Smokey Robinson's new album "A Quiet Storm", a very dear friend had made a striking comment. She mentioned that she had that very week been playing through her collection of his music. She closed, "That voice! So soft and kind. It just curls up to you with affection."

And so it does.

The man and the voice. Smokey Robinson is the man who has crafted hundreds of whip-creamy songs of love. He is the man who co-founded Motown Records and guided so many of their artists on their way to success. He is the man who Dylan and Lennon proclaim as popular music's greatest living poet. He is the voice that led the Miracles through twenty years of worldwide acclaim.

And he is the voice that stands at the threshold of a most promising solo flight. Smokey is out on his own with fresh new approach and control to and of his poetic prowess. A talent with no bounds. A towering pillar of lyrical lace.

Since his departure from the Miracles he has devoted most of his energies to behind-the-scenes activity at Motown, but the satisfaction of public appearance has reclaimed him. This new album marks the return of Smokey Robinson in the role of performer. With that return, he brings his silken smooth, flawless falsetto in finer character than ever. One listen to "Baby That's Backatcha" will convince you that he fully maintains his ethereal sense of beauty and his remarkable ability to communicate that sensitivity with intricate detail. Finding adequate superlatives is a challenge.

The title track is semi-symphonic in its metamorphic structure. The piece entwines personified imagery with articulate arrangement. The results are magnificent. "Happy (Love Theme from 'Lady Sings the Blues') features a stunning reading of the lyrical version from the cinematographic epic. "The Wedding Song" offers his very personal reflections and blessings on the marriage of Jermaine and Hazel Jackson.

I cite two particular favorites and am looking forward to future single release of either. One, "Love Letters"; and other, "Coincidentally". Both are thrilling

examples of his celebrated geometric skill in rhyme. And of course there's the willowy ballad side of Smokey. Here he takes the theme of the bitter with the sweet to his ultimate interpretation with "The Agony and The Ecstasy". In all, a stellar offering from the man that ranks with the Gershwins and Porters and Berlins of yesteryear.

Most recently, the culmination of many years of absence from the stage came when he stepped under the lights at Hollywood's Roxy Theatre to a packed and truly overwhelmed audience. Hundreds more waited in line outside the theatre. Need I tell you that it was an evening to be remembered? The Strip was in flames.

You can recapture that excitement at home with "A Quiet Storm"; the new album by the tamed tiger, Smokey Robinson. Its destiny is classic. Let it curl up to you.

Tom De Pierro

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in cabaret

CHERRY VANILLA AT TRUDE HELLERS

Cherry Vanilla is billed as "the pink haired poet" but that doesn't begin to state the case. She is a poet (poetess, actually) and her hair is liable to be pink, but don't hold her to it. She is the most famous of all the groupies (remember them? So does Cherry) and she is, with astonishing speed, moving into her own as a compelling presence on the nightclub scene. This girl is going to be big.

Her nightclub act is like no other I have seen. It consists of bright, crisp recitations of her poems, a few gags and some comedic skits, some very unique songs, a raunchy slide show (which goes by all too fast) and a touching tribute or two. Cherry Vanilla wrote every word of it. She is a very special talent.

This flame-haired wonder gets away with murder on the nightclub floor. She says things, uses words that Lenny Bruce, himself, would never have. She not only gets away with it, but makes a fascinating and long overdue statement about women. Also men. Let's just say, *people*. She is extraordinarily pretty and her presence is incandescent, cheerful, positive. Cherry Vanilla doesn't just perform, she goes out there and *beams*. She is a storyteller, a singer of songs and she's guaranteed to help you make it through the night.

When she sings, it is to the music of David Shaefer, her pianist and composer. Although she would never claim to be a singer, take it from me, she *can* sing. Her voice is attractive and musical, her rhythm and timing are instinctive and sure and her pitch right on the money. And the catchy tunes that Schaefer has written to her words are not all that simple. Cherry Vanilla does not have to fake anything.

Honesty, Frankness, Wit, Wisdom and Understanding. In other words, Cherry Vanilla. She can set you free.

Freeman Gunter

MARGARET WHITING AT RENO SWEENEY

Margaret Whiting stands squarely in the middle of the American popular music mainstream. She has a big, golden mid-western voice (which, by the way, has never sounded better than it does right now), a sure and beautiful way of phrasing a song and sending it out and a total understanding of the true meaning and nature of the American popular song. Her father was one of the great standard songwriters and Margaret Whiting was born and bred into the tradition; she believes in its dreams. She and your reporter have often sat on the same side of the cocktails at Reno Sweeney and it was

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serendipitous at last to encounter her on its stage. She is a wonderful singer and a great professional who's joy and special gift is making a nightclub seem like the warmest and most cheerful place in the world to spend an evening.

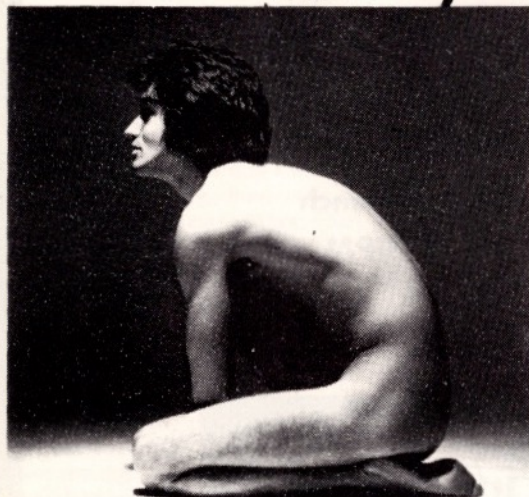
She opened with a song about the thrill of performing, "There's Nothing Like it in the World." She set a strong and energetic pace for herself which she maintained throughout the act. Even her ballads, though magnificently relaxed and composed, are never sleepy. Miss Whiting is a trim, cotton-candy blonde; on this occasion she was resplendent in a silk pants suit with a pink and gold snakeskin print. Perfect for an entertainer or a hostess; Margaret Whiting is both.

She has an unerring instinct for selecting quality material. Not those semi-*recherche* and "insy" songs which pass for sophistication among the sycophants, but proven *quality* material. Any lapse in this regard,

and there were one or two, can be attributed to kindnesses to composer friends. She sang "Can't We Be Friends" with seques on each tag line into Midler's "You Got To Have Friends." It was cute and it worked. She settled down to some serious ballad singing and rendered "Moonlight in Vermont" divinely and also her father's gem, "My Ideal." This last, Whiting sang extremely simply. Each phrase was as the work of a master sculptor, a perfect arch and she sang it without a mike. An unamplified voice, particularly one this good, in a nightclub packs an astonishing emotional whallop. Margaret Whiting knows exactly what she is doing.

Much of the act is in a very pat and tightly written format involving a lot of . . . and then I wrote . . . transitions. This can be effective and enables a lot of material to be covered but it tends to be a little corny and can keep Miss Whiting from settling down and doing that

THE Barefoot Boy



Roy Blakey

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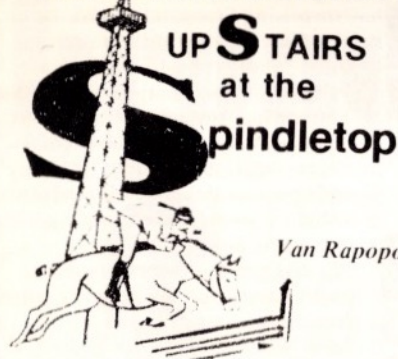
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straight singing which is so very magnificent. But I can't complain, not when she is paying her brief visits to such wonderful songs as Richard Whiting's "Ain't We Got Fun?," "Too Marvelous for Words," "Hooray for Hollywood," Peter Allen's "I Honestly Love You," "It Had to be You," "When You Wish Upon a Star," "Some Day My Prince Will Come," "I'm Late," "I'm Wishing," (Maggie's into Disney) a song for you and "You Made Me Love You."

Happy Margaret Whiting is a wonderful entertainer. She defines herself beautifully on the floor as only a sensitive professional can and it is a joyful and reassuring experience, in this age of overnight cabaret sensations, to see and hear her in action.

Freeman Gunter

CLAIBORNE CAREY AT GYPSY'S

Claiborne Carey is an up. A very definite up. Lately, too many

women have decided that it is *tres rogue* to become a night-club singer; really pour the old heart out. Talent nights everywhere are packed with aspiring Helen Morgans who so obviously lack the voice, the training and the soul that you wonder how they can dare to reach for a position that they idolize so heavily. Meanwhile, the cabaret treadmill around Manhattan is already crowded with pseudo-chanteuses who possess one or more of these three basic ingredients in assorted awkward proportions. Not to mention all the out-of-work show-girls who have yet to learn the difference between a solo spotlight in an intimate club and a block-long row of foot-lights on the Big Broadway Stage. In the whirl of all this potential disillusionment, Claiborne Carey turns Gypsy's into an Oasis.

First of all, she *has* the voice. She sings with a clear, open sort of "sunny" voice that makes you feel



that she has got to be smiling, even when you close your eyes. She also has surprising Streisand-tinted heights, which she has the taste not to abuse, and a thin, floating silk-scarf of a note reminiscent of Morgana King, though not as convincing. All three of these voices, however, take considerable worming-up, as does the elimination of a slightly unpleasant vibrato which always starts her set.

She has got the technique *down*. Tasteful phrases melt into each other without a trace of the need for oxygen. When she hits her highest notes, you have the feeling that she could still go higher, but she's just too tactful to do so. The classic rasp and her wiggly vibrato, once under control, are sometimes used for a very nice form of emphasis. I especially like the way she can slip zany raps and endless one-liners into any song and never lose the pitch or miss a beat. And she does that Betty Hutton number about "Crash went

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the table, smash . . ." (oh, *you* know . . .) as an absolute tour de force of crisp-diction patter-song.

And rarest of all, she has soul. The petite Ms. Carey is the Modern woman, sophisticated, but in a cosmopolitan, career-woman sense, not the Cole Porter sense. To urban songs of socialite loneliness such as "The People In My Life" (added to Sugar" in L.A.) and "(I Am) My Own Best Friend" (from "Chicago"), she brings the same kind of authenticity that Julie Wilson brings to Sondheim's "I'm Still Here". When the song comes directly from the world that that woman know best, there is no need for acting; the feelings are for real. At the same time, old standards from other worlds are changed in a whole new interpretation by the kind of urbanite who would stride to work with a copy of *Playboy* and *Playgirl* under her arm.

However, there is one flaw, and it is not in her songs. She simply carries

on a little too much between them. When I saw her early show, she exchanged an interminable round of private jokes with a certain table of old friends which irritated half of the audience and left the other half wandering back to the bar thinking that it was intermission. Rapping with the audience one person at a time does not help link the songs together, it makes gaps between them.

Nevertheless, Claiborne Carey has got what it takes. Gypsy's pleasure-garden, now blooming with new silver roses, is always packed for her shows, and that's just how it should be. Get down there and see her perform. And then see if you don't feel a little more optimistic about night-club singing in Manhattan than you did after the last time you went out on the town.

Joe Esquibel

INGA SWENSON AT BROTHERS & SISTERS

Inga Swenson, star of the Broadway musicals "Baker Street" and "110 in the Shade" is a tall, Swedish beauty with long, flaxen hair and a soprano voice which somehow manages to be smokey and crystal clear at the same time. On stage, she looks as though she is barefooted with a good man waiting for her back in the cabin. Her first-time-ever cabaret debut occurred recently at Brothers & Sisters and, while much refining and pruning must be done to adapt her talents to the cabaret medium, she shows undeniable promise. Swenson and her pianist Brooks Morton have excellent taste and have chose a group of superior songs. The principal drawback of Inga Swenson's club act is a kind of reticence, an apparent coolness which prevents the songs from being really convincing on the one-to-one



level which is so essential in cabaret performances. This is not uncommon

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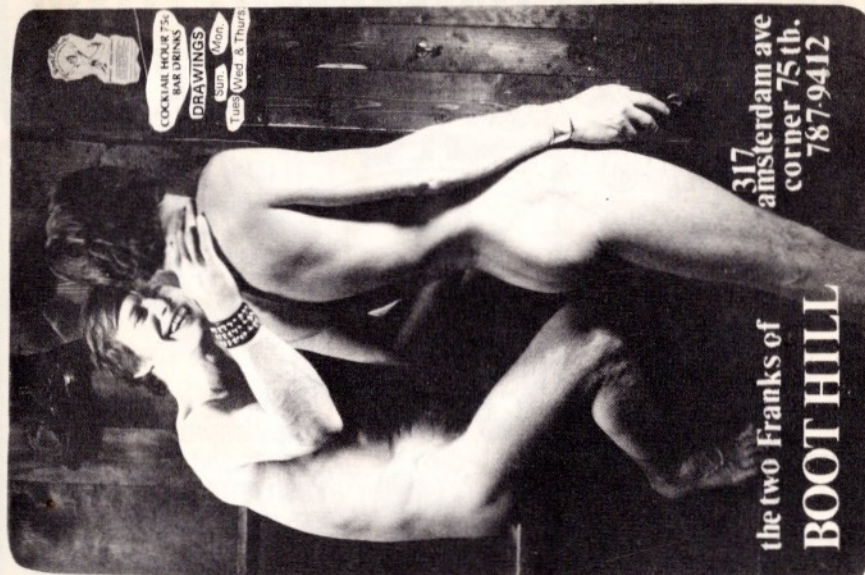
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in theatre performers who are new to club work; the span of time and space between a performer and her audience is completely different in the two media. Seen up close, Inga's interpretations tend to be a bit studied; one admires them because Inga Swenson sings beautifully, but one is not *reached* by them.

Among the fine tunes she sang very well were: Kern-Hammerstein's "The Folks Who Live on the Hill," "All the Things You are," "My Love is A Wanderer," Rogers and Hart's "A Ship Without a Sail," "You're Nearer," and "Glad to be Unhappy," Kurt Weill's "It Never Was You" and a brace of numbers from her two Broadway hits. Of these, "Finding Words for Spring" and "Is it Really Me?" are the ones which work best in cabaret, apart from the context of the shows. The old Cotton Club hit "Honey in the Honeycomb" fails due to Inga's lack of a jazz beat and the venerable lament, "When the World Was Young" because Inga leans into

it with much more "interpretation" that the song can take.

Like many legit singers, the real glory of Inga's voice is the portion she finds inappropriate for club work: the soprano top. Inga's is gorgeous and when she allows it to bloom the results are thrilling. She avoids this, however, because she feels it is not the right sound for a nightclub and, unfortunately, hers is a voice which loses much of its color and conviction when it is scaled down. Also Inga needs to get away from a tendency to project her "110 in the Shade" stage character, Lizzie, instead of finding a way to define and project her own personality which is far more interesting, womanly and multi-dimensional.

All of this will come if Inga Swenson continues to pursue this cabaret phase of her career. She is a bright, sensitive woman with a beautiful voice.

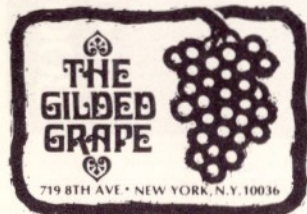
Freeman Gunter

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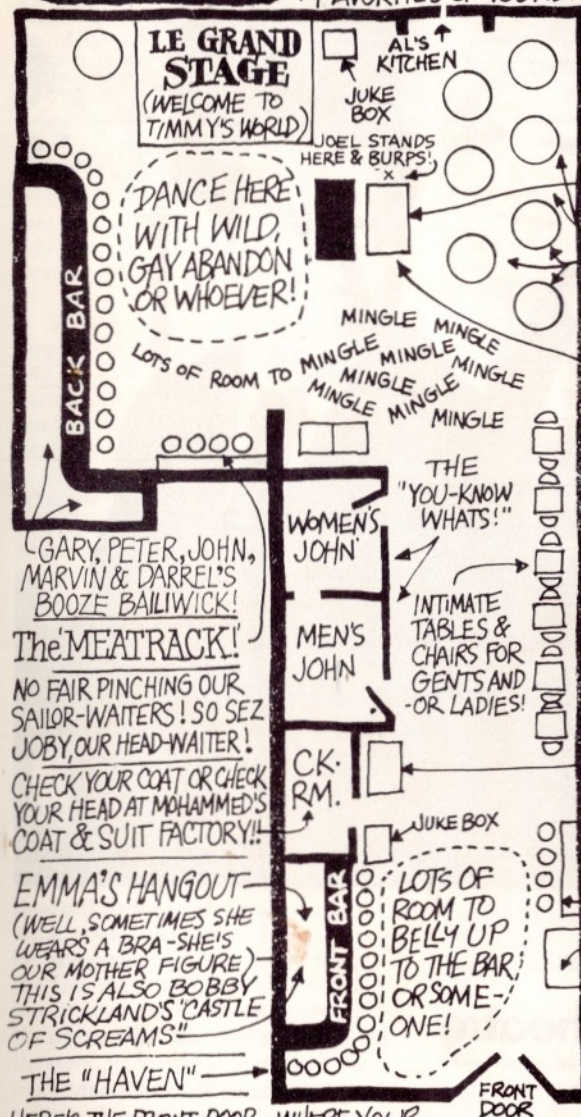
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theatre

SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR

If awards were the only menas by which one could measure success and achievement then Ellen Burstyn would be knighted woman of the

year. She won an Oscar for her portrayal of a woman going it alone, making her own way in a man's world in the film "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."

When she walked off with the

Tony Award for best performance for a leading lady in Bernard Slade's play "Same Time Next Year" I though that was pushing sentiment and well-wishing too far. It's not that she isn't good in the play, because she is. In fact she is even better in the play than shw was in the film. Her character is written in a TV serial type, one-dimensional manner that only Cass Daily could realize successfully. But as a genuine tribute to her acting abilities and talent she makes the role sympathetic, attractive, plausible (which is a major feat in itself), and finally dignified, which most actresses would find a near impossible task.

So given the impossibly bad material she has had to work with and given the extent of her success within the confines of near improbability she deserves both awards.

However it is sad when other actresses, such as Geraldine Page in "Absurd Person Singular", delivering a marvelous, deeply-etched characterization, and Sada Thompson who wasn't even nominated for a Tony and whose performance in "Saturday, Sunday, and Monday" was "the" performance given by any actress within this past year, did not rightfully win.

However as for the play "Same Time Next Year," it is so minor a work, offensive in see-through manipulations, and uncomfortably provincial, and dated, that I am shocked to see it performed at all. What might there be said about it being a current success other than the fact that there are still a lot of out of towners, little old ladies and theater parties that buy seats and fill theaters. Bernard Slade was a TV situation comedy writer before writing this, his first play, and I suspect it was a reject from last year's Danny Thomas fall-outs.

It's a terrible situation to be in, sitting in a theater where you are

being force-fed cheap, stale one-liners that didn't even make it on a one-night TV stand. It makes one wonder where Broadway gets its gumption and its foolhardy type of theater investors who are wildly ignorant of good theater. It makes you long for the style and depth of a Neil Simon comedy and that in itself is a kiss of death if I ever heard of one.

Charles Grodin, Ms. Burstyn's co-star, is a talented actor, but I am getting bored with his playing it safe in his last six roles. How often can an actor continue to play an awkward, aging, confused, adolescent when past forty, and still expect to find it charming?

I cannot recommend seeing the show not even for the talented Ms. Burstyn or her mantle of awards. In fact I'd recommend you stay very, very far away.





ALL OVER TOWN
MERRY, MADCAP ADVENTURES
THAT MAKE FUNNYBONE
SENSE

"All Over Town", Murray Schisgal's newest play, a comedy-farce, currently playing at the Booth Theater is not as good as his brilliant play, "Luv" but it is guaranteed to make your evening and your spirits fly as high as a skip-a-dee-do-da kite. It's a zany piece, a mad satiric caper, full of farcial slings that zing along on roller skate-paced humor. With the best qualities of a Saturday afternoon Katz'n Jammer pot-o-boiler, it careens itself across the proscenium with wonderful zest-filled-illogic that could only be compared to the incomparable antics of a ballooned, cartooned comic strip.

You watch it unfold and even when you know it's just one crazy balloon-like square chasing the tail of another equally as zany, you root it on with child-like glee. And it is in that spirit that Murray Schisgal has written this funhouse of experiences that are, as always with Schisgal, laden with serious reflections and a touch of consequence. Whether it be under or overtone, Schisgal always has his finger in the concerns of society and

the world at large and that's what makes his plays particularly satisfying. Even when you are enjoying your head off, recovering from the convulsions of merry laughter, you are also well aware that if the play were to reverse its gears, the same sources of its commentary, perceptions and conscience could easily turn about like magic, presto, into a serious statement on the tragedies of our lives. Full of irony and wry, bouyant criticism, Schisgal has an eye on the most blatant foibles of our time and character, of societies and individuals.

With the deft hand of a vaudvillian, or a circus clown holding a fistful of plushy feathers that are barbed with pointed thorns, he tickles you under the armpit cleverly getting you to laugh a lot while setting you up for a possible stick or two. And just when you are becoming aware of the sharpness of his intent and showing the least sign of discomfort, he quickly draws a water pistol out of his hip-pocket and squirts you right in the eye.

The production has been expertly and beautifully directed by Dustin Hoffman and he deserves full credit for its marvelous, balance between balloon-like bouyancy and pointed scalpel-like stabs. Some of the better directors on the Broadway scene had better take heed and visit "All Over Town" for a few lessons.

The performances were all top-notch and beautifully etched characterizations bordering on caricature, . . . including Barnard Hughs, Carol Teitel, Polly Holliday, Jim Jansen, William Le-Massena, Pamela Payton-Wright, amongst the others. The surprise of the evening was Zane Lasky as Louie who steals the show right from under everyone's noses with one of the most delightful and funny performances I have seen in a long while. His scene with Polly Holliday singing an opera duet is unbearably hilarious and deliciously outrageous.

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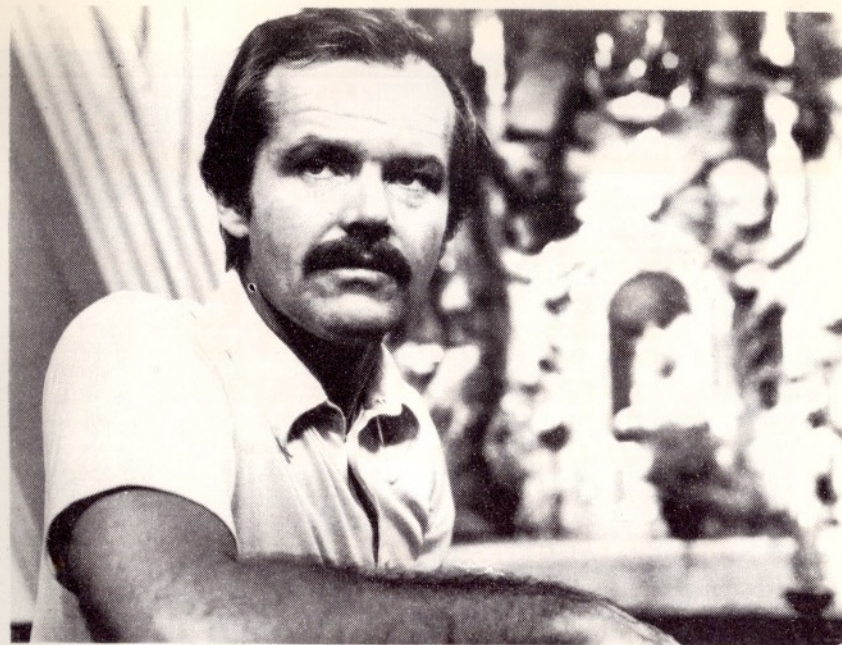
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film

ANTONIONI'S "THE PASSENGER."

Michelangelo Antonioni's spare and subtle film, "The Passenger" is about a man who is trying to escape the prison that his life has become. He has reached an untenable point in his marital life and in his work as a journalist. Suddenly and unexpectedly, in a small hotel in a remote part of Africa, a travel acquaintance dies. The man looks very much like himself and he seizes the opportunity to change places with the dead man. He (his name is Locke and he is portrayed with

consummate skill and resourcefulness by Jack Nicholson) doctors the two passports, carries the body to his own room, dresses it in the clothes he is wearing and, in a cinematic moment of striking intensity, closes the door forever on the life that was his. From that moment hie is another man, a man he knows nothing about at all, other than a few names and appointments in a date book which now belongs to him. He is the mystery guest in his own life. To give himself a sense of purpose, he beings to meet "his" appointments.

Using this premise, a fascinating one because the mystery of identify, the compelling void between purpose and inertia, and the lure and romance of travel, Antonioni builds a motion picture of enormous suspense, humor, visual beauty and subtle poetic nuance. Jack Nicholson, who has in the course of his last several films, most notable in "Chinatown", progressed from skilled player to leading man and genuine movie-star, gives the performance of his career

thus far as the tormented Locke. He controls the character's ambiguities and gives the proper humor, variations of light and shade, and sex-appeal.

Antonioni's style is low-key. The film is tremendously exciting but the story unfolds in a leisurely way. Getting there is all of the fun on this particular excursion. Not since Josef von Sternberg' exotic films of the foreign locals and atmosphere. In this case, of course, all of Antonioni's locations are quite genuine. Cracked plaster walls, ceiling fans, windows and architectural features are all beautifully employed to convey mystery, intrigue, atmosphere.

Shortly after Locke switches rooms and identities with the dead man, we see him in his hot hotel room, somewhere in Africa, sitting shirtless at a table. He is intently performing the task of switching photographs of the two passports. A glass of gin is beside him on the table and a ceiling fan monotonously stirs



the stifling air. A tape recorder plays a conversation between him and the dead man. A time change occurs and the two men are seen alive together on the balcony continuing their stale conversation. Antonioni's understanding and use of film technique enables him to explore this brief relationship and then bring us back into the present as Locke continues to sit at his work, concocting his new identity.

Locke soon discovers that he is engaged in the business of gun-running. Although he is hilariously unprepared for his work, his first stop (according to that date book he has inherited) yields him a tremendous packet of bills. At least money is not among his considerable worries.

Soon, he meets a character simply referred to as "The Girl" she is a pretty child, a student, who by Maria Schneider in a performance which is low-keyed, intense and tremendously appealing. She

becomes a passenger in his car and on his journey to a new identity. She is perfectly willing to accept Locke as the new man he is trying to become. They become lovers and companions.

The film's climax is even more subdued than the film itself. Through a window to Locke's hotel room, overlooking a square, behind the bars of the grille, we watch the final scene unfold. Antonioni holds us at a distance, freezes us just on the outside edge of the action. Antonioni is in complete control. The parallel theme of ambiguity is clarified and explored. The understated sound track, the camera innovations and beautiful uncluttered compositions, and the screenplay by Mark Peploe, Peter Wollen and Antonioni all mold magnificently into a consummate mood. *The Passenger* is Antonioni's best and most masterful film. Already, it bids fair to be one of the best films of the year. See it.

Daryl Stoner





the cover

"THE MARRIAGE MUSEUM"

"The Marriage Museum", a play written by Elyse Nass and presented by the West Side Discussion Group Theatre focuses on the superficiality of the lives of Desmond and Elizabeth Brandt, and "Mr. and Mrs. Successful" of the suburbia-utopia culture of the '70's. He's a high-living whizz-kid turned millionaire; Mrs. Brandt, better known as "E" in the literary world, seems to be a novelist of some repute. Together they obviously share the "bete noire" of success: boredom. Into their disassociated lives step Mavis Sykes, a

Jeffery Bruce and Richard Weiss in "The Marriage Museum"

slightly bizarre love child with a penchant for phone calls with strangers, and Jules Bixby, a young artist with seemingly little talent and even less personality. Invited over to join in their anniversary, Jules and Mavis witness the real people behind the social facade Mr. and Mrs. Brandt put up. Unfortunately the walls crumble only to reveal very little indeed. Desmond is a snob with a bent for ladies' clothing and campy expressions. "E" could stand for Elizabeth or Edward, depending upon which role Mrs. Brandt dons.

Mavis finds herself involved in an affair with Elizabeth, while Jules apparently agrees to share a few "intimate moments" with Desmond. After spending two weeks playing games with the Brandts, Jules decides it's time to go, and proposes marriage to Mavis. Now, put yourself in poor Mavis' position - she's just been offered love "for as long as it lasts", a trip to Majorca in the summer, and above all the company of glamorous, wealthy people. A free spirit, she listens to "E" - a rather longish, not too interesting appeal for understanding. She will love Mavis and give her all the comforts possible-but no security. Jules offers Mavis security, a future - she's going to be a lawyer and abandon his career as an artist-a very wise decision since Mavis had earlier told him that his art was "shit". Now he's marrying his artistic nemesis, so something's got to give. Mavis painfully and rather disappointingly accepts Jules' offer, and off they go. "E" and Desmond Brandt are now minus a plaything, aimlessly seeking something new to do; just downright bored.

It's a pity to realize that the boredom on the stage is more or less reflected in the audience. The play itself is seriously flawed; dull monologues that either shriek along or reduce themselves to pitiful wails. There's the old "When I was young, I had a special girlfriend (fade out . . . fade in) well, there she was with

her children AND I STILL LOVED HER!!!" schtick. Granted, coming out was a very new level of consciousness in 1970, but this bit of self-awareness was more maudlin than memorable. E's emotional state got a bit overbearing just as Mavis' "oh boy let's try it" enthusiasm did. Desmond Brandt was an overly-developed character, and when you overwork a bore, the results are lethal. Jules Bixby as an artist, I guess (he really doesn't leave much of an impression), was more than vague and less than vapid. This is not to say that Miss Nass is not a gifted playwright-some of the lines bore traces of a bizarre humor, it's just that this is a period piece, and few evade the deadly epithet 'dated'.

Richard Roberts deserves much credit for what was good in the play. His directorial debut, "The Marriage Museum", shows him able to pick out the light moments which were few and far between, and get the audience to laugh and perk up a little.

His pacing needs some work, though. The overenthusiasm of Naomi Robin as Mavis got a little trying-you almost began wondering why she was so damned happy with all the others so sad. Jules, played by Richard Weiss, was unconvincing. His few chances to be something, to say something, passed by, and all you got was the mumbling of a confused young man. The program notes that Jeffrey Bruce was returning to the New York stage after a seven year absence. I hope he wasn't discouraged by this role. He was trying, it's just that there was so much to handle, and so little to really work with. Joan Gardner's portrayal of "E", the up-down, insecure author with a taste for lovely ladies was intense and of the cast, she was the most convincing. She deserves applause for her work. It's just too bad the play wasn't up to her performance.

Paul Vanase



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interview

LOLA

Superstars are born not made. They begin life in a child's mind. For whatever reasons a psychiatrist could give you they are nothing more than a simple fantasy that has blossomed into flesh and blood. There's no intentional put on, no lies, but a reality that has become the living truth. As that darling poet of the camera, Leni Riefenstahl, would say, they are the triumph of the will. And living proof that you don't have to live life as was so intended.

Lola Pashalinski is one of the reigning goddesses of superstardom. While sitting and having a beer on a rainy Saturday afternoon in a University Place bar, she says with a perfectly straight face that she was born in Brooklyn and Queens. As a child she discovered music and the public library at the same time. While

other tots were busy playing jacks or skipping rope Lola was listening to opera recordings and studiously following the accompanying librettos. She had a fondness for the German repertoire. No ordinary child was she. By late puberty she had mastered several Wagnerian heroines. All this without ever having taken a music lesson. For the naturally gifted, life is a snap.

Her theatrical life began when she was a script girl for a Ronald Tavel play being directed by John Vaccaro. He being one who recognizes talent when he sees it ordered her to put down the script and get on the stage. Charles Ludlam, in drag as Norma Desmond, was also in the cast and Lola fell in love with his particular brand of madness and they have worked together ever since. She is now one of the stars of his Ridiculous Theatrical Company and can currently be seen in the glorious revival *Bluebeard*.

Her original stage name was Bunny Eisenhower (later to be inherited by two other people). The Lola is in homage to Marlene Dietrich and Pashalinski is her mother's name and Lola thought it sounded so Moscow Art Theatricalish. She has thrilled, amused and stunned audiences — sometimes all in the same evening — in such hits as *Big Hotel*, *Conquest of the Universe*, *When Queens Collide*, *Whores of Babylon*, *Turds in Hell*, *The Grand Tarot*, *Eunuchs of the Forbidden City*. In 1972 she coped a coveted Obie for her performance in *Corn*.

European critics turned cartwheels when they saw her in *Camille*, as did New York fans when they saw her in *Hot Ice*. Other actresses turned green with envy when they saw her do Gertrude, Hamlet's mother, in *Stage Blood*. But then acting is first nature with Lola. During the run of *Corn* she gathered together a country-rock group with herself as lead diva and called it *Lola-Lola and the Lucky Stars*. As



soon as Ludlam opens a cabaret in the front part of his theatre Lola intends to revive the act.

Although she has made several underground flicks she has turned down offers from the groundlevel scene. Some skeptics may ask why and Lola turns around and asks them the same question. They've usually conflicted with what she was doing at the time and anyway she's quite content doing what she's doing now. As a matter of fact she can't imagine herself doing anything else. She considers the Ridiculous Company a

family and now that they've gotten as respectable as they can possibly get, Lola's gonna take things as they come.

Her private life is just that and while she gives with the talent onstage when at home she likes to do nothing best of all. Nothing to her is listening to records, reading and watching TV. She used to haunt the balconies at the opera house but the thrill is gone for her. If you offered her a freebie for a Nillson performance you could probably coax her uptown.

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Ms. Pashalinski's early studies of Lotte Lehman and Helen Trauble held her in good stead when the troupe toured Europe. When they were in Berlin everything started coming back to her. She says that people looked at her strangely because of her archaic phrasing but at least she got her points across.

You have about four more weeks to see Lola in one of her greatest roles in one of the Ridiculous' greatest plays. When I get started on *Bluebeard* it's hard to stop me, so I'll rest by saying get over to the Evergreen Theatre.

When the play closes she will go to Connecticut College and teach fledging aspirants the art of Ridiculous acting. And that's something Lola knows a lot about. After all she helped develop its unique and demanding style. Then it's complete rest and back into rehearsals for the fall season with the Ridiculous Theatrical Company.

Frank Schmitt

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thing's astrology

Week of May 5-11, 1975

ARIES (3/21-4/19)

Pressure lifts slightly. Things should flow a little more. The permanent change in outlook I mentioned in recent weeks continues to shape up. This should be a conscious change; so any real remedial work you need to do in any area can be accomplished now.

TAURUS (4/20-5/20)

Venus enters Cancer. This should be very good for you generally, especially in social areas, where you're apt to get more invitations and action this month. Very major surgery on your head, life, and

outlook can also be done by those who desire a change of emphasis. Ponder this and decide where to work for a more fulfilled life.

GEMINI (5/21-6/21)

Mercury in your sign personifies the real you at the center of your revolving series of personalities and moods. It's time to get a closer look at this person you are. Image changes are perhaps in order to create a more cohesive and useful presentation. Look also for new money-making opportunities.

CANCER (6/22-7/22)

New Moon this week is in Gemini. Time to clear up residual areas. Karmic debts can be settled to advantage during this month. Figure out what outstanding obligations you have in the mill and pay off. Then you can relax more easily and just enjoy the coming summer.

LEO (7/23-8/22)

Jupiter still in Aries (trine your Sun) favors expansion: professional, financial and personal. Travel is possible, too. Try to get into gear now for summer months. Introspective tendencies clear if you project outward. Best to swim upstream against any negative vibes, always. Vital now that you make your own sunshine; learn to insure a steady supply.

VIRGO (8/23-9/23)

Softer and gentler influences now. You need to really relax and drift with the tide. Things are going your way; no need to worry about conclusions as you will rock the boat if you overcompensate. Good prospects for just about everything.

LIBRA (9/24-10/23)

Lots of influence in the sky seems to point to reunions, communication, meetings. Look to hear from old friends. The tied-up feeling will evaporate if you cool it and

concentrate on one thing at a time. Pressure really comes from unfinished business, not enough time. Schedule things.

SAGITTARIUS (11/23-12/21)

Like I said last week: work on yourself. Others are too concerned with their own bullshit to be much more than boon companions. Give advice when asked, but do not get involved. You need all your energy for your own problems/solutions.

CAPRICORN (12/22-1/19)

Venus in your solar seventh is marriage. If unmarried, you might like to be, and I fancy your chances. If married, good rapport is likely. Meantime, business areas are also hot. Smooth flow.

AQUARIUS (1/20-2/19)

Health. You might try a new diet. Work and health are related, too, so investigate the possibility that something may be happening in a job area that affects your health. Usually things flow best when you are emotionally and creatively stimulated by your job. If not, you tense up in the guts and sublimates into the wrong areas to blow off steam. Watch this.

PISCES (2/20-3/20)

Good stuff for you, kid. Keep spinning those dreams and acting them out. You should be getting the hang of doing for yourself, as self-reliance is your biggest weakness. (Self-reliant you ain't, usually.) But now you can do it better than in the past. Keep truckin'.

GENERAL FORECAST: Hot week for cleanup and the start of a new phase. Everyone has something to organize and the time is NOW. I put emphasis on this because you must plant your little seeds, you know, in order to harvest all that nice fruit. Love you, Sally.

Sally Eaton

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Scandale, mes amis, quelle

scandale! The entire international opera world is absolutely stupefied by the flaming romance of two very celebrated Wagnerian sopranos at the Met. Not that there's anything particularly novel about two sopranos having a love affair, but the special fame of these two and the unconcealed volcanic dimensions of their passion is on a much grander scale than that of ordinary mortals. Practically everybody knows what's going on, but these girls don't give a damn, and I think the whole thing is just glorious. Wagnerian, in fact. And speaking of the Met, hand me a fresh scalpel, Miss F. A certain comprimario tenor, who should be nameless (but is actually Andrea Velis), is being permitted to attempt singing from that stage for reasons which can only be concerned with either charity or comedy. Such an incredible lack of talent, such androgynous diction, such a visual disaster, has rarely been flung into the face of a paying audience. Even in a backwater like Khartoum, he would be hissed off the stage. His performances can be described as having been committed rather than given, but he must know somebody or American audiences have descended to a new low in taste and a new high in masochistic tolerance. But not Dr. Rose! The only thing good I can say about this nameless person is that he often reminds me of a rather vulgar imitation of Jeannette MacDonald, though somewhat less masculine.

Paul Lynde (not everyone's favorite cup of tea) was rather unceremoniously asked to leave the Shady Lady's private club a few nights ago. Drunk and obnoxious, it was said. And not a very new story. They don't care much for him in San Juan, either. Rex Reed is now in Russia. There seems to be some sort of mystery about his reason for being there, but he probably just went to cheer up poor James Coco whose nearest brush with pleasure recently has come from two week-end visits

to Helsinki, an escape from his film tasks in the Soviet Union. I remember my visit to Helsinki, and I can't speak for Coco, but I would cheerfully choose suicide over a weekend in that ghastly plague-spot. Not only is there nothing to see or do there, but the natives are wildly unattractive. And fat-assed.

Charles Pierce (about to leave for London any minute) took his mother to dinner at The Grenadier. However, his very special young import from California was very much absent from that table. Probably shipped back home before the truant officers picked him up or something. Ellen Burstyn was observed dining with her producer at the Spindletop the same evening, but their talk was all about a new script of much promise. You probably can't wait to hear that Mick Jagger is back in town and registered (without Bianca) at a hotel under the name of Mr. Mercedes Benz. How about that for an alias? I think Sophie Lushlips would be a much

more suitable name for him, but he didn't ask me. Frank Schmitt, our lovely dance critic and noted mental case, has left for six weeks in Europe as tour manager for Ekatrina Sobechanskya and the whole gorgeous Trocadero Gloxinia Ballet. I am not sure that Europe is ready for *them*. Dr. Dixie Lee Ray, the former chairwoman of the Atomic Energy Commission and currently Assistant Secretary of State, is a double for Winston Churchill. If she doesn't smoke cigars, she should. They would look lovely on her. I could go on with this operation, but Miss Fishwhistle has just signalled me that I have run out of fresh scalpels and must move on to the next patient while waiting for the orderly to bring a new tray.

Two very prominent men of the theatre... one the director of a long-running off-Broadway hit and the other a famous opera and Broadway director... are flirting with extreme danger these days, and

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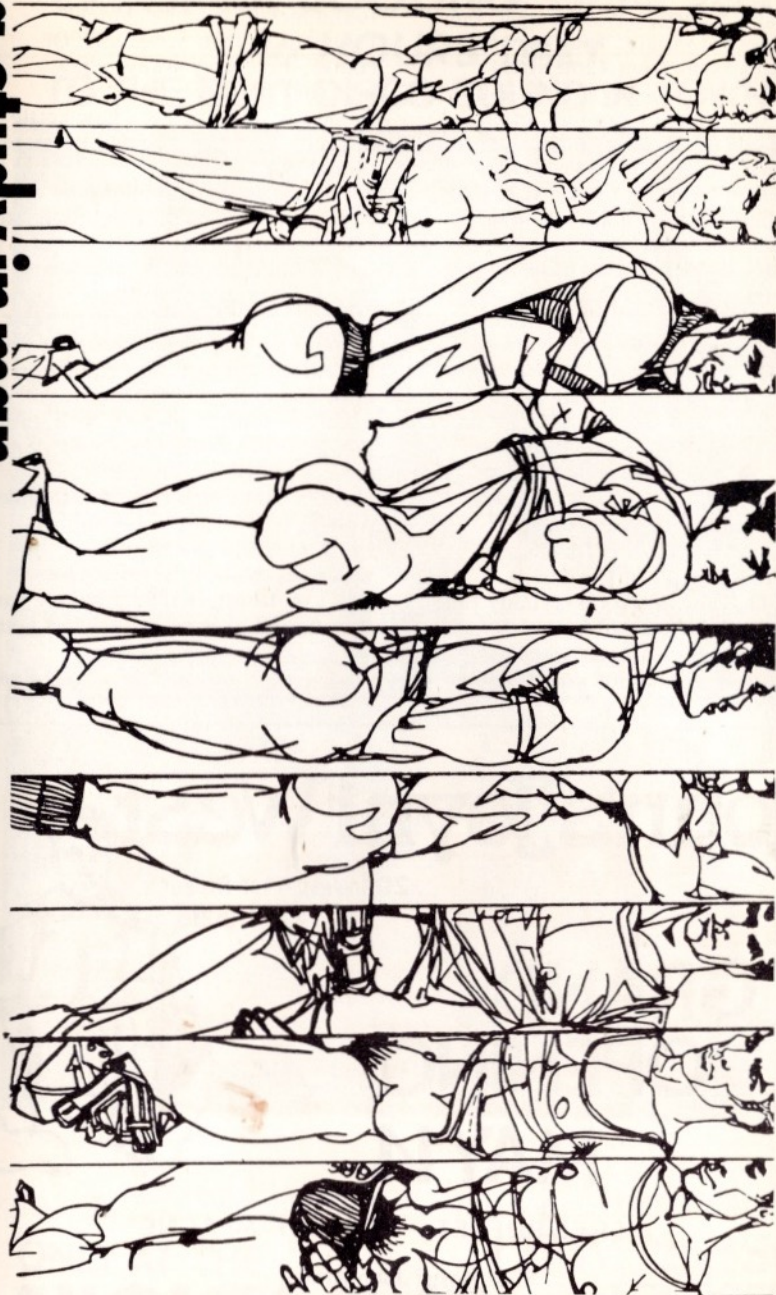
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I mean danger of physical, legal, and professional variety. They have been dragging home from 42nd Street some of the youngest and dirtiest little tricks money can buy, often using one of the men's limousines to do their cruising. Their tastes are their own business, and I realize that, but their fantastic indiscretion in these public adventures and the very real risk they are taking of robbery, assault, arrest, or even murder, by bringing such trash to their homes is simply appalling. Well, they always say that talent and good sense aren't necessarily found together. Ragni and Rado, who wrote HAIR, are now working on their newest show, Y.M.C.A., an all gay musical for which they are seeking well-known athletes and performers for the leading parts. Yes, my friends, gay theatre is moving uptown with a great big bang. I guess everybody can hear the tinkle of gold in those darling mines. Time was when an openly gay production could only be

found lurking in some church basement or 14th Street loft. Of course, there were always a few ludicrous stereotype roles on Broadway, but 1975 is a new kettle of pretty piranhas who require more thoughtful handling.

To conclude today's episode of ROSE WELBY, M.D., I would like to offer my latest contest. You need only a sterile hatpin or other sharp pricking instrument and an assortment of male subjects to enter this competition. You stick your pin in each subject just deep enough to draw one drop of blood (not to kill or maim the subject, please). Now, taste the drop. If it tastes like Canoe, your subject probably likes leather and Western bars and beer. If it tastes like Aramis, he probably likes poppers and Fire Island and tequila variations. Now, if he tastes like Knize or Moustache, he probably has it made and likes everything but you.

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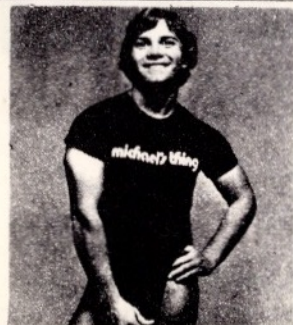
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Each of these weekly columns is an accurate and up-to-date listing. Clip and save for a complete United States listing.

CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO

LOS CAZOS, 525 Castro St.
LUCKY CLUB, 1801 Haight
MALE BOX, 990 Post St.
MAUD'S STUDY, 937 Cole St.
MIDNIGHT SUN, 506 Castro St.
MIND SHAFT, 2140 Market St.
MINT, 1942 Market St.
MISSOURI MULE, 2348 Market St.
MISTAKE, 3988 18th St.
N. TOUCH, 1548 Polk St.
NAKED GRAPE, 2097 Market St.
NEON CHICKEN, 4003 18th St.
NERO'S, 712 Geary Bd.
NEW BELL SALOON, 1203 Polk St.
NO NAME BAR, 1347 Folsom St.
NORSE COVE, 434 Castro St.
NOTHING SPECIAL, 469 Castro St.
OFF THE LEVEE, 527 Bryant St.
OLD CROW, 942 Market St.
OLD STAND, 9th & Harrison Sts.
1001 NIGHTS, 335 Jones St.
OUR PLACE, 1805 Haight St.
PEG'S PLACE, 4737 Geary
PENDULUM, 4146 18th St.
PHOENIX, 1035 Post St.
PHONE BOOTH, 1398 S. Van Ness
PIER 54, China Basin Rd. at Pier 54
POLK GULCH SALOON, 1090 Post St.
P.S. RESTAURANT, 1121 Polk St.
PURPLE PICKLE, 2223 Market St.
QUARRY, 17th & Florida
RAINBOW CATTLE CO.
RAMROD, 1225 Folsom St.
REAR END, 2100 Market
RED LANTERN, 180 Golden Gate
RED STAR MOTHERLODE SALOON,
1145 Folsom St.
RES-ERECTION, 567 Sutter St.
ROAD RUNNER, 499 O'Farrell St.
ROUND UP, 298 6th St. (B)
SACK, 1044 Post St.
SANCTUARY, 1601 Market St.
SAUSAGE FACTORY, 517 Castro St.
SAVOY TIVOLI, 1438 Grant St.
SCORE II, 147 Mason
SCOTT'S PIT, 10 Sanchez St.
SEVEN COMMITTEE, 384 Ellis St.
SHA-BOOM, 2360 Polk St.

SHED, 2275 Market St.
SPAGHETTI FACTORY, 478 Green St.
STUD, 1535 Folsom St.
SUTTER'S MILL, 315 Bush St.
TOAD HALL, 482 Castro St.
TOTTIE'S LOUNGE, 743 Larkin St.
TRAPP, 72 Eddy St.
TRUCK STOP, 14th and Market
TURF CLUB, 76 6th St.
TWIN PEAKS HOTEL, Castro & Market
WATERGATE WEST, 4121 18th
WILD GOOSE, 1488 Pine St.
WILD SIDE WEST, 720 Broadway
WILDE OSCAR, 59 2nd St.
WINDJAMMER, 645 Geary St.
YACHT CLUB, 2155 Polk St.
YERBA BUENA VILLAGE, Taylor & Washington

SAN JOSE

HARBOR RESTAURANT, 1035 Sunnyvale
MAC'S CLUB, 349 1st. St.

SAN RAFAEL

POSITIVELY FOURTH STREET, 4th St.
TRAVELER'S INN, 706 3rd St.

SANTA BARBARA

HOTEL CALIFORNIA
JIMBO'S, 4135 State St.
ODYSSEY, 221 State St.
THE PUB, 224 Helean St.

SANTA CLARA

SAVORY, 20469 Silverado St.
TINKERS DAMN, 46 N. Saratoga

SANTA MARIA

DENNY'S, 1019 E. Main

SANTA MONICA

GOLDEN BULL, 170 W. Channel Rd.
HOLD, 147 W. Channel Rd.
LA CARAVELLE, 54 W. Channel Rd.
PIER XII, 2722 Main St.
PINK ELEPHANT, 2810 Main St.
S.S. FRIENDSHIP, 112 W. Channel Rd.

SANTA ROSA

BUNK HOUSE, 9117 River Rd.
MONKEY POD, 616 Mendocino Ave.

SAUSALITO

SAUSALITO INN, 12 El Portal
TWO TURTLES RESTAURANT, 688 Bridgeway

SHERMAN OAKS

BRANCH OFFICE, 13452 Ventura Blvd.
CANYON ROOM, 13625 Moorpark St.
OFFICE, 13817 Ventura Blvd.
TRUCK STOP, 13257 Ventura Blvd.

California Continued

NEW YORK CITY

MANHATTAN

ANGORA BAR: 129 Eighth 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: 658 9th Ave.
 FALLEN ANGEL: 1623 2nd Ave (at 70th)
 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.
 JOHN'S JOYNT WEST: 240 W. 41 St.
 JULIUS: 159 W 10 St.
 KELLERS: 384 W St. (below Christopher St.)
 KELLY'S VILLAGE WEST: 46 Bedford St.

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LAST CALL: 975 Second Ave. (bet. 51 & 52 Sts.)
 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.)
 STRAP, THE: 18th St. & 10th Ave.
 TIJUANA CAT: 350 W. 46 St.
 THE BAREFOOT BOY BUB: 304 E. 39th St.
 THE ZIPPER: 371 West 46th St.
 TOP OF THE PITS: (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.

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. & Hampton 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
 DEEGEE'S: 150 Woodbury Rd. Woodbury
 GUY'S & DOLLS: 91½ 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
 PALJOEY'S: 2457 Jerusalem Ave., N. Bellmore
 PATCHEZ: Three Mile Harbor Rd. E. Hampton
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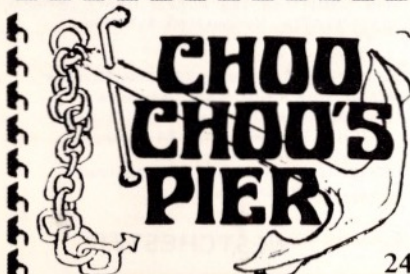
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dinner. Monday-Friday.

LODGE EAST: 1683 First Ave. (At 87th)
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MONA'S ROYAL ROOST: 28 Cornelia
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RENO SWEENEY: 126 W. 13th St.
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RONNIE'S ROOST: 2130 Broadway.
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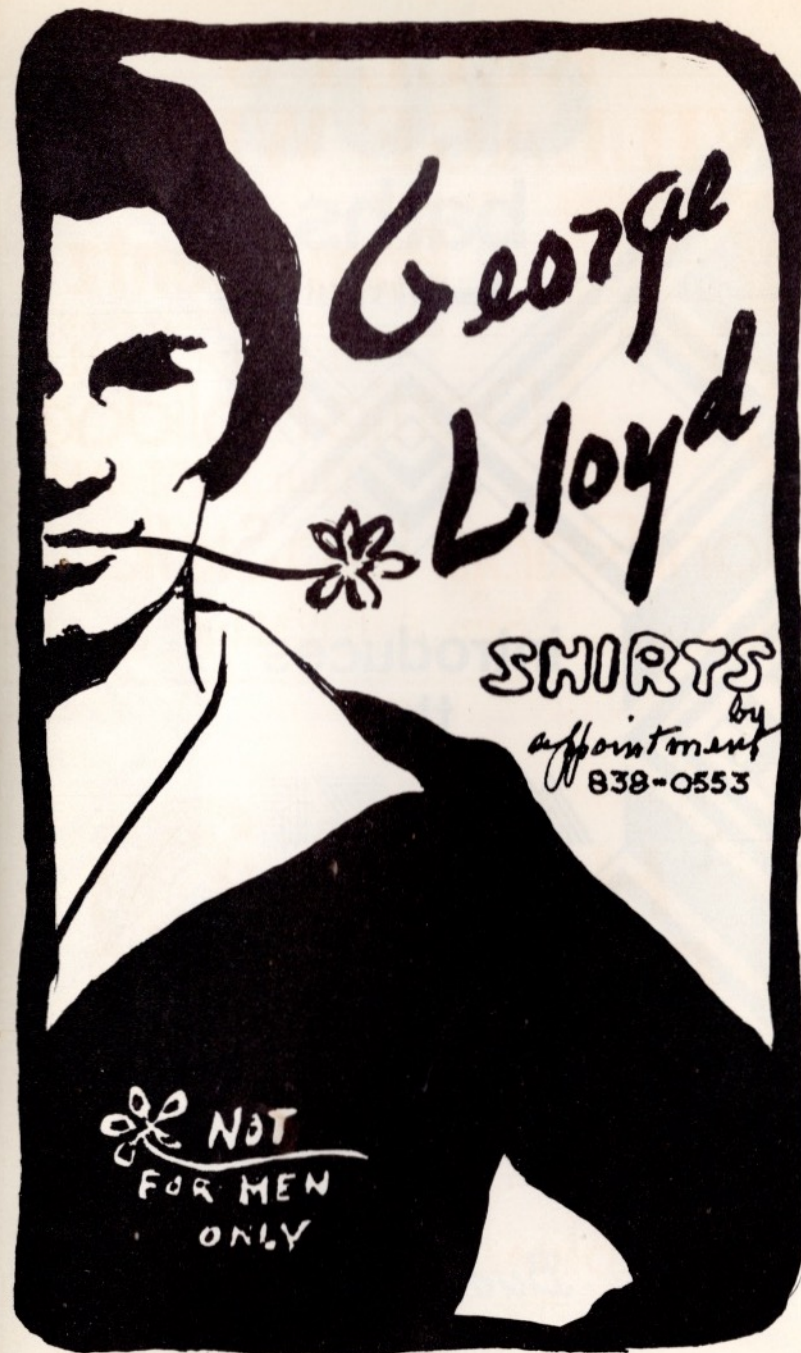
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