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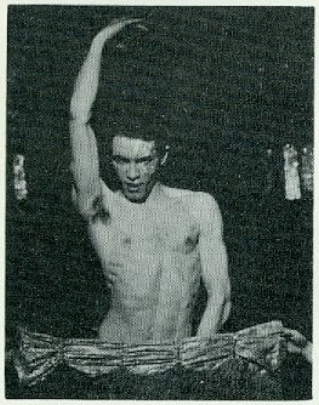
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contents

MY THING 5/GAY THEATRE 10/THEATRE 13/BOOK REVIEW 17/SKIN FLICKS 20/SONG BIRDS 28/MICHAEL'S CHOICE 41/ROSE'S TURN 45/SARDI'S 49/ASTROLOGY 52/BAR GUIDE 55/DINING OUT 57



The Cover: A scene from **Boy Meets Boy** at the 13th Street Theatre. Photograph by Joseph Neumayer.

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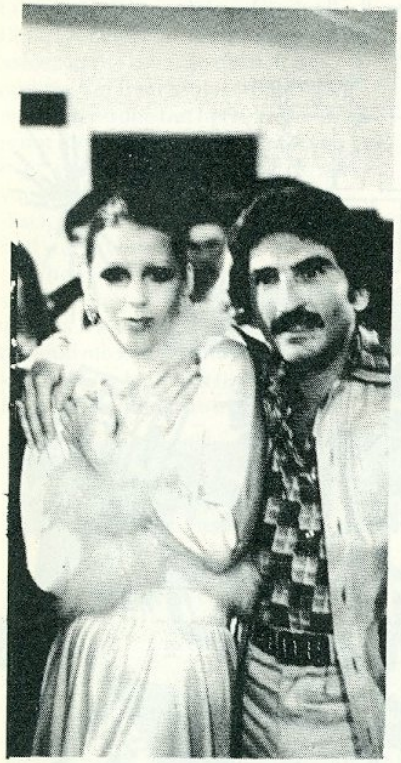
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my thing



by Michael Giammetta

The last few years of the swinging sixties was the era of the loveable amateur. All you needed was a lot of nerve (or some good dope) and a permissive audience. The times did the rest. Everybody was a star—for fifteen minutes. Well, that's not the way it is anymore. This is the 1975 and money is tight. Audiences this year are not into indulging amateurs, no matter how charming, humpy, sexy or stoned they are. That just isn't enough.

A night on the town costs something; money and time. The first is hard to make and the last can never be replaced. I don't like to waste eighter. Lately, there has been a great abundance of fine entertainment of display, many attractions are out there vying for the buyer's time and money. I have been able to witness some superb performers over the past several months, Dolores Gray, Sarah Vaughan, Billy Eckstein, Ava Williams, Anita O'Day, Peggy Lee, Julie Wilson and Chita Rivera—to name just a few that come to mind. All of these people have one noticeable thing in common: they are through and through professionals. No matter what their personal lives may be or what mood they may be in on a given night, when they are out front of people who are paying money to see and hear them they are concerned with only one thing: doing everything in their power to show the audience the good time it payed for. That is simply their job. Mine is to put out an entertainment magazine every week, theirs is to entertain. The performer who doesn't keep this duty foremost in mind will never make it to the top, much less stay at the top if she ever gets there.

Last Sunday night, The Grand Finale presented Miss Ellen Greene, a young singer on the scene who has been around too long to be called a newcomer but who hasn't gotten far enough yet be called a star. And she never will be a star, either, if she continues to give her audiences the kind of self-indulgent, sloppy performance she was serving up on Sunday. She stayed on for what seemed like hours and most of that



time she was talking, not singing. There is nothing wrong with talking, of course, but when you're in front of a paying audience you'd better have something to say, something funny or moving, something *entertaining*. Ellen Greene was giving us a mindless, nervous rap which was boring as hell. Her pianist, the talented and longsuffering Randy Booth, looked like he was about to fall asleep at the keys. So did half the audience at their tables. Ellen was amusing no one but herself. On-stage is not the place to do that, not if you ever want those people to pay to see you again. This shows a lack of discipline and control, two things no real star is without.

When Ellen was singing she sounded better than she has in recent months. However she is still singing too loud most of the time and she still keeps going for those tiresome big Broadway endings to every number. Her choice of songs was not particularly conducive to having a good time. She sang about twice too many (especially with all that other diaharia-of-the-mouth) and the ones she picked did not necessarily make for the tightest most fast-moving show I've seen.

At one point, about halfway through the whole ordeal, she was giggling, posturing around on the stage and looking very pleased with herself. She said, I'm just having fun up here. I haven't worked in a while and it feels good. If there is anybody here who hasn't seen me before, I'm sorry''

Well, there *was* somebody who hadn't seen Ellen Greene before: my companion, and he was bored stiff. And there was also somebody who *had* seen her before: me, and I won't again.

Get with it, Ellen! Be a pro or get out of that spotlight. There are a lot of girls waiting in the wings.



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gay theatre

by Freeman Gunter

BOY MEETS BOY

On the tiny stage of the 13th St. Theatre, 50 West 13th St., a small but enthusiastic company is performing a spoof of thirties musicals called *Boy Meets Boy*. The company is unabashedly pre-professional and the opus is a one-joke affair but the idea is novel. Several of the performers are amusing and a couple of the songs are quite good.

The time is a mythical 1936, the place an equally mythical London and Paris where "moustache" rhumes with "panache" and a high-society wedding between two prominent males draws no comment other than "what do you think of the other groom?"

And *that* is the one joke: the fact that men occasionally like the couple with other men is accepted as perfectly normal. It is up to the viewer to decide whether this is enough of a premise to carry an entire musical. It certainly would not offend even your maiden aunt because the relationship seems completely non-sensual. She would wonder what those two nice young boys want with each other in the first place.

The set, props and costumes by Jane Barbara, Ron Troutman and Sherri Buchs are fairly ingenious. I'd call them bargain basement deco. The book, by Bill Solly and Donald Ward, is functional and wisely avoids attempting too close a parallel to the Ginger/Fred musicals. presumably the prototype. Bill Solly's score is the most enjoyable single element of the production. The songs are pastiche, they all sound like numbers you've heard before which is exactly what they are supposed to do. I was

reminded of *The Boy Friend, Little Mary Sunshine* and other shows of the type. One of the ballads, "Does Anybody Love You?" is an extremely good song which I'd really like to hear again.

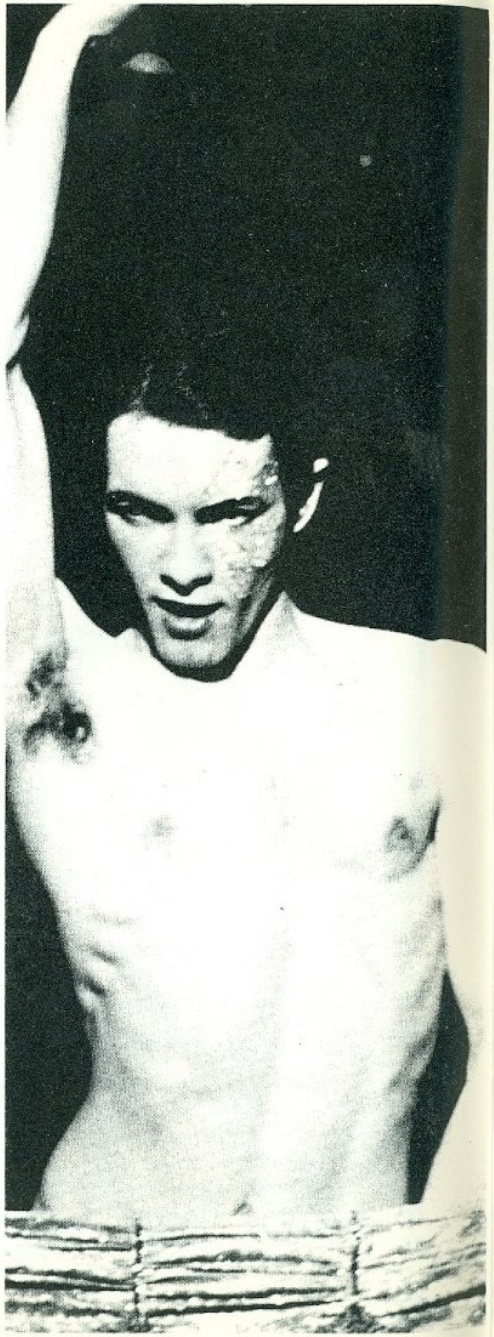
The company is best described as motley. The most interesting performance comes from David Gallegly, a strangely appealing young man who is something of a male Barbara Streisand. He manages to be consistantly amusing no matter how uneven the material or the surroundings. He sings well, and his looks grow on you after a while. At one point, he manages to become handsome simply by taking off his glasses, tucking in his shirt and combing his hair.

Joe Barrett plays his love interst. He is the Fred Astaire figure—with hair. Raymond Wood plays the third corner of the triangle and he, too, is quite good no matter what the odds.

Boy Meets Boy is a show in which Gay meets Nostalgia. They've meet before, of course, but never quite so blatently. And never with so few productions elements to cushion the meeting.

The show closes with one chaste kiss while the company sings yet another reprise of the title song. "Boy meets boy/boy loses boy/but boy gets boy in the end."

As if you didn't know.



SEASCAPE

by Herman Alex Joyce

In "Seascape", his most recent play, Edward Albee has bitten off quite a large chunk of mankind, namely the process of evolution. From Albee's point of view "Seascape" concerns itself about where we came from and where we might be going. In a deceptively lighthearted manner, Albee focuses in on man's limited awareness of himself and his environment, and has written a play that ventures into deep philosophical waters. Threw are strong indications that he and his audience may be in over their heads. Most Broadway audiences are not accustomed to

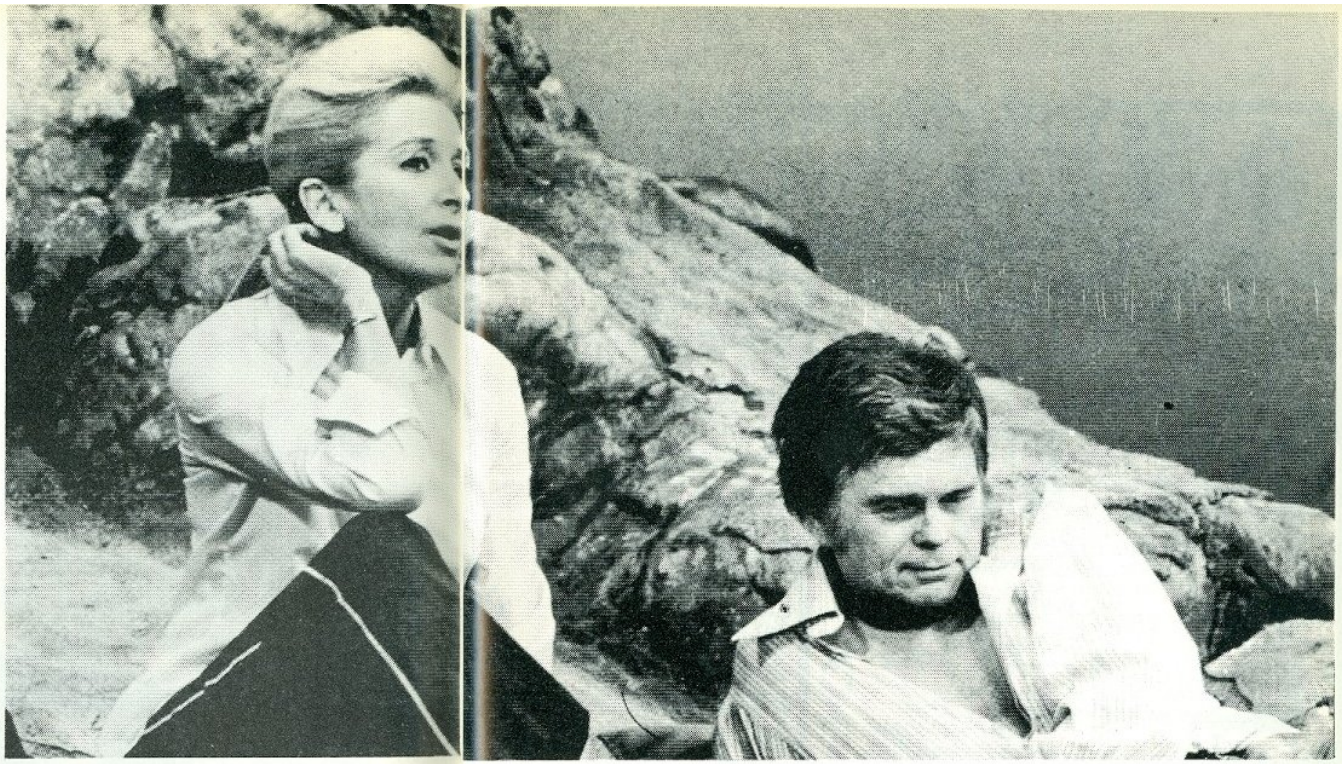


treading more intellectual surf than poolside waves. Mr. Albee's task after having plunged his audience into more turgid waters, is to provide them with something to hold onto before they flounder with the futility of boredom, and give up the philosophy and go down. The play will more than likely go down with them.

The storyline concerns a middle-aged, attractive, well presered, married couple portrayed by Deborah Kerr and Barry Nelson, who are vacationing. We see them relaxing comfortably on a large, high, meticulously realistic sand dune that spans the entire stage, backed by an endless clear bright blue sky. It is a near perfect day with the best of sand, sun, and sky, all nature blessed. She paints in watercolors and he rests on a blanket and pillow. Soon that their marvelous serene surface harmony begins to show signs of cracking, ever so subtly at first, but it becomes more apparent as they converse. Some fifteen minutes later they are still talking, most of it a monoloque by Ms. Kerr. One realizes that one is in for a talk fest.

Albee introduces a second couple, excepting that they are lizards that have come out of the sea and that talk. They are portrayed by Frank Langella and Maureen Anderman. They too are in the process of change and growth and have come out of the water and onto the sand in search of new territory, new horizons. They feel that their old place and way of life had become sterile and empty, and so they are ready to moye on, to evolve. Evolve into what? Becoming human seems to be the obvious answer and goal even if it is unknown to them. In a short span of time the humans attempt to teach the lizards what a human being is all about.

He presents us with man and beast and perhaps the best types of both, and the beast seems to come out on top



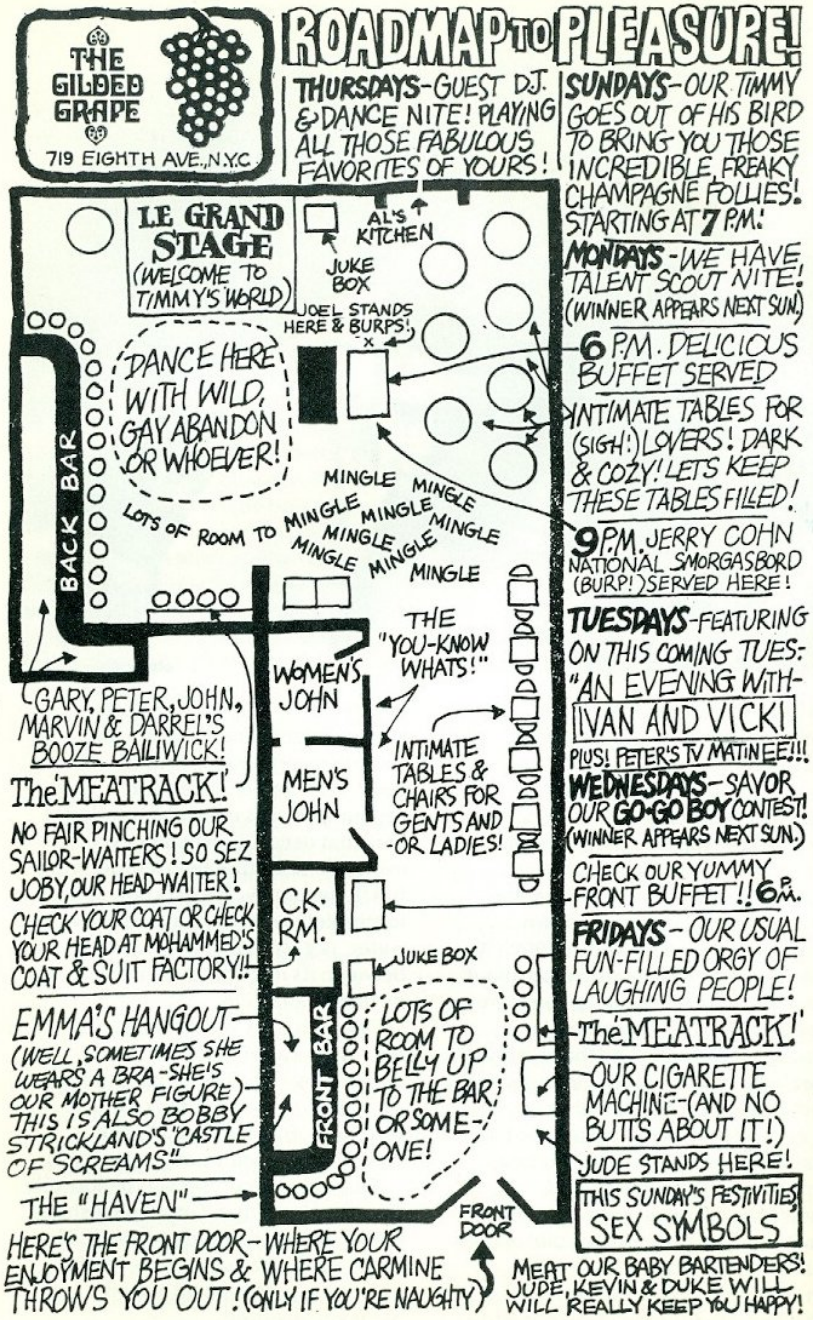
(at least out of the water to the land). In addition, and there is no indication whether it is intentional or not, Albee depicts the two women, both the human and the lizard, as the more imaginative, loving, constructive, daring, optimistic, peaceful, intelligent, liberal, assertive (in the vest sense) and generally the better member of the species. The two males, seem to do all of the negative things even when they are at their best. In Albee's play it is the male that wants to hurt and detroy humanity and nature, to hold back evolution or that part of it that is positive. The lizard comes off decidedly better than the human. He at least is still in the process of his natural course, his change, and he has a healthy reaction to his need to change. The human male is depicted by Albee as being stagnant, conservative, and when he is challanged, angered, or more important, when he is supposedly at his best, when he is teaching and philosophizing, he is cruel and destructive. Is Albee saying that the female is the new leader of the race, that man is the villain; that he has run his course? And if so, is it by nature, via ''motherhood'' and all that it implies? Does Albee imply that the female of the species has grown, evolved to be more receptive open to life? Has Albee become cynical about the male animal? He has given them up? In the end of ''Seascape'' it is through the women and their efforts, that love, peace, new beginnings and evolution go on. What of that?

And what of Albee's play? He has managed to bring up a fascinating array of ideas, situations and conjectures (as well as lizards) to the surface of the play. But in spite of their humor and interest they seem undevelopd and unresolved. Like a beached whale, Albee's play and the philosopy behind it seems to have lost its way. ''Seascape'' falters between being lively and boring, inventive and conventionally contrived, sophisticated and sophomoric. It's more of a wonderful idea that needs its own process of evolution to further help it grow into a full fledged play. It exists now as an incomplete work that, like a fish out of water, is gasping for air, wavering between its intended destination and its final realization.

Deborah Kerr is charming and first-rate in a very difficult and demanding role. The same could be said for all of the talented cast including, Barry Nelson, Frank Langella, and Maureen Anderman.

The ''Seascape'' set was beautifully designed by James Tilton, refreshing to look at and startingly realistic. The direction by the author was, for the most part, professional and on occasion, inspired.

Cont. Page 58



books

REVIEW

BY Richard Roberts

GENTLY WITH THE LADIES
By Alan Hunter, Macmillan, New York, 1974, 186 pp., $5.95

This is the first American edition of the 1965 novel originally published in England. It is part of the series being acquired by Macmillan and is sure to find enormous success with mystery-fans everywhere. GENTLY WITH THE LADIES is the third novel to appear in the series called "An Inspector Gently Mystery."

For mystery fan readers, GENTLY WITH THE LADIES is a fast-paced easily read-in-one-sitting type novel. It is an engrossing as it is entertaining. alan Hunter is an excellent desc riptive writer and takes great care in developing his characters and their relationships.

John Fazakerly sees himself as a bum and social parasite. After a three day trip on the stormy waters on board his yacht, Fazakerly returns to see newspaper headlines that his beautiful wife, Clytie, has been found murdered. Being the bum that he is, Fazalkerly, of course, assumes that he will be number one suspect and turns himself in to his cousin by marriage, Chief Superintendent George Gently of Scotland Yard.

When a policeman's relative is involved, one double-checks the facts. Gently takes charge knowing full well that Fazakerly is guilty, but Gently wants the fac ts to be airtight.

Inspector Gently is faced with a field of lady suspects. Sybil Bannister was wealthy, haughty and the lesbian lover of the dead woman whose husband Sybil hated. Of Clytie and their relationship, Sybil states: "Clytie was the Green Lady, the color of love and death. The myth she made real was of the woman untouchable by man. The perfect species, the tuype of race, from which the male is the biological splinter. You must term women like us the New Women."

A mystery novel is not complete without a lady's potential seduction of Inspector Gently. She is Brenda Merryn, a career woman, who is the half-sister of the vic tim, possible heir to her fortune and a former mistress of John Fazakerly. During his investigation, Gently learns about Beryl Rogers, a former high fashion model and former lesbian lover of the dead woman. And, then there is Fazakerly's current mistress, Sarah Johnson, who was the subject of the violent argument that preceded Clytie's death.

Inspector Gently is a persistent detective especially after a telephone call from his own sistser who informs him about the dead Clytie: "She was a



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THE NEW YORK TIMES, FEBRUARY 25, 1975

ing on heels (Ralph Brown).

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bitch, George. 'i don't like saying it, but she deserved whatever happened to her ... she used to have relations with other women. She was expelled from school for that sort of thing.''

About his dead bi-sexual beautifully sensuous wife, Fazakerly remarks: ''She's a curious strain of emotion and intellect. Clytie was a beast, but a natural beast, and in a strange sort of way you could sympathize with her.''

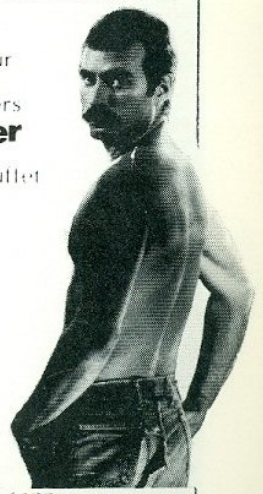
If Clytie was a person you could sympathize with, why was she murdered? Why was her favorite green necklace found in a dust bin outside the apartment house? Was John Fazakerly really guilty, or was one of the women guilty, or was more than one person involved?

An imaginative whodunit with a unique plot that should be made into a movie, GENTLY WITH THE LADIES by Alan Hunter. Perfect bedtime reading you won't want to put down until the mystery is solved.

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skin flicks

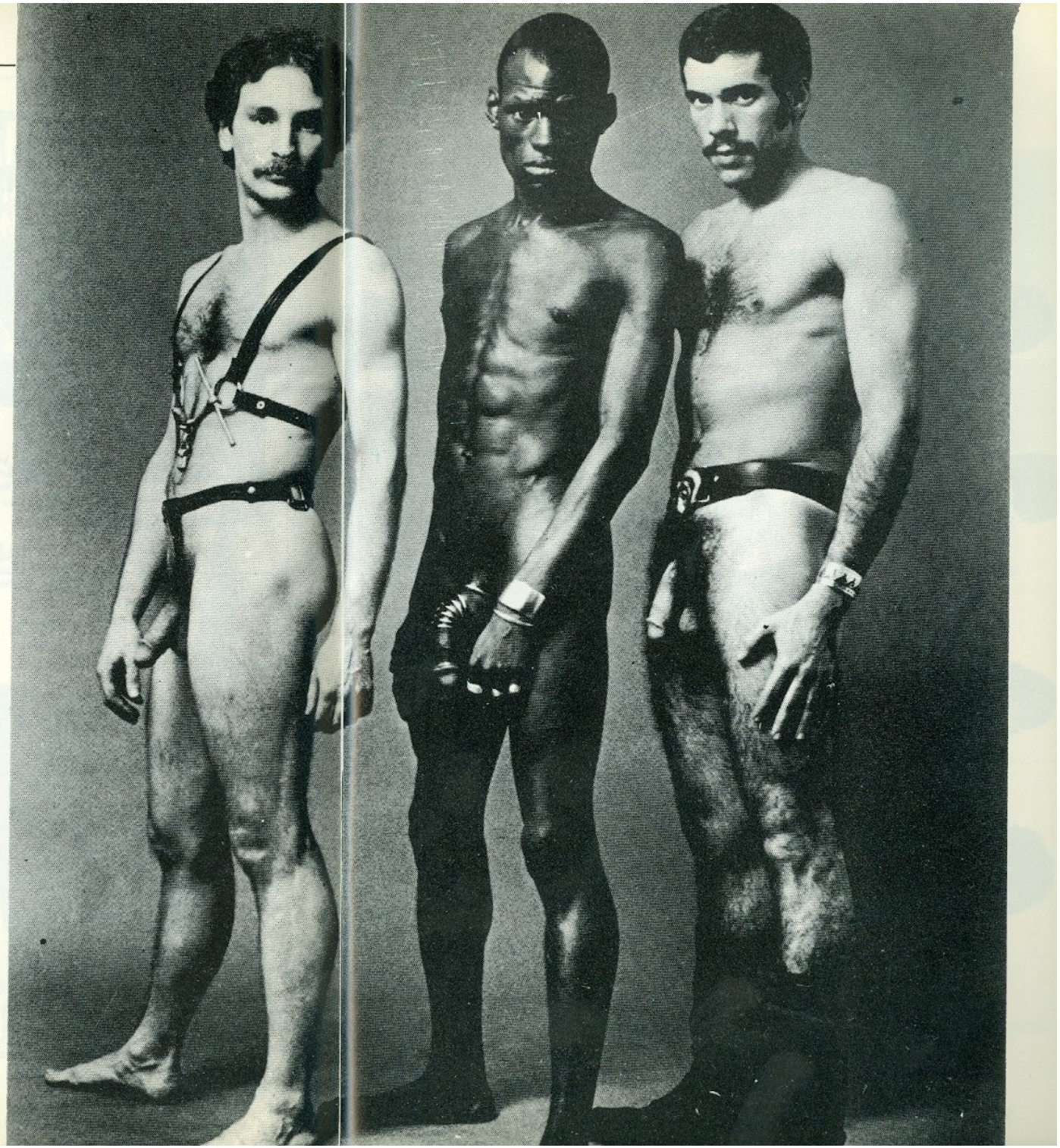
THE DEVIL AND MR. JONES

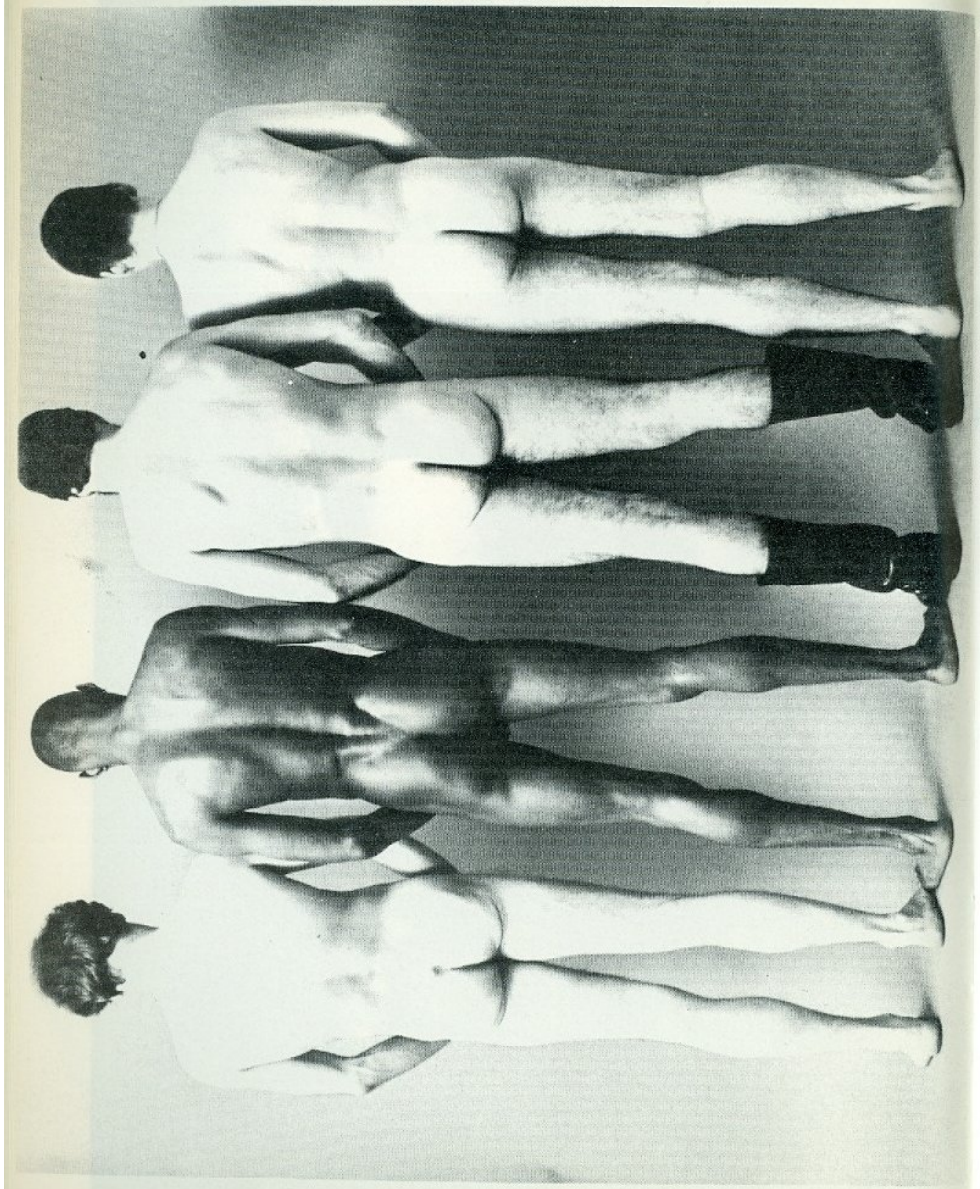
by Paul Vanase

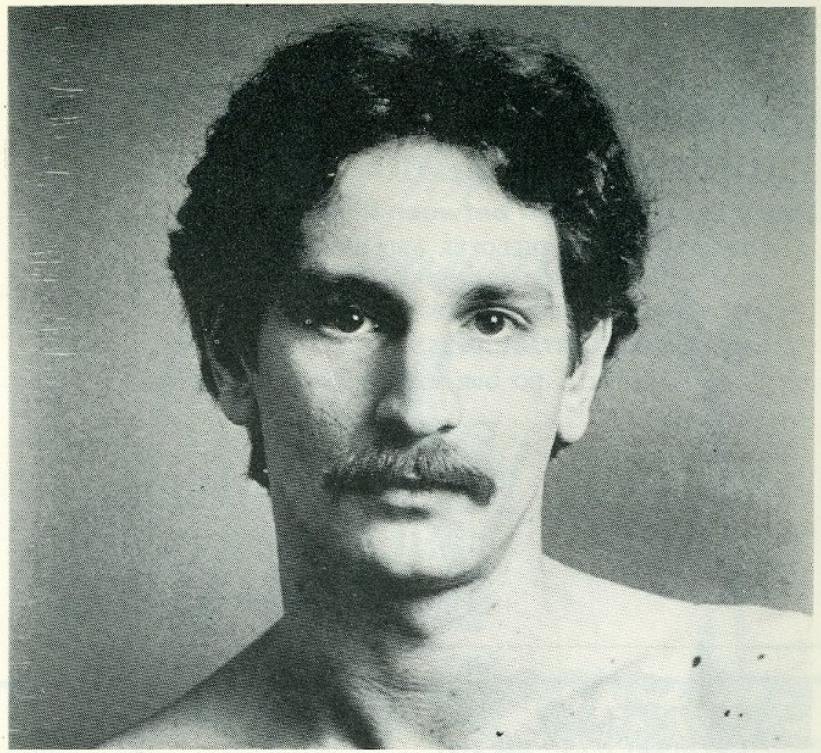
Five, maybe as much as ten years ago, ''skin flicks'' were relegated to the greasy raincoat and the stag party set. Times are changing, and so is the pornography that's popping up in some of the more reputable theatres.

Granting the first premise that pornography is a viable art from, it's a little depressing to see that the gay porno film, ''The Devil and Mr. Jones'', has gone no further than imitation and the usual repulsion-fascination syndrome. Peter De Rome's films-even with their flaws-are appealing. These first steps; 'Boys In The Sand,'' ''Drive'' and Peter de Rome's short features are valuable, when one considers the attention they aroused, the challenges they made, and above all, their financial success.

Now would seem the logical time for a really great gay porno film. Yet all we







have is an embarrassingly boring feature by Stolen Moments, Ltd., a new, film group. After viewing their latest release, ''The Devil and Mr. Jones'', I feel they should change their name to ''Forgettable Moments Unlimited'', and start again from scratch. Where's their creativity? It would seem that any sensualist given his one last chance at sex could find several better things to do than have anal intercourse with a banana while a white poodle eats the squished remains of the unfortunate man's dildo. It's not worth detailing his affair with a cored tomato. Such ludicrous scenes are the highlights of an otherwise dull evening. Obviously the quest of enjoying one's own sensuality leads downward to sheer boredom, since the star of the film couldn't achieve at some points, never mind maintain, an erection. There is little erotocism in this film. The acting is uninspired, the gimmicks trite, and the actors are not appealing, even on the most basic level.

Perhaps I expect too much, but when I see porno, gay or straight - I feel it should affect one's sensuality. Sexual gimmicks is not what I want to see. In this film the acting was so generally bland I don't feel I could or should single out any one actor, so what's left?

I could tell you the plot, but if you've been around you've probably heard of it or seen it yourself in ''The Devil in Miss Jones''. There was no visible direction in this poor imitation.

I hope that soon someone will realize that movie-goers will not pay for this kind of uninspired film, and not let themselves be ripped of by it.

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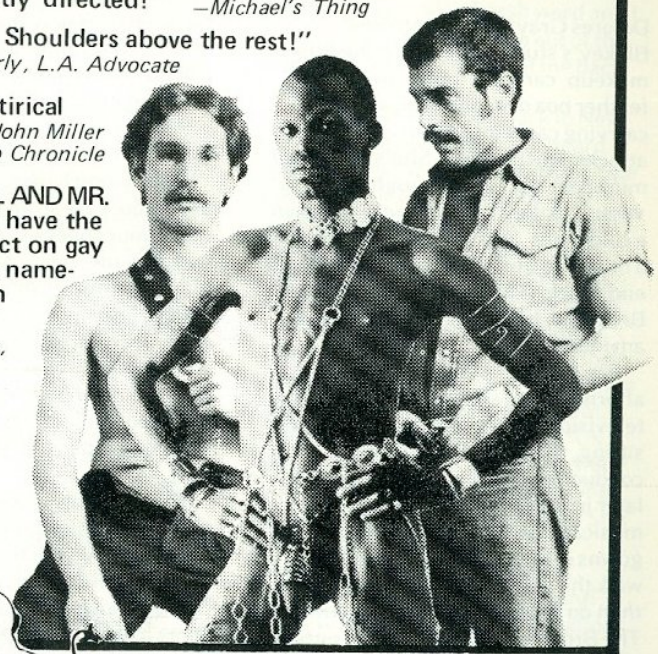
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DOLORES ISN'T GRAY ANYMORE

by Frank Schmitt

Dolores Gray breezes into Roy Blakey's studio. She's wearing little makeup, carrying four gowns and a feather boa over one arm, and two carrying cases and a purse are attached to the other. She's wearing a mink coat that's big enough to keep a varsity volleyball team very warm on a cold night, and the left pinkie sports a miniture Christmas tree of diamonds and pearls. They don't make Broadway babies like Dolores Gray anymore.

It's about 5 PM on a Wednesday afternoon and she's already taped two television shows, ahead of her is the sitting, then it's off to see the conductor of the benefit she's doing later in the week and check on her musical arrangements, drop her gowns off at the club, go home and walk the dog, do a radio interview, and *then* do two hour-and-a-half shows at *The Brothers and Sisters*. The energy is unbounding and so is the lady

The only thing bothering her these days is her waistline, which she kids herself about. ''It's just not fair to take up a whole 8 x 10 all by yourself.'' The figure is more diva-like than she gives herself credit for. But Dolores Gray is a perfectionist and anything but her own impossibly high standards just isn't good enough.

By the time Blakey has his equipment set up. Ms. Gray appears completely transformed from the dressing room. ''Roy, now this dress doesn't move, it's strictly a stand-there-and-look-frightfully-elegant dress.'' In answer to a chorus of oh's and ah's she says, ''It's mine, I designed it. I have to be careful of what I wear. I found this divine cut velvet, but there was only three yards of it. So I had to design something that could use the velvet from here down, and then something else on top.''

As the camera starts clicking she breaks into a mirror-shattering, ''Hello young lovers, whoever you are...you's are so good because they make your cheeks suck in...you, you, you, me, me, me.'' After a quick glance in the mirror she moans, ''Oh, I always lose my eyes when I sing. I've never learned to keep my eyes open when I sing.'' That's all right, Dolores, because most people would rather hear you than somebody who keeps their eyes open but never learned to sing.

While Blakey changes film she uses a deflector shield as prop and recreates a sketch that she did with Bert Lahr in *Two on the Asile*. ''It brought down the house.'' She then spots a female nude tacked to the wall, ''Roy, could you take my head and put it on that body?''

With fresh film and a different lens, he tells to to tilt her head and look slightly to the right. While he's talking she instinctively follows his instructions. ''We M-G-M girls learned out trade.'' She laughs and says, ''One day on the set Gene Kelly said, 'Dolores, you're wearing too much padding.' I just looked at him and said, 'Forget it, that's me!' ''

Dolores Gray's mother is one of the all-time fabled characters of show business lore. In answer to a question if it were true that her mother socked

songbirds 1

Michael Kidd, a very definite ''Yes'' sails over the partition. Then her head peers around the dressing room door, ''Michael Kidd is a monster and a very devious person. David Merrick and he promised me certain things to get me to do *Destry*. I didn't want to do it because it's the man's show. I told them that they had to theatrically protect me in the production numbers and they agreed. I did not want to just sing a song and then get the hell off while the whole thing gets developed. There was one scene in which I was in where they're giving a social, and in the book she and the henchman ruin the social. As the rehearsals went on I kept losing dialogue to the boys in the chorus and they never did put me in the production numbers. It kept going on and on until we got to Boston and I had it out with him. I said, 'Michael, you've stalled long enough now, when are you going to start putting me into the things that you promised?' He said, 'I'll get to it, Dolores, don't worry.'

''But he never did, and he kept giving dialogue to the boys that belonged to me. I said, 'How's the audience going to understand why I've suddenly become enamoured of Andy Griffith, when you don't understand what my relationship was in the first place with Scott Brady. Where's the transition?' He said, 'Oh, you don't need dialogue Dolores, you're a symbol, you're in a beaded dress and you're a western saloon-type lady.'

''I said, 'I know that! I also know that Anne Frank was a Jewess and she wrote a diary, but I still paid $10 to see it happen in front of me on the stage.' And finally one night I said to him, 'I know why you're doing all these things. You're scared to death and you figure if you can just keep the dances and keep everybody else down to a minimum, I'm going to make you look very good as a director. I'm a very good actress.' But then I said something else and he whirled on me, in front of the whole company, and called me a slut. It's a harsh word and I hate it. I'd even had it taken out of the script. So I hit him and he hit me back and I got a swollen eye.

''My mother had gone back to New York for some heart tests and heard about it and bolted back to Boston. She waited for him in the corridor backstage and when he came around the corner smiling, she said, 'Good afternoon, Mr. Kidd. Why don't you call me the name you called my child?' He said, 'Why I have no occasion to.' Then she said, 'Now you have all the occasion in the world.' And she hit him square in the mouth with a 19-karat diamond ring she was wearing. 'Ok, now call me what you called my child.'

''My mother was a sensation. She was my manager and everything. She was a lady.''

By the end of the story she has reappeared with a new hair-do and dress. It's another knockout creation of her own . ''I once wore his to a party in Beverly Hills, and the French ambassador came over and kissed my hand and told me how he could always recognize a dress designed and made in France. Hey, Roy, how about a close-up of just the ruffle, my face, and the hair piled up on top?''

It's already 7 o'clock and in two and one-half hours she's onstage. ''I must be crazy to have gotten myself into all of this.'' As she's being packed into a cab, she shouts, ''Roy, we forgot to take a shot of me with my feather boa.'' With Dolores Gray around, who has time to breath?



Photo by Roy Blakey



songbirds 2

YMA IN THE FLESH

by Frank Schmitt

''It's a terrible cou cou'', laughs Yma Sumac. Her manager has just asked, in Spanish, one of her musicians to turn on the light. Luz is light in Spanish but the secretary's name is Luce. The musician did a double take, and took the request as a full liberty to turn on Ms. Luce. Yma likes a good joke. On a bright spring day Yma Sumac sat upright on a chair and looked every inch the legend that surrounds her. ''People think Yma Sumac is dead, or did not exist, or that Yma Sumac cannot sing anymore because I am very old. But this is not true because I respect myself and have always taken care of myself. Ido not drink or smoke. The only thing that I like to do is eat! I don't go to parties and I don't go out. I take vitamins and excercise. I live with the mountains and nature in Los Angeles and with everything that's natural. That's why Yma can still sing. And that's the truth!''

Yma Sumac returns with all five of her octaves this Saturday and Sunday night to Town Hall. She explains away her absence by saying, ''Yma Sumac travels all over the world all of the time.'' She talks with her eyes and her hands and they speak a language that only the lady herself can translate. For all of the stories of her being

temperamental tigress, and firery temptress, they're the images she saves for the stage. Off stage she's a beguiling childlike creature. Full of giggles and coy little looks, she's as much in love with the Yma Sumac legend as is her audience.

"Yes," she says, "I was born in the mountains of Peru. My whole family sang around the house. We lived on a ranch and every morning when I woke up I would sing to the birds. In my child's mind I thought they were my audience. I said to my mother, 'Some day I want to go to Lima and be a singer.' 'A singer of what?' my mother answered. When I was 10 years old I knew that I had a voice. Then I met Moises Vivanco, later to be my husband, and he gave me his address in Lima and told me to look him up if I ever got to Lima. I was not in love with him at the time because I was too young to know what love was. He was older, so maybe he was in love with me. If that is true, I do not know.

"When I was 14 I went to Lima and lived in a convent. One night I snuck out and visited Mr. Vivanco. He had a group of singers and musicians who played on the radio. I sang with them one night and a man from Argentina was listening and he invited us to Buenos Aires. From then on I have sung professionaly."

Variety, the show-biz bible, has said, "There has never been a voice like it and never will be again." Yma says, "I do not say that I am a great singer, that is for others to say. I only express the music. I have never studied music, but it is my life. I love all music. I like Chinese music, Japanese music, Russian music, the American music, everything, because I do not want to monopolize only one thing.

"And now I must tell you a suprise. I am a composer and at the concerts I will sing three of my new songs. Everytime I have a free moment, I am writing my music."

In this country we only know her singing of the Peruvian songs (via Hollywood souped-up orchestrations) but the rest of the world has heard her more eclectic repertoire. She says she has sung Traviata, Boheme, and Butterfly in South America, and in her regular concerts she sings two versions of the Queen of the Night's killing aria from Magic Flute. One is the way Mozart wrote it and the other is a mambo version. "I Don't bother with the words, no, only the rhythm." She then tosses off a bar or two of the orginal and then breaks into the equally original mambo mayhem. "The notes have to be exactly the same, but the phrasing is different. Soon I will do a third version, this time in rock and roll." She jumps up from the chair and does a few dance steps. "You should always move with the music."

The concerts this weekend will be recorded. "I think maybe it is time for a new Yma Sumac record." For three consecutive years in the 50's her albums were number one on the charts, not only here but all over the world. When told that some of her recordings in mint condition sell for $75 to collectors she laughs and says, "Oh, yes, sometimes I even find in record stores for $1.98."

In spite of her fabulous talent, the career of Yma Sumac has not always run perfectly smooth. She's has her share of unpleasant headlines, some of them true and some of them based on pure rumor. But seeing her preparing for Town Hall, Its hard to imagine her as anything but a true Sun Goddess. She's an exceptionally beautiful woman. Whatever mystery or aura surronds her, it comes from within. She will now only talk of the triumphs and happy friendships of the past, which is understandable, and any



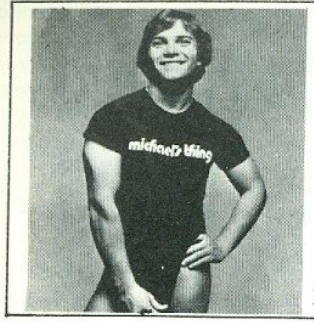
questions dealing with the painful experiences behind her are refered to her new management. A charming French attorney now guides her career, and he is more interested in talking about the soul of Yma Sumac than anything else.

As for the future, well, Ms. Sumac says, "It's for God to will." Then her eyes open wide, "I'm still young, and I am now singing better than before, because I have very good technique and I'm more conscious of what I do. I have very good control of my breathing. My technique is quite different from the other girls. And that is very interesting.

"I don't know when, but I am going to open my school here in New York to teach singing to the girls. Only teaching the practical things, that's all. I can't say to the girls that I can teach you to sing five octaves. No, that is impossible. But I can promise them to develop their strength, the way how to sing. And that's what I am going to do someday."

This weekend she will be assisted by two longtime friends. Marco Rizo, will be the musical director, and Hernan Brana, a master flutist and composer in his own right, will accompany her. They're busy hand-picking the musicians, and Madame Sumac is clearly excited about being back in New York. "It has always been my favorite city. I have so many friends here."

Her parting comment is, "You know, if God wants me to, I will sing until I am a thousand years old." It's followed by the infectious Yma Sumac laugh. "I will see you at the concert, yes?" When assured that she will, she nods and says, "Good, good, that will be nice for both of us."



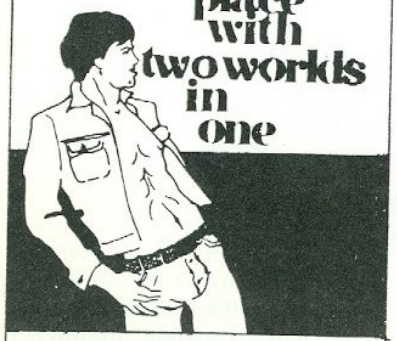
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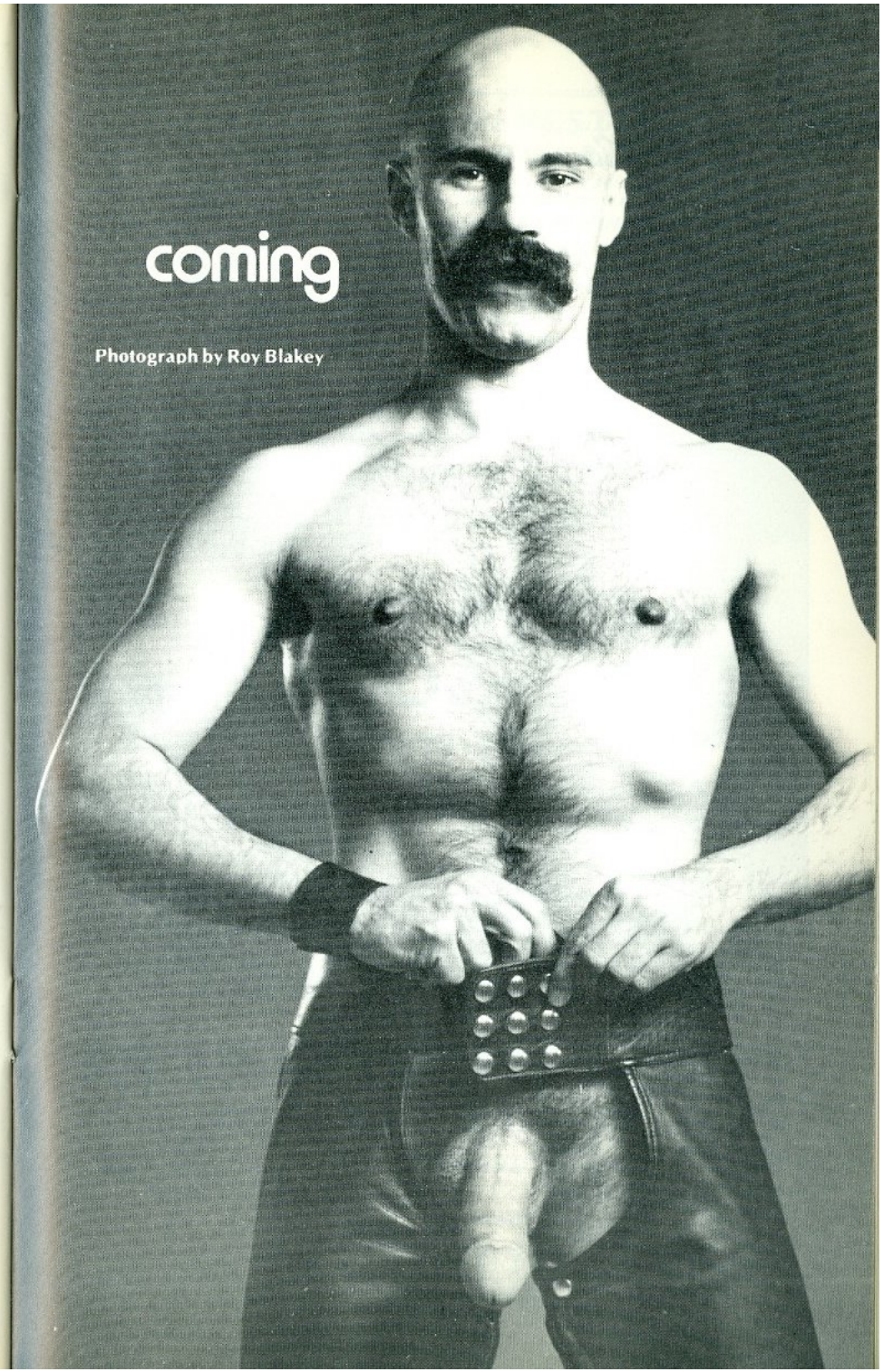
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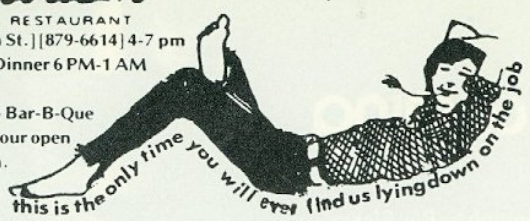
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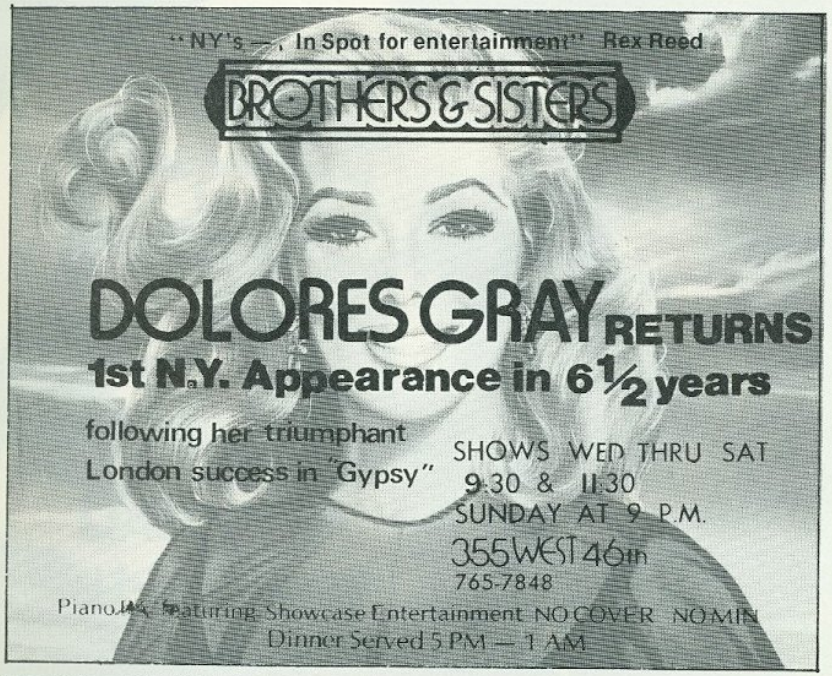
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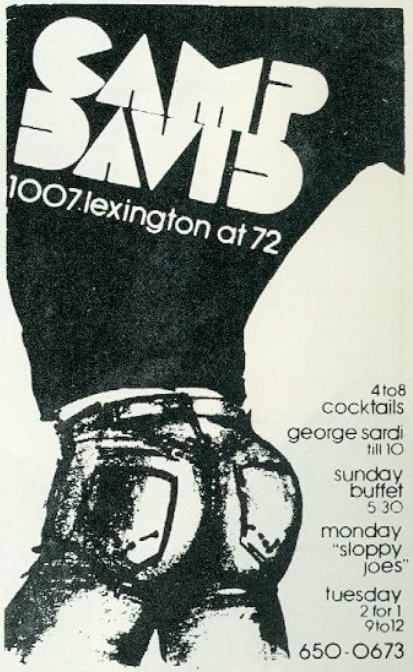
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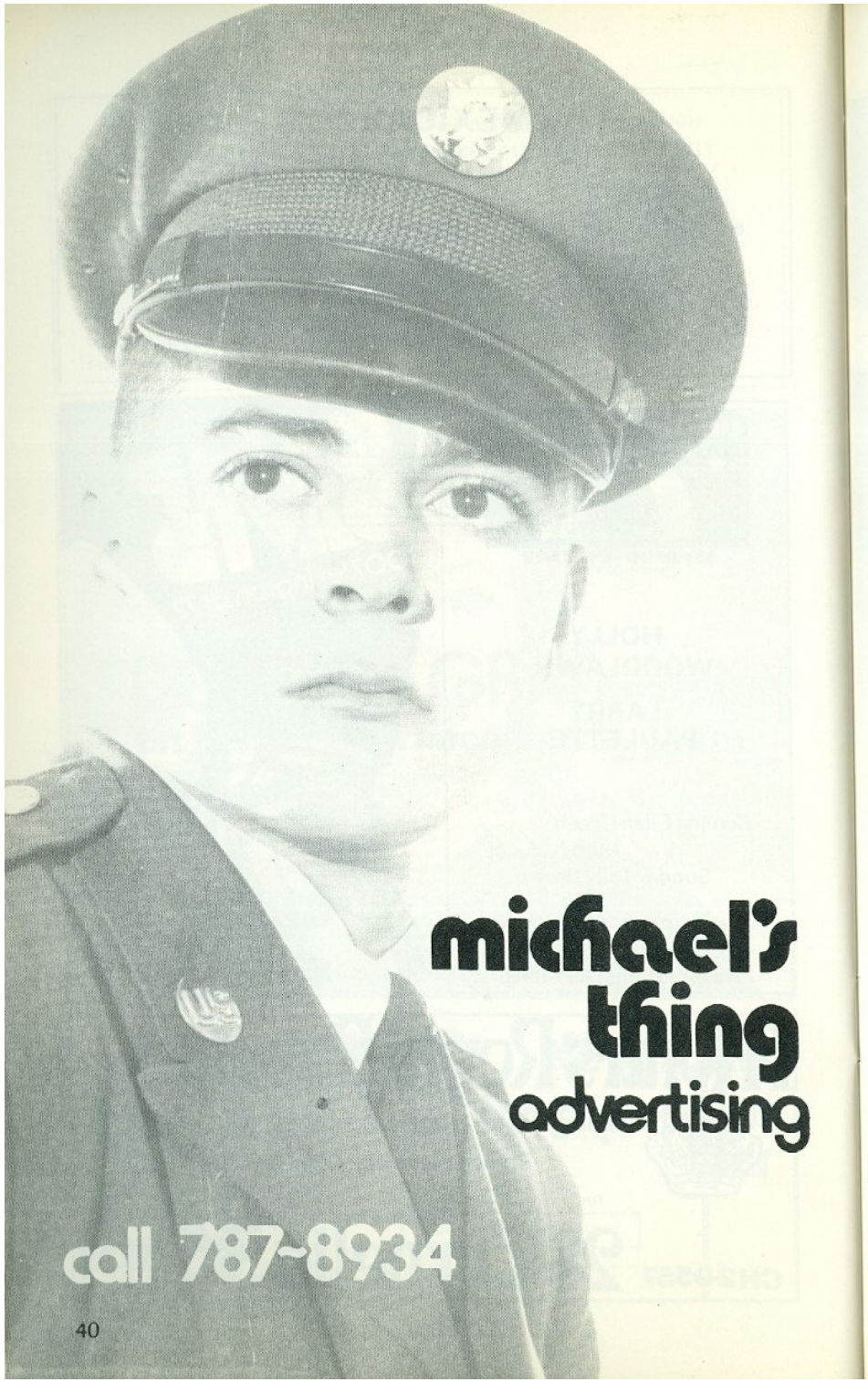
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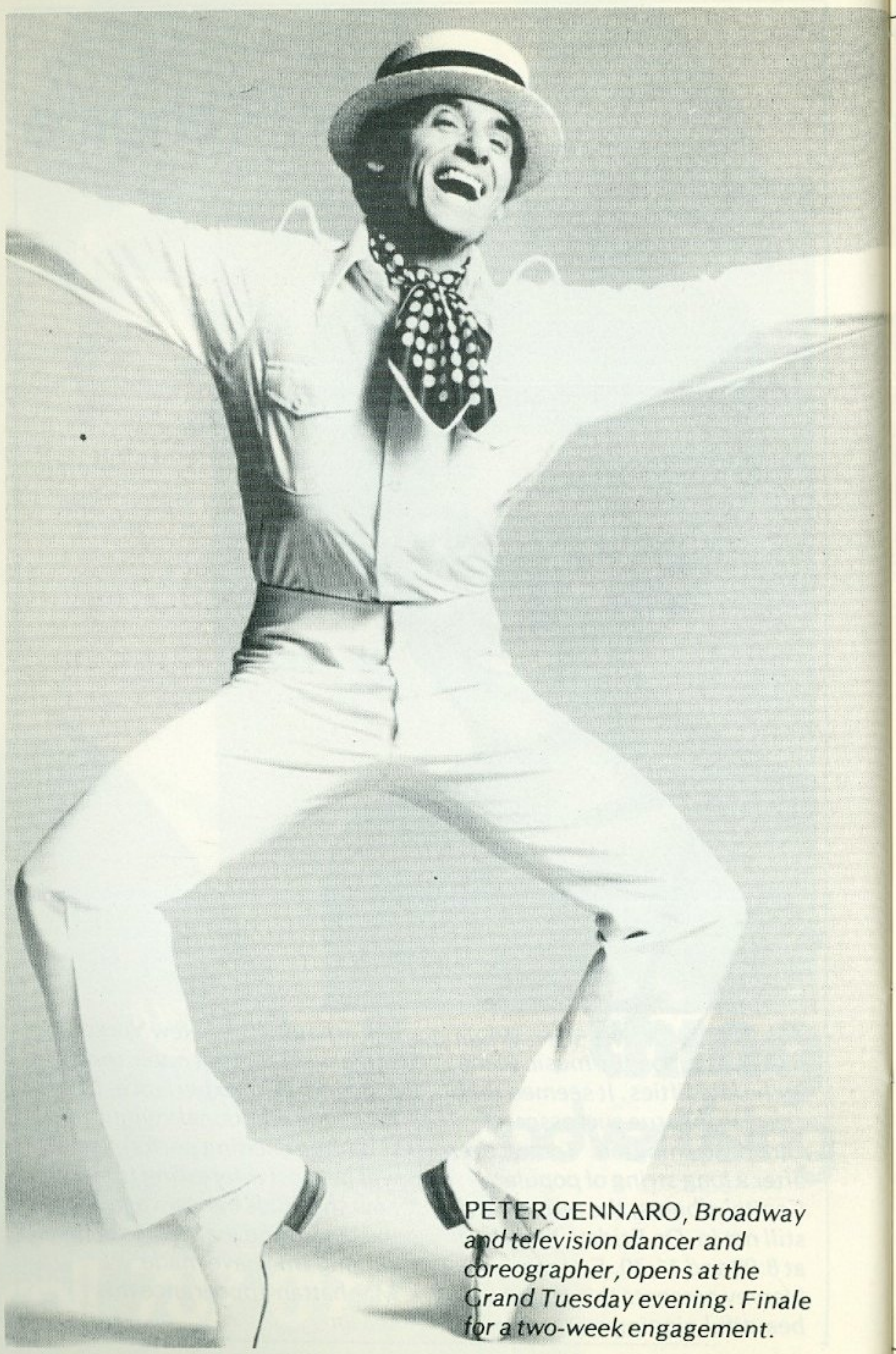
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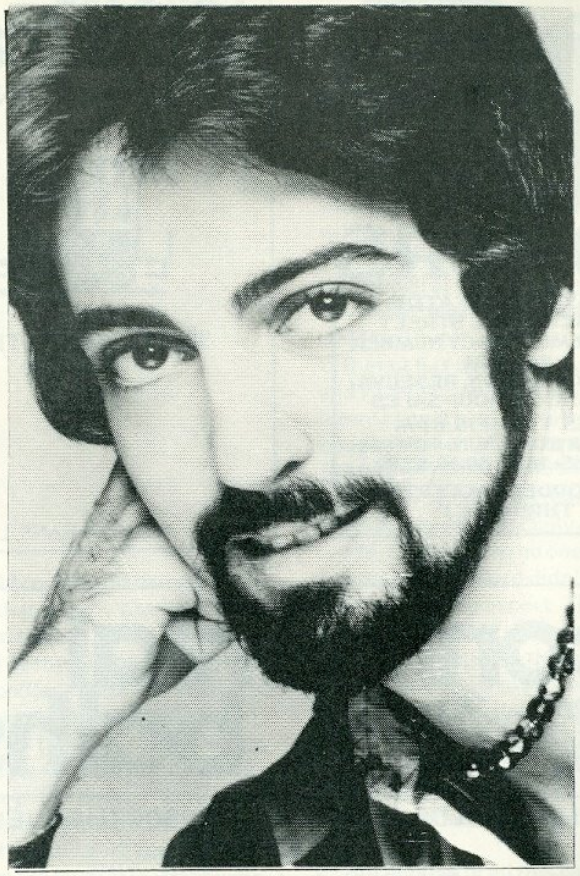
michael's choice



This is NANCY WILSON. *When she first burst upon the music scene in the late fifties, It seemed that she was the true successor to Dinah Washington. Today, even after a long string of popular Capitol albums, the returns are still not in. On Friday, March 21 at 8:00 and 11:30, Eugene Harvey presents this young and beautiful singing star in concert at Carnagie Hall. New Yorkers will have their first opportunity in a long while to experience, first hand, the emotional stylings of this often exciting performer. It will be most interesting to see how she holds her own against the giants and giantesses of jazz singing who have made Manhattan appearance this season.*



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rose's turn

The world could be in flames or economic chaos, but...predictable as the rising of the sun...we are annually ensyruped by the saccharine tears of the Metropolitan Opera tediously lamenting its imminent death throes from terminal financial cancer. If they set this drama to music, it might play somewhere in South American, but it couldn't even make the Apollo Theatre here. It's the same garbage year after year. There are four (at least) obvious solutions I'm sure nobody is brave enough to employ. One: municipal-federal subsidies (a hopeless dream in a football culture). Two: much larger gifts and endowments from all those who pretend to care about opera. Three: convert the Met to a profit-making discotheque. Four: tear it down. Shut up, Mr. Bliss.

I'm not supposed to mention his name, but Senor N. of this and that bar and the exotic macho costumes has once again cracked up his Rolls. Ah, those festive evenings...but, at least, it's more stylish than falling down the steps of the BMT. Allen Ginsberg (the Hinducized poor man's version of an uncloseted Walt Whitman) is being honored with a production of his "Kaddish" in a garage in Rome. Which is not as strange as it sounds, if you think about it in terms of relative values. And now that Tennessee Williams has joined Edward Albee on the council of the Dramatists Guild, what will they find to talk about? And will I find out?

Rumor has it that the stunningly rich and riotously gay heir to an international banking fortune has just bought himself a cozy little trick pad in the new Olympic Towers for $750.000! There can be no doubt that he and Onassis have met socially all over the world, of course, so no one can ever say that the landlord didn't know what kind of tenant to expect. They had better soundproof the cathedral across the street. Parties in that set don't have to be quiet. No one would dare to molest them. Cecil, the new private club, is designed for the more public games of the same set, one hears; and Guy Burgos, its founder, is surely one of the most handsome men in New York.

But enough of all this culture and social chit-chat. I want to know if it is true that a certain allegedly super-virile young actor nearly had his crown jewels chewed off by a friendly bartender from Harry's Back East. We are supposed to believe that he is suffering some kind of respiratory illness, but since when do lung problems make you limp? And who is that hungry bartender? And speaking of the hungry, it can now be revealed that Ronnie Hirsch is the only tramp in town who will accept food stamps in

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payment for certain very personal services. Let joy reign supreme, as the French sluts say.

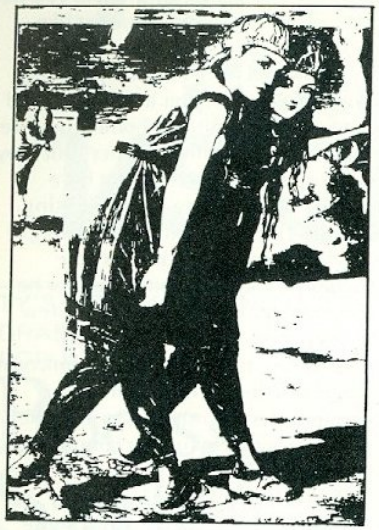
If you are in the market for a 127 room chateau overlooking absolutely nothing of interest in the Belgian countryside, a somewhat pimply (and flaming) waiter in a bad east side gay restaurant has just inherited one he wishes to sell. He has spent most of his life in grim little furnished rooms (and the trucks), so he doesn't want to give all that up for the glories of Belgium. Besides lacking the proper wardrobe, he imagines. Obviously he has never been to Belgium. Antwerp is one of the dullest cities in all recorded history, so you can imagine what the Belgian countryside must be like. Maybe he can trade the place for Belvedere, that funny thing on Fire Island. It's closer.

Montego Bay has become far less interesting since Noel Coward passed away, although his house is currently occupied by Cole and Gresham who inherited it from him. They are too busy working on a biography of their benefactor to fuss with parties, more's the pity. The big sensation down there this season is a remarkable-looking native boy who belongs to that special Jamaican racial class called ''chigro''...that is, half Chinese and half negro. He is a gorgeous boy of palest amber skin, and his spectacular endowments have made him the somewhat secret rage among many famous names of both sexes who are wintering there. A very special British couple we often read about recently had a full scale war over sharing this boy, but he believes he has enough for everybody. He certainly does...or at least he did in December, the last time I looked. And touched. And touched.

I have finally been able to identify the owner of that red Maserati so often seen scooping up seedy young hustlers along Third Avenue. Blondes only, it seems, and the seedier the better. His name is...shall we say...Tony X, and he is a real life gangster from upstate. A gay gangster, how charming! I told you we can be found everywhere. Just like dandelions. That was a very high police official from Philadelphia seen dancing with his lover at Wonderland last Saturday night. At home, they are never seen in public together, but they make up for it when they get here. And, yes, the couple loudly fighting outside The Brasserie the same night was that famous black actor you thought it was with some number he had met on Central Park West a few hours earlier...and who, he had discovered, tried to steal his mink coat when he'd left him alone in the restaurant a few minutes to visit the powder room. No further comment here.

One is now told that legendary Poutassa has decided to grow some breasts and is achieving noticeable success at it. Salvador Dali is back in town, and he and his intersexual entourage are being seen practically everywhere you turn. Those are real party people and include some of the oddest and most interesting characters around. But none half so interesting as Dali himself. Especially after he's drunk a few Scorpions and decides to chat. Everybody knows everybody else, anyway, so there's always lots to chat about. Never anything important, of course. Which makes it so much easier to put up with.

My Rachel Fitler look-alike contest was such a success that I bequeath you a new project. This is a very speical chain letter thing. Write copies of the usual format to 10 of your friends and send one of your old tricks to each of them. They must each write 10 letters of their own and send off their tricks. By the end of the year, you as head of the list should receive at least 2,756,498 tricks. That should keep you occupied until Mother's Day, I presume. Won't it?



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in

WITH GEORGE SARDI

Was that Michael's Thing cover boy David Meyer necking up a kissy-poo storm with the Devine at Phebes??? Jackie Curtis sporting a gender-fuck beard... Tom Ross back at the Roadhouse and it is now a bar restaurant - Kitty will be back tending bar...Congratulations to Dave and Nancy on the One Potatoes 4th Anniversary...Sexpot Fernando won 4 trophys at the Mardi Gras in New Orleans...I'll bet'cha one of them was in the honor of the FFA...Birthday to Andrew...Right Ralph??? Good looking brown eyed honey blonde haired Michael of UCharlie's South is the type of bartender you want to say "Kiss me you fool"...All that noise eminating from the Chalice is because of a Boston import known as the Lenny Bruce & Don Rickles of the drag set...She's loud...fat...vulgar...bitch and a camp known as Mr. Sylvia Sydney...LAYMATE OF THE WEEK...A blue eyed blonde beauty tending bar at the Roadhouse called Michael...Next bar awards at the Hollywood Mon. April 7th...They are going to call it Carnival time...It's the 1st time an award is taking place at a disco so I suggest you get your dancing pumps together and join in...John Michele is really a swining moonlight host at Marie Crisis...Like dynamite entertainment with handsome Terry Hammond on the keyboard plus Billy and his trainer and Salvadore...Wwwweeeeooooo...Right Hernri??? One If By Land 17 Barrow St. not only gives you excellent food and service but gives you the charm of ARmond and Mario your hosts...Seen there last week was Carlo Ponti and a bevy of beauties...Rex Harrison celebrating his birthday...Maggie Smith and also Bette Midler breaking in a few new numbers with Danny Lanning on piano...It's the "innest" spot in town...Happy Birthday to an institution namely the ever lovable Ava Williams... Ronnie Conklin now being addressed as Ronnie Chandler can now be found on every Weds. at the Angora Club spewing forth lyrics to music with speical guest stars...To be attractive and young waiting on tables is one thing...But to give service is another and I find there are quite a few who need training in such...I rest my case...Is the devine Kathy Light to be on the bill with the super talented Charles Pierce when he dashes off to London??? Dolores Gray out doing La Merman with her socko talents at Brothers & Sisters...Is Nifty Nefty gonna honeymoon (Oh no not again) with an ex blonde LAYMATE??? Please contact Murph at the Hollywood 265-8902 if you have the ability to pay a musical instrument...Why??? Well this years Gay Liberation Day Parade will be like Mardi Gras with bands and flooats...The idea is to make it very festive and not militant...If you are really interested in this Gala affair you can attend the meetings every Tues. nite at the Mattachine Society 59 Christopher St...The Gay day of atonement will take place on Sun. June 29th...They mean to make this the biggest and the bestest ever...The idea is to give the straight world what it means to be "Gay" no downers or dessent...United We Stand...Frankie is your new dude host at the newest cruise bar on the west side...It's called "Zippers" on the same block as the ever popular Brothers & Sisters...Is the delectalble (I'm sure sweet tasting) Gary of the Cousin soon to record??? Well Carl??? Congratulations to the Grand Daddy of all the leather bars "Kellers" on their 16th Anniversary...With that hump

coming soon

our new

clip-a-guide covering the u.s.a.

in michael's thing

and a half Peter Rodriguez managing it there is the possibility of many more...Is there to be a restaurant atop Choo Choo's Pier??? And while we're talking about Choo Choo's Pier is that gorgeous hunk Chuck on the daytime shift being taken out of circulation because of an Issac in his tank??? Like WOW WOW WOW when I gaze into those Tyrone Power type eyes of Michael inn keeper of the Picadilly Pub Mon. - Thurs... Alberto the stud...(I mean studded jeans) of Harry's looking very gaucho on the west side...Mona's Royal Roost has a marvelous new chef called Bob so give a look and taste treat...Food for Thought...It was so very thrilling to see so many new faces at the last award at the Boot Hill...But I want very much to say this...The bar awards are for the bar people to get to know one another...that is the point...Period...So mix and mingle and make yourselves known...Don't drop in because your bar is coming up next...Nor attend such because it is within your area...You are losing out...Believe me...I myself have never been happier to know such wonderful. people...Think it over...Boot Hill did a swell job...It is teeny tiny but the crotch's were large...it was all very western Gung Ho and a good turn out...Gypsy as Dale Evans roped in and razzed quite a few...Behind the bar was Frank & Paul (wo had a blemmish on his right cheek) Well my dears if you had been there you would know what I speak of...Frankie was handling (amongst other things) the Chuck Wagon which was chili and spare ribs...Peter Reyes put his best mouth forward playing host...Marta Sanders with her vocal chords literally had the shingles flipping as well as the merry mob...Gypsy was given a ticket to Fla...I don't know whether she needed the rest or we did...A special award has given to a special person Mr. Joe Adamec a long time favorite on the bar scene...Rodger gave a short speech about the Liberation Day Parade and passed out pledges for money...There will be a benefit put on at The Players (Where the hit musical ''Lovers'' is now appearing) with many well known names of the entertainment field...It takes place on Mond. March 31st at 8 o'clock...Kiki Hall at the awards saying ''yes'' to anyone who asked...tsk tsk...Yellow Brick Road closed for repairs for good...Sex Symbols you should get to know like...Don at the Picadilly Pub...Jimmy the whiskered wonder of Ronnie's Royal Roost...Wonderful Woody of the Nickel Bar... Marvelous Michael of the Candlelight...Tony new waiter at Harry's Back East... Titian tressed Tracy formerly of Paisley's now on the cocktail shift at the Pelican...Tantilizing Tommy of the Casa Paco...Robin and Alan of the Cell Block...Lynn a new hot number on the scene at Boots & Saddle's...Right Ty?? Tall good looking Michael (who has a twin) of the Chalice...''Lovers'' to have discussion groups every Weds. nite after the show...This column will not be put into print until 2 weeks later...So therefore if you are having special events or a fun type dish please call me...In case any of you don't know how to reach me I'll tell you...I work the bar at Camp David on the cocktail shift from 4 PM till 10 PM (not 8 o'clock) I'm off Sat. & Sun. because it gives me the chance to see my many bar people friends...The number if 650-0673...So let me hear or see you...Jack of Diamonds now serving food...Bill is the chef formerly of Sebastion's...Noel a gallant goody gorgeous piece of the Chez Netta...Do you realize it will soon be Fire Island time...Well do you?? What downtown mgr. and uptown mgr. managed to get together to make Whoopee...That's it...Just take time out tomorrow to smile more...Love ...George Sardi.

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things astrology

Week of March 17-23, 1975

by Sally Eaton

ARIES (3/21—4/19) ... Social life should be in a very good shape. Also, an old dream seems nearer to reality. But the best news of all is that Jupiter, planet of big money and luck enters your sign this week for a one-year stay. This is what you'd call about the best time for Aries in ages...Cash in! Make plans, get going on anything you want.

TAURUS (4/20—5/20) ... Jupiter entering your solar twelfth should affect things in a rather unconscious way. You'll notice subtle changes in outlook, goals, and attitude. This may or may not take some getting used to, as your long-term progress depends on emotional stability and this configuration is a rather big change. Some will find it a source of internal strength and drive; others may be caught off-balance. Observe psychic levels with care.

GEMINI (5/21—6/21) ... Lots of action at the top of your solar chart means business and social activity are strong and vital. Take the time to call, write, or socialize. Plenty of chances now to advance your interests—a whole new ballgame. Use this time well.

CANCER (6/22—7/22) ... Saturn, brooding on your ascendant for the last year or so, goes direct—meaning a big pickup in momentum. Things take a turn for the better, helped along by the waxing moon. Advice is to enjoy, with discretion, all activities in which you may have felt restricted in the past few months. Spring is here, and optimism once again prevails.

LEO (7/23—8/22) ... In the midst of a generally good period, one tacky cautionary bit—watch your mouth. You may feel a need to bitch, moan or confide in someone. Not that you shouldn't, if you have to, but—choose your confidantes with care. Gossip is definitely an enemy now. Otherwise, you're in good shape.

VIRGO (8/23—9/23) ... Mercury in your solar seventh could bring you in touch with an inspiring partner, or at least someone with ideas which can contribute new insight to either business or love...As you tend to put work first in your life, a lot of your partnerships have some relation to your business interests, but...something else can come out of this if you concentrate on communication. Understanding people who are not like you is necessary, because you are attracted to some rather unusual types.

LIBRA (9/24—10/23) ... Slowdown in business areas clears up and you may have a sudden choice between career and romance. But with your natal knack for balance, this should be no problem, really, try to get the most out of this week. A new partnership is coming, too, which will bring incredible benefit, or maybe marriage. Look for good news.

SCORPIO (10/24—11/23) ... In subtle ways, things lighten up. Romance could blossom unexpectedly with someone grateful for your sensitivity and understanding. Surely a breakthrough communication and knowledge can be reached, as pieces of a personal puzzle fall into place with minimum effort. Scorpios often have philosophical or spiritual views which color their lives. Expect progress in these areas.

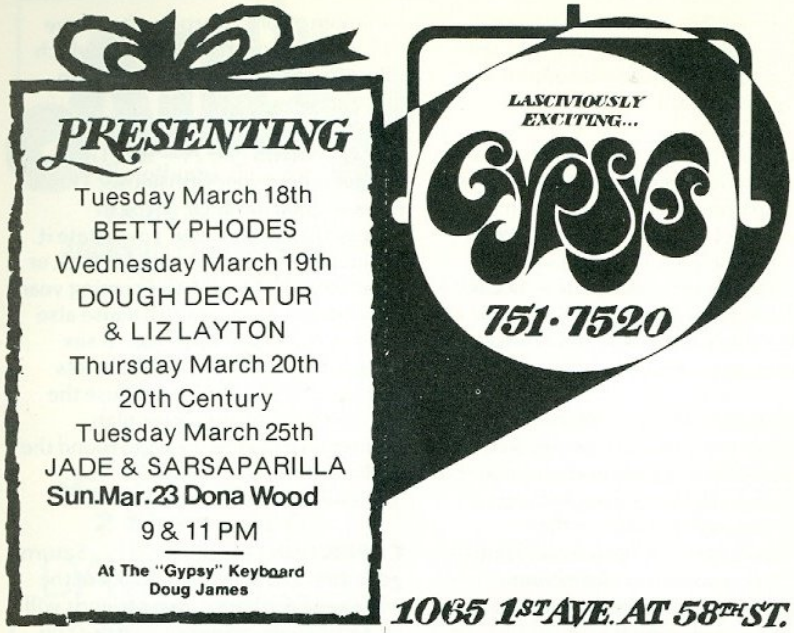
SAGITTARIUS (11/24—12/21) ... Jupiter enters your fifth house. This is news so good for those of you in creative fields that I can't overstate it. Whatever you do in terms of artistic or creative expression in this coming year will prosper. Danger: fifth house also rules sexual self-expression. If sex stimulates you creatively, have lots and lots of it. If it drains you, use the energy to advance a career plan. Jupiter takes twelve years to round the Zodiac. This year it shines for you. Take advantage.

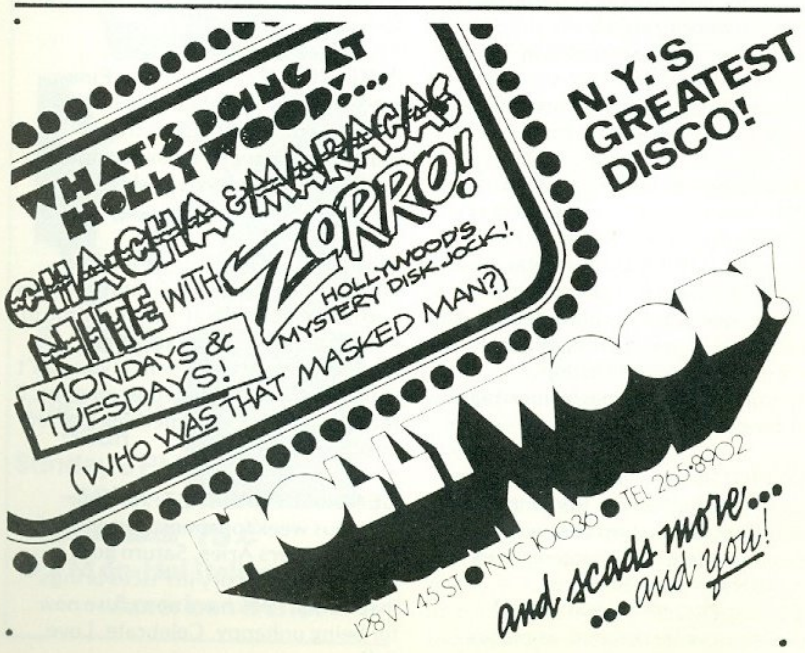
CAPRICORN (12/22—1/19) ... Saturn goes direct, which gets you out of the emotional doghouse. Your friends will stop btiching about your moods. You will have more energy for projects, and for yourself. Enjoy.

AQUARIUS (1/20—2/19) ... Fine week for you. You should be up and over the emotional moods that oppressed you of late. Not too much to report otherwise: Money should be good, sex too.

PISCES (2/20—3/20) ... Financial aims must be pursued. Get off your ass and make money!!! It's a great time to write, act, paint, or do anything creative and get paid for it. If you don't start to get you shit together now you'll really regret it. Get something started and keep it going.

GENERAL FORECAST: Another fabulous week for almost everybody. Jupiter enters Aries, Saturn goes direct, and Mercury in Pisces brings inspiration. You have no excuse now for being unhappy. Celebrate. Love, Sally.





bars

Bar of the Week: **Choo Choo's** Pier, 392 West Street (242-9265) They say it's the friendliest Leather-Western bar in the village. It is also the newest. It's right on the "Strip" so check it

NEW YORK

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.
CARR'S: 204 W. 10 St.
CASA PACO: 330 Bleecker St.
CAVE: Bank & Washington Sts.
CELL BLOCK: 372 W. 11 St. (at West)
THE CHALICE 185 W. 10th St.
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(84-85th)
FRIGATE 432 Hundson St.
GH CLUB: 353 East 53 St.
GIANNI'S: 53 W 19 St.
GILDED GRAPE: 719 Eighth Ave. (45 St.)
GINGER BREAD: 232 Park Ave. So. (at 19 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.)
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.
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 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.)
YELLOW BRICK ROAD: 228 W 10 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.
SHADY LADY: 79 Pineapple St.
NEW ATLANTIS: Stillwell Ave. & Boardwalk, Coney Is.
PIANO BAR: 103 Montague St.

STATEN ISLAND

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

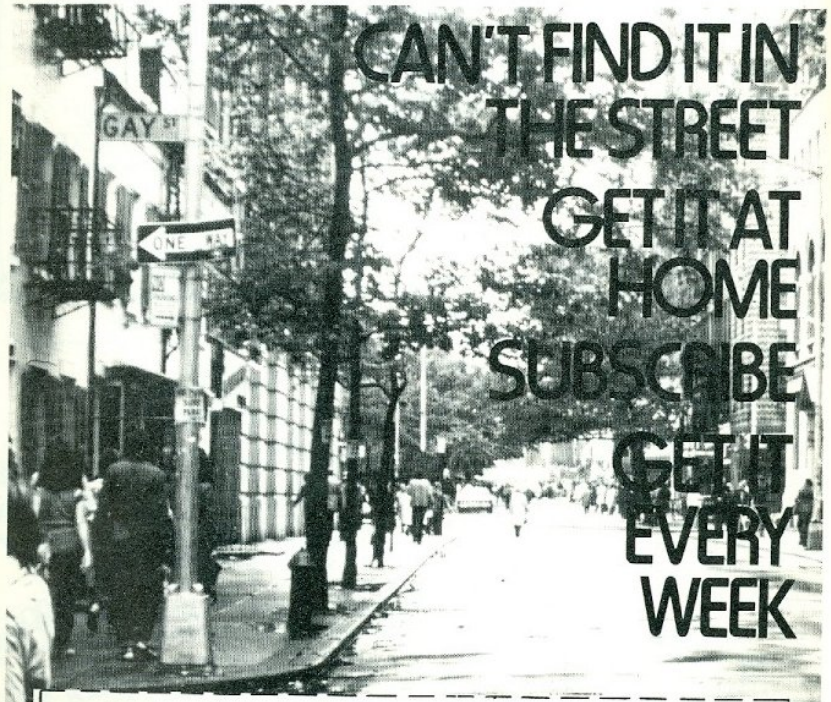
QUEENS

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

LINDENMERE: Sedgemere Rd., Center Moriches
RUM BOTTOMS: 1075 Hicksville Rd. No. Seaford

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dining out

Restaurant of the Week: **Casa Paco,** 330 Bleech St. A fine Mexican restaurant and bar with good food, a nice ambience and a location that can't be beat.

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.

CASA PACO: 330 Bleecker St. (989-9050). Mexican Lunch, dinner, Saturday & Sunday brunch. 7 days.

COMPANY: 365 Third Ave. (MU3-9033). Continental. Lunch, dinner, Midnight supper Friday & 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.

HORN OF PLENTY: 91 Charles St. (242-0636). Continental & Soul. Garden. Dinner, Saturday & Sunday brunch. 7 days.

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

MOTHER'S: 267 W. 23rd St. (255-1901). American. Lunch, dinner, Saturday & Sunday brunch. 7 days.

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 till 1 AM

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.

SAZERAC HOUSE: 533 Hudson St. (YU9-0323). Creole-New Orleans. Lunch, dinner, Saturday & Sunday brunch. 7 days.

UNCLE CHARLIES RESTAURANT: Third Ave at 36th St.



DIAMOND STUDS

A Saloon Musical

By Hermann Alex Joyce

For those of you who feel corraled by the boroughs, hemmed in by the tepid triangle of the Bronx, Brooklyn and Queens, and long to break out into the wide open spaces, preferably Westward, The Chelsea Theater Center of Brooklyn and their production of ''Diamond Studs'' may be just what the doctor ordered. Within the past year The Chelsea Theater Center has opened a ''branch'' theater in Manhattan to accommodate all of the die-hard, stuck-in-the-concrete Broadway-ites. Appropriately called The Westsidetheater located at West 43rd. Street, Chelsea began their season with the wonderfully zany and successful ''Madhouse Company of London'', and now their second production in New York entitled ''Diamond Studs'', is a fun loving, whoop-em-up, down-home sort of musical. It is subtitled ''The Life Of Jesse James, A Saloon Musical,'' but you musn't get the wrong impression about it being a serious shoot-em-up type of show depicting the life of that infamous outlaw. If there is anything serious about it at all it is coached in the deep cushion of high-jinks and tom-foolery.

The large open playing area has been effectively and cleverly designed to ressemb le a sprawling Frontier Saloon complete with tables and chairs where you can eat tid-bits, cold cuts and cheeses, (like ''Madhouse''). The entire atmosphere encourages you to stomp your feet and be merry. The idea behind it is for you to relax and have a whooping good time and that's easy to do with ''Studs''.

The audience sits in a sort of theater in the round affair that becomes a comfortable, intimate setting for a slightly campy version of Jesse James' life story as told in musical terms. There are at least twenty songs not counting reprises and not much dialogue excepting what talk it takes to keep the evening moving along quickly in between song-fests and chug-a-lugs. The music is a variety of Western and Southern down home sounds performed with much gusto and non-stop merriment. All of it is tongue and cheek, very entertaining and decidely lighthearted.

The performers are a variety of talented, vigorous, young people singing, hooting and figuratively busting up the place to make it all fun time for you. And so it is.

Bland Simpson and Jim Wann wrote the upbeat, rhythmic al, musical score and The Red Clay Ramblers and The Southern States Fidelity Chour performed the livin' daylights out of it.

Patricia Birtch of ''Grease'', ''Over Here'', and ''Candide'' fame choreographed several simple off-the-cuff dances that seemed natural and robust, befitting the colorful event.

John L. Habers direction was fast, funny, and fool-hearty. You might want to get yourself on down to see some of them rip-roaring musical critters before they pick on up and get themselves out of town.