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Michael's

VOL 1-No 18

50¢

THING



WHERE THE GAY'S ARE

EDITORIAL . .

MICHAEL'S THING MAGAZINE is looking for some interesting faces for the cover. If you have an interesting face or know someone who has, and would like to be our cover guy, or cover gal, please send us a black and white photo. Send us as many as you like. The staff of MICHAEL'S THING will make the selections. Please send all photographs to MICHAEL'S THING, 156 West 77th Street, New York City, N. Y. 10024. Also send us your birth date, color of hair and eyes, and permission to use your photo.

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Columnists George Dickinson
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Mike Valintino
Photography Roy Leigh
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OUR FRIENDS

(PART TWO CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK)

As everyone knows, the French pride themselves—nay, glorify themselves—on their fastidious sensuality. Eating, drinking, lovemaking—these activities are so loaded by the Frenchman with art that it is almost impossible for an American, who seems to have other channels for his energies, not to flop, and flop terribly. According to the game the French play, that is.

"It is such a pity," a chic French gay remarked to me, "You Americans make love so—so mechanically. You act as though the only reason for it is to get relived. What I mean is, your feelings do not think. Do I make myself clear?"

I said he did, and that I had been hearing this particular attack for a long, long time. (Incidentally, he was not talking about me. We were having a nice academic discussion. Yes?) I said I found it hard to imagine that Americans were so unanimously lousy in love in their engagements with the French. Rather, it seemed to me, the French complaint was merely another way of sustaining their notions of their own corner on the love market.

"That is another of your national troubles," he went on. "You are always intellectualizing about matters of emotion, and the body."

I saw that I couldn't win, so I changed the subject to painting.

I have been so politicized and intimidated by the mystique of French cuisine that I have never been able to enter a French restaurant without feeling both afraid and foolish. In fact, the first thing I want to do, as the waiter stands over me, is to apologize for being there. (This may sound crazy, but more than once, after looking at a particularly detailed and complexly exciting menu, I have felt like leaving a tip and vanishing without ordering anything, just to avoid a disaster.) I once asked for a glass of milk with my meal, and the waiter (who looked as though he were an old buddy of Jean Gabin) gave me a stare of utter, final scorn. He said: "We don't have any. And I am sure the proprietor would not allow me to serve it to you even if we did."

Another booby-trap situation for the American in France is the language. The Frenchman's steely insistence that the stranger speak it with diamondlike precision

is one more way he has of making the American in particular feel like a refugee from a freak show. The French know, of course, what you are trying to say, but they won't give an inch, even though your life may depend on it. I used to take a daily bus trip, and every day I had to leap off the bus while it was moving because the driver refused to acknowledge my pronunciation of the street stop. My way of processing this experience was, I suppose, typically American. I told myself that such hair-raising gymnastics kept me in condition.

Still another of my faults was that I was not surly enough. That's right. It seems my American-boy pleasantness and general euphoric responses were merely indications of my phoniness. "Life is grim," said one fellow over a vermouth on the rue du Bac. "Why don't you be honest and show that you understand this? You smile so much I think you must be on some kind of drug."

This hurt me being Italian.

The least assaultive country in the anti-American game is Italy. I say least assaultive because the Italians disguise it and soften it with their remarkable gentleness. But it is there nonetheless. The main point (or thrust) the Italians make, beneath those juicy smiles and those cuddly gestures, is that Americans are inclined to be robots—no individuality, no rebel imagination, none of that splendid stuff. The insidious thing is that the Italians make you feel so good while they are knocking you to pieces.

This particular Italian knocker and I were strolling down the Via Veneto. He had his arm in mine in that typical human Italian way (no fear of body touch here), and he was saying, "You are so marvelous, you Americans. Really the most amazing people. Generous almost to insanity. And your health. Such fantastically healthy people. But now here is the thing about you that worries me. Your sameness. You are all alike. Every American I meet—and mind you it is a wonderful experience because you are such essentially good people, make no mistake about it—well, every one of you is exactly like the one before you. Do you understand me?"

"For example, when I listen to you talk I become a little confused because I think I

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18)

OTHERSIDE OF THE BAR

by Don Monte

It's time for another one of our weekly RAPS, and this week I have some REAL EXCLUSIVE GOSSIP for all of you to kick around at your local DISH sessions! So...assuming that all of you are well, and HAPPY, (and GAY)...yours truly, the Louella Parsons of the Fun City Bar Circuit will begin with the following flash:

YES...it is now official! The FABULOUS LE FLEUR SISTERS have been spotted by a movie talent scout, and signed for their first motion picture which they've already been filming here in FUN CITY for over a week. The title of it is "CORNUCOPIA SEXUALOUS"...and don't knock that because I can remember a certain Hollywood Movie Queen, (who was the recipient of an Oscar or two) and she can boast of having done these same kind of films early in her career...(That is, when she wasn't earning her living on stage as a BUBBLE DANCER). Who knows where this flick may catapult those ever popular LE FLEUR SISTERS? Perhaps Tinsel Town is their next stop!

NEXT...A certain blonde waiter (who's quite well known on the circuit as the "PLATINUM BOMBSHELL") came in to see me the other night and said..."I've just come from visiting fifteen different bars in the area, and I've never seen so many NATURAL BLONDES in my life who are going bald!!!" Lady Clairol what in the world have you done to so many of our NATURALLY BLONDE sisters (and brothers)? Ah, the price one pays to be BEAUTIFUL!

FLASH...A fine Italian gentleman (who shall remain nameless for the moment) is about to open TWO brand new spots in the Village. One is down just a few steps on West 4th Street, and the other is just off 7th Avenue (and up 'till about a year or so ago) was one of the GOING-EST places in all of the island Manhattan. I'll shoot more info at all of you as I receive the exclusive dish from close sources...

CONGRATULATIONS to another certain Italian Gentleman who has opened his long awaited kitchen at his popular bar, (INITIALS S.T.) on First Avenue between 52nd and 53rd Streets. I had dinner there three nights in a row, and gang...I gained 4 pounds, but it certainly was well worth it. If you like real authentic Italian Food served with all the CLASS in the world, then my

suggestion is go...go...go as fast as you can to see S.T.!!!

NEXT FLASH...I'm certain that all of you remember the ever famous and popular EL MOROCCO, right? Well, keep an eye on what's doing there because all of you are in for quite a treat (and a surprise) sometime in late June as my spies tell me. Can there really be something DIFFERENT coming our way??? Being from California I haven't had the opportunity to go to ALL the AFTER HOURS places yet, but you can rest assured that I'm making an ever so violent attempt to cover ALL of them little by little.


A Certain REDHEAD with the initials B.M. has not been seen or heard from lately by her friends in the Bar Business around town. She's not the type to suddenly become the VANISHING AMERICAN, and several people have asked me of her whereabouts (but I can't answer)...Dear B.M. - PLEASE COME OUT! COME OUT WHERE EVER YOU ARE...WE ALL MISS YOU!!! AND LOVE YOU MUCHLY!

What WELL KNOWN BARTENDER (in the Village) has earned the nickname "OUR LADY OF THE VAPORS" because of his intense lve for sitting for hours in a steam room? He swears that it's the best thing for his post-nasal drip...but I think I can come up with something far better!!! Oops, did I say that? Well at any rate Mr. B.D., if it doesn't clear up your post-nasal drip, it certainly has been melting away those excess pounds you were so concerned about a



STAGE 45
305 E 45th

WHO SAYS BLACK & WHITE
 IS NOT BEAUTIFUL. COME
 AND SEE, WE KNOW YOU
 WILL AGREE. IT IS.

GROOVY DANCING 

month or two ago. Yes...you ARE looking very svelte lately...By the way, it's time for you to have your palm read again!!!

A certain BARTENDER (formerly of Manhattan) now doing his thing in Queens was seen the other evening looking as dashing, appealing, handsome, and seductive as ever as he hob-nobbed around from pub to pub. Who was the attractive person he was escorting? (or...who was escorting him???)...Anyway, it's always NICE to see an OLD FRIEND (and such an attractive face he has too)!!!

A rather WELL KNOWN television and nightclub personality with the initials M.R.III was seen frugging to beat the band a few evenings ago at a teeny-boppers mitown dance palace. I've never seen so much heated passion on a dance floor as they stared each other directly into the eyes as the music grew more and more intense, (not to mention ALL the intense bodies on the dancefloor).

There's an entertainer here in town who impersonates Miss Diana Ross...and I must say that he is sporting a "Never Ending Wardrobe" that cost him a large fortune!!! I'm certain ALL of you will agree when you see Mr. L.L. do his thing that the only other person you've ever seen wear such clothing while they perform is the ONE AND ONLY MISS DIANA ROSS herself!!!

We hear that there are two different midtown bars (one on the East Side and the other on the West) that have had their share of troubles and woe over the last couple of weeks. We further understand that JOHN LAW has been keeping an eye on all the festivities too...

A certain glamorous person in the BAR BIZ went on a certain boat ride last week and said it was an absolute G-A-S! Sort of like "ROMANCE ON THE HIGH SEAS" (an old MGM flick of the 1940's). I said, "Honey, if it was such a GAS then why were you so sick (having been bed ridden for three days in a row)...The reply was, "I forgot how seasick I get, and I was in the NAVY once upon a time!" Well, "So were the ANDREWS SISTERS in those ABBOTT & COSTELLO flicks...remember?"

A very busy bar in town boasts three bartenders on Saturday night that put on a "COMPLETE FLOORSHOW" on THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BAR...(THEIR SIDE!) One has been given the lovely nickname of SALLY SALT because he wears shoes with leather soles. To prevent slipping and sliding he simply sprinkles boxes and boxes of salt on the floor behind the bar, and sometimes gets just a trifle carried

away. The bartender on the other end of the bar has tabbed BERTHA BASTE because the hose on his BARMASTER leaks causing the floor behind the bar to get that wet. The poor little fellow in the middle finally blew his cork at the height of frenzy hour last Saturday night. He screamed out, "I've been in this business for almost fifteen years, and it wasn't until I came here that I began to realize what a TURKEY feels like...First SALLY SALT salts me down, AND THEN BERTHA BASTE bastes me!!!"...Anyway, the three of them together are indeed an experience that's WELL DONE (pardon the pun gang) but I mean the floorshow they put on...Not the basting and salting of the turkey act...

NEXT FLASH..."There's a certain FAMOUS stomach on First Avenue that gives every indication of having fallen in LOVE (AGAIN!!)" If not, then B.L. gets my vote to be our representative at the NATIONAL ANNUAL "SPREAD LOVE ALL AROUND" CONVENTION, because gang...he certainly is doing more than his share to spread LOVE all right...EVERYWHERE HE GOES, and thensome!! Ah, ain't love grand, but then again, so is Mr. B.L.!!! Keep up the good work LOUISE!!! Well kiddies, as the son, (pardon me, I mean SUN) sinks slowly into the west, it's time for me to get out all those booze bottles again and climb the OTHER SIDE OF THE BAR (My side), but I'll have many more tidbits for you ALL to toss around next week, and yes, "lot's of new pieces of gossip in the form of very EXCLUSIVE exclusives!" Remember...YOU HEARD IT FROM ME FIRST!!! (Whatever it may be) and that is exclusive all right!

Until next week, MUCH L-O-V-E.

THE GAY BAR
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Bar

THE ONLY UP-TO-DATE BAR GUIDE IN NEW YORK

BEADED BAG: 951 1st Ave. 52 & 53 St. Friendly Conversation place.

BIG SPENDER: 315 W 48th Street Gypsy hunting grounds.

BON SOIR: 40 W 8th Street Dance Palace with a taste of San Juan. All colors, ALL types, with a bongo beat.

BONNIE & CLYDE: 80 W 3rd Street Dancing, Games, and a little of everything. Sunday Buffet.

BEACHHAVEN: Midland Beach S. I. An elephant's graveyard.

CARR'S: 104 W 10th Street Senior Citizen's Playpen.

CANDLELIGHT LOUNGE: 309 Amst. Ave. Depressing Leper Colony with nothing to offer except boredom, funny-tasting booze at premium prices, tacky interior, minimum sanitation missing or invisible. Customers too nice for this trenchmouth place.

CANDY STORE: 44 West 56th Street The Czars Winter Palace with everything frozen including the ancient patrons.

DIRTY EDNA'S: 264 W 46th Street A scoring place.

CHARADE: 1800 2nd Ave. & 93rd Street Making a comeback with crowds of groovy young black people. Marvelous records, & fried chicken.

CIRCUS LOUNGE: 1369 Flatbush Avenue. The wildest place in Bklyn. Big, Brassy, Bursting with attractive people. Dancing.

COUNTRY COUSIN: 1313 3rd Avenue. Always a winner with good food, good service, and a wonderful atmosphere. Great brunch too.

DANNY'S: 139 Christopher Street. Chipping at the edges like most old monuments.

DANNY'S: 108 Montague St. Bklyn. In place for the Hts. people.

DEN: 835 Washington, Little West 12th St. The Leather Ladies Lead-Lined Roseland (ugh.)

DANNY'S OF PALISADES PARK: 771 Palisades Avenue. Cliffs Park, N.J. Dance Palace, Types range from 21 to 200. Attractive people. Worth the trip.

FINALE: 48 Barrow Street Gay eatery, Village landmark.

FOUNTAIN BLUE: 69th Street & Queens Blvd. Queens, L.I. Live rock band. Intimate dance palace. Pretty people. Friendly.

FEDORA'S: 239 W. 4th Street. Italian cuisine of dubious quality. Reasonably priced. Very dull.

GIANNI'S: 53 W. 19th Street. Girl's bar. Dancing, popular.

GOLD BUG: 83 W. 3rd Street. Dance palace, astonishing variety of people, interesting new gimmicks every week. Very cruisy bar. Roast beef sandwich party on Mondays.

HARRY'S BACK EAST: 1422 3rd Avenue. One of the most popular cruising bars. For nice people. Groovy types. Sunday buffet. An East Side institution.

HIP-A-DROME: 165 Ave. A & 10th Street. East Village mecca for hip young rock culture types. Movies on Thurs.

HOT LINE: 1544 2nd Ave. nr. 80th Street. Number one gay supper club in town. Live entertainment. Good food by Chef Tony at popular prices. Crazy Princess is the waitress. Jeannie and Joey dazzle the bar.

JULIUS: 159 West 10th Street. An absolute shrine for gays who enjoy being put down by a surly management that detests gay people.

Mental masochists always welcome.

KELLER'S: 384 West Street. Grandmother of the leather bars.

KOOKIE'S: 149 W. 14th Street. Girls' bar. Nice sewer atmosphere for female construction workers.

LIGHTHOUSE: Broadway at West 76th St. Neighborhood cruising bar. Friendly, unpretentious, presided over by the time-honored silent screen star, Johnny Vincent. Buffets, Tues., Thurs. & Sun.

MALE BOX: 1716 2nd Avenue. Charming new place. Dancing.

MAYFAIR BAR: 3 Hyett St. S.I. Small intimate place. Neighborhood people.

MILANOS BAR: 267 Amst. Ave. A dull joke with a liquor lic.

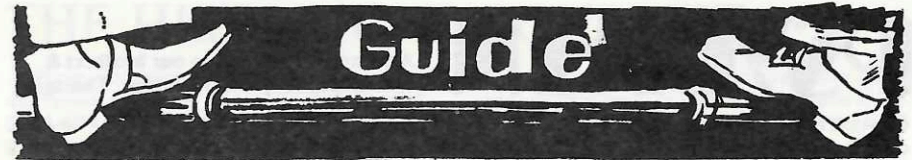
MURPHY'S BAR: 59 Edison Place. Newark. Oldest bar in N.J., including the customers.

NEW DANNY'S at SHERIDAN SQUARE 140 7th Ave. South bet. Charles & W 10th

NEW JIMMY'S: 1576 3rd Avenue. bet. 88th St. & 89th Street. A touch of elegance catering to those who understand it. Superb food and service. Gorgeous waters in hotpants make sure you have a pleasant visit.

OLD VIC: 309 East 60th Street. Intimate dance palace. This is one of the nicely run places. The owners really care about their customers.

PAINTED PONY: 1485 3rd Avenue at 84th St. Only one of its kind, extra happy atmosphere.



Guide

MICHAEL'S THING BAR GUIDE IS THE ONLY UP-TO-DATE GUIDE

Starring Gypsy, talented customers and the reg. paid entertainers.

PAULA'S: 64 Greenwich Avenue. Still new.

PEPY'S PLACE: 153 W 48th Street Popular place for visiting show people. Nicer quality for midnight cowboys. Live rock folk guitar (Ralph Bruno)

PIANO BAR: Montague Street Bklyn Hts. Sing-along place.

PICCADILLY PUB: 324 Amst. Ave. Pleasant but not contagious.

PLANETARIUM: 181 2nd Avenue. This place is unreal-take a trip down

ROUNDTABLE: 151 E 50th St. Large dance Palace, Very popular with young beautiful people, very cruisy. Live music, live shows, a winner.

SANCTUARY: 407 W 43rd St A mere shred of its former self.

STAGE 45: 305 East 45th St Off 2nd Ave. Dance Palace. Hip Black & White crowd of all ages. a winner.

STUD:(International): Greenwich & Perry. Posing palace for pathetic ping pong players.

THE STRIPED SHIRT: 1393A Second Ave. Rustic atmosphere

TAMBURLANE: 148 E 48th St Dance Palace. The wildest looking heads in town. Live shows coming soon.

THREE: 314 E 72nd St. Friendly, comfortable, good food and good drinks. Add this place for dining.

THIS-N-THAT: Columbus Ave. at 70th St. New Bar, soon to have a party.

THE EAGLES NEST: 11th Ave. & 21st St. Pitiful.

TOOLBOX: 507 West St. at Jane The duck-billed platybus of truck bars.

TROUBADOR: 1078 1st Ave. at 58th St. Dining and dancing in a marvelous atmosphere. Everybody has fun here. Add this eatery to your list.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S: 1049 Lexington Ave. at 75th Street. Very cruisy talk bar.

VICTORS QUARTERS: 984 2nd Ave. Hopeless.

WILLIE'S WEST SIDE: 224 W 82nd St. off Broadway. Getting very popular. Dancing. 50% black, 25% Latin, 25% White. Locked door policy.

YUKON BAR: 140 E 53rd St. Zodiast Waltz Palace. Believe it or not.

ZODIAC CLUB UPTOWN: 1487 1st Ave. at 77th Street. Dance Palace. It's really a wild fucking joint. You'd have to be a cripple not to enjoy yourself here. A winner.

Painted Pony



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TEL. 535-7630

AT THE PIANO THIS WEEK
STEVE ROSS

TROUBADOR

1078 First Avenue
bet. 58th & 59th Sts.

DINNER from 6:00 PM--3:AM
COCKTAIL HOUR From 4 to 8

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ATMOSPHERE

755-1955

PSYCH-N

A column of counsel to our brothers & sisters.....by Milo Winters, Therapist

Q. At a party last night I met the strangest case I've ever heard of in gay life. One of the guests was a boy who had gone through sex-change surgery to become a woman, but this person is now a lesbian only interested in other women. How in the world could you explain this?

ASTONISHED

A. Well, it won't be easy, but there may be an explanation. Perhaps we have here a rare example of such extraordinary homosexual guilt combined with a fear of women, that this boy actually had to *become* a woman *physically* (not mentally, of course) in order to relate sexually to women. His self-hatred as a homosexual may have been so great, and his sexual attraction to other males may have made him feel so guilty, that he had to change his sex in order to accept himself. Supposing himself to be a woman now, he has less fear of them, for he mistakenly believes that all women consider *men* the *enemy*. Thus, he can rationalize his avoidance of men on these grounds, instead of on the actual guilt basis. The one great flaw in all this fantasy is that he seems to have forgotten that lesbians are homosexuals too.

Q. I am a teenager who has been gay since I was eleven. Recently my 19 year old straight brother discovered this, and now every night he tries to force me to go down on him. We share the same bed, and it is an awful problem. I don't want my parents to find out about me, and I don't want to carry on with him either. What shall I do?

YOUNG

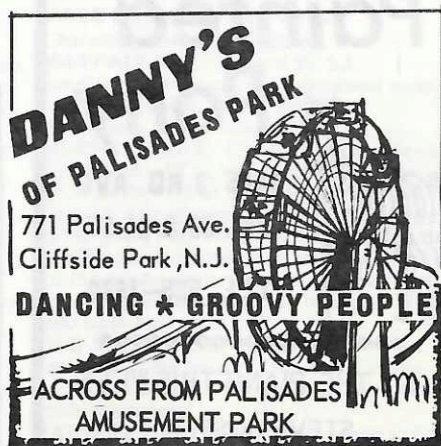
A. Tell him to jerk-off! Don't help him to degrade you. If there were genuine affection and sexual attraction behind his attentions, he would not be using *force* and making you do something against your will. Like many misinformed people, he mistakenly assumes that all homosexuals are in hot pursuit of every person who walks. This is a vicious put-down of you. If he is so determined to have homosexual relations, let him find them somewhere else. You are entitled to the dignity of choice. You don't have to submit to anyone if they don't interest you. Don't let him blackmail you; beat him to the punch by threatening to inform your parents of his homosexual attentions to you.

Q. I am a 24 year old bartender, who has been very swishy as far back as I can remember. I have always enjoyed carrying on like mad in public, but occasionally I have been terribly embarrassed and humiliated by my own behavior and the unpleasant situations it has caused. I think I am now getting too old for my swishiness to be very attractive. Is there anything I can do about it?

FLAMING

A. Yes, I can think of at least two suggestions that might be of help. It's no crime to be swishy, but it *is* a silly waste of time that might be spent more profitably . . . either in bed doing your thing, or concentrating on a career of something equally useful. First, it may help if you remember that each time you act swishily, you are aping those whom you have probably had little contact with: *WOMEN*. That doesn't make very much sense, does it? By the way, most women are not particularly swishy (only whores and actresses, as a rule), but your crude caricature reveals an unnecessary hatred of them, for there is nothing flattering about your imitation. Second, it might help if you permit yourself to be attracted to the type of homosexual man who could not possibly be interested in a swish. This includes the vast majority of male homosexuals, most of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22)



THE HISTORICAL GOURMET

Have you ever wondered how some of our favorite gourmet dishes got their names? Do you know the story behind oysters Rockefeller and crepes Suzette? For your gastronomical pleasure, we bring you a few of those fascinating little "historical" dining treasures.

One of the most famous French deserts is, of course, crepe Suzette which was an "accident." The story takes place at the Cafe de Paris in Monte Carlo where the Prince of Wales, later Edward VII, was a guest with dinner party. The assistant waiter at the time, 15-year-old Henri Charpentiere soon to become a famous Chef, was preparing a dish of French pancakes at the table for the Prince. During the preparation Charpentiere's cordials accidentally caught on fire. He quickly "snowed" his guests by adding more liquers, flamed it again and marinated his pancakes in the mixture. The Prince liked the dessert; and when asked by the waiter if he could name the dessert Crepes Princesse, the Prince declined and suggested the name of the only lady at his table—a little girl named Suzette.

The famous director of the kitchens in London's Savoy, Auguste Escoffier, created Peche Melba. When Helen Porter Mitchell was singing at Covent Garden, the famed chef created this dessert in her honor (her professional name was Dame Nellie Melba). It seems she had given Escoffier a pair of complimentary tickets to hear her sing in "Lohengrin." So, in keeping with the opera, the chef created an ice swan and nestled a bowl of vanilla ice cream between its wings topped with peaches soaked in vanilla syrup and covered this delight with a puree of fresh raspberries. At the other end of the swan was a thin, crisp dry toast which also bears the name of the singing Dame.

One of the famous chefs in the eighteenth century was Marie-Antoine Careme and was particularly noted for his elaborate pastries. Careme created the Russian Charlotte of Charlotte Russe, a custard-and-lady-finger pastry. While he was chef for Alexander I, he came up with this dessert naming it after Princess Charlotte, George IV of England's only daughter, for whom Careme had worked when George was Prince Regent. This appears to be accurate because Careme had already named another dessert apple Charlotte in honor of the Princess.

Two military men have had two classic dishes named in their honor. Napoleon's chef created chicken Marengo because the only foods available during the Battle of

Marengo was nothing but chicken, tomatoes and mushrooms. Napoleon's conquerer at Waterloo had a dish created in his honor—beef Wellington.

There are other men whose names would not be remembered if it weren't for the sauce bearing their names. During the reign of Henri IV of France, his prime minister created a white sauce for fish or chicken. This sauce, Mornay, was named after Philippe de Mornay, and is made from a basic white sauce named after Louis XIV's lord steward, Louis de Bechamel, or Bechamel sauce.

If people's names are not used, sometimes a dish is named after a locale: nicoise from Nice and parmigiana from Parma and so forth. While at the Ritz Carlton Hotel here in New York (then at Madison Avenue and 46th Street), Louis Diat created Vichyssoise, not created in Vichy, a cold pureed potato soup almost always found on a French menu.

Oysters Rockefeller were created at Antoine's the famed French restaurant in New Orleans, by an Italian—Jules Alciatore. Finding it too expensive to continue importing French snails for escargots Bourignonn, Alciatore decided to use the plentiful American oyster. In doing so, he adapted the white snail sauce to suit the oyster and wanted it to be fit for a multi-millionaire—Rockefeller.

Of course, we all know that the name of the favorite American snack, the hamburger, gets its name from Hamburg, Germany. But, the rich-sounding name for the glorified hamburger, Salisbury Steak, doesn't come from the city but is named after a physician, Dr. James Salisbury, who prescribed a chopped steak diet in the 1880s as cure for many illnesses.

If you like the ever-popular stand-by of the "little old lady crowd," the Waldorf Salad (a mixture of walnuts and apples in mayonnaise), you'll be pleased to learn it was, indeed, created at New York's Waldorf Hotel when it opened on Fifth Avenue and 34th Streets in the early 1890s. It was created by Oscar Tschirky. Another stand-by famous among the "tea crowd" is the Parker House roll which was created at the Parker House in Boston.

If anyone knows how the origins of Manhattan and Boston Clam Chowder came about, please write in and let us know. Maybe we'll feature another article along the "historical gourmet" line if we have enough requests.

Rambling Rose

In this first week of May I am happy to report that the PENICILLIN PALACES were raided, and they broke up everything. . . The La Fleur Sisters just made a movie, "Cornukupia Sexualest", produced by Chuck Hirsch. . . Hi Jan Wilson, formerly of the THREE, now tending days at the HOT LINE. . . Another move in our bar checker game—Bert now at the MALE BOX who was formerly at the STRIPED SHIRT. . . Another raid; would you believe, at the CANDY STORE. . . THE BEADED BAG doing a bust out dinner business, the food is fantastic. . . Toby and her tamerine at the HOTLINE, this gal really moves, and she sings too. . . A new beautiful place just open is DANNY'S OF SHERIDAN SQ at 7th Avenue, with a beautiful day bartender named Joe. . . At the ZODIAC CLUB UPTOWN last week, Michael, and Henny, the proprietor of the FOUNTAIN BLUE bar in L.I. grooving on Ronnie Leigh, doing his great Barbra Streisand act. Joan, Hennys lovely wife, Eve, Vinnie, and all—had a ball. . . Welcome home Dr. Morris Goodman our Mad astrologer. . . Watch for a fabulous new fashion show at NEW JIMMY'S very soon. . . THE MAIL BOX now serving a full course dinner for only \$2.95, sisters and brothers. . . MICHAEL'S THING Editor would like to thank all you

lovely people for your wonderful letters. . . Did my thing at the HIP-A-DROME last week wow. . . For all you old movie bugs the Elgin theater is presenting for 22 days, the W.C. Fields festival. . . Ran in to Mr. J of the Mothers of Invention at the TAMBURLAINE Sat. night, where there was about 1500 people. . . DIRTY EDNA's doing a little number on the decor. . . Robert Stack! how did you like the PAINTED PONY. . . An Eastside bathroom not drawing any people, I wonder why? . . . The Machine juice palace, closed. . . Two undercover narco's enjoying the scenery at the SANCTUARY. . . Greatest Mates Service under investigation. . . G.A.A. dances are real groovy, watch for their next dance. . . If you can not find what you're looking for at the PLANETARIUM, *crucise wise*, you will not find it anywhere. . . New piano player at the OLD VIC by the name of Tony X. . . LIGHTHOUSE BAR becoming real popular with Westsiders. . . CANDLELIGHT BAR not doing too well. . . New Gay bar on the upper Westside soon to open. . . Sat next to Rod Sterling at JOSEPH DIXEY'S HAIR design for men, had a nice conversation while we had our heads done. . .



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"YERMA," Federico Garcia Lorca, directed by Rene Buch, presented in Spanish on Saturdays at 4 p.m. in English on Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8:30 p.m. by Greenwich Mews Spanish-English Theatre at Greenwich Mews, 141 West 13th Street (\$3.50, \$4.50).

"PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE," by Shakespeare, directed by Christopher Martin, presented Thursday to Saturday at 8 p.m., Sunday at 7 p.m. at CSC Repertory Theatre, 89 West 3rd Street, GR 3-9117 (\$3.50, \$4.50).

"THE V. I. P.," by Stanley Seidman, presented on Fridays at 8:30 p.m., Saturdays at 10 p.m., Sundays at 7:30 p.m. at Dramatis Personae, 114 West 14th Street, 675-9922, 929-5278 (\$3, Saturdays, \$4).

"DRACULA: SABBAT," by Leon Katz, directed by Lawrence Kornfeld, presented by Theatre for the New City on Fridays to Mondays at 8:30 p.m. at Westbeth, 151 Bank Street, OX 1-2220 (contribution).

"LISTEN, SEAN, TO THE SILHOUETTES OF RAINDROPS," written and directed by John Hartnett. "CELEBRATE ME," by Gloria Gonzalez, and Edna Schappert, directed by William E. Hunt, presented Thursday to Saturday at 8 p.m., Sunday at 3 p.m. at Playbox, 94 St. Mark's Place, SA 4-5108 (\$2).

"A VOICE TO CALL YOUR OWN," by Clayelle Dalferes, directed by David Rosenwine. "INIUNS" and "THE GREEN

MAN AND RED LADY IN THE RED AND GREEN LADY'S ROOM." by Guy Gauthier, directed by Jack Sims and Ron Mullins, "IF I RULED THE WORLD," by David Seifer, directed by Don Friedman, presented Friday and Saturday at 10 p.m., Sunday at 5 p.m. at Playbox, 94 St. Mark's Place, SA 4-5108 (\$2).

"THE ADVENTURES OF CHARLIE AND BELLE," by Erwin Potter, directed by Jennifer Dell and "FRANK AND ELLA AND CLARA AND MORRIS AND THE TELEGRAM" by Fran Lohman, directed by Barbara Rosoff, presented on Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 8:30 p.m. at WPA, 333 Bowery, CA 8-0900.

"THREE NON-SHAKESPEARIAN ONE-ACTS," by Gabriel Roepke, directed by Carol Kastendick, presented Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 p.m. at WPA, 333 Bowery, CA 8-0900.

"THE POCKET WATCH," by Alvin Aronson, presented by Theatre Coop on Saturdays at 8:45 p.m., Sundays at 3 p.m. at Innerscourt Theatre, 504 Grand Street (free).

"EMASCULAPITOME," by David Sawn, "THE LAST ACT" and "THE ENTREPRENEUR OF AVENUE B," both by Jack Gilhooley, presented on Thursday and Friday at 8 p.m., Sunday at 3:30 p.m., at Pad Workshop, 13th Street Theatre, 50 West 13th Street (\$2.50).

"BAD HABITS OF '71," by Frank Lee Wilde, directed by Vincent Van, presented Thursday to Saturday at 8:30 p.m. at New York Theatre Ensemble, 2 East 2nd Street, CA 8-0900 (contribution)

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The city fathers may not have planned it that way, but there are several areas of New York so heavily populated by homosexuals that they qualify in every way as gay ghettos. Times Square, Central Park, and the 7th Avenue Subway cannot be considered in this category, however, because their countless (and usually nameless) gay legions are primarily transient rather than permanent. A gay ghetto, therefore, may be defined as a particular area where a very heavy concentration of homosexuals actually live and frequently pay rent. It is a ghetto, per se, because they are not there by chance, but because they choose... or feel compelled to choose... to live in such a specific locale.

Homosexuals, unlike other minorities, are not actually *forced* to live in ghettos because of any label such as black, Puerto Rican, Jewish, or what not. The label is more often inside their heads than on their exteriors. Living in a gay ghetto is a matter of deliberate choice, which can be based on either quite valid or totally irrational reasons. It is sad, as well as senseless, to believe one *must* live there, because nowhere else would one be safe, comfortable, or welcome. On the other hand, it is perfectly true that a gay person living in a neighborhood swarming with other gay people is more likely to readily find companions, potential friends or lovers, tricks, friendly bars and restaurants, cruising places, and even compatible neighbors, and all this without leaving his own home base. It sounds almost like Nirvana, doesn't it? However, life being such a contrary bitch as well as a blessing, there have to be disadvantages, which will be dealt with in later cold douche-type paragraphs.

There are four major gay ghettos. There are also several minor ones harboring the very rich and the very poor among us, but they are too distressing to think about. For the more insistently nosy readers, who so closely resemble their shrill unpleasant mothers, the names of two minor ones will be revealed for silencing purposes: Sutton Place, and the Lower East Side.

Now for the majors. The most ancient in America and the ear-splittingly noticeably

world famous star among gay ghettos is, of course, Greenwich Village. The West Village in particular, and to a much lesser and shabbier extent, the upstart East Village. The next contender is that part of the spottily smart East Side which has as boundaries Lexington Avenue on the west, First Avenue on the east, 86th on the north, and 23rd St. on the south, and with Third Avenue as its glittering whore of a focal point. The third and most comfortably integrated entry is the West Seventies from Riverside Drive to Central Park West and from 79th Street to 70th Street with more than a few stragglers peacefully ensconced in the Sixties, Eighties, and Nineties. The last and most forbiddingly quaint ghetto is Brooklyn Heights. A very conservative estimate would place at least *half a million* male and female homosexuals as inhabiting these four small sections in preference to the many hundreds of square miles of the metropolitan area available to them, but through which they continue to remain very thinly scattered.

There are literally tens of thousands of homosexuals sprinkled throughout the vast wasteland of Brooklyn, but only Brooklyn Heights qualifies as an authentic gay ghetto. There are two identifying characteristics about Brooklyn Heights which establish its individuality from the other three ghettos. First, it is an exceptionally attractive residential neighborhood of charmingly renovated, high rent, old town houses peacefully set along quiet tree-lined streets. Some of these remain private homes, and others are split up into exceptionally inviting apartments. Its second trademark is less inviting. A small percentage of the Heights consists of pleasant, cultured, high income people of the nicest type, many of whom are long-time lovers. However, the larger percentage is composed of the most up-tight, pretentious, closet queens this side of the Audubon Society. Closet queens, like venereal diseases, are to be found oozing about everywhere, of course; but their ratio to the total gay population is incredibly higher in Brooklyn Heights than in any other gay ghetto under consideration.

The closet people not withstanding, this is one of the loveliest neighborhoods in the city. Everything seems to radiate out from Montague Street or Clark Street, for unknown reasons, and The Promenade with its spectacular view of a body of water with a bunch of pretty lights on the other shore is also the wildly popular local cruising ground. There is, of course, also the St. George Hotel noted for its swimming pool and other indoor sports facilities. Most of the local fauna is to be found frequently dining, in sedate little coveys, at a highly recommended delicatessen on Montague Street or at one or another of the vaguely charming Arab restaurants in the area, which are chiefly notable for their atrocious food and lack of interest in improving same.

For a complete contrast, the Village now pirouettes into view with the wildest dizziest, most bewildering variety of liberated, sick, enchanting, inventive homosexuals in the city. Absolutely every type of gay person on record, and undoubtedly numerous ones not yet classified or understood, are to be found in the Village doing his or her own thing with an abandon which is delightful in its intensity, if not always its character. Every color, gender, religion, and national origin is found here in the fullest flower of its homosexual representation. This also holds true for shape, size, and spectrum of sexual preferences. Whatever one's most secret dreams could conjure lives somewhere in the Village, and the availability index is highly favorable. The sheer madness of the place is refreshing, distressing, appealing, and outrageous... and all simultaneously. Nothing is understated down here, not even heterosexuality. In fact, the gay and the straight appear so pleasantly homogenized on their public surfaces that one must look very close indeed to see that all which is white is not milk.

There is not a street in the Village which is without its share of the gay population. There is even one legally named Gay Street which runs directly into Christopher which must surely be the campiest outdoor scene since ancient Rome. On any night of the week, including those with blizzards, heat waves or the most hostile thunderstorms, the most incredible collection of male homosexuals in insane costumes (and heads to match) are to be found sauntering up and down Christopher from Seventh Avenue to

the outdoor gay forum at the corner of Greenwich. Every doorway, every square inch of pavement even most of the passing cars, appear to be occupied by them. Everything from the scroungiest gay hippy type to the most elegant visiting Martian queen is to be observed here. It is amusing, more often than sordid, but very difficult to believe. Greenwich Avenue has even more gay strollers a micrometre more decorous perhaps, but very uninhibited and sociable. This avenue is also lined with many pleasant restaurants, galleries and shops, catering primarily to the gay set as well as numerous stunned tourist types.

There are gay bars, gay restaurants, gay private clubs, gay boutiques and gay everything you could possibly think of all over the place. Even the determinedly intellectual VILLAGE VOICE types are to be seen drifting about in the perennial marriage of carnival and crusade which best describes the Village. Rents are rather high, for the most part but the brethren are to be found dwelling in everything from cold water flats to ultra-modern luxury apartments, not to mention remodelled carriage houses and similar charming madneses. It is true beyond question that the Village is a gay ghetto par excellence, but there is a feeling of freedom about it which tends to disguise the ghettoization of the heads choosing to live there. It is said that Villagers loathe traveling above 14th Street, and this also clearly reveals the presence of a mental ghetto, not so amusing.

Gay ghettos, of course, could not exist without the cooperation or deliberate choice of their occupants. This compulsion to live only where surrounded with one's own kind, even if based on the most rational motives, is the syndrome of mental ghettoization. It smells of guilt, fear of the heterosexual community, self-denigration, and all sorts of sad masochistic escapes. It is a man with imaginary leprosy wearing the mask of comedy. It is also unnecessary.

The West Seventies, though a ghetto, is the most comfortable one of all. Its history as a homosexual habitat dates roughly back to the 1920s, and each year has seen its population growing and improving in quality. Many of the most creative gay people in the city live in these old brownstones and aging apartment houses. There has been a fantastic spurt in renovation of the neighborhood, with a corresponding spurt

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21)



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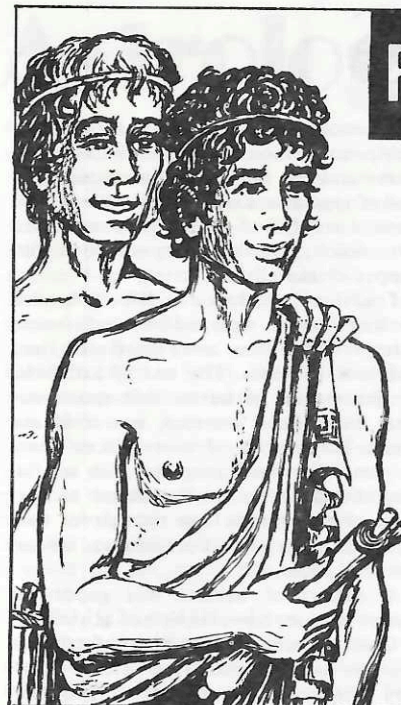
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Surrounding you are murals of brightly costumed Russians which is carried out in the waiters colorful peasant shirts. Candlelight is soft against the full mirrored walls. During your meal you will enjoy the refrains of classic and popular Russian music played at one end of the room by native clad cellist, violinist and pianist. You might even be treated to having the violinist visit your table and play your request. Red banquettes line the wall with booths in front near the ample bar.

If you believe in astrology, the cards, etc., after dinner you'll want a visit at your table by Madame Rita—a must for romantic couples. She is an extraordinary modern version of a gypsy fortune teller.

Drinks are Russian, and vodka's the thing, of course, to have here. The Russian Witch cocktail is a must. The food is well-prepared and waiters take pride in their knowledge of native dishes. If you don't know what to have, they are happy to assist.

An appetizer of chopped fresh eggplant imperial is a specialty of the chef, and one he does quite well. Mixed with tomato, it is delightfully spicy and almost relish-like. If you like to experiment, try the kholodetz, calf's feet in jelly—large tender morsels of

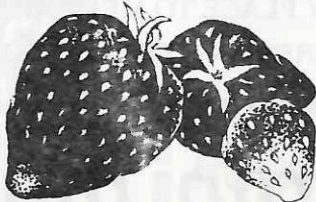
meat surrounded by jelly with a garnish of tomato and lemon. Both the chicken consommé and the borsch malorossiyskiy, hot Russian vegetable soup, were excellent, well seasoned and full of flavor. They are served with priojok, a tender pastry roll filled with chopped chicken liver.

Traditional chicken a la Kiev (pounded chicken breast wrapped around frozen butter, rolled in flour and immediately deep fried) was delicious. The test of authenticity, the stream of butter that spurts out when the knife is inserted, was tried and passed. This is one of those places where one can order beef stroganov with confidence; though with the abundance of sour cream, the portion is large enough for two. Russian shashlik of filet of lamb was tender, cooked to order.

A dessert of baklava was good; the Russian version, however, is not as sweet as the Greek. Cream a la Russe, a confection of ice cream and whipped cream with a strawberry sauce was sweet, indeed, and delicious. Baba au rhum with sherbert did away with any desire we might have had for an after dinner drink.

The cost of full dinners for two with cocktails and tips will be around \$24.

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Astrology

by Dr. Morris C. Goodman

ARIES (3/21 to 4/19)—Venus and Mercury are both in your Sign, so you can talk (Mercury) anybody into your way of love (Venus). Don't miss this heavenly gift! Serious business is also favored, as the Sun's position denotes a chance at a new source of income. Stay alert; read the ads; ask questions. Fifth House matters, romance, are also under beneficial rays—as distinguished from (plain?) just sex.

TAURUS (4/20 to 5/20)—It's your birthday cycle, but somewhat marred by the conjunction of Saturn with the Sun now in your Sign. This Planet holds you back; it reminds you that you are having a birthday—and you may not like that. The stars' answer is to do those things that are appropriate to your age. Be consoled, the Venus position is splendid for sex, so let the years do what they may.

GEMINI (5/21 to 6/20)—There new material in the house of sex in your chart, but it's wrapped in some sort of complication (like another lover already on the scene?) Just enjoy, no matter what. AND your social calendar is really full this month. Invitations galore, so pack your bag and get ready to open the Grove! Improved status in the home, but not such great advantages if you're looking for serious, long-range mating.

CANCER (6/21 to 7/22)—Expenses fluctuate strangely, especially in the home budget. Be ready—with cash. The job situation looks shaky, but will straighten itself out. You're going to splurge, no matter what anyone

advises, so know it—and don't cry about it afterwards. You know, you don't really have to top everybody or run for mayor. New friendships bring much pleasure.

LEO (7/23 to 8/22)—Lunar influence gives you an extra dash—of glamor. Use it to get what you want! Income feelings jittery, but no change in your chart. A recession in romantic matters as the lucky Planets in your House of Romance, the Fifth, are now retrograde. Nature's way of giving you an enforced rest. Also, you feel cranky towards the spouse. Control temper—and stop copping the spotlight!

VIRGO (8/23 to 9/22)—Assets improve! Give yourself a treat without getting nervous about a little extra spending. Your intuition is really working like the proverbial woman's, so depend on it—and carry out the whisperings of advice from the still, small voice within. The sex department is a little lunny (i.e., with the Moon very near) so do not take these experiences too much to heart. There are other places.

LIBRA (9/23 to 10/23)—Uranus in your Sign now retrograde, so you may feel a little grumpy. Don't get down; this, too, will pass. Avoid any rash decision with other Planets also retrograde; just wait it out, and let it be known that you'll answer or decide at a later date. While your emotions are fairly boiling, you'll also be a little too demanding. Don't lose out because of friction you yourself cause.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22)

**THE NEW
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(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3)

am still talking with with another American, only it was a week ago. Tell me. Is it true that this is the foundation of your education? Do you take courses in how to be like each other? And you are so wonderfully obedient. When you are told to form a line for something, presto! the best line in the world is formed.

"Now the Italian is very different from all this. You ask him to do something and he says, 'I am amusing myself. Get away.' Every Italian is a revolutionary. That is why we have such poor armies. Another thing before I forget it. Your women. They run you. Why does the American man let his wife be the boss? Do you know what that can lead to? I will tell you. It can lead to a society of Amazons where the men are in chains and the boss ladies are drinking scotch and playing cards for money. Make no mistake about it.

"And something else. Your lack of artistic understanding. You would rather smile at a computer than at the Sistine Chapel. Of course I admire the genius in you that makes the computer, but it is dehumanizing."

He stopped to observe an extremely goodlooking young lady as she glided by. "Computers, yes," he went on after a moment. "You Americans do not think the Italian is organized enough to make such things. You think he just sits around in the cafe and sings little bits from opera. Am I right?" His voice was rising. "Well, you are wrong. We are building computers of our own right now. Some of our finest minds are going into serious sciences. We build lots of things. We built the atom bomb. Yes. Enrico Fermi, a beautiful Italian. A bunch of lazy bum artists we are not. We. . ."

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STAGE

OMNI THEATRE CLUB, INC. (145 West 18th St. bet. 6th & 7th Aves.) is one of New York's best theatre groups on the Off Broadway circuit. The Omni is a non-profit private membership club which is devoted to giving new playwrights an opportunity to see their plays performed as they continue to work on them toward possible commercial production.

Heading this ambitious and worthy project is Viktor Allen who Sam Colman of SHOW BUSINESS states: "Allen always gives his Omni productions great directorial care in utilizing the confines of his intimate theatre. His imagination and fluid direction would be an asset to any new playwright."

And rightly so, because the production of the "Per/Se" award plays bear this statement out fully; especially "The Death of Solly's Warren" by Stuart Oderman. This long one-act play had the best cast and most intense dramatic build I've yet witnessed on any stage in New York this season. There are faults with the writing—but the direction and casting are so brilliant that the faults become overshadowed.

Steve Kornberg as Warren should win an award for most promising newcomer and best actor this season with OOB. His portrayal of a 22-year-old idiot who lived only to go to the movies and buy tickets to win contests is superlative. The depth of this character study was so realistically performed, it was frightening.

Equally brilliant was Spring Condoyan, his mother, who was a cleaning woman in other people's houses. Her dramatic emotional range was unparalleled and deeply moving when she discovers her son's suicide. Real torment and heart-felt anguish emitted from her off-stage cry.

William Burk as the grocery owner, Solly, who hires the "village idiot" begins slowly but arrives at a truly believable level of characterization by the end of the play. His best scene was in fighting himself in finally firing Warren from his store.

Jann Cass played the role of the sex-starved major's wife, Mrs. Gillespie, perfectly, even though the role seemed out of key with the rest of the play. John T. Dudich brought warmth and empathy to the role of Mr. Johnson, the druggist, who cared about Warren until the "moment of truth".

The sound track for Oderman's play was the best I've heard at the Omni as were the

lighting by Mike Herter and set design by William Malberg.

The second Per/Se Award winning play was written by an orthopedist of Waterloo, Iowa—"The Contest." This 58 year old playwright takes a contemporary look into the future at the sex-life of a new culture of people which evolved after The Bomb. This is primarily a good comedic actor's exercise, and probably would make a good skit for a comedy television show.

Under the direction of Gladys Farrow Smith, "The Contest" is an amusing and fast paced stylized theatrical comedic moment. Her exaggerations in this staged concert reader's theater version is pure camp and lots of fun.

The excellent cast include: John T. Dudich, the stage manager; Christine Sumerfield, Nadja; Peter Reigert (handsome guy) Stylon; Barbara; and Jay Rasumny, Karmak.

Potential writers, actors, and directors who would like to become a member of Omni and work on their productions and patrons interested in guest memberships, should call 691-0899 (1 p.m.-1 a.m. for further info. Performances every Friday to Monday. Student rates are available.

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FASHION

by Mike Valentino

If there's one part of the tailored clothing market that's riding out the economic storm in surprisingly good style, it's FORMAL-WEAR. There are merchandising reasons why this is happening and they're actually shaping the fashion news for next season's party circuit.

First fact of nightlife is the tremendous strength in rental business. It's about half the volume or better nationally in formal-only stores and now department and specialty stores are planning to get aboard the same profitable rental bandwagon. Importantly, retailers say they can handle "fashion risks" via the rental route.

Second: Formalwear retailers are finding that young customers add up to good business. The "prom" and "wedding" rentals are also their best wedge into promoting out-and-out formalwear fashion. Typically, the longer Prince Edward Coat has moved from the center aisle to the center of the fall party scene.

Third: One aftermath of the do-it-yourself way of dressing up (or down) for parties has led the way to new "almost-formal" clothes that crack the classic jacket rules. This young, swinging attitude has opened the door to new ideas: Velvet is the new entry in jackets and/or notched and peaked lapels. So is satin. Double-knits are here. Brown is the new color. And accessories couldn't be more important with colored shirts, shoes, belts and velvet bow ties the "extras" that make an outfit.

From the sound of it, this is the way formalwear people want it. Fashion shirts and the youth-oriented market have kept up interest in formals."

This market is susceptible to new fashion innovations. They truly appreciate the put-together concept... I'd add that formal shirt makers have done a very good job in presenting and editing fashion for us. *The one thing we need more of is color in all accessories to fit the new tuxedo styles.*"

In New York City, formalwear specialists claim the major portion of volume is done on rentals. "This is about 85 per cent... I'd say there is a strong rental look—the single-breasted shaped black tux with a wide notched lapel, either with a satin or velvet lapel. The pants have to have a flared leg. Customers range in age from 30 to about 50 and business was good last year. A good part

of it depended on our bringing in new models. We go all the way with Chesterfields and capes down to square toe shoes. The big change for us dealing with so many fashions is the fact that the rental life of the garment has dropped down from about 35 to 30 or so wearings. Prices are up considerably..."

Some of the young moves for fall nights that put velvet, satin and single breasteds in the limelight.

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(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13)

upwards in rent. Innumerable artists, writers, theatre people, dancers, musicians are to be found here, along with gay neighbors who are in every known profession and economic level. The West Side is extremely friendly, lively, and unpretentious. It also has other attractions.

There are countless nice restaurants of every national cuisine, a few very relaxed gay bars, a neighborhood steam bath, and who could forget to mention Central Park West or Riverside Drive? The last named, naturally, are for nocturnal bird-watchers who hope to accidentally run across other friendly bird-watchers. The cruising has to be seen to be believed, but it is year-round, profitable, and quite sociable. Broadway, Columbus, and Amsterdam are the other main streets of this area, and they also are both friendly and cruisy. For a ghetto, this is a very pleasant place to live, and the homosexuals are a friendly lot, too.

The East Side: This part of town is fashionable, clean, attractive. It has a fantastic concentration of gay bars, gay restaurants and men's shops, and enormous quantities of homosexuals. Third Avenue, the holy shrine of this ghetto, has among its other mixed blessings a larger army of male hustlers than 42nd Street. And far more mercenary, it has been said among the cognoscenti of such matters.

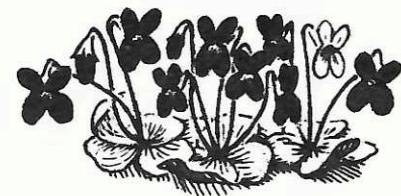
Most of the cruising is along Third, with Lexington and Madison still perennial, if elderly, favorites. The shops and dwellings are crammed with homosexuals, as befits such a ghetto, but something is noticeably missing. It is laughter.

There are some distinct advantages to living in gay ghettos, it cannot be denied. None of them, however, are so important as the sense of personal dignity and self-esteem which disappears or fades with the ghettoization of the mind. One imprisoning himself in such places unwittingly cheats himself of the pleasures and rewards which come with living out in the larger world. This larger world contains not only homosexuals but plenty of friendly heterosexuals, laughing children, mixed community activities for all to join, and the many other things which go to making up a whole city, not merely a community of self-exiles.

All of the gay ghettos contain some kind of gay community activity which welcomes the participation of all homosexuals. Among the more interesting are the West Side Discussion Club, the Mattachine Society encounters, and the many projects of the Gay Liberation Front. And the G.A.A.

There is a new freedom in the gay world, and many an old-line homosexual is stepping out unafraid into the daylight to share the nice clean air with younger ones who've never known any compulsion to hide in dark closets with mama's decaying old ball-gowns.

This freedom must be encouraged and actively helped to grow to the point where gay ghettos are a useless anachronism and an affront to the pride of every free homosexual citizen. Homosexuals have the right to live wherever they can afford to, and it is not heterosexuals who are preventing this. We do it ourselves, and both the larger society and we are cheated of our participation in the community as PEOPLE.



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(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8)

whom choose others very much like themselves. And for very sensible reasons. You must admit you have seen many a man who really attracted you, but whom you avoided because you knew in advance he would not wish to be with anyone who behaved in such a swishy manner. Try one weekend without being an actress. Forget the make-up, keep your hands in your pockets, comb your hair instead of teasing it, and go to a strange bar where you are a new face. Don't be afraid to look directly at anyone who attracts you, and smile at him if he returns your interested look. You may be very pleasantly surprised. What have you to lose by trying?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17)

SCORPIO (10/24 to 11/22)—Money matters are temporarily not too satisfactory. Be patient; it is only for a short time. Be careful in the home scene. Don't overplay your part, and be watchful in the material sense also; beware fire, theft, accidents; use care in handling things that scorch or burn. Excellent prospects if you are seeking new work, and health improves! Chance of a marriage proposal; ready?

SAGITTARIUS (11/23 to 12/21)—The pace of life slows slightly as the stars in your Sign go retrograde. Don't rail at destiny; this is its way of getting you to take it a little easier. And you know you have been pushing lately, don't you? Romance seems to burst your emotional limits with Venus in your Fifth House of love. And if it isn't, you can sure make it happen. So get out there in the field or on the sand!

CAPRICORN (12/22 to 1/19)—Sex slows down with two Planets retrograde in your Twelfth House, so expect little, and be grateful for what comes. With the new transit of Mars, income matters become very,

very active. New sources, unexpected quarters supply. Apply yourself to new projects with reason and practicality as this can be IT. Much talk in the domestic scene, but also much affection. And—a new romance! AQUARIUS (1/20 to 2/18)—Mars now in your Sign a signal of renewed energy and enough aggression to go after what you want—and get it. Keep active. Let your world know that you're in it. The social busy-ness recedes somewhat, as your mind is on more serious topics. You are beginning a long cycle of prominence, perhaps taking what you have long considered your "rightful" place.

PISCES (2/19 to 3/20)—With hot and fiery Mars in the sector of your horoscope governing sex, you can tell your own fortune! It's there for you; are you going to take it or let it pass? Income interests improve with two favorable Planets giving you an assist, but you must talk up. The cycle of fortune applies to cash income, not to long term investments; hold on to assets. Accept what is novel with good will.

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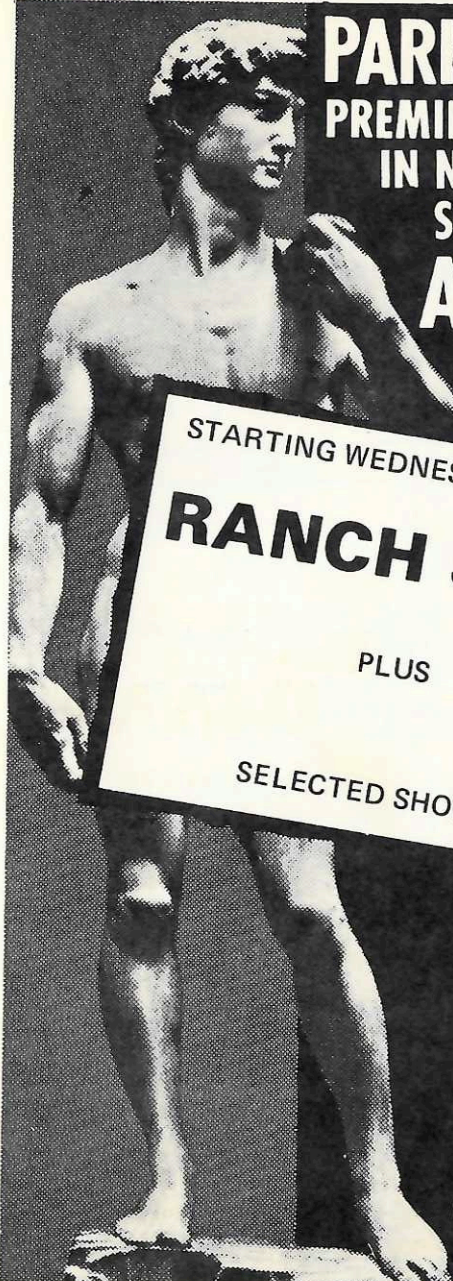
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