



Michael's Thing ^{50¢}



EDITORIAL . .

In a major speech prepared for delivery on the floor of the House in Washington, Bella Abzug wants a proposed constitutional amendment establishing equal rights for women made law. On the home front here in New York City, we have our own civil rights problem in the gay community. Presently this civil rights problem is imprisoned in the General Committee of the City Council — INTRO 475, the Clingen-Burden-Scholnick-Weiss Amendment.

What, you don't know what it's about? Shame. When this bill passes, discrimination against homosexuals in employment, housing and public accommodations will be prohibited. This will be the biggest step forward in the gay movement since the inception of Christopher Street Liberation Day.

While waiting in line to see "Sunday, Bloody, Sunday" recently, I noticed a casually dressed clean-cut gentlemen circulating something and getting signatures. He was a member of GAA circulating a petition in support of INTRO 475. I observed that most of the straight couples signing the petition were under 30.

Just remember that you and your friends — straight and gay — should support INTRO 475. This is simply civil rights legislation. This amendment is not asking the public to condone a life style. It is simply showing approval that equal rights should be allowed a minority group.

Review the facts concerning INTRO 475 and support this legislation as it is so vital to more than 500,000 men and women in New York State.

Michael

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GROOVY SCENE

While we are beseeched by "performers" who costume themselves in woman's clothing, put on a 45 record on the hi-fi and call themselves acts, it is refreshing to find performers who are totally professional, artfully costumed, perfectly rehearsed and skillfully directed. Such a totally professional company was seen last Thursday (10/7) at the beautiful **Trysting Place** in Queens. The **NORMAN FARBER REVUE** is pure entertainment at its best; it flows beautifully pausing only for its many show stopping moments.

There are six performers in the company including Mr. Farber, who also conceived, produced and directed with a flair toward comedy and the unique with letter perfect precision movements. The company includes, the Incredible **DORIAN**, back from a three month tour of South America and the Far East, who stopped the show with his amazing timing and talent. This revue form has made Dorian even better than ever. The incomparable **RUBY RED LIPS**, so very brilliant in a revue format and given precious gems of direction to perform, the audience screamed for more.

DAVID MILLER who, as B.S. stopped the show with his rendition of "The Best Thing You Ever Done", is the most look-a-like Streisand this reporter has ever seen, simply amazing. **RON STEPHANS** as the fabulous Ernestine character he so masterfully does, stopped the show with a rendition of "Surrender" joined by **DORIAN** that simply must be seen to be believed.

JASON stripped and diamond tossed for the sell-out audience (about 450 on a Thursday evening; that's drawing power) which stood for the fourth time that evening. Mr. Farber acts as coordinator and M.C.

of the show, and his rapport with an audience is the best I have ever seen. He has that ability to milk-the-audience for all its worth and really psych them for his performers. Hats off to him for he has assembled the finest talent around and directed them into a totally professional troupe of performers. The only fault we found was in inadequate sound system, which management assured would be replaced by next week's show. **THE NORMAN FARBER REVUE** appears Thursdays at Trysting Place, and they will make a special appearance at the first annual Halloween Costume Spectacular to be held at the new **Westsider** on Saturday Evening October 30th. For a truly great evening, **Michael's Thing** is proud to recommend **The NORMAN FARBER REVUE**.



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Will the Queen who took the money from our office at the **One Potato** PLEASE bring back my fur! I've just gotten it out of Woolworth cold storage. It hadn't even defrosted. And next time, dear, God help you if we get you.

Stella's still frozen.

Ralf had a wonderful Anniversary party at the **Painted Pony**. It was his first. Wait till you have more, dear, then you don't bother to have parties.

Happy Birthday Tommy of the **Roadhouse**.

If you happen to be a drag Queen — and lord knows there are a lot of them — I'm told you can get a job at the **Barrel Inn**. It's at 568 9th Ave. They are putting on a show. All we need is another Drag show.

I'm told that John Lennon is moving into Leroy St. with Yoko. How nice!

I see that the **Roadhouse** is having a Halloween party. That should be fun. Start stitching girls; there are prizes to be had.

Lou back from holiday last night. Some of my sisters went and said she she was a hit again!

Special welcome to new waiter Bill

(formerly at New Jimmy's) at the **One Potato**. He is from Louisiana and his "drawl" really turns the Queens on — esp. R.R.

I'm off to Bermuda for a week for a nice rest and to open the Season down there. They asked Elizabeth II, but she was doing something else. So I'm next in line.

I see that Michael (Rose) Cabbage is working at the **Lion's** on 13th St. Pop in and say hello. They say it's doing very well.

Well have to go packing all those dresses. Takes a long time. See you all soon. Elizabeth the Last.

THE STOCKADE wish it to be known that Mr. Lou Stammer neither owns or manages said bar. The Village Mouth's source of information concerning Mr. Stammer was incorrect.





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BOOK

UNFINISHED SYMPHONIES by Rosemary Brown (Wm. Morrow & Co., New York, 1970, \$5.95). This is one of the most unusual biographies ever published. The sub-title of the book is "Voices from the Beyond." Those of you who are interested in psychic phenomena will truly appreciate this excellent and informative book.

"Unfinished Symphonies" is the remarkable first person story of a widowed London housewife who is visited regularly by the spirits of Beethoven, Liszt, Chopin, Debussy, Schumann, Bach, Rachmaninov, and Brahms who talk to her and guide her hands to play and write in manuscript form music far beyond her own skills as a musician. Rosemary Brown has been investigated by experts, interviewed by Leonard Bernstein, and has been the subject of many news articles, but no one has found any indication of fraud. Two records by Philips recordings have been made by Mrs. Brown playing the newly dictated compositions.

This is truly one of the most amazing autobiographies ever to appear, a story that must be read by everyone interested in psychic phenomena — and every one who doubts as well.

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Shopping Bag

TWOSOME of kitchen shops has recently appeared on W. 72nd St., and they provide a welcome addition to the neighborhood. First to open was Pachuka, at 124 W. 72nd, and it is a charming, small shop crammed with lots of gourmet cookery items plus a fascinating mixture of related pieces: from Duraware to Mouli salad dryers to beautifully made aprons and pot holders to bright, cheery napkins and placemats; some imports, some stainless. One very special item that Pachuka carries is the complete line of Pfaltzgraff ironstone. Each marvelous, old-but-contemporary-look piece is made in the original, century-old mold, and it's a very handsome line indeed. All of the shop's wares reflect fine design at good prices. Down the block you'll find The Well-Tempered Kitchen upstairs on the corner of Broadway and 72nd. Here the emphasis is on restaurant quality equipment for home cooks. The shop is large and airy, and the stock includes French imports like fine, heavy copper; the Aubecq line of cookware; Mouli baking equipment, much more. There are espresso pots, a 20-inch frying pan if you're scrambling for the whole neighborhood, yogurt makers, or how about a 14-inch wok, with cover and stand, for just \$11.89? Over and above the cooking accoutrements, Well Tempered Kitchen has very good prices on imported crystal, and there are some lovely inlaid wood cubes and tables.



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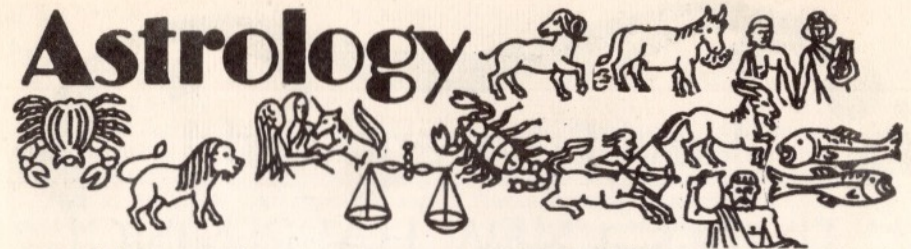
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Astrology



ARIES (3/21 to 4/19) - Give vent to emotional and other impulses; go out and buy a dildo; go to an orgy or the baths. Avoid any minor actions that could prove irritable to a loved one. Use KY.

TAURUS (4/20 to 5/20) - You will benefit greatly from a change in routine; try an indoor sport for a change instead of the Brambles. There are some favorable influences around; be alert when cruising.

GEMINI (5/21 to 6/21) - Consider yourself lucky to have things you can call your own - mouth, lips, teeth. Your mood will change again this week. Maybe water sports would be a fun thing.

CANCER (6/22 to 7/22) - This is a great time for travel and enjoyment of the great outdoors. Capture the proding exhilaration and bring it home to bed. Be coy but do not hide your true feelings.

LEO (7/12 to 8/22) - Call into action your extraordinary talents of perception and judgment to aid a friend in distress. Be open and aboveboard. Tell him that you've been dying from lack of nooky.

VIRGO (8/23 to 9/22) - You will seem to be scraping the bottom of the barrel this week after a rejection from a new and appealing acquaintance. Instead of being bitter, go visit the trucks again!

LIBRA (9/23 to 10/23) - It would be wise to schedule quite a few rest and relaxation periods this week. After what you did last week, you should probably get a penicillin shot to be safe.

SCORPIO (10/24 to 11/22) - Be firm in holding onto thing near and dear - especially that extra "foot". Peace comes through understanding and compassion. Do it first unto others.

SAGITTARIUS (11/23 to 12/21) - Seek out unfamiliar faces for confirmation of your need to escape. Exercise your duties as a good Samaritan. Spread your cheerful thing around the many baths in town.

CAPRICORN (12/22 to 1/19) - Keep away from the petty intricacies of a friend's love life unless you want to get physically involved. Don't be tempted at a fashionable clothing store by a handsome face. Save the money!

AQUARIUS (1/20 to 2/18) - Beware of protruding objects and hidden booby traps as you will have a tendency toward accident proneness. In other words, you may get mugged this week in the IRT toilet.

PISCES (2/19 to 3/20) - Break loose from your rut for a change. Put in a call to a close friend you've always wanted to bed down with. Be prepared for a weekend of wild abandon.

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 and KATIE BULL

From My Point of View

BY ALEXANDRIA

It was great hearing from so many of you. Keep the letters coming! This, after all, your column; and the only way it can do its job is if you let me know your thoughts and reactions.

I was going through my bookcase the other evening and came upon a book which tho' it has much meaning for us as lesbians is relatively unknown to most of my friends. The book is "The Life of Radclyffe Hall" by Una, Lady Troubridge. It chronicles their thirty years together; during which time Miss Hall wrote "The Well of Loneliness."

Years ago "The Well of Loneliness" was the only source of non technical knowledge that was available to the average lesbian. Many who had begun to question their own feelings or who had "just come out" turned to this book for help in understanding just what "gay life" was all about. Lady Troubridge's book helps us to understand an author who cared enough about all of the gay people that she was willing to write and have published a book that might well have brought about the immediate and total destruction of her already successful literary career. Miss Hall also realized that whatever happened to her would also happen to Lady Troubridge; and, therefore, allowed Lady Troubridge to make the final decision as to whether the book would be written or not. Fortunately for us, Lady Troubridge shared Miss Hall's belief that only "one of us" could write such a book.

Lady Troubridge's book is a warm intimate portrait of an artist as viewed through the eyes of one who loves them totally. The London Times reviewed the biography with the following: "As an historical document it has a decided interest; and as a study in human relationships it is entirely absorbing."

From My Point of View this book is *must* reading for all gay girls.

From My Point of View Jaime's is the greatest gay thing to happen to Long Island in many years. John Merrian and his staff have created a warm, friendly bar. Johnny Savoy was on hand for the opening and I can only say . . . He's Great! It's well worth the trip to Syosset to step into a bar that treats you well *because you're gay!!!!*

Funny scene at the TROUBADOR the other p.m. Two gay girls went there for dinner and the handsome young man at the door stopped them and asked if they were aware of the fact that the Troubador was a

gay bar. Really now . . . that "femme" they aren't. Do hope he wasn't trying to tell them that it's a "boys only" establishment; because I must recommend it to the girls. The food's good, drinks the same . . . and the prices are reasonable.

From My Point of View two places not to go: **Fran Bells** in Nyack and **Dockside** in Lindenhurst . . . both leave much to be desired. Had heard a lot of good things about **THREE** so dropped up there the other evening . . . must say **NO ONE** tried very hard to create a warm friendly atmosphere. Ann . . . I'll be in again before I judge by what may have been "just a bad night." I wonder what's happened to the **FINALE**? This used to be one of my very favorite restaurants. However, of late the service has been poor and the quality of the food most definitely not up to par.

To "The Lesbian" who wrote us the lovely letter . . . yes, a woman does write this column . . . and . . . while Michael may be a "pussycat" - a "plastic pussy" . . . never!!!!

Well that's it From My Point of View . . . see you in two weeks.



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COMING EVENTS

HALLOWEEN PARTY, Oct. 31
THANKSGIVING EVE COSTUME BALL
MISS DANNY CONTEST - Dec. 5



WHERE HAS TOMMY FLOWERS GONE?
by Terrence McNally (Eastside Playhouse, 334 E. 74th St., UN 1-2288). The trouble with "Tommy Flowers" is that it is not a total play. It should probably be titled "An Evening with Tommy Flowers" in a series of comic sketches about the life and times of Tommy Flowers. His motto is "get it while you can." Tommy is a professional "mooch" and a good one.

What's good about Tommy Flowers? The dialogue by Terrence McNally is fresh and bright (mercy, does he like to drop names and take beaucoup swips at ethnic groups), but it doesn't hold for a fully plotted play. My only objection to any of the scenes was a totally unmotivated scene about a love affair in heaven between Marilyn Monroe and Che Guevara. For a really great "black comedy" scene, I found the sketch in which the First Lady is interviewing a blind Puerto Rican "dirty mouthed" girl who is dying of leukemia hysterical.

To director Jacques Levy I found the direction of the scene in the Ladies Room at Bloomingdale's and the taxi sequence superb. His use of the three large TV screens was quite effective. The sets by David Chapman are excellent and quite functional and the costumes by James Berton Harris exceptional.

I'm sure this play was meant as a showcase for Robert Drivas as Tommy Flowers, and he is a very talented actor who is a bundle of emotion, charm, grace, and has a good sense of comic timing. But, I also found the entire cast was good. Even the beautiful shaggy sheepdog was terrific.

Making her professional debut is Barbara Worthington in a dual role as an airline stewardess and a high school tourist in which she brilliantly shines - hilarious girl! Two beautiful character actors handle a variety of roles with great aplome - Marion Paone and F. Murray Abraham.

I was especially fond of Wallace Rooney as Ben Delight, the aging actor. And Katherine Dabney was perfect as Nedda Lemon.

"Where Has Tommy Flowers Gone?" is a brilliant showcase for the actors. But once again, Terrence McNally proves he is a promising playwright who can't seem to give us a total plot and impact for a full evening of theatre.

THE HOUSE OF BLUE LEAVES by John Guare (Truck & Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St., 533-0910). This new comedy by the versatile young writer, John Guare, premiered on Feb. 10, 1971 and has won three awards for Guare's writing plus an acting award for Katherine Helmond as Bananas Shaughnessy who is utterly magnificent.

The evening I saw the two-act play, we saw Joseph Bova (terrific magnetic performer) in the leading role of Artie Shaughnessy. Artie is "too old to be called a young talent" any longer. He is a songwriter and zookeeper at the Central Park Zoo. He lives in Queens, and the action of the play is centered around the day the Pope came to New York. Artie lives with his "crazy wife" Bananas and is having a love affair with the apartment below them - Bunny Flingus who wants him to commit his wife and run away with her to Hollywood to write songs for Artie's childhood buddy, Billy Einhorn, who directs movies. Artie also has a son who goes AWOL to blow up the Pope.

The direction by Mel Shapiro is fast-paced, and he utilizes the entire set advantageously. The set design by Karl Eigsti is exceptional as are the costumes by Jane Greenwood and lighting by John Tedesco.

The cast is superlative. It seems the best casting done these days is Off Broadway. Peggy Pope is a talented bundle of furry joy as Bunny. Margaret Linn is priceless as the movie star Corrina Stroller. Rita Karin as the Head Nun is perfect, and Georgia Engel is absolutely sensationally funny as the Little Nun.

I've never seen the "dying swan" so aptly performed as by the hilarious John Glover as Ronnie. And Jered Mickey is outstanding in his brief single appearance as Billy Einhorn.

"The House of Blue Leaves" is a black comedy of the finest genre. John Guare is a talented writer. See "The House of Blue Leaves" soon.



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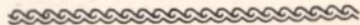
PLUS

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Oct. 31 at 11:00 p.m.

BAR GUIDE

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BON SOIR: 40 W. 8th St.
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CANDY STORE: 44 W. 56th St.
CARR'S: 104 W. 10th St.
THE CELL BLOCK: West St. at 11th Ave.
CIRCUS LOUNGE: 1369 Flatbush Ave.
COUNTRY COUSIN: 1313 3rd Ave.
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DANNY'S OF PALISIDES: 771 Palisades Ave., Cliffside Park, N. J.
DEN: 835 Washington at Little W. 12th St.
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JULIUS': 159 W. 10th St.
KOOKIE'S: 149 W. 14th St.
THE LIB: 305 E. 45th St.
LION'S: 105 W. 13th St.
LOADING ZONE: 568 9th Ave.
LOVE: 73-11 Yellowstone Blvd., Forest Hills, N.Y.
LUIGI II: 104 W. 13th St.
THE MAYFAIR: 3 Hyett St., St. George, S.I.
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THE OAK ROOM BAR: Plaza Hotel, 8th Ave. & 59th St.
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PAINTED PONY: 1485 Third Ave.
PETER RABBIT: 305 W. 10th St. cor. West St.
PIANO BAR: Montague St., Brooklyn Hts.
PICCADILLY PUB: 324 Amsterdam Ave
PIPER'S LOUNGE: 1201 Lex. Ave.
ROADHOUSE: 570 Hudson St. (corn West 11th St.)
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SANCTUARY: 407 W. 43rd St.
THE STOCKADE: 120 11th Ave.
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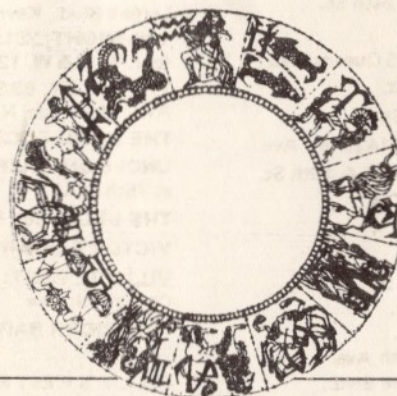
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ROUNDTABLE FESTIVAL OF STARS

Good at Heart

by Angelo D'Arcangelo

GOOD AT HEART (continued.) — Part One: "IN WHICH A LADY SEEKS AID" — Chapter Five

When last we left Merciful Heavens, preparations were being made for the "Gala" opening of the evening; an emergency operation upon the dazzling body of an actress, Felice Corazon, whose smashing entrance into the hospital is being reported in all of the major newspapers of the "Free" world. Now, with the nursing staff busying itself with arrangements, and orderlies too, we find ourselves in the sequestered office of the celebrated surgeon destined to perform this operation upon Felice, as he plans the onslaught. Dr. Onan had just screamed for his receptionist . . .

M

iss Mooney, the angel of the outer office, his *aide de campe*, laid aside her CONFESSIONS OF THE ALACOQUE, and turned another page of "the" novel.

Miss Maidenstill had lent it to her only tremulous moments ago with a sigh, a gesture, and a completely ravaged look; and now this octogenarian in turn, trembled over the doings of Leslie and Tony.

"Mmmmm," she mouthed. "Martinis! But Tony darling, I shouldn't be here."

"But why, Leslie? Don't you like my apartment?"

"It's not that," she said.

Miss Mooney dreamt of cretonne, of an open fire, of incense burning somewhere, of arms, of---

"Look, he said, 'You know you can trust me.' The pipe in his mouth was so reassuring, so strong. She yearned to hold him close.

Mooney yearned to hold him too.

"It's not that, Tony, but can I trust myself?" she said as frankly as she could.

"You old ragpicker! Mooney! Mooneeeee ee eeeee e e!" Our nurse turned from the inviting warmth of the fireplace, drained her spectre martini, and opened the office door.

"Did you want me, Doctor?"

"Did I want you? Did I want you? No, you feeble-minded old Berber Lesbian, I'm sitting here screaming because I'm lonely."

"Well, if you're lonely Doctor Onan-----"

"Mooney," he spat with white-hot

venom, "Mooney, you're fired. It's all over with you, knock-knees, we've found you out, and our nurses don't peddle pornography to Cub Scouts and get away with it."

"Oh," she giggled, innocent of the charge, "you're kidding me."

"Yes," he sighed resignedly, pushing another nail into the large doll at his elbow. "Yes, I am. How's that headache, my dear?"

"Headache? I never have headaches."

"Oh," he murmured, driving another, bigger nail. "Well, try. But before you go, Shappho, get Dr. Jording on the phone for me."

"Dr. Jording? Yes sir." Something akin to a smile wrinkled her face. The prospect of yet another glimpse of Laurence, (luscious Larry) Dr. Jording?

"And hurry, Heartthrob," bellowed the chief of staff, "Or I'll set fire to your brassiere. And take this specimen jar back down to the morgue on your way."

"Oh! Poor Mrs. Jensen? How was she?"

He hesitated, "Sick, terribly sick."

A look of contentment eased itself gingerly over Dr. Onan as he watched the door shut. "Yes," he belched loudly, "Terribly, terribly sick." He paused and scanned the walls of his office. Beakers, flasks, tubes gurgling: it seemed an alchemist's lair, and to some extent was. The room also housed his great collection of snakes.

Here the old man transmuted the baser elements into the astringent, Rub-O-Derm, that coated the helpless torsos of many patients at Merciful Heavens twice a day. "Waste not, want not," was the motto of it's manufacture, and the crab shells, suet, no-cal salad dressings salvaged from austere supper trays, together with a little alum, produced with the correct distillation, quite an effect; that according to the last janitor.

Onan picked up the telephone. "BUNG! BUNG! BUNG!" it chimed. "Saint Aspasia again." He dropped the receiver.

With a snort of considerable annoyance, he quaffed the last of a small cup of the purple ointment, throttled down the steam engine rattling beneath his rotten haunches, and pegarded with much pleasure the trophies of earlier, happier hunting expeditions that decorated his medieval walls.

Tiger, Elk, Wildebeeste; animals of many

kinds hung balefully above, witnessing distress at having been plucked from their frequent haunts by fatal attacks of mange.

"That Larry!" thought the invalid. "Wants to resign, eh? Can't be tolerated. Not with his future! What if I----- Somebody must carry on."

There was a scratch at the door, and presently, a young athletic-looking man bounded cheerily into the quaint nook. It was young Doctor Jording, muscular jowl working rapidly with nervous agitation.

"You sent for me, Dr. Onan?" inquired the interne eagerly.

"Why," asked the catankerous ruin, "does everybody, when they enter my office, ask me if I sent for them? Of course I sent for you m'boy. Of course!" He drew from an ample Bourbon sleeve, a letter. "This is yours?"

"Yes, Chief." Larry swallowed suggestively and admitted it was. That bold, boyish hand! Those sure, quick strokes of the crayola! Whose else? "I mean it sir. I'm really through with medicine. I'm going back to my first lover. Back to-----"

"To Tennis!" snarled the master of the institution with a shaky claw. "To Tennis! How much money do you think you can make in professional Tennis? How long do you think you'll last after your looks go? You're over twenty now."

"It isn't the looks sir. Oh, golly no! It's the glory; it's the thrill of being in the big-time, with thousands of eyes upon me. It's white sweaters and locker rooms; it's autographs and smelly shorts; it's the drama, the mystery; it's the-----"

"It's the Shits!" said Onan.

Although Onan was aware of the youth's athletic ambitions, and had indeed found him (so to speak) on a tennis court some three years ago, he was more mindful of the innate medical power in the boy's taught and muscular hands; a power to, if need be, heal. Few could deny the football-shoulders and sinewy thighs (Jording wore shorts always) suggested more robust entertainments than test-tube jiggling, but "Destin," thought Onan, "Must be served."

"Look here, Larry, I'm tearing up this mess. This is what I think of your leaving the hospital, your future. You know why I'm smiling, My Boy?" There was indeed an emerald blow just under his nose.

"Gloriosko no, I don't."

"I'm thinking about the good old days when I started my practice, and how different it is now; now, with your sanitation, your sutures, your machines and plasma. Oh, those were the days! We had to be creative, imaginative about surgery then. There was about it a kind of glamour that you don't have anymore. When, at the age of eighteen, I stood before my first patient, nothing more than a circular piece of tin in my hand, and performed a remarkably speedy, if primitive, tonsilectomy, why, there was a furor heard 'round the world. And you all know what I've done with the abdomen since then. Why boy, my colleagues (imitators all!) pay the best prices for seats at my operations. I want that, Laddy, for you. I want ye to take this place-o-mine."

"You studied under Tetrizini?"

"And Benway."

The disquiet of indecision. But no! Inwardly Larry refused, though he knew it would break the old snake-collector's heart. "One more year in this gloom? One life time more!"

The moribund thought of it sent tingly-shaky shivers down the tantalizing spine of our interne, and ruffled the fuzz of his angora cardigan.

"Let me know, Dear Boy, when you make up your mind."

"My mind, Sir," murmured the young sufferer through threatening tears, "is quite set."

Onan sniggered. "You please me. And I can expect you to attend me this evening in the arena?" Rumor had it this was to be his farewell performance. "The mysterious ague that shakes my surgeon's fingers necessitates help at the barebill."

The audience seemed done.

"Then I'd better tidy up."

"Opening at eight sharp, Larry of my heart, and it's going to be 'Green' tonight."

"Green?" mused the lad. "Someone of note? Whom?"

"Aha!" exclaimed the old mountebank with a toss of his head that covered them both in dandruff. "A person not unknown in the underworld — the world of entertainments — a performer in musical films."

continued in this issue on page 24.

off-off B'w iv

"THE FUNERAL," by Wm Packard, directed by Harold Herbstman, presented Thurs to Sat, 8 pm, by the Dove Company at St. Peter's Church, 346 W 20th St, WA 9-2390.

"CLUTTERED," by Shaune Lawrence, directed by Frederick Bailey, presented on Thursday at 7:30 p.m., Friday and Saturday at 9:30 pm, Sunday at 3 p.m. at Playbox, 94 St. Mark's Place, SA 4-5108 (contribution)

"MARGARET FLEMING," by James A. Herne, directed by Ellis Santone, presented Thursdays to Sundays, October 7-10, 14-17, 21-24, at 7:30 p.m., at American Theatre Company, 106 East 14th Street, YU 9-0023.

"APRIL," by John Wolfson, "THE TEAM," by Stuart Oderman, directed by Viktor Allen and Gladys Farrow Smith, presented on Fridays at 9 p.m., Saturdays at 10 p.m., Sundays at 4:30 p.m. at Omni Theatre Club, 145 West 18th Street, 691-0899 (\$3).

"20TH-CENTURY TAR," by Tom Sydorick, directed by the author, presented Thursday and Friday, October 7, 8 at 8 p.m., Saturday, October 9, at 7 and 10 p.m. at Cubiculo, 414 West 51st Street, CO 5-2138.

"REVELATION," rock musical written and directed by Susanne Elyse, presented on Fridays and Saturdays, October 8, 9, 15, 16, at 8 p.m. at Zeta Theatre, Lexington Avenue and 30th Street (\$3).

"MISALLIANCE," by G. B. Shaw, presented by Association of Theatre Artists on October 2, 4, 5, at 8 p.m., October 3 at 2 and 8 p.m. at Circle Theatre, 2307 Broadway at 83rd Street, 874-1080.

"THE MOUSETRAP," by Agatha Christie presented Fri., 8 pm, Sat., 7 & 10 pm, Sun., 3 pm, at New Repertory Company, 326 E. 47th St., SU 7-5400 (\$2.50).

"MOTHER'S DAY," "BIRDS," "A SUITABLE NAME," written and directed by Wm Kushner, presented Fri & Sat, 7:30 pm, New York Theatre Ensemble, 2 E 2nd St, CA 8-0900(\$2).

"THE GUNHILL ROAD EXPRESS IS A LOCAL" written & directed by Randall Norcross, every Sun. & Mon. 8 p.m., Theatre 23, 23 E. 20th St., 873-6164. (\$2).

"CRICKETS, A COUNTRY THING," by Ralph Scholl, directed by Ron Dener, performances Wed through Sat, 8:30 pm, East Village Theatre, 433 E 6th St, 982-1994 (\$2.50).

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"WANTED," by David Epstein, music by Al Carmine, lyrics by Epstein & Carmine, directed by Lawrence Kornfeld, Judson Poets' Theatre, Fri to Mon, Sept. 17-20, 24-27, October 1-4, 8:30 pm, Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Sq So (contribution; reservations SP 7-0033 weekdays 1-5 pm).

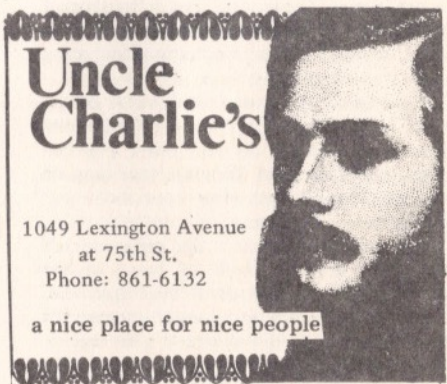
"DON'T FAIL YOUR LOVIN' DADDY, LILY PLUM," musical by Anastazia Little, music by Peter Schlosser, directed by Ron Van Lieu, presented Wed to Sun, Sept. 22-26, Sept. 29-Oct. 3, 8 pm, Other Stage, New York Shakespeare Festival Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St, OR 7-6350. (Free).

"GLORY HOLE," by John Boylan, presented on Sat, 7:30 pm, Down-Stage Studio Theatre, 321 W 14th St, YU 9-3854.

"VAIN VICTORY," by Jackie Curtis, presented Wed through Sun, 10 pm, 333 Bowery, 228-0900 (\$3).

"ALL OF MY FRIENDS," musical with book & lyrics by Robert Upton, music by Neal Tate, directed by James Nisbet Clark, choreography by Marie Andrews, presented on Sept. 16-18, 23-25, 7:30 pm, Actor's Place, St. Luke's, 487 Hudson St.

"THE MUSICAL DRUNKARD," presented on Sat, 8 & 10:30 pm, 13th Street Theatre, 50 W 13th St, WA 9-4336 (\$3.50).



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RAMBLING ROSE

Well, here's your olde Pilgrim Rose again after a brief hiatus to the Belgium Alps back in town with the latest dish.

Stopped in to see Joey Cord at the Fountain Blue; and my dears, I must tell you what an act. He does six costume changes and captivates the audience. You must run to see him. Maria that dynamic owner-hostess at Luigi II entertained the Norman Farber Revue players in grand style. The food at Luigi II is absolutely fabulous and Maria's homey touch adds to the enjoyment.

Good to see Jeanie back at work; she's doing her thing at Britt Top East. Fred (bartender extraordinaire of Britt Top East) spreading his joy amongst other things around town.

Rose caught the Norman Farber Revue at Trysting Place and laughed her petals off. The show is fabola. Richard, our chubby, debonair Assoc. Ed. seen dining with Peggy Cass at the Beaded Bag.

Had brunch with Lon Edwards at New Jimmy's, and it was fabulous. Jimmy sure knows how to cook an omelette. Piper

Off-B'ways



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Lounge getting quite a big and well deserved play — a fun musical bar. Good to see Arthur Blake back in New York. Don't miss his new revue at the Loading Zone.

Stopped to see George and Patty at Harry's Back East. Rose salutes the new image and cover of Michael's Thing. David Susskind is a Lesbian? Peter Rabbit is a together bar.

Ralph of Country Cousin (where the food is among the best) singing a song or two at Piper's Lounge. It seems he only knows two songs. Flo doing the checkroom number at the Beaded Bag. The Stockade getting some groovy numbers.

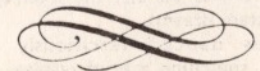
Beau Geste bar is the place to be on Third Avenue in the 20's. The Circus Lounge Goddess of the Universe Ball was a sensation. The Westsider is getting ready for its big Halloween Ball and show sponsored by Michael's Thing and Norman Farber Entertainments. Tickets are going fast; so get yours soon.

The Roadhouse is a very nice place to spend an evening. Julius burgers are still a good buy. Saw Effie Jansen at the Painted Pony and loved every tune she tickled on the ivory's. Jamie's in Syosset doing fabulous business. Stopped in to see Teddy at Bonnie & Clydes and loved the new decor. Trysting Place offers top entertainment and fun seven nights a week in Queens.

The Jungle is the place to really dance on your head as well as the ever popular Sanctuary. Have you stopped into Danny's of Sheridan Square lately for a dance and beer? The Gold Bug still has some of the best entertainment on the weekends in town. Be sure to see the center spread of this issue for a view of some of the acts seen at the Festival of Stars at the Roundtable.

Have you been out to Yonkers to investigate the Urge? It's really worth a visit. Uncle Charlie's still has that marvelous warm atmosphere and is always packed on weekends.

Well kids, that's it for this week. Keep happy and get to work on those Halloween costumes. See you at the Ball. Rose.



(continued from p. 21)

Then it was true! The whispers he'd heard all morning were not, *not* groundless. *La Sud American Bombe Atomique*, Felice Corazon, was to be the target for tonight. Human was Larry Jording, and a brush with celebrity was not undesirable. How often had he in the dark of a reeky theatre seen her mouthing songs, wriggling and jumping in the latest craze from Argentina? "The tennis courts can wait, at least a day or two more."

Larry rose quickly. "Rest, perturbed Onan. I will come." He took an outstretched, splotchy hand, and startled by it's cool, cut his reverie to quell distaste. Nobody had ever touched Onan and told. Queasy clutch!!!!

"Goodbye, Doctor."

"No, *Au Revoir*."

GOOD AT HEART (continued) — Part Two: "THEATRE IN THE ROUND" — Chapter Six

So far, so fabulous!

Felice Corazon literally barged into Merciful Heavens Hospital, apparently in need of medical attention. But all of the attention she seems to be getting isn't medical: it appears that cranky old Dr. Onan, head of the hospital, assisted by young, tentative Dr. Larry Jording, will perform an operation on the actress, under the eyes of thousand of onlookers. (Gasp!)

Come with us now, to Milwaukee . . .



n the Chinese, Mesopotamian, Irish and Philipino wards (ethnic groups were sensibly segregated) abandon flourished.

Sheets and pillow slips were trebly soiled. Drinks, surreptitiously procured from the Ladies Auxiliary Entertainment & Therapy Committees, were resurrected from mattress-rents, hollow casts, and Pick-Up-Stix boxes, to heighten spirits at the instigation of Messers Fond and Potter. Both these old gentlemen, though separated by national inclination and peculiarity of maladie, were in cahoots. Fong presided over the Mah Jong and Chinese Checker tables, while Potter (cancerous *maitre de*) peddled synthetic brandies, and a cache of potent bromide pellets; the makings of a dozen eastern dreams.

Nurses danced lasciviously in the corridors, snatching a brief respite, making

themselves back-rub toddies with water drawn from the espresso-looking sterilizing tanks.

Nurse Admiralty, the only bachelor girl allowed by seniority a train, was seen to give, among the charts and hypos, a fandangoish lilt to her stride.

"*Si, es mu proato par casarte*," she chanted, snapping her fingers and biting her lips.

Kick!

"*Si ya se que ha dicho tu madre*-----"

Snap!

Even Miss Maidenstill succumbed to the exhilarating spell of the impending spectacle, and wore scent, nail lacquer (clear) and Louis Quinze heels. She'd determined to share her box with the three youths in her care, and hoped that the reporters, sure to be sold standing room at the "opening" might ask the story of her life as a *human interest angle*.

See, she'd gotten some of the jargon already!

"Of course," she thought, helping an elderly woman encompass a thermometer, "I've certainly seen enough of those movies." The woman screamed, and startled, Nurse M. sought another crevice.

Photographs of "the Corazon" were everywhere, and one over-zealous person posted her famous chemise picture over the trough in a lavatory. Many thought it inspirational, and dallied. But after four newly-circumcized youths came to disaster and had to be sedated an re-stitched, it was removed to the paraplegic's ward.

And where was the idol of millions? On what stretcher drooped the Guatamala Kypris? Was she still alive? What of her condition?

Little Farquahr the Hollywood newspaper columnist was not the only reporter rolling these barbed questions over her thoughts. Sporting a tailored suit of lame gauze, coq feathers, and beige knee boots, she was the picture of inquiry as she pressed Tokay-pinked lips to the telephone.

"Yes, Lo, we're all here; Prescott-Whyte of the *Mail*, Onyx of the *Scientist*, Blati of the *Worker*, Prume of the *Post*, (you should see what *he's* wearing!) all, all, all of us — and Oh! what a bore."

Whiskey-hoarse she drawled to Mr. Mumtaz her editor-in-chief. "There are I don't know how many of us here in this draughty crypt they call a lobby. Yes, we've returned. Why shouldn't we? Don't forget, Lorenzo, I was on the set. I saw with my

own eyes the terrible accident; at least what I could make of it, and believe me it was a most peculiar catastrophe at best." A Jewess, she sat ill-at-ease in a telephone booth suitably, gothically, camouflaged to resemble a confessional. "Why, everybody in silverscreenland, in ALL AMERICA, is distraught."

Fingering two or three greasy postal cards she continued. "She was just arranging her gown, and I, as usual, sat with W.W. just behind the footlights — Oh? Didn't you know? She's making *Bride of Malice*, a sort of Borgias saga. She's Lucretia, naturally, and she'd just romped out of bed, (it's her wedding night) throwing on a pair of simply sweet riding breeches, when her brother Caesar informs her that he intends to storm Ferrara forthwith, and that her father, the Pope, awaits without.

"She is torn, but terribly, between her love for her brother, father, and husband. And for a while we're wondering which one it'll be, but then, with the kind of gesture she alone knows how to make, Felice delivers her lines. 'Not by my maidenhead,' she screams, 'and a fig for you and Pa Pa.'"

"Oh, it was real Oscar material, real De Mille stuff. But the worst was yet to happen. Her husband, the Duke of Ferrara (played by Brick Abrack) was just outside fumbling in the dark with his cannon. With it, such a *monster* of a thing and do you know it was *real*? Yes! — he and Benvenuto Cellino planned to ruin the Pope's men and march on Rome.

"Where were we filming it? In a real Eytalian castle. The boss bought it in Bel-Canto, had it boxed and put up again outside Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

"Anyway, the thing exploded. The cannon, darling! Extras were flying everywhere, candles, jewelry, furniture — everything went up in smoke. And when we looked, Fifi, hand to teat, ran howling to her dressing room, changed her clothes and drove, swimming in gore, to Milwaukee. We sort of followed her trail along the highway.

"Oh! There's Luna Pincus! She's furious because she wasn't on the scene. I've scooped her." Miss Farquahr, with an envenomed smile, waved to her fellow columnist.

"Luna! Luna-ha-ha-hehehe! Where was I? Oh! luna's livid. The most interesting turn of it all is that there's a perfectly darling young thing here on the staff that looks exactly like Felice's third; you know, the one that killed himself when she left. And Lola, he was a *reporter*. — Pittsburgh Courier,

opera section. Naturally we're all dying to find out if there's any kind of connection, or if there's going to be one. She was always one for trim hips — Wait! The head nurse is returning. I think she's going to tell us something-----"

"BUNGI!"

Miss Admiralty, bourne on a catafalque by twenty matched and meaty orderlies, signaled to be lowered, and pale, but pale in cream poplin spangled with pansies, raised her hand for silence.

What can possibly happen to the star of Bride of Malice now? Is Luna Pincus planning some subtle revenge due to her scooping? Which of the ladies, Lottie Farquahr or Nurse Admiralty is the better dressed? Find out next week.



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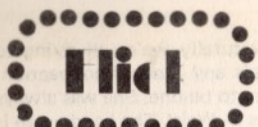
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QUIZZIE

by Lottie Farquahr,

Just questions this weeks, Cinemavins.
 (1) Who was fiddle-playing Elliott Dexter's love interest in SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT? (2) O-Lan and Wang Lung were played by Luise Rainer and Paul Muni. The question is, which one was Wang Lung? (3) Which one of these three ladies was not in STAGE DOOR CANTEEN? Aline MacMahon? Bonita Granville? Katharine Cornell? (4) What was the name of the film in which an extravagant party called, The Candy Ball, was given, offering as a novelty of Flora Peak Holtz's, The Marshmallow Girl? (5) and for extra points, who was Lilian Rich's love interest? Warner Baxter or Thomas Meighan? (6) What did Aieleen Pringle say to Conrad Nagel in the silent film, THREE WEEKS, when he lifted her from the rose-covered bed? (7) Who was "MEAN, MOODY, MAGNIFICENT?? (8) Who was the imposter's sweetheart in the fourth re-make of THE PRISONER OF ZENDA? (9) Who went up in the basket with Finneas Fogg in Mike Todd's movie? And finally, (10) What article of stolen clothing did Richard Burton let Jean Simmons carry down the aisle?

That's it! And oddles of oggles till next time.



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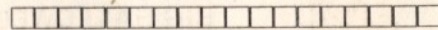
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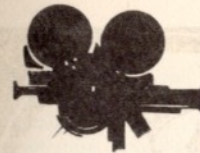
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DANCING



FLASH

FLASH: RUSSIA - The presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the Georgian Republic in Russia has raised the penalties for spreading venereal disease. Under new legislation, A Georgian found guilty of infecting another with VD is now liable to 2 years in prison, instead of 1 as the law previously imposed. Those infecting 2 or more persons, or minors, are liable to 5 years in prison.

FLASH: Hollywood, Calif. - According to H.E.L.P., Inc. Newsletter, all of downtown Hollywood is hot for narcotics. If you go to Hollywood, your stash may be the key to the local bastille.

FLASH: London, England - Members of the Gay Liberation Front embraced and kissed on Trafalgar Square on a recent Saturday in a demonstration against Britain's Sexual Offenses Act. The act makes homosexual lovemaking illegal unless both parties are over 21. Front members asked the hundreds of spectators to judge which of each pair was under 21. Policemen did not invoke the Sexual Offenses Act.

FLASH: New York City - Well gang, she's back in town at the Mayfair Theatre. Who? Pudgy Roberts (no, idiot, not our Assoc. Ed.) with Liz Renay doing their female impersonation thing. Strip anyone?

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Male Model Tells All

You've seen the "male model" ads in the *Village Voice*, the "massage" ads in the *East Village Other*? Well, generally these models promise to do three things you've never "seen, heard, or done before — or it won't cost you a cent." What it does cost is \$25 an hour if he "models" for you.

This "modeling" as we all know, can be stretched to cover a multitude of sins, and it has been. You will have to pay \$50 an hour, however, if you want to take pictures, because they are more "permanent."

Let's call our model Tom for short, although he is hardly that, as you will presently discover. Tom has occasionally placed classified ads, and he gets about 40 calls a week in his penthouse apartment on East End Avenue.

Half of his calls come from professional artists or modeling agencies. Most of the rest of the callers are gay. They ask first, "What kind of modeling do you do?"

"All types," Tom replies.

"How much?"

Tom tells them, and then they want to know what he looks like.

"I am 22 years old," he begins (although his age can slide from 17 to 26, as the occasion demands), "5 feet 10 inches, brown hair, brown eyes, no mustache, no beard, attractive, 28-inch waist and 40-inch chest."

The answer to the next question is 8½, and I'm not talking about Federico Fellini.

About half of the gay calls end up with appointments, either in or out. Most of these customers are between 21 and 35, guys "who have trouble getting tricks or who don't know how to perform very well in bed." A few teenagers call, and occasionally members of the geritol set give him a ring.

"Some of the geritol men are lonely, unhappy and bored," Tom explains, "and sometimes they just want to come over and talk."

Once in a while the less sophisticated customer actually brings a paper and pencil and starts to sketch. "I can always tell this type," Tom explains, "because instead of concentrating on his sketching, he's concentrating on me and not even looking at what he's doing."

He gets quite a few calls from married men who want to drop by and once in a while he gets an S/M call. Although he is reluctant, Tom will perform in either of those categories.

He tries to schedule the appointments in

the morning and then again from 4 to 8 p.m. Fridays and Saturdays are his busiest days, but he never works on Sundays which he spends at his country house upstate New York.

"I really enjoy it," Tom says. "I like to make people happy." The aspects he doesn't enjoy are the "phone freaks" (who call up at 3 a.m. and get sexually excited by conversation), and the customers who want to get emotionally involved.

He's been a model for about five years and would like to continue for five or ten more.

I asked him how he kept in shape. "My work keeps me in pretty good shape," he replies, and he does keep busy. He's also a dancer, an actor, and the owner of a food catering service. Then there's always gardening at his country house. He has a lover.

Now, don't ask me about those three things you "you've never seen, heard or done before", because I couldn't afford to find out. I only had \$1.37 in my pocket.

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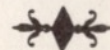
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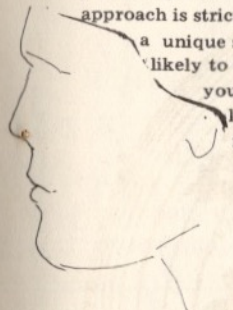
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PSYCH-IN

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Bananas can be kept in the refrigerator for several days without darkening if you put them, unpeeled, in a tightly sealed jar.

Q. How does one go about making a connection without getting one's head bashed in or being crudely obnoxious? For instance, I was returning home from the city on a train when I spotted this young fellow diagonally across the aisle facing me, and was jolted. He was absolutely terrific, about 22 or 23, 5 feet 9 inches, dark wavy hair, and very attractive features. I couldn't take my eyes off him. I'm sure he knew I was eyeing him, because he got up and walked to the rear of the car, then came back but sat in back of me again across the aisle facing me (though I had to turn my head a bit in the seat). I am now sure (when it is too late) that he wanted to be picked up, because he stretched out in the seat in such a way I was able to see quite a bit. I only wish I had had the nerve to make an approach. I wanted something, especially him, so bad that I was ill when I got off the train. But what if he had been a cop trying to entrap some dope like me, or what if he had been a character who liked assaulting homosexuals, or any number of what ifs? I still get sick when I think of him. I still see him in my mind's eye. What can someone like me, who is a coward also, do?

A. For one thing, you can confine your cruising to other homosexuals. They come in every degree of size, shape, masculinity, and beauty; so by sheer mathematical odds alone, there are bound to be many you would find appealing. If you were worrying about seeing assaulted, or arrested, or being "crudely obnoxious," it would appear that you were aware the young man was heterosexual and simply playing games with you. Or perhaps he was either gay or straight but appeared too masculine to fit your own private stereotype image of a gay fellow. Conversation (without propositions) is one way of testing your apprehensions about a stranger. If he resists conversation, you are being told that he is not interested. If he talks, you will certainly be able to measure the degree of his interest, his intent, and probably his sexual orientation. Conversation is not illegal, you know, nor are you likely to be bashed in the head for simply chatting about this and that. Silence isn't going to bring you much except frustration (unless you frequent baths, bushes, or toilets). The only "if" to consider is this one: if you smell any kind of danger (*danger, not possible rejection*)... forget the whole thing and look for someone else. It's a reliable instinct.

PETER



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