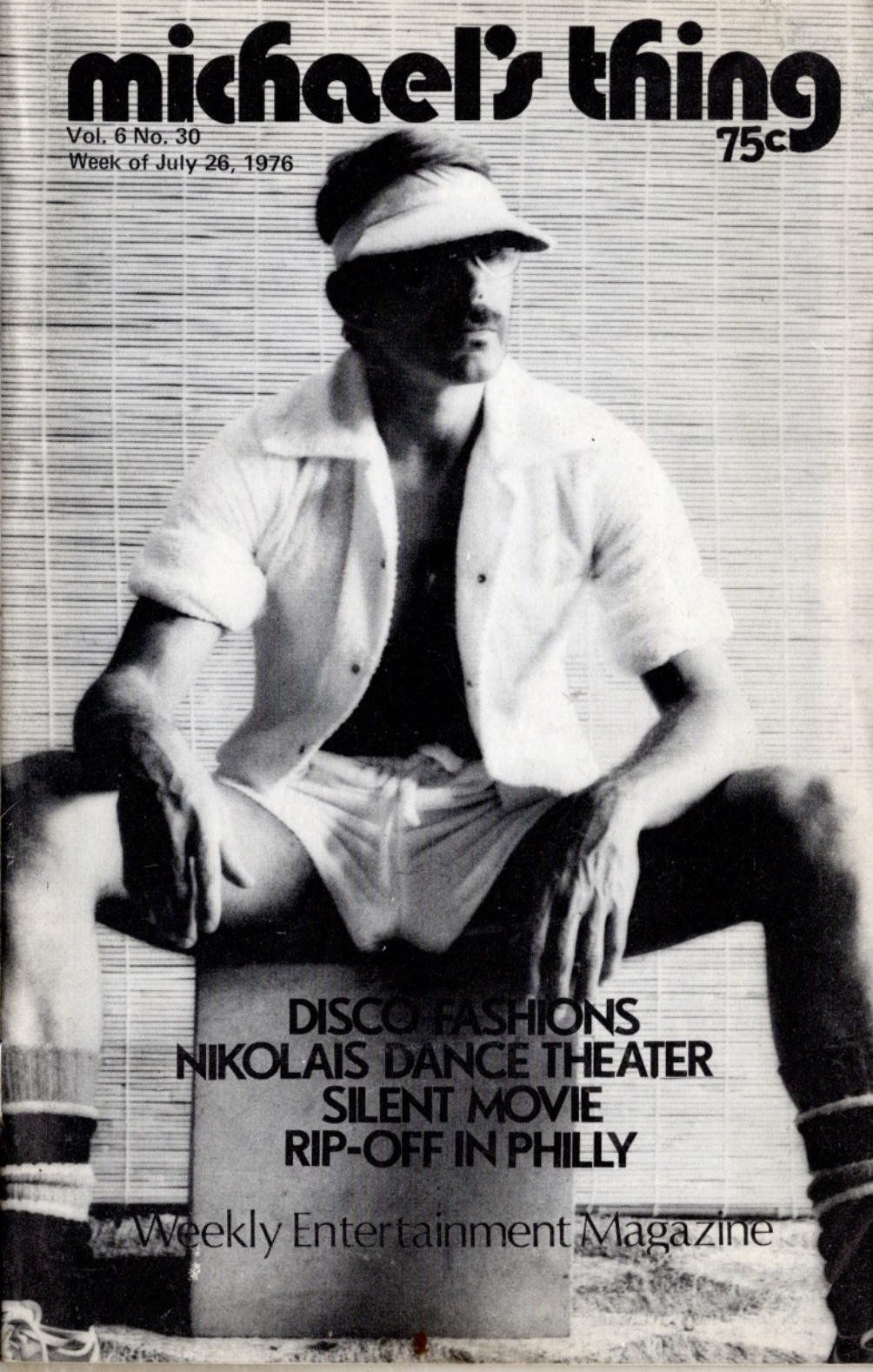


Michael's thing

Vol. 6 No. 30

Week of July 26, 1976

75c



**DISCO FASHIONS
NIKOLAIS DANCE THEATER
SILENT MOVIE
RIP-OFF IN PHILLY**

Weekly Entertainment Magazine

Unexpurgated Lotman

RADICAL RIP-OFF IN PHILLY

To celebrate the 200th anniversary of the American Revolution (a word Big Business has excised from the Bicentennial celebration) I traveled to Philadelphia for the People's Bicentennial Celebration. A wide ranging coalition of radical groups had arranged a mass demonstration against political repression and "the System." I confess to having been an apolitical journalist and part-time secretary during the Vietnam years, so this was to be my introduction to the infamous Radical Left. I could hardly wait.

Dressed in appropriate garb for this Bicentennial year (hat and pants found in the garbage, borrowed shoes, shirt and tube top bought on 14th street for pennies), I foresook sleep to make a 6 AM chartered bus. During the trip, no one could rest, so we mixed politics with recipes for guacamole and decided that former GAA President David Thorstad had to write the Gay Activists' Cookbook.

In Philadelphia, we drove past buildings cloaked in Bicentennial

drag (one street, canopied by hundreds of plastic American flags was just a bit tacky) and tourists from Des Moines lining up for the "real" celebration, the one with Ford and all those nubile marching bands. The protest demonstration was set for North Philadelphia, through a black ghetto, miles away from the President. This was to avoid "violence"—not that any sane alternative demonstration would have tried to start a thing. After all, we didn't have guns, helicopters, tear gas or the possibility of the National Guard. They did.

Near the staging area, we wandered through contingents, collecting literature and exchanging comments. I was amazed at the diversity of people and causes, the issues I'd never really thought about, the positivism and energy of the women and men gathered. Chilean sympathizers revealed that one of the "Tall Ships," the Esmeralda, had been used as a torture ship after Allende's assassination. Puerto Ricans called their homeland an American colony and demonstrated for freedom. Women's groups variously demonstrated for child care, free abortions and health coverage. Yippies wanted an end to anti-marijuana laws. Everyone wanted more jobs. It was thrilling to see this conglomerate of people and know that we all had to put away any vestiges of prejudice to fight for our rights together.

And then, the incidents started. Refusing a GAA leaflet, one man remarked, "We're all out here fighting

for our rights together and these damn gay people have to come and spoil it." A button seller for GAA bought a button from a Yippie, then asked him to buy one that said "Gay." "No, man, I'm straight," he protested. "Solidarity, friend, solidarity." "No, I'm really super straight," he claimed and walked away. "Faggot" was shouted out several times that I heard. Somehow, the political left seemed a bit upset over the coming of the Queers.

The march started. The gay contingent, fresh from the previous Sunday's Gay Pride extravaganza, came across loud and strong. "Ho-ho-homosexual/ruling class is ineffectual" and "Gay, Straight, Black, White/Same struggle, Same fight." Marching past the main soundtrack, the man at the microphone listened, hesitated, then joined us in "2 4 6 8 / Gay is just as good as Straight." Many people joined us with chanting, clapping or power fists. Others were obviously and vocally angry at our presence. Tough. We're



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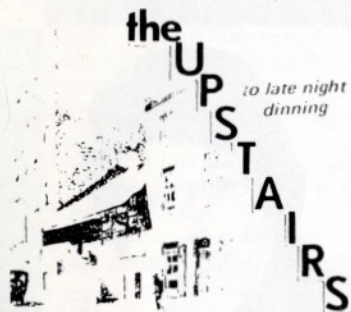
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oppressed, too, you know.

We entered the rally site, a large open park—surrounded by a 10 foot fence with only one entrance. I felt like cattle being penned before the slaughter. A Latino band played. The gay contingents rushed in, claimed space on the grass and started dancing. Thirsty, tired, sweated and sore, we who are used to attempting suicide on a dancefloor threw ourselves into the music. No one else was dancing, just all these happy faggots and dykes. The other groups, settling in for a long rally, gave we homosexuals a very wide berth. The nearest non-gays were 15 feet away. I guess they were afraid that our fun might be contagious.

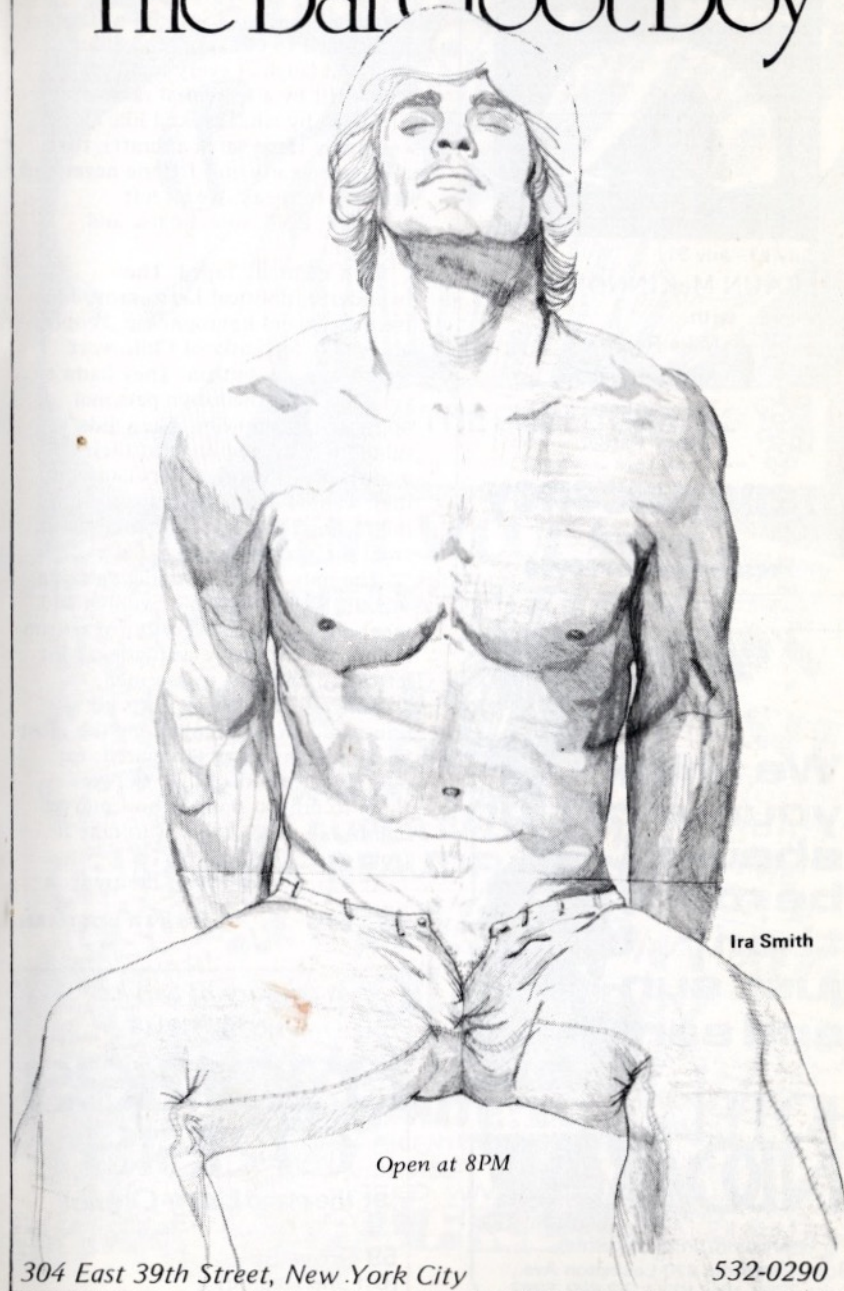
The rally was the real problem. Aimed at rhetorical solidarity, it ended in a shamble. The first six political speakers were straight men who made no reference to women. One shouted ferociously, "we men must stick together." Lesbians and gay men were on our feet almost immediately, shouting, "Women, Women!" He'd thought his stirring rhetoric had encouraged us to stand, so he thundered, "All men are created equal!" What, the ERA isn't an issue in the Left? Quickly, the moderator assured us that the next 3 speakers would all be women "from the women's movement." Where were the feminist women in the left? Where were the gay people?

The feminist speakers were a disappointment. One used sexist language and Karen DeCrow, President of NOW, wore an orange cocktail dress.

Consistently, speakers mentioned black, brown, Indian, Chicano and Puerto Rican Power. After we'd chanted angrily 4 or 5 times, women were grudgingly added to the list. "Gay power" was mentioned only twice—once when they wanted our money (the GAA contingent sat down in protest and refused to give) and once when anti-war activist Dave Dellinger spoke. He was the only speaker to refer to Gay Liberation as a strong, just political movement, "Lesbian" was said only once, in a

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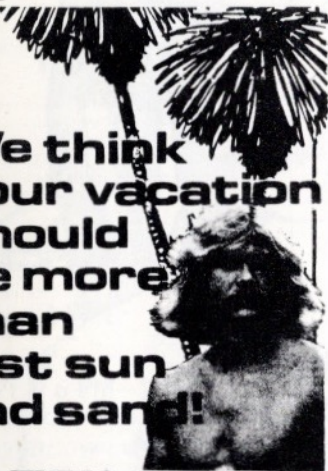
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quick reference to Susan Saxe. That was it for our visibility.

Joanne Passaro, GAA President, was the only gay representative scheduled to speak. Seated on stage, she listened to our supposed allies titter and laugh at every mention of "gay." Hit by a torrential rain (preceded by what looked like cloud seeding by three small aircraft), the rally ended early and Joanne never had a chance to speak. We all left drenched, tired, sore, hoarse and dejected.

I felt mentally raped. The "wonderful political Left" proved itself sexist and homophobic. People who spoke fervently of Chile were scared of a gay button. They hadn't yet dealt with their own personal oppressive tendencies. They didn't value their women or want their queers. Yes, the organizers had said they wanted gay people there. I got the feeling they simply wanted us to swell their body count.

The only really encouraging thing was the way gay people, women and men, picked up on every bit of sexism at the rally. We were watchdogs, not letting any affront to gay men, lesbians or straight feminists go unnoticed. We'd been among the most vocal groups during the march; we continued into the rally. We were there to protest oppression—and we damn well weren't about to take it from our "allies."

It was, as they say in the trade, a ripoff.

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In The Act



SUSAN WALDMAN

Susan Waldman has spent several years on the cabaret circuit steadily improving her performance. Susan's most obvious asset, her astonishing voice, could hardly be improved upon, but the other values, repertoire, presence and pacing show a definite growth in her current, and newest act. She is getting closer to an optimum focus of voice, technique and emotion.

Susan is veering away from the out and out Broadway belting and toward a more subtle and tightly conceived act. The emphasis is now on soft, caressing ballads and sophisticated comedy songs. A delightful comedy flair is emerging, a Bea Lillie quality, which she is wise to explore and exploit.

"It's a New World" from *A Star is Born* is the opener, coupled with John Lennon's "Imagine." The night club mood is firmly established with a medley of "Love is a Simple Thing" and Lena Horne's dynamic stand-by. "Love." Susan gives it a crisp, racy reading spitting out the multiple, contrasting images with power and precision. Continuing the supper-club mood is "Ten Good Years" a cynical but optimistic number about how a woman has to get it while the getting is good; she only has ten good years.

Cole Porter's "The Physician," written for Gertrude Lawrence ever so long ago, in a smart, updated treatment becomes a highlight of Susan Waldman's act. Her racy, tongue-in-cheek, rendition of this tale of woe about a girl whose lover, the physician, adores every part of her anatomy but never said he loved her in toto is definitely big-time and couldn't be bettered by anyone in town.

For the now obligatory Stephen Sondheim song, Susan sings "I Got You to Lean On," a neglected number from a now-legendary flop show, the experimental and ahead-of-its-time *Anyone Can Whistle*. She sings it well, but she sings Irving Berlin's "I Got Lost in His Arms" even better. She does this gem from *Annie Get Your Gun* quietly with just a whisp of lovely tone perfectly supported on the breath. It is exquisite.

The Waldman vocal technique remains a marvel. In a smoke filled club, at any hour of the morning, she can caress a soft ballad with her well-behaved voice and then progress to "Glitter and Be Gay" delivering coloratura, comedy and a high E flat that never misses. I am sure there are some primas at the Met who would love to know Susan's secret.

The Gershwin's "They Can't Take That Away From Me" becomes the big belt number in the act. This unaccustomed treatment re-vitalizes this great standard and gives la Waldman a chance to use her famous wide-open tones which never fail to drive her audiences wild with delight.

Her closer is a Michael Brown song, "I'm Not Through," which provides a touch of irony because, after she has sung it, she is.

Before Susan appeared, the audience was warmed up by Eddie Hickey and Johnny Savoy, a very popular New York team which does a stand-up song duo, a sort of hip Sandler and Young. The boys are impeccably dressed in evening clothes and they trade songs and quips in a relaxed and genuinely spontaneous manner which guarantees their audience as good a time as they, themselves, seem to be having. They are at ease in front of a crowd as only experienced professionals can be. Their harmonies may be a little unorthodox but they always get their point across.

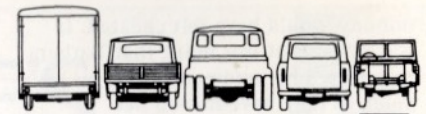
BARBARA COOK

After an illness which delayed her engagement at Brothers & Sisters, Barbara Cook opened a week later with a performance that could only be called triumphant. Her material was fresh and new, her manner spontaneous and warm, and her performing savvy greater than ever.

From her first notes from the back of the room, it was apparent that she was in her finest voice. "Sing with Me" and "Come a Little Closer" opened the show. It was obvious that she had been missed. "Fading Fast," a hip and charming lullabye, established her unique intimacy with the audience.

Then the diva, for she deserves no less a title, cut loose with a tremendous "Wait 'Till You See Him" which tore the house apart as I have seldom seen a house torn apart. Any house by any artist. It was exultant, thrilling, moving, absolute and total perfection. Her voice seemed to double in size and when the song ended she could have announced the end of the show then and there and

Ms. Cook will make a special appearance at the Ice Palace in Cherry Grove on Sunday, Aug. 8th. If you're planning to be on the Island that weekend (in either the Pines or the Grove) make plans to attend what promises to be a rare occasion all around.



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nobody would have felt cheated. It was obvious at this point that Barbara had missed her audience every bit as much as they have missed her.

Leonard Bernstein's exquisite "Some Other Time" in a reading unmatched for tender poignancy followed with an even greater impact only to be further topped by a raunchy rendition of "I Can Cook, Too." The crowd was screaming for mercy as Barbara bounced up and down like a deliriously happy toy on a spring. It took her several minutes to calm down enough to continue.

And continue she did for another thirty minutes of some of the finest singing it has ever been my privilege to hear. That voice, *the* voice, is a marvel of the age. It is a soprano of limitless power and total purity. It pleases aesthetically and it packs a visceral wallop that pulls one's deepest inner feelings up to the surface. Her phrasing is divinely musical, her understanding and projection of the lyrics miraculous. There is not another singer

in the world who is anything like her: the voice of a great opera singer (don't most of them wish!) coupled with the vulnerability and emotional projection of Judy Garland. It leaves one weak and exhilarated.

A medley of Laura Nyro's lovely "I Never Meant to Hurt You" and "I Never Knew That Men Cried," an original by Wally Harper, her musical director was followed by Janis Ian's unique "Stars" and revealed the total rightness of her handling of contemporary material. As did Leon Russell's "A Song for You." Barbara Cook can obviously sing anything she wants to sing with complete conviction. She was half way through her show before I fully realized that she was not singing with an orchestra but with a lone piano. This is partly due to the astonishing richness of her tonal palette and partly due to the quality of her pianist, the aforementioned Wally Harper. He is a genius, strong, supportive and sensitive. Like Barbara, the best. He is

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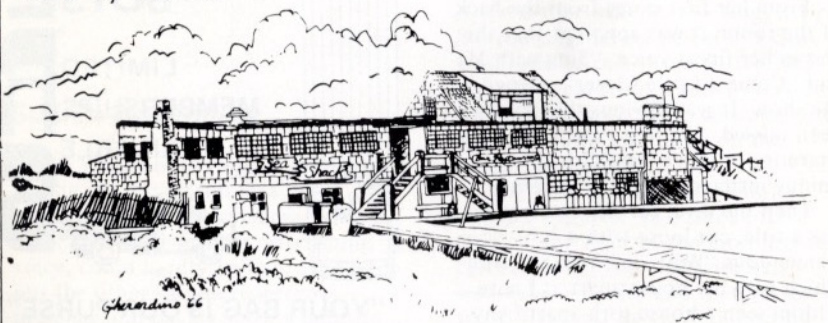


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also a fine songwriter as "It Takes Nothing Away from You to Give to Me" attests.

"Carolina in the Morning" was the closer. The first chorus was caressed lovingly. Each rhyme of the lyric was given its own delicious little twist and the melody line was spun out with an elegance which called to mind both Maria Callas and Bessie Smith, the *real* Bessie Smith. The second chorus was torn to shreds and put back together again; she sold the hell out of it. You had to hear it to believe it.

She encored with a sing along of "Glad Rag Doll" and she didn't have to beg us to sing. We couldn't be stopped. (She rated us A plus and said that she has only given three of those in her career.) Then, somehow, she got her concentration back together to sing "Ice Cream" topped with a beautiful high C. She had to beg off with a shy shrug and a sweetly sincere, "I'll see ya again, O.K.?"

She certainly will. She will be

singing at Brothers & Sisters throughout the summer on Monday and Tuesday nights. There will be no decisions to make for a while as to what to do on those problematic nights. I'll be found at Brothers & Sisters because the Barbara Cook show is the only game in town.

KAYE BALLARD AT GRAND FINALE

Kaye Ballard has been a comedienne in cabarets, on the Broadway stage, and on television for over three decades. Her eagerly awaited return to the small room circuit, where she originally made her name, was an obvious disappointment to all but her closest friends and die-hard fans. The problem, a distressing one for a comedienne, was simply this: she wasn't very funny.

Her material was strained and, in many cases, poorly chosen for her intended audience. This can be deadly



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and it was compounded by the fact that her act was sloppily organized and badly paced. This lack of focus and rampant poor taste seemed fairly shocking considering the length of Kaye Ballard's experience and the sterling professionalism one has a right to expect from a performer with as many hours in the air as she has clocked by this stage of her career.

Her opener, "What's a Nice Girl Like Me Doing Working in a Joint Like This?" set an unfortunate tone that remained just below the surface of the entire act: a slight, but clearly discernable hostility. To get away with an opener like that, one should smile a lot. Kaye didn't and she didn't project enough genuine good will to offset the sarcasm.

Special material about Howard Hughes' will and Sara Lee's desserts had mildly amusing moments but failed to hit the mark. There was a lot of fumbling around, asking her pianist, Arthur Siegal, what to say next, and some awkwardly interpolated jokes. A song about Gregorian chants, how much Kaye Ballard loves them and the fact that "they don't write 'em like that anymore" likewise failed to amuse or surprise. There really isn't anything funny about Gregorian chants and an alleged taste for them could hardly be considered riotously funny or particularly incongruous. Where, oh where were the magnificent pieces of material she used to do so brilliantly in the fifties?

The nadir of taste was reached early in the evening with a song called "Bruce, the Gay Policeman." The song was a veritable catalogue of all of the hoary homosexual cliches that Gay Lib has been fighting for years: Judy Garland movies, the supposed fondness for colors like puce, etc., ad nauseum. The number would have been in questionable taste if played to a straight Las Vegas audience ten years ago. In 1976, in a club like the Grand Finale, it was inexcusable; the men at the bar were not amused by it. Nor, for that matter, were they amused by much of what they saw and heard. In

clubs, a comedy act usually plays to the bar. If the bar crowd can be captured, their laughter can carry most of the tables. If Kaye Ballard didn't learn this in all of those nights she played the old Bon Soir, she just wasn't paying attention.

With the seriousness of a Julliard recitalist, she played "Feelings" very nicely on the flute and then sang "My Funny Valentine" while the combo continued to play "Feelings." This proved, I suppose, that two unrelated songs could be forced together with the same chord changes but, if it is "Funny Valentine" that you want to hear, I can think of twenty-five or thirty people who sing it better. There was also a very long medley of Irving Berlin songs which served no other purpose other than keeping Kaye away from the comedy routines which had been falling all around her like pancakes from heaven.

One routine which did not fall flat was a bit about the film, *The Trojan Women*, in which Kaye demonstrated just how improbable the casting was. She impersonated Katherine Hepburn, Irene Pappas, Vanessa Redgrave and Genevieve Bujold thus demonstrating why their acting styles clashed. It was every bit as funny as the entire act should have been.

A much needed bit of warmth was supplied by an affectionate remembrance of her Italian grandmother. It almost didn't become maudlin by the time Kaye led into a ragged rendition of the grandmother's favorite song, "Dicitencello Vuie." More than sentiment was needed to save a show which had gone so far wrong and Kaye excited, just in the nick of time, to a polite applause sparked by a loyal standee here and there about the house.

You can't win them all.

**DAWN HAMPTON
AT YELLOW BRICK ROAD**

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The emphasis is always on the new, the newer, the newest and we often pass over those things which are not new, but are good. Dawn Hampton has been on the scene for what could constitute several careers. Commercial fad and fancy have passed her by several times; she is only interested in doing what she wants to do, what she does superbly and he who passes her by in favor of this or that new chippie on the circuit is missing one of the finest entertainment experiences the Manhattan cabaret has to offer.

Dawn Hampton, working in close tandem with her fine musical director, Billy Giddens, brings control, involvement and excitement to her performances and couples these with an instinctive understanding of how to get and audience and hold that audience. Although she has never been on the cover of a national magazine or on the *Tonight Show*, she is a true underground star who commands a loyal and vociferous following which has trailed her for years in and out of

the best and worse clubs in the city.

At the Yellow Brick Road in a recent engagement, she had 'em standing three deep at the bar and cheering at the tables. Before she started, a voice from the crowd could be heard urging her to, "get 'em Dawn." Her old fans take a particular pleasure in watching her overtake the emotions of her listeners and finally conquer them. It is always fun to take one of the uninitiated to a Dawn Hampton performance and watch them crumble under her unique spell. It usually happens in the middle of the second song.

The second song this time was that fine old standard, "He's Funny That Way." In it was contained everything that is special and fine in her work, her wise and total understanding of every word in the lyric and the way in which she creates a mood, a state of mind. There are no accidents in a Dawn Hampton-Billy Giddens performance; every sound she makes, every movement, was placed there with

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painstaking concentration and magnificent control. Nothing is careless or thrown away. Anyone who cherishes hopes of being a good cabaret singer has not payed his dues or done all of his homework until he has observed this artist at work and then returned, when the tears have dried and the passions cooled, to analyze just what it is that she is doing.

Her repertoire is wide and personal, drawn from jazz and show standards, and it includes those gems that Dawn gets from God-knows-where. When she sings an oldie like "Good For Nothing Joe" the gallant vulnerability she projects never fails to move her audience deeply. On the other hand, she can take a nonsense song like "Frim Fram Sauce" and rock the joint with its rollicking high spirits. When Dawn sings of frim fram sauce with sha-fa-fa on the side, nonsense makes the best sense in the world.

Integral to any Hampton performance is some fine original

material written by the lady, herself. "Life is What You Make It" is a vibrant affirmation of life for the living, "I Warn You," a tear jerker with a twist ending and "My Mother's Face" and old-fashioned bit of down-home sentimentality which has the power to move even the most worldly and jaded night club habitue.

I notice that tears figure prominently in this review. It is true that Dawn Hampton sings a number of songs which elicit this response but don't get the impression that the Dawn Hampton show is a down. Far from it. When one has spent an hour in her marvelously expressive hands being alternately whipped and caressed by her reedy, angular voice and soothed by her wisdom, one leaves the club with a very positive and up-beat feeling. Really fine entertainment accomplishes that. Dawn is as fine as the finest.

Dawn Hampton defines the space and she fills it. Who could ask for more than that.

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DIANE SNOW AT KELLY'S

Diane Snow is a unique young singer-composer. She is a popular favorite with the discriminating crowd at Kelly's Village West. One performance is enough to explain her popularity and to explain the enthusiasm of Kelly's regulars who are certain that Diane will soon be a star. She has style and verve in abundance.

Her act includes Barry White's "Never Gonna Give You Up," a medley of the Beatles' "Yesterday" and "The Way We Were," and two of her own compositions. One is a hauntingly beautiful jazz-rock song, "Love Came Today," which she uses as her opener. Another, "Sara Lee," shows another facet of her large talent, her gift for humor.

Another sure-fire reason for Diane's popularity at Kelly's is her beauty; she is reminiscent of the early Rita Hayworth and that is enough to insure her popularity anywhere on earth. The Snow voice ranges a gamut from velvet torch to funky rock. Her fast-paced and enthusiastic act is not to be missed. The audience returned the enthusiasm by calling her back for three encores, "Rain," "On My Own" and "Why Haven't You Called Me?" They are all Diane Snow originals.

One of Diane's standout numbers is "Out Of This World." So is the lady, herself. See her. **CHUCK THOMAS**

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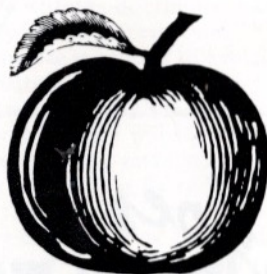
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The meat served is of prime quality and cooked exactly as ordered. The other dishes on the menu, salads, desserts and soups, are adequate but of no special distinction; the French onion soup which we sampled was served without the customary cheese topping, a disappointment.

The atmosphere—one could hardly attribute the word "ambience" to so downhome a restaurant as the Old Forge—is pleasant and quiet. A woody, panelled feeling prevails with the traditional red tablecloths that one would expect to find in such establishments.

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J.F.G.

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Cineviews

Mel Brooks and Marty Feldman



There was one theatre in my jerkwater town upstate and, as a movie-mad moppet in the early 20's, my happiest hours were spent at the Oakfield Opera House. Marjorie Farnsworth played the piano for both shows (7:30 and 9:30) and paid scant attention to what was on the screen. Jackie Coogan or Mary Pickford could be dissolved in tears, as they frequently were, and Marjorie gave us a jiggling chorus of

The Doll Dance, Nola, or both.

The two-reel comedies were my main passion, especially Larry Semon, a chalk-faced Pierrot, and Lloyd Hamilton, a prissy, porky buffoon offered by Educational Pictures ('The Spice of the Program'). Americans have a lustrous mime tradition in the silent films.

When my parents made the adventurous 40-mile drive to Rochester, I was parked with Grandma, whom I shamelessly frazzled until she would agree to take me to "the late show" at the Opera House. Grandma hated Larry Semon. "That damn fool always loses his pants," she would say.

Nobody loses his pants in *Silent Movie*, which is otherwise a virtual catalog of what made us laugh in silent movies. From pies-in-the-face and pratfalls to a manic chase and other meticulously-timed stunts as agonizingly funny as those of Harold Lloyd and his superior, Buster Keaton.

The toilet jokes, which the *Post* critic deplored as "a fixture in all Brooks' films," are very much a heritage of the silents too. (The best-remembered scene in an early Marie Dressler-Polly Moran feature is the picnic disrupted by the frantic efforts to dislodge a pisspot that gets clamped on a kid's head like a vise.) One of the biggest yaks in *Silent Movie* is a toilet joke that doubles as a jab at snobbery: a men's room for movie moguls has the legend OUR TOILETS ARE NICER THAN MOST PEOPLE'S HOMES carved in marble over the urinals. (This is punctuated by a graffiti on the wall, POVERTY SUCKS.)

The acting styles, the transitions, the pace, the *look* of the film (even though it's Deluxe Color when it should have been black and white) are authentically silent movie. Mel Brooks is obviously devoted, or is it dedicated, to the silent film comedies; his film is brimming with love for everything that made them great. He has directed it

brilliantly and it has been edited to perfection. Brooks has topped *The Producers*, *Blazing Saddles* and *Young Frankenstein*. *Silent Movie* is his finest and funniest achievement.

Brooks stars as Mel Funn, an ex-boozier aiming for a Hollywood comeback as director of a silent movie in 1976. His cronies are Dom DeLuise (Dom Bell) and Marty Feldman (Marty Eggs) and they are adroitly tuned to what Brooks wants to bring off in *Silent Movie*. They are both so right, you couldn't ask for more inspired casting, and that goes for Sid Caesar, as the chief of Big Pictures Studios. If Funn's film clicks, Big Pictures can get

back in the black ink. That would foil the dastardly plans of the New York-based firm, Engulf and Devour Kaplan, the femme fatale the dastards to take over the studios.

I was crazy about Bernadette Peters as Vilma



Dom DeLuise



Mel Funn (Mel Brooks) and Vilma (Bernadette Peters) two-step atop a wedding cake.

hire in a try at sabotaging Funn's movie.

The big stars who play the Big Stars Funn, Bell and Eggs would lure into acting in the film are played by Burt Reynolds, James Caan, Paul Newman, Liza Minnelli and Anne Bancroft (as themselves), and they are excruciatingly funny. Reynolds is particularly good kidding himself as a preening narcissist whose first scene is played in a shower in the costume he wore for the *Cosmopolitan* centerfold.

Bancroft (Mrs. Brooks) proves she is one of our most devastating comediennees. Her scenes with her spouse, gambolling in a sylvan setting, on a merry-go-round (a toilet joke here, folks) and tangoing on a wedding cake to Berlin's "Let's Face The Music and Dance" is my favorite footage in *Silent Movie*.

There's no spoken dialogue, but the music by John Morris so wittingly

complements the action that it is a major joy of the movie. The track also abounds in sound effects, though never used for such obvious things as door knocking or ringing telephones. (For the latter, there's a title card, "Ring . . . ring")

The titles are wonderful, frequently hysterical. To indicate that former lush Brooks is waiting to see her boss, Sid Caesar's secretary tilts her head and pushes her thumb into her mouth, prompting Sid to ask, "You mean he sucks his thumb?" And when Peters tells Engulf and Devour to shove the job they gave her, it's because "I've fallen for the little lug."

As a title card at the end of *Silent Movie* informs us, THIS IS A TRUE STORY. As in *Silent Movie*, the ending of course is a happy one. It couldn't have happened to a nicer little lug.

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Grey	Into Bondage	Desires Bondage
Black	Whipper	What else? Whippee!



Arlene Avril

Nancy Snyder and Michael Ayr in the Circle Repertory Company production of Roy London's *Mrs. Murray's Farm*.

keep things cool this summer.

Circle Repertory Theatre (99 Seventh Ave So., 924-7100) offers Roy London's *Mrs. Murray's Farm*, with revolutionary ballads and a spirited score by Michael Valenti that has fun with the harpsichord. The play, directed by Neil Flanagan and Marshall W. Mason, seems tailored around the company's butch actress, Tanya Berezin, as we see her defending her property by entertaining the British soldiers with an elaborate dinner. Complications arise when the servants start staging their own revolution in the kitchen and threaten to ruin Tanya's truffles. And there are many wonderful opportunities for comedy with a plump Sharon Maddon as the kitchen cook.

Unfortunately, Ms. Berezin indulges herself with too many "little girl" moments throughout the play and not enough Stanwyck defiance to pull off the central role. Besides that, she really can't sing. But the company supporting her manages well to keep the show together. The John Lee Beatty set is another masterpiece, complete with loge boxes, revolve, and an early American mural running around the theatre. It deserves a curtain call unto itself.

Down in Soho, *M'Liss* is billed as "a musical valentine to the Old West," located above Garris' restaurant (formerly known as Mingles) at 225 W. Broadway; 242-3900. There's a dinner-theatre package for those who come early, or you can drink at tables during the show.

As for the production, Robert Dahdah has carefully styled the evening as an old-fashioned mellerdrama, with a naive story about innocence and corruption in the High Sierras. Poor Melissa almost loses her daddy's gold mine to the city slickers who bribe her with the promise of stardom on the San Francisco stage. The company often simply drops the plot for a few banjo tunes before bringing the villains to justice. And there's a wonderful fiddler, Jean Sawyer, who keeps the tempos lively

Theatre

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WELCOME



Masked "Seven Against Thebes" sequence in Donald Brooks' *Infinity*.

This show's perfect for the Western set in need of some homespun.

Finally, Donald Brooks has created, composed from an awe-inspiring ledger of talent (Confucius, Emma Lazarus, Hitler, and Zeno, to mention but a few), an apocalyptic event called *Infinity* that has been designed as a 7-ring circus. Located at St. Peter's (340 W 20; 929-2390), the show coordinates the number seven in a surprising way—the 7 seals, 7 deadly sins, 7 cardinal virtues, 7 seas, 7 wonders of the world, 7 stages of man,

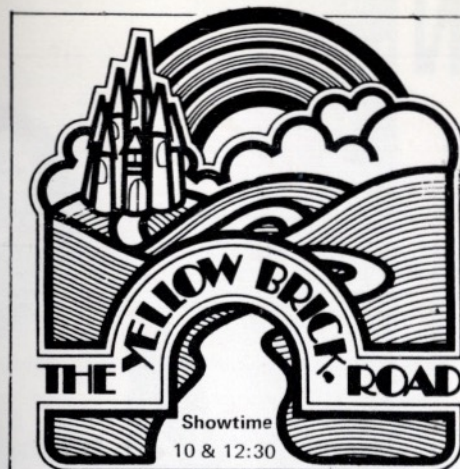
etc.—with magician's tricks, mime and puppetry, a neon arcade and incredible costumes, all inside the church around the altar. Sound score has been designed by George Prideaux. The event rises in intensity to a cacophonous blur of sound, which is really more of an acoustical problem than Brooks' intent. We have trouble hearing so much of the work that the piece reduces itself to mere spectacle.

But what spectacle! A Faustian view of civilization could never be so wild with imagination. Brooks tends to



Robert Manzari, Sigrid Heath, Melanie Chartoff, and Jess Richards are the entire cast of Michael Valenti's *Lovesong*, a musical review at the Showplace.

Bruce Shenton



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favor the Court Masque as his form of entertainment, full of devilry and magic as only a master of the theatre could create.

DAVID SEARS

LOVE SONG

Uptown at The Showplace Cabaret/Theatre above Sams (541-7600) Michael Valenti's *Lovesong* has opened. *Lovesong* is a musical revue with 27 songs—one right after another—and minimal dialogue.

On a simple stage adorned only by two giant-winged birds (lovebirds?) and occasional projections (lots of flowers, trees, a church window, etc.), two clean-cut young couples announce that this is a celebration of love—all kinds of love—between men and women, men and men, etc. Then they try to define love—and the 27 songs that follow should do it.

Each piece explores some aspect of love relationships (chiefly male-female). In "Sophia" it's rejection—we're told one love can never be. In "When We Marry" the

two couples compete to see who can have the most—"we'll have a hundred horses . . . we'll be so rich the gold will drip," etc., etc. There is also unrequited love, maternity, and a host of other themes. The most beautiful song in the show, "I'm Open All Night," has lyrics wonderfully adapted from James Agee.

But not all of the lyrics, unfortunately, are so well adapted. Lines like: "My heart is like an apple tree . . . I'm farther off from heaven now than when I was a boy . . . She is a tangerine as sweet as a nectarine . . . though your child is in my belly . . . the day I stop loving is the day I don't survive . . ." It all adds up to a very sentimental, saccharine celebration—an early sixties Sunday school project. I'm not sure how love was finally defined, if it was.

Melanie Chartoff, Sigrid Heath, Robert Mazari, and Jess Richards are wonderful as the two young couples, singing flawlessly and beautifully.

RHEA GALLAHER

FASHION

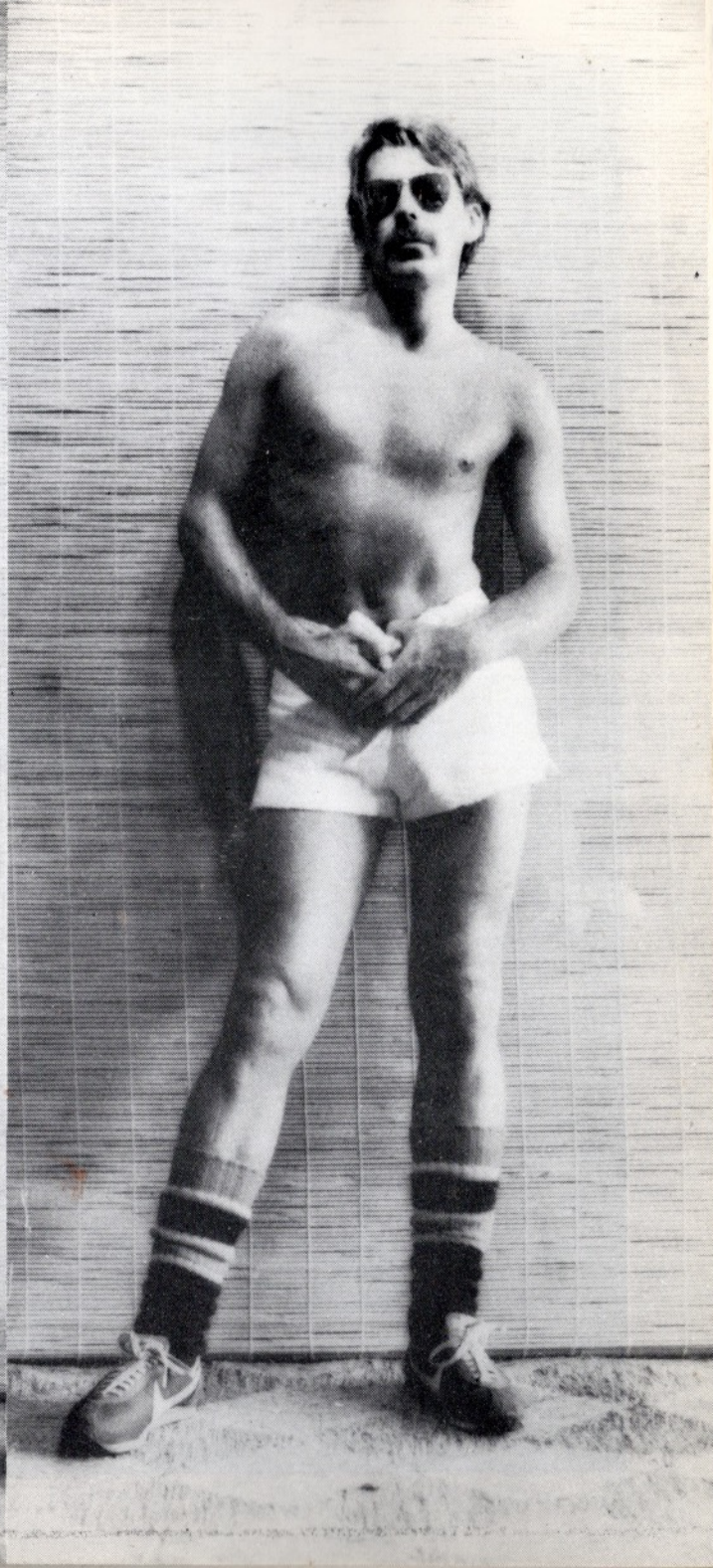
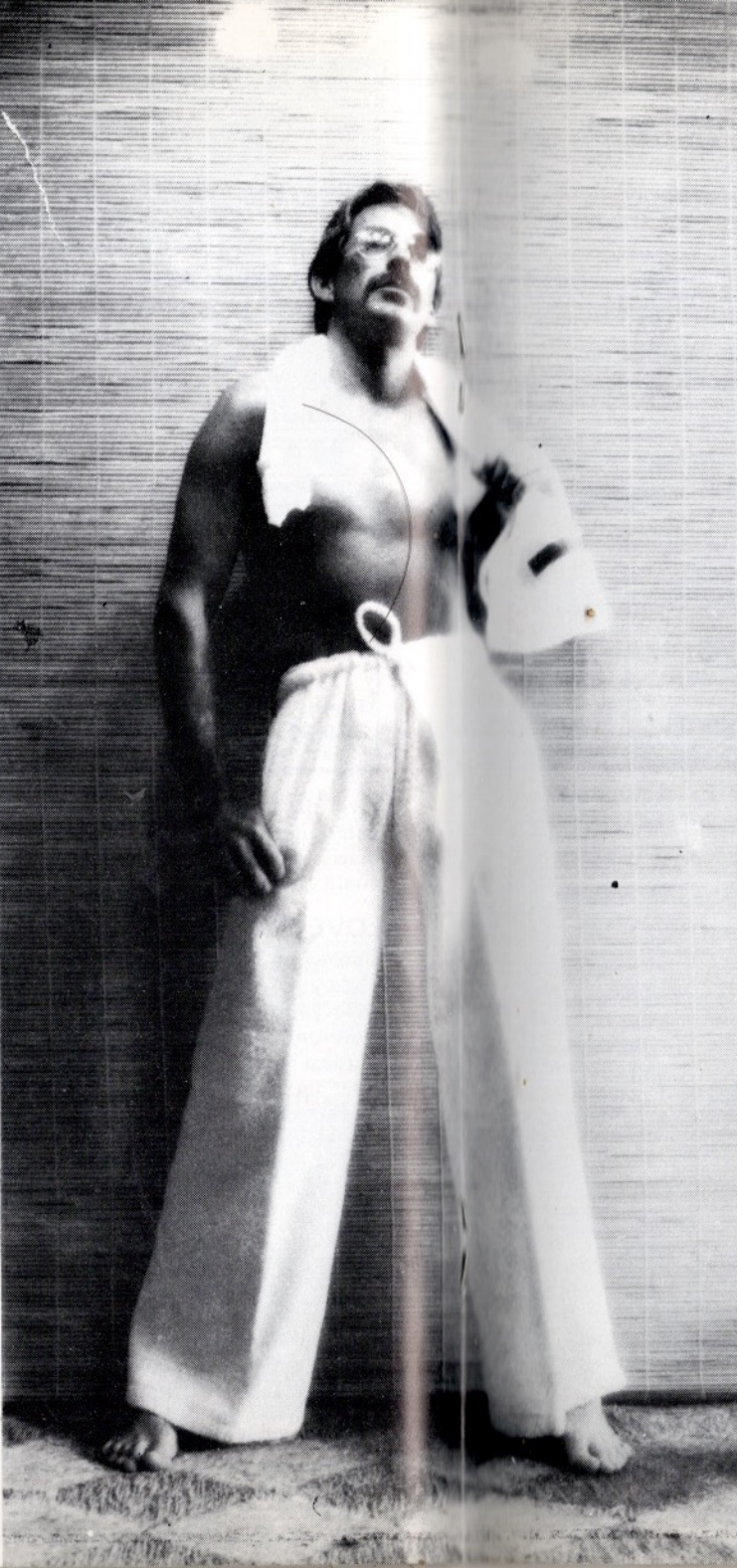
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Oh yes, the gorgeous model is none other than the creator himself, Mr. Getty Miller.

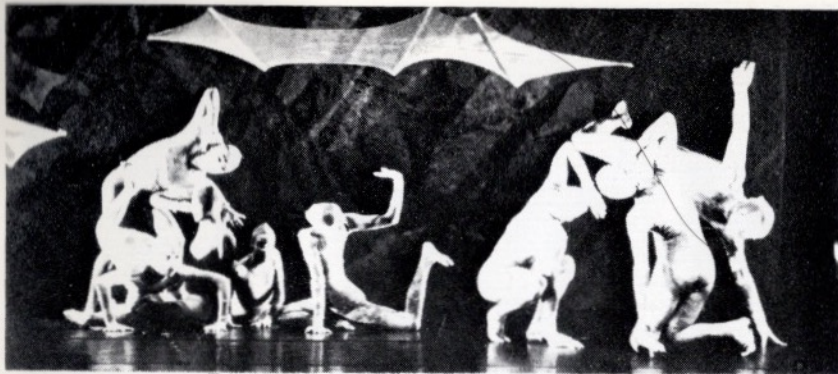
C. Y. NAKANO

Terrycloth draw-string pants that hug more than just the hips with side seam pockets, \$28 (left) and terrycloth draw-string shorts with vented boxer leg and back patch pocket, \$16 (right).



Getty models the "disco-rag" his most unique creation. It's a jock towel with zippered stash pocket for use in the bath, on the beach or on the dance floor.





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Dance

THE ALWIN NIKOLAIS DANCE THEATER

Alwin Nikolais is a major seminal force in contemporary arts. There's hardly an area in dance, theatre, music or the fine arts that he hasn't affected in some way. Although his Company is technically categorized as a dance ensemble, it is in reality far more than that. For the past twenty-five years he has been theatrically exploring the kinetic regions of responses. Everything is stripped down to an almost sculptural essence, or dimensional entity. It's almost like looking into a moving holograph.

Opening on August 3rd at the Beacon Theater (and continuing through Sun., Aug. 15th) *The Nikolais Dance Theater* will perform a spectacular array of works from his extensive repertoire. The season will include two world premiers. "Styx" is based on Nikolais' acute impressions of the way the subject of death is dealt with in other cultures, especially South America. As usual with him, the basic subject matter is subverted into a primal observation. And rumor has it that the electronic score created by him for the work—he does all of his own music, in addition to the choreography, costumes, lights, etc.,

etc. etc-is nothing short of dazzling.

"Triad," opening the second night, Aug. 4th, will feature 12 foot high lucite mirrored prisms, which will be part of a gigantic light show and will also serve as an integral part of the presentation, turning the dancers into animated kaleidoscopic shapes. Nikolais is one of the few choreographers that the older he gets the better, fuller and inventive his works become.

For all of his adept resourcefulness and creative explorations he has never abandoned his sense of humor. He uses humor like a magician uses sleight of hand, never in a deceptive way however. Much of his work also has a vaudevillian quality about it. The lightness and humor, along with the more abstract elements set off a



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sensory expanding reaction within the viewer. Alwin Nikolais was taking his audiences on trips long before Dr. Leary came along. And he puts the light shows that used to accompany the concerts at the old Fillmore to

shame and out of mind. But then Nik, as he's affectionately called in the dance world, has always been ahead of his time.

Now is the time for you to catch up with him. The season will contain three separate programs and it's very hard to recommend which one you should see. The only thing I can say is that you have to catch all three. The program including "Scenario," which is without a doubt the most flawless and aesthetic use of nudity yet presented in the theatre, is a must. Nikolais is one of those artists to whom perfection is standard procedure.

Performances for the *Nikolais Dance Theater* at the Beacon Theatre will be Tuesdays through Sundays: evenings Tues. through Fri. at 8pm, two performances on Sat. and Sun. at 5pm and 8:30pm. Opening night, Tuesday, August 3rd, will be at 7:30pm. By presenting the Nikolais Dance Theater at the Beacon, impresario Kazuko Hillyer has been able to keep the ticket prices at a modest \$6 to \$9.

FRANK SCHMITT



Scenario

Dick Rowan

Hi! Ya'll get out from behind YOUR 8-ball and come get behind OUR 8-ball over here at the

HAYMARKET

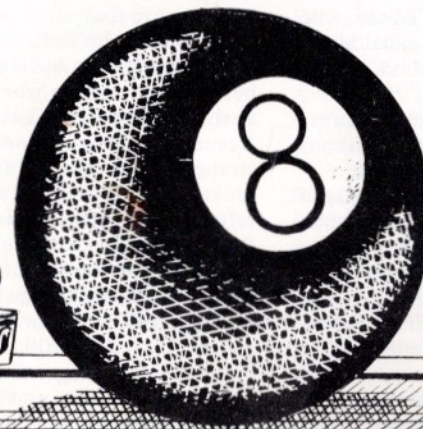
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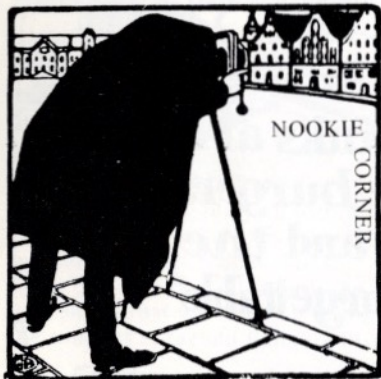
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AND ROCKY
MOUNTAIN
OYSTERS



Are you suffering from the post-production, post-bicentennial, post-convention, post-olympiad, dry-hump blues? Well don't or we'll punch your heart out! My editor, who is constantly in a state of sexual bliss, changed one of my recent bon mots from "gentile" to "genital," so if I may: These are the kinds of fantasies that make the gentiles throb—a Jimmy Carter/Fritz Mondale Democratic ticket vs. a Jerry Ford/Ronnie Reagan Republican ticket! The reality of such a fantasy will be known after August 16th when the Republicans convene in Kansas City.


The formidable Joseph Papp who brought us *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Sticks and Bones*, *That Championship Season* etc. under the umbrella of the New York Shakespeare Festival, currently has five shows playing in New York. *Threepenny Opera* and *Four*

Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/When The Rainbow Is Enuf, will soon join *Chorus Line* on Broadway . . . *Henry V* will be replaced by *Measure For Measure* in Central Park and *je ne sais quoi* with *Streamers* at Lincoln Center. *Threepenny Opera* was our first exposure to Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill without benefit of Bobby Darin or Ella Fitzgerald and although John Freeman Gunter did an excellent review of it in M's T (5/24 issue) we just had to put our own 3¢ rendition in.

The ambience of the show can only be described as a dark-chocolate éclair filled with the thrust of down-home gutter sex and passionate vocal strairings. The staging and lighting utilizes a lot of effective gimcrackery: a long skinny screen, complete with opening and closing curtains, reeled up and down to project the name of the upcoming song; the stage had removable runways that slid in and out like an extension leaf in a table; set changes were carried on and off by the cast—the most effective were the lace-covered banquet tables, replete with an unremovable feast; a solid backdrop moves downstage or upstage depending on the illusion of space wanted for the scene. The costumes were just OK but the make-up was exemplary, a bit reminiscent of the grotesquerie that came out of the Playhouse of the Ridiculous. Tony Azito (Peachum's Assistant) was the best. He was strange when we saw him as the emcee in The Cotton Club Revue at La Mama Annex, he's even stranger in *Threepenny Opera*. He looks like a concentration camp refugee with an erotic attack of the fleas. His movements are extremely fascinating almost hypnotic. In one scene he comes on stage looking like an organ-grinder's monkey—the whole illusion is created with his back to the audience, a monkey mask on the back of his head, a leash, and those weird jerky movements. I'm positive Azito's persona is the same on or off stage. Ellen Greene (Jenny-the-whore)

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reminds me of a Barbra Streisand without the panache. The make-up on her teeth was fabulous. Raul Julia (*Macheath The Knife*) is explosively powerful and sexual. His toe/heel walk is erotically sinister and his last supper request of asparagus, very odd. Do you think he knew that asparagus is a natural diuretic? The final sadistic gesture perhaps against the hangman with his noose of death? If this is opera, then so is *Jacques Brel Is Alive & Well.....*

Rocky Mountain Oysters—a delicacy served in our birth State of Colorado. No such thing, say you? 'Tis true! Rocky Mt. Oysters are marinated sliced & broiled reindeer balls!!! It's enough to rattle the gonads.

Woody Allen won't tell anyone anything about his new movie. We wonder if there is any connection between the release of *The Front* being held up and the mystery movie? Probably not but we did glean this much: all paychecks and scripts are imprinted, "Untitled Film." Woody,

Diane Keaton and Tony Roberts are in it, Paul Simon plays himself and one scene takes place at The Grand Finale. Another theory is that Woody Allen is literally making a movie called "Untitled Film" the same way Mel Brooks really did a silent movie called, *Silent Movie*.

And then there's the rumors about *Women Behind Bars* being made INTO A MOVIE!!!? If Tom Eyan can get a 12 week gig writing some Mary Hartman scripts, why not!

And then there's the truth about Robert Altman and his new film, *Buffalo Bill and The Indians, or Sitting Bull's History Lesson* . . . (What's this with all the long movie titles???? (*Swept Away By A Very Unusual Destiny In The Blue Sea of August*) et al. They don't have the short redundancy of Mary Hartman, ditto, or the rhetoric barb of Barnes & Noble's, of course, of course . . . but the verbosity must have some kind of redeeming social value! Anyway, Altman's latest cinematic venture

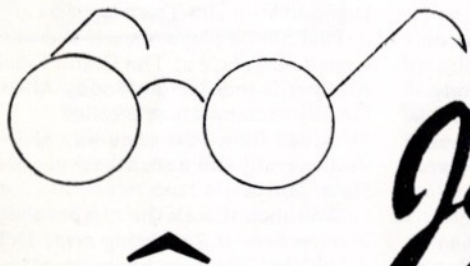
starts off on a gleeful note. As the credits roll by and "The David Susskind Production of..." rolls by the audience breaks out with an enthusiastic chorus of Hiss! Boo! Bah! It's enough to warm any kind of cockles. The color technique of a yellow filter lens, like *McCabe & Mrs. Miller* is used in *Buffalo Bill*... not nearly as poetic but effective. It gave you the feeling of old newspapers, yellow, crinkly and filled with yesterday's news. The whole point of the exercise seems to be Altman's humorous way of de-mythologizing and humanizing the legend of Buffalo Bill a/k/a William Frederick Cody (Paul Newman). The bottom line being that Buffalo Bill was your typical insecure actor/showman. The insecurity seems to come with the territory. For Cody, the insecurity manifests itself in alcohol, impotency, racism, ego-mania etc. Ned Buntline (Burt Lancaster) intimates to Cody that without him he wouldn't exist at all. Historically Buntline had written a

play called *The Scouts of the Plains* and talked Cody (age 26) into doing it. This launched him into a showbiz career that lasted for over 45 years. Joel Grey plays the impressario of the Wild West Show with an earnest seriousness; Harvey Keitel (borrowed from Martin Scorsese?) as Cody's nephew is fabulously dumb; Geraldine Chaplin plays a feminine Annie Oakley unlike the caricatures that have come before (Doris Day, Betty Hutton etc.); Pat McCormick plays an inane President Cleveland and out of the Altman stable Shelley Duvall does a small bit as his wife. If you take *Buffalo Bill & the Indians*... with a wink and the tongue-in-cheek humor that Altman intends you'll enjoy it. But if your taste waxes to the pedestrian, you simply won't understand. The mind of a director is wonderful and vulnerable place.

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Trujillo contingency has gone underground. He is much too talented an artist to stay holed up for this long. Hurry up please, it's time for a new record!

And for those of you who love nip

n' tuck stories, Queen Elizabeth II had a face, bust and knee lift in Switzerland last year just in time to heal for her appearance at our Bicentennial and the Olympics.

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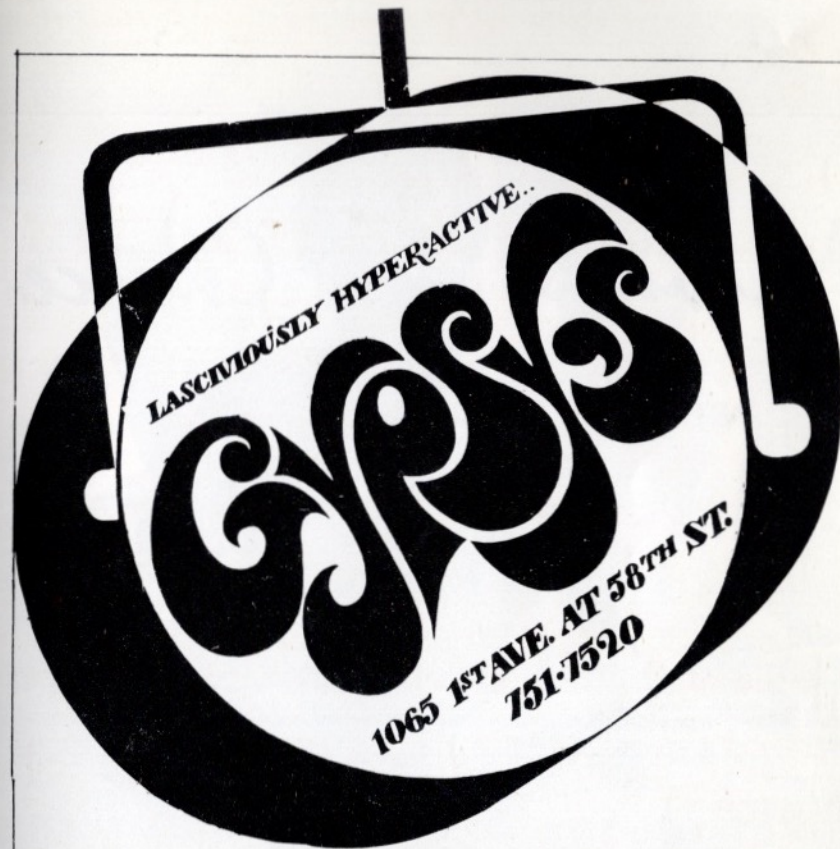
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Tues July 27

Richard Hill

Wed July 28

**Scott and
Charlotte**

Thurs July 29

Gladys Bruce

Fri & Sat July 30-31

Gypsy

Sun Aug 1

Lainie Igneri

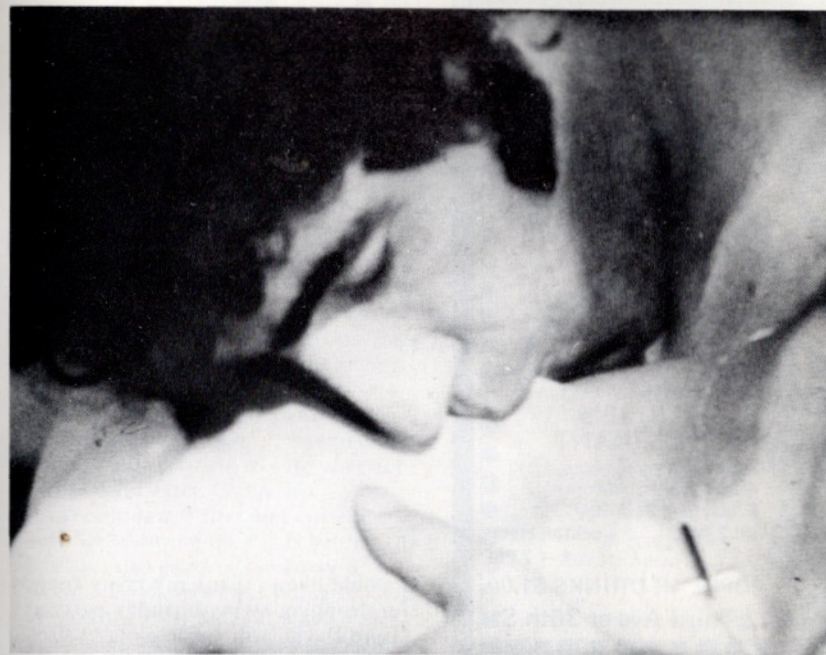
Mrs. Lee Myles



Joel Schwartz

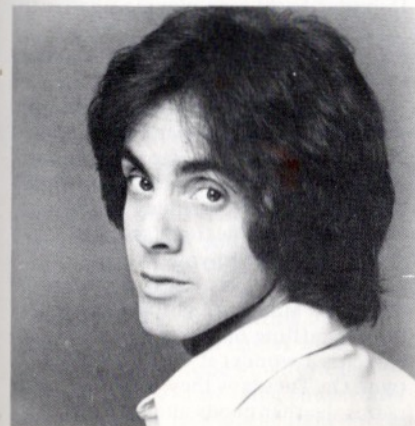
This is **Raun MacKinnon**. Billboard, The New York Times, and The Soho News have all singled her out as a sure bet for stardom and there are few who have seen her who do not agree. Raun is a songwriter of extraordinary sensitivity, she plays the acoustic guitar and the piano with vigor and charm, although not at the same time. Best of all is her singing. The MacKinnon voice is one of great emotional and vocal range and her command of styles is widely varied and very often surprising. She can begin a song with an appealing, slightly breathless quality and then expand it to full-throated belting

or soaring excursions into the soprano register. In her last Reno Sweeney outing, she unleashed an extended chorus of jazz scatting which nightly brought her audience to their feet in cheers. Raun MacKinnon is an extraordinarily satisfying and stimulating performer who will make her appearances at Reno Sweeney (691-0900) into a very special event, a week-long festival of talent and soul. Backing her up is an all-star aggregation which includes guitarist Michael Federal and comedienne Nancy Parker. She is highly recommended.



The Big Top, B. way & 49th St., has a big hit on its hands. George Payne in "Kiss Today Goodbye.. will continue throughout the summer. In fact it's such a big hit that the theatre is playing continuous performances 24 hours a day. If George Payne isn't enough to get you off, the management is world premiering a hot new feature **Young Stallions**. It stars dozens of young new (and nude) studs. As an extra added attraction they have also brought back "by popular

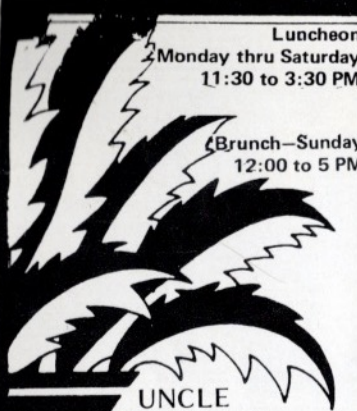
demand" Johnny Wadd in "Love Match." Johnny Wadd is John Holmes in real life and the last time we peeked it was 13½ inches. At that size who could tell if it was soft or hard? Who really cares? For bargain hunters The Big Top is offering \$10 worth of discount cards free (i.e. they'll send you 5 discount cards good for a \$2 reduction anytime) all you have to do is fill out the coupon in their ad. Good times await you at The Big Top.



Jeff Arnold brings his songs and remarkable vocal range to the **Yellow Brick Road** (924-2424) for one night only, Monday, August 2. He sings jazz, disco, mellow standards and original songs of his own composition.

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In George Sardi

I would like to thank my many friends for dropping by my birthday party at Camp David (which was a blast) also to thank everyone who sent me cards . . . flowers and goodies . . . It gives one a marvelous warm feeling to have so many friends and I appreciate it very much . . . Belated birthday wishes to Helen of Bike Stop East . . . That yummy piece, Tony of Ty's attached to another yummy piece named Larry . . . Speaking of beauties, that's waiter John Paul of the Genadier . . . Right Rudolf?? Mary Hartman's sister Deborlee Scott seen playing pool with the boys at Uncle Paul's . . . Sam Palmer tending bar at the Sea Shack in Cherry Grove . . . Good looking blonde waiter at the Cousin is Tommy who was helping his wife to celebrate her birthday . . . The Happy Birthday song went like this . . . Happy birthday to you . . . Happy birthday to you . . . Happy birthday dear cocksucker Happy birthday to you . . . My my those kids do have a sense of humor . . . Every Monday night at Chaps they're raffling off 10 and 3 speed bicycles. I wonder if they're built for two? On Tuesdays they raffle off radios, leather goods and all sorts of goodies. . . Susan Waldman with Johnny

Savoy and Eddie Hickey put on a fab show at the Showplace . . . Arthur Ward back in town bartending at 12th Street Bar . . . It's on the corner of 4th St . . . His brother, Donald, and Paula Scott are your hosts . . . Ask for Kathy at Eric's 88th St. & 2nd. Ave. if you're interested in appearing in her cabaret back room . . . Baby John received his Bachelors of Arts degree from Miami U. and is presently going to school in Washington DC studying languages . . . Tony Blue looking as fabulous as always . . . What do elephants do after making love??? They entwine their trunks and swish their tails . . . Mmmmmmm reminds me of quite a few numbers I know . . . Stopped by Gypsy's but too late to catch her act . . . But did catch Owen, his brother-in-law Walter and cutie pie Jeff Scott during their acts behind the bar . . . Also good to see Larry & Ronnie DeMann who is doing the hair styles for 'West Side' . . . Joe & Sal celebrated their 1st Anniversary July 23rd . . . Congrats kids . . . Belated birthday wishes to handsome Bob Crompton . . . Larry Stud now at Warehouse 51 . . . The adorable Kelly threw a surprise party for Jacqui Howe . . . My, my so many Cancerians in the bar business . . . Good looking host mgr. owner Paul of Danny's Bklyn Hgts got it altogether for the July Bar Awards . . . As usual I had to leave early but I had a most enjoyable time . . . Champagne and eating goodies created by Jerry were served . . . The efficient and pleasant staff were bartenders Kitty, Luke and Joey . . . Waiters . . . Walter . . . Bobby . . . Lee & Hawaiian Larry . . . Entertainment came in the form of the clever Tutti Fruitti Revue called Mad Spring . . . It was great fun . . . Pablo was the talented director and the other fun participants were Nicky . . . Manny . . . Richie . . . Michael . . . Richard . . . Lee . . . Phillip & Joey . . . Lighting by Gene and DJ Phillip . . . Plaques were awarded to the following for their earnest and hard working endeavours in making the festival the huge success it was . . . They are Rex Martin . . .

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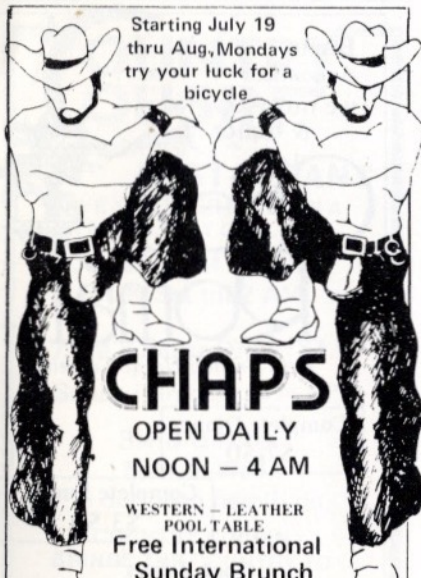


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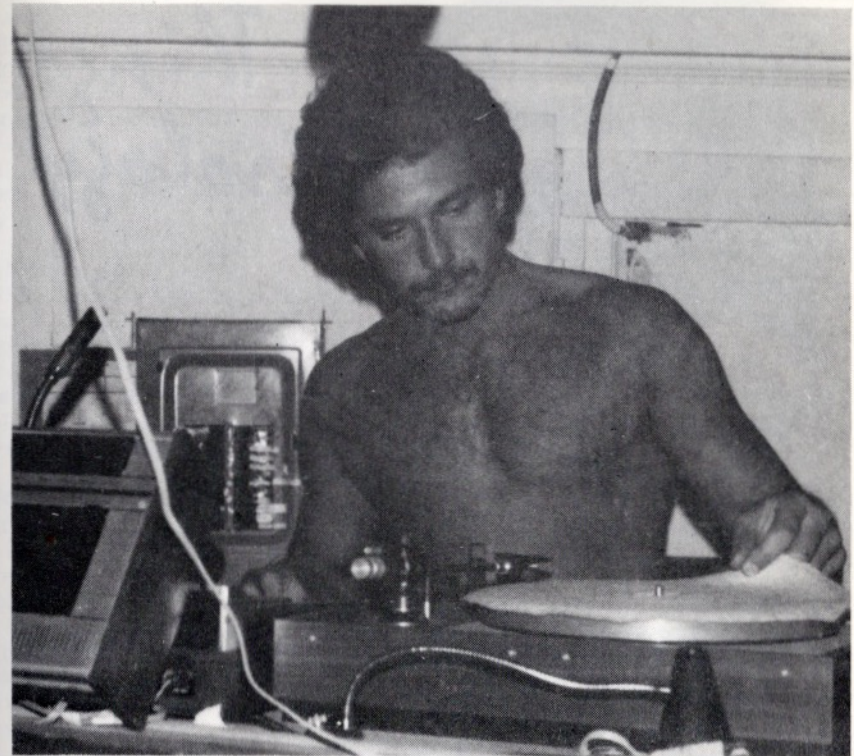


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and drop into Danny's, it's a friendly
bar and most relaxing . . . They have a
2nd floor for your disco dancing . . .
So by all means give it a go . . . Ted
Hook of the Backstage and Mickey, bar
bouncing on the upper East Side . . .
By the way the Backstage is now open
on Sundays . . . Oops I almost forgot
to give credit to Sascha pleasant
doorman of Danny's . . . And also on
Thurs. at 10 they show recent movies
. . . What a beauty is Larry DJ of the
Anvil and Peter Rabbit . . . And what a
hump is John bartender at Camp
David who is working the 12 noon
shift . . . And wasn't that "Bun"
Pritchard right there on his opening
day?? Mona's being run by the ever
popular Jan Wallman and Joey is once
again behind the bar . . . Drop on by
and say hi . . . Is it true that Sister
Lister got physical in the Pines and
pushed someone in the Brink???
Richard had to go all the way to
Miami to find amour (Ron) and the
sweet thing is actually from New York
. . . Next time take a shuttle . . . Peter
Rodriguez of Keller's had his apt.
ransacked and they got away with
\$100,000 worth of jewels . . . Listen
hon as long as you've got that huge
family jewel you needn't worry . . .
Alan Lozito & Brandy Alexander to be
in the B'dwy version of "Let My
People Come." . . . Had a fantastic
dinner at Chez Roman where Benito
really knows his stuff in the kitchen
. . . Our handsome waiter was Michael
and by the way they now do serve
wine . . . Give it a taste treat . . . It's in
the next block from Harry's Back East
. . . Is handsome playboy Paul
Munsinger of the Arch Diocese in
Queens shopping for a Big Apple
Spot??? The Gilded Grape has done it
again and it's Joe's twin brother Angel
who is a handsome hump minding the
door . . . Linda Loveface of the
Downtown Bar in PR has arrived into
Sin City to make it more fun and
glamorous . . . Kaye Ballard's
appearance at the Grand Finale was



Laymate Frankie DJ of the Arch Diocese, a bit of humpy heaven who can cause more to spin than just platters when he mans the turntable.

almost amusing . . . Arthur Segal was
on the ivories . . . Howie of Last Call
having very kissable lips . . . Tony of
Barefoot looking more gorgeous than
ever in his Floridian tan . . . Emil no
longer at Gas Pump but now at Bike
Stop East . . . John Wallowitch opened
for Gotham . . . Andy Garcia of the
diablo eyes also into writing music . . .
Gary Zarr spreading it around in "P"
Town . . . tsk tsk . . . Did you know
that one of those horse and buggys in
Central Park takes Master Charge . . .
Will those little hot dog stands with
the umbrellas be next?? Soon to be a
new roller derby league for New York
& Conn . . . John Paul Hudson &
Warren Wexler have written "Superstar
Murder" . . . The big question is "What
Happened to Good Queen Bess Her
Last Night At The Cosmopolitan
Baths" . . . Also there are a few
characters through out the book that
you just might recognize . . . It will be

in your book stores come August . . .
So get it and see what the mystery is
all about . . . Jim Ball in critical
condition in Atlantic City Medical
Center . . . Do hope by the time this
column comes out he will be on the
road to a healthy recovery . . . Chrysis
star of the Fantastic Fast, paced revue
"Pouff" seen dancing up a mild
tornado at the Gilded Grape . . .
Johnny V's has a handsome new
canopy and a handsome new waiter
called Donny . . . The next time your
thinking of dining out I suggest you
give Johnny V's a go . . . Good food . . .
drink . . . service and you can meet
wonder man Johnny V himself plus
Wonder woman Phyllis . . . LAYMATE
OF THE WEEK . . . Frankie DJ of the
Arch Diocese Woodside Queens . . .
That's about it but keep this in mind
. . . A man's ambition is mighty small
to write his name on a shit house wall
. . . Ta Ta with oodles of love . . .

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Things Astrology

JULY 27-AUGUST 2

ARIES(3/30-4/19)

Do not seek more love than you can give. Venus trines Neptune indicating romance. That is well and good, but don't get carried away by it. A time of glamour and thrills. Also popularity. Don't overindulge in food, drink or drugs.

TAURUS (4/19-5/20)

Where love is concerned, you seem to know what you don't want. Be positive and make a list of what you do want. An imaginative and intuitive time for you; exercise your powers. The Mercury-Venus conjunction sharpens your wit, charm and gift of hospitality. Avoid a tendency to be abrupt with a partner or close friend.

GEMINI (5/20-6/21)

Keep yourself in the company of cheerful friends. A home atmosphere

is satisfying to you now. You are very endearing if you don't overreach. Be warm and impulsive, your instincts are good. Don't be angry and don't exaggerate. This is a good cycle to establish some sort of permanence with someone who loves you very much. What are you waiting for, anyway.

CANCER (5/20-6/21)

Talk to someone who cheers you. Get away from your routine as much as possible. You can form a glamorous liaison with someone you meet through your work. A time of popularity, wit and social grace. Not a time for personal indulgence.

LEO (7/22-8/23)

Hard work on Tuesday will pay off; do what you must do without another thought. A party on Friday is indicated which might be boring but go anyway. You are highly susceptible to the charm of another, enjoy it as you are fairly powerless to resist this sort of thing right now. On Friday, remember: be silent.

VIRGO (8/22-9/22)

Venus sextiles Pluto: you can be hard to fool or mislead at this time. This lucidity can give you a decided advantage if you put it to good use. In addition, your wit and magnetism are peaking. If you have a romantic encounter, your impressions of this new person will most likely be correct.

LIBRA (9/22-10/23)

An acquaintance or friend could very easily be turned into a lover. You are also likely to be parted from your money very easily so watch it. Discontent will built up on Thursday. Fight it as you are fortunate to have the work.

SCORPIO (10/23-11/22)

Don't damage your career by being too eccentric as the Sun squares Uranus. A good time for apartment hunting or refurbishing the nest. Don't take unfair advantage of a friend by

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asking too great a favor. He'd probably grant it, but damage to the relationship would be done. Praise is the keyword for Saturday, your color pink. Yes, pink.

SAGITTARIUS (11/22-12/21)

A friendly relationship could take on a more romantic tone. You are quick and somewhat erratic this week. You may shock a friend or associate. Familiarity may breed surprise. Be prepared for the unexpected from a close friend. And be grateful for the help you are getting which you are taking completely for granted.

CAPRICORN (12/21-1/20)

You'll be tempted to get away from someone you love. Relax, don't fight so hard. Maturity is the keyword; don't let pressures cause you to react childishly now, especially not about love. On Thursday evening expect to have to live through a minor disappointment. Don't brood. Even if

you still love this person, don't give yourself an unnecessarily hard time about it.

AQUARIUS (1/20-2/19)

Good time to strengthen a bond, work out a problem, or cement a deal. Don't be rebellious at work, it will get you nowhere. If you buy things now, look for quality. If you fight a tendency to be lazy and indulgent, you'll be the winner.

PISCES (2/19-3/20)

Trouble could be encountered from bosses or co-workers. Your best creative talents aren't being fully used and appreciated and this causes a burden on you. Don't knock your head against a wall. Instead, look for a change or a way out. Watch your health as you are accident prone. Don't let your frustration prevent you from showing concern for those close to you.

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BIG SPENDER: 315 W. 48th St.

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BIKE STOP EAST: 381 3rd Ave.

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CASA PACO: 330 Bleecker

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