

LISTINGS

Compiled By
JON NEWLIN

ON NOW

AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON (*) — John Landis' rock-n-roll lycanthrope movie is — despite the director-writer's paranoid assertions that his film was plagiarized by the makers of "Altered States" and "The Howling" — simply too facetious to be frightening, too elaborately contrived to be very funny; the first 30 minutes are marvelous: two JYA-college-kids tossed out of a sinister public house in the Midlands (when they unwisely ask about the meaning of a pentagram scratched on the wall, only to be attacked, one fatally, by a wolfen lone on the briar-strewn, moonlit moors. The survivor wakes up in a London hospital, tormented by strange dreams (racing naked through the woods and disembowelling and devouring deer; his family slaughtered and their comfortably bourgeois Rye or Larchmont home incinerated by monsters with grease-guns while he watches helpless with a knife at his throat) and by a skeptical doctor, an overly attentive nurse who looks like a cockney Faye Dunaway and by Scotland Yard peopled who seem entirely-too-anxious to quash the whole matter. After this promising start, the picture goes quickly not to the lupines but the canines — although the transformation scene has some startling shots (giant closeup of hair follicles multiplying and cannonading forth from the skin) and the use of rock songs is clever ("Blue Moon" is delivered variously by Bobby Vinton, Sam Cooke and the Marceels for the full-moons, Van Morrison's "Moon-dance," Credence's "Bad Moon Rising"). With David Naughton in the title role, Jenny Agutter as the nurse, John Woodvine as the doctor, Griffin Dunne as the first fatality (Naughton's pal, who keeps showing up in progressively more serious and jocosely-colored stages of deterioration, like a Soutine version of E.C. Comics), Lila Kaye as the barmaid at the Slaughtered Lamb and as the big, tattooed number in the English porno film, an eye-catching young man named Gypsy Dave Cooper.

THE BLUE LAGOON (—) — Coming of age, if not in Samoa, then in some unspecified island paradise from the once-famous 1909 novel by Henry de Vere Stacpoole (author as well of "The Pools of Silence," "The Reef of Stars," "The Ship of Coral," "Men, Women and Beasts" and two volumes of autobiography, "Men, and Mice" and "More Men and Mice," and biographies of Sappho and Francois Villon) in which there is plenty of goons-a-goons, hubbe-hubba and frontal nudity from the two teenage stars who find themselves interested in Topic A after being marooned for the longest time. Christopher Atkins has a nice honey-colored tan and swims and sails well and Brooke Shields used a 32-year-old stand-in for her nude scenes. Those are the salient points of interest —

the film seems designed, as John Simon remarked of the Zeffirelli "Romeo and Juliet," "for young girls and pederasts." Directed by Randal Kleiser.

BLOW-OUT (***) — Standard Brian De Palma gimcrackery about the put-up assassination of a Presidential front-runner and the unraveling of the tortuous plot to make it look like an accident by a conscience-ridden sound-effects man with the sonic equivalent of the Sprudler film; there is, within the alternately murky and show-offish mise-en-scene of the picture, a very good performance by an almost-portly John Travolta (who looks disconcertingly like Jerry Lewis at moments), but most of what transpires is De Palma utilizing his by-now-familiar devices (the shower scene, her played for uneasy laughs; the blood spattering — here suggested by raindrops on fish-market doors, emergency room entrances and motel-room windows illuminated by red neon or flashing lights; the 1080-degree pans and high overhead angles; Nancy Allen in lingerie and with a Helen Kane voice as an amoral chippie who works at the makeup counter at Korvette's; the trapped-in-a-recurring-nightmare ending) — and what is so startling is that Pauline Kael who quite simply says "it's a great film" would scold Hitchcock or Clouzot or Polanski or any minor genre director till the cows come home for even thinking of some of the scenes here. With John Lithgow as the officious-faceless villain.

BODY HEAT (N.R.) — A film directed by Lawrence Kasdan (who worked on the script of "The Empire Strikes Back" and that of "Raiders of the Lost Ark") described as — as perforce its title indicates — a sexy-steamy latter-day film noir, complete with Wagnerian-physiognomic bombshell William Hurt and Kathleen Turner as a femme fatale — of the sort Yvonne De Carlo played in "Criss Cross" and Elizabeth Scott in "Pitfall" and by Joan Bennett in "Scarlet Street" and "The Woman In The Window" of happy memory. Recent attempts to revive the noir genre (which has become almost stupefying in its critical respectability) over the past decade have been failures, save for oddball works like Altman's "The Long Goodbye."

DEADLY BLESSING (N.R.) — Something about evil Amish or Mennonite sect-members terrorizing those who defy their hex signs by putting snakes in bath-tubs and spiders in boudoir closets and making young women look at Ernest Borgnine and Michael Berryman — lurid prospects all of them; directed by Wes Craven; with Maren Jensen, Jeff East, Doug Barr, Susan Buckner, Sharon Stone and Lois Nettleton.

ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK (*) — John Carpenter's handsomely-filmed but sluggish fantasy in which New York, circa 1997, has been turned into a virtual Court Of Miracles, a high-Tech Beggar's-Opera in which the criminal element runs riot behind high walls and mined bridges with Manhattan as an oversized Alcatraz; the

President's plane crashes there, a famous criminal (Kurt Russell, a high mark in screen pulchritude this year with muscles and buccaneer's eyepatch and giant tattooed snake on his belly, hissing in a monotone) is dispatched (with toxic capsules slowly dissolving in his veins) to bring the Chief Executive back, in a game of lethal Beat The Clock. It sounds much better than it ultimately plays — although there is a funny scene in a bombed-out Chock Full O'Nuts in which Russell is approached by a punkette crime-groupie who is quickly pulled through the floor to be mauled by nocturnal prowling "crazies" (like the villains in "Superman II," this scene indicates that perhaps Hollywood is catching on, late as always, to the punk aesthetic) — and nothing much happens and what does happen happens in night-shaded panoramas so dark you can barely make anything out. Along with Kurt Russell's muscles and a snide use of the old American Bandstand theme-music, the best thing in the picture is Isaac Hayes' car (he is the criminal "Duke" of the city) whose headlights are lit with gaudy budget-lighting-fixture-shop chandeliers as the car glides silently through the deserted streets. With Donald Pleasance as the self-sancimonious President, Harry Dean Stanton as Hayes' "mastermind" yes-man who has a working oil-well in part of the 42nd Street Library, Adrienne Barbeau as Stanton's moll, Borgnine as the old cabbie, Season Hubley as the Crime-groupie, Lee

Continued on Page 27



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Continued from Page 26

Van Cleef as the Chief of Police; the picture, incidentally, was mostly shot in St. Louis.

AN EYE FOR AN EYE (N.R.) — Chuck Norris who, many long years ago (those with a taste for such entertainments may recall), was turned into tournedos — hold the Alcator and Financiere sauces, please! — by the late Bruce Lee in "Return of the Dragon" (believe it happened in the Colosseum in Rome) has become big box office in these martial arts epics. He's not as handsome as Joe Lewis, but his pictures do better and usually have to do with him using all the mysterious and inscrutable self-defense skills of the Orient against hooded secret societies headed by arch-villains, etc. etc.

FIRST MONDAY IN OCTOBER (*) — An amiable, lazily acted (by Walter Matthau) and directed (by Ronald Neame) comedy of war-between-the-sexes, derived from a highly popular play by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee (who have previously dealt with the Scopes Trial and Max Beer-bohm) which originally starred Bess Meyer-son and Henry Fonda — it was Fonda, reputedly, who suggested the casting of Matthau; Matthau is Justice Stone, the great liberal dissenter on the Supreme Court Bench (against sinister international oil cartels and censorship, etc.) and Jill Clayburgh as the new appointee, Justice Loomis, an eloquent California conservative — presumably the picture was rushed out while Sandra O'Connor's name is still in the headlines, although Clayburgh's character also evokes Shirley Hufstедler who also served on the Ninth Circuit Court Of Appeals. They battle and skirmish and it really appears that the Chief Justice is more referee than jurist, and of course end up liking each other very much. Clayburgh with her tired-Jewish-princess-whine of a voice seems almost as miscast as she was as a dramatic soprano in Bertolucci's "La Luna," but there she was so outrageously miscast that it almost worked; Matthau has stature even with material like this — he no longer really has to say anything funny or pull a face, which latter may be an impossibility for him, to be funny — it is all in posture and inflection by now. The picture has too much stirringly pompous music and too little of the actual Court-in-Action: there are laughs here but they are extremely mild and the attention wanders and one thinks what the combustible combination of Hepburn and Tracy and Cukor and Kanin and Gordon might have done with the Highest Court In The Land. With Jan Sterling as Matthau's long-suffering wife

(she scared a generation when as a doomed passenger in "The High and the Mighty," she removed her makeup to lighten the plane's load), Bernard Hughes as the Chief Justice, James Stephens.

HEAVY METAL (*) — A yat-boy's dream-movie: half a dozen nonsensical vignettes, animated in various styles, accompanied by rock music of tympanum-bursting-volume (Blue Oyster Cult, et alia); the stories, drawn from the eponymous magazine, the film may be safely commended to those who think Frank Frazetta is a great artist and those who think Robert E. Howard a master of deathless prose — it is filled with pulp violence, two-bit "ledgerdemain," uncannily buxom valkyrie-types (but scantier in their apparel) bursting out of their clothing and acting vengeful. Enough to make Ralph Bakshi seem gifted; directed by Ivan Reitman.

HONKY-TONK FREEWAY (N.R.) — Presumably it wasn't God who made them, either; this film by John Schlesinger — involving colossal traffic routes and their victims, treated in portmanteau style — seems a curious choice for the director of "Darling," "Far From The Madding Crowd," "Sunday Bloody Sunday" or even "Day of the Locust" — although the first and last of these works are hardly showcases of restraint, still what would the relatively-urbane Schlesinger be doing in what is normally Burt Reynolds and Hal Needham country? The cast seems assembled in an almost recklessly perverse fashion: Beau Bridges, William Devane, Beverly D'Angelo, Jume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy, Teri Garr, Geraldine Page, Paul Jabara, Joe Grifasi, George Dzundza, Howard Hesseman.

THE NESTING (N.R.) — A writer of Gothic novels, who happens to suffer from agoraphobia (more widespread today than ever, we are told), rents an old Victorian house, just to get away from it all, except that the house is identical to one on the jacket of one of her novels; when the old man from whom she is renting a house takes a look at her, he has a stroke on the spot. Well, that's just the beginning — she starts to have strange dreams wherein she sees Gloria Grahame, and even worse things happen — or could they? Directed and written by Armand Weston; with Robin Groves as the young woman, John Carradine as the old duffer, Michael David Lally as his grandson, David Tabor as an evil farmer, Christopher Loomis, Bill Rowley.

ON THE RIGHT TRACK (N.R.) — Perhaps the most obnoxious child in television makes it to moving pictures — "He's

the World's Richest Orphan!" trumpets the poster — and his presence alone is a sure guarantee of teeth-grashing, directed by Lee Philips, with Maureen Stapleton (who once confessed to Arthur Bell that she, even now, never missed a Vera Hruba Ralston movie), Michael Lembeck, Norman Fell.

ONLY WHEN I LAUGH (N.R.) — A new film from a script by the all-too-prolific Neil Simon, former play-doctor and gag-writer who parlayed these modest skills into untold millions of dollars and an undeserved reputation as the foremost popular comic dramatist of our time. With Marsha Mason, James Coco and the finally-grown Kristy McNichol.

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (*** — The Steven Spielberg-George Lucas epic confection in which a surfeit of explosive thrills leads ultimately to ennui; a very tall order of cotton candy. Competent, airless, polished junk with special effects as (intentionally?) dismal in spots as the Republic or P.R.C. serials it studiously apes (giant boulders, melting faces) but the tarantulas and asps are pleasant, there is a good knockdown fight in a dive in Nepal (sounds like part of a Noel Coward lyric) and a high-angle shot of a dead monkey, a Turkey carpet, bits of furniture and a ceiling fan that is great, jarring surrealist still-life. No one, so far as we know, has taken the trouble to point out that the inspiration for all of this clearly came from that apocryphal-for-absurdist, Pauwels and Bergier's "The Morning of the Magicians," which dwells in great detail upon the occult propensities of high-ranking Nazis and speculates at length on the real nature of the Hebrew Ark of the Covenant (primitive dry-cell or nuclear device? etc.), nor has anyone pointed out the trip-to-X-anadu-in-reverse diminishing-returns cynicism of the ending. This film is also promised as the first of a lengthy series, like Mr. Lucas' other project, the Star Wars Cycle; with Harrison Ford, Karen Allen as the hoydenish heroine with great alcoholic-capacities, Paul Freeman as the villainous Bellog, John Rhys-Davies as the resourceful Egyptian, Denholm Elliott — none of them especially memorable.

SATURDAY THE FOURTEENTH (N.R.) — Like the dismal "Student Bodies" (reputedly directed by Michael Ritchie in a playful mood but wisely not signed by him) which has already departed, this film is a burlesque of horror conventions, very broadly done — Horror always treads a thin line between parody and repulsion because it calls for the ultimate in suspension of disbelief (1950s horror films are often fun-

ny, especially when picked apart on a psychological level, egs. the homoerotic content in Herbert L. Strock's cheapies, or the remarkable sense of alienation in the Jack Arnold pictures for Universal; 1940s horror films are rarely funny but often bad but the wisest of all were the makers of 1930s films — men like James Whale in "The Old Dark House" and "The Bride of Frankenstein," or Tod Browning in "Devil Doll" and "Mark of the Vampire," or such minor amusements as Benjamin Stoloff's 1933 "Night of Terror" in which the maniacal derelict returns to life at the fadeout to warn the audience that if they give anything about the movie away he'll surprise them in their beds and slit their throats, followed by the standard greasy chuckle — these men realized that one could provide a knowing parody of the genre and still be frightening! This film, despite the title's reference to that absurd holiday-for-mass-murderers, "Friday the 13th," is more at the level of the old Munsters TV show, but without Yvonne De Carlo's henna job and taped-in bodice and Al Lewis as the saliently Jewish grandpa vampire; the argument is standard trapped-in-the-old-dark-house. With Richard Benjamin and the distressingly talented Paula Prentiss — distressing because she so rarely appears in decent films.

SUPERMAN II (*** — Richard Lester's sequel to the often genuinely charming first "Superman" outclasses both its predecessor and things like "Raiders of the Lost Ark," which do not after all deal with people but with ganglia-popping; by now everyone will know that Lois realizes who Clark Kent really is and that in the interest of romance, Superman abrogates his powers (something like Kim Novak losing her necromantic powers in "Bell, Book and Candle" for mere romantic ones, and that cat would never speak to her either) but regains them in time to foil the Kryptonian villains. Business as usual, of course, but so damned likable that the cliches seem to glow. With Christopher Reeve (a bit more mannered this time, could be that Lester touch), the poisonous Margot Kidder (although Reeve plays well against her and helps cut down the acidic content of her mere presence), Terence Stamp, Sarah Douglas and Jack O'Halloran as the non-camp (this time) villains, Gene Hackman, Jackie Cooper, script by David and Leslie Newman.

TARZAN THE APEMAN (*) — An idiotically sycophantic bit of calendar art: Bo Derek is the constantly-disrobing center of this vacuous vortex where both the

Continued on Page on Page 29

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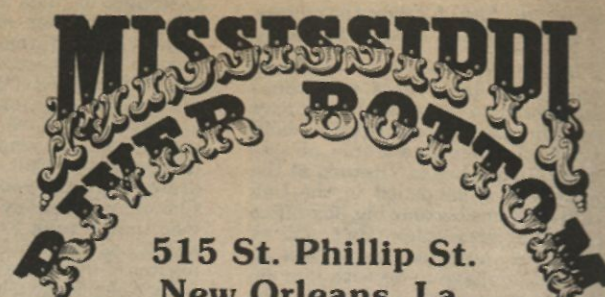
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Continued from Page 27

animals and other actors attend her like a retinue and what little that happens in this dead-air-pocket is an excuse for her to be forced into clay-baths by cannibals, have her clothes transparently soaked while wrestling with snakes, wear lace-fronted Edwardian gowns of anachronistic immodesty, stop the picture for bathing scenes and distended posing sessions; as an actress, Ma. Derek simps — especially in the should-be-despising Cupid-and-Psyché antics where she leeringly paws the sleeping-conked-out Tarzan (reaction shots of grinning monkeys, isolated shots of Tarzan's crotch, torso, Mrs. Derek telling Tarzan "Do you know you're more beautiful than any girl I've ever seen?" "I don't know whether to laugh or cry," etc.). With John Pilp Law as the worshipping-from-a-far expedition photographer, Miles O'Keeffe as the silent, dumb and muscled Tarzan (he looks something like a streamlined and more hatchet-faced Kerry Von Erick) and Richard Harris as Mrs. Derek's degenerate-madcap explorer father who is forever shouting "Make camp!" and John Derek, the director, takes him quite literally. Not even laughable.

UNDER THE RAINBOW (N.R.) — What looks like a remarkably strained and labored farce about the importation of the Singer Midget Troupe to Hollywood to film the Munchkin scenes in "The Wizard of Oz" at MGM in 1939; with Chevy Chase and Carrie Fisher as some of the larger performers, and Billy Barty and virtually every short performer, you can think of, even Billy Barty. Whether or not set conditions were quite as hilarious as conjectured, the Singer Midgets were the most remarkable troupe of their kind at the time: "The name Singer has become a synonym for midget. Each is a complement of the other. When Americans think Singer, they invariably think midget, and conversely. Night club wisecrackers, vaudeville performers, newspaper columnists, radio announcers, in seeking to evoke mental pictures of minuteness invariably couple the words Singer and midget. Once engaged by Singer, the mechanics of living are taken pretty much out of the midget's hands. They have no financial worries. Their meals are bought for them. Their clothes are paid for. All traveling and hotel expenses are beyond their concern. Spending money even is provided for tobacco, drinks, all the endless small needs of every day. Gifts of jewelry, fur coats, knickknacks — virtually everything has to be made to their order — are frequently bestowed on

them..." — "It's A Small World" by Walter Bodin and Burent Hershey, 1934.

PLAYS

BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE — Minacapelli's Dinner Theatre, Slidell, 524-7455; through Sept. 19. Leonard Gershe (his peak achievement was the assembling, and presumably the direction, of the famous "Born In A Trunk" number from the Garland "Star Is Born") wrote this somewhat soggy play about a young man and his perfectly awful character of a mother and the young woman who Understands; with Lois Crandell as Mama, Fearn Carter as the girl. Reservations; performances are at 8:30 on Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays preceded by supper served two hours prior to curtain time. The Sunday matinee at 2:30 is preceded by luncheon 90 minutes before the curtain rises.

THE LITTLE FOXES — Saenger Performing Arts Center, 524-0876; Sept. 8 through 20. Lillian Hellman's flagrantly overrated play about a venal family of Southern robber barons, the Giddens clan, led by the malign, ultimately self-destructive Regina Giddens, originally produced in 1939, the play — highly actable if chunky — provided great roles for Tallulah Bankhead, Patricia Collinge and Dan Duryea, and was — two years later — the basis for an equally overrated film in which Bette Davis aped Bankhead's mannerisms almost as ferociously as she did later for fun in "All About Eve." Hellman — a pseudo-sincere craftsman who writes well-constructed diatribes full of clay-pigeons, just as Mary McCarthy once remarked (Hellman tried to sue McCarthy over "libelous" but accurate critical judgements recently — did so well with this play that she dusted off the characters several years later for "Another Part of the Forest" which shows Regina and other Giddenses at earlier ages and demonstrates How They Got That Way. This new production, directed by Austin Pendleton (who starred in Mike Nichols' Lincoln Center revival of well over a decade ago), has a stellar cast: Elizabeth Taylor as Regina (the critic in The Nation, in a perfectly excoriating review, made fun of Miss Taylor's claqué who greeted her mere entrance with "an a priori bravo"), Maureen Stapleton as the haunted, pitiful Birdie, Robert Lansing as Benjamin, J.D. Cannon as Horace, Nicolas Coster as Oscar and William Youmans as young Leo. Tickets are expensive and no doubt will be

difficult to come by; call the Saenger for performance times.

NIGHT TIME NAUGHTIES — Beverly Dinner Theatre, 217 Labarre Rd., 837-4022; through Sept. 13. A re-vamped, as well as re-sheik'd-and-sheba'd version of that Palmisano-Graham classic of the local-but-lewd-naughty-but-nice, which includes among a host (in the bacteriological sense) of other double, triple and sextuple entendre numbers, that blowtorch of platinum glamour Becky Allen wailing and squealing "Please Don't Put My Boop-Boop-A-Doop In Jail" (which one local critic, who should certainly know as he used to date Helen Kane when both of them were glamorous young coeds, said was the Best Thing In The Show); with Jerry Clark, Kim Michiel, Miss Allen, Kelly Britt, former night-watchman at the Musée Conti Kenny Wesson, Jeannie Ann Howell, Noel Flynn, darling Flo Presti, Tip Kelley and Allen Jared. Choreographed and directed by Jack Payne, costumes designed and executed (shot at sunrise?) by Mr. Frank Bennett at the Mighty SingerMatic. Tickets include the nightly supper served two hours prior to curtain; the Sunday matinee has a noon buffet and a 1:45 curtain, and there is also a matinee on the third Wednesday of each run. Reservations.

ONE MO' TIME — Toulouse Street Theatre, 615 Toulouse Street, 522-7852. The witty and inventive revue devised by Vernel Bagneris recreating one Saturday night during the late 1920s at the old Lyric Theatre; reservations essential, either by phone or by those applying for them in person at the theatre's box office. The performances are at 8:30 on Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays and Thursdays; at 9:30 on Fridays and Saturdays. James Booker, on several nights, ordinarily plays the piano extraordinarily before and after the performance.

PETER PAN — Saenger Performing Arts Center, 524-0876; Aug. 12 through Sept. 5. James M. Barrie loved little boys (consuming, it appears, despite his great admiration for Gaby Deslys — cf. Andrew Birkin's "James M. Barrie and the Lost Boys" for the scintillating details) and in his 1904 play, which has become his most famous, he let it all show: Peter Pan is a sylph-like creature with levitational abilities, who won't — absolutely refuses to — grow up and is charming about it instead of irritatingly petulant about it, and manages to seduce the three children of the Darling Family into accompanying him to Never Never Land (the creepy note in Barrie — the forlorn ghost in "Mary Rose," probably

his finest play, and the lacy enigma of "Shall We Join The Ladies?" — is here also: Peter first appears looking for his shadows like Peter Schlemihl; the irony of course is that Barrie's great vehicle for a boy actor has always been the province of actresses like Maude Adams and Betty Bronson and Marilyn Miller and Mary Martin. Sandy Duncan, who has played the role nearly 900 times, is Peter here; Christopher Hewett (who unsuccessfully wooed Polly Bergen in "First Impressions" quite memorably — in the duet "Fragrant Flower") is Captain Hook; with Marsha Karner as Wendy, Matt McGrath and Johnny Morgal as the Darling boys, Robin Cleaver as Tiger Lily, James Cook as the nursemaid hound Nana, Adrienne Angel as Mrs. Darling and Oscar Stokes as Smee. Rob Iscove directed; the music is by Mark Charlap with lyrics by Carolyn Leigh and additional songs by Comden and Green and Jule Styne. By reservation; information and performance schedule from the Saenger's box office.

PIPPIN — Le Petit Theatre, 616 St. Peter, 522-2081; Sept. 11 through 26. Stephen Schwartz's musical which is about not apples, as you might suppose, but instead about that member of the Carolingian Dynasty who inspired the nursery-rhyme, "Little King Pippin, he built a fine hall, Pie-crust and pastry-crust that was the wall. The windows were made of black pudding and white, And slated with pancakes, you ne'er saw the like." Directed of course by Stocker Fontelieu. Performances at 8:30, Sunday matinees at 2:30, Sunday evening performances at 7:30; nothing on Mondays or Tuesdays. Le Petit operates by season subscription only; this is the first production of their season. A limited number of admissions to performances are available to out-of-town guests.

MUSIC

BLUE ROOM — In the Fairmont Hotel, 529-4722. Through Sept. 9. Johnnie Ray a.k.a. The Little White Cloud That Cried. Sept. 10 through 23, Connie Stevens. The cover charge will probably hover somewhere in the area of \$15 to \$17 for these performers; reservations, of course, and dancing before and after to Bill Clifford's Orchestra. Performances at 9 and 11 nightly, save Sundays when the room is very dark blue.

BURT BACHARACH; CAROLE BAYER SAGER — Sept. 2 at 7:30 and 10, Theatre for the Performing Arts. Tickets from all TicketMaster outlets.

Continued on Page 30

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Continued from Page 29

GALLAGHER — Sept. 13 at 8, McAlister Auditorium, Tulane campus. Tickets from all TicketMaster outlets.

THE GAZEBO — In the French Market, between St. Phillip and Ursulines. The Boys From Storyville.

MAPLE LEAF BAR — 8316 Oak, 866-9359. Music every night: Mondays: Kurt Kasson at 9:30; Tuesdays: James Booker at 10; Wednesdays: The New Orleans Repertory Jazz Ensemble at 8:30; Thursdays: Bourne at 9:30; Sundays: John Rankin at 9:30. Fridays and Saturdays are variable. Sept. 4, the Radiators. Sept. 5, the Earl Turbinton Quintet. Sept. 11, Exuma. Sept. 12, Kurt Kasson and the Guerilla Sisters. Sept. 18, Mr. Kasson and those Sisters again. Sept. 19, the Radiators. Sept. 25 and 26, Beausoleil.

NEW ORLEANS BALLET COMPANY — September 30 at 8, Theatre for the Performing Arts. The company's fall performance; information on admission, guest stars and repertoire from the New Orleans Ballet's office at 895-2439.

NEW ORLEANS PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA — In concert at the Theatre for the Performing Arts; Philippe Entremont conducts both of the season's opening performances, the first on Sept. 15 and 16 (Mozart, Richard Strauss) and the second on Sept. 22 and 23 (an all-Beethoven program in which Entremont is also piano soloist). There are both full-season and split-season (8 of the 16 concerts) tickets, as well as individual concert tickets. Prices for the full season range from \$50 to \$220; for the split-season the range is from \$30 to \$115. Information from the offices of the Symphony at 524-0404.

OLD ABSINTHE BAR — 400 Bourbon, 561-9321. Sept. 1 through 6, Exuma. Sept. 7, Caliente. Sept. 8, the New Jazz Quintet. Sept. 9 through 12, L'il Queenie (the redheaded cat pathologist citywide are talking about) and her band of renown, les Perculators. Sept. 13, the New Jazz Quintet. Sept. 14, Caliente. Sept. 17 through 19, The Creators. Sept. 20, the New Jazz Quintet. Sept. 23 through 26, L'il Junior One Hand and the Cold Cuts. Sept. 27, the New Jazz Quintet. Sept. 28, Caliente. Sept. 30, Aubry Inc. Spencer Bohren plays an early set of field-hollers and diverse other esoterica from 3 until 6 on Saturdays and Sundays.

STEAMER PRESIDENT — Canal Street Dock, 586-8777. Sept. 6, Rick Nelson and the Stone Canyon Band; Sept. 26, Chuck

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O.B. SUAVE'S — 2024 Belle Chasse Highway, 392-5151. Sept. 2, Interpol. Sept. 4 and 5, Halifax (without Nova Scotia). Sept. 10 through 12, Aura. Sept. 16, Dark Star. Sept. 17 and 18, Hylinx. Sept. 19, Oz. Sept. 22 and 23, Toyz. Sept. 24, The Look. Sept. 25 and 26, Persia.

TYLER'S — 5234 Magazine, 891-4989. Thursdays: David Torkanowsky, Jim Singleton, Fred Kemp, Herlin Riley and Friends. Sundays: A Taste of New Orleans (David Torkanowsky, George Porter and David Lastie). Mondays: George Frenchy and David Torkanowsky. Ann Bunchy, Leslie Smith and David Torkanowsky.

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CHINATOWN (**)** — Exquisitely over-designed in the manner of a giant calcified and candied pastry decoration (to be admired, but not eaten), this demographic horror movie is Roman Polanski's best. Reputedly based on the actual land-grab swindle of the 1930s that led to the development of the San Fernando Valley in Los Angeles; wonderfully slick and mysterious and almost impudently cathartic. With Jack Nicholson as the angst-ridden private dick — a gallant vulgarian, Faye Dunaway as the anxiously, glamorously suffering mystery woman Evelyn Mulwray (she may be the best single thing in a very fine movie), John Huston in a role he was born to play, Perry Lopez as Nicholson's former cop partner, Diane Ladd as Ida Sessions, John Hillerman as the man at the water-board and a variety of nice bit actors — especially the prissy, irritable clerk in the archives of the Recorder of Mortgages. September 23 and 24.

FOOTLIGHT PARADE (*)** — An absolute pearl: James Cagney and an assembly-line-tag-line are furiously concocting live "prologues" for motion-picture houses in the depths of the Depression; he

also searches for his Shanghai Lil, which vouchsafes us a glimpse of a Warner's opium-den-cum-cathouse drenched in Malayan madness and women of all nations, chorines turning into We Do Our Part N.R.A. eagles at the end of the number, etc., etc. There is also some good powder-room from Joan Blondell as Cagney's devoted and long-suffering secretary and Claire Dodd as a snooty mannequin (she is seen at one point poring over a volume on the Slave Trade) — when Dodd finally gets the boot and wonders where she'll get another job, Blondell tells her, "Don't worry, sister, as long as there's sidewalks you've got a job." (La Dodd, Cagney notes in his autobiography, was the tallest dame he ever worked with — he had to stand on a crate during their vertical encounters.) Cagney is glorious but in musicals he can often wear out the unwary. Nominally directed by Lloyd Bacon, although the bulk of the movie is made up of Busby Berkeley's Palladian use of female flesh; photographed by George Barnes, an old hand with female flesh himself. With Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Frank McHugh, Guy Kibbee, Ruth Donnelly, Hugh Herbert as well as Billy Barty as that lewd dwarf and Herman Bing discussing songs about cats in his Katzenjammer-Kids German accent, "Catzzz onnnn parrrrr-ade." September 16 and 17.

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935 (**)** — This Busby Berkeley curio alternates, ingratiatingly, between Berkeley at his most surrealistically rhapsodic and the hard-boiled socialists-and-dizzy-millionaires-Brothers-comedy style of the period. There are two great reasons for seeing this deceptively intoxicating cocktail of chorines, horse-shoe taps and geometrical production numbers: the lengthy, terrifying "Lullaby of Broadway" number which is Berkeley at his most opulent and ogreish — with Wini Shaw's face materializing in and out of the ether, the Fascist-guard of the dancing staff of the penthouse night-club and their sinister moves as they force a spoiled playgirl to plunge to her death, the bottle of milk, morning paper and mewling kitten outside the apartment door that she will never again open, all of it deservedly classic; and Glenda Farrell's parting remark to hebephrenic millionaire and authority-on-snuff-boxes Hugh Herbert (a treasure in the film), "See ya in the tabloids, Moseley!" With Dick Powell as the poor young man, Gloria Stuart as the

rich young girl, Alice Brady as the society mama, Frank McHugh, Adolphe Menjou as the temperamental director, Joseph Cawthorn, Dorothy Dare. September 16 and 17.

I AM A CAMERA (**)** — Christopher Isherwood's sinister-satirical Berlin stories, in which the German capital on the eve of the Nazis resembles a cesspool of particularly iridescent moonlight — this is the popular view of Berlin before the storm: all Marlene Dietrich in fishnet hose and top-hats, George Grosz drawings come to life (fat, frowsy prostitutes being chased around by dispossessed old Junker barons), naughtily sardonic songs being delivered in sprechstimme, Kurt Weill tangos filling the air, a combination of Dadaist rout and an old stag reel. John Van Druten's 1932 play from Isherwood's stories translates peculiarly to film (even with devilishly witty John Collier writing the script) because, as Sally bowles, Julie Harris brings too much pathos to her role even with bobbed hair and long nails and baton-like cigarette holder — you still keep thinking of Frankie in "Member of the Wedding." Henry Cornelius, more at home in the genteel school of English comedy, directed; Laurence Harvey is the platonically-minded young man, Anton Diffring the German nobleman, Shelley Winters, Ron Randall. September 2 and 3.

ROSEMARY'S BABY (**)** — I will always treasure the Village Voice's one-line capsule review of this picture when it appeared: "Mia Farrow gets screwed by the Devil in the Dakota." This 1968 film, from Ira Levin's harmless and amazingly popular junk-entertainment, is far too long and stylized for its own good, ultimately — the photography and look of the film are the spaceless, woozy pastels of an overdecorated child's nursery — and if careers were ultimately built on camera angles and movements, Roman Polanski might be reckoned a great director on the basis of this film alone (rather than on the basis of his authentic masterpiece, "Chinatown," and on the stylistic seductiveness of minor works like "Knife in the Water" or "The Fearless Vampire Killers"). But he has insisted on directing many of the actors far too broadly — particularly Ruth Gordon as the head-hag of a rather geriatric coven, as well as Ralph Bellamy as the duplicitous gynecologist, Patsy Kelly, Elisha Cook Jr., Hope Summers and Emaline Henry. Mia Farrow is suitably

Continued on Page 31

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Continued from Page 30

spooked as the damsel-in-distress, but the best performances are those of John Cassavetes as her husband, Sidney Blackmer (peerless with pear-shaped-tones) as Gordon's husband and Angela Dorian as the young woman who is the first object of the diabolist's interest and is then mercilessly discarded by him. Considering the flood of trash that proliferated after this film — The Exorcist and its hellspawn, Beyond-The-Doors and Devils-Within-Her and the rest of it, this is a surprisingly restrained and skillful work. September 23 and 24.

STAY AS YOU ARE (N.R.) — An Italian version of Is-You-Is-Or-Is-You-Ain't-My-Baby: Marcello Mastroianni is a middle-aged landscape architect with a young mistress (Nastassia Kinski) who may or may not be his daughter by a former mistress, a thought which torments his good basically bourgeois-Catholic conscience but doesn't bother Young Miss in the slightest and si la jeunesse savait, etc. Directed by Alberto Lattuada, a mildly interesting director who after an early neo-realist period became a Cinecittà hack and cranked out star vehicles, aside from one curious anomalous masterpiece, the incredibly morbid "Mafioso," which is unfortunately rarely reviewed. With Francisco Rabal, Monica Rabal, Giuliana Calandra. Sept. 4 through 10.

SUNSET BOULEVARD (**)** — Billy Wilder's 1950 classic (let's get personal opinion out of the way immediately and let me say that I really don't like it very much) about the cacophonous and ultimately murderous clash between Old Hollywood with its Oriental grandeur and voluptuous narcissism and New Hollywood with its craven producers and agents; a down-on-his-luck studio hack writer, trying to dodge two finance men, turns into a convenient driveway and into a world as remote as Ptolemaic Egypt or the inner Forbidden City of Peking; a decrepit mansehandienda inhabited by the sociopathic former siren Norma Desmond and her butler-cum-discoverer-director-first-husband Max Von Mayerling. Miss Desmond thinks the writer is a man from a mortuary, for she is preparing to bury her pet chimpanzee in almost royal state. When she discovers that he is a screenwriter, she denounces the coming of sound (which ruined her) — "They had the eyes of the world upon them, but oh no, that wasn't good enough, they had to have the ears, too, so they opened up their mouths and out came Talk! Talk! Talk!" As the ghostly inhabitants of this twilight world, Gloria Swanson (in a decidedly self-referential caricature of her own persona) and Erich Von Stroheim (one of the silent screen's greatest directors and always a distinguished actor) are more vibrant than the pallid creatures of the new Hollywood — even William Holden, the cynical script-writer who becomes first Swanson's live-in-gigolo and then a corpse in her swimming pool. With Nancy Olson as Betty the nice-plain-Jane studio reader, Fred Clark as the producer Sheldrake, Jack Webb (smiling a great deal) as Artie, and as themselves — Buster Keaton, H.B. Warner and Anna Q. Nilsson as the bridge-playing waxworks, Cecil B. De Mille, Hedda Hopper and at the crowded New Year's Eve party, Ray Evans and Jerry Livingston playing a burlesque of their hit of the day, "Buttons and Bows." The splendid poetic-sombre photography is by John Seitz, the memorable music by Franz Waxman, the sets by that old hand Hans Dreier and Sam Comer, John Meehan and Ray Moyer. September 13 and 14.

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ALTERED STATES (**)** — Ken Russell's latest folly has been to essay a script by Paddy Chayefsky about an obsessive scientist (reputedly suggested by Dr. John Lilly) trying to reach farther back into consciousness than anyone else has dared to go, or would comprehend if they did, to the first memory, to the source of life itself using (in the hallowed precincts of the basement of the Harvard Medical School) various unorthodox techniques — an isolation tank filled with warm salt-water, an untested ceremonial hallucinogenic picked up from some shifty-looking Mexican Indians, Janovian screams, a persistent belief that "schizophrenia" is simply an alternate and legitimate state of consciousness, etc. The special-effects men run amok and Paddy Chayefsky's script blitzes the audience with giant wet-towel floggings of jargon alternating with platitudes: some of the effects are, grudgingly, good — especially the big horror scene with the primal soup swirling around in a tank while pre-Olduvai Gorge howls and shrieks bend pipes and shatter computer screens (paging Dr. Leakey!) and the Marvel Comics confrontation between a doughy man of clay and a woman of varicose flame at the end; the ape-man, played by an almost unbearably agile creature named (I believe) Michel Godreau, is also a treat raging through Cambridge frightening dogs and stampeding and devouring zoo animals.

With William Hurt (who reminds us, but not John Desplas, of Jeff Bridges) as the Modern Prometheus, the appalling Blair Brown as his wife, Bob Balaban as the colleague at the computer screen. A mess, but mildly entertaining in spots. September 8.

AN AMERICAN IN PARIS (**)** — Neither major Minnelli nor Gene Kelly (their major collaboration remains that ham-steak-as-object-d'art, "The Pirate," one of the gaudiest and most sexual of musicals), this is a forlorn and arty film about a painter torn — and that's literally almost it — between Leslie Caron and Nina Foch, the gamine and the brittle money-bound heiress. The tension builds to a romantic ballet which deliberately invokes the styles of various Post-Impressionists and members of the early School Of Paris, which must have seemed and sounded wonderful but like so many of Kelly's flirtations with La Danse, it doesn't quite come off. The rather claustrophobic and pessimistic atmosphere of the film holds it together more than musicals and there is a sense of continuity that many of the old MGM musicals don't have. The strange monochromatic Beaux Arts Ball at the end is worth a look; made in 1951, the film took five Academy Awards, for what little that's worth. With Georges Guetary as Caron's music-hall performer fiancé (his "I'll Build A Stairway To Paradise," one of the Gershwin's happiest numbers, is an amusing bit of faux-naïf) and Oscar Levant, who performs Gershwin's "Concerto In F" and plays all of the instruments — a conceit later used by Frank Tashlin. September 13 and 14.

DEMON SEED (**)** — Shoddily made, portentous futuristic fantasy about brilliant scientist's wife being impregnated by a sleek bully of a super-computer; despite the dialogue's preening talk of "the sum total of human knowledge," you can tell by the evidence on the screen that not even the tiniest fraction of it went into this 1977 concoction. Jordan Belson, a gifted abstract film-maker, receives credit/blame for the computer-screen designs — but any one of his own ten-minute films has more intelligence, poetry, mysterious surprise than this lame duck — one can only hope that he took the money and ran — back to doing his own films. Directed by Donald Cammell, co-director of "Performance." With Fritz Weaver as the scientist and sporting a shoe-sole face, Julie Christie (looking grand but, oh no, that wasn't good enough, they had to have the ears, too, so they opened up their mouths and out came Talk! Talk! Talk!) As the ghostly inhabitants of this twilight world, Gloria Swanson (in a decidedly self-referential caricature of her own persona) and Erich Von Stroheim (one of the silent screen's greatest directors and always a distinguished actor) are more vibrant than the pallid creatures of the new Hollywood — even William Holden, the cynical script-writer who becomes first Swanson's live-in-gigolo and then a corpse in her swimming pool. With Nancy Olson as Betty the nice-plain-Jane studio reader, Fred Clark as the producer Sheldrake, Jack Webb (smiling a great deal) as Artie, and as themselves — Buster Keaton, H.B. Warner and Anna Q. Nilsson as the bridge-playing waxworks, Cecil B. De Mille, Hedda Hopper and at the crowded New Year's Eve party, Ray Evans and Jerry Livingston playing a burlesque of their hit of the day, "Buttons and Bows." The splendid poetic-sombre photography is by John Seitz, the memorable music by Franz Waxman, the sets by that old hand Hans Dreier and Sam Comer, John Meehan and Ray Moyer. September 13 and 14.

MORGAN (**)** — This 1966 British farce, adapted by David Mercer from his play of the same name, is interesting for a number of reasons: as a comic extension of the Angry Young Man plays and books of the late 1950s, as a chaotic-obsessive-impolite alternative to the genteel tradition of British comedy (a line from Will Hay and the musicals of Jessie Matthews and Jack Buchanan through Sim and Guinness and Sellers and Terry-Thomas and the unintellectualized low-humor of the Carry-On pictures), and as the first of the absurdly popular lovably-crazy-is-sane school of popular comedy ("Morgan," a huge success with students and Bohemians in its day, inspired such similar gambits as "King of Hearts," "The Ruling Class," "Harold and Maude," "Outrageous," etc., etc.). Anyone who has been around psychotics or schizophrenics, even under garden-variety conditions, will realize that they aren't particularly funny on their own terms (for instance Bunuel, a master at depicting obsessive behavior, the ending of whose "El" is plagiarized here); Morgan is obsessed with hard-line Leninist and Trotskyist principles, and his wife (Vanessa Redgrave) exuding the only genuine charm in the movie) is appalled at all of it. Not very good, really, but there are a few entertaining scenes — Morgan with his mother (the irrepressible Irene Handl) visiting Karl Marx's tomb at Highgate, Morgan explaining to a muddled policeman — using a coddled egg — how Trotsky was killed with a pickaxe. Karel Reisz directed in the flashy, disoriented style popular to Swinging London and its chroniclers; with Robert Stephens, Newton Blick, Nan Munro as Miss Redgrave's haughty mama who collapses a bed in her heavy-handed anguish. September 11 and 12.

THE SHINING (**)** — Stanley Kubrick's costly and joyless safari into Horror territory. Directed by Stanley Kubrick. September 11 and 12.

Continued on Page 34

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The significance of bodily germs and secretions to disease transmission through food and water pollution and public sanitation is well recognized, whereas —

The significance of bodily germs and secretions to disease transmission through sex contact unfortunately has not been taught to the public. Almost 100 years after universal acceptance of the germ theory of disease, it is appalling that every male and female is still not being taught the responsibility to wash genital and rectal areas before and after sex contact, eliminating those acquired and one's own germs and secretions, in protection of one's own health and that of one's sex partner.

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Not to teach washing before and after sex contact is to encourage the spread of sexually transmitted diseases.

PAGE 2: PERSONAL HYGIENE - WASHING THE SEXUALLY ACTIVE MALE

Careful washing after sex contact will reduce the possibility of catching VD. The germs that cause syphilis and gonorrhea, as well as some other sexually transmitted diseases, are sensitive to soap and water.

WASH BEFORE SEX CONTACT FOR HYGIENIC PURPOSES

IMMEDIATELY AFTER INTERCOURSE:

Soap genitals working a bit of soft mushy soap into urinary opening. Rinse. Repeat procedure. Then urinate (which may sting).

Extended exposure or delay before washing diminishes the effectiveness of this preventive measure. Washing is doubly important since even in the absence of syphilis and gonorrhea, other sexually transmitted germs can cause infections such as NGU (non-gonococcal urethritis) or NSU (non-specific urethritis).

If lubricants are involved in the sex act, use water-soluble preparations that will wash away. Do not use an oil base that will leave a film to trap the germs.

NOTE: The foreskin that covers the head of the penis may trap germs which can cause infections. Therefore, special attention should be given to washing the uncircumcised penis.

When vaccines against gonorrhea and syphilis will have been developed, personal hygiene will remain necessary to prevent other sexually transmitted diseases. For example: A gonorrhea vaccine will not prevent approximately half of the reported cases of male urethritis which are not gonorrhea.

PAGE 3: SOME ASPECTS OF PERSONAL HYGIENE AND DISEASE PREVENTION FOR MALE AND FEMALE

Infectious germs which are always found in the lower digestive tract may be transmitted from the rectum during sex activities. Among the dangerous germs present may be the virus which causes hepatitis, and parasites which cause gastro-intestinal disorders if they enter the mouth (anal-oral route).

The male and female mucous membranes (especially those of the genito-urinary system) are highly susceptible to infection by some of these germs from the rectum, which may cause urethritis in the male and vaginitis in the female. For example: as a result of careless wiping from rectum toward vagina by the female after toilet, germs are easily spread to the vagina where they may cause infections, and from which they may be transmitted during vaginal as well as rectal intercourse. Therefore, females must not wipe in the direction of rectum to vagina . . .

Personal hygiene before and after sex contact can be greatly aided by the bidet, a low bathroom fixture, designed to facilitate washing for disease prevention and proper cleansing after toilet. Not everyone, unfortunately, has been adequately informed as to the advantages of the bidet. It is not found, for instance, in homes or hotels in the United States, whereas in many parts of the world it is widely used and significant to personal hygiene. Good hygiene requires careful washing of genital and rectal areas before and after sex activities.

Men and Women: Learn also about—

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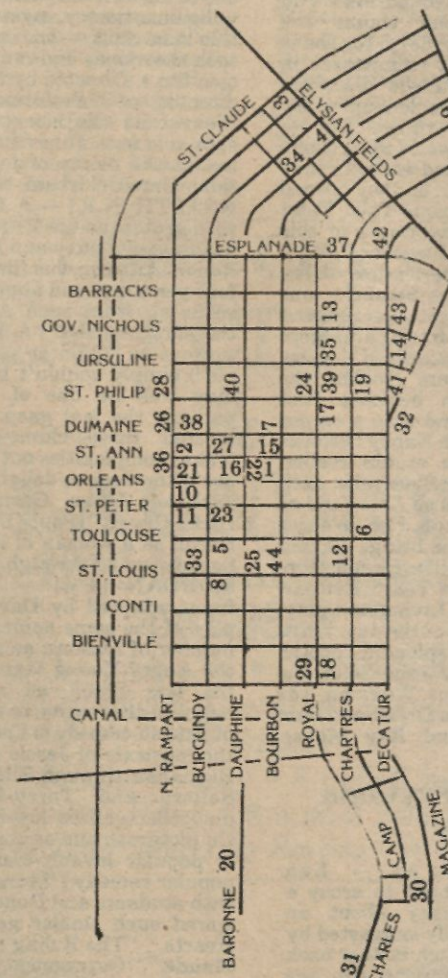
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 The Quarter Scene—900 Rue Dumaine. Open 24 hours, 7 days.
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 St. Louis Crepe Shoppe—817 St. Louis/St. Tortilla Flats—501 Esplanade at Decatur, 945-9212. Open Wed.-Sun. 12 noon-10:30 p.m. Dark Mon. & Tues.
 Versa Cruz—1141 Decatur St., 523-9377. Open Mon.-Fri. 5 p.m.-11 p.m., Sat. noon-11 p.m., Sun. noon-9 p.m.



Tuesday, September 1

Finale II—Happy Hour 5-8 p.m.
 Paw Paw's—Happy Hour 4-7 p.m.
 Mississippi River Bottom—Cocktail Hour 5-8 p.m.
 The Clinic—Therapy Hour 5-7 p.m.; 1-3 a.m.
 Carson City—Draught 30¢, well drinks 75
 Country Club—Bring your own meat.
 Lucille's & Friends—Cocktail hour 12 noon to 8 p.m.

Wednesday, September 2

Finale II—Happy Hour 5-8 p.m.
 Paw Paw's—Happy Hour 4-7 p.m.
 Mississippi River Bottom—Cocktail Hour 5-8 p.m.
 The Clinic—Therapy Hour 5-7 p.m.
 Carson City—Cocktail Hour 5-8 p.m.
 Country Club—Volleyball
 Lucille's & Friends—Cocktail hour 12 noon to 8 p.m.

Thursday, September 3

Finale II—Happy Hour 5-8 p.m.
 Paw Paw's—Happy Hour 4-7 p.m.
 Mississippi River Bottom—Cocktail Hour 5-8 p.m.; Pool Tournamet starts 9 p.m.
 The Clinic—Therapy Hour 5-7 p.m.; 1-3 a.m.
 Carson City—Cocktail Hour 5-8 p.m.
 Country Club—Volleyball
 Coffee House—1022 Barracks, 9-12 pm.
 TT's West—Knights d'Orleans Club Night, 8 pm till midnight
 Lucille's & Friends—Cocktail hour 12 noon to 8 p.m.

Friday, September 4

Mississippi River Bottom—Cocktail hour 5 to 8 p.m.; Zelda & Randy, 12 midnight to 3 p.m.
 Lucille's & Friends—Cocktail hour 12 noon to 8 p.m.

Saturday, September 5

Mississippi River Bottom—Cocktail hour 5 to 8 p.m.; Zelda & Randy, 12 midnight to 3 p.m.
 Lucille's & Friends—Cocktail hour 12 noon to 8 p.m.

Sunday, September 6

Finale II—Happy Hour 5-8 p.m.
 Paw Paw's—Happy Hour 4-7 p.m.
 Mississippi River Bottom—Bloody Mary Special, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.
 The Clinic—Therapy Hour 5-7 p.m.
 R. Mack Gallery—Muriel Magenta will give a slide presentatioj of her work at 2 pm. Ms. Magenta will also show her film "Bride."

Monday, September 7

Finale II—Happy Hour 5-8 p.m.
 Paw Paw's—Happy Hour 4-7 p.m.
 Mississippi River Bottom—Cocktail Hour 5-8 p.m.; Zelda Rose, 12 midnight to 3 a.m.
 The Clinic—Therapy Hour 5-7 p.m.; 1-3 a.m.
 Carson City—Cocktail Hour 5-7 p.m.; 1-3 a.m.
 The Refuge—Western Dance Classes 9:00 p.m.
 Country Club—Volleyball
 Diane's—Labor Day Party.
 Lucille's & Friends—Cocktail Hour 12 noon to 8 p.m.

Tuesday, September 8

Finale II—Happy Hour 5-8 p.m.
 Paw Paw's—Happy Hour 4-7 p.m.
 Mississippi River Bottom—Cocktail Hour 5-8 p.m.
 The Clinic—Therapy Hour 5-7 p.m.; 1-3 a.m.
 Carson City—Draught 30¢, well drinks 75
 Country Club—Bring your own meat.
 Lucille's & Friends—Cocktail Hour 12 noon to 8 p.m.

Wednesday, September 9

Finale II—Happy Hour 5-8 p.m.

Paw Paw's—Happy Hour 4-7 p.m.
 Mississippi River Bottom—Cocktail Hour 5-8 p.m.
 The Clinic—Therapy Hour 5-7 p.m.
 Carson City—Cocktail Hour 5-8 p.m.
 Country Club—Volleyball
 Lucille's & Friends—Cocktail Hour 12 noon to 8 p.m.

Thursday, September 10

Finale II—Happy Hour 5-8 p.m.
 Paw Paw's—Happy Hour 4-7 p.m.
 Mississippi River Bottom—Cocktail Hour 5-8 p.m.
 The Clinic—Therapy Hour 5-7 p.m.; 1-3 a.m.
 Carson City—Cocktail Hour 5-8 p.m.
 Country Club—Volleyball
 Le Petit—"Pippin" dress rehearsal. Doors open 7:30, curtain 8:30 pm.
 Sponsored by Armenius.
 Finale II—Lancers Club Night, 7-10 pm, all the beer you can drink for \$2.
 Lucille's & Friends—Cocktail Hour 12 noon to 8 p.m.

Friday, September 11

Louisiana Purchase—Party—food, fun, games
 Mississippi River Bottom—Cocktail hour 5 to 8 p.m.; Zelda & Randy, 12 midnight to 3 a.m.
 Lucille's & Friends—Cocktail Hour 12 noon to 8 p.m.

Saturday, September 12

Carson City—2-5 p.m. free hors d'oeuvres, Bloody Mary \$1.00.
 Dignity—Mass and social, 4 pm, 1022 Barracks.
 R. Mack Gallery—"Allusions: Three Artists". This exhibit will feature three solo shows: paintings by Maggie Battaglia, serigraphs by Georgia Ross, and mixed media works by Gail Roberts. Reception to meet the artists, 6-9:30 pm.
 Mississippi River Bottom—Cocktail Hour 5 to 8 p.m.; Zelda & Randy, 12 midnight to 3 a.m.
 R. Mack Gallery—Allusions: Three Artists, 6 to 9:30 p.m.

Sunday, September 13

Finale II—Happy Hour 5-8 p.m.
 Paw Paw's—Happy Hour 4-7 p.m.
 Mississippi River Bottom—Bloody Mary Special, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.
 The Clinic—Therapy Hour 5-7 p.m.

Monday, September 14

Finale II—Happy Hour 5-8 p.m.
 Paw Paw's—Happy Hour 4-7 p.m.
 Mississippi River Bottom—Cocktail Hour 5-8 p.m.
 The Clinic—Therapy Hour 5-7 p.m.; 1-3 a.m.
 Carson City—Cocktail Hour 5-7 p.m.; 1-3 a.m.
 The Refuge—Western Dance Classes 9:00 p.m.
 Country Club—Volleyball
 Lucille's & Friends—Cocktail Hour 12 noon to 8 p.m.

Tuesday, September 15

Finale II—Happy Hour 5-8 p.m.
 Paw Paw's—Happy Hour 4-7 p.m.
 Mississippi River Bottom—Cocktail Hour 5-8 p.m.
 The Clinic—Therapy Hour 5-7 p.m.; 1-3 a.m.
 Carson City—Draught 30¢, well drinks 75
 Country Club—Bring your own meat.
 Lucille's & Friends—Cocktail Hour 12 noon to 8 p.m.

Wednesday, September 16

Finale II—Happy Hour 5-8 p.m.
 Paw Paw's—Happy Hour 4-7 p.m.
 Mississippi River Bottom—Cocktail Hour 5-7 p.m.
 The Clinic—Therapy Hour 5-7 p.m.
 Carson City—Cocktail Hour 5-8 p.m.
 Country Club—Volleyball

Thursday, September 17

Finale II—Happy Hour 5-8 p.m.

Paw Paw's—Happy Hour 4-7 p.m.
 Mississippi River Bottom—Cocktail Hour 5-8 p.m.; Pool Tournament starts p.m.
 The Clinic—Therapy Hour 5-7 p.m.; 1-3 a.m.
 Carson City—Cocktail Hour 5-8 p.m.
 Lucille's & Friends—Cocktail Hour 12 noon to 8 p.m.
 Country Club—Volleyball
 TT'S West—Knights d'Orleans Club Night, 8 til midnight.

Friday, September 18

Mississippi River Bottom—Cocktail Hour 5 to 8 p.m.; Zelda & Randy, 12 midnight to 3 a.m.
 Lucille's & Friends—Cocktail Hour 12 noon to 8 p.m.

Saturday, September 19

Carson City—2-5 p.m. free hors d'oeuvres, Bloody Mary \$1.00.
 Mississippi River Bottom—Cocktail Hour 5 p.m. to 8 p.m.; Zelda & Randy, 12 midnight to 3 a.m.
 R. Mack Gallery—Opens 9 p.m.

Sunday, September 20

Finale II—Happy Hour 5-8 p.m.
 Paw Paw's—Happy Hour 4-7 p.m.
 Mississippi River Bottom—Blood Mary Special, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.
 The Clinic—Therapy Hour 5-7 p.m.

Monday, September 21

Finale II—Happy Hour 5-8 p.m.
 Paw Paw's—Happy Hour 4-7 p.m.
 Mississippi River Bottom—Cocktail Hour 5-8 p.m.; Zelda Rose, 12 midnight to 3 a.m.
 The Clinic—Therapy Hour 5-7 p.m.; 1-3 a.m.
 Lucille's & Friends—Cocktail Hour 12 noon to 8 p.m.
 Carson City—Cocktail Hour 5-7 p.m.; 1-3 a.m.
 The Refuge—Western Dance Classes 9:00 p.m.
 Country Club—Volleyball

Tuesday, September 22

Finale II—Happy Hour 5-8 p.m.
 Paw Paw's—Happy Hour 4-7 p.m.
 Mississippi River Bottom—Cocktail Hour 5-8 p.m.
 The Clinic—Therapy Hour 5-7 p.m.; 1-3 a.m.
 Lucille's & Friends—Cocktail Hour 12 noon to 8 p.m.
 Carson City—Draught 30¢, well drinks 75
 Country Club—Bring your own meat.

Wednesday, September 23

Finale II—Happy Hour 5-8 p.m.
 Paw Paw's—Happy Hour 4-7 p.m.
 Mississippi River Bottom—Cocktail Hour 5-8 p.m.; Beer Bust & Schnapps Special, 10 p.m. to 2 a.m.
 Lucille's & Friends—Cocktail Hour 12 noon to 8 p.m.
 The Clinic—Therapy Hour 5-7 p.m.
 Carson City—Cocktail Hour 5-8 p.m.
 Country Club—Volleyball

Thursday, September 24

Finale II—Happy Hour 5-8 p.m.; Club Night, 7 to 10 p.m. All the beer you can drink, \$2.
 Paw Paw's—Happy Hour 4-7 p.m.
 Mississippi River Bottom—Cocktail Hour 5-8 p.m.; Pool Tournamet starts 9 p.m.
 Lucille's & Friends—Cocktail Hour 12 noon to 8 p.m.
 The Clinic—Therapy Hour 5-7 p.m.; 1-3 a.m.
 Carson City—Cocktail Hour 5-8 p.m.
 Finale II—Lancers Club Night, 7 til 10 pm, all the beer you can drink for \$2.
 Country Club—Volleyball
 Coffee House—1022 Barracks, 9-12 pm.

Friday, September 25

Louisiana Purchase—Party, food, fun, games
 Mississippi River Bottom—Cocktail Hour, 5 to 8 p.m.; Zelda & Randy, 12

midnight to 3 a.m.
 Lucille's & Friends—Cocktail Hour 12 noon to 8 p.m.

Saturday, September 26

Carson City—2-5 p.m. free hors d'oeuvres, Bloody Mary \$1.00.
 Mississippi River Bottom—Cocktail Hour, 5 p.m. to 8 p.m.; Zelda & Randy, 12 midnight to 3 p.m.

Sunday, September 27

Finale II—Happy Hour 5-8 p.m.
 Paw Paw's—Happy Hour 4-7 p.m.
 Mississippi River Bottom—Bloody Mary Special, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.
 The Clinic—Therapy Hour 5-7 p.m.

Monday, September 28

Finale II—Happy Hour 5-8 p.m.
 Paw Paw's—Happy Hour 4-7 p.m.
 Mississippi River Bottom—Cocktail Hour 5-8 p.m.; Zelda Rose, 12 midnight to 3 a.m.
 The Clinic—Therapy Hour 5-7 p.m.; 1-3 a.m.
 Lucille's & Friends—Cocktail Hour 12 noon to 8 p.m.
 Carson City—Cocktail Hour 5-7 p.m.; 1-3 a.m.
 The Refuge—Western Dance Classes 9:00 p.m.
 Country Club—Volleyball

Tuesday, September 29

Finale II—Happy Hour 5-8 p.m.
 Paw Paw's—Happy Hour 4-7 p.m.
 Mississippi River Bottom—Cocktail Hour 5-8 p.m.
 The Clinic—Therapy Hour 5-7 p.m.; 1-3 a.m.
 Carson City—Draught 30¢, well drinks 75
 Country Club—Bring your own meat.
 Lucille's & Friends—Cocktail Hour 12 noon to 8 p.m.

Wednesday, September 30

Finale II—Happy Hour 5-8 p.m.
 Paw Paw's—Happy Hour 4-7 p.m.
 Mississippi River Bottom—Cocktail Hour 5-8 p.m.; Beer Bust & Schnapps Special, 10 p.m. to 2 a.m.
 The Clinic—Therapy Hour 5-7 p.m.
 Carson City—Cocktail Hour 5-8 p.m.
 Country Club—Volleyball
 Lucille's & Friends—Cocktail Hour, 12 noon to 8 p.m.

PLAY
IT
AGAIN,
SAM!

Continued from Page 31

rain, and in sallying forth to Transcend A Genre, he has proved only that his Great Director posture is perhaps even more inflated than his four previous films indicated. Suitably elaborate and glossy, the picture is derived from Stephen King's oversized book about the terrible past events that occurred at a Rocky Mountain resort hotel and how they psychically destroy the present caretaker and his wife and child — there is little explained, which makes for an irritating mysteriousness, and what is explained is even more "off" than necessary — why are the participants in the previous murder spree, which took place in 1970 dressed in the fashions of a far earlier period? The little girls are posed like the Arbus photograph of identical twins, a little too consciously so, and their murderous father turns up dressed as Robert Grieg or Arthur Treacher circa Paramount-1936. Jack Nicholson's gonish scenery-chewing is as destructively as you may have heard — but there is every indication that the iron-fisted Kubrick, whose autocracy is well-known on and off the set, is completely responsible for sabotaging the film this way. Best moment: the recurring tidal wave of blood that seeps through the closed elevator doors and engulfs the foyer, sweeping the furniture away, is splendid and an invention worthy of Max Ernst's "Une Semaine de Bonte" or "La Femme 100 Têtes." Shelley Duval is a fair *oeuf-sur-le-plat*-eyed lady-in-distress and Danny Lloyd, the child, is quite good. Otherwise, a once-fine director seems to have surrendered to rampant Barmunism. September 16 and 17.

SINGIN' IN THE RAIN (★★★) — Usually regarded as the *creme-de-la-creme* of the MGM musical cycle, this is not a masterpiece or even close, but it's almost awesomely enjoyable: Gene Kelly is the ex-hoofed turned silent-screen swashbuckler turned hooper again with the coming of sound, while Jean Hagen (killed by Laetrile, she claimed shortly before her death) makes away with the non-musical portions of the film as the malicious Bronx-parakeet-voiced star who is lost and terrified when the microphones move in. With Debbie Reynolds as a flapper, Donald O'Connor as a regular guy, Millard Mitchell as the studio-head, Kathleen Freeman as the vocal coach in the "Moses Supposes" number, Madge Blake as the gushing gossip columnist. Script by Comden and Green, a large group of songs by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown that are roughly contemporaneous with the period (the title song was the 1929 "Hollywood Revue" and was sung by, among others, Cliff "Ukelele Ike" Edwards, Marion Davies, Joan Crawford, Buster Keaton and the Brox Sisters) and have since become standards. The big Broadway Rhythm ballet has its moments and even Gene Kelly's fling with High Art, forced perspective and Cyd Charisse in a shawl forty-seven feet long is watchable. Made in 1952; directed by Kelly and Stanley Donen. September 13 and 14.

VOYAGE EN DOUCE (N.R.) — The daydreams and reveries and maunders of two women: the freezingly glamorous Dominique Sanda and the rather witchy child-woman Geraldine Chaplin; no fewer than thirteen "distinguished French literary figures" collaborated with the director, Michel Deville (who in 1968 produced the Boucher-inspired Regency-romance "Benjamin" and later did the peculiar espionage drama "Dossier 51") to produce this film, which one critic has already described — perhaps unimprovably — as X a "middle-brow celebration of foreplay." With Jacques Zabor, Robin Camus. September 18 through 24.

Loyola's fall and spring film series (often two and three films a night) are the best movie bargain in the city: a mere dollar to see classics, vintage films and hard-to-see (in many cases, otherwise-impossible-to-see) recent foreign films. There's a catch, however, which is that some of the films are screened in classrooms, although most of them are now in a large, comfortable screening room between the 3rd and 4th floors of Bobet Hall, a large building parallel to St. Charles Avenue and right behind the Quadrangle on the campus. We have provided times and locations, but it is often helpful to call and confirm the information at the above number.

BILLY BUDD (★★) — Peter Ustinov's faithful, well-acted, muggy version of Melville's allegorical novella; worth seeing for Terence Stamp's seraphically beautiful — a perfect Del Castagno or Signorelli — incarnation of the title character and Robert Ryan's reptilian Claggart — but not for Ustinov's pedestrian Captain Vere or his somewhat cursory direction. Made in 1962; with John Neville, Melvyn Douglas. September 22.

CITIZEN KANE (★★★★) — Orson Welles' famous 1941 film about a deservedly lonely and unloved publishing tycoon whose career is posthumously reconstructed by a reporter's unisistent burrowing, all of it based loosely on the career and carousals of W.R. Hearst; script by Welles and Herman J. Mankiewicz, camera by Gregg Toland, music by Bernard Herrmann. With Welles as Kane in all the ages of man, Ruth Warrick and Dorothy Comingore as the two Mrs. Kanes, William Allen as the producer, Joseph Cotten as Jed Leland, Everett Sloane as Bernstein, George Coulouris as Walter Parks Thatcher, Agnes Moorehead and Harry Shannon as Kane's parents, Ray Collins, Paul Stewart, Fortunio Bonahova. September 16.

THE END OF ST. PETERSBURG (★★★★) — Like Eisenstein's "October," to which this film is superior, this work was commissioned by the 1927 Soviet Central Committee as an epic celebratory testimonial on the occasion of the Tenth Anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution. It is one of the greatest and most enjoyable of all epic films — unlike Eisenstein's always clever, often too clever and cartoonish and overly choreographed blackout sketches, Pudovkin's movie has a human basis, which might be old hat and an awful bore to theoreticians but isn't for audiences. A young peasant comes to St. Petersburg during a strike, he becomes a scab-worker, gradually falls under the spell of Bolshevism, gets thrown in the can, is forced into the Eastern Front troops during the World War and then — the Revolution. The film contains the famous sequence of panic in the bourse — all those silk-hats bobbing and craning and gyrating — cross-cut with the horrors of the trenches; the opening scenes of famine in the country are good, too, as is the joyous fugal ending. Highly recommended; with Ivan Chuvpikov, Sergei Komorov and Pudovkin himself in a small role. September 28.

MACUNAIMA (★★★) — Joaquim Pedro de Andrade's legendary, vivacious, inventive neo-primitive frolic. Made in 1971, which is crammed full of fantastic incident and allegory, and at least as much fun as any other faux naïf on as grand a scale (for example the murals at Union Terminal on Howard Avenue). The allegory beneath all of this jackanapery — the cannibal giant with the fatal swing over the swimming pool and the bombings by the lovely female guerilla pushing a perambulator, both in a rather darker strain than the rest of the film — is abstruse for the decided majority of the film unfamiliar with Brazilian folklore and politics (probably synonymous). The film is fast, amusing, colorful and so lightfooted that you expect a song or dance any minute — especially in the earlier, better half set in the jungle. With the great Grande Otelo and Paulo Jose as the black and white versions of the title character, Dina Sfat, Milton Gonçalves, Jaridel Filho, Joana Fomm, Rodolfo Arena. September 23.

MISSISSIPPI MERMAID (★★) — This 1970 work is not major Truffaut; ostensibly dedicated to Jean Renoir, the picture is actually a rather over-romanticized and overschematic tribute to film noir — its original plot, like that of "The Bride Wore Black" (also an homage), comes from a work by William Irish, a.k.a. Cornell Woolrich, one of the prolific detective and suspense novel and short-story hacks during the 1940s (besides the two Truffaut films, such pictures as Hitchcock's "Rear Window," the Dan Duryea amnesia-piece "Black Angel," the extremely bizarre "The Chase," the boy-who-cried-wolf-story "The Window," Edward G. Robinson as a fake-fortune teller whose predictions come true in "The Night Has A Thousand Eyes" and the highly stylish "Phantom Lady" all come from Woolrich novels or stories). In this story of a wealthy planter on the tropical island of Reunion whose mail-order bride doesn't resemble her picture at all, familiar elements abound: the scheming, murderous femme-fatale (an ice-water blonde), the hopelessly entrapped male who loves his glamorous praying-mantis mate the more as she becomes more evil, the slow poisoning, the slow descent into a fairy-tale darkness. As the more successfully schematic "Bride Wore Black" also demonstrates, Truffaut is the victim of too sunny a disposition to ever recapture the more perverse and violent elements of this sort of film. An interesting curio, nonetheless, with Jean-Paul Belmondo, Catherine Deneuve as the vixen Julie Roussel, Michel Bouquet as the detective and Nelly Borgeaud. September 28 and 7:30 and 9 in Room 332 of Bobet Hall.

THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY (★) — This gloomily hermetic family drama is the first part of Ingmar Bergman's trilogy on the loss of faith in the modern world: Harriet Andersson is a clinical schizophrenic married to Max Von Sydow, a doctor, and she is trying (at last, successfully) to seduce Lars Passgard, her teenage brother, all the time worried about her old father Gunnar Bjornstrand, who is wringing his hands in the rather cryptic Bergman manner over her madness; finally — the picture is set on a Baltic island, a cheery place for a convalescence — the modern world intrudes when a helicopter comes to take her away where she belongs and she sees God as a

spider — one of Bergman's most famous and overrated metaphors. An epiphany for masochists, but not very many others; made in 1961. September 9.

TIREZ SUR LE PIANISTE (★★★★) — Truffaut's 1961 tragicomedy mixes up slapstick, the gangster-film and the romantic-existential drama into a little picture about a man who fears involvement almost pathologically; the film is a true original, and looks better now than the bandbox-stylishness and schematic antics of "Jules et Jim." With Charles Aznavour as Charlie Kohler, the bistro pianist (obviously a relation of Jeanne Moreau's Julie Kohler in "The Bride Wore Black") who was once the concert pianist Edouard Saroyan (scenes of Aznavour banging out Chopin in the Salle Pleyel and watching his wife melodramatically swan-dive to her death), Marie Dubois as Lena (another dying swan), Daniel Boulanger and Claude Mansard as the farcical gangsters, Nicole Berger as the wife, Michele Mercier, Albert Remy and Jacques Aslanian as Chico, the kid brother. September 21.

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ORGANIZATIONS

Grace Fellowship in Christ Jesus — A nondenominational Christian family meeting Sundays at 10 a.m. & 7:30 p.m. and Thursdays at 7:30 p.m. at the St. Louis Community Center, 1022 Barracks St. (in the French Qtr.) Mailing Address: P.O. Box 30183, New Orleans, LA 70190. Office/Parsonage: (504) 944-9836.

Al-Anon Help and Hope — for the relatives and friends of alcoholics. For further information, call: 486-8649.

St. Louis Community Center — 1022 Barracks Street. Services offered to the gay community include: Counseling, weekly coffee house social, senior citizens lunch & activities, information & referral, social services, home visiting & community outreach, bulletin board, drop in center, facilities for meetings, local functions, & parties. Call or come by. Hours Monday - Friday 9 A.M. - 5 P.M. 524-7023 or 524-6932.

Gay Counseling Line, Inc. — Information and advisory service... for the good of all our people. Phone us at: 948-4310.

Care and Counseling Center — 2033 Burgundy, 948-6333. Hospital and jail visits, rituals of friendship, meeting of gay parents, meetings of gay couples, personal counseling, group therapy, referral service, crisis line. "A mini-social service agency operated by gays for gays."

Gay Crisis Line 947-GAYS — 24 hours. Information, problem solving, referrals. Professional insight for all.

Gays, Catholics and Others — Dignity meets the first and third Sunday at 4:00 P.M., St. Louis Community Center, 1022 Barracks for prayer (Mass) and socializing. Every Friday, 9:00 p.m. till midnight is Coffee House (sometimes with live performances or movies, but always with conversation, relaxation and good company) at the same location. This is open to everyone. For Dignity members, there is a personal sharing group every Monday at 7:30 p.m. For more information, write Dignity, Box 50723, New Orleans, 70150, or phone 524-7023 (9-5 weekdays) or 522-9823 or 945-3516 at other times.

Gertrude Stein Society — Everyone is invited to attend the general membership meeting held at the St. Louis Community center September 13 at 3:00 p.m.

Metropolitan Community Church of New Orleans — Worship and fellowship at 1:45 & 7:30 P.M. each Sunday at 1800 Jefferson Avenue. Phone: 945-5476. Someone to answer all night!

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ADVERTISE IN IMPACT

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY CAUSES RUMORS

Speculation about the sexual proclivities of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Robert Runcie, have been making their way into the press ever since the Archbishop presided over the marriage of Prince Charles and Lady Diana.

Runcie was the subject of much comment because he wore glittery silver robes for the royal wedding, thereby earning the nickname "Liberace."

According to Mark Powelson of The Berkeley Express, the Archbishop has been known to "frequent gay bars and other homosexual establishments (or did before he was named head of the Church of England a couple of years ago, anyway)."

Powelson says the evidence is circumstantial and the source suspect (the Gay Atheist League of Great Britain). Nevertheless, he comments that "homosexuality is certainly no anomaly in the priesthood—Catholic or Anglican."

According to an unnamed source of Powelson's (a former priest) the Church is protective of gay priests because it knows how prevalent that sexual persuasion is among the clergy and because it doesn't want to risk the publicity that would come with the expulsion of homosexual priests.

Loyola University, Bobet Hall
865-2152

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