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VARIETY

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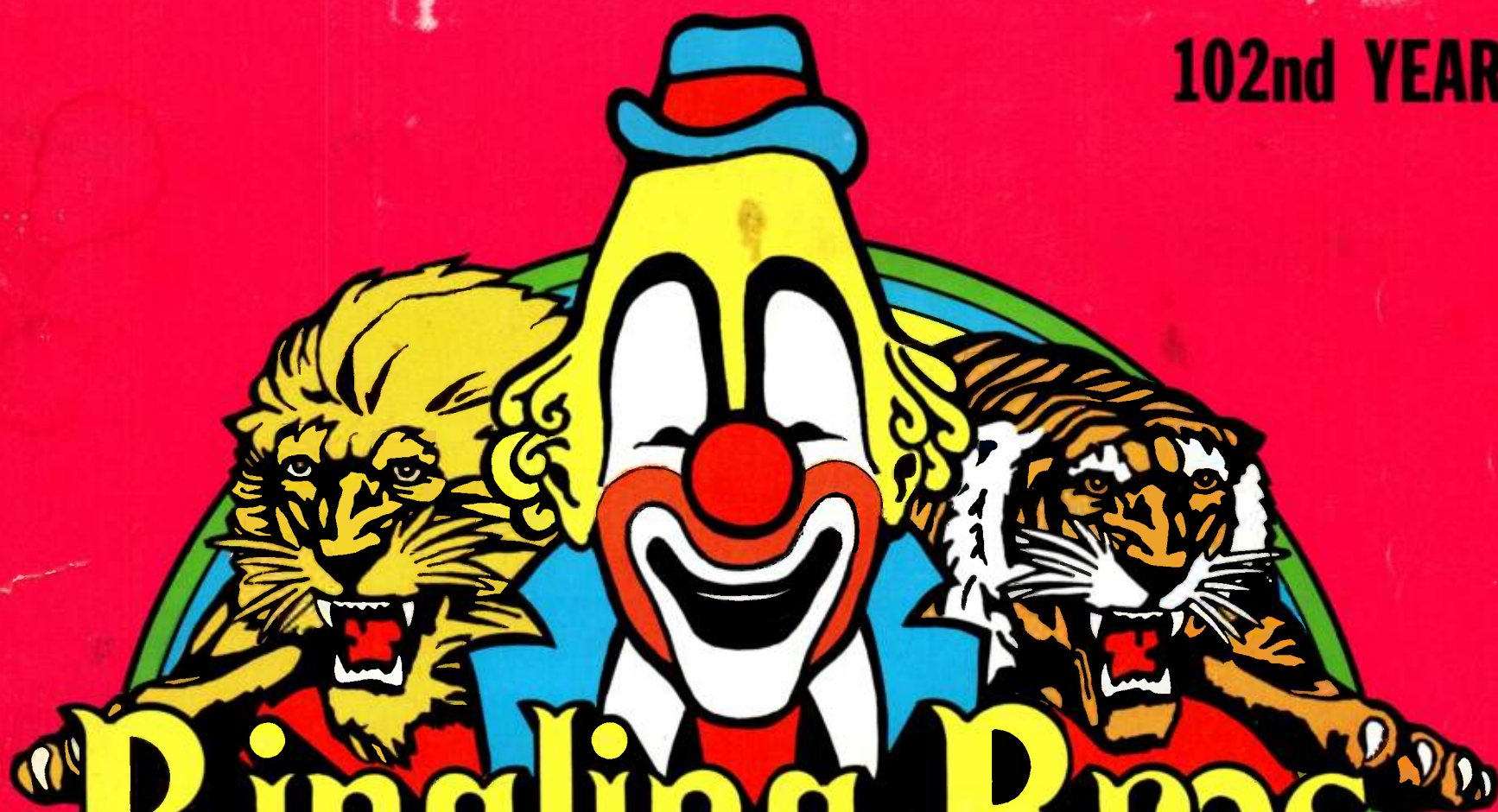
Vol. 265 No. 8

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1972

16028

THE LONGEST RUNNING HIT IN SHOW BUSINESS HISTORY!

102nd YEAR



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102ND EDITION



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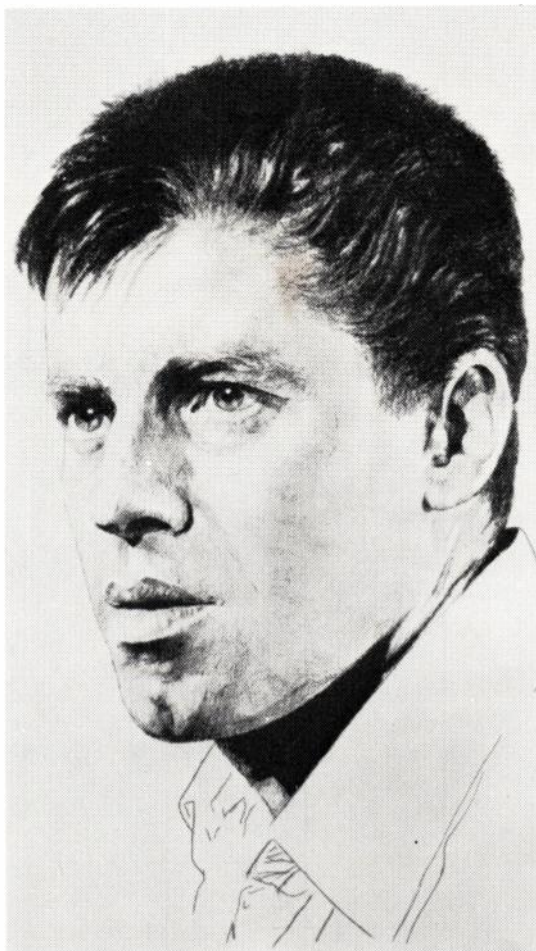
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Jan. 11-16	St. Petersburg, Fla.	July 10-12	Ft. Worth, Tex.
Jan. 21-25	W. Palm Beach, Fla.	July 14-17	Tucson, Ariz.
Jan. 26-Feb. 1	Miami Beach, Fla.	July 19-23	Phoenix, Ariz.
Feb. 3-6	Jacksonville, Fla.	July 25-Aug. 9	Inglewood, Calif.
Feb. 8-13	Greensboro, N.C.	Aug. 10-13	Long Beach, Calif.
Feb. 16-21	Norfolk, Va.	Aug. 14-22	Anaheim, Calif.
Feb. 23-28	Richmond, Va.	Aug. 24-29	Oakland, Calif.
Mar. 2-13	Baltimore, Md.	Aug. 30-Sept. 4	San Francisco, Calif.
Mar. 15-19	Charlotte, N.C.	Sept. 6-10	San Diego, Calif.
Mar. 21-26	Raleigh, N.C.	Sept. 12-17	Fresno, Calif.
Mar. 28-May 29	New York City	Sept. 20-24	Denver, Colo.
May 31-June 6	Philadelphia, Pa.	Sept. 27-Oct. 1	Cincinnati, Ohio
June 8-11	Hershey, Pa.	Oct. 3-23	Chicago, Ill.
June 14-18	Nashville, Tenn.	Oct. 25-29	Pittsburgh, Pa.
June 21-25	Oklahoma City, Okla.	Oct. 31-Nov. 12	Nassau Co., N.Y.
June 27-28	Little Rock, Ark.	Nov. 15-19	Ottawa, Can.
June 30-July 2	San Antonio, Tex.	Nov. 21-26	Quebec City, Can.
		Nov. 29-Dec. 3	Springfield, Mass.

RINGLING RED UNIT

Feb. 11-13	Venice, Fla.	June 8-11	Waco, Tex.	Aug. 23-28	Salt Lake City, Utah
Feb. 16-20	Greenville, S.C.	June 13-14	Lubbock, Tex.	Aug. 31-Sept. 3	Las Vegas, Nev.
Feb. 22-23	Savannah, Ga.	June 16-18	Amarillo, Tex.	Sept. 6-12	Seattle, Wash.
Feb. 25-27	Fayetteville, N.C.	June 20-21	Abilene, Tex.	Sept. 14-18	Portland, Ore.
Mar. 1-5	Knoxville, Tenn.	June 23-26	Tulsa, Okla.	Sept. 20-24	Vancouver, B.C.
Mar. 8-12	Charleston, W. Va.	June 28-July 5	Houston, Tex.	Sept. 28-Oct. 1	Mpls.-St. Paul, Minn.
Mar. 15-Apr. 11	Washington, D.C.	July 7-9	Baton Rouge, La.	Oct. 10-11	Madison, Wisc.
Apr. 14-16	Columbia, S.C.	July 12-13	Frankfurt, Ky.	Oct. 12-15	Milwaukee, Wisc.
Apr. 18-19	Macon, Ga.	July 14-17	Louisville, Ky.	Oct. 18-22	Omaha, Neb.
Apr. 21-23	Birmingham, Ala.	July 19-23	Memphis, Tenn.	Oct. 24-29	Indianapolis, Ind.
Apr. 27-May 2	Toronto, Can.	July 25-30	Kansas City, Mo.	Nov. 1-5	Detroit, Mich.
May 4-7	Kitchner, Can.	Aug. 1-2	Waterloo, Iowa	Nov. 8-13	Cleveland, Ohio
May 9-14	Buffalo, N.Y.	Aug. 3-7	Des Moines, Iowa	Nov. 16-19	New Haven, Conn.
May 16-29	Boston, Mass.	Aug. 11-13	Bozeman, Mont.		
June 1-4	Hampton, Va.	Aug. 15-16	Calgary, Can.		
		Aug. 18-20	Spokane, Wash.		



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158 PAGES

STREET CRIME CLIPS SHOW BIZ

Ringling World, Fla. Park & Acts From China On Expansion Horizon

By JOE COHEN

The circus, one of the oldest forms of entertainment, is also one of the largest entities in the live show field with constantly expanding audiences and increasingly larger grosses that indicates it remains as lively as many of its acrobats. It is now ready to take on new endeavors and there are indications that it will expand its scope and influence into other areas as well.

According to Irvin Feld, the president and chief operating officers of The Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus, the "greatest show on earth" is now only starting to come into its own. The management, he reports, is very cognizant of the many opportunities it has for expansion. There will be more Ringling units on the circuits, and there will be permanent installations, such as the now contemplated Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus World, which is soon slated to become part of the Florida landscape as a circus themed park. Its location is soon to be disclosed, but it's indicated that it will not be too far from the circus winter quarters in Venice, Fla.

When Feld took over the circus (Continued on page 58)

Lack Of Socko Film Publicity Also Among H'wood's B.O. Failings

By BOB THOMAS

Hollywood. Nowadays an author must also be a hustler (did Dickens start this way?) in order to give his book a fighting chance among the 25,000 hardcover titles published annually. So in 1971 I visited a few cities to tubthump "Winchell"; in 1972 I'll doubtless be doing the same for my novel, "Weekend '33" (Doubleday, \$6.95).

It's a pleasant ego trip for a veteran of 10,000 interviews to find himself on the receiving end of the questions for a change. One question that recurs in these sessions is: Will Hollywood ever return to the golden days when Harry Cohn, Irving Thalberg and David Selznick were running studios?

The answer, of course, is no. That legendary time has vanished forever. The tortured economics of the film business preclude a return to the free-wheeling, easy-spending era when the motion picture was the undisputed king of the entertainment world.

The interviewer then asks, "Didn't you prefer covering the Hollywood of that golden era, rather than what it is today?"

Maybe so, I reply, but it's the worst kind of self-deception to hanker for the past. Perhaps Hollywood's glory is worn around the edges, but it remains an electric (Continued on page 62)

Blockhaus Boogaloo

By FERRIS HARTMAN

Paris. The chic place to live on the Normandy coast next summer may be in a Nazi blockhaus.

During World War II, the only Germans that would not retreat were the indestructible concrete slabs known as "Hitler's dinosaurs". Many professional wreckers broke their heads, tools and careers in fruitless efforts to remove them.

Politicians proclaimed them "fearful hideous, useless warts on our beautiful landscape and they must go." Voters admitted that they (Continued on page 58)

B'dcast Curtain Rising On D.C. Politico Prolog

By LARRY MICHIE

Washington. The broadcast industry didn't exactly have a jolly time of it on Capitol Hill in 1971, and prospects aren't particularly bright for 1972. Additional lobbyists and beefed-up legal firepower are the order of the day in network offices here, and the National Assn. of Broadcasters is hearing a lot of member grumbling about lobby efforts.

It's the continuing controversy over network news that is sure to surface most spectacularly with the additional incentive of a Presidential election year heating D.C. tempers. The New Year will get off to a roaring start with the early-February hearing set by Sen. Sam Ervin (D-N.C.) and his Constitutional Rights Subcommittee on the Nixon Administration's investigation of CBS newsmen Daniel Schorr, ostensibly for a job in the Administration.

Also early on, Rep. Harley Staggers (D-W.Va.), chairman of both (Continued on page 62)

NO APARTHEID AT NEW 'AFRICAN LAS VEGAS'

Johannesburg.

For Johannesburgers, the new holiday fun spot lies east of the border, down Swaziland way.

Tucked among the rolling green hills of Mbabane, the lush hostelry of the Royal Swazi Spa offers gambling facilities to casino-starved South Africans escaping from the home base, where even a church raffle is illegal.

But it's not only the whirling roulette wheel that lures the (Continued on page 58)

N.Y. NOT ALONE IN DETERIORATION

By ABEL GREEN

Perhaps the best thing to say about a nervous year, 1971, is that it may force improvements. The urban downtown decay in city after city and the accompanying rise in muggings, knifings, gun battles are keeping people at home, behind locked doors. And that's always bad, bad, bad for show business.

As to New York itself there is the deadening effect after dark of entire "downtown" neighborhoods closed in by office buildings, about which it is now clear that even their builders realize they've been overdone. Unless there are places for people to live and safe places to promenade in search of amusements a big city, even New York, is in trouble.

Echoes of the same sort of thing come in from Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Boston, and many another city. The details may vary, the general trend is similar and unsavory. Another way to spell it is prostie, porno, muggings, aggressive panhandling, pimps and neighborhood putdown. New is offtrack betting. Some (Continued on page 50)

Geo. Seaton Pic's 15-Year Run

By CAROLE KASS

Williamsburg, Va. A film which may hold a long run record is the nontheatrical "Williamsburg—The Story of a Patriot," which has been exhibited on continuous daily grind every day for almost 15 years in the twin theatres of Colonial Williamsburg's Information Center. Its 12,000,000th viewer is expected in the middle of January and its 15th anniversary will occur next April.

The film, directed by George Seaton from Emmett Lavery's screenplay, was shot in three weeks during the spring of 1956 on a budget of \$500,000. Pic was filmed entirely in and around Williamsburg, with the shooting scheduled to minimize use of restored 18th century buildings during regular visitation hours.

The townspeople of contempo- (Continued on page 58)

Early Press Day

Because of the size of the paper and the binding this 68th Anniversary Number went to press early.

A few departments are omitted or are telescoped into the overall general editorial departments of the paper.

Utah Prison-Actor Cons Cash In Big But Question CBS Script Approach

By ROBERT GREEN

TV Credibility Gap

By ART BUCHWALD

Washington. We're never going to close the credibility gap in this country until the television programs become more honest. No tv show tells it like it is.

If the tv producers were really mirroring life, this is how some of their programs would go:

"Chief, I'm stumped on the Logan murder case. We've tracked down every possible clue and hit a dead end. There are no motives, no fingerprints and the guy had no enemies. It's baffling."

"Did you check the wife's where- (Continued on page 56)

Scott Fitzgerald Legend A Bonanza For Literati Set

By SHEILAH GRAHAM

Two years ago, a staff member of Reader's Digest asked me to write a piece about Scott Fitzgerald for the "Unforgettable Character" department.

I thought it over and said No. 1 had written two books about my time with Scott, and I thought that was enough.

Since then there has been a new pouring of books about Scott and his wife Zelda. I have read most of them and most of those before and have been amazed at the errors and misconceptions.

Perhaps the mistakes were because not one of the biographers in recent years—with the exception of Andrew Turnbull—had known Scott. Turnbull was a boy when Fitz rented his mother's house in the country. His version of Scott was clouded because of his dislike of Edmund Wilson, his jealous (Continued on page 62)

YANKS ONCE COULDN'T SAVVY BRITISH TALK

London.

A generation ago a familiar complaint of film theatre exhibitors in the U.S. (they quoting their patrons) was that the soundtrack dialog on British features was hard to understand. This was peculiarly true where provincial dialects, and not necessarily Lancashire, was used by the actors.

British understatement often annoyed the Yanks in their grope for intelligibility, circa 1950. It (Continued on page 54)

Draper, Utah. When a motion picture company enters a prison to make a picture, it's like a circus coming to town. A feeling of excitement flows through the cellblocks, into the messhall, past the laundry, and is felt as far away as the maximum security building, where those who have broken the rules are held in isolation.

The Tomorrow Entertainment Co. has finished filming Truman Capote's "The Glass House" here at the Utah State Prison, but to go back to the first day, it started with a bang. The final one ended with sighs of regret. Now that they have departed as quietly as they arrived, an undercurrent of loneliness is shared by those who, during the 16 days of filming, felt they had made new friends.

On the first day, just as the first "killing" was being filmed, work was interrupted by the mournful wail of the siren. This meant that either a con had escaped or a hack had miscounted. However, neither the camera nor the sound equipment was positioned to capture the cries and catcalls of inmates being herded back to their cells. It turned out to be a miscount, so the "killing" scene (Continued on page 56)

The Middle Man': Some Frank Confessions Of A Vet Literary Agent

By PAUL REYNOLDS

Some highlights from my just-published autobiography, "The Middle Man: The Adventures of a Literary Agent" (Morrow), automatically dwells on some experiences with famous and infamous personalities. This is a sampling:

I rarely went to see motion pictures, and never followed the stars or Hollywood people. My ignorance could be amusing. On one trip to Hollywood I was introduced to Marcus Goodrich and his charming wife, a beautiful, vivacious young girl. I pontificated about Hollywood and the conversation seemed to roll along famously. Suddenly Mrs. Goodrich said, 'My God, it is after seven o'clock, and we are supposed to be at dinner at the Louis B. Mayers' at seven ... The Goodriches offered to drop me off at my hotel. As I got out of their Rolls-Royce and was saying goodbye, I heard one person in front of the hotel's revolving door say to another, 'Look, there goes Olivia de Havilland.' At that time Olivia de Havilland (in private life, then Mrs. Marcus Goodrich), was perhaps the best-known actress in the country.

A couple of nights later I had invited Jessica Ryan, a mystery (Continued on page 56)

CHURCHILL ON SIR STAFFORD: 'ALL THE VIRTUES I DISLIKE, NONE OF THE VICES I ADMIRE'

By JIM ATKINS

Washington public relations exec. Jim Atkins has written for over 20 political candidates, including two who ran for President. He wrote anti-Wallace jokes for a candidate in Alabama. He is former humor editor for *Coronet* magazine and his jokes have been used by tv comics on shows. Atkins also teaches a course in "The Use of Humor in Political Protest" at the Washington Area Free University. He is a former newspaper reporter and television newsman. He has been interviewed by David Brinkley on political humor.

Washington.

Humor can make and break politicians. Jokes can be votegetters or destroy candidates. The "bridegroom on the cake" wheeze helped towards Tom Dewey's undoing. President Nixon, thanks to some unsung hero of a gagwriter, turned the devastating "used car" crack into ballot-box capital when he declaimed, "Maybe you wouldn't buy a used car from Nixon, but (Hubert H.) Humphrey looks like the kind of man who would buy one from anybody."

The British, of course, have been masters of the mots that

(Continued on page 54)

Nebel In Earlier WNBC Slot; N.Y. Station Goes Into All-Night Music

Long John Nebel, pioneer mid-night radio talkshowman, who has yakked some 28,000 hours in the past 15½ years, equally divided between WOR New York and WNBC New York, where he will continue, has a new timeslot and a new contract with the station. It will be from 9 p.m. until 1 a.m., the rest of the night devoted to music, and may even be moved up to 8 p.m. until midnight. Heretofore Nebel ran from midnight until 5 a.m. and on Friday and Saturday the talkshow ended at 6 a.m.

While the decision to go more for post-midnight music was that of WNBC, it will also ease the load for Nebel who is still recuperating from hip cancer. He has made no secret about his major surgery of over a year ago. The WNBC music move took place Monday (3) but on Saturday (New Year's night) a "surprise" galaxy of Nebel regulars was assembled by Sanford Teller, the p.r., who like Al Lottman (in-

(Continued on page 58)

FCC's Rex Lee Stricken

Washington.

FCC Commissioner H. Rex Lee was stricken by a heart attack Christmas Day and is now hospitalized.

The 61-year-old Democrat was appointed to the FCC by Lyndon B. Johnson in 1968.

No New Hearing On Boston Ch. 5, Per Appeals Ct.

Washington.

The U.S. Court of Appeals on Dec. 29 refused to send the celebrated Boston Channel 5 case back to the FCC for a new hearing.

The FCC in 1969 took WHDH-TV away from the Boston Herald Traveler and awarded it to Boston Broadcasters Inc., a decision that was upheld by the courts. But then the newspaper noted that the Securities & Exchange Commission instituted court action against BBI principal Nathan David in connection with his financial activities with another firm. The Herald Traveler asked the FCC to reopen the case, and the commission asked the court for guidance.

"We see no basis for a claim on unconscionable injustice in permitting BBI's retention of the award on the protective condition of effective separation from Mr. David," the three-man court ruled in denying the remand request. The court noted that it legally could order the remand, despite the finality of the earlier award to BBI, but didn't find the Nathan David suit a compelling reason.



IRVIN FELD

President of RINGLING BROS.-BARNUM & BAILEY COMBINED SHOWS, INC. is producer of the all-new 102nd Edition of The Greatest Show on Earth, world-premiering in Venice, Florida, on January 7, prior to undertaking a 50-week tour, the longest in circus history.

Porno, Revolt: Musicals Of '30s

By STANLEY GREEN

Last season Broadway resurrected "No, No, Nanette" from the 1920s. This season it offered "On the Town" from the 1940s. Great musicals, sure, but still the same old nostalgia bit. What Broadway really needs is something modern, something really uptodate, something relevant to the world of today. Like the musicals of the 1930s.

How about a musical satire on war? Consider this theme: the United States goes to war against a tiny, weak nation thousands of miles away because it has been maneuvered into it by a powerful business tycoon. And the newspaper columnist who exposes the plot is branded a Communist. No, the show wasn't written in the '70s. It was, in fact, the very first

(Continued on page 58)

Repetition Makes Reputation

In 1971 show business was grimly forced to recall a yesteryear vaudeville wheeze by a long-standard black comedy act, Moss & Frye, whose catchphrase was "How high is up?" The ceiling supposedly had been reached and b.o. was off.

GNP was outdistanced by inflation and even where Gross National Product boomed its economic effect was fragmented so far as entertainment was concerned.

If the population explosion resulted in more young people seeing more films, they also saw them in greater numbers at home, on tv. Also, they were more selective in greater numbers at the boxoffice.

Broadcasting also felt the economic cutback while the print media complained that too much of the advertising dollar was going to tv. Every segment of communications and entertainment thus was affected.

The glory and the glamor that was Show Biz (Hollywood and tv particularly) had to undergo "writedowns," "restructuring" and other now familiar synonyms for cutting-back.

The many distractions for leisure time may have enhanced a new permissiveness but also seem to have helped chase steady patronage which supported pictures. The fast-buck pornos and the too-frank "now" themes discouraged mass family attendance.

Earlier pyramiding "new record high" theatre grosses mislead the industry. When investment funds were found wanting, the market-place, it spelled real trouble.

Show business traditionally has been imaginative and resourceful and this is not its first period of crisis. Major companies "went through the wringer" before and came back stronger.

It doesn't mean that showmen and show biz should run scared. So while prudence rules, morbid timidity could also prove imprudent. This is a business of ballyhoo. The past year imparted a feeling that the bookkeepers were forcing the Barnums—be it tube or screen—to "run scared."

Bernard Gimbel once related to a *VARIETY* man that Hearst's then top editor Arthur Brisbane chided the late great merchant prince at a time when Gimbel Bros. was about to pull in its advertising horns. Gimbel later confessed, "Three simple words and Brisbane converted me. They were, 'Repetition makes reputation.'"

In an insecure economic orbit incumbent managements show this insecurity in bad-mouthing critics for alleged critical capriciousness, albeit, at the same time, leaning strongly on any "good" notice rather than aggressively talking up their shows.

There is hope and evidence that as Nixon "winds down" the Vietnam mess; as "writedowns" have been digested, there will be upbeat at the b.o.

There are two symposia in this issue: (1) the state of, and the projection for, the film business; (2) a recall on "when film ballyhoo was in fullest flower." Reminiscences of yesteryear motion picture ballyhoo mirrors one attitude now and regrettably lost.

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HITS: THE ART OF HINDSIGHT

Fragmented, Fractionalized Future Despite Vast Population Shifts

By JACK VALENTI

(President, Motion Picture Association of America)



Jack Valenti

Washington. There is one overriding problem in the motion picture industry today. It directly affects and involves us all. Its outcome will set the course and determine the state of the industry for years to come. The problem—our supertask—is to secure a firm and prosperous place for the motion picture in tomorrow's entertainment world. This world is in upheaval and on the edge of great change. Many factors have made the changes inevitable, and our adaptation to them essential for survival. The list is expansive and includes:

Spectacular developments in science and technology that are altering our lives and our styles of living;

Population growth and population migration which are turning us into an urbanized society clustered in metropolitan sprawls;

An education explosion that has made us the best-educated population in all history;

Affluence that gives more of us greater economic security and frees more of us to pursue avocational and leisure-time pursuits and activities.

The impact of change is already tearing the fabric of society. The rate of change is accelerating and this influence will grow and spread deeper with astonishing speed. The scope of this force places on us the necessity to be concerned with the future as probably never before. We are going to have to explore the world of tomorrow with open minds shed of any hangover Luddite complex.

The first and logical question to ask is whether there is a place for the motion picture in the unfolding pattern of tomorrow.

There is a place, a major one, an indispensable one, a place in which the film will be the dominant factor in great variety of areas: amusement and entertainment; education and culture; communications, art and science.

I enter a caveat. There will be an assured place if those concerned with motion pictures are alert to and prepare themselves to recognize and take advantage of the myriad opportunities that will be available.

There are two things to be kept uppermost in mind. First, what is the likely public the film will serve; and, second, what are the means by which the film will reach that public.

The audience of tomorrow will be "demassified"—freer, more independent, more sophisticated and demanding, and it will be fragmented and fractionalized in its wants. When it is offered what it wants it will respond massively. And it will turn off just as fast.

The marked change in this kind of "audiences" offers further opportunity for creator and distributor. No longer will films that we used to call "art-films" be relegated below the salt. Made on disciplined budgets, free to speak an artistic point of view, they will find "their" audience and return the investment.

Alongside this kind of film will be the movie reaching out beyond compact, searchingly discriminating audiences to find that larger, heterogeneous public. Simply put, the future will offer comfortable residence to those who want to say "something" and to those

whose aim is to entertain. (Though I am well aware that film can achieve both objectives with skill and profit).

How will the film reach this multi-public?

First of all, in the film theatre. As the population grows we shall live more and more in vertical housing, in massive apartment complexes that will be towns of substantial size in themselves. They will be built around the sources of employment, for industry will decentralize and come to the people and not the other way around as prevails today. These complexes will have multiple entertainment resources, and the movie theatre will be importantly among them as part of gregarious living. So the theatre's place tomorrow is assured.

And there will be theatres in the home, served by cable television, by satellite transmissions, by cassettes and in the not too distant future by holography. These methods we know of; we cannot know what inventions will later come off future drawing boards, but it is certain that many will. How can anyone expect otherwise when it is estimated that the United States and Europe together, by 1980, will be devoting \$73 billion a year on research and development.

The motion picture industry approaches the future with two assets of the highest order.

First, the industry's store of knowledge and experience in filmmaking, and its capacity to expand production. Film will be the mainstay of almost every method of reaching the public not alone in entertainment but in many areas as well. The demand for films will be insatiable.

Second, manpower—the new leadership in production and distribution, in exhibition, in the arts and crafts. In the affairs of nations it is axiomatic that the times enhance the office, and the office tends to make the man. These trying times in movies have thrust up to pinnacles of power and decision young and vigorous men with the minds, the energies, the vision to take command and lead.

ONLY FEW KNOW; WON'T ADMIT IT

By MAC BENOFF

(These comments are by an old west coast guard. He is the author of the screenplay of Columbia Pictures' recent "Bless The Beasts and Children.")

Hollywood.

Mark Twain, who was no mean gag man in his time, often introduced a friend at a dinner with these words: "There are two things I know about this man; one is that he's never been in jail and the other is that I don't know why."

Similarly, one can describe certain pictures. "There are two things I know about the picture; one is that it's a hit and the other is that I don't know why."

Not long ago (before their two recent releases) Bert Schneider told me the score on the BBS films was two and two. By that he meant two money flops and two money hits, big at the box office. Yet the biggest hit, "Easy Rider," was produced with the tiniest budget and the group had to supply the end money when Columbia ran out, not to speak of what Columbia thought when they saw the finished product. And one of the BBS officials said to me when inviting me to an early running of "Five Easy Pieces": "Remember this isn't a big picture. We hope to get the special 'Rachel, Rachel' audience." The flops on the other hand are "Head," which is Bob Rafelson's favorite, and "Drive He Said," into which they poured all their know-how and effort and which they thought would surely be a winner. The success d'estime doesn't count anymore. It's the money.

'Airport' Comes In

At Universal the question was crucial, perhaps even the survival of the studio was involved. Over \$15,000,000 had been poured into a picture which, to say the least, had divided opinion. It wasn't until the money started rolling in the second time around that everyone was convinced that "Airport" would bail out everybody, and feelings were so hard that executive changes were made when the outcome was certain.

(Continued on page 59)

Porno Public's Static Size; 1971 Year Of Thrust & Bust; A Few Makers Build B.O. 'Rep'

By ADDISON VERRILL

The first full year in which hardcore pornographic films established themselves as theatrical "entertainment" in the large urban cities has ended. Though the porno wave has "crested" in New York with exhibitors complaining about the competition from the burgeoning number of small 16mm porno operations while audience for such material seems to remain relatively constant, those sexplicit shorts and features seem here to stay.

What has happened over the past year is the emergence of a porno elite, a number of directors and/or producers whose names in pic advertising for hardcore locations ring a libidinous bell with porno aficionados, much as the Alfred Hitchcock, David Lean, Sam Peckinpah monikers draw the more conventional patrons. All of the recognizable and bankable names are from the west coast and made their reputations with the first rush of hardcore features, and a majority of them have revealed production plans for 1972 which show them moving away from hardcore and into more legit theatrical modes.

Pacific Supreme

Top position has been shared jointly by San Francisco's Alex de Renzy and Los Angeles' Bill Osco. De Renzy, with his Screening Room productions like the landmark "Censorship in Denmark," "A History of the Blue Movie," "Group Encounter" and "Powder Burns," has gotten a fair share of media attention, much credited to efforts of his distributor, Sherpix. De Renzy was the first to move out of hardcore and has recently completed a documentary about the worldwide use of marijuana, titled "Grass," for Sherpix release.

Osco and his Graffiti Productions partner Howard Ziehm, made the first successful hardcore feature, "Mona" for Sherpix, following it with "Hollywood Blue," "Harlot" and a number of lesser items ("Confiscated" "The Daring French Touche") which are hyped in New York advertising as "Bill Osco Productions." Graffiti is currently winding "Flesh Gordon,"

a sexy futuristic satire which is being geared for an R rating on the national market. Osco has continually maintained that hardcore was fine for establishing a name and getting initial money but he had "higher" ambitions.

Arlene Elster, who runs the Sutter Cinema in San Francisco, became a recognizable name on the porno circuit with one appearance on the Dick Cavett Show. Shorts and features produced for her operation are billed in New York as having played the Sutter in S.F. as a sign of high hardcore quality.

'Adultery For Fun'

More recent elitists include Lowell Pickett ("Love Yolando") and the Mitchell Bros. of S.F. whose name-above-title status brings in the customers. Ditto Richard Robinson whose Adultery for Fun and Profit was probably the slickest hardcore feature feature last year for Sherpix. He has another porno item ready for release ("Love, Honor and Enjoy") but is now lensing a duo of westerns ("The Preacher" "Montego") with hopes of getting a broader payoff in 1972.

On the smaller gay porno circuit, only the name of Pat Rocco has been established, but that was early in the game when the mere existence of male-male softcore seppix was considered titillating enough. In New York at least, the Rocco name now rarely appears in ads for such gay hardcore sites as the Park-Miller, where anonymity is the order of the day.

The question of anonymity in the production of hardcore material is the prime reason why the list of "selling" names is not longer. Whether to protect themselves against legal action or to guard their moral identity, the majority of hardcore filmmakers on the coast and in New York grind out their material for no credit or under obvious (sometimes campy, sometimes obscene) pseudonyms.

The remarkable thing about the porno year is that no single performer has developed a drawing power for the hardcore audience. Certainly none "acting" under his/her own name. Fifi Watson had a brief moment in the limelight as the insatiable "Mona" but she never made a follow-up, choosing to retire to become a Los Angeles housewife. Judy Angel, who played Mona's mother and followed up as "Harlot" lusty schoolteacher, died shortly after winding the latter. Others, though using pseudonyms, seem not to leave a mark on audiences, probably because of the porno patron's desire for new "faces."

When it comes to an actor's name above the title in newspaper ads for porno material, only one is used in New York, and he calls himself Johnny Wadd. He crops up often in hardcore features and shorts on the Avon circuit (and in the centerfold of Screw Magazine) not because of any particular talent but because of his extraordinary physical credentials (he is reportedly working his way through a New York university).

One distributor specializing in hardcore material said last week it would be an easy matter to create a legitimate hardcore film star, but the idea had never been implemented since patrons expressed little interest in discovering more about a performer than what appeared on the screen. So far, there's been no hardcore Biograph Girl, and to date no such performer has managed to make the switch to conventional theatrical features, though many claim "any footage is good footage" in their climb to that great boxoffice in the sky.



Blood Is Not Thicker Than By Adoption

By JACK HALEY SR.

Hollywood. I tried to build and create a father image. I asked my widowed mother incessantly about my father. How was he? What did he do? Did he smoke? Did he laugh? I loved my mother, still I needed a father. From her answers I subconsciously hoped to build a spectrum from which I could rationalize, how would he have treated me, if he had lived. Would he have loved me, would he have made me proud of him. All males know the rodomontade, "my father can lick your father." When the other kids bragged of their father's prowess, I became mute. What could I say of a father whom I had never known? There was no import to what a dead father had done. Their fathers were alive, vibrant, perennial and I envied each and every one of them.

They had what I was denied. The few pictures I had of my dad were of little comfort. I studied them. I could see that he was handsome. My mother had told me he had given his life in a gesture of friendship, that a friend's wife was to have a baby, would my father take his place aboard the freighter, to enable him to hold his job until after the baby was born. My father acquiesced and was drowned at sea. His heroics during this adventure died with him.

I wanted an intimate analysis of him, of his psyche, his disposition, his love, living things from which I could fragment an ideal of father love. It was difficult to draw this from a mother whose interests were not intellectually motivated. Her thoughts were mostly visceral, food, rent, work, her children. It developed in to a minor avocation. I would ask questions of my friends about their fathers. I would discuss it with playmates who hadn't fathers. I carried these queries into adulthood and at one time received an answer from an adoptive son, which because of its beauty I would like to share with every man in the world who has foster parents.

His name was Charles K. Feldman, handsome, tall, of firm features, and a full head of coal black hair. When I first met him in 1933, his star was in the ascendancy, his career had just begun to flourish. He had received a degree in law, and his practice led him into the field of entertainment. God had given him a keen mind and he soon learned that his advice to his motion picture clients was surpassing the legalities and entering the purview of management. He observed that agents received 10% of their star's salaries. He mused, "if I could attract 10 stars and receive 10% of each one's salary, I would be making as much money as a star." This rationalization vaulted him into the agency business and he became a firstclass actor's representative.

When I first met him he had a few stars under contract and he was on the prowl for more. Although he knew I had an agent, I was his target. I had arrived from New York with the aura of Broadway stardom. I was young, successful with a promising motion picture career.

It was easy to like Charlie Feldman and soon I joined his roster of devotees. Often I would wish that I had selected him to handle my future. He was a warm person and exuded it, along with an obvious concern and consideration for all those he came in contact with. He was disciplined and seemed superior to his agent vocation.

Time proved that this observation was prophetic. We became good friends, lunched together often. My wife and I spent weekends at his rented beachhouse in Malibu. One weekend Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez were the other guests. This was at the height of their amour. The only time they let go of each other was to eat or swim. No longer was Charlie's interest in me predatory. He gave up on me becoming his client, still our friendship endured.

One day after lunch he mentioned that he was about to visit his father, who was in the Cedars of Lebanon hospital and would I accompany him. I agreed. When we arrived and found our way to his dad's room, Charlie had an extra surprise, his mother was visiting also. They were the epitome of the devoted Jewish father and mother. Charlie kissed them both, introduced me and engaged in the usual father, mother, son small talk.

When their conversations finally dried up, Charlie and I left for his office; while we were driving along he confided to me, that this man and woman whom I had just met were not his blood mother and father, that he was adopted.

Then I posed my unrelenting question. "Charlie what is it like to have adopted parents?" He deliberated for a moment and answered, "Jack, I don't know who my real parents are. I have never seen them. I have never heard from them, nor do I know one scintilla of their characters or personalities." With childlike sincerity he continued. "But I do know this, I could never love my real mother and father as I do these two persons. Nor can I ever repay them for the love, devotion, education and whatever makes a man, that they have given me."

He looked straight ahead still driving. I glanced at him and a small tear hung on the corner of his eye. Charlie, his father and mother have passed on. As a triumvirate they have left their mark in this world. Mr. and Mrs. Feldman raised a son, not their own flesh and have proved love needs no kin.

As a producer, Charles Kenneth Feldman contributed a few masterpieces of motion picture entertainment. As a man he left a few millions of dollars to charity

H'wood Craft Unions Should Study British

By HAROLD MYERS

(Harold Myers, longtime chief of the London Bureau of VARIETY, now retired to an Italian villa, obviously retains his own international perspectives, whatever the deficiencies in that regard which he detects in the Hollywood craft unions.—Ed.)

Lucca (Italy).

It's always been axiomatic that show business is international in character and in practice.

Therefore, it comes as something of a shock to read that the members of a Hollywood craft union were considering a boycott of a supermarket chain which was sponsoring a British tv series on a local U.S. station. Isolationism? Not really, but it could easily lead to that if other countries were inclined to follow suit.

Admittedly, there is a tragic unemployment situation in the feature film and tv industries in Hollywood, but in this Hollywood is not alone. Proportionately, there are as many jobless in the studios in Britain, France, Germany and other countries, but the out-of-work artists, technicians and craftsmen have not been driven to the point of advocating a boycott of foreign imports. Indeed, in the unlikely event that were to happen, it would prove more disastrous for the Hollywood jobless than the occasional importation of a foreign feature or tv program.

Admittedly, too, there is a measure of protectionism for the local film and television producers in Britain, and while that may have been instrumental in keeping some run-of-the-mill programs off the airwaves, there is always room, and always will be for the better grade product.

British features have enjoyed protection by the Films Act, which



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ALIOTO: FRISCO WANTS LOCATION FILMING

San Francisco.

Mayor Joseph Alioto assured filmmakers he personally wants to keep the city in the running for location jobs, despite the misgivings of some others about reckless abuses of Municipal hospitality by filmmakers.

At premier of "Dirty Harry" here, Alioto took the stage to comment on recent VARIETY story taking off from columnist Herb Caen, City Supervisor Bob Mendelsohn and other San Franciscans who have doubts about property damage, disruption and confusion caused by working lenses.

was first enacted in 1928, and has been perpetuated in one form or another ever since. For most of those 40-odd years the Quota imposed by the Films Act has stood at around 30%, and that, in effect, has given the Yanks virtually 70% of the British market. What would the Hollywood out-of-workers say if 70% of their home market was swallowed up by one foreign producing nation?

More recently, another form of protection for the then ailing British production industry was introduced in the shape of a subsidy, universally known as the Eady Plan, and that has yielded the "British" producer a return of as much as 50% of his domestic gross. A while back it was proven that about 90% of this subsidy was collected by Yank majors for their made-in-Britain feature films. What would the Hollywood jobless say if a U.S. subsidy went to swell the coffers of foreign film producers?

Now, the self-same Hollywood producers have largely pulled out of British filmmaking, leaving a hard-to-fill void, aggravated by the universal problem of hard-to-raise film finance. But even the most bigoted chauvinist who resented the dominance of the Yanks in British studios, agrees it was better to have them dominating films, rather than have no production at all.

Threats of boycotts, recriminations, etc., may provide some release for pent-up emotions, but offer no solution to the immediate problems. That there is a need for urgent action on an international scale no one will deny, but slapping a ban on a well-intentioned super-market is not the way to bring more jobs to Hollywood, or indeed, anywhere else.

Max Reinhardt, Ever An Austrian, But Many Nations To Recall Him

By MAURICE FELDMAN

The centenary of his birth nears and preparations to hail it are in process. Meaning Max Reinhardt. He was a theatrical giant of this century. Theatre historians would group him with the likes of Konstantin Stanislavsky, Jacques Copeau, Gordon Craig, Andre Antoine, Adolph Appia, David Belasco. Though sometimes mistakenly identified as a German, Reinhardt was born in a small town near Vienna on Sept. 9, 1873. He was the guiding genius at the outset of the Salzburg Festival in Austria though also the longtime manager of the Deutsches Theatre in Berlin.

From Austria, a large exhibit in his memory will be readied for an international tour in 1973 under the stewardship of Ernst Hauserman, a fellow emigre of Reinhardt in Hollywood during World War II who now co-manages Vienna's Max Reinhardt Theatre in der Josefstadt. Israel will build a memorial theatre in Tel Aviv; Germany has several projects in the works; and anniversary festivals are being planned in at least five other countries.

A scrupulous craftsman who was sensitive to the smallest detail, Reinhardt was one of the first directors to conceive of a production as a complete entity. He was an advocate of ensemble playing, and he often filled even so-called minor roles with actors of the same abilities as the leads. In addition to his painstaking work on characterization and stage movement, he involved himself in scene design, lighting and costumes, and he was an innovator in every area. Each performance was opening night for him, and his enthusiasm and energy could make the 500th presentation of Gorki's "Lower Depths" in Berlin as fresh and engrossing as the premiere.

Reinhardt's casting was sometimes unexpected, as when he starred James Cagney as Bottom, Mickey Rooney as Puck, Joe E. Brown as Flute, Hugh Herbert as Snout and Frank McHugh as Quince in the film version of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

When he gave the role of Franz Moor in Schiller's "The Bandits" (Die Rauber) to Alexander Moissi in a Berlin production, Moissi spoke little German, although he was fluent in Albanian, Greek and Italian. One of the leading critics complained, "The actor who played Franz Moor is an awkward young man with the face of a small, sad dusky ape. He can't even speak correct German, and he has a voice like an old violin with a mute." Reinhardt persisted in the face of other unfriendly reviews, and eventually Moissi developed into one of the finest performers of the century.

Distinguished Alumni

Quite a few of Reinhardt's proteges and associates have achieved considerable fame, including Otto Preminger, the late Ernst Lubitsch and William Dieterle. He helped launch Karl Malden, Stella Adler, Elisabeth Bergner, Gregory Peck, Oscar Homolka, Emil Jannings, Conrad Veidt, Vladimir Sokoloff, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Lili Darvas, Ernst Deutsch and Paula Wessely. Featured in many productions was Reinhardt's wife, Helene Thimig, who still performs at the Burgtheater (Austrian National Theatre) in Vienna.

Max Reinhardt got his first acting job in Vienna in 1892, when he was 19. Afterwards, he performed in Bratislava. In 1893, he was engaged by the new Salzburg City Theatre, and his successes mounted steadily until he took over the management of the Deutsches Theatre in Berlin, where he was to remain for many years. Between 1905 and 1931, he staged 455 plays in a total of 23,400 performances. Shakespearean works alone were presented 2527 times. In Vienna he formed the Reinhardt Theatre and the Reinhardt seminar, the best actors' school of the world.

His pre-World War II American credits include preparing Voll-

moeller's "The Miracle" at the Century Theatre in New York in 1923, and he staged "Everyman," "Danton's Death," "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and other plays during the 1922-28 season. In 1935, he directed "Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Greek Theatre in Berkeley and mounted the film of the Shakespeare comedy.

Reinhardt's deepest affection was saved for Salzburg, which he regarded as the wellspring of his career. In conversations with this writer in Salzburg he said, "I made my debut in Salzburg when the City Theatre opened on October 1, 1893 with 'The Talisman' by Ludwig Fulda. During that season, I played 49 different roles in 175 performances. It was a tremendous experience and wonderful memory. Salzburg somehow embodies the Austrian spirit, which is mine, too, and not only because I was born here. It is simply the outlook that suits me best."

On April 25, 1917, Reinhardt had petitioned Emperor Charles of Austria-Hungary for permission to make Salzburg the center for a cultural festival. He received the approval in August of 1918, with the Emperor's codicil that Reinhardt himself must accept the post of managing director. The revolution in November of that year toppled the monarchy, and the empire disintegrated. Austria, once the hub of 60 million people, found itself a small republic of 7,500,000. Reinhardt, who had already bought the beautiful castle of Leopoldskron and taken up residence in Salzburg, was friendly with a number of the political leaders in both parties, and he refused to be deterred. With the help of the federal and state government and the city administration, he achieved his ambition. In 1919, Reinhardt and von Hofmannsthal published their credo, which began, "Theatre and opera shall be developed to the highest degree, and Salzburg will become a cultural beacon to the entire world." Reinhardt's personal postscript to this message read: "We want to bring to the world a spiritual renaissance with our dramatic presentations and beauty and joy with Mozart's music."

In spite of the postwar hunger and deprivation, Reinhardt and his collaborators—Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Richard Strauss, conductor Franz Schalk and Alfred Roller, the designer, succeeded in attracting actors, singers, musicians and other artists to Salzburg to take part in the first Festival in 1920. On August 22, 1920, Reinhardt staged the premiere of von Hofmannsthal's "Everyman" as a benefit performance. Instead of fees, the actors got small gifts: Werner Krauss, for instance, received a pair of lederhosen.

His last Salzburg presentation of "Everyman" opened in the Domplatz on July 25, 1937 with Attila Horbiger in the title part and Helene Thimig as Faith. Death was played by Herbert Berghof, the husband of Uta Hagen and the founder of an acting school in New York. Also during his final season, Reinhardt staged Goethe's "Faust" for a July 29 opening at the Felsenreitschule, with Paula Wessely, Austria's foremost actress, as Margarethe.

When I spoke with Max Reinhardt we discussed many things, and he described his and Hofmannsthal's religious philosophy: "The Memento mori," he said, "springs from a deep Austrian feeling: death is not a destroyer but an organizer of the Soul, without which there can be no life. Death transforms life into a spiritual festival."

During one talk, he spoke sadly of the many friends who had been imprisoned in German concentration camps since Hitler's rise to power on January 30, 1933. He told me that he planned to emigrate to the United States, and he predicted the occupation of Austria by Germany.

RUNAWAY: PAR'S 'LOVE STORY'

BIG RENTAL FILMS OF 1971

(U.S.-CANADA MARKET ONLY)

Below is *VARIETY*'s Anniversary Edition continuing checklist on the big pictures of the year just ended as reflecting their domestic (United States and Canada) rentals accruing to the distributors. (Not total receipts taken in at boxoffice.)

To repeat the standard explanation given every year: some pictures go into release too late in the calendar year and cannot be computed for inclusion. Thus, certain of the October-December openings of 1971 were on the market too sketchily for significance here. These must wait for next year's compilation. ("Big" rental rule-for-admittance to the *VARIETY* list is a film domestically earning rentals of at least \$1,000,000 during the calendar year.)

There are some exceptions to the "too late in" rule of thumb, namely films that made such fast impact on the boxoffice (usually roadshow type films) that the minimum of \$1,000,000 rentals, for the introduction segment of 1971 are detailed.

It will be noted that a number of late 1970 releases which were not included in our last Anniversary Edition compilation are picked up herewith.

Information following the title is name of director, producer or production company, distributor and month of release. When director and producer are the same, the name is listed once only. When the film is a reissue, explanatory information is omitted, as it is to be found in the "All-Time Boxoffice Champions" listing.

FEATURE	ORIGIN	RELEASE DATE	RENTALS TO DATE
Love Story (A. Hiller; H. Minsky; Par; Dec., 70)			\$50,000,000
Little Big Man (A. Penn; S. Millar/A. Penn; CCF/NGP; Dec., 70)			15,000,000
Summer of '42 (R. Mulligan; R. Roth; WB; April, 71)			14,000,000
Ryan's Daughter (D. Lean; A. Havelock-Allan; MGM; Nov., 70)			13,400,000
The Owl and the Pussycat (H. Ross; R. Stark; Col; Nov., 70)			11,500,000
The Aristocats (W. Reitherman; W. Hibler; BV; Dec., 70)			10,100,000
Carnal Knowledge (M. Nichols; Avemb; June, 71)			9,347,000
Willard (Daniel Mann; M. Briskin. CRC; June, 71)			8,200,000
The Andromeda Strain (R. Wise; Universal; March, 71)			7,500,000
Big Jake (G. Sherman; M. Wayne; CCF/NGP; June, 71)			7,500,000
The Stewardesses (A. Silliphant Jr.; L. K. Sher; Sherpix; Sept., 70)			6,418,170
Shaft (G. Parks; J. Freeman; MGM; June, 71)			6,100,000
The French Connection (W. Friedkin; P. D'Antoni/Schine-Moore; 20th; Oct., 71)			6,100,000
Klute (A. Pakula; Warners; July, 71)			6,000,000
Cold Turkey (N. Lear; B. Yorkin; UA; Feb., 71)			5,500,000
Le Mans (L. Katz; J. N. Reddish; CCF/NGP; June, 71)			5,500,000
The Anderson Tapes (S. Lumet; R. M. Weitman; Col; July, 71)			5,000,000
A New Leaf (E. May; Koch-Elkins; Par; March, 71)			5,000,000
\$1,000,000 Duck (V. McEveety; B. Anderson; BV; July, 71)			4,700,000
There's A Girl In My Soup (R. Boulting; M. Frankovich/J. Boulting; Col; Dec., 70)			4,500,000
2001: A Space Odyssey (MGM) (reissue)			4,445,000
Rio Lobo (H. Hawks; CCF/NGP; Dec., 70)			4,250,000
The Love Machine (J. Haley Jr.; M. J. Frankovich; Col; Aug., 71)			4,200,000
Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song (M. Van Peebles; Cinemat; Oct., 70)			4,100,000
Escape From Planet of the Apes (D. Taylor; A. Jacobs; 20th; June, 71)			4,100,000
Evel Knievel (M. Chomsky; Solomon/Hamilton; Fanfare; July, 71)			4,000,000
Wild Country (R. Totten; R. Miller; BV; Feb., 71)			4,000,000
Billy Jack (T. C. Frank; Mary Rose Solti; WB; May, 71)			4,000,000
Plaza Suite (A. Hiller; H. Koch; Par; June, 71)			4,000,000
Barefoot Executive (R. Butler; B. Anderson; BV; April, 71)			3,500,000
McCabe and Mrs. Miller (R. Altman; D. Foster/M. Brower; WB; July, 71)			3,500,000
The Omega Man (B. Sagal; W. Seltzer; WB; August, 71)			3,500,000
Paper Moon (W. Allen; J. Grossberg; UA; April, 71)			3,500,000
Doctor Zhivago (MGM; reissue)			3,249,000
Vanishing Point (R. Sarafian; Norman Spencer; 20th; Mar., 71)			3,200,000
West Side Story (UA; reissue)			3,100,000
Little Fauss and Big Halsy (S. Furie; A. Ruddy; Par; Oct., 70)			3,100,000
Scrooge (R. Neame; R. Solo; CCF/NGP; Dec., 70)			3,000,000
Valdes Is Coming (E. Sherin; I. Steiner; UA; Mar., 71)			3,000,000
Doctors' Wives (G. Schaefer; M. J. Frankovich; Col; Jan., 71)			2,950,000

(Continued on page 67)

Top U.S.-Canada Grosses: 'Big Man', '42', 'Ryan's', 'Owl', 'A'cats', 'Carnal'

By ROBERT B. FREDERICK

Film annals will document 1971 as the year of Hollywood's most successful "Love Story." The Arthur Hiller film, which made overnight stars of Ryan O'Neal and Ali MacGraw, was so far ahead of the competition, with \$50,000,000 domestic (U.S. and Canada) film rental, that nothing came even close.

While not in this solid blockbuster category, five other films made sufficiently big impressions, ranging from \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000 in rentals, to permit their makers to strut a bit. Arthur Penn's wacky Indian epic, "Little Big Man," rated the \$15,000,000 take, followed closely by Robert Mulligan's not-so-long-ago nostalgic "Summer of '42," at \$14,000,000 (evidently pleasing everyone except Judith Crist).

David Lean maintained his reputation for big money pictures by garnering \$13,400,000 for his Irish love and adultery story, "Ryan's Daughter," despite some early ratings trouble, and Herbert Ross, a comparatively new man on the film scene, hit the big time with \$11,500,000 for "Owl And The Pussycat." Disney's animated "The Aristocats" rated \$10,100,000 and added another property to Buena Vista's perennial reissue list.

Sexual education, horror, suspenseful science-fiction, the annual John Wayne epic, sex in 3-D, cops and robbers (both black and white), and a colorful prostie dominated the rest of the field. "Carnal Knowledge," with \$9,347,000, gave Mike Nichols his third winner out of four times. "Willard" proved that rats, trained properly, could earn big money, with \$8,200,000. "The Andromeda Strain" came in from outer space with \$7,500,000 in the kitty. Wayne's "Big Jake," maybe because he went back to Maureen O'Hara, also had a very big \$7,500,000 take.

Lou Sher, putting his "The Stewardesses" (which isn't going to make any critics best 10 list) out in 3-D, cornered the novelty market with a whopping \$6,418,170. The cops won out in both "The French Connection" (blessed with a super chase) and "Shaft" (blessed with Gordon Parks), to give each of them \$6,100,000. Jane Fonda gave a helluva performance in "Klute," to rack up \$6,000,000 of film rental take. ("French Connection," of course, was a late starter as were "Diamonds Are Forever" and "Fiddler on Roof.")

The field, as the rest of the 1971 list might be called, was a mixed bag of attractions. See the listing for figures. One unusual aspect was the presence of three documentaries among the money films—"Hellstrom Chronicle" and "Blue Water, White Death," both of which were violent films in their way, and "On Any Sunday," which is family fare.

Films by, about, and slanted at the burgeoning Black Market, with the exception of "Shaft," which everyone liked, were dominated by Melvin Van Peebles' "Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song" also the most unusual title of the year, followed at a safe distance by "The Great White Hope" and "The Organization."

Softcore sex films, unless they were gimmicky, suffered from the competition of hardcore films which are evidently not on the decrease. Even hardcore product, however, because of its limited outlets, didn't register sufficient takes to make the 1971 champion lists.

Tigon Films Buys Essoldo Loop In \$10,000,000 Deal

London.

Tigon Films, the production independent which previously acquired the Classical circuit, is enlarging its stake in British exhibition with the buy-up of the smaller Essoldo chain. Latter has some 55 situations including several in London.

It's more than a \$10,000,000 deal, and means Tigon will control around 150 theatres. This makes it runnerup to the "big two" circuits, Rank Odeon and EMI's ABC chain, which have about 260 houses each.

This "crowding" of the two biggies, which have long dominated the U.K. film scene with respect to playoff and kindred marketing policies (and which of late have produced some bitter clashes with the Yank majors), may in due course lead to an altering of exhibition patterns here.

Tigon's cinema beefup at least suggests it will have the leverage to start competing with EMI and Rank for glittery product. Possibly in the process it will accelerate some much-needed change in film marketing in this tradition-bound market.



SHIRLEY MacLAINE

Blind Phone No. For Time & Title Of Sexpo Films

Biloxi, Miss.

As a result of intensified crackdowns on seexplicit films throughout the south, the peddlers of pornographic and other offensive attractions are resorting to various subterfuges to attract customers in this section—and probably elsewhere as well.

One local hall showing sex films does not mention its locations in its newspaper ads, and sometimes omits even the title of the film being shown. For information about the film, location of theatre, starting time and admission price, a telephone number is given—"for adults only."

The nature of the films is plainly indicated in such catchlines as "The explicit love life of 'The Divorcee'."

In the past fortnight at least six operators of these "blind" cinemas in Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama have been arrested and their prints confiscated.

BRITAIN OVER HUMP OF SLUMP, DESPITE TICKETS, INVESTMENT

By GWYNETH DUNWOODY

(Director, Film Production Assn. Of Great Britain)

London. The Phoenix has arisen again, although slightly scorched this time from the fire. In other words, the British film production industry, for so long the subject of crisis, is, nevertheless, still producing feature films of high quality for a world market.

It is true that the picture over the last 10 years has been a depressing one of declining investment, closing studio space and falling admissions to cinemas. To take only one period from October 1968-September 1969, the investment in feature films in Great Britain was approximately £34,520,000 (\$92,848,000). In a similar period the following year, 1969-70, investment slumped drastically to £21,650,000.

Year by year, boxoffice attendances fall, the mass media become evermore greedy for a share of erstwhile cinema audiences. The filmmaker finds himself in competition not only with other entertainment media, but ever more so, with color television presentations. He is, therefore, competing for a market which shows an increasing tendency to be selective in the expenditure of its leisure pound, and has to adapt his presentation accordingly. The fact is that British film producers can point to a record of productivity, of re-organization, of an increasingly sensible use of their budgets, whilst other industries have not achieved one quarter of the success in real terms that the filmmaker has in introducing new techniques and a more realistic management of finance.

1971 Investment

In 1971 the estimate of the current total of investment proves that even in a declining market there is still £25,500,000 being put into films and filming. Films with budgets between £800,000-£1,000,000 have declined in Britain, whilst there has been a relative increase in the £50,000-£400,000 range. The time taken on a studio floor is becoming progressively shorter and the days of the temperamental star who retained an entire crew on the floor while she thought about whether or not she was capable of filming that day are long gone.

Common Market

Just what does the future hold in terms of an expanding film market? Britain's entry into the European Economic Community should open the way to more co-productions in this country. In an industry which has as high as 70% unemployment amongst its technicians it would seem sensible to use the advantage given to us by the English language, an advantage which European filmmakers are very well aware of, to make films for world-wide distribution, in cooperation with European producers.

So far, the numbers of films made in this way have been limited, but there is no doubt that the removal of barriers between ourselves and the EEC will encourage film producers from the Continent to look for suitable subjects to produce in this country. Already the export of British stars to the Continent means that they are well-known in Germany and France, and it may be that the very similarity of the financing problems being faced by our opposite numbers on the Continent will mean that they will grasp at the chance to produce films which are much more likely to get a showing on the American market because of their English language sound-tracks. Although this must obviously be a two-way traffic it is still true that in Great Britain a new generation of filmmakers of the Anthony Friedman and the Barney Platts-Mills age-group has already shown that we

are continuing to produce one of Britain's best exports: talent.

There had always existed in this country the National Film Finance Corp. which, although it was responsible for a very small percentage of investment, nevertheless, used its Government-financed funds to help young filmmakers, new writers and established British companies alike, to put on the market films of a uniquely British flavor. The previous Government re-financed the Corporation in the 1970 Films Act to the extent of £5,000,000 because it realized the very important part the NFFC had to play in an indigenous British industry. Indeed with the changing pattern of studios in this country (the closing of MGM reducing the number of major studios to three with two or three other smaller, but active, units like Twickenham continuing to fill the gap) this meant that if there was to be a British industry at all, every opportunity had to be fully exploited.

This year, so far, we have commenced production on 78 major feature films in Great Britain of which 50 are being made wholly or partly in a studio. The average shooting time is 10-12 weeks and the average budget per picture has been something like £350,000. This is well up to the normal yearly figure and seems to prove the success of films like "On The Buses" and "The Go-Between" and means we still have a successful touch.

Lively Subjects

There is never a shortage of interesting subjects. For example, amongst the new films coming on to the market in the coming 12 months, major budget productions like "Young Winston," "Mary Queen of Scots," will have as rivals at the boxoffice such diverse subjects as "Diamonds Are Forever," "The Jarnet Saga" and a series of highly successful horror pictures.

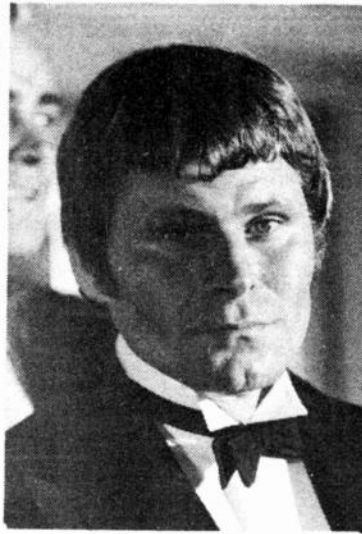
Who is to say that the British industry is dead. Battered by all means. Looking for new openings certainly. Capable if needs be of using different language, different styles, different stars, and different techniques. The present is difficult. The future sometimes uncertain. But in the end this mixture of art and commerce which we lightly call the British Film Industry seems set fair to continue the tradition set long ago by the first filmmakers. A tradition of basic quality, talent and imagination, that transforms a purely commercial operation into one that brings joy to many, provides a talking point for a few and a considerable "plus" to Britain's national life. The Phoenix, in fact, is re-emerging, a cassette clutched tightly between its claws, a little done in and singed by the fire, but already a bird of some strength and future.

T. R. Zan 'A. Bear'

By BILL DOLL

Not only did I take a leaf out of the T.R. Zan script of Harry Reichenbach but I also made The New Yorker's "Talk of the Town" department. They gave me billing for Mike Todd's post-"Around The World" premiere party and also recalled my stunt for Bill Robinson, having him dance 70 blocks down Broadway from Harlem to Times Sq., on Bojangles' 70th birthday.

Handling the "Moscow Circus on Ice" for Morris Chalfen, I took a bear in a cab to the Radisson Hotel in Chalfen's hometown of Minneapolis and registered him as "A. Bear". When the press and photographers arrived the bear was breakfasting in our suite on vodka and caviar (both Russian products) with a dash of French champagne. The rest is obvious.



BRUCE GLOVER

playing the fey but ruthless killer in the current James Bond "DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER." (In release — Stanley Kramer's "BLESS THE BEASTS AND CHILDREN." Also Walt Disney's "SCANDALOUS JOHN.")

Hollywood Representation: Jerry Rosen Agency
London Contact: James Fraser

A Film Industry Perspective: USSR

Moscow.

The 50th anniversary of the inception of Soviet cinema was observed on Aug. 27, 1969. Vladimir Ilyich Lenin had, 50 years before, signed a decree of the Council of People's Commissars "On The Transition of Photographic and Cinematographic Commerce and Industry to the Charge of the People's Commissariat of Education." Soviet cinematography began its history on that day.

During the half-century, film studios of the Soviet Union created over 4,250 full-length feature films, including 1,172 films belonging to the period of the silent cinema, as well as dozens of thousands of chronicle-documentary and popular-science films.

In 1913 there were 1,510 film-projection installations in Russia, including 1,368 in towns and cities and 142 in rural areas. Today there are 157,000 film-projection installations in the U.S.S.R., including 24,000 in towns and cities and 133,000 in the countryside.

In 1969 there were 4,700,000 filmgoers in the Soviet Union. The average attendance for each Soviet citizen that year was 19.8 times, including 21.5 times in town and cities and 17.6 times in rural areas. The U.S.S.R. produced 132 features in 1969 and 1,100 short, chronicle-documentary, popular-science and educational films.

During the same year Russian films were shown in theatres of 104 countries.

The only film-production centers 50 years ago were Moscow and Petrograd (now Leningrad). Today, 39 film studios in the U.S.S.R. produce films. The Committee for Cinematography of the U.S.S.R. Council of Ministers is the state organ, in charge of all the problems of planning, financing and producing films in the Soviet Union, as well as problems connected with the development of the network of motion picture houses and distribution of films.

Large theatres are being built, and have been built, in such large cities as Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev, Tashkent, Tbilisi, Sverdlosk and others. They're generally in the 2,000-3,000 class with the largest, in the Kremlin Palace of Congresses (where the Moscow Film Fest is held) seating 6,000 viewers. About half of all films currently produced in Russia are for the wide screen and over 45,000 theatres are equipped for this. The production of 70m films increase each year, about 350 houses being able to show them to date.

Work is being continued in the field of three-dimensional film, with the use of the rasterscreen. Stereoscopic films are being made which are shown in Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev, Odessa and some other cities. They're shot according to the Stereo-70 system of stereoscopic cinematography elaborated by specialists of NIKFI and the Mosfilm Studio, and released for demonstration on a rasterscreen without the use of special glasses.

Film Fest Feedback

By ROBERT J. LANDRY

Nobody may swear to the total number of film festivals round the world. The rough-guess, 165, of a year back is probably still plausible, those known dead or obviously moribund festivals are offset by newcomers. *VARIETY* reports in varying detail and depth an average of 30 to 35 film festivals annually. Herewith is a feedback of some of the activities in 1971:

ATLANTA: This one is the creation and reflection largely of one man, with an anonymous local selection committee, to outsmart the pressures. J. Hunter Todd, himself a writer-cameraman-director of industrial films, has the advantage of being located in the South's most urbane center. Todd is devotedly pro-prizes, and may hand out too many, gold, silver and bronze. He throws the spotlight on television features, sell-blurbs down to 30-second items.

ACAPULCO: Ran for 10 years as a best-of-other-fests reprise. Always notoriously inefficient. Went kaput. Now up for revival but limited to Mexican product only. Separately Mexico talks of a tri-city (Mex, Monterrey, Guadalajara) international fest.

BERLIN: Politics created and politics hamper this one. Because of Moscow's frown on the divided city no Socialist Bloc product ever unreels, though Alfred Bauer is ever-hopeful. As from 1970 he had more urgent anxieties when he was the target of a cabal of (1) young German filmmakers, (2) partisans of Munich as a prospective takeover site, and (3) a bevy of typical political slogoneering festival wreckers.

BRASILIA: The capital of Brazil had a film fest late in 1971. Beyond the bare fact, no news. Its bearing on the every-other-year Rio Fest is unclear.

BRNO: Strictly a Czech trade fair type of operation. No critics or reporters are invited. Highly regarded as a market bridge between west and east. But in 1971 it proved a big letdown to the Americans who attended, while the Socialists in turn were in shock at the violence and porno angles in the proffered U.S. product.

CANNES: Not the firstest but the latest with the mostest. The kick-off event of the European fest circuit every summer. Robert Favre LeBreton will be succeeded as chief by film pundit Maurice Bessy, though LeBreton will be the French equivalent of chairman.

CARTAGNA: Year in and year out this Colombian one takes place. But almost no Yank showmen or press ever present. Just a name, like many another film fest.

CHICAGO: Another instance of a fest largely reflective of a single personality. William Kutza had much better press, attendance and impact in 1971.

CORK: The Irish fest is always described as "pleasant," but has never made any cinematic history.

CRACOW: The Poles divide their eight days half between their own shorts and half international. The Socialist presence is prominent but not exclusive. Most of the European producing, and/or television product-seeking, flags show up.

DALLAS: Private funds matched, so will repeat in 1972. This one undertakes to show only U.S.-made films. Broad array of newspaper and cultural journalists mustered on selection, under guidance of Manhattan publicist John Springer.

EDINBURGH: The Murray Grigor event is respected but only vaguely reported. It is both the creature and the overshadowed stepchild of the multi-media arts fest here.

LEIPZIG: East Germany's fest is a kind of clearing house for Socialist Bloc's agit-prop stuff. In past fall invited over as guests a number of the old "Hollywood 10."

LONDON: Never seems to attract much attention, though lots of French features this last round. **LUEBECK:** Promoted by a film buff-druggist, who has since deferred to a successor. Perhaps typical of the "obscure" small bankroll type of film fest, whose members are legion and whose raison d'être is largely private. For over 10 years a small nucleus of visitors and regulars show up, though the old Hanseatic seaport north of Hamburg seems but scantily aware of the fest in its midst.

MANNHEIM: One of several fests in Germany holds some con-

tinuing status, less threatened by the German youth avant-garde than, says, Oberhausen.

MELBOURNE: Shares some of its fare with Sydney Fest.

NEW YORK: No prizes. No juries. The selection committee and processes sometimes stir wonder. Moved to much smaller Lincoln Center theatre (Vivian Beaumont), reducing capacity by half from Philharmonic Hall. Entirely reorganized this year. Richard Roud still director, though curtailed, along with everybody and everything else. Event draws considerable major film participation. This year opened with a Russian film, followed by one from Poland.

OBERSHAUSEN: Rebels and traces of pornography.

PANAMA: One of the newer several small events in Latin America. Usually passes unnoticed by the international film market.

MOSCOW: The Russians work delegates and critics to exhaustion. No other fest is so crowded. Early morn to late night grind, every other year, alternating with Karlovy Vary in Czechoslovakia. Federation frowns upon Russians' practice of showing the festival films in many different Moscow area commercial theatres.

SORRENTO: Policy of saluting a different flag each year has been successful. Made a definite impact on Yankees in the American year, 1970. It was Hungary's turn in 1971.

SAN FRANCISCO: The charms of those hills, those sunsets and those American hippies make Frisco attractive to foreign festivaliers. San Francisco has had its share of personality clashes and would-be fest wreckers. The pristine reluctance of Hollywood studios to cooperate was overcome some years ago.

STRATFORD: Ontario restored its film festival last fall, after seven-year lapse. Proving that festivals can indeed "come back."

TEHERAN: Modern Iran, the ancient realm of Persia, has been moving into the festival thing, first with annual children's fest, and now upcoming with a first international feature festival that may have \$400,000, perhaps third or fourth largest budget of any world festival, but pre-Cannes so selection may be difficult.

SAN SEBASTIAN: Yankees have favored this Spanish event because it pays off in quota-free licenses to participating films. Quality and efficiency has varied notably from year to year and censorship remains a problem, as true in other censor-prone lands.

VENICE: In recent years various film fests have been stopped dead in their tracks or threatened by wreckers. Venice is caught in the crossfire of Italy's left and the rightists, and the tendency of the Rome clique to resort to boycott. Despite which the daddy of all film festivals has bravely survived and its prospects for 1972 are regarded as improved.

DUTCH REFORM CHURCH RULES SOUTH AFRICA STYLE CENSORSHIP

By ARNOLD HANSON

Capetown. The South African Censor Board has come under fire this year for its inconsistency, also the over-strict cutting of films. They are widely advised by many voices that they should modernize ideas.

Comprising a magistrate, a specialist in psychology, professors in English and History, pensioners, and a few under 40s, and controlled by the Dutch Reform Church (the main religious body in the Republic of South Africa), the censors evidently cannot adapt to modern conditions, notably the standard of education or mentality of present day youth, but treat them as "infants." Of course some scenes are far fetched and indecent and should be cut, but we are not living

(Continued on page 62)

Laughing About People Is No Joke

By SAMUEL MARX

Hollywood.

Hustled over to see our friend, the gagman. He was in the living room of his Bel-Air mansion, watering the vegetables he was growing in the grand piano. "Gotta eat and don't feel like singing," he explained.

We told him we needed a light, bright non-nostalgic idea.

"You've come to the wrong place," he said, pointing to a roaring conflagration in the fireplace. "I'm burning my gag file." Even as he spoke, his wife dumped a collection of joke books into the flames.

"What's happened?" we asked.

"Can't you see? The world's funnier than ever but it can't take a joke any more. A lot of people in it are funnier, too, but they got no sense of humor. Everybody's got a chip on his shoulder and you can't laugh it off."

"I hadn't thought of that."

"Know what would happen if I tried to spin that old chestnut 'Who was that lady I saw you with last night?' His voice dropped to a whisper, his wife was looking at us suspiciously. 'Minute I say the punchline she'll report me to the Women's Lib and they'll boycott anyone who buys my next joke."

"Had to tear up a couple of hundred gags starting with 'There were these two Irishmen . . . two Italians . . . two Jews . . . two Arabs . . . Can't touch 'em, they'd call me a racist. They all got organizations, bird-dogging jokes. One of my friends told a joke about two Russians the other day and got a Molotov cocktail right in his Martini!'"

"Gags about mother-in-laws? Always been good for laughs."

He drew back in horror.

"How about places?"

"No chance. I bought this house on Brooklyn jokes. Got my car on Philadelphia. Bought the furniture on Cucamonga. But now they got civic pride, if you say one word of ridicule they'll send a delegation to see you and drink up all your liquor."

"There's still a little mileage in politics. It isn't easy for politicians to picket you, they can't get through the picketlines around themselves. Trouble is, we're all making jokes about Nixon and Agnew, so the market's flooded. Too much of a good thing. Maybe when Nixon goes to Russia and China I can sell a joke that he'd rather be Left than President."

"Not very funny," I said. "This is a real crisis."

At this moment, his little boy ran up to his mother with a painting book. "I want to paint an American flag," he told her. "But I haven't any red, white and blue paint."

"So use some other colors," she said.

"There's an idea for you," I told my friend. "You can't joke about the Irish or the Italians . . . so use some other colors."

"Are you suggesting?"

"Sure," I went on, innocently. "There's Indians . . . Chinese . . . blacks . . ."

That was as far as I got. He pressed his hand against my mouth, his eyes wide with fright. "Are you out of your mind? There'll be a protest march 10 miles long."

He looked furtively around, to be sure no one was watching or listening. Then he whispered tensely, "Listen, I'm going to let you in on one of the secrets of the trade. There's still a chance to write jokes on one group that hasn't made a peep, at least, so far. You got to write your gags around them."

"Who are they?" I whispered.

"Fish!" "Fish?"

"And animals! I'll give you an example. 'Who was that rabbit I saw you with last night?' 'That was no rabbit, that was a bunny!'"

I smiled appreciatively. "It's no bluff," I told him. "But Playboy might buy it."

He shook his head. "Can't submit it to them. My wife won't let me. She says 'Magazines like that encourage male superiority.'"

ALL-TIME BOXOFFICE CHAMPS

(Over \$4,000,000, U.S.-Canada Rentals)

Herewith, **VARIETY** again presents its compilation of All-Time Box-office Champion Films. This list repeats many figures as previously published and not since altered by reissue but some figures are revised, upward or downward, from earlier reports. Experience has informed this publication that the All-Time list is most carefully studied by readers who look in vain for films they believe ought surely to be included but are not. Therefore, these reminders are reiterated:

(a) A film, to qualify for inclusion here, must have paid \$4,000,000 in rentals to the distributor.

(b) "Birth of a Nation," released in 1915, which may have grossed as much as \$50,000,000, has always been omitted because it was handled on a states rights and, often, an outright cash sale basis, hence data are unreliable.

(c) Figures, as given below, signify the rentals received by the distributors from the U.S.-Canada market only and omit foreign market rentals. The latter, in recent years, frequently equal or surpass the domestic payoff and it has been suggested that world data should be given; however, such a changeover would blur comparisons with vester years.

A sizable contingent of past releases is round-figure estimated at \$4,000,000 or close enough thereto, though more exact data would be distinctly preferable. There is a great reluctance on the part of most film companies to revise figures once they have passed their first flush of success (with the exception of major reissues) although many of the films have stayed in circulation, more or less, for years, been reissued sporadically, and have added some income over the years.

Note: Film title is followed by name of director, producer, or production company; original distributing company plus present distributor, if different (plus differing U.S. and Canadian distributors in case of some foreign-made films); year of release; as well as total rentals received to date.)

Gone With The Wind (V. Fleming; D. Selznick; MGM; 1939)	\$74,200,000
The Sound of Music (R. Wise; 20th; 1965)	72,000,000
Love Story (A. Hiller; H. Minsky; Par; 1970)	50,000,000
Airport (G. Seaton; R. Hunter; Universal; 1970)	44,500,000
The Graduate (M. Nichols; L. Turman; Avemb; 1968)	43,100,000
Doctor Zhivago (D. Lean; C. Ponti; MGM; 1965)	43,000,000
Ben-Hur (W. Wyler; S. Zimbalist; MGM; 1959)	40,690,000
Ten Commandments (C. B. DeMille; Par; 1957)	40,000,000
My Fair Lady (G. Cukor; J. L. Warner; WB; 1964)	32,000,000
Mary Poppins (R. Stevenson; Disney; BV; 1964)	31,000,000
Flash (R. Altman; I. Preminger; 20th; 1970)	30,000,000
Butch Cassidy and Sundance Kid (G. R. Hill; Foreman; 20th; 1969)	29,200,000
West Side Story (R. Wise; J. Robbins; Mirisch/7 Arts; UA; 1961)	28,100,000
Thunderball (T. Young; Eon; UA; 1965)	27,000,000
Patton (F. Schaffner; F. McCarthy; 20th; 1970)	27,000,000
Cleopatra (J. Mankiewicz; Wanger; 20th; 1963)	26,000,000
Guess Who's Coming To Dinner (S. Kramer; Columbia; 1968)	25,500,000
Funny Girl (W. Wyler; R. Stark; Columbia; 1968)	24,900,000
How The West Was Won (J. Ford; H. Hathaway, G. Marshall; Smith-Cinerama; Cinerama-MGM, 1962)	24,268,000
It's A Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World (S. Kramer; UA; 1963)	23,800,000
Around World in 80 Days (M. Anderson; M. Todd; UA; 1956)	23,000,000
Goldfinger (G. Hamilton; Eon; UA; 1964)	22,500,000
Bonnie and Clyde (A. Penn; W. Beatty; WB; 1967)	22,000,000
2001: Space Odyssey (S. Kubrick; MGM; 1968)	21,500,000
Love Bug (R. Stevenson; W. Walsh; BV; 1969)	21,000,000
The Dirty Dozen (R. Aldrich; K. Hyman; MGM; 1967)	20,067,000
Valley of the Dolls (M. Robson; D. Weisbart; 20th; 1967)	20,000,000
The Odd Couple (G. Saks; H. Koch; Paramount; 1968)	20,000,000
To Sir, With Love (J. Clavell; Columbia; 1967)	19,100,000

Bullitt (P. Yates; P. D'Antoni; WB; 1969)	19,000,000
You Only Live Twice (L. Gilbert; Eon; UA; 1967)	18,000,000
The Longest Day (K. Annakin, A. Marton, B. Wicki; Zanuck; 20th; 1962)	17,600,000
The Robe (Henry Koster; Ross; 20th—1953)	17,500,000
South Pacific (Joshua Logan; Magna-Adler; 20th—1958)	17,500,000
Tom Jones (T. Richardson; UA; 1963)	17,200,000
Bridge On River Kwai (David Lean; Spiegel; Col—1958)	17,195,000
Easy Rider (D. Hopper; Pando/Raybert; Columbia; 1969)	16,850,000
Oliver (C. Reed; J. Woolf; Columbia; 1969)	16,800,000
Lawrence of Arabia (David Lean; Spiegel; Col; 1963)	16,700,000
Midnight Cowboy (J. Schlesinger; J. Hellman; UA; 1969)	16,300,000
Snow White (animated; Walt Disney; RKO/BV; 1937)	16,000,000
Hawaii (G. R. Hill; Mirisch; UA; 1966)	16,000,000
The Carpetbaggers (E. Dmytryk; J. E. Levine; Par; 1964)	15,500,000
This Is Cinerama (Lowell Thomas; Cooper; Cinerama—1952)	15,000,000
The Bible (J. Huston; DeLaurentiis; 20th; 1966)	15,000,000
Planet of the Apes (F. J. Schaffner; A. P. Jacobs; 20th; 1968)	15,000,000
Rosemary's Baby (R. Polanski; W. Castle; Paramount; 1968)	15,000,000
Hello Dolly (G. Kelly; E. Lehman; 20th; 1970)	15,000,000
Little Big Man (A. Penn; S. Millar/A. Penn; CCF-NGP; 1971)	15,000,000
Thoroughly Modern Mille (G. R. Hill; R. Hunter; Univ; 1967)	14,724,000
Spartacus (S. Kubrick; Bryna-E. Lewis; Universal; 1960)	14,600,000
Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice (P. Mazursky; L. Tucker; Col; 1969)	14,600,000
Swiss Family Robinson (K. Annakin; W. Disney; BV; 1960)	14,500,000
Romeo and Juliet (F. Zeffirelli; A. Havelock-Allan; J. Brabourne; Paramount; 1968)	14,500,000
Paint Your Wagon (J. Logan; A. J. Lerner; Par; 1969)	14,500,000
Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? (M. Nichols; E. Lehman; Warners; 1966)	14,500,000
Woodstock (M. Wadleigh; B. Maurice; WB; 1970)	14,500,000
True Grit (H. Hathaway; H. Wallis; Par; 1969)	14,500,000
The Greatest Show on Earth (C. B. DeMille; Par; 1952)	14,000,000
Giant (G. Stevens; Stevens-Ginsberg; WB; 1956)	14,000,000
Those Magnificent Men In Their Flying Machines (K. Anna-kin; Margulies; 20th; 1965)	14,000,000
Summer of '42 (R. Mulligan; R. Roth; WB; 1971)	14,000,000
Tora Tora Tora (R. Fleischer; E. Williams; 20th; 1970)	13,700,000
The Sand Pebbles (R. Wise; 20th; 1967)	13,500,000
Ryan's Daughter (D. Lean; A. Havelock-Allan; MGM; 1970)	13,400,000
Pinocchio (Animated; W. Disney; RKO-BV; 1940)	13,000,000
Guns of Navarone (J. L. Thompson; Foreman; Col; 1961)	13,000,000
The Jungle Book (W. Reitherman; W. Disney; BV; 1967)	13,000,000
Man For All Seasons (F. Zinnemann; Columbia; 1966)	12,750,000
Quo Vadis (M. LeRoy; S. Zimbalist; MGM; 1951)	12,500,000
Seven Wonders of World (Lowell Thomas; Cinerama—1956)	12,500,000
101 Dalmatians (animated; Disney; BV; 1961)	12,500,000
Camelot (Joshua Logan; WB; 1967)	12,250,000
Catch 22 (M. Nichols; J. Calley; Par; 1970)	12,250,000
From Here To Eternity (Fred Zinnemann; Col—1953)	12,200,000
Irma La Douce (B. Wilder; Wilder/Mirisch; UA; 1963)	12,100,000
White Christmas (Michael Curtiz; Dolan-Berlin; Par—1954)	12,000,000
Cinerama Holiday (Louis de Rochemont; Cinerama—1955)	12,000,000
El Cid (Anthony Mann; Bronston; AA—1962)	12,000,000
Cactus Flower (G. Saks; M. Frankovich; Col; 1969)	11,850,000
The Shaggy Dog (C. Barton; Disney; BV; 1959)	11,600,000
Samson and Delilah (C. B. DeMille; Par; 1949)	11,500,000
Yours, Mine and Ours (M. Shavelson; R. Blumofe; UA; 1968)	11,500,000
Peyton Place (M. Robson; J. Wald; 20th; 1957)	11,500,000
Owl and Pussycat (H. Ross; R. Stark; Col; 1971)	11,500,000

(Continued on page 44)



RICHARD BARSTOW

"One of the true DeMille of the living theatre." **VARIETY**
Directing, staging, and choreographing the Ringling Bros. & Barnum and Bailey Circus (24th year)
Tremendous thanks to Mr. Irvin Feld, the greatest showman on earth.

Mexico's Films In Transformation

By **RODOLFO ECHEVERRIA**
(National Film Bank Director-General)

Mexico City.

On all levels of development, our country is being transformed. In order to participate and keep pace with this progress under the best possible conditions, the Mexican motion picture industry is currently undergoing a revamping of its operating methods.

The Mexican government is aware of the important role that cinema plays, not only as an art and an industry, but as a means of mass communication. The authorities have created the basis for its development and made these available to producers. The government respects the premise that there is a creative element which molds the image of our film industry and realizes that the quality of that image depends on the talent and artistic abilities of the filmmaker.

Everyone involved in this complex industry has the same objective and is aware of the many problems we have to resolve. With the harmonious collaboration of all the individuals participating in making pictures, we're starting to solve some of them in what we term a "crusade" to dignify our films and make them worthy of an

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OBSCEINITY LAW CAN'T KEEP CHANGING

YESTERYEAR CENSORS WERE PRIMITIVE IN PREJUDICE—MANY PORNOGRAPHERS
TODAY DEGRADE AND BRUTALIZE SEX—LEGAL GROUND IN RECENT
DECADES HAS SHIFTED UNDER MORALS EARTHQUAKE

By THEODORE R. KUPFERMAN

(Theodore R. Kupferman, Justice of the Appellate Division of the N.Y. Supreme Court, was active as a show business lawyer prior to his election to Congress in 1966. He was a member of the Legal Departments of Warner Bros. Pictures Inc. and the National Broadcasting Co., and general counsel of Cinerama Productions Corp.—Ed.)

A score of years ago, as I left the legal department of Warner Bros. to join NBC I coauthored a Law Review article entitled "Motion Picture Censorship—The Memphis Blues." It was concerned with censorship, but with emphasis on that then practiced in the South. The point of departure was a Hal Roach film entitled "Curley," a latter day "Our Gang" comedy. It was banned in Memphis because, as the municipal censor, Lloyd Binford, stated, "the south does not permit negroes in white schools nor recognize social equality between the races even in children." Atlanta also banned "Lost Boundaries," the story of a Negro physician and his family who "passed" for white, because censor Christine Smith thought it might create dissension between the races.



Justice Kupferman

My article discussed the legal implications of censorship with particular emphasis on civil rights and freedom of speech and the equating of the motion picture with the press as a means of expression.

How ancient all of that sound now. Censors Binford and Smith are long since gone and so is the New York Censor Board. When the Presidential Commission on Sex and Pornography made its report, some publishers used photographs to "illustrate" it. The book and motion picture "The Seven Minutes" by Irving Wallace, used an obscenity trial and explanation of the law as a device for titillating moments.

In the name of free speech, some pretty crude obscenities have been foisted on the public. On the other hand, self-proclaimed defenders of public morals have tried, as they have in other eras, to lead crusades against serious works which involved sex in a natural and meaningful setting.

Perhaps today no one would take seriously a denunciation of any specific work, probably because there has been a surfeit of pornography. Denmark, which took off all the wraps, reports a slackening of interest. Remember when Cardinal Spellman denounced "Baby Doll" because Carroll Baker wore a short nightie in a provocative way and slept thumb in mouth? That dull Kazan film of Warner Bros. should have passed through the circuit as a lower half of a double bill, suddenly aroused interest!

Just a few years ago, "I am Curious (Yellow)" as a result of well-publicized legal problems, made a mint with a nothing movie and added to the language. I recall the story of the State Department representative inquiring about the foreign policy of mainland China with the quip "I am Curious (Yellow)."

In debate, the ad hominem argument of appeal to prejudice generally uses a person's own words against him. In the law of evidence, an exception to the hearsay rule is a party's admissions. You can use his own words against him regardless of whether or not as a matter of intellect, they should be decisive. The Bible (Book of Job) says "would . . . that mine adversary had written a book."

All of this had some significance recently when United States Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, a strong opponent of all forms of censorship, had to disqualify himself in a crucial case on the subject.

Because of the battles in Congress (Carswell-Haynsworth-Forstas) involving appointments to the United States Supreme Court, those dissatisfied with the opinions of Justice Douglas and his personal style in living, asked that some matters in which he had been involved be investigated. Among other things, a chapter of his had been sold to Evergreen Magazine (VARIETY is not paying me.)

The checkered career of "I am Curious (Yellow)" involved court decisions allowing its exhibition in many jurisdictions, but in Maryland it had been turned down. The distributor of the film was the Evergreen publisher, Gove Press. It was obvious that Justice Douglas could not take part in the case, and so the Maryland determination was sustained 4-4 in the United States Supreme Court.

The next time an issue of seeming obscenity came before the Supreme Court early in 1971, it was an appeal from a determination of the New York State Court of Appeals upholding the conviction of an art gallery owner for exhibiting on sculpture the American flag in a manner to dishonor it or cast it in contempt. One of the guises was "in the form of a male sexual organ."

Mr. Justice Douglas again abstained without giving a reason, possibly as a new conditioned reflex. This meant that the New York determination was sustained. Judge James Gibson for the New York majority had written that "a reasonable man would consider the wrapping of a phallic symbol with the flag an act of dishonor." In dissent, New York Chief Judge Stanley H. Fuld had stated that the exhibition could be considered a form of "protest art" and not a threat to public order. While

the legal question was not one of obscenity, the overtones were present.

In the recent OZ case, however, the British Court of Appeals decided that judging a work as a whole applies only to books, not to newspapers and periodicals, which are not meant to be integrated works.

As the Supreme Court began to evolve a modus operandi for reducing the barriers of prudery that had prevented serious works in various media from reaching the public, fissures began to appear in the wall at a low level.

Pure nudity was no longer a violation nor a nude performance nor the showing of a public area, as long as it was not done in a lewd way. At one time the mere sight of the pubis or the genitals made it ipso facto unacceptable. Further, specific areas had been banned. When "The Miracle" with Anna Magnani was allowed, proscription on advocacy of adultery was eliminated. When "The Miracle" with Anna Magnani was allowed, the limitation on sacrilege went down. In practical effect, this meant that only sex was still a problem area.

A rule of thumb was established with a basic triangle. It is known as the Roth test after Samuel Roth who was convicted under it for mailing obscene matter. To have the possibility of conviction, the three points were that the work be 1) utterly without socially redeeming value, 2) not in conformity with contemporary community standards on sex, and 3) appealing to prurient interests. All three were necessary. Further, the work was judged as a whole and not on bits of erotica here and there.

While purists such as Elmer Rice of the American Civil Liberties Union argued that the Constitution prohibited any impingement on any form of full expression, it was clearly established that obscenity or hard core pornography was not within the freedoms. Further, prevention of public display and protection for children were proper goals even with the looser control.

To get around the triangle rules, pornographers started to look for some redeeming social value, a fact that Playboy had long since realized in the printing of esoteric and intellectual material along with the unfrocked bunnies. It even became fashionable for Congressmen to be interviewed in Playboy, so why should not the purveyors of less wholesome material do likewise.

Pandering As Crime

However, sometimes they could get too cute. Ralph Ginzburg was found guilty of violating the Federal mailing obscenity statute, and the Supreme Court in reviewing the conviction, held that where borderline material is involved (some say he crossed the border without a passport) "evidence of pandering may be probative with respect to the nature of the material in question."

Conflict arose in the "Titticut Follies" case where a law professor and social researcher obtained official permission to make a documentary film at a Bridgewater, Massachusetts state institution. For several months of filming attention was focused, among other things, on masturbation, skin searches, etc. among the criminally insane. Genitals of identifiable persons were shown.

When the finished film won at some festivals, general distribution was arranged, and the Attorney-General of Massachusetts sued on behalf of the Commonwealth for an injunction. The decree finally allowed only special showings to specialized audiences with a proper interest in rehabilitation.

Something similar happened with the Valachi Papers when the U.S. Government, after granting consent to Peter Maas for a book to be written with Valachi, withdrew it after pressure from those afraid of the Italian tinge to the Mafia, and just recently when Paramount's "The Godfather" changed the basic approach of the Mario Puzo book.

New York City Criminal Court Judge Joel J. Tyler, one time New York City License Commissioner, in a recent learned opinion analyzed something called Zap Comix.

He called it "shock-obscenity" which Dr. Spock has stated represents a brutalizing trend in our society. Interesting questions were raised, such as what is obscene for the general public being also obscene for intellectuals or sophisticates, and also whether the artistry of the cartoonists could raise the level of the content. His conclusion was that "A Michelangelo could find no solace from legal restraint if his art was obscene" quoting language from the Supreme Court opinion in "I Am Curious (Yellow)" case, that a truly pornographic film cannot "be rescued by the inclusion of a few verses of the Psalms."

In previous years, some of Judge Tyler's predecessors as license commissioners did not worry about legal niceties or write learned opinions, they just found reasons to make it difficult for theatres to maintain their licenses when they offended some community standards. It is also amazing how many fire or sanitary violations can turn up when an inspector put his mind to it.

While there are no Supreme Court rulings that currently accept violence as grounds for censorship, there has been a good deal of protest about increasing violence portrayed as entertainment. This has significance for television because station licenses depend on serving the public interest, and while the Federal Communications Commission specifically rejects the role of censor,

it naturally in the over-all scheme, considers general programming in questions of license renewal.

Some, like the poet Allen Ginsberg, can see no objection to anything going on television, because you can always turn it off. However, many if not most television homes, have minors present and so the standard, which in a theatre can be liberal, must necessarily be more restricted.

In 1969, Robert Stanley was convicted in Georgia for possessing obscene matter in the privacy of his home. The authorities were looking for evidence of bookmaking and instead found some 8-millimetre film. His conviction was held unconstitutional under the First and 14th Amendments on the basis that governmental control of the "moral content of a person's thoughts" is inconsistent with constitutional rights. This adds a new test to the Roth triangle, and there have been lower court cases allowing importation of obscene material for private use and allowing a consenting adult to view an obscene film in the company of other consenting adults. This is similar to allowing the use of contraceptives in the privacy of the bedroom.

So it seems that it is only commercial or public obscenity that is still proscribed. It was the non-private aspect that led to the passage by the New York State Legislature, on the recommendation of Governor Rockefeller, of a bill to amend the penal law, "in relation to public display of offensive sexual material."

In signing the bill, Governor Rockefeller said:

"The bill, which I recommended to the Legislature earlier this year, prohibits the public display (so as to be readily visible from a public thoroughfare) of visual materials that appeal predominately to prurient interest in sex and depict nudity, sexual conduct, or sado-masochistic activities."

The bill is designed to deal with situations, particularly in our larger cities, where bookstore windows and entrances to motion picture theatres are replete with displays of explicit sexual materials that may not be "obscene" under current law. An item may be prohibited as obscene only if it appeals predominately to prurient interest in sex, is patently offensive in terms of contemporary community standards of candor and is utterly without redeeming social value.

While the materials covered by the bill may not always be legally obscene, they are, nonetheless, often highly offensive to many individuals who use public thoroughfares and are involuntarily subjected to viewing these materials. The displays assault their privacy, are visible to children and sully the surroundings.

Ownership or rental of property abutting public thoroughfares does not create a constitutional right to present any matters for public view, even matters that may not be legally obscene and may be constitutionally protected when sold indoors to a voluntary audience of adults.

Since the displayer retains his right to display and sell such materials inside his premises, subject only to the laws of obscenity, the regulation of his public display of such offensive sexual material does not infringe upon his First Amendment freedom."

Judge Irving Lang of the Criminal Court just recently upheld this law saying "If the state can prevent a man from displaying his dirty linen in public" (referring to a case where dirty laundry was hung in the frontyard to protest high taxes) "it can certainly prevent him from showing dirty pictures in public."

It will be noted that offensive sexual material encompasses a much greater area than obscene material, raising a constitutional question as to the right to convey thoughts repulsive to others but not obscene. (Of course, if children are involved, it is a different question). This has become of interest in the Federal area where an individual can now refuse to receive mailed material offensive to him. It is the individual's own standard that determines it, and he merely notifies the Post Office to that effect.

As the area of offense has narrowed, the question has arisen as to whether there is any longer any point in having any restriction at all, and that was substantially the conclusion in the Report of the President's Commission appointed by President Johnson, but reporting to President Nixon.

The Report raised shock waves and was repudiated by governmental authorities. The National Commission on Reform of Federal Criminal Law recently recommended retaining obscenity prosecutions.

Father Morton A. Hill, President of Morality in Media, was a dissenter on the Report of the Presidential Commission on Sex and Pornography, along with Commissioner Charles H. Keating of Cincinnati, who tried to deter its release.

How can we arrange to let each group determine its own standard without imposing it on others? Justice Harlan, recently retired from the U.S. Supreme Court, suggested that each State make its own determination without Federal imposition, and that in the obscenity area the same standard need not always apply. Obviously, different communities have different outlooks. Sometimes, for the greater good and/or the constitutional

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CONGRATULATIONS!
THE sky's THE limit
FOR VARIETY AT '66,



AND FOR PARAMOUNT
in '72!

WHEN FILM BALLYHOO WAS IN FLOWER

There are fewer newspapers today, and they are far harder to crack. A running quarrel now rages as to whether newspapers are still, as long true, the first line of film sell. Certain presentday ballyhooligans have staked their faith on television spots, especially for action films.

Whether there now exists, as some critical intelligences contend, a dearth of the old Barnumesque stunts which often generated the word-of-mouth capable of reversing downbeat releases and turning losers into winners, or at least break-evens, poses a further debate. What has depressed the film trade in the U.S. in the last couple of seasons has been the growing tendency of distributors to rush to early burial those films which open to a quick drop-dead outlook. Distributors argue that this is the better part of wisdom, that otherwise it's throwing good exploitation money after bad.

THE REICHENBACH SAGA

By HOWARD DIETZ

In the late 1930s, I was elected a vicepresident of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Even though my domain was publicity and advertising, I hadn't sent out a press release about the appointment.

This bothered my then secretary, Mildred Lewis, who wanted me to think big. "Surely it's news," she said, "when a goof with esthetic tastes like yours enters the arena of dog-eat-dog and comes out more than holding his end up."

I explained why I hadn't sent out an announcement. "It would be too embarrassing," I said, "to say I'd been elected a vicepresident when everybody thinks I'm president."

For more than 40 years I held the job of chief of publicity, first for the Goldwyn Co., and then after the merger for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

For the most part, the work was routine, disseminating items about pictures and stars ("more than there are in Heaven"), but now and again there was a chance of doing a spectacular publicity stunt which would relieve the monotony.

An Enormous Staff

I had an enormous staff located in key cities who attempted to make each local premiere an important event. The studio in Culver City was headed by the indefatigable Howard Strickling whom I had met in Europe in 1924 where he had done a snow job publicizing the director Rex Ingram who had discovered the famous Rudolph Valentino. I appointed Strickling to succeed Pete Smith, ace publicist, who left publicity for greener valleys in the short subject field.

In the 1920s, the nonpareil of movie promoting was Harry Reichenbach, who ranked with P. T. Barnum as a ballyhoo artist. There was nothing he wouldn't do to crash the front page. We were planning to distribute an early Edgar Rice Burroughs "Tarzan," the one which first starred Johnny Weissmuller.

A Slow Study

He leaped from limb to limb in the dangerous thicket, but had a struggle to memorize his one line which was: "Me Tarzan, you Jane."

Reichenbach, knowing his way about the jungle of press agency, arranged with the Hotel Belvedere, a Manhattan family hostelry at Broadway and 77th St., to house Walter Beckwith, the great lion-tamer. Beckwith registered as T. R. Zan, and had to have his "concert grand piano" hoisted to his suite. The piano case was a cage for the largest lion in captivity, nine feet long. When it was deposited in his sitting room, Beckwith called room service and ordered 15 pounds of raw beef, top sirloin and filet mignon. By prearrangement, aproned waiters carried the meat on trays to the fourth floor. When the lion smelled the beef, he let out a roar and headed for his meal. The waiters dropping their load, clattered down the stairs, retreating to the kitchen.

The story broke big and for weeks, the stunt of Harry Reichenbach was talked about. The press which is vindictive when duped, didn't mind being used on this oc-

casation because the lion was a tame one and appealed to the children living in the hotel. Beckwith gave them confidence and they stroked the lion's mane.

Another stunt. In 1927, Lindbergh made his historic flight to Paris. Pete Smith gave an order to the airplane company in California to rent a trans-Atlantic plane similar to the "Spirit of St. Louis" for a flight across the country with Leo the Lion. The Humane Society in California at first prohibited the flight, but Pete argued that they shouldn't make a snap judgment, but ought first to put themselves in the place of the lion, and have a trial flight.

'Humane' Vs. 'Hokum'

Believe it or not, the committee from the Humane Society took the trial flight in an airborne cage and permission was granted.

Martin Genter, who won the Dole aviation prize for his flight to Honolulu, flew the plane in a tribute to Lindbergh. Unfortunately, the flight was never completed, as the plane crashed in the Tonto Basin, Roosevelt, Ariz. No one was damaged however, excepting the plane. The aged lion was put on display in the Barnes Museum of Southern California. He has long since died a hero's death.

Two stars were ascendant at the end of the 1920s. They were Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. Gilbert's fame was shortlived, as his voice was too shrill to be effective—but Garbo Talks was the headline of the hour emblazoned on two full showings of ex-sheets pasted across the country, started by Pete Smith in Los Angeles.

A professor at Columbia, William Marsden, was interested in a psychological experiment to determine which brand of woman was the hottest—the blondes or the brunets. It was a subject of vital concern to the nation. Accordingly, we filled the Embassy Theatre at 46th St. and Broadway with emotional girls in their blooming 20s, mostly from the chorus, and had several interns in white jackets pass down the aisles with systolic blood pressure gauges and listen to the beat of the feminine heart, the blondes' and the brunets'. Gloria Gould, described as a well-known heiress, was engaged to manage the theatre, which was a stunt in its own right.

On the screen was an endless series of film clips showing Garbo and Gilbert in a film called "Love." The film was a great success and all seven of New York's daily newspapers shouted out the news that the blondes were hotter than the brunets.

The redheads challenged the blondes, but the dew was off the rose, and we didn't run the idea any further.

Circus On Parade

By BEVERLY KELLEY

In January, 1949, I took a famous steam calliope called The America, and a hitch of six matched white perchons to the Truman-Barclay inaugural parade as a salute from Kentucky, home of the Veep—and also home base, in Louisville, and headquarters for Cole Bros. Circus, which owned the wagon and whose general press agent I was that year.

The America is indeed a historic wagon built almost a century ago

and merrily whistling still every day at the renowned Circus World Museum at Baraboo, Wis., in the original quarters of the Ringlings, dating from 1884.

There was a lot of showmanship in that parade, engineered by the late Melvin Hildreth who was both a prominent Democrat and past president of The Circus Fans of America.

The parade had a strict rule against commercialism. We were given bunting with which to drape the top of our calliope, covering the name of the circus. But while we waited in line-of-march for a couple of hours that bunting disappeared mysteriously. So one may well imagine our embarrassment when The America rolled past the reviewing stand at the White House screaming "When You And I Were Young, Maggie" (for Margaret who stood there beside her dad) with the name of our circus boldly exposed to the dignitaries—and the cameras.

TERRY TURNER RECALL

By ERNIE EMERLING

Did Adam and Eve bite into a McIntosh proffered by a sneaky snake? Did Nero fiddle or diddle while Rome burned? Did Cleopatra clasp an asp at her last gasp? Did Marie Antoinette really advise "Let 'em eat cake"? Did young Washington chop down his pappy's cherry tree?

Legends, with age, mature into "facts," particularly in show business.

Decades ago, in my salad days, which were filled with acne, ambition, and adoration of anyone theatrical, from super to star, I doted on the names and events reported in VARIETY, Billboard, The Clipper and even the then-theatrical-on-Sunday Morning Telegraph. P. T. Barnum's autobiography was my bible. He was, in my opinion, the guru of press agency.

Obviously, he fooled all of the people all of the time with his Joyce Heath (allegedly George Washington's 122-year-old nurse), the Cardiff Giant, the marriage of Gen. Tom Thumb, and the exhibition of the original Siamese Twins. When his museum was SRO, signs directed patrons to "The Egress"—not a rare animal but the exit to Park Row.

Every traveling press agent I met in my early days claimed to have concocted Anna Held's "milk bath," or to have spread tanbark on the street in front of the theatre in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell was appearing, to deaden the annoying clomp-clomp of horses' hooves during the great star's performances.

Two of the most imaginative press-agents with whom I have had association were Oscar Doob and Terry Turner. Oscar, more than anyone else, must be credited with building the romantic image of Rudolph Valentino. His "Stork Strike," in the interest of Samuel Goldwyn's "Dead End," put a Tiffany touch to the fine art of hoaxing.

Turner's stunts leaned to the flamboyant. With Shipwreck Kelly, he inspired the flagpole-sitting craze. From carnival obssessing he built Violet and Daisy Hilton, his first set of "Siamese Twins," into top b.o. attractions. Later, he repeated this success story with another welded-

Theatreowners and circuits are equally prone to a short, sharp scream before the embalming fluid is injected.

Nobody can authoritatively state that under today's film economics, today's corporate pundits are unjustified in their timidity. Add to this open question, so many of them are now working for, and must answer to, ownerships which are not ballyhoo-oriented to start with, some overlords tending to resemble book publishers who typically advertise only their bestsellers, which hardly need it, while allowing the books that really could use some sell to go naked before the winds of indifference.

In the great days of publicity stunts, as the nostalgic pieces which follow attest, the distributors owned their own theatres and horse-traded, circuit to circuit. A crucial consideration. Since 1950 all of this has been against the law. Hence, ballyhoo at the present time has its existence under an entirely new set of realities. Even so, there were great imaginations then at work, which seem seldom duplicated nowadays.

together pair, Mary and Margaret Gibbs. Meanwhile, he was involved with a coven of seers, fortunetellers, magicians and fakirs.

Separating Siamese Twins!

A hoax that held great publicity promise was his announced plan to surgically separate the Gibbs Twins. He booked them into a West Side hospital, obtained the connivance of a respected surgeon, and then got on the hot line with the press. There was no serious intention of going through with an operation, even upon the insistence of one twin (Mary) that they do so. Actually, the separation would have meant the death of one twin. But the stunt did make news internationally.

Hamid Bey, an alleged Egyptian fakir, made a specialty of going into a cataleptic state and being buried alive. One of Terry's mind-readers lived on an estate in Englewood, N. J., across the Hudson. There, the presence of a large group of reporters, photographers and newsreelmen, the fakir was buried six-foot-under, with the understanding that, within three hours, he would be exhumed. The day was cold, wet and dismal. The press people adjourned to the mansion's giant livingroom where, before a roaring wood fire and literally cases of Prohibition booze, Hamid Bey nearly became a memory. Four or five hours later Terry remembered this living cadaver. The dirt flew and the fakir was disintombed little the worse from the ordeal.

Hamid Bey, later, agreed to be "crucified" in Times Square. The late Sime Silverman, VARIETY founder-editor and a personal mentor of Turner, urged against the stunt, pointing out that aside from it being in bad taste there could be serious repercussions from religious people.

Geo. M. Cohan

By CHARLES WASHBURN

What might have made one of the greatest pressagent stunts never come to pass.

Alfred Lunt has agreed to put a Ringling Circus elephant to work on his Wisconsin farm. Time came for the Ringling-Barnum & Bailey "big top" to open in New York. Plan was to have the "bull" leave Madison Square Garden for the Lunt & Fontanne Wisconsin farm and would become so mournful as to shed elephantine tears for her girl friends back there in Circus Land.

Lunt was to ride the behemoth at the New York premiere. All the possible pictures of a lachrymose pachyderm sobbing on the farm were shot in advance. But it never jelled and it was a complete wipe-out for an infallible reason. So I returned to the Lunts and Shakespeare.

Through my 30 years with George M. Cohan I knew what he wanted and, more particularly, didn't want, such as the dollar-sign in anything having to do with a press release concerning him. However "The Millionaire" defied that ground rule. A spread in the late N.Y. Graphic read, "A Million For Pleasure—Try To Spend It" and accompanying full-length picture of George M. in silk hat and cane was captioned "Every Inch A Millionaire." The following

day he got over 1,000 letters begging for handouts and Cohan not only steamed at me but at the Graphic. He phoned the editor, "Why so many letters and why the article in the first place?" Emile Gauvreau, the Graphic editor, managed to reply, "I'm glad you phoned; it has just proved that all of our readers are broke."

This crack tickled Cohan and a laugh brought forgiveness all around.

When I ghosted "On The Chicken Dinner Trail With George M. Cohan" for the N.Y. Times (the "Ah, Wilderness!" tour) he chided me for not billing myself as author so when the old N.Y. Eve. World published a series on "Cohan's Broadway," which I'd also ghosted, he told the editor behind my back to make sure that I got coauthorship with Cohan. He loved the parades and the bands at the stations during those tours.

In 1913 when I ghosted a Stair & Havlin \$1-top mellerdrama, "Little Lost Sister," based on a series I'd done in Chicago about "the dens of shame," I planted a baby girl in the theatre on opening night, but it kicked back at us.

As a Chi police reporter in 1912 I doubled as Cohan's spokesman in the midwest. I handled Sarah Bernhardt for Martin Beck on her U.S. vaudeville tour and as drama editor of Hearst's late lamented N.Y. American I was the first p.a. for Billy Rose and Mike Todd. Some 60 years a news catalyst, I also handled the likes of Al Capone and Arthur Flegenheimer ("Dutch Schultz"). I advised the latter to burn his tax records, which he did, during one of his many legal imbroglios.

The favors wanted and the space they grabbed were variegated. That great drama critic Percy Hammond requested to know Capone. And another reporter, presumably a frustrated hoover, said he's "trade me the paper" for an old pair of Cohan's dancing shoes.

THE STORK STRIKE

BY OSCAR A. DOOB

Today's young press agents may find this hard to believe. But back in the '30s it was not easy to sex-up movie publicity. Especially if the picture wasn't really sexy. In those days, the newspapers didn't like even such words as "pregnant." Since then a lot of four-letter words have become printable, even in the New York Times.

One reason I get considerable unholy glee out of recalling my "Stork Strike" stunt is probably because the idea broke through some of the inhibitions of that era. It was a movie stunt with social significance, with a dash of sex.

Samuel Goldwyn's "Dead End," opened on Broadway in 1937. It was based on Kingsley's drab story of life in the big city slums. It was rather heavy with messages. The first-run was a critical success but a boxoffice disappointment. Loew's had the picture booked into their neighborhood circuit. They were worried.

In the headlines at that particular time was much agitation and publicity about clearing away

(Continued on page 66)

old show-biz axiom:

WHEN YOU'RE HOT, YOU'RE HOT!



THE FRENCH CONNECTION

20TH CENTURY-FOX PRESENTS "THE FRENCH CONNECTION" A PHILIP D'ANTONI PRODUCTION
STARRING GENE HACKMAN FERNANDO REY ROY SCHEIDER TONY LO BIANCO MARCEL BOZZUFFI
DIRECTED BY WILLIAM FRIEDKIN PRODUCED BY PHILIP D'ANTONI ASSOCIATE PRODUCER KENNETH UTT
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER G. DAVID SCHINE SCREENPLAY BY ERNEST TIDYMAN MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY DON ELLIS
COLOR BY DE LUXE®

Record-Breaking Opening,
World Premiere Engagement,
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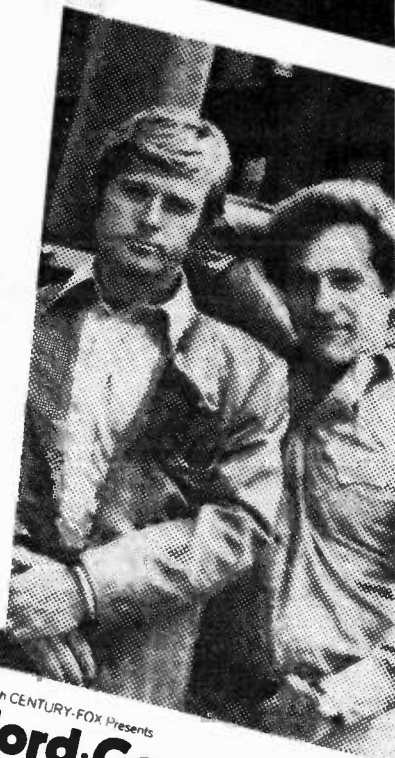


Made For Each Other

20th Century-Fox presents a Wyld Films production
starring Renee Taylor and Joseph Bologna in
"Made For Each Other" Directed by Robert B. Bevin.
Written by Renee Taylor and Joseph Bologna,
authors of "Lovers and Other Strangers"
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The Sensation
of the Country!

The first hit
of 1972...
set for January!



Robert Redford-George Segal The Hot Rock

20TH CENTURY-FOX Presents
A Hal Landers-Bobby Roberts Production
A Peter Yates Film
A Story of the not so perfect crime
Starring
Ron Leibman, Paul Sand, Moses Gunn, William Redfield
Topo Swope and Zero Mostel
Produced by Hal Landers and Bobby Roberts
Screenplay by William Goldman
Music Quincy Jones PANAVISION® From the novel by Donald E. Westlake
Original Quincy Jones soundtrack album available on Prophesy Records
COLOR BY DE LUXE®

NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE
SUCCESS... BOXOFFICE SUCCESS!
COME TO 20th!

Mirth, Madness, And Murder, The Greatest American TV Series

By WILLIAM SAROYAN

It is not easy to think of anybody who is more addicted to fault-finding than myself, and yet I have never marched on Washington, never joined a union, never brought a legal action, though I know that without protest, any bad situation can only become worse.

On principle I am not opposed to anything anybody does righteously, although the righteous is mainly mindless.

I consider voting useless and sorrowful. To campaign for a candidate seems a solid symptom of madness.

No religion strikes me as being worth anything to anybody, although it is impossible not to acknowledge that each religion is useful to human beings at their least.

No philosophy is worth the bother of reading its enormous literature, let alone trying to pretend it means something that everything else doesn't mean simply, and that what I know and have always known in my bones isn't fuller and richer and more sensible, especially the ancient adage, "Watch it, especially when it's yourself being stupid, vague, superior, pontifical, or clever."

A lifetime struggle with these things in one's self permits and even compels at least courtesy toward almost every order of human being.

The human experience is inaccurate from beginning to end, and fraudulence is the most powerful element in the human character.

Consequently, it is fascinating to watch the human race in all manner of preposterous action on behalf of something, and in opposition to something, as if each of these conglomerate somethings was unique and different from the other.

Since the Russian Revolution somebody or other with a fairly effective order of public power in America has put forward successfully the fantasy that unless an enormous system of "defense," including spying, weaponry, research, diplomacy and doubledealing, is maintained and enlarged, the Russians will take over the television networks and put on even worse programs and even less amusing advertisements.

And for longer than a quarter of a century it was a national political expedient to put forward the phony theory that it wouldn't do to consider China, Red China, Communist China, Marxist China, The Peoples' Republic of China a real body comprised of hundreds of millions of people, or about a third of the land surface of the earth, deserving a place in the human family, and a chair in the Small Boys' Sitting & Debating Society called the United Nations.

And then suddenly it is expedient (to something, to somebody) to smile officially at China, and thereby to ask the American people to smile unofficially, and to talk about this and to imply that there is nothing to lose, and perhaps something to be gained as if this was not true, in any case.

But what is to be gained? Money. Inaccuracy. Vagueness. Fraudulence.

All of it settling down into a meaning of power, and a new television hit series along the lines of "All in the Family."

The unpopular but compulsively followed series called Life, Death, Corruption, Criminality, Disease, and Unmovable Rightness of American Vagueness in North and South Vietnam keeps selling oil and mocking any decent impulse in any child or adult to think in a reasonable and human way and to behave as if it is both possible and permissible to notice that nobody anywhere is different.

Is the sky falling? Is the human race helplessly perfecting its power for self-destruction? Is it all over?

Don't ever believe it. This is all precisely us. Not somebody else. Us.

No wonder everybody is hearing about visitors from other planets. Well, there are these visitors, of course, but again they are us, and they really come from around the corner. That's all we have.

Thank God for the national comedians. But if you don't believe in God, and you're sure God doesn't believe in you, don't let it bother you too much, thank the government for the comedians, because the government does believe in you—it just doesn't believe in itself.

In short, happy New Year, because I'm right, and you're not.

How To Become a Beautiful And Warm Human Being

By JACK DOUGLAS

Last year in the 65th VARIETY Anniversary number I promised to tell all of you how to become a beautiful and warm human being. Remember? If you don't remember you're extremely disloyal. And if you do remember you're above average in intelligence if not too selective.

To become a beautiful and warm human being you must cultivate a taste for cuddly kittens after they've grown up, Bon Vivant soup, and the filmed "Song of Norway."

You must love Howard K. Smith, John Chancellor, and Walter Cronkite, equally. And Johnny, Merv, and Dick. And Eva, Zsa Zsa, and Magda. And Jolie. Jolly Jolie.

You must also love things that fly. Things that crawl. Things that run and things that creep. And things that crawl and creep. And go bump in the night. Like a zonked schoolbus driver driving through Times Square at 11:30 p.m. New Year's Eve—during a blackout.

You must learn to love Bella Abzug and wish her well in the Golden Gloves—and William Kunstler, the 13th Apostle. You also must love Truman Capote, who once confessed, "I talk like a baby crow because I am a baby

crow." This of course, is just wishful thinking, but we must learn to love it. Every bit of it.

And if we don't already, as part of our training to become a beautiful and warm human being, we must love television. Which, of course, is no problem, because it's right there in your own cozy little home—like your wife, and your lovely children, and your charming, piquant, and saucy French maid. Not many people have charming, piquant and saucy French maids anymore. We're lucky, and we're also smart; we use psychology on her so she won't ever leave us—we keep telling her she's Puerto Rican.

When I was a boy, we didn't have a charming, piquant and saucy French maid—we had a 285-pound Swedish housekeeper, who was not only like one of the family—in the winter she doubled as a snowplow. Poor thing—she disappeared during the blizzard of '88. My grandfather disappeared at about just the same time, and we've always wondered if there was any connection? I really don't think there was—what would a 285-pound Swedish housekeeper do with a 96-year-old man? He was too old to vacuum.

But as I started to say some paragraphs back, there's so much to love on television it's difficult to know where to start. Maybe in the morning would be a good time—at 6:30 a.m. we have Sunrise Semester—which you only have to watch once to learn why you were kicked out of East Rockaway Junior High. Then we have the "Today" show on Channel 4 or "Listen and Learn" on Channel 7—where once again you can find out why you were kicked out of East Rockaway Junior High. And the Boy Scouts. And the Gay Liberation.

At 7:30 a.m. we have the Three Stooges, which is the antidote for Sesame Street. At 8 a.m. we have Captain Kangaroo, which is the antidote for the Three Stooges.

From 8:30 to 9:40 we have "The Farmer's Daughter," Barbara Walters, Truth Or Consequences (New Mexico), the early morning movie (for shut-ins and welfare recipients), and the Donna Reed show (replays from 1912 on). At 9:40 we have Jack La Lanne, a revoltingly healthy specimen who makes you feel like Grandma Moses on her last day.

At 10 o'clock we have Dinah Shore, who has finally managed to outdo Josephine the Plumber in the "Good Cheer" department. Dinah is so bright and bouncy she makes you feel like Grandma Moses on the day after her last day. (I'll bet that deep down inside Dinah is only just happy.)

The rest of the lovely things in and on television you can discover for yourself—as we move on to what's to love elsewhere—like the movies.

There are lots of things to adore about the movies—for one thing the peace and quiet and the solitude of the average movie theatre. I don't know how Radio City Music Hall is making out (except during Easter Week when they have Martha Mitchell in person (doing all of Ann Miller's old tap routines), but the movie theatres which I patronize never have more than seven people in the audience. No matter what the picture. Or if it's a real hot picture like "Carnal Knowledge" or "Klute," or an old Gene Kelly musical without Gene Kelly, there may be eight people in the audience. Some of them are even awake.

Ahead Of Its Time

There's lots to love about the actual movies themselves, especially the old nostalgic movies. I think "Ladies Night In A Turkish Bath" is a classic. "The Great Train Robbery" has never been topped or even equaled. And no beautiful and warm human being will ever forget Mary Miles Muckenfuss in "Orphans of Haight-Ashbury" singing that lovely old "Mother Was A Hooker—Daddy Was A Pimp, and Little Brother Joey Was Nothing But A Chimp." This was one of the first movies to tell it like it is! Too bad it told it like it is before the time for telling it like it is became very popular, because the theatreowner, the projectionist, the ushers and the ticket seller were all burned at the stake right in the middle of The Gay White Way where the statue of George M. Cohan now stands. This is a little known fact which makes New York City so fascinating. Much more fascinating, for instance, than Maggie's Nipples, Wyoming, the late beloved Bennett Cerf's favorite metropolis. (VARIETY—65th Anniversary number).

There are all sorts of things (if you want to be a beautiful and warm human being) that you can do beautifully, and with love and warmth. For example when you are approached by "a lady of the evening" some afternoon in front of the Americana Hotel—listen to what she has to say, before you tell her you can get it wholesale. This is only common courtesy, and for all you know maybe she is trying to do her part during the wage-price freeze.

For Music Lovers

And the little old lady who plays the banjo in front of Carnegie Hall in the sub-zero darkness of a winter's night. Put your arm around her and take her into the Russian Tea Room—buy her a drink, buy her several drinks—then hide her banjo. This is warm and this is beautiful, and it's good for Carnegie Hall—ecologically.

Another warm and beautiful gesture you can make—about the new World Trade Center in New York—tell the designers you think they're very cute buildings. It will make it all seem worthwhile to them. (Why we need a World Trade Center is a little foggy in everyone's mind—especially right now when we can't get anybody in the world to trade with us, but nevertheless, it's all part of being warm and beautiful).

There are so many things we can do to become a beautiful and warm human being, this is hardly the time and the place to try and catalog all of them, but in parting, let me stress the most important; to become a beautiful and warm human being you must have a combination body like Raquel Welch and Clint Eastwood—sweat a lot (denoting warmth) and never lose faith in Rex Reed, Mao Tse-tung or the Tooth Fairy.

If you follow this simple code—these simple uncluttered suggestions and people still don't believe you are a beautiful and warm human being—do something to prove you are: Pray some more for "Rosemary's Baby"—she needs it more than ever because she's going to nursery school now, and she's old enough to smoke pot and drive her own car. And she could be pregnant.

When Louella And Hedda Ruled Hollywood Gossip

By GEORGE EELLS

Hollywood.

I may be the only living person who ever read the complete published works of Louella O. Parsons and Hedda Hopper. So I immersed did I become in Parsons prattle that I could hardly write a name without a qualifying adjective. She called it her "snapshot technique." On the other hand, continued exposure to Hedda's clipped style filled me with the impulse to dispense with complete sentences. But I persisted in ploughing through the daily effusions of Louella that spread over 50-plus years and of Hedda, for more than 15.

Moreover, I read an autobiography and a book of reminiscences by each—to say nothing of the numerous magazine profiles devoted to them. In the past four years, I have also talked to hundreds of people who professed to love and/or hate them.

Not many of the people I interviewed agreed on anything about the ladies. But that is not so surprising, since Louella sometimes repeated a story at intervals over the years—and sterling reporter that she was reputed to be, she still had difficulty agreeing with herself.

What is surprising is that so widely-publicized a figure as Louella could have managed to hide two divorces and one husband not only from friends but from her enemies as well. Or that, after her divorce from a man five years older than her father, Hedda, for all her glib sexual allusions, should have maintained a celibacy that would have done credit to a nun.

Who would have thought that women who devoted their working hours to exposing juicy gossip about others could so successfully pass off images at variance with their true existences?

Still Controversial

Yet pass them off they did to an amazing degree, despite the fact that they created news as well as reported it. And I was surprised to find that they remain almost as controversial in retirement and death as they were when they were active. In fact, when I went to San Diego to read old newspaper accounts of Thomas H. Ince's demise, I called a star who lives in Del Mar, told him I was in town and had heard that he had had some amusing experiences with Hedda and Louella. He informed me that he was just leaving for Palm Springs and, by strange coincidence, didn't plan to return until the day after I was scheduled to return to Los Angeles.

Another star who has not appeared on the screen in the past quarter of a century adamantly refused to talk to me about Louella on the grounds that to do so might not be good for her career.

On a more realistic level, several high-powered press agents begged off, explaining that what they said might offend Miss Parsons' successor.

A couple of people refused on the grounds that there was nothing to say since no one ever mentioned the deposed gossip queens anymore. "Not even their hairdressers," one added.

An opportunist who had exploited both ladies during their working days brusquely told me, "I'm sick of everything about them. They've used me for the last time."

An associate of Louella's considered my request for an interview and declined to grant one. She didn't think it was fair to be in someone's confidence for 35 years and then spill the beans.

An even closer connection of Louella's suggested that we collaborate. When I replied that this would hardly be suitable because the book was called "Hedda and Louella," she countered, "I have a suggestion for you—drop Hedda."

On the other hand, an associate of Hedda's voluntarily called and generously offered whatever help she could give. "I know you'll get plenty of the bitchy stuff. That's colorful. People remember that. But I want you to be aware of the other side, too," she explained.

Perhaps my favorite response came when I called a woman who had known both columnists well. I explained I was writing a dual biography. "Do you spell that with an a or an e?" she asked. I said with an a. "Oh, in that case I wouldn't be interested," she replied. "Goodbye."

While the majority of those approached were only too glad to talk, these were mainly the people who refused to be interviewed. Thinking back over their responses, I wonder whether it ever occurred to them that what they did say was far more revealing of them than of the women they refused to discuss.

Instead Of Leadership

By HARRY GOLDEN

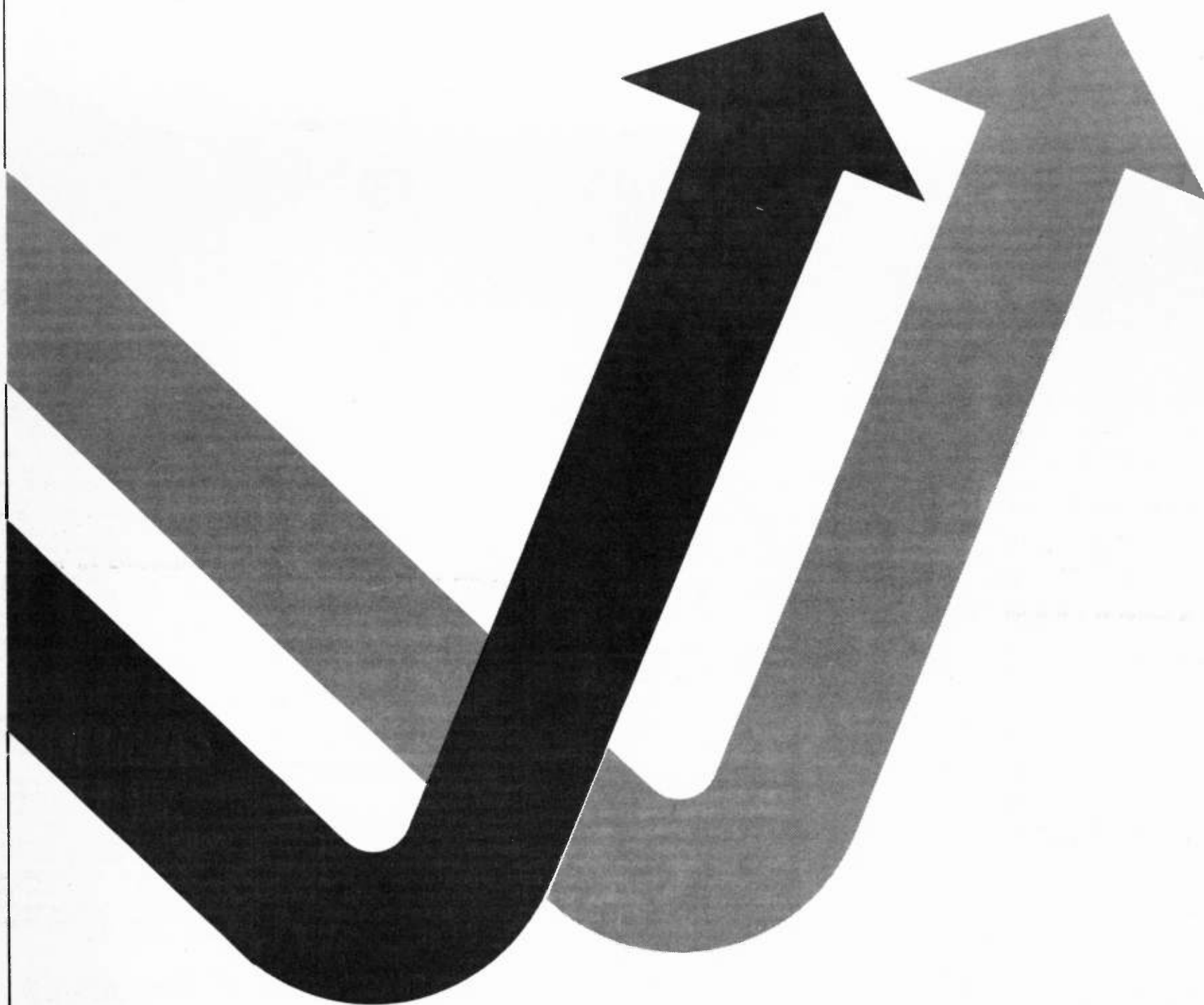
Instead of leadership, we have polls. "People" have become samplings, and it is all quite ridiculous, especially that 14% that is always "undecided." The poll asks, "How do you feel about the new Paris styles?" And there are 14% undecided. And yet everybody, from the top administration down, holds an ear to the ground and swallows whole the silly poll culture.

Just suppose there had been a Gallup Poll in Rome in the year 60 A.D. The results would have been as follows:

For Jupiter	63 per centum
For Mithras	21 per centum
For Jesus	2 per centum
Undecided	14 per centum

Now if Saint Paul had been a "sampling man" instead of a leader, he would have packed up and gone on back to Palestine, especially after hearing what every taxi-driver was saying about him: "Let's hang that little bald-headed Jew." But, luckily for the Christians, Paul did not subscribe to any sampling polls, and so he just went ahead with his program, and conquered the whole works; the Roman Empire, Jupiter, Apollo, and Mithras, including even the great Goddess of Vestal Virgins.

**dirty harry a clockwork orange dealing: or the berkeley-
to-boston forty-brick lost-bag blues the cowboys snow job
what's up, doc? steelyard blues the all-american boy
get to know your rabbit portnoy's complaint the heat's on
cancel my reservation deliverance a fan's notes
jeremiah johnson dracula A.D. 1972 stop eliza's horoscope**



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TAXES CAN WRECK OVERNIGHT SUCCESS

NO ONE CAN PREDICT DURATION OF POPULARITY — DILEMMA FACES BIG-INCOME EARNERS — CAN WIND UP IN HOCK TO UNCLE SAM — FOLLY OF LIVING LIKE THERE'S NO TOMORROW

By STANLEY HAGENDORF

The overnight success usually has struggled for years for recognition before he hits it big. Then the money rolls in and the gravy train is off and running — or so it is thought. The big surprise comes at the end of the year when the success suddenly realizes that the lion's share of the money must be paid to his new silent partner — the Internal Revenue Service.

Although he realizes that he must pay income tax on his earnings, the full impact is felt by the success who finds himself writing a check for \$100,000 or more. This is especially painful when the success, for his previous year was lucky if he earned a fraction of that figure.

At this point the success usually looks for help. Everybody has ideas on how he can save money, and incidentally make a few dollars themselves. The big danger at this point is that everyone is an "expert" who knows all the angles or has the greatest deal. At the same time spending is lavish and the money flows out. If the success follows this route he can very easily find himself broke in a few years or hopelessly in debt. If the success retains popularity he will find himself earning money but after payment of taxes and some of the debts he will be back where he started. If of course his popularity has waned, he will probably end up in the bankruptcy court.

One of the keys to the retention of funds is sound tax planning. The success may only be popular for a few short years. Accordingly, he must feather his nest during these years so as to provide him with security for the less favorable years.

There are certain basic tax fundamentals which should be understood.

Assume the success does nothing in the way of tax planning. There

are two basic income tax provisions which can cut down on his taxes.

The first is income averaging. The Internal Revenue Code provides a method whereby the income earned in the current year is spread back among the four previous years for averaging purposes. In this way the tax rate in the current year is reduced to slightly above the average income over the five year period, including the current year. Since the income tax rates are graduated upwards as income increases, by averaging the income the rate is kept down, and tax savings result.

Maximum Tax

The second method which requires no tax planning is to use the maximum tax method. Starting with the year 1971, there is a provision in the Internal Revenue Code which provides a maximum tax on earned income of 60%. Starting in the year 1972, the maximum tax on earned income drops to 50%.

This maximum tax computation is elective. By making this election for example, a taxpayer cannot at the same time use income averaging.

The maximum tax is on earned income only. It applies to income such as salaries, wages, payments for services performed, etc. The maximum tax does not apply to investment income such as interest, dividends, rents royalties and items of this nature.

The computation of earned income which is subject to the maximum tax is not just the total amounts of earnings. The total amount of earnings, for example, must be reduced by a pro rata share of deduction claimed by the taxpayer, and also by tax preferences over \$30,000.

In other words, the maximum tax on earned income is a technical provision which must be worked through to determine the amount of tax saving. It is pos-

sible that by reason of these technical provisions, the savings may not be as great as first thought.

The above two methods assume that the success does nothing. There are however many areas of tax planning where affirmative action can be taken.

Deferred Compensation

As previously stated, one difficulty with the success is that his high earning period can be brief. Through the use of a deferred compensation agreement, the income during the high income period can be deferred over to a period when his earnings are not as high.

An economic requirement of the deferred compensation plan is that the one for whom the services are performed be and remain totally solvent and reliable. Assuming such to be the case, the success could enter into an agreement whereby payment for services not be made at the time the services are performed, but rather spread out over a period of years. In this way the income reportable in any one year is limited and thus the tax rate is kept at a lower level. Care must be taken however in the drafting of such an agreement in order to obtain the desired results. An improper agreement can result in immediate tax even though the payments are spread over a number of years.

Use of a Corporation

Another method of tax planning is the use of a corporation. A corporation has many tax advantages. Its tax rate is level, starting at 22% on the first \$25,000 and 48% on the excess as opposed to the graduated rate of an individual of 14% through 70%.

The corporation can adopt many tax savings plans. It can establish a pension or profit-sharing plan whereby the corporation can obtain an immediate tax deduction for amounts deposited to the plan with no immediate tax to the success. Although the plan however

cannot be discriminatory in favor of the success over any other employees, as a factual matter he may accumulate the bulk of the funds for himself. It might be added, that he could be the Trustee of the plan so that he controls the funds, subject of course to his fiduciary obligations. In addition, the corporation can adopt medical reimbursement plans, group life insurance plans and deferred compensation agreements, to name a few.

The use of a corporation however should still depend upon the particular circumstances involved, since the use of a corporation in the wrong circumstances can be disastrous. For example, there are certain penalty taxes imposed upon the corporation such as the personal holding company tax, or the improper accumulation of earnings tax. Accordingly care must be taken to avoid the imposition of these taxes. In addition, the corporation would be subject to control under Phase II with respect to salaries and pension plans and this could cause problems.

Tax Shelters

In addition to the above devices, there are of course the tax shelters, such as oil exploration, cattle investment, real estate etc. However, the economics of each of these must be examined and the risk any particular investment must be analyzed, to avoid or minimize a true financial loss. It is all well and good to save taxes, but not at the cost of a worthless investment.

Conclusion

The overnight success faces a heavy tax burden during the years of high income. These taxes can be cut down depending upon the action taken by the success. The action can range from no action, depending only upon income averaging and maximum tax provisions of the Code, to a sophisticated program of tax planning using some or all of the plans discussed.

Costs Manic, Pay Depressive That Sums Up Buenos Aires

By DOMINGO DI NUBILA

Buenos Aires. As reported a year ago, 1970 was a bad year for Argentine showbiz. Unfortunately, 1971 has been still worse. Further deterioration of the economy is the main—and perhaps only necessary explanation. People in the middle-and low-income brackets are seldom seen attending film theatres, simply because they are short of entertainment money due a 40-odd % increase in the cost of living and inadequate pay rises.

That they haven't lost their gusto for film is proved by the growing success of features on television: Channel 9's "Stellar Cinema," Ch. 11's "Hollywood in Spanish" and Ch. 13 "Show's World" are the most successful tv cycles according to last reports. People protest, sometimes loudly, against the long interruptions for advertising (18 minutes per hour) with which vid-stations try to compensate the low yield of ad rates frozen on late 1968, which no telecaster dares to increase in view of the discouraging picture of business. But, although sell-loaded, pix on tv require nothing immediately out of pocket.

Theatre attendance relies on tourists and people from the higher income brackets.

During 1971 25 pix grossed over \$50,000 in first-run and move-over houses. Same number than in 1970, but while that year 10 cropped over \$100,000, during 1971 only four surpassed that mark.

Biggest money-maker here was, of course, "Love Story" (CIC) with

\$309,015 in 16 weeks and still running at the time of mailing this copy.

Runnerup was \$110,201 in 18 weeks. Col's "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice" landed third with \$103,953 in 15 weeks. "Love Story" take was an all-time record here since the highest mark hitherto had been set by "Z" with \$253,255 the previous season.

The six-figure category was also attained by WB's Italian comedy "La Donna del Prete" (Priest's Wife) with \$100,304 in 13 weeks. But it may well be surpassed by Fox's "Le Mans" (\$97,672 and still running) and Disney's reissue "Lady and the Tramp" (\$95,367 and still running). Other strong contenders were two Italian entries, "Teorema" (Norma) with \$94,719 in 21 weeks, and "Per Grazia Ricevuta" (The Cross-Eyed Saint) (Beta Films) with \$81,008 in 11 weeks (still running).

The other pix over the \$50,000 mark were:

W. Germany's "The Gay Deceivers" (DIA), \$73,079; Spanish "La Residencia" or "The House That Dripped Blood" (Beta Films), \$71,414; "Violent City" (Locegu), \$70,173; Fox's "Dora, Tora, Tora" \$69,573; French "De la Part Des Copains" (C.I.A.), \$69,530; French "Le Voyou" (UA), \$68,715; Argentinian "Cronica de una senora" or "Chronicle of a Lady" (Trans-ocean), \$67,837; CIC's "Diary of a Mad Housewife" \$63,450; Col's "There's a Girl In My Soup" \$63,077; French "Le Cercle Rouge" C.I.A., \$61,372, CIC's "Catch 22"

with \$60,636; Italian "La Monaca di Monza" (DIA), \$58,623; UA's "Queimada" \$57,473; MGM's "Ryan's Daughter" \$54,126; Col's "Easy Rider," \$52,923; Fox's "Patton" \$50,927 and Italian "Investigazioni di un Cittadino al di Sopra di Ogni Sospetto" (Col) \$50,522.

U.S. releases bettered their 1970 performances with 12 titles among top grossers (against 10 that year), French dropped from 10 to three and Italian climbed from two to six. First-run figures are not indicative of the drawing power of local pix, which are launched in mass bookings covering from 40 to 60 theatres. Besides "Cronica de una senora" other Argentine hits of 1971 were Aries' historical adventure "Argentino hasta la muerte" (Argentinian Till Death), Producciones 70's musical "Siempre te amare" (I'll Always Love You) and Garcia Nacson's musical "En una playa junto al mar" (On A Beach By the Sea), all three with disk names starring: Roberto Riboldi Fraga, Sandro and Donald respectively.

Specialized audience grew during 1971, so new art houses were opened both in downtown and major neighborhoods. A long delayed move toward drive-ins is proving another profitable outlet for film biz, specially in the case of the Autocine Panamericano, built by the powerful circuit SAC.

Biggest grosser was the revue "Maipazo" starring Nelida Lobato, an eye-catching vedette who had also topped 1970 statistics; "Maipazo" did over \$700,000 in seven

months. Runner-up was "Hair," produced here by tv mogul Alejandro Romay, which cropped over \$370,000 in six months. Then came "Butterflies Are Free" with over \$275,000 in eight months and a piquant local piece, "The Pills," with over \$267,000 in eight months. All of them are still running at deadline, but will fold soon for seasonal reasons (legit activity regains momentum as from this month on the huge Atlantic resort of Mar del Plata).

Although only partial figures are known, it can be said the three major Buenos Aires' vidstations—Channels 9, 11 and 13—are leveled in audience ratings. One or the other can be at the top according to the hour you chose to start counting. Strong Government measures against publicizing ratings have reduced audience measurements to half-a-day alternately (one day from noon till 5.30 p.m., the following day from 5.30 till 11.30 p.m., and so on). Television is tightening its budgets due to the general economic setback. Journalistic shows and talk-shows have replaced costly teleplays in a good portion of the schedules. Musical shows for youths are enjoying tremendous popularity and are a great help for disk industry. There is at least one feature daily on primetime, and several on week-end afternoons.

As for the Arg. film industry, it keeps producing about 30 pix a year, mostly musicals, comedies and historical yarns since censorship prevents from filming subjects with a critical content. But an underground movement is appearing with growing force and some of its pix have gained international attention in European film festivals, notably Gerardo Vallejo's "El camino hacia la

(Continued on page 63)

Films Of Rumania: Evoke Historic & Folkloric Figures

By ION MIHU

Bucharest.

The 1971 Rumanian film year started with the great boxoffice and press hit occasioned by the monumental picture of historical evocation "The Last Crusade" (directed by Sergiu Nicolaescu after a screenplay written by Titus Popovici), which brought to the screen the destiny and personality of the famous Rumanian ruling prince, Michael the Brave, caught against the background of the commotions at the close of the European Middle Ages.

It was followed by "The Outlaws of Captain Anghel Sevenhorses," the first in a series, the action of which takes place at the beginning of the 19th century and is centered on the daring adventures of a group of outlaws, a Rumanian sort of "brigands of honour," risen up in arms against the social abuse and injustice and involved, along the following two episodes: "The Dowry of Princess Ralu" and "The Week of the Madmen," in a succession of adventures and cruel court intrigues. The films were directed by Dinu Cocea, starring Florin Piersic, Marga Barbu, Colea Rautu, Aimee Iacobescu, Constantin Codrescu, in splendid period evoking surroundings, after the screenplay, written by Eugen Barbu and Mihai Opris.

Then, "Brigade Miscellaneous in Alert" was the second film of a detective comedy sequence opened by Mircea Dragan with his "Brigade Miscellaneous Steps in," after a screenplay by Nicolae Tic and Mircea Dragan) and which is to be completed by a third one "Brigade Miscellaneous" in "The Mountains and at the Seaside." Protagonists are militiamen, handling the trifling cases, who, along some mock-heroic adventures, will discover and arrest some gangs of dangerous offenders in whose dealings the three unlucky fellows, some petty thieves, the spectator has met in the first episode of the serial, will continually get involved.

"Sick Animals," by a writer Nicolae Breban making his debut as a screenplaywright rendered on the screen his novel of this title. The film is dramatically conceived as a puzzle with three unknowns, the mysterious crimes which have suddenly troubled the peace of a mountain town. The inquiry discloses a strange chain of events and incidents.

Another film was "The Party" with which Malvina Ursianu asserts herself in the domain of the political evocation picture. By setting an important resistance action in the social environment on the eve of the liberation from the Hitlerite occupation, she undertakes a very successful character study, achieving a very interesting and revealing range of "social portraits."

A present-day Rumanian village is at the core of "The Brothers," a film marking the directorial debut of Mircea Moldovan and Gica Gheorghe, made after an interesting screenplay signed by Nicolae Tic and Constantin Bordeianu. A conflict between two brothers triggers off a succession of incidents significant for the existing social scene and lends the film a remarkably true to life and picturesque touch.

Director Gh. Vitanidis is in a very advanced stage of shooting with his "Making of the World," a social fresco with deep dramatic implications and violent clashes. This derived from a novel of Eugen Barbu, enjoying a big success throughout the country. Cast included Irina Petrescu, Liviu Ciulei, Marga Barbu, Virgil Ogasanu.

Manole Marcus handled political themes in his two-film series "The Power" and "The Truth" (after a screenplay by Titus Popovici), aiming at achieving a critical and analytical evocation of a social epoch of revolutionary changes, as well as a very typical and contradictory human gallery.

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COFFEE, BRANDY & CIGARS

Onward and Upward With The Arts

By HERMAN G. WEINBERG

We shall not cease from exploration and the end of all our exploring will be to arrive where we started, and know the place for the first time.
—T. S. ELIOT

It is said that Degas once said half jokingly (but only half) that the reason he never married was that he would never be able to stand hearing his wife say, "That was a nice little thing you turned out this morning, Edouard."

Did you know that Antonin Artaud, the nihilistic French poet, was overwhelmed by the Marx Brothers in "Horsefeathers?"

Instead of wasting Rudolph Valentino on "The Sheik," he should have played Casanova in a film worthy of that Venetian gentleman, just as Orson Welles should have played Diaghilev (and doubling as Nijinsky) in a grandiose spectacle (with the original sets) of the Ballets Russes, and just as John Huston should have played Captain Ahab in a Welles film of "Moby Dick."

'Clean But Common'

Said Degas of the court of Louis XIV, "They were dirty, perhaps, but they were distinguished; we are clean, but we are common."

And said Jed Harris on the theatre of today: "I think it stinks, it's pathetic. The theatre on the whole is fairly dismissable." And on nudity in the theatre: "It's part of a wide strain of infantilism. One day people will not believe that anyone was interested in it."

How characteristic of Toulouse-Lautrec to say of Meissonier, whom real artists held in contempt, "He worked very hard and people who work hard should always be shown at least a little respect."

Leontyne Price, making her Metropolitan Opera debut in the title role of "Aida" paused for a moment before she went on, looked up and murmured: "Lawd, you got me into this, now you gotta get me out."

Did you know that Lenin was a painter in the Montparnasse quarter of Paris before World War I and that Trotzky was an actor in Hollywood in 1914? (He appeared with Clara Kimball Young in "My Official Wife," directed by one James Young.)

Sacha Guitry could be witty, as witness: "Women have their good points. For instance, how wonderfully they look after us when we are ill. But we can't always be ill, can we?" And, "Be careful not to tell your wife about the dirty tricks her predecessors played on you. It's not worth putting ideas into her head." But he could also be profound, viz: "You should never look at somebody who's sleeping. It's as if you were opening a letter that isn't addressed to you."

Nijinsky And Chaplin

During the filming of "Easy Street" in 1917, Chaplin attended a performance given by Nijinsky in Los Angeles. When the latter heard he was in the house, he invited him backstage immediately and the audience had to wait a half hour while Nijinsky and his entire company embraced him.

Do you know there is a book, "Joyce: The Poetry of the Unconscious" by Mary Parr (Inland Press, Milwaukee, 1961) which is a study of James Joyce's "Ulysses" in which Leopold Bloom, the novel's central character, is equated with Chaplin? The point of the book is that Bloom was inspired by Chaplin's tramp character.

Did you know that one of John Ford's unrealized dreams was to do a film of the American Revolution? He told me he could never get anyone interested in it.

Faded 'Frankie & Johnny'

And did you know that one of the earliest Charles Laughton films antedating "The Private Life of Henry VIII" was a filmization of the old barroom song, "Frankie and Johnny," with Laughton and Elsa Lanchester playing the title roles? It was a delight.

Did you know there was a time in the 1920s when it was *de rigueur* to be photographed for a portrait with your overcoat collar turned up?

Said Fritz Lang to the studio chiefs at Columbia who insisted on naming his remake of Jean Renoir's *La Chienne* "Human Desire"—"What other kind is there?"

Do you know one difference between the Rolls Royce and all other luxury cars in the world? The carpeting in it is snap-buttoned so it can be removed to be cleaned.

Said the Danish expert in dietetics, Harald Swanson, "A third of what one eats one needs to stay alive. The other two-thirds is to keep the doctors alive."

There is surface wit and profound wit and one of my favorites examples of the latter is Oscar Wilde's observation that when one listens to Chopin one feels as if one had been weeping over sins that one had never committed and mourning over tragedies that are

not one's own. Music always seems to produce that effect on one, he says. It creates for one a past that one never knew one had, filled with sorrows one had always kept hidden. ("The Critic as Artist.")

Re-Learning Simplicity

After seeing a show of children's drawings Picasso said, "It took me 30 years to learn to draw like that."

A poet reports: (Proust, contemplating row after row of apple trees in full blossom)—"As far as the eye could reach they were in full bloom, scandalously luxurious, wearing ball-dresses with their feet in the mire, and taking no precautions against spoiling the most marvelous pink satin ever seen" (from "Remembrances of Things Past").

The distinguished essayist, literary critic and translator of de Maupassant, Ernest Boyd, referring to "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" spoke of "That tactless effort to put some genuine fantasy into the cinema."

The Vibrations Were Right

The noted pianist, Czerny, performed Beethoven's immense Hammerklavier Sonata for the composer for the first time in the Spring of 1819, the year he finished it. And the composer, who could not hear a note (being by then completely deaf) and relied on feeling the vibrations, declared himself satisfied. (And you think you've got problems?)

"One only writes well about things one hasn't experienced," said Remy de Gourmont. ("War and Peace, Moby Dick, Don Quixote," etc.)

They tell of Winston Churchill being shown a panda for the first time. "He gazed long at the animal," reports Julian Huxley, "lying supine and unaware of the honor done to it. Churchill shook his head approvingly, saying: 'It has exceeded all my expectations . . . and they were very high!'"

Frank Capra considers the films of the 60s and 70s garbage. "Hollywood filmmaking of today," he said, "is stooping to cheap salacious pornography in a crazy bastardization of a great art."

Respect For Tradition

Lin Yutang tells (in "Imperial Peking") a true anecdote of officials in the Chinese capital having to move a pair of terra cotta lions guarding a temple entrance to another place. After much deliberation, it was decided to do this under stealth of night, while the lions were "asleep," so that they could all the easier be blindfolded and, therefore, not be aware of where they were being moved to. The cap to this story is that it occurred not during the olden days under the emperors but in present-day Communist China.

Did you know the significance of the upturned stage of Chinese roofs? So that evil spirits, descending on the roofs, would slide off. There are bridges in China purposely zig-zagged to confuse evil spirits trying to cross them, since such spirits travel only in a straight line.

Every work of art is a "Rorschach Test."

"Let us not confuse change with progress," said Sadakichi Hartman (in "White Chrysanthemums"). "There is in fact no progress, only change and upheavals."

A thought on the proliferation of pornography in our time: Psychiatric research supports the opinion that sexual exhibitions are acceptable only to persons of disturbed emotions and severe character disorders.

"A flea, sir," said Samuel Johnson, "may bite a horse and make him rear, but the horse remains a horse and the flea a flea still."

Bernard Shaw on San Simeon, Hearst's incredible Xanadu: "This is probably the way God would have done it if he had had the money."

Tolstoi On Moving Pictures

Tolstoi in 1908: "You will see that this little clicking contraption, the cinematograph, with the revolving handle will cause a revolution in our life. It is much better than the heavy, long drawn out kind of writing to which we are accustomed. The camera has divined the mystery of motion. And this is a great thing."

"The motion picture is one of the best time-killing soporific entertainments the world has ever known . . . a welcome narcotic sent to mankind suffering from 20th century boredom." (Sadakachi Hartman)

Trimalchio in "The Satyricon" (by Petronius not Fellini) directed that on his tomb should be engraved "Here rests Pompeius Trimalchio. His beginning was small and his end was great. Thirty million talers he has left behind, and he never listened to a philosopher."

Said George Jean Nathan towards the end of his life, rhapsodizing about the 1920s: "Think of it!" he told a younger friend. "The era that blossomed here was alive with silver bells . . . and there were magic lanterns and there were girls and there was the night. The wondrous lovely madness of the night went out of American life with the '20s. You're a lucky man if you got a taste of it. I was luckier, I got much more . . ."

They clinch.

"No, Tito, off with the towel." He takes it off.

"The jockey shorts must go too . . . at least one of you should be naked . . . at least!" he glares at Rosemarie.

"He's right, you know!" Rosemarie glares at Tito.

Tito gives his all.

"Shouldn't I cover myself with a pillow?"

"It's okay with me . . ." Rosemarie says.

"Yeah . . . it's okay with me!" director echoes.

Tito grabs the pillow and covers himself. They clinch.

"Now, show more emotion!"

They kiss. Tito opens his mouth. Their open mouths close in. Ecstasy. Paroxysm. And finally . . . saliva.

The director new cajoles. "You've got to show a little, Rose."

"I can't! My family will definitely disown me. First PIC magazine, now this . . . what will people think?"

"Just a little . . . Rose."

"A little can do a lot! I'll give you an inch and you'll cry for a foot!"

"What a word to use . . . can't you simply say—strip!"

"You've got the body what have

you to be ashamed of? Hiding it with that towel is like hoarding a million bucks in a bank."

"Let's say I'm not yet ready to spend it . . ."

"You're not even letting it earn interest!"

SOVIET FILMS THAT WON AT FESTIVALS

Moscow.

Through the years, Russian-made films have won a goodly share of the prizes and honors given by various countries. At the third International Film Festival of Delhi, "A Story of the Don" won the Silver Peacock for best actor, given to E. Leonov. At the 1st International Film Festival of Film Festivals in Rome, "The Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors" took two prizes, which it repeated at the 7th International Film Festival in Mar del Plata—the Southern Cross for outstanding artistic achievement and the Film Press of Argentina award for best color photography and special effects.

Grigori Kozintsev's "Hamlet" won an unusually large number of

prizes—four in the Hollywood Foreign Film Press's Golden Gloves; four at the 4th Panama Fest; the British Film Academy's best picture award plus one to Innokenty Smoktunovsky as best performer; three prizes in Chile; the David O. Selznick Award in the U.S.; and numerous other festivals.

Sergei Yutkevich's "Lenin in Poland" took two prizes at Cannes and Mikhail Romm's "Ordinary Fascism" won the Leipzig Fest Grand Prix as the G.D.R. Film Critics prize. Sergei Gerasimov's "The Journalist" won the first prize at the 5th Moscow Fest.

The following year, in 1969, S. Rostotsky's "Until Monday" took the Gold Prize in Moscow while I. Pyriev's "The Karamazov Brothers" took a special jury prize. At the accompanying children's fest, the Gold Prize went to "Winter Morning."

Sergei Bondarchuk's "War and Peace," like "Hamlet," won prizes all over the world. The Japanese Assn. of Working People Film Fans named it the best foreign film, the N.Y. Film Critics named it the best foreign film of 1968 and the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Science gave it the Oscar for best foreign film.

Greek Tragedy

By RENA VEISSARIOU

Athens.

The year just ended was perhaps the worse ever for the motion picture trade in the Kingdom of Greece. Attendance kept falling off not only in the key cities but in the provinces as well, which until recently were not affected by television. But with the video service being now nationwide, the number of admissions in the smaller situations slumped further.

Boxoffice started diminishing in 1970. In 1968 motion picture attendance reached a peak of 137,400,000 admissions. By 1970 this was down to 128,600,000. Hence about 9,000,000 admissions off.

There are not any official figures available as yet for 1971 covering the number of tickets sold throughout Greece but the figures of the first runs in Athens

Athens Tavernas Do OK

Athens.

In the face of the drastic attendance slump at Greek film theatres, invariably blamed on television, which remains relatively new in this kingdom, the cabarets and "tavernas" have the economic advantage of the large inflow of foreign tourists, no doubt in quest of the originals of Jules Dassin's "Never On Sunday."

Greece gets a big play from stopovers of Americans, Jewish and non-Jewish, en route to Israel.

and Pireaus show a dramatic fall. From 51,727,998 in the 1969-1970 period it's now 35,053,341 for 1970-1971.

Most of the motion picture theatres probably ended in the red last season and some of them are dark this year. Anticipated is a further fall in 1972. One reason for this is the increase in tv sets sold in the country which has reached 550,000 in a population of 8,500,000.

Foreign flag releases are harmed by the ever growing Greek production. Stricter censorship also discourages importation of foreign films. Yank films which were covering the major part of the Greek screens some years ago are not leading the pack now as the following figures indicate:

Nation	70-71 adms.
Greek	14,192,929
American	11,439,559
European	9,234,652
Other	186,201

35,053,341

The above figures show a drop of 16,674,657 admissions in Athens and Pireaus as well as the growth of the domestic production and its raise to a leading position.

Theatre construction, once tremendous here, has stopped naturally. There are not any more new theatres of any consequence being built or planned with the exception of the Radio City of Salonica, a new 1,300 seater, equipped with Cinerama. It should be one of the best in Europe.

Sex-Shoot In Manila: It's 'Bomba'

By AARON PINES

Manila.

Sexplicity it may be called in the States. Here in the Phillipines the candid film scenes go by the designation "bomba." There has been a boom in "bomba." The following is a like-for-real on-set crisis between leading Filipino sex symbols and a leading Filipino sex director.

"What? Me, in the nude?" "No, not really, Rose . . ."

"What do you mean not really?"

"There is such a thing as simulated nude, Rose."

"Which means . . . ?"

"That we will make use of illusions, Rose."

"Which means . . . ?"

"That we will only make you appear like . . . nude, Rose."

"Which means I'll be clothed anyway . . . ?"

"No, partly clothed, Rose."

"And which parts are clothed . . . ?"

"The parts which should be clothed, Rose."

"Let me clothe the parts I think should be clothed, Okay?"

"We'll see . . ."

"No, you won't see much . . ."

She smiles. After a while, she returns, clad in a black bra, and with a towel draped around her waist. She sits down upon the carpeted floor.

"I'm a lady . . . I cannot disrobe fully . . ."

"But that makes you look indecent . . . with that bra on . . ."

Rose."

"What do you want me to do? Come out naked? My family will disown me!"

"Well, at least hide the bra . . . cover yourself fully with the towel."

"Okay . . . boss!"

"Tito . . . your turn!"

The leading man goes to the bathroom. He emerges.

He sits down besides Rosemarie.

MORE FOR YOU IN '72

From American International Pictures

Robert Louis Stevenson's Great Adventure Story



MICHAEL CAINE
...as Alan Breck.



TREVOR HOWARD
...as The Lord Advocate.



JACK HAWKINS
...as Captain Hoseason.



LAWRENCE DOUGLAS
...as David.



MICHAEL CAINE starring in ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S "KIDNAPPED" - PANAVISION®
co-starring TREVOR HOWARD · JACK HAWKINS · DONALD PLEASANCE · COLOR BY MOVIELAB
AND WITH LAWRENCE DOUGLAS AND VIVIEN HEILBRON · directed by DELBERT MANN · screenplay by JACK PULMAN
title song sung by
FREDERICK BROGGER · MARY HOPKIN · AN OMNIBUS PRODUCTION · AN AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL RELEASE



COLOR BY MOVIELAB

Screenplay by

ROBERT B. EES and JAMES SANGSTER · Additional dialogue by

GAVIN LAMBERT ·

Produced by

SAMUEL Z. ARKOFF and JAMES H. NICHOLSON ·

Based on an

original story by

DAVID OSBORN ·

Music by

KENNETH V. JONES ·

Executive Producer

LOUIS M. HEYWARD



co-starring
JUDY CORNWELL

MICHAEL GOTHARD

HUGH GRIFFITH

LIONEL JEFFRIES

JAMES H. NICHOLSON and
SAMUEL Z. ARKOFF present
SHELLEY WINTERS MARK LESTER
RALPH RICHARDSON
**WHO SLEW
AUNTIE ROO?**

Every female frog lays 1,000,000 eggs
per year... suppose they all hatched!

FROGS

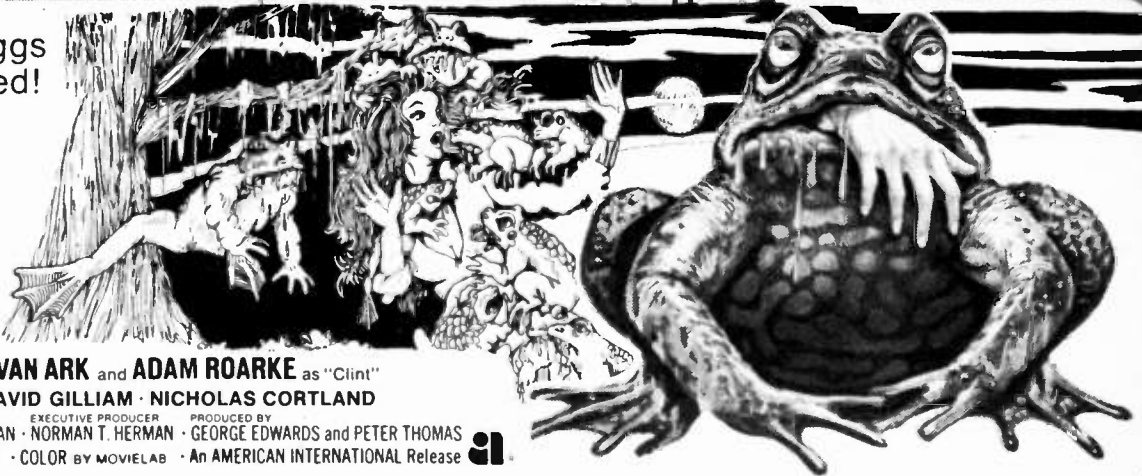
SAMUEL Z. ARKOFF and JAMES H. NICHOLSON present

"FROGS" starring **RAY MILLAND · SAM ELLIOTT · JOAN VAN ARK** and **ADAM ROARKE** as "Clint"

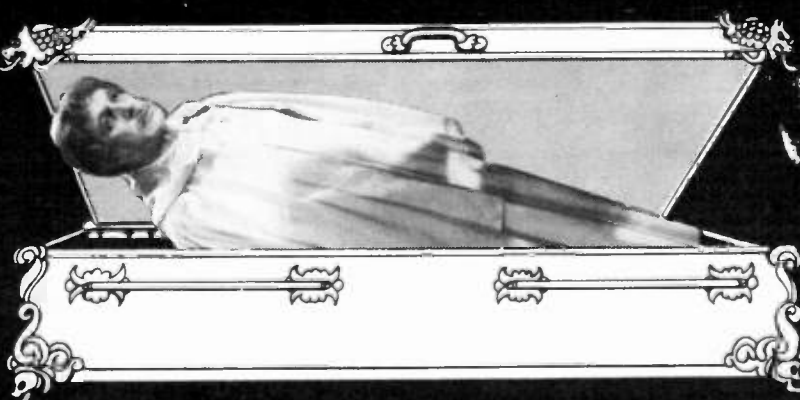
Co-Starring **JUDY PACE · LYNN BORDEN · MAE MERCER · DAVID GILLIAM · NICHOLAS CORTLAND**

SCREENPLAY BY ROBERT HUTCHISON and ROBERT BLEES · STORY BY ROBERT HUTCHISON · DIRECTED BY GEORGE MCCOWAN · EXECUTIVE PRODUCER NORMAN T. HERMAN · PRODUCED BY GEORGE EDWARDS and PETER THOMAS

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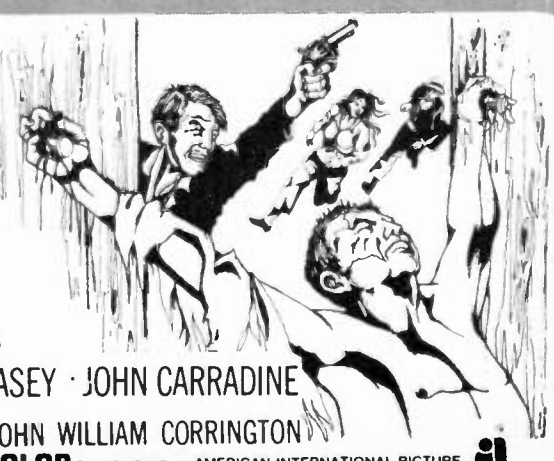
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BARBARA HERSHEY AS
BOXCAR BERTHA

DAVID CARRADINE · BARRY PRIMUS · BERNIE CASEY · JOHN CARRADINE

PRODUCED BY ROGER CORMAN · DIRECTED BY MARTIN SCORSESE · SCREENPLAY BY JOYCE H. CORRINGTON and JOHN WILLIAM CORRINGTON

Based on characters contained in the novel "Sister of the Road" by Dr. Ben L. Reitman · COLOR BY MOVIELAB · An AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL PICTURE



A Tribute to Mary Pickford

By REV. MALCOLM BOYD

(Before becoming an Episcopal priest, Mal Boyd was in show business, as has been set forth in these anni issues in the past. Rev. Boyd is now an associate fellow at Yale. He was previously at Wayne State and U. of Colorado.)

New Haven.

Mary Pickford and I became friends long ago. When I met her, I was tongue-tied and overawed. She was graceful.

Gradually I would come to know the happy and unhappy sides of her nature, her buoyancy and self-defeat, the bubbling humor and heartbreaking sadness. She was a legend who had preceded Garbo, Harlow, Lombard, Monroe, Taylor and Hepburn as the first great Hollywood feminine star. She was also, of course, a human being.

She had stirred millions of people in every corner of the world. Once, in a city square in Europe, thousands stood expressing adulation by moving their hands in a clapping motion—yet without making the sound of applause, for they had been told that Miss Pickford felt ill. The Duchess of Windsor once told Buddy Rogers: "I am married to the best known man in the world and you to the best known woman."

In 1949, we formed a television-radio production firm that was called P.R.B. Inc. The initials were ours—Pickford, Rogers, Boyd. (The firm was dissolved when I entered an Episcopal seminary in 1951 to commence studies for the priesthood.)

Mary's charismatic power with a vast public was now fading rapidly, but her economic power was solidly entrenched. It, more than mere celebrity, bestowed enormous social power upon her. Dining at the Colony or "21," she held court; moving between Beverly Hills, New York and Europe, she maintained a level of elegance that royalty might have envied.

I remember best the intimate dinners with only a handful of close friends gathered around her. On such occasions, Mary sometimes treated us to her portrayal of Elizabeth I and Mary Queen of Scots. As we sipped coffee, Mary would thunder and rage as Elizabeth, then become suddenly soft and tender as the Scottish queen.

In innumerable ways I came to know what a memorable actress Miss Pickford was, although most people unfortunately knew her more as a personality. I wished that she had not banished herself so long ago from the screen. With the advent of talkies and the problems of fame, her career had needed strong management that it was not to have.

FDR's Suggestion

The waste of her talents is incalculable. Perhaps too many career routes were open to her. Franklin D. Roosevelt, for example, suggested that she run for the U.S. Senate. (She might have been the forerunner of Ronald Reagan and Shirley Temple). But she dallied, dispensing charity as a benefactress, giving and attending great parties, playing her own role of superstar in the international social scene, and the years fled inexorably.

A millionairess, Miss Pickford was amusingly frugal about small expenses. One night when I was dining with her in her suite at the Pierre, Mary ordered finnan haddie and boiled potatoes. She did not feel particularly hungry, she said—might we share a single order?

She had a habit of being quite late. On my birthday, she was giving a small dinner party for me. She made a reservation at "21." The table was held for an hour but was gone when we finally arrived. We proceeded to eat my birthday dinner in the Sherry-Netherland bar. A young black pianist, entertaining in the bar, spotted Mary. He played "Coquette," the title not only of a song but of the film which won Miss Pickford her Academy Award "Oscar." She tipped him graciously for his memory.

Pickfair Guests—And Ghosts

Her "Oscar" used to be casually present in the guest house of Pickfair. Queen Marie of Rumania had stayed here, so had the Mountbattens of England. Once I stayed a week in the guest house. The first night, a butler turned down my bed, placed a pitcher of fresh water on the night table and early editions of the morning newspapers on the bed, and made a startling announcement.

If burglars broke into the house during the night in search of Miss Pickford's jewels, he told me. I should not be alarmed but merely punch a button that would quickly summon the police. I doubt that I slept a wink at night during my week's visit. Instead I relied on naps by the pool during the day to pull me through.

Always I sensed the presence of splendid ghosts at Pickfair. D. W. Griffith. Elsie de Wolfe Mendl. William Randolph Hearst. Marion Davies. The attic was stored with priceless mementoes. Incongruously, amid the enchanting objets d'art hidden there, was a bust of Joan Crawford. She had once been Miss Pickford's daughter-in-law following her marriage to Douglas Fairbanks Jr. It was a union received in chilly fashion by Mary and Doug, who then reigned over film society as an imperial couple.

Charlie Chaplin lived down the road from Pickfair. He and Mary periodically stormed and feuded, happily made up, and raided each other's establishments to steal a great French cook. Mary remained fond over the years of Lillian Gish, proud, fragile, and one of the industry's most gracious ladies.

In 1954, when I was in seminary in Berkeley, Calif., Mary came to San Francisco as co-chairman with Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower of a savings bond campaign. Mary astonished television and press people who sought to patronize her as an "ageing actress," only to find that she was a scene-stealer without shame, far outpacing them in expert use of the media. At night, after her work was done, we ate buttered toast reeking of garlic at Julius' Castle.

I visited Mary at Pickfair one day when I was in Los Angeles on a brief holiday vacation from the seminary. She was receiving a group of ladies making a subscription tour of famous homes for a charity benefit.

Mary's maid was putting finishing touches on her hair, and arranging her gown (she might have been preparing for a major scene in a great film) as we stood chatting

on the second floor. The visiting ladies waited downstairs in the mirrored foyer.

Mary leaned over and kissed me goodbye. She started her descent down the winding stairway. As soon as the ladies below caught sight of Mary, they broke into applause. It began in an awkward, flighty, even embarrassed way; then grew to a sustained crescendo. I could hear some of the women exclaiming in their excitement. A voice cried out "Mary."

She was the star. She would briefly greet the women. They would touch her hand or her gown. She would give some of them her autograph.

My feelings, as I watched the scene (one of her last public ones), were mixed. I partially adored her as the star—how could one help it? This star had shone very warmly, seemingly bringing happiness to many people. But I also felt compassion for the sensitive, lonely and driven women who had wanted to be the star.

HEWLITT'S BIG BOO-BOO

By CLAUDE BINYON

Hollywood.

Peter Hewlitt, or whoever he was, became a fairly successful writer in Hollywood during the 1930s. My uncertainty about his real identity stems from the fact that in selling a script he rarely used the same name more than twice. Possibly there were many reasons governing his desire for relative anonymity, but I know definitely of only two: first that he was deeply in debt and was always being sought by collection agencies, and second that he told many versions of only one story—"The Three Musketeers."



Claude Binyon

Under his choice assortment of pen names he sold the adventures of his rollicking trio in the Army, the Navy, Marine Corps, Air Force, logging camp, oil fields, the underworld and college. In his fading years he even got them into a succession of bedrooms and the priesthood.

It was Hewlitt's sound judgment that if he changed the locale, the character names and the author it would not be apparent to the studios that they were buying the same story. He also realized, regretfully, that being many people he could not build a solid reputation in Hollywood.

His self-enforced anonymity was aided by numerous simple disguises. He always wore dark glasses. He would let his hair grow long, then appear with a crewcut. He would grow a full beard, alter it to various shapes, then minimize the growth to a magnificent moustache before becoming clean-shaven. When friends failed to recognize him he was highly pleased. Once I saw through his beard in a drugstore and called out his name. He ignored me and walked out. Later he explained that after a preliminary buildup of paying cash for purchases he had arranged to open a charge account under a name different from the one I had called out. I had almost ruined a good thing that should last for at least a month.

Good While It Lasted

The adventures of Hewlitt's three buddies lasted for almost 10 years. By the start of the '40s story editors at the studios were beginning to recognize Hewlitt and the Three Musketeers no matter what the names. His style of writing was the only element he couldn't change, and it was his undoing. His scripts were rejected. His credit had dried up everywhere.

In desperation he tried changing one of his musketeers to a woman, but without success. The female talked and acted like a man. Hewlitt vanished abruptly from Hollywood scene.

Six months later I was working on a script at Columbia when the switchboard operator told me Hewlitt wanted to speak to me. He told her he didn't want money; he just wanted to talk to me. And talk he did.

"Binyon," he said, "you're in trouble."

"What trouble?"

"Your script is mired down. You can't figure a way out. But don't worry; I have the answer. Just go to Harry Cohn and tell him you need me."

"You're nuts!" I said. "The script is coming along fine. I've been writing alone for years and I don't want a collaborator."

"Let's put it this way, pal," said Hewlitt. "I'm the one in trouble. I'm in a financial bind, and hitting my friends for peanuts won't help. I need a steady job. Please—as an old friend—would you go to Harry and tell him you need me?"

I was beginning to boil. "Hewlitt," I said, "I won't go to Cohn and tell him I can't finish the job he's paying me to do! I can't!"

"If you don't," said Hewlitt, "I'll kill myself!"

"You should kill yourself for asking," I retorted, and hung up.

The next day Hewlitt killed himself. I felt terrible. I wanted to confide to someone that I had killed a friend, but I was afraid. The guilt hung over me for years. The incident became unreality, ghostly.

Early in the '50s I was sitting at the writers' table in the commissary at 20th Century-Fox when one of the old-timers mentioned Hewlitt and his suicide. My stomach began rumbling. I knew I had to blurt out the truth. "Do you know why he killed himself?" I asked.

"Of course I do. He asked all his working friends to tell their bosses they needed him as a collaborator. There were no takers, even though he threatened to kill himself. Didn't he ask you?"

I felt a great load slipping from my shoulders. "Yes," I said. It was that simple. I had confessed.

"Hewlitt made one fatal mistake," said the oldtimer. "As a writer he'd put himself in a spot where he had to have a finish."

Bartlett's Unfamiliar Quotations

(Some Show Biz Quotes)

By LEONARD LOUIS LEVINSON

ACTORS: That incorrigible peerage against which, along with gypsies and vagabonds, laws once were made lest they cause living to be attractive, fear unthinkable, and death dignified, thereby robbing church and state of their taxes on unhappiness. *John Steinbeck.*

ADVERTISING: If you think advertising doesn't pay, we understand there are 25 mountains in Colorado higher than Pike's Peak. Can you name one? *Anon.*

AUTHORSHIP: Royalties are nice and all that but shaking the beads brings in money quicker. *Gypsy Rose Lee.*

CASTANETS are wood that dance. *Matteo.*

CENSORSHIP: It seems to me we were all better off when the Postal Dept. used to deliver the mail and left it to a Higher Authority to deliver us from evil. *Herbert L. Block.*

CHEQUES: We regret we are unable to accept cheques due to frequent disappointments. *Tiddy Dol's Eating House, London.*

CIRCUS: Clowns are pegs to hang circuses on. *P. T. Barnum.*

CLEANLINESS is next to the gas-station. *LLL.*

COMMENTATORS

Oh! rather give me commentators plain,
Who with no deep researches vex the brain;
Who from the dark and doubtful love to run
And hold their glimmering tapers to the sun.

*George Crabbe
(1754-1832)*

CRITICISM: Don't be afraid of criticism. Anyone who can fill out a laundry slip thinks of himself as a writer. Those who can't fill out a laundry slip think of themselves as critics. *George Seaton.*

DOORMAN is a genius who opens your taxi door with one hand, helps you in with the other and still has a hand left waiting for the tip. *Carl Wilson.*

ENTERTAINMENT: The most difficult character in comedy is the fool, and he who plays the part must be no simpleton. *Cervantes.*

HAMLET'S experiences simply could not have happened to a plumber. *Shaw.*

HOLLYWOOD is like a World's Fair that has been on a year too long. *Sonny Fox.*

INSPIRATION: A writer is rarely so well inspired as when he talks about himself. *Anatole France.*

ITALY is a country of 55 million actors, the worst of whom are on the stage. *Orson Welles.*

LITERARY TRENDS: Perhaps I have hit on a reason for my waning love of novels of which I was not aware before—that they have substituted gynecology for romance. *Ben Hecht.*

MIXED EMOTIONS: Better a hen today than an egg tomorrow. *LLL.*

MOVIES: I like television better—it's not so far to the bathroom. *Anon Jr.*

MUSICAL COMEDY: A good musical comedy consists largely of disorderly conduct occasionally interrupted by talk. *George Ade.*

PLAYACTING: Performers are only tools of the playwright. If they try to do more than give life to the script, they and the play die. *Edwige Feuillere.*

RADIO is the manly art of shouting brave words into a defenseless microphone. *Peter Lind Hayes.*

Every time we hear a disk jockey play the top 40 tunes, we get the shakes thinking what the bottom 40 must sound like. *Anon.*

RESTAURANTS: Most busboys must figure that they are being paid by the decibel. *LLL.*

SHAW: Harold Hobson once observed that Shaw knew all the answers, but none of the questions. Nonsense Shaw knew the questions but asked them a generation too soon. *John Barkham.*

STAGECRAFT

Make 'em laugh; make 'em cry; make 'em wait.

Charles Reade.

Rome is the place to break in, if you've got your own little stock of money, a wardrobe that makes you look like a million dollars, and a cast-iron bottom. *Ann Collin.*

Acting consists of the ability to keep an audience from coughing. *Jean-Louis Barrault.*

Except when you're in a flop play. Then you're grateful to hear a cough in the theatre. It proves you're not alone. *Sir Cedric Hardwicke.*

Trying to anticipate any theatrical season is like wiping off the lipstick before you've kissed the girl. *Anon.*

Television is dope for the eyes. *Stanley Levinson.*

THE WORLD: In Hollywood, they bring you ice-cold Coke to show you're a regular guy. In England they bring you milky tea to show you're one of the chaps. In France it's champagne if you're really sympathique. But in Italy they bring you nothing—they are too busy kissing your arms. *Gina Lollobrigida.*

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Privacy Releases

DIFFICULTIES OF OBTAINING CLEARANCES ARE MANY: (1) UNAVAILABLE, (2) UNAPPROACHABLE, (3) UNWILLING — CASE OF REICHIAN THERAPISTS VS. 'WR' SIGNIFICANT

By STANLEY ROTHENBERG

(Author is of N.Y. partnership of (Albert) Heit & Rothenberg, whose practice includes theatrical law and copyright. He has been a frequent contributor to earlier Anniversary Editions.)

The right to be let alone, to have one's privacy respected, gives way under certain circumstances to the greater right of the public to know, to be informed about public figures and of matters of public interest. In many instances, of course, the individual's rights are held to be superior to the right of the public, which is to say superior to that of publishers, broadcasters and motion picture distributors which are charged with the responsibility of converting the public's right into a practical reality.

A frequent and difficult task arises when a citizen of the communications community must determine whether a particular set of facts points to the need for a written release from an individual of his right of privacy or whether reliance may instead be placed on the public's superior right as found in the First Amendment of the U.S. Constitution and the statutory and judicial exceptions to the body of statutes and judge-made law which have created or recognized a right of privacy in many states.

It is relatively easy to say, "well, get the release, if you are uncertain," but frequently there simply is not enough time available to seek out the person and obtain his release. Equally often the would-be releasor is (1) unavailable (or unapproachable), (2) unwilling, except upon payment of an exorbitant sum of money, (3) unwilling, except with a right of approval over the final form and content of the presentation, or (4) unwilling, under any conditions of payment or editorial or artistic approval. It is in such instances where the correct legal judgment must be exercised as to whether the particular use contemplated would constitute an invasion of the right of privacy.

Even where written releases are obtained, questions subsequently arise as to (1) whether the release has been fraudulently induced or (2) whether the scope of the release has been exceeded.

Clearly, a court can declare as a nullity a release resulting from fraud, in which case an invasion of the releasor's right of privacy would follow, assuming the written release was necessary under the circumstances. On the other hand, where the releasor does not challenge the existence of a written release, but claims that the scope of the release has been exceeded, several New York cases have held that the claimed wrong does not fall within the purview of the N.Y. Civil Rights Law ("right-of-privacy" statute).

The most recent such case at the time of this writing is *Lowen et al. v. Makavejev et al.*, on motion for a temporary injunction in Supreme Court of New York County against the New York opening of the Yugoslavian motion picture "WR—Mysteries of the Organism" and its exhibition at the New York Film Festival (1971) at the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts. The motion was denied by Justice Gomez and the motion picture was permitted to go on. The Court found (after putting to one side the triable issue of fact regarding its fraudulent inducement), that the written permission of plaintiff Lowen ("a psychiatrist of renown, having authored approximately five books and many papers on various subjects") permitted and intended, at the least, the film footage of himself as a public figure to be shown on German television in a documentary and that "It is well settled that, once a public figure consents to a public exhibi-

tion, it is no invasion of privacy that the exhibition is shown to a different audience than the originally intended."

This does not preclude some other cause of action, however, it does alter significantly the available relief since the N.Y. Civil Rights Law, section 51, provides not only for an injunction and the usual compensatory damages (for which actual damages must be proved) but for the highly unusual remedy of exemplary (that is, punitive) damages as well.

In sum, a written release of the person's right of privacy is often legally necessary for the communicator and even if at the time of communication it does not go as far as the communicator would like, it may close the door to a claim for invasion of the right of privacy—at least in New York, but not if the release was fraudulently induced.

BANGKOK:

By BOB KALISH

Bangkok.

Film theatre owners and filmmakers here obviously haven't heard the rumors that the local economy will "fold" as the American troops stationed here withdraw.

Indicative of the confidence expressed in this sprawling city is the recent opening of Bangkok's newest film theatre, the Indra, housed in the hotel of the same name. Not only is it the newest, it is also the most unusual—presenting Thailand's first live dancing "extravaganza" with 50 dancing girls ala the famed Radio City Music Hall Rockettes.

Entitled "Winter Dance," the first production was unveiled at a special benefit performance along with the John Wayne starrer, "Big Jake."

In addition to the opening of the Indra (which, incidentally, is the last luxury hotel built here at end of a building boom that began seven years ago), six more first-class theatres are either under construction or planned.

Trend seems to be that of building theatres near the large hotels or in new shopping centres. The Siam Inter-Continental is building a cinema as part of its shopping

(Continued on page 63)

PRESLEY SWOONERS NOW GONE SEDATE

By JULES ARCHER

The current alarm of Middle America brings us back 14 years to a time when a different wave of show biz immorality was sweeping America—a one-man tidal wave of wicked sexual stimulation upsetting the good fathers and mothers of susceptible young virgins. This corrupter of American youth, bumping and grinding in the face of Middle America, was named Elvis Presley. His impact was so greatly feared that when idolization by his young fans compelled his appearance on tv, the networks carefully kept the camera trained above his waist to avoid the shocking roll of his eloquent hips.

At the time I was only vaguely aware of the Presley phenomenon and the shattering impact he was having on the moral fabric of America as a sex symbol. The editor of a woman's magazine asked me to fly out to Hollywood and secure an in-depth interview with him.

"Elvis who?" I asked.

The editor looked at me incredulously. "Elvis the Pelvis. The one-man Sodom and Gomorrah who makes love to his guitar, drives the kids up the wall and frightens their mothers. Where have you been?"

"Oh, that Elvis." Reflecting, I warned, "I should tell you I'm prejudiced against callow he-teens who wail mating songs to callow she-teens in the name of entertainment."

"Fine," said the editor. "That means you'll bend over backwards to write a fair piece."

So off to the Coast I flew to investigate the hubbub over a 21-year-old hillbilly Huckleberry De Sade with sideburns, long hair, pegged pants and a sultry, sneering expression. On the set of his first film for 20th Century-Fox, "Love Me Tender," some of the actors told me privately that they had been prepared to dislike and shaft him.

"But the kid surprised us all," one of the cast told me. "He turned out to be the nicest, most warmhearted and politest kid you ever saw in your life. He got starry-eyed meeting actors he'd seen in films, almost as though he were an extra instead of the star. We're all knocking ourselves out helping him with his lines and coaching him. The props, extras, doubles, stand-ins—they're all rooting for him."

On set I noticed that he addressed anyone older than 21 as "Sir" and "Ma'am" with the utmost deference. He'd approach a new extra and say, "My name's Presley, what's yours?" Between takes he played mumbly-peg with the grips. This was the sultry new sex

(Continued on page 61)

MUSINGS ON SECRET DOCUMENT 'PURLOINING'

By MORRIS L. ERNST

(Attorney Ernst is a pioneer in Civil Libertarian law and the author of many volumes and learned monographs.)

The readers of this gay gazette are no doubt worried because The Honorable Guild of Purloiners is opposed to limiting the present purloining monopoly to the field of government. The Guild of Purloiners will expand its operations in the entertainment industry field and not limit its efforts to the files and papers of city, state and Federal governments, or even the early drafts of Supreme Court opinions.

The new Guild of Purloiners hopes, in time, to develop spe-

cialists in the entertainment sector of our culture. It will condemn all thievery as a crude and immoral substitute for "violation of trust" and "breach of faith" otherwise known as purloinment.

The present attitude of the Guild is, of course, to look down on thievery particularly where the purloiner engages in his noble duty of violating a trust. The argument goes, "Anyone can learn to steal the minutes of the editorial conference of a newspaper. To purloin requires a special skill in the loving art of chicanery." Also the professional purloiners as distinguished from the amateurs and scabs will continue to disdain money as a meager and tawdry symbol of reward. The professionals, as is well known, by now won't even take a return of their out-of-pocket disbursements, thus having standards as high as Communists and Fascists.

Purloiners operate for high mo-

(Continued on page 62)

Radio-Angled Film Plots

Pre-1948

By HARRY PURVIS

THE RADIO STUDIO PLOT

"I'm warning you, Wendell, one more stunt like you pulled on the air tonight, and we'll replace you with 15 minutes of organ music! Furthermore, if we lose 'the Yummies account' because of your shenanigans, I'll personally see to it that you're blackballed at every radio station in the country! You'll be lucky to get a job announcing time signals!"

* * *

"Sorry about fainting that way, Mr. Wendell—it was foolish of me, I know. I—I'd like to try that number again. I know I can get it right this time—really I do."

* * *

"Why, you poor kid. How long's it been since you had a square meal?"

* * *

"It's all set, baby—you go on right after 'the Toastie Woasties commercial.' Eddie in the control booth owes me a favor, and he's promised to go along with my plan."

* * *

"Nervous, Kid? Don't let it throw you. It's only a 'mike.' Remember, even Crosby was frightened HIS first time at bat."

* * *

"Our switchboard's going crazy, J. B.! People from all over the country are phoning in wanting to know the name of the girl singer who interrupted tonight's newscast!"

* * *

"What do you mean You Fired Him! Get Wendell and that girl back here at once, Perkins, or You're Fired! Offer 'em anything! Tell Wendell he can go ahead with the Cartwright expose—and promise the girl I'll get Whiteman's band to back her! Now Get Movin'!"

* * *

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen from coast to coast. This is your old 'super sleuth of the airwaves,' who tonight asks the provocative question—What well-known oft-married chorusgirl is receiving roses from what notorious big-time hoodlum-about-town? Careful, honey—those posies may be loaded."

* * *

"And the question I leave you good listeners to ponder this evening is—Why hasn't District Attorney Mannheim made any effort to locate the cute little blonde who was seen running out of Roger Cartwright's penthouse apartment on the evening of that well-known playboy's murder—Hmhmhmhm?"

* * *

"Turn that thing off, Louie. I think it's about time we paid that snoopy radio blabbermouth a visit."

* * *

"Okay, 'mister wise guy radio reporter,' here's something you didn't know. Your girl friend, Gloria Miles, 'radio's masked sweetheart,' is really Mavis Underwood, ex-manicurist, wanted by the police for questioning in the Cartwright killing. Now put that in your 'mike' and see how your listeners like it!"

* * *

"And Benny, tell Eddie in the control booth that no matter what happens during tonight's broadcast, he's not to cut me off. I'm going to bust this whole town wide open!"

* * *

"Just as I promised you earlier, ladies and gentlemen from coast to coast, tonight I will reveal the name of the slayer in the sensational Cartwright case! If the police are listening to this broadcast, and I'm sure they are—Hi there, Sergeant Garrity—I advise them to drop over to this radio reporter's studio at their earliest convenience, as the killer, Mr. Miles Gardner, well-known society attorney and international polo player, is at this very moment holding a gun at the back of this correspondent's neck!"

How A University's Film Branch Released Long-Secret A-Bomb Pic

By ERIK BARNOUW

(Prof. Erik Barnouw, with the Center For Mass Communications of the Columbia U. Press in N.Y., had an historically significant experience in discovering and producing impounded for 25 years footage showing the horrors of Hiroshima-Nagasaki.)

Here is some of the history behind the A-bomb footage in the Columbia University Press film "Hiroshima-Nagasaki — August 1945"—footage first seen by the public in 1970, a quarter of a century after the event.

It was on Aug. 6, 1945, that an A-bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, followed three days later by another on Nagasaki. Soon afterwards a Japanese documentary unit, Nippon Eiga Sha, received a grant from the Japanese Education Ministry to film the effects of the bombs. The unit was at work when U.S. occupation forces arrived on the scene.

What happened then has been described by Akira Iwasaki, the producer in charge of the Japanese unit. "In the middle of the shooting one of my cameramen was arrested in Nagasaki by American military police. . . . I was summoned to GHQ and told to discontinue the shooting." The filming was thus suspended, but Iwasaki says he 'made arguments' wherever he could.

"Then," he writes, "came the group of the Strategic Bombing Survey from Washington and they wanted to have a film of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Therefore the U.S. Army wanted to utilize my film for the purpose, and changed its mind. Now they allowed or better ordered me to continue and complete the film." Thus, under close U.S. supervision, additional hours of film were shot, and the material edited into an assemblage of slightly less than three hours under the title "Effects of the Atomic Bomb." Segments were devoted to effects on concrete, on wood, on vegetation, etc. Only about 20-30 minutes were devoted to "human effects." Then, writes Iwasaki, "the film, negative, positive, and every piece of short end were confiscated and carried away by the U.S. Army to Washington." All film and related documents were declared secret and locked away.

No Inkling, Until—

We at the Center for Mass Communication, the film division of Columbia University Press, had no inkling of the existence of this footage until 1968—though a few brief references to it had appeared in print, notably in the book "Films Beget Films," by Jay Leyda. But early in 1968 I was sent a clipping from the Asahi Evening

(Continued on page 67)



Morris L. Ernst

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'NO GREEN NOODLES'

By MAX GENDEL

When Michael Todd was making and distributing "Around The World In 80 Days," he enjoyed the luxury of staff conferences. Usually the cast consisted of General Managers, Stage Managers, Sales Managers, lawyers and a half dozen press agents. Present, too, was a secretary who made notes which no one paid any attention to. Occasionally an accountant was called in to make a guorum.

Feet on the desk, the cigar angled in his mouth, and three telephones working simultaneously, Mike was like Napoleon at Jena. (That was one of his winners, I think.) The give and take was furious. His give and the help took.

The rules were simple. No one left the meeting ahead of the Master. When the conference had served his purpose—allowing him to kill time so's he could be late for his next appointment—he would designate someone to take over the meeting. But, always, just leaving the room, he turned and said, "And don't forget. Leave a little for me."

This was the Todd method of coping with the Harvard Business School and the Wharton School course of "approved business controls." He learned early in life that this carry formula was more effective than tv cameras in the aisle, accountants, Pinkertons, the honor system and putting nephews in the checkout counter.

Something happened at the Chicago premiere which changed his closing line. When he exited from staff meetings, he turned at the door and yelled . . . "and remember fellas, no green noodles . . ."

Each Time Different

To Todd, every premiere of "Around the World" was a holy ritual. Nothing was cut and dried. Every new showing was a Major Premiere. New ads. New stunts. New gimmicks. Todd was always seeking the new and fresh.

When "Around the World" was booked for the Loop, he created the impression that New York, Hollywood and London were try-outs for Chicago. "80 Days" was on the front page of the staid Chicago Tribune every day a week before the opening. Hollywood and Vine had moved to Dearborn and Randolph.

The Harris and Selwyn Theatre (which Todd later purchased from the Shuberts) were manicured. Klieg lights. Police cordons. Autograph seekers. Gawkers. Hawkers. Moochers. Creeps. Senior Citizens. The entire cast and all the props of a Hollywood premiere were recruited. And, too, the TV remote. A radio pickup. Out-of-town correspondents.

The Todd headquarters were in New York. (Presently used by Earl Wilson as his picture gallery.) They hired a Loop press agent to coordinate. It was vital to have a dynamic local man to open doors after midnight, know the side doors and avoid neighborhood boobytraps and reefs.

As a rule, the GNP of a local press agent such to make him a permanent client of the Beneficial Loan. The movie roadshows which paid good wages were few and far between. So the local press agent had a few minor accounts to bring in the walking-around money.

A bistro with semi-regional fame frequented by gourmet mobsters. Or an industrial account—a processor of used barb-wire who had dreams of going public and wanted financial press to excite dreamy underwriters and not make waves with the regional attorneys of the SEC.

Our man in Chicago was typical. He knew Kup. And the brand of cigars he smoked. Was a buddy of Herb Lyons when they both toiled for Balaban & Katz. And he sat at the first table at Henricis with the literati of the First Ward.

And his bread and butter account was an Italian restaurant. Rated C in Standard & Poor and Duncan Hines.

When he got the Todd phone call, he rose to the occasion. He was inspired. He was available.

His One-Man Think Tank would awe the Life Members of the Rand Corporation. This assignment, he told his wife again, would make him the regional representative of the Publicity Club of America Hall of Fame. U.S. Steel, Ford (Foundation and Auto) would seek him for consulting advice. Fees, Fame and checks would pour in. No longer would his wife "nudgey."

His idea was deceptively simple. Aren't all great ideas simple, Mr. Alexander Graham Bell? He would piggy-back the Italian Restaurant to the Todd film. If the New York Central could meet the threat of the open road by carrying trucks on its tracks, why shouldn't he do likewise? The mind boggles at the idea.

St. Patrick's Day was also the day of the premiere. His Italian Restaurant would serve Green Noodles in honor of the Irish saint. An ecumenical gesture if there ever was one. Rome, Dublin, papers, Il Progresso and Irish Weekly please copy. Maybe even the Wall Street Journal which was always looking for snappy items to brighten the small print of their annual statements, would make a paragraph.

Cut now, to the bar near the Wrigley Building. The local disk jockey and our man are in a meet. The press agent is talking fast—fast. How would the DJ like an opportunity to go bigtime? National? International Impress Hollywood moguls? The choice assignment of the town?

It could all be arranged. In return the DJ would casually throw in a plug that after the premiere the celebrities would go to the Italian Restaurant to eat Green Noodles. This will really clinch the account for another three months.

The DJ is impressed. He picks up the check. He telephones New York. Collect.

"I got the top man between New York and Hollywood. He's a real pro. You don't have to worry about a thing with him at the mike. It wasn't easy. It was his anniversary and he had promised his wife to make a night of it. His marriage has been a little nervous."

"But don't crack about it when you see him. I went to work on her and got her to come to the premiere so's he could work."

"I had to go for a present. May I put it on the swindle sheet? Otherwise it is out of my pocket. But I felt it was worth it. I just had no time to check with you in advance."

Big Time Timber

"Kid, you did the right thing. It's only money. You weren't afraid to use your judgment and that's the important thing. I'll tell Todd. I had to sell you to him. But you came through. He is always looking for big time timber and you got it."

Came the evening of the premiere. Excitement was mounting. Promptly the schedule became obsolete. Liz was late. The hairdresser brought the wrong-colored hairpins. A plane was chartered from London to replace the damage.

It became an organized, spontaneous evening of shambles and bedlam, but it worked. Todd loved and thrived in this milieu. He was in command. He was the eye in the hurricane. Cool. Cold. Calm. Intense.

The entourage left the Ambassador. Police escorts. Sirens. Police barricades. Mike and Liz. Liz and Mike. Mikeliz.

The phalanx, with our press-agent ahead, behind and between—like a housepuppy out for the walk—dropped first names all along the route to prove he knew the boys—pushed its way up the grandstand in front of the theatre. Moses coming down from Mount Sinai with the Xerox copies of the Ten Big Ones in his attache case, had no such a reception.

"And on behalf of Liz and myself we are going to go in the theatre after a little ceremony at the boxoffice. Bring money folks . . ."

And as they pushed their way down the steps, the local press agent turned back and whispered

to the DJ . . . "and don't forget the green noodles . . ."

If the aside had been made during the Meditation Period of the Council of Cardinals at the most solemn moment of the Yom Kippur Services, it could not have been more deafening.

Todd grabbed him. "C'mere you sonuvabitch. What kind of cockamamie green noodles are you peddling here tonight. You're fired. Out."

The next day at the Ambassador, in the glow of rave notices, and with the brokers and scalpers digging for tickets, Todd relented. A full disclosure had been made. Todd rehired the guy. He was like that.

Film Bank Leads Way In Mexico

By ALEJANDRO ORTEGA SANVINCENTE

(G.M., Churubusco Studios)

Mexico City.

Rodolfo Echeverria's appointment as director-general of the National Film Bank a year ago September marked the beginning of the Mexican motion picture industry's rebirth.

His first important action initiated an analysis of the industry's problems. The second inaugurated a concrete program for the governmental agencies involved in films that would bring the industry to the point where it could compete reasonably with other nations which have greater economic and social resources. This program covers all aspects of filmmaking and includes preparation for the future by training young cadres and stimulating a movement to improve the quality of the Mexican cinema product.

Step No. 1 in this ambitious program aimed at rebuilding the industry started with appointing a new administration to take over management of the Churubusco Studios. This meant reorganizing its administrative system, updating techniques and acquiring new equipment. It included utilizing studio facilities for turning out documentaries and cultural film shorts employing newcomers who would get the chance to acquire some experience. In addition, it meant establishing a Cinema Training Institute.

The results are obvious after less than 10 months: the laboratory buildings have been expanded for new equipment which was acquired—two new "Arri" developers; an HFC Panel printer capable of 240 and 480 feet per minute (plus a Bell & Howell Model C capable of 180 feet per minute); two ultrasonic cleaners; a Kodak color analyzer; perforating equipment with a verifier and capable of duplicating perforated film; two Keller variable speed editing tables and three Cinemobile units (Marks I, Mark II and Mark VI) for location filming.

The studio's regular processing equipment has been completely overhauled; the projection and dubbing studios have been modernized; accounting processes have been updated and production of short films has started.

The studio has started construction of its Cinema Training Institute which will be a complex with its film library, art theatre, classrooms, cineclub, library, projection room, cafeteria, etc. All of this is being built on stages 14 and 15 with a July 1972 construction deadline.

Churubusco has also processed five U.S., one French and one Italian film and produced two film features—"Dona Macabre" and "Un Vals Sin Fin." It also is preparing two coproductions—"Primero el Dolar" and "Zona Segrada"—with Mexican producers and coproduced "The Revengers" with Martin Rackin.

Putting The Hex On 'Hex'

[Or, You're Glad You Lost]

By ARTHUR H. LEWIS

Philadelphia.

Several years ago I wrote a book called "HEX." In it I did my best to expose witchcraft, or at least the kind of necromancy practiced then and now in the upstate Pennsylvania Dutch counties of York and Lancaster. I did considerable research and specifically named quite a few "pow-wowers," as practitioners of the ancient art are called throughout the area. I was under the distinct impression that I had debunked all manner of alleged cures and methods of procuring them.

I pointed out that warts are not likely to vanish forever the instant hot chicken fat is poured on them, nor was a severed artery likely to cease spurting blood when the magic number "three" is reached by slowly counting backward from 50. I suggested that the local general practitioner had access to more and better drugs than the neighborhood witch whose recommendations for the cure of rabies, Chinese rot or the epizotic was frequent application of dried hoptoad blood.

The book made several best-seller lists. In fact at York, centre of the Keystone State's Bible Belt, it actually outsold the Holy Writ. I don't know how many readers I converted but I sure tried, and for several months following publication of "HEX" I received stacks of letters, some condemnatory but more containing words of praise for my "expose."

Then, some six months afterward, I got a telephone call from a young Cleveland nurse who'd read the book and asked me if there was any special "pow-wower" I'd recommend above all others.

"I agree with your point of view," she said rather apologetically, "that it's all nonsense. But my mother doesn't. She's in the hospital now with a heart ailment which her surgeon says is terminal and inoperable. He doesn't believe she can last more than a few weeks and she's to remain in the hospital. Mother knows all this so she asked me to get in touch with you. She read the book, too. I'll try anything to ease my mother's mind no matter how ridiculous it sounds."

I asked my caller if other physicians had been consulted. She told me that several highly respected colleagues of the surgeon had examined the patient and their consensus was the same as the surgeon's as to diagnosis and prognosis.

Not Counting The Indians!

In my opinion, the witches and warlocks I'd interviewed offered similar brands of hokum. However, I had become friendly with a Lancaster County warlock, a genial fellow indeed, with whom I shared several bottles of beer one hot summer afternoon. This gentleman, "Professor" Heinrich, had a statewide reputation for effecting miraculous cures. He was aided, he informed me, by five unseen Indians. I admit I couldn't see the redskins but the Professor swore they were always hovering about, ready to do their master's bidding and help suffering humanity.

I kept reiterating to the nurse that I had little faith in the Professor's curative powers (I didn't even mention the Indians) but if she thought it would offer her mother any comfort this would be OK and she could use my name as a reference. I dug up the warlock's telephone number and gave it to my caller.

The incident occurred on a Friday afternoon. On Saturday morning, the nurse telephoned again. "Mother spoke to Prof. Heinrich," she said, "and he told her there will be a change for the better as soon as the moon was full. That would be next Tuesday and I'm to call him then."

On the following Wednesday morning, the patient herself telephoned me. "I'm feeling fine," she

said, "and I want to thank you for your help."

I asked her if she was still in the hospital, and she said, "No. I'm calling from home. I was discharged yesterday morning. Margie [her daughter, the nurse] and I are going up to Lancaster next week to see the Professor personally for some more treatments. What he gave me so far was only over the telephone."

All this happened during the month of January, 1970. In February of that year Margie called me once more.

"Mother's fine," she said. "Nobody can understand. When I talk to her surgeon about Prof. Heinrich he just shrugs his shoulders and gives me a funny smile."

Last week I received a large gift basket of fruit from Miami Beach. In it was a note from Ann, Margie's mother.

"My husband, Don, and I are down here for a couple of weeks drinking in the sun. Don just retired and we're doing a lot of traveling. Next month we're flying to Italy to see my cousins in Abruzzi. Professor Heinrich says it will be all right. I feel great." Go figure it out. I can't.

French Art Chain Eyes Dormant Pix

Paris.

France harbored the New Wave when young filmmakers without stars or big budgets reaped fine grosses and won a regular release for personalized films. But in the wake of the Wave were many pix turned out by new filmmakers that never saw the light of day. Up to 20 to 25 films per year since 1959 seldom saw an exhibitor's screen due to public disaffection and distributor wariness.

Some product did all right at film festivals but still was unable to find a release. However, a few young film distributors, exhibs and a public relations rep have decided to give this immense backlog a chance.

Idea came to Jacques Peinturaud who works with a public relations org tagged Information & Publicity. He went to Claude Nedjar and Vincent Malle who have been trying to plant offbeat films in their chain of art houses—five in Paris and 20 in the provinces.

Peinturaud proposed to back chosen pix by giving up to \$10,000 in publicity per film on Radio Television Luxembourg through his company. This is bigger than the outlay for an average film. The pub-rel company would get its money back, hopefully, from the producer share as well as part of the profits—if any.

Figuring is that openings of the films for two weeks each could get at least 100,000 admissions a week and maybe more. This could make them pay. The hope is that some would hit big and carry others. Peinturaud and his associates feel they may also break into more commercial outlets if some pix click.

Among films that are believed to be wrongly neglected are "Les Camisards," Rene Allio's look at 19th century anarchists—already noticed at festivals—as ditto Claude Guillemot's "La Treve" (The Truce). In addition, there are Francois Warin's "La Vie Facile" (Easy Life) and Walerian Borowczyk's "Blanche," among others.

Nedjar and Malle are also installing 16mm equipment for pix made in that gauge. They expect the market to be specialized but feel sure there is an audience for these films.



Cinema International Corporation

*(The largest international motion picture
distribution company in the world)*

As Of Yore, Still True Today: Production, Distribution And Exhibition Too 'Out-Of-Touch'

By BERNARD DELFONT

(Chairman & Chief Executive, EMI Film & Theatre Corp.)

London.

For three years now my work has brought me into close association with the three prime aspects of the film industry—production, distribution and exhibition. And perhaps the most important lesson I have learned from the experience is that there is need for a closer relationship between the three branches.

In the field of production I believe there is a need for more varied family entertainment and certainly less of the pornographic material which tries vainly to fob itself off as entertainment and results only in lessened attendances.

While we admittedly live in what is called a "permissive" society, facts have proved that obscenity attracts only a fraction of the cinemagoing public while keeping away the families who literally are the industry's bread-and-butter providers.

We in EMI have proved beyond doubt that the public will go to films in larger numbers if given the right pictures. And, in my opinion, the "right" pictures are wholesome and not "blue" fare. Let me example "Tales of Beatrix Potter," "The Railway Children," "Long Ago, Tomorrow," "The Go-Between" and "On the Buses," which have proved highly popular both in the home and international markets.

This has determined us to produce more films of this nature and I am confident not only in the future of my company but the film industry in general if it does the same.

Distribution is in need of an overhaul. It is bad economics to spend a huge sum of money on promoting a film presented in only one pre-release situation. It seems obvious to me—and I have said this time and again—that the outlay of money should be spread to cover key city presentations concurrently with the London pre-release. This is EMI's policy and the system enables the public to see a film in all parts of the country at a time when it is the focal point of a major advertising and publicity campaign.

I have for some time been advocating flexibility in bookings, which could be done in such a way as to give the public a selection of various films at cinemas in close proximity to each other.

This company has spent more than \$10,000,000 in two years building dual and triple complex theatres and during this period has completed 14 such projects. Every one has attracted the public in increasing numbers and we are planning to build many more to meet the demand.

I believe I am right in claiming that EMI leads the field here in the construction of multi-complexes and we intend to maintain this lead.

I should like to see the industry working more closely together as a unit, with a better understanding of and sympathy for each other's problems.

In Britain we are contending with declining admissions and if we are to win the battle for survival we should, for our own sake, work more together in a united campaign for the common good rather than as individual units. I submit this is very much a case of "united we stand, divided we fall."

For my part—and I speak for my EMI colleagues also—I have complete faith in the future of the film industry. It has been my career-long experience, both in the cinema and legitimate theatre, that the public enjoys a night out. But they will only leave their homes

for their entertainment if we offer them the excitement, luxury and entertainment for which they are willing to pay.

FILMS CAN INCITE EVIL-PRONE MINDS

By HERBERT G. LUFT

Hollywood.

In a scene from Alexander Solzhenitsyn's "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich" (Cinerama) the camera singles out a couple of wretched prisoners in a dreary Siberian labor camp while the microphone picks up snatches of conversation. In all earnestness, the two devotees of the cinema discuss the artistic merits of S. M. Eisenstein's classic, "Potemkin," and argue about the Russian film director's basic integrity, as if such a thing would matter in subzero weather behind the barbed wire of a detention camp.

The screen itself appraises the importance of the filmic medium! Those slave laborers depicted by Solzhenitsyn, engrossed in the aesthetics of the cinema, for a few minutes were a million light years removed from their own misery. To people in normal conditions, their dispute about the refinement versus simplicity in the work of Soviet filmmakers seems grotesque, if not outright ridiculous. Yet, the remembrance served as a potent crutch against mental and physical collapse.

I recall a similar conversation in a sealed prison train en route to Dachau in November of 1938

(Continued on page 57)

Other Views Of Other Days

By EDWIN BRONNER

Warner Brothers musicals. With heartthrob Rudy Vallee. Father Coughlin's broadcasts. The charm of Axis Sally.

Rhythmic sister acts: Andrews, Boswell, Pickens. "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

"Mother Carey's Chickens."

Stepin Fetchit's shuffle, Bobby Breen's bravura. The histrionic talents Of tenor Jan Kiepura.

Ovaltine commercials. "Little Orphan Annie." Samuel Goldwyn's "Nana." Joshua Logan's "Fanny."

Cowboy ditties on the screen, Sung gaily and castrati. George Arliss as "Disraeli." Tullio Carminati.

Travelogues by Burton Holmes: ("Carnival Time in Burma"). The warmth of "Abie's Irish Rose."

The wit of "My Friend Irma."

Tear-drenched tales of mother love With Stanwyck. Or Loretta. Or Vera Hruba Ralston. Or even Acquafredda.

Jingo-jangle war tunes: McHugh's, Berlin's and Loesser's. "Student Prince" revivals From those princely Shubert Messrs.

Melodies romantic, A host from which to choose: "Shoo-Shoo Baby," "Mairzy Doats." And, of course, those "Wang-Wang Blues."

With memories like these, friend, Believe me it's not easy, To keep the eyes from misting—Or keep from feeling queasy!

The Cambodian Curse

By RAY RUSSELL

Hollywood.

The least appreciated, worst paid toilers in the literary vineyard are the book reviewers. The overwhelming majority of them are sincere, dedicated, unprejudiced people with a deep love of books. When their opinions forces them to be unkind, they are usually fair and honest in their criticisms. But I'd like to share with you a revealing anecdote about a certain critic who once reviewed a novel of mine (neither his name nor his newspaper will be given here, since I'm not an assassin).

This personage, for openers, devoted the entire first half of his review to details of my past life which had nothing whatever to do with the novel, and which could be of interest to nobody. He mentioned my former editorship of a popular magazine. He dropped my employer's name, sneeringly. He told of how I had left that editorial post, several years before, and journeyed to Hollywood to adapt a novella of mine to the screen. He gave the title of that novella, and a capsule cataloging of its genre. He went on to disclose the vital information that, between screenwriting assignments, I often wrote short stories. He expressed negative opinions of those stories and of the magazine that published them. Finally, at the halfway point in his "review," he got around to my novel, which he savagely panned.

The viciousness of the roast was unaccountable to me until, one day, my publisher casually divulged an interesting sidelight. At least one book written by that reviewer had been rejected by my publisher. It then occurred to my publisher to ask if, to my knowledge, that reviewer had ever had manuscripts rejected by the magazine I for-

merly edited. I said I didn't know but would find out.

A Writer Scorned

I did find out. An editor of the magazine, in response to my query, dug into his files and came up with the evidence: three interoffice memos from three editors, all referring to a story submitted by that unfriendly reviewer prior to the publication of my novel. He never saw the memos, of course—he received a courteous rejection letter. The most eloquent of the memos consisted of just one word, thrice repeated: "No, no, no." Another said, in part, "Not much. The author sees his man as an authentic American hero, but it's pretty drab." The final memo, which I'll quote in full, said: "Nothing. Real nothing. Part of its nothingness lies in its unrelenting faddishness and its slavish devotion to the obligatory heel-hero who has become a commonplace of contemporary novels, films and plays. There are the expected references to contraceptive pills, etc." The story, it's hardly necessary to add, was rejected.

Hell, it appears, hath no fury like a writer scorned. And if that writer is also a reviewer, woe to all other writers unlucky enough to be accepted by publishing houses or work for magazines which have sampled that reviewer's literary wares and found them wanting. Which, to put it mildly, somewhat thins the ranks of writers such a reviewer will permit himself to admire.

It's my belief—which I fervently hope isn't mere wishful thinking—that such reviewers are in the minority. An ancient Cambodian king pronounced the perfect curse for that minority. "May those small minds who destroy my meritorious work, whether for their own sake or for the sake of others, go to hell and stay for numerous eons in that horrible place."

The Sons of Laurel & Hardy

By JOHN McCABE

(Prof. McCabe is the author of "Mr. Laurel and Mr. Hardy," the authorized biography of the two comedians.)

In his 73d year of life, unalterably full of comic zest, (he was still writing gags for Laurel and Hardy eight years after his much-loved partner died), Stan Laurel was living as good a life as the ailments of age would permit. Despite these, he was as he had been always in his personal and professional life, a positive force, a doer not a don't-er, and an all-around lovely guy.

My biography of Laurel and Hardy had helped increase the size of his fan mail, and this he didn't mind a bit. His wife, Ida, agonized at times over the magnitude of it because he always insisted on answering every letter or postcard he got. Moreover, he was a very slow typist, working doggedly away at his little blue portable, composing cheery answers to all who wrote him.

Some mail that I received at this time (1964), came from a very wide variety of citizens, solid and otherwise, who wanted to know why there wasn't in existence any group or organization devoted to the celebration of Laurel and Hardy. These inquiries set me pondering unponderously, and I thought of a gloriously funny Laurel and Hardy film in which Stan and Ollie proclaimed their loyalties to a national lodge bearing the unlikely designation of The Sons of the Desert.

This affectionate spoof of American fraternal life became the focus of my thoughts for an organization devoted to Laurel and Hardy. Why not, I reasoned, bring The Sons of the Desert to actual life, letting it serve as an entity honoring the boys, and at the same time in consonance with the film's intent, keeping the spirit of the group light-hearted and satiric? I approached Stan about the idea and he was immensely pleased. He was a trifle leery of sponsoring a fan club, but since this was a group of buffs (fans are wildly adulatory, buffs are innately discriminating), he heartily approved the whole idea. I thereupon drew up a constitution to which he added two delightful amendments. The result:

THE SONS OF THE DESERT

Article I

The Sons of the Desert is an organization with scholarly overtones and heavily social undertones devoted to the loving study of the persons and films of Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy.

Article II

The founding members are Orson Bean, Al Kilgore, John McCabe, Chuck McCann and John Municino.

Article III

The Sons of the Desert shall have the following officers and board members who will be elected at an annual meeting:

Grand Sheik

Vice-Sheik

(Sheik in charge of vice)

Sub-Vice-Vizier

(Sheik-Treasurer and in charge of sub-vice)

Grand Vizier

(Corresponding Secretary)

Board Members-at-Large

(This number should not exceed 812.)

Article IV

All officers and Board Members-at-Large shall sit at an exalted place at the annual banquet table.

Article V

The officers and Board Members-at-Large shall have absolutely no authority whatever.

Article VI

Despite his absolute lack of authority, the Grand Sheik or his deputy shall act as chairman at all meetings, and will follow the standard parliamentary procedure in conducting same. At the meetings, it is hoped that the innate dignity, sensitivity and good taste of the members assembled will permit activities to be conducted with a lively sense of deportment and good order.

Article VII

Article VI is ridiculous.

Mexican Film Hopes; Old Guard Dragging Feet

By SAM ASHKINAZY

Mexico City.

This past year will go down in the domestic film industry's history—which celebrated its 40th year of making talkies—more as a shakedown cruise for new pilots at the helm of a ship scraping off its barnacles.

Although film production has dropped as compared to the previous year from 81 to (about 72) the bsais has been established for a complete revamping of the industry. Reflecting increased production costs, the National Film Bank under Rodolfo Echeverria has spent about \$8,000,000 on film financing as against \$7,000,000 in 1970. Administrative procedures in official distrib agencies—Pel-Mex, PelNal and Cimex—have been tightened up. And exhib in national territory has been expanded with construction of new theaters plus upgrading and remodeling old ones with ambitious plans for even more growth.

The Churubusco Studios have acquired more new equipment under general manager Alejandro Ortega Sanvicente who has tightened up the organization and administration even to the point of insisting that producers—many of them practically inoperative—pay phone and rental bills.

Productionwise, only one really "big" picture was made, "El Jardin de la Tia Isabel," costing about \$500,000.

Aside from an average 12% wage boost negotiated this year, film labor did well thanks to foreign production which spent close to \$15,000,000 here. Made on local soil were two tv episodes—"Flight From Memory" and "Regimental Line"; "Hard Case," an ABC tv feature; partial shooting of "Boulevard du Rhum," "Assassination of Trotsky" and "Hammer-smith Is Out"; full feature included "Buck and the Preacher," "Something Big," "Wrath of God" and "Dime Box" plus two US-Mex coproductions—"The Revengers" and "Jory."

The prime goal set for the local film industry is expanding its horizons to be able to compete on the world market with better product. Toward this objective, a Cinema Training Institute is being built at the Churubusco Studios where Mexico's future filmmakers will be getting opportunities to set the pace and pattern.

Nature of activity for the future has caused some dismay and opposition from the old guard (with some observers even attributing the drop in production to disgruntled elements deliberately holding back). The directors guild even went so far as to close its doors to newcomers (temporarily) then reopened them under pressure.

The year has also seen the advent of new production companies like Alpha Centauri and Marco Polo Productions who are in full agreement with the policies being established by Echeverria. They're not wholly dependent on Film Bank financing and have become the most active in filmmaking with the latter involved in a costly coproduction with Howard "Love Story" Minsky.

The industry's new outward look was best illustrated by a government-level coproduction agreement reached with Italy.

POINDEXTER NUMEROLOGY

Philadelphia.

For KYW-TV newsmen Malcolm Poinexter good things come in threes.

His third child, Malcolm 3d, was born Dec. 3. His own birthday is April 3; his father's, Jan. 3.

And, of course, the wherewithal to feed the newcomer comes from Daddy's job at Channel 3.

*Richard
Burton*



*Elizabeth
Taylor*



*Peter
O'Toole*



*Star in the
Dylan Thomas classic*

Under Milk Wood

*Screenplay & Direction by
Andrew Sinclair*

*Co-Starring Glynis Johns, Vivien Merchant, Sian Phillips,
Victor Spinetti, Ryan Davies, Angharad Rees*

A Jules Buck-Hugh French Presentation

Associate Producer John Comfort

Contact Keep Films, 5 Eaton Place, London, S.W.1. Tel. 01-235 6552 Cable Keepfilm London SW1 England

NEW MOVES TO GOVERN FILM BIZ

By ROBERT M. WEITMAN
(Columbia Pictures' Indie Prod.)

Hollywood. The name of the game? It's "Boxoffice."

The rules of the game? There are no rules. The players who win more than they lose are, firstly, gamblers. They are sometimes called geniuses, experts, or talents. They make films, they sell films, they show films—and they are a breed apart from any other creative executive in any other industry.

Everybody knows it—there's no business like show business.

Why? In any other business, the product can be tested, anticipated, manufactured on an assembly line and placed on the market. In show business the major testing and anticipation of a fickle public comes after the fact, not before. Therefore, the gamble is greater and the high-rollers of show business toss their dice into whirlwinds. The climate is always unpredictable, uncertain, and new decisions must be made almost hourly.

In show business there is more action each week, more big changes per month than in any other game where the competition is for the consumer dollar. As the game

moves through the "Sizzling '70's" the odds are changing and the gamblers are adjusting their play. These trends, these movements are emerging from what can be rightfully identified as chaos, and the game is now concerned with lower stakes, wider action and expanding payoffs on winners.

The movie gamblers are moving to diversification. Motion pictures remain the hub of activity but chips are also on other numbers such as tv shows, tv commercials, industrial films, music publishing, records, real estate and land development, tv and radio stations, amusement parks, book publishing, overseas theatres, audience research, Broadway plays, even the hotel and cruise ship business as revealed recently by MGM.

The move is also toward independence. The pieces that formerly shaped the empire have separated into autonomous units. The sources of new product today are variegated. An independent producer puts a created film on the line and the stick-man, the studio, appraises its value; or the independent producer establishes his credit, gets his stack of chips and makes his play.

Those astronomical salaries of the past are gone, and the stars and creators are taking their chances with percentages of the net or gross receipts.

The move is toward the hyphenates. More and more these days we find that one plus one makes one. Our business is festooned with producers who also write or direct; directors who also produce or write; writers who also direct or produce; even some who turn the hat trick by doing all three.

Also, the actors are getting into the game full-force. Sidney Poitier directs "Buck and the Preacher;" Charlton Heston directs "Antony and Cleopatra;" Jack Lemmon does "Kotch;" Cliff Robertson does "J.W. Coop;" Dennis Hopper does "The Last Movie;" Jack Nicholson directs "Drive, He Said;" Peter Fonda makes "The Hired Hand;" Clint Eastwood directs "Play Misty For Me;" Paul Newman directs "Sometimes a Great Notion."

The move is toward rental facilities. Huge studio overheads, long a bugaboo, are atrophying because today's filmmaker wants to pay only for what he uses. Everything

from a prop bedpost to the complete picture-making needs of a producer are for rent today. Operation of a motion picture plant today is a business in itself, and the costs are established by the tenants, not by the annual film output.

The move is toward location filming. The technological advancements, notably the ingenious mobility of a film unit, have resulted in pointing the camera at the place where the story happens, reducing the tremendous costs of set construction and expanding the advantages of realism.

The move is aimed at selective audiences. Of course, the hope and dream of every filmmaker is the product that has mass appeal, but there is now a broader acceptance of subject matter and the specialized film has found a market. Profits have developed from documentaries, films that appeal to minorities, screen adaptations of classics, sex and horror films, other subjects that do not boast mass appeal.

The move is toward planned distribution. No longer does a film follow the deep ruts of the

past along the trail that began with a New York premiere and led to saturation territorial bookings. Today's sales manager plans the release of an attraction on a strongly individual basis, matching the film with the most appropriate release policy. Once again, there are no rules.

The move is towards personalized theatres. First-runs in a downtown film palace are becoming a memory. Theatres are now in the suburbs, in office buildings and shopping centres with screen offerings in twin-theatres, multi-theatres, mini-theatres and drive-ins. The merchandise is being transported directly to the buyer.

The move is towards broadening markets. Distribution of first-run films has been extended to airlines, railroads, museums, colleges, cruise ships and hotel rooms. On the horizon loom cassettes and CATV.

Everything is on the move. It's a whole new ballgame and the pennants are going to go to the players who realize that yesterday's game plans simply can't win. Kicking on third down and praying for the breaks won't produce a winning season.

PORNOGRAPHY DISGRACED FILM IMAGE; GOTTA FLEE CARNY BLOWOFF TONE

By ROSS HUNTER

Hollywood. We will never truly know how much harm has been done to the film industry by pornography. We cannot assess accurately the erosion of reputation in an industry that at one time had earned and enjoyed the respect and camaraderie of the American family. Most of us never dreamed that one day we would be embarrassed to relate our association with the motion picture screen. Who could have envisioned that a media of entertainment once considered an important segment of the American way of life could now be identified and discussed as if it were a sideshow tent in a sleazy carnival?



Ross Hunter

It has happened—and we have allowed it to happen—and all of us must share the sadness and the shame. In the meantime, a man and his wife who had been offended by a scene in a film they didn't expect to find offensive are angry and upset. They don't wish to be burned twice in the same place. The seats they occupied are empty.

Perhaps I sound like a square but I am not a square. I sound like a self-appointed judge but I am not one. I give the impression of a wall-pounder and a wailer, but I am really one of the most optimistic producers left in Hollywood.

I truly believe our industry's sickness is temporary and curable. Pornography will atrophy itself into anonymity. Gradually, the makers of films will recapture courage. Some studios remain brave enough to risk whatever is necessary to gamble on a project they believe has a good chance. Columbia Pictures has accorded me two multimillion-dollar budgets for an updated version with music of the 1937 screen classic, "Lost Horizon," plus a musical

spoof of the movie business of the 30's, titled "Hollywood! Hollywood!" It's now up to me to justify their faith, not the only yardstick.

Not The Only Yardstick

Money has never been the norm of judgment for a successful film. A motion picture must cost whatever is required to bring it to the screen in the finest possible style. A costly project, however, must offer mass appeal, a G or GP rating that opens the door to all moviegoers, regardless of age. There is no secret to making a G or GP film; just eliminate the unsavory factors that might disqualify it. If doing that disturbs one's sensibilities, the antidote is a contemplation of the financial status of the Walt Disney organization during the past ten years.

The formula for success in films is to understand fully that there is no formula.

That means a machine cannot correlate the figures and computerize the judgments and dictate the edicts. The film industry is based mainly on emotion—the emotional content of the product; the emotional response of a movie audience; the emotional texture of the times. Emotion cannot be correlated, computed and categorized. It must be created.

No Strings Within Reason

Therefore, the reins of movie-making must be handed back to the creator of films. He must be allowed to pursue his course without interference from the money crowd as long as he remains within the bounds of the agreement. Once he has been chosen to create the project, he must be allowed to do so. He is not there to assume the responsibility for the errors of others. He is there to do his thing and to thrive or perish on the basis of his achievement. The talented ones will flourish, the untalented will disappear, and the motion picture industry will improve because of this.

When contracts are signed, the creator of films should sign a second pledge, a sort of cinematic Hippocratic Oath. In essence, it would state:

(1) The primary function of the motion picture is to entertain; thus, the filmmaker is permitted to make personal statements, expound social theories, tease the

world or moan about it only through the medium of entertainment.

(2) The filmmaker is not subject to non-creative second guesses or the changing moods of financial experts, college-trained researchers or electronic instruments, and he will fight to demonstrate his skill and protect his integrity as a creator of entertainment.

(3) The filmmaker recognizes that the public is the final arbiter of his success or failure and agrees to abide by their judgment, guilty or not guilty of providing the most pleasure for the greatest number of people through the medium of the motion picture screen.

Perhaps I sound frivolous but that is unintentional. I am serious, deadly serious. I have a great love for Hollywood and that means I have an undying faith in it. It will survive the alien industrialists, the deadly data analysts, the irresponsible pornographers and—yes, the untrained adolescents. Show business never had a disease it couldn't cure. Hollywood may be only six hit movies away from health. Perhaps only four—it already has "Fiddler On The Roof" and "Nicholas and Alexandra" on the horizon.

KEN RUSSELL'S NEXT

'Savage Messiah' Before Possible Sarah Bernhardt Biopic

London

Ken Russell, whose "Boy Friend" MGM has just bowed in the States, has set "The Savage Messiah" as his next, to roll here early next year. It's based on the tragic life of French sculptor Henri Gaudier-Brezeska, with Dorothy Tutin playing his lover.

Previous reports had the director partnering with Barbra Streisand (via the First Artists production umbrella) for a Sarah Bernhardt biopic. This presumably is still on, but apparently not before Russell cranks up "Messiah."

ITALIAN MARKET TRENDS

Bright Outlook In Comparison With General Regressions In Other Territories

By GIANNI HECHT LUCARI
(President, Documento Films)

Rome. A few basic figures about the Italian film market:

Gross receipts in Dollars:

1950—\$102,000,000.

1970—\$293,000,000.

Number of tickets sold:

1950—661,549,000.

1970—525,600,000.

Share of gross receipts of Italian product in the Italian market:

1950—24%.

1970—63%.

The above figures point up three considerations: In the last 20 years gross receipts have increased almost threefold, the number of people attending the theatres have declined by 20%, the Italian film has reversed its position in respect of foreign films passing from a minority presence of 24% to a majority of 63%.

Over the same period the number of filmgoers in the most important territories of the world has declined enormously. For instance: 50% in U.S.A., 70% in Japan, 80% in Germany, 85% in Great Britain.

Figures for 1971 show remarkable progress. The trend seems to be characterized by a revival of interest in the cinema at large, from sheer entertainment to art and social criticism.

Why this upward trend? I can think of some possible reasons:

—The economic crisis which is present in the country makes people choose the least expensive form of entertainment such as cinema.

—The Italian producers have made considerable efforts towards a substantial as well as formal improvement of film product.

—The theatre, thanks to the process of rebuilding and renewal, the exhibitors have been carrying on during the last decade. Even the usherettes are chosen for sex appeal qualities.

—The slight competition by state-sponsored television which only offers routine programs with only minor and occasional spectacle.

—The large scale talking, debating and theorizing that go on in the country now especially by the younger generation.

—The wide choice of themes

dealt with by scriptwriters, directors, producers, offers patterns of all kinds and stimulates public interest. There is hardly any field of human or social activity that is not being explored by Italian filmmaking people: sex in all its aspects, the church (see the extraordinary success of "The Devils" in Italy, of all countries), the police, the armed forces, the administration of justice and so many other problems of the present time.

There is, however, a very important negative aspect to the boom of the film business and that is cost. There has been a huge increase in production costs in the last few years. Almost twice as much money is required now as was required five years ago to make a picture, which makes life very hard for a producer. In fact the producer is the only person in the film business who does not make money. The only hope of survival for the Italian producer lies in a widening market beyond national boundaries. The main object of Italian filmmakers is now to make a product which is apt to be accepted in other territories outside Italy and perhaps outside Europe. The Italian market alone plus a few traditional outlets such as Spain and Latin America (subject to heavy censorship bans) are no longer sufficient to cover the cost of a picture. What we need is to enter Anglo-Saxon territory, not in boldness, of course, but perhaps in the shape of Cinderella.

Our ambition is to equal in the U.S.A. the position that American product occupies in Italy, which is second best. We might succeed, thanks to our efforts and the liveliness of our film industry. After all in the film business the proportion of annual film gross between Italy and U.S.A. is only one to three while in all other industries the average difference is one to ten.



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CHILDREN, TOO HAVE FILM RIGHTS

By JERRY LEWIS

After making 41 pictures over the past years, I feel as qualified as anyone else to express my opinion about the current movie scene. I don't like it.

Look at film production from January through October 1971—94 G pictures, 167 GPs, 161 Rs and 43 Xs. That means that almost half of the rated movies were off-limits to young people. Add to that the hundreds of additional X pictures which are not submitted to the MPAA and you find yourself swimming in a river of garbage. Talk about air pollution, how about screen pollution?

I'm not saying any of us has the right to censor what adults want to see. You hit 18 and theoretically you're an adult. You have the right to vote, to drink, eat, read, or see your own brand of poison. What bugs me, is that young America is not being offered enough movie fare. What about their rights?

Here we are in one of the most vital industries in the world, probably the most glamorous, and what's happening? One of the largest segments of the motion picture audience is being ignored.

Do you have any idea how many kids these days just don't go to the movies? It's not that they don't want to go... it's just that there's nothing for them to see. Remem-

ber the 1930s and '40s! Where did the average red-blooded American kid go when Mom wanted him to get lost for half a day? To the neighborhood movie house. He'd sit through a double feature and seven shorts and six cartoons. Where are those teenagers today?

Look at the movie ads in your local paper. If you have nothing better to do, mark off the Rs and Xs and GPs. Then grab your trusty magnifying glass and do a Sherlock Holmes trying to find a good old-fashioned movie marked G which the kids can go to see without getting some dumb ideas.

Extend Children's Mats
There is a definite cure for soft attendance on weekend matinees. Since few adults go to movies in the afternoon anyway, why not expand the children's matinee concept? Wherever theatre owners have scheduled special matinee programs for the youngsters, the response has been outstanding. Parents are literally desperate for good movies for the kids.

As an industry, the motion picture producers are cutting their own throats. Kids have to get into the habit of going to movies, so when they grow up, they will consider moviegoing a standard part of their lives.

Operating through Network Cinema Corp., my associates and I are going to offer as much film fare for kids as possible. We're in the midst of building a chain of Jerry

Lewis Cinemas across the country. This is being done through the franchise method and our wholly-owned and operated theatres. Right now, we have 78 in operation in 21 states, and 119 more in various stages of construction. We project over 2,000 for America alone, including those in Hawaii, Alaska, Canada and Puerto Rico, where activity has already started. They are now being introduced in Western Europe.

Mixed Fare

Originally, we thought we'd be able to offer nothing but G pictures. Experience has shown that while noble ambitions help you sleep well at night, reality causes changes in plans. Now, we have come to the conclusion that we will offer the public a mixture of films, and hopefully, as many of them as possible will be for the entire family, but—let's face it—Mom and Dad have to have their movies just for them, too. It boils down that you have to be able to present a tossed salad of movie fare for the theatres to function successfully.

One of the innovations we've introduced is a special theatre telephone number. Parents call the number for guidance. They're given a synopsis of the movie playing at the theatre; that way they can come to their own conclusion about a GP.

And, while we're on this, about parental consent, I'd like to say that a lot of films seem to be okay,

but throughout the film a Thesaurus of four-letter words is spread out for the street education of the kids. Why? If you go to the trouble of working on a script, casting, shooting, editing and everything else necessary, and your goal is to reach the youth market, then why introduce the kind of language which is going to turn off the parents?

They've Lost That Habit

My viewpoint about movies is fairly simple. In order to build up your market over the next few years, you have to get kids into the habit of going to your theatre. Offer them movies they can sit back and enjoy, and when they start hitting their teens and early 20s, they will have come to realize that nothing beats a movie for solid entertainment. No other medium can offer the expanse of exciting impressions and diversions. That great screen filled with color, and an entire panorama of entertainment is unique to a movie house.

My associates and franchisees have come to the conclusion that the only key to a successful theatre operation is a varied bill of fare. Weekend nights, let the adults see what they obviously want to see. You only have to take a look at the lists of the top grossing movies to know what they want. But, let's look a little into the future. Let's realize that in a few years, the kids are going to be walking around with their own

money, deciding for themselves what kind of entertainment they want to spend it on.

If we can get the kids into our theatres on those days and nights when there is immediate seating in all parts of the house, then we'll be accomplishing a multitude of goals. We'll be getting them into the habit of buying tickets and, most of all, we'll give Mom a chance to get Melvin out of the house so she can relax for a few hours. Who knows? She might be so grateful to us that she'll drag the old man to our theatres for a night on the town.

It boils down to this: we're all in business to make a profit. Let's offer adults adult entertainment, if that's what they want. But let's also look to the future. We have to demand films that youngsters can see, so that they again will get into the habit of becoming moviegoers. On top of it all, we'll be doing something good for the kids. We'll be able to open a new world to them which no book or television set can do. Movies have always been the greatest entertainment form known to Man, and part of the growing up process and it's up to us to keep this industry glamorous.

Let the Xs, the GPs, and the Rs fend for themselves. If we're to continue to exist, we just have to demand more Gs. Let's remember that young people have Constitutional rights, too.

Though Losing Patronage, Distributions Ignore Middle-America Situations; Thousands Of Managers 'Uncourted'

By DON CARLE GILLETTE

Ocean Springs, Miss. (Writer of these critical remarks is a longtime newspaper journalist who now lives and circulates in the "Deep South.")

Perhaps no important industry in this country is as superficial and uncaring as the motion picture business when it comes to establishing and maintaining good relations between the suppliers of product and the retailers of that product at the customer level.

Producer-distributors and exhibitors actually have been battling each other for more than 60 years and no cease-fire is yet in sight.

It's a strange state of affairs, especially in this age of extensive and rapid communications—and with the constant emphasis on the advisability of bridging obstructive communications gaps in order to achieve a cooperation that will result in mutual benefits.

Film producers and distributors for years have obscured and ducked the situation by reasoning that, since nearly 85% of total U.S. film rentals is derived from about 3,900 theatres, it does not pay to bother much with the other 13,200-odd cinemas in small or remote communities.

For an industry badly in need of long-range planning to bring a reversal of its steady loss of patronage, this seems a short-sighted attitude because there are few better places to break in and develop future moviegoers than in the smaller communities.

Since the makers and distributors will not come to them, thousands of small exhibitors are more or less obliged to go to the film companies in search of product—and in many instances the theatre men don't get what they want because the terms are too stiff. There are exceptions, mainly from independent companies and the new ones coming into the field in considerable numbers, but on the whole the situation remains unsatisfactory and the relationship of exhibitors at large with the film companies in general is anything but a happy one—certainly not

conducive to the advancement of the industry's position in a world of increasingly keen competition for the public's amusement dollar.

Forgotten Customers

Nowhere is the producer-distributor's neglect of the exhibitor more evident than at the annual state conventions of theatre owners. In a visit to five of these conclaves the past year, it was surprising to note that four of the meetings did not have a single major studio or distributing company representative on their speaking agenda—or even as a drop-in caller to at least shake hands with some of the customers. The fifth meeting was attended

and addressed by an independent company executive.

By contrast, the concession and equipment people were all over the place at every one of these five conventions. They hosted luncheon parties, set up social gatherings, contributed prizes for various events, and incidentally did a generally thorough promotion job for their respective products.

As one exhibitor put it:

"We are courted and coached by the concession outfits, the equipment firms, insurance agents, and what not. We get merchandising suggestions and free accessories to help us increase our sales of popcorn, hot dogs and beverages. But hardly ever does a film representative drop in to tell us about coming product and how to exploit it. Is it any wonder a lot of exhibitors devote more time to promoting snack bar sales than to selling their screen attractions?"

There are some companies that do care about the small exhib-

itor, of course, and one is American International Pictures, which for years has been the most represented producer-distributor at exhibitor conventions—and it is significant to note that AIP also has enjoyed far better stability in its operations even in the trying period that is not yet over.

Major film companies naturally turn out in force for the yearly national convention of NATO, but this does not help the bulk of small exhibitors who cannot attend this annual deluxe conclave. House managers, in particular, especially the thousands employed by large and small circuits, seldom if ever get to attend any trade convention. Circuit executives and other selected personnel go to the meetings, but the local house managers—the 12,000 to 14,000 in closest contact with the public—are mostly left out.

Occasionally there is a regional exhibitor convention of sufficient size to attract major film company attendance, such as the Mid-Continent Convention and Trade Show held in August of 1971 at Milwaukee. Theatre men from eight states participated, and Paramount

president Frank Yablans was honored as "Man of the Year." Producer Howard W. Koch also held the first screening of his "Star Spangled Girl" at the convention.

Sales managers sat on the dais and answered questions from the floor, so the exhibitors who attended learned something about coming product and distribution practices at this conclave. They also had opportunity to meet with the sales executives and discuss special problems applying to their individual situations.

This exhibitor-distributor get-together was termed "a radical departure," and indeed it was when you consider it in the light of past conventions, but a lot of theatre men felt it was something that should have been done at every exhibitor conclave over the years.

The public relations aspect of the Milwaukee event also is worth noting. Since Yablans attended University of Wisconsin, he made good copy for the Milwaukee press, which has a wide circulation in its area. Had there been also a star or two from Hollywood on hand, coincident with the "Star Spangled Girl" premiere, it could have fetched additional news space favorable to the industry, besides helping the film.

In the flourishing years of the industry, mainly before World War II, the film companies held elaborate annual sales conventions (augmented by regional meetings) attended by all salesmen as well as district and branch managers, home office executives and the field exploitation staff.

ISRAELI LIKES 'FIDDLER'

Discounts 'Time,' 'Newsweek' Pans Against Topol

Tel Aviv.

United Artists' "Fiddler on the Roof" was presented here with usual whoopla, with Chaim Topol attending premieres in both Jerusalem and Tel Aviv. Mrs. Golda Meir and Gen. Moshe Dayan according their patronage to the occasions.

The film is regarded here as of more than usual appeal, partly due to the popularity of its Teyve, partly due to its Jewish content.

Israeli critics have pointed out that, despite some falsities of sentimentality, "Fiddler" is a uniquely thorough document of early 20th Century Eastern European Jewish life which has vanished forever. Israelis attribute the scathing attacks on Chaim Topol in "Time" and "Newsweek" to pro-Zero Mostel New York critics.

TV-Trained Audiences Also Want Pix Pithy, Punchy, Fast-Tempoed

By DONALD S. RUGOFF
(President, Cinema 5 Ltd.)

A statement about the health of the industry, at a time of box-office woes, may seem to be escaping from reality, but I believe firmly that the movie business has never been healthier. There is proof around to bolster this belief. "The French Connection" is an enormous hit, "Hospital" will be a blockbuster, so will the new James Bond, and "A Clockwork Orange" by Stanley Kubrick, just to mention a few. And to see John Cassavetes' "Minnie And Moscowitz" is to regenerate the excitement you have about this business.

An industry that can make this kind of entertainment must flourish because there is no equivalent available. Compare "French Connection" to the very best tv suspense cops 'n' robbers film, then you understand why the public has responded.

It has been the same story for all the years. When the industry

remembered to give the public what it wanted, the audience was there. Give them exciting action like "Guns Of Navarone," "The Great Escape," or comedy, "The Russians Are Coming" and "Mash." You can name films that worked in other categories—romance, melodrama, musical, etc. They all have important traits in common. They usually are well paced. Today's audience has grown up on television and has been fed the fast cut and quick movement all these years.

No 'Messages'

Also, these films share the lack of a "message" from the director movies seldom work at the boxoffice. "Patton" worked because it showed two sides of the man. "Z" only worked because it was a good suspense film—not because of its message about Greece. Simply stated, too many films are made which even in simplest form do not satisfy an audience. To tell a story for 90 minutes, you must have a strong story which can sustain the interest for that length of time.

Most films seem to have stories that could be told in less time.

Click films all have in common a unity of structure—they have their story to tell and they do not try to add a lot of nonessential material to fill them out. They are usually sparse. When looked at carefully, very few scenes could be removed without hurting the film.

Whatever the method of showing film will be, the cassette, pay television, cable TV, the movie theatre experience will be repeated. You cannot sell tickets unless you really entertain.

My belief about the future is based on the awakening of the industry, pared down to a good fighting weight and bolstered by the sources of production money which are giving new young talent a chance to make movies.

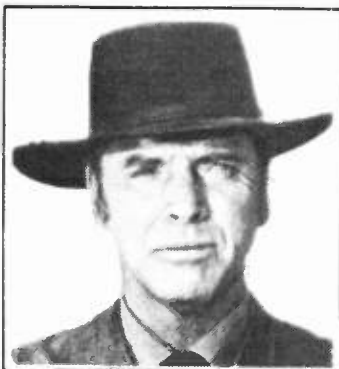
It will never be an easy business, but then, what business really is? It has always been a fun business to be in and the public used to feel that way too. I think they will feel that way again.

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Howard Thompson -
The New York Times

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Judith Crist -
The Today Show

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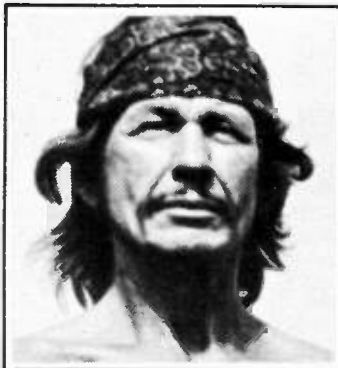
"Gripping atmospheric thriller. A superior item. A hand-tailored starring appearance by Marlon Brando, his best role in years. The film comes across most effectively thanks to some skilled and muted writing and fine performances. The whole is neatly orchestrated by Michael Winner. 'The Nightcomers' has that extra something."
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FOR RELEASE IN
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CHARLES BRONSON
JACK PALANCE
IN A MICHAEL WINNER FILM



CHATO'S LAND

CO-STARRING

RICHARD BASEHART
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Despite Other Amusement Media, Italo Films Are Public's Top Entertainment

By ANTONIO CIAMPI

(President, Societa Italiana Degli Autori Ed Editori)
(Italian Society of Authors and Publishers)

Rome.

The sum spent by the Italians on public performances and other forms of entertainment continues to rise and in 1971 is approximately 450 billion lire (about \$735,000,000) against 224 billion (about \$366,000,000) in 1961.

In the last 10 years the amount spent on entertainment has doubled, but this increase is lower than the increase in the national income and also lower than the average increase in private consumption, which were about 180% over the same period.

The difficulties present in some sectors, especially motion pictures, are the consequence of widespread competition from other forms of entertainment, and particularly the enormous spread of techniques for the mechanical reproduction of literary and artistic creations—record players, juke-boxes and portable radio and tv sets—which allow the masses to enjoy performances and entertainments of all kinds at low cost, sometimes free of charge, and without limits of space or time. In Italy we are still waiting for color tv, but in other countries, the video domain is already threatened by the advance of "box films" and the invasion by air of spatial satellites.

We are not therefore in the presence of a recession of entertainment consumption, but of a radical transformation and change in quality characterized by the introduction of new techniques dealing a heavy blow to the old equipment and calling for more up-to-date business organizations.

The global expenditure of the population is moving in the direction of new amusements and new uses of leisure time. The rate of expansion, the size of the firms in leisure activities and their relation to household and individual budgets are difficult and sometimes impossible to ascertain.

But in public spending for entertainment, motion pictures still lead all other media—for the amount collected and for the number of spectators.

Among the traditional categories, rough breakdown of total expenditure for entertainment in 1971 is the following: motion pictures 186 billion lire (\$300,000,000), theatre 18 billion, sport 35, various amusements 83, radio-tv 128.

The Italian motion picture market in the current year registered 520 million spectators in round figures against a peak of 820 million in 1955. Although it has lost about 300 million spectators in the space of fifteen years, it continues to hold an absolute record as compared to foreign markets such as the United Kingdom, Germany and France. Nowadays Italians attend motion picture theatres on the average of about ten times a year.

The stationary nature of the market at the present moment is geographical rather than constant. In the big cities, both in the North and in Central and Southern Italy, there has been, in the past year, a shrinkage of 4.2% in motion picture attendance, in the smaller towns in Northern and Central Italy there has been a shrinkage of 5.7%. In the smaller towns down South and in islands there has been a reduction of 4.1% in the sale of tickets.

The number of motion picture theatres open to the public is still about 10,000, but only 3,232 of them operate continuously (more than twenty-six days in January 1971), 474 of them situated up North, 551 in Central Italy and 1,207 down South and in the islands. All the other theatres are run by small operators whose activity is generally limited to weekends and holidays and the days immediately preceding them.

The cyclical trend of the last few years presents the same characteristic aspects: a slight falling off of demand, a more or less stationary level of supply and a growing amount spent by the public owing to the increase in the price of tickets.

From these aspects it is possible to see that, despite the competition from television and other leisure activities and despite the production crisis, motion pictures are still a popular form of consumption in Italy. But the tastes of the public attending the movie theatres are slowly changing.

Second-rate motion pictures fail to attract the public, which is only interested in quality films. Expenditure is inclined to be concentrated on films of great success and in fact there has recently been a further increase in the average box office receipts of such films. This provides reliable evidence that the large amount spent by the Italian population on films is the result of any less competition from other forms of leisure activity or other forms of entertainment, television included, but to an improvement in the quality of the films exhibited which, at the same time, have made possible a further increase in prices.

But can this increase continue indefinitely? If it merely followed the cost of living and the value of the currency in a phase of expanding consumption, this increase would not be in the least alarming or unusual, but actually it is unnatural in relation to the present trend of the market. If demand undergoes a reduction (and the reduction is in reality larger than it appears since the population is increasing continuously), prices should not rise.

The average Italian ticket price is not high either in an

absolute sense or in relation to the prices of other popular commodities, but it increases year by year and has risen from an average of 162 lire in 1960 to 346 in 1970 with an increase of 113% that finds no justification in the present downward phase of demand.

Even if it is true that Italian prices are lower than those charged abroad, there is no good reason for increasing them. The factor that enabled our market to overcome the critical point of recession was the low level of average prices and not only the better quality of films.

Is it not reasonable to fear that further increases might upset a balance that has given such good results in the past and may be expected to give even better ones in the future?

The phenomenon of the concentration of expenditure in "first run" motion picture theatres is, at the same time, cause and result of the continuously increasing prices and of the high box office takings for the few laughs of great success against the larger number of unsuccessful ones. About 231 Italian new films were released in 1971, including coproductions. Every year the Italian market receives an average of 500 new films which includes both Italian and foreign films, and these are added to those already in circulation. It is obvious that the arrival of new films on the market reduces the average profits of the films already in circulation, some 7,800 in 1971—of which, in round figures, 3,200 were Italian and 4,600 were foreign.

Total box office receipts for Italian films released (including coproductions) increased in 1971, reaching the record of about 60% of total gross. In 1950 this percentage was 24%, without including coproductions.

The production of films for television is not slowing down. Full length films exhibited by television are 200 every year, in addition to telefilm (about 100), cartoons and animated puppets, documentaries and various programs for the young.

An average of 10 million spectators is calculated for each television transmission of a full-length film. This average corresponds to the annual figure of 120,000,000 spectators. Films transmitted by RAI-TV are generally five years old.

Motion picture in theatres will never again constitute popular entertainment as in the past. Television has decisively relegated it to second place, quantitatively speaking. Nevertheless, from many points of view, television has made the motion picture industry younger, obliging it to renew ideas, to look for new subjects and technical and aesthetical expressions more attractive than those offered by video on a small screen.

FILMS' FUTURE LIES IN CROWDS, NOT INDIVIDUAL HOME VIEWING

By BRUNO PAZZI

(V.P., ECI Exhibition Circuit; Vice President of AGIS)

Rome.

In a recent speech by Jack Valenti to the Italian Film Industry, he paid tribute to Italian cinema for its audience attendance, production activity and optimistic outlook. The premises upon which this compliment is based happens to be in contrast with Valenti's outlook for motion pictures in America.

When television and the boom in motor cars developed dangerous competition for Italian film industry, the two cinema organizations, ANICA and AGIS, carefully studied the situation and established an approach to hold and increase the filmgoing masses. By common agreement, we reemphasized the nature of cinema as entertainment in a big dimension. By this term, we understood that cinema had to reassert the collective entertainment nature of big and bigger audiences in big and bigger cinema houses. We also understood this to mean that creative activity should find a bigger and more original mold. And we started then to convince the public that there was no form of entertainment as original and unique as cinema.

Our efforts were greatly strengthened by film directors and writers who understood the challenging nature of tv and automotive distraction. They responded with new and original subjects and screen material—abandoning routine stories to deliver fresh, timely and stimulating product for loyal Italian audiences. During the past decade, Italian films have captured an increasingly growing per-

centage of Italian audience support and received as high as two-thirds of the total national gross the past two years.

Experience of the past decade confirms our premises. Italian cinema has remained distinct from tv entertainment to be enjoyed individually or as a small family group at home. Big films, big screens, big houses—become synonymous with big hits. I am more convinced than ever that cinema will thrive as a collective spectacle, a collective comment and as a collective spasm—in short as collective entertainment no other medium can touch.

I could not agree with Valenti's assertion that community antenna tele will eventually become a film industry savior. In effect, CATV is a misoriented development for cinema since it runs counter to the spirit of collective entertainment and is subordinated to individual or tiny group viewing at home. The reconversion of big cinemas into multiple mini-houses is another step in the wrong direction for the same reason. All other developments that diminish the dimension that only cinema can offer in entertainment, is a retreat in the face of competition or surrender to it.

The crisis of American cinema 15 to 20 years ago spread its contagion to Italy. Well-wishers advised us to turn our cinemas into supermarkets or parking lots. The American companies tried to stem the situation with big screen techniques but failed to substitute routine product for films with the

kind of creative vitality needed to retain audience support.

Another shortcoming in meeting the crisis head on was the failure to develop international meetings and aggressive campaigns to counteract the slump. Each country had to do it alone and this limitation prevented massive worldwide action of all film industries to contain competitive developments and go on to retrieve lost audiences.

Even today the major companies in America are expending finance and manpower in diversification rather than provide the concentrated effort cinema deserves to reassert its image and potential. There is nothing wrong with MGM plans to enter the hotel and luxury cruiser fields but it gives me the impression of insufficient concentration on the primary subject of cinema. When film companies are out scouting for tv stations and CATV outlets, it gives us the feeling they are not as thoroughly concerned with cinema activity as they should be. Perhaps the American companies are too subservient to the annual stock dividend and perhaps in Italy we are more fortunate with our limited liability corporations and family or individual managements.

The American film companies once exerted tremendous leadership influence on film activity everywhere. The new emphasis, as indicated by Valenti, on mini-cinemas and CATV is not the leadership answer to today's crisis. Nor will the infrequent contacts at banquets or other platonic meet-

Academy's Method For Foreign Pic

By GILBERT de GOLDSCHMIDT

(President, Madeleine Films)

Paris.

This is the year that I was elected president of Unifrance Film and also had the honor of being elected to the Academy. I believe that I am one of the rare Frenchmen to share this privilege. It is probably due to the fact that I produced films that received nominations such as "Umbrellas of Cherbourg" and "Hao-Binh."

I believe that these references allow me to make a few remarks about the regulations concerning the "best foreign film" award given by Hollywood's Academy of Motion Picture Arts & Sciences.

As everyone knows a picture has to have been exhibited in Los Angeles County during the past year to be eligible for a nomination. However, an exception has been granted for the benefit of foreign features whereby each country can designate and which must not have been screened in public in Los Angeles during the year. (but released in country of origin).

This looks like an advantage. However, I wonder if it does not have the contrary effect? In fact these features only get two private screenings for members of the Academy. It is obvious that all

voters are not able to attend either of these. My personal experience for both "Umbrellas of Cherbourg" and "Hao-Binh" confirms this situation. If however the pictures are released theatrically the chances are that more voters will have been able to see them. Therefore I feel that one of the two following solutions would give our films a better chance:

(A)—That all foreign pictures released commercially in L.A. the previous year plus a film designated by each country and not yet released in Los Angeles be allowed to compete for the nominations in the foreign film category. (This solution would obviously be appreciated by all foreign producers.)

(B)—If solution A is not practicable, then foreign pictures should simply have to fall into the general rules of all other categories.

The advantage would be that in certain cases several pictures from the same country could compete whereas at present each country is limited to one picture. (And all countries limited to five final entries.—Ed.)

Being French I should like to compare films to wines. There are good years of production in a certain country and lesser ones another year

ings help. Perhaps it is not too late to organize genuine international film industry talks and try to reestablish a common aim in relaunching cinema as the world's major entertainment vehicle and safeguard the essential elements that qualify cinema for this role. We are doing it alone and the fig-

ures this year of higher box office receipts and increasing admissions confirm the validity of our faith in the medium. If this success can be reproduced internationally, it would ultimately provide a way out of the crisis with ultimate stability and security for everyone in the business.

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Financial versus Production Capitals

Present Trend To Locate Film Echelons In Hollywood Upsets Business & Social Life-Styles of Hundreds—Opponents Remain Skeptical—Cite Sales Time-Gap Of 8-9 Hours To Europe As Itself Clogging Efficiency

By THOMAS M. PRYOR

Hollywood. You can take film companies out of New York, but can you take New York out of film companies, and, if so, why, or how?

The recent westward migration of homeoffice executive personnel has opened a whole new set of questions, aside from upsetting the social and business life patterns of hundreds of persons, including those left to fend for themselves in the cold Gotham job market.

For more than half a century, Hollywood (used here in generic sense) has been a production outpost while the top management power of the film industry has roosted in Manhattan. Now the balance seems shifting, with four company hq's relocating in the west and a fifth soon to make the move.

Before the groundhog makes its annual stir, and certainly not later than the first jonquil appears, the 20th-Fox board of directors will have formalized the transfer of the homeoffice (but not itself) to the studio in Westwood here. Chairman Dennis C. Stanfill and president Gordon Stulberg are longtime Coast residents and favor this turf.

The lineup of Hollywood Vs. Manhattan is not as clearcut as it might appear, so the following score requires some explanation. Wholly operating out of Hollywood in terms of top personnel are Walt Disney, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Warner Bros., 20th (coming), Universal and Cinema Center Films. This leaves only three homeoffices in Bagdad-on-the-Hudson—Paramount, Columbia and United Artists.

Case of Universal

In the case of Universal (parent RCA is Hollywood-based and there's no question about it being the powerhouse) prez Milton R. Rackmil and sales chief Henry (Hi) Martin operate out of N.Y., while ad-pub veepee David Lipton has always been Hollywood-based.

In line with eastern influence: Kinney National, parent of WB, and Columbia Broadcasting System, ditto of CCF, shape up in reverse to the U-MCA establishment. Ted Ashley, board chairman of WB; Richard D. Zanuck, senior veepee (company has no prez as such) and sales head Leo Greenfield are resident here, as is CCF prez Milton Goldstein. But the parent outfits wield the ultimate fiscal power.

As to the "why" raised in the opening sentence, the pro and con of homeoffices settling in the west is, to say the least, cause of lively arguments.

PRO: Having all the top brass under a common roof makes for greater efficiency. (1) With few exceptions decisions originate in Hollywood and it remains the production control centre, no matter where actual filming is done. (2) Concentration of executives makes decisions faster (if not easier), reduces costly N.Y. office rentals, longdistance phoning, airplane bills, reduces number of administrative employees.

CON: It doesn't make sense and won't work out in the longrun because: (A) The president, sales head and ad-pub chief will lose objectivity by becoming too involved in the production process and "studio thinking" (whatever that might be, aside from the old east-west rivalry between the source of cash layout and income). (B) It's not practical to try to sell pictures from Hollywood due to the three-hour time difference, with earlier sun rising in the east; and it's a nightmare to deal with sales reps abroad, again due to time lag of eight-nine hours to Europe from Hollywood as against five-six hours from Manhattan.

Works For Aubrey

That's just a capsule of the two schools of thinking. But what of the realities?

It's working for MGM's prez

James T. Aubrey Jr.; for the WB top tier; for MCA prexy Lew Wasserman and board chairman Jules C. Stein; for CCF prez Milton Goldstein, and it has worked for some 20 years for Disney Productions (prez Don Tatum based here along with board chairman Roy O. Disney, who died Dec. 20). All of them are doing a lot less coast-to-coast hopping; they are immediately on top of any production crisis (if something erupts on an out-of-the-country location that's another matter, yet they are only 12 hours by plane over the Pole from most of Europe); they can look at rough cuts more physically fit than used to be the case (still is at times) when a prexy, sales chief or ad-pub head came into town for 48 hours and often left more confused than enlightened.

This is not to overlook the argument that the old Warner Bros. tried the studio as a home operating base about 20 years ago after Jack L. Warner became president and ad-pub chief, the late Mort Blumenstock, transferred west. But then Ben Kalmenson, who had been delegated top administrative powers by JL, remained in the

east so it was in a sense a house divided, and the experiment was considered a failure.

As a matter of fact, the way presidents have taken over production operations within the last 10 years it would seem to make more sense for them to operate out of the production centre.

In the old days when studios were the dynasties of men such as Louis B. Mayer and Darryl F. Zanuck, the so-called "New York crowd" didn't get much encouragement to come west as the studio bosses didn't want them meddling in their affairs.

But now it's a new ballgame, with the role of the production chief having been downgraded to the point where he can't make a deal without it getting the nod from the president, and often the executive committee as well.

In the earlier days of the business there was every reason for distribution and ad-pub policy to funnel out from Manhattan to the nation and the world. It was the communication hub for top newspaper, magazine editor decisions, ad agencies, etc. Train travel was slow, the telephone not as dependable or widespread as it now

is and, with source of cash generally always nip and tuck (history's repeating these days) closeness to the bankers and Wall Street was even more necessary than it is today. The studios were subservient to their parent corporate theatre chains, and that concentration sprang from the denser population areas of the east coast and the midwest.

One could carry the argument back to the point that the commercial film business was born around New York, and that the original westward migration, circa 1910-1912 was primarily to escape the Motion Picture Patents Trust and secondarily for weather that would permit more dependable filming outdoors.

Whatever the reasons, there's no mistaking that the trend is toward Hollywood, which, by the way, is supposed to be dying if not dead. Apparently it's only dying, dead or decaying in the eyes of "independent" filmmakers—and they, of course, expect the studios to foot their bills.

As Sam Goldwyn said in the long ago, "What have they got to be independent about?" He risked his own money.

Revolution To Establishment

By MICHAEL WINNER

London.

It's said that if you're not for the revolution, then you're against it. Because to acquiesce is to accept the maintenance of the existing order. "Revolution" is a popular word. It is applied to anything from a few students burning a branch of the Bank of America, to the overthrowing of a political system. In cinematic terms revolution has always been prophesized. There have been people who were going to revolutionise the industry—businessmen, directors, actors. There have been advocates for the tearing down of systems of distribution, production, who-should-do-what, who-is-doing-what, who-ought-to-be-doing-what. Today's revolutionaries have a habit of becoming tomorrow's Establishment. Society changes, or fluctuates, or ebbs and flows at much the same rate. The number of really good revolutions in the world, or in any section of its enterprises, seem severely numbered.

Revolution, in the terms in which the word is used, has been perpetually sighted within the area of cinema that I have known. Rank was going to revolutionise the industry with mammoth production programs, Korda, Balcon, Associated British, E.M.I., the names change, unfailingly the bank account runs dry, there is retrenchment or retraction. The effort, of course, was nevertheless worthwhile.

Those of us whose lives feed on being able to make pictures, to speak with celluloid if only to a few who appreciate and a greater number who deride, must reassess the ways by which we are to maintain our means of expression. A filmmaker survives by a strange mixture of effort and good fortune. Ultimately I do not believe you can keep going without integrity and honesty of purpose showing through the financial and critical mishmash of success and failure which pattern the thread of any artist's work. Yet the very purpose that pushes you on changes as you experience each phase of your own development.

Probably the greatest and most significant change in the last few years has been the realization that although ultimately films must entertain, with an increasingly educated audience, and a widening ac-

(Director Winner's most recent feature is the not-yet-released "The Nightcomers" with Marlon Brando.)

ceptance of screen techniques and styles, that entertainment need not in itself fit into any format path, or follow any pattern of previously held "structural" convention. You stand as much chance of winning with a personal or odd project as you do with a fabricated enterprise that seems to fit the rules of the day. And what are the rules of the day? Yesterday youthful revolt, today romantic contrivance, tomorrow signposted by whatever as yet unshown effort grips enough people the world over; convinces them to leave their homes and see the celluloid shadows on the wall; and creates in the process a new false light for the sheep to follow, imitate, and fail with, because they have come too late and for the wrong reasons.

Thus we are witnessing the showing of films once branded as "underground" or "longhair" to audiences whose cash both covers and shows profit on the cost of production. We are witnessing theatres that used to play conventional product forced to take in strange efforts hardly understood, or even desired to be understood, by the film-bookers. We are witnessing a curiosity to look at pictures once made, or if made, branded for minor release. It is this curiosity, this increasing scope of the audience that I find the most encouraging thing. A world in which your film hero can be a homosexual, drug addict, a soldier, a lawyer, or a lesbian, seems preferable to one in which the hero can only personify the values of right of a provincial society.

'Cleansed' By Profit

For what is right and wrong? The lines are sometimes clear, mostly faded, getting dimmer as each circumstance is closely examined. Among the inane clichés of a profession given to such expressions is "There's nothing a good film won't cure." What good film? To some people a good film is a film which they hated when they saw it—but which became cleansed by taking a lot of money. To others, equally bigoted but with a better vocabulary to hide it, it is a cheap piece of pretentious amateurism denied a wide screen-

ing first by the distributors and then by the public indifference when it is ultimately offered up on a selective basis. The world's easiest martyrs are made of celluloid.

And in the midst of this Hieronymous Bosch-like morass of coffee bar fanaticism and teeming jealousy sits the would-be filmmaker. Confident that he can do better than those already operating. Seeking to aggrandize himself by decrying those more successful. If only a minimal amount of the effort put into malicious gossip and deprecation was used creatively, what a talented profession we would have!

Today more than ever a filmmaker has to create his own opportunities. He cannot rely on the economic system to reach out and anoint him with work. I have never valued experience. Experience is knowledge of yesterday. It is getting stuck at a point of success and believing you can repeat your old intelligence and reap the benefit. There will be no riots in the streets if cinemas close. There will be no outcry. Another inane expression: "But they must have films." Who must have films? Cinemas? They can shut down. Distributors? They can close. Republic doesn't need films now, it's gone. RKO doesn't need films now—it's out of business. The filmmaker needs films. He needs them to make. He needs them to see. Without them he is not the human being he wishes to be. He is not leading the life he wishes to lead. Then it is up to the filmmaker to see he gets them. The distributor can always diversify—the filmmaker cannot.

Certainly, ahead is the halcyon dream. The increasing leisure hours, a community with six-foot screens on its livingroom walls dialling for a wide variety of filmed material to animate the screen into a few hours' oblivion. We will watch the third world war on our home screens and have the pleasure of seeing the bomb fall until its moment of impact. We will, unfortunately, miss the final credits of the show. Until this grand event those who have chosen to interest themselves in the expression of their hopes and fears in stories told on celluloid or tape or whatever it becomes, until such time, the challenges become not greater, but more interesting. The puzzle becomes harder and therefore more amusing to solve.

Young People & Occasional Hits: Basis For Faith

By EUGENE PICKER

(Chairman of NATO)

Despite the many disturbing issues which presently confront motion picture exhibition, I am fundamentally optimistic about our prospects for the future. I cannot foresee video cassettes, or cable tv, or any new contender for the consumer's leisure time dollar accomplishing the destruction of an industry such as ours, which is so firmly ingrained in the American consciousness.

There is abundant proof to support this opinion. It does not merely represent wishful thinking based on a nostalgia-tinted overview of the past. There is greater popular enthusiasm for the films on the part of the younger generation than we have ever witnessed before. Go where you will, to any part of the nation, and you discover courses in motion picture appreciation or film making being taught to avid youngsters.

When theatre men have a film come along which possesses the magic chemistry that tickles the public fancy, the lines forming at the boxoffice are ample enough to delight the eyes of even the most despondent exhibitor.

Cable TV Problem

However, these optimistic sentiments are not intended to gloss over the fact that our business is faced with some very real problems indeed. It would be foolish, as an example, not to be disturbed by the steady encroachment of cable tv on the American scene. Over 2,700 community antenna systems are functioning in approximately 4,400 localities. Some 6,000,000 subscribers are hooked on to these systems, and some authoritative observers look to see this figure soar to 20 million by 1980. That will mean an annual revenue of \$2¼ billion dollars in the pockets of the antenna operators by that date if this prediction turns out to be an accurate one, as there is every reason to believe it may be. It is obvious that a sizeable proportion of this figure will represent a consumer expenditure which would otherwise have been diverted toward the motion picture theatre.

The two-way capability between the CATV station and the home which the cable operators are also counting on to swell both their revenues and the appeal of their medium is another factor which must cause concern. No exhibitor can lightly contemplate a situation where the man at home can signal the station to pipe in a film of his individual choice. It is bound to have an adverse effect on our theatre grosses. For this reason I have advocated that we at NATO investigate as quickly as possible the feasibility of some joint procedure with CATV whereby people who want to enjoy a motion picture at home can get it transmitted to them from our theatres.

Unfair Competition

Theatre men have also been greatly troubled by the unfair competition posed by colleges and other institutions which play relatively recent films, advertise them to the general public, and charge prices which theatres cannot hope to meet if they wish to remain in business. NATO has brought this matter to the attention of the distributors involved in forceful terms and have been advised that they will crack down on those sub-distributors who permit these flagrant violations to continue.

The floodtide of gratuitous sex and violence which has inundated our screens in recent years hopelessly seems to be ebbing. The code and rating system, despite the attacks leveled as it has, in my judgment, functioned with a far greater effectiveness than the clamor of its opponents would indicate. Out of approximately 1,400 films reviewed and rated only about two dozen evaluations have been the

(Continued on page 40)

HOLLYWOOD
LONDON
ROME
CHICAGO

Technicolor
the
creative
process

Keeping colorful company
with Variety for many of its 66 years.

MIFED: A PIONEER IDEA THAT BECAME AN INSTITUTION

By MICHELE GUIDO FRANCI

(Secretary-General, Milan Trade Fair; Commissioner General, MIFED)

The spring of 1972 will mark the 50th Anniversary of the Milan Trade Fair. The industrious, productive sectors of Italy attach particular importance to this event.

The Milan Trade Fair, held annually in April for half a century, is the pride of Italians in all regions of the country. It is looked on not merely as an international market place and trade encounter, but as a showcase of achievement in all fields of industry and commerce, of study and research and of new developments.

Italians find the Fair a true expression of their hopes, imagination and humanism. The Fair is also respected as an autonomous and self-supporting enterprise — detached from all outside aid, from group and financial interests. It is a free organization administered and managed by the Ente Autonomo Fiera Milano (Autonomous Fair Foundation of Milan). It costs nothing to the Italian taxpayer and is at the service of all businessmen without distinction of race, nationality or political creed.

Fair property and extensive organization are reflected in several impressive statistics. The Fair comprises an area roughly 4,000,000 square feet with 70 permanent buildings for 2,500,000 square feet of exhibition space. It has 80 lifts and escalators; 20 restaurants and snack bars; four club premises; 18 auditoriums and convention halls with a capacity for 3,000 participants; 22 projection rooms for film and tv screenings.

The Fair also owns a first-class hotel, Aerhotel Milano, with 238 rooms and a guest capacity of 357, located across the boulevard and facing one of the main entrances to the Fairgrounds. Fair activity, in addition to the main event in April, includes some 40 individual exhibits for 263 days of additional specialized marketing. These figures from May 1970 to April 1971, accounted for a total of 26,000 trade exhibits, including 7,000 foreign participants.

The autonomy of the Milan Fair allows its organizers to adapt quickly to the dynamics of production and exchange of goods, facilities and services — a factor that has won for the Fair the endorsement of all Italian governments in the post-war period.

It is in this context that the International Film, TV Film and Documentary Market, now identified internationally as MIFED, was conceived, installed and developed to its present world status.

MIFED will also celebrate an important event in 1972 — its 25th International Session. For years, I prepared the groundwork for MIFED to insert film and tv production in the extensive activity of the Milan Trade Fair as an added marketable commodity.

Pre-MIFED origins included the early specialized event at the Trade Fair which I call "Cinematography in the Service of Publicity, Industry and Techniques." This cycle lasted from 1951 to 1958, having

fulfilled its purpose of establishing cinema as an efficient medium for the promotion of commodities and services as well as raising the film and tv commercial to the standards of feature films and documentaries. It greatly helped this branch of cinema to become an organized group as an affiliate of ANICA, the Italian Motion Picture Assn.

MIFED was born in 1959 and its installation completed in time to hold the first Film, TV and Documentary Session from April 12 to 28, 1960. What were the objectives the Milan Fair management had in mind in setting up MIFED? Its desire to create a market for processed films and to establish its commodity status within the Trade Fair — establishing an exclusive priority for participants, the producer as film owner and to the buyer — whether importer, distributor or exhibitor.

Having incorporated this new commodity, the Fair management had to provide specific technical facilities, exhibition and related facilities for these participants. An autonomous MIFED building rose in the heart of the Milan Fair. The building was linked to other facility complexes to provide an expansion zone. It was built by international experts and styled on the lines of a fully equipped professional club with exclusive membership.

The MIFED premises, divided into two sections and covering some 80,000 square feet on two

floors, include: the Meeting Center and the Screening Center, reserved exclusively for producers and their invited potential customers. MIFED's facilities include 14 screening rooms (for 70m, 35m, 16m), a dozen conference and meeting rooms; business offices and secretarial service including translators and interpreters. Fully self-contained, MIFED includes its own restaurant, bar, post office, newsstand, clinic and specialized customs, tourist, and medical services.

Participants at the first MIFED Session endorsed the new market concept wholeheartedly and warmly recommended a bi-annual operative cycle in Oct. as well as April — now a solid tradition. The April Market Session runs parallel to and absorbs the vitality of the Int'l Trade Fair (with its related exhibits in the optical and electronic fields, film and tv equipment and accessories). The Fall Session is particularly opportune for film and tv trade.

It should be mentioned that the two MIFED Sessions have become centers as well for film and tv industry meetings at which leaders of both mediums evaluate technical and industry developments. Among meetings and assemblies of international organizations MIFED hosts are the Int'l Federation of Film Producers Assns, the Int'l Federation of Distributors Assns, the Int'l Exhibitors Union, the Int'l

Film Bureau and the Int'l Union of Technical Film Assns.

Annually in October, the European Broadcasting Union (EBU) organizes its Fall Screening Sessions at MIFED. Last year, 206 delegates from 26 countries screened 269 programs.

Another regular at MIFED is the Int'l Television Committee which sponsors conference and round-table meetings in the audio-visual field. Also, MIFED periodically organizes its SINT Int'l Exhibits of Technical Innovations.

Increasingly important is an activity sponsored by MIFED presenting unreleased film or tv product a country at a time. Gala film presentations in recent years introduced cinema from Argentina, Austria, Bulgaria, Japan, Hungary, Rumania, Spain and USSR. In television, MIFED sponsored last Oct. a gala presentation of RAI-TV programs and will host Germany's DDR-TV and TV Espagnola in coming sessions.

Among MIFED awards are the Trophy of the Five Continents to encourage new techniques, increased quality and improved distribution in cinema and the Grand Prix MIFED TV Pearl to promote better quality in conception and production of tv programs.

Concluding on a statistical note, figures for the 24th MIFED Session held last Oct. show 552 participants from 52 countries with 1,301 programs registered and a total screening time of 486 hours.

ANXIETY MODIFIED BY POISE; ADD 'AUTEUR' IDEA FOR NOISE

By FEDERICO FELLINI

Rome.

It is difficult for me to talk about a crisis in cinema. I have always been free to create my own film stories in images and feel that I am just at the beginning of this experience with plans to create many other screen stories, characters, situations and backgrounds. All this prevents me from demonstrating alarm about the consumer upheaval in motion pictures.

Changing taste in cinema is not a serious problem. For years, there has always been a little man behind the creative film director to pop the question. "But will the public understand?" This attitude is shared by tv programmers whose yardstick is "We must think about the shepherds in Sardinia."

The problem of audience acceptability is practically non-existent. Without confidence in the public, film product becomes diminished, incomprehensible and soporific. If a film author has something to say, he should have the opportunity to say it fully and sincerely. It might sound like rhetoric but it is fundamental in a time of rapidly changing ideas and consumer tastes.

In this period of vertiginous change, even the traditionally accepted spectator mentality level of 12 to 13 years is no longer what it was in the past. The spread of knowledge is infinitely greater and the number of taboos being toppled, infinitely higher. The challenge of uncertainty is a creative stimulant. It keeps me fit and young. It should also counteract man's pre-disposition to hang on to four or five fixed ideas through a whole lifetime.

The cinema is a house of miracles and in the present crisis of motion pictures, this vision could come into its own. The moment is certainly opportune to reform old cinema traditions and structures. For one, the organization of alternative exhibition circuits for personal films could leave the commercial circuits intact and dramatically encourage the growth of film audience maturity.

The reconversion of cinemas in-

to smaller 200-400 seat houses would restore the aristocracy of filmgoing and modify prevailing atmosphere in big cinemas of participating collectively as a soccer game.

In examining the elephantine structure of cinema in this period of crisis, the role of the motion picture producer appears obsolete. Particularly in Italy, many producers are only intermediaries who more often than not merely propose a director's name and a property for the major companies in New York, acting as financiers and distributors. I think that the function of a self-named producer, entitled to a generous part of the budget for his limited activity as intermediary, is no longer indispensable.

The film author should be his own producer with a staff including an expert production executive and a good international lawyer — both fully dedicated to the film project.

In my experience, film producers have come to me with offers to direct sequels of the original project they had once turned down. Eleven producers refused to back me for "La Dolce Vita" but they were on the phone to propose "Dolce Vita '65," or "Dolce Vita '70" unless it happened to be "The Daughter of

Gelsamina" ("La Strada") or "Sons of the Vitelloni."

The producer is an authoritarian figure who risks nothing, presumes to know public taste and always wants to change the end of the film. If the film is a hit, he makes even more money while the film author receives nothing in addition. Personally, I am still subjected to the fascination of the producer as a boss or "padrone." For many years, my conflicts with producers have at least obligated me to keep my work in sharp definition against their spurious judgments, betrayals and clumsy interference. But it also helped me generate an extra measure of energy to keep going.

The American companies are approaching direct contact with the film author. Representatives of these companies feel more comfortable today developing projects with us but the big executives in New York are less wary of the producer and prefer to make their deals with them.

Cinema is the only art form that can penetrate the hallucinating mutation of mankind in contemporary times. It is the only medium of authentic cultural expression. It is also the medium to liberate man's fantasy and emotions. This is the cinema that is now free to emerge from the crisis of change.

How To Attract Audiences

The 'Promise' Of Something 'Special' An Important B.O. Lure

By JAMES H. NICHOLSON

(President, American International Pictures)

SAMUEL Z. ARKOFF

(Chairman of the Board, AIP)

Hollywood.

Promise, promise! Promises are the key. Every picture released must have the promise of something special for audiences. It must be different and the potential audience must know it.

We will try to chart the course we follow at American International in deciding on what product to

make and how to market it effectively.

When we "get an idea" for the future, or when a story or subject is offered to us, we first ask ourselves whether we believe there will be a market for that kind of film at the time we expect to have it ready.

Today, for instance, we would

not be apt to start an a drug film or a gentle comedy about parental relations or a campus revolt drama. We've made all of those in the past, sometimes with profitable results, so we believe there are more promising subjects for future exhibition.

Take subjects that we have more confidence in for tomorrow, like lusty classics, or imagined new worlds, or changing patterns of love relationships, or even scare stories. Other things being equal these topics seem to us to have box-office possibilities. "Wuthering Heights," "Wild in the Streets," "3 in the Attic" and "Dr. Phibes" provide moneymaking examples of each of these; in fact they are among our most successful pictures in 17 years of production.

Having decided that the type of film is promising, we next analyze the specific story itself. Does it provide something that is saleable? If not, could something be built in which would be saleable. Usually this ingredient is visual and can be conveyed in visual ads. Occasionally it must be "sold" through sounds, with radio and to a lesser extent television commercials.

Visualize The Ballyhoo

If the ingredient is there but it doesn't lend itself to illustrations or sounds we don't abandon it. Would a catchy slogan or sales line put it over? Remember "Love Is Never Having to Say You're Sorry" and "The Family That Plays Together Stays Together"? Or "Gable's Back and Garson's Got Him"?

Gable and Garson bring up another possible boxoffice ingredient: star chemistry. Occasionally this is the "promise" that makes the film worth producing, but only if the basic subject qualified in the first place. Star chemistry is a particularly hazardous special ingredient these days, however, because in our modern revolving-door world today's hero may be tomorrow's has-been.

One other possible plus would be something you believe will make the movie a "critics" picture. If you have good reason to believe that critics will recommend your production you may want to try for the important "big city" flagship theatres, as was done with "Sunday Bloody." This is always dangerous, and almost every studio has made costly mistakes by assuming certain expensive films will wow the critics.

Assuming we are reasonably

satisfied that we have chosen a right subject and have some special "promising" element in it, we next estimate how much we are likely to gross with the finished product. With experience, this isn't too difficult to do far a "Return of Yorga" or motorcycle drama like "Chrome and Hot Leather." Forecasting a "Camille" or "The House of the Seven Gables," however, is a different matter.

That Bottom Line

We do our best to figure that ultimate gross, and then we determine if we can make the picture which will attract that gross — at a production cost that leaves us a profit. Before there is a true profit it is of course necessary to first defray general overhead expenses, distribution expenses, advertising and publicity expenditures, interest payments, and a surprising number of other legitimate costs that erode profits. If there finally are profits, taxes claim a large share of them.

During production it is imperative that the special promise in that particular picture be retained and emphasized, and that the publicity campaign alert possible audiences to that promise. Ideally the "selling of the promise" begins when the projected film is first announced, is continued during pre-production and shooting, and is maintained until after the film is in national release. Ideally the momentum and intensity should build so as to crest when the feature opens first run nationally. We believe that that sort of handling accounts for part of the success of our "Wuthering Heights" and "Dr. Phibes."

We can practically visualize the ads on our films before we start shooting them. In fact if we can't visualize the ads we shouldn't start shooting! It is definitely not enough to just make a good picture, or even an outstanding one. Fortunes have been lost on just such accomplishments. Know precisely what and how and whom you are going to sell before you manufacture your merchandise.

Even "outside" product which American International views in order to consider for release must be evaluated in the foregoing manner. If it passes the tests it may sell tickets — if American International can excite the public with the promise of something different about a subject that is currently in vogue.

in the picture itself, then promise it to the public.

BEST WISHES



Irving Berlin

Technology: Survival Of Fastest

By SYDNEY SAMUELSON

(Chairman of the Samuelson Group of Companies—London, Paris and Amsterdam—and of the Panavision Corp. of California Ltd.)

London.

The equation of maximum screen time in the can per day, divided by the minimum possible cost, while maintaining production value on the screen, is a conundrum which becomes more difficult to solve as the years pass by.

All too often the tendency is to believe that a reduction in the number of crew members is the most obvious way economies can be made. At the same time blinkered service is paid to minimizing "below the line" equipment costs instead of improving productivity by the use of modern, lightweight gear as a means of lowering costs by speeding up the whole shooting operation.

Unfortunately, new and more efficient equipment does cost money to develop; therefore its rental rates are marginally higher if compared with old-fashioned heavy cameras, etc., which are years old, out of date, written down in value, and probably fully amortized.

Rentals

One can buy or rent, quite cheaply, perfectly usable non-reflex BNC studio cameras which will function as well as they did when first introduced in 1940. Providing the lenses have been updated during those 30 years, there should be nothing to choose in terms of photographic quality on the screen between Mitchell BNC No. 1 and a modern reflex studio type camera but everybody who has worked with the latest cameras will confirm that using obsolescent equipment can add days to a shooting schedule. The problem is that a non-reflex camera will often be inflicted on the camera crew because it is a few pounds or dollars a day cheaper to rent or comes as part of a studio package deal and is therefore treated as "free issue."

Even with the latest and best of everything, all equipment costs put together account for only a small part of the overall cost of shooting a picture. What has to be remembered is that TIME saved is the big saving.

Perhaps it would be a good idea in this New Year of 1972 to list some of the items of production equipment introduced within the last year or two which can significantly increase productivity.

Apertures

Photo-efficient cameras allows more light to pass to the film than normal, thus reducing the amount of light needed to illuminate a scene. Many cameramen like to work at a given lens aperture, say T4, and a camera which passes more light through its optics will significantly reduce the amount of lighting equipment required to illuminate a scene. On the other hand, an inefficient camera (which loses maybe half a stop of exposure) will require 50% more lighting with obvious extra labor and rental costs.

Ultra-wide aperture lenses—really fast ones. On a night exterior a T1.1 lens requires a quarter of the light compared to one working at T2.2. Just think of it, one new little lens allows one lamp to do the work of four!

Also there are now new, high quality, wider aperture zoom lenses available. You can use one of

these in place of 7 or 8 normal lenses and eliminate the waste of time in changing lenses between set-ups.

A crystal-controlled, battery-operated camera motor eliminates the need for a three-phase power supply and that umbilical cord between camera and sound to keep sync. The same motor can also be used at variable speeds, saving the time needed to change motor and power supply when action speed must be varied.

Cumbersome Booms

Radio and "shot gun" microphones can often replace the cumbersome microphone boom, reduce lighting problems and ensure usable direct sound where before only guide tracks may have been possible.

If brute arcs are essential, then there are lightweight models on the market which can be handled without the time-consuming necessity of first removing the mechanism. Xenon lamps and Mini-brutes eliminate the need for time wasting carbon trimming and are only a fraction of the weight of their ancestors.

Everybody must surely agree we are now firmly in the era of the "Mobile." A self-contained production equipment system—camera, sound, grip, lighting—all in one vehicle, is a huge time-saver on location.

There are tv viewfinders for film cameras which allow the Director, the Cameraman and the Camera Operator to see the same rehearsal at the same time and then allow the Director to accept or reject a take, knowing exactly how it worked out. A TV recording may be instantly played back to double check and be used later as a continuity reference or for post-sync dialog recording on the same location.

Money Savers

Other time (money!) savers:

Front projection can avoid a lot of expensive set building.

Quiet, portable camera shoots hand-held sound sequences with crystal controlled synchronization.

Quiet, table editing machines show a large, high-quality picture without the usual mechanical clatter. These can vastly reduce the number of screening sessions required during shooting and post-production periods.

Rigid acrylic daylight correcting window filter of high optical quality eliminates the need to put light absorbing blues on lamps and an "85" filter on the camera. Acrylic neutral density window filters reduce the amount of illumination required to balance location interiors against bright exterior light levels. Working on location this way, a 2 Kw. Junior does the job of a 5 Kw. Senior.

Lightweight cameras, lightweight dollies, lightweight lights, lightweight recorders, in fact, lightweight and efficient everything, so the unit can move quickly from A to B, and in doing so save much more money than by dispensing with one or two superfluous crew members or by using old, heavy (but so-called cheap) equipment.

In terms of equipment, the motion picture industry can afford none but the best and the fastest. The production gentlemen who do the budgets, work out the schedules, and write the checks, should insist that they get it.

'CHANGES' MARK AUSTRALIA'S FILM BIZ

By KEITH H. MOREMON
(Managing Director, GUO)

Sydney.

The motion picture industry in Australia is currently undergoing probably the most dramatic change in its history. Certainly, now is its greatest reorganisation. And as of Nov. 15 changes made in censorship classifications, the first since before World War II. A new classification to be introduced, the "R" Certificate, restricts the age of audiences viewing films carrying this rating to 18 years and over.

Also, for the first time since 1945, daylight saving on a trial basis of four months was introduced from end of October.

Both of these new innovations are certain to have their effect on attendances. In the first instance, the "R" Certificate is expected to increase attendances in the city theatres, but will probably not find acceptance in the smaller country areas. The second, daylight saving, is certain to have its detrimental effect on drive-in theatre attendances generally which, it is hoped to some degree, will be offset by the "R" Certificate films in the city areas.

On the distribution side the combination of Paramount and

Universal under Cinema International Corp. is now well established and running smoothly and recently we saw the combination of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and B.E.F., which includes the Disney and C.C.F. product, into another distribution entity. Roadshow Distributors, the newest major based in Melbourne, took over the Australian distribution of the Warner Bros. product, thus leaving Fox, Columbia and United Artists the only individual distributors still operating alone in the territory.

In exhibition, the Greater Union Group and its associates became by far the largest with the takeover of the MGM circuit of 12 important houses, including two twin drive-ins and numerous other smaller takeovers including the Far Northern Theatres circuit in North Queensland, adding to their booking and buying strength 30 theatres in the last 12 months.

Both major exhibition chains, Greater Union Organisation and Hoyts, continued to open new hard-tops and drive-ins, in some cases, however, replacing old theatres. G.U. associate Birch, Carroll & Coyle recently opened Australia's first provincial new twin cinema complex at Townsville, North Queensland. On the production scene there was some feature film activity, by far the most outstanding being N.L.T.'s "Wake In Fright" which opened to best critical acclaim here ever for Australian-made feature. The home-based feature film production is still hampered by high costs, a small domestic market and non-acceptance overseas.

Eugene Picker

(Continued from page 36)

target of serious dispute. Additionally, the system has served as a proven buffer against the passage of legislation which would have clamped exhibitors within the confines of varying types of restrictive legislation. Therefore the continuation of a code and rating system is essential to the industry.

The shortage of quality product continues to be a matter of serious concern. But exhibitors are encouraged by the fact that the studios are now setting production budgets in a more realistic fashion and otherwise putting their financial houses in order. This should result in a more ample supply of capital for additional film production, with beneficial results for the theatre man.

There is a welcome recognition of the fact that the destinies of all segments of the industry—distribution, production and exhibition—are intertwined. The vigor that we have previously devoted to internecine warfare shows signs of being replaced by a new harmony and cooperation which augurs well for our common future.

Harnessing the industry's creativity and resourcefulness to the task of inducing many more millions of Americans to patronize theatres is the prime task before us. We must achieve this goal, and the significant steps which have already been taken in this direction should help put us back on the high road to a new prosperity.

'Don't Trust Anybody Over Age 30': A Less-Than-Fully-Valid Proverb

By WALTER MIRISCH

Hollywood.

It is really astonishing to me to hear and read so much these days about the new and very explicit rules that have now apparently been evolved, governing the future conduct of the motion picture industry in the United States.

Generalizations have been developed, and developed, and properly so, from the industry experiences of the past couple of years. But, have too many of them been only facile rationalization or superficial diagnoses?

During these years, many of the major motion picture companies have suffered immense financial losses. Very prestigious films which were expected to be both artistically and financially successful have been released with disastrous results. Artistic elements, such as presumably pre-sold best-selling novels and highly successful Broadway plays; directors and producers whose efforts have generally met with success in the past; and, star names which were felt to give a reasonable expectation of audience attraction, have either singly or in combination failed to stem the tide of changing tastes. The emergence of primarily youthful audiences for films, and their participation in the cultural and social revolution of our times, have compelled reappraisal of subject matter and reevaluation of story telling techniques.

Despite the overwhelming success of "Airport" and "Love Story," the great temptation has been to drastically reduce financial risk and strive frantically to duplicate the success of the very inexpensive, highly personal, youth-oriented films, with "Easy Rider," "Five Easy Pieces" and "Woodstock," as the most notable prototypes.

We have all heard the warnings:

"Don't make films with any of the old so-called star names!"

"Make only youth-oriented and inexpensive films."

"Dispose of the old studio plants."

"Don't trust anyone or anything over 30."

There is, of course, something to be learned from these caveats. There is also much to be lost from a slavish adherence to them. They tend to arise from an oversimplification of the purpose and the problems of the motion picture. We must accept the fact that there is no single audience for all films. There is, on the contrary, a youth audience, a family audience, an action audience, a mature audience, and there are all sorts of combinations of these audiences. Some of them, and most specifically the youth audience, are undoubtedly more easily attracted to films than others, but the others still exist.

Don't Forget Overseas

Further complicating the problem is the fact that we must also consider foreign audiences, whose taste in American films often vary very greatly from the tastes of domestic U.S. audiences, and the tastes of these foreign audiences must also be met by the American film industry, if it wishes to retain a worldwide market and influence. So, therefore, if it is to continue to be the main entertainment medium of foreign and domestic audiences, the American film industry can not discontinue making films which will hopefully attract audiences other than the so-called "easiest audiences," the youth audience. All films cannot fall into the so-called "inexpensive" category. The elements involved, such as the physical problems, locations, personalities, may frequently, on careful evaluation, nec-

essitate medium to high budgets. However, I am not endorsing the outsized, gargantuan budgets which have brought so much calamity to the industry. The \$10,000,000 budget is seldom, if ever, justified and should be expended only after the most circumspect examination of artistic and commercial values and of foreign and domestic potential.

Names Vs. Talents

Stars must be considered not in terms of the ability of their names to attract audiences but in terms of the performance value their special talent and personalities bring to a particular role and subject matter, and what the contribution of that quality and level of performance is to the film as a whole. The amount of money which can be paid to any star or a writer or a director or producer, must be equated to what the overall potential of a particular picture may be. On some films, the traffic will certainly bear a higher tariff than it will on others.

The current move to dispose of studio properties is a particularly alarming trend. Certainly, the cost of maintaining giant physical plants which are not being utilized is intolerable. Studios that were built to produce 40-50 films per year are uneconomical to maintain to produce 8 or 10. Just as the day of the giant movie palaces of 2-4,000 seats has passed, so has the day of the giant studios, unless they are being utilized in large scale television production. Theatres being built today are "little jewels," containing 400-900 seats and, studios of limited size should also be the order of the day.

Studios are the home of the know-how, and technicians, who have developed the motion picture art, have spread it and continue to kerve it in productions filmed throughout the world. It also provides the most salubrious of environments for the makers of motion pictures. Either the large studios can be cut down into 8 or 10 sound stage lots, or the major companies should dispose of their present immense physical properties and replace them with, hopefully, new, compact, modern plants or else, move into presently existing small lots which can be renovated and operated efficiently so as to serve as a reservoir of the art, a base for the technician, and a home for the moviemaker.

The Young And The Old

Young picturemakers must be trained and encouraged and provided with opportunity. Older picturemakers of talent and taste must be orientated to the facts of life of today's economics. There is demand throughout the world for the films of both. With mutual respect between creators and management, the costs of films can be held to mutually agreed upon and acceptable limits. We must face up to the fact that some of the problems which plague the motion picture industry today are attributable to mismanagement, both in the choice of material and in the supervision of production.

The facts about changing tastes, the instability of certain markets, escalating costs, etc., have been available to us for a long time. Controllable waste, inefficiency and lavishness have been tolerated and accepted where they should not have been. Bad decisions about the films which should be made and should not be made, and the toleration of those films rising in costs to astronomical levels, have been at the root of the industry's troubles.

Hopefully, if we are honest with ourselves about what has caused our problems and don't blame them on either whipping boys or inanimate plants, and if we are willing to learn from our experience, we can continue to capitalize on the constantly increasing appetite for films throughout the world and further the development of the art and the industry to new and ever greater heights.

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Conquest Of Inconveniences A Necessity Of Film Future

By GERALD PRATLEY

Toronto. (The author of these comments is the Toronto-based Canadian Broadcasting Corp. film critic. He is also director of the Stratford Film Festival and of the Ontario Film Institute).

Everything about motion pictures is contradictory. Figures are published one day telling us that attendances are down to their lowest level; the next, a jubilant distributor reports that his film has grossed more money than all the films which we thought had broken all the previous records!

Production is down, yet we cannot keep up with all the films rushing into a one-week run and then into oblivion. The National Assn. of Theatre Owners is gloomy, yet twin-theatres proliferate.

Over the entire production-distribution-exhibition scene there hangs a pall of disinterest on the part of companies and individuals alike, relieved occasionally by the unexpected box-office success of a picture no one thought had a chance. At most of the annual conventions and general meetings, the call for change is in the air, but not many changes take place — least of all in exhibition.

A finished film is a technological miracle in the way it is made in a camera, processed and then shown through a projector. The entire world of technology is always changing and improving methods of transmission, yet, while we can watch television pictures from the moon, we must still go to an edifice called a cinema to see new motion pictures.

Old-Fashioned Ways

Compared to other businesses the distribution and exhibition of motion pictures remains old-fashioned, foolish, cumbersome and expensive. It seems incredible that with men on the moon, expensive prints are still being made of finished motion pictures, wound on big reels, placed in back-breaking heavy cans, and shipped on planes, trains and trucks around the country, to be lugged upstairs to projection booths, banged around, re-wound, threaded on to machines, ancient or modern, which basically haven't changed much since the time of the great inventors) to be shown on a dusty screen with faulty masking in an auditorium where, with any luck on any given afternoon, there may be ten people present.

The sound will probably go wrong, change-overs will be missed and before long the print will be in a disgraceful condition.

Archaic Architects

Architects go on making the same mistakes. The seats are skimpy and there is still not enough leg room between the rows for tall people. There are no cloak-rooms, the pride of place being given over to the 'refreshment counter.' Exhibitors stopped being exhibitors in the true sense of the word when they became salesmen of popcorn, soft-drinks and ice cream. More attention was lavished on selling food than films. Anyone who doesn't want to eat like a pig finds himself at the movies with a pile of garbage in the form of spilled popcorn and empty cartons under his feet. The manager doesn't worry about intermission music anymore, he's too busy filling out reports, as a result the 'music' is a vile noise.

Admission prices keep going up, parking becomes more expensive, babysitters cost more, is it any wonder attendance figures are going down and only the exceptional (in some way) film will bring people out of the house? If it weren't for the youngsters who want to get away from the family and meet the boy or girl friend, the film house would be faced with bankruptcy. The weekend

crowds at the drive-ins and the shopping centre cinemas are almost all teenagers.

Complaints about poor projection and observations such as this have filled VARIETY's pages over the past year. Isn't it time for a change? But what kind of change?

Old-style theatres will be replaced. Small, 400-seat specialized cinemas with armchair seats and such comforts that will be necessary to get people to attend them. They will receive their pictures either by cable or closed circuit television from a central distribution studio in the city, transmitting them from small reels of high-fidelity tape by other means (presently in the experimental stage) recorded from the master film transmitted to this centre from the studio of the company which made or acquired the picture. There will be no projection booths as we know them today, no films to be delivered, no damaged frames to be spliced.

Future In Homes?

But if the costs of production remain as high as they are today, where will the 'big' money come from to earn back the investment? The answer here is television, but not the television we know today. Ray Bradbury in "Fahrenheit 451," described it accurately enough. The wall of a room in every house will become a screen... more than one in the case of wealthy people! On to this wall-screen will be projected pictures, either from the back or in front of the screen. There will be no commercials for new films. In the same way we now pay for cable-tv or long distance telephone calls, so we shall pay for the first-run films we want to look at. There will be devices on telephones to cut them off so as not to disturb the performance.

The films will be shown in color and on the wide-screen, if made this way. Definition will be better than in most cinemas. Within a month, if not a week, the producer, now the last to see any return on his money and only after a year or two has passed, will receive back his production costs and have money to invest in his next project.

Already, the "new movies" being made expressly for tv is a small step in this direction. But they are spoiled by commercials. Until the new projection system is manufactured for the home, people will not pay to see anything on existing tv. They are so used to it being "free" they will put up with any number of commercials to keep it this way. Pay-tv came too soon. With a cinema in the home, and the disappearance of most cinemas in this city, attitudes will change. And filling television's tremendous need for quality material will be easier.

But people will still want to go out occasionally. They will, but not to see pictures on a screen. The theatre and concert hall will continue to be the lasting attraction, as they have been since the time of the ancient Greeks. People will go out to see people, whether in plays, opera, symphony or solo performance. Mechanical reproductions they will get at home; the human response will come from the stage. That is, if admission prices do not smother it by then!

LUNCHEON IN LONDON MEANS NO PUBLICITY

London

That much-vaunted easygoing tempo of life in Britain also applies to pressagentry here. It's not uncommon, for instance, for publicity departments to go unmanned during lunchtime. Instead of a staggered system whereby someone's always around to "cover" queries.

This means there's often no secretary, even, to acknowledge a phonecaller over the approximate noon-2 p.m. refreshment "hour." Charming, maybe — efficient it's definitely not.

JERRY LEWIS MINI FRANCHISES SPREAD IN ATLANTA REGION

Atlanta.

Although the area has three franchised Jerry Lewis Cinemas there have been none in the five counties making up Metropolitan Atlanta itself. This was remedied last week when twins are unveiled on the Old Bankhead Highway, near Forest Park which is virtually a suburb of Atlanta.

And almost ready for opening, according to Maurice Erlich, area director of the Jerry Lewis Cinema Circuit, is another twin theatre on the Bankhead Highway, near Mableton, also considered an Atlanta suburb. Both twin theatre setups will feature two auditoriums with 350 seats each.

"Ultimately, we hope to have 20 in the Atlanta vicinity," Erlich stated. "Hopefully, there will be eight more by June and we want to complete our projected plans in two years."

The three Jerry Lewis twin theatres already operating in outlying regions of Atlanta are located in Lilburn, Spaldingville and Winder. The first one opened in Georgia was at Brunswick, on the coast.

Big Budget Films Grow In France For Int'l Market

Paris.

Although the U.S. majors have drastically cut big budget pix, high cost films are increasing in France. This trend underlines a move to turn out what is considered international film fare in an effort to halt the French film industry's revenue decline from the foreign market.

The majors, of course, still make such top budget product as "Fiddler on the Roof" (UA) and "Nicholas and Alexandra" (Col.). But they have begun to curtail them as filmgoing falls. The French, however, appear to feel a lavish production is a means of getting away from too insular fare and more playdates abroad. And often these costly pix are made in English.

Actually, the average French film costs from \$500,000 to \$800,000. Many obviously are made for much less. In a rough comparison with American product, an over \$1,000,000 budget here could be equivalent to a \$4-\$5,000,000 Yank pic. Probably the most costly French film has been "Red Sun," an oater which purportedly came in around \$4-\$5,000,000.

"Sun" was made in English with a dubbed French version. Helmed by Terence Young, it starred Toshiro Mifune, Charles Bronson, Alain Delon and Ursula Andress. It did well in France, grossing almost \$900,000 in Paris first-run alone. It also looks big abroad and has been sold to National General for the U.S. market.

Probably coming in for \$4,000,000 is "La Folie des Grandeurs" (Superiority Complex), a big scale French comedy with Louis De Funes and Yves Montand. Gaumont has staked a lot on this one and Paramount may have the U.S. rights.

Columbia went for the \$3,000,000 cost of "Le Casse" (The Burglars) — the Henri Verneuil caper pic. It is sock here with over \$1,000,000 grossed in firstruns alone. Foreign prospects also loom brisk. And with government financial aid the film could make a good part of its nut in Europe alone. With a cast including Omar Sharif, Jean-Paul Belmondo and Dyan Cannon, it also has an English version.

Coming in at about \$2,000,000 was "Boulevard du Rhum," the Brigitte Bardot period comedy which did not live up to expectations locally. "Les Petroleuses" (The Oil Women), another Bardot pic in which she appears opposite Claudia Cardinale, is due in soon.

A Mid-America Wife Speaks

Good and Bad Kind of 'Disease Movies'—What U.S. Doesn't Need Is Another Hippie Film—She's Tired of 'My University Is Burning Down' Plots—Sacco & Vanzetti's 'Crime Caper.'

Mrs. Alan Slingo, a filmgoer from childhood days, writes from her home town, Glenview, Ill., in comment on what she considers bad judgment based on faulty information as evidenced by a lot of film showmen. When they think they are on-target they are often in the next time zone, she implies. She argues, for example, that "Panic In Needle Park" (Fox) is the wrong kind of "disease movie", whereas Paramount's "Love Story" is the right kind of disease movie. In general, she suggests, the public is unlikely to be fascinated by the terminal processes, when slow and clinical.

Mrs. Slingo argues that "Panic In Needle Park" was a down-trip, only partly honest in dealing with narcotics and hence unable to be marketed as an "art" release. (Elsewhere, it has been pointed out that "Panic" was R-rated, with the Motion Picture Assn. of America thereby making it hard for the young to attend; again, the criticism has been lodged that those already hooked don't need to see movies about the condition. They know it and are busy promoting, or stealing, coin for the next "fix".)

Though Universal's "Taking Off" attracted strong critical notices and its failure to click at the pay-windows is considered (in the film trade) one of the mysteries of 1971, the view from Glenview is that the plot was too close to the kind of situations familiar to television. She speculates that the advertising was little help, to wit, "Who wants to see another movie about hippies" (if you're mature) or "who wants to see another movie about your parents" (if your symbolic youth.)

Hates Motorcycles

The Illinoisan dismisses as "Hey, my university is burning down" hogwash the two films, "Drive, He Said" (Columbia) and "Stanley Sweetheart" (MGM). As to that

other supposed big deal among the young, motorcycles, the lady is sure that millions of Americans, and a due proportion of them young, detest motorcycles as a life-style. But in any event showing "On Any Sunday" (Cinema 5) in art situations meant that it was wide of the appeal channels of those who do fancy motorcycles.

Described by Mrs. Slingo were the reactions of a group of soap opera aficionados who sat in front of her while "Friends" (Paramount) unspooled. When the heroin flew and the baby was born, one cried, "Oh, there's the stork!"

Either the veteran producers who make such films are verging on senility or they've been double-crossed by the new women's lib. She pegs "Doctor's Wives" (Columbia) as caught in the down-drain which ruins the once-standard screen soaps.

Then there's "politically-motivated" films. The American audience seldom responds. Maybe they're okay on or near campus. Sensing this distaste for propaganda Chicago advertised "Sacco and Vanzetti", a leftwing agit-prop item from Italy, as "a crime movie" in the hope of drawing some business. As for Sweden's left-leaning "Joe Hill", which attempts to glorify as a poet an old real-life organizer of the I.W.W. in America, Mrs. Slingo asks who's interested?

Repeatedly the patron of the Glenview situations makes the point that too many presentday theatrical releases are too like the plots and points made on the home video tubes. So why go to all the trouble and cost of venturing forth?

Asked by this publication to identify herself, Carol Slingo reports she graduated from the University of Minnesota, took one course on "The Art of The Film" from Dr. George Amberg there. Otherwise she's a housewife and an avid filmgoer. She is obviously possessed of a critical intelligence.

'Near Again' KC Rama Assembles Executives; Set For Feb. 28-March 2

Kansas City.

United Motion Picture Assn. is setting agenda for Show-A-Rama, 15th year. Officials and committees have been appointed by Richard Durwood, president. Will be at the Hotel Muehlebach again, Feb. 28-March 2, 1972.

Richard Conley, head of Petite Amusement circuit, is general chairman, a repeat. Paul Kelly, Dickinson theatres, is vice chairman. Five cochairmen: Darrell Manes, Commonwealth Theatres; Norman Nielsen, Dickinson Martin Stone, Mid-America Cinema; A. J. Winningham, National Screen Service; Mrs. Martin Stone, ladies events.

Committee heads, by departments: Manes, Richard Orear and Richard Durwood, sponsors and players; Ralph Weber, registration and security; Bill Williams, loot kit.

Nielsen: Jerry Ireland, Robert Goodfriend, business building. Donald Carver, Charles Tryon, decorations and technicians, Fred Souttar, staging.

Stone: George Kieffer, advertising, publicity; Daniel Meyers, displays.

Winningham: Eugene Krull, reception; William Jeffries, brochure; Lee Joehneck, booth sales.

Mrs. Stone will appoint committees as needed for luncheon planning, and other special ladies events.

Convention theme has been decided as "Happy Days Are Near Again."

Best Boxoffice Runs In Capetown

By ARNOLD HANSON

Capetown.

African Consolidated Theatres divided its Van Riebeeck Cinema into twins, Kine 1 (673 seats) and Kine 2 (734 seats). These registered good biz with "Song of Norway" (ABC Fox) (5 weeks), "Raging Moon" (EMI) (5 weeks), "Melody" (British Lion) (5 weeks), and "Baby Maker" (NGC) (5 weeks).

The top boxoffice draw of the year was Universal's "Airport" which ran for 10 weeks completing a total run, from 1970, of 24 weeks.

Strength also in "Anne of the Thousand Days" (UI) (10 weeks), "Women in Love" (UA) (8 weeks), "Z" (ACT release in RSA) (7 weeks), "Woodstock" (WB) (7 weeks), "Dream of Kings" (Cinema Centre) (5 weeks), "Lovers and Other Strangers" (ABC) (5 weeks) and "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" (ABC Fox) (5 weeks).

Ster Films broke all Capetown marks with "Love Story" (Par.) which ran for 15 weeks simultaneously at the Ster 700, Parow, and the Constantia Cinema, Wynberg, and then for a further 11 weeks at the Pinewood Theatre, Pinelands, with capacity houses every night.

Ster, lessee of the Pinewood, undertook a \$168,000 reconstruction of the house. It reopened Dec. 6 with "Waterloo" (Moss). Ster lacks a situation in "theatre land" in the centre of Capetown as its lease expired at the Broadway Cinema, where Capital Films took over.

MILTON BERLE

Management:
DANIEL H. WELKES

ALL-TIME BOXOFFICE CHAMPS

(Over \$4,000,000, U.S.-Canada Rentals)

(Continued from page 11)

Duel In Sun (King Vidor; Selznick; SRO—1947)	11,300,000	Where Eagles Dare (B. G. Hutton; Gershwin/Kastner; MGM; 1969)	6,920,000
Best Years of Our Lives (William Wyler; Goldwyn; RKO—1947)	11,300,000	A Patch of Blue (G. Green; P. Berman; MGM; 1966)	6,716,000
The Parent Trap (D. Swift; Disney; BV; 1961)	11,300,000	Shot In The Dark (B. Edwards; Mirisch; UA; 1964)	6,700,000
Psycho (A. Hitchcock; Paramount/Universal; 1960)	11,200,000	Lovers And Other Strangers (C. Howard; D. Susskind; CRC; 1970)	6,600,000
Absent-Minded Professor (R. Stevenson; Disney; BV; 1961)	11,100,000	Winning (J. Goldstone; J. Foreman; Universal; 1969)	6,555,000
20,000 Leagues Under The Sea (R. Fleischer; W. Disney; BV; Dec. '54)	11,000,000	Going My Way (Leo McCarey; Par—1944)	6,500,000
The Great Race (B. Edwards; WB; 1965)	11,000,000	Snows of Killmanjaro (Henry King; Zanuck; 20th—1952)	6,500,000
In Heat of Night (N. Jewison; Mirisch; UA; 1967)	11,000,000	Country Girl (George Seaton; Perlberg-Seaton; Par—1954)	6,500,000
Peter Pan (animated; Disney; BV; 1953)	10,750,000	High Society (Charles Walters; Siegel; MGM—1958)	6,500,000
Sayonara (Joshua Logan; Goetz; WB—1958)	10,500,000	Imitation of Life (Douglas Sirk; Hunter; U—1959)	6,500,000
Goodbye Columbus (L. Peerce; S. R. Jaffe; Paramount; 1969)	10,500,000	Come September (Robert Mulligan; Arthur; U—1961)	6,500,000
Casino Royale (J. Huston; K. Hughes; V. Guest; R. Parrish; J. McGrath; C. Feldman/J. Bresler; Col; 1967)	10,200,000	Wonderful World Brothers Grimm (George Pal-Henry Levin; Pal-Cinerama; MGM—1963)	6,500,000
The Aristocats (W. Reitherman; W. Hibler; BV; 1971)	10,100,000	Torn Curtain (A. Hitchcock; Univ.; 1966)	6,500,000
Russians Are Coming, Russians Are Coming (N. Jewison; Mirisch; UA; 1966)	10,000,000	Hombre (M. Ritt; Ravetch; 20th; April 67)	6,500,000
Mutiny On Bounty (Lewis Milestone; Rosenberg; MGM—1962)	9,800,000	The Detective (G. Douglas; A. Rosenberg; 20th; 1968)	6,500,000
Cat On A Hot Tin Roof (R. Brooks; Avon; MGM; 1958)	9,750,000	Beyond The Valley of the Dolls (R. Meyer; 20th; 1970)	6,500,000
Green Berets (J. Wayne/R. Kellogg; Batjac; Warners; 1968)	9,750,000	A Man Called Horse (E. Silverstein; S. Howard; CCF-NGP; 1970)	6,500,000
Operation Petticoat (Blake Edwards; Granart; U—1960)	9,500,000	The Stewardesses (A. Silliphant Jr.; L. Sher; Sherpix; 1970)	6,418,179
That Darn Cat (R. Stevenson; Disney; BV; 1965)	9,500,000	The Wild Angels (R. Corman; AIP; 1966)	6,400,000
Joe (J. Avildsen; D. Gil; Cannon; 1970)	9,500,000	The Sterile Cuckoo (A. J. Pakula; Paramount; 1969)	6,400,000
Cinderella (W. Jackson; Disney; RKO/BV; 1949)	9,350,000	The Lion in Winter (A. Harvey; M. Poll; Avemb; 1969)	6,400,000
Carnal Knowledge (M. Nichols; Avemb; 1971)	9,347,000	Suddenly Last Summer (Joseph Mankiewicz; Spiegel; Col—1960)	6,375,000
Auntie Mame (M. DaCosta; J. Warner; Warners; 1958)	9,300,000	Murderers Row (H. Levin; I. Allen; Col; 1966)	6,350,000
The Apartment (Billy Wilder; Mirisch; UA; 1960)	9,300,000	North By Northwest (A. Hitchcock; MGM; 1959)	6,310,000
Cat Ballou (E. Silverstein; Hecht; Col; 1965)	9,300,000	Picnic (Joshua Logan; Kohlmar; Col—1956)	6,300,000
Grand Prix (J. Frankenheimer; Douglas/Lewis; MGM; 1967)	9,257,000	The Boatniks (N. Tokar; R. Miller; BV; 1970)	6,300,000
From Russia With Love (T. Young; Eon; UA; 1964)	9,200,000	War and Peace (King Vidor; Ponti-DeLaurentis; Par—1956)	6,250,000
Son of Flubber (R. Stevenson; W. Disney; BV; 1963)	9,100,000	Up The Down Staircase (R. Mulligan; A. Pakula; WB; 1967)	6,250,000
Shane (G. Stevens; Par.; 1953)	9,000,000	Bye Bye Birdie (G. Sidney; Kohlmar-Sidney; Col; 1963)	6,200,000
Barefoot in the Park (G. Saks; H. Wallis; Par; 1967)	9,000,000	Charade (Stanley Donen; U—1963)	6,150,000
On Her Majesty's Secret Service (P. Hunt; A. Broccoli; H. Saltzman; UA; 1969)	9,000,000	Sergeant York (H. Hawks; Lasky/Wallis; Warners; 1941)	6,100,000
Five Easy Pieces (B. Rafelson; B. Rafelson/R. Wechsler; Col; 1970)	8,900,000	Welcome Stranger (E. Nugent; Siegel; Par.; 1947)	6,100,000
Bambi (animated; Disney; RKO-BV; 1942)	8,800,000	High and the Mighty (W. Wellman; Wayne/Fellows; Warners; 1954)	6,100,000
The Professionals (R. Brooks; Col; 1966)	8,800,000	A Star Is Born (G. Cukor; Transcona/Luft; Warners; 1954)	6,100,000
Caine Mutiny (Stanley Kramer; Col—1954)	8,700,000	What A Way To Go! (J. L. Thompson; Jacobs; 20th; 1964)	6,100,000
Exodus (Otto Preminger; UA—1960)	8,700,000	The Thomas Crown Affair (N. Jewison; UA; 1968)	6,100,000
What's New Pussycat (C. Donner; C. K. Feldman; UA; 1965)	8,700,000	Rachel, Rachel (P. Newman; WB; 1968)	6,100,000
The Fox (M. Rydell; Stross/MPI; Claridge (WB)—US; IFD, Can.; 1967)	8,600,000	Shaft (G. Parks; J. Freeman; MGM; 1971)	6,100,000
This Is The Army (Michael Curtiz; J. L. Warner; WB—1943)	8,500,000	The French Connection (W. Friedkin; P. D'Antoni/Schine-Moore; 20th; 1971)	6,100,000
Mister Roberts (J. Ford-M. LeRoy; Hayward; WB; 1955)	8,500,000	Blow-Up (M. Antonioni; C. Ponti; Premier/MGM; 1967)	6,082,000
King And I (Walter Lang; Brackett; 20th—1956)	8,500,000	Vikings (Richard Fleischer; Bryna-Bresler; UA—1958)	6,049,000
Lover Come Back (Delbert Mann; Shapiro-Melcher; U—1962)	8,500,000	Life With Father (Michael Curtiz; Buchner; WB—1947)	6,000,000
That Touch of Mink (Delbert Mann; Shapiro-Melcher; U—1962)	8,500,000	Ivanhoe (Richard Thorpe; Berman; MGM—1952)	6,000,000
Alfie (L. Gilbert; Par; 1966)	8,500,000	Hans Christian Andersen (Charles Vidor; Goldwyn; RKO—1953)	6,000,000
I Am Curious (Yellow) (V. Sjoman; G. Lindgren; Grove; 1969)	8,500,000	Strategic Air Command (Anthony Mann; Briskin; Par—1955)	6,000,000
The Reivers (M. Rydell; I. Ravetch; NGP; 1970)	8,500,000	Sea Chase (John Farrow; WB—1955)	6,000,000
The Unsinkable Molly Brown (C. Walters; Weingarten-Edens; MGM; 64)	8,400,000	Seven Year Itch (Billy Wilder; Feldman; 20th—1955)	6,000,000
The Blue Max (J. Guillermin; Ferry-Williams; 20th; 1966)	8,400,000	To Hell and Back (John Hibbs; Rosenberg; U—1955)	6,000,000
Some Like It Hot (B. Wilder; Mirisch-Ashton; UA; 1959)	8,300,000	I'll Cry Tomorrow (D. Mann; L. Weingarten; MGM; 1955)	6,000,000
Sleeping Beauty (animated; W. Disney; 1959)	8,250,000	Raintree County (Edward Dmytryk; Lewis; MGM—1957)	6,000,000
Butterfield 8 (D. Mann; Berman; MGM; 1960)	8,250,000	Gypsy (M. LeRoy; Warners; 1962)	6,000,000
Old Yeller (R. Stevenson; Disney; BV; 1958)	8,200,000	Come Blow Your Horn (Bud Yorkin; Lear-Yorkin; Par—1963)	6,000,000
Beneath The Planet of the Apes (T. Post; A. Jacobs; 20th; 1970)	8,200,000	Move Over, Darling (M. Gordon; Rosenberg-Melcher; 20th; 1963)	6,000,000
Willard (D. Mann; M. Briskin; CRC; 1971)	8,200,000	The Pink Panther (B. Edwards; Mirisch; UA; 1964)	6,000,000
Battle Cry (R. Walsh; J. Warner; Warners; 1955)	8,100,000	A Hard Day's Night (R. Lester; W. Shenson; UA; 1964)	6,000,000
The Music Man (M. DaCosta; Warners; 1962)	8,100,000	Father Goose (Ralph Nelson; Arthur; U—1965)	6,000,000
Bells of St. Mary's (Leo McCarey; RKO—1945)	8,000,000	Yellow Rolls-Royce (A. Asquith; de Gruwald; MGM—1965)	6,000,000
Jolson Story (A. E. Green; Skolsky-Griffith; Col—1947)	8,000,000	Help (R. Lester; W. Shenson; UA; 1965)	6,000,000
The Lady and the Tramp (animated; W. Disney; BV; 1955)	8,000,000	Sons of Katie Elder (H. Hathaway; H. Wallis; Par; 1965)	6,000,000
Guys and Dolls (Joseph Mankiewicz; Goldwyn; MGM—1956)	8,000,000	Harper (J. Smight; Gershwin-Kostner; WB; 1966)	6,000,000
The Alamo (J. Wayne; Batjac; UA; 1960)	8,000,000	Ugly Dachshund (N. Tokar; Disney; BV; February '66)	6,000,000
King of Kings (Nicholas Ray; Bronston; MGM—1961)	8,000,000	The War Wagon (B. Kennedy; Batjac; Univ; 1967)	6,000,000
In Search of the Castaways (R. Stevenson; W. Disney; BV; 1962)	7,900,000	El Dorado (H. Hawks; Par; 1967)	6,000,000
Lt. Robin Crusoe, USN (B. Paul; W. Disney; BV; 1966)	7,850,000	In Cold Blood (R. Brooks; Col; 1968)	6,000,000
Wait Until Dark (T. Young; M. Ferrer; WB; 1967)	7,800,000	Hang 'Em High (T. Post; L. Freeman; UA; 1968)	6,000,000
Von Ryan's Express (M. Robson; 20th; 1965)	7,700,000	A Boy Named Charlie Brown (B. Melendez; L. Mendelson-B. Melendez; CCF-NGP; 1970)	6,000,000
Shenandoah (A. V. McLaglen; R. Arthur; Univ.; 1965)	7,750,000	Getting Straight (R. Rush; Col; 1970)	6,000,000
The Adventurers (L. Gilbert; Paramount; 1970)	7,750,000	Chisum (A. V. McLaglen; A. J. Fenady; WB; 1970)	6,000,000
Gigi (V. Minnelli; Freed; MGM; 1958)	7,740,000	Klute (A. Pakula; WB; 1971)	6,000,000
La Dolce Vita (F. Fellini; RIAMA/Pathe; Astor-Landau-AIP; 1961)	7,650,000	A Man And A Woman (Claude Lelouch; AA; 1966)	5,900,000
Glenn Miller Story (Anthony Mann; Rosenberg; U—1954)	7,600,000	They Shoot Horses Don't They? (S. Pollack; Winkler/Chartoff; CRC; 1969)	5,900,000
Georgy Girl (S. Narizzano; Goldston-Plaschkes; Col; 1966)	7,600,000	Anne of the 1000 Days (C. Jarrott; H. Wallis; Universal; 1970)	5,900,000
Trapeze (Carol Reed; Hecht-Hill-Lancaster; UA—1956)	7,500,000	Diary of a Mad Housewife (F. Perry; Universal; 1970)	5,900,000
Pillow Talk (Michael Gordon; Arwin-Hunter; U—1959)	7,500,000	The Impossible Years (M. Gordon; L. Weingarten; MGM; 1968)	5,889,000
World of Suzie Wong (Richard Quine; Stark; Par—1961)	7,500,000	The Computer Wore Tennis Shoes (R. Butler; B. Anderson; BV; 1970)	5,850,000
The V.I.P.'s (Anthony Asquith; de Gruwald; MGM—1963)	7,500,000	How To Murder Your Wife (R. Quine; Murder; UA; 1965)	5,800,000
Chitty Chitty Bang Bang (K. Hughes; A. Broccoli; UA; 1968)	7,500,000	Three In The Attic (R. Wilson; AIP; 1969)	5,800,000
The Andromeda Strain (R. Wise; Universal; 1971)	7,500,000	The Nun's Story (F. Zinnemann; WB; 1959)	5,750,000
Big Jake (George Sherman; M. Wayne; CCF/NGP; 1971)	7,500,000	Rio Bravo (H. Hawks; WB; 1959)	5,750,000
No Time For Sergeants (M. LeRoy; Warners; 1958)	7,400,000	In Cold Blood (R. Brooks; Columbia; 1968)	5,725,000
The Silencers (P. Karlson; Allen; Col; 1966)	7,350,000	Blue Skies (Stuart Heisler; Siegel; Par—1946)	5,700,000
How To Marry A Millionaire (Jean Negulesco; Johnson; 20th—1953)	7,300,000	Rear Window (Alfred Hitchcock; Par—1954)	5,700,000
Fantasia (animated; W. Disney; RKO/BV. 1940)	7,250,000	Ocean's 11 (L. Milestone; Warners; 1960)	5,650,000
The Out-Of-Towners (A. Hiller; P. Nathan; Par; 1970)	7,250,000	Seven Brides For Seven Brothers (Stanley Donen; Cummings; MGM—1954)	5,600,000
To Kill A Mockingbird (Robert Mulligan; Pakula; U—1962)	7,200,000	Teahouse of August Moon (Daniel Mann; Cummings; MGM—1957)	5,600,000
Our Man Flint (D. Mann; David; 20th; 1966)	7,200,000	Valley of Decision (T. Garnett; Knopf; MGM; 1945)	5,560,000
Cool Hand Luke (S. Rosenberg; G. Carroll; W7 Arts; 1967)	7,200,000	Divorce, American Style (B. Yorkin; Tandem; Col; 1967)	5,520,000
Charly (R. Nelson; CRC; 1968)	7,200,000	Big Parade (King Vidor; MGM—1925)	5,500,000
Candy (C. Marquand; R. Haggag; CRC; 1968)	7,200,000	Mrs. Miniver (W. Wyler; S. Franklin; MGM; 1942)	5,500,000
For Whom Bell Tolls (Sam Wood; Par—1943)	7,100,000	Leave Her To Heaven (J. Stahl; Bacher; 20th; 1945)	5,500,000
David and Bathsheba (Henry King; Zanuck; 20th—1951)	7,100,000	Egg And I (Charles Erskine; Finkelhoffe; U—1947)	5,500,000
Not As Stranger (Stanley Kramer; UA—1955)	7,100,000	Anatomy of a Murder (Otto Preminger; Carlyle; Col—1959)	5,500,000
Oklahoma (Fred Zinnemann; Magna-Hornblow; Magna—1955)	7,100,000	Please Don't Eat Daisies (Charles Walters; Pasternak; MGM—1960)	5,500,000
Z (C. Costa-Gavras; Reggane/ONCIC; C5-U.S. only; 1969)	7,100,000	Solomon and Sheba (King Vidor; Richmond; UA—1960)	5,500,000
Hafari (Howard Hawks; Par—1962)	7,000,000	Dr. No (T. Young; Eon; UA; 1962)	5,500,000
Greatest Story Ever Told (G. Stevens; UA; 1965)	7,000,000	The Great Escape (J. Sturges; Mirisch; UA; 1963)	5,500,000
The Sandpiper (V. Minnelli; Ransohoff; MGM; 1965)	7,000,000	Thrill Of It All (Norman Jewison; Hunter-Melcher; U—1963)	5,500,000

(Continued on page 46)

To Gregory Ratoff, Russian, With Love

By HY KRAFT

The reason Jenniteshka (professionally known as Eugenie Leontovich and maritally known as Mrs. Gregory Ratoff) was surprised to see me when I dropped in for dinner at the small, unfriendly Malibu Beach house, was because Ratoff forgot to tell her that he'd invited me. But Jennitenka wasn't fazed, so you add a little water to the borscht. Presently Ratoff, who was directing a movie starring Loretta Young and Melvyn Douglas arrived. He and Jennitenka exchanged a few unpleasanties in Russian with English subtitles and we went into dinner.

I was about to bite into the omnipresent piroshka when Ratoff leaped from his seat. "Ach, did I shoot a luf scene today!" Whereupon he gripped my hand, clamped his hand over mine. "Dots de scene, a closeup, two hands, dots all. Dis one is Melvyn Douglas and de bottom Myrna Loy. Terreefik." He looked to Jenniteshka for comment. He got it. "Speaking of luv, Griesha, I saw my lawyer today." Within a few months, their separation was official.

I first met Ratoff when he played The Chancellor in an operetta which he called, "Casstells in de Hair." He and Leontovich had come to the United States years earlier in "Revue Russe," the Shuberts answer to the very successful Morris Gest importation, "Chauve Souris" starring Nikita Balieff. On Broadway then as now — and in movies, TV, radio — imitation is an accepted form of originality. After all, if one teaspoonful of Epsom salt is good for you, two can't hurt. The "Revue Russe" flopped, and the Shuberts, stuck with a number of play-or-pay contracts, plopped the Ratoffs into one of the touring companies of "Blossom Time."

Leontovich, later to star in "Grand Hotel," was probably the first non-English speaking chorus girl in a Winter extravaganza and Ratoff, later to star in any conversation, learned the part of Count Sharieff phonetically, proving that a good actor doesn't have to know what he's talking about. At least one nobleman was prerequisite in operetta, so Ratoff was boosted from Count to Chancellor in "Castles in the Air" which opened and ran a full season in Chicago. What better place for an eager, ambitious immigrant to learn the blessings of free enterprise than Chicago in the days of Capone!

Stage Entrances

The stage entrance of the theatre, like all stage entrances, was in an alley. My own theory, based on years of experience, is that theatre architects first searched out a dark, dirty, pot-holed alley and then proceeded to construct the theatre. If you groped your way vertically to the sidewalk, then you'd find a cigar store at right and the theatre entrance at left. Ratoff noticed that stagehands, and most actors, hazarded the airing not once, but several times during the performance, returning overjoyed or saddened from these excursions. He soon learned that the tobacconist doubled as a bookmaker but that bookmaking had nothing to do with books and that these promenades often resulted in considerable financial gain, depending on the intrepid pedestrian's gamble. In short, you put your money on a horse, you played the show and in the intermission or even between scenes, you dashed to the cigar store and came back with a bundle. So Ratoff joined the parade of punters.

"Hallo" said Ratoff to the man behind the counter. "Here is \$5.00 picks me out a horse." The bookie was in no mood for dialect comedian and tried to explain his position, but Ratoff would have none of this evasion. "If I am coming in here and hawking you for a good cigar, you are giving me one, no?" "Yes, but—" Ratoff had no time for discussion. "So picks me out a horse, I come back later." The nice man handed Ratoff \$20 after the matinee but said that Ratoff would have to pick his own horses in the future.



INTERNATIONAL FAMOUS AGENCY

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A DIVISION OF MARVIN JOSEPHSON ASSOCIATES INC.

ALL-TIME BOXOFFICE CHAMPS

(Over \$4,000,000, U.S.-Canada Rentals)

(Continued from page 44)

Viva Las Vegas (George Sidney; Cummings; MGM—1964)	5,500,000	The Green Years (Victor Saville; Gordon; MGM—1946)	4,600,000
Nevada Smith (H. Hathaway; J. E. Levine; Par; 1966)	5,500,000	Rebel Without a Cause (N. Ray; Weisbart; Warners; 1955)	4,600,000
Fantastic Voyage (R. Fleischer; David; 20th; 1966)	5,500,000	Babes In Toyland (James Donohue; Disney; RKO-BV—1961)	4,600,000
Follow Me Boys (N. Tokar; W. Hibler; BV; 1966)	5,500,000	Wild in the Streets (B. Shear; B. Topper; AIP; 1968)	4,550,000
Guide for the Married Man (G. Kelly; F. McCarthy; 20th; 1967)	5,500,000	The Glass Bottom Boat (F. Tashlin; M. Melcher; MGM; 1966)	4,537,000
Bandolero (A. V. McLaglen; R. L. Jacks; 20th; 1968)	5,500,000	Four Horsemen of Apocalypse (Rex Ingram; MGM—1921)	4,500,000
For Love of Ivy (D. Mann; E. J. Scherick; CRC; 1968)	5,500,000	Random Harvest (Mervyn LeRoy; Franklin; MGM—1942)	4,500,000
Barbarella (R. Vadim; D. DeLaurentiis; Paramount; 1968)	5,500,000	Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo (M. LeRoy; S. Zimbalist; MGM; 1944)	4,500,000
Finian's Rainbow (F. F. Coppola; WB; 1969)	5,500,000	Anchors Aweigh (George Sidney; Pasternak; MGM—1945)	4,500,000
Cold Turkey (N. Lear; B. Yorkin; UA; 1971)	5,500,000	Road To Utopia (Melvin Frank; Jones; Par—1945)	4,500,000
Le Mans (L. Katzin; N. Reddick; CCF-NGP; 1971)	5,400,000	Thrill of a Romance (Richard Thorpe; Pasternak; MGM—1945)	4,500,000
Song of the South (animated—live; Disney; RKO-BV—1946)	5,350,000	Easy To Wed (Eddie Buzzell; Cummings; MGM—1946)	4,500,000
Blackboard Jungle (R. Brooks; P. Berman; MGM; 1955)	5,350,000	Till the Clouds Roll By (Richard Whorf; Freed; MGM—1946)	4,500,000
On A Clear Day You Can See Forever (V. Minnelli; Lerner/Koch; Par; 1970)	5,350,000	Bachelor and Bobbysoxer (Irving Reis; Schary; RKO—1947)	4,500,000
Eddy Duchin Story (George Sidney; Wald; Col—1956)	5,300,000	Road To Rio (Norman Z. McLeod; Dare; Par—1948)	4,500,000
The Cardinal (Otto Preminger; Col—1963)	5,275,000	Easter Parade (Charles Walters; Freed; MGM—1948)	4,500,000
Unconquered (C. B. DeMille; Par—1947)	5,250,000	The Paleface (Norman Z. McLeod; Wallis; Par—1948)	4,500,000
The Yearling (Clarence Brown; Franklin; MGM—1947)	5,250,000	Great Caruso (Richard Thorpe; Lasky-Pasternak; MGM—1951)	4,500,000
The Wild Bunch (S. Peckinpah; P. Feldman; WB; 1969)	5,250,000	Knights of Roundtable (R. Thorpe; P. Berman; MGM; 1953)	4,500,000
The Cheyenne Social Club (G. Kelly; Kelly/Barrett; NGP; 1970)	5,250,000	Desiree (Henry Koster; Blaustein; 20th—1954)	4,500,000
Meet Me In St. Louis (Vincente Minnelli; Freed; MGM—1944)	5,200,000	To Catch A Thief (Alfred Hitchcock; Par—1955)	4,500,000
Show Boat (George Sidney; Freed; MGM—1951)	5,200,000	The Conqueror (Dick Powell; Hughes-Powell; RKO—1956)	4,500,000
Mogambo (John Ford; Zimbalist; MGM—1953)	5,200,000	Love Me Tender (Richard Webb; Weisbart; 20th—1956)	4,500,000
Magnificent Obsession (Douglas Sirk; Hunter; U—1954)	5,200,000	Pride and the Passion (Stanley Kramer; UA—1957)	4,500,000
Hole In The Head (Frank Capra; Sincap-Capra; UA—1959)	5,200,000	Young Lions (Edward Dmytryk; Lichtman; 20th—1958)	4,500,000
From The Terrace (Mark Robson; 20th—1960)	5,200,000	Don't Go Near The Water (Charles Walters; Weingarten; MGM—1957)	4,500,000
Elmer Gantry (Richard Brooks; Smith; UA—1960)	5,200,000	Return To Peyton Place (Jose Ferrer; Wald; 20th—1961)	4,500,000
Darby O'Gill And The Little People (R. Stevenson; W. Disney; BV; 1959)	5,200,000	Fanny (Joshua Logan; WB—1961)	4,500,000
Cotton Comes To Harlem (O. Davis; S. Goldwyn Jr.; UA; 1970)	5,200,000	Lolita (Stanley Kubrick; Seven Arts-Harris; MGM—1962)	4,500,000
Gentlemen Prefer Blondes (Howard Hawks; Siegel; 20th—1953)	5,100,000	Diamond Head (Guy Green; Bresler; Col—1963)	4,500,000
Battle of Bulge (K. Annakin; Sperling/Yordan/Cinerama; Warners; 1966)	5,100,000	Sword In The Stone (W. Reitherman; Disney; BV; 1963)	4,500,000
The Outlaw (H. Hughes; RKO; 1946)	5,075,000	McLintock (A. V. McLaglen; Wayne; UA; 1963)	4,500,000
Battleground (W. Wellman; D. Schary; MGM; 1949)	5,060,000	Robin And The Seven Hoods (G. Douglas; F. Sinatra; WB; 1964)	4,500,000
Forever Amber (Otto Preminger; Zanuck-Seaton; 20th—1947)	5,050,000	Send Me No Flowers (Norman Jewison; Keller; U—1964)	4,500,000
King Solomon's Mines (C. Bennett; S. Zimbalist; MGM; 1950)	5,050,000	Prudence and the Pill (F. Cook; R. Kahn; 20th; 1968)	4,500,000
Friendly Persuasion (William Wyler; AA—1956)	5,050,000	With Six You Get Egg Roll (H. Morris; M. Melcher; CCF-NGP; 1968)	4,500,000
Song of Bernadette (Henry King; Perlberg; 20th—1943)	5,000,000	I, A Woman (M. Ahlberg; Novaris; Audubon; 1966)	4,500,000
Bazooka (Edmund Goulding; Zanuck; 20th—1947)	5,000,000	Fanny Hill (M. Ahlberg; T. Sjoberg; Cinemation; 1969)	4,500,000
Green Dolphin Street (Victor Saville; Wilson; MGM—1947)	5,000,000	There's A Girl In My Soup (R. Boulting; M. Frankovich; J. Boulting; Col; 1971)	4,500,000
Red Shoes (Michael Powell; Pressburger-Rank; EL—1948)	5,000,000	Ice Station Zebra (J. Sturges; M. Ransohoff; MGM; 1968)	4,479,000
Jolson Sings Again (Henry Levin; Buchman; Col—1949)	5,000,000	Cheaper By The Dozen (Walter Lang; Trotti; 20th—1950)	4,425,000
The Sands of Iwo Jima (Allen Dwan; Grainger; Rep.; 1950)	5,000,000	Two Years Before Mast (John Farrow; Miller; Par—1946)	4,400,000
Moulin Rouge (John Huston; Romulus; UA—1953)	5,000,000	Written On the Wind (Douglas Sirk; Zugsmith; U—1956)	4,400,000
Three Coins in Fountain (Jean Negulesco; Siegel; 20th—1954)	5,000,000	Inn of Sixth Happiness (Mark Robson; Adler; 20th—1959)	4,400,000
A Man Called Peter (Henry Koster; Engel; 20th—1955)	5,000,000	Days of Wine and Roses (B. Edwards; M. Manulis; Warners; 1962)	4,400,000
There's No Business Like Show Business (Walter Lang; Zanuck-Siegel; 20th—1954)	5,000,000	Zorba, The Greek (M. Cacoyannis; Int'l Classics; 1964)	4,400,000
Pete Kelly's Blues (Jack Webb; WB—1955)	5,000,000	Boy, Did I Get A Wrong Number (G. Marshall; E. Small; UA; 1966)	4,400,000
East of Eden (Elia Kazan; WB—1955)	5,000,000	How To Steal A Million (W. Wyler; Wyler-Kohlmar; 20th; 1966)	4,400,000
Vera Cruz (Robert Aldrich; HHL-James Hill; UA—1955)	5,000,000	The Gnome-Mobile (R. Stevenson; J. Algar; BV; 1967)	4,400,000
Bridges Toko-Ri (Mark Robson; Perlberg-Seaton; Par—1955)	5,000,000	Weekend at Waldorf (R. Leonard; A. Hornblow; MGM; 1945)	4,370,000
The Tall Men (R. Walsh; Bacher-Hawks; 20th; 1955)	5,000,000	Stage Door Canteen (Frank Borzage; Lesser; UA—1943)	4,350,000
Anastasia (Anatole Litvak; Adler; 20th—1957)	5,000,000	Harvey Girls (George Sidney; Freed; MGM—1946)	4,350,000
Island In Sun (Robert Rossen; Zanuck; 20th—1957)	5,000,000	Hucksters (Jack Conway; Hornblow; MGM—1947)	4,350,000
Farewell To Arms (Charles Vidor; Selznick; 20th—1958)	5,000,000	Red River (Howard Hawks; UA—1948)	4,350,000
On The Beach (S. Kramer; UA; 1959)	5,000,000	The Man With the Golden Arm (O. Preminger; UA-AA; 1956)	4,350,000
Journey To Center of Earth (Henry Levin; Brackett; 20th—1960)	5,000,000	Man in Grey Flannel Suit (Nunnally Johnson; Zanuck; 20th—1956)	4,350,000
North To Alaska (Henry Hathaway; 20th—1960)	5,000,000	Marooned (J. Sturges; M. Frankovich; Col; 1969)	4,350,000
Flower Drum Song (Henry Koster; Hunter-Fields; U—1962)	5,000,000	Lost Weekend (Billy Wilder; Brackett; Par—1946)	4,300,000
Judgment at Nuremberg (Stanley Kramer; UA—1961)	5,000,000	Sailor Beware (Hal Walker; Wallis; Par—1952)	4,300,000
Bon Voyage (James Nielson; Disney; BV—1962)	5,000,000	The African Queen (J. Huston; Romulus; UA-Trans-Lux; 1951)	4,300,000
The Interns (David Swift; Cohn; Col—1962)	5,000,000	House of Wax (A. de Toth; B. Foy; WB; 1953)	4,300,000
The Birds (Alfred Hitchcock; U—1963)	5,000,000	Some Came Running (Vincente Minnelli; Siegel; MGM—1959)	4,300,000
53 Days at Peking (Nicholas Ray; Bronston; AA—1963)	5,000,000	G. I. Blues (Norman Taurog; Wallis; Par—1960)	4,300,000
Hud (Martin Ritt; Revetch; Par—1963)	5,000,000	One-Eyed Jacks (Marlon Brando; Par—1961)	4,300,000
Under Yum-Yum Tree (David Swift; Brisson; Col—1963)	5,000,000	Sergeants Three (J. Sturges; Small; UA; 1962)	4,300,000
Dr. Strangelove (S. Kubrick; Col; 1964)	5,000,000	Monkey's Uncle (R. Stevenson; Disney; BV; 1965)	4,300,000
Becket (Peter Glenville; Wallis; Par—1964)	5,000,000	Adventure (V. Fleming; Zimbalist; MGM—1945)	4,250,000
Night of Iguana (John Huston; Stark-7 Arts; MGM—1964)	5,000,000	Saratoga Trunk (Sam Wood; Wallis; WB—1946)	4,250,000
In Like Flint (G. Douglas; David; 20th; March 67)	5,000,000	Demetrius and Gladiators (Delmer Daves; Ross; 20th—1954)	4,250,000
Happiest Millionaire (N. Tokar; W. Anderson; BV; 1967)	5,000,000	The Egyptian (Michael Curtiz; Zanuck; 20th—1954)	4,250,000
Good, The Bad, The Ugly (S. Leone; A. Grimaldi; UA; 1967)	5,000,000	Living It Up (Norman Taurog; Jones; Par—1954)	4,250,000
Blackboard Ghost (R. Stevenson; W. Walsh; BV; 1968)	5,000,000	Bus Stop (Joshua Logan; Adler; 20th—1956)	4,250,000
Support Your Local Sheriff (B. Kennedy; W. Bowers; UA; 1969)	5,000,000	Splendor in the Grass (Elia Kazan; WB; 1961)	4,250,000
The April Fools (S. Rosenberg; G. Carroll; CCF/NGP; 1969)	5,000,000	Sex And The Single Girl (R. Quine; WB; 1964)	4,250,000
What Do You Say To A Naked Lady? (A. Funt; UA; 1970)	5,000,000	In Harm's Way (O. Preminger; Par—1965)	4,250,000
The Anderson Tapes (S. Lumet; R. M. Weitman; Col; 1971)	5,000,000	Dear John (L-M. Lindgren; Sandrews; Sigma 3; 1966)	4,250,000
A New Leaf (E. May; Koch/Elkins; Par; 1971)	5,000,000	Five Card Stud (H. Hathaway; H. Wallis; Paramount; 1968)	4,250,000
Spellbound (Alfred Hitchcock; Selznick; UA—1946)	4,975,000	Rio Lobo (H. Hawks; CCF-NGP; 1970)	4,250,000
Since You Went Away (John Cromwell; Selznick; UA—1944)	4,950,000	Hollywood Canteen (Delmer Daves; Gottlieb; WB—1944)	4,200,000
Good Neighbor Sam (David Swift; Col—1964)	4,950,000	Three Musketeers (George Sidney; Berman; MGM—1948)	4,200,000
The Searchers (J. Ford; Whitney/Cooper; Warners; 1956)	4,900,000	On The Waterfront (Elia Kazan; Spiegel; Col—1954)	4,200,000
Yankee Doodle Dandy (Michael Curtiz; Wallis-Cagney; WB—1942)	4,800,000	Rose Tattoo (Daniel Mann; Wallis; Par—1955)	4,200,000
Notorious (Alfred Hitchcock; RKO—1946)	4,800,000	Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison (John Huston; Adler-Frenke; 20th—1957)	4,200,000
Streetcar Named Desire (E. Kazan; Feldman; Warners; 1951)	4,800,000	Can Can (Walter Lang; Cummings; 20th—1960)	4,200,000
Moby Dick (J. Huston; Moulin-Huston; WB; 1956)	4,800,000	Parrish (Delmer Daves; WB—1961)	4,200,000
Pepe (George Sidney; Col—1961)	4,800,000	Breakfast at Tiffany's (Blake Edwards; Jurow-Sheppard; Par—1961)	4,200,000
Two Mules For Sister Sara (D. Siegel; M. Rackin; Universal 1970)	4,800,000	Cincinnati Kid (N. Jewison; Ransohoff; MGM; 1965)	4,200,000
The Trip (R. Corman; AIP; 1967)	4,770,000	The Trouble With Angels (I. Lupino; Frye; Col; 1966)	4,200,000
Salome (William Dieterle; Adler; Col—1953)	4,750,000	Carmen Baby (R. Metzger; Audubon; 1967)	4,200,000
Dragnet (J. Webb; Mark VII; Warners; 1954)	4,750,000	The Devil's Brigade (A. V. McLaglen; D. L. Wolper; UA; 1968)	4,200,000
Spencer's Mountain (D. Daves; WB; 1963)	4,750,000	Star (R. Wise; S. Chaplin; 20th; 1969)	4,200,000
Gunfight at OK Corral (John Sturges; Wallis; Par—1957)	4,700,000	Myra Breckinridge (M. Sarne; R. Fryer; 20th; 1970)	4,200,000
Pal Joey (George Sidney; Essex; Col—1957)	4,700,000	The Love Machine (J. Haley Jr.; M. Frankovich; Col; 1971)	4,200,000
Hercules (Pietro Francisci; Teti-Levine; WB—1959)	4,700,000	Kelly's Heroes (B. G. Hutton; G. Katzka-S. Beckerman; MGM; 1970)	4,182,000
A Summer Place (D. Daves; WB; 1959)	4,700,000	Father of Bride (Vincente Minnelli; Berman; MGM—1950)	4,150,000
Blue Hawaii (Norman Taurog; Wallis; Par—1961)	4,700,000		
The Ambushers (H. Levin; I. Allen; Col; 1968)	4,700,000		
Million Dollar Duck (V. McEveety; B. Anderson; BV; 1971)	4,700,000		
Annie Get Your Gun (George Sidney; Freed; MGM—1950)	4,650,000		
Boom Town (J. Conway; S. Zimbalist; MGM; 1940)	4,600,000		

(Continued on page 66)

Handwriting On Wall Runs Dirty

By HARRY HERSHFIELD

The handwriting is on the wall and it's too often in four-letter words. And the kids are the fastest readers.

If pornography and filth are becoming a way of life, we quick must change its direction, before we only have a one-way street. To read books and hear panel shows, by supposed intellectuals, diagnosing the higher values of pornography, you find it unbelievable. And if you answer back, you're a "square." Their viewpoints recall the yarn of the fellow trying to sell an insect-killer machine: "With this machine comes a powder. You put it in this nozzle, then press forth the button, which releases a spring for the fifth button. When you see an insect, you push the sixth button, squirt the powder on him and it kills him!" The listener said: "If I see an insect, I'll step on it and kill it." "That's also a good idea" remarked the salesman.

Our scientific officials sure were slow in nipping this growing menace in the bud. They cried: "Ah, it's only a minority aberration." There is no such thing as a little cyanide or heroin. Like lightning, it never strikes twice in the same place—it doesn't have to.

The only saving grace is the humor that accompanies it, for ridicule eventually destroys most goofy trends. Have you ever seen the "offbeats" laughing at themselves via the yarns about them? Such as the hippie girl going to get married. Instead of giving a shower, she took one. And the daughter returning home the next morning, after her honeymoon and explaining: "I took off my clothes, then he took off his clothes. Then he put on my clothes and I haven't seen him since!" An old and young hippie walking together and a passerby asked them: "Is that young one your child?" "That's my daughter." "Then the next question is: 'Are you the father or the mother?'" or the "modern" singer who was fired for singing on key. Those with the ability to poke fun can kid this fetid stuff out of existence; or else force it into the underground and away from decent folk and children. Get a stricter law against those stores, openly displaying filth of the lowest grade. Horrible posters of law and order officers. Phony erotic titles, of some legitimate films to attract the moronic yokel via come-on display signs, "For adults only," forgetting that many of those "adults" are in their second childhood.

A teacher trying for decency in her class warned her pupils: "There is a dirty movie down the block, and I don't want any of you to go in there." A few days later, she tiraded one of the pupils, who admitted going there. She asked, "Did you see anything in there that you were not supposed to see?" "Yes, my father!"

Most women are decent as they're supposed to be but occasionally, you meet one of the "off-beat," as in the story of the two fellows walking into a bar and where a vile, femme drunk was throwing bottles through the mirrors. One fellow walked up to her and asked her if she wanted another drink. She took it. Then he took off his diamond ring and gave it to her and then walked back to his friend, who asked: "Why did you give her that drink and your diamond ring?" "Because she's somebody's mother—and I'm so darned happy she isn't mine, she can have anything I got!"

History Repeats

Plagues are so old as mankind itself. We've had Sodom and Gomorrah, the Dark Ages, the Decline and Fall of Rome, all because of the degeneration of law and order. It is so ordained that the individual dies, but the species lives. We dig up continually the remains of civilizations that have come and gone. And every generation arrives with hope and promise. Always good and bad, so clearly emphasized in "Western" films.

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(As Of Dec. 31, 1971)

AMER. B'CASTING CO.

Starts, This Year 2
This Date, Last Year 1

AMERICAN INT'L

Starts, This Year 3
This Date, Last Year 3

AVCO EMBASSY

Starts, This Year 0
This Date, Last Year 5

CANNON GROUP

Starts, This Year 2
This Date, Last Year 1

CINEMA CENTER

Starts, This Year 1
This Date, Last Year 3

CINERAMA

Starts, This Year 2
This Date, Last Year 1

COLUMBIA

Starts, This Year 10
This Date, Last Year 9

"THE NEW CENTURIONS"

(Chartoff-Winkler Prods.)
Prods.—Robert Chartoff, Irwin Winkler
Dir.—Richard Fleischer
George C. Scott, Stacy Keach, Jane Alexander, Scott Wilson, Erik Estrada, Peter De Anda, Edward Lauter, Carl Brown, Rosalind Cash
(Started Oct. 4)

"PHILOSOPHER KING"

(BBS Productions)
Prod.—Bert Schneider
Dir.—Bob Rafelson
Jack Nicholson, Bruce Dern, Ellen Burstyn, Julie Robinson, Scatman Crothers
(Started Dec. 1 in Atlantic City)

WALT DISNEY

Starts, This Year 3
This Date, Last Year 5

"ROBIN HOOD"

(Animated Feature)
Prod.—Dir.—Wolfgang Reitherman
Voices of Brian Bedford, Peter Ustinov, Terry-Thomas, Phil Harris, Andy Devine, Pat Buttram, Roger Miller, George Lindsey, John Fiedler, Barbara Luddy
(Started Sept. 1)

METRO

Starts, This Year 7
This Date, Last Year 11

NATL. GEN'L PRODS.

Starts, This Year 2
This Date, Last Year 2

"THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JUDGE ROY BEAN"

(Coleytown Prods.—First Artists)
Prod.—John C. Foreman
Dir.—John Huston
Scr. Wrt.—John Milius
Paul Newman, Jacqueline Bisset, Ava Gardner, Anthony Perkins, Roddy McDowall, Stacy Keach, John Huston, Tab Hunter, Victoria Principal, Anthony Zerbe
(Started Oct. 11 in Tucson)

PARAMOUNT

Starts, This Year 11
This Date, Last Year 5

"CHARLOTTE'S WEB"

(Sagittarius-Hanna-Barbera)
Exec. Prod.—Edgar M. Bronfman
Prods.—William Hanna, Joseph Barbera
Scr. Wrt.—Earl Hammer Jr.
Unit Publicist—John Michaeli
Animated Feature
(Started Nov. 8)

"LADY SINGS THE BLUES"

(Motown-Weston-Furie Prods.)
Exec. Prod.—Berry Gordy
Prod.—Jay Weston
Dir.—Sidney Furie
Scr. Wrt.—Sidney Furie, Terence McCloy from Billie Holiday autobiog

Diana Ross, Billy Dee Williams, Virginia Capers, Lynn Hamilton, Sid Melton, Richard Pryor
(Started Dec. 6)

20th CENTURY-FOX

Starts, This Year 9
This Date, Last Year 9

"THE CHRISTMAS COUPLE"

(Stanley Shapiro-Pat Rooney Prods.)
Exec. Prod.—Pat Rooney
(Started Nov. 15)

UNITED ARTISTS

Starts, This Year 9
This Date, Last Year 4

"FUZZ"

(Filmways-Javelin)
Exec. Prod.—Edward S. Feldman
Prod.—Jack Farren
Dir.—Richard A. Colla
Scr. Wrt.—Evan Hunter
Raquel Welch, Yul Brynner, Burt Reynolds, Jack Weston, Tom Skerritt, Don Gordon, Pete Bonerz, Steve Ihnat
(Started Oct. 25 in L.A.)

"THE MECHANIC"

(Robert Chartoff-Irwin Winkler-Lewis J. Carlino Prod.)
Prods.—Irwin Winkler, Robert Chartoff, Lewis J. Carlino
Dir.—Michael Winner
Scr. Wrt.—Lewis J. Carlino
Charles Bronson, Jan-Michael Vincent, Jill Ireland, Keenan Wynn
(Started Dec. 3)

UNIVERSAL

Starts, This Year 5
This Date, Last Year 15

"THE NAKED APE"

(Universal-Playboy Prods.)
Prods.—Zev Bufman, Donald Driver
Dir.—Donald Driver
Scr. Wrt.—Donald Driver from Desmond Morris book
(Started Dec. 1 on animation; live sequences start Feb. 7 in Florida)

"PLAY IT AS IT LAYS"

Prods.—Frank Perry, Dominick Dunne
Dir.—Frank Perry
Scr. Wrt.—Joan Didion, John Gregory Dunne from Joan Didion book
Tuesday Weld, Anthony Perkins, Richard Anderson, Severn Darden, Ruth Ford, Adam Roarke, Marco St. John, Diana Ewing, Paul Lambert, Lucille Benson, Chuck McCann, Robert Douglas
(Started Dec. 6)

WARNER BROS.

Starts, This Year 9
This Date, Last Year 5

"RAGE"

(Getty-Fromkess)
Exec. Prods.—J. Ronald Getty, Leon Fromkess
Prod.—Fred Weintraub
Dir.—George C. Scott
Scr. Wrt.—Philip Friedman, Dan Kleinman
Unit Publicist—Bob Frederick
George C. Scott, Richard Basehart, Nicholas Beauvy, Trish Van Devere, Martin Sheen
(Started Nov. 29 in Tucson)

INDEPENDENT

Starts, This Year 93
This Date, Last Year 67

"LIKE A CROW ON A JUNE BUG"

(Producers Funding Corp.)
Exec. Prod.—Harvey Bernhard
Dir.—Larry Dobkin
Scr. Wrt.—Curtis Taylor
Mercedes McCambridge, Ford Rainey, Parley Baer, Simone Griffith, Mitchell Edmonds, Maidie Norman, Buddie Foster
(Started Oct. 1 in Valdosta, Ga.)

"THE LEGEND OF NIGGER CHARLEY"

(Spangler & Sons Pictures)
Prod.—Larry Spangler
Dir.—Martin Goldman
Fred Williamson, Don Pedro Colley, Tricia O'Neill, Marcia McBroom, O'Urville Martin, Keith Prentice, Tom Pemberton
(Started Oct. 8 in Virginia; to Sante Fe)

"BAD COMPANY"

(Jaffilms Prod.)
Prod.—Stanley R. Jaffe
Dir.—Robert Benton
Scr. Wrt.—David Newman, Robert Benton
Unit Publicist—Marion Billings
Jeff Bridges, Barry Brown, John Savage, Joshua Hill Lewis, David Huddleston, Damon Douglas
(Started Oct. 11 in Kansas)

"FREEDOM: R.I.P."

(Freedom RIP Inc.)
Prod.—Robert Dyke
Directors—William Dear, Thomas Dyke, David Hryn, Carson Jackson, Craig Collicott, Janice Sisk
(Started Oct. 15 in Detroit)

"LOVIN' MAN"

(Burt Topper Prods.)
Prod.—Dir.—Wrt.—Burt Topper
Fabian Forte, Nai Bonet, Tony Russell, Larry Bishop, Tracy Morgan
(Started Oct. 18)

"DIE THE YOUNG"

(Crossbow Films)
Ex. Prod.—Jay Colonna
Prods.—Bobby Davis, George Pal
Scr. Wrt.—Bobby Davis
Dir.—Samuel Fuller

John Agar, Gunilla Hutton
(Started Oct. 18)

"KNAPSACK NOMADS"

(United American Pictures)
Prod.—John Harris
Dir.—M. Rothman
Scr. Wrt.—Robert Phipps, Danny Di Stefano
John Barrymore, Deena Kartiz, Alain Dejon, Barbara Reichel, Barbi Foster, Jacque Viola
(Started Oct. 20 in Frisco; then to Europe)

"THE PREACHER"

(Rick-Lou Prods., for Modern Arts Prods.)
Exec. Prod.—Louis K. Sher
Prod.—Dir.—Richard Robinson
Hagen Smith, Kitty Vallacher
(Started Oct. 29 in Carefree, Ariz.)

"SPACE BOY"

(Countess Productions)
Prod.—Florence Marley Von Wurmbbrand
Dir.—Renate Druks
Florence Marly, Stuart Thomson
(Started Oct. 31)

"THE TRIAL OF THE CATONSVILLE NINE"

(Melville Productions)
Exec. Prod.—Joel Glickman
Prod.—Gregory Peck
Dir.—Gordon Davidson
(Started Nov. 1)

"JOE'S PLACE"

(URI Productions)
Prod.—Philip Kaufman
Prod.—Scr. Wrt.—Ken Laurence
Virgil Frye, Olive Deering, Royal Dano, Billy Gray
(Started Nov. 1)

"A WHALE OF A TALE"

(Movie Tech Prod.)
Prod.—Dir.—Ewing Brown
William Shatner, Marty Allen, Abby Dalton, Scott Holden, Nancy O'Connor, Andy Devine, Richard Arlen
(Started Nov. 3 at Marineland)

"HOT SUMMER WEEK"

(Fanfare Films)
Exec. Prod.—Joe Solomon
Prod.—Dir.—Thomas J. Schmidt
Scr. Wrt.—Larry Bischof, David Kaufman

Kathleen Cody, Michael Ontkean, Diane Hull, Ralph Waite, John McMurry, Pamela Serpe, Riggs Kennedy
(Started Nov. 8 in Monterey)

"INTO THE STORM"

(Dandelion Prods.)
Dir.—Maury Hurley
Lance Henriksen, Barra Grant, Rino Mascarino, Bill Moar, Joseph Maher, Penelope Allen, Granville Van Dusen
(Started Nov. 11 in Minnesota)

"WITHOUT LAST RIGHTS"

(Art-Hill Prods.)
Exec. Prod.—Van Anastas
Prod.—Anthony La Duce
Dir.—Scr.—Michael Meola
Troy Donahue, Manchester Brooks, Caren Kaye, Joel Laspe, Lynn Kerstner, Charles Huntington, Don Gallani, Lou Bedford
(Started Nov. 12 in Paterson, N.J.)

"THE RIDERS OF THE ROUGH SHOD TRAIL"

(Mall & Marcial Prods.)
Exec. Prod.—Frank Marcial
Dir.—John Mall
Chuck Ryan, Rafael Sanchez, Slimmie Lee Smith, Ken Stevens
(Started Nov. 18 in Northern Calif.)

"SCULPTURE IN DRIFTWOOD"

(Meier-Murray Prods.)
Exec. Prod.—Paul Robert
Prod.—James Tanenbaum
Dir.—Robert V. O'Neil
Rita Murray
(Started Nov. 15 in No. California)

"MOUNTAIN MADNESS"

(Raynard-Second Unit Prods.)
Exec. Prods.—Ray Nadeau, Al Field
Dir.—Gaynor MacLaren
Scr. Wrt.—Ed McRay
(Started Nov. 26)

"ANGELA IS HAPPENING"

(Buffalo Productions)
Exec. Prod.—Michael Blowitz
Prods.—Judith Lang, Ronald Graham
Dir.—Steven North, Thomas Young
Scr. Wrt.—Elvie Moore
Alex Nicol, Odette William Marshall
(Started Dec. 4 in Oakland)

"STIGMA"

Prod.—Charles B. Moss Jr.
Dir.—David E. Durston
Phillip A. Thomas, Harlan Cary Poe, Bill Waco, Bruce Monson
(Started Dec. 17 in N.Y.)

"THE ARTIST"

(Gross National Prod.)
Prods.—Stanley Adams, Paul Hunt
Dir.—Paul Hunt
Keenan Wynn, Kyle Johnson, Stanley Adams, Mike Green, Louis Nye, Susan Hunt, Connie Nelson, Hilda Wynn
(Started Dec. 27 at Big Sur)

INTERNATIONAL

ALLIED ARTISTS

Starts, This Year 2
This Date, Last Year 3

AMER. B'CASTING CO.

Starts, This Year 1
This Date, Last Year 2

AMERICAN INT'L

Starts, This Year 2
This Date, Last Year 6

"DOCTOR PHIBES RISES AGAIN"

Exc. Prods.—James H. Nicholson, Samuel Z. Arkoff
Prod.—Louis M. Heyward
Dir.—Robert Fuest
Unit Publicist—Denniston Thornton
Vincent Price, Robert Quarry, Hugh Griffith, Fiona Lewis, Valli Kemp, Peter Jeffrey, Hugh Griffith, Peter Cushing
(Started Dec. 6 in London)

AVCO EMBASSY

Starts, This Year 0
This Date, Last Year 1

CANNON GROUP

Starts, This Year 0
This Date, Last Year 1

CINEMA CENTER

Starts, This Year 3
This Date, Last Year 4

CINERAMA

Starts, This Year 2
This Date, Last Year 4

COLUMBIA

Starts, This Year 10
This Date, Last Year 16

"THE SIN"

Prod.—Carlo Ponti
Dir.—Alberto Lattuada
Sophia Loren, Adriano Celentano, Luis Martin, Alessandra Mussolini, Tina Aumont, Patrizia De Clara
(Started Sept. 13 in Spain; to Italy)

METRO

Starts, This Year 7
This Date, Last Year 5

"THE WRATH OF GOD"

(Cineman-Rainbow Prods.)
Exec. Prod.—Peter Katz
Prod.—Dir.—Ralph Nelson
Scr. Wrt.—Ralph Nelson from story by James Graham
Robert Mitchum, Paula Pritchett, Rita Hayworth, Victor Buono, John Colicos, Frank Langella, Ken Hutchison
(Started Nov. 8 in Mexico)

NATL. GEN'L PRODS.

Starts, This Year 0
This Date, Last Year 2

PARAMOUNT

Starts, This Year 4
This Date, Last Year 11

20TH-FOX

Starts, This Year 3
This Date, Last Year 0

"DIME BOX"

(Marvin Schwartz Prods.)
Prod.—Marvin Schwartz
Dir.—James Frawley
Scr. Wrt.—Edwin Shraake
Dennis Hopper, Warren Oates, Janice Rule, Peter Boyle, Lee Purcell, Ben Johnson, Ralph Waite, Clifton James, Mary Jackson, Jose Torvay
(Started Nov. 15 in Durango, Mexico)

UNITED ARTISTS

Starts, This Year 6
This Date, Last Year 12

"MEMOIRS OF A GHOST WRITER"

(Three M's Film Prod.-UA)
Prod.—Michael Klinger
Dir. & Wrt.—Mike Hodges
Unit Publicist—Jean Lambdon
Michael Caine, Elizabeth Scott, Mickey Rooney, Lionel Stander
(Started Dec. 6 in Malta)

UNIVERSAL

Starts, This Year 5
This Date, Last Year 2

WARNER BROS.

Starts, This Year 5
This Date, Last Year 9

"LOUISE"

Prods.—Alexandre Mnouchkine, George Dancigers
Dir.—Philippe De Broca
Jeanne Moreau, Julian Negulesco
(Started Oct. 11 in France)

INDEPENDENT

Starts, This Year 73
This Date, Last Year 37

"LADY CAROLINE LAMB"

(Tomorrow Entertainment/Anglo-EMI)
Exec. Prod.—Franco Cristaldi
Dir.—Ferdinando Ghia
Prod.—Robert Bolt
Unit Publicist—Geoffrey Freeman
Sarah Miles, Geoffrey Chamberlain, Margaret Leighton, John Mills, Jon Finch, Laurence Olivier, Pamela Brown, Ralph Richardson
(Started Sept. 20 at Pinewood Studios, England)

"MADE"

(Joseph Janni Prods. for Anglo-EMI)

Prod.—Joseph Janni
Dir.—John Mackenzie
Scr. Wrt.—Howard Barker from play, "No One Was Saved"
Unit Publicist—Ted Gilling
Carol White, Roy Harper, John Castle
(Started Sept. 27 on location in England)

"TWILIGHT PEOPLE"

(New World Pictures-Four Associates)
Exec. Prods.—Robert Corman, David Cohen

Prods.—John Ashley, Ed Romero
John Ashley, Brooke Mills, Pat Woodell
(Started Oct. 1 in Philippines)

"THE RAGMAN'S DAUGHTER"

(Harold Becker Film for Penelope Films and Harpoon Pictures)
Exec. Prod.—Steve Provin
Dir.—Harold Becker

Prod.—Harold Becker, Souter Harris
Unit Publicist—Joy Helman
Victoria Tennant, Simon Rouse, Patrick O'Connell, Reginald Marsh
(Started Oct. 4 in England)

"KING, QUEEN AND KNAVE"

(Wolper-Bavaria)
Prod.—David Wolper
Dir.—Jerzy Skolimowski
David Niven, Gina Lollobrigida, John Moulder-Brown
(Started Oct. 6 in Munich)

"JAMAICA REEF"

(Jamaica Reef Prods.)
Prod.—Dir.—Virginia Stone
Stephen Boyd, David Ladd, Roosevelt Grier, Darby Hinton, Cheryl Stoppelmore, Chuck Woolery
(Started Oct. 9 in Montego Bay)

"HENRY VIII AND HIS SIX WIVES"

(Anglo-EMI)
Prod.—Roy Baird
Exec. Prod.—Mark Shivas
Dir.—Waris Hussein
Keith Michell, Charlotte Rampling, Jane Asher, Donald Pleasence, Frances Cuka, Barbara Leigh-Hunt, Lynn Frederick, Jenny Bos, Brian Blessed, Michael Gough, Bernard Hepton, John Bryans
(Started Oct. 11 at EMI-Elstree, England)

"BERNADETTE"

(Carle-Lamy Prods.—CFDC)
Prod.—Pierre Lamy
Dir.—Gilles Charles
Donald Pilon, Micheline Lanctot
(Started Oct. 18 in Gabriel de Brandon, Quebec)

"IMAGES"

(Lion's Gate Films-Hamdale Group)
Prod.—Tommy Thompson
Dir.—Robert Altman
Susannah York, Marcel Bozzuffi, Rene Auberjonois, Hugh Millais, Cathryn Harrison
(Started Oct. 19 at Ardmore, Dublin)

"DOOMWATCH"

(Tigon)
Prod.—Tony Tenser
Dir.—Peter Sasdy
Ian Bannen, Judy Geeson, George Sanders
(Started Oct. 24 in England)

"REBEL JESUS"

(Omni Leisure-Mandala)
Prod.—Dir.—Larry Buchanan
Erica Gavin, Gene Otis Shane, Garth Pillsbury
(Started Oct. 25 in Tunisia)
"BIG TRUCK AND POOR CLARE"
(Belgravia Prods.—Kastner/Ladd/Kanta)
Prod.—Paul M. Maslansky
Dir.—Robert Ellis Miller
Unit Publicist—Carolyn Pfeiffer
Peter Ustinov, Francesca Annis, Perry King
(Started Nov. 1 in Israel)

"MALPERTIUS"

(Paul Laffargue-Pierre Levie)
Exec. Prod.—Paul Laffargue
Dir.—Harry Krumel
Orson Welles, Susan Hampshire, Sylvia Vartan
(Started Nov. 1 in Belgium)

"STRAIGHT ON TILL MORNING"

(Hammer for Anglo-EMI)
Exec. Prod.—Michael Carreras
Prod.—Dir.—Peter Collinson
Unit Publicist—Jean Garioch
Rita Tushingham, Shane Briant, Katya Wyeth
(Started Nov. 1 at EMI-MGM Studios, England)

"FEAR IN THE NIGHT"

(Hammer for Anglo-EMI)
Exec. Prod.—Michael Carreras
Dir.—Jimmy Sangster
Unit Publicist—Frank Law
Judy Geeson, Joan Collins, Ralph Bates, Peter Cushing
(Started Nov. 15 at EMI-MGM Studios, England)

"JORY"

(Jory Corp.—Cinematografica Marco Polo)
Prods.—Howard G. Minsky, Don Kirshner, Leopoldo Silva
Dir.—George Fons
Scr. Wrt.—Milton R. Bass
Robby Benson, John Marley, B. J. Thomas, Benny Baker, Claudio Brook, Betty Sheridan, William Watson, George Luke, Anne Lockhart, Ted Markland, Pancho Cordoba
(Started Nov. 17 in Durango)

"SIDDHARTHA"

(Columbia-Conrad Rooks Prods.)
Prod.—Dir.—Conrad Rooks
Hylette Adolphe
(Started Nov. 22 in India)

"THE CHERRYPICKER"

(Elsinore Prods. for Rank)
Prod.—Dir.—Peter Curran
Co-Prod.—Derek Kavanagh
Unit Publicist—Gordon Arnell
Lulu, Bob Sherman, Terry-Thomas, Wilfred Hyde White, Spike Milligan
(Started Nov. 18 on location in Spain; moves to Twickenham Studios, England, Nov. 29)

"THE BOY"

(Group W Films-Anglo-EMI)
Prod.—Arthur Lewis
Dir.—Lionel Jeffries
Unit Publicist—Doreen Landry
Patricia Neal, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Britt Ekland, Lynn Carlin, Scott Jacoby
(Started Nov. 29 at EMI-MGM Studios, England)

"HORROR EXPRESS"

(Scotia International)
Prod.—Bernard Gordon
Dir.—Eugenio Martin
Peter Cushing, Christopher Lee
(Started Dec. 6 in Madrid)

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gether Together



! Together !

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land, Ore. (\$47,941), Milan, Ill. (\$31,151), Milwaukee (\$29,682), Madison, Wisc. (\$27,261), Hartford, Ct. (\$59,470), Corpus Christi, Texas (\$18,305) PLUS 142 OTHER ENGAGEMENTS

Boston (\$94,844), Providence (\$124,055), Springfield (\$72,343), New Haven (\$50,499), Columbus (\$57,153), Denver (\$52,815), Port-

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SOLTERS & SABINSON, INC.

PUBLICITY-PUBLIC RELATIONS

'WRITEDOWNS' AND 'RESTRUCTURING'

(Continued from page 5)

like it not; talk is OTB as making New York City a bookie joint. Illegal numbers and other betting loom large, as does the Knapp Commission's spotlight on police corruption. Horrendous is the threat to 30c mass transportation fare; loss of tourism (hotels are hurting beaucoup); the cops' raids on the prosties and the pornos, and whatever else, Mayor Lindsay's the target. Conversely, his personal charisma invariably evokes spontaneously warm applause whenever he does a personal on Broadway, in Lincoln Center or at a happening.

None the less, civic leaders Lewis A. Rudin and Loews prez Preston Robert Tisch, eyeing a \$100,000,000 projected N.Y. Convention & Exhibition Centre along the Hudson River in the 40s and 50s by 1975—wishful thinking?—are fighting to overcome the recent Manhattan Ghost Town image.

All three network midnight talk show comics (Carson, Griffin, Cavett) have been charged with municipal libel because of repetitive jokes about Manhattan muggings.

Even so, it's no joke that many an East Side matron of late carries "mugging money," like \$25 or \$30, rather than risk brutal attack from some desperate junkie in need of a "fix."

Heretofore, in this era of charge-it, they'd carry only taxi money and a pencil. The banks, subjected to a wave of stickups, have also adopted the pattern by having stacks of bogus money—specially designed counterfeit 10s and 20s, in neat bundles, for tellers to shove across the till when confronted by a gun.

The Rockefeller, with their vast stake in New York realty, have been propagating "reinvesting in New York," have lit up Rockefeller Center for "greater safety," but also take cognizance that 65% of Radio City Music Hall's business is done in daytime and that night business has fallen off for the same reasons.

Many New Yorkers are ironically rooting for Lindsay to move to D.C. "Then the whole country will know what it's been like in N.Y.," goes the wheeze.

While there was a lessening of campus insurgency, a point stressed by President Richard Nixon, and hopeful omens of improved peace prospects (Moscow, Peking, et al), 1971 continued to be marked by violence. The media echoed the message of violence in the streets: violence from Attica to Belfast to Pakistan and with Egypt talking up a new war on Israel.

In U.S. show business there was unusual upheaval in executive suites, from Aubrey to Sarnoff to Yablans and Zanuck. Again, with multiple letters in between.

There was upheaval even of youth's own counter-culture. The polls indicated some pretty "straight" voting by the newly suffraged 18-year-olds, and even their clothes, life style and religion (viz., the "Jesus freaks") underwent modification.

In 1971 the revolution on entertainment fronts ran to the extremes of porno parlors. One Manhattan site had "body massages" (at \$9, plus the \$3 skin-flick admish). The ultimate in electronic projection of gutter language into the homes from radio and video were the unedited and uncensored Knapp Commission tapes, probing New York police corruption.

Sky marshals couldn't curb those skyjackings. South American diplomats and rich kids were still being kidnapped and ransomed. Many Americans inveighed against drug lyrics and broadcasting co-operated. All informational media put their backs up on "Selling of the Pentagon," pre-edited Vietnam film clips, the Pentagon Papers, and the like.

In big city after big city, the "downtown" boxoffice suffered from safety-in-the-streets fears. Hence the nabe cinemas' upbeat. N.Y. legit had, and has, its own

special complaint about the new 7:30 p.m. curtain. Showmen cited a 17% ticket improvement. If the 7:30 thing unquestionably was hurting pre-theatre dining business, showroom argued that cafe biz was no responsibility of theirs.

Hollywood was still reeling in 1971 from runaway filmmaking and generally reduced production and still hoping for Federal subsidy of one sort or another. Hopefully a 7% tax credit proposal will become law, and will help.

Films' 'Writedowns' And Merged Facilities

The majors had to digest whopping losses with multimillion dollar feature film "writedowns." The merged Cinema International Corp., foreign distribution set up in Amsterdam by Paramount and Universal, was followed by Columbia Pictures and Warner Bros. adopting the CIC world formula on a limited-to-Europe distribution pattern. It is hoped that U.S. governmental (antitrust) restrictions will be modified for similar merged filmselling facilities in the U.S. Consolidated production facilities (Hollywood) are also in the same pattern.

The high-prices, high unemployment recession, spelled depression by many without jobs, and companies deep in the red (in and out of show biz), provoked the Nixon wage and price freeze in August as a step to curb the ironical inflation which helped many consumer franchises while clipping nearly everyone in his or her role as a consumer.

In 1971 there were the usual spate of intratrade hassles and problems. N.Y. Studio Mechanics Local 52 demands first chased Paramount out of New York, followed by United Artists and Columbia, this after a gaggle of New York-located film features had added to the Hollywood "runaway" competition.

Instead of the Riviera being a standing set for Yank filmmakers, in recent years Central Park, West 42d St., Brooklyn and the Bronx

backgrounded "Anderson Tapes," "Klute," "Little Murders," "The Godfather," "Where's Poppa?," "Midnight Cowboy," "Owl and Pussycat," "Bananas," "Born To Win," "Harry Kellerman," "Diary of Mad Housewife," "No Way To Treat a Lady," "Shaft," "Cotton Comes To Harlem," "Cry Uncle," "The Steagle," "Panic In Needle Park," "The French Connection," "Sweet Sweetback's Baadass Song." Mayor John V. Lindsay boasted that New York had become "the new Hollywood." In the show-down, no amount of Lindsay charisma could sway Local 52 nor the producers, but eventually they reached a compromise on their own, sans Hizzoner.

Of the Harlem-located pix, only "Shaft" has been a real outstander in both the black and white markets; "Cotton," "Sweetback," the Italian-made "Black Jesus," et al., dominantly got mostly the ethnic clientele.

20th-Fox won its proxy fight and, in pre- and post-stockholders' problems, lost its president and exec veepee (Richard D. Zanuck and David Brown, both since joined Warner Bros.); its board chairman Darryl F. Zanuck, now chairman emeritus, set up as independent Fox producer; gained a new president Gordon Stulberg, moving Dennis C. Stanfill up to board chairman and chief executive officer.

Another vet producer, Jack L. Warner, with too much creativity in his system, after an abortive try as a legit producer ("Jimmy," like in Mayor Walker, a \$900,000 red-ink attempt), turned around and bought an established legit hit musical, "1776," for a reported \$1,200,000, and is now filming it for Columbia Pictures release.

Big Business Finances Major Film Production

Advertising agencies and industrial combines were getting into filmmaking in 1971. Witness Wells, Rich, Greene agency cofinanced with Warner, "Dirty Little Billy"; or Quaker Oats bankrolling David Wolper's "Willy Wonka and the

Chocolate Factory"; or Xerox readying to produce "family" film features. Book publisher Doubleday & Co. is also going into film production. Mattel Toys (which gave Irvin and Israel Feld and Judge Roy Hofheinz a fancy capital gain by acquiring the Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey Circus) is backing producer Robert Radnitz in a series of eight features, one of which, "Sounder," is complete.

Conglomeration and diversification tendencies continuing, besides the economics of manpower and overhead streamlining, saw Metro's James T. Aubrey Jr. emerging with a good statement (capital gains, realty and firm library selloffs, plus upped operations income and profit) and heralding further expansion into leisure-time ventures (cruise ships and Las Vegas hotel).

Metro's largest single stockholder Kirk Kerkorian (39%), already had been in Las Vegas hotel-casino business but sold out to Hilton to help pay off \$47,000,000 in bank loans. Kerkorian is now bidding to add to his Metro holdings.

Closed-circuit film income (dial-a-movie motels and hotels, etc.) is intriguing Columbia Pictures Industries, and cassettes and CATV remain pie-in-the-sky future rainbows for all concerned.

Universal (MCA) with its prolific direct-to-tv feature filmmaking is probably setting the pattern for a marathon production line from Hollywood to the electronic projections.

The dearth of family entertainment (and family patronage?) forced certain theatre situations into porno pix. At the same time, the U.S. entries at the Cannes and other film festivals reflected the runaway permissiveness in American theme and scene.

Some few U.S. company executives piously fought against X-ratings as a blot on their personal, filial and economic escutcheon and the alleged manipulations of the ratings structure become an inter-necine minor war which resulted in both the Protestant and Catholic church groups' own rating systems disavowing the Motion Picture Assn. of America ratings as "unreliable" and manipulated. To this, MPAA president Jack Valenti answered with a charge that the clergy were "seeking film censorship," a la the Legion of Decency of yore, though the church folk denied such aims.

While Transamerica board chairman-president John R. Beckett was breathing down on the executives of its subsidiary, United Artists, and Avco similarly was giving its Embassy Pictures a second take, both subsides in 1971 hoped that "something like 'Love Story'" would come along and help turn the company around. First with Jos. E. Levine's "Carnal Knowledge" (Mike Nichols) making Avco Embassy fortunes look up, and then UA's "Fiddler On The Roof" off to strong start, it looked like the dream break was being realized. Columbia's "Nicholas and Alexander" (Sam Spiegel) also augured upbeat.

Meantime, Back In The B'casters' Board Rooms

A notable show biz corporate change of 1971 saw Robert W. Sarnoff stepping down from presidency of RCA, with Anthony L. Conrad up to that post. The son of General David Sarnoff shifted to chairman of the board and remained chief executive offices. The future importance of RCA's largest single stockholder in the corporate echelon should shape in 1972. Gen. Sarnoff died at 80 last month.

With Dr. Frank Stanton now expected to retire in 1973 at 65, and with an eye to closer liaison with Washington where he sees broadcasting's most important liaison in the next 10 years, board chairman William S. Paley brought in Charles T. Ireland Jr., corporation lawyer and senior v.p. of In-

ternational Telephone, to become prez of CBS. Stanton became vice-chairman and other intracompany executive reshuffles returned John A. Schneider to presidency of CBS Broadcast Group. He succeeds Richard W. Jencks who became CBS corporate v.p. in Washington. Schneider as corporate executive v.p. was deemed No. 3 man to Paley and Stanton. ABC too may soon undergo echelon changes.

Drawing substitute advertisers, against the \$22,000,000 loss of cigarette commercials, occupied the television medium as much as its continuing hassles with the Presidential echelon seemingly intent to "control" if not "manage" news and newscasts.

Top Hollywood Names Flunk The Nielsens

In the fall a new cast of vid-show talent was found wanting on Nielsens for all their longtime theatre screen fame (viz., James Stewart, Glenn Ford, Shirley MacLaine, Tony Curtis and Roger Moore, tandemed).

Also a salient event of 1971, CBS retired Ed Sullivan after 23 years, Sullivan going in for a series of specials. Red Skelton and CBS also parted. That longtime Paley-Stanton house stalwart, Arthur Godfrey, after 43 years as a CBS Radio regular, is also limiting his appearances to tv specials and radio commercials for Chrysler. That sponsor is continuing with Bob Hope who marks his 33d year with NBC-TV).

The high cost of telenews coverage is reflected in the \$5,000,000 tab to the three networks covering the 13-day Apollo 15 moon mission. Last spring Apollo 14 moonflight per estimated was watched by 600,000,000 around the world.

93,000,000 TVs In U.S.; CATV Biz On Horizon

Latest total of tv sets in use in 131 countries placed the figure at 270,502,000 receivers of which U.S. tops with 61,400,000 b&w sets and 31,300,000 color tv receivers.

CATV and closed-tv continue on the horizon, the latter of course paying off big for such standouts like the Muhammed Ali-Joe Frazier championship fight. It was NSG when renowned Spanish tor-eador El Cordobes was picked up live from Spain, beamed to Latin America, Europe and the U.S. o.o Yank response was lukewarm unlike its Latin neighbors.

Louis Armstrong left a jazz disk treasury from the early 1920s to date when he died last July at 71, resulting in a marathon of In Memoriam reissues.

On the subject of music Ireland's Radio Telefís Eireann discreetly dropped any and all fiery patriotic music so as not to further stir the partisan emotions in light of the current strife.

President Nixon sought to freeze salaries and in Britain, inflation also caught up with royalties the House of Commons recommended a 100% pay rise to the Royal Family; viz, the Queen's \$1,870,000 per annum upped to \$2,450,000; Prince Philip up from \$96G to \$156,000 (that's base pay for any (American movie company prez); the Queen Mother up from \$168,000 to \$228,000; Princess Margaret up from \$36,000 to \$84,000 per annum.

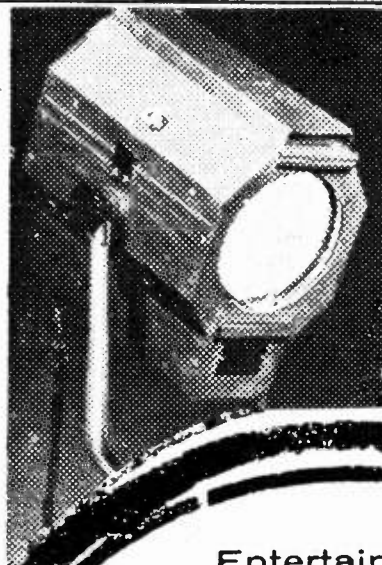
Whether with or without White House knowledge or blessing, Bob Hope's North Vietnam pitch to free Yank POWs, in exchange for a \$10,000,000 "contribution" to any North Vietnam "charity" (fancy-talk for ransom) made headlines.

Gardner (Mike) Cowles' liquidation of Look, tv and radio stations, disposal of newspaper properties and a book publishing company, put him on the N.Y. Times Co.

(Continued on page 52)

John Wayne

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**AMERICAN
BROADCASTING
COMPANIES,
INC.**
THEATRE DIVISION

PORNO, X-RATINGS AND 'FAMILY' FILMS

(Continued from page 50)

board and its largest single stockholder. Life announced a reversal of circulation. Morman Cousins' New Review became successor to his longtime editorship of Saturday Review, following policy clash with the new owners. Earlier in the year Harper's mag

editor Willie Morris resigned as did five other editors following differences with John Cowles Jr., the mag's board chairman. A free-talking Norman Mailer piece on woman's lib reportedly background the ontretemps but this was generally denied.

year one legit picked the Times as being "unfair."

Paranetically but equally consistent with the state of the Broadway theatre has been the Times' vigorous campaign against the N.Y. Police Dept. and the high crime rate in midtown and elsewhere, especially since Times' employees, working at odd and late hours, have been assaulted, panhandled, mugged and even killed. The paper itself has heightened its own internal security and escort service for secretarial and other workers to and from nearby subway and bus stations).

Ailing John Chapman, who had succeeded Burns Mantle as the N.Y. Daily News' first string drama critic in 1940, was in turn succeeded by Douglas Watt and became drama critic emeritus (as did, incidentally, the News' tv-radio editor-critic Ben Gross after 46 years).

So-called Fabulous Invalid also discovered that senior citizens comprise the bulk of its patrons, so theatreowners have started re-think on how to attract millions of disabled who would like to patronize theatres of all kinds (cinema, concert, opera as well as legit) if ramps were designed for more comfortable accessibility. Credit card ticketbuying is also under study as further means to hypo attendance.

Labor

Despite wage-freeze and Administration attempts to curb inflation legit was not without its labor strife and strike threats faced off-and-on-Broadway. A new three-year pact last summer ratified actor minimums from \$164.45 to \$210. Stage managers also got an increase and a cost-of-living increase, predicted on N.Y. City economic figures, was also taken into consideration.

The Limited gross production contract—under which theatrical unions cut scales providing management limits the weekly gross to \$25,000—has proved disappointing so far. Introduced in January by the League of N.Y. Theatres, only three shows—"Frank Merriwell," "Solitaire/Double Solitaire" and "Wild and Wonderful"—were mounted under its terms. All three flopped. Renewal of the contract by legit unions—it officially expires Jan. 5 is expected at least until next June 30.

Prince's "Company" swept the

1971 Tony Awards (best musical, libretto, score) albeit Helen ("Nanette") Gallagher and Hal ("Rothschilds") Linden copped the best musical actress and actor awards. Brian Redford ("School For Wives") and Maureen Stapleton ("Gingerbread Lady") were voted best actor and actress and again "Nanette" (Patsy Kelly) and "Rothschild" (Keene Curtis) copped the best supporting musical players prizes. Prince was his own winner as best director of a musical ("Company") and Peter Brook ("Midsummer Night's Dream") was noted best straight play director.

George C. Scott who spurned the Academy when given the Oscar for "Patton" (20th), also failed to appear for his Emmy for his tv "best single performance" on Hallmark's Hall of Fame in Arthur Miller's "The Price."

In London the critics picked the American musical, "1776" as its best (Jack L. Warner has filmed it for Columbia Pictures).

The matter of "ice" involving a "La Mancha" boxoffice man, who was found guilty, again got both N.Y. Attorney General Louis J. Lefkowitz and U.S. Attorney Whitney North Seymour Jr. (New York district) probing theatre rentals, ticket-pricing, and the like.

After 98 years McBride's Theatre Ticket Offices Inc. went out of business, blaming high costs and ceiling on brokerage fees (\$1.50). Broker Joey Gold, after 43 years, threw in the towel for the same reason.

Howard Hughes; IRS Also Gets Nosier On Las Vegas

As usual in recent years Las Vegas dominated the variety talent scene. Ups and downs of the casinos' gambling revenues usually reflect the overall economy.

Top newsmaker continued to be the great mystifier, Howard Hughes. Since his off-to-Nassau and then departure of Robert A. Matheu and the demise of Jack Entratter, the future fortunes of Hughes Hotel Properties Inc. "seem" (a necessary word) to be vested in Chester C. Davis, the bashful billionaire's chief counsel. Nevada Gaming Commission tired of Hughes' peekaboo games, nonetheless it accepted his alleged fingerprints as bona fide in designating Davis as the official licensee.

Showmen of course have long been looking askance at the computerized lack-of-showmanship since HH came on the scene. Many yenned for the good ole al fresco days of skimming and shadowy ownership because, no matter the flaws, they were freer of bankroll and could be more flamboyant as to talent junketeering, bluesky operations—and yet still apparently able to show beaucoup profits.

Now, however, the state of Nevada and Uncle Sam both wanted a larger slice from a more legitimate accounting of profits and, in effect, also went after Meyer Lansky, Morris Lansburgh and other heretofore absentee partners for accountings.

Another U.S. Attorney probe was started and another pronouncement came from Nevada Gov. Mike O'Callaghan who reassured one and all that "there was nothing to worry about" because the Nevada Gaming Commission had been making sure that "everybody's house was in order."

Vegas, for many years the home of the freeloader and the land of the gravy, started to charge big city prices to the glee of Lake Tahoe-Reno casinos which stressed its "right" prices for the masses. They started getting more of same, stressing "come-as-you-are" vis-a-vis Vegas' stricter after-5 p.m. attire in the public rooms. In effect, however, it reached a stage where even the drive-in eateries had to post signs, *Bare feet, no eats.*

Vegas has undergone a downbeat in its lounges, eliding talent and substituting keno parlors, but

failed to enforce the idea of a \$50,000 ceiling for top stars.

Other communities yen for legalized gambling; not only New York, where OTB "made a city into a bookie joint," but Atlantic City is admittedly a "disaster area." Once posh resort hotels went under distress sales, the Chamber of Commerce is openly billboard for legalized gambling.

The upstate New York (Catskill Mt.) hoteliers have mixed attitudes; (1) that gambling might bring in an unwelcome element but (2) it may have to come to pass to compete with the bargain-rate airborne pleasureseekers to Europe and or the Caribbean.

Conversely, Florida generally and Miami Beach specifically (despite its reputed retreat for some of the shady landed gentry) is not hot for legalized gambling and, in actuality, as Carib resort labor and political unrest makes headlines, Miami Beach is staging something of a "come-back," this despite the new competition from Disney World.

Kerkorian's Sellout

Kirk Kerkorian, deep in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film stockholdings, sold his last 15% stake in International Leisure to Hilton which now owns the International 100%. However, parenthetically, the diversified film company has announced plans to go into its own style of leisure business via cruise ships and still another Vegas property, by redeveloping the Bonanza Hotel-Casino. There were other wheelings-and-dealings for other spots, Lums Inc. and Caesars Palace, etc., all part of the financial restructuring as the former CP topper shifted to Tahoe for the Kings Castle project. Vegas had another wild brainstorm via a 5% tax on performers' fancy salaries but that was kayoed.

Cruises and Talent

The Caribbean was/is having its own labor-political problems with reaffirmed nationalism and racial unrest hurting not only the local tourism but causing cruise ships to bypass former ports of call. Puerto Rico wooed two beauty pageants, Miss Universe and Miss USA, and finally snagged both as tourism hypos.

Miami Beach looks askance at what Disney World near Orlando might do to its tourism. Atlantic City's once posh ocean-front hoteliers were a "disaster" and all plea "legalize gambling" (as do some of the upstate New York inns in the Catskills periphery).

Other Catskill Mt. traditionalists, despite New York's legalized OTB (Off Track Betting), elected to load up on top names at top salaries as counter-lure to the bargain-basement jumbo jet airlights which flooded Europe with the knapsack trade and also flooded U.S. (and Canadian) consulates abroad with requests to help bring the slim-budgeted students home after their European vagabondage. The sundry youth hostels which traditionally have catered to the young travellers, be they Scandinavian or German, British or from the Lowlands, were overrun with youthful Yanks.

The shifting tides dictated talent markets, viz., as the television variety shows dipped, it made available more names for the cafes. Many meantime suffered (the Camellia House, Chi.; L.A.'s Grove, nee Coconut Grove, etc.) but, in turn, the summer strawhats, heretofore relying on touring versions of legit musicals, mopped up, snagging \$100,000 up to \$200,000 weekly grosses with names like Humperdinck, Davis Jr., Tom Jones, Berle, et al.

Inner cities' parking problems, street crime and other urban ills did step up some suburban spots' business with attendant upbeat in talent-buying.

Palisades Amusement Park, which the Bergen (N.J.) Traction Co. first developed in 1897 as a means to spur trolley car traffic to "the end of the line"—a tradition (Continued on page 54)

'If Legit Goes, It's Kayo To N.Y. Tourism'; Season Looks Better

The present legit semester, which looked very unpromising on paper pre-Labor Day 1971, seems to have accelerated into a "pretty good season" thus far and may even wind up one of the stronger recent years, less dependent on "British invasion."

At the beginning of 1971 both the N.Y. Times' Clive Barnes and Jacquelin T. Robertson, director of the N.Y. Office of Midtown Development & Planning feared that Broadway legit "may expire" without some sort of public and private production subsidies.

The common fear of Gotham realtors, hotels, stores, etc. is that if the Broadway theatre "collapses" that means a vicious economic chain reaction for convention business, hotels and overall tourism.

Allibis That Don't

It is not enough for Mayor Lindsay, et al. to shunt the blame for lack of tourism on a few midnight television comics' jokes about muggings, hotel thefts, prosties, pimps and pornos because this attempt to sweep deterioration under the Manhattan sidewalks is a collective ostrich act. Fact is that safety-in-the-streets is and has been a serious going-out deterrent, be it legit, the movies, the restaurants, etc.

The pros-and-cons on the 7:30 legit curtain saw the Shuberts compromising with a later weekend curtain and David Merrick moving up to 8 p.m. The League of N.Y. Theatres repeats that it's "not our business to please restaurant owners", ignoring that the old habit of pre-theatre dining had a tandem value now considerably curtailed by eat-and-run or, eat afterwards.

32 Names Commune

Perhaps with an awareness of obligation to the perpetuation of the American theatre, 32 "name" actors have formed Solar Theatre Inc. with an eye to deliver quality theatre at popular prices. At the moment it's still in the funding stage but the prestigious roster comprises Martin Balsam, Anne Bancroft, Hume Cronyn, William Daniels, Blythe Danner, Colleen Dewhurst, Keir Dullea, Al Freeman Jr., George Grizzard, Barbara Harris, Julie Harris, Eileen Heckert, Pat Hingle, Dustin Hoffman, Ken Howard, Anne Jackson, Richard Kiley, Frank Langella, Salem Ludwig, Liska March, Burgess Meredith, Geraldine Page, George C. Scott, Maureen Stapleton, Rod Steiger, Jessica Tandy, Rip Torn, Jo Van Fleet, Jon Voight, Eli Wallach, Fritz Weaver, Fred Coe is producer. Solar is expected to participate in its first Broadway production next April. It will be David Robison's comedy, "Promenade All," costarring Cronyn, Jackson and Wallach. Arthur Storch will direct.

Surprise click of "Lenny" got the late comedian's kin into legalistic threats. Nudie "Calcutta" revue's profit nears \$350,000 on a 100G investment. "Hair" continues whammo, on Broadway and elsewhere, as signalized by a \$750,000 advance 10-week sellout in Washington. "No, No, Nanette" is the nostalgic marathoner, beaucoup in the black which can't be said for "Follies," of the same genre, which is far from recoupment of its \$790,000-plus production stake. Quick flop was "70 Girls 70", also in the nostalgic sweepstakes, and "On The Town", another yesteryear legit musical revival, is a disappointment.

Having topped "Man of La Mancha" (2,328 performances) on the

heels of the exit of "Hello Dolly" (2,844 performances) Harold Prince has his sights on May 11, 1972, when his historic "Fiddler On The Roof" will surpass "Tobacco Road" (3,182 performances), and on June 17 next when it will top "Life With Father" (3,224 performances) as Broadway champ longrunner, straight or musical show. "My Fair Lady" until "Dolly" and "Fiddler", was the No. 3 champ musical (2,717 performances), followed by "La Mancha" (2,328), "Oklahoma" (3,312), "South Pacific" (1,925), "Mame" (1,508), "Sound of Music" (1,553), "How To Succeed In Business" (1,417), "Hellzapoppin'" (1,404), "Music Man" (1,375), and "Funny Girl" (1,348 performances).

UA's smash film musical version of "Fiddler" also seems to have hypoed the legit version's run. "Fiddler" has played in 32 countries in 16 languages, where it's been seen by 35,000,000 theatregoers, sold over 10,000,000 records including 43 albums of which 18 were original cast versions (German, Dutch, Hebrew, French, Swedish, Norwegian, Yiddish, Japanese), RCA's OC LP alone sold over 2,000,000 albums. Its 47 backers have collected 977% profit, or over \$7,300,000 thus far on the show's \$375,000 investment.

When "Fiddler" hit its 2,845th performance on July 21 an in-house "block party" at the Broadway Theatre, attended by Mayor Lindsay, signalized the event.

Clive Barnes of N.Y. Times has found himself in a highly sensitive responsibility because of the paper's potent influence on ticket sales (the News and Post are other two of the three metropolitan dailies left in New York). And while Barnes of lte has been suspected of trying hard to be "kind" and leaning backwards, earlier in the

The 1971 Personality Parade

In Germany, Gerlind Reinshagen's play, "The Life and Death of Marilyn Monroe" had three different actresses, Dagmar Vetter, Elizabeth Gassner and Mariana Lochet, playing the title role in her three stages as a tyro sexpot, an "intellectual" and aspiring actress, and in her career twilight years. On Broadway "Lenny" (like in Bruce) was another postmortem glorification.

Vets Arthur Godfrey and Frank Sinatra retired. Singers Eddie Fisher, Dick Haymes and Vic Damone went into voluntary bankruptcy. Ex-vaudevillian Irene (Tim & Ryan, better known as "Granny" on CBS-TV's "Beverly Hillsbillies," set up a more than \$1,000,000 foundation for young actors. Marlene Dietrich's one-woman show for a London charity was scaled to \$125 top, Bob Hope hosted \$1,000-a-plate benefit for the Eisenhower Hospital Foundation in Palm Desert; over 1,000, at \$100-a-plate, saluted the ailing ex-champ Joe Louis (in and out of mental hospital); President Nixon visited ailing Samuel Goldwyn at latter's BevHills home to personally present the Medal of Freedom.

The shot-up Joseph Colombo Sr., Brooklyn underworld figure, through his Italian-American League, protested Mafia identification, personally, and Paramount's upcoming filmization of "The Godfather" generally. But, like Broadway rediscovered nostalgia ("No, No, Nanette," "Follies," etc.) book publishing rediscovered "Capone," "Honor Thy Father," etc. as nostalgic harkbacks to the Prohibition era and the sundry "families" controlling crime. U. S. crime figure Meyer Lansky is still fighting not to be ousted from Israel while fighting American extradition.

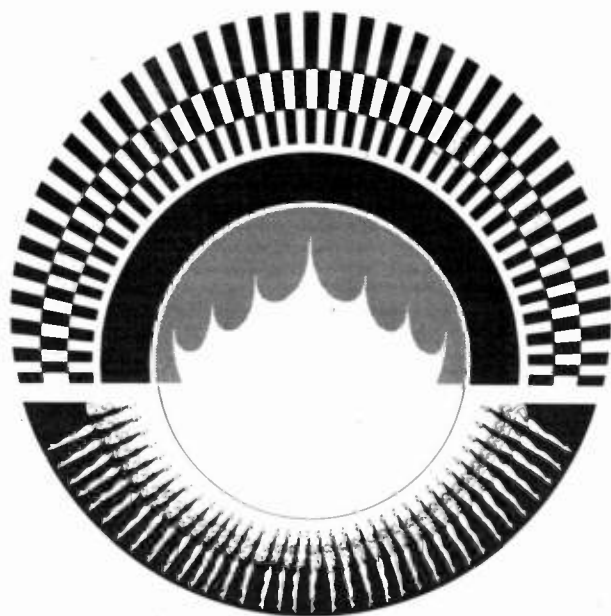
Vida Blue. George Frazier won but Muhammed Ali appears the bigger hero. Toots Shor was one of several Gotham restaurant casualties in 1971. Joe Kipness folded Dinty Moore's. Restaurants began to let down standards for admission, permitting hot pants customers, so long as they bring cash. N. J. political scandals, tied to gambling, etc. Frisco's Mayor Joseph L. Alito, Federally indicted in March for fee-splitting. Relected in November. Beattle John Lennon & Yoko Ono's disk single, "God Save OZ," a plea for "OZ," the underground London mag which the British authorities suppressed on morals charges. Jane Fonda's anti-Vietnam revue.

News in 1971 was Bernard Cornfeld's sellout in IOS. Danny Kay, broken leg in cast, continued in "Two By Two." Radio City Music Hall's \$25 for reserved-seat telecast of Frazier-Ali championship fight.

Singer Lainie Kazan and freelance writer Caterina Milinaire from Paris (her mother is the Duchess of Bedford) joined Vanessa Redgrave, Mia Farrow and Catherine Deneuve in the unmarried mothers' pose.



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Executive Suite Sweet 'N' Sour

(Continued from page 52)

tional summertime technique — folded this year. Irving Rosenthal (ex-Rosenthal Bros.), who took it over from two other famed show biz freres, the Schenck Bros. (Nicholas M., longtime president of Loew's Inc., and Joseph M. Schenck, longtime board chairman of 20th Century-Fox) sold off the property for \$12,500,000 to land developers who planned 4,000 high-rise apartments on the Jersey side of the George Washington Bridge leading into Manhattan.

Frank Sinatra Jr.'s stunt for United Airlines with an airborne Hammond organ for accompaniment keyed Air Jamaica to its own brand of New York-to-Caribbean flights, avec entertainment. A Chi travel agency specializing in group charters booked in-flight live talent when the Confederation of Chicago Police took off on a holiday jaunt to Spain abroad a DC-8.

Bill Graham folded his Fillmore East and West ("rock stars priced themselves out of business"). CBS' book publishing subsid, Holt, Rinehart & Winston, publishers of LBJ's "The Vantage Point" (1963-69) volume of memoirs, sued Newsday for excerpting pre-published material from galleyproofs which the pub sent to all papers offering serial rights.

With the July 14, 1971 edition *VARIETY* went into offset printing.

Music Biz's Religioso Cycle; C&W Kayos Rock

Impact of "Jesus Christ Superstar" and the religio songs dominated the music biz along with the continuing stability of country rock. The riotous aftermaths to sundry rock festivals didn't help especially the debacle on the sun-baked soybean fields near McCrea, La., last June. This seemed to end the dreams of "another Woodstock."

The upsurge of cassettes created an economic paradox where science was an ally to rampant tape-legging and the industry was hot 'n' heavy in legal pursuit to close all devious routes to the hot buck. Underground tapes, literally captured on tapes under stages and podiums of top artists, became status symbols to the cartridge-cassette aficionados. On a broader perspective, there was blatant bootlegging of top artists, channelled largely from Texas and Georgia sources, and also on the west coast, which keeps the industry in costly legal pursuit.

Tapeleggers

The blank cassettes manufacturers agreed to cooperate in curbing the bootlegging by selling only to legitimate tape manufacturers. Ampex even proposed a Federal stamp plan, a la the liquor Federal stamps, as one means, but the music biz, wise unto the ways and wiles of their craft, rightly pondered how to police it?

Inflation hit the singles, with Capitol the first to hike the 98c traditional price to \$1.29.

Harrison's 'Sweet Lord'; Lennons' Interviews

While George Harrison was zinging 'em with "Sweet Lord" and John Lennon and Yoko Ono (Mrs. L.) were doing their thing with bedside manner interviews, Paul McCartney was suing in London that The Beatles were broke (promoter Allen Klein denied it) and there were periodic rumbles of their ultimate reunion for common preservation. But McCartney, now 29, plans a comeback with his American wife, Linda Eastman, daughter of copyright attorney Leo V. Eastman.

Having named Irving Berlin and Richard Rodgers by acclaim last year to the Songwriters' Hall of Fame, the organization's first annual fete this year elected 10 HOF—Alan Jay Lerner, Dorothy Fields, Duke Ellington, Harold Arlen, Harry Warren, Rudolf Friml (91), Hoagy Carmichael, Ira

Gershwin, Johnny Mercer and James Van Heusen.

Simon & Garfunkel's Columbia recording "Bridge Over Troubled Water" swept the Emmys in multiple categories (best record, album, song, arrangement, engineering and author, Paul Simon) and BMI cited Joe South's "I Never Promised You A Rose Garden" (Lowery Music) as the most performed country & western song.

After hitting in 1970 its peak global gross with \$72,493,000 (up 6.07% from the 1969 revenues of \$68,343,800), ASCAP income dipped 17% for the first eight months of 1971 to \$40,391,000, reflecting the downbeat in the broadcasting industry's own revenues.

Conversely, despite the economic downbeat the music instrument business for the first time topped \$1,000,000,000 in sales volume, reflected chiefly in organs and fretted instruments (guitars)—while the Hammonds and Wur-litzers, etc. perked, piano sales dipped to their lowest since 1962.

Music Big Deals

Metro finally bought out 20th-Fox's 32% stake in the Big Three (Robbins, Feist and Miller music publishing companies) for \$4,500,000. There may be intent to package the music and MGM Records adjuncts for possible spinoff via public stock issue.

For the first time in Edward B. Marks Music history (78 years) a non-family executive, Joseph Auslander, became president while Herbert E. Marks, son of the founder, elected to remain on the board.

RKO Gen. Taps Schneier As TV Programming V.P.

Fred Schneier has been hired by RKO General as v.p. of programming for its tv division. The company owns indie stations in New York, Los Angeles and Hartford, Conn., and web affils in Boston and Memphis.

Henry G. Greene, v.p. in charge of the division, said Schneier will be responsible for all group programs and acquisitions as well as production and syndication policies. The post is a new one in the company.

Schneier comes to RKO from Showcorporation where he developed and acquired feature films, sports events and entertainment programs, and also supervised their distribution. Previously he was director of marketing services for General Teleradio and director of sales planning for Mutual Broadcasting.

Yanks

(Continued from page 5)

was said that British actors "swallowed" many sentences or threw lines away as part of legit technique, or British directors were careless about clarity.

Be all that as it may have been. Time has brought a switch. British audiences and British film critics are now complaining that the English spoken, or garbled on the soundtrack of present releases, is impossible to understand. It's all part of the "new realism" apparently. American actors talk like Americans in the street.

Film Theatres Of The World

Paris.

There are 124,233 film theatres round the world, according to recent data. Russia, China and the United States lead in gross numbers, though it is impossible to compare their cinemas as to age, size and state of repair. The Soviets report 24,000 film situations in urban areas, 133,000 (sic) in rural areas. Latter figure lacks precision since a large percentage may be mobile units.

Breaking the figures by continents, the rest go as follows:

Europe

Albania, 90
Austria, 1,050
Belgium, 1,081
Bulgaria, 1,500
Denmark, 411
Finland, 484
Gt. Britain, 1,685
Greece, 832
Holland, 450
Hungary, 981
Ireland, 229
Luxembourg, 52

Malta, 39
Norway, 649
Poland, 1,300
Portugal, 472
East Germany, 368
West Germany, 3,700
Rumania, 462
Switzerland, 635
Sweden, 1,700
Czechoslovakia, 4,000
Turkey, 285
Yugoslavia, 1,473

South America

Argentina, 2,060
Bolivia, 82
Chile, 336
Colombia, 819
Ecuador, 122

Paraguay, 30
Peru, 363
Uruguay, 223
Venezuela, 741

North America

Canada, 1,374
Costa Rica, 136
Cuba, 444
Guatemala, 195
Honduras, 60
Jamaica, 54

Mexico, 1,850
Nicaragua, 85
Panama, 62
Puerto Rico, 150
United States, 14,000
Trinidad, 63

Africa

South Africa, 368
Algeria, 550
Egypt, 384
Ethiopia, 35
Ghana, 71
Kenya, 28
Libya, 60
Madagascar, 21
Mauritania, 38

Morocco, 155
Nigeria, 21
Rhodesia, 40
Senegal, 51
Somalia, 23
Sudan, 49
Tanganyika, 65
Tunisia, 65

Asia

Afghanistan, 20
Cambodia, 18
Ceylon, 312
Korea, 580
Formosa (Taiwan), 668
Hong Kong, 99
India, 4,100
Indonesia, 675
Iran, 447
Iraq, 137

Israel, 237
Japan, 3,602
Jordan, 34
Lebanon, 170
Malaysia, 287
Philippines, 704
Singapore, 62
Syria, 92
Thailand, 230
Vietnam, 153

Arterially Hardy Showfolk

Music giants Robert Stolz, 91, Pablo Casals, 95, and Leopold Stokowski, 90, going strong, latter eyeing his 60th anni in London next June. Igor Stravinsky who died at 88 in April, placed a \$3,500,000 pricetag on his mss., personal papers and memorabilia with an eye to estate tax credit, if donated. Dame Agatha Christie, 80, is author of more than 90 mystery novels including the champ longrunning "The Mousetrap," (19th year in London).

P. G. (for Pelham Grenville) Wodehouse ("Jeeves," etc.), librettist and novelist, marked his 90th natal day on his Long Island estate where his longtime collaborator Guy Bolton, also a naturalized American, also resides.

Artur Rubinstein, the concert piano virtuoso, remains one of the 10 or 15 greatest boxoffice lures in his 80s and Sol Hurok, the impresario, has a new deal going at 83 via the takeover of his Hurok attractions by tomorrow Entertainment (General Electric). And don't forget Arthur Judson, active as a talent manager, in his 90s or Adolph Zukor, who was 99 this week.

Political Barbs

(Continued from page 6)

denigrate, devastate and destroy. That's been true from Disraeli to Churchill. The World War II Minister summed up his opinion of Sir Stafford Cripps, chancellor of the Exchequer: "He has all the virtues I dislike and none of the vices I admire." Later, when Clement Atlee was the Labour Party Prime Minister, he observed: "Atlee is a very modest man—and with reason!"

Of Ramsay MacDonald, Churchill observed that "he possessed the gift of compressing the largest amount of words into the smallest amount of thought."

And after the Labour Party landslide had voted him out of the PM post he remarked with understandable pique, "Why should I accept the Order of the Garter from His Majesty when the people have just given me the order of the boot."

Whoever may be the Boswells for the Britons, the Yank politicians unabashedly payroll gagwriters from radio and tv with the same insouciance as they hire speechwriters.

The professional comic is a sure-fire barometer of a politico's pollcasting by the jokes they tell, or are encouraged to tell. When President Johnson got into hot water the comics found that LBJ jokes got bigger yocks.

In this tv age people laugh at visual gags. They're now howling at Nixon's "Checkers" speech because of the language and his yesterday tv image, now of course considerably improved post-election to the White House. Some of Nixon's closest advisors secretly hope that the Democrats don't buy time and run the "Checkers" speech on television during the 1972 campaign. If they do, Nixon's writers had better be ready with some nifties to switch the laughs.

People love to laugh at politicians. If they have a good reason for laughing at a Presidential candidate they will vote for the candidate who does not look silly. Candidates want to get laughs, as well as votes. They need to tell jokes, but must be ready to switch the jokes so the voters will laugh at their opposition.

The trend is important. The top media messiah, Marshall McLuhan, says: "Humor as a system of communications and as a probe of our environment—of what's really going on—affords us our most appealing anti-environment tool. It does not deal in theory, but in immediate experience, and is often the best guide to changing perceptions."

Some jokes are now making the rounds on Senator Muskie, a front-runner for the Democratic Presidential nomination. The joke getting the most exposure goes: "If Ed Muskie had been Paul Revere he would have ridden out of Boston shouting, 'The British have been here, the British have been here, and I deplore it!' The joke points up Muskie's use of low-key speeches, the fact that he is playing it safe and making no statements that are controversial.

Senator Muskie tries, and oc-

asionally gets off, a good one. On the David Frost show last March Muskie said he asked a farmer how he fed 10 kids with farm prices so low and food prices so high. The farmer, said Muskie, told him that he finds out what his kids don't like and then buys a lot of it.

The anti-Agnew jokes have just about disappeared. Agnew is more popular than the polls show. He and Ted Kennedy are the best joketellers in public office. Best Agnew joke was, "Agnew went on an Easter Egg hunt and shot five eggs."

Nixon has to get the people laughing with him, rather than at him. He can do this only by using professional comedy writers.

There is nothing worse than getting too serious. Even about humor. Philosopher D. H. Monroe has written a serious article on the subject of humor in New Society magazine. He says that laughter restores man's balance on his precarious tightrope trip through life. But the gift of laughter, studied by every great thinker from Freud to McLuhan, defies analysis. Too much study ruins the fun.

The Gagsters

Paul Keyes, of "Laugh-In," wrote for Nixon. Bob Howard, a writer for Bob Hope, also did gags for Nixon. Mort Sahl was hired by Joseph P. Kennedy to write jokes for John F. Kennedy when he was running for President. Pat Buttram, the cowboy comic, writes for Gov. Ronald Reagan. Mrs. Elizabeth Carpenter wrote for LBJ. (While the jokes were great LBJ needed improvement on his delivery). Comic Woody Allen used to write for Bobby Kennedy. So did Senator Ted Kennedy's press secretary, Dick Drayne. Joke writers liked to write for Bobby Kennedy because his delivery was good and he understood the use of humor. Eugene McCarthy had a lot of good joke writers, but he is a poet, not a humorist. His writers quit, said he never used their jokes. Mark Russell, the resident political joke-teller in D.C. (he's a professional comic) writes for many politicians. Many other politicians come to hear his act and steal his jokes. (Sample Russell gag: "A liberal is a person who doesn't mind living next door to a bigot.")

The Barbs

"I'm for Bobby Baker for president. Then everyone will have a lot of money, nobody will know where it came from, and you won't have to pay any taxes on it."

President Johnson once said: "Every American has a chance to be President of the United States. That's just one of the chances he has to take."

President Nixon is really serious about cutting Government spending. The other day he was walking through the White House, saw some people who weren't doing anything, and fired six tourists.

The Government is really worried about recession. They have just hired another 10,000 economists to compile unemployment statistics.

Nixon on Humphrey during the last Presidential campaign: "I don't know why everyone is always picking on Hubert. He hasn't done anything..."

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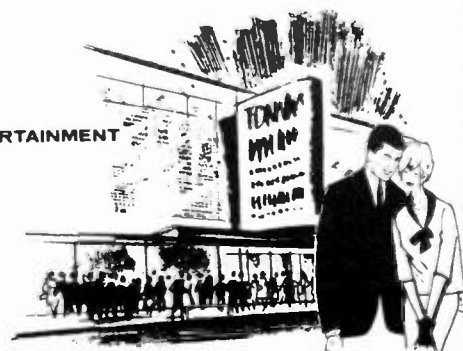
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The New Hollywood

Or, Would You Believe Richard Hipp And Margaret Shinn As 'Romeo And Juliet'?

By NORMAN ZIEROLD

Once upon a time, it was axiomatic that to be Pope or a movie star you had to change your name. Well, the Catholics, for all their current remodeling, maintain some traditions, thank God. Roncalli turned into good Pope John XVIII sans protest. Montini became Paul VI without one moment of dissent. No, not in Rome but in Hollywood has rank heresy taken root.

Jack Lemmon may have loosed the trend years ago. On signing him, Columbia's Harry Cohn wanted also to provide a second baptism, something with happy connotations on the order of Darcy Summers, or Grant Diamond, or even Lennon. Lemmon refused — which no doubt is why he's never made it, riddled though he is with talent.

What's happened recently makes his example seem more baleful than first suspected. Actors in the New Hollywood want to be just plain folk, it seems, to wear faded levis, chomp on hot dogs, and scratch themselves right in public. In apt symbolization of the changing — for which read 'deteriorating' — scene, they now insist on keeping their own names whether grating, grisly, or grotesque. A look at the current Academy Players Directory tells a harrowing tale.

Listed as leading men are actors with handles like Kaz Garas, Alf Kjellin, Paul Silliman, Noam Pitlik, Cecil Sindle, and Albert Popwell! Among the younger leading men are Timothy Bottoms, Alan Braunstein, K.C. Butts, Sam Chew Jr., Gary Crabbe, Richard Hipp, John Longnecker, Roland Loudermilk, Bill Mumy, Mayf Nutter, Cliff Potts, and Peter Ratray. Mon dieu!

Today, there are ingenues willing to face the world as Mary Badham, Lydia Ditsel, Sarah Fankboner, Jennifer Leak, and Barbara Salmon. Listed as leading ladies are Marie Cheatham, Patricia Cutts, Janet de Gore, Elsa Eisenring, Maggie Malooly, Jo Ann Pflug, Flora Plumb, Joanna Shimkus, Margaret Shinn, Susan Silo, Diana Frothingham, Beverly Gill, Arlene Golonka, and Carrie Snodgress!

Tyrone and Olivia

Well, the movie moguls of old would surely have thought it time to split. Anyone used to names so sonorous as Tyrone Power or Olivia de Havilland would needs find Fankboners, Ditsels, and Maloolys a heavy scene.

It should be obvious to the New Hollywood that these poor people can never make it to the top. Shimkus and Snodgress indeed! Or girls called Bisset and Bjuold — who could even pronounce that last one? And here I see Eggar! and Province! and Prowse! and Hackett! Terrible sounding to begin with and all too close to racket, and souse, and bovine, and beggar!

What are they thinking of? Lydia Ditsel and Timothy Bottoms in Wuthering Heights? Richard Hipp and Margaret Shinn as Romeo and Juliet? Flora Plumb and Albert Popwell in Mayerling? Roland Loudermilk and Diana Frothingham in . . . but that way lies madness.

Fortunately, I took another look at the directory. What I found at second glance was very reassuring. There, listed among leading men, were Drake Fulton, Tye Lamont, Brick Huston, Lane Paul, and Yale Summers. Among the younger leading men appeared Chris Beaumont, Randy Craig, Kiel Martin, Jade McCall, and Wink Roberts.

Now those names have the old-time clout!

And The Femmes!

There were leading ladies, too, with patronyms that tripped joyously from the tongue, like Dawne Arden, Tracy Ashton, and Robin Blake. And ingenues called Candy Brown, Sydney Daniels, Skye Aubrey, Tandy Cronyn, and best of all, Bonnie Shore.

These people are going to make it, mark my words.

Those names sing. They suggest glamour and happy thoughts. Even

an amateur psychologist knows filmgoers shy away from negative connotations like 'dun' or 'welch' — who likes to be dunned, or have someone welch on a bet? That's undoubtedly why Faye Dunaway and Raquel Welch have never made it, pretty as they are. And y'know something? I don't think they ever will unless and until they change those unfortunate names! I mean, really!

Utah Prison

(Continued from page 5)

again became the focus point for all eyes.

A picture being made in prison is a unique experience for the prisoners. They see new faces, hear fresh conversation, and best of all, the producers stipulated that all inmates would have a chance to earn a few bucks — and they did. Some earned a great deal more than others, but no grumbling was heard among the less fortunate.

When the filmmakers left there was more bread in the joint than there had been for years.

Director Tom Gries handed out some nice parts to the cons. Speaking parts, for which they were paid union scale. One prisoner, filling in for a missing stuntman, leaped 40 feet in a suicide scene that brought him a piece of real money, plus the glory of being a big shot in the joint. Technically, he now has joined a tough but well paying profession.

Other prisoners worked as coordinators, tailors, food dispensers, and "gophers." One sang a song. Gries turned out to be a hip dude, as did most of the crew of 47 actors and technicians.

After a day or two, with tensions no longer felt, Gries, Vic Morrow, Bob Alda, Tracy Wynn, Jules Brenner, Mike Moder, and all the rest came to the gym. They played handball and shot baskets. At meal time they jumped in the chow line, eating with the Main-liners. What's more, coproducers Bob Christianson and Rick Rosenberg paid to have a caterer from Salt Lake City come three different times with excellent meals to treat the Main-line.

'No Hostages' Briefing

This could be called a real switch because on the first day, before coming inside, they were officially briefed. They were informed that should trouble develop, and anyone held hostage, there would be no compromise for their release. The speaker didn't intimate that the company was in danger, nor did he assure them that they were not.

Mingling among the professionals one soon discovered that they are not only hardworking guys, but sensitive ones as well. A fairly accurate cross-section of what is often referred to as the silent majority. But one sensed their misgivings about rehabilitation.

While a nice chunk of the 400G spent by Tomorrow Entertainment went into the pockets of the prisoners, and officials permitted the inmates to work whenever offered the chance, the violence that was recorded left a sour taste in the minds of many. It will hardly do more to thousands of other cons and ex-cons.

'Depraved Situations'

For the umpteenth time they see themselves in a series of depraved situations. Too often society forms its opinions after seeing pictures such as this. While what takes place may touch lightly on the truth, prison inmates in general hardly measure down to the scriptwriters' concept.

What's wholly as sad is to know that this is what the public demands as entertainment. One cannot blame filmmakers for giving them what they want. But someday a story will be filmed in prison showing that the life of the average prisoner holds less excitement than one finds on Saturday night at the corner bar.

Having a picture filmed in pri-

son upsets the daily schedule of nearly all inmates. Meals are gulped, work schedules ignored, and students fail to show up for school classes. Even the hacks (guards) run in circles.

What happens when the picture is finished and the actors quietly move out? Not much. The long hallway will again reverberate to the sound of heavy boots, and individuals will loudly pass judgment on whether or not the violence of the picture measured up to their standards. But in general the inmates will quietly discuss the events that rearranged their lives for a short time.

They will wait patiently for the first week in February to view the CBS Friday Night Movie. Then they can judge for themselves just how good or bad they were as actors.

AMERICA SNEEZES, FOREIGN SHOWMEN DOWN WITH A COLD

By JACK PITMAN

London.

The metaphoric cliché around the global money centres has it that when America sneezes the rest of the world comes down with a cold. The film business analogy is that when Hollywood's in the dumps (like now), then London, Paris, Rome, etc., are also in trouble. More or less, anyhow.

Hence, a recap on British film-dom over the past year has to reckon again with the American trade's still-depressed condition. Especially so because of the locals' longtime dependency on Hollywood that in many ways, real and symbolic, saw London as Hollywood-on-Thames.

Thus, when the Americans retreated, British craft employment suffered more than the French and Italian. Craft employment remains one of the nervous signs here because it's still way off. Some shakeout seems inevitable. Another nervous sign is the continuing slippage in theatre admissions (the head count, that is, not the b.o., which remains steady thanks to price tilts).

On the production side, Yank major company activity here is still comparatively slight, though independent filming (American International, Palomar, etc.) has taken up some of the slack, and the drift looks to continue. Domestic filming, importantly, may be snapping back. At the moment, credit chiefly (a) the well-oiled Hammer shock-horror assembly line, and (b) mucho raiding of the British television schedules for hit material, a lot of which has proved hot stuff in theatrical form — here, anyhow, and in some offshore markets as well. Also, count in those Rank "Carry On" comedies — still flowing to market profitably, and latterly even getting pickups in the States.

That, by the way — the Yank market — could be crucial re the future health of British film-dom, as evidenced by the fact that Anglo-EMI recently bowed a Manhattan sales operation. For the local outfits, those upfront distrib guarantees from America are sweet irrespective of subsequent boxoffice in U.S.-Canada playoff. Thus, Anglo-EMI reckons the guarantee coin alone as a "good deal."

Mark, too, some prospectively hopeful developments of late via corporate merger. Star Associated took over British Lion, notable because it weds a sizable circuit (Star's) to a production major. Intratrade it's looked to pep up British Lion's filming activity. But also, and importantly, it augurs the perennial dream here of an industry "third force" bucking entrenched Rank and EMI, with their circuit clout re film bookings, playoff patterns, etc.

Same holds with respect to Tigon's (indie filmery) acquisition of the Classic circuit, and latterly reports that it may be picking up the smaller Essoldo chain as well. Tigon and Star, both fortified, could in time start to crowd the bigger chains. It could shake up the whole pattern of traditional film release in Britain.

'Middle Man' Confessional

(Continued from page 6)

writer, as my guest for dinner at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. I had also included a Hollywood agent, Gordon Molson, and Jessica had asked me if she could bring along her husband. I proceeded to tell the Ryans about my failure to recognize Olivia de Havilland, and then said to Mr. Ryan, "You see, for all I know, you are Clark Gable." Molson kicked me in the shin. Jessica Ryan's husband was the well-known actor, Robert Ryan.

I once had an appointment with Morris West to see Jack Warner, then head of Warner Bros. Films. There stood Mr. Warner surrounded by three henchmen. Mr. West was introduced. So was I. Mr. Warner came forward, his hand outstretched, saying, "I know Paul. Paul is an agent. He is a good agent. He is better than a Russian agent. Ha ha ha."

With Bennett Cerf . . . I had some fun although my accomplishment was nil. Random House was publishing a book of ours, "The Last 100 Days" by John Toland. This book, dealing with the end of the Second World War, was in competition with a book by Cornelius Ryan on the fall of Berlin published by Simon & Schuster. I had been yipping to Cerf for more advertising of the Toland, yipping without much success. To get the Toland book publicity in the book trade . . . I personally wrote a news release for the trade journal, "Publisher's Weekly." In this release I mentioned the competition between the two books, how Random House was "pouring money" into the Toland book. Cerf wrote me a note saying:

"You don't think we are advertising the Toland sufficiently. The enclosed clipping from 'Publisher's Weekly' says that we are 'pouring money' into the Toland book."

With pleasure I replied: "Yes, dear Bennett, I wrote every word of the 'Publisher's Weekly' news item. I hope my statement of your 'pouring money' into the Toland book is true." Bennett never answered my letter.

"I wish editors would laugh at themselves more often when they reject something. I once offered William Bigelow, the editor of 'Good Housekeeping,' a love story in which there was a snake which frightened the heroine. Bigelow declined the story explaining that 'Good Housekeeping' had the largest circulation among pregnant women of any magazine in the country, and that pregnant women could not read about a snake with safety. This was as good a reason as any other for rejecting the story."

Handling regular clients has occupied most of my time during the last 40 years but still I have always been on the lookout for a big book, a one-shot, which might be extremely valuable. In 1958 Ed Anthony suggested that Sam Rayburn's memoirs might be exciting . . . At 7 p.m. on the appointed day I turned up at Rayburn's modest apartment in Washington. At around half past nine Rayburn turned to me and asked, "Mr. Reynolds, what are you going to pay me for my memoirs?" Rayburn apparently was unaware that I was a literary agent, and not a publisher. "Mr. Rayburn, I think the minimum guarantee would be no less than \$25,000, and with a magazine sale perhaps the total amount guaranteed would be as high as \$100,000." Rayburn responded quickly. "Mr. Reynolds, I will not write a word. I will not approve a word. I will not collaborate or cooperate with anyone for less than \$500,000." This was the kind of money that a Churchill or an Eisenhower or a Truman could obtain, but was out of the question for any lesser political figure. Rayburn never wrote his memoirs. Perhaps he never meant to anyway. The dinner lingers in my mind as memorable but frustrating. . . .

"What did I learn in those early years? I have developed a few minor conclusions. It is better to close a deal in the middle of a week. Mondays editors are apt

to be irritable. Friday afternoon is always bad; the editor is in a hurry to get away for the weekend and gives you scant consideration. Moreover whatever an editor says on a Friday afternoon may be subject to reservations as he thinks about the matter at his home on Saturday and Sunday.

"A bestseller not only earns for an author enormous sums of money but gives him a prestige and an entree to exclusive circles. William Shirer was invited by President Johnson to a party in honor of the German Chancellor Dr. Konrad Adenauer. While Shirer was standing on the White House lawn a stranger came up to him and said, 'You are William Shirer. I know why the President invited you. You are here because you wrote 'The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich' . . . Do you know why I was invited?' Shirer admitted he didn't. 'I am here,' the stranger continued, 'because my pappy delivered Lady Bird'."

TV Credibility

(Continued from page 5)

abouts on the night of the crime? "I didn't have time to. It meant going out to her aunt's house on Staten Island, and so I said hell with it."

"What about Logan's business partner?"

"We asked the West Coast police to check out his alibi. They never replied to our query."

"Any women in his life?"

"There was a Miss Fan Fan L. Tulipe who danced at the Pin Gypsy. Kelly was supposed to find out her connection with the victim, but he was suspended last week during the graft scandal in the 12th Precinct."

"From what you've told me, you seem to have done a thorough enough job. I guess we'll put this down as an unsolved murder. I've spent all our time on one murder, we'd never get anything done around here."

"I was hoping you'd say that, Chief. The case was really becoming a drag."

Ditto, Hospital Shows

The hospital shows aren't much better at telling the truth about what happens in a large medical centre:

"Dr. Edwards, come in please."

"Yes sir, Dr. Fauntleroy, you asked to see me?"

"I was curious about that little old lady who almost died in Room 506. They say you forgot to replace her oxygen bottle."

"So I made a mistake. One lousy error and you're going to wash me out?"

"It wasn't just the little old lady in Room 506, Edwards. I was thinking of the man in the emergency ward the other night — the one whose leg you amputated after the automobile accident."

"What was wrong with that? Dr. Peters said it was one of the best operations he had ever seen."

"It was, except you cut off the wrong leg."

"So that's why it took him so long to recover."

"Dr. Edwards, you're an intern, a good intern, but you have to stop making so many mistakes. Now what I've called you in about is that I've heard through the grapevine that you left an instrument in Mr. Cummings' stomach this afternoon."

"But I remembered it as I was washing up and made them bring him back."

"Edwards, you're young and you're impetuous and you're careless. But I'm going to recommend that you be kept on. Do you know why?"

"You owe my father a favor?"

"No, it's deeper than that. You look like a doctor and that to me is very important. Most of the men trying to be doctors these days have long hair and beards. But you know how to dress and give the hospital a lot of class. Keep your hair short, Edwards, and you'll have a job here for life."

Films Can Incite

(Continued from page 28)

whereby two faceless men who remained hidden from view detached themselves deliberately from reality to discuss the Frank Borzage film, "Seventh Heaven," weighing the merits of the silent version in which Oscar-winner Janet Gaynor shared star billing with Charles Farrell against the talkie with Simone Simon, Jimmy Stewart and the late Mady Christians. The subject matter had no relevance to them. Yet, the two were moving towards a destination where all of us expected the worst to happen.

Marcel Proust has stated that completely unrelated physical and physiological events; a certain smell, touch and texture, can trigger momentous memories into action. Such excursions into the past often are being replaced by static images from films viewed in ygone years. I personally have washed events, names, locales, and tragic happenings into my subconsciousness, but remember movies I have seen 30 and 40 years ago, not with nostalgia but rather with a sense of reality.

When Molly Picon's Polish-made film of 1937, "Yiddel Mit Dem Iddle," came to us in Germany in private screenings, at a time when we were sealed off from regular theatrical and filmic events, the unsophisticated rather primitive film had a soothing effect on those who had almost given up any hope for survival.

The screen continues to exercise a almost hypnotic spell on the quilibrium of hundreds of millions of viewers everywhere, anyone. Lenin shrewdly recognized the cinema's power over the mind of the masses as early as 1918. Soviet film directors reiterated the thesis of Greek antiquity that the theatre must point up a moral; Eisenstein and Pudovkin choose to explain life in terms of the class struggle. Nazi Germany followed to utilize the magnetism of the cinema for the sake of total indoctrination. To the masters of the Third Reich, a motion picture was propaganda weapon deadlier than machinegun.

While 15-year-olds were drafted into the Wehrmacht, film personalities were deferred throughout the Greater Reich from service in the armed forces and continued to

enjoy their exclusive status as being irreplaceable. Motion pictures, such as Veit Harlan's "Jud Süss" and the cunningly edited semi-documentary, "The Eternal Jew," probably contributed more to the mass extermination of Jews than the radio voices of Hitler, Goebbels, Goering and Himmler combined. People streamed out of the movie house as a solid lynch mob to look for immediate victims.

"Oehm Krueger," in which Emil Jannings portrayed the Boer leader of 70 years ago, created an insane hatred of England and the Anglo-Saxon race. "Kolberg" stiffened the resistance of the German army and homeguards at the last moment. The screen conjured up a glorious past to make the citizenry of the Reich endure the presence with never ceasing fanaticism.

The screen is the most persuasive medium mankind has ever known. People not only believe what they see in a motion picture theatre, they often are eager to follow the example set by their favorites. When Anatole Litvak's "Mayerling" opened in Paris in 1936, the premiere was followed by a double suicide of a young couple who couldn't get married leaving a note that they were acting in the spirit of Crown Prince Rudolph (Charles Boyer) and Maria Vetsera (Danielle Darrieux) to seek fulfilment of their love in death.

Set Kaycee Directors; Executives In And Out

Kansas City.

Motion Picture Assn. here at its annual meeting elected four new directors, Scott Dickinson, vice president Dickinson circuit; Russell Beckner, district manager, American Multi Cinema; Daniel Smart, district manager, Commonwealth Theatres; John Shipp, independent distributor, formerly with MGM here.

They fill terms vacated by Earl Douglas and Darrell Manes, Commonwealth; Glen Dickinson, Dickinson Theatres; Chester Francis, Coca-Cola. The board will meet in January and elect officers from within its own numbers.

Industry changes noted at the meeting include Ray Habeez in from Detroit as new Paramount branch manager; Harold Hume to Commonwealth booking department, after retiring after 40 years with Fox Midwest; closing of the Trail Theatre, Olathe, for remodeling by Dickinson circuit; Paul Rice, former Par branch manager resigned to go into indie distribution; Mrs. Mary Hayslip, Thomas Films booker, out of the hospital but with casts on both ankles, the result of a tumble down stairs at home.

Tehran, A New Mecca For Tourists, Offers A Bazaar Of Luxury Hotels

Tehran.

Tehran is the only city east of Bangkok with three high rise hotels each owned or operated by one of the three international chains—Hilton, Sheraton and Intercontinental.

The Royal Tehran Hilton, the Arya-Sheraton Hotel and the Tehran Intercontinental all combine native decor with Yank-styled operation, each has its bazaar array of lobby boutiques and all offer temporary residents a conglomerate mixture of Persian-American-international cuisine and late hour diversion. Coincidentally, cellar or sky late spots all feature Italian combos. More important, behind all three lies a heavy outlay of local capital.

Hilton is the pioneer in Persia. George Fillipides opened the Royal Tehran Hilton in 1963 in a joint management operation with the Pahlavi Foundation—the royal family's charitable and investment organization of tremendous financial leverage which contributed the terrain and footed construction costs. The high rise inn faces the Alborz Mts. on one side and towers above the city on the other.

According to Fillipides, Greek-born general manager, who returned this year from his desk in the Cyprus Hilton, the early years were one running nightmare. With only a handful of staff experts,

Fillipides has to organize his own school to train personnel in hotel basics as well as to develop some bi-lingualism and restaurant savoir faire. Since 1963, the start of Iran's boom development, the Royal Tehran has become the social, political and business oasis on the fringe of the teaming capital city. Sign of growth is the near completion of an adjacent annex, twin in size and shape that will more than double capacity with an additional 315 rooms when it inaugurates next year.

Iran is not quite the Middle East and not quite the Orient but a bridge between the two. Not surprising, therefore, that an Israeli company, Solel Bone, is credited for construction of Hilton's new and old 17-story building and for renovated expansion of the giant Hilton ballroom in record time.

Ballroom deadline coincided with arrival of some 30 heads of state for three-to-five day stays at the Hilton after participating at ceremonies marking Persia's 2,500th birthday at the Persepolis.

While there is more than enough tourist and travel trade to restrain the competitive instincts of the big hotel chains, Fillipides said there is a keen contest for help. Of the original 500 Hilton trained employees, he said many are now managing smaller hotels or holding

(Continued on page 65)

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Ringling Circus' World

(Continued from page 5)

from the Ringling family, there was only one unit. Today there are two which will play a total of 92 out of a possible 104 weeks. Every time a new kingsized auditorium or arena opens, and the openings are many these days, Ringling officials are besieged to add the new installation to its route.

Some of the new spots the circus will play are Savannah, Richmond, Tucson, Indianapolis, New Haven, Springfield, Mass. and Garden City, L.I., N.Y. In the latter spot, Feld revealed will have a new full two-week engagement starting Oct. 31 and winding Nov. 13 at the new Coliseum being built there.

Thus, the New York area will have 11 weeks of the circus, starting with a new show by the Blue Unit of a nine-week stand at Madison Square Garden, N.Y., March 28.

Third Unit Likely

Feld noted, however, that in order to play the new stands, he has to give up profitable time in other arenas. Thus, it's believed that a third domestic unit will be inevitable within a year or two. At the same time, Feld is considering the formation of an international unit to be built primarily for tours in the Orient and South America. This unit may play Europe. However, he noted, that many of the acts imported by Ringling come from Europe, thus, they'd be shipping back some of their original talent.

In addition, the new routing also calls for a record number of weeks to be played in Canada. Dates are set for Vancouver, Winnipeg, Toronto, Kitchener, Ottawa and the following year in Montreal.

Broader Scope

What is more, according to Feld, the scope of the circus is expanding so that its audiences are constantly enlarged. Feld points out that the circus is now one of the few remaining types of entertainment which can be seen by the entire family at the same time. This one facet, he believes, has enlarged the domestic audiences for the circus considerably.

Just as Feld has opened up the Iron Curtain countries for the export of talent, he now hopes to being able to be the first American impresario to present acts from China on a large scale. Feld intends to go to China as soon as it becomes possible. He points out that China, before the 1948 revolution, used to export some excellent contortion and balancing acts. He'll be on the lookout for whatever new talent the Chinese can contribute.

Feld is already the largest buyer of acts from behind the Iron Curtain and together with his aide and son, Kenneth Feld, has been making annual trips to Poland, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Albania, etc. and has been successful in infusing new interest in the Big Top with new talent.

Best Year Yet

In fact, Feld reports that 1971 was the best year ever for the circus, with grosses up throughout its run. However, he declined to report figures since the Ringling Circus is now part of the Mattel Toy Corp., and the subsidiary's income is listed in one lump sum with that of its parent. Although earnings of Mattel Toys declined during the past year, the circus has contributed a greater share of the company's overall revenues, according to Feld.

This year, when the Blue Unit opens at Madison Square Garden March 28, there will be 25 new acts and five new production numbers. There will be 22 countries represented on the talent roster including one aerial act which will do a highwire teeterboard turn culminating in a three-high. He has also acquired a noted European lion act, Pablo Noel, from the Castilia Circus. The Circus will comprise 102 performers of which nearly all will be new to New York.

Expansion Era

Admittedly, the circus entered its greatest era of expansion in 1955 when it switched from canvas to hardtop arenas. Thus, the show was able to play most of the year. Winter, which was largely spent at its Florida quarters, is now one of the more active periods for the circus. The Blue Unit, for example, will play 48 weeks this year. It needs four weeks to rehearse a

new show and to refurbish equipment.

The Red Unit will play 44 weeks of the year. Not only has playing time been extended, but the larger seating capacities of the hardtops has materially increased grosses.

What's more, Feld believes that unlike some of the circuses of the past, he has to develop and maintain good relations in the community in which the circus plays. Thus, he hires as many local people as he can. There are local musicians, publicity people, food purveyors and others who get a huge chunk of business everytime the circus comes to town.

What's more, Feld says, the circus performer is more serious than most other varieties of talent. Even when doing three or four shows a day, they still find time to rehearse. This type of performer, Feld believes, is the genre that maintains an excellent image for the big top.

Expansion vistas for the circus, Feld says, are unlimited. One of these is television. The circus has its own special on NBC-TV which shows top acts for 54 minutes. The circus itself lasts for three hours, thus the special is a trailer for the live show, he believes, and it contributes to the overall boxoffice.

Even the European performers, who initially resented discarding about 18 minutes of their original act to compress the top moments into a four or five minute routine, find that they like the new mode of circus presentation. Of course, once they go back to their European single ring environs, they need the longer act, but they do learn to appreciate the American modus operandi.

American tastes are for fast and varied acts. The public wants the current Ringling mode of presentation and the excitement that goes with it. It takes worldwide talent to present this kind of show and it looks like the Felds, Irvin, Kenneth, and Irvin's brother Israel, the executive veepee and treasurer, will provide that kind of entertainment for as long as they're in charge of the World's Greatest Show.

Blockhaus Bugaloo

(Continued from page 5)

bunkers remind them of France's worst hours of defeat and suffering.

Leave it to the new generation to find them handsome and useful. In Le Havre youngsters turned the blockhaus on the Blvd. de Strasbourg into a psychedelic arena that keeps the decibels inside so that they don't annoy the neighbors. Le Blockhaus is a discoclick.

Collegians and coeds in Arromanches dance and carry on behind 21 feet of solid concrete in a blockhaus nightclub named Le Gallion. "Come to a surprise party in what's left of the Atlantic Wall," they advertise.

Even the official tourist office in St. Nazaire has opened a bunker-terrace-panorama cafe atop a former Nazi submarine base. Fishermen get to use the base for their boats and other pleasures.

Young people in the Paris suburb of St. Germain-en-Laye would like to take over the concrete cube that was bunker headquarters for Field Marshal Rommel. City fathers were about to dynamite it after the war when experts pointed out that the chateau would blow up with it. So the bunker was hidden under ivy vines and is still as good as new.

Blockhouses are still lined up like Nazis on review atop the Caux plateau facing England. But they are falling one by one as the dusty cliffs crumble under their weight. Children and lovers are warned not to play in them.

A romantic pair snuggling inside one of them recently got the feeling during their first kiss that they were falling through space. The feeling was correct. The blockhaus dropped 250 feet to the sands below, but they weren't hurt because the structure was so strong.

Nazi fortifications from the Atlantic Wall to the Maginot Line are now called home by hobos, hippies and other squatters. A fellow who stopped overnight in a blockhaus at Sables d'Olonne found enough

war souvenirs to open a museum that pays him a fair living.

Of all the concrete monsters built by Nazi invaders during the French occupation, the best known is the Paris blockhaus on the Rue de la Perouse, just down the block from the Arc de Triomphe.

Last year the property was bought by a bank for a new office building. Specialists and wrecking crews were promised bonuses to remove the blockhaus and failed. The only thing they destroyed was the neighbors' nerves and property.

When nearby residents got out their guns and threatened to start shooting, police halted the wrecking crews. Two months of perpetual destruction had produced only one hole in the blockhaus.

So the bank decided that nothing could be safer for their headquarters than the blockhaus that is there now.

MGM-Ster's 26 New S. Afr. Deluxers

Capetown.

The newly merged company between MGM and Film Trust (Pty) Ltd. of Johannesburg, known as MGM/Film Trust Theatres (Pty), which will control all theatres owned by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in the Republic, started their expansion program by including a new cinema in an office and shopping complex being built at Goodwood, a suburb of Capetown.

Built on the most modern lines with 3-channel Bayer U3 projectors and Siemens sound, this 800-seater has opened with the premiere of "Linde," a South African production released by MGM.

The company's development program will include 26 new luxury first-run cinemas in the main centres of the Republic.

Ster Films renovated the Pinewood Theatre, Pinelands, a suburb of Capetown, furnished the auditorium with 700 of the latest in comfortable South African-made seats, orange ceiling-to-floor curtains, carpeted floors and walls, a new 53-ft by 22-ft screen, and Bauer projectors.

The theatre was officially opened by the Mayor of Pinelands, A. C. van Reenen, when "Waterloo" was premed to a VIP audience followed by a champagne supper.

Graham English, managing director of Ster, and the chairman, Servaas Hofmeyr, flew in from Johannesburg for the opening and received the guests.

Long John Nebel

(Continued from page 6)

insurance) has been a prolific revisor on the Nebel show. Teller roundrobin Roy Cohn, Stiller & Meara, Sy Oliver, Phil Moore, comedy writer Bob Orben and others who have done frequent stints with the talk show pioneer.

Incidentally, just releasing, via Fog Hill Records, is an album titled Long John Nebel, Phil Moore Four & Friends (Bud Johnson), Milt Hinton, Carl Terry) in a then & now song reprise with Nebel "doing road company Walter Huston with my trick voice," as he puts it.

After some eight years on WOR New York the then NBC president Robert E. Kintner, who was a long-time Nebel fan, signed him for his local radio station. When Nebel was convalescing from his cancer operation he did some of his shows from bedside, both in Columbus Hospital (N.Y.) and home.

Dunne On WB-Baker Tale

Dominick Dunne, currently co-producing "Play It As It Lays" with Frank Perry for Universal, goes WB to produce "Pocock and Pitt," pic version of Elliott Baker's new novel. Author will script as he did his earlier novel, "A Fine Madness," for WB.

Dunne will thus be reunited with WB senior exec veepee Richard D. Zanuck who was 20th-Fox president when Dunne made "Panic in Needle Park" there.

'70s Themes In 1930s Musicals

(Continued from page 6)

Broadway musical of the '30s, "Strike Up the Band," with a George S. Kaufman-Morrie Ryskind book and a Gershwin brothers score. In a way, its satirical, cynical tone set the mood for the entire decade.

Currently, we've been having a N.Y. State investigation of New York City and a N.Y. City investigation of N.Y. State, and there's been a special probe of the city's Police Dept. Remember "Face The Music," a Moss Hart-Irving Berlin collaboration that came along early in 1932? That one was all about a commission investigating scandals in the city administration, particularly the graft-riddled Police Dept. The cops, in fact, are the only ones in town with any money so, when the heat is on, they try to get rid of the loot in the one sure way—by backing a Broadway musical.

This is a Presidential election year. Forty years ago, during a previous Presidential election year, the "Strike Up The Band" authors were responsible for another burlesque, "Of Thee I Sing." Here they took satirical potshots at underhanded backroom deals, the office of the vice presidency, the show business trimmings of political rallies, and the way candidates are sold to the voters. How much has really changed today?

Worried about strongmen taking over the Government? Do you fear for our democratic liberties and institutions? There you have a choice. "Let 'Em Eat Cake," a sequel to "Of Thee I Sing," and "Knickerbocker Holiday" (by Maxwell Anderson and Kurt Weill) both dealt with the timeless issue of freedom versus dictatorship, the first with a satirical slant, the second a bit more philosophically.

Even Atom Bombs

The possibility of nuclear warfare can never be dismissed. In 1937, "Hooray For What!," with a book by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse and a score by E.Y. Harburg and Harold Arlen, showed how the world could be saved from nuclear destruction by turning a lethal gas into a laughing gas. Don't laugh. Only recently, sociologist Kenneth Clark proposed that the leading statesmen of the world be given special drugs to curb their possibly belligerent natures.

Not only many musicals but many songs and sketches from the '30s revues are still pertinent. A song for peace? For its first act finale, the 1934 "Ziegfeld Follies" offered the stirring plea of the slain unknown soldier that mankind no longer march to the beat of the drum but "To the Beat of My Heart." Yip Harburg and Sam Pocrass wrote that one. Is your concern about poverty in the land? "New Americana," a 1932 revue, gave up "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" (Harburg again, this time with composer Jay Gorney), and "Calling All Stars" came up with "Straw Hat in the Rain" (by Lew Brown and Harry Akst). Both were emotional entreaties for the "haves" to help the "have-nots."

How about the law-and-order theme? In "Pins and Needles," Harold Rome spoofed J. Edgar Hoover in "When I Grow Up" ("Gee, but I'd like to be a G-Man, and go bang-bang-bang-bang!"). Or a number about pornographic literature? For "Life Begins at 8:40," Harburg and Arlen created a "Quartet Erotica" in which Rabalais, DeMupassant, Boccaccio, and Balzac lamented their fall from favor as masters of salacity. Narcotics, anyone? The 1932 revue, "Flying Colors" offered—courtesy of Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz — "Smokin' Reefers," which described the weed as "the stuff that dreams are made of."

Black Theme

The oppression of the black man has never ceased being a national concern. In "Strike Me Pink," Lew Brown and Ray Henderson penned a moving ballad of a chain gang prisoner yearning to escape the white man's injustice once he is

free to return "Home to Harlem." Even more memorable was the threnody, "Supper Time" in "A Thousands Cheer." In this impassioned piece, Irving Berlin gave Ethel Waters the anguished lamer of a woman whose husband has been lynched. The same revue also offered a number about the U.S. going off the gold standard with the concomitant devaluation of the dollar. "Uncle Sam will be in Heaven when the Dollar goes to Hell" (originally sung by Hele Broderick as the Statue of Liberty could well become John Connally theme song).

Many of the revue songs of the '30s, dealt with matters directly affecting New York City. In the opening scene of the Dietz & Schwartz "Second Little Show," the city not merely breaks away from the state, it goes the whole hog and breaks away from the United States. Even "Battlin' Bella" (Congresswoman Abzug hasn't gone that far so far. "Life Begins at 8:40" had a scene depicting all the wonders that the mayor is trying to accomplish in beautifying the city, including gondolas ferrying passengers to Staten Island.

But in the 1939 musical, "Too Many Girls," Rodgers & Hammer tackled head-on the decline of the city in "Give It Back to the Indians," enumerating such still-with-us problems as the carnival atmosphere along Broadway, traffic congestion, the increased cost of cigarettes, the sagging stock market, the lack of support for cultural endeavors—even effeminate clothes for men!

George Seaton

(Continued from page 5)

rary Williamsburg portrayed the colonials, but since there were not enough to play all the roles, Seaton also used patients from Easter State Hospital. In appreciation for their assistance, the premiere of "Williamsburg" was held at the hospital in the spring of 1957.

While the average number of times an ordinary commercial film print may be shown is 370, the average print of "Williamsburg" shown 1,500 times, with some prints still in good condition after 2,000 showings. After each run, the print is rewound by hand and simultaneously cleaned. The carbon projectors are also cleaned after each showing and certain parts greased so that they are dust and carbon free.

During off seasons only one theatre is used, showing the film six or seven times a day. In moderately busy seasons the twin theatres show the films alternately. In peak seasons, such as summer time, both theatres show the film up to nine times a day. As a result, several weeks ago, there had been 122,495 showings to a total audience of 11,904,903 people.

The soundtrack is in six-track magnetic stereo, with speakers located all around the specially designed 250-seat theatres in which each aisle of seats is separate from the others with drapes.

Special earphones are provided for those who desire to hear the dialog in any of six non-English languages, as well as for those with hearing problems.

No-Apartheid

(Continued from page 5)

visitors, nor the Playboy magazine that can't be bought back home nor the novelty of mixing in a multiracial, non-apartheid hotel.

David Lewis, chairman of the flourishing and expanding Holiday Inns circuit, has embarked on a top echelon cabaret policy, with emphasis on international names.

The plan to convert the Royal Swazi Spa into an African Las Vegas has distinct possibilities. Mbabane is less than half a day's drive from Johannesburg, passport formalities are minimal, and weather is kind to golfing and swimming fraternities.

Hindsight On Film Hits

(Continued from page 7)

They're still nervous over there and Ross Hunter is at another studio.

Billy Wilder would wince everytime I mentioned "Ace In The Hole" as one of his really great pictures. "No one went to see it," he said. At least he didn't use that crass word money, but he certainly doubted his own reasons for making it. But, is it a flop? Well, it's not a hit according to the Bank.

There was a time the Mirisches were sure. They were making two pictures. One was a remake of "The Children's Hour" with Shirley MacLaine, Audrey Hepburn and James Garner. That they knew was a sure hit. The other, a musical with mostly unknowns; that might or might not go. Even Jerome Robbins was out of the picture and the direction taken over by Robert Wise. Of course, it was "West Side Story" and made a fortune. The Mirisches now say they can't recall ever having any doubts about "West Side Story." Like United Artists never had any doubts about "Midnight Cowboy."

Didn't Love 'Love Story' How many directors turned down "Love Story"? Paramount, after making so many sure fire "Hits" like "Clear Day," "Paint Your Wagon," etc., was on the floor so they offered people the most favorable deal possible. Yet few of those who rejected the novel will admit this now. One of my friends, when I remembered his turn down, said, "Why do you bring that up—don't I have enough trouble without that?"

At the Monday night screening in the Columbia New York projection room, a friend asked Abe Schneider if he could smell a hit. His answer was precise: "Yes. Look around you. Most of the time I can't get anybody to see the picture. Tonight there's not a seat available—it's a hit." It was "Butterfield 8" and for some reason the audience was there. Yet Elizabeth Taylor didn't want to do it.

Why was "Funny Girl" a hit and not "Hello Dolly"? Oh, everyone can tell you now. But before it was made? 20th was always being bailed out by the surprise hit, beginning with "The Robe" in Cinemascope to "The Longest Day" to the biggest bailout of all time, "The Sound Of Music." It

gave them so much confidence they immediately duplicated almost all of the ingredients and spent another fortune. The picture was called "Star," and why remind anyone of that?

Sholem Aleichem wrote a story called "Blessings" (which is as close a translation as I can get). This poor soul, a Tevye character, talks about his blessings, how he is blessed with four sons and four daughters. Each one of his sons is a genius in one field or another, but so far luck hasn't been with any of them so they're living with him. The daughters, equally fortunate, have married men, blessed in every way, with every character and mental quality one could possess, but until something works they all live together. Unfortunately, the last child married a gross butcher. However, he makes a lot of money and he supports the whole family.

So it is with the hit. Great picture after great picture keeps biting the dust and the unknown sleeper saves the studio. "Wildard," "Shaft," and now the "French Connection." Butchers all.

Bless The Guess

When Stanley Kramer bought "Bless the Beasts and Children" he thought he had the makings of a possible hit. When I handed him my finished screenplay any

doubts he had were eradicated. The casting strengthened his conviction and when the picture was previewed we danced with joy. At its Invitational Premiere in New York City, dignitaries and famous authors told us we had a masterpiece. It opened in Denver, Colorado, 12 weeks ago, where as of this date it is still playing. The critic there called it "Kramer's haunting film, beautifully adapted to the screen by Mac Benoff." Arthur Knight, the distinguished scholar of the movies and reviewer, said in the Saturday Review that Stanley Kramer comes off as a far better director than in any of his pictures since the "Defiant Ones," the difference being in the script by Mac Benoff.

The first trades were gems for me and Stanley. Visions of Academy Award nominations. Then came the divided opinion. As of now the reviews are so mixed they would make a schizophrenic out of Little Mary Sunshine, and business has been comparable. I don't feel any different about what I think is an excellent film, but if the money doesn't roll in I suppose we'll get less invitations to cocktail parties and we'll begin to wonder—what did we do wrong?

Writers always play the game "If I came to you and said I want to make a picture about a fag who's in love with another fag and a straight girl at the same time and the older fag spends ten minutes at a bar mitzvah which doesn't explain anything, would you make the picture?" And everybody howls.

Argentina Gains Full Control Over B.O. Receipts In A New 'Raffle' Law

Buenos Aires.

The last legal obstacle blocking a full-circle state control over film boxoffice receipts was removed last week, when the government issued a law authorizing a raffle awarding prizes to viewers keeping their numbered tickets.

National Director of Cinematography Adolfo Ridruejo predicted that b.o. control will be enforced from the beginning of next season (April, 1972) in the greater Buenos Aires area. Once it's proved the system works, it will be gradually extended to the rest of the country, with the most populated cities coming first.

The system is divided into four stages:

1. Exhibitors swear through a written statement mailed to the National Film Institute how many tickets they have sold each day. At the same time they send proof they have made bank deposits for the corresponding taxes. This is already being done.

2. INC classifies through computer the above mentioned data. This is being done too.

3. Theatres can sell only the tickets provided by the NFI, which will have a correlative numeration for each film house and each prize. Tickets will be printed by the National Mint with reactive

ink in order to make easier the detection of counterfeits. When theatres ask for new tickets, the INC computer will verify if they have declared the selling of those previously sent to them.

Halts Ticket Resales

4. Prizes will be given to viewers, through raffles, as a means to induce them to keep their portion of the ticket, thus avoiding—or at least reducing—the possibility of reselling. Stub books that NFI will send to theatres will have three portions for each ticket: one for the buyer (including an additional number for the raffles); another to be put into a sealed urn that can be opened only by NFI inspectors, and another to be kept in the stub book.

At the end of each session the exhibitor has to register in a book the quantity and breakdown of tickets of each price that have been sold. When the NFI inspector arrives, he verifies that numerations in the books, stub books and urn coincide. Other verifications are done at the NFI through computer.


This system follows the line of European experience (mainly in France, Italy and Spain) and both distributors and NFI officials are confident it will prove film attendance is higher—maybe far higher—than present figures indicate.

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Warren Skaaren
Warren Skaaren
Executive Director
TEXAS FILM COMMISSION

WS:jo

Israel's Beaches Luring Refugees From Riviera

By MEYER LEVIN

Herzlia On Sea.

Though the Hebrew name is quite poetic, meaning Street Of The Blue Waves, the local folk started calling it the Avenue Of The Embassies when the Cuban and the American ambassadors moved into their palatial residences with only the Sharon Hotel on the desolate cliff between them. Dead centre in that stretch, I built my house. This year, two lots toward the Cuban side, Lionel Davidson has built his house. One writer is an oddity. Two are a movement. So now the local folk call it the Street Of The Authors.

A few days ago a peddler who still clops by with his wagon of vegetables, even though two supermarkets have opened, confronted me with that certain gleam in his eye, and said he had a favor to ask. Would I read a manuscript? Another author on our street! I told him that Lionel Davidson's Hebrew was better than mine, and Davidson told him he couldn't read Hebrew well enough to be a judge of literary style. Meanwhile my wife, the writer Tereska Torres (that made two to begin with) rushed out and bought half a crate of tomatoes to solace our third author.

Last summer while we were away and the house was rented, an Israeli film producer invaded the place and shot a long sequence in which, the tenant later told me, there was an elderly author with a pad on his knees, gazing at the blue sea, while his beautiful granddaughter pleaded with him to influence her parents to let her go to Paris to become an artist.

Even before we built the house, the street was on its way to literary and filmic fame. Leon Uris wrote "Exodus" in a room at the Sharon Hotel, and when the book hit, Uris bought a piece of the cliff where it goes down to the beach. He was about to build his villa there, the story goes, when the government insisted that even though he was sure his book had saved Israel, he couldn't have private beach rights. So Uris sold the site (today his profit would be tenfold), and the American ambassador got in where the author would have been. Still, authorship is two-up, counting Tereska, on embassies, at least if publishers can count, for an enormous villa is being completed next to the U.S. residence, at the cost of \$500,000 Israelis say, and the owner, they tell me, is Mr. Bantam Books. Turns out the owner, an American, is the representative of National General Corp., which owns Bantam Books amidst a mess of movie theatres and picture-making companies. The enormous villa, like the mansion of the Cuban ambassador, with its indoor and outdoor pools, is built with the representative's own cash.

Samson Raphaelson

We have another genuine author, in absentia just now—playwright Samson Raphaelson. He stayed a couple of years at the Sharon Hotel, helping Israelis write films, and writing one of his own, and now he wants to come back and build on The Street. Alas, a few bankers and an architect have squeezed themselves in, so there's not a lot to be had, the Blue Waves being only two blocks long. Authors have even spilled over to Wingate St., judging from the descriptions of Herzlia On Sea in William Stevenson's book about the Israeli air force, "Zanek" (Bantam), doubtless soon to be a movie. And this time let it be Lionel Davidson who lends his house for the scene of author Bill Stevenson researching his book in the company of that beautiful but troubled-looking air force widow.

What makes Herzlia On Sea the favorite spot for authors and bankers from abroad is the "On Sea." Writers, painters, ambassadors and bums love to look out on the blue waters. That's what made the opposite shore of the Mediterranean, like the Cote d'Azur, into an international artists and writers hangout before the campers took over: there was Gerald Murphy and the Hemingway-Fitzgerald crowd discovering Antibes just like the Levin-Davidson set is pioneering in Herzlia.

A Film Festival Next?

So it can all happen in Israel. The entire coast is lined with perfect sand beaches instead of the tiny pebbly enclaves on the Cote. Ashkelon, Caesaria, Tanturia, are only a few of the spots ready to replace St. Tropez and Cannes. Indeed, an American p.r. confided to me that he has, on-the-quiet, been engaged to make plans for a film festival hereabouts, and is thinking of offering a free lot on the sands to Bernadette Devlin as a peekaboo retreat. She's bigger than Bardot, he claims.

The pace of building, all along the shore, is suddenly feverish. Needing some wall-tiles for a laundryroom, we had to drive to three towns before we could locate a supply. Even so common a construction material as lime is out of stock.

Not only the Russians are coming to Israel, but Americans. The Jerusalem Post is swollen with ads, shouting, "Have A Foothold In Israel." Seashore sites! Habitats, villas, condominiums, high rises! Movie stars like Eli Wallach cry out that he'd love to keep a pad in Israel. Soon the big ones will be mooring their yachts at the coming marina of Tel Aviv-Jaffa. The French already have two beachhead camps, plus a hotel in Caesaria, and the international hippies long ago discovered the blue waters of Eilat. While labelled ultra-nationalistic, Israel is actually highly cosmopolitan. Always first to copy the latest in the arts. New plays from all the world's stages, new songs, new European movies even before they are shown in the States.

There's a combination Montmartre and Montparnasse in the reconstructed Old Jaffa, with a dozen galleries, curio shops, open cafes, lanes of artists studios, the whole circus so successful that the original area is being doubled and tripled. Already, Israeli artists are subletting their studios to Greenwich Village advertising men for enough money to pay for their own trips to the Cote d'Azur. But of course the top, exclusive creative chic, is on the Street Of The Blue Waves.

Ted Kupferman

(Continued from page 12)

mandate, national rules must be imposed, like the end of school segregation.

How then can the government prosecute a case when it is felt material is obscene? Evidence seized in violation of the 14th amendment (unreasonable search and seizure) is inadmissible in evidence. To obtain a search warrant requires substantial evidence from a responsible person. This has become important in cases where the investigator witnesses a pornographic film, but cannot seize it and cannot take the time to go back and get a warrant. So he films it right in the theatre. This procedure is currently under attack, but nobody has yet mentioned copyright infringement in the filming and whether the old cases saying obscene material is not protected by copyright are still good law.

With so many facets of law and social policy involved, the law of obscenity cannot remain in a state of flux. But can the rules be resolved? The new Supreme Court with more men of a conservative bent cannot be expected to take the lid off. One approach suggested for a more easily enforced standard is that while sex is accepted, pornography and obscenity will be recognized in brutalizing or insulting sex. Sex as a spectator sport raises a queasy feeling. It is one thing to do it as a burlesque a la Woody Allen in "Bananas" with all of the action under a blanket and Howard Cosell doing a blow by blow. It becomes more serious with the "international sex bowl" in "Is There Sex After Death."

Recently, a member of a British Committee to investigate the pornography explosion visited Copenhagen to see a sex show. Being revolted after some ten minutes, he left to the protests of the manager who complained that he hadn't yet seen the intercourse. As Francis Cowper in his London Letter to the New York Law Journal put it:

"The person of cultivated taste will not be harmed by crude pornography any more than a gourmet will feed from the pig trough and the pig who likes it is already corrupted. But human nature is not as simple as that. The danger lies in the half-way house of the weak, the indeterminate and the uncultivated, who will be toppled into corruption by the powerful influence of what is read and seen, narrowed to the single fascination of the phallus."

"Of course, all this is on the assumption that there are norms of behavior, rights and wrongs, which the new anarchists would indignantly deny. If carrion is as good as wholesome meat, there is an end of the discussion. But that proposition is not self-evident."

It will be interesting to observe the results a score of years from now.

SYDNEY IN 1975

HOYTS WILL OPERATE FIVE FILM SITUATIONS IN REALTY DEVELOPMENT WITH 650-ROOM SHERATON HOTEL—BUDGETED AT \$30,000,000.

By DALE TURNBULL

(Managing Director, Hoyts Theatres Ltd.)

Sydney.

Hoyts' longterm plans for the complete redevelopment of its city theatre operations throughout Australia took a major step forward recently with planned multi-story international hotel and cinema centre in Sydney. This \$30,000,000 integrated project, to be completed in 1975, will include a 650-room hotel and convention centre to be known as the Sheraton-Sydney, a five-cinema complex for Hoyts and extensive underground parking facilities.

The hotel tower will include, apart from the ballroom and convention area, several restaurants with one on the rooftop 450 feet above ground level, numerous lounges and bars including a rooftop cocktail lounge, swimming pool and shops.

The Cinema Centre and Hotel will jointly provide an overall convention capacity for some 5,000 patrons for special conventions and exhibitions, certainly the most comprehensive in Australia.

The development is in the heart of Sydney's cinema district less than a block from the Civic Centre, two blocks from the retail area and three blocks from the commercial business district. There will be an underground pedestrian connection between the complex and a nearby underground railway station.

Hoyts began planning its city theatre operations 12 years ago when pressures became apparent that would eventually force the company and other exhibitors from the inner areas of the city of Sydney. As has already happened in overseas cities, rapidly increasing land values were making obsolete the concept of a city theatre fully occupying a piece of land.

A solution to the problem has been found in Perth, Adelaide and Melbourne and plans are on the drawing boards for a Brisbane solution. This has been possible for a variety of reasons the principal one being, however, the land values in these cities are considerably below those in Sydney and it is in Sydney, because of these values and the topography of the city, that Hoyts were forced to devise a totally unique solution.

The company was encouraged in this solution by a number of factors—particularly the success of the two Melbourne cinema complexes: The Cinema Centre, combining three cinemas, a public restaurant, a shop, a 10-story office tower and a warehouse section; and a two-cinema complex combining with an arcade of shops and a car park.

When the Melbourne Cinema Centre was devised in 1965 it was at that time unique in the world and was therefore in the nature of an expensive experiment. Its

B'way Wino On The Rocks With A Li'l O. Henry Twist

By HY GARDNER

Perhaps I've got a macabre sense of humor, but I found your recent front-page piece in *VARIETY* ironically amusing. The one about "More 'Visible' (And In-Drags) Times Sq. Cops" protecting the N.Y. Times personnel since the killing of one of the sheet's truckers and the wounding of a second.

It was like old times when the Herald Tribune even beat the Big Boy in the area of awareness. The hot corner for winos, pimps, junkies and muggers, et al, was 41st and 8th. It got so bad after a while I penned a series in my regular Broadway column addressed to Police Commissioner Kennedy's Keystone Kops to ask what they were going to do about cleaning up the human garbage dumped in front of and around our N.Y. Her-Trib building.

We even revealed where the uptown branch of the Bowery Bums met every afternoon (near the entrance to the Lincoln Tunnel) and were assigned definite beats in the neighborhood so they wouldn't make the mistake of mooching on each other.

Several confreres on the paper needled us about running scared—till two or three of them were attacked by winos armed with broken bottle-tops. Some soft-soaped readers also upbraided me for going after these bums, usually starting off their letters with the moth-eaten cliché "There but for the grace of God," etc.

Eventually the police took action. At least two or three times a week they'd park a paddywagon (illegally) in front of the Trib, wrap an unofficial cordon around the block, toss all the vile-smelling, panhandling punks into the unwelcome wagon and hold them for Judge Murtagh's nightcourt.

Unfortunately the cops would pinch the same customers again and again. About the only punishment they got was getting dizzy going around the revolving doors of the courtroom, not from muscatel or wood alcohol. Several, I was told, were arrested and freed twice within a 24-hour period. But, while this fumigation process was going on everyone reluctantly had to admit that West 41st St. was a shade safer.

Apart from some of the WOR guys who worked odd hours at 1440 Broadway applauding my act, you can understand my "Bum's Rush" pronouncements didn't exactly endear me to either the bluecoats or the no-coats. I think the sentiment on both sides was equally divided that it was none of our business.

Since I was a night person for most of the 15 years I covered the Broadway beat for the Trib, I took the precaution, the last few years, of procuring a license and carrying a gun. Fortunately I never had occasion to fire it—excepting on a police range.

One night, however, I was sorry I'd left the piece at the office while I walked over to the CBS theatre on West 46th St. where we were doing "To Tell the Truth" several years. Ralph Bellamy, Bud Collyer, Kitty Carlisle and Polly Bergen had gone, I left the playhouse in company of two of the pretty young production gals. Just as we hit the sidewalk I saw two winos pointing to my picture in front of the theatre. One said, "Yes, that's him." "Oh," answered the other, furtively, "you wait here, I'll get him as he comes out!"

We were tickled to see a uniformed cop directly across the street. I trotted over, identified myself and told him the story. "I know," he said, "I've heard about the situation, let's see what's going on."

We all walked over to the nearby 47th St. Precinct where the two derelicts were marched into a cubbyhole awaiting transportation to night court. The captain talked with them, then said, "Hy, they didn't mean any bodily harm. They just thought you'd be a soft touch like Bellamy and Bud Collyer and the others were." I talked with them, confirmed their innocent intentions, and since it was near Christmas, I shook hands with both of them, palming a note with each shake.

Three years later I opened a rather mysterious envelope bearing the name of a jewelry store in a southern city. As I ripped it open a \$5 bill flew out. The letter accompanying the bill was a belated message of gratitude from one of the two men. "You may not remember me," the writer said, "but I was one of the two winos you thought planned to hurt you in front of a theatre where you did a tv show. I was so ashamed after you were nice enough to talk like one human being to another and slip me a \$5 bill there in the police station, after I drew 30 days and got a new overcoat from the city, I borrowed my bus fare home from an old friend and decided I'd been the bum long enough. Today I'm a decent citizen in the community. I haven't had a drink since 46th St. I've got my wife and children back and I'm a partner in a jewelry store here. Christmas blessings to you, friend Stranger."

Every December since I get another Christmas card from this fellow. Addressed to the Herald Tribune. Which, like almost everything that was good in New York is now a monument in a newspaper's memory.

great success in every facet encouraged Hoyts to approach the Sydney planning with greater certainty.

In 1967 we acquired the Trocadero Ballroom property in George Street, Sydney, and this fortuitous purchase of one of the last large parcels of land in the city at a reasonable price enabled us to provide, at last, a solution to the economic pressures forcing Hoyts out of its existing cinemas.

The engagement of Sir Roy Grounds as architect and George Connor as Economic Consultant, was Hoyts' first step in seeking the maximum economic usefulness of this site. It was already obvious to Hoyts, because of our Melbourne experience, that the Trocadero land must be fully occupied and that the planned five cinemas would form only a part of the whole.

The five cinemas in the building, with seating capacities varying from 900 to 400, will offer patrons vastly improved facilities apart from the comforts that will be built into them.

Presley Swooners Now Ladies

(Continued from page 24)

symbol who made millions of girls shriek, dissolve in orgasmic tears and swoon?

Between takes we chatted briefly and he invited me to dinner in his hotel suite. His manager, ex-carnie man Col. Tom Parker, explained, "Elvis has turned off the press. Too many writers have interviewed him, then gone back to give him a bum rap, quoting him as saying a lot of dumb things he never said."

During dinner Presley observed, "I don't mind the attacks on me personally. What gets me mad is the way they call the kids who go for my singing delinquents. Sir, what's the matter with grownups? Why do they get so scared just because teenagers express how they feel?"

While we were talking an elderly hotel maid interrupted to tell Presley how much her grandchildren enjoyed his singing. Instead of showing annoyance, he listened politely then said gently, "Ma'am, it's very nice of you to say all those kind things about me, and I greatly appreciate it."

I asked him about the charges that his pelvis-swinging style of music was a bad influence on youngsters because it was sexually arousing.

"Why do you think girls scream when you sing?"

"They're just enjoying themselves, sir. Young kids are full of energy. They got to let it out."

The way I sing rock'n'roll has the kind of jump beat that makes them feel excited, and they just work off steam."

"You don't see anything delinquent in the behavior of the kids who go to see you perform?"

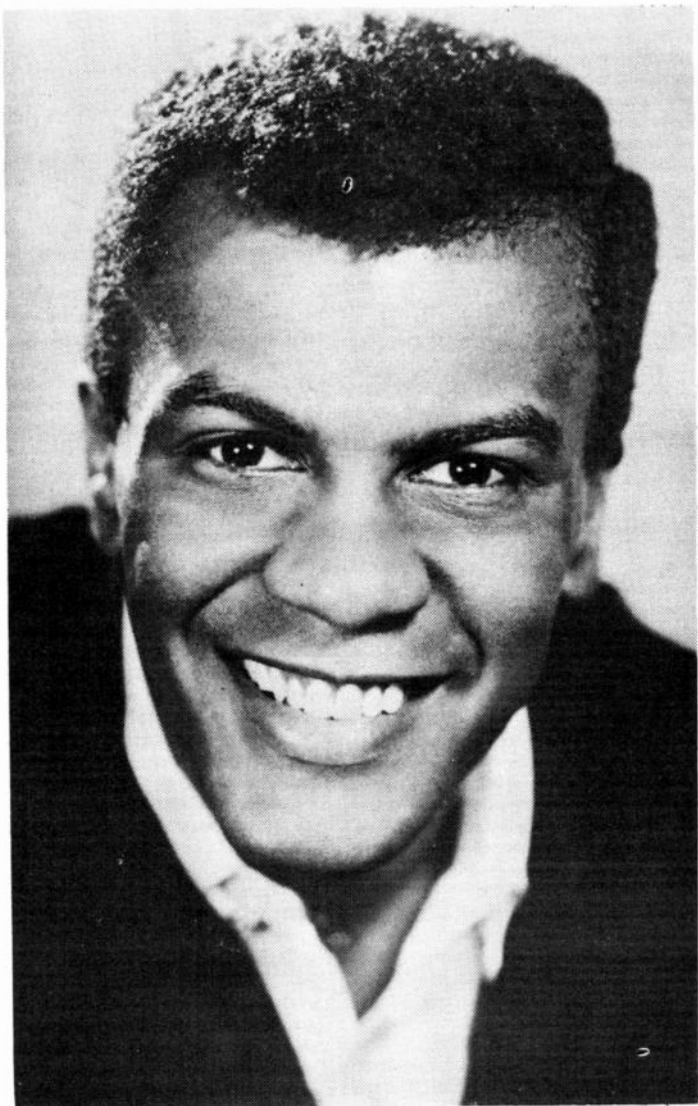
"No, sir, I don't. I think grown-ups ought to recognize the difference between youthful spirits and delinquency. Besides, some parents are just trying to blame rock'n'roll for their own mistakes in bringing up children."

"You think the criticism of teenagers today is the same old story of misunderstanding between the generations?"

"Yes, sir. When parents today were kids in the '20s and '30s, their parents wondered what the world was coming to. Sir, I'll bet you that when my own fans grow up, there'll be Elvis Presleys in 1970 who'll get them all worried about their kids and the kind of music they enjoy!"

Many of the teenyboppers who screamed orgasmically at Presley's pelvis-grinding in 1956 are over 30 today, worried about the impact of sexy new singing idols their longhaired daughters flock to hear at the rock concerts. Even the Groupies who chase the rock artists into their bedrooms haven't changed much from the handful of young crazies who sought to bed Presley in 1956.

You win your bet, Elvis.



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Scott Fitzgerald

(Continued from page 5)

ousy of me for having known Scott so intimately, and his hatred of Zelda whom he believed had ruined his childhood hero. Mr. Turnbull committed suicide about two years ago.

I enjoyed reading "Zelda" and thought it a beautiful job of organization. The author, Nancy Milford, took the viewpoint that Scott had ruined his wife. Both judgments were wrong. She had not known either of the Fitzgeralds—she was not yet born when Scott died four days before Christmas 1940. She was six or seven when Zelda died in 1947 in the fire at her sanitarium, which I have always thought she set herself. She had a passion for fires and had often burned her mattress—this was her favorite conflagration during their marriage, Scott told me sadly. Sometimes she piled up the furniture and made a bright bonfire. As I said, Mrs. Milford did a fine job of organizing the letters all of which his daughter Scottie told me, she used in the book without permission from the Fitzgerald estate, but her deductions from the letters were very often wrong.

As for "Crazy Sundays" there is one error that should be removed if there is another edition. The title was taken from Scott's short story, "Crazy Sunday."

According to the author, Ernest Hemingway wrote his novel, "For Whom The Bell Tolls," at the Malibu Beach house I shared with Scott. I remember when Hemingway was writing this book about the Spanish civil war, and he was not writing it in Hollywood. He was writing it in his home near Sun Valley.

When it was finished, or perhaps during the writing of it, he came to Hollywood to insist on having Ingrid Bergman play the lead in the film version. I saw him at that time in Bob Benchley's cottage in The Garden Of Allah. I suggested to Scott that he come with me to the Benchley apartment. He would not. In fact he did not see Hemingway to my knowledge—and there was no reason for him to lie—in those three and a half years in Hollywood before he died.

Ernest did not visit the house in Malibu, and certainly did not write his novel there. In fact, in Scott's notes which we found after his death, he had written that since early 1937 before he came to Hollywood in late June, he had not seen Ernest for many years. And added, "Not really friends."

Scott in time would have written to his excellent agent Harold Ober whom he placed in the drop-dead list when he refused to advance more money. He was still angry with Hemingway whom he had brought to his publishers, Scribners, when he was comparatively unknown, for that "Poor old Scott" attack in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro."

But more than this he was embarrassed by his failure as a writer at the time of Hemingway's enormous success. He eagerly read the finished "For Whom The Bell Tolls." Max Perkins, the great editor at Scribners, sent him a copy. Scott was disappointed by the book.

'Wrote It For Movies'

"He wrote it for the movies," he said to me. It was not jealousy. He was genuinely sorry that the man he had helped in the early years and admired so much, had done less than he was capable of doing.

Of course Scott himself at this time was not turning out masterpieces. And some of those Pat Hobby stories made him—and me wince. But he needed the \$200 Esquire paid him.

None of the people knew him as the mature man he was—except for the few bad bouts of drinking—in those last years. He told me everything about his life before I knew him. He read me every letter he received from Zelda whom he no longer loved but had great compassion for. "We were quite wrong for each other," he told me frequently. You would never believe this after reading "Zelda" which

made Scott a thief of his wife's talent.

Of course he used her as Nicole in "Tender Is The Night," and several others of his friends (Lois Moran, Ring Lardner) as he used many things I said or did as Kathleen in "The Last Tycoon." As he used his first love for his model in "This Side Of Paradise." A good writer writes about the people and things he knows, transforming them into a vision of his own.

Recently I have been asked to write my story of the "real" Fitzgerald. As he really was without the glossy varnish of "Beloved Infidel," which was published in 1958, when you did not tell the whole truth for fear of upsetting people. Today we tell it like it is. And this time I have said "Yes."

Potomac Curtain

(Continued from page 5)

The House Commerce Committee and its investigations subcommittee, is expected to release a report on the "staging" of television news. Stagers, of course, led the unsuccessful fight last year to cite CBS' Frank Stanton for contempt of Congress. Stagers hasn't forgotten. He may schedule hearings.

And the National Institute of Mental Health study of violence and television is ready for Sen. John Pastore (D-R.I.) who may hold another round of hearings. Certainly, the report will have a lot to say about the influence of tv on the social behavior of children, and Rep. Torbert Macdonald plans to get into kiddie tv issues. Pastore and Macdonald head the Senate and House communications subcommittees.

CPB, Cable, Etcetera
There is almost sure to be a fight over longrange funding for the Corp. for Public Broadcasting, a perfect battleground for those who agree and disagree with the Nixon Administration's fear of another national network of biased news programs.

The cable television rules to be issued by the FCC, along with the copyright compromise engineered by the White House's Office of Telecommunications Policy, are sure to provide some fireworks on Capitol Hill. And the NAB's bill to protect broadcast licenses against renewal challenges will, if pushed hard, become a hot issue.

But politics will provide the context for the most impassioned concentration on broadcasting. President Nixon will run for reelection, and half of the U.S. Senate is scrambling for the opportunity to oppose him. Television news is going to reflect what goes on, and many politicians aren't going to like it. President Nixon will stay above the fray for the most part, playing the disinterested statesman forever on the wing to foreign capitals, unable to spare time for the petty stuff of politics.

Whether the chief Administration critic of television news will be Sen. Robert Dole (D-Kan.), chairman of the Republican National Committee, or Vice President Spiro T. Agnew might depend on whether Agnew is kept on the ticket. He probably will be, and his tone will be somewhat muted. Voters know what he thinks, and while he will be expected to keep his many fans in the GOP corner, there will be some effort to keep him from driving too many voters away. On the other hand, if someone other than Agnew is tapped for the No. 2 slot, the Golden Greek can let the venomous alliterations fly.

Building to a Climax

With the House scheduled to pass legislation restricting political spending on tv soon after it convenes Jan. 18, the New Year can begin with politics and television and build to a crescendo.

Despite the publicity about Nixon Administration criticism of the news media, however, it would be blind to suppose that Democratic spokesmen are going to be very quiet. In fact, during the coming election campaign they may well provide more trouble for television news than the GOP.

For one thing, with campaign spending limited, there is nonetheless going to be a tremendous amount of coverage of the afore-

mentioned aloof statesman's global prerogations. NBC's recent day-in-the-life-of, followed by CBS's Christmastime-at-1600-Pa., make it plain once again that the President claims more airtime than anyone else can reasonably expect. As the election nears, however, Nixon may be less than shy in maneuvering for tube exposure on his own terms, and the Democrats will howl. They already have the FCC in court for fairness doctrine rulings; more will come.

Cast of Thousands

In addition, the very proliferation of opposition candidates fragments reply time to Nixon. And some candidates are more equal than others. Sen. George McGovern (D-S.D.), for example, has never been regarded as a serious threat to big party hopefuls such as Sens. Edmund Muskie (D-Me.), Hubert Humphrey (D-Minn.) and Edward Kennedy (D-Mass.). McGovern was the first declared candidate, has developed a national organization, is adequately financed, speaks out on all the issues—and one probably couldn't find anyone in Washington not on his payroll who gives him the slightest chance for the Democratic nomination.

One might expect McGovern to be upset with his coverage, and he is. The other candidates all have their gripes. And as those primaries start piling up, and as news exposure of the Nixon trips multiplies, don't expect them all to keep their mouths shut.

Happy New Year?

Morris Ernst

(Continued from page 24)

tives such as publicity, martyrdom, fame or "immortality for a short time." Above all, they specialize in purloining from the makers of opinion such as theatrical producers, script readers, radio and television networks, chain theatre operators, burlesque roadshow corporations and top secret editorial board meetings on daily newspapers and magazine conglomerates. The Guild finds a vast operational field in uncopy-rightable material and hence will make no effort to repeal the present copyright laws.

Only one member of the secret organizing committee of the Guild is keen about purloining the unpublicized script, plus music, for a new foreign ballet, while only two experienced purloiners want the Guild to expand its efforts beyond written memos, letters and executive committee minutes into the area of bugging and wire-tapping.

I am quite confident that The Honorable Guild of Professional Purloiners—to use its full title—will finally disapprove of ploys based on mechanical and electronic devices, other than the essential and blessed Xerox machines.

A split is developing in the profession as a result of the United States Court decision. The membership is in doubt whether purloiners should enrich one part of the mass media by purloining from another sector. So far, the decisions of the Guild indicate that it is honorable, within the profession, to purloin the files of a magazine for the enrichment of a daily newspaper provided, however, enrichment is translated only into increased circulation and never directly into terms of those dirty dollars. The ultimate indirect flow of additional dollars by increase of newspaper circulation is, in the theory of all Purloiners, clean compared to a direct use of money—domestic or foreign.

The religious base of the Purloiners Guild is, of course, to be found in Genesis Ch. 3, when Adam planted Eve as his purloiner, and boastfully said, "She gave me the fruit of knowledge from the tree, and I ate it." The woman, planted as the purloiner, used her meager alibi—"The Serpent (conscience) tricked me." And then we recall that the Lord God said to the serpent—"You are accursed more than all wild creatures." Thereafter the Women's Lib movement began because Adam who used Eve as a purloiner of the tree of knowledge was ordered to be Eve's master according to Scriptures.

No Socko Film Publicity

(Continued from page 5)

place, ever changing, ever fascinating.

That's still the way I feel. And I'll continue covering the movie beat as long as it fascinates me. While I scrupulously avoid the abyss of nostalgia both in my own life and in these VARIETY anniversary pieces, I can't help lamenting the decline of a basic element of the glory that once was Hollywood: Publicity.

My affection for the institution of movie publicity comes naturally. My father, George Thomas, worked at it for Thomas Ince, Mary Pickford, Jack Warner and many others. My brother, George Thomas Jr., carries on the tradition in partnership with Bert Ford. Somehow I went straight.

A Good Old Honest Name

In my father's time, they were called press agents. That wasn't dignified enough for the next generation, and they became publicists. You can now hear them called "public relations counsellors," "media specialists" and other euphemisms. To me they will always be press agents.

It's an honorable profession. They are the agents between their employers—personalities, filmmakers, companies—and the press. They can be a great help to a reporter, in tips on stories, in setting up interviews, in supplying information.

The negative aspects of press agents—oops, publicists—have been overstressed: their hard sell to push a client, their attempts to cover up unfavorable news, their easy way with the truth. I can honestly say I have encountered little of those methods in long dealings with hundreds of publicists. Those who try such things are new or stupid, or both. They rarely stay around long, because you can't doublecross a reporter twice.

Recently the Publicists Guild, Local 818 of IATSE, hired one of its own members, Mac St. Johns, to conduct a campaign to stimulate more work for publicists. I sympathized with the campaign. It's tough for anyone to be out of work in these times. Many of the unemployed are longtime friends, highly competent men and women whose talents are being overlooked by the industry.

I visited Mac St. Johns at the Guild headquarters and he outlined the publicists' plight. Of the 523 members, about 25% are out of work—10% is normal. The total membership is about what it was in the big-studio era, but the figure is deceptive. Most publicists then were employed by the film studios; nowadays many members work in television or for publicity offices.

"Everyone knows that the film industry has been depressed," said St. Johns. "But the economic picture is not the primary reason for unemployment among publicists. The real cause is the reasoning among many new producers that publicity doesn't count."

The Guild argues that money-making producers like Robert Wise, Robert Aldrich, Stanley Kramer, Mike Frankovich, Ross Hunter and Ray Stark wouldn't think of operating without publicists. But many of the new filmmakers view publicity as old-timey, vestigial as the process stage and the back lot.

The Publicists Guild also must combat the thinking of the new breed of film actors. They have not been schooled in the studio publicity mills, as are the over-40 stars. Ask today's actors to pose for cheesecake (or beefcake), and they would run screaming to their analysts.

Many of the new breed eschew interviews and photographs and quote Humphrey Bogart's remark: "All I owe the public is a good performance." What the youngsters don't know is that Bogie gave some of his greatest performances in interviews; he adored publicity, as long as he was calling the shots.

"The bigger the star, the more professional he is about publicity," argues St. Johns. "One of the very few stars with guaranteed box-office nowadays is John Wayne, and Duke is a thorough pro where publicity is concerned."

New stars flash across the sky and then are seen no more. Would publicity give them longer life? Perhaps.

St. Johns maintains that ade-

quate publicity campaigns would help today's movies avoid going in and out of the nation's theatres with the speed of light. Again, it's possible. Certainly something is needed to distinguish one picture from another. Production schedules indicate a flood of under-\$2,000,000 films starring unrecognizable names.

One wonders if a jet-age Reichenbach or Birdwell couldn't come along with a new brand of hoopla that would set the movie business on its ear. Not a bad place for it to be, instead of on its—pardon, choose your own euphemism.

Mex Transformation

(Continued from page 11)

industry which could have a profound impact on modern Mexico.

One of our principal goals is to strengthen our position in our natural markets and penetrate those which we still haven't exploited. Toward that end, last January we crested a general program which would cover all the phases of the motion picture industry.

The National Film Bank—a federal government agency—represents the entity which grants production financing and sets the administrative policies in the field of production (Churubusco Studios); distribution (Películas Nacionales, Películas Mexicanas and Cimex); publicity (Procinemex) and exhibition (Operadora de Teatros with 320 theatres throughout the Republic).

In order to strengthen the bank's financial condition, we have to maintain production activities at the studios, a solid financing of distribution and speed of exhibition through purchasing or constructing new theatres.

The bank, therefore, has to become the catalyst in this financial cycle. It has to be permanent and is indispensable if the industry is to ever be self-sufficient. Our program for revitalizing the industry also calls for changes in each of the agencies, modernizing equipment and eliminating obsolete procedures in order to tighten up specific activities.

Our industry is trying to overcome the problems which would enable it to establish an identity of its own within the spirit for which it was created. We know there's no ready answer. We realize that any immediate answer we come up with is going to have to need changing again if we're to continue moving ahead.

That's why we intend keeping the doors of our industry wide open. Then we can join the rest of the cinema world through experience, achievements and a sincere desire to keep on getting better.

Boer-Type Censors

(Continued from page 10)

in the 1800s and the Board's Ideas should move with the times.

The South African Government has given the censors sweeping powers for cutting, banning, and restricting some pics for whites only, with no questions required to be answered. Meantime public cinemas only show censor approved and deleted films but uncut 16mm prints of the same features can be hired from local distributors for showing in private homes to families and friends of all ages, also by clubs and organizations with no color bars, as long as no charge is made for admission.

Stage plays do not come under censorship control, unless there is a public objection and complaint, and a nude scene in the stage production "Abelard and Heloise" was passed for viewing by all age groups even though the couple stood naked at the back of stage and then lay down on the floor, yet nude film shots come under strict censorship and amative scenes, such as those in Metro's "Ryan's Daughter," are cut and there is often an age restriction.

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WNBC Radio 66 wishes to publicly thank Miss Pearl Bailey, Julie Budd, The Goldiggers, Morty Gunty, and Ray Bloch and his Orchestra for donating their time and talents to the 1971 I R T S Christmas Party for the Veterans Bedside Radio Network. The fact that this year's attendance was the largest ever indicates how we all feel about them.

PERRY B. BASCOM, General Manager WNBC Radio 66

Bangkok

(Continued from page 24)

and entertainment complex adjacent to the hotel on Rama I Road. And Western International's Dusit Thani has had a small cinema, the

Siri, in its lobby for over a year, though it is one of the best kept secrets in the city. With the new theatres the total

of first-class cinemas in Bangkok will reach about 20. Add to that more than 60 second and third class theatres showing mostly Thai and Chinese films, and Bangkok appears well-covered.

Financially, the theatres in town seem to be faring well, though it is difficult to get any really accurate figures. According to the most recent reliable report, 15 of the Theatres that show predominantly Western films brought in a net figure of 78 million Baht (U.S. \$3,500,000) during the first nine months of 1971.

Of course, one reason why the film biz here keeps rolling along is that it is not dependent upon tourists or GI's for its audience. The tourists usually aren't here long enough (average stay is three days) and the GI's have their own theatres in their own hotels scattered throughout the city.

In a city long on the more bawdy forms of entertainment, and short on the other variety, films represent a fairly inexpensive form of family entertainment. Tickets are scaled from 25 Baht (U.S. \$1.25) downwards, except for the Indra which charges a flat 40 Baht (U.S. \$2.00) for the film and stage presentations.

Average duration of any one film at a theatre is a little more than a week. Many of the critically acclaimed films from Europe and America get short shrift here, while a film like McKenna's Gold holds the long distance and gross record (eight months and U.S. \$400,000 respectively).

Censorship also limits the number of foreign films to appear here. Bangkok residents have yet to see such films as "Joe," "Catch 22" or "Easy Rider," not to mention the long-banned "King and I." And some films would have fared better if they had never yielded to the censor's scissors, like "Little Big Man" which was shown in an abbreviated 100 minute form that left the audience wondering what all the fuss was about.

But despite the continuing threat of war and insurrection, and the forecasts of economic doom, the Thais appear unwilling to give up their favorite leisure-time activity (besides visiting the ever-present massage parlors), much to the theatre-owners' delight.

Buenos Aires Woes

(Continued from page 18)

muerte del viejo Reales" (The Road Towards the Death of Old Reales), winner of the top prize at Mannheim; and Raymundo Gleyzer's "Mexico, la Revolucion Congelada" (Mexico, the Frozen Revolution), winner of the top prize at Locarno. None of them has been shown here. "Revolution" was banned at the request of the Mexican ambassador. Also banned is Daniel Mallo's "Ni vencedores ni vencidos?" (Neither Winners Nor Defeated?), a political documentary.

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Tehran's Hotel Boom

(Continued from page 57)

ing down maitre d' spots in other Tehran dineries.

Biggest blow was the Sheraton raid on his staff last fall practically making off with his maitre d' and waiters, among others. Worst of all, he said, it took place just before the state dignitaries descended on the Hilton after the Persepolis Anniversary ceremonies.

At the Sheraton, general manager Albert Urscheler opened late last September to meet the 2,500th

anniversary deadline and accommodate his share of royalty and state visitors. The real inauguration, however, he says, will come this month and big plans are underway for the official opening. In the two Sheraton ballrooms, each seating 1,000, Urscheler will unveil a \$20,000 Persian pavillion set as the bijou of international decor and cuisines from England, France, Germany, Hawaii, Denmark, et al (even ice from Iceland). Another

daring highlight for the preem celebration is a bronze-painted nude to emulate Copenhagen's famous Siren Statue. Entertainment will also be globally Sheraton.

Preem takes place on two separate evenings — "One for people not lower in grade than Ambassador" and second for the business community. With the freeloaders out of the way, he will then repeat the food and entertainment routines for the masses at \$10 a head to help defray some of the inaugural costs. Among those flying in for deferred opening is the president of ITT, parent company of the Sheraton chain. The Shah of Persia and the Empress will cut the ribbon with 100 key international travel agents on hand for VIP treatment.

Urscheler minimizes reports of his raid on Royal Tehran Hilton personnel. "All told, we only picked 20 people from the Hilton staff. Twenty out of 500 is a drop in the runs his hotel with the dignity of a minister at court and reflects

the Hilton image of operational experience in far flung areas of the world, the Sheraton topper demon-bucket," Urscheler said.

While Hilton's general manager strates the dynamic stance of a hotel chain on an expanded offensive.

Freely admitting the engineering flaws in the Arya that held up completion for two years, he is already three years into the future when the present 15-story hotel becomes an annex and a new Sheraton will come to life as a 32-floor skyscraper on adjacent terrain with 500 rooms, a revolving roof restaurant, indoor swimming pool and helicopter landing. But this time, Sheraton's own construction experts will supervise local builders.

Arya-Sheraton is owned down the middle by the Pahlevi Foundation and the Iran Airlines with Sheraton operating on a 15-year management lease with Iran Air and the Iran National Tourist Organization (INTO).

INTO also owns 48% of the Tehran Intercontinental with the balance divided between Aly Khan's brother and the Intercontinental Pool Operation Management. It cost \$11,000,000 to build. At the moment, while the new Hilton annex is under construction, and Sheraton's Boston headquarters is finalizing decision to build the new 32 story inn, Intercontinental has the biggest capacity with 416 rooms — mainly for package tours (rooms are smaller and lack small balconies for Persian sunbathing the competition provides).

To protect INTO's big investment, the tourist people, now gearing for worldwide promotion, will be as close to maximum capacity as possible.

Also a help are the two new Intercontinentals — Hotel Cyrus in Shiraz and the Hotel Darius in Persepolis — the latter Persia's number one landmark. The Intercontinental opened in Tehran last Oct. 21 but becomes 100% operational next month.

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Film Ballyhoo's Heyday

(Continued from page 14)

some of New York's lower east side tenements. That situation sparked my stunt to promote "Dead End" sub-runs. We decided to instigate a sex-strike in the ghetto, a modern slant on the old "Lysistrata" story in mythology. The tenement wives, we hoped, would refuse to bring more "dead end" children into the world until Mayor LaGuardia did something about slum clearance. "No Slum Clearance; No Sex!"

The late Eddie Dowden of the Loew publicity staff, an old-fashioned press agent who enjoyed doing the impossible, located a buxom housewife living near Loew's Delancey theatre. She agreed to lead the "stork strike" crusade. She rounded up several hundred neighbors to hold noisy strike meetings in Loew's theatres. They paraded and they orated. They staged a march, with empty baby buggies, on City Hall. Our leader, a remarkable woman who believed her own speeches, carried the torch like a plump Joan of Arc, with an East Side accent.

The New York papers knew the stunt was a plant but liked the story and covered it, with pix, for several days. "Dead End" opened on the Loew circuit with comparatively better than first-run box-office. After the picture opened we wanted to forget the "strike." But the girls wanted to carry on the crusade. They were having fun. However, when it became known that our inspired leader was pregnant, the crusade petered out. No doubt, those chastity belts are still in storage because Mayor LaGuardia finally did something about the tenements.

A Star Was Born

No reminiscence of press-agent exploits would be complete without spotlighting the late Ben Serkovich, long at the Capitol on Broadway. He was just about the most picturesque publicity wizard of his day, a mental antelope whose imagination leaped from crag to crag. He blithely turned fiction into fact and vice versa.

Back in the '20s, Ben was one of Bill Hollander's publicity staff for Balaban & Katz in Chicago. So was Oscar A. Doob; they were close friends. Doob had been assigned to promote the introduction of Paul Ash to Chicago at McVickers Theatre. Ash was unknown outside of San Francisco, where he had originated a band-on-stage type of show, a format that later revolutionized presentation house programming. But at that time, Ash was a longshot. His Brunswick records were not selling. His music was not danceable. He was about to invade Chicago as an unknown quantity.

He was Doob's problem, not Serkovich's. But in the latter's book, a friend's problem was his problem.

The weekend before Ash's arrival in Chicago, Serkovich paid a visit to his hometown, Peoria, Ill., where he once was a city editor. That Sunday morning, on the front page of the Chicago Tribune was a wire story dated Peoria. It was one of those human-interest items that people talk about. In sentimental detail, the yarn told of a widow—who was named—in Olathe, Kansas, who had died and her probated will left her large farm near Peoria to an orchestra leader named Paul Ash!

The story revealed that the widow had never met Ash but had been charmed by his music on records and radio. The news (?) item was followed up next day by other Chicago dailies.

Paul Ash was no longer unknown in Chicago. Nobody, except Doob, knew that it was Ben Serkovich who acted as midwife for the birth of a new star. Ash and his type of entertainment ran for more than five years in Chicago.

Valentino's Last Duel

The press agent frolic that I like to remember most was my romp with Rudolph Valentino just a few weeks before he died. I was then a very young and very hinterland press agent for Balaban & Katz in Chicago. It was the first

time I broke the wire services and the front pages of the haughty New York dailies. The stunt helped me get a promotion and raise and may have sold some theatre tickets, too.

Valentino had recently finished what turned out to be his last picture, "Son of the Shiek." His career as a boxoffice star was slipping. He could use some publicity. The picture was booked to open at the B&K Roosevelt after its New York premiere. As was customary in those days, Valentino was on his way by train from Hollywood to New York for the Broadway opening. He arrived in Chicago on a Sunday for a two-hour layover between trains. Sundays were the toughest days to get any newspaper attention, even for a Valentino. I was assigned to meet Valentino at the Blackstone Hotel.

That Sunday morning, purely as a fantastic coincidence, the Chicago Tribune carried an editorial headed "Powder Puff Hero." It ripped Valentino apart. It was one of several such tirades against Valentino which the Tribune had published. Some anonymous editorial writer just didn't like our boy Rudy. This time, the writer let his venom over-shadow his judgment. He jeered at Valentino's long Italian real name; he referred to Valentino's father as a spaghetti-juggling gardener and he implied that Valentino's influence was destroying American manhood.

That editorial gave me what I needed. Before going to the Blackstone, I wrote a 150-word challenge for Valentino's signature. It was addressed "To the Man (?) Who Wrote the Powder Puff Editorial." Recently I read that challenge, quoted in full in Alan Arnold's Valentino biography, published in 1952 in England. I doubt that there ever has been a cornier, sloppier piece of writing ever published. But it worked.

Valentino read the editorial and after some prodding was properly furious. His manager, George Ullman, being a lawyer, wanted to sue for libel. They finally agreed to let me release the challenge, with copies to all Chicago papers and the wire services. By then, Valentino and Ullman were on their way to New York and I was left holding my breath. Nothing happened. The Chicago Hearst papers gave the story a paragraph on an inside page. The Tribune ignored it. But the Chicago wire services must have sent something to New York.

A large crowd met Valentino on his arrival in New York. Swarms of newsmen and cameras were there to cover the duel story. The papers kept the yarn alive for many days, with interviews, pix-layouts and followup angles. Jack Dempsey posed on the Waldorf roof giving Valentino boxing lessons. Valentino continued to issue defiant insults to the unknown writer. The star warned his prey that he would be back in Chicago in 10 days to get his answer. (He was scheduled back anyway).

He did return to Chicago, by which time the local papers were playing up the story. The leading training gym in Chicago was hired so that Valentino could stay fit. Fidele LaBarba, flyweight champion at the time, was engaged as his sparring partner. (The smallest, least - dangerous pug we could find).

Valentino was a happy man. He told me the stunt was the best publicity he had ever had. He had a reason. One of his secret problems was the fact that the press often said things about him that cast doubts on his manhood. They liked to imply that the great lover was really a tomboy. That irked Valentino, who really was all-male. He thought the duel stunt would change his image with the press and male public.

But it never did! Valentino returned to New York and within a week was dead. The Chicago Tribune gave him a beautiful editorial. "Son Of The Shiek" did better business than expected.

Tacoma Exhibs Guilty On Porno

Tacoma.

In the Pacific Northwest the fight against "obscene" films still goes on. In Tacoma last week three exhibitors were convicted of showing pornopix last summer. Their attorneys filed notice of appeal.

The films, and exhibitors: "Dream of Body," shown in the Mecca Theatre by owners Harold Bittner and Avery Paisley; "Naked Nympho," shown at the Cameo Theatre by owner Jim Lewis, and "Refinements in Love," shown at the Community Theatre by owner Alexander Mushkin.

Municipal Court Judge Erling Tollefson ruled the films were obscene, based on the U.S. Supreme Court's definition of obscenity in the 1957 Roth vs U.S. case. He said they verged on being sex orgies.

In Seattle, actions against several theatre owners are in litigation. The latest there is the arrest and conviction of dancers at the New Paris Theatre.

Some 13 girls were convicted of various charges, from indecent exposure to lewd behavior, following a series of arrests on such charges. They were fined \$100 each in Municipal Court but appealed and were released.

Necrology Of '71

(Continued from page 64)

ROSALIE STEWART
LEONARD SUES
JOE SULLIVAN
JOHN S. SUMNER
FRED T. SWITOW
HAL TAGGART
ALFRED A. TANANBAUM
EARL M. THACKER
WILLIAM H. THEDFORD
JIM THORNTON
PAUL H. TERRY
GERTRUDE K. TIPPER
WALTER TOSCANINI
WILLIAM TRINZ
JAKE TRUSSELL
TERRY TURNER
TOMMY TWEED
JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN
LENORE ULRIC
PERCY URIS
DICKIE VALENTINE
FRED VAN DEVENTER
MARTHA VICKERS
JEAN VILAR
GENE VINCENT
HARRY VINNICOF
GEORGES VAN PARYS
GLENN E. WALLICHS
JACK WALKER
HUGH WAKEFIELD
J. ARTHUR WARNER
ALBERT L. WARNER
GERALD F. WARBURG
EDWARD WARD
CHARLES (MOUSIE) WARREN
SIR PHILIP WARTER
GEORGE M. WATSON
SIR DAVID WEBSTER
WILLIAM H. WEINTRAUB
RALPH WHEELWRIGHT
HERBERT WEINSTOCK
MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE
SONNY WHITE
JAMES WESTERFIELD
HELENE WIEGEL
HAGAR WILDE
BERNIE WILLIAMS
BETTY CHAPPELLE WILLS
GUY WILKERSON
LESLIE WILKINSON
CARL WINSTON
JACKIE WINSTON
WILLIAM WIRGES
JOSEPH M. WOHL
FRANK WOLFF
T. C. (TENNY) WRIGHT
PHILIP WYLIE
NAN WYNN
LEO YASSENOFF
CARLETON G. YOUNG
EMERSON YORKE
EDWIN F. ZABEL
JOE ZELLI

Obituaries

(Continued from page 64)

Imperial Ballet School in St. Petersburg (now Leningrad), and was mistress to Czar Nicholas. Her last known stage appearance was at a Covent Garden gala in London at age 64.

Kynaston Reeves, 78, British ac-

All-Time Boxoffice Champs

(Continued from page 46)

Never A Dull Moment (J. Paris; R. Miller; BV; 1968)	4,150,000
Born Yesterday (George Cukor; Simon; Col—1951)	4,115,000
Margie (Henry King; Morosco; 20th—1946)	4,100,000
Mother Wore Tights (Walter Lang; Trotti; 20th—1947)	4,100,000
Johnny Belinda (Jean Negulesco; Wald; WB—1948)	4,100,000
Joan of Arc (Victor Fleming; Wanger-Fleming; RKO—1949)	4,100,000
Snake Pit (Anatole Litvak; Bassler; 20th—1948)	4,100,000
I Was A Male Bride (Howard Hawks; 20th—1949)	4,100,000
Hondo (John Farrow; Wayne-Fellows; WB—1954)	4,100,000
Love Me Or Leave Me (Charles Vidor; Pasternak; MGM—1955)	4,100,000
Deep In My Heart (Stanley Donen; Edens; MGM—1955)	4,100,000
Bad Seed (Mervyn LeRoy; WB—1956)	4,100,000
Man Who Knew Too Much (Alfred Hitchcock; Par—1956)	4,100,000
The Misfits (John Huston; Taylor; UA—1961)	4,100,000
Texas Across The River (M. Gordon; H. Keller; Univ; 1966)	4,100,000
Marriage Italian Style (V. DeSica; C. Ponti; Avemb; 1964)	4,100,000
John and Mary (P. Yates; B. Kadish; 20th; 1969)	4,100,000
Song Of Norway (A. Stone; CRC; 1971)	4,100,000
Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song (M. Van Peebles; Cinemation; 1971)	4,100,000
Escape From Planet of Apes (D. Taylor; A. Jacobs; 20th; 1971)	4,100,000
A Guy Named Joe (V. Fleming; R. Riskin; MGM; 1944)	4,070,000
The White Cliffs of Dover (C. Brown; S. Franklin; MGM; State Fair (Walter Lang; Perlberg; 20th—1945)	4,050,000
National Velvet (C. Brown; P. Berman; MGM; 1945)	4,050,000
Cass Timberlane (George Sidney; Hornblow; MGM—1948)	4,050,000
Homecoming (M. LeRoy; S. Franklin; MGM; 1948)	4,050,000
Whatever Happened to Baby Jane? (R. Aldrich; Warners; 1962)	4,050,000
Hurry Sundown (O. Preminger; Par; 1967)	4,050,000
Ben-Hur (Fred Niblo; MGM—1926)	4,000,000
Singing Fool (Lloyd Bacon; WB—1928)	4,000,000
San Francisco (W. S. Van Dyke; Emerson-Hyman; MGM; 1936)	4,000,000
The Wizard of Oz (V. Fleming; M. LeRoy; MGM; 1939)	4,000,000
Dolly Sisters (Irving Cummings; Jessel; 20th—1945)	4,000,000
Ziegfeld Follies (Vincente Minnelli; Freed; MGM—1946)	4,000,000
Kid From Brooklyn (Norman Z. McLeod; Goldwyn; RKO—1946)	4,000,000
Smoky (Louis King; Bassler; 20th—1946)	4,000,000
Holiday In Mexico (George Sidney; Pasternak; MGM—1946)	4,000,000
Night and Day (Michael Curtiz; Schwartz; WB—1946)	4,000,000
The Postman Always Rings Twice (T. Garnett; Wilson; MGM; 1946)	4,000,000
Emperor Waltz (Billy Wilder; Brackett; Par—1948)	4,000,000
Reap the Wild Wind (C. B. DeMille; Par—1948)	4,000,000
The Stratton Story (S. Wood; I. Cummings; MGM; 1949)	4,000,000
An American In Paris (Vincente Minnelli; Freed; MGM—1951)	4,000,000
Jumping Jacks (Norman Taurog; Wallis; Par—1952)	4,000,000
Moon Is Blue (Otto Preminger; Herbert; UA—1953)	4,000,000
Long, Long Trailer (Vincente Minnelli; Berman; MGM—1954)	4,000,000
Sabrina (Billy Wilder; Par—1954)	4,000,000
Left Hand of God (Edward Dmytryk; Adler; 20th—1955)	4,000,000
Love Is Splendored Thing (Henry King; Adler; 20th—1955)	4,000,000
Seven Little Foys (Melville Shavelson; Rose; Par—1955)	4,000,000
Jailhouse Rock (Richard Thorpe; Berman; MGM—1957)	4,000,000
Big Country (William Wyler; UA—1958)	4,000,000
Horse Soldiers (John Ford; Mirisch-Mahin-Rackin; UA—1959)	4,000,000
Don't Give Up The Ship (Norman Taurog; Wallis; Par—1959)	4,000,000
Never On Sunday (Jules Dassin; Filmways; Lopert—1960)	4,000,000
Mr. Hobbs Takes Vacation (Henry Koster; Wald; 20th—1962)	4,000,000
Summer Magic (James Neilson; Disney; BV—1963)	4,000,000
Misadventures Merlin Jones (Robert Stevenson; Disney; BV—1964)	4,000,000
Captain Newman MD (David Miller; Arthur; U—1964)	4,000,000
Topkapi (Jules Dassin; Filmways; UA—1964)	4,000,000
Nutty Professor (Jerry Lewis; Glucksman; Par—1964)	4,000,000
Agony and the Ecstasy (C. Reed; 20th; 1965)	4,000,000
Stagecoach (G. Douglas; Rackin; 20th; 1966)	4,000,000
Walk, Don't Run (C. Walters; Siegel; Col.; July, '66)	4,000,000
Arabesque (S. Donen; Univ; 1966)	4,000,000
Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow (V. DeSica; C. Ponti; Avemb; 1964)	4,000,000
The Arrangement (E. Kazan; Warners; 1969)	4,000,000
The Undeclared (A. V. McLaglen; R. L. Jacks; 20th; 1969)	4,000,000
Last Summer (F. Perry; A. Crown/S. Beckerman; AA; 1969)	4,000,000
Wild Country (R. Miller; R. Totten; BV; 1971)	4,000,000
Billy Jack (T. Frank; M. Solti; WB; 1971)	4,000,000
Plaza Suite (A. Hiller; H. Koch; Par; 1971)	4,000,000
Evel Knievel (M. Chomsky; Solomon/Hamilton; Fanfare; 1971)	4,000,000

tor with more than 50 years in legit, films and television, died Dec. 10 in London. He bowed in films in 1919, and in legit a year later. In more recent years he was also active in video. He played Nicholas in BBC-TV's "Forsythe Saga" series.

Betty A. Sperber, 40, in Paramount accounting dept. for 15 years, died Dec. 12 of cancer in Hollywood. She previously was with Desilu. Surviving are four brothers, Jerome, Richard and Martin, in film biz, and Nathaniel.

Daniel Windsor McRae, 40, chief designer-animator for Ciner Productions, Toronto, died Dec. 14 of a heart attack. Born in Buffalo, he worked for the Disney Studios and several European animation houses before joining Ciner.

Paul Kenny, 22, drummer, died Dec. 14 in Dublin. He was star drummer with the Cotton Mills Boys showband, popular country

and western group in Ireland. His wife of three months survives.

Harry Peirce, 53, musician and singer in Pittsburgh for many years, died Dec. 16 in Long Key, Fla. He is survived by his wife and two sons by a former wife, dancer Sally Ann Palmer.

Catherine Armstrong, English actress-producer, died recently in England. She and her husband, Earl Armstrong, ran their own stock company in that country for some 40 years.

Eleanor Elder, 85, founder of the old Travelling Theatre company in England, died recently at Frimham, England.

Maria Minetti, age unreported, English actress whose first London legit stint was in 1919, died recently in that city.

Tommy Regan, 74, vaude comedian, and father of comedian Eddie Grant, died recently at Blackpool, England.

A-Bomb Film Sprung

(Continued from page 24)

News, an English-language newspaper in Japan, which stated that the film of Hiroshima and Nagasaki (presumably an acetate copy of the original nitrate) had finally been returned to the Japanese Education Ministry from Washington. It was said that certain footage showing victims would be eliminated before any public showing.

The clipping excited our curiosity, and we wrote a letter to Secretary of Defense Clark Clifford, asking if Columbia University Press might release the same material in the United States. To our surprise we received a prompt reply from Daniel Z. Henkin, Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense, saying the material had been turned over to the National Archives and would be made available to us.

At the National Archives we found that all documents relating to the film were stamped "Secret" but that this had been crossed out and another stamp substituted: "Not to be released without Approval of D.O.D." The material as a whole had apparently been classified some time in 1967, though without any public disclosure. We arranged to have the edited compilation reproduced for our use. When we asked the Defense Department about additional footage, we received the reply: "Out takes from the original production no longer exist, having probably been destroyed during the conversion from acetate to safety film—if they ever were turned over to the U.S. Government at all."

Human-Effects Footage

The paucity of human-effects footage troubled us. Barbara Van Dyke, who became associate producer for our film, wrote letters to many people in Japan, asking if they knew of any additional footage. Donald Richie, long-time film critic of the Japan Times, suggested that the documentary film maker Akira Iwasaki might have information. She wrote to him—not knowing he was the original producer—but he did not reply at this time. He later explained that he had doubted the "sincerity" of our project.

In the end, we had to proceed without additional human-effects footage, making do with what we had. What emerged, after more than a year of experimentation with the material, was a quiet 16-minute film with a factual, eloquently understated narration written by Paul Ronder, and spoken by him and Kazuko Oshima.

We were not certain it would have the impact we had hoped for, but our doubts were soon resolved. At the first large screening—a press preview at the Museum of Modern Art in February, 1970—the audience remained totally silent at the end of the film. For some seconds no one seemed to move—an eerie kind of tribute. The UPI ticker carried a highly favorable report on the screening, mentioning the address of the Center for Mass Communication and the print sale price—\$96. Two days later checks and orders began arriving in the mail and continued, without promotional effort on our part, at the rate of a hundred a month. In five months almost five hundred prints were sold—to film libraries, colleges, school systems, clubs, community groups, churches. Every screening seemed to bring a surge of letters and orders. Foreign sales came quickly.

Networks Frightened

Two things amazed us: (1) the electric effect on audiences everywhere and (2) the massive silence of the American networks. All looked at the film immediately and then remained mum. Only NBC showed tentative interest, saying it might want to use the film later if it could find a "news hook." I am not sure what this meant. Some papers, notably the Boston Globe, needed the networks for ignoring the film, which the Globe considered of historic importance. NET finally contracted to televise it on the 25th anniversary of the Hiroshima bomb. Then NBC, months after first previewing the film, wanted it for "First Tues-

day." When we explained that the film was committed to NET, we were asked if we could "buy out" NET so that NBC could have the film, but we declined to try.

The film had by this time already appeared on television in a number of countries, including Japan—where it was shown twice on the commercial network. The Japanese broadcasts brought enthusiastic and voluminous press comment, with various writers expressing gratitude that our film had shown material that their own government had tried to withhold from them. It also brought a letter from Iwasaki to Barbara Van Dyke, apologizing for his silence, and telling much we had not known about the footage. He also wrote (in Japanese) a review published in a leading Japanese magazine: "I finally had a chance to see the finished film 'Hiroshima-Nagasaki—August 1945.' I was lost in thought for a long time, deeply moved by this film... I was the producer of the original long film which offered the basic material for this short film. That is, I knew every cut of it... yet I was speechless... It was not the kind of film the Japanese thought Americans would produce. The film is an appeal or warning from man to man for peaceful reflection—to prevent the use of the bomb ever again. I like the narration, in which the emotion is well controlled and the voice is never raised... That made me cry. In this part, the producers were no longer Americans. Their feelings were completely identical to our feelings..."

All Too Ready To—

To us at Columbia, those words were especially gratifying. In the film we had tried simply to document what happened at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and then to mention that atomic weapons now tested are 2,500 times as powerful as the Hiroshima bomb. I have been asked why the film does not condemn the United States for dropping those first two bombs. That issue seemed to me irrelevant. I

do not myself see how President Truman, in the situation existing at the time, could have refused a go-ahead; others, I know, feel differently. But to me the Hiroshima-Nagasaki footage was meaningful for today and tomorrow, rather than for yesterday.

During my research for my book, "The Image Empire," I became chillingly aware of how often in recent years men in high position have urged use of atomic weapons. French Foreign Minister Georges Bidault has said that Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, during the Dienbienphu crisis, twice offered him atom bombs, but he demurred. During the Quemoy-Matsu confrontation, use of an atom bomb was again discussed. In 1964, Barry Goldwater felt that use of a "low-yield atomic device" to defoliate Vietnamese forests should be considered. (He later emphasized that he had not recommended it.) More recently the columns of C.L. Sulzberger have been a sounding board for proposed world strategies based on "tactical" nuclear weapons—the word "tactical" implying a modest sort of holocaust.

Such arguments may thrive among people who have forgotten, or not fully realized, the nature of atomic weapons. When I first saw the Hiroshima and Nagasaki footage, I realized I had never fully grasped it.

Why, by what right, was this footage declared "Secret?" It included no military information—the supposed basis for such a classification. It seemed to me a clear misuse of the classification device, in keeping with the mounting trend toward secrecy since World War II. If the film had been available during that period, would Congress have been so ready to appropriate billions for ever more powerful means of overkill? Perhaps not. Perhaps the film was thus seen by military officials as a Congressional-relations and public-relations impediment, rather than as a military danger. Perhaps it may even now have some useful inhibiting value. We hope it will be seen as widely as possible on all sides of every iron curtain, so that the full import of military "solutions" will be clearer to larger numbers.

Peripatetic Book Publisher Rates Hotels: A Home Away From Home

By KENNETH S. GINGER

Chicago. "A home away from home" was once the advertising slogan of a famous hotel. That's not what I look for in hotels—I want more than I get at home!

For more than a quarter of a century now, I have been spending what seems to be more and more of my time living in hotels. Fortunately for me, most of this has been in the course of travel here and abroad on business and thus chargeable to an employer, on my expense account or deductible on my income tax return.

As a result, over the years, I have grown accustomed to the high standards of service exemplified by such favorite caravanserais as the Ritz-Carlton in Boston and Montreal; the Drake and the Ambassador (in its Ernie Byfield days) in Chicago; the Carlton and the Wardman Park (both in pre-Sheraton times) in Washington; the Beverly Wilshire in Beverly Hills; the Clift in San Francisco; the Savoy in London; the Eden in Rome; the Ritz in Paris and Madrid; and the Frankfurter Hof in Frankfurt. I mention these names because, although I have stayed and continue to stay in many other equally fine hotels all over the world, I have stayed in these particular inns once a year or more over a period of years and found them consistently satisfactory.

No New York hotel appears on my list. The reason is simple: I was born in New York and have always lived there until a little more than two years ago, when I moved to Chicago, keeping my apartment in New York as a base there. So I have never before had occasion to see New York hotels from the point of view of a regular guest.

Other longtime favorites were the Plaza, the Pierre, the St. Regis, the Sherry-Netherland and the Drake. All had restaurants we

had used more or less frequently and liked; all are conveniently located from the point of view of both business and pleasure. So I decided to try them all—and some others—and eventually decided where to stay regularly.

Gotham Hit Parade

This, then, is an interim report on New York hotels, from the point of view of one who knows New York intimately and, who, over the years, has seen enough of good hotels in other great cities to know what you can and should expect for your money.

Rating 'Em

Now to specifics about the hotels in which I've stayed, this time more or less in order of preference:

Carlyle: Probably New York's best hotel but out of the business areas. Superior service; well-furnished rooms; wonderful view from higher floors; good bar and restaurant. Expensive.

Pierre: Another candidate for the top spot. Excellent service; attractive furnishings; superb view from higher floors; good restaurants; tightest security in town. Expensive.

Sherry-Netherland: Certainly among the best. Fast service; recently redecorated rooms; same view as Pierre; excellent telephone and message service; good security. A bit less expensive than top two.

Park Lane: New York newest with spectacular views from Central Park South side; service indifferent and inexperienced; bar and restaurant facilities inadequate for size of hotel; on-premises parking. Expensive.

St. Regis: Old favorite in convenient location. Well-furnished rooms; only view is neighboring buildings; service good; bar and restaurant facilities among the best. Expensive.

Barclay: Further downtown (next to the Waldorf) but convenient midtown location. Newly furnished rooms; only view is of Lexington Ave. and 49th St.; good service except for telephone. Surprisingly quiet, considering location. Reasonable, with best feature special weekend rate for suites at same price as double during the week; best buy for weekenders in New York.

Plaza: Best location in New York but no longer best hotel. Service slow; refurbishing program in progress but my room needed both painting and refurbishing; great views; Oak Room and adjoining bar among most pleasant eating and drinking places in town. Greatest thing for travelers that's happened to the Plaza in recent years is American Airlines' Admirals Club, a large fourth floor suite that makes a convenient meeting place and office away from home for that large portion of the population the airline chooses to enlist among its VIPs; girls in charge are unusually helpful. Hotel is not inexpensive.

Drake: Convenient location near Park and 57th. Rooms well furnished; good room service; sloppy housekeeping. Mail and message service inefficient. But hotel has cheapest rates for single rooms in a luxury hotel in this part of town.

Delmonico: A once great hotel on the way down. Furnishings and service deteriorating, although some rooms and suites have a fine Park Ave. view; room service's "Continental breakfast" is among the cheapest in town. What used to be a pleasant spot on the street floor to dine and dance now called Nico's; advertises dinner but has chef who won't serve anything but slim supper menu after nine (yet, in New York) and maitre d' who must be among most unhelpful in town. Less expensive than some competitors.

So much for details. When I lived in New York, I used to eat and drink and go to parties in these particular hotels and to think that staying there would be great, too. It is, in some of them. I wish it were in all of them.

Big Rental Films of 1971

(Continued from page 9)

Soldier Blue (R. Nelson; Avemb; Aug., 70)	2,834,000
C. C. & Company (S. Robbie; Smith/Carr; Avemb; Oct., 70)	2,804,000
Great White Hope (Martin Ritt; L. Turman; 20th; Oct., 70)	2,800,000
The Organization (D. Medford; W. Mirisch; UA; Oct., 71)	2,750,000
Lawman (M. Winner; UA; June, 71)	2,700,000
Dirty Dingus McGee (B. Kennedy; MGM; Nov., 70)	2,500,000
Blue Water, White Death (P. Gimbel; CCF/NGP; May, 71)	2,500,000
It's A Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World (UA; reissue)	2,400,000
Pretty Maids All In A Row (R. Vadim; G. Roddenberry; MGM; April, 71)	2,300,000
Monte Walsh (W. Fraker; Landers/Roberts; CCF/NGP; Oct., 70)	2,300,000
Who Is Harry Kellerman? (U. Grosbard; Grosbard/Gardner; CCF/NGP; June, 71)	2,250,000
Doc (F. Perry; UA; August, 71)	2,000,000
What's The Matter With Helen? (C. Harrington; G. Edwards; UA; June, 71)	2,000,000
Support Your Local Gunfighter (B. Kennedy; W. Finnegan; UA; May, 71)	2,000,000
The Devils (K. Russell; Solo/Russell; WB; July, 71)	2,000,000
Ginger (D. Schain; Desiderio/Desiderio; Brenner; Mar., 71)	2,000,000
Wuthering Heights (R. Fuest; Nicholson/Arkoff; AIP; Jan., 71)	2,000,000
Willy Wonka & the Chocolate Factory (M. Stuart; Margulies/Wolper; Par; June, 71)	2,000,000
The Wild Rovers (B. Edwards; Edwards/Wales; MGM; June, 71)	1,800,000
Lawrence of Arabia (Col; reissue)	1,700,000
Cromwell (K. Hughes; Irving Allen; Col; July, 70)	1,600,000
Gimme Shelter (D. Maysles, A. Maysles, C. Zerwin; Porter Bibb; Cinema 5—U.S. only; Dec., 70)	1,600,000
WUSA (S. Rosenberg; Newman/Foreman; Par; Nov., 70)	1,550,000
Where's Poppa? (C. Reiner; Tokofsky/Worth; UA; Nov., 70)	1,500,000
Dr. Phibes (R. Fuest; Heyward/Dunas; AIP; May, 71)	1,500,000
Hellstrom Chronicle (Walon Green; Cinema 5—U.S. only; June, 71)	1,500,000
Scandalous John (R. Butler; B. Walsh; BV; July, 71)	1,500,000
Little Murders (A. Arkin; J. Brodsky; 20th; March, 71)	1,500,000
Light at the Edge of the World (K. Billington; Douglas/Matas; NGP; July, 71)	1,500,000
Husbands (J. Cassavetes; Ruben/Shaw; Col; Nov., 70)	1,400,000
Night of Dark Shadows (D. Curtis; MGM; Aug., 71)	1,400,000
The Last Run (R. Fleischer; C. DeHaven; MGM; July, 71)	1,350,000
Waterloo (S. Bondorchuk; D. DeLaurentis; Par; March, 71)	1,300,000
Get Carter (M. Hodges; M. Klinger; MGM; Feb., 71)	1,300,000
Count Yorga, Vampire (B. Kelljan; M. Macready; AIP; June, 70)	1,300,000
Brewster McCloud (R. Altman; L. Adler; MGM; Dec., 70)	1,300,000
Play Misty For Me (C. Eastwood; R. Daley; Univ; Nov., 71)	1,279,000
Gone With The Wind (MGM; reissue)	1,250,000
When Dinosaurs Ruled the Earth (V. Guest; A. Young; WB; Nov., 1970)	1,250,000
A Gunfight (L. Johnson; Lubin/Bloom; Par; June, 71)	1,250,000
I Never Sang For My Father (G. Cates; Columbia; Nov., 70)	1,200,000
On Amy Sunday (B. Brown; Cinema 5—U.S. only; July, 71)	1,200,000
Red Sky At Morning (J. Goldstone; H. Wallis; Univ; May, 71)	1,200,000
The Beguiled (D. Siegel; Universal; March, 71)	1,100,000
Zappellin (E. Perier; Owen Crump; Warners; May, 71)	1,100,000
Grimm's Fairy Tales For Adults (R. Thiele; J. Gross; Cinemation; Jan., 71)	1,100,000
The McKenzie Break (L. Johnson; Gardner/Laven; UA; Oct., 70)	1,100,000
Cry Uncle (John Avildsen; D. J. Disick; Cambist; Mar., 71)	1,083,000
Sunflower (V. De Sica; C. Ponti; Avemb; Dec, 70)	1,038,000
Johnny Got His Gun (D. Trumbo; B. Canipbell; Cinemation; May, 71)	1,000,000
Death In Venice (L. Visconti; Warners; May, 71)	1,000,000
The House That Dripped Blood (P. Duffel; Rosenberg/Subotsky; CRC; April, 71)	1,000,000
Two-Lane Black Top (M. Hellman; M. S. Laughlin; Univ; Mar., 71)	1,000,000

Yank Films Perk In Persia While Native Prods. Face Crisis Of Change

By HANK WERBA

Tehran — The Persian film industry is evolving rapidly from low quality commercial routine to domination by directors. In the process, veteran Persian screen stars have had their former grip on the national market knocked loose.

The surprising aspect of the \$4,000,000 Yank haul forwarded to New York is that it accumulated during the year without help of U.S. blockbuster product. The big hit here was Paramount's "The Adventurers" and the censor board had a hand in its unexpected success by banning the film after initial two week run and then clearing it for almost immediate reissue with slight flesh cuts.

"Adventurers" held at the Diamond Cinema for 19 weeks, ran 16 in its moveover situation and continues in second moveover house.

Some of the other standout entries were MGM's "Ryan's Daughter," Avemb's "Sunflower," Col's "The Horsemen," 20th Fox's "The Vanishing Point," UA's Italo "Satyricon" and a sleeper like "Lost in the Desert" (Col) which launched an 11 week run in Tehran after competing at the Children's Film Festival last year.

Many of the big American features entered release last month after the windup of the month-long Ramadan period in November. The season now remains in high gear to culminate in the Persian New Year splurge of fresh product on March 21.

Arsham Yessaians, general manager for Cinema International Corp. (Par & U.) and United Artists, has just leased two cinemas, Radio City and Golden City, as roadshow outlets for the three banners (UA, Paramount and Universal) he reps in Iran. After the Kiyani brothers (owners of the two leased houses plus three others) completed a \$100,000 renovation of Radio City, Yessaians opened it with "They Call Me Mister Tibbs" and with plans to launch "Diamonds Are Forever" on Iranian New Year's Day.

'Love Story' Terms

Yessaians also has solid relations with Iran's three showcases — Broadway, Diamond and Empire Cinemas. He has "Airport" at the Broadway and "Love Story" at the Diamond—both doing smash business, each with holdover expectancy of at least three months. As for "Adventurers," he predicts it will become the biggest Yank money maker of all times as pic's strong pull in the provinces marks it as a successor to previous recordholder "Sound of Music." Yessaians handles 50 films a year — 25 for CIC and 25 for UA. His knowledge of the Persian language is a great help in his man-sized operation.

Parviz Fatouretchi, Diamond cinema owner, had some misgivings about Paramount's "Love Story," at its opening late Nov. Terms were steep — \$35,000 advance guarantee for a minimum 16 week run. Paramount (CIC) took 70% of the net gross the first two weeks, 65% for the next three as the percentage escalated down to 60%, 55% and finally 50% for the final seven weeks. Fatouretchi was worried that, psychologically, the dramatic ending would leave Persians dry-eyed. Also, failure of film to register in Beirut increased apprehension. He did not relax until pic gross second week topped a smash opening round and advance sales soared. As a result, "Love Story" is now slated to near Fatouretchi's boff returns on "Adventurers" which he programmed in the original three-hour version used for the world preem opening in the U.S.A. Adding joy was overdue government okay to increase admission price from 30 rials (40c) to 40 rials (53½c) at the Diamond, first of Tehran's showcases to get the cinema-by-cinema hike.

Fatouretchi resigned as head of the Film Festival of Children's and Young People in Tehran for business reasons. Fest chores, he said, didn't even leave him time to book product for his deluxe hard-top while the ten day festival pe-

riod at his cinema was a high season handicap in programming. In his first year as ex-fest director, the Diamond Cinema became the top-grossing house in town.

The union of MGM and Fox here also brings WB, Avco Embassy, Disney and ABC into a single operational fold though headed by two managers — MGM's Marcel Ventura and Sebastiano Reina who was rushed in by 20th Fox last fall when Naim Moshli died of a heart attack while driving home from work. Ventura and Reina have also signed an exclusive release deal with the six-house Moulin Rouge circuit headed by the Akhavan Brothers. Deal, however, is not exclusive since the Akhavans retain screen time for their own foreign imports.

An Art House

There is talk in film row that Columbia manager David Arnon might get WB as a natural development by both companies to merge the distrib operation overseas. Another possibility is that Arnon will be shifted to a better post after his outstanding rental returns in the only solo company operation of the major banners.

As of last May, Tehran's first art house, Broadway Cinema No. 2 (460 seater), has at least lived up to b.o. expectations with an eight week run for "Satyricon," six weeks each for "Tristana" and "Easy Rider" and five weeks each for "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" and "Five Easy Pieces." Upcoming are Jacques Tati's "Traffic," "Death in Venice," and "Husbands." This outlet has become a safety valve, particularly for the new and more permissive adult American films, badgered by film censors. "Satyricon," for instance, had a fine run at the Broadway 2 but was banned in the provinces.

Censors Ban 80

With approximately 80 films banned or shelved by censors, distributors are nonetheless heartened by a recent and more flexible censor edict. In the past, reapplication for distrib clearance could not be made for two years. Now, distributors can resubmit product six months after turndown and again in two more successive six month periods until censors reach a final verdict.

A third negative decision makes it eternal. Modification, however, has failed to break the censor jam since there are too few personnel at the Ministry of Culture and Fine Arts to view more films under relaxed regulations than they did in former years.

Iranian authorities are warming slowly to permissiveness and more nudity is getting on more screens. But at a time when student and political extremism are entering films in a number of countries, officials here are as stern as ever in rejecting them for local viewing. Drugs are another taboo, particularly in any dialogue identifying them. Iran's the only country in the world with a ban on "Mash" but the 20th Fox pic is being resubmitted.

In contrast to a generally upbeat situation for Yank companies and product, the Iranian film industry itself is a house divided. On one hand, producers, distributors and exhibitors acknowledge a 15% b.o. drop at the box office for native features while several producers invested in costlier ventures to wind with heavy losses. In contrast, a rapidly growing group of filmmakers have succeeded over a period of two years in creating a national cinema of professional and artistic maturity. This was the dominant factor of all film activity in Iran last year and is lifting Persian filmmaking from a home market activity to one with international stature and foreign sales potential.

75 Native Features

The production of films in Iran rose last year from 50 to 75. Three of the 75 — all standard commercial entries — chalked up boff grosses. Leading all was "Samat and the Magic Carpet of Solomon" — adapted from a tv series by Parviz Sayud for producer Ali Abbassi. In Tehran and the hinterland, "Magic Carpet" has already

grossed well over a half million dollars. Just under a half million dollars was "Eyvolah," hand-fashioned for very popular actor-singer Aghasy. Third hit was "The Pasturized Husband" produced and directed by Nostratollah Vahdat, a popular comedy actor who also heads the cast. Vahdat recently completed "Esfahani" in New York almost entirely on locations in Gotham with the help of Yank-based or American-born Persians. Pic has already grossed a quarter of a million dollars in its Teheran run and should do as much or more in the Provinces.

Producer Abbassi, only 28 but with a decade of showbiz experience, illustrates the cautious mood of Persian producers today. Despite his sock "Magic Carpet" returns, he plans to spend the next six months or so with the writer of his project and will not enter production until the script and budget are right. He sees eye to eye with young directors on the need for quality films fully national in character but insists on sharing control for each project rather than giving the filmmaker the first and last say. Abbassi is credited with backing a number of young directors in initial endeavors and in substituting traditionally tired screen subjects with a dynamic emphasis on national values.

While Abbassi is moving cautiously, Mehdi Missaghieh — a fully cycled film man with a small studio in town, his own lab, distribution and cinemas — has written off the old-fashioned Persian pic to take on an impressive schedule of films by young directors. Almost completed are Daryush Mehrjui's "The Postman" and Nosrat Karimi's "Mohaleh." For the same producer, Masoud Kimiaii last month finished shooting "Balooch" (Nomad) while Said Notallebi is now filming "The Trip" and Jalel Moghadam will film one of three projects he is prepping for 1972.

Full of Persian Beaus

In looking at these young directors more closely, the extent of Missaghieh's ambitious new course of production becomes clearer. Nosrat Karimi got off to a good start with his first long feature "The Coachman." Daryush Mehrjui's first film "The Cow" opened the doors to Iranian participation at film festivals and the film won prizes at Venice and Chicago Festivals. It was programmed at the London Festival as well. "The Cow" has been acquired by the Soviet Union — the first acquisition for an Iranian film by a major nation and should make other sales following fest exposure. It also reflects the speed of change in Persian cinema, since the fest print had to be sent clandestinely to Venice after ministerial authorities vetoed its export. Mehrjui gave Iran a second taste of fest participation when his second film "Mr. Haloo" (or "Mr. Simpleton") contested at the last Moscow Festival and picked up one of the secondary awards.

Kimiaii bounced to the forefront in his first effort "Ghisar" and his follow-up "Reza, the Motorcyclist." Third film "Dash Akol" is a powerful social drama of a legendary Persian Samurai type entrusted with the care of a teenage girl he loves but cannot marry. "Dash Akol," Persian to the core and skillfully directed, should be Iran's 1972 entry at one or more international fests. In its trek to film gatherings, it could well be joined by Kimiaii's latest film "Balooch." "Dash Akol" producer Houshang Kaveh plans to repeat with Kimiaii for "Tangseir" next summer.

Fifth director on producer Missaghieh's roster is 44 year old Jalel Moghadam, another promising director with three films to his credit — "The Lunatic Tree" filmed five years ago, "The Window" which made money for producer Abbassi last year and recently completed social drama "The Trap." In a swiftly developing country like Iran, Moghadam, like many or most young directors, reveal a deep-felt anxiety to explore

(Continued on page 70)

'Arab' Films Mostly Egyptian

Cairo.

The Arab film industry has traditionally been synonymous with the Egyptian film industry, and the themes favored by Egyptian producers have overwhelmingly been related to that country's city and countryside. Other Arab countries, with the one exception of Lebanon, produce few films of their own and have had to rely almost entirely on Egypt to supply their Arabic language film requirements, and in so doing have become accustomed to both the somewhat "foreign" subject matter and to the Egyptian dialect.

These factors, of course, have limited appeal and although Egyptian films have found audiences in Greece, Ethiopia, Indonesia, Malaysia, Somalia, Ghana, Nigeria, Iran, Brazil, Venezuela and even Brooklyn, New York, they were made up mostly of nostalgic expatriates aching for a reminder of home. The limitations of content and language have had a restrictive effect and Arab films have yet to acquire a noticeable portion of the world's film markets. Consequently, the main market for Egyptian films remains Egypt itself.

Egyptians have been avid filmgoers from way back. By 1905 there were 12 theatres and by the end of World War I the total had increased to 80, all of which were showing product imported from France and Italy. In these early days sub-titles were not superimposed on the bottom of the film, so the management thoughtfully provided a translator or explicator who stood beside the screen and gave a blow-by-blow account of the action, booming out in Arabic a running commentary. Cairo's Olympia Cinema improved on the system by installing near the picture screen a smaller screen, on which was flashed on Arabic subtitles. In 1940, the Egyptian Government issued an order forbidding the projection of any foreign film not superimposed with Arabic subtitles; fast readers are thus now able to get the drift of the plot.

A. Orfanelli established Egypt's first production studios in Alexandria. The two-reel comedies he and his contemporaries cranked out were not sufficiently popular to establish a foothold for the industry in that city, and with the appearance of "Leila," the centre of gravity of the motion picture industry shifted to Cairo — where it has remained ever since. At that point of course Egyptian bankers awoke to the profits to be made from the screen and began to invest in what had previously been almost the private preserve of the star producers. Bank Misr, for example, formed the Societe Misr pour le Theatre et le Cinema and built the Misr Studio, still considered the largest and best equipped studio in the Middle East.

The new enterprises also sought to improve the indifferent technical quality of Egyptian films by sending promising young men to study filmmaking in France and Germany.

Copenhagen Show Biz Augurs A Mixed Danish Pastry

By J. R. KEITH KELLER

Copenhagen. — Joergen Toennesen and Hans-Joergen Eriksen have opened their new Hotel Plaza right in the heart of this kingdom's gay metropolis.

The hoteliers have had longstanding interest in international stars during their Copenhagen engagement, as for instance at the Trivoli Varieteen. For instance, each night, returning from work, Marlene Dietrich (and her personalities) would find in their King Frederik suite a record player playing their current favorite LP; a bottle of their favorite champagne; a tray of their favorite food; a vase of their favorite flowers, etc. As Sammy Davis Jr. once remarked on returning to the King Frederik: Man, I feel truly royal here.

But will there be any international stars to enjoy this particular kind of hospitality in Copenhagen this year? You may be eating well in Denmark but a full stomach alone does not make a gay heart.

As to entertainment, Copenhagen is really singing the blues these days. In a city of between 1,200,000 inhabitants, there is only one place left for the elegant dining-and-dancing set and that's the Hotel Angletterre, where Erik Frederiksen, m.c., entertainer, drummer and bandleader, sets the tune of the muted good fun.

Good Groceries

There is fine eating at Christian Basse's Grand Hotel, Carlo Roennebaek's Codan, Kaj Joergensen's Langelinie. There is "fun" eating at Simon Spies' Hotel Mercur. The Coq d'Or is still in the business of providing topnotch cuisine. The Imperial should be given a try. And that's just about that.

If you want dancing and a show of some kind along with your food, you must accept a low-budget show and inferior food at such places as the Valencia, the Lorry, Palm Gardens, Paradise, the Ziegeunhallen, Nimb or the Damhus Inn.

Copenhagen as The Sin City? Well, it's really a pathetic scene. One is reminded of an old Robert Benchley piece about his arriving in Paris ready to step into any available pitfall — but it turned out to be Sunday and they were all closed. While Benchley consoled himself by going early to bed with a copy of Collier's with "a corking good story" about a dog that saved his master, the Copen-

hagen pitfall-seeker will hardly be tempted with any such innocent magazine fare.

Porn For The Tourists

Every second newsstand in Copenhagen sells all-out pornography these days, and the customers are 99% non-Danes. Were it not for the tourists and some export business, the Danish pornography industry would have died of starvation a month after the abolishment of the old pornography laws. Still, for those coming in from the sticks (Wherever those are these days), commercialized sin can still be found here and there.

The Hotel Sheraton's Penthouse Club, the Kakadu, Wonder Bar and Maxim are still doing strong business. Discotheques open and close, but a few seem firmly established: Disc Club, Pussy Cat, Circle Club, Club 10. And the gay bars these nights are the Toro Negro and the Pink. The "private club" still lead in the live show biz, attracting customers from the Royal Theatre, the government and the industrial set.

Elsewhere in the entertainment life of Copenhagen, more sighing and sobbing is heard than ever before. The Royal Theatre remains solid in its offerings of drama, opera and ballet fare to interest an international audience. At the Falkoner Theatre, Lars Schmidt, Yngve Oestergaard and Richard Stangerup were first in the European race to produce "Jesus Christ Superstar." Otherwise, most theatre managers tend to play it safe with revivals or with Feydeau or Noel Coward.

Nervous Film Biz

A new film law promises to take the 15% per ticket from the cinemas. It is too early to talk about a cinema life revival in Copenhagen, but light is to be seen in the darkness. Charter Travel tycoon (one of Europe's two most powerful in that field) Simon Spies not only bought himself a hotel recently but also the big Mercur Theatre, long dormant, is now decidedly doing good business. Spies has introduced a flexible price system at his boxoffice, so that the Mercur now draws quite good audiences even for early morning shows at most attractive low price.

Danish film production is down from an annual 30 features to an average of 15. Within a year, two major production companies declared themselves bankrupt.

WEST GERMANY'S FILM CRISIS

West Berlin: 1971

In Capsulated Superlatives

By HANS HOEHN

Best German Pic	Johannes Schaaf's "Trotta"
Best Foreign Pic	Luchino Visconti's "Death in Venice"
Most Successful Local Producer	Horst Wendlandt
Best Stage Actor	Michael Degen
Best Stage Actress	The late Helene Weigel
Most Cheered Stage Director	Ariane Mnouchkine of Paris
Most Cheered Singer	Cathy Berberian
Most Disputatious Composer	Hans Werner Henze
Most Amazing Conductor	Robert Stolz
Best Jazz Presentation	Joachim Berendt's 8th Jazz Days
Best TV Quizmaster	Hans-Joachim Kulenkampff
Best Radio Station	SFB (Station Free Berlin)
Best Cabaret Ensemble	Reichskabarett
Best Skating Troupe	"Viennese Ice Revue"
Best Night Club Operator	Rolf Eden
Most Successful Songstress	Manuela
Most Cheered German-Lingo Singer	Austria's Peter Alexander
Most Successful Foreign Pop Songstress	Mireille Mathieu
Most Successful Foreign Pop Singer	Daniel Gerard ("Butterfly")

Berlin.

BIZ DOWN AGAIN, HOUSES DWINDLE

By HAZEL GUILD

Frankfurt.

A country with cozy little cinemas of less than 500 seats, tiny drive-ins with space for less than 500 cars and "community cinemas" showing 16m classics and avant garde newbies may sound charming, but for West Germany it spells disaster for the international film business.

Cinema scene is so bleak here that, even with the sex and crime blockbusters, boxoffice totals are down again. Despite higher ticket prices, the number of houses still open has been sliced in half since the postwar peak of about 7,000. Moreover, some of the German productions deemed so outstanding that they were invited as international film festival participants can't even find a distributor!

Film Promotion Plan isn't succeeding. The four-year-old project to help finance "outstanding" films (meaning pix which made money in the first year after release) is in such a mess that with about \$4,000,000 to spend for aiding film, it has built up a giant overhead and over \$250,000 yearly goes for the cost of administration alone.

About a third of the profits from German cinemas in 1970 went into the coffers of American distributors, who earned only around \$22,000,000 for their efforts. German productions earned only slightly more, around 39.2% of the total cinema income in this country. Italy took out 9%, England about 5.5% and France slightly less. All other countries split 27.9%.

Ticket Prices Rose

Ticket prices advanced to an average of 90c in 1970 and 167,400,000 ducats were sold — meaning that every German in the entire country went less than nine times to the film of his choice.

Entertainment tax, still a bothersome additive to ticket prices in some lands, brought in close to \$3,000,000, while some of the states have already eliminated this tax completely.

Drive-in cinemas number only 17 in the entire land. Some experts maintain that only the smaller drive-ins with space for 500 autos or less are worth the investment. Too, with the smaller all fresco theatres, it's easier to maintain the personnel and keep up the standard of the necessary restaurants.

Big chains of houses are no longer the way to success in this country, either. A current study shows that there are 1,692 operators with one house, 303 exhibitors with two cinemas, 107 with three, 99 operate from four to 10 houses, 11 have from 11 to 15 theatres, three maintain between 16 and 20 houses and only one chain, UFA, falls into the "21 to 40" category with 36 cinemas in its empire.

Trend is more and more to own just one middle-sized house. And as if the competition isn't keen enough, some German towns are opening their own "communal cinemas," sponsored by the area. Some of these outlets run nightly and others just on weekends, with subsidies to maintain some sort of theatre exhibition in the smaller villages. Duisburg has its "film forum," Essen has the youth cinema titled "Cinema" and other German towns are considering the same.

In fact, the situation is so tense in Frankfurt that Hilmar Hoffman, the city's ambitious cultural adviser, is trying to annex city funds for his proposed "audio-visual communication center." And five first-run house owners are protesting the "illegal competition."

West German federal government handed out awards to 18 cinemas for arranging especially

(Continued on page 70)

In Spain Gotta Accent Positive If Church, Politics, Sex Or Army Come Into Any Feature's Script

By PETER BESAS

Madrid.

Seldom has the Spanish film scene seemed quite so bleak as during 1971. There were many reasons, some of them endemic to the Spanish industry for decades, others, such as the recent escalation of censorship and the virtual disappearance of the Film School and the Filmoteca Nacional, of more recent vintage. The most immediate of woes doubtlessly was the censorship crackdown which, from any serious, internationally-minded standpoint, seemed to sap the last remaining globules of vigor from a presently moribund industry.

Spain has never been blessed with talented directors, but the much stopped struggling Juan Antonio Bardem and Luis Garcia Berlanga have long since passed into screen history despite an occasional fling like Berlanga's "Vivan los Novios" (1970) (also severely changed by censors) and Bardem's "Varieties" (1971), an innocuous excuse for close-ups of actress Sara Montiel. In 1971, censorship effectively forbade distribution of Martin Patino's "Songs For After a War", and rejected Carlos Saura's latest script "Anna and the Wolves", after cutting his previous item "The Garden of Delights" which had to practically be smuggled out of the country for a screening at the New York Film Festival. Even such an innocent item as "Goya" was snipped, and for a while it looked like Pedro Olea's prize-winning "The Wolves' Forest" would be forbidden even after its commercial release in Madrid.

Director Manuel Summers' case is a typical one. Summers has always had censorship difficulties with his films, since they are wise-cracking and down-to-earth yarns, with a healthy charge of irreverent local humor. Previous pix like "Urtain, King of the Jungle" and "We're Not Made of Stone" ran into constant censorship snags, though they were finally released in modified versions. Script for his latest film, "Good-bye, Stork, Good-bye," was approved only after the director had furnished letters of recommendation from UNESCO officials, priests and other Establishment figures. Even then pic had six cuts at time of unspooling here. He says, "I've had another script called 'A Man Better Than Bread', based on a Marcel Ayme tale, in the censors for over a year, and it still hasn't been approved. Things haven't been this bad since the early 1960's." Summers is now supplementing his income by thesping. Others have pitched their lots with Spanish Television, and the remainder snap up what work they can with foreign productions rolling here. Though in theory producers are not obliged to submit scripts to the censors, in practice almost all do so, since finished pic has to go to the censors anyway, and approval of script at least assures some sort of probability of acceptance of the finished product.

In addition to the actual censorship, there is a self-imposed one by the producers and directors and scripters themselves, since they know ahead of time there's no point even trying to present a script touching upon anything vaguely disputatious anent religion, politics, sex, the armed services or any facet of Spanish life which is not considered "positive." Almost all scripters attempting serious subjects have had literally dozens of screenplays rejected.

Don't Overlook Aussie

By HARRY MILLER

Sydney.

The smart people in our business know about Australia. I'm talking about people whose thinking doesn't stop at the Equator.

Okay, so we don't have Disneyland, and we don't have icewater in all our hotel rooms—for that matter, we don't have a great many hotel rooms at the moment. But at the same time we don't have civil unrest, we've got a superb climate, our women are safe on the streets at night, we're industrious without being frenetic—and we've got great natural locations for making movies.

If you doubt me, catch a movie called "Outback" at your friendly neighborhood theatre. I don't have a cent in it. What you see of Australia in "Outback" is only a small part of the country. We've got everything here that they've got in Spain and Yugoslavia—and we're bigger.

Our production of "Hair" has bowled into its third year to good boxoffice in Melbourne, and there's tremendous groundswell of interest going for "Jesus Christ Superstar" which we're opening in early 1972.

With Robert Stigwood and MCA we're doing the concert version for the Adelaide Festival of Arts in March, and soon after we'll debut the musical version in Sydney. Our production will be directed by Jimmy Sharman who did "Hair" Down Under.

By the way our first London co-production is a farce called "Don't Just Lie There, Say Something," in which we're partnered with England's Brian Rix. So don't overlook Australia.

Marx Bros. Were Like Berlitz To Frenchman

By FRANCOIS PASQUALINI

Marseilles.

This writer gets a big kick out of Marx Bros. pictures. But laughter is only one of the pleasures derived from these shows: they also induce gratitude.

I have sold 2,000 freelance articles to 350 publications all over the world, and I attribute a large proportion of that editorial record to my knowledge of the English language and its American variations (I am a Frenchman, in case you hadn't noticed the dateline).

Uncle Sam's

To give you an idea of how far I had progressed in my passionate study of the language by the time Yank soldiers landed in Southern France, I'll just mention the fact that many of them lost bets when I proved I was "frog" and had never been to the States. And at that time, I had yet to read Henry L. Mencken's "The American Language." But books alone couldn't teach how to speak English, let alone with an American accent, I can hear you mentally remark.

That's right, and that's where the Marx Brothers—and all the other other undubbed U.S. films I had watched as a teenager—come in.

Every franc I could spare would go to the boxoffice of the only film theatre showing such pictures in Marseilles then, Le Star (now called Le Paris). As a matter of fact, I was so eager to rake up the weekly old francs necessary to satisfy my urge to hear American actors speak the language, that I had coined the expression "un Star" to describe the small sum of money involved. Inciden-

(Continued on page 70)

Holland's Cinema Miracle Of 1971: Three Top Grossers Were Home-Made

By HANS SAALTINK

Amsterdam.

As far as Dutch cinema exhibitors were concerned all's well that ends well—and the year 1971 ended very well indeed for them, as, divided between several circuits, they all had a moneymaker. The miracle was that the golden feature films of 1971 were all Dutch.

It started rather unexpectedly early in the year with Fons Rademakers' "Mira," a Dutch-Belgian coproduction, an earnest film based on a Flemish novel written at the beginning of the century by Styn Streuvels. It had some nudity in it but that hardly forecast its box office success. "Mira" ran in 10 prints in Holland and 12 in Belgium, grossing in both Kingdoms about \$1,300,000.

In autumn the second miracle happened. Producer Rob Houwer bought the rights to a local best-seller, "What Do I See" by Albert Mol, about the adventures of an Amsterdam streetwalker. Directed by Paul Verhoeven with a comic slant, film topped all previous successes and attracted more patronage here than "Gone With The Wind" or "The Sound Of Music." Running in 33 prints the distributor's share is expected to be around \$1,300,000.

For Scorpio Productions Wim Verstappen directed "Blue Movie," written in cooperation with Charles Gormley. After initial troubles with the Dutch censors, who objected to the frontal male and female nudity, and some copulation scenes, it was given a permit without any cuts. Instead of presenting it as a sex film (it was released as such in Germany, where it was retitled "Pornohouse In Amsterdam") it was put in a big cinema aiming at family business. The result was that "Blue Movie" became a success because it was seen not by lonely people but by couples who treated the film as a titillating comedy, of which it has ample examples. Running in 23 prints "Blue Movie" can be expected in its initial run to gather \$600,000 as the distributor's share.

Though not as spectacular a success as "What Do I See" and "Blue Movie" a third Dutch feature film, "Daniel" by Eric Terpstra, also did well.

It is a slight comedy about the generational conflict, centering around the situation that by the time youngster Daniel is quieted down with his wanderlust, his parents are on the youth kick. "Daniel" is released in six prints, which is mainly due to the fact that 53 Dutch cinemas are tied up with either "What Do I See" or "Blue Movie." It can be expected that "Daniel" will receive a wider

release in spring when there will be more space.

Though the most popular films in 1971 were Dutch, there had been only one Dutch film among the top 20 in 1970, Thys Chanowski's "Onkruidzaaiers In Fabeltjesland," based on his television series "The Daily Fable."

Other successes in 1970 were "Mash," "Woodstock," "On Her Majesty's Secret Service," "West Side Story," "Ben-Hur," "Easy Rider," "The Nun Of Monza," "Hello, Dolly," "The Love Bug," "Butch Cassidy And The Sundance Kid," "Airport," "Satyricon," "Hibernatus," "My Fair Lady," "Patton," "Doctor Zhivago," "Deine Frau Das Unbekannte Wesen," "Tora Tora Tora," "Those Daring Young Men In Their Jaunty Jalopies." These 20 feature films took 29.4% of all receipts, leaving 70.6% for the other 338 feature films released in 1970.

Though the heavy burden of entertainment tax was abolished officially by February 1971, it was replaced by the VAT. Films of U.S. origin decreased from 138 in 1969 to 113 in 1970. British and Italian films increased in number. While European films took 55.75% of screening time, US films got 44.25%, with box office receipts divided in 51.22% for European films against 48.78% for American films (in the latter case the share was 43.77% in 1969).

Gross receipts in Dutch cinemas was 77,606,000 Dutch guilders (approximately \$20,000,000) in 1970, with 12 million guilders contributing to entertainment tax (\$3,500,000).

London Tourists Skip Historic Legit Church

London.

St. Paul's Cathedral, the Christopher Wren masterpiece, is typically one of the "musts" for well-conditioned tourists in London, but few of them make for the smaller St. Paul's Church, the opening scene backdrop for Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion," ditto the "My Fair Lady" stage and film version.

Near the Royal Opera House in the Covent Garden market district (and a short stroll from a number of West End legions), it's sometimes tagged the "actors' church." The walls are studded with memorials to theatrical personages, and it's the traditional spot here for memorial services to members of the profession (one of the more recent having been for Sir Tyrone Guthrie).

Church was built in 1638 on commission by the fourth Earl of Bedford. Architect was Inigo Jones, well represented to this day midtown London.

Israel, Once Mexico's Film Fan Rival, Down As TV In; Made 21 Pix In '71

By JOSEPH LAPID

Tel Aviv.

Due to the quiet on the borders, to government incentives and to improved facilities, film production in Israel continued to grow throughout 1971 and faces 1972 with good prospects — provided hostilities between Jews and Arabs are not renewed on a distracting scale.

However, theatre attendance dropped 6%: from 35 million in 1970 to 33 million in 1971 and this trend is continuing. The number of film situations operating has dropped from 279 in 1970 to 246 in 1971. Though municipalities are lowering the entertainment tax on tickets in order to save theatres and though the loss in attendance numbers was partially offset by the tendency of the public to buy the more expensive tickets, the downward slide is expected to continue.

The yearly attendance figure of 33 million still means 11 tickets per capita, which is several times as much as in other countries of the Western world. With the ever increasing impact of video, this level presumably can not be maintained for long. Before the introduction of video in 1967, Israel was competing with Mexico for the highest ratio of theatre attendance to population in the world. That's past. Still, Israel remains a relatively good country for foreign distributors.

Pound Off 20%

Due to the 20% devaluation of the Israeli Pound, which is now worth 4.20 for the U.S. dollar, such foreign deals that were made in Israel on a dollar basis became more profitable, while contracts based on the Israeli Pound are worth less. Certainly the devaluation made investments in co-production in Israel a more attractive proposition. Though the rebate on dollars invested on film production was decreased 32% cent to 21%, the devaluation cum rebate set the dollar's value at \$5.09 IL, a good rate indeed which should spur further foreign production in the country. In 1971, the income in foreign currency on film making in Israel amounted to \$2,000,000, as compared to \$600,000 in 1970 — an increase of 250%.

This figure does not include foreign investments in fixed assets, which passed during 1941 the 1 m. dollar mark. Birns & Sawyer have invested nearly \$500,000 in film equipment for hire, joining thereby Israeli Motion Picture Studios in Herzlia, Capital Films in Jerusalem, Israfilm and Roll Films in Tel Aviv and Motran Ltd., a subsidiary of Berkey-Pathe-Humphries in Givatayim, in establishing in Israel a technical level of film making comparable to the better, though not yet the best, European standards. This development was pointed out as an incentive for foreign producers by Otto Preminger, as recently quoted in VARIETY. He is preparing to make a new feature in Israel, hopeful to repeat the success of "Exodus."

Lab and Lingo

Also, Lee Electric of London has set up, with Cordo-Baro Co. Tel Aviv, a rental outfit of lighting equipment, with an initial investment of \$250,000. A similar sum was invested by Sarco Westerns International in building a "Western Town," as film prop, not far from Tel Aviv. It will be rented to any comer. And a multi-lingual dubbing center was established in Tel Aviv by Zinkoe Productions, which has "privileged access" to a new dubbing process on one side, and to the practically unlimited linguistic resources available in Israel, on the other.

Though great strides have been made in loosening the bureaucratic ties which have hindered foreign productions and investments in Israel — like the custom procedures, which have become much more liberal — there are still complaints about too much paperwork and too many signatures needed for any sort of agreement. A further drawback is the creeping inflation in Israel, which has amounted in

most production fields to an increase during 1972, making preliminary calculations difficult and sometimes illusory. But in general, the atmosphere surrounding film productions has been steadily improving under the aegis of the Israel Film Centre, an official body, headed by Zeev Birger, of the Ministry of Commerce and Industry.

Birger and his staff have sponsored in 1971 Israeli Film Weeks in Belgium and in Sweden. They have established a Liaison Office for the Israeli Film Industry in London, headed by Andrew Filson, past Director of the Film Producers Ass. of Great Britain. They have signed co-operation agreements with several European countries, facilitating the mutual use of film-incentive laws.

Most importantly, the Israel Film Centre smoothed the way for co-productions, in which foreign and Israeli producers make good use of allowances provided by Israeli law. More often than not, the foreigners invest the money, the leading actors and the directors, while the Israeli side provides the studio, the technical facilities and the rest of the cast. In many cases the story is based on Israeli history, but is re-written by a foreign script-writer for tastes of foreign audiences, following the pattern set — but so far not repeated — by "Exodus."

The following full length features were made or started in 1971 (or were due to start by the end of 1971) in Israel:

"The Highway Queen," a drama from the life of a prostitute, produced by Noah Films, directed by Menahem Golan, with Gilam Almagor and Yehuda Barkan.

"The Cop," a comedy directed by Ephraim Kishon, who was also producer with Yitzhak Kol, of Israel Motion Picture Studios, Title role by Shai K. Ophir.

"Arianna," a melodrama produced by Michael Shvili, directed by George Obadiah, with Tova Pardo and Avi Toledano.

"The Sykarykian," a story of an anarchist during the Jewish-Roman wars, produced by Mineged Co., directed by Menahem Rinetzki, with Zemach Bar-Zachai.

"Fifty-fifty," a comedy about the missing half of a lottery ticket, produced by Hetzi-Hetzi Ltd with Berkey-Pathe-Humphries, directed by Boaz Davidson. Players include Nissim Azikri, Zeev Berlinsky and Assi Dayan.

"Fishke Goes to War," a comedy about an orthodox student in the army, produced by Michael Shvili, directed by George Obadiah. In cast: Mosha Solo, Gabi Amrani, Leora Ramon.

"Hassamba," a children's film of cops and robbers, produced by Tiv Films, directed by Yoel Silberg Zeev Revach and Shlomo Artzi in leads.

"Katz & Carasso," a family comedy, produced by Noah Films, directed by Menahem Golan. Shmuel Rodensky, Yossef Shiloach, Yehuda Barkan and Gadi Yagil were the actors.

"The Angel Was a Devil," about a mad woman who murders children, produced by Ophire Films. Directed by Moshe Gez, presenting Ophelia Strahl and Moshe Gez.

"Beach Sabras," a children's film, produced by Willi Gafni, directed by Armin Dehlen. Leads were Gideon Eden, Ronit Sternberg and Irit Rabin.

"The Pill," about the strange effects of a pill used by the wrong persons, produced by Tel-Noa Film, directed by David Perlov, featuring Germaine Unikovsky, Avner Hizkiyahu and Yossi Banai.

"Jerusalem Jerusalem," a suspense story in the wake of the Six Days War, produced by Sparta Films of London, directed by John Flynn. Topcasts Nicol Williamson, Donald Pleasance, Daria Halprin and Bruce Davidson.

"Carlos," a melodramatic Western, produced by Iduna Productions and the West German Broadcasting Co., directed by Hans W. Geissendorfer. Players were Gott-

fried John, Bernhard Wicki, Anna Karina, Geraldine Chaplin and Thomas Hunter.

"The Conqueror," about a German "Aryan" girl who learns that her father was Jewish, produced by F.F.I. of West Berlin. Directed by Dan Cohen. In cast: Claudia Arn, Michael Degen and Eli Cohen.

"Whisper My Name," about an American girl in Israel, produced by Benwest Productions, U.S.A., directed by James F. Collier. Joanna Pettet, Tuvia Tavi and William Jordan in leading roles.

"Big Truck and Poor Claire," about an adventurous hitchhiker in the desert, U.S.-Israeli co-production by Maslansky-Deshe-Topol, directed by Robert Miller, using Peter Ustinov, Francesca Annis and Perry King.

"Neither by Day Nor by Night," a drama about the blind, an U.S.-Israeli co-production of Steve Stern. Topcasts Edward G. Robinson with Zalman King, Miriam Bernstein-Cohen, Dalia Friedland and Misha Asherov.

"The Hitchhiker," Two couples marooned on an island. Produced by Almog Films, Amos Sefer and Amatzia Hayuni. Directed by Amos Sefer. Main roles to Asher Tzor-fati, Shmuel Wolf, Lili Avidan and Zila Karni.

"Dawn," a political drama, German-Israeli co-production, Willi Gafni producer.

"The End of The Season," About Tel Aviv youngsters, produced and directed by Uri Zohar.

"The Tiger," concerning Israeli "Black Panthers," produced by Filmair and Israel Motion Picture Studios, directed by Ilan Eldad.

Altogether — 21 features. A fair amount of activity. Particularly since some big names are involved, like Edward G. Robinson, Peter Ustinov, Nicol Williamson. Standards, of course, are uneven and the list includes ambitious projects, like "Jerusalem Jerusalem," reportedly backed to \$1,000,000 by MGM, as well as local hokum like "Fishke Goes to War" (which, however, did very well financially).

It is more difficult to forecast future productions in a notoriously fickle industry in an even more notoriously unreliable political prognosis. But it is a fair guess that in the first half of 1972 shooting will start of "The Shattered Silence," a U.S.-Canadian-Israeli co-production about the real life adventures and tragic end of the Israeli super-spy Eli Cohen; "The Antagonists," about the siege by the Roman legions of the Jewish fortress of Massada, a Universal production; "Oh, Jerusalem," promoted by French director Claude Berri; "Aniko" a bio-pic about Hanna Senesh, the Jewish Jeanne d'Arc, a co-production between British John Heyman and Israeli Menahem Golan; "Caruthers," a western; "Brothers," a political drama; "Major Grossfeld's War," about the 6 Days War; "The Second Coming," a film on Jesus; "The Lighthouse" and several Israeli productions.

Finally, there are several video projects, already finished, in the making or firmly scheduled, by foreign tv companies:

Marx Bros.

(Continued from page 69)

tally, the word "coined" could also be considered valid in its literal meaning in this context, for my fancy currency had become an almost official one among students at the local high school I attended. When the U.S. Army landed over here, therefore, I had no trouble at all "landing" a job with it myself — as an interpreter, of course.

Moreover, my passion for the language of Shakespeare and Mark Twain has also sparked the idea of making the most of it by writing in English for publications across the Channel and across the Atlantic.

Thank you, Groucho.

Russian Film Mags

Moscow.

These are publications dealing with cinema in U.S.S.R.:

Iskusstvo Kino (The Art of the Cinema), monthly literary-critical theoretical illustrated magazine, the organ of the Committee for Cinematography under the U.S.S.R. Council of Ministers and the Film-Makers Union of the U.S.S.R. Each issue includes a screenplay.

Sovetsky Ekran (The Soviet Screen), mass popular magazine published for film fans. Reviews, articles, production news, etc. Has annual poll for best films and acting. Twice-monthly, with 2,300,000 circulation.

Sovetsky Film (Soviet Film), monthly magazine published mainly for foreign readers. Diversified information about Russian films and filmmakers. Published by V/O Sovexportfilm.

Sputnik Kinozritel' (Filmgoer's Companion), illustrated monthly on current films.

Sovetskoye Kino (Soviet Cinema), weekly complement to the Sovetskaya Kultura newspaper. Small volume with short critical reviews, some technical information.

Tekhnika Kino i Televideniya (Cinema and Television Technology), publishes articles on technical problems. For scientists, engineers, tv centres, etc.

Kinomekhanik (Movie Technician), monthly organ of the Cinematography Committee under the U.S.S.R. Council of Ministers. Reviews problems in the economy and organization of the network of film houses, distribution, etc.

Iranian Roundup

(Continued from page 68)

the rich and varied folk traditions that could well disappear in the next several decades of economic expansion and modernization. This is evident in "The Trap" as are the director's skills in filming a contemporary tale with its vivid contrast of past and present. The director is now preparing "The Secret of the Senged Tree" as well as "The Prophet" for filming next year. Moghadam writes, directs and edits.

Adapts from Video

"The House of Lady Ghamar" is Bahman Farmanara's first long feature. Adapted from a click tv series, film centers on a dictator landlady and takes place entirely on interiors of her boarding house. With 85 half-hour tv segs of this story already programmed, exhibs are beating their way to the director's doorstep to acquire release. Late last month, Farmanara took "The Season of Blood" before cameras as director and coproducer with Caspian Studio. The young director also heads the film archives at the Television School and is tv programmer of a weekly showbiz news and interview slot.

Nasser Taghvai's first film "Calm In The Presence of Others" was shown only at the Shiraz and Persepolis Arts Festival in 1969 and then sealed off by authorities from further viewing. Growing word of mouth rates the film highly and there is some hope censors will relent and let Taghvai's picture go. Last year, he participated in the Teheran Festival for Children and Young Adults with an excellent 23 Min. short feature confirming his status in the Teheran film community. Taghvai recently returned from southern Iran where he filmed his second long feature "Sadegh, the Kurd" — still another for producer Missaghieh.

Young tv producer Parviz Kiamavi with "Mongols," Hagir Daryoush with "Bita Arbi Ovenessian" with "The String," Bahram Beyzai with "Ragbar," are all young first feature directors bringing new vitality to the new Persian cinema. Arsalan Sasani completed his film studies in New York and is prepping his first project in Tehran.

So contagious is the changing film scene that even Evrahim Golestani, who pioneered alone for a national cinema a decade or more ago, then filmed highly-rated documentaries like "Fire" and "Waves, Corals and Rocks" for the oil companies, is back directing his first feature in years "The Brick and the Mirror." His brother, Shahrokh Golestani, is hard at work in the Ministry of Culture cutting

Germany's Pic Crisis

(Continued from page 68)

attractive programs, for pleasing advertising and maintaining comfortable houses. But the cinemas in general are outdated and colorless here.

Film Promotion Board managed to give some aid to only about half of the German productions last year. Meantime, the board is due to grade its final films during 1972 and stop its work the following year. General feeling is that it hasn't come far in its aims — to step up the quality of German pix, improve the German image abroad through improved international-themed films and keep the German producers going in tough times.

Recently it was revealed that 22 full-length films made by young German producers and directors could not find a distributor. Some were sold abroad, and some finally wound up on German tv where they recovered only a portion of their costs. Several were chosen as West German entries in cultural fests in other lands. But they were considered either too arty or too high-level to win a mass public.

Only those films which earn back 500,000 marks (about \$150,000) are eligible for subsidies from the Film Promotion Board — and a pic that can't get a distributor can't make it to first base. Then a film which earns enough to be eligible for film aid is granted 150,000 marks (about \$45,000) plus another 100,000 marks for sale to German tv.

Another Dilemma

This presents another peculiar dilemma — the producers don't want to kill the chances of a film in the cinema by an early release to tv. So the tv release is usually supposed to be delayed for 10 years — with the tv stations putting out money for films they can't offer for a decade! Last year 40 new German films were sold in this odd arrangement to tv; this year the number has been cut to 15.

Part of the money in the Film Promotion Board's treasury comes from levying a groschen, 3 cents, on each ticket sold. That plus leftovers from the sale of the former UFA film properties are filling the budget.

UFA money, being held by the German government, seems to be mysteriously fading away. No one on the film scene has a clear idea of just how much is still available and how it's going to be doled out over the next years.

Film Promotion budget for 1971 totals around \$5,000,000 with \$4,000,000 coming from the groschen and the rest coming from the UFA funding.

Eighteen German distributors have gone broke since 1960 and only two — Constantin and Gloria — still have a strong hold. Of 70 independent producers registered, about 60% are turning out only one film apiece a year.

The Americans are combining their distrib facilities, too, to beat mounting administration and personnel costs. Paramount and Universal merged as Cinema International Corp. here and Columbia and Warners are working as one.

German films abroad are bringing back home around \$6,000,000 — a substantial contribution but not enough to keep the whole industry going.

It's obvious that 1972 will bring some new form of German film subsidy to keep the industry from foundering completely. But with reports that it will be some form of "cultural-political" subsidy, prospects seem dim that any world-shakers are going to result.

room: finishing a 100 Min. documentary on the 2,500th anniversary celebrations in Persepolis and Tehran.

For 25 years, Persian producers were grinding out slightly different versions of romantic fables about the Oriental prince and the flower girl for pure local consumption. Today, a growing, new filmmaker generation is grappling with big realities — old and contemporary — to reactivate Persian cinema in a bigger, more important dimension. Development neatly dovetails with royal blueprint to make Tehran an international center for mass entertainment.

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TONY ISBERT, JOSE LUIS LOPEZ VAZQUEZ**

LA PRIMERA ENTREGA

Director: Angelino Fons

**EMMA PENELLA, GLEN LEE
FRANCO CITTI**

ESPAÑOLAS EN PARIS

Director: Roberto Bodegas

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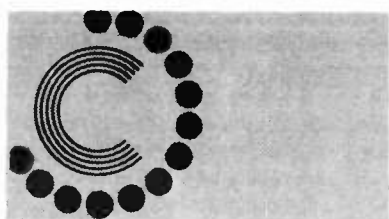
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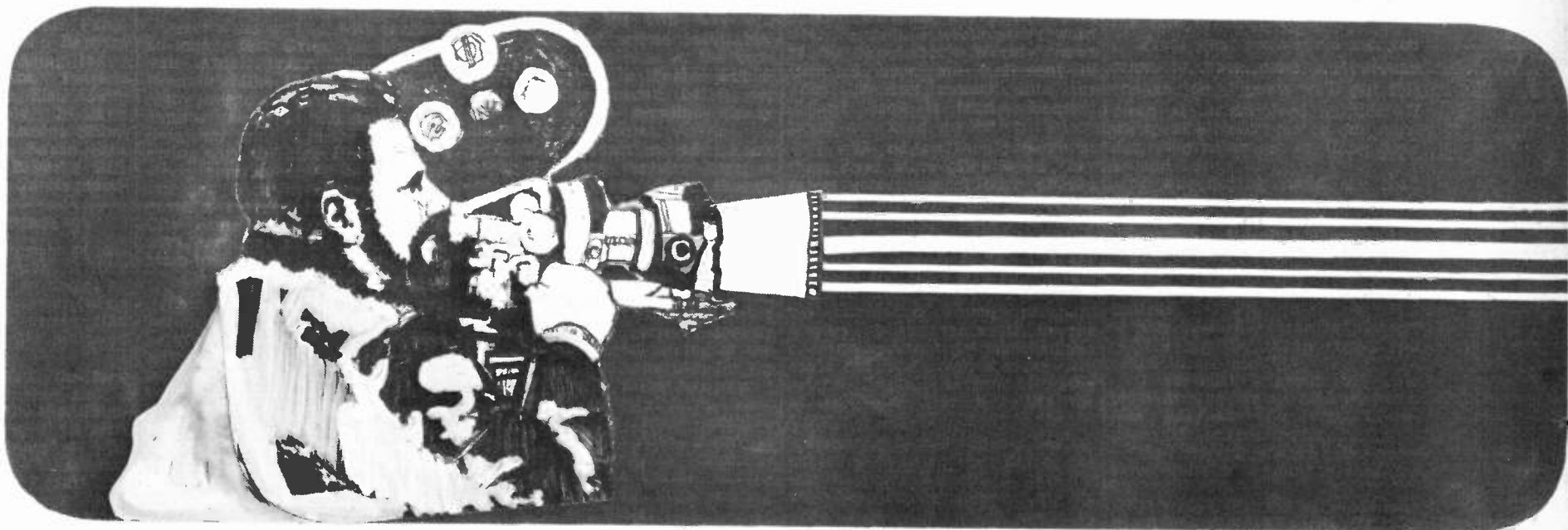
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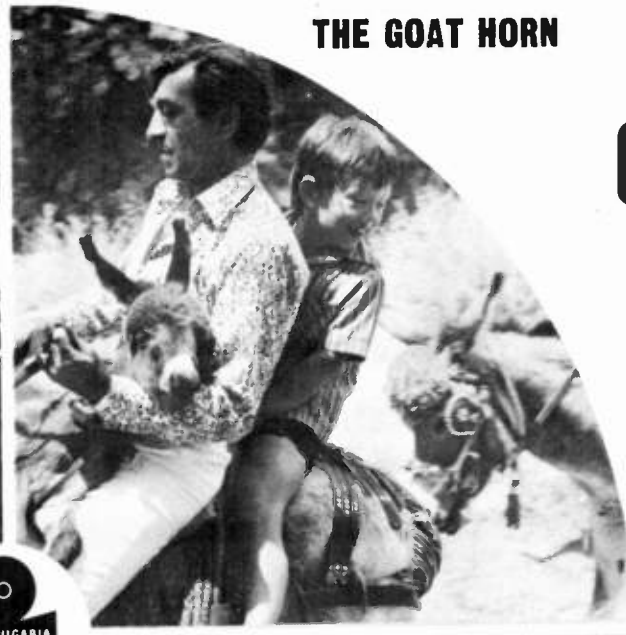
City and Dogs (La Ciudad y los Perros)

Directed by James Kelly

Produced by Graham Harris

WITH CHILDREN
AT THE SEA SIDE

THE GOAT HORN



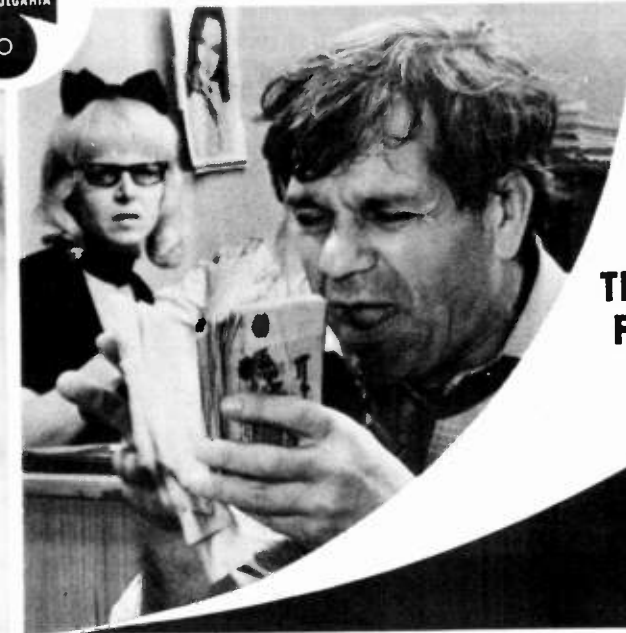
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Tomorrow's Technology: Thrusts & Threats

'TELEVISION IS SO ENTRENCHED IN THE LIVING PATTERN OF THE AVERAGE AMERICAN, HE IS BOUND TO RESIST STRENUOUSLY ANYTHING THAT THREATENS TO TAKE IT AWAY FROM HIM'

By LES BROWN

From Here To Next November: Wald's Month-By-Month Forecast

Richard C. Wald, veepee of NBC News, with tongue-in-cheek, ventured a few news-oriented broadcasting predictions for the months to come at the NAB fall conference at Las Vegas in early November. It merits a published reprise:

Since the election is almost exactly a year away and we are now firmly hurtling toward national disgrace or a bright new future—depending on your preferences and the electoral outcome—my predictions are based on the conviction that forewarned in this business is worse than useless because it only makes you worry. And why should I worry alone?

In December, a well-known political candidate drawing crowds of 12 and 14 at mass rallies in New Hampshire will complain to the FCC that he is being penalized for lack of charisma. Its lack, his lawyer will argue, keeps "them" from sending tv cameras—and especially tv lights—to cover his trips around the country. This hurts his campaign because people don't take him seriously if he doesn't have tv crews along bothering him and impeding the view of those at the back of the hall. The FCC will cite the fairness doctrine, Red Lion and Brown vs. Board of Education to extend a new right—Equal Cameras for Equal Candidates. Any station or network that covers one candidate with a film crew will have to cover all candidates the same number of times with the same number of film crews on the same day. The decision will have one dissent, which will argue that whereas the majority opinion applies only to announced candidates, the right of Equal Cameras should apply to all persons, regardless of color or announcement, who feel they should be President. The NAB will suggest that the ruling be amended so that stations adhering to it be guaranteed renewal of license without challenge.

January will be a month of cross-currents. Two members of the cabinet will declare that it is discriminatory for reporters to seek more Presidential Press Conferences with Mr. Nixon when they don't seek them from the Democrats. Meanwhile, the Democratic National Committee will demand coverage to equal the President's forthcoming trips to Peking and Moscow. Their demand will come to naught when they are unable to decide who or what should be covered in such equal time. All three networks will announce that cable television is "nothing to worry about" and will begin sale of splits 15s—but to no more than two sponsors.

In February, the governors of three large states will announce they have changed their minds and the traditions of half a century and will throw their states open to a contested primary. The News budget controllers at NBC and CBS will commit suicide, and ABC will announce two-minute interrupts on any night except during "Marcus Welby". In another part of the bureaucracy, new employment regulations will be formulated such that a Spanish-surnamed black woman wounded in the American Army in Vietnam while organizing an anti-pot crusade for the Red Cross and the NAACP is the only person eligible to be hired by stations over one kilowatt in power. Seventeen major market stations, unable in the last 15 years to find a single black person to employ, will bid up her starting salary to \$65,000 a year, a car and stock options.

Primaries will begin in March with a mass pledge by all broadcasters to pay attention to the complications of election issues and the even-handedness of filming required under the new Equal Cameras for Equal Candidates rule—and on the day of voting in New Hampshire all networks and all stations will devote all their time to Sen. Kennedy, who is not a candidate. In New York, the state legislature will pass a law returning the airwaves to the people and giving each one of the 16,000,000 inhabitants an airwave. The Governor will veto it because he has already given them that. Thomas Hoving, at the end of the month, will be offered the Presidency of a major network but will decline, because he would rather be righteous than be President.

April will once again see both parties pledge to support the suspension of Section 315 so that there can be a debate among the major Presidential candidates this year. Congress will work vigorously in the public eye to promote such legislation and will then kill it in committee. At the end of the month, both national chairmen will denounce the networks for not promoting debate among the major candidates. They will insist that Public Broadcasting make an independent decision to carry all major candidates speeches, but Congress will cut the budget when a news director at KQED puts on a 10-minute interview with a third party candidate for President who once called J. Edgar Hoover a septuagenarian. In a meeting in the men's bar of the Biltmore Hotel, the sales vice presidents of three networks and two ad reps will drink a toast to the end of all preemptions. Two of them will add "except for 'Marcus Welby'."

In May, Monday night baseball will begin with huge ratings and a prediction that the advertising doldrums

(Continued on page 92)

It's impossible not to be impressed with the electronic technology that is either already here or on the horizon. So many incredible things are going to be operable within the next 10 years that anyone in the television industry might well wonder whether he, in his job capacity, might not be obsolete by some new system of home entertainment.

But while they will be capable of use, the new developments nevertheless raise the large question of whether they will be feasible as businesses. Whether cable, cassettes, laser transmission, holography, or the home communications centre tied to a home computer, it has to somehow make economic sense. Someone is going to have to invest money with the expectation of getting a return.

The troublesome part of all the excited futuristic talk—all the predictions of what it's going to be like electronically for the generation not yet born—is that it seems to fail to take into account the television system that now prevails, and it is quite a lot to compete with, a lot for any new system to overcome.

Commercial television does have its trials, and its failings, in abundance—but it works. It works as a business and apparently better than anything yet devised as a mass entertainment anesthetic that people will give their time to. It is so entrenched in the living pattern of the average American that he is bound to resist strenuously anything that threatens to take it away from him.

Living In the Same HUT

What every new technological threat to the present television system sooner or later must contend with is the longtime conditioning of Americans to the commercial television they now have. Further, as research data seems to prove continually, a majority of people watch television and not programs ("Let's see what's on"). The networks knock off eight or so of the most popular programs, as they did last year—"Beverly Hillsbillies," "Mayberry," "Green Acres," "Lawrence Welk," "Ed Sullivan," "Hogan's Heroes," etc.—and as demonstrated this fall their most loyal followers did not desert the medium in those time periods. That the levels of HUT (Homes Using Television) did not skid can only indicate that the viewers tuned in just as before to watch something else—whatever was being offered, their idea of the best available choices.

They watch because television doesn't cost, because it's easy to receive, because it does not tax their faculties, and because there is always a sense of being in touch with the outside world—that if there were a disaster they would be informed of it.

People buy phonograph recordings by the millions and could do their own programming indefinitely, yet they still listen to radio because there is no way to get a news bulletin on the phonograph.

The Miracle That Wasn't

A year ago the video cassette loomed as the miracle that was going to bury free tv, but in latter months—in the U. S. at least—the noise has subsided and the flow of news markedly diminished. Although many foreign entrepreneurs are still bullish about its prospects, a number of American companies are in retreat. The exciting field is not going places as fast as some thought it would, and there are some who feel that the ability of two-way cable to feed cassette programming from a central point, with the help of a computer, has already obsoleted the cassette player as a home appliance. Meanwhile, the home television studio, which went on the market a couple of years ago for only \$1,000—comprising camera, taperecorder and monitor—has not sold well, although it is a marvelous toy that seems to work admirably.

Cable, of course, is a much nearer threat to the existing television system than any of the others, and the prospect of 60-channel capability, two-way communications and unlimited access to all elements of the community is a consummation devoutly to be wished. The talk is of localizing channels down to single neighborhoods, so that broadcast services can get quite personal and very close to the problems and activities people are most immediately concerned with. Which is fine until it is necessary to ask: who pays for it? Cable operators, by and large, are venture capitalists who are not dealing in charity.

Cable In the Neighborhood

If a neighborhood cable station is to survive on sponsorship, how much underwriting can be expected from the local candy store, dry cleaner and supermarket? If it is to be a pay channel, how much can a cable operator hope to collect from 100 or 200 families when there are a host of other channels—including presumably the three networks—offering other kinds of diversion? Neighborhood television is a lovely idea, but for now the economics seem decidedly against it.

It takes enormous money to create a new industry, and that would have to presuppose enormous desire on the part of the consumer for it and, moreover, his willingness to give up commercial tv, at least part of the time.

The big thing commercial tv has going for it is the support of the advertising industry. The system works because there is someone to pick up the tab. But the advertiser doesn't have such special affection for commercial television that he wouldn't dump it in a minute for something that will carry his product message more efficiently, more cheaply or more forcefully. If there were such a new medium in the wings, it would surely be all over for commercial television, but at the mo-

(Continued on page 92)

Int'l Broadcast Institute As Link Between Nations

By MORRY ROTH

Chicago

Policy-making as to the future of international broadcasting has largely been pre-empted by an organization that is all but unknown outside the broadcast field and not too well-known within.

In the past four-year, the officers and members of the International Broadcast Institute have quietly jetted to cozy conference centres and private clubs for meetings that will, to a great degree, determine who is to see and hear what via electronic communication on this globe (and in space) and how they will see and hear it, possibly for generations to come.

Officials of the IBI say that secrecy, or even privacy, is the furthest things from their mind, and that they are interested in involving more people. The organization surfaced in recent weeks via an Asian news workshop in Tokyo. Its officers and trustees are a cross-section of some of the more potent names in world diplomacy, academics and broadcasting.

Pearson & Barzini

Lester B. Pearson, Nobel laureate, former Canadian Prime Minister and head of the United Nations, was recently named chairman of the organization. Luigi Barzini, the influential Italian author and politico, serves on its board. The rest of the roster is no less impressive.

One of the problems that the organization will soon have to face is who it speaks to and for and to whom it might be accountable in its growing incursions into social policy in re communications. By historical chance, the IBI is the only game in the global village currently formulating policy as to the electronic ties between nations.

In an area in which there are no laws and few rules, the advisory power of the IBI is enormous and looks to become even greater. Spokesmen for the organization are careful to downplay its accumulating clout as the only central body in the rapidly-expanding area of global communications. As executive committee chairman Sig Mickelson (ex-CBS) puts it, "Our only power is in the clarity of our vision."

Mickelson's poetic modesty was typical of the IBI trustees consulted. However, a less-private organization under more public scrutiny might have, for instance, been cautious about accepting funding for its Asian broadcast news workshop from a West German foundation with strong political ties, benign though they may be. As the sole major organization dealing with the legal, social and political complexities of international communications, taking money from Bonn's Friederich-Ebert Stiftung is roughly analogous to the Democrat or Republican Party underwriting an NAB convention.

Willy Brandt Link

Friederich-Ebert Stiftung, named after the revered first Socialist Chancellor of West Germany, has a worldwide organization that deals largely in grants for research and scholarships. It is also hardly a secret in Bonn that FES is the foundation arm of Chancellor Willy Brandt's Social Democratic Party. German critics of the foundation say that it is also the public relations arm of Brandt and the party, an implication that might be borne out by its official brochures, which feature Chancellor Brandt at the turn of a page.

Mickelson didn't deny FES' political ties, but was quick to point out that the IBI was extremely sensitive in the area of partisan international politics and that he saw no such pressures in the Tokyo meeting.

It was Mickelson, along with Louis G. Cowan (also ex-CBS and now with the Graduate School of Journalism at Columbia U.) and Joseph Slater (exec director of several foundations) that conceived the IBI.

In an important Ford Foundation meeting in the early '60s, the foundation's Office of International Affairs set up a task force to try to identify and establish the priorities in international problems. One of the key conclusions was that all of the problems were tied together by the problem of communication.

Launching Group

In February, 1966, the Ford Foundation called together a small group, including Mickelson, Cowan and Slater, for a meeting at the Rockefeller Foundation Conference Center in northern Italy. After four days of conferences, it was decided to go ahead with the IBI. They decided that the organization must be a voluntary group of individuals, not (formally, at least) representing any nation or organization. It was not in any way to be a trade organization and was to deal only on the highest policy level and not on business or administration. Vested interests, either economic or political, were not to be its concern.

Largely dependent upon Ford Foundation money at the time, the organization ran into brief hard times when McGeorge Bundy became head of the foundation and lowered the IBI's priority status with the fund. However, subsequent meetings at New York's Century Club and at Ditchley Park outside London finally dug up a

(Continued on page 92)

Original 'Mr. Television' Assesses Some TV Shows

By MILTON BERLE

"Everything you've always wanted to know about Television, but were afraid to ask Fred Silverman."

The 25th Anniversary of Television will soon be here and I don't like to look back—unless Spiro Agnew is playing golf behind me.

But as the mother of twins said, "There's been some changes." I've been in this business a long time. I was on television when it was radio. When I started people thought television was impossible, and a lot of them still do. Incidentally, we owe a lot to Thomas Edison—if it wasn't for him, we'd be watching television by candlelight. In those early days there were three big things on tv—me, and Dagmar. In those days, I was the only one to ever gain the honor of being Mr. and Mrs. Television.

Still remember my Texaco show. And with all these new comics around now I liked it better then when all I had to worry about was Pinky Lee.

But television is certainly the way of life now. The other night I said to my wife Ruth, "Do you feel that the sex and excitement has gone out of our marriage?" Ruth said, "I'll discuss it with you during the next commercial." They say that television is a lot like sex, no matter how much you switch it around, it's still all the same.

Which brings us to Daytime Television. If anybody is thinking of retiring tell them to take a day off and watch daytime tv. Saw one of those soap operas—the heroine poisons her mother, strangles her father, drowns her husband, and this one was called, "The Road to Happiness." And those quiz shows! A woman won a vacation and dropped dead from the shock, but the sponsors kept their word. They sent her body to Bermuda for two weeks. All day long my son Billy watches all the baseball games, football, hockey, prizefights, roller derbies. Our set is beginning to smell like a locker room. But the other day, I finally met the typical tv family; she makes lousy coffee and he has a deodorant problem.

And now a word about the shows that were cancelled. CBS now stands for "Cancelled by Silverman." "Green Acres" is gone, that's the show where Eddie Albert worked on a farm for five years and never took off his hat and vest. They cancelled Jim Nabors, a great show if you can believe Gomer Pyle singing Italian operas... "Julia" with Diahann Carroll is gone. That was the simple story of a nurse who works in a doctor's office, wears Hattie Carnegie clothes, lives in a \$1,000-a-month apartment, and goes with David Frost.

Didn't know that ABC had cancelled Lawrence Welk until I saw all the Supp-Hose stockings flying at half-mast. I think it was downright unpatriotic to cancel Welk, now there he is stuck with 5,000,000 bubbles. And it's not too easy for a guy to get a job that can only count to three. And now that Ed Sullivan is off, old elephants will no longer have a place to go and die...

The Recent Crop

Which brings us to the current season. First of all, some of the CBS shows were in such trouble this season Dr. Stanton was making house calls.

And I would like to congratulate NBC, ABC and CBS on their quality of canned laughter for this season. It's a much better grade of laughter than we had last year. It's not only shriller but it's louder, lasts longer, and erupts right on cue. Sometimes even before.

Bless them all, there's so many black performers on tv this season that my manager, Danny Welkes, is trying to get me to go to Earl Scheib's and get bronzed. There are a lot of talk shows



JOE FRANKLIN
WOR
WOR-TV

back this season. There's Virginia Graham's talk show; for Virginia it's a talk show, for everyone else, it's a listen show.

And it's no big deal to be on Johnny Carson's show. Johnny froze wages long before Nixon thought of it. But I've made money off of Carson's show. I get old hippies drunk and sell their clothes to Doc Severinsen. The toughest thing for those talk shows are booking good guests. Here are some greats that I saw on one show the other night—the Will Mastin Duo. The McGuire sisters without Phyllis. The Mormon Tabernacle baritone, and Herb Alpert's drummer.

But the runaway hit this year is "All in the Family," the story of Archie Bunker, a man who doesn't like anybody, and there's a rumor that Gov. Wallace may sue the show because he claims it's his life story. There's "Longstreet," the story of a blind detective, and the Dean Martin show, the story of a blind singer. "Bonanza" is back for its 14th year. That's the story of Paw Cartwright, a man who is so busy snooping in his neighbors' affairs he doesn't have time to wonder why his two sons don't go out with broads. "The Persuaders," made in England, with Roger Moore and Tony Curtis—the first episode concerned Tony trying to smuggle Salem out of the country. "The Courtship of Eddie's Father"—every week an eight-year-old kid runs a dating service for his father. The Flip Wilson show, the only show on tv in which the star has a sex operation the second half. "The Newlywed" show is still on, that's the show where the

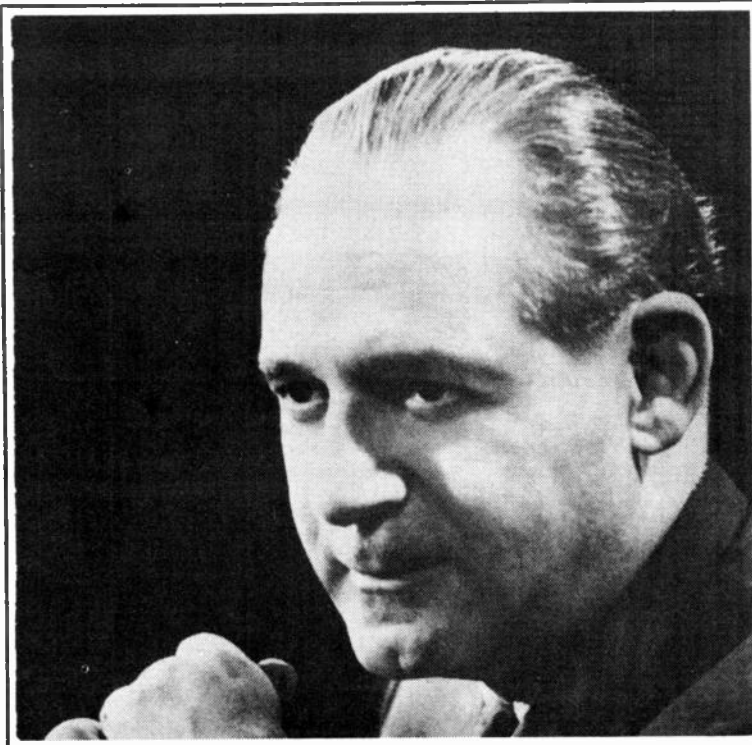
newlyweds tell 20,000,000 people every day what they would be afraid to tell their marriage counselors. "Mission Impossible" is back, that's the story of trying to get Totie Fields into a Volkswagen.

The Convincer

"The Chicago Teddy Bears" was about the old crime days in Chicago. It teaches the lesson that you can get more with a kind word and a gun than just a kind word. "Sarge" was the story of a minister who moonlights as a cop, so don't put any slugs in the collection plate. "Cannon," a detective story starring Big Bill Conrad, asks the burning question: can a fat detective get around as fast as Raymond Burr does in a wheelchair? "O'Hara, U.S. Treasury," with David Jansen. Every week a new plot is unveiled on how to bug the American taxpayer. "Room 222" is a story of our modern schools. One episode concerned a fight for months to keep out a teacher who grew a long black beard, but they finally had to take her. "Mod Squad" is a story of three hippies who flunk on their friends every week. "Adam-12" asks the burning question: can two policemen who spend every episode riding around in a squad car find true residuals? "Medical Center" on CBS—if "Marcus Welby" is busy on Channel 7, "Medical Center" sends over a back-up doctor. "The Carol Burnett Show"—Carol is one of the great sketch artists of all times, and the only living survivor of the Good Ship Garry Moore. "My Three Sons," the Seabiscuit of Don Feddersen's stables, naturally has three sons. "To Rome With Love," three girls. So now until they invent another sex it looks like Don is at a standstill.

"The Doris Day Show," one of the great medical shows of all time. So far they have painlessly removed her children, her father, her roommate Rosemarie, and her last year's producers, writers and directors. "Rowan & Martin's Laugh-In," the best college of comedy on the air, only now all the graduates are gone, and only the teachers are left. "Gunsmoke," the Grandpappy of them all, is an adult western... An adult western is where the hero still kisses his horse at the end, only now he worries about it. "Stand Up and Cheer" is the Mitch Miller show without beards. And my dear friend, Lucille Ball. Lucy was the first mother on television, a title which I have been trying to live down for years.

And me, I'm still in there, thanks to the Good Lord and Geritol. I've just finished "Love, American Style," "Mannix" and "Mod Squad," and coming up, a great dramatic role in Universal's Movie of the Week, "Evil Roy Slade." Hope to be around and so far I've been through three publics. But there's still one thing that I'm waiting to see on television—Howard Hughes accepting an award from George C. Scott



BEN GRAUER

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RADIO

Maybe Public Broadcasting Can Learn From National Endowment For Arts



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Israeli Radio-TV Ups '72 Budget 50% To \$20-Mil; Coin Via Set Tax, Blurbs

Tel Aviv.

The 1972 budget of the Israeli Broadcasting Authority will amount to \$20,000,000. This is 50% more than the 1971 budget and double that of 1970. Part of the increase is purely inflationary and part due to expansion of facilities and broadcasts.

The authority is economically a closed shop, in the sense that it is maintained on direct taxation and to some extent on commercials. It runs the only general purpose video station in the country and two radio stations (all nationwide). The tv and one of the radio stations are noncommercial and only the second radio station broadcasts blurbs. Therefore the main income is from taxes on tv and radio sets.

There are an estimated 450,000 tv sets in the country, with a population of 3,000,000. With roughly \$23 tax per tv set per year, this would bring in about half of the total budget, with radio sets and commercials making up the balance. There is only one hitch: the Knesset, Israel's parliament, angry with the general level and political attitudes of tv broadcasts, refuses for the time being to raise the tv tax to the requested \$23 per set. This may yet cause real trouble in Broadcasting House.

The daily video schedule, which previously consisted of three hours in Hebrew and one hour in Arabic, was expanded with an additional half hour in Arabic, starting in November. Technical improvements on a larger scale are expected from April, when the station for satellite broadcasts will start to operate.

BBC is the major supplier of foreign programs to Israeli tv, with American networks trailing. Among the series now on Israeli tv are "Ironside," "Pere Goriot," "Great Expectations," "Sesame Street," "Treasure Island," "Samantha," "Vanity Fair," "The Angel" and the war biography of Churchill, narrated by Richard Burton.

Ben Franklin Spec

Delbert Mann has been signed to direct the "Ben Franklin, American" special which producer Robert Enders' company is making for 20th-Fox TV.

Sponsored by Quaker Oats, the special stars Freddie Wayne and is based on his one-man stage show. Filming, which starts next month, will be done at the actual historical sites associated with Franklin's life. Plans call for a March airing with no indication as yet whether it will be networked or syndicated.

After the recent unpleasantness between the Public Broadcasting Service and National Educational Television, two fundamental questions remain: (1) Can the Government fund public television without exerting all pressures available to it to control what public television will display? — and (2) Must public television accede to Government pressures because it is funded, even if only in part, by Government? The instinctive, if cynical, answers are likely to be "No" to the first question, and "No, but it will anyway..." to the second.

The same fear of Government control was present during the long struggle for Washington support of the arts, which finally resulted in the establishment of the National Endowment for the Arts in 1965. The fear was expressed both by opponents and supporters of the legislation, and the utmost care was utilized in its drafting to insure the Endowment the greatest possible freedom in its work. Since it is only six years old, the Endowment's record cannot be called conclusive, but so far it has been remarkable free of any but the most scattered and ineffectual efforts by politicians to limit, control, or otherwise affect its activities. As late as 1963 Congress refused to allot \$50,000 for a Federal Advisory Council on the Arts, but in fiscal 1971-72 it has appropriated almost \$30,000,000 for the Endowment, and some members of Congress look forward confidently to an annual budget of \$200,000,000 without fear that increased funding will automatically bring increased political pressures.

Although There Are Differences There are undeniable differences in the political impact of public television, whatever its funding, and the arts, serious or lively. Television is infinitely more accessible; it deals more immediately and, in its documentaries, more specifically with public issues; and its audience, even for public television, is likely to be less sophisticated and, therefore, if one is to take the point of view of the fearful, more susceptible to brainwashing. But it does not necessarily follow that these differences mean that what has worked for the arts will not work for public television, that government funding and government control are not separable.

I would suggest that public television study both the legislation that created the Endowment and the Endowment's own record for clues as to how this has come about. More particularly I would suggest the creation of a National Council on Public Broadcasting, to parallel the National Council on the Arts, which is a part of the Endowment, and which meets four times a year to advise the Endowment and to pass on distribution of available funds. The Council consists of 24 members with six-year terms (one-third rotating off each second year) who are active practitioners of or knowledgeable in the arts, with representation spread across all fields of the arts. Its members are paid on a per diem basis, essentially serve the arts and not the government, and to a great extent insulate the Endowment from the pressures of government on one side and of the artistic community on the other.

A Council to Advise

A National Council on Public Broadcasting would be made up of 24 members from all fields of broadcasting, but without current ties to public television — from commercial broadcasting (entertainment, as well as news and documentary areas), from talent guilds, production unions, communications departments of universities, television journalism, etc. Members of the Council would advise the Corporation, PBS, and the production centers on programming, without being directly involved in its execution; they would mediate disputes among the constituent elements of public television; they would stand firm against any real or threatened interference by any government agency in programming, and since their livelihoods would come from sources other than government, they would be able to do this with much greater personal security than those actually employed in public television; (Continued on page 106)

B'CAST NEWS AND ITS CRITICS

Young B'cast Execs (Under 30) May Be New Power Bloc To Reckon With

By MICHAEL MARCOVSKY
(Asst. to V.P. of Operations, WPIX-TV New York)

You may not believe this, but there are some people within the broadcast industry who do not view challenges, mothers from Boston and cable with absolute horror. These are the people who are ready for change, who in fact have been hoping for it, as the chance to prove themselves to you. These are the young people, the Under 30's, in broadcasting.

Please don't think of them as "kids". You'll find it's pretty hard to bull them. Oh, you might be able to get away with the standard "Broadcasting in the 70's" speech on campus, adroitly field some rather penetrating questions, and then beat a hasty retreat to Headquarters on Sixth Ave, secure in the knowledge that you have once again been "in touch" with the youth market. Back in New York if you dare to talk to any of your under 30 people you'll find the same speech won't fly. And dare you should.

In most cases, people under 30 are not in a position in our industry to directly bring about progress and effect change. Through the International Radio and Television Society, however, they feel they can accomplish a lot on an industrywide basis. Many of the under 30's in broadcasting are very frustrated. They just don't seem to be able to get things moving fast enough. They have this feeling both about changes within the industry and about the progress they are making in their own careers. However, with the increase in under 30 membership—from eight last spring to about 60 now—things are starting to change.

The Young Care

Do you detect the formation of a power base? However, before you run for cover or commission a management study on "How to Preserve the System", check with a few of the governors of IRTS like Elton Rule, or Tom Miller, or Syd Eiges, or Dick Pinkham, or Max Buck, or Fred Plant, who met with some of the under 30s on a one-to-one, face to face, no-holds-barred basis. You'll find that the young people who are involved in broadcasting care a great deal about where the industry is going. After all, they want to be the ones to help take it there, and they want to learn all they can from you.

Change is something that young people look for, sometimes impatiently, but often with good reason. Broadcasting is going to change. American society is evolving at a fantastic rate, and the industry is bound to change with it. The under 30 members of IRTS feel that the communications industry can either be in the forefront, or through self-delusion can be left behind only to find that external forces will mandate changes in broadcasting.

Ecology Generation

The under 30s realize, for example, that television is at a most crucial time in its development. As the generation that was literally raised on the medium they may be more aware of this fact than the over 30s. The industry's young people feel that television is still being run by executives who graduated from the early days of radio. These industry leaders' ideas are designed to meet one requirement: high profits. In order to accomplish this, "please most of the people all the time" has become the guiding philosophy. Many of the under 30s in IRTS feel that this idea is no longer valid. Don't forget that many of the MBA's and young law school grads you've been hiring to help get things into fiscal shape and defend licenses came from courses entitled "The Social Responsibility of the Corporation" and "The Ecology of Business Enterprise."

Before you go back to scanning the New York overnights, review the monthly demographic breakdowns, remember the gap that exists

to a great extent in the television audience, from the late teens to the early to middle marrieds. Where have they gone, this generation that grew up on tv? Why have they turned to film as "their medium"? Why have they been so valuable in contributing to the growth of FM radio? It is interesting that it is their peers within the broadcast industry, those in the 20 to 30 age range, who are the ones most open to change, the ones who are pushing their seniors to explore alternatives and to pursue new ideas.

Perhaps the under 30s in your company still feel that their ideas are not being recognized. Maybe the young man or woman in traffic can't understand why he or she isn't taken seriously when inquiring about that assistant program manager's slot that just opened up, while you and your colleagues comb the ranks of the small market program directors to see who is available and ready to move up to a larger station. Yet those who have become active in the IRTS have found a place where they can have a voice in the industry, develop their ideas and get involved. As changes take place in our society and in our industry these under 30s will be ready for them.

WCCO-TV NEWS REPORT FINDS MD FOR TYLER

Tyler, Minn.

Like many towns in rural America, this community of 1,200 has had headaches over medical care. Situation became critical recently when one doctor at Tyler's hospital which serves 6,000 area residents moved to another locale and the remaining Tyler physician retired.

The town sent several five-man teams to comb a four-state area for a replacement, offering a \$30,000 salary and a year's free use of the clinic. Tyler's populace anted up \$60,000, but the search was unsuccessful.

When stories of Tyler's dilemma reached WCCO-TV in Minneapolis, the CBS affiliate sent reporter Susan Peterson and photog Gordon Bartusch to the community to look into the problem. Their report appeared on WCCO newscasts Dec 3.

Eight physicians in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa and South Dakota inquired about the vacancy as a result of the newscasts. Three visited Tyler and one agreed to move here. The new medic takes over this week.

The Dimpleby Dynasty

London.

The late Richard Dimpleby, the BBC's longtime "voice" at virtually all major state occasions (coronations, etc.), ranked on the order of a national institution with his mellifluous ad-lib talent. American broadcasting, for one, also has produced some towering mike (and camera) personages, but probably no real parallel with the Dimpleby mystique. His fame became international long before his death.

Naturally, he trailed a legion of anecdotes. Once, in the early video days, he narrated straightface a show on the care and harvesting of Italian "spaghetti trees."

A Dimpleby dynasty carries on in British broadcasting, ever loyal to the BBC. Elder son David is one of the rotated anchorman for nightly pubaffairs teleshows "24 Hours," while brother Jonathan is a news staffer currently on the radio side. Sister Sally is out of the biz now, but for a time worked as researcher on tv's "Late Night Line-Up" magazine strip.

WHAT'S TO BLAME, FORM OR CONTENT

By ROD MacLEISH
(Chief Commentator, Westinghouse Broadcasting Co.)

Broadcast journalism is, basically, a permanent conflict between form and substance, a collision between the real event and its portrayal by the journalist and his electronic sensors.

We have just been through a bad patch in which television has come under assault by a whole range of critics — Vice President Agnew, specialized public groups, other forms of journalism and other branches of government. There is no denying the right of anyone to pile all over television anytime he sees fit. But the real question here is what bothers the critics most? Form? Or substance?

It can hardly be substance because the journalist isn't responsible for that. He chooses among the thousands of events, statements, happenings and silence of any given day and comes up with a few of them worth his — and the public's — attention. The selection process is part of the problem of form.

After choosing what he will portray (or what his editor tells him to portray) the journalist then chooses the way in which he will portray it. If, for example, an apartment building burns down, the film editor has a choice of running shots of the flames or a sound-on-film portrayal of the anguish of a woman whose children are trapped in there. The choice isn't easy because both aspects, having happened are real. Yet which reality is most instructive is a judgment for which there are no guidelines except the instinct of the editor or the journalist who makes the choice. That, too, is a matter of form.

In denouncing broadcast journalism as a portrayal of negatives, as a vehicle for some smarmy eastern liberal pessimism, the critic is attacking the problem of form. Even Mr. Agnew, in his assaults on tv news, never said that the events portrayed never happened. He said, if I understand him correctly, that there were happier things to choose from any given day of the broadcasters' life and nicer ways of showing what did happen.

An Old Story

In the eighteenth century, Addison — then editing the "Spectator Papers" with Steele — once said that the journalist is blamed for two things — either showing what happened or not showing what happened. Pinioned between the two poles of criticism, the journalist is doomed to anger someone by most things he portrays. Were journalism to seek, as a conscious act, only happy events and good news, it would be quickly assaulted for failing to report all of those unhappy, dark or morbid things that occurred and which it did not report.

In a sense, there is no answer to the critics because the criticism (Continued on page 90)

Television's Leading 'Loser': The Maker Of Documentaries

By FRED FREED
(NBC News Producer)

The makers of news documentaries—people like me—have real problems. But they are not necessarily failures of talent, or our inability to be interesting enough, or art, which often is the opposite of journalism, getting in our way, although they may be any of these.

Our real problems are economic and political.

I work for a commercial network. It is in business to make money. I lose money.

I lose money in several ways. First, the programs I do cost between \$150,000 and \$200,000 to make. That is not because I am extravagant but because the costs of equipment and labor and transportation are very high.

Second, I cost money because the time I take on the network could have been sold to a sponsor for a very considerable sum. My program almost certainly will not be sponsored. Once it might have been. But now people are angry. No one agrees with anyone else. Everything is controversial. Why should a man who is trying to make a good impression on customers sponsor a program he knows will anger many of them?

Most people won't watch. The best film I ever did was opposite a Steve McQueen feature that got the highest rating of that whole year. Even my mother and father watched it.

Third, I cost money because my program will have a low rating. That means it will hurt the programs coming before and after it.

Fourth, I cost money because of the controversy that follows my programs. Letters will have to be prepared for the FCC, for Congressmen, for local officials. Law suits will have to be defended.

One year we were sued by various people for \$517,000,000.

Finally, I cost money because the programs I do take time to research and pin down. Dozens of people have to be interviewed. Hundreds of books and periodicals have to be read.

Three Strikes

So, the point very simply is that NBC cannot afford very many of me because I cost money, cause trouble and lower ratings. I think you would agree these are precisely three things that no other sane business organization would think of financing.

But, many people say, the FCC forces NBC to put on a certain number of programs like that. Not quite true. NBC would have to put on some kind of public service programs, but they do not have to be controversial and they do not have to be expensive.

It is fair to say that NBC does quality news programming for reasons of prestige and perhaps because it has a conscience—not

just because it is afraid of Congress or the FCC.

Yes, money is a problem. But, and more important perhaps, we also have problems of a political nature.

They have multiplied rapidly.

When I began in television the sides were clearly drawn. We were the good guys. On the other side were the bad guys who wanted to censor us. People like Joseph McCarthy, far right wingers and the like.

It's Us Against Them

This has very much changed. Now, everyone seems to be on the other side.

To the young and the left we represent the Establishment who keeps their views from being heard and seen. To the blacks we are white racists. To many whites we are apologists for the Black Panthers. To the South we are anti-Southern. The Midwest thinks we are effete Eastern snobs. The effete Eastern snobs think we are midcult Yahoos. The left says we promoted the war in Vietnam. The Pentagon knows we are against them. Cops don't trust us at all.

If you do something controversial, you know you will spend months defending yourself to the government. That's not conducive to doing something controversial.

We are not part of the free press. We are licensed by the government and required always to justify ourselves to a government agency. Anyone can complain about us, and a battery of network lawyers will be required just to keep us even.

I recently did a program called "An NBC White Paper: Vietnam Hindsight." It examined the period between the inauguration of John F. Kennedy and the death of South Vietnamese President Diem. The purpose was to see how we got ourselves, I think inextricably, involved in a war no one wanted.

I'm from a generation that made an inflexible rule of the phrase "No more Munichs." So, we got into Vietnam. Now the inflexible conventional wisdom is "No more Vietnams."

I wanted this program to say that isn't the lesson at all. The lesson is "No more inflexible cliches."

That, I think is the real function of the homogenizing medium called television.

To ask the right questions. To remind people that what you think is so may not always be. To open our minds. Not in any one direction. But in all directions.

RADIO BEATS VIDEO WITH GERMAN TEENS

Frankfurt.

Favorite German teen-age diversion—listening to the radio.

Tests about how the young people spend their free time here indicated that listening to the radio occupies the largest portion of leisure time, followed by visits with friends, sports, reading, listening to records, dancing and viewing TV.

Youngsters between the age of six and 13, though, spent most of their time playing, with viewing tv ranking as their second favorite spare-time occupation, and listening to the radio ranging in seventh spot.

The six to ten group favored the German radio and TV programs, and the teen-agers tended to listen more to Radio Luxembourg which concentrates on pop record shows.

NBC-TV's Winter Olympics Sked

NBC-TV's forthcoming coverage of the 11th Winter Olympic Games from Sapporo, Japan will entail 37 hours of programming during the 12-day event from Feb. 2-13, with 11 hours of the satellite coverage being aired in primetime.

Approximately two-thirds of the programming will be live, thanks to the vagaries of the International Date Line which has Sapporo 14 hours ahead of New York in time differential. The majority of the live coverage will be telecast in the States between 11:30 p.m. and 1 a.m.

The breakdown of primetime hours includes an hourlong pre-Olympic special on Tuesday, Feb. 1 at 8:30 p.m., with an hour at 10 Thursday (3); two hours beginning 8:30 on Friday; an hour at 10 on Saturday; an hour at 8 Monday (7) and another at 8:30 Tuesday; two hours at 9 Thursday (10) and two hours at 9 on Saturday (12).

In addition, there will be 11:30 p.m. to 1 a.m. feeds on consecutive nights from Friday (4) through Saturday (12) and half-hour programs at 8:30-9 a.m. on Thursday and Friday (3-4) and Monday through Friday (7-12), in "Today" show time. Weekend daytime programming will total eight hours with two hour coverage from 3 to 5 p.m. on all four Saturdays and Sundays within the Games' duration.

VARIETY



"VARIETY is the mother of enjoyment."

VIVIAN GREY, Book I, Chapter IV, Benjamin Disraeli



"VARIETY's the very spice of life."

THE TASK Book II, THE TIMEPIECE, Line 606, William Cowper



*"Not chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd:
Where order in VARIETY we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree"*

WINDSOR FOREST, Line 13, Alexander Pope



*"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite VARIETY."*

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT II, Sc. 2 Line 243, William Shakespeare



"No pleasure endures unseasoned by VARIETY."

MAXIM 460, Publilius Syrus

WEDNESDAY



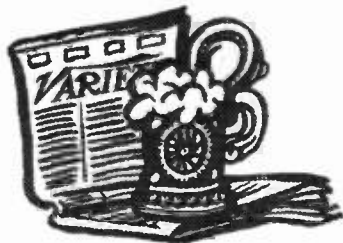
*"Where's he that died o' Wednesday?
What place on earth hath he?"*

FALSTAFF'S SONG, Stanza 1, Edmund Clarence Stedman



"Wednesday's child is full of woe."

MOTHER GOOSE



*"Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt
goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-
chamber, at the round table
by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday..."*

KING HENRY IV, Part II, Act 1, Sc. 3, Line 96, William Shakespeare




*"And if I loved you Wednesday,
Well, what is that to you?
I do not love you Thursday—
So much is true."*

THURSDAY, Stanza 1, Edna St. Vincent Millay



The Full Color Network



PRODUCTIONS

QUINN MARTIN

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

JOHN CONWELL

ASSISTANT TO THE EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

ADRIAN SAMISH

SUPERVISING PRODUCER

ARTHUR FELLOWS

IN CHARGE OF PRODUCTION

Theatres-To-TV Film Rankings

Title	Day	Date	Web	Rtg.	Share
Guess Who's Coming to Dinner	Sun	9-19	CBS	26.8	44
To Sir With Love	Sun	10-3	CBS	26.1	41
How the West Was Won	Sun	10-24	ABC	26.0	46
The Longest Day*	Sun	11-14	ABC	25.9	42
The Dirty Dozen—Pt. II (R)	Fri	10-15	CBS	25.4	44
The Dirty Dozen—Pt. I (R)	Thu	10-14	CBS	25.0	42
El Dorado	Sun	9-19	ABC	24.1	40
Five Card Stud	Sun	10-10	ABC	23.3	37
The Alamo—Pt. II	Mon	9-20	NBC	23.0	35
Von Ryan's Express	Sun	10-3	ABC	22.7	37
The Sand Pebbles—Pt. II	Sun	10-17	CBS	22.6	37
No Way To Treat a Lady	Sun	10-17	ABC	22.5	35
Berserk	Thu	11-4	CBS	22.5	37
Battle of Bulge—Pt. II (R)	Sun	10-31	CBS	22.4	34
Speedway	Mon	10-4	NBC	22.4	34
Where Were You When the Lights Went Out?	Mon	9-27	NBC	22.2	36
The Sand Pebbles—Pt. I	Sun	10-10	CBS	21.4	35
Harper	Thu	9-16	CBS	21.3	37
Tony Rome (R)	Sun	11-21	ABC	21.1	34
The Great Race—Pt. II (R)	Sun	12-5	CBS	21.1	31
Bandolero!	Sun	9-26	CBS	20.9	34
Pendulum	Thu	11-18	CBS	20.8	35
Don't Make Waves	Thu	11-11	CBS	20.7	34
The Silencers	Sun	9-26	ABC	20.4	34
Coogan's Bluff (R)	Mon	11-8	NBC	20.3	32
Double Trouble	Mon	12-6	NBC	20.1	31
The Impossible Years	Thu	12-2	CBS	20.0	32
The Great Race—Pt. I (R)	Sun	11-28	CBS	19.8	29
The Man Who Knew Too Much (R)	Sun	10-31	ABC	19.8	35
Cockeyed Cowboys of Calico County	Sat	10-9	NBC	19.8	35
How To Save a Marriage	Thu	9-30	CBS	19.8	34
Journey To the Far Side of the Sun	Mon	11-29	NBC	19.6	31
Butterfield 8 (R)	Thu	10-7	CBS	19.4	32
Cat On a Hot Tin Roof (R)	Mon	11-11	NBC	19.4	31
Battle of the Bulge—Pt. I (R)	Sun	10-24	CBS	19.2	30
The War Wagon (R)	Sat	11-13	NBC	19.0	32
The Secret War of Harry Frigg	Sat	9-25	NBC	18.9	33
South Pacific*	Wed	11-24	ABC	18.8	30
How To Frame a Figg	Mon	10-25	NBC	18.8	29
Will Penny	Sun	12-12	CBS	18.5	29
The Alamo—Pt. I	Sat	9-18	NBC	18.4	34
The Ambushers	Thu	9-23	CBS	18.1	31
Hour Of the Gun (R)	Sat	11-27	NBC	18.1	32
Born Free (R)	Sun	11-21	CBS	18.0	27
Luv	Sun	12-5	ABC	18.0	29
Raid on Rommel	Mon	11-22	NBC	17.9	28
Once Upon a Time in the West	Sun	11-7	ABC	17.3	34
One More Train To Rob	Sat	12-4	NBC	16.8	29
Duel at Diablo (R)	Sat	10-16	NBC	16.8	30
Hurry Sundown (R)	Sun	12-12	ABC	16.7	31
The Group	Sat	11-20	NBC	16.5	27
Grand Prix—Pt. II	Mon	11-1	NBC	16.4	27
The Big Country—Pt. I (R)	Sat	12-11	NBC	16.3	28
Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here	Sat	10-2	NBC	16.1	29
Gigi	Sat	11-6	NBC	16.0	28
Rear Window (R)	Mon	9-13	ABC	15.8	25
Marriage On the Rocks (R)	Sun	11-17	CBS	15.6	23
The Comedians	Thu	10-28	CBS	15.2	27
Anzio	Sun	11-14	CBS	14.8	23
Colossus: The Forbin Project	Sat	10-23	NBC	14.1	26
Grand Prix—Pt. I	Sat	10-30	NBC	14.0	26
Kill a Dragon	Mon	10-18	NBC	13.9	23
The Comic	Thu	12-9	CBS	13.0	20

*Ran as a special

(R) — Repeat

Made-For-TV Movie Rankings

Title	Day	Date	Web	Rtg.	Share
Brian's Song	Tue	11-30	ABC	32.9	48
A Death of Innocence	Fri	11-26	CBS	30.8	55
Mr. & Mrs. Bo Jo Jones	Tue	11-16	ABC	30.2	45
The Last Child	Tue	10-5	ABC	28.1	44
A Taste of Evil	Tue	10-12	ABC	27.2	41
If Tomorrow Comes	Tue	12-7	ABC	26.5	38
Suddenly Single	Tue	10-19	ABC	25.7	37
Five Desperate Women	Tue	9-28	ABC	25.5	40
Congratulations, It's a Boy	Tue	9-21	ABC	24.6	39
The Forgotten Man	Tue	9-14	ABC	24.3	39
Do Not Fold, Spindle or Mutilate	Tue	11-9	ABC	24.3	38
The Reluctant Heroes	Tue	11-23	ABC	24.3	37
Two On a Bench	Tue	11-2	ABC	22.9	37
Murder Once Removed	Fri	10-29	CBS	22.3	40
The Death of Me Yet	Tue	10-26	ABC	21.5	32
The Harness*	Fri	11-12	NBC	21.4	35
Goodbye, Raggedy Ann	Fri	10-22	CBS	21.2	38
Duel	Sat	11-13	ABC	20.9	33
A Howling in the Woods*	Fri	11-5	NBC	20.5	35
The Face of Fear	Fri	10-8	CBS	20.0	37
Terror in the Sky	Fri	9-17	CBS	19.9	35
The Desperate Mission*	Fri	12-3	NBC	19.2	31
In Broad Daylight	Sat	10-16	ABC	18.9	32
Sweet, Sweet Rachel	Sat	10-2	ABC	18.9	33
Death Takes a Holiday	Sat	10-23	ABC	18.6	34
Earth II*	Sun	11-28	ABC	18.5	29
The Priest Killer*	Tue	9-14	NBC	18.4	32
The Cable Car Murder	Fri	11-19	CBS	18.3	32
A Tattered Web	Fri	9-24	CBS	18.2	34
The Deadly Hunt	Fri	10-1	CBS	17.9	35
Marriage: Year One*	Fri	10-15	NBC	17.5	30
Mongo's Back in Town	Fri	12-10	CBS	17.2	30
Black Noon	Fri	11-5	CBS	17.0	30
A Little Game	Sat	11-30	ABC	16.8	30
Once Upon a Dead Man*	Fri	9-17	NBC	16.6	29
How To Steal An Airplane*	Fri	12-10	NBC	16.6	28
The Devil & Miss Sarah	Sat	12-4	ABC	16.4	27
Ellery Queen: Don't Look Behind You*	Fri	11-19	NBC	16.4	27
Revenge	Sat	11-6	ABC	16.1	26
Lock, Stock & Barrel*	Fri	9-24	NBC	15.8	28
The Failing of Raymond	Sat	11-27	ABC	15.7	26
Paper Man	Fri	11-12	CBS	15.5	26
See the Man Run	Sat	12-11	ABC	15.5	26
The Birdmen	Sat	9-18	ABC	15.3	27
Thief	Sat	10-9	ABC	15.1	26
The Deadly Dream	Sat	9-25	ABC	14.0	24
River of Mystery*	Fri	10-1	NBC	13.2	25
The Impatient Heart*	Fri	10-8	NBC	11.3	20

* denotes two-hour length. All others 90 mins.

Toward A 'Human Conservation' Web A Significant Social Role For CATV

By **WILLIAM HOULTON**
(V.P., Daniel Edelman Associates)

The worn record "CATV Explosion" seems to have played on amid the cacophony of voices against "hasty FCC decisions." But when recently, after a five-year stalemate, word finally came from Washington of a "breakthrough agreement" it seemed for many cablecasters to be less of a bang—and more of a matter for whimpering.

The White House's Office of Telecommunications Policy, while opening the door for cable to "import" two distant signals into the nation's smaller cities, decided to control cable growth—by means of copyright restrictions—in the 50 largest markets where more than two-thirds of the av audience lives. The bitterest disappointment was among cable entrepreneurs who had hopes that the new legislative freedom would enable them eventually to compete with the networks in the arena of "popular" entertainment. They now feel that the 1972 copyright restrictions on film and syndicated segments has served to label them "second class" in that area.

However, despite the new regulations—whether expanding or restricting, depending on each system's locale—the fact is that all individual cable stations, and cable as a countrywide medium, still can do what conventional tv can never do.

Because of its unique potential for problem-solving, cable can become the most constructive and socially relevant medium in this country. Indeed, it might almost be said that if cable tv did not exist, it would have to be invented on a crash-program basis in order to reverse the deterioration of our nation in a myriad of aspects.

Form And Purpose

How can cable tv act as a massively constructive force throughout our country? There are currently some 2,750 cable stations in the U.S., and an important first step would be to give form and a sense of purpose to their public access channels. If, as a start, each of these systems devoted two hours a day to programs concerned with "human conservation"—then, during this timeslot the individual stations could, with full justification, consider themselves as part of a cable Conservation Network.

Since the most obvious ills that currently contribute to our climate of crisis are in the final analysis a matter of the preservation of the individual person, human conservation is an umbrella which can cover a tremendous variety of subjects of concern to individual communities and to the country as a whole. Furthermore, the new constructive sense of direction gained from this concept could help provide important new public and private funds for enlarging stalled CATV.

Using the new low cost portable equipment and half-inch videotape (\$12 for half an hour) a range of program themes could be introduced to each CATV system's viewers by volunteer leading experts in a variety of human-conservation areas (on combatting drug abuse, housing, health and hospitals, education, human potential, auto-safety, etc.). These program "pilots," economically produced by and distributed to systems from a central Human Conservation Programming center, would then be shown in the H-C timeslot of each of the 2,750 systems in the "network." Each system would follow up with a discussion of the problem on a strictly local level featuring citizens, specialists and experts from the community. Discussions would lead to local decision-making which, in turn, would lead to action-taking.

A Constructive Role

Each individual cable station would no longer be a tiny voice in the airwaves wilderness. As part of the Human Conservation Net-

work—the systems would be playing an active, powerful and constructive role in the nation's decision making on vital issues. This force would differ almost diametrically from that currently wielded by conventional tv networks which have often been accused of compounding problems and worsening them.

The three omni-present networks saturate the nation with their necessarily over-simplistic concepts. With their eye ever on ratings, their emphasis—even in news reporting—must be on the highly dramatic. As Les Brown puts it in his new book, "Television: The Business Behind the Box," "Evil is news."

Coverage which highlights the dramatically evil can warp a nation's image of itself; can induce in the individual viewer a feeling of impotence and helpless isolation. He puts another lock on the door, dares not venture out at night—and is likely to spend his evening hours watching primetime dramatized crime neatly split into half-hour segments.

On the other hand, cable tv can, for example, show its local viewers segments which are actually far more dramatic than "canned crime" because the stories are true, the heroes and heroines—or the victims—are people of the area, and the settings and sites are known to the viewers. Furthermore, CATV, dealing with its own neighborhood can address itself to specifics unblinkingly day and night, thereby bringing about rapid fact-finding and improvement of conditions in areas which have reached chronic crisis proportions in many sections of the nation.

Safety In The Cities

One aspect of city living of concern to all segments of the community is the complete collapse of the public environment, particularly in the nighttime when many streets and parks have become a virtual no-man's land. A regular segment of the Conservation Channel program might, therefore, be devoted to restoring safety to the local streets by helping to eliminate mugging and other varieties of violent crime. No more stage-managed forums of buck-passing politicians discussing the matter, so prevalent on conventional tv. But instead daily, nightly, on-the-spot coverage of a neighborhood by the CATV system's mobile unit, plus daily in-studio discussion with people who experience problems of personal security on a day-to-day basis. Possible members of such an ever-changing "real-life" cast: the woman doctor who once made housecalls at night, but who—after several frightening experiences—now refuses to do so. The cleaning lady who works at night in downtown offices and cannot get back into the housing development where she lives, unless she "tips" the tough kids who control that turf. A jogger who has acted as unpaid policeman in the park, responding to cries of a woman being raped, a man being attacked by hoodlums with knives.

But, on cable tv, the presentation of the problem would be only the "first act." The crime segment would also include meetings—in studio, or "on site"—with local police, politicians, judges, lawyers—the responsible establishment. Citizens with constructive plans and proposals would also receive airtime.

The Streets As Studios

All this would lead directly towards that all-important element which conventional tv can never hope to achieve, but which can make cable tv the most democratic force in our country's decision-making which leads to concerted constructive local action. In the aforementioned three cases, for example: a block association might organize a volunteer escort service for the woman doctor permitting

her to make emergency nighttime housecalls. The housing project might hire an additional escort guard for tenants who must return home at high-crime nighttime hours. A Park Jogger's Assn. might organize men to jog in teams of two or three—for their own security and to discourage muggers and perverts who "patrol" the area in the early morning and late evening hours.

Although each of these solutions would directly affect only a handful of local cable viewers, the indirect effect would be felt by all viewers who watched a problem presented and a solution found. It would give a sense of direction for individual indignation which, if allowed to flourish unharnessed and without hope, can be but an impotent force—but which can build to a dangerously explosive force.

Furthermore, individual viewers would be fully justified in feeling: my time will come; my problem will be heard.

By its very existence, therefore, the Human Conservation network would bring hope to millions of citizens who are presently, discouraged, frightened, turned-off.

Working with churches, synagogues, schools, police, political clubs, homeowners, and tenant groups, block associations, etc.—each made up of all ethnic and income groups—mobile cable tv units can operate throughout the entire area of the system, turning trouble spots into trouble-shooting studios, with the aim of making the city safe.

Technological Censorship

Because of the networks' built-in need to present the dramatic and colorful, certain radicals and right-wingers—proven to be reliable in a network sense—are now, one might say, "on call" along with the hardy-perennial ladies and gentlemen of all-knowledge who work the Talk Show and Learned Panel tv circuits.

In addition, conventional tv (Continued on page 104)

ABC-TV's Tues. 'Movie' 11-For-12 As Year Ended

On the brink of the second season, the Tuesday night ABC-TV "Movie of the Week" skein was far and away the most successful movie-anthology series on the networks with 11 out of the top 12 rating leaders. The exception, CBS' "A Death of Innocence," which aired on that web's Friday night series, finished second with 30.8 and 55 share and was the recipient of a scheduling break which pitted it against NBC's "Chronolog" and a pair of weak ABC specials the night after Thanksgiving. The "Movie of the Weeks," in contrast, have been leading the pack against pretty tough competition.

"Brian's Song," a Screen Gems-produced "Movie of the Week," was the highest ranking made-for-tv film of the 1971-72 season-to-date as well as the highest rated made-for-tv feature ever, an honor it wrested from last year's "The Feminist & The Fuzz"—also from Screen Gems. "Brian's" pulled a 32.9 rating and 48 share.

The season-to-date rankings confirm that CBS' Friday skein of 90-minute features have been doing better than NBC's two-hour "World Premieres" on the same night—a situation recognized by NBC when it put the "World Premieres" on a random placement basis for the second season. The highest ranking "WP" was "The Harness"; top ABC Saturday "Movie of the Weekend" feature was "Duel."

WHEN YOU'RE AS SUCCESSFUL AS ONE THING LEFT TO

SOMETHING NEW.

If there's anything we've learned from being television's leading network these past 16 years, it's this: If you're going to live up to your past success, the last thing you should do is rely on it.

So we're rewriting a hit. Just a little. Taking our most successful television lineup in years and moving things around a bit to make it more so. We're also introducing three new shows to further brighten the winter nights.

As you can see, we're working hard to improve something that doesn't seem to need much improving in the first place. But then, that's what makes us the leader.



Audience estimates based on NTI AA households, 7:30-11 pm, Monday-Sunday, 1 September-1 December 1971 and, as applicable, 1 January-11 December 1956-1970 and 1 January-1 December 1971. Qualifications available on request.

HAVING A SEASON OURS THERE'S ONLY DO:



THE SONNY & CHER COMEDY HOUR

Last summer's runaway hit. The *San Francisco Chronicle*, for one, called Sonny and Cher "the brightest, prettiest, happiest thing to happen to TV." Now they're back. Bigger and better than before. More great songs. More delicious clowning. More big-name guests. Mondays, at 10 pm EST.

ME AND THE CHIMP

Introducing Buttons, the most rambunctious chimp since Cheetah. Ted Bessell shares top billing in this new comedy series. As the head of a family who adopts Buttons and finds himself involved in all sorts of hilarious monkey business. Premieres Thursday, January 13 at 8 pm EST.

THE DON RICKLES SHOW

A major turn of events. In his new comedy series, Don is an ad executive and family man—beset, besieged and bewildered by all the trials and tribulations tormenting man in the big city. Premieres Friday, January 14 at 10:30 pm EST.

CBS

From Crystal Set To Color TV From The Moon

Random Recollections After 46 Years Of Looking And Listening

By BEN GROSS

(TV Critic Emeritus, N.Y. News)

The press release on my desk in the radio shack of The N. Y. Daily News, down on Park Place, read:

"Nov. 17, 1926.

"Television is just around the corner," stated David Sarnoff today in an announcement following his first conference with Merlino Hall Aylesworth, president of NBC.

Just two nights before, in the presence of an elite audience in the grand ballroom of the old Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, on the present site of the Empire State Bldg., America's first radio network had launched its inaugural broadcast. Carried by 24 stations, it was hailed as the "electronic miracle of the century." "Think of it," said Aylesworth, "ten or even 12,000,000 persons may be hearing what takes place in this ballroom tonight."

Even in this period of all-star tv shows, that first program would be regarded as a "gala" one. For in the talent lineup were such features as the New York Symphony conducted by Walter Damrosch, the comedy team of Weber & Fields, pianist Harold Bauer, remote pickups of Mary Garden and Will Rogers and such leading dancebands as those of Ben Bernie, Vincent Lopez, George Olsen and Ben A. Rolfe.

The great days of radio were yet to come—the time of Graham McNamee, Ted Husing, Jack Benny, Fred Allen, Orson Welles, the Munich crisis and the years of World War II—but even then Television, still a resitant ghost, was already standing in the wings preparing for its triumphant entrance.

But some 20 years would pass before the tube in the living room would come into its own. And in the meantime, beginning in 1925, I had a front seat in the theatre of broadcasting. I won this privileged position because after the superheterodyne receivers had just replaced the old crystal radios, I happened to be the only person in the editorial department of the News who knew how to hook up and turn on one of these new-fangled sets! That made me an "expert" and I continued listening and then looking until the autumn of 1971.

"Toy of the Booboisie"

For some years thereafter, I bewailed my fate. For like many other self-proclaimed "sophisticates" among the newspaper men of that time, I regarded radio as something for the kids. After all, no less a figure than the acerbic H. L. Mencken had dubbed radio as the "favorite toy of the booboisie," and besides, my ambition was to become a drama critic.

But despite this, I found a sardonic enjoyment in the excitement, the free-wheeling competition, the experimentation and above all, in the sense of humor that prevailed during those early days of broadcasting. It was fun.

However, by the time tv began to dominate the air, the networks and the major stations had donned the robes of corporate dignity and conservative respectability. Their pressagents (no one called them "press relations directors" in those days) no longer indulged in "stunts." There were no more drumbeaters such as the one who led a bull into a Fifth Avenue china shop to see what would happen. What happened was that the beast broke nothing; but the p.a. stumbled and smashed a \$150 tea set.

Even as program vicepresidents such as the legendary John F. Royal of NBC were launching radio shows that became the talk of the nation, the tv pioneers were setting the stage for the great days ahead. In 1923, I attended a showing of pictures by the Jenkins Television Corp. via a "televisor." It was an odd contraption equipped with a rotating scanning disk on which one could behold, as the press release put it, "either black-and-white or pink radio movies."

I still recall the excitement as an audience of 50 scientists, en-

gineers and newsmen crowded into the AT&T Laboratories down on New York's West Street, April 7, 1927, to witness Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover deliver an address from Washington. The quality of the picture, although primitive by today's standards, evoked cheers. But although "The Great Engineer's" talk contained plenty of meat, a NY Sun reporter opined, "As a speaker, he's the best cure for insomnia ever invented."

The interest in tv, mostly among teenagers, was rising, and on Sept. 15, 1928, the radio section of the N. Y. World published a special supplement, "Television Construction Data for the Amateur." That month my column informed its readers that "the most absorbing topic in the broadcasting industry today is tv. Just a few years ago, millions hardly knew the meaning of the word. Now it's on every tongue."

By 1929 there were already 26 experimental television stations on the air, and during the following year CBS informed me that its Madison Avenue studios were being "equipped with special lighting apparatus which could be used when picture transmission became a necessity."

Even though the "video audience" was woefully small during 1928, the General Electric station, WGY in Schenectady, televised from Albany Gov. Alfred E. Smith accepting the Democratic Party's nomination for President. In New York City, other experimental stations—among them RCA-NBC's W2XBS and Hugo Gernsback's outlet WRNY—were creating a stir. As a chronicler of the day described it, their "pictures could be seen on a standard radio receiver to which is added a flat metal disk, a small motor and a neon tube. Still somewhat primitive."

TV Goes 'Regular'

But there was nothing "primitive" about the quality of the entertainment on a summer night in 1931 when CBS inaugurated its regular tv programming. Facing the cameras on that occasion were Mayor Jimmy Walker, Kate Smith, the Boswell Sisters, dialect comedian Henry Burbig, Ben Alley and Helen Nugent, vocalists, and to top it all, George Gershwin at the piano playing "Liza."

I recall that among the most enthusiastic tv fans of the medium's salad days was the great maestro, Arturo Toscanini. His favorite attraction was not what you might have expected of a man whose



JOE TEMPLETON

ABC NEWS
Washington, D.C.

simulcasts of the NBC Symphony concerts thrilled millions of music lovers.

He doted on wrestling matches—and not even Beethoven, Bach or Brahms could tear him away from the television set when Primo Carnera participated in a grunt & groan exhibition. Sitting on a sofa before the receiver, he would root vociferously for the elephantine Italian athlete. When the latter got the best of his opponent, Toscanini would laugh and shout, but when the Roman behemoth was on the verge of losing, the genius of music would cry: "Shame! Shame!"

Once I paid a visit to his home, Villa Pauline, in a wooded section of Riverdale overlooking the Hudson. The driver of our car asked a group of boys playing baseball, "Can you tell me where Toscanini lives?"

"Oh, you mean the bandleader?" one kid said as he pointed to the right.

Starring FDR

Among the memorable programs I've covered was one starring President Franklin D. Roosevelt delivering the principal address at the opening of the New York World's Fair, April 30, 1939. What made the event exceptionally noteworthy was that the historic telecast almost didn't get on the air because of a heated dispute over \$120.

This behind-the-scenes story was first revealed in my column by John S. Young, pioneer announcer who served as broadcasting con-

(Continued on page 90)



JACKSON BECK

ACTOR—ANNOUNCER—NARRATOR

Best wishes on your 66th Anniversary. Sparkling brighter than ever
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Danny O'Connor's Own TV Ratings From An Island In The Bronx

By BILL GREELEY

They don't know it yet, but Nielsen and ARB have formidable competition in the Bronx.

In that borough, the Danny O'Connor rating service has been flourishing this session with a far larger sample than either Nielsen or ARB—upwards of 80 respondents a week. As far as the tv industry is concerned, the Danny O'Connor service is, for now, exclusive to *VARIETY*. This may change. O'Connor has given this newspaper his nine-week averages for the season so far, and there doesn't seem to be any reason why New York stations and the networks couldn't sell off O'Connor's numbers as they do the Nielsen and ARB.

O'Connor's top 10 stacks just about like anyone else's. In the nine-week averages, Flip Wilson is tops with a 51.8 share; "Night Gallery" is second with a 43.7; and there follows "Funny Face," 39.5; NBC Monday movie, 39.2; "Marcus Welby," 38.2; "All in the Family," 37.1; "Gunsmoke," 36.5; ABC Sunday movie, 35.7; "Love American Style" and "Room 222," 35.1.

Some might charge that the O'Connor service is skewed black, what with Flip's great showing. Not so, O'Connor has one black in the entire sample. Reginald Henry is his name (fearless O'Connor is not afraid to lay a sample name or two on you).

The competition might charge that the sample is skewed youth. O'Connor himself is 12 years old and in the ninth grade. And the sizeable sample is made up of kids in his block—and the next block—and kids at his school. But O'Connor shrewdly points out that there is a great deal of all-family viewing in the Bronx, and his ratings represent a very fair share of adult choices.

The networks could cancel shows off the bottom of the O'Connor service just as easily as they do off Nielsen. Ranking 64th in the nine-week averages is "Shirley's World" with a 13.3 share. "Bearcats" is 62d with a 17.7. "Smith Family" is 61st with an 18.4. "Man and the City" 59th with a 19.4.

There are a couple of switches in the O'Connor service. ABC's hot Monday night pro football gets only a 29.4 share in the nine-week averages (to rank 31st), and has dipped as low as 18 on a given week. "No boys," says O'Connor, the teens in his nabe being too hip for that violent raw-raw nonsense.

And the CBS Thursday night movie is last in the nine-week averages with a lowly 8.7 share. "Flip Wilson wrecks it," explains O'Connor.

Nostalgia Quiz

By SOL WEINSTEIN

Hollywood.

I, too have been drawn into the Vortex of Yore. Upon completing a book-plugging tour for my new travesty, "Everything You NEVER Wanted To Know About Sex—But I'll Tell You Anyway" (Paperback Library, \$1; the book that cowed Dr. Reuben and drove him back into soybean farming), I was signed by Ilson & Chambers, as one of the writers of an ABC-TV special called "The 20th Century Follies", an hour-long, comedic investigation of, yup, nostalgia starring Alan King.

The scribes, Buddy Arnold, Hugh Wedlock, Howard Albrecht, Bernie Rothman, Marc Ray and Larry Alexander and I were told: "Freakout on the 'good old days', fellas; open up those long-forgotten taps of memories and let the artifacts, fads and foibles of your youth flow out." So out gushed hula hoops, the Twist, jais (those ball-and-paddle jobs), Orphan Annie decoder pins, Bobby Thompson's historic fourbagger, etc.

When Alan King pored over the script he, too, found areas of long-buried nostalgia... those tenement house fireescapes you slept on during big city heat waves ("I slept on a fire escape so often," King remarked "that until I was 18 I suffered from rust!")... those defiant, fist-shaking speeches John Garfield, the prototypically trapped slumdweller, made in so many of his films ("Sure, sure, you guys in them big penthouses are sneerin' at me, but I'm gettin' out of here. New York, I'll lick you yet!")... and into the show they went.

Bernie Rothman started fooling around with a Nostalgia Quiz.

In 1934 the infamous John Dillinger, "Public Enemy Number One", was betrayed to the Feds by the mysterious "Woman in Red", trapped in an alley near the Biograph Movie Theatre and ventilated by 1,980 FBI slugs. Dillinger's dying words were:

(A) "From now on, I only date Women in green"...

(B) "And to top it off, there wasn't even a cartoon with the movie"...

(C) "This is definitely a case of police brutality"...

(D) "Sure, the bullets hurt, but not as much as the fact that when Hollywood does my life story I'll be played by Wayne Newton"...

(E) Nothing. A man peppered by

1,980 slugs finds his conversational flow impeded.

The answer, of course, is (E), as any one who has been shot 1,980 times will quickly attest to. Let's try another:

When ever Little Orphan Annie was in trouble, she somehow manage to get a secret message to the listening audience, which of course, had her decoder pin. The message - - - - X-19, R-56, Y-3, 1-27, 0-55 - - - - when decoded said:

(A) "That's the last time I buy a gingo card from a Tibetan monk."

(B) "For heaven's sake's kids, buy Ovaltine by the case or I'll be cancelled off the air... and just how many jobs are available to orphan girls with buttonholes instead of eyes, anyway?"

(C) "Kids, tell Daddy Warbucks, Sandy, Punjab and The Asp I'm in big trouble and to get over here on the double."

(D) "I have tried to make secret contact with five Black Muslims."

The correct answer is (C) and now one more, nostalgia buffs:

"The Wizard of Oz", that 1939 film classic, had Dorothy, the Tin Man, the Scarecrow and the Cowardly Lion skipping merrily down the Yellow Brick Road. What did they hope to find at its end?

(A) The only McDonald's Hamburger stand in Oz, where the featured dish was melted Munchkin on a bun.

(B) The fabled Emerald City, where the Wizard would bestow such gifts as a new heart, a brain, courage and a trip for Dorothy back to Kansas via Allegheny Airlines balloon.

(C) A sign stating, "This road deadends here because to the Oz Highway Department has run out of funds."

(D) Ralph Nader excoriating the Wizard for playing footsie with the Yellow Brick Lobby when the road could have been built cheaper and better with red bricks.

(E) John Dillinger, "The Woman in Red", Orphan Annie, Sandy, Punjab, Daddy Warbucks, The Asp, the FBI, Bobby Thompson's historic fourbagger, Alan King rusting on a fire escape, the producers of Twentieth Century Follies doing the Twist, 500,000 copies of "Everything You NEVER Wanted To Know About Sex", Wayne Newton...

Correct answer: (B), which stands for "Bushed", so until next we meet again this is Gabriel Heatter saying, "Ah, yes, there's good nostalgia tonight."



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■ **Denver :** KWGN Television

■ **Michigan and California :** WGN Electronic Systems Company

■ **New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Tokyo :**
WGN Continental Sales Company

The Plagiarism's The Thing Or My Day In Court

By CARROLL CARROLL

Maybe somebody gets funnier phonecalls from people he doesn't know than I do. I doubt it. To clinch the claim that I'm the champ, here's a rundown on one of them.

Since there are no innocents in this true-from-life fantasy, I've omitted, or ingeniously fooled around with, all names in order to protect the guilty.

Late one evening, it must have been about half-past-Scotch, a guy called and said, "Hello, Mr. Carroll? I'm a lawyer."

I went limp. I wanted to hang up but I knew he'd either call right back an hour later when I'd passed out . . . gone to sleep or show up at the door in the morning with a subpoena. I'd rather go to the dentist than have a stranger introduce himself on the phone as a member of the bar. I'd rather go to the bar.

The feeling I get is the same as when a motorcycle cop pulls me over, asks to see my license and owner's certificate, studies them for a long time, then says he stopped me because he thought I ought to know that my left rear looks a little flat. Encounters like that leave my heart pounding and bring on a terrible feeling that before long one of my less intimate friends will be saying, "Wow! I saw him only yesterday and he was perfectly well."

When I stopped listening to my heart I heard the barrister saying, "I have a client who read something you wrote. He thinks you can help him."

"I just write the stuff. I don't do spot interpretations."

"You don't understand. He's being sued."

"He's being sued? . . . Oh. That's good . . . I mean . . . I'm sorry . . . er . . . I thought I was being sued." Passing only to take two fingers, I said calmly, "Go ahead."

The lawyer repeated, "I have a client who read something you wrote about Bob (Bazooka) Burns. He thinks you can testify in his behalf."

"Bob Burns is dead," I said with proper reverence.

"My client thinks you can testify in his behalf."

"Oh. Is he innocent or guilty?"

"Well, he read this thing you wrote . . ."

"Then he's no longer innocent."

"What are you talking about?"

"That was my question."

"I'm talking about my client, Sid Willing."

"Hey . . . how is old Sid?"

"He's being sued."

"Sid sued? Is there anything I can do?"

"That's what I'm calling you about."

"Wellllll . . ." I began to hedge. "I haven't seen Sid since I moved back to New York 13 years ago. Maybe longer. We didn't actually run around in the same circles. Occasionally I've accidentally caught his 'The Okie Dokies in Hollywood' show."

"I'd apparently come to the nub of the matter. Right back at me came the words, 'Sid tells me you wrote that you thought the late comedian, Bob (Bazooka) Burns was really the original Okie named Dokie.'"

"Well, it was sort of kidding on the square but Bob actually was something like Ox Oxide. But if Sid thinks he can sue me for writing that, he's crazy."

"Mr. Carroll! Sid's not suing you. Somebody's suing him, claiming he stole the idea for 'The Okie Dokies in Hollywood.' We wonder if you'd testify on Sid's behalf on the basis of what you've written and your general background and experience in the broadcast business."

"Testify to what?"

"That Sid didn't plagiarize the idea."

"How do I know? But even if he did, there's always Mark Twain."

"What's Mark Twain got to do with it?"

"Well, he had an idea similar



THE RICH KID

to Sid's . . . put a man in a situation and environment that's totally new and strange to him and see what happens. Mr. Clemens called it, 'A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court'."

"Who's Mr. Clemens?"

"He's Mark Twain."

"Did he change his name because he stole the idea?"

Finally, everything settled down to a sensible conversation which is the kind that's not worth re-writing a lawyer. What came out was a guy who once worked for QED Network had an idea similar to Sid Willing's "The Okie Dokies in Hollywood." He called his "A Hillbilly in Brooklyn" or something. QED turned it down. So did several other networks, a few packages, a gaggle of local stations and several members of his immediate family. This all happened five or six years earlier. The mills of justice grind exceedingly fine, very, very slowly and with a certain amount of silliness.

Ultimately I'm on the witness stand. The judge suggests that I speak up because the counsel for the plaintiff is a little hard of hearing. This is clear because he's wearing a hearing aid. It's also clear, because he's wearing suspenders, that when he was a little boy, his mother told the "girls," who came in every Tuesday to play whilst, that he was going to

grow up to be a second Clarence Darrow. His behavior suggested that he'd seen "Inherit The Wind" often enough to have earned screen credit as Audience.

After the usual routine of swearing to my name and address, the attorney for our side, my telephone-pal, moved to have placed into evidence the stuff I'd written about Bob Burns who, because he hit it big in Hollywood before the creation and arrival of the okie family named Dokie, could rightfully be called the inspiration for Ox, the father of all the Dokies. The judge wouldn't admit the writing, saying that it was just one man's opinion, not necessarily fact and, besides, I could merely have heard it somewhere.

I was then grilled on how long I'd been in the broadcast business, what, if anything, I knew about humor and, to my surprise, the learned counsel for the plaintiff even asked me if I knew what the action was about. I restrained myself from saying, "Yes. Do you?" to the extent of omitting the last two words and the question mark. He then asked me if I knew of any similar actions. When I told him I'd been involved in one he acted happy as a kid who's just caught his teacher kissing the principal. He had a plagiarist testifying on behalf of another plagiarist. "Tell us all about it in your own words," he suggested.

A Precedent

"Back in about 1933," I began, "another writer and I were up against a deadline. We were on a night train to Pittsburgh where a radio broadcast was to take place the next day. Desperation led us to the idea that it would be funny to have two dogs talking to each other about their owners the way otherwise sane men and women talk about their animals."

"My master's marvelous. All I have to do is bark once and tug at the cuff of his pants and he gets my dinner."

"That's nothing. You should see my lady. When I bring her a ball she knows to throw it no matter how many times I bring it back. It's fun because she throws funny."

"No matter what time of day it is, when I bring my man his bedroom slippers, he puts them on."

"Once we'd established the premise the lines practically wrote themselves. I remember the incident clearly for two reasons. It was the first and only time I'd ever been involved in an idea for which the lines actually 'practically' (Continued on page 106)

Made-For-TV Movies Go Through Title-Changing Wringer

By BOB KNIGHT



EARL WRIGHTSON AND LOIS HUNT

A peculiarity of this season's accelerated use of the made-for-TV movie anthology format has been the networks' penchant for making title changes prior to airing features of the genre. Of the 50-plus titles aired to date, 40% have been telecast with different handles than they started production with.

At ABC, five Aaron Spelling features have been subject to change. "The Trackers" started out as "No Trumpets, No Drums," a title that may have suggested musical content since Sammy Davis Jr. starred—and the change makes some sense. Spelling's "The Last Child" began as "The Day They Took the Babies Away"; his "Congratulations, It's a Boy" was first known as "A Boy," then "So's Your Old Man." "The Reluctant Heroes" had been shot as "The Egghead on Hill 656" and Spelling's "If Tomorrow Comes" was the air title of what originally was "The Glass Hammer."

Universal TV's "What's a Girl Like You . . . ?" for ABC was made as "Shirley" and its recent "See the Man Run" was shot as "The Second Face." Its earlier "Two on a Bench" was shot in Boston as "Siamese Twins"; "The Birdmen" was originally "The Birdmen of Beckstadt" and "Sweet, Sweet Rachel" was completed as "The Sixth Sense" (which will now be the second-season title of the spin-off series based on the pilot-feature). MPC's "Thief" was "A Day in the Life of a Burglar" all through production and ABC Circle Films' "Revenge" had first been "There Once Was a Woman," then "A Woman's Revenge."

You Takes Your Choice

U-TV's NBC product, which often has been on the shelf a while, includes a switch of its Elery Queen feature from "Catch Me If You Can" to "Don't Look Behind You," another of "Only One Day Left Before Tomorrow" to "How to Steal an Airplane" and the tacking of "Once Upon a Dead Man" on the "McMillan & Wife" pilot. "Marriage: Year One" was originally just "Year One." 20th-Fox TV's "Joaquin Murieta" aired as "The Desperate Mission," and its "They Call It Murder" was made as "Doug Selby."

At CBS, the recently aired 20th-Fox TV "Dead Men Tell No Tales" was produced as "To Save His Life." Four Star's "The Deadly Hunt" had been filmed as "Autumn of the Hunter"; Quinn Martin's "The Face of Fear" had started out as "Sally" and then became "The Price of Death" during production. Paramount TV's "Terror in the Sky" had been announced as "Runway Zero 8" and CBS' own "Goodbye, Raggedy Ann" had begun as "Goodbye, Rag Doll."

Warner Bros. TV's "Cable Car Murder" was originally a two-hour "World Premiere" pilot called "Crosscurrent" at CBS, which was cut down to 90 minutes for airing under the "Cable Car" title. In the weirdest title change of all, WB-TV has changed the title to "Brother Man" after it has aired on the web.

What's In a Name?

There is and always has been a mystique that a good title means good business everywhere in show biz, and network programming brass understandably do some tinkering with that in mind. But it's noteworthy that the top two "Movie of the Week" titles are "Brian's Song" and "Mr. & Mrs. Bo Jo Jones," the top NBC "World Premiere" is "The Har-ness" and the top ABC "Movie of the Weekend" is "Duel"—none of them particularly descriptive or explanatory, while some of the jockeyed-around titles finished near the bottom of the heap.

It would seem more to the point that tv made-for-TV features, more so than the theatrical versions, generate their viewership by on-air trailers and web promotion—and the title is not all that important. And if nothing else, the rash of title changing this year has made it hard to keep track of product without a scorecard.

Nonprofit Assn. Will Supply Mainland Radio With Hawaiian Music

Honolulu.

The new Assn. for Hawaiian Music is setting up facilities to service mainland radio stations with islands music. Organized along the lines of the Country Music Assn., the AHM is seeking composers, musicians and singers to create new Hawaiian tunes that can be distributed throughout the world.

Charles Bud Dant, executive director, said the AHM, a nonprofit group at 87 Waimann St., would supply records and tape service at minimum cost, voice tracks of Hawaiian talent for promos, etc., and distribute a monthly newsletter to participating stations.

Dant is a former west coast manager for Decca Records and musical director for NBC Hollywood. He said the talent search, staged with the assistance of KCON, already has drawn some 40 new tunes.

"The startup costs of the association are being paid by the Hawaii Corp., a major diversified business firm."

A World Without de Gaulle

By DAVID SCHOENBRUN

A year ago, at the end of 1970, one of the greatest actors of history made his last bow and walked off-stage. We had heard the last from Charles Joseph Andre Marie de Gaulle.

Or so we thought. As 1972 begins, de Gaulle speaks again, from beyond the tomb, with the worldwide publication of his last words, "Memoirs of Hope," which he was writing at time of his death.

I have been deeply immersed in those memoirs for the past few weeks, preparing an essay-critique. As I read his last words, de Gaulle seemed vividly alive. I saw as clearly as in life his towering figure, topped by a too-small head for the huge body, a too-big nose for the small head, the obsidian eyes, the sloping shoulders and swollen stomach on the big frame, the whole looking like a distempered camel.

The rolling drumbeat of the Foreign Legion. His monumental self-confidence raises the standards of ordinary vanity into a noble sentiment. One misses the man in this gray world of shadows.

Listen to de Gaulle describe his sentiments as he is called back by the French to captain the ship of state in May, 1958, after the colonial uprisings in Algeria:

"I saw the prospect of a great undertaking open up before me. True, by contrast with the task which had fallen to me 18 years earlier, my mission would be de-

void of the stirring imperatives of an heroic period. The peoples of the world, and ours more than most, no longer felt the need to rise above themselves which danger enjoined upon them. For almost all—including ourselves—the immediate issue was not victory or annihilation but living standards."

Whatever else we may think about de Gaulle, was he not right to say that in the closing years of the '50s the world had turned away from great enterprises towards grubbing for a living? Perhaps that is the way of the world and the right way but it is certainly not heroic, it is dull. And, in the past decade we have all known dull, duller and the dullest days each month, each year.

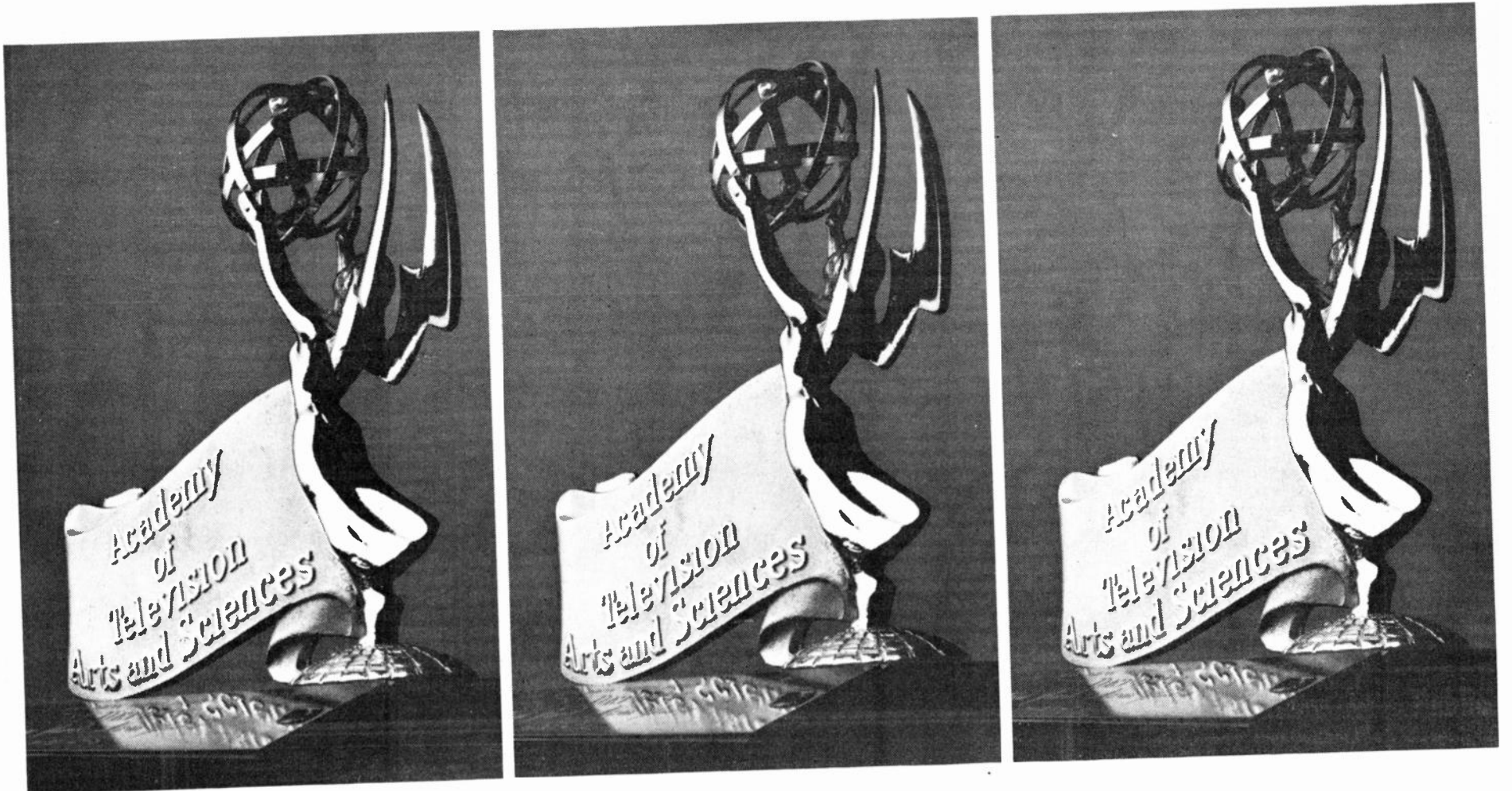
De Gaulle, in his frank, open vanity, lamented his position as a lone giant in the world: "Among the statesmen with whom I would be discussing the problems of the world, most of the giants, whether enemies or allies, whom the war had brought to the fore, had disappeared." Indeed, they had, all the titans with whom and against whom he had fought heroic battles: Roosevelt, Churchill, Stalin. De Gaulle was the lone and lonely survivor of those World War II titans.

His comment on the grayness of the times was pure de Gaulle: "In short, it was in a time when on all sides was drawn towards mediocrity that I must bid for greatness. And yet it must be done!"

And he did do it. He made France an atomic power. He liquidated the deadweight of the French Empire. He ended honorably the Algerian War, which is more than any American has been able to do in Vietnam. He moved France from a three billion dollar deficit to a plus four billion dollars of reserves, while the dollar was sinking and American deficits soaring. We may not like him, but he might have made a pretty exciting president of the United States. This is not to say that I have become a Gaullist now that he has gone. I have criticized him often enough for none to mistake my sentiments or judgement. It is just that I am, like most of us, bored and depressed by the grayfaced men who wheel and deal and manipulate today: from Nixon, Agnew, Mitchell and Connally, through Humphrey, Muskie and Jackson, Mike Mansfield and Carl Albert, Edward Heath and Pompidou, Brezhnev and Kosygin. It seems as though the only giant left is Mao and he is the invisible man.

Yes, I miss the fun, the excitement, the daring, the outrageousness, the gall of Charles de Gaulle. The world may, in one sense, be better off without him, but a world without de Gaulle is a less colorful, a less exciting world. I suppose all great men are more attractive after they have gone. Philosopher Jean Cocteau expressed it well when he said: "Statues to great men are made of the stones thrown at them in their lifetime."

**On December 9th,
the Television Academy once again confirmed
what we've known all along.**



The other night, the New York Chapter of the National Academy of Television Arts and Sciences awarded 3 Emmys to WABC-TV.

Specifically, the awards went to John Bartholomew Tucker for the great job he does every morning on "AM New York". And to Howard Weinberg and Milton Lewis for the terrific job they did in connection with a documentary you might have seen on Eyewitness News, called "Scoundrels, Scalawags and Saviors: The Good Old Days at City Hall".

Of course, while all of this is very flattering to us, it by no means comes as a shock. Every year Channel 7 is in the running for awards that recognize excellence in television.

And every year when the final votes are cast we seem to wind up with a big share of them.

This year, we're happy to report, has been no exception.

WABC-TV 

An ABC Owned Television Station.



Boston's WBZ-AM Shows 'How To' Of Triggering State Legislation

By FRANK BEERMANN

Group W's WBZ in Boston has come up with what it thinks is an excellent way of promoting audiences and providing service to the area. The AM station is so satisfied with the results so far that it has combined its pubaffairs budget with that of its ad and promo departments.

And, along with moving away from distributions of shopping bags and bumper stickers to make Hub listeners WBZ-conscious, it has provided an interesting example of advocacy journalism—with no major dissenting voices when it actually managed to spearhead a change in the state's narcotic laws.

The change came about this fall, when the state legislature lightened the penalties for possession of narcotics and, indeed, ended jail sentences as a punishment for first and second offenders.

The station first awoke to the possibility of becoming a major force in community affairs in 1968 during a school crisis. Students in Roxbury, Boston's black ghetto, had rioted in two schools and the school board closed them down. Community leaders protested and there appeared to be little hope of resolving the conflict.

The station, then under the general management of Jim Lightfoot, decided to bring all the parties together into a sensitivity training session under the guidance of two professionals, one white and one black.

21½-Hour Lockup

For 21½ hours, nine representatives of all involved groups were locked into a small room. They were allowed no visitors, all meals were brought in, and they even slept on cots provided for the purpose—they were only allowed to leave the room for brief visits to the bathroom.

According to tapes made of the sessions, the first 18 hours were spent airing their mutual disagreements and then they started discussing the real issues and what might be done to help overcome them.

The whole thing was cut into 15 hours of on-air tape, accompanied by comments from the training leaders involved, and played on the air under the sensitivity jargon title of "T-Group 15." When the show won a number of awards and great publicity in competing media, the station decided to combine its pubaffairs and ad-promo departments.

Another similar opportunity arose during a severe snowstorm and northeaster in the winter of 1969, when the station went on the air for 80 hours with helicopter advice on traffic and bulletins on conditions from state and city authorities. In this case the station's 50,000-watt power made it an emergency conduit of information to the entire state, according to staffers. Only some commercials and news shows interrupted.

Anti-Smoking Campaign

Those two events paved the way for the first planned campaign by the station—a slightly gimmicky attempt to take its listeners off the smoking habit. It must be remembered here that Group W stations had earlier and before the cigaret commercials ban, barred the noxious weed from its commercial sked.

This campaign ran from Feb. 22 to March 22, 1970 and enlisted all personnel, from janitor to general manager, who smoked. It also employed the old reliable elements of station promotion—balloons, bumper stickers, pins and newspaper ads. In this case the station deejays were the kingpins of the campaign. All staffers took an oath that they would not smoke and listeners were asked to send in forms with similarly signed promises. Deejays interjected reminders of their own troubles in giving up the habit and doctors were used in taped advice to the wavering throughout the broadcast schedule.

In assessing the results some months later, a survey found that while some listeners had stayed away from smoking for as long as six months, most returned to it shortly. Only one staffer stayed away for as long as five months. But it reaped a high profile for the station. Lightfoot was seen

lighting a cigaret in a restaurant by a waiter and was reminded of his pledge.

Drive Vs. Drugs

When the station looked at the community in the beginning of 1971, it found that a major problem and one high on the list of concerns among its middle-class 25-49 audience, was the drug problem. Not only were station listeners becoming upset at the growing number of addicts, but many of them were finding evidence of drug and marijuana use among their own children.

By this time Lightfoot was getting ready to leave the station and sales manager Sy Yanoff was preparing to assume the post and Group W veepee stripes. Jerry Wishnow, who had produced the smoking show, was by this time director of the combined pubaffairs-ad-promo department. And these two went about the business of looking into the drug problem in Boston and consulting with experts in the field. Of course, they carried their own backgrounds and feelings into the affair.

Yanoff was a salesman and, as such, was interested in building audience to sell to advertisers. Wishnow is a former activist in a number of social causes who decided a few years ago that carrying banners and shouting slogans was not as effective as working within the media for changes—even if he had to make some compromises.

Both men say now they only cleared the program they came up with as "a courtesy," Group W station managers being given complete autonomy. And when they decided to launch a complete on-air campaign to revise the drug laws of the state, they asked the company lawyers to check with the FCC to make sure that they would not be penalized and to find out their entire obligations under "fairness" time rules. The FCC applauded their plan and they took off.

Deejay Pitches In

They launched a six-week series of programs on drugs during the early hours of deejay Jerry Williams' 8 p.m. to midnight telephone-talk show. The longest program ran the full four hours, but a number of them were quite a bit shorter because the station carries the games of the Bruins hockey team and the basketball Celtics—and hockey, particularly, is something of an addictive drug in Boston.

They also brought in two attorneys—Joseph Oteri, credited with bringing the first case on marijuana before the U.S. Supreme Court, and Mark Cohen who had worked on drug laws in the state attorney general's office and was a lobbyist in civic problems.

The men went on once each week for the first two weeks and explained the state of Massachusetts drug statutes. At first there was little interest in the subject on the part of listeners—they were still calling Williams to talk about foreign affairs and the state of the city traffic. But by the second week they were calling in to talk about drugs.

Soon they were exchanging ideas on what drugs were about and offering suggestions about how the penalties for "possession" might be modified. Most listeners seemed to agree that jail sentences, particularly for marijuana, were uncalled for.

Bill Introduced

Undoubtedly, recent changes in the social climate, particularly among the young, were beginning to strike home and many listeners with teenage children had suddenly become aware that their own kids might be letting themselves in for prosecution as criminals, and subsequent confinement.

Acting largely on a compendium of listener opinion, Wishnow says, the two lawyers modified the suggestion for possession and the law was introduced to the state legislature. By this time, a number of legislators had given the bill its support and other media had agreed that it was time for a change. Listeners were encouraged to write their representatives and did so in large number. Programs depicting drug use and abuse were

specially inserted into the station sked and the message hit home.

The most agreed-upon change in the law was jail sentence part. Formerly a holder of marijuana could get up to three years and heroin users could get far longer stretches. It was felt by most listeners that some sort of work program might be arranged for offenders, rather than jail.

This was the crux of the bill which the two lawyers arranged to have introduced for deliberation—and this was the main reform which was indeed enacted this fall.

'Work Service'

Under the new law, possessors of heroin were liable to no less than 1,000 hours of "work service." Marijuana offenders may get no more than 100 "work service hours" and other drug users are also held in service jeopardy. Marijuana sellers are provided for too in work terms, although purveyors of other drugs are excluded from the reform.

The work must be performed outside the normal working hours of the convicted and be within his educational and vocational scope. Unions in Boston are not particularly well organized on an intralocal level, but there was some fear expressed that the forced work might step into their jurisdictions. However, these fears were overcome.

The result of the campaign, according to Yanoff and Wishnow, exceeded their fondest hopes. Local media for the most part referred to the "WBZ bill" in accounts of the new law. Plaques of appreciation descended upon the station. But the big plus for salesman Yanoff was an involved audience and increased ratings to show to advertisers.

Wishnow says he is glad now that he gave up his activism via poster and shouting. Questioned about the possibility that such advocacy might present the future possibility of a station, group or network of pushing for laws and social changes that might not be so much in the generally recognized public interest as reforming drug laws in light of present knowledge, he supposed it was a possibility, but a remote one.

He pointed to the public itself as knowing what was in its own best interest and the advertiser as two bars to such manipulation on the part of the media. And, he said, the chief deterrent was the FCC and its "fairness" enforcement.

Of course, the White House Office of Telecommunications Policy has already suggested deregulation of radio, including a ban of the fairness doctrine provision of the FCC. And advertisers certainly know very well the effectiveness of the media in convincing the public of their product's worth. As for the public, there are those who believe that they don't always know what's best for them. And a lot of those believers are state house and city hall residents.

Wishnow says that WBZ was a "conduit" for listener opinion. But he admits that the station set up the programs, hired the lawyers and, later, provided money to bring experts to the legislature to speak in favor of a law change.

Still, no one seems worried about the possibility of employing radio for other, less desirable, changes in the social order.

Rex Harrison In Smith & Hemion's Bacharach Spec

London.

The Burt Bacharach special which the Yank production combo of Gary Smith & Dwight Hemion (director) will turn out for ABC-TV has Rex Harrison as guest. That's in addition to the team's "Kopy Kats" comedy show and two Friars club roasts for the web, all under their two-year pact with Lew Grade's ATV-ITC banner here.

Also on their agenda, as reported, is a "Robinson Crusoe" ice show to be shot at London's Wembley Stadium. The Bacharach spec shoots here in February or March, for airing next April.

Top Specials, Season-To-Date

(Premiere to December 12 Nielsen Reports)

Title	Web	Date	Rtg.
World Series	NBC	10-13	34.8
Miss America Pageant	NBC	9-11	34.5
Bob Hope Show	NBC	12-9	33.7
A Charlie Brown Christmas (R)	CBS	12-7	33.4
Bob Hope Show	NBC	11-7	31.8
How the Grinch Stole Christmas (R)	CBS	12-7	31.2
Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer (R)	NBC	12-6	30.8
Julie & Carol at Lincoln Center	CBS	12-7	29.3
Santa Claus Is Coming to Town (R)	ABC	12-3	28.4
Frosty the Snowman (R)	CBS	12-5	28.2
The Sullivan Years	CBS	10-17	26.7
Winnie the Pooh & Blustery Day (R)	NBC	12-1	26.2
Perry Como Winter Show	NBC	12-9	26.1
Snoopy at the Ice Follies	NBC	10-24	25.8
Disney World Special	NBC	10-29	25.2
Bob Hope Show	NBC	9-13	24.1
Hallmark—"Littlest Angel" (R)	NBC	12-12	23.8
It Was Short Summer, C. Brown (R)	CBS	9-29	23.6
Hallmark—"All The Way Home"	NBC	12-1	22.8
Festival at Ford's	NBC	11-15	22.1
(R)—Repeat			

Once Met A Friend On A Talkshow Who Had Not Written A Book

By EARL WILSON

(N.Y. Post Syndicated Columnist)

While groping through the mist and the hangover of San Francisco a recent 8 a.m., I detected in the distant vagueness of a morning talk-talk-talk TV show the undoubted form of former Secretary of the Interior Walter J. Hickel. We were both too busy rushing to other tv and radio shows to get introduced. But from one of his aides I learned that in plugging and promoting his book, he had appeared (on TV and radio and in bookstores) 150 times in a month, or five times a day. And that was from an author who doesn't really need the money.

In Chicago, Regnery Publishers put me on 28 shows in a week—some of them so powerful in influence that Irv Kupcinet, sitting in the Pump Room, cried out, "I never heard there was such a show!"

As I was taking my makeup off one night, there in Chicago, a pretty lady in the makeup room offered her hand and said, "I'm Betsy Drake Grant." Yes, there was a book in her hand. Cary Grant's ex-ex wife was on a book tour, too. I could take all those, painful though they were, but when Lyndon B. Johnson was shown autographing his books on the front pages, then I felt, somehow, that the book-hustling had gone too far. Most of the Johnson recollections were from his diaries and I wondered if anybody had thought of calling all these works "diary-eas."

Writing a book, Sinclair Lewis or somebody once said, requires you to apply the seat of the pants to the seat of the chair, but the selling of the book, which is much harder, demands that you get your derriere off the chair, fly-fly-fly and talk-talk-talk. Jacqueline Susann is one of the most gifted interviewees, always able to come up with something provocative even if it's only an impersonation of Truman Capote impersonating Truman Capote. You must be willing to do a radio show at 2:30 a.m. and do an AM or TV show at any hour—and be fresh, bright and witty with four hours of sleep.

"You sleep in slots," somebody told me. Get a couple of hours, do a show, get a couple hours more, and hey, hey, hey, it's time for a luncheon appearance with Maggie Daly and then back to bed for two more hours and you're ready for a couple of dinner-timers and then back to the kid and ready for the night-timers and the later-laters. And your wife back home wonders what kind of wild time you're having in Chicago with Hugh Hefner and the Bunnies at his Mansion. Hef, by the way, is very nice to visiting authors, but on my only visit recently to his Chicago establishment, I didn't meet any of the Bunnies.

I met three other authors. All male.

Tricks Of The Plugolas

"Keep reminding yourself," Liz Carpenter warned me, "that you're there to sell your book and not just to be enchanting and charismatic. For example, you must keep

bringing the interviewer around to the subject of your book—but you never say 'my book'—you say As I mentioned in "Ruffles and Flourishes"—being sure to mention the title about 20 times. And don't let the interviewer stray from the book. Keep bringing him back. Take a copy of the book with you and keep holding it up (to refer to something in it) being careful to hold it up to the camera. Be sure to mention the pictures—you can use the term 'center spread' if you like—and this gives you another chance to hold the front of the book up to the camera."

The big selling point, of course, is that it's a dirty book, too salacious to be printed except in a book, and too crude, lewd, rude nude to be more than hinted at on the air. This is calculated to drive 'em in great hordes to the bookstores. At the same time, however, you should mention that you are very clean-living, and hate dirty books.

"In writing this book, 'The Show Business Nobody Knows,' I said to Joey Adams, on his radio show, 'I was not being dirty. It was only reportage.'"

"But did you have to reportage through all those porno joints in Times Square?" Adams said.

"In writing 'The Show Business Nobody Knows,' 420 pages, some great pictures, wonderful for gifts, I happened to do some reportaging through the massage parlors but I would not call that dirty," I said.

"I wouldn't either," retorted Joey "I would call it filthy."

"Thank God you're saying that on the air," I said. "It's just what I need to get on the bestseller list."

Bestseller authors may experience some rebuffs or disappointments on their travels. In Chicago, buoyant from the reports that I had a runaway bestseller, I was introduced to Henry Regnery, chairman of the board. I was ready for some adulation. We were zooming into the second printing.

"Well," said Mr. Regnery, arising from his chair to shake my hand, "so you're writing a book for us?"

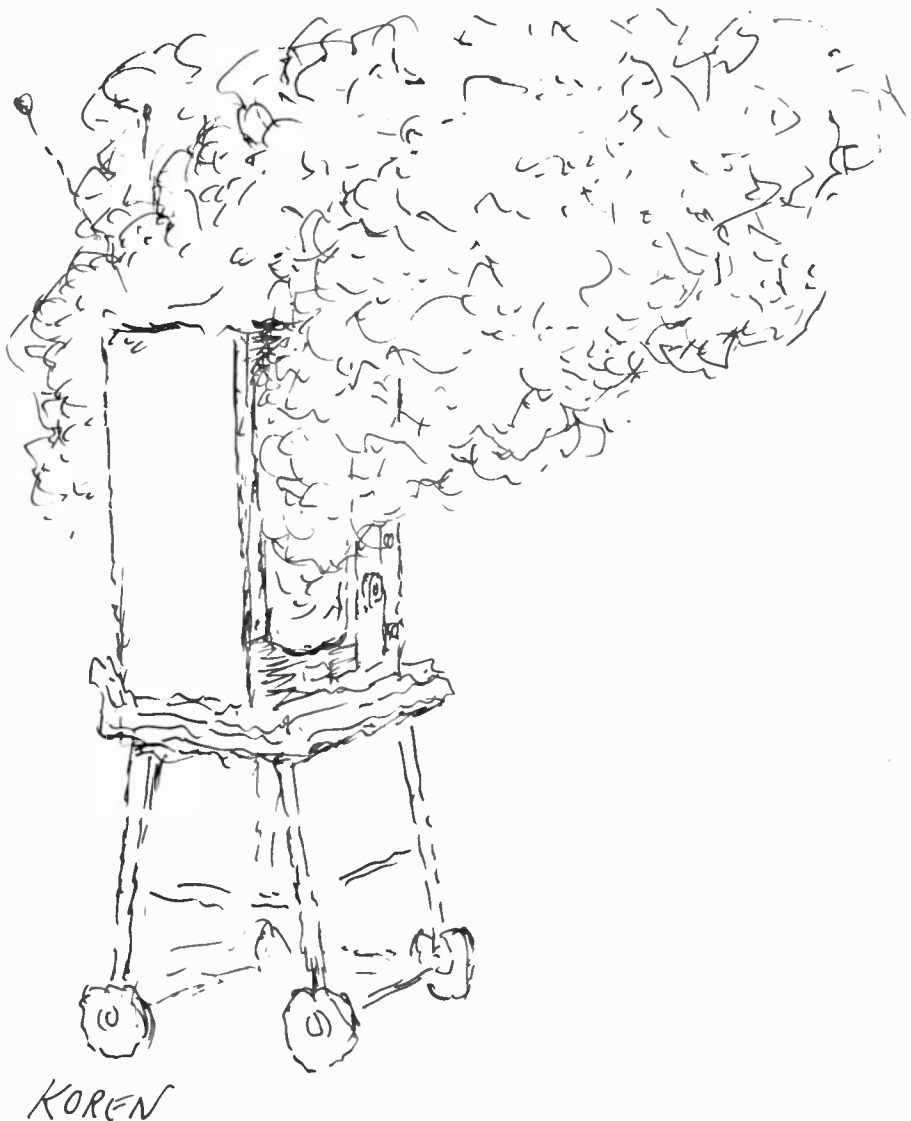
But this isn't uncommon. Once when Robert Frost was autographing books in a Chicago store, one of the book salesmen thanked him and said: "Drop in any time you're in town, Mr. Masters."

'Mutilated' Book

The value of autographs is generally thought to be high in book-hustling although Carroll Carroll told me that one customer allegedly told a book salesman, "I don't want this copy. Somebody's been scribbling all through the front of it."

Besides having the pleasure of being interviewed by Steve Allen, Virginia Graham and other old friends in Hollywood, I went out to Monrovia, near Pasadena, to a Sunday book fair put on from time to time by Raymar, book wholesalers. Each author is given an office or a shopping cart where he smiles at the booksellers and tries to outcharm the other authors.

(Continued on page 108)



Europe's evening news isn't good for us.

Many Americans think our own television news isn't good for us. That we seem to go out of our way to find and show bad, depressing, even embarrassing news.

Now, imagine the worst of that news being shown to many Europeans on their own television news and public affairs programs. And, in many cases, pointedly re-cut and editorialized.

It's happening. And many Europeans, particularly the young, are convinced America today is a horrifying country.

This newest of our image problems is the subject of a current five-part series in TV Guide entitled "America Out of Focus" and written by editor Merrill Panitt.

The series will examine why and how America is presented this way, who is benefiting, and what solutions are possible. It's the kind of topical and in-depth reporting that 33.8 million adult readers have come to expect from TV Guide.


TRIANGLE PUBLICATIONS, INC.

Read "America Out of Focus" starting in our January 15th issue.

Global Prices For Films On TV

U.S. television exporters anticipate a total foreign gross of between \$95-\$100,000,000 for 1971, reflecting a market characterized by relative stability and continuing, if undramatic, growth. The total estimate includes sales of public affairs shows, cartoons, etc., as well as series and feature film product, but the major part of the total is for vidfilm product. One-hour series generally bring twice the half-hour price.

CANADA

CBC	\$2,500-\$4,000
CBC (French Net)	2,000- 3,500
CTV Network	1,500- 3,000

LATIN AMERICA & CARIBBEAN

Argentina	500- 800
Bermuda	25- 40
Brazil	1,400- 2,000
Chile	65- 70
Colombia	190- 200
Costa Rica	35- 45
Dominican Republic	50- 60
Ecuador	40- 70
El Salvador	35- 40
Guatemala	50- 55
Haiti	20- 25
Honduras	25- 30
Jamaica	30- 35
Mexico	700- 850
Netherlands Antilles	25- 30
Nicaragua	25- 35
Panama	45- 55
Peru	115- 130
Puerto Rico	500- 600
Trinidad & Tobago	30- 35
Uruguay	75- 85
Venezuela	500- 600

WESTERN EUROPE

Austria	375- 400
Belgium	400- 600
Denmark	200- 250
Finland	250- 350
France	2,000- 2,200
West Germany	2,000- 3,000
Gibraltar	26- 35
Greece	110- 140
Ireland	70- 75
Italy	600- 900
Luxembourg	160- 200
Malta	28
Monaco	130
Netherlands	550- 575
Norway	150- 175
Portugal	150- 200
Spain	330
Sweden	400- 500
Switzerland	150- 210
United Kingdom	3,500- 4,200

EASTERN EUROPE

Bulgaria	45- 100
Czechoslovakia	150- 250
East Germany	350- 400
Hungary	100- 160
Poland	150- 200
Rumania	150- 200
USSR	*120- 300
Yugoslavia	75- 90

NEAR EAST AND SOUTH ASIA

Cyprus	30- 35
India	no sales
Iraq	100- 110
Israel	100- 125
Kuwait	75- 200
Lebanon	60- 90
Saudi Arabia	50- 60
Syria	60- 70
UAR-Egypt	50- 70

AFRICA

Algeria	90- 100
Kenya	25- 30
Nigeria	35- 40
Rhodesia	no sales
Uganda	25- 30
Zambia	50

FAR EAST

Australia	**
Hong Kong	60- 75
Japan	3,000- 3,500
South Korea	50- 80
Singapore	50- 60
Malaysia	50- 60
New Zealand	275
Philippines	150- 250
Ryukyu Islands (Okinawa)	50- 60
Taiwan (Formosa)	50- 60
Thailand	100- 175

*USSR: Dollar sales very rare and prices unsettled; still seeking barter deals.

**Australia: Telefilm sales in Australia are made under various arrangements: rights for the four capital cities (Sydney, Melbourne,

Brisbane and Adelaide), rights for all Australia, original telecasts only, originals with one-half repeats guaranteed at 50% of the price, multiple runs and various types of rerun deals.

One run in the four capital cities with one-half repeats guaranteed at 50%—\$4,250 per hour. The Australian Broadcasting Commission buys rights for all of Australia. The ABC pays 20% more than the above price. All-Australia rights are thus \$5,100 per hour (also with 50% repeats guaranteed). Those prices are for primetime. Prices for daytime range from \$800 to \$1,800 per hour in the four capital cities only. The Australian Broadcasting Commission pays 20% more. Potential revenue for the commercial country stations (in markets outside the capital cities) is anywhere from \$800 to \$1,200 per hour telefilm.

***Israel: Few American sales of features so far.

From Crystal Set To Moon-TV

(Continued from page 84)

sultant to the head of the Fair, Grover Whalen, and later became our ambassador to Haiti and then naval attache in Moscow.

An argument arose between RCA-NBC and Whalen over who should pay the cost—\$120—for the erection of a scaffold for the television cameras. As the dispute progressed, both parties became stubborn, one of those "it-isn't-the-money-it's-the-principle" sort of things. Two days before the opening, Young, representing Whalen, offered a compromise: If the network would write a check for the picayune sum, it would have the privilege not only of telecasting the President of the United States, but also such stellar Fair offerings as Billy Rose's Aquacade, Gypsy Rose Lee, Abbott & Costello and Mike Todd's "Hot Mikado."

NBC refused to budge. The offer was rejected. Announcements of the telecast's cancellation because of "technical difficulties" were being prepared, and then, with only 24 hours to go, Whalen finally agreed to pay. So it became possible for FDR to headline the program that launched the first regularly scheduled commercial tv service in this country.

This "special" was received with such acclaim that it seemed nothing could halt the march of tv. But our entry into World War II did just that, and it was not until the end of that global conflict in 1945 that television really began its meteoric rise.

Enter 'Uncle Miltie'

Soon thereafter came the era of Milton Berle, "Mr. Television" himself. At that time, I was one of the select group that watched his antics on one of those enormous RCA sets on which the images were reflected in a mirror placed above the tube. Friends and casual acquaintances, from whom I had not heard in years, suddenly found excuses to drop into our apartment on the nights "Uncle Miltie" held forth.

In the late 1940s, during one of my annual visits to Hollywood, Young & Rubicam, the ad agency, entertained me at one of those caviar - and - smoked - salmon - canape parties in the Victorian room of the Brown Derby. There, Bob Hope introduced me to a veep of a major motion picture company as "the guy who gave Marconi his first rap."

"Do you intend to produce tv films?" I asked.

His face turned whiter than the sturgeon on the buffet table. "You can depend on this," he said, "that whatever happens, the big lots will never degrade themselves by turning out pictures for that miserable little box in the living room."

This gent, at that time with MGM, eventually became enrolled in the ranks of bum prophets. During my recent stay on the Coast, I could not find a studio where at least 90% of the facilities were not being devoted to television situation comedies, dramas, specials and movies for tv.

One might say that those in the motion picture industry who failed to recognize the potentials of the new medium were guilty of bloopers. Speaking of these, although radio abounded in them—you recall "Hoover Hever?"—there were not so many on the tv screen. This has been especially true since the advent of tape which has made

possible the elimination of such comical errors, most of which, by the way, have been visual rather than verbal.

A Temporary Demise

So during the time of live tv we had the CBS drama in which a gangster was shot dead by a cop. But a few seconds later, viewers saw him rise from the floor, dust off his clothes, and then wander casually into the wings.

Too, some viewers still recall the conversation between the ABC man-in-the-street interviewer and a visitor from the hills of Tennessee on Broadway and 42nd Street.

"Do you realize that now you are being seen by millions of people?" asked the tv reporter.

"I'll be damned!" the tourist exclaimed.

"Watch your language, Bud," the interviewer admonished. "Your friends down in Tennessee are probably hearing and seeing you now."

"They're hearing and seeing me now? . . . Well, I'm a son of a bitch!" said the mountaineer before he could be cut off the air. But it wasn't the naughty language heard on a few tv shows—not even some of the jokes on the late-hour sessions that prompted most of the letters of protest from my readers. During recent years, the comments about Vice President Agnew brought a flood of indignant mail from his partisans. And before that, the below-the-waist gyrations of Elvis (The Pelvis) Presley, which today would not even shock the members of Boston's censorial clan, ignited the fury of the puritans.

No; the biggest generators of angry missives were the "plunging neckline" and the too-generous display of female legs. The gowns worn by Dagmar and Faye Emerson on the talk-variety programs inspired so many torrid denunciations that one could have suspected Sodom & Gomorrah were in business again.

Up Go The Skirts

During the reign of Jack Paar, whose water-closet joke sent him fleeing to Hong Kong, the complaints against skirts that actually displayed a glimpse of dimpled knees became so intense that some shows actually employed dress censors. It was the function of these lucky fellows, equipped with tape measures, to make certain that the girls' hemlines did not go above a specified height.

Recently, a retired burlesque queen, once billed as "Tantalizing Tessie," in a letter to me commented on the changes that have taken place in television. "I was once put off a tv show in L.A. because when I sat down my thighs were exposed," she wrote. "Burley-cue is dead today, and you know why? It's because you can tune in almost any show or walk down almost any street and see more than the best strippers used to show at the Old Howard" (Boston).

When, for no reason at all, I occasionally remark that during 46 years of looking and listening, I have been on the receiving end of some 220,000 programs, someone inevitably asks: "And of these, which were the greatest?"

This is a question almost impossible to answer. No two persons would agree on the items that should be listed. So without going through my files, without consci-

ous research, relying solely on memory, I choose six radio and 12 tv offerings as . . .

THE MOST MEMORABLE PROGRAMS

Radio

1. WEAF's broadcast of the marathon Democratic National Convention from Madison Square Garden ("Alabama casts 24 votes for Oscar W. Underwood") in 1924, one year before I became a professional listener.

2. The first broadcast of the first network (NBC) on Nov. 15, 1926.

3. The series of broadcasts on all networks during the Munich crisis.

4. Orson Welles' "War of the Worlds" in 1938.

5. Lucille Fletcher's thrilling one-woman suspense drama "Sorry, Wrong Number," brilliantly acted by Agnes Moorehead on CBS.

6. The concerts of Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony from 1937 to 1952.

Television

1. NBC's telecast of the opening of the New York World's Fair in 1939, with President Roosevelt as the chief speaker.

2. The first telecast of a national political convention (the Republican one from Philadelphia, 1940, resulting in the nomination of Wendell Willkie).

3. The Kefauver Senate Committee hearings on crime, starring Costello's twitching fingers.

4. The Army-McCarthy hearings.

5. "The Great Debate" of John F. Kennedy and Richard M. Nixon.

6. The more than 100 special programs during the 1962 Cuban missile crisis on all networks.

7. The series of programs on all networks following the assassination of President Kennedy in 1963.

8. The assassination of Sen. Robert Kennedy. (All networks in 1968).

9. "An Evening with Fred Astaire" (NBC, 1958).

10. "The Moon and Sixpence," with Laurence Olivier (NBC, 1959).

11. Astronauts Armstrong and Aldrin of the Apollo 11, seen on all networks in the first moonwalk.

12. NBC's 1970 telecast of "It Couldn't Be Done," a documentary tribute to American ingenuity and enterprise sponsored by AT&T, which has been shown in 130 countries under the auspices of the USIA.

These are the programs I shall never forget.

News & Critics

(Continued from page 77)

is one man's concept of form in debate against another's. If the journalist has a slight edge in this argument, it lies in the fact that he is a trained deployer of form, a man who makes his choices daily. He is, furthermore, an heir to a tradition born in the historic recesses of human anxiety and human fascination.

The tradition says that men are interested most in several sorts of events — those that break the cadence of normal life, those that most immediately affect the viewer or reader's life in some personal way, those events, since the inception of democracy, which have to do with the way the people's elected officials are conducting their affairs. By that reckoning, a war is of greater importance than a good apple crop, a new tax of more serious import than a well-played concerto, the utterances of a politician of greater moment than a hog-calling contest.

Choice & Tradition

The tradition may be wrong or outmoded, the choices the journalist makes are possibly in error. But choice and tradition are the dictators of form and broadcast journalism. The critic who accuses the journalist of bias is as old as journalism itself and nothing can be done to disprove him, just as he cannot really prove his point because the debate is really between his perception of things and that of the journalist he is criticizing.

The critic who accuses the journalist of portraying gloom and pessimism may be voicing as much discontent over the substance of the day's events as he is over the form with which it was retold.

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From Here To Nov.

(Continued from page 75)

that have lasted for two years are just about over. The stock market will be ready to break 1,000 from its temporary resistance level of 500, while the Wage Council and the Price Commission announce a series of new administrative agencies that will join with every businessman and union to help run their affairs. Both senators from Arizona will declare that if we had a businessman's government this would not happen. The President's trip to Russia, covered by 6,000 newsmen from all media, will be highlighted by a view of Mr. Nixon walking into the Kremlin and then, several hours later, walking out of the Kremlin. It will be news coverage unmatched in majesty and power since the pictures of Mr. Nixon walking into the People's Palace in Peking and then, several hours later—live on tv by satellite from half-way around the world—walking out of the People's Palace in Peking.

In June, the primaries will end without indicating any clear leader among the Democratic candidates. John Chancellor, who will take his sister's little girl on the air with him so that he can be known to the audience as "Uncle John", will explain at the conclusion of the last primary special program that "we knew this all along". Walter Cronkite, who will take to tinted granny glasses to indicate that he is not aging faster than the general population, will explain that the Democratic candidate "will probably be chosen at the convention next month in Miami." Harry Reasoner and Howard K. Smith will take speed-speaking courses to get their observations in, plus the news, in the two-minute special on the primary and ABC will carry all the way to the bank.

July will open with a challenge by two lawyers nobody ever heard of before, representing SAUSAA, a group nobody ever heard of before, asking for equal time. Their group is the Society Against Using Soap At All and their claim is that a lot of people are dirty, and soap disturbs the ecology of the body by removing essential oils from the skin ("cleanliness is next to un-Godliness"). It is a matter of current public controversy and they should be entitled to free time equal to all soap and detergent commercials. The FCC will consult precedent, constitutional law and its own internal rulings on Fairness, Equal Time, Personal Attack and Free Access and will agree that a one-year trial of this theory wouldn't really hurt anyone. The NAB will consider taking this to court but will settle instead for a ruling from the Commission that during the one-year trial, no license or other outbreaks of civil disorder except among hotel owners incensed at the parsimony of delegates chosen under the Democratic Party's new, open rules. Delegates, candidates and their managers, anxious not to waste prepared speeches, will blame the rain and unseasonable weather on broadcasting. "They do something funny to the air", one candidate will say. The convention will nominate Gloria Steinem. ABC will lose an enormous amount of prestige for not covering gavel-to-gavel and will cry all the way to the bank.

In August in San Diego, there will be a tension-packed Republican Convention. The nerve-tingling suspense will be ended finally with the nomination of Richard Nixon and a Chinese menu of vice presidential candidates where the average voter can choose one from column A or one from column B, depending what kind of speeches he'd like to hear. The convention committee will not allow broadcast reporters on the floor for the reason of orderliness and decorum until the very last moment when the delegates explain that's the only way they'll get on radio or tv, at which point the people's right to know will be cited as over-riding questions of mere procedure. In Chicago, the Public Prosecutor will subpoena all news-films of the convention—out of habit. ABC will go to the bank again.

The campaign will open in September with an odd occurrence in Indianapolis. Shrewd Hoosier politicians, in the mistaken belief that they will get free equal time for any opponent's political ad, will wait until their opponents have paid for a commercial schedule. No one will buy anything. Evans and Novak will foresee the end of the two-party system but cooler heads will eventually get up the cash to get someone elected. The nighttime talk shows will shift into high gear, adding politicians in great number to their usual fare of intellectual show-girls and authors of mortal prose. Their main problem will be when a panel of Vice Presidential hopefuls, being interviewed between a Japanese Sumo wrestler and the author of a sex-manual for teen-aged shoe fetishists on a Joey Bishop guest-host evening, will mistakenly begin to answer the questions meant for the Miss America finalists and begin a national argument about the cultural value of the swim suit event.

In October, there will be no political campaigning. Between the baseball divisional playoffs and the World Series; the pre-season pro-football games and opening week new pro-bowl games; the early hockey and basketball season openings and league expansions; the tennis and golf championships, exhibitions and inter-zone playoffs, there isn't time for tv or radio exposure, so all the candidates will stay home. "Mother Never Told Me", the first of the X-rated movies, will hit primetime with so many cuts and bleeps it will look like something played in the quarter-in-the-slot machine in Times Square but it will bring the kids back to tv and forecast the end of the advertising doldrums for the industry. In a symposium in Nice, following a working conference in the Bahamas after an organizational meeting in Hawaii, the cassette and home-recording tv study group will report that as soon as the equipment is standardized and subject matter is found, the industry will have a bright new future. The networks will indicate they are either in favor or not—and cable tv is "not a threat".

In November, just prior to election day, there will be a huge imbroglia concerning the government's right to help insure objectivity by advising all stations and networks to carry five hours of Congressional speeches every day in what used to be primetime. The case will go to the Supreme Court where it will be decided that the farmers of the First Amendment, in speaking about guarantees to the colonial press, meant exactly that—

broadsheet newspapers printed by handset type on a manually operated flatbed press. Everything else is subject to government advice and help, and Congress may make laws concerning it. 1,740 newspaper publishers in the U. S. wake up to find the printer of the Williamsburg, Va. federal-period reproduction press laughing his head off. The NAB will pass a resolution agreeing to accept this ruling provided the government takes back all licenses.

I don't know what will happen on Election Day. I only predict what I'm sure about.

IBI: Link Of Nations

(Continued from page 75)

\$300,000 three-year grant from the Ford fund and supplementary contributions by the Louis & Pauline Cowan Foundation and the William Benton Foundation, and later from the Rockefeller Brothers Fund.

(Benton is the former ad exec—Benton & Bowles—who became U. S. Senator from Connecticut and subsequently took over the faltering Encyclopaedia Britannica and made it a huge financial success. Mickelson currently works for the EB Educational Corp.)

Ambitious Projects

Since it set up its offices in Rome (until last June under the executive directorship of the late Arthur Morse), the IBI has undertaken several massive research projects, including one on the legal implications of space communications that is due to be published by the Oxford Univ. Press early next year. It has also looked into the tariff structure for satellites, recommending, for instance, a discount for news usage for developing nations. It has also held a symposium on technological development in relation to social, economic, political and legal matters in broadcasting.

The IBI has zealously stayed out of partisan national political and economic disputes to date, but may be faced with them in the near future by way of being the only place to air such disputes in the field of international broadcasting. "We're in the business of research, study, analysis and policy recommendations," Cowan maintains. "What our members do with these recommendations depends upon their merit."

One of the more striking aspects of the history of the IBI is that it has no parallel or competing commercial or government organizations. There is nothing akin to an international NAB, and UNESCO's International Telecommunications Union deals largely in the problems of communications technology.

ABC As 'Soloist'

Also, despite the lack of their own international organization, the broadcast corporations have not been avid supporters of IBI. In the U. S., for instance, only ABC has contributed to the organization, and ABC News prez Elmer Lower is the only U. S. network trustee. Some IBI officials feel that the lack of corporate participation stems from a feeling on the part of the companies that the IBI's recommendations might at some time interfere with the "commercial flow".

Of course, the commercial operators might be uneasy at such statements as those made by several IBI trustees at the organization's annual meeting in Stockholm last May. At that time, Pierre Desgraupes, news director of France's ORTF, held that few countries can have the "luxury" of many privately-owned channels which are independent and of quality. He maintained that in those countries in which television has acquired its freedom from government control, that after a "springtime of change" public opinion finds new cause for dissatisfaction. Each person or group with specific interests complains that television concentrates too much on groups with points of view differing from its own. Desgraupes sees state control as the solution.

Say That Again?

U. S. owners might also find it hard to buy Luigi Barzini's statement at the same meeting that "the greatest guarantee of liberty is provided by state-owned television if it is run properly."

This streak of benevolent paternalism appears to run deep in the IBI, even among U. S. trustees and members. Along with it runs an aversion to discussing the organization's accountability or responsibility—e.g. who determines if a state-run tv network is being run "properly". Mickelson holds that the group is sufficiently representative to present all views. Cowan said that he felt that such a question was "premature" at this stage of the game.

"As to whether we 'play God'", says trustee Joseph M. Goldsen, director of international studies at Yale U., "You might say that of any international educational or philosophical group. People can take it or leave it."

The fact remains that the IBI reflects the thinking of its core-group of high-level international technocrats, educators, nationally-television company execs, publishers, etc. None of them has a constituency either to listen to or report to, and they lean to the "best minds" concept of solving social problems rather than the school of competing ideas.

An IBI Member's Response

As the Anniversary Issue was going to press, *VARIETY* received a "communique" from International Broadcast Institute trustee Joseph M. Golden that, while not in response to the article in this issue, has substantial bearing on it. Goldsen is executive director and assistant to the Provost of the Yale University Concilium on International and Area Studies.

Commenting on earlier *VARIETY* stories on the organization, Goldsen asserted "IBI cannot, and has not, 'virtually preempted policy-making on the international level... Not even official agencies of the United Nations, for example can make policy."

He said: "The International Broadcast Institute can

and does and hopes to propose and to recommend policies and propose solutions to those who do have authority to facilitate and improve the flow of communications between and among nations. IBI has no power to impose, to enforce, or to regulate the action of broadcasters, journalists, publishers, national governmental or international governmental organizations. I doubt that even some of IBI's distinguished members are capable of 'making' policy in their own countries to the extent implied in our text.

"Since none of the many communications media, interest groups or audiences are omniscient, and since all of us who belong to IBI equally are free from that paranoid self-view—what we hope we might at least do is to stimulate inquiry, discussion, debate, research and reflection among all people who think the media are important and worthy of serious thought and betterment.

"It we, through the variety of forums and activities I have alluded to, can open up some important issues, even confrontations if you will, we shall have performed a useful function. Had the U.S. newspaper owners and managers been a bit less defensive and imaginative in the late 1940's, they would not have been so quick to attach findings and recommendations of the 'self-appointed' voluntary association called the Commission on Freedom of the Press. In fact, they might even have better served their own self-interests and been spared the Agnew-type pressure of recent years if they had then supported the creation of a national institute to systematically study who says what to whom for what purposes to what effects.

"Don't forget that freedom of assembly is also part of the Bill of Rights—freedom for people to get together especially to ponder complex issues and institutions whose impact on society is equally complex and important. I needn't remind you that the First Amendment was less intended to protect the freedom of the communicator himself as it was to ensure the right of we, the people, to be informed—and that means informed through access to many sources, not to one voice.

"IBI does not, and probably rarely will, agree 100 per cent even among all its members on every issue. So far, IBI's 500 members in 50 countries agree on at least one thing: The need for this new, fresh forum where people from diverse nations, colors, regions and social-political systems can meet as individuals to ponder the commonalities and the differences they find in how their societies now are served by the media, and how they might pool their views so as to put forward ideas, findings, recommendations, and perhaps solutions.

"I hope you will reprint this overly-abbreviated statement of what IBI's 'power' is. In fact, I would not agree with every word of it. That's what makes us yeasty, even if the tone is feisty."

Tomorrow's Technology

(Continued from page 75)

ment there seems to be no dazzling new gizmo coming on to supplant the present system as an efficient advertising carrier.

The new technological developments may succeed in modifying the present system, but it is doubtful that any really threatens to destroy it. This is not to say that the present tv system is not now seriously threatened—it is, but by the broadcast industry itself.

The government, consumerist groups, minority coalitions and public interest law firms have all taken to ganging up on television and radio. And the Old Guard of those media still don't get the point. They feel put upon and can't understand why they shouldn't be allowed to wring more profits out of their media every year the way they used to, freely, without peril to their licenses. The had been spoiled by FCC lethargy and a public vastly unaware of its rights under law.

Television does have to be representative of all the social classes, whether they are desirable to advertisers or not, and it has to express more than the stock values and pat philosophy of middle-class mid-America. It has to, or it's going to be brought down by the disenfranchised, who are going to grow angrier and more vengeful year by year. If it's going to survive, commercial tv has to really become sensitive to the people it serves; it has to really serve them and not just serve them up to advertisers.

If it doesn't, it will become highly vulnerable, and the more vulnerable it becomes the better the odds are for one of the new media to catch on.

Obelance To the Dollar

Although licenses are given to stations on the pledge that they will serve the public interest, the interest most often served by networks and stations alike has been the broadcaster's economic interest. This kind of insensitivity to the total community figures to wreak more convulsive changes on the industry as we know it today than any of the electronics marvels that are waiting to muscle in on tomorrow.

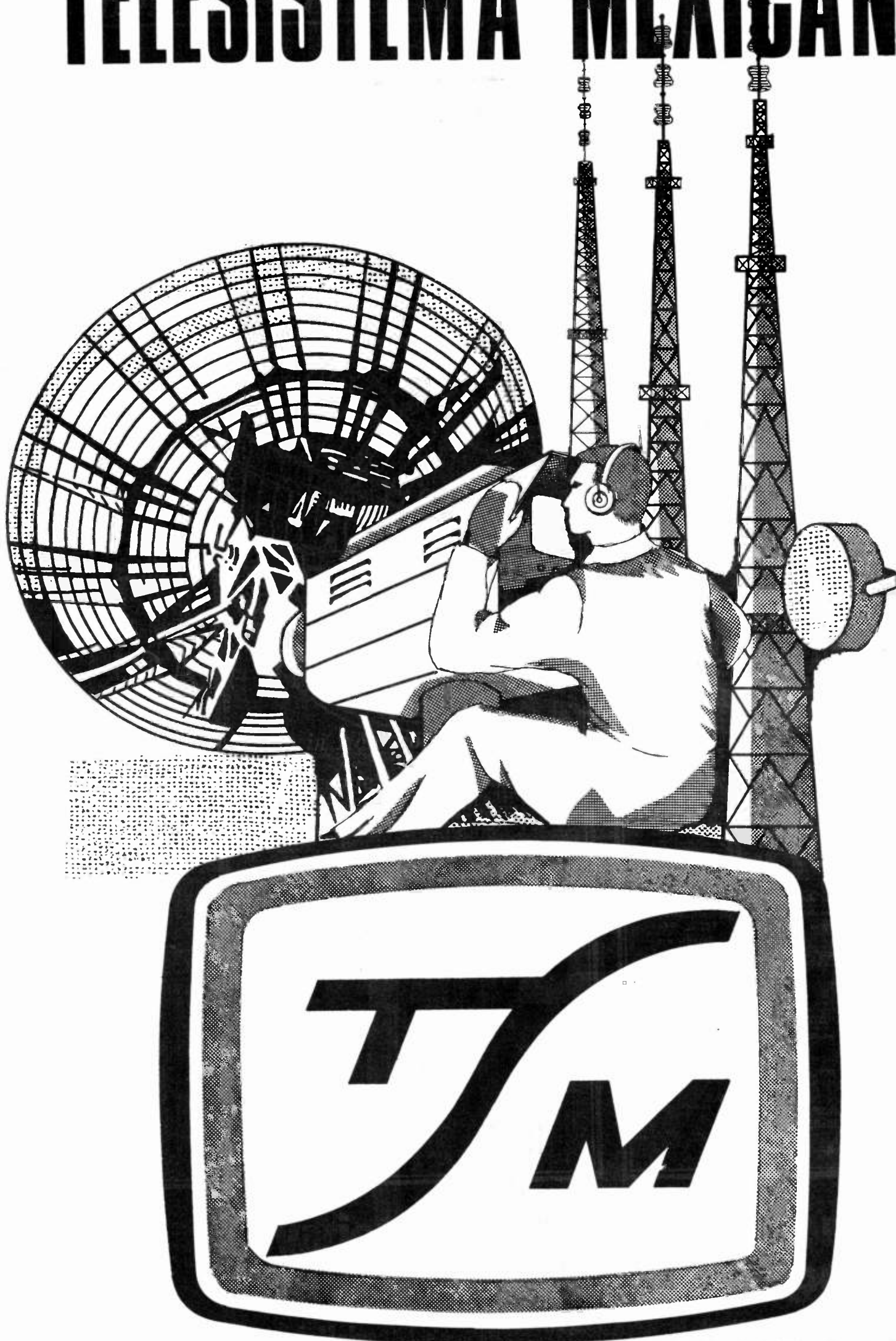
The insensitivity takes many forms, but it is the continual cheapening of the product in the interest of short-term profits that could be the fatal one. There is now an escalation of the rerun, and that, by any stretch, is a cheapening of the product. Reruns are on the increase because they are more profitable than firstruns, and now the networks are down from 39 original episodes to 24, while local stations cannot resist the temptation to go with expedient and provenly profitable off-network repeats instead of getting behind new programs of their own, or out of syndication.

Reruns have the effect of staling the medium, and the fact that so many firstrun programs and series now have the flavor of reruns (in their lack of originality) threatens to stale the medium into oblivion.

As of now it is probable that commercial television can withstand all the new technology, but if the industry continues to forsake the vitality of the medium for the easiest dollar, it is going to suffer audience defections to something different, and with that the absolutely fatal advertiser defections.

The future will not so much be determined by the technology of tomorrow as by what broadcasters do with the media they have today.

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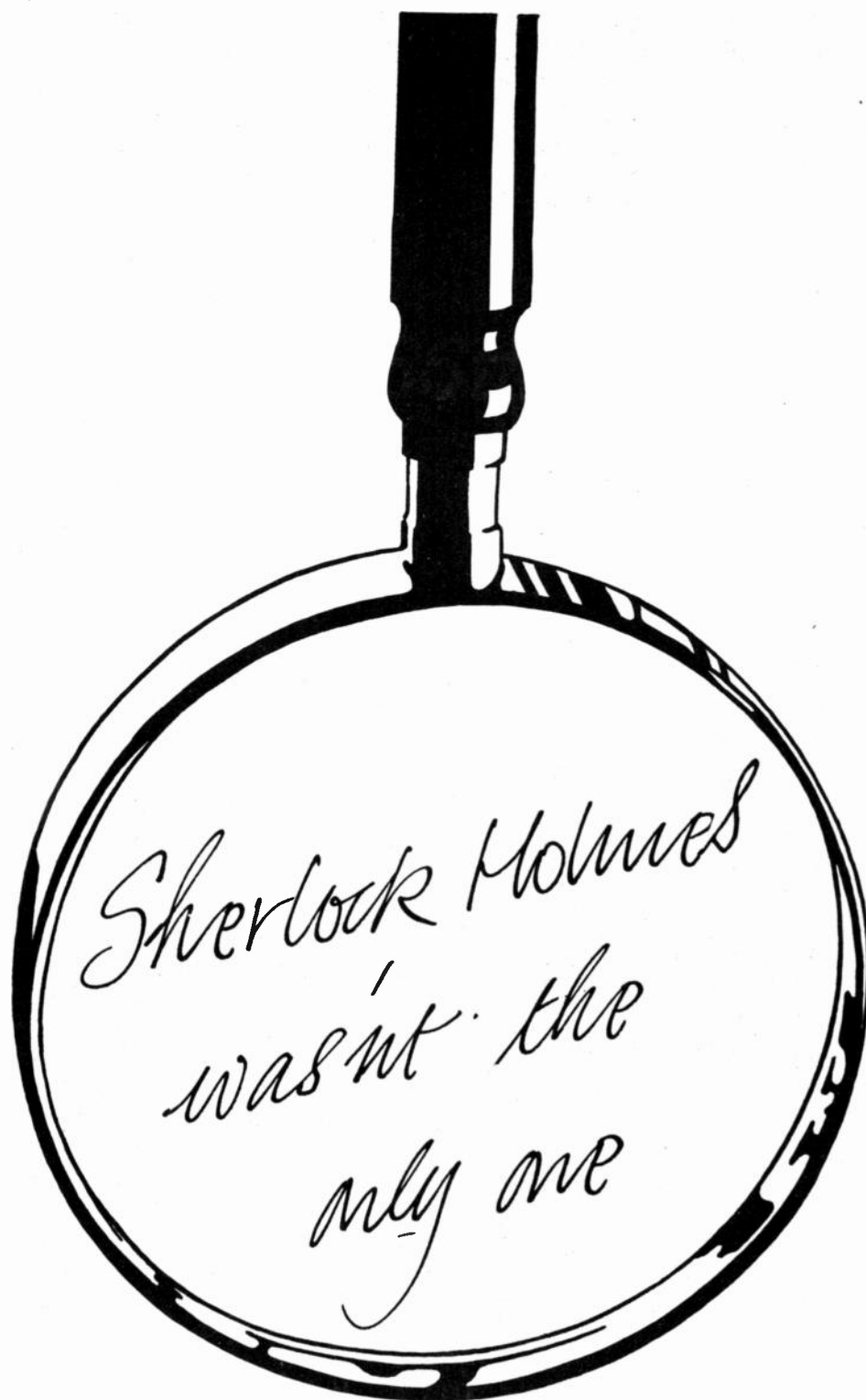
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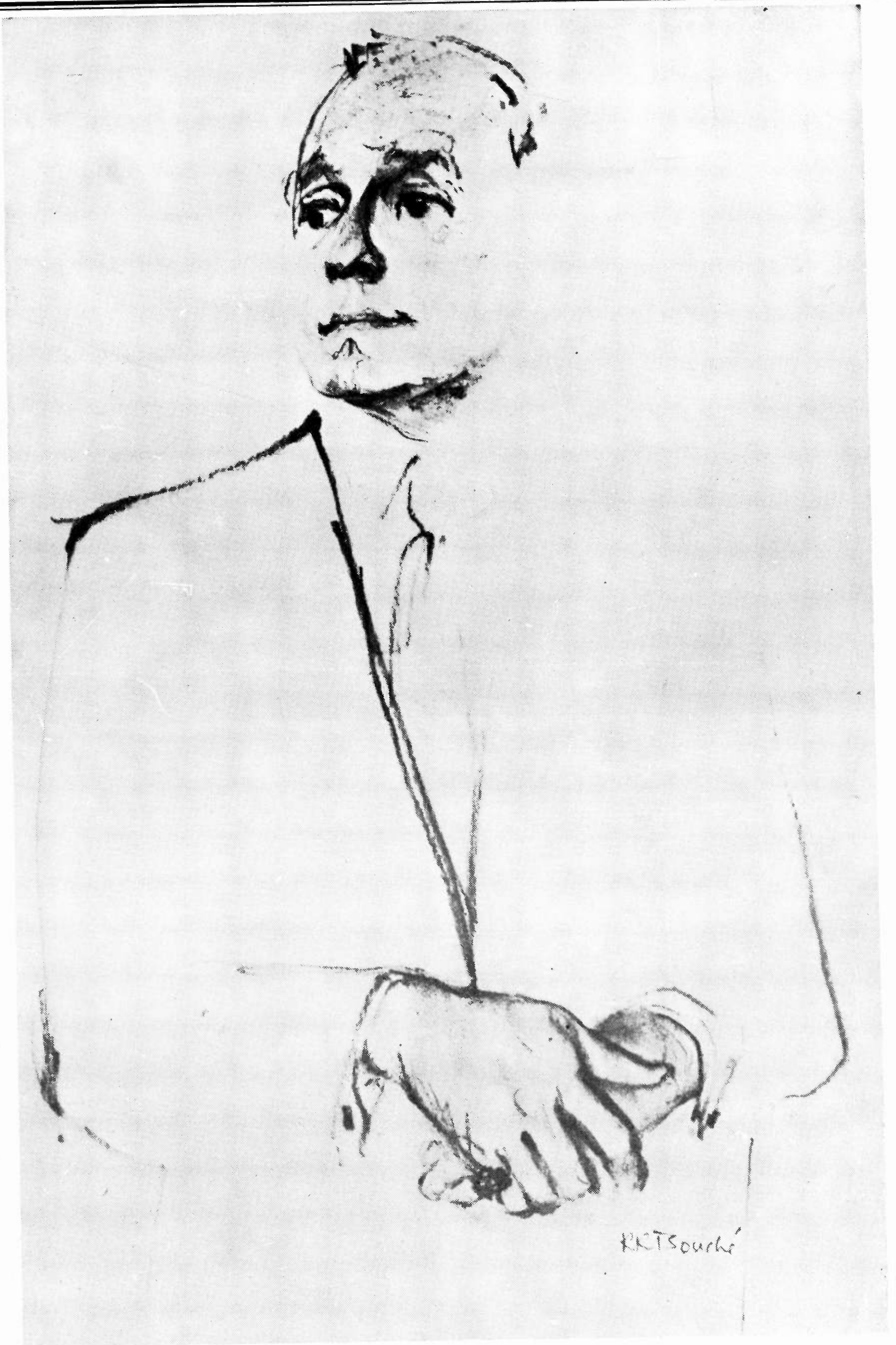
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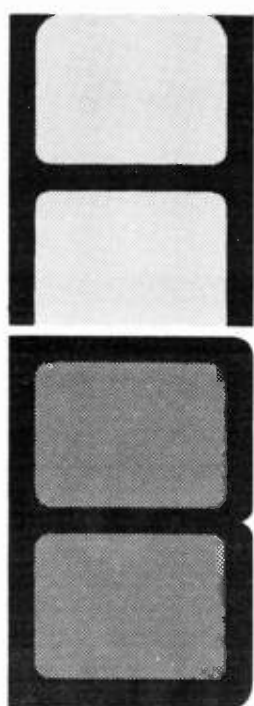
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Toward A 'Human Conservation' Web

(Continued from page 81)

tends to mince all would-be protagonists and viewpoints through a sieve of simplicity. This is due of course to the enormous money cost of "having your say" on the tiny gold-coast of an inadequate spectrum of available airspace. It is, above all, a technological censorship. Only CATV's infinitely broad-band system of communications possesses the technology — and therefore the built-in freedom — which can painlessly permit the free traffic and accelerated exchange of diversified individual ideas.

Because conventional tv so often portrays the extreme viewpoint or the specially-engineered, the picture they present to viewers may be warped, distorted, or overstated. Cable, however, has the time, the space, and the economic feasibility to present the true pic-

ture: one which has its own built-in drama and interest because it can be directly related to the area served by the cable system.

It is a further sad fact of conventional tv life that because of the staged to public relations event—seagulls being wiped clean of oil by the chairman of Spring & Leak Oil Refineries—viewers can turn off their tv sets satisfied that vigilance is the official order of the day and that action is actually being taken. Meantime, the ecology and our environment is being done to death behind a curtain of regrets, resolutions and institutional advertising.

The conventional networks have caught onto the powerful concept of "community participation and involvement," but there is little they can effectively do about it. WNBC-TV rarely loses an oppor-

tunity of referring to itself as "your community-minded station." Some local stations devote a minute of newscast time to their own ombudsman who concerns himself with the complaints of a citizen-victim several times a week. Cable tv, on the other hand, can be the true voice of the community; the focal local stimulant for community participation.

Politicians & The Camera

Public forums and Board of Estimate open hearings have, in recent years, become largely untenable for the ordinary citizen in the face of increased militancy, back room decision-making, and politically-motivated financial support for certain segments of a community which enables them to devote full-time to special-interest pressuring of the media and politicians with feet of ball bearings.

However, in areas where CATV covers and limelights City Hall meetings, there is a notable renewal of the original concept of community involvement. Cable coverage also improves the per-

formance of local politicians! In areas where a cable camera has become a permanent fixture at City Hall, there have been several striking results. Many local legislators — after viewing themselves in operation immediately go on a diet, and buy a new suit—plus tv blue shirts. Their attendance rate at the tv-covered sessions rises markedly. At the sessions they listen, and contribute, rather than reading the newspaper, dozing, or chatting. Also, they make far more effort to delve into a local issue before speaking about it. And they often go so far as to prepare their speeches in advance.

Cable tv can, of course, aid the citizenry and their politicians in another vital area. Currently, expensive tv time hardly permits a local constituency to catch a glimpse of their local candidates—a state of affairs which has already changed in communities with a viable CATV system.

Cable can take local politics from its suspect smoke-filled rooms setting into the open. Indeed, cable is the only medium which can transform the truly democratic town-hall meetings of yesteryear into a meaningful new "format" applicable to today and tomorrow.

In its present state and size, however, CATV can only give tempting clues as to what could come—if we put our national mind to it. A mere 5,000,000 homes are cable subscribers—in a nation of two hundred and four million persons. The small size of cable audiences is, of course, a massive stumbling block. Cable programs which aim to educate and orient the poor and underprivileged — tenets upon which CATV's social significance were originally based—are naturally off target because viewers thus far are, in the main, middle or upper-income.

However, a Human Conservation network might serve to get the entire industry off its—knees.

Need For Saturation

Once the vital importance of such a broadband network were recognized in dealing with the nation's mood of mounting crisis, delaying restrictions could be slashed through with dispatch. Once the viewer—and government at all levels—realized the constructive contribution CATV could make to the betterment of life, the minimal cost of a cable subscription should cease to become a deterring factor. And foundations, banks, businesses, churches, state and local government might all be approached for financing cable tv on a city-wide basis.

Feasibility for CATV's much heralded entertainment and social potential must be based on near-saturation adoption of CATV. Some CATV operators are in fact looking at the economics of wiring every home. Technically there is nothing standing in the way of a highly profitable system with the electronic distribution of transaction-

type mail on the one hand and the reading of water, gas and electricity utility meters moving in the reverse direction. Vast and economically-financed public service and quickly effective educational programs for children and adults could be undertaken via CATV — particularly since so many of the under-educated are naturally tv oriented. Advertising would not need to be destructive as often is the case with network's commercial offerings and would play a more civilized part in harmony with the new programming medium. However, Federal money to "seed" and facilitate capital investment requires to initiate such ventures is essential, but with the wiring of virtually every home, the nation would be simultaneously provided with a new and urgently needed communications and democratic decision-making medium.

If CATV started to show a pattern of rapidly increasing audience size the glamorous entertainment and special-interest potential of CATV could and would be promptly catered to by a vast new industry already growing tired of waiting in the wings—and less and less government and foundation money would be required to support and expand the public access H-C channels.

Available Facilities

Studio and production facilities for the Human Conservation channels might be provided in the nation's churches and temples' meeting halls and recreational facilities. Adopted by the various ecclesiastical hierarchies, this approach could, with a single stroke, bring about the long awaited revitalization of the nation's churches and temples—and provide the U.S. with a thoroughly comprehensive network of CATV human-conservation studios. Of course, no one factor in our society could be permitted to control the "network" and townhalls, schools, and other community buildings would also contribute space.

Who takes on the jobs of circuit riders in this new era of electronic salvation? Schools of broadcast journalism and film, publicists, media technologists, editors, reporters, writers, union representatives, attorneys, might be invited on a volunteer basis to organize an initial series of programs covering small-section by small-section all areas of each cable system. Firms, such as Xerox, which has a tradition of granting paid long leave to employees on the understanding that they agree to contribute expertise and service to non-political good causes, might bring to bear additional organizational skills and needed technologists—and encourage other private enterprise corporations to cooperate.

The not-to-be forgotten point is that country-wide cable tv coverage is technologically feasible—right now. We only need the will to find the way.

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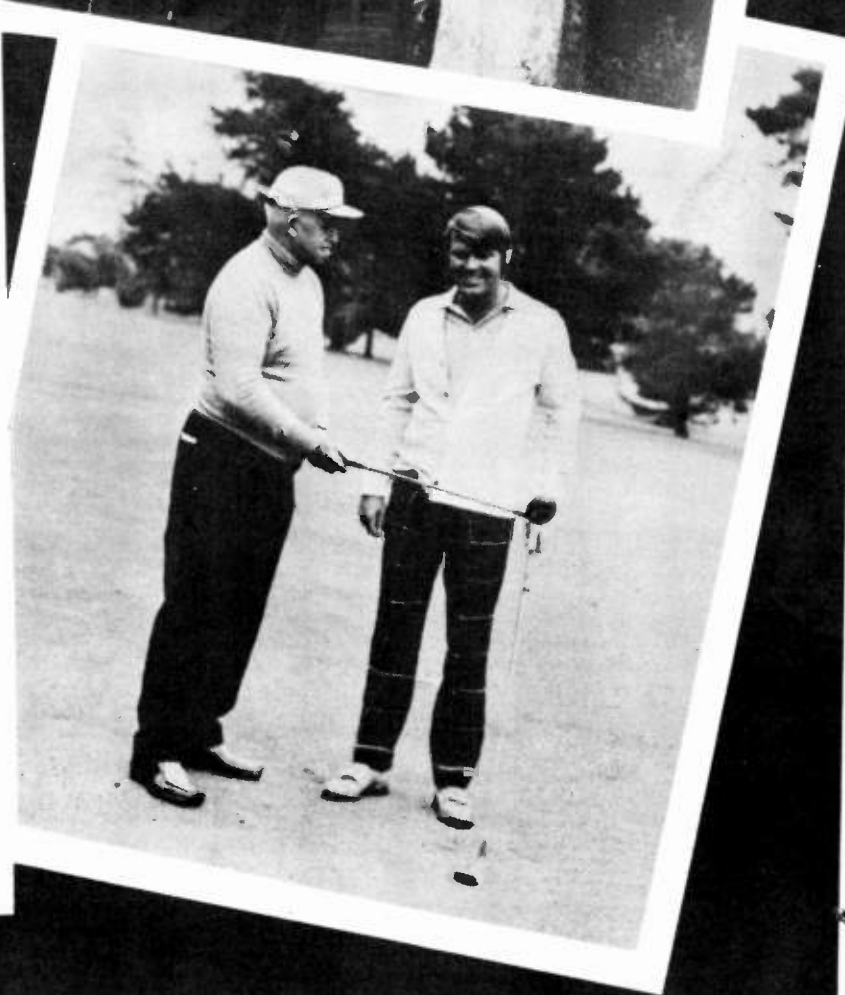
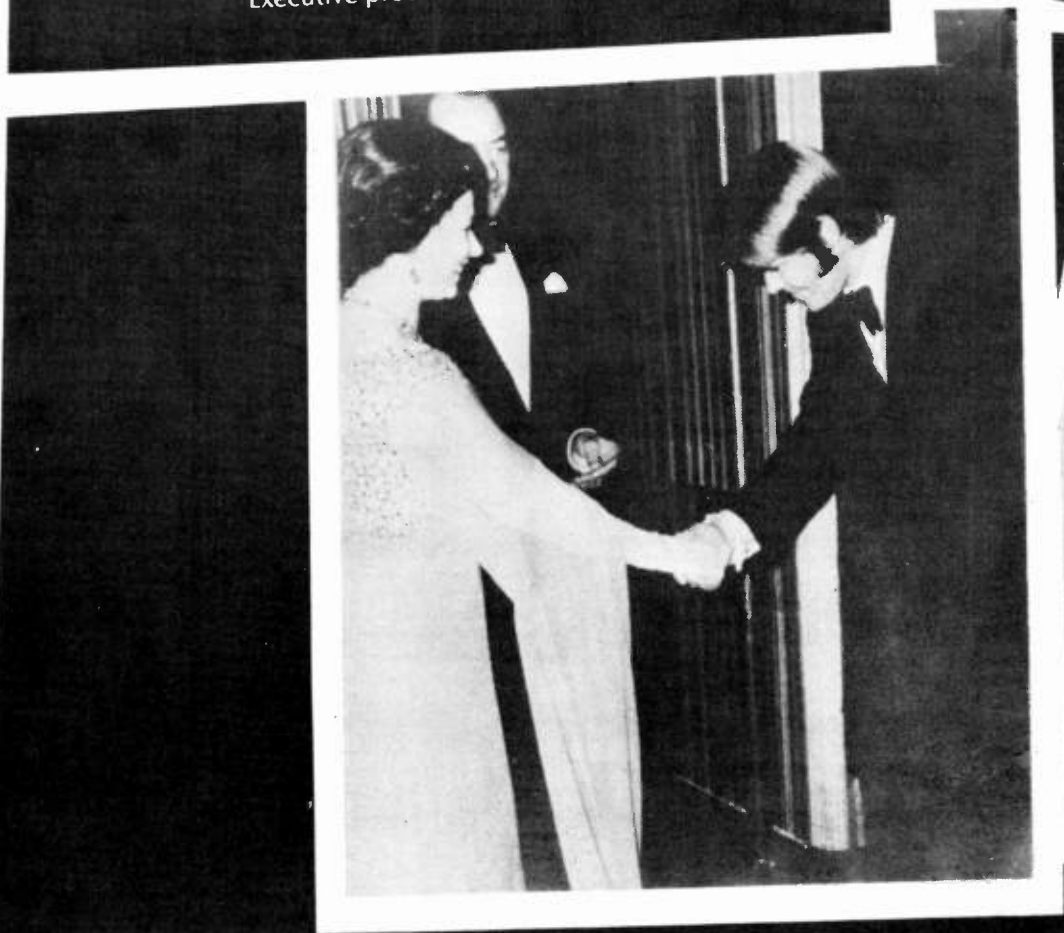
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Chinese Spoken Here

By LEN SCHLOSSER

(Director of Public Affairs, KPIX San Francisco)

San Francisco.

The role of a television station in an urban community is changing dramatically. While tv has always aimed its programs toward mass audiences, it is now also beginning to respond to the needs of more specific racial and cultural groups. A recent illustration of this occurred at KPIX in San Francisco when the station became involved with the Chinese community in a major project.

The city's famed Chinatown, a lively tourist attraction, has a life of its own which is almost invisible to the outsider. It is also a small crowded ghetto area with severe problems, such as housing, health and unemployment, that have been largely ignored by the broader community establishment. But the major problem is that nearly half the 125,000 Chinese residing in Chinatown and other Bay Area communities do not speak or understand English.

The growing influx of immigrants from the Orient compounded the problem since the 1960's when U.S. Immigration laws were changed allowing thousands of newcomers to join their families in Chinatown and spilling over into other communities around the Bay Area.

Like other minority groups taking the initiative to seek out new resources to meet their needs, members of the Chinese community, in the spring of 1970, stimulated the station's interest to create a television series to help solve the language problem. Working together over the next 18 months, the Chinese Media Committee and KPIX co-produced 65 half hour programs. The title of the show is "Sut Yung Ying Yee" (meaning "Practical English"). Now, the 60,000 non-English speaking Chinese can start each weekday morn-

ing (6:30-7) by watching a bilingual television program designed specifically for their needs. Larry Lew, a professional teacher, educated both in the United States and in Canton, China, is host-teacher of the programs. In a low-key, friendly manner, greets them each morning in Chinese and gives instruction in conversational every-day English. The lessons are pointed toward the adult, to help newcomers, the elderly and the housewife (many of whom have never ventured out of Chinatown).

Acting It Out

To keep the shows from getting dull and academic, emphasis was put on dramatic skits in English, and many visual materials were used in films, slides and drawings to illustrate each lesson. The skits, played by non-professional Chinese actors, portray typical real-life situations such as shopping for food and clothes, traveling on the bus, making a telephone call, visiting the doctor, getting a prescription in the drug-store, applying for a job, etc.

The production of this pioneer venture became much more complex than had been anticipated. At the start, in order to launch such a comprehensive series, the Chinese Media Committee had to seek additional funding in the community. The stations commitment to the project enabled them to obtain the necessary financial aid from the San Francisco Foundation.

There was also a need to find a curriculum suitable for a television series that had no precedent. The existing textbooks were either geared to children or not considered adequate. A new curriculum was created especially designed for the medium which was coordinated by Loni Ding and assisted by some 200 volunteers: lan-

guage consultants, writers, artists, calligraphers, photographers, editors and others to help in the production. None of them had ever seen the inside of a television studio and therefore had to be nurtured patiently through a difficult learning experience.

Two-Sided Barrier

There were many unique aspects in producing this show. The KPIX production staff discovered that a language barrier can work both ways. Since the programs were done mostly in Chinese, the studio director needed someone at his side to pick up the cues, until, toward the end of the series, he learned enough words to pick up his own cues.

Special care was given to the graphics in the show. The stylized Chinese characters used on the cards and charts were hand-done by an artist calligrapher in Chinatown because there was no hot press type face at the station to do them.

A four volume "Handbook in English and Chinese" is one of the important by-products of the series. Written by the Chinese Media Committee, the publication includes the 65 tv lessons with illustrations, grammatical explanations and a pronunciation guide as a supplement for the home viewer.

Word of mouth gets around fast. In addition to good mail response from viewers in Northern California, the station has had inquiries about the programs from Mayor John Lindsay's office in New York, the Secretary's office of HEW in Washington, and a television station in Hong Kong.

Larry Lew, now recognized on the streets in Chinatown as a television personality, met an appliance dealer there who sold 40 tv sets to Chinese just to watch his lessons. And a woman wrote to him saying she burned her breakfast the first morning looking at the show. A columnist in one of the Chinese-American newspapers called the series "one of the best things to happen to the Chinese in America since the Chinese came here."

The Plagiarism's The Thing

(Continued from page 86)

wrote themselves'. The second reason was that we were sued.

"A writer claimed he'd written exactly the same thing years earlier in Judge, a humor magazine of the day for which I'd written material. It was the truth. He had written almost exactly the same lines we had. Clearly when lines 'write themselves' they rarely change themselves."

Our learned barrister was biting a turncoat and sellout. The Darrow type was urging me on to tell more, more. This I did.

"Our attorney discovered," I went on, "that sometime in the latter part of the 18th century, Robert Burns of Ayr, Scotland—no relation to Robin Burns of Van Buren, Arkansas—wrote a casual piece of humor called 'The Two Dogs.' On comparing Mr. Burns' work with the work of our accuser as well as our own, it turned out that those lines had practically written themselves, exactly the same way, back around 1786. So the suit was thrown out on the basis that the other guy had stolen his material (or might have) from the same source we might have stolen ours, had we stolen it. What was more important, the stuff had been in PD for well over 100 years."

The counsel for the plaintiff demanded to know what all this had to do with the case in hand. I reminded him that he'd asked me to tell the story and that it seemed to suggest to me that once you hit on a premise—in our case a rube dropped into sophisticated surroundings—almost any situation you made up, or any lines you might write, would tend to run congruent to anything put together by another equally competent person working along the same general lines.

Road Company Darrow

The pseudo-Darrow then asked me if I'd seen the material his client had submitted to QED, et al. I said I had and he asked if I would have bought it. When I said "No" he asked "Why?"

"I can't answer that without a little thought."

He instantly demanded a mistrial and the judge asked to know on what grounds. "The witness just said he couldn't answer the question."

"What the witness said," the judge reminded my cross-examiner, "was that he couldn't answer the question without a little thought. We could use a little thought around here." He then directed me to answer.

"The material I saw was a concept, not the development of an idea. It did not actually say what should be done, it merely suggested what could be done. I wouldn't have bought it because the writer has no 'track record' either on concepts, their development or the writing of dialog on which their success would eventually depend. Any idea is only as good as the man who writes it and like all broadly conceived, unfinalized ideas, such as the one in question, cannot be copyrighted!"

"On what basis do you make such a statement?"

"I have been in the business of writing, buying and editing comedy material for over 40 years and your client's presentation gave me no indication that he could deliver anything I would want to buy."

"How could you be sure?"

"Since it would have cost me money to prove that I was right, I'd have relied on my intuitive feeling based on years of editing comedy shows."

Defining An Editor

Turning to address the jury, Clarence Jr. said, "Of course you ladies and gentlemen know that an editor is a man who pastes motion picture film together."

"A man who does that," I in-

terrupted, "is a cutter. They call themselves film editors and it's very important work. But people involved in the final preparation called editors for many years, long before there even was such a thing as film."

The exasperated prosecutor finally asked, "How much did they pay you to come down here to testify?"

"Nothing."

"How much did they promise you?"

"Nothing."

"Do you mean to tell me no money was ever discussed?"

"I do." (I was afraid the judge would pronounce us man and wife.)

The perplexed attorney then broke another primary rule of cross-examination. He asked a question the answer to which he did not know. "Then why did you take all the time and trouble to come down here today?"

"I just wanted to see justice done."

When I told this story to some friends a few days later, they said that for being an expert witness a man could make from \$200 up depending on the length of the trial and the nature of the expertise. People always tell you these things when it's too late. But I did get a grateful note and a handsome gift from Sid Willing.

You may not believe this story. Or you may, with some reason, believe that I dreamed-up the basic truth in spots. But this, I know, you'll never believe. While I was actually writing the above fanciful account, my phone rang and it was another lawyer. He had been told to call me, he said, by a man who—it turned out he didn't know and—I learned—didn't know me and whom I had never even hear of.

Maybe somebody gets funnier phonecalls from people he doesn't know than I do.

Public Broadcasting

(Continued from page 76)

and, finally, they would be available at any time to serve in an advisory capacity in their specific areas of competence in the occasional kinds of controversy that call for immediate decisions, so that PBS need not call in outside observers, whatever their qualifications, on an ad hoc and therefore less than official basis, as was done in the instance of the segment on FBI informants on "The Great American Dream Machine."

Those of us who struggled year after weary year to get a National Endowment for the Arts believed then, and believe even more so now, that the best of legislation can be useful, that the good will of the government can be pleasant, but that in the final analysis the freedom of art in America depends on the capacity and the willingness of America's artists, whatever the source of their funding, to fight for that freedom. The same obviously holds true for those working in public television. But help from a National Council on Public Broadcasting may be valuable in that fight.

Cincinnati—Pete Mobilia, formerly a WELI Radio New Haven, Conn. newsman, has joined the staff of Taft Broadcasting's WKRC Radio here as the outlet's City Hall reporter.

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French 3d Web To Bow Dec. 31, '72; 2d Station Rises Under Sabbagh

Paris. The date has been set for the kickoff of the third tv station Dec. 31, 1972. It will be part of ORTF, the state monopoly, and will take 10% of ORTF's video budget and be in color with 21 hours per week at first. It's to be headed by Jean-Louis Guillaud, an ex-journalist who went into tv news and then vid docus.

Guillaud claims the color set sales are on the rise even though statistics have it at 600,000 for over 11,000,000 registered ones. New one will push tint along with the second web and also try to give new talents a break-in as well as devote more time to regional tv. It will also have a wide choice of programming.

Guillaud says that by 1973 over half the country will be able to get the new station. And he feels it is not a question of competition but rather one of growth. General programming outlined by him to the local press will be starting at 7:15 p.m. with a children's show which is to entertain as well as instruct. Then will come a dramatic show, a film, essay type news shows, skeins, operas and theatre and programs devoted to literature, music and painting which will be spread out over the week.

Already set are U.S. series "Cannon" and a BBC skein based on Somerset Maugham stories. Primetime at 8:30 p.m. will in-

variably have a local popular series. Shows are now already stocked or in the making for the third web's bow. There will be no quizzes or news but regional shows at the end of each evening.

Paid ads may come later but private hopes of having a say in the third station via licensing and blurbs now look chancey. Guillaud says the forthcoming web will balance rather than compete with the existing stations. It will use the second network's facilities and color.

Sabbagh's Press Conference

Meanwhile, Pierre Sabbagh, who took over as head of the chain under the ORTF last October, told the local and foreign scribes at a press conference that viewing had gone from 20% of set owners to 32% since he came in.

Sabbagh was chief of the top-viewed first chain and moved over to rev up the second one which was more selective and had color as its main draw. Move was also to hypo hues. Sabbagh brought over his popular filmed theatre show "Au Theatre Ce Soir" and said that the use of films would be cut down to present more quizzes, skeins both local and foreign, and cultural shows.

He said he was cutting down the popular western feature every Tuesday due to lack of good ones and would show fewer films overall. However he said the second

station is now looking for better films as they are still a top tv draw as polls constantly point out.

Sabbagh also indicated he felt that the news and news essay shows headed by Jacqueline Baudrier were not getting the viewing they merited. He will inaugurate a new quiz show from 7:30 to 8 p.m. to get viewers who, he felt, would then segue into the news.

Once I Met

(Continued from page 88)

Dinah Shore and Garson Kanin had offices; Arnold Shaw and I had shopping carts. We hope to get promoted to offices later. Typically, all we authors were so busy trying to charm the booksellers that we didn't get an opportunity to charm each other. Shaw was the only one I saw.

"A prophet is not without honor save in his own country and in his own house," it says in the New Testament. How true.

I dedicated my book to my mother, then hesitated sending her a copy, because of the "salacious" material. But I got courage. I phoned my mother in Fort Wayne, Indiana. My sister answered. I hesitantly brought up the subject of my book.

"It's pretty bad," my sister said. Hoping to get away from the subject, she summoned my mother, who said, "It's not very nice, Earl."

And they hadn't got to the frank parts! My first two reviews were definitely sour.

America Can't Solve Its Problems As In A TV-Oriented Time Period

By JERRY STAGG

I believe I qualify as at least a Jerry-come-lately "pioneer" in network television. I entered the lists in the fall season of 1950, packaging various dramatic shows and Specials. Does anyone still alive remember the Pulitzer Prize Playhouse? The Celanese Theatre? The first Metropolitan Opera telecasts on Omnibus? (Does anyone remember Omnibus?)

When the Great Television Migration to Hollywood happened, I went West too, drawn by the glamor of Residuals-on-Film, and went through the various permutations in shows, brought about by the networks' programming experts. I produced "programming," "counter-programming" and other such variations on a theme.

A few years ago, I did a series of documentaries on the "Urban Crisis" for a Major Advertiser With A Public Conscience, and in the course of researching and filming, I spent a great deal of time in some 20 major American cities. Some painful facts came home to me then, and I think they are even more pertinent today.

In each of these cities, I met with inner city youngsters—Black, White, Puerto Rican, Chicano—and it was my first exposure to a generation raised on tv as their principal source of information. Most of them had not been born when I entered the field.

In those same cities, I also sat with the opinion-shapers—Corporate Executives, Communications heads, "community" leaders, politicians—and to my amazement, I discovered that they too were a new generation. They too had been weaned on tv as their principal source of information. Most of them had been around in 1950, and were unaware that they had become tv dependents.

Logic impelled me to assume that most of us in between the disadvantaged youngsters and the Opinionmakers followed the same pattern.

In each of the two groups I was exposed to, I discovered what I felt to be a dangerous malady. Top or bottom rung of our societal ladder I found the expectation of instant solution to any problem. No matter how complex the challenge, no matter how laborious and labyrinthine the questions, there had to be a simplistic, immediate solution.

In thinking about it, and in talking about it, I found myself reluctantly being driven to the McLuhanesque conclusion that this attitude could be attributed to the subtle, and not so subtle, conditioning of television. After all, everyone I had spoken with was part of the tv generation.

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gent Q, your synthetic shirts and sheets will be just as white as theirs, and you can join the country club—in 60 seconds.

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Instant problem equals instant solution.

So what, you say?

Well, in the past few years, I have seen major corporations and foundations bringing their power to bear in subsidizing urban efforts in many sectors; education, jobs, housing, health, narcotics, etc.

If one year later, there is no solution yet, they switch their sights to "attainable" objectives, so that they can report to the Board that Problem I has been probed, analyzed, and solved, within the allotted time period—that one year.

And I have seen youngsters encouraged to attack their own hangups (usually the corollary program to the effort described above), breaking their butts to "solve" their own problems—drugs, inefficient education, bad housing shared with vermin, a dried-up job market—turn to violence or apathy when the hangup doesn't respond to instant care. In the allotted time period.

And logic impels me to accept as fact that each of us in between these North and South Poles of our society has been similarly conditioned, and reacts the same way. We get bored into inaction unless there is an answer.

And so does our Government—local, state or Federal. Every move must have a result, every action becomes expedient, and every diplomatic posture is PR-slanted, TV-delivered, and every statement made, promises instant solutions.

We all face problems in our culture that require more than a plot-twist, a toothpaste, or a shoot-out for ultimate answers. Until we stop jockeying for one-fifth of a Nielsen point as the final decision maker on what tv is about, we will continue to sell invalid processes.

And that, it seems to this non-participating, non-watcher, is an obligation of tv. It must stop offering capsule solutions to intricate, complicated social problems. It must stop conveying the implication that life is living color, 21 inches across, where every puzzle has its answer—in a given time period.

Let's not talk about problem-solving by violence—that's next year's column.

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DATE AWARDED 1970	LABEL	TITLE	ARTISTS
Jan. 4	Chimneyville	Groove Me	(S) King Floyd
Jan. 6	UNI	Gypsy Woman	(S) Brian Hyland
Jan. 15	Parrot	I Who Have Nothing	Tom Jones
Jan. 18	UNI	Taproot Manuscript	Neil Diamond
Jan. 28	Apple	Plastic Ono Band	John Lennon
Feb. 1	Paramount	Love Story	Soundtrack
Feb. 3	Columbia	Rose Garden	(S) Lynn Anderson
Feb. 4	MGM	One Bad Apple	(S) The Osmonds
Feb. 4	Columbia	Chicago III	Chicago
Feb. 12	RCA	The Worst of	Jefferson Airplane
Feb. 17	UNI	Elton John	Elton John
Feb. 23	RCA	On Stage February 1970	Elvis Presley
Feb. 23	RCA	10th Album	Charley Pride
Feb. 23	RCA	Just Plain Charley	Charley Pride
Feb. 23	RCA	In Person	Charley Pride
Feb. 24	Columbia	Pearl	Janis Joplin
March 3	Columbia	For The Good Times	Ray Price
March 10	Atlantic	Precious, Precious	(S) Jackie Moore
March 11	Bell	Doesn't Somebody Want to Be Wanted	(S) The Partridge Family
March 11	Capitol	The Fightin' Side of Me	Merle Haggard and the Strangers
March 17	Fantasy	Have You Ever Seen The Rain	(S) Creedence Clearwater Revival
March 17	Columbia	Greatest Hits	Gary Puckett & Union Gap
March 22	Atlantic	Don't Let The Green Grass Fool You	(S) Wilson Pickett
March 22	UNI	Tumbleweed Connection	Elton John
March 22	Columbia	Love Story	Andy Williams
March 25	Columbia	Rose Garden	Lynn Anderson
March 25	Bell	Up To Date	Partridge Family
March 25	Parrot	She's A Lady	(S) Tom Jones
March 29	RCA	Amos Moses	(S) Jerry Reed
March 30	Atco	Lonely Days	(S) Bee Gees
April 1	Reprise	The Cry of Love	Jimi Hendrix
April 1	Cotillion	Woodstock II	Various
April 6	Paramount	Friends	Elton John
April 6	Elektra	Whales & Nightingales	Judy Collins
April 8	Atlantic	If I Could Only Remember My Name	David Crosby
April 9	Dunhill	Joy To The World	(S) Three Dog Night
April 9	Dunhill	Naturally	Three Dog Night
April 12	Dunhill	Steppenwolf 7	Steppenwolf
April 12	Dunhill	Golden Biscuits	Three Dog Night
April 12	Dunhill	Gold	Steppenwolf
April 12	A & M	Greatest Hits	Herb Alpert & The Tijuana Brass
April 12	A & M	For All We Know	(S) The Carpenters
April 12	Atlantic	Four Way Street	Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young
April 15	Plantation	The Battle Hymn of Lt. Calley	(S) Terry Nelson
April 26	Mega	Help Me Make It Through The Night	(S) Sammi Smith
April 28	Columbia	Stoney End	Barbra Streisand
April 30	Capitol	Survival	Grand Funk Railroad
April 30	Warner	Mud Slide Slim & Blue Horizon	James Taylor
May 3	Kama Sutra	Put Your Hand In The Hand	(S) The Ocean
May 4	Columbia	Greatest Hits	Barbra Streisand
May 6	Liberty	Proud Mary	(S) Ike & Tina Turner
May 7	Warner	Paranoid	Black Sabbath
May 11	Rolling	Sticky Fingers	Rolling Stones
May 12	Stones	Tea For The Tillerman	Cat Stevens
May 13	A & M	Bridge Over Troubled Water	(S) Aretha Franklin
May 13	Atlantic	Sweetheart	Englebert Humperdinck
May 14	Parrot	Want Ads	(S) Honey Cone
May 26	Hot Wax	Nantucket Sleigh Ride	Mountain
May 26	Windfall	Love's Lines Angles and Rhymes	Fifth Dimension
May 26	Bell	Stay Awhile	(S) The Bells
May 27	Polydor	Ram	Paul and Linda McCartney
June 9	Apple	Carpenters	The Carpenters
June 7	A & M	Tapestry	Carole King
June 7	Ode	Black Sabbath	Black Sabbath
June 14	Warner	If You Could Read My Mind	Gordon Lightfoot
June 14	Reprise		
June 15	RCA	The Best of Hawaii 5-0	The Guess Who
June 21	Liberty	Don't Knock My Love	(S) The Ventures
June 22	Atlantic	Indian Reservation	(S) Wilson Pickett
June 30	Columbia	Aqualung	Paul Revere and The Raiders
July 1	Reprise	At The Fillmore West	Jethro Tull
July 14	Atlantic	Burt Bacharach	Aretha Franklin
July 21	A & M	Rainy Days & Mondays	(S) Burt Bacharach
July 21	A & M	It's Too Late	(S) The Carpenters
July 21	Ode	L.A. Woman	Carole King
July 22	Elektra	Every Picture Tells A Story	The Doors
Aug. 2	Mercury	Treat Her Like A Lady	(S) Rod Stewart
Aug. 2	UA	It Don't Come Easy	(S) Cornelius Brothers & Sister Rose
Aug. 3	Apple	Emerson, Lake & Palmer	Ringo Starr
Aug. 4	Cotillion	B. S. & T. 4	Emerson, Lake & Palmer
Aug. 5	Columbia	Don't Pull Your Love	(S) Blood, Sweat & Tears
Aug. 11	Dunhill		Hamilton, Joe Frank and Reynolds
Aug. 18	RCA	Take Me Home, Country Roads	(S) John Denver
Aug. 26	Atco	Layla	Derek & The Dominos
Aug. 26	Atlantic	Chapter Two	Roberta Flack
Aug. 26	Atlantic	Stephen Stills 2	Stephen Stills
Aug. 26	Atlantic	Songs For Beginners	Graham Nash
Aug. 26	Cotillion	Tarkus	Emerson, Lake & Palmer
Aug. 26	Atco	How Can You Mend A Broken Heart	(S) Bee Gees
Aug. 26	Atlantic	Spanish Harlem	(S) Aretha Franklin
Aug. 27	Invictus	Bring the Boys Home	(S) Freda Payne
Aug. 30	MGM	Sweet and Innocent	(S) Donny Osmond
Aug. 30	Lionel	Signs	(S) Five Man Electrical Band
Sept. 10	Threshold	Every Good Boy Deserves Favour	The Moody Blues
Sept. 3	Grun	Bark	Jefferson Airplane
Sept. 13	Warner	You've Got A Friend	James Taylor

(Continued on page 128)

A Songwriter Is Born

But Where Are Those Handy Dandy Yesteryear Book Titles Like 'Ramona,' 'Trail Of The Lonesome Pine'?

By H. ALLEN SMITH

The moment has come for me to reveal a secret pursuit that has been occupying much of my leisure time during the last half dozen years. First, however, and quickly, I want to express my personal displeasure with the nation's songwriters as they proceed unmelodically into the '70s. They have ignorantly turned their backs on American literature.

It was different in the old days. An author would write a book, such as "A Farewell To Arms," and as soon as it hit the best-seller lists, wham! Out would come a song called "Farewell to Arms" and usually it would climb right onto the hit parade.

This pleasant tradition dated back at least as far as "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," which was first a book and then a durable ballad. We who are on the wrong side of the generation gap can remember how, in 1927, Mabel Wayne and Wolfe Gilbert turned out the hit song "Ramona" after Helen Hunt Jackson's huge-selling novel of that name, and how a boyish Gene Austin sang it into such immense popularity that the recording overshadowed the book.

There have been many others. "Gone With the Wind" became a fairly successful song, and "The White Cliffs of Dover," "If Winter Comes," "I Cover the Waterfront," "Stars Fell on Alabama," "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," and even "Daddy Long-Legs."

Songs inspired by books were not always successful. In Mesozoic times I wrote a bestselling book called "Low Man on a Totem Pole." Shortly afterward a couple of guys turned out a tender aria, "The Bottom Man on the Totem Pole," and it was recorded in two parts by the old Casa Loma band. The man who sang the song said he was bottom man on the totem pole and couldn't move around to save his soul because his back was breaking from the weight of the people on top of him and that if he happened to slip he'd be in a hole.

There has also been a song made out of the bestseller "Games People Play." The lyrics in this thump-thump number are critical of people generally and remark that somebody is comin' up with flowers in the back of a black limousine; that people make one another cry, and hearts get broken, and all this is "a dirty rotten shame." As near as I could make out, the singer of this song arrives at a solution of the human problem by persuading somebody to "sock it to me." The songs people write!

An Incipient Berlin

Recognizing the dereliction of today's music establishment, I began a few years ago to try my hand at some songs based on best-selling books. The first one I tackled was "In Cold Blood" after the Truman Capote un-novel. I started out to compose a song dealing with mass murder and hang-in's, but there was very little romantic feel to it, and then I remembered that the songwriters of yesteryear didn't always conform to the literary theme. They were inclined to ignore the plot of a book, if it had one. The arms in Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms" were munitions; in the hit song that followed they were meaty articles attached to the shoulders of people and employed in grabbing hold of other people with intense emotional display, after which the lyricist carried the idea a step further and said farewell to lips likewise.

"I Cover the Waterfront" was an account of Max Miller's adventures as a shipnews reporter in San Diego, but the song of the same name was all about somebody hanging around the wharves waiting for his (or her) lover to come back from somewhere, on account of he (she) itches madly for her (him).

So I was able to cast aside mass murder and come up with a nice

lyric for my first bestseller song. Here's how it opened:

In cold blood, I love you.
In cold blood, I dream of you each night.
In cold blood, desire has turned me blue,
And my cold blood, grows hot as fire for you.
Come to me my loved one,
And kindly let me bite you,
In . . . uh . . . cold . . . uh . . . blood.

Pretty good, hey? In that last line I put in the grunts to wrap up the under-'30s. They like their lines sung that way, just as they like one-syllable words rendered in two or three syllables. The way their singers handle the word dog in a song is daw-aw-awg.

Here's Another

For my second lyrical effort I turned to a successful novel by a friend, Robert Crichton, and made a rather catchy ballad out of it, as follows:

I know the secret of Santa Vit-torrrr-ia.
Whang-diddy-whang-diddy-whang whang-diddy!
It's deeper than the secret of old Pee-orrrr-ia.
Whang-diddy-whang-diddy-whang whang-diddy!
Lay-a them brick, tote-a them grape,
Have-a fine funeral, hang-a up crepe,
Tromp that wine, each and every one,
Stick out-a a tongue at dirty old Hun.
Grape and grappa, grappa and grape,
Whang-diddy-whang, and all-a go ape!

Sorta grabs you, doesn't it? I might have quit right there, I might have decided that I had done enough for the world, but songwriting is a thing that gets into your blood.

In more recent days I tried another title in this genre—Lillian Hellman's life story, "An Unfinished Woman." I started off this way:

You're an unfinished woman
So please let me finish you off.
You're not complete,
You're minus feet.
You even have no ears.
But darling, if you'll trust me to
Complete the botched-up job,
I'll give you feet and ears and hips
So nice they'll make you sob.
If you should . . .

That's as far as I got. The song seemed to lack tenderness, so I turned anew to hot fiction and chose "The Andromeda Strain." Andromeda, I learned, is both a person and a flower. I managed, quite cleverly, to combine the two. This way:

Oh my darling,
Please relieve me
From the Andromeda strain.
Droop white, droop pink,
As Andromedas will,
But always droop,
In one fell swoop
With umbels term-in-ate.
Embrace me dear,
And do not fear,
Your droops I venerate.

No. Something wrong. Too much droop, perhaps. I was now beginning to understand why Tin Pan Alley is inclined to shy away from contemporary book titles. It is a difficult chore to make a song out of "Miss Craig's 21-Day Shape-Up Program for Men and Women," or even "The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight." I gave "Ball Four" a try, and failed, and got a fair start on "The Graham Kerr Cookbook," as follows:

Lead me to your stove, dear,
And turn your burner high,
So I may cacciatore, and
Bearnaise you till you cry.

I quickly concluded that a cookery song of this kidney would not fit an ambience comprising a soft guitar, a full moon, and a canoe. But do they have these things any more?

WHERE'S THE NEW DISK TALENT?

Rock Fests Are Dead, But Top Names Mop Up Sock B.O. In One-Nite Dates

By FRED KIRBY

Outdoor rock festivals may be virtually dead in the U.S., but there's still hefty loot for pop talent in live performances in theaters, arenas, concert halls suitable for youth audiences.

An example was Thanksgiving week in N.Y., when more than \$615,000 was grossed in halls ranging from the 1,100 Alice Tully Hall to Madison Square Garden with a better-than-20,000 capacity. Big attractions included Rod Stewart & Faces, The Osmonds, Ike & Tina Turner, Procol Harum and Emerson, Lake & Palmer.

Tours of one-nighters racked up big b.o. as arenas, ballparks and tents were packed for The Osmonds, Jackson 5, Tom Jones, Engelbert Humperdinck and other stellar attractions. A short Elvis Presley tour soared into the \$100,000 category at every stop. Three Dog Night, playing only 10 months just on weekends, mined more than \$5,000,000. They expect to do better during a summer ballpark tour this year.

Last summer's Shea Stadium sellout by Grand Funk Railroad was one of Gotham's biggest, while the Aug. 1 Garden concert for Bangla Desh refugees brought in \$243,418 for the charity with George Harrison, Ravi Shanker and Bob Dylan heading a glowing list of performers, who also included Ringo Starr, Leon Russell and Billy Preston.

Rock showcases in Gotham figured to have a rough year after the June closing of Bill Graham's Fillmore East, East Village rock palace, but other producers jumped into the void with more concerts than ever resulting. Graham also closed his Fillmore in San Francisco.

7 Other Spots

Howard Stein, who had a successful summer at Gaelic Park in the Bronx, has made a go of the 3,400-seat Academy of Music, less than 10 blocks from the shuttered Fillmore East. Bow Wow Productions, however, has had trouble corraling customers and name headliners at the 2,650-seat Beacon Theatre on N.Y.'s westside.

Ron Delsener, with big summers at Central Park and Forest Hills, N.Y., has a heavier concert schedule than ever and most of these, including six during Thanksgiving week, are filling Carnegie and Philharmonic Hall, N.Y. dates. Stein, Delsener and Concerts East also account for much of the Garden's pop concert action.

Graham, who became weary of the weekly grind, a major reason for halting action at both Fillmores, returned to Gotham last month to promote four Felt Forum sellouts by the Grateful Dead for a gross of about \$80,000, but there's not yet any indication of a followup.

Not all N.Y. halls have welcomed rock, however, as the 1,500-seat Town Hall aborted a series by Free Flow Productions, whose \$4-top series had four near sellouts by Hot Tuna. Free Flow has not given up plans for a low-price series despite the setback. Sid Bernstein's series at Walter Reade's DeMille Theatre, off to a rousing start Thanksgiving weekend with Melaine, has run into a conflict with film bookings.

Nick & Arnie Ungano, who closed Ungano's, a westside rock nightspot, early in the year, are making a go with the Ritz Theatre, Staten Island, especially when they have many of the top headliners playing Manhattan dates. Most of their young audience comes from Staten, New Jersey and Brooklyn.

Ungano's was but one of the smaller Gotham nighteries kayoed last year. Steve Paul's Scene, the Living Room, the Cafe Au Go Go, and the Electric Circus called it quits. The Cafe Au Go Go, taken over by the old Gaslight as the Gaslight Au Go Go, is the only one of these rooms still open. Of the Village clubs, the Bitter End is doing the best with such attractions

as Carly Simon, Taj Mahal, the Flying Burrito Bros., Albert Brooks and George Carlin recent big draws.

Nostalgia On The Rocks

Rock, though comparatively young, is cashing in on the nostalgia craze, including a successful series of rock revival tours by Richard Nader, including regular Garden shows. Last Thursday (30), Nader and Delsener got together for a Carnegie bill of Jerry Lee Lewis and Chuck Berry, while Christmas weekend, Clay Cole ran a rock revival series at the Academy of Music, which also is slated to tour.

The scene hasn't been only rock by a longshot. Country performers still are in big demand, not only in their traditional stomping grounds in the south and west, but throughout the U.S., probably aided by their increased tv exposure. Blues and r&b performers, previously limited to showcases in black communities, also have gained their deserved recognition as youths recognize c&w and r&b as the sources of much of today's music.

Madison Square Garden's list of top attractions included a Big Band Revival featuring Woody Herman and a Columbia-Records-sponsored program of Johnny Mathis, Vikki Carr, Percy Faith and Peter Nero.

Jazz also is still alive as Miles Davis and other jazz stars have caught on with today's youth. Bow Wow tries to include a jazz act on each Beacon bill, having booked such luminaries as Cannonball Adderley, Pharoah Sanders and Herbie Hancock.

German Village Discotheques

Frankfurt.

You can drive through most German villages after 9 p.m. and find only one or two places where the lights are still gleaming—the local discotheques.

Tiny towns, with less than 1,000 pop., and where the early-rising farmers or laborers roll down their wooden shutters the minute it gets dark, now usually offer several gaily-painted platter havens, booming with the rock and pop.

Formerly, the young people drove or bused to the neighboring big cities 20 or 30 miles away; or at least for their weekend entertainment. Even though some of the old folks at home resent discotheques they admit it has the advantage of keeping the kids in their hometowns, and also having them spend their money in the village.

Driving along the 400-year-old narrow cobbled streets of the little towns, one spots Pigalle or Beatshop or Country and Western Club with neon signs and psychedelic paintings as a strange contrast to the dismal brown plastered walls.

Most of the clubs provide space for up to 250, plus a tiny dance-floor, and a discquaire who's generally around 20 years old and has garnered a bit of experience in a larger town. He's often the best-paid man in the village, earning around \$100 a week, while the local entrepreneur who's converted his tiny cafe or gasthaus into a super-mod discotheque can count on earning as much as \$500 a month after all his bills are paid! Guests usually spend an average of \$1.50 for the evening's beer and wine bills while listening to the records, and double that on a lively Saturday night.

With the demise of the cinemas in the German villages, the discotheques represent a major attraction to keep the kids in town, with pop atmosphere, teen-oriented stereo music and low prices.

SOUNDS ARE OLD BUT BIZ BOOMS

By HERM SCHOENFELD

After more than a decade of powerful forward thrusts in creativity and cash returns, the music industry is wondering what to do for an encore in the years ahead. The major concern, particularly among the disk makers, is the development of a new crop of talent that will do for the 1970s what the Beatles, Bob Dylan and The Rolling Stones did for the 1960s.

Revolutionary talents are not easy to come by these days. Where the "rock renaissance" of the 1960s spawned a brilliant and bold generation of youngsters, the current talent crop for the most part is repeating old sounds. The rock idiom, after all, has been around now for over 15 years and, just like what recurrently happened in old Tin Pan Alley, a hardening of the arteries seems to be setting among the "youngsters."

The apparent exhaustion of rock's original creative impulse has led to arguments among the pundits over the question: "Is rock dead?" It could be, but it sure is a lively ghost. The disk business is bigger than ever, heading well over the \$1,500,000,000 sales mark this year with pop music accounting for the bulk of the sales.

Industry's Foundation

But it's the veteran names and combos, not the newcomers, who are the foundation of the industry. The Beatles have broken up as a combo, but singly Paul McCartney, John Lennon, George Harrison and Ringo Starr continue as automatic hit-makers.

Elvis Presley, a holdover from the early days of the rock epoch in the 1950s, is as strong a name as ever. Dylan's infrequent albums are instant goldies, as are disks by the Rolling Stones, Aretha Franklin, Barbra Streisand and Joan Baez.

Rock has reached such a venerable age that its early artists are being "revived" in touring packages. Names like Bo Diddley, Chuck Berry, Jerry Lee Lewis, Fats Domino, The Shirelles, The Coasters, The Platters, Franki Valli & The Four Seasons, Jay & The Americans, Bill Haley & The Comets, et al. are coming back on a wave of nostalgia. The youths of the 1950s are the middle-aged parents of today. Also among the veteran names riding high again is Paul Anka, who was a sensation as a 15-year-old writer-singer.

Among the youngsters who have managed to claw their way through the competition, Carole King, Carly Simon, Kris Kristofferson have joined the new stars of 1970. The Motown stable also generated one of the top draws of the year in the Jackson Five, a combo of five black brothers who range below the teens. The Osmonds, a white combo, also scored strongly last year, especially the youngest member of the family, Donny, who is about 12.

B'way Cast Albums

Although Broadway musicals did not produce any blockbuster cast albums in 1970 in any way comparable to "Hair" or "My Fair Lady," there was highly profitable album production in "No No Nanette," another nostalgic entry. "Godspell," an off-Broadway religious production which followed in the wake of the "Jesus Christ Superstar," also was a big click on disks. The "Superstar" album has since been converted into a touring live concert package and a Broadway production which, in turn, spun off an original cast album.

Motion picture scores were strong on disks last year. The "Love Story" soundtrack album racked up over 1,000,000 unit sales in the first couple of weeks of release. Later, the rhythm & blues soundtrack for the film, "Shaft,"

(Continued on page 120)

CLASSICAL MUSIC 'BOOMS,' YET EVER PASSING HAT FOUNDATIONS AS SAVIOUR

By ROBERT J. LANDRY

If symphonic concert economics were a radio soap opera, the Friday carryover tease-line would go, "Can the Ford Foundation save the old manse? Will the ladies give their hearts to Pierre Boulez now that Lennie is travelling?"

Symphonies in the U.S. never had it so good on full employment, full houses, newspaper space and corporate and foundation handouts. At the same time, with all the money there is never enough money.

Have the new union scales saved the first chairs, not to say the sidemen, from having to give music lessons in the margins of their spare time, between the dawn and the rehearsal? If the big urban orchestras now offer their players, under union goad, a \$15,000 annual mean, do the musicians in New Orleans and Oklahoma City still moonlight in the barbershop?

The remark attributed to Gatti-Cazzaza when Enrico Caruso, circa 1909, expressed the thought that he was intitled to bigger fees, "Of course you are, but I can't afford them," is no longer a stopper.

Tell a Musicians Union negotiator like Herman Gray that wage demands cannot be met for lack of funds and the answer is, "That's your problem, not ours." So, too, it would seem when Chicago's veteran concert impresario, Harry Zelser, complains that soloists are killing the golden goose without making pate de fois cras. Comes the rebuttal, "Don't tell us your troubles."

Nor do the Teamsters nor the Stagehands care to be put off with cries of hardships, ruining the market, or oversized crews and over-computed hours to bring a unit in or out of a hall.

'I Hear You Not!'

In short, inflation teaches everyone to deride and brush aside all bleats of anguish. Fiscal grief may indeed be real but it's somebody else's suffering. "To mine own sincerity I remain true" sayeth the negotiator—and "mine ears flap shut at the sincerity in the voices of management."

Meanwhile light a candle in memory of the village mechanic who, in 1903, founded the Ford Motor Co. Grants-in-aid, like Santa Claus, draw few brickbats nowadays, though philosophically they are not exactly part of the old Protestant Ethic or Ralph Waldo Emerson's self-reliance dicta.

Symphony economics, like opera economics, are hooked up to the "organized audience," a slick trick perfected by Bagby's old Waldorf-Astoria morning musicales for the velvet-and-silk dress ladies. The advantages of having the money firmly in hand before the season's first flute note is sounded are obvious, allowing the impresario to smile in the face of blizzards. Meanwhile it is to be noted that in the last couple of seasons "subscription" has come into the organized ticket-selling practices of ballet and modern dance, too.

Small Town Anatomy

It remains a significant anchor to gale-windward that the Columbia Artists Management operates some 700 small town concert series around the country. Typically they float five-a-season bookings, completely paid in advance. It is believed these grassroot promotions yield about \$5,000,000 a year to CAMI, possibly 40% of its annual volume.

The impression cannot be avoided that classical music booking, management and financing is undergoing a profound revolution, though remarkably little about it gets reported. Even so, this branch of "concerts" is far better disciplined, with all its possible excesses and contract chicanery, than is true in the no-show and drug-haunted existence of the pop and

rock concert fields. The great virtuoso of aria or lieder, of piano, fiddle, cello or whatnot could not possibly perform while "high," nor rely upon ear-splitting amplification to coverup.

Polite Appearances

Inflated fees to one side, as a separate vexation in some quarters, the classical concert soloist almost never conks out for reasons of vice, temperament or bad notices. Nor do they indulge in cur-azy platform attire. Nobody has yet reported a John Browning, Eugene Istomin, Claudio Arrau or Andre Watts sitting down at the grand piano with the national emblem sewed to the seat of his pants.

As to who-gets-booked-and-who-doesn't, and the allegations of "in"-managements, only a Knapp Commission could bring that out. Don't hold your breath for candor in the concert dodge. Everybody cites the case of Van Cliburn, who couldn't hardly get a \$250 booking before he won the contest in Moscow and has since rated \$4,000, or better, playing the same few pieces in the same largely-routine style.

It is said that possibly no more than 50 virtuosi are both endowed by genius and sanctified by capacity halls. It is part of the paradox of concerts that some artists threaten Fire Dept. rules while others tax the pressagents to paper the auditorium.

The changes in the concert world can never be divorced from the power of the phonograph recordings. Disk management's, judgment, their commitments, their guarantees, their advertising support of the hall programs all dominate.

Hurok The Perennial

In 1971 there were a number of significant launchings, viz. Wolf Trap Farm and the Kennedy Center. To the latter moved Martin Feinstein as general manager, at a reputed salary of \$55,000. Feinstein was one of several departures from the Sol Hurok menage when TransContinental Investing, a mini-conglomerate ran out of nerve (or funds?) and Hurok Concerts acquired a second conglomerate overlord in two years, namely, Tomorrow Entertainment Inc., a subsidiary of General Electric. Feinstein wanted more money from G.E. than was offered. The second in command at Hurok is now Shelly Gold.

As the great name in concert management for half a century, and the country's only bona fide national-scale impresario, Hurok, at 83, is believed planning a number of innovations, including a possible pop music field incursion. He might go for the beards and the sandals, but hardly the no-shows.

Another transformation of a long-established team is occurring at the Metropolitan Opera where Sir Rudolf Bing is in his swansong year and the Swedish stage, screen and opera director, Goeran Gentele, is already putting the critical eye of succession upon things as they are.

Gentele is, unlike Bing, a man of the theatre's backstage and not just of the front office. His standards of operatic acting may not be met, many suspect, by certain of the singers now on roster. It may, be, probably is, already decided as to certain dropouts for next season, but that is the last thing that will be confirmed. Contractual news about Met singers is ever shrouded in secrecy.

Met's 9% Slump

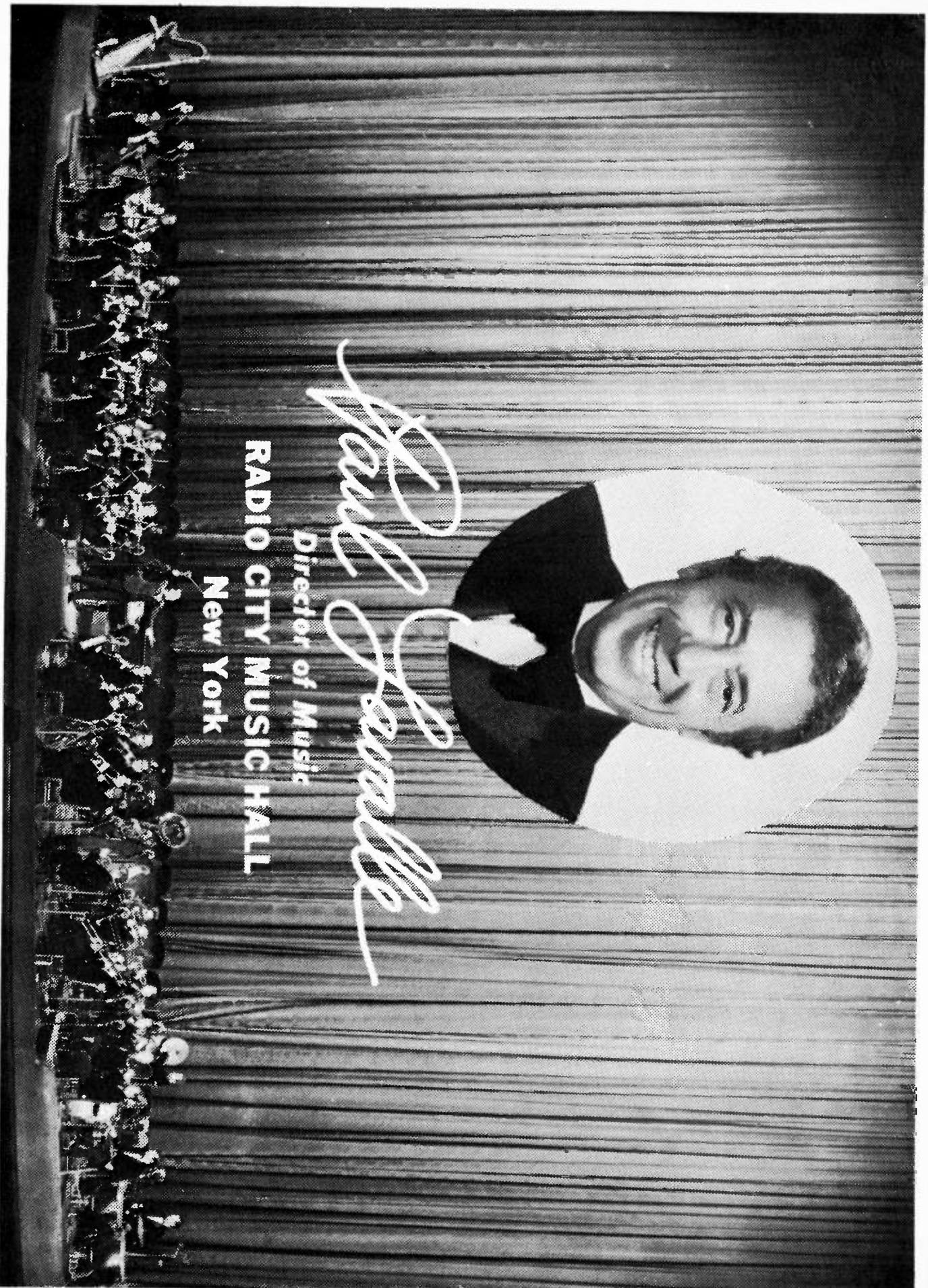
Bing may be having a fairly good final season in terms of the artistry of his repertory and his several new productions. Unfortunately there is the adverse circumstance, born of the present undefeated inflation in the land that ticket sale is about 9% off. Until recently

(Continued on page 132)

“Life is What You Make It”

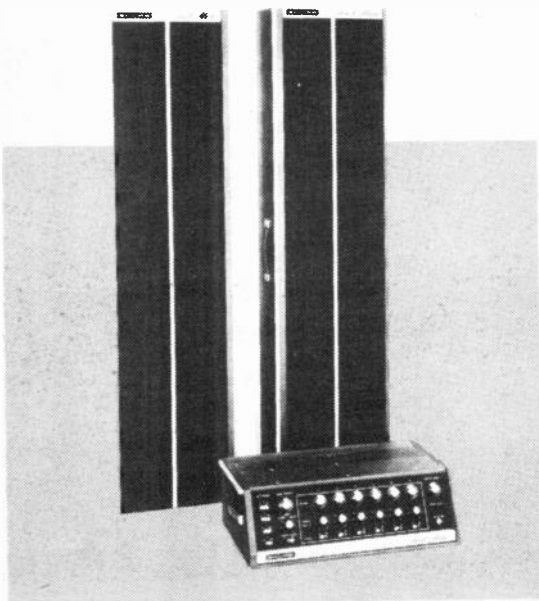
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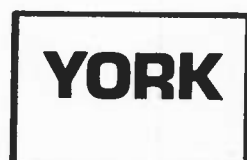
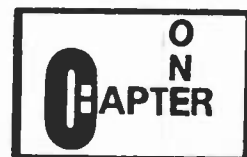
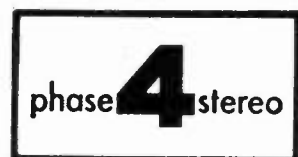
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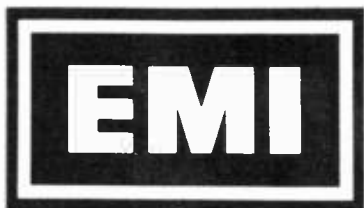
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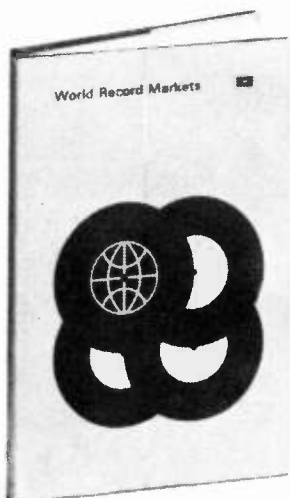
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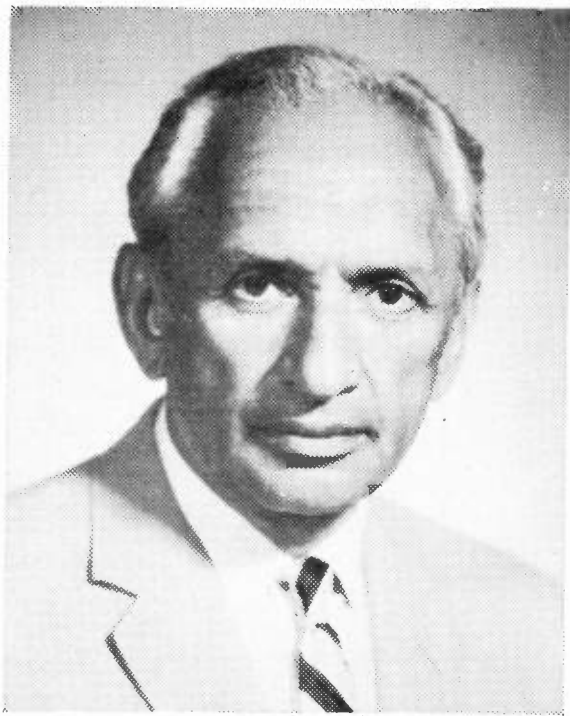
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Where's The New Disk Talent?

(Continued from page 111)

with Isaac Hayes as writer and performer, moved up into the top-selling spot on the album charts. Another hit of the year was the soundtrack of "Fiddler on the Roof," an expanded version of the Broadway cast album.

Some disk execs were fearful that the industry would be vulnerable to an economic recession.

Where would the kids get the money with which to buy the disks if their parents were unemployed? But even though the unemployment statistics were painful last year, the disk biz did not hurt at all. Individual labels were squeezed by narrow profit margins, but the overall gross was up.

The disk gross could have even

been higher if not for the growth of the bootleg racket. Piracy was always a problem in the disk industry, but with the advent of tape cartridges and cassettes, it has become a hemorrhage. Conservative estimates put the annual industry drain at over \$150,000,000 a year. Others believe that one out of every three tapes currently on the market is a counterfeit product.

The industry was heartened by passage of new Federal legislation which for the first time gives copyright protection to recordings. The

law, which goes into effect Feb. 15, will make infringers liable to stiff Federal civil and criminal penalties. Heretofore, the disk industry has had to rely on state laws against unfair competition.

Piracy is now recognized as the single most serious problem facing the music business.

New anti-piracy techniques may be tested this year. Viewlex and the American Bank Note Co. have proposed a special disk stamp whose authenticity can be detected only by a special machine. Mem-

bers of the RIAA who observed the demonstration were impressed both by the feasibility of the stamp idea and its low cost.

The possibility of using a Federal tax stamp, similar to the one used on liquor bottles, has also been proposed. However, this has met with some skepticism due to the large number of disk returns on which a Federal stamp would have to be affixed.

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Will There Be A Bicentennial?

U.S. MAY (AND PERHAPS SHOULD) FOREGO FAIR MARKING 200 YEARS OF NATIONHOOD — PHILADELPHIA LACKS KNOW-HOW AND FUNDS FOR 1976 EXPO—A WORLD FAIR'S BEST BET IS FOR EMERGING LAND (CANADA) OR COMEBACK FLAG (JAPAN)

By ALFRED STERN

Prospects for a major 1976 U.S. Bicentennial International Exposition in Philadelphia, despite Presidential endorsement, appear increasingly dim. After community consensus rejected two prior untenable site plans, the Philadelphia corporation, under its fourth or fifth reorganization, now advocates a third site, one-third in New Jersey. Estimated costs are \$550,000,000.

The Federal Government's economic retrenchment policies, the near bankruptcy of Philadelphia & Pennsylvania, the urgency of other more vital socio-economic priorities, civic Philadelphia's lack of enthusiasm, expertise and time after seven years of fumbling, confirm the unlikelihood of essential massive public and private sector funding.

Far beyond these crippling considerations, the validity of an American world's fair at this point in our history must be questioned. Historically in the U.S. great international expositions served two prime purposes — the display of new technology, now instantly introduced through mass media, and the westward attraction of people, capital and industry in an expanding nation. This latter progression is exemplified by the 1893 Chicago Columbian Exposition, the 1898 Omaha Trans-Mississippi International Exposition, the 1904 St. Louis Louisiana Purchase Exposition, the 1905 Portland, Oregon Lewis & Clark Centennial Exposition, Seattle's 1909 Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, the 1915 San Francisco Panama-Pacific International Exposition & San Diego's Panama-California Exposition that same year, the 1936 Texas Centennial Exposition at Dallas, and more recently, Seattle's 1962 Century 21 Exposition.

The proposed 1974 Spokane, Washington Exposition with its ecological theme already given

special category approval by the International Bureau of Expositions, confirms the continuity of this thesis. Philadelphia doesn't. Indeed for the U.S. the predictable future validates the merits for major regional expositions with international participation in growth areas, providing they are dedicated to pertinent sociological themes and based on permanent improvements for the sponsoring community.

Montreal's Timing

The timing was right for Montreal's Expo 67, symbolizing Canada's international, philosophical and economic maturity and for Osaka's Expo 70 which dramatized Japan's amazing post-war recovery. Both successfully enhanced the prestige of their sponsoring nations.

Conventional world's fairs will serve a beneficial purpose for growing powers such as the Soviet Union, the Peoples Republic of China, Australia and perhaps even Argentina and Brazil. South America has not hosted an international exposition since the 1922-1923 Rio de Janeiro Exposition.

The disastrous failure of Robert Moses 1964-65 N.Y. World's Fair with its specious emphasis on industrial hardware and understandable lack of approval by the International Bureau of Expositions, proves that for the U.S. product display devoid of ideological concern and philosophical commitment is insufficient. A survey of leading industries confirms that such costly nonsense as the \$70,000,000 GM pavilion at Flushing Meadows is a thing of the past.

Statue of Liberty

Foreign governments are also thinking in more sensitive terms than the traditional nationalistic exhibits. The gift of permanent art treasures, cultural and performing arts exchange programs, etc.,

Alfred Stern, a frequent *VARIETY* contributor, is currently consultant to more than a dozen states, national associations and industries planning participation in the U.S. Bicentennial. He has been concerned with such projects ever since the 1939-1940 N.Y. World's Fair.

on the occasion of the U.S. Bicentennial afford greater and lasting opportunities for participation embracing all areas of the U.S. at lesser cost than the construction and operation of temporary world's fair pavilions. The French were inventive enough to recognize this through their gift of the Statue of Liberty on the occasion of the 1876 U.S. Centennial.

The atmosphere and color of foreign participation is basic to the success of and world exposition. Present and increasing U.S. import restrictions, the curtailment of foreign economic aid combine to suggest that even on the auspicious occasion of the U.S. Bicentennial most foreign governments will adopt a conservative view toward costly participation, especially at a single concentrated site. Thus present U.S. policies, the U.S. industrial financial climate and the forbearance of most foreign nations (Communist China & the Soviet Union are possible major exceptions) realistically jeopardize international exposition. Techniques also play a critical role. The maximum participation in any U.S. essence of all successful world's fairs is that they provide unique attractions and environments which participants and visitors can not experience elsewhere.

Film Tricks No Sub

This total three dimensional experience has been largely lost by U.S. exhibit technology through over reliance on multi-media film projection substituting technical

trickery for valid content. This derivative from motion pictures and tv has become an exposition cliché and is the antithesis of effective expositions in that it now lacks originality and is readily available without traveling to and purchasing tickets for a world's fair.

The impact of foreign participation has also diminished through vast increases in jet travel, mass communications and the general standardization of life styles and industrial materialization. Thus the validity and novelty of world's fairs as an arena for stimulating, contrasting philosophies continues to decrease, especially for the U.S.

The Federal Bicentennial Commission, President Nixon & Congress correctly endorse nation-wide commemoration of the Bicentennial through projects of permanent value to all states and communities, though to date, six years after its establishment the Federal Commission has yet to offer concrete guidelines and financial assistance. Most states and several major cities now have their own Bicentennial Commissions and the vast majority agree they would rather invest in projects of residual value to their own communities than a doubtful, temporary Philadelphia fair. Responsible industries second the motion. Philadelphia under its newly elected mayor, former police commissioner Frank L. Rizzo, a law & order type reputed to carry a truncheon with his tux, seems to offer a less than fertile field for a U.S. Bicentennial Exposition inspired by American freedom and liberty. However as a hopeful balance, Samuel L. Evans an able black community leader, was recently appointed Executive V.P. of the Philly Bicentennial Corporation.

Politics, As Usual

For Philadelphia only a civic miracle can salvage a more than

\$3,000,000 misguided investment in maladroitness politically dominated preliminaries. There was a spark of life a few months ago when current Chairman John Bunting espoused Thomas Hoving, Director of N.Y.'s Metropolitan Museum as president & executive director, clearly a brilliant asset for a Bicentennial exposition which must be devoted to a high level of international cultural exchange. But this was axed by the office of Senator Hugh Scott which viewed Hoving as a Lindsay (now Democrat) turncoat. Hoving now heads N.Y. City's Bicentennial Commission and subsequent candidates for Philadelphia's top spot are politically endorsed bush leaguers. Chips are also down for the Federal Bicentennial Commission.

Its executive director, former State Department official Melbourne Spector, has been replaced by Jack Le Vant, an employee of Commission Chairman David J. Mahoney of Norton Simon's conglomerate.

The Federal Commission remains top heavy with administrators and devoid of creative talent. That might well explain why it is at this late date lacking in public funds, confidence and support. The opportunities and responsibilities inherent in the U.S. Bicentennial as a rededication to the dynamics of American democracy for all our citizens and institutions are unique and immense. They warrant a national effort almost equal to the Revolution we are about to commemorate, and at an equally critical time in our history. In the context of Bicentennial timing Paul Revere has already saddled up, next year is the 200th anniversary of the Boston Tea Party but the contemporary Minute Men are still taking two hour lunches. Our forefathers, heritage and progeny deserve a good deal better.

Expecting The Unexpected: Untypical Year For The Greatest Show On Earth

By IRVIN FELD

(President and Producer, Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey Combined Shows Inc.)

To anyone bored with the routine and sameness of his job, I can offer a perfect solution. Join the Circus!

One of our usual 1971 events occurred in the spring as we were bringing our 100th Anniversary Edition back to Madison Square Garden for an encore engagement. A nationwide rail strike stranded the show's 30-car train in South Kearney, N.J. From the rail yards you could see Manhattan, but the city was 18 miles away — with the Hudson River in between.

We were scheduled to open in the Garden just 24 hours after the strike began. We announced that The Greatest Show on Earth would open on schedule, although I must admit I didn't quite know how we'd pull it off. We arranged for a fleet of trucks and busses to shuttle performers, animals, equipment and costumes to New York. But we couldn't find vehicles large enough to haul our huge herd of elephants.

Capt. Hugo Schmitt, our famous elephant trainer, was contacted and, after a discussion, we decided to walk the elephants to New York.

Not only would the pachyderms be bucking heavy traffic but no elephant herd in history had marched through an underground passage as long as the Lincoln Tunnel. Capt. Schmitt assured me he could handle it.

That Pachyderm Parade

Officials of New Jersey, New York and the Port Authority agreed to give us their full cooperation. One of the tunnel's traffic tubes was closed to accommodate the caravan.

We began the march after the height of the evening rush hour had passed. It took the elephants over two hours to reach the New Jersey entrance to the tunnel where they were greeted by the largest contingent of reporters and photographers seen in years. As the cameras clicked and the flashlights popped, I paid a toll of 50c per elephant and the elephants lumbered into the tunnel; 45 minutes later they emerged in Manhattan. By the huge amount of worldwide coverage the event attracted, it was obvious that not since Hannibal had a herd of elephants so captured the public's imagination.

Later in the year, our elephants were again involved in an unusual event. We learned that the two Republican senators of Maryland and the two Republican senators of Pennsylvania were having trouble completing a World Series bet. It seems that since the Pitts-

burgh Pirates took the Series from the Baltimore Orioles, the Pennsylvania senators won the right to ride the elephants on Capitol Hill, with their mahouts being the senators from Maryland.

The lawmakers were having difficulty finding rideable elephants for the occasion. Herring about their problem, we arranged for two of our elephants to be trucked in from one of our units, then appearing in Pittsburgh.

No Political Circus

Though Capitol Hill is often accused of being a circus, it was never more so than on the morning that the debt was paid off!

Not everything that occurred in 1971 was of a humorous nature. An accident during a performance and a widespread horse illness were anything but funny.

What could have been a tragedy turned into a conspicuous act of bravery one afternoon last year in Raleigh, N.C.

Isabella Nock, a trapeze artist, was in the midst of her act when she fell, head-first, towards the arena floor. At almost the last second she was caught by a huge ring boss named Linwood ("Big Red") Gardner. Both of Gardner's legs were badly sprained as he, quite literally, saved Miss Nock from almost certain death or permanent injury.

Last summer we were fulfilling our annual engagement in Dallas when the State of Texas imposed

a quarantine on all horses within the state. This was the result of a serious, often deadly, sleeping sickness which was infecting horses in the state.

The 50-odd horses in our show had not been within 400 miles of the epidemic and it was unlikely that they could contract the disease. They never mingle with "civilian" horses and our veterinarians make sure that they stay in the best of health. Their complete inoculation program had included shots for the sleeping sickness. The horses were in the best of health, but, of course, they had to be quarantined.

A Centennial First

We were compelled to leave the horses in Dallas as we moved to Phoenix. Never before in over 100 years of performing had The Greatest Show on Earth ever faced a performance without horses. We shuffled the program around a bit and am delighted that the Arizona press and public all agreed that RB&B was still The Greatest Show on Earth.

We rented some "guest" horses for our next engagement in Los Angeles. Finally our own horses, all quite healthy, were allowed to rejoin the show, a month after their original quarantine.

Even Mother Nature gave us problems last year. On Dec. 3, just three days before our 102d Edition began rehearsals, a flash tornado struck our winter quarters in Venice, Fla. The fierce winds lifted one of our elephant tents from the quarters' backyard, carrying it over 15 miles to Sarasota. Although there was other damage around the winter quarters, none of our animals or people were seriously injured.

Now, what have we left out? Didn't mention that a dock strike last month along the East Coast

forced us to have a contingent of lions, horses, other animals and equipment for our 1972 shows shipped to Halifax, Nova Scotia, from where we had to transport them to our Florida winter quarters. Didn't tell you about the fire that broke out in a lumberyard next door to the arena in which we were performing in Hershey, Pa., and about how all of our performers and staff instantly became volunteer firemen and extinguished the blaze. Nor did I go into what happened on our rail move from Dallas to Phoenix when a train derailed just ahead of us, forcing our train to back up 20 miles to reach an alternate route. After this eight-day delay we were moving again when we got word that an Air Force training jet had crashed ahead of us, tearing up a mile of tracks. The railroad crews had only five hours to put down new tracks before our train reached the scene. They made it, and we opened in Phoenix on time. (The combination of the horse epidemic, the derailment and the plane crash proved again the old Circus superstition that trouble always comes in threes.)

Although the very nature of the Circus is to expect the unexpected, 1971 was indeed unusual. One thing I do know for sure — 1972 won't be dull!

Poll Picks 'Soldier Blue'

London.

Ralph Nelson's "Soldier Blue," Avco Embassy release, is the year's "most popular" film in Great Britain, according to the Daily Telegraph Gallup poll.

Avemb says this is the first time for a western to top the list in the 15-year history of the poll.



IRVIN FELD

TALENT AGENTS' NEW ROLE

Las Vegas Sings The Hughes Blues; Casino Grosses Rise 'Only' By 10%

By BILL WILLARD

Las Vegas. Earlier in the year 1971, there was this typical restive mumble from most of the Vegas hierarchy, the money men, top politicians, the influencers of opinion, including media. The economy was going stale. Even the pet computers around town were in disrepute. They weren't spewing out enough happy (i.e. bloated) figures.

Perhaps the basic reason for all the itchiness could be summed up with the paraphrase on the late Richard Farina's title for his little literary assemblage, "been up so long it looks like down to me." Every year had topped the previous one in numbers of tourists, conventioners and loot laid on the line.

The summer of 1971 found the madhat lookingglass enclaves of Vegas catching up with the rest of the depressed country. It was enough for some bosses to put off buying another Mark IV for a while.

Then, of course, Howard Hughes had let not only Vegas but the whole state down. He had cometh secretly in 1966 to set up his fantastic Desert Inn aerie, bought up hotel after hotel, and airport and a half, a golf course and clubhouse, tv station, a ranch, acre upon acre of land around town and enough worked-out old mines around the state to make a prospector grizzle in his beard. Living high on the hog became living and suckering high on the Hughes until he disappeared.

A year ago the battle for the Hughes empire was about to be enjoined. Robert Maheu Associates was being toppled from the gift papier-mache throne by the hard-driving Chester Davis and the Hughes Tool Co. Collage, the old "Romaine St. gang," all assertedly with the okay of the unseen, vanished Hughes. The deposed Maheu, backed to the hilt by Las Vegas Sun publisher Hank Greenspun, was a bit frantic about now, having been evicted from a half-million-dollar salary and equivalent amount of mansion on the Desert Inn golfcourse and going to court with an attempt to prove that he, not Davis was he truly appointed one.

Counter Incident

A counter incident was unfolding. Both Maheu and Greenspun were being pelted paragraphically by the local underground paper called the Las Vegas Free Press. Numerous articles by Free Press publisher Jay Tell, tattletaling of a financial cabal between Greenspun and Maheu during the astonishing Hughes' giveaway period was being avidly, albeit secretly, gobbled up by Vegas (no one admits reading the Free Press), and much of the text was admitted into court files as evidence of something or another. Tell was very much pro-Toolco and Chester Davis.

Greenspun, gritting his molars, never acknowledged the presence of the Free Press in town, although Tell and his dad, Jack Tell (publisher of the Las Vegas Israelite) were bugging the hell out of him in print. However, young Tell is going public and somewhat above-ground with his paper and Greenspun's paper took many an ad announcing the stock offering. Behind Tell is the influential Davis. If he isn't a stockholder in the new paper, he has enlisted the aid of many a friendly corporate entity to Toolco to do what they can by way of ads when the sheet gets rolling.

The courthouse crowd buzzed in September about a Hughes Toolco trust deed filed up in the recorders office acknowledging a loan of \$4,000,000 to Greenspun in 1967. A Toolco official said, "There's no apparent problem of a default on Greenspun's part, but we just want

to make sure the deed is on file." The loan was made when Maheu was top exec of all the Holdings.

Maheu, having lost the court battle in Vegas for \$50,000,000 breach of contract and is now rolling around the State Supreme Court. Meanwhile, Davis is having a helluva time getting licensed by state gaming officials. Hughes continued to play waiting games with his handwriting on yellow note paper, further corroborating his okay of Davis. The Gaming Commission wanted fingerprints to accompany the handwritten sheets. In October, chairman Jack Diehl announced receipt of a letter which met demands of the state that Hughes acknowledge and approves of the changes being proposed — that is, restricting from the Maheu umbrella license over all Hughes' gambling corporations to other individuals. Other than Davis, Park Myers asked to be licensed as a director in Hughes Tool Company, Harolds Club Inc., Sands Inc., and Hotel Properties Inc. Seeking licenses in corporations other than Hughes Tool Co., were William Gay, Calvin Collier, Raymond M. Holliday and James Lesch (the old "Romaine Street gang"). They were already Toolco licensees.

Sitcom Continued

In mid-November, the Hughes sitcom, continued in Vegas as Maheu released an exclusive to Greenspun that his garbage was being checked and had been perused for weeks. A clandestine stakeout with Sun photogs came up with interesting front page shots of plastic garbage bags being transferred from a big garbage truck to a pickup. That vehicle was found to be registered to Jim Golden, who replaced Maheu's top security man, Jack Hooper, after the big ouster. According to the Sun, Golden's brother, Jack, was in charge of the garbage detail for Toolco. Evidence from the James Bond intelligence conducted by Maheu-Greenspun counter forces was turned over to the FBI and the county Sheriff's office, but so far no charges have been filed. Assertedly, the garbage men had been told by Golden that he had an investigation going of an "international dope ring."

Hughes aside, if possible, there was considerable angst early summerwise. Reps of several major Strip hotels met with the Convention Authority after a two-months panic over slow biz. They decided to repent, change over from a buyer's to seller's market. Sig Front, veep in charge of sales at the Sahara Hotel, didn't consider the tourism slump to be due mainly to a flattening economy, but to "certain attitudes" in management that filter down through the hotel organization. Bob Cannon, chairman of the Hotel Liaison Committee and general manager of the Tropicana Hotel, agreed and further admitted that hotels "must begin accepting Saturday arrivals."

Soul-Searching

All this soul-searching and breast-beating went on for a brief spell as owners scrapped lounges and some top acts for keno parlors at Caesars Palace, Dunes and Riviera hotels. By computer readouts it was keno two to one they said. In September, the LV Review-Journal headlined "No recession here...LV gambling profits soar," and printed that Clark County (Las Vegas) gaming industry shot up 19% to \$98,800,000 in the second quarter and totaled \$195,800,000 in revenues for the first six months, an increase of 11%. So much for the summer doldrums.

The November report was much more encouraging. Although Vegas casinos hadn't run into boom times as such, they still reported gross revenue of \$106,200,000, up

(Continued on page 136)

MUST GENERATE AND INNOVATE

By BUDDY HOWE
(Chairman, CMA)

With rare exception, everyone in the entertainment business has felt the effects of the nation's recent economic slowdown. But if 40 years of intense involvement in all phases of entertainment is meaningful, I see great hope that this period has demonstrated that show business — in bad times as well as good — is a vital, dynamic aspect of the American economy.

The changing trends may have caused us to roll with the punches and tighten our belts, but also sharpen our wits. As a consequence we may be a little thinner, but perhaps tougher, too. In fact, the net result may be to strengthen all components of the business. With the public more selective in entertainment spending, management must offer a better product.

In the talent agency field new trends have caused a broad metamorphosis. In particular the change has meant that any agent worth his fee has had to work doubly hard on behalf of his clients. No longer can a talent agency exist simply by functioning as a glamorized employment bureau. The talent agent has to be out in front, using every ounce of his ingenuity, not only stimulating and generating jobs for his clients, but arranging financing, production, distribution deals, and devising new methods for stimulating the flow of entertainment dollars.

Creativity and innovation are the bywords in this new role of

(Continued on page 138)

COOLIE MOTIF GARB VOGUE; HARK TO B'WAY 'YELLOW PERIL' CAFES

By ABEL GREEN

Segue from pingpong diplomacy to President Richard M. Nixon's upcoming visit to Peking has had immediate sartorial echo in American moods and mores. Like the Nehru jacket of not so long ago, the severe Chinese coolie motifs in femme attire have hit the boutiques. Ditto Chinese cuisine.

Broadwayites with tall memories recall a yesteryear, post-Prohibition headline, "Yellow Peril Over Broadway," as read a page 1 VARIETY streamer in those 1930s.

This referred to the pop priced Chinese restaurants of the depression in premises which had been onetime showplaces. For example, the famed Palais Royal on Broadway and 48th St. where once Paul Whiteman headlined with "name" ballroom dancers of the Moss & Fontana, Fowler & Tamara genre, became the Palais D'Or, a glorified Chinese eatery where white-collar workers could get a \$1.25 table d'hote luncheon and dance to the B.A. Rolfe Lucky Strike Orchestra. To what degree American Tobacco's then flamboyant George Washington Hill helped subsidize the Rolfe band—which gave out with the oompha-oompha music that Hill favored—was never certain, but the Chinese ownership insisted that the mass capacity permitted a profit at those prices. The Palais d'Or later became the Latin Quarter.

Broadway and other neighborhood rialtos soon were studded with Chinese eateries, with or without entertainment, and these "chowmeineries" (a VARIETY coinage) became as much a part of the local scene as today's pizza parlors — and also Chinese restaurants. The difference today, of course, is that the Oriental food dispensaries are more haut in their cuisine, with four different schools of Chinese kitchens. Not to mention the haut prices.

Cafe Biz Joins Flight From Cities; Motels A New Showcase For Talent

By JOE COHEN

Show business is being deurbanized. Motor hotels, music fair type enterprises and suburban niteries now supply the entertainment needs of the vast section of the population who have fled the cities.

The success of the music tents has been astounding during the past two years. The grosses at these situations seem to be exceeded only by the huge salaries in the onenighter field. The salaries paid to artists in his structures frequently exceeds that of Las Vegas niteries.

However, the most notable development seems to be the zooming use of talent in the motels. The motels have become one of the more important niterie act buyers. They have been bringing entertainment to areas which have not had a variety performer since the collapse of vaudeville. The Ramada Inn chains, the Holiday Inns and many indies and franchised operations have been alerted to the possibilities inherent in utilizing show business for their benefit.

The result has been one of the better seasons for the variety departments of some of the talent agencies. Clubs are now blooming where there hasn't been a live show in years. Of course, this has had its effect on the city enterprises, but they figure that they have registered a net gain overall.

Various Factors

There are various factors that contributed to the growth of talent centres in the suburbs. The oldest factor, of course, is the automobile itself. And of course, the hotel industry seems to be following the automobile these days. Even the new urban hotels have provided garage space.

However, the more germane factors seem to be recent developments in the hotel and entertainment industry. One of them is the desire of the motel industry to attract convention industry. The motel, therefore, has to be a live spot. It has to have its own entertainment plant to keep the conventionaires interested after business hours. It has also found that it has become necessary to entertain its overnight guests whether there's a convention in the motel or not.

Normally, a cocktail pianist or singer would do in these cases. However, the bonifaces have found that there's a vast population to be catered to in the populated areas near the motel. These people, they have found, will support entertainment enterprises that they can afford, and even some that they can't afford on a regular basis, so long as it doesn't dent the home budget too much.

Level of Names

For this reason, the motel owners have been seeking a specific type of name. Many of these are far below the Tom Jones-Danny Thomas price category. These are, admittedly, beyond their reach, unless they have huge convention centers and can present them on a nighter basis in the auditorium. However, they have been successful with names such as Helen O'Connell, Frankie Laine and a wide range of comedians and singers as well as groups who are well known to most cafe-goers and who no longer carry a prohibitive price tag.

What's more, many acts would rather work the suburban spots than a city club. The reason is largely the free rooms, food discounts and frequently, use of the motel's courtesy car for various errands. The hotel operator realizes that the headliner is virtually isolated during the term of the engagement, and conditions have to be made extremely attractive if they are to induce artists to come

to these comparatively isolated spots.

The motels, also, have learned to stress their advantages when competing with urban niteries for both the city and suburban trade. Many of their ads stress patrons' free parking. It has been impressed that the customer eliminates the danger of going to inner city spots and, of course, the cost of parking near those areas.

As a result, the cafe industry has been developing a new and burgeoning market that promises to become even bigger. The talent agencies find these comparatively easy to service, since most of the selling is done by phone and only occasionally do agents have to make personal calls. They do, however, come out for openings and when extraordinary problems develop.

The motel industry, with the addition of talent, has found a new use for their restaurants. They have not only been able to increase business in the eatery, but also to provide a successful exploitation device for the motel. Most motels at this point seem to want talent on a year-round basis and not only during the slower winter months.

N.Y. Restaurant And Hotel Stunts To Woo Customers

By PAUL STEINER

New York hotels and restaurants are more and more adopting show biz methods to beat the economic slump and woo patrons. Some of the successful gimmicks used:

At the start of the hotpants craze, a midtown deli let unescorted girls in hotpants come in for a free lunch. It drew such crowds the offer was withdrawn within two weeks after the story in a business column.

To aid Women's Liberation, Holiday Inn near Manhattan's Coliseum, the largest HI in the Continental U.S., served any drink for 25c to any female in any of its bars, restaurants or via room service.

The newly-redecorated Hotel Plaza, New York, has a clerk pin a gardenia on each woman who checks in "because, when the husband is registering, there's really nothing for his wife to do." The Plaza also offers free bikes and tandems to guests who may pay as much as \$48 per day for a single, or \$58 for a double. (Good news: a tandem is even available to a guest who occupies a single!)

The Four Seasons, Manhattan posher, provides honey as sweetener for grapefruit instead of prosaic sugar, and they serve you two halves, not just one-half when you order grapefruit.

The Cattle Baron in Times Square's Hotel Edison gives clergymen their first drink free if they so identify themselves. (Says a spokesman: "With beards so popular these days, it's harder to recognize an orthodox rabbi as such.")

Lincoln Center's Footlights Cafeteria has a special curtained-off section where performers, in costume and makeup, may eat undisturbed.

Le Drugstore on 3d Ave. kindly lets you buy its fancy menu as a poster for a mere buck. (Looking at the menu is still free, though).

Rosoff's, the 72-year-old Times square landmark, is a veritable department store of customer catching gimmicks. Ask for a red flag

(Continued on page 136)

U.S. Circuses As Is

By TONY CONWAY

Falls Church, Va. Ringling-Barnum's Blue Unit opens at Venice, Fla., on Jan. 7. The Polack show will again begin its tour at Flint, Mich., later in the month, and winter units like that of James M. Cole take off to play school gymnasium and auditoriums. Still, for the most part, right now is vacation time for circus folk.

More circuses seemed to stay out later in 1971 than in recent years with both the Red and Blue units of Ringling-Barnum closing on Nov. 21 and Beatty-Cole staying out two days beyond Thanksgiving Day to close on Nov. 28. Most of the indoor shows went to the barns earlier in the month while the smaller tented outfits packed it all up in the weeks right after Labor Day. Nearly everybody seems to have had a good year, though one or two shows are talking about changing their promotion or advance organizations to produce bet-

ter results in the season now in the planning stages.

Circus Kirk, the Lutheran church-sponsored tenter from Pennsylvania, is planning on a bigger tent and more seating. There is talk of replacing their bus sleepers but we're wondering what they plan to use since the show moves on straight-body trucks rather than on semi-trailers. The show's season must be limited to the period from Memorial Day to Labor Day for the basic reason that its performer group and supporting staff is made up largely of school age (high school and college) youngsters.

Mississippi Barrier

Beatty-Cole and its smaller affiliates, King Bros. and Sells & Gray, are again wintering in Deland, Florida, with little refurbishing going on until February or March. Early in the season now concluded the rumor was that either Sells & Gray or King would

wend its way to the west coast to winter at Portland (Oregon) Meadows racetrack, owned by circus co-owner Jerry Collins. It didn't happen that way though; no Acme Corporation show traveled west of the Mississippi. On Beatty-Cole early in the season there was talk about a complete redo of the performance for the 1972 season but there has been nothing along those lines in the intervening months.

Hoxie Bros. in its 11th season on the road enlarged to a 100-foot bale ring tent with three 40-foot middle pieces capable of seating upwards of 2,500 customers. Some 18 show-owned trucks move it. There are 11 big cats in the show-owned cage act, there are eight elephants, and two pony drills and a liberty horse act. Jack Mills, who for many years owned Mills Bros. Circus, purchased 42 days of the Hoxie 1971 tour for dates in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan.

Quite pleased with the results

of "buying" Hoxie for portions of two tours, Mills told friends and circus hobbyists that he would have his own show on the road again in 1972. A "blind ad" in a trade publication, seeking used tents, seating, and trucks, is believed to have been placed by Mills, but that was early in the 1971 season and no word has come out on staffing or performers or route for a new show.

Talent Is Payoff

Circus Bartok again used its European one-ring format, beginning the season with a strong program of acts and looking forward to a healthy tour. Among the turns were Hunky Johnson and his bears and John Rusche presenting the brand new Jack Joyce Mixed Act. It is understood that Bartok "ran into its paper" — caught up with its contracted dates — in mid season and had a layoff while dates for the following weeks were contracted.

Jack Joyce, a nationally recognized trainer of hooved animals, was performance director on the Blue Unit of Ringling-Barnum in 1970 and resigned at season's end. The appearance of his new mixed act on Bartok under John Rusche didn't answer the question as to Jack's own plans. So it was with great interest that students of outdoor showbusiness learned that Jack had signed on as performance

director of the new "Buffalo Bill's Wild West & Congress of Rough Riders of the World" which had its premiere at North Platte, Nebraska, recognized by many as the historical birthplace of the original Wild West Show. Jack Joyce's association with the new "Bill Show" is interesting in that I learned somewhere that Jack was born in Europe while his father, also a fine animal trainer, was with the original "Bill Show."

Litigation

President of the new outfit is Montie Montana Jr.; Montie Montana Sr., trick rider and roper was scheduled to make frequent appearances with the show. However, Ringling-Barnum claimed ownership of the service symbol in a civil suit and much time and money was expended by both litigants over use of the title. As a result, the Montana organization did not complete its tour — although it won its suit — and returned to its Northridge, California winterquarters to plan additional financing which would enable it to fulfill its dates early in 1972.

In a similar vein, several years ago two professional shows featuring Lippizan horses engaged each other in legal entanglements. As a result, The Wonderful World of Horses, including the Royal Lippizan Stallion Show, owned by the Lashinsky brothers and Don Woods, and the Royal Lippizan Stallion Show, owned by Ottomar Hermann and his family, each had to provide a disclaimer regarding the other organization in their advertising, their programs, and in other areas where the public could confuse the two. The Lashinskys later bought out Don Woods.

Tim McCoy Still Big

As an aside, the real McCoy, Col. Tim McCoy, is still touring with the Tommy Scott-Col. Tim McCoy Country Caravan and Wild West Show, celebrated his 80th birthday during the late fall of 1971. Can you remember Tim McCoy in the movies, on the concert of Ringling-Barnum, or with his own short-lived Wild West?

The Lashinsky brothers for over a year planned a touring company to be called "Clown Alley," to feature audience participation and other innovations under the direction of Gene Kelly. In the fall of '71 they hired Rudy Bundy, former Ringling-Barnum vice president, executive director, and road treasurer, as manager of the new outfit. Still later, they renamed the show "Clowning Around." (In my own opinion, both "clown alley" and "big top" are generic terms and, as such, shouldn't be usable as titles.)

Exit Dobrich, Hamid

Two important names in the circus industry passed from the scene in calendar 1971 with the deaths of Al Dobrich, the man who supplied circus acts to the Ed Sullivan Show and went on to have his own indoor circus and supply the acts for the Las Vegas "Circus Circus," and George A. Hamid, the tumbler who became a talent scout and booker and went on to own Hamid-Morton Circus; the New Jersey State Fair, Trenton, N.J.; and the Steel Pier, Atlantic City. Two very strong personalities, there will be no duplicates of these men.

Yet another major change in the industry is suggested by the decision of Mrs. Thomas N. Packs, her daughter, Mrs. Penny (Packs) Bender, and her son-in-law, Jack Bender to assume complete control of the Tom Packs Circus and end the long-term affiliation of Karl Walenda, the internationally known wire walker, and Jack Leontini as the major officers of the show. Mrs. Packs has expressed her intention to travel with her show in 1972.

Rudy Bros. Circus, based on the west coast, followed in the tracks of James Bros. by making a coast-to-coast tour and jumping across the country to fill a string of spaced-out dates. The arrangement of these fantastic junkets is such that the impression is left that booking directors call the turns and not the show owners. James Bros. made a similar tour several years ago.

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The Big Layoff

"Or . . . Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Unemployed Comedians, But Knew They'd Never Tell You Anyway"

By JACKIE KANNON

A few months ago disaster went for my throat—literally. While doing my act at the Ratfink Room and in the midst of warbling a Sol Weinstein song parody on "If I Could Talk to The Animals" (and this man's parodies have left more than one performer with a perforated larynx), my voice gave way and, voila! (a French word I picked up watching "The Galloping Gourmet" eviscerate a leftover hog maw from Julia Child), my career came to a crashing silence.

The malady, diagnosed as singer's polyps or nodules by a doctor who had been a frequent visitor to my bistro, evoked this comment from that medico: "Jackie, I know your kind of material by heart. Consequently, you'll be the only

comedian in the business who'll have to have his throat treated by Preparation H."

In due time this Marcus Welby of the Mafia removed two vital lumps—one from my throat, the other my wallet—and there I was, out of work for the first time since I had been a member of an unsuccessful highwire act—the Falling Facendas. If you don't remember us, surely you recall the leading act on that bill: the cowardly dance team of Norman & Nora Page, known in **VARIETY** as "The Yellow Pages." (Yes, I do deserve to be out of work after that line.)

So "The Big Layoff" began; the plucky little dwarf who had built the Ratfink Room into "The Shrine of the Swine, The Place Where

The Scum Come To Hum" was, after seven consecutive years of entertaining New Yorkers and tourists alike (the basic difference being that the former came to the club to mug the latter) was without a gig. What does a comic do in a fallow period? Little things to take his mind off his hard luck: he reads some of the periodicals that have been piling up in his magazine rack (and, say, wasn't that awful about the Titanic?), he reacquaints himself with his long-neglected wife and gets involved in perverse acts of physical contact like good-morning handshakes. He stays up until 3 a.m. to watch Vera Hruba Ralston and John Payne in such late-late show epics as "The Last Nurse To Be Raped on Bataan" (with John Payne as the last nurse). But mostly he broods because a thousand freaky things are happening in the world which are perfect for nightclub comedy fodder—Nixon nominating Judge Crater for the Supreme Court; Muskie's potential as a President (and after all those years of Polish jokes there's a chance we might elect one); Marlon Brando's selection as "The Godfather," which has been so de-ethnicized that the

plot now concerns itself with a WASP conspiracy to take over all the 4-H Clubs in America; Nixon's planned visit to China (after Kissinger told him that's the only place to get a decent pizza); The Year of the Crippled Cop on TV ("Ironside" in a wheelchair, Cannon, so horribly overweight he risks a hernia everytime he draws his Colt .45, "Longstreet" who can't see at all, and next year's hero, "Squash," a private eye who solves his cases from the hospital ward to which he was taken after being run over by Ironside's wheelchair—and he can't deliver them because of a throat that's rawer than Rusty Warren's monologs.)

But little by little the healing process took over. I was soon able to discard the Preparation H and, even better, the doctor and devote myself to the business at hand—stealing Henny Youngman's new act and going back to the only place where I feel alive and wanted, the floor of a nitery.

So watch out, world. One of these days there'll be a bigger and better Ratfink Room with a seating capacity of almost 40 people (go for broke is my motto), a new set

of degenerates to amuse and a host of up-to-date witticisms planted by my pressagent in Earl Wilson's column, such as "Jackie Kannon said it was so hot today he went by Grant's Tomb and the door was open!"

Kirk Circus, From Pa., A Show Biz Training Ground For Collegians

By L. DAVID HARRIS

East Berlin, Pa.

Circus Kirk, a full three-ring traveling tented circus at winter quarters here, is heading into its third season. It is staffed primarily by college students many of whom use it as a training ground for further professional work in circuses, music, the dance or other forms of show business.

Last summer's tour included almost 150 shows in 73 different communities in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Maryland. It operates on a budget of almost \$95,000 and travels on a fleet of 16 trucks, trailers and campers, according to Dr. Charles W. Boas, its owner.

Last summer's tour numbered approximately 54 troupers, all college students except for the show's chaplain, its mechanical superintendent and Dr. Boas.

Booking has already begun for next summer. As in last season, shows will be locally sponsored. Last summer's daily receipts averaged about \$1,300, he said, with some days approaching and going more than \$3,000.

At present at least six of the show's alumni have joined professional circuses and this has created some new openings for the coming summer, Dr. Boas said. Openings are now available for performers (aerialists, acrobats, clowns, magicians, animal trainers, wirewalkers, jugglers, etc.), as well as for mechanics, cooks, riggers, animal trainers, concessionaires and musicians for its brass band.

Circus Kirk is nationally sponsored by the Central Pennsylvania Synod of the Lutheran Church in America, but it is financially self-sustaining. "Kirk" is a Scandinavian word for "church," Dr. Boas said, explaining the show is run as an interracial, ecumenical group "dedicated to love, peace and brotherhood and a sharing of religious faiths on a day-to-day basis."

The show's owner, Dr. Boas, during the circus off-season, is chairman of the social studies department of York (Pa.) College. His experience includes years with Clyde Beatty-Cole Bros., Sells & Gray, Carson & Barnes and Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus.

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JERRY LEWIS

ALAN KING

IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER

PRESENTS

PALACE

CAREERS

Gold Records Of 1971

(Continued from page 110)

DATE AWARDED 1970	LABEL	TITLE	ARTISTS
Sept. 13	Invictus	She's Not Just Another Woman (S)	The 8th Day
Sept. 13	MGM	Osmonds	The Osmond Bros.
Sept. 13	Columbia	Greatest Hits	Andy Williams
Sept. 15	RCA	Poems, Prayers and Promises	John Denver
Sept. 16	Decca	Who's Next	The Who
Sept. 21	Apple	Uncle Albert/Admiral Halsey (S)	Paul & Linda McCartney
Sept. 21	Sussex	Ain't No Sunshine (S)	Bill Withers
Sept. 23	Hot Wax	Stick-Up	Honey Cone
Sept. 27	Warner	Master of Reality	Black Sabbath
Sept. 27	Bell	Sound Magazine	Partridge Family
Oct. 1	Apple	Imagine	John Lennon
Oct. 1	Mercury	Maggie May	Rod Stewart
Oct. 5	Columbia	Santana	Santana
Oct. 13	Dunhill	Harmony	Three Dog Night
Oct. 13	MGM	Go Away Little Girl (S)	Donny Osmond
Oct. 18	A & M	Superstar (S)	The Carpenters
Oct. 18	UA	Fiddler on the Roof—soundtrack	Var. artists
Oct. 18	A & M	Teaser and the Firecat	Cat Stevens
Oct. 22	Vanguard	The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down (S)	Joan Baez
Oct. 25	Atco	At Fillmore East	The Allman Bros.

(Continued on page 130)

Boston One-Liners

By ART MOGER

Boston.

Milton Berle once said "A press agent's greatest asset is his lieability." Here are some other one-liners I wish I had said:

My kids can't watch Mickey Mouse. He gives them Disney spells.

Has anyone called the head of the New York lottery "The Wizard of Odds"?

If Johnny Unitas of the Baltimore Colts opened up a series of steakhouses from coast to coast would he call them: "The Unitas Steaks of America"?

Egotism is a drug that enables some people to live with themselves.

We understand that some savage tribes in Africa pay no taxes. Then what makes them savage?

The difference between history and hysteria is the spelling.

A producer just made a movie about a doctor rated "GP".

A street lamppost never hits an

automobile except in self-defense.

Sign on a store which went bankrupt after two weeks' business: "OPENED BY MISTAKE."

April showers bring May double-headers.

Credit the late, great Fred Allen with: A conference is a gathering of important people who singly can do nothing, but together can decide that nothing can be done.

A man is as old as he feels. A woman is as old as she feels—like admitting.

An Army rifle weighs 8.69 pounds. After it has been carried a few miles, the decimal point drops out.

Love starts when she sinks in your arms and ends with her arms in the sink.

Israel's Battle Of Tourist Bulge

By FRANK MEYER

Jerusalem.

As many as 850,000 tourists is expected here in 1973, the 25th anniversary of the Jewish state, according to Hanoch Givton, director general of the Ministry of Tourism. In an address to directors of foreign air lines operating here, he said so far 1971 has seen an unprecedented 36% increase in visitors, with total by year's end to be up a solid 30%. Projections show an increase of 15% in 1972 and an added 25% a year later.

Politely put, the problem is where to put everyone in 1973. From mid-1971 to April, 1973, Israel will add 3,500 new hotel rooms and additional 2,000 rooms in private homes, a one-third increase in available space. There will also be 1,300 beds in camping grounds, 700 more in youth hostels, plus as many as 600 new beds in kibbutz and other settlement guest houses.

But despite the additions, the ministry is hunting 2,000 more beds and Givton suggested airlines might get into the hotel business, as has been done in other countries. El Al, Air France and a third company, which he would not name (probably because its property is in territories occupied during the 1967 war), are already involved.

As to service, Givton said this is the point which will "either build us up or destroy us". The Productivity Institute has been asked to prepare a plan for improving service. Reportedly, the ministry has invited U.S. travel agents here to discuss complaints leveled against service on both ends.

Tourism statistics show a 41% rise in U.S. guests from June to August, with some 100,000 arriving. European tourism over the same period jumped 37%, with sharp increases during 1971 from all over the world except Asia. Added boon to shopkeepers here has been a merchants' strike in Beirut. Tourists, stopping at Haifa after Lebanon, have been buying their Middle Eastern souvenirs in Israel.

There may be more tourists, but they're spending less, probably because of the numerous young people who hitched rides and spent many nights sleeping out or "crashing" in student dorms. The latter is a practice frowned upon by college officials.

May figures show a 19% drop in spending, which was offset by an increase in volume, the final total being up 16% from a year earlier. In May tourists spent an average of \$278 per capita, compared to \$342 in 1970.

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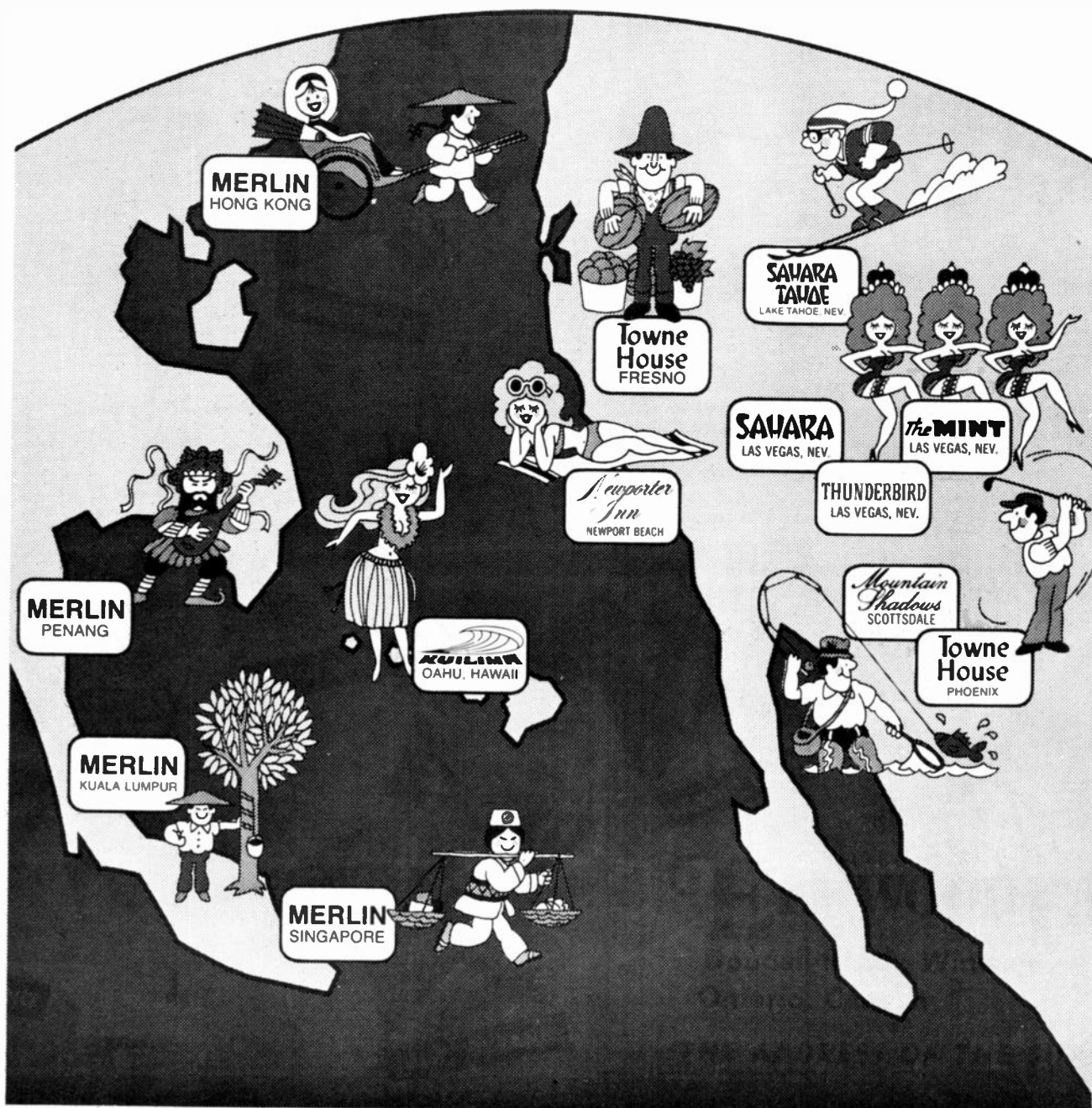
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Gold Records Of 1971

Continued from page 128

DATE AWARDED 1970	LABEL	TITLE	ARTISTS
Oct. 26	ABC	James Gang Rides Again	James Gang
Oct. 26	Hi	Tired of Being Alone (S)	Al Green
Oct. 29	Atco	Thin Line Between Love and Hate (S)	The Persuaders
Nov. 2	Bell	Christmas Card	Partridge Family
Nov. 8	Columbia	There's A Riot Goin' On	Sly and the Family Stone
Nov. 9	Columbia	Live at Carnegie Hall	Chicago
Nov. 15	Reprise	Blue	Joni Mitchell
Nov. 15	Warner Bros.	Grateful Dead	Grateful Dead
Nov. 16	Columbia	Led Zeppelin	Led Zeppelin
Nov. 17	MGM	Yo-Yo (S)	The Osmonds
Nov. 19	Kapp	Gypsies, Tramps & Thieves (S)	Cher
Nov. 29	Capitol	E Pluribus Funk	Grand Funk Railroad
Nov. 29	Capitol	Easy Loving (S)	Freddie Hart
Nov. 30	Epic	Family Affair (S)	Sly and the Family Stone
Nov. 30	Westbound	Trapped By A Thing Called Love (S)	Denise LaSalle
Dec. 6	Columbia	Barbra Joan Streisand	Barbra Joan Streisand
Dec. 9	Reprise	Rainbow Bridge	Jimi Hendrix
Dec. 9	Sussex	Scorpio (S)	Dennis Coffey & The Detroit Guitar Band
Dec. 9	Columbia	A Space in Time	Ten Years After
Dec. 9	Ode	Carole King Music	Carole King
Dec. 13	Buddah	Candles in the Rain	Melanie
Dec. 13	Atlantic	All in the Family	Original Cast
Dec. 13	Atlantic	Rock Steady (S)	Aretha Franklin
Dec. 13	MGM	Donny Osmond Album	Donny Osmond

Sampling West Europe's Show Biz

Yank Tourist Views Night Life On 17-Day Bus Tour Through Nine Countries

By JOHN W. QUINN

Kansas City. Show biz on the international level as seen in western Europe is something less than the average American encounters in his usual urban haunts. That is a basic impression garnered while on a recent whirlwind 17-day (and night) bus tour covering nine countries, with principal stops in Paris, Rome, Lucerne and London.

The American Express Carefree Carousel entourage of 46, including this K.C. correspondent and the Mrs., assembled in Paris and bused over 3,500 miles from Paris south to Nimes and Nice, east to Genoa, south to Pisa and Rome, north to Florence and Venice and Innsbruck, west to Lucerne, north to Heidelberg, Koblenz and Amsterdam, airing to London for the finale.

The paramount purpose being eyeball bulging, this was well arranged by A.E. with much ground

covered and much info spread in quick order. Native guides speaking English of the British variety did the honors in the hubs. They made the antiquities of Rome, the artistry of Florence, the history of Paris and London very impressive.

The sightseeing tours by formula end at a curio factory, cameos in Rome, leather in Florence, glass in Venice, diamonds in Amsterdam, etc. where the tourists pick up many mementos and A.E. the commissions. When this is over at the end of the day, thoughts quickly turn to the lively arts, and this proved not the easiest to find.

The language problems almost automatically ruled out the cinemas, if they could be spotted. They were very evident along the Champs Elysees and in London's heart, of course, but only occasionally located at the other stops. Title changes on the American films, and the difficulty of translation also posed an initial problem and raised the question, "Did we see that one back home?" Consequently, no filmgoing by any of the entourage.

The language barriers seemed less stringent on the live entertainment and the group more readily went for it, again more plentiful in Paris and London, if a bit steep. A dinner and show at the Moulin Rouge came to \$24 per person (including one drink), and probably 20 of the tour went for the package.

Others went for a tour of three nightclubs, offered through the hotels at about \$21 per person, including dinner and show at a smaller club, another show at a second club and winding at the Moulin Rouge, one drink included at each club.

A cursory look around the Latin Quarter showed a few bistros with an entertainer, but not the plentitude of our native K.C., which probably has 100 lounges and cafes with performers, several of them names. Better familiarity with the local scene possibly could turn up more entertainment more easily accessible.

Outside the big capitals the plushy mounted, fluffy shows are out, and native charm is the thing. Innsbruck, for example, offered a show of folk lore at only \$1.50 per head, no drink included, with Tyrolean costumes and five-piece band, various polkas very decorously performed, and the singularly Austrian "schusplatzen."

Dances by the men featuring shoe slapping and wood chopping in rhythm and the polkas by a couple from the troupe were first rate. But a xylophone solo by an orch member and zither numbers by a grandma (actually in glasses, sweater and granny gown) put some drag in the show. Nevertheless, the performance at a large cafe, ill equipped for staging, is the major lure at night in this Alpine, tourist mecca.

Lucerne has a true night club in the Flora Gardens and a leading comic in Alfredo apparently a longtime fixture at the spot. His forte is a wide range of facial expressions and impressions, abetted with ping pong balls in the cheeks, all on a high pro level. He's backed and spelled by a hotly band, complete with girl singer.

Alfredo manages an international appeal with much pantomime and antics and little language. However, he obligingly makes his

(Continued on page 134)

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Economic Pinch Limits Mexican Import Of Acts

Mexico City.

Night club owners here are crying the blues and to keep costs down, refraining from importing topliners. Mexican public—reflecting the world's economic disturbance—isn't spending as much on entertainment currently. Bars and restaurants in and out of hotels are utilizing home talent, which appeals to tourists anyhow.

Disk pressers reported a sizeable drop in platter sales.

Light fluff still continues to be the No. 1 legit attraction although serious plays are making some headway, reflecting changing tastes of local audiences. Imports like "Butterflies Are Free"; "Effect of Gamma Rays on Marigolds" and "Home" were successful and more actors are looking for properties to stage here on their own. Impresario Bob Lerner and Manolo Fabregas continue their policy of acquiring international clicks. All do not succeed here. "Promises, Promises" ooped and "Sleuth" was only fairly effective.

Changing tastes were again reflected in the smashing success of the six-week International Opera Season sponsored by the National Institute of Fine Arts.

Who'll Save Culture?

(Continued from page 111)

the Met sold out for most performances with the possible exception of occasional excuse-it-please works like "The Last Savage" "Antony & Cleopatra" or "Mourning Becomes Electra."

Never let it be denied that Bing did takes chances or that he suffered for his daring. Bear this in mind in the second (not the first) season of Gentile when the Swede shall then be firmly in charge, and not partially hemmed in by decisions made for him well ahead. (The Met right now is probably booking for 1974-75.)

On the managerial plateau the Met under Gentile will have only one assistant manager held over from Bing's tenure, namely Francis Robinson, the press chief who has also long managed the seven-week spring tour. John Gutman departs with Bing, while good-humoredly appreciating the kind word that he is younger than Bing.

Two other assistant managers leaving the Met come this May are Herman Krawitz and Robert Herman. Latter, the son of Babe Ruth, the baseball legend, has been mentioned as being groomed to replace Bing, but that idea never budded. One newcomer under Gentile is already set. He is Schuyler Chapin, lately with Leonard Bernstein's musical film company but before that the founding year's manager of the New York Film Festival.

While everybody expects some sweeping changes at the Met, these are under the usual cloak of confidence.

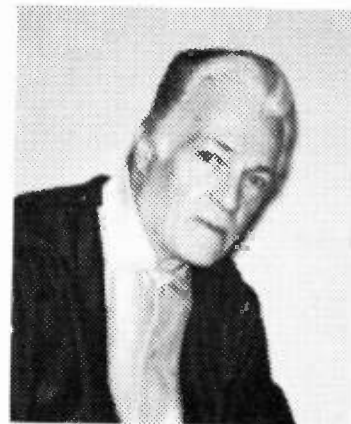
As To Susidy

There remains the broad question of subsidy of the performing arts. To what extent does "easy money" spoil or seduce concerts? Is the big urban cultural complex, draining off Government, foundation, private fortune and even foreign nation donations, a sound or necessary enterprise? Nobody may be completely sure.

The Atlanta Arts Center opened and went kaput almost in one convulsive moment.

The John F. Kennedy cluster drew some of the most devastating criticisms ever levelled at culture, and immediately became a tourist-trap unable to afford the security guards to stop the Kennedy fans stealing the place naked for souvenirs.

As for the in-fighting within the constituent members of the happy Lincoln Center family, there lurks therein the makings of a novel, say "The Godfather" of culture.



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Sam Lesner—Chicago Daily News

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Kansas City Guy's Pub Crawl

(Continued from page 130)

intros each time in French, Italian, German and English. Here again the audience is highly international, even including delegations (mostly tours) from Hong Kong, Japan, Brazil and South Africa. Prix fixe for the show is \$3.50 American, including one drink. In London the group opted for dinner at Verrey's, followed by a

show at the Palladium, one of the last bastions of vaude. Dinner, show and transportation \$10 per head, tea or coffee included, wine or hard liquor separate. The Palladium shows are legend to Americans, most of them seeing it for the first time and fully enjoying the bill.

Show caught was headed by Tommy Cooper, pop-singer Anita Harris, pianist Russ Conway as

guest star; droll Clive Dunn as the grandpa of comedy with Dorothy Dampier; adagio dancers Francois Szony & Rita Agnese; Swedish acros, The Stupids; the Palladium dancers (14), the Bel Canto singers (6) and an orch directed by Robert Lowe.

Nothing compelling or clamorous about this show. But it was a pleasant evening for touring Americans

(several other tour groups being in the audience), and vaguely reminiscent of New York's Radio City Music Hall, but without a film.

Some interest was shown among the tourists for the West End legit shows, which seemed to be in plenty. However, the difficulty of getting good tickets on short notice switched the travelers to the cavernous Palladium.

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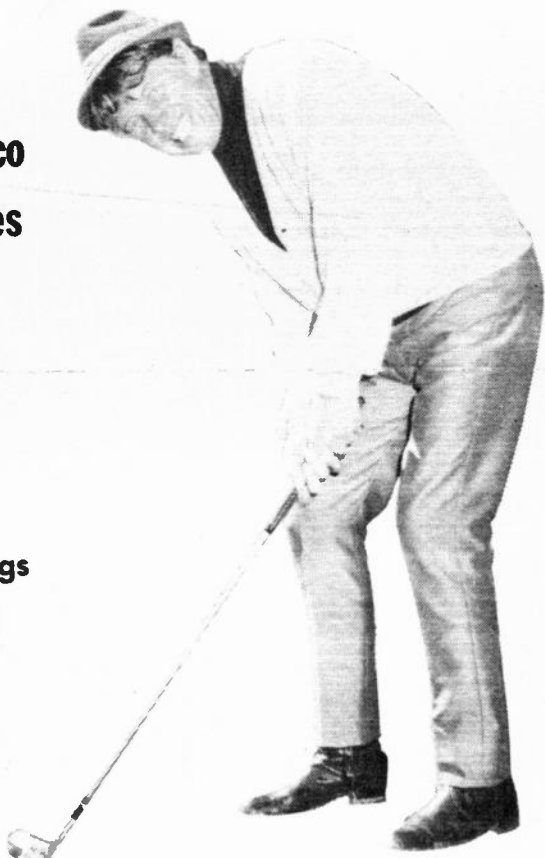
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Val-De-Vire Revisited

By EDWIN J. BARRETT

Olivier Basselin—A French poet, born in the Val-de-Vire, Normundy, about 1350; died there (?) about 1419. His career has been investigated with some pains because of the assertion that the vocabulary of theatrical and poetical literature is indebted to him for the word "vaudeville."

—Library of the World's Best Literature (1897).

When I was a lad my mother would say,
"Run the errands and we'll go to Proctor's Saturday."
Initially, in Newark, we were Keeney customers, *et ensuite*.
We switched to Proctor's Palace, in Market Street.
Daily, after school, I performed each chore,
Anticipating eagerly the matinee in store.

And now these palsied hands applaud.
A roster of the golden days of vaude.
Tomorrow, I daresay, I'll be contrite
For having skipped a few tonight . . .

Two Evas I recall in their heyday:
Miss "I Don't Care" Tanguay and the occult Mrs. Fay.
Dick Harding Davis fan, I glimpsed with joy
His winsome widow, "Yama Yama" Bessie McCoy.
Conversely, a tragic figure I saw
Was the aging Evelyn Nesbit Thaw.
Circa 1919, Ben Bernie—personality warm—
Did a single, with fiddle, in Navy uniform.
Among other comic talents there
Were *les quatre Marx freres*.

How Keith's Palace would, with abandon, rock
At George Rockwell's medical lingo—delightful Doc!
Creator of ineffable fun
Was Frank Fay, "Broadway's Favorite Son."
Guffaws without surcease
Attended a zany afterpiece;
Fay, Harry Jans, Harold Whalen were seen,
Ribbing Owen McGivney, Dickensian protean.

Notable, natch, was any bill
Topped by Joe Cook of Evansville,
Whose fantastic baseball routine
Remains in memory forever green.
Another comedian I highly rate:
Bert Wheeler, munching apple, on the stage prostrate..
Certainly I must not fail
To include Charles (Chic) Sale,
Who, after troupng many a year,
Enjoyed a brief literary career.

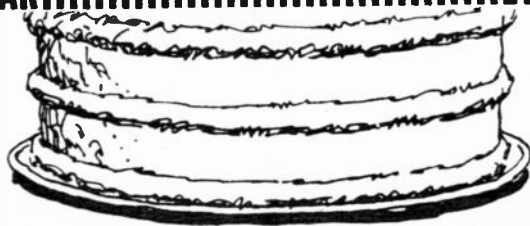
A zestful feeling enters these creaky bones
At thought of Harry Fox and line of hotel crones.
Remember the sketches? I look fondly back
To "Kick In" and handsome Willard Mack;
Bert Lytell in "The Valiant," penned, as I recall,
By Robert Middlemass and Holworthy Hall.

Years—decades—have flown and still I long
For an echo of Osterman, "Singing a Vagabond Song."
Not alone, I feel sure, am I
In mourning Jackie, too young to die.
He was thirtyseven. At the same age,
Puckish Joe Penner was beckoned from the stage.

Songsmiths announcing: "And then I wrote—"
In the lyrical cavalcade I recall
Percy Wenrich, Lieutenant Gitz Rice, Benny Davis, J. Fred Coots,
Ernie Ball . . .
The hour is late. I begin to nod,
But before I summon the matchless Nimrod,
I hoist *une verre de* (Maryland) *vin*

To toast the benefactor, Basselin.
And now, repose. It's been a long night.
Come. General Pisano, shoot out the light.

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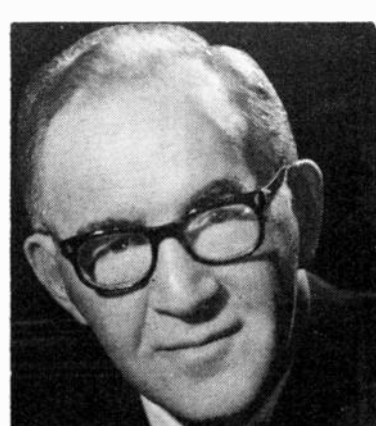
Creedence Clearwater Revival



Miles Davis



Duke Ellington



Benny Goodman



Mahalia Jackson



B. B. King



Gordon Lightfoot



Nana Mouskouri



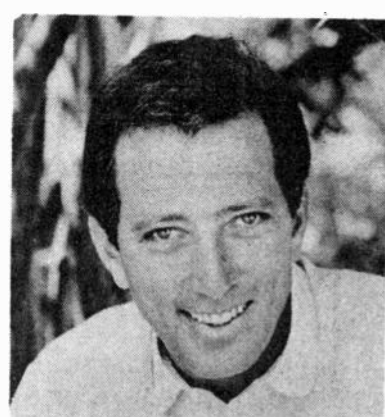
Peter, Paul and Mary



Ike and Tina Turner



Dionne Warwick

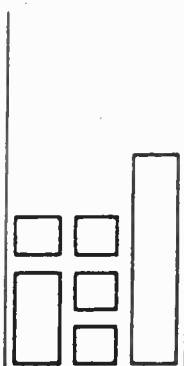


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Scrawl-To-Wall Carping

—By HAROLD EMERY—

Do your kids a favor—don't have any!

A modern Western is where you see the heroines saddle-sores!

Sleeping Beauty was a lazy slut.

Garbo's home was a tank town.

Chinese sex is simply gland!

Pen pals should be investigated by the warden.

Sick jokes are jest around the corner!

Soap opera—where sopranos have base vices.

Don't call Arthur Fiedler "Pop."

Rand-McNally is from know where!

Playboy Magazine is dedicated to the proposition!

Fear not—Spiro is on the watch.

Martha Mitchell is a tongue-tide lady.

The Berrigans are papal tigers.

A successful horror show pilot is eerie sponsor-able!

Elevator shoes allow a runt-increase!

Mr. Nixon, make one thing perfectly clear—the atmosphere!

Tonto was an Uncle Tom-Tom.

Kin-folk are richer than cain't-folk.

Welfare investigators have the right to bare alms.

Is country music our gross Nashville product?

Gay Lib is not the same outfit as United Fruit!

Hobo conversation is a bum rap!

Paul Steiner

(Continued from page 123)

for your table and your waiter will give you extra rush-rush service. Don't request the flag and you're in for a leisurely dinner. Make a phone reservation and host Al Newman sees to it that a card is placed on your table with a dime as refund. Rosoff's also has kiddie menus that turn into fancy face masks, free candy to take along to a show, a "drinkwich" that entitles you to a free drink, free weekly stock market lectures, and a magicians' roundtable where magic men from all over the globe meet each day to exchange ideas and tricks and where interested visitors are always welcome.

Chez Vito, the elegant east side spot, entertains nightly with four topnotch opera singers, with Callas-trained Ari Onassis chiming in on occasion.

The Proof of the Pudding, elegant restaurant on Manhattan's upper east side, boasts that its coffee chiffon pie is made with Sanka "for nervous people who otherwise cannot sleep."

For Sunday brunch, the Rainbow Room offers strawberry soup.

Old fashioned Mr. Jennings' Rose-Marie, probably the world's most expensive icecream parlor, on East 70th St., offers icecream gift certificates to patrons for up to \$100 for "needy kids."

Jackie Sat Here

Le Madrigal, elegant French spot on East 52d St., lets you sit in the very chair occasionally occupied by Jackie Onassis—provided you make your reservation early enough.

The Coffee Mill not only has a quick-sketch portrait artist on hand, but also offers character analysis by hypnotist-seeress Rochelle Forest.

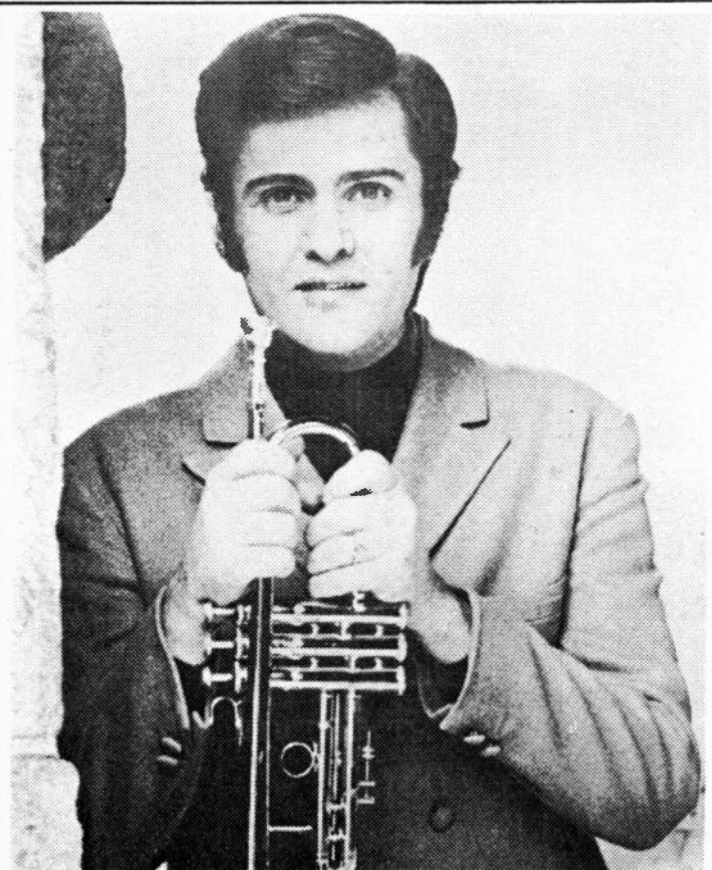
Chang's Chinese on West 50th St. is so ecumenical it serves smorgasbord.

Women guests at the Gaslight Clubs in (N. Y., Boston, Chicago, Bev. Hills, etc.) are provided with foot pillows so they can take off their shoes and be comfy. It's also very easy to spot the cigaret gal at the Gaslight—she's always the tallest beaut in the place.

The Cleopatra, one of the few authentic Egyptian restaurants in New York City, proudly points out that only "kosher-style meats" are served. Cleo's ladies' room also reveal that fine French perfume is available, gratis from a huge dispenser.

Serendipity, located in the Girl Ghetto (N.Y.'s 2d and 3d Ave.) features such unique health foods as apricot walnut yogurt cake.

Homey touch at the St. Regis: when the maid turns down the bed at night she puts mints on each night table with a card, "Management wishes you a good night."



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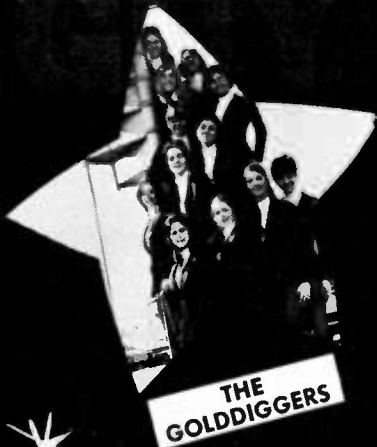
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SUPREMES



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Present-Day Talent Agents

(Continued from page 123)

the talent agent. And that goes for the entire spectrum of show business: personal appearances, television, motion pictures, and the legitimate theatre.

Personal Appearances, Plus

In the field of personal appearances, innovation has meant going out and literally opening up new performance arenas.

It was an inventive talent agent who built substantial boxoffice grosses for popular singers and comedians in summer theatres. It was a persuasive talent agent who broke traditional molds in personal appearance outlets — by convincing several famous hotels, for example, that a contemporary American or English singer would be a bigger draw in posh nightclubs than a French chanteuse. By the same token, this displaced chanteuse turned out to be just the right personality to perk business on a cruise ship and in a South American Intercontinental Hotel.

At home, another growth area stimulated by talent agents has been that grassroots institution,

the State Fair. It took an imaginative agent to convince state fair managers to pay the top fees commanded by superstars, whose performances, in turn have generated supergross receipts.

As a result, state fair patrons in Wisconsin, Pennsylvania or Nebraska are seeing productions that win plaudits in Las Vegas or New York.

Television Today

The role of the talent agent in packaging television shows has always been a major one. Now, more than ever, more innovations and new directions are the order of the day, as a result of reduced network programming and slashed advertising budgets.

This has meant that an agent specializing in television has had to be doubly creative in putting together all the elements vital to new programming. In some instances this might have meant taking a show initially produced abroad and selling it in the United States. In other instances, it might have meant developing a package

for a client to be produced abroad — where facilities are excellent and production costs are lower.

Or it might have meant assisting a client in acquiring a format for a series produced abroad and adapting it for U.S. audiences. A good example of this approach is "All in the Family."

Innovation in television has also taken an offbeat twist. Smart agents are now doing everything possible to attract top talent — screenwriters, directors, producers — back to the medium which cradled them. The ultimate objective, of course, is to put together a program so strong that it will command not only network attention, but will win wide public acceptance.

New Directions In Pix

Of all the basic components of the entertainment field, the motion picture industry has felt the recession most acutely, perhaps because many of its basic problems go back even further.

The upshot here has been a radical change in approach, technique and thrust. And in all of these factors, the talent agent has played a major role.

The forward-looking agent long ago recognized that a key ingredient for the future of the American film industry was to establish

a pattern by which the initial negative costs of a motion picture were minimized, but the possibility of ultimate reward for all participants was maximized. The talent agency thus became a strong advocate of gross and net participation deals for clients — versus the archaic system of high cash fees.

In this process, the talent agent has become a major entrepreneurial force in the motion picture industry. For he must have the managerial acumen to shepherd a motion picture project from its creative infancy through its final release — and beyond. He has to put together compatible producers and directors, the right stars and cast, as well as supervise the maze of financing and distribution deals, the advertising and promotion, and subsequently arrange for a tight-fisted accounting procedure on behalf of his clients in the project.

In addition to working closely with conventional sources — such as major established studios and distribution companies — the talent agent has been a catalyst in setting up independent production companies by bringing together a combination of the clients he represents. A model for such production companies of the future — in which the control is vested in the creative artists — might well be

The First Artists' Production Co. Ltd. This cooperative venture was set up by Paul Newman, Barbra Streisand, Sidney Poitier and Steve McQueen, with Creative Management Associates acting as an aggressive midwife. The ultimate result for the artists will be the creation of a liquid public security of which each will own a significant portion.

As they always have and always will, trends have come and trends have gone in the entertainment industry over the past 66 years. I have been witness to many of them over the past 40. But at no time in the past, more than now, has the creative artist — with the aid of an imaginative talent agent — been in a stronger position to be master of his own destiny.

Las Vegas

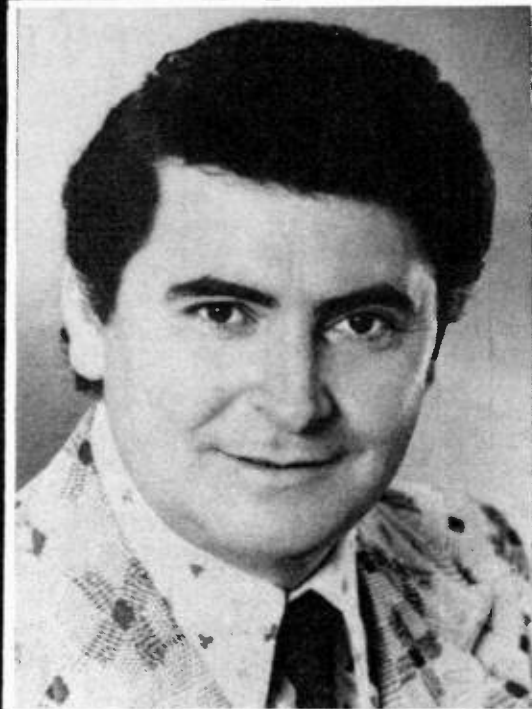
(Continued from page 123)

4.1% during the summer tourist season. Edward Bowers, Gaming Commission secretary avowed that the state, despite uncertainty of business, had a very "respectable" showing. "I believe," he said, "the stock market effect on the 'high roller' has an impact on the gambling picture, particularly on the Strip." Bowers further indicated that heavy spenders focus on the plush spots in Vegas, where average-income individuals gather in Reno, Lake Tahoe and downtown Vegas.

Late fall headline in the Review-Journal spelled out, "LV tourism up; economy slumps." But that didn't mean a slumping Vegas economy, just the nation. "In spite of high prices and rising unemployment, Las Vegas tourism, marketing and finance is on the upswing," was the lead paragraph. The occasion was a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, where little or no bad news was presented to the assembled boosters. Bankers crowded and preened over the "up" figures, somehow avoiding the sticky wicket of unemployment at all-time high in Clark County at 8.1%. But, said a banker, the figure is countered by "an alltime high in employment."

Herb McDonald, Sahara-Nevada Corp. veep asked for a 5-10-15 year game plan to keep growth patterns healthy and noted that even in the midst of the wage-price freeze, both MGM and Caesars Palace had announced plans for new hotels, and airline companies continue to put into operation additional flights to Vegas.

The MGM venture, referred to by McDonald, is vaunted at being the "world's largest resort hotel," with over 2,000 rooms, a high-rise on 42 acres of the now defunct Bonanza Hotel owned by Kirk Kerkorian, major stockholder in MGM, and builder of the International, which is now the LV Hilton.



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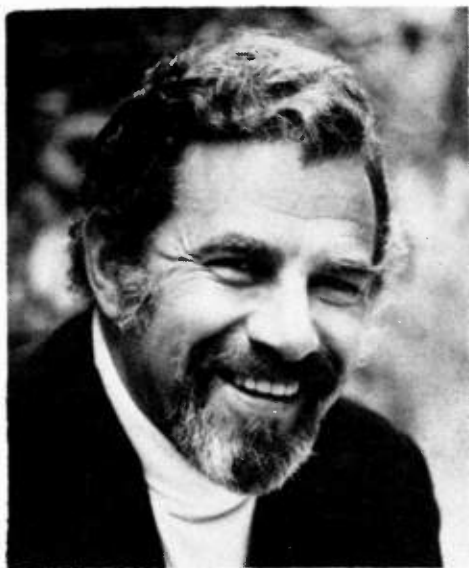
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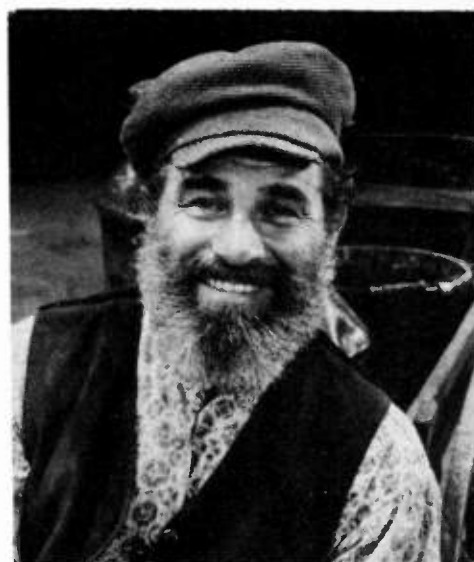
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Current Craze For Mysticism B.O. Boon For That 'New' Black Magic

By MILBOURNE CHRISTOPHER
(Author of "ESP, Seers & Psychics")

The current craze for mysticism has boosted business not only for professed psychics, clairvoyants and astrologers, but for legitimate mystifiers as well. Dr. Richard Ireland, who claims supernatural powers, appears in Nevada night clubs answering written questions with his eyes bandaged; Kuda Bux, the magician with the best blindfold routine in the business, drives as a special feature at automobile races, though lumps of dough have been pressed into his eyesockets and his head is wound with yards of surgical tape and tied with six opaque towels.

Peter Hurkos, the psychic who fingered the wrong man in the "Boston Strangler" case, clutches sealed envelopes during his personal appearances. Inside are spectator's rings, watches or wallets. He amazes those who come to see him by such statements as, "There are four members in your family. You live in a house at the corner of a block. You were in an operating room two-three years ago."

George Kreskin by contrast states that he is not a psychic: yet he reels off names and addresses

of those present, predicts in advance the word which will be selected from a telephone book. He also demonstrates what most people call hypnotism, but he insists is applied suggestion.

In these days of witchcraft cults, great interest in parapsychology, astrology and mediumistic wonders, an ESP or occult tag on an attraction is almost a guarantee for SRO. The public is eager to see the impossible and will credit the adapt performer with strange powers, though he does not claim them.

At the University of Wisconsin in Madison I prefaced my performance with the statement that I was not a psychic, that what I was about to do was impossible, though perhaps in the future everyone might be able to duplicate the feats with the power of the mind alone. I told a girl volunteer from the audience the name of her pet cat, the city she planned to visit in the Spring, and the first name of her best friend. Another spectator chose a page in a mystery magazine, concentrated on the first few lines and I called them off. I stood at the back of the auditorium after two men had shuffled a deck of cards, and specifying before I began which spectator would win

the game. Though I was heavily blindfolded while a mock murder was enacted I identified the weapon and found the "killer."

A newspaper reporter questioned members of the audience after the show. Most said that though I disclaimed psychic talent, they believed I had superhuman abilities.

In Wichita, Kansas, during a feat in which I predict in advance the sum of several numbers written by members of the audience, I pointed to a feminine face in the fourth row and said, "I have the impression that you're good at addition, would you total the numbers." The woman stood up and came to the stage. For the first time it was evident to me and the audience that she was pregnant. Afterwards several people made a point of telling me that my remark about her being "good at addition" was another indication that I was psychic.

Can't Control Elements

I lectured on "ESP, Seers and Psychics" in London in April. As I was about to produce "spirit raps" on a table, I held up my hand and asked for absolute silence. At that precise moment there was a loud clap of thunder and a heavy downpour of rain. I assured my audience I could not control the weather, but a short bespectacled man visited me backstage and asked me to conjure up a sunny weekend for his trip to the country.

Mystics have always been potent at the boxoffice. Anna Eva Fay toured successfully in America, in Britain and as far east as Russia. For more than 50 years, until she retired in 1924.

CURRENT COMEDY

By ROBERT ORBEN

The Silent Majority is three people in an elevator with Jane Fonda and Martha Mitchell.

Isn't it great the way you always read a legal contract before signing it and you still have no idea what it's all about? To this day, I'm always hurt when I'm not invited to the party of the first part.

An idea for a TV medical series—Jack Benny as a doctor who teaches surgery. We'll call it: "Now Cut That Out!"

Just can't trust Red China. Any country that has 800,000,000 people and claims table tennis is their favorite indoor sport—will lie about other things too.

Just saw the first Western that makes sense. Totie Fields goes up to Kate Smith and says, "This town ain't big enough for both of us!"

Let your wife know that you think about her occasionally. Grit your teeth!

Companies are hiring 23-year-old presidents for their youthful thinking, and it really works. A company treasurer went into the chief executive's office and said, "We owe \$32,000,000; we have no operating capital and the banks are calling in their loans. What'll we do?" Here's where the 23-year-old president summoned up all of his youthful experience. He said, "First—round up all the deposit bottles!"

Know a corporate vicepresident who's so young, it's embarrassing. He was involved in a child molesting case. What made it so embarrassing—he was the child.

An insurance salesman spent the afternoon in an X-rated movie. Went back to the office and wrote on his call report: "Saw two people who weren't covered."

My PR man just came up with an idea that could get me mentioned 382 times in the national budget. All I have to do is change my name to Deficit.

Two booking agents were watching President Lincoln as he finished the Gettysburg Address. One turned to the other and said, "That's the problem with Abe. Good material, good delivery, good finish—but he can't give you time!"

A bagel is a recruiting office for dentists.

Took my 10-year-old to a G-rated movie and she had a wonderful time. I think she had a wonderful time. Tell me, is "icky" good or bad?

Glad President Nixon never became a comic. How would that sound—Shticky Dicky?

My doctor has a peculiar sense of humor. He fitted me for a combination neck brace, back support and hernia belt. Said I should wear it in good health!

Happiness is that brief glorious moment between the time your wife says she's going to get you a hookah for your birthday—and you realize that's a Turkish pipe.

Personally, I'd like to see more tv shows with the accent on entertainment. Like 60 minutes of Raquel Welch with the hiccups!

Air pollution has done wonders for raising kids. Heard a mother say, "Junior, don't stick your tongue out at your sister. You'll get it dirty!"

Last year my neighbor was robbed of \$60 so he went out and bought a 100-pound police dog. In six months, the dog ate \$752 worth of meat. Yesterday he got rid of the dog and asked the robber for a second chance!

Then there's the lion who went to a psychiatrist. He said, "Doc, I don't know how to put this—but

every time I roar, I have to sit through a two-hour movie!"

Let's be intelligent about this. If Nature had intended actors to take off their clothes—she never would have made Don Knotts!

"America needs a return to the basic standards of morality, integrity and honesty!" said the bartender as he rang up the price of a martini—15c.

Didn't realize how far the ecumenical movement had gone until I walked past a confessional. A voice said, "Father, I'm getting married tomorrow." And the other voice said, "Mazel Tov!"

Those nudie movies are doing a great job in closing the generation gap. Never before have so many aged men been interested in what two kids are doing.

BOFFO BOXOFFICE FOR MIXED HOOFS

By RONALD GOLD

The recent two-week season of the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre took in over \$150,000 at the boxoffice, a figure which, according to N.Y. City Center administrator Norman Singer, is "the best ever for a modern-dance company." Ailey's troupe may also be the first to break even in New York—and the first to draw its audience (as Singer puts it) from "beyond the dance crowd."

This company was formed in the mid-1950s, Singer recalls, and performed for a single night at the Lexington Ave. YMHA. By the mid-1960s it had had some quite successful European tours, but two nights at Hunter College was the most the N.Y. traffic would bear. For awhile Ailey was in residence at the Brooklyn Academy, and did well but wanted Manhattan show-casing. Two weeks at the ANTA last year took in \$86,000 and marked "the first time any modern-dance company had done over \$40,000 a week." The spring season at City Center grossed \$112,000, and Singer is hoping for the best take yet next April.

The reasons for the company's success are not difficult to assess. The repertory, which includes nothing knotty or avant-garde, is a canny combination of such Ailey-choreographed clicks as "Revelations" (it closes almost every program and never fails to draw a standing ovation) and carefully chosen works by other choreographers. The production, featuring brilliant work from lighting designers Nicola Cernovich and Chenault Spence, are very theatrical. And the company, led by Dudley Williams and Judith Jamison, is a storehouse of racially-integrated talent, most of whom combine superior technical facility with a vitality and projection that is unmatched practically anywhere else.

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ANGELS, ANGLES & ANXIETIES

'It's Getting Dark On Old Broadway'

Doubt Chance Of Landmarks Commission Giving Nod To New Amsterdam — Now Grinds Pix In Porno Zone

By ROBERT BARAL

If—a big one—the New York Landmarks Preservation Commission ever takes a hard look at Times Square it could well elect for preservation the New Amsterdam Theatre. The New Amsterdam's architecture is unique, authentic art nouveau circa 1903, and from the standpoint of historical importance the Broadway aura here perhaps has no peer. (The Lyric on West 45th Street, erected in 1900 is also awash in nostalgia).

Located on 42d St. between 7th and 8th ave., the New Amsterdam is associated with Florenz Ziegfeld Jr. and his famous sequence of "Follies." The only thing is the motif has changed from "A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody" to "It's Getting Dark on Old Broadway." Both are from the "Follies."

Times Square of course is still famous—or spell it notorious. There is now hardcore porno, super-sleazy strip. Plus pizza pies and Greek fare. Of course the next 10 years is expected to see many new skyscrapers and a "salvage" of the neighborhood. Could be.

About the New Amsterdam—the so-called theory of art nouveau first came out at the Paris Exposition in 1900. It was a creative impulse period. In 1925 art nouveau evolved into Art Deco to embrace architecture, furnishings, jewelry, fashions. Radio City Music Hall is considered the best example of the style in New York.

In 1903 the designers and craftsmen for the New Amsterdam looked to Paris for inspiration. They concentrated on the frontal and interior decors mostly. Much of it can still be seen if you peek behind the movie signs. The lobby and foyer show much of the original patterns though they are covered in layers of dead paint. One can capture the majestic sweep of the stage even now forgetting for a flash John Wayne or Raquel Welch or Elliot Gould up there on the screen.

Klaw & Erlanger were the first to run the New Amsterdam though Ziegfeld and C.B. Dillingham filled in for certain periods. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" starring Nat Goodwin opened the house on Oct. 26, 1903. The real image of the New Amsterdam shaped in 1913 when Ziegfeld moved in with his "Follies." It was integral to, if a little off alignment with, what was then "The Great White Way."

An Event

A Ziegfeld opening made history socially as well as theatrically. The lobby would be ablaze with notables — a representative turnout would include: Mayor James J. Walker, the Magical Morgan Twins (Gloria and Thelma Morgan), Reginald Vanderbilt, Texas Guinan, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Cholly Knickerbocker, Norma Talmadge, the Samuel Goldwyns, the Whitneys, the Goulds, Charles Chaplin, Michael Arlen, Vincent Astor, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Irene Castle, Bobby Jones, Fritz Kreisler, the Irving Berlins, Cole Porter, Otto Kahn, Al Jolson, Valentino, Paul Whiteman, William Rhineland Stewart, Anita Loos, Pola Negri, William Randolph Hearst and the then Prince of Wales whenever he was in New York. It was strictly black-tie and chinchilla. Today? ... "It's Getting Dark on ..."

George Gray Barnard, the American sculptor, headed the fraternity of artists which was employed on the New Amsterdam. For the record others included Grendellis & Ricci, Enid Yandell, St. Issing, R. Hinton Perry, Hugh Tallant, Bascoe Henry B. Herts, Frazier Strunz, G.D.M. Peixotto, R. Richard Anderson, Fritz Newmark, Max Newmark, Robert Blum, A. B. Wenzel,

R. W. Finn Simmons & Finn and B. Osterhag. Art nouveau was the motif and it still is.

Herts & Tallant were the architects. General contractor was the Fuller Construction Co. Electrical equipment was by Bissong & Co. Plaster work (and there was plenty of it) was by the McNulty Bros. Draperies and carpets by Arnold Constable. The furniture (satinwood mostly) by Herts Bros. and the ornamental woodwork by Batavia and the New York Woodwork Co.

Soft greens, mother-of-pearl gray and mauve were the dominant colors used in the overall decorative scheme. Various shades of gold were also used as accents in the drapes and coverings. Nothing was garish—the entire layout reflected taste and elegance. No wonder Joseph Urban's scenic designs made such a handsome frame for the Ziegfeld Girls.

The New Amsterdam presented many other smash musicals besides the "Follies" though their residence comes to mind first of all at mention of the house in its peak period. "Sally," "Sunny," "Whoopee," "Roberta," "The Band Wagon," "Revenge With Music," "Murder at the Vanities" even a "George White's Scandals" in 1936 all made history there.

Today the theatre is a grind house. Everything is on the dark side which resembles a poison green. The roof where the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic reigned supreme is a rehearsal hall and the front is masked with a barrage of the usual movie displays.

The stage door around on 41st St. is hard to find. That's where Will Rogers, Fannie Brice, Eddie Cantor, Marilyn Miller, Ann Pennington, Lillian Lorraine and the other stars checked in. At midnight traffic was heavy there—limousines lined up waiting for les girls to trek out. Flo's car was usually toward the end — his chauffeur alerted to provide transportation for a current Venus. The winos have taken over now.

Mostly Standard Playwrights Mark Zurich's Legit

By GEORGE MEZOEFI

Zurich.

After a few years of continuous crises, including management changes, dwindling grosses and political disputes, the Zurich legit scene calmed down. The largest Swiss city's top legit house, the Schauspielhaus, has in a short span of time been attacked by the conservative elements of the public for being too "progressive" under the Peter Loeffler regime two seasons ago and, in 1970-71, by leftist groups for being too conservative under its present Harry Buckwitz management.

It now looks as though the conservatives, including most of the subscribers of long standing, will prevail. This season's legit lineup seems to defer their way. It consists primarily of such classical and/or established authors as Johann Nestoy, Friedrich Duerrenmatt, Federico Garcia Lorca, Nicolai Gogol, Buechner, Carl Sternheim, Moliere and Edward Albee ("All Over"), sprinkled, for good measure, with David Storey's "Home" and a new play by Italian film author/director, Pier Paolo

(Continued on page 156)

'TAX SHELTER' FOR BACKERS?

By FRANK SEGERS

Is legit losing its luster as a speculative financial investment?

While Broadway and off-Broadway theatre investment grows riskier by the season, producers usually can count on well-heeled types who (a) enjoy being on the fringes of a "glamorous" industry and (b) can afford the financial loss which can be written off in case a show goes presto fold.

But in this year of soft economy, producers are finding that fewer potential investors are looking for or can afford tax losses from legit. Potential backers are encountering sufficient red ink in their own business areas to venture into theatre investment.

The result, of course, is that both Broadway and off-Broadway impresarios find it increasingly difficult to raise coin for shows. This season, the N.Y. State Attorney General's office estimates, producers extracted a total of about \$12,000,000 from investors, about a 20% hike from last season's \$10,100,000. It was not a case of more productions but necessity to keep up with escalating production costs both on Broadway and on the basement-and-belfry circuits. According to the Attorney General, the average cost of a Broadway musical last season came to \$534,000; dramas and comedies averaged \$141,000 per production. Off-Broadway tuners cost an average of \$102,000; straight plays, \$41,400. The figures are probably higher this season.

So, in the wake of the soft economy and rising costs, producers are trying out somewhat unusual ways to raise capital. Some Broadway and off-Broadway managements are methodically assembling dozens of small investments to come up with a total capitalization figure.

'On The Town'

"On The Town" coproducers Ron Field and Jerry Schlossberg put together 205 backers, each of whom chipped in an average of \$2,500. "Rosebloom," an off-Broadway drama premiering tonight (5) at the Eastside Playhouse, N.Y., has 15 backers with an average investment of little more than \$3,000 each, say coproducers Harlan Kleiman and Peter Goldfarb. The trend in investing appears to be moving away from the big-angel-format.

A recent issue of Barron's, the financial journal no doubt read by many would-be backers, noted that an outfit called Off-Broadway Plays Ltd., which plans to put its money into new shows, is trying to go public via a "best efforts" underwriting. One established operation, Lee Guber & Shelley Gross Music Fair Enterprises Inc. — the owner of five hardtop theatres-in-the-round in suburban areas (including the Westbury Music Fair, Westbury, Long Island) — has long gone public and is traded over-the-counter.

Barron's reports that "although the company earned only \$90,000, or 22c a share, in fiscal 1970, it is predicting a large increase to \$900,000, or \$1.36 a share, for the year ended next Oct. 31."

But for many reasons — including legit's traditional disdain for corporate-type modes of "efficient operations" — producers will continue, either singly or with others in a group, raising money in the time-honored way—from the wealthy investor.

But, Alexander H. Cohen says that "in the future, major financing probably will come from the television networks and cable operations. The networks are going to need more and more quality material, and they are going to invest in theatre to get it."

Cohen is partial to tv largely because he's had considerable success there — his production of the Antoinette Perry (Tony) Awards show over ABC-TV network last March drew socko notices and rat-

(Continued on page 156)

More Than Steam Heat Separates Summer And Winter Legitimate

By BERNARD SIMON

The difference between summer theatre and winter is more than steam heat.

Like this instance.

There was that summer when the late Gertrude Berg was killing the people and exploding the box-offices on the summer circuit in Josephine Hull's old role in "Arsenic and Old Lace." Sam Handelman was running the Playhouse in the Park in Philadelphia that year and he had bad luck to spot the coming of the hurricane early on.

He revealed his schedule of 10 plays early in May, and it included a week in mid-August of Mrs. Berg in "Arsenic." The effect was electrifying. Mail orders piled in immediately—a few dribbles for the plays of late June and July, but a flood for that week of Mrs. Berg in August. By about June 10, her entire week had been sold out, and still the demand continued. Sam tried to add a second week, but Mrs. Berg's summer was booked solid.

He telephoned around to other summer theatres. Would any of them care to trade off a week of "Arsenic" for some show Sam could take off his calendar? Not a chance. Mrs. Berg's week with each of the nine other summer theatres, Chicago to Cape Cod, was already sold out.

"Hmmm," thought Sam.

So, quick-quick, before anybody could beat him to this brilliant idea, he went to see Mrs. Berg, pointed out the great fortune that awaited her if she would continue to do "Arsenic" for a winter tour of prime-time theatres, and got her name on a contract.

Raising the backing for this goldmine was easy. Sam got Brette Windust, who staged the original production, to direct, and a fine supporting cast. He broached me, an old friend, to be the advance agent and I was the first to throw cold water.

I told Sam that, by running my Package Publicity Service, supplying press-books, posters and such stuff to pro and amateur theatres around the country, I knew that "Arsenic and Old Lace" had been one of the biggest hits among those theatres since it was released for stock. "So?" said Sam. "Always a hit!" But, I said, it's been done by every high school drama class and every community theatre on the map — not just once but several times. How can it pull in prime-time houses at prime-time prices?

"You don't understand," said Sam patiently. "It's Mrs. Berg. She's dynamite. Why in Detroit ... in Washington ... Ohio ... at the Playhouse in the Park in Philadelphia ... at the Pheasant Run near Chicago she did X ... she did Y ... she did Z!"

I was so persuaded that I agreed to do the tour's publicity, and so found myself in Boston in November as advance-agent for an early December opening at the Colonial Theatre. The drama editors were full of warm promises. Some had seen Mrs. Berg being Abby Brewster on the Cape during the summer, others had heard how fine she had been, what crowds she had drawn. They were all glad the show was coming to the Colonial. This was going to be an event!

And so the following Sunday the Boston papers were ablaze with our ads and columns of publicity. Rarely had a show had such an advance build-up. I came back to Boston on Tuesday. And how's the advance, I asked the people at the theatre, visions of bags-full of mail-orders dancing in my head. Well, it seems that about thirty pieces of mail had come in. After all that space in the Sunday papers???

So I increased the advertising budget and asked my friends on the drama desks to run another set of stories and pictures.

Came the following Tuesday.

With the bigger ads and all, how were the mail orders now? About a 100 pieces in all—around \$800. For a two-and-a-half week engagement. For the star who'd brought on overtime for treasurers in those summer theatres?

I called up Sam Handelman in New York. "All those high school productions have killed us," I said. "Close the show."

"You're out of your mind," said Sam. "The cast has to get two weeks' salary, the set's built, we'd save nothing by stopping now."

"Yes," I screamed. "You'd save the railroad fare and the take-in and take-out, and the advertising."

"Don't panic," said Sam. "Take out bigger ads this Sunday."

We opened on a Wednesday night to one of the most heavily papered houses in Boston theatrical history, with a total advance sale for two and a half weeks of barely \$2,000. Mrs. Berg gave a simply wonderful performance, and the next morning Sam and I read a set of absolute raves in the papers. Mrs. Berg, said the critics unanimously, was giving as fine a performance as Josephine Hull had given in the original production, the comedy's quality had withstood the years and was as funny as ever, etc. etc.

"Saved!" Sam and I told each other over those beautiful blueberry muffins they serve for breakfast at the Ritz-Carlton, and we walked sprightly down Boylston Street to watch the line forming at the box-office.

There was no line. There were no customers at all. A deserted lobby.

"Wait," the treasurer consoled us. "At noon-time people will come to get tickets during their lunch hour."

From noon to 2 o'clock, they sold about eight tickets.

For the show that had jammed all those summer theatres three months before.

We closed, of course, on Saturday night, after the most ardent efforts to paper the house for those last performances that any of us had ever put in. Very big theatre, the Colonial.

That's the difference between summer theatre and winter theatre.

Miller Mapping Sydney's Capitol As Live House

Sydney.

Harry M. Miller Attractions has offered to pay the Sydney Council a \$2,000 a week rental for the Capitol Theatre, which at present is rented to Greater Union Organisation as a film house at \$260 a week.

The council's finance committee has recommended approval of the offer for an initial period of two years and that notice of this decision be given to GUO.

If the committee's recommendation is adopted, Miller plans to turn the theatre into one of Sydney's major live theatres. And it would open next March with a full stage version of "Jesus Christ Superstar."

Since what used to be the headquarters of Wirth's Circus was converted in the late 1920s into Sydney's first "super" cinema, that end of town has deteriorated and the Capitol became a house showing mainly low-rated films.

Earlier attempts to turn it into a live theatre failed. But fire and

(Continued on page 150)

Calls Stage Jesus Petulant, Neurotic; How 'Fad' Are New 'God Squads'?

By JOHN E. FITZGERALD

(The following critique of the "Jesus Freaks" movement and resultant legitimate production is by the Catholic film, drama and social critic-lecturer, Fitzgerald appears regularly in The N.Y. Catholic News. He is a former winner of the annual "Best Critic" Award of the Directors Guild of America.)

One thing—perhaps the only thing—to be said for certain about the Jesus Movement (and its concern with retelling a love story centuries old) is that it's here.



John E. Fitzgerald

The mushrooming movement's position, composition and opposition are so varied that pinning down its characteristics is like trying to put your finger on a blob of mercury.

This religious reawakening appears in various forms, places and on different levels of theological sophistication, most of which are reflected in a growing number of our current show biz offerings. And all of it is being debated in very un-Christlike tones.

This phenomenon is made up mainly of young people. And the movement, like politics, makes strange bedfellows. It's a curious amalgam of Jesus Freaks, Evangelical Protestants, Catholic Pentecostals and others.

The Jesus Freaks, or holy hippies, are but a small (although the most colorful) part of those who call themselves "Jesus People," "Street Christians" or "The God Squad."

The movement operates not only on street corners and in communes but also on campuses and even under the aegis of some traditional churches. But it's often more tolerated than smiled upon. Conservative churchgoers find it too liberal. Non-Jesus Freaks find it too conservative. Traditional churchmen feel it's somewhat simplistic, elitist, dogmatic and overly emotional; in short, possessing all the faults and failings of youth.

Psychological Background

I'd suggest that the movement is an inevitable outcome of youthful resentment. This feeling, bred by a disillusion which is perhaps a bit premature and immature, is directed at Society, the State and the Church, those major organizations which have traditionally tried to civilize us (or keep us down, or both, depending on how you look at it).

The reaction to this resentment is an urge to revolt. Or at least to "drop out," which is a sort of passive revolt. Perhaps that's why we see young people forming their own mini-establishments, independent of, sometimes even within, the other, older structures. While it's almost impossible to set up a brand new State (since governments are traditionally and rather vehemently unenthusiastic about other flags flying within their territory), it's a bit easier to try to establish a new, better and shining Society on the geographical fringes of the older, despicable and thoroughly corrupt one. Thus the communes, seeking Nirvana and Utopia.

Beginnings

Consequently, we shouldn't be surprised that, easier still, youth has formulated a new attitude toward the Church. It began outside the Church around 1957, following in the sandal steps of the West Coast hippies and flower children; yet it has also been simultaneously flowering among the more traditionally groomed still within society's mainstream.

If today's young people are revolting against a mechanized society which they see as soulless and impersonal, they are also

protesting against traditional religious approaches which seem cluttered with superficial practices, complicated by sophisticated theology and possessing all the characteristics of dry ice. This disillusion with Church, State and Society also extends to those psychologically and spiritually unfulfilling activities (such as drugs and sexual promiscuity) which fail to rise above the level of merely stimulating or dulling the senses.

Thus it's not surprising that, feeling lost, lied to and in need of spiritual nourishment, they turn to an individual who (with a concern, compassion and authority not always found in their own homes) proclaimed himself to be "the way, the truth and the life."

Essentially Personal

The position of the movement's members, young or older, hip or square, rich or poor, is personal rather than institutional. Dispensing with older forms, formats and formulas, the protest takes its direction not from tradition but from the scriptures, from the preachings and practices of Jesus himself, bypassing religious organizations.

The Jesus Movement has led many young people of varying hair length out of a spiritual vacuum and into a spiritual Alice's Restaurant. There they've discovered a varied menu which helps assuage their frustration at being unable to solve the social problems of the centuries overnight. The restaurant's specialty is a sort of spiritual Mulligatawny stew, with chunks of Esalim-type self-discovery, Synanon-style rehabilitation, simplistic theology, internal prayer, gospels, contemplation, Pentecostalism, Oriental spirituality, rap and sensitivity sessions, all stirred with a fundamentalism fervor. And there are side orders of signs, portents and prophecies; of faith healing, expectations of the Second Coming being imminent, and "speaking in tongues" (a kind of babble you can't learn at Berlitz).

As To 'Gospel' Music

Predictably, the movement moves to music. Gospel music is making a comeback. No compass point is immune as guitars thrum out a steady stream of folk and Jesus rock tunes. Today's lyrics are theological where only shortly before that they were sociological. Various entertainers, amateur and pro, have not only contributed to (or cashed in on) the music of the movement, but have become God's

dedicated troubadours. The number of religious record albums swells daily.

Theatre returned to the womb of the temple with "Hair" composer Galt McDermott's rock "Mass in F" (which happened within the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, but without a Credo). We've seen the Kennedy Center in Washington opened with Leonard Bernstein's somewhat sentimentalized, pro-peace, anti-orthodox, ritualized and humanistic mishmash "Mass." And there's Mary Lou William's jazz idiom Mass as well.

Petulant Neurotic

Not only on disk but on stage is "Godspell" and its bloated big brother, "Jesus Christ Superstar." "Superstar," in its staging of a fairly pleasant, if theologically, biblically and historically inaccurate album, deals with the last seven days of Jesus while "Godspell" covers his three year ministry.

"Superstar's" Jesus is a petulant neurotic in need of being consoled by Mary Magdalene after a hard day of healing and of being scolded by Judas for his incipient messiah-complex. "Godspell's" Joyous Jesus is a friendly Raggedy Andy in a Superman shirt, relating parables and teachings in a circus-like slap-pompous and exhausting in its frenzied overblown chic theatricality, while "Godspell" is poignant and exhilarating in the energetic simplicity and reverent irreverence of its mime and sight gags.

Both shows are stylized, theatrical, ecumenical and eclectic as well as having a mosaic of musical styles (as does Bernstein's Mass). Perhaps predictably, neither show makes a definite affirmation of the resurrection. "Godspell" doesn't seem to mind; for it seems to feel that, resurrection or not, like John Brown's body, the spirit of Jesus goes marching on. But "Superstar" seems unaware of Jesus' teachings, person or purpose; and worse, doesn't seem to care. After enormous album sales, a couple of concert versions and the stage presentation (disputatious since it offended many Christians and Jews alike), it's headed for the screen. (What next, a tv series?) Franco Zeffirelli, having finished his film about St. Francis of Assisi, is preparing one on the last days

(Continued on page 150)



JOE SILVER

Currently co-starring on Broadway in "LENNY."
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'Fay's Follies,' And a Lost P.A.

By MILTON M. RAISON

Florenz Ziegfeld Jr. had many imitators: George White, Earl Carroll, Rufus LeMaire's "Affairs," Jones & Green's "Greenwich Village Follies," the Shuberts with their "Artists and Models" and many others. Impossible as he was to work with, Zieggy stood head and shoulders above them all.

But one man had a dream—and of all people it was Larry Fay, boozierunner, racketeer, owner of the El Fey Club where Texas Guinan performed. He had cornered the taxi market, by timely mayhem, and his Fay Taxis had the exclusive pickup rights at the Grand Central and Pennsylvania stations at a time when everyone travelled by rail.

Early in my career, when I was press agent for Schwab & Mandel, I got to know Larry Fay well.

He had a crush on Irene Delroy, who was the rather prim lead in "Good News," one of our shows, and since Dinty Moore's was right next door to the 46th St. Theatre where it was playing, Fay was at Moore's every night. He was a tall, thin, horsefaced man with hard eyes, who told unfunny jokes in a loud tone, and was Boss wherever he entered.

Irene Delroy wasn't particularly fascinated by Fay, despite the fact that at that time racketeers were the big shots of New York. It was a one-sided romance, but Fay didn't care. Because I was the p.a. for her show he sought my company at Moore's over the wonderful oldfashioneds I drank out of coffee cups. Fay, who never drank, would seek out my table and try to make conversation.

I was young enough to be impressed and when Fay offered me a job moonlighting as publicist for Texas Guinan I snapped up the offer.

El Fey Club

Our hangout was now the El Fey Club, and it was here that I learned that Fay had purchased the old Automobile Club in the West 50s and was rebuilding it as a large cabaret—"a sort of 'Ziegfeld Follies,'" as he explained. It was going to be called "The Fay Follies." For this he had sold his taxicabs and the highly lucrative station territories.

I worked very hard on that show and on opening night was successful in having the revue covered by New York's first-night critics, who never covered cabarets. Even George Jean Nathan came, which was a sort of miracle. Fay, convinced he out-Ziegfelded Flo, was delighted.

After the premiere he threw a tremendous party, attended by the cast, his own mob, a few "boys from Chicago," ambassadors of good will, and one or two politicians. My own guest was Arthur Kober, who had initiated me into the theatrical press agent business and was a very successful Broadway publicist himself, greatly in demand as were later his satires and his screenplays. The champagne flowed, speeches were made, Kober making one of the funniest. Pretty showgirls were kissed and the party was a gas, running on and on into the early hours of the morning.

A 2-Drink Man

I thought I knew Kober well, but it came as a shock to me that he was strictly a two-drink man. But nobody refuses champagne when Larry Fay was pouring, and Kober drank until he almost fell asleep on the table. Fay, who loved Kober's speech, gave me instructions.

"Check him into a hotel—see he's comfortable—and come back yourself."

That was a command. Somehow I got Kober out into the street. I flagged down a taxi and we went to the Algonquin Hotel, which then was centre of the men and women of the literary-theatrical, renowned Round Table. To my amazement the desk clerk, who knew Kober, adamantly refused to register him.

I flagged down another taxi, and for an hour we went from hotel to hotel, where I tried to register my practically passed-out friend, but was firmly refused. Finally, at about four o'clock in the morning, I was able to check him into the Hermitage Hotel. I

took him into his room, put him into bed and left the key.

Then I went back to the party, which was still going strong. I got home myself at six in the morning and fell into a deep sleep. I woke up about 11 with the worst hangover I'd ever had. While I was doctoring myself with black coffee and aspirin, I suddenly remembered Kober.

I couldn't, for the life of me, remember in which Times Square hotel I had left him. I hoped against hope that he'd awakened in fairly good shape and gone home. But a phone call proved he was not there.

Kober was working for a theatrical firm at the time and he was expected to show up at a reasonable hour on the job, especially since he was right in the middle of a publicity campaign. I called his place of business. No Kober.

Long Trail A-Winding

I tried to retrace my meandering with him the night before. I remembered the Algonquin, but after that what? Times Square was filled with numerous small hotels, mostly theatrical, and for the life of me I couldn't remember where I'd parked Kober.

I left the house with my head ringing, wondering if I could make the day myself. I had to check in at Schwab & Mandel, and after muttering something about going to the papers—there were 13 of them at that time—I started looking for Kober. I went from hotel to hotel, reading the registers, trying to find my unsteady handwriting. Still no Kober.

It was past noon. Not only was Kober's mother worried, his boss was very annoyed. I decided I'd better not call them up again.

Around two I had to have a drink to steady my nerves, and I got out at the Hermitage, in which a small speakeasy was nestled. After the second drink I saw the light. I checked the register and sure enough, I had signed in Kober. I went up to his room. The door was open. He had never locked it. Kober was still sound asleep.

I woke him up. He didn't know where he was. He looked at the time and almost fainted. I sent the bellboy for a bromo and some coffee and somehow got Kober on his feet. Finally, after a cold shower, he called his mother and his boss and I never heard the usually glib Kober so tongue-tied.

I often wondered what would have happened if I hadn't found Kober and he woke up in a strange room with an unaccustomed hangover. It would have been a traumatic experience. He probably would never have written those funny pieces for the New Yorker nor become a great raconteur nor a top screenwriter—and it would have been my fault. No, Larry Fay's fault.

As for the "Fay Follies"—it was a quick flop and Ziegfeld's name remained still unswilled.

'Caretaker,' 'Seagull' For Mermaid Theatre, London

London.

Upcoming at the Mermaid Theatre, headed by actor-director Bernard Miles, are revivals of Harold Pinter's "The Caretaker," bowing March 2, and Chekhov's "The Seagull," opening May 18.

Prior to these, "The Price of Justice," by Albert Camus, preems Jan. 27, with Miles directing. It's from a new Robert Baldick translation of the Camus play of 1949.

'Wanted' To Off-B'way

Arthur D. Zinberg, a N.Y. theatrical attorney, will make his debut as an off-Broadway producer this season with "Wanted," a new musical with book by David Epstein and songs by Al Carmines. Lawrence Kornfeld will stage the production, opening Jan. 19 at the Cherry Lane Theatre, N.Y.

The tuner played a two-week engagement last fall at the Judson Memorial Church, an off-off-Broadway situation. The new presentation will cost about \$35,000. Robert Skerry is the general manager.

TALENT FEST WITH OLYMPICS

German Legit Seen Expiring; Empty Seats Rise To Haunt Stage Czars

By RONALD HOLLOWAY

(Ronald Holloway, who now lives in Hamburg with his German actress-wife, is an American. He is a former priest of the Chicago archdiocese, where he was the film expert and film festival-goer. He has lately been writing a book on "Religion In The Cinema."—Ed.)

Hamburg.

All that is good and bad in German theatre can be traced to the "Intendant." He is a combination of house manager and tone-setter, selecting plays and directors and sometimes himself directing. In theatre parlance he is the absolute prince, whose name is stamped on the goods his theatre produces. Throughout the 1950s and 1960s Hamburg was synonymous with the late Gustav Grundgens, Berlin with Barlong, Dusseldorf with Stroux, Frankfurt with Harry Buchwitz, and, while he was still alive, East Berlin with Bertold Brecht.

The Intendant commands supreme respect and has iron-fisted control over vast outlays of money in the richest subsidized theatre in Europe. Under him functions the play director as authoritarian and actors as highly paid civil servants—in contrast to British and American theatre where the actor is expected to bring something extra to the role. This structure is now crumbling; the new year will find all the old Intendants retired or out of a job.

The name of the crisis is money and the growing number of empty seats. The theatre audience is a sparse 8% of West German's population, reflecting meaning of the general public is pouring millions of marks into a luxury only the "elite" enjoy. If the season ticket holder's taste is not satisfied, the management suffers the embarrassment of empty seats no matter how good the play is. And about the only theatre a subscriber will safely swallow these days is sheer entertainment (the current fashion is Feydeau) or an instructive Bildung piece (meaning cultural formation). Bildung is often unimaginative theatre and dangerously close to "adult education." The exceptions are of course Bertold Brecht and William Shakespeare, which no theatre in the provinces has ever been able to beat down no matter how clumsily it tries.

Self-Made Folly

Finding a satisfactory play is not the only problem. Too many of the absolute princes have aspired to the heights of Gustaf Grundgens (Intendant, director and actor who died in 1963) without half the work. Others have lived off their reputations as "specialists," directors touring Germany in the guise of travelling princes. Detesting ensemble work, they have refused to train younger directors for fear of later competition. Some actors have attained a similar status through exposure on television, and use the theatre as walk-on appearances for an admiring public—and at fat salaries (who else can fill the seats?). Finally, enormous new playhouses, like the new Dusseldorfer Schauspielhaus, have been recklessly erected to boost a city's ego. In general, a sizeable credibility gap has opened up between theatre and audience.

Some Intendants and directors resisted to stagnation creeping in during the course of the 1960s. Grundgens had stayed close to his ensemble, constantly perfecting it, and was always on the lookout for faces and talent. Fritz Kortner, whose reputation around subjects of the 18th and 19th century plays like Schiller, Lessing and Goethe, was a theory of "critical intention." Each line of "Clavius" or "Emilia Galotti" was placed under a microscope to detect the subtleties in the rise of the bourgeoisie leading to the miseries of the two wars. (Kortner believed plays offered clues to the German mind for the leadership of

Grundgens, Kortner and Brecht (all born in the 1890's), German theatre might have had the renaissance it was hoping for. But Brecht was loved for his poetry and snubbed for his social message. An appreciation of Grundgens only developed after it was discovered no Intendant has been able to do the things he did (Hamburg woke up the hard way, going through three Intendants in the past seven years). And Kortner's direction was never fully appreciated by the general public, who today avoid just as willingly directors in the Kortner mold given to "desecrating" the classics. Since his death a year ago only Rudolf Noelte and Peter Stein keep up the tradition.

Utterly Utter

Noelte is an expert on the Ibsen, Strindberg, Chekhov dramas of the 19th century, and can be as lyrical as he is realistic. He spends a great deal of time getting to the truth of dramatic tension, and has been known to halt rehearsals completely when an actor (for various reasons) stops short of revealing this truth. His latest production of Strindberg's "Totentanz" (Dance of Death) at the Berliner Schlosspark-Theater was renamed "Todestanz" to clarify the play's meaning, and he brought in a new cast when the first didn't fit the perfection he was after. All the bitterness and hatred Friedrich Durrenmatt took out of Strindberg in the persiflage "Play Strindberg" as powerful as that is, has been retained and added to this terrifying match between man and wife in "Totentanz." Noelte, who exhausts himself in the few plays he directs each year, is at his best, but the audience has to come prepared.

Berlin is also the scene of Peter Stein's Schaubühne am Halleschen Ufer, a small collective of some of the best young talent in Germany. Stein studied Kortner, but developed on his own while working at the experimental Bremen theatre and other places. His ensemble is politically left orientated with salaries divided proportionately among the actors, and such collective work brought out the best in a stunning production last year of Brecht's "The Mother" (with former Brecht actress Therese Giehse in the title role). The play was such a success (it was praised by many as the best play in the past decade) the more conservative Berlin senate decided to cancel the subsidy; it was restored only after a public uproar. Stein this season is offering Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" with six different actors in the title role: again a sell-out and a prize winner as the best production of the year. All of which should support the argument that collective theatre is an answer to the crisis. But when Odon von Horvath's "Casimir und Carolina" (a rediscovered play by a social-minded Austrian written in the early thirties) was directed collectively by the ensemble at the Hamburg Schauspielhaus recently, it was roundly condemned by the Springer press.

Collective Force?

Collective work does seem to be gradually pushing aside the authoritarian reign of the absolute prince. In Frankfurt Hilmar Hoffmann, founder and director of the Oberhausen Film Festival, has taken charge of the city's cultural functions. Buchwitz has retired, to be replaced by a board of directors. Hoffmann will experiment with a nultariff (no-admission fare) policy, and organize an ensemble around proportionate salaries.

Peter Palitzsch, a recognized theatre director in Stuttgart who shares Hoffmann's socialist leanings, will take over the city's dramatic program in close association with other recognized theatre experts. In Hamburg a similar plan was outlined and almost accepted, until the Springer press exerted pressure once again. After Intendant Hans Lietzau decided to accept a similar position as head of the prestigious Schiller Theatre in

(Continued on page 154)

MULTI-MEDIA AT MUNICH IN 1972

By JOHN KAFKA

Munich.

The Munich-baser 20th Olympiad, scheduled for Aug. 26-Sept. 10, 1972, will present along with athletic events a multi-media "festival" titled "Cultural Olympic Program." So far 112 entries are slated including opera, operetta, legit musical and drama, ballet, symphonic, chamber, jazz and pop music, and puppetry.

Since 112 cultural productions divided among the 16-day Olympiad would necessitate seven performances each night, the Olympics Committee decided to shift the start of the "Cultural Program" to Aug. 1, thus establishing a more reasonable 41-day schedule. Although this now overlaps the time tables of the nearby Bayreuth and Salzburg summer fests, the Committee is planning to confidently brave the competition. Already Munich's 1971 State Opera Fest did better at the boxoffice than did its two rival towns.

29 Legits, Three Operas

Stage or podium space is no problem in this city, former capital of the Kingdom of Bavaria, which has 29 theatres, three opera houses, nine concert halls and almost 12 "experimental" showcases. Additional platforms are either rented such as the giant Circus Krone or built specifically for the "Cultural Program" in the Olympics Area such as the open-air 3,000-seater "Theatron."

Deferring to the language barriers, the emphasis here will be on music. And the symphonic fare emerges studded with draw names. The program is scheduled to be launched Aug. 1 in Munich's National Theatre by conductor Wolfgang Sawallisch and the Bavarian State Orchestra offering Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony."

Symphonies

Succeeding presentations will include the Philharmonic Orchestras of New York (conducted by Pierre Boulez and Leonard Bernstein); Berlin (two concerts conducted by Herbert von Karajan); Vienna (conducted by Karl Bohm, with pianist Friedrich Gulda); Munich (conducted by Rudolf Kempe); and Barberg (conducted by Michael Gielen). Also scheduled are The Moscow State Symphony conducted by Yevgeny Svetlanov; the Dresden (East Germany) "Staatskapelle;" Munich's Bach Choir; the orchestra choir and soloists of Milan's Scala (with Claudio Abbado conducting Verdi's "Requiem") and the Viennese Symphonies.

Other musical events scheduled include numerous chamber and soloist recitals; an "International Folklore Festival" showcasing singers and instrumentalists from countries such as the U.S., Mexico, Japan, Korea, France and Poland; the World Congress of "La Jeunesse Musicale," a "Global Jazz Rally;" grand opera and other forms of musical theatre.

Korea Opera Due

The National Theatre, main house of the Bavarian State Opera will world-prem "Sim Tjong," State-commissioned new opus by Korean composer Ksang Yun, with American Lillian Sukis in the lead role. The house also will play host to Scala's "Aida," with Jessye Norman and Nikolai Giarov under the baton of Claudio Abbado.

Some 17 new or recent opera productions of the National Theatre itself will include a four-part Mozart series, a Richard Strauss cavalcade, "Lohengrin," "Fidelio," "Boris Godonov," Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex," Alban Berg's "Wozek," and more contemporary opera fare. There will also be a new ballet staged by John Cranko and the New York City Ballet's four guest appearances with George Balanchine and Jerome Robbins choreographing.

In the likewise state-bankrolled home of the comique opera, the Gaertnerplatz Theatre, "Rules of Life" by Gerhard Wimberger will

(Continued on page 152)

Some Other Theatre Courses That Should Be Given

By ANDREW HERZ

Recently New York's New School for Social Research offered a course which enabled 25 students to spend eight Mondays with the actress, Viveca Lindfors. The students would be allowed to follow her around to voice class, auditions, etc., affording them the opportunity to see how an actress spends her day. In deference to Miss Lindfors, we here at The Institute feel that she does not represent the average theatre professional because she is too well established. Therefore, we would like to offer the following courses for the professional, buff, or young person considering a life in theatre.

Course #0613 (Three weeks, Tues.-Thurs. \$165 plus 10%) A DAY WITH AN AGENT.

A smile is the prerequisite. The day begins at 11 a.m. with a firm, "Hello Baby." The phone is taken off the hook tying up the line for any incoming calls. At noon it's time for lunch at a midtown deli. (All students will be required to pay for their own lunches along with chipping in to pay for the instructors.) Lunch will last over two hours at which time students are taught how to drop names like Elvis, Corbett, and Desi Jr., within an earshot of other agents. Upon returning to the office at 2:30 p.m., the class will be instructed on how to deal with producers, turning down offers and explaining your move to clients, and how to tell meddlesome actors that no one is "interested" in them. The day ends at 4 p.m. with an actress entering the office and the agent saying, "Sorry, sweetheart, nothing for you today."

0672 (One year, Mon.-Sun. \$1,200) RAISING FUNDS WITH A PRODUCER

An unannounced producer with a property will teach this course. Instruction will be given on how to call from a pay phone without spending a dime; obtaining lists of angels; how to con an actor into doing backers' auditions for no fee by promising him "something" in the show; how to reach an agent; how to convince money people that you have half the funds raised and that Dustin Hoffman is "interested"; what to do when the option runs out; obtaining a new property. (An alternate producer will be selected in case the original one does not last).

0673 (8 Sessions, Mondays. \$105) THE PLAYWRIGHT PREPARES

"The preparation of becoming a playwright is most essential. No other theatre craft is as vital or necessary to the cosmic forces around us, mind over matter, the manifest destiny of mankind, soul and wisdom." These simple words are the work of young, avant-garde playwright, Hernando Fitzbaum. We see him with his tools: typewriter, pencil and correction fluid. A day will be set aside to teach the student how to use these implements. A starving artist, a child of society, today's playwright must meet the challenge of the world by use of theatre games, sensory groups and analysis. As his fingers touch the keys of his typewriter we see how he overcomes a writers' greatest enemy, procrastination. But, before he puts word on paper, the playwright must learn how to meet other playwrights in theatrical hangouts, where he can discuss his work in progress and convince them that David Merrick is "interested."

\$688 (10 Sessions, Tuesdays. \$65) A DAY WITH AN OUT-OF-WORK ACTRESS

After unsuccessfully trying to reach her agent on the phone, the day begins. The class will follow the actress as she "makes rounds." A friend tells her of another friend

who is producing a play. She contacts this producer who promises her "something" in his show in return for her doing his backers' auditions for free. Elated, she tells her fellow actresses that a producer is very "interested" in her and that her agent was busy all morning setting up appointments for her. How to infuriate your fellow actors is an important part of staying sane during periods of unemployment. The actress must learn to smile when entering her agent's office at the end of the day, only to hear him say, "Sorry, sweetheart, nothing for you today."

EQUITY OPERATIONS, PROVINCE-BY-PROVINCE

Toronto.

Round actor entertainment in Canada is geographically indicated in this list of legit managements using Actor's Equity of Canada contracts in a province by province breakdown from west to east.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Actor's Contemporary Theatre (R. W. Read), 1441 Park Drive, Vancouver 14, British Columbia.

Arts Club of Vancouver (D. W. Perkins) 1181 Seymour St., Vancouver 2.

Barkerville Show (Franklin Johnson) 1332 Everall St., White Rock, British Columbia.

Bastion Theatre (Mrs. Helen Simpson - Baikie) 30 Bastion Square, Victoria, British Columbia.

Overture Concerts (George Zukerman) 960 Richards St., Vancouver 2.

* Vancouver Playhouse Theatre Company (Robert Ellison, manager, Paxton Whitehead, artistic director) 575 Beatty St., Vancouver 3.

Pacific Show Productions (Ben Kopelow) 112-95 W. Georgia St., Vancouver 1.

* Vancouver Playhouse Holiday Theatre (Don Shipley, director) 575 Beatty St., Vancouver 3.

University of British Columbia (Freddie Wood Theatre, Prof. John Brockington), Vancouver 8.

University of Victoria Theatre Dept. (Dr. Ralph Allen/Peter Garvie) Victoria, British Columbia.

Vancouver Cantata Society (Michael Allerton) 2178 Hyannis Drive, North Vancouver.

Vancouver Opera Association (Brian Hanson, administrative director) 111 Dunsmuir St., Vancouver 3.

ALBERTA

* Banff School of Fine Arts (Ken Madsen) University of Calgary, Banff, Alberta.

* Citadel Theatre (Sean Mulcahy, artistic director) 10030, 102nd St. Edmonton.

* Theatre Calgary (Clarke Rogers, artistic director) 229, 8th Ave. S.W. Calgary 2.

Torches Theatre University of Alberta (Thomas Peacocke), Edmonton.

SASKATCHEWAN

Globe Theatre (Ken Kramer) 200 Lakeshore Drive., Regina.

University of Saskatchewan (Eric Salmon, drama department) Regina Campus, Regina.

MANITOBA

Contemporary Dancers (Robert Holloway) 411-259 Portage Ave., Winnipeg 2.

* Manitoba Theatre Centre (Keith Turnbull, artistic director) 174 Market Ave., Winnipeg 2.

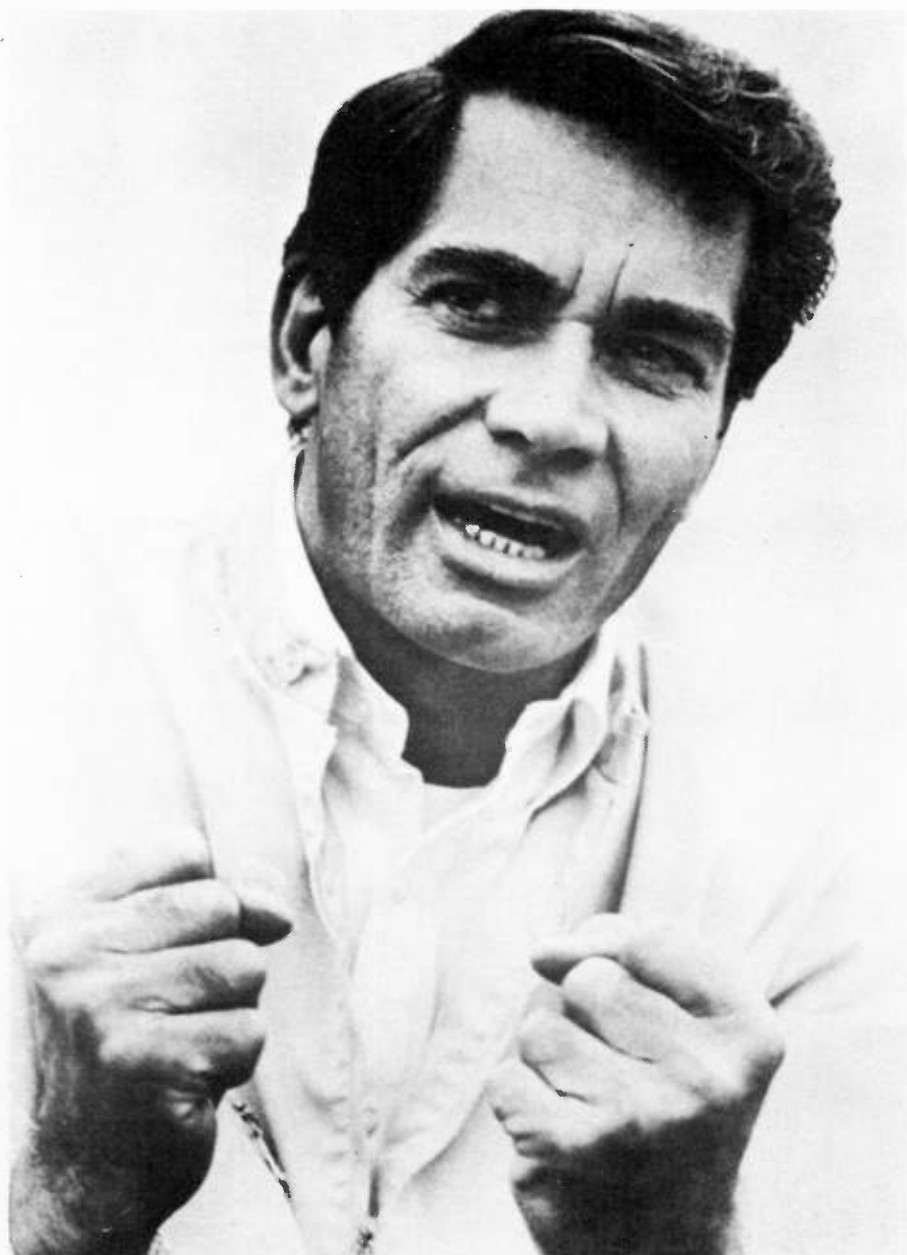
* Rainbow Stage (Jack Shapira) 228 Notre Dame Ave., Winnipeg 2.

Royal Winnipeg Ballet (Sergi Sawchyn, artistic director) 322 Smith St., Winnipeg 2.

ONTARIO

Canadian Mime Theatre (Ray-

(Continued on page 152)



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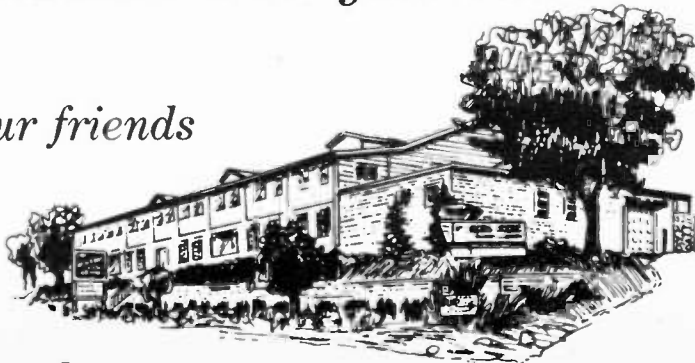
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That's Show Biz, Too

By PAUL MYERS

(Curator, Theatre Collection, N.Y. Public Library)

Today's press is full of laments concerning the disintegration of the theatre district in New York. The theatregoer is assailed by lurid posters and porno movie houses. While sorting some recently acquired material at the Theatre Collection, I came upon several items which caused me to wonder whether the theatre district of another day was any more salubrious. In my pouring over the posters and programs, I could almost conjure up the billboards and hoardings which announced to the passing public the following attractions:

n.d., n.s.—Miss Augustina, from Berlin,—“feet enstead (sic) handes Miss Augustina from Berlin which was born (sic) without arms, with her feet sews kneits stockings embroider, writes, designs, paints, eats and drinks and plays upon the (n.d., n.s. means not dated, not sourced).

1859—The Star Museum, 531 8th Avenue (between 36th and 37th St.) starred an ossified half-child and half-elephant . . . remains which had been buried over 200 years and were found near Boston.

1872—P. T. Barnum's Museum, New York: the hairdressing of Fiji cannibals.

1880—Theatre Concordia, Paris,

“La Femme-Poisson, Miss Niagara, Artiste de Royal Aquarium et des Folies-Bergere.”

1882—Matthews Brothers, Liverpool. Chang, the celebrated Chinese Giant—“nine feet high and developed accordingly.”

1883—A Bowery Museum exhibited a three-headed woman. A reporter for Daily Music & Drama speculated that “a man might willingly spend a dime for the sake of seeing one of these newfangled creatures in a museum and hearing her discourse in three different languages at the same time, but surely no sane man would have the hardihood to take one of these polyglot women into his home “for better, for worse.”

1889—New York Museum, 210 Bowery, between Spring and Prince St. “Engagement extraordinary of KII—BO, The Wonderful Zulu Glass and Fire Dancer” A man with iron-soled feet, running and jumping into a pit of broken glass without any protection to his feet other than that which nature has provided him with. He walks on broken china, thorns, tacks, spikes, etc. \$1000 to produce his equal.”

1939—N.Y. World's Fair—Olga, the Headless Woman. Scrincofono

expressly invented for her use. She executes the most defeculted (sic) works with her feet.”

1951—Assorted pictures—postcard-size available from Walter B. Fox, Mobile 2, Alabama: #TT-157—“Unidentified tattooed woman. Entire body discreetly posed in the nude. Showing tattooed nipples. Legally available.”

1970—Macon, Ga., one of the five Vivona Bros. who own Amusements of America, complained that “there are not too many freaks left.”

Miller Mapping

(Continued from page 141)

developers' demolition have so reduced the number of theatres here that this move may well succeed.

As Miller puts it: “The combination of circumstances which have contributed to the existing situation of a city of this size finding itself virtually theatreless has placed the cultural health of its citizens in jeopardy.”

“Sydney's lack of live theatres was beginning to have a crippling effect on theatrical confidence,” he added.

Following the demolition of Sydney Stadium to make way for the eastern suburbs railway, the Capitol was used from time to time for one and two-night stands by visiting overseas artists, most recent of whom was Liberace.

Legit's Own 'God Squad'

(Continued from page 142)

of Jesus; and CBS is planning a March tv show on the Crucifixion. Is It Just A 'Fad'?

These and a growing number of other reflections leave no doubt: the Jesus Movement is a fact, even if there's still room for doubt whether it's a fad now at the peak of its popularity, or a force gaining momentum. (After all, we've had a religious revival in the United States just about every half century since 1740.)

I suppose the best we can hope to do is to gain some clarification of the situation; for its significance and solution is ultimately a personal thing, each of us being responsible for his or her own thinking and actions toward self, neighbor and God.

I suspect that what we have here is a case of mutual exploitation. Religion has long and gratefully used the arts for its own educational and inspirational purposes. In what I'd call the “Mary Poppins Approach” (namely, that “a spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down”, beauty becomes an assistant and must subordinate herself to the role of interpreter, enhancing and helping but never daring to distract from the central focus of attention, whether it be the electing of governors, the selling of gum or the worship of God.

So too show biz knows that

with Jesus as its superstar, it's inheriting an already primed audience, eagerly offering automatic applause, enormously grateful to have its leader mentioned favorably. This conditioned response recalls the original experiments of the Russian scientist, Ivan Pavlov, whose dogs habitually salivated at the sound of a bell even when their food was not forthcoming. Show business, being a business, will not unexpectedly attempt to appeal to believer and unbeliever alike, willingly deleting and diluting doctrines and dogmas in order not to offend potential customers.

In this Poppins-Pavlov approach neither side seems adverse to using the arts for their own ends. Thus we see grateful churchmen falling all over themselves to be relevant in using the latest show biz product, even if it's bland, banal and somewhat warped. Simultaneously, grateful showmen fall all over themselves making capital of the interest in the carpenter-teacher who may or may not have been what he claimed. (But it's best not to judge motives since those of some showmen are probably more pure than those of some clerics.)

Dangers In 'Success'

Meanwhile, the Jesus Movement, hands clapping, eyeballs rolling, continues its expansion independent of either the churches or show biz, although drawing some nourishment from both. Whether, as with Dolly Levi's friends it will still be glowing, growing and coming strong in the future is another question. How long can any movement, be it Christianity, Judaism, labor, etc., last before it becomes part of the power structure itself? Or how long can any movement last without operating patterns and authority? Will the churches be perceptive enough to recognize it (as has show biz), expansive enough to absorb it and wise enough to guide it, offering stability without rigidity?

Much more time and specialized knowledge is needed to properly assess the impact of this varied and mercurial movement. At worst it's an idealistic fad; at best it's an ecumenical catalyst and enthusiastic reminder that, as Jesus himself put it, “I have other sheep who are not of this fold.” And that “he who is not against me is with me.”

I'm afraid that we'll just have to watch and wait and hope (and/or pray) that this love story will have a happy ending. It's impossible to say for sure. On one hand it may turn out to be, as Cole Porter put it, “too hot not to cool down.” But on the other hand it may yet prove itself to be, as Mary Poppins put it, “super-califragilisticexpialidocious.”

DON PLUMLEY

1971

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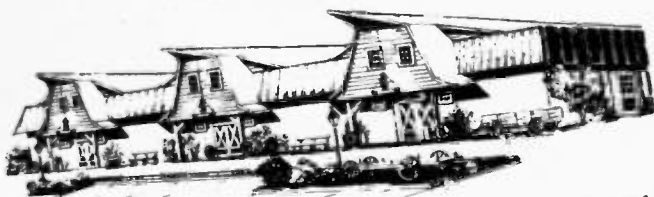
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Canadian Equity

(Continued from page 143)

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Guelph Festival (Nicholas Goldschmidt, general director) University of Guelph Box 1071, Guelph, Ontario.

Festival Singers (Elmer Iseler, artistic director) 164 Eglinton Ave., East, Toronto.

Gryphon Theatre (Brian Rintoul) Box 454, Barrie, Ontario.

Hart House Theatre University of Toronto (James Hozak, manager) Toronto 5.

† Kawartha Festival (Dennis Sweeting, artistic director) Academy Theatre Foundation, Lindsay, Ontario.

National Arts Centre (Jean Roberts artistic director/David Haber,

booking agent) Box 1534 Station B, Ottawa, Ontario.

National Ballet of Canada (Wallace Russell, general manager) 157 King St. East, Toronto 210.

† Shaw Festival (Paxton Whitehead, artistic director/Tom Burroughs, general manager) Box 774, Niagara-on-the-Lake Ontario.

† Stratford (Ont.) Festival (Jean Gascon artistic director/John Hayes, administrative manager) Festival Theatre, Stratford, Ontario.

* St. Lawrence Arts Centre (Leon Major, general director) Front and Scott Sts., Toronto.

Theatre Hour Company (Marigold Charlesworth, artistic director) Suite 33, 3 Church St., Toronto.

Theatre Passe Muraille (Paul Thompson, artistic director) 11 Trinity Square, Toronto 102.

The Three Schools (Paul Sime), Poor Alex Theatre, 296 Brunswick Ave., Toronto 179.

Toronto Workshop Productions (George Luscombe, artistic director) 12 Alexander St., Toronto 284.

University of Ottawa Fine Arts Department (Dr. James Flannery) Ottawa 2.

University of Western Ontario Talbot Theatre (Marion Wood) London 72, Ontario.

University of Windsor School of Dramatic Art (Prof. D. P. Kelley) Windsor 11, Ontario.

Young People's Theatre (Susan Rubes) 49 Wellington St. East, Toronto 215.

QUEBEC

Centaur Theatre (Maurice Podrey) 453 St. Francois Xavier St., Montreal 125.

Montreal International Theatre (Jeanine Beaubien) 1455 Peel St. Suite G-20, Montreal 110.

Saidye Bronfman Centre (Marion Andre) 5170 Cote St. Catherine Rd., Montreal 252.

Professional French - language theatres represented by Union des Artistes, rather than Actor's Equity, and these include Place des Arts.

NEW BRUNSWICK

Theatre New Brunswick (Walter Learning, artistic director) Box 566, Fredericton N.B.

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Dalhousie University - Dalhousie Arts Centre (John Crompton), Halifax.

* Neptune Theatre Centre (Robert Sherrin, artistic director) 1593 Argyle St., Halifax.

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* Charlottetown Festival (Jack McAndrew, producer) Box 848, Charlottetown.

* Asterisks denote regional theatres, all supported in part by Canada Council, a federal government arts funding organization.

† Denote Summer festivals or operations only.

Olympic Talent

(Continued from page 143)

premiere. This crossbreed of operetta and musical was made specifically for the Olympiad. London's Sadler's Wells will roadshow Benjamin Britten's "Gloriana," mounted by Colin Graham. Also, a "Week of Slavic Composers" will honor Smetana, Dvorak, Tchaikovsky, Prokofiev, Janacek and Shostakovich, while a series of five operettas will be dedicated to "the genius of the house," Jacques Offenbach.

East Europe Unsure

In Munich's big legit houses, managerial changes (Kurt Meisel relieves Helmut Heinrichs as general manager of the state-run Residenz and Hans Reinhard Mueller succeeds August Evering of the Kammerspiel and the Werkraum) and insecurity about Eastern European talent handicapped planning.

Prague director Ottmar Krejca's intended production of Goethe's "Faust" and his "Theatre Outside the Gate," both scheduled for the

Residenz, had to be cancelled when Krejca and company were enjoined from leaving Czechoslovakia on political grounds. Anyhow, the hope of getting East Berlin's ace opera pilot, Walter Felenstein, to direct Schiller's "Wallenstein" trilogy is very likely to materialize, with but a slight margin of doubt (due to health reasons) still open. "Faust" (Part I only), starring Christine Ostermayer, Michael Rehberg, Heinz Baumann, will be but going Helmut Hendricks' directorial swan song.

However, Rumanian David Essrig will mount Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida." Also slated for the Residenz are various Bavarian and Austrian stage classics including works by Bertolt Brecht, Martin Sperr, Johann Nestroy, Arthur Schnitzler and Oedoen von Horvath.

Kammerspiele's Olympic program will showcase three plays by off-Broadway's American Negro Ensemble company including "The Dream on Monkey Mountain." Jerzy Grotowski and his Polish thea-

tre company will present an "updated morality play" in a cathedral here. East German's Berliner Ensemble (under the new leadership of Ruth Berghaus who succeeded the late Helene Weigel, Brecht's widow) will present five Brecht plays.

Werkraum's "Laboratory Week" will consist of programs by seven of West German's "experimental" theatres. And as for the Kammerspiele's domestic product. Buchner's "Danton's Death," Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya," and Sternheim's "Drawers" will be readied for the Olympic season, and in cooperation with the State Opera, "Asturuli," composer-playwright Karl Orff's latest opus.

'Sugar' Gets Cyril

Cyril Ritchard will costar with Robert Morse and Anthony Roberts in David Merrick's production of "Sugar," due Feb. 29 at the Majestic Theatre, N.Y.

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German Legit Scene

(Continued from page 143)

Berlin, a "committee of five" stepped forward as a possible replacement for the Hamburg Schauspielhaus. Each member of the committee brought along a certain expertise: Hans-Gunther Martens, business administrator; Burkhard Mauer, literary manager; Wilfried Minks, set designer; Joel Nolte, publicity manager; and Claus Pey-

mann, dramatic supervisor. The committee was rejected; but the new Intendant, theatre critic progressive experiments to broaden the technical experience of the house.

In Dusseldorf Stroux is being replaced by Ulrich Brecht, who will introduce a Sunday matinee program of lectures on "Politics

and Theatre." Featured are Chancellor Willy Brandt and theologian Karl Rahner. The foyer of the architecturally modern theatre will be turned into an art gallery in the first of many experiments to build a bridge between theatre and the public. Meanwhile, Stroux will fade into history with a farewell production of "Faust," the old holiday standby that marked the era of the absolute prince.

With so many theatres changing Intendants in 1972 the new season is off to a slow start. Nearly every major city chose to start with a

production of Peter Weiss's new "Holderlin," a biographical portrait of the 18th century poet excelling Goethe in style and (according to Weiss) anticipating Marx. Holderlin wedded himself to the ideals of the French Revolution, and wrote the poem "Hyperion" and fragments of a dramatic piece "The Death of Empedocles" before going insane in 1802. Weiss has apparently tried to relate the story to present-day conditions, but in fact the play seems to be a reverse of Kortner's theory of drawing meaning out of so-called revolutionary plays as Goethe's early "Tasso." Stein directed this play in Bremen a few years back in a Kortner-style production, and there are reasons to believe Weiss is trying for the same results in a literary fashion. The two best productions of "Holderlin" are by Palitzsch in Stuttgart and by Peymann in Hamburg. Palitzsch cut and trimmed Weiss's text until he boiled it down to an intellectual tragedy of the poet's failure to communicate his passionate favor: it is a brilliantly constructed argument designed to provoke afterwards. Peymann went the romantic route, and used costly sets, tricks and gimmicks to fashion a visually satisfying student seminar on Holderlin: but the poet's figure shrinks in such flamboyant surroundings.

Weiss is the father of the "documentary school of theatre," which also includes Heinar Kipphardt, Rolf Hochhuth and the young Dieter Forte. Forte's new "Martin Luther and Thomas Munzer" has caused a big stir since its appearance last Easter at Hamburg's Thalia Theater. An historically sketched thesis on Luther's conformist mentality and Munzer's socially important revolution, it has been used sometimes more to shock than to teach. This is the problem of the documentary play, as pages of evidence and argument are severely condensed to one dramatic moment. The Cologne production of "Luther and Munzer" is an example: director Hans Gunther Heyme straps a naked Munzer to a crucifix in the closing scene, bringing waves of catcalls from conservative half the audience and wild applause from the leftist half. But Heyme did wake up the audience, and sought to wring from their throats their own condemnation. Heyme only wanted to prove that the German theatre public has been too long asleep.

'Mr. Smith To Washington' Aimed As B'way Musical

A musical version of "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," the Frank Capra picture in which James Stewart and Jean Arthur co-starred, is planned for Broadway. A tryout in Washington, probably at the Eisenhower Theatre in the Kennedy Center, will precede the main-stem preem.

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Mildred Dunnock Breaks Hip In Fall At Harvard

Boston.

Mildred Dunnock, who was to have starred in a special two-performance engagement of "A Place Without Doors" at the Loeb Drama Center, on the Harvard campus in Cambridge, broke her hip while attending an opening night press conference. The actress fell down a flight of stairs.

Miss Dunnock was taken to Mt. Auburn Hospital, where she was reported resting comfortably. The sold-out performances Friday (17) and Saturday (18) were cancelled and Harvard officials said tickets would be refunded. Because of the accident, it's uncertain whether Miss Dunnock will be able to go through with plans for a college town in "Doors."

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Season's Greetings MAX GORDON

Angels, Angles & Anxieties

(Continued from page 141)

ings. In recent seasons, he's fared less well in legit.

His production of the musical, "Prettybelle," with Angela Lansbury topcast, folded out-of-town last season and never made it to Broadway. "Fun City," a comedy and his only Broadway show so far this season, did so-so at the b.o. during its Washington tryout stand and postponed its scheduled Broadway opening date (Jan. 2 was the latest).

And in order to put together the financing for "Fun City," Cohen had to bring in N.Y. boniface Rocky Aoki as coproducer. Aoki coproduced "The Incomparable Max" earlier this season on Broadway, a show which quickly flopped.

But even if Cohen's prediction about tv funding of legit proves valid, the video networks will have to contend with an anxiety factor that individual investors have been facing for many semesters—as

shows become more and more costly, it takes more and more time for them to recoup and/or pay off the backers. Even major shows by major producers may literally take years to pay off.

'Follies'

"Follies," the Harold Prince production, is one such instance. Prince is among the best regarded (by investors, surely) producers in legit history. The track record for profitable shows is envious: 12 out of his 18 productions have paid back their original investments and more.

"Fiddler On The Roof," Prince's all-time major hit, has returned about \$10,000,000 on an investment of \$375,000. "Follies" may be another story, however.

In a statement to backers dated Nov. 30, it's indicated that the James Goldman-Stephen Sondheim tuner (which Prince staged along with Michael Bennett) made a

total operating profit of \$176,534 since "Follies" opened on Broadway last April 4. For the 11-week period from Sept. 4 to Nov. 13, its operating profit totals \$61,313.84. But in two of those weeks, part of the show's \$10,000 to \$14,000 weekly royalties had to be waived in order to bring the show up to the break-even point.

Since the last week covered in the statement (Nov. 13), the weekly gross for "Follies" has dipped sharply. The week ended Dec. 19 dropped to \$42,867; it's figured "Follies" breaks even on a weekly gross in the area from \$75,000 to \$80,000. "Follies" grossed a mere \$31,854 during the week ended Dec. 25.

Considering the b.o. action in recent weeks, it's estimated that the show's total deficit eight months after its opening is about \$650,000. Its original capitalization was \$700,000, and it cost \$792,595 to open on Broadway. "Follies" has a long way to go before it hits pay-back status.

This long pay-back factor on Broadway worries some investors. "A growing problem on the Broad-

way investment scene is the ever longer periods for recoupment," says one regular legit backer, Alvin B. Lebar, a New Jersey attorney. "I am speaking now of the highly successful ventures by present-day standards. For instance, Broadway musicals are now taking one year and more to recoup, and with a few exceptions straight plays are not too much better.

"This means," continues Lebar, "that an investor's money is 'out' without interest or other income for a year or more." The skyrocketing budgets also mean that "for an investor to secure a 100% return on his investment in a \$500,000 musical, the show has to first return this much, and then earn a profit of \$1,000,000 of which half goes to the backers," states Lebar.

Although investors are the first to be paid back by a successful show, all profits after recoupment are split 50-50 between investors and the producers. It's also noted that the tax code permits the investor to avoid payment of taxes on the return of his capital but, from then on, everything he makes is ordinary income, and is taxed as such.

Some investors and producers would like to see backers get a better tax advantage for profitable shows. "Since most theatre investors are in a higher than usual tax bracket, a depletion-type allowance should, in all fairness, be accorded to the very few backers who finally manage to strike gold," maintains Lebar.

"If an investor knew that he would be able to keep a good measure of profits from theatre through favorable tax treatment, the source for funds would be greatly increased."

Tax Shelters

Coproducers Kleiman and Goldfarb would like to see Federal legislation enacted to provide new "tax shelters" for investors in legit. "The theatre investor should have the same kinds of tax shelters as the oil companies or the cattle barons have with their various depreciation allowances," the pair contend.

Most veteran observers of legit say such talk is simply pie-in-the-sky wishful thinking. "Can't you just see Congress passing such special-interest legislation for Broadway and Off-Broadway," asks one. "The depreciation allowance for oil investments, like those for cattle and timber lands, are notoriously unfair, but the idea that the N.Y. theatre could get anything of the kind is simply fantasy."

So it looks as though most pro-

ducers will have to contend with the money-raising system as it has been traditionally practiced. It may be getting tougher to raise capital but it's unlikely — given the "glamorous hold" of legit — that investment sources would ever dry up.

And, says one producer wishfully, "as the economic climate gets better, so will the investment climate."

Zurich's Legit

(Continued from page 141)

Pasolini, called "Affabulazione" (Royal Murder).

The 1971-72 season opening last fall, with the Nestroy comedy, "Lumpazivagabundus," proved an instant hit. In the last two years, sellout performances had become the exception rather than the rule, with average capacity sinking to an alltime low of 47.6% during Loeffler's 1969-70 season.

Contributing to the improved Schauspielhaus situation is a heavily increased annual subsidy (from \$786,000 to \$1,122,000), a deficit covering for the \$320,500 loss of the 1969-70 season and an annual grant of \$30,000 for out-price popular and student performances. All of these urgently needed handouts were approved by public voting last June. Without them, the Schauspielhaus' future would have been seriously at stake.

As an alternative to the 1,015-seat Schauspielhaus, smaller theatres are now filling the gap for more adventurous tastes. The Theatre am Neumarkt, notably, a 300-seater, offers a well-balanced mixture of modern legit up to and including avantgarde and experimental plays. Under its new artistic manager, young Austrian Horst Zankl, its 1971-72 lineup includes such "now" (in Europe) authors as Peter Handke, Fernando Arrabal, Lars Gustafsson, Martin Speer and Wolfgang Bauer. Zankl's opening production of Handke's "Ritt ueber den Bodensee" (Ride Over Lake Constance), a far-out, stylish language exercise, garnered good reviews and full houses.

Even the city of Zurich itself is making efforts to counterbalance the more sedate Schauspielhaus lineup with invited guest troupes of a more "experimental" nature at its own Theatre 11, situated in a nearby suburb, Oerlikon. A Yugoslav avantgarde theatre, Atelje 212, has been invited to present a Witold Gombrowicz play, "Operetta."

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